

Trader Horne "Children Of Oare"

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Morning came and morning went
All of my life, my loving was spent
I looked out my window, too lazy to yawn
It worries me finding my lady had gone

Oh yes, suddenly be
Golden sands swept in from the sea

Kilted horseman in my dreams
Ride their fiery frenzied steeds
Captured a mermaid who cried bitterly
And drove her people back into the sea

Oh yes, suddenly be
Golden sands swept in from the sea

The children of Darby O'Gill
Play in the islands of icebergs at will
The carnival opens, the children all play
Singing their songs, da doo da doo da dey

Oh yes, suddenly be
Golden sands swept in from the sea

I hear the masters, they're calling to me
The wind carries the words straight over the sea
They told me the stories of people at war
When blood ran like water and hate spread like fire

Oh yes, suddenly be
Golden sands swept in from the sea

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