Where The River Shannon Flows

Lyric and Music
JAMES J. RUSSELL

Andante

There's a pretty spot in Ireland, I'll always claim for my land, Where the letter I'll be mailing, For soon I will be sailing, And I'll

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fairies and the blarney Will never, never die. It's the
bless the ship that takes me To my dear old Erin's shore. There I'll

land of the shil-lal-ah, My heart goes back there dai-ly To the
settle down for-ev-er, I'll leave the old sod nev-er, And I'll
girl I left be-hind me When we kissed and said good-bye.
whis-per to my sweet-heart, "Come and take my name, As-thore!"

Echoes from Erin

[An Album of Ballads, Novelties and Comics (Old and New). Songs]
by Victor Herbert, Chauncey Olcott, Ernest R. Ball and others.]
CHORUS  Tenderly

Where dear old Shannon's flow-ing, Where the three-leaved Sham-rock grows, Where my

heart is I am go-ing, To my lit-tle I-rish rose. And the

mo-ment that I meet her, With a hug and kiss I'll greet her, For there's

not a col-leen sweet-er, Where the Riv-er Shan-non flows.