

# Ireland

## Garth Brooks

They say mother earth is breathing  
With each wave that finds the shore  
Her soul rises in the evening  
For to open twilight's door  
Her eyes are the stars in heaven  
Watching o'er us all the while  
And her heart it is in Ireland  
Deep within the Emerald Isle  
We are forty against hundreds  
In someone else's bloody war  
We know not why were fighting  
Or what we're dying for  
They will storm us in the morning  
When the sunlight turns to sky  
Death is waiting for its dance now  
Fate has sentenced us to die  
Ireland I am coming home  
I can see your rolling fields of green  
And fences made of stone  
I am reaching out won't you take my hand  
I'm coming home Ireland  
Oh the captain he lay bleeding  
I can hear him calling me  
These men are yours now for the leading  
Show them to their destiny  
As I look up all around me  
I see the ragged tired and torn  
I tell them to make ready  
'Cause we're not waiting for the morn  
Ireland I am coming home  
I can see your rolling fields of green  
And fences made of stone  
I am reaching out won't you take my hand  
I'm coming home Ireland  
Now the fog is deep and heavy  
As we forge the dark and fear  
We can hear their horses breathing  
As in silence we draw near  
There are no words to be spoken  
Just a look to say good-bye  
I draw a breath and night is broken  
As I scream our battle cry  
Ireland I am coming home  
I can see your rolling fields of green  
And fences made of stone  
I am reaching out won't you take my hand

I'm coming home Ireland  
Yes I am home Ireland We were forty against hundreds

Songwriters

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