

Daniel O'Donnell

"Cottage By The Lee"

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'Tis well I know that often folk keep wond'ring
When in my eyes a far off look they see,
What it can be the cause of all my dreaming,
What is this dream so very dear to me?
And, truth to tell, 'tis often I go roaming
In dreams along the road of memory,
To where my heart will find its consolation,
Within the lovely cottage by the Lee,
My home, sweet home that I so fondly cherish,
The dear ones there mean ev'rything to me;
In all this world, if there can be a heaven,
I'm sure it's in that cottage by the Lee.

'Tis well I stand outside that cottage doorway,

And gaze across the corn fields rich and gold,
To hear the stream go rippling by the meadow,
Or watch the shepherd calling to his fold.
From down the lane that winds behind the garden,
The blackbird greets the smiling summer morn,
And as his music echoes o'er the valley,
You smile and bless the day that you were born.
Yes, that's my dream, my lovely dream of homeland,
And though I thought a rover I could be,
It's soon I found I left my heart behind me,
Within that lovely cottage by the Lee.

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