

Connemara cradle song

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



This Irish lullaby is sung by those left at home contemplating the dangers faced by loved ones out fishing at sea. Some of the most beautiful tunes come out of Ireland and this is one of them. Those from the U.S.A will recognise this particular one as similar to 'Down in the valley' a familiar cowboy song, no doubt introduced by Irish immigrants. A 'currach' is an Irish boat with a wooden frame, over which animal hides or canvas is stretched.



On wings of the wind, o'er the dark roll - ing deep, An - gels are com - ing to
watch o'er thy sleep. An - gels are com - ing to watch o - ver thee, So
list to the wind com - ing o - ver the sea. Hear the wind blow love,
hear the wind blow, Lean your head o - ver and hear the wind blow. blow.

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

Chorus: 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 are sailing way out on the blue,
Laden with herring of silvery hue,
Silver the herring and silver the sea,
Soon there'll be silver for my love and me. *Chorus*

Tomorrow the currachs will lie on the shore,
Your daddy goes sailing no never no more.
The nets will hang drying, the oars put away.
Your daddy is home, babe, and home he will stay. *Chorus*