

Cruachan, Ard Ri Na Heirann

A tale of honor I will now tell
About a man, strong and true
Brian Boru was his name
And through his deeds a nation grew
He was born in a time of bondage
The viking raiders claimed his lands
His hatred grew when he saw his mother
Killing by vicious viking hands

His brother Mahon strived for peace
Brian knew it would never come
The vikings have us by the throat!
They kill our children just for
Boru left with a group of men
They rode into the fading light
He would attack the many viking camps
And vanish in the dark of night

Brian Boru, our beloved son
Fought the Dane, he fought and won
Losy his life at eighty eight
Death by a viking blade was his fate

Brian Boru, our last Ard Ri
Led the Gael to victory
Could not stand his countries plight
He removed the vikings from his sight

Malachy, the king of Meath, with Brian face to face
They both agreed that Brian should take
The monarchy of the Gaelic race
Brian had much word to do
To heal the wounds of Danish reign
He planned a massive call to arms
To remove the last of the Dane

To Clontarf Brian's army marched
To give the Dane their final fight
The army charged with swords held high
The viking line was soon in sight
The battle rages for many hours
And many fine warriors fell
But victory was always ours
The Gaelic might could not be quelled

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