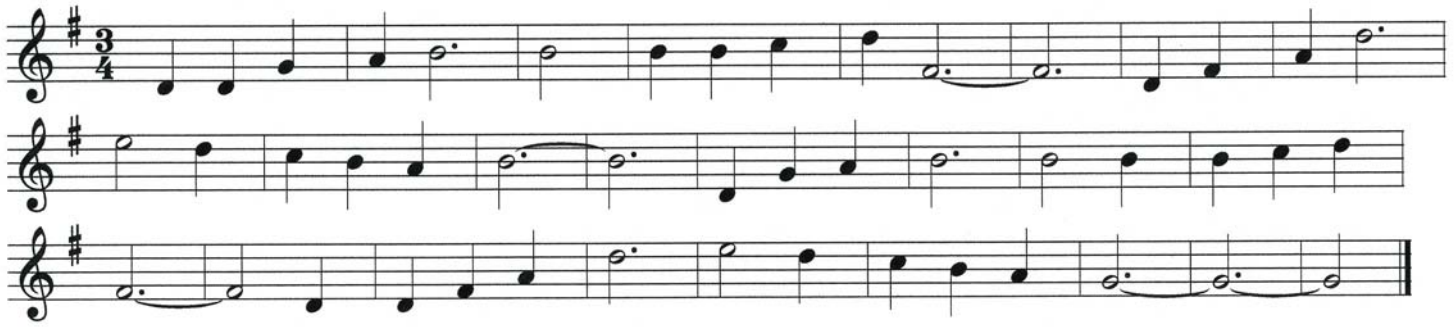


Connemara Cradle Song



traditional

On wings of a wind over the dark rolling sea,
angels are coming to watch over thy sleep,
angels are coming to watch over thee,
So listen to the wind coming over the sea.

Chorus: hear the wind blow love, hear the wind blow,
hang your head over and hear the wind blow.
(auf die Melodie der letzten beiden Liedzeilen)

The curraghs are sailing out on the blue,
chasing the herring of silvery hue.
Silver the herring and silver the sea,
soon they`ll be silver for my love and me

Chorus....