

## Song for Ireland

D                          A  
Walking all the day,  
      G                          A                          D  
by tall towers where falcons build their nests.  
      D                          A  
On silver wings they fly,  
      G                          A                          D  
for they know the call of freedom in their breasts.  
G    D  
Saw a black heard against the sky,  
      Hm    A  
and cracky rocks that run down to the sea.  
  
              G    D                          Hm                          A  
*When living on your western shore. Saw summer sunsets, I asked for more.*  
      G    A                          G                          D                          A                          D  
*I stood by your Atlantic sea, and sang a song for Ireland.*

Drinking all the day,  
in all the pubs where fiddlers love to play.  
Saw one take the bow,  
to play a reel that was so grand and gay.  
Stood on Dingle beach and cast,  
in the wild foam from the Atlantic blast.

*When living on your...*

Laughing all the day,  
with true friends who tried to make me stay.  
Telling jokes and news.  
and singing songs to pass the night away.  
We watched the Galway salmon roam,  
like silver dartling dancing in the sun.

*When living on your...*

Dreaming in the night,  
I saw a land where no man had to fight.  
Waking in the dawn,  
saw you crying in the morning light,  
and lying where the falcons lye.  
They twist and turn all in the airblue sky.

*When living on your...*

Ak ja, hvad kan dog være mere sindsopløftende end fædrelandets vemodige sange. Song for Ireland er en smuk sang om 'Den grønne ø', naturen, vennerne, barerne og selvfølgelig drømmene.