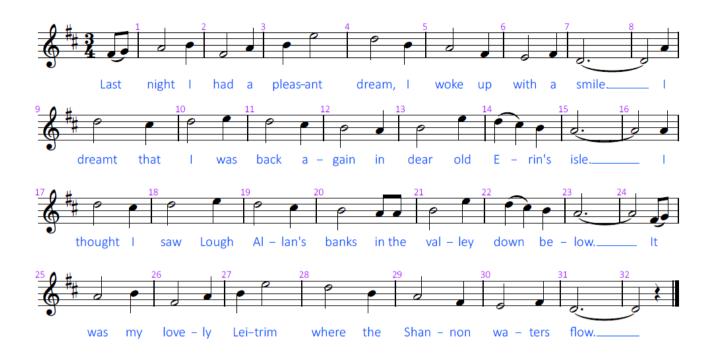
## Lovely Leitrim

Song by Larry Cunningham



Last night I had a pleasant dream I woke up with a smile I dreamed that I was back again in dear old Erin's isle I thought I saw Lough Allen's banks in the valley down below It was my lovely Leitrim where the Shannon waters flow

I felt enchanted by the scene of grandeur and delight
So I strolled on to Carrick Town before the dark of night
I passed Sheemore the fairy hill where flowers wildly grow
And I saw the grave of Fionn MacCumhaill where the Shannon waters flow

I next did visit Fenagh Town with her ancient abbey walls
Where the preaching of the holy monks once echoed through her halls
I stood with reverence on the spot reluctant for to go
From the town of saints and sages where the Shannon waters flow

Of all the lands that I have been through the east and trough the west
Of all the islands I have seen I love my own the best
And if ever I return again the first place I will go
Will be to lovely Leitrim where the Shannon waters flow