

My Land

Celtic Thunder

How green are your valleys, how blue your great skies,
Your mountains stand tall in their glory:
Your rivers run free - the bright stars are your eyes,
Your beauty is endless before me.

Oh, you are the song ever singing in me,
And you are the heart ever true:
For, you are my land and you always will be,
The voice ever calling me home to you.

When times we are far from your forests and streams,
When sailing from your shining waters:
We carry your hopes - your spirit, your dreams-
In the hearts of your sons and your daughters.

When to your green valleys some day I return,
When you lay your mantle around me:
At rest I will be where the heart will not yearn,
With my land to ever surround me.

When to your green valleys some day I return,
When you lay your mantle around me:
At rest I will be where the heart will not yearn,
With my land to ever surround me.

The voice ever calling me home to you.

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