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Limerick is Beautiful

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(Michael Scanlon)

Oh, Limerick is beautiful as everybody knows,
And by that city of my heart how proud old Shannon flows
Is sweeps down by the brave old town as pure in depth and tone
As when Sarsfield swept the Saxons from the walls of Garryowen.

'Tis not for Limerick that I sigh, though I love her in my soul,
Though times will change and friends will die and man will not control
No, not for friends long passed away, or days forever flown,
But the maiden I adore, is sad in Garryowen.

Oh, she I love is beautiful, and world-wide is her fame,
She dwells down by the rushing tide, and Eire is her name;
And dearer than my very life her glances are to me,
The light that guides my weary soul across life's stormy sea.

I loved her in my boyhood and now in manhood's noon,
The vision of my life is still to dry thy tears, aroon,
I'd sing unto the tomb or dance beneath the gallows tree,
To see her on the hills once more, proud, passionate and free.

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