

Gortatagort

Christy Moore

I sing The Field I sing The Farm
I sing The House my Mother was born
In Gortatagort Colomane
A green jewel

Sewn in a patchwork quilt of fields
Between the mountain and the River
In this time now and in another
Where I ran free with my brothers
Through the Longmeadow The Cnocan Rua
The Fortfield The Pairc na Claise
The Newhouse field The Guillane Field
The Clover Field The Rushy Field

Where the Red Fuschia weeps in The Hen's Garden
And the angels bleed over Bantry Bay

I see The House I see The Yard
I see The Stall I see The Stable
I see The Haggart and The Sandy Field
I see The Hill I see The Well
I sing The Spring of Well Water
I sing The Field of Standing Stones
The South Rey Grass The North Rey Grass
The Break and The Paircin na hEornan

Where the Red Fuschia weeps in The Hen's Garden
Where God foes to sleep in the hills and the valleys
Where the Moon rises over The Haggart
Where peace descends on Gortatagort
Where the angels bleed over Bantry Bay

Saddle up the old grey mare,
Tim Big Danny and Jacky Timmy
Are going across The Mountain
To Puck Fair

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