

When the Moon still was young and the mountains were tall
In the realm of the Tuatha De Danann,
My delight was the sound of the hammer and forge
Shaping bronze into weapons of war.

When the Heroes of Dawn put the gins to the sword
Strong was Cuchulain and shining was Lugh
They would sing to the wind with a falcon at their fist
Hymns of Gaelic valor.

I remember the day when their ships filled the sea
And the emblems of Rome hid the sky,
When the ninth legion marched to subdue the Red Queen
And the sons of the Goddess Danann.

The the Heroes of Dawn put the Romans to the sword
Strong like Cuchulain and shining like Lugh
They would fight sky-clad, and to please the Morrigan
Die for Gaelic valor.

Now the Moon's in eclipse and the skies breed a storm
O'er the realm of the Tuatha de Danann
My lament shall be heard for the fires ashen cold
And the anvils resounding no more.

Now the Heroes of Dawn sleep in mounds underground
Cuchulain forgotten - forgotten is Lugh,
Who shall sing to the wind, shed his tears to fill the sea
For the lost Gaelic valor?