

Quiet Lands Of Erin

The Corries

By myself I'd be in Árdáí 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 Éire 'lig is ó
Éire londubh is ó
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 Éire 'lig is ó
Éire londubh is ó
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 Éire 'lig is ó
Éire londubh is ó
And the Quiet Land o' Erin