

The Hosting Of The Shee

The Waterboys

The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-Bare
Caoilte tossing his burning hair
And Niamh calling: 'Away, come away'
'Away, come away, away, away'.

The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a gleam
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.

The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-Bare
Caoilte tossing his burning hair
And Niamh calling: 'Away, come away'
'Away, come away, away, away'.

Our armsa-wave, our lips are apart
And if anything gaze on our rushing band
We come between him and the hope of his heart
We come between him and the deed of his hand.

The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-Bare
Caoilte tossing his burning hair
And Niamh calling: 'Away, come away'
'Away, come away, away, away, away, away...'.