

I Love My Land

I love my land,
my native land,
I love her now full well

I love her bright and sparkling brooks,
her mountains, vales and dells;
but most of all
I love the place
where first I saw the light
in the hills and glens of Beara,
close by the ocean side

Her valleys they are verdant,
for nature has them blessed,
as if they were intended
for weary souls to rest.
Her fields are always fresh and green
her streams are pure and bright
the fields and streams of Beara,
close by the ocean side

You talk about Giant's Causeway
and Killarney's lakes so sweet;
you talk about Avoca
or where The Waters Meet;
but take them all both great and small
there's none my heart's delight
like the hills and glens of Beara
close by the ocean side

Let others say what e'er they may
her praises I will sound;
her men they are as industrious
as any can be found.
Her women, they are virtuous,
respectable and right;
the men and women of Beara
close by the ocean side

Where Miskish it stands majestic,
towering towards the sky,
leaning on that village 'neath
that at its feet doth lye.
Where ere I roam I long for home;
those hills are my delight;
the hills and glens of Beara
close by the ocean side.

Her mines they far exceeded
those of Russia's vast empire
until England, cruel England,
put out her engine's fire.
Where once 1200 sturdy men
were hired both day and night
in the mines of famed old Beara
close by the ocean side.

When I was ill in Denver city fair,
in the Mercy Hospital
under the Sisters care,
they asked to know if I'd like to go
and share in heaven's delight
oh! not till I see Beara
close by the ocean side

God grant one day I'll wander back
to that lovely sunlit shore;
to meet again the friends I knew
in those happy days of yore;
to play where we used to play
in those days so long ago;
to climb the hill behind the house
where the purple heather grows;
to kneel and say the Angelus there
as the tiny church bells toll;
to clasp the hands of those I love,
my parents most of all;
to find a spot to rest at last
in Beara's lovely shore.

*(there in her peninsula, home forever
more)

MICHAEL DAN HARRINGTON
COLORADO. © APPROX. 1910

*extra line by Kevin Molloy to round
off song in 2010