



CELTIC WONDER TALES

ELLA YOUNG

Global Grey ebooks

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RETOLD
BY
ELLA YOUNG

1910

Celtic Wonder Tales by Ella Young.

This edition was created and published by Global Grey

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Conary Mor

lake and river was empty of water. "I will go to my own lake," he said, "it will not hide itself from me to-night!"

He went to the Uaran Garad on Magh Ai, and lo! his own lake was empty of water! He searched the lake; he searched it three times over, but he could not find a single drop of water. He was leaving the place when a little bird rose up before him shaking the water from its wings.

"A blessing be about thee and upon thee for ever little bird, little light above the water, thou hast saved the life of Conary to-night!" He saw the lake of Uaran Garad, and he filled the drinking cup of Conary with water. The dew came out on the grass again and the whiteness of morning climbed into the sky.

"Look at the good light in the East, Le-Fri-Flaith!" he said, and drew back the covering mantle from Conary's young son. Le-Fri-Flaith was dead!

Mac Cecht laid the body down on the young grass. He straightened the limbs. He drew the curls of Le-Fri-Flaith's hair through his fingers. "It is seven years to-day since I first saw thee, son of Conary, and never until now did a sight of thee bring grief." He tore boughs from a pine-tree and covered Le-Fri-Flaith from head to foot. Then he took the drinking cup and set his face towards Conary.

Speedy was his going till he reached the Bruiden. It was a desolation that he saw before him. The house was charred and ruined with fire. All the Chiefs had gone from it. The reavers had gone from it. Conary, the king, was lying dead. A wolf prowled by him. Mac Cecht seized the wolf and crushed it with his hands. He lifted up the dead king.

"O Conary," he said, "never believe that Mac Cecht failed thee. Here is the drink."

He poured the water down the throat of Conary.

"Is the drink good, O King?" he said; and out of the other world the voice of Conary answered:

"It is a good drink, Mac Cecht."
