

The Vision of Dubthach

‘A wonderful morning for a battle, a wonderful time when armies will be thrown into confusion, kings will be overthrown, men's necks will be broken and the sand will be red with blood. Three armies will be overcome in the wake of the army led by Conchobar. They will defend their womenfolk. Their herds will come on the morning after. Heroes will be slain. Hounds will be checked. Horses will be destroyed ... from the assemblies of great tribes.’ Thereupon he awoke from his trance. The war-goddess attacked the host. A hundred of them fell dead. When they fell silent(?) they heard Cormac Con Longes once more—Or it may have been Ailill mac Máta chanting in the encampment in the west.

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