

Longes mac n-Uislenn

The Exile of the Sons of Uisliu

Section 1

Cid dia-mboí longes mac n-Uisnig?

Ní ansa.

Bátar Ulaid oc ól i taig Fheidlimthe maic Daill,

scélaigi Conchobuir.

Baí dano ben ind Fheidlimthe oc airiuc don t-shlúag ósa cinn

is sí thorrach.

Tairmchell corn ocus chuibrenn

ocus ro-lásat gáir mesca.
A mbátar do lepthugud,

do-lluid in ben dia lepaid.

Cad faoi deara loingeas mac nUisnigh?

Ní ansa.

Bhí Ulaidh ag ól i dteach Fheidhlimí mhic Dhaill,

scéalaí Chonchúir.

Bhí, más ea, bean Fheidhlimí ina seasamh ag freastal ar an slua

agus í torrach.

B'sheo timpeall coirn agus comhranna,

agus chuir siad gáir meisce astu.
Ag dul don leaba dóibhsean,

chuaigh an bhean dá leaba.

Why was the exile of the Sons of Uisliu?

It is not hard [to relate].

The Ulstermen were drinking in the house of Feidlimid mac Daill,

the story-teller of Conchobor.

Now the wife of Feidlimid was attending upon the host, standing up

and she being pregnant.

Drinking horns and portions [of food] circled around,

and they uttered a drunken shout.
When they were about to go to bed,

the woman came to her bed.

Oc dul dí dar lár in taige,	Ag dul di thar urlár an tí,	While she was going across the middle of the house,
ro·gréach in lenab inna broinn	scréach an leanbh ina broinn	the infant in her womb screamed
co·closs fon less uile.	agus ba chlos é faoin lios uile.	so that it was heard throughout the whole enclosure.
At·raig cach fer di alailiu is'tig lasin scréich í-sin	D'éirigh gach fear istigh óna chéile leis an scréach sin	At that scream each man within arose from the other
co·mbáatar cinn ar chinn isin tig.	i dtreo go raibh siad aghaidh ar aghaidh sa teach.	so that they were shoulder to shoulder (?) in the house.
Is and ad·ragart Sencha mac Ailella:	Chuir Seancha mac Ailealla cosc orthu ansin:	Then Sencha mac Ailella issued a prohibition (?):
“Na cuirid cor díb,” or-se.	“Ná chuirigí cor díbh,” ar sé.	“Do not stir,” he said.
“Tucthar cucunn in ben co·festar cid dia·tá a ndeilm se.”	“Tugtar an bhean chugainn go mbeidh fhios cad faoi deara an torann seo.”	“Let the woman be brought to us in order that may be known for what reason is this noise.”
Tucad iarum in ben chucu.	Tugadh an bhean chucu ansin.	Thereupon the woman was brought to them.

Section 2

Is and as·bert a céile .i. Feidlimid:

“Cía deilm dremun derdrethar,
(‘a ben,’ or-se)
Dremnas fot broinn búredaig?
Bruit[h] clúasaib cluinethar
Gloim eter do dá thoib, — trén-tormaid.
Mór n-úath ad·n-áigethar
Mo chride créchtnaigedar crúaid.”

Is ann a dúirt a céile .i. Feidhlimí:

“Cén torann fíochmhar a phléascann,
(‘a bhean,’ ar sé)
A bhúireann faoi do bhroinn bhúiritheach?
An glam idir do dhá thaobh — is tréan a ghlór
Brúnn sé ar a gcloiseann lena gcluasa.
Is eagal le mo chroí iomad uafás
A ghoineann go cruá.”

Her consort, namely Feidlimid, then said:

“What [is] the violent noise that resounds,
(‘O woman,’ he said)
That rages throughout your bellowing womb?
The clamor between your sides—strongly it sounds—
It crushes him who hears with ears.
My heart fears
Much terror that wounds severely.”

Section 3

Is and ro·lá-si co Cathbath, ar ba fissid
side:

“Cluinid Cathbad cóem-ainech
Cáin, mál, mind mór mochaide
Mbrogthar tre druidechta drúad,
Ór nad·fil lem féin find-fhocla
Fris·mberad Feidlimid
Fursundud fiss,
Ar nád·fitir ban-scál
Cía fo brú ·bí,
Cid fom chriöl bronn bécestar.”

Is ann a rith sí go Cathbhadh, mar ba fhear feasa
é:

“Éistigí le Cathbhadh caomhaineach, caoin,
Mál, mionn mór cumhachtach,
A mhórtar trí chleasa draíochta druadh;
Óir níl agamsa liom féin fionnfhocla,
A thabharfadh d’Fheidhlimí
Soilsiú eolais,
Mar nach fios do bhean
Cé a bhíonn ina broinn,
Cé lig béic Faoi chliabh mo bhroinne.”

Thereupon she rushed to Cathbad, for he was a
seer:

“Hear handsome Cathbad of the comely face,
A prince, a diadem great [and] mighty,
Who is magnified through the wizardries of druids,
Since I myself have not wise words
With reference to which Feidlimid might obtain
The illumination of knowledge,
Because a woman does not know
Whatever is wont to be in [her] womb,
Through it cried out in my womb’s receptacle.”

Section 4

Is and as·bert Cathbad:

“Fot chriöl bronn bécestair
Bé fhuilt buidi buide-chass
Séгдаib súilib sell-glassaib.
Sían a grúade gorm-chorcraí;
Fri dath snechtai samlamar
Sét a détgne díänim.
Níamdaí a béoil partuing-deirg —
Bé dia·mbiät il-ardbe
Eter Ulad erredaib.

Géssid fot brú búirethar
Bé fhind fhota fholt-lebor,
Imma curaid ·cossénat,
Imma n-ard-ríg ·iarfassat.
Biät íarthur trom-thoraib
Fo chlí chóicid Chonchobuir.
Biäit a béoil partuing-deirg
Imma déta némanda,
Fris-mbat formdig ard-rígna,
Fria cruth ndígrais ndiänim.”

Is ann a dúirt Cathbhadh:

“Faoi chliabh do bhroinne
Bhéic bé fhoilt bhuíchais
Le súile sona sillghlasa.
Amhail sian a gruanna gormchorcra.
Amhail dath sneachta, dar linn,
A seoidséad déad gan ainimh.
Is niamhga a beola partaingdhearga.
Bé tria mbeidh iolar eirleach
Idir carbadlaochra Uladh.

Géiseann bé fhada fhionn fholtleabhar,
Faoi do bhroinn a bhúireann.
Beidh curaidh ag imchosnamh fúithi,
Beidh ardríthe á fiafraí.
Beifear san iarthar le tromthreoin,
Le taca chúige Chonchúir.
Beidh a beola partaingdhearga
Um a déada péarlacha.
An té a mbeidh ríona formadach fúithi,
Faoina cruth soghráidh dí-ainimh.”

Then Cathbad said:

“In the receptacle of your womb there cried out
A woman of yellow hair with yellow curls,
With comely, grey-blue irised (?) eyes.
Her purplish-pink cheeks [are like] foxglove;
To the color of snow I compare
The spotless treasure of her set of teeth.
Lustrous [are] her scarlet-red (?) lips —
A woman for whom there will be many slaughters
Among the chariot-fighters of Ulster.

There screams in your womb which bellows
A woman, fair, tall [and] long-haired,
Concerning whom champions will contend,
Concerning whom high kings will ask.
They will be in the west with oppressive bodies of troops (?),
Supported (?) by the province of Conchobor.
Her scarlet-red lips will be
About her pearly teeth —
Against whom high queens will be jealous,
Against her matchless, faultless form.”

Section 5

Do-rat iar suidiu in Cathbath a láim fora broinn inna mná	Chuir Cathbhadh a lámh ar bhroinn na mná ansin	Cathbad thereafter put his hand on the stomach of the woman
coro-derdrestar in lelap foa láim.	nó go ndearna an leanbh dordán faoina lámh.	so that the infant resounded under his hand.
“Fír,” ar-se, “ingen fil and ocus bid Derdriu a hainm ocus biaid olc impe.”	“Fíor,” ar sé, “Iníon atá ann agus Deirdre a bheidh mar ainm uirthi agus beidh olc uimpi.”	“True [<u>it is</u>],” he said, “that a girl is there, and her name will be Derdriu, and concerning her there will be evil.”
Ro-génair ind ingen iar sin, ocus dixit Cathbad:	Rugadh an iníon iar sin agus dúirt Cathbhadh:	Afterwards the girl was born, and Cathbad said:
“A Dherdriu, maindéra már, Dia-msa cóem-aineach cloth-bán. Césfaitit Ulaid rit ré, A ingen fhíal Fheidlimthe.	“A Dheirdre, is mór a mhillfír, Más caomh-aineach clúbhán duit. Fulaingeoidh Ulaidh le do ré A iníon uasal Fheidhlime.	“O Derdriu, you will destroy much If you are comely-faced [<u>and</u>] fair of fame. The Ulstermen will suffer during your lifetime, O demure daughter of Feidlimid.
Biäid étach cid iar tain Dot dáig, a bé for lassair. Is it aimsir — cluinte se — Longes tri mac n-Uislinne.	Ina dhiaidh sin beidh éad, Ar lasadh de do bhíthin, Is le do linn — éist leis seo — <u>A tharlóidh</u> loingeas triúr mac <u>usal</u> Uislinne.	Even afterwards jealousy will be Ablaze on your account, O woman. In your time it is — hear this — <u>[That will be]</u> the exile of the three sons of Uisliu.

Is it aimsir gním dremuin
Géntar iarum i n-Emuin.
Bid aithrech coll cid iar tain
Fo[r] foísam maic Roig rogmair.

Is triüt, a bé co mbail,
Longes Fergusa ó Ultaib,
Ocus gním ar-coínfed guil
Guin Fhiachnai maic Conchobuir.

Is it chin, a bé co mbail,
Guin Gerrci maic Illadain,
Ocus gním nat lugu smacht,
Orggain Eogain maic Durthacht.

Do·géna gním ngránda ngarg
Ar fheirg ri rí n-Ulad n-ard.
Biaid do lechtán i nnach dú;
Bid scél n-airdairc, a Dherdriu.”
(A Dherdriu)

Is le do linn a dhéanfar
Gníomh garg in Eamhain.
Fiú iar aga beifear aithreach
Faoin scrios dar choimirce Mhic Róigh éachtaigh.

Is tríotsa, a bhé go mbail,
A bheidh loingeas Fhearghasa ó Ulaidh,
Agus bású Fhiachna mhic Chonchúir,
Gníomh a chaoinfear go glórach.

Is de do chion, a bhé go mbail,
Marú Gheircinn mhic Illadain,
Agus — gníomh nach lú a dhíol,
Bású Eoghain mhic Dhurthacht.

Déanfar gníomh gránna garg,
I bhfeirg le rí Uladh ard;
Beidh do leachtán i ngach aird.
Beidh ina scéal oirearc, a Dheirdre.”

A Dheirdre.

In your time it is that a violent deed
Will be performed then in Emain.
Even afterwards will be repented the destruction
[Done] under the protection of the very mighty Mac
Roig.

O woman with destiny, it is on account of you
[That will be] the exile of Fergus from the Ulstermen
And a deed for which weepings should lament,
The slaughter of Fiachna mac Conchobuir.

O woman with destiny, it is for your crime
[That will be] the slaying of Gerrce mac Illadain
And a deed, the penalty of which is not less,
The killing of Eogan mac Durthacht.

You will perform a horrible, fierce deed
For anger against the king of the noble Ulstermen.
Your little grave will be everywhere.
It will be a famous tale, O Derdriu.”

Section 6

“Marbthar ind ingen!” ol ind óic.	“Maraítear an cailín!” arsa na laochra.	“Let the girl be slain!” said the warriors.
“Ni-thó,” ol Conchobor.	“Ná déantar,” arsa Conchúr.	“By no means,” said Conchobor.
“Bérthair lim-sa ind ingen i mbárach,” ol Conchobor,	“Béarfár an cailín liomsa amárach” arsa Conchúr,	“I shall carry off the girl tomorrow,” Conchobor added,
“ocus ailebthair dom réir féin	“agus oilfear í do mo réir féin	“and she will be reared according to my own will,
ocus bid sí ben bías im fharrad-sa.”	agus sin í an bhean a bheidh faramsa.”	and she will be the woman who will be in my company.”
Ocus nira-lámatar Ulaid a chocert immi.	Agus níor leomhaigh na hUlaidh é a cheartú faoin ngnó.	And the Ulstermen did not dare to set him right with respect to it.
Do·gníther ón dano:	Rinneadh amhlaidh dá bhrí sin *, ar ndóigh*.	That, moreover, was done.
Ro·alt la Conchobor	Oileadh í le Conchúr	She was reared by Conchobor
co-mbo sí ingen as mór-áillem ro·boí i n-Héirinn.	nó gurbh í ab áille go mór fada in Éirinn.	until she was by far the most beautiful girl who [ever] had been in Ireland.
Is i llis fo leith ro·alt	Is i lios ar leith a oileadh í	In a court apart it is that she was brought up
connach·acced fer di Ultaib	chun nach bhfeicfeadh fear d’Ulaidh í	in order that no man of the Ulstermen might see her

cosin n-úair no·foad la Conchobor	go dtí an uair a luífeadh sí le Conchúr.	up to the time that she should spend the night with Conchobor,
ocus ni·baí duine no·léicthe issin les sin	Agus ní ligtí duine isteach sa lios sin	and no person ever was allowed into that court
acht a haite-si ocus a mumme ocus dano Lebarcham,	ach a hoide agus a buime agus, ar ndóigh, Leabharcham;	except her foster father and her foster mother and Leborcham *as well*;
ar ní·éta gabáil di ssidi ar ba ban-cháinte.	mar ní fhéadfaí ise a chosc mar ba bhancháinte í.	for <u>the last-mentioned one</u> could not be prevented, for she was a female satirist.

Section 7

Fecht n-and didiu baí a haite na ingine oc fennad loíg fhothlai	Bhí, más ea, oide na hainnre tráth ag feannadh lao scoite	Once upon a time, accordingly, the foster father of the maiden was skinning a weaned (?) calf
for snechtu i-mmaig issin gaimriuth dia fhuni di-ssi.	ar an sneachta lasmuigh sa gheimhreadh le réiteach dise.	on snow outside in the winter to cook it for her.
Co·n·acca·si ní, in fiach oc ól inna fola forsin t-shnechtu.	Chonaic sí, féach, an fiach ag ól na fola sa sneachta.	She saw a raven drinking the blood on the snow.
Is and as·bert-si fri Lebarchaim:	Is ann a dúirt sí le Leabharcham:	Then she said to Leborcham:
“Ro·pad inmain óen-fher	“B’ionúin an fear	“Beloved would be the one man
forsa·mbetis na tri dath ucut	ar a mbeadh na trí dathanna úd	on whom might be yonder three colors

.i. in folt amal in fiach	.i. an folt mar an bhfiach,	— that is, hair like the raven,
ocus in grúad amal in fuil	an grua mar an bhfuil,	and a cheek like blood,
ocus in corp amal in sneachta.”	agus an corp mar an sneachta.”	and a body like snow.”
“Orddan ocus tocad duit!” ar in Lebarcham.	“Onóir agus rath ort!” arsa Leabharcham.	“Dignity and fortune to you!” said Leborcham.
“Ní cían úait.	“Ní cian uait é.	“He is not far from you.
Atá is’taig it arrad	Tá sé laistigh i d’fharradh	He is inside near to you,
.i. Noísi mac Usnig.”	.i. Naoise mac Uisnigh.”	even Noisiu son of Uisliu.”
“Ni-pam slán-sa ám,” ol-si,	“Ní bheidh mé slán, *go deimhin*,” ar sí	“I shall, indeed, not be well,” she said,
“conid-n-accur-saide.”	“nó go bhfeice mé é.”	“until I see him.”

Section 8

Fecht n-and didiu baí-seom int-í Noísi a óenur	Bhí Naoise *thuasluaite*, tráth, más ea, ina aonar	On one occasion, then, the aforementioned Noisiu was alone
for dóe inna rrátha .i. ina Emna,	ar chlaí na rátha (.i. na hEamhna)	on the rampart of the earthwork (that is, of Emain)
oc andord.	ag gabháil andoird.	singing in a tenor (?) voice.

Ba bind immurgu a n-andord mac n-Usnig.	Ba bhinn, go deimhin, é andord mhic Uisnigh.	Melodious, however, was the tenor (?) singing of the Sons of Uisliu.
Cech bó agus cech míl ro·chluined, no·mbligtis dá trian blechta d'immarcraid úadib.	Gach bó agus gach ainmhí a chluineadh é, chrúití dhá dtrian breise bainne uathu.	Each cow and each animal that heard [it], two thirds of surplus milk always was milked from them.
Cech duine rod·chluined, ba lór síthchaire agus airfitiud dóib.	Gach duine a chluineadh é, ba leór de shámhríocht, agus d'oifide leo é.	Each person who heard it always had a sufficient peaceful disposition (?) and musical entertainment.
Ba maith a ngaisced dano.	Ba mhaith a ngaisce leis.	Good also were their arms.
Cía no·beth cóiced Uladh i n-óen-baili impu,	Cé go mbeadh cúige Uladh ar an aon láthair ina dtimpeall, ní bhéarfaidís bua orthu ar fheabhas a gcosanta agus a n-imdhídine,	Although the [whole] province of the Ulstermen were in one place about them, they might not gain the victory over them on account of the excellence of the parrying and the self-defence,
acht corro·chuiread cách díb a triur a druim fri araile, ni·bertais búaid diib ar fhebas na ursclaige agus na imdíten.	ach go gcuirfeadh gach duine díobh a dtriúr a ndroim lena chéile.	provided that every one of the three of them put his back against the other.

Bat comlúatha dano fri conaib oc tafonn.

Ba chomhluath iad le coin ag fiach *, ar ndóigh*;

As swift as hounds, moreover, they were at hunting.

No-marbdais na fiada ar lúas.

mharaídís na fianna le barr luais.

By virtue of [their] swiftness they used to kill the wild animals.

Section 9

A mboí-seom didiu a oínur int-í Noísi i-mmaig,

Fad a bhí Naoise *thuasluaite*, áfach, ina aonar amuigh,

While, therefore, the aforesaid Noisiu was alone outside,

mos-étlan-si cuci i-mmach

d'éalaigh sí go luath chuige amach

she quickly stole out to him

amal bid do thecht secha

amhail is dá mbeadh sí le gabháil thairis;

as if to go past him,

ocus nis-n-athgéoin.

agus níor aithin sé í.

and he did not recognize her.

“Is caín,” ol-se-sseom, “in t-shamaisc téte sechunn.”

“Is álainn,” ar seisean, “an tsamhaisc atá ag dul tharainn.”

“Fair,” he said, “is the heifer that goes past me.”

“Dlegtair,” ol-si-si, “samaisci móra

“Dlitear samhaisce a bheith mór,” ar sise

“Heifers,” she said, “are bound to be big

bale na-bít tairbh.”

“san áit nach mbíonn tairbh.”

where bulls are not wont to be.”

“Atá tarb in chóicid lat,” or-se-sseom,

“Tá tarbh an chúige agat,” ar seisean

“You have the bull of the province,” he said,

“.i. rí Ulad.”

“.i. rí Uladh.”

“namely, the king of the Ulstermen.”

“No·togfainn-se etruib far ndís,” or-si-si,	“Dhéanfainn rogha eadraibh araon,” ar sise,	“I would choose between the two of you,” she said,
“ocus no·gébainn tarbín óag amalt-so.”	“agus thoghfainn tairbhín óg mar thusa.”	“and I would take a young bullock like you.”
“Ní-thó!” ol-se-sseom.	“Ná habair é!” ar seisean,	“By no means!” he said.
“Cid fo bíthin fáitsine Cathbad.”	“fiú de bharr fháistine Chathbhadh.”	“Even because of Cathbad’s prophecy.”
“In dom fémed-sa adeiri sin?”	“An do mo dhiúltiú a deire sin?”	“Do you say that in order to reject me?”
“Bid dó immurgu,” or-se-ssem.	“Is dó, go deimhin” ar seisean.	“It assuredly will be for that reason,” he said.
La sodain fo·ceird-si bedg cuci	Leis sin caith sí léim chuige	Therewith she made a leap to him
corra·gab a dá n-ó fora chinn.	agus rug greim ar a dhá chluais ar a cheann.	and grasped both ears on his head.
“Dá n-ó méle ocus cuitbiuda in-so,” ol-si,	“Dhá chluais méala agus fonóide iad seo,” ar sí	“These [<u>are</u>] two ears of shame and of derision,” she said,
“manim·bera-su latt.”	“mura mbeireann tú mise leat.”	“unless you take me away with you.”
“Eirgg úaim, a ben!” ol-se.	“Imigh uaim, a bhean!” ar sé.	“Go away from me, O woman!” he said.
“Rot·bia ón,” ol-si-si.	“Sin mar a bheidh agat,” ar sí.	“You shall have that,” she said.
At·racht la sodain a andord n-ass.	Ansin d’ardaigh a andord uaidh.	Thereupon, his tenor (?) song arose from him.
Amail ro·chúalatar Ulaid in-nunn in n-andord,	Nuair a chuala Ulaidh an t-andord anonn <u>uathu</u> ,	As the Ulstermen yonder heard his tenor (?) song,

at-raig cech fer díb di alailiu.

d' éirigh gach fear díobh óna chéile.

each man of them arose from the other.

Section 10

Lotar maic Uislenn i-mmach do thairmesc a mbráthar.

Chuaigh mic Uisleann amach ag toirmeasc a mbráthar.

The Sons of Uisliu went out to hinder their brother.

“Cid no-taí?” ol-seat.

“Cad tá ort?” ar siad.

“What ails you?” they said.

“Na ’mma-ngonad d’Ultaib it chinaid.”

“Ná maraíodh fir Uladh a chéile de bharr do choire.”

“Let not the Ulstermen slay one another for your crime.”

Is and at-chúaid dóib a ndo-rónad friss.

Is ann a d’inis sé dóibh a ndearnadh leis.

Then he related to them what had been done to him.

“Biaid olc de,” ol ind óicc.

“Beidh olc dá bharr,” ar siad.

“Evil will ensue,” the warriors said.

“Cía beith,

“Fiú má bhíonn

“Although there may be [evil resulting therefrom],

noco-bia-so fo mebail

ní bheidh tú faoi aithis

you shall not be under disgrace

céin bemmit-ni i mbethaid.

fad a bheimidne inár mbeathaidh.

as long as we shall be alive.

Ragmai-ni lee i tír n-aili.

Rachaimid léi i ndúiche eile.

We shall go with her into another land.

Ni-fil i n-Hérinn rí na-tibre fáilti dún.”

Níl in Éirinn rí nach gcuirfeadh fáilte romhainn.”

There is not in Ireland a king who would not give welcome to us.”

Batar eat a comairli.	Ba iadsan na comhairlí ar ar chinn siad.	That was their decision.
Ro-imthigsetar in n-aidchi sin	D'imigh siad an oíche sin,	They set out that night
.i. trí coícait láech dóib	.i. trí caogaid laoch acu	with their hundred and fifty warriors,
ocus trí coícait ban	agus trí caogaid ban	*their hundred and fifty* women,
ocus trí coícait con	agus trí caogaid con	*their hundred and fifty* dogs,
ocus trí coícait gilla	*agus trí caogaid giolla*	and *their hundred and fifty* servants;
ocus Derdriu i cumusc cáich co·mbaí etarru.	agus bhí Deirdre ar chuma cáich ina measc.	and among them was Derdriu mingled in with everybody [<u>else</u>].

Section 11

Bátar for fõesamaib céin móir mór-thimchell n-Éirenn	Bhí siad ar feadh i bhfad ar coimirce mórthimpeall Éireann	For a great while they were under protection all around Ireland,
co·tríallta a ndíth co mmenic tria indleda ocus chelga Conchobuir	agus triaileadh iad a dhíthiú go minic trí luíocháin agus chealga Chonchúir,	and often through the snares and wiles of Conchobor their destruction was attempted
ó-thá Ess Rúaid timchell síar-des co Beinn Étair sair-thúaid iterum.	ó Eas Rua timpeall siar ó dheas go Beann Éadair soir ó thuaidh arís.	from Ess Ruaid southwestwards round about northeastwards again to Benn Etair.
Ar-aí-de trá conda-[to]roífnetar Ulaid tairis i crích n-Alban.	Faoi dheireadh, áfach, chuir na hUlaidh tóir orthu thar <u>farráige</u> go críoch Alban.	The Ulstermen, however, chased them, then, over [<u>the Irish sea</u>] into the territory of Scotland.

Con·gabsat i ndíthrub and.	Chuir siad fúthu i ndíthreabh ann.	They settled down there in the desert.
Ónd úair ro·scáich dóib fiadach in t-shlébe, do·elsat for cethra fer n-Alban do thabairt chucu.	Nuair a chuaigh fiach an tsléibhe i ndísc orthu thug siad faoi eallach fir Alban lena mbreith chucu féin.	After the mountain game failed them, they turned aside upon the cattle of the men of Scotland in order to appropriate it to themselves.
Do·chótar side dia ndílgiund i n-óen-ló	Chuaigh siad-san lá áirithe chun iad a scrios	The latter went on a single day to destroy them,
co·ndeochatar dochum ríg Alban	i dtreo go ndeachaigh siad go rí Alban,	whereupon they proceeded to the king of Scotland,
conda·rragaib ina munteras	gur ghabh seisean chuige ina theaghlach iad;	and he took them into his household following.
ocus coro·gabsat amsaini acca	agus ghlac siad le hamhsaine aige	They assumed mercenary service with him
ocus ro·suidigsitar a tige issind fhaithchi.	agus shuigh siad a dtithe san fhaiche.	and placed their houses on the green.
Im déigin ina ingine do·róna na tige	Is ar son na hainnire a rinneadh na tithe	On account of the maiden the houses were made
conna·haced nech leo hí	chun nach bhfeicfeadh éinne í faru	so that no-one with them might see her
ar dáig naro·marbtais impe.	ionas nach marófaí iad dá bharr.	in order that they might not be killed with respect to her.

Section 12

Fecht n-and didiu luid in rechtaire matain moch	Uair amháin, más ea, chuaigh an reachtaire amach go moch ar maidin	Once upon a time, therefore, early in the morning the steward went
co·rralai cor imma tech-som.	agus thug turas timpeall an tí acu.	and made a circuit about their house.
Co·n-accae in lánamain inna cotluth.	Chonaic sé an lanúin ina gcodladh.	He saw the couple asleep.
Do·chúaid iar sin coro·dúsig in rí.	Tháinig sé ansin agus dhúisigh an rí.	Afterwards, he went and awakened the king.
“Ní·fúaramar-ní,” or-se, “mnaí do dingbála-so cosin diu.	“Ní bhfuaireamar-ne,” ar sé, “bean do dhiongbhála go dtí inniu.	“I have not found,” he said, “a woman equal to you until today.
Atá i fail Noísen maic Uislenn	Tá fara Naoise mac Uisleann	Along with Noisiu son of Uisliu
ben dingbála rí gíarthair domuin.	bean diongbhála rí iarthar domhain.	there is a woman worthy of the king of the Western World.”
Marbthar fo chét-óir Noísi	Maraítear Naoise ar an toirt	“Let Noisiu be killed immediately,
ocus foath in ben lat-so,” ol in rechtaire.	agus luíodh an bhean leatsa.” arsan reachtaire.	and let the woman spend the night with you,” the steward added.
“Acc,” or in rí, “acht eirg-siu dia guidi dam-sa cech láa fo chlith.”	“Ná déantar amhlaidh,” arsan rí “ach téigh-se á hachainí gach lá ar mo shon faoi cheilt.”	“No,” the king said, “but you shall go every day to beseech her secretly for me.”
Do·gníther ón.	Rinneadh amhlaidh.	That is done.

A n-at·bered immurgu in rechtaire frie-si chaidchi,	Gach a ndeireadh an reachtaire léi i gcaitheamh an lae, áfach,	However, what the steward said to her at any time
ad·féded-si dia céliu in n-aidchi sin fo chét-óir.	d'insíodh sí dá chéile an oíche sin gan mhoill.	she used to relate, at once, that night to her consort.
Úair naro·étad ní dí,	Ón uair nach bhfuarthas aon ní uaithi,	Since one never could attain anything with respect to her,
no·erálta for maccaib Uisleann dul i ngábthib agus i cathaib agus i ndrobélaib	bhítí á ordú do mhic Uisleann dul i ngábha agus i gcathanna agus i mbaola	the Sons of Uisliu often were enjoined to go into dangers, battles and hazards
ar dáig coro·mmarbtais.	le súil go marófaí iad.	in order that they might be killed.
Ar-aí-de batar sonairti-sium im cech n-imguin	Dá ainneoin sin bhí siad tréan i leith gach eirligh	Nevertheless, as regards each slaughter they were doughty
connar·étad ní dóib asna amsib sin.	i dtreo nach bhfuarthas aon ní uathu de bharr a n-iarrachtaí sin.	so that one never could attain anything with respect to them from these attempts.

Section 13

Ro·tinólta fir Alban dia marbad

íarna chomairli frie-si.

Ad·fét-si do Noísín.

“Imthigid ass,” or-si.

“Mani·digsid ass in-nocht,
nobar·mairfither i mbárach.”

Lotar ass ind aidchi sin

co·mbátar i n-inis mara.

Ad·fiadar do Ultaib an-í-sin.

“Is tróg, a Chonchobuir,” ol Ulaid,

“maic Uislenn do thuitim i tírib námat
tre chin droch-mhná.

Tionóladh fir Alban chun a maraithe

arna chur ina comhairle.

D’inis sí an scéal do Naoise.

“Imígí as seo,” ar sí.

“Muna n-imíonn sibh libh anocht,
marófar sibh amárach.”

D’imigh siad leo an óiche sin

go dtí oileán mara.

Tugadh an scéala sin d’Ulaidh.

“Is trua, a Chonchúir,” arsa Ulaidh,

“mic Uislenn a thitim i dtíortha namhad
trí choir drochmhná.

After consultation with her regarding it,

the men of Scotland were assembled to kill
them.

She related that to Noisiu.

“Depart hence,” she said.

“Unless you shall have gone away by tonight,
you will be killed tomorrow.”

That night they went away

until they were on a island of the sea.

That was related to the Ulstermen.

“Grevious it is, O Conchobor,” the Ulstermen
said,

“for the Sons of Uisliu to fall in hostile lands
through the crime of a bad woman.

Ba ferr a comaitecht	B'fhearr iad a chosaint	It were better to be lenient with them
ocus a mbíathath agus a nem-guin	agus a bheathú agus nach marófaí iad	and to feed them and not to slay them
ocus tuidecht dóib dochum a tíre	ach iad a theacht <u>ar ais</u> chun a dtíre	and for them to come to the land
ol-daas a tuitim lia náimtiu.”	ná iad a thitim le naimhde.”	than for them to fall at the hands of their foes.
“Tecat didiu,” ol Conchobor,	“Tagaidís mar sin,” arsa Conchúr,	“Let them come, therefore,” Conchobor said,
“ocus tíagat commairgi friu.”	“agus tugtar coimirce dóibh.”	“and let sureties go for them.”
Berair chucu an-í-sin.	Tugtar <u>an scéala</u> sin chucu.	That [<u>message</u>] was brought to them.
“Is fo chen linn,” ol-seat.	“Tá fáilte againn roimhe,” ar siad,	“We welcome it,” they said.
“Regthair agus tæet Fergus frinn i commairgi	“raghfarr, agus tagadh Fearghas mar choimirce	“We shall go, and let Fergus come for us as
ocus Dubthach agus Cormac mac	dúinn	surety
Conchobuir.”	agus Dufach agus Cormac mac Conchúir.”	and Dubthach and Cormac mac Conchobuir.”
Tíagait side co-ngabsat a lláma di muir.	Chuaigh siadsan agus ghabh ar a gcoimirce	They went and gave them accompaniment
	iad ón muir.	from the sea.

Section 14

Baí immurgu imchosnam im Fhergus dia churiud do chormannaib a comairli Chonchobuir,	Bhí, áfach, ar chomhairle Chonchúir aighneas faoi chuireadh a thabhairt d'Fhearghas do fhleánna cuirme,	With respect to Fergus, however, by the counsel of Conchobor a contention took place to invite him to ale-banquets,
ar as·bertatar maic Uislenn nadcon·ístais bíad i n-Hérinn	mar dúirt mic Uisleann nach n-íosfaidís bia in Éirinn	for the Sons of Uisliu said that they would not eat [<u>any</u>] food in Ireland
acht bíad Chonchobuir i tossuch.	ach bia Chonchúir i dtosach.	except at first the food of Conchobor.
Luid íarum Fiachu mac Fergusa leo	Chuaigh, ansin, Fiacha mac Fearghasa leo	Then Fiachu mac Fergusa went with them,
ocus anaid Fergus ocus Dubthach	agus d'fhan Fearghas agus Dufach.	and Fergus and Dubthach remained behind.
ocus do·lloitar maic Uislenn	Agus tháinig mic Uisleann	The Sons of Uisliu came
co·mbátar for faithchi na Emna.	nó go raibh siad ar fhaiche na hEamhna.	until they were on the green of Emain.
Is and dano tánic Eogan mac Durthacht rí Fernmaige	Is ann *, ar ndóigh,* a tháinig Eoghan mac Dhurthacht, rí Fearnmhaí	Then, moreover, Eogan mac Durthacht, king of Fernmag,
do chórai fri Conchobor,	le réitheach a dheanamh le Conchúr,	came for peace with Conchobor,
ar ro·boí i n-essíd friss i cíana.	mar bhí sé in earraid leis le fada.	for he had been at strife with him for a long period.
Is é-side ro·herbad dia mmarbad	Is leis siúd a taobhaíodh cúram a maraithe	He it is who had been entrusted to kill them,

ocus amsaig Conchobuir immi	agus bhí amhais Chonchúir ina thimpeall féin	and the mercenaries of Conchobor were about him [<u>Conchobor</u>]
conna-tístais cuci-sium.	le nach dtiocfaidís chuige.	in order that they might not come to him.

Section 15

Bátar maic Uislenn ina sesum for lár na faithche	Bhí mic Uisleann ina seasamh ar lár na faiche	The Sons of Uisliu were standing in the middle of the green,
ocus bátar inna mná inna suidib for dóu na h-Emna.	agus bhí na mná ina suíocháin ar bhábhún na hEamhna.	and the women were in their seats on the rampart of Emain.
Luid didiu Eogan cuccu inna thur iarsind fhaithchi.	Ghabh Eoghan, más ea, suas chucu lena bhuíon ar fheadh na faiche.	Eogan, accordingly, went up to them in his body of troops (?) along the green.
Do·lluid immurgu mac Fergusa	Tháinig mac Fhearghasa, áfach,	The son of Fergus, however, came
co·mbaí for leth-láim Noísen.	nó go raibh sé taobh le Naoise.	until he was on one side of Noisiu.
Feraid Eogan fáilti friu la béim forgama do gá mór i n-Noísin	D'fhear Eoghan fáilte rompu le ropadh de gha mór i Naoise	Eogan welcomed them with a thrust of the great spear into Noisiu
co·rroimid a druim triit.	gur bhris a dhroim tríd.	so that his back broke through it.
Fo·ceird la sodain mac Fergusa	Leis sin chaith mac Fhearghasa <u>é féin</u>	Therewith, the son of Fergus threw <u>himself</u>
co·tuc a dí láim dar Noísin	agus chuir a dhá láimh thar Naoise	and put both arms around Noisiu

co·tuc foí	agus thug faoi é	and brought him under him
ocus co·tarlaic fair anúas	agus chaith é féin anuas air;	and cast himself down upon him,
ocus is samhlaid ro·bíth Noísiu tre mac Fergusa anúas.	agus is amhlaidh a buaileadh Naoise anuas trí mhac Fhearghasa.	and thus it was that Noisiu was struck from above through the son of Fergus.
Ro·marbtha iar suidiu sethnón na faithche	Ansin bhí marú ar fud na faiche	Thereafter, they [<u>the Sons of Uisliu</u>] were killed throughout the green
conna·téna ass	i dtreo nár éalaigh éinne as	so that none escaped thence,
acht a ndechuid do rind gaí agus do giun chlaidib;	ach a ndeachaigh de rinn gaí agus de bhéal claímh.	save those who went by point of spear and by edge of sword;
ocus rucad-si in-nunn co Conchobor	Agus rugadh ise (<u>Deirdre</u>) anonn go Conchúr	and she was brought over to Conchobor
co·mbaí fora láim	nó go raibh sí taobh leis	so that she was beside him,
ocus ro·cumrigthe a lláma íarna cúl.	agus ceanglaíodh a lámha laistiar di.	and her hands were bound behind her back.

Section 16

At·chúas do Fergus iarum an-í-sin agus do Dubthach agus do Chormac.	Insíodh sin d’Fhearghas iar sin, agus do Dhufach agus do Chormac.	That, then, was related to Fergus and Dubthach and Cormac.
Táncatar side co·ndernsat gníma móra fo chét-óir	Tháinig siadsan agus rinne siad éachtaí ar an toirt	They came and performed at once great deeds.
.i. Dubthach do marbad Mane maic Conchobuir	.i. Dufach a mharú Mhaine mhic Conchúir,	Dubthach killed Mane, Conchobor’s son,
ocus Fhiachna mac Feidilme ingine Conchobuir do guin dond óen-fhorgab	agus Fiachra mac Fheidhilime, iníon Chonchúir, a mharú den aon bhuille,	and by a single thrust Fiachna, son of Feidelm, Conchobor’s daughter, was dispatched.
ocus Fergus do marbad Thraighthréoin maic Traiglethain agus a bráthar	agus Fearghas a mharú Thraighthréin mhic Thraighleathain agus a bhráthar;	Fergus slew Traighthren, son of Traiglethan and his brother.
ocus sárugud Conchobuir impu	sárú oinigh Chonchúir iompu <u>seo</u>	With respect to them, Conchobor’s honor was outraged,
ocus cath do thabairt eturru iar sin isind óen-lóu	agus cath a fhearadh eatharthu iar sin san aon lá,	and afterwards battle was joined between them on a single day
co·torchratar tri chét de Ultaib eturru	agus trí chéad d’Ulaidh a thitim eatharthu;	so that three hundred of the Ulstermen fell among them.
ocus ingenrad Ulad do marbad do Dubthach ría matain	agus iníonra Uladh a mharú do Dhufach roimh mhaidin,	Before morning, the maidens of Ulster were put to death by Dubthach,
ocus Emain do loscud do Fergus.	agus Eamhain a loscadh d’Fhearghas.	and Emain was burned by Fergus.

Is ed lotar íarum co Ailill agus co Meidb	Is ann a d'imigh siad ansin go hAilill agus go Meadhbh	Thereupon they went to Ailill and to Medb,
ar ro-fetatar is sí lánamain foda-róelsat	mar bhí a fhios acu go bhféadfadh an lanúin sin iad a chothú,	for they knew that that couple would be able to support them;
ocus dano ni-bu chúl serce do Ultaib.	agus, ar ndóigh, níorbh aon chúilín grá é <u>d'Eamhain</u> .	and for the Ulstermen, moreover, it was not a refuge (?) of love.
Tricha cét ba é lín na lloingse.	Trí mhíle an líon a ionnarbadh.	Three thousand was the number of those exiled.
Co cenn sé mblíadna déc	Go ceann sé mbliana déag	To the end of sixteen years
niro-an gol na crith leu i n-Ultaib	ní dheachaidh stad ar ghol ná ar chrith dá mbarr in Ulaidh	neither weeping nor trembling ceased in Ulster through them,
acht gol agus crith leu cech n-óen-aidchi.	ach gol agus crith acu gach aon oíche.	but each single night [<u>there was</u>] weeping and trembling through them.

Section 17

Bliadain di-ssi trá i fail Chonchobuir	Bhí sise, más ea, bliain i dteannta Chonchúir,	A year, now, she was with Conchobor,
ocus risin ré sin ni-tib gen ngáire	agus i gcaitheamh an ama sin níor gháir sí gean gháire,	and during that time she did not smile a laughing smile,
ocus ni-dóid a sáith do bíud na cotluth	agus níor chaith sí a sáith de bhia ná de chodladh	and she did not partake of her sufficiency of food or of sleep,
ocus ni-túargaib a cenn dia glún.	agus níor ardaigh sí a ceann dá glúin.	and she did not raise her head from her knee.
In tan didiu do-mbertis na hairfíti dí,	Nuair a thugtaí, áfach, na ceoltóiri chuici,	Whenever, therefore, they brought the musicians to her,
is and as-bered-si in reicni sea sí:	is ann a deireadh sí an reicne seo síos:	then she recited this following extempore (?) poem:
“Cid cáin lib ind læchrad lainn Cengtae i n-Emain iar tochaim, Airdiu do-cingtis dia taig Tri maic adlæchda Uisnig.	“Cé caoin libh na laochra lonna, Atá ag céimniú in Eamhain tar éis feachtais, Ba uaisle a chéimníodh dá dtigh Triúr mac adhlaochta Uisnigh:—	“Though fair you deem the eager warriors Who stride about in Emain after an expedition, More nobly used to march to their dwelling The three very heroic sons of Uisliu.
Noísi co mmid chollán chain — Folcud lim-sa dó ’con tein — Arddán co ndam nó muicc mais, Asclang Aindli dar ardd-ais.	Naoise, le meá choll bhlasta — folcadh agam dó ag an tine — Ardán le damh nó le muc mhéith, Agus ar ard a dhroma ar Áinle ualach.	Noisiu with good hazel-mead — Him I washed at the fire — Arddan with a stag or a fine pig, A load [<u>was</u>] over Aindle’s tall back.

Cid milis lib a mmid mas
Ibes mac Nesa níth-mas,
Baíthium riám — rén for brú —
Bíäd menic ba millsiu.

Ó ro-ernad Noísi nár
Fulocht for feda fían-chlár,
Ba millsiu cach bíud fo mil
Ara-rálad mac Usnig.

Cid bindi lib in cach mí
Cuslennaig is cornairí,
Is sí mo chobais in-diu:
Ro-cúala ceól bad bindiu.

Bind la Conchobor for rí
Cuslennaig is cornairí;
Ba bindiu lem-sa — cloth n-ell —
Sían no-gebtis maic Uislenn.

Fogur tuinne toirm Noísi;
Ba céol bind a bith-chlóisi.
Coblach Arddáin ro-po maith,
Andord Aindli dia úar-baith.

Noísi, do-rónad a fhert.
Ba dírsan in chomaitecht.
Dó ro-dálius — drong tria alt —
In dig tonnaid dia-n-érbalt.

Cé gur milis libh an mheá bhreá,
A ólann mac Nessa mórchathach,
Bhí agamsa roimhe seo — muir tar bruach —
Bia go minic ba mhilse.

Nuair a leathadh Naoise náireach
An fulacht ar fhianchlár na coille,
Ba mhilse ná gach bia meala
An chóir a sholáthraíodh mac Uisnigh.

Cé gur binn libh gach tráth,
Cuisleannaigh is cornairí,
Is é a dhearbhaím inniu,
Gur chuala ceol ba bhinne.

Is binn le Conchúr bhar rí,
Cuisleannaigh is cornairí,
Ba bhinne liomsa — cáiliúil racht —
An ceol a ghabhaidís mic Uislenn.

Glór Naoise b'fhoghar toinne;
Ba cheol binn a bhithchloisteáil;
Ba mhaith é séis Ardáin —
Is andord Áinle ag dul dá uarbhothán.

Naoise, rinneadh a fheart;
Ba dhursan an chosaint;
Dháileas an deoch mharfach dó
Dá bhfuair bás . . . trí shlua laoch.

Though sweet you deem the goodly mead
Which the battle-glorious Mac Nessa drinks,
I had heretofore — ocean over [its] brink —
Frequent refecation that was sweeter.

As often as modest Noisiu had spread out
The cooking hearth on the martial plain of the forest,
Sweeter was always than each honeyed food
What the son of Uisliu had contrived.

Though melodious you deem at all times
Pipers and hornblowers,
This is my confession today:
I have heard music that was more melodious.

Melodious used to deem Conchobor, your king,
Pipers and hornblowers;
More melodious I used to deem — fame of hosts (?) —
The strain which the Sons of Uisliu used to sing.

Noisiu's voice [was like] the sound of a wave;
To hear him always was [like] melodious music.
The baritone of Arddan was good —
The tenor (?) song of Aindle [on his way] to his shieling.

Noisiu — his sepulchral mound has been made.
Sad was the accompaniment.
For him I have poured out — host over a height (?) —
The deadly draught of which he has died.

Inmain berthán áilli blai,
Tuchtach duine cid dind-blai.
Ba dirsan nad·[fh]resco in-diu
Mac Uislenn do idnaidiu.

Inmain menma cobsaid cáir;
Inmain óclach ard imnáir.
Íar n-imthecht dar feda fál,
Inmain costal i tiugnár.

Inmain súil glass carddais mná;
Ba hamnas fri écrata.
Íar cúairt chaille — comul sær —
Inmain andord tria dub-ræd.

Ni·cotlu trá,
Ocus ni·corcu m'ingne.
Fáilte, ni·táet imm airi,
Ór nach·taidi mac Tindle.

Ni·cotlu
Leth na haidche im ligiu.
Fo·ceird mo chéill imm drungu;
Sech ni·lungu, ni·tibiu.

Is ionúin an folt is álainn maise,
Is córach an duine, cé gur láthair clú;
Ba dhursan nach bhfuilim ag súil inniu
Le fanacht le mac Uisleann.

Ionúin an mheanma dhaingean dhíreach;
Ionúin an t-óglach ard imnáireach;
Iar n-imeacht dar fál feá,
Ionúin a iompar ar maidin mochthráth.

Ionúin an tsúil ghlas a ghrádh mná;
Ba fhíochmhar í le naimhde;
Ar chuairt choille, ceangal saor,
Ionúin an t-andord trí dhúchoill.

Ní chodlaim feasta
Agus ní chorcraim m'ingne.
Áthas, ní thugaim aird air
Mar nach dtugann sé leis mac Tinnla.

Ní chodlaim
Leath na hoíche im leaba.
Tá mo mheabhair suaite ag sluaite,
Ní gháirim is ní mó ithim.

Beloved [is] the [little] crop of hair (?) with yellow (?)
beauty;
Comely [is] the man, even . . .
Sorrowful it is [indeed] that I do not expect today
To await the son of Uisliu.

Beloved [is] the desire, steadfast [and] just;
Beloved [is] the warrior, noble [and] very modest.
After a journey beyond the forest's fence,
Beloved [is] the . . . in the early morning.

Beloved [is] the gray eye that women used to love;
Fierce it used to be against foes.
After a circuit of the forest — a noble union —
Beloved [is] the tenor (?) voice through a dark great wood.

I do not sleep now,
And I do not redden my fingernails.
Joy, it does not come into my observation
Since it will not lead hither (?) the son of Tindell.

I do not sleep
Half of the night as I lie.
My reason is agitated about the hosts;
Not only do I not eat, but I do not laugh.

Fáilte, in-diu ni-dam úain
I ndáil Emna — ercdair saír —

Na síd na suba na sám
Na tech mór na cumtach cáin.”
(Cid cáin)

Áthas — inniu níl uain agam dó.
I ndáil Eamhna, mar a mbíonn uaisle ag tionól

Níl síth agam ná súchas ná sáimhe
Ná teach mór ná maise chaoin.”

Cé caoin.

Joy, today [for it] I have no leisure
In the gathering of Emain — [there] nobles are thronged (?)

—
Nor peace, nor delight, nor ease,
Nor a big house, nor fair adornment.”

Section 18

In tan dano no·bíd Conchobor oca
hálgenu·gud-si,

is and at·bered-si in reicni sea sí:

“A Chonchobuir, cid no·taí?
Do·rurmis dam brón fo cháí,
Is ed ám [i] céin no·mmair,
Do sherc lim ni·ba romair.

Ní rop áilliu lim fo nim,
Ocus ní rop inmainib
R[o]·ucais úaim — mór in bét —
Connach·acciu-sa comm éc.

A ingnáis is toirrise lem
Tucht dom·adbat mac Uislenn.
Caurán cir·dub dar corp ngel.
Ba súaichnid sech ilar fer.

Dá ngrúad corcra cáiniu srath,
Béoil deirg, abrait fo dæl·dath;
Déitgen némanda fo lí,
Amal sóer·dath snechtaidi.

Nuair a bhíodh Conchúr á muirniú, *ar
ndóigh,*

is ann a deireadh sí an reicne seo síos:

“A Chonchúir, cad tá ort?
Chuir tú orm brón faoi chaoi;
Is é mar a bheidh fad a mhairim
Mo shearc duit gan bheith ach lag.

An ní ab áille liom faoi neamh,
Agus an ní ba ionúine uile,
Rugais uaim — cad é mar choir —
Ionas nach bhfeicfead é go héag.

A easnamh is doilíos dom
Mar thaispeánann mac Uislenn —
Carnán cíordhubh thar chorp geal,
Cé gur shuaithinseach é thar iolar fear.

Dhá ghrua chorcra ba chaoin dealbh,
Beola dearga, fabhraí faoi dhaoldath.
A charr déad niamhga dea·lí
Mar shaordhath an tsneachta.

Whenever Conchobor, moreover, mollified her,

then she recited this following extempore (?) poem:

“O Conchobor, what ails you?
For me you have placed (?) sorrow under weeping.
Yes, indeed, as long as I may abide
My love for you will not be of very great account.

What I deemed most beautiful on earth,
And what was most beloved,
You have carried off from me — great [is] the crime —
So that I shall not see it until my death.

His absence, it grieves me
How the son of Uisliu shows [it] to me:
A jet-black little cairn (?) over a white body;
It was well-known beyond [those of] a multitude of men.

Both purple cheeks [were] fairer than a river meadow,
Red the lips, eyebrows of beetle color;
The pearly row of shining teeth
[Was] like the noble hue of snow.

Ba súaichnid a eirred nglan
Eter fianaib fer n-Alban.
Fúan cáin corcra — comul cóir —
Cona imthacmung derg-óir.

Inar srólda — sét co mbríg —
I-mbuí cét ngem — ilar mín.
Fora imdénum is glé
Coíca unga findruine.

Claideb ór-duirn ina láimh,
Dá gaí glassa co ngoth-gráin,
Finden co mbil óir buidí,
Ocus taul argait fuirri.

Fo·rruïch frinn Fergus find
Ar tabairt darsa mór-lind.
Ro·rir a einech ar chuirm.
Do·rochratar a mór-gluinn.

Cía no·betis forsin muig
Ulaid im gnúis Conchobuir,
Dos·mbéruinn uili cen chlith
Ar gnáis Noisi maic Uisnig.

Na briss in-diu mo chride;
Mos·ricub mo moch-lige.
Is tressiu cuma in-dá muir,
Madda éola, a Chonchobuir.”

(A Chonchobuir)

Ba shontasach a éide ghlan
Idir fianna laoch na hAlban.
Fallaing álainn chorcara — ceangal cóir —
Lena imeall de dheargór.

Ionar sróil — seoid le brí —
Ina raibh céad geam — mórlíon mín.
Caoga unsa fiondrúine
Is léir a bhí á mhaisiú.

Claíomh órdhoirn ina láimh,
Dhá gha ghlasa rinnghrána;
Sciath le ciúmhaís órbhuí
Agus bocóid airgid uirthi.

Rinne Fearghas fionn coir linn
Dár dtabhairt thar an mórlinn;
Dhíol sé a oineach ar choirm,
Thit a mhóréachtaí ar lár.

Cé go mbeadh Ulaidh um Chonchúr
Os a chomhair sa mhachaire;
Thabharfainn suas iad uile gan cheilt
Ar son chuideachta Naoise mhic Uisnigh.

Ná bris inniu mo chroí
Is luath shroichfead mo mhochluí.
Is treise brón ná muir
Más eolach duit, a Chonchúir.”

A Chonchúir.

Well-known was his bright apparel
Among the warrior bands of the men of Scotland.
Fair [and] purple [was] the mantle — a fitting union —
With its border of pure gold.

Of satin (?) [was] the tunic — a treasure with substance —
On which there were a hundred gems — a gentle multitude.
To adorn it, clear it is,
[Were] fifty ounces of *findruine*.

A sword with a golden pommel [was] in his hand,
Two green spears with a javelin point,
A shield with a rim of yellow gold,
And a boss of silver upon it.

Fair Fergus has committed trespass against us
By bringing us over the great sea.
He has sold his honor for ale.
His great deeds have declined.

Though on the plain might be
The Ulstermen around Conchobor,
I would give them all without concealment
For the companionship of Noisiu son of Uisliu.

Do not break today my heart;
Soon shall I reach my early grave.
Sorrow is stronger than the sea,
If you are wise, O Conchobor.”

Section 19

“Cid as mó miscais lat at-chí?” ar Conchobor.	“Cad is mó is gráin leat a fheiceann tú?” arsa Conchúr.	“What do you see that you hate most?” said Conchobor.
“Tu-ssu ám,” or-sí, “ocus Eogan mac Durthacht!”	“Tusa *, go deimhin*,” ar sí, “agus Eoghan mac Dhurthacht!”	“You, to be sure,” she said, “and Eogan mac Durthacht!”
“Bia-so dano bliadain i fail Eogain,” ar Conchobor.	“Beidh tú bliain, más ea, i bhfochair Eoghain,” arsa Conchúr.	“You shall be, indeed, a year with Eogan,” said Conchobor.
Dus·mbert íarum for láim Eogain.	Thug sé ansin ar láimh d’Eoghan í.	Thereupon he brought her beside Eogan.
Lotar íarna bárach do óenuch Macha.	Chuaigh siad lá arna mhárach go haonach Macha.	On the following day, they went to the assembly of Macha.
Buí-si íar cúl Eogain i carput.	Bhí sí i gearbad ar chúl Eoghain.	She was behind Eogan in the chariot.
Do·rarngert-si	Bhí sé geallta aici	She had promised
na·haiccfiuth a dá céile for talmain	nach bhfeicfeadh sí a dhá céile ar talamh	that she would not see her two companions on earth
i n-óen-fhecht.	in éineacht.	on the same occasion.
“Maith, a Derdriu,” ol Conchobor,	“Sea, a Dheirdre,” arsa Conchúr	“Well, O Derdriu,” said Conchobor,
“súil chærach eter dá rethe	“is súil chaorach idir dhá reithe	“it is a sheep’s eye between two rams
gní-siu etrum-sa oculus Eogan.”	a chaitheann tú idir mise agus Eoghan.”	that you make between me and Eogan.”

Ro·baí ail chloiche mór ara cinn.

Bhí carraig mhór chloiche os a gcomhair.

There was a great stone boulder in front of her.

Do·lléici a cenn immon cloich

Bhuail sí a ceann ar an gcloch

She dashed her head against the stone

co·nderna brúrig dia cinn co·mbo marb.

agus rinne míre mionbhrúite dá ceann go raibh marbh.

until she had made a mass of fragments of her head so that she died.

Longas mac n-Uislenn in-sin

Loingeas mac nUisleann go dtí seo

That [is] the exile of the Sons of Uisliu

ocus longas Fergus

agus Loingeas Fhearghasa

and the exile of Fergus

ocus aided mac n-Uislenn ocus Dardrenn.

agus Oidhe mhac nUisleann agus Dheirdre.

and the violent death of the Sons of Uisliu and of Dardriu.

Finit

Finit

The End