

Cushlamachree - song lyrics

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CUSHLAMACHREE.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the West, the world's Cushlainachree.
Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitality hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with Cushlamachree.
Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
Brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.
Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee;
And Ann as thy mountains no injury fearing,
May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.