

Silentium, Children Of Danaan

See who comes over the red blossomed heather
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air
Heads up high, eyes to front, standing proudly together
Freedom stays thorned on their proud spirits there

Down the hill twining, their blessed armour shining
Like the rivers of beauty yhat flows from each glenn
From the mountains and valleys, to this liberty ralley
out and make way for brave feinean men

"Macha armagh!"