

# 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.