

The Curse of Macha

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Once in Ul-ster lived a far-mer poor, Came he home to find an o-pen door, In his

 served him up a - no-ther bowl, She said "ne-ver tell a - no-ther soul, And I

 one day sum-moned all to feast, For his hor-ses knew no fast-er beast, Gos-sip

 King sent men for their ar - rest, "On your life we'll put your claim to test," Mac-ha

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 house an un-known wo-man there, Din-ner made for both of them to share, Ma-cha

 vow that I will be your wife," So he sett-led to a bles-sed life,

 was they ne-ver lost a race, Far-mer said "my wife has bet-ter pace,"

 begged "hold off for I'm with child," But his ho-nour stung, the king was wild. So

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 ran like wind a-cross the land, She was swift of limb and sure of hand, And her feet they bare-ly touched the

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 ground, And her like will ne'er a-gain be found. As she won the race, Ma-cha cried in pain, Giv-ing

 The king

 So the

 As she

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 birth to twins, On the line, She cursed Ul-ster men, Five days birth-ing strain, When they need-ed strength, Ev-ery

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 time, Then she ran like wind a-cross the land, She was swift of limb and sure of hand, And her

 ran like wind a-cross the land, She was swift of limb and sure of hand, And her

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 feet they bare-ly touched the ground, And her like will ne'er a-gain be found. Ma-cha found. Ma-cha ran.

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