

Steve Mcdonald "Celtic Warrior"

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In the curragh and off we go
O'er to Scotland's shores we row
And build a chapel there
For the Stone.
Story tells of long ago
Jacob slept upon the Stone.
And dreamed of angels
Telling him of the future.
Brought to Ireland's Tara Hill
Where it was named Lia-Fail
Then, on to Iona, by MacEarca.
(Chorus)
Then the Scotland kings will reign
Wherever the Stone remains.
Then, the coronations will enthrone.
And through all who come and go
Let nonetake the power
Of the Stone.
So the telling tale unfolds
Of kings and queens
And days of old.
And those who would make claim
By agression.
Then the tyrant army came
And took the Stone away again.
They never knew the promise
Of succession.
Leaves are falling
Seasons calling
Time will wait
For the Stone.
Leaves are falling
Seasons calling
Time will wait
For the Stone.
(Repeat chorus twice)

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