

## Orthodox Celts "Bean Na Shi"

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Her hair is like silver, her eyes are like gold  
She's never been young and she'll never grow old  
She lives by the Shannon, the Liffey and the Lee  
The sweet, swift, elusive Bean Na Shi

She rides a red roan when the moon winds are blowin'  
Glides like a zephyr and sings like a harp  
Beware of her anger, as sharp as a dagger  
Splintering icicles into your heart

Chorus:

Bean Na Shi - my living fairytale  
Bean Na Shi - my dream will never end

She lives in a bower, surrounded by flowers  
Guarded around by wild bramble trees  
I'm anxious to find her as I want to remind her  
Of promise she made to me when I was three

Her name could be Aine, Blahin or Grainne  
Nobody knows what her real name might be  
But I'll take a gamble and brave the wild brambles  
To come face-to-face with the Bean Na Sh

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