

I Dreamed I Went to Ireland
By James Vincent Kulis

Copyright SRu000575571 - 2005

From Belfast Down to Munster
Connaught Dun Laoghaire
Cork, Clonmel and Donegal
I wish that I was there.

I dreamed I went to Ireland
To see where Gramp came from.
I met a girl with long red curls
And we fell in love.

We watched the western sunset
No redder than her hair.
Her eyes, they gleamed so emerald green
Like the soft fields everywhere.

The Atlantic waves they pounded
Like thunder on the shore.
T'was then I knew I was happier
Than I'd ever been before.

But Gramp from Ellis Island
Came callin' back to me.
Forsake that land for the richer sands
And bright new liberty.

“But Gramp,” I sez, “what’s freedom,
But being here in love and home and hearth
And happiness in everything she does?”

Gramp stood a while and wondered.
T'was then when I awoke and
Cast a glance toward Ireland
From this, our land of hope.

From Belfast Down to Munster
Connaught Dun Laoghaire
Cork, Clonmel and Donegal
I wish that I was there.

END