

Celtic Thunder, Heartland

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Out of the mists of Time it comes
Older than the oldest lime it comes
Coursing through our veins it comes
Pulsing in our brains it comes
The pure, unbridled sound of drums

When the storm is raging
And thunder rolls
Deliver us from the ocean
Save our souls

A Thiarna, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Lord have mercy)
A Chrost, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Christ have mercy)
A Thiarna, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Lord have mercy)
A Chrost, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Christ have mercy)

When the winds are howling
Vigil keep
Shelter us and save us
From the deep

A Thiarna, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Lord have mercy)
A Chrost, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Christ have mercy)
A Thiarna, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Lord have mercy)
A Chrost, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Christ have mercy)

Thank you, Lord, you have brought us
Safe to shore
Be our strength and protection
Ever more

A Thiarna, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Lord have mercy)
A Chrost, dan tr&#oacute;caire (Christ have mercy)
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