

Fields of Glory

The High Kings

I was born in a country where people admire
Their great sporting heroes and how they aspire
To stand upon mountains and always be winners
And never give less than their all I once met an old man who told me great stories
Of legends of old who played hard for the glory
Of lifting the cup in that moment of triumph
These memories kept me enthralled
Chorus:
On the fields, the fields of glory
On the fields where boys become men
On the fields, the fields of glory
May the best team win, win in the end
Supporting their team with a true sense of place
Are the handfuls of people with pride on their faces
They come from the townlands, the parrish, the village
Their banners they proudly unfurl
An anthem of hope is the song they are singing
The whistle, it sounds and the game, it begins
And the roar of the crowd echoes up to the heavens
It sends out a clarion call
(Chorus) I'm dreaming of Ireland in fine summer weather
A crowd of young lads playing football together
All hoping that someday the call they will answer
To play for the place they were born
(Chorus) I'm dreaming of Ireland in fine summer weather
A crowd of young lads playing football together
The roar of the crowd echoes up to the heavens
It sends out a clarion call