

## Exiles

Cruachan

Loneliness was all she knew,  
Because of her God sent beauty.  
Evil and carnage were sure to ensure,  
Her death was Conchobars duty.  
The high king Conchobar would not dare,  
So he did her away from his people.  
"Deirdre will live and grow up fair,  
then marry me in my temple".

She was disgusted by Conchobar,  
And vowed she would not be wed.  
"I love only the man who bears the colours-  
Black white and blood red".  
"I know such man!", her aide explained  
but Deirdre could only hope.  
Uisneach's sons were led to the forest,  
With Naoise, she would elope.

No place was safe for the four exiles,  
They left Eireann with heavy hearts.  
But to see her face and see her smile,  
Gave the brothers strength to depart.  
In Albas' hills they made their home.  
And began a simple life.  
Local hatred had suddenly grown,  
Men wanted her as a wife.

Conchobar dreamed of Deirdre his true love,  
He longed for the touch of her skin.  
His duties neglected, his life so affected,  
"Why did she leave the court of the King?".  
After some time he explained he was wrong,  
Or so we were led to believe.  
"This sorrowful song I have sung for too long,  
Naoise agus Deirdre I now forgive".

Naoise always longed to go back home.  
When he heard the news he wept.  
The brothers prepared for the journey ahead,  
With Fergus Mac Roth they all left.  
The exiles returned to the King alone,  
And knew there was something not right.  
Conchobar made his plans be known,  
The brothers took up the fight.

The exiles fled to the sorrowful forest,  
Followed by the king's men.  
Deirdre was hidden but they needed rest,  
They could not fight again.  
Naoise smelt death and he quietly said-  
"Please Deirdre stay where you are".  
A belt of a sword and the brothers fell dead,  
Deirdre smelt blood on the air.

"Cannot you see, I did this for you,

our wedding can now take place".  
They left for Fern Mag, as the cold wind blew,  
In a chariot she felt deaths embrace.  
"I am Deirdre, for a short time alive,  
to end life be evil, 'tis worse to survive".  
From the chariot she fell to her death,  
To be with Naoise, to smell his sweet breath.