

THE COMING OF LUGH

And on the thick bronze curlings of his hair
It flashed like jeweled fire and filled the air
With gracious radiance.

So Lugh went back
Unto his young companions in the wood,
And drowsy night enshadowed Usna's Hill.

IV

The sun had risen in the morning sky
When the De Danaan woke within the dun;
Joyous and glad they were, and what had passed
They deemed to be a strange and wondrous dream.
And Nuadha the king spoke cheerfully:—
"The Fomor have not quenched God's blessed sun.
Let us go out and make on Usna's height
A valiant stand. "They took their weapons then
And marched to Usna's Hill; nor were they long
Upon its summit ere the Fomor came
And jeered at them, and bade them all descend
And bow before their masters. But the king
Cried out, "We will not bow before you hence,
For ye are vile and ugly, nor are ye
Our lords, or lords of Erin from this day."

Then with hoarse shouts the fierce Fomorian
Attacked the hill, and Nuadha withstood
With dauntless front that first terrific charge.
But as their weapons clashed a blinding light
Appeared on the horizon, and the sound
Of screaming battle trumpets cleft the air.
No man could gaze upon that radiance