

# Lament of the Gael

Kieth Mullen



1. I had a dream, three sis - ters fair, the Ra - ven Gods of old.
2. Then came up - on the sis - ters three a wolf of grey and guile,
3. So down they flew to feast and dine till they had got their fill
4. Your woven songs of time and fate I'll weave them for myself A raven



Wea - ving fate of song and time With wings as black as coal, With wings as black as  
come down said he from out the sky and dine with me a - while and dine with me a -  
then pounced the wolf, all hate and teeth and did the ravens kill and did the ravens kill  
song's not yours to sing they can not fit a wolf they can not fit a wolf There



coal. Each o - 'er field of re - gal green, with each a ro - yal wing,  
while For when I feast, this old wolf cried, the boun - ty is too great,  
What have you done the sisters cried, wings black and red on snow. You are  
are three sisters still I know Ravens fierce and fair the songs they sing are



dark and grace-ful on the air, And each one was a queen, each one was a queen  
And I will share with sisters three, that which I cannot eat that which I cannot eat  
flesh, and I am wolf how can you not know how can you not know  
woven still in Wales, and Scot, and Eire in Wales, and Scot, and Eire