

## Song for Ireland

Walking all the day  
by 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  
with twisted rocks that run down to the sea

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  
and he played a reel which seemed so grand and gay.  
We stood on Dingle 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  
and singing songs to pass the time away.  
We watched the Galway salmon run  
like silver darting, dancing in the sun

Dreaming in the night  
I saw a land where no one had to fight  
But waking in your dawn,  
I saw you crying in the morning light.  
While lying where the falcons fly  
they twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

Phil and June Colclough