

Cliffs of Moher

Dermot Kelly

$\text{♩} = 150$

I'm sitt - ing on the cliffs of Moh-er Look-ing out to sea The broad At-
- lan - tic swells be - low me A bridge love be - tween you and me The puff - ins cry a -
- bove the tide The sea-gulls glide through the air Call-ing you back from New York
Ci-y Back home to the coun-ty of Clare Come back, come back sweet
Ann-ie Come back, for I will be there We'll sing and we'll play In the old fash-ioned
way On the hill-side of sweet Coun-ty Clare

I'll hold your hand
We'll walk through the burren
With limestone and flowers so rare
The yellows and reds
The gold in their petals
Will match your blue eyes and fair hair
We'll visit Quinn Abby and Fein Cill Sula
Where holy ones once knelt in prayer
But how can this be if you stay away darling
From your home in the county of Clare

I'm looking across at the great Aran islands
Inis Maan, Inis Mor, Inis Oirr
They've nestled there neatly
Caressed by the ocean
Surrounded by water so clear
But you have the smoke
And the dust of the city
Where people pass by and don't care
There's love and there's welcome
As warm as the sunshine
For you in the county of Clare