Roscommon of My Dreams

Roscommon of My Dreams
(Larry Kilcommins)

As I gazed out of the window
Of this old apartment block
Across the concrete jungle
That's the City of New York,
My thoughts go wandering slowly back
To those lovely woods and streams
That I left behind in Ireland
And Roscommon of my dreams.

I see again your abbey walls
Where I played when still a child
And that little brook beneath the hill
Meandering in the wild,
The old Town Hall where I danced at night
When I was in my teens;
Those were happy days in Ireland
And Roscommon of my dreams.

I'll ne'er forget the summer days
When on Sundays after mass
It was off to Coman's Park I'd go
The afternoon to pass.
It was there I cheered the Blue and Gold,
They were my favourite team.
(Oh, brought honour to my county then
Roscommon of my dreams.

In the crisp cold days of winter
I would chase the fox and hare
Across the fields and through the woods
To Castle Coate so fair.
It was there I met my own true love,
Where the River Suck it streams,
Back home in dear old Ireland
And Roscommon of my dreams.

What took me here across the seas
To this lonely city life,
Where my thoughts are of my native land
And a lovely Irish wife.
To walk the roads with my own true love

Beneath the pale moon beams
Is all the heaven I'll ask of God
In Roscommon of my dreams.

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