

FA Fahey**"AN OLD IRISH HILL IN THE MORNING"**

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I'm weary and sick of the sights of the town

Though haughty its mansions and high its renown

O! if some good fairy would but set me down

On an Old Irish hill in the morning!

My soul ever sighs for a sight of the sea

By dear old Kinvara, or down by Kilkee,

Or where Moher cliffs in their majesty free

Fling back ocean billows scorning.

An old Irish hill where the crag is so steep

The air is so sweet, and the heather so deep -

O! gladly I'd labour, and soundly I'd sleep

On an Old Irish hill in the morning!

These Saxons are hard, and their senses are cold

And all that they care for, or think of, is gold

What will cover their back, or their stomachs will hold,

Or what their shrunk shanks is adorning.

I miss the glad look and the grip of the hand,

The heart on the lips, and the welcome so bland,

The cÃ©ad mÃ©ile fÃ©ilte, and best in the land,

On an Old Irish hill in the morning.

An old Irish hill where the torrents that leap

Are types of the hearts that a vigil there keep -
O light be their labour, and sound be their sleep
On an Old Irish hill in the morning!
Some day when the summer clouds swim in the sky,
I'll bid the stiff Saxon a merry goodbye,
And blithe over ocean and land I will fly,
To the green pleasant land I was born in;
I'll give the go-by to all sorrow and strife,
I'll take from the valley a rosy-cheeked wife
And cheerily live for the rest of my life,
On an Old Irish hill in the morning.
An Old Irish hill where the dreamy mists creep
A cabin of love 'mid the heather to peep -
O! gladly I'd labour, and soundly I'd sleep
On an Old Irish hill in the morning!
But if the day came for the bold mountaineer
To strike for the hearths and the homes we love dear,
And ringing on high on the startled air clear,
The blast of the bugle gave warning -
O! where could our boys make a sturdier stand,
To strike a stout blow for the cause of our land,
Than massed in their might on the sides green and
grand
Of an Old Irish hill in the morning!
From an old Irish hill - O! like eagles we'd sweep,
And chase the false foe through the vallery like sheep -

O! a harvest of hope for our Erin we'd reap,

On an old Irish hill in the morning

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