

The Banks Of My Own Lovely Lee lyrics
by Seán O Sé / John Fitzgerald



How oft do my thoughts in their fancy take flight
To the home of my childhood away,
To the days when each patriot's vision seem'd bright
Ere I dreamed that those joys should decay.
When my heart was as light as the wild winds that blow
Down the Mardyke through each elm tree,
Where we sported and play'd 'neath each green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee,
Where we sported and play'd 'neath each green leafy shade
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

And then in the springtime of laughter and song
Can I ever forget the sweet hours?
With the friends of my youth as we rambled along
'Mongst the green mossy banks and wild flowers.
And then, when the evening sun's sinking to rest
Shed its golden light over the sea
The maid with her lover the wild daisies pressed
On the banks of my own lovely Lee,
The maid with her lover the wild daisies pressed
On the banks of my own lovely Lee

'Tis a beautiful land this dear isle of song
Its gems shed their light to the world
And her faithful sons bore thro' ages of wrong,
The standard St. Patrick unfurled.
Oh! would I were there with the friends I love best
And my fond bosom's partner with me
We'd roam thy banks over, and when weary we'd rest
By thy waters, my own lovely Lee,
We'd roam thy banks over, and when weary we'd rest
By thy waters, my own lovely Lee.

Oh what joys should be mine ere this life should decline
To seek shells on thy sea-gilded shore.
While the steel-feathered eagle, oft splashing the brine
Brings longing for freedom once more.
Oh all that on earth I wish for or crave
Is that my last crimson drop be for thee,
To moisten the grass of my forefathers' grave
On the banks of my own lovely Lee,
To moisten the grass of my forefathers' grave
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

