

Gráinne Mhaol, Queen Of Pirates

Miracle Of Sound

Daughter of the dún
Terror of the west
Sailed the coasts of Ireland
With O'Malley on her crest

Sailors on the blue
Shakin' in their cots
Feelin' the foreboding of
The terror that she wrought

Hup the hull and away we go
Stock the galley o'gold
Whack the divil the gales he blow
We'll batter him up in the hold

Dance along on the waterline
Speed us over the waves
Back to back on the borderlines
To never shut up & behave

Gráinne Mhaol
Queen of the pirates
She set sail
On the raging sea
Gráinne Mhaol
The gleam of the Irish
Spun her tales
On the ocean free

Never to be caught
Tangled on the ropes
Hacked away the lengthy locks
In order to elope

She would lose no fight
She would take no shite
Stole the noble offspring
In the middle of the night

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Banríon na farraige
Cróga agus tréan
Ag taisteal ar na dtonnnta
Cailín ag troid di féin

Translation:
(Queen of the sea
Strong & powerful
Travelling on the waves
A girl fighting for herself)

Tabhair faoi na Breataine
Éist leis a béic
Scrios na báid leatromach
Ag cosaint ar an ríocht

Translation:
(Charge towards the British
Listen to her yell
Smash the oppressive ships
Defending the kingdom)

Never to fall!!!
A rebel in all!!!

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