

Oidhe Chloinne Lir

The Fate of the Children of Lir

Note to the reader

Ua Ceallaigh's Modern Irish version is not entirely based on O'Curry's edition of the text, but also on Ua Ceallaigh's independent study of the manuscripts. This accounts for some extra phrases in Ua Ceallaigh's Modern Irish version and the extra stanzas in the poems in Sections 24, 35 and 42.

Section 1

Iomthus Thuath De Danann ó chath Taillten anuas.

Iomthusa Thuatha Dé Danann ó chath Tailltean anuas:

Of the history of the Tuatha De Danann from the battle of Taillten down;—[it is as follows]:

Section 2

Do thiomsuigheadar as gach áird do chúig chúigeadaibh Eireann,

Do thiomsuigheadar agus do thionóladar as gach áird de chúig chúigeadaibh Éireann

They congregated from all parts of the five provinces of Erinn

go rabhadar an aon aonach,

go rabhadar i n-aon ionad agus i n-aon aonach

into one assembly,

ocus an aon bhaile comhairle.

agus i n-aon bhaile comhairle.

and into one place of council.

Ocus a dúbhradar maithe Thuath De Danann:

Agus adubhradar, maithe Tuath Dé Danann:

And the chiefs of the Tuatha Dé Danann said:

“As fearr dhuinn”, ar siad,

“Is fearr dhúinn,” ar siad,

“It is better for us”, said they,

“aon righ do bheith oruinn,

ná bheith fodhailte mar atamaid,

ag foghnamh do righthibh ele ar feadh Éireann”.

“aon rí orainn

ioná bheith fodhailte mar atáimíd,

ag foghnamh do rightibh eile ar feadh Éireann.”

“to have one king over us,

than to be dispersed as we are,

serving various kings throughout Erin”.

Section 3

Bá do mhaithibh na ndream sin ag araibh súil re righe d’fhágáil dóibh féin for Thuath De Danann,

Bodhbh Dearg, mac an Daghda;

ocus Ilbhreach Easa Ruaidh;

ocus Lir Shithe Fionnachaidh;

ocus Míodhair mor-uallach Breagha Léith;

ocus Aenghus Og mac an Daghda,

acht níor shanntaigh sidhe righe Thuath De Danann d’iarraidh,

oir dob’ fhearr lais a bheith ina richt féin,

Ba de mhaithibh na ndream soin ag a raibh súil le righe d’fhagháil dóibh féin ar Thuath Dé Danann

Bodhbh Dearg mac an Daghda,

agus Ilbhreach Easa Ruaidh,

agus Lir Sithe Fionnachaidh

agus Míodhair mór-uallach Breagha Léith,

agus Aonghus Óg mac an Daghda,

acht níor shanntuigh seisean righe Tuath Dé Danann d’iarraidh,

óir do b’fhearr leis bheith i n-a riocht féin

Among the chiefs of these various bodies who expected sovereignty for themselves, over the Tuatha Dé Danann, were

Bodhbh Dearg, son of the Daghda;

and Ilbhreach of Eas-Ruaidh;

and Lir of Sidh Fionnachaidh;

and Midhir the Proud of Bri Leith;

and Aenghus Og, the son of the Daghda,

— but he did not covet to seek the sovereignty of the Tuatha Dé Danann,

for he preferred being in his own condition, [i. e., remaining as he was]

'ná ina rígh for Thuath De Danann.	ioná i n-a rígh ar Thuath Dé Danann.	than in that of king over the Tuatha Dé Danann.
Do chuadar na maithe sin uile an aen chomhairle,	Do chuadar, na maithe sin uile, i n-aon chomhairle	All these nobles went into council together,
acht an cúigear sin ag a raibhe súil le righe d'fághail.	acht an cúigear ag a raibh súil le righe d'fhagháil.	except these five who expected to obtain the sovereignty.
Ocus as í comhairle ar ar cinneadh aca,	Agus is í comhairle air ar cinneadh aca	And the conclusion to which they came was,
an ríge do thabhairt do Bhodhbh Dearg mac an Daghda,	an ríge do thabhairt do Bhodhbh Dearg mac an Daghda	to give the sovereignty to Bodhbh Dearg, son of the Daghda,
ar trí hádhbhoraibh	ar trí adhbhoraibh	for three reasons,
.i. ar fheabhus a athar;	.i. ar fheabhas a athar,	namely: for the sake of his father;
ar a fheabhus féin,	ar a fheabhas fhéin,	for his own sake;
ocus ar a bheith na shinnsear chloinne an Daghda dhó.	agus ar bheith i n-a shínsear chlainne an Daghda dhó.	and on account of his being the eldest son among the Daghda's children.

Section 4

O chualaigh Lir an righe do thabhairt do Bhodhbh Dearg,	Ó chualaidh Lir an righe do thabhairt do Bhodhbh Dearg	When Lir heard that the sovereignty had been given to Bodhbh Dearg,
nír mhaith leis é,	níor mhaith leis é,	he did not deem it well;
ocus do fhág sé an taonach agus an toireachtas	agus d'fhág sé an t-aonach agus an t-oireachtas	and he left the assembly
gan chead, gan cheileabhradh do chách,	gan chead, gan cheileabhradh do chách,	without taking leave, without a farewell to any one;
óir do shaoil gur bha dhó féin	óir do shaoil gur dó féin	for he thought it was to himself
do béarfaidhe righe agus tighearnas;	do bhéarfaidhe righe agus tighearnas.	that the sovereignty and lordship should have been given;
ocus ge gur fhág se an taonach agus an toireachtas,	Agus cé gur fhág sé an t-aonach agus an t-oireachtas,	and although he did leave the assembly,
ní lúgaide do ríoghadh Bodhbh Dearg;	ní lughaide do ríoghadh Bodhbh Dearg,	yet Bodhbh Dearg was proclaimed king;
oir nir ghaibh aoin fhear d'on chúigear sin chuige	óir níor ghaibh aon fhear de'n chúigear soin chuige	for no man of the five took umbrage
gan an righe d'fhaghail dóféin	gan an righe d'fhagháil dó féin	at not having obtained the sovereignty
acht Lir a aonar.	acht Lir i n-a aonar.	but Lir alone.

Ocus do cinneadh aco Lir do leanmhain	Agus do cinneadh aca Lir do leanmhain	And they resolved to pursue Lir,
ocus a theach do loscadh,	agus a theach do loscadh	and to burn his house,
ocus a chur féin fo ghuin gae agus cloidhimh,	agus a chur féin fó ghoin gae agus claidhimh	and to expose himself to [<u>i. e., to inflict on him Lir</u>] wounds of spear and sword,
do chinn gan úmhla do thabhairt do'n té	do chionn gan umhla do thabhairt do'n té	for not having yielded obedience to him
d'a tugadar féin righe agus tighearnas.	d'a dtugadar féin righe agus tighearnas.	to whom they had given sovereignty and lordship.
“Ní dhéantar an chomhairle sin linn”, ar Bodhbh Dearg,	“Ná déantar an chomhairle sin,” arsa Bodhbh Dearg,	“We shall not act upon that counsel”, said Bodhbh Dearg;
“óir do chosnofadh an fear sain an chrich ina fuil,	“óir do chosnóchadh an fear soin an chríoch i n-a bhfuil,	“for that man [<u>Lir</u>] would defend the territory in which he is;
ocus ní lúghaide as righ mise ar Thuath De Danann	agus ní lughaide is rí mise ar Thuath Dé Danann	and I am not the less king over the Tuatha Dé Danann
gan é sin do bheit úmhal dham”.	gan é sin do bheith umhal dom.”	because he is not submissive to me”.

Section 5

Do bhádar seal fada fo'n samhail sin.	Do bhíodar seal fada fá'n samhail sin.	Matters continued thus between them a long time.
Acht cheana, tarla tubaist mhór do Lir	Acht cheana, thárla tubaist mhór do Lir	But at last a great misfortune happened Lir,
.i. a bhean-chéile d'fhágáil bháis do ghalar trí noidhche.	.i. a bhain-chéile d'fhagháil bháis de ghalar trí n-oidhche.	for his wife died after an illness of three nights.
Ocus do chuir sin go mór ar Lir,	Agus do chuir san go mór ar Lir,	And this preyed greatly upon Lir,
gur bhudh tuirsioch leis a mhenmna da héis;	gur ba thuirseach leis a mheanmna d'a héis;	so that he felt his spirit depressed after her.
ocus do budh mór an sgéal éag na mná sin 'na haimsir féin.	agus do ba mhór an scéal éag na mná soin i n-a haimsir féin.	And the death of this woman was a great event in her own time.

Section 6

Ocus do clos fo Eirinn uile an sgéal soin,	Do chlos fó Éirinn uile an scéal sin,	And this event was heard of throughout all Erinn;
ocus ráinig go longphort mhic an Dághdha	agus ráinig go longphort mhic an Daghda	and it reached the mansion of the son of the Daghda,
mar a rabhadar maithe Thuath De Danann an éin ionad.	mar a rabhadar maithe Tuath Dé Danann i n-aon ionad.	where the nobles of the Tuatha Dé Danann were assembled together.
Adúbhairt Bodhbh Dearg:	Adubhairt Bodhbh Dearg:	Bodhbh Dearg said:

“Damadh áil le Lir”, ar sé,	“Dámadh áil le Lir,” ar sé,	“If Lir chose”, said he,
“do budh maith mo chongnamhsa, agus mo cháirdios dó,	“do budh mhaith mo chongnamh-sa agus mo cháirdeas dó,	“my assistance and my friendship would be useful to him,
ó nách mairionn a bhean aige,	ó nach maireann a bhean aige;	since his wife does not live (to him);
dóigh amh, atáid agomsa na trí hinghiona	dóigh ámh atáid agam-sa na trí hingheana	for *, indeed,* I have here the three maidens
is fearr dealbh, agus déanamh, agus tuarusgbháil da bhfuil a nÉirinn	is fearr dealbh agus déanamh agus tuarasgabháil d’a bhfuil i nÉirinn	of the fairest form and best repute that are in Erin,
.i. Aobh, Aoife, agus Ailbhe	Aobh agus Aoife agus Ailbhe,	namely, Aobh, Aoife, and Ailbhe,
.i. trí hinghiona Oilolla Arann,	trí ingheana Oilealla Áran	the three daughters of Oilioll Arann,
ocus mo thri bronn-daltadha féin”.	agus mo thrí bronn-daltadha féin.”	and my own three bosom-nurslings”.
Adúbhradar Tuatha De Danann gur mhaith an comhrádh sin,	Adubhradar Tuatha Dé Danann gur mhaith an comhrádh soin	The Tuatha Dé Danann answered to him that this was good language,
ocus gur bhfhíor.	agus gur bh’fhíor.	and that it was true.

Section 7

Do cuireadh feasa agus teachta	Do cuireadh feasa agus teachta	Then messages and messengers were sent
ó Bhódhbh Dearg go hairm a raibh Lir,	ó Bhodhbh Dearg go hairm a raibh Lir	from Bodhbh Dearg to the place at which Lir was,
da rádh damadh áil leis cleamhnus do dhéanamh ré mac an Daghda, agus tighearnus do thabhairt dhó,	d'a rádh dá mbudh áil leis cleamhnas do dhéanamh le mac an Daghda agus tighearnas do thabhairt dó	to say that if he were willing to yield [<u>the</u>] lordship to the son of the Daghda, and make alliance with him,
go ttiobhradh dalta dá dhaltaibh dhó.	go dtabharfadh dalta d'a dhaltaibh dó.	he would give him a foster-child of his foster-children.
Iomthusa Lir, do budh maith leis a mheanmna do'n chleamhnus sin do dhéanamh,	Iomthusa Lir, do budh mhaith leis a mheanmna do'n chleamhnas soin do dhéanamh,	Now, Lir thought well of making this alliance;
ocus táinig roimhe arnamhárach,	agus tháinig roimhe ar n-a mháireach	and he set forward <u>accordingly</u> on the next day
caocat cairptheach ó Shíoth Fionnchaidh,	caogad cairbtheach ó Shíoth Fhionnchaidh	with fifty chariots, from Sioth Fionnchaidh;
a nathghairid gacha conáire,	i n-athghairid gacha conaire	and he took the shortest way,
goráinig Síoth Buidhbh Deirg os Loch Deirgdheirc,	go ráinig Síoth Bhuidhbh Dheirg ós Loch Deirgdheirc,	till he reached the Sioth of Bodhbh Dearg, which was over Loch Deirgdheirc;
ocus do fearadh fáilte fris ann,	agus do fearadh fáilte fris ann,	and he was bade welcome there;

ocus do budh súbhach somheanmnach cách roimhe,

ocus do freasldadh agus do fritheóladh go maith iad an oidhche sin.

agus do ba subhach soimheanmnach cách roimhe,

agus do freastaladh agus do fritheóladh go maith iad an oidhche sin.

and all the people were merry and cheerful before him;

and they were well attended to and supplied that night.

Section 8

Ocus do bhádar trí hinghiona Oilolla Arann a naon chathaoir

á bhfhochair bhanríoghan Thuath De Danann,

óir is í bean Bhoidhbh Deirg do budh buime dhoibh.

Adúbhairt Bodhbh Dearg:

“Do rogha dona hinghionaibh dhuit, a Lir”.

“Ní fheadarsa”, ar Lir, “cia is rogha dhíobh,

acht gurab í an bhean is sine dhíobh is uaisle, agus is í is fearr dham do thabhairt”.

“Maisead”, ar Bodhbh Dearg,

Agus do bhíodar, trí ingheana Oilealla Áran, i n-aon chathaoir

i bhfochair bhainríoghna Tuath Dé Danann,

óir is í bean Bhuidhbh Dheirg do ba bhuime dhóibh.

Adubhairt Bodhbh Dearg:

“Do rogha de na hingheanaibh duit, a Lir.”

“Ní fheadar-sa,” arsa Lir, “cia is rogha dhíobh,

acht gurab í an bhean is sine dhíobh is uaisle, agus is í is fearr dom do thabhairt.”

“Má’s eadh,” arsa Bodhbh Dearg,

And the three daughters of Oilioll Arann were on the same couch

with the queen of the Tuatha Dé Danann,

for the wife of Bodhbh Dearg was their foster-mother.

Then Bodhbh Dearg said:

“Take thy choice of the maidens, O Lir”.

“I do not know”, said Lir, “which is the choicest of them,

but the eldest of them is the noblest, and it is she that I had best take”.

“If so”, said Bodhbh Dearg,

“Aobh, inghion Oiliolla is sine dhiobh,
ocus ragaidh sí dhuitsi más ail leat”.

“Is áil”, ar sé.

Ocus do snadhmadh Aobh re Lir an oidhche
sin.

“Aobh inghean Oilealla is sine dhíobh;
agus rachaidh sí dhuit-se má’s áil leat.”

“Is áil,” ar sé;

agus do snadhmadh Aobh le Lir an oidhche
sin.

“Aobh the daughter of Oilioll is the eldest,
and she shall be given to thee if thou willest”.

“I do so will”, said he.

And Aobh was united to Lir that night.

Section 9

Cóicthídhios do Lir san bhaile sin,
ocus annsin, rug Aobh leis dá thigh féin

go ndearnadh ríogh-bhainis ró mhór leis ann.

Coithcidheas do Lir ’san bhaile sin,
agus annsoin rug Aobh leis d’a thigh féin

go ndeárnadh ríogh-bhainis ró-mhór leis ann.

Lir remained a fortnight in that mansion,
and then he took Aobh away with him to his
own house,

where he celebrated a great and royal wedding
feast.

Section 10

Ocus ina dhiaigh sin tarla an inghion taobh-
throm, torrach,

ocus do rug dias do’n toirbheart sin .i. inghean
ocus mac;

Fionnghuala, agus Aodh, a nanmonna.

Agus i n-a dhiaidh sin tharla an inghean taobh-
throm, torrach,

agus do rug dias de’n toirbheart soin .i.
inghean agus mac:

Fionnghuala agus Aodh a n-ainmneacha.

And in due time after this his wife became
pregnant,

and she brought forth two children at a birth, a
daughter and a son;

Fionnghuala and Aodh were their names.

Ocus tarla toirchios oile dhi, agus do rug dias mhac,	Agus thárla toircheas eile dhi <u>leis an aimsir</u> , agus do rug dias mhac.	And she became pregnant again, and brought forth two sons;
Fiachra, agus Conn a nanmonna;	Fiachra agus Conn a n-ainmneacha súd;	Fiachra and Conn were their names;
ocus fuair sí féin bás aga mbreith.	agus fuair sí féin bás ag a mbreith.	and she herself died in giving them birth.
Ocus do chuir sin go mór ar Lir,	Do chuir san go mór ar Lir,	And this preyed greatly upon Lir;
ocus muna beith méad do luigh a aigne ar a cheathrar cloinné,	agus muna mbeadh méad do luigh a aigne ar a cheathrar clainne	and were it not for the greatness [<u>of love</u>] with which his mind rested upon his four children,
is beag nác bhfhuijhe bás da cúmhaidh.	is beag nach faghadh bás d’a cumhaidh.	he would almost have died of grief.

Section 11

Do ráinig an sgéal soin go Síoth Buidhbh Deirg;	Do ráinig an scéal soin go Síoth Bhuidhbh Dheirg,	This news [<u>soon</u>] reached the Sioth of Bodhbh Dearg;
ocus tugadar lucht an tsíotha trí gartha ós árd ag caoineadh a ndalta.	agus thugadar lucht an tsíotha trí gártha ós ard ag caoineadh a ndalta.	and the people of the Sioth raised three loud shouts in lamention for their nursling.
Ocus adúbhairt Bodhbh Dearg. “Is olc linn an inghion sin,	Agus adubhairt Bodhbh Dearg: “Is olc linn an inghean soin	And Bodhbh Dearg said: “We grieve for that girl,
ar son an fhir mhaith dá ttugamair í,	ar son an fhir mhaith d’a dtugamair í,	on account of the good man to whom we gave her,

óir is buidhíoch sinn da charadradh, agus dá chomann,

gidheadh, ní dhealóchaidh ar ccaradradh re chéile,

óir do bhéarsa a deirbhshiúr eile mar mhnaoi dhó .i. Aoife”.

óir is buidheach sinn d’a charadradh agus d’a chumann;

gidh, ní dhealóchaidh ár gcaradradh le chéile,

óir do bhéarfad-sa a deirbhshiúr eile mar mhnaoi dhó .i. Aoife.”

because we are grateful for his friendship and his constancy;

however, our friendship shall not be rent asunder,

for I shall give him her other sister to wife, namely, Aoife”.

Section 12

O’d chualaigh Lir sin,

do chuaidh a ccéadóir da tabhairt,

ocus do snadhmadh iad re chéile,

ocus rug leis dá thig í.

Ocus do bhí onóir agus muirn ag Aoife ar chloinn Lir agus a deirbhsheathar féin;

ocus gach neach do chífedh an ceathrar cloinne sin

do bhearfadh grádh anma dhóibh.

Ó do chualaidh Lir san

do chuaidh i gcéadóir d’a tabhairt,

agus do snadhmadh iad le chéile,

agus rug leis d’a thig í.

Agus do bhí onóir agus muirn ag Aoife ar chlainn Lir is a deirbhshéathar féin;

agus gach neach do chífedh an ceathrar clainne úd

do bhearfadh grádh anma dhóibh.

When Lir heard of this,

he repaired immediately to espouse her;

and they were united together;

and he took her with him to his house.

And Aoife felt honour and affection for the children of Lir and of her own sister;

and [indeed] every one who should see these four children

could not help giving them the love of his soul.

Section 13

Ocus do thigeadh Bodhbh Dearg go minic go Síoth Lir, do ghrádh na cloinne sin;	Do thigeadh Bodhbh Dearg go minic go Síoth Lir de ghrádh na clainne sin,	And Bodhbh Dearg used often to come to Síoth Lir, for love of these children;
ocus do bheireadh leis da thigh féin iad ré headh agus ré hathaidh fhada;	agus do bheireadh leis d'a thigh féin iad ré headh agus re hathaidh fhada,	and he used to take them with him to his own house for a long while,
ocus do léigeadh tar ais da ttigh féin arís iad.	agus do leigeadh thar ais d'a dtigh féin arís iad.	and then to let them return to their own home again.
Ocus do bhídís Tuatha De Danann an tan sin ag caithiomh Fleidhe Aoise ann gach Síoth fá seach;	Do bhídís, Tuatha Dé Danann, an tan soin ag caitheamh Fleidhe Aoise i ngach Síoth fó seach;	And the Tuatha Dé Danann used to consume the Feast of Age in each Síoth in turn;
ocus an uair do thighdís go Síoth Lir	agus an uair do thigidís go Síoth Lir	and when they went to Síoth Lir,
is iad an ceathrar sin fá húrghardúghadh, agus fá hóirfideadh dhóibh,	is iad an ceathrar soin ba úrghardughadh agus ba oirfideadh dhóibh	these four were their joy and their delight,
ar feabhus a ndealbhe agus a ndéanamhusa;	ar fheabhas a ndealbhe agus a ndéanamhusa.	for the beauty and symmetry of their form;
ocus is ann do luighdís do ghnáth a niomdhaibh a ar bhéalaibh a nathar;	Is ann do luighdís de ghnáth í n-iomdhaibh ar bhéalaibh a n-athar,	and where they constantly slept was in beds in front of their father;
ocus do eirgheadh [Lir] go moch do ló gacha maidne	agus d'eirgheadh Lir féin go moch gach maidean	and he used to rise at early dawn of every morning,
ocus do luigheadh ameach a chloinne.	agus do luigheadh i measc a chlainne.	and lie down among his children.

Section 14

Acht atá ní cheana, do chuaidh doigh éada an Aoife dhe sin,	Acht atá nidh cheana: do chuaidh doigh éada i nAoife dhe sin,	But the consequence of all this was, that a dart of jealousy passed into Aoife on account of this,
ocus tug fuath agus fíor-mhioscais do chloinn a seathar,	agus thug fuath agus fíor-mhioscais do chlainn a séathar,	and she regarded the children of her sister with hatred and thorough enmity.
ocus do léig galar bréige da hionnsaighe, go raibh bunadhas bliadhna 'sa ngalar sin,	agus do leig galar bréige d'a hionnsuighe go raibh bunadhas bliadhna 'san ghalair soin;	Then she assumed a feigned illness, under the influence of which she continued the greater part of a year.
ocus iseadh do rinne iar sin, meabhail ghranna, agus fionghal éadmhar iondúthrachtach do dhéanamh ar chloinn Lir.	agus is eadh do rinne sí iarsoin meabhail ghránda agus fionghal éadmhar iondúthrachtach do dhéanamh ar chlainn Lir.	And at the end of that time, she perpetrated an act of hateful treachery, as well as of unfaithful jealousy, against the children of Lir.

Section 15

Ocus lá naon do hinnliodh a carbad dhi,	Lá n-aon do hinnleadh a carbad di,	And [<u>for</u>] one day her chariot was yoked for her,
ocus rug lé ceathrar cloinne Lir 'san ccarbad;	agus rug léi ceathrar clainne Lir 'san gcarbad.	and she took with her the four children of Lir in the chariot;
ocus rainig, roimpe fá'n samhail sin d'ionnsaighe tíghe Bhuidhbh Dheirg;	Ráinig roimpe, fá'n samhail sin, d'ionnsuighe tighe Bhuidhbh Dheirg.	and she went forward in that way towards the house of Bodhbh Dearg.

ocus níor bh'áil le Fionnghuala dhul ar aoinrian lé,	Níor bh'áil le Fionnghuala dul ar aon rian léi,	Fionnghula was not willing to go with her on the journey;
óir tug aithne uirre go raibh ar tí a millte, no a marbhtha;	óir thug aithne uirthe go raibh sí ar tí a millte no a marbhtha,	for she knew by her that she had some intention of ruining, or of killing them;
óir tárfas dhi rún feille, agus fionghaile a naigne Aoife.	óir tárfas dhi rún feille agus fionghaile i n-aigne Aoife.	for, she dreamed of a design of treachery and fratricide in the mind of Aoife.
Acht cheana, níor fhéad sí a heimneadh do sheachnadh, ná an téadualang do bhí a ndán dí.	Acht cheana, níor fhéad sí a heimneadh do sheachnadh ná an t-éadfulang do bhí i ndán di.	But, however, she was not able to avoid the misfortune and fate that were destined for her.

Section 16

Ocus do ghluais Aoife a Síoth Fionnachaidh;	Agus do ghluais Aoife a Síoth Fhionnachaidh	And <u>so</u> , Aoife set out from Síoth Fionnachaidh;
ocus adúbhairt Aoife re a muinntir iarsin:	agus adubhairt sí le n-a muinntir iar soin:	and (<u>on the way</u>) Aoife said to her attendants:
“Marbhaidh”, ar sí, “ceathrar cloinne Lir ar ar tréigeadh mo grádhsa le na nathair,	“Marbhaidh” ar sí, “ceathrar clainne Lir air ar tréigeadh mo ghrádh-sa le n-a n-athair,	“Kill”, said she, “the four children of Lir, for whom my love has been abandoned by their father,
ocus do bhéar bhur mbreith féin dhíbh do gach maithios ar domhan”.	agus do bhéarfad bhur mbreith féin díbh de gach maitheas ar domhan.”	and I shall give you your own reward of all kinds of the world's wealth”.

“Adh, idir”, arsiad, “ní muirbhfighthear linne iad,	“Adh idir,” ar siad, “ní marbhóchar linne iad;	“Not so, indeed”, said they; “they shall not be killed by us;
ocus is olc an gníomh do smuainis,	agus is olc an gníomh do smaoinis,	and it is an evil deed you have thought of,
ocus budh míse thú a luadh”.	agus budh míste thú a luadh.”	and evil will it be to you to have thought of it”.

Section 17

Ocus ó nár faomhadar soin do dhéanamh,	Agus ó nár fhaomhadar san do dhéanamh	And when they did not consent to do this,
tug féin cloidhiomh amach do mharbhadh agus do mhilleadh chloinne Lir;	tug sí féin claidheamh amach do mharbhadh agus do mhilleadh Chlainne Lir.	she herself drew forth a sword to kill and destroy the children of Lir;
ocus do bhac a banndacht agus a bith-mheatacht, agus anbhfainne a haigionta dhi sin do dhéanamh;	Acht do bhac a bandacht agus a bith-mheathacht agus anbhfainne a haigeanta di san do dhéanamh.	but her womanhood, and her natural cowardice, and the weakness of her mind prevented her *from doing this*.
ocus tángadar as siar go tráigh Locha Dairbhreach,	Agus thángadar as siar go tráigh Locha Dairbhreach,	And so they went westward to the shore of Loch Dairbhreach;
ocus do sguireadh a neachra ann sin,	agus do scuireadh a n-eachra annsoin,	and their horses were unyoked there.
ocus do iarr sisi ar chloinn Lir a bhfhothraghadh do dhéanamh,	agus do iarr sise ar Chlainn Lir a bhfhothraghadh do dhéanamh	And she [<u>Aoife</u>] desired the children of Lir to bathe,
ocus dul do shnamh ar an loch:	agus dul do snámh ar an loch.	and go out to swim upon the lake;

ocus do rinneadar amhail adhúbhairt Aoife leó.	Do rinneadar amhail adubhairt Aoife leó.	and they did as Aoife told them.
Ocus mar fuair Aoife ar an loch iad,	Agus mar fuair Aoife ar an loch iad	And when Aoife found them upon the lake,
buailios do fhleisg doilbhte droighiochta iad,	do bhuail do fhleisc dhoilbthe draoidheachta iad,	she struck them with a metamorphosing druidical wand,
ocus do chuir a reachtaibh cheithre néaladh, nálainn, naoinghil iadh;	agus do chuir i riocht cheithre n-eala n-áluinn n-aengheal iad;	and so put them into the forms of four beautiful perfectly white swans;
ocus do rinne an aoidh ann:—	agus do rinne an laoi seo:	and she made this lay there:
“Amach daoibh a chlann an righ, Do sgaras bhúr síol ré séan; Do bhúr ccáirdibh is sgéal truagh, Biaidh bhúr nuall ré healtaibh éan”.	“Amach díbh, a chlann an riogh, Do scaras bhur síol le séan; Do nbhur gcáirdibh is scéal truagh, Beidh bhur n-uaille le healtaibh éan.”	“Out with you [<u>on the water</u>] O children of the king, I have deprived your descendants of [<u>all</u>] good luck; To your friends your story will be a sad one; Your shouts shall be with flocks of birds”.
	<u>Thug Fionnghuala an freagra so uirthé:</u>	[<u>Fionnghuala</u>].—
“A bhaidhbh! ro fheadamair tainm, Do thraothais gan eathar inn, Sinn gé churthaoi tuinn ar tuinn, Biaidhmíd seal ó rinn go rinn.	“A bhaidhbh-bhean! do feadamair Cé taoi-se gan bheith linn, Gé curthaidhe sinne ar thuinn, Beimíd seal ó rinn go rinn.	“Thou witch! we know thy name. Thou hast struck us down without a vessel; [<u>but</u>] Though thou mayest us send from wave to wave, We shall be sometimes from cape to cape [<u>i. e. on the dry land</u>].
Ro gheabham cobhair gan chleith, Do gheabham rogha oculus rath, Acht gé luidhfiom ar an loch, Ar meanmna do budh moch amach”.	Do gheobham cabhair gan clódh, Do gheobham robhadh agus rath; Acht cé go luidhfeam ar an loch Ár meanmna budh moch amach.”	We shall receive relief,—without concealment; We shall receive warning and grace; Even though we light upon the lake; Our minds [<u>at least</u>] shall be early [<u>i. e. range</u>] abroad”.

Section 18

A haithle na laoidhe sin	A haithle na laoi sin	After this lay,
tugadar clanna Lir iona cceathrar a naighthe a néinfheacht ar an inghin,	thugadar, Clanna Lir i n-a gceathrar, a n-aighthe i n-aenfheacht ar an inghin;	the four children of Lir turned their faces together towards the woman, [<u>Aoife</u>];
ocus do labhair Fionnghuala lé,	agus do labhair Fionnghuala léi,	and Fionnghuala spoke to her,
ocus iséadh ro ráidh:	agus is eadh do ráidh:	and this was what she said:
“Is olc an gníomh do rinnis, a Aoife,	“Is olc an gníomh do rinnis, a Aoife,	“Evil is the deed which thou hast perpetrated, O Aoife,
ocus fos is olc an comhall caradradh dhuit ar milleadh gan ádhbhar,	agus fós is olc an comhall caradraidh dhuit ár milleadh gan adhbhar.	and an ill act of friendship it is for thee to ruin us without cause;
ocus díegeóltar ort go follas é,	Acht díoghalfar ort go follus é,	and it shall be manifestly avenged upon thee;
ocus tuitfir ann,	agus tuitfir ann;	and thou shalt fall <u>in revenge</u> for it;
óir ní fearr do chomhachtaso ar ar milleadhne,	óir ní fearr do chomhachta-sa ar ár milleadh-na	for thy power to ruin us is not greater
ná droidhiocht ar ccaradne ar a dhíoghail ort;	ioná draoidheacht ár gcarad-na ar a dhíoghailt ort.	than the druidism [<u>druidic power</u>] of our friends to avenge it upon thee;
ocus tabhair tréimse agus ceann dhuinn	Agus, tabhair tréimhse agus ceann dúinn	therefore assign us some period and termination

ar an milleadh tugais orrainn”.

ar an milleadh thugais orainn.”

to the ruin which thou hast brought upon us”.

Section 19

“Do bhéar imorro”, ar Aoife,

“Do bhéarfad iomorro,” arsa Aoife,

“I shall indeed”, said Aoife,

“ocus is misde dhuit a iarraidh orm

“agus is miste dhuit a iarraidh orm

“and it will be the worse for you to ask it of me;

.i. nó go ccomhraice an bhean aneas agus an fear atuaidh

.i. no go gcomhracfaidh an bhean a ndeas agus an fear a dtuaidh

namely [the period I assign to you shall be this] until the woman from the South and the man from the North are united:

.i. Lairgnén mac Colmáin, mic Cobhthaigh

.i. Lairgnéan mac Cholmáin mhic Chobhthaigh

that is, Lairgnen, the son of Colman, the son of Cobhthach,

.i. mac, rígh Chonnacht,

.i. mac riogh Chonnacht,

that is the son of the king of Connacht;

ocus Deoch inghean Finghin,

agus Deoch inghean Fhinghin

and Deoch, the daughter of Finghin,

mic Aodha Alainn, rígh Mumhan;

mhic Aodha Áluinn rí Mumhan;

the son of Aodh Alainn, king of Munster;

ocus ní tualanig caraid na comhachta da bhfuil agaibh bhúr mbreith as na reachtaibh sin,

agus ní tualaing caraid ná comhachta d’a bhfuil agaibh bhur mbreith as na riochtaibh sin,

and no friends [are able], nor any power that ye have is able to bring you out of these forms,

ó do shíriomhair é

ó do shíreabhair é,

since ye have sought it [i. e., since ye have called on me to declare it],

ar feadh bhur saoghail,	ar feadh bhur saoghail	during your lives,
nó go rabhthaoi trí chéad bhliadhain ar Loch Dairbhreach;	no go rabhthaoi trí chéad bliadhan ar Loch Dairbhreach	until ye shall have been three hundred years upon Loch Dairbreach;
ocus trí chéad bliadhain ar Sruth na Maoile idir Eirinn agus Albain;	agus trí chéad bliadhan ar Shruth na Maoile idir Éirinn agus Albain,	and three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erinn and Albain;
ocus trí chéad bliadhain a nIorras Domnainn,	agus trí chéad bliadhan i nIorras Domhnann	and three hundred years at Iorras Domnann,
ocus a nInis Gluaire Bréanainn;	agus i nInis Gluaire *Bréandain*,	and Inis Gluaire of Brendainn;
ocus budh hiad sin bhur nimtheachta feasda”.	agus ba hiad san bhur n-imtheachta feasta.”	and these shall be your adventures henceforth”.

Section 20

Ocus do ghabh aithreachas ann sin Aoife, agus adúbhairt:	Annsoin do ghaibh aithreachas Aoife, agus adubhairt:	And then repentance seized upon Aoife, and she said:
“ónách féadaim aon chabhair oile do thabhairt orraibh feasda,	“Ó nach féadaim aon cabhair eile do thabhairt oraibh feasta,	“Since I cannot afford you any other relief henceforth,
biaidh bhúr núrlabhra féin agaibh;	beidh bhur n-urlabhra féin agaibh,	ye shall retain your own speech;
ocus canfaidhe ceól síreachtach síthe,	agus canfaidh sibh ceól síreachtach sidhe	and ye shall sing plaintive *fairy* music,

fris a ccoideóldaais fir an bheatha,	fris a gcodlochaidís fir an bheatha,	at which the men of the Earth would sleep,
ocus nocha mbiaidh ceól san domhan a mhacsamhla;	agus nocha mbeidh ceól 'san domhan a mhacsamhla;	and there shall be no music in the world its equal;
ocus biaidh bhúr ttreóir agus bhúr noirbheart agaibh;	agus beidh bhur dtreoir agus bhur n-oirbheart agaibh,	and ye shall have [<u>retain</u>] your own direction [<u>reason</u>] and dignity [<u>of nature</u>];
ocus nocha ccuirfidh orraibh bheith in bhúr néanaibh”;	agus nocha gcuirfidh sé oraibh bheith i nbhur n-éanaibh.”	and ye shall not be distressed by being in [<u>shapes of</u>] birds”;
ocus adúbhairt in laoid:—	Agus adubhairt an laoi:	and she spoke this lay:—
“Eirghídh uaim a chlanna Lir, Go ngnúis ngil, go nGaidheilg mbailb,	“Éirighidh uaim, a chlanna Lir, Go ngúis ngil, go nGaidhilg mbailbh;	“Depart from me, O children of Lir, [<u>Ye of the</u>] white faces, of the stammering Gaedhilg [<u>i. e. but half articulate</u>].
Is mór oirbhir mhaccaomh mhaoith, Beith dha seóladh ris an ngaoith ngairbh.	Is mór oirbheart mhacaoimh mhaoith Bhur seóladh leis an ngaoith ngairbh.	It is a great disgrace to soft youths To be driven by the rough wind [<u>i. e. as birds</u>].
Naoi ccéad bliadhain dhaoibh ar muir, Is mise do chuir tré cheilg, No go rabhthaoi a nInis Gluair Don taobh thiar thuaidh d’Éirinn dheirg.	Naoi gcéad bliadhan dhíbh ar mhuir, Is mise do chuir tré cheilg; Go rabhthaoi i nInis Gluair Taobh thiar thuaidh d’Éirinn deirg.	Nine hundred years for you upon the tide,— It was I that sent ye through treachery,— Until ye shall be upon Inis Gluair, Upon the north-west side of red [<u>i. e. red flowering</u>] Erinn.
Ionnsaighidh amach an Mhaoil,— Budh córa dhaoibh bheith dom’ réir,— Go ccomhraice Lairgnén is Deoch; Fada do neach bheith a bpéin.	Ionnsuighidh amach an Mhaoil, Budh chóra dhíbh bheith dhom’ réir; Go gcomhracfaidh Lairgnén is Deoch Fada do neoch bheith i bpéin.	Advance ye out upon the Maoil, (It were best for you to be obedient to me;) Until Lairgnen and Deoch are united; It is a long time for one to be in pain.

Croidhe Lir 'na chrotal cró,
Cidh mór nurchar náigh ró theilg;
Is saoth liom osnadh an laoch luinn,
Gidh mise ro thuill a fheirg”.

Croidhe Lir 'n-a chrotal cró,
Ró-throm brón ar Bhodhbh Dearg
Saoith liom osnadh na laoch lonn,
Gidh mise do thuill a bhfearg.”

Lir's heart is a husk of gore,
Though many a victorious throw has he cast;
Sickness [*i. e., bitterly sad*] to me is the groan of the active
champion,—
Though it is I that have deserved his anger”.

Section 21

A haithle na laoidhe sin do gabhadh a heich
d’Aoife,

ocus do hinnleadh a carbad,

ocus táinig roimpe go Síoth Buidhbh Deirg;

ocus do fearadh fáilte fria ag maithibh in
bhaile;

ocus d’ fhiafraigh mac an Daghda dhí

créad um nach tug clanna Lir lé da
ionnsaighidh féin.

A haithle na laoi sin do gabhadh a heich do
Aoife,

agus do hinnleadh a carbad,

agus tháinig roimpe go Síoth Bhuidhbh
Dheirg;

agus do fearadh fáilte fria ag maithibh an
bhaile;

agus d’fiauigh mac an Daghda dhi

créad um nach tug clanna Lir léi d’a
ionnsuighe féin.

After this lay, her steeds were caught for
Aoife,

and her chariot was yoked,

and she went on to the Sioth of Bodhbh
Dearg;

and the nobles of the court bade her welcome.

And the son of the Daghda asked

why she had not brought the children of Lir
with her to him.

Section 22

“Adéarsa riot”, ar an inghion,	“Deirim-se leat,” arsa an inghean,	“I say unto thee”, said she [<u>in answer</u>],
“nach ionmhain le Lir thuso,	“nach ionmhuin le Lir tusa,	“that Lir does not love thee,
ocus nách tairise leis a chlann do chur chugad	agus nach tairise leis a chlann do chur chughat	and that he does not trust to send his children to thee,
ar eagla a ngabhála dhuit”.	ar eagla a ngabhála dhuit.”	for fear that thou wouldst capture them”.

Section 23

“Is iongnadh liomsa sin”, ar Bodhbh Dearg,	“Is iongnadh liom-sa san,” arsa Bodhbh Dearg,	“I wonder at that”, said Bodhbh Dearg,
“óir is tairise liomsa an chlann sin, ’na mo chlann féin”;	“óir is tairise liom-sa an chlann san ioná mo chlann féin;”	“because these children are dearer to me than my own children”.
ocus tug Bodhbh da uidhe	agus thug Bodhbh d’a uidhe	And Bodhbh thought in his own mind
gurab cealg do rinne an inghion chugtha;	gurab cealg do rinne an inghean chucha,	that it was treachery the woman had played upon them;
ocus iséadh do rinn, teachta do chur budh thuaidh go Síoth Fionnachaidh.	agus is eadh do rinne sé teachta do chur budh thuaidh go Síoth Fionnachaidh.	and he accordingly sent messengers to the North to Síoth Fionnachaidh.
Ocus fiafraighios Lir cidh uma ttángadar.	Agus fiafruighios Lir díobh cad uma thángadar.	Lir asked what they came for.

“Ar cheann do chloinnesi”, ar siad.

“An é nach rángodar chugaibh maille re hAoife?” ar Lir.

“Ní rángodar”, ar na teachta,

“ocus adúbhairt Aoife gur tusa nar léig lé iad”.

“Ar cheann do chlainne-se,” ar siad.

“An é nach rángadar chugaibh maille re Aoife?” arsa Lir.

“Ní rángadar,” arsa na teachtaidhe,

“agus adubhairt Aoife gur tusa nár leig léi iad.”

“For your children”, said they.

“Is it that they have not reached you with Aoife?” said Lir.

“They have not”, said the messengers;

“and Aoife said that it was you that did not let them go with her”.

Section 24

Budh dúbhach, dobhronach Lir dona sgéalaibh sin,

óir do thuig gurab í Aoife do mhill, nó do mharbh a chlann.

Ocus do gabhadh a eich a moch na maidne arnamhárach do Lir,

ocus ráinig ’san slighe siardheas gac ndírioch

nó go ráinig go tráigh Locha Dairbhreach;

ocus do chonncadar clanna Lir an marcshluaigh chucca,

Ba dhubhach dobhronach Lir do na scéalaibh sin,

óir do thuig gurab í Aoife do mhill nó do mhairbh a chlann.

Agus do gabhadh a eich i moch na maidne ar n-a mháireach do Lir,

agus ráinig ’san slighe siar ó dheas gach ndíreach

no go ráinig go tráigh Locha Dairbhreach.

Do chonncadar, Clanna Lir, an marcshluaigh chucca,

Melancholy and sorrowful was Lir at these tidings;

for he understood that it was Aoife that ruined or killed his children.

And his steeds were caught at early morning of the next day for Lir;

and he set out upon the road, south-west, in all directions,

until he reached to the shore of Loch Dairbhreach.

And the children of Lir saw the cavalcade coming towards them,

ocus adúbhairt Fionnghuala an laoidh:—

“Mochean do mharcshluaigh na neach,
Do chím láimh ré Loch Dairbhreach;
Dream chúmhachtach chiamhair go beacht,
D’ar niarraidh d’ar niarmhóireacht.

Druidiom ré hoirior, a Aodh,
A Fhiachra, agus a Chuinn chaoimh,
Ní sluaigh fá nimh fir na neach,
Acht madh Lir agus a theaghlach”.

Section 25

A haithle na laoidh sin, táinig Lir go hoirior an chuain,

ocus tug da aire glór daonna do bheith ag na héanaibh;

ocus do fhiafraigh dhíobh cíd fódeara dhoibh glór daonna dho bheith aca.

agus adubhairt Fionnghuala an laoi seo:

“Mochean do mharcshluaigh na n-each
Do chím láimh le Loch Dairbhreach:
Dream chumhachtach chiamhair go beacht
D’ár n-iarraidh, dár n-iarmhaireacht.

Is faoilteach mo chroidhe im’ chliabh
'S is ionmhuin an drong so 'niar
Is linn féin atá a n-aoigh
An mharcclann do chiú 's do chím.

Druideam le hoirear, a Aoidh,
A Fhiachra is a Chuinn chaoimh,
Ní sluaigh fá neimh fir na n-each
Acht m’athair is a theaghlach.”

A haithle na laoi sin, tháinig Lir go hoirear an chuain

agus thug d’a aire glór daonda do bheith ag na héanaibh;

agus do fhiafruigh díobh cad fó dheara dhóibh glór daonda do bheith aca.

and Fionnghuala spoke the lay:—

“Welcome the cavalcade of steeds
Which I see hard by Loch Dairbhreach;—
A company, indeed, powerful and mysterious,
Seeking us, following after us.

Let us move to the shore, O Aodh,
O Fiachra, and O comely Conn,
No host under Heaven can those horsemen be
But only Lir and his household”.

After this poem, Lir came to the verge of the shore;

and he noticed the birds as having human voices;

and he asked what caused them to have human voices.

Section 26

“Tuigse, a Lir mhic Lúighdhiach”, ar Fionnghuala,

“gurab sinne dho cheathrar cloinne,

ar nar milleadh dot nmhaoi,

ocus do dheirbhshiúr ar máthar féin,

tré aingídiacht éada”.

“An féidir bhur ccur ann bhur reachtaibh féin arís?” ar Lir.

“Ní héidir”, ar Fionnghuala,

“óir ní fhéadfaidís fir an bheatha ar ccabhair,

no go ccómhraice an bhean andeas agus an fear attuaigh

.i. Lairgnéan mac Colmáin,

ocus Deoch inghion Fhíngín mhic Aodha Dhuibh,

a naimsir an Tailginn,

“Tuig-se, a Lir mhic Luighdheach,” arsa Fionnghuala,

“gurab sinne do cheathrar clainne

ar n-ár milleadh dot’ mhnaoi

.i. deirbhshiúr ár máthar féin,

tré aingidheacht éada.”

“An féidir bhur gcur i nbhur riochtaibh féin arís?” arsa Lir.

“Ní féidir,” arsa Fionnghuala,

“óir ní fhéadfaidís fir an bheatha ár gcabhair

no go gcomhracfaidh an bhean a ndeas agus an fear a dtuaidh

.i. Lairgnéan mac Cholmáin

agus Deoch inghean Finghin mhic Aodha Dhuibh

i n-aimsir an Tailghinn

“Understand thou, O Lir, son of Lughaidh”, said Fionnghuala,

“that we are thy four children,

who have been ruined by thy wife,

and the sister of our own mother,

through the malignity of her jealousy”.

“Is it possible to put you into your own forms again?” said Lir.

“It is not possible”, said Fionnghuala,

“for the men of Earth could not relieve us,

until the woman from the South and the man from the North are united,

that is, Lairgnen, the son of Colman,

and Deoch, the daughter of Finghin, son of Aodh Dubh,

in the time of the Tailginn,

ocus chreidimh, ocus chrábhaidh do theacht a nÉirinn”.

agus an chreidimh agus an chrábhaidh do theacht i nÉirinn.”

and of the coming of Faith and Devotion into Erin”.

Section 27

Ar na chlos sin do Lir ocus da mhuintir,

At n-a chlos san do Lir agus d’a mhuintir,

When Lir and his people heard this,

tugadar trí gártha cúmhaidh, guil, ocus caointe ós árd.

thugadar trí gártha cumhaidh is guil is caointe ós árd.

they raised three shouts of grief, crying, and lamentation, on high.

Section 28

“An áil libh”, ar Lir, “teacht a ttír cugainn,

“An áil libh,” arsa Lir, “teacht i dtír chughainn

“Do ye wish”, said Lir, “to come to land to us,

ótá bhúr cciall ocus bhúr ccuimhne féin agaibh?”

ó tá bhur gciall agus bhur gcuimhne féin agaibh?”

since ye have your own senses and your memory?”

“Ní fhuil comas againn”, ar Fionnghuala,

“Ní’l cumas againn,” arsa Fionnghuala,

“We have not the power”, said Fionnghuala,

“taobh do thabhairt re haonduine feasda,

“taobh do thabhairt le haon duine feasta;

“to associate with any person henceforth;

acht atá ar nurlabhra Gaoidhilge féin againn,

acht tá ár n-úrlabhra Gaedhilge féin againn,

but we retain our own language, the Gaedhilg;

ocus atá ar comas dhuinn ceól síreachtach do chantainn,

agus tá ar chumas dúinn ceól síreachtach do chantain.

and we have the power to chant plaintive music,

ocus is leór do’n chineadh dhaonna uile do shásadh,

Is leór do’n chine daonda uile de shásamh

such that it would be sufficient happiness to the whole human race

bheith ag éisteacht leis an cceól sin,	bheith ag éisteacht leis an gceól soin;	to be listening to that music;
ocus anaidh againn anocht agus canfom ceól dhaoibh”.	agus fanaidh-se againn anocht agus canfam ceól díbh.”	and so remain ye with us to-night, and we shall chant music for you”.

Section 29

Dála Lir gona mhuintir, d’fhanadar ag éisteacht ré ceól na nealadh,	Dála Lir go n-a mhuintir, d’fhanadar ag éisteacht le ceól na n-ealadh	So Lir and his people remained listening to the music of the swans,
ar bhruach Locha Dairbhreach,	ar bhruach Locha Dairbhreach,	upon the brink of Loch Dairbhreach;
ocus do chodhladar go sámh leis, an oidhche sin;	agus do chodladar go sámh leis, an oidhche sin.	and they slept composedly by it that night;
ocus do éirigh Lir a moch na maidne arnamhárach,	Agus d’éirigh Lir i moch na maidne ar n-a mháireach	and Lir arose at early morning of the next day
ocus do rinne an laoidh:—	agus do rinne an laoi seo:	and he made this lay:—
“Mithid éirgid ó’n ionadso, Ní chodhlaim, gé ’táim am luíghe; Sgaradh rém’ aos ionmhuine Is é chráidhios mo chroidhe.	“Mithid éirge ó’n iomdha so Ní chodhlaim cé táim im’ luighe; Scaradh libhh, a ionmhuine, Is eadh bhrisios mo chroidhe.	“It is time to depart from this place; I sleep not, though I lie down to sleep.— To part from my beloved children Is what embitters my heart.
Olc an séan dá ttugas in bhur cceann, Aoife, inghion Oiliolla Arann, Da bhfeasainnsi a bhfuil dhaoibh dhe, Ní dhiongnainn an chomhairle.	Olc an séan thugas i nbhur gcionn Aoife inghean Oilealla Áran Dá bhfeasainn-se a mbeadh dhe, Ní dhéanfainn an chomhairle.	Evil was the fate by which I brought over you Aoife the daughter of Oilioll Arann. Had I known what you have got by it, I would never have followed that advice.

A Fhionnghuala, 'sa Chuinn chaoimh,
A Aodh, 'sa Fhiachra arm-chaoin;
O bhórd an chuain a bhfuil sibh,
Triall uaibh ní leam is mithid”.

A Fhionnghuala is a Chuinn chaoimh,
A Aodh 's a Fhiachra arm-chaoin,
Ó bhórd an chuain i n-a bhfuil sibh
Triall uaibh-se, dúinn is mithid.”

O Fionnghuala, and O Conn the comely,
O Aodh, and O Fiachra of the beautiful weapons,
From the verge of the shore upon which ye are,
It is not yet time for me to depart from you”.

Section 30

Iomthuso Lir, ráinig roimhe as soin go Síoth
Bhuidhbh Deirg,

ocus ro fearadh fáilte fris ann;

ocus tugadh achmhasán dó ó Bhodhbh Dearg

fa gan a chlann do thabhairt leis.

“Truagh sin”, ar Lir, “ní mise nach tiobhradh
mo chlann chugat,

acht Aoife annsúd,

do dhalta féin agus deirbhshiúr a máthar,

ar na ccur areachtaibh cheithre nealadh
naoingheal,

ar Loch Dairbhreach

Iomthusa Lir, ráinig roimhe as soin go Síoth
Bhuidhbh Dheirg,

agus do fearadh fáilte fris ann.

Agus tugadh achmhusán do ó Bhodhbh Dearg

fá gan a chlann do thabhairt leis.

“Truagh san,” arsa Lir, “ní mise nach
tabharfadh mo chlann chugat,

acht Aoife annsúd,

do dhalta féin agus deirbhshiúr a máthar,

ar n-a gcur i riochtaibh cheithre n-ealadh n-
aengheal

ar Loch Dairbhreach

So Lir went on from that place to the Sioth of
Bodhbh Dearg;

and they bade him welcome there;

and he was rebuked by Bodhbh Dearg

for not having brought his children along with
him.

“Alas,” said Lir, “it was not I that would not
bring my children to you;

it was Aoife, yonder,

your own nursling and the sister of their
mother,

who has put them into the forms of four pure-
white swans

upon Loch Dairbhreach,

a bhfhiadhnaise bhfhear nEirionn,

ocus atá a cciall agus a cconn, a nglór, agus a nGaoidhilg féin aca”.

i bhfiadhnaise bhfear nÉireann;

acht tá a gciall agus a gconn, a nglór agus a nGaoidhilg féin aca.”

in the presence of the men of Erin;

and [there they are swans, though] they preserve their own sense and their reason, their voice, and their Gaoidhilg”.

Section 31

Bíodhgas Bodhbh do’n sgéal sin,

ocus tuigios gur bhfhíor a ndúbhairt Lir,

ocus tug achmhasán athgharbh d’Aoife, agus adúbhairt:

“Budh measa dhuitsí an mheabhal úd, a Aoife, ná do chloinn Lir,

óir do gheabhaidsiad cobhair a ndeireadh aimsire,

ocus biaidh a nanmonna ar neamh fádheoidh”.

Bíodhgas Bodhbh do’n scéal soin,

agus tuigios gur bh’fhíor a ndubhairt Lir,

agus thug achmhusán athgharbh do Aoife, agus adubhairt:

“Budh measa dhuit-se an mheabhal úd, a Aoife, ioná do Chlainn Lir,

óir do gheobhaid súd cabhair i ndeireadh aimsire

agus beidh a n-anamna ar neamh fá dheoidh.”

Bodhbh Dearg started at this news;

and he understood that what Lir spoke was true;

and he fiercely rebuked Aoife, and said:

“This treachery will be worse for thee, Aoife, than for the children of Lir;

for they shall obtain relief towards the end of time,

and their souls will be in Heaven at last”.

Section 32

Do fhiafraigh Bodhbh Dearg d’Aoife cá riocht in budh measa léi bheith ar bith.	Do fhiafruigh Bodhbh Dearg de Aoife cá riocht budh measa léi bheith ar bith.	Bodhbh Dearg <u>then</u> asked Aoife what shape on Earth she would think the worst of being in.
Adúbhairt sisi gurab a riocht deamhain aéóir.	Dubhairt sise gurab i riocht deamhain aeir.	She said that it would be in the form of a demon of the air.
“Cuirfeadsa tusa san riocht sin anois”, ar Bodhbh Dearg.	“Cuirfead-sa thú ’san riocht san anois,” arsa Bodhbh Dearg.	“I shall put you into that form then”, said Bodhbh Dearg.
Ocus is cuma do bhí aga rádh ocus do bhuail do Fhleisg doilbhthe droidhiochta í	Agus is cuma do bhí ag a rádh agus do bhuail do fhleisc doilbhthe draoidheachta í	And as he spoke, he struck her with a metamorphosing druidical wand,
gur chuir a riocht dheamhain aéóir í;	gur chuir i riocht deamhain aeir í.	and put her into the form of a demon of the air;
ocus do léig ar eitill fó chéadóir;	Agus do leig ar eitill fó chéadóir í,	and she flew away at once;
ocus ata fós ’na deamhan aéóir	agus atá fós i n-a deamhan aeir,	and she is still a demon of the air,
ocus biaidh go bráth.	agus beidh go bráth.	and shall be so for ever.

Section 33

Iomthuso Bhoidhbh Dheirg, ocús Thuatha Dé Danann,	Iomthusa Bhuidhbh Dheirg agus Tuatha Dé Danann,	Then Bodhbh Dearg and the Tuatha Dé Danann
tángodar go hoirior Locha Dairbhreach	thángadar go hoirear Locha Dairbhreach	came to the shore of Loch Dairbhreach,
ocus do ghabhadar longphort ann,	agus do ghabhadar longphort ann	and they took up an encampment there,
ag éistiocht ré ceól na nealadh.	ag éisteacht le ceól na n-ealadh.	listening to the music of the swans.
Dála Mhac Míleadh imorro,	Dála mac Míleadh, iomorro,	And the Milesian Clanns too,
ní lúgha tángodar as gach áird a nEirinn	ní lúgha thángadar as gach áird i nÉirinn	no less did they come from all points of Erinn
gur ghabhadar longphort ag Loch Dairbhreach mar an ccéadna;	gur ghabhadar longphort ag Loch Dairbhreach mar an gcéadna,	to take up an encampment at Loch Dairbhreach in like manner;
óir ní áirmhid eólaigh ceól ná óirfideadh dár clos a nEirinn riamh	óir ní áirmhid eólaigh ceól ná oirfideadh da'r chlos i nÉirinn riamh	for historians do not count any music or delight that ever was heard in Erinn
roimh cheól na nealadh sin;	roimh cheól na n-ealadh soin.	to be preferred to the music of these swans;
ocus do bhídís ag innsin sgél agus ag agallmhadh a bhfhear nEirionn gach laoi,	Agus do bhídís ag innsin scéal agus ag agallamh do fhearaibh Éireann gach lá	and they used to be telling stories and conversing with the men of Erinn each day,
ocus ag comhrádh ré a noidealhaibh, agus re na ccomhaltaidhibh,	agus ag comhrádh le n'a n-oidíbh agus le n-a gcomhdhaltaibh	and discoursing with their tutors and their fellow pupils,
ocus re na ccáirdibh uile ar cheana;	agus le n-a gcáirdibh uile ar cheana.	and with their friends all in like manner;

ocus ro chandaois ceól sír-bhinn síthe gach noidhche;

ocus gach aon do chluineadh an ceól sin, do chodhladh go sámh, socair,

gibé galor nó treabhlaoid fhada do bheith air;

ro budh súbhac soimheanmnach tar éis an cheoil do chandaois na héin, gach oen do chlos.

Agus do chanaidís ceól sír-bhinn síthe gach oidhche,

agus gach aon do chluineadh an ceól soin do chodaladh go sámh socair,

gibé galar no treabhlaoid fhada do bheadh air;

budh subhach, soimheanmnach tar éis an cheoil a chanaidís, na héin, gach aon d'a gcloiseadh.

and they used to chant slow, sweet, fairy music every night;

and every one who heard that music slept soundly and easily,

no matter what disease or long illness might be upon him;

for, happy and delighted after the music the birds chanted was every one who heard it.

Section 34

Cidh trá acht ro bhádar an dá longphort sin Mhac Mhileadh agus Thuath De Danann a ttímchioll Locha Dairbhreach

ar feadh trí chéad bliadhain.

Is annsin adúbhairt Fionnghuala ré na bráithre:

“an bhfeadamhair, a óga”, ar sí,

“go ttairnig libh bhúr ttréimse do chaithiomh annso,

Cidh trá, acht do bhíodar an dá longphort úd Mac Míleadh agus Tuatha Dé Danann i dtimcheall Locha Dairbhreach

ar feadh trí chéad bliadhan.

Is annsoin adubhairt Fionnghuala le n-a bráithribh lá:

“An bhfeadabhair, a óga,” ar sí,

“go dtáinig libh bhur dtréimhse do chaitheamh annso

Well, then; these two encampments of the sons of Milesius and the Tuatha Dé Danann continued around Loch Dairbhreach

for the space of three hundred years.

And then Fionnghuala said to her brothers:

“Do ye know, O men”, said she,

“that ye have come to the end of your term here,

acht an oidhche anocht amháin”.	acht an oidhche anocht amháin.”	all but this night only”.
Ocus do gabh tuirsi, ocus dobrón ádhbhal na mic	Agus do ghaibh tuirse agus dohrón ádhbhal na mic	And great distress and sorrow seized upon the sons [<u>of Lir</u>]
ó do chualadar an sgéal sin,	ó do chualadar an scéal soin,	when they heard this news;
oir do ionann leó ocus bheith ’na ndaoine,	óir do b’ionann leó agus bheith i n-a ndaoineibh	for they thought it the same as being human beings,
bheith ar Loch Dairbhreach,	bheith i Loch Dairbhreach	to be upon Loch Dairbhreach
ag agallamh a ccarad ocus a ccompánach	ag agallamh a gearad agus a gcompánach	discoursing with their friends and their companions,
seach dul ar fhraoch-fhairrge fhuachda na Maoile budh thuaidh.	seoch dul ar fhraoch-fhairrge na Maoile budh thuaidh.	in comparison with going upon the angry, quarrelsome sea of the Maoil in the North.

Section 35

Ocus tángodar go moch arnamhárach d’agallaim a noide ocus a nathar,	Agus thángadar go moch ar n-a mháireach d’agallmhadh a n-oideadh agus n-athar,	And they came early on the next day to speak to their foster-father and their father;
ocus thiomnadar ceiliobhradh dhóibh,	agus thiomnadar ceileabhradh dhóibh,	and they bade them adieu;
ocus do rinne Fionnghuala an laoidh:—	agus do rinne Fionnghuala an laoi seo:	and Fionnghuala made the lay:—

“Ceileabhradh dhuit a Bhuidhbh Dheirg,
A ghiolla d’ar ghiall gach ceárd,
Duitsi mar aon is d’ar nathair,
Do Lir Síthe Fionnachaidh cháidh.

Táinig mithid dhuinn, dar liom,
Sgaradh da nach cómhruicfíom,
Go tí an bhráth, adream shuairc,
Gan ar ndol chugaibh ar cuaird.

Biamaid ón lá aniugh da’r naois,
A cháirde chróidhe, chómhaois,
Gan glór daonna ’nar ngoire,
Ar Sruth na Maoile mearaighe.

Rachmaid as sin dá’r bpianadh,
A ccionn trí chéad ceirt-bhliadhan,
Eólas is mó dá’r bpianadh ann,

Siar go rinn Iorrais Domhnann.

Trí chéad bliadhain gan fheall
Tiar a rinn Iorrais Domhnann;
O loch go loch, truagh an dáil,
Go ccomhraicid Deoch is Lairgneán.

Ba hiad ar ccuilceadha cuanna,
Tonna sáile searbh ruadha,
Ionar cceathrar caomh cloinne Lir
Gan oidhche dhuinn d’á eas bhuidh.

“Ceileabhradh dhuit, a Bhuidhbh Dheirg,
A ghiolla d’ar ghéill gach ceárd:
Duit-se maraon is d’ár n-athair,
Do Lir Síthe Fionnachaidh cháidh.

Tháinig mithe dúinn, dar liom,
Scarmhain ó nach comhraicfeam
Go dtí an bhráth, a dhream shuairc,
Gan ár ndul chugaibh ar ath-chuaird.

Béam ó’n lá indiu d’ár n-aois,
A cháirde chroidhe chomhaois,
Gan glór daonda ’n-ár ngoire
Ar Shruth na Maoile mearaighe.

Rachaimíd as soin d’ár bpianadh
Go ceann trí chéad ceart-bhliadhna:
Eólas is mó d’ár bpianadh ann

Go rinn Iorruis Domhnann.

Trí chéad bliadhan gan feall
I rinn Iorruis Domhnann,
Ó loch go loch, truagh an scéal
Go gcomhraicid Deoch is Lairgneán.

Budh hiad ár gcuilceadha cuanna
Tonna sáile searbh-ruadha
’N-ár gceathrar caomh-chlainne
Gan oidhche dhúinn n-a n-easbaidh.

“Adieu to thee, O Bodhbh Dearg,
Thou man to whom all science has done homage,
[Adieu] to thee, together with our father,
Lir of the famous Sióth Fionnachaidh.

The time has come for us, we think,
For separation—after which we shall not meet
Till the judgment come—O pleasant company,
It is not on a visit that we are going to you.

From this day of our age we shall be,—
O ye heart-loved friends, our contemporaries,—
Without human voice near us,
Upon the raging Sruth na Maoile.

We shall go from that to be punished,
At the end of three hundred proper [i. e. full] years;
(Greater knowledge of our punishment we shall have
there),
Westwards to the point of Iorruis Domhnann.

Three hundred years, without fail [we must be]
In the west at the point of Iorruis Domhnann;
From lake to lake—alas the condition—
Until Deoch and Lairgnen are united.

Our beautiful garments shall be [but the]
Waves of the salt-water, bitter, briny;
As the four comely children of Lir,
Without a night for us without it.

Agus d'a n-éis sin uile
I ndeireadh ár n-aimsire
Béaraidh arís crábhadh orainn
I nInis Gluaise Bréandain.

A thriar bráthar as dearg dreach,
Eirgeadh uainn ó Loch Dairbhreach,
An drong chómhachtach so rómchar,
Is dúbhach anois ar sgarad”.

A thriar bhráthar is dearg dreach,
Éirghidh ó Loch Dairbhreach;
A dhrong chúmtha rómchar,
Is dubhach ár gceileabhradh.”

Ye three brothers of once ruddy cheeks,
Let [them] depart from us, from Loch Dairbhreach,
This powerful tribe which have loved us;
Sorrowful now is our separation”.

Section 36

A háithle na laoidhe sin, do ghabhsad ar
eitiollach,

go hárd, éattrom, aédhardha,

nó go rángodar Sruth na Maoile, ideir Eirinn
ocus Albain;

ocus ba hole lé fearaibh Eireann sin;

ocus do fógradh aca ar feadh Eireann

gan aon eala do mharbhad

da mhéid cumas da mbeith aca re a dhéanamh
ó sinamach.

A haithle na laoi sin, go ghabhadar ag
eiteallach

go hárd éadtrom aerdha

no go rángodar Sruth na Maoile idir Éirinn and
Albain;

agus do b'olc le fearaibh Éireann a n-
imtheacht uatha;

agus do fógradh aca ar feadh Éireann

gan aon eala do mharbhadh

d'a mhéid de chumas do bheadh aca re n-a
dhéanamh ó shoin amach.

After that lay, they took to flight;

[flying] highly, lightly, aerially,

until they reached Sruth na Maoile between
Erinn and Albain;

and the men of Erinn were grieved at this,

and they proclaimed throughout Erinn,

that no swan should be killed,

however easy it might be to do so, from that
time out.

Section 37

Dobh olc an taitreabh do chloinn Lir bheith ar Sruth na Maoile.	Do b'olc an t-áitreabh do chlannaibh Lir bheith ar Sruth na Maoile.	It was a bad residence for the children of Lir, to live upon Sruth na Maoile.
Mar do chonncadar crioslach an chuain chóimleathain iona ttimchioll, do líon fuacht agus maoithi, agus aithmhéala iat, ocus ní thugadar olc dá bhfhuaradar riamh roimhe sin da nuidhe, a bfarraidh a bhfhuaradar ar an sruth sin.	Mar do chonnacadar crioslach an chuain choimhleathain i n-a dtimcheall, do líon fuacht agus maoithe agus aithmhéala iad, agus ní thugadar olc do n-a bhfuairadar riamh roimhe sin d'a n-oidhe i bhfarraidh a bhfuairadar ar an sruth soin.	When they saw the shore of the extensive coast around them, they were filled with cold, and grief, and regret; and they thought nothing of any evil which they had before suffered, compared with that which they suffered upon that current.

Section 38

Ocus do bhádar ar Sruth na Maoile

no go ttáinig gloim doinne, oidhche áirighthe chucca.

Adúbhairt Fionnghuala:

“A bhráithre ionmhuine”, ar sí,

“is olc an ní do nímid,

óir is cinnte go ndéalóchaidh doinnionn na hoidhche seo anocht lé céile sinn,

ocus órduighiom ionad cinnte coinne chum a racham,

dá ttugadh Dia orruinn sgaradh ré chéile”.

“Gabham a shiúr”, ar siad

“ionad, cinnte coinne ag carraig na rón,

Agus do bhíodar ar Shruth na Maoile

no go dtáinig gloim doinne oidhche áirithe chucca.

“A bhráithre ionmhuine,”

arsa Fionnghuala annsoin,

“is olc an nidh do ghnímíd,

óir is cinnte go ndéalóchaidh doineann na hoidhche seo anocht le chéile sinn,

agus órduigheam ionad cinnte coinne chum a racham

má thugann Dia orainn scaradh le chéile.”

“Gabham, a shiúr,” ar siad,

“ionad cinnte coinne ag Carraig na Rón,

And they remained there upon Sruth na Maoile,

until one night a thick tempest came upon them,

and Fionnghuala said:

“My beloved brothers”, said she,

“bad is the preparation we make,

for it is certain that the tempest of this night will separate us from one another;

therefore let us appoint a place of meeting to which we shall repair,

if God shall cause us to separate from each other”.

“Let us settle, O sister”, said they,

“an appointed place of meeting at Carraig na Rón,

oir is cóimheólach sinn uile uirre”.

óir is coimheólach sinn uile uirthé.”

for we are all equally acquainted with it”.

Section 39

Cidh trá acht táinig meadhón oidhche
chucca,

Cidh trá, acht tháinig meadhon oidhche
chucha,

However, when the midnight reached them,

ocus do thuirn an ghaoth ré,

agus do thuirn an ghaoth léi,

the wind descended with it,

ocus do mhéadaigheadar na tonna a
ttreathan agus a dtormán,

agus do mhéaduigheadar, na tonnta, a
dtreathan agus a dtormán,

and the waves increased their violence and their
thunder;

ocus do lonnraigh teine ghealáin,

agus do lonnruigh teine ghealáin,

and the lightnings flashed;

ocus táinig sguabadh garbh-anfaidh ar fud
na fairrge,

agus tháinig scuabadh garbh-anfaidh ar
fuid na fairrge

and a rough sweeping tempest passed all over the
sea,

ionnas gur sgaradar clanna Lir lé chéile ar
feadh an mhór-mhara;

ionnus gur scaradar clanna Lir le chéile ar
feadh an mhór-mhara.

so that the children of Lir were scattered from each
other over the great sea;

ocus tucadh seachrán an chuain chris-
leathain orra,

Agus tugadh seachrán an chuain chris
leathain ortha

and they were set astray from the extensive shore,

go nach fheadair neach dhíobh cá slighe, nó
cá conair a ndeachaidh an chuid eile.

go nach feadair neach díobh cá slighe nó
cá conair a ndeachaidh an chuid eile.

so that not one of them knew what way or what path
the rest went.

Táinig trá, féith-chiúim for san bhfairrge
tar éis na doininne móire sin,

Tháinig, trá, féith chiuin ar an bhfairrge tar
éis na doininne móire sin,

There came [afterwards], however, a placid-calm
upon the sea after that great tempest;

ocus do bhí Fionnghuala 'na haonar ar an sruth;	agus do bhí Fionnghuala i n-a haonar ar an sruth	and Fionnghuala found herself alone upon the current;
ocus tug da haire a bráithre 'na heasbuidh,	agus thug d'a haire a bráithre i n-a heasbaidh	and she observed that her brothers were absent [<u>separated from her</u>];
ocus do bhí ag a néagcaoine go mór,	agus do bhí sí ag a n-éagcaoineadh go mór	and she lamented them greatly;
go ndúbhairt an laoidh:—	go ndubhairt an laoi:	and she spoke this lay:—
“Am riocht is mairg atá beó, Mo sgiathain do reóidh ream thaoibh Suaille nar mhionaigh an ghaoth dhian, Mo chroidhe am chliabh taréis Aoidh.	“Im' riocht, is mairg atá beo, Mo sciatháin ar reoidh rem' thaoibh; Is uaille nár mionadh go dian Mo chroidhe im' chliabh tar éis Aoidh.	“In my condition it is woe to be alive; My wings have frozen to my sides; It is little that the furious wind has not shattered My heart in my body after [<u>i. e. away from</u>] Aodh.
Trí chéad bliadhain ar Loch Dairbhreach, Gan dul a reachtaibh daoine, Doilge liom, is ní samhail,	Trí chéad bliadhan ar Loch Dairbhreach Gan dáil i reachtaibh daoine: Doilghe liom 'ná san uile	Three hundred years upon Loch Dairbhreach Without going into human forms,— It distresses me more, and not alike [<u>i. e. not merely as much</u>] My time upon Sruth na Maoile.
Mo sheal ar Shruth na Maoile.	Mo sheal ar Shruth na Maoile.	My time upon Sruth na Maoile.
Ionmhain triúr, ón ionmhain triúr, Do chodhladh fá bhun mo chlúimh, Go ttiocfaid na mairbh go cách, Ní chómhraicfead go bráth 'sa triúr.	Ionmhuin triúr, ón, ionmhuin triúr, Do chodhladh fá bhun mo chlúimh, Go dtiocfaid na mairbh go cách Ní chomhraicfead go bráth mo thriúr.	Beloved the three,— oh beloved the three, Who slept under the shelter of my feathers. Until the dead return to the living I and the three shall never meet.
Taréis Fhiachra, agus Aodh, Ocus Chuinn chaoimh, gan a bhfios, Is truagh m'fhuirioch ris gach olc, Is mairg atá anocht am riocht”.	Tar éis Fhiachrach is Aoidh Is Chuinn chaoimh, gan a bhfios, Is truagh m'fhuireach ris gach olc Is mairg atá anocht im' riocht.”	After Fiachra and Aodh, And Conn the comely,—with no account of them,— Pity that I have remained, for all [<u>these</u>] evils. Woe to be this night in my condition”.

Section 40

Iomthusa Fhionnghualann, do bhí an oidhche sin ar an ccarraig	Iomthusa Fhionnghualan, do bhí sí an oidhche sin ar an gcarraig	*Now* Fionnghuala remained that night upon the rock,
go tráth eirghe do'n ló arnamhárach	go tráth eirghe do'n ló ar n-a mháireach	until the rising of the day upon the morrow,
ag feithiomh na fairrge da gach árd, 'na tímcheall,	ag féachain na fairrge ar gach leith i n-a tímcheall	watching the sea in all directions around her;
go bhfhaca Conn chúicthe	go bhfaca sí Conn chúicthe	and <u>at last</u> she saw Conn coming towards her,
go ceann-trom clúimh-fhliuch;	go ceann-trom clúimh-fhliuch,	with heavy head, and drenched feathers;
ocus fáiltighios croidhe na hinghine roimhe go mór;	agus d'fháiltigh croidhe na hinghine roimhe go mór.	and her heart joyfully welcomed him;
ocus táinig Fiachra go fuar, fliuch, fíor-anbhfann,	<u>Iarsoin</u> , tháinig Fiachra go fuar fliuch fíor-anbhfann,	and Fiachra came <u>also</u> , cold, wet, and quite faint;
ocus níor tuigeadh innsge ná úrlabhradh uaidh,	agus níor tuigeadh innsce ná urlabhra uaidh	and neither word nor speech of his could be understood,
lé ro mhéad a fuair dh'fhuacht agus de d'imshníomh;	le ró-mhéad a fuair de fhuacht agus de imshníomh:	such was the excess of cold and hardship which he had suffered;
ocus do chuir sisi fóna sgiathánaibh é, agus a dúbhairt:	acht do chuir sise fó n-a sciathánaibh é agus adubhairt:	and she put him under her wings, and said:

“Da ttigheadh Aodh chugainn anois, is maith do bheimís”.

“Dá dtigeadh Aodh chughainn anois,” ar sí, “is maith do bheimís.”

“If Aodh would but come to us now, how happy should we be”.

Section 41

Níor chian dóibh ’na dhiaigh sin,

Níor chian dóibh i n-a dhiaidh sin

It was not long after that

in tan do chonnachadar Aodh chucca,

an tan do chonnacadar Aodh chucha

when they saw Aodh coming towards them,

go ceann-tirim, clúmh-álainn;

go ceann-tirim clúmh-áluinn.

with dry head and beautiful feathers;

ocus fáiltighios Fionnghuala go mhór roimhe,

Agus fáiltighios Fionnghuala go mór roimhe,

and Fionnghuala welcomed him greatly;

ocus cuirios fá chlúmh a hochta, agus a hurbhruinne é,

agus cuirios fá chlúmh a huchta agus a hurbhruinne é,

and she put him under the feathers of her breast and chest;

ocus Fiachra fóna sgiathán deas, agus Conn fóna sgiathán clé;

agus Fiachra fó n-a sciathán deas, agus Conn fó n-a sciathán clé,

and Fiachra under her right wing; and Conn under her left wing;

ocus do dheasaigh a clúmh társa fá’n samhail sin.

agus do dheasaigh a clúmh tharsta fá’n samhail sin.

and she disposed her feathers over them in that way.

“A óga”, ar Fionnghuala,

“A óga,” arsa Fionnghuala,

“O youths”, said Fionnghuala,

“gidh olc libh an oidhche araoir,

“gidh olc libh an oidhche aréir,

“though evil ye may think this last night,

budh mór da macsamhla do gheabhthaoi ó so amach”.

is mór d’a macsamhlaibh do gheobhthaoi ó so amach.”

many of its like shall ye find from this time forwards”.

Section 42

Do bhádar, imorro, clanna Lir re headh
imchian, agus re naimsir fhada

ag fulong fuachta, agus anshocrachta ar Sruth
na Maoile mar sin,

go ttainic oidhche áirighthe oile chucu,

ocus ní bhfhuaradar riamh roimpe,

coimhmhéad a reóidh, agus a fuachta, a
sneachta agus a gaoithe;

ocus do rinne Fionnghuala an laoidh:—

“Olc an bheatha so
Fuacht na hoidhche so,
Méad an tsneachta so,
Cruas na gaoithe so.

Is ann do chómluighsiod
Fám’ chaomh-sgiathaibh,
Tonn d’ar tréan-thuargainn,
Conn is caomh-Fhiachra.

Do bhíodar, iomorro, Clann Lir, le headh
imchian agus le aimsir fhada

ag fulaing fuachta agus anshocrachta ar Shruth
na Maoile mar soin

go dtáinig oidhche áirithe eile chucu,

agus ní bhfuairadar riamh roimpe

coimhmhéad a reodha agus a fuachta, a
sneachta agus a gaoithe,

agus do rinne Fionnghuala an laoi seo:

“Olc an bheatha so:
Fuacht na hoidhche seo,
Méad an tsneachta so,
Cruadhas na gaoithe seo.

Is ann do chodlaidís
Fám’ chaemh-sciathaibh,
Tonn d’ar dtréan-thuargainn,
Conn is Caemh-Fiachra.

The Children of Lir after that continued a long
time there,

suffering cold and wretchedness *like that*
upon the current of the Maoil;

until at last a night came upon them so cold

that never before did they experience

anything like the frost, and the cold, the snow
and the wind of that night;

and Fionnghuala made the lay:—

“Evil is this existence,—
The cold of this night,—
The greatness of this snow,—
The hardness of this wind.

Where they have lain together, is
Under my graceful wings,—
The wave beating violently upon us,—
Conn and comely Fiachra.

Lem' thriar bháthar-sa
Ann do scaras-sa,
Fuar an cuma so,
Sruth an mhara so.

Do chuir an leasmháthair
Sinn, an ceathrar so,
Anocht 'san dochar so,
Is olc an bheatha so”.

Do chuir ár leas-mháthair
Sinn, an ceathrar so,
Anocht 'san dochar so,
Is olc an bheatha so.”

Our stepmother has put
Us, these four of us,
This night, into this misery;—
Evil is this existence”.

Section 43

Cidh trá acht do bhádar clanna Lir ag fulong
fuair-bheatha mar sin

go ceann bliadhno ar Sruth na Maoile,

go rug oidhche orro

ar bheinn Chairrge na Rón,

a ccallann Ianuair go sonnradhach, an tam
soin,

ocus teachtaighios an tuisge,

ocus fuaraighios gach aon aca iona áit;

Cidh trá, acht do bhíodar, Clanna Lir, ag
fulaing fuair-bheatha mar soin

go ceann bliadhna ar Shruth na Maoile

go rug oidhche ortha

ar bheinn Charraige na Rón

i gCalain Eanair go sonnrádhach.

Agus téachtuighios an t-uisce

agus fuaraighios gach aon aca i n-a áit;

So the Children of Lir continued thus to
endure a life of extreme cold

to the end of a year, upon the current of the
Maoil,

until at last a night came upon them,

upon the pinnacle of the Seal Rock;

and the *particular* time was that of the
Calends of January;

and the waters congealed,

and each of them became chilled in his place;

ocus mar do bhádar ar an ccarraig	agus mar do bhíodar ar an gcarraig	and as they lay upon the rock,
do leanadar a ccosa, agus a cclúmh, agus a sgiatháin d'on charraig,	do leanadar a gcosa agus a gclúmh agus a sciatháin do'n charraig	their feet, and their feathers, and their wings adhered to the rock,
go nár fhéadadar cor do chur dhíobh 'san ionad a rabhadar;	go nár fhéadadar cor do chur díobh 'san ionad a rabhadar;	so that they were not able to move them from where they were;
ocus tugadar feadhannaibh fíor-chruaidhe fá na ccollaibh,	agus thugadar feadhmana fíor-chruadha fá n-a gcolnaibh	and they made such vehement efforts with their bodies [<u>to move away</u>],
gur fhágbdadar croicinn a ttroightheach, clúmh a nochta,	gur fhágadar croiceann a dtroightheach agus clúmh a n-ucht	that they left <u>there</u> the skin of their feet, and the feathers of their breasts,
ocus barra a neiteadh a leanmhain na cairrge in tan sin.	agus barra a n-eiteadh ag leanmhain na gcarraig an tan san.	and the tips of their wings attached to the rock *at that time*.

Section 44

“Truagh ámh; a chlanna Lir”, ar Fionnghuala,	“Truagh, ámh, a Chlanna Lir,” arsa Fionnghuala:	“Alas, *indeed,* O Children of Lir”, said Fionnghuala,
“is olc a táthar againn anois,	“is olc atáthar againn anois,	“evil <u>indeed</u> is our condition *now*,
óir ní fhéadmaid fulang an tsáile,	óir ní fhéadaimíd fulang an tsáile,	for we cannot support the salt-water,
ocus is geis dhuinn bheith ina éagmais;	agus is geis dúinn bheith i n-a éagmuis;	and yet it is prohibited to us to be absent from it;

ocus má théidh an sáile ionár ccréachtaibh

do gheabham bás”;

ocus do rinne an laoidh:—

“Eaccaointeach againn anocht,
Gan clúmh ag tuighiodh ár ccorp,
’Sas fuar d’ár mbonnaibh bláithe,
Ar chairrigibh andóbhraidhe.

Dob olc ar leasmháthair ruinn,
D’ar imir droíghiocht orruinn,
D’ar ccur ar fud mara amach
A riocht ealadh niongantach.

As é ar bhfolcadh ar dhruim cuain,
Cúbhar an mhara mhong-ruaidh
Así ar ccuid thall do’n chuirm,
Sáile an mhara mhong-ghuirm.

Aoin inghion, ocus triar mac,
Cleachtmaoid a ccusaibh carrach,
Ar na cairrigibh cruaidh doneoch,
Ar mbeatha as éaccaointeach”.

agus má théigheann an sáile i n-ár
gcréachtaibh

do gheobham bás.”

Agus do rinne an laoi:

“Éagcaointeach againn anocht
Gan aon chlúmh ag tuigheadh ár gcorp;
Is fuar d’ár mbonnaibh bláithe.
Ar charraigibh an dóbhraidhe.

Do b’olc ár leas-mháthar linn
D’ar imir draoidheacht orainn
D’ár gcur fad mara amach
I riocht ealadh n-iongantach.

Is é ár bhfolcadh ar dhruim chuain
Cubhar an mhara mhong-ruaidh;
Is í ár gcuid thall de’n chuirm
Sáile an mhara mhong-ghuirm.

Aon inghean agus triar mac,
Cleachtaimíd i gcusaibh carrach;
Ar na carraigibh, cruaidh do neach,
Ár mbeatha is éagcaointeach.”

and if the salt-water enters into our sores,

we shall die”;

and she made this lay:—

“Moanful are we this night,
Without feathers covering our bodies,
And cold are our delicate soles
On the rough, uneven rocks.

Bad was our stepmother to us,
When she played druidism upon us,
Sending us out upon the sea,
In the shapes of wonderful swans.

Our bath upon the shore’s ridge is
The foam of the brine-crested tide;
Our share of the ale-feast is
The brine of the blue-crested sea.

One daughter and three sons,
We frequent the clefts of rocks;
Upon the rocks, so hard for all,
Our existence is moanful”.

Section 45

Cidh trá acht tángador for Shruth na Maoile arís,	Cidh trá, acht thángadar ar Shruth na Maoile arís,	However, they went out again upon the current of the Maoil;
ocus géar dhoiligh,	fó na gcréachtaibh	and though distressing, <u>indeed</u> ,
ocus géar gharbh, ghoirt leó an sáile,	agus cé géar, garbh, goirt leó an sáile,	and sharp, and fierce, and bitter they felt the salt-water,
níor fhéadsad a sheachna	níor fhéadadar a sheachnadh	they were not able to avoid it,
'na iadféin do sháir-dhídion air.	ná iad féin do sháir-dhídean air.	or to shelter themselves effectually from it.
Ocus do bhádar ar an ccuan fá'n ionnas sin,	Agus do bhíodar ar an gcuan fá'n ionnas soim	And so they continued by the shore
no gur fhás a cclúmh, agus a neitheadha,	no gur fhás a gclúmh agus a n-eiteadha	until their feathers grew (<u>anew</u>), and their wings,
ocus gur chneasaiheadar a ccréachta go hiomlán;	agus gur chneasuiheadar, a gcréachta, go hiomlán.	and until their sores were perfectly healed;
ocus do théighdís gach laoi go hoirear Eireann agus Alban,	Agus do théighdís gach lá go hoirear Éireann agus Alban,	and <u>then</u> they used to go every day to the coasts of Erinn and of Albain;
ocus do thighdís go Sruth na Maoile gach noidhche,	agus do thighdís go Sruth na Maoile gach oidhche,	and they used to come back to the current of the Maoil each night,
óir fa hé fa hionad bunaidh dhóibh.	óir ba hé ba hionad bunaidh dhóibh.	for it was their original [<u>i. e. they were obliged to return to it as their</u>] place of abode.

Section 46

Tángadar aon do ló go bun na Banna budh thuaidh,

ocus do chonncadar marcshluaigh álainn, aondatha,

go neachaibh gasda, glangheala fúthaibh,

ag sír-shiúbhal na slighe aniar-ndéas gach ndíreach.

“An ttabhair sibh aithne ar an marcshluaigh úd, a chlanna Lir?” ar Fionnghuala.

“Ní fheadamair”, ar iadsan,

“acht gurab dream éigin do Mhacaibh Mileadh no do Thuathaibh De Danann is dócha do bheith ann”.

Thángadar aon lá go bun na Banna budh thuaidh,

agus do chonncadar marcshluagh áluinn aondatha

go n-eachaibh gasta glan-gheala fútha

ag siubhal na slighe aniar is a ndéas gach ndíreach.

“An dtugann sibh aithne ar an marcshluagh úd, a chlanna Lir?” arsa Fionnghuala.

“Ní fheadamair,” ar siadsan,

“acht gurab dream éigin de Mhacaibh Mileadh no de Thuathaibh Dé Danann is dócha do bheith ann.”

They came one day to the mouth of the Banna in the north;

and they saw a splendid rare-coloured cavalcade,

mounted upon trained pure-white steeds,

constantly walking upon the road from the south-west in all directness.

“See ye yonder cavalcade, O Children of Lir?” said Fionnghuala.

“We do not know them”, said they;

“but it is most probable that they are some party of the sons of Miledh [Milesius], or of the Tuatha Dé Danann that are there”.

Section 47

Do dhruideadar re hoirear an chuain ann sin, go ttiobhradaois aithne orro; ocus ód chonncadar an marchsluaigh, iadsan,	Do dhruideadar le hoirear an chuain annsoin go dtabharfaidis aithne ortha, agus ód' chonnacadar, an marcshluaigh, iadsan	They moved then to the border of the shore, that they might be able to recognize them; and when the cavalcade [<u>on their side</u>] saw them,
do dhruideadar 'na ccoinne, agus 'na ccómhdháil, go rangodar an ionad iomagallmha d'a chéile.	do dhruideadar i n-a gcoinnibh agus i n-a gcomhdháil go rángadar i n-ionad iomagallmha d'a chéile.	they moved towards them <u>also</u> to meet them, until they were within reach of converse with each other.

Section 48

Is iad is fearr do bhí ar an marcshluaigh sin	Is iad is fearr do bhí ar an marcshluaigh soin	The chief men of those who composed that cavalcade were,
.i. Aodh Aithfhiosach, agus Fearghas Fithcheallach	.i. Aodh Aithfhiosach agus Fearghus Fithcheallach	Aodh Aithfhiosach, and Fergus Fithchiollach,
.i. dá mhac Bhuidhbh Dheirg,	.i. dhá mhac Bhuidhbh Dheirg,	that is, the two sons of Bodhbh Dearg,
ocus an treas rann do'n mharcradh shíodha már aon riú;	agus an treas rann de'n Mharcradh Sidhe maraon leó;	and [<u>they had</u>] a third of the Fairy cavalcade along with them;

ocus do bhádar an marshluaigh sin aga niarraidh re tréimse roimhe sin;	agus do bhíodar, an marshluaigh soin, ag a niarraidh le tréimhse roimhe sin.	and this cavalcade had been seeking [<u>the swans</u>] for a long time before that;
ocus ar rochtain a chéile dhóibh,	Ar rochtain a chéile dhóibh,	and when they reached each other,
do fhearadar fáilte fíor-chaoin fíora aroile, go miochair, muinnteartha;	do fearadhar fáilte fíor-chaoin fíora aroile go miochair, muinnteartha;	they bade each other a truly joyous welcome in all love and friendship;
ocus d'fhiafruigheadar clanna Lir cionnas do bhádar Tuatha Dé Danann,	agus d'fhiafruigheadar, Clanna Lir, cionnas do bhíodar, Tuatha Dé Danann,	and the Children of Lir inquired after the Tuatha Dé Danann,
ocus go háirighthe Lir, ocs Bodhbh Dearg, ocs a muinnteara archeana.	agus go háirithe Lir agus Bodhbh Dearg agus a muinntear cheana.	and particularly Lir, and Bodhbh Dearg, and their people.

Section 49

“Atáid go maith, an éinionad”, ar siad,	“Atáid go maith i n-aen ionad,” ar siad.	“They are well; [<u>they are all</u>] in one place [<u>i. e. assembled together</u>],” said they,
“a ttigh bhur natharsa a Síoth Fionnachaidh,	“I dtigh bhur n-athar i Síoth Fionnachaidh	“in the house of your father, in Síoth Fionnachaidh,
ocus Tuatha De Danann mar aon ríú ann,	agus Tuatha Dé Danann mar aon leó ann	and the Tuatha Dé Danann along with them there,
ag caitiomh na Fleighe Aoise, go súbhach, soimheanmnach,	ag caitheamh na Fleidhe Aoise go subhach soimheanmnach	consuming the Feast of Age, merrily and happily,
gan imshníom gan anshocracht,	gan imshníomh gan anshocracht	without fatigue and without uneasiness,

acht bhur mbeithsi 'na bhfhéaghmais;	acht bhur mbeith-se i n-a n-éagmuis,	except for being without you,
ocus gan a fhios aca cá ar ghabhabhair uatha,	agus gan a fhios aca cá ar ghabhabhair uatha	and not having known where ye had gone to,
ó'n ló a dhfhágabair Loch Dairbhreach".	ó'n ló a d'fhágabhair Loch Dairbhreach."	since the day ye left Loch Dairbhreach".
"Nocha an ísin ar mbeathane re na hinnisin", ar Fionnghuala,	"Nocha an í sin ár mbeatha-na le n-a hinnsin," arsa Fionnghuala,	"Our life is not to be told", said Fionnghuala,
"óir is mór d'olc agus d'eadulaing, agus d'anshódh	"óir is mór de olc agus de éadfulaing agus de anshodh	"for much indeed of evil and suffering and misery
fuaramair seachnón na mara so Shrotha na Maoile go ttrásta";	fuairreamair seachnón na mara so Srotha na Maoile go dtrásta;	have we endured on the tide of the current of the Maoil to this day";
ocus a dúbhairt an laoidh:—	agus adubhairt an laoi:	and she spoke the lay:—
"Aoibhinn anocht teaghlach Lir, Iomdha a miodh agus a bhfíon; Gé tá anocht a nádhbhadh fhuar, Dream do chuan róghlan an ríogh.	"Aoibhinn anocht teachlach Lir, Iomdha a mhiodh agus a fhíon, Gidh tá anocht i n-ádhbhadh fhuar Dream de chuan ró-ghlan an riogh.	"Happy this night the household of Lir, Abundant their mead and their wine; Though there be this night in a cold home, A company of the king's pure-born children.
Isiad ar ccoilcibh gan locht, Folach ar ccorp do chlúmh chas, Gidh minic do deargthaoi sróll Iomainn ag ól mheadha mhas.	Is iad ár gcoilchidhe gan locht Folach ár gcorp de chlúmh chas, Gidh minic do deargthaoi sróll Umainn ag ól meadha mas.	Our faultless bed-clothes are [<u>but</u>] The covering of our bodies of wreathed feathers;— [<u>Yet</u>] often ere now have we been clad In purple, while drinking the cheerful mead.

Ag soin ar mbhiadh ocus ar bhfhíon,
Gainimh fhinn is sáile searbh;
Minic do ibhmís miodh cuill,
A cuachán cruinn cheithre ccearn.

Isiad ár leapacha, isiad lom,
Carraig ós cionn na ttonn ttréan;
Minic do deargthaoi dhuinn,
Leaba do chlúmh ochta éan.

Gidh í ar nobair snámh san sioc,

Ar Shruth na Maoile is trom toirm,
Fá minic marcshluaigh mhac ríogh,
Ag dol 'nár ndiaigh go Sioth Bhoidhbh.

Is é do chlaochlaidh mo neart,
Beith ag dul 'sag teacht tar an Maoil,
Mar na'r chleachtas roimhe riamh,
'Snách fághaim grian a maigh mhaoith.

Leaba Fhiachra, ocus ionad Chuinn,
Luighe fá thuinn m'eite, ar Maoil:
Ionád ar sgáth m'ochta ag Aodh,
Sinn 'nar cceathrar taoibh re taoibh.

Ag sin ár mbiadh agus ár lionn
Gaineamh fhionn is sáile searbh,
Minic d'ibhimís miodh cuill
A cuachaibh cruinne cheithre gcearn.

Ag sin fós ár leaba lom,
Carraig ós ceann na dtonn dtréan;
Minic do dheargthaoi fúinn
Leaba de chlúmh uchta éan.

Cé í ár n-obair snámh 'san sioc

Ar Shruth na Maoile is mear toirm,
Ba mhinic marcshluaigh mac ríogh
Ag dul 'n-ár ndiaidh go Siot Bhuidhbh.

Is é do chlaochlaidh mo neart
Bheith ag dul 's ag teacht thar Maoil
Mar nár chleachtas roimhe riamh,
'S nach feicim grian i máigh maoith.

Leaba Fhiachra, ionad Chuinn
Luighe fó thuinn m'eite ar Mhaoil,
Ionad ar scáth m'uchta ag Aodh:
Sinn ár cceathrar taobh le taoibh.

Our food and our wine are [but]
White sand and bitter brine;—
[Yet] often drank we hazel mead,
From round cups with four lips [i. e. corners.]

Our beds, and bare [beds] they are, are [but]
Rocks above the violent waves;—
[Yet] often have been spread for us,
Beds of the breast-feathers of birds.

Though it be now our work [though now we have] to
swim in the frost,
Upon the current of the heavy resounding Maoil,—
Often a cavalcade of the sons of kings
Has followed us to Sioth Buidhbh.

It is this that has wasted my strength,—
To be going and coming over the Maoil,
As I was never accustomed to be;
And that no more I enjoy the sun in a soft plain.

Fiachra's bed, and Conn's place,
Is to nestle under the cover of my wings upon the Maoil.
A place under the shelter of my breast hath Aodh;
The four of us side by side.

Teagasg Mhanannáin gan cheilg,
Cómhrád Bhuidhbh Dheirg ós Dhruim
Chaoín,
Glor Aonghusa, mílsi a phóg,
Do chleachtas gan bhrón ré a ttaoibh”.

Teagasc Mhanannáin gan cheilg,
Comhrádh Buidhbh Deirg ós Druim
Chaoín,
Glor Aonghusa, mílse a bpóg,
Chleachtaimís gan bhrón re dtaoibh.”

The teaching of Manannan without guile,
The conversation of Bodhbh Dearg over Drom Caoin,
The voice of Aongus, the sweetness of his kisses,—
I was wont to be without grief by their side”.

Section 50

As a aithle sin tángadar an marshluaigh go
Síth Lir,

ocus do innisodar do mhaithibh Thuath De
Danann

imtheachta na néan, agus a richt.

“Ní fhuil comus againne orro”, ar na
maithibh,

“acht gur maith linn a mbeith beó,

óir do gheabhaid cabhair a ndeire aimsire”.

As a haithle sin thángadar an marshluaigh go
Síth Lir

agus d’innseadar do mhaithibh Thuath Dé
Danann

imtheachta na n-éan agus a riocht agus gach ar
chanadar.

“Ní’l cumas againne ortha,” arsa na maithe,

“acht gur maith linn a mbeith beó,

óir do gheobhaid cabhair i ndeireadh aimsire.”

After this the cavalcade came to Síoth Lir,

and they related to the nobles of the Tuatha Dé
Danann

the adventures of the birds, and their
condition.

“We have no power to help them”, said the
nobles,

“but we are glad they are alive;

for they shall obtain relief in the end of time”.

Section 51

Iomthusa chloinne Lir,	Iomthusa Chlainne Lir,	As to the Children of Lir,
d’ionnsuigheadar a nadhbhadh bunadh budh thuaigh,	d’ionnsuigheadar a n-ádhbhadh bunaidh bud thuidh	they returned to their original home in the north
ar Shruth na Maoile,	ar Shruth na Maoile,	upon the current of the Maoil;
ocus do bhádar ann go ráinig leó a ttréimsi do chaithiomh ann;	agus do bhíodar ann go ráinig leó a dtréimhse do chaitheamh ann.	and they continued there until they had reached the consummation of their time there;
ocus adúbhairt Fionnghuala:	Agus adubhairt Fionnghuala:	and then Fionnghuala said:
“Is mithid dhuinn an tionad so d’fhágbháil, oir táinig ar ttréimsi ann”;	“Is mithid dúinn an t-ionad so d’fhágbháil, óir tháinig ár dtréimhse ann;”	“It is time for us now to leave this place, for our time here has come”;
ocus do chan an laoidh:—	agus do chan an laoi seo:	and she spoke this lay:—
“Táirnis ar seal sonnana, Is mithid dhuinn a iomghabháil, An cuan so ’nar chleachtamair Trí chéad bliadhan buan-tsolais.	“Tháinig ár seal soineana, Mithid dúinne iomghabháil Ó’n gcuan so ’n-ar chleachtamair Trí chéad bliadhan buan-tsóláis.	“Our time has come here, indeed, It is time to depart now From this shore which we have frequented Three hundred years of lasting light.
Go Rinn Iorrais iartharaigh, Ní budh husa a fholong sain, Luídhmídne gan mhearughadh dhe, Ré fulang na fuar-ghaoithe.	Luidhmíd-na gan mearughadh dhe Go rinn Iorrais thiar thuaidh Ní budh husa a fhuilang soin, Le fulaing ó’n ngaoith fhuair.	To the point of Western Iorras. (It will not be easy to bear it), Let us depart now without wandering, Upon the support of the cold wind.

Gan osadh, gan oiriseamh,
Gan aoin díon ar dhúr-dhoininn;
Ní mochean a ccualamar,
Táirníg ar seal sonnana”.

Gan osadh, gan oiriseamh,
Gan díon dúr-dhoineana,
Ní mochean a gcualabhair,
Tháiníg ár seal soineana (?)”

Without rest, without standing,
Without any shelter from the thick tempests;—
Unwelcome to us is what we have heard,—
Our term has come here, indeed”.

Section 52

Cidh trá acht, d’fhágghador clanna Lir Sruth
na Maoile fá’n samhail sin,

Cidh trá, acht d’fhágadar, Clanna Lir, Sruth na
Maoile fá’n samhail sin,

The Children of Lir then, accordingly, left the
current of the Maoil in that manner,

ocus rángodar rómpa go Rinn Iorraís
Domhonn,

agus thángadar rómpa go Rinn Iorruís
Domhnann;

and they passed on to the point of Iorrus
Domhnann;

ocus do bhádar ann ré headh agus ré haimsir
imchian,

agus do bhíodar ann re headh agus re haimsir
imchian

and there they remained for a long period of
time,

ag fulong fuachta agus fuair-bheatha,

ag fulaing fuachta agus fuair-bheatha

suffering a life of cold and chilling,

go ttárla óglach saorchlanda dhóibh

go dtárla óglach saorchlanda dhóibh

until [at last it happened to them that] they met
a young man, of a good family,

do lucht [aithreibhte an fhearainn,

de lucht áitreibhte an fhearainn.

[one of the occupants of the lands

edhon, Aibhric a ainm];

Aibhric do b’ainm dó,

whose name was Aibhric],

ocus do bhí a aire ar na héanaibh go minic,

agus do bhí a aire ar na héanaibh go minic;

and his attention was often attracted to the
birds,

ocus fá binn leis a cceilibhradh,

agus ba bhinn leis a gceileabhradh

and their singing was sweet to him,

gur char iad go hiomarcach, ocus gur charadar san éision; ocus is é an tóglach so do leasaigh agus do d'fhaisnéis a nimtheachta uile.	gur char sé iad go hiomarcach agus gur charadar san eisean. Agus is é an t-óglach so do leasuigh agus do fhaisnéis a n-imtheachta uile.	so that he came to love them greatly, and that they loved him; and it was this young man that [<u>afterwards</u>] arranged in order and narrated all their adventures.
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Section 53

Acht atá ní cheana, do bhádar Clanna Lir, oidhche áirighthe ann, ocus mar fuaradar an oidhche sin, ní bhfuaradar aon oidhche roimpe 'ná na diaigh riamh, lé méad a seaca, agus a sneachta; óir do fhás leac oighre uile ar an sruth idir Iorras agus Acaill; do leanadar a ccosa do'n lic oighre go na'r fhéadadar cor do chur dhíobh; ocus go ghabhadar na bráithre ag éaccaine go mór,	Acht atá ní cheana: do bhíodar, Clanna Lir, oidhche áirighthe ann, agus mar fuairadar an oidhche sin ní bhfuairadar aon oidhche roimpe ná i n-a diaidh riamh le méad a seaca agus a sneachta; óir do fhás leac oighre ar an sruth uile idir Iorras agus Acaill. Do leanadar a gcosa do'n lic oighre go nár fhéadadar cor do chur dhíobh; agus do ghabhadar, na bráithre, ag éagcaoineadh go mór	But at last it happened that the Children of Lir, one night that they were there, [<u>at Iorras</u>], experienced a night such as [<u>they</u>] never [<u>experienced</u>] *any* night before or after it, for the intensity of its frost and its snow; for a flag of ice grew upon the whole of the current between Iorras and Acaill, and their feet adhered to the ice flag, so that they could not move; and the brothers fell to moaning greatly,
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ocus ag déanamh nuall-dhúbha dearmhár,
ocus doghrainge díomhóir;

ocus do bhí Fionnghuala aga ccosc,

ocus níor fhéad sí;

ocus a dúbhairt an laoidh:—

“Truagh gáir na nealadh anocht;
Is tráigh fódheara nó is tart;
Gan uisge lionn-fhuar fá na nucht,
A ccuirp is díombuan ó’n tart.

Gan uisge tana, tailc, tréan,
Gan tonn mara ag teacht ré ttaoibh;
Do theacht an mhuir mheadhrach mhór,
Go bhfuil na clár cóimhfliuch caoin.

A rígh do chúm neamh is lár,
Ocus tug slán na sé shluaigh,
Foirthior leat an ealtan éan,
Leantar an tréan go madh truaigh”.

agus ag déanamh a n-uallcubha ndéarmhar
agus doghruinge díomhóir.

Agus do bhí Fionnghuala ag a gcosc,

acht níor fhéad sí;

agus adubhairt an laoi seo:

“Truagh é gáir na n-ealadh anocht,
Truagh fó gheasaibh iad anois:
Gan uisce lionn-fhuar fá n-a n-ucht,
A gcuirp is díombuan ó’n dtart.

Gan uisce tana tailc tréan,
Gan tonn mara ag teacht re dtaoibh;
Do théacht an mhuir mheadhrach mhór
Go bhfuil ’n-a clár coimhfliuch caoimh.

A Rí, do chúm neamh is lár,
Is a thug slán na sé sluaigh,
Fóirtheart leat an ealta éan,
Iad anocht i bpéin is truaigh.”

and to lamenting loudly, and to grieving intensely;

and Fionnghuala was consoling them,

and she could not,

and she spoke the lay:—

“Pitiful the lament of the swans this night,—
Is it the ebb that has caused it, or it is a drought?—
Without cold-flowing water under their breasts,
Their bodies will be short-lived from thirst.

Without thin water, firm, and strong,—
Without a sea wave coming against their sides;
The merry great sea has congealed,
So that it has become a beautiful damp-wet plain.

O King who hast formed Heaven and Earth,
And who broughtest safe the six hosts,
By thee be relieved the tribe of birds,
Let the strong be chastised till they become pitiful”.

Section 54

“A bhráithre” ar Fionnghuala, “creidigh an fir-Dhia forórdha na firinne, do chúm neamh go na néallaibh, ocus talamh go na thorthaibh, ocus an fhairrge go na hiongantaibh, ocus do gheabhthaoi cobhair agus cómhfhurtacht ó’n cCoimhdhe”.	“A óga,” arsa Fionnghuala, “creididh i bhfir-Dhia forórdha na firinne do chúm neamh go n-a néallaibh agus talamh go n-a thorthaibh agus an fhairrge go n-a hiongantaibh, <u>agus an uile dhúil feicse agus neamh-fhaicse,</u> agus do gheobhthaoi cabhair agus comhfhurtacht ó’n gCoimhde.”	“My brethren”, said Fionnghuala, “believe ye in the truly splendid God of truth, who made Heaven with its clouds, and Earth with its fruits, and the sea with its wonders; and ye shall receive help and full relief from the Lord”.
“Creidmíd”, ar iad;	“Creidimíd,” ar siad.	“We do believe”, said they.
“ocus creidimsi libh”, ar Fionnghuala, “do’n fhir-Dhia fhoirfe, fhír-eólach”.	“Agus creidim-se libh,” arsa Fionnghuala, “do’n fhír-Dhia fhoirbhthe, fhír-eólach.”	“And I believe with you”, said Fionnghuala, “in the true God, perfect, truly intelligent”.
Ocus do chreidiodár ar an uair chóir, ocus fuaradar cabhair agus cobhsanadh ó’n cCoimhdhe da éis sin,	Agus do chreideadar ar an uair chóir, agus fuairadar cabhair agus cobhsanadh ó’n gCoimhde d’a éis sin,	And they believed in the proper hour; and they received help and protection from the Lord after that;
ocus níor chuir doinionn ná doirbhshíon orra ó sin amach.	agus níor chuir doineann na doirbhshíon ortha ó shoin amach.	and neither tempest nor bad weather affected them from that time out.

Section 55

Ocus do bhádar a Rinn Iorrais Domhnann	Agus do bhíodar i Rinn Iorruis Dhomhnann	And they continued at the point of Iorrus Domhnann
nó go dtáinig leó a ttréimsi do chaithiomh ann,	no go dtáinig leó a dtréimhse do chaitheamh ann,	until they consummated their <u>assigned</u> period there.
ocus adubhairt Fionnghuala:	agus adubhairt Fionnghuala:	And <u>then</u> Fionnghuala said:
“Is mithid dhuinn dul go Síoth Fionnachaidh	“Is mithid dúinn dul go Síoth Fionnachaidh	“It is time now that we go to Sioth Fionnachaidh,
mar a bhfuil Lir gona theaghlach, agus ar muinntir uile”.	mar a bhfuil Lir go n-a theaghlach agus ár muinntear uile.”	where Lir is with his household, and *all of* our people”.
“Is maith linne sin”, ar iadsan.	“Is maith linne san,” ar siadsan.	“We think well of that”, said they.

Section 56

Ocus do ghluaiseadar rómpa go huréadtrom, aégheardha	Agus do ghluaiseadar rómpa go huiréadtrom <u>éanamhail</u> aerdha	And they set out forward, lightly and airily,
nó go rangodar Síoth Fionnachaidh;	no go rángadar Síoth Fionnachaidh;	until they reached Sioth Fionnachaidh;
ocus is amhlaidh fuaradar an baile, fás, folamh ar a ccionn,	agus is amhla fuaireadar an baile i n-a fhásach fhollamh ar a gcionn,	and they found the place deserted and empty before them,
gan acht maol-rátha glasa,	gan acht maol-rátha glasa	with nothing but unroofed green raths,

ocus doireadha neannta ann, gan teach, gan teine, gan treib.	agus doireadha neannta ann, gan treabh, gan teach <u>gan tigheas</u> gan teine.	and forests of nettles there; without a house, without a fire, without a residence.
Ocus tángadar a néinionad iona cceathrar, ocus tugadar trí gártha éaccaointe ós árd,	Agus thángadar i n-aon ionad i n-a gceathrar, agus thugadar trí gártha <u>goil is</u> éagcaointe ós árd,	And the four drew close together, and they raised three shouts of lamentation aloud;
ocus adúbhairt Fionnghuala an laoidh:— “Iongnadh liom an baile so. Mar ’tá gan tigh, gan toighe, Mar do chím an baile so, Uchán is cráidh léim’ chroidhe.	agus adubhairt Fionnghuala an laoi <u>seo</u> : “Iongnadh liom an baile seo Mar tá gan tigh gan tuighe; Mar do chím an baile seo, Uchán, is crádh lem’ chroidhe.	and Fionnghuala spoke the poem:— “A wonder to me this place,— How it is without house, without dwellings, This place as I see it now— <i>Uchone</i> , it is bitterness to my heart.
Gan cona, is gan conarta, Gan mná, ’sgan ríoghraidh rathmhar, Mar ’tá anois ní chualamar, An áitsi riamh ag ár nathair.	Gan cona is gan conartha, Gan mná, gan rioghra rathmhar: Mar tá anois ní fhacamair An áit seo riamh ag ár n-athair.	Without hounds, and without packs of dogs, Without women, and without prosperous kings, We have never heard of it as now it is, This place, before, with our father.
Gan corna, gan copána Gan ól ’na múraibh soillse; Gan marcraidh, gan macámha, Mar tá anocht, is tuar tuirse.	Gan corna, gan copana, Gan ól ’n-a múraibh soillse: Gan marcradh, gan macaomha, Mar tá anocht is tuar tuirse.	Without drinking horns, without cups, Without drinking in its lightsome halls, Without cavalcades, without youths, As it is to night is an omen of grief.

Mar atáid lucht an bhailesi,
Ochán is cráidh lém' chroidhe,
Atá anocht ar maireisi,
Nach marionn triath an tíghe.

A bhailesi 'na bhfhacamar,
Ceól is imirt, agus aonach,
Dar liom is é an tatharach,
Mar atá anocht anaonar.

Méid na ndochar fuaramar,
O'n tuinn mara go chéile,
A leithéid ní chualamar
D'imtheacht ar dhaoibh eile.

Dobh annamh an baileisi
Taobh ré fér is ré fíodhbhaidh,
Ní mhair fear ar naithnidhne,
Sinn san áitsi leis gé'r bhiongnadh”.

Mar atáid lucht an bhaile seo,
Uchán is crádh lem' chroidhe:
Atá anocht ar m'aire-se
Nach maireann triath an tíghe.

A bhaile seo 'n-a bhfacamair
Ceol, imirt agus aonach,
Dar liom is é an t-atharrach
Mar tá anocht 'n-a aonar.

Méid na ndochar fuaireamair
Ó thuinn mara go céile,
A leithéid ní chualamair
D'imtheacht ar dhaoibh eile.

Do b'annamh é an baile seo
Taobh le féar 's le fíodhbhadh
Ní maireann fear ár n-aithne-na,
Sinn 'san áit seo leis nár bh'íongnadh.”

The state in which are the people of this place,
Uchone, it is bitterness to my heart,
It is clear this night to my perception,
That the lord of this house is not alive.

O thou, this place in which we have seen
Music, playing, and the fair-assembly;
To me it seems a sad reverse,
How it stands this night deserted.

The greatness of our misfortunes,
From the one ocean wave to the other,
The like of which we have not heard
To have happened to any other persons.

Seldom has been this place
Trusting to grass and to wood,
The man to recognize us liveth not,
To find us here, though to him it were a wonder”.

Section 57

Cidh trá acht do bhádar Clanna Lir an oidhche
sin

a nionad a nathar, agus a seanathar

mar ar hoileadh iad;

Cidh trá, acht do bhíodar Clanna Lir an
oidhche sin

i n-ionad a n-athar agus a sean-athar

mar ar oileadh iad;

However, the Children of Lir remained that
night

at the place of their father and their
grandfather,

where they had been nursed;

ocus do cansad ceól sír-bhinn síthe;	agus do chanadar ceól sír-bhinn sidhe.	and they chanted plaintively sweet, fairy music;
ocus do éirgheadar a mocha na maidne arnamhárach,	Agus d'éirgheadar i mocha na maidne ar n-a mháireach,	and they arose at early morning next day,
ocus do ghluaisiodar rómpa go hInis Gluairé Bréanainn;	agus do ghluaiseadar go hInis Gluairé *Bréandain*;	and they set out forward to Inis Gluairé of Brendainn;
ocus do thionóladar éanlaith na críche go coitcheonn chucca,	agus do thionóladar éanlaith na críche go coitcheann chucha	and the birds of the country in general congregated near them
ar Lochán na hÉanlaithe a nInis Gluairé Bréanainn;	ar Locán na nÉanlaithe i nInis Gluairé *Bréandain*.	upon the Lake of the Birds in Inis Gluairé of Brendainn.
ocus do thigdis d'ingheilt gach laoi fa reannaibh imchiana na críche	Agus do théighdis d'ingheilt gach lá fó rannaibh imchiana na críche	And they used to go forth to feed each day to the remote points of the coast,
.i. go hInis Geóidh, agus go hAcaill, agus go Teach Duinn;	.i. go hInis Geoidh agus go hAcaill agus go Tigh Dhuinn	namely, to Inis Geadh and to Acaill, and to Teach Duinn,
ocus gus na hoiléanaibh iartharacha ar cheana;	agus gus na hoileánaibh iartharacha ar cheana.	and to the other western islands in like manner;
ocus do théighdis go hInis Gluairé Bréanainn gach oidhche.	Acht do thigdis go hInis Gluairé *Bréandain* gach oidhche.	and they used to return to Inis Gluairé of Brendainn each night.

Section 58

Ocus do bhádar ar an ordúghadh sin ré headh, ocus ré haimsir fhada,	Do bhíodar ar an órdughadh soin re headh agsu re haimsir fhada,	And they continued living thus for a long period of time,
go haimsir chreidimh Chríost,	go haimsir Chreidimh Chríost	till the time of the Faith of Christ,
ocus go ttáinig Pátraic naomhtha a nEirinn;	no go dtáinig Pádraig Naomhtha i nÉirinn	and until holy Patrick came into Erinn;
ocus go ttáinig Mochaomhóg naomhtha go hInis Gluaire Bréanainn.	agus fós go dtáinig Mochaomhóg naomhtha go hInis Gluaire Bréandain.	and until holy Mochaomhóg came to Inis Gluaire of Brendainn.
Ocus an chéad oidhche táinig do'n inis	Agus an chéad oidhche táinig sé do'n Inis	And the first night that he came to the island,
do chualadar Clanna Lir guth a chluig aga bhuaín 'san iairméirge láimh leó;	do chualadar, Clanna Lir, guth a chluig ag a bhuaín 'san iairmeirghe láimh leó	the Children of Lir heard the voice of his bell, ringing at matins, near them;
gur bhíogadar,	gur bhíodhgadar	and they started,
ocus gur bhuaín-sginneadar go adhuathmhar aga chloisdin;	agus gur bhuaín-sceinneadar go hadhfhuathmhar ag a chlos.	and leaped about in terror at hearing it;
ocus d'fhágbdadar a bráithre Fionnghuala na haonar.	Agus d'fhágadar, a bráithre, Fionnghuala <u>i n-a</u> <u>huath agus</u> i n-a haonar.	and her brothers left Fionnghuala alone.

Section 59

“Créad sin, a bhráithre ionmhaine?” ar sí.

“Ní fheadamair” ar siad, “cia an guth anbhfhann adhfhuathmhar do chualamar”.

“Guth chluig Mhochaomhóig sin”, ar Fionnghuala,

“ocus is é sgarfas sibhsi ré péin, ocus ré peanaid,

ocus fhóirfeas sibh maille re toil Dé”;

ocus adúbhairt an laoidh:—

“Eisdigh ré clog an chléirigh,
Tógbhaidh bhur neite ocus éirgidh,
Beiridh a bhuidhe ré Dia a theacht,
Ocus altaighidh a éisteacht.

Córaide dhaoibh bheith dhá réir,
Is é sgarfas sibh ré péin,
Sgarfaidh ribh cairrge is clocha
Ocus sgarfaidh garbh shrotha.

“Créad soin, a bhráithre ionmhuine?” ar sí.

“Ní fheadamair,” ar siad, “cia an guth anbhfhann adhfhuathmhar do chualamair.”

“Guth chluig Mhochaomhóig san,” arsa Fionnghuala,

“agus is é scarfas sibh-se le péin agus le peanaid,

agus is é fhóirfios sibh maille le toil Dé.”

Agus adubhairt an laoi seo:

“Éistidh le clog an chléirigh,
Tógbhaidh bhur n-eite is éirghidh,
Beiridh a bhuidhe le Dia A theacht,
Agus altuighidh A éisteacht.

Córaide dhíbh bheith dh’a réir,
Is é scarfas sibh le péin;
Scarfaidh libh carraig is cloch,
Maraon agus luas na sroth.

“What is this, O beloved brothers?” said she.

“We know not”, say they, “what faint fearful voice it is we have heard”.

“That is the voice of the Bell of Mochaomhóg”, said Fionnghuala;

“and it is that [bell that] shall liberate you from suffering and from pain,

and shall relieve you according to the will of God”;

and she spoke the lay:—

“Listen to the Cleric’s bell;
Elevate your wings and arise;
Give thanks to God for his coming,
And be grateful for having heard him.

It is the more proper that ye to be ruled by him,
Because it is he that shall liberate you from pain,
Shall bring you away from the rocks and stones,
And shall bring you away from the furious currents.

A deirimsi ribhse, dhe,
Déanaidh creideamh cóir cinnte,
A cheathrar chaomh Chloinne Lir,
Eistigh ré clog an chléirigh”.

Adeirim-se libh-se dhe,
Deinidh creideamh inchreidthe:
A cheathrar chaomh-Chlainne Lir,
Éistighidh le clog an chléirigh.”

I say unto you, therefore,
Make you a confession of proper accurate faith;
Ye comely four [three ?] Children of Lir,
Listen to the bell of the Cleric”.

Section 60

Cidh trá, acht do bhádar Clanna Lir agh
éistiocht ris in cceól sin do rinne an cléirioch,

Cidh trá, acht do bhíodar, Clanna Lir, ag
éisteacht leis an gceól soin do rinne an
cléireach

The Children of Lir, therefore, continued
listening to that music which the cleric
performed,

nó gur chríochnaigh a thrátha.

no go dtáinig dó a thrátha do cheileabhradh.

until he had finished his matins.

“Canam ar cceol anois”, ar Fionnghuala,

“Canam ár gceól anois,” arsa Fionnghuala,

“Let us chant our music now”, said
Fionnghuala,

“d’áird-righ nimhe agus talmhan”.

“do Áirdrigh neimhe agus talmhan.”

“for the High King of Heaven and Earth”.

Ocus do chanadar a cceadóir, ceól síreachtach,
sír-bhinn, síthe,

Agus do chanadar i gcéadóir ceól síreachtach
sír-bhinn sidhe

And they immediately chanted a plaintive,
slow-sweet, fairy music,

ag moladh an choimhdhe, agus do adradh an
áird-righ.

ag moladh an Choimhde agus ag adhradh an
Áirdriogh.

in praise of the Lord, and in adoration of the
High King.

Section 61

Ocus do bhí Mochaomhóg ag éisteacht riú,	Do bhí Mochaomhóg ag éisteacht leo,	And Mochaomhóg was listening to them,
ocus do ghuidh Dia go dúthrachtach	agus do ghuidh Dia go dúthrachtach	and he prayed God fervently
fána fhoillsiúghadh dhó, cia ro chan an ceól sain;	fá n-a fhoillsiughadh dhó cia do chan an ceól soin.	to reveal to him who it was that chaunted the music;
ocus ro foillsigheadh dhó gurab iad Clanna Lir do rinne é.	D'fhoillsigheadh dó gurab iad Clanna Lir do rinne.	and it was revealed unto him that it was the Children of Lir that performed it.
Ocus iar tteacht na maidne arnamhárach,	Iar dteacht na maidne ar n-a mháireach,	And upon the coming of the morning of the next day,
gluaisios Mochaomhóg go Loch na hEanlaithe	do ghluais Mochaomhóg roimhe go Loch na hEanlaithe,	Mochaomhóg went forward to the Lake of the Birds;
ocus do chonnaic na héin uadha ar an loch;	agus do chonnaic na héin uaidh ar an loch;	and he saw the birds out upon the lake;
ocus do chuaidh go hoirear an chuain mar a bhfhacaidh iad,	do chuaidh go hoirear an chuain mar a bhfhacaidh iad,	and he went to the brink of the shore where he saw them,
ocus do fhiafraigh dhíobh:	agus d'fhiafruigh díobh:	and he inquired of them:
“An sibh Clann Lir?” ar sé.	“An sibh Clann Lir?”	“Are ye the Children of Lir?” said he.
“As sinn go deimhin”, ar iadsan.	“Is sinn go deimhin,” ar siad san.	“We are, indeed”, said they.

“Do bheirim a bhuidhe sin ré Dia”, ar Mo chaomhóg,

“óir as ar bhur son tangusa chum na hinnsesi,

tar gach ninnsi oile in Eirinn;

ocus tígidh a ttír,

ocus tabhraidh taobh friomsa,

óir as annso atá a ccinneadh dhíbh deaghoibreacha do déanamh,

ocus dealúghadh ré bhur bpeacthaibh”.

“Do bheirim a bhuidhe sin le Dia,” arsa Mochaomhóg,

“óir is ar bhur son do thánga-sa chum na hinse seo

thar gach inis eile i nÉirinn.

Agus tigidh i dtír

agus tugaidh taobh liom-sa,

óir is annso atá i gcinneadh dhíbh deagh-oibreacha do dhéanamh

agus dealughadh le nbhur bpeacaibh.”

“I return thanks to God for it”, said Mochaomhóg,

“for it is for your sakes that I have come to this island

beyond every other island in Erin;

and come ye to land now,

and put your trust in me,

for it is here it is destined for you to perform good works,

and separate from your sins”.

Section 62

Tángadar i ttír iar sin, ocus tugadar taobh ris an ccléireach;

ocus do rug lais da adhbhuidh féin iad;

ocus do bhídís ag déanamh tráth,

ocus ag éisteacht aifrinn a bhfochair an chléirigh.

Thángadar i dtír iarsoin agus thugadar taobh leis an gcléireach.

Do rug seisean leis d’a adhbhuidh féin iad,

agus do bhídís ag déanamh tráth

is ag éisteacht Aifrinn i bhfochair an chléirigh.

They came to land after that, and they put trust in the Cleric;

and he took them with him to his own abode,

and they used to keep the canonical hours there,

and to celebrate mass along with the Cleric.

Ocus tug Mochaomhog ceárd maith chuige,	Agus thug Mochaomhóg ceárd maith chuige,	And Mochaomhóg took a good artificer to him,
ocus d’fhuráil air slabhradha airgid aoinghil do dhéanamh dhóibh;	agus d’fhuráil air slabhradha airgid aenghil do dhéanamh dóibh;	and he ordered him to make chains of bright white silver for them;
ocus do chuir slabhraidh idir Aodh agus Fhionnghuala,	agus do chuir slabhradh idir Aodh agus Fhionnghuala	and he put a chain between Aodh and Fionnghuala,
ocus slabhraidh idir Chonn agus Fhiachra;	agus slabhradh idir Chonn agus Fhiachra.	and a chain between Conn and Fiachra;
ocus do bhídís na cceathrar ag urgháirdiúghadh intinni,	Do bhídís i n-a gceathrar ag úrgháirdiúghadh intinne	and the four of them gave much joy of mind
ocus ag méadúghadh meanmna ag an ccléireach;	agus ag méadughadh meanman ag an gcléireach,	and increase of spirits to the Cleric;
ocus níor chuir imshníomh ná atuirse ar na hénuibh aon ghuasacht ná aon riocht d’ar imthigh orra conuige sin.	agus níor tháinig imshníomh ná athuirse ar na héanaibh mar gheall ar aon ghuasacht ná aon riocht d’ar imthigh ortha go nuige sin.	and no danger nor distress in which the birds had been hitherto, caused them any fatigue or distress now.

Section 63

As é fá rígh ar Chonnachtaibh an tan sin, Lairgnén mac Colmáin, mic Cobhthaigh, ocus Deoch inghean Fhinghin mhic Aodha Allainn .i. inghean rígh Mumhan, as í bá bhan chéile dhó.	Is é ba rí ar Chonnachtaibh an tan soin Lairgnéan mac Cholmáin, mhic Chobhthaigh; agus Deoch inghean Fhinghin mhic Aodha Áluinn .i. inghean ríogh Mumhan, is í ba bhainchéile dhó.	He who was king of Connacht at this time was Lairgnaen, the son of Colman, son of Cobhthach, and Deoch the daughter of Finghin, son of Aodh Allainn, that is, the daughter of the King of Munster, was his wife.
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Section 64

Ocus do chualaigh an inghean tuarusgháil na n-én ocus do líon da searc agus da síor ghrádh; ocus do iarr ar Lairgnén na heóin d'fhagháil di. Ocus adúbhairt Lairgnén nách iarrfadh ar Mhochaomhóg iad. Ocus tug Deoch a briathar	Do chualaidh an inghean tuarasgabháil na n-én agus do líon d'a seirc agus d'a síor-grádh, agus do iarr ar Lairgnéan na héin d'fhagháil di. Acht adubhairt Lairgnéan nach iarrfadh ar Mhochaomhóg iad. Agus thug Deoch a briathar	And the woman heard the account of the birds, and she was filled with affection and fast love for them; and she entreated of Lairgnaen to procure the birds for her. And Lairgnaen said that he would not ask them of Mochaomhóg. And Deoch gave her word
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nách beith féin aon oidhche ag Lairgnén,	nách beadh féin aon oidhche ag Lairgnéan	that she would not remain one night <u>longer</u> with Lairgnen
muna bhfhaghaidh na heóin;	muna bhfaghadh na heoin,	if she did not obtain the birds;
ocus do ghluais roimpe as an mbaile.	agus do ghluais roimpe as an mbaile.	and she set out <u>at once</u> from her residence.
Ocus do chuir Lairgnén teachta go luath da tóruigheacht,	Do chuir Lairgnéan teachta go luath d'a tóruidheacht,	And Lairgnen sent messengers quickly after her,
ocus ní rugadh uirre go ráinic Cill Dalua.	acht ní rugadh uirthé go ráinig Cill Dálua.	and she was not overtaken till she reached Cill Dalua.
Ocus táinig sisi tar a hais do'n bhaile iarsin;	Tháinig sise thar a hais d'on bhaile iarsoin,	And she went back to the residence then;
ocus do chuir Lairgnén teachta d'iarraidh na néan ar Mhochaomhóg;	agus chuir Lairgnéan teachta d'iarraidh na néan ar Mhochaomhóg,	and Lairgnen sent messengers to ask the birds from Mochaomhóg;
ocus ní bhfuair iad.	acht ní bhfuair iad.	and he failed to get them.

Section 65

Do bhí fearg mhór ar Lairgnén uime sin,	Do bhí fearg mhór ar Lairgnéan uime sin,	Great anger seized upon Lairnén on this account,
ocus táinig féin go hairm araibh Mochaomhóg,	agus tháinig féin go hairm a raibh Mochaomhóg,	and he came himself to where Mochaomhóg was,
ocus d’fhiafhraigh dhe ar bhfhíor a rádha gur dhiúlt im na héanaibh é.	agus d’fhiafhuigh de ar bh’fhíor a rádha gur dhiúlt um na héanaibh é.	and he asked him if it was true that he had refused him the birds.
“As fíor go deimhin”, ar Mochaomhóg.	“Is fíor go deimhin,” arsa Mochaomhóg.	“It is true, indeed”, said Mochaomhóg.
Ann sin do eirigh Lairgnén, agus tug sítheamh ar na héanaibh,	Annsoin d’eirigh Lairgnéan, agus thug sítheamh ar na héanaibh,	Then Lairnén arose, and grasped at the birds,
ocus tug chuige do’n altóir iad	agus thug chuige do’n altóir iad	and snatched them to him off the altar,
.i. dá éan ann gach láimh dhó;	.i. dhá éan i ngach láimh dó.	namely, two birds in each hand;
ocus gluais roimhe go hairm araibh Deoch,	Agus do ghluais roimhe go hairm a raibh Deoch,	and he went forth towards the place in which Deoch was;
ocus leanas Mochaomhóg é.	agus lean Mochaomhóg é.	and Mochaomhóg followed him;
Acht ar nglacadh na néan dó,	Acht ar ghlacadh na n-éan dó,	but as soon as he had laid hands on the birds
do chuaidh a tllacht cochaill dhíobh,	do chuaidh a dtlacht cochaill díobh;	their feathery coats fell off them,

ocus do rinneadh trí seanoire críona,
cnámhacha dona macaibh;

agus do rinneadh trí seanóire críonna
cnámhacha de na macaibh

and the sons were transformed into *three*
withered, bony old men,

ocus sean chailleach, lom, arsaidh, gan fhuil,
gan fheoil, do'n inghin.

agus sean-chailleach lom ársaidh gan fhuil gan
fheoil de'n inghin.

and the daughter into a lean, withered old
woman [real men and woman], without blood
or flesh.

Section 66

Ocus do ghabh bíodhgadh Lairgnén iar sin,

Do ghaibh bíodhgadh Lairgnéan iar soim

And Lairgнен started at this,

ocus do ghluais as an mbaile amach;

agus do ghluais as an mbaile amach;

and he went out of the place;

ocus ní cian do chuaidh

agus ní cian do chuaidh

and he had not gone far

an tan do eascain Mochaomhóg é go
díocrach.

an tan d'eascain Mochaomhóg é go díocrach.

when Mochaomhóg cursed him fervently.

Section 67

Is ann sin adúbhairt Fionnghuala.

“Tar d’ar mbaisdeadh a chléirigh,

oir as gairid uainn dul do’n éag;

ocus as dearb nách measa leatsa dealúghadh
linne,

na linne dealúghadh leatsa;

ocus déana ar nadhlacadh as a haithle,

ocus cuir Conn dom’ leith dheas, ocus Fiachra
dom’ leith chlé,

ocus Aodh do leith m’aignthe”;

ocus adúbhairt an laoidh:—

“Tar d’ar mbaisteadh a chléirigh,
Gabh umat ocus éirigh,
Glan dinn ar niomad smáil,
’Sar ccionta uile, a chompáin.

Is annsoin adubhairt Fionnghuala:

“Tair d’ár mbaisteadh, a chléirigh,

óir is gairid uainn dul do’n éag;

agus is dearbh nach measa leat-sa dealughadh
linne

ioná linne dealughadh leat-sa.

Agus déin ár n-adhlacadh as a haithle.

Chuir Conn agus Fiachra do leith mo chúil

agus Aodh do leith m’aignthe;”

agus adubhairt an laoi seo:

“Tair d’ár mbaisteadh, a chléirigh,
Gaibh umat agus éirigh,
Glan dinn ár n-iomad smáil
’S ár gcionta uile, a chompáin.

It was then that Fionnghuala said:

“Come to baptize us, O Cleric,

for our death is near;

and assuredly you do not think worse of
parting with us

than we do at parting with you;

therefore make our grave afterwards,

and place Conn at my right side, and Fiachra
on my left side,

and Aodh before my face”;

and she spoke the poem:—

“Come to baptize us, O Cleric;
Take upon thee and arise;
Clear away from us our many stains,
And all our faults, O companion.

Guidh si Dia do dhealbh neamh,
Go ttigh leatsa ar mbaisteadh;
Gurabh luchtmhar ar nuaigh,
'Sar mbuinn re haltóir aonuir.

As amhlaidh órdaighim an uaigh,
Fiachra, is Conn for mo dhá thaobh,
Am ucht, idir mo dhá láimh,
A chléirigh cháidh cuir Aodh.

A Mhochaomhóg an ghlóir ghlic,
Sgarthainn ribh cia doiligh leam,
Déana go héasgaidh an uaigh,
Imthigh go luath is tar a nam”.

Section 68

A haithle na laoidh sin, do baisteadh; agus do éagadar, agus do hadhlacadh, Clanna Lir;

ocus do cuireadh Fiachra agus Conn for a dá taobh,

ocus Aodh do leith a haighthe, mar do ordaigh Fionnghuala;

ocus do tógbhadh a lia ós a leacht,

Guidh-se Dia do dhealbhuigh neamh
Go dtig leat ár mbaisteadh
Go raibh lucht úird ós ár n-uaigh
Is ár mboinn le haltóir fhuair.

Is amhlaidh órduighim an uaigh,
Fiachra is Conn cruaidh rem' thaobh;
Roimh m'ucht, idir mo dhá láimh,
A chléirigh cháidh, cuir Aodh.

A Mhochaomhóg an ghlóir ghlic,
Scarmhain libh gidh doiligh liom,
Déin go héascaidh an uaigh
Imthigh go luath, is tair i n-am.”

A haithle na laoi sin do baisteadh iad, agus d'éagadar. Do hadhlacadh Clanna Lir leis an gcléireach annsoin.

Cuireadh Fiachra is Conn do leith a cúil do'n inghin,

agus Aodh do leith a haighthe, mar do órduigh sí.

Do tógbhadh a lia ós a leacht,

Pray thou the God who formed Heaven,
That thou mayest succeed in baptizing us;
Let our grave be capacious,
And our feet at once to the altar.

Thus do I order the grave:
Fiachra and Conn by me on either side,
And in my lap, between my two arms.
Thou chaste Cleric, place Aodh.

O Mochaomhóg of the subtle speech.
Though grievous to me to part from thee,
Prepare thou hastily the grave;
Depart quickly, and come in time”.

After this lay, the children of Lir were baptized; and they died, and were buried;

and Fiachra and Conn were placed at either side [of Fionnghuala],

and Aodh before her face, as Fionnghuala ordered;

and their tombstone was raised over their tomb,

ocus do scríobhadh a nanmanna oghaim,
ocus do fearadh a ccluiche caointe;
ocus do fríth neamh dia nanmannaibh, tré
impidhe Mhochaomhóg.

do scríobhadh a n-ainmneacha oghaim,
do fearadh a gcluiche caointe,
agus do fríth neamh do n-a n-anamnaibh tré
impidhe Mhochaomhóg.

and their Oghaim names were written;
and their lamentation rites were performed;
and Heaven was obtained for their souls
through the prayers of Mochaomhóg.

Section 69

Ocus do bhí Mochaomhóg go cúmach,
tuirseach ina ndiaigh;

Agus do bhí Mochaomhóg go cumhach
tuirseach i n-a ndiaidh

And Mochaomhóg was sorrowful and
distrressed after them;

ocus do bhí ag tabhairt achmhusáin agus
eascaine ar Lairgnén,

agus do bhí ag tabhairt achmhusán is
eascaine ar Lairgnén,

and he was bestowing reproaches and
maledictions upon Lairgnen;

ocus adúbhairt an laoidh:—

agus adubhairt an laoi seo:

and he spoke the lay:

“A Lairngéin! mo mhallacht ort,
As géar do chrádhais mo chaomh-chorp;
Go ccráidheadh Dia do chorp slán,
Mar do chrádhais an bochtán.

“A Lairgnéin! mo mhallacht ort
Tré mar do chrádhais-se mo chorp;
Go gcrádhaidh Dia do chorp slán
Mar do chrádhais-se an bochtán.

“O Lairgnen! my curse upon thee,
Sharply hast thou tortured my fair body.
May God torture thy living body,
As thou hast tortured this poor wretch.

Mo cheithre peataidhe dil, éan.
Mar do mhillis a Lairgnén,
Go milleadh Dia thusa féin,
Fád’ bhainchéile, a Lairgnén.

Mo cheithre pheataidhe díl-éan
Mar do mhillis, a Lairgnéin,
Go millidh Dia tusa féin
Fód’ bhain-chéile, a Lairgnéin.

My poor beloved pets of birds,
As thou hast ruined, O Lairgnen,
May God ruin thee thyself
In thy wife [lit. woman companion,] O Lairgnen.

An bhean tug ort a labhradh,
Mas déoin ré mo thighearna,
Go raibh dhi ar son an fhill,
Giorra saoghail is ifrinn.

Andiaidh mo cheathrar daltadh,
Gan chompán, gan chomhaltadh;
Mar táim anocht, truag an sgéal,
Mo mhallacht ort a Lairgnén!”

Section 70

Níor chian iar sin

go bhfuair Lairgnén, maille re na bhainchéile,
bás go hobann,

tré eascaine Dé agus Mochaomhóg.

Section 71

Conadh í Oidheadh Chloinne Lir conuige sin.

An bhean thug ort a labhradh,
Má’s deoin le mo thighearna,
Go raibh dhi ar son an fhill
Giorradh saoghail, pian ifrinn.

I ndiaidh mo cheathrar daltadh,
Gan chompán, gan chomhdhalta,
Mar táim anocht, is truagh an scéal:
Mo mhallacht ort, a Lairgnén!”

Níor chian iarsoin

go bhfuair Lairgnéan, maille ré n-a bhain-
chéile, bás go hobann

tré eascaine Dé agus Mochaomhóg

i ndioghail an droich-ghníomha soin do
rinneadar.

Gonadh Oidhe Chlainne Lir go nuige sin.

The woman who induced thee to speak,
If it be willing to my Lord,
May she have, in return for this guile,
Shortness of life and Hell.

After my four pets,
Without a companion, without a pet,
As I am, this night—sad the tale,
My curse upon thee, O Lairgnen!”

It was not long after this

until Lairgnen, together with his wife, came to
a sudden death

through the curse of *God and* Mochaomhóg.

And that is the Fate of the Children of Lir, so
far.