

## **The HOLY GROUND**

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**I was born on the holy ground  
A running child in fields of clover  
I was living in the grandeur  
Of my father's land**

**By the side of the swirling sea  
I spent the days of childish wonder  
And the rocks I held in my young hands  
I never felt them slip away**

**Well the sun shone bright upon the waves  
And the wind blew high as I was leaving  
And I sailed so far away  
Looking for adventure**

**But I would not stay where the city streets  
proclaimed so loudly man's endeavours  
Though music is a pretty thing  
in fine company  
And the wilderness took my breath away  
I felt I had to find my way  
Where no-one ever goes**

**It was in the south that my new home lay  
With a dark eyed girl and wild horses  
With humming birds and roses there  
in old Mexico**

**There the winds of change they blew so far  
Of liberty and revolution  
And it seemed that each man heard in his breast  
the drumming of a nation**