

# 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

&quot;Macha armagh!&quot;