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break - ing my poor heart will be..... But a
warmth of the beau - ti - ful spring..... Oh!....

treasure I'll take, for ould Ire - land's sake, That I'll prize all be
E - rin Ma - chree! tho' its part - ing we be, Its a blessing I

long - ing a - bove, Ita a hand - full of earth, from the
leave on your shore, And your moun - tains and streams, I will

land of my birth, From the heart of the land that I love.....
see in my dreams, 'Till I cross to my coun - try once more.....

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