

# The Queen

Cruachan

Some speak of Kings and high born lords  
Some speak of Earls and noble men  
But this tale I tell from long ago  
Concerns not a one of them

A Warrior Queen, born of the sea  
A leader of strength and renown  
Throughout Europe there be none like her  
They call her a Queen though she wears no crown

Grace is her name and Ireland her home  
A land of conquest rebellion and strife  
Under the rule of a Tudor Queen  
Who placed a bounty upon her life

Elizabeth is she and England is hers  
As well as lands taken by force  
But Ireland has been a thorn in her side  
Her rule of law she cannot enforce

Grace:  
Ma'am I write to you under duress  
Two women of power are we  
Our conflict of nations I wish to address  
And my countries right to be  
So I ask for a congress of both our minds  
And I appeal to your common sense  
I will go to your land and to your great hall  
If you agree these talks should commence

Elizabeth:  
Get thee away, you low born fool  
This traitor of ill repute  
She dares to write to beg for my aid  
My rule is absolute!  
No concession will I ever condone  
While she attacks my men on the seas  
I have burned her letter, let it be known  
No retort from me will she receive

Grace clashed with Spanish and with Turks  
Yet the English caused the most pain  
Elizabeth warred on countless fronts  
Creating a monetary strain

At last, with Grace, a decision was made  
To London she would go  
She had sent a fair and impassioned plea  
Yet no response did the Queen bestow

On a bright July morning Grace readied her fleet  
Four score men and their Warrior Queen  
Set sail across the pale narrow sea  
Towards the unknown and dangers unseen

Arriving at last in the strangest of lands  
Through a maze of dark dismal streets

A foul stench pervaded the air  
Of human waste and rancid meats

As Grace progressed through the city so vast  
The people did stop to gaze and stare  
"Who is this woman in garments so fine  
That moves with grace and a Gaelic flair"

And so the chamberlain did announce  
When Grace came to the home of the Queen  
"please, this way, do come with me,  
It has been agreed, you shall be seen"

Elizabeth:

Grace I greet you as a friend  
Two women of power are we  
The title of countess I would convey  
If you would swear fealty to me  
You did not bow when you approached  
And I take no offense I swear  
So tomorrow let the people say  
We've ended this affair

Grace:

Your kindness has been well received  
And I wish you no offence  
But to me, a title, you cannot convey  
For we are equals in every sense  
I do however have a request  
Amends I would ask of thee  
To pardon the crimes you claimed were mine  
And let my ancestral lands be

At this point Grace turned to sneeze  
A courtier gave to her a silken cloth  
The used cloth was cast to the fire  
Shocking the Queen and the royal court

The congress had ended and Grace returned home  
To the land she loved so well  
The Queen had honoured all that was said  
So Grace was free from the English hell