

IRELAND

=====

There are places I have seen
Almost as green
As Ireland
But their fields can't be the same
If they've no sun or rain
Like Ireland

Miles of bog, all green and brown
Are white with mist when the sun goes down
And the moon pours her light on a sleeping town
In Ireland

Stormy western sea, and the wind sings in the ruins
White crashing waves call the fishermen to their doom
There are places on the cliffs where a man can feel like a giant
In the center of a world
Made of sea, made of rock, made of sky

And when the evening falls
On a thousand stone walls
In Ireland
And the stars are like jewels in the trees
As they dance in the breeze
Of Ireland

Then the day's work is done
And there's peace in the land
There are tunes by the fire
And the music is grand!

The songs of Ireland:
Voice of her people!

In a city far away
As my weary thoughts stray
I think of Ireland
And her call is loud and clear
And will take me from here
To Ireland

- *Words and music: © Bill Black*