IRELAND

[click on link above for sound file]

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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 the mist when the sun goes down Then the moon pours her light on a sleeping town In Ireland

Stor my western sea And the wind sings in the ruin White crashing waves Call the fisherman to his 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

continued / / /
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 majestically
And the music is grand The songs of Ireland

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