

My Own Dear Land

William Dunkerley, 1908.

Irish melody.

My own dear land, where'er my footsteps wander,  
Ever to thee my heart still turns again;  
To thee my love grows ever fonder, fonder,  
Till in its might it is akin to pain.  
Ever to thee I'm bound in love and duty;  
No dearer land to me in all the earth;  
By all sweet ties of home and love and beauty,  
To thee I cleave, dear land that gave me birth.

Yet I look on, beyond earth's habitation,  
To where a home of rarer vision gleams,  
Fairer than earth's most wonderful creation  
Bathed in the light of Heav'n's own morning beams.  
There we shall meet, from every clime and nation,  
There we shall meet in answer to the call,  
There we shall meet in joyous consecration,  
Sons of one Father, brothers one and all.