

Scéla Cano meic Gartnáin

The Story of Cano son of Gartnán

Section 1

Baí imchosnom im rígi n-Alban

Bhí coimhlint fá ríge Alban

iter Oedán mac Gabráin ocus Gartnán mac
Æda maic Gabráin,

idir Aodhán mac Gabhráin agus Gartnán mac
Aodha mhic Gabhráin

Áedán son of Gabrán and Gartnán son of Áed,
son of Gabrán

were in contention over the kingship of
Scotland

co torchair leth fer n-Alban etarru hi cathaib
ocus imargalaib.

ionas gur thit leath fear Alban eatarthu i
gcatha agus in iorghala.

until half the men of Scotland fell between
them in battles and conflicts.

A n-Inis moccu Ché[i]n ro-baí in Gartnán;

In Inis Mhac Uí Chéin a chónaigh Gartnán.

Now this Gartnán dwelt in Innis Moccu Chéin

is [s]í insi is dech con-rótacht i n(n)íart[h]ar
domain,

Is í sin an inis is fearr atá cóirithe in iarthar
domhain:

and that island was the best equipped in the
western world.

.i. stíall ar c[h]apar do dercibar cach teach baí
isinn indsi la Gartnán ó fhéic co féic imonn
indsi uili connici in fialtech;

gach teach ó rinn to rinn fán inis uile tógtha ag
Gartnán as stiallacha de iúr dearg, go fiú an
leithreas féin.

In Gartnán's time every house on the island
was panelled with red yew, as far as the privy,
around the whole island.

ba do dercór a indsi uili la Gartnán.	Ba de dhearg-ór a inis uile de bharr a shaothair.	Gartnán had his whole island decked with red gold.
Seacht seisreacha leis for indair;	Seacht seisreacha aige don treabhadh.	He had seven ploughlands under the plough
secht n-áirge leis, .iii. fichit bó cache háirge.	Seacht dtréada aige agus seacht bhfichid bó i ngach tréad.	and seven herds with seven score cows in each herd.
.l. lín fri haige altai	Caoga líon le breith ar fhianna allta	He had fifty nets for wild game
esti amach, .l. lín fria híascach.	agus caoga líon as an inis amach le haghaidh iascaigh.	and fifty fishing nets off-shore.
in .l. lín éisc, súainemain estib for senistrib na cuchtrach,	Caoga téad as na líonta éisc go dtí fuinneoga na cistiní.	The fifty fishing nets had ropes on them leading up to the windows of the kitchen.
cluicine for cind cache súainemna	Cloigín ar cheann gach téide	There was a small bell at the end of each rope
forind aireanach ar bélaib in[d] rechtaire;	ar an laindéal os coinne an reachtaire.	on the platform in front of the steward.
cethrur oc téluch na n-iach céatshnáma dó súas.	Ceathrar ag tarraing na mbradán céadshnáma aníos dó.	Four men would empty the first run salmon up to <u>the steward</u> above.
Éiseum co léic ic ól meda fora(a) cholcaig.	Eisean ar feadh an ama ar a tholg ag ól meá.	<u>Gartnán</u> , meanwhile, would be drinking mead on his quilt bed.

Section 2

Rucad mac do Gartnán, .i. Canu mac Gartnáin.	Rugadh mac do Ghartnán, is é sin Cano mac Gartnáin,	A son was born to Gartnán and his name was Cano.
Rucad-side for altrom.	agus tugadh amach ar altrom é.	He was put into fosterage.
Fo-rroilged la Gartán dabach i llaç mara, agus sí lán di ór agus di argat;	Chuir Gartnán dabhach á fholú i lag mara agus í lán d'ór agus d'airgead	Gartnán concealed a vat full of gold and silver when the tide was low.
ocus ro-marbtha lais in cethror ro-báatar oc br[e]ith ind airgid inti,	agus mharaigh sé an ceathrar a d'iompair an t-airgead inti,	He had the four men who had loaded <u>the vat</u> *with silver* killed
conda ruc in muir leis,	gur rug an mhuir léi iad	and then the sea carried them off.
ocus nách fidir acht (s)éisem agus a ben agus a mac.	agus nárbh eol d'éinne é ach dó féin agus a bhean agus a mhac.	No one knew of this except <u>Gartnán</u> , his wife and his son.

Section 3

Do - luid .i.m̄. Ædán cucai - seom .xx. cét fot na geamaidhchi.	Oíche gheimhridh amháin áfach tháinig Aodhán chuige, le fiche céad fear,	*However,* Áedán advanced on <u>Gartnán</u> with two thousand men through a winter's night.
Coná dechadar acht a ndeachaid do rind gai agus do g[e]in claidhibh,	agus ní dheachaigh as ach a ndeachaigh de rinn ghae agus d'fhaobar claidhimh,	They only escaped who escaped from spear-point and sword-edge
ocus ní baí crand dond indsi fri aroile im meadón laí arna mórach.	agus i meán lae arna bhárach ní raibh aon dá chrann tí i gcionn a chéile san inis.	and there was not a beam left standing against another by noon of the following day.

Section 4

“Maith trá”, or Cano, “is ferr dún imgabáil ind fhir-se ro-marb ar n-athair;	“Bíodh mar sin,” ar Cano, “is fearr dúinn an fear seo a mharaigh ár n-athair a sheachaint.	“Well now,” Cano said, “it would be better for us to avoid the man who has slain my father
ní (f)aicsiu ar cairdeas dó inás in fer ro-marb.”	Ní foigse ár gcairdeas dó ná cairdeas an fhir a mharaigh sé.”	for my kinship with <u>Áedán</u> is further removed than that of the man he has slain.”
“Cia leath reghma[e]?” or a muintir.	“Caidé an treo a raghaimid?” ar a mhuintir.	“Where shall we go?” asked his people.
“Reghmai(t) i tír n-Éirind; combráthair dún.”	“Raghaimid go hÉirinn mar is comhbhráithre dúinn iad.”	“Let us go to Ireland. We have kinsmen there.”
Do-gnít(h)er curaich lais.	Fuair sé curaigh déanta	A small boat was built by them.
Lotar dochum thrácta.	agus chuadar chun trá.	They went down to the beach.
Is [s]amlaidh do-dechadar dochum mara .i. cóeca læch.	Is amhlaidh a tháinig an caoga laoch chun na mara:	The fifty warriors who came to the sea looked like this:
Brat corcra cóicdiabalta im cach n-aí;	brat corcra cúig-dhiabhalta ar gach duine acu;	each of them had a purple cloak, folded five times, about him
dá sleigh cóicrindi ina láimh;	dhá shleá chúig-rinne ina láimh;	* , two five-pronged spears in his hand,
sciath co mbúailig óir fair;	sciath agus murlán óir air;	a shield with a golden boss on it*
cloideb órduirnn fora chris;	claidheamh ór-dhoirn ar a chris;	and a golden hilted sword on his belt.

a mong órbuidi dara ais.	a mhong órbhuí thar a mhuin siar.	Each of them had golden yellow locks of hair *flowing down his back*.
Is [s]amlaid do-deachadar in .l. ban: brat húaine co cortharaib argait; léne co ndergindlead óir; deilgi óir lánecair co mbrechtrad (n)gem n-ildathach; muinci di ór forloisct[h]i; mind óir for(a) c(h)ind cach aí.	Is amhlaidh a tháinig an caoga ban: brat uaithne fá chorthar airgid; léine fá dhearg-inleadh óir; dealga d'ór lán-eagair fá bhreachtraidh geama ildathacha; muince d'ór fhorloiscthe; mionn óir ar cheann gach mná acu.	The fifty women who went looked like this: each had a green cloak with silver fringes, a tunic embroidered with red gold, fully embellished golden brooch-pins with a variety of many-coloured stones, a necklace of refined gold and each wore on her head a golden diadem.
In .l. gilla: inara do síta buidi[u] impu co n-argud.	An caoga giollaí <u>ansin</u> : ionair de shíoda buí agus airgid umpu;	The fifty servants had yellow silk shirts threaded about with silver.
Fithchell for muin cach gilla[i] co feraib óir ocus airgid; timpán créda i(n) láim chlí in gilla[i]; da mílchoin ar slabra[i]d airgit ina láim deis.	fichill ar mhúinéal gach giolla maraon le fir óir agus airgid; tiompán créadha ina láimh chlé; dhá mhíol-choin ar shlabhra airgid ina láimh dheis.	Each servant carried a set of <i>fidchell</i> across his back with gold and silver pieces, a *bronze* lute in his left hand and a pair of greyhounds on a silver leash in his right hand.

Section 5

Bátar meic Æda Sláne in tan-sin	Bhí mic Aodha Sláine an t-am sin	At that time the two sons of Áed Sláine, <u>Diarmait and Bláthmac,</u>
for crích (n)Ulad	i gcrích Uladh	
for tomaltaib,	ag bailiú toradh a gceartanna ríoga,	
.i. dá mac Æda Sláne i comflaitheamnas;	mar bhí an bheirt acu i gcomhfhlaithiúnas <u>an tráth sin.</u>	who held joint-sovereignty, were enjoying their tribute
bádar-side hi Collmaig hi crích Ulad.	I gCollmhaigh i gcrích Uladh <u>a tháinig Cano orthu.</u>	in the territory of Ulster, at Collmeg.
Ro-buí fáilti mór la suidiu,	Chuir siad fáilte mhór roimhe	They gave a good welcome to <u>Cano,</u>
.i. trian bi[i]d agus leanna agus attreib agus indili dó.	le trian de bhia, de lionn, de áitreabh agus de innile.	that is to say, one-third of their food, their drink, dwelling places and wealth.
Nirbo lór la hÆdán	Níor leor d'olc le hAodhán	
a c[h]los-[s]in na fáilti do thabairt do-som la macu Æda Sláne;	a chloisint cé an fháilte a chuir mic Aodha Sláine roimh Chano;	Hearing of the welcome given to <u>Cano</u> by the sons of Áed Sláine, Áedán was dissatisfied.
andso cach rét leis dí	ba throime ná gach rud leis	It was all the harder to bear

nád fider in dabaig fo-roilged la Gartnán.	nár bh eol dó an áit ar fholaigh sé an dabhach.	that he did not know where the vat had been hidden by Gartnán.
At-berad-som trá do-dechaid in Satan c(h)uca, .i. co hOedán,	Deirtear áfach go dtáinig Satan go dtí Aodhán	It was said *, however,* that Satan came to Áedán
co n-éccid dó in dabaig áit a roibi,	gur inis dó an áit a raibh an dabhach	and disclosed the whereabouts of the vat to him.
co tucad leis co mbuí ina chuili fodeisin,	agus go dtug sé leis ina chuile *fhéin* é	<u>Áedán then</u> brought <u>the vat</u> back so that it stood in his own store-room
ocus nocho testa afaing esti.	agus nach raibh oiread is cianóg in easnamh air.	and it was not lacking in silver pennies.
“Bidh maith so”, or Oedán,	“Beidh gach ina cheart,” ar Áodhán,	“It will be a good thing,” Áedán said,
“.i. in crod-sa Gartnán do-bérthar do macaib Æda Sláne ar marbad a meicc, .i. Cana.”	“is cóir an crodh *Ghartnán* a thabhairt do mhic Aodha Sláne ar son Cano a mharú.”	“that the sons of Áed Sláne be given the wealth of Gartnán to kill his own son Cano.”

Section 6

Do-luid nónbur úad, ocus míach argaid leo,	Chuaigh naonúr <u>siar</u> uaidh agus miach airgid leo	Áedán dispatched nine men with a sack of silver
co mbádar issind arucol mac n-Æda Sláne	go rabhadar i seomra mac Aodha Sláne	and they arrived at the chamber of the sons of Áed Sláne
cen fhis cen airfhis.	*gan fhios, gan réamhfhios*.	secretly and without prior arrangement.
Cana cona muintir i tig fo leith isin lis.	Bhí Cano agus a mhuintir i dteach fá leith so lios.	Cano and his household were staying in the house in a separate part of the enclosure.
Ingen Díarmada maic Æda Sláne ro-char(astar) Cano	Tharla <u>áfach</u> go raibh iníon Dhiarmada mhic Aodha Sláne i ngrá le Cano	The daughter of Diarmait, son of Áed Sláne, loved Cano before he had crossed <u>the sea</u>
ara airscélaib	ar a iomrá	because of the famous stories about him.
cid síu do-(th)ísed t(h)airis.	fiú sula dtáinig sé anall,	
Ro-bátar coím Éreand ica c(h)uindchid.	cé go raibh uaisle na hÉireann á hiarraidh féin,	She was sought in marriage by Irish nobles.
Buí-si i n(n)airicol i tóeb taigi mac n-Óeda.	agus <u>anois</u> bhí sise i seomra ag taobh tí mhac Aodha.	She was in a chamber which lay alongside the house of the sons of Áed <u>Sláne</u> .
“Toimsidher a n-argad”, or mac Æda.	“Tomhaistear an t-airgead,” ar mic Aodha.	“Let the silver be weighed,” said the sons of Áed.

“Ro-d-bia ón”, or ind (n)Albanaich.	“Déanfar sin duit,” ar na hAlbanaigh.	“So be it,” the Scots said.
Ro-c(h)úala[e] ind (n)ingen in cocur hísín.	Chuala an iníon an comhchogar seo.	The girl heard that secret conversation.
Ro-gab imach, agus gebid fleisc ina láim, ocus luid co mbuí forsin fordorus ind lis.	Ghabh sí amach, thóg fleasc ina láimh agus chuaigh ar fhordhoras an leasa.	She came out holding a rod in her hand and she went to the balcony overlooking the enclosure.
Is and do-lluid-seom imach ceathror,	Is ansin díreach a tháinig <u>Cano</u> amach <u>faoi le</u> <u>triúr eile</u> ,	Then the four men came out,
ocus óengaí i lláim cech fir do dul immach.	agus ga i láimh gach fir acu.	each with a spear in his hand.
At-bert-sí:	Labhair sí:	The girl said:
“Nochon [fh]etar-sa indiu la hÉri ná hAlbanchu loech ná[d] (h)urgarad(ar) Cano cona gaí find fort(h)anu.”	“A lua inniu ní fhéadaim, in Albain ná in Eirinn, laoch nach ndiongbhann Cano lena gha geal tanaí.”	“There’s no warrior that I know, of the Scots or of the Irish, who could not ward off Cano with his bright and slender spear.”
Oc teacht dó fon fordorus,	Ag teacht faoin fhordhoras dó	As she went towards <u>Cano</u> , who was under the balcony,
do-ber[t]-sí in slait ina chend agus dixit:	leag sí an tslat ar a cheann agus dúirt:	she waved the stick before him and said:
“A Chano faire i f(a)ile fortharo; masa dodchad, is mór de, masa s[otch]ad, is tano.”	“A Chano, tá súil ar do shealbhas, más dochar is mór de, más sochar is mion de.”	“Cano, there is interest in your store: its good luck will be slight, its bad luck will be more”

<p>La tobairt bémme dó oc tuideacht imach, ocus as-bert oc teacht dó úaidi(b):</p>	<p>agus ansin thug sí buille dó ag teacht amach agus dúirt leis mar d’imigh sé:</p>	<p>As she came out she gave <u>Cano</u> a tap and said, drawing nearer to him and further from the others:</p>
<p>“Ní faiteach int Albanach im-thé(i)t la lúth a láime; atá ní nád faichlethar gussu maic Æda Sláine.</p>	<p>“Ní faichilleach an tAlbanach a shiúlann fá lúth a láimhe, mar tá rud nach bhfeiceann sé, cumhacht mac Aodha Sláine.</p>	<p>“Unwary is the Scot, who roves with strength in his hand, It is a fact that he takes no heed of Áed Sláine’s warlike sons.</p>
<p>Ní ar tharcud athchomsáin do rí g cen écnach n-æra, atá mór dona[ib] doínib fo chíchib maicni nOeda.</p>	<p>Ní chanaim i modh achasáin do rí gan éagnach aoire, mar tá mórán de dhaoine faoi chíochoa na mac Aodha seo.</p>	<p>It is not to apportion blame to a king untainted by satire, but those in the care of the sons of Áed Sláine could heed this warning greatly.</p>
<p>A scél ro-chúala tria tech ní sían n-álaind n-adbannach; siretach nád cluinither; ní faitech int Albanach.”</p>	<p>An scéal a chualas tríd an teach ní síansa álainn ábhannach, is trua don té nach gcluineann é, ní faichilleach an tAlbanach.”</p>	<p>Throughout this house I have heard the tale, it is not a pleasant tune, Sad for him who does not hear, unwary is the Scot.”</p>
Ni.		
<p>“As robad so, a ingen,” ar Cano.</p>	<p>“Is rabhadh é sin, a iníon,” ar Cano.</p>	<p>“This is a warning, girl,” Cano said.</p>
<p>“Cid robud”, orsi, “atá a damna and.</p>	<p>“Más ea féin,” ar sí “tá a ábhar ann.</p>	<p>“If there is a warning,” she replied, “there is reason for it.</p>
<p>Atáthar ac tomus argaid ar bar marbad isinn arucul út.”</p>	<p>Táthar ag tomhas airgid ar do mharú sa tseomra úd.”</p>	<p>They are counting out silver for your murder in that chamber there.”</p>
<p>“Maith dí”, orse.</p>	<p>“Tá go maith,” ar sé</p>	<p>“Right then,” <u>Cano</u> said.</p>

Section 7

Luid ina t[h]ech.

agus chuaigh ar ais ina theach.

He went into the house.

“Maith trá, is airc dúnn cia do-[g]nemis comairle.”

“Más mar sin é, beidh orainn comhairle a ghlacadh.”

“Well now, we need to take counsel.”

“Cid so, a Chano?” ol a muintir.

“Caidé an scéal seo, a Chano?” ar a mhuintir leis.

“What is the matter, Cano?” his household asked.

“Ní ‘cid’ maith”, ol Cano;

“Ní scéal maith é.

“ ‘What’ is of no use,” Cano replied.

“do-filter c(h)uca(i)nd diar marbad in lín atám.”

Táthar réidh lenár marú, an uile dhuine againn.”

“They are on their way to kill the lot of us.”

“Bés is ed ro-c[h]indead dún”, ar an óic.

“B’fhéidir gurb é a cinneadh dúinn,” adeir na fir.

“Perhaps that has been fated for us,” the young men said.

“Atá ní as maith dún”, or Cano:

“Tá comhairle agam a fhóirfeas dúinn.

“This is the best course for us,” Cano said.

“fúaitgem dona[ib] feraib na cóic thigi file(t) isind lis.

Ná ligimis do na fir dul sna cúig tithe atá sa lios.

“Let us capture from the men the five houses in the enclosure.

Tíagat dá claidbech déc ar dorus cach t(h)igi.

Téadh dhá chlaidhmheach déag i ndoras gach tí.

Let twelve swordsmen go to the door of each house.

Ro-hicob-sa na rígu ocus nibat rí na fotha.”

Raghaidh mise go dtí na ríthe agus ní ríona a bheas acu ansin.”

I shall approach the kings and it will not be a loving visit for them.”

“Maith”, or inn óic, “is fearr ainmne.”	“Maith go leor,” ar na fir, “is fearr dúinn bheith foighdeach.”	“Good,” the warriors said, “forbearance is the better course.”
“Maith”, orse, “tíagh-sa dochum ind arucuil dús in[d]am léicther ind.	“Go maith,” ar sé, “raghadsa chuig an tseomra féachaint an ligfear isteach mé.	“Good,” agreed Cano. “I will go to the chamber to see if I can get in.
Dian[d]am léicther ind, ni-m [m]air[b]fider.	Má ligtear, ní marófar mé.	If I can, I shall not be slain.
Mani-m léict[h]er, segaith-si ar éicin ocus no-m-léicid imach iarum.”	Mura ligtear, téigí sibhse agus ligigí amach ar éigin mé.”	If I cannot then force your way inside and get me out.”

Section 8

Téit-seom dí do dorus in tigi.	Téann sé ansin go doras an tí	<u>Cano</u> approached the door of the house.
Tíagair di athchomarc Cano i ndorus in tigi.	agus tig duine chun cainte leis.	Men were sent to question him at the doorway.
“Do-lleic ind”, or Díarmaid.	“Lig isteach é,” ar Diarmaid.	“Let him in,” says Diarmait.
“Tóet ind”, or Bláthmac.	“Taradh sé isteach,” ar Bláthmhac.	“He may enter,” says Bláthmac.
Téit isa tech co fosad.	Téann sé isteach go socair.	Cano entered steadily.
Is and buí in sechi cusan argad for lár in tigi.	Is amhlaidh a bhí an tseiche leis an airgead ar urlár an tí.	The bag of silver was on the floor *of the house*.
“Tair etraind sund”, orsiad.	“Tar anseo eadrainn,” ar siad.	“Come among us,” they said.

“Maith ind foil-se”, orse, .i. foil a athar.	“Is maith an fáinne seo” — fáinne a athar a bhí ann.	“That is a fine bracelet,” Cano said — it was his father’s bracelet.
“Bíd imod láim”, or Díarmait.	“Beidh sé fá do láimh,” ar Diarmaid.	“It shall encircle your hand,” Diarmait said.
“Ba dúthaich cia no-beth dí”, orse.	“Ní bheadh ann ach an ceart dá mbeadh,” ar sé.	“It used to be an heirloom,” said <u>Cano</u> .
“Cia dúthchus ón?” orsead.	“Cé an chaoi más ea?” ar siad.	“Whose inheritance was it?” they asked.
“Scél trúag ón”, orse.	“Is scéal trua é maise,” ar sé.	“That is a sad story.
“Atchúalabair m’athair-sea.	“Chuala sibh trácht ar m’athair.	You have heard of my father.
Rob adlaic leo-som daigh-íartaigi dam-sa;	Ba mhian leis soláthar a dhéanamh do mo thodhchaí	He wished it to be a noble inheritance for me;
.i. ro-foilgedh leis dabach lán di arcad.	agus chuir sé dabhach lán d’airgead i bhfolach,	he concealed it in a vat full of silver.
Ol is treisiu tocad Ædán,	ach mar ba threise rath Aodháin	Since Áedán’s luck is the stronger,
fo-fúair co tucad úad crod an athar	fuair sé crodh m’athar agus chuir <u>anseo go hÉirinn</u> é	he found my father’s store of treasure and sent it <u>here to you</u>
armo marbad-sa libh-si sund.”	mar dhíolaíocht ar mo mharú libhse.”	in return for my death *by you here*.”
“At-beram”, or Díarmaid,	“Deirimid an méid seo,” ar Diarmaid,	“We declare,” said Diarmait,

“cia do-bertha lán in tigi co h-ocht(h)aig,

ni-t rir(fi)the aire.”

“Is buidi lend”, orse.

La sin gaibthi imach.

Téit Bláthmac ina dia(i)d.

“Atá ní no-t-bia, a Chana,” orse.

“Regait ind óic diar n-inchaibh-ne murc[h]reich.

Airg-siu ara chind agus dos-fúaire, agus tuc t(h)’arcad fadéin c(h)ucad”.

“Am buideach de”, or Cano.

“cé go dtabharfaí lán an tí go fraitheacha dúinn

ní díolfaí thú.”

“Táimid buíoch,” ar sé.

Leis sin téann sé amach.

Téann Bláthmhac ina dhiaidh.

“Beidh sásamh agat, a Chano,” ar sé.

“Raghaidh na teachtairí taobh amuigh dár n-oineach ar an fharraige.

Téigh thusa ina gcionn is básaigh iad is glac chugat d’airgead féin.”

“Táim buíoch de,” ar Cano.

“that though the fill of this house up to the rafters were given

you would not be sold for it.”

“I am grateful,” said Cano.

With that he left.

Bláthmac followed him.

“Here’s something for you, Cano,” he said.

“Áedán’s warriors will pass out of our protection at the distance of a league.

Go intercept them, crush them and retrieve your own silver.”

“I am grateful for this,” said Cano.

Section 9

Téit iar sin coa muntir.	Téann sé ina dhiaidh sin go dtí a mhuintir.	Cano *then* returned to his people
Im-rochomlai ind n-inseo a taigh dóib.	Níonn siadsan cuairt an oileáin ar lorg na dteachtairí,	and they set out from the house.
No-s-gaib Cano.	ach is é Cano a bheireann orthu.	Cano caught up with the <u>envoys of Áedán</u> .
Aireblingthe co mbuí isin curach.	Léimeann sé isteach sa churach orthu:	He leapt aboard their boat.
“... do thetarr(e)acht ar mbægail”, ar Cano.	“Ag iarraidh teacht aniar aduaidh orm a bhí sibh?” *, arsa Cano.*	“We have caught you unawares,” he said.
“Is dáig”, orse[a]t.	“Is dóiche é,” ar siad.	“That is clear,” they replied.
“Olc dúib ám mo brath-sa.	“Ba olc an mhaise díbh fealladh orm.	“You were greatly at fault to betray me:
Ní fil isan churach-sa nabad i tig m’athar-sa oculus mo máthar do-ucabtha”.	Níl dada sa churach seo nach as tigh m’athar agus mo mháthar a tógadh é.”	there is not a man in this boat who was not raised in the house of my father and mother.”
“Maith, a Chano”, ar ann óic.	“Is fíor duit, a Chano,” ar na fir,	“Well, Cano,” the warriors said,
“Cid tú bud chumachtach is’ tír i tám-ne, no-bemis dod réir.	“ach dá mbeadh cumhacht na tíre agatsa bheimis faoi do réirse.	“if it were you who ruled in our land, we would be subject to you.
Atá ní as maith duit: t’argat bodéin d’fábáil lat	Is é an rud is fearr duit a dhéanamh anois, d’airgead féin a choinneáil	Here is your best course: your *own* silver to be left <u>here</u>
oculus ar léici[ud]-nni diar tír.”	agus sinne a ligint abhaile.”	and us to be allowed back to our land.”

“Bid fír dí”, orse.	“Sin mar a dhéanfad,” ar sé.	“It shall be so,” <u>Cano</u> said.
“Aircid ass.”	“Imígí libh.”	*“Away with you.”*
“Cid so, a Chono?” ar a muintir.	“Cad chuige seo, a Chano?” ar a mhuintir.	“What is this *, Cano*?” cried his household.
“Dar mo chumachta-sa”, orse, “ní géatar afaing asin churach-sa.	“Dar mo chumhachtsa,” ar sé, “ní tabharfar ar shiúl cianóg as an churach seo.	“By my power,” said <u>Cano</u> , “not a penny will be stolen from the boat.
Ma ra-tocad dam-sa, as mé do-méla(d) a n(d)-argat-sa.”	Má bhí an t-airgead i ndán dom, is agamsa a bheas a chaitheamh.”	If it was destined for me, I should enjoy the silver.”
“Atin bu[i]dig de”, ar an óic.	“Táimid buíoch de,” ar na fir.	“We are grateful,” the young men said.
“Tucaid as.”	“Tógaigí libh é.”	“Begone.”

Section 10

Do-t(ho)ét sòn dochum tíre.	Le sin tháinig sé ar ais chun tíre.	<u>Cano</u> set back toward land.
“Maith”, or Diarmait	“Go maith,” ar Diarmaid.	“Good,” said Diarmait,
— fáitsine ó Día leis-[s]ide.	Bhí fáistine ó Dhia aige	who had God’s gift of prophecy,
“Do-radad lúag na h-ainmne[t] do-ronnai in gilla(i) forsín fairgi:	gur tugadh luach na foighde a rinne <u>Cano</u> ar an fharraige	“the forbearance shown by the young man on the sea has been rewarded.

rígi n-Alban dó ceithri blíadna[i] fichet tar éis Oedán.	agus go mbeadh ríge Alban aige ar feadh cheithre bliana fichead tar éis Aodháin.	The kingdom of Scotland shall rest with him for twenty-four years in succession to Áedán.
Maith”, or Díarmait, “tabraid fáilti dond fhir do-thæd c(h)ucaib.”	“Go maith,” ar Diarmaid, “cuirigí fáilte roimh an fhear a thig chugaibh.”	“Good,” he continued, “give welcome to the man who comes before you.”
Co cend trí tráth iar sin nocho tall cris ná delg díb.	Go ceann dhá lá ina dhiaidh sin níor scaoil siad crios ná dealg díobh.	Then, until the end of three days, <u>the household of Cano</u> removed neither belt nor clasp.
“Bennacht for cách do-[g]ní maith [f]rind”, ar Cano.	“Beannacht ar chách a ní maith linn,” ar Cano <u>ansin</u> .	“A blessing on all who grant us aid,” said Cano.
“Tíagam-ni do chollad.”	“Téimis a chodladh.”	“Let us retire for sleep.”
Ba sí a comairle trá:	Seo an chomhairle a lean siad:	This was their plan:
do-lotar as fut na h-aidche	D’imigh siad i rith na hoíche	they journeyed south throughout the night
co tuidcheatar fa-des dar Mag Murthemne i Mag m-Breg hi Cernai.	go dtáinig siad ó dheas thar Mhaigh Muirthemhne go Cearna i Máigh Breá.	until they came *southwards* across Mag Muirthemne into Mag Brega at Cernae.
Bátar géisi forsin tilich.	Bhí ealaí ar an tulach <u>ann</u> .	There were swans on the slope.
“Díbaireg na h-éo(u)nu”, or a munter fri Cana.	“Lámhaigh na héin,” ar a mhuintir le Cano.	“Shoot at the birds,” Cano’s people said to him.
Do-léici irchor fairriu; ni ránic.	Chaith sé urchar leo, ach níor aimsigh <u>iad</u> .	<u>Cano</u> took a shot at them: it did not hit.

Is ann as-bert, ar ní ro-theile imroll riam:

“Gési Cernai, mosrubthus,
dom lí[i]cc ní ma[d] rog(a)bas;
brónán foru dia coraib,
fo brónán form do imrolaib.”

Do-lotar síar arna bárach do Loch Aindind.

“Díbaireg in lochain”, or cách.

“A locho” (arseiseom)
“Locha Aindind(i), ní-t rocho
ní scéoil indé a Cernu
... ní focha.

Ní airg éonu Maic Dé bí
... ara clúim;
(is) beg tarba, ar ní mór a méit,
ro-s-léic amin ina ndlúim.

Ní airg éonu in maigi;
niba foru mo sroibthene;
ní hed do-m-ucai ó Scí mé
cocad fri géisi Cernai.”

Is ansin a dúirt sé, óir níor theilg sé iomrall riamh:

“Ealaí Chearna cé gur scanraíos
le mo chloich ní maith a d’aimsíos;
brónach iadsan de na hurchair,
brónach mise de na hiomraill.”

Chuardar síar arna bhárach go Loch Ainninn.

“Caith leis na lachain,” ar cách leis ansin,

ach is é dúirt seisean:

“A lachain
Loch Ainninne ní chaithfinn,
mar nach amhlaidh inniu don té
a d’ionsaigh na healaí inné.

Óir ní bhásód éin Mhic Dé,
lachain an chluímh gheal réidh,
mar i méid is beag a dtairbhe
is fágfad a mbeo ag na scuaine.

Ní bhásód éin an mhachaire,
ní hiad a dhófas mo thine,
ní hé a thug ó Scí mé
chur cogaidh ar ealaí Chearna.”

.g.

It was then that he said, for he had never before missed a shot:

“I have scared the swans of Cernae,
it were better that I had not thrown;
their sorrow at being disturbed
is like mine for my ill-cast stone.”

Next day they went west to Loch Aindinn.

“Shoot at the ducks,” they all said.

Said Cano:

“Ducks of Loch Aindinn
I cannot reach you
It will not be like yesterday,
I shall not torment the ducks on the lake.

I shall not harm a feather of the birds
of the Son of the living God.
The profit is small, its size not great.
Let me leave them huddled so.

I shall not harm the birds of the plain,
my lightning shall not stike them.
That is not why I set out from Skye
to war on the swans of Cernae.”

Section 11

Lotar iar sin dar Sinaind hi Connachta do
asnom co Gúairi,

co rángadar tech Marcáin

las mb[a]í Créd ingen Gúaire.

Ro-charastair-side cid síu t(h)ised t(h)airis
anair.

Is ann as-bert-si:

“Cano mac Gartnán ó Scí,
Créd a Maínmaig i n-áni:
ba dirsín is mór do dú
ocus da muir eturru.”

Créd ingen Gúairi mad nach,
cóel in bath (?) etar-da-beth
ocus mac Gartnán, in mac
... regad dia tochmarc.”

Ro-anacht-som dí a bale isi[nd]

ó[i]r da-luid-seom la Díarmaid dia tar(d)a(i)d
Díarmait in cath do Gúairi, co ro-anacht-som
immale.

Ina dhiaidh sin chuaigh siad thar Sionainn i
gConnachta ag triall ar Ghuaire,

agus tháinig siad go teach Mharcáin,

a raibh Créadh, iníon Ghuaire, mar mhnaoi
aige.

Bhí sise i ngrá le Cano fiú sula dtáinig sé
trasna anoir,

agus anois dúirt sí:

“Cano mac Ghartnán ó Scí
is Créadh i Maonmhaigh na háine,
fairíor is mór de thalamh
agus de mhuir á scaradh.”

Créadh iníon Ghuaire dá mba luachmhar
ba chaol an fharraige fhuafar,
is mac Ghartnán an t-óglach
rachadh gan mhoill dá tochmharc.”

Roimhe sin chaomhnaigh seisean a baile

tráth a ndeachaigh sé le Diarmaid ag
tabhairt catha do Ghuaire.

They went then across the river Sinann into
Connaught, making for Gúaire,

and they came upon the house of Marcáin,

whose wife was Créd daughter of Gúaire.

She loved Cano even before he had journeyed
across the sea.

It was then that she said:

“Cano, Gartnán’s son from Skye,
noble Créd from Maínmag:
bad luck that such land and sea
lay between them.

Créd was Gúaire’s daughter, if she were anyone,
slender was the sea that parted her
and the son of Gartnán, a son
who would come to court her.”

Marcáin had protected the land of Créd

from the time he had arrived there with Diarmait
when he had given battle to Gúaire.

“Airg a gilla”, orseiseam, “isi[n] leas.

Cuindig comairce co Créid dún co rí(a)sam co Gúairi”.

Is and as-bert-som intí Cano:

“Beir imchomarc úaim-se
co Créidi ingin Gúaire,
is geb na runnu-sa dí,
do-bér-sa a coibéis úaidi.”

“Duid-seo do-bert(h)ar na raind-sea, a
C[h]réidi”, ar Colcu mac Marcáin.

Is and as-bert:

“A Cholco,
bec a fhis duid cia do(o)rdo;
mo serc-sa do-radius d’fhir
nád (f)ocus dam a (f)orba.”

“Fir a cano”, ar Marcán,

“ní chara is é don muintir-si.”

“Gabh sa lios, a ghiolla,” ar Cano,

“agus iarr coimirce ar Chréadh dúinn go dtí
go dtéimid fhaid le Guaire.”

Ba ansin freisin a dúirt sé:

“Beirse beannacht uaimse
go Créidh inín Ghuaire;
inis na ranna seo di
is gheobhad a gcothrom uaithi.”

“Is duitse a bheirtear na ranna seo, a
Chréadh,” ar Colgain mac Mharcáin,

agus dúirt sí leis:

“A Cholgain,
beag do fhios cé fáth mo liachta,
mo shearc do thugas d’óglach
nach fogas dom a theaghlach.”

“Is fíor a gcanann tú,” ar Marcán;

“ní hé Colgain do leannán mar is de
mhuintir an tí seo eisean.”

“Go, servant,” Cano said, “into the enclosure.

Seek Créid’s permission that we may approach
Gúaire.”

Then Cano said:

“Send greeting from me
to Créid, Gúaire’s daughter:
sing her this verse
and bring the same from her.”

“This verse has been brought to you, Créid,” said
Colcu son of Marcáin.

Créd said:

“Colcu,
little do you know of what I sing.
I have given my love to a man
whose homeland is far away.”

“What you sing is true,” Marcán said.

“You will not love Colcu for he is not of this
household.”

“A Marcáin,
ni raba[e] d’éis do macáin;
nirop do macán ro-m-[sh]á
corab tusu ad-bala.

Do she[i]rc neich sech araile
i tír (n)Érend ni dordo
mairg diamongnais Cana
ocus diam cara Colcu.”

Ro-liad-si íarum a[r] C[h]olcain,

dia n-ebairt Gúaire fesin dia n-etarchosaíd:

“Créd la Marcán, niba mac,
ni gaib Colcain do thochmarc,
nu ruband Créad ar féile
acht is a fail [ó]enchéile.”

Labhair sise ansin:

“A Mharcáin,
ní bheidh tú d’éis do mhacáin;
ní hé do mhacán a gheobhas mé
go dtí tar éis do bháis-se;

de sheirc duine i dtír Éireann
ní chaoimh thar a chéile;
mairg ise atá in éagmais Chano
is gur di is cara Colgain.”

A.

Níos moille arís cuireadh ina leith go raibh
sí mór le Colgain,

agus sin an uair a dúirt Guaire féin lena
ndreasú i gcoinne a chéile:

“Créadh le Marcán — ní haon mhaicín —
níor ghlac le grá ó Cholgain,
ní mhillfidh Créadh a féile
ach ar son an aon-chéile.”

Then she said:

“Marcán,
behind your son you should not be,
for though you die
he shall not win me.

I sing of no one’s love above another
in the land of Ireland.
Sorrow to her in Cano’s absence
and to whom Colcu is a friend.”

Then Créd was accused of adultery with Colcu

when Gúaire himself said, to cause dissention
between them:

“Créd should be with Marcán
and not with his son.
In modesty she could not be
wife to more than one.”

Section 12

Lotar-sin dí co Derlus nGúairi,	Chuaigh <u>Cano agus a mhuintir</u> ansin go Durlas Ghuaire,	They went then to Derlus Gúairi
ocus ba fáilich friu.	agus bhí <u>Guaire féin</u> fáilteach rompu:	and they were well received.
“Fo-chen duid, a Chano,” ar Gúairi.	“Sé do bheatha, a Chano,” ar sé,	“Welcome, Cano,” Gúaire said.
“Ni-t-recfíder sund ar argad ar scís do bíata.	“ní díolfar anseo thú ar airgead nuair a táthar bréan de do chothú.	“Here you will not be sold for silver for the trouble of your keep.
Niba scél mac nOeda Sláne.	Ní scéal mac Aodha Sláine a bheas <u>anseo</u> .	<u>Here</u> the story of the sons of Áed Sláine will not be <u>repeated</u> .
Ro-d-bia biad ocus inilli[u]s, ocus fo-chen duid!”	Beidh agat bia agus coimirce agus fearadh na fáilte!”	You shall have food and protection. Welcome!”
Buí Cano mac Gartnáin íar suidiu tremsi i fail Gúaire,	Ina dhiaidh sin bhí Cano ráithe i bhfochair Ghuaire.	*After this,* Cano enjoyed the company of Gúaire for one season:
.i. trian ind lis do Gúairiu,	Bhí trian an leasa ag Guaire,	Gúaire kept one-third of the enclosure,
ocus trian n-aill don lis do Chano,	trian ag Cano	Cano had another third
ocus a trian n-aill do Senchán Torpéist	agus an trian eile ag Senchán Toirpéist,	and Senchán Torpéist,
.i. fili Gúaire ocus fer nÉirenn uile.	file Ghuaire agus fear Éireann uile.	the poet of Gúaire and all the men of Ireland, had the remaining third.

Fer beg trúag, i ‘rrúsc’ olla no-bídh do grés dia chadudh ara thrúaigi.	Fear beag trua é <u>Seanchán</u> , a bhíodh clúdaithe le ‘cairt’ olla i gcónaí le teas a choinneáil ann.	* <u>Seanchán</u> was a small, emaciated man, who was constantly covered in a ‘bark’ of wool to wrap him up because of his emaciation.
Cethrumthu bairgine do-meled co cend trí tráth.	Ní chaitheadh sé ach ceathrú bairíne in imeacht dhá lá.	He ate a quarter of a loaf during three days.
Brigid bratbrú a chaillech-som no-chaithed [.iii.] ceathroimthi na bairgine.	Bríd Bhratbhrú, a chailleach-san, chaitheadh sise trí cheathrú den bhairín.	Brigid Bratbrú, his wife, she ate three-quarters of the loaf.
Ba mór les-[s]eom a brú, conid Brigid bratbú a hainm leis-seom íarum.	Ba mhór a brú dar leis-sean, agus mar sin ba é Bríd Bhratbhrú a thugadh sé uirthi i gcónaí.	He thought that she had a bulging belly, so that he called her Brigid Bratbrú (‘of the bulging belly’) afterwards.
Ba mór a herraigi.	Is mór an freastal a theastaíodh uaidhsean.	He required a lot of attendance.
Fecht n-and do-luid Brigid for tairireth. Fácaib a hinailt fora erraithe-sem.	Uair amháin chuaigh Bríd ar thuras agus d’fhág sí cailín le freastal air.	Once, Brigid went on a journey. She left her handmaid to attend to him.
Óicbean-side chóem.	Ba chailín dóighiúil í.	The handmaid was a beautiful girl.
Luid medón laí ara bárach dia thairbirt-som.	Tháinig sí meán lae arna bhárach á fhriothálamh.	Next day, she came at midday to serve him with food.
Oc tuidecht dí asin chuilich —	Agus í ag teacht as an chistin	When she was coming out of the kitchen,

“Ná tair, ná tair, a ben,” arse.	scairt sé, “Ná tar, ná tar, a bhean.	he said: “Stop, stop, woman.
“Am siniu-sa anda[í]-siu.	Tá mé níos sine ná tusa.	I am older than you.
At-c(h)ondarc-sa do senmáthair-seo;	Chonaic mise do shean-mháthair.	I saw your grandmother.
ro-buí grísingin fora hordain chlí.	Bhí iongain loiscthe ar a hordóig chlé.	She had an inflamed nail on her left thumb.
Scéfe dia tuidchis ní bus mó.”	Tiochfaidh masmas orm má thig tú níos comhgaráí.”	I will vomit if you come any closer to me.” *

Section 13

Airchetal do-roindi-seom do Díarmait mac Æda Sláne.	Rinne sé dán uair eile do Dhiarmaid mac Aodha Sláine.	*He composed a poem once for Diarmait, son of Áed Sláine.
“Airg, a gilla”, orseisem, “co n-airchedal do rí Éirenn.”	“Téigh, a ghiolla,” ar sé, “leis an dán seo go rí Éireann.”	“Servant,” said he, “go with this poem to the king of Ireland.”
Téid-side sair.	Téann seisean soir	The servant goes eastward,
Saidig a n-aircheda(i)l.	agus gabhann sé an dán.	and recites the poem.
“Is maith ind n-airchetul”, or Díarmaid.	“Is maith an dán é,” ar Diarmaid.	“The poem is good,” said Diarmait.
Is ann buí-seom: oc sním irchomail fo Grip .i. gabar Díarmada.	Is amhlaidh a bhí sé ag sníomh laincise dá chapall, Grib.	At the time, he was weaving a spancel for his horse, Grip.
“Beir lat in(d) n-idh-sea do Shenchán.”	“Beir leat an iodh seo go Seanchán,” a <u>deir sé</u> .	<u>He says</u> : “Bring this spancel-ring to Senchán.”

Luid-side síar agus ní buíoch a bhí sé.	D'imigh <u>an giolla</u> siar agus ní buíoch a bhí sé.	<u>The servant</u> went west and he wasn't pleased.
“Asso, a bachlaich”, orse, “id (id) n-irchomail duit i ndúais t'airchetail.”	“Seo dhuit, a bhachlaigh,” ar sé, “an laincis i nduais do dháin.”	“Here you are, churl,” he said, “a spancel-ring as payment for your poem.”
“Óna[ib] rígaib ferr id adlaic a gillai”, orseiseam.	“A ghiolla,” ar seisean, “ó rithe is fearr laincis ná do mhian féin.”	“Servant,” he said, “from kings, a spancel-ring is better than a demand.”
“Airg, a gilla”, ... di[a] bliadnae, “co n-airc[h]edul do ríge Éirenn.”	Ansin deir sé arís *, bliain ón lá sin*: “Téigh, a ghiolla, leis an dán seo go rí Éireann.”	On that day exactly a year afterwards, he says to the servant: “Servant, go with this poem to the king of Ireland.”
Gaibid in gilla a n-airchetail.	Gabhann an giolla an dán.	The servant recites the poem.
“Maith”, or Díarmaid, “ber lat in gablaig-se do Senchán.”	“Go maith,” ar Diarmaid, “beir leat an tsleá seo go Senchán.”	“Good,” said Diarmait, “bring this forked stick to Senchán.”
“Asso, a antocaid”, or in gilla,	“Seo duit, a ainniseoir bhocht,” ar an giolla,	“Here, you misfortunate one,” said the servant,
“gaiscead duit dot chuitmed ó(r) Díarmait.”	“arm ó Dhiarmaid mar mhagadh fút.”	“a suit of armour sent from Diarmait to mock you.”
“Airg, a gilla, co n-airchetul do Díarmait”.	“Téigh, a ghiolla le dán go Diarmaid.	“Servant, go with this poem to Diarmait.
(Is maith a n-archetal.)	Is maith an dán é.”	The poem is good.”
Gaibid in gilla fair.	Tógann an giolla é.	The servant takes it.
“Cade Díarmaid?”	“Cá háit a bhfuil Diarmaid?”	“Where is Diarmait?”

“Atá i n-arucol ic tomus óir agus argaid.	“Tá sé ina aireagal <u>féin</u> ag cuntas óir is airgid.	“He is in <u>his</u> chamber weighing gold and silver.
Ba maith duit teacht c(h)uici.”	Ba chóir duit dul chuige.”	You should go to him there.”
“Oslaic!” ol in gilla.	“Oscail!” ar an giolla.	“Open!” said the servant.
“Cía so?” or Díarmaid.	“Cé tá ann?” ar Diarmaid.	“Who’s there?” said Diarmait.
“Gilla Seancháin.”	“Giolla Sheancháin.”	“Seanchán’s servant.”
Gaibid in gilla a n-airchetal.	Gabhann sé an dán <u>ansin</u> .	He recites the poem.
“Is maith”, or Díarmaid,	“Is maith é,” ar Diarmaid.	“ <u>The poem</u> is good,” said Diarmait.
“beir lat so do Seanchán .i. cét unga do dergór	“Beir leat go Seanchán céad uinge de dhearg-ór	“Bring Seanchán one hundred ounces of red gold,
agus trí .xx. do argat duid féin.”	agus trí fichid d’airgead duit féin.”	and take sixty ounces of silver for yourself.”
“Maith, a gillai”, or Seanchán, “cid do-t-gní fáilid don chur-sa?”	“Anois, a ghiolla,” ar Seanchán, “caidé an rud a chuireann lúcháir ort don chor seo?”	“Well now, servant,” said Seanchán, “why are you joyful on this occasion?”
“Atá maith sund dait”, or in gilla(i),	“Tá rud maith anseo duit,” ar an giolla,	“Here is something good for you,” said the servant,
“.i. cét unga do dergór.”	“mar atá, céad uinge de dhearg-ór.”	“namely, one hundred ounces of red gold.”
“Is ferr, a gillai, oldás a olcugud.”	“Is ferr sin ná bheith ag cur oile air *, a ghiolla*.	“That is better than offending, servant.”

“Airg, a gillai, co n-airchetul do Díarmait.”

“Regthair”, orse.

“Cade Díarmait?”

“Do-c(h)oid do thafand.”

Luid ’na dia(i)d isa slíab.

Teca(i)d ind fhir (n)a n-dia(i)d ind aigi isin gleann.

Fácaba(i)r Díarmait iter a echaib.

At-géoin in gilla.

Adroich in gilla iter na h-eachaib.

Slaindid in gilla ind n-airchedal dó.

“Maith, a gillai,

ber lat so do Sheanchán .i. trícha each ina sránaib ocus ina muincib.”

Téigh anois, a ghiolla, le dán go Diarmaid.”

“Raghad,” ar sé.

“Cá háit a bhfuil Diarmaid?”

“Tá sé imithe ag seilg.”

Chuaigh an giolla ina dhiaidh sa tsiabh.

D’imigh na fir sa tóir ar an fhia sa ghleann

agus d’fhan Diarmaid siar i measc a chuid each.

D’aithin an giolla é

agus tháinig fhaid leis idir na heich.

Ghabh sé an dán dó ansin.

“Go maith, *a ghiolla*,” a deir Diarmaid.

“Beir leat go Seanchán tríocha each fána sriain agus a muincí.”

“Servant, go with this poem to Diarmait.”

“I will go,” said he.

“Where is Diarmait?”

“He has gone hunting.”

The servant followed him up a hill.

The men went after the deer in the glen.

Diarmait stayed behind surrounded by his horses.

The servant recognised him,

and came to him between the horses.

The servant recited the poem to him.

“Good, servant,” said Diarmait.

“Bring this to Senchán, that is, thirty horses with their bridles and horse-collars.”*

Section 14

Maith íarum in fer intí Senchán.	Ba mhaith an fear é Seanchán *, go deimhin*.	*Senchán was indeed a great man.
Iarna idnocol-som ó feraib Muman, ... co mbuí for slé[i]b Echtge co Gúaire,	Ó Chúige Mumhan a tugadh é fhaid le Sliabh Echtgha go Guaire,	He was escorted from Munster as far as Sliabh Echtge on his way to Gúaire,
ocus ní rogab	ach níor thoiligh sé dul	but he would accept nothing short
acht óentech do dénam imme, imon filid ocus imon sligid	ach ar an choinníoll go dtógfaí teach amháin uime féin agus um an slí ar fad	of a covered way being constructed for him the whole way
ó Echtge co Derlus,	ó Echtgha go Durlas,	from Sliabh Echtge to Derlus,
.l. fer dó ocus .l. ban ocus .l. con ocus .l. gilla,	go mbeadh caoga fear, caoga ban, caoga con agus caoga giollaí aige,	that he would have fifty men, fifty women, fifty dogs and fifty servants,
ocus b[u]ith fó muiriur ó Shamain co Bealtaine;	agus go ndéanfaí freastal air ó Shamhain go Bealtaine.	and that he would be maintained from Hallow-tide until May-day.
ocus luid íarsint slighidh.	Ansín chuaigh sé ar an bhealach.	Then he went on his way.
Do-n-áráill bainne flechaid ina étan.	<u>Le linn an turais</u> thit braon báistí ar a éadan.	A drop of rain touched his forehead.
“Fé amaí,” arse, “ní coir dí a(n)ní-siu i \bar{m} , is gaimlóchad.”	“Fairíor,” ar sé, “ ní chóir é sin. <u>Sin anfa</u> *, áfach,* agus tintreach geimhridh.”	“Alas,” he said, “this is not right, however, it is winter lightning.”
Ocus do-rónai allse ina étan,	Thóg sé abscóid ar a éadan,	He got an abscess on his forehead,

conid ed ro-n-uc

agus mar éiric *is é seo a rug sé leis:*

and this is what he carried off [in compensation for the blemish]:

ocus rob écen .uii. cumala dó cach achaid ó sin co Derlus.

b'éigean seacht gcumhala a thabhairt dó i gcomhair gach páirce ó sin go Durlas.

it was necessary to give him seven slave-girls for every field between there and Derlus.*

Section 15

“Maith trá, a Gúaire”, or Senchán, “is romór turcbais-[s]eo fort.

“Maith go leor, *a Ghuaire,*” ar Senchán, “ach dar liom is iomarcach ar thóg tú ort féin.

“Well now, Gúaire,” Senchán said, “you have taken too much on yourself.

Ba leór do Chondachtaib beith foar muirer ar ndís

Ba leor do Chonnachta an bheirt againne bheith d’ualach orthu,

It was enough for the Connaughtmen to support the two of us

cenco tabartha[e] nech aile c(h)ucond;

gan duine a thabhairt chugainn.

without anyone else

.i. in gilla ansa”, arse, “mac Gartnáin,

An giolla trioblóideach sin, mac Ghartnáin,

— namely that troublesome fellow, the son of Gartnán.

no-t(h)éisead amach fon túaith agus na coin maithi leo,

d’fhéadfadh sé féin agus a chomhrádaithe dul amach fán tír lena gcoin bhreátha

Let him come out among the people with the splendid hounds

ocus dénat ánius eturru.”

agus spórt a dhéanamh dóibh féin ansin.”

and let them have their sport.”

Rob ed ón ó medón laí co medón laí ara bárach:

Sin mar a tharla ó mheán lae amháin go meán lae arna bhárach.

And so it was from noon until noon of the following day.

íar lécon a c(h)on dóib ni c(h)omránic fer díb fri araile.

Ón uair a scaoil siad na coin níor casadh aon bheirt acu le chéile.

Having unleashed the hounds not a man of the hunting party met with another.

Batar tuirsich oc suidiu; celebrai(dh)sed do Gúaire.	D'éirigh siad tuirseach de sin agus <u>ba é a dheireadh</u> gur fhág siad slán ag Guaire.	They were dismayed at this. They took their leave of Gúaire.
“Fír”, or Gúairi, “ro-fhetar-sa a na-tathai”.	“Ceart go leor,” ar Guaire, “tuigim cé an fáth a bhfuil sibh feargach liom.”	“In truth,” said Gúaire, “I know what ails you.”
“Ni taam ní”, or Cano, “acht maith lind ánius .i. cúaird Érend do chur co n-acamar a ndin[d]gnu agus a ndúne ocus a cella agus a cóemu. Cucot-so do-regam agus is úaid regmai.	“Nílimid,” ar Cano, “ach is mian linn tamall a chaitheamh le pléisiúr, cuairt na hÉireann a dhéanamh go bhfeicimid a diongnaí is a dúnta, a cealla is a caomha. Is chugatsa a fhillimid agus uaitse a imeoimid arís.	“Nothing ails us,” replied Cano, “but we desire amusement, that is, to make a circuit of Ireland to view its strongholds and forts, its churches and noblemen. We shall take our leave and we shall return to you.
Ad-fíadar dún atá gilla án andess la firu Muman, .i. Illand mac Scannláin do Chorco Loíge; maith lend dul dia acallaim.”	Deirtear linn go bhfuil fear iontach sa deisceart le fir Mhumhan, mar atá, Iollann mac Scannláin de Chorca Laighe, agus ba mhaith linn dul chun cainte leis.”	We are told there is a noble youth in the South, among the men of Munster, by name Illand son of Scannlán, of the Corco Loigde. We intend to talk with him.”

“Teit dí”, ar Gúairi, “co tormola[i]d feis na haidchi lim-sa”.	“Taraigí, mar sin,” ar Guaire, “go gcaithfidh sibh fleadh na hoíche liomsa.”	“Then come,” said Gúaire, “and partake of a feast with me tonight.”
Lotar ón íarum, agus do-llotar maithi Condacht do chelebrad dóib.	Chuaigh siad chuige ansin, agus tháinig maithe Chonnacht ann le slán a chur leo.	So they did and the nobles of Connaught arrived to bid them farewell.
Do-lluid dí Créd agus Marcán agus Colco don irgnam.	Tháinig Créadh agus Marcán agus Colgain chuig an fhéasta	Now Créd, Marcán and Colcu came to the feast.
Ba hécen iṁ ceathrar ó Marcán do choimét Chréidi.	agus ba ghá ceathrar d’fhir Mharcáin le Créadh a choimeád.	Marcán needed four men to guard her.
Conatictis co Gúaire	D’achainigh sí ar Ghuaire	<u>Créd</u> besought Guaire
combad sí bad dáilem do fheraib Alban agus do Chondachtaib ind aidchi-sin,	go mba ise a dhéanfadh an dáiliú ar fhir Alban agus Chonnacht an oíche sin.	that she might serve the men of *Scotland and* Connaught that night
co tard-si bricht súain forin slúag	<u>Ansin</u> chuir sí briocht suain ar an tslua	and she cast a sleeping spell upon the host
co torchradar ina codlud acht sisi agus Cano,	ionas gur thit siad uilig ina gcodladh ach amháin ise agus Cano.	so that all fell into a slumber except for Cano and herself.
co tuidhid co ... co m-baí forsín dérgud ocáissiom oca thimgaire;	Tháinig sí chuige agus luigh ar an tolg taobh leis agus bhí ag tathant air í a thabhairt leis.	She came to Cano and began to disrobe him and solicit him
con(a)ná hétas úad-som airet no-beth i n(n)amsa[i];	Níor thoiligh seisean ar sin a dhéanamh di fhaid a bheadh sé ina amhas <u>thar lear</u> ,	but he would not agree so long as he remained in service.
(mad) dia ngabad rígi iṁ,	ach gheall sé dá bhfaigheadh sé ríge Alban *, áfach,*	If he should win the kingship, however,

do-regtha[e] ara cend-si,	go gcuirfeadh sé fios uirthi	he would return to her
ocus is [s]í bean no-biad aicce c’aidche.	agus gurbh ise a d’fhanfadh mar mhnaoi aige choíche.	and she would be his wife always.
Co farcbad lee-si a lia-som i n-airius dála.	<u>Ag imeacht dó</u> d’fhág sé aici a liag ina urrús lena philleadh,	As a token of a tryst between them <u>Cano</u> left a stone with <u>Créd</u>
Ar ad-ruba(i)rt-seom is isind liic ro-buí a anim.	mar dúirt sé gur sa liag sin a bhí a anam.	for, he said, his life was contained in the stone.
A mátha[i]r ro-buí i séola[i]; ro-c(h)otail-side	A mháthair a bhí i luí seolta <u>tráth</u> . Bhí sí ina codladh	His mother had fallen asleep in her childbed
co n(f)aca in dí mnaí sída ina dochum,	agus chonaic sí an bheirt bhan sí ag teacht chuici	and she had seen two fairy women come towards her:
co tolaid a anmain as fora béolu i richt lici,	agus a anam ag dul as a béal féin i riocht líge.	the life of <u>Cano</u> emerged before her in the form of a stone.
co tall(sath) a máthair a lláim indala n-aí.	Sciob sí as láimh duine de na mná sí í.	His mother seized it from the hand of one of the fairy women.
“Anim do meic, a ben”, orsi, “ro-n-ucais.”	“A bhean,” ar sise, “is é anam do mhic a thóg tú leat.”	“It is your son’s life that you hold, woman,” <u>one of them</u> said.
“Rocomet mo máthair corba(m) tualaing-se a chomét.”	“Choinnigh mo mháthair í go raibh mé féin in ann a coinneáil.”	“My mother has looked after it until I was able to,” <u>said Cano</u> .

“Faicibthar lim-sa”, orsi, “i n-airius dála.”

Ba fír sòn:

rofacbad lee-si in lie,

ocus do-berthe asin chriol each dia; as-bered-si iarum:

“A lia
ó dodechur each dia
acht lochrad i nimnadmaim
ni géb m’anmain dot’ madmaim.”

Tuideacht Chano in sin i nÉirinn agus co Gúaire.

“Fág agamsa í mar gheall lenár gcoinne,” ar Créadh.

Mar sin a rinneadh.

Fagadh an liag aicise,

agus chuile lá thógadh sí as an mhála í is deireadh:

“A liag
a fhéachaim gach lá,
b’fhearr liom mo bhás ná do mhionú
dá dteipfeadh sé féin fánar gheall dom.”

Teacht Chano ansin i nÉirinn agus go Gúaire.

“It may be left with me,” said Créd, “in token of a tryst.”

That fell so.

The stone was left with Créd

and every day it would be taken from the pouch and she would say:

“O stone
I gaze on every day,
but for the harm to my wedding oath,
I do not value my life above breaking you.”

That is the story of how Cano came to Ireland
and to Gúaire.

Section 16

Luid Cano co hIlland mac Scanlain co ranic Dun mBaithi.	Chuaigh Cano ar aghaidh go hIollann mac Scanlain ag Dun Baithe.	Cano journeyed to Illand son of Scanlan and he arrived at Dun mBaithi.
Ad-fiadar do arum a mb[u]jith forind faithchi.	Duradh leis ansin go raibh siad amuigh ar an fhaiche:	News was brought to <u>Illand</u> as he was on the green.
“Fochen duib,” or Illann.	“Failte romhat,” ar Iollann.	“Welcome,” he said.
“Cano mac Gartnain sin dom-roacht(ain)-se arna m(b)rath agus arna reic do macaib eda Slaine ar argad	“Seo Cano mac Ghartnain ag teacht chugam i ndiaidh a bhrath agus a dhiol ar airgead ag mic Aodha Slaine	“Cano son of Gartnan, here, has come to me having being betrayed and sold *for silver* by the sons of Aed Slaine
ocus arna mbr[e]jith do gortai la Guaire.	agus i ndiaidh a thabhairt don ghorta ag Guaire.	and left hungry by Guaire.
Rob(ar)bia biad sunn;	Ach beidh bia anseo agaibh.	You will be find food here.
ni bia[e] for conair;	Ni bheidh oraibh dul amach ar an bhothar	There will be no wandering.
nit-rirfider ar argad.”	na ni diolfar ar airgead sibh.”	You will not be sold for silver.”
Con-gairt[h]er do arum a reachtaire.	Glaoitear an reachtaire chuige ansin:	*Thereupon,* <u>Illand</u> ’s steward was summoned before him.

<p>“Na seacht core trá file(d) isin lis, ná(t) gataigter do theni[d] co cend mblíadna oc berbad bi[i]d.</p>	<p>“Na seacht gcoirí *, trá,* atá sa lios le bia a bheiriú, ná tógtar den tine iad go ceann bliana.</p>	<p>“Let the seven cauldrons in the court remain over the fire *, then,* until the end of a year for the cooking of food.</p>
<p>Berid na firu isa teach;</p>	<p>Tabhair na fir sa teach</p>	<p>Bring men into the house.</p>
<p>co cend trí tráth nicon reg-sa dia n-acallaim.</p>	<p>go ceann dhá lá. Ní raghaidh mise chun labhairt leo lena linn sin,</p>	<p>I shall not go and speak with them for the space of three days.</p>
<p>Fritháilter do biud ocus do lind.”</p>	<p>ach friotháiltear de bhia agus de lionn iad.”</p>	<p>Let them be entertained with food and drink.”</p>
<p>Con-gairter Corco Loígi dó.</p>	<p>Glaoitear Corca Laighe chuige:</p>	<p><u>The men of</u> Corco Loígde were summoned before him.</p>
<p>“Maith trá”, orse,</p>	<p>“Is maith mar atá,” ar sé,</p>	<p>“Well now,” he said,</p>
<p>“dom-áinic áinius mór.</p>	<p>“tá cuideachta tábhachtach tar éis teacht chugam.</p>	<p>“a great difficulty has come my way.</p>
<p>Cindas for cobartha-si dam-sa?”</p>	<p>Caidé an cineál cabhrach a bhéarfaidh sibh dom?”</p>	<p>What kind of assistance can you give me?”</p>
<p>“Bid maith do chobair lindi”, or ind óicc.</p>	<p>“Gheobhaidh tú cabhair mhaith uainn,” ar na fir,</p>	<p>“We shall be glad to help you,” they replied.</p>
<p>“Dothairegebat uaindi trí doim</p>	<p>“soláthróimid duit gach tráthnóna trí daimh,</p>	<p>“You will have three oxen,</p>
<p>ocus trí tindi</p>	<p>trí muca saillte</p>	<p>three sides of bacon</p>
<p>ocus tri dabcha cach anna,</p>	<p>agus trí dabhacha leanna,</p>	<p>and three vats every evening</p>

ocus nico[n] raga bairgen dot dligiud-so.”	ná ní bainfear ruainne den chíos a dlitear duit <u>de ghnáth</u> .”	and not a loaf from your dues will be lost.”
“Mo bennacht fo[r] tuaith agus cenél at-be[i]r,” orse.	“Mo bheannacht ar an tuaith agus an chineál a deir sin,” ar sé,	“Bless your tribe and the race that says so,” said <u>Illand</u> .
“Et tusa, a ben”, orse, “caidi t(h)’ impide dam-sa?”	“agus tusa, a bhean, caidé iarrfaidh mé d’impí ortsa?”	“And you, wife,” he asked, “what is your grant to me?”
Is coir daig-impigi duit, a[i]r nida(d) díchumaing.	Is cóir rud fiúntach a iarraidh ort, óir níl tú gan mhaoin.	A generous grant would be fitting since you are not lacking in means.
Ata[a]t .uii. n-áirge lat,	Tá seacht dtréada agat,	You have seven herds
ocus .uii. fichid bó cach[a] áirgi di búuib,	agus seacht bhfichid bó i gach tréad,	with seven-score head of cattle in each one
ocus .uii. sesreacha”.	agus seacht seisreacha.”	*, and seven ploughing teams*.”
“Athaig agus bachlaich domeled sin uile.	“Athaigh agus bachlaigh a chaitheann sin uilig,” <u>ar sise</u> ,	“Peasants and churls consume all that,” <u>she replied</u> .
Rot-ferfat cid téora airgi díb dia mbreith i ngalad.”	“ach déanfaidh trí thréad gnó le riar dóibh.”	“Even three herds will suffice to serve them with dairy food.”
“Bennacht for cách ad-be[i]r,” orse.	“Beannacht ar an té a deir sin.	“Bless the one who says so,” said <u>Illand</u> .
“Bid ferr de mo menma.	Is fearrde mo mheanma é.	“My mind will rest the easier for this.
Rega(it) dia n-acallaim a fecht-sa.”	Anois raghaidh mé chun cainte <u>leis na cuairteoirí</u> .”	*Now I will go to speak with them.”*

Téiti iarum c(h)uco.	Téann sé chucu ina dhiaidh sin	*Thereupon,* <u>Illand</u> went to <u>Cano and his people</u>
Feraid fáilti móir friu.	agus fearann fáilte mhór rompu.	and made them welcome.
“Bennacht trá”, or Cano, “for cách don-áncamar.	“Beannacht *, trá,* ar an té a dtángamar chuige,” ar Cano.	“Bless the one to whom we have come, *indeed,* ” said Cano.
Ro-íca Dia dar[ar] ceand, ór[e] nach ícfam-ne.”	“Íocfaidh Dia dár gcionn, mar ní íocfaidh sinne.”	“May God reward him *for us* since we shall not be able to do so.”
“Cid as áil dúib?” or Illand.	“Cad is áil libh a dhéanamh?” ar Iollann.	“What is your wish?” asked Illand.
“Athchuindgid ám ar cota(i)”.	“Dul *arís* ag iarraidh ár gcoda.”	“To ask our keep, once more,” Cano replied.
“Dar mo chumachta-sa”, or Illand,	“Dar mo chumhachta,” ar sé,	“By my power,” Illand said,
“nocho rega[e] asin lis-sa frit shægal do chuindchid bí[i]d	“le do shaol ní raghaidh tú as an lios seo ar lorg bídh	“you shall not leave this enclosure to seek food as long as you live,
co ndigis i rrígi n-Alban.”	go dtéann tú i ríge Alban.”	until you succeed to the kingdom of Scotland.”
Téora bliadna[i] dóib isin lis-sin	Trí bliana a d’fhan siad sa lios sin	For three years they remained in the enclosure
cen teacht as aidche n-oígedehta.	gan teacht as i gcomhair aíochta aon oíche.	without leaving for one night to find lodging elsewhere.
No-bídis oc imbirt fíthchilli each dia;	Bhíodh Cano agus Iollann ag imirt fichille gach lá.	Cano and Illand used to play fidchell *every day*:

bad[ar] comthrén co nónaí, no-bered Cano cluithi na nóna for Illand.	Comh-thréan a bhídís go dtí an tráthnóna, ach ansin bhuadh Cano cluiche an tráthnóna ar Iollann.	they would be evenly matched until evening and then Cano would win the game.
“At-águr”, or Illand, “urchra forsin caill(e).”	“Is eagal liom go dtíochfaidh ídiú ar an choill,” ar Iollann lá amháin.	“I am afraid,” said Illand, “of the destruction of the forest.”
Deithbir ón: ... na deich cúala ar .uiii. fichtib matain ocus fescor isa tech.	Níorbh ionadh sin is go dtugtaí isteach céad go leith de chuaileacha maidin agus faothain.	This was reasonable. A hundred and fifty loads of wood used to be fetched into the house every morning and evening.
Is ann as-bert Cano: “Hi forbol feada fidruis ní glie: in fid nochon urcraba tusa for urchra bie.”	Ba ansin a dúirt Cano: “An choill sin, ós leat is ionmhain, ní uirthese a thíochfaidh críonadh, ach is tú féin i dtús a sínfear.”	*It was then that* Cano said: “In the undergrowth, you cannot cut wood from the slope. The forest does not face its ruin, but your destruction soon shall be.”
“Nocho tibar dom aire a fecht-sa”, or Illand.	“Ní thabharfaidh mé aon aird air sin, *ar an uair seo,*” ar Iollann.	“I shall take no heed, this time,” says Illand.

Section 17

Tuc(h)t[h]a t(h)rá iar sin gé[i]ll fer n-Alban,	Ina dhiaidh sin tugadh ann gialla fear Alban.	Some time afterwards, hostages were brought from the men of Scotland.
nónbur gíall díb,	Naonúr acu a bhí ann,	There were nine of them
co mbátar i tig Illaind	a tháinig go teach Iollainn	*who came to Illand's house*
fri h-inillius do Chano i rríge n-Alban,	in urrús ar cheart Chano do ríge Alban,	as proof of protection for Cano for the kingship of Scotland
co fargobtha co hIllann.	agus fágadh ag Iollann iad.	and so <u>Cano</u> took his leave of Illand.
ocus co cend trí tráth ria ndul do Chano as	Ar feadh dhá lá roimh imeacht do Chano	For the space of three days before the time of Cano's departure
nicon rabai fer fri 'roile do muintir Chano	ní raibh aon bheirt de mhuintir Chano is	there was not one man alongside another from
ocus Illainn re[e] ciana	Iollainn tamall ar bith le chéile	the people of Cano and Illand *for any period of time*
acht ag cóe ocus ag dograe,	gan éagnach is deora	who were not tearful and gloomy,
ocus lám cháich díb dar brágaid a chéile.	agus lámh gach duine acu thar bhráid a chéile.	with the arm of each man around the neck of his comrade.
“Maith, a Chono”, or Illann,	“Bíodh mar sin, a Chano,” ar Iollann,	“Well now, Cano” Illand said,
“bam marb-sa ria cind bláidna dart(h) éisi.	“beidh mise marbh roimh cheann na bliana tar éis d’imeachta.	“I shall be dead within one year of your going.

For fóesam nDé duid-seo trá ria cind bliadna.”	<u>Maidir leat féin</u> , ar choimirce Dé go raibh tú roimh cheann na bliana.”	May God protect you then.”
Ruc im̄ Cano uadh - som	Thug Cano leis ó <u>Iollann</u> *, áfach,*	*Now* Cano brought away from <u>Illand</u>
.l. ech dubglas	caoga each dúghlas,	fifty dapple-grey horses,
ocus .l. coire n-umai	caoga coirí umha	fifty bronze cauldrons
ocus .l. araid merach.	agus caoga srian each.	and fifty fringed tunics.
 Section 18		
A llá-sin a cind bliadna	Bliain ón lá sin	That day, one year later,
ro-marbsat a thuath fesin in n-Illand, .i. mac Conath agus Cúán mac Sanaisi,	mharaigh lucht a thuithe féin Iollann, mar bhí, mac Connaidh agus Cuan mac Sanaise,	Mac Conath and Cúán son of Sanais — men of his own county — slew *that* Illand
coná raba crand fri aroile do Dún Buíthe arna bárach.	agus níor fágadh aon dá chuaille de Dhún Buíthe le chéile arna bhárach.	and there was not one beam left standing against another *in Dún Buíthe* on the next day.
Isin ló-sin ro-baí curach fa Cuano nó Cano forsín fairrgi oc tafand	Ar an lá sin bhí Cano i gcurach ar an fharraige ag iascaireacht,	That same day Cano was out on the sea fishing from his boat,
íar ngabáil rígi (n)Alban.	agus é i ndiaidh ríge Alban a ghabháil cheana féin.	having succeeded to the kingship of Scotland.
Cél tuindi lais íarum .i. fis tuindi:	Fuair sé tuar toinne, is é sin fis toinne,	He had an omen in the form of a wave:

co n-aca in tuind dergruaid c(h)uici isin
c(h)urach, .i. fuil Illaind.

At-racht iarum

ocus ro-gab a boiss diaraili(u) co mbátar a
sreba fola eistib,

ocus dixit:

“A mu Búach
aiges in tond frisin mbrúach,
Illann mac Scamláin do guin
nibo célmáine inmain.

A mu Búach
feras in tond frisin mbrúach,
in mend ad-fét, ciaso scíth:
Illand mac Scamláin ro-bíth.

A mo Búach
do-t(ho)ét in tond frisin mbrúach,
dursan dúindi in scél garb:
Illann mac Scamláin is marb.

ionas go bhfaca an tonn dearg-rua sa churach
isteach chuige, fuil Iollainn.

D’éirigh sé ansin

agus ghread a dhá bhois ar a chéile go raibh
srutha fola astu,

agus labhair sé:

“A Bhuach
ar a gcaitear an tonn le bruach,
Iollann mac Scamláin do ghoin,
ní hé is comhartha ionmhain.

A Bhuach
ar a scaiptear an tonn le bruach,
is léir domsa i bhfad i gcéin
Iollann mac Scamláin tá faon.

A Bhuach
ar a dtig an tonn le bruach,
brónach dúinne an scéal garbh,
Iollann mac Scamláin is marbh.

he saw a dark red wave wash into the boat
towards him — the blood of Illand.

Then Cano rose up

and wrung his hands *together* until a stream
of blood flowed from them

and he said:

“O Buach Strand,
against whose shore the wave drives,
the death of Scamlán’s son, Illand,
was not a welcome omen.

O Buach Strand,
against whose shore the wave pours,
it is clearly told, though it is sad,
Illand has been slain.

O Buach Strand,
against whose shore the wave lands,
sad to us the bitter news,
Illand is now dead.

Ard a núall
aiges im Choire dá Rúad;
dirtsann, a rí ruides gréin,
manab i cé[i]n basu uadh.

Coire dá Rúad in roglas,
aicde sruthaidi senbras,
is mór bruitehas a chuithe
genco bruithi aní berbas.

Ma con-measaind a muir múadh
aiges im Choire dá Rúad,
ricfad mo churchán, is (n)glé,
co tír Corco Loíge.

A Chúán maic Sanaisi,
abair[t?] seo is tairise
basam dóig guin do chnis
dá(i)g ind échta do-righnis.

A meic Condaid iar mBernas,
gním do-righnis robo bras;
foichli ócu al(l)a-don
ma 'tc(h)onnarc guin Illadon.

Fir Érend ó thráig co tráig
ro-scaig díb a n-imarbáig;
ni fil and bas liach don dáil
i n-dia(i)d Illaind maic Scannláin.

Ard an nuall
a éiríonn as Coire Dhá Rua,
dubhach, a Rí, a ghluaiseann grian,
ní sámh domsa uaidh i gcéin.

Coire Dhá Rua an ró-ghlas,
soitheach sruthach sean-bhras,
is mór a bhruitheas a chlais
cé nach bruite an ní a bheirbheas.

Dá mba liomsa tiarnas na dtonn
a scaipeann fán choire anonn,
bhéarfadh mo churachán, is glé,
go tír Chorca Laighe ó dheas mé.

A Chuain mhic Shanaisi,
feasta bí socair de,
is rún dom goin do chnis
toisc an éachta a rinnis.

A mhic Connaidh na sleá glas,
do ghníomh rinnis go ró-phras,
má chonaic tusa Iollann á ghoín
fainic díoltas a chairde-sean.

Fir Éireann ó thrá go trá,
tá deireadh lena n-iomarbhá;
ní bheidh caill is mó dá ndáil
i ndiaidh Iollainn mhic Scannláin.

Loud is the din
that drives around the Coire da Rúad,
O King who wields the sun, it is sad:
not long have I been from him.

Coire da Rúad, dark, grey cauldron,
a streaming, ancient, violent work,
the great whirlpool that boils
though it does not boil what it cooks.

If I had power over the mighty sea
that drives about Coire da Rúad,
my boat would reach — it is clear to me —
the land of Corco Loíge.

Cúán son of Sanais,
here is speech that you can trust:
it is likely I shall pierce your breast
for the crime that you have done.

Conath's son, from west Bernas,
a savage deed you have done.
Foreign warriors beware
who, at Illand's death, were there.

Irishmen from shore to shore,
their warlike spirit has fled.
Who could grieve the assembly more,
now Illand's son is dead.

Eass nGabra
ima-rédhed mór n-amra
sescach Illaind ara-thá
Eas nGabra ni imrega.

Dún mBaíthe,
in tan ro-trebad Illand,
ba tinech, ba tilcobach,
ocus ba forad finddond.

A shneac[h]ta huaraidhi,
i nDún Baíti nib[sa] sám;
nibsa(d) adbul, a fhir báin,
for taíb thaigi maic Scandlái.

Fri bui mo chairdeas do ar bru(i)
nib in(in)main na fonanu
fotan forsa n-dorchair dáib
i tæb Illaind maic Scandlái.

Fo-dilfe gulban indiu
is ed im aimercliu
i ndún timchell[t]a na cúach
as and ro-baí, a m[o] Búach.”

Eas Ghabhra
fána siúladh slua amhra,
a eallach seasc cé go maireann,
Eas Ghabhra ní fheicfidh Iollann.

Dún Baíthe
faoi stiúrá Iollainn,
ba saibhir i bhfeoil is i lionn,
ba áitreabh laoch agus maighdean.

A shneachta na fuaire,
i nDún Baíthe níor shámh duit,
níor mhór do thábhacht, a fhir bháin,
ar thaobh tí mhic Scandlái. . . .”

*. . .
Ní hionúin ná . . . a bheidh
an áit ar thorchair dámh
taobh le hIollann mac Scandlái.

Leanfaidh gol na mban inniu,
scréach idir na fiacha,
sa dún ina mbíodh na cuacha
ag gabháil timpeall, a Bhuach.*

A.

Ess nGabra,
a great marvel coursed there.
Illand is under dry earth,
where the waterfall cannot reach.

Dún mBaíthe,
where Illand once resided,
was a seat of bright nobles
with wine and food well provided.

O freezing snow,
you disliked Dún mBaíthe:
you had no strength, man of white,
beside the house of Illand.”

*. . .
Not dear nor . . . shall be the spot
on which fell a band of followers
beside Illand son of Scandlái.*

The cries of women will endure today,
a screech among the ravens,
in the fort where drinking bowls
were passed around, O Buach Strand.”

Section 19

Do-llotar leis trá iar sin Saxain ocus Britain ocus fir Alban	Ina dhiaidh sin chuaigh Saxain is Breatanaigh is fir Alban in éineacht leis	Then Saxons and Britons and Scots went with <u>Cano</u>
co tarad láim dar Corco Loígi,	gur ionsaigh sé Corca Laighe.	and conquered Corco Loígde.
co romarbad leis mac Condaid ocus Cúan mac Sanaise cona fineochus.	Maraíodh leis mac Connaidh agus Cuan mac Sanaise fána lucht fineachais,	<u>Cano</u> put the son of Conath, Cúan son of Sanais and their kindred to death.
Ocus ní t(h)ánic a c(h)rích Corco Loígi	agus ní tháinig sé as crích Chorca Laighe	<u>Cano</u> did not depart from Corco Loígde
cor fháca(i)b mac Illaind i n(d)-airdrígi[u] Corco Laígi,	gur chuir sé mac Iollainn in ardríge ann	until he had established the son of Illand as its over-king
ocus cor fháca(i)b Dún mBaíthe fo shláne amail fon-ráca(i)b i mbethaid Illaind	agus gur fhág Dún Baithe cóirithe mar a bhí le linn beatha Iollainn,	and until he left Dún mBaíthe restored to its former state during the lifetime of Illand
iter bú ocus damu ocus eochu ocus aitreb,	idir bha is dhaimh is eich is áitreabh.	as regards cattle, *oxen,* horses and dwellings.
ocus co ruc gíallu do Corco Loígi leis for inillius do mac Illaind sund.	Thairis sin thug sé leis gíalla de Chorca Laighe mar urrús do mhac Iollainn ann.	He took hostages *from Corco Loígde* for the safety of the son of Illand.

Section 20

Baí-seom i rígi[u] Alban íar sin.

Is and asbertad-som forcomhad:

“Cid dech do lindaib flatha?
ebthair flaith lindai fualang;
niba rí aran Éirind
mani toro coirm Chúaland.

Cormand Comuir Trí n-Usqi
san can im Inber Fernai;
nicon eisbius súg tairis(?)
berta do chormu[i]m Cearnai.

Cormand Cell Tíri Éile
it é la Mumain merda,
cormand Irlóchra arddad,
cormand dorindi [Dairine, MS B] derga.

Coirm Chailli Gartan co lí
dáltir for rígi Cíarraigi,
is ed lind ind Éirind áin
a fera(i)t Goeidel arbáig.

Hi Cúil Tola do-foscai
escra druimlethan daglaith,
dáltir fledól for Luignib
diamba folt crín samraid.

Bhí sé i ríge Alban as sin amach,

agus is san am sin a ba ghnáthach leis a rá. . . .

*“Cé acu rogha na leannta flatha?
ibhtear coirm ann, buile leanna.
Ní bheidh sé ina rí rán ar Éirinn
muna n-ólann sé coirm Chúalann.

Coirmeacha Chumair na dTrí nUisce
anseo is ansiúd timpeall Inbher Fernai;
níor ibheas sú níos fearr ná é
... do choirm Chearna.

Coirmeacha ceall Thíre nÉile,
is iad a chuireann Muimhnigh ar meisce;
coirmeacha Irlóchra airde,
coirmeacha dearga Dáirine.

Coirm gheal Coille Gartan,
dáiltear í do rí Chiarraí;
is é leann na hÉireann áin
mar a théann na Gaeil i gcath.

I gCúil Tola, riarann
eascra druim-leathan dea-laith;
dáiltear carbhas i Luíne
nuair atá duilleoga Shamhraidh críonta.

Cano then ruled over the kingdom of Scotland

and it is then that he sang these verses:

“Where is the best of regal drinks?
where beer is drunk, madness of liquor.
Ireland will have no true king,
unless he drink the ale of Cúalu.

*The ales of Comur Trí n-Uisci
here and there around Inber Fernai;
I have drunk no juice transcending it
... to the ale of Cernaë.*

The ales of the churches of Tír nÉile
make the men of Munster merry:
the ales of lofty Irlóchair,
the red ales of Dáirine.

The sparkling ale of Caill Gartnan
is poured for the king of Ciarraige:
it is the ale of noble Ireland
where the Gael make their battles.

In Cúil Tola a broad backed beaker
pours forth with fine ale:
it is poured for the men of Leinster
When Summer leaves grow pale.

Hibeas cormand hi Cúlaib
ní torm teglaig domeso
for Findia robo sesta
cormann Murthemne mesca.

Ebt(h)air im Loch Cúan cormand
ibthair a cornu sirchu,
a Maiginis la hUlltu
fris(in)-gair comad ard ilchu.

La Dál Ríada cain-ebair
im gaítho glasa gabtha
lethdeog fri caindli sorcha,
clisit curaid dáig abtha.

Cormand Saxan na seirbe
san can im Inber in Ríg,
im crích Cruithne im Gergin
cormand derga amal fhín

A fhir, tidnaig a dig dó
do mac Gartnán maic Ædo;
nir an do Scí combo rí,
tuc dó in dig at-roilli.

A fhir, tidnaig mo dig dam
imme roired mo chísél;
ní fil, as-berad, is' tig
bud comshuide dom-isig.

D'ibheas coirmeacha i gCúla,
ní tuarascáil teaghlaiigh é ar a bhfuil drochmheas.
Ar Findia, ba bhuan iad,
coirmeacha meisciúla Muirtheimhne.

Ibhtear coirmeacha timpeall Loch Cúan,
dáilter iad i nadharca corránacha;
i Maighinis idir na hUltaigh,
freagraíonn cuaichín ard cheoil iolaigh.

I nDál Riata, ibhtear go líonmhar é
... timpeall na ninbhear liatha,
leath-deoch le coinnle geala,
déanann curaidh cleasa ar mhaithe le ...

Is searbh iad coirmeacha Saxan
timpeall Inbhear an Ríg;
i gcríoch Chruithne timpeall Gergenn,
tá coimeacha dearga amhail fíon.

A fheara, tabhair a deoch dó
do mhac Ghartnáin mhic Aodha;
níor thréig sé Scí go raibh ina rí,
tabhair dó an deoch a thuilleann sé.

A fheara, tabhair mo deoch dom
ar a bhfuil a chíós íoctha.
Níl mo chómhaithe de dhuine sa teach seo
gur féidir dó teacht chun cainte liom.

I have drunk ales in Cúala,
a household which should be famed.
On Findia it was long-lasting,
Muirthemne's exhilarating ale.

Ales around Loch Cúan are drunk,
poured into sickle-shaped horns;
at Maiginis among the Ulstermen,
lofty ale answers chants of war.

*In Dál Riada it is plentifully drunk
... around the grey inlets,
a half-drink by the light of bright candles,
warriors perform feats for the sake of ...*

The ales of the Saxons are bitter,
who come from Inber in Ríg.
Among the Picts of Gergenn,
there are red ales like wine.

*Men, give a drink to him,
to the son of Gartnán son of Áed
he abandoned not Skye until he was king,
give him the drink he deserves.*

Men, give my drink to me
for which the tribute has been paid.
There is no one in this house
who may approach me as an equal.

Ní comshude dom-áinic
nach íar nós crechta imrud
ro-saig m'éolas diam thairind diruith
ca dech do latha indimrud.”

cia.

Níor tháinig mo chómhaith nach ndéanaim
ciapadh agus creachadh air de ghnáth.
Síneann m' eolas féin thar eolas m'fhear
cé acu rogha na leannta flatha.”*

No equal has come forth,
whom I do not harry with customary plundering.
My knowledge extends before my men
as to which of the regal ales are best.”

Section 21

Aas and dí no-bídh a dál-som fri Créid: oc
Inbiur Colpt[h]u a cind bliadna.

Lena linn sin bhí coinne socraithe aige le
Créadh ag Inbhear Colptha i gceann bliana.

Now Cano used to make his tryst with Créad at
the end of each year at Inber Colpthu.

No-bíd Colcu mac Marcáin i suidi[u] cach lá
céd lóech.

Gach lá áfach bhíodh Colgain mac Marcáin
san áit sin le céad laoch.

Colcu son of Marcán would be there each day
with a hundred warriors.

Is and as-bered-si:

Is é deireadh sise ansin:

Then Créd said:

“Andar la fer bís a céin
Inber Cind Bera is réid;
tacair do neoch ni sela,
is réid Inber Cind Beara.”

“Dar le fear a bíos i gcéin
Inbhear Cinnbheara is réidh,
don té nár bhreathnaigh cheana
is réidh Inbhear Cinnbheara.”

“Far away it seems to him,
tranquil Inber Cinn Bera.
He would be advised not to land;
Inber Cinn Bera is tranquil.”

Oc Loch Créda (a)tuaid im̄ ro - dálsad fo -
deo(i)d.

Ag Loch Créidhe sa tuaisceart *áfach* a rinne
siad coinne fá dheireadh.

At last *, however,* Cano and Créad made
their tryst at Loch Créda, in the North.

Téid-si fo thuaid ocus a llie lie;

Chuaigh sise ó thuaidh agus an liag léi.

Créd went northwards with the stone in her
possession

do-t(ho)ét-som dí anair ina luing co 'mon-
accái(b) dóib.

Tháinig seisean anoir ina long go dtí go raibh
siad i radharc a chéile.

and Cano came from the east by boat until
each had the other in sight.

Dan-airthet teora longa	<u>Ansin</u> , dhruid trí longa i ngar dó	Three ships overtook <u>Cano</u> .
conid rubatar ocus co n-érlai ar éicin a lluing.	agus thug ionsaí marfach air ionas gur ar éigin a d'éalaigh sé as an long.	He was cut down and his ship barely escaped.
Amail ad-c(h)ondairc-si a gnúis-seom,	Nuair a chonaic sise a ghnúis san fharraige	When <u>Créd</u> saw the face of <u>Cano</u>
... co nderna brúar dia cind imon carraic	<u>chaith sí í féin le fail</u> , agus rinneadh bruar dá ceann ar charraig	she dashed her head against a rock
ocus co rroímid in ligi foa tóeb-si.	agus scoilteadh an liag faoina corp.	and the stone shattered underneath her.
Marb-som dí i cind .ix. tráth íar tí(a)chtain sair.	Fuair seisean bás naoi lá ina dhiaidh tar éis pilleadh soir go <u>hAlbain</u> dó.	<u>Cano</u> died nine days after he had come westwards.
Scéla Cano maic Gartnáin ocus Crédi ingine Gúaire ann sin.	Scéal Chano mhic Ghartnáin agus Chrídhe iníne Ghuaire ansin.	That is the story of Cano son of Gartnán and Créd daughter of Gúaire.

Finit.

Finit.

Finit.