

Gary Moore "Emerald"

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Down from the glen came the marchin' men
With their shields and their swords.
To fight the fight they believed to be right,
Overthrow the overlords.

To the towns where there was plenty
They brought plunder, swords and flames.
When they left, the town was empty,
And the children would never play again.

From the graves I heard the fallen
Above the battlecry.
By that bridge near the border,
There was many more to die.

And onward over the mountains,
And out towards the sea.
They come to flame the emeralds,
Without it they could not leave.

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