

Like Gormal is the sound,  
 Ere wakes the tempest in the high seas :  
 Hie thee to the heights, son of Arn,  
 Survey each copse and hill-side.  
 He went, and soon return'd in terror,  
 His eye fix'd and wild in his head ;  
 His heart beat quick against his side,  
 His speech was feeble, slow, and broken.  
 " Arise ! thou Lord of the waves,  
 Mighty chief of the dark shields ;  
 I see the stream of the dark-wooded mountains,  
 I see the seed of Erin and their lord.  
 A chariot ! the mighty chariot of battle  
 Advances with death across the plain ;  
 The well-made swift chariot of Cuchullin,  
 The great son of Sema, mighty in danger.  
 Behind, it bends down like a wave,  
 Or the mist on the copse of the sharp rocks ;  
 The light of stones of power [gems] is round,  
 As the sea round a bark at night.  
 Of polish'd yew is the beam,  
 The seats within are of smoothest bone ;  
 The dwelling-place of spears it is,  
 Of shields, of swords, and of mighty men.  
 By the right side of the great chariot  
 Is seen the snorting, high-mettled steed ;  
 The high-maned, broad, black-chested,  
 High-leaping, strong son of the hills.  
 Loud and resounding is his hoof :  
 The spread of his frontlets above  
 Is like mist on the haunts of the elk ;  
 Bright was his aspect, and swift his going,  
 Sith-fadda [Long-stride] is his name.  
 By the other side of the chariot  
 Is the arch-neck'd, snorting,  
 Narrow-maned, high-mettled, strong-hoofed,  
 Swift-footed, wide-nostril'd steed of the mountains,  
 Du-sron-geal is the name of the horse.