

## Dawn on the Hills of Ireland

May I be blest, but there it is,  
Dawn on the hills of Ireland,  
God's angels lifting the nights black cloud.  
From the fair sweet face of my sireland  
Oh! Ireland isn't it grand you look,  
Like a bride in her fresh adorning,  
And with all the pent-up love of my heart  
I bid you the top of the morning.

This one brief hour pays lavishly back,  
For many a year of mourning,  
I'd almost venture another flight,  
There is so much joy in returning,  
Watching out for the hallowed shore,  
All other attraction scorning,  
Oh: Ireland don't you hear me shout,  
I bid you the top of the morning.

Ho, Ho, upon Glen's shelving strand,  
The surges are wildly beating,  
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out,  
To give us a kindly greeting,  
Now to the shore the sea birds fly,  
On pinons that know no drooping,  
Now out from the shore with welcome gaze,  
A million of eaves come trooping.

Oh! Fairly, generous Irish land,  
So Loyal, so fair, so loving,  
No wonder the wandering Celt should think,  
And dream of you in his roving,  
The Alien shores may have gems and gold,  
And sorrow may ne'er have gloomed it.  
But the heart will sigh for its native shore,  
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,  
Watching the wild waves' motion,  
Resting her back against the hill.  
And the tips of her toes to the ocean,  
I wonder I don't hear the ~~Shandon bells,~~  
Shannon bells,

But maybe their chiming is over,  
For it's a year since I began,  
The life of a western rover.

For thirty years "asthore macree",  
Those hills I now feast my eyes on  
Ne'er met my vision save at night,  
In memory's dim horizon,  
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed,  
In the land-scape spread before me,  
But dreams are dreams, and I would awake  
To find American skies still o'er me.

And often in Texan plain,  
When the day and the chase was over,  
And my heart would fly o'er the weary ways,  
And around the coastline hover,  
And my prayers would arise that some future date,  
All danger, doubting and scorning,  
I might help to win for my native land  
The light of young liberty's morning

Now fuller and <sup>?</sup>turner the coastline shows  
Was there ever a scene more splendid!  
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,  
Oh! Thank God my exile is ended,  
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again  
There's the vale, there's the cot I was born in  
Oh! Ireland from my heart of hearts  
I bid you the "top o' the morning"!