

# Tuatha De Danann, Faeryage

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A man calls the four seasons with his harp  
Fairies fly near us, and Oengus send his kisses to the lovers

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A man calls the four seasons with his harp  
Fairies fly near us, and Oengus send his kisses to the lovers  
In the fields of mother moon,  
All we dance in circle  
Celebrating the good things she gave us- and take away our sorrows

At this time all the beautiful things were alive  
Wonderful flowers with great stones walk hand by hand  
Rainbow's key was on our hands  
But we lost it with ignorance

This was the faeryage, the wonderful time  
The spirits of nature, lived by our side  
Flying with the butterflies we knew the sky  
Dance with the great clouds  
We lived this time

Listen to my song, my name is Dagda  
The father of all, I have the wisdom  
My magic harp has three good tunes  
The tune of the laughing, of the sleep and sorrow

So, the shadows of the moon darkened all our souls  
The key of rainbow falls from our hands  
And the fairies were gone  
Take me to the magic world let me see my mommy  
My mom is goddess moon, my mom is goddess Dan