

The Flower of Killarney

Ma - - - vour - - neen's the flower of Kil - -
lar - - ney, ___ The fair - est of all to me.
The ro-ses that bloom in Kil - lar-ney, _Are ne-ver as fair as she.
The land of the mists and moun - - tains ___ For
e - - ver her home shall be, For
she is the flower of Kil - lar - ney ___ And fair-est of all to me.

Mavourneen's the flower of Killarney,
The fairest of all to me.
The roses that bloom in Killarney,
Are never as fair as she.
The land of the mists and mountains
For ever her home shall be,
For she is the flower of Killarney
And fairest of all to me.

As sunlight and shadow go ranging,
O'er woodland and lake and hill,
Their beauty for ever is changing,
Each moment seems sweeter still,
But neither the sun nor the shadow
Can add to her beauty's grace
Nor roses can rival in sweetness
The love in her charming face.

Though mountain and woodland may perish,
And roses may fade and fall,
Yet still in my heart I will cherish
The fairest among them all,
The land of the mists and mountains
Forever her home shall be,
For she is the flower of Killarney,
And fairest of all to me.