

Beauty Of Limerick - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BEAUTY OF LIMERICK.

I sing of my loved ones-an idol to me.
Though parted we are by the deep rolling sea;
My thoughts gladly wander to Erin's green shore.
Where dwells my sweet treasure mavourneen asthore,
By the side of the brooklet-a clear running stream,
I fancy I see her. my cushla machree,
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree;
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree.

I sigh when I think of our farewell good bye-
You strived for to keep the sad tear from your eye:
Poor Paddy, God save you, and send you safe home,
The heart that is melting for you all alone.
Sure don't I remember the promise I gave,
I'd go back to old Ireland when money I'd save;
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree;
Oh, there's no girl fairer nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree.

I place 'neath my pillow at night, when I sleep,
A sweet little token she gave me to keep-
A wee bit of ribbon she took from her hair-
No King has a jewel more precious or rare;
In the morn when awakened I press to my heart
My colleen's last gift, with it never I'll part;
It comes from the fairest, the loveliest to me,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree;
Oh, there's no girl fairer, nor lovelier than she,
My beauty of Limerick, acushla machree.