

The Gaelic Song

The Arrogant Worms

Through the ages, through war, pestilence and sleet, the Celtic culture has survived, it's songs and dances passed from father to son, from mother to daughter, from uncle to goat. And though few still speak Gaelic, the ancient language of the Celts, all hearts are still stirred by the beautiful tones of this mellifluous tongue.

Ah ma wee hach patew mae bo clee hach maneagh Heow
meow meow meow meow meow meow meow BARK meow
igh hough loo loo cheow dach hagh vreigh chouach
mouheagh Douauh meah mae couchah moo ma meagh
pach hooragh

And though other cultures tried to destroy them, driven no doubt by their jealousy of the Celts' fine fashion sense and edible cuisine, they did not surrender. Actually, they surrendered quite often, but they were never entirely wiped out, clinging to the corners of small islands, their voices raised in song, the clarion call of the pipes ringing out to the heavens.

Ah ma wee hach patew mae bo clee hach maneagh Heow
eow meow meow meow meow meow meow BARK meow
Saigh hough loo loo cheow dach hagh vreigh chouach
mouheagh Douauh meah mae couchah moo ma meagh
pach hooragh Ah ma wee hach patew mae bo clee hach
maneagh Heow meow meow meow meow meow meow meow
meow

BARK meow Saigh hough loo loo cheow dach hagh vreigh
chouach mouheagh Douauh meah mae couchah moo ma
meagh pach hooragh Meach bo meah mea bloh meah hoo
noo euach moo doo beah