

## Buile Shuibhne

### The Frenzy of Suibhne

#### Note to the reader

The edition of the Medieval Irish text used in this presentation is the 1931 edition, rather than the original 1913 edition. Among the differences between the two editions is the insertion or omission of length marks over vowels.

#### Section 1

Dála Shuibhne mhic Colmáin Chuair, rígh Dál Araidhe, roaisnéidhsem remhainn do dhul ar fáinneal ocus ar folúamain a cath, ba hedh ann fochann oculus tucaitt tresá ttángattar na hairrdhena oculus na habarta fúalaing oculus folúaimhnighe sin fáoi-siumh tar chách a ccoitchinne ocus febh tecómhnaccair dhó iaromh.	Dála Shuibhne Mhic Colmáin Chuair, rí Dhál Araidhe, thráchtamar cheana ar an tslí ar chuaigh sé ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain as an gcath. Cuirfear síos anseo ar chúis agus ar ócáid na n-airíonna agus na ráigeanna buile agus eitle sin a tháinig air *thar chách i gcoitinne* agus ar an méid a tharla dó dá éis sin.	As to Suibhne, son of Colman Cuar, king of Dal Araidhe, we have already told how he went wandering and flying out of battle. Here are set forth the cause and occasion whereby these symptoms and fits of frenzy and flightiness came upon him beyond all others, likewise what befell him thereafter.
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## Section 2

Báoi aroile naoimh-erlumb uasal oirdnidhe hi tír nÉirenn	Bhí an tráth sin duine uasal naofa in Éirinn, eadhon,	There was a certain noble, distinguished holy patron in Ireland,
.i. Rónán Fionn, mac Beraigh,	Rónán Fionn Mac Bearaigh,	even Ronan Finn, son of Bearach,
mic Criodáin, mic Earclogha,	*mhic Chriodáin, mhic Earclogha,	son of Criodhan, son of Earclugh,
mic Érnainne, mic Urene,	mhic Érnainne, mhic Urene,	son of Ernainne, son of Urene,
mic Seachnusaigh, mic Coluim Chúile,	mhic Sheachnusaigh, mhic Choluim Chúile,	son of Seachnusach, son of Colum Cúile,
mic Muiredhaigh, mic Laogaire,	mhic Mhuiredhaigh, mhic Laoghaire,	son of Mureadhach, son of Laoghaire,
mic Néill,	mhic Néill,*	son of Niall;
.i. fer comhailte tiomna Dé	fear a chomhlíon aitheanta Dé	a man who fulfilled God's command
ocus congamála cuinge crábuidh	agus a choimeád é féin faoi chuing chrábhaidh	and bore the yoke of piety,
ocus fuilngthe ingreama ar sgáth an Choimdedh an fer sin.	agus a d'fhulaing pian agus sciúirse ar son an Tiarna.	and endured persecutions for the Lord's sake.
Ba mogh-sén díles diongmála do Dhia,	B'é searbhónta dílis *diongbháilte* Dé é	He was God's own worthy servant,
ar nobhíodh ag crochadh a chuirp	óir ba ghnách leis a chorp a chéasadh	for it was his wont to crucify his body
ar grádh Dé agus do tuilledh fochraicciu dia anmain.	ar son grá Dé agus mar luach saothair dá anam.	for love of God and to win a reward for his soul.

Ba sgíath dhídin fri drochaimsibh diabhair ocus doáilc[h]ibh	Sciath chosanta in aghaidh ionsaithe an diabhair agus drochbhéasa eile	A sheltering shield against evil attacks of the devil and against vices
an fer mín muinterrdha mórmhonarach sin.	ab ea an fear mín muinteartha mórbheartach sin.	was that gentle, friendly, active man.

### Section 3

Robaoi-sidhe fecht ann ag tórainn chille i nDál Araidhe .i. Ceall Luinni a comhainm.	Lá amháin bhí <u>Rónán</u> ag tomhas amach <u>ionad</u> cille <u>dó féin</u> i nDál Araidhe. Cill Luinne ab ainm <u>don áit</u> .	On one occasion he was marking out a church named Cell Luinne in Dal Araidhe.
As é robadh rígh ar Dhál Araidhe an ionbaidh sin .i. an Suibhne, mac Colmáin, adru[b]rumar.	B'é a bhí ina rí ar Dhál Araidhe an tráth sin, Suibhne Mac Colmáin a luamar cheana.	(At that time Suibhne, son of Colman, of whom we have spoken, was king of Dal Araidhe.)
Rocuala 'diu Suibhne airm a raibhi gut[h] chluig Rónáin	Chuala sé, mar a raibh sé, torann chlog Rónáin	Now, in the place where he was, Suibhne heard the sound of Ronan's bell
ag tórainn na cille,	agus eisean ag tochailt <u>láithreach</u> cille <u>dó féin</u> .	as he was marking out the church,
go rofhíarfacht dia muintir cidh adchualadar.	"Cad é sin a chloisim?" cheistigh sé a mhuintir <u>a bhí fairis</u> .	and he asked his people what it was they heard.
"Rónán Fionn mac Bearaigh," ar síad,	"Sin é Rónán Fionn Mac Bearaigh", arsa siadsan.	"It is Ronan Finn, son of Bearach," said they,

“atá ag tórainn chille it chrích-si agus it fheronn	“Tá sé ag tomhas amach <u>láithreach</u> cille i do chuid talúnsa	“who is marking out a church in your territory and land,
ocus as é guth a chluig itchluini-si anosa.”	agus is é torann a chloig a chloiseann tú *anois*.”	and it is the sound of his bell you now hear.”
Rolonnaigedh agus rofergaigedh go mór antí Suibhne	Tháinig taom fíochmhar buile agus mórshuaitheadh ar Shuibhne <u>ar chloisint an méid sin</u> .	Suibhne was greatly angered and enraged,
ocus roéirigh go dian deimneadhach do dhíochar an chléirigh ón chill.	Amach leis de ruathar do ruaigeadh an chléirigh ón láthair.	and he set out with the utmost haste to drive the cleric from the church.
Tarraidh a bhainchéile .i. Eorann ingen Chuinn Chiannachta eiti an bhrait chortharaigh chorera robhúi ime dia fhosdudh,	Thriail a bhean, Eorann, iníon Choinn Chiannachta, stop a chur leis. Rug sí ar bhinn den chlóca *cortharach* corera a bhí thart air	His wife Eorann, daughter of Conn of Ciannacht, in order to hold him, seized the wing of the fringed, crimson cloak which was around him,
go rosging fón teach		
an sioball airgid aeinghil co míneagur óir	ach an biorán íonairgid foróraithe	so that the fibula of pure white silver, neatly inlaid with gold,
robhaoi san brat ós a bruinne.	a dhún an clóca *thar a ucht*,  phreab sé ar fúd an urláir	which was on his cloak over his breast,  sprang through the house.
Lasodhain fágbaidh a bhrat ag an ríogain	agus fágadh an clóca <u>go hiomlán i lámh</u> na banríona.	Therewith, leaving his cloak with the queen,

ocus dothaod roimhi lomnocht ina réim roiretha	As go brách le <u>Suibhne</u> áfach lomnocht	he set out stark-naked in his swift career
do dhíochar an chléirigh ón chill	i dtreo an chléirigh lena dhíchur as an láthair.	to expel the cleric from the church,
co riacht áit ina raibhe Rónán.	Nuair a bhain <u>Suibhne</u> amach an áit *ina raibh Rónán,*	until he reached the place where Ronan was.

#### Section 4

As amhlaidh robhúi an cléirech ar cionn Suibhne an ionbaidh sin,	is amhlaidh a fuair sé an cléireach roimhe *ag an am sin*	He found the cleric at the time
ag moladh rígh nimhe [ocus] talman	ag moladh rí neimhe is talún,	glorifying the King of heaven and earth
.i. ag solusghabáil a pshalm	is é sin, ag léamh a chuid salm go háthasach	by blithely chanting his psalms
ocus a pshaltair líneach lánáluinn ina fhiadhnúisi.	as a shaltair líneach lánálainn os a chomhair.	with his lined, right-beautiful psalter in front of him.
Dosfuairgaibh Suibhne an pshaltair	Sciob Suibhne an tsaltair <u>uaidh</u>	Suibhne took up the psalter
go rotheilg a bfudhomhuin an locha lionnfhair robhaoi 'na fharradh	agus theilg isteach in uisce doimhin *fuar* an locha í	and cast it into the depths of the cold-water lake which was near him,
go robáidedh ann í.	*gur bádh ann í*.	so that it was drowned therein.
Rogabh Suibhne lámh Rónáin iarsin	Rug ar láimh ansin ar Rónán	Then he seized Ronan's hand

co rotharraing ina dhiaigh é tar an ccill amach	agus tharraing amach ina dhiaidh é as an gcill.	and dragged him out through the church after him,
ocus níor léicc láimh an chléirigh úaidh fós no go ccúala an éighemh.	Choinnigh sé a ghreim air go dtí gur chuala sé scréach ghuaiseach <u>gar dó</u> .	nor did he let go the cleric's hand until he heard a cry of alarm.
As é dorinne an éighemh sin .i. giolla Congail Chlaoín mic Sgannláin,	B'é duine a lig an scréach sin seirbhíseach Chongail Chlaoín Mhic Scanláin.	It was a serving-man of Congal Claon, son of Scannlan, who uttered that cry;
arna thecht ar cenn Shuibhne ó Chongal fé[i]n do chur chatha Mhuighe Rat[h].	Theastaigh ó Chongal go rachadh Suibhne ar aghaidh go Maigh Rath chun páirt a ghlacadh sa chath <u>mór a bheadh ann ar ball</u> .	he had come from Congal himself to Suibhne in order that he ( <u>Suibhne</u> ) might engage in battle at Magh Rath.
Ó ráinic an giolla co háit n-iomagallmha fri Suibhne	*Tháinig an tseirbhíseach chuig an áit chun caint le Suibhne.*	When the serving-man reached the place of parley with Suibhne,
adféd sgéla dhó ó thús go deredh.	D'inis an seirbhíseach a scéal do <u>Shuibhne</u> ó thús go deireadh.	he related the news to him from beginning to end.
Téit trá Suibhne lasan ngiolla	Téann Suibhne *leis an tseirbhíseach* iar sin <u>as an láthair</u>	Suibhne then went with the serving-man
ocus fágaidh an clérech go dubhach dobrónach ar mbádudh a pshaltrach	agus fágann an cléireach go dubhach dobrónach ar chailliúint a shaltrach	and left the cleric sad and sorrowful over the loss of his psalter
ocus iar ndénamh a dhímigni ocus a esonóra.	agus ar mhasla a bheith tugtha dá dhínit agus dá onóir.	and the contempt and dishonour which had been inflicted on him.

## Section 5

Diuidh laoi co n-oidhche iarsin	Ag deireadh lae is oíche	Thereafter, at the end of a day and a night,
doriacht dobarchú robúi isin loch dochum Rónáin	tháinig dobharchú a bhí sa loch chun Rónáin	an otter that was in the lake came to Ronan
ocus a pshaltair leis gan milledh líne ná litri inte.	agus a shaltair <u>ina bhéal</u> aige gan milleadh líne ná litreach inti.	with the psalter, and neither line nor letter of it was injured.
Dobert Ronán altugudh buidi do Dia trésan mirbuile sin	Ghaibh Rónán buíochas le Dia as an míorúilt sin	Ronan gave thanks to God for that miracle,
ocus mallachais Suibhne iaromh, conadh edh roraídh:	agus *iar sin* chuir a mhallacht ar Shuibhne mar seo:	and then cursed Suibhne, saying:
“Mo ched-sa fri ced an Choimdedh chumachdaigh,” ar sæ,	“Gurb é mo thoilse mar aon le toil an Choimdhe chumhachtaigh,” ar sé,	“Be it my will, together with the will of the mighty Lord,
“amail táinic-siomh dom dhíochur-sa ocus é lomnocht,	“amhail mar a tháinig seisean do m’ionnarbadhsa agus é lomnocht	that even as he came stark-naked to expel me,
gurab amhlaidh sin bhías do ghrés lomnocht	gurb amhaidh dó go brách lomnocht	may it be thus that he will ever be, naked,
ar faoinnel ocus ar folúamhain sechnóin an domhain,	ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain ar fud an domhain	wandering and flying throughout the world;
gurab bás do rinn nosbéra.	agus gurb é críoch a bhéarfaidh air bás d’fháil de rinn <u>sleá</u> .	may it be death from a <u>spear</u> -point that will carry him off.

Mo mallacht-sa for Suibhne bheós	Mo mhallachtsa ar Shuibhne fós	My curse once more on Suibhne,
ocus mo bhennacht for Eorainn rothriall a fhostudh	agus mo bheannacht ar Eorann a thriail é a stopadh;	and my blessing on Eorann who strove to hold him;
ocus fós fágbhaim-si do chloinn Cholmáin	anuas ar sin fágaim ag síol Cholmáin	and furthermore, I bequeath to the race of Colman
an lá atchífit an psaltair si [robáidedh] la Suibhne		
gurab díth ocus dílhenn dóibh”;	gur díothú agus milleadh a bheidh i ndán dóibh	that destruction and extinction may be their lot
	an lá a dhearcfaidh siad an tsaltair seo a theilg Suibhne isteach san uisce,”	the day they shall behold this psalter which was cast into the water by Suibhne”;
ocus a[t]bert in láid:	agus dúirt an laoi seo:	and he uttered this lay:



## Section 6

“Suibniu mac Colmáin romchráidh,  
romt[h]arraing leis ar leathláimh,  
d’fhágáil Chille Luinne lais  
dom beith athaigh ’na héagmais.

Táinig chugum ’na rith rod  
amail rochoála mo chlog,  
tug leis feirg n-adhbhal n-anba  
dom athchar, dom ionnarba.

Leasg lem-sa mh’athchar abhus  
ón bhaile céda rabhus,  
gérbo lium-sa robadh les  
do Dhía táinic a thoirmesg.

Níor léig mo lámh as a láimh  
co ccóalaidh an éighemh n-áin,  
go n-ébreadh ris: ‘tair don chath,  
doriacht Domhnall Magh ránRath.’

Dodheachaidh maith dhamh-sa dhe,  
ní ris rugus a bhuidhe,  
ó doriacht fios an chatha  
do shoighidh an ardflat[h]a.

“Suibhne Mac Colmáin a chráigh mé  
tharraing mé leis ar leathláimh,  
d’fhágáil Chill Luinne leis  
chun bheith scaitheamh ’na héagmais.

Tháinig chugam ina rith grod  
amhail do chuala mo chlog,  
thug leis fearg ábhal anba  
do m’athchur, do m’ionnarbadh.

Leasc liomsa m’athchur abhus  
ón mbaile ina rabhas,  
cé gur liomsa ba leasc  
do Dhia tháinig a thoirmeasc.

Níor lig mo lámh as a láimh  
gur chuala an éamh án,  
go ndúradh leis: ‘tair don chath,  
tá Dónall cheana i Maigh Rath.’

Tháinig maith domsa de,  
ní leis-sean a rugas buíochas,  
ó tháinig fios an chatha  
dá bhrostú chun an ardfhlatha.

“Suibhne, son of Colman, has outraged me,  
he has dragged me with him by the hand,  
to leave Cell Luinne with him,  
that I should be for a time absent from it.

He came to me in his swift course  
on hearing my bell;  
he brought with him vast, awful wrath  
to drive me out, to banish me.

Loth was I to be banished here  
from the place where I first settled;  
though loth was I,  
God has been able to prevent it.

He let not my hand out of his  
until he heard the loud cry  
which said to him: ‘Come to the battle,  
Domnall has reached famous Magh Rath.’

Good has come to me therefrom,  
not to him did I give thanks for it  
when tidings of the battle came  
for him to join the high prince.

Ro-ionnsaigh an cath go cían  
dár chláon a chonn [i]s a chíall,  
sirfidh Éirinn 'na gheilt ghlas  
agus bidh do rinn raghas.

Mo pshaltair doghabh 'na láimh  
dusfarlaic fón linn lán,  
dorad Críst chugum gan chair  
conár bhó misdi an pshaltair.

Lá co n-oidhche fán loch lán  
is nír mhisdi an breac bán  
dobhrán do dheóin Mic Dé dhe  
doroidhnacht damh dorisse.

An pshaltair doghabh 'na láimh  
fágbuim-[se] do chloinn Cholmháin,  
bíd[h] [olc] do chloinn Cholmáin chain  
an lá dochífed an pshaltair.

Lomnocht dodheachaidh sé sonn  
dom thochrádh is dom thafonn,  
as edh doghéna Día dhe,  
bíd[h] lomnocht dogrés Suibhne.

Rogabh gá astadh a brat  
Eorann, ingen Chuinn Chiannacht,  
mo bhennacht ar Eorainn de  
is mo mallacht ar Suibhne.” S.

D'ionsaigh an cath go cian  
inar chlaon a chonn is a chiall,  
sirfidh Éirinn 'na gheilt ghlas  
agus bás de rinn thiocfas.

Mo shaltair ghabh ina láimh  
is theilg fán loch lán,  
thug Críost chugam í gan char  
's níor mheasa-de an tsaltair.

Lá go n-oíche fán loch lán  
is níor mheasa-de an breac bán,  
dobharán dár dheonaigh Mac Dé  
thug ar ais dom arís é.

An tsaltair do ghlac 'na láimh  
fágaim sin ag clann Cholmáin  
gurb olc a rachaidh dá chlann  
an tráth chífid an tsaltair.

Lomnocht do tháinig anso  
dom' thochrádh is dom' thafann,  
is é dhéanfaidh Dia dhe,  
bheith lomnocht, mar Shuibhne.

Iarracht breith ar a bhrat  
dhein Eorann, iníon Choinn Chiannacht,  
mo bheannacht ar Eorann de,  
is mo mhallacht ar Shuibhne.”

From afar he approached the battle  
whereby were deranged his sense and reason,  
he will roam through Erin as a stark madman,  
and it shall be by a spear-point he will die.

He seized my psalter in his hand,  
he cast it into the full lake,  
Christ brought it to me without a blemish,  
so that no worse was the psalter.

A day and a night in the full lake,  
nor was the speckled-white [book] the worse;  
through the will of God's Son  
an otter gave it to me again.

As for the psalter that he seized in his hand,  
I bequeath to the race of Colman  
that it will be bad for the race of fair Colman  
the day they shall behold the psalter.

Stark-naked he has come here  
to wring my heart, to chase me;  
on that account God will cause  
that Suibhne shall ever naked be.

Eorann, daughter of Conn of Ciannacht,  
strove to hold him by his cloak;  
my blessing on Eorann therefor,  
and my curse on Suibhne.”

## Section 7

Dodheachaidh Rónán iarsin go Magh Rath	D'imigh Rónán iar sin to Maigh Rath	Thereupon Ronan came to Magh Rath
do déanamh síodha eidir Dhomhnall mac Aodha	chun síocháin a dhéanamh idir Dónall Mac Aodha	to make peace between Domnall son of Aodh,
ocus Congal Claon mac Sgannláin	agus Congal Claon Mac Scanláin.	and Congal Claon son of Scannlan,
ocus níor fhéd a síodhugudh.	Ach theip glan air.	but he did not succeed.
Dobherthaoi immorro an cléreach i ccomairci eaturra gach laoi	Is amhlaidh go dtugtaí an cléireach eatarthu gach lá mar ráthaíocht	Howbeit, the cleric used to be taken each day as a guarantee between them
go nach marbhtha neach and	nach marófaí aon duine	that nobody would be slain
ón uair rotoirmisgthi an cathugudh	ó thráth stopadh na troda	from the time the fighting was stopped
go cceadaighthi dóibh doridhisi.	go dtí go gceadófaí athuair í.	until it would be again permitted.
Nomhilledh trá Suibhne cumairce an chléirigh,	Ach mhilleadh Suibhne ráthaíocht an chléirigh	Suibhne, however, used to violate cleric's guarantee of protection
uair gach sídh agus gach osadh fogníodh Rónán	mar gach síth agus sos a dhéanadh Rónán	inasmuch as every peace and truce which Ronan would make
robrisedh Suibhne,	bhriseadh Suibhne <u>arís</u> é	Suibhne would break,
ar nomharbadh fer ré tráth an chomhlainn gach laoi	óir mharaíodh sé fear roimh uair cheadaithe an chatha gach lá	for he used to slay a man before the hour fixed for combat each day,

ocus fer eile ré sgur an chomhlainn gacha nóna.	agus fear eile gach tráthnóna tráth a n-éirítí as an gcomhrac.	and another each evening when the combat ceased.
An lá dono rocinneadh an cath mór do thabairt	Ansin, an lá a cinneadh an cath mór a thabhairt	Then on the day fixed for the great battle
táinic Suibhne ria gcách dochum an chatha.	tháinig Suibhne roimh chách chun <u>láthair</u> an chatha.	Suibhne came to battle before the rest.

## Section 8

As amhlaidh robaoi	Is mar seo a bhí sé gléasta <u>an lá úd</u> :	In this wise did he appear.
ocus léine sreabhnaidhe síodae i cusdul frí gheilchnes dó	bhí léine thanaí síoda in aice a chnis ghil air	A filmy shirt of silk was next his white skin,
ocus fúathróig do shról rígh uime	agus crios de shról ríoga;	around him was a girdle of royal satin,
ocus an t-ionar tuc Congal dó	agus an t-ionar a thug Congal dó	likewise the tunic which Congal had given him
an lá romarbh Oilill Cédach rí Úa bFaoláin for Magh Rath,	an lá a mharaigh sé Oilill Céadach, rí Uibh Fhaoláin, ar Mhaigh Rath,	the day he slew Oilill Cedach, king of the Ui Faolain, at Magh Rath;
	<u>bhí sé á chaitheamh anois aige.</u>	
ionar corcra comhdatha esein	Ionar corcra aondathach ab ea é	a crimson tunic of one colour was it

co cciumhius dlúith deghfhighthi d'ór áluinn órloisghthi ris,	ar a raibh ciumhais dhlúthfhite d'íon-ór álainn	with a close, well-woven border of beautiful, refined gold
co sreithegar gem ccaomh ccarrmhogail ón chionn gór araill don chiumhais sin,	le sraitheanna seodmhogall *caomh* ó thaobh taobh na ciumhaise	set with rows of fair gems of carbuncle from one end to the other of the border,
go stúaghlúbaibh síoda dar cnaipidhibh caoiméttrochta	maille le lúba síoda do na cnaipí áille lonracha	having in it silken loops over beautiful, shining buttons
re hiadhadh ocus re hosgladh and,	chun a oscailte agus a dhúnta	for fastening and opening it,
go bfoirbreachtadh airgid áoingil	<u>a d'fhág</u> go raibh claochlú íonairgid <u>le feiscint</u>	with variegation of pure white silver
gacha cáoi ocus gacha conaire imthéighedh,	gach casadh agus cor dá dtugadh sé.	each way and each path he would go;
crúaidhrinn chaoilshnáithaide don ionar sin.	Bhí fáithim chrua dhlúthfhuaite ar an ionar sin.	there was a slender-threaded hard fringe to that tunic.
Dhá shleigh shithfhoda slinnleathna ina lámhaibh,	Ina láimh aige bhí dhá shleá le lanna leathana lánfhada,	In his hands were two spears very long and ( <u>shod</u> ) with broad iron,
sgíath breacbhuidhe bhúabhallda for a mhuin,	sciath bhreachbhuí *bhuabhallda* ar a dhroim	a yellow-speckled, horny shield was on his back,
claideamh órdhoirn for a chliú.	agus claíomh lámh-óraithe lena chliathán clé.	a gold-hilted sword at his left side.

## Section 9

Táinic roimhe fón toichim sin	Mháirseáil sé ar aghaidh ar an gcuma sin	He marched on thus
co ttarla Rónán dó	gur casadh Rónán air	until he encountered Ronan
ocus ochtar psa[l]mchetlaidh dá muintir ina fharradh	agus ochtar salmchantóirí dá mhuintir fairis.	with eight psalmists of his community
ocus íad ag crothadh uisce coisreagtha dar na slúaghuibh	Bhíodar ag croitheadh uisce coisricthe ar na sluaite	sprinkling holy water on the hosts,
ocus roscroithset ar Shuibhne hi ccuma cháich.	agus chroitheadar ar Shuibhne é i gcuma cháich.	and they sprinkled it on Suibhne as they did on the others.
Agus andar leis-siomh bá dá fhochuidmedh	Cheap seisean gur ag fonóid faoi	Thinking it was to mock him
rocroithedh an t-uisge fair,	a dheineadar amhlaidh.	that the water was sprinkled on him,
ocus dorad a mhér a suainemh na sleighe seimnidhe robhúi ina láimh	Rug sé ar stropa na sleá seamnaí *a bhí ina láimh*	he placed his finger on the string of the riveted spear that was in his hand,
ocus rosiubhraic do pshalmc[h]eadlaidh do muintir Rónáin	agus scaoil d'urchar í i dtreo *salmchantóir de* mhuintir Rónáin	and hurling it at one of Ronan's psalmists
go romarbh don oenorchar sin é.	gur mharaigh duine acu d'aon bhuille.	slew him with that single cast.
Dorad andara hurchar don fhogha faobrach uillennghér	Scaoil sé an dara hurchar *den fhogha fhaobhrach uillinngheár*	He made another cast with the edged, sharp-angled dart

dochum an chléirigh budhdhén	i dtreo an chléirigh féin	at the cleric himself,
go rosben isin chlog robháoi for a ucht,	gur bhuaill an clog a bhí ar a ucht	so that it pierced the bell which was on his breast
go rosging a crann as a n-airde isin aer,	ag cur crann <u>na sleá</u> in airde san aer.	and the shaft sprang off it up in the air,
co n-ébairt an cléireach:	Iar sin labhair an cléireach amach <u>go hard</u> :	whereupon the cleric said:
“Guidhim-si an Coimde cumachtach,” ar sé,	“Guímse an Coimdhe cumhachtach,” ar sé,	“I pray the mighty Lord
	“go dtéirse mar éan spéire	
“an ccomhairde dochúaidh crann an fhogha isin aer agus a néllaibh nimhe	chomh hard sna néalta agus a chuaigh an crann sin	that high as went the spear-shaft into the air and among the clouds of Heaven
co ndeachair-si amail gach n-ethaid		may you go likewise even as any bird,
ocus an bás roimris-si for mo dhaltas, gurab eadh notbéra	agus go bhfaighir bás mar a d’imir tú ar mo dhaltasa	and may the death which you have inflicted on my foster-child be that which will carry you off,
.i. bás do rinn,	— de rinn <u>sleá</u> .”	to wit, death from a <u>spear</u> -point;
ocus mo mhallacht-sa fort	“Mo mhallachtsa ort,” <u>ar seisean</u> ,	and my curse on you,
ocus mo bhennacht for Eorainn,	“agus mo bheannacht ar Eorann	and my blessing on Eorann;
Uradhrán agus Telli uaim	agus <u>impím cúnamh</u> Uradhain agus Teille	( <u>I invoke</u> ) Uradhran and Telle on my behalf

i n-aghaidh do shíl agus chloinne Colmáin  
Chuaire,

agus éirí:

in aghaidh do shíl agus chloinne Cholmáin  
Chuaire,

agus d'aithris an laoi:

against your seed and the descendants of  
Colman Cuar";

and he said:



## Section 10

“Mo mallacht for Shuibhne,  
rium is mór a chionaidh,  
a fhogha bláith builidh  
dosháith trém c[h]log creadhail.

An clog sin roghonais  
notchurfí-sí ar cráobhaibh  
gurbat aon ré hénaibh,  
an clog náomh ré náomhaibh.

Mar dochuaidh i cédóir  
crann an fhogha a n-airde  
co ndeachair-sí, a Shuibhne,  
re gealtacht gan chairde.

Roghonais mo dhalta,  
rodergais as t’fhogha,  
bíaidh dhuit ann do chomha  
gurab do rinn ragha.

Madh dá ttísat riom-sa  
síol nEoghain go tteinne,  
noscuirfet a ccran[n]acht  
Uradhrán is Teille.

“Mo mhallacht ar Shuibhne,  
liomsa is mór a chionta,  
a fhogha breá buile  
do sháigh trím’ chlog creille.

An clog sin do ghoinis  
cuirfidh tú ar chraobhaibh  
mar aon leis na héanaibh  
an clog naofa le naomhaibh.

Mar a chuaigh i gcéaduaire  
crann an fhogha in airde  
go dtéirse, a Shuibhne,  
le gealtacht gan chairde.

Go ghoinis mo dhalta,  
do dheargaís ann d’fhogha,  
bíodh agat anois mar chóir  
gur bás rinne a gheobhair.

Má thagaid im’ choinnibh  
sliocht Eoghain na gaile,  
's iad Uradhan is Teille  
a scriosfaidh iad uile.

“My curse on Suibhne,  
great is his guilt against me,  
his smooth, vigorous dart  
he thrust through my holy bell.

That bell which thou hast wounded  
will send thee among branches,  
so that thou shalt be one with the birds —  
the bell of saints before saints.

Even as in an instant went  
the spear-shaft on high,  
mayst thou go, O Suibhne,  
in madness, without respite.

Thou hast slain my foster-child,  
thou hast reddened thy spear in him,  
thou shalt have in return for it  
that with a spear-point thou shalt die.

If there should oppose me  
the progeny of Eoghan with stoutness  
Uradhran and Telle  
will send them into decay.

Uradhrán is Teille  
roscursiod i ccran[n]acht,  
an ced-sa, tré chorracht,  
as let-sa mo mhallacht.

Bennacht uaim for Eorainn,  
Eorann chaemh gan crannacht,  
tré dhuilghe gan domacht  
for Shuibhne mo mhallacht.” Mallacht.

Ar Uradhan is Teille  
a chuir iad i laige  
mo ghuí go foirceann ama,  
ach ortsá mo mhallacht.

Beannacht uaim ar Eorann,  
Eorann chaomh gan chrandacht,  
trí dhoilíos gan briseadh  
mo mhallacht ar Shuibhne.”

Uradhran and Telle  
have sent them into decay,  
this is my wish for all time:  
my curse with thee.

My blessing on Eorann,  
Eorann fair without decay:  
through suffering without stint  
my curse on Suibhne.”

## Section 11

Ó rochomhracsiot iarom na catha cechtarrdha	Dá éis sin, tráth ar bhuail an dá shlua lena chéile,	Thereafter, when both battle-hosts had met,
robhúirset an damhradh dermháir adíu ocus anall amail dámha damhghoire	bhéic agus liúigh an dá arm *mhóra leith ar leith* mar thréad fiastoc	the vast army on both sides roared in the manner of a herd of stags
co ttuargaibhset trí tromghaire ós aird.	sa tslí gur ligeadar *trí* trombhéiceacha móra astu.	so that they raised on high three mighty shouts.
Ó'dchúala thrá Suibhne na gáire móra sin	Anois ar chloisint na gcomhghártha fíochmhara do Shuibhne	Now, when Suibhne heard these great cries
ocus a fhuamanna ocus a freagartha i néllaibh nimhe	agus an macalla a bhaineadar as néalta neimhe	together with their sounds and reverberations in the clouds of Heaven
ocus i fraightibh na firmaminnte	agus íor na firmiminte	and in the vault of the firmament,
rofhéach Suibhne suas iarum	d'fhéach sé suas	he looked up,
co rolíon		
nemhain	agus <u>láithreach</u> tháinig mórshuaitheadh intinne air	whereupon turbulence (?),
ocus dobhar	sa tslí gur bhraith sé an lá ag dorchú mórthimpeall air;	and darkness,
	líon sé	

ocus dásacht agus fáoinnel	de dhásacht agus de mhearbhall,	and fury, and giddiness,
ocus fúalang agus folúamain	de riasradh, agus de mhórfhonn teite;	and frenzy, and flight,
ocus udmhaille, anbsaidhe	* <u>líon sé</u> d'udmhaille, d'anbhuain,	unsteadiness, restlessness,
ocus anfhoistine,	agus d'anfhoistine;*	and unquiet
		filled him,
miosgais gach ionaid ina mbíodh	b'fhuath leis gach áit ina raibh sé	<u>likewise</u> disgust with every place in which he used to be
ocus serc gach ionaidh noco roichedh;	agus ba mhór a fhonn a bheith gach áit nár shroich fós.	and desire for every place which he had not reached.
romheirbhligset a meóir,	Dhreoigh a mhéara,	His fingers were palsied,
rocriothnaighsiot a chosa,	chrith a chosa	his feet trembled,
roluathadh a chroidhe,	agus luathaigh a chroí,	his heart beat quick,
roclódhadh a chédfadha,	chlaochlaigh a chéadfaí;	his senses were overcome,
rosaobadh a radharc,	saobhadh a radharc	his sight was distorted,
rotuitset a airm urnocht asa lámhuibh	agus thit na hairm go faonlag as a lámha	his weapons fell naked from his hands,
co ndeachaidh la bréithir Rónáin	go ndeachaigh de bhriathra Rónáin	so that through Ronan's curse he went,

ar gealtacht agus ar geinidecht amail gach n-ethaid n-ærdha.

le gealtacht agus le neamh-mheabhair amail aon neach aerga.

like any bird of the air, in madness and imbecility.

## Section 12

An tan immorro doriacht asin ccath amach

Tar éis dó teitheadh ón gcath, áfach,

Now, however, when he arrived out of the battle,

ba hainminic nothaidhledh a chossa lár

ba ar éigean a dhéanadh a chosa teagmháil leis an talamh

it was seldom that his feet would touch the ground

ar lúas a réime

\*ar luas a réime\*

because of the swiftness of his course,

ocus an tan nothaidhledh

agus dá ndéanfadh féin

and when he did touch it

ní bhenfadh a drúcht do bharrúachtar an fheóir

ní bhainfeadh sé an drúcht féin den bhféar,

he would not shake the dew from the top of the grass

ar éttroma agus ar aerrdhacht an chéme nochingedh.

bhí a choiscéim chomh héadrom aerga sin.

for the lightness and the nimbleness of his step.

Ní roan don réim roiretha sin

Níor tháinig stad ná staonadh air

He halted not from that headlong course

co nár fág magh ná machairi ná maolshliabh,

sa tslí nach raibh má ná machaire ná maolchnoc,

until he left neither plain, nor field, nor bare mountain,

móin ná muine ná mothar,

móinteán ná muine ná mothar,

nor bog, nor thicket, nor marsh,

cnoc ná cabhán, ná coill chlithardhlúith a nÉirinn	cnoc ná cabhán ná coill chluthar dhlúth in Éirinn	nor hill, nor hollow, nor dense-sheltering wood in Ireland
gan taisdeal an lá sin,	nár thaistil sé an lá sin.	that he did not travel that day,
go ráinig co Ros Beraigh i nGlenn Earcáin	Ráinig <u>ar deireadh</u> gur bhain sé amach Ros Bearaigh i nGlenn Earcáin	until he reached Ros Bearaigh, in Glenn Earcain,
co ndeachaidh isin iobhar robhaoi isin glinn.	go ndeachaigh isteach sa chrann iúir a bhí sa ghleann.	where he went into the yew-tree that was in the glen.

### Section 13

Romheabhaidh an cath re nDomhnall mac Aodha an lá sin	Bhuaigh Dónall Mac Aodha an cath an lá úd	Domnall, son of Aedh, won the battle that day,
amail adru[bru]mar ocus rohaisnéidhsem remhainn.	mar a dúramar cheana.	as we have already narrated.
Robhaoi éimh cliamuin do Suibhne isin chath	Bhí cliamhain de Shuibhne páirteach sa chath	Suibhne had a kinsman in the battle,
.i. Aonghus Remhar	— Aonghas ramhar	to wit, Aongus the Stout,
mac Ardghail mic Macníadh	*Mac Ardghail, mhic Mhacníadh,	son of Ardgall, son of Macnia,
mic Ninnedha do thoathaibh Úa Ninnedha do Dhál Aruidhe.	mhic Ninnedha, de thuatha Úa Ninnedha de Dhál Araidhe*;	son of Ninnidh, of the tribes of Ui Ninnedha of Dal Araidhe;

Táinic sidhe a ráon madhma asin ccath go mbuidhin dia muintir imalle fris	theith seisean *i raon maidhme* agus roinnt dá dhíorma *leis* ón gcath	he came in flight with a number of his people out of the battle,
ocus as í conair táinic a nGlionn [E]arcáin.	agus b'é bóthar a ghabh sé ná trí Ghleann Earcáin.	and the route he took was through Glenn Earcain.
Baoi siumh trá cona muintir ag iomrádh ar Suibhne	Bhíodar ag cur síos ar Shuibhne	Now he and his people were conversing about Suibhne
ara iongantaoi leó gan a bheó nó a mharbh d'fhaicsin	agus gurbh ait an rud nach bhfaca aon duine acu é beo ná marbh	( <u>saying</u> ) how strange it was that they had not seen him alive or dead
ó rochomraicset na catha,	tar éis an chatha.	after the battle-hosts had met.
acht chena bá derbh leó gurab tré esgcáoine Rónáin fodrúair	Bhí a fhios acu, áfach, gurbh é mallacht Rónáin faoi deara	Howbeit, they felt certain it was because of Ronan's curse
gan fios a oidhedha.	nach raibh aon scéala ina thaobh.	that there were no tidings of his fate.
Rochualaidh éimh Suibhne ar chansat oculus é isin iobar osa ccionn,	Chuala Suibhne, a bhí sa chrann os a gcionn, ag caint iad	Suibhne in the yew-tree above them heard what they spoke,
ocus itbert:	agus dúirt:	and he said:

## Section 14

“A óga, tigidh a lle,  
a fhiora Dhál Araidhe,  
foghébhthaoi isin bhile a bfuil  
an fer forsa táoi iarraidh.

Dodheónaidh Dia dhamh-sa sunn  
betha iomnocht iomchumhang,  
gan ceól is gan codladh sáim,  
gan banchuire, cen bandáil.

Misi sunn ag Ros mBearaigh,  
domrad Rónán fo mheabhail,  
romsgar Dia rém dheilbh nád ró,  
sgaraidh ré mh’eól, a ógó.” A óga.

“A óga, tagaigi i leith,  
a fheara Dhál Araidhe,  
gheobhaidh sibh sa bhile,  
an fhear atá sibh d’iarraidh.

Dheonaigh Dia dhomhsa anseo  
saol an-lom, an-chúng,  
gan ceol gan codladh sámh,  
gan banchairde ná bandáil.

Mise anseo ag Ros Bearaigh  
fé náire ag Rónán feasta,  
do scar Dia óm’ dhealbh mé,  
ní heol daoibh mé, a fheara.”

“O warriors, come hither,  
O men of Dal Araidhe,  
you will find in the tree in which he is  
the man whom you seek.

God has vouchsafed me here  
life very bare, very narrow,  
without music and without restful sleep,  
without womenfolk, without a woman-tryst.

Here at Ros Bearaigh am I,  
Ronan has put me under disgrace,  
God has severed me from my form,  
know me no more, O warriors.”



## Section 15

Ó'dchualadar na fir Suibhne ag gabáil na rann	Nuair a chuala na fir Suibhne ag gabháil na rann <u>sin</u>	When the men heard Suibhne reciting the verses,
tugsat aithne fair agus roráidhset fris taobh do thabairt friú.	d'aithníodar é agus dúradar leis muinín a bheith aige astu.	they recognized him, and urged him to trust them.
Adbert-som nach ttiubradh tré bhith síor.	Dúirt nach mbeadh anois ná go brách.	He said that he would never do so.
Ó robhádar-somh iarumh ag iadhad im an mbile	Ansin agus iad ag teannadh suas leis an gcrann	Then, as they were closing round the tree,
rotógaibh Suibhne uime co háithétrom aerdá óthá sin	thóg Suibhne é féin go héadrom aerga lúfar	Suibhne rose out of it very lightly and nimbly
co Cill Ríagain i tTír Chonuill	gur <u>bhain amach</u> Cill Réagáin i dTír Chonaill	( <u>and went</u> ) to Cell Riagain in Tir Conaill
ocus rothoirinn iarumh a mbile na cille.	mar ar thuirling sé ar chrann <u>in aice</u> na cille.	where he perched on the old tree of the church.
As ag an mbile sin doralá do Dhomhnall mac Aodha cona shluagaibh do ueith a haithle an chatha	Is ag an gcrann sin a ráinig do Dhónall Mac Aodha a bheith lena shluaite tar éis an chatha.	It chanced that it was at that tree Domnall, son of Aedh, and his army were after the battle,
ocus ó'dchonnadar an gheilt ag dol isin mbile	Ar fheiceáil na geilté dóibh ag dul isteach sa chrann	and when they saw the madman going into the tree,
tángadar drong dona slóghaibh go roiadhsat ina iomthacmhang ima ccuairt;	tháinig díorma den arm agus chruinníodar timpeall air.	a portion of the army came and closed in all round it.

gabhadh iarumh ag tabairt túarusgbála na geilti ós aird,	Tosaíonn siad ansin ag cur síos ar an ngealt os ard:	Thereupon they began describing aloud the madman;
adberedh fer ann bá ben,	duine amháin ag rá gur bean é,	one man would say that it was a woman,
adberedh fer eile bá fer robhúi ann,	duine eile gur fear.	another that it was a man,
go ttarad Domhnall fé[i]n aithne fair,	Ach d'aithin Dónall féin é	until Domnall himself recognized him,
conadh ann adbert:	agus dúirt láithreach:	whereupon he said:
“As é Suibhne fil ann,” ar sé, “.i. rígh Dál Araidhe,	“Is é Suibhne atá ann. Rí Dhál Araidhe	“It is Suibhne, king of Dal Araidhe,
roesgcáoin Rón[án] an lá tugadh an cath.	an té ar chuir Rónán mallacht air lá an chatha.	whom Ronan cursed the day the battle was fought.
Maith éimh an fer fíil ann,” ar sé,	Fear maith atá againn anseo go deimhin,” ar seisean.	Good in sooth is the man who is there,” said he,
“ocus dá madh áil leis seóide ocus máoini d’fhagbáil	“Agus dá mb’áil leis seoda agus maoin d’fháil	“and if he wished for treasures and wealth
fogébadh úainne da ttugadh taobh frinn.	gheobhadh sé a leithéid uainne ach muinín a bheith aige asainn.	he would obtain them from us if only he would trust us.
Truag lem,” ar sé,	Is trua liom,” ar sé,	Sad is it to me,” said he,
“iarsma muintire Congail amlaidh sin,	“go mbeadh iarsma mhuintir Chongail ar an gcuma sin	“that the remnant of Congal’s people are thus,

ar robtar maith agus robtar móra	mar ba mhór agus ba thréan iad	for both good and great
mo chomhada-sa do Chongal,” ar sé,	na ceangail idir mise agus Congal	were the ties that bound me to Congal
“re ccur an chatha,	sular troideadh an cath	before undertaking the battle,
et robadh maith dono comairle Choluim Chille don ghille úd fé[i]n	agus ba mhaith an chomhairle a thug Colm Cille don ógánach úd féin	and good moreover was the counsel of Colum Cille to that youth himself
dá ndeachaidh lé Congal	tráth ar chuaigh sé *le Congal*	when he went with Congal
do chuingidh sochraidhe co rígh Alban im aghaidh-si”;	go hAlbain d’iarraidh arm im’ choinne-se”;	to ask an army from the king of Alba against me”;
conadh ann adbert Domhnall an láid:	Leis sin dúirt Dónall an laoi <u>seo</u> :	whereupon Domnall uttered the lay:

## Section 16

“Cionnus sin, a Shuibhne sheing?  
robadh tóiseuch mór ndíreim  
an lá tugadh an cath clóen,  
ar Macc Rath robadh rochoémh.

Cosmhuil do ghnúis érgna iar n-ól  
re corcair no re coemhór,  
cosmhuil do chúl gan chaire  
re clúimh nó re casnaidhe.

Cosmhuil gné do chuirp choidche  
re sneachta n-úar n-ænoidhche,  
do rosg rogormadh mar ghloin,  
mar oighreadh séimh snúadhamail.

Áluinn cuma do dá chos,  
dar liom ní trén th’urradhus,  
t’airm rathmara, ruicthis fuil,  
robsat athlumha i n-iomghuin.

Targaidh Colaim Cille dheit  
nemh agus righe, a romheic,  
díogháir tángais isin Magh  
ó príomh[fh]áidh nimhe is talmhan.

“Conas sin a Shuibhne sheang?  
tusa taoiseach ar mhór-shluaite,  
an lá a tugadh an cath claon  
ar Mhaigh Rath is tú fíorchaomh.

Do ghnúis mhaorga iar n-ól  
ba chosúil le corcair nó caomh-ór,  
folt do chinn gan cháim  
mar chlúmh nó mar chasnaí.

Gach gné ded’ chorp choíche  
nós sneachta fuar aon oíche,  
do rosc ró-ghorm mar ghloine,  
mar oighear séimh snuaúil.

Álainn cruth do dhá chos,  
níor thréan dar liom d’urrús,  
d’airm rafara dhoirtfeadh fuil,  
b’iad ba thapaidh um ilghoin.

Thairg Colm Cille dhuit,  
neamh agus flaitheas, a mhic,  
le díogras thángais ins an Mhaigh  
ó phríomhfháidh neimhe is talmhan.

“How is that, O slender Suibhne?  
thou wert leader of many hosts;  
the day the iniquitous battle was fought  
at Magh Rath thou wert most comely.

Like crimson or like beautiful gold  
was thy noble countenance after feasting,  
like down or like shavings  
was the faultless hair of thy head.

Like cold snow of a single night  
was the aspect of thy body ever;  
blue-hued was thine eye, like crystal,  
like smooth, beautiful ice.

Delightful the shape of thy feet,  
not powerful methinks was thy chieftainship;  
thy fortunate weapons — they could draw blood —  
were swift in wounding.

Colum Cille offered thee  
Heaven and kingship, O splendid youth,  
eagerly (?) thou hast come into the plain  
from the chief prophet of Heaven and earth.

Adubairt Colum Cille,  
fáidh fosaidh na fírinne,  
‘líon ticcthi tar tuile theinn  
ní riccthi uile a hÉirinn.’

Targus-sa do Chongal Chlaon  
tan robámar imaráon  
bennacht fer nÉrenn uile,  
ba mór an t-ioc énuige.

‘Muna gabha uaim-si sin,  
a Chonghail chaoimh mic Sgannail,  
ga breith bhéire, mór an modh,  
orm-sa, más eadh, it aonor?’

[C.]  
‘Gébhaid-sa úait madh maith lat,  
tabhair dhamh-sa do dhá mac,  
do lámh dhíot is do bhen mhas,  
t’ingen is do rosg rinnglas.’

[D.]  
‘Nocha béra acht rinn fri rind,  
béd-sa choidche in bhar n-oirchill,  
as é ar ccomhrádh iman ccacht,  
beir-si lomnán mo mallacht.

Dúirt Colm Cille,  
fáidh fosaidh na fírinne,  
‘a dtagann agaibh tar tuile teann  
ní fhillfidh sibh uile as Éirinn.’

Thairgeas do Chongal Claon  
nuair bhíomar ann araon,  
beannacht fear Éireann uile,  
mór an díol ar aon ubh.

‘Muna nglacfair uaimse sin,  
a Chongail chaoimh mhic Scannail,  
cén bhreith bhéarfair — mór an modh —  
ormsa, más ea, id’ aonar?’

Congal:  
‘Glacfad uait, más maith leat,  
tabhair dhomhsa do dhá mhac,  
do lámh dhíot is do bhean mhaorga  
d’iníon is do rosc rinnglas.’

Dónall:  
‘Ní bheidh agat ach faobhar le faobhar,  
bead gach ré ag faire le m’uain;  
seo ár n-agallamh faoin daoirse:  
iomlán mo mhallacht ortsa choíche.

Said Colum Cille,  
steadfast prophet of truth,  
‘as many of you as come over the strong flood  
will not all return from Erin.’

I offered Congal Claon  
when we were together  
the blessing of all the men of Erin;  
great was the mulct for one egg.

‘If thou wilt not accept that from me,  
O fair Congal, son of Scannal,  
what judgment then — deed of great moment —  
wilt thou pass upon me?’

Congal:  
‘(These) will I accept from thee if thou deemest it well:  
give me thy two sons,  
thy hand from thee, likewise thy stately wife,  
thy daughter and thy eye blue-starred.’

Domnall:  
‘Thou shalt not have but spear to spear,  
I shall be evermore lying in wait for you,  
this is our speech about the bondage;  
take thou the full of my curse.

Bidh cuid do chuifir do chorp,  
beittid fiaich ar do thromthocht,  
nodgonfa ga dremhan dubh  
agus beir-si faon folumh.

Atáoi it áonar seach gach rígh  
gum aimhles ó thír do thír,  
rodlesaighes thairis sin  
ón ló rondug do mháthair.’

As ann fós tugadh an cath  
ar an maighin a Muigh Rath,  
robhúi bráon dar claideamh nglas,  
torchair Congal Cláon cionnus.” Cionnus.

Féasta ag éin creiche do chorp,  
fiacha dubha is tú i mórt host,  
ghoinfidh ga thú, fíochmhar dubh,  
agus beirse faon folamh.

Taoi id’ aonar seach gach rí,  
do m’aimhleas ó thír go tír,  
sheas mise leat thairis sin  
ón lá rugadh tú ód’ mháthair.’

Is ann fós tugadh an cath  
ar an maigh i Maigh Rath,  
do bhí braon ar chlaíomh ghlas —  
d’fhág sin Congal Claon ar lár.”

Thy body will be a feast for birds of prey,  
ravens will be on thy heavy silence,  
a fierce, black spear shall wound thee,  
and thou shalt be laid on thy back, destitute.

My bane from land to land  
art thou alone beyond each king,  
yet I have befriended thee  
since the day thy mother brought thee forth.’

’Tis there the battle was fought —  
at the stead in Magh Rath —  
there was a drop on a gleaming sword;  
so fell Congal Claon.”

## Section 17

Ó'dchuala trá Suibhne sésdan na sochaidhe	Anois nuair a chuala Suibhne an ghlam ón slua	Now when Suibhne heard the shout of the multitude
ocus muirn an mórshluaigh	agus búireach an airm mhóir	and the tumult of the great army,
nostógbaidh uime asin mbile re fraisnéllaibh na firmaiminti	thóg sé féin ón gcrann i dtreo scamail na spéire <u>go hard</u>	he ascended from the tree towards the rain-clouds of the firmament,
ós mullaighibh gacha maighni	os cionn mullach gach maighne	over the summits of every place
ocus ós fhéigi gacha fearainn.	agus féith gach fearainn.	and over the ridge-pole of every land.
Baoi fri ré chéin iarsin seachnóin Érenn	Chaith sé tamall mór dá éis sin <u>ar fán</u> ar fud Éireann,	For a long time thereafter he was ( <u>faring</u> ) throughout Ireland,
ag tadhall ocus ag turrag a sgarpaibh cruadhcharrag	ag siúl ar scailpeanna crua-charraige	visiting and searching in hard, rocky clefts
ocus a ndosaibh crann urard eidhneach	agus ar dhosanna crann *ard* eidhneáin,	and in bushy branches of tall ivy-trees,
ocus i ccusaibh caolchumhguibh cloch	ar chuasaibh cúnga cloch	in narrow cavities of stones,
ó inber do inber	<u>agus é ag imeacht</u> ó inbhear go hinbhear,	from estuary to estuary,
ocus ó binn do binnd	ó bhinn go binn,	from peak to peak,
ocus ó glinn do glionn	ó ghleann go gleann	and from glen to glen,

go ráinic Glenn mbitháluinn mBolcáin.	gur shroich sé Gleann álainn Bolcáin.	till he reached ever-delightful Glen Bolcain.
Ann nó thathagtis (?) gealta Éirenn	Is go dtí an áit seo a théadh gealta Éireann	It is there the madmen of Ireland used to go
ó robadh slán a mbliadhain ar gealtacht,	nuair a bhí a mbliain gealtachta curtha isteach acu	when their year in madness was complete,
ar as ionadh aoibhnesa móir an glenn sin do gheltaibh do grés.	mar gurbh áit mhór aoibhnis dóibh *i gcónaí* an gleann céanna.	that glen being ever a place of great delight for madmen.
Uair as amlaidh atá Glenn mBolcáin	Mar is amhlaidh atá Gleann Bolcáin	For it is thus Glen Bolcain is:
ocus ceithre doirsi ag an ngaoith ann	agus ceithre doirse ag an ngaoith ann	it has four gaps to the wind,
ocus roschoill roáluinn rocháoin ann bheós	agus coill ró-álainn rí-thaitneamhach	likewise a wood very beautiful, very pleasant,
ocus tiobrada táobhghlana ocus uarána ionnfhuara	agus toibreacha *taobh*ghlana agus fuaráin fhionnuara.	and clean-banked wells and cool springs,
ocus glaisi gainmidhe glanuisgidhe	Tá, leis, srutháin ghléineacha gainimhe ann	and sandy, clear-water streams,
ocus biorar barrghlas ocus fothlocht fann foda for a lár.	agus biolar barrghlas agus fochlacht fada crochta os cionn uisce.	and green-topped watercress and brooklime bent and long on their surface.
Iomda fhós a shamha	Tá chomh maith mórchuid samhaidh,	Many likewise are its sorrels,
ocus a shiomsáin ocus a lus-bían ocus a biorragáin,	siomsán agus lusbhian ann i dteannta biorragán,	its wood-sorrels, its <i>lus-bian</i> and its <i>biorragan</i> ,
a chaora ocus a chreamh,	caora, *creamh,	its berries, and its wild garlic,



a mhelle agus a miodhbhun	melle, miodhbhun,*	its <i>melle</i> , and its <i>miodhbhun</i> ,
agus áirnidhe dubha agus a dercain donna.	airne dubha agus dearcáin dhonna.	its black sloes and its brown acorns.
Nobídh dono gach æ dona gealtaibh ag tuargain a chéile	Bhíodh fós na gealta ag tuargain a chéile	The madmen moreover used to smite each other
im thogha biorair an ghleanna sin	féachaint cé gheobhadh an biolar is fearr	for the pick of watercress of that glen
agus im roignibh a leptach.	agus rogha na leapacha sa ghleann sin.	and for the choice of its couches.

## Section 18

Robúi dono Suibne athaigh fhoda isin ghleann sin	D'fhan Suibhne tamall mór sa ghleann sin.	Suibhne also remained for a long time in that glen
conustarla aen na n-oidhche ann a mullach sgíach urairde eidhnidhe	Tharla dó oíche amháin a bheith <u>ar a leaba</u> ar bharr crainn droighin lán d'eidhneán	until he happened one night to be on the top of a tall ivy-clad hawthorn tree
robhaoi isin glinn.	*a bhí sa ghleann*.	which was in the glen.
Robá deacair dó-sumh iumfhulang na leaptha sin,	Bhí sé deachair air cur suas leis mar leaba,	It was hard for him to endure that bed,
uair gach cor agus gach iompódh nochuireadh dhe	óir gach cor agus casadh dá dtugadh sé	for at every twist and turn he would give,
nothegmadh frais do dhealgaibh sgiach ann,	théadh cith de dhealga na sceithe ann	a shower of thorns off the hawthorn would stick in him,

co mbíttís ag tolladh agus ag treaghdadh a thaoibh agus ag comhghuin a chnis.	agus bhíodar ag tolladh agus ag treá a thaoibh agus a chnis.	so that they were piercing and rending his side and wounding his skin.
Roaitherraigh Suibne iarum asin leabaidh sin dochum ionaidh ele.	D'athraigh sé iar sin go hionad eile.	Suibhne thereupon changed from that bed to another place,
As amhlaidh éimh robhúi an t-ionadh sin		
ocus motharmhuine móirdreasa míndeilgneach ann	Anseo sea bhí mothar-mhuine mhórdhriseach mhíndeilgneach	where there was a dense thicket of great briars with fine thorns
ocus áonchraobh dhíoghainn droighin	agus géag shingil droighin	and a single protruding branch of blackthorn
ar na hionfhás na hénur trésan muine suas.	ag fás *ina haonar* aníos tríd.	growing alone up through the thicket.
Tairisedh Suibhne for barr na craoibhe sin,	Shocraigh Suibhne é féin ar bharr an chrainn	Suibhne settled on the top of that tree,
sdúaghais agus lúbais an craobh chomhcháol robháoi faoi	ach bhí an ghéag chomh géar sin *gur shléacht agus gur lúb sí* faoi	but so slender was it that it bowed and bent under him,
go ttarla béim n-asglainn de trésan muine go ttorchair go lár talman,	gur thit go tubaisteach tríd an muine go talamh.	so that he fell heavily through the thicket to the ground,
co nach raibhe méid n-orlaigh ann	Níor fágadh orlach de,	and there was not as much as an inch
ó a bhonn go a bhathais	ó bhaithis a chinn go bonn a chos,	from his sole to the crown of his head
gan fhuiliúgudh, gan forrdergudh fair.	gan gearradh gan stolladh.	that was not wounded and reddened.
Adráigh iaromh go héneirt anfan	D'éirigh sé ansin agus go cromtha faonlag	He then rose up, strengthless and feeble,

ocus dothoed trésan muine amach,

co n-ébairt:

“Mo chubhais éimh,” ar sé,

“as deacair an bheatha so d’fhulang tar éis  
deghbhetad

ocus bliadhain gus aréir damh-sa forsan  
mbethaidh-si”;

conadh ann adbert an laoi[dh]:

chuaigh tríd an muine amach

agus dúirt:

“Ar mo choinsias,

is deachair an bheatha seo a fhulaingt tar éis  
mo shéimhbheatha.

Bliain is aréir sea thosaíos ar an saghas seo  
saoil,”

agus d’aithris sé an laoi seo síos:

and came out through the thicket,

whereupon he said:

“My conscience,” said he,

“it is hard to endure this life after a pleasant  
one,

and a year to last night I have been leading  
this life,”

whereupon he uttered the lay:

## Section 19

“Bliadhain gus aréir  
dhamh fó chiamhair chraobh  
eitir tuile is tráigh  
gan tuighe fom thaobh.

Gan cerchaill fóm chionn  
eitir ferchloinn fhinn,  
baeghal, a Dhé, dhúinn,  
gan fhaobar, gan rinn.

Gan comhthocht fri mnáibh,  
acht madh fothlacht fian,  
as cuid iodhan óg,  
biolar, as é ar mían.

Gan rúathar co rígh  
am úathadh im eól,  
gan airgni go hán,  
gan chairde, gan cheól.

Gan chodladh, monúar,  
go n-abrar a fhíor,  
gan chobhair co cían,  
as doraídh mo dhíol.

“Bliain gus aréir  
dhomh faoi chiamhair-chraobh  
idir tuile is trá  
gan tuí faoim’ thaobh.

Gan adhairt faoim’ chionn  
idir fearchlainn fhinn,  
i mbaol, a Dhé, dhúinn  
gan faobhar, gan rinn.

Gan comhtheacht le mná  
ach le fochlacht fhiain,  
mo chuid gach tráth,  
biolar is é ár mian.

Gan ruathar go rígh  
im’ aonar gan teach,  
gan oirirceas go hán,  
gan chairde, gan cheól.

Gan chodladh, monuar,  
dá n-abrainn a fhíor,  
gan chabhair go cían  
is doiligh mo dhíol.

“A year to last night  
have I been among the gloom of branches,  
between flood and ebb,  
without covering around me.

Without a pillow beneath my head,  
among the fair children of men;  
there is peril to us, O God,  
without sword, without spear.

Without the company of women;  
save brooklime of warrior-bands —  
a pure fresh meal —  
watercress is our desire.

Without a foray with a king,  
I am alone in my home,  
without glorious reavings,  
without friends, without music.

Without sleep, alas,  
let the truth be told,  
without aid for a long time,  
hard is my lot.

Gan tegh lomnán lán,  
gan comhrádh b'fher b'fhíal,  
gan rígh riom da rádh,  
gan lionn is gan bíadh.

Trúagh romt[h]earbadh sunn  
rem shlúagh trealmach trom,  
im geilt gé[i]r tar gleann  
gan chéill is gan chonn.

Gan bheth ar cuairt rígh  
acht rúaig ar gach ráon  
as í an mhíre mhór,  
a rí nimhe naomh.

Gan áos comhlán ciúil,  
gan comhrádh fri mnáibh,  
gan tiodhnacal séd,  
tuc mh'ég, a Chríst cháidh.

Robádh-usa feacht,  
ge b'eo mar 'tú anocht,  
ba neamhfhann mo nert  
ar ferann nárbh olc.

Ar eachaibh co hán  
i mbeathaid can bhrón,  
ar mo rígh raith  
robsam rígh maith mór.

Gan tigh lom ná lán,  
gan comhrá fear fíal,  
gan rí liom dá rá,  
gan lionn is gan bhia.

Trua m'ionnarbadh anseo  
roim shlua trealmhach trom,  
im' gheilt ghéar thar gleann  
gan chéill is gan mheabhair.

Gan bheith ar cuairt rí  
ach ruaig ar gach raon,  
is í an mhíre mhór,  
a rí neime naomh.

Gan aos comhlán ceoil,  
gan comhrá le mnáibh,  
gan tíolacadh séad,  
thug m'ég, a Chríst cháidh.

Bhíos-sa feacht —  
ní hamhlaidh dom anocht —  
ba neamhfhann mo neart  
ar fearann nárbh olc.

Ar eachaibh go hán,  
i mbeathaidh gan bhrón,  
ar mo riocht fé rath  
bhíos im' rí maith mór.

Without a house right full,  
without the converse of generous men,  
without the title of king,  
without drink, without food.

Alas that I have been parted here  
from my mighty, armed host,  
a bitter madman in the glen,  
bereft of sense and reason.

Without being on a kingly circuit  
but rushing along every path;  
that is the great madness,  
O King of Heaven of saints.

Without accomplished musicians,  
without the converse of women,  
without bestowing treasures;  
it has caused my death, O revered Christ.

Though I be as I am to-night,  
there was a time  
when my strength was not feeble  
over a land that was not bad.

On splendid steeds,  
in life without sorrow,  
in my auspicious kingship  
I was a good, great king.

Beith mar 'tú 'na dhíaid  
dot chreic, a Chríst cáidh,  
im bhochtán gan brígh  
a nGlionn Bolcáin bán.

An scé nach máoth barr  
romthraoth is romtholl,  
súaill nach ttuc mh' oididh,  
an craobh droighin dhonn.

Cath Congail co cclú,  
ba liach dhún fò dhí,  
ba día mairt an maidhm,  
líá ar mairbh 'náid ar mbí.

Ar fæinnet go fíor  
gerbham sáirfher séimh,  
isam triamhain trógh  
bliadhain gus aréir." Bliadhain.

Bheith mar táim ina dhiaidh  
dod' reic, a Chríost cháidh,  
im' bhochtán gan bhrí  
i nGleann Bolcáin bán.

An sceach nach maoth barr  
do thraoch mé, do tholl,  
is beag nár thug m'oidhe,  
an chraobh droighin dhonn.

Cath Chongail go gclú,  
ba thua sin faoi dhó,  
ba Dé Máirt an mhaidhm,  
líá ár mairbh ná ár mbeo.

Ar fáinneáil go fíor  
cé im' shaor-fhear ba séimh,  
is mé im' dhíol trua,  
bliain gus aréir."

After that, to be as I am  
through selling Thee, O revered Christ,  
poor wretch am I, without power,  
in the Glen of bright Bolcan.

The hawthorn that is not soft-topped  
has subdued me, has pierced me;  
the brown thorn-bush  
has nigh caused my death.

The battle of Congal with fame,  
to us it was doubly piteous;  
on Tuesday was the rout;  
more numerous were our dead than our living.

A-wandering in truth,  
though I was noble and gentle,  
I have been sad and wretched  
a year to last night."

## Section 20

Robháoi-siumh amlaidh sin a nGlinn Bolcáin	D'fhan sé amhlaidh i nGleann Bolcáin.	In that wise he remained in Glen Bolcain
go rostógaibh uime feacht ann	Ag tráth áirithe thóg sé é féin in airde <u>san aer</u>	until at a certain time he raised himself up ( <u>into the air</u> )
co ráinic Clúain Cilli	agus thug aghaidh ar Chluain Cille	and went to Cluain Cille
a ccoiccrích Thíre Chonaill agus Thíre Bóghain[e].	ar theorainn Thír Chonaill is Thír Eoghain.	on the border of Tir Conaill and Tir Boghaine.
Dochuaidh iarumh for sraith na tiopraidi	Chuaigh sé ansin go himeall an tobair	He went then to the brink of the well
gur chaith biorar agus uisce ann an oidhche sin.	mar a bhfuair sé biolar agus uisce dó féin * an oíche sin*.	where he had for food that night watercress and water.
Téit iarumh a mbile na cilli.	Ina dhiaidh sin, chuaigh sé isteach i seanchrann na cille.	Thereafter he went into the old tree of the church.
As é ba hoirchinneach isin chill sin Fáibhlen	B'é b'airchinneach ar an gcill sin, Fáibhlean,	The erenach of the church was Faibhlen
do muintir Brughaign mic Deaghaidh	de mhuintir Bhrú Mhic Deá.	of the family of Brughach, son of Deaghadh.
ocus táinic doinenn mór dermháir ann an oidhche sin	Tháinig stoirm *ábhal*mhór an oíche sin,	That night there came an exceeding great storm
gur rochuir ar Suibhne go mór méd anshóidh na hoidhchi sin	rud a chuir isteach go mór ar Shuibhne	so that the extent of the night's misery affected Suibhne greatly,

ocus adbert-somh:

“Trúagh ámh,” ar sé, “nach air Muigh Rath  
rommharbadh-sa

resíu nobheinn isin deacair-si”;

go n-ébairt an laoi[dh] annso síosana go léig:

go ndúirt:

“Is trua go deimhin nár maraíodh mé ar  
Mhaigh Rath

mar nár ghá dom an cruatan mór seo a  
fhulaingt,”

agus dúirt an laoi seo síos:

and he said:

“Sad indeed is it that I was not slain at Magh  
Rath

rather than that I should encounter this  
hardship”;

whereupon he uttered this lay:



## Section 21

“Anocht is fúar an sneachta,  
fodeachta is búan mo bhochta,  
nídom neirt isin deabuidh  
im geilt romgeóghuin gorta.

Atchíd cách nídom chuchtach,  
as lom i snáth mo cheirteach,  
Suibhne mh’ainm ó Ros Ercáin,  
as misi an gealtán gealtach.

Nídom fois ó thíg aghaidh,  
ní thaidlenn mo chois conair,  
nocha bíu sonna a cciana,  
domeccad ialla omhain.

Mo bháire tar muir mbarcláin  
ar ndol tar sáile soclán,  
rogab time mo nertán,  
as mé gealtán Ghlinne Bolcáin.

Gaoth an reóidh ag mo rébadh,  
sneachta romleón go léige,  
an tsíon dom breith a n-éccuibh  
do géccuibh gacha géicce.

“Anocht is fúar an sneachta,  
feasta is buanbhocht mé  
níl neart troda ionam  
im’ gheilt ghonta ghortach.

Chíonn cách nach bhfuilim cumtha,  
is lom snáth mo cheirte,  
Suibhne m’ainm ó Ros Earcáin,  
mise an gealtán gealtach.

Níl sos agam ó thig oíche  
ní thadhlann mo chois conair,  
ní hanseo i bhfad mé,  
tig chugam ál an uamhain.

Mo bháire thar mhuir bharclán  
ar ndul thar sáile soclán,  
d’imigh uaim mo neart iomlán,  
is mé gealtán Ghlinne Bolcáin.

Gaoth an reo ag mo réabadh,  
sneachta dom’ leonadh go laige,  
an tsíon dom’ breith go héagaibh  
ó ghéaga gacha géige.

“Cold is the snow to-night,  
lasting now is my poverty,  
there is no strength in me for fight,  
famine has wounded me, madman as I am.

All men see that I am not shapely,  
bare of thread is my tattered garment,  
Suibhne of Ros Earcain is my name,  
the crazy madman am I.

I rest not when night comes,  
my foot frequents no trodden way,  
I bide not here for long,  
the bonds of terror come upon me.

My goal lies beyond the teeming main,  
voyaging the prow-abounding sea;  
fear has laid hold of my poor strength,  
I am the crazy one of Glen Bolcain.

Frosty wind tearing me,  
already snow has wounded me,  
the storm bearing me to death  
from the branches of each tree.

Romgonsat géga glasa  
co rorébsat mo bossa,  
ní fargaibhset na dreasa  
damna creasa dom chossa.

Atá crioth ar mo lámha  
tar gach mbióth fátha mbúaidre,  
do Shliabh Mis ar Sliabh Cuillenn,  
do Shléibh Cuillenn co Cuailgne.

As trúagh mo nuallán choidhche  
i mullach Cruachán Oighle,  
do Ghlinn Bolcáin for Íle,  
do Chinn Tíre for Boirche.

Beg mo chuid ó thig laa,  
ní thæt ar scáth lá noa,  
barr biorair Chluana Cille  
la gleorán Chille Cua.

An gen fil ag Ros Earcach  
ní thair imnedh ná olcach,  
as edh dombeir gan nerta  
beith re sneachta go nochtach.” Anocht.

Ghoin géaga glasa mé  
gur réab siad mo bhosa,  
níor fhág na dreasa  
damhna creasa dem’ chosa.

Atá crith ar mo lámha,  
tar gach bith fátha buartha,  
ó Shliabh Mis go Sliabh Cuillinn  
ó Shliabh Cuillinn go Cuailgne.

Is trua m’uail choíche  
i mullach Chruachán Aighle  
ó Ghleann Bolcáin go hÍle  
ó Cheann Tíre go Boirche.

Beag mo chuid ó thig lá  
ní théann ar scáth lá nua,  
barr biolair Chluana Cille  
le gleorán Chille Cua.

An ghin ag Ros Earcach,  
ní thig air imní ná olcas,  
’sé thug mé gan neartán  
bheith le sneachta go nochtach.”

Grey branches have wounded me,  
they have torn my hands;  
the briars have not left  
the making of a girdle for my feet.

There is a palsy on my hands,  
everywhere there is cause of confusion,  
from Sliabh Mis to Sliabh Cuillenn,  
from Sliabh Cuillenn to Cuailgne.

Sad forever is my cry  
on the summit of Cruachan Aighle,  
from Glen Bolcain to Islay,  
from Cenn Tíre to Boirche.

Small is my portion when day comes,  
it comes not as a new day’s right (?),  
a tuft of watercress of Cluain Cille  
with Cell Cua’s cuckoo flower.

He who is at Ros Earcach,  
neither trouble nor evil shall come to him;  
that which makes me strengthless  
is being in snow in nakedness.”

## Section 22

Táinig Suibhne roimhe iarumh	Chuaigh Suibhne roimis ansin	So Suibhne fared forth
co riacht an chill ag Snámh dhá Én for Sionainn,	go dtáinig go dtí an chill ag Snámh-dhá-Éan ar an tSionainn	until he reached the church at Snamh dha En on the Shannon,
dían comainm Cluain Boirenn an tan sa;	dá ngairtear Cluain Boireann inniu.	which is now called Cluain Boirenn;
día na haoine dídine an tsainridh ráinic-siumh annsin.	B'shin é an Aoine go beacht *nuair a tháinig sé ann*.	he arrived there on a Friday, to speak precisely.
As ann iarumh bádar cléirigh na cille ag déanamh an uird nóna	Bhí cléirigh na cille an uair sin ag déanamh an oird nóna;	The clerics of the church were then fulfilling the office of nones;
ocus mná ag túargain lín	bhí mná ag tuargain lín	women were beating flax,
ocus ben ag breth leinb.	agus bean ag breith linbh.	and one was giving birth to a child.
“Níor bhó cóir éimh,”	“Níor chóir	“It is not meet, in sooth,”
ar Suibhne,		said Suibhne,
“don mhnáoi aoine an Choimdedh do mhilledh.	don mhnáoi Aoine an Choimhde a mhilleadh,”	“for the women to violate the Lord's fast-day;
	arsa Suibhne.	
Feibh thúairges an ben an líon,” ar sé,	“Mar a thuairgeas an bhean an líon,” ar sé,	even as the woman beats the flax,” said he,

“as amhlaidh sin rotúairgeadh mo muintir-sa isin  
chath a Maigh Rath.”

Rochúalaidh-sion iarum clog an esparta aga  
bhúain, conadh ann adbert:

“Ba binne lem-sa éimh,” ar sé,

“guth na ccúach do chloinsin

ar bruach na Banna do gach leith

inás grig-gráig an chluig si atchluinim anocht,”

co n-ébert an laoidh:

“is amhlaidh sin a tuairgeadh mo mhuintirse  
sa chath i Maigh Rath.”

Chuala sé ansin clog na heaspartan á  
bhualadh agus dúirt:

“Ba bhinne liomsa go deimhin

guth na gcuach a chlos

ar bhruach na Banna do gach leith

ná gric-gráic an chloig seo a chloisim  
anocht,”

agus dúirt an laoi seo:

“so were my folk beaten in the battle of  
Magh Rath.”

He heard then the vesper-bell pealing,  
whereupon he said:

“Sweeter indeed were it to me

to hear the voices of the cuckoos

on the banks of the Bann from every side

than the *grig-graig* of this bell which I hear  
tonight”;

and he uttered the lay:

## Section 23

“Binne lem im na tonna  
mh’ ingne anocht cidh it cranna  
ná gricc-gráicc chlogáin chille  
an chú do[ní] cúí Banna.

A bhen, ná tairbhir do mac  
día na háoine dídine,  
lá nach luigenn Suibhne Geilt  
ar seirc rígh na fírinne.

Amail tuairgitt na mná an líon,  
is fíor gé nomchluinter-sa,  
amlaidh rothuirgit ’san chath  
for Maigh Rath mo mhuintir-sa.

Ó Loch Diolair an aille  
go Doire Coluim Chille  
nocha deabaidh rochúala  
ó ealaib búadha binne.

Dord daimh dhíthreibhe ós aille  
bíós a Síodhmhuine Glinne,  
nochan fuil ceól ar talmain  
im anmuin acht a bhinne.

“Binne liom um na tonna —  
m’ingne anocht cé id’chranna —  
ná gric-gráic chlogáin chille  
an chuach ar bhruach na Banna.

A bhean, ná toirbhir do mhac  
día na hAoine deireanaí,  
lá nach n-itheann Suibhne Geilt  
ar ghrá Rí na Fírinne.

Amhail tuairgid na mná an líon,  
is fíor seo agus cluintear mé,  
amhlaidh tuairgeadh sa chath  
ar Mhaigh Rath mo mhuintir-se.

Ó Loch Diolair na faille  
go Doire Choilm Cille,  
ní hachrann a chuala  
ó ealaí buacha binne.

Dord daimh díthreibhe os aillte  
bhíos i Síthmhuine Glinne,  
níl ceol ar thalamh  
dom’ anam ach a bhinne.

“Sweeter to me about the waves —  
though my talons to-night are feeble —  
than the *grig-graig* of the church-bell,  
is the cooing of the cuckoo of the Bann.

O woman, do not bring forth thy son  
on a Friday,  
the day whereon Suibhne Geilt eats not  
out of love for the King of righteousness.

As the women scutch the flax —  
’tis true though ’tis I be heard —  
even so were beaten my folk  
in the battle of Magh Rath.

From Loch Diolair of the cliff  
to Derry Coluim Cille  
it was not strife that I heard  
from splendid, melodious swans.

The belling of the stag of the desert above the cliffs  
in Siodhmhuine Glinne —  
there is no music on earth  
in my soul but its sweetness.

A Chríost, a Chríost romchluine,  
a Chríost, a Chríost gan bine,  
a Chríost, a Chríost romchara,  
ná romscara réd binne.” Binne.

A Chríost, a Chríost, cluin mé,  
A Chríost, a Chríost gan smál,  
A Chríost, a Chríost bí id’ chara ’gam  
Is ná scar mé ód’ bhinne.”

O Christ, O Christ, hear me,  
O Christ, O Christ, without sin,  
O Christ, O Christ, love me,  
sever me not from thy sweetness.”

## Section 24

Roshiecht immorro Suibhne arnabhárach go [Cill] Derfile	Lá arna mhárach shroich Suibhne Cill Deirbhile.	On the morrow Suibhne went to Cell Derfile
gur chaith biorar na tiobraidi	Chaith sé <u>cuid de</u> bhiolar an tobair	where he fared on watercress of the well
ocus an t-uisge robhúi isin chill	agus den uisce a bhí sa chill.	and the water which was in the church;
ocus táinic doinenn dermháir isin oidchi	Tháinig doineann mhór an oíche sin.	there came a great storm in the night,
go rosgab athtuirsi adhbhalmór ocus snímhche Suibhne	Ghabh tuirse mhór agus buairt Suibhne	and exceeding sorrow and grief took hold of Suibhne
tria olcus a beathad	de dheasca olcas a bheatha	because of the wretchedness of his life;
ocus bheós rob imshníomhach athtuirseach leis	agus ba chúis bróin agus inní dó	and moreover it was a cause of grief and sorrow to him
bheith a n-égmuis Dhál Araidhe;	bheith i bhfad ó Dhál Araidhe.	to be absent from Dal Araidhe,
conadh ann adbert na randa sae:	D'aithris an laoi seo:	whereupon he uttered these staves:

## Section 25

“Mh’aghaidh a cCill Der ffile  
as í robris mo chroidhe,  
dursan damh, a mic mo Dhé,  
sgaradh ré Dál nAraidhé.

Deichneamhar is deich cét laoch  
rob é mo shlúagh ag Druim Fraoch,  
ge beó gan treisi, a mic Dé,  
ba misi a ccenn comairlé.

Múichnidhe mh’aghaidh anocht  
gan giolla is gan longphort,  
níorbh í mh’aghaidh ag Druim Damh,  
meisi is Faolchú is Conghal.

Mairg ro[m]fuirgedh risin dáil,  
a mo ruire an ríchid ráin,  
gen go bhfaghainn-si d’ulc dhe  
go bráth acht an oidhchi-se.” M’aghaidh.

“M’oíche i gCill Deirbhile  
is í do bhris mo chroí,  
tubaist dom, a mhic mo Dhé,  
scaradh le Dál nAraidhe.

Deichniúr is deich gcéad laoch  
dob é mo shlua ag Droim Fraoch,  
cé beo gan treise, a mhic Dé,  
ba mise a gceann comhairle.

Gruama m’oíche anocht  
gan giolla is gan longfort,  
níorbh ionann m’oíche ag Droim Damh,  
mise is Faolchú is Congal.

Mairg gur fhanas don dáil,  
a ruire an rícheada ráin,  
cé go bhfaighinnse d’olc dhe,  
go brách ach an oíche seo.”

“My night in Cell Derfile  
'tis it has broken my heart;  
sad for me, O Son of my God,  
is parting from Dal Araidhe.

Ten hundred and ten warriors,  
that was my host at Druim Fraoch,  
though I am without strength, O Son of God,  
'twas I who was their leader in counsel.

Gloomy is my night to-night  
without serving-man, without camp;  
not so was my night at Druim Damh,  
I and Faolchu and Congal.

Alas, that I was detained for the tryst,  
O my Prince of the glorious Kingdom,  
though I should not get any harm therefrom  
forever except this night.”



## Section 26

Seacht mbliadhna comhlána	Seacht mbliana go hiomlán	For seven whole years
do Suibhne ar fud Érenn as gach aird go aroile	a chaith Suibhne ag taisteal ar fud Éireann *as gach aird go haraile*	Suibhne wandered over Ireland from one point to another
go ttoiracht aon na oidhche ann co Glenn Bolcáin,	gur shroich <u>ar deireadh</u> Gleann Bolcáin *oíche áirithe*.	until one night he arrived at Glen Bolcain;
fobith is ann robhaoi a dhaingen agus a dhúnárus comhnaidhe-siumh	Is ansiúd a bhí a dhaingean agus a áit chónaithe aige.	for it is there stood his fortress and his dwelling-place,
ocus ba haoibhne leis oirisiumh agus aittreabadh ann	B'aoibhne leis an áit sin *chun fanacht agus cónaí ann*	and more delightful was it to him to tarry and abide there
inás i ngach ionadh a nÉirinn ina égmuis,	ná áit ar bith eile in Éirinn.	than in any other place in Ireland;
úair doshoichedh chuige as gach aird d'Éirinn	Is air a thugadh sé a aghaidh ó gach cearn d'Éirinn	for thither would he go from every part of Ireland,
ocus ní théighadh úadh acht re huaman agus re huiregla mhóir.	agus ní fhágadh sé <u>an áit chéanna</u> ach le huamhan agus le heagla.	nor would he leave it except through fear and terror.
Roairbhir bhith Suibhne ann an aghaidh sin	D'fhan Suibhne ann an oíche sin	Suibhne dwelt there that night,
co ttoiracht Loingseachán fora iarraidh isin maidin arnamhárach.	agus an mhaidin dár gcionn tháinig Loingseachán á lorg.	and on the morrow morning Loingseachan came seeking him.

Adberat furenn ann gurbho mac máthar dhó-sumh Loingseachán,	Deir daoine áirithe gur mac máthar dó ab ea Loingseachán,	Some say that Loingseachan was Suibhne's mother's son,
adberat furenn eile ba comhalta,	daoine eile a déarfadh gurbh é a leasdeartháir é	others that he was a foster-brother,
acht cena cibé dhíbh sin é	ach ba chuma cé acu	but, whichever he was,
roba mór a dheithidin uimesiumh,	óir ba mhór é a imní <u>i dtaobh Shuibhne</u>	his concern for <u>Suibhne</u> was great,
uair dochuaidh-siumh fo thrí for gealtacht	mar gurb é <u>Loingseachán</u> a thug thar n-ais é	
ocus dusfug-sumh fo thrí for ccúlaibh.	na trí huaire a chuaigh sé le gealtacht.	for he ( <u>Suibhne</u> ) went off three times in madness
Robhaoi Loingseachán aga iarraidh-siomh don dul sin isin ghlionn,	Bhí Loingseachán á lorg an turas sin sa ghleann	and thrice he brought him back.
co bfuair sliocht bharr a throighedh a mbruach na glaisi	agus thug faoi deara lorg a chois in aice an tsrutháin	This time Loingseachan was seeking him in the glen,
isa biorar noithedh	mar ar ghnách leis biolar a chaitheamh.	and he found the track of his feet by the brink of the stream
ocus fós fuair na craobha	Fuair sé ann freisin na tuigí	of which he was wont to eat the watercress.
nomheabhtaís fó a chosaibh	a bhriseadh faoina chosa	He found also the branches that used to break under his feet

ag aitherrach do bharr an chroind for aroile.	agus é ag athrú ó bharr crainn go ceann eile.	as he changed from the top of one tree to another.
Ní bfuair-siumh dono an gheilt an lá sin	Níor tháinig sé suas leis an ngealt an lá úd, áfach.	That day, however, he did not find the madman,
co ndeachaidh a faisteach folamh isin glinn	Chuaigh sé isteach i dteach folamh sa ghleann	so he went into a deserted house in the glen,
gur tuit a shúan toirrchim codalta fair ann	agus thit a chodhladh air	and there he fell into deep sleep
iar mórshaothar luirg Suibhni forsa raibhe iarair.	tar éis an anró ar fad a rug air ar thóir Shuibhne *a bhí á lorg aige*.	after the great labour of the pursuit of Suibhne whom he was seeking.
Doluidh iaromh Suibhne fora shliocht-somh	Ansin tháinig Suibhne ar lorg a chois	Then Suibhne came upon his track
go mbúi forsan teach	agus bhain an teach amach;	so that he reached the house,
co ccúalaidh iarum srainn Loingseacháin ann;	chuala sé Loingseachán ag sranntarnach	and there he heard Loingseachán's snore;
conadh iarsin adbert an láoidh-si:	agus d'aithris an laoi seo:	whereupon he uttered this lay:

## Section 27

“An fer ag froig focherd srainn,  
súan mar soin nocha lámhaim,  
seacht mbliadhna ón mhairt a Muigh Rath  
nochar chotlus tinneabradh.

Do chath rod,  
a Dhé [nimhe], ní ma lott!  
bá Suibhne Geilt m’ainm iar sin,  
mh’aonar dhamh a mbarr eidhin.

Biorar thiobrad Droma Cirb,  
as é mo shásadh im theirt,  
as aithnidh orm gnúis a ghné,  
as fíor is mé Suibhne Geilt.

Dearbh as misi Suibhne Geilt  
fer contuil fo choemhna ceirt,  
im Shlíabh Liag má do cló  
domseannad na fíora so.

An tan ba-sum Suibhne sruith  
arbhirinn bith a n-úarbhuith  
i seisg, a sesgonn, i sléibh:  
rorer m’eól ar eidirchéin.

“Fear an bhalla thall lig srann,  
suan mar sin ní leomhfainn  
seacht mbliana ón marú i Maigh Rath  
níor chodlas néal amháin.

A Dhia neimhe, mo léan,  
mé do dhul chun an chatha thréin!  
Suibhne Geilt m’ainm iar sin  
im’ aonar dom i mbarr eidhinn.

Biolar thiobraid Droma Cirb,  
is é mo shásamh um theirt,  
is aithnid orm gnúis a ghné,  
is fíor is mé Suibhne Geilt.

Dearbh gur mise Suibhne Geilt,  
chodlaíos faoi chaomhnadh ceirt,  
um Shlíabh Liag gan sos  
ó sna fearaibh seo abhus.

Nuair ba mé Suibhne an saoi  
mhairinn im’ aonar i mboth,  
i seise, i seisceann, i sliabh:  
thugas mo theach ar thalamh cian.

“The man by the wall snores,  
slumber like that I dare not;  
for seven years from the Tuesday at Magh Rath  
I have not slept a wink.

O God of heaven, would that I had not gone  
to the fierce battle!  
thereafter Suibhne Geilt was my name,  
alone in the top of the ivy.

Watercress of the well of Druim Cirb  
is my meal at terce;  
on my face may be recognized its hue,  
'tis true I am Suibhne Geilt.

For certain am I Suibhne Geilt,  
one who sleeps under shelter of a rag,  
about Sliabh Liag if . . .  
these men pursue me.

When I was Suibhne the sage,  
I used to dwell in a lonely shieling,  
on sedgy land, on a morass, on a mountain-side;  
I have bartered my home for a far-off land.

Atlochar don rígh-si thúas  
las nach gnáth an t-íomarchrúas,  
as edh romucc as mo riocht  
a mhéd robhá for éccíort.

As fuit, fuit damh ó nach mair  
mo chollan i n-eidhnechaibh,  
feraidh mór do shíonaibh air  
agus mór do thoirneachaibh.

Gidh im beó ó gach dinn do dhinn  
isin slíobh ós iubairghlinn,  
áit i fargbadh Congal Cláon  
monúar ná romfar[g]badh faon.

Meinic m'ong  
cían óm relic mo theach toll,  
nídom nía acht im geilt ghann,  
Dia romchlann i cceirt gan chonn.

As mór báos  
a Glinn Bolcáin acht cé tæs,  
fil mór do abhlaibh a nGlinn  
Bolcáin do éimhedh (?) mo chinn.

Biorar glas  
agus deogh d'uisge glain,  
nosibhim, ní thibim gen,  
ní hionann sa[n] fer ag froigh.

Beirim buíochas don rí seo thuas  
nach gnách leis cruas rómhór  
is é chuir mise as mo riocht  
a mhéid a bhíos san éigeart.

Is fuar fuar mé ó nach maireann  
mo cholainn in eidhneachaibh,  
fearann mórán de shíona air  
is mórán de thoirneachaibh.

Cé beo mé ó chnoc go cnoc  
ins an sliabh thar an iúrgheann,  
san áit ar fágadh Congal Claon  
monuar nár fágadh mé féin.

Minic m'osna  
cian óm' reilig mo theach toll,  
ní gaiscíoch mé ach geilt ghannchodach,  
Dia a chuir mé i gceirt gan chiall.

Ba mhór an bhaois  
Gleann Bolcáin d'fhágáil thíos —  
tá mórán de úlla sa Ghleann —  
cneasú intinne sea fuaireas ann.

Biolar glas  
agus deoch d'uisce glan,  
mairim orthu, gan mhagadh,  
ní hionann is fear an bhalla.

I give thanks to the King above  
with whom great harshness is not usual;  
'tis the extent of my injustice  
that has changed my guise.

Cold, cold for me is it  
since my body lives not in the ivy-bushes,  
much rain comes upon it  
and much thunder.

Though I live from hill to hill  
in the mountain above the yew glen;  
in the place where Congal Claon was left  
alas that I was not left there on my back.

Frequent is my groan,  
far from my churchyard is my gaping house;  
I am no champion but a needy madman,  
God has thrust me in rags, without sense.

'Tis great folly  
for me to come out of Glen Bolcain,  
there are many apple-trees in Glen Bolcain  
for . . . of my head.

Green watercress  
and a draft of pure water,  
I fare on them, I smile not,  
not so the man by the wall.

Eidir corraibh Cúailgne saimh,  
eitir chúanaibh ó thig gaimh,  
fó chéibh chaille gach re seal,  
ní hionann sa[n] fer ag fraigh.

Glenn mBolcáin mbil bél re gaoith  
ima ngairid geilte glinne,  
ní chodlaim ann, monuar dhamh,  
am trúaighe ná an fer a[g] fraigh.” An fer.

Idir corra Chuailgne sa samhradh  
idir chúnna ó thig an Geimhreadh,  
faoi chiabh choille gach re seal —  
ní hionann is fear an bhalla.

Gleann Bolcáin, réal le gaoith,  
mar a nglaonn na gealta glinne,  
ní chodlaim ann, monuar dom,  
mó is trúaighe mé ná fear an bhalla.”

In summer amid the herons of Cuailgne,  
among packs of wolves when winter comes,  
at other times under the crown of a wood;  
not so the man by the wall.

Happy Glen Bolcain, fronting the wind,  
around which madmen of the glen call,  
woe is me, I sleep not there;  
more wretched am I than the man by the wall.”

## Section 28

A haithle na láidhe sin	Tar éis an laoi sin <u>a chur de</u>	After that lay
doluidh-siumh isin oidhche ar ccionn co muilenn Loingseacháin;	tháinig sé an oíche dár gcionn go muileann Loingseacháin.	he came the next night to Loingseachan's mill
aonchailleach ag a choimhéd-sidhi .i. Lonnóg	Bhí seanbhean ag coiméad súil ar an áit sin. B'í sin Lonnóg,	which was being watched over by one old woman, Lonnog,
inghen Duibh Dhithribh máthair mhná Loingseacháin.	iníon Duibh Dhithribh, máthair mhná Loingseacháin.	daughter of Dubh Dithribh, mother of Loingseachan's wife.
Táinic Suibhne isin teach cuice	Tháinig Suibhne isteach chuici	Suibhne went into the house to her
ocus tuc sí mírenna beca dhó	agus thug sí míreanna beaga <u>bia</u> dó.	and she gave him small morsels,
ocus robhúi fri ré chían ag aithghidh an mhuilinn amhlaidh sin. Luid Loingseachán for a shliocht-somh lá n-ann	Thagadh sé go minic ar an gcuma sin <u>ina dhiaidh sin</u> chun an mhuilinn. Lá amháin chuaigh Loingseachán sa tóir air	and for a long time in that manner he kept visiting the mill. One day Loingseachan set out after him,
conusfaca for taidhin an mhuilinn é	nuair a chonaic sé in aice an mhuilinn é.	when he saw him by the mill-stream,
ocus téit d'agallamh na caillighi .i. co Lonnóg máthair a mhná.	Labhair sé *leis an gcailleach,* le Lonnóg, máthair a mhná.	and he went to speak to the old woman, that is, his wife's mother, Lonnog.
“An ttáinic Suibhne ’san muilenn, a chaillech?” ar Loingseachán.	“Ar tháinig Suibhne chun an mhuilinn, a bhean?” arsa Loingseachán.	“Has Suibhne come to the mill, woman?” said Loingseachan.

“Robúi aréir co déidhenach sunn,” ar an chaillech.	“Bhí sé anseo go déanach aréir,” ar sise.	“He was here last night,” said the woman.
Rogabh iarum Loingseachán ceirt na caillighe uime	Ar chlos sin dó, chuir Loingseacháin uime éadach na mná	Loingseachan then put on the woman’s garment
ocus roan isin muilenn tar éis na caillighe	agus d’fhan sa mhuileann ina diaidh.	and remained in the mill after her;
ocus táinic Suibhne an oidhche sin don mhuilinn	Tháinig Suibhne an oíche sin go dtí an muileann	that night Suibhne came to the mill
co ttug aithne ar Loingseachán.	agus d’aithin sé Loingseachán.	and he recognised Loingseachan.
Ó’dchonnarc a shúile	Ach a bhfuair Suibhne radharc ar a shúile	When he saw his eyes
co ling úadha focédóir	thug sé sciurd obann uaidh	he sprang away from him at once
dar forlés an tighe amach ocus adbert:	<u>agus léim amach</u> trí fhuinneog dhíon an tí agus dúirt:	out through the skylight of the house, saying:
“A Loingseacháin,” ar sé, “as trúagh th’amus orm-sa	“A Loingseacháin, is trua mar atá tú im’ dhiaidh,	“Pitiful is your pursuit of me, Loingseachan,
arim thafann as mh’ionadh	im’ ruaigeadh óm áit	chasing me from my place
ocus as gach ionadh is diliu lium i nÉirinn	agus ó gach ionad a thaitníonn liom in Éirinn;	and from each spot dearest to me in Ireland;
ocus ó nach léig Rón[án] damh-sa taobh do thabhairt friot	agus ó nach ligeann Rónán dom muinín a bheith agam asat	and as Ronan does not allow me to trust you,



as liosda lenamhnach dhuit ueith dom  
lenmhuin”;

ocus dorinne an laoidh so ann:

is liosta leanúnach duit bheith dom leanúint.”

Agus do rinne an laoi seo ann:

it is tiresome and importunate of you to be  
following me”;

and he made this lay:

## Section 29

“A Loingseacháin, liosda sin,  
nochan úain damh t’agalloimh,  
ní léig dhamh Rónán taobh friot,  
as é domrad a n-ainriocht.

Doradus urchar gan ágh  
a lár an chatha ar Rónán,  
co robhen isin chlog chain  
robhaoi for ucht an chléirigh.

Mar dotheilgius urchar n-án  
do lár an chatha ar Rónán,  
‘ced duit,’ ar an cléireach cain,  
‘dul aræn risna hénaibh.’

Iarsin rolinges-sa súas  
isin æér eadarbhúas,  
ní rolinges ó ’tú beó  
æinléim badh héttromó.

Dá madh isin maidin múaidh,  
isin Mairt a haithle an Lúain,  
nochar úallcha neach anú  
a leith re hógólach m’aosú.

“A Loingseacháin, liosta sin,  
níl uain agam labhairt leat,  
ní cheadaíonn Rónán muinín asat  
is é chuir mé in ainriocht.

Scaoileas urchar gan ágh  
i lár an chatha ar Rónán  
gur bhuail an clog caoin  
a bhí ar ucht an chléirigh.

Mar theilgeas-sa an t-urchar án  
do lár an chatha ar Rónán  
‘cead duit,’ arsan cléireach caoin,  
‘dul araon leis na héanaibh.’

Iar sin linges-sa suas  
ins an aer lastuas  
riamh im’ shaol níor thugas  
aon léim ab éadroime.

Dá mba ar mhaidin ghlórmhar,  
ar an Máirt a haithle an Luain,  
níl fear is uaibhrí ná mise  
taobh le hógólach mo láimhe deise.

“O Loingseachan, thou art irksome,  
I have not leisure to speak with thee,  
Ronan does not let me trust thee;  
’tis he who has put me in a sorry plight.

I made the luckless cast  
from the midst of the battle at Ronan;  
it pierced the precious bell  
which was on the cleric’s breast.

As I hurled the splendid cast  
from the midst of the battle at Ronan,  
said the fair cleric: ‘Thou hast leave  
to go with the birds.’

Thereafter I sprang up  
into the air above;  
in life I have never leaped  
a single leap that was lighter.

Were it in the glorious morning,  
on the Tuesday following the Monday,  
none would be prouder than I am  
by the side of a warrior of my folk.

As iongnadh lem inní atchiú,  
a fhir rodhealbh an lá aniú,  
ceirt na caillighi ar an clár,  
dá shúil lúatha Loingsecháin.” A.

Is ionadh liom an ní a chím,  
a Fhir a dhealbhaigh an lá inniu,  
ceirt na caillí ar an gclár  
dhá shúil ghéara Loingseacháin.”

A marvel to me is that which I see,  
O Thou that hast shaped this day;  
the woman’s garment on the floor,  
two piercing eyes of Loingseachan.”

### Section 30

“As trúagh an mheabail

rob áil duit do dhéanamh orm-sa, a  
Loingsecháin,” ar sé,

“ocus ná bí ag mo thochrádh ní as sía,  
acht eirg dot thoigh

ocus raghat-sa róm gonige an baile itá  
Eorann.”

“Is trua an mheabhail

ab áil leat a dhéanamh ormsa, a  
Loingsecháin,” ar seisean,

“agus ná bí do mo chrá níos sia;  
téirigh go dtí do thig féin

agus rachadsa romham go dtí an baile mar a  
bhfuil Eorann.”

“Sad is the disgrace

you would fain put upon me, Loingseachan,”  
said he;

“and do not continue annoying me further,  
but go to your house

and I will go on to where Eorann is.”

### Section 31

As amhlaidh éimh robhúi Eorann

an tan sin ar ffeis le Guaire

mac Congail mic Sgannláin,

ar rob í Eorann fa ben do Suibhne,

uair robháttar dá bhráthair isin tír

ocus ba comhdhúthaigh dhóibh an ríge

Is amhlaidh a bhí Eorann,

bean Shuibhne,

ina cónaí an uair sin le Guaire,

mac Congail mhic Scannláin,

óir bhí beirt \*ghaolta\* sa dúthaigh sin

agus comhtheideal acu ar an bhflaitheas

Now, Eorann

at the time was dwelling with Guaire,

son of Congal, son of Scannlan,

for it was Eorann who was Suibhne’s wife,

for there were two kinsmen in the country,

and they had equal title to the sovereignty

rofagaibh Suibhne	a d'fhág Suibhe ina dhiaidh.	which Suibhne had abandoned,
.i. Guaire mac Congail, mic Sganmláin,	B'iad san Guaire Mac Congail mic Scannláin	viz.: Guaire, son of Congal, son of Scannlan,
ocus Eochaidh mac Condlo, mic Sganmláin.	agus Eochaidh mac Condlo mic Scannláin.	and Eochaidh, son of Condlo, son of Scannlan.
Rosiacht trá Suibne gonige an baile ina raibhe Eorann.	Ghluais Suibhne roimhe go dtí an baile mar a raibh Eorann.	Suibhne proceeded to the place in which Eorann was.
Dodheachaidh Gúaire do sheilg an lá sin	Bhí Guaire amuigh ag seilg an lá sin.	Guaire had gone to the chase that day,
ocus ba sí conair dochúaidh co muinchinn Sléibe Fuaid	Ba é treo a ghabh sé ná <u>ó thuaidh</u> go dtí an bhearna i Sliabh Fuaid	and the route he took was to the pass of Sliabh Fuaid
ocus im Sgirig Chinn Ghlinne agus im Éttan Tairb.	agus thart ar Sgirig Chinn Ghlinne agus thart ar Éadan Tairbh.	and by Sgirig Cinn Glinne and Ettan Tairbh.
As ann robaoi a longport im Glenn Bolcáin	Bhí a longfort thart ar Ghleann Bolgáin	His camp was beside Glen Bolcain
risa ráiter Glenn Chíach aníú	— a nglaoitear Gleann Chiach air inniu —	— which is called Glenn Chiach to-day —
i machaire Chineoil Ainmirech.	i machaire Chinéil Ainmireach.	in the plain of Cinel Ainmirech.
Deisidh iarumh an gheilt for fordhorus na boithe i raibhe Eorann,	Ansin shuigh an gealt síos ar fhardoras an bhotha ina raibh Eorann	Then the madman sat down upon the lintel of the hut in which Eorann was,
conadh ann itbert:	agus dúirt:	whereupon he said:
“An cumhain let a ingen,” ar sé,	“An cuimhin leat, a iníon,” ar sé,	“Do you remember, lady,

“an grádh romór dorad cach uainn dá chéile  
an ionbaidh robhámar imaráon?  
Agus is suanach sádail duit-si,” ar sé,  
“ocus ní headh dhamh-sa”;  
conadh an adbert Suibhne  
ocus rofhregair Eorann é:

“an grá mór a thugamar dá chéile  
nuair a bhí an bheirt againn le chéile?  
Agus is sona compordach duitse,” ar sé,  
“agus ní hea domsa”;  
agus dúirt Suibhne,  
agus Eorann á fhreagairt, an laoi seo:

the great love we gave to each other  
what time we were together?  
Easy and pleasant it is for you now,  
but not so for me”;  
whereupon Suibhne said,  
and Eorann answered him (as follows):

## Section 32

[S.]

“Súanach sin, a Eorann án,  
i leith leaptha red lennán,  
ní hionann is misi ibhus,  
cian ó atú-sa ar anbfhorus.

Roráidhis, a Eorann oll,  
aithesg álainn iméttrom  
co ná beitheá it bheathaidh dhe  
sgaradh énlá ré Suibhne.

Aniú is suaithnidh co prab,  
beg let brigh do shencharad,  
te duit ar chluimh cholcaidh cain,  
úar damh-sa amuigh co madain.”

[E.]

“As mochen duit, a gheilt ghlan,  
tú is tocha d’ feruibh talman,  
gidh súanach is suaill mo chlí  
ón lá itcuala tú ar neimhní.”

[S.]

“As tocha let mac in rígh,  
berius tú d’ól gan imshníomh,  
as é do thochmarc togha,  
ní iarr sibh bhar senchara.”

Suibhne:

“Suanach sin, a Eorann án,  
i leith leapa led leannán  
ní hionann is mise abhus,  
is fada mé faoi phéin is strus.

Dúirt tú, a Eorann oll,  
aitheasc álainn éadrom,  
ná beifeá id’ bheatha  
scartha aon lá le Suibhne.

Inniu is léir go pras,  
beag leat brí do sheancharad,  
te duit ar chluimh cuilce caoin,  
fuar domhsa amuigh go maidin.”

Eorann:

“Mo chean duit, a gheilt ghlan,  
tú is ansa d’fhearaibh talmhan,  
cé suanach, tá mo chorp gan bhrí  
ón lá a chuala tú bheith ar neamhní.”

Suibhne:

“Is ansa leat mac an rí  
a bheir tú ag ól gan imní,  
is é do rogha chun suirí  
ní iarrann sibh bhar seanchara.”

Suibhne:

“At ease art thou, bright Eorann,  
at the bedside with thy lover;  
not so with me here,  
long have I been restless.

Once thou didst utter, O great Eorann,  
a saying pleasing and light,  
that thou wouldst not survive  
parted one day from Suibhne.

To-day, it is readily manifest,  
thou thinkest little of thy old friend;  
warm for thee on the down of a pleasant bed,  
cold for me abroad till morn.”

Eorann:

“Welcome to thee, thou guileless mad one,  
thou art most welcome of the men of the earth;  
though at ease am I, my body is wasted  
since the day I heard of thy ruin.”

Suibhne:

“More welcome to thee is the king’s son  
who takes thee to feast without sorrow;  
he is thy chosen wooer;  
you seek not your old friend.”

[E.]

“Ce nombéredh mac an rígh  
do thoigibh óil gan imshníomh,  
ferr liom feis i ccuas cháol chroinn  
let, a fhir, díá notcaomhsóinn.

Dá ttuctha mo rogha dhamh  
d’ feruibh Éirenn is Alban,  
ferr lem it chomair gan chol  
ar uisge agus ar bhíolar.”

[S.]

“Ní conair do deghmhnaói dhil,  
Suibhne sunn ar sliocht imnidh  
fuar mo leaptha ag Ard Abhla,  
nídot terca m’ fhúaradhbha.

Córa duit serc agus grádh  
don fhíor ’gá táoi th’ænarán  
iná do gheilt ghairbh ghortaigh  
uathaigh, omhnaigh, urnochtaigh.”

[E.]

“Monúar ámh, a gheilt ghníomhach,  
do ueth éittigh imshníomhach,  
saoth lem do chnes rochlóí dath,  
dreasa is droighin gut rébadh.”

Eorann:

“Bíodh go mbéarfadh mac an rí  
go tithe óil mé gan imní  
ferr liom feis i gcuas caol crainn  
leat, a fhir taobh lem’ chroí.

Dá dtabharfaí mo rogha dhom  
d’fhearaibh Éireann is Alban,  
ferr liom id’ chomhair gan chol  
ar uisce agus ar bhiolar.”

Suibhne:

“Ní conair do dheamhnaoi dhil  
Suibhne anseo ar sliocht imní,  
fuar mo leaba ag Ard Abhla  
ní tearc mo leapacha fuara.

Córa dhuit searc agus grá,  
don fhear gur tú a aonghrá  
ná go gheilt gharbh ghortach,  
uathach, uamhnach, urnochtach.”

Eorann:

“Monuar, ámh, a gheilt ghníomhach,  
do bheith gan teach imníoch,  
saoth liom do chneas aondatha,  
dreasa is draighin do do réabadh.”

Eorann:

“Though the king’s son were to lead me  
to blithe banqueting-halls,  
I had liefer sleep in a tree’s narrow hollow  
beside thee, my husband, could I do so.

If my choice were given me  
of the men of Erin and Alba,  
I had liefer bide sinless with thee  
on water and on watercress.”

Suibhne:

“No path for a beloved lady  
is that of Suibhne here on the track of care;  
cold are my beds at Ard Abhla,  
my cold dwellings are not few.

More meet for thee to bestow love and affection  
on the man with whom thou art alone  
than on an uncouth and famished madman,  
horrible, fearful, stark-naked.”

Eorann:

“O toiling madman, ’tis my grief  
that thou art uncomely and dejected;  
I sorrow that thy skin has lost its colour,  
briars and thorns rending thee.”



[S.]

“Ní dá chairiughadh dhamh ort,  
a mháothainder mháothéttrocht,  
Críst mac Muire, mór da cacht,  
é domrad a n-éccomhnart.”

[E.]

“Robadh maith lem ar mbeth aræn  
co ttigeadh clúmh ar ar ttaobh,  
co sirfinn soirchi is doirchi  
let gach lá is gach énoideche.

[S.]

Adaigh dhamh-sa a mBoirchi bhinn,  
ránac Túath Inbhir áloinn,  
rosirius Magh Fáil co fraigh,  
tairlius do Cill Uí Súanaigh.” S.

Suibhne:

“Ní dá choiriú dhom ort  
a mhaoth-ainnir, is geal lem’ chroí,  
Críost mac Muire, mo dhíth,  
is é d’fhág mise gan neart.”

Eorann:

“Ba mhaith liom sinn araon  
go dtigeadh clúmh ar ár dtaobh,  
go siúlfainn gile is doircheacht  
leat gach lá is gach aon oíche.

Suibhne:

Oíche dhomhsa i mBoirche bhinn,  
ráinig mé Tuath Inbhir álainn,  
thaistealaíos Magh Fáil ar fad,  
tharla dom i gCill Uí Shuanaigh.”

Suibhne:

“I blame thee not for it,  
thou gentle, radiant woman;  
Christ, Son of Mary — great bondage —  
He has caused my feebleness.”

Eorann:

“I would fain that we were together,  
and that feathers might grow on our bodies;  
in light and darkness I would wander  
with thee each day and night.

Suibhne:

One night I was in pleasant Boirche,  
I have reached lovely Tuath Inbhir,  
I have wandered throughout Magh Fail,  
I have happened on Cell Ui Suanagh.”

### Section 33

Ní thairnic dhó acht sin do rádh	Ní raibh ach an méid sin ráite aige	No sooner had he finished
an uair rolíon an slúagh an longphort as gach aird.	nuair a bhrúigh an slua isteach sa longfort ó gach taobh.	than the army swarmed into the camp from every quarter,
Téidsiumh iarumh ina réim romhadhma for teichedh amail ba minic leis.	Seo leis siúd, áfach, i raon reatha ar teitheadh amhail ba mhinic leis.	whereupon he set off in his headlong flight, as he had often done.
Ní roan-somh don réim sin	Nior staon sé den réim sin	He halted not in his career
co ráinic ría n-oidhchi co Ros mBeraigh	gur shroich sé Ros Bearaigh roimh oíche	until before the fall of night he arrived at Ros Bearaigh
.i. an cét-cill ag ar oiris a haithle catha Muighe Rath	— an céad chill inar mhoilligh sé tar éis cath Maighe Rath.	— the first church at which he tarried after the battle of Magh Rath —
ocus dochóidh isin iobar robhúidh isin chill.	Isteach leis sa chrann iúir a bhí sa chill.	and he went into the yew-tree which was in the church.
Muireadach mac Earca dano, as é ba hairchinneach isin cill an tan sin.	Muireadach Mac Earca a bhí ina airchinneach ar an gcill an uair sin.	Muireadach mac Earca was erenach of the church at the time,
Dorala iarum ben an oirchinnigh ag gabáil secha an iubhar	Tharla go raibh a bhean siúd ag dul thar an iúr	and his wife happened to be going past the yew
co bfaca an gheilt ann	go bhfaca sí an gealt ann	when she saw the madman in it;

ocus tuc aithne fair guruó é Suibhne robhúi ann,	agus d’aithin sí gurbh é Suibhne a bhí ann	she recognized that it was Suibhne was there
co n-ébert sí fris:	agus dúirt:	and said to him:
“Táir asin iubhar, a rí Dhál Araidhe,” ar sí,	“Tar anuas den chrann, a rí Dhal Araidhe,	“Come out of the yew, king of Dal Araidhe;
“atá baeghal áonmhná sunna agad.”	ní baol duit an t-aon bhean amháin atá anseo.”	there is but one woman before you here.”
		She said so
Do ghabáil na geilti	Chun breith ar an ngealt	in order to seize the madman,
ocus dá bréghadh agus cealgadh	agus le cleas a imirt air	and to deceive and beguile him.
atrubhairt sí ind sin.	a dúirt sí sin.	
“Nocha ragha éimh,” ar Suibhne,	“Ní thiocfad go deimhin,” arsa Suibhne,	“I will not go indeed,” said Suibhne,
“ar nachamtáir Loingseachán agus a bhen,	“mar gheobhadh Loingseachán agus a bhean chugam;	“lest Loingseachan and his wife come to me,
ar robhúi tan	bhí tráth ann	for there was a time
ba husa dhuit aithni form-sa inás aniú”;	ab fhusa duit mé a aithint ná inniu”.	when it would have been easier for you to recognize me than it is to-day”;
conadh ann atbert na runna sa síos ann:	Agus dúirt sé na ranna seo:	whereupon he uttered these staves:

### Section 34

“A bhen dobheir aithne form  
do rennuibh do rosg roghorm,  
robhúi tan ba ferr mo gné  
i n-airecht Dál Araidhé.

Rochláochaighes dealbh is dath  
ón úair tánag asin chath,  
robo misi an Suibhne seng  
atchúaladar fir Éreand.

Bí-si gut fhior is gut thoigh,  
nocha biu-sa a Ros mBeraigh,  
ní chomhracfem go bráth mbán,  
misi agus tusa, a bhenaccán.” A bhen.

“A bhean do bheir aithne orm  
de reannaibh do rosc róghorm,  
bhí am nuair ab fhearr mo ghné  
in oireachtas Dhál Araidhe.

Do chlaochlaíos dealbh is dath,  
ón uair thánag as an chath,  
ba mhise an Suibhne seang  
do chualadar fir Éireann.

Bí-se ag d’fhear is ag do thigh,  
ní bheadsa i Ros Bearaigh,  
ní chomhracfam go bráth bán  
mise is tusa, a bheanagáin.”

“O woman, who dost recognize me  
with the points of thy blue eyes,  
there was a time when my aspect was better  
in the assembly of Dal Araidhe.

I have changed in shape and hue  
since the hour I came out of the battle;  
I was the slender Suibhne  
of whom the men of Erin had heard.

Bide thou with thy husband and in thy house,  
I shall not tarry in Ros Bearaigh;  
until holy Judgment we shall not foregather,  
I and thou, O woman.”

### Section 35

Doluidh-siomh iarumh asin iubhar co héttrom ærdha	D'éirigh sé den chrann ansin go lúfar éadrom	He emerged then from the tree lightly and nimbly,
ocus tóet roimhe co ráinic isin mbile ag Ros Earcáin,	agus chuaigh roimhe go ráinig sa seanchrann ag Ros Earcáin,	and went on his way until he reached the old tree at Ros Earcain.
úair dobhádar trí dúnáruis aigi-siumh ina ccleachtadh comnaidhe do dhénamh ina thír feisin	óir bhí trí dhúnáras aige ina thír féin inar ghnách leis cónaí,	(For he had three dwellings in his own country in which he was wont to reside,
.i. Teach mic Ninnedha ocus Cluain Creamha ocus Ros Earcáin.	mar atá, Teach mic Ninnedha, Cluain Creamha agus Ros Earcáin.	viz.: Teach mic Ninnedha, Cluain Creamha, and Ros Earcain).
Robháoi-siumh iarum co cenn cáocáoisi ar mhís isin iubhar sin gan airiughudh,	D'fhan sé sa chrann iúir sin ar feadh sé seachtaine gan aon duine á thabhairt faoi deara.	Thereafter for a fortnight and a month he tarried in the yew-tree without being perceived;
co frith ann a ionadh ocus a adhbha fo dheóidh,	Ach ar deireadh fuarthas amach an áit chónaithe	but at length his place and dwelling were discovered,
co ndernadh comairle ag maithibh Dhál Araidhe	agus chuaigh maithe <u>agus móruaisle</u> Dhál Araidhe i gcomhairle	and the nobles of Dal Araidhe took counsel
cia dorachadh da gabáil	féachaint cé ba chóir a chur á ghabháil.	as to who should go to seize him.
co nderbertatar uili ba hé Loingseachán robadh cóir do chur ann.	Dúirt cách gurbh é Loingseachán ba chóir a chur ann.	Everyone said that it was Loingseachan who should be sent.

Rogab Loingseachán immorro do láimh teacht frisin toisg sin	Ghlac Loingseachán an cúram air féin	Loingseachan undertook the task,
ocus luidh roimhe co ttáinic dochum an iubhair ina mbáoi Suibhne,	agus chuaigh sé roimhe gur bhain amach an crann iúir ina raibh Suibhne.	and he went along until he came to the yew in which Suibhne was,
conusfacaídh an gheilt ar an ccráuibh úasa.	Chonaic sé an gheilt ar an gcraobh os a chionn.	whereupon he beheld the madman on the branch above him.
“Truagh sin, a Suibhne,” ar sé,	“Trua sin, a Shuibhne,” ar sé,	“Sad is it, Suibhne,” said he,
“conadh é th’ierdraighe bheith amhlaidh sin gan bhíadh, gan digh,	“gurb olc an chríoch atá ort, gan bhia, gan deoch,	“that your last plight should be thus, without food, without drink,
gan édach amail gach n-ethaid n-ærdha,	gan édach ar nós éanlaithe an aeir,	without raiment, like any bird of the air,
ier mbeith a n-éttaighibh sróldaie síregdha	tusa a bhí tráth <u>gléasta</u> in éadaí sróil,	after having been in garments of silk and satin
ar eachaibh ána allmurdha co sríanaibh soinemhla dhuit,	ar mhuin eachaibh ón gcoigeríoch gona srianta sainiúla.	on splendid steeds from foreign lands with matchless bridles;
ocus mná málla maisecha let	Agus bhíodh farat mná mánla maiseacha	with you were women gentle and comely,
ocus iomad macaomh ocus míolchon	agus iomad macaomh agus cúnna	likewise many youths and hounds
ocus degháos gacha dána, iomad slúagh,	agus dea-aos gach dána, iomad slua,	and goodly folk of every art; many hosts,
iomdha iolarrdha d’urradhuibh ocus do tháoisechuibh	iomad de mhaithe is de mhóruaisle eile,	many and diverse nobles and chiefs,

ocus d'óigthighernaídhíbh, do brughadhuibh	de thiarnaí óga, de thaoisigh óga,	and young lords, and landholders
ocus do bhiatachaibh dot réir.	de bhiataigh eile a bhíodh ag freastal ort.	and hospitallers were at your command.
Iomad cúach agus copán	Is iomaí cuach agus cupán	Many cups and goblets
ocus benn mbreacegair mbúabhaill	agus buabhall *snoite*	and carved buffalo horns
im lennuibh somblasda so-óla let bhéos.	lán de leann sobhlasta a d'óltá.	for pleasant-flavoured and enjoyable liquors were yours also.
Dursan duit bheith fon ionnus sin	Is mairg tú a bheith *mar sin*	Sad is it for you to be in that wise
amail gach n-én ttruag ttarimtheachtach ó dhíthribh do dhíthribh.”	ar chuma gach éin id' dhíol trua ag dul ó dhithreabh go díthreabh.”	like unto any miserable bird going from wilderness to wilderness.”
“Leig as a le, a Loingseacháin,” ar Suibhne,	“Éirigh as anois, a Loingseacháin,” arsa Suibhne,	“Cease now, Loingseachan,” said Suibhne;
“as edh sin robhúi i ttoici dhúinn,	“sin é a bhí a ndán dúinn.	“that is what was destined for us;
ocus in bhfuilid sgéla mo thíri leat-sa dhamh?”	<u>Ach abair</u> , an bhfuil aon scéala agat dom óm dhúthaigh féin?”	but have you tidings for me of my country?”
“Atád éimh,” ar Loingseachan,	“Tá go deimhin,” arsa Loingseachán,	“I have in sooth,” said Loingseachan,
“uair roég th’athair.”	“óir d’éag d’athair.”	“for your father is dead.”
“Domgaibh dom fhormadh ón,” ar sé.	“Bhain sin croitheadh asam,” ar sé.	“That has seized me . . .”, said he.

“Do mháthair dono dh’ ég,” ar an giolla.	“Do mháthair leis, d’éag sí,” arsa an fear óg.	“Your mother is also dead,” said the young man.
“Rohanadh dom oirchisecht a ufecht sa,” ar sé.	“Anois tá deireadh le haon trua dhom,” ar sé.	“Now all pity for me is at an end,” said he.
“Marbh do bráthair,” ar Loingseachán.	“Marbh do bhráthair,” arsa Loingseachán.	“Dead is your brother,” said Loingseachan.
“Toll mo thaobh don leith sin,” ar Suibhne.	“Sin poll im’ chliathán,” arsa Suibhne.	“Gaping is my side on that account,” said Suibhne.
“Marbh th’ingen,” ar Loingseachán.	“Marbh d’iníon,” arsa Loingseachán.	“Dead is your daughter,” said Loingseachan.
“Snáthad chroidhe dano éiningen,” ar Suibhne.	“Snáthaid chroí <u>bás</u> aon iníne,” arsa Suibhne.	“The heart’s needle is an only daughter,” said Suibhne.
“Marbh do mac atbeiredh ‘a phopa’ friot,” ar Loingseachán.	“Agus marbh do mhac, a thugadh ‘a phopa’ ort,” arsa Loingseachán.	“Dead is your son who used to call you ‘daddy’,” said Loingseachan.
“Fíor ón,” ar sé, “as é sin an banna dobheir an fer co lár”;	“Ó, Sin é an buille a leagann an duine ar lár,” ar seisean	“True,” said he, “that is the drop (?) which brings a man to the ground;”
conadh ann atbertsat an laoidh etarra .i. Loingseachán agus Suibhne:	agus dúirt Loingseachán agus Suibhne an laoi seo eatarthu:	whereupon they, even Loingseachan and Suibhne, uttered this lay between them:



## Section 36

[L.]

“A Suibhne a Sléibh na nEach n-ard,  
robsat fuileach faobhargharg,  
ar Chríost rodchuir a ccarera  
dámh comhrádh red chomhalta.

Eist rium-sa má romchluini,  
a rí rán, a ríghruire,  
co n-innisinn tré mhíne  
sgéla dhuit do dheighthíre.

Ní marthain at thír tar th’éis,  
as dó tánag dá aiséis,  
marbh do bhráthair ann co mblaidh,  
marbh th’athair is do mháthair.”

[S.]

“Mása mharbh mo mháthair mhín  
deacraidi damh dol dom thír,  
cían ó rochair sí mo chorp  
roscair sí friom oirchisecht.

Baoth comairle gach mic mhir  
ag nach mairid a shinnsir,  
amail as crom craobh fo chnoibh,  
toll taobh ó bheith gan bhráthair.”

Loingseachán:

“A Shuibhne ó Shliabh na nEach n-ard,  
tusa led lann faobhargharg,  
ar son Chríost a chuir i gcarcair tú  
déan comhrá led chomh-dhalta.

Éist liomsa má chluinir mé  
a rí uasail, a ardtiarna,  
go n-inse mé go mín  
duit scéala do dheathíre.

Ní beo do thír de do éis,  
an fáth gur tháing dá fhaisnéis,  
marbh do bhráthair clúiteach,  
marbh d’athair is do mháthair.”

Suibhne:

“Más marbh mo mháthair mhín  
is deacraide dom dul dom’ thír,  
cían ó char sí mo chorp,  
scair sí uaim a comhbhá.

Baoth comhairle gach mic mhir  
nach maireann a shinsir aige,  
amhail is crom craobh fé chnónna  
toll taobh ó bheith gan bhráthair.”

Loingseachan:

“O Suibhne from lofty Sliabh na nEach,  
thou of the rough blade wert given to wounding;  
for Christ’s sake, who hath put thee in bondage,  
grant converse with thy foster-brother.

Hearken to me if thou hearest me,  
O splendid king, O great prince,  
so that I may relate gently  
to thee tidings of thy good land.

There is life for none in thy land after thee;  
it is to tell of it that I have come;  
dead is thy renowned brother there,  
dead thy father and thy mother.”

Suibhne:

“If my gentle mother be dead,  
harder is it for me to go to my land;  
’tis long since she has loved my body;  
she has ceased to pity me.

Foolish the counsel of each wild youth  
whose elders live not;  
like unto a branch bowed under nuts;  
whoso is brotherless has a gaping side.”

[L.]

“Atá urbaidh oile ann  
cáointe ag feruibh Éireann  
cidh garbh do thaobh is do throigh,  
marbh do bhen chaomh dot chumaidh.”

[S.]

“Tigedhus do bheith gan mnáoi,  
as iomramh luinge gan láoi,  
as cadúdh (?) clúimhe re cnes,  
as adúdh re hénoires.”

[L.]

“Atchúala sgél n-uathmar n-ard  
ima raibhe gul glégharg,  
as dorn im dhíaidh cia bé dhe  
atói gan tsháir, a Suibhne.”

[S.]

“Seinbhriathar so, serb an snomh,  
nocha lium-sa as airfidiudh,  
anaidh grían chiúin in gach cladh,  
caraidh siúr cen co ccarthar.”

[L.]

“Nocha legar laoigh co búaihb  
agoinn i nAraidhe uair,  
ós marbh th’ingen chaomh rodchar  
maráon is mac do sheathar.”

Loingseachán:

“Tá tubaiste eile ann  
a chaointear ag fearaibh Éireann,  
cé garbh do thaobh is do throigh,  
marbh do bhean chaomh ded chumha.”

Suibhne:

“Teach do bheith gan mnaoi,  
is iomramh loinge gan stiúir,  
is teolaíocht clúimhe le cneas,  
nó adú gan teannáil.”

Loingseachán:

“Do chúala scéal uafar ard  
a raibh uime gol glégharg,  
is dorn um dheatach duit é  
táir gan siúr, a Shuibhne.”

Suibhne:

“Seanbhriathar seo, cé searbh,  
ní ceol im’ chluasa sin,  
fanann grian chiúin ar gach claí,  
gránn siúr d’éagmais ceana.”

Loingseachán:

“Ní ligtear laoi le buaibh  
againne in Araidhe fuar,  
ós marbh d’iníon chaomh an cheana  
mar aon le mac do dheirféarach.”

Loingseachán:

“There is another calamity there  
which is bewailed by the men of Erin,  
though uncouth be thy side and thy foot,  
dead is thy fair wife of grief for thee.”

Suibhne:

“For a household to be without a wife  
is rowing a rudderless boat,  
'tis a garb of feathers to the skin,  
'tis kindling a single fire.”

Loingseachán:

“I have heard a fearful and loud tale  
around which was a clear, fierce wail,  
'tis a fist round smoke, however,  
thou art without sister, O Suibhne.”

Suibhne:

“A proverb this, bitter the . . . —  
it has no delight for me —  
the mild sun rests on every ditch,  
a sister loves though she be not loved.”

Loingseachán:

“Calves are not let to cows  
amongst us in cold Araidhe  
since thy gentle daughter, who has loved thee died,  
likewise thy sister's son.”

[S.]

“Mac mo shethar is mo chú,  
nocham ttréigfittís ar bhú,  
as táthad uilc re himnedh,  
snáthad chroidhe éninghen.”

[L.]

“Atá sgél eile co mbloidh,  
as leasg lem a innisin,  
fir Aradh go ngaoineimh nglic  
atád ag cáoineadh th’énmhic.”

[S.]

“As é sin an banna co mbloidh  
dobheir an fer co talmain,  
mac beg adberedh ‘popa’  
do ueith oga gan anmain.

Romfritháil chugad don chraoibh,  
súaill nacha nderna anmáoin,  
nocha nfuil[n]ghim thúas don beirt  
ó rochuala tásg mh’énmhic.”

[L.]

“Ó doriachtais, a laoich láin,  
eidir dí láimh Loingseacháin  
mairidh do mhuintir uile  
a ua Eachach Sálbhuidhe.

Suibhne:

“Mac mo shiúir is mo chú  
ní thréigfeadh mé ar ór ná clú,  
is táthú oilc le himní,  
snáthaid chroí aon iníon.”

Loingseachán:

“Tá scéal mór eile fós,  
is leasc liom a insint,  
fir Araidhe, go huile  
atáid ag caoineadh d’aonmhic.”

Suibhne:

“Is é sin an titim mhór  
a bheir an fear go talamh  
mac beag a deireadh ‘popa’  
do bheith anois gan anam.

Thug sin chugat mé den chraoibh,  
beag a ndearna mé de mhísc,  
ní fhéadaim fulaingt thuas den bheart  
ó chuala uait tásc m’aonmhic.”

Loingseachán:

“Ó do shroichis, a laoich láin,  
idir dhá láimh Loingseacháin,  
maireann do mhuintir uile,  
a ua Eachach Sálbhuidhe.

Suibhne:

“My sister’s son and my hound,  
they would not forsake me for wealth,  
’tis adding loss to sorrow;  
the heart’s needle is an only daughter.”

Loingseachán:

“There is another famous story —  
loth am I to tell it —  
meetly are the men of the Arada  
bemoaning thy only son.”

Suibhne:

“That is the renowned drop (?)  
which brings a man to the ground,  
that his little son who used to say ‘daddy’  
should be without life.

It has called me to thee from the tree,  
scarce have I caused enmity,  
I cannot bear up against the blow  
since I heard the tidings of my only son.”

Loingseachán:

“Since thou hast come, O splendid warrior,  
within Loingseachán’s hands,  
all thy folk are alive,  
O scion of Eochu Salbuidhe.

Bí it tocht, tigeadh do chiall,  
thoir atá do theach is ní thiar,  
fada ód thír tángais a lle,  
as é so a fhíor, a Suibhne.

Aoibhne leat eitir dhamaibh  
i feadhuibh i fídbhadhaibh,  
iná codladh it dhún thoir,  
ar chlúimh agus ar cholcaidh.

Ferr let bheth ar chraoibh chuilinn  
i ttaoibh linni an lúathmhuilinn  
iná bheith a ngrinne ghlan,  
is gille óga it fharradh.

Da ccodailteá i ccígibh cnoc  
re tédaibh míne mennchrot,  
binni leat fo bharr doiri  
cronán dhaimh dhuinn dhamh-ghoiri.

At lúaithe ná gaoth tar glenn,  
as tú éingheilt na hÉirenn,  
glédonn th' aobh, tasci a lle,  
bat ségonn saor, a Suibhne.” A.S.

Bí id' thost, tagadh do chiall  
thoir atá do theach is ní thiar,  
fada ód' thír thángais i leith,  
ráiteas fíor, a Shuibhne.

Aoibhne leat idir dhamha  
i gcrainnte i bhfeánna,  
ná codladh id' dhún thoir,  
ar chlúmh agus ar chuilcí.

Fearr leat bheith ar chraobh chuilinn  
le taobh linne an luathmhuilinn  
ná bheith i gcomhluadar glan,  
is giollaí óga id' fharradh.

Dá gcodailteá i gcíocha cnoc  
le tédaibh míne meannchrot,  
binne leat fá bharr doire  
cronán daimh dhoinn dhamhghaire.

Luaithe tú ná gaoth thar glenn,  
is tú aongheilt na hÉireann,  
glédonn do aoibh, tairse i leith,  
b'uasal saor tú, a Shuibhne.”

Be still, let thy sense come,  
in the east is thy house, not in the west,  
far from thy land thou hast come hither,  
this is the truth, O Suibhne.

More delightful deemest thou to be amongst deer  
in woods and forests  
than sleeping in thy stronghold in the east  
on a bed of down.

Better deemest thou to be on a holly-branch  
beside the swift mill's pond,  
than to be in choice company  
with young fellows about thee.

If thou wert to sleep in the bosom of hills  
to the soft strings of lutes,  
more sweet wouldst thou deem under the oak-wood  
the belling of the brown stag of the herd.

Thou art fleeter than the wind across the valley,  
thou art the famous madman of Erin,  
brilliant in thy beauty, come hither,  
O Suibhne, thou wast a noble champion.”

### Section 37

Atróchair éimh Suibhni asin iubhar

ó rochuala tásg a éinmhic,

gur ro-iadh Loingseachán a dhá láimh thairis

ocus rochuir cuibhreach fora lámhaibh.

Ro-innis dó iaromh a muintir do mharthain uile

ocus rug leis é gusin ionadh i rabhadar maithe  
Dhál Araidhe.

Tucaid dono glais oculus gébhenna eaturra aca-  
somh faoi Suibhne

ocus roherbadh do Loingseachán a breith leis

co cenn caocaoisi ar mhís.

Ruc-somh iarum Suibhne leis

Ach ar chuala Suibhne scéal a aon mhic

thit sé anuas den iúir.

D'iaigh Loingseachán a dhá láimh timpeall  
air

agus chuir cuibhreacha ar a lámha.

Dúirt sé leis ansin go raibh a mhuintir go  
léir beo

agus thug leis é go dtí an áit mar a raibh  
maithe Dhál Araidhe.

Thugadar siúd glais agus géibheanna leo le  
cur ar Shuibhne,

agus thugadar ar láimh do Loingseachán é

ar feadh sé seachtaine.

Thug seisean Suibhne leis

When Suibhne heard tidings of his only son,

he fell from the yew,

whereupon Loingseachan closed his arms  
around him

and put manacles on him.

He then told him that all his people lived;

and he took him to the place in which the  
nobles of Dal Araidhe were.

They brought with them locks and fetters to  
put on Suibhne,

and he was entrusted to Loingseachan to  
take him with him

for a fortnight and a month.

He took Suibhne away,

ocus robhádar maithe an chúigedh	agus bhíodh maithe <u>agus móruaisle</u> an chúige	and the nobles of the province
chuigi ocus úadha frisin ré sin.	ag teacht agus ag imeacht i rith an ama.	were coming and going during that time;
Táinic trá a chiall ocus a chuimhne dhó		
a ffoircenn na rée sin.	Ag deireadh na tréimhse sin	and at the end of it
	tháinig a chiall agus a chuimhne chuige	his sense and memory came to him,
Táinic bheós a chruth ocus a dhealbh budhdhéin dó.	agus fiú a chruth agus a dhealbh féin.	likewise his own shape and guise.
Robhenaíd a chuibhrighe de	Baineadh na cuibhreacha de <u>ansin</u>	They took his bonds off him,
ocus rosamhlaidhedh [a ríge] fris.	agus léiríodh a dhealramh Ríoga.	and his kingship was manifest.
Táinic ionbaidh fhoghamhair ann fáoi sin	Bhí aimsir an fhómhair tagtha anois	Harvest-time came then,
ocus luidh Loingseachán cona muintir [do bhuain] lá n-ann.	agus lá amháin chuaigh Loingseachán lena mhuintir dá bhaint.	and one day Loingseachan went with his people to reap.
Rocuireadh eision a ttuilg Loingseacháin	Fágadh <u>Suibhne</u> i seomra codlata Loingseacháin	<u>Suibhne</u> was put in Loingseachan's bedroom
iar mbéin a glais de	tar éis na glais a bheith bainte de	after his bonds were taken off him,
ocus ar ttecht a chéille dhó.	agus a chiall a bheith tagtha dó.	and his sense had come back to him.

Rohíadhadh an tuilg fair	Iadh an seomra *air*	The bed-room was shut on him
ocus níor fágbadh neach ina fharradh acht an chailleach namá .i. cailleach an mhuilinn	agus níor fágadh aon duine fairis ach cailleach an mhuilinn	and nobody was left with him but the mill-hag,
ocus rohaithnidhedh dhí gan comhrádh do shoighin ar Suibhne.	agus ordaíodh di gan aon comhrá a bheith aici leis.	and she was enjoined not to attempt to speak to him.
Ara áoi sin roshoigh sí cóir chomhráidh air-siomh co rofhiafraigh	Ach ina dhiaidh sin labhair sí leis agus d'iarr air	Nevertheless she spoke to him, asking him
ní díá imthechtuibh dhe oiread robhaidh ar gealtacht.	chuid eachtraí le linn a ghealtachta <u>a insint di</u> .	<u>to tell some</u> of his adventures while he was in a state of madness.
“Mallacht for do bhéal, a chailleach,” ar Suibhne,	“Mallacht ar do bhéal, *a chailleach,*” arsa Suibhne	“A curse on your mouth, hag,” said Suibhne;
“as olc a n-abra,	“is olc a ndeir tú;	“ill is what you say;
ní léigfi Día mo bheith-si for gealtacht doridhisi.”	ní ligfidh Dia dom imeacht ar gealtacht arís.”	God will not suffer me to go mad again.”
“Maith a fios agum-sa,” ar an chailleach,	“Is maith atá a fhios agamsa,” arsa an chailleach,	“I know well,” said the hag,
“gurab é sárugudh Rónáin	“gurb é sarú Rónáin	“that it was the outrage done to Ronan
fodera duit dul for gealtacht.”	faoi deara duit dul ar gealtacht.”	that drove you to madness.”

“A bhen,” ar sé, “is gránna duit beth gom brath  
ocus gom bíathadh.”

“Nocha brath edir,” ar sí, “acht fírinne”;

ocus adúbairt Suibhne:

“A bhean,” ar sé, “is olc an mhaise duit é  
bheith im’ bhrath agus im’ bhiathadh.”

“Ní brath é,” ar sise, “ach an fhírinne.”

Agus dúirt Suibhne:

“O woman,” said he, “it is hateful that you  
should be betraying and luring me.”

“It is not betrayal at all but truth”;

and Suibhne said:



### Section 38

[S.]

“A chailleach an mhuilinn thall,  
cid duit mo chor ar imrall?  
nach meabhail deit tré bháigh mban  
mo brath agus mo biathadh?”

[A.]

“Nocha misi dobhraith thú,  
a Shuiune, cidh caomh do chlú,  
acht ferta Rónáin do nimh  
rolá it gheilt eidir ghealtuibh.”

[S.]

“Dá madh misi is go madh mé  
badh rígh ar Dhál Araidhé,  
robudh mana duirn tar smech,  
nochatfia cuirm, a chailleach.” A chailleach.

Suibhne:

“A chailleach an mhuilinn thall  
tuige mo chur ar iomrall?  
nách meabhail duit trí bhá ban  
mé bhrath agus mé mhealladh?”

An Chailleach:

“Ní mise a bhraith tú,  
a Shuibhne, cé caomh do chlú,  
acht feartha Rónáin ó Neamh  
a chuir tú id’ ghealt le gealtaibh.”

Suibhne:

“Dá mba mise, is go mba mé  
ba rí ar Dhál Araidhe,  
ba chomarthas sin ar dhorn sa smig;  
ní chaithfeá coirm, a chailleach.”

Suibhne:

“O hag of yonder mill,  
why shouldst thou set me astray?  
is it not deceitful of thee that, through women,  
I should be betrayed and lured?”

The hag:

“Tis not I who betrayed thee,  
O Suibhne, though fair thy fame,  
but the miracles of Ronan from Heaven  
which drove thee to madness among madmen.”

Suibhne:

“Were it myself, and would it were I,  
that were king of Dal Araidhe  
it were a reason for a blow across a chin;  
thou shalt not have a feast, O hag.”

### Section 39

“A chailleach,” ar sé,	“A chailleach,” ar sé,	“O hag,” said he,
“is mór do dheacraibh fuarus-sa dá ufestá-sa é,	“is mór iad na deachrachaí a bhuail liomsa dá mbeadh a fhios agat.	“great are the hardships I have encountered if you but knew;
mór léim ndoiligh rolings-sa	Is iomaí léim fíochmhar a thugas-sa	many a dreadful leap have I leaped
ó gach diongna agus ó gach dionn,	ó chnoc go cnoc, ó dhún go dún,	from hill to hill, from fortress to fortress,
ó gach fuithir agus ó gach fáinghlenn di aroile.”	*ó fhearann go fearann,* ó ghleann go gleann.”	from land to land, from valley to valley.”
“Ar Día friot,” ar an chailleach,	“Ar son Dé,” arsa an chailleach,	“For God’s sake,” said the hag,
“ling dúinn léim dona léimennuibh sin anois	“tóg ceann de léimeanna sin anois	“leap for us now one of the leaps
rolingtheá it ghealtacht.”	a thóg tú is tú id’ ghealt.”	you used to leap when you were mad.”
Rolincc-siomh iarumh léim tar colbha na tuilgi	Iar sin léim sé thar ráille na leapan	Thereupon he bounded over the bed-rail
co ráinic cenn na hairidhni síos.	gur shroich deireadh an bhínse.	so that he reached the end of the bench.
“Mo chubhuis éimh,” ar an chailleach,	“Ar mo choinsias,” arsa an chailleach,	“My conscience,” said the hag,
“rolingfinn-si féin an léim sin.”	“d’fhéadfainn an léim sin a thabhairt mé fhéin.”	“I could leap that myself,”
Roling sí ón fón ccuma cédna.	Agus rinne sí amhlaidh.	and in the same manner she did so.

Roling-siomh léim eile dar forlés na bruighniu amach.	Thóg Suibhne léim eile amach trí fhuinneog dhíon na bruíne.	He took another leap out through the skylight of the hostel.
“Rolin[g]finn-si dono sin,” ar an chaillech,	“D’fhéadfainnse é sin a dhéanamh chomh maith,” arsa an chailleach,	“I could leap that too,” said the hag,
ocus roling fo céadóir.	rud a dhein sí ar an bpointe.	and straightway she leaped.
Acht chena ba sedh a chumair.	Ach níl anseo ach achroimre.	This, however, is a summary of it:
Roshir Suibhne cúig tríocha chéd Dhál Araidhe roimpe an lá sin	An lá úd thaistil Shuibhne cúig tríocha céad Dhál Araidhe	Suibhne travelled through five cantreds of Dal Araidhe that day
co ráinic Glenn na nEachtach i Fídh Gaibhle	go ráinig go Gleann na nEachtach i bhFídh Gaibhle	until he arrived at Glenn na nEachtach in Fídh Gaibhle,
ocus rolen sí é frisin ré sin.	agus lean an chailleach é an t-am ar fad.	and she followed him all that time.
Ó rothairis Suibhne ar barr craoibhe urairde eidhnighe annsin,	Nuair a thuirling Suibhne ar bharr craoibhe airde eidhneáin	When Suibhne rested there on the summit of a tall ivy-branch,
rothairis an chaillech ar crann eile ina fharradh;	thuirling an chailleach ar chrann eile in aice leis.	the hag rested on another tree beside him.
a nderedh an fhóghamhair do sunnradh ind sin,	Bhí deireadh an fhómhair go cruinn tagtha an tráth sin.	It was then the end of harvest-time precisely.
conadh ann atchuala Suibhne gáir shealga na sochaidhe ind-imeal an fheadha.	Go tobann chuala Suibhne gáir sheilge an tslua ar imeall na coille.	Thereupon Suibhne heard a hunting-call of a multitude in the verge of the wood.

“Gáir mórshluaig so,” ar sé,	“Sin gáir mhórshlua,” ar seisean,	“This,” said he, “is the cry of a great host,
“ocus as iad Úi Faeláin failet ann ag techt dom mharbadh-sa	“sin iad muintir Uibh Fhaoláin ag teacht chun mé a mharú,	and they are the Ui Faelain coming to kill me
a ndíoghail Oiliolla Cédaigh	ag baint díoltais amach as Oilill Céadach,	to avenge Oilill Cedach,
.i. rígh Ua bFaeláin romharbhus-sa i ccath Muighe Rath.”	rí Uibh Fhaoláin, a mharaíos i gcath Maighe Rath.”	king of the Ui Faelain, whom I slew in the battle of Magh Rath.”
Atchúalaidhsíomh búiriudh an doimh alla,	Chuala sé búirtheach an daimh alla	He heard the bellowing of the stag,
ocus dorinni an laoidh oculus testmolta crann Éirenn ós aird innte	agus rinne sé an laoi seo síos ag moladh go hard crainn na hÉireann	and he made a lay wherein he eulogized aloud the trees of Ireland,
ocus ag foraimheadh araill dia dheacruibh oculus dia imshníomh budhdhéin;	agus ag meabhrú a chuid cruatain agus anró féin	and, recalling some of his own hardships and sorrows,
go ndébairt annso:	*go ndúirt*:	he said:

## Section 40

“A bhennáin, a bhúiredháin,  
a bhéiceadháin bintt,  
is binn linn an cúicherán  
do[g]ní tú ’san ghlintt.

Eólchaire mo mhendatáin  
doralá ar mo chéill,  
na lois isin machaire,  
na hois isin tshléibh.

A dhair dhosach dhuilledhach,  
at ard ós cionn croinn;  
a cholláin, a chraobhacháin,  
a chomhra cnó cuill.

A fhern, nídot náimhdidhe,  
as áloinn do lí,  
nídat cuma sceó sceanbaidhi  
ar an mbeirn a mbí.

A dhroighnéin, a dhealgnacháin,  
a áirneacháin duibh,  
a bhiorair, a bharrghlasáin,  
do bhrú thobair luin.

“A bheannáin ag búireach,  
a bhéiceacháin bhinn,  
is binn linn an chuachaireacht  
do-ní tú sa ghlinn.

Ag tnúth lem’ thigín beag  
tá ag cur ar mo chéill,  
na tréada sa mhachaire  
na fianna sa tsléibh.

A dhair dhosach dhuilleach,  
is ard os cionn crainn;  
a choll-chrainn, a chraobhacháin,  
a chomhra cnó coill.

A chrainn fearna, ní namhaid tú  
is álainn do líth,  
ní sceo deilgneach do chuma  
ar an mbearna a mbí.

A dhraighneáin tá deilgneach,  
a chrainn airne dhuibh,  
a bhiolair, a bharrghlasáin,  
do bhrú thobair loin.

“O little stag, thou little bleating one,  
O melodious little clamourer,  
sweet to us is the music  
thou makest in the glen.

Longing for my little home  
has come on my senses —  
the flocks in the plain,  
the deer on the mountain.

Thou oak, bushy, leafy,  
thou art high beyond trees;  
O hazlet, little branching one,  
O fragrance of hazel-nuts.

O alder, thou art not hostile,  
delightful is thy hue,  
thou art not rending and prickling  
in the gap wherein thou art.

O little blackthorn, little thorny one;  
O little black sloe-tree;  
O watercress, little green-topped one,  
from the brink of the ousel (?) spring.

A mhínén na conaire  
at millsí gach luibh,  
a ghlasáin, a adhgklasáin,  
a lus forsa mbí in t-shuibh.

A abhall, a abhlachóg,  
trén rotchraithenn cách,  
a chaerthainn, a chaeirecháin,  
as áloinn do bhláth.

A dhriseóg, a dhruimnechóg,  
ní damha cert cuir,  
ní ana gum leadradh-sa  
gursat lomlán d'fuil.

A iubhair, a iubhracháin,  
i rei[l]gibh bat réil,  
a eidhinn, a eidhneacháin,  
at gnáth a ccoill chéir.

A chuilinn, a chlithmharáin,  
a chomhla re gáoith,  
a uinnes, a urbhadach,  
a arm lámha láoich.

A bheithi bláith bennachtach,  
a bhorrfadaigh bhinn,  
áluinn gach craobh cengailteach  
i mullach do chinn.

A mhionáin na conaire  
is milse thar gach luibh,  
a ghlas-phlanda adhgklas,  
a lus mar a mbí an tsuibh.

A chrainn úll, a úll-chrainn,  
tréan a chroitheann cách;  
a chaorthainn lán caora,  
is álainn do bhláth.

A dhriseog tá droimneach,  
ní thugair ceart dom,  
ní stadair dom leadradhsa  
go mbím lomlán d'fuil.

A iúir, a iúir mo chroí,  
i reiligí táir geal,  
a eidhneáin, a eidhinn, a chuid  
is gnáth i gcoill chlar.

A chuilinn, a chrainn chluthair  
a chomhla ar an ngaoith;  
a fhuinseog, a scriostóir,  
a arm lámha laoiach.

A bheith mhín bheannachtach,  
ag borradh go binn,  
álainn gach craobh cheangailteach  
i mullach do chinn.

O *minen* of the pathway,  
thou art sweet beyond herbs,  
O little green one, very green one,  
O herb on which grows the strawberry.

O apple-tree, little apple-tree,  
much art thou shaken;  
O quicken, little berried one,  
delightful is thy bloom.

O briar, little arched one,  
thou grantest no fair terms,  
thou ceasest not to tear me,  
till thou hast thy fill of blood.

O yew-tree, little yew-tree,  
in churchyards thou art conspicuous;  
O ivy, little ivy,  
thou art familiar in the dusky wood.

O holly, little sheltering one,  
thou door against the wind;  
O ash-tree, thou baleful one,  
hand-weapon of a warrior.

O birch, smooth and blessed,  
thou melodious, proud one,  
delightful each entwining branch  
in the top of thy crown.

Crithach ara criothugudh,  
atchluinim ma seach  
a duille for riothugudh,  
dar leam as í an chreach.

Mo mhioscais i fidhbadhuibh,  
ní cheilim ar chách,  
gamhnach dharach duilleadhach  
ar siubhal go gnáth.

As olc sén ar mhilles-sa  
oineach Rónáin Fhinn,  
a fherta rombúaidhretar,  
a chlogáin ón chill.

As olc sén a fúarus-sa  
earradh Conghail chóir,  
a ionar caomh cumhdachtghlan  
co cortharaibh óir.

Rob é guth gach aenduine  
don t-shlóg dhédla daith,  
‘na tegh uaibh fán ccaelmhuine  
fer an ionair mhaith.’

‘Gonaidh, marbaidh, airligidh,  
gabhaid uile a eill,  
cuiridh é, cidh lór do chion,  
ar bior is ar beinn.’

Crann creathach ar crith,  
cluinim gach re seal,  
a duille ag tréan-rith,  
dar liom is í an chreach.

Mo mhioscais i gcoillte,  
ní cheilim ar chách,  
buinneán de dhair dhuilleach  
ar suaitheadh go gnáth.

Is olc sén ar mhilleas-sa  
oineach Rónáin Fhinn,  
a fherta do bhuair mé  
a chlogáin ón chill.

Is olc sén a fuaireas-sa  
airm Chonghail chóir,  
a ionar caomh cumhdach-ghlan  
lena chiumhaiseanna óir.

Dob é guth gach aon duine  
den slua cróga mear:  
‘ná téadh uaibh fán gcaolmhuine  
fear an ionair mhaith.’

‘Gonaíg’, maraíg’, déanaíg’ ár air  
gabhadh an uile dhuine a sheans,  
cuiríg’ é cé mór do chion,  
ar bior is ar beann.’

The aspen a-trembling;  
by turns I hear  
its leaves a-racing —  
meseems ’tis the foray.

My aversion in woods —  
I conceal it not from anyone —  
is the leafy stirk of an oak  
swaying evermore. (?)

Ill-hap by which I outraged  
the honour of Ronan Finn,  
his miracles have troubled me,  
his little bells from the church.

Ill-omened I found  
the armour of upright Congal,  
his sheltering, bright tunic  
with selvages of gold.

It was a saying of each one  
of the valiant, active host:  
‘Let not escape from you through the narrow copse  
the man of the goodly tunic.’

‘Wound, kill, slaughter,  
let all of you take advantage of him;  
put him, though it is great guilt,  
on spit and on spike.’

Na marcaigh dom tharrachtain  
dar Magh Cobha cruinn,  
ní roich úaidhibh aenurchar  
dhamh-sa dar mo dhruim.

Ag dula dar eidhneachuibh,  
ní cheilim, a láoich,  
degurchar na gothnaide  
dhamh-sa résan ngáoith.

A ellteóg, a luirgnechóg,  
fuarus-sa do ghreim,  
misi ort ag marcaighecht  
as gach beinn a mbeinn.

Ó Charn Cornáin comhramhach  
co beinn Sléibhe Niadh,  
o bheinn Sléibhi Uillinne  
rigim Crota Clíach.

Ó Chrotaibh Clíach comhdhála  
co Carn Liffi Luirc  
rigim ré tráth iarnóna  
co Beinn Ghulbain ghuint.

M'adhaigh ría ccath Conghaile,  
roba síorsan lem,  
síu nobheinn for udmhaille  
ag sireadh na mbenn.

Na marcaigh ag teacht suas liom  
thar Maigh Cobha cruinn,  
ní shroicheann urchar uathu  
mise i mo dhroim.

Ag dul thar eidhneachaibh,  
ní cheilim, a laoich,  
dea-urchar an ghaithín  
dhomhsa leis an ngáoith.

A eilit óg, a loirgneachóg,  
fuaireas-sa do ghreim,  
mise ort ag marcaíocht  
as gach beinn a mbeinn.

Ó Charn Cornáin caithréimeach  
go beann Sléibhe Niadh,  
ó bheann Sléibhe Uillinne  
sroichim Crota Cliach.

Ó Chrotaibh Cliach comhdhála  
co Carn Life Luirc,  
sroichim roimh tráth iarnóna  
go Beinn Ghulbain ghoirt.

M'óiche roimh chath Conghaile,  
bhí an t-ádh liom ann,  
sula mbeinn go míshocair  
ag taisteal na mbeann.

The horsemen pursuing me  
across round Magh Cobha,  
no cast from them reaches  
me through my back.

Going through the ivy-trees —  
I conceal it not, O warrior —  
like good cast of a spear  
I went with the wind.

O little fawn, O little long-legged one,  
I was able to catch thee  
riding upon thee  
from one peak to another.

From Carn Cornan of the contests  
to the summit of Sliabh Niadh,  
from the summit of Sliabh Uillinne  
I reach Crota Cliach.

From Crota Cliach of assemblies  
to Carn Liffi of Leinster,  
I arrive before eventide  
in bitter Benn Gulbain.

My night before the battle of Congal,  
I deemed it fortunate,  
before I restlessly  
wandered over the mountain-peaks.



Glenn mBolcáin mo bhithárus,  
fíor fuarus a greim,  
mór n-oidhche rofriothálus  
ríoth roithrén re beinn.

Dá sirinn am aonaidhe  
sléibhti domhain duinn,  
ferr liom ionadh aonboithe  
i nGlionn Bolcáin buirr.

Maith a uisci iodhanghlas,  
maith a ghaoth ghlan gharg,  
maith a bhiorar biorurglass,  
ferr a fhothlacht ard.

Maith a eidhnech iodhnaidhe,  
maith a shoil ghlan grinn,  
maith a iubhar iubraidhe,  
ferr a bheith binnd.

Dá tíosta-sa, a Loingseacháin,  
chugam in gach riocht,  
gach n-oidhche dom agallaimh  
bés ní anfaínn friot.

Ní anfaínn re t' agallaimh  
munbadh sgél romgétt,  
athair, máthair, ingen, mhac,  
bráthair, ben balc d'écc.

Gleann Bolcáin mo bhitháras,  
fíor fuarus a greim;  
is iomaí oíche thugas ann  
ag rith ó bheann go beann.

Dá siúlfaínn im' aonar  
sléibhte domhain doinn,  
fearr liom ionad aon-bhoithe  
i nGleann Bolcáin rómhór.

Maith a uisce íonghlas,  
maith a ghaoth ghlan gharg,  
maith a bhiolar biolarghlas,  
fearr a fhothlacht ard.

Maith a eidhneann fadsaolach,  
maith a shail ghlan ghrinn,  
maith a iúr tá iúrach,  
fearr a bheith binn.

Dá dtiocfása, a Loingseacháin,  
chugam i ngach riocht,  
gach oíche ag labhairt liom  
fós ní fhanfaínn leat.

Ní fhanfaínn le d'agallamh  
murach an scéal do ghoin mé,  
athair, máthair, iníon, mac,  
bráthair, tréan-bhean d'éag.

Glen Bolcain, my constant abode,  
'twas a boon to me,  
many a night have I attempted  
a stern race against the peak.

If I were to wander alone  
the mountains of the brown world,  
better would I deem the site of a single hut  
in the Glen of mighty Bolcan.

Good its water pure-green,  
good its clean, fierce wind,  
good its cress-green watercress,  
best its tall brooklime.

Good its enduring ivy-trees,  
good its bright, cheerful sallow,  
good its yewy yews,  
best its melodious birch.

If thou shouldst come, O Loingseachan,  
to me in every guise,  
each night to talk to me,  
perchance I would not tarry for thee.

I would not have tarried to speak to thee  
were it not for the tale which has wounded me —  
father, mother, daughter, son,  
brother, strong wife dead.

Dá ttisteá dom agallaimh  
ní budh fer[r]de leam,  
rosirfinn ria madanraidh  
sléibhti Boirchi benn.

Do mhuilenn an mheanmaráin  
domheilte do thúaithe,  
a thrúagháin, a thuirseacháin,  
a Luingséacháin luaith.

A chailleach an mhuilinn-si,  
cith 'mongeibhe mh'eill?  
mh' égnach duit itchluinim-si,  
is tú amuigh ar an mbeinn.

A chailleach, a chuirrchennach,  
an ragha for each?"  
[A.]  
"Noraghainn, a thuirrchennach,  
munam faicinn neach.

Dá ndeachar, a Shuibhneacháin,  
rob soraidh mo léim."  
[S.]  
"Dá ttóra-sa, a chailcheacháin,  
ní ris sí slán céill."

Dá dtiocfá ag labhairt liom  
níorbh fhearrde liomsa sin  
do shiúlfainn roimh an maidneachan  
sléibhte Boirche beinn.

Do mhuileann min-mheilteach  
domheilte do thuaith,  
a thruáin, a thuirseacháin,  
a Loingséacháin luaith.

A chailleach an mhuilinn seo  
cé go bhfaighir mé ar faill,  
ag magadh fúm a chluinim tú,  
is tú amuigh ar an mbeinn.

A chailleach, a chorrcheannach,  
an rachfá ar each?"  
An Chailleach:  
"Do rachfainn, a ghliogarcheann,  
mura bhfeicfí mé ag neach.

Dá rachfainn, a Shuibhneacháin,  
ba shona mo léim."  
Suibhne:  
"Má théann tú, a chailcheacháin  
nára slán agat do chéill."

If thou shouldst come to speak to me,  
no better would I deem it;  
I would wander before morn  
the mountains of Boirche of peaks.

By the mill of the little floury one (?)  
thy folk has been ground, (?)  
O wretched one, O weary one,  
O swift Loingséachan.

O hag of this mill,  
why dost thou take advantage of me?  
I hear thee revile me,  
even when thou art out on the mountain.

O hag, O round-headed one, (?)  
wilt thou go on a steed?"  
The hag:  
"I would go, O fool-head (?)  
if no one were to see me.

O Suibhne, if I go,  
may my leap be successful."  
Suibhne:  
"If thou shouldst come, O hag,  
mayst thou not dismount full of sense." (?)

[A.]

“Ní cóir éimh a n-abraidh-si,  
a mhic Colmáin Chais,  
nach ferrdi mo mharcachus  
gan tuitim tar mh’ais?”

[S.]

“As cóir éimh a n-abraim-si,  
a chailleach gan chéill,  
demhan agat th’aidhmilliudh,  
romillis fadhéin.”

[A.]

“Nach ferrde let mh’ealadhain,  
a ghelt shaerrdha sheng,  
mo beth agat lenamain  
a mullaighibh na mbenn?”

[S.]

“Dosán eidhinn iomúallach  
fásas tré chrann chas,  
dá mbeinn-si ’na certmhullach  
noághsainn techt ass.

Teichim riasna huiseóga,  
as é an trénrioth tenn,  
lingim tar na guiseóga  
a mullaighibh benn.

An Chailleach:

“Ní cóir ámh a n-abrairse,  
a mhic Colmáin Chais,  
nach fearr de mharcach mise  
gan titim thar m’ais?”

Suibhne:

“Is cóir ámh a n-abraimse,  
a chailleach gan chéill,  
deamhan do d’adhmhilleadh,  
do mhillis tú féin.”

An Chailleach:

“Nach fearrde leat m’ealaín,  
a gheilt shaorga sheang,  
mé bheith ag do leanúint  
i mullaí na mbeann?”

Suibhne:

“Dosán eidhinn im-uallach  
fhásas trí chrann cas,  
dá mbeinnse ’na cheartmhullach,  
ní leomhfainn teacht as.

Teithim roimh na fuiseoga,  
sin é an tréanrith teann,  
lingim thar na gasanna  
a mullaí na mbeann.

The hag:

“In sooth, not just is what thou sayest,  
thou son of Colman Cas;  
is not my riding better  
without falling back?”

Suibhne:

“Just, in sooth, is what I say,  
O hag without sense;  
a demon is ruining thee,  
thou hast ruined thyself.”

The hag:

“Dost thou not deem my arts better,  
thou noble, slender madman,  
that I should be following thee  
from the tops of the mountains?”

Suibhne:

“A proud ivy-bush  
which grows through a twisted tree —  
if I were right on its summit,  
I would fear to come out.

I flee before the skylarks —  
'tis a stern, great race —  
I leap over the stumps  
on the tops of the mountains.

Fer[a]n eidhinn iomuallach  
an tan éirghius duinn,  
goirid bhím da ttarrachtain  
ó rofás mo chlúimh.

Creabhar osccar antuiccseach  
an tan éirghius damh,  
indar liom as dergnámha  
an lon do[g]ní an sgál.

Gach áonúair rolinginn-si  
co mbinn ar an lár,  
co fhaicinn an creamhthannán  
thíos ag creim na gcnámh.

Seach gach coin a n-aidhnechuibh  
luath nogheibhedh m'eill,  
as é luas nolinginn-si  
co mbinn ar an mbeinn.

Sionnaigh beca ag brégairecht  
chugum agus úaim,  
mic thíri ara lédairecht (?),  
teichim-si ré a ffúaim.

Rothriallsat mo tharrachtain  
ag tocht 'na rioth thenn,  
gur teiches-sa reampa-somh  
a mullaighibh beann.

Fear eidhinn im-uallach  
an t-am éiríonn dúinn,  
gairid dom teacht suas leis  
ó d'fhás orm mo chlúimh.

Creabhar aineolach antuigseach  
an t-am éiríonn dom,  
dar liom is deargnamhaid  
an lon do-ní an scol.

Gach aon uair a linginnse  
go mbínnse ar an lár,  
go bhfeicfinn an sionnach  
thíos ag creim na gcnámh.

Thar gach cú in eidhneachaibh  
luath d'fhaighinn m'fhaill,  
is é luas a linginnse  
go mbínn ar an mbeinn.

Sionnaigh bheaga ag brégairecht  
chugam agus uaim,  
mic thíre ar a lédairecht,  
teithimse roimh a bhfuaim.

Thrialladar chun teacht suas liom  
ag teacht 'na rith teann,  
gur theitheas-sa rompusan  
a mullaí na mbeann.

When the proud turtle-dove  
rises for us,  
quickly do I overtake it  
since my feathers have grown.

The silly, foolish woodcock  
when it rises for me  
methinks 'tis a bitter foe,  
the blackbird (too) that gives the cry of alarm.

Every time I would bound  
till I was on the ground  
so that I might see the little fox  
below a-gnawing the bones.

Beyond every wolf (?) among the ivy-trees  
swiftly would he get the advantage of me,  
so nimbly would I leap  
till I was on the mountain-peak.

Little foxes yelping  
to me and from me,  
wolves at their rending,  
I flee at their sound.

They have striven to reach me,  
coming in their swift course,  
so that I fled before them  
to the tops of the mountains.

Táinig friom mo thairmthechta  
gibé conair théis,  
as léir dhamh ar mh'a[i]rchisecht  
am caora gan léis.

Bile Chille Lughaidhe  
i tuilim súan sámh,  
ba haoibne i ré Chongaile  
aenach Line láin.

Doraghae an reódh realtánach  
ferfas ar gach linn,  
asam suairreach, seachránach,  
misi fáoi ar an mbinn.

Na corra go ccorrghaire  
i nGlionn Aighle úair,  
ealta d'énuibh iomlúatha  
chugum agus uaim.

Ní charaim an sibheanradh  
do[g]niad fir is mná,  
binne liom a ceileabradh  
luin 'san aird itá.

Ní charaim in stocairecht  
atluinim go moch,  
binne lium a crocairecht  
bruic a mBennuibh Broc.

Tagann liom mo chion  
cibé conair a théim;  
is léir mé i mo dhíol trua —  
is caora mé gan léis.

Bile Chille Lughaidhe  
ina ndéanaim suan sámh;  
ba aoibhne i ré Chongaile  
aonach Líne láin.

Tiocfaidh an reo réaltánach  
fhearfas ar gach linn;  
is suarach, seachránach,  
mise faon ar an mbinn.

Na corra lena gcorrghaire  
i nGleann Aighle fuar,  
ealta d'éanaibh imluatha  
chugam agus uaim.

Ní charaim an mheidhréis  
do níd fir is mná,  
binne liom ag ceiliúradh  
loin san aird atá.

Ní charaim an stocairecht  
a chluinim go moch,  
binne liom ag glaoch  
na broic i mBeanna Broc.

My transgression has come against me  
whatsoever way I flee;  
'tis manifest to me from the pity shown me  
that I am a sheep without a fold.

The old tree of Cell Lughaidhe  
wherein I sleep a sound sleep;  
more delightful in the time of Congal  
was the fair of plenteous Line.

There will come the starry frost  
which will fall on every pool;  
I am wretched, straying,  
exposed to it on the mountain-peak.

The herons a-calling  
in chilly Glenn Aighle,  
swift flocks of birds  
coming and going.

I love not the merry prattle  
that men and women make:  
sweeter to me is the warbling  
of the blackbird in the quarter in which it is.

I love not the trumpeting  
I hear at early morn:  
sweeter to me the squeal  
of the badgers in Benna Broc.

Ní charuim an chornairecht  
atchluinim go tenn,  
binni lium ag damhghairecht  
damh dá fhichead benn.

Atá adhbhur seisrighe  
as gach glionn i nglenn,  
gach damh ina freislighe  
a mullach na mbenn.

Cidh iomdha dom dhamraidh-si  
as gach glinn i nglenn,  
ní minic lámh oiremhan  
ag dúnadh a mbenn.

Damh Sléibhi aird Eibhlinne,  
damh Sléibhe Fúaid féigh,  
damh Ella, damh Orbhraidhe,  
damh lonn Locha Léin.

Damh Seimhne, damh Latharna,  
damh Line na lenn,  
damh Cúailghni, damh Conachla,  
damh Bairni dá bhenn.

A máthair na groidhi-si  
rolíathadh do lenn,  
ní fhuil damh at dheagaidh-si  
gan dá fhichead benn.

Ní maith liom an chornairecht  
a chluinim go teann,  
binne liom ag búireach  
damh dá fhichead beann.

Atá ábhar seisrí  
as gach gleann go gleann,  
gach damh ina fhreasluí  
i mullach na mbeann.

Cé flúirseach mo chuid damh  
ó ghleann go gleann,  
ní minic lámh treabhdóra  
ag dúnadh a mbeann.

Damh Sléibhe aird Eibhlinne,  
damh sléibhe Fúaid ghéir,  
damh Ella, damh Orbhraidhe  
damh fíochmhar Locha Léin.

Damh Seimhne, damh Latharna  
damh Líne na leann  
damh Cuailgne, damh Conachla,  
damh Bóirne dhá bheann.

A mháthair na graí seo  
do liathadh do chóta  
níl damh i do dhiaidh-se  
gan dá fhichead beann.

I love not the horn-blowing  
so boldly I hear:  
sweeter to me the belling of a stag  
of twice twenty peaks.

There is the material of a plough-team  
from glen to glen:  
each stag at rest  
on the summit of the peaks.

Though many are my stags  
from glen to glen,  
not often is a ploughman's hand  
closing round their horns. (?)

The stag of lofty Sliabh Eibhlinne,  
the stag of sharp Sliabh Fúaid,  
the stag of Ealla, the stag of Orrery,  
the fierce stag of Loch Léin.

The stag of Seimhne, Larne's stag,  
the stag of Line of the mantles,  
the stag of Cuailgne, the stag of Conachail,  
the stag of Bairenn of two peaks.

O mother of this herd,  
thy coat has become grey,  
there is no stag after thee  
without two score antler-points.

Mó ná adhbhur leinníne  
roliathadh dot chenn,  
dá mbeinn ar gach beinníne  
beinníni ar gach mbenn.

A dhoimh doní an fogharán  
chugum tar an nglenn,  
maith an t-ionadh foradhán (?)  
i mullach do bhenn.

As mé Suibhni sirtheachán,  
luath reithim tar glenn,  
nocha n-é mh'ainm dlightheachán,  
mó is ainm damh Fer Benn.

Tioprata is ferr fúarus-sa,  
tiopra Leithid Láin,  
tiopra is áille ionnuaire,  
úarán Dhúine Máil.

Gidhat iomdha mh'imeirce  
mh'édach aniú is gerr,  
mé féin doní m'forfaire  
i mullach na mbend.

A raithnech, a rúadhfhada,  
rorúadh do lenn,  
ní hosair fir fuagarta  
a ngabhlaibh do bhenn.

Mó ná ábhar mionléine  
do liathadh de d' cheann,  
dá mbeinn ar gach beinnín  
bheadh beinníni ar gach beann.

A dhaimh do-ní an foghar  
chugam tar an ngleann,  
maith an t-ionad foraidh  
i mullach do bheann.

Is mé Suibhne, sirtheachán,  
luath rithim tar gleann  
ní hé sin m'ainm dleathach  
mó is ainm dom Fear Beann.

Tiobreacha is fearr fuaireas-sa:  
tobar Leithid Láin,  
tobar is áille fionnuaire,  
fuarán Dhúine Máil.

Cé gur mór é m'imirce,  
m'édach inniu is gerr,  
mé féin do-ní faire dhom  
i mullach na mbeann.

A raithneach, a ruafhada,  
do ruadh do chlóca,  
níl leaba d'fhear fôgartha  
i ngabhalaibh do bheann.

Greater than the material for a little cloak  
thy head has turned grey;  
if I were on each little point,  
there would be a pointlet on every point.

Thou stag that comest lowing  
to me across the glen,  
pleasant is the place for seats  
on the top of thy antler-points.

I am Suibhne, a poor suppliant,  
swiftly do I race across the glen;  
that is not my lawful name,  
rather is it Fer benn.

The springs I found best:  
the well of Leithead Lan,  
the well most beautiful and cool,  
the fountain of Dun Mail.

Though many are my wanderings,  
my raiment to-day is scanty;  
I myself keep my watch  
on the top of the mountains.

O tall, russet fern,  
thy mantle has been made red;  
there is no bed for an outlaw  
in the branches of thy crests.

Bidh ann bhias mo bhithlighi  
tes ag Tuidhin tenn,  
ag Tegh Moling biothainglighi  
thaethusa do bheind.

Dorad misi it chumann-sa  
mallacht Rónáin Finn,  
a bhennáin, a bhúireadháin  
a bhéiceadáin binn.” A beannáin.

Beidh mo bhith-luí  
theas ag Tuidhean teann,  
ag Teach Moling bith-ainglí  
sea thitfead de bheann.

Do chuir mise id’ chumann-sa  
mallacht Rónáin Finn,  
a bheannáin ag búireach,  
a bhéiceadáin bhinn.”

At ever-angelic Tech Moling,  
at puissant Toidhen in the south,  
'tis there my eternal resting-place will be,  
I shall fall by a [spear]-point.

The curse of Ronan Finn  
has thrown me in thy company,  
O little stag, little bleating one,  
O melodious little clamourer.”



## Section 41

A haithle na láidhe sin táinic Suibhne a Fídh  
Gaibhle co Beinn mBóghaine,

asséin co Beind Fhaibhne,

aisséin co Ráith Murbuilg

ocus ní ffuair a dhíon ar an ccailligh

co ráinig co Dún Sobairce i nUltaibh.

Roling Suibhne iarumh do bheinn an dúine

síos cach ndíriuch riasan ccailligh.

Roling sí co hiomhathlomh ina dheaghaidh

co ttorchair do aill Dhúine Sobharci

co ndernadh mionbhrúar ocs minchomairt  
dí ann

co ttorchair isin bhfairrge,

conadh amhlaidh sin fúair bás i ndedhaidh  
Suibhne.

A haithle na laoi sin chuaigh Suibhne ó  
Fhíodh Gaibhle go Beann Bóghaine,

as sin go Beann Faibhne

agus ina dhiaidh sin go Ráth Murbhoilg

ach níor chuir sé de an chailleach

go ráinig go Dún Sobhairce in Ultaibh.

Léim Suibhne ó mhullach an dúna

caol díreach síos os comhair na caillí.

Léim sise go tapaidh ina dhiaidh

ach thit sí ina pleist ar aill Dhún Sobhairce

go ndearnadh mionbhrúar di

agus gur thit isteach san fharraige.

Is mar sin a fuair sí bás i ndiaidh Shuibhne.

After that lay Suibhne came from Fíodh  
Gaibhle to Benn Bóghaine,

thence to Benn Faibhne,

thence to Rath Murbuilg,

but he found no refuge from the hag

until he reached Dun Sobairce in Ulster.

Suibhne leaped from the summit of the fort

sheer down in front of the hag.

She leaped quickly after him,

but dropped on the cliff of Dun Sobairce,

where she was broken to pieces,

and fell into the sea.

In that manner she found death in the wake of  
Suibhne.

## Section 42

Atbert Suibhne iarsin:

“Ní bhíu-sa i nDál Araidhe fesda

úair nommhuirfedh Loingseachán i ndiogail a  
chaillighi mé

día mbeinn ara chumus.”

Luid Suibhne iarumh co Ros Chomáin i  
Connachtuibh

ocus rothoirinn for sraith an topuir

co rochaith biorar ocus uisgi ann.

Táinic ben a tigh an oircinnigh dochum an  
tobair.

Forbhasach mac Fordhalaigh an t-  
oirchinneach sin.

Rob í an bhean táinic ann, Finnsheng ingen  
Fhindealaigh.

Rotheich iarumh an gheilt reimpe

Dúirt Suibhne iar sin:

“ní bheadsa i nDál Araidhe feasta,

óir mharódh Loingseachán mé i ndíoltas na  
caillí

dá mbeinn ar a chumas.”

Thug Suibhne a aghaidh ar Ros Comáin i  
gConnachta dá éis sin

agus thuirling sé ar imeall an tobair

gur chaith biolar agus uisce ann.

Tháinig bean as teach an airchinnigh chun an  
tobair;

ba é Forbhasach mac Fordhalaigh an t-  
airchinneach.

B’í an bhean a tháinig ann Finnsheang, iníon  
Fhindealaigh.

Theith an ghealt roimpi

Thereafter Suibhne said:

“Henceforth I shall not be in Dal Araidhe,

for Loingseachan, to avenge his hag, would  
kill me

if I were in his power.”

Suibhne then went to Ros Comain in  
Connacht,

and he alighted at the brink of the well,

where he fared on watercress and water.

A woman came from the erenach’s house to  
the well;

Forbhasach son of Fordhalach was the  
erenach.

Finnsheng daughter of Findealach (?) was the  
name of the woman who came.

The madman fled from her

ocus tuc sisi lámh tar an mbiorar báoi for an sruth.	agus leag sise lámh ar an mbiolar a bhí sa sruth.	and she laid hold of the watercress which was in the stream.
As ann robhúi Suibhne forsan mbili ina fiadhnuisi	Bhí Suibhne sa chrann os a comhair	Suibhne on the tree in front of her
ocus robhúi ag éccáoine móir	agus é ag éagaoineadh go mór	was bemoaning greatly
fa na chuid biorair do bhreth uadha	gur tógadh uaidh a chuid biolair	that his portion of watercress was taken away.
conadh edh atbert:	agus dúirt:	Whereupon he said:
“A bhen,” ar sé, “as trúaigh duit mo bhiorar do ureith úaim	“A bhean,” ar sé, “is trua duit mo chuid biolair do breith uaim	“O woman,” said he, “sad is it that you should take my watercress from me,
ocus dá festá mar atú	agus fhios a bheith agat faoin bhail ina bhfuilim,	if you but knew the plight in which I am,
úair ní dhénann fer túaithe ná fine mh’oircisecht;	óir ní dhéanann comharsa ná gaol trua dhom;	for neither tribesman nor kinsman pities me,
ní théighim for aeidhideacht do thigh duine ar druim dhomain.	ní théim ar aíocht ar thigh duine ar dhroim an domhain.	nor do I visit as a guest the house of anyone on the ridge of the world.
As é mo búar mo bhiorar,	Is é mo bhólacht mo bhiolar,	For kine I have my watercress,
as é mo mhíodh mh’uisce,	is é mo mheá m’uisce;	my water is my mead,
as iad mo chairde mo chroinn crúadhloma cliothardhlúithe	is iad mo chairde mo chrainn chrualoma chluthairdhlútha	my trees hard and bare or close-sheltering are my friends.

ocus cén co mberthá-sa mo biorar,” ar sé,	agus fiú mura mbéarfása mo bhiolar uaim,” ar sé,	And even if you did not take away my watercress,” said he,
“as derb nochá beitheá gan ní anocht mar atú-sa	“is cinnte nach mbeifeá gan do chuid anocht mar atáimse	“certain is it that you would not be without something else to-night as I am
tar éis mo bhiorair do breith úaim”;	tar éis mo bhiolar a bhreith uaim,”	after my watercress has been taken from me”:
ocus dorinne a[n] laoidh so:	agus rinne sé an laoi seo:	and he made this lay:

### Section 43

“A bhen bhenus an biorar  
agus bherius in uisci,  
nocha betheá gan ní anocht  
gén co mbertheá mo chuid-si.

Monúaran, a bhenagán,  
nocha ragha an leth raghad,  
misi amuigh a mbarraibh crann,  
tusa tall a tigh charad.

Monúarán, a bhenagán,  
as fúar an ghaeth dománui,  
nímoirchis máthair ná mac,  
ní fuil brat ar mo brághuid.

Dá festá-sa, a bhenagán,  
mar atá sunna Suibhne,  
seach ní fhagaidh cuibhdhe neich,  
ní fhagaidh nech a chuibhdhe.

Ní théighim a n-oirechtus  
edir óguibh mo thíre,  
ní déntar dam oinechtreas,  
ní théit mh’aire re ríge.

Suibhne:

“A bhean bhaineas an biolar  
agus bheireas in t-uisce,  
ní bheifeá gan ní anocht  
fíú mura mbainfeá mo chuidse.

Monuar, a bheanagán,  
ní raghair mar a raghad,  
mise amuigh i mbarraibh crann,  
tusa thall i dtigh carad.

Monuar, a bheanagán  
is fuar an ghaoth do tháinig;  
ní trua mé ag máthair ná mac,  
níl brat ar mo bhráid.

Dá mb’eol duit, a bheanagán,  
mar atá Suibhne anseo,  
mura bhfaighidh cuibheas ó neach  
ní bhfaighidh neach a chuibheas.

Ní théim in oireachtas  
idir ógaibh mo thíre,  
ní thugtar dom oineach,  
níl an ríge ar m’aire.

“O woman who pluckest the watercress  
and takest the water,  
thou wouldst not be without something to-night  
even though thou didst not take my portion.

Alas, O woman,  
thou wilt not go the way that I shall go;  
I abroad in the tree-tops,  
thou yonder in a friend’s house.

Alas, O woman,  
cold is the wind that has come to me;  
nor mother nor son has pity on me,  
no cloak is on my breast.

If thou but knewest, O woman,  
how Suibhne here is:  
he does not get friendship from anyone,  
nor does anyone get his friendship.

I go not to a gathering  
among warriors of my country,  
no safeguard is granted me,  
my thought is not on kingship

Ní théighim ar aeidhidheacht  
do thigh mic duine a nÉire,  
fa meince liom bæithgeltacht  
ar bennuibh corra sléibhe.

Ní tégar dom airfidedh  
athaigh ré ndul im lighi,  
nochan fhaghuim oirchisecht  
ó fer túaithe ná fini.

Antan robsom Suibhni-si  
agus théighinn ar eachaibh,  
antan tig im chuimh[n]i-si  
mairg romfuirgedh a mbethaidh.

As mé Suibhne sáirchendaídh,  
as úar anaoibinn mh'ionadh,  
gé beo anocht ar bháithbendaibh  
a bhen bhenus mo bhiorar.

As é mo mhíodh mh'uisce fúar,  
as é mo bhúar mo bhiorar,  
as íad mo charaid mo chroinn,  
ge 'tú gan leann, gan ionar.

As úar anocht an adhaigh,  
gidh im bhocht ar áoi mbiorair,  
atchúala guth an ghioghruinn  
ós Imligh iomluim Iobhair.

Ní théim ar aíocht  
go tigh mic duine in Éirinn  
ba mhinice liom baothghealtacht  
ar bheanna corra sléibhe.

Ní thugtar dom oirfideadh  
san oíche roimh dhul im' luí,  
ní bhfaighim trua  
ó chomharsa ná gaol.

An tan ba mise Suibhne  
agus théinn ar eachaibh,  
an tan thig im' chuimhne-se  
mairg gur fágadh mé im' bheathaidh.

Is mé Suibhne saorcheannach,  
is fuar anaoibinn m'ionad,  
cé beo anocht ar bhaoth-bheanna  
a bhean bhaineas mo bhiolar.

Is é mo mheá m'uisce fuar  
is é mo bhólacht mo bhiolar,  
is iad mo charaid mo chrainn,  
cé táim gan leann, gan ionar.

Is fuar anocht an oíche,  
cé im' bhocht de dhíth biolair,  
chuala guth an ghiúrann  
ós Imleach iomlom Iobhair.

I go not as a guest  
to the house of any man's son in Erin,  
more often am I straying madly  
on the pointed mountain-peaks.

None cometh to make music to me  
for a while before going to rest,  
no pity do I get  
from tribesman or kinsman.

When I was Suibhne indeed  
and used to go on steeds —  
when that comes to my memory  
alas that I was detained in life.

I am Suibhne, noble leader (?),  
cold and joyless is my abode,  
though I be to-night on wild peaks,  
O woman who pluckest my watercress.

My mead is my cold water,  
my kine are my cresses,  
my friends are my trees,  
though I am without mantle or smock.

Cold is the night to-night,  
though I am poor as regards watercress,  
I have heard the cry of the wild-goose  
over bare Imlech Iobhair.

Atú gan brat, gan ionar,  
fada a ulc úair romleanadh,  
teichim re guth na cuirre  
mar budh buille rombenadh.

Rigim co Dairbre ndaingen  
isna láibh aidhbhlibh earraigh,  
agus teichim ré n-oidhche  
siar co Boirche mbennaigh.

Diamsat eólach, a fionnghág,  
mo ghort ní treórach tenngarg,  
atá nech dianad sgeile  
an t-eiri beri, a bhengág.

At úara dotachuisin  
ar brú tobair ghlaish greanaigh,  
deogh ghleórdha d'uisce iodhan  
agus an biorar bhenaídh.

Mo chuid-si an biorar bheanaídh,  
cuid gheilte saoire singi,  
sgingidh gæth úar mam reandaibh  
do bendaibh gacha binni.

As úar gæth an mhadanraidh,  
doicc etrom is mh'ionar,  
nacha nfhétoim t'agalloimh,  
a bhen bhenus an mbiorar."

Atáim gan brat, gan ionar,  
fada an drochuair dom' leanacht,  
teithim roimh ghuth na coirre  
mar ba bhuille dom' leagadh.

Sroichim Dairbhre daingean  
ins na laetha aoibhne earraigh,  
agus teithim roimh oíche  
siar go Boirche beannach.

Dá mb'eol duit, a fhionnbhean feosaí,  
ní láidir teanngharg é mo ghort,  
tá neach gur sceimhle dó  
an t-eire bhainir, a bhean feosaí

Is fuar an méid atá ann  
ar imeall tobair ghlaish ghreanaigh,  
deoch ghlé órga d'uisce íon  
agus an biolar a bhainir.

Mo chuidse an biolar a bhainir,  
cuid gheilte saoire seinge,  
scinneann gaoth fhuar lem' leasracha  
do bheanna gacha binne.

Is fuar gaoth na maidine —  
téann idir mé is m'ionar,  
ní fhéadam labhairt leat,  
a bhean bhaineas an biolar."

I am without mantle or smock,  
the evil hour has long clung to me (?),  
I flee at the cry of the heron  
as though it were a blow that struck me.

I reach firm Dairbre  
in the wondrous days of Spring,  
and before night I flee  
westward to Benn Boirche.

If thou art learned, O fair, crabbed one,  
my field . . .  
there is one to whom the burden thou takest  
is a grievous matter, O hag.

It is cold they are  
at the brink of a clear, pebbly spring —  
a bright quaff of pure water  
and the watercress you pluck.

My meal is the watercress you pluck,  
the meal of a noble, emaciated madman;  
cold wind springs around my loins  
from the peaks of each mountain.

Chilly is the wind of morn,  
It comes between me and my smock,  
I am unable to speak to thee,  
O woman who pluckest the watercress."

[A.]

“Fágaibh mo chuid don Choimdhi,  
rium-sa ná déna duilghe,  
móide foghébha cennacht,  
is beir bennacht, a Suibhne.”

[S.]

“Dénam cennach cert cubhaidh  
gé ’tú a mullach an iubhair,  
beir mh’ionar is mo chertín,  
fágaibh an mbertín mbiorair.

As terc nech las am ionmhuin,  
ní fhuil mo theach ar talmhain,  
uaim ó bhere mo bhiorar  
mo chuid chionadh ar th’anmain.

Ní ris a nech rocharuis,  
meisdi don tí rolenuis,  
rofhágbhuis neach co daidbhir  
imon airbir robhenais.

Creach na nGall ngorm dot gabháil,  
orm noch a dernais deghdháil,  
co bfhagbhha on Choimdhe a chionaidh  
mo chuid biorair do bhenáil.

An bhean:

“Fág mo chuid don Choimdhe —  
liomsa ná bí doiligh,  
móide gheobhaidh tú ceannacht,  
is beir beannacht, a Shuibhne.”

Suibhne:

“Déanaimis ceannach ceart cuibhe  
cé mé i mullach an iúir,  
beir m’ionar is mo cheirtín,  
ach fág an beairtín biolair.

Is tearc neach ler ionmhain mé,  
níl mo theach ar thalamh,  
uaim ó bheirir mo bhiolar  
mo chuid cionta ar d’anam.

Nára shroichir an neach a charais,  
is measa don té sin a leanais;  
d’fhágais neach go daidbhir  
de bharr an ghlac do bhainis.

Creach na nGall gorm dod’ ghabháil  
ormsa ní dhearnais dea-dháil,  
go bhfaighe tú ón Choimhde do mhilleadh  
as mo chuid biolair a bhaint.

The woman:

“Leave my portion to the Lord,  
be not harsh to me;  
the more wilt thou attain supremacy,  
and take a blessing, O Suibhne.”

Suibhne:

“Let us make a bargain just and fitting  
though I am on the top of the yew;  
take thou my smock and my tatters,  
leave the little bunch of cress.

There is scarce one by whom I am beloved,  
I have no house on earth;  
since thou takest from me my watercress  
my sins to be on thy soul.

Mayest thou not reach him whom thou hast loved,  
the worse for him whom thou hast followed;  
thou hast left one in poverty  
because of the bunch thou hast plucked.

May a raid of the blue-coated Norsemen take thee,  
thine has not been a fortunate meeting for me,  
mayest thou get from the Lord the blame  
for cutting my portion of watercress.



A bhen, chugud da ttóra  
Loingseachan atá rún reabha,  
tabhair-si dhó trém chionaidh  
a leth an bhiorair bhena.” A bhen.

A bhean, chugat dá dtiocfadh  
Loingseachán a thaithíonn spórt,  
tabhairse dhó trí mo chionta  
leath an bhiolair a bhainir.”

O woman, if there should come to thee  
Loingseachan whose delight is sport,  
do thou give him on my behalf  
half the watercress thou pluckest.”

## Section 44

Robáoi-siomh i Ros Chomáin an oidhche sin,	Bhí sé i Ros Comáin an oíche sin.	That night he remained in Ros Comain
luid aissein arnamhárach co Slíabh n-uráuibhinn nEachtghe,	D'imigh sé as sin lá arna mhárach go Sliabh aoibhinn Eachta,	and went thence on the morrow to delightful Sliabh Aughty,
aissein co Slíabh mínaluin Mis,	as sin go Sliabh mín álainn Mis,	thence to smooth, beautiful Sliabh Mis,
aissein co Slíabh bennard Bladhma,	as sin go Sliabh beannard Bladhma,	thence to lofty-peaked Sliabh Bloom,
aissein co hInis Mureadhaigh;	as sin go hInis Muirígh.	thence to Inis Murray.
coecáois ar mhís do intí-sein	Sé seachtaine dó ansin	For a fortnight and a month he tarried
i n-uaimh Dhonnáin Eghæ,	in uaimh Dhonnáin Eige,	in the cave of Donnan of Eig,
aissidhein co Carraic Alustair.	as sin go Carraig Alastair	and went thence to Carrick Alastair
Gabhaidh áite ocus ionadh ainsidhe	*mar ar thóg sé a áit cónaithe*.	where he took up his abode
ocus báoi cæcaois ar mhís eile innti.	Chaith sé sé seachtaine eile ansin.	and remained another fortnight and a month.
Fagbhais í iarsin agus ceileabhraidh dhí;	D'fhág sé ansin í agus cheiliúir sé dhi;	He left it afterwards and bade it farewell,
gonadh ann adbert ag tabhairt a dhocra féin ós aird annso:	agus, ag tabhairt a dheacra féin ós ard, dúirt sé mar seo:	and, proclaiming aloud his own woes, said:

## Section 45

“Duairc an bhetha-sa  
bheith gan maeithleaptha,  
adhbha úairsheaca,  
garbha gáioithshnechta.

Gaoth uar oighreata,  
sgáth fann fainnghréine,  
fosgadh éinbhile,  
a mullach maighshléibhe.

Fulang fraissíne,  
céim dar aisseóla,  
imthecht glaismhíne,  
madain ghlaisreódha.

Gáir na damhraidhe  
ar fhud fidhbhuidhe,  
dréim re hoisbherna,  
fogar fionnmhuire.

Maith, a mórChoimdhe,  
mór an meirbhnéll-sa,  
duilghe an duibhlén-sa,  
Suibhne an seinghlén-sa.

“Duairc an bheatha seo,  
bheith gan maothleaba,  
áitreabh fuarsheaca,  
gairfean gaothshneachta.

Gaoth fhuar oighreata,  
scáth fann fainnghréine,  
fosgadh aon bhile,  
i mullach maighshléibhe.

Fulaingt fras-síne,  
céim thar ois-rianta  
imtheacht glaismhíne  
maidin ghlaisreo.

Gáir na damhraí  
ar fud buíchoille.  
dréim le hoisbhearna,  
foghar fionnmhara.

Maith, a mhór-Choimdhe,  
mór an meirbhnéal seo,  
doiligh an dubhléan seo,  
Suibhne an seang-bhléan seo.

“Gloomy this life,  
to be without a soft bed,  
abode of cold frost,  
roughness of wind-driven snow.

Cold, icy wind,  
faint shadow of a feeble sun,  
shelter of a single tree,  
on the summit of a table-land.

Enduring the rain-storm,  
stepping over deer-paths, (?)  
faring through greensward  
on a morn of grey frost.

The bellowing of the stags  
throughout the wood,  
the climb to the deer-pass,  
the voice of white seas.

Yea, O great Lord,  
great this weakness,  
more grievous this black sorrow,  
Suibhne the slender-groined.

Rith dar breicbhearnaibh  
Boirche boithleaptha,  
osnadh geamhoidhche,  
coss i ccloichshneachta.

Luighe fliuchleapthach  
learga LoichÉirne,  
menma ar mhuichimthecht  
madan mhuichéirghe.

Rith tar tuinnbeinnaibh  
Dúine Sobhairce,  
clúas re tromthonnaibh  
Dhúine Rodairce.

Rith ón rathuinn-si  
co tuinn mbæithBerbha,  
feis ar crúadhcholbha  
Dhúine cæimhChermna.

O Dhún caoimhChearmna  
co Beinn mbláthmBoirne,  
clúas re clochadhart  
Crúacháin ghargOighle.

Utmhall mh'imirce  
a muigh na Bóruime,  
ó Bheinn Iughoine  
go Beinn mBógghoine.

Rith thar breacbhearnaibh  
Boirche both-leapan,  
osna geamhoíche  
cos i gcloichshneachta.

Luí fliuchleabach  
learga Loch Éirne,  
aigne ar mhoch-imeacht  
maidin mhochéirí.

Rith thar tonnbheanna  
Dúine Sobhairce,  
cluas le tromthonnta  
Dhúine Rodairce.

Rith ón mórthonn seo  
go tonn baoth-Bhearú  
sos ar chrua-cholbha  
Dhún caomh-Chearmna.

O Dhún caomh-Chearmna  
go Beinn bláth-Bhoirne  
cluas le cloch-adhairt  
Cruacháin gharg-Aighle.

Gan sos m'imirce  
i maigh na Bórainhe,  
ó Bheinn Iughaine  
go Beinn Bógghaine.

Racing over many-hued gaps  
of Boirche of hut couches,  
the sough of the winter night,  
footing it in hailstones.

Lying on a wet bed  
on the slopes of Loch Erne,  
mind on early departure,  
morn of early rising.

Racing over the wave-tops  
of Dun Sobairce,  
ear to the billows  
of Dun Rodairce.

Running from this great wave  
to the wave of the rushing Barrow,  
sleeping on a hard couch  
of fair Dun Cermna.

From fair Dun Cermna  
to flowery Benn Boirne,  
ear against a stone pillow  
of rough Cruachan Oighle.

Restless my wandering  
in the plain of the Boroma,  
from Benn Iughoine  
to Benn Boghaine.

Táinic chugum-sa  
neach romlámhaigh-si,  
ní romsíodhaigh-si  
bean romsáraigh-si.

Rug mo chuidigh-si  
d'éis na cionadh-sa,  
truagh an monar-sa,  
adúas mo bhiorar-sa.

Biorar bhuingim-si,  
biadha fionndlochtán,  
ceithre cronnghlacáin  
Glinne fionnBholcáin.

Sásadh saicch m-si,  
suairc an monarán,  
deoch don uisgi-si,  
thiobrad fhionnRonán.

Corra mh'ingni-si,  
maeth mo chreasa-sa,  
toll mo chosa-sa,  
lom mo leasa-sa.

Bérait oram-sa  
fian co talchuraibh,  
cían ó Ultachaibh,  
triall a nAlbanchaibh.

Tháinig chugamsa  
neach chuir lámh orm,  
ní hé gur shíogaigh mé  
an bhean a sháraigh mé.

Rug léi mo chuidse  
d'éis mo chiontasa,  
is trua an obair seo,  
itheadh mo bhiolarsa.

An biolar bhainimse,  
bia fionndlochtán,  
ceithre cruinn-ghlacáin  
Glinne fionn-Bholcáin.

Béile iarraimse,  
suairc an mónarán,  
deoch den uisce seo  
thiobraid fhionn-Rónáin.

Corra m'ingne-se,  
maoth mo chreasa-sa,  
toll mo chosa-sa,  
lom mo leasracha.

Béarfaid ormsa  
fiann nach ngéilleann  
cian ó Ulaidh  
triall in Albain.

There has come to me  
one who has laid hands on me,  
she has brought no peace to me,  
the woman who has dishonoured me.

She has taken my portion  
on account of my sins,  
wretched the work —  
my watercress has been eaten.

Watercress I pluck,  
food in a fair bunch,  
four round handfuls  
of fair Glen Bolcain.

A meal I see —  
pleasant the bogberry,  
a drink of water here  
from the well of Ronan Finn.

Bent are my nails,  
feeble my loins,  
pierced my feet,  
bare my thighs.

There will overtake me  
a warrior-band stubbornly,  
far from Ulster,  
faring in Alba.

D'éis an astair-si  
truagh mo shanuslaidh,  
bith a ccrúadhchomaidh  
Chairrge Alastoir.

Carraig Alastair,  
adhbha d' fáoilennaibh,  
truagh a Dhúilemhain,  
uar dhá háoidheadhaibh.

Carraig Alastair,  
cloc na cruthailde,  
lór a leathairde,  
srón re sruthfhairrge.

Truagh ar ccomhraic-ne,  
días chorr crúadhluirgnech,  
misi crúaidhleadhbach,  
sisi crúaidhghuilibnech.

Fliuch na leaptha-sa  
itá mh'áras-sa,  
beg doshaoiles-sa  
gur chreg chádhasa.

Olc do chláonChongal  
cath do tharrachtain,  
mar chuing n-imeachtair  
rothuill mallachtain.

D'éis an astair seo  
trua mo shainfhios,  
bheith i gcrua-chuideachta  
Charraige Alastair.

Carraig Alastair,  
áitreabh d'fhaoileanna,  
trua, a Dhúilimh  
fuar dá haíonna.

Carraig Alastair,  
aill chlogchruthach,  
mór a leathairde,  
srón le sruthfharraige.

Trua ár gcomhrac-na  
dís chorr chrua-loirgneach,  
mise crua-leadhbach  
ise crua-ghuilibneach.

Fliuch na leapacha  
a bhfuil m'áras-sa,  
beag do shíleas-sa  
gur chreig chásach í.

Olc do chlaon-Chongal  
cath do thar-rochtain,  
mar chuing sheachtrach  
do thuill mallachtain.

After this journey —  
sad is my secret song —  
to be in the hard company  
of Carraig Alastair.

Carraig Alastair,  
abode of sea-gulls,  
sad, O Creator,  
chilly for its guests.

Carraig Alastair,  
bell-shaped rock,  
sufficient were it half the height,  
nose to the main.

Sad our meeting;  
a couple of cranes hard-shanked —  
I hard and ragged,  
she hard-beaked.

Wet these beds  
wherein is my dwelling,  
little did I think  
it was a rock of holiness.

Bad was it for Congal Claon  
that he arrived at the battle;  
like an outer yoke  
he has earned a curse.

A cath RathMuighe  
tráth do rúachtas-sa  
re nguín mh'éichta-sa,  
ním dluigh dúarcusa. D.

Truagh an turus-sa,  
ní ma tánag-sa,  
cían óm eólas-sa,  
críoch gusa ránag-sa.

Tiucfaidh Loingseachán,  
truagh a thurusa,  
gé romlena-sa  
ní ba hurusa.

Caille comhfhada,  
cladh na cúarta-sa,  
tír gus ránag-sa,  
ní gníomh dúarcusa. D.

Duibhlinn dúnBhoirche,  
trén romfúasnaidh-sí,  
aidhbhle a híochtair-sí,  
daingne a húachtair-sí.

As ferr fúarus-sa  
coillte cosmhuile,  
roighní ruisMhidhe,  
aidhbhle Osraighe.

As cath Rath-Maighe  
tráth do theitheas-sa,  
le goin m'éichta-sa,  
níor thuill an duairceas so.

Trua an turas seo  
mairg gur thánagsa,  
cian ó m'eólas-sa  
críoch gusa ránagsa.

Tiocfaidh Loingseachán,  
trua a thurasa,  
cé go leanann mé  
ní dó is furasta.

Coille comhfhada,  
claí na cuairte seo,  
tír gusa ránagsa  
ní gníomh duairceasa.

Duibhlinn dún-Bhoirche  
tréan do shuaith mé,  
oibriú a híochtair-se,  
daingne a huachtair-se.

Is fearr fuaireas-sa  
coillte cosúla,  
righne ros-Mhidhe  
áibhle Osraighe.

When I fled  
from the battle of Magh Rath  
before my undoing,  
I deserved not harshness.

Sad this expedition;  
would that I had not come,  
far from my home  
is the country I have reached.

Loingseachan will come,  
sad his journeys;  
though he follow me,  
it will not be easy.

Far-stretching woods  
are the rampart of this circuit —  
the land to which I have come —  
not a deed of sadness.

The black lake of fortified Boirche  
greatly has it perturbed me;  
the vastness of its depths,  
the strength of its wave-crests.

Better found I  
pleasant woods,  
choice places of wooded Meath,  
the vastness of Ossory.

Ulaídh fhoghamhair  
im Loch Cúan crítheólaigh,  
tadhall samhrata  
Cheineóil mbithEóghain.

Imthecht Lughnasaidh  
Taillten tiobraidhe,  
iasgach earrchaidhe  
Sionna siobhlaidhe.

Minig ríccim-sí  
tír conúachtus-sa,  
buidhni barrchasa,  
druimní dúarcusa.” Dúaire.

Ulaídh fhómhair  
um Loch Cúan creathach,  
cuairt shamhrata  
Chineóil bith-Eoghain.

Imeacht Lúnasa  
Tailteann tiobraide  
iascach earraigh  
Sionainn siúlach.

Minic shroichim-se  
tír a fhuaimse,  
aíonna barr-chasa  
druimní duairceasa.”

Ulaídh in harvest-time  
about quivering Loch Cuan,  
a summer visit  
to the race of enduring Eoghan.

A journey at Lammastide  
to Tailten of fountains,  
fishing in springtime  
the meandering Shannon.

Often do I reach  
the land I have set in order,  
curly-haired hosts,  
stern ridges.”



## Section 46

Rofhágaibh Suibhne an charraicc iarsin	D'fhág Suibhne an charraig ina dhiaidh sin	Suibhne then left Carraig Alastair
ocus dochúaidh tar an muir ccráosfhairsing, ccithainbhthenaigh	agus chuaigh thar an mhuir fhairsing stoirm- cheathach	and went over the wide-mouthed, storm-swept sea
co ráinic Críoch Bhreatain.	go ráinig Críoch Bhreatain.	until he reached the land of the Britons.
Dorad a láimh ndeis re dúnadh rígh Bretan	D'fhág sé dún rí na háite sin ar thaobh na láimhe deise	He left the fortress of the king of the Britons on his right hand
co ttarla dochum feadha móir é	agus shroich coill mhór.	and came on a great wood.
ocus an chonair táinic fón fídh	Ar a shlí tríd an gcoill	As he passed along the wood
atchualaidh an uchbhadach oculus an éccaoini	chuala sé an t-éagaoineadh	he heard lamenting and wailing,
ocus an mhairgneach mór oculus an osnadhach éccalma.	agus an mhairgneach mór agus an osnaíl éagcalma.	a great moan of anguish and feeble sighing.
As edh robhúi annsin, geilt eile robhoi ar fhud an fhedha.	Is é a bhí ansin, gealt eile a bhí ar fuaid na coille.	It was another madman who was wandering through the wood.
Táinic-siomh iaromh dhá ionnsaighe.	Chuaigh Suibhne suas chuige.	Suibhne went up to him.
“Cía thú, a dhuine?” ar Suibhne.	“Cé thú, a dhuine?” arsa Suibhne.	“Who are you, my man?” said Suibhne.
“Geilt misi,” ar sé.	“Gealt mise,” ar seisean.	“I am a madman,” said he.

“Másat geilt,” ar Suibhne,	“Más gealt tú,” arsa Suibhne,	“If you are a madman,” said Suibhne,
“tair ale co n[d]ernom comann,	“tar i leith agus déanaimis cairdeas	“come hither so that we may be friends,
ar isam geilt-si bheós.”	mar is gealt mise leis.	for I too am a madman.”
“Doragainn,” ar an gheilt oili,	“Thiocfainn,” arsa an gealt eile,	“I would,” said the other,
“muna bheith eglá thighe nó theglaigh an rígh dom tharrachtain	“mura mbeadh go bhfuil eagla orm roimh mhuintir agus theaghlach an rí	“were it not for fear of the king’s house or household seizing me,
ocus ní fhétar nach díobh duit-si.”	agus n’fheadar nach díobh tusa.”	and I do not know that you are not one of them.”
“Ní díobh éiccin,” ar Suibhne,	“Ní díobh go deimhin,” arsa Suibhne,	“I am not indeed,” said Suibhne,
“ocus sloinn-si t’ainm bunaidh dhamh ó nach díobh.”	“agus ón uair nach díobh, abair liom cén ainm atá ort.”	“and since I am not, tell me your family name.”
“Fer Cailli mh’ainm,” ar an gheilt;	“Fear Coille m’ainm,” arsa an ghealt.	“Fer Caille ( <u>Man of the Wood</u> ) is my name,” said the madman;
conadh ann itbert Suibhne an rann sa	Iar sin dúirt Suibhne an rann seo	whereupon Suibhne uttered this stave
ocus rofreagair Fear Caille é, mar so síos:	agus d’fhreagair Fear Coille é mar seo:	and Fer Caille answered him as follows:

## Section 47

[S.]

“A Fhir Chaille, cidh dotharraidh?  
truagh do ghuth,  
abair damh-sa cidh rodmannair  
céill nó cruth?”

[F.]

“Ro-innisfinn duit mo sgéla,  
sceó mo ghníomh,  
muna bheith eaglach inn slúagh séghdha  
thoighe an rígh.

As mé Ealadhán noroichedh  
iolar ndreann,  
as díom-sa la cách dogoirtidhi  
lúam-gheilt ghleann.”

[S.]

“As misi Suibhne mac Colmáin  
ó Bhúais bhil,  
as usaidi dhúinn ar ccomhrádh  
sunn, a fhir.” A fhir.

Suibhne:

“A Fhir Choille, cad a tharla duit?  
trua do ghuth,  
abair liomsa cad a loit tú  
i gcéill is i gcruth?”

Fear Coille:

“Neosfainn duit mo scéala,  
amhlaidh mo ghníomh,  
murach eagla an tslua  
i dteaghlach an rí.

Is mé Alladhan nach sroicheadh  
iolar i dtroid,  
is díomsa le cách do ghoirtí  
luamh-gheilt ghleann.”

Suibhne:

“Is mise Suibhne Mac Colmáin  
ó Bhuais bhil,  
is fusaide dhúinn ár gcomhrá  
anseo, a fhir.”

Suibhne:

“O Fer Cailli, what has befallen thee?  
sad is thy voice;  
tell me what has marred thee  
in sense or form?”

Fer Caille:

“I would tell thee my story,  
likewise my deeds,  
were it not for fear of the proud host  
of the king’s household.

Ealadhan am I  
who used to go to many combats,  
I am known to all  
as the leading madman of the glens.”

Suibhne:

“Suibhne son of Colman am I  
from the pleasant Bush;  
the easier for us is converse  
here, O man.”

## Section 48

Tug cách dhíobh taobh re 'roile iersin	Iar sin, bhí níos mó iontaobhí acu as a chéile	After that each confided in the other
gur fhiafraigheddar féin sgéla dá chéile.	agus d'fhiafraíodar scéala dá chéile.	and they asked tidings of each other.
Atbert Suibhne risin ngeilt:	Arsa Suibhne leis na ngealt:	Said Suibhne to the madman:
“Dén-sa do slondadh dhamh-sa,” ar sé.	“Tabhair cuntas ort féin domsa,” ar sé.	“Give an account of yourself.”
“Mac brughaidh mé,” ar an gheilt Breathnach,	“Mac sealbhóra talún mé,” arsa an ghealt Bhreatnach.	“I am son of a landholder,” said the madman of Britain,
“ocus is don tír-sí itáim mo bhunadhus	Is í seo mo thírdhúcais mar a bhfuilimid anois	“and I am a native of this country in which we are,
ocus Alladhán mh'ainm.”	agus Alladhan is ainm dom.”	and Ealladhan is my name.”
“Innis dam,” ar Suibhne, “cuidh rottuc ar gealtacht thú.”	“Abair liom,” arsa Suibhne, “cad a thug ar gealtacht tú.”	“Tell me,” said Suibhne, “what caused your madness.”
“Ní hansa.	“Ní deacair a rá.	“Not difficult to say.
Dhá rígh robhádar ag imchosnamh im rígh na críche-sí fecht n-aill	Bhí tráth dhá rí ag troid a chéile féachaint cé gheobhadh flaitheas na tíre seo.	Once upon a time, two kings were contending for the sovereignty of this country,
.i. Eochaidh Aincheas mac Guaire Mathra (?) ocus Cúgúa mac Gúaire;	B'iad sin Eochaidh Aincheas, mac Guaire Mathra agus Cugua mac Guaire.	viz., Eochaidh Aincheas, son of Guaire Mathra, and Cugua, son of Guaire.

ba do muintir Eachaidh damh-sa,” ar sé, “uair as é dobudh ferr don días sin.	Ba de mhuintir Eochaidh mise,” ar sé, “óir ba é b’fhearr den bheirt acu.	Of the people of Eochaidh am I,” said he, “for he was the better of the two.
Dorónadh iarumh móirthonól do chur chatha fria aroile imón tír-si.	Bhailigh móirthonól ansin do chur catha ar a chéile i dtaobh na tíre.	There was then convened a great assembly to give battle to each other concerning the country.
Rocuires-sa gesa ar gach aon do muintir mo thigherna coná tigsedh neach dhíobh gan édach sróil uime dochum an chatha ar go mbudh suaithenta seach cách íat la huaill ocus díumus.	Chuireas-sa geasa ar *gach aon de* mhuintir mo thiarna chun nach dtiocfadh aon duine díobh chun catha gan éadach sróil air le go léireofaí don tsaol a gcuid poimp agus díomais.	I put <i>geasa</i> on each one of my lord’s people that none of them should come to the battle except they were clothed in silk, so that they might be conspicuous beyond all for pomp and pride.
Tucsat immorro na slúaigh trí gáirthe mallacht form-sa, co ttucsat-sidhe misi ar fáoineal ocus ar folúamhuin amail atchíthe-si.”	Thug an slua trí gártha mallachta ormsa a chuir orm dul ar foluain ar teitheadh mar a fheiceann tú.”	The hosts gave three shouts of malediction on me, which sent me wandering and fleeing as you see.”

## Section 49

Rofhiarfaidh-siomh mar an cétna do Suibhne cidh dusfug for gealtacht.	Ar an gcuma chéanna d'fhiafraigh seisean de Shuibhne cad a chuir ar gealtacht é.	In the same way he asked Suibhne what drove him to madness.
“Briathra Rónáin,” ar Suibhne,	“Briathra Rónáin,” arsa Suibhne,	“The words of Ronan,” said Suibhne,
“uair roescáoin-siomh misi re hucht catha Muighe Rath,	“mar chuir sé mallacht orm le linn cath Maighe Rath	“for he cursed me in front of the battle of Magh Rath,
co roéirghes a n-airde asin ccath sin	sa tslí gur éiríos in airde as an gcath sin	so that I rose on high out of the battle,
cou fuilim ar faoinneal oculus ar folúamain ó sin ale.”	go bhfuilim ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain ó shin i leith.”	and I have been wandering and fleeing ever since.”
“A Shuiune,” ar Alladhán, “coimhédadh cach uainn a chéile co maith	“A Shuibhne,” arsa Alladhan, “tugaimis aire mhaith dá chéile	“O Suibhne,” said Ealladhan, “let each of us keep good watch over the other
ó doratsom taobh fria aroile	ón uair go bhfuil muinín againn as a chéile.	since we have placed trust in each other;
.i. antí úain as luaithe chluinfes	<u>Anois</u> , an té sin againn is túisce a chloisfidh	that is, he who shall soonest hear
glædh cuirre do loch linnglas linnúaine	glaoch coirre ó loch linnglas linnuaine,	the cry of a heron from a blue-watered, green- watered lough
nó guth gléghlan gaircce,	nó guth gléghlan fiaigh mhara,	or the clear note of a cormorant,
nó léim creabhair do chraoibh,	nó léim creabhair de chraobh,	or the flight of a woodcock from a branch,

fedghaire nó guth feadóige ar na fiórdhúsgadh	fead nó guth feadóige arna dhúiseacht,	the whistle or sound of a plover on being woke from its sleep,
nó fuaim críonaigh aga choimhbrisedh,	nó briseadh brainsí feoite,	or the sound of withered branches being broken,
nó fosgadh éoin ós fiodhbaidh,	nó <u>a fheicfidh</u> scáth éin os cionn na coille,	or <u>shall see</u> the shadow of a bird above the wood,
erfhúagradh agus innisedh antí atchluinfe é ar tús don fíor oile,	cuireadh sé é in iúl don bhfear eile.	let him who shall first hear warn and tell the other;
bíodh ead dhá crann eatrinn	Bíodh achar dhá chrann eadrinn	let there be the distance of two trees between us;
ocus dá ráthaighedh neach uainn	agus má chloiseann aon duine againn	and if one of us should hear
ní dona neithibh réimráitiú sin	aon ní díobh sin a luamar	any of the before-mentioned things
nó a n-ionnsamail oile	nó aon ní cosúil leis,	or anything resembling them,
déntar teichedh maith linn iaromh.”	teithimis go tapaidh <u>as an áit</u> .”	let us fly quickly away thereafter.”

## Section 50

Dogniat samhlaídh agus bádar bliadhain lán i  
ufarradh aroili.

Hi cinn na bliadhna sin adbert Alladhán fri  
Suibhne:

“As mithidh dúinn sgaradh aníú,” ar sé,

“uair táinic forcheann mo shoeghail-si,  
ocus nocha nfhéduim gan dul gusin ionadh  
in rocinneadh dhamh ég d’fhagháil.”

“Cidh ón, gá bás fogébha?” ar Suibhne.

“Ní hansa,” ar Alladhán,

“i. rachad anois go hEas nDubhthaigh  
ocus cuirfidhther athach gaeithe fúm ann  
ocus romc[h]uirther ’san es mé  
go rombáiter ann

Rinneadar amhlaidh agus chaitheadar bliain  
iomlán i bhfochair a chéile.

Ag deireadh na bliana sin arsa Alladhan le  
Suibhne:

“is mithid dúinn scaradh inniu

mar go bhfuil deireadh mo shaoil tagtha  
agus tá orm dul go dtí an t-ionad  
a bhfuil sé i ndán dom éag ann.”

“Cén saghas bás a gheobhaidh tú?” arsa  
Suibhne.

“Ní deachair a rá,” arsa Alladhan,

“rachaidh mé anois go hEas Dubhthaigh  
agus tógfaidh cóch gaoithe mé  
agus teilgfear mé isteach san eas  
sa tsli go mbáfar mé.

They do so, and they were a whole year  
together.

At the end of the year Ealladhan said to  
Suibhne:

“It is time that we part to-day,

for the end of my life has come,  
and I must go to the place  
where it has been destined for me to die.”

“What death shall you die?” said Suibhne.

“Not difficult to say,” said Ealladhan;

“I go now to Eas Dubhthaigh,  
and a blast of wind will get under me  
and cast me into the waterfall  
so that I shall be drowned,



ocus nomadhnaicther iarsin i relic fhíreóin	Adhlacfar mé ina dhiaidh sin i reilig firéan	and I shall be buried afterwards in a churchyard of a saint,
ocus foghébh nemh,	agus bainfidh mé neamh amach:	and I shall obtain Heaven;
conadh í sin críoch mo bheathadhsa,	sin é deireadh a bheidh ar mo shaolsa.	and that is the end of my life.
ocus a Shuiune,” ar Alladhán,	Anois, a Shuibhne,” agus Alladhan,	And, O Suibhne,” said Ealladhan,
“innis damh-sa cia haidhedh notbéra fadhéin?”	“inis domsa cad tá i ndán duit féin?”	“tell me what your own fate will be?”
Ro-innis Suibhne dhó iarum febh atféd an sgél síosana.	D’inis Suibhne dó ansin faoi mar tá ráite anseo síos.	Suibhne then told him as the story relates below.
Rosgarsat lasodhain	Iar sin scaradar.	At that they parted
ocus rotriall an Breathnach go hEas nDubhthaigh	D’imigh an Breatnach go hEas Dubhthaigh	and the Briton set out for Eas Dubhthaigh,
ocus ó ráinic an t-es	agus ó ráinig an t-eas	and when he reached the waterfall
robáidedh ann é.	bádhdh ann é.	he was drowned in it.

## Section 51

Táinic iarumh Suibhne reimhe dochum nÉrenn	Tháinig Suibhne roimhe go hÉirinn ansin.	Suibhne then came to Ireland,
co ttarla i ndúidh laoi é go Magh Line i nUltaibh	Tráthnóna thiar shroich sé Maigh Líne in Ultaibh.	and at the close of day he arrived at Magh Line in Ulster.
ocus ó tuc aithne ar an magh atbert:	Ar aithint na maighe dó, dúirt sé:	When he recognized the plain he said:
“Maith éimh cách aga rabhadus-sa ar an magh sa,” ar sé,	“Go deimhin ba mhaith eisean a rabhas ina fhochair ar an maigh,” ar sé,	“Good in sooth was he with whom I sojourned on the plain,
“i. Congal Cláon mac Sgannláin	“is é sin Congal Claon mac Scannláin	even Congal Claon, son of Scannlan,
ocus fós,” ar sé, “ropudh maith an magh sa ina rabhamar ann.	agus ba mhaith fós an mhaigh ina rabhamar.	and good moreover was the plain on which we were.
Robhádhus-sa agus Congal lá forsan magh sa: co n-ébart-sa fris:	Bhíos-sa agus Congal lá ar an maigh seo agus dúirt mé leis:	One day Congal and I were there and I said to him:
‘Rob áil damh dol dochum tigerna eile,’	‘Ba mhaith liom dul go tiarna eile,’	‘I would fain go to another master,’
ar laghad mo thuarastail aigi-siomh,	— mar gheall ar a laghad tuarastail a bhí á fháil agam uaidh.	because of the meagre recompense I received from him.
conadh annsin dorad-som dhamh-sa ar oirisiumh aicci	Ansin, le go bhfanfainn aige, thug sé dom	Whereat, in order that I might stay with him, he gave me
trí choega each n-áluinn n-allmhardha	trí chaoga each álainn ón gcoigríoch	thrice fifty beautiful, foreign steeds

imon each donn robhói aigi budhdhéin	mar aon lena each donn féin,	together with his own brown steed,
ocus trí chaoga calg ndéd ndreachsholus,	maille le trí chaoga claíomh *lámh-eabhartha* deaslámhaithe,	and thrice fifty gleaming, tusk-hilted swords,
caoca fermhogh	caoga fearmhogh	fifty bondsmen,
ocus caoca banmhogh	agus caoga banmhogh	and fifty bondsmails,
ocus ionar go n-ór	chomh maith le hionar órga	a tunic with gold
ocus fúathróg bhuilidh bhreacshróil.”	agus crios soilseach de bhreachshról.”	and a splendid girdle of chequered silk.”
Conadh ann atbert Suibhne an dán so ann go léig:	Ansin, d’aithris Suibhne an dán seo:	Thereupon Suibhne recited this poem:

## Section 52

“I Muigh Line itú-sa anocht,  
atgéoghuinn mo chroidhe taobhnocht,  
is atgeóin misi an magh  
i mbídh mo sheisi Conghal.

Feacht rombá-sa is Congal Claon  
sunn ar an muigh-si maráon,  
ag dul a nDruim Lorgan láin  
dorónsamar síst chomhráidh.

Adubhart-sa ris an rígh,  
ba talach (?) ar thairisi,  
‘as áil damh dul ar astar,  
as beg lem mo thúarastal.’

Rugus-sa úadh mar asgaidh  
trí cháoga each n-adhastair,  
trí chaoga claideamh trén tailc,  
caoga gall, caoga ionnailt

Rugus-sa úadh an t-each donn  
as ferr dosir fér is fonn,  
rucus a ionar go n-ór  
is a fuathróg do breacsról.

“I Maigh Line atáimse anocht,  
is eol sin dom chroí taobhnocht,  
is eol dom ró-mhaith an mhaigh  
ina mbíonn mo chara Congal.

Tráth bhíos-sa is Congal Claon  
anseo ar an maigh mar aon,  
ag dul go Droim Lorgan láin  
thosaíomar dís ag comhrá.

Adúrt-sa leis an rí  
ba tálach ar thairise,  
‘is áil damh dul ar astar,  
is beag liom mo thuarastal.’

Rugas-sa uaidh mar aisce  
trí chaoga each adhastair,  
trí chaoga claíomh tréan tailc  
caoga fearmhogh, caoga banmhogh.

Rugas-sa uaidh an t-each donn  
is fearr a shiúil féar is talamh,  
rugas a ionar óir,  
a chrios álainn breacshróil.

“In Magh Line I am to-night,  
my bare breast knows it;  
I know too the plain  
wherein dwelt my mate Congal.

Once upon a time Congal Claon and I  
were here in the plain together;  
as we were going to plenteous Druim Lurgain,  
we made converse for a while.

Said I to the king —  
‘I am fain to depart  
too little do I deem my recompense.’

I got from him as a gift  
thrice fifty bridled steeds,  
thrice fifty strong swords,  
fifty foreigners and fifty handmaidens.

I got from him the brown steed,  
the best that sped over meadow and sward;  
I got his golden tunic  
and his girdle of chequered silk.

Ga magh is fiú Magh Lini  
acht in magh atá i Midhe,  
nó Magh Femhin co líon cros,  
nó an mag itá i nAirgeadros?

Nó Magh Feadha, nó Magh Luirg,  
nó Magh nAoi co n-áille uird,  
nó Magh Life, nó Magh Lí,  
nó an magh itá i Muirtheimhní?

Do neoch atchonnarc-sa ríamh  
edir thúaidh, thes is thiar,  
nocha nfaca-sa go se  
a macsamhla an muigi-se.” A magh.

Cá maigh is fiú Maigh Line  
acht in mhaigh atá i Midhe,  
nó Maigh Feimhin go líon cros,  
nó an mhaigh atá in Airgeadros?

Nó Maigh Feadha nó Maigh Luirg  
nó Maigh nAoi go n-áille oird,  
nó Maigh Life, nó Maigh Lí  
nó an mhaigh atá i Muirtheimhne?

Ach a bhfaca mé riamh  
idir thuaidh, theas is thiar,  
n’fhaca mé go nuige seo  
macasamhail na maighe seo.”

What plain is a match for Magh Line,  
unless it be the plain that is in Meath,  
or Magh Femin of many crosses,  
or the plain that is in Airgeadros?

Or Magh Feadha, or Magh Luirg,  
or Magh Aei with beauty of rank,  
or Magh Life, or Magh Li,  
or the plain that is in Murthemne?

Of all that I have ever seen  
both north and south and west,  
I have not yet beheld  
the peer of this plain.”

### Section 53

A haithle na laoidhi sin táinig Suibhne roime co Glenn mBolcáin	Tar éis an laoi sin tháinig Suibhne roimis go Gleann Bolcáin	After that lay Suibhne came on to Glen Bolcain,
ocus robhúi aga chúartugudh	agus bhí sé ag gabháil timpeall ann	and he was wandering through it
co ttarla bengheilt dó ann.	gur bhuail bangheilt leis.	when he encountered a mad woman.
Teichidh-siumh roimpi	Theith sé uaithi	He fled before her
ocus ara áoi sin tuigedh gurab ar gealtacht robháoi an bhen	ach tuigeadh dó gur ar gealtacht a bhí an bhean	and yet he divined that she was in a state of madness,
ocus iompaighis ría.	agus d'iompaigh sé ina treo.	and he turned towards her.
Teichidh sisi reimhi-sium ainnsin.	Iar sin theith sise uaidhsean.	At that she fled before him.
“Uchán a Dhé,” ar Suibhne, “as trúaigh an bhetha sa	“Ochón, a Dhia,” arsa Suibhne, “is trua an bheatha é seo;	“Alas, O God,” said Suibhne, “wretched is this life;
.i. misi ag teichedh ríasan ngealtóig	mise ag teitheadh ón mbangheilt	here am I fleeing from the crazy woman
ocus sisi ag teichedh róm-sa ar lár Ghlinne Bolcáin;	agus ise ag teitheadh romhamsa i lár Ghleann Bolcáin.	and she fleeing from me in the midst of Glen Bolcain;
is ionmuin éim an t-ionad eisdhen”;	Is ionúin an gleann é seo go deimhin.”	dear in sooth is that place”;
co n-ébairt:	Iar sin dúirt sé:	whereupon he said:

## Section 54

“Misgais, mairg duine dobheir,  
ní má cin ’s ní má roghain,  
cidh ben dobéra, cidh fer,  
ní roiset a ndís naoimhneamh.

Ní minic bhíos cumann trír  
gan duine fo fhodhord díbh,  
droigni is drisi romc[h]oirb  
conadh misi an fer fodhoird.

Gealtóg ar teichedh a fir,  
gidhedh as sgél n-anaithnidh,  
fer gan meither is gan bhróig  
ag teichedh ríasan ngealtóig.

Ar mían ó thigid cadhain  
gusan mBealltine ar Samhuin,  
in gach coill chéir gan tacha  
bheith i ccrannuibh eidhneacha.

Uisge Ghlinne Bolcáin báin,  
éisteacht re a énlaith n-iomláin,  
a shrotha millsí nach mall,  
a innsí agus a abhann.

“Mioscais, mairg duine a bheir,  
ina sruth is na foinse,  
más bean a bhéarfaidh nó más fear  
ní shroichfidh a ndís naomh-neamh.

Ní minic bhíonn cumann trír  
gan duine acu ag gearán de shíor,  
draighní, driseacha dom lot,  
mise an gearánaí bocht.

Gealtóg ar teitheadh óna fear  
cé gur sceal an-ait,  
fear gan éadach is gan bhróig  
ag teitheadh roimh an ngealtóig.

Ar mian ó thigid cadhain  
suas ó Bhealtaine go Samhain  
i ngach coill chiar gan ghanntan  
bheith i gcrannaibh eidhneacha.

Uisce Ghlinne Bolcáin báin,  
éisteacht lena héanlaith iomlán,  
a shrutha milse nach mall,  
a insí agus a abhann.

“Woe to him who bears enmity,  
would that he had not been born or brought forth,  
whether it be a woman or a man that bear it,  
may the two not reach holy Heaven.

Seldom is there a league of three  
without one of them murmuring;  
blackthorns and briars have torn me  
so that I am the murmurer.

A crazy woman fleeing from her man —  
however, it is a strange tale —  
a man without clothes, without shoes,  
fleeing before the woman.

Our desire when the wild ducks come  
at Samhuin, up to May-day,  
in each brown wood without scarcity  
to be in ivy-branches.

Water of bright Glen Bolcain,  
listening to its many birds;  
its melodious, rushing streams,  
its islands and its rivers.

A chuileann cliuthar 's a choill,  
a duille, a dreasa, a dercoinn,  
a sméara áille uagha,  
a chna, a áirne ionnúara.

Iomad a chúan fo chrannuibh,  
búiredhach a dhamh n-allaidh,  
a uisci iodhan gan gheis,  
ní liom-sa robá miosgais.” M.

A chuileann cluthar is a choill,  
a duille, a dreasa, a dearcáin,  
a sméara áille úra  
a chnónna, a airní fionnuara.

Iomad a chuan fé chrannaibh,  
búireach a dhamh allta,  
a uiscí íon gan gheis  
ní liomsa ba mhioscáis.”

Its sheltering holly and its hazels,  
its leaves, its brambles, its acorns,  
its delicious, fresh berries,  
its nuts, its refreshing sloes.

The number of its packs of hounds in woods,  
the bellowing of its stags,  
its pure water without prohibition;  
'tis not I that hated it.”



## Section 55

Luidh iarum Suibhne gusin bhail ina raibhi Eorann	Dá éis sin ghluais Suibhne i dtreo na háite ina raibh Eorann <u>ag cur fúithi</u> .	Thereafter Suibhne went to the place where Eorann was
co rothoiris ar fordhorus in tighe	Sheas sé ag fordhoras an tí	and stood at the outer door of the house
i mbói an ríogan cona banntracht,	mar a raibh an bhanríon gona bantracht <u>thart uirthi</u>	wherein were the queen and her womenfolk,
conadh ann adbert:	agus *ansin* dúirt:	and then he said:
“Sádhail sin, a Eorann,” ar sé,	“Is suaimhneasach ataoi, a Eorann,” ar sé,	“At ease art thou, Eorann,
“cidh anshádhail damh-sa.”	“ní mar sin domsa.”	though ease is not for me.”
“As fíor,” ar Eorann, “ocus táir-si asteach,” ar sí.	“Is fíor,” arsa Eorann, “ach tair isteach,” ar síse.	“True,” said Eorann, “but come in,” said she.
“Ní raghatt éimh,” ar Suibhne,	“Ní raghad go deimhin,” arsa Suibhne,	“In sooth I will not,” said Suibhne,
“ar nach gabat in sluagh imchumhang an toighi form.”	“ar eagla go ngreamódh an t-arm sa tigh mé.”	“lest the army pen me in the house.”
“Dar liom,” ar an inghen, “nocha nferr do chiall ar gach ló dá ttig dhuit	“Dár liom,” arsa an iníon, “nach bhfuil feabhas ar do chiall ó lá go lá	“Methinks,” said the woman, “no better is your reason from day to day,
ocus ó nach áil duit anadh aguinn,” ar sí,	agus ón uair nach mian fanacht linne <u>anseo</u> ,” ar sí,	and since you do not wish to stay with us,” said she,

“déna imtecht ocus ná háitigh chugainn idir, dóigh is nár linn t’fhaicsin fón deilbh sin dona dáoinibh atchonncatar thú fód dheilbh fé[i]n.”	“imigh agus ná háitigh linn in aon tslí mar gur chúis náire dúinn é dá bhfeicfeadh daoine tú sa chló ina bhfuilir, <u>go háirithe</u> daoine a chonaic tú id’ chló ceart féin.”	“go away and do not visit us at all, for we are ashamed that you should be seen in that guise by people who have seen you in your true guise.”
“Truagh éimh sin,” air Suibhne,	“Trua sin,” arsa Suibhne,	“Wretched in sooth is that,” said Suibhne,
“as mairg dobheir taobh re mnáoi tar éis na mbriathar sin.	“is mairg a chuirfeadh a iontaoibh i mnaoi tar éis na mbriathra sin.	“woe to him who trusts a woman after these words.
Uair ba maith mo chummaoin-si ar an mnáoi romfúagrann samhlaidh,	Óir ba mhór é mo chomaoín ar an mnaoi a ruaigeann <u>uaithi</u> amhlaidh <u>anois</u> mé.	For great was my kindness to the woman who dismisses me thus,
dóigh tucus inn-aonló dhí trí chaoga bó ocus caoga each,	Féach gur thugas in aon lá amháin di trí chaoga bó agus caoga each.	seeing that on one day I gave her thrice fifty cows and fifty steeds;
ocus dá madh é an lá romharbhus Oilill Cédach, rí Ua fFhaoláin,	Dá mba é an la é a mharaíos Oilill Céadach, Rí Uí bhFaoláin,	and if it were the day I slew Oilill Cedach, king of the Ui Faolain,
robadh maith lé mh’fhaicsin-si”;	go mba mhaith léi mé a fheiscint.”	she would have been glad to see me;”
gonadh ann adbert annso síos:	Agus dúirt an laoi seo:	whereupon he said:

## Section 56

“Mairg fa ttabhraid mná menma  
cia bheith d’feabhus a ndealbha,  
an tan as é Suibne Geilt  
na fuair cuibhdhe dá chéidsheirc.

As mairg dobheir taobh re mnáibh  
cidh a n-oidhchibh, cidh i lláibh,  
cidh bed bhes ina n-inne  
d’aithle meabhla Eorainne.

Maith mo chummaoin ar an mnáoi,  
gan fordal, gan iomargháoi,  
tarraidh díom trí cháoga bó  
la cáoga each a n-áonló.

An tan dobhínn isin bfeidhm  
nocha n-iomghabhainn ceitheirn,  
áit ina mbíodh treas nó troid  
robsam comhlann do thríochaid.

Rofhíarfaidh Congal, céim nglan,  
dín inar n-ócaibh Uladh,  
‘cúich úaibh dhiongbhus isin chath  
Oilill Cédach comhromhach?’

“Mairg a gcuirfidh mná dúil iontu,  
is cuma chomh dathúil iad féin,  
nuair is é Suibne Geilt  
ná fuair bá óna chéad searc.

Is mairg do bheir iontaobh le mná  
bíodh sin san oíche nó sa lá;  
pé rud bheas ina n-intinn  
tar éis mídhílseacht Eorainne.

Maith mo chomaoín ar an mnaoi  
gan earráid, gan chalaois,  
thugas di trí chaoga bó  
is caoga each in aon ló.

An t-am a bhínnse ins an gcath  
ní theithinn ón gceitheirn,  
áit ina mbíodh treas nó troid  
ba chomhlann mé do thríocha.

D’fhiafraigh Congal glan amach  
dínne ógaibh Uladh,  
‘cé agaibh chloifidh ins an chath  
Oilill Cédach caithréimeach?’

“Woe to those who strike women’s fancy,  
however excellent their form,  
since Suibhne Geilt  
has got no sympathy from his first love.

And woe to him who trusts in women  
whether by night or by day,  
whatever be in their minds,  
after the treachery of Eorann.

Good was my kindness to the woman —  
without guile, without deceit —  
she got from me thrice fifty cows  
and fifty steeds in one day.

When I was in the conflict  
I would not avoid an armed band;  
where there was a fight or a tussle  
I was a match for thirty.

Rightly did Congal ask  
of us Ulster warriors:  
‘which of you will repel in battle  
Oilill Cedach the combative?’

Allata, fergach an fer,  
adhbhal a sgiath is a shleagh,  
dorat i socht seal an slógh,  
an fer dífreagra, dímhór.

Adubhart-sa ar láimh Chongail,  
noc[h]arbh áithesg fir omhnaigh,  
‘dingébhada-sa Oilill oll  
gidh trén tar chách a chomhlonn.’

Rofhágbus Oilill gan cheann  
agus robudh lánmhaith leam,  
torchradar leam imalle  
cúig mic rígh Muige Mairge.” Mairg.

Allta, feargach an fear,  
ábhal a sgiath is a shleá,  
chuir i dtost seal an slua,  
an fear mórfheargach rímhór.

Adúrta taobh le Congal  
caint nár chaint eaglach í,  
‘coinneod-sa Oilill oll  
cé tréan thar chách a chomlann.’

D’fhágas Oilill gan cheann  
agus ba lánmhaith liom an gníomh,  
liomsa leis do thit  
cúig mic rí Muige Mairge.”

Wild and angry the man,  
huge his shield and his spear,  
he stilled for a time the host,  
the matchless, huge man.

Said I at Congal’s side —  
it was not the response of a timid man —  
‘I will ward off mighty Oilill,  
though hard beyond all is it to encounter him.’

Headless I left Oilill,  
and right glad was I thereat;  
by me also there fell  
five sons of the king of Magh Mairge.”

## Section 57

Rothógaibh Suibhne uimi lasodhain co hétrom imísiol æerdha	Iar sin d'éirigh Suibhne go héadrom, *go fáilí,* aerga	Thereupon Suibhne rose lightly, stealthily, airily,
do ind gach aird	ó gach ard-phointe	from the point of every height
ocus do tultmhoing gacha tulchi for arail	agus ó mhullach gach cnoic *go haraile*	and from the summit of one hill to another
co riacht Benna Boirche fodhes.	gur shroich sé Beanna Boirche ó dheas.	until he reached Benn Boirche in the south.
Roghabh fós isin maighin sin, co n-ébairt:	Lig sé scíth san áit sin agus dúirt:	In that place he rested saying:
“Maith in t-ionadh geilte so,” ar sé,	“Maith an t-ionad geilte seo <u>cinnte</u>	“This is a spot for a madman,
“acht namá ní hionadh eatha, blechta nó bídh é,	ach ní hionad arbhair, bleachta ná bia é, áfach.	but yet no place is it for corn or milk or food;
acht is ionadh anforusta anshocair	Tá sé mí-chompordach, neamhshocair anseo,	it is an uncomfortable, unquiet place,
ocus ní díon ar dhoininn ná ar dherthan bheith ann,	agus ní díon é ar dhoineann ná ar fheartainn	nor has it shelter against storm or shower,
gidh ionadh urartt aoibhinn é”;	cé gur ionad an-ard aoibhinn é.”	though it is a lofty, beautiful place,”
gonadh and adbert na briathra so síos cco léig:	Agus dúirt sé na ranna seo:	whereupon he uttered these words:

## Section 58

“Fuar anocht Benna Boirche,  
as ionadh fhir anfhóirfe,  
ní hionadh bídh ná bleachta,  
re síon is re sírshnechta.

As fuar mo leabaidh oidche  
a mullach Bheinne Boirche,  
am fann, nímfulaing édach  
ar chrann chuilinn crúaidhghégach.

Ó romgeibh fúacht isind aigh  
tigim go háith 'na aghaidh,  
beirim daiger don gháoth ghlé  
dar leirg Laigen Laogha[i]re.

Glenn Bolcáin an tobair gloin,  
as é mh'árus re hanmoin,  
ó thicc lá Samhna, ó téid sam,  
as é mh'árus re hanadh.

Gacha sirinn thiar is toir  
seachnóin ghlenntadh Glanamhraigh,  
bídh síon cruaidhshnechta im' cheann,  
i ndíon úairghealta Éireann.

“Fuar anocht Beanna Boirche,  
is ionad fir neamhfhoirfe  
ní hionad bia ná bleachta  
sa síon is sa sírshnechta.

Is fuar mo leaba oíche  
i mullach Bheinne Boirche,  
fann gan foscadh gan éadach  
ar chrann cuilinn cruaghéagach.

Ó ghabh fuacht mé ins an oighear  
tigim go géar ina aghaidh,  
bheirim daighear don ghaoth ghlé  
ó leirg Laighean Laoghair.

Gleann Bolcáin an tobair ghlain  
is é m'áras anama,  
ó thig lá Samhna, d'éis an tsamhraidh  
is é m'áras fanachta.

Gach áit a théinn thiar is thoir  
ar fud ghleannta Ghlanamhraigh  
bíonn síon cruashneachta im' cheann  
i ndíon fuarghealta Éireann.

“Cold to-night is Benn Boirche,  
'tis the abode of a blighted man;  
no place is it for food or milk,  
nor in storm and endless snow.

Cold is my bed at night  
on the summit of Benn Boirche;  
I am weak, no raiment covers me  
on a sharp-branching holly-tree.

When cold has gripped me in the ice  
I move sharply against it,  
I give fire to the glinting wind  
blowing over the plain of Laoghair's Leinster.

Glen Bolcain of the clear spring,  
it is my dwelling to abide in;  
when Samhuin comes, when summer goes,  
it is my dwelling where I abide.

Wheresoever I might wander west and east  
throughout Glanamhrach's glens  
the biting snowstorm is in my face,  
for shelter of the chilly madman of Erin.

As é sin mo ghleann grádha,  
as é m'ferann comhdhála,  
as é mo dún ríogh re roinn,  
as é mo díon ar dhoininn.

As é sin m'fulang oidhche:  
cnúasach mo dá chrobh choidhche,  
benoim a ndoiribh doirchibh  
do luibibh, do lántoirthibh.

Mian lium na mó[n]ainn co mbloidh,  
at millsí ná maohnatoin  
fothlacht, femar, as mían damh,  
an lus bían is an biorar.

Ubhla, caora, cna cuill chain,  
sméara, dercain do dharaigh,  
subha craobh, is fiach féile,  
sgeachóra scíach scenbhéire.

Siomsán, samhadh, creamhlus cain  
agus bior[ó]ráin bharrghlain,  
benuidh dhíom géire malle,  
dercain sléibhe, bun melle.

Meisi i ferann ghlais nach glenn,  
a Chríst, ní rochomhracaim!  
ní fhuil mo dual-sa re a dul,  
acht gidhim fúar-sa, is fúar-sum.” Fuar anocht.

Is é sin mo ghleann grá,  
is é m'fhearann comhdhála,  
is é mo dhún rí le roinn,  
is é mo dhíon ar dhoineann.

Is é sin mo thacaíocht oíche  
cnuasach mo dhá chrobh choíche,  
bainim i ndoirí dorcha  
do luibheanna, do lántorthaí.

Mian liom na mónainn,  
milse iad ná maohnatóin,  
fothlach, femar, is mian liom  
an lus bian is an biolar.

Úlla, caora, colchnónna caoine  
sméara is dearcáin darach,  
subha craobh is fiach féile,  
sgeachóra sceach scianghéara.

Seamsán, samhadh, creamhlus caoin  
agus biororáin bharrghlain,  
bainid díom géire malle,  
dearcáin sléibhe, bun melle.

Mise i bhfearann glas nach gleann,  
a Chríost nára shroichead!  
ní dual dom a bheith ann —  
acht cé fuar mise, is fuar san.”

That is my beloved glen,  
my land of foregathering,  
my royal fortress that has fallen to my share,  
my shelter against storm.

For my sustenance at night  
I have all that my hands glean  
in dark oak-woods  
of herbs and plenteous fruit.

I love the precious bog-berries,  
they are sweeter than . . .  
brooklime, sea-weed, they are my desire,  
the *lus bian* and the watercress.

Apples, berries, beautiful hazel-nuts,  
blackberries, acorns from the oak-tree,  
raspberries, they are the due of generosity,  
haws of the prickly-sharp hawthorn.

wood-sorrels, goodly wild garlic,  
and clean-topped cress,  
together they drive hunger from me,  
mountain acorns, *melle* root.

I in a green land that is not a glen,  
O Christ, may I never reach it!  
it is not my due to be there;  
but though I am cold, it also is cold.”

## Section 59

Táinic-siumh roimhe isin maidin arnamhárach co Magh Feimhin,	Tháinig roimhe an mhaidin dár gcionn go Maigh Feimhin;	On the morning of the morrow <u>Suibhne</u> came on to Magh Femhin,
luid aisséin co Sionainn sruthghlain sriobhúaine,	chuaigh as sin go Sionainn sruthghlan sreabhuaine;	thence he fared to the limpid, green-streamed Shannon,
asséin co hEchtge n-aird n-uraoibhinn,	as sin go hEachta ard aoibhinn;	thence to lofty, beautiful Aughty,
aisséin co feronn míonghlas móirédrocht Maenmhuighe,	ansin go fearann mínghlas *mórghlan* Meán Mhaí;	thence to the smooth-green, bright land of Maenmagh,
aisséin co sruth saoraluinn Suca,	as sin go sruth saoralainn Suca	thence to the noble and delightful river Suck,
aisséin go himlibh Locha soileathain Ríbh.	agus as sin <u>arís</u> go himeallaibh sruthleathan Locha Ríbh.	thence to the shores of spreading Lough Ree.
	An oíche sin <u>fós</u> ,	That night
Gabhaidh iaromh fós agus comhnaidhe i nglaic Bhile Tiobradáin	chuir sé faoi i ngabhlóg Bhile Thiobradáin	he made his resting-place in the fork of Bile Tiobradain
i cCrích Gháille i n-oirthear Connacht	i gCríoch Gháille in oirthear Chonnacht.	in Crich Gaille in the east of Connaught.
in oidhche sin.		
Dá mhennataibh díslí-siom i nÉirinn an t-ionadh sin.	B'in ceann de na hionaid ab fhearr leis in Éirinn.	That was one of his beloved places in Ireland.



Rogabh tuirsi mór agus míchneachus é, conadh ann adbert:	Ghabh tuirse mór agus laige coirp é go ndúirt:	Great sorrow and misery came upon him, whereupon he said:
“As mór éimh,” ar sé, “do imnedh agus do dhocomhul rochésus conuige so,	“Is ró-mhór an trioblóid agus an t-imní atá dom chéasadh go dtí seo.	“Great in sooth is the trouble and anxiety I have suffered hitherto;
ba fúar mh’ionadh aréir .i. i mullach Bheinne Boirche	B’fhuar m’ionadh aréir i mullach Bheinne Boirche	cold was my dwelling-place last night on the summit of Benn Boirche,
agus ní nemhfhuáire mh’ionadh anocht a nglai Bhile Tiobradáin.”	agus ní lú ná sin an fuacht im’ ionadh anocht i ngabhal Bhile Thiobradáin.”	no less cold is my dwelling-place to-night in the fork of Bile Tiobradain.”

## Section 60

Úair is amhlaidh robhóir an oidhche sin, ag cur sneachta	Óir is amhlaidh a bhí sé an oíche sin ag cur sneachta,	For it was snowing that night
agus an mhéid nocuredh	agus an méid a chuireadh	and as fast as the snow fell
noreódadh fachétóir a haithle a chuir,	do reodh sé láithreach a haithle a chuir,	it was frozen,
conadh ann adbert-somh: “Mo chubhais éimh,” ar sé,	sa tslí go ndúirt Suibhne: “Ar mo choinsias,	whereupon he said: “My conscience,
“as mór do dhocruibh rofhuilnges-sa,	is mór de dheacra atá fulaingthe agam	great is the suffering I have endured
ó rofhás mo chlúimh gus anocht.	ón uair a d’fhás mo chlúmh orm go dtí anocht.”	from the time my feathers have grown until to-night.

Rofheadar,” ar sé, “cidh bás foghébhainn de,

robadh ferr dhamh taobh do thabhairt re  
dáoinibh

iná na docra-sa do fhulang do ghrés;”

gonadh ann adbert an laoidh ag tabairt a  
dhocra ós áird:

“N’fheadar,” ar sé, “cé gur bás a gheobhainn  
dá dheasca,

nár bh fhearr dom muinín a chur i ndaoine

ná na deacra seo a fhulaingt de shíor.”

Agus d’aithris sé an laoi ag cur a dheacra in  
úil:

I know,” said he, “that though I might meet  
my death therefrom,

it were better that I should trust people

than suffer these woes forever.”

Thereupon he recited the poem proclaiming  
aloud his woes:

## Section 61

“Mór múich a ttú-sa anocht,  
rotreaghd mo chorp an gháoth ghlan,  
toll mo throighthiu, glas mo ghrúadh,  
a Dhé mhóir, atá a dhúal damh.

I mBeinn Bhoirche dhamh aréir,  
romt[h]uairg bráoin in Echtga úair,  
anocht robhretait mo bhoill  
i nglai chroinn i nGáille ghlúair.

Rofhuilnges mór ttreas gan tlás  
ó rofhás clúmh ar mo chorp,  
ar gach n-oidhche is ar gach ló  
as mó sa mhó fhuilghim d’olc.

Romc[h]ráidh sioc, síon nach súaire,  
romt[h]uairg snechta ar Sléibh mhic Sin,  
anocht romgeóghain an ghæth  
gan fraech Ghlen na Bolcáin bil.

Utmhall mh’imirce in gach íath,  
domríacht bheith gan chéill gan chonn,  
do Muigh Líne for Muigh Lí,  
do Muigh Lí for Life lonn.

“Is mór mo bhrón anocht,  
threaghd mo chorp an ghaoth ghlan,  
toll mo throighe, glas mo ghrua,  
a Dhia mhóir, is é a dual dom.

I mBinn Bhoirche dom aréir,  
thuargain orm an braon in Eachta fuar,  
anocht creathann mo bhaill  
i ngabhal crainn i nGáille ghlúair.

D’fhulaingíos treas mór gan tlás  
ó d’fhás clúmh ar mo chorp;  
ar gach oíche is ar gach lá  
is mó dá réir fhulaingim d’olc.

Do chráigh sioc mé, is síon nach suaire,  
Thuargain sneachta ar Sléibh mhic Sin,  
anocht do ghoin an ghaoth mé  
gan fraoch Ghleanna Bolcáin maith.

Suaite m’imirce i ngach íath,  
bhain dom bheith gan chéill gan chonn,  
ó Mhaigh Líne go Maigh Lí  
ó Mhaigh Lí go Life lonn.

“I am in great grief to-night,  
the pure wind has pierced my body;  
wounded are my feet, my cheek is wan,  
O great God, it is my due.

Last night I was in Benn Boirche,  
the rain of chilly Aughty beat on me;  
to-night my limbs are racked  
in the fork of a tree in pleasant Gaille.

I have borne many a fight without cowardice  
since feathers have grown on my body;  
each night and each day  
more and more do I endure ill.

Frost and foul storm have wrung my heart,  
snow has beaten on me on Sliabh mic Sin;  
to-night the wind has wounded me,  
without the heather of happy Glen Bolcain.

Unsettled is my faring through each land,  
it has befallen me that I am without sense or reason,  
from Magh Líne to Magh Lí,  
from Magh Lí to the impetuous Liffey.

Saighim dar seghais Sléibhi Fúaid,  
rigim im rúaig co Ráith Móir,  
dar Magh nAoi, dar Magh Luirg luinn  
rigim co cuirr Chruacháin chóir.

Ó Sliabh Cúa, ní turus tais,  
riccim go Glais Gháille ghrinn,  
ó Ghlais Gháille, gidh céim cían,  
riccim soir go Slíabh mBreagh mbinn.

Dúaire an bheitha bheith gan teach,  
as truagh an bheitha, a Chríod chain,  
sásadh biorair bairrghlais búain,  
deogh uisge fhúair a glais ghlain.

Tuisledh do bharraibh chraobh ccríon,  
imthecht aitin, gníom gan gháoi,  
seachna daoine, cumann cúan,  
coimhrith re damh rúadh dar ræi.

Feis oidhche gan chlúimh a ccoill  
i mullach croinn dosaigh dhlúith,  
gan coisteacht re guth ná glór,  
a mhic Dé, is mór an mhúich.

Reithim rúaig re beinn co báoth,  
uathadh rotráoth a los lúith,  
dosgarus rém chruth gan clódh,  
a mhic Dé, is mór an mhúich.” Mór.

Téim thar ghrua Shléibhe Fuaid,  
sroichim im’ ruaig go Ráth Mór,  
thar Mhaigh nAoi, thar Mhaigh Luirc  
sroichim go himeall Chruachain chóir.

Ó Shliabh gCua, ní turus tais,  
sroichim Glais Gháille ghrinn,  
ó Ghlais Gháille, cé céim chian  
sroichim soir go Sliabh Breagh binn.

Duairc an bheitha bheith gan teach,  
is trua an bheitha, a Chríost chaoín,  
béile biolair barrghlais buain,  
deoch uisge fhuair as glais ghlain.

Tuisleadh do bharraibh chraobh críon,  
imeacht trí aiteann, gníomh gan ghaoi,  
seachnadh daoine, cumann cuan,  
comhrith le damh rua thar claí.

Codladh oíche gan chlúmh i gcoill,  
i mullach crainn dosaigh dhlúith,  
gan éisteacht le guth ná glór  
a mhic Dé, is mór an brón.

Rithim ruaig le beinn go baoth  
im’ aonar, traochta ón lúth,  
scaras lem’ chruth gan chlódh,  
a mhic Dé, is mór an brón.”

I pass over the wooded brow of Sliabh Fuaid,  
in my flight I reach Rathmor,  
across Magh Aoi, across bright Magh Luirg,  
I reach the border of fair Cruachan.

From Sliabh Cua — no easy expedition —  
I reach pleasant Glais Gaille;  
from Glais Gaille, though a long step,  
I arrive at sweet Sliabh Breagh to the east.

Wretched is the life of one homeless,  
sad is the life, O fair Christ,  
a meal of fresh, green-tufted watercress,  
a drink of cold water from a clear stream.

Stumbling from withered tree-tops,  
faring through furze — deed without falsehood —  
shunning mankind, keeping company with wolves,  
racing with the red stag over the field.

Sleeping of nights without covering in a wood  
in the top of a thick, bushy tree,  
without hearing voice or speech;  
O Son of God, great is the misery.

Foolishly I race up a mountain-peak  
alone, exhausted by dint of vigour;  
I have parted from my faultless shape;  
O Son of God, great is the misery.”

## Section 62

“Cidh fil ann atrá,” ar sé,	“Is cuma <u>conas a bheidh</u> ,” ar seisean,	“Howbeit,” said he,
“acht cidh é Domhnall mac Aodha nommhuirfedh	“fiú má mharaíonn Dónall Mac Aodha mé,	“even if Domhnall son of Aodh were to slay me,
raghad dochum Dál Araidhe	rachaidh mé go Dál Araidhe	I will go to Dal Araidhe
ocus dobhér taobh rem dháoinibh fodhéin	agus cuirfidh mé muinín im’ dhaoine féin	and I will entrust myself to my own people,
ocus mun beith cailleadh an mhuilinn d’atach Chríst frim	agus mura mbeadh cailleadh an mhuilinn tar éis dul i gcion orm	and if the mill-hag had not invoked Christ against me
im shíst léimenndaigh do dhénumh dhí	d’fonn léimeanna a dhéanamh di <u>an tráth úd</u> ,	so that I might perform leaps for her <u>awhile</u> ,
ní rachainn ar an aithghealtacht.”	ní rachainn ar an athghealtacht.”	I would not have gone again into madness.”

## Section 63

Táinic taom dá chéill dó annsin	Tháinig taom dá chéill dó ansin	A gleam of reason came to him then,
ocus doluidh roime ar amus a tíre	agus thug aghaidh ar a dhuthaigh <u>féin</u>	and he set out towards his country
do thabairt taobha re a muintir ocus do anmhuin aca.	chun dul i muinín a mhuintire agus fanacht acu.	to entrust himself to his people and abide with them.
Rofoillsigedh do Ronán an tan sin	Fuair Rónán amach *an t-am sin*	At that time it was revealed to Ronan

a chiall do tuidhecht do Suibhne	go raibh a chiall tagtha do Shuibhne	that Suibhne had recovered his reason
ocus a bheith ag dul chum a thíre	agus go raibh sé ag filleadh ar a dhúthaigh <u>féin</u>	and that he was going to his country
d'anadh eiter a mhuintir,	chun cur faoi i measc a mhuintire.	to abide among his folk;
co n-ébairt Rónán:	Iar sin dúirt <u>an naomh</u> :	whereupon Ronan said:
“Aitchim-si an Rígh uasal uilechumhachtach	“Iarraidh ar an Rí uasal uilechumhachtach	“I entreat the noble, almighty King
nár fféde se an t-ingrinntidh sin	nach bhféadfaidh an sciúrsálaí sin	that that persecutor
do ionnsaighe na heagailsi dia hingreim doridhisi	dul thar n-ais arís ag céasadh na heaglaise	may not be able to approach the church to persecute it again
amail dorighni fecht n-aill	mar a rinne tráth	as he once did,
ocus an t-inneachadh tuc Día fair	agus an díoltas a bhain Dia amach air	
a ndíogail a dhímhiadha-somh for a mhuintir	de dheasca na heasonóra a thug sé dá mhuintir,	
ná raibe furtacht ná fóiridhin dhó dhe	nár fhaighe sé fortacht ná fóirithint uaidh	
co roscara a anam fri a chorp,	go scarfaidh a anam lena chorp	and, until his soul has parted from his body,
		may there be no help or relief to him
		from the vengeance which God inflicted on him

ar dháigh ná tiobhra a aithghin oile do ingrinntidh dia éis	sa tslí nach dtabharfaidh a leithéid eile de thíoránach ina dhiaidh seo	in revenge for the dishonour done to His people,
sár nó dímigin for an cCoimdighe nach for a mhuintir itir.”	easonóir ná masla don Choimhde ná dá mhuintir.”	so that no other like tyrant after him may inflict outrage or dishonour on the Lord or on His people.”

## Section 64

Roéisd Dia itchi Rónáin,	D'éist Dia le hachainí Rónáin,	God heard Ronan's prayer,
uair antan táníc Suibhne co medhón Sléibhe Fúaid	óir an t-am a tháinig Suibhne go lár Sléibhe Fuaid	for when Suibhne came to the centre of Sliabh Fuaid
rochobhsaidh a chéim annsin	stad sé go hobann ann	he stopped still there,
co ttárfás taidhbhsi n-iongnadh dhó annsin a medhónoidhchi	agus in uain mharbh na hoíche chonaic sé na taibhsí aisteacha <u>os a chomhair amach</u> :	and a strange apparition appeared to him at midnight;
.i. méidhedha maoilderga	cabhlacha dearga *gan cinn*	even trunks, headless and red,
ocus cinn gan cholla	agus cinn gan cholainn leo	and heads without bodies,
ocus cúig cinn gaoisidecha, gairbhliátha,	agus cúig cloigne gharbhliátha ghuaireacha	and five bristling, rough-grey heads
gan chorp, gan cholainn etarra,	gan chorp, gan cholainn eatarthu,	without body or trunk among them,

ag sianghail agus ag léimnigh imon sligídh anond agus anall.	agus iad ag sianaíl agus ag léimnigh anonn is anall sa tslí.	screaming and leaping this way and that about the road.
Antan rosiacht-somh eatarra	Nuair a tháinig <u>Suibhne</u> eatarthu	When he came among them
rochúalaidh ag comhrádh iad	chuala sé ag comhrá <u>lena chéile</u> iad	he heard them talking <u>to each other</u> ,
ocus is edh adberdís:	*agus is ea a deiridís*:	and this is what they were saying:
“Geilt é,” ar an cétchenn.	“Gheilt é,” arsa an chéad cheann <u>díobh</u> .	“He is a madman,” said the first head;
“Gelt Ultach,” ar an dara cenn.	“Gelt Ultach,” arsa an dara ceann.	“a madman of Ulster,” said the second head;
“A lenmhain co maith,” ar an treas cenn.	“Leanaimis go dlúth é,” arsa an tríú ceann.	“follow him well,” said the third head;
“Gurab fada an lenmhain,” ar an cethramadh cenn.	“Gura fada an leanúint,” arsa an ceathrú ceann.	“may the pursuit be long,” said the fourth head;
“Nógo ría fairrge,” ar an cúigedh cenn.	“Nó go sroichfidh sé an fharraige,” arsa an cúigiú ceann.	“until he reaches the sea,” said the fifth head.
Noseirgheatt a n-áoinfeacht chuige.	D’éiríodar in éineacht ina threo.	They rose forth together towards him.
Rostógaibh-siumh uime rempa	D’eitil sé uathu in airde *rompu*	He soared aloft in front of them
tar gach muine día aroile,	ó mhuine go muine	( <u>passing</u> ) from thicket to thicket,
ocus geruó mór an glenn nobhíodh roimhe	agus dá mhéid fairsinge aon ghleanna roimis	and no matter how vast was the glen before him



ní thaidhledh-somh é,	ní theagmhaíodh sé leis	he would not touch it,
acht nolingedh don bhord co aroile de	ach léimeadh ó thaobh amháin go dtí an taobh eile	but would leap from one edge of it to another,
ocus do bheinn na tulchi for arail.	agus ó mhullach cnoic amháin go mullach cinn eile.	and from the summit of one hill to the summit of another.

## Section 65

Ba lór immorro d'úathbhás,	Ba mhór go deimhin d'uafás,	Great in sooth was the terror,
do gréc[h]ach agus golfortach,	de scréachach agus golfartach,	the crying and wailing,
sianghal agus síoréighemh,	sianaíl agus síoréamh,	the screaming and crying aloud,
séstán agus séiseilbhe na ccenn ina dhiaidh-siumh	gleo agus callshaoth na gceann ina dhiaidh	the din and tumult of the heads after him
ga tharrachtain agus ga thréntograin.	agus iad ag teannadh leis agus á thoraíocht go dian.	as they were clutching and eagerly pursuing him.
Ba hé treisi agus tinnesnaighe na tógrama sin	Ba é fuinneamh agus luas na tóraíochta <u>taobh thiar de</u>	Such were the force and swiftness of that pursuit
co lingdís na cinn dá oircnibh	<u>faoi deara</u> go léimeadh na cinn dá cholpaí,	that the heads leaped on his calves,
ocus dá iosgadaibh agus dá lesrach	dá ioscaidí, dá leasracha,	his houghs, his thighs,

ocus dá slinnénibh agus do chlais a chúil,  co mba samhalta leisiumh agus bloisgbhéim buinne dílionn do ucht airdshléibhe	dá shlinneáin agus de bhaic a mhuiníl.	his shoulders, and the nape of his neck,
seisbhéimneach gach cinn for aroile dhíobh	An turraing a dhéanadh na cinn in aghaidh a chéile	so that the impact of head against head,
ocus comhthuaigreach uile fri sleasaibh crann ocus fria cennuibh carrag	ag síor-thuargaint i gcoinne shleasa na gcrann agus éadain na gcarraig	and the clashing of all against the sides of trees and the heads of rocks,
le lar agus re lántalmain,	agus dromchla na talún,	against the surface and the earth,
	ba chosúil le chéile iad ina shamhlaíocht le sruth tuile trom as ucht ardslléibhe.	seemed to him like the rush of a wild torrent from the breast of a high mountain;
co nár ansat de	Níor staon siad <u>den tóir</u>	nor did they cease
co ndeachaidh re néllaibh urétroma æieoir uatha.	gur éalaigh sé uatha isteach i néalta éadroma na spéire.	until he escaped from them into the filmy clouds of the sky.

## Section 66

Roscarsat ris iarsin	Scaradar leis ansin	Then they parted from him,
edir chenn ghabhair ocus cenn chon,	idir chinn ghabhar agus chinn chon,	both goat-heads and dog-heads —
uair andar lais bádar sidhe	óir dar leis go raibh na cinn sin leis	for it seemed to him that these were
a ttréchumusc na ccenn n-oile ina lenmhuin.	ina measc siúd eile go léir a bhí sa tóir air.	all intermingled with the other heads pursuing him.
Ba neimhthni faoinneal nó folúamhuin dá raibhi fair-siumh ina haithfhéghadh riamh roimhe sin,	An fháinneáil agus an fholuain a rinne sé roimhe seo níor thada é i gcomparáid leis an méid sin,	The wandering and flying which he had ever before done were as nothing in comparison with this,
uair ní thairisedh eadh lasa n-iobhadh digh	óir níor stop sé fada go leor chun fiú deoch <u>uisce</u> a ól	for he would not rest long enough to take a drink
co cenn trí choicthidhisi ina dhíaidh sin,	go ceann sé seachtaine *ina dhíaidh sin*,	to the end of three fortnights after that
go ttarla aen na n-oidhche é i mullach Sléibhe Eidhneach,	go dtáinig sé oíche amháin go mullach Shliabh Eidhneach.	until he came one night to the summit of Sliabh Eidhneach;
gur ro-oiris i mbárr chroinn ann eadh na hoidhche sin co madain.	Ghlac sé sos i mbarr crainn ansin go maidin.	that night he rested there on the top of a tree until morning.
Roghabh ag éccaoine móir annsin;	Thosaigh sé ag éagaoineadh go géar <u>arís</u>	He then began lamenting grievously;
conadh edh roráidh:	go ndúirt:	whereupon he said:

“Olc éimh atáthar agom anocht	“Is olc an scéal agam é anocht	“Wretched indeed is it with me to-night
a haithle na caillighe agus na ccenn ar Slíabh Fúaid,” ar sé,	tar éis na caillí agus na gceann ar Shliabh Fúaid;	after the hag and the heads on Sliabh Fúaid,
“acht chena as cóir mo ueth amail atú,	féach, áfach, go raibh sé ag teacht chugam	and yet it is right that I should be as I am,
uair sochaidhe risa ndernus fé[i]n olc;”	mar gheall ar a bhfuil de dhochar déanta riamh agam *féin* don oiread sin daoine,”	because of the many to whom I myself have done harm”;
conadh ann adbert:	agus dúirt:	whereupon he said:

## Section 67

“Éccáointeach atú-sa anocht,  
am tuirseach truagh, am taobhnoch  
dá bfhéadóis form na daoine  
fil damh damhna éccáoine.

Reód, sioc, sneachta agus síon  
agum thúargain tré bhith síor,  
mo beith gan teini, gan tech  
a mullach Shléibhe Eidhneach.

Teach mór agum is ben mhaith,  
adeiredh cách robsum flaith,  
as é a[s] ruire ’sas rí  
antí domrad i neimhthní.

Cidh ’ma ttuc Dia mé asan ccath  
nach bfrith ann neach dom mharbadh,  
suil dobheinn eing a n-eing  
agus cailleach an mhuilinn?

Cailleach an mhuilinn ’ga toigh,  
mallacht Críost ar a hanmoin,  
mairg dorad taobh risin ccrín,  
mairg dá ttaratt a choinmhír.

“Is caointeach mé anocht,  
táim tuirseach trua, taobhnoch,  
dá mb’eol mo chás do dhaoine,  
is ábhar mé d’éagaoineadh.

Reo, sioc, sneachta agus síon  
im’ thuargain trí bhith síor,  
mé bheith gan tine, gan teach  
i mullach Shléibhe Eidhneach.

Teach mór agam is bean mhaith,  
deireadh cách go rabhas im’ fhlaith,  
is é mo Ruire is mo rí  
an té a chuir mé ar neamhní.

Cé thug Dia mé as an gcath,  
nach bhfrith ann neach dom mharú,  
sula mbeinn céim ar chéim  
agus cailleach an mhuilinn?

Cailleach an mhuilinn ag a teach,  
mallacht Chríost ar a hamán,  
mairg do chuir muinín inti,  
mairg dá sroichfidh a choinmhír.

“Mournful am I to-night,  
I am sad and wretched, my side is naked,  
if folk but knew me  
I have cause for lament.

Frost, ice, snow and storm,  
forever scourging me,  
I without fire, without house,  
on the summit of Sliabh Eidhneach.

I have a mansion and a good wife,  
everyone would say that I was a prince;  
’tis He who is Lord and King  
has wrought my downfall.

Wherefore did God rescue me from the battle  
that no one was found there to slay me,  
rather than that I should go step by step  
with the hag of the mill?

The hag of the mill at her house,  
Christ’s curse on her soul,  
woe whosoever has trusted the hag,  
woe to whom she has given his dog’s portion.

Robhaoi Loingseachán ar m'eing  
tré gach díthreabh a nÉirinn,  
go romchealg chuigi don chraoibh  
tan adfétt ég mo macáimh.

Domrad-sa leis 'san teach mór,  
áit a mbáoi an slúagh ac comhól,  
as romc[h]engal thiar 'san tsheit  
aghaidh d'aghaidh rém chétsheirc.

Sluagh an toighe gan táire  
ag cluithes is ag gáire,  
meisi com muintir is toigh  
ag surdlaigh, ag lémeandoigh.

Munbadh caillech in tighi  
ní rachainn ar aithmhíre,  
ro-ataigh rium Críst do nimh  
ar shíst mbig do léimeandaigh.

Rolingius léim nó dhá léim  
ar an athair nemhdha féin,  
adbert an chaillech 'ga toigh  
co lingfedh fé[i]n léim amhlaidh.

Rolinges léim oile amach  
dar fiormhullach na cathrach,  
lúaithe iná deatach tré theach  
an teathadh rug an chaillech.

Do bhí Loingseachán ar mo lorg  
trí gach díthreabh in Éirinn  
gur chealg chuige mé den chraobh,  
nuair a dúirt gur éag mo mhacaomh.

Thug leis mé san teach mór  
áit a raibh an slúa ag comhól,  
is cheangail mé insan teach,  
is mo chéadsearc romham amach.

Slua an tí gan táire  
ag cluiche is ag gáire,  
mise is mo mhuintir istigh  
ag preabadh, ag baorthléim.

Murach caillech an tí  
ní rachainn ar athmhíre,  
d'áitigh orm, ar Chríst neimhe,  
léim a dhéanamh d'ise.

Lingeas léim nó dhá léim  
ar an athair neamhga féin,  
dúirt an chaillech sa tigh  
go lingfeadh féin léim amhlaidh.

Do lingear léim eile amach  
thar fhíormhullach na cathrach,  
luaithe ná deatach trí theach  
an teitheadh rug an chaillech.

Loingseachan was on my track  
throughout every wilderness in Erin,  
until he lured me from the tree  
what time he related my son's death.

He carried me into the great house  
wherein the host was feasting,  
and bound me behind in the house (?)  
face to face with my first love.

The people of the house without reproach  
playing games and laughing;  
I and my folk in the house  
leaping and jumping.

Were it not for the hag of the house,  
I would not have gone again into madness;  
she besought me by Christ of Heaven  
to leap for her a little while.

I leaped a leap or two  
for the sake of the Heavenly Father Himself;  
the hag at her house said  
that even so could she herself leap.

Once more I leaped out  
over the top of the fortress;  
swifter than smoke through a house  
was the flight of the hag.

Roshirsium Éire uile  
ó Thigh Duinn co Traígh Ruire,  
ótá an Traígh co Benna mBrain,  
nír chuires díom an chailleach.

Eiter mhagh is mhóin is leirg  
dhíom nír chuires an crúaidhleidhb,  
gur lingedh lem an léim nglé  
do bheinn Dúine Sobhairce.

Ar sin rolinges fón dún  
agus nochar céim ar ccúl,  
rugus isin bfairrge amach,  
rosfágbhus thall an chailleach.

Iarsin tángadar 'san tráigh  
muintir dhiabhail 'na comhdháil  
agus roluaidhset a corp,  
mairg tír nÉirenn 'nar hadnacht.

Feacht roluighes ar Sliabh Fúaid  
i n-oidhchi duib dhorchí dhuaire,  
co bfaca cóig cinn 'san ccnoc  
arna n-oirleach inn-áonport.

Adubhairt cenn díbh 'na ruth,  
rium-sa roba garb an guth,  
'geilt Ultach, lentar libh dhe,  
co ría romhaibh i bfairrge.'

Thaistil sinn Éire uile  
ó Thigh Doinn go Traígh Ruire,  
ó Thráigh Ruire go Binn Bhraín,  
nór chuireas díom an chailleach.

Idir mhaigh is mhóin is leirg  
díom nór chuireas an chrualeadhb,  
gur ling uaim an léim ghlé  
do Bheinn Dún Sobhairce.

Ar sin do linges den dún,  
nór thugas céim ar gcúl,  
rugus ins an bhfarraige amach,  
d'fhágas thall an chailleach.

Iar sin thángadar san tráigh  
muintir dhiabhail ina comhdháil,  
thógadar leo an corp,  
mairg tír Éireann inar adhlacadh.

Uair do luíos ar Shliabh Fúaid  
oíche dhubh dhorchí dhuaire,  
go bhfaca cúig cinn san gcnoc  
bailithe ansin in aonphort.

Dúirt ceann acu 'na rith —  
liomsa ba gharbh an guth —  
'geilt Ultach, leantar libh dhe  
go n-imí romhaibh i bhfarraige.'

We wandered through all Erin,  
from Teach Duinn to Traigh Ruire,  
from Traigh Ruire to Benna Brain,  
but the hag I did not elude.

Through plain and bog and hillside  
I escaped not from the slattern  
until she leaped with me the famous leap  
to the summit of Dun Sobairce.

Thereafter I leaped down the *dun*,  
nor did I step back,  
I went out into the sea,  
yonder I left the hag.

There came then to the strand  
the devil's crew to meet her,  
and they bore away her body;  
woe to the land of Erin in which it was buried.

Once as I passed over Sliabh Fúaid  
on a dark, black, gloomy night,  
on the hill I beheld five heads,  
having been cut off in one place.

Said one of them of a sudden —  
harsh was the voice to me —  
'a madman of Ulster, follow him  
so that you drive him before you to the sea.'

Rorethus rompa an ród  
is nír fuirmhess troig ar fód,  
eiter chenn gabhair is con,  
ann roghabhsat malloghadh.

Cóir cíá roghéibhinn-si olc,  
mór n-oidhchi rolinges loch,  
mór do rosgaibh ban mbáidhe  
doradus fo éccaoine.” Ecc.

Ritheas rompu an ród,  
Is níor chuireas troigh ar fhód;  
idir cheann gabhair is con  
ann ghabhadar am mhallachtú.

Cóir cé go bhfaighinnse olc,  
is mó oíche linges loch,  
mór do rosca ban báidhe  
chuireas ag éagaoineadh.”

I sped before them along the path  
and I set not foot on ground;  
both goat-head and dog-head  
then began to curse.

’Tis right that I should get harm;  
many a night have I leaped a lake,  
many eyes of fond women  
have I made weep.”



## Section 68

Aroile aimsir do Suibhne i Luachair Dheadhadh	Tráth eile bhí Suibhne i Luachair Dheaghadh	On a certain occasion, Suibhne happened to be in Luachair Deaghaidh
for a bháeithréimennaibh baoisi;	ar a bhaothréimeanna baoise;	on his wild career of folly;
luid assidhén ina réimimh roighealtachta	d'imigh sé as sin ina réimeanna gealtachta	he went thence in his course of madness
go ránic Fiodh glansrot[h]ach gégáloinn Gaible.	go ráinig Fiodh glan-sruthach géag-álainn Gabhla.	until he reached Fiodh Gaibhle of clear streams and beautiful branches.
Báoi bliadhain an dú sin	D'fhan sé bliain ansin;	In that place he remained a year
ocus as edh fa biadh dhó frisin mbliadhoin sin	b'é bia a bhíodh aige *ar feadh na bliana sin* ná	and during that year his food consisted of
.i. caor[a] croiderga crúandatha cuilinn	caora croídhearga cróndatha cuilinn	blood-red, saffron holly-berries
ocus dercoin darach dubhdhuinne	agus dearcáin darach dubhdhoinne	and dark-brown acorns,
ocus deogh d'uisce na Gabhla,	agus deoch d'uisce na Gabhla	and a drink of water from the Gabhal,
.i. an abhann ón ainmnighthir an fiodh,	— an abhainn óna n-ainmnítear an choill.	that is, the river from which the wood is named.
	Tharla dá éis sin	At the end of that time
conadh ann roghabh tuirsi trom agus dobrón derbháir antí Suibhni	gur ghabh tuirse trom agus dobrón diamhair Suibhne *ann*	deep grief and heavy sorrow took hold of Suibhne there

i bforcenn na ré sin

tré olcus a bhethadh,

conadh ann adbert an laoidh mbig si:

trí olcas a bheatha,

go ndúirt an laoi bheag seo:

because of the wretchedness of his life;

whereupon he uttered this little poem:

## Section 69

“Ochán, as meisi Suibhne,  
mo chorpán as lór mairbhe,  
gan ceól, gan codladh choidhche,  
acht osnadh ghaoit[h]e gairbe.

Tánacc ó Luachair Dheaghadh  
co bruachaibh Feadha Gaibhle,  
as í mo chuid, ní cheilim,  
caora eidhinn, mes dairbhre.

Bliadhain dhamh isin mbeinn-si  
isin deilbh-si ina bhfuilim  
gan biadh do dhul ’san corp-sa  
acht caora corcra cuilinn.

As mé geilt Glinni Bolcáin,  
ní bhíu-sa ag ceilt mo dhochnáidh,  
tairnice anocht mo láthar,  
ní damh nach ádhbhar ocháin.” Ochán.

“Ochón, is mise Suibhne,  
mo chorpán is mór mairbhe,  
gan ceol, gan codladh choíche,  
ach osna gaoithe gairbhe.

Thána ó Luachair Dheaghadh  
go bruacha Fiodh Gabhla,  
is í mo chuid, ní cheilim,  
caora eidhinn, meas darach.

Bliain dom ins an mbeinn seo  
Ins an deilbh seo ina bhfuilim,  
gan bia do dhul sa chorp so  
ach caora corcra cuilinn.

Is mé gealt Glinne Bolcáin,  
ní bhead ag ceilt mo cháis,  
lagaigh anocht mo lúth  
ní dom nach ábhar ocháin.”

“I am Suibhne, alas,  
my wretched body is utterly dead,  
evermore without music, without sleep,  
save the sougning of the rude gale.

I have come from Luachair Deaghaidh  
to the border of Fiodh Gaibhle,  
this is my fare — I hide it not —  
ivy-berries, oak-mast.

A year have I been on the mountain  
in this form in which I am,  
without food going into my body  
save crimson holly-berries.

The madman of Glen Bolcain am I,  
I shall not hide my gnawing grief;  
to-night my vigour has come to an end,  
not to me is there no cause for grief.”

## Section 70

Dorala dhó-somh laithe n-áon techt co Druim Iaroinn i Connachtaibh	Tharla lá go ndeachaigh sé go Droim Iarainn i gConnachta	One day it happened that he went to Druim Iarainn in Connacht
co rochaith biorar barrghlas na cilli	agus gur chaith biolar bárrghlas na cille	where he eat green-topped watercress of the church
ar brú na tiobratta tonnghlaisi	ar fhaobhar na tiobraide tonnghlaise	by the brink of the green-flecked well
ocus ro-ibh ní dia huisge ina dheghaidh.	agus gur ól cuid den uisce ina dhiaidh sin.	and he drank some of its water after.
Ro-éirigh cléirech amach asin ecclais	D'éirigh cléireach amach as an eaglais	A cleric came out of the church
ocus roghabh tnúth ocus trénformud frisin ngeilt é	agus ghabh éad agus tréanfhoramad leis an ngealt é	and he was indignant and resentful towards the madman
im thomhailt an tuara rothoimhleadh feisin	toisc an bia a d'itheadh sé féin a ithe	for eating the food which he himself used to eat,
ocus adbert gurbho socair sádal robhaoi Suibhne isin iubardhos	agus dúirt gur shocair sáil a bhí Suibhne san iúr-dhos	and he said that it was happy and contented Suibhne was in the yew-tree
íar mbuing a phroinne de budhdhéin.	tar éis a phroinn a bhaint de féin.	after taking his meal from himself.
“Truagh éimh sin a chléirigh,” ar Suibhne,	“Trua sin do deimhin, a chléirigh,” arsa Suibhne,	“Sad in sooth is that ( <u>saying</u> ), O cleric,” said Suibhne,
“uair as meisi dúil as anshádhaile ocus anshocra dogheibh a betha isin domun	“ <u>nach eol duit</u> gur mise an duine is míshuaimhneasáí agus is míshásta ar domhan	“for I am the most discontented and unhappy creature in the world,

dáigh ní thig tinenabhradh ná toirrchim ar mo shúilibh ar úaman mo mharbhtha;	agus nach bhféadfainn sos ná codladh a bheith agam as eagla mo mharfa	for neither rest nor slumber comes on my eyes for fear of my being slain.
deithbhir sòn,	agus deirim leat	That is natural,
dáigh is cuma noraghainn ar gealtacht	go gcuirfeadh	because I would equally go into madness
	eitilt dreoilín amháin	
	le gealtacht mé chomh tapaidh céanna	
ría slógaib na cruinne d’fhaicsin dom fhóbairt a n-aoinfecht	le sluaite bagracha na cruinne *d’fheiscint*.”	at seeing the united hosts of the universe threatening me
ocus re folúamain an dreólláin a áonar;		as at the flight of a single wren;
et a Dhé neimhe, a chléirigh,” ar Suibhne,	“Agus, a Dhia na bhFlaitheas, *a chléirigh,*” arsa Suibhne,	and, O God of Heaven, cleric,” said Suibhne,
“nach bfuili-si im riocht-sa	“nach trua nach bhfuilirse im’ riochtsa	“that you are not in my place
ocus meisi isin chongaibh crábaidh i ttáoi-si,	agus mise i staid chrábhaidh mar thusa	and I in the state of devotion in which you are,
noco n-aithnicchedh th’aigeadh ocus th’inntinn	go n’aithneofá *d’aighe agus d’intinn*	so that your mind and understanding might recognise
nach gnáth dom aithghin-si nó dom ionnshamail bheith co soinnech febh adbeiri-si”;	nach gnách domsa ná dom leithéid a bheith suaimhneasach mar a deirir.”	that it is not usual for the like of me or for my counterpart to be happy as you say”;

conadh annsin roghabh an cléirech tosach na laoidhe

Iar sin ghabh an cléireach tosach na laoi

whereupon the cleric recited the beginning of the poem

ocus rofhreagair Suibhne a deiredh, mar so:

agus d'fhreagair Suibhne é mar seo:

and Suibhne responded (by reciting) the end, as follows:

## Section 71

[An C.]

“Sádha[i]l sin, a gealtagáin,  
a mbarr na géige iubair  
do leatháobh mo mennatáin,  
docait[h]is mo c[h]uid biolair.”

[S.]

“Ní sádha[i]l mo bhetha-sa,  
a chlérigh Droma hIarainn,  
atá do mhéd m’eagla-sa  
súil dom shúilibh nach íadhaim.

Fir domhain dá bfaicinn-si  
chugum, a fhir an cheoláin,  
is comhmór dotheithfinn-si  
ríu is re heitil an dreólláin.

Truagh gan tusa im inmhe-si,  
is meisi im chléirech chrábaidh,  
nó co ttuigedh th’inntinn-si  
nach cerd geilte beith sáda[i]l.”

An Cléireach:

“Go socair ansin a ghealtagáin,  
i mbarr na géige iúir  
taobh lem’ bhothánsa  
chaithis mo chuid biolair.”

Suibhne:

“Ní socair mo bheatha-sa,  
a chlérigh Droma Iarainn,  
atá de mhéid m’eagla-sa  
súil dem’ shúilibh nach n-iaim.

Fir an domhain dá bhfeicfinnse  
chugam, a fhir an cheoláin,  
is chomh mór a theithfinn leo  
is le heitilt an dreoláin.

Trua gan tusa im’ inmhe-se  
is mise im chléireach crábaidh,  
nó go dtuigeadh d’intinnse  
nach ceird geilte bheith sáil.”

Sádail.

The cleric:

“Thou art at ease, madman,  
on the top of the yew-branch  
beside my little abode,  
thou hast eaten my watercress.”

Suibhne:

“My life is not one of ease,  
O cleric of Druim Iarainn,  
such is my fear  
that I do not close an eye.

If I were to see the men of the world  
coming to me, O man of the bell,  
I would flee from them as fast  
as at the flight of a wren.

Alas, that thou art not in my place  
and I a devout cleric,  
so that thy mind might grasp  
that it is not the accomplishment of a madman to be at ease.”

## Section 72

Aroile laithe do Suibhne ag cúartugudh críche  
Connacht go hudmhall anbhsaidh

go ttarla é fo dheóidh go hAil [Fh]arannáin

a tTír Fhiachrach Mhúaidhe;

glenn áloinn eisidhén,

sruth áloinn sriobhúaine

ag teibersain co tinnesnach frisin all anúas

ocus bennachadh ann

ina rabadar senadh náomh

ocus fireó[i]n co hiomdha iolarrdha,

et ba hiomdha ann ámh crann caomháloinn co  
ttoirthibh troma tóthachtacha isin all hisin.

Ba hiomda ann éimh eidheann fíorchluthmar

ocus aball cenntrom

ag cromadh co talmain le troma a toraidh,

Lá eile le linn do Shuibhne bheith ag taisteal  
thart gan chuspóir i gConnachtaibh

tharla é ar deireadh go hAil Fharannáin

i dTír Fhiachrach Mhuidhe.

Gleann álainn é sin,

sruth álainn sreabh-uaine

ag titim go tinneasnach an aill anuas,

áit bheannaithe

ina raibh sionad naomh

agus líon ollmhór firéan.

Ba iomaí crann caomh-álainn le torthaí  
troma saibhre a bhí ar an aill sin.

Ba iomaí eidheann fíorchluthar

agus úlchrann ceanntrom

ag cromadh go talamh le troime a gcuid  
torthaí.

One day as Suibhne was wandering  
aimlessly and restlessly through Connacht

he came at last to All Fharannain

in Tir Fhiachrach Mhuidhe;

a delightful valley,

with a beautiful green-streamed river

dropping swiftly down the cliff

and a blessed place there

wherein was a synod of saints

and multitudes of righteous folk.

Numerous too on that cliff were the  
beautiful trees, heavy and rich with fruits;

numerous also the well-sheltered ivy-trees

and heavy-topped apple-trees

bending to the ground with the weight of  
their fruit;



ba cuma nobhíttís isin allt sin ois allta agus míola muighe agus muca móorthroma,	Bhí ann freisin fianna allta agus giorraithe agus muca móorthroma.	wild deer and hares and great, heavy swine were there also.
ba hiomdha immorro rón roiremhar rochodladh ann	Ba iomaí rón róramhar a chodlaíodh san aill sin	likewise many fat seals that used to sleep on that cliff,
tar éis techt ó muir móir anall isin all sin.	tar éis teacht ón mhuir mhór lasmuigh.	after coming from the main beyond.
Roshanntaigh Suibhne co mór an t-ionadh sin,	Shantaigh Suibhne go mór an t-ionad sin	Suibhne greatly coveted that place
go roghabh for adhmoladh agus ag tabhairt a thúarusgbhála ós aird;	agus ghabh á mholadh agus ag cur síos os ard,	and he began praising and describing it aloud;
go ndébairt an laoidh-si:	go ndúirt an laoi seo:	whereupon he uttered this lay:

### Section 73

“All [Fh]arannáin, adhbha náomh,  
co n-iomad call caomh is cnúas,  
uisge tinnesnach can tess  
ag snige re a chness anúas.

As iomdha ann eidhnech ghlass  
agus meass re mberar geall  
agus abhall chenntrom chaomh  
ag filliudh a craobh fa cheann.

Imdha broc ag dol fa a dhíon,  
ann is míol muighe nach mall,  
is édan rionntanach róin  
ag techt ón muir móir anall.

Mé Suibhne mac Colmáin chóir,  
mór n-oidhchi reóidh bhím co fann,  
romthruaill Rónán do Druim Gess,  
codlaim fa chraoibh 'san ess tall.” All.

“Aill Fharannáin, áitreabh naomh,  
go n-iomad coll caomh is cnuas,  
uisce tinneasnach gan teas  
ag sní lena cneas anuas.

Is iomaí ann eidhneach glas  
agus meas a bheireann geall,  
agus úllchrann ceanntrom caomh  
ag lúbadh a chraobh go bonn.

Iomaí broc ag dul fá dhíon  
ann is giorria nach mall,  
is éadan rinntanaí róin  
ag teacht ón mhuir mhór anall.

Mé Suibhne mac Colmáin chóir,  
iomaí oíche reoch bhím go fann,  
suaite atáim ag Rónán Droim Geis,  
codlaím fá chraoibh san eas tall.”

“Cliff of Farannan, abode of saints,  
with many fair hazels and nuts,  
swift cold water  
rushing down its side.

Many green ivy-trees are there  
and mast such as is prized,  
and fair, heavy-topped apple-trees  
bending their branches.

Many badgers going under its shelter  
and fleet hares too,  
and . . . brows of seals  
coming hither from the main.

I am Suibhne son of upright Colman,  
many a frosty night have I been feeble;  
Ronan of Druim Gess has outraged me,  
I sleep 'neath a tree at yonder waterfall.”

## Section 74

Táinig Suibhne roime fo dheóidh conuige an baile i raibhe Moling .i. Teach Moling.

Ba hisin tan sin robói psaltair Chaoimhghin i ffiadnuise Moling

aga dénamh do lucht an aiceapta.

Táinig iarumh Suibhne for sraith na tioprat i fiadhnuisi an chléirigh

ocus rogab ag ithe biorair.

“As moch-longadh sin, a ghealtagáin,” ar an cléirech;

conadh ann adbert Moling ocus rofreagair Suibhne é:

Tháinig Suibhne roimhe faoi dheoidh go dtí an baile ina raibh Moling, is é sin, Teach Moling.

Bhí seisean an tráth sin agus saltair Chaoimhín os a chomhair amach aige

\*agus é ag léamh aisti\* do na mic léinn.

Tháinig Suibhne ar shraith na tiobraide i bhfianaise an chléirigh

agus chuaigh ag ithe biolair.

“Is moch-ithe sin, a ghealtagáin,” arsa an cléireach.

Iar sin labhair Moling agus d’fhreagair Suibhne mar seo:

At length Suibhne came along to the place where Moling was, even Teach Moling.

The psalter of Kevin was at the time in front of Moling

as he was reading it to the students.

In the cleric’s presence Suibhne then came to the brink of the fountain

and began to eat watercress.

“O mad one, that is eating early,” said the cleric;

whereupon Moling spoke and Suibhne answered him:

## Section 75

[M.]

“Mochthráth sin, a ghealtagáin,  
re ceileabhradh cóir.”

[S.]

“Gidh moch leat-sa, a chléreacháin,  
tánic tert ag Róimh.”

[M.]

“Gá fios duit-si, a ghealtagáin,  
cuin tig tert ag Róimh?”

[S.]

“Fios tig dhamh óm Thigerna  
gach madain 's gach nóin.”

[M.]

“Innis tré rún ráitsighe  
sgéla Fíadhat finn.”

[S.]

“Agut-sa atá an fháistsine  
mása thú Moling.”

[M.]

“Cidh tuc duit-si mh'aithni-si,  
a gheilt ghníomach ghéir?”

[S.]

“Minic mé ar an fhaith[ch]i-si  
ó rosaoi mo chéill.”

Moling:

“Mochthráth sin, a ghealtagáin  
le ceiliúradh cóir,”

Suibhne:

“Gidh moch leat-sa, a chléireacháin,  
táinig teirt ag Róimh.”

Moling:

“Cá bhfios duitse, a ghealtagáin  
cathain thig teirt ag Róimh?”

Suibhne:

“Fios thig dhom óm Thiarna  
gach maidin is gach nóin.”

Moling:

“Inis trí rún ráitis  
scéala an Tiarna finn.”

Suibhne:

“Agatsa atá an fháistine,  
más thú Moling.”

Moling:

“Cé thug duitse m'aithne-se  
a gheilt ghníomhach ghéir?”

Suibhne:

“Minic mé ar an fhaiche seo  
ó saobhadh mo chéill.”

Moling:

“An early hour is it, thou madman,  
for due celebration.”

Suibhne:

“Though to thee, cleric, it may seem early,  
terce has come in Rome.”

Moling:

“How dost thou know, mad one,  
when terce comes in Rome?”

Suibhne:

“Knowledge comes to me from my Lord  
each morn and each eve.”

Moling:

“Relate through the mystery of speech  
tidings of the fair Lord.”

Suibhne:

“With thee is the (gift of) prophecy  
if thou art Moling.”

Moling:

“How dost thou know me,  
thou toiling, cunning madman?”

Suibhne:

“Often have I been upon this green  
since my reason was overthrown.”

[M.]  
“Cidh ná tairni a n-aonbhaili,  
a mhic Colmáin Chúair?”  
[S.]  
“Ferr leam bheith a n-áonshuidhe  
isin mbeathaidh bhúain.”

[M.]  
“A thruaigh, an ría t’anam-sa  
ifrinne aidhbhle dos?”  
[S.]  
“Ní thabhair DÍA orum-sa  
píán acht bheith gan fhos.”

[M.]  
“Glúais alle go ttormalla  
cuid bhus milis lat.”  
[S.]  
“Dá fhestá-sa, a chléireacháin,  
doilghe bheith gan bhrat.”

[M.]  
“Béra-sa mo chochlán-sa  
nó béra mo leann.”  
[S.]  
“Aniú gidh im crochbán-sa  
robá uair budh ferr.”

Moling:  
“Nach bhfanfa in aon bhaile  
a mhic Cholmáin Chuair?”  
Suibhne:  
“B’fhearr liom bheith in aon suí  
ins an mbeathaidh bhuain.”

Moling:  
“A thruaigh, an sroichfidh t’anamsa  
áitreabh ifrinne dos?”  
Suibhne:  
“Ní thabharfaidh Dia ormsa  
píán ach bheith gan sos.”

Moling:  
“Glúais i leith go n-ithir  
cuid bheas milis leat.”  
Suibhne:  
“Dá m’eol duit, a chléireacháin,  
doilí bheith gan bhrat.”

Moling:  
“Tóg anois mo chochall-sa,  
nó beir leat fiú mo bhrat.”  
Suibhne:  
“Inniu cé im’ chrochbhánsa  
bhí mé uair níbh fhearr.”

Moling:  
“Why dost thou not settle in one place,  
thou son of Colman Cuar?”  
Suibhne:  
“I had rather be in one seat  
in life everlasting.”

Moling:  
“Miserable one, will thy soul reach  
hell with vastness of slime?”  
Suibhne:  
“God inflicts no pain on me  
save being without rest.”

Moling:  
“Move hither that thou mayest eat  
what thou deemest sweet.”  
Suibhne:  
“If you but knew, cleric,  
more grievous is it to be without a cloak.”

Moling:  
“Thou shalt take my cowl  
or thou shalt take my smock.”  
Suibhne:  
“Though to-day I am ghastly,  
there was a time when it was better.”

[M.]

“An tú an Suibhne sgáthaighthe  
táinic a cath Roth?”

[S.]

“Mása mé, ní ráthaighthe  
cidh nomheilinn moch.”

[M.]

“Canas tárta mh’aithni-si  
duit, a ghealtáin ghéir?”

[S.]

“Meinic mé ar an fhaithchi-si  
got fheithemh do chéin.”

[M.]

“Áluinn duille an liubhair-si,  
psaltair Cháoimhghin cháidh.”

[S.]

“Áille duille mh’iubhair-si  
i nGlinn Bolcáin báin.”

[M.]

“Nach suaire leat-sa an relec-sa  
ba scoil sciómhda dath?”

[S.]

“Nírbh anshúarca mh’oirecht-sa  
madain ar Muigh Rath.”

Moling:

“An tú an Suibhne scáthaithe  
tháinig ó chath Rath?”

Suibhne:

“Más mé, ní inráthaithe  
bíodh go n-ithim moch.”

Moling:

“Conas thárta m’aithne-se  
duit, a ghealtáin ghéir?”

Suibhne:

“Minic mé ar an fhaiche seo  
ag feitheamh leat ó chéin.”

Moling:

“Álainn duille an iúir seo,  
saltair Chaoimhín cháidh.”

Suibhne:

“Áille duille m’iúir-se  
i nGleann Bolcáin báin.”

Moling:

“Nach suaire leatsa an reilig seo  
lena scoil ró-sciamhach dath?”

Suibhne:

“Níorbh anshuarca mo thionólsa  
maidin ar Maigh Rath.”

Moling:

“Art thou the dreaded Suibhne  
who came from the battle of Rath?”

Suibhne:

“If I am, ’tis not to be guaranteed  
what I might eat at early morn.”

Moling:

“Whence has come my recognition,  
cunning madman, to thee?”

Suibhne:

“Often am I upon this green  
watching thee from afar.”

Moling:

“Delightful is the leaf of this book,  
the psalter of holy Kevin.”

Suibhne:

“More delightful is a leaf of my yew  
in happy Glen Bolcain.”

Moling:

“Dost thou not deem this churchyard pleasant  
with its school of beautiful colours?”

Suibhne:

“Not more unpleasant was my muster  
the morning at Magh Rath.”

[M.]

“Ragat-sa do cheileabhradh  
go Glais Chille Cró.”

[S.]

“Lingfet-sa crann eidhinnglan,  
lém ard, is badh mó.”

[M.]

“Saothrach dhamh ’san eaglais-si  
ar cinn trén is trúagh.”

[S.]

“Saothraighe mo leabaidh-si  
i mBeinn Fhaibhni fhúar.”

[M.]

“Cáit i ttig do shaogal-sa,  
in a ccill no i loch?”

[S.]

“Aeghaire dot æghairibh  
nommharbhann go moch.”

Muchthráth.

Moling:

“Rachadsa do cheiliúradh  
go Glais Chille Cró.”

Suibhne:

“Lingfeadsa crann eidhinnglan,  
léim ard, is níos mó.”

Moling:

“Saothrach dhom san eaglais seo  
thar ceann tréan is trua.”

Suibhne:

“Saothraí mo leaba-sa  
i mBeann Fhaibhne fuar.”

Moling:

“Cá háit i dtig do shaol-sa,  
an i gcill nó i loch?”

Suibhne:

“Aoire ded’ aoiribh  
a mharóidh mé go moch.”

Moling:

“I will go for celebration  
to Glais Cille Cro.”

Suibhne:

“I will leap a fresh ivy-bush  
a high leap, and it will be a greater feat.”

Moling:

“Wearisome is it to me in this church  
waiting on the strong and weak.”

Suibhne:

“More wearisome is my couch  
in chilly Benn Faibhni.”

Moling:

“Where comes thy life’s end,  
in church or lake?”

Suibhne:

“A herd of thine  
will slay me at early morn.”

## Section 76

“As mochen éimh do thecht sonn, a Shuibhne,” ar Moling,

“ar atá a ndán duit bheith annso agus do sháogal do thecht ann,

do sgéla agus th’imthechta d’ fhágáil sunn

agus th’ adhnacal i reilicc fireóin,

agus naisgim-si fort,” ar Moling,

“gidh mór shire gach láoi d’ Éirinn,

techt gacha hespurtan chugum-sa

go rosgríobhthar do sgéla lium.”

“Fáiltím romhat anseo, a Shuibhne,” arsa Moling,

“óir tá sé i ndán duit bheith anseo agus do shaol a chríochnú ann,

do scéala agus d’imeachtaí a fhágáil anseo

agus tú a adhlacadh i reilig firéan.

Agus ceanglaímse ort,” ar seisean,

“cé mór do thaisteal gach lá in Éirinn,

teacht chugamsa gach tráthnóna

go scríobhfaidh mé síos do scéala.”

“Welcome in sooth is your coming here, Suibhne,” said Moling,

“for it is destined for you to be here and to end your life here;

to leave here your history and adventures,

and to be buried in a churchyard of righteous folk;

and I bind you,” said Moling,

“that however much of Ireland you may travel each day,

you will come to me each evening

so that I may write your history.”



## Section 77

Iomthúsa na geilte iarsin; robhaoi risin mbliadhain sin ag tathaighidh Moling.	Dála na geilte ina dhiaidh sin, chaith sé an bhliain sin ag siúl ar Mholing.	Thereafter during that year the madman was visiting Moling.
Roshoighedh lá n-ann co hInnis Bó Finni i n-iarthar Chonnacht,	Lá amháin bhíodh sé in Inis Bó Finne in iarthar Chonnacht,	One day he would go to Innis Bo Finne in west Connacht,
lá oile co hEss rocháoin Rúaidh,	lá eile in Eas Rua álainn,	another day to delightful Eas Ruaidh,
lá oile co Sliabh mínáluinn Mis,	lá ar Shliabh mínálainn Mis	another day to smooth, beautiful Sliabh Mis,
lá oile go Benda biothfhúara Boirche;	agus lá eile arís gheofaí ar Bheanna bithfhuara Boirche é.	another day to ever-chilly Benn Boirche,
gidbé díobh sin doshoighedh gach láoi	Ach pé áit dá dtéadh sé *gach lá*	but go where he would each day,
nofritháiledh a n-esputain gach n-oidhche co Teach Moling.	thugadh sé a aghaidh gach tráthnóna ar Theach Moling agus dhéanadh freastal ar easparta ansin.	he would attend at vespers each night at Teach Moling.
Ro-ordaigh Moling proinn mbig dhó frisin ré sin,	D'ordaigh Moling proinn bheag dó don tráth sin	Moling ordered a collation for him for that hour,
dóigh adubairt re bhanchóig ní do bhleaghan na mbó do thabairt dó.	óir dúirt lena bhanchócaire roinnt de bhleán na mbó a thabhairt dó.	for he told his cook to give him some of each day's milking.
Muirghil a hainm-sidhe,	Muirgheal ab ainm di-se,	Muirghil was her name;

as í ba ben do Mhungán do mhuicidhi Moling.	bean Mhongáin a bhí ina mhuicí ag Moling.	she was wife of Mongan, swineherd to Moling.
Ba hí méid na proinni sin dobheiredh an bhen dó	Ba é méid na proinne sin a bheireadh an bhean dó ná seo:	This was the extent of the meal the woman used to give him:
.i. nodhingedh a sáil conuige a hadhbronn isin mbualtrach fa coimhnesa dhí	dhingeadh sí a sáil go dtína rúitín sa bhualtrach bó ba ghaire di	she used to thrust her heel up to her ankle in the cowdung nearest her
ocus nofágbadh a lán lemnachta ann do Suibhne.	agus d'fhágadh sí lán an phoill de leamhnacht sa pholl do Shuibhne.	and leave the full of it of new milk there for Suibhne.
Dothigedh-somh co faiteach furechair	Thagadh Suibhne go faiteach furchaidh	He used to come cautiously and carefully
i n-eatarfhásach na búailedh do ibhe an bhainne sin.	isteach in idirfhásach na buaile chun an bainne sin a ól.	into the vacant portion of the milking yard to drink the milk.

## Section 78

Tarla iomcháineadh adhaigh ann	Tharla oíche go raibh achrann	One night a dispute arose
eitir Mhuirghil agus mhnáoi oile isin mbúailidh,	sa bhuaile idir Muirgheal agus bean eile,	between Muirgil and another woman in the milking enclosure,
co n-ébert an bhen eile:	go ndúirt an bhean eile:	whereupon the latter said:
“As mesa duit-si,” ar sí,	“is measa duitse é	“the worse is it for you,” said she,

“nach tocha leat fer eile	nach fearr leat fear eile	“that another man is not more welcome to you,
ocus fós nach ferr let th’ fer féin dot ríachtain	agus fós nach fearr leat d’fhear féin dod’ ríachtain	and yet that you do not prefer your own husband to come to you
iná an gheilt atá got thathighid risin mbliaduin-si anall.”	ná an gheilt atá ag siúl ort le bliain anall.”	than the madman who is visiting you for the past year.”
Atchúala siúr an bhuachalla anní sin	Chuala deirfiúr an bhuachaill aimsire an méid sin	The herd’s sister hearkened to that;
ocus gidhedh ní ro-innis ní dhe	ach ní dúirt sé faic ina thaobh	nevertheless she mentioned nothing about it
co bfacaidh Muirghil isin madain arnabhárach	go bhfaca sí Muirgheal maidin lá ar na mhárach	until she saw Muirgil on the morrow morning
ag dul d’ iodnaca an bhainne go Suibhne	ag dul d’fhágáil an bhainne do Shuibhne	going to leave the milk for Suibhne
conuige an mbúaltrach ba comhfhogus don fhál i raibhe.	sa bhualtrach ba ghaire don fhál *ina raibh sé*.	in the cowdung near the hedge at which he was.
Ó’dchonnaire siúr an bhuachalla sin táinic asteach agus atbert re a bráthair:	<u>Iar sin</u> *nuair a chonaic deirfiúr an bhuachaill aimsire sin,* tháinig sí isteach go dtí a deartháir agus ar sise:	The herd’s sister seeing that, came in and said to her brother:
“Atá do bhen isin ffál sin thoir ag fer oile, a mheathaigh mhiodhlaochda,” ar sí.	“Tá do bhean sa bhfál sin thoir ag fear eile, a mheatacháin gan laochas.”	“You cowardly creature, your wife is in yonder hedge with another man,” said she.

Roghabh éd an búachaill ag a chloistecht sin,	Tháinig éad ar an mbuachaill aimsire iar sin a chloisint.	The herd hearing that became jealous,
ocus roéirigh go hobonn inníreach ocus tarraidh a láimh leathga	D'éirigh sé go hobann, agus rug le feirg ar shleá	and he rose suddenly and angrily and seized a spear
robói for alchuing astigh	a bhí ar crochadh istigh	that was within on a rack
ocus téit for amus na geilte.	gur chuaigh <u>caol díreach</u> i dtreo na geilte.	and made for the madman.
As amhlaidh robhúi an geilt ocus a thaobh ris	Is amhaidh a bhí an gheilt agus a thaobh leis	The madman's side was towards him
ocus é 'na luidhe ag caitheamh a phroinne asin mbúaltrach.	agus é ina luí ag caitheamh a phroinne sa bhualtrach.	as he was lying down eating his meal out of the cowdung.
Tuc dono an buachaill sadhudh don leathgha asa láimh fair,	Scaoil an buachaill amas den sleá leis as a láimh	The herd made a thrust of the spear out of his hand at <u>Suibhne</u>
gur rosgon a n-odhar a chíghe clé antí Suibhne,	gur ghoin sé Suibhne i sine a bhrollaigh chlé,	and wounded him in the nipple of his left breast,
gur gabh urrainn tríd	sa tslí gur ghabh pointe <u>na sleá trína bhrollach</u>	so that the point went through him,
ar mbrisedh a droma ar dhó ann.	agus <u>amach</u> trína dhroim á bhriseadh ina dhá leath.	breaking his back in two.
Adberat foirenn conadh benn chongna fiadha ro-innell an búachaill fáoi,	Deir daoine eile gur leag an muicí beann adhairc fia faoi	(Some say that it is the point of a deer's horn the herd had placed under him

áit a n-ibhedh a dhigh asan mbúalltrach,	san áit a n-óladh sé a <u>chuid leamhnachta</u> as an mbualtrach,	in the spot where he used to take his drink out of the cowdung,
co tæth-somh furri,	gur thit sé anuas uirthi	that he fell on it
conadh amhlaidh fúair bás.	agus gur maraíodh amhaidh é.	and so met his death.)

## Section 79

As annsin robhaoi Énna mac Bracáin ag búain chluig na príimhi	An tráth sin <u>díreach</u> bhí Éanna Mac Breacáin ag bualadh clog na príimhe	Enna Mac Bracain was then sounding the bell for prime
i ndorus na reilge	ag geata na reilige	at the door of the churchyard
co bhaca an t-éacht dorinnedh ann;	go bhfaca sé an t-éacht a rinneadh ann:	and he saw the deed that was done there;
go n-ébairt an laoidh:	gur aithris an laoi seo:	whereupon he uttered the lay:

## Section 80

“Truagh sin, a mhucaidh Moling,  
dorighnis gníomh talchair tinn,  
mairg domharb a los a neirt  
an rígh, an [n]áomh, an náomhgheilt.

Bidh olc dígeann bhías duit de,  
tocht fo dheóidh gan aithrighe,  
biaidh th’ anam ar seilbh deamhain,  
biadh do chorp inn-ethannaidh. (?)

Bidh ionann ionadh ar nimh  
dhamh-sa is dó-somh, a fhir,  
gebhthar psailm ag lucht aoine  
for anmain an fhíoraoidhe.

Robadh rígh, robadh geilt glan,  
rop fher oirníge úasal,  
ag sin a lighe, líth ngle,  
dobhris mo chroidhe a thrúaighe.” Trúaigh.

“Trua sin, a mhuicí Moling,  
rinnis gníomh ceandána tinn,  
mairg a mharaigh de bhua a nirt  
an rí, an naomh, an naomhgheilt.

Is olc duitse a bhfuil déanta,  
teacht fé dheoidh gan aithrí,  
beidh d’anam ar seilbh deamhain  
bia do chorp ag feithidí.

Is ionann ionad ar neamh  
domsa is dósan, a fhir,  
canfar sailm ag lucht aoine  
ar anam an fhíor-aoi.

Ba rí é, ba gheilt ghlan,  
ba fhear oirní uasal,  
ag sin a uaigh, tuar glé,  
do bhris mo chroí a thrúaighe.”

“Sad is that, O swineherd of Moling,  
thou hast wrought a wilful, sorry deed,  
woe to him who has slain by dint of his strength  
the king, the saint, the saintly madman.

Evil to thee will be the outcome therefrom —  
going at last without repentance —  
thy soul will be in the devils keeping,  
thy body will be . . .

In Heaven the same will be the place  
for me and for him, O man,  
psalms will be sung by fasting folk  
for the soul of the true guest.

He was a king, he was a madman,  
a man illustrious, noble, was he;  
there is his grave — bright festival —  
pity for him has rent my heart.”

## Section 81

Ro-iompó Éanna anonn go ro-innis do Mholing	D'iompaigh Éanna anonn gur inis do Mholing	Enna turned back and told Moling
Suibhne do mharbadh do Mhongán mucaidhe Moling.	gur mharaigh Mongán, a mhuicí, Suibhne.	that Suibhne had been slain by his swineherd Mongan.
Ro-éirigh Moling fo chétóir cona c[h]léirchibh imalle fris	Bhrostaigh Moling, agus a chléirigh fairis,	Moling at once set out accompanied by his clerics
co hairm ina raibhe Suibhne	go dtí an áit ina raibh Suibhne.	to the place where Suibhne was,
ocus ro-adaimh Suibhne a choire	D'admhaigh Suibhne a choireanna,	and Suibhne acknowledged his faults
ocus a choibhsena do Mholing	<u>rinne</u> a fhaoistin do Mholing,	and ( <u>made</u> ) his confession to Moling
ocus rothóchaith corp Crist	ghlac Corp Chríost	and he partook of Christ's Body
ocus rofáiltigh fri Día a airittin	agus ghabh buíochas le Dia mar gheall ar an méid sin.	and thanked God for having received it,
ocus rohongadh iarum lasna cléirchibh.	Chuir na cléirigh an ola air ina dhiaidh sin.	and he was anointed afterwards by the clerics.

## Section 82

Táinig an búachaill dia shaigid.	Tháinig an muicí chuige.	The herd came up to him.
“As dúairc an gníomh dorighnis, a bhúachaill,” ar Suibhne,	“Is duairc an gníomh a rinnis, a bhuachaill,” arsa Suibhne,	“Dour is the deed you have done, O herd,” said Suibhne,
“i. mo mharbadh-sa gan chionaidh	“mise a mharú gan chúis,	“even to slay me, guiltless,
úair ní fhédaim-si festa teichedh fon ffál	óir ní fhéadaimse feasta teitheadh tríd an bhfál	for henceforth I cannot escape through the hedge
dobhithin na gona doradais form.”	de bhithin na gona a thugais dom.”	because of the wound you have dealt me.”
“Dá ffeasainn-si co mbadh tú nobheth ann,” ar an búachaill,	“Dá mbeadh a fhios agam gur tusa a bhí ann,” arsa an buachaill,	“If I had known that it was you were there,” said the herd,
“nítgonfuinn itir	“ní ghoinfínn in aon chor tú	“I would not have wounded you
gidh mór dom aimhles doghénta.”	dá mhéad é an gortú a dhéanfá orm.”	however much you may have injured me.”
“Dar Críosa, a dhuine,” ar sé,	“Dár Chríost, a dhuine,” ar sé,	“By Christ, man,” said he,
“ní dhernus-sa th’ aimhlessa ar áonchor ar bioth amail shaoile	“ní dhearnasa aon díobháil duit in aon chor, pé rud a cheapann tú,	“I have done you no injury whatever as you think,
iná aimhles duine eile ar druim dhomhain	ná d’aon duine eile ar droim dhomhain <u>ach oiread</u>	nor injury to anyone else on the ridge of the world
ó dochuir DÍA ar gealtacht mé	ó sheol Dia ar ghealtacht mé.	since God sent me to madness,



ocus robadh beg a dhíoghbháil duit-si	Ba bheag an díobháil duitse	and of small account should be the harm to you
mo bheth a ffál annso	mé a bheith sa bhfál anseo	through my being in the hedge here
ocus bainne beg d' fagháil ar Dia dhamh ón mnaoi ucchat,	agus braon bainne á fháil agam ar son Dé ón mnaoi thall.	and getting a little milk for God's sake from yonder woman.
et ní thiubhrainn taobh frit mnáoi-si	Agus ní bheadh baint agam le do mhnaoi-se	And I would not trust myself with your wife
iná fri mnáoi n-oile ar talmhain gona thoirthaibh.'	ná le haon mhnaoi eile ar thorthaí an domhain."	nor with any other woman for the earth and its fruits."
"Mallacht Críst ort, a bhúachaill," ar Moling,	"Mallacht Chríost ort, a bhuachaill," arsa Moling,	"Christ's curse on you, O herd," said Moling.
"as olc an gníomh dorighnis,	"is olc an gníomh a rinne tú;	"Evil is the deed you have done,
goirde shaogail duit abhus	gairide shaoil duit abhus	short be your span of life here
ocus ifrenn thall ar dhéanamh an gníomha dorónais."	agus ifreann thall ar dhéanamh an ghníomha do rinnis."	and hell beyond, because of the deed you have done."
"Ní bfuil bá do shodhain damh-sa," ar Suibhne,	"Is beag an mhaitheas a thiocfaidh domsa as an méid sin," arsa Suibhne,	"There is no good to me therefrom," said Suibhne,
"uair tángadar bur ccealga im thimchell	"óir tháinig bhúr gcealga im' thimpeall.	"for your wiles have compassed me
ocus bidh im marb-sa don guin doradadh form."	Beidh mé marbh ón ngoin a tugadh dom."	and I shall be dead from the wound that has been dealt me."

“Ragaidh éric duit ann,” ar Moling,	“Rachaidh éiric duit ann,” arsa Moling,	“You will get an <i>eric</i> for it,” said Moling,
“.i. comhaitte frium-sa for nimh dhuit,”	“go rabhair comhfhad liomsa ar neamh,”	“even that you be in Heaven as long as I shall be”;
ocus roráidhset an laoidh-si eatura ina ttriúr	agus dúradar tríur an laoi seo eatarthu,	and the three uttered this lay between them,
.i. Suibhne, Mongán agus Moling:	Suibhne, Mongán agus Moling:	that is, Suibhne, Mongan, and Moling:

### Section 83

[S.]

“Dorignis gníom, nach súaire sin,  
a bhúachaill Moling Lúochair,  
nocha nfédoim dul fón fhál  
don ghuin romgon do dhubhlámh.”

[M.]

“Abair frium mád cluine, a fhir,  
cúich thú, a duine, go deimhin?”

[S.]

“As mé Suibhne Geilt gan oil,  
a buachaill Moling Lúachair.”

[M.]

“Dá bfessain, a Suibhne sheing,  
a dhuine, dia nadaithninn  
nocha ttiubrainn gáí red chnes  
gé atchífinn thú dom aimhleas.”

[S.]

“Nocha dernus thiar na thoir  
aimhleas duine ar druim dhomhain  
ó domrad Críost óm thír theinn  
ar gealtacht ar fhud Éirinn.”

Suibhne:

“Rinnis gníomh, ní suaire sin,  
a bhuachaill Moling Luachair,  
ní fhéadaim dul fán bhfál,  
den ghoin ionam ód’ dhubhlámh.”

Mongan:

“Abair liom, má chluinir, a fhir,  
cé thú, a dhuine, go deimhin?”

Suibhne:

“Is mé Suibhne Geilt gan oil,  
a bhuachaill Moling Luachair.”

Mongan:

“Dá mbeadh fhios agam, a Shuibhne sheing,  
a dhuine, dá mb’agam d’aithne,  
ní thabharfainn ga led’ chneas  
cé go bhfeicfinn tú dom’ aimhleas.”

Suibhne:

“Ní dhearnas thiar ná thoir,  
aimhleas duine ar druim dhomhain  
ó thug Críost mé óm’ thír theann  
ar gealtacht ar fud Éireann.”

Suibhne:

“Not pleasant is the deed thou hast done,  
O herd of Moling Luachair,  
I cannot go through the hedge  
for the wound thy black hand has dealt me.”

Mongan:

“Speak to me if thou hearest,  
who art thou in truth, man?”

Suibhne:

“Suibhne Geilt without reproach am I,  
O herd of Moling Luachair.”

Mongan:

“If I but knew, O slender Suibhne,  
O man, if I could have recognised thee,  
I would not have thrust a spear against thy skin  
though I had seen thee harm me.”

Suibhne:

“East or west I have not done  
harm to one on the world’s ridge  
since Christ has brought me from my valiant land  
in madness throughout Erin.”

[M.]

“Ro-innis, noch a b[r]eug dhamh,  
inghean mh’athar ’smo mháthar  
th’ fághbháil isin fhál sin thoir  
ag mo mhnáoi féin ar madain.”

[S.]

“Níor chóir dhuit a chreidemh sin  
co bhionnta féin a dheimhin,  
mairg táinig dom ghuin-si a-le  
nógo bhfaictís do súile.

Gé nobheinn a fál i ffál,  
robadh beag dhuit a dhíoghbhál  
gé dobhéradh ben damh digh  
do bainne bhiucc a n-almsoin.”

[M.]

“Dá ffeisainn-si ’na bhfuil de,  
do ghuin tréd chích, trét chroidhe,  
go bráth nítgonfadh mo láimh,  
a Suibhne Ghleanna Bolcáin.”

[S.]

“Gé romgonais isin fhál  
noch a ndernus do thochrádh,  
ní thiubhrainn taobh ret mhnáoi ndil  
ar talmain gona thorthaibh.

Mongán:

“D’inis, ní nach bréag dom,  
iníon m’athar is mo mháthar  
tú d’fháil insan fhál sin thoir  
ag mo mhnáoi féin ar maidin.”

Suibhne:

“Níor chóir duit a chreideamh sin  
go bhfionnfá féin a dheimhin,  
mairg táinig dom ghoinse i leith  
nó go bhfeicidís do shúile.

Cé go mbínn as fál i bhfál,  
ba bheag duitse a dhíobháil,  
cé go mbéarfadh bean dom deoch  
de bhainne beag in almsaine.”

Mongán:

“Dá mbéadh a fhios agam go fíor,  
do ghoin tréd chíoch, tréd chroí,  
go brách ní ghoinfeadh mo lámh tú,  
a Shuibhne Ghleanna Bolcáin.”

Suibhne:

“Cé gur ghoinis mé sa bhfál,  
níor dheineas-sa do chrá,  
ní thabharfainn taobh led mhnáoi dhil  
ar thalamh gona thorthaibh.

Mongan:

“The daughter of my father and my mother  
related — ’twas no trifle to me —  
how she found thee in yonder hedge  
with my own wife at morn.”

Suibhne:

“It was not right of thee to credit that  
until thou hadst learnt its certainty,  
alas that thou shouldst come hither to slay me  
until thine eyes had seen.

Though I should be from hedge to hedge,  
its harm were a trifle to thee,  
though a woman should give me to drink  
a little milk as alms.”

Mongan:

“If I but knew what comes of it,  
from wounding thee through breast and heart,  
till Doom my hand would not wound thee,  
O Suibhne of Glen Bolcain.”

Suibhne:

“Though thou hast wounded me in the hedge,  
I have not done thee ill;  
I would not trust in thine own wife  
for the earth and its fruits.

Mairg táinig athaidh ó thoigh  
chuccatt, a Mholing Lúachair,  
nocha leicc dhamh dol fón choill  
an guin romgon do bhúachóill.”

[M.]  
“Mallacht Críst dochum gach cloinn  
ort,” ar Moling re a bhúachóil,  
“tré éd i ccrídhe do chnis,  
as trúagh an gníomh dorighnis.”

“Ó dorighnis gníomh n-úathmar,”  
atbert Moling re a bhúachuill,  
“raghaidh dhuit-si dar a chenn  
goirde shaoghail is ifreann.”

[S.]  
“Gé dognéi-si díoghal dhe  
a Mholing, ní beó meisi,  
nochan fhuil mo chabair ann,  
táinig bar ccealg im thimcheall.”

[M.]  
“Raghaidh éruic dhuit-si ind,”  
ar Moling Lúachra, “lúaidhim,  
comhaitte friom-sa for nimh  
dhuit-si, a Shuibhne, ón Ardchoimdidh.”

Mairg táinig óna thigh  
chugat, a Mholing Luachair,  
ní ligeann dom dul fán geoill,  
an ghoin lenar ghoin do bhuachaill.”

Moling:  
“Mallacht Críost dochum gach clainn  
ort,” ar Moling lena bhuachaill,  
“trí éad i gcroí do chnis  
is trua an gníomh do rinnis.”

“Ó do rinnis gníomh uafar,”  
arsa Moling lena bhuachaill,  
“rachaidh duitse thar a cheann  
gairide shaoil is ifreann.”

Suibhne:  
“Cé go mbainfidh tú díoltas amach  
a Mholing, ní beo mise,  
níl aon chabhair dom ann,  
tháinig bhúr gcealg im’ thimpeall.”

Moling:  
“Rachaidh éiric dhuitse ann,”  
arsa Moling Luachra, “luaim  
comhfhad domsa ar neamh  
agus duitse, a Shuibhne, ón ArdChoimdhe.”

Alas for him who has come for a while from home  
to thee, O Moling Luachair,  
the wound thy herd has dealt me  
stays me from wandering through the woods.”

Moling:  
“The curse of Christ who hath created everyone  
on thee,” said Moling to his herd,  
“sorry is the deed thou hast done  
through envy in thine heart.”

“Since thou hast done a dread deed,”  
said Moling to his herd,  
“thou wilt get in return for it  
a short span of life and hell.”

Suibhne:  
“Though thou mayest avenge it,  
O Moling, I shall be no more;  
no relief for me is it,  
your treachery has compassed me.”

Moling:  
“Thou shalt get an *eric* for it,”  
said Moling Luachair, “I avow;  
thou shalt be in Heaven as long as I shall be  
by the will of the great Lord, O Suibhne.”

[M.]

“Bidh maith dhuit-si, a Shuibhne sheing,  
thusa ar nemh,” ar an búacheill,  
“ní hionann as meisi sunn,  
gan nemh, gan soeghal agum.”

[S.]

“Ba binne lium robháoi tan  
ná comhrádh ciúin na muintear,  
bheith icc lúthmhairacht im linn  
cúchairecht fhéarainn eidhinn.

Ba binne lium robháoi tan  
ná guth cluigín im fharradh,  
ceileabhradh an luin don bheinn  
is dordán doimh ar doinninn.

Ba binne lium robháoi tan  
na guth mná áille im fharradh,  
guth circe fráioich an tsléibhe  
do cluinsin im iarmhéirghe.

Ba binne lium robháoi tan  
donálach na gcon alla,  
iná guth cléirigh astoigh  
ag méiligh is ag meigeallaigh.

Mongán:

“Beidh maith dhuitse, a Shuibhne sheing,  
thusa ar neamh,” ar an buachaill,  
“ní hionann is mise anseo,  
gan neamh, gan saol agam.”

Suibhne:

“Ba bhinne liom, bhí am,  
ná comhrá ciúin na muintir  
cúchaireacht colúir eidhinn  
ag eitilt thart ar linn.

Ba bhinne liom, bhí am  
ná guth cloigín im’ fharradh,  
ceiliúradh an loin den bheinn  
is dordán daimh sa doineann.

Ba bhinne liom, bhí am,  
ná guth mná áille im’ fharradh,  
guth circe fraoich an tsléibhe  
do chluinstin um iarmhéirí.

Ba bhinne liom, bhí am,  
geoin na gcon alla,  
ná guth cléirigh istigh  
ag méiligh is ag meigeallaigh.

Mongan:

“It will be well with thee, O slender Suibhne,  
thou in Heaven,” said the herd,  
“not so with me here,  
without Heaven, without my life’s span.”

Suibhne:

“There was a time when I deemed more melodious  
than the quiet converse of people,  
the cooing of the turtle-dove  
flitting about a pool.

There was a time when I deemed more melodious  
than the sound of a little bell beside me  
the warbling of the blackbird to the mountain  
and the belling of the stag in a storm.

There was a time when I deemed more melodious  
than the voice of a beautiful woman beside me,  
to hear at dawn  
the cry of the mountain-grouse.

There was a time when I deemed more melodious  
the yelping of the wolves  
than the voice of a cleric within  
a-baaing and a-bleating.

Gidh maith libh-si i ttighibh óil  
bhar ccuirm leanna go n-onóir,  
ferr lium-sa deogh d'uisge i ngoid  
d'ól dom bais asin tiopraid.

Gidh binn libh thall in bhar ccill  
comhrádh mín bar mac leighinn,  
binne lium ceileabhradh án  
doghniad coin Ghlinne Bolcáin.

Gidh maith libh-si an tsail 's an fheoil  
caithter a ttighibh comhóil,  
ferr lium-sa gas biorair ghloin  
d'ithe i n-ionadh gan chumaidh.

Romgon an cruadhmucaidhe corr  
go ndeachaidh trém chorp comhtrom,  
truag, a Chríst rolámh gach breth,  
nach ar Mhagh Rath rommarbhadh.

Gidh maith gach leaba gan fheall  
dorighnes seachnóin Éirenn,  
ferr lem leabaidh ós an loch  
i mBeinn Bhoirche gan fholoch.

Gidh maith gach leaba gan fheall  
dorighnes sechnóin Éireand,  
ferr [lem] leabaidh ós an ross  
i nGlenn Bolcáin dorónoss.

Cé maith libhse, i dtithe óil,  
bhur gcoirm leanna go honóir,  
fearr liomsa deoch d'uisce i ngoid —  
d'ól óm' bhais as an tiobraid.

Cé binn libh thall in bhur gcill,  
comhrá mín bhur mac léinn,  
binne liom ceiliúradh án  
do-ghní coin Ghlinne Bolcáin.

Cé maith libhse an tsail is an fheoil  
a chaitear a dtighe comhóil,  
fearr liomsa gas biolair ghlain  
d'ithe in ionad gan chumaidh.

Ghoin an cruamhuicí corr —  
go ndeachaigh trím' chorp go cothrom,  
trua a Chríost thug gach breith,  
nach ar Mhaigh Rath mo mharbhadh.

Cé maith gach leaba gan fheall  
do rinneas ar fud Éireann,  
fearr liom leaba os an loch  
i mBeinn Bhoirche gan fholach.

Cé maith gach leaba gan fheall  
do rinneas ar fud Éireann,  
fearr liom an leaba os cionn ros  
i nGleann Bolcáin do rinneas.

Though goodly you deem in taverns  
your ale-feasts with honour,  
I had liefer drink a quaff of water in theft  
from the palm of my hand out of a well.

Though yonder in your church you deem melodious  
the soft converse of your students,  
more melodious to me is the splendid chant  
of the hounds of Glen Bolcain.

Though goodly ye deem the salt meat and the fresh  
that are eaten in banqueting-houses,  
I had liefer eat a tuft of fresh watercress  
in some place without sorrow.

The herd's sharp spear has wounded me,  
so that it has passed clean through my body;  
alas, O Christ, who hast launched every judgment,  
that I was not slain at Magh Rath.

Though goodly each bed without guile  
I have made throughout Erin,  
I had liefer a couch above the lake  
in Benn Boirche, without concealment.

Though goodly each bed without guile  
I have made throughout Erin,  
I had liefer the couch above the wood  
I have made in Glen Bolcain.

Beirim a bhuidhe friot sin  
do chorp, a Chríst, do chaithimh,  
aithrighe iodhan abhus  
in gach olc riamh dorónus.” Do.

Beirim a bhuí tríd sin —  
do chorp, a Chríost, do chaitheamh,  
aithrí ion abhus  
in gach olc riamh do rinneas.”

To Thee, O Christ, I give thanks  
for partaking of Thy Body;  
sincere repentance in this world  
for each evil I have ever done.”



## Section 84

Táinic iaromh táimhnéll do Suibhne	Tháinig támhnéal ar Shuibhne ansin;	A death-swoon came on Suibhne then,
ocus ro-éirigh Moling gona c[h]léirchibh mar áon fris	d'éirigh Moling, agus a chléirigh fairis	and Moling, attended by his clerics, rose,
ocus tugsat cloch gach fir i leacht Shuibhne.	agus thug gach fear acu cloch i leacht Shuibhne.	and each man placed a stone on Suibhne's tomb.
"Ionmhain éimh an fer isa leacht so," ar Moling;	"Ionúin go deimhin an fear ins an leacht seo," arsa Moling.	"Dear in sooth is he whose tomb this is," said Moling;
"meinic bámar inar ndís slán síst ag comhrádh fri aroile seachnóin na conaire so.	"Minic a bhíomar beirt *— achar sona —* ag comhrá *le chéile* feadh an chosáin seo.	"often were we two — happy time — conversing one with the other along this pathway.
Rob aoibhinn lem faicsin Suibhne .i. antí isa leacht so ar an tioprait úd thall	B'aoibhinn liom Suibhne a fheiscint — an té atá sa leacht seo — ar an tiobraid thall.	Delightful to me was it to behold Suibhne — he whose tomb this is — at yonder well.
.i. Tiupra na Gealta a hainm,	Tiobraid an Geilte a hainm,	The Madman's Well is its name,
úair is meinic notoimhledh ní dia biorar oculus díá huisce	óir is minic a d'itheadh sé dá bhiolar agus d'óladh an t-uisce	for often would he eat of its watercress and drink its water,
ocus úadha ainminighter an tioprat.	agus is uaidh a ainmnítear an tiobraid.	and ( <u>so</u> ) the well is named after him.
Ionmhuin bheós gach ionadh eile no-iomaithighedh antí Suibhne";	Is ionúin gach ionad eile, leis, a thaithíodh Suibhne;	Dear, too, every other place that Suibhne used to frequent";

conadh ann adbert Moling:

agus dúirt Moling an laoi seo:

whereupon Moling said:

## Section 85

“Leachtán Suibhne sunn imne,  
rocráidh mo chroidhe a chuimhne,  
ionmuin lium bhós ar a sheirc  
gach airm i mbíodh an náimhgheilt.

Ionmuin lium Glenn mBolcáin mbán  
ar a sheirc ag Suibhne slán,  
ionmuin gach sruth do-icc ass,  
ionmhuin [a] bhior[ar] barrghlass.

Tiubra na Gealta súd thall,  
ionmuin cách dar bíadh a barr,  
ionmuin lium a gainemh glan,  
ionmuin a huisge iodhan.

Orm-sa doghnídh a haicill,  
fada lium gó nosfaicinn,  
rothiomghair a breith dom thigh,  
ba hionmhuin an eadarnaigh.

Ionmhuin gach sruth go bhfúaire  
fors’ mbíodh biorar barrúaine,  
is gach tobar uisce ghil,  
ar Suibhne ag a aithighidh.

“Leachtán Suibhne anseo umam,  
do chráigh mo chroí a chuimhne,  
ionúin liom fós, ar a sheirc,  
gach áit a mbíodh an naomhgheilt.

Ionúin liom Gleann Bolcáin bán  
ar a shearc ag Suibhne slán,  
ionúin gach sruth ag rith as,  
ionúin a bhiolar barrghlas.

Tobar na Geilte ansiúd thall,  
ionúin cách dar bia a bharr,  
ionúin liom a ghaineamh glan,  
ionúin a uisce íonghlan.

Ormsa do dhein luíochán air —  
fada liom go bhfeicfinn é —  
d’iarr é thabhairt im’ thigh  
ba ionúin an eadarnaí.

Ionúin gach sruth go bhfúaire  
ar a mbíodh biolar barruaine,  
is gach tobar uisce ghil  
a mbíodh Suibhne á thaithí.

“The tomb of Suibhne here,  
remembrance of him has wrung my heart,  
dear to me too, out of love for him,  
each place in which the holy madman used to be.

Dear to me is fair Glen Bolcain  
because of perfect Suibhne’s love of it;  
dear each stream that flows out of it,  
dear its green-topped watercress.

Yonder is the Well of the Madman,  
dear was he to whom it gave food,  
dear to me its clear sand,  
dear its pure water.

On me was imposed his preparation,  
it seemed long until I should see him,  
he asked that he be taken to my house,  
dear was the lying in wait.

Dear each cool stream  
wherein the green-topped watercress grew,  
each well of bright water too,  
because Suibhne used to visit it.

Masa chead le Rígh na reann  
éirigh agus imthigh leam,  
tucc dhamh, a c[h]ridhe, do lámh  
ón lighe agus ón leachtán.

Ba binn lium comhrádh Suibhne,  
cían bhéirus im chlí a chuimhne:  
aitchim mo Rígh nimhe nár  
ós a lighe is ar a leachtán.” Leachtán.

Más cead le Rí na reann,  
éirigh agus imigh liom,  
tabhair dom, a chrói, do lámh  
ón uaigh agus ón leachtán.

Ba bhinn liom comhrá Shuibhne,  
cian bhéarfad im’ chlí a chuimhne;  
iarraim mo Rí nimhe náir  
ar a uaigh is ar a leachtán.”

If it be the will of the King of the stars,  
arise and come with me,  
give me, O heart, thy hand  
from the grave and from the tomb.

Melodious to me was the converse of Suibhne,  
long shall I keep his memory in my breast:  
I entreat my noble King of Heaven  
above his grave and on his tomb.”

## Section 86

Ro éirigh Suibhne asa niull iarsin	D'éirigh Suibhne as a néal ansin	Thereafter, Suibhne rose out of his swoon
ocus roghabh Moling ar láim é,	agus ghabh Moling ar láimh é,	and Moling taking him by the hand
go rángadar rempa ina ndís co dorus na heglaisi,	go rángadar rompu ina ndís go dorus na heaglaise.	the two proceeded to the door of the church.
ocus ó dorad Suibhne a ghúala risin ursoinn	Chuir Suibhne a ghuala le hursain an dorais,	When Suibhne placed his shoulders against the door-post
tug a osnadh mór ós aird	thug osna mór os ard	he breathed a loud sigh
co rofháoidh a spiorad dochum nimhe,	agus d'éalaigh a spiorad chun neimhe.	and his spirit fled to Heaven,
ocus rohadhnacht go n-onóir ag Moling é.	D'adhlaic Moling é le honóir.	and he was buried honourably by Moling.

## Section 87

Gonadh ní do sgélaibh agus do imthechtuibh Suibhne mic Colmáin Chuair rígh Dhál Aruidhe gonuige sin. Finis.	Sin sin go nuige seo cuid de scéalta agus d'imeachtaí Shuibhne Mhic Cholmáin Chuair rí Dhál Araidhe. *Finis.*	So far, some of the tales and adventures of Suibhne son of Colman Cuar, king of Dal Araidhe. <i>Finis</i> .
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