



## LOVE YOUR OWN LAND

I've been a wanderer thro',  
Oft by land and oft by sea  
East to west where'er I turn'd,  
Dear home my heart would beat for  
Thee,  
I thought of days of sunny childhood,  
When by Banna's banks I strayed  
I thought of meadows & of wild wood  
Of ruined abbey where we pryed,

### CHORUS—

Love your own land love no other,  
Nature crowned her beauty's queen  
Prize no other land above her  
Love your own dear Isle so green,

Can you equal famed Killarney  
Whose name resounds from shore to  
Shore  
Or can you equal Castle Blarney,  
Whose walls these Lakes are tower, o'er  
Match me fame o' d' Slievnamon the  
Whose heath crown'd head to heaven  
Does stand  
Or can you equal Derryane men  
The birth place of Immortal Dan

There's Clifton up in Connemara  
From whose shores I see across the sea  
Match me wild historic T A R A  
In pomp and pride of former days,  
Or equal Wicklow, Glendalough then  
The Churches bless that heavenly scene  
Parallel Wexford & New Ross Men  
Can you equal Skibbereen

There's Limerick 'ye an' Tipperary,  
Or can you equal Garryowen  
If from these you wish Very  
Take Ireland's centre sweet Athlone  
Thou river of majestic Beauty,  
The name o' Shannon bear away  
In wild career to embrace the Ocean  
The crossd was never adopt in sway

There's Bray & Howth our bays do  
Under,  
Whose strength hail the tide on chief  
But if the third side you should prefer  
Your sur to mee; with wild Clontarf  
Upon who's plains as history stated,  
The proud invader he was slow,  
And the Deans the were defeated,  
By that Monarch Brian Borohime,

