



# Song For Ireland

Composer

Walking all the day  
 Near tall towers where falcons build their nests  
 Silver winged they fly  
 They know the call of freedom in their breasts  
 Saw Black Head against the sky  
 Where twisted rocks they run to the sea.

I -	V -	I
ii vi	IV V	I
I -	V -	I
ii vi	IV V	I
IV ii	IV V	I
I vi	IV ii	V
ii IV	V vi	I
I -	V -	I
ii -	I V	I
ii vi	IV V	I I

*Living on your western shore  
 Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
 I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
 And 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 which seemed so grand and gay  
 Stood on Ding-le Beach and cast  
 In wild foam we found Atlantic bass.

Talking all the day  
 With true friends who try to make you stay  
 Telling jokes and news  
 Singing songs to pass the time away  
 Watched the Galway salmon run  
 Like silver dancing, darting in the sun.

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