

Celtic Thunder, Heartland

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Heartland

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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