

Ancient Days (c)Emerald Rose 2014

Verse

From the hills of Connemara
 To the shores of Dingle Bay
 Through the mountains of Cape Breton
 Down the Appalachian Range
 You can hear it in the hollows
 And the quiet forest glades...
 On the crest of wind swept ridges
 In the rhythm of the waves

Chorus

Ancient Days, Ancient Ways
 Ancient Days, Ancient Ways
 Sing with us the magic of the land
 Speak to us the power of our hands
 Ancient Days, Ancient Ways
 Ancient Days, Ancient Ways
 Ancient Days

Verse Copy

There's a fire deep within us
 That connects us to the land
 It's a living breathing spirit that
 Is passed from hand to hand
 In the hearts of all good people
 Every woman, every man
 Lies an ancient deep connection

To the earth on which we stand

Chorus Copy

Bridge

D

You can feel it in the Seasons

G

In the turning of the Wheel

D

In the bonfires of the Autumn

G

And the blessing of the fields

D

She returns our love and labor

C

D

With the bounty that she yields