

The Holy Ground

Words and music by: Gerry O'Beirne

*I was raised on the holy ground
A running child in fields of clover
I was living in the grandeur of my father's land*

*By the side of the swirling sea,
I spent the days of childish wonder
Those rocks I held in my young hand
I never felt them slip away*

*And the sun shone bright upon the waves
And the wind blew high as I was leaving
I sailed so far away looking for adventure*

*But I would not stay where the city streets
Proclaimed so loudly man' endeavor though
music is a pretty thing in fine company*

*And the wilderness took my breath away!
Under a sun that never falters
Man has to find his way where no one ever goes....*