

Full a thousand slender thongs
 Bind the chariot on high ;
 The bright steel bits of the bridles
 Are cover'd with foam in their cheeks :
 Blazing stones, sparkling bright,
 Bend aloft on the manes of the steeds—
 Of the steeds that are like the mist on the mountains,
 Bearing the chief to his renown.
 Wilder than the deer is their aspect,
 Powerful as the eagle their strength ;
 Their sound is like the savage winter
 On Gormal, when cover'd with snow.
 In the chariot is seen the chief,
 The mighty son of the keenest arms—
 Cuchullin of the blue-spotted shields.
 The son of Sema, renown'd in song,
 His cheek is as the polish'd yew ;
 His strong eye is spreading high,
 'Neath his dark-arch'd and slender brow.
 His yellow hair, as a blaze round his head,
 Pouring [waving] round the splendid face of the hero,
 While he draws from behind his spear.
 Flee, great chief of ships !
 Flee from the hero who comes
 As a storm from the glen of streams."
 " When did I flee ? said the king of ships ;
 When fled Swaran of the dark shields ?
 When did I shun the threatening danger,
 Son of Arn—aye feeble ?
 I have borne the tempest of the skies,
 On the bellowing sea of inclement showers ;
 The sternest battles I have borne,
 Why should I flee from the conflict,
 Son of Arn, of feeblest hand ?
 Arise my thousands on the field,
 Pour as the roar of the ocean,
 When bends the blast from the cloud,
 Let gallant Lochlin rise around my steel.