

50x75 HANDFUL OF TURF.

500

750

AS SUNG BY EDWARD BURTON.

5125x50

52500  
35x  
5240.  
It's sailing I am at the dawn of the day,  
To my brother that's over the sea,  
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,  
For it's breaking my poor heart will be.  
But a treasure I'll take, for ould Ireland's sake,  
That I'll prize all belonging above—  
It's a handful of turf from the land of my birth,  
From the heart of the land that I love.

5700+

1500

CHORUS.

30x  
5240.  
It's a handful of turf from the land of my birth,  
From the heart of the land that I love.  
And won't the poor lad in his exile be glad,  
When he sees the brave present I bring,  
And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours,  
In the warmth of the beautiful spring.  
Oh! Erin, Machree! tho' it's parting we be,  
It's a blessing I leave on your shore,  
And your mountains and streams I will see in my dreams  
Till I cross to my country once more.

75x25

730

50x50

CHORUS.

750  
And your mountains and streams I will see in my dreams  
Till I cross to my country once more.

52000