

Esnada Tige Buchet

The Songs of Buchet's House

Note on the reader

This presentation is based on Stokes' edition of the Medieval Irish text. However, following Greene, that portion of the text corresponding to §§7–9 of Stokes' edition is regarded as an interpolation and is placed at the end of the text. The Sections are renumbered accordingly. While Stokes' edition is mainly based on the version of the text in the Book of Leinster, he inserts words and phrases from the versions in other manuscripts, which he identifies as follows: **Y**, the Yellow Book of Lecan; **R¹**, Rawlinson B. 502; **R²**, Rawlinson B. 512; **H**, H. 2. 17. In Section 2, Stokes follows the Book of Leinster version in describing Catháir Mór as “king of Ireland”. However, in the versions of the saga in **Y**, **H** and **R²**, he is described as “king of Leinster”. Greene adopts this reading in his edition, as it suits the saga better.

Section 1

Bóí coire feile la Laigniu, Buchat a ainm.	Bhí brúidh an-fhial ag na Laighnigh arbh ainm dó Buichead.	The Leinstermen had a ‘caldron of hospitality’, named Buchet.
Tech n-oeged fer n-Herenn a thech in Buchet [sin Y].	Teach aíochta do mhuintir na hÉireann <u>uile</u> ab ea teach an Bhuichid sin.	A guest-house of the men of Erin was the dwelling of that Buchet. From the time he began householding
Ni ro díbdad teni fo a choiriu	Níor múchadh riamh an tine fán choirie <u>ina teach</u>	the fire under his caldron was never quenched.
o ro gab threbad.	ón chéad lá a chuaigh sé i mbun an tí.	

Section 2

INgen do Chatháir Mór mac Fheidlimthe do ríg Herenn	Bhí iníon le Cathaoir Mór mac Fheidhlimidh, *rí Éireann,*	A daughter of Catháir Mór, son of Feidlimid, king of Ireland,
[ar altram R ¹] in a hucht [lais Y. H.]	ar altrom *ina ucht* aige,	was in his bosom for fosterage,
.i. Ethni ingen Chathair.	Eithne iníon Chathaoir.	even Ethne Catháir's daughter.
Da mac deac [ar fhichit Y] la Cathair.	Dhá mhac dhéag ar fhicid a bhí ag Cathaoir	Twelve sons and twenty had Catháir <u>Mór</u> ,
Tictis-[s]ide do oigidecht	agus thagaidís-san ar aíocht	and they used to come for guesting
ocus do acalldaib a sethar [do thich Buichet R ¹].	agus do fhiosrú a ndeirfire go teach Bhuichid.	and to have speech of their sister *,to Buchet's house*.
Domeltis oigidechta fichtib ocus trichtaib.	Thagaidís <u>féin</u> agus a lucht leanúna ina bhfichidí agus ina dtríochaidí ar lorg aíochta.	In scores and in thirties they would enjoy the guestings.
Ba robec leosom ón co mbertis aisceda.	Agus ba bheag leo <u>an aíocht féin</u> gan aiscí a lorg <u>ina theannta</u> .	This they deemed little till they got gifts.
Ba menic didu a timgaire ocus al-lín.	<u>Ba mhór é</u> a líon agus ba mhinic a n-iarraidh.	Frequent, then, was their asking and (<u>great was</u>) their number.
Mani fhagbaitís dano al-leór	Mura bhfaighdís an ní d'iarraidís	Unless they obtained what sufficed them
dognítís michostud [mor fri muintir mBuichet R ¹].	thugaidís ainíde ar mhuintir Bhuichid.	they would grossly misbehave to Buchet's household.

No bered fer na gerranu,	Thugadh fear <u>acu</u> na gearráin <u>leis</u> ,	One man would take the geldings,
a cheli na serraig,	duine eile <u>acu</u> na searraigh,	another the foals,
araile gesca dina buaib,	fear eile <u>acu</u> tréad de na ba,	a third the branches of the kine;
co ro fhasaigset maic Catháir fodeoid,	ionas go raibh sé creachta ag clann mhac Chathaoir sa deireadh	so that at last Catháir's sons laid Buchet waste,
conna fargabsat leis	agus nár fhág siad aige	and left him nought
acht .uii. mbai ocus tarb,	ach seacht mba agus tarbh	save seven cows and a bull
bale ir-rabatar na .uii. n-árge	áit a mbíodh seacht dtréada	in the steading where there had been seven herds of cattle,
[ocus secht tige la cach n-airge, R ¹].	agus <u>lán</u> seacht dtithe i ngach tréad <u>acu</u> .	and seven houses with each herd.

Section 3

Luid-seom iarum [lá and R] dia accóine fri Catháir.	Chuaigh sé lá amháin dá ngearán chuig Cathaoir,	So one day he went to complain to Catháir,
Senóir dímltne side dano intan sin.	a bhí an uair sin ina sheanáir caite.	who, at that time, was a decrepit old man.
Ocus asbert Buchet:	Arsa Buichead leis:	And Buchet said:
“A mmo chóir Catháir, cotó recht ru[fh]ác bath úas Hérenn íath!	“A Chathaoir chóir, bíodh reacht cothrom i bhfeidhm in Éirinn!	“O my just Catháir, preserve the law that has been left over Erin’s land!
Adcoimse mo chrod dot cháin macniu, cen chinta fíra.	Tá mé ag éamh mo chuid eallaigh ar do chlann mhac, a thóg uaim iad go héagórach.	I cry out for my wealth carried off by thy fair sons without faults of truth (<u>on my part</u>).
Fallsigthe fó, ar ba fíu mo brugussa cach mbrugas cona bésaib brugad anbith.	Foilsigh anois an chóir. Dob fhearr an freastal aíoichta a thugas-sa agus an fónamh brúidh a rinneas ná brúas ar bith eile dá bhfuil.	Manifest (<u>thy</u>) goodness, for my hospitality was worth any hospitality, with its fervid (?) hospitaler’s customs.
Bid anim mór mo díth do Chatháir crích.	Is aineamh mór do chríoch Chathaoir mise bheith scriosta.	My loss will be a great blemish to Catháir’s country.
Macne Chatháir ro chloiset mo brugas búar .i. Ros Rúadbullech,	Clann mhac Chathaoir a scrios mo theach agus mo thréada *i. Ros Rua-bhuilleach,	My hospitality and cattle Catháir’s sons have ruined, to wit, Ross Red-striking,

Crimthann Cétguinech,

Dáre Trebanda,

Loscán Án,

Echaid Airegda,

Bressal Enechglas,

Fiacha Foltlebor fortbia cách.

Buchat ní bía feib ro mbói ríam

cor-rí ailethuaith nad rosset húi Feidlimthi
Find.”

Criomhthann Céad-ghoineach,

Dáire Laochta,

Loscán Án,

Eochaidh Prionsúil,

Breasal Aghaidh-ghlas,

Fiacha Folt-leabhair a mhillfidh cách*.

Ní bheidh Buichead choíche arís faoi mar
bhíodh

nó go dtéidh sé go tuaith eile san áit nach baol
dó clann mhac Chathaoir.”

Crimthann First-wounding,

Dáre the Tribunician,

Loscán the Splendid,

Eochaid the Princely,

Bressal Greenface,

Fiacha Longhair, who will cut off (?) every
one.

Buchet will not be as he hath been before

until he reaches another tribe which the
grandsons of Feidlimid the Fair would not
reach.”

Section 4

Is and sin frisrogart Catháir a n-asbert:

“Fír, a Buchet, basa brugaid bíata dám.

Buaid do gal, do gart, do gaisced,

dogén[ad] fáilte fri cach n-óen it midchúairt már.

Acht con messindse mo maccu

ní dingéntais do chridi crád.

Nert ní dernim,

rith ní rordaim,

léim ní roingaim,

rodarc ní cían cunnamar.

Ríge dorumaltsa .L. mbliadan mbúan.

Acht con messind dofessind do Buchet a búar.

Do fhreagair Cathaoir é ansin agus dúirt:

“Is fíor, a Bhuichid, go mba bhrúidh biatach dom tú.

Trí bhuidh go ghaisce agus do fhéile

chuirtheá fáilte roimh gach aoinne i do mhíodhchúirt mhór.

Ach mise do chur smachta ar mo chlann mhac

ionas nach mbeidís ag crá an chroí ionat,

níl an neart ionam chuige, faraor.

Ní thig liom rás a rith

ná léim a lingeadh.

Radharc i bhfad uaim ní fheicim.

Tá mé i seilbh flaitheasa le caoga blian,

ach dá dtriallfainnse do chuid bha a thabhairt ar ais duit,

Then Catháir answered what he said:

“True, O Buchet, thou hast been a landholder nourishing companies.

Precious is thy fervour, thy hospitality, thy valour,

which would make welcome to every one in thy great midcourt.

If only I had judged my sons,

they would not cause thy heart’s torment.

Strength I cannot exercise,

running I cannot run,

a leap I cannot leap:

(as to) sight, not far do we perceive.

Kingship I have enjoyed for fifty lasting years.

If only I had judged (my sons) I would bring his kine to Buchet.

Nímhása cumang duit, a Buchet,
acht ‘as aithe cach delg assó’.

As tír duit.”

Section 5

Luid Buchet for teiched

uadib assin tír

.i. fut na haidchi co matin i ngait,

co mbái i Cenannas na rí

atúaid.

Ocus ba bec ind immirgi rucad and

.i. .uii. mbai ocus tarb,

ocus sesseom ocus a chaillech

ocus ind ingen .i. Ethni ingen Chatháir.

a Bhuichid, ní bheadh a chumas ionam.

‘An dealg is óige is í is géire.’

Amach as mo thír leat.”

D’imigh Buichead ar teitheadh

ó chlann mhac Chathaoir amach as an tír

ós íseal i rith na hoíche sin ar fad go maidin

nó go dtáinig sé go dtí Cenannas na Rí

ó thuaidh.

Agus ba bheag an imirce a rug leis ann,

seacht mba agus tarbh,

é féin agus a chéile chrionna

agus Eithne iníon Chathaoir.

(But now) I have no power for thee, O Buchet,

(nothing), save (the proverb) ‘sharper is every
thorn that is younger’.

Get thee out of the country.”

Buchet fled

southwards

from them out of the country,

by stealth, the length of the night till morning,

so that he was in Kells of the kings.

And small was the drove that was taken
there,

to wit, seven cows and a bull,

and he himself, and his old wife,

and the damsel, Ethne daughter of Catháir.

Section 6

Bátar i mbothin bic and isin choill,
ocus ind ingen oca timthirecht.

Chuireadar fúthu i mbothán beag sa choill ann
agus bhí an ógbhean ag déanamh timireachta
dóibh.

They dwelt in a small cabin there in the forest,
with the damsel serving them.

Section 7

Buí Cormac matan moch fecht and i Cenannas
iar ngabáil rige

Bhí Cormac ua Choinn, tar éis dó flaitheas a
ghabháil, maidin mhoch amháin i gCeanannas
na Rí

Early one morning, after he had taken
kingship, Cormac was in Kells,

[oc uréirghi cona timthacht sroill imbe **R**².),

ag éirí agus a chuid éadaigh sróill uime

arising with his raiment of satin about him.

conaccai in n-ingin oc blegon na mbó.

nuair a chonaic sé an ógbhean ag bleán na
mbó.

He saw the damsel milking the cows.

A céblegon il-lestar for leith,

Chuir sí an chéad bhleán in ártach faoi leith

Their first milking (she put) into a vessel
apart;

a ndeadblegon il-lestar n-aile.

agus an bleán deiridh in ártach eile.

their last milking into another vessel.

Atas-ciid dano oc búain na luachra,

Chonaic sé ansin ag baint luachra í

Then he sees her cutting rushes,

ocus medón in tuimm luachra lee i n-airbir
foleith.

agus meán an dlaoi luachra á chur aici i
mbeart faoi leith.

and the middle of the tussock of rushes she
puts into a bundle apart.

Oc tabairt ind usci dano assa ur [in tshrotha R²] issind-ara lestar,

a n-aill assa medón issin lestar n-aile.

Section 8

Ro iarfaig fecht and inti Cormac in n-ingin:

“Cia táí a ingen?” or Cormac.

“Ingen bachlaig thruáig sund-ut,” ol-si.

“Cest,

cid ma ndenaisi in n-usce ocus in luachair ocus ín t-ass do chomraind?”

“Fer ro báí i n-airmitin riám,” or sí,

“dia mberar a medón na luachra ocus in t-iarmblegon,

ocus dam-sa a n-aill

Ar an chuma chéanna chonaic sé í ag tabhairt uisce as an sruth gar dá bhruach agus á chur sin in ártach amháin

agus an t-uisce as lár an tsrutha á chur aici in ártach eile.

Cheistigh Cormac an iníon:

“Cé thusa, a iníon?” arsa Cormac.

“Iníon an bhachlaigh bhoicht úd thall mé,” ar sise.

“Ceist agam ort,” ar seisean léi,

“cad chuige a ndéanann tú an t-uisce agus an luachair agus an bainne a roinnt?”

“Fear a dtugtaí onóir riamh dó go dtí seo,” ar sise,

“is dósan a bheirim meán na luachra agus bleán déanach na bó

agus bíonn an chuid eile agam féin,

So the water which she took from the brink of the stream she put into one vessel,

and the water from the midst of it into another.

Then Cormac asked the girl:

“Who art thou, O damsel?” says Cormac.

“The daughter of a poor herdsman yonder”, she answered.

“Why dost thou divide the water and the rushes and the milk?”

“A man” she answers “who was formerly honoured,

’tis to him that the middle of the rushes and the after-milk is given,

and the rest to me,

conna raib-seom didu cen airmitin do neoch fugeb-sa.	ionas ná beidh sé gan onóir fháil as pé ní gheobhadsa.	so that he may not be without honour from what I shall get.
Dia fagbaind-se dano airmitin bad moo ro m-biad som.”	Dá bhfaighinn onóir ba mhó <u>a thabhairt dó</u> bhéarfainn dó é.”	If I could find a greater honour he should have it.”
“Is dochu a fhagbáil duit,” or Cormac.	“Tharlódh go bhfaighfeá,” arsa Cormac.	“ ’Tis very likely that thou wilt find it”, says Cormac.
“Cia dia tabar ind airmitiu?”	“Cé dhó a dtugann tú an onóir seo?” ar seisean.	“To whom is this honour given?”
“Buchet a ainm,” ol si.	“Buichead a ainm,” ar sise.	“Buchet is his name”, she replied.
“Buchat Lagen ón?” or Cormac.	“An é Buichead Laighean é?” arsa Cormac.	“Is that Buchet of Leinster?”, says Cormac.
“ ’S é immorro,” or sisi.	“Is é, go deimhin,” ar sise.	“ ’Tis he indeed”, she answers.
“IN tussu ind Eithni thoebfhota [inghen Catháir Móir R ²]?” or Cormac.	“An tusa, mar sin, Eithne Thaobhfhada iníon Chathaoir Mhóir?” arsa Cormac.	“Art thou Ethne Longside, daughter of Catháir Mór?” says Cormac.
“Is dóig [anisin, R ¹],” or sisi.	“Tharlódh gur mé,” ar sise.	“So it seems”, quoth she.

Section 9

I Arsin tra dochuas [o Chormac **R**¹] co Buchat dia cungid.

Nis-tarat side, ar nírbó leis acht la hathair a tabairt.

Asberat trá is ar écin rucad-si chuca-som dadaig,

ocus ní fóí leis acht in n-aidchi sin

ocus atrullai úad.

Ocus issin n-aidchi sin doralá ina broinn in Corpri Liphechair mac Cormaic

.i. ro char Liphe,

ocus il-Liphechair ro halt etir a maithe agus a athre.

Ocus ní ragaib Cormac in mac

co ro luigset Lagin corbo leis [hé, **H**].

Ina dhiaidh sin, cuireadh teachta ó Chormac go Buicead á hiarraidh mar chéile.

Ní thabharfadh Buicead uaidh í mar níorbh eisean ba chóir í thabairt ach a hathair.

Deirtear mar sin gur tugadh chuig Cormac ar éigin í an oíche ina dhiaidh sin

ach nár fhan sí leis ach an oíche sin

agus ansin gur éalaigh sí uaidh.

An oíche sin is ea do gineadh Cairbre Lifechair mac Chormaic.

Char sé an Life

agus is i Lifechair, ar an teora idir dhúthaigh a athar agus dhúthaigh a mháthar, a hoileadh é.

Níor ghlac Cormac leis mar mhac

nó gur thug na Laighnigh a móid go mba leis é.

Thereafter then a message was sent by Cormac to Buchet to ask her (in marriage).

He gave her not, for to give her belonged, not to him, but to her father.

So then they say that on the following evening she was brought by force to Cormac,

and she staid with him only that night,

and then escaped from him.

But on that night there entered her womb the son of Cormac, Carbre Lifechair,

(so called because) he loved Liffey

and in Lifechair he was fostered between his mother's tribe and his father's tribe.

And Cormac did not take him (as his son)

until the Leinstermen swore that the boy was his.

Section 10

Ocus robói-si iarsin ba rigan i fail Cormaic.	Ise a bhí ina dhiaidh sin ina banríon ag Cormac.	Afterwards <u>Ethne</u> as Cormac's wife became a queen.
Ní ragaib [si, R ¹] immorro	Ní ghlacfadh sí leis, ámh,	Howbeit she did not accept him
can a tindscra [do thabairt H] do Buchet,	nó go dtugtaí a spré féin do Bhuichead.	without bestowing her brideprice on Buchet.
ISsed dorat Cormac dó,	Is é thug Cormac do <u>Bhuichead</u>	This is what Cormac gave him:
an ro siacht a radarc di múr Chenandsa,	oiread agus ab fhéidir leis a fheiceáil ó mhúr Cheanannais amach	all that his eyesight reached from the rampart of Kells,
etir boin agus duine	idir bha agus dhaoine	both cow and man,
[ocus or agus arcad Y]	agus airgead agus ór	and gold and silver,
ocus dam agus ech,	agus dhaimh agus eich,	and horse and ox,
co cend seachtmaine.	go ceann seachtaine.	to the end of a week.
Forreimdes a mbreith la Buchat dar rigi fadess na rucc d'indilib i crích Lagen aridisi.	Is ar éigin ab fhéidir le Buichead a bhfuair sé de thréada a thabairt leis ó dheas thar an Ríge <u>ag filleadh dhó isteach</u> i gcrích Laighean arís.	It was impossible for Buchet to take again over the kingdom southward into the country of Leinster all the herds that he (<u>then</u>) received.

Section 11

Esnad tige Buchet dona dámaib

.i. a gen gáire ass frisna dama:

“Fo-chen dúib,

bid maith dúib [linni **R**¹],

bud maith dano dunni libsi.”

Is é ceol tí Bhuichid do na haoithe

ná a ghéire geanúil os ard leis na dámha:

“Tá fáilte romhaibh,” ar sé.

“Déanfaimidne maith díbhse;

déanfaidh sibhse maith dúinne.”

The song of Buchet’s house to the companies:

his laughing cry to the companies:

“Welcome to you.

It will be well to you with us.

Let it then be well to us with you.”

Section 12

Esnad in choicat láech

conna n-etaigib corcraib agus conna n-erredaib

do airfithiud intan batis mesca [na dáma **R**²].

Ceol an chaogad laoch ansin

faoina n-éadaí corcra agus faoina n-éide
chatha

ag déanamh ceoil nuair bhíodh na haoi ar
meisce.

The song of the fifty warriors

with their purple garments and their armours,

to make music when the companies were
drunk.

Section 13

Esnad dano in choicat ingen for lár in tige

ina lennaib corcraib

cona mongaib órbuidib dara n-etaige

ocus a n-esnad oc airfitiud in tshluaig.

Ceol an chaogad ógbhan ar lár an tí

faoina ngúnaí corcra ina dhiaidh sin,

a monga órbhuí thar a n-éadaí ar sileadh

agus a gceol ag cur aoibhnis ar an slua.

The song, too, of the fifty maidens in the
midst of the house,

in their purple dresses,

with their golden-yellow manes over their
garments,

and their song delighting the host.

Section 14

Esnad in chóecat chruitte iarsin

co mmatin [ac talgud **R**²] in tshluaig [do chiul
R²].

Ceol a chaogad cruitire ar deireadh

ag bréagadh an tslua as sin go maidin.

The song of the fifty harps afterwards

till morning, soothing the host with music.

Section 15

IS de sin atá Esnada Tigi Buchat.

Is de sin atá Ceolta Tí Bhuichid.

Hence is (the name) The Songs of Buchet's
House.

Section 16

IS and didu ro bóí Cormac húa Cuind i Cenannas

riasiu rogabad ríge [n-Ereenn,

ar ni ro léic, **R**²] Medb Lethderg hi Temraig

iar n-écaib a athar[som **Y**]

.i. i fail Airt ro bóí in Medb Lethderg do Laignib,

ocus arrobot-side in ríge iar n-ecaib Airt.

Ba hé domsom na rríg didu, Cenannus.

Conid iar ngabáil ríge do Chormac

ro clas lais in Temair

.i. ferand Odrain sin

.i. bachlach dona Dessib Breg.

Cormac grandson of Conn was then living in Kells

before he should take the kingship of Erin,

for Maive Redside did not let him into Tara

after the death of his father (Art).

Now Maive Redside of Leinster had been Art's wife,

and after his death she enjoyed the kingship.

Kells, then, was the residence of the kings.

But after Cormac had gained the kingship

Tara was founded by him,

and that was the land of Odrán,

a herdsman of the Déssi of Bregia.

Section 17

INtan didu ro bás oc claide na rátha Temrach la Cormac
adrand [Odhran H] a theora eigme ass.

“Cid éigi?” or Cormac.

“Éigim dochraite,” or se,

“fothugud do rí g hErenn form thír & form thalmain co bráth.”

Section 18

INtan didu ro bás oc intadud in ti[ge]
ro eig-seom béus.

Oc techt inti do sholud do Chormac
dobert Odrán a druim frisin comloid.

“Cid sin?” or Cormac.

“Nacham-sháraig!” ar Odrán.

“IS anfhír do sharugud,” ol Cormac.

“Ni ba messi dogena,

Now when the rath of Tara was being dug by Cormac,
Odran gave (?) his three groans out of him.

“Why groanest thou?” says Cormac.

“I groan for my oppression”, quoth he,

“the support of a king of Erin on my land and my soil for ever.”

Then when they were setting the stakes of the house,
he groaned again;
and when, on a lucky day, Cormac was entering it,
Odrán set his back against the doorvalve.

“What is that?” says Cormac.

“Do not outrage me!” says Odrán.

“Tis untruth to outrage thee”, quoth Cormac;

“it is not I that will do it,

acht manim-léicther ind ar lóg

.i. do chomthrom do argut

& accnabtha nónbair cecha nóna céin béosa i mbethu

[ocus atethur rige **R**¹] ocus tír bes chutrumma fri[t]tír hi tóeb in tiri-se

fri athigid chucumsa [ocus fri tairec do chisa, **R**¹].”

“IS maith,” ar Odrán.

“Ataat da port mathi frind aness amne,” ar Odran.

“Ci a n-ainm?” or Cormac.

“Odra Temrach,” or sé.

“Bisiu and, dano,” or Cormac. “Odor eter Odraib.”

IS de ata Odra Temrach.

unless I am not admitted for (this) payment,

to wit, thy weight in silver,

and rations for nine men every noontide so long as I am alive,

and land equal to thy land beside this land,

for visiting me and supplying thy tribute”

“Tis well”, says Odran:

“there are two good banks to the south of us thus”, says Odrán.

“What is their name?” asks Cormac.

“The Odra of Tara”, says Odrán.

“Then thou art”, says Cormac, “Odor between Odra”.

Hence is (the place-name) Odra Temrach.