

Cath Maige Mucrama

The Battle of Mag Mucrama

Note to the reader:

The editions of O Daly and Stokes are based of the version of the saga in the Book of Leinster. However, O Daly also edited an incomplete version of the saga in another manuscript (MS G 7 in the National Library of Ireland). For a small number of phrases, there are substantial differences between the two versions. In this presentation, the alternative version of each of these phrases is placed between square brackets and denoted by **N**. The Modern Irish version of these phrases is based on O Daly's edition which incorporates readings from **N**, whereas Stokes' translation is based solely on the Book of Leinster. These differences are reflected in this presentation.

Further differences between the two editions arise from marginal glosses which O Daly incorporates into her edition of the text, but which Stokes refers to only in footnotes. Stokes does not translate these glosses. The Modern Irish version follows O Daly's edition of the text at these points.

Section 1

Ailill Aulom mac Moga Núadat do shíl Ébir meic Míled Espáin, rí Muman didiu int Ailill.	<u>Bhí</u> Ailill Ólom mac Mhogha Nuad de shíol Éibhir mhic Mhíle Easpáinne ina rí ar an Mumhain *ansin*.	Ailill Bare-ear (<u>was</u>) son of Mogh Nuadat, of the seed of Éber son of Míl of Spain. King of Munster, then, <u>was</u> Ailill.
Sadb ingen Chuind Chétchathaig leis.	Ba í Sadhbh iníon Choinn Chéadchathaigh a bhean.	Sadb daughter of Hundred-battled Conn, he had to wife.
Tri meic dí, Éogan mac Ailella	Bhí triúr mac aici .i. Eoghan mac Ailealla,	Three sons had she (<u>by him</u>): Eogan son of Ailill,

ocus Cían mac Ailella

ocus Cormac mac Ailella

dia-tát Éoganacht

ocus Ciannacht

ocus Dáil Caiss.

agus Cian mac Ailealla,

agus Cormac mac Ailealla,

óna bhfuil Eoghanacht

agus Ciannacht

agus Dál gCais.

and Cian son of Ailill,

and Cormac [Cass] son of Ailill,

from whom are the Eoganacht

and Ciannacht

and Dáil Caiss.

Section 2

Dalta dano do Ailill agus Saidb

Lugaid Mac Con do Chorco Loígde.

For óenglún agus óenchích

ro alta agus Éogan mac Ailella.

Dalta, más ea, d'Aileall agus do Shadhbh

a b'ea Lughaidh Mac Con de Chorca Loídhe.

Oileadh eisean agus Eoghan mac Ailealla

ar an aonghlúin agus ar an aonchíoch.

Now Lugaid Mac con, of the Corco-Laigde,

was fosterson to Ailill and Sadb.

On one knee and one breast

he and Eogan son of Ailill were nursed.

Section 3

Luid Ailill iarum aidchi shamna do [fh]reaire a ech i nÁne Chlíach. Dérgither dó is' tilaig. Ro lommad in tilach in n-aidchi-sin ocus ni fes cía ros lomm. Fecht fo dí dó fon inna[s]-sin. Ba ingnad les-seom. Foídis techta úad co Ferches mac Commáin éices ro baí i mMairg Lagen. Fáith side ocus fhénnid. Do-lluid-side dia acallaim. Tíagait a ndiis aidchi shamna issin tilaig. Anaid Ailill is' tilaig.	Chuaigh Ailill ansin oíche Shamhna ag tabhairt aire dá eachra in Áine Chliach. Cóiríodh leaba dó ar an tulach. Lomadh an tulach an oíche sin agus níorbh fhios cé lom í. Tharla dó amhlaidh faoi dhó. B'ionadh leis é. Sheol sé teachtairí uaidh go Fearcheas mac Comáin, éigeas a bhí i Mairg Laighean. Fáidh agus féinní eisean. Tháinig sé chun cainte leis. Chuaigh siad araon oíche Shamhna don tulach. D'fhan Ailill ar an tulach.	Then Ailill went one Halloween to pasture his horses on Áne Cliach. A bed is made for him on the hill. The hill was stript bare that night and no one knew who stript it. This happened to him twice in that wise. It was a marvel to him. (So) he dispatched messengers to Ferchess son of Commán, a poet who dwelt in Marg of Leinster (and who was also) a prophet and a warrior. Ferchess came to speak with him, (and) on Halloween they two go to the hill. Ailill waits on the hill.
---	--	--

Baí Ferches frie anechtair.	Bhí Fearcheas lasmuigh taobh léi.	Ferchess was outside it.
Do-fuitt didiu cotlud for Ailill	Thit a chodladh, áfach, ar Ailill	Then sleep fell on Ailill
ic costecht fri fogilt na cethrae.	agus é ag éisteacht leis an gceathra ag iníor.	listening to the grazing of the cattle.
Do-llotar asint shíd	Tháinig siad as an sí	They had come out of the fairy-mound,
ocus Éogabul mac Durgabuil rí int shída ina ndíaid	agus Eogabhal mac Durghabhail rí an tsí ina ndiaidh	followed by Eogabul son of Durgabul the king of the fairy-mound,
ocus Áne ingen Éogabuil	agus Áine iníon Eogabhail	and Eogabul's daughter Áne
		was before him
ocus timpán creda ina láim	agus tiompán cré-umha ina láimh	with a brazen cithern in her hand
oca sheinm dó	á sheinm dó	which she was playing for him.
ara bélaib.	roimhe.	
At-raig dó in Ferches	D'éirigh Fearcheas ina aghaidh	Ferchess drew near him
co toba(i)rt buille dó.	agus thug buille dó.	and dealt him a blow.
Ro ráith Éogabul reme issa síd.	Rith Eogabhal leis isteach sa sí.	Eogabul ran on to the fairy-mound,
Atn-úarat Ferches di gaí mór	Thug Fearcheas faoi le ga mór	<u>but</u> Ferchess struck him with a great spear

co rróemid a druim triit. In tan donn-áinic co
Ailill

[co roimith a druim trit in tan rananic isin sith.
Conranic dano Ailill, N.]

cond-ráinic-side frisin n-ingin.

Eret ro buí i ssuidiu

ro den in ben a ó

cona farcaib féoil na crocand fair

(ocus) connáro ássair fair ríam ónd úair-sin.

Conid Ailill Ó-lomm a ainm ó shein.

gur bhris a dhroim nuair a shroich sé an sí.
Luigh Aileall *ansin*

leis an mbean óg.

Fad a bhí sé gafa mar sin

dhiúil an bhean a chluas (ó)

i dtreo nár fhág sí feoil ná craiceann uirthi

agus nár fhás pioc díobh riamh ó shin uirthi.

Uime sin Ailill Ólom a ainm ó shin.

and broke his back when he reached Ailill.

Ailill had met the maiden

while he was waiting there [and outraged her;]

but she struck his (right) ear

so that she left neither flesh nor skin upon it,

and none ever grew upon it from that hour.

Wherefore Ailill Bare-ear was his name
thenceforward.

Section 4

“Olc ro bábair frim”, ar ind Áne,
“[.i.] mo shárugud ocus marbad m’athar.
Not sháraigiub-sa ind
.i. nocon fháicéb-sa athgabáil latt
in tan immo-scéram”.

“Is olc a bhíobhair liom,” arsa Áine,
“.i. mise a shárú, agus m’athair a mharú.
Déanfaidh mise thusa a shárú ar a shon
.i. ní fhágfaidh mé aon athmhaoín agat
nuair a scarfaimid.”

“Wicked have ye been to me,” saith Áne,
“to outrage me and to kill my father.
I will outrage thee for this.
I will not leave thee a reprisal
when we shall part from one another”.

Section 5

Ainm na ingine-sin fil forin tilaig,
.i. Áne Chliach.
Bru(i)g Ríg didiu domsod ind Ailella
i comfhocus don Máig <.i. usce mór>.

Ainm na mná atá ar an tulach
.i. Áine Chliach.
Brú Rí, áfach, áitreabh Ailealla
i gcóngar na Máighe (.i. abhainn mhór).

The hill bears the name of that girl,
even Áne Cliach.
Bruree then is the abode of Ailill,
in the neighbourhood of the Maigue, a great
water.

Is de as-bert in file:
Usce Máige cenbad sruth
ba lus tá cen fhursunduth
fo bíth do-tháet sech thóeb liss
Áedáin meic Melláin éicis.

Is fúithi a dúirt an file:
Abhainn na Máighe, fad is sruth,
Beidh ina geitire geire gan léas;
Mar téann sí seach taobh lis
Aodáin mhic Mhealláin, éigeas.

Hereof said the poet:
The water of Maigue so long as it is a stream
Will be bright without illumination,
Because it goes beside the garth
Of Aedán son of Mellán the poet.

Section 6

Luid dano fecht aile Éogan mac Ailella

ocus Lugaid Mac Con .i. a chomalta

co hArt mac Cuind

dia mbaí for cúairt Chonnacht

do thabairt ech agus srían úad

.i. bráthair máthar do Éogan.

Oc techt dóib sech(a) (m)Má[i]g

co cúalatar in céol issin dus ibair

ro buí óssind ess.

Ber[t]ait leo co hAilill a ridisi

<.i. in fer thucsat assin duss>

ar batar oc imresain imme

co rrucad Ailill breith dóib.

Uair eile *, más ea,* chuaigh Eoghan Mac Ailealla

agus Lughaidh Mac Con .i. a chomhalta,

go hArt mac Coinn,

deartháir máthar d'Eoghan,

agus é ar cuairt Chonnacht,

d'fhonn eachra agus srianta a fháil uaidh.

Ag dul seach Máigh dóibh,

chuala siad an ceol i gcrann iúir

a bhí os cionn an easa.

Thug siad leo ar ais go hAilill é,

.i. an fear a thóg siad as an gcrann,

le go dtabharfadh Ailill breith eatarthu

Now at another time Eogan son of Ailill

and Lugaid Mac-con his fosterbrother

went to Art son of Conn,

while he was on a circuit of Connaught,

to get horses and bridles from him,

for he was a brother of Eogan's mother.

As they were going past the plain

they heard the music in a bush of yew

that was over the cataract.

They bring back with them to Ailill

the man whom they took out of the bush,

— for they were quarrelling about him, —

that Ailill give them a decision.

mar bhí siad ag imreas faoi.

Fer bec,

tri thét ina thimpán.

Fear beag ab ea é

agus trí théad ina thiompán.

A little man (was he,

with) three strings in his cithern.

Section 7

“Cía t’ainm?”

“Cad is ainm duit?”

“What is thy name?” [said Ailill to the cithern-player.]

“Fer Fí mac Éogabuil”.

“Fear Fí mac Eogabhail.”

“Fer Fí son of Eogabul.”

“Cid dob-rintaí?” or Ailill.

“Cad a thug ar ais sibh?” arsa Ailill.

“What has turned you back?” said Ailill [to Eogan and Lugaid].

“Ataam oc imresain immo[n] fer-sa”.

“Táimid ag imreas faoin bhfear seo.”

“We are quarrelling about this man.”

“Cinnas fir so?”

“Cén sort fir é seo?”

“What manner of man is this?”

“Timpánach maith”.

“Tiompanách maith.”

“A good cithern-player.”

“Senter dún a céol”, or Ailill.

“Seinntear an ceol dúinn,” *arsa Ailill.*

“Let his music be played for us,” says Ailill.

“Do-géntar”, orse.

“Déanfar,” ar sé.

“It shall be done,” says he.

Section 8

Ro shephaind dóib dano goltride

conda corastar i ngol

ocus i coí ocus [i n]derchoíniud.

Ro gess dó anad de.

Ro sheind dano gentride

conda corastar i ngen ngáire

acht naptar ecnai a scaim.

Ro sephaind dóib dano súantraige

conda corastar i súan

ón tráth co araile.

At-rullai-seom íar suidiu

a lleth dia tudchid

ocus fo-rácaib drochimtel eturru

amal ba sirsan leis.

Ansin sheinn sé goltraí dóibh

gur chrom siad ar ghol

agus chaoi agus dhéarchaoineadh.

Iarradh air éirí as.

Sheinn sé geantraí ansin

agus chrom siad ar gháirí

gur dhóibair gur léir a scamhóga.

Sheinn sé suantraí dóibh ansin

gur thit a gcodladh orthu

go dtí an uair sin lá arna mhárach.

D'éalaigh sé uathu ansin

sa treo as ar tháinig

agus d'fhág síol aighnis eatarthu

mar a b'áil leis.

Then he played for them wail-music

until he set them a-crying

and weeping and lamenting.

He was entreated to stop,

whereupon he played laugh-music

until he put them into such a fit of laughter

that their lungs were almost seen.

Then he played sleep-music for them

until he sent them into slumber

from that hour to the same time next day.

After this he went away

to the place from which he had come,

and he left ill-feeling between them,

for he deemed it lucky (to do so).

Section 9

At-ragat íar sudiu.

“Beir breith dún, a Ailill”.

“Bec torbai”, or Ailill.

“Cid at-rubartbair in tan fríth in fer?”

“At-rubart-sa”, or Lugaid, “lemm a céol”.

“At-rubart-sa”, ar Éogan, “is lem in céoluid”.

“Is fir”, or Ailill,

“la Éogan in fer”.

“Is drochbreth”, or Lugaid.

“Fír dano”, or Ailill.

“Ní fir”, or Lugaid,

“ní gnáth fir fort béolu”.

“Ní tú as chóir dia chairigud”, or Éogan,

D’éirigh siad ansin.

“Beir breith eadrainn, a Ailill.”

“Beag a thairbhe,” arsa Ailill.

“Cad dúirt sibh nuair a fuarthas an fear?”

“Liomsa an ceol, a dúrtsa,” arsa Lughaidh.

“Liomsa an ceoltóir a dúrtsa,” arsa Eoghan.

“Fíor duit,” arsa Ailill,

“le hEoghan an fear.”

“Is drochbhreith,” arsa Lughaidh.

“Is cóir í,” arsa Ailill.

“Ní cóir í,” arsa Lughaidh,

“ní gnáth cóir as do bhéal.”

“Ní tú is cóir á lochtú,” arsa Eoghan,

After this they arise,

“Give judgment to us, O Ailill.”

“Little profit”, says Ailill.

“What said ye when the man was found?”

“I said,” answered Lugaid, “that his music was mine.”

“I said,” answered Eogan, “that the musician was mine.”

“True it is,” said Ailill;

“the man belongs to Eogan.”

“It is a false judgement,” says Lugaid.

“It is true for me,” says Ailill.

“It is not true,” says Lugaid.

“Truth is rare on thy lips.”

“It is not thou that should censure him,” says Eogan,

“aithech samlut”.

“Bid aithech samlum-sa”, or Lugaid,

“lomméras a cend-sin dít-sa

ocus saltéras fort leccoin”.

“Cinnas do-génta-su?” or Éogan.

“I rroí chatha”, or Lugaid,

“a llaa-sa i cind mís

do-téis co comairsem i Cind Abrat”.

“aitheach de do shórt.”

Arsa Lughaidh: “Is aitheach de mo shórt

a lomfaidh an ceann sin díotsa

agus shatlóidh ar do leaca.”

“Conas a dhéanfá-sa sin?” arsa Eoghan.

“Ar pháirc an chatha,” arsa Lughaidh;

“mí ón lá inniu,

tar go gcomhracam i gCeann Abhrad.”

“a vassal like thee.”

“It will be a vassal like me,” says Lugaid,

“who shall strip off that head from thee,

and trample on thy cheek.”

“How wouldst thou do that?” says Eogan.

“On a field of battle,” says Lugaid.

“On this day at the end of the month

come thou that we may meet on Cenn Abrat.”

Section 10

Ba fír sòn immorro.

Cond-recat dia mís,

cách cona shochraite

co mbatar na da idna aigid i n-igid.

Luid dano la Mac Con isin cath a aite

B’fhíor dóibh sin go deimhin.

Tháinig le chéile mí ón lá sin,

cách lena shlóite

i dtreo go raibh an dá líne chatha aghaidh ar aghaidh.

Chuaigh, más ea, a oide,

Now that fell true.

On that day month they come together,

each with his army,

so that the two hosts were face to face.

Now along with Mac-con there went into the battle his fosterer,

.i. Lugaid Lága mac Moga Núadat.	.i. Lughaidh Lágha mac Mhogh Nuad, le Mac Con sa chath.	even Lugaid Lága son of Mogh Nuadat.
Is and luid Mac Con i n-[im]maccallaim fria drúth.	Chuaigh Mac Con *ansin* i gcomhairle lena óinmhid.	Then Mac-con went into converse with his Fool,
Do Déra a ainm-side, do Dáirinib dó int [sh]ainriuth.	Do Bhéara a ainm sin; de Dháirinibh dó le bheith beacht.	whose name was Do-dera and who was of the Dairfhini especially.
Comchosmail crotha agus delba in drúth fri Mac Con.	Ba chomhchosúil an óinmhid agus Mac Con ar chruth agus ar chló.	Alike in shape and figure was the Fool to Mac-con.

Section 11

“Maith”, or Lugaid, “focéraid Éogan comrac [n]desse form-sa innosse ocus don-scéra a bruth <mac ind rí g agus a adbar ocus hua araile>”.	“Sea,” arsa Lughaidh, “fógróidh Eoghan comhrac aonair ormsa anois, agus ós é mac agus damhna an rí é, agus ua rí eile, déanfaidh a bhruth gaile mise a threascairt.”	“Well,” says Lugaid, “Eogan will now challenge me to a duel, and the ardour of the son of a king and the makings of one and the grandson of another will destroy us.”
---	---	---

Section 12

“N[i] mataét fort béolu”, ar in drúth, “at lomthrú”. “Regait-se ara chend”, ar in drúth, “ocus do mind-su for mo chind ocus t’erred immum, co n-érbara cách is tussu do-tháet and. Ma beith ní iarum totim dam-sa not beir-siu ass fo chétóir ar at-béra cách is tussu do-fáeth and ocus mebais in cath íar suidiu. Biaid immorro Éogan oc do chungid-siu sethnó in chatha. Dia n-accera iarum do cholptha-su	“Ní maith a thagann <u>na focail sin</u> as do bhéal,” arsan óinmhid, “níl i ndán duit ach lomadh an bháis. Rachaidh mise ina choinne,” arsan óinmhid, “agus do choróin-se ar mo cheann, agus d’éide umam, i dtreo go ndéarfaidh cách gur tusa atá ag teacht ann. Má tharlaíonn sé ina dhiaidh sin mise a thitim, cuirse díot ar an toirt mar déarfaidh cách gur tusa a thit ann agus brisfidh an cath ort ansin. Beidh Eoghan, áfach, ar do lorg ar fud an chatha. Má fheiceann sé do cholpaí *ansin*,”	“That goes not well on thy lips,” saith the Fool: “thou art surely doomed to death. I will march against him,” saith the Fool, “with thy diadem on my head and thy raiment around me, so that all shall say it is thou that goest there. If, then, I happen to fall, get thee away at once, for all will say that it is thou that fellest there, and after this thy army will be routed. Now Eogan will be seeking thee throughout the battle, and if he see thy calf *then*
--	--	---

not gignether ón”.

goinfear thú *go deimhin*.”

thou wilt surely be slain.”

Section 13

Do-gníther ón.

Rinneadh amhlaidh.

That is done.

Marbthair in drúth.

Maraíodh an óinmhid.

The Fool is killed,

Ro fitir immorro Éogan

Bhí a fhios ag Eoghan, áfach,

but Eogan knew

nárbu é Lugaid ro marb.

nárbh é Lughaidh a mharaigh sé.

that it was not Lugaid whom he had slain.

Feccaid fora íarmóracht iar sain.

Chrom sé ar é a lorg ansin.

Thereafter he turns to seek him.

“Ro mebaid in cath”, or cách,

“Briseadh an cath,” arsa cách,

“The battle has broken,” says every one.

“do-rochair Lugaid”.

“thit Lughaidh.”

“Lugaid has fallen.”

Ba fír són.

Ba fhíor *san* dóibh.

That is true:

Maidid for Lugaid.

Briseadh ar Lughaidh.

Lugaid is routed.

At-chondairc didiu Éogan

Ansin chonaic Eoghan

Then Eogan beheld

da cholptha Lugdach trésin slúag

dhá cholpa Lughaidh tríd an slua

through the host Lugaid’s two calves

amal shnechta n-óenaidche

mar sneachta aon oíche

like the snow of one night

ar thaitnemchi a da cholptha.

ar thaitneamhaí a dhá cholpa.

because of the brightness of his two calves.

Ro ráith Éogan 'na díaid
co tarlaic irchor fair
conid n-ecmaing ina gairr.

Is de atá Bréngairr [] for[a] ndórtai.

“In ránic int erchor?” olse.

Rith Eoghan ina dhiaidh

agus chaith urchar leis

gur aimsigh ina cholpa (ghairr).

Is uaidh sin an t-ainm Bréanghairr mar ar
dhoirt (an bréantas).

“Ar aimsigh an t-urchar an sprioc?” ar seisean.

Eogan ran after him

and hurled his spear at him

and struck him on his calf (*gairr*).

Hence the saying *Brén gairr forndortai*.

“Has the cast reached?” saith Eogan.

Section 14

Maidid iar sain.

Is de ro cét:

Cath C(h)ind Ebrat ro mebaid
for Mac Con chétaib acan;
cind shecht mbliadna, ní duibel,
do-fích Mucrama matan.

Amlaid ba fir són.

Briseadh an cath ansin.

Is faoi a canadh:

“Cath Chinn Abhrad briseadh
Ar Mhac Con go gcéadta ceann;
Iar seacht mbliana, níorbh obann,
Throid sé Cath Mucramha.”

Sin mar a bhí go fíor.

Thereafter the battle is won.

Thereof sang [a poet:]

The battle of Cenn-febrat was won
Against Mac-con with hundreds of warriors:
At the end of seven years, not sudden —
He fought the fight of Mucrama.

Thus that fell true.

Section 15

Nira fhét Lugaid bith i nHérind iar sain la Éogan	Níor fhéad Lughaidh fanacht in Éirinn ina dhiadh sin de bharr Eoghain	After that Lugaid could not abide in Ireland on account of Eogan.
co ndechaid reme i nAlbain for teched	agus d'imigh leis ar teitheadh go hAlbain,	So he went in flight to Scotland,
ocus nocon fhess c'airet ro-chúaid.	agus níorbh fhios cén fad a chuaigh.	and no one knew how far he had gone.
Ro-chúaid dano Lugaid Lága	D'imigh Lughaidh Lágha	Now Lugaid Lága
<i. lágine mór no bíd 'na láim>	(láighine mór a bhíodh ina láimh)	
la Mac Con.	freisin le Mac Con.	went with Mac-con
Trí nónbair dóib nammá.	Ní raibh ach trí naonúr díobh ann.	(<u>and</u>) only thrice nine men were they.
Iss ed didiu do-chúatar co rríg nAlban.	Is ann a chuaigh siad dá bhrí sin go rí Alban.	Where they went then was to the king of Scotland.
Dos-rinchoisc iarum Lugaid co mór a muntir	Ansin theagaisc Lughaidh a mhuintir go daingean	*Then* Lugaid urgently instructed his people
ar nábad baeglach no betis	gan dul i mbaol	that they should run no risks,
(i.) ar na tuctha aichne forru	le heagla go n-aithneofaí iad	to wit, lest they should be recognised,
ar dáig naro marbtaís la rí nAlban	d'fhonn nach marófaí iad le rí Alban	so that they might not be killed by the king of Scotland

ar rí nHérend	agus rí Éireann	for sake of the king of Ireland,
.i. Art mac Cuind.	.i. Art mac Coinn.	even Art son of Conn.
Ocus as-bert Mac Con fria muntir	Agus dúirt Mac Con lena mhuintir	And <u>Lugaid</u> told his people
ara ndernad cách díb ríar araile	gach duine díobh a dhéanamh rud ar a chéile	that each of them should do the other's will
amal bad rí cach fer díb dialailiu,	amhail is dá mba rí gach duine díobh ar an duine eile,	as if every man of them was a king to the other,
ocus dano conna abhrad nech a ainm féin fris-sium.	agus freisin gan éinne a thabhairt a ainm féin air féin.	and furthermore that no one should utter his own name to him.

Section 16

Fáilid friu immorro rí Alban.	Chuir rí Alban fáilte rompu, más ea.	Now the king of Scotland welcomed them.
Noco dernsat a slonnud	Níor inis siad a n-ainmneacha	They did not give their names,
ocus nocon fhess can dóib	agus níorbh fhios cár bh as dóibh	and no one knew whence they were,
acht a mbith do Gáedelaib.	ach gur de Ghaeil iad.	only that they were of the Gaels.
Mucc agus ag cach nóna dóib i tech fo leith co cend mblíadna.	<u>Tugadh</u> muc agus damh gach tráthnóna chucu i dteach ar leithrigh ar feadh bliana.	Every evening till the end of a year a swine and an ox were brought to them into a house apart.

Section 17

Ba hingnad iarum lasin ríg febas a ndelba	B'ionadh leis an rí ansin feabhas a gcló,	Now the king marvelled at the excellence of their form
ocus (a n-)airechas (ocus) a n-engnama	agus oirearcas a ngaisce	and their leadership and their prowess,
eter brissiud catha agus immairec agus chomlaid	idir bhriseadh catha agus coinbhleacht agus comhlainn,	both the winning of battles and conflicts and combats
ocus búaid n-óenaig agus chluiche agus chéti	agus bua aonaigh agus cluiche agus lúthchleas,	and the victory in assembly and game and horse-race,
ocus imbeirt [m]brandub agus búanbaig agus fhithchille	agus imirt branduibh agus buanbhaigh agus fichille,	and playing backgammon and draughts and chess;
ocus nad raibe tóesech forthu int shainriuth.	agus gan aon taoiseach ar leith orthu.	and (<u>he also marvelled</u>) that there was no chieftain over them in particular.

Section 18

Láa and didiu buí Lugaid oc imbeirt fhidchille frisín rí	Lá amháin, dá bhrí sin, bhí Lughaidh ag imirt fichille leis an rí	So then one day Lugaid was playing chess with the king,
co n-accatar fer écosca ingnaid chuccu is'tech.	agus chonaic siad fear in éide neamhghnách chucu isteach.	when they saw a man of strange appearance coming towards them into the house.

Section 19

“Can don fhir ucú?” ar in rí.

“De Gáedelaib”, olse.

“Cía dán airbere?” ar in rí.

“Écse”, olse.

“Scéla fer nHérend lat?” ar in rí.

“In maith flaith Airt meic Cuind?”

“Is maith”, olse,

“ní tháinig i nHérind ríam flaith samlaid”.

“Cad as don fhear úd?” arsan rí.

“De Ghaela,” ar sé.

“Cén cheird a chleachtann tú?” arsan rí.

“Éigse,” ar sé.

“An bhfuil scéala faoi fhir Éireann leat?”
arsan rí.

“An maith é flaitheas Art mhic Cuinn?”

“Is maith,” ar sé,

“níor tháinig *in Éirinn* riamh flaitheas mar
sin.”

“Whence is yon man?” says the king.

“Of the Gaels,” answers he.

“What art dost thou practise?” asked the king.

“Poetry,” says he.

“Have thou news of the men of Erin?” says
the king.

“Is the reign of Art son of Conn prosperous?”

“It is prosperous,” he replied.

“Never has there come into Erin a reign like
it.”

Section 20

“Cía as rí Muman?” ar in rí.

“Éogan mac Ailella”, olse,

“ar is senóir a athair”.

“Ocus Lugaid Mac Con?” ar in rí.

“Cé is rí Mumhan?” arsan rí.

“Eoghan mac Ailealla,” ar sé,

“mar is seandúine a athair.”

“Agus Lugaidh Mac Con?” arsan rí.

“Who is king of Munster?” says the king.

“Eogan son of Ailill,” says he:

“for his father is (now) an old man.”

“And Lugaid Mac con?” says the king.

“Nicon fhessa a imthechta íarna innarbu do Éogan mac Ailella”.

“Mór liach ón”, ar in rí,

“mairg Hérind ara testá.

Ocus cenél Lugdach”, ar in rí,

“cindas atá?”

“Nís fil i mmaith”, olse,

“acht i ndóere ocus i ndochraite ocus i cumalacht do Éogan”.

“Ní fios a imeachta ó ionnarbadh é le hEoghan mac Ailealla.”

“Is mór an liach sin,” arsan rí,

“mairg d’Éirinn ar a bhfuil ar iarraidh.

Agus cineál Lughaidh,” arsan rí,

“conus tá acu?”

“Níl go maith,” ar seisean,

“ach i ndaoirse agus i ndochraide agus i sclábhaíocht d’Eoghan.”

“His goings have been unknown since he was banished by Eogan son of Ailill.”

“That is a great pity,” says the king.

“Woe to Erin that he is wanting.

And the Kindred of Lugaid,” says the king,

“how standeth it?”

“It is not in good plight,” says he,

“but in bondage and oppression, and the women are handmaids to Eogan.”

Section 21

Amal ro-chúala Lugaid ón

bátar fir óir ocus argit inna láim.
[batir fir oir ind righ ina laim, N.]

Do-bert a mér for dís fa thríar díb

conda forlaig in tairi[d]nech buí ara bélaib.

Arna chlos sin do Lughaidh,

bhí fir óir an rí gafa aige.

Chuir sé a mhéar ar dhá cheann nó trí díobh

gur leag an t-eagar fear a bhí os a chomhair.

When Lugaid heard that,

there were men of gold and silver in his hand.

He put his finger on two or three

so that the front rank that was before him was hidden.

Don-écca in rí.

“Ell chondalba dot-ic ale”, or in rí.

As-lóí at-chúas a scél.

Luid Lugaid immach la sodain.

D’fhéach an rí air.

“Arraing ceana cine atá do do bhualadh, féach,” arsan rí.

D’imigh an té a d’inis a scéal amach.

Chuaigh Lughaidh amach ansin.

The king observed it.

“A feeling of love (for thy native land) comes to thee, *indeed,* ” says the king.

“Joyfully [?] has the news been told.”

With that Lugaid went out.

Section 22

“Maith, a ócu”, ar in rí,

“is é Lugaid téte immach.

At-chíu-sa issi[n]d abairt do-ringni”.

“Sea, a laochra, “ arsan rí,

“sin é Lughaidh atá ag dul amach.

Feicim é ina iompar.”

“Well, O warriors,” says the king,

“it is Lugaid that goes out;

I see (it) in the play which he has made.”

Section 23

Con-gairther fer aile dó

arnabárach

ocus ad-fíadar a scél cétna dó.

Is í ind abairt chétna do-génai-side.

Glaodh fear eile chuige

lá arna mhárach,

agus instear an scéal céanna dó.

Bhí an t-iompar céanna faoi.

Another man is called to him

on the morrow,

and the same story is told him,

and it is the same play that he made.

Section 24

“Is fír”, ar in rí,

“iss é Lugaid in so,

ocus iss ar m’ómun-sa

nacha slonnet.

Do-berthar trá muín impu

co fessammar.

Berar muc ocus ag fora coiss dóib

ocus apair friu a mmuntir féin dá n-irgnam
dóib.

Fos-cichret i crandchor íarum.

Fáicébhair Lugaid fris anechtair.

For-comfa (friss) in ferthaigis”.

“Mar sin atá,” arsan rí,

“is é seo Lughaidh

agus is le heagla romhamsa

nach n-inseann siad a n-ainmneacha.

Imrítear *mar sin* cleas orthu

le go bhfaighimis amach.

Tugtar muc agus damh beo dóibh

agus abartar leo a muintir féin á réiteach
dóibh.

Ansin cuirfidh siad é ar chranna.

Fágfar Lughaidh as.

Coimeádfaidh an stíobhard súil ar an ngnó.”

“It is true,” says the king.

“This is Lugaid,

and it is for fear of me

that he and his men do not name themselves.

So let a trick be played on them

that we may know.

Let a swine and an ox on their feet be given
them,

and let them be told that their own people
must prepare the carcasses for them.

They will then cast lots (to ascertain the cooks

and) Lugaid will be left out of the chance.

This I entrust to the majordomo”.

Section 25

Do-chúaid-som immorro i crandchor ind aurgnama.

Chuaigh seisean (Lughaidh), áfach, i bpáirt sa chrannchur faoi réiteach an bhia.

Howbeit Lugaid took part in the casting of lots as to the preparation.

Section 26

“Maith”, or in rí frisin ferthaigis,

“finta cía as toísech fodla

ocus ara ndéntar bélaib”.

“Ní buí and ón

acht in rechtaire a óenur”.

“Fír”, or in rí,

“marbaid dam dreim de lochdaib”.

“Sea,” arsan rí leis an stíobhard,

“faigh amach cé tá i dtús na roinnte,

agus a ndéantar í os a chomhair.”

“Ní raibh aon duine ann

ach an rechtaire ina aonar, is é sin.”

“Sea,” arsan rí,

“maraígi ladhar loch dom.”

“Good,” says the king to the majordomo:

“ascertain who is the chief of distribution,

and before whom it is made.”

“There was no one there

but the steward alone.”

“True,” says the king.

“Kill me a number of mice.”

Section 27

Do-berar immorro luch

Cuirtear ansin luch

Then he puts

on the portion of each man of them

a mouse,

for cuibrend cech fhir díb

ar chuid gach fir díobh

and it red-raw, with its hair on.

is sí dergg cona find,

agus í amh agus a craiceann uirthi;

ocus do-berar ara mbélaib.

tugtar os a gcomhair í.

And then their portions are set before them,

Ocus at-rubrad friu

Dúradh leo

and they were told

co mair[b]fitis

go marófaí iad

that they would be killed

mani estais na lochtha.

mura n-íosfaidís na luchaidh.

unless they did ate the mice.

Imm(a)[-dergad] dóib.

Dheargaigh acu.

They were ...

Ro bánta co mór iar sain.

Bhánaigh acu go mór ansin.

Thereafter they became very pale.

Noco tucad cuccu ríam anceiss bud doilgiu
leo.

Níor cuireadh riamh chucu fadhb ba dheacra
leo.

Never had a more greivous annoyance been
brought to them.

Section 28

“Cinnas atát?” or in rí.

“Conas tá siad?” arsan rí.

“How are they?” asked the king.

“Ataat ina mbruc(c)

“Tá siad ag broic leo

“They are in their sorrow

ocus a mmíasa ’na fíadnaisi”.

agus a miasa rompu.”

with their dishes before them.”

“Is ‘broc(c) Muman dar míasa ón’ ”, ar in rí.

“Sin é ‘broic Mumhan thar miasa’,” arsan rí.

“That is ‘Munster’s sorrow over dishes’,” says the king.

“Apa[i]r friu mairbfitir mani essat”.

“Abair leo go marófar iad mura n-itheann siad.”

“Tell them they will be killed unless they eat.”

Section 29

“Nip sén ó timmarnad”, or Lugaid,

“Ná raibh an rath ar an té a d’ordaigh,” arsa Lughaidh,

“Let him not be old by whom (this) was commanded,” says Lugaid,

la tabairt na lochad inna béolu

ag cur na luiche ina bhéal

putting the mouse into his mouth,

[ocus] in rí ocó déscin.

agus an rí á fhaire.

while the king observed him.

Section 30

Dos-mberat na fir uile la sodain.

Leis sin chuir na fir go léir ina mbéal iad.

Thereat all the men put them (into their mouths).

Buí fer dobrónach díb

Bhí duine dobrónach díobh

There was one unhappy man of them

no scead

agus bhí sé ag aiseag

who would vomit

la tabairt [n-]erbbaiill na llochad dia bélaib.

agus é ag tabhairt eireaball na luiche chun a bhéil.

when putting the tail of the mouse to his lips.

“Calgg dart brágit”, or Lugaid,

“Claíomh dar do bhráid,” arsa Lughaidh,

“A sword across thy throat,” says Lugaid.

“iss ithi lochad coa lloss”.

“tá an luch le hithe go heireaball.”

“The eating of a mouse includes its tail.”

Slucid iarum erboll na llochad.

Shloig sé ansin eireaball na luiche.

Then the man swallows the tail of the mouse.

Section 31

“Do-gníat ní airiut”, or in rí ón dorus.

“Déanann siad rud ort,” arsan rí ón dorus.

“They do something for thee,” says the king from the door.

“Do-gníim-se erro-som dano”, or Lugaid.

“Déanaimse rud orthusan leis,” arsa Lughaidh.

“So do I for them,” says Lugaid.

“In tussu in Lugaid?” or in rí.

“An tú Lughaidh?” arsan rí.

“Art thou the Lugaid?” asks the king.

“Iss ed mo ainm”, or Lugaid.

“Is é m’ainm,” arsa Lughaidh.

“That is my name,” says Lugaid.

“Fo-chen duit, ám”, or in rí.	“Fáilte romhat, más ea,” arsan rí,	“Welcome to thee in sooth,” says the king.
“Cid dia rot díchlís fhorm-sa?”	“cén fáth ar cheil tú thú féin orm?”	“Why hast thou hidden thyself from me?”
“Ar th’ómun”, ar Lugaid.	“Le heagla romhat,” arsa Lughaidh.	“For fear of thee,” says Lugaid.
“No dígélaínd-se th’osnaid-siu cosindiu dian[d]ot-fhessind”.	“Dhéanfainnse do ghearán a dhíolt roimhe seo dá mbeadh a fhios agam.”	“I would avenge thy sighing up to this day had I known thee.”
“Dom-airsed-sa cobair cid indiu”, or Lugaid.	“D’fhóirfeadh cabhair domsa fiú inniu,” arsa Lughaidh.	“Let help come to me even today,” says Lugaid.
“Rot bia immorro cobair”, or in rí.	“Beidh cabhair agat, más ea,” arsan rí.	“Thou shalt have help, forsooth,” says the king.
“Rí Alban atom-chomnaic-se.	“Rí Alban mise.	“King of Scotland am I.
Ingen rí Bretan mo máthair.	Iníon rí Breatan mo mháthair.	My mother is the daughter of the king of the Britons:
Ingen rí Saxan mo ben.	Iníon rí Sagsan mo bhean.	the daughter of the king of the Saxons is my wife.
Nos beir-siu latt uile fri dígail th’osnaide”.	Tabhair leat iad go léir le do ghearán a dhíolt.”	I will bring them all with thee to avenge thy sighing.”
“Am buidech de”, or Lugaid.	“Táim sásta leis sin,” arsa Lughaidh.	“I am grateful therefor,” says Lugaid.

Section 32

Dos-n-uc didiu int óenfher for óenslúagad uile in muntir-se.	Thug mar sin an t-aon duine amháin an mhuintir sin go léir ar an aon fheachtas amháin.	The one man then brought all this people on the one hosting.
An ro baí íarum di longaib agus libarnaib agus bárcuib i n-airiur Saxan agus Bretan tarchomlátha	Tionóladh *ansin* a raibh de longa, de libhearna, agus de bhárca ar chósta na Sagsan agus na mBreatain	What there were of ships and galleys and barques in the country of the Saxons and the Britons were *then* assembled
co mbáatar i Purt Ríg i nAlbae	nó go raibh siad i bPort Rí in Alba,	so that they were in Portree in Scotland,
ocus todlach mór di churachaib leo.	agus cabhlach mór de churaigh leo.	and a great fleet (?) of boats along with them.
As-berat(-som) ba hóendrochet baí eter Héirind agus Albain di churachaib.	Deir siad gurbh aon droichead amháin de churaigh a bhí idir Éire agus Alba.	Men say that there was one bridge of boats between Ireland and Scotland.

Section 33

Do-lluid Lugaid didiu cossind arba[r]	Tháinig Lughaidh mar sin leis an díorma	Then Lugaid proceeded with the army
ocus cossin tromshlúag mór-sain	agus leis an tromshlua mór sin	and with that mighty host
do dígail a ancrídi for firu Hérend.	lena éagóir a dhíolt ar fhir Éireann.	to avenge his injuries on the men of Erin.
Nírbo gor in mac dos-n-uc.	Níor mhac oibleagáideach a thug leis iad.	Not dutiful was the boy that brought them.
Ro indrettar didiu i nHéirind	Rinne siad ionradh dá bhrí sin ar Éirinn	So they ravaged Erin,

coro gíallsat sochaide mór (díb) dó.	agus géill a lán dó.	and a great number of the people submitted to him.
Ocus nis táraid debaid	Agus níor cuireadh ina gcoinne	And they met no opposition
co rráncatar Mag Mucríma	gur tháinig siad go Má Mucríomha	till they reached Magh Mucríme
hi Crích Óc mBethrae	i gCríoch Óg mBeathra	in the territory of Óic Bethrae,
fri Aidne atúaid	luastuaidh de Aidhne	to the north of Aidne,
ó Áth Chlíath dano sathúaid.	ó thuaidh ó Áth Cliath *freisin*.	northwards from Clarin-bridge *as well*.

Section 34

Mag Mucríma didiu	Má Mucríomha anois:	Magh Mucríme, now,
.i. mucca gentliuchta do-dechatar a hÚaim Chrúachna.	muca draíochta a tháinig as Uaimh Cruachna.	pigs of magic came out of the cave of Cruachain,
Dorus iffirn na Hérend sin.	Sin é doras Éireann go hifreann.	and that is Ireland's gate of Hell.
Is esti dano tánic in tellén trechend	Is aisti leis a tháinig an trícheannach	For out of it issued the monstrous triple-headed Bird
ro fhásaig Hérend,	a bhánaigh Éire	that wasted Erin
conidro marb Amairgene athair Conaill Chernaig ar galaib óenfhir	nó gur mharaigh Amhairghine, athair Chonaill Chernaigh, é ar ghalaibh aonair	till Amairgene, the father of Conall the Victorious, killed it in single combat

ar bélaib Ulad [n-]uili.

os comhair Uladh go léir.

before all the men of Ulster..

Section 35

Is esti dano do-dechatar ind énlathi chrúan

Is aisti leis a tháinig na héanlaithe cróna

Out of it, also, came the Red Birds

coro chrínsat i nHérind nach ní taidlitís a n-anála,

gur chríon siad gach rud *in Éirinn* a mbaineadh a n-anáil leo

that withered up everything in Erin that their breaths would touch,

condaro marbsat Ulaid dano [] asa táblib.

nó gur mharaigh Ulaidh *freisin* iad lena gcranna tabhaill.

till the Ulstermen *also* slew them with their slings.

Section 36

Is esti íarum do-dechatar na mucca-sa.

Is aisti ansin a tháinig na muca seo.

Out of it, moreover, came these swine.

Nach ní imma-thégtís

Aon áit a dtéidís thairis

Round whatever thing they used to go,

co cend secht mblíadna

till the end of seven years

ní ássad arbur na fér na duille trít.

ní fhásadh arbhar ná féar ná duilliúr tríd

neither corn nor grass nor leaf would grow through it.

go ceann seacht mblian.

Bale i rrímtís

Aon áit ina ríomhtaí iad,

Where they were being counted

ní antaís and

ní fhanaidís ann

they would not stay,

acht no thégtís hi túaith [n-]aile.

Dia n-irmastá a rrím,

ní rímtís fo chomlín

.i. “ataat a trí and”, ar in fer.

“Is mó, a secht”, ar araile.

“Atát a noí and”, ol araile.

“Óen muc déc”! “Trí mucca déc”.

Att-roíthe a rrím fônd inna[s]-sain.

Far-fhémditís dano a nguín,

ar dia ndíbaírgtís ní arthraigtís.

ach dul i dtuath eile.

Dá n-éireodh leis an ríomh orthu,

ní réiteodh na ríomha

.i. “tá a trí ann,” a déarfadh duine;

“tá breis, a seacht,” a déarfadh duine eile.

“Atá a naoi ann,” a déarfadh duine eile fós;

“aon mhuc déag!” “trí muca déag.”

Ar an tslí sin níorbh féidir a ríomh.

Agus níorbh fhéidir iad a mharú, *áfach,*

mar nuair a chaití leo théidís as radharc.

but they would go into another territory

if any one tried to reckon them.

They were never numbered completely.

“There are three there,” says the one man.

“More, there are seven,” says another.

“There are nine there,” says another.

“Eleven swine!” “Thirteen swine.”

In that way it was impossible to count them.

They could not be killed, *however,*

for if they were shot at, they used to disappear.

Section 37

Fecht and didiu luid Medb Chrúachan agus Ailill	Chuaigh Meadhbh Chruachna agus Ailill *mar sin* uair	Once upon a time, then, (<u>Queen</u>) Maive of Cruachan and Ailill went
dia rím .i. i mMag Mucríma.	go Má Mucríomha á ríomh.	to count them, in to Magh Mucrime, to wit.
Ro rímthea leo iarum.	Ríomhadh leo iad ansin.	They were counted by them afterwards.
Ro buí Medb inna carput.	Bhí Meadhbh ina carbad.	Maive was in her chariot.
Ro lebla[i]ng mucc díb tarsin carpat.	Léim muc díobh thar an gcarbad.	One of the swine leaped over the chariot.
“Is immarcraid in mucc-sain, a Medb”, or cách.	“Is ceann breise an mhuc sin, a Mheadhbh,” arsa cách.	“That swine is one too many, O Maive,” says every one.
“Niba hí-seo”, ol Medb,	“Ní bheidh sí seo <u>amhlaidh</u> ,” arsa Meadhbh	“Not this one,” says Maive,
la gabáil a colpthae na muicce	agus í ag breith ar cholpa na muice	seizing the swine’s leg;
co rróemid a croccend fora étan	gur bhris a craiceann ar a héadan	whereupon its skin broke on its forehead
conda farggaib dano in croccand inna láim cossin cholpdu	gur fhág sí *freisin* an craiceann leis an gcolpa ina láimh.	and it *also* left the skin in her hand along with the leg,
ocus nocon fhess cía deochatar ónd úair-sin.	Ní fios cár chuaigh siad ón uair sin.	and from that hour nobody knew whither they went.
Is de-sin atá Mag Mucríma.	Is uaidh sin atá <u>an t-ainm</u> Má Mucríomha.	Hence is Magh Muc-rime (<u>so called</u>).

Section 38

Ro lléiced trá do Mac Con indred na Hérend	Ligeadh mar sin do Mhac Con a ionradh a dhéanamh ar Éirinn	Now the ravaging of Erin was left to Mac-con
co rránic Mag Mucríma i n-iarthar Chondach[t].	gur shroich sé Má Mucríomha in iarthar Chonnacht.	till he reached Mag Mucrime in the west of Connaught.
“Is mithich”, ol Art mac Cuind,	“Is mithid,” arsa Art mac Coinn,	“It is time,” says Art son of Conn,
“debaid dona feraib”.		“(to give) battle to the men.”
[“dobaith dina ferip allmarthib, N.”].	“cath a <u>chur</u> ar na hallúraigh.”	
“Mithig, immorro”, ar Éogan mac Ailella.	“Is mithid go deimhin,” arsa Eoghan mac Ailealla.	“Time indeed,” says Eogan son of Ailill.

Section 39

Luid dano Éogan a lláa riasin [chath]	Chuaigh Eoghan *ansin* an lá roimh an gcath	Now Eogan went, the day before the battle,
co Díl mac hú Chreaga di Ossaigib	go Díl macu Chreaga d’Osraí	to Díl Maccu Crecga of Ossory.
ro buí i nDruim Díl.	a bhí i nDroim Díl.	He dwelt in Druim Díl.
Druí side is é dall.	Draoi eisean agus é dall.	A druid was he, and he blind.
“Tair lim-sa”, or Éogan,	“Tar liomsa,” arsa Eoghan,	“Come with me,” says Eogan,

“do shinnath na fer ocus dia ndíchetal”.	“le fonóid a dhéanamh faoi na fir agus briocht a chur orthu.”	“to satirize the men and to bespell them.”
“Maith”, orse.	“Tá go maith,” ar sé.	“Good,” says <u>the druid</u> .
“Rega-sa latt, a báidathair”, ol a ingen.	“Rachaidh mé leat, a athair bhúidh,” arsa a iníon.	“I will go with thee, dear father”, says his daughter.
Ben óentama ón .i. Moncha, ingen Díl. A ingen ba hara dó.	Ba bhean gan pósadh ise .i. Moncha iníon Dhíl. Ba í a iníon ba ara dó.	An unmarried woman was she, even Moncha, daughter of Díl. His daughter was charioteer to him.

Section 40

Amal ro-siachtatar Mag Clíach at-géoin (imorro) in druí for labrad Éogain ropa(d) trú.	Ag sroichint Mhá Cliach dóibh d’aithin an draoi ar chaint Eoghain *, áfach,* go raibh bás i ndán dó.	Thus they reached Magh Cliach. The druid, however, knew by Eogan’s speech that he was doomed to death.
“Maith, a Éogain”, ar in druí, “in fácbai-seo íartaige?”	“Sea, a Eoghain,” arsan draoi, “an bhfuil sliocht á fhágháil agat?”	“Well, O Eogan,” says the druid, “leavest thou posterity?”
“Ní mórithir”, ar Éogan.	“Ní mór é,” arsa Eoghan.	“Not so great,” says Eogan.

“Maith, ám, a ingen”, ar Díl, “foí la Éogan dús in [m]bíad rígi Muman úaim-se co bráth”.	“Sea anois, a iníon,” arsa Díl, “luigh le hEoghan féachaint an mbeidh ríthe Mumhan ar mo shliochtsa go brách.”	“Good indeed, my daughter,” says Díl. “Sleep with Eogan to see if the kingship of Munster shall be from me for ever.”
--	---	--

Section 41

Dérgidir don lánamain.	Cóiríodh leaba don lánúin.	A bed is made for the couple.
Maith a ngein con-compred and .i. Fíacha Mulletha(i)n mac Éogain.	Ba mhaith an ghin a gabhadh ann .i. Fiacha Mulleathan mac Eoghain.	Good the offspring that was conceived there, to wit, Fiacha Broadcrown son of Eogan.
Lesainm dano dó-som Fíacha (.i.) ‘Fer-da- Líach’ .i. a lláá do-rónad marbthair a athair arnabárach; a lláá rucad marb a máthair a lláá-sin.	Bhí leasainm air, áfach, Fiacha ‘Fear-dá- Liach,’ .i. maraíodh a athair mórach an lae a coimpreadh é agus cailleadh a mháthair an lá a rugadh é.	A nickname also for this Fiacha was <i>Fer dá liach</i> ‘Man of two Sorrows,’ that is, his father is killed on the day after he was begotten and his mother died the day he was born.
Líach dano cechtar n-aí díb-sin.	Liach ab ea ceachtar díobhsan *, áfach,*	A sorrow then was each of these (<u>events</u>).
Conid de-sin rátir ‘Fer-dá-líach’.	agus dá bharr sin a thugtar ‘Fear-dá-Liach’ air.	Wherefore he is called <i>Fer dá liach</i> , ‘Man of two Sorrows.’

Section 42

Fíacha Mullethan dano is de ro ainmniged	Is uaidh seo, áfach, a fuair sé an t-ainm Fiacha Mulleathan	He was named Fiacha Broadcrown from this *, however*:
.i. ros gabsat idain Moncha ingen Díl	.i. Ghabh íona Moncha iníon Díl	the pains of childbirth seized Moncha, Díl's daughter,
oc Áth Nemthend for Siuir.	ag Áth Neamhtheann ar an tSiúir.	at the Ford of Nemthiu on the Suir.
“Olc napo matain imbárach not assaítither”, ar a athair.	“Is olc nach maidin amárach a bhéarfaidh tú an ghin,” arsa a hathair.	“Alas that it is not tomorrow morning that thou art delivered,” says her father.
“Dia mbad and”, ar in druí,	“Dá mba ansin,” arsan draoi,	“If it were then,” says the druid,
“for-biad Hérind a ngein co bráth”.	“bheadh tús áite ag an leanbh in Éirinn go brách”.	“the offspring would survive in Erin for ever.”
“Fír ám”, orsi,	“Tá go maith mar sin,” ar sí,	“Verily, *indeed,* ” she saith,
“acht mani thí thriam tháebu ní tharga nach conair [n-]aile”.	“mura dtaga sé trí mo thaobha nó thiocfaidh sé ar mhalairt slí.”	“unless <u>the babe</u> come through my sides it shall come no other way (<u>till then</u>).”

Section 43

Téit úadib issin n-uisce.	D'imigh sí uathu isteach san abhainn.	She went from them into the water.
Cloch fail i mmedón ind átha dos-léice impe.	Lig sí í féin síos um chloch atá i lár an átha.	There is a stone in the middle of the ford: she let herself down about it.
“Cotom-gaib”, orsi.	“Tá sé do mo bhacadh,” ar sí.	“It restrains me,” she saith.
Buí issin tunide-sin co tráth teirt arnabárach.	Bhí sí ina staic mar sin go dtí tráth teirt lá arna mhárach.	She remained thus without moving till the hour of tierce on the morrow.
“Is mithig, trá”, ol a hathair.	“Is mithid é feasta,” arsa a hathair.	“It is time, surely,” said her father.
Dos-curedar tara cend. At-bailet a béoil.	Thit sí ar lár. D'éag sí.	Women are summoned on her behalf. She dies.
Ro lethai didiu cend inna nóiden forsín c(h)loich.	Leathnaigh ceann an naíonáin dá bhrí sin i gcoinne na cloiche,	The head of the infant then broadened on the stone.
Conid de ro boí Fíacha Mullethan fair, athair Éoganachta uile.	i dtreo gur uaidh sin a tugadh Fiacha Mulleathan air, athair na hEoghanachta go léir.	Wherefore he was called Fiacha Broadcrown. Father of the whole of the Eoganacht (<u>was he</u>).

Section 44

Luid trá Art mac Cuinn dar Sinaind siar	Chuaigh Art mac Coinn, más ea, thar Sionainn siar	Now Art son of Conn went westwards across the Shannon
co mórshluaigaib fer nHérend immi.	agus mórshluaite fir Éireann fairis.	with great hosts of the men of Erin around him.
Do-génai Olc Acha .i. goba di Chonnachtaib a óegidacht	Sholáthraigh Olc Acha, gabha de Chonnachta, aíocht dó	Olc-acha, a smith of the Connaughtmen, gave him guesting
in n-aidchi riasin chath.	an oíche roimh an gcath.	on the night before the battle.
Batar hé dano a imrátti-side:	Mar seo ansin is ea a labhair sé:	These then were Olc-acha's meditations:
“Is tromm in dám-sa	“Is trom an dámh í seo	“Heavy is this band
do-n-uc Mac Con chucaib.	a thug Mac Con in bhur gcoinne.	which Mac-con has brought to you.
Bid amnas do-mbúrfet chucaib in damrad-sa Bretan agus Alban.	Is fíochmhar a bhúirfidh an damhra seo d'fhir Breatan agus Alban fúibh.	Fiercely will this herd of Britain and Alba bellow towards you.
Ni fhil a mmenmain fri teched	Níl a n-aighe <u>socair</u> ar theitheadh	Their mind is not (<u>set</u>) upon fleeing,
ar is fota a teiched,	mar b'fhada é an teitheadh,	for far would be their flight,
co Sléibe Elpa araill díb.	go Sléibhte Alp do chuid acu.	some of them to the Alps.
Is olc dano a fhola ind fhir las' tíagar issin cath.	Is olc é leis iompar an duine lena bhfuil sibh ag dul sa chath.	Evil also is the grudge of the man with whom they enter the battle.

Dligid Lugaid fiachu de din chur-sa.	Tá fiacha dlite air ag Lughaidh an turas seo.	Lugaid is entitled to debts from him (<u>Eogan</u>) at this season.
Cía mét di chlaid fo-rácbai[s]-seo, a Airt?" arse.	Cé méid clainne a d'fhág tú, a Airt?" ar sé.	How many children dost thou leave, O Art?" saith <u>Olc-acha</u> .

Section 45

"Óenmac", ar Art.	"Aon mhac amháin," arsa Art.	"One son," answered Art.
"Robec, ám," orse.	"Róbheag sin, *go deimhin*," ar sé,	"Too little, indeed," says <u>the smith</u> .
"Fóe lamm ingin-se <.i. Achtan a ainm> innocht, a Airt.	"luigh le m'iníon-se (Achtan ab ainm di) anocht, a Airt.	"Sleep with my daughter tonight, O Art.
Atá i tairngire dam-sa orrdan mór do genemain úaim-se".	Tá sé i dtairngire domsa onóir mhór a ghiniúint uaim."	It hath been foretold to me that a great grandeur will be born of me."

Section 46

Ba fíir són.	Sin mar a bhí.	That was true.
Ba mór a n-orrdan .i. Cormac mac Airt meic Cuind.	Ba mhór í an onóir .i. Cormac mac Airt mhic Coinn.	Great was the grandeur, even Cormac son of Art, son of Conn.

Section 47

Foid lé in n-aidchi-sin.	Luigh sé léi an oíche sin.	<u>Art</u> sleeps with the girl that night.
Iss and ra compred Cormac.	Is ansin a coimpreadh Cormac.	It was then that Cormac was conceived.
As-bert frie no bérad mac ocus ropad rí Hérend in mac-sin.	Dúirt sé léi go mbéarfadh sí mac agus go mbeadh an mac sin ina rí ar Éirinn.	He (<u>Art</u>) told her she would bear a son, and that that son would be king of Ireland. Then for the benefit of that son
Is and at-chúaid dí cach foloch fo-r(fh)olaig dá tharmnugud don mac-sin.	Ansin d'inis sé di faoi gach seoid a chuir sé i bhfolach ar mhaithe leis an mac sin.	he declared to her every hidden treasure which he had concealed.
Ocus as-bert no mair[b]fide arnabárach ocus celebraid dí.	Agus dúirt go marófaí é féin lá arna mhárach agus d'fhág slán aici.	And <u>Art</u> said that he would be killed on the morrow, and he bids her farewell.
Ocus as-bert frie ara mberad a mmac ar altram coa charait-seom de Chonnachtaib.	Agus dúirt sé léi an mac a bhreith ar altram go dtí a chara ar Chonnachta.	And he told her to give their son for fosterage to his friend (<u>one</u>) of the Connaughtmen.
Ocus luid dochum in chatha arnabárach.	Agus d'imigh chun an chatha lá arna mhárach.	And on the morrow he went to the battle.

Section 48

Batar erlama immorro la Lugaid a chomarli	Bhí a phleananna ullamh ag Lughaidh *, áfach*:	Now Lugaid had his plans ready,
.i. do-chúaid leth in fhíallaig úad i talmain	bhí leath a bhuíne imithe uaidh i dtalamh	that is, he sent half a troop into the ground.
<.i. do-gníthe derc don chétfhóit	(.i. dhéantaí pluais faoin mbarrfhód	To wit, a hole was made (<u>and covered</u>) with the surface-sod
ocus cliatha tairsiu.	agus cliatha tharstu;	and hurdles over them.
No briste in gae ar[a] bulg	<u>ansin</u> bhrístí ga ag a bholg	The spear was broken on the bulge,
ocus a rind treisin cléith>	agus <u>bhíodh</u> a rinn tríd an gcliath)	and its point (<u>put</u>) through the hurdle.
áitt (ón) i rrabe úiri fer nHérend.	mar a raibh togha fir Éireann.	That was the place in which were the rawest of the men of Erin.
Comrigthe dano coss in Gaedil di choiss ind Albanaig	Cheanglaítí *ansin* cos Gaeil le cois Albanaigh,	Then the foot of the Gael was tied to the foot of the Albanach,
arna digsitís na Gaedil for teiched,	chun nach rachadh na Gaeil ar teitheadh,	that the Gaels might not run away.
ocus da Brettach im Gaedel.	agus <u>bhíodh</u> beirt Bhreatnach um <u>gach</u> Gael.	And (<u>there were</u>) two Britons along with (<u>each</u>) Gael.

Section 49

Ro suidigthe trá na da indna do chechtar na da lethe.	Suíodh, más ea, an dá líne chatha ar cheachtar den dá thaobh.	The two armies were then set on each of the two sides.
Na ríge dano it hé ro bátar i n-airinuch in chatha	Na ríthe is ea a bhí i dtosach an chatha	The kings who were in the forefront of the battle were
.i. Lugaid Mac [Con] agus Lugaid Lágae agus Béinne Britt	.i. Lughaidh Mac Con agus Lughaidh Lágha agus Béinne Briot	Lugaid Mac-con, Lugaid Lágae and Béinne the Briton
i n-airinuch ind ala indna,	i dtosach líne díobh,	in the forefront of the one army,
Art mac Cuind [agus] Éogan mac Ailella agus Corbb Cacht mac Ailella	agus Art mac Coinn agus Eoghan mac Ailealla agus Corb Cacht mac Ailealla	and Art son of Conn, Eogan son of Ailill and Corb Cacht son of Ailill
i n-airinuch in chatha aile.	i dtosach an chatha eile.	in the forefront of the other battalion.

Section 50

Fo-rrúacart immorro Lugaid comrac [n]desse for Éogan.	D'fhógair Lughaidh, más ea, comhrac aonair ar Eoghan.	Howbeit Lugaid challenged Eogan to a duel.
As-bert Éogan nad ragad 'na agid don chursain	Dúirt Eoghan nach rachadh sé ina choinne don chor sin	Eogan replied that he would not face him on that occasion,
ar batar olca a fholaid friss.	mar gurbh olc é a iompar ina leith.	for his grudges against him were evil.

As-bert dano Lugaid nabad drúth no ragad
dara chend in chur-sain

cía do-fóitsad,

ar rop fherr leis coin (fher n)Hérend dá ithi

oldás buith fria thír anechtair ní bad shíre.

Dúirt Lughaidh ansin nach óinmhid a rachadh
thar a cheann féin don dul seo

cé go dtitfeadh sé,

mar gurbh fhearr leis coin Éireann á alpadh

ná bheith lasmuigh dá thír níos sia.

Then Lugaid said that there would not be a
Fool in his (Lugaid's) stead this time

though he should fall.

For he would rather that the dogs of the men
of Erin should eat him

than that he should be any longer away from
his country.

Section 51

Ba dub immorro int aéir úasaib-seom colléic
dona demnaib

oc irnaide na n-anman trúag dia tarrung
dochom iffrin.

Acht dá angel amáin ni bátar and.

Ós chind Airt immorro no bítis-ide

cach leth imma-théiged issint shlúag

fo bíth a fhír fhlaitha.

Idir an dá linn ba dhubh í an spéir os a gcionn,
áfach, le deamhain

ag feitheamh leis na hanmnacha bochta a
tharraingt chun ifrinn.

Ní raibh ann ach amháin dhá aingeal.

Os cionn Art, áfach, a bhídís-sean

cibé áit ina dtéadh sé sa slua

de bharr chirta a fhlaithis.

Black, in sooth, at once became the air above
them from the demons

awaiting the wretched souls to drag them to
hell.

There were no angels there, save only two,

who used to keep over Art's head, *however,*

whithersoever he went in the army,

because of the truths of nature of the true
prince.

Section 52

Is and trá fo-r(f)ópart cechtar na da ergal dochum araile.	Ansin thug ceachtar den dá líne chatha fogha faoina chéile.	Then each of the two lines of battle advanced towards the other.
Amnass immorro in gress ro llásat for cechtar na da leitthe.	Ba fhíochmhar go deimhin an t-ionsaí a rinne siad araon ar a chéile.	Fierce indeed was the attack which they delivered on each of the two sides.
Amainsi na tadbsin ro bátar and .i. findnél na cailce agus ind áeil	Ba uafásach na radharcanna a bhí ann .i. fionn-néalta na cailce agus an aoil	Fiercer the sights that were there, to wit, the mist of the chalk and lime
dochum inna nél asnaib scíatha[ib] agus asnaib bocóitib	<u>ag ardú</u> chun na nél as na sciatha agus na bocóidí	(<u>rising</u>) towards the clouds from the shields and from the bucklers
oca n-essorggain de fhaebraib na claideb ocus de imfhaebraib na ngae agus na saiget	agus iad á dtuargan d'fhaobhra na gclaíomh agus d'imfhaobhra na nga agus na saighead	when struck by the edges of the swords and by the points of the spears and the darts
íarna ndegaursclugud dona curadaib; ocus béimnech agus briscbrúar na mbocóití	arna ndea-dhiongbháil ag na curaidh, agus béimneach agus brioscbrú na mbocóidí	after they had been well hurled by the heroes. And the concussion and smashing of the bosses
íarna trúastad dena calggaib agus dina buirrib; in tairbrech dina díbairgthib na n-arm,	arna dtuargan ag na claimhte agus ag na clocha; geonaíl na gceathanna arm arna ndiúracadh,	smitten by the swords and by the rocks. The noise (?) of the throwings of the weapons.

in tóscadh agus in tinsaitin na fola <ocus na cró>	taoscadh agus púscadh na fola	The pouring and the dripping of the blood and the gore
a ballaib na n-écland	ó bhail na mál	from the limbs of the outlaws
ocus tré thóebu na míled.	agus ó thaobha na míle.	and through the sides of the soldiers.

Section 53

Is amlaid immorro ro bátar na da Lugaid sethnó in chatha	Is amhlaidh a bhí an dá Lughaidh, áfach, ar fud an chatha	Thus, moreover, were the two Lugaids throughout the battle
amal bíti mathgamna eter banbraid	mar a bheadh mathúna i measc creach de bhanbhaí	as bears are among swine,
ac fápo each fhir ar n-úair (úadib).	ag treascairt gach fir ar a n-uain.	a-snatching each man in turn from them.
Cathbarr círach 'ma chend cehtar n-aí	Bhí cafarr cíorach um cheann ceachtar díobh,	A crested helmet on the head of each of them.
ocus lúrech iairn imbi	lúireach iarainn uime,	And an corslet of iron about him,
ocus claideb mór inna láim.	agus claíomh mór ina láimh.	and a claymore in his hand.
Immus-rubartatar forsna slúagaib	D'imir siad iadsan ar na sluaite	They flung themselves on the hosts
coro thrascratar ilchéta díb.	agus threascair ilchéadta díobh.	and laid low many hundreds of them.

Section 54

Fón cosmailius cétna ro boí Éogan mac Ailella
ocus Corbb Cacht mac Ailella assind leith aile.

Bhí an réim chéanna faoi Eoghan mac Ailealla
agus faoi Chorb Cacht mac Ailealla ar an
taobh eile.

In the same way were Art son of Conn and
Eogan son of Ailill and Corbb Cacht son of
Ailill on the other side.

Section 55

Ba tnúthach ocus ba hinfhir in comrac-sa
cond-ráncatar fir Hérend ocus Alban

Ba thnúthach fearúil an comhrac
a d'fhear fir Éireann agus Alban;

Angry and manly was this meeting,
in which the men of Ireland and Scotland met
together;

.i. is bec nach saltrad cach fer for cossaib a
chéile

ba bheag nach satlaíodh gach fear ar chosa a
chéile

each man of them, namely, would almost
trample on his opponent's feet

ocond imthúargain.

agus iad ag tuargan a chéile.

in the mutual smiting.

In tan trá ro bátar cind ar chind

Nuair a bhi said *, más ea,* i ndlúthghleic le
chéile

So when they were pell-mell

no gonta in fer assin talmain dia díb cúladaib

ghontaí fear i leith a chúil as an talamh,

the man used to be wounded from out of the
ground on the two hinder parts of his head

co(nda) cuired dar[a] chend.

agus bhaintí dá bhonna é.

so that he would be overturned.

Atos-rerachtatar dóib assin talmain fir Alban

D'éirigh fir Alban aníos as an talamh ina
gcoinne

The men of Scotland rose up to them out of
the ground

coro íadsat impu.

agus d'iaigh umpu.

and closed round them.

Section 56

Maidid iarum for Art mac Cuind co feraib
Hérend cora laad a n-ár.

Briseadh *ansin* ar Art mac Coinn agus fir
Éireann agus rinneadh ár orthu.

Then Art son of Conn was routed with the
men of Ireland, and they were put to the
sword.

Sadess ro memaid in maidm do Áth Chlíath i
Crích Óac mBethrae.

Bhris an mhaidhm chatha ó dheas go hÁth
Cliath i gCrích Óg mBeathra.

Southwards they fled in disorder to Áth Cliath
(Hurdle-ford) in the territory of Óic Bethrae.

Atá a n-otharlaige frisin n-áth atúaid .i. secht
meic Ailella Óluim.

Tá a n-uaigh lastuaidh den áth, uaigh seachtar
mac Ailealla Óloim is é sin.

The grave of Ailill Bare-ear's seven sons is to
the north of the ford.

Atá dano Taurloch Airt

Tá Turloch Airt *freisin*

There is also 'Art's Swamp'

[i fot uaith fotuaith ic ath senbó na na semant
sairtuaith, N.]

i bhfad uaidh ó thuaidh ag Áth Seanbhó (nó na
Seamant) soir ó thuaidh,

airm i tall Lugaid Lágae mac Moga Núadat a
chend de forsin chloich fil i Taurloch.

mar ar bhain Lughaidh Lágha mac Mhogha
Nuad a cheann de ar an gcloch atá i dTurloch.

in the place where Lugaid Lágae son of Mogh
Nuadat beheaded him on the stone which is in
a swamp.

(.i.) In tan ro mbuí Béinne Britt oc béim a
chind de Éogan mac Ailella

Nuair a bhí Béinne Briot ag baint a cheann
d'Eoghan mac Ailealla,

That is, when Béinne the Briton was striking
his head off Eogan son of Ailill

don-árraid Lugaid Lágae.

tháinig Lughaidh Lágha ar an bhfód.

Lugaid Lágae ran up to them.

Is and as-bert ar ra ngab ell chondailbe — ó díb ngúallib súas ata-comaing Béinne — .i.

Ísel béim benas Béinne,
ardd béim benas Béinne
do-tháet mo recht assa richt
bémmend benas Béinne Britt.

Ansin dúirt sé, mar gur ghabh taom ceana cine é (óna dhá ghualainn suas a bhuaileann Béinne é):

Íseal an bhéim bhuaileas Béinne
Ard an bhéim lena mbuailtear Béinne.
Leis an mbéim a bhuaileann Béinne Briot
Téann mo racht as a riocht.

Then he said that a feeling of affection (for Eogan) had seized him, “From two shoulders upwards Béinne strikes him.”

A low stroke which Béinne strikes,
A high stroke which Béinne strikes,
My right goes out of his right (?),
The strokes which Béinne the Briton strikes.

Section 57

Do-bert béim la sodain do Béinne dara munél

co mbuá a chend for bruinni Éogain.

Don-airthe[t] Mac Con oca-sain.

“Olc ind imbe(i)rt shochraiti sin, a Lugaid”,
arse.

“Cumma duit”, or Lugaid,

“do-bér-sa cend rí g Hérend duit indossa dara éissi”.

Leis sin thug sé buille trasna a mhuiníl do Bhéinne

gur fhág a cheann ar ucht Eoghain.

Tháinig Mac Con air i mbun an ghníomha sin.

“Is olc an t-iompar i leith comhghuailithe é sin, a Lughaidh,” ar sé.

“Is cuma dhuit,” arsa Lughaidh,

“tabharfaidh mé ceann rí Éireann duit anois ina áit.”

With that he dealt a blow to Béinne over his neck,

so that his head lay on Eogan’s breast.

Thereupon Mac-con runs up to them.

“Bad is that act of friendship (?), O Lugaid,” saith he.

“It is (all) the same to thee,” says Lugaid,

“I will now give thee instead of Béinne the head of the king of Erin.”

Section 58

Luid i ndegaid <nó i n-igid> in madma
sathúaid arridisi

co comárnaic fri Art conidro marb

ocus decmaing a chend de.

Is de atá Turloch Airt hi Crích Óc mBethrae.

D'imigh Lughaidh i ndiaidh (nó in aghaidh)
na maidhme ó thuaidh arís

gur bhuaile le hArt agus mharaigh

agus bhain a cheann de.

Uime sin atá Turlach Airt mar ainm i gCrích
Óg mBeathra.

He went again northwards in pursuit of (or
against) the routed army

till he met with Art, and killed him

and struck off his head.

Hence Turloch Airt ('Art's Swamp') in the
territory of Óic Bethrae (is so called).

Section 59

Gabais Lugaid Mac Con íar sain ríge nHérend
ar écin

co mbuí i Temraig secht mblíadna lána.

Ocus gabais Chormac mac Airt ina ucht i n-
altram.

Ansin ghabh Lughaidh Mac Con ríocht
Éireann le láimh láidir

go raibh i dTeamhair seacht mbliana slán.

Agus ghabh sé Cormac mac Airt ina ucht ar
altram.

Thereafter Lugaid seized the kingship of
Ireland by force,

and he was seven full years in Tara.

And he took Cormac son of Art into his
bosom in fosterage.

Section 60

Béo immorro int Ailill Ólom béus.

Ocus ba é a hannacul:

It crína indiu mo chrúi,
nis feithet meic ná húi.
Is é mo thimna cen on
at-biur ingra do Mac Con.

Ba bheo d’Ailill Ólom fós, áfach,

agus ba é a loinneog:

Is críon inniu mo chosa;
Mic ná garmhic ní cás leo iad;
Is é mo thiomna gan locht —
Fógraim dochar ar Mhac Con.

Howbeit Ailill Bare-ear was still alive;

And this was his *annacul*:

Withered today are my feet,
Neither sons nor grandsons guard them:
This is my testament without shame:
I bequeathe miseries to Mac-con.

Section 61

Ba hé a hannacol Meic Con i ndíeid a drúith:

Ní éla[i]
gáre ó luid Da Déra[i];
fo bíthin it m’áigini
dar éis drútháin Dáirini.

Ba í seo loinneog Mhic Con i ndiaidh a
óinmhíde:

Ní éalaíonn uaim gáire
Ó d’éag Da Dhéara.
De bhrí gur chúis chraite liom,
Iar n-éag an drútháin, Dáirine.

This was Mac-con’s *annacol* after his Fool:

There escapes not
A little laugh since Da-dera has gone,
Because they are ...
After the Dárfhini’s little Fool.

Section 62

Ba hé a hannacol Saidbe ingine Cuind
Chétchathaigh:

Mairg dam-sa de, mairgg do Chliú,
dia fríth Fer Fíth inna iú;
is de do-cer Art mac Cuind
ocus uii. meic MoÁluim.

Mairg dam-sa de, mairg do Chliú,
dia fríth Fer Fíth inna iú;
fo-der écomlond do Art,
fo-cer lige do Chorb Cacht.

Ba é seo loinneog Shaidhbhe iníon Choimn
Chéadchathaigh:

Mairg domsa de, mairg do Chliú,
Nuair fuarthas Fear Fí ina iú;
Is de a thit Art mac Coimn
Agus seachtar mac Mo Óloim.

Mairg domsa de, mairg do Chliú,
Nuair fuarthas Fear Fí ina iú;
Ba é faoi deara éagomhlann d'Art,
Agus uaigh mar chrann ar Chorb Cacht.

This was the *annacol* of Sadb daughter of
Hundred-battled Conn:

Woe is me therefor, woe is Cliu,
That Fer fith was found in his yewtree.
Thereby Art son of Conn fell,
And my Bare-ears's seven sons.

Woe is me therefor, woe is Cliu,
That Fer fith was found in his yewtree.
Foul play he caused to Art,
A grave he set under Corb Cacht.

Section 63

Fecht and didiu do-feotar caírcha glassin na
rígna indí Lugdach.

Táncas i rréir Meic Con.

“At-berim”, or Mac Con,

“na caírig ind”.

Ro boí Cormac 'na mac bic for dérgud inna
fharrad.

Uair, más ea, d'ith caoirigh glaisin bhanríon
Lughaidh.

Cuireadh an scéal faoi bhreith Mhic Con.

“Sé mo bhreith,” arsa Mac Con,

“na caoirigh mar chúiteamh ann.”

Bhí Cormac, agus é ina mhacaomh beag, ar an
iomdha taobh leis.

Once upon a time, then, (trespassing) sheep
cropt the woad of Lugaid's queen.

(The question of liability) was submitted to
Mac con's decision.

“I adjudge,” says Mac-con,

“the sheep (to be forfeited) for it (the woad).”

Cormac, then a little boy, was lying on a
couch near him.

“Acc, a daeteac”, orse,

“ba córu lomrad na cáirech i llomrad na glasne,

ar ásfaid in glassen,

ásfaid ind oland forsnaib cáirib”.

“Ní hea, a oide ó,” ar sé;

“ba chóra lomradh na gcaorach ar lomradh na glaisne

mar fásfaidh an ghlaisin

agus fásfaidh an olann ar na caoirigh.”

“Nay, O fosterfather,” saith he.

“It is juster (to award) the shearing of the sheep for the cropping of the woad.

For the woad will grow on the green,

(and) the wool will grow on the sheep.”

Section 64

“Is í ind fhírbreth ón”, or cách.

“Is é dano mac na fír[fh]latha rod[a]-(f)uc”.

“Sin í an fhíorbhreith,” arsa cách.

“Is é mac an fhíorfíatha a thug í *, go deimhin*.”

“That is the true judgement,” says every one.

“It is *indeed* the son of the true prince that delivered it”.

Section 65

La sain fo-cheird leth in taige fon [n-]aill

.i. in leth i rrucaid in gúbreth.

Méraid cu bráth fon inna[s]-sain

.i. in Chlóenfhertha Themrach.

Leis sin thit leath an tí le hail

.i. an leath inar tugadh an ghóbhreith.

Mairfidh sé amhlaidh sin go brách

.i. Claonfhearta Teamhrach.

With that (one) side of the house fell down the declivity,

namely, the side on which the false judgement was delivered.

It will remain for ever in that wise,

namely the Cloenfhertha of Tara.

Is dó-sein ro cét:

Ro huc Lugaid, láechda éo,
gúbre[i]th i céo, cruth at-chíu;
maraid dó ó shein co bráth
clóen ind ráth dind leith adíu.

Is de sin a canadh:

Thug Lughaidh, laochta an t-eo,
Góbhreith i ndallcheo, sin mar chím;
Mairfidh de ó shin go deo,
An Ráth go claon ar an taobh seo.

Thereof was sung:

Lugaid, the heroic salmon, passed
A false judgement in confusion as I see.
It remains for him thence for ever:
Aslope is the *ráth* from the side hither.

Section 66

Bliadain dó iar sain i rrígu i Temraig

ocus ní thánic fér tria thalmain

ná duil[l]e tre fhidbuid

ná gránni i n-arbur.

Ro ndlomsat didiu fir Hérend assa rígu

ar ropo anflaith.

Bhí bliain aige iar sin i réim i dTeamhair,

agus níor tháinig féar trí thalamh,

ná dúille ar chrann,

ná gráinne in arbhar.

Dhíbir fir Éireann dá bhrí sin as a ríocht é

mar ba anflaith é.

For a year after that was he in kingship in
Tara,

and no grass came through ground,

nor leaf through trees,

nor grain into corn.

Then the men of Ireland rejected him from his
kingship

because he was a false prince.

Section 67

Luid síar iarum co mórimmirgi dia thír.

D'imigh sé siar ansin chun a thír féin agus mathshlua imirceach fairis.

He afterwards went westward with a great body of emigrants to his country.

Ni dechaid immorro Lugaid Lágae leis.

Ní dheachaigh Lughaidh Lágha leis, *áfach*.

But Lugaid Lágae fared not with him.

“Áitt”, orse,

“An áit,” ar sé,

“The place,” said he,

“i tuitched-sa frim bráthair fót bíthin-siu

“inar chuir mé i gcoinne mo dhearthár ar do shonsa,

“in which I opposed my brother for thy sake,

ocus i ndernus finga[i]l

agus ina ndearna mé fionáil,

and in which I committed parricide,

noco ricub arithisi.

ní rachaidh mé ar ais ann.

I will never visit again.

Dom-bér i ndíl

Tabharfaidh mé mé féin mar chúiteamh

I will give myself in satisfaction

do mac ind rí ro marbus.

do mhac an rí a mharaigh mé.”

to the son of the king whom I killed.”

Section 68

Co bo thrí didiu no n-aithned Mac Con do Chormac

Ansin rinne Mac Con Lughaidh a chur faoi choimirce Chormaic trí huair,

Thrice then Mac-con commended himself to Cormac.

ocus tintád fris béus.

agus d'fhilleadh air arís gach uair.

And he still would turn to him.

Celebrais dó iarum.

D'fhág sé slán aige faoi dheireadh.

Then he bade him farewell.

Iss ed luid síar co Ailill .i. dia gorigud.

D'imigh sé leis siar go hAilill le treisiú leis.

He went westwards to Ailill, to tend him dutifully.

Luid i lless cucai.

Chuaigh sé isteach ina lios chuige.

He entered his garth.

Do-beir Sadb a dí láimh 'má brágit.

Chuir Sadbh a dhá láimh um a bhráid:

(Mac-con's mother) Sadb puts her two arms round his neck.

“Na eirgg, a maccáin”, orsí,

“Ná téigh, a mhacáin,” ar sí,

“Go not, my child,” she saith.

“is olc in fer cossa téigi;

“is olc an fear chuig a dtéann tú;

“Evil is the man to whom thou farest,

ní dílgedach”.

níl sé maiteach.”

not forgiving.”

Section 69

“Fo chen ón”! or Ailill,

“Fáilte romhat!” arsa Ailill,

“Welcome is this!” says Ailill,

“tair chucum trá co 'mma-ragba dún,

“tar chugam *mar sin* go ndéanaimid réiteach eadrainn;

“come to me *then* that thou mayst betake thyself (?) to us,

co nderna athair dím-sa

go ndéana tusa athair díomsa

that thou mayst make a father of me

ocus co ndernur-sa mac dít-su

agus go ndéana mise mac díotsa

and that I may make a son of thee:

ar ná filet maccu lim dom gaire”.

mar nach bhfuil aon mhic agam mar theannta.”

for I have (now) no sons to tend me.”

Section 70

Do-beir iarum leccoin fri leccoin dó.	Ansin chuir sé leaca le leaca <u>Mhic Con</u> .	Then he puts a cheek against <u>Lugaid's</u> cheek.
Don-á(i)rraill immorro co fiacail fhidba ro buí ina chind ina leccoin.	D'aimsigh sé é sa leaca, áfach, le fiacail nimhe a bhí ina cheann.	But <u>Ailill</u> , with a poisonous tooth which was in his head pierced <u>Lugaid</u> in his cheek.
“Rot-ánic ale”, orse, “ocus do-coínfe colléic”.	“Bhain sé amach thú,” ar sé, “agus caoinfidh tú go fóill.”	“It hath come to thee”, quoth he, “and thou wilt deplore it *yet*.”
Luid úad immach la sodain.	D'imigh sé amach uaidh leis sin.	Therewith he went away from him.
Iss and imma-ránic [dó] fri Saidb.	Ansin bhuail sé le Sadhbh.	Then <u>Lugaid</u> met with Sadb.
“Fé ón”, orsi oco déiciu,	“Uchón,” ar sí ag féacaint air.	“Woe is this,” says she, beholding him:
Is é forgab dia tuit rí ro[t] geguin fiacail fidbui; ro gab súainiud do delbad, (bá) dirsan in tigcelebrad.	Is é seo an sá dá dtiteann rí; Ghoin fiacail nimhe thú; Ghabh toirchim suain do chló; Ba dhursan an trúcheiliúradh.	This is the thrust whereby a king falls. A poisonous tooth has slain thee. Magical distortion has seized thy shape: Sad was the last farewell.

Section 71

Ba fíor sòn.	Ba fhíor sin.	That was true.
Tar[a] éssi didiu tánic Ferches mac Commáin co hAilill.	Ina dhiaidh sin tháinig Fearcheas mac Comáin go hAilill.	After him then Ferchess son of Commán came to Ailill.
“Fé, a Fheircheiss”, or Ailill,	“Seo leat, a Fhearchis,” arsa Ailill.	“Woe, O Ferchess,” saith Ailill:
“i ndiaidh Lugdach dait”.	“I ndiaidh Lughaidh leat.”	“get thee after Lugaid.”
Re cind trí tráth	Laistigh de thrí lá	Before the end of three watches
ro legai leithchend Lugdach.	bhí leathcheann Lughaidh leáite.	Lugaid’s half-head had dissolved.

Section 72

Luid Ferches inna diaid.	Chuaigh Fearcheas ina dhiaidh.	Ferches went after Lugaid.
Ro-siacht-som a thír i suidiu.	Bhí a thír <u>féin</u> sroichte aige faoin am sin.	He reached his country in the mean time.
Do-rat a druim ri corthi isint shlúag.	Chuir sé a dhroim le carraig i lár an tslua.	Lugaid set his back against a pillar-stone in the host.
Co n-accatar ní, in Ferchess.	Chonaic siad Fearcheas.	They saw somewhat, the Ferchess.
“Nacha lléicid ille”, for Lugaid.	“Ná ligigí i leith é,” arsa Lughaidh.	“Do not let him hither,” says Lugaid.
Sciathaigít ind fhir eturru.	Chuir na fir fáil sciath eatarthu.	The men shield him between them.

Dos-léici chuce darsin slúag	Chaith <u>Fearcheas urchar</u> leis thar an slua	(<u>But Ferchess</u>) casts (<u>his spear</u>) at him over the host
co n-ecmaing inna étan	agus d'aimsigh é san éadan	and strikes him on the forehead,
coro [fh]recart in coirthe fris aníar	gur fhreagair an charraig é aniar	so that the pillar-stone at the back of him answered,
coro shecai cen anmain.	agus theáltaigh sé gan anam.	and he became dry and lifeless.

Section 73

Luid Ferches immorro resin slúag issin n-ess	Theith Fearcheas leis ón slua, áfach, isteach san eas	Howbeit Ferchess went before the host into the cataract
co tochrad casnaide a gae dóib forsín n-usce.	le go gcaithfeadh sé scamhadh a gha ar an uisce dóibh.	that he might put for them on the water shavings of his spear.
Is de atá Ess Ferchiss.	Is uaidh sin <u>an t-ainm</u> Eas Fearchis.	Hence it is <u>called</u> Ess Ferchiss.
Is dó-sein as-bered Sadb ingen Chuind:	Is faoi sin a deireadh Sadbh iníon Choinn:	Of that Sadb daughter of Conn used to say:
Mairg damsa de, mairg indíu dia fríth Fer Fíth inna íú; iss ed nom béra do don irchor Fercheiss for Mac Con.	Mairg domsa dá bharr, mairg inniu Nuair fuarthas Fear Fí ina íú. Is é bhéarfaidh mé don uaigh Urchar Fhearchis le Mac Con.	Woe is me, woe today That Fer Fíth was found in his yewtree. This will bear me to misfortune, The cast of Ferchess on Mac-con.

Section 74

Is and as-bert Ailill:

Trícho bliadnae mad co se
óp-sa senóir dímeille
condom darsaig as mo chess
erchor meic Commáin éices.

Is ansin a dúirt Ailill:

Le tríocha bliain go dtí seo,
Ba sheanóir caite mé,
Nó gur dhúisigh mé as mo cheas
Urchar mic Comáin éigeas.

Then said Ailill:

Thirty years, if it be till now,
Since I became an worn-out old man,
Till the cast of Comman's son the poet
Roused me from my stupor.

Section 75

Gabais Ailill iar sain ríge Muman secht
mblíadna.

Ghabh Ailill iar sin ríocht Mumhan ar feadh
seacht mbliain.

Thereafter Ailill took the kingship of Munster
for seven years.

Section 76

Cath Maige Mucrima in sin
i torchair Art mac Cuind
ocus secht meic Ailella
co n-ár fher nHérend impu,
dia n-érbrad:

Sin é Cath Má Mucramha
inar thit *Art* mac Coinn
agus seachtar mac Ailealla
le hár fir Éireann umpu;
dúradh faoi:

That is the Battle of Magh Mucrime,
wherein fell Art son of Conn
and Ailill's seven sons,
with the slaughter of the men of Erin around
them.
Whereof was said:

Matan Maige Mucrima
inid tóetsat rí g ili,
ba dirsan do Art mac Cuind
is óin ad-baill in sligi.

Cath Má Mucramha
Ina dtitfidh iomad rí;
Ba dhursan d'Art mac Coinn,
An t-amhra a thit san eirleach.

The fight (?) of Magh Mucrime
Wherein fell many kings,
It was sad for Art son of Conn.
He (was) one whom the slaying destroyed.

Section 77

As-berat immorro araile

Deir daoine eile, áfach,

Some, however, say

ro baí Lugaid Mac Con trícha bliadna i rríge
Hérend.

go raibh Lughaidh mac Con tríocha bliain
ina rí ar Éirinn.

that Lugaid Mac-con was thirty years in the
kingship of Erin.

Unde dicitur:

Uime sin a deirtear:

Unde dicitur:

Gabais Mac Con tír mBanba
cach leth co glasmuir nglédend;
Trícha bliadnae, án n-[ú]aland,
ro boí i rrígu Hérend.

Ghabh Mac Con tír na Banban,
Ar gach taobh go glasmhuir glé
Tríocha bliain, dínit thaibhseach,
Ba rí i réim ar Éirinn.

Mac-con took the land of Banba
On every side as far as the pure-coloured, green sea,
Thirty years — a splendid cry —
He was in the kingship of Erin.