



Here's to an isle, an emerald isle, set in the glassy sea.

Here's to the saint who blessed it,
And, here's to the billows, wild and free,
that for centuries have caressed it.

Here's to the day when the women and men on her shores roam
with longing eyes o'er water.

And here's to the land that still spells home
to every loyal son and daughter.

Here's to old Ireland fair and free — I've seen
with her blue skies stretched above her.

And here's to her shamrocks, warm and green,
Filled with the strong, brave hearts that love her.

Mary Derringer

Here's to Ireland