

TIR NA NOGE

When lamplight dips in endless black
And flinches from the shades of wrath
Our spirit quails, all hoping fails
And hidden is the homeward path
In weirding darkness huddle we
All higher gods forgot
To Faerie hall we send our call
To that which we are not
To haven fair that's buried deep
The hall above all halls
Of pearl and birch, their true souls charch
With samite at the walls
Tir Na Noge, the land of peace,
The longed for place of joy,
Whence man is barred, his soul is marred,
For swords are now his toy.
Lumpen, brawling beasts we are,
Rough hewn, ill planned, pain filled,
What claim have we to kingdoms key
Who never lived but killed?
In Faerie land the people dwell
Who long time fled this life,
When evil woke in human folk
And made us worship strife.
Their land lies deep beneath a hill
In some far distant wood;
No evil stains the calm that reigns
In that sweet home of good.
Mortal man has not set foot
Upon its azure floors,
The air is clear of pride or fear,
At peace, without mens' laws.
They are tall, more slim than men,
But sinewed well and strong,
No useless wings, no dancing rings,
Just starlight in a song.
With hair of shadowed silver
And eyes unblurred by tears,
But full of light and hearts delight
And spring time of all years.
Their songs retell of ages past
When elves were brave and fell;
In armour bright they fought the night
That blinds our road to hell.
Man was young, a simple fool,
Who shivered when they spoke,
Fearing them but loving them
When freed from evils yoke.
The tale of years was just begun
When feydom vanquished Hell,
But elves decreased and man increased
And pride increased as well.
Then twilight came and dimmed their
Name and man quick grasped the helm.
His strength was great, his word was hate,
And blood flowers strewed the realm.
Sorrowing, sorrowing elves began
Their slowly drifting flight;
Waned the moonglow, waned the starglow
Beneath the cloak of Night.

And when dim the sighing stars
 That mourn their twilight grace,
 The winds bewail their faded tale,
 'Where is the golden race?'
 But we'll not see them here again,
 They have gone, fled far away.
 We walk alone for we have grown;
 Their evening is our day.
 When once our trust was well endowed
 In those who do not lie,
 Standards true each man knew
 Beneath the honest sky.
 But now we question what we know
 And say no rules are right,
 We can't be shocked, our hearts are locked,
 Our eyes are never bright.
 Were our minds mortgaged tools
 In feif for sureness sake?
 And did the elves their shining selves
 Not use the truth they spake?
 Perhaps our doubts are valid,
 Maybe our Lords lost faith
 And made mistakes, but for our sakes.
 Their honour is our wraith.
 Like twin shoots from the earth,
 But flowering first was theirs,
 Our roots were close, thistle and rose,
 And us the ragged heirs.
 Our lords have left this world,
 Unbound their earthly ties,
 And for our shame, our bloody name
 Their nightingale now cries.

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