



# SIDHEFIRE

*The Veil*  
*Bring Back The Days*  
*A Faery's Lament*  
*Saturday Afternoon*  
*King And Bard*

*Iron Vow* (TAMLIN'S BALLAD)  
*Forgiveness Foretold*  
*The Loss*  
*Turn The Wheel*  
*Standing Still*

Micheál Quinn: Vocals, Lute, Guitar, Tin Whistle, Flute,  
Bodhran, Viola, Cello, Piano  
Shen Yang: Backup Vocals, Violin, Guitar, Bass Guitar,  
Keyboards, Percussion, Specialty  
Wren Kincaid: Vocals, Bodhran, Drums  
Aria Bergstrom: Vocals, Tin Whistle, Fiddle, Piano  
Janet Whitmore Quinn: Backup Vocals

All songs written by Micheál Quinn,  
Shen Yang, Aria Bergstrom,  
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# The Veil

Lanterns glow on the hollow hill,  
Whispers rise where the air stands still,  
Ash and ember, blood and kin,  
The old year dies, the new begins.

Footsteps fall in the fields of rye,  
Silver moon in a star-torn sky,  
Names are spoken, breath and bone,  
Calling the lost ones home.

Hear them dance in the shifting flame,  
Old as sorrow, wild as rain—

Micheál T. Quinn

Aria Bergstrom

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When the veil burns thin, we sing again,  
Fire on the hill, and wind for a friend.  
Shadow to light, and loss to begin,  
We are the song when the veil burns thin.

Crows cry out where the river bends,  
Time folds back as the daylight ends,  
Keys of iron, hearts of stone,  
Walk with the ones you've known.

Candle smoke and the taste of wine,  
Spirits pass through the ancient pine,  
Every soul a spark reborn,  
Rising through the storm.

Hear them laugh where the night grows deep,  
Guard your fire, and do not sleep—

When the veil burns thin, we sing again,  
Fire on the hill, and wind for a friend.  
Shadow to light, and loss to begin,  
We are the song when the veil burns thin.

Oíche Shamhna, winds arise,  
Banríon sidhe through midnight skies,  
Burn the fears, the lies, the sin,  
The heart remembers where it's been.

When the veil burns thin, we sing again,  
Fire on the hill, and wind for a friend.  
Shadow to light, and loss to begin,  
We are the song when the veil burns thin.

# *Bring Back The Days*

*In the age when the stars still danced with the sea,  
And the wind sang low in the elder tree,  
There was music in stone, in flame, in rain—  
A Song that bound all joy and pain.*

*But the hearts of men grew blind with might,  
They severed the strings in endless fight.  
The Bards were hunted, their verses burned,  
And the Song of the World was left unlearned.*

*(Chorus)*

*Bring back the tune that once wove the day,  
Through silver dawn and skies of gray.  
One voice remains in the hush of the clay—  
The Bard shall rise and sing it one day.*

*Now silence walks where music played,  
In hollow halls and gardens frayed.  
The rivers hum but forget the tune,  
The sun sets still, bereft of rune.*

*But deep in the root where secrets lie,  
A note still weeps, too soft to die.  
It waits for hands both kind and brave—  
To wake the song, the lost to save.*

*Oh seeker, lone with broken lyre,  
Your chords are ash, your lungs are fire.  
Yet in your blood, a rhythm sleeps,  
A pulse the fading silence keeps.*

*The world may mock, may bind, may ban—  
But a single voice can heal the land.  
The path is long, the night is cold,  
But stories end the way they're told.*

*(Chorus)*

*Bring back the tune that once wove the day,  
Through silver dawn and skies of gray.  
One voice remains in the hush of the clay—  
The Bard shall rise and sing it one day.*

*So hush, my child, and dream tonight,  
Of chords reborn in morning light.  
For when the soul no longer strays,  
The Bard shall come... and bring back the days.*

*Micheál T. Quinn*

*Lyrics copyright Phaedra Weldon*

# *A Faery's Lament*

*Oh the wind was wild o'er the heather hills,  
And the moon rode high with a laugh and thrill,  
When she spied him there with his fiddle bold,  
A mortal lad with a heart of gold.*

*Twirled they did through the ring of stones,  
Under stars where the cold wind moans—  
"Stay with me," said the faerie maid,  
"Dance till dawn and don't be afraid!"  
But hearts of men are soft and frail,  
And Faerie love's a thorn-bound trail...*

*Shen Yang, Micheál T. Quinn  
Lyrics copyright Phaedra Weldon*

*She plucked him out from the mortal fog,  
Gave him wine from the Rowan log,  
Crowned his brow with a bloom of flame,  
And whispered soft her secret name.*

*Twirled they did through the ring of stones,  
Under stars where the cold wind moans—  
"Stay with me," said the faerie maid,  
"Dance till dawn and don't be afraid!"  
But time runs strange in the Sidhe's deep dell,  
And love can twist to bind or quell...*

*He missed the sun, he missed the rain,  
The smell of bread, the touch of pain.  
He wept one night by a haunted tree—  
"Let me go, or I cease to be."*

*Twirled they did through the ring of stones,  
Under stars where the cold wind moans—  
"Stay with me," said the faerie maid,  
"Dance till dawn and don't be afraid!"  
But hearts that break in faerie hands  
Are dust upon the mortal lands...*

*Now she walks by the hill each eve,  
Where the fiddle cries and the mortals grieve,  
And the tale is told by fire and flame—  
Of a fairy's love and a mortal's name.*

*Twirled they did through the ring of stones,  
Under stars where the cold wind moans—  
He danced too long, and paid the fee,  
Love's not free for the likes of Sidhe..*

# *King And Bard*

*Drums of oak and horns of flame,  
Rise, O hosts, in our King's name!  
Steel on steel, the shadows call,  
But faith shall stand where night would fall.*

*Hear the cry, O sons of dawn,  
The Bard is gone, the Bard is gone!  
Yet in secret, far from harm,  
He keeps the kingdom's living song.*

*Traitor's kiss from UnSeelie hand,  
Dark they came to scour the land.  
Vows were broken, kin betrayed,  
Blood on bough and blade was laid.*

*Hear the cry, O daughters fair,  
The Bard was taken unaware!  
Swiftly hidden, none may know,  
Till horn and harp shall bid him go.*

*Though the crown is bowed with grief,  
Hope is sown beneath the leaf.  
When the tide of war is turned,  
The Bard returns, the song unburned.*

*Sing it loud, O fearless kin,  
The Bard shall rise, the King shall win!  
Through storm and shadow, fire and grave,  
The hidden song shall strike and save.*

*From crystal halls to hollow fen,  
The echoes stir the hearts of men.  
Through whispered root and river's gleam,  
The Bard still weaves the broken dream.*

*So sound the call, O bells of gold,  
Awake the tale the stars foretold.  
When moon meets sun and night meets day,  
The King and Bard shall light the way.*

*Sidhefire Music  
Lyrics copyright Phaedra Weldon*

# Iron Vow

*Oh do not go to Carterhaugh,  
The woods where shadows lie—  
The paths are laced with faerie thread,  
And mortals there may die.  
But Janet stepped with steady tread,  
No fear within her breast,  
For love had called her down the hill,  
And would not let her rest.*

*She met him where the roses grow,  
With thorns that drink the rain—  
Tam Lin, the knight of shadow's court,  
Who bore a Faerie's chain.  
The knight with starlit eyes,  
Spoke soft beneath the tree:  
"My lady, if you'd save my soul,  
You'll come this Samhain eve."*

*"For I was stolen long ago,  
And serve the Faerie Queen—  
She rides with frost and hollied breath,  
Through forests dark and green.  
But every seven years she pays  
A toll of mortal flesh—  
And I, alas, this Hallow's tide,  
Shall wear the shroud afresh."*

## CHORUS

*She held him fast through fire and storm,  
Through claw and fang and flame—  
She called his name with iron vow,  
And love became her blade.*

*She wrapped her cloak, she walked the wind,  
To Miles Cross in the night—  
The thistle bent, the black hare fled,  
The moon refused her light.  
And there she stood with burning hands,  
As wild things rode the gale—  
She waited for the steed of white,  
To catch her lover's wail.*

*They changed him to a wolf so wild,  
With silver eyes and breath—  
Then to a bear with thundered steps,  
A beast that promised death.  
They changed him to a heron pale,  
With wings that cut the air—  
Then to a coal that seared her hands,  
But still she held him there.*

# *Iron Vow*

*The Queen came down in thunder's tread,  
Her crown a twisted thorn—  
"Who dared to steal my chosen knight,  
And mock the Faerie Horn?"  
But Janet bold, with fire and love,  
Stood taller than the Queen—  
"This man is mine, by flesh and vow,  
You'll not unmake the scene."*

## *CHORUS*

*Micheál T. Quinn. Aria Bergstrom  
Lyrics copyright Phaedra Weldon*

*So back they fled, the Queen and host,  
To forests none may name—  
And Tam Lin breathed the breath of men,  
No longer bound by fame.  
Janet took his hand in hers,  
And walked the long path home—  
With iron-will and heart unbent,  
She'd freed him from the gloam.*

*So hear me now, ye wandering hearts,  
Whose love walks haunted trails—  
The road is dark, the price is steep,  
But true love never fails.  
For Janet dared the Faerie wrath,  
And faced the thorn and tide—  
She held him through the storming shapes,  
And would not step aside.*

# *Forgiveness Foretold*

*Before the fire, before the fall,  
We sang the stars their names.  
Each stone, each stream, each shadowed wall,  
Bore truth we did not tame.*

## *CHORUS*

*But still we breathe beneath the clay,  
Our song not yet undone.  
So call us back, O child of day—  
Complete what we begun.*

*They came with hands of ash and gold,  
And bound the roots in lies.  
The chords were snapped, the story sold,  
And silence filled the skies.*

## *CHORUS*

*But still we breathe beneath the clay,  
Our song not yet undone.  
So call us back, O child of day—  
Complete what we begun.*

*Let roots arise, let echoes mend,  
Let hollow branches ring,  
And may the grove no hand could end,  
Awaken when we sing.*

*Shen Yang, Micheál T. Quinn  
Lyrics copyright Phaedra Weldon*

# The Loss

*There was a time the sky would sing,  
In silver chords on raven wing,  
And every stream and stone and tree  
Would hum with ancient melody.  
But pride grew sharp, and hearts turned cold—  
The Song was broken, torn from old,  
And in its place, a silence grew,  
That tore the stars from out the blue.*

## Chorus

*Oh, when the silence fell like night,  
And bards were lost to fading light,  
The war of song, with echoes dire,  
Burned hope to ash, set lyres to fire.  
Yet somewhere deep beneath the pain,  
A single note defied the chain—  
And whispered low, "We shall remain,  
And mend the Song again."*

*The Bards once roamed with words of flame,  
Could still the storm, or soothe the maim,  
But when the Harmonies were torn,  
They vanished, scattered, cursed, forlorn.  
Steel and spell in battle clashed,  
The chords of peace forever smashed.  
Even the wind forgot its tune—  
And wept beneath a shattered moon.*

## Chorus

*Oh, when the silence fell like stone,  
We walked the dark, afraid, alone.  
The war of song had left us bare,  
No voice to lift, no spell to spare.  
But through the void, beyond the veil,  
One trembling note began to sail—  
A thread of gold, a wind-sent tale:  
"The Song shall yet prevail."*

*A harp long cracked, a voice grown still,  
A dream once drowned by iron will—  
Yet even ruins hold a rhyme,  
A broken bell still tolls in time.  
And from the deep, forgotten place,  
Where sorrow sang and none gave chase,  
The melody returned, reborn—  
And sang the dawn into the morn.*

## Final Chorus

*Now where the silence reigned as king,  
The healed chords rise, the bards still sing!  
Their voices bright, their verses wide,  
They stitch the soul of world and tide.  
For harmony, though torn apart,  
Still lingers in the human heart—  
And when we sing as one again,  
The Song will end our pain.*

# *The Loss*

*So raise your voice and lift your hand,  
Let music bloom across the land.  
The war is past, the wound is gone—  
And we are mended by the Song.*

*Micheál T. Quinn*

*Lyrics copyright Phaedra Weldon*

# Turn The Wheel

*When the frost first kissed the heather,  
And the nights grew deep and long,  
Came the Holly King in silence,  
With his crown of thorns and song.  
He walked the sleeping valley,  
Where the embered shadows lie,  
And he whispered winter's binding  
To the cold midwinter sky.*

## Chorus

*Turn the wheel, oh turn again,  
As the fires on Yule rise high.  
For the Oak King wakes in the heartbeat's break  
Where the sun returns to the sky.  
Brothers bound by endless crown,  
As the seasons bleed and blend—  
When the winter turns, one falls, one yearns,  
And the light is born again.*

*From the roots beneath the mountains  
Where the old songs sleep in stone,  
Rose the Oak King crowned in greenfire,  
As the solstice moonlight shone.  
He bore the scent of summer,  
And the promise of the dawn,  
And he challenged winter's sovereign  
On the frozen, silver lawn.*

*Steel may ring but never sever  
What the Fates have twined as one.  
For they battle not for hatred—  
But the turning of the sun.  
Every death a vow unbroken,  
Every loss a sacred seed...  
And the world keeps on its breathing  
By their ancient, endless deed.*

*Turn the wheel, oh turn again,  
As the fires on Yule rise high.  
For the Oak King wakes in the heartbeat's break  
Where the sun returns to the sky.  
Brothers bound by endless crown,  
As the seasons bleed and blend—  
When the winter turns, one falls, one yearns,  
And the light is born again.*

*Then the Oak King struck like sunrise,  
And the Holly King knelt low—  
Not in fear, but in surrender  
To the cycle he must know.  
“Keep the land ‘til I return,” he said,  
“For winter comes for all.”  
And he vanished into dream-time  
As the snow began to fall.*

# *Turn The Wheel*

*Turn the wheel, oh turn again,  
Let the Yule-log burn so bright.  
For the Oak King reigns in the newborn flame  
And he carries back the light.  
Brothers sworn through endless crown,  
By the wind, the stone, the glen—  
When the wheel does spin, one falls, one wins,  
But they'll meet as kings again.*

*So raise your voice to the longest night,  
To the fire, to the frost, to the glen—  
For the sun returns when the Oak King learns  
How to rise...  
and rise again.*

# *Standing Still*

*Neon moon over rusted steel,  
Crowd's got that restless feel,  
Whispers crawl up from the ground,  
Cold hands pulling, dragging down.  
But I've got six strings and a rebel's heart,  
Every chord's a silver dart,  
They can't chain a sound that's free,  
Not while there's breath in me.*

## *Chorus*

*I'll play 'til the dark unravels,  
Beat the drum on the road they travel,  
Every note's a shot in the night,  
Every song's a fist in the fight.  
They can't own my voice, they can't break my will,  
And I'll sing 'til the shadows are standing still.*

## *Verse 2*

*Glass eyes in the midnight crowd,  
Sweet lies dressed in something loud,  
They deal in dreams, but the cost is steep,  
Trade your soul and forget to weep.  
But I've seen their kingdom crack before,  
When the right song kicked down the door,  
Now I'm back with a fire inside,  
You can't drown a tidal tide.*

## *Chorus*

*I'll play 'til the dark unravels,  
Beat the drum on the road they travel,  
Every note's a shot in the night,  
Every song's a fist in the fight.  
They can't own my voice, they can't break my will,  
And I'll sing 'til the shadows are standing still.*

# *Standing Still*

*They circle close, they twist the tune,  
They want the sun to forget the moon,  
But the louder they try to burn it down,  
The stronger I make this sound.  
Strike it once, let the strings ignite,  
We'll tear through the walls of night.*

## *Final Chorus*

*I'll play 'til the dark unravels,  
Beat the drum on the road they travel,  
Every note's a shot in the night,  
Every song's a fist in the fight.  
They can't own my voice, they can't break my will,  
And I'll sing 'til the shadows are standing still.  
Yeah, I'll sing 'til the shadows are standing—  
Standing still.*

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