

Limerick Is Beautiful

^D O! Limerick is beautiful,
^G
^D As everybody knows,
^G ^D
And by that city of my heart
^A
How proud the Shannon flows!
^G ^D
It sweeps down by the brave old town,
^A
As pure in depth and tone,
^D
As when Sarsfield drove the Saxon
^G ^D
From the walls of Garryowen.

'Tis not for Limerick that I sigh;
I love her in my soul;
The times may change and men will die,
And men will not control.
No, not for friends long passed away,
Or days for ever flown,
But that the maiden I adore
Is sad in Garryowen.

The girl I love is beautiful,
And worldwide is her fame,
She dwells down by the rushing tide
And Á•ire is her name,
And dearer than my very life
Her glances are to me,
The light that guides my stormy soul
Across life's stormy sea.

I loved her in my boyhood,
And now in manhood's bloom,
The vision of my life is still
To dry thy tears, aroon!
I'd sink into the tomb or dance
Beneath the gallows tree
To see her and her hills once more,
Proud, passionate and free