

O'connell Maura

"The Shades Of Gloria"

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I am going to the country
Going down that verdant lane
With nothing but a whistle in my hand
And a pocket full of rain
Can you hear that distant sound
Coming down the West Clare railway
Running with the shades of Gloria

The wind is full of memories
That murmur and sigh
Hills lie in the foaming grass of Clare
Below the cold moon's eye
But you should come and see them now
When they are on fire
And running with the shades of Gloria

And the waves roll at the headland
When the tide is rising there
And here there is starlight falling
Down on the hills of Clare
I knew them when I was hungry
And I knew when I was scared
And running with the shades of Gloria

And I am going to the country
Where Miko in his prime
Weaves a thread of melody
In his own sweet time
You can hear him sing and whistle
Anytime you care
To go running with the shades of Gloria

I am going to the country
Going down that verdant lane
With nothing but a whistle in my hand
And a pocket full of rain
Can you hear that distant sound
Coming down the West Clare railway
Running with the shades of Gloria
Gloria

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