These verses are composed in *rosco* (*retoirc*), a verse form which uses very archaic vocabulary.

As he leaves Emain Macha to fight his last battle, Cú Chlæinn predicts a catastrophe: his death will result in the breaking of social ties, the division of Ulster and the growth of violence:

“All Ulster
will lament me
they will bury victory
generosity will die
with enforcements
of guarantees
the province
will be split
by right hands.”

Cú Chulainn’s own prophecy of the discord, division and darkness that will arise among the Ulstermen after his death is even vaguer than the messenger’s prediction in *Beowulf*. His prophetic utterance remains unspecific and rather obscure until it concludes with a clear and triumphant prophecy of the advent of Christ, who will be far better for the Ulstermen (and, by implication, mankind) than Cú Chulainn’s pride is for himself:

if only you
   adore the son
and His law
   it will be
seven times better
for you
than for me with my
overweening pride
which I would
   put away
it would be better
for me to do so
it would happen
   were it His will.