

## Acallamh na Senórach

### The Colloquy with the Ancients: Extracts

#### The sorrowful story of Cael and Créde (ll. 742-871)

##### Section 60 (ll. 742-757)

“Ocus is asso dochuamarne do chur chatha Finntrágha,	“Agus is as seo do chuamarna do chur chatha Fhionntrá;	“From this spot <u>also</u> it was that, <u>as aforesaid</u> , we marched to fight the battle of Ventry;
ocus atconncamar óclach do mhuintir Fhinn d’ar n-innsaigid	agus do chonacamar óglach de mhuintir Fhinn dár n-ionsaí,	and [ <u>as we did so</u> ] we saw approach us [ <u>out of another quarter</u> ] a young man of Finn’s people:
.i. Cael cródha cédghuinech ua Nemhnainn.	.i. Caol cróga céadghoineach ua Neamhnainn.	the valiant and hundred-slaying Cael ua Nemhnainn.
‘Can asa tánacuis, a Chaeil?’ ar Finn.	‘Can as a dtángais, a Chaoil?’ arsa Fionn.	‘Whence art thou come, Cael?’ asked Finn.
‘Asin Brug braenach atuid,’ ar Cael. ‘Cret do iarais?’ ar Finn.	‘As an mBrugh braonach aduidh,’ arsa Caol. ‘Céard d’iarrais <u>ann</u> ?’ arsa Fionn.	‘Out of the dewy Brugh to the northward.’ ‘What sought’st thou <u>there</u> ?’
‘D’acalluim Muirinde ingine Deirg mo muime féin.’	‘D’agallaimh Mhuirinne iníne Dheirg, .i. mo bhuime féin, <u>do chuas ann</u> ,’ arsa Caol.	‘To have speech of Muirenn daughter of Derg, mine own nurse.’

‘Cidh a adhbhar sin?’ ar Finn.	‘Cad a ábhar sin?’ arsa Fionn.	‘What was the motive of that?’
‘Ar bhithin leannain tsídhe	‘Ar bhíthin leannáin sí	‘It was because of a fairy sweetheart
ocus ardnuaichair agus torad aislinge [tarfas dam.]’	agus ardnuaichair agus toraidh aislinge *a taibhsíodh dom.’	and of a splendid match propounded to me in a dream:
‘Adersa sin rit,’ ar Finn — <b>Fr. 12a]</b>	‘Inseoidh mé duit faoi sin,’ arsa Fionn,*	*‘I will tell you about that,’ said Fionn,*
‘.i. Crédhe ingen Cairbri cnesbháin ingen rígh Ciarraigi Luachra.’	‘.i. Créidhe iníon Chairbre Chneasbháin, iníon rí Chiarraí Luachra.’	‘Créidhe, daughter of Cairbre surnamed ‘Whiteskin,’ king of Ciarraige Luachra.’
‘In bhfedrais, a Chaeil,’ ar Finn, ‘conid hí sin bainmhealltóir ban Eirenn,	‘An bhfeadraís, a Chaoil,’ arsa Fionn, ‘gonadh í sin bainmhealltóir bhan Éireann,	Finn said: ‘knowest thou, Cael, that of all Ireland’s women she is the arch-she-deceiver,
ór is terc sét maith a nEirinn	óir is tearc séad maith in Éirinn	few costly things there are *in Ireland*
nár’ bréc chum a dúnaid agus a degháruis.’	nár bhréag chun a dúnaid agus a dea-árais.’	but she has coaxed away to her own mansion and grand dwelling-place.’
‘Ocus in fídir tú ga comha iarús ar chách?’ ar Cael.	‘Agus an bhfeadair tú cá comha iarús ar chách?’ arsa Caol.	Cael said: ‘and knowest thou what the condition <u>also</u> is which she requires of all [ <u>that would woo her</u> ]?’
‘Do fhedar,’ ar Finn	‘D’fheadar,’ arsa Fionn,	‘I know it,’ Finn answered:
‘.i. gibé aga mbeth do dhán nó d’filidhecht	‘.i. cibé ag a mbeadh de dhán nó d’fhillíocht,	‘[ <u>she will entertain none but him</u> ], whose’er he be, that of art or poetic skill shall have sufficient

duan do dhéanam dhi	duan do dhéanamh di	to make for her a <i>duan</i>
ocus tuarascbháil a cuach agus a corn agus a cupad agus a hian	agus tuarascáil a cuach agus a corn agus a cupadh agus a hian	setting forth a full description of her <i>cuachs</i> , her horns, her cups, her <i>ians</i>
ocus a hairdleasdar agus a righthech romhór.’	agus a hardleasdar agus a rítheach rómhór.’	and all other her fine vessels, together with that of her various vast palaces.’
‘Atá urlumh acumsa	‘Atá ullamh agamsa,	‘ <u>All which</u> I have in readiness:
arna tabairt damh ó Muirinn ingin Deirg, óm buime féin.’”	arna thabhairt dom ó Mhuirinn inín Dheirg, ó mo bhuime féin.’”	given to me by Derg’s daughter Muirenn, mine own nurse.’”

## Section 61 (ll. 758-819)

“Ocus do áilsedhmar in cath don uladh sin,	“Agus d’áilseamar an cath den dul sin	“Then for that time we renounced the battle,
ocus táncamar romuinn tar taebhuibh cnoc agus carrac agus tulach	agus thángamar romhainn thar thaobhaibh cnoc agus carrag agus tulach	and over the sides of hills, of rocks, of <i>tulachs</i> took our way
cu Loch Cuire i n-iarthar Éirenn.	go Loch Coire in iarthar Éireann;	<u>until we came</u> to Loch Cuire in the west of Ireland.
Ocus táncamar cu dorus in tsída,	agus thángamar go dorus an tsí	We reached the door of the <i>sídh</i> ,
ocus do chansam in dord fiansa re crannuibh ar sleg n-ur(ard) n-orchraí,	agus do chanamar an dord fiansa le crannaibh ár sleágh n-urard n-órchró;	and with the shafts of our long and gold-socketted spears there performed the <i>dórd fiansa</i> .
ocus do éirghedar ingena [míne — <b>Fr. 12b</b> ] macdhachta (mongbuide) ar sceimhealborduibh grianán	agus d’éiríodar iníona *míne* macachta moingbhuí ar sceimhealbordaibh grianán	Girls, *gentle,* yellow-haired, of marriageable age, shewed on the balconies of bowers
[ocus ar solustighib cláraigh — <b>Fr. 12b</b> ].	*agus ar solustithe cláraigh*;	*and on bright wooden houses*;
Ocus táinic Crédhi dar n-acallaim, agus .LLL. do mhnáibh uimpi,	agus tháinig Créidhe dár n-agallaimh <u>iararmh</u> agus trí caogaid de mhnáibh uimpi;	and Credhe, accompanied by three fifties of women, issued forth to speak with us.

ocus do raidh in flaithféinnid ria:

‘Is dod thoga-sa ocus dod thochmharc[sa] tháncamarne,’ ar se.

Fiarfaigis an ingen cia dhar’ áil a tochmharc.

‘Do Cael [chroda] chetguinech ua Neamhnainn,

do mac rígh Laigen anair.’

‘Do chualamar a scéala,’ ar an ingen, ‘gen gu facamar é,

ocus in bhfuil aigi mo dhuan damsa?’

‘Atá immorro,’ ar Cael;

ocus do éirigh ocus do ghabh a dhuan:

agus do ráigh an flaithfhéinní léi:

‘Is do do thoghadhsa agus do do thochmharc thángamarna,’ ar sé.

D’fhiafraigh an iníon cé dárbh áil a tochmharc.

‘Do Chaol cróga céadghoineach ua Neamhnainn,

do mhac rí Laighean anoir,’ arsa Fionn.

‘Do chualamar a scéala,’ arsa an iníon, ‘gion go bhfacamar é;

agus an bhfuil aige mo dhuan domsa?’

‘Atá, iomorra,’ arsa Caol.

‘Gabh dúinn an duan sin,’ arsa Fionn.

Agus d’éirigh Caol iarámh agus do ghabh a dhuan:

Said the Fian-chief to her:

‘to elect and to woo thee we are come.’

The lady enquired who it might be that sought to court her.

‘Cael it is, the valiant, the hundred-slayer, grandson of Nemhnann,

son of the king of Leinster in the east.’

She said: ‘we have heard his report, albeit we never have seen him.

But has he my *duan* for me?’

Cael answered: ‘I have so,’

then rose and sang his *duan*:—

‘Turas acam dia háine  
gé dech isam firáidhe [firáidhe, **Lism.**]  
co tech Créidhi, ní snímh suail  
re hucht in tsléibi anortúaid.

Ata i cinnedh dhamh dhul ann  
gu Crédhi a Cíchaib Anann  
co rabhar ann fo dheacraibh  
cetra lá agus leithsheachtmuin.

Aibinn in tech ina tá  
idir fhira is maca is mná,  
idir dhruidh agus aes ceoil  
idir dháiliumh is doirseoir.

Idir gilla scuir nach sceinn  
agus ronnaire re roinn,  
ata a comus sin uili  
ag Créidhi fhind fholtbhuidhi.

Budh áibinn damhsa ’na dún  
idir cholcaidh [cholcaigh, **Lism.**] agus chlúmh,  
mad áil do Crédhi ro clos  
budh aibinn damh mu thuros.

‘Turas agam De hAoine  
(cé dtéim, is i m’fhíoraoidhe)  
go teach Chréidhe (ní sníomh suail)  
le hucht an tsléibhe anoirthuaidh.

Atá i gcinneadh dom dul ann,  
go Créidhe i gCíochaibh Anann;  
go rabhad ann fá dheacraibh  
ceithre lá agus leathsheachtain.

Aoibhinn an teach in atá,  
idir fheara is mhaca is mhná;  
idir dhraoi agus aos ceoil,  
idir dháileamh is dhoirseoir.

Idir ghiolla scoir nach scinn  
agus ronnaire le roinn;  
atá a gcumas sin uile  
ag Créidhe fhinn fholtbhuidhe.

Budh aoibhinn domsa ’na dún,  
idir chuilce agus chlúmh;  
más áil do Chréidhe — do chlos —  
budh aoibhinn dom mo thuras.

‘A journey I have in hand on a Friday  
(if I go then am I a true guest)  
to Credhe’s mansion (the effort is no trivial one)  
against the mountain’s breast in the north-east.

It is appointed for me to go thither:  
to Credhe, at the Paps of Anann;  
and that there I must remain exposed to difficulties,  
for four days and half a week.

Pleasant is the house in which she is:  
what with men and boys and women,  
with both magicians and minstrels,  
with both cup-bearer and door-keeper,

with both horse-keeper that never shirked his duty  
and dispenser to distribute meat,  
the command over all whom belongs  
to fair Credhe, the yellow-haired.

What with coverlet and what with down,  
in her *dún* my lot will be a pleasant one; [of old]  
it hath been heard that, should Credhe but will it,  
my journey would be an auspicious one for me  
[i. e. the conditions of a quest such as mine have long  
been matter of notoriety].

Sithal aice a sil sugh subh  
as dogníedh a blai dhubh,  
dabhcha glaine gairdheasca  
cupáin aici is caeimeascra.

A dath amar dhath an aeil  
coilcíd[h] [coilcigh, **Lism.**] eturra ocus aein,  
sída etorra is brat gorm  
dergór eturra is glanchorn.

A grianan ac Loch Cuire  
d'arcat ocus d'ór bhuidhe,  
tuighi druimnech gan dochma  
d'eitibh donna is dergchorcra.

Dá ursain uáinidhi adcí  
a comla ní dochraidh hí,  
aircet échta, cian ro clos  
in crand búí 'na fordoras.

Catháir Chréidhi dot láim chlí  
ba suarca 'sa suarca hí,  
casair uirre d'ór Ealpa  
fa chosuibh a caeimhleaptha.

Lebaidh luchair na line  
fuil os cinn na caithairi  
dorónad ac Tuile thair  
(d'ór) buidi is do lic lógmair.

Síothal aici a sil sú subh  
as a ngníodh a braoi dubh;  
dabhcha gloine gan deasca;  
cupáin aici is caomheascra.

A dath amhail dath an aoil,  
cuilce eatarthu agus aoin;  
síoda eatarthu 's brat gorm,  
deargór eatarthu 's glanchorn.

A grianán ag Loch Coire  
d'airgead agus d'ór buidhe;  
tuighe dhroimneach gan dochma  
d'eitibh donna 's deargchorcra.

Dhá ursain uaine do chím,  
a comhla ní dochraid í;  
d'airgead eachta — cian do chlos —  
an crann 'tá na fhardoras.

Cathaoir Chréidhe do d' láimh chlí,  
ba shuairce 's ba shuairce í;  
easair aici d'ór Alpa  
fá chosaibh a caomhleapa.

Leaba luchair go gcaoine  
tá os cionn na cathaoire;  
do rinneadh ag Tuile thoir  
d'ór buí is de líg lóghmhair.

A bowl she has whence juice of berries flows, with  
which she has been used to make her eyebrows black;  
crystal vats of fermenting grains,  
cups she has and goblets exquisite.

The colour of her *dún* is as that of lime; coverlets  
and rushes [for the beds] abound among them there;  
silk is among them, and many a blue mantle; among  
them are red gold and the polished drinking-horn.

Her bower by Loch Cuire,  
of silver and of yellow gold:  
its ridgy thatch is laid without defect,  
of ruddy birds' wings, crimson-red.

Two green-hued door-posts which thou seest  
— their door has no deformity;  
pure silver ('tis of old renown)  
was the beam that furnished forth its lintel.

Credhe's chair upon thy left [on entering] was more  
and more delightful [the longer one surveyed it];  
an overlay of Elpa's gold it had,  
and stood at her delicate bed's foot.

A glittering bed laid out,  
that dominates the chair;  
that was made by Tuile in the east,  
of yellow gold and of precious stones.

(Lebaid eile) dod láim dheis  
d'ór is d'aircet gan eisleis,  
co pubaill co (mbricht mb)ugha  
co caemslatuibh credhumha.

An teghlach atá 'na tigh  
as dóibh as áibne ro chin,  
nídat glasa slíma a mbruit

at casa finna a forfhuilt.

Do choideldais fir ghona  
cona taescaibh tromfhola  
re hénuibh sídhi ac sianán  
ós bhorduibh a glanghrianán.

Madam buidech-sa don mhnái  
do Chréidhi da ngairenn cáí,  
méraid ní bus lia a láidhi  
madh dá ndíla a commáine.

Mad áil le hingin Cairbre  
ní dam cuirfe ar choir cairdi,  
cu n-abra fein rim abhus  
“is mu mhóir-chen dod thurus.”

Céd traiged i tigh Créidhi  
ón chuirr gu roich a chéile,  
is fiche traiged tomhais  
a leithet a degdhorais.

Leaba eile do d' láimh dheis  
d'ór is d'airgead gan éisleis;  
go bpuball go mbriocht mbutha,  
go gcaomhshlataibh cré-uamha.

An teaghlach atá 'na tigh,  
is dóibh is aoibhne do chin;  
ní glasa slioma a mbrait

is fada fionna a bhforfhoilt.

Do chodlóidís fir ghona,  
gona dtaoscaibh tromfhola,  
le héanaibh sí ag sianán  
os bordaibh a glanghrianán.

Más buíoch mise den mhnaoi —  
de Chréidhe dá ngaireann cáí —  
mairfid níos sia a laoithe  
do mhaoímh a comaoine.

Más áil le hinín Chairbre,  
ní chuirfidh mé ar cairde:  
go n-abra féin liom abhus,  
“Is mo mhórchéan do d' thuras.”

Céad troigheadh i dtigh Chréidhe  
ón gcoirr go roich a chéile;  
is fiche troigheadh tomhais  
i leithead a dea-dhorais.

Yet another bed, on thy right hand,  
of gold and of silver wrought unerringly;  
with tent-like curtains with brightness of hyacinth  
and running upon slender copper rods.

The household that is in her house, to them it is  
that above all their lines are fallen in pleasant places;  
their mantles are neither pale nor smooth  
[i. e. neither faded nor worn to a gloss],  
their redundant locks are curly and in colour fair.

Wounded men losing heavy jets of blood  
would fall asleep  
to the fairy birds a-warbling  
on her bower's radiant eaves.

Should I have reason to be grateful to the woman,  
to Credhe for whom the cuckoo calls: her lays shall  
live on yet more numerous, if she but requite  
the loving service done her [in composing this].

To Cairbre's daughter if it pleasing be,  
she will not reduce me to terms of postponement;  
but may she rather say to me here now:  
“thy journey is most welcome to me.”

A hundred feet in Credhe's house  
there are from one angle till you reach another;  
and twenty fully measured feet  
in the width of her noble door.

A hudhnacht is a tuighi  
d'eitibh én ngorm is mbuidhi,  
a hurscar thair ac tobar  
do ghlain is do carmocal.

Cetra huaithe um gach leabaidh  
d'ór is d'aircet coimecair,  
gem glaine i cind gach uáitne  
nídat cenna anshuairce.

Dabhuch ann do chruan fhlattha  
a sileann sugh suarcbracha,  
abhull ós cinn na daibhche  
co n-imat a tromthairthe.

In uair líntar corn Créidhi  
do mhídh na dabhcha déne,  
tuitit isin corn co cert  
na cethra hubla a n-aeinfhecht.

An cethrar úd do háirmhedh  
éirghit isin frithdhaileam,  
tabrat don ceathrar anunn  
deoch gach fhir agus ubull.

In tí 'gá táit sin uili  
idir tráigh agus tuili  
ruc Créidhi a tulchaib trí mbenn  
edh urchair do mnáibh Éireann.

A hudhnacht is a tuighe  
d'eitibh éan ngorm is mbuidhe;  
a hurscar thoir ag tobar  
de ghloine 's de charmhogal.

Ceithre uaithne um gach leaba  
d'ór is d'airgead comheagair;  
geam gloine i gcionn gach uaithne  
ní hiad na ceanna anshuairce.

Dabhach ann de chruan flatha  
as a sil sú suaircbracha;  
abhail os cionn na daibhche  
go n-iomad gach tromthoirthe.

An uair líontar corn Chréidhe  
de mheá na daibhche déine,  
titid insa chorn go ceart  
ceithre úlla in éineacht.

An ceathrar úd do áiríodh,  
éiríd insa fhriotháileamh;  
tugaid don cheathrar anonn  
deoch gach fír agus ubhall.

An té 'g a bhfuil sin uile —  
idir shéad agus dhuine —  
rug Créidhe a Tulchaibh trí mBeann  
ea urchair de mhnáibh Éireann.

Her roof with its thatch  
of blue and yellow birds' wings;  
her parapet in front at a well,  
of crystal and of carbuncle gems.

Four posts round every bed there are,  
of gold and of silver laid together cunningly;  
in each post's head a crystal gem:  
they make heads not unpleasant [to behold].

A vat is there, of a prince's enamel,  
out of which runs the juice of merry malt;  
over the vat stands an apple-tree,  
with the multitude of its heavy fruits.

When Credhe's horn is filled  
with the vat's potent mead,  
at one time and with precision  
four apples fall down into the horn.

Yon four that are rehearsed above,  
they set about dispensing [of the mead]:  
to four that sit there then they hand  
a drink apiece, likewise an apple.

She that owns all these things, both at low water  
and at flood [i. e. in their entirety] — Credhe to  
wit from the triple-pinnacled *tulachs* — hath by  
a spearcast's length excelled all Ireland's women.

Laidh sunn cuice ní crodh [crogh, **Lism.**] cas  
ní gres luighthi co luathbras,  
co Créidhi cruthaig abhus  
bhudh luchair lé mo thurus!”

Laoi sonn chuici (ní crodh cas,  
ní dreas luite go luathbhras),  
go Créidhe chruthaigh abhus —  
budh luchair léi mo thuras!”

Here’s at her with a lay — no bride-gift out of shape  
— no epithalamium rashly and perfunctorily made,  
here on the spot have at the lovely Credhe, in whose  
eyes may mine have been a smiling journey!”

### Section 62 (ll. 820-825)

“Is and sin rofhaietar in lánamain sin ar feis  
leaptha agus lámhdheraighthi,

“Is ansin d’fhaíodar an lánúin sin ar fheis  
leapa agus lámhdhéaraithe;

“Then that couple were bedded \*in  
cohabitation [*lit.* in a feast of bed and hand-  
strewing]\*,

ocus do bátar ann re secht laithib

agus do bhíomar ann le seacht laethaibh

and there they [the Fianna] were for seven  
days:

ag ól agus ag áibhnes

ag ól agus ag aoibhneas,

drinking and in all enjoyment,

gan esbaidh bhídh ná leanna ná lesaighthe  
oraínd

gan easpa bia ná leanna ná leasaithe orainn,

without lack whether of meat, of liquor, or of  
any good thing whatsoever,

acht mad imnedh ele a(r Finn)

ach — imní eile ar mbreith ar Fhionn

were it not that one other care oppressed Finn:

.i. allmhuraigh do bheith ac Finntráigh.

.i. allúraigh do bheith ag Fionntrá;

the *allmarachs*’ presence at Ventry.

Ocus tuc an inghen eirredh dílius dingbhála  
(do gach) aen díb foleith,

agus thug an iníon earra dílis diongbhála do  
gach aon díobh fá leith,

Then the woman presented to each one of  
them individually a special and sufficient  
battle-dress,

ocus do timn(amar) ceilebhradh dá chéile.”

agus do thiomnaíomar ceiliúradh dá chéile.”

and we took leave of each other.”

### Section 63 (ll. 826-838)

“‘Ticeadh an inghen linn,’ ar Finn,  ‘co bhfhinnum cia uainn da mbia maith nó saith don ndula so.’  Ocus rucastar an ingen drechta móra do chrudh lé  do frithailimh a n-aesa galair agus othrais.  Ocus as í an ingen ros-biath d’as agus d’fírléamhnacht iad céin ro bás ag cur in chatha.  Ocus is ina tigh do bhítís lucht icce agus othrasa na Féinne,  ocus mar do cinn an ingen ar mhnaibh na Féinne um thidhnaic séit agus máine  ro chinnesdar [Cael .i.] a fear, a ngail agus a ngaisciudh ar trí cathaibh na Féinne isin cath sin,  ocus fa bét in ní dorónad lá déidhinach [déighinach, <b>Lism.</b> ] in chatha	“‘Tagadh an iníon linn,’ arsa Fionn,  ‘go bhfionnam cé uainn dá mbeidh maith nó saith den dul seo.’  Agus rug an iníon dréachtaí móra de chrodh léi  do fhriotháileamh a n-aosa galair agus othrais;  agus is í an iníon do bhiathaigh d’as agus d’fhíorleamhnacht iad céin do bhíothas ag cur an chatha;  agus is ina tigh do bhídís lucht íce agus othrasa na Féinne;  agus mar do chinn an iníon ar mhnáibh na Féinne um thíolacadh séad agus maoinne,  do chinn Caol, .i. a fear, i ngail agus i ngaisce ar trí cathaibh na Féinne sa chath sin;  agus ba bhéad an ní do rinneadh lá déanach an chatha,	“‘Let the woman come with us,’ Finn said,  ‘that we may learn to which of us either good or ill shall befall in this present business.’  The woman brought with her vast numbers of cattle  to supply their sick and wounded;  and she it was that so long as the battle was a-fighting fed them all with lacteal produce, with new milk.  In her house <u>too</u> it was that the invalids and sick of the Fianna lay.  And even as in lavishing of jewels and of treasure the woman outdid the women of the Fianna,  so also in valour and in skill at arms her husband *Cael* in that battle outstripped the three battalions of the Fianna.  Truly a calamity was that which on the last day of the battle was effected:
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.i. a badadh Caeil,	.i. Caol do bhá <u>iar líonadh an láin mhara thairis</u> ;	the drowning of Cael namely;
ocus do bhadar bethaduigh ele, agus comhsaegal acu re Cael	agus do bhíodar beithígh eile agus comhshaol acu le Caol,	and other beings too there were, of the brute kind, which had a life of length equal to his
[ocus fuaradar bás da chumaid Chaeil],	agus fuaradar bás de chumha Chaoil;	[i. e. that perished *of grief for Cael* <u>at the same time</u> ].
ocus tuc in tonn amuigh 'arna bhádud hé,	agus thug an tonn *amuigh* <u>chun calaidh</u> arna bhá é;	He being drowned <u>then</u> , the outside swell washed him <u>in</u> .
ocus doriacht an ingen agus maithi na Féinne dá innsaigid,	agus ráinig an iníon agus maithe na Féinne dá ionsaí,	The women and the gentles of the Fianna came to seek him;
ocus do tocbhad leo é cusin tráigh ndeisceartaigh	agus do tógadh leo é gus an trá ndeisceartaigh	by them he was raised and carried to the southern strand
leth an[d]es d'Fhintraig,	laistear d'Fhionntrá	(to the southward of Ventry <u>that is to say</u> ),
conadh Traigh Caeil ainm na trága ó sin ilé,	*gur Trá Chaoil ainm na trá ó shin i leith	so that Trágh Chaeil or 'Cael's Strand' is that shore's name ever since,
ocus Fert Caeil.”	agus Feart Chaoil.”*	and Fert Chaeil or 'Cael's Grave.'”

**Section 64 (ll. 839-864)**

“Táinic an inghen agus do shín re  
(a) thaeibh hí,

ocus dorinne nualghubha agus  
toirrsi mhór.

‘Cidh dhamsa,’ ol sí, ‘gan bás  
d’faghail do chumaid mu chéile

intan atát na fiadmhila  
foluaimnecha ac fagháil bháis da  
chumhaid?’

Ocus atbert Crédhe:

“Tháinig an iníon ansin \*agus do  
shín\* os cionn a caomhchéile

agus do rinne nualghubha agus tuirse  
mhór.

‘Cad domsa,’ ar sí, ‘gan bás d’fháil de  
chumha mo chéile,

an tan atáid na fiamhíola foluaineacha  
ag fail bháis dá chumha?’

Agus adúirt Crédhe:

“The woman came and stretched her by his side;

she raised a clamorous weeping and greatly wailed:

‘why should not I,’ she said, ‘die of grief for my mate,

when even the restless wild creatures die there of sorrowing after  
him?’

Then Credhe said:—

‘Geisid cuan  
ós buindi rúad Rinn dá bharc,  
bádhudh laeich Locha dhá chonn  
is ed cháineas tonn re tracht.

Luinche corr  
a seisceann Droma dá trén,  
sisi ní aincenn a bí  
coinfhiadh dá lí ar tí a hén.

Truagh an fháidh  
doní in smolach a nDruim cháin  
ocus ní nemhthruaigh in seol  
doní in lon a Leitir laeigh.

Truagh an tseis  
doní in damh a nDruim dhá leis,  
marbh eilit Droma Síleann  
geisidh damh dileann dá héis.

Ba saeth lim  
bás in laeich do luiged lim  
(mac na) mná a Doire dhá dhos  
a bheith (is c)ros fa a chinn.

(Saeth lim) Cael  
do beith a richt mairbh rem thaebh,  
tonn do thoct tar a thaebh geal  
is ed rommer, mét a aebh.

‘Géiseann cuan  
os buinne rua Rinn dhá Bhárc;  
báthadh laoich Locha dhá Chonn  
is ea chaoineas tonn le trácht.

Loincheann corr  
i seisceann Dhroma dhá Thréan;  
sise, ní ainceann a bí —  
coinfhia dhá lí ar tí a héan.

Trua an fhaí  
do ghní an smólach i nDroim Caoin;  
agus ní neamhthrua an scol  
do ghní an lon i Leitir Laoigh.

Trua an tséis  
do ghní damh Dhroma dhá Léis;  
marbh eilit Dhroma Síleann —  
géiseann damh dileann dá héis.

Ba shaoth liom  
bás an laeich do luíodh liom;  
mac na mná a Doire dhá Dhos  
a bheith is cros os a chionn.

Saoth liom Caol  
do beith i riocht mairbh le m’ thaobh,  
tonn do theacht thar a thaobh ngeal:  
’s ea do mhearaigh mé a aobh.

‘The haven roars, and O the haven roars,  
over the rushing race of Rinn Dá Bharc;  
the drowning of the warrior of Loch Dá Chonn,  
that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments.

Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane,  
in the marshlands of Druim Dá Thrén; ’tis she that may not save  
her brood alive [*lit.* ‘that saves not her live ones’]: the wild dog  
of two colours [*i. e. the fox*] is intent upon her nestlings.

A woful note, and O a woful note,  
is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits;  
but not more cheerful is the wail  
that the blackbird makes in Letterlee.

A woful sound, and O a woful sound,  
is that the deer utters in Drumdaleish;  
dead lies the doe of Druim Silenn,  
the mighty stag bells after her.

Sore suffering to me, and O suffering sore,  
is the hero’s death — his death that used to lie with me;  
that the son of her out of Doire Dá Dhos  
should be now with a truss beneath his head.

Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore,  
that by my side he is in dead man’s form;  
that the wave should have swept over his white body —  
that is what hath distracted me, so great was his delightfulness.

Truag in gháir  
doní tonn trachta re tráigh,  
ó do bháidh fer seghdha saer  
saeth leam Cael do dul 'na dáil.

Truagh in fuaimm  
doní in tonn risin tracht tuaidh  
ag cennghail um carraic cháin  
ag cáineadh Chaeil ó dochuaidh.

Truagh in treas  
doní in tonn risin tracht teas,  
misi dodechaid mu ré  
mesaidi mu ghné ro fes.

Caince corr  
doní tonn trom Tulcha leis,  
misi nocha nfhuil mu mháin  
ó rom-maidh an scél romgéis.

O do baidhed mac Crimthain  
nocha nfhuil mh'inmhain da éis,  
is mór triath do thuit le a laimh  
a sciath a ló gáidh nir' gheis.”

Trua an gháir  
do ghní tonn tráichta le trá;  
ó do bháigh fear séaghdha saor,  
saoth liom Caol do dhul 'na dáil.

Trua an fhuaim  
do ghní an tonn leis an tráicht thuaidh,  
ag ceangal um charraig chaoín,  
ag caoineadh Chaoil ó do chuaigh.

Trua an treas  
do ghní an tonn leis an tráicht theas;  
mise, do dheachaigh mo ré:  
measaide mo ghné, do fheas.

Caoince chorr  
do ní tonn throm Thulcha Léis;  
mise, nochan fhuil mo mhaoín  
ó do mhaidhm an scéal do ghéis.

Marbh an ghéis:  
dubhach a leathéan dá héis:  
mór do ghní de mheanmain dom  
an doghra do ghabh den ghéis.

Ó do bádh Caol mac Chriomhthainn,  
nochan fhuil m'ionúin dá éis;  
is mór triath do thit dá láimh;  
a sciath i ló gá níor ghéis.”

A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar,  
is that the shore's surf makes upon the strand;  
seeing that the same hath drowned the comely noble man,  
to me it is an affliction that ever Cael sought to encounter it.

A woful booming, and O a boom of woe,  
is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach;  
butting as it does against the polished rock,  
lamenting for Cael now that he is gone.

A woful fight, and O a fight of woe,  
is that the wave wages with the southern shore;  
as for me, my span is determined;  
that my appearance [*i. e. beauty*] is impaired by this is noted.

A woful melody, and O a melody of woe,  
is that which the heavy surge of Tullachleish emits; as for me:  
since the tale which it (the wave) roared has broken me,  
for me prosperity exists no more.

Since now Crimthann's son is drowned,  
one that I may love after him there is not in being;  
many a chief is fallen by his hand,  
and on a day of danger his shield never roared.”

**Section 65 (ll. 865-868)**

“Ocus do shin an ingen re taebh Chaeil	“Agus do shín an iníon le taobh Chaoil	“Then the young woman stretched herself out by Cael’s side
ocus fuair bás da chumhaid,	agus fuair bás dá chumha;	and, for grief that he was gone, died.
ocus do hadlaiced iat araen a n-aeinfhert ann sin,	agus do adhlacadh iad araon in aonfheart ansin.	In the one grave they both were buried there;
ocus as misi fein,” ar Cáilte, “ro tócuibh in lia fil ós a lighi:	Agus is mise féin,” arsa Caoilte, “do thóg an lia atá os a luí,	and I myself it was that raised the stone which is over the resting-place,
conidh ‘Fert Caeil ocus Créidhe’ aderar ris.”	gonadh ‘Feart Chaoil agus Chréidhe’ a deirtear leis.”	and hence is called ‘the tomb of Cael and of Credhe.’”

**Section 66 (ll. 869-871)**

“Adrae buaid agus bennacht, a Cháilte!” a Pátraic,

“as maith in scél do innis.

Ocus caidhi Brocan scríbnid?”

“Sunna,” ar Brocan.

“Scríbtar lat gachar’ chan Cáilte.”

Ocus do scríbadh.

“Beir bua agus beannacht, a Chaoilte!” arsa Pádraig.

“Is maith an scéal d’insís.

Agus caidhe Brógán scríobhaí?”

“Sonn,” arsa Brógán.

“Scríobhtar leat gach ar chan Caoilte,” arsa an naomh-chléireach.

Agus do scríobhadh.

“Success and benediction, Caeilte!” Patrick said:

“’tis a good story thou hast told;

and where is scribe Brogan?”

“Here am I.”

“By thee be written down all that Caeilte hath uttered.”

And written down it was.