The Sea Around Us

They say that the lakes of Killarney are fair -
That no stream to the Liffey could ever compare;
If it's water you want, you'll find nothing more rare
Than the stuff they make down by the ocean.

The sea, o the sea is grá geal mo chroi!
Long may it roll between England and me,
With the sure guarantee that some hour we'll be free!
Thank God we're surrounded by water!

Tom Moore made his "waters" meet fame and renown -
A great lover of anything dressed in a crown!
In brandy the bandy old Saxon he'd drown,
But throw ne'er a one in the ocean.

The Scotch have their whiskey; the Welsh have their speech,
And their poets are paid about ten pence a week,
Provided no harsh words on England they speak -
O Lord, what a price for devotion!

The Danes came to Ireland with nothing to do
But dream of the plundered old Irish they slew.
"We've no need for Vikings!", said Brian Boru,
As he threw them back into the ocean.

Two foreign, old monarchs in battle did join -
Each wanted his head on the back of a coin.
If the Irish had sense, they'd drown both in the Boyne,
And partition thrown into the ocean!