

Corries "Quiet Lands Of Erin"

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By myself I'd be in Áirda Chuain
Where the mountains stand away
Oh 'tis there I'd let the Sundays go
In the Cuckoo's Lair abower the bay

Agus och, och Áire 'lig is Á³
Áire londubh is Á³
And the Quiet Land o' Erin

Oh my heart is weary all alone
And it sends a lonely cry
To the land that sings beyond my dreams
And the lonely Sundays pass me by

Agus och, och Áire 'lig is Á³
Áire londubh is Á³
And the Quiet Land o' Erin

Oh I'd ravel back the twisted years
In the bitter wasted wind
If the God above would let me lie
In the quiet glades abower the whin

Agus och, och Áire 'lig is Á³
Áire londubh is Á³
And the Quiet Land o' Erin

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