

## The Arrival Of The Fir Bolg

Cruachan

From across the sea they came  
Fleeing from slavery  
To the blessed shores of Ireland  
Their people to be free!

They sailed for many days  
In seas that raged and swelled  
Many ships traversed the depths  
Full of men who were compelled

To find a home for their people  
In the land of their forefathers  
The ancient tribes of Nemed  
Those ancient Irish masters.

Five brothers led the way  
Sailing on the Western squall  
Many dangers they encountered  
And many warriors did fall.

Till at last they did arrive  
In the glorious seas of Ireland  
As they headed for the shore  
One more trial was at hand.

The wind became a storm  
The seas became enraged  
The Fir Bolg ships were scattered  
And many too were razed.

Separated into three parts  
The Fir Bolg, Domnann and Gaileon  
Finally docked in Ireland  
As the seas began to calm.

They overcame so many trials  
As they sailed to their new land  
A new dawn awaits the brothers  
A new era is at hand.

At Tara the brothers held council  
They divided the land into five parts  
Peace had come to the Fir Bolg  
But this peace was not to last.