

Daniel O'Donnell

"Green Glens Of Antrim"

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Far across yonder blue
Lies a true paradise
With the sea rippling over
The shingle and spice.

Where the gay honeysuckle
Is luring the bee
And the green glens of Antrim
Are calling to me.

If only you knew
How the light of the moon
Turns a blue Irish bay
To a silver lagoon.

You'd imagine the picture
Of heaven it would be
Where the green glens of Antrim
Are welcoming to me.

--- Instrumental ---

And I hope to return
To my own Cuchendall
It's the one place I know
That can outshine them all.

Till I know every stone
I will recall every tree
Where the green glens of Antrim
Are heaven to me.

But I'd be where the people
Are simple and kind
And among them there is one
That's been aye in my mind.

So I pray that the world
That in peace let me be
Where the green glens of Antrim
Are heaven to me.

Where the green glens of Antrim
Are heaven to me...

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