The Arrival Of The Fir Bolg

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.