

Song For Ireland



Walking all the day,
by tall towers where falcons build their nests
In silver wings they fly,
they know the call of freedom in their breasts
Saw Black Head against the sky,
where twisted rocks may run down to the sea
Living on your Western shore,
saw summer sunsets, I asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,
and I sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day,
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play,
Saw one touch the bow,
He played a reel that seemed so grand and gay,
I stood on dingle beach and cast,
In wild foam for Atlantic bass,
Living on your western shore,
Saw summer sunsets, I asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,
And sang a song for Ireland

Talking all the day,
With true friends who try to make you stay,
Telling jokes and news,
Singing songs to while the time away,
Watched the galway salmon run,
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun,
living on your western shore,
Saw summer sunsets, I asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic Sea,
And I sang a song for Ireland

Dreaming in the night,
I saw a land where no-one had to fight,
Waking in your dawn,
I saw you crying in the morning light,
sleeping where the falcons fly,
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky,
Living on your western shore,
Saw summer sunsets, I asked for more,
I stood by your Atlantic sea,
And I sang a song for Ireland