



Cailín Rua

Temper-Mental MissElayneous/Elayne Harrington, 3rd March 2012

Sung verse 1

A tongue, a melody, a rhythm, not just a language my heart only knows.
Éireann, fadó fadó. Stories of long ago.

Prayers in the wind, carried like secrets in our eyes.
Oh, we dare not utter truth.
The utmost treasured of our isle.

Sung verse 2

A half-mast pride, no emblem to conceal or clutch within our fathers'
hands.
Measuring our stallions by his palms.
Still our heroes' hooves tread on these lands.

White-lily brow, sink to meet your scent, cheek of rose glow.
Not just our rivers running free.
It was our tears salted the sea.

Rap

Éistigí, listen to me.
Druid dreams rising from mystery.
History. Celtic mythology.
Cailín rua, wise is your emerald iris.
The world celebrates our Irish Dionysus.

Greimsceadamáin, adamant on our ascent.
Spirit of the Gael not broken but bent.
A jig or a reel, dance our rhythm straight.
We'll reach Tír na nÓg, God, grant us patience.



Our magic apology cushions our fall.
How shall we rise up if we can't stand at all?
Scattered in the gutter, but fawn on the stars.
Barring order for Paddy, locked in and out of the bars.

Drunk and disorderly, victim amadán.
Blame and condemn the island you're born upon.
Blarney Stone hope, vast as her freckles.
Ireland's treasure is hidden beneath pockets and shekels.

Cockles and hustles, and bare-knuckle rage.
Our Book of Cells, inmates carve affiliation on stone page.
Johnny-come-over, Son of the Claddagh.
Once more tread on the clover, fight with naught but a ballad.

Hum melody

Repeat sung verse 1