

Aided Conrói maic Dáiri

The Death of CuRoi mac Dairi

Note to the reader

Best's edition of *Aided Conrói* is based on the version of the saga in the Yellow Book of Lecan (YBL). For Sections 11 and 12 in this presentation, Stokes' text of *Amra Chonrói*, based on H 3.18, is used instead of Best's text of *Aided Conrói*. In these Sections, some words and phrases that occur in YBL, but are missing from H 3.18, are inserted in the Medieval Irish text and marked [Y]. The first quatrain in Section 15 is taken from the second version of the saga in Egerton 88 and marked [E].

Section 1

Císsí tucaid ar romarbsad Ulaid Coinrái mac Dáiri?	Cad fé deara d'fheara Uladh Cú Raoi mac Dáire do chur chun báis?	What reason did the men of Ulster have to kill CuRoi mac Dairi?
Ní hansa.	Ní deacair san.	That is easy.
Im Bláthnait ingin Mind	Mar gheall ar Bhláthnaid, iníon Mheann,	It was on account of <u>that weasel</u> Blathnait, stammering Menn's daughter,
tucad a forbais fer Failgi	a hardaíodh chun siúil tar éis léigear na bhFear Fálga,	who was carried off from the siege of Falga's men,
ocus im na teór[a] herca Iuchna	agus mar gheall ar na trí bhó Iuchna,	and on account of Iuchna's three red-spotted cows,

ocus im na trí fira Ochaine	agus mar gheall ar na trí fir Ochaine,	and on account of the three ear-delighting fellows.
.i. eóin bega nobítis for hóib na mbó	is é sin, éiníní beaga a bhíodh ar chluasa na mbó,	They were little birds on the cows' ears
.i. na n-earc nIuchnai,	is é sin, na ba Iuchna,	— Iuchna's red-spotted cows.
ocus tucad coiri lasna bú.	agus tógadh coire chomh maith leis na ba.	A cauldron was carried off with the cows.
Bo hé al-lóeg.	Gamhain <u>na dtrí mbó</u> a thugtaí <u>ar an gcoire seo</u> ,	It was their 'calf'.
Tricha aigi a lucht in choiri	spás ann do thríocha damh.	Thirty oxen would fit in the cauldron,
ocus nobligthea a lán cacha thrátha úaidib cén nobídis na heóin ic a foichedul.	Líonadh na trí bhó go béal é gach uair a thionlacadh na héin lena gcuid ceoil iad.	and the cows milked it full whenever the birds sang to them.
Is de asbert Cúchulaind isin tSíabarcharpat:	Mar seo a thagair Cú Chulainn dó sa Siabharcharbad:	CuChulainn spoke of it in The Phantom Chariot:
“Búi cori ’sin dún: lóeg na teóra mbó, tricha aigi ina chróis, ised [<i>leg. ’sed</i>] sin fo lucht dó.	“Sa dún bhí coire gamhain na dtrí mbó. Tríocha damh ina bholg choimeádfadh sé gan stró.	“In the fort was a cauldron the calf of the three cows. Thirty oxen in its maw was what it could hold.
Tathaitis in coiri sin, ba mellach in bág, ni théigdis úad atherrach co fácbaidis lán.	Ba thaitneamhach mar dhúshlán é: bhailídís ina thimpeall is ní imídís go mbíodh sé lán go beol.	It was a pleasing challenge: they gathered round they did not go until they left it full.

Bái mór n-ó[i]r agus n-aircid and,
robo maith in [f]ríth.
Dobert-sa in core sin
la hingin ind rí.”

Ór agus airgead na cruinne
bhí ann — ba mhaith an ciste.
Mise d’ardaigh chun siúil an coire
i dteannta iníon an ruire.”

Great gold and silver
was in it — a good hoard.
Myself I took that cauldron
and the king’s daughter.”

Section 2

Luid didu Cúruí mac Dáiri leosom don forbais

Chuaigh Cú RAOI mac Dáire leosan ansin don
léigear,

Now CuRoi mac Dairi went with the men of
Ulster to the siege,

ocus nínaithgéntair [*recte* nínaithgénatar]

ach chuaigh díobh é a aithint.

and they did not recognise him.

.i. ‘fer broit lachtna’ asbertadar fris.

Thugadar ‘an fear sa chlócha ar dhath an
uachtair’ air.

They called him ‘the man in the cream-
coloured cloak’.

Conchobor inquired

Cach cend doberthea asin dún,

De réir mar a thugtaí cloigne na marbh as an
ndún

about each head brought from the fort:

“Cía romarb in fer sin?” ar Conchobar.

d’fhiafraíodh Conchobhar: “Cé mharaigh an
fear san?”

“Who killed that man?”

“Misi agus an fear in broit lachtna,” ar cach fear
ar n-úair.

“Mise agus an fear sa chlócha ar dhath an
uachtair,” deireadh gach fear ar a sheal.

“Me, and the man in the cream-coloured
cloak,” each man said in turn.

Section 3

Intan didu rombatha ic roind na broiti	Nuair a bhí sé in am an chreach a roinnt, áfach,	But when it was time to divide the spoils,
ní rochtigsead in Coinrúi,	níor chuidíodar le Cú Raoi	they did not make a share for CuRoi.
ar nirdamad íarum cert dó.	agus ní bhfuair sé a cheart ansin.	So, they were not just to him.
Rethaid fona bú	Thug ruathar fén dtréad bó.	He sped in among the cows,
corustimairc remi	Thiomáin roimis iad.	and he herded them together before him.
ocus cordait na heónu ina chris	Cheangail na héin ina chrios.	He tied the birds in his belt,
ocus co tarad in mnái ina lethuscaill	Bhuaíl an bhean fé cheann dá ascaillí.	and he took the woman under one of his arms.
ocus no lodadar úadaib	D'imíodar uathu	They went off
ocus a choiri fora muin,	agus an coire ar a mhuin.	with the cauldron on his shoulder.
ocus ní roacht neach do Ultaib comacallaim fair	Níor fhéad éinne d'fheara Uladh dul chun comhchainte leis	None of the Ulstermen managed to speak to him
acht Cúchulaind a óenur.	ach Cú Chulainn amháin.	but CuChulainn alone.
Imsóí frísíde	Ach d'iompáigh <u>Cú Raoi</u> air.	<u>CuRoi</u> turned on him
contarad isin talmain conici a dá ascaill	Chuir tríd an dtalamh síos go dtína dhá ascaill é.	and pushed him into the earth up to his armpits.

ocus co roberr máil fair cosin chloduib,	Bhearr an ghruaig dó leis an gclaíomh gur fhág maol é.	He sheared him bald with his sword
ocus co rochomail cacc ina mbó inna chend,	Chuimil bualtach bó dá cheann.	and dumped the cows' dung on his head.
ocus luid úaidib íarsein co ránic a thech.	D'fhág <u>Cú Raoi</u> iad ansan agus d'fhill ar a dhúthaigh féin.	<u>CuRoi</u> went from them then and reached his house.

Section 4

Búi Cúchulaind íarsin bliadain láin for <imgabáil td="" ulad.<=""> <td>Iar sin, bhí Cú Chulainn ar<imgabháil ar="" bliana="" feadh="" iomláine.<="" td="" ulaidh=""> <td>After that CuChulainn kept away from the men of Ulster for a whole year.</td> </imgabháil></td></imgabáil>	Iar sin, bhí Cú Chulainn ar <imgabháil ar="" bliana="" feadh="" iomláine.<="" td="" ulaidh=""> <td>After that CuChulainn kept away from the men of Ulster for a whole year.</td> </imgabháil>	After that CuChulainn kept away from the men of Ulster for a whole year.
A mbúi-seom didu laa n-and for Bendaib Bairchi	Lá agus é ar bharr na mBeanna Boirche, áfach,	Then one day, when he was at Boirche's Peaks,
co n-acai éill móir do énaib dubuib chuigi darsin fairrgi.	chonaic chuige thar an bhfarraige anall ealt mhór d'éin dhubha.	he saw a big flock of black birds coming toward him across the <u>open</u> sea.
Marbaid én díb fochétóir.	Mharaigh sé éan díobh láithreach.	He killed one of the birds immediately.
Marbaid én cach tíre dinn éill íarsin	Iar sin, mharaigh éan den ealt i ngach crích <u>dár thrasnaigh siad</u> ,	After that he killed a bird from the flock in each district [<u>they flew over</u>]
co ránic Srub Broin inn-íarthar hÉirend	nó gur shroich Srúibh Brain in iarthar na hÉireann.	till he reached Srub Brain in western Ireland.
.i. a cend tall-som dond eón dub,	Ó ghob an fhiaigh dhuibh a mharaigh sé <u>ansin</u>	From the head of the black bird he took <u>there</u>

is de dogairther Srub Broin.	a hainmníodh an áit .i. Srúibh Brain.	it is called Srub Brain, Raven's Beak.
Ised dorala anniar [<i>leg. ann iarum ?</i>] do chathraig Conrái,	Is é a tharla gur thug aniar dó go cathair Chú Raoi é.	This is how he happened to come westward to the hillfort of CuRoi.
conad and rofiter is é dorad mebal fair	Tuigeadh dó gurbh é siúd ba chúis lena náiriú.	He knew then it was <u>CuRoi</u> who had shamed him.
ocus roacaill 'no in mnái,	Do labhair sé leis an bhean ansin,	He spoke with the woman *then*,
ar rocharastair cid síu thuctha dar muir;	óir bhí grá aige di sular tugadh thar muir í.	for he had loved her even before she was brought over the sea.
ingen side Iuchnai rí[g] fer Falgai	Iníon Iuchna, rí na bhFear Fálga, ise,	She was the daughter of Iuchna, king of the men of Falga
.i. fál mara i n-indsib mara nobítis.	(san tugtha orthu mar gur tonnchosc in aice na n-oileán ab ea an fál farraige).	(so called because it was a breakwater, <i>fál</i> , in the islands of the sea, <i>gó</i> .)
Rodál-som fria si síar aridhisi aidchi Samna.	Bheartaíodar bualadh le chéile arís sa bhall céanna um Oíche Shamhna.	He arranged to meet her again in the west on Samain night.
Imoscomlásad tra cóiced Érend techt la Coinculaind.	Ansin chuir cúige na hÉireann chun bóthair i bhfochair Chú Chulainn.	A province of Ireland set out to go with CuChulainn then.
Ised al-lá sin didu dorad-sí comairli do Choinculaind do Choinrúi	Ar an lá sin, ámh, thug sí comhairle do Chú Raoi,	That day *then* she gave CuRoi advice provided by CuChulainn
.i. ara ndéanta daingen n-amra leis dia chathraig	is é sin, rampair amhra a thógaint dá dhún agus an caiseal a dhaingniú	— <u>CuRoi</u> should make a splendid rampart for his hillfort

.i. each coirthi fil ina sesom ocus ina lighi inn Éirind.	lena bhfuil de ghalláin ina seasamh, agus a bhfuil de liaga leagtha in Éirinn.	from every standing-stone in Ireland, whether erect or toppled.
Is í cland Dedad	Dob iad Clanna Deadhadh	The Clan Dedad
fodroglúais in n-óenlo do dénam na cathrach,	do ghluais i n-aonlá do dhéanamh na cathrach,	roused themselves on that very day to make the stronghold,
coná búi-som acht a áenur inna chathair al-lá sin.	go dtí nach raibh ach é féin ina aonar ina chathair ar an lá sin.	so there was no one but himself in his hillfort.
Is é comartha robúi etarru sí ocus Coinchulaind	Is é comhartha do sochraíodh eatarthu, idir í féin agus Cú Chulainn:	This is the signal that existed between her and Cuchulainn:
.i. bleogan na n-earc nIuchna do lécad íarsan abaind co hUltu	.i. tál de chrú na dtrí mbó Iuchna, do ligean leis an abhainn chun na nUltach,	a milking of Iuchna's spotted cows would be let loose down the river toward the men of Ulster
comad find in aband intan nobíad-sí ac folcad dósom.	i dtreo go mbeadh an abha fionn, nuair a bheadh sise ag déanamh folctha dósan.	so that the river would be white when she was washing <u>CuRoi's</u> head.
Dogníther ón.	Rinneadh amhlaidh.	That was done.
Roléiced chucu	Do ligeadh <u>an bainne</u> chucu	It was let loose toward them
conid findglais an aband and n-úair sin [<i>leg.</i> ónd úair sin].	agus tugadh an Fhionnghlaise ar an abhainn ón uair sin.	so that the river has been called Finnglais, White Stream, since that time.

Section 5

Búi-sí didu oc aiscid a chind-seom i ndoras na cathrach.	Is ag scrúdú a chinn a bhí sí an uair sin i ndoras na cathrach.	She examined his head then in front of the hillfort.
“Tairr,” or sí, “isin cathraig isteach co rofhoilcther duit ríasiu thísad na slúraig cona n-eireadaib.”	“Tar sa chathair isteach,” ar sí, “chun go nífeair do cheann sula bhfillfidh na sluaite lena n-ualaí.”	*She said:* “Come indoors into the fort, so that your head can be washed before the troops come back with their burdens.”
Túargaib a chend súas íarsuidiu confaca slúag Ulad íarsin nglind chuci iter chois agus ech.	D’ardaigh sé a cheann ansin. Chonaic slua na nUltach ansin ag teacht feadh ghleanna chuige, cuid acu de shiúl na gcos, a thuilleadh ar muin capall.	At that he raised his head and *then* saw Ulster’s troop coming along the glen toward him both on foot and on horse.
“Cía siud, a ben?” ar Cúruí.	“Cé hiad siúd, a bhean?” arsa Cú RAOI.	“What is that yonder, woman?” CuROI said.
“Do munter,” or in bean, “co lecaib agus dairchisib do dénam na cathrach.”	“Do theaghlach,” arsa an bhean, “le clocha agus le daracha do dhéanamh na cathrach.”	“Your household,” the woman said, “with stones and oaks to make the stronghold.”

“Masdo daraig is lúath ráit,
is búaid masda licc.”

Túarcaib a chend doridhise.

Fecaid-sem beous fora ngrinigud-som.

“Cía sud?” or se.

“Alma bó ocus ceathra,” ol sí.

“Masa cheathra condat ceathra
niddat alma chóelbó.
Atá fer beg beartair [*leg.* beartas] fæbro
for muin cec[h]a énbó.”

“Más daracha iad, sin iad na crainn atá ag
scinneadh go tapaidh.
Más clocha iad, siad san na clocha ar leith.”

D’ardaigh sé a cheann arís.

D’amharc go grinn orthu a thuilleadh.

“Cad san ansan?” d’fhiafraigh sé.

“Tréada bó agus beithíoch,” d’fhreagair sí.

“Más eallach iad, nó gur ar dhath an eallaigh atáid,
ní haon tréad bó caola iad.
Cím firín, lann ar iompar aige,
ar muin na bó atá ar deireadh.”

[CuRoi answered:]

“If they are oaks, they skim swiftly.
They are special, if they are stones.”

He raised his head again.

He scanned their companies still more.

“What is that yonder?” he said.

“Herds of cows and cattle,” she said.

[CuRoi spoke:]

“If cattle — cattle-coloured —
they are no herds of thin cows.
A small man bears a blade
on the back of each last cow.”

Section 6

Lasodain gaibthi inund	Leis sin, gabhann sé anonn <u>sa chathair</u>	Suddenly he perceived it the same way [<u>as she</u>],
ocus foilcid in bean dó .i. foidlcad	agus tugann an bhean folcadh dhó.	and the woman washed his head.
ocus rochumrigh a fholt dona cholbaib agus dona tuireadhaib	Ceanglaíonn sí a dhlaioithe de phoist na leapan agus de na piléir.	She washed his hair — and she tied it to the posts of the bed and to the pillars.
ocus dofall in claidheb asa thruaill	Sleamhnaíonn sí an claíomh as a thruaill	She stole <u>his</u> sword from its scabbard
ocus ro(f)oslaic in chathair.	agus osclaíonn sí an chathair.	and she opened the hillfort.
Ní forchúala didu	Níor chuala sé aon ní, áfach,	He heard nothing *, however, *
co rolínsad ind fir a teach fair	nó gur líonadar na fir a theach air	until the men had filled up the house on him
ocus co ndeachadar fora thairr.	agus go ndeachadar féna dhéin.	and until they were at his throat.
Atraig bacétóir do chomérgiu forro	Phreab ina sheasamh láithreach ina gcoinne	He rose up at once to attack them,
ocus marbaid cét fer díb col-lúib agus co ndornaib.	agus mharaigh céad fear díobh lena chosa agus lena dhoirne.	and he killed a hundred of their men with his feet and fists.
Atrachta [<i>leg.</i> atracht] dóib in fer gaire robái istaig	Thug óinmhid a bhí istigh dóibh	The fool who was in the house rose against them
co romarb tricha lóech díb.	gur thit tríocha laoch díobh leis.	and killed thirty of their warriors.

Is de rocht:

“Cid fer gaire na flatha
fa sáer oc imbirt chatha.
Geguín tricha fer n-armach,
íarsin damair a marbad.”

Is faoi sin a canadh:

Fear magaidh an tiarna
ag geáitsíocht sa ghleo go huasal saor
mharaigh tríocha laoch armtha
ansin d’fhulaing an bás céanna é féin.

Of him was recited:

He was the lord’s laughing man
but playing at battle, nobly free
he slew thirty armed men
then suffered death himself.

Section 7

Senfiacail cétataraid fonuégim [*leg.* fon égim]

Seanfiacail an chéad duine a d’fhreagair géim
ghuaise Chú RAOI,

After CuRoi’s scream of distress, old
toothy Senfiacail came up first.

dia n-ébrad:

dá ndúradh:

It was said of him:

“Taraid Senfiacail síring,
marbais cét fer dia fairind.
Ciarbo mór a nert a colaind [*leg.* chomlaind (?)],
fúair a leacht la Coinculaind.”

Ón gcian tháinig Seanfiacail.
Mharaigh céad dá slua.
Cé gurbh iontach neart a cholainne, ina uaigh
do chuaigh de chionn Chú Chulainn chrua.

From afar strode Senfiacail.
He killed a hundred of their host.
Though his body’s might was great
he found his grave by CuChulainn.

Cairpre Cuanach íarsin dosnaraid.

Ina dhiaidh sin, tháinig Cairpre Cuanach orthu:

Then the leader of packs, Cairpre
Cuanach, came upon them:

“Dosnaraig [*leg.* dusnaraid] Cairpre Cuanach.
marbais cét fer — dál brighach —
robághai fria Conchobar
manobáded muir mílach.”

Cairpre Cuanach tháinig orthu.
Comhlann móréachtach: mharaigh céad
bhagródh bás ar Chonchobhar
ach gur thraoch an fharraige thréan é.

Cairpre Cuanach came upon them.
Mighty fight: he killed one hundred
would have menaced Conchobar
had the swarming sea not drowned him.

.i. ó robúi oc báid [<i>leg. báig</i>] fri Conchobar	Is é sin, nuair a bhí sé ag bagairt báis ar Chonchobhar	That is, when he was menacing Conchobar,
co n-acai a chathraig for lasad fria muir athúaid.	chonaic sé a dhún féin ar barr lasrach thar muir ó thuaidh.	he saw his stronghold blazing across the sea in the north.
Luid didu isin muir dia thesarcain inna cathrach.	Leis sin, chuaigh sa mhuir chun a chaiseal a shábháil.	So he went into the sea to save the stronghold.
Mór in snám co robáided and.	B'fhada an snámh agus bádh ann é.	It was a long swim and he was drowned at it.
“Comrom Echach maic Dáire óthá in rind corici in nglind, marbais cét fer — ba mór bríg — ba do dígail a deigh-rígh.”	Comhrac Eachach mhic Dháire ón rinn do dtí an gleann. Mharaigh sé céad fear, ba mhór an gníomh: b'é ag díoghailt a dhearí.	The fight of Daire's son Eochaid from the headland to the glen was worthy: he killed a hundred avenging his good king.

Section 8

Is and tra rolásed cland Deadaid díib	Is ansin a chaitheadar Clanna Deadhadh uatha	When they heard the scream of distress, *then* the Clan Dedad threw down
cach coirthi fil ina sheasam ocus ina laigi inn Éirind,	gach coirthi a bhfuil ina seasamh agus ina luí in Éirinn,	each standing-stone now erect or toppled in Ireland.
intan rochúaladar in n-éigim	nuair a chualadar an t-éamh.	
co torachtar in n-imguin imon cathraig,	Shroicheadar an imghoin um an gcathair.	They came to the slaughter around the hillfort.
dia n-ébrad:	Fúthu san chumtaí:	Of this was said:
“Arsin tarraid cland Dedaid d’íaraidh a rí da rímid, cóic fhichit ar trí chétaib deich cétaib ar dí mílib.”	Ghabh Clanna Deadhadh an cnoc aníos ar thóir a rí Cú Raoi. A líon: cúig scór is trí chéad agus deich gcéad ar dhá mhíle.	Dedad’s clan came up to seek their king. Their count: five score and three hundred ten hundred and two thousand.

Section 9

Intan didu robas iconn imguin imon cathraig	Ach, nuair a bhíodar á n-imghoin um an gcathair,	While they were butchering each other around the hillfort, *however,*
ocus tall Cúchulaind a chend don fhir	do bhain Cú Chulainn a cheann den fhear	CuChulainn sheared off the man's head
ocus rolasa in chathair,	is do chuir an chathair trí thine.	and set fire to the fort.
búi Fer Chertne fili Conrúi oca eachaib i nglind	Bhí Fearcheirtne, file Chú Raoi, lena eacha sa ghleann,	<u>Then</u> CuRoi's poet, Fer Chertne, who was with his horses in the glen,
ocus dixit:	agus dúirt:	spoke:
“Cóich in maccán contái i tóeb chathrach Conrái? Maid i mbethaid maic Dá[i]re ní lasfed co n-innáille.”	“Cén macán a chím ag athrú cló taobh le cathair Chú Raoi? Dá mba bheo mac Dháire an rí ní á loscadh a bheifeá mar ataoi.”	“What little boy changes [shape] alongside CuRoi's hillfort? With Daire's son alive it would not burn so finely.”
Fer Becrach didu ara Chonrúi [<i>leg.</i> Conrúi]	Mar sin, chuir Fearbheacrach, carbadóir Chú Raoi,	Afterwards CuRoi's charioteer, Fer Becrach,
dorigni side munterus fri Cairpre mac Conchobair	é féin fé choimirce Chairpre mhic Chonchobhair.	accepted protection from Conchobor's son Cairpre
ocus luid i carpat chuici.	Isteach leis ina charbad.	and went into his chariot.
Dobert didu buli [<i>leg.</i> bulli] forna heochu 'mon carraic	Thiomáin na heacha in éadan na carraige, áfach,	But he lashed the horses near a rock

co rimbrú in charrac iter eochu agus dóine,

gur bhrúigh an charraig idir sheisreach agus daoine,

so that the rock smashed both horses and people.

dia n-ébrad:

dá ndúradh:

It was said of him:

“Fer Becrach con-imále,
bés ní brég immaráide?
bert Cairpre mac Conchobair
fo thonda searba sáile.”

Le háilleacht is le mire
Fearbheacrach — gan aon agó —
fé ndear mac Chonchobhair a sheoladh
féna tonnta searbha go deo.

With great beauty and swiftness
Fer Becrach — certainly so —
carried Conchobor’s son Cairpre
under the bitter salt-sea waves.

Section 10

Táinig Fer Chertne íarsodain.	Tháinig Fearcheirtne ina dhiadh sin.	Fer Chertne came up after that.
“Ná tú Fer Chertne?” ar Conchobar.	“Nach tusa Fearcheirtne?” d’fhiafraigh Conchobhar.	“Are you not Fer Chertne?” said Conchobar.
“Mé immorro,” or se.	“Is mé, iomorra,” d’fhreagair sé.	“I am then,” he said.
“Ba maith Cúruí frit?” ar Conchobar.	“An raibh Cú Raoi go maith dhuit?” fiafraíonn Conchobhar.	“Was CuRoi good to you?” said Conchobar.
“Ba maith immorro,” or se.	“Is é a bhí, iomorra,” ar sé.	“He was good *, indeed*,” he said.
“Innis dún ní dia maithis.”	“Tabhair éachtaint dúinn ar a oineach.”	“Tell us something of his worth.”
“Ní ermaisim,” or seisen, “indosa.	“Ba dheachair dom a cheart a thabhairt anois dó,” arsa <u>Fearcheirtne</u> .	“I cannot do him justice now,” <u>Fer Chertne</u> said.
Is olc lim mo menma íar marbad mo rígh, ar nom-marba íarum mo lám-sa fodén, minam-marba nech n-aile.”	“Tá m’intinn tréith óir maraíodh mo rí. Is dóichí gurb í mo lámh féin a chuirfidh chun báis mé go deimhin mura ndéanann neach eile é.”	“My mind is troubled because my king has been killed, and *indeed* my own hand may kill me if no other does.”
Is and asbert Fer Cheirtne fili:	Is ansin adúirt Fearcheirtne file:	It was then that the poet Fer Chertne spoke <u>what follows, ‘The Eulogy of CuRoi’</u> :

Section 11

“[N]i hadha dom anmuin apairt romnett no
romred
ni madbui ben i tirib toruais doroscarsuid mo
namuid.

Nar caur rus romaith

rodin fe faebra ficht
fiba fess moch mairb.
Me domciallfaithar caidh

iar n-eraic nairc nairc
aisndeí contechgamar oen suide flsc (*sic*)
domidsesc dond oinfer
fibu iarum ailib feis iteir catha cuim.”

“Ní maith do m’anam a bhfuil ’om chloí a
chur dem chroí
monuar mura mbeadh bean a theacht i dtír ar
an mbile buacach binn ó dá mbeadh mo
naimhde ar lár
an curadh calma an fear feasa is fear eagna

a chosnódh sinn lena chlainmhte faobhracha
codladh an bháis tá i ndán dó feasta
scaipfidh mo cháilse mar a scaipeann an
cháith

dá uireasa éagmais chinniúnach a chailliúint
is féidir a bhfuairas ón aonfhear cáidh a
mheas óm bhéal atá ina fhásach ceal na meá
ina chodladh sóuil beidh feasta le linn na n-
adhmholtaí a dhéantar ag gach féasta agus an
sporadh a dhéantar i rith gach catha.”

“It is wrong for my soul to speak what has
slain me
would that a woman had not been in the lands
of the towering noble my enemies brought
down
a noble champion most excellent man of
knowledge
he could fight sharp swords for us
he will sleep a sleep of early death
I will be forgotten like chaff

when he is gone a fatal absence
you may tell what I possessed from that one
man [my mouth is] dry for him dry of mead
he will sleep now through praises of feasts and
sheltering fights.”

Section 12

“Curoi ro hir dam
.x. mbruig[i] mac Daire
.x. ndairbé,
.x. srianu oir
.x. n-eochu airmitiu
.x. n-étgudu imuame
.x. coire
.x. colga det
.x. saine cernd claidhem cain
.x. mbraine
.x. mbeichluaigh buain
.x. ndeich mbo bo cet
.x. mbuachaili botana
.x. soda
soleicdi
asa slabraduib findruine nó airgit
hi se[d]gregaib oss n-eng.

Curig [*leg.* Cúrói] ro hir dam
.x. longa
.x. n-ana airleic
.x. cuacha
coba .x. nó codain.
Ro hir dom
.x. ngrib ingne
.x. mbenda
bonn-adharc buabail blaith.

“Bhronn Cú Raoi orm
deich ngabháltas le clann mhac Dháire
deich gcumhal
deich srian órga
deich bhfioreach
deich n-éide ciumhaisbhróidnithe
deich gcoire
deich gcolg déadacha
deich bpéire claimhte caoine a bheir bhua
deich ngob loinge
deich saithe de bheacha cruá
deich deich gcinn de bhuaibh
deich bólacht mar tháin bó
deich ngadhar baineanna
nár dheacair a scaoileadh
de shlabhraí fiondrúine
i ndiaidh tréada damh buile.

Dheonaigh Cú Raoi dhom
deich soitheach
deich gcupa de chlocha luachmhara
deich gcorn
deich mbairille nó deich muga beag.
Bhronn orm
deich gcrúb gríbhhe
deich gcorn óil barr óir
déanta d’adhairc bhuabhaill chóir.

“CuRoi granted me
ten holdings of Daire’s sons
ten slavewomen
ten golden bridles
ten noble horses
ten bordered garments
ten cauldrons
ten straight swords tusk-hilted
ten fair pairs of victory swords
ten prows,
ten hardy swarms of bees
ten tens of cows one hundred cows
ten cowherds for a cattle-raid
ten bitches
easily loosed
from white-metal chains
onto herds of wild deer.

CuRoi granted me
ten vessels
ten cups of precious stone
ten goblets
ten casks or small mugs.
He granted me
ten griffin claws
ten drinking horns metal-tipped
of gentle-buffalo horn.

Ro ir dam
.x. ratha
.x. treaba dagha decla alta airgither.
Atgait dom
.x. cét muc,
.x. cét oib aimind
.x. fernu
.x. eobarr [óir Y]
.x. treith tire iacih
.x. ndarba
x. damu dagfedma
dlongar Herion uill nó uaind.

Ar bui mo cend chena la mac cen argat.
Ro ir dam
.x. cumala bana
.x. mbuair mbecfolad
no mbec alma
batar cotlud ad dech.

Ro ir dom
.x. moga,
ro ir dom .x. mile
.x. same
.x. coraite slabrad
sgeo glais geilia[i]rnd.

Bhronn orm
deich ráth
deich ndea-áitreabh.
Gheall dom
deich gcéad muc
deich gcéad de chaoirigh bhreátha
deich gcrios
deich gclogad órga
deich dtorc tíre
deich gcumhal
deich ndamh dícheallacha
d'fhonn Cró Choinn chloch-chruaidh a
fhuirseadh

Mar go raibh mac agam gan airgead
bheir dom
deich gcumhal ar dhath an airgid
deich dtréad de stoc éadrom
nó deich dtréad beag
ag cúpláil deich le deich.

Dheonaigh dhom
deich mhogha
deich gcapall oibre
deich sheisreach
deich gcuing de shlabhra breá
ar a raibh glas d'iarann bán.

He granted me
ten raths
ten good dwellings.
He pledged me
ten hundred pigs
ten hundred handsome sheep
ten belts
ten gold helmets
ten boars lords of lands
ten slavewomen
ten heavy-working oxen
for splitting stony Ireland.

Because I had a son with no silver
he granted me
ten silvery *cumals*
ten herds of smaller stock
or small herds
mating in their tens.

He granted me
ten male slaves
ten work horses
ten teams
ten yokes of chain
with a bright iron lock.

Ro ir dom
.x. ngeiltasca
.x. muince doat
.x. gaillialla
.x. talliama taræda
.x. ndabcha delcha
.x. olcha
.x. tulcubha truma
.x. tinnu
.x. ru
.x. loa lethna
.x. mbrait mbreccphupail
.x. mbruit cuinsce clithar,
condelib indeitbear fa menmain a . . nmen . . .

Ro ir dom
.x. n-ubla oir
.x. n-unascacha oir
.x. cochma oir
.x. cochmedna
sceo brat bidbad mBabilone
.x. talliama taræda iluamand.

Ro ir dom
.x. ruchta derga
.x. mbanchaimsa
.x. cleitme
.x. findelga
.x. fidchella fri luacharna lassrad
.x. faidlenda fo a ngaiscedhuibh

Bheir dom
deich mias réthónacha
deich bhfáinne láimhe
deich stropa Gailleacha
deich gcranntabhaill tine
deich ndabhach móra le haghaidh trom-óil
deich mbabhla dí
deich gcráitéar mór groí
deich gcliathán bagúin
deich gclúid
deich bhfallaing leathan de chraiceann caorach
deich n-éadach pubaill,
deich n-éadach cosanta
ilchruthach is éagsúil.

Dheonaigh dom
deich n-úll órga
deich bhfáinne cluaise órga,
deich soitheach óir
deich soitheach níos lú
maraon le creach naimhde na Babalóine.
deich gcranntabhaill tine

Bhronn orm
deich dtuinach dhearga
deich léine gheala
deich gclogad armasacha
deich mbróiste ghreanta,
deich bhfoireann fichille greasta
deich n-alchaing arm

He granted me
ten bright flat dishes
ten arm rings
ten Gaulish straps
ten fire slings
ten great vats for copious drinking
ten drinking bowls
ten heavy kraters
ten sides of bacon
ten coverings
ten wide sheepskin cloaks
ten speckled tentcloths
ten protective cloths
with varied forms.

He granted me
ten golden apples
ten golden earrings
ten golden vessels
ten smaller vessels
with the plunder of Babylon's foes.
ten fire slings

He granted me
ten red tunics
ten white shirts
ten crested helmets
ten fair brooches
ten *fidchell* sets with lights of flame
ten racks with weapon sets

co n-iathaib aro mbui mo lantol.
tricha aill [*leg.* all]
tricha ech
tricha roth re roherba
fri heachraidhe n-ain.

A rombúi i tighib moruib maic Daire
dail-sium deogaib cormaib
cuich sgeo fin
fri mac greche con con tlus.
contethaig flaith firu
batar fo meilgtine main medb domun

do cernuib Conrui
ri rondet dousairb nUltaib

ar is imaernu dessa deruich doroch sein co
nue.

Ní buanach muid amail mal Mis
fosud acata causair.

Cuirigh [*leg.* Cúrói] robo mor mac deo Dare
dur(?) dianacmacht
huae cach du deguth
deich reraig brega bui ina seirtaib seirt no
sathach.

Sech mo iath arrosiasair selg

a marbtha mal
mostadbat a cle Concabuir.

oiread tailte is a shásaigh m'aigne.
tríocha srian
tríocha each
tríocha roth a bronnadh
le seisreach chapall án.

Nuair a bhínnse i mbruíonta mhic Dháire
dháileadh orm deocha leanna
coirn fiona
is cnónna a shaibhreas
roinneadh an ruire féna raibh fir
clúdaithe le bainne an duais mheisciúil a
thuillidís cách
de chionn chaithréimeanna an Chú cháidh
d'fhulaig mo fhlaith anbhás de bharr fheara
Uladh

ar fuaid Éireann tá a cheart díoltais á agairt ar
óg is aosta
níor bhuan a ghairm mar fhlaith ar Mhis
cé gur shocair é i gcomhlainn
mac móraigeanta ceartchomharba Dháire
chruaidh chomhachtaigh
garmhac Dheadhadh ar gach slí
rogha na bhfear ar a shlua na deich bhfathach
cnoic
nuair a chuaigh lucht seilge i gcampa lámh le
m'fhearann

nuair a mharaití laoch
thaispeáineadh Conchubhar a thaobh

and lands that met my full desire.
thirty bridles
thirty horses
thirty wheels granted
with a splendid horse team.

When I was in the great houses of Daire's son
he served me drinks of ale
goblets of wine
with nutmeats and shared wealth
a prince possessed men
covered with death's milk, intense intoxicating
prize
for CuRoi's victories
a king suffered a base death from Ulster's men

around his Erainn avenging justice is reaching
old and young
no lasting post as prince of Mis
steady in strife and slaughter
CuRoi was a great son succeeding hard Daire
swift and powerful
grandson of Dedad in every way
the crown of his ranks was ten hill-giants

when a hunting party camped by my land

when a prince was slain
Conchobor swiftly showed his left side

Cuculainn consine fris Fíru Ochaine

huargus genair
ar marbtha [mnái Y]
cen coin cin arm
airm i sluagaib sin
sis fofuaraid
ic nascad ara dun
rongensaig codlad cotmbrath
mal re siabra siasair soe
fri riga. rogiallaid
robith nie namait. et cetera.
[Ní ada dom anmain aprait romnet.” Y]

throid Cú Chulainn maol in aghaidh fhear
cluas-chaitaiseacha
tréan den saol rinne leac oighir
bean a mharaigh é
ní cú ná airm
fógraítear do na slóite sin
tháinise an treo
bheartaís é a cheangal
thionscnaís codladh led thréas
fágadh ina fhlaith ar shamhlacha é
ba ghiall é dá ríocht
ba churadh é in aghaidh bíobhaí
ní maith do m’anam a bhfuil ’om chloí a chur
dem chroí.”

CuChulainn fought against ear-delighting
fellows
an icy strength was born
he was killed by a woman
by no hound by no arms
tell it in hosts
you advanced
you contrived to bind a fist
you spawned sleep with your treachery
he was left a prince of phantoms
he has gone hostage for his kingship
he was a champion against enemies
it is wrong for my soul to speak what has slain
me.”

Section 13

“Is rígha in tabairt sein,” ar Conchobar.

“B’shiúd é an t-oineach rí,” ar Conchobhar.

“That was a king’s gift-giving,” said Conchobar.

“Is bec deiseom anní sin,” ar Fer Che[r]tne.

“Uaidh siúd ba bheagsan,” ar Fearcheirtne.

“From him it was little,” said Fer Chertne.

“Caidi sund in Bláthnad?” or se.

“Cá bhfuil Bláthnaid anseo?” ar sé.

“Whereabouts is Blathnait?” *said he.*

“Atá sund,” ar innd óic,

“Tá sí anseo,” ar na h-óglaigh.

“Here she is,” the warriors said.

“ocus is íar mbeim a chind do Choinrúi il-lúag a tesarcthi.”

“De chionn a tarrthála a teascadh an ceann de Chú RAOI.”

“The price of rescuing her was cutting off CuRoi’s head.”

Section 14

Dorimarta [*leg.* dorimart] íarsuidiu frisin carraic

Iar sin, bhuail in aghaidh carraige í,

Then Fer Chertne crushed her against the rock

.i. i rind Chind Bera.

.i. rinn Chinn Beara.

on the tip of Cenn Bera:

Bert íarum intí Fer Chertne róthar chuici

Ansin chuaigh Fearcheirtne le báiní ansin dá hionsaí.

he rushed at her *then*,

ocus nongeb iter a dí láim

D’iaigh a ghéaga ina timpeall

and grasped her in his two hands

co roimdetar a hasna ’ma druim

nó gur bhris a raibh d’easnaíocha ina droim.

so that the ribs in her back broke,

ocus sráinidh roime fon all

Do chaith roimhe leis an aill í,

and he dragged her over the cliff.

co darobrúí in charrac diblínaib	gur bhris an charraig iad araon.	The rock smashed them both,
co fil al-lecht forsín tráig fon carraic.	Ar an gcladach fé bhun an lia tá a liag.	and their grave is on the shore below the rock.
Is de rocht:	Tugtar anso a bhfeartlaoi:	Of this was recited:
“Trúag in comroc imale Bláthnad agus Fer Chertne co fil al-leacht diblínaib il-laind Cind Beara brígmair.”	Ba thruamhéileach an comhlann i gcomhar do Bhláithnaid agus do Fhearcheirtne cóir uaigh na beirte acu sé áit atá in aice Chinn Beara breá.	The joint struggle was sad for Blathnait and Fer Chertne: both their graves are near strong Cenn Bera.

Section 15

Aropaidi roás ind n-imguin foraib cách día	D’ainneoin sin, ba i líonmhaire a chuaigh a maraíodh díobh gach lá,	Despite that, the slaughter mounted up each day
ó samain co meadón erraig.	ó Shamhain go meán Earraigh.	from Samain to the middle of the spring.
Roármiset Ulaid dia tig fén oc dul agus ic tuideacht	Do dhealaigh na hUltaigh an méid fear a réitigh chun filleadh ó thuaidh ón líon a mháirseáil aduaidh.	The Ulstermen counted their men both going and coming.
ocus leth nó trían rofacaibsead dia n-erethaib	Trian nó leath dá gcarbadóirí bhí ina ndiaidh,	They had left behind a third to a half of their chariot-fighters.
condébairt:	go ndúradh:	And so it was said,

[Dia mbert a ben Coinroi
ba holc a gnim dogena
Sech ní terna i segha
fagbus Erna fo mela. **E**]

“Roort Bláthnad ingen Mind
la horcain ós Aircedglind.
Mór gním do mnái brath a fir
dáig is fris rodamidir.”

Aiged [*leg. aided*] tra Conrúi andsin.

FINIT.

Nuair a bhraith a bhean Cú RAOI
b’í a rinne feillghníomh.
Cé nár tháinig saor í féin
na hÉarainn d’fhág fé náire mo léan.

Bláthnaid iníon Mheann d’éag
sa tsléacht in Airgeadhleann.
Mórghaisce mná: brath
a fir nuair atá féna láimh.

Sin mar a bhí ag Oidhe Chú RAOI.

FINIT.

When his wife betrayed CuROI
she did an evil deed.
Though she was not unscathed
she left the Erainn shamed.

Menn’s daughter Blathnait was killed
in the slaughter at Airgetglenn.
A woman’s great deed: betraying
her man when she is ruled by him.

That, then, is The Death of CuROI.

FINIT.