

On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to
land,

Early, oh early in the mornin',

The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the strand,

Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the mornin'."

There's darkness on the holy hills I know are close
aroun',

But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are
shinin' down,

They make a golden cross above, they make a golden
crown,

An' meself could tell ye why,—in the mornin'.

Sure an' this is Ireland,

Thank God for Ireland!

I'm comin' back to Ireland the mornin'.