

The Pain

His great valor brings to mind
Cúchulainn of Muirthemne,
the Hound of Culann, full of fame.
Who he is, I cannot tell,
but I see, now, the whole host
colored crimson by his hand.

-Kinsella

I see a fair man who will make play,
with a number of wounds on his girdle;
a hero's flame over his head,
his forehead a meeting-place of
victory.

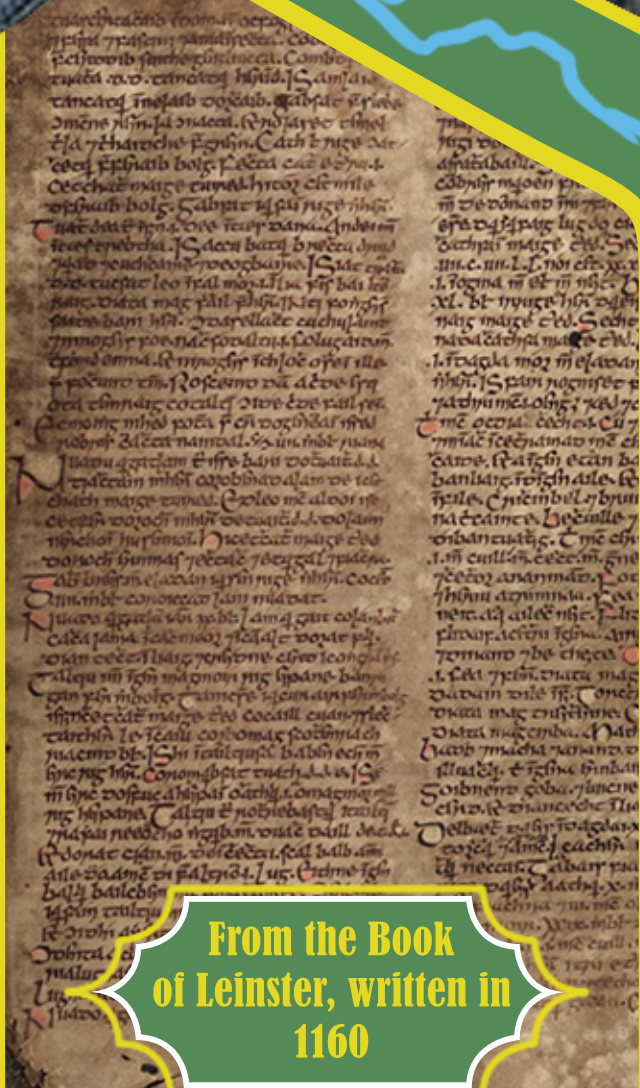
-Faraday



Blood
spurts from
soldiers' bodies,
released by this
hero's hand.

He kills on sight, scattering
Deda's followers and clan.
Women wail at the corpse-mound,
because of him -
the Forge Hound.

-Carson



From the Book
of Leinster, written in
1160

