

MY HEART IS IN IRELAND IN MAY.

(Tune: Brahms' Cradle Song.)

WHEN the thorn blooms in May
My heart flies away
Old Ireland to thee
Far over the sea,
And I dream that again
In my home in the glen
The sweet songs I can hear
Of my mother so dear.

And beneath the white tree
My Nora I see
That day long ago
Her love thrilled me so
That birdsongs were new,
And skies were more blue,
And life's great joy was born
Neath the arms of the thorn.

Dear old Ireland to me
You ever will be
The fairest and best.
This land of the West
Is a land wide and free
From the sea to the sea,
But a witch-bond in me
Binds me ever to thee.