

# The Green Sheaf



“She that owns all these things at low water and at flood, Credhe from the hill of the three paps, she is beyond all the women of Ireland by the length of a spearcast.

“Here is this song for her ; it is no sudden bride-gift, no hurried asking. I bring it to Credhe of the beautiful shape that my coming may be very bright to her.”

After that Credhe took him for her husband, and the wedding feast was made, and all the Fianna stopped there through seven days, at drinking and pleasure, and in want of no good thing.