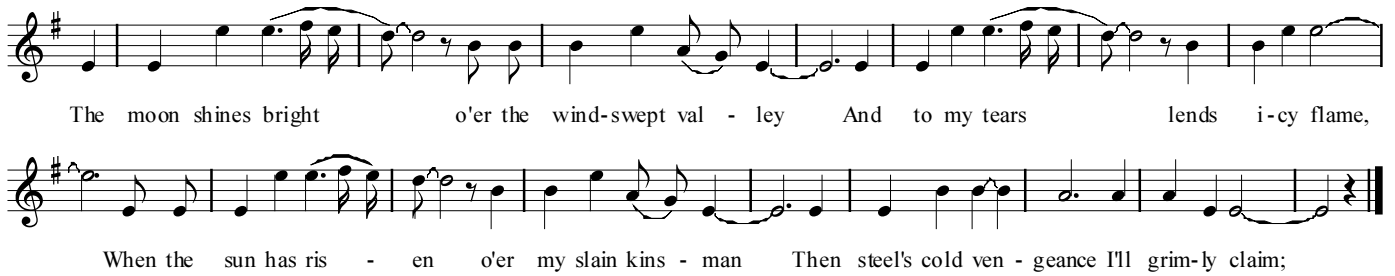


# Conn's Song

*By Conn MacNeill*



The moon shines bright o'er the wind-swept val - ley And to my tears lends i - cy flame,  
When the sun has ris - en o'er my slain kins - man Then steel's cold ven - geance I'll grim - ly claim;

The moon shines brightly, o'er the windswept valley,  
And to my tears lends icy flame,  
When sun has risen o'er my slain kinsmen,  
Then steel's cold vengeance I'll grimly claim.

We met this new foe in the open meadow,  
They mailed and mounted, on foot were we,  
We slew their soldiers, but wore no armour,  
Now many souls in darkness sleep.

My sister's lover was trampled under,  
But I've marked well his murderer's shield,  
And on the morrow his love will sorrow,  
As does my sister in yon cold field.

My ire they've wakened, their blood I've taken,  
And horse and armour have I this day,  
O'Brien's calling, I'll ride at dawning,  
To Emhain Macha, their kin to slay.

The stone at Tara, it cries to Eire,  
To drive the Normans into the sea,  
Waves of Muir Eirreann will rise and take them,  
To fitful slumber in Mananann's keep .

The moon shines brightly o'er the windswept valley,  
And to my tears lends icy flame,  
When sun has risen o'er my slain kinsmen,  
Then steel's cold vengeance I'll grimly claim.