

## Green Fields Of Gaothdobhair

Clannad

One morning I did stray,  
Until I reached sweet Clady banks  
where the silvery salmon play,  
I strolled around through old Bunbeg  
and down along the shore,  
And gazed with admiration  
on the green fields of Gaothdobhair.

I visit Magherclocher,  
On Middletown heights I stand,  
Beneath me lies the ocean wide,  
and Machergallon strand,  
Those sandy banks so dear to me,  
Those banks I do adore,  
Behind me lies sweet Derrybeg  
and the green fields of Gaothdobhair. The bonny Isle of Goal  
and Inishmean so near,  
I see the little fishing fleet  
as it lies along the pier,  
I wander through the graveyard  
where those have gone before,  
That once lived happy and content  
on the green fields of Gaothdobhair.

I see sweet Inish Oirthir,  
and far off Tory Isle,  
I view the ocean liners  
as they stream along in style,  
on board are Irish emigrants  
with hearts both sad and sore,  
As they gazed on old Tir Chonaill hills  
and the green fields of Gaothdobhair. An old song in praise of t  
he parish from  
which we come. Cathal