

The round towers of Ireland Roseanne McGonigle

When an Irishman leaves the dear land that he loves
And crosses the wide raging sea
His memory goes back to the dear land that he loves
And these are the pictures that he sees

It's the glorious round towers of Ireland
Its the dear little shamrock so green
The wolf-dog lying down and the harp without the crown
And the sunburst of Ireland in between

And long may those memories remain in his heart
When he sees the round towers that stand
May the shrine of its glory never depart
As the sun sets its glow o'er the land

In the halls of the great and the cots of the poor
It's a sight that will always be seen
It's engraved on every heart with a pencil of love
And these are the emblems that it bears

It's the glorious round towers of Ireland
Its the dear little shamrock so green
The wolf-dog lying down and the harp without the crown
And the sunburst of Ireland in between