

## Quiet Lands Of Erin

The Corries

By myself I'd be in Árdai Chuain  
Where the mountains stand away  
Oh 'tis there I'd let the Sundays go  
In the Cuckoo's Lair abower the bay  
Agus och, och Éire 'lig is ó  
Éire londubh is ó  
And the Quiet Land o' Erin  
Oh my heart is weary all alone  
And it sends a lonely cry  
To the land that sings beyond my dreams  
And the lonely Sundays pass me by  
Agus och, och Éire 'lig is ó  
Éire londubh is ó  
And the Quiet Land o' Erin  
Oh I'd ravel back the twisted years  
In the bitter wasted wind  
If the God above would let me lie  
In the quiet glades abower the whin  
Agus och, och Éire 'lig is ó  
Éire londubh is ó  
And the Quiet Land o' Erin