A Sprig of Irish Heather

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An Irish mother writing to her son so far away
Said "I meant to send a shamrock to wear on Patrick's Day
But the shamrock is a tender a plant, it's beauty soon will fade
So a spring of Irish heather I'm sending you instead"

cho: Just a sprig of Irish heather
That has seen all kinds of weather
It stood the heat of summer
And survived the winter's cold
I'm sending to remind you
Of the friends you left behind you
In Tyrone, among the bushes
In the days of long ago.

But remember Carradonough and the mass rock standing there
How we oft'times knelt together and you'd whisp a childish prayer
Many times since then I've wandered when the evening shadows steal
So I plucked this heather from the spot where once you used to kneel

But the years from me are slipping and I know I'm growing old
By the fireside lonely sitting, and the nights are dark and cold
But I know your smile would cheer me and make sunshine out of blue
So come back to me macushla, when the heather is in bloom.

(repeat chorus)
Just a spring of Irish heather, sent with love from long ago.

Recorded by Margo, and Declan Nerney, in Ireland.
BO'B
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