

## Táin Bó Cuailgne

Cruachan

I see a battle-A blonde man,  
with much blood about his belt,  
and a hero-halo 'Round his head,  
whole hosts he will destroy.

His jaws are settled in a snarl,  
he wears a looped, red tunic,  
in thousands you will yield your heads,  
his form dragonish in the fray.

A giant on the plain I see,  
doing battle with the host,  
holding in each of his two hands  
four gore laden battle-axes.

I see him hurling against that host,  
Two Gae-bolga and a spear,  
he towers on the battle field,  
in breastplate and red cloak.

Across the bladed chariot wheel,  
the warped warrior deals death,  
that fair form I first beheld,  
melted to a mis-shape.  
I see him moving into the fray,  
take warning, watch him well,  
Cuchulainn, Suailtim's son!  
making dense massacre.

The blood starts from warriors wounds,  
-total ruin, at his touch,  
torn corpses, women wailing,  
because of him-The Forge Hound