

The Connemara Cradle Song

Steeleye Span

On wings of the wind o'er the dark rolling sea
Angels are coming to watch over thee
Angels are coming to watch o'er thy sleep
So list to the wind coming over the deep

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow

The currachs are sailing way out on the blue
Laden with herring of silvery hue
Oh, silver the herring, silver the sea
Soon there'll be silver for baby and me

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow

The currachs tomorrow will stand on the shore
And Daddy goes sailing, a-sailing no more
The nets will be drying, the net's heaven blessed
And safe in my arms contended he'll rest

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the [Incomprehensible]
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow