

Immram Brain

The Voyage of Bran son of Febal

Section 1

Cóeca rand ro-gab in ben a tírib ingnad

for lár in t(a)ige do Bran mac Febail

óro-boí a rígteach lán di rígaib,

a nnád-fetatar can do-lluid in ben

óro-bátar ind liss dúntai.

Caoga rann a ghabh an bhean as tíortha
inghnáthacha

ar lár an tí do Bhran mhac Feabhail,

uair a bhí an rí-theach lán de ríthe,

nár bh eol dóibh cá has a dtáinig an bhean,

ó tharla na leasa dúnta.

'Twas fifty quatrains the woman from
unknown lands sang

on the floor of the house to Bran son of
Febal,

when the royal house was full of kings,

who knew not whence the woman had
come,

since the ramparts were closed.

Section 2

Is ed tossach in scéoil.

Im-luid Bran láa n-and a oenur i comocus
dia dún.

Co-cúalai a céol íarna chúl.

A ndon-écad tara éssi

Is é tosach an scéil:

Bhí Bran ag siúl thart leis féin lá amháin i
ngar dá dhún,

nuair a chuala sé an ceol ar a chúl.

Gach uair a bhreathnaíodh sé siar

This is the beginning of the story.

One day, in the neighbourhood of his
stronghold, Bran went about alone,

when he heard music behind him.

As often as he looked back,

ba íarna chúl béus no-bíth a céol.	ba ar a chúl a bhíodh an ceol i gcónaí.	'twas still behind him the music was.
Con-tuil asennad frissa céol ara bindi.	Fá dheireadh chodail sé le binneas an cheoil.	At last he fell asleep at the music, such was its sweetness.
A ndo-foisich asa chotlud	Nuair a dhúisigh sé as a chodladh	When he awoke from his sleep,
co-accai in cróeb n-aircit fua bláth fhind ina fharrud,	chonaic sé an chraobh airgid fána bláth fhionn ina fharradh	he saw close by him a branch of silver with white blossoms,
na-pu hasse etarscarad a blátha frissin croíb.	agus níorbh fhurasta a bláth a idirdhealú ón chraobh sin.	nor was it easy to distinguish its bloom from that branch.
Do-bert íarom Bran in croíb ina láim dia rígh(a)ig.	Thug Bran an chraobh ina láimh ansin do dtí a rí-theach.	Then Bran took the branch in his hand to his royal house.
Óro-bátar inna sochaidi isind rígh(a)ig	Faoin am a raibh an chuideachta <u>bailithe</u> sa rí-theach	When the hosts were in the royal house,
co n-accatar in mnaí i n-étuch ingnad for lár in t(a)ige.	chonaiceadar an bhean in éadach neamhghnáthach ar lár an tí.	they saw a woman in strange raiment on the floor of the house.
Is and cachain in caecait rand-so do Braun,	Is ann a chan sí an caoga rann seo do Bhran,	'Twas then she sang the fifty quatrains to Bran,
arron-chóalal in slóg, ocus ad-condarcatar uili in mnaí.	agus chuala an slua agus chonaiceadar uile í:	while the host heard her, and all beheld the woman.
		<u>And she said:</u>

Section 3

“Cróeb dind abail a hEmain,
do-fet samail do gnáthaib,
gésci findarc(a)it forra
abraít glana co mbláthaib.

“Craobh den abhail as Eamhain
a thig mar shamhail dá gnátha,
géaga fionn-airgid uirthi,
fabhraí gloine fá bhlátha.

“A branch of the apple-tree from Emain
I bring, like those one knows;
Twigs of white silver are on it,
Crystal brows with blossoms.

Section 4

Fil inis i n-etarcéin
imma-taitnet gabra réin,
rith fínd friss toíbgel tonnat
cethrar cossa fos-longat.

Atá inis i bhfad i gcéin
fána dtaitneann caiple séin;
rith fionn lenar taobh-gheal tonn
ina suí go socair ar cheithre shonn.

There is a distant isle,
Around which sea-horses glisten:
A fair course against the white-swelling surge, —
Four feet uphold it.

Section 5

Is lí súile, sreth iar mbúaid,
a mmag for-clechtat in tshluaig;
consna curach fri carpat
isin maig des Findarcat.

Is lúcháir súl, is sreath fá bhuidh
an mhagh seo ina gcleachtann sluaigh;
coimhlint ann idir curach is carbad
insan mhaigh theas sin, Fionnairgead.

A delight of the eyes, a glorious range,
Is the plain on which the hosts hold games:
Coracle contends against chariot
In southern Mag Findargat.

Section 6

Cossa findru(i)ne foë;
taitni tria bithu gnóë;
caín tír tria bithu bátha
for-snig inna hilblátha.

Cosa bán-fhiondrúine faoi
ag lonradh tré aoise gnaoi;
tír chaoín tré bhiotha lána
ar a sníonn na hilbhlátha.

Feet of white bronze under it
Glittering through beautiful ages.
Lovely land throughout the world's age,
On which the many blossoms drop.

Section 7

Fil and bile co mbláthaib
fors-ngairet éoin do thráthaib,
is tre cho(i)cetal is gnáth
con-gairet uili cach tráth.

Áta ann bile fá bhlátha
ar a gcanann éin na trátha;
is tré chomhcheol is gnáth
a chanaid uile gach tráth.

An ancient tree there is with blossoms,
On which birds call to the Hours.
'Tis in harmony it is their wont
To call together every Hour.

Section 8

Taitnet líga cach datha
tresna maige móithgnatha;
is gnáth sube, sreth imm chéul,
isin maig des Arcatnéul.

Taitneann liaga ar gach aon lí.
trísna maighe mín-chuimhne;
is gnách subha, ceol is séan
insan mhaigh theas, Airgidnéall.

Splendours of every colour glisten
Throughout the gentle-voiced plains.
Joy is known, ranked around music,
In southern Mag Argatnél.

Section 9

Ní gnáth ecoíniud ná mrath
i mruig deanda etargnath;
ní-bí nach guth garc fri cró(a)is
acht mad céul mbind friss-ben cló(a)is.

Ní gnách éagaoineadh ná brath
insan oileán lúcháireach;
ní bhíonn ann gairge ná cruas
ach binneas ceoil le n-éisteann cluas.

Unknown is wailing or treachery
In the familiar cultivated land,
There is nothing rough or harsh,
But sweet music striking on the ear.

Section 10

Cen brón, cen dubai, cen bás,
cen nach galar, cen indgas:
is ed etargnae nEmnæ,
ní comtig a comamræ.

Gan brón, gan dubha, gan bás,
gan aon ghalar ná cruachás;
sin é comhartha Eamhna,
ní coiteann a comh-amhra.

Without grief, without sorrow, without death,
Without any sickness, without debility,
That is the sign of Emain —
Uncommon is an equal marvel.

Section 11

Caíne tíre adamraí
ata comnú(i)si cadli,
asa rodarc find fíä,
ní frithid boith i ciä.

Caoine tíre rí-amhra
ina bhfuil comhghnúise niamhdha;
feabhas a radharc, finne a ceo,
ní bhfuarthas riamh comh-mheas leo.

A beauty of a wondrous land,
Whose aspects are lovely,
Whose view is a fair country,
Incomparable is its haze.

Section 12

Má ad-cetha Aircthech íar tain
for-snig dracoin ocus glain,
do-snig a mmuir fri tír toinn,
trillsi glana asa moing.

Dá bhfeicthí Airctheach ansin,
ar a sníonn cloch bhua is criostail;
scuaibeann muir le tír ina toinn,
trilse criostal as a mhoing.

Then if Aircthech is seen,
On which dragonstones and crystals drop
The sea washes the wave against the land,
Hair of crystal drops from its mane.

Section 13

Moíni, dússi cach datha
i Ciúin, cani-étatha?
éitsecht fri céul co mbindi,
óol fino cen ingrindi.

Maoine is seoda gach datha
is i gCiúin a thiocfá orthu;
éisteacht le ceol fá aoibhneas,
ól scoth fiona ar suaimhneas.

Wealth, treasures of every hue,
Are in Ciuin, a beauty of freshness,
Listening to sweet music,
Drinking the best of wine.

Section 14

Carpait órda íar Maig Réin
taircet la tu(i)le don gréin;
carpait aircit i Maig Mon
ocus crédum(a)i cen on.

Carpaid órtha ar Mhagh Réin
a éiríonn le tuile don ghréin;
carpaid airgid i Magh Mon
is carpaid cré-umha freisin.

Golden chariots in Mag Réin,
Rising with the tide to the sun,
Chariots of silver in Mag Mon,
And of bronze without blemish.

Section 15

Graig óir buidi and for srath,
graig aile co corcardath,
graig aile olaill tar aiss
co ndath nime uileglais.

Groigh ór-bhuí ann sa tsreath,
groigh eile ar chorcar-dhath;
groigh eile thar dhroim mhara,
ar ghlas na spéire iadsan uile.

Yellow golden steeds are on the sward there,
Other steeds with crimson hue,
Others with wool upon their backs
Of the hue of heaven all-blue.

Section 16

Do-feith la turcbáil ngréne
fer find for-osndi réde;
rédid mag find friss-mben muir,
mesc(a)id fo(i)rci co-mbi fuil.

Tig ann le héirí gréine
fear fionn a shoilsíonn réidhe;
siúlann magh fhionn ara mbuaileann muir,
meascann farraige go mbí ina fuil.

At sunrise there will come
A fair man illumining level lands;
He rides upon the fair sea-washed plain,
He stirs the ocean till it is blood.

Section 17

Do-fet in slóag tar muir glan,
don tír don-aidbri imram;
imrat íarom dond liic léur
asa-comérig cét céul.

Tig an slua thar mhuir ghlain,
is féachann an tír an t-iomramh;
iomrann siad leo don líg mhóir
as a n-éiríonn céad ceol.

A host will come across the clear sea,
To the land they show their rowing;
Then they row to the conspicuous stone,
From which arise a hundred strains.

Section 18

Can(a)id airfithiud dond tshlóg
tre bithu sír, nád-bí tróg;
tormaig céol co córib cét,
ní-frescat aithbe ná éc.

Seinneann ceol tré bhith síor
don tslua uile le siansa fíor;
ardaíonn fuaim le córa céad,
ní dán dóibh aife ná éag.

It sings a strain unto the host
Through long ages, it is not sad,
Its music swells with choruses of hundreds —
They look for neither decay nor death.

Section 19

Emnæ ildelbach fri rían,
bésu ocus, bésu chían,
i fil ilmíli brecc mban;
immus-timchella muir glan.

Eamhna ildealbhach chois mara,
pé gairid uainn nó fada,
mar a bhfuil ilmhílte áille ban,
is ina timpeall an mhuir ghlan.

Many-shaped Emne by the sea,
Whether it be near, whether it be far,
In which are many thousands of motley women,
Which the clear sea encircles.

Section 20

Márod-chó(a)la ló(a)d in chiúil,
isnach énan a hImchiúin,
do-fet banchuire di á
cusa cluichemag i-tá.

Má chluineann neach ceol na bhfuaim,
guth na n-éan as Imchiúin,
chífidh sé ag teacht ón ard
buíon bhan don chluiche-mhaigh.

If he has heard the voice of the music,
The chorus of the little birds from Imchiuin,
A small band of women will come from a height
To the plain of sport in which he is.

Section 21

Do-fet soíre la slá(i)ni
don tír friss-ferat gá(i)ri;
is i nImchiúin co n-ó(a)gi
do-fet bóane la há(i)ni.

Tiocfaidh saoirse le sláine
sa tír i bhfeartar gáire;
is in Imchiúin na hóighe
a bheas áineas le buaine.

There will come happiness with health
To the land against which laughter peals,
Into Imchiuin at every season
Will come everlasting joy.

Section 22

Is la suthaini síne
do-snig arcat i tíre;
aill érfind for idna réin
foa-feid a grís a gréin.

Is le suthaine síne
a scaipeann airgead ar thíortha;
aill fhor-fhionn ar imeall mara
a gheibh ón ngréin loinnir teasa.

It is a day of lasting weather
That showers silver on the lands,
A pure-white cliff on the range of the sea,
Which from the sun receives its heat.

Section 23

Graibnid in slóg iar Maig Mon,
clu(i)che n-álaind nád indron;
i mbruig mbrecht óas ma(i)sse mét,
ní-frescat aithbe ná éc.

Cúrsaí capall thar Mhagh Mon,
cluiche álainn nach anbhann;
sa tír aoibhinn fá mhaise séad
ní dán dóibh aife ná éag.

The host race along Mag Mon,
A beautiful game, not feeble,
In the variegated land over a mass of beauty
They look for neither decay nor death.

Section 24

Étsecht fri céul in[d] adig
ocus techt i nIldathaig;
mbruig mbrecht, liig óas ma(i)sse mind,
asa-taitni in nél find.

Éisteacht le ceol san oíche
agus teacht in Ildathaigh —
fearann breac ar áilleacht mhionn
as a dtaitneann an néall fionn.

Listening to music at night,
And going into Ildathach,
A variegated land, splendour on a diadem of beauty,
Whence the white cloud glistens.

Section 25

Fil trí coícta inse cían
isind oceon frinn aníar;
is mó Éirinn co fa dí
cach aí díib nó fa thrí.

Atá trí chaoga inse cian
insan aigéan uainn aniar;
is mó ná Éire gach ceann díobh
fá dhó b'fhéidir nó fá thrí.

There are thrice fifty distant isles
In the ocean to the west of us;
Larger than Erin twice
Is each of them, or thrice.

Section 26

Ticfa mórgein iar mbethaib
nád-biä for forclethaib;
mac mná nád-festar céle,
gébaid flaithe na n-ilmhíle.

Tiocfaidh mór-ghin d'éis tréimhse
nach mbeidh de chéim na huaisle;
mac mná nach fios a céile
gabhfaidh flaitheas na n-ilmhíle.

A great birth will come after ages,
That will not be in a lofty place,
The son of a woman whose mate will not be known,
He will seize the rule of the many thousands.

Section 27

Flaith cen tossach cen forcenn,
do-rósat bith co coitchenn;
dos-roirbe talam ocus muir,
is mairc bías foa étuil.

Flaith gan tosach, gan foirceann
a chruthaigh an saol go coiteann;
dhealbhaigh sé talamh is muir,
mairg a bheas faoina dho-thoil.

A rule without beginning, without end,
He has created the world so that it is perfect,
Whose are earth and sea,
Woe to him that shall be under His unwill.

Section 28

Is é do-rigni nime,
cé(i)n-mair dia-mba findchríde;
glainfid slúagu tre linn nglan,
is é ícfas for tedman.

Is é féin a chruthaigh neamh,
moladh buan lena fhaoiseamh;
glanfaidh slua faoi linn ghlain,
is é a íocfas bhur ngalair.

'Tis He that made the heavens,
Happy he that has a white heart,
He will purify hosts under pure water,
'Tis He that will heal your sicknesses.

Section 29

Ní dúib uili mo labræ,
ci ad-fes a mmóramræ;
étsed Bran de betho bró
a ndí ecnu ad-féat dó.

Ní díbh uile mo labhra
cé gur ríomhadh a ciall amhra;
éisteadh Bran i measc na slua
lena n-insim d'eagna dó.

Not to all of you is my speech,
Though its great marvel has been made known:
Let Bran hear from the crowd of the world
What of wisdom has been told to him.

Section 30

Ná tuit fri lige lescaë;
nachid-throíthad do mescaë;
tinscan imram tar muir glan
dús in-rísta Tír na mBan.”

Ná tit siar a luí leisce,
nárab lag thú de mheisce,
tionscain iomramh thar mhuir ghlán
d'fhios an sroichfeá tír na mban.”

Do not fall on a bed of sloth,
Let not thy intoxication overcome thee,
Begin a voyage across the clear sea,
If perchance thou mayst reach the land of women.”

Section 31

Luid in ben úadaib íarom,
a nnád-fetatar cia-luid,
ocus birt a croíb lee.

Leblaing in chroíb dí láim inna mná co
mboí for láim Brain,

ocus ní-boí nert i lláim Brain do gabáil inna
croíbe.

D'imigh an bhean uathu ansin
go nárbh eol dóibh cá háit a ndeachaigh,
agus thug sí a craobh léi.

Léim an chraobh de láimh Bhrain go raibh
sí ar láimh na mná

agus ní raibh neart ina láimh siúd lena
coinneáil.

Thereupon the woman went from them,
while they knew not whither she went.
And she took her branch with her.

The branch sprang from Bran's hand into
the hand of the woman,
nor was there strength in Bran's hand to
hold the branch.

Section 32

Luid Bran íarom ara bárach for muir.

Trí nónbuir a lín.

Oínfher forsna trib nónburaib dia
chomaltaib ocus comaísib.

Óro-boí dá láa ocus dí aidchi forsín muir

co n-acc(a)i a dochum in fer isin charput
íarsin muir.

Ansín arna bhárach chuaigh Bran ar muir.

Trí naonúir a bhí siad ann.

Fear amháin dá chomhaltaí agus
chomhaoise os cionn na dtrí naonúr.

Nuair a bhí siad amuigh dhá lá agus dhá
oíche,

chonaiceadar chucu thar an mhuir an fear sa
charbad.

Then on the morrow Bran went upon the
sea.

The number of his men was three
companies of nine.

One of his foster-brothers and mates was set
over each of the three companies of nine.

When he had been at sea two days and two
nights,

he saw a man in a chariot coming towards
him over the sea.

Canaid in fer ísin tríchait rand n-aile dó,	Chan an fear sin tríocha rann eile dó	That man also sang thirty other quatrains to him,
ocus sloindsi dó,	agus shloinn sé é féin *dó*	and made himself known to him,
ocus as-bert ba hé Manannán mac Lir,	agus dúirt gurbh é Manannán mac Lir é.	and said that he was Manannan the son of Ler,
ocus as-bert boí fair tuidecht i nÉirinn iar n-aimseraib cíanaib,	D'inis sé go raibh air teacht go hÉirinn tar éis cianta fada	and said that it was upon him to go to Ireland after long ages,
ocus no-gigned mac óad, .i. Mongán mac Fiachnai,	agus go nginí mac uaidh, Mongán mac Fiachna	and that a son would be born to him, even Mongan son of Fiachna
is ed forid-mbíad.	— sin an t-ainm a bheadh air.	— that was the name which would be upon him.
Cachain iarom in tríchait rand-so dó:	Ansin chan sé an tríocha rann seo dó:	So he sang these thirty quatrains to him:

Section 33

“Caíne amræ lasin mBran
ina churchán tar muir nglan;
os mé im charput do chéin,
is mag scothach imma-réid.

“Caoine amhra dar le Bran
ina churachán thar mhuir ghlan,
domsa im charbad de chéin
is magh scothach ar a dtéim.

“Bran deems it a marvellous beauty
In his coracle across the clear sea:
While to me in my chariot from afar
It is a flowery plain on which he rides about.

Section 34

A n-as muir glan
don nóí bro(i)nig i-tá Bran,
is mag meld co n-immut scoth
damsa i carput dá roth.

É sin is muir ghlan
don bhád bhraineach a bhfuil Bran,
is magh mhaiseach go n-iomad scoth
domsa i gcarbad dhá roth.

What is a clear sea
For the prowed skiff in which Bran is,
That is a happy plain with profusion of flowers
To me from the chariot of two wheels.

Section 35

At-chí Bran
lín tonn tibri tar muir glan;
At-chíú cadéin i mMaig Mon
scotha cennderca cen on.

Chíonn Bran
lín tonn bhriste thar mhuir ghlan;
is é chímse féin i Magh Mon
scotha ceann-dearga gan ainimh.

Bran sees
The number of waves beating across the clear sea:
I myself see in Mag Mon
Red-headed flowers without fault.

Section 36

Taitnit gabra lir i sam
sella roisc ro-shiri Bran;
bru(i)ndit scotha srúaim de mil
i crích Manannáin maic Lir.

I samhradh taitneann caiple geala
fhaid is léir do Bhran roimhe;
spréann srutha sruaim de mhil
i gcrích Mhanannáin mhic Lir.

Sea-horses glisten in summer
As far as Bran has stretched his glance:
Rivers pour forth a stream of honey
In the land of Manannan son of Ler.

Section 37

Lí na fairci fora-taí,
geldod mora imme-raí,
ros-sert buide ocus glass:
is talam nád écomrass.

Lí na farraige ar a bhfuilir,
gile mara faoi do rámh,
síneann uait glas is buí,
is talamh é dá shíor-shnoí.

The sheen of the main, on which thou art,
The white hue of the sea, on which thou rowest about,
Yellow and azure are spread out,
It is land, and is not rough.

Section 38

Lingit ích bricc ass de brú,
a mmuir find for n-aicci-siu;
it loíg, it úain co ndagdath,
co cairdi, cen imarbath.

Léimeann bradáin bhreaca as broinn
faoi do shúil as an mhuir fhinn,
is laoigh iad, is uain le dáimh,
le cairdeas, is gan iomarbháigh.

Speckled salmon leap from the womb
Of the white sea, on which thou lookest:
They are calves, they are coloured lambs
With friendliness, without mutual slaughter.

Section 39

Cé ad-chetha oínchairpthech
i mMaig Meld co n-immud scoth,
fil mór d'eachaib fora brú
cen suide, nád aicci-siu.

Cé nach follas ach aon chairbdeach
i Magh Meall go n-iomad scoth,
is mór d'eachaibh atá ar a broinn
bíodh gur léir nach bhfeicir sin.

Though (but) one chariot-rider is seen
In Mag Mell of many flowers,
There are many steeds on its surface,
Though them thou seest not.

Section 40

Mét in maige, lín in tshlóig,
taitnit líga co nglanbóaid;
findruth aircit, drep[p]a óir,
táircet fáilti caich imróil.

Méid na maighe, líon an tslua,
taitnid liaga le glan-bhua;
fionnsruth airgid, sreabha óir,
táirgid fáilti gach tionóil.

The size of the plain, the number of the host,
Colours glisten with pure glory,
A fair stream of silver, cloths of gold,
Afford a welcome with all abundance.

Section 41

Clu(i)che n-aímin n-inmeldag
aigdit fri find-imbobag,
fir is mná míne fo doss
cen peccad cen immarboss.

Cluiche aoibhinn de shonas lán
imrid le finn-iomarbháigh
fir is mná míne faoi dhos
gan peacadh, gan iomarbhas.

A beautiful game, most delightful,
They play (sitting) at the luxurious wine,
Men and gentle women under a bush,
Without sin, without crime.

Section 42

Is iar mbarr fedo ro-sná
do churchán tar indrada,
fil fid fo mess i-mbí gnóe
fo braine do beccnoë.

Thar bharr coille insan tsnámh
téann ós iomairí do churachán;
tá toradh na gcrann i mbíonn gnaoi
faoi bhraine do bháidín.

Along the top of a wood has swum
Thy coracle across ridges,
There is a wood of beautiful fruit
Under the prow of thy little skiff.

Section 43

Fid co mbláth ocus torad
fors-mbí fine firbolad,
fid cen erchra[e] cen esbad
fors-fil du(i)lli co n-órdath.

Coill fá bhláth agus toradh
ar a sníonn milse fion-bholadh,
coill gan orchra, gan easpa,
ar a bhfuil duille fá órdhath.

A wood with blossom and fruit,
On which is the vine's veritable fragrance,
A wood without decay, without defect,
On which are leaves of golden hue.

Section 44

Fil dún ó thossuch dú(i)le
cen aíss, cen forbthe n-ú(i)re,
ní-frescam de mbeth anguss,
nín-táraill int immarbuss.

Is amhlaidh sinn ó thosach dúile
gan aois, gan foirceann úire;
ní heol dúinn bheith gan ghlaine gan ghus,
níor shroich sinn an t-iomarbhas.

We are from the beginning of creation
Without old age, without consummation of earth,
Hence we expect not that there should be frailty,
The sin has not come to us.

Section 45

Olc líth do-lluid ind nathir
cosin n-athair dia chathair,
saíbsi sec[h] recht i mbith ché
co-mbu haithbe nád buë.

Olc an lá a tháinig an nathair
chuig an athair ina cathair;
saobhadh an saol thar reacht Dé
go mba dreo nárbh eol roimh ré.

An evil day when the Serpent went
To the father to his city;
She has perverted the times in this world,
So that there came decay which was not original.

Section 46

Ron-ort i crois agus saint
tresa-nderbaid a shoírchlaind,
ethais, corp crín, cró péne
ocus bithaitreb rége.

Maraíodh sinn i gcaos is saint
lenar dhíscigh Ádhamh a chlann;
chuaigh corp críon i gcró na péine
is in áitreabh na síor-réighe.

By greed and lust he has slain us,
Through which he has ruined his noble race:
The withered body has gone to the fold of torment,
And everlasting abode of torture.

Section 47

Is recht óabair i mbith ché
cretem dú(i)le, dermat nDé,
troíthad galar agus aíss,
apthu anma[e] tria togaís.

Sa tsaol abhus is reacht uabhair
dearmad Dé, creideamh dúile;
traothadh galar é agus aois,
díothú anma trí ró-bhaois.

It is a law of pride in this world
To believe in the creatures, to forget God,
Overthrow by diseases, and old age,
Destruction of the soul through deception.

Section 48

Ticfa tassarcon úasal
ónn Ríg do-reã-rósat,
recht find fo-glóisfe[a] muire,
sech bid Díã, bid duine.

Tiocfaidh orainn teasargain
ónn rí uasal a chruthaigh sinn,
reacht fionn a ghluaisfeas thar mhara,
beidh ina nDia, is ina dhuine.

A noble salvation will come
From the King who has created us,
A white law will come over seas,
Besides being God, He will be man.

Section 49

In delb é no-fethi-su,
ro-icfa it lethi-su,
arum-thá echtra[e] dia taig
cosin mnaí i lLinemaig.

An dealbh seo a fhéachas tú
tiocfaidh i do chríochasa;
tá orm eachtradh go Magh Líne
chuig an bhean a chónaíonn inti.

This shape, he on whom thou lookest,
Will come to thy parts;
'Tis mine to journey to her house,
To the woman in Line-mag.

Section 50

Sech is Monindán mac Lir
asin charput cruth ind fhir,
biëid dia chlaind densa i ngair
fer cain i corp criäd-glain.

Is mhínigh Manannán mac Lir
as an charbad cruth an fhir:
beidh dá chlainn ag tionscnamh a ré
fear caoin i gcorp geal cré.

For it is Moninnan, the son of Ler,
From the chariot in the shape of a man,
Of his progeny will be a very short while
A fair man in a body of white clay.

Section 51

Con-lé Monand macca Lirn
lúthlige la Caíntigirn,
gérthair dia mac i mbith gnó,
atn-didma Fiachna[e] mac ndó.

Luífidh gan leisc an Manannán
in aon leaba le Caointighirn;
an mac óna n-imeoidh Manann i gcéin
aithneoidh Fiachna ina mhac dó féin.

Monann, the descendant of Ler, will be
A vigorous bed-fellow to Caintigern:
He shall be called to his son in the beautiful world,
Fiachna will acknowledge him as his son.

Section 52

Moithfed sognáiss cach síde,
bid tretel cach dagthíre,
ad-fí rúna rith ecni,
isin bith cana ecle.

Bhéarfaidh aoibhneas do aos gach sí,
beidh ina mhuirnín ag gach tír,
nochtfaidh rúnta i rith eagna
insan bhith gan aon eagla.

He will delight the company of every fairy-knoll,
He will be the darling of every goodly land,
He will make known secrets — a course of wisdom —
In the world, without being feared.

Section 53

Biäid i fethol cech míl
idir glasmuir agus tír,
bid drauc re mbuidníb i froiss,
bid cú allaid cech indroiss.

Beidh sé ann i gcruth gach míl
idir ghlas-mhuir agus tír,
ina dhraig roimh bhuíonta i dtreis,
ina chú allaidh gach fionn-rois.

He will be in the shape of every beast,
Both on the azure sea and on land,
He will be a dragon before hosts at the onset,
He will be a wolf of every great forest.

Section 54

Bid dam co mbennaib aircait
i mruig i n-agar carpait,
bid ecne brecc i llind lán,
bid rón, bid ela findbán.

Ina dhamh fá bheanna airgid,
sa chrích i gcúrsann carbaid,
ina bhradán bhreac i linn lán,
ina rón is ina eala fhionnbháin.

He will be a stag with horns of silver
In the land where chariots are driven,
He will be a speckled salmon in a full pool,
He will be a seal, he will be a fair-white swan.

Section 55

Biäid tre bithu síri
cét mblédne i findrígi;
silis lerca lecht imchéin,
dercfed róí roth imréin.

Beidh sé fá chuimhne shíoraí
céad blian i bhfinn-ríghe;
sleachtfaidh sluagha, leacht imchian,
deargfaidh maighe, roth thar rian.

He will be throughout long ages
An hundred years in fair kingship,
He will cut down battalions, — a lasting grave —
He will redden fields, a wheel around the track.

Section 56

Imm ríga la fénnidi
bid láth gaile fri haicni,
i ndirthach mbroga for á
fo-cicher[r] airchent a Íli.

Ina laoch gaile ag féinnithe,
le haigne ag cosaint ríthe;
teilgfídh bithiúnach cloch thar toinn
a leagfáidh Mongán in ard a fhoinn.

It will be about kings with a champion
That he will be known as a valiant hero,
Into the strongholds of a land on a height
I shall send an appointed end from Islay.

Section 57

Art ara-ngén la flaithi
gébth(a)ir fo mac n-imra(i)gni,
sech bid Monindán mac Lir
a ath(a)ir, a fhithithir.

Cuirfead mar fhlaith in airde é —
titfidh le mac míchomhairle —
óir is é Manannán mac Lir
a oide is a athair.

High shall I place him with princes,
He will be overcome by a son of error;
Moninnan, the son of Ler,
Will be his father, his tutor.

Section 58

Bíed bes ngairit a ré
coicait mblédne i mbith ché,
oircthi ail dracoin din muir
isind níth i Senlabuir.

Beidh sé, is gairid a thréimhse,
caoga bliain abhus sa tsaol seo,
arm a oidhe cloch dragain de mhuir
insan bhruín ag Seanlabhair.

He will be — his time will be short —
Fifty years in this world:
A dragonstone from the sea will kill him
In the fight at Senlabor.

Section 59

Timgéra dig a lLoch Láu
in tan friss-seill sidán cráu,
gébtha[i] in drong find fu roth nél
dund nassad nád-etarlén.

Lorgfaidh deoch as Loch Ló
tráth a fhéachann caise cró,
tógfar suas é faoi roth néall
don chomhthionól nach eol dóibh léan.

He will ask a drink from Loch Ló,
While he looks at the stream of blood,
The white host will take him under a wheel of clouds
To the gathering where there is no sorrow.

Section 60

Fossad air sin imrad Bran,
ní cían co Tír inna mBan,
Emnæ co n-ildath féile
ricfe re fuiniud ngréne.”

Socair mar sin iomradh Bhrain,
ní cían go tír na mban;
Eamhna go n-ildath féile
sroichfir roimh fhuineadh gréine.”

Steadily then let Bran row,
Not far to the Land of Women,
Emne with many hues of hospitality
Thou wilt reach before the setting of the sun.”

Section 61

Luidi Bran óad iarom con[d]a-accai in n-insi.	D'imigh Bran uaidh ansin agus chonaic an inis.	Thereupon Bran went from him. And he saw an island.
Im-raad imbecúairt agus slóg mór oc gignig agus gáirechtaig.	D'iomair sé timpeall uirthi, agus slua mór ag stánadh agus ag scairtigh.	He rows round about it, and a large host was gaping and laughing.
Do-écitis uili Bran agus a muintir,	Bhí siad uilig ag breathnú ar Bhran agus a mhuintir,	They were all looking at Bran and his people,
ocus ní-ant(a)is fria n-acaldaim.	ach ní fhanaidís le labhairt leo.	but would not stay to converse with them.
Ad-aigtis treftecha gáire foo.	Thigeadh trithí gáire orthu fúthu.	They continued to give forth gusts of laughter at them.
Foídis Bran fer dia muintir isin n-insi.	Chuir Bran fear dá mhuintir insan inis.	Bran sent one of his people on the island.
Reris lea chéliu	Chuir seisean é féin <u>i measc lucht na hinse</u>	He ranged himself with the others,
ocus ad-acht ginig foo amal doíni inna hinse olchene.	agus thosaigh ag stánadh *orthu* chomh maith *le daoine eile na hinse*.	and was gaping at them like the other men of the island.
Im-raad in n-inis imbecúairt.	Lean siad ag iomramh timpeall *na hinse*.	He kept rowing round about the island.
In tan do-téged a fher muintire sech Bran	An uair a théadh a fhear muintire thart le Bran	Whenever his man came past Bran,
at[n]-gla(i)tis a chocéli.	ghlaodh a chomrádaithe air.	his comrades would address him.
Nís n-aicilded-sa immurgu	Ní labhradh sé leo ámh	But he would not converse with them,

acht dosn-écad nam[m]á agus ad-aiged
gin(a)ich foo.

ná ní dhéanadh éinní ach stánadh orthu agus
a bhéal ar leathadh.

but would only look at them and gape at
them.

Is ed ainm inna hinse-so Inis Subai.

Is é ainm na hinse seo Inis Subhae.

The name of this island is the Island of Joy.

Fan-ácabsat and íarom.

D'fhág siad ann é *iar sin*.

Thereupon they left him there.

Section 62

Ní-bu cían íar sin co-ráncatur Tír inna
mBan.

Níorbh fhada ina dhiaidh sin gur
shroicheadar tír na mban

It was not long thereafter when they
reached the Land of Women.

Co n-accatar braine inna mban isin phurt.

agus go bhfacadar taoiseach na mban sa
phort.

They saw the leader of the women at the
port.

As-bert toísech inna mban:

Dúirt sí leo:

Said the chief of the women:

“Tair ille isa tír, a Brain maic Febail.

“Tar i leith sa tír, a Bhraín mhic Fheabhail.

“Come hither on land, O Bran son of Febal.

Is fochen do thíchtu.”

Tá fáilte roimhe do theacht.”

Welcome is thy advent.”

Ní lám(a)ir Bran techt isa tír.

Níor leomhaigh Bran dul i dtír.

Bran did not venture to go on shore.

Do-cuirethar in ben certli do Braun tara
gnúis cach ndíriuch.

Chaith an bhean ceirtle chuige díreach thar
a aghaidh.

The woman throws a ball of thread to Bran
straight over his face.

Fo-ceird Bran a láimh forin certli.

Chuir sé a láimh ar an cheirtle

Bran put his hand on the ball,

Lil in certle dia dernainn.

agus ghreamaigh sí dá bhois.

which clave to his palm.

Boí in sná(i)the inna certle i lláim inna mná.

Bhí snáithe na ceirtle i láimh na mná,

The thread of the ball was in the woman's

Con-sreng in curach dochum poirt.

Lotar iarom i tegd(a)is máir.

Ar-ránic imdai cecha lámamn(a)e and
.i. trí nóí n-imdæ.

In praind do-breth for cech méis
ní(r)-airchiú[ir] díib.

Ba bléidin don-árfas-sa dóib boith and.

Ecmaing bátir ilblédni.

Nís-tesbi cach mbllass.

sa chaoi gur tharraing sí an curach chun
poirt.

Chuadar ansin i dteaghais mhór.

Bhí ioma ann i gcomhair gach lánún,
seacht gcinn is fiche acu.

An bia a tugadh ar gach mias
níor imigh sé díobh.

Bliain dar leo a bhí siad ann

— tharla gurbh iomaí bliain.

Ní raibh in easnamh orthu blas ar bith.

hand,

and she pulled the coracle towards the port.

Thereupon they went into a large house,

in which was a bed for every couple,
even thrice nine beds.

The food that was put on every dish
vanished not from them.

It seemed a year to them that they were
there,

— it chanced to be many years.

No savour was wanting to them.

Section 63

Gabais éolchaire fer ndíib .i. Nechtan mac Collbrain.

Tháinig uaigneas ar fhear díobh, Neachtán mac Collbhain.

Home-sickness seized one of them, even Nechtan the son of Collbran.

Atáigh a chenél fri Bran ara-tíasad leis dochum nÉirenn.

Bhíodh a ghaolta ag impí ar Bhran dul go hÉirinn leis.

His kindred kept praying Bran that he should go to Ireland with him.

As-bert in ben ro-bad aithrech ind fhaball.

Dúirt an bhean go mba aithreach leo an t-aistear.

The woman said to them their going would make them rue.

Da-lotar cammæ

Chuadar mar sin féin,

However, they went,

ocus as-bert in ben arná-tuinsed nech díib a tír

agus dúirt an bhean leo gan cos a chur i dtír

and the woman said that none of them should touch the land,

ocus ara-taidlitis leu in fer fon-ácabsat i nInis Subai tar éssi a chéli.

agus an fear a d'fhág siad in Inis Subhae a thabhairt leo in ionad a chomrádaí.

and that they should visit and take with them the man whom they had left in the Island of Joy.

Section 64

Do-llotar íarom conda-tornachtatar in dáil i Srúib Brain.

Chuadar ar aghaidh go dtángadar i láthair dála a bhí i Sruibh Bhain.

Then they went until they arrived at a gathering at Sruib Brain.

Íarmi-foachtatar-side dóib cía do-lluid íarsin muir.

D'fhiafraigh siadsan *dóibh* cé bhí ag teacht ón muir.

The men asked of them who it was came over the sea.

As-bert Bran: “Messe Bran mac Febail.”

D'fhreagair an fear: “Mise Bran mac Feabhail.”

Said Bran: “I am Bran the son of Febal,” saith he.

“Ní-beram aichne inní sin,” ol a chéili didiu.	“Ní haithnid dúinn é sin,” arsa an fear eile, *amh,*	However, the other saith: “We do not know such a one,
“Atá i ssenchassaib linni chenaé Imram Brain.”	“cé go bhfuil Iomramh Bhraín inár seanchas *cheana féin*.”	though the Voyage of Bran is *already* in our ancient stories.”

Section 65

Do-cuirethar úadaib in fer asin churuch.	Léim <u>Neachtán</u> amach as an churach uathu.	The man leaps from them out of the coracle.
Amal con-ránic-side fri talmain inna hÉirenn,	Chomh luath is theagmhaigh sé le talamh na hÉireann	As soon as he touched the earth of Ireland,
ba ló(i)thred fo chétóir	ba luathreach é *láithreach*	forthwith he was a heap of ashes,
amal bid i talam no-beth tresna hilchéta blíadna.	ionann is dá mba sa talamh a bheadh sé leis na céadta blian.	as though he had been in the earth for many hundred years.
Is and cachain Bran in rand-so:	Is ansin a chan Bran an rann seo:	’Twas then that Bran sang this quatrain:
“Do mac Collbrain ba mór baíss tárcud a láme fri haíss, cen nech do-rratad toinn (.i. uisci) glain for Nechtan for mac Collbrain.”	“Do mhac Collbhraín ba dhíol baoise a láimh a thógáil i gcionn aoise; go geuirtear libh tonn uisce ghlain ar Neachtán, ar mhac Collbhraín.”	“For Collbran’s son great was the folly To lift his hand against age, Without any one casting a wave of pure water Over Nechtan, Collbran’s son.”

Section 66 (Old Ir. p. 45, Mod. Ir. p. 111, Eng. p. 34)

Ad-fét iar sin Bran a imthechta ó thossuch
cotici sin do lucht ind airechtais,

D'inis Bran ansin a imeachta uile ó
thosach do dtí sin do lucht an oireachtais,

Thereupon, to the people of the gathering Bran
told all his wanderings from the beginning until
that time.

ocus scríbais inna rundnu-so tre ogum,

agus scríobh sé na ranna seo in Ogham.

And he wrote these quatrains in Ogam,

ocus celebrais dóib iar sin,

Ina dhiaidh sin cheiliúir sé dóibh,

and then bade them farewell.

ocus ní-fessa a imthechta ónd úair sin.

agus ní fios a imeachta ó shoin.

And from that hour his wanderings are not
known.