

The Fairy Hills

The Wolfe Tones

Long long ago in this ancient land
A battle took place where two hills now stand
And on the plain there lay the slain
For neither the battle was won
So the bard did sing of these fairy hills
Where bloom the white flowers and daffodils
One big one small Si Bheag Si Mhor
And never the battle is won
Beneath these hills great heroes lie
Of the Red Branch Knights and their ancient foe
In still of night the immortals fight
But never the battle is won
And so the harper was told these fairy tales
Of these fairy hills of the ancient Gaels
One big one small Si Bheag Si Mhor
And never the battle is won
Twas after the battle the prophet foretold
No rest would be found for these warriors bold
Till they unite and fight one common foe
And then would the battle be won.
So then the harper wrote of these fairy hills
Where bloom the white flowers and daffodils
One big one small Si Bheag Si Mhor
And never the battle is won