

## Oenach indiu luid in rí

### Find and the phantoms

#### Note to the reader

A small number of typesetting errors has been silently corrected. In Section 51, the placename ‘Berramar’ has been corrected to ‘Berraman’.

#### Section 1 (ll. 1-4)

Oenach indiu luid in rí,  
Oenach Life cona lí,  
æbind do cech-oen téit and,  
ni hinund is Guaire dall.

Ar aonach inniu do chuaigh an rí,  
Ar aonach Life lánáilne,  
Aoibhinn do gach éinne a théann ann,  
Ní hionann is Guaire dall.

Today the king went to a fair,  
The fair of Liffey with its splendour.  
Pleasant it is to every one who goes thither,  
Not so is Guaire the Blind.

#### Section 2 (ll. 5-8)

Ní Guaire dall gairthea dím  
lá lodmar fo gairm in rí  
co tech Fiachu fairged gail,  
cosin ráith os Badammair.

Ní Guaire dall a ghlaoití orm  
An lá a ndeachamar ar ghairm an rí  
Go teach Fhiacha a dheineadh éacht,  
Go dtí an ráth os Badammair.

Not “Guaire the Blind” was I called  
On the day we went at the king’s call,  
To the house of Fiachu who wrought valour,  
To the fortress over Badammair.

#### Section 3 (ll. 9-12)

Oenach Clochair romór Find  
is fianna Fail is cech dind;  
ramorsat Mumnig din maigh  
ocus Fiachu mac Eogain.

Aonach Chlochair, ba mhóide a cháil  
Fionn is na Fianna do theacht ann as gach aird;  
Méadú ar a chló ag Muimhnigh ón maigh  
Agus ag Fiacha mac Eoghain.

(It was) Oenach Clochair that Find greateded,  
And the champions of Ireland on every hilltop.  
Munstermen from the plain greateded it,  
And Fiachu son of Eogan.

#### Section 4 (ll. 13-16)

Tuait eich na fian rofess  
is eich Mumnech 'sin morthres,  
rofhersat tri graffne glana  
for faichthe maic Maireda.

Is eol don saol gur chuaigh eacha na féinne  
Is eacha na Muimhneach i gcomórtas lena chéile,  
Ritheadar trí rás go cóir cothrom  
Ar fhaiche mhic Mhaireadha.

The champions' horses were brought, it is known,  
And the Munstermen's horses, into the great contest.  
They ran three clear races  
On the green of Mairid's son.

#### Section 5 (ll. 17-20)

Ech dub re Díl mac Dá-chrech  
bái in cach cluchi rofer,  
cusin carraic uas Loch Gair  
ruc trí lanbua da ind oenaig.

Bhí each dubh le Díl mac Dá-Chreach  
I ngach rás a ritheadh  
Chomh fada leis an gcarraig os Loch Gair  
Rug sé trí lánbhua an aonaigh.

A black horse belonging to Dil son of Two-Raids  
Was in every game that he played.  
Unto the rock over Loch Gair  
He won the three prizes of the meeting.

#### Section 6 (ll. 21-24)

Cuinchis Fiachu in n-ech iarsain  
ar in rí, ara shenathair,  
gellais céad dó do cech crud  
dia tabairt i tuarastul.

D'iarr Fiacha an t-each ina dhiaidh sin  
Ar an rí, a sheanathair,  
Gheall sé céad de gach sórt eallaigh  
Do thabhairt dó mar dhíolaíocht.

Thereafter Fiachu asked the horse  
Of the king, of his grandfather:  
He promised him a hundred of every (kind of) cattle  
To be given to him in recompense.

#### Section 7 (ll. 25-28)

Roráid in drúí and iarsain  
aithesc maith ra mac Eogain:—  
“ber mo bennacht, ber in n-ech  
ocus tidnaic rit aenech”.

Dúirt an draoi ansan,  
Le mac Eoghain — ba mhaith an t-aitheasc é —  
“Beir leat mo bheannacht, beir leat an t-each  
Agus tabhair uait é ar son t'oinigh”.

Then the wizard there uttered  
A good answer to Eogan's son:  
“Take my blessing: take the horse,  
And bestow it for thy honour's sake”.

### Section 8 (ll. 29-32)

“Ashiút duitsiu int ech dub dían”,  
ar Fiachu ri flaith na fian,  
“ashiút mo charpat co mblaid  
is ashiút ech dot araid.

“Seo dhuit an t-each dubh mear”,  
Arsa Fiacha le flaith na bhfiann,  
“Seo dhuit mo charbad cáiliúil  
Agus seo each do t’ara.

“There for thee is the black swift horse”  
Saith Fiachu to the prince of the champions,  
“There is my famous chariot,  
And there is a horse for thy charioteer.

### Section 9 (ll. 33-36)

Asiút claideb is gell cét,  
asiut sciath a tírib Gréc,  
asiut sleg co mbricht neme,  
ocus m’idnu airgide.

Seo dhuit claíomh ar geall céid é,  
Seo dhuit sciath ó thír na Gréige  
Seo dhuit sleá nimhe draíochta,  
Agus m’airm ghaisce go ngile.

There is a sword, the pledge of hundreds,  
There is a shield from the lands of Greeks,  
There is a spear with a spell of venom,  
And my silvern weapons.

### Section 10 (ll. 37-40)

Asiút tri coin, cæm a ndath,  
Feirne is Derchæm is Dualath,  
cona muincib óir buidí  
co slabradaib findruini.

Seo dhuit trí coin, is álainn a ndath:  
Feirne is Derchaomh is Dualath,  
Mar aon lena gcoiléir óir bhuí  
Lena slabhraíbh fiondrúine.

There for thee are three hounds — fair their colour —  
Feirne and Derchaem and Dualath,  
With their collars of yellow gold,  
With their chains of white bronze.

### Section 11 (ll. 41-44)

Mad ferr duit na beith cen ní,  
a maic Cumhaill, a ardrí,  
na digis can ascid ass,  
a fhlaith na fian fíramnas!”

Bé gur fearrde thú, ná bheith gan aon ní,  
A mhic Cumhaill, a ardrí,  
Ná go n-imeofá gan aisce,  
A fhlaith na bhfiann bhfíorchróga!”

If thou preferrest to have somewhat  
O son of Cumall, O overking,  
Thou wilt not go hence without a gift,  
O prince of the fierce champions!”

### Section 12 (ll. 45-48)

Atraacht Find suas arsain:  
buidech é do mac Eogain:  
bendachais cach da cheli:  
ba curata a coméirge.

D'éirigh Fionn suas ansan:  
Ba bhuíoch é do mhac Eoghain;  
Bheannaigh cách dá chéile;  
Ba churata a n-éirí in aonacht.

Then Find rose up:  
Thankful was he to Eogan's son:  
Each blessed the other:  
Gallant was their rising together.

### Section 13 (ll. 49-52)

I Arsain luid Find roínn ar sét  
lodsam leis trí fichit cét  
co Cachér, co Clúain da loch  
lodsam uile assinn oenoch.

Ansan ghluais Fionn romhainn fan na slí  
Ghluais sé mhíle againn leis  
Go Caichéar, go Cluain dá Loch  
Do chuamar uile ón aonach.

Thereafter Find went forward  
We went with him, three score hundred,  
Unto Cachér, to Cluain-dá-loch,  
We all went from the meeting.

O.

### Section 14 (ll. 53-56)

Trí lá is trí aidche ba leith  
bámbar uile i tig Cachir,  
cen esbaid lenna na bíd  
ar na sluagaib 'mán ardrig.

Trí lá is trí oíche, i mbun fléa is féasta,  
A bhíomar uile i dtigh Chaichéir,  
Gan easpa leanna ná bídh  
Ar na sluitibh um an ardrí.

During three days and three nights — it was a festival —  
We all abode in Cachér's house,  
Without lack of ale or food  
For the hosts together with their overking.

### Section 15 (ll. 57-60)

Coica falach tucad dó,  
cóica ech is cóica bó,  
dorat Find fiach a lenna  
do Chachiur mac Caireila.

Caoga fáinne tugadh dó,  
Caoga each is caoga bó  
Do thug Fionn i bhfiacha a lenna  
Do Chaichéar mac Cairealla.

Fifty rings were given him,  
Fifty horses and fifty cows:  
Find gave the price of his ale  
To Cachér son of Cairill.

### Section 16 (ll. 61-64)

Luid Find for Luachair iarsain  
cosin traig ac Berramain:  
anais Find co fiannaib Fáil  
os or in locha lindbáin.

Ghluais Fionn thar Shliabh Luachra ansin  
Go dtí an tráigh ag Berramhain:  
D'fhan Fionn le fiannaibh Fáil  
Os bruach an locha linnbháin.

Then Find went over Luachair  
To the strand at Berramain.  
Find rested with Ireland's champions  
Over the bank of the fair-watered lake.

### Section 17 (ll. 65-68)

Luid Find d'implúad a eich duib  
forsin tráig oc Berramuin,  
misse ocus Cailte tri báis  
raithmít ris ra bothogáis.

D'fhonn triail a bhaint as a each dubh  
Ghluais Fionn fan na trá ag Berramhain,  
Mise agus Caoilte le teann baoise  
Rithimid leis ar mhaithe le cleasaíocht.

Find went to gallop his black horse  
On the strand at Berraman.  
I and Cailte through wantonness  
We raced against him, it was deception.

### Section 18 (ll. 69-72)

IMmar atchondaire in rí,  
búalid a ech co Tráig Lí,  
o Tráig Lí co lLeirgg Daim Glais,  
dar Fræchmag is dar Findnais.

Nuair a chonaic an rí é sin,  
Stiúraíonn a each go Tráig Lí,  
Ó Thráigh Lí go Leirg Daimh Glais,  
Thar Fraochmhaigh is thar Fionnais.

As the king saw (us)  
He smites his horse to Tralee,  
From Tralee to Lerg Daim glais,  
Over Heatherfield and over Findnais.

### Section 19 (ll. 73-76)

Dar Mag da Éo, dar Móin Cend,  
co Sen-ibar, dar Sen-glend,  
co hInber Fleisci finni,  
co colomnaib Crohinni.

Thar Maigh dá Eo, thar Móin Ceann,  
Go Seaniubhar, thar Seanghleann,  
Go hInbhear Fleisce finne  
Go colúnaibh Chró-inne.

Over Moy-da-eó, over Móin-Cend  
Unto Old-yew, over Old-glen,  
To the estuary of fair Flesc,  
To the pillars of Crofinn.

### Section 20 (ll. 77-80)

Dar Sruth Muinne, dar Moin Cét,  
dar Inber Lemna, ní bréc,  
otá Lemain co Loch Léin,  
etir réid ocus amréid.

Thar Sruth Muinne, thar Móin Céad,  
Thar Inbhear Leamhna, ní bréag,  
Ó Leamhain go Loch Léin,  
Idir réidh agus aimhréidh.

Over Sruth-Muinne, over Móin-Cet,  
Over the estuary of Lemain, no falsehood,  
From Lemain to Loch Léin,  
Both smooth and unsmooth.

### Section 21 (ll. 81-84)

Cid sinni nirsar malla,  
ropsat lúatha ar lémmenna,  
fer úan da chlí, fer da deis,  
ni fhill fiad ama bermís.

Sinne níor mhall,  
Ba luath ár léim,  
Fear againn ar a láimh chlé, an fear eile ar dheis,  
Níl fia nach mbéarfaimis air.

As to us, we were not slow:  
Swift were our leaps,  
One of us on his left, one on his right,  
There is no deer that we would not overtake.

### Section 22 (ll. 85-88)

Lam ri Fleisc sech Fhid in Chairn,  
sech Mungairit meic Scáil Bailb,  
nocho ragaib Find ra ech  
cosin cnoc diarb ainm Bairnech.

Lámh le Fleisc thar Fiodh an Chairn,  
Thar Mungairit mic Scáil Bhailbh,  
Níor chuir Fionn srian lena each  
Gur shroich an cnoc darb ainm Bairneach.

One hand towards Flesc, past the Wood of the Cairn,  
Past Mungairit of the son of the Stammering Champion,  
Find did not rein in his horse  
Till (he came) to the hillock named Bairnech.

### Section 23 (ll. 89-92)

Mar rochuammar 'sin cnoc  
sinni ba toisciu 'cá thocht,  
cid sinni ba taisciu and  
ech in rí g nirbo romall.

Nuair a chuamar insan gcnoc  
Sinne a bhí chun tosaigh,  
Más sinne ba thúisce ann  
Níorbh é each an rí ba rómhall.

As we reached the hillock  
It is we that were first at coming to it:  
Though we were foremost there  
The king's horse was not very slow.

### Section 24 (ll. 93-96)

“Adaig-seo dered din ló”,  
ar Find féin, ní himmargó:  
“triar tancammar ille  
tæit róinn d'iarraid fhiannothe”.

“Seo oíche agus deireadh lae”,  
Arsa Fionn féin, gan bhréag:  
“Triúr againn a tháinig i leith  
Téiríg romhainn ag lorg botháin féinne”.

“Night (is) this, end of the day”,  
Saith Find himself, no error,  
“We three have come hither:  
Go forward to seek a huntinglodge”.

### Section 25 (ll. 97-100)

D'éccain radéach úad in rí  
forsin carraig da láimh chlé,  
co facca in tech cona thein  
issin glind arar mbélaib.

Féachaint uaidh dar thug an rí  
Ar an gcarraig ar a láimh chlé,  
Chonaic teach agus tine ann  
Sa ghleann romhainn amach.

To look the king looked forth  
At the rock on his left hand,  
Till he saw the house with its fire  
In the glen before us.

### Section 26 (ll. 101-104)

Atrubairt Find flaith na fian:  
“assiut tech nach fhacca riam:  
a Chailti, ní chuala thech  
isin glind-sea cid am eolach”.

Adúirt Fionn flaith na bhfiann:  
“Sin teach nach bhfeaca riamh:  
A Chaoilte, níor chuala riamh teach  
A bheith sa ghleann so, cé táim feasach”.

Said Find, the prince of the champions:  
“There is a house I never saw before:  
O Chailte, I never heard of a house  
In this glen, though I am knowing”.

### Section 27 (ll. 105-108)

“IS ferr dúin dula dia fhiss  
atá mór neich ’narn anfis:  
is firt féli, is ferr cach ní,  
a maic Cumail, a airrí!”

“Is fearr dúinn dul dá fhios,  
Is mó rud a bhfuilimid ina n-ainbhfios:  
Seo fearadh féile, is fearr ná gach ní,  
A mhic Cumhaill, a ardrí!”

“We had better go and find out:  
There are many things we do not know:  
It is a marvel of hospitality, it is better than everything,  
O son of Cumall, O overking!”

### Section 28 (ll. 109-112)

Dochuammar ar triar ’sin tech,  
terus aidche rab aithrech,  
dia fríth gol is gréach is gáir,  
is munter díscir dígair.

Do chuamar triúr isteach —  
Turas oíche dúinn dob aithreach,  
Óna bhfríth gol, gréach is gáir,  
Is muintir díscir diabhláí.

We three went on to the house,  
A night’s journey that was lamentable,  
When wailing was found, and scream and cry,  
And a household fierce, vehement.

### Section 29 (ll. 113-116)

Aithech líath fora lár thair  
gebid ar n-eich co-escaid,  
dúnaid comloid a thaige  
de bacanaib íarnaide.

Aithech liath ar an urlár thoir  
Beireann ar ár n-each go héasca,  
Dúnann comhla a thí  
Ar bhacánaibh iarnaí.

A grey giant in front on its floor  
Seizes our horses swiftly,  
Fastens the door of the house  
With iron hooks.

### Section 30 (ll. 117-120)

“IS mochen, a Fhind co mblaid”  
ar int aithech co harnaid:  
“fota co tanac ille,  
a maic Cumail Almaine!”

“Mochean do theacht, a Fhinn mhórchlú”,  
A dúirt an t-aithech go cruaidh:  
“Fada nár thánaís i leith,  
A mhic Cumhaill Almhaine!”

“My welcome, O famous Find”,  
Saith the giant cruelly:  
“(It is) long till thou camest hither,  
O son of Cumall of Almain!”



### Section 31 (ll. 121-124)

Suidmít ar in cholbu chrúaid,  
doní ar n-ósaic ri óenuair,  
láid connud truimm fora thein,  
súail naron-much don dethaig.

Suímid ar an mbinse cruaidh,  
Deineann sé freastal orainn ar feadh aon uaire,  
Caitheann gabháil troim ar an tine,  
Beag nár mhúch sé sinn leis an deatach.

We sit on the hard bedrail:  
He tends us for one hour:  
He flings firewood of elder on his fire:  
It almost smothered us with the smoke.

### Section 32 (ll. 125-128)

Bái callech isin taig mór,  
trí cind for a caelmuneol,  
fer can chend 'sin leith aile,  
oenshúil asa ucht-saide.

Bhí cailleach sa tigh mór,  
Trí cinn ar a caolmhuineál  
Fear gan cheann ar an taobh eile,  
Agus aon tsúil ina ucht siúd.

A hag abode in the great house  
With three heads on her thin neck:  
A headless man on the other side,  
With one eye (protruding) from his breast.

### Section 33 (ll. 129-132)

“Denaíd airfítuid don rí!”  
ar int athrech cen imshnám,  
“érgid, a lucht atá istig,  
canaíd ceol don ríghennid!”

“Deiníg oirfide don rí!”  
Arsa an t-aithech gan inní,  
“Éiríg, a dhream atá istigh  
Canaíg ceol don rífhéinní!”

“Make music for the king!”  
Saith the giant without sorrow.  
“Arise, folk that are within,  
Sing ye a strain for the kingly champion!”

### Section 34 (ll. 133-136)

Ergit nóí colla assin chúil,  
assin leith ba nessu dúin,  
is nóí cind issin leith aile  
forsin cholbo iarnaide.

Éiríonn naoi gcolainn as an gcúil,  
Insan taobh ba neasa dhúinn,  
Agus naoi gcinn insan taobh eile  
Ar an mbinse iarnaí.

Nine bodies arise out of the recess  
From the side nearest us,  
And nine heads on the other side  
On the iron bed-rail.

### Section 35 (ll. 137-140)

Tócbait nói ngrécha garba,  
nir chuibde ciar chomlabra:  
frecraid in challech fó sech,  
ocus frecraid in méidech.

Tógaid naoi ngréach garbh,  
Níor bhinn le clos a nglór le chéile:  
Freagraíonn an chaillech gach gréach fá seach,  
Agus freagraíonn an corp gan cheann.

They raise nine harsh shrieks:  
They were discordant though uttered together:  
The hag replies separately,  
And the (headless) trunk answers.

### Section 36 (ll. 141-144)

Ciarbo rogarb céol each fhir  
ba gairbe céol in médig;  
ca céol díb narbo dúla  
acht céol fhir na oenshúla?

Cé gur rógharbh ceol gach fir  
Ba ghairbhe ceol an choirp gan cheann;  
Ach b'fhearr leat aon cheol acu  
Ná an ceol a dhein fear na haon súile.

Though passing harsh the strain of every one.  
Harsher was the strain of the trunk:  
What strain of them was not desirable  
Save the strain of the one-eyed man?

### Section 37 (ll. 145-148)

IN ceol sain rocanad dúin  
dodúsehad marbu a húir;  
súail na robriss cnáma ar cind,  
nirbe in cocetul ceolbind.

An ceol san a canadh dúinn  
Dhúiseodh sé na mairbh a húir;  
Is beag nár scoilt sé cnámha ár gcinn,  
Níorbh aon chlaisceadal ceolbhinn é.

That strain which was sung to us  
Would waken the dead out of mould:  
It almost broke the bones of our heads:  
The concert was not melodious.

### Section 38 (ll. 149-152)

Gebid int aithech úain sair,  
tócbaid fair in túaig connaid,  
bualaid co hathlam ar n-each,  
fennaid, coscraid can fhuirech.

Gabhann an t-aitheach uainn soir,  
Tarraingíonn chuige an tua,  
Buaileann go tapaidh ár n-each,  
Feannann agus spólann é gan fuireach.

The giant gets him from us in front,  
Lifts on him the fire-wood-axe,  
Deftly smites our horses,  
Flays, destroys without delaying.

### Section 39 (ll. 153-156)

“Bí tost, a Cháilti mar táil!”  
ar Find fein cen immargái,  
“maith lind dia ndama duin féin,  
damsa ocus duitsiu is d’Ossín”.

“Bí id thost, a Chaoilte, mar ataoi!”  
Arsa Fionn féin gan ghó,  
“Beidh go maith, má ligeann sé linn féin —  
Liomsa agus leatsa agus le hOisín”.

“Be silent, O Chailte, as thou art!”  
Saith Find himself without falsehood.  
“Well for us if he grant (life) to us,  
To me and thee and Ossín”.

### Section 40 (ll. 157-160)

Coica bera ara mbái rind  
tuc leis do beraib cáirhind,  
tuc ága ar cach mbir fò sech  
is rachoraig fon tellach.

Caoga bior agus rinn orthu —  
Bera caorthainn a thug sé leis —  
Chuir spóla ar gach bior díobh  
Is chóirigh iad ar an teallach.

Fifty spits whereon were points  
He brought with him of spits of rowan:  
He put a joint on each spit separately,  
And arranged them by the hearth.

### Section 41 (ll. 161-164)

Nochor’bruthi bir díb sein  
in tráth tucait ón tenid,  
tuc leis i fiadnaisi Find  
féoil om ar beraib ca[e]rthind.

Ní raibh aon cheann acu bruite  
Tráth ar tugadh iad ón tine,  
Thug sé i láthair Fhinn  
Feoil amh ar bhearaibh chaorthainn.

Of those not a spit was cooked  
When they were taken from the fire.  
He brought with him before Find  
Raw flesh on spits of rowan.

### Section 42 (ll. 165-168)

“Beir lett, a athig, do biad,  
uair ní dúadus biad om riam:  
ni chathiub ondiu co bráth  
arái beith can biad oentráth”.

“Beir leat uaim, a aithigh, do bhia,  
Mar níor itheas bia amh riamh:  
Ní chaithfead a leithéid go brách  
De dheasca bheith tráth gan bhia”.

“Take away thy food, O giant,  
For I have never devoured raw food.  
I will never eat (it) from today till Doom  
Because of being foodless for one watch”.

### Section 43 (ll. 169-172)

“Mas aire thanac ’nar tech  
d’obba ar mbíd”, ar int atech,  
“is derb doraga[m] rib féin,  
A Chailti, a Fhind, a Ossín!”

“Más chuige sin a thánaís go dtínár dteach  
Chun ár mbia d’obadh”, arsa an t-aitheach,  
“Is dearbh go n-ionsóm sibh féin,  
A Chaoilte, a Fhinn, a Oisín!”

“If thou hast come into our house”,  
Saith the giant, “to refuse our food,  
It is certain that we shall go against yourselves,  
O Cáilte, O Find, O Ossín!”

### Section 44 (ll. 173-176)

IArsein roergemmar súas,  
gabmait ar claidbe co crúas,  
gebid cach cend araile,  
ropo mana dorngaile.

Leis sin, d’éiríomar suas,  
Gabhaimid chugainn ár gcláimhte go cróga,  
Beireann cách ar cheann a chéile chomhraic,  
Luíomar ar dhornáil.

After that we rose up:  
We seize our swords hardily:  
Each grasps another’s head:  
It was an occasion of fighting hand to hand.

### Section 45 (ll. 177-180)

Muchthair in tene báí thís,  
nar’ léir a lassar no grís,  
tímmairrther cúl dorcha dub  
orn ar triúr i n-oeninud.

Múchtar an tine a bhí thíos,  
Níor léir lasair ná grís,  
Tiomáintear isteach i gcúinne dorcha dubh  
An triúr againn in aon ionad amháin.

The fire that lay below is quenched:  
Its flame or embers was not clear:  
We are driven into a dark black nook,  
We three in one place.

### Section 46 (ll. 181-184)

INuair dobímmis cind ar chind  
cia nar cobrad acht mád Find,  
ropsar marba, mór in mod,  
meni beth Find a oenor.

Agus sinn ag troid in aghaidh a chéile  
Ní raibh cabhair le fáil ach ó Fhionn,  
Bhíomar marbh, ba mhór an gníomh é,  
Murach Fionn amháin.

When we were head to head  
And there was no help save Find,  
We had been dead, great the deed,  
Had it not been for Find alone.

### Section 47 (ll. 185-188)

Bammar cind ar chind istaig  
fat na haidche co matain,  
co roshollsig grian in tech  
im thrath eirgi arna barach.

Bhíomar i ngleic a chéile sa tigh  
Feadh na hoíche go maidin,  
Gur shoilsigh grian ar an teach  
Tráth eirí lá arna mhárach.

We were head to head within  
All through the night till morning,  
Till the sun lighted up the house  
At the time of rising on the morrow.

### Section 48 (ll. 189-192)

INnuair doéirig in grían  
tuittid cach fer sair is [s]íar  
tuittid nél i cend cach fhir  
co mbái marb arin lathir.

Nuair d'éirigh an ghrian  
Titeann gach fear soir is siar  
Titeann néall ar gach fear  
Go rabhadar marbh ar an láthair.

When the sun rose  
Each man falls hither and thither:  
A mist falls into every one's head  
So that he was dead on the spot.

### Section 49 (ll. 193-196)

Garit robammar 'nar tám,  
ergimmít súas, is sind slán:  
celtair orn in tech iar sain,  
celtair cech nech din muntir.

Ba ghairid orainn an táimh-néal  
Éirímid suas agus sinn slán;  
Ceiltear orainn an teach ansan,  
Ceiltear gach neach de mhuintir an tí.

For a short time we lay in our rest:  
We rise up, and we (are) whole;  
There the house is hidden from us:  
Every one of the household is hidden.

### Section 50 (ll. 197-200)

Is amlaid atracht Find Fáil,  
ocus a ech féin 'na láim,  
slán uile etir chend iss choiss  
bái cach anim 'na écmais.

Is amlaidh a d'éirigh Fionn Fáil  
Agus greim aige ar a each lena láimh,  
Bhí go huile slán idir cheann is chois  
Gan ainimh gan éalang.

Thus arose Find of Inisfáil,  
With his own horse in his hand:  
Whole were (we) all, both head and foot:  
Every blemish was absent.

### Section 51 (ll. 201-204)

Lodsam co scíth anfang ass,  
tucsam aichne arar n-eolass,  
lodmar ciarbo chían iarsain  
cosin traig ic Berramain.

Ghluaiseamar linn go tuirseach fann,  
Bhí aithne agus eolas na slí againn,  
Ghluaiseamar, cé gurbh fhada ár n-aistear,  
Go dtí an tráigh ag Berramhain.

We fared thence wearily, feebly;  
We took our bearings and saw which way we had to go:  
We fared, though it was long thereafter,  
To the strand by Berraman.

### Section 52 (ll. 205-208)

Roiarfaiged dín scela,  
ní báí dúin dluig a shéna:  
“fuarammar”, ar Find, “diar fecht  
imned ar ar n-óigidecht”.

Iarradh orainn scéala,  
Níorbh fhéidir a shéanadh,  
“Fuaireamar”, arsa Fionn, “ónár dturas  
Inní de bharr ár n-aíochta”.

They asked of us tidings:  
We had no wish to deny it:  
“We found”, saith Find, “on our way  
Tribulation for our billeting”.

### Section 53 (ll. 209-212)

ISiat sin doralá rind,  
na trí fuatha a hIbarglind,  
do digail fhoirn a sethar,  
diarb’ aínm Cullend cræslethan.

Is iad do tharla romhainn ná  
Na trí ainspioraid a hIubharghleann,  
D’imir díoltas orainn mar gheall ar a siúr,  
Darbh ainm Cuilleann Chraosleathan.

Those are they that came against us,  
The three Shapes out of Yew-glen,  
To take vengeance on us for their sister  
Whose name was Cullenn Wide-maw.

**Section 54 (ll. 213-217)**

Lodsamar ar cuaird selgga  
morthimchell insi Elgga,  
sirmís mór sliab is mór mag,  
mór n-amreid is mór n-oenach.

Oenach.

Ghluaiseamar ar cuairt seilge  
Mórtimpeall Inis Ealga,  
Chuardáimis mórán sléibhte agus maighe,  
Mórán ceantar aimhréidh is mórán aonach.

Aonach.

We went on a hunting round  
All about the isle of Elga:  
We searched many mountains and many plains,  
Many rough places and many fairs.