

# ***FORTY SHADES OF GREEN***

**I CLOSE MY EYES AND PICTURE  
THE EMERALD OF THE SEA  
FROM THE FISHING BOATS AT DINGLE  
TO THE SHORES AT DUNEHEA  
I MISS THE RIVER SHANNON  
AND THE FOLKS AT SKIBBEREEN  
THE MOORLANDS AND MEADOWS  
AND THEIR FORTY SHADES OF GREEN**

***BUT MOST OF ALL I MISS A GIRL  
IN TIPPERARY TOWN  
AND MOST OF ALL I MISS HER LIPS  
AS SOFT AS EIDERDOWN  
I LONG AGAIN TO SEE AND DO  
THE THINGS WE'VE DONE AND SEEN  
WHERE THE BREEZE IS SWEET AS SHALIMAR  
AND THERE'S FORTY SHADES OF GREEN***

**I WISH THAT I COULD SPEND AN HOUR  
IN DUBLIN'S CHURNING SURF  
I LONG TO WATCH THE FARMERS  
DRAIN THE BOGS AND SPADE THE TURF  
TO SEE AGAIN THE THATCHING  
OF THE STRAW THE WOMEN CLEAN  
I'D WALK FROM CORK TO LARNE TO SEE AGAIN  
THOSE FORTY SHADES OF GREEN!**