

**Yvonne Breathnach****"The House where I was born"**

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Sun shines bright through cobweb leaves  
Casting a light on the torn eaves  
Window flaps in the summer breeze  
On a bright clear summer morn  
Reflecting back when I was young  
To the kitchen where the rafters rang  
'Twas many a fine old song was sang  
In the house where I was born

Built with clay and rugged stone  
With Thatchers' reed its roof was sown  
Though fallen now, it's still my home  
Like a rose among the thorns  
The limestone floor where first I crept  
The windy loft where first I slept  
Memories of the day I left  
The house where I was born

Leaving wasn't easy on that day so long ago  
Pack your bags and leave it all  
Answering a far off call  
And a promise made, to soon return again

I still could hear the music play  
As we danced until the light of day  
But tomorrow I will go away  
And my heart is full of woe  
Standing by the old half door  
As I left to seek a foreign shore  
Wondering if I'd see once more  
The house where I was born

Round the hearth when nights were cold  
Crickets sang while tales were told  
Of far off lands and days of old  
Till the clock would ring his warning  
As a child I'd sometimes sit and glance  
At the bellows wheel I'd wait my chance  
To watch the flames appear and dance  
In the house where I was born

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