

From Ireland's heart and native origin,
Of green, green, grass and rivers flowing;
From stone, stacked fences those long winding walls,
With castles distant on hills through valleys past falls.

But the shamrock and the thistle,
Have a special place within my heart;
The simple kind of life that must be weeded to save strife,
For it's the humility of Ireland that leads man to his wife.

And like the nature of Ireland the strength to call it home,
The beauty and the magic or subtle strife to cause alarm;
And when into the morrow the lord will come and call us home,
This blessed land called Ireland a nights meaning of life alone.

And deep into the tragedy or all the fighting for peace,
The freedom of just owning a bit of land till life will cease;
And it's the miracle in the making the glory of the lord,
The heavens there, their happiness as their people turn the word.

But tell the end from right from beginning
The alpha and Omega, the piece to find a new friend;
Like the shamrock and the thistle it's a peace to kind amends,
So there you are your beauty your Ireland to know.

Signed,

The sailor for God end