

Craig Herbertson **"Old Erin's Daughter"**

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Old Erin's daughter, Miss you and all
From St John's waters, it's a long, long haul
The grass grows greener when we are small
But it still greener in Donegal

And it's tooraly, tooraly, tooraly ay
I'm bound on ship for America
I'm never coming back till I don't know when
And if I do I'll be back again

And I will wander fields I recall
From the paths at Ballantrae to Iregal
I'll drink to memory she'll buy then all
And then she'll leave me in Donegal

And in the morning from bed I'll crawl
My dreams are running to their golden halls
A lark is singing, it's a mournfall call
She's singing sweeter in Donegal

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