

## The Curse of Macha

By Crispin Sexi

Once in Ulster lived a farmer poor,  
Came he home to find an open door,  
In his house an unknown woman there,  
Dinner made for both of them to share,

Macha ran like wind across the land,  
She was swift of limb and sure of hand,  
And her feet they barely touched the ground,  
And her like will ne'er again be found.

As she served him up another bowl,  
She said "never tell another soul,  
And I vow that I will be your wife,"  
So he settled to a blessed life,

Macha ran like wind across the land,  
She was swift of limb and sure of hand,  
And her feet they barely touched the ground,  
And her like will ne'er again be found.

The king one day summoned all to feast,  
For his horses knew no faster beast,  
Gossip was they never lost a race,  
Farmer said "my wife has better pace,"

Macha runs like wind across the land,  
She was swift of limb and sure of hand,  
And her feet they barely touched the ground,  
And her like will ne'er again be found.

So the King sent men for their arrest,  
"On your life we'll put your claim to test,"  
Macha begged "hold off for I'm with child,"  
But his honour stung, the king was wild.

So Macha ran like wind across the land,  
She was swift of limb and sure of hand,  
And her feet they barely touched the ground,  
And her like will ne'er again be found.

As she won the race,  
Macha cried in pain,  
Giving birth to twins,  
On the line,  
She cursed Ulster men,  
Five days birthing strain,  
When they needed strength,  
Every time,

Then she ran like wind across the land,  
She was swift of limb and sure of hand,  
And her feet they barely touched the ground,  
And her like will ne'er again be found.

Macha ran like wind across the land,  
She was swift of limb and sure of hand,  
And her feet they barely touched the ground,  
And her like will ne'er again be found.

Macha ran...