

Airged L'amh, The Wedding

I used to know a place back in time, where lakes were crystal and mountains so high
I can remember a forest so bright, when roses of May used to bloom in the night
There was a place where love would find its way between a Celt king and a northern girl
Hail to the groom, hail to the bride
Seven white pigeons were set free in the sky
The crowd cheered loud in the night until the daylight
We sail in the light forever we'll fight her face a mirror reflecting my eyes
And now my friend we're approaching the end
My wedding will live and this day will remain