

THE BANKS OF MY OWN LOVELY LEE

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

And then in the spring time 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.
Then too, when the evening sun sinking to rest
 Sheds 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 thru 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 wearied we'd rest
 By thy waters, my own lovely Lee,
We'd roam thy banks over, and when wearied 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.