

Forty Shades of Green

Slim Whitman

I close my eyes and picture
The emerald of the sea
From the fishing boats at Dingle
To the shores of Donaghadee

I miss the river Shannon
And the folks at Skibbereen
The moorlands and the meddle
With their forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl
In Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her lips
As soft as eiderdown

Again I want to see and do
The things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar
And there's forty shades of green

Green, green, forty shades of green

I wish that I could spend an hour
At Dublin's churching surf
I'd love to watch the farmers
Drain the bogs and spade the turf

To see again the thatching
Of the straw the women glean
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see
The forty shades of green

But most of all I miss a girl
In Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her lips
As soft as eiderdown

Again I want to see and do
The things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar
And there's forty shades of green