

Celtic Thunder

"Christmas Morning, Donegal"

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A Christmas Storm was breaking; there are people in
the square
There was snow high on the mountain, there was magic
in the air
My mother held my hand in her hand, till we reached
the chapel on the hill
And the choirboys made a wonderful noise; I can hear
that melody still

Choir Boys Sing

The choirboys were singing out, the chapel bells were
ringing out
That Christmas morning when peace lay o'er the world.
I heard the Christmas story then, of the power and the
glory then
That Christmas morning in Donegal.

I hear the singing clearly, the music sweet in my ears
And that sense of wonder and magic I've treasured
through all the years.

And now the fairy lights glisten, and the presents lie
underneath the tree
That my memory would stray to the one Christmas day,
To my Mother, the chapel and me.

Choir Boys Sing

The choirboys were singing out, the chapel bells were
ringing out
That Christmas morning when peace lay o'er the world.
I heard the Christmas story then, of the power and the
glory then
That Christmas morning in Donegal.

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