

Death of a Gael

Cruachan

(Music & Words: KF)

A warrior so proud of the woman by his side,
His faithful heart would take no other bride,
For three years they lived,
midst the forests of the land,
Strong and proud was the love
of this woman and man

Like the sky high above,
no beginning and no end,
The woman that he loves,
his life and best friend.
Until that day in December
when the snowstorms did start,
Stalked the Norseman with his bow,
put an arrow through his heart.

Hear the cry, the cry of the winter wind,
Blowing across the land,
stealing his life from him,
From the earth, and into the otherworld,
the land of Tír Na n-àg,
is the place where he must go.

"Woman come to my side,
let your arms shield my pain,
For I know will not spend
another day with you again."
They say she will not move
from the place where he did die,
Once so strong and so proud,
She cannot talk but cry.