

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, Suaitim'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