

Cherish, Erin Gra Mo Chroi (Ireland Of My Heart)

Chorus 1:-

Ohh Erin gra mo chr&#oacute;i, you're the dear old land to me
You're the fairest that my eyes did e'er behold
You're the land Saint Patrick blessed
You're the bright star of the west
You're that dear little isle so far away
At the setting of the sun, when my long day's work was done
I rambled down the seashore for a walk
And I being all alone I sat down upon a stone
For to gaze upon the scenes of New York

Chorus 2:-

Oh Erin gra mo chr&#oacute;i, you're the dear old land to me
You're the fairest that my eyes have ever seen
And if ever I go home, it's from you I never will roam
You're my own native land so far away
With the turf fire burning bright on a cold dark winter's night
And the snow flakes falling gently to the ground
When Saint Patrick's Day has come, my thoughts will carry me home
To that dear little isle so far away.

Chorus 1:-

Oh Erin gra mo chr&#oacute;i, you're the dear old land to me
You're the fairest that my eyes have ever seen
You're the land Saint Patrick blessed
You're the bright star of the west
You're that dear little isle so far away
On the day that I did part, well it broke my mother's heart
Will I never see my dear ones anymore?
Not until my bones are laid in the cold and silent grave
In my own native land so far away

Chorus 2:-

Oh Erin gra mo chr&#oacute;i, you're the dear old land to me
You're the fairest that my eyes have ever seen
And if ever I go home, it's from you I never will roam
You're my own native land so far away
You're my own native land so far away