

## The First Battle of Moytirra

Folkodia

The Firbolgs are marching  
With their heavy spears in hand  
To face the noble Dannan  
And fight for the fate of Ireland...

The Tuatha de Dannan clash  
With the raging Firbolg host  
Iron shatters bronze and forth  
Is spilled the blood of many  
A warrior once strong and bold...

But at night, a miracle occurs  
The wounded are healed  
Bathed in healing herbs  
They are restored to health...

And in the morning, war  
Is seen dawning with the sun  
Until the land turns a murky red  
And rivers are dyed with blood...

In the end the Dannan prevail,  
The Firbolgs lie defeated  
And surrender in utter shame  
Before the throne of Nuadu...

Yet the king sees no victory -  
By Dannan law he has to fall.  
For to rule a man needs both hands  
And he only has but one left...