

Aidedh Ferghusa meic Léide

The death of Fergus mac Léide: Extracts

Section 1

Rí firén forglide fírbrethach	Rí fíréanta iontaofa fíorbhreitheach	A righteous king, a maintainer of truth and a giver of just judgments,
ro gabastair flaithes agus forlámas for clannaib rathmara Rudraige	a ghabh flaitheas agus forlámhas ar chlanna rafara Rudhraighe:	that had dominion over the happy Clanna Rudhraidhe or ‘children of Rury’:
.i. Fergus mac Léite mhic Rudraige	.i. Fergus mac Léite mhic Rudhraighe.	Fergus son of Léide son of Rury;
is iad fa churaid agus ba chathmhílid aige	Is iad ba churaidh agus ba chathmhílí aige:	and these are they that were his heroes and men of war:
.i. Eirgenn agus Aimirgin iurtunach	Eirgeann agus Aimhirghin <u>an creachadóir</u> ,	Eirgenn, Amergen Iurthunnach or ‘the ravager,’
ocus Conna buide mac Iliach agus Dubán mac Luigdech.	agus Conna buí mac Iliach, agus Dubhán mac Luighdeach.	Conna Buie son of Iliach, and Dubthach son of Lughaid.

Section 2

Dorónad fled mór lasin rí sin [in] nemain Macha	Rinneadh fleadh mhór leis an rí sin in Eamhain Macha,	By that king a great feast was made in Emania,
gur bo hullam inchaithme	gur ba hullamh <u>le hithe í</u> ,	and it was ready, fit to be consumed,
ocus gur bo solum solesaithe í.	agus gur ba sholamh sólásaithe í.	all set in order and well furnished forth;
is í sin uair ocus aimsir	Is í sin uair agus aimsir	that very season and hour being the same also at which
dorigned fled ac ríg thuaithe luchra ocus lupracánach	a rinneadh fleadh ag rí tuaithe Luchra agus Luprachánach	the king of the Lupra and Lupracán held a banquet:
.i. Iubd[án] mac Abdáin.	.i. Iubhdán mac Abhdáin.	whose name was Iubhdán son of Abhdaein.
ba hiat so anmanna na cathmíled bátar ag Iubdán	Ba hiat seo ainmneacha na gcathmhílí a bhí ag Iubhdán:	These are the names of the men of war that were Iubhdan's:
.i. Conán mac Ruichid ocus Gerrchú mac Gairid	Conán mac Ruichid, agus Gearrchú mac Gairid,	Conan son of Ruiched, Gerrchu son of Gairid,
ocus Rigbec mac Róbic ocus Luiccín mac Luiccid	agus Ríbhig mac Róbhig, agus Luighín mac Luighedh,	and Righbeg son of Robeg; Luigin son of Luiged,
ocus Glúnán mac Gabairn ocus Febal mac Feoirnín	agus Glúnán mac Gabhairn, *agus Feabhal mac Feoirnín,	Glunan son of Gabarn, Febal son of Feornin,

ocus Cinnbec mac Gnumáin ocus Brigbec mac Buain	agus Ceannbheag mac Gnumháin,* agus Bríbheag mac Buain,	and Cinnbeg son of Gnuman; together with Buan's son Brigbeg,
ocus Bran mac Luain ocus Methar mac Mintáin.	agus Bran mac Luain, agus Meithear mac Miontáin.	Liran son of Luan, and Methar son of Mintan.

Section 3

Tucad tréfer tuaithe luchra ocus lupracán chucu	Tugadh tréanfhear tuaithe Luchra agus Lupracán chucu	To them was brought the strong man of the region of the Lupra and Lupracan,
.i. Glómhar mac Glaiss mic Glomraide	.i. Glómhar mac Glais mhic Glomhraidhe.	* Glomhar son of Glomradh's son Glas,*
ocus fa hí tréferdacht dogníodh	Agus ba hí tréanfhearúlacht a ghníomhaíodh sé:	whose prize feat that he used to perform was
in fothannán do trascairt d'óenbuille	an feochadán a threascairt d'aonbhuille,	the hewing down of a thistle at a single stroke;
ocus do bíodh feidm in dá fer déc acasan	agus bhíodh feidhm an dá fhear déag acusan	whereas it was a twelve men's effort of the rest of them
ag trascairt in fí sin.	ag treascairt an fí sin.	to give him singly a wrestling-fall.
tucad tánaiste in rí chucu	Tugadh tánaiste an rí chucu	To them was brought the king's presumptive successor:
.i. Bec mac Bic	.i. Beag mac Big.	Beg that was son of Beg;

ocus tuccad ollam in rí g ocus a fer dána	Agus tugadh ollamh an rí agus a fhear dána,	the king's poet and man of art likewise:
.i. Eisirt mac Bic mic Buaidgeine	Eisirt mac Big mhic Buaidhgheine,	Esirt son of Beg son of Buaidghen,
ocus maithe thuaithe luchra agus lupra ar chena.	agus maithe thuaithe Luchra agus Lupra leis.	with the other notables of the land of the Lupra and Lupracan.

Section 4

Do cóirged in tech nóla sin aco	Cóiríodh an teach óil sin acu	By these now that banquet-house was ordered
ar dánaib ocus ar dligtenas.	ar dhána agus ar dhliteanas.	according to qualities and to precedence:
tuccad Iubdán ar slíos in tige nóla	Tugadh Iubhdán ar shlíos an tí óil	at one side Iubhdan was placed,
[ocus a] bainchéile ar a ghualainn .i. Bébo ocus a ollam ar in gualainn aile do	agus a bhean chéile ar a ghualainn .i. Bé Bhó, agus a ollamh ar an ngualainn eile.	having next to him on either hand Bébhó his wife, and his chief poet;
ocus tucad Bec mac Bicc ar in slíos rí g araill ar agaid Iubdán	Agus tugadh Beag mac Big ar an slíos eile ar aghaidh Iubhdán	at the other side of the hall and facing Iubhdan sat Beg son of Beg,
ocus maithe na táisech uime	agus maithe na dtaoiseach uime.	with the notables and chiefs;
tucad tré nfer in rí g	Tugadh tréanfhear an rí,	the king's strong man too:
.i. Glómar mac Glais mic Glomraide	Glómhar mac Glais mhic Glomhraidhe,	Glomhar son of Glomradh's son Glas,
i nursainn in tige.	go hursain an tí.	stood beside the doorpost of the house.

ro benad a gcinnbecca dá ndabchaib iar sin	Baineadh a spiogóidí dá ndabhcha iar sin,	Now were the spigots drawn from the vats,
ocus is amlaid ro bátar na dabcha sin agus siad donna ar lí dergiubair.	agus is amhlaidh a bhí na dabhcha sin agus iad donn ar lí deargiúir.	the colour of those vats being a dusky red after the tint of red yew.
ro éirgedar dáilemain re dáil agus rannairi re roinn acu	D'éirigh na dáiliúna le dáileadh agus rannairí le roinnt,	Their carvers stood up to carve for them and their cup-bearers to pour;
ocus ro dáiled lionn sen suain somblasta for na sluagaib	agus dáileadh leann sean suain sobhlasta ar na sluaite,	and old ale, sleep-compelling, delicious, was served out to the throng
		so that on one side as on the other of the hall
comtar mescta medharchain iat	go mba meiscthe meidhurchaoin iad	they were elevated and made huge noise of mirth.
[leth] ar leth.	ar gach leith.	

Section 5

Is ann sin ro éirig a náirdrí agus a cenn comairle .i. Iubdán leisín corn mbrec

éirgis Bec mac [B]ic do'n tslios rí i nagaid Iubdán dá onórugud

ocus ro ba sochomráid Iubdán:

“in facabair riam rí bud ferr iná mise?”

“ní facamar” ar siat.

“in facabair riam [tré]nfer bud ferr iná mo tréanfer?”

“ní facamar” ar siat.

“in facabair riam curad ná cathmílid bud ferr iná a fuil [sin] tigse inocht?”

“dar ár mbréithir” ar siat “ní fhacamar.”

Is ansin a d'éirigh a n-ardrí agus a gceann comhairle Iubhdán leis an gcorn breac.

D'éirigh Beag mac Big don tslios rí, in aghaidh Iubhdán dá onórú,

agus ba shochomhráití Iubhdán:

“An bhfaca sibh riamh rí ba fearr ná mise?”

“Ní fhacamar,” ar siad.

“An bhfaca sibh riamh tréanfhear ba fearr ná mo thréanfhear?”

“Ní fhacamar,” ar siad.

“An bhfaca sibh riamh curadh ná cathmhíle ba fearr ná a bhfuil sa teach seo anocht?”

“Dar ár mbriathar,” ar siad, “ní fhacamar.”

At last Iubhdan, that was their king and the head of all their counsel, having in his hand the *corn breac* or ‘variegated horn’ stood up;

on the other hand, over against Iubhdan and to do him honour, stood up Beg son of Beg.

Then the king, by this time affably inclining to converse, enquired of them saying:

“have ye ever seen a king that was better than myself?”

and they answered: “we have not.”

“Have ye ever seen a strong man better than my strong man?”

“We have not.”

“Horses or men of battle have ye ever seen better than they which to-night are in this house?”

“By our words,” they made answer, “we never have.”

“do[beirim] dom bréithir ris” ar Iubdán	“Tugaim dom bhriathar leis,” ar Iubhdán,	“I too,” Iubhdan went on, “wage my word
“co mbud doilig braigde [ná br]aite do breith ar éicin as in tigse innocht	“go mba dheacair braighdeán ná brathadóir a bhreith ar éigin as an teach seo anocht	that it were a hard task forcibly to take out of this house to-night either captives or hostages:
ar febus a churad agus a chathmhíle	ar fheabhas a churadh agus a chathmhílí,	so surpassing are its heroes and men of battle,
ar imat a tech agus a tréfnear	ar iomad a theach agus a thréanfhear,	so many its lusty companions and men of might,
agus le himat a rígdamnad merborb merláidir midhachda.”	agus le hiomad a rídhamaí mearbhorba mearláidre calma.”	so great the number of its fierce and haughty ones that are stuff out of which kings might fittingly be made.”

Section 6

ro tibestair Eisirt .i. ollam in rí a gháire	Thibh Eisirt, ollamh an rí, a gháire	All which when he had heard, the king’s chief poet Esirt burst out a-laughing;
acá chlos sin	á chlos sin.	
fiafraigis Iubdán de:	D’fhiafraigh Iubhdán de:	whereupon Iubhdan asked:
“cad fá ndernais in gáire sin a Eisirt?” ar sé.	“Cén fáth a ndearna tú an gháire sin, a Eisirt?”	“Esirt, what moved thee to that laugh?”

“is aithnid dam” ar in tollam “énchúiged d’ Eirinn	“Is aithnid dom,” ar an t-ollamh, “aonchúige d’Éirinn,	Said the poet: “I wot of a province that is in Ireland,
ocus dobérad énfér díob géill ocus braigde	agus bhéaradh aonfhear díobh gialla agus braighdeáin	and one man of them would lift hostages and captives
ó na ceithre cathaib atáise do thuathaib luchra.”	ó na ceithre chatha do thuatha Luachra.”	from all four battalions that here ye muster of the Luchra.”
“gabtar lib in tollam” ar Iubdán	“Gabhtar libh an t-ollamh,” ar Iubhdán,	“Lay the poet by the heels,” cried the king,
“co ndígailter a mórbríathra fair”	“go n-imrítear díoltas a mhórbhriathra air.”	“that vengeance be taken of him for his bragging speech.”
ocus dorónad amlaid.	Agus rinneadh amhlaidh.	So it was done;
“bud olcc duitse in gabáil sin a Iubdáin” ar Eisirt	“Ba olc duitse an ghabháil sin, a Iubhdáin,” ar Eisirt,	but Esirt said: “Iubhdan, this thy seizure of me will bear thee evil fruit;
		for in requital of the arrest
“ár biairse féin cúig bliadna i láim i nemain Macha	“óir beirse féin cúig bliana i láimh in Eamhain Macha	thou shalt thyself be for five years captive in Emania,
i níc na gabála	in íoc na gabhála,	
ocus ní tiucfair as	agus ní thiocfaidh tú	whence thou shalt not escape

nó co fácbair rogha do shét ocus do maoined	nó go bhfágfaidh tú rogha do sheod agus do mhaoine.	without leaving behind thee the rarest thing of all thy wealth and treasures.
ocus is ar son na gabála sin tuitfios Cobtach cas mac ríg Muman	Agus is ar son na gabhála sin a thitfidh Cobhthach Cas, mac rí Mumhan,	By reason of this seizure Cobthach Cas also, son of Munster's king, shall fall,
ocus Eochaid mac Néid mac ríg Laigen	agus Eochaidh mac Néid, mac rí Laighean.	and the king of Leinster's son Eochaid *son of Neid*;
ocus rachadsa féin co tech Ferguis mic Léite	Rachaidh mise féin go teach Fearghusa mhic Léite	whilst I myself must go to the house of Fergus son of Leide
ocus bet san chorn ar eochairsnám ocus is bec nach báidfiter mé ann”	agus beidh mé sa chorn ar eochairsnámh, agus is beag nach mbáfar mé ann.”	and in his goblet be set a-floating till I be all but drowned.”
ocus atb[ert]:—	Agus dúirt (sé):	Which said he indited:—
“Fled mór inocht i nEmain olc do mnáib í olc d’feraib;	“Fleadh mhór anocht in Eamhain olc do mhná í olc d’fhir,	“A great feast there is to-night in Emania, but a feast evil to women, and to men an evil one:
gé atáit slóig co subach de bud brónach [d]ubach doirche	cé go bhfuil <u>na</u> sluaite súgach de, ba brónach dubhach dorchach.	jovial as be the crowds that now enjoy it, the end will be melancholy dismal gloom . . .”
Rachadsa co hEmain de co tech Ferguis mic Léite; in tráth bias cách ac in ól bet san chorn ar eochairsnóm	Rachadsa go hEamhain de, go teach Fearghusa mhic Léide, an tráth bheas cách ag an ól bead sa chorn ar eochairsnóm.	

Is trít thuitfios Cobthach cas
mac rí Muman móramnas;
is Eochaid mac Néid connim
gid é as áirdrí ar Laignib

Is tríd thiteas Cobhthach Cas,
mac rí Mumhan móramhnas,
is Eochaidh mac Néid coinneamh,
gid é is airdrí ar Laighin.

Beirse bliadain it chimid
cot choimét ac gairbgillib;
tré gabáil Eisirt iar sin
tré bithin na fleide sin”

Beirse bliain id’ chime,
go do choimeád ag gairbhghillibh,
trí ghabháil Eisirt iar sin
trí bhíthin na fleidhe sin.”

Section 7

“Olc in gabáil sin dorinnis ormsa a airdrí” ar
Eisirt

“Olc an ghabháil sin a rinne tú ormsa, a
airdrí,” ar Eisirt,

“An evil arrest is this thou hast made of me, O
king,” Esirt went on:

“ocus tabair cáirde trí lá agus trí naidche
damsa

“agus tabhair cairde trí lá agus trí oíche domsa

“but grant me now a three-days’ and three-
nights’ respite

co ndeachainn co hemain Macha co tech
Fergus mic Léite

go ndeachainn go hEamhain Macha, go teach
Fearghusa mhic Léide,

that I may travel to Emania and to the house of
Leide’s son Fergus,

ocus dá fagar comartha suaichnid

agus dá bhfaighinn comhartha suaithní

to the end that if there I find some evident
token

ar a tiubartháise aithne co fuil in fírinne acom
co tucar lem é

ar a dtabharfása aithne go bhfuil an fhírinne
agam, go dtugtar liom é.

by which thou shalt recognise truth to be in
me I may bring the same hither;

ocus muna tucar dénaidse in ní bus áil lib rim.”	Agus muna dtugtar, déan an ní ab áil libh liom.”	or if not, then do to me that thou wilt.”
is ann sin ro scáiled d’Eisirt oculus ro éirig	Is ansin a scaoileadh d’Eisirt. Agus d’éirigh sé	Then Esirt, his bonds being loosed, rose
ocus ro gabastair léine do maethsról mínétrocht ré a gheilcnes	agus ghabh sé air léine do mhaothshról míngeal lena ghealchneas,	and next to his white skin put on a smooth and glossy shirt of delicate silk.
ocus inar finnhlechtach forórda tairsi sin imuig inechtur	agus ionar gealfhillte for-ór thairis sin,	Over that he donned his gold-broidered tunic
ocus brat corcra corrtarach imálainn lebarboc	agus brat corcra cortharach iomálainn leabharbhog	and his scarlet cloak, all fringed and beautiful, in soft folds flowing:
do chorcair tíre na finn	de chorchair tíre na bhFinn,	the scarlet being of the land of the Finn,
cona ciumais do bánór brioc	gonna ciumais do bhánór breactha.	and the fringe of pale gold in varied pattern.
ocus a dá bróic áille fhinndruine co forniamad óir itir a troigtib oculus talam	Agus a dhá bhróg áille fiondruine go forniamhadh óir idir a throithe agus talamh.	Betwixt his feet and the earth he set his two dainty shoes of the white bronze, overlaid with ornament of gold.
ocus a fhlesc fhileta fhinndruine oculus a chochallbrat sróill	Agus a fhleasc fhileata fhiondruine. Agus a chochallbhrat sróil.	After assumption of his white bronze poet’s wand and his silken hood
ocus tánic reime i nathgairit gacha sliged oculus gacha heoluis	Agus tháinig <u>sé</u> roimhe, in aicearra gach slí agus gach eolas,	he set out, choosing the shortest way and the straightest course,
ocus ní haitrister a imtecht co ránic co hemain Macha	agus ní aithrisítear a imeacht go ráinigh <u>sé</u> go hEamhain Macha.	nor are we told how he fared until he came to Emania

ocus ro chroith a fhlesc fhileta fhiled i ndorus in baile	Chroith a fhleasc fhileata fhile i ndoras an bhaile.	and at the gate of the place shook his poet's rod.
ocus do chuala in dóirseoir in fuaime sin agus táinig sé amach	Chuala a doirseoir an fhuaim sin agus tháinig <u>sé</u> amach.	The gate-keeper when at the sound he was come forth
ocus do chonnaic in fer beag beoga bithálainn	Chonaic an fear beag beoga bithálainn,	beheld there a tiny man, extraordinary comely and of a most gallant carriage,
ocus do roiched fér séta slím glas na faitche	agus shroichfeadh fhear seang glas na faiche	in respect of whom the close-cropped grass of the green was so long
co a glún agus co remar a sliasta do.	go a ghlún agus go ramhar a sliasaide.	that it reached to his knee, aye, and to the thick of his thigh.
ocus ro gab ingnad in dóirseoir acá faicsin	Ghabh ionadh an doirseoir á fheiceáil.	At sight of him wonder fell upon the gate-keeper;
ocus do chuaid in dóirseoir istech	Chuaigh isteach	and he entered into the house,
ocus ro innis d'Fergus agus do'n tsluag	agus d'inis <u>sé</u> d'Fhearghus agus don slua,	where to Fergus and to the company he declared the matter.
ocus issed adeirdís: "in luga é iná Aedh?"	agus is é a déarfaidís: "An lú é [Eisirt] ná Aodh?"	All enquired whether he [<u>Esirt</u>] were less than Aedh:
ollam Ulad in tAedh sin agus abac é	Ollamh Uladh an tAedh sin, agus abhac é,	this Aedh being Ulster's poet, and a dwarf
ocus do bíodh ar basaib na fer mór.	agus a bhíodh ar bhosa na bhfear mór.	that could stand on full-sized men's hands;

“dar mo bréithir” ar in dóirseoir “do thuillfed sé ar bois Aedha.”	“Dár mo bhriathar,” ar an doirseoir, “thuillfeadh sé ar bhos Aodha.”	but the gate-keeper said: “upon Aedh’s palm he, by my word, would have room enough.”
ocus rucsat in sluag breisim i naenfecht dá féchain	Rug an slua scairteadh gáire in éineacht dá fhéachaint	Hereupon the guests with pealing laughter desired to see him:
ár ba fata le gach naen aca co faiced é	óir ba fhada le gach aon acu go bhfaiceadh é,	each one deeming the time to be all too long till he should view <u>Esirt</u>
ocus arna faicsin co labrad ris.	agus arna fheiceáil, go labhradh leis.	and, after seeing him, speak with him.
dorigned cumus da gach leith de d’feraib oculus do mnáib.	Rinneadh deimhin de go mbeadh teacht ag idir fhir agus mhná air de gach leith.	Then upon all sides both men and women had free access to him,
atbert Eisirt:	Dúirt Eisirt:	but Esirt cried:
“a daeine móra” ar sé “ná lenaidh bar nanála coirpte coimgerra dún.	“A dhaoine mhóra,” ar sé, “ná leanaigí bhur n-anála coirpe bréana chomh gar dom,	“huge men that ye are, let not your infected breaths so closely play upon me,
acht léicid in fer beg út as luga agaib chucum	ach ligigí an fear beag is lú agaibh chugam,	but suffer yon small man that is the least of you to approach me;
ocus cid beg acaibse é do bud mór san crích ina mbímse.”	agus cé beag agaibhse é, ba mór sa chríoch ina mbímse.”	who, little though he be among you, would yet in the land where I dwell be accounted of great stature.”
ocus ruc Aedh éiges ar a bais leis sin tech mór é.	Agus rug Aodh éigeas ar a bhos leis sa teach mór é.	Into the great house therefore, and he standing upon his palm, the poet Aedh bore him off.

ro fiarfaig Fergus sc[él]a de cuich é féin.	D'fhiafraigh Fearghus scéala de cé hé féin.	Fergus, when he had sought of him tidings who he might be, was answered:
“Eisirt mac Big mic Buaidgeine mise” ar sé:	“Eisirt mac Big mhic Bhuaidhgheine,” ar sé,	“I am Esirt son of Beg son of Buaidghen:
“ollam ocus fili ocus éiges tuaithe luchra ocus lupracán.”	“ollamh agus file agus éigeas thuaithe Luchra agus Lupracán.”	chief poet, bard and rhymer, of the Luchra and Lupracan.”

Section 8

Is ann sin ro bátar na sluaig ac caithem na flede	Is ansin a bhí na sluaite ag caitheamh na fleidhe.	The assembly were just then in actual enjoyment of the feast,
ocus tánic in dáilem leisin corn go Fergus:	Agus tháinig an dáileamh leis an gcorn go Fearghus.	and a cup-bearer came to Fergus:
“tabair do’n fíor bec chucum” ar Fergus.	“Tabhair é don fhear beag [a tháinig] chugam,” ar Fearghus.	“give to the little man <u>that is come</u> to me,” said the king.
“ní chaithiubsa bar mbiad ocus ní hib bar lionn” ar Eisirt.	“Ní chaithfidh <u>mise</u> bhur mbia agus ní ólfaidh <u>mé</u> bhur leann,” ar Eisirt.”	Esirt replied: “neither of your meat will I eat, nor of your liquor will I drink.”
“dar ár mbréithir” ar Fergus	“Dar ár mbriathar,” ar Fearghus,”	“By our word,” quoth Fergus,
“óir asat fer seguinn fochuidbithe	“óir is tú an fear séaghainn fonóideach	“seeing thou art a flippant and a mocking fellow,

is cóir do chur isin chorn	is cóir a chur sa chorn,	it were but right to drop thee into the beaker,
gumad coimdes duit in lionn d'ól umat do gach leith.”	go mba fusa duit an leann a ól umat do gach leith.”	where at all points round about thou shouldst impartially quaff the liquor.”
ocus acá chloistecht sin do’n dáilemain do iad a glaic uime	Agus á chloisteáil sin don dáileamh d’iaigh a ghlaic uime	At which hearing the cup-bearer closed his hand on Esirt
ocus do theilg san chorn é	agus theilg <u>sé</u> sa chorn é	and popped him into the goblet,
co raibe ar snám ar uachtar in chuirn.	go raibh sé ar snámh ar uachtar an choirn.	in which upon the surface of the liquor that it contained he floated round, and:
“mo chubus ám”	“Dar mo chúis,”	
ar Eisirt “a ollamna Ulad	ar Eisirt, “a ollúna Ulad,	“ye poets of Ulster,” he vociferated,
is mór d’fhios oculus d’eolus	is mór d’fhios agus d’eolas	“much desirable knowledge and instruction there is which,
		upon my conscience,
do ricfed sib a les d’fagáil uaim	a shroichfeadh sibh a leas a fháil uaim,	ye sorely need to have of me,
gé licthí mo bádud.”	cé go ligfí mo bhá.”	yet ye suffer me to be drowned.”
tucad aníos iarsin oculus do niamghlanadh	Tugadh aníos <u>é</u> iar sin, agus niamhghlanadh	
do bréitib búilide breacsróil	le bréideanna búcha breacshróil,	With fair satin napkins of great virtue

ocus do léintib sainemla sídaide é.

agus le léinte saineúla síoda é.

and with special silken fabrics

he being now plucked out was cleaned spick
and span,

fiarfaigis Fergus de:

D'fhiafraigh Fearghus de:

and Fergus enquired:

“cad é in col adubrais ó chianaib

“Cad é an col a dúirt tú ó chianaibh

“of what impediment spakest thou a while
since

fá nach caithfeá ár mbiad?”

faoi nach gcaithfeá ár mbia?”

as hindering thee that thou shouldst not share
our meat?”

“inneosatsa” ar Eisirt “an ní

“Inseofaidh mise duit,” ar Eisirt, “an ní

“That will I e’en tell thee,” the little man
replied:

muna tí t’fergsa rium.”

muna tí d’fhearg-sa liom.”

“but let me not incur thy displeasure.”

“ní ticfa” ar Fergus

“Ní thiocfaidh tú,” ar Fearghus,

“Thou shalt not,” promised the king:

“ocus slonn lim [gac]h ergh[aire]”

“agus sloinn liom gach urghaire.”

“only resolve me the whole impediment.”

ocus atbert Eisirt in láid:—

Agus dúirt Eisirt an laoi [agus d’fhreagair
Fearghus dó]:—

Then Esirt said [and Fergus answered him]:—

“A Ferguis nadfergaigter
re briatraib féige filed;
coi[sc] do glór ndúr ndergnertech
ná hérig l[im] gan dlig[ed]”

“A fir bic na hairide
is do thene bís díthach;
nó in imthigi aininne
for in linn ag inethach”

“Mása rimsa bertaigi
bretha forglide fíra;
[t]usa i ngnáis mná in rechtairi
do dalta i ngnáis na ríona

Na mná finna fáthacha
gé b’edh d’febus a ndelba;
na rígar garba gnáthacha
ní horra bíos a menma”

“A Fhearguis nach bhfeargaítear
le briathra féighe file,
coisc do ghlór dúr deargneartach
ná héirigh liom gan dlí.”

“A fhir bhig na haireaghdha,
is do thine a bhí díothach
nó an imithe d’ainimh
ar an linn duit eitithe.”

“Más liomsa a bheartaíonn tú
breithe iontaofa fíora,
tusa i ngnás mhná an reachtaire,
do dhalta i ngnás do ríona.

Na mná fionna áille,
cé ba d’fheabhas a ndéalbha,
na ríthe garbha gnácha,
ní horthu bhíonn a meanma.”

E.
“With poet’s sharp-set words
never be angered, Fergus;
thy stern hard utterance restrain,
nor against me take unjustifiable action”

F.
“O wee man of the seizure . . .”

E.
“Judgments lucid and truthful, if they be those
to which thou dost provoke me: then I
pronounce that thou triflest with thy steward’s
wife, while thine own foster-son ogles thy
queen.

Women fair-haired and accomplished, rough
kings of the ordinary kind [i.e. mere
chieftains]: how excellent soever be the form
of these, ’tis not on them the former let their
humour dwell [i.e. when a genuine king comes
in their way]”

“A Éisirt nit lenbaide
is fer fire rotermuis;
a shúil mall gan ainmide
nocho bia rit ferg Fergus.”

“A Eisirt ní leanbaí thú,
is fear fire dhéanann meas,
a dhuine mánla gan ainnimh
nach mbeidh romhat fearg Fhearguis.”

F.
“Esirt, thou art in truth no child,
but an approved man of veracity;
O gentle one, devoid of reproach,
no wrath of Fergus shalt thou know.”

Section 9

“D[ar ár] mbréithir” ar Fergus “is fíor mo
chuidse de sin

“Dár ár mbriathar,” ar Fearghus, “is fíor mo
chuidse de sin.

The king went on: “my share of the matter, by
my word, is true;

[uair is fíor co mbím]se ag mnái in rechtaire

Óir is fíor go mbímse ag bean an reachtaire,

for the steward’s wife is indeed my pastime,

ocus is dóchaide lium in chuid [eile] do beith
ina fhírinne de.”

agus is dóichí liom an chuid eile a bheith ina
fhírinne de.”

and all the rest as well therefore I the more
readily take to be a verity.”

“caithfetsa bar mbiadsa festa” ar Eisirt

“Caithfidh mise bhur mbiasa feasta,” ar Eisirt,

Then said Esirt: “now will I partake of thy
meat,

“ó do atmhaig tusa in tolc ocus ná déna arís
é.”

“ó d’adhmaigh tusa an t-olc, agus ná déan arís
é.”

for thou hast confessed the evil; do it then no
more.”

ocus do bí Eisir[t go] subach somenmach ocus
adubairt sé:

Agus bhí Eisirt go subhach somheanmnach,
agus dúirt sé:

Here the poet waxing cheerful and of good
courage went on:

“dorignessa duan dom tigerna féin

“Rinne mé dán dom’ thiarna féin

“upon my own lord I have made a poem

ocus dámad áil libse [do] ghébainn dáib í.”

agus dá mba áil libhse ghabhfainn daoibh í.”

which, were it your pleasure, I would declaim
to you.”

“is binn linn éistecht ria” ar Fergus

ocus atbert:—

“Iubdán mac Abdáin
rí buadach blaithbinn;
[rí m]uige line
rí muige faithlinn

Guth gluair áib uma
gruaid chaeir dath fala;
rosc séim sruth meda
dath ela uan aba

Tensum sluag buide
roinn buar is boeighe;
gort congabair buide
dia uidhe oidhe

Fer dara fonn fiadach
tonn fledartach laemrach;
cenn na sluag srianach
miadach mór maenach

“Is binn linn éisteacht léi,” ar Fearghus.

Agus dúirt:

“Iubhdán mac Abhdáin,
rí buach bláithbhinn,
rí Maighe Line,
rí Maighe Faithlinn.

Guth gluair amhail umha,
grua chaoir dath fola,
rosc séimh sruth meá,
dath eala uan abhann.

Teann san slua buí,
teann i mba is áilleacht,
ar theann gabhann bua,
nuair ar a uidhe beireann oidhe.

Fear dar fonn fiach,
tonn fleách laomdha,
ceann na slua srianach,
miadhach mór maoineach.

Fergus answered: “we would esteem it sweet to hear it,”

and Esirt began:—

“A king victorious, and renowned
and pleasant, is Iubhdan son of Abhdaein:
king of Magh Life [*recte*, Line],
king of Magh Faithlenn.

His is a voice clear and sweet as copper’s
resonance, like the blood-coloured rowan
-berry is his cheek; his eye is bland as it were
a stream of mead, his colour that of the swan
or of the river’s foam.

Strong he is in his yellow-haired host,
in beauty and in cattle he is rich;
and to brave men he brings death
when he sets himself in motion.

A man that loves the chase,
active, a generous feast-giver;
he is head of a bridle-wearing army,
he is tall, proud and imperious.

Bró dianmarcc drechda
na srianmarc sruthra;
barr fraechmin d'afost
ar laechraid luchra

Na hainndiada áille
na bainndiada buide;
bar r[í] saer slat caeille
Iubdán na finne fuide

Meoir bar chorn cherblán
osnad trom [tiuglán];
mian ban serc fort dán
. . . [s]erc Iubdán”

Section 10

A haithle na láide [sin] do egratar na hUlltaig
é d'ilimad gacha maithes[a

gur ba] comárd ocus fer mór díob gach carn
do bí do gach [ní] de.

“mo chubus ám” ar Eisirt

“is frecre degdáined sin

Plód dianmharc d'eachra
na srianmharc srúille,
barr fraochmín d'ór
ar laochra Luchra.

Na (fir) dhiaga áille,
na (mná) diaga buí,
gur rí saor slat choill orthu,
Iubhdán na finne faí.

Méara ar chorn airgid,
osna throm tiompáin,
mian ban searc i do dhán,
is mó ná sin a searc do Iubhdán.”

A haithle na laoite sin, sholáthraíodar na
hUltaigh dó iliomad gach maitheasa,

go mba chomh hard agus fear mór díobh gach
carn a bhí do gach ní ann.

“Dar mo chúis ámh,” ar Eisirt,

“is freagra dea-dhaoine sin,

His is a solid squadron of grand headlong
horses, of bridled horses rushing torrent-like;
heads with smooth adornment of golden locks
are on the warriors of the Luchra.

All the men are comely,
the women all light-haired;
over that land's noble multitude
Iubhdan of truthful utterance presides.

There the fingers grasp silver horns, deep
notes of the timpan are heard; and how great
soever be the love that women are reputed to
bear thee [Fergus], 'tis surpassed by the desire
that they feel for Iubhdan.”

The lay ended Ulster equipped him with
abundance of good things,

till each heap of these as they lay there
equalled their tall men's stature.

“This on my conscience, *indeed,*” quoth
Esirt,

“is indeed a response that is worthy of right
men;

ocus gided berid féin in maithes úd lib	agus cé gurb ea, beirigí féin an maitheas úd libh.	nevertheless take away those treasures:
da[r lim ní] ricimse a les ris	Dar liom, ní gá domsa a leas,	of which I conceive that I have no need,
ár ní fuil aenduine acom thigerna	óir níl aon duine ag mo thiarna	seeing that in my lord's following is no man
gan maithes co leor aice."	gan maitheas go leor aige."	but possesses substance sufficient."
"dobermáit dár [mb]réithir" ar siat	"Beirimid ár mbriathair," ar siad,	<u>Ulster</u> said however: "we pledge our words that,
		as we never would have taken back aught
"dá tucmáis ár mná duit ocus ar crodh u[ainn]	"dá dtugaimis ár mná duit agus ár gcrodh uainn,	though we had given thee our very wives and our kine,
nach bérmaisne én rét uait de	nach mbéarfaimisne aon rud uait dá bharr.	
ocus a tucamar ní béram."	"Agus <u>an méad</u> a thugamar, ní bhéarfaimid."	even so neither will we take again that we now have given thee."
"A ollamna ocus a éigse Ulad" ar Eisirt	"A ollúna agus a éigse Uladh," ar Eisirt,	"Then divide ye the gifts, bards and professors of Ulster," Esirt cried:
"roinnid sú	"roinnigí siúd,	
ocus bíodh a dá trian agaibse	agus bíodh a dhá dtrian agaibhse,	"two thirds take for yourselves,
ocus tabraid in trian aile d'ec[hlach]aib ocus d'oblóraig Ulad."	agus tugaigí an trian eile d'eachaithe agus d'abhlóirí Uladh."	and the other bestow on Ulster's horseboys and jesters."

ocus do bí Eisirt i nEmain co cenn trí lá agus trí naidce	Bhí Eisirt in Eamhain go ceann trí lá agus trí oíche.	So to the end of three days and three nights Esirt was in Emania,
ocus do timain céilebrad d’Fergus agus do maithib Ulad.	Agus thiomáin ceiliúradh d’Fhearghus agus do mhaithe Uladh.	and he took his leave of Fergus and of Ulster’s nobles.
“ragatsa leat” ar Aedh .i. ollamh Ulad agus a fer dána	“Rachaidh mé leat,” ar Aodh, ollamh Uladh agus a bhfear dána	“I will e’en go with thee,” said Ulster’s poet and man of science, Aedh:
ocus do bíodh i nucht nó i coim gacha deglaeich aca	a bhíodh in ucht nó i gcoim gach dea-laoich acu,	that used to lie in their good warriors’ bosoms *or at their waists*,
ocus fa fomóir é i farrad Eisirt	agus ba Fomhórach é i bhfarradh Eisirt,	yet by Esirt’s side was a giant;
ocus do bíodhsom ar bais Aedha.	a bhíodhsan ar bhos Aodha.	for this latter could stand upon Aedh’s palm.
“ní mese déra rit” ar Eisirt “dul lim	“Ní mise a dhéarfaidh leat,” ar Eisirt, “dul liom,	Esirt said: “’tis not I that will bid thee come:
		for were I to invite thee,
óir gémad mait dogentaí ort	óir cé gur maith a dhéantaí ort,	and kindness to be shewn thee in the sequel,
[dérfá] gur gellad duit í	dhéarfá gur gealladh duit í	thou wouldst say ’twas but what [<u>by implication</u>] had been promised thee;
dá niarrainnse lium thu	dá n-iarrainnse liom thú.	

ocus dá nderntar ort í

ocus gan a gellad duit

bud buidech thu.”

Agus dá ndéantar ort í,

agus gan gealladh duit,

ba bhuíoch thú.”

whereas if such be not held out to thee

and thou yet receive the same

thou wilt be grateful.”

Section 11

Ro imgetar in dá éiges sin rompo a hemain
Macha

ocus ba mó coiscéim Aeda:

“is olc siublus tusa a Eisirt” ar Aedh.

ruc Eisirt urracht retha

co mbúi urchar saigde roim Aedh

“atorra sin atá in chóir” ar Aedh.

“dar ár mbréithir” ar Eisirt “issed sin

do chuala do’n chóir acá ráda acaib ó atú
faraibh.”

D’imíodar, an dá éigeas sin, rompu as
Eamhain Macha,

agus ba mhó coiscéim Aodha.

“Is olc (a) shiúil tusa, a Eisirt,” ar Aodh.

Rug Eisirt iarracht reatha

go raibh (sé) urchar saighde roimh Aodh.

“Eatarthu sin atá an chóir,” ar Aodh.

“Dar ár mbriathair,” ar Eisirt, “is é sin

a chuala (mé) don chóir á rá agaibh ó atáim
faraibh.”

Out of Emania the pair of poets now went
their way

and, Aedh’s step being the longer,

he said: “Esirt thou art a poor walker.”

This one then took such a fit of running

that he was an arrow’s flight in front of Aedh,

who said again: “between those two extremes
lies the golden mean.”

“On my word,” retorted Esirt, “that is the one
category

in which since I am among you I have heard
mention made of the golden mean.”

Section 12

Tángatar rompo	Thángadar rompu	On they went then
co tráig na tréinfer i nUlltaib	go Trá na dTréinfhir in Uladh.	till they gained Tráigh na dTréinfhear or 'strand of the strong men' in Ulster:
"créd dogénam anois?" ar Aedh.	"Cad a dhéanfaimid anois?" ar Aodh.	"and what must we do now?" Aedh asked here.
"in muir d'imthecht tar a doimnib" ar Eisirt.	"An mhuir a imeacht thar a doimhne," ar Eisirt.	"Travel the sea over her depths," said the other.
"ní roichiubsa co brách de sin" ar Aedh.	"Ní shroichfidh mise slán go brách de sin," ar Aodh.	To Aedh objecting: "never shall I come safe out of that [<u>trial</u>],"
"ingnam a rochtain damsa ocus gan a rochtain duitse" ar Eisirt	"Ionadh a rochtain domsa agus gan a rochtain duitse," ar Eisirt.	Esirt made answer: "seeing that I compassed the task 'twere strange that thou shouldst fail."
ocus dorigne Aedh láid ocus do fhregair Eisirt é:—	Agus rinne Aodh laoidh, agus d'fhreagair Eisirt é:—	Then Aedh vented a strain and Esirt answered him:—

A.

“A Eisirt fhéil
cá dluidh dogén
risin muir móir
gaeth dom breith sí
do’n tuinn gan tlás
dá ndech suas
do gébar bás”

“Ech Iubdáin fhinn
ticfa ar do chenn
éirigse air
tar romuir menn
ech maith ní bréc
séd bíos ag rí
is commaith lí
itir muir is tír
ech buide bláith
rodbéra leis
an fair gan meirg
is eirg dá fheis”

“A Eisirt fhéil,
cad a déanfaidh (mé)
leis an mhuir mhór,
gaoth dom breith síos
don toinn gan tlás,
dá ndeach(óinn) suas
a gheofar bás.”

“Each Iubhdáin fhinn
(a) thiocfaidh ar do cheann,
éirighse air
thar rómhuir meann,
each maith ní bréag,
séad (a) bhí ag rí,
is comh-mhaith lí,
idir muir is tír
each buí bláith
a bhéarfaidh (tú) leis
an fear gan mhairg,
is éirigh dá fhios.”

“In the vast sea
how shall I contrive,
O generous Esirt,
the wind will bear me down
to the merciless wave
[on which] though I mount upwards
yet [none the less] shall I perish in the end.”

E.
“To fetch thee
fair Iubhdan’s horse will come,
get thee upon him
and cross the stammering sea:
an excellent horse truly
and of surpassing colour,
a king’s valued treasure,
good on sea as upon land.
A beautiful horse
that will carry thee away:
sit on him nor be troubled;
go, trust thyself to him.”

Section 13

Ní fada ro bátar ann co facatar	Ní fada a bhíodar ann go bhfacadar	They had been no long time there when something they marked
in foluaimnech tar bárr uachtair na tonn chucu	an foluaineach thar barr uachtair na dtonn chucu.	which, swiftly careering, came towards them over the billows' crests.
“fair a chol ocus a dhuabais” ar Aedh.	“Air a chol agus a duais,” ar Aedh.	“Upon itself be the evil that it brings,” Aedh cried,
“créd dochí?” ar Eisirt.	“Cad a chionn tú?” ar Eisirt.	and to Esirt asking: “what seest thou?”
“in míol mongruad muige” ar Aedh.	“An míol mongrua maighe,” ar Aodh.	answered: “a russet-clad hare I see.”
“ní hé” ar Eisirt “acht ech Iubdáin ac techt ar do cheansa sin.”	“Ní hé,” ar Eisirt, “ach each Iubhdáin ag teacht ar do cheansa sin.”	But Esirt said: “not so — rather is it Iubhdan's horse that comes to fetch thee.”
ocus is amlaid do bí	Agus is amhlaidh a bhí	Of which horse the fashion was this:
ocus dá súil gríbda glanshoillse glóir ina ciunn.	agus dhá shúil ghríofa ghlanshoilse ghlóir ina cheann,	two fierce flashing eyes he had,
ocus mong chóemálainn chorcarglan uirri	moing chaomhálainn chorcairghlan uirthi,	an exquisite pure crimson mane,
ocus cetra cosa uaine fáí	ceithre chosa uaine fúithi,	with four green legs
ocus erball gnáthchas go [hi]mleabair fair	eireaball gnáthchas imleabhair uirthi,	and a long tail that floated in wavy curls.

ocus niam órda ardcherdach uirri	niamh órga ardcheardach uirthi	His [<u>general</u>] colour was that of prime artificers' gold-work,
ocus srian óir druimnig ria.	agus srian óir droimnigh léi.	and a gold-encrusted bridle he bore withal.
ocus do chuaidh Eisirt ar a muin “tarr aníos a Aedh” ar Eisirt.	Chuaigh Eisirt ar a muin. “Tar aníos, a Aodh,” ar sé.	Eisirt bestriding him said: “come up beside me, Aedh;”
“ac a ollamain” ar Aedh:	“Ach, a ollaimh,” ar Aodh,	but again the latter objected: “nay, poet,
“ní fuil écht do choite féin inti.”	“níl éacht do choda féin inti.”	to do thee alone a skiff's office his capacity is all too scant.”
“ná dénasa cesacht uirri a Aedh” ar Eisirt	“Ná déansa ceasacht uirthi, a Aodh,” ar Eisirt,	“Aedh, cease from fault-finding:
“ár gé atá tromdacht na hecna innatsa	“óir <u>d'aineoinn</u> troime na heagna ionatsa	for ponderous as may be the wisdom that is in thee,
béraid sí sinn araen léi.”	béarfaidh sí sinn araon léi.”	yet will he carry us both.”
ocus do chuadar aroen uirri tar barruachtar na tonn	Agus chuadar araon uirthi thar bharruachtar na dtonn,	They both being now mounted on the horse traversed the combing seas,
ocus tar laechmuinchinn na fairge agus tar imdomnaib in aigéin	agus thar laochmhuincheanna na farraige, agus thar iomdhoimhneacha an aigéin,	the mighty main's expanse and Ocean's great profound,
go rángatar gan brón gan bádhad co mag faithlinn	go rángadar, gan brón, gan bá, go Maigh Faithlinn.	until in the end they, undrowned and without mishap, reached Magh Faithlenn

ocus ro bátar tuatha luchra i noenach ar a gcionn.	Agus bhíodar tuatha Luchra in aonach ar a gcionn.	and there the Luchra people were before them in assembly.
“Eisirt chucainn” ar siat “ocus fomóir farais.”	“Eisirt chugainn,” ar siad, “agus Fomhórach fairis.”	“Esirt approaches,” they cried, “and a giant bears him company.”
is ann sin tánic Iubhdán i gcuinne Eisirt agus do rat póig do	Is ansin a tháinig Iubhdán i gcoinne Eisirt agus a thug sé póg dó.	Then Iubhdan went to meet Esirt, and gave him a kiss:
“a ollamain” ar sé “cid ima tucais in fomóir út chucainn dar marbad?”	“A ollaimh,” ar sé, “cén fáth a thug (tú) an Fomhórach úd chugainn dár marú?”	“but poet,” said he, “wherefore bringest thou this giant to destroy us?”
“ní fomóir é” ar Eisirt “acht ollam Ulad agus a fer dána agus abhac in rig sút	“Ní Fomhórach é,” ar Eisirt, “ach ollamh Uladh agus a bhfear dána, agus abhac a rí siúd.	“No giant is he, but Ulster’s poet and man of science, and the king’s dwarf.
ocus is é sút duine as luga sin tír asa tánic	Agus is é siúd (an) duine is lú sa tír as a dtáinig (sé),	In the land whence he comes he is the least,
dóig bí sút i nochtaib na bfer mór ann	dóigh bhí siúd in uchtanna na bhfear mór ann	so that in their great men’s bosoms, he lies down
ocus i mbasaib	agus ina mbois	and, as it were an infant,
amail do biadh lenb	amhail a mbeadh leanbh.	stands on the flat of their hands.

ocus gidedh rictíse a les bar coimét fair.”	Agus cé gur sa riocht sin atá (sé), bhur leas súil a choiméad air.”	For all which he is yet such that before him ye would do well to be careful of yourselves.”
“cá hainm sút?” ar siad.	“Cá hainm siúd?” ar siad..	They further asking: “what is his name?”
“Aedh éiges a ainm” ar Eisirt.	“Aodh éigeas a ainm,” ar Eisirt.	were told that he was called ‘poet Aedh.’
“uch is mór a fhir t’athach” ar siat sin.	“Uch, is mór an fear d’fhathach,” ar siad sin.	“Alack man,” they cried <u>to Esirt</u> , “thy giant is huge indeed.”

Section 14

Is ann sin atbert Eisirt ré hIubdán:	Is ansin dúirt Eisirt le hIubhdán:	Next, Esirt addressing Iubhdan said:
“cuirimse gesa nach fuilngid firlaeich ortsa a Iubdáin	“Cuirimse geasa, nach bhfulaingeadh fíorlaoch, ortsa dul, a Iubhdáin,	“on thee, Iubhdan, I lay bonds which true warriors may not brook
co ndechairse féin d’féchain in tíre asa tángamarne	go dté tú féin <u>chun</u> féachaint na tíre as a dtángamarna,”	that in thine own person thou go to view the region out of which we come,
ocus gomad tu cét duine fecmhus ar tús in lite coimded dorigned do rí Ulad inocht.	agus go mba tusa an chéad duine ar thús na leite a rinneadh do rí Uladh anocht dá triail.”	and that of the ‘lord’s porridge’ which for the king of Ulster is made to-night thou be the first man to make trial.”
is ann sin tánic Iubdán co dobrónach domenmnach d’acallaim a mná .i. Bé bó	Is ansin tháinig Iubhdán go dobrónach domheanmnach d’agallamh a mhná Bé Bhó,	Then Iubhdan, in grief and faint of spirit, proceeded to confer with Bebo his wife:
ocus ro innis di a chur fó gesaib d’Eisirt	agus d’inis (sé) di (an chaoi) a cuireadh faoi gheasa é ag Eisirt,	he told her how that by Esirt he was laid under bonds,

ocus adubairt ré techt leis.

“rachad” ar sí

“ocus égcóir a ndernais” ar sí “.i. gabáil Eisirt.”

agus dúirt (sé) léi teacht leis.

“Rachaidh (mé),” ar sí,

“agus éagóir a ndearna tú,” ar sí, “gabháil Eisirt.”

and bade her bear him company.

“That will I,” she said:

“but in that Esirt was cast into prison thou didst unjustly.”

Section 15

Ocus do chuatar araen ar in ech mbuide Iubdán ocus Bé bó

ocus tángatar rompo co hemain Macha in oidche sin

ocus do chuatar sin mbaile inonn gan mothugud.

“sir in baile a Iubdán” ar Bé bó “do’n litin adubairt Eisirt

ocus imgem sul éirgius lucht in baile.”

cid tra acht do chuatar sin mbruidin istech

ocus fuaratar coire mór na hEmna

Agus chuadar araon ar an each buí: Iubhdán agus Bé Bhó,

agus thángadar rompu go hEamhain Macha an oíche sin

agus chuadar sa bhaile anonn gan mothú.

“Sir an baile, a Iubhdán,” ar Bé Bhó, “don leite (mar) a dúirt Eisirt,”

agus imímis sula n-éireoidh lucht an bhaile.”

I gceann tráth, chuadar sa bhrú isteach

agus fuaradar coire mór na hEamhna,

So they *(i.e. Iubhdan and Bebo)* mounted Iubhdan’s golden horse

and that same night made good their way to Emania,

where they entered unperceived into the place.

“Iubhdan,” said Bebo, “search the town for the porridge spoken of by Esirt,

and let us depart again before the people of the place shall rise.”

They gained the inside of the palace

and there found Emania’s great cauldron,

ocus fuighell liten na sluag ann	agus fuíoll leitean na slua ann.	having in it the remnant of the ‘people’s porridge.’
ocus do chuaid Iubdán chuice agus ní ránic do lár é.	Agus chuaigh Iubhdán chuici agus níor ráinigh ar lár é.	Iubhdan drew near, but might by no means reach it from the ground.
“éirig ar t’ech” ar Bé bó	“Éirigh ar d’each,” ar Bé Bhó,	“Get thee upon thy horse,” said Bebo,
“ocus éirig do’n ech ar bórd in choire.”	“agus éirigh don each ar bord an choire.”	“and from the horse upon the cauldron’s rim.”
ocus dorignesium sin	Agus rinne seisean sin.	This he did but, the porridge being too far down and his arm too short,
ocus ní ránic a lámh cos na léige airgid do bí san choire	Ní ráinigh a lámh gus na léiche airgid a bhí sa choire,	could not touch the shank of the silver ladle that was in the cauldron;
ár ba gerr in lámh agus ba fata sí in lite	óir ba ghearr an lámh agus b’fhada síos an leite.	
ocus sínedh dá tuc sí sciorruis a chos	Síneadh dá dtug síos, sciorr a chos	whereupon he making a downward effort his foot slipped,
gur thuit isin choire co ránic a imlinn ann.	agus thit (sé) sa choire, go ráinigh a imleacán ann.	and up to his very navel he fell into the cauldron;
mar do beitís gemla iairn in betha fá	Mar a mbéidís geimhle iarainn an bheatha faoi,	in which as though all existing iron gyves had been upon him

is amlaid ro cenglad agus ro cuibriged itir chois agus lámh é.	is amhlaidh a ceanglaíodh, agus a cuibhríodh idir chos agus lámh é.	he now found himself fettered and tethered both hand and foot.
“is fata atáí a fhir duib” ar Bé bó	“Is fada atá tú, a fhir dhuibh,” ar Bé Bhó,	“Long thou tarriest, dark man,” Bebo cried to him
ár is amlaid ro búí Iubdán agus folt cas círdhub fair	óir is amhlaidh a bhí Iubhdán agus folt cas cíordhubh air,	(for Iubhdan was thus: hair he had that was jet-black and curled,
agus ba gílter agus uan tuinne a chnes	agus ba ghile ná uan toinne a chneas.	his skin being whiter than foam of wave
ba deirge iná corcrán caille a dhá gruaid.	Ba dheirge ná corcrán coille a dhá ghrua.	and his cheeks redder than the forest’s scarlet berry:
		whereas — saving him only —
fuilt chasa fhionnbuide bátar ar thuaith luchra uile	Fuilt chasa fhionnbhuí a bhí ar thuath Luchra uile	all the Luchra people had hair that was ringletted indeed, but of a fair and yellow hue;
acht eisium amáin	ach eisean amháin,	
agus is uime sin adertáí fer dub ris.	agus is uime sin a deirtí fear dubh leis.	hence then he was styled ‘dark man’).
agus atbert Bé bó agus do freair Iubdán í:—	Agus dúirt Bé Bhó, agus d’fhreagair Iubhdán í:—	Bebo sang now, Iubhdan answering her:—

“A fhir dhuibh ón a fir duibh
is mór in gábad i fuil;
is gabtha indiu in gabar bán
óir is dolar lán in muir”

“A bhen fhionn ón a ben fionn
romfost geimel do’n lánlionn;
ní lecair mé chum mo shlóg
nó co tucar ór dom chionn

A Bé bó ón a Bé bó
tánic matain imthig dó;
do len mo chos is tuir taeis
atáisi ar baeis a Bé bó”

“Briathar bil ón briathar bil
do radaisse thall got thig;
co nach fastfadh nech fó ghréin
munbud deoin let féin a fhir”

“Briathar bil ón briathar bil
do ratassa thall gum tig;
betsa bliadain línib lá
gan faicsin dam mná ná fir”

“A fhir dhuibh ón a fhir dhuibh,
is mór an gábh i(na) bhfuil (tú)
is gafa inniu an gabhar bán,
óir is dolar lán an mhuir.”

“A bhean fhionn ón a bhean fhionn,
i bhfost geimheal don lánlionn,
ní ligfear mé chun mo shlua,
nó go dtugtar ór dom cheann.

A Bhé Bhó ón a Bhé Bhó,
tháinig maidin imigh dó,
lean mo chos sa tuir taois,
tá tusa ar baois, a Bhé Bhó.”

“Briathar olc ón briathar olc,
a dúirt tusa thall id’ theach,
go nach bhfostfadh neach faoi ghrian
muna ba dheoin leat féin a fhir.”

“Briathar olc ón briathar olc,
a dúirt mise thall im’ theach,
beadsa bliain agus lá,
gan fheiceáil dom mná ná fir.”

She.

“O dark man, and O dark man,
dire is the strait in which thou art: to-day
it is that the white horse must be saddled,
for the sea is angry and the tide at flood”

He.

“O fair-haired woman, and O woman
with fair hair, gyves hold me captive in
a viscous mass nor, until gold be given
for my ransom, shall I ever be dismissed.

O Bebo, and O Bebo, morn is at hand,
thou therefore flee away: fast in the
doughy remnant sticks my leg, if here
thou stay thou art but foolish, O Bebo.”

She.

“Rash word it was, ’twas a rash word,
that in thy house thou utteredst: that but
by thine own good pleasure none under
the sun might hold thee fast, O man.”

He.

“Rash was the word, the word was rash,
that in my house I uttered:
a year and a day I must be now, and
neither man nor woman of my people see.”

Section 16

“Imthig a Bé bó” ar Iubdán	“Imigh, a Bhé Bhó,” ar Iubhdán,	“Bebo,” cried Iubhdan, “get thee away,
“ocus beir in echsa let d’innsaigid tuaithe luchra.”	“agus beir an t-each seo leat d’ionsaí tuaithe Luchra.”	and to the Luchra-land take back that horse.”
“ná habairse sin” ar Bé bó: “dáig nocho nimtheochadsa uaitse go bráth	“Ná habairse sin,” ar Bé Bhó, “dóigh nach n-imeoidh mise uaitse go bráth	“Never say it,” she answered: “of a surety I will not depart
co faicer cá réim bias ortsá.”	go bhfeicfidh mé cá réim a bheidh ortsá.”	until I see what turn things shall take for thee.”
ro éirigsetar sluaig in baile iarsin	D’éirigh slua an bhaile iar sin	The dwellers in the town when they were now risen anon
ocus fuaratar Iubdán san coire litten	agus fuaireadar Iubhdán sa choire leitean	lighted on Iubhdan in the porridge cauldron,
ocus nár b’éitir do a fhágáil	agus nár bh fhéidir dó a fhágáil.	out of which he could not frame to escape;
		in which plight when they saw him
ocus ro léigset na sluaig a niolach gáire ós áird	Lig na sluaite a n-iolach gáire ós ard	the people sent up a mighty roar of laughter,
acá fhaicsin fó’n innus sin	ag féachaint <u>ar an</u> ionnas sin.	
ocus ro tógadar as in coire iarsin Iubdán	Thógadar as an gcoire Iubhdán iar sin	then picked Iubhdan out of the cauldron
ocus rucatar leo mar a raibe Fergus é.	agus rugadar leo mar a raibh Fearghus é.	and carried him off to Fergus.

“mo chubus ám” ar Fergus “ní hé siut in fer beg do bí ann so roime	“Dár mo chúis ámh,” ar Fearghus, “ní hé siúd an fear beag a bhí anseo roimhe,	“My conscience,*indeed,*” said the king, “this is not the tiny man that was here before:
uair folt fionn do bí ar in fer mbec roime	óir folt fionn a bhí ar an bhfear mbeag roimhe	seeing that, whereas the former little fellow had fair hair,
ocus casair círdub atá air siut.”	agus casair cíordhubh atá air siúd.”	this one hath a black thatch.
“cé thusa féin a fhir bhic,” ar Fergus: “nó cá tír asa tángais?”	“Cé thusa féin, a fhir bhig,” ar Fearghus, “nó cá tír as a dtáinig tú?”	What art thou at all, mannikin, and out of what region come?”
“do thuathaib luchra dam” ar sé	“De thuatha Luchra dom,” ar sé,	Iubhdan made answer: “I am of the Luchra-folk,
“ocus is mé as rí orra sin	“is mé is rí orthu sin,	over the which it is I that am king;
ocus Iubdán m’ainm	agus Iubhdán m’ainm,	*my name is Iubhdan;*
ocus ben dam in ben úd atchíthíse im fochair	agus bean dom an bhean úd a chionn sibhse im fhochair.	this woman that ye see by me is my wife,
ocus is í as baintigerna ar thuathaib luchra ocus Bé bó a hainm	Is í an bantiarna ar thuatha Luchra. Bé Bhó a hainm.	and queen over the Luchra: her name is Bebo,
ocus ní dubartsa brég riam” ar Iubdán.	Agus ní dúirt mé bréag riamh,” ar Iubhdán.	and I have never told a lie.”
aspert Fergus: “berar sút imach	Dúirt Fearghus: “Beirear siúd amach	“Let him be taken out,” cried Fergus,
i gcenn in gairbteglai gocus coimétaidh co maith é.”	i gceann an ghairbhtheaghlaigh agus coimeádaigí go maith é.”	“and put with the common rabble of the household — guard him well.”

rugad Iubdán immach iarum	Rugadh Iubhdán amach iaramh	Iubhdan was led out accordingly
...	...	...
Section 17		
...	...	...
“ocus mad áilt maith do dénum orumsa a Ferguis” ar Iubdán	“agus más áil leat maith a dhéanamh ormsa, a Fhearghuis,” ar Iubhdán,	Said Iubhdan: “but if it may please thee to show me some favour,
“ná léig atorra so mé	“ná lig eatarthu seo mé,	suffer me no longer to be among yonder loons,
ár dogénait anála na bfer mórsa coirpthe díom	óir déanann anála na bhfear mór seo coirpthe díom,	for the great men’s breaths do all infect me;
ocus dobérsa mo bréithir duit	agus beirfidh mé mo bhriathar duit,	and my word I pledge
nó gomad deoin let féin oculus le hUlltaib é nach rach uaib co bráth.”	nó go mba deoin leat féin agus le hUltaigh é, nach rachaidh mé uaibh go bráth.”	that till by Ulster and by thee it be licensed I will never leave you.”
“dá sáilinnse sin” ar Fergus	“Dá sílinnse sin,” ar Fearghus,	Fergus said: “could I but think that,
“ní beitheása itir in ngairbtheaghlach.”	“ní bheifeása idir an ngairbtheaghlach.”	thou shouldst no more be with the common varlets.”
“ní thánacsa tar mo bréithir riam” ar Iubdán “ocus ní ticfat co bráth.”	“Níor tháinig mé thar mo bhriathar riamh,” ar Iubhdán, “agus ní thiocfaidh mé go bráth.”	Iubhdan’s reply was: “never have I overstepped, nor ever will transgress, my plighted word.”

Is ann sin rugadh Iubdán i seomra deirit
degmaisech do bí ag Fergus

ocus ro hórdaiged gilla gráda d’Fergus ina
fhocair dá [fri]thálam.

“is maith in taraculsa” ar Iubdán:

“ocus gidedh is ferr m’araculsa féin iná é”

ocus do ráid in láid:—

“Aracul fil acamsa
san talmain atua;
in dara leth de dór derg
airget in leth fil fua

A fordorus d’fionndruine
is a tairrsech d’uma;
is d’eitib én bfionnbuide
dar lium fil a thuga

A chainnelbra órdaide
mon cainnill is lór glaine;
co ngeim do líg loghmaire
i certlár in taige

Is ansin rugadh Iubhdán i seomra dearraid
deamhaiseach a bhí ag Fearghus

agus ordaíodh giolla grá d’Fhearghus ina
fhocair dá fhriotháileamh.

“Is maith an t-aireagal seo,” ar Iubhdán,

“cé gur fearr m’aragalsa féin ná é.”

Agus dúirt sé an laoidh:—

“Aireagal atá agamsa,
sa talamh ó thuaidh,
an dara leth de d’ór dearg,
airgead an leath a bhfuil faoi.

A fhordoras d’fhionndruine,
is a thairseach d’umha,
is d’eití éan fionnbuí,
dar liom a bhfuil a thuí.

A choinnealra órga,
a choinnill is leor glaine,
go ngeim do líga lómhara,
i gceartlár an tí.

Then he was conducted into a fair and privy
chamber that Fergus had,

where one that was a servant of trust to the
king was set apart to minister to him.

“An excellent retreat indeed is this,” he said,

“yet is my own retreat more excellent than it”;

and he made a lay:—

“In the land that lies away north
I have a retreat,
the ceiling of which is of the red gold,
and the floor all of silver.

Of the white bronze its lintel is,
and its threshold of copper;
of light-yellow bird-plumage
is the thatch on it I ween.

Golden are its candelabra,
holding candles of rich light
and gemmed over with rare stones,
in the fair midst of the house.

Acht mise is an airdrigan
ní fuil nech uainn fó duibe;
teglach ann gan arrsaidecht
folta barrchasa buide

Fichellach gan oenduine
dáma maith ann gan tachor;
ré fer ná ré mnái dá dhul
ní gabtar in taracul”

Ach mise is an ardríon,
níl neach againn faoi duibhe,
teaghlach ann gan ársaíocht
folta barrchasa buí.

Ficheallach gach aonduine,
dámh maith ann gan tachar,
le fear ná le bean dá dhul,
ní gabhtar an t-aireagal.“

Save myself only and my queen,
none that belongs to it feels sorrow now;
a retinue is there that ages not,
that wears wavy yellow tresses.

There every man is a chess-player,
good company is there that knows no stint:
against man or woman that seeks to enter it
the retreat is never closed.”

Section 18

Do bí Fer dédh .i. in gilla tened
ac fadódh teined i fiadnuise Iubdái
ocus do chuir feithleann fó chrand uirri
maille cinél gacha crainn eile

ocus atbert Iubdán:

“ná loisc rí na gcrann” ar sé “uair ní dlegar a
loscadh

ocus a Fhir déd dá nderntá mo chomairlese

Bhí Fear Dédh, an giolla tine,
ag fadú tine i bhfianaise Iubhdáin,
agus chuir sé féithleann ó chrann uirthi,
maille cineál gach crainn eile.

Agus dúirt Iubhdán:

“Ná loisc rí na gcrann,” ar sé, “óir ní dlítear a
loscadh,

agus a Fhir Déithe, dá ndéanfá mo
chomhairlese

Fer dédh or ‘man of smoke’ the fire-servant,
as in Iubhdan’s presence he kindled a fire,
threw upon it a woodbine that twined round a
tree,
together with somewhat of all other kinds of
timber,
and this led Iubhdan to say:
“burn not the king of trees, for he ought not to
be burnt;
and wouldst thou, Ferdedh, but act by my
counsel,

ní biadh gábad mara ná tíre ort”

ocus atbert in láid ann:—

“A fhir fhadós teine
ac Fergus na fled;
ar muir ná ar tír
na loisc rí na fed

Airdrí feda Fáil
im nach gnáth sreth sluaig;
ní fann in feidm ríog
sníom im gach crann cruaid

Dá loisce in fid fann
bud mana gréach nglonn;
ro sia gábad renn
nó bádad trén tonn

Ná loisc aball án
na ngéc faroll faen;
fid man gnáth bláth bán
lám cháich na cenn chaem

Deorad draigen dúr
fid nach loiscenn saer;
gáirid elta én
tréna chorp cid cael

ní bheadh gábh mara ná tíre ort.”

Agus dúirt sé an laoidh seo:—

“A fhir fhadaíonn tine,
ag Fearghus na bhfleá,
ar mhuir ná ar thír,
ná loisc rí na bhfeánna.

Ardrí feánna Fáil,
i nach gnáth searnadh slua,
ní fann an fheidhm rí,
sníomh i ngach crann crua.

Dá loisceá an fiodh fann,
ba mana scréach glonn,
bás de reanna,
nó bá tréan tonn.

Ná loisc abhaill án,
na ngéag forleata faon,
feá gur gnáth bláth bán,
lámh cháich ’na cheann caomh.

Deoraí an draighean dúr,
fiodh nach loiscenn saor,
gáireann ealta éan,
trína chorp cé gur caol.

then neither by sea nor by land shouldst thou
ever be in danger.”

Here he sang a lay:—

“O man that for Fergus of the feasts
dost kindle fire,
whether afloat or ashore
never burn the king of woods.

Monarch of Innisfail’s forests
the woodbine is, whom none may hold
captive; no feeble sovereign’s effort is it
to hug all tough trees in his embrace.

The pliant woodbine if thou burn,
wailings for misfortune will abound;
dire extremity at weapons’ points
or drowning in great waves will come after.

Burn not the precious apple-tree
of spreading and low-sweeping bough:
tree ever decked in bloom of white, against
whose fair head all men put forth the hand.

The surly blackthorn is a wanderer,
and a wood that the artificer burns not;
throughout his body, though it be scanty,
birds in their flocks warble.

Ná loisc sailig sáir
fid deimin na nduan;
beich na bláth ac deol
mian cáich in cró caem

Caerthann fid na ndruad
loisc caemchrann na gcaer;
sechain in fid fann
na loisc in call caem

Uinnsenn dorch a dath
fid luaite na ndroch;
echlasc lám lucht ech
a cruth ac cládh chath

Crom feda déin dris
loisc féin in ngéir nglais;
fennaíd gerraid cois
srengaid nech ar ais

Bruth feda dair úr
ó nach gnáth nech séim;
tinn cenn tís ó a dhúil
tinn súil ó a ghrís ghéir

Na fern urbadb fheda
in crann as teo i ngliaid;
loisc go derb do deoin
in fhern is in sciaig

Ná loisc saileach saor,
fíodh coisricthe na nduanta,
beacha ina bhláth ag diúl,
mian cháich an cró caomh.

Caorthainn fíodh na ndruad,
loisc caomhchrann na gcaor,
seachain an fíodh fann,
ná loisc an coll caomh.

An fhuinseog dorch a dath
fíodh luaite na ndroch,
eachlasc as i lámh lucht each,
a chruth ag cloí catha.

Crom fada an déin dhris,
loisc féin an géar glas,
feannann (agus) gearrann (sé) cos,
a tharraingíonn neach ar ais.

Bruth fada dair úr,
uaidh nach gnáth neach gan ghoin,
tinn ceann tís óna dhúil,
tinn súil óna ghríosach ghéar.

An fearn urbhadha fheá,
an crann is teo i ngleo,
loisc go dearbh do dheoin,
an fearn is an sceach.

The noble willow burn not,
a tree sacred to poems;
within his bloom bees are a-sucking,
all love the little cage.

The graceful tree with the berries,
the wizards' tree, the rowan, burn;
but spare the limber tree:
burn not the slender hazel.

Dark is the colour of the ash:
timber that makes the wheels to go;
rods he furnishes for horsemen's hands,
and his form turns battle into flight.

Tenterhook among woods the spiteful briar is,
by all means burn him that is so keen and
green; he cuts, he flays the foot, and him that
would advance he forcibly drags backward.

Fiercest heat-giver of all timber is green oak,
from him none may escape unhurt:
by partiality for him the head is set on aching
and by his acrid embers the eye is made sore.

Alder, very battle-witch of all woods,
tree that is hottest in the fight —
undoubtedly burn at thy discretion
both the alder and the whitethorn.

[Cui]lenn loisc a úr
cuileann loisc a críon;
gach crann ar bith becht
cuileann as dech díob

[T]rom dana rúsc ruad
crann fíorghona iar fíor;
loisc co mbeidh na gual
eich na sluag a síod

Cid na fharrad faen
béithe ba blad buan;
loisc go deimin derb
cainnle na mbalg mbuan

[L]éig síos madat maith
crithach ruad na rith;
loisc co mall co moch
crann 's a barr ar crith

[S]innser feda fois
ibar na fled fis;
déna ris anois
dabcha donna dis

[D]a nderntá mo thoil
a Fhir déedh dil;
dot anam dot chorp
ní bud olc a fhir”

Cuileann loisc é úr,
cuileann loisc é críon,
gach crann ar bith beocht,
cuileann is deach díobh.

Trom lena choirt rua,
crann fíorghona is fíor,
loisc go mbeidh 'na ghual,
eich na slua ón sí.

Cé gur leagtha faon,
an bheith ba bhladh buan,
loisc go deimhin dearbh,
coinnle na mbolg buan.

Lig síos más maith leat,
crithnach rua na rith,
loisc go mall go moch,
crann 's a bharr ar crith.

Sinsear feá fois,
iúr na fleidhe mar is fios,
déan leis anois,
dabhcha donna deis.

Dá ndéanfá mo thoil,
a Fhir Dhéithe dhil,
dod' anam dod' chorp,
ní ba olc a fhir.”

Holly, burn it green;
holly, burn it dry:
of all trees whatsoever
the critically best is holly.

Elder that hath tough bark,
tree that in truth hurts sore: him that
furnishes horses to the armies from the *sídh*,
burn so that he be charred.

The birch as well, if he be laid low,
promises abiding fortune:
burn up most sure and certainly
the stalks that bear the constant pods.

Suffer, if it so please thee,
the russet aspen to come headlong down:
burn, be it late or early,
the tree with the palsied branch.

Patriarch of long-lasting woods is the yew,
sacred to feasts as is well known:
of him now build ye
dark-red vats of goodly size.

Fereddh, thou faithful one,
wouldst thou but do my behest:
to thy soul as to thy body,
O man, 'twould work advantage.”

Section 19

Do bísium isin baile mar sin agus saerchoimét air

Bhí seisean [Iubhdán] sa bhaile mar sin agus saorchoimeád air.

After this manner then, and free of all supervision, Iubhdan abode in the town;

ocus ba hurgairdiugud menman agus aicenta leisna hUlltachaib

Agus ba hurghairdiú meanman agus aigeanta leis na hUlaidh

while to them of Ulster it was recreation of mind and body

beith acá fheichem agus ag éistecht a briathar.

(a) bheith ag féachaint air agus ag éistecht lena bhriathar.

to look at him and to listen to his words.

Section 21

Uair ann do chuaid Iubdán co tech amhais d'amsaib in rí

Uair ann chuaigh Iubhdán go teach amhais d'amhais an rí

Again, Iubhdan went to the house of a certain soldier of the king's soldiers

ocus bróga nuada aige agá ngabáil uime

agus bróga nua ag á ngabháil uime.

that chanced to fit on him new brogues that he had:

ocus ro bí ag techt ar thanacht bonnadh a bróg agus ag cesacht orra.

Agus bhí (sé) ag teacht ar thanaíocht bhonn a bhróg agus ag ceasacht orthu.

discoursing as he did so, and complaining, of their soles that were too thin.

dorigne Iubdán gáire uime sin.

Rinne Iubhdán gáire uime sin.

Iubhdan laughed.

“cad fá ndernais in gáire sin a Iubdán?” ar Fergus.

“Cén fáth a rinne tú an gáire sin, a Iubhdán?” ar Fearghus.

The king asked: “Iubhdan, why laughst thou thus?”

“adbar gáire dam” ar Iubdán “in fer úd ac cesacht ar thanacht a bróg	“Ábhar gáire dom,” ar Iubhdán, “an fear úd ag ceasacht ar thanaíocht a bhróg	“Yon fellow it is that provokes my laughter, complaining of his brogues
ocus ní chesann ar a shaegal	agus ní cheasann (sé) ar a shaol,	while for his own life he makes no moan.
ar gid tana na bróga úd ní chaithfidseom iad.”	óir gidh tanaí na bróga úd ní chaithfidh seisean iad.”	Yet, thin as be those brogues, he never will wear them out.”
ocus ro b ’fíor d’Iubdán sin	B’fhíor d’Iubhdán sin,	Which was true for Iubhdan,
uair do chomraic in fer sin ocus fer eile do muir Fhergusu re chéile ocus ro marbsat a céile ré noidce.	óir chomhraic an fear sin agus fear eile de mhuintir Fhearghusa le chéile, agus mharaigh siad a chéile roimh oíche.	seeing that before night that man and another one of the king’s people fought and killed each other.

Section 23

Lá eile do bátar in teglach ag imrád gach neich co ndéndaís é	Lá eile bhí an teaghlach ag iomrá gach neich a ndéanfaidís,	Yet another day the household disputed of all manner of things, how they would do this or that,
ocus ní dubratar “má áil le dia”	agus ní dúradar, “más áil le Dia,”	but never said: “if it so please God.”
ocus do rigne Iubdán gáire umpu ocus dorigne in láid: —	agus rinne Iubhdán gáire umpu, agus rinne (sé) an laoidh:—	Then Iubhdan laughed and uttered a lay:—
“Labraid duine innisid dia; meithel ceithel dóib gach ní léigid mar do fhidir dia	“Labhraíonn duine, insíonn Dia, meitheal ceitheal dóibh gach ní, ligeann (sé) iad <u>mar is eol do</u> Dhia.	“Man talks but God sheweth the event; to men all things are but confusion, they must leave them as God knoweth them to be.

Airdrí na ndúla
ro bud cóir gach ní ro termuis;
rí na rí ro fhidir
gach a sirim ort a Fergus

Silled súla
saeghal gach duine cid amnus;
gid mac ríog
nocho nfitir in fíor labrus”

Ardrí na ndúl,
ba chóir gach ní a d’ordaigh (tú),
rí na rí, tá a fhios aige,
gach a shirim ort, a Fhearguis.

Silleadh súla,
saol gach duine, d’ainneoin a amhnais,
cé gur mac rí é,
níl a fhios aige an fíor a labhraíonn (sé).”

All that which Thou, Monarch of the elements,
hast ordained must be right;
He, the King of kings,
knows all that I crave of thee, Fergus.

No man’s life, however bold he be,
is more than the twinkling of an eye;
were he a king’s son, he knoweth not
whether it be truth that he utters of the future.”

Section 24

Cid tracht do bí Iubdán i nEmain mar sin nó
go tángatar tuatha luchra

secht cátha commóra

dá iarraid co faitche na hEmna

ocus ní rug nech díb imarcrad ó chéile d’áirde
iná do méit.

ocus tánic Fergus oculus maithe Uladh amach dá
nagallam oculus adubratar re Fergus:

“tabair ár rí dúinn rena fhuasglad” ar
siat

Bhí Iubhdán in Eamhain mar sin ó go
dtángadar tuatha Luchra

— seacht gcatha comh-mhóra —

dá iarraidh go faiche na hEamhna,

agus ní rug neach díobh iomarca óna chéile
d’áirde ná do mhéid.

Tháinig Fearghus agus maithe Uladh amach
dá n-agallamh agus dúradar le Fearghus:

“Tabhair ár rí dúinn lena fhuascailt,” ar siad,

Iubhdan now tarried in Emania until such time
as the Luchra-folk,

being seven battalions strong,

came to Emania’s green in quest of him;

and of these no single one did, whether in
height or in bulk, exceed another.

Then to Fergus and to Ulster’s nobles that
came out to confer with them they said:

“bring us our king that we may redeem him,

“ocus dobéram luach maith dá chiunn.”	“agus béarfaimidne luach maith dá chionn.”	and we will pay for him a good ransom.”
“cá luach sin?” ar Fergus.	“Cén luach sin?” ar Fearghus.	Fergus asked: “what ransom?”
		“Every year, and that without ploughing, without sowing,
“dobéram” ar siat “in mag mórsa na hEmna fá bróin chruithnechta	“Béarfaimid,” ar siad, “an magh mór seo na hEamhna faoi bhró chruithneachta	we will cover this vast plain *of Emania* with a mass of corn.”
gacha bliadna gan tsíol gan trebad.”	gach bliain, gan tsíol gan treabhadh.”	
“ní thiubarsa Iubdán” ar Fergus.	“Ní thoirbhreoidh mé Iubhdán,” ar Fearghus.	“I will not give up Iubhdan,” said the king.
“dogénamne foghal ortsa innocht” ar siat.	“Déanfaimidne foghail ortsa anocht,” ar siad.	“To-night we will do thee a mischief.”
“crét í in fhogal?” ar Fergus.	“Cad í an fhoghail?” ar Fearghus.	“What mischief?” asked the king.
“léigfemáid laeig Ulad co a máithreacha	“Ligfimid laonna Uladh go a máithreacha,	“All Ulster’s calves we will admit to their dams,
		so that by morning time
co nach fuigter díol énnaidhen amáin do luim nó do lemnacht i gcóiged Ulad	go nach bhfaightear díol aon naíonáin amháin do loim ná do leamhnacht i gcúige Uladh	there shall not in the whole province be found the measure of one babe’s allowance of milk.”
ar maitin.”	ar maidin.”	

“bud é sin bhus lib” ar Fergus “ocus ní bud hé Iubdán.”	“Ba é sin (a) bheas libh,” ar Fearghus, “agus ní ba Iubhdán.”	“So much ye will have gained,” said Fergus, “but not Iubhdan.”
ocus dorignetarsan in fogal in oidce sin	Agus rinneadarsan an fhoghail an óiche sin.	This damage accordingly they wrought that night;
ocus tángatar ar maitin ar faitche na hEmna	Thángadar ar maidin ar fhaiche na hEamhna,	then at morn returned to the green of Macha
ocus do bátar ag iarraid Iubdán	agus bhíodar ag iarraidh Iubhdáin,	
ocus co neiseochataeis gach ní dar milletar	agus go ndeiseochaidís gach ní dar mhilleadar.	and, with promise of making good all that they had spoiled,
		again required Iubhdan.
ocus adubairt Fergus nach tiubradh.	Agus dúirt Fearghus nach dtabharfadh.	Fergus refusing them however
“dogénamne dígaltas eile inocht” ar siat.	“Déanfaimidne díoltas eile anocht,” ar siad.	they said: “this night we will do another deed of vengeance.”
“cá dígaltas sin?” ar Fergus.	“Cén díoltas sin?” ar Fearghus.	*What vengeance is that?” asked Fergus.*
“cacfam i nesaib	“Cacfaimid in easanna	“We will defile <u>the wells</u> , the rapids,
ocus i ninberaib in chóigid.”	agus in inbhir an chúige.”	and the river-mouths of the whole province.”
“fogal beg sin” ar Fergus	“Foghail bheag sin,” ar Fearghus.	But the king answered: “that is but a puny mischief”

conid de sin atá in senfocal .i. ‘cac i tibráid.’	Gonadh de sin atá an seanfhocal: ‘cac i dtobar.’	(whence the old saw ‘dirt in a well’)
“ní fuigtíse Iubdán ar a shon sin” ar Fergus.	“Ní bhfaighidh sibhse Iubhdán ar a shon sin,” ar Fearghus.	“and ye shall not have Iubhdan.”
ocus dorónsat amlaid ocus tángatar in tres lá co hEmain	Agus rinne siad amhlaidh agus thángadar an treas lá go hEamhain	They having done this came again to Emania on the third day
ocus do iarratar Iubdán.	agus d’iarradar Iubhdán.	and demanded Iubhdan.
“ní tiubar” ar Fergus.	“Ní thabharfaidh mé,” ar Fearghus.	Fergus said: “I will not give him.”
“dogénamne dígaltas eile” ar siat.	“Déanfaimidne díoltas eile,” ar siad.	“A further vengeance we will execute upon thee.”
“cá dígaltas sin?” ar Fergus.	“Cén díoltas sin?” ar Fearghus.	“What vengeance is that?”
“loiscfemait átha ocus muilte in chúigid inocht.”	“Loiscfimid átha agus muilte an chúige anocht.”	“To-night we will burn the millbeams and the kilns of the province.”
“ní bfuigtíse Iubdán.”	“Ní bhfaighidh sibhse Iubhdán,” ar Fearghus.	“But ye will not get Iubhdan,” quoth the king.
ro imthigetar rompu ocus dorignetar mar do gellatar	D’imíodar rompu agus rinneadar mar a ghealladar,	Away they went and did as they had threatened,
ocus tángatar in cetramad lá co hEmain ocus do iarratar Iubdán.	agus thángadar an ceathrú lá go hEamhain agus d’iarradar Iubhdán.	then on the fourth day repaired to Emania and clamoured for Iubhdan.

“ní thiubar” ar Fergus.	“Ní thabharfaidh mé,” ar Fearghus.	Said Fergus: “I will not deliver him.”
“dogénamne dígaltas ortsá.”	“Déanfaimidne díoltas ortsá.”	“We will execute vengeance on thee.”
“cá dígaltas sin?” ar Fergus.	“Cén díoltas sin?” ar Fearghus.	“What vengeance?”
“gerrfam a gcinn do diasuib in chúigid inocht.”	“Gearrfaimid a gcinn do diasa an chúige anocht.”	“We will snip the ears off all the corn that is in the province.”
“ní fuigtí Iubdán ar a shon sin” ar Fergus.	“Ní bhfaighfí Iubhdán ar a shon sin,” ar Fearghus.	“Neither so shall ye have Iubhdan.”
ocus dorónsat sin ocus tángatar in cúiged lá co hEmain	Agus rinne siad sin, agus thángadar an cúigiú lá go hEamhain	This they did, then returned to Emania on the fifth day
ocus do bíodar ag iarraid Iubdáin.	agus bhíodar ag iarraidh Iubhdáin.	and asked for Iubhdan.
“ní thiubar” ar Fergus.	“Ní thabharfaidh mé,” ar Fearghus.	Fergus said: “I will not yield him.”
“dogénamne dígaltas eile ortsá.”	“Déanfaimidne díoltas eile ortsá.”	“Yet another vengeance we will take of thee.”
“cá dígaltas sin?” ar Fergus.	“Cén díoltas sin?” ar Fearghus.	“What vengeance?”
“berrfam fuilt bar mban ocus bar bfer	“Bearrfaimid folt bhur mban agus bhur bhfear	“Your women’s hair and your men’s we will e’en shave
co mbeid fó méla ocus fó aithis co brách.”	go mbeidh siad faoi mhéala agus faoi aithis go brách.”	to such purpose that they shall for ever be covered with reproach and shame.”

“dar mo bréithir” ar Fergus “dá ndéntáise sin muirbfetsa Iubdán.”

“Dar mo bhriathair,” ar Fearghus, “dá ndéanfaidís sin maróidh mise Iubhdán.”

Then Fergus cried: “if ye do that, by my word, I will slay Iubhdan.”

Section 25

“Ní hedh sin as cóir ann” ar Iubdán

“Ní hé sin is cóir,” ar Iubhdán,

But here this latter said: “that is not the right thing at all;

“acht ligter mise féin amach dá nagallaim

“ach ligtear mise féin amach dá n-agallaimh,

rather let me be enlarged, that in person I may speak with them

ocus dá rád riu imtecht oculus ar milletar do lesugud.”

agus dá rá leo imeacht agus ar mhilleadar a leasú.”

and bid them first of all to repair such mischief as they have wrought, and then be gone.”

ocus do léiged eisen imach dá ninnsaigid.

Agus ligeadh eisean amach dá n-ionsaí.

And he was allowed to go out to meet them.

mar do chonncatarsan chucta é

Mar a chonaiceadarsan chucu é

At sight of Iubhdan they then,

as taking for granted

that the license accorded him must needs be in order to his departure with them,

do léigetar ilgáire móra ós áird

do ligeadar ilgháirí móra os ard,

sent up a mighty shout of triumph.

ár ba deimin leo

óir ba dheimhin leo

gurab leo do cedaiged dosum dul.

gurab leo a cedaíodh dósan dul.

“a oes chomtha” ar Iubdán “dénaid imtecht

ár ní ligter mise lib

ocus lesaigid ar millebar

ocus ná millid ní as mó

ocus dá milltí muirbfiter mise.”

doimthigetarsam co dubach dobrónach

ocus dorigne fer díob in láid ag imtecht:—

“Fogal uainne ort inocht
a Fergus co nimat port;
benfam a gcinn dot diasuib
ní bud ferrde dod miasaib

Ro loiscsem bar nátha de
is ro millsem bar muille;
ro léigsem bar laeig co becht
dochum a mbuair i noinfecht

“A aois chomtha,” ar Iubhdán, “déanaigí
imeacht

óir ní ligtear mise libh.

Agus leasaigí ar mhill sibh

agus ná milligí ní is mó.

Dá milltí marófar mise.”

D’imíodarsan go dubhach dobrónach,

agus rinne fear díobh an laoidh ag
imeacht:—

“Foghail uainne ort anocht,
a Fhearghuis go n-iomad port,
bainfimid a gcinn ded’ dhiasa,
ní ba fearr dod’ mhiasa.

Loisceamar bhur n-áitheanna,
is mhilleamar bhur muilte,
ligeamar bhur laonna go beacht,
chun a mbuair in éineacht.

Iubhdan said however: “my trusty people, get
you gone now,

for I am not suffered to go with you;

all that which ye have spoiled make good also,

neither spoil anything more

for, if ye do so, I must die.”

They thereupon, all gloomy and dejected, went
away;

a man of them making this ditty:—

“A raid upon thee we proclaim this night,
O Fergus owner of many strong places;
from thy standing corn we will snip the ears,
whereby thy tables will not benefit.

In this matter we have already burnt your kilns,
your millbeams too we have all consumed;
your calves we have most accurately
and universally admitted to their dams.

Tescfamait folta bar fer
ocus folta bar ningen;
ní ba maise bar norba
bud é deired ár fogla

Gurab bán bar nech co hág
a rí Ulad óg óghslán;
gurab corcra a heirred ann
in uair bes i cath nó i comhlann

Ní rotgaba in tesbach oll
ní rodgaba in galar bronn;
nidria in galar súl i bful
's ní ar do ghrád a Fergus

Mana biadh Iubdán i bful

ar a chumus ac Fergus;
ro bud olc diultad gan ail,
mar dogénmais ár bhfogail"

Teascfaimid folta bhur bhfear,
agus folta bhur n-iníonacha,
ní ba maise bhur bhforba,
ba é deireadh ár bhfoghla.

Gurab bán bhur n-each go hágh,
a rí Uladh óglach óghslán,
gurab corcra a earraí ann,
an uair bheas i gcath nó i gcomhlann.

Nára id ghabháil an teaspach oll,
nára gabh tú an galar bronn,
nár shroiche an galar súl (tú) abhus,
's ní ar do ghrá a Fhearguis.

Muna mbíodh Iubhdán abhus,

ar a chumas ag Fearghus,
do ba olc diúltú gan oil,
mar a ndéanaimis ár bhfoghail."

Your men's hair we will crop,
and all locks of your young women:
to your land it shall be a disfigurement,
and such shall be our mischief's consummation.

White be thy horse till time of war,
thou king of Ulster and of warriors stout;
but crimsoned be his trappings
when he is in the battle's press.

May no heat inordinate assail thee,
nor inward flux e'er seize thee,
nor eye-distemper reach thee during all thy life:
but Fergus, not for love of thee.

Were it not Iubhdan here whom Fergus holds at
his discretion, the manner of our effecting
our depredations would have been such
that the disgrace incurred by the latter would
have shown his refusal to be an evil one."

Section 26

“Dénaid imtecht fesda” ar Iubdán

“uair do tairngir Eisirt damsa

nach rachainn as

ro co fágainn roga mo shét.”

ocus do bí Iubdán i nEmain co cenn bliadna
acht beacán

ocus adubairt Iubdán re Fergus:

“beir énroga mo shétsa

ocus ní dligi mo chongbáil ní as sia iná a
ndernais

ocus is maith mo sheoit” ar sé

ocus ro gab ac áirem na sét oculus atbert in
láid ann:—

“Déanaigí imeacht feasta,” ar Iubhdán,

“óir thairngir Eisirt domsa

nach rachainn as

nó go bhfágainn rogha mo shéad.”

Bhí Iubhdán in Eamhain go ceann bliana
ach beagán,

agus dúirt Iubhdán le Fearghus:

“Beir aonrogha mo sheodsa

agus ná dligi mo chongbháil ní is sia ná a
rinne tú,

agus is maith mo sheoid,” ar sé,

agus ghabh (sé) ag áireamh na séad, agus
dúirt (sé) an laoidh seo:—

“And now get you hence,” said Iubhdan:

“for Esirt has prophesied of me

that before I shall have abandoned here the
choicest one of all my precious things

I may not return.”

So till a year’s end all but a little he dwelt in
Emania,

and then said to Fergus:

“of all my treasures choose thee now a single
one,

for so thou mayest.

My precious things are good too”;

and in a lay he proceeded to cast them up:—

“Beir mo ghó ón beir mo ghó
a Fergus d’an bidba bró;
comlann céad i cathaib í
fágaid rí fó rennaib ró

Beir mo sciath ón beir mo sciath
a Fergus is maith in fiach;
nocha gontar ar a scáth
ógán go bráth ná fer liath

Mo chlaidem ó mo chlaidem
i leith re claidem catha;
nocho nfuil i ninis fáil
séd as ferr illáim fhlaitha

Beir mo bhrat ón beir mo brat
is gé beire lat is nua;
a Fergus is maith in brat
méraid dod mac is dot ua

Mo léine ón mo léine
gé beth thall ina hinne;
ben athar mo shenathar
a láma is iat dorinne

Beir mo chrios ón beir mo chrios
ór is airged iarna bfios;
galar ní géba nech as
in cnes tar a mbia mo crios

“Beir mo gha ón beir mo gha,
a Fhearghuis dar bró a bhíodh,
comhlann céad i gcatha í,
(a) f(h)ágann rí faoi reanna ró.

Beir mo sciath ón beir mo sciath,
a Fhearghuis is maith an fiach,
ná ghontar ar a scáth,
ógán go bráth ná fear liath.

Mo chlaíomh ón mo chlaíomh,
i leith le claíomh catha,
nach bhfuil in Inis Fáil,
séd is fearr i lámh fhlaitha.

Beir mo bhrat ón beir mo bhrat,
is cé beire leat is nua,
a Fhearghuis is maith an brat,
mairfidh (sé) dod mhac is dod ua.

Mo léine ón mo léine,
cé beith thall ina hinneach,
bean athar do sheanathar,
a lámha is iad a rinne.

Beir mo chrios ón beir mo chrios,
ór is airgead iarna fhios,
galar ní gheobhaidh neach as,
an cneas thar a mbeidh mo chrios.

“Take my spear, O take my spear, thou,
Fergus, that hast enemies in number; in battle
'tis a match for an hundred, and a king that
holds it will have fortune among hostile
points.

Take my shield, O take my shield,
a good price it is for me, Fergus;
be it stripling or be it grey-beard,
behind his shelter none may wounded be.

My sword, and O my sword, in respect
of a battle-sword there is not in a
prince's hand throughout all Innisfail
a more excellent thing of price.

Take my cloak, O take my cloak,
the which if thou take it will be ever new;
my mantle is good, Fergus,
and for thy son and grandson will endure.

My shirt and O my shirt, whoever he be
that in time to come may be within its weft
— my grandsire's father's wife,
her hands they were that spun it.

Take my belt, O take my belt, gold and silver
appertain to a knowledge of it; sickness will
not lay hold on him that is encircled by it,
nor on skin encompassed by my girdle.

Mo chathbarr ón mo chathbarr
nocha nfuil séd as cóime;
gach én gébus má baithis
ní bia fó aithis móile

Beir m'inar ón beir m'inar
édach sídamail socuir;
gid cét bliadan bés um nech

nocha mistide a chorcuir

Mo chaire ón mo chaire
maith in sét ar a ghaire;
bud biad dingbála flatha
gid clocha dech im chaire

Mo dhabach ón mo dabach
illeith re ndabaig ndeise;
téit i noesaib co fo trí
gach oen fhothraigios eiste

Beir mo mhell ón beir mo mell
ní beri lat sét as ferr;
illó chomhlainn chatha glinn
dideonaid náí gcinn mot chenn

Mo chafarr ón mo chafarr,
nach bhfuil séad is caoimhe,
gach éinne a gheobhaidh um a bhaithis,
ní bheidh (sé) faoi aithis maoile.

Beir m'ionar ón beir m'ionar,
éadach sídamhail socair,
cé (gur) céad blian (a) mbeidh (sé) um
neach,
nach measa de a chorchair.

Mo choire ón mo choire,
maith an séad ar a ghaire,
ba bhia diongbhála flatha,
cé (gur) clocha bheadh im choire.

Mo dhabhach ón mo dhabhach,
i leith le dabhaigh deise,
téann in aoiseanna faoi thrí,
gach éinne a fhothragann aisti.

Beir mo mhás ón beir mo mhás,
ní bheire leat séad is fearr,
i leith chomhlainn chatha ghlinn,
díonfaidh naoi gcinn (níos) mó (ná) do
cheann.

My helmet, O my helmet, no prize there
is more admirable; no man that on his scalp
shall assume it will ever be obnoxious
to reproach of baldness.

Take my tunic, O my tunic take,
well-fitting silken garment; the which
though for an hundred years it were on one,
yet were its crimson none the worse.

My cauldron, O my cauldron, a special rare
thing for its handy use; though they were
stones that should go into my cauldron, yet
would it turn them out meat befitting princes.

My vat, and O my vat,
as compared with other vats of the best,
by any that shall bathe in him
life's stage is traversed thrice.

Take my mace, O take my mace,
no better treasure canst thou choose;
in time of war, in sharp set-to,
nine heads besides thine own it will protect.

Beir m'eachlasc ón beir m'eachlasc
eachlasc in eich bláith buide;
féchaid mná in domain do ghnúis
is fort bés a ndrúis uile

Mo thimpán co téidbinne
a himlib mara rodain;
atá i mbun a leitrinne
airfided ban in domain

Arann glésta mo thimpáin
gidbé dá tegma i mboegal;

gingob é in fer dána ifus
is oirfidech é a oenar

Uch is binn a baegalán
ocus is caem a chédail;
mar sinnios a haenarán
gan mér ar théid dá thédaib

Mo dheimes ón mo deimes
dorigne goba barráin;
gach aen ghabus ina láim
do geibid uile lennain

Beir m'eachlasc ón beir m'eachlasc,
eachlasc an eich bhláith bhuí,
féachann mná an domhain do ghnúis,
is ort (a) mbeidh a ndrúis uile.

Mo thiompán go téidbhinne,
ó imill Mara Rua,
atá i mbun a (dtéad)
oirfide ban an domhain.

Éinne a ghléasann mo thiompán,
cé dá (mbeadh sé) i mbaol,

gan gurb é an fear dána abhus,
is oirfideach é a aonar.

Uch is binn a nóta baoil,
agus is caomh a cheadal,
mar a sheineann (sé) ina aonarán,
gan méar ar théad dá théad.

Mo dheimheas ón mo dheimheas,
a rinne gabha Bharráin,
gach éinne (a) ghabhann (sé) ina lámh,
gheobhaidh uile leannain.

Take my horse-rod, O my horse-rod take: rod
of the yellow horse so fair to see; let but the
whole world's women look at thee [with that
rod in thy hand and] in thee will centre all
their hottest love.

My timpan, O my timpan endowed with
string-sweetness, from the red sea's borders;
within its wires resides minstrelsy sufficing
to delight all women of the universe.

Whosoe'er should in the matter of tuning up
my timpan be suddenly put to the test, if
never
hitherto he had been a man of art yet would
the instrument of itself perform the minstrel's
function.

Ah how melodious is its martial strain,
and its low cadence ah how sweet;
all of itself too how it plays, without a
finger on a single string of all its strings.

My shears, and O my shears,
that Barran's smith did make;
of them that take it into their hands
every man will secure a sweetheart.

Mo shnáthad ón mo snáthad
dorigned d'ór in enaig;
dá ngabad mullscóid muilech
do bud druinech na degaid

Beir dá muic dom mucaibse
méraid duit go lá t'éga;
a marbad gach énoide
's a mbeith beo sa tráth chétna

M'aghastar ón m'agastar
gid bé do biadh re hédáil;
gid bó dhub chuireadh nech ionn
do bud bó fhionn i gcédáir

Beir m'asa ón beir m'asa
bróga finndruine go feib;
cuma imthig muir is tír
is mongenar rí rosbeir

“Beir th'énroga seoid díob a Ferguis” ar
Iubdán

“ocus léig mise ass.”

Mo shnáthaid ón mo shnáthaid,
a rinneadh d'ór an eanaigh,
dá ngabhadh scóid mullaí Muileach
ba dhruineach (é) 'na dhiaidh.

Beir dhá mhuic dom mhuca-sa,
mairfidh siad duit go lá d'éaga,
a marú gach aonoíche,
's a mbeith beo sa tráth céanna.

M'adhastar ón m'adhastar,
cibé a mbeidh le héadáil,
cé gur bó dhubh (a) gcuirfeadh neach ann,
ba bó fhionn (i) i gcéadair.

Beir m'asa ón beir m'asa,
bróga fionndruine ar fheabhas,
cuma (má) imíonn (siad ar) mhuir is tír,
is lúcháireach rí (a) bheireann iad.”

“Beir d'aonrogha seoid díobh, a
Fhearghuis,” ar Iubhdán,

“agus lig mise as.”

My needle, O my needle,
that is made of the *eanach* 's gold;

Of my swine two porkers take,
they will last thee till thy dying day;
every night they may be killed,
yet within the watch will live again.

My halter, O my halter,
whoe'er should be on booty bent,
though 'twere a black cow he put into it
incontinently she would become a white one.

Take my shoes, my shoes O take, brogues
of the white bronze, of virtue marvelous;
alike they travel land and sea, happy the king
whose choice shall fall on these.”

“Fergus,” said Iubhdán, “from among them
all choose thee now one precious thing,

and let me go.”

Section 27

Is í sin uair agus aimsir

a dtáinig Aedh éiges dá echtra.

ocus ro bátar ollamain Uladh ag iarfaid
scél de tige Iubháin

ocus a teglaigh agus tuaithe Luchra uile

ocus do bí Aedh ag innis sin dóib agus ag
tabairt a tuarascála

ocus atbert in láid:—

“Ingnad echtra ingnad echtra
romégla uaib ar filedaib;
co sídbrug slóig co sídbrug slóig
go rígraid móir go bhfinnferaib

Dá dorus déag dá dorus déag
ar in treib tolgmóir tobsoluis;
go mormair móir go mormair móir
co gcomlaid óir gach oendorus

Is í sin uair agus aimsir

a dtáinig Aodh éigeas dá eachtra.

Bhí ollúna Uladh ag iarfaí scél de theach
Iubháin

agus a theaghlach agus tuaithe Luchra uile.

Agus bhí Aodh ag insint sin dóibh, agus ag
tabhairt a dtuarascála,

agus dúirt sé an laoidh:—

“Ionadh eachtra ionadh eachtra,
a bheir mé uaibh, ár bhfilí,
go síbhrú slua go síbhrú slua,
go ríora mór, go bhfinn-fhir.

Dhá dhoras déag dhá dhoras déag,
ar an treibh tolgmhór taobhsolais,
go marmar mór go marmar mór,
go comhla óir gach aondorais.

But this was now the season and the hour

when from his adventure poet Aedh
returned;

and him the professors presently examined
touching Iubhdan's house,

his household, and the region of the Luchra.

Concerning all which Aedh forthwith began
to tell them,

inditing a lay:—

“A wondrous enterprise it was
that took me away from you, our poets,
to a populous fairy palace with a great
company of princes and with men minute.

Twelve doors there are to that house
of roomy beds and [window] lighted sides;
'tis of vast marble [blocks],
and in every doorway doors of gold.

Derg is buide derg is buide
is uaine glas gorm rochoilcte;
cumachta cian cumachta cian
fulachta fian is fothroigte

A léibinn bláith a léibinn bláith
do blaeisg uighe Iruaithe é nugha;
colba glaine colba glaine
colba airgitt is crédumha

Sída is sróll sída is sróll
sréin is buabae is birtenga;
cumachta cian cumachta cian
fulachta fian is fichealla

Sgélaigeacht ann sgélaigeacht ann
gach lá do bíodh is fiannaigeacht;
duanaigeacht ann colbaigeacht ciuil

cornairecht chiuin is cliaraigeacht

Rí uasal é rí uasal é
Iubhdán mac Abhdaeín echbuidé;
gan deilb do chlód gan deilb do chlód
gan fheidm go mór ar ércnuidé

Dearg is buí dearg is buí,
is uaine glas gorm na héadaí leapa,
cumhachta cian cumhachta cian,
fulachta fiann is folcadáin.

A léibhinn mhín a léibhinn mhín,
de bhlaoisg uibhe Iorua aonuibhe,
colúin ghloine colúin ghloine,
colúin airgid is cré-umha.

Síoda is sról síoda is sról,
srianta is buabhaill is biortheanga,
cumhachta cian cumhachta cian,
fulachta fiann is fichealla.

Scéalaíocht ann scéalaíocht ann,
gach lá a bhíodh is fiannaíocht,
duanaireacht ann, ceol uirlise,

cornaireacht chiúin is cliaraíocht.

Rí uasal é rí uasal é
Iubhdán mac Abhdaeín eachbhuí,
gan deilbh a chló gan deilbh a chló,
gan a fheidhm go mór ar éargna.

Of red, of yellow and green,
of azure and of blue its bedclothes are;
its authority is of ancient date: warriors'
cooking-places it includes, and baths.

Smooth are its terraces
of the egg-shells of Iruath;
pillars there are of crystal,
columns of silver and of copper too.

Silk and satin, silk and satin,
bridles ...;
its authority is of ancient date: warriors'
cooking-places it includes, and chess-boards.

Reciting of romances, of the Fian-lore,
was there every day; singing of poems,
instrumental music, the mellow blast of
horns,
and concerted minstrelsy.

A noble king he is: Iubhdan
son of Abhdaeín, of the yellow horse;
he is one whose form undergoes no change,
and who needs not to strive after wisdom.

Ingena ann ingena ann
ag snám locha go lérgluine;
go nétach sróill go nétach sróill
go slabrad óir gach énduine

Amais in ríg amais in rí
go trillsib folt cas chaemshalais;
fir fhinna fhois fir fhinna fhois
tuilleadh ar bhois gach aenamais

Bé bó binn bláith Bé bó binn bláith
rígan Iubdáin na tromtuile;
ní bí in gég gel ní bí in gég gel

gan trí chét ben na banchuire

Banntrocht Bé bó banntrocht Bé bó
beg luaidid d'olc ná d'ardfolaid;
rógela a cuirp rógela a cuirp
soichid a fuil go fadbronnaib

Ollam in ríg ollam in rí
Eisirt mac Big meic Buaidgine;
rosg nguba ngorm rosg nguba ngorm
luga ná dorn in duainire

Ben in éigis ben in éigis
ba maith gach ní ro adradh sí;
ben álainn uill ben álainn uill
im lámhainn chuir do chadladh sí

Iníonacha ann, iníonacha ann,
ag snámh locha go léarghlaine,
go n-éadach sróil go n-éadach sróil,
go slabhra óir gach éinne.

Amhais an rí amhais an rí,
go trilse folt cas chaomhsholais,
fir fhionna fhois fir fhionna fhois,
tuilleadh ar bhos gach aon dá n-amhais.

Bé Bhó bhinn bhláith Bé Bhó bhinn bhláith,
ríon Iubhdáin na tromthoile,
ní bíonn an ghéag gheal ní bíonn an ghéag
gheal,
gan trí chéad ban 'na banchuire.

Bantracht Bhé Bhó, bantracht Bhé Bhó,
beag a luann (siad) d'olc ná d'ardfholadh,
rógheala a gcoirp rógheala a gcoirp,
sroicheann a bhfolt go rúitíní.

Ollamh an rí ollamh an rí,
Eisirt mac Bhig meic Bhuidhgheine,
rosg gubha gorm rosg gubha gorm,
lú ná dorn an duanaire.

Bean an éigis bean an éigis,
ba mhaith gach ní a ndéanfadh sí,
bean álainn iontach, bean álainn iontach,
im lámhainn chorr a gcodlódh sí.

Women are there,
that in pure pellucid loch disport themselves:
satin their raiment is,
and with each one of them a chain of gold.

As for the king's men-at-arms, that
wear long tresses, hair ringletted and glossy:
men of the mould ordinary with the Luchra
can stand upon those soldiers' palms.

Bebo — Iubhdan's blooming queen
— an object of desire
— never is the white-skinned beauty

without three hundred women in her train.

Bebo's women — 'tis little they chatter
of evil or of arrogance;
their bodies are pure white,
and their locks reach to their ankles.

The king's chief poet,
Esirt son of Beg son of Buaidghen:
his eye is blue and gentle, and
less than a doubled fist that man of poems is.

The poet's wife
— to all things good she was inclined;
a lovely woman and a wonderful:
she could sleep in my rounded glove.

Dáilem in rí g dáilem in rí
maith in fer comtha cuirmthige;
inmain Ferór inmain Ferór
do bí i medón mo muinchille

Trénfer in rí g trénfer in rí g
Glómar mac Glais mic Glomruide;
in glonnmar garg in glonnmar garg
taeth fothannán ard d'aenbuille

Secht ngéise dé g secht ngéise dé g
im uchta do'n lucht cumtha sin;
cetrar im chrios cetrar im chrios

is fer gan fhios im ulchainse

Adeirdís rim adeirdís rim
óig is ánrada in tsíodasain;
guth na slóg saer guth na slóg saer
'uch is mór Aedh a fhíorathaig'

Sí sin m'echtra sí sin m'echtra
a meic Léide na móirfidbad;
a Fherghuis fhéil a Fherghuis fhéil
domtánic inné móirionadh"

Dáileamh an rí dáileamh an rí,
maith an fear cumtha coirmthí,
ionúin Fearór, ionúin Fearór,
a bhí i meán mo mhuinchille.

Tréanfhear an rí, tréanfhear an rí,
Glómhar mac Glais mhic Glomhraidhe,
an glonnmar garg an glonnmar garg,
theascfadh feochadán ard d'aonbhuille.

Seacht ngéise dé g seacht ngéise dé g,
im uchta don lucht cumtha sin,
ceathrar im chrois, ceathrar im chrois,

is fear gan fhios im ulchasa.

Déarfaidís liom, déarfaidís liom,
óig is ánradh an tsí sin,
guth na slua saor, guth na slua saor
'uch is mór Aodh a fhíorathaigh.'

Sí sin m'eachtra, sí sin m'eachtra,
a mheic Léide na móirfheánna,
a Fhearghuis fhéil a Fhearghuis fhéil,
dom tháinig inné móirionadh."

The king's cupbearer
— in the banquet-hall a trusty man and true:
well I loved Feror
that could lie within my sleeve.

The king's strong man
— Glomhar son of Glomradh's son Glas,
stern doer of doughty deeds:
he could fell a thistle at a sweep.

Of those the king's confidentials, seventeen
'swans' [i.e. pretty girls] lay in my bosom;
four men of them in my belt and, all
unknown
to me, among my beard would be another.

They (both fighting men
and erudites of that *sidh*) would say to me,
and the public acclamation ever was:
'enormous Aedh, O very giant.'

Such, O Leide's son of forests vast,
such is my adventure:
of a verity
there is a wondrous thing befallen me."

Section 28

Is ann sin rug Fergus roga na sét sin Iubdáin	Is ansin rug Fearghus rogha na séad sin Iubhdáin	Of those matters then — of all Iubhdan's treasures — Fergus made choice,
ocus is í roga rug sé .i. bróga Iubdáin.	agus is í rogha rug sé: bróga Iubhdáin.	and his choice was Iubhdan's shoes.
		This latter therefore, leaving them his blessing and taking theirs,
is do chéilebair sé d' Fergus oculus do maithib Uladh uile iarsin	Is cheiliúir sé d'Fhearghus agus do mhaithe Uladh uile iar sin.	bade Fergus and the nobles of Ulster farewell
ocus ro fhág sé bennacht aca oculus rug bennacht uatha	D'fhág sé beannacht acu agus rug beannacht uathu,	
ocus fa cumach Ulltaigh ina diaid.	agus ba chumhach Ultaigh ina dhiaidh.	(Ulster grieving for his departure)
ní hair aithrister in sgél festa.	Ní hair aithrisítear an scéal feasta.	and with him the story henceforth has no more to do.

Section 29

Dála Fergusa imorro	Dála Fhearghusa, *iomorra,*	As regards Fergus however,
is uime rug sé na bróga do rogain	is uime rug sé na bróga a roghnú:	this is why he picked out Iubhdan's shoes:
lá dá rála sé agus óglách dá muir ag siubal láim re loch Rudraige	lá dá raibh sé agus óglách dá mhuintir ag siúl láimh le Loch Rudhraighe,	he with a young man of his people walking of a day hard by Lochrury,
ocus do chuatar isin loch dá fothrugud	chuadar sa loch dá bhfothragadh	they entered into the loch to bathe;
ocus mothaigis in péist ro búí isin loch iad .i. in tsinech locha Rudraige	agus mhothaigh an phéist a bhí sa loch iad .i. an <i>tsineach</i> Locha Rudhraighe,	and the monster that dwelt in the loch — the <i>sinech</i> of Lochrury — was aware of them.
ocus croithis í	agus chrith sí í féin,	Then she shaking herself
gur ba hanfad agarb anbáil in loch uile	gur ba anfa adhgharbh anbháil an loch uile.	till the whole loch was in great and tempestuous commotion
ocus éirgis suas ina stuaig shesmaig shírgránda	Agus d'éirigh (sí) suas ina stua seasmhach síorghránda,	reared herself on high as it had been a solid arc hideous to behold,
gur ba commór í agus sduag nime i naer .	gur ba chomh-mhór í agus stua neimhe in aer.	so that in extent she equalled the rainbow of the air.
dochoncatarsan chucu í agus snámaid in loch cum tíre	Chonacadarsan chucu í agus snámh siad an loch chun tíre.	They both marking her towards them swam for the shore,

ocus snámaid sisi ina ndiaid go trén tinnesnach	Agus snámhann sise ina ndiaidh go tréan tinneasnach,	she in pursuit with mighty strokes
gur ba chosmail re buinne mborbrua ndilenn in dá buinne bátar ima taebaib.	gur ba chosúil le buinne borbrua díle an dá bhuinne a bhí ina taobhanna.	that in bursting deluge sent the water spouting from her sides.
léigis Fergus a óglach roime chum tíre	Lig Fearghus a óglach roimhe chun tíre,	Fergus suffered his attendant to gain the land before himself,
gur ben anál na péiste re Fergus	gur bhain anáil na péiste le Fearghus	whereby the monster's breath impinging on the king
co nderna cam siabhartha saebsúilech de	go ndearna cam siabhartha saobhshúileach de,	turned him into a crooked and distorted squint-eyed being,
gur chamastar óna bél co clais a chúil é .	gur camadh óna bhéal go clais a chúil é.	with his mouth twisted round to his very poll.
ocus ní raibe a fhios aige féin a beith amlaid sin.	Agus ní raibh a fhios aige féin a bheith amhlaidh sin,	But he knew not that he was so;
ocus nír lám nech a fhiarfaigid de	agus níor lámh neach a fhiarfaí de	neither dared any enquire of him
cad dorigne sin ris	cad a rinne sin leis,	what it might be that had wrought this [change] in him,
ocus nír lámad scáthán do thabairt i nóintig ris.	agus níor lámhadh scáthán a thabhairt sa teach céanna leis.	nor venture to leave a mirror in the one house with him.

Section 30

Cid tra acht innisis in tóglaech dá mnái féin
sin

ocus innisis in ben do'n rígain do mnái
Fergus a é

go tarla itir in rí agus in rígain

tré imremim fothraicthe

go tuc in rí dorn di gur bris fiacail ina ciunn.

gabais ferg in rígain agus adubairt:

“do bud chóra duit” ar sí

“a dígailt ar in sinig locha Rudraige

do cham do bél go clais do chúil

I gceann tráth, ámh, d'inis an t-óglach dá
bhean féin sin,

agus d'inis an bhean don ríon — do bhean
Fhearghusa — é,

go dtarla idir an rí agus an ríon

trí imrim fothragtha,

go dtug an rí dorn di, gur bhris fiacail ina
ceann.

Ghabh fearg an ríon agus dúirt:

“Ba chóir duit,” ar sí,

“a dhíoghail ar an *sineach* Locha Rudhraighe

a cham do bhéal go clais do chúil

The young man however told all the matter to
his wife

and the woman showed it to Fergus's wife, to
the queen.

When therefore anent precedence in use of the
bath-stone

there was a falling-out between the king and
queen,

the king giving her the fist broke a tooth in her
head;

whereupon anger seized the queen, and she
said:

“to avenge thyself on the *sinech* of Lochrury

that dragged thy mouth round to thy poll

would become thee better

iná báinghníma ban do dhénúm.”	ná báinghníomha ban a dhéanamh.”	than to win bloodless victories of women.”
tucad scáthán d’innsaigid Fergus a iarum agus do féch é féin agus adubairt:	Tugadh scáthán d’ionsaí Fhearghusa iaramh, agud d’fhéach (sé) é féin, agus dúirt:	Then to Fergus she brought a mirror, and he looking upon his image said:
“is fíor don mnáí a ndubairt sí” ar sé	“Is fíor don bhean a ndúirt sí,” ar sé,	“the woman’s words are true for her,
“agus is í in péist tuc in díol so orumsa”	“agus is í an phéist thug an díol so ormsa,”	and to this complexion it is indeed the <i>sinech</i> of Lochrury that hath brought me.”
conad uime sin rug Fergus na bróga do rogain tar shédaib Iubdáin uile.	gonadh uime sin rug Fearghus na bróga a roghnaigh (sé) thar shéada Iubhdáin uile.	And hence it was that before all Iubhdan’s other precious wares Fergus had taken his shoes.

Section 31

Ro tinólad	Tionóladh	In their ships and in their galleys
cúiced Ulad uile le Fergus iarsin	cúige Uladh uile le Fearghus iar sin,	the whole province of Ulster, accompanying Fergus, now
cona longaib agus allaeidengaib	gon na longa agus alladhlonga,	gathered together
co loch Rudraige	go Loch Rudhraighe,	to Lochrury.

ocus ro chuirset a longa ar in loch	agus chuir siad a longa ar an loch.	They entering the loch
ocus mar rángatar amach ar lár medóin in locha	Agus mar ráiníodar amach ar lár mheáin an locha	gained its centre;
ro éirig in phéist oculus ro chroith í co hagarb ainiarmartach	d'éirigh an phéist agus chrith (sí) í féin go hadhgharbh ainiarmhartach,	the monster rose and shook herself in such fashion
co nderna brioscbruar do na huile longaib	go ndearna brioscbhruar de na huile longa,	that of all the vessels she made little bits
cor ba chommin oculus barrgar crann gcríon fó chosaib echraide gach long díob	gur ba chuma agus barraíl chrann gcríon faoi chosa eachra gach long díobh,	and, as are the withered twigs beneath horses' feet, so were they severally comminuted
gur báithed uile iad sul rángatar tír	gur bádh uile iad sula ráiníodar tír,	and, or ever they could reach the strand, all swamped.
ocus adubairt Fergus re hUltaib:	agus dúirt Fearghus le hUltaigh:	Fergus said to Ulster:
“anaid ann so” ar sé “ocus suidid uile	“Fanaigí anseo,” ar sé, “agus suigí uile	“bide ye here and sit you all down,
go faicti cá réim dogénsa oculus in péist ar a chéile.”	go bhfeice (sibh) cén réim a dhéanann (mise) agus an phéist ar a chéile.”	that ye may witness how I and the monster shall deal together.”

Section 32

Is ann sin ro gab Fergus bróga Iubdáin uime ocus lingis isin loch	Is ansin a ghabh Fearghus bróga Iubhdáin uime agus léim (sé) sa loch	Then he being shod with Iubhdan's shoes leaped into the loch,
ina stuaig niamda neimmertnaig cum na péiste.	ina stua niamhrach neamh-mheirtneach chun na péiste.	erect and brilliant and brave, making for the monster.
ótchuala in péist fothrom in rígmíled	Ó chuala an phéist fothram an rímhíle	At sound of the hero's approach
ro nocht a fiacla amail coin re luirg	nocht (sí) a fiacla amhail cú (i mbaol) le lorga,	she bared her teeth as does a wolf-dog threatened with a club;
ocus do lonnraig a súile mar dá ríchoinnill ar lasadh	agus lonraigh a súile mar dhá ríchoinneal ar lasadh.	her eyes blazed like two great torches kindled,
ocus ro garbglés go grod a géiringne	Gharbhghléas (sí) go grod a géiringne,	suddenly she put forth her sharp claw's jagged array,
ocus ro stuag go stuagamail a stuagmuinél	agus stua (sí) go stua-amhail a stuamhuineál,	bowed her neck with the curve of an arch
ocus ro nasc go laemda a lipada	agus nasc (sí) go laomtha a lapaí.	and clenched her glittering tusks,
ocus ro mael co mímaiseach a motharchluasa	Mhaol (sí) go mímhaiseach a motharchluasa,	effacing [<u>i.e. throwing back</u>] her ears hideously,
ocus ro éirig gruaim gráinemail glémer uirre.	agus d'éirigh gruaim ghráinniúil ghlé-mhear uirthi.	till her whole semblance was one of gloomy cruel fury.
ro ba mairg duine ar doman	Ba mhairg duine ar domhan	Alas for any in this world

dá raibe i ndán beith i noirchill chomraic na péiste sin	dá raibh i ndán bheith in oirchill comhraic na péiste sin,	that should be fated to do battle with that monster:
ár ba hárracht cennmór cláirfhiachlach í.	óir ba harracht ceannmhór cláirfhiachlach í.	huge-headed long-fanged portent that she was.
is amlaid ro búi in torathar trén tailc tinnesnach sin	Is amhlaidh a bhí an torathar tréan tailc tinneasnach sin,	The fearsome and colossal creature's form was this:
ocus í cíorach cennmór cláirfhiachlach mongach gránda gairbhinnfadach	agus is í cíorach ceannmhór cláirfhiachlach mongach gránna, garbhfhionnfadach	a crest and mane she had of coarse hair,
goiblethan garb glennshúilech	goibleathan garbh gleannshúileach.	a mouth that yawned, deep-sunken eyes;
ocus trí caeca cos cruaid coimlethan as gach tóeb di	Agus trí chaoga cos crua coimleathan as gach taobh di,	on either side thrice fifty flippers,
ocus trí caeca ionga frithbacánach ar gach nénchois	trí chaoga ionga frithbhacánach ar gach n-aonchos,	each armed with as many claws recurved;
ocus corp cosnamach coimremar aici	corp cosantach coimramhar aici,	a body impregnable;
motharchluasa móra mímaisecha lé ocus fiacra anarrachta áithe aici.	motharchluasa móra mímhaiseacha léi, agus fiacra an-arrachta áithe aici.	*large hideous ears and sharp monstrous teeth.
fá duibe iná gual nó druimne daeil a glúine	Ba dhuibhe ná ghual, nó droim daoil, a glúine.	Blacker than coal, or a beetle's back, were her knees.*
trí chaeca traig a háirde in uair do shíned í.	Trí chaoga troigh a hairde an uair a shín sí.	Thrice fifty feet her extended altitude;

fa chruinne iná aball in uair do chrapad	Ba chruinne ná úll an uair a chrap sí,	round as an apple she was in contraction,
ocus ba chommór ré cnoc airdsléibe airegda aitenngairbe (<i>sic</i>)	agus ba chomh-mhór le cnoc airdsléibhe aireaghdha aiteanngairbhe.	but in bulk equalled some notable hill in its rough garb of furze.
ocus doconnairc in rí in péist ocus ro innsaig í go urlam obann	Nuair a chonaic an rí an phéist, d'ionsaigh (sé) í go hullamh tobann,	When the king sighted her he charged, instant, impetuous,
ocus dorigne in rosgad ann:—	agus rinne sé an roscadh so:—	and as he went he made this <i>rosg</i> or 'rhapsody':—
“Fí domtánic célmhaine cóiged Uladh ollbladhach sinech shármór shogherrtha loch Rugraide rithestar ochna ré creich ngnáthferge. comlann catha commaeides asa ána órdaide eirred echraide égcomlainn treise triath tuinithe barca tarbith brúidestair echna re sluag sírfhéagad beit gan rí re róchathaib asa Iubdáin áilimse. ag airlech in arrachta coimsig cruth a coimferge dotaeth in mbéist mbithadbail dom éid is dom mórbuillib cian ómtanic fí”	“Olc dom tháinig céalmhaine go cúige Uladh ollbhladhach: <i>sineach</i> shármhór shoghearrtha, Loch Rudhraighe rite, ochán roimh chreach ghnáthfheirge comhlann catha comh-mhaidhmeadas, asa ána óraithe, earra eachraí éagomhlainn (níos) treise (ná) triath tuiní, bárca ar bith a bhristear, eagna le slua (ag) síor-fhéachaint, beith gan rí le róchatha, asa Iubhdáin áilimse ag eirleach an arrachta, cuimsigh cruth a coimfeirge, tháinig an phéist bhith-áibhéil, dom (chur in) éad is dom mhórbhuillibh, cian óm tháinig faoi.”	“The evil is upon me that was presaged . . .”

Section 33

Iarsin ro éirigset ar lár in locha agus ro
chrithnaigset in loch

go rabatar na héicneda eochargorma ag
bidgléimnech

tar bruachaib in locha

dóig ní fuaratar inad comnaide sin loch

uair do bí gainem fionntrachta in locha ar a
uachtar.

in dara ham ba gilithir iná lemnacht in loch

in tres am ba chubar forderg fola in loch
uile.

is ann sin ro éirig in péist ós cionn in locha
ináirde amail rígdair rómóir

ar teichem roim Fergus

ocus gabuis in rígmílid comnert comtrén
comchruid uirri

Iar sin d'éirigh siad ar lár an locha,
agus chrith siad an loch,

go raibh na héigne eochairghorma ag
bíogléimneach

thar bhruacha an locha,

dóigh ní fuaradar ionad cónaithe sa loch,

óir bhí gaineamh fionntrachta an locha [.i.
gaineamh ón ngrinneall] ar a uachtar.

An dara ham ba ghile ná leamhnacht an loch.

An treas am ba chúr fordearg fola an loch
uile.

Is ansin d'éirigh an phéist os cionn an locha
in airde, amhail rídhair rómhór,

ar teitheadh roimh Fhearghus.

Agus ghabh an rímhíle comhneart
comhthréan comhchruid uirthi

Then both of them, seeking the loch's
middle part, so flogged it

that the salmon of varied hue leaped

and flung themselves out upon the shore

because that in the water they found no
resting-place,

for the white bottom-sand was churned up to
the surface.

Now was the loch whiter than new milk,

anon all turned to crimson froth of blood.

At last the beast, in figure like some vast
royal oak, rose on the loch

and before Fergus fled.

The hero-king pressing her

do brathbuillib mera móraibsecha co torchair leis	<u>le</u> brathbhuillí meara mórthaibhseacha go dtorchair leis,	plied her with blows so stalwart and so deadly that she died;
co nderna óirdne coimgherra di	go ndearna <u>píosaí</u> coimghearra di	
leisin claidem do bí ina láim .i. in caladhcholg	leis an gclaíomh a bhí ina lámh .i. an <i>caladhcholg</i> ,	and with the sword that was in his hand, with the <i>caladhcholg</i> ,
in claidem as ferr do bí in Erinn in uair sin	an claíomh is fearr a bhí in Éirinn an uair sin.	best blade that was then in Ireland,
		he hewed her all in pieces.
ocus tuc craide na péiste lais go port in locha mar a rabatar Ulltaig.	Agus thug (sé) croí na péiste leis go port an locha mar a raibh Ulltaigh.	To the loch's port where Ulster sat he brought her heart;
ocus gid eisium dono nírsat luga a chrécta	Agus gidh gur ghní eisean sin, níor ba lú a chréachta,	but if he did, his own wounds were as many [<u>as hers</u>]
ár nír ba tuille criathar iná a chnes.	óir níor ba thollta criathar ná a chneas.	and than his skin no sieve could be more full of holes.
ocus tuc in péist fiacail do	Thug an phéist fiacail dó,	To such pitch truly the beast had given him the tooth,
go tuc dubhfuil a chraide amach	go dtug (sé) dubhfuil a chroí amach,	that he brought up his very heart's red blood
ocus is suaill má do fhéd labairt ocus tuc a osnad as.	agus is suaill má d'fhéad (sé) labhairt, agus thug (sé) a osna as.	and hardly might make utterance, but groaned aloud.

ocus gér b'iad Ulaid dono nír ba sám dóib ag
féchain in chomlainn sin

ocus issed adeirdís dámad ar tír do
choimreogdáis .i. rí Ulad oculus in péist

gomad maith do choiseonataís é

conad ann sin dorigine Fergus in láid:—

“Uchbadach mo chraide inocht
is trén ro cirrbad mo chorp;
do luid co trén trém chraide
péist locha ruaid Rudraige

Asa Iubdáin tuc mé as
gan mo bádad do'n gai glas;
do'n chaladcholg is dom gó
díob dorignes in cruaidgleo

Ro díglas ba mór in blad
ar in sinig mo shiabad;
ferr lium bás dom breith a fhir
inás mo bheith fó ainim

Aillin ingen Echach uill
domrad i náit nécomluinn;
in tecasc tuc damsas Iubdán
nocha liumsa nach uchbád”

Agus cér b'iad Ulaidh, níor ba shámh dóibh
ag féachaint an chomhlainn sin.

Agus is é a dúirt siad, dá mba ar tír a
gcomhraicfidís .i. rí Uladh agus an phéist,

go mba maith a gcosnóidís é.

Gonadh ansin a rinne Fearghus an laoidh:—

“Ochlánach mo chroí anocht,
is tréan a ciorraíodh mo chorp,
chuaigh go tréan trím chroí,
péist Locha rua Rudhraighe.

Asa Iubhdáin thug mé as,
gan mo bhá sa ghó,
don *chaladhcholg* is dom gha glas:
díobh a rinne mé an cruaghleo.

D'imir mé díoltas, ba mhór an blad,
ar an *sineach* (as) mo shiabhradh,
ferr dom bás dom bhreith a fhir,
ná mo bheith faoi ainimh.

Aillinn iníon Eochadha iontach,
dom bheith in áit éagomhlainn;
an teagasc thug domsa Iubhdán,
nach liomsa nach n-ochadh.”

As for Ulster, they took no pleasure to view
the fight,

but said the while that were it upon land the
king and the beast had striven

they would have succoured him, and that
right valiantly.

Then Fergus made a lay:—

“My soul this night is full of sadness,
my body mangled cruelly;
red Lochrury's beast
hath pushed sore through my heart.

Iubhdan's shoes have brought me
through undrowned;
with sheeny spear and with the
caladcholg I have fought a hardy fight.

Upon the *sinech* I have avenged my
deformity — a signal victory this.
Man, I had rather death should snatch me
than to live on misshapen.

Great Eochaid's daughter Ailinn it is that to
mortal combat's lists compelled me; and 'tis
I assuredly that have good cause to sorrow
for the shape imposed on me by Iubhdan.”

Section 34

Iarsin atbert Fergus: “fuarassa bás a Ulta” ar sé

“ocus taiscid in claidem so

nó go tí tigerna a dingbála féin do Ultaib im degaidse

ocus bud Fergus a ainm .i. Fergus mac Rosa ruaid.”

ro bátar tra Ultaig go huchbadach égcáintech ós cionn Fergus.

ocus tánic Aedh éiges .i. fili in rí

ós a chionn oculus do bí agá égcáined

ocus dorigne in rann oculus do fhreacair Fergus é:—

“Claidter lib fert Fergus
in áirdríg móir meic Leite;
mór in béd a marbadsan
tré briathraib baethmná beice”

Iar sin dúirt Fearghus: “Fuair mise bás, a Ultaigh,” ar sé,

“agus taiscigí an claiómh so,

nó go dtí tiarna a dhiongbhála féin do Ultaigh im dhiaidhse,

agus ba Fearghus a ainm — Fearghus mac Rosa rua.”

Bhí tráth Ultaigh go hochlánach éagointeach os cionn Fhearghusa,

agus tháinig Aodh éigeas .i. file an rí,

os a chionn, agus bhí (sé) á éagaoineadh.

Agus rinne (sé) an rann, agus d’fhreagair Fearghus é:—

“Claidhtear libh feart Fhearghusa
an airdrí mór mic Léide;
mór an béd a mharú-san
tré bhriathra baethmná bige.”

He went on: “Ulster, I have gotten my death;

but lay ye by and preserve this sword,

until of Ulidia there come after me one that shall be a fitting lord for him;

whose name also shall be Fergus: Ros Rua’s son Fergus.”

Then lamentably and in tears Ulster stood over Fergus;

poet Aedh too, the king’s bard, came

and standing over him mourned for Fergus

with this quatrain:—

“By you now be dug Fergus’s grave,
the great monarch’s, grave of Leide’s son;
calamity most dire it is that by a foolish
petty woman’s words he is done to death.”

“Taiscter lib in cloidem so
arm dá ndingantar ernmas;
ticfaid sunn im degaidse
fer dámad comainm Fergas

Coimédaidh in cloidemsa
nach ruga uaib nech eile;
go bráth bud é mo díol de
techt tar sgél in chloideimse”

“Taisctear libh an claíomhsa,
arm dá ndéantar iarainnbhás,
tiocfaidh san im dhiaidhse
fear dá mba comhainm Fearghus.

Coimeádaigí an claíomhsa,
nach ruga uaibh do neach eile,
go bráth ba é mo dhíol de,
teacht tar scéal an chlaímhse.”

Answering whom Fergus said:—

“By you be laid up this sword
wherewith ‘the iron-death’ is wrought;
here after me shall arise
one with the name of Fergus.

By you be this sword treasured,
that none other take it from you; my share
of the matter for all time shall be this: that
men shall rehearse the story of the sword.”

Section 35

Ro sgar a anam ré chorp d’Fergus iar sin

is do claided a fert

ocus do scríbad a ainm ogaim

ocus dorigned a chluiche cáintech.

ocus ó na hulltaib cloch dorónsat Ulaid agá
cháined

gairter Ulltaig díob.

Scar a anam le corp d’Fhearghus iar sin,

is claíodh a fheart

agus scríobhadh a ainm in ogham.

Agus rinneadh a chluiche caointeach,

agus is ó na hulltaigh cloch a rinne Ulaidh, á
chaoineadh,

gairtear Ultaigh díobh.

So Fergus’s soul parted from his body:

his grave was dug,

his name written in the Ogham,

his lamentation-ceremony all performed;

and from the monumental stones [*uladh*] piled
by Ulster

this name of Uladh [Ulster] had its origin.

Section 36

Conid iad imtechta tuaithe luchra agus aided
Fergus conuige sin.

.Finit.

Gonadh iad imeachta tuaithe Luchra
agus oidhe Fearghusa go nuige sin.

Finit

Thus far the Death of Fergus and the Luchra-
people's doings.

Finis.