

Echtra mac nEchach Muigmedóin

The Adventure of the Sons of Eochaid Muigmedón

Section 1

Bui ri amra airegda for Erinn .i. Eochaid Muigmedón.

Badar coic maic aicci,

Brian, Ailill, Fiachra, Fergus, Niall.

Moingfind ingen Fidaig

máthair Briain ocus Fiachrach

ocus Fergusa ocus Ailella.

Caireand Casdub,

ingen Sgail Bailb,

Bhí rí cailiúil uasal ar Éirinn, Eochaidh Muighmheadhón.

Bhí cúigear mac aige

.i. Brian, Ailill, Fiachra, Fearghas, Niall.

Moingfhionn iníon Fhiodhaigh

máthair Bhriain agus Fhiachra

agus Fhearghasa agus Ailealla.

Caireann Chasdhubbh

iníon Scáil Bhailbh,

There was a wondrous and noble king over Erin, namely, Eochaid Muigmedón.

Five sons had he,

to wit, Brian, Ailill, Fiachra, Fergus, Níall.

The mother of Brian, Fiachra,

Fergus and Ailill

was Mongfhind, daughter of Fidach.

The mother of Niall

was Cairenn Casdub,

daughter of Scál the Dumb,

ri Saxan,	rí Sagsan,	king of England.
máthair Neill.	máthair Néill.	
Ba miscais lasin righain inti Niall,	B'fhuath leis an mbanríon (<u>Moingfhionn</u>) Niall	Niall was hated by queen <u>Mongfind</u> ,
ar is dara ceand dorinde in rí fri Cairind he.	mar is thar a ceann a ghin an rí ó Chaireann é.	for <u>Eochaid</u> had begotten him on Cairenn instead of on her.
Ba mor didu dochraidí Chairinde oc in rigain,	Ba mhór an crá a d'fhulaing Caireann ón mbanríon;	Great then was the hardship which Cairenn suffered from the queen:
ocus ba he med na dochraidí	bhí an crá chomh dian sin	so great was the hardship
co mba hecin di usce na Temrach da tharraing do leth	go mba éigean di féin ar leithrigh uisce na Teamhrach a tharraingt	that she was compelled to draw the water of Tara, apart,
ocus cach cumal aruair 'na haghaidh,	agus gach cumhal ina huain ag faire uirthi.	and every handmaid in turn in sight of her;
ocus intan ropo torrach si for Niall	Nuair a bhí sí ag iompar Néill	and (<u>even</u>) when she was in child with Niall,
ba hecen di sen uili ardaig	ba éigean di sin uile a dhéanamh	she was forced to do all that
co n-eplead in lenap ina broind.	d'fhonn go bhfaigheadh an leanbh bás ina broinn.	in order that the babe might die in her womb.

Section 2

Ranic tra co ham tuismeda di,
ocus arai nir'scuir dind fhognam.

Ruc si iarsin mac

forsin faichthi ina Temrach,
ocus si fo leith na dromlaigi,

ocus nir'lam in mac do gabail cuici do lar,

acht forfhacaib isinn inadsin fo na hethaidib,

ocus nir'lam didu nech do feraib Herenn a
breth leis

ar uaman Moingfhindi,

ar ba mor a cumachta si

Tháinig a ham tuismithe
ach mar sin féin níor scoir sí dá freastal.

Rug sí ansin mac

ar fhaiche na Teamhrach
agus í le taobh an dromhlaigh,

agus níor leomhaigh sí an leanbh a ghabháil
chuici ón talamh,

ach d'fhág san áit sin é faoi na héin,

ná níor leomhaigh duine d'fhir Éireann é a
bhreith leis

an eagla Mhoinghfinne,

mar ba mhór í a cumacht siúd

The time of her lying-in arrived,
and yet she ceased not from the service.

Then on the green of Tara,
beside the pail,

she brought forth a manchild,

and she durst not take up the boy from the
ground,

but she left him there exposed to the birds.

And not one of the men of Erin durst carry
him away,

for dread of Mongfind;

since great was her magical power,

ocus a huaman for cach.	agus an eagla a bhí ar chách roimpi.	and all were in fear of her.
Tanic Torna eices iarsin dar lar na faidchi,	Tháinig Torna éigeas ansin thar dhroim na faiche	Then Torna the Poet came across the green,
ocus adchondairc in noidhin a oenur	agus chonaic sé an naíonán ina aonar	and beheld the babe left alone,
ocus na hethaidi ica fuabairt.	agus na héin á ionsaí.	with the birds attacking it.
Rogab tra Torna in mac ina ucht,	Ghabh Torna, más ea, ina ucht é	So Torna took the boy into his bosom,
ocus ro fallsighed do cach ní no biad iarsin,	agus foilsíodh dó gach a bhí le teacht ina dhiaidh sin,	and to him was revealed all that would be thereafter.
co n-ebert:	go ndúirt:	And he said:

Section 3

“Mochean aigidan,
bid he Niall Noegiallach,
rusfith ria re tuir.
morfaiteir maigi,
srainfiter geill,
firfiter catha
taebfhota Temrach,
dunadach Femin Muigi,
costadach Maenmaigi.
airmitnech Alman,
airsid Lifi,

“Fáilte, a aoi bhig;
Niall Naoighiallach a bheidh air;
Deargfaidh laochra lena linn.
Cuirfear breis le máanna.
Cuirfear srian ar ghialla.
Fearfar catha.
Taobhfhad Teamhrach,
Ceannaire slua Mhá Feimhin,
Cosantóir Maonmhá,
Oirmhinneach Almhan,
Seanóir Life,

“Welcome, the little guest;
he will be Niall of the Nine Hostages:
In his time he will redden a multitude.
Plains will be greatedened:
hostages will be overthrown:
battles will be fought.
Longside of Tara:
host-leader of Magh Femin:
custodian of Maen-magh,
Revered one of Almain,
veteran of Liffey,

gluinfínd Codail.
secht mbliadna fichet fallamnaigis Herenn,
ocus bíd uad Heriu co brath.”

Glúinfhíonn Chodail.
Rialaíonn sé Éire ar feadh seacht mbliana fichead.
Is uaidh Éire mar oidhreacht go brách.”

white-knee of Codal (?).
Seven-and-twenty years he rules Erin,
and Erin will be (inherited) from him for
ever.”

Ar ba maith in tindsceatal agus in forba

Ba mhaith é an tosach agus an clabhsúr

For good was the beginning and the
completion,

fergalach foltgarb,

.i. fearúil, foltgharbh,

manly, rough-haired,

co nhebailt i n-iarnoin dia sathairn

nó go bhfuair bás iarnóin Sathairn

till he died in the afternoon on a Saturday

uas Muir Icht

os cionn Muir nIocht

by the sea of Wight,

iarna geognad d’Eochaig mac Enna
Chendsealaig.

arna ghoin d’Eochaidh mac Éanna Chinsealaigh.

slain by Eochaid son of Enda Cennselach.

Section 4

Ruc Torna leis iarsin in mac agus ron-alt,

Rug Torna iar sin an leanbh leis agus d’oil é

Torna took the boy with him, and fostered
him;

ocus ní thanic Torna nó a dalta co Temraig
iarsin

agus níor tháinig Torna ná a dhalta go
Teamhair ina dhiaigh sin

and after that neither Torna nor his fosterling
came to Tara

cor’bo inrigh in mac.

nó go raibh an mac inrí.

until the boy was fit to be king.

Tangadar iarsin Torna agus Niall co
Temraigh.

Tháinig Torna agus Niall ansin go Teamhair.

Thereafter Torna and Niall came to Tara.

IS andsin dorala Cairend doib ic tabairt usci do Temraig.

Asbert Niall fria iarsin: “Leic a oenur in fognam,” ol se.

“Ni lamaim,” ol si, “frisín rigain.”

“Ni bia mo máthair,” ol se, “oc fognum, agus me mac rígh Herenn.”

Dorad les iarsin hí co Temraig, agus dorad édach corcarda uimpi.

Section 5

Ro gab fearg in righan,
ar ba holc le anisin.

Ba he rad fear n-Erenn andsin,
bid hé Niall bus ri tareis a athar.

Conid iarsin ro raid Moingfhind re hEochaidh:

Is ansin, agus í ag tabhairt uisce go Teamhair, a tharla Caireann dóibh.

Dúirt Niall léi: “Éirigh as an bhfreasal.”

“Ni leomhaim,” ar sí, “os comhair na banríona.”

“Ni bheidh mo mháthairse,” ar sé, “ag freastal agus mise i mo mhac rí Éireann.”

Thug sé leis go Teamhair í ansin agus chuir édach corcara uimpi.

Gabh fearg an bhanríon
mar gurbh olc léi é sin.

Bhí fir Éireann ar aon fhocal ansin:

“Is é Niall a bheidh ina rí tar éis a athar.”

Ansin dúirt Moingfhionn le hEochaidh:

’Tis then that Cairenn, as she was bringing water to Tara, chanced to meet them.

Said Niall to her: “Let the service alone.”

“I dare not,” she answered, “because of the queen.”

“My mother,” said he, “shall not be serving, and I the son of the king of Erin.”

Then he took her with him to Tara, and clad her in purple raiment.

Anger seized the queen (Mongfind),
for that seemed evil to her.

But this was the voice of the men of Erin,
that Niall should be king after his father.

Wherefore Mongfhind said to Eochaid:

“Ber breith iter do macaib,” ol si,
“cia dib gebus t’forba.”

“Ni bér,” ol se,
“acht béraid Sithcheann drai.”

Rofaidedh iarsin co Sithcheann
cosin ngabaind bai i Temraig,
ar ba fisid side ocus ba fhaidh amra.

“Tabhair breith idir do mhic,” ar sí,
“cé acu a gheobhaidh d’oidhreacht.”

“Ní thabharfaidh mé,” ar sé,
“ach tabharfaidh Síthcheann draoi.”

Cuireadh fios iar sin ar Shíthcheann,
an gabha a bhí i dTeamhair,
mar ba fhear feasa agus fáidh amhra eisean.

“Pass judgment among thy sons,” quoth she,
“as to which of them shall receive thy
heritage.”

“I will not pass judgment,” he answered;
“but Sithchenn the wizard will do so.”

Then they sent to Sithchenn,
the smith who dwelt in Tara,
for he was a wise man and a wondrous
prophet.

Section 6

Ro loisc iarsin in goba in cheardcha forro.

Doriacht Niall immach ocus in indeoin cona
cip lais.

“Niall confortamlaig,” ar in drui,

“ocus bud indeoin fhothamail he co brath.”

Ansin loisc an gabha an cheárta ar an
gcúigear.

Tháinig Niall amach agus an inneoin agus a
ceap leis.

“Ag Niall atá an lámh in uachtar” arsan draoi

“agus beidh sé ina inneoin dhaingean go
brách.”

Then the smith set fire to the forge in which
the four sons were.

Niall came out carrying the anvil and its
block.

“Niall vanquishes,” says the wizard,

“and he will be a solid anvil forever.”

Doriacht Brian agus tuc na huird leis.	Tháinig Brian agus thug na hoird leis.	Brian came (<u>next</u>), bringing the sledgehammers.
“Brian da bur cathraib,” ol in drai.	“Brian do bhur gcathfhir,” arsan draoi.	“Brian to your fighters,” says the wizard.
Doriacht Fiachra,	Tháinig Fiachra	<u>Then</u> came Fiachra,
ocus tuc dearb corma agus na builg leis.	agus thug meadar cuirme agus na boilg leis.	bringing a pail of beer and the bellows.
“Bar sciam agus bar n-dán la Fiachra,” ol in drai.	“Bhur scéimh agus bhur n-ealaín le Fiachra” arsan draoi.	“Your beauty and your science with Fiachra,” says the wizard.
Doriacht Ailill agus in comrar a mbadar na hairm les.	Tháinig Ailill leis an gcófra ina raibh na hairm.	Then came Ailill with the chest in which were the weapons.
“Ailill do bar ndigail,” ol in drai.	“Ailill do bhur ndíolt,” arsan draoi.	“Ailill to avenge you,” says the wizard.
Dorocht Fergus agus cual crinaig lais agus crand ibair inti.	Tháinig Fearghas le beart críonaigh agus crann iúir inti.	<u>Last</u> came Fergus with a bundle of withered wood and a bar of yew therein.
“Fergus crin,” ol in drai.	“Fearghas críon,” arsan draoi	“Fergus the withered,” says the wizard.
Ba fíor on, ar ní maith sil Fheargusa	agus ba fíor dó, mar ní maith síol Fhearghasa	That was true, for the seed of Fergus was no good,
cenmotha oen .i. Cairech Dergan Cluana Bairind.	seachas aon duine amháin .i. Caireach Deargáin Chluain Bairinn.	excepting one, Cairech Dergain of Cloonburren.
Conid desin ata:	Uime sin atá <u>an rá</u> :	And hence is (<u>the saying</u>)

“maidi ibair i cuail crinaig.”

“Maide iúir i mbeart críonaigh.”

“a stick of yew in a bundle of firewood.”

Section 7

Conid dia forgell sin ro can in seanchaid:

Mar fhianaise air sin a chan an seanchaí:

To bear witness of that the shanachie sang:

Coic maic Echach, Niall indeoin oll,
Brian ord fri tuarcain fir,
Ailill comrar gai fri fine
Fiachra sidhi, Fergus crin.

Cúigear mac Eachdhach: Niall an inneoin mhór;
Brian an t-ord do fhíorthuargan;
Ailill an cófra gathanna in aghaidh fine;
Fiachra an feothan, Fearghas an críon.

Eochaid’s five sons, Niall the great anvil,
Brian the sledge-hammer for true striking,
Ailill the chest of spears against a tribe,
Fiachra the blast, Fergus the withered.

IS la Fiachra ol corma,
is la hAilill gai bodba,
is la Brian tocht isan cath,
is la Niall in t-indarrad.

Le Fiachra ól cuirme,
Le hAilill gathanna catha,
Le Brian dul i gcath,
Le Niall an luach saothair.

Fiachra has the drink of ale,
Ailill has the warlike spears,
Brian has the entrance to battle,
(but) Niall has the reward.

Section 8

Robo trom tra la Moingfhind an ni-sin,

Ba dhanaid sin le Moingfhionn

Now that seemed grievous to Mongfind;

co n-ebairt fria macaib.

agus dúirt lena mic:

so she said to her sons.

“Trodaid-si,” ar sí, “bar ceathrar mac

“Trodaigí, bhur gceathrar mac,” ar sí,

“Do ye four sons quarrel,

co ti Niall do bar n-eadrain,

“go dtaga Niall do bhur n-eadrán,

so that Niall may come to separate you,

ocus marbaid-si he.”

agus ansin maraígí é.”

and then kill him.”

Trotaid iarum.

“Fearr dams a n-edargairi,” ol Niall.

“Nato,” ol Torna,

“bad sidaig maic na Moingfhindi,”

conid desin ata in seanfocul.

Troideann siad ansin.

“B’fhearr dom iad a chur ó chéile,” arsa Niall.

“Ná déan,” arsa Torna,

“Bíodh mic na Moingfhinne síochánta.”

Uime sin atá sin ina sheanfhocal.

Then they quarrel.

“I would fain sunder them,” says Niall.

“Nay,” says Torna,

“let the sons of Mongfind be peaceful.”

Hence is the proverb.

Section 9

Ra raid didu Moingfhind

na biad ar in mbreith sin.

Ro faidid co Sithchend cetna iad d’iarraid arm.

Dollotor iarum cosin ngobaind

ocus doroinde side armu doib,

ocus in t-arm is derscaigthiu bai dib dorad il-
laim Neill,

ocus ro thidnaic na hairm archeana dona
macaib aili.

Dúirt Moingfhiann, áfach,

nach nglacfadh sí leis an mbreith sin.

Seoladh iad go dtí an Síthcheann céanna iad
d’iarraidh arm.

Tháinig siad ansin go dtí an gabha

agus rinne sé airm dóibh;

chuir sé an t-arm ba dhearcsnaithe díobh i
laimh Néill

agus thug sé na hairm eile do na mic eile.

Then Mongfind said

that she would not abide by that judgment.

So she sent her sons to the same Sithchenn to
ask for arms.

Then they repaired to the smith,

and he made arms for them:

the weapon that was finest he put into Niall’s
hand,

and the rest of the arms he gave the other sons.

<p>“Eirgid feasta do shealga ocus fromaid for n-armu,” ar in goba. Dochuadar iarsain na meic ocus doronsad sealga. Dosráladar for merugud iarsain co fada iar n-iadad do cach leith umpu.</p>	<p>“Téigí feasta ag seilg agus fromhaigí bhur n-airm,” arsan gabha. D’imigh na mic ansin agus rinne siad seilg. Tharla go ndeachaigh siad amú go mór iar sin agus iadta orthu ar gach taobh.</p>	<p>“Now go to hunt and try your arms,” says the smith. So then the sons went and hunted, and thereafter it came to pass that they went far astray, every side being closed against them.</p>
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Section 10

<p>O ra ansad don merugud ro fadaighset tenidh doib, ocus ro fuinsedar ni don t[sh]eilg doib, ocus ro thomailset comdar doithenaich. Batar a n-itaid ocus i tart mor iarsin dend fhulacht. “Tiagar d’iarraid usci acaind,” ar siad. “Ragadsa,” for Fergus.</p>	<p>Nuair a stad siad den mhearú d’adaigh siad tine dóibh féin agus róst siad cuid den tseilg dóibh féin, agus d’ith siad nó go raibh siad sáitheach. Bhí íota agus tart mór orthu ansin ón mbia rósta. “Téadh duine againn d’iarraidh uisce,” ar siad. “Rachaidh mise,” arsa Fearghas.</p>	<p>When they ceased from straying they kindled a fire, broiled some of their quarry, and ate it until they were satisfied. Then they were athirst and in great drouth from the cooked food. “Let one of us go and seek for water,” they say. “I will go,” says Fergus.</p>
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Doluid in gilla for iaraid usci,
conuss-tarla dochum thopuir
ocus facais seantuindi og comet in topuir.

Chuaigh an giolla ag iarraidh uisce
agus tharla chun tobair é
agus chonaic sé seanchailleach ag coimhead
an tobair.

The lad went seeking water,
till he chanced on a well
and saw an old woman guarding it.

Section 11

IS amlaid bui in chaillech,
co mba duibithir gual
cech n-alt agus cach n-aigi di
o mullach co talmain.

Is amhlaidh a bhí an chailleach
agus gach alt agus gach ball di
ó mhullach go talamh
chomh dubh le gual.

Thus was the hag:
every joint and limb of her,
from the top of her head to the earth,
was as black as coal.

Ba samalta fri herboll fiadeich
in mong glas gaisidech
bai tria cleithi a cheandmullaich.

Ba chuma nó eireaball fia-eich
an mhoing ghlas ghuaireach
a tháinig trí bhaithe a cinn agus a mullaigh.

Like the tail of a wild horse
was the gray bristly mane
that came through the upper part of her head-
crown.

Consealgad

glasgeg darach fo brith

Glasghéag darach faoi thoradh,

The green branch of an oak in bearing

	ghearrfaí é	would be severed
dia corran glaisfhiacra bai 'na cind	leis an gcorrán glasfhiacal bhí ina ceann	by the sickle of green teeth that lay in her head
co roichead a hou.	agus a shroicheadh a cluasa.	and reached to her ears.
Suli duba dethaighe le,	Súile dubha deataigh aice	Dark smoky eyes she had:
sron cham chuasach.	agus srón cham chuasach.	a nose crooked and hollow.
Medon fethech	Bhí a meán féitheach	She had a middle fibrous,
brecbaindech ingalair le,	breacphuchóideach, galrach	spotted with pustules, diseased,
ocus luirgni fiara fochama siad,	agus a loirgne fiara fochama;	and shins distorted and awry.
adbronnach	bhí sí <u>sluasadtroitheach</u> altchnapánach	Her ankles were thick,
leathansluaistech si,	troighshluaistech	her shoulderblades were broad,
glunmar	glúinmhór,	her knees were big,
glaisingnech.	glaisingneach.	and her nails were green.
Ba grain tra a tuarascbail na cailligi.	Ba ghránna é go deimhin dealramh na caillí.	Loathsome in sooth was the hag's appearance.

Section 12

“Amlaid sin,” ol in gilla.

“Is amlaid eigin,” ol sí.

“In a comed in topuir atai?” ol in gilla.

“Is ead am,” ol sí.

“In cetaigi damsa ní don usci do breith lim?”
or in gilla.

“Cetaigfet,” or sí,

“acht conom-thí oenpoice dom leccoin duit.”

“Nitho!” ol seiseam.

“Ní béra usce uam,” ol sí.

“Doberim mo breithir,” ol se sem,

“conad taesca nó ebelaind do itaid

na doberaind poic duit.”

“Mar sin atá,” arsan giolla.

“Mar sin go deimhin,” ar sí.

“An ag coimhead an tobair atá?” arsan giolla.

“Sea go deimhin,” ar sí.

“An gceadófa dom braon den uisce a bhreith
liom?” arsan giolla.

“Ceadóidh mé,” ar sí,

“ach go bhfaighidh mé uait aon phóg amháin
ar mo leaca.”

“Ní bhfaighidh tú!” ar seiseam.

“Ní bhéarfaidh tú uisce uaimse,” ar sí.

“Bheirim mo bhriathar,” ar seiseam,

“gur tuisce a gheobhainn bás de thart

ná bhéarfainn póg duit.”

“That’s so,” says the lad.

“ ’Tis so indeed,” quoth she.

“Art thou guarding the well?” asks the lad.

“Yea truly,” she answered.

“Dost thou permit me to take away some of
the water?” says the lad.

“I will permit,” she answers,

“provided there come from thee one kiss on
my cheek.”

“Nay!” says he.

“Then no water shalt thou get from me,” quoth
she.

“I give my word,” he rejoins,

“that I would rather perish of thirst

than give thee a kiss.”

Section 13

Doluid in gilla iarsin co hairm i rabadar a braithri, ocus ro raid friu nach fuair uisce.	Tháinig an giolla ansin mar a raibh a bhráithre agus dúirt leo nach bhfuair aon uisce.	Then the lad went (<u>back</u>) to the place where his brothers were biding, and told them that he had not found water.
Doluid Ailill iarum for iarraid usci ocus dorala cosin tobur cétna, ocus ro op poicc forsin caillig, ocus ro sai cen usci, ocus ni ro ataim in topur d'fhagbail.	Tháinig Ailill ansin d'iarraidh uisce agus tharla chun an tobair chéanna é. D'ob sé póg don chailleach agus chas ar ais gan uisce, agus níor admhaigh go bhfuair an tobar.	So Ailill went to look for water, and chanced on the same well. He (<u>too</u>) refused to kiss the hag, returned without water, and did not confess that he had found the well.
Dolluid Brian .i. sinser na mac, iarsain for iarraid usci, ocus dorala forsin topur cétna, ocus ro hop phoicc forsin t[sh]entuind, ocus ro sai cen usce.	Tháinig Brian, sinsear na mac, ansin d'iarraidh uisce agus tharla ar an tobar céanna, agus d'ob póg don tseanchailleach, agus chas ar ais gan uisce.	Then Brian, the eldest of the sons, went to seek water, chanced on the same well, refused to kiss the old woman, and returned waterless.
Doluid Fiachra ocus fofuair in topur ocus in caillig	Tháinig Fiachra amach <u>ansin</u> , fuair an tobar agus an chailleach,	Fiachra <u>then</u> went, found the well and the hag,

ocus ro iarr usce fuirri.

“Dobérsa,” or sí,

“ocus tuc poic dam do.”

“Doberind poici uaddi ind.”

“Tadall i Temraig duidsi,” ar sí.

Ba fir on,

ar [r]ogab dias dia shil som rigi n-Ereann

.i. Dathi agus Ailill Molt,

ocus ni ro gab nech iter do sil na mac aili

.i. Brian, Ailill, Fergus.

Ro sai tra Fiachra cen usce.

agus d’iarr uisce uirthi.

“Tabharfaidh mé,” ar sí,

“agus tabhair póg dom.”

“Thabharfainn beagán póg air.”

“Turas go Teamhair duitse,” ar sí.

Ba fhíor sin di,

mar ghabh beirt dá shíolsan flaitheas Éireann

.i. Daithí agus Ailill Molt,

agus níor ghabh aon duine de shíol na mac eile

.i. Brian, Ailill, Fearghas.

Chas Fiachra ar ais más ea gan uisce.

and asked her for water.

“I will grant it,” quoth she;

“but give me a kiss”

“I would give few kisses for it.”

“Thou shalt visit Tara,” quoth she.

That fell true,

for two of his race took the kingship of Erin,

namely Dathi and Ailill Wether,

and no one of the race of the other sons,

Brian, Ailill, Fergus, took it.

So Fiachra returned without water.

Section 14

Doluid didu Niall iarsain for iarraid usci,
ocus darala forsin topur cétna.

“Usce damsa, a bean,” for Niall.

“Dobér,” or sí,

“ocus tuc poic dam.”

“Laigfead lat la taeb poici do thabairt fri taeb.”

Tairnid fuirri iarsin ocus dobeir poic di.

Antan immorro ro shill fuirri iarsin

ni raibi forsin domun

ingen bid chaime tachim nó tuarascbail inda
sí.

Ba samalta fri deread shnechta i claidib

cach n-alt o ind co bond di.

Rigthi remra rignaidhe lé.

Tháinig Niall ansin d’iarraidh uisce
agus tharla ar an tobar céanna é.

“Uisce domsa, a bhean,” arsa Niall.

“Tabharfaidh mé,” ar sí,

“agus tabhair póg dom.”

“Luífidh mé leat le taobh póg a thabhairt do
do thaobh.”

Luigh sé uirthi ansin agus thug póg di.

Nuair a d’fhéach sé uirthi iar sin

ní raibh ar domhan

ainnir ba chaoimhe céim nó dealramh ná í.

Ba gheall le deireadh sneachta i gclaíocha

gach pioc di ó cheann go bonn.

Bhí rítheacha ramhra ríona aici

So then Niall went a-seeking water
and happened on the same well.

“Water to me, O woman,” says Niall.

“I will give it,” she answers,

“but (first) give me a kiss.”

“Besides giving thee a kiss, I will lie with
thee!”

Then he throws himself down upon her and
gives her a kiss.

But then, when he looked at her,

there was not in the world

a damsel whose gait or appearance was more
loveable than hers.

Like the end of snow in trenches

was every bit of her from head to sole.

Plump and queenly fore-arms she had:

Méra seta sithlebra.	agus méara fada leabhra;	her fingers long and lengthy:
Colpta dirgi dathailli le.	colpaí díreacha datháille aici;	calves straight and beautifully coloured.
Da maelasa findruine	dhá mhaolasán fiondrúine	Two blunt shoes of white bronze
iter a troigthib mine maethgela	idir a troithe míne maothgheala	between her little, soft-white feet
ocus lar.	agus an talamh.	and the ground.
Brat logmarda lancorcra impi.	Brat luachmhar lánchorchra uimpi;	A costly full-purple mantle she wore,
Bretnass gelairgit i timthach in bruit.	dealg gealairgid mar mhaise ar an mbrat;	with a brooch of bright silver in the clothing of the mantle.
Fiacla niamda nemannda le,	fiacla niamhga péarlacha aici,	Shining pearly teeth she had,
ocus rosc rignaide romor,	agus rosc ríonach rómhór,	an eye large and queenly,
ocus beoil partardeirg.	agus beola partaingdhearga.	and lips red as rowanberries.

Section 15

“Is ilreachtach sin, a bean,” ol in mac.	“Is ilríochtach sin, a bhean,” arsan t-ógánach.	“That is many-shaped, O lady,” says the boy.
“Fíor on,” ar sí.	“Is fíor duit,” ar sí.	“True,” quoth she.

“Cia tusa?” or in mac.

“Misi in Flaithius,” or sí,

ocus asbert andso:

“A rí Temra is mé in flaitheas
adbér rit a mórmaitheas;
dot shíol go bráth uas gach claind
is é in fáth fíor fá a nabraim.

Let gart is céim garg fri gail
ní chaemsat fir t’fulachtain;
bat teinn treorach ma clí amach
bat cend cróda comramach.

Bud let Temair taidleach tenn
is forlámhas fer nEirenn;
do chland ní scérthar fria rath
acht aendias do tsíol Fhiachrach.

Fir Muman cid cróda i cath
scérthar friu flaitheas Teamrach;
ón mo ghuide brat cen bí
ní ghab díob Eire acht aenrí.”

“Cé hé tusa?” arsan t-ógánach.

“Mise an Flaitheas,” ar sí,

agus dúirt seo:

“A rí Teamhrach, is mé an Flaitheas.
Inseoidh mé duit a mhórmhaitheas;
Do shíol go brách os gach clann,
Is é an fáth fíor fá n-abraim.

Is leat gaisce is céim gharg chun gaile;
Ní fhéadfaidh fir cur i d’aghaidh.
Treoirbhearnach bheas tú um a chlí amach
An ceannaire cróga comhrachach.

Leat Teamhair taidhleach teann
Is forlámhas agat ar Éirinn;
Ní scarfar an rath ó do chlann —
Ach beirt de shíl Fhiachrach.

Fir Mhumhan, cé cróga i gcath,
Scarfar leo flaitheas Teamhrach.
Ó inniu go dtí brách gan bhí,
Ní ghabhfaidh Éire ach aon rí (i. Brian Bóramha).”

“Who art thou?” says the boy.

“I am the Sovranty,” she answered;

and then she said:

“O king of Tara, I am the Sovranty:
I will tell thee of its great goodness;
*thy seed over every race for ever,
it is the true prophecy that I say.

Honour is thine and a fierce step to valour;
men will not be able to withstand thee;
thou will be a strong and powerful champion
a courageous, triumphant leader.

Strong Tara will be thine
and domination over the men of Erin;
thy family will not be separated from its prosperity
except by two descendants of Fiachra.

The men of Munster, though brave in battle,
will be deprived of rule in Tara
forever from today until the end of time,
only one king of them will rule Erin.” *

Section 16

“Eirig do saigid do braithrech,” or sí, “feasta, ocus ber usce lat, ocus chena bid lat ocus lad chlaind co brath in rigi ocus in forlamus cenmotha dias do shil Fhiachrach .i. Dathi ocus Ailill Molt, ocus oenrigh a Mumain .i. Brian Boruma, cen fhresabra na riga sin uili. Acus amail adcondarcas misí co granna connda aduathmar artús	“Téigh chun do bhráithre feasta,” ar sí, “agus beir uisce leat agus beidh flaitheas rí agus forlámhas agat féin agus ag do chlann go brách, seachas beirt de shíol Fhiachrach .i. Daithí agus Ailill Molt, agus aon rí amháin as an Mumhain .i. Brian Bóramha — agus ríthe gan freasúra <u>a bheidh</u> iontu sin uile. Agus faoi mar a chonaic tú mise go gránna conda adhuafar, ar dtús,	“Go now to thy brothers,” she says, “and take water with thee, and the kingship and the domination will for ever abide with thee and thy children, save only with twain of the seed of Fiachra, namely, Dathi and Ailill Wether, and one king out of Munster, namely Brian of the Tribute — and all these (<u>will be</u>) kings without opposition. And as thou hast seen me loathsome, bestial, horrible at first
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ocus alaind fadeoid,	agus álainn faoi dheoidh,	and beautiful at last,
is amlaid sin in flaitheus,	is amhlaidh sin leis an bhflaitheas,	so is the sovranity;
uair is annam fogabar he	óir is annamh a ghabhtar é	for seldom it is gained
cen chatha agus cen chongala,	gan cathanna agus coimhlintí,	without battles and conflicts;
alaind maisech immorro ria nech e fodeoid.	ach is álainn maiseach le duine é faoi dheoidh.	but at last to anyone it is beautiful and goodly.
Acht chena na tabair-seo in t-usce do do braithrib	Ach féach ná tabhairse an t-uisce do do bhráithre	Howbeit, give not the water to thy brothers
co tucad aisceda dait .i. co tucud a sindsirrdacht duid,	nó go dtuga siad aiscí duit .i. go dtuga siad a sinsireacht duit	until they make gifts to thee, to wit, seniority over them,
ocus co ro thocba th'arm ed lama uas a n- armaib seom."	agus tusa a thógáil d'arm fad láimhe os cionn a n-arm siúd."	and that thou mayst raise thy weapon a hand's breadth over their weapons."

Section 17

"Dogentar amlaid," or in gilla.	"Déanfar amhlaidh," arsan giolla.	"So shall it be done," says the lad.
Celebrais in gilla iarsin di,	Ansin d'fhág an giolla slán aici	Then he bade her farewell,
ocus berid usce da braithrib,	agus thug uisce chun a bhráithre;	and takes water to his brothers;

ocus ni tharad doib	ach níor thug dóibh é	but did not give it to them
co tucsad do cech coma	nó gur ghéill siadsan gach coinníoll	until they had granted to him every boon
ro iar forro,	a d'iarr sé orthu	that he asked of them,
amail ro thegaisc in ingen he.	mar a thegaisc an ainnir dó.	even as the damsel had taught him.
Fonaiscid forro iarum	Nasc sé orthu chomh maith	He also binds them by oath
cen tiachtain fris fen nach fria claind co brath.	gan dul ina choinne féin ná a chlainne go brách.	never to oppose himself or his children.

Section 18

Lotar iarsin co Temraig.	Chuaigh siad ina dhiaidh sin go Teamhair.	Thereafter they went to Tara.
Ro thobaisc iarum a n-armu,	Thóg siad a n-airm in airde	Then they raised their weapons,
ocus ro thocaib Niall ed lama laich uastu.	agus thóg Niall <u>a chuidsean</u> fad láimhe laoi ch os a gcionn.	and Niall raised (<u>his</u>) the breadth of a hero's hand above them.
Desidar na suidi agus Niall i medon etarru.	Shuigh siad ina suí agus Niall ina lár eatarthu.	They sate down in their seats with Niall among them in the midst.
Ro fiarfaig in ri scela dib iarsin.	D'fhiafraigh an rí scéala díobh ansin.	Then the king asked tidings of them.
Ro freair Niall	D'fhreagair Niall	Niall made answer

ocus ro indis in echtra	agus d’inis an eachtra	and related the adventure,
ocus amail dochuadar for ia[r]raid usci	agus mar a chuaigh siad d’iarraidh uisce	and how they went a-seeking water,
ocus amail doraladar forsin topur oculus cosin mnai,	agus mar a tharla siad ar an tobar agus ar an mbean	and how they chanced on the well and (came) to the woman,
ocus an ro thairngir side doib.	agus ar thairngir sí dóibh.	and what she had prophesied to them.
“Cid fodera nach he in sindsear indises na scela,” for Moingfhind, “.i. Brian.”	“Cad faoi deara nach é an sinsear (Brian) insíonn na scéala?” ar Moingfhionn.	“What is the cause,” says Mongfind, “that it is not the senior, Brian, that tells these tales?”
		They answered
“Doradsam ar sinderrdacht do Niall oculus ar rigi	“Thugamar ár sinsireacht do Niall agus ár bhflaitheas dó	“We granted our seniority and our kingship to Niall
in cétfheacht dar ceand usci,”	don chéad uair ar son uisce,”	for the first time in lieu of the water.”
ar siad.	ar siad.	
“Doradsaid dogrés,” ar Sithchend,	“Thug sibh é go buan” arsa Sithcheann,	“Ye have granted it permanently,” says Sithchenn,
	“mar as seo amach	“for henceforward
	choíche beidh forlámhas agus flaitheas Éireann	
“ar bid les oculus ria cloind	aige-sean agus ag a chlann.”	he and his children

caidchi in forlamus ocus rigi n-Erenn
on uair-se amach.”

will always have the domination and kingship
of Erin.”

Section 19

Ba fir ón didu,

Ba fhíor sin dó,

Now that was true,

mar ó Niall i leith

for from Niall onward

no one

(except with opposition)

took the kingship of Erin

ar ni ro gab nech aili rigi n-Erenn

níor gabh aon duine eile flaitheas Éireann

o Niall ille

acht nech dia cloind nó huib

ach duine dá chlann nó de chlann a chlainne

save one of his children or descendants,

cosin Tolcbuilleach Uisnig

síos to Tolcbhuilleach Uisnigh

until the Strong-Striker of Uisnech,

.i. Maelseachlainn mac Domnail,

.i. Maol Seachlainn mac Dónaill,

Maelsechlainn son of Domnall.

acht mina gabad co fresabra.

ach munar gabhadh go bhfreasúra é.

Ar ro gab sé ar fichit a Huib Neill in
desceirt nó in tuaisceirt

.i. deichnebor Conaill

ocus se riga dec Eoghain,

amail adfet:

Is eol dam in lin ro gab
Herinn o Niall na n-ardgal,
o flaith Laegairi mad chin
cusin Tolcbuillech n-Usnigh.

Loegaire 'sa mic, ní chel,
Diarmaid agus Tuathal tren,
nonbar Aeda Slaine slain
is moirfesar clann Colmain.

Se riga déc Eogain aird
deichneobur Conaill cruadgairg
douair Niall fri soirthi seol
rigi coidchi da cheneol.

Mar ghabh seisear is fiche d'Uí Néill an deiscirt
nó an tuaiscirt é

.i. deichniúr de (chineál) Conaill

agus sé rí déag de (chineál) Eoghain.

Mar a deir (an file):

Is eol dom an líon a ghabh
Éire ó Niall na n-ardgal,
Ó fhlaithneas Laoire, más locht,
Go dtí Tolcbuilleach Uisnigh.

Laoire is a mhic — ní cheilfead é,
Diarmaid agus Tuathal tréan,
Naonúr de shíol Aodha Sláine,
Is mórsheisear de Chlann Cholmáin.

Sé rí dhéag de chuid Eoghain aird
Is deichniúr de chuid Chonaill chruaghairg,
Fuair Niall le soraidh seol
Flaitheas choíche dá chineol.

For it was taken by six and twenty of the Húi Néill
of the North or of the South,

that is, ten kings (of the Kindred) of Conall

and sixteen (of the Kindred) of Eogan;

as said (the poet):

I know the number that took
Erin after Niall of the lofty valours,
from Loegaire's reign, if it be a fault,
to the Strong-Striker of Uisnech.

Loegaire and his sons, I will not conceal,
Diarmait and mighty Tuathal,
nine of sound Aed Sláine,
and seven of the clans of Colmán.

Sixteen kings of lofty Eogan,
ten of cruel-savage Conall:
Niall got with speedy course
the kingship always for his race.