

## Three Irish Tenors, The "Lift the Wings"

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How can the small flowers grow,  
If the wild wind blows,  
And the cold snow  
Is all around.

And where will the frail birds fly,  
If their homes on high  
Have been torn down  
To the ground.

Lift the Wings,  
And carry me away from here  
And fill the sails  
That breaks the line to dawn.  
But when I'm miles and miles apart from you,  
I'm beside you when I think of you a stoirin gra.

How can a tree stand tall,  
if the rain won't fall,  
to wash its branches down.

And how can the heart survive,  
Can it stay alive?  
If its loves denied for long.

Lift the Wings,  
And carry me away from here  
And fill the sails  
That breaks the line to home.  
But when I'm miles and miles apart from you,  
I'm beside you when I think of you a stoirin,  
and I'm with you as I dream of you a stoirin,  
and the sun will bring me  
near to you a stoirin a gra.

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