

Lament for the Wild Geese

Cruachan

I am the wind that blows over the sea
I am the wave of the ocean
I am the murmur of the billows
I am the ox of the seven combats
I am a vulture on the rock
I am a ray of the sun
I am the fairest of plants
I am a wild boar in valour

Come with me, I'll show you eternity
This magical ring, it holds the key to everything
Our faerie land, the forests and mountains you see
Created by magic, cast from the Gods and the Sidhe

I am a salmon in the water
I am a lake in the plain
I am the craft of the artificer
I am a word of science
I am the god that creates
In the head of man the fire of thought
I am the spear-point cast in battle
I am the druid, I am the God

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Who shows the place where the sun goes to rest if not I?