

The Second Battle of Moytirra

Folkodia

Foul beasts are prowling the land
With fangs a' dripping with the blood
Of beasts and mortal men alike:
These fiends have but one eye...

The Tuatha de Dannan take up their arms
And march down the hills in silver ranks
To face the horrors of the night, to save
Ireland from this monstrous scourge tonight...

With a shriek and a clash
Bright iron meets their claws
Under moonlight the battle rages on
As if the dark strove to snuff the light...

The Fomorians are strong,
Their strength comes front
Deep abominable depths...
Yet the Dannan stand fast,
They hold their lines and
Sing a paeon of victory
As they fight the onslaught...

The break of day comes
The Dannan lace the sun
They cheer and hail the orb
With their triumphant song...

The battle is won
The enemy is gone!
Hail to the sun
Hail the new dawn!