

Cru

"The First Battle Of Moytura"

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They came here when the sun was high.
The sea was calm to meet them.
From out of the wind above the hills.
Come a fleet of godly men.
Borne on strong winds from the otherworld.
Shrouded by magical mists-
The Tuatha De Danann came in their-
Great magical mystical ships.
Nuada, king of Tuatha De,
Turned his eager sharp eyes
Towards the land of his ancestral home,
The valleys, The sea and the skies.
He was a giant among mortal men,
A hero among the immortals'
Who led his people {warriors strong}
Back to the land of their fathers.
The Fir Bolg, Who were in Eireann before the Tuatha De
Danann.
Sent streng their mighty champion to parley with the
future king.
Breas was sent by Nuada to find out his intent,
"I greet you as a brother", said Streng "By Eochai I've
been sent".
The terms of battle were laid, half of Eireann Breas
asked,
The Fir Bolg said this can't be paid, the time of goodwill
has now passed.
Both sides made plans, they prepared their wells of
healing,
Tribes and clans led by the chieftains and their kings.
The sun shone down on helmets, shields and swords,
Midsummers day-The two armies walked in haodes-
Towards Magh Nai-The Fir Bolg followed their
chietains,
And swept towards the Tuatha DE like waves crash on
the beaches.
The clash of sword and shield, The splintering of bone,
The Fir Bolg would not yield, Though they heard their
people's moans.
The naked hillmen warriors, were forced back through
the fight,

Followed by his bodyguard, The Dagda took their lives'
But the ground was piled high with the dead of the
Tuatha De
All surviving warriors fled to live and fight another day.
"We have been defeated but tomorrows another

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