

Emain Macha

Waylander

O'er the seven hills of Macha
In an age now passed by
Lived a people once forgotten
Beneath an ancient sky

For protection they had warriors
Unsurpassed on Eire Ann's shore
Warriors of the Craobh Rua
An eternal name in lore

The Ri he dwelt at Emain
And Ri of Uladh's land
And the people they had plenty
Under Are-Ri's mighty hand

Cruinneach in your arrogance
And boastfulness and pride
Evoking a curse
Upon your own kind

Curse of a woman!

Due to man's boastfulness
And the folly ness of man
Man, may yet pay due
A curse I place on you
A curse I place on you
A weakness like a woman hear her time
Once in every cycle, Uladh's strength
Will fail to shine, fail, fail to shine
Man may yet pay due
A curse I place on you
A curse I place on you

But in Uladh's hour of need
Mighty laugh did pay heed
He beget at son at Bru na Boinne
Under a stone of great tragedy

Setanta as a boy, as a boy, as a boy
Cu Chula inn, as a man, as a man, as a man

Standing alone against Connaught's might
One against all, the eternal fight

Champions they came
Champions they did fall
Standing alone
Cu Chula inn, slew them all!

For the pride of Emain Macha, Emain Macha, Emain Macha
For the pride of Emain Macha, Emain Macha, Emain Macha
For the pride of Emain Macha, Emain Macha, Emain Macha
That special seat of power.