Leaving Lismore
(Fagail Liosmor)

Tears fill my eyes as swift the boat flies. And speeds me away so far from the shore.

As, qui et you sleep in dreams that are sweet, My, dear is land home Lismore__

Dawn ing will bring the lilt and the ring. laughter at milking music ga

Gone are the days among the green braes Gone the warm hearts behind every lore.

and, high on the wing the ma vis would sing oh, joy be with you Lismore__

Now, sadly I gaze but ever I’ll praise The, isle of my home Lismore__

Fine