

My dear native land Roseanne McGonigle

There's a dear little isle in the western ocean
An island of purity holy and grand
Whose name fills its daughters and sons with emotion
When heard on the shores of a far and distant land.

It's Ireland god bless her the birthplace of heroes
The home of the patriot warrior and sage
Of bards and of chieftains whose names live in story
May they live forever on history's page.

Oh I love every blade of grass green on your mountains
Every leaf on your trees every rock upon your strand
I love your green hills and your murmuring fountains
I love you a chuisle my own dear native land.

You once were a proud and a glorious nation
Your fame and your people they were known all o'er the world
'Til misfortune came o'er you with sad desolation
And the emerald banner in slavery lay unfurled.

They tortured your children they spoiled your green bowers
They tried to exterminate you long long ago
But the Irish are somehow like wild creeping flowers
The faster you pluck them the quicker they seem to grow.

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Every leaf on your trees every rock upon your strand
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