

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...