

# The Mighty One

Moya Brennan

No more pretending  
No more deny  
When the sun goes down  
Will I know who wears the crown?

No more pretending  
No more deny  
When the sun goes down  
Will I know who wears the crown?

No more deceiving  
No more grieving  
When the sun sinks down  
Will they know who wears the crown?

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No more grieving  
When the sun sinks down  
Will they know who wears the crown?

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There you stood in front of me  
Dressed in glory, white to see  
Spell-bound on the deep blue skies  
Created on high  
Cold and warm, you set one's heart  
'Cause you're the mighty one

Mo bheannacht duit o mo chroi go h-iomlán  
Nach aoibhinn an radharc  
Mo bheannacht duit o mo chroi  
Is glór do Dhia  
Mo bheannacht duit o mo chroi  
Nach aoibhinn an radharc  
Mo bheannacht duit o mo chroi go h-iomlán

Travel on a journey task  
Expedition, breathless mask  
Vision seen with glaring eyes  
On top of the world  
Trace the footsteps gone before  
Yes, you're the mighty one

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