

A Praise Song for Their Majesties Cuan and Padraigin

The farmers till the fields, and the millers grind the grain,
The crofters tend their goats and lamb and kine
The goodwives bake the bread, and the maidens spin the thread,
Secure before their hearth they sit and dine.

For Cuan is King, the fierce hunting hound,
His wisdom and courage well known
And Padraigin the Queen, all beauty and grace,
Brings laughter and love to the Throne.

The nobles hunt the beast, and the barons hold the feast,
The knights stand up for right where'er they ride
The ladies win all hearts, and encourage all the arts,
The splendor of the court's known far and wide.

For Cuan is King, the fierce hunting hound,
His wisdom and courage well known
And Padraigin the Queen, all beauty and grace,
Brings laughter and love to the Throne.

When the King leads out His men unto victory again,
Then the folk are strong when He is at the helm
When the Queen through weal and woe, helps Her people thrive and grow,
Then happy are the folk within Her realm

For Cuan is King, the fierce hunting hound,
His wisdom and courage well known
And Padraigin the Queen, all beauty and grace,
Brings laughter and love to the Throne.

For Cuan is King, Padraigin is Queen,
Their rule will be glorious and grand
And Their son, Benjamin, They take great pride in him,
Long may They reign o'er the land
Long may They reign o'er the land!