

Brave Connor Mac

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

The Sesair dogs of Tir-nan-og have stalked me to
enslave
And rampant in the hybrid hills amidst the cattle raid
The Ulstermen will kneel before the heathen path I've
paved
And bards of mighty Conchobar will offer me to Maeve
Through Sourlands in bloody bands across the north they
go
Brave Conner Mac his tribes are painted blue from head
to toe
But all alone the Infidel did match them blow for blow
His body bent and hair in spikes came flailing to and
fro
The carnage lingered on, his body split from side to
side
The tendons tore his mighty chest and ripped his
leathered hide
Across his back ten Ulstermen were carried from the
lake
And soon there were ten sundered heads each thrust upon
a stake
The battle-rage had gripped him as he squirmed inside
his skin
One eye had popped out of his head the other sucked
back in
Soon pieces of Brave Conner Mac and friends adorned the
ground
It took three tubs of ice to cool his burning body down
Setanta of the sesair was the chosen king by birth
The power he possesses is a gift from mother earth
Through chronicles of time he'll rise again and spread
his fame
And future incarnations will arise to bear his name
The Sourlands are bitter and the northern tribes are
free
In Tir-nan-og a new abandoned kingdom waits for me
The message of the fallen king is swift across the land
To Ulster where a widowed Queen prepares to take my
hand