

Cruachan, To Moytura We Return

On the day of the De Danann rule,
Breas ruled the pagan lands.
He led his people as a fool,
under the shadow of Balors hand.
The Tuatha De lived a life of pain,
in body and spirit their weakness grew,
as though their battle was in vain,
this can't go on the people knew.

Dagda, All father, once God and provider,
fell into disgrace with the king.
The food he recieved would not feed a spider.
-The best pieces, Crindinbel would win.
Aengus was shoked by the state of his father,
"Crindinbel must die"; He did say.

He put gold in the food, and the food on the platter,
Crindinbel fell dead on that sacred day.

Nuada awoke from the otherworld dream,
his hand was forged by the gods,
water was brought from the healing stream,
"You will be king?". -He nods.

Breas journied to the Fomor lands.
And met his Fomorian father.
They held each other in their hands,
their kinship would stay hereafter.

The Il-Dana came to meet with Nuada,
the greatest hero of the Tuatha De,
The Fomor arrived for their early tax,
these savages Il-Dana did slay.

Balor declared war and sent his tribes,
Nuada prepared as did the scribes

Samhain approached and tensions were high,
Dagda went to the Fomor spy.
Breas the dishonoured led a Fomor invasion
the Il-Dana won this first battle occasion.

Back to Moytura the De Danann returned,
they set up camp and the pagan fires burned,
the first day of battle was a mighty event,
druids were chanting as the scouts forth were sent.

A great clash of shields,
cries of was frenzy,
blood fell on fields,
each warrior the enemy.

Nuada killed Indech,
the king of the Fomor,
the worm god was unleashed
with a taste for war.

Nuada raised his sword of light,
against the mighty Cromcruach,
Balor caught him in his sight,
Nuada died a hero's death.

But Balor to the ground was cast,
Il-Dana was the new high king,

De Danann heroes won at last,
never again to laugh and sing.