

Connemara Cradle Song

On the wings of the wind o'er the dark rolling deep
Angels are coming to watch o'er thy sleep
Angels are coming to watch over thee
So list to the wind coming over the sea.

CHORUS

*Hear the wind blow love, hear the wind blow
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow.*

Oh, winds of the night, may your fury be crossed
May no one who's dear to our island be lost
Blow the winds gently, calm be the foam
Shine the light brightly and guide them back home.

CHORUS

The currachs are sailing way out on the blue
Laden with herring of silvery hue
Silver the herring and silver the sea
And soon there'll be silver for baby and me.

CHORUS

The currachs tomorrow will stand on the shore
And daddy goes sailing, a sailing no more
The nets will be drying, the nets heaven blessed
And safe in my arms dear, contented he'll rest.

