

## Aided Maelodrán

### The Death of Maelodrán

#### Note to the reader

An updated and modernised version of Ó Cadhlaigh's text is used in this presentation.

#### Section 1

Loích ro bátar do Laignib .i. Mac Connaid agus  
Marrcán agus Maelodrán.

Is de ro chét:

Ní thaet didiu de  
in cocad fri hOssairge,  
cen Mac Connaid for each án,  
cen Marccán, cen Maelodrán.

Maelodrán ua Dimmae Chróin  
ro bí in fer isi[nd] móin;  
túirid na cholaind aile  
nícon rubae oengine.

Comaithig immorro do Maelodrán Huí Máil  
ocus ba hólc immorro a chomaitheas doib.

Laochra de Laighnigh ab ea Mac Connaidh,  
Marcán agus Maolodhrán.

Is ina dtaobhsan adúradh:

Ní thagann thar n-ais  
ón gcogadh le hOsraí  
gan Mac Chonnaidh ar each uasal  
gan Marcán ná Maolodhrán.

Maolodhrán ó Díoma Chróin  
do mharaigh an fear sa mhóin;  
cuardaigh a chorp uile,  
óir níor bhuaile aon-ghoin é.

Comharsana dó ab ea Uí Mháil, áfach,  
agus, go deimhin, níorbh aon dea-chomharsa  
dóibh eisean ach a mhalairt.

Mac Connaid, Marrcán and Maelodrán were  
three warriors of the men of Leinster.

It was sung of them:

From Osraige  
our warband does not return  
without Mac Connaid on his noble horse,  
without Marrcán or Maelodrán.

Maelodrán descendant of Dimmae Crón  
killed a man in the marsh:  
search his whole body  
for not one wound has struck him.

Now Maelodrán's neighbours were the Uí Máil  
and his neighbourship was bad indeed for them.

Is de ro chét:

Huí Máil  
trícha cét ba hed a lín;  
nocon fhárgaib Maelodrán  
acht trí nónburu díb.

A n-as·rubart fodessin:

“Is cumma lim-sa huí Máil  
ocus muileann oc blith gráin;  
it fáilte huí Máil fria nguín  
is cóir cach bró fria tuarcain.”

## Section 2

Athechda rí hua Máil immorro.

Do·fuc Maelodrán a ingin.

Luid-si didiu fecht do thig a [h]athar do  
chomfhis a mmáthar bae i ngalur.

Ro aslacht a hathair fuirri-se brathtecosc a fir  
dó.

“Maith,” ar [in] ben,

Is de adúradh:

Uí Mháil,  
trí mhíle dob ea a líon;  
níor fhág Maolodhrán  
ina mbeatha díobh ach trí naonúr.

Dúirt Maolodhrán féin:

“Déanfad-sa Uí Mháil a mheilt  
mar a mheileann an muileann an grán;  
fáilte rompu, mar sin, chun a ngonta;  
tá na bróinte i gcóir chun a meilte.”

Dob é Aitheachda rí Ua Máil, mar sin,

agus is í a iníon sin a bhí mar mhnaoi ag  
Maolodhrán.

D’imigh sise uair go tigh a hathar ag feiscint a  
máthar, nuair a bhí sí breoite.

D’áitigh a hathair uirthi a fear do bhrath  
dóibh.

“Tá go maith,” arsa an bhean.

Concerning this it was sung:

The Uí Máil,  
three thousand were their number:  
Maelodrán left none  
but three times nine among them.

Maelodrán himself said:

“The Uí Máil and a mill grinding grain  
are both the same to me.  
the Uí Máil are welcome to the killings  
for every quern is proper for crushing.”

Now Aithechda was the king of the Uí Máil.

Maelodrán married his daughter.

Once she went to the house of her father to  
visit her mother, who was sick.

Her father persuaded her that it was fitting to  
betray Maelodrán.

“That is good,” said the woman,

“fil mo dáil-se fris i-nnocht.

Acht a-taat teora huarbotha lais

ocus ní fetar-sa ciasu adba díb i fifa i-nnocht,

acht ro-fetar-sa a n-as maith duib.

Tuathar lib lán mo chlera-sa do thenid sinnaig

ocus at-bér-sa is é m’étach-sa fil ann

ocus biat-sa ina diaid

et láifet-sa in tenid im diaid,

ocus toít-si iarmo shlicht.”

“Beidh mé á fheiscint anocht.

Tá trí uarbhothanna aige

ach ní fheadar cé acu ceann ina mbeidh sé anocht.

Ach tá a fhios agam cad is fearr daoibhse a dhéanamh.

Beirigí libh lán mo mhealbhóigese de chipíní críona le tine shionnaigh

agus déarfadsa gur éadaí liomsa atá inti.

Agus beadsa ina dhiaidh aniar

agus bead ag caitheamh na gcipíní uaim im dhiaidh

agus tagaigí ar mo lorg.”

“I am meeting with him tonight.

There are three huts near him

and I do not know in which of them he will sleep during the night

but I know the best course for you.

Bring my bag full of fox-fire

and I will tell him that my dress is inside it:

I will follow after him,

then you throw the fox-fire behind me

and follow in my path.”

### Section 3

Ba fír ón.

Tiagait co mbáatar immun n-uarboith.

Con·gairret fair.

“Innat-fhail tall, a Maelodrán?”

“Cosmail mo bith,” ar Maelodrán,

“ocus ná marbaid for siair.

Nos léicebh chucaib.”

“Mo chen di,” ar ind óic.

La sodain lomraid a c(h)ennchongraim na  
mmná

ocus do·beir immo chenn fesin

ocus luid secco samlaid.

Sin mar do tharla.

Chuadar go dtí go rabhadar timpeall ar an  
uarbhoith.

Do ghlaodar air.

“An bhfuilir ansin, a Mhaolodhrán?”

Arsa Maolodhrán: “Is cosúil go bhfuilim,  
ach ná maraigí bhur ndeirfiúr.

Ligfidh mé amach chugaibh í.”

“Tá fáilte roimpi,” arsa na hóglaigh.

Leis sin, do bhain sé an ceann-bhrat dá  
mhnaoi

agus do chuir um a cheann féin é

agus do chuaigh amach tharstu mar sin.

Leis sin, do thugadarsan fogha ar an mboth

agus do mharaíodar an té a bhí istigh inti.

So it happened.

[The sons of Aithechda] went until they were  
near the hut

and they called to him,

“Are you there, Maelodrán?”

“It is likely that I am,” he replied.

“Do not kill your sister:

I shall allow her to come out to you.”

“That is well with us,” the young men said.

With that Maelodrán stripped the shawl from  
the woman,

put it about his own head

and so made his way past them.

\*With that, they attacked the hut

and killed the person inside it.

	<u>Ansin is ea do labhair seisean laistiar díobh.</u>	<u>Then he called from behind them:</u>
“Robbar bia imned,” ar ei-sseom, “i-fecht-sa lim-sa.	“Gheobhaidh sibh a chathú sin uaimse feasta,” ar sé,	“I will make you regret that now,” he said.
Mo ben-sa agus for n-ingen féin ro marbsaid.”	“mo bheansa agus bhur ndeirfiúr féin do mharú.”	“You have killed my wife and your own sister.”*
Ocus ros fuabair coro lá a n-ár in tan sin.	Do thug sé fogha fúthu ansin agus d’imir ár chomh mór sin orthu	Then he set upon the men and slaughtered them.
Do·gní iarum Maelodrán agus Aithechda córaí dib línaib.	gur sásta a bhí Aitheachdha síocháin do dhéanamh leis ar choir ina dhiaidh sin.	Afterwards Maelodrán and Aithechda made peace.
<b>Section 4</b>		
Fecht ann, bae Maelodrán ic fothrucud hi tich Aithechdai	Uair eile do bhí Maolodhrán ag folcadh i dtigh Aitheachdha	Another time Maelodrán was bathing in the house of Aithechda
ocus bae for menmain dó-side a marbad-som.	agus do bhí seisean socair ina aigne ar é a mharú.	and it was in <u>Aithechda’s</u> mind to kill him.
(Ní bae dano Dubchrón gilla Maelodráin ann in tan-sin.)	Ní raibh Dubchrón, giolla Mhaolodhráin, istigh aige an uair céanna, áfach.	*However* Dubchrón, Maelodrán’s servant, was not there on this occasion.
Mus léc fer díb aigen láin gríscha	Do lig fear díobh oigheann lán de ghríosach	One of the men present quickly tipped a pan *full* of embers
moa súili agus moa aigid	um a shúile agus um a aghaidh	into the eyes *and face* <u>of Maelodrán</u>

ocus clannaid Aithechda a gae fodessin ind (.i. in Charr Mailodrán)	agus ansin do shá Aitheachdha an ga tríd, a gha féin, an carr Mhaolodhráin,	and Aithechda thrust Maelodrán's own spear into him
co mbaí triit	i dtreo gur chuaigh tríd	*so that it went through him*
conarro marbsat samlaid.	agus do mharaigh mar sin é.	and so killed him.
Benait iarom a chenn de	Baineadh a cheann de ina dhiaidh sin	Then, they stuck off his head
ocus do·berar hé for a dérgud ocus bratt dar a chenn.	agus do chuireadh ar a leaba é agus brat thar a cheann.	and placed him on a bed with a cloak over his head.
Do·rooig Dubchrón for Dubglais .i. for a gabair-seom.	Tháinig Dubchrón ar Dhubhghlas, ar a chapall.	Dubchrón arrived on Dubglas, <u>Maelodrán's</u> horse.
“Tairling, a Dubchróin,” ar cách.	“Tuirling, a Dhubhchróin,” arsa cách leis.	“Get down, Dubchrón,” they all said.
“Níthó,” ar Dubchrón. “Cate Maelodrán?”	“Ní dhéanfad,” ar seisean. “Cá bhfuil Maolodhrán?”	“No,” he replied, “Where is Maelodrán?”
“A·tá inna chotlud; sit, sit, ar nácha ndúsca.	“Tá ina chodladh; sith, sith, ná dúisigh é.	“Hush, *hush,* he is asleep — do not disturb him.
Tairling ocus tair 'sin tech.”	Tuirling agus tar isteach sa tigh.”	Dismount and come over into the house.”
“Ní dóig limm a chotlud acht má beind-se coa aire.	“Ní dóigh liom go mbeadh sé ina chodladh mura mbeinnse agá fhaire.	“It is not likely that <u>Maelodrán</u> would rest unless I were watching over him.
Gataid in mbratt dia aigid,” ar se.	Bain an brat dá aghaidh,” ar sé.	Remove the cloak from his face.”

Gattair de.

“Fír, a Maelodrán,” ar sé.

Ocus dixit:

“Deithbir dond aigid cid bán  
cond·ránic fri faeburdán;  
imma·rulaid ilar lám  
in cenn fil for Maelodrán.”

## Section 5

Do·bert Athechda a mnaí·seom,

ar ní ba hí hingen Athechdai ba ben do  
Maelodrán in tan ro marbad.

A llá·sin hi cind bliadna bae Athechda for a  
dér·gud

ocus ro bae ic décsin na cairre ar a halchail

(.i. in charr Belaig Duirgen.

Do baineadh.

“Is fíor go deimhin, a Mhaolodhrán,” ar sé.

Agus dúirt sé:

“Ní haon ionadh an aghaidh a bheith bán,  
tar éis arm faobhair d’imirt uirthi.  
Is iomaí lámh go ghluais timpeall  
an chinn sin ar Mhaolodhrán.”

Do rug Aitheachdha a bhean leis,

mar níorbh í iníon Aitheachdha ba bhean do  
Mhaolodhrán an uair do maraíodh é.

An lá sin i gcionn bliana do bhí Aitheachda ar a  
leaba

agus do bhí ag féachaint ar an gcarr agus í ar a  
halchaing,

carr Bealaigh Duirgein.

It was removed.

“So it is true, Maelodrán,” he said:

“Though it is white it befits the face,  
that has met with swordplay.  
The head of Maelodrán  
has passed through many hands.”

Since Maelodrán was not married to the  
daughter of Aithechda when he was slain,

Aithechda took his wife.

A year later, to the day, Aithechda was upon  
the bed

looking at the spear on his weapon rack

(that is, the spear of Belach Duirgen:

Is í no marbad in tríchait mbuiden dia figran ocus dia aureil	Deich mbuíonta fichead do mharaíodh sí dá rinn agus dá faobhar	it would destroy thirty troops with its point and blade
ocus dia liugu co lár,	agus de thuitim ar an dtalamh,	from its position when lying on the ground,
.i. no bíd isint shligid ocus gabul fo bráigit.	mar is amhlaidh do bhíodh sí sa tslí agus gabhal fúithi	for it used to lie in the road with a fork under its shaft.
Nach oen ar-thiagdais secce, meni fácbaitis ní lee,	agus gach aoinne dá dtéadh thairsti, mura bhfágadh sé ní aici,	Should anyone pass it by, the spear would not leave anything alongside
nos luaded demun	do chorraíodh deamhan í	but a demon would propel the spear
ocus no linged foitheib co cuiread a n-ár.)	agus do lingeadh fúthu agus d'imríodh ár orthu.	so that it leaped upon them and slaughtered them.)
Bae Aithechda dano coa déiscin na cairri.	Sea! do bhí Aitheachdha ag féachaint ar an nga.	*Now* Aithechda was looking at the spear.
“Bliadain lán cosin laithe-se ó ro marbus-[s]a Maelodrán diit, a charr ucut.”	“Bliain slán go dtí an lá inniu, do maraíodh Maolodhrán leatsa, a charr úd.”	“O spear, it is a full year, to the very day, that Maelodrán was slain by you.”
“Fé amae!” ar in ben, “ní mu-taet ar do beolu.	“Ologón ó!” arsa an bhean. “Ní haon mhaith a thagann thar do bheola;	“Alas!” said the woman, “your speech is not well said.
Dia ndíglad nech iarna écaib,	mar, dá ndíoghlfadh aoinne é féin tar éis a bháis,	If anyone could avenge himself after his death,
méite combad Maelodrán bad dóchom dó i nHérind.”	is é Maolodhrán ba dhóiche in Éirinn a dhéanfadh é.”	it is *most* likely that, in all Ireland, Maelodrán could.”



La sodain commo·faccatar Maelodrán iarsind aurdhochut ina ndochum.

“Iss e-seom són,” ar in ben.

At·raig Aithechda dochum in gae.

Luaithiu con·ránic Maelodrán,

conos tarat tria Aithechda conid ro marb de.

Ic dul do i-mmach, is ann as·bert:

“Imlech Ech,  
imma·réidmis ar cach leth;  
ce ron maídi nech ron bí  
nírbo dú do Aithechdai.”

Ro adnacht-som didiu i nGlind Dá Locha, dia n-ebrad:

Lige Maelodráin is glé  
i nglind fri gaíthe cluä;  
lige Maic Connaid, ní chail,  
con linn i Tigh Mo Chuä.

Leis sin, do chonaiceadar Maolodhrán chucu thar an ndroichead.

“Is eisean é sin,” arsa an bhean.

D’éirigh Aitheachdha chun an gha.

Is luaithe do shrois Maolodhrán é

agus do chuir tré Aitheachdha is do mharaigh.

Nuair a bhí sé ag dul amach, dúirt sé:

“Imleach Each, an áit úd  
ina rithimis ina thimpeall de gach leith,  
cé gur rinne an té do mharaigh é maíomh as,  
ní dó ba dhual, a Aitheachdha.”

Do hadhlcadh eisean ansin i nGleann Dá Locha, agus is de adúradh:

Uaigh Mhaolodhráin is glé  
i nglinn le gaitha cama,  
uaigh Mhic Chonnaid ní chéil  
ag an linn i Tigh Mochua.

Thereupon, beyond the forebridge, they saw Maelodrán facing them.

“It is he,” the woman said.

Aithechda rose towards the spear

but more quickly Maelodrán reached the spear

and he thrust it through Aithechda until he perished.

As he departed Maelodrán said:

“We used to ride about  
Imlech Ech on every side,  
though someone may boast that he killed him,  
it has not been fitting for Aithechda.”

He was buried \*then\* at Glendalough of which it was said:

The grave of Maelodrán is clear  
in the valley against the whirling wind.  
I shall not yet conceal Mac Cionnaid’s grave  
at the pool of Teach Mo Chua.