

Hunter In The Wild

Folkodia

I strung my bow and honed my knife
With baying hounds I went into the wild;
Oisín is my name - I am of the Fianna
On the shores of Lough Leane I fell for Niamh...

She was "Would you ride with me?"
"Aye, let us away my love!" I replied -
Through icy lakes and mystic paths
Into the otherworld, where the Danann reign...

The creek by the road sings
At my going by -
These lands they have known me
As a hunter in the wild...

Mortal years spent in bliss - ten score at least;
The dance of the Sidhe, the wine of her lips
Kept me spellbound to the undying lands:
Never once thinking of what I left behind...

Then one day, delight turned into yearning
To see the hills that frame my beloved Killarney -
She said "Goodbye my love, for you shall not return
To the sunlit lands where time is naught..."

The creek by the road sings
At my going by -
These lands they have known me
As a hunter in the wild...

Something in me died that day
Back from icy lakes and mystic paths
Back from the otherworld, where the Danann reign
I rode without looking back, blinded by tears and laving...