

The Lay of the Adainoth

In olden place their songs were sung
In fire lit halls their swords were hung
An ancient home where pipes were played
Where turves upon the roofs were laid
A people went there 'cross the ways
Down path and stream on sunny days
Adainen was their ancient home
They lived in castles strong of stone
No beastly kind did roam the waste
The wind blew soft upon one's face
And lad and lass would hand in hand
Trod from heights to Brimlad's strand
They lived in peace and fruitfulness
And sang of those who are the Blessed
Before the hungry claw and hand
Before the War of Beast and Man
Away down south in Forest old
The *sheeaghan* their stories told
Beyond the Fairy-forest wall
Ny Markee Shee rode swift and tall
And south of rocky Lادنair Hills
They never turned their mortal wills
Where 'neath the white-capped peak and gorge
Glowed red fire in the Dwarven forge
Mile upon mile the clansmen marched
Their burdens borne with heavy hearts
For in the aftertimes would come
The beating harsh of goblin drum
Though goblins would not rule that land
Where lad and lass walked hand in hand
There worg and Gnoll would rule the heights
Relentless they would creep in nights
Up to the gates where fortress strong
The beast-tide was at bay held long
Yet that strong place by horde was thrown
Down a ruin of tumbled stone
Where heroes great had fought and died
Remembr'ing ancient Eastertide
With heads held high Men fighting fell
Who bent not knee to Pow'r of Hell
Cú Chulainn brave and his twin sons
Defended hope from dusk to dawn
And Darinë from Fairy-land
Wielded his bow with steady hand

Cú Chulainn fell but his two twins
Would from the foes his body win
And Darinë from Nanollë
Saw not the light of that dread day
Lo! At the Wind Song's morning light
Their foes were driven back in fright
But shadow fell on great and small
A wicked Power, Iorug's thrall
Whose presence foul made Sun go dim
Made enemies now fell and grim
They ran no more in fear away
But threw them reckless to the fray
The gate was torn from hinge did reel
Consuming wrath those men would feel
No slaves they took that curséd horde
One life they spared: the Clansman Lord
With chain of iron he was bound
Ran driv'n like prey by worg and Hounds
Of Hell and werewolves drove him o'er
Rock, field, and stream, and highland moor
Until at last he gasping came
To walls of Enemy whose name
He had not truly known 'til when
He heard it spoke by his own kin
A righteous rage upon him came
And with a shout he broke the chain
He gripped his kinsman-enemy
And slew him still he would not flee
But stood upon the threshold where
His flesh and blood there did declare
Within there dwelt a Power grim
Who his life spared when Sun went dim
He quailéd not but step by step
Where wicked beast had crawling crept
On blasted stone in thralldom they
Whose hearts were in the Dark Queen's sway
Did part and let him pass them by
Of all that host none met his eye
Still one was there who feared him not
Her ire was great and kindled hot
A spirit foul and hungering
He came unto her as a king
Would lordly enter his own hall
With head held high and not as thrall

The sovereign of the Adainoth
Thrice cursed that folk the Ghairapoth
To him the demoness replied
“Ye, Mortal Son, thou shouldst have died
“I let thee live within my grace
Whom I now curse unto thy face
That wandering this land of mine
No hope or comfort shalt ye find
“Where once ye hunted wolf and boar
My wolves shall feed forevermore
Upon thy Wand’ring, Lost, Forlorn
Thy people who of lord are shorn.
“O Thou who wouldst not bend thy knee
Go as a beggar far from me
Bereft of dignity and pride
By Them ye love: vic’try denied.”
‘Twas then they drove him far afield
By Ghairap’s curse his life was sealed
None of her creatures dared to slay
The Lord who wandered east away
From loss of land and family
Until he came unto the Tree
He there knelt low and would have prayed
But robber-men him there waylaid
The crownless lord of highland race
Fought his last fight in that sad place
For all his strength he was yet worst
Because of Ghairap’s hateful curse
They hung him there on lower bough
Then scrawled a rune upon his brow
That neither crow nor creeping beast
Thither go up and make a feast
One came up from a land Southwest
And wounds of noble king he dressed
But all his mortal life was spent
To Eleädrin Judge he went
Before he died he looked aloft
With vision blessed he saw far off
He softly spoke of afterday
When Fairy-bard would sing and say:
A man would come whom Fairies know
And token to the Chiefs would show
That he would enter darkness black
To fight and slay or come not back
For up to nowhere he should ride
Against the whelming hungry tide

To gain the trust of exiled clans
To lead them from their exiled lands
He by that Tree should respite take
And mourn the loss and promise make
To gather them from yonder East
And *claidhmn mór* slay the wicked Beast
And there his wand’ring feet would stray
Where men were born and passed away
Upon Uisnech he’d look out o’er
An ancient place he called Mag Mor
Where Caar, and Rath and Bolg, and Míl
And Lugh Lamfada fought and killed
Their overlords and Balor great
And ilk of Ghairap’s vicious hate
Into yon darkling cloud of hate
Buirdeiseach would to reveal fate
That once again the lass and lad
Should walk in peace where father’s had