**Song 11 Song for Ireland Song 11**

**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 down to the sea**

**Chorus**

***Living on your western shore, saw summer sunsets, asked for more,***

***I stood by your Atlantic Sea, and sang a song for Ireland***

***Verse 2***

**Talking all the day, with true friends who try to make you stay,**

**Telling jokes and news, singing songs to pass the night away,**

**Watched the Galway salmon run, like silver, dancing, darting in the sun**

***Verse 3***

**Drinking all the day, in old pubs where fiddlers love to play,**

**Saw one touch his bow, he played a real which seemed so grand and gay**

**Stood on Dingle Beach and cast, in wild foam we found Atlantic bass**

***Verse 4***

**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,**

**Lying where the falcons fly, they twist and turn all in your air blue sky.**