## INTRO TO BE WORKED OUT

I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea **G7** From the fishing boats at Dingle to the shores of Donaghadee I miss the river Shannon and the folks at Skibbereen **G7** The moorlands and the meadows With their forty shades of green **CHORUS G7 G7** But most of all I miss a girl in Tipperary Town And most of all I miss her lips as soft as eiderdown Again I want 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 at Dublin's churning surf **G7** I'd love to watch the farmers drain the bogs and spade the turf F To see again the thatching of the straw the women glean **G7** I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see the forty shades of green repeat CHORUS