

The Wedding

Airged L'amh

I used to know a place back in time , where lakes were crystal
and mountains so high
I can remember a forest so bright , when roses of May used to b
loom in the night
There was a place where love would find its way between a celt
king and a northern girl
Hail to the groom , hail to the bride
Seven white pigeons were set free in the sky
The crowd cheered loud in the night until the daylight
We sail in the ight forever we'll fight her face a mirror refle
cting my eyes
And now my friend we're approaching the end
My wedding will live and this day will remain