

Sea Around Us

They say that the lakes of Killarney are fair
That no stream like the Liffey can ever compare,
If its water you want, you'll find nothing more rare
Than the stuff they make down by the ocean.

Chorus:

The sea, oh the sea is the gradh geal mo croide*
Long may it stay between England and me
It's a sure guarantee that some hour we'll be free
Oh, thank God we're surrounded by water.

Tom Moore made his "Waters" meet fame and renown
A great lover of anything dressed in a crown
In brandy the bandy old Saxon he'd drown
But throw ne'er a one in the ocean.

The Scots have their Whisky, the Welsh have their speech
And their poets are paid about ten pence a week
Provided no hard words on England they speak
Oh Lord, what a price for devotion.

The Danes came to Ireland with nothing to do
But dream of the plundered old Irish they slew,
"Yeh will in yer Vikings" said Brian Boru
And threw them back into the ocean.

Two foreign old monarchs in battle did join
Each wanting his head on the back of a coin;
If the Irish had sense they'd drowned both in the Boyne
And partition thrown into the ocean.