

Erin, Mavourneen - song lyrics

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

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

When the pure sense of honor shall cease to inspire thee,
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore.
When the nations that knew thee no longer admire thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When the trumpet of fame shall cease to proclaim thee.
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore:
When the muse and the record of genius disclaim thee.
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When thy brave sons no longer are generous and witty,
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore.
When thy daughters no longer are virtuous and pretty
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.