

## Daniel O'Donnell

# "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 patriot's vision seem'd bright  
Ere I dreamed that those joys should decay.

When my heart was as light as the wild winds that blow  
Down the Mardyke through each elm tree  
Where I sported and play'd 'neath each green leafy  
shade  
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

Where I sported and play'd 'neath each green leafy  
shade  
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.

And then in the springtime of laughterr 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's sinking to rest  
Sheds it's 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...

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