

The Fields Above Fanore [Air Galway Bay] by Dr Bryan McMahon

Hear Patsy Carrucan sing this song: <http://soundcloud.com/fanoremosaics/the-fields-above-fanore>

Portugal is beautiful and Teneriffe is grand
But the Burren with its beauty bare is all I understand.
Sixty golden years have passed since I left my father's floor
And still I hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

She strikes a note of cheerfulness and borrows ancient glee
As the slope of gold I now behold beside the lovely sea.
I've lived in Chattanooga and again in Baltimore
But I'd rather be where the cuckoo calls from the Fields above Fanore.

Well often times in retrospect, dear Galway Bay is seen
There then appears Old Creggah, there too is Sweet Derreen.
And as the fireball sun declines behind far Innismore
I hear in dream the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

There are times I hoped to cross the sea and seek my native place
But now perhaps it's far too late such dreaming to embrace.
For if I did, I promise you, my weary heart would soar
For again I'd hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

There stands the little schoolhouse I attended as a boy
With the Pins of Connemara still pencilled on the sky.
With tender flowers beneath my feet I'd hear the ocean roar
And pause to hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

In a gleaming cottage kitchen I'd have buttered scones and tay
And as the evening shadows fell we'd chat the night away.
I'd tell in song at Donohue's how on a foreign shore
I hear the cuckoo calling from the Fields above Fanore.

The planes of modern Ireland leave vapour trails on high
Between me and the brilliant sun a skylark in the sky.
With song of songs on gallant wings above the Cliffs of Moher
Dear God, I hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

Out here in Philadelphia where now I have my home
Four thousand miles from Ireland across the Atlantic foam.
We have symphonies and operas and jazz and trail galore
I'd rather hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore

I did me bit for Uncle Sam who gave daily bread
In the shattered woods of Normandy midst the dying and the dead.
With nothing to protect my mind against the battle roar
But to think I heard the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore

My daughter Bridie home from Lourdes brought back a cuckoo clock
She wound it up at supertime and off it went tick-tock.
But when it struck the midnight hour I leapt out on the floor
I thought I heard the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

I've laboured long in foreign lands, I have the name of wealth
I've paid the debt in blood and sweat and havoc to my health.
My last request, take me to rest where my darling sleeps before
And where we'll hear the cuckoo call from the fields above Fanore.