

Cruachan, C

The hound of Culann, The hound of Ulster
He is of the otherworld
His father is god Lugh Lamhfada
His mother Dectire is mortal

Culann the smith was holding a feast
For the Ard Ro Conchobhar
His mighty hound had been unleashed
To guard the fortress' mighty door

Setanta arrived late at the gates
He did not know of Culann's hound
The hound attacked and met his fate
It lay there dead upon the ground

Culann was angered when he learned
His favourite hound was no more
But Setanta swore he'd stay at night
To guard the fortress' mighty door

He took up arms on the day
Which Cathbad declared auspicious
He who took arms on that day
Would become famous but short lived

His body begins to twist and turn
His flesh revolves within his skin
His features turn red one by one
And the slaying then begins

He returned to Eamhain Macha
And threatened to destroy the town
The naked women were then brought forth
He then began to calm down

He fell in love with Emer
Her father was appaled
No warrior shall be with her
Unless by Domhnall he is called

He went to train with Domhnall
And learned from him all that he could
You must go and train with Scathach
He bowed his head and said he would

Having learned the martial arts he
Returned to claim the hand of Emer
Her father quickly refused
Cuchulainn showed his battle temper

He entered the fortress and left many
Of the warriors dead
Emer's father killed himself
The lovers were later wed

Cuchulainn the hound of Culann x 3
He is the son of a god
Cuchulainn the hound of Culann x 3
Serpents and dragons he fought

Cuchulainn solely defended Ulster
During the might war of the Tain
When Medb of Connacht invaded
He stood his ground despite the pain

He is called a tragic hero
With Caladin his sword
He killed his best friend Ferdiad
At the battle of the ford

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In Cuchulainn's final fight
A javelin was thrown at him
It sliced his stomach like a knife
And caused his innards to fall out

He staggered to a nearby lake
Where he took a final drink
A raven who was drinking his blood
Tripped over his intestines

The hero gave a last great laugh
And tied himself to a stone
He faced his enemies standing up
But he knew his life was quickly going

For three days the foe were scared
Until a crow perched on his arm
An otter began to drink his blood
Cuchulainn is dead is what they said