

The Magic of Ireland

© 2019 Tysa Goodrich
All rights reserved

Here where the wind blows
Beguiled by mysterious glens
The faeries sing to moonlight
On the crags at all hours of the night
How do the songs never end, go around and again?

The magic of Ireland
She's so admiring of the music and dance
This is a fine time to laugh
Look at that moon shine, hope it lasts
Till we find Isibéal [*ISH-a-beh!*], and break the spell
Of Ireland, the magic of Ireland
Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh

A long time was passing
Amid her meandering stroll
She stumbled through a gateway
And was lost for a decade or more
Where did she go? Isibéal disappeared in a rainbow

The magic of Ireland
She's so admiring of the music and dance
This is a fine time to laugh
Let it be Samhain [*SOW-in*], raise your glass
To the souls of the dead, may all be blessed
In Ireland, the magic of Ireland
Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh

BRIDGE She wakes up from a dream
 And all she can talk about is wind and love
 Did she find her true desire?
 What is her secret? I really want to know
 The only thing she ever told me
 Was that she found her pot of gold

The magic of Ireland
She's so inspiring of ceoil agus craic [*kiöle au-gus crack (music and fun)*]
This is a fine time to laugh
Look at that sunshine, hope it lasts
In the wake of the storm, here comes the storm (*seo chugainn an stoirm*)
And that's Ireland, the magic of Ireland, oh-oh-oh
Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh - - oh - - oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, Oh__ oh-oh, oh_oh, oh, oh__