

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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On Midsummer Day

On Midsummer Day
(Murtaugh)

On midsummer day in the land of Erin
The war with the Firbolg about to begin
Thrice nine of the children of Danu were killed
In the first bloody hurl match upon the great hill

For four days a terrible slaughter took place
The king of the Firbolg with agonized face
At the Morrigan's screaming while circling above
And blood drenched the country of goddesses' love

Derry down, down, down, derry down

Yeokay the Firbolg was killed in his flight
The hand of Nuada chopped off in the fight
Tho battle was ended there was just one thing
Nuada was blemished, he could not be king

Avoiding occurrence of political wars
The goddesses' children went to the Fomors
The king of the Fomors, he sent them his son
To rule Danu's children and block out the sun

Derry down, down, down, derry down

The name of this evil new ruler was Bres
Stole most of their cattle and taxed all the rest
Ogma the champion was sent to fetch wood
The Dagda was forced to build forts fast as he could

They suffered from insult from famine and cold
Bres would not allow them their pleasures to hold
The Armid, the Dianchet and Miach were known
Attempting to help Nuada take back the throne

Derry down...

They dug up his hand and they put in place
The magic was worked and the pentagrams traced
Sinew to sinew and nerve to nerve fold
Nuada's eyes glistened and he became whole

A poet and tale teller deserved some respect
I sang songs for Bres tho I didn't expect
To be thrown in a dungeon, no fire, no bread
A curse upon Bres was the next thing I read

Derry down...

No meat on the plates and no milk of the cows
No money for minstrels, no homes for ourselves
By hoarding and taxing he says he conserves
May Bres receive what he truly deserves

The magic began as the magic was said
And his face became covered with blotches bright red
By being a tyrant he was made a fool
The result of this blemish was he could not rule
Derry Down...

And Nuada returned to the throne once again
And the children of Danu rejoiced to the end
By feasting and drinking all night till we fold
the triumphant children of goddess of old.

AB, SOF