

# Ard Ri Na Heirann

Cruachan

A tale of honor I will now tell  
About a man, strong and true  
Brian Boru was his name  
And through his deeds a nation grew  
He was born in a time of bondage  
The viking raiders claimed his lands  
His hatred grew when he saw his mother  
Killing by vicious viking hands

His brother Mahon strived for peace  
Brian knew it would never come  
The vikings have us by the throat!  
They kill our children just for  
Boru left with a group of men  
They rode into the fading light  
He would attack the many viking camps  
And vanish in the dark of night

Brian Boru, our beloved son  
Fought the Dane, he fought and won  
Losy his life at eighty eight  
Death by a viking blade was his fate

Brian Boru, our last Ard Ri  
Led the Gael to victory  
Could not stand his countries plight  
He removed the vikings from his sight

Malachy, the king of Meath, with Brian face to face  
They both agreed that Brian should take  
The monarchy of the Gaelic race  
Brian had much word to do  
To heal the wounds of Danish reign  
He planned a massive call to arms  
To remove the last of the Dane

To Clontarf Brian's army marched  
To give the Dane their final fight  
The army charged with swords held high  
The viking line was soon in sight  
The battle rages for many hours  
And many fine warriors fell  
But victory was always ours  
The Gaelic might could not be quelled

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