

High Court

"Fields Of Glory"

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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 those who played hard for the glory
And of lifting that cup in the moment of triumph
His memory's 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
And may the best team win, win in the end.

Supporting our team with a true sense of place
Are the handfuls of people, the pride on their faces
They come from the townlands, the parish, the village,
Their banners they proudly unfurl.

An anthem of hope is the song they're singing,
There's a 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.

On the fields, the fields of glory
On the fields, where boys become men
On the fields, the fields of glory
And may the best team win, win in the end.

I'm dreamin' of Ireland in fine summer weather
A crowd of young lads play'n football together
All hoping that someday the call they will answer
To play for the place they were born.

On the fields, the fields of glory
On the fields, where boys become men
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And may the best team win, win in the end.

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