

The Arrival Of The Fir Bolg

Cruachan

From across the sea they came
Fleeing from slavery
To the blessed shores of Ireland
Their people to be free!

They sailed for many days
In seas that raged and swelled
Many ships traversed the depths
Full of men who were compelled

To find a home for their people
In the land of their forefathers
The ancient tribes of Nemed
Those ancient Irish masters.

Five brothers led the way
Sailing on the Western squall
Many dangers they encountered
And many warriors did fall.

Till at last they did arrive
In the glorious seas of Ireland
As they headed for the shore
One more trial was at hand.

The wind became a storm
The seas became enraged
The Fir Bolg ships were scattered
And many too were razed.

Separated into three parts
The Fir Bolg, Domnann and Gaileon
Finally docked in Ireland
As the seas began to calm.

They overcame so many trials
As they sailed to their new land
A new dawn awaits the brothers
A new era is at hand.

At Tara the brothers held council
They divided the land into five parts
Peace had come to the Fir Bolg
But this peace was not to last.