

Bill Whelan "Riverdance"

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Hear my cry,
In my hungering search for you,
Taste my breath on the wind,
See the sky as it mirrors my colours,
Hints and whispers begin.

I am living to nourish you, cherish you,
I am pulsing the blood in your veins,
Feel the magic and power of surrender,
To life. Uisce Beatha

Every finger is touching and searching,
Until your secrets come out,
In the dance, as it endlessly circles,
I linger close to your mouth.

I am living to nourish you, cherish you,
I am pulsing the blood in your veins,
Feel the magic and power of surrender,
To life. Uisce Beatha

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