

Tuatha De Danann

"The Wanderings Of Oisin"

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[Based on the Homonymous poem of William Buttlar Yeats]

This my woodland rhyme my friend -Its my last dewy
song
It's 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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Fairer than aught tiny eyes ever seen
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