

ESCAPE VELOCITY

NOVA

Preambles: the history behind the legend

Part VIII: The Wild Geese

.....

SONG OF THE WILD GEESE

...sung by the soldiers of New Ireland before battle or when leaving on an extended journey. Also sung in bars and pubs on New Ireland after the death of a compatriot. It is a traditional song, and has been sung by the Geese for generations, since their forebears left their native home so long ago...

*My Maire bhan! My Maire bhan,
- I've come to say good-bye, love;
To France I sail away at dawn-
- My fortune for to try, love
The cause is lost a stoir mo chroi,
- All hope is now departed;
And Ireland's gallant chivalry;
- Is scatter'd broken-hearted.
Ah! pleasant are our Munster vales,
- Encrowned in summer sheen, love;
And say, could we remain and see
- In ruin and dishonour
Far o'er those banners waving free
- The foeman's blood red banner!
No, sweeter in far lands to roam
- From Lee's green bank and thee, love,
Than live a coward-slave at home
- To plighted vows untrue, love,
And better ne'er to grasp thy hand
- Or view those tresses shining,
Than 'mong the vravens of the land
- Crouch down in fetters pining!
Mo bhron! 'tis hard to part from thee,
- My heart's bright pearl, my own love,
And wandering in a far country,
- To leave you sad and lone, love!
But spring's young flowers will crown the glen,
- And wreath the faeries wildwood,
And Druith's feet will pace again
- The mountains of my childhood.
Farewell, farewell, mo mhuirnin bhan
- Time flies, I must away, love;
'Twill soon be dawn, 'twill soon be dawn,
- My stted begins to neigh, love;
Farewell, preserve thy heart as true,
- As changeless as yon river,
And Druith's will be true to you,
- Anear, afar-forever!*

.....

