

THE COMING OF LUGH

As crimson streamers shot into the skies.
Then cried the Fomor: — "'Tis a second sun
Rising to blind us; but the Danaan said: —
"Young Lugh is coming — The Deliverer."
And out of that great light the fairy troop
From Tir-na-n'og came riding, At their head
Rode Lugh, with flaming helmet and cuirass,
And Mananan's white charger he bestrode,
Bare in his hand the awful Sword of Light
Burned as he swoopt upon the Fomor lines.

As falls the swift sea-eagle on his prey,
Or as the jagged lightning strikes a tree
And burns and blasts it; as the stubble dry
In droughty autumns is consumed by fire,
So did the warriors from Tir-na-n'og
Destroy the Fomor until only nine
Were left alive. Then Lugh said to the nine: -
"Bow down and show obeisance to the king,
And to the Danaan Race, for they are lords
Of ye and of all Erin. Then go hence
To Tir-Fo-Tonn the Land of Under Wave
And say to Balor of The Evil Eye,
Your Fomor monarch, that the Danaan Race
Have taken back their own, and will wage war
Against the Fomor till not one is left
Of his misshapen brood to darken earth
With their foul shadows."

Then Lugh lifted up
The Sword of Light, and chanted a wild rann,
While lightnings crackled on his weapon's edge