

The Fianna

from the archives

When evening in Eireann was gray,
Before the dawn went away,
Their footsteps on hills were heard,
On journey long without a word. From wilderland to western shore,
Through dragon lair and hidden door,
From northern waste to southern hill,
On darkling woods they walked at will. With Fionn and Oisín, dwarfe and man,
Bird and bough and beast in den,
With warrior-druid folk,
In secret tongues they spoke. A deadly sword, a healing hand,
Trumpet voice, a burning brand,
Their backs that bent 'neath their load,
Those warriors on the road.

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