

With A Mothers Eyes

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Verse 1

With a mother's eyes I saw
The mighty Cliffs of Moher
Rolling limestone clad in flowers
And the twelve tall pins of Connemara.

Verse 2

With a mother's ears I heard
The sweet song of the birds
Raging seas and gentle music
Merry reels and a history in words.

Middle

I tasted the dark fruit of the Burren
And creamy black stuff on my tongue
I kissed the stark ancient ruins
Where proud people once belonged.

Chorus

Warm winds and white bays
Old men with bright eyes
Star studded night skies
And silence that calms the soul.

Verse 3

With a mother's hand I touched
The green wet shamrock
Felt the cries of the ancient Celt
In hidden tombs
On the road from Howth.

Middle

I breathed the fragrance of the orchid
And the peat smoke from the fireside
Atlantic air filled my bosom
Where the soft shore meets the tide.

Chorus

Warm winds and white bays
Old men with bright eyes
Star studded night skies
And silence that calms the soul.

And silence that calms the soul.

end