

## High Kings, The "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 old who played hard for the glory  
Of lifting the cup in that 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  
May the best team win, win in the end

Supporting their team with a true sense of place  
Are the handfuls of people with 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 are 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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

I'm dreaming of Ireland in fine summer weather  
A crowd of young lads playing football together  
The roar of the crowd echoes up to the heavens  
It sends out a clarion call

