

## Aided Óenfir Aífe

### The Tragical Death of Aife's only Son

#### Section 1

|                                              |                                                |                                                      |
|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| Cía fochann araro marb Cú Chulainn a mac?    | Cén fáth ar mhairbh Cú Chulainn a mhac?        | What was the cause for which Cuchulinn slew his son? |
| Ní hansae.                                   | Ní deacair ( <u>a rá</u> ).                    | Not hard <u>to tell</u> .                            |
| Luid Cú Chulainn do forcetul gaiscid         | Chuaigh Cú Chulainn chun gaisce a fhoghlaim    | Cuchulinn went to be taught craft of arms            |
| la Scáthaig nÚanaind ingen Airdgeme i lLetha | le Scáthach Úanainn, iníon Airdgeme, i Letha,  | by Scathach Uanaind, daughter of Ardgeimm, in Letha, |
| co ndergéni súithi cles lea                  | go ndearna saoihiúlacht cleas léi.             | until he attained mastership of feats with her.      |
| ocus luid Aífe ingen Airdgeme cuici          | Chuaigh Aoife, iníon Airdgeme chuige,          | And Aife, daughter of Ardgeimm, went to him,         |
| ocus ba torrach forácaib                     | agus ba torrach d'fhág sé í.                   | and he left her pregnant.                            |
| ocus asbert fria no bérad mac.               | Dúirt léi go mbéarfadh mac.                    | And he said to her that she would bear a son.        |
| “Bíd ind ordnasc n-órdae so acut”, ol sé,    | “Bíodh an fáinne ordóige órga so agat,” ar sé, | “Keep this golden thumb-ring,” said he,              |
| “corop coimse don mac.                       | “gur oiriúnach don mac.                        | “until it fits the boy.                              |

|                                      |                                       |                                                |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| In tan bas coimse dó,                | An tan is oiriúnach dó,               | When it fits him,                              |
| táet dom chuindchidsea i nÉire       | téadh dom iarraidhse in Éirinn.       | let him come to seek me in Ireland.            |
| ocus nacham berad óenfer dia chonair | Ná cuireadh aon fhear dá chonair é,   | Let no man put him off his road,               |
| ocus nacha sloinded do óenfiur       | agus ná sloinneadh d'aonfhear,        | let him not make himself known to any one man, |
| ocus ná fémded comhlann óenfir.”     | agus ná diúltaíodh comhlann aonfhir.” | nor let him refuse combat to any.”             |

## Section 2

|                                                           |                                                                        |                                                                  |
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| Doluid in mac dia shecht mblíadan do chuindchid a athar.  | Do chuaigh an mac, seacht mbliana agus an lá sin, ag iarraidh a athar. | That day seven years the boy went forth to seek his father.      |
| Is and bátar Ulaid i n-óendáil oc Trácht Éise ara chiund. | Is ann bhíodar Ulaidh in aondáil ag Trácht Éise ar a cheann.           | The men of Ulster were at a gathering by Tracht Eisi before him, |
| Co n-accatar in mac cucu íarsind fairci                   | Chonaiceadar an mac chucu ar an bhfarraige,                            | when they saw the boy coming towards them across the sea,        |
| ocus luíngine chrédumai fo suidiu                         | loingín cré-umha faoi                                                  | a skiff of bronze under him,                                     |
| ocus rámada dí-órdai ina láim.                            | agus maidí rámha órga ina láimh.                                       | and gilt oars in his hand.                                       |
| Carn cloch aici isin luíng.                               | Carn cloch aige insan long.                                            | In the skiff he had a heap of stones.                            |

Dobered cloich ina chrandtabaill  
ocus dosléiced táthbéim forsna héonu,  
co ngaibed na hairberta díb,  
ot é beóa,  
conda léiced úad isind áer doridisi.  
Imfuirmed a charpatchles  
eter a dí láim,  
conná tairthed súil.  
No glésed a guth dóib,  
conda foilged indara fecht.  
Dosnúisced in fecht n-aile.

Do bhéarfadh cloch ina chranntabhaill  
agus do léigeadh táithbhuille ar na héana,  
go leagadh anuas iad gan mheabhair  
is iad beo,  
go léigeadh uaidh insan aer arís iad.  
Dhéanfadh sé a charballchleas  
idir a dhá láimh,  
cleas ná feicfeadh súil.  
Chuirfeadh a ghuth i dtiúin dóibh,  
go leagadh anuas iad an dara huair.  
Ansin d'athbheodh iad arís.

He would put a stone in his staff-sling,  
and launch a stunning shot at the birds,  
so that he brought \*them\* down  
\*unconscious\*  
and they alive.  
Then would he let them up into the air again.  
He would perform his palate-feat [*lit.* 'his  
palate of feat'],  
between both hands,  
so that the eye would not reach it (?).  
He would tune his voice for them,  
and bring them down for the second time.  
Then he revived them once more.

### Section 3

|                                              |                                                 |                                                                  |
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| “Maith tra,” ol Conchobar,                   | “Maith anois,” ar Conchobhar,                   | “Well, now,” said Conchobar,                                     |
| “mairg thír i táet in gillae ucut”, ol sé.   | “mairg tír ina dtéann an giolla úd,” ar sé.     | “woe to the land into which yonder lad comes,” said he.          |
| “Matis fir móra na hindsí asa táet donístis, | “Má thiocfadh fir mhóra na hinise as a dtagann, | “If grown-up men of the island from which he comes were to come, |
| conneltis ar grian,                          | mheilfidís <u>sinn</u> go grean,                | they would grind <u>us</u> to dust,                              |
| in tan is mac bec dogní in airbert ucut.     | nuair is mac beag do dhein an bheart úd.        | when a small boy makes that practice.                            |
| Eirged nech ara chend.                       | Téadh neach éigin ar a cheann.                  | Let some one go to meet him.                                     |
| Nacha telged i tír eter.”                    | Ná léigeadh i dtír in aon chor.”                | Let him not allow him to come on land at all.”                   |
| “Cía regas ar a chend?”                      | “Cé raghas ar a cheann?”                        | “Who shall go to meet him?”                                      |
| “Cía pad cíá” ol Conchobar,                  | “Cé ba chóir,” ar Conchobhar,                   | “Who should it be,” said Conchobar,                              |
| “acht Condere mac Echach?”                   | “ach Coindere mac Echach?”                      | “but Condere, son of Echu?”                                      |
| “Cía immaregad Condere?” ol cách.            | “Cén fáth a raghadh Coindere uime?” ar cách.    | “Why should Condere go?” said the others.                        |
| “Ní hansae,” ol Conchobar,                   | “Ní deacair ( <u>a rá</u> ),” ar Conchobhar,    | “Not hard <u>to tell</u> ,” said Conchobar.                      |
| “cid cíall ocus erlabrae immabera,           | “más ciall agus urlabhra a chleachtann sé,      | “If it is reason and eloquence he practises,                     |

is Condere as chóir and.”

“Regadsa ar a chend,” ol Condere.

is é Coindere is cóir dul ann.”

“Raghadsa ar a cheann,” ar Coindere.

then Condere is the proper person.”

“I shall go to meet him,” said Condere.

#### Section 4

Luid Condere íarom

ocus is and ro gab in mac tráig in tan sin.

“Is lóor dothéig, a macáin,” ol Condere,

“co fessamar cid no théig

ocus can do chenél.”

“Ním sloindim do óenfhiur,” ol in gillae,

“ocus ní imgabaim óenfer.”

“Ní tergae i tír,” ol Condere,

“corot sloindi.”

“Regad a leith dia tuidched,” ol in gillae.

Chuaigh Coindere, iar sin,

agus is amhlaidh do ghaibh an mac chun na trá  
an tan sin.

“Is leor a dtagair, a mhacáin,” ar Coindere,

“go bhfeasamar cé háit dá dtéir

agus cad as do chineál.”

“Ní shloinnim d’aonfhear,” ar an giolla,

“agus ní ghabhaim thar aonfhear.”

“Ní raghair i dtír,” ar Coindere,

“gura sloinnfir.”

“Raghad i leith na háite a dtánga,” ar an giolla.

So Condere went

just as the boy took the beach.

“Thou hast come far enough, my good boy,”  
said Condere,

“for us to know whither thou goest

and whence is thy race.”

“I do not make myself known to any single  
man,” said the lad,

“nor do I avoid any man.”

“Thou shalt not land,” said Condere,

“until thou hast made thyself known.”

“I shall go whither I have set out,” said the  
lad.

## Section 5

|                                           |                                              |                                                                                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Imsoí ass in mac.                         | D'iompaigh an mac uaidh.                     | The boy turned away.                                                                                                              |
| Is and asbert Condere:                    | Ansin dúirt Coindere:                        | Then said Condere:                                                                                                                |
| “Tinta frim, a mo maic.                   | “Tiontaigh orm, a mhic.                      | “Turn to me, my boy,                                                                                                              |
| At morgnímach.                            | Táir mórgníomhach.                           | *Thou art mighty.                                                                                                                 |
| At fola ferdamnai.                        | Is feardhamhna tú.                           | Thou hast the makings of a man.                                                                                                   |
| Ardán errad Ulad cucut.                   | Ardán curadh Uladh ionat.                    | The pride of the champions of Ulster is in thee.*                                                                                 |
| Ardotchobra Conchobar.                    | Cosnóidh Conchobhar tú.                      | Conchobar protects thee.                                                                                                          |
| Cairptini cleitini a clár clé,            | Carbaill, cleitíní, a clár clé,              | * <u>Thy</u> little jaws <u>and thy</u> javelins away from the left side <u>of thy chariot (and from unfriendly intentions)</u> , |
| conid san erreda Ulad úargabas.           | go n-íad san a ardaíonn curaidh Uladh.       | it is those that lift up the champions of Ulster.                                                                                 |
| Ardotchobra Conchobar dondigis.           | Cabhróidh Conchobhar le do theacht.          | Conchobar will assist thy coming.                                                                                                 |
| Clúas duit, dian tóe frim.                | Cluas duit, tost dian dom.                   | An ear for thee, severe silence for me.*                                                                                          |
| Tinta co Conchobar, co mac níthach Nessa; | Tiontaigh go Conchobhar, go mac calma Nessa; | Turn to Conchobar, the valiant son of Ness;                                                                                       |

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| co Sencha mac coscrach Oilella;                            | go Seancha mac coscrach Ailealla;                                     | to Sencha, the son of Coscra;                                                                         |
| co Cethirn mac fáebarderg Fintain,                         | go Ceithearn mac faobhardearg Fintain,                                | to Cethern, the red-bladed son of Fintan,                                                             |
| co tenid leónas ergala;                                    | an tine goineas cathanna;                                             | the fire that wounds battalions;                                                                      |
| co hAimirgin n-éices;                                      | go hAimhirghin éigeas;                                                | to Amergin the poet;                                                                                  |
| co Cumsraid mórmuirnech.                                   | go Cumhsraidh mórshlóiteach.                                          | to Cumsraid of the great hosts.                                                                       |
| Mo chen, ardot-Conall-Cernach-cobra                        | Mochean eisean a chosnaíonn Conall Cearnach,                          | Welcome he whom Conall Cernach protects                                                               |
| tar turtheda, ceóla, gáiri láthlond catha.                 | in aghaidh ghártha laochra catha.                                     | *against the shouts of warriors in battle.                                                            |
| Bad búadre brón la Blai Briugaid béim sechai, cíaso láech. | Beidh buairt is brón le Blaoi Brughadh, béim seach é, cé gur laoch é. | It will be trouble and sorrow to Blaoi Brughadh, if thou shouldst pass him, although he is a warrior. |
| Dáig ní immairic ilar ruice.                               | Mar níl sé oiriúnach go náirítear mórán daoine.                       | For it is not fitting to shame so many people.                                                        |
| La so atberar.”                                            | Leis sin adeirim.”                                                    | Thus I speak”.                                                                                        |
| Atrachtsa fodén, Condere,                                  | D’éirigh Coindere féin                                                | Condere himself arose                                                                                 |
| co tulad co mmac argair curada.                            | chun dul agus an mac curata a chosc.                                  | to go and restrain the brave lad.                                                                     |

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| “Acht bágus domsa,” ol intí Condere,                   | “Ach achrann domsa,” ar an té sin Coindere,                       | “But it is a <u>bone of</u> contention to me,” said the<br>aforementioned Condere,*            |
| “tuidecht ar chend in gillai cen ulcha cen<br>caither, | “teacht ar cheann an ghiolla gan fhéasóg, gan<br>chlúmh púbasach, | “to go to meet the unripe [ <i>lit.</i> ‘without the hair<br>of pubescence’], beardless youth, |
| acht manip erlaithe di Ultaib.”                        | ach nach umhal do Ultaibh.”                                       | unless the men of Ulster permit it.”                                                           |

## Section 6

|                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                       |
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| “Is maith dondigis,” ol in gillae.                                                    | “Is maith gur tháingís,” ar an giolla.                                                                                                                     | “Thou hast *come to* us well,” said the lad.                                                                                                          |
| “Rotbíaso didiu t’acallam.                                                            | “Geobhairse, mar sin, do fhreagra.                                                                                                                         | “Therefore shalt thou have thy answer.                                                                                                                |
| Gléssiu gotha.                                                                        | Chuireas mo ghuth i dtiúin.                                                                                                                                | *I tuned my voice.                                                                                                                                    |
| Léicsiu úaim erchora cen imroll a cairpthinib.                                        | Léigeas uaim urchair gan iomrall ...                                                                                                                       | I fired shots that did not miss ...                                                                                                                   |
| Comlaus cáinsreth saighthin ar cleitinib cíanaib<br>cen ích n-errad n-aile.           | Chruinníos ealta álainn <u>éan</u> trí iad a shaigheadh<br>le cleitínibh ó chianaibh gan ‘ích n-errad’ (i.<br><u>léim</u> an iach a dhéanann curadh) eile. | I collected a beautiful flight <u>of birds</u> by<br>attacking them with javelins a while ago<br>without a champion’s salmon-( <u>leap</u> ) besides. |
| Bágsu ar mórgnímaib gaiscid nád ragbad nech<br>forbais form.                          | Mhaíghse ar mhórgníomhaibh gaisce ionas<br>ná déanfadh neach léigear orm.                                                                                  | I boasted of mighty deeds of valour so that no<br>one should lay siege to me.                                                                         |
| Fásaigseo let co hUltu in feraimsea for galaib<br>óenfhir nó for línaib fer for ndul. | Téigh agus fiosraigh de hUltaigh: an<br>bhferaimse cogadh roimh ghalaibh aonfhir nó<br>roimh líonaibh fear ...                                             | Go to enquire of Ulstermen whether I fight in<br>single combat or against armies of men ...*                                                          |



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| Soí ass doridisi”, ol in gillae,                          | Iompaigh ar ais arís,” ar an giolla,                                   | Turn back again,” said the lad.                               |
| “air cía no beth nert céit let,                           | “óir cé do bheadh neart céid leat,                                     | “For though thou hadst the strength of a hundred,             |
| nída túalaing mo ergairi.”                                | níl tú ábalta mise a chosc.”                                           | thou art not able to check me.”                               |
| “Maith,” ol Condere, “táet nech aile íarom dot acallaim.” | “Tá go maith,” ar Coindere, “téadh neach eile, mar sin, dot agallamh.” | “Well,” said Condere, “let someone else go to speak to thee.” |
| Luid íarom Condere co hUltu ocus adfét in sin.            | Chuaigh Coindere mar sin go hUltaibh agus dúirt leo é sin.             | So Condere went to the men of Ulster and told them.           |

## Section 7

|                                               |                                                     |                                                              |
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| “Níba fír,” ol Conall Cernach,                | “Ní mar sin a bheidh,” ar Conall Cearnach,          | “It shall not be,” said Conall the Victorious,               |
| “enech Ulad do breith céin am beósa.”         | “eineach Uladh do bhreith faid im bheo domsa.”      | “that the honour of Ulster be carried off while I am alive.” |
| Luidseom didiu do saigid in maic.             | Chuaighsean iar sin d’ionsaí an mhic.               | Then he went towards the boy.                                |
| “Is álainn do chluiche, a macáin,” ol Conall. | “Is álainn do chluiche, a mhacáin,” ar Conall.      | “Thy play is pretty, my good boy,” said Conall.              |
| “Níba frit bas étchiu,” ol in gillae.         | “Ní ba measa bheas i do choinnibhse,” ar an giolla. | “It will not be less pretty against thee,” said the lad.     |
| Ro lá in gillae cloich ina thabhaill.         | Do chuir an giolla cloch ina thabhaill.             | The lad put a stone in his sling.                            |

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| Dosléici isind áer .i. táthbéimm,                          | Do léig insan aer táithbhéim,                                          | He sent it into the air, *a stunning shot,*                 |
| co riacht a bressim agus a torann ac techt súas co Conall. | go sroich a breisfhuaim agus a torann agus í ag teacht suas go Conall, | so that its noise and thunder as it went up reached Conall, |
| Foceird Conall tar a chend.                                | agus gur chuir Conall thar a cheann.                                   | and threw him on his back.                                  |
| Riasiu atracht,                                            | Roimh dó éirí,                                                         | Before he could rise,                                       |
| dobert in gillae sciathraig a scéith fora láma.            | do chuir an giolla stropa a scéithe thar a lámha.                      | the lad put the strap of his shield upon his arms.          |
| “Nech aile friss!” ol Conall.                              | “Neach eile leis!” ar Conall.                                          | “Someone else against him!” said Conall.                    |
| Dorat tra gen forsin slúag fon indus sin.                  | Mar sin, do rinne an giolla gean gáire fén slua fán ionnas sin.        | In that way *then* he made mockery of the host.             |

## Section 8

|                                              |                                                    |                                                         |
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| Boí Cú Chulainn immurgu oca chluichiu        | Bhí Cú Chulainn iomorra ag a chluiche,             | Cuchulinn, however, was present at his game,            |
| oc dul dochum in gillai,                     | ag dul chun an ghiolla                             | going towards the boy,                                  |
| ocus lám Emire ingine Forgaill tara brágaid. | agus lámh Éimhire, iníon Fhorgaill, thar a bhráid. | and the arm of Emer, Forgall’s daughter, over his neck. |
| “Ná téig sí!” ol sí.                         | “Ná téigh síos!” ar sí.                            | “Do not go down!” said she.                             |
| “Mac duit fil tís.                           | “Mac duit atá thíos.                               | “It is a son of thine that is down there.               |

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| Ná fer fingail immot óenmac,<br>co sechnam, a maic saighthig soailti.   | Ná fear finghail ar t'aonmhac,<br>dein é a sheachaint, a mhic saighthigh so-oilte.                     | Do not murder thy only son,<br>*avoid him, O impetuous, well-bred man.*                                              |
| Ní soáig ná soairle coméirge frit mac<br>mórghnímach mór . . . n-esiut. | Ní fír fir ná inmholta dea-chomhairle comhéirí<br>let mhac mórghníomhach mór ...                       | It is not fair fight nor wise to rise up against<br>thy son *of great and mighty deeds* ...                          |
| Artai o riag cnis fochlóc ót biliu,<br><br>ba cotat fri Scáithchi scél. | Iompaigh ó riaghadh cnis an bhuinneáin ód'<br>bhile,<br><br>ba chruaidh le Scáthach an scéal.          | *Turn away from torturing the skin of the<br>sapling of thy great tree,<br><br>the tidings to Scáthach will be hard. |
| Mad Conlae céssad clár clé,<br><br>comad fortamail taidbecht.           | Más Conla a chasfadh clár clé <u>a charbaid (.i. a</u><br><u>thabharfadh dúshlán do Chú Chulainn).</u> | If Conla were to profer 'left board' <u>of his</u><br><u>chariot (and a challenge),</u>                              |
| Tinta frim!                                                             | Tiontaigh orm!                                                                                         | Turn to me!                                                                                                          |
| Cluinte mo chlois!                                                      | Clois mé!                                                                                              | Hear my voice!                                                                                                       |
| Fó mo chose!                                                            | Maith mo chose!                                                                                        | My advice is good!                                                                                                   |
| Bad Cú Chulainn cloadar!                                                | Go mba Cú Chulainn a chloisfidh é!                                                                     | Let Cuchulinn hear it!                                                                                               |
| Atgénsa cid ainm asind ón,                                              | Aithnínmse cad é ainm a inseoidh,                                                                      | I know what name he will tell,                                                                                       |
| maso Conlae óenmac Aífe in mac fil tís,” ol in<br>ben.                  | más é Conla aonmhac Aoife an mac atá thíos,”<br>ar an bhean.                                           | if the boy down there is Conla, the only son of<br>Aífe,” said the woman.                                            |

## Section 9

Is and sin asbert Cú Chulainn:

“Coisc, a ben!

Ní cosc mná admoiniur

mórgnímaib asa coscur glé.

Ní gníther do banchobrae.

Bam gnímbúadach.

Buidig ruisc ruirech.

Dé fola form chnis crú cuirp Conlai.

Caín súgfet gaí in cleitine cain.

Cid é no beth and, a ben,” ol sé,

“na ngénainnse ar inchaib Uladh.”

Is ansin a dúirt Cú Chulainn:

“Coisc, a bhean!

Ní cosc mná a éilím,

ach mórgníomhaibh is coscar glé.

Ní ghnífear do bhanchabhair.

Beam gníomhbhuach.

Is sách iad roisc ruireach.

Beidh cró coirp Chonlae mar dé fola ar mo chnis.

Súfaidh gathanna go caoin an fhuil as an gcleitín caoin (i.e. Conla).

Fiú is é do bheith ann, a bhean,” ar sé,

“do ghoinfinnse é ar ionchaibh Uladh.”

Then said Cuchulinn:

“Forbear, woman!

\*It is not a woman’ advice that I seek,

but great deeds and bright victory.

Thy womanly advice will not be heeded.

I will be triumphant in deeds.

The eyes of a great king are sated.

The gore of Conla’s body will be a vapour of blood upon my skin.

Beautifully the spears will suck the blood of the fair javelin (i.e. Conla).\*

Even though it were he who is there, woman,” said he,

“I would kill him for the honour of Ulster.”

## Section 10

|                                                                  |                                                                                      |                                                                                            |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Is and sin luid síis féin.                                       | Is ansin chuaigh síos é féin.                                                        | Then he went down himself.                                                                 |
| “Is álainn, a macáin, in cluiche dogní,” ol sé.                  | “Is álainn, a mhacáin, an cluiche do ghní,” ar sé.                                   | “Delightful, my boy, is the play which thou makest,” said he.                              |
| “Is étach for cluichesi céamus,” ol in mac bec,                  | “Ní hamhlaidh do do chluichse, ámh,” ar an mac óg,                                   | “Your play, though, is not so,” said the little boy,                                       |
| “nach táet dias úaib                                             | “nach dtáinig díis uaibh                                                             | “that two of you did not come,                                                             |
| corom sloindisea dóib.”                                          | chun mo shloinneadhsa dóibh.”                                                        | so that I may make myself known to them.”                                                  |
| “In corob éicen mac blaicci im farradsa ón?” ol Cú Chulainn.     | “An é gurb éigean mac beag bheith im fharradhsa?” ar Cú Chulainn.                    | “It would have been necessary to bring a small boy along with me,” said Cuchulinn.         |
| “Atbélaesiu immurgu mani sloindi.”                               | “Gheobhairse bás iomorra mana sloinnfir.”                                            | “However, thou wilt die unless thou tellest thy name.”                                     |
| “Bid fir!” ol in gillae.                                         | “Bíodh fíor!” ar an giolla.                                                          | “Let it be so!” said the lad.                                                              |
| Atnaig in mac cuici.                                             | D’éirigh an mac chuige.                                                              | The boy makes for him.                                                                     |
| Immustúaircet.                                                   | Thuaireadar im a chéile,                                                             | They exchange blows.                                                                       |
| Nos mbeir in gillae maíl fair cosin chlaidiub .i. béim co fomus. | go mbeir an giolla maol air lena chlaíomh .i. ‘béim go fomus’ (béim dea-thomhaiste). | The lad, by a properly measured stroke with the sword, crops off <u>Cuchulinn</u> ’s hair. |

“Is co cend in cuitbiud!” ol Cú Chulainn.

“Tíagam do imthrascrud didiu!”

“Is go ceann an magadh!” ar Cú Chulainn.

“Gaibhimis ag imthreascairt anois!”

“The mockery has come to a head!” says Cuchulinn.

“Now let us go to wrestle!”

## Section 11

“Ní rous do chris,” ol in mac.

Ro gab in mac for dí chloich,

co tarat Coin Culainn eter in dí choirthe fo thrí,

ocus níro glúais in mac nechtar a dá chos dona coirthib,

co ndeachadar a thraigthe isna clochaib conici a dá n-adbrond.

Atá slicht a dá chos and béos.

Is de atá Tráig Éise la hUlu.

Lotar didiu isin muir do imbádud,

cora mbáid in mac fo dó.

“Ní shroichim do chrios,” ar an mac.

Do ghaibh an mac ar dhá chloch,

agus chuir Cú Chulainn idir an dá choirthe fo thrí,

agus níor ghluais an mac neachtar a dhá chois dona coirthibh,

go ndeachadar a throithe insna clochaibh go nuige a dhá alt.

Atá sliocht a dhá chos ann fós.

Is de atá Tráigh Éise le hUltaibh.

Chuadar ansin insan mhuir dá mbá féin,

gur mbáigh an mac fo dhó é.

“I cannot reach thy belt,” said the boy.

He got upon two stones,

and thrust Cuchulinn thrice between two pillar-stones,

while the boy did not move either of his feet from the stones

until his feet went into the stones up to his ankles.

The track of his feet is there still.

Hence is the Strand of the Track in Ulster.

Then they went into the sea to drown each other,

and twice the boy ducked him.

|                                                    |                                                       |                                                                |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Luid risin mac íarom asin uisciu,                  | Chuaigh leis an mac iaramh as an uisce,               | Thereupon <u>Cuchulinn</u> went at the boy from the water (?), |
| coro bréc cosin gaí bulga,                         | gura mbréag é leis an nga bolga,                      | and played him false with the <i>gai bulga</i> ;               |
| ar níro múin Scáthach do duine ríam in gaisced sin | óir níor mhúin Scáthach do dhuine riamh an gaisce sin | for to no man had Scathach ever taught the use of that weapon  |
| acht do Choin Chulainn a óenur.                    | ach do Chú Chulainn ina aonar.                        | save to Cuchulinn alone.                                       |
| Dacorustar don mac tríasind uisce,                 | Cuireann é don mac tríd an uisce,                     | He sends it at the boy through the water,                      |
| co mboí a inathar foa chossaibh.                   | go mbí a ionathar fo a chosaibh.                      | so that his bowels were about his feet.                        |

## Section 12

|                                                   |                                                                 |                                                                   |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Is ed ón tra,” ol sé, “náro múin Scáthach domsa! | “Seo, go deimhin, ní nár mhúin Scáthach domsa!                  | “Now, this is what Scathach never taught me!” cried the boy.      |
| Mairg nom chréchnaigis!” ol in mac.               | Mairg gur chréachtnaís mé!” ar an mac.                          | “Woe that thou hast wounded me!”                                  |
| “Is fíor,” ol Cú Chulainn.                        | “Is fíor,” ar Cú Chulainn.                                      | “It is true,” said Cuchulinn.                                     |
| Gaibid in mac íarom eter a dí láim,               | Gabhann an mac iaramh idir a dhá láimh,                         | He *thereupon* takes the boy between his arms,                    |
| ocus nos ucca co tall ass                         | agus rug sé air ( <u>.i. an ga bolga</u> ) agus do bhain sé de, | and took it *( <u>i.e. the gai bulga</u> )* out *from inside him* |

|                                                                                                 |                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus na mbeir co tarlaic de ar bélaib Ulad.                                                     | agus beireann é gur leag é ar bhéalaibh Uladh.                                                         | and carries him till he lets him down before the men of Ulster.                                                    |
| “Aso mo macsa dúib, a Ultu,” ol sé.                                                             | “Is seo mo mhacsa díbh, a Uladh,” ar sé.                                                               | “Here is my son for you, men of Ulster,” said he.                                                                  |
| “Fé amai,” ol Ulaid.                                                                            | “Monuar,” ar Ulaidh.                                                                                   | “Alas,” said the men *of Ulster*;                                                                                  |
| “Ocus is fíor,” ol in mac.                                                                      | “Agus is fíor,” ar an mac.                                                                             | and “It is true,” said the boy.                                                                                    |
| “Dia mbeinnsea etraib co cend cóic mblíadan,<br>no silsinnse firu in betha remib for cach leith | “Dá mbeinnse faraibh go ceann cúig mblian,<br>do shlighfinnse feara an bheatha romhaibh ar gach leith, | “If I were among you to the end of five years,<br>I should vanquish the men of the world before you on every side, |
| ocus congébthe ríge co Róim.                                                                    | agus ghabhfadh sibh ríge go Róimh.                                                                     | and you would hold kingship as far as Rome.                                                                        |
| Inid ed so file and,                                                                            | I dtaobh nach é seo atá ann,                                                                           | Since it is as it is,                                                                                              |
| inchoisc domsa na firu amrai fil isin bailiu,                                                   | taispeáin domsa na feara amhra atá insan áit                                                           | point out to me the famous men that are on the spot,                                                               |
| corom chelebra dóib.”                                                                           | go gceiliúrfad díobh.”                                                                                 | that I may take leave of them.”                                                                                    |



### Section 13

|                                                     |                                                          |                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Dobeir iarom a dí láim im brágaid cach fir ar úair  | Beireann iaramh a dhá láimh im bhráid gach fir ar a uair | Thereupon he puts his arms round the neck of one after another,         |
| ocus celebráid dia athair                           | agus ceiliúrann dá athair                                | bids farewell to his father,                                            |
| ocus atbail fo chétóir.                             | agus faigheann bás fá chéadóir.                          | and forthwith dies.                                                     |
| Ro lád tra a gáir gubai                             | Do hardaíodh a gháir gubha                               | Then his cry of lament was raised,                                      |
| ocus a fert                                         | agus a fheart                                            | his grave made,                                                         |
| ocus a liae                                         | agus a lia,                                              | and his stone set up,                                                   |
| ocus co cend trí thráth                             | agus go ceann trí thráth                                 | and to the end of three days                                            |
| nícon reilcthea loíg dia mbuaib la hUltu ina diaid. | níor ligeadh lao dá mbuaibh le hUltaibh ina dhiaidh.     | no calf was let to their cows by the men of Ulster, to commemorate him. |