

Soft Irish Dawn
(Hills of Home)

January 10-12, 1991

Tad Tuleja

On the green hills of morning	G
Far from strife	C
The ploughman makes his way	G D
And the heather rolls purple	
In the diamond dew	
And the smoke curls blue as the sea	

Come away, come away	C G
The rattle and the keen have done	Em Am D
When the last words of anger have all been forgot	
We will walk in the soft Irish dawn	

Is the high road burning?
Is there blood in the lane?
And the jackals free to roam?
Are you weary of the battle?
Are your dreams alive
With the green hills of home?

Come away, come away...
We will walk on the green hills of home

May the road rise to meet you
With the wind at your back
And may sunlight warm your way
May the good Lord keep you
Till we meet again
Safe in the hollow of his hand

Come away, come away...
We will walk in the soft Irish dawn

Note: Bombing of Baghdad ("Shock and Awe") began Jan 17.