

St. Patrick's Day "Happy Birthday From Ireland"

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On St. Patrick's Day, I was born.
America my home, my heritage unknown.
T'was two years ago on a musical journey
I found Ireland on the wings of a note.

O Ireland, how I long for your valleys and mountains!
How I long to see your hills and streams.
From my home 'cross the ocean, I hear your voice
singing,
"Happy Birthday from Ireland, my child of the green!
La la laa, la di la laa, la laa di la la
Happy Birthday from Ireland, my child of the green!"

My Da played the tunes on squeezebox and fiddle.
And the songs they were tuned to the harp in my soul.
St Paddy, ye never told me that I was Irish.
'Till I heard your voice singing, bringing me home.

Now two years have passed and Ireland sings with me.
In every song that flows from my voice and from harp.
But I see your eyes smiling and your arms wide open.
From the way your children open their hearths and their
hearts.

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