

WHERE THE THREE COUNTIES MEET

**OH HOW LOVELY TO BE ON THE SHORES OF LOUGH REE,
ON A BEAUTIFUL MIDSUMMER MORNING
LOOKING OVER THE LAKE AS THE BRIGHT WATERS BREAK
BY THE HILLS OF THE COUNTY ROSCOMMON**

**I WENT FROM MY HOME IN THE TOWN OF ATHLONE
ON MY WAY TO THE THREE JOLLY PIGEONS
IT WAS NEAR GLASSON TOWN, ON THE ROAD I SAT DOWN,
AND LOOKED OVER THE BEAUTIFUL SHANNON**

***LOUGH REE, OH LOUGH REE,
WHERE THE THREE COUNTIES MEET
LONGFORD, WESTMEATH AND ROSCOMMON:
AS I STROLL 'ROUND HER BANKS
BY THE HEATHER AND PEAT
THEY'RE THE MEM'RIES I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN!***

**OH, SAD WAS THE DAY WHEN I WENT FAR AWAY
TO WORK AMONG TIMBERS AND CONCRETE
AS I GREW TO A MAN, FOR TO FOLLOW LIFE'S PLAN,
I FORSOOK THE DEAR PLACE OF MY HOMELAND**

**IF GOD GRANTS ME GRACE, I'LL RETURN TO THE PLACE,
WHEN THE SUNSET OF LIFE HAS COME O'ER ME
ONCE AGAIN ON THESE SHORES LIKE A BIRD MY HEART SOARS
AS I GAZE ON THE BEAUTY AROUND ME!**