

At the setting of the sun
when my long day's work is done
I went out along the sea shore for a walk
and i being all alone
I sat down upon a stone
to gaze upon the streets of new york
Erin gra mo chroi
you're the dear old land to me
you're the fairest that my eyes have ever seen
and if ever I go home
from you I never will roam
from my own dear native land - far away
With the turf fire burning bright
on a cold dark winter's night
and the snow flakes falling gently to the ground
when st. patrick's day comes 'round
we'll wear the shamrock green
in my own dear native land - far away
Erin gra mo chroi
you're the dear old land to me
you're the fairest that my eyes have ever seen
and if ever I go home
from you I never will roam
from my own dear native land - far away
Well it broke my mother's heart
from her i had to part
will I ever see my mother any more?
when her body it is laid
in the cold and silent grave
in my own dear native land - far away
Erin gra mo chroi
you're the dear old land to me
you're the fairest that my eyes have ever seen
and if ever I go home
from you I never will roam
from my own dear native land - far away