

Orthodox Celts

Bean Na Shi

Her hair is like silver, her eyes are like gold
She's never been young and she'll never grow old
She lives by the Shannon, the Liffey and the Lee
The sweet, swift, elusive Bean Na Shi

She rides a red roan when the moon winds are blowin'
Glides like a zephyr and sings like a harp
Beware of her anger, as sharp as a dagger
Splintering icicles into your heart

Bean Na Shi - my living fairytale
Bean Na Shi - my dream will never end

She lives in a bower, surrounded by flowers
Guarded around by wild bramble trees
I'm anxious to find her as I want to remind her
Of promise she made to me when I was three

Her name could be Aine, Blahin or Grainne
Nobody knows what her real name might be
But I'll take a gamble and brave the wild brambles
To come face-to-face with the Bean Na Shi