

The Calling

Slim Dusty

There's a legend that I've heard about in Ireland
They tell me that it's called the calling home
Some folk think it's just imagination
But I have heard the calling on my own
It's the story of a force within the spirit of those who immigrated years ago
To dwell within the hearts of their descendants
And bless them with the yearning there to go

Have you ever felt the calling calling you home to Ireland, the emerald of the sea
To the green glens of Antrim
Or tawny Gold Shore[?]
Or the girl who might be waiting in Tralee
Do you ever feel the longing to be in County Down
Have you heard the Midlands calling from Athlone
To Killarney or where'er it be in that fair Irish land
It's the calling that's calling you home

It's passed the test of timeless generations
Oh how I wish I could have known the man
Who left those fields of green in 1820
And never found his way back home again
But he has left the calling here within me
Soon I will set my feet on Erin's shore
And in my heart he'll walk along beside me
On the pathway to a dear old cottage door

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It's the calling that's calling back home