

Orthodox Celts

Eimer

Red owen made camp by the glen of two lakes
They all new his daughter was the fairest in the land
She had come of age it was time to choose a husband
A fine and noble warrior worthy of her hand

And the kings rode down from their great high mountains
And chieftains marched in from around the countryside
Princes even sailed from far across the water
To fight for the right to make Eimer their bride

Chorus

Eimer was fair as the wild flowers of morning
Eimer could sing like a lark in the warmth of May
Eimer could dance light as windblow gossamer
Put a sword in her hand though and she'd lay men in the clay

Conall MacMurta was poor but a bold one
He was proud as a stallion and skilled in the art of war
When Eimer saw him defeat the other champions
She knew that he was chosen one for her

Sighing the kings all road to their mountains
Weeping the chieftains marched back to the countryside
Brokenhearted the princes sailed across the water
When Conall son of Murta made Eimer his bride

Chorus