

My Heart Is in Ireland

Wolfe Tones

In the East End of London, I met an old man.
He kept a bar called the Horses and Tram.
"My parents were Irish. They loved that dear land,"
The Cockney, he smiled, then he shook my old hand.
"My heart is in Ireland, it's there I long to be.
Her hills and her valleys are calling to me.
Though born here in this land, my heart is in Ireland.
The land of the old folks is calling to me."
Near a coal mine in Wales, by a roadside cafe,
A young girl came smiling, and to me did say,
"Well, my folks are from Ireland. My Da', he hopes one day
When he leaves the mines, sure we'll go back to stay."
"My heart is in Ireland, it's there I long to be.
Her hills and her valleys are calling to me.
Though born here in this land, my heart is in Ireland.
The land of the old folks is calling to me."
Then I went through the Midlands, through each city and town.
I found there were Irish in each place I roamed.
And I drank and I sang at a pub they call the Crown.
With the Birmingham Irish, we sang songs of home.
"My heart is in Ireland, it's there I long to be.
Her hills and her valleys are calling to me.
Though born here in this land, my heart is in Ireland.
The land of the old folks is calling to me."
Then I went north to Scotland, to Glasgow on the Clyde.
I met with some young lads. They said, "Celtic's our side.
All our folks are from Ireland, the island of the green.
A country we love, but a place we've not seen."
"My heart is in Ireland, it's there I long to be.
Her hills and her valleys are calling to me.
Though born here in this land, my heart is in Ireland.
The land of the old folks is calling to me."

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