

# Tuatha De Danann, The Wanderings Of Oisín

"Based on the Homonymous poem of William Butler Yeats"

This my woodland rhyme my friend - Its my last dewy song  
Its about my start to where the men calls Tir Nan Og  
Up the waves I saw the thing most beautiful I have seen  
Rode the sea in a white horse - Her golden hair charmed me

She came through the sea to calling me from the land of Dreams  
My princess from the sidh  
So well we rode above the sea, her arms on me no time nor dreams

"Delightful is the land beyond all the dreams  
Fairer than aught tiny eyes ever seen  
There all the year the fruit is on the tree  
A hundred maiden sing thee to thy sleep"

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