

## **PART 2. THE VISION**

**2.1 THE CHIEFTAINS CALL by Maoloch**

**2.2 THE VISION OF MAOLOCH by Maoloch**

## 2.1 THE CHIEFTAINS CALL

*Story-poem by Maoloch, the Druid  
As told to Tomás the Bard*

One morning thirty years ago  
there arrived at my door a messenger  
accompanied by two formidable warriors  
sent from Aongus, Chieftain of Tara, ruler of Midhe  
*I require you in Tara today for important discussions*  
We are ordered to take you there

They took me there and brought me straight to Conor.  
We met in his magnificent house at the foot of Tara Hill.  
With him were two druids who I already knew  
from druid meetings on the Hill of Uisneach.

Aongus spoke:  
*There comes a time in the affairs of men  
when brave decisions need to be taken,  
Decisions that can lead to great glory, if wise  
Or lead to disaster, if unwise*

*We find ourselves in such a time  
Driven on by a tide of destiny  
Many rivers meet to create a great flood  
It is not possible to sit and do nothing*

*We wish to speak to you Druid Maoloch,  
You are first among the Druids of Erin  
known in every quarter for your wisdom and knowledge,  
close to the Gods and beloved of the people.  
We wish to speak to you of a great enterprise*

*The kingdom of Midhe is small, no great army or lands  
yet its influence grows with each passing year.  
The Hill of Tara is already known+ in legend and myth,  
visited by chieftains, druids and people from near and far.*

*Our farms are fruitful, our people prosperous  
We live by peace, not war. The laws of Tara are just,  
admired and followed by many others.  
Our people are not oppressed by their leaders  
There is no power greater than a united people*

*At Bru na Boinne, we have a historic spiritual centre,  
magnificent burial mounds like Knowth and Dowth  
unparalleled in their imagination, splendour and art  
built by master craftsmen, led by great druids.*

*Erin is now emerging from the mists of time  
We can now see a distant horizon  
The seeds of greatness have been sown  
This is the time to plan for the harvest.*

*My vision and that of my druids is simple:  
Tara will be the ruling centre for all Erin  
Bru na Boinne will be its spiritual centre  
Midhe will be a beacon of light  
for people in near and distant lands.*

*At Tara we will build a great ring-fort  
with the mystical stone Lia Fail at its centre.  
Here important assemblies will take place,  
the Chieftains of Erin will meet and share in peace.*

*Here famous kings will emerge and be crowned,  
to govern Erin with courage and wisdom.  
Here will see extraordinary events that will  
change forever the destiny of Erin.*

*There will be palaces and residences,  
discussion chambers and banquet halls,  
new roads will lead to all corners of Erin  
the fire on Tara Hill will precede all other fires.*

*Bru na Boinne will become the spiritual centre  
celebrating the dead, the spirits, the gods, the sidhe  
We will build there the greatest monument ever seen  
surpassing everything that exists here or in foreign lands.*

*It will a seat for the gods, a home for the sidhe people  
An eternal resting place for the ashes of the dead  
An entry point from our world to the other-world  
A place for glorious ritual and ceremony  
A forever testament to our beliefs, skills and arts.*

*That will be your task, Druid Maoloch*

*You will design and build this monument  
You that have seen and known so much  
Do not fear, do not flinch, do not spare.*

With that the Chieftain rose and left us.  
He speaks no more words than are necessary  
I waited a long time in silence  
Then the two warriors brought me home to Bru.

## **2.2 MAOLOCH'S VISION**

Story-poem by MAOLOCH, *The Druid*

I sit in my small hut on the edge of the river Boyne.  
Here there is only the murmur of the river and the forest.  
This has been my think-place for forty years.  
It was here I had my vision of An Bhrú

Soon after the Chieftains call to Tara  
I was sitting by the river with my feet in a shallow pool.  
A silver salmon came and gently touched my toes.  
I knew it was a messenger sent by the gods=  
Its touch set my whole body on fire.

That night a vision of the great mound came to me.

It stood on a sloping hillside visible for many miles around.  
Its great roof was like the vault of the heavens  
held aloft by a gleaming circle of great pillars.  
It's every grain of sand were like the stars of night

Surrounding the mound was a circle of giant stones  
Each different, each with a different Druidic message  
They stood like giant sentinels forever watching over  
The sacred mound and its treasures.

Deep inside was a mystic ceremonial chamber  
With a high vaulted roof of limestone slabs  
at its centre a round basin of polished white granite  
Lit by many torches only the most sacred of objects could  
be placed on it. Around it was a circle of  
white robed priests singing ancient chants.

The chamber was reached by a long passageway  
Lined with sixty stone pillars, Interlocked and filled  
Decorated with images of druid mythology  
A rising stone floor like a pathway to the under-world.

The entrance faced east towards the rising sun. As I watched  
a sudden shaft of sunlight entered the doorway  
crept along the floor and bathed the chamber with a wondrous light

It lingered for a while and then was gone.

It was a moment of climax when everything  
blended together and everything stood still.

This was a place of no boundaries, a meeting place  
of earth and sky and under-world  
of gods and spirits and people  
Like the beginning of the world before everything became divided.

In the morning I hurried to tell Maoloch Mor.  
The great druid lay gravely ill on his straw bed  
His eyes were closed but, as I spoke, the tears flowed.  
He said: There is no turning back now, my son.  
With that he touched my hand and breathed his last.

I went to Tara to meet Conor the Chieftain.  
*I wish to present you with my vision  
of the greatest monument ever built.*  
I told my story and he listened in silence  
When I had finished, he rose up and came to me.  
He took from around his neck a chain with a  
pendant bearing the royal stamp of Tara.

*Wear this, Druid Maoloch,  
It will open every door for you.  
Do not fear, do not flinch, do not spare*  
With that he turned and left us.

I am old now and think only of the past.  
I will soon leave my think-hut.  
When I die my ashes will not rest within An Bhrú  
I am a druid but not of noble birth.  
But inside I have left my sign hidden away  
to be discovered only at the end of time