

Newgrange

Celtic Woman

There is a place on the east
Mysterious ring, a magical ring of stones
The druids lived here once, they said
Forgotten is the race that no one knows

The circled tomb of a different age
Secret lines carved on ancient stones
Heroic kings laid down to rest
Forgotten is the race that no one knows

Wait for the sun on a winter's day
And a beam of light shines across the floor
Mysterious ring, a magical ring
Forgotten is the race that no one knows