

## Aislinge Meic Con Glinne

### The Vision of MacConglinne

#### Section 1 (ll. 1-10)

|                                                                                           |                                                                                            |                                                                                                  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Cethardai as c[h]uintesta da cach elathain,                                               | *Na* ceithre nithe is riachtanas do gach ealaín                                            | The four things to be asked of every composition                                                 |
| iss ed as c[h]uintesta don eladain-se,                                                    | is iad is riachtanas don ealaín seo:                                                       | must be asked of this composition,                                                               |
| .i. locc [ocus persu] oculus aimser oculus fáth airicc.                                   | log agus pearsa agus aimsir agus fáth a ceaptha.                                           | viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention.                                       |
| Locc don eladain-se Corcach mór Muman,                                                    | Log don ealaín seo Corcach mhór Mhumhan                                                    | The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster,                                          |
| oculus persu dí Anér Mac Con Glinde di Eóganacht Glennamnach.                             | agus pearsa di Ainéara Mac Conglinne d'Eoghanacht Ghleannamhnach.                          | and its author is Ainéara Mac Conglinne of the Eoghanacht of Gleannamhnach.                      |
| I n-aimsir C[h]athail meic Fhinguine meic Con cen Gairm nó meic Con cen Máthair do-rónad. | In aimsir Chathail mhic Fhinguine mhic Cú-gan-ghairm nó mhic Cú-gan-mháthair a rinneadh í. | In the time of Cathal Mac Finguine, son of Cú-gan-Gairm, or son of Cú-gan-Mháthair, it was made. |
| Is hé didiu fáth airicc a dénma                                                           | Is é, <u>cinnte</u> , <u>ábhar</u> a <u>cheaptha</u> ,                                     | The cause of its invention, indeed, was                                                          |
| .i. do díchor in luin c[h]raeís bhoí i mbrágait C[h]athail meic Fhinguine.                | chun an deamhan craois a bhí i mbráid Chathail mhic Fhinguine a dhíchur.                   | to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal Mac Finguine.                   |

## Section 2 (ll. 11-19)

|                                                     |                                                                  |                                                                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Cathal mac Finguine, rí maith ro gab Mumai;         | Cathal Mac Finguine, rí maith a ghabh <u>ceannas na Mumhan</u> ; | Cathal Mac Finguine, a good king, who took *the kingship of* Munster; |
| araile laech-mál mór e-sside.                       | laoch mál mór eisean.                                            | a great warrior prince was he.                                        |
| Amlaid boí in laech-sin,                            | <u>Is</u> amhlaidh a bhí an laoch sin:                           | A warrior of this sort:                                               |
| co ngéri chon, co longad chapail.                   | géire ocrais chon agus goile ite capaill <u>aige</u> .           | with the edge of a hound, he ate like a horse.                        |
| Sáttan, .i. lon craís boí i n-a brágait,            | Sátan, an deamhan craois a bhí ina bhráid,                       | Satan, viz. a demon of gluttony that was in his throat,               |
| no meled a chuit laiss.                             | a <u>d'itheadh</u> a chuid <u>in éineacht</u> leis.              | used to devour his rations with him.                                  |
| Mucc ocus mart ocus ag teóra ferglacc,              | Muc agus mart agus lao trí ghlac fir <u>ar airde</u> ,           | A pig and a cow and a bull-calf of three hands,                       |
| la trí fichte bairgen do fhír-c[h]ruithnecht,       | maille le trí fichid bairín de fhíorchruithneacht                | with three score cakes of pure wheat,                                 |
| ocus dabach do nua chorma ocus trícha og rerchirce, | agus dabhach de nuachorm agus tríocha ubh circe,                 | and a vat of new ale, and thirty hens' eggs,                          |
| ba h-í in sin a p[h]rím-airaigid,                   | ba é sin a <u>réamhbhéile</u> ,                                  | that was his first dole,                                              |
| cenmothá a [fh]rith-airaigid,                       | gan trácht ar a <u>idirbhéile</u> ,                              | besides his other snack,                                              |
| comba h-erlam a mór-fheiss dó.                      | nó mba ullamh a <u>mhórbhéile</u> dó.                            | until his great feast was ready for him.                              |
| Dáig in mór-fheiss,                                 | <u>I dtaca leis</u> an <u>mhórbhéile</u> ,                       | As regards the great feast,                                           |

ní thalla rím nó áirem furri-sene.

níl slí le ríomh nó áireamh a dhéanamh air sin.

that passes account or reckoning.

### Section 3 (ll. 20-26)

Is hé trá fáth airicc in luin c[h]raís i mbrágait  
C[h]athail meic Fhinghuine,

Is é fáth an lon craois a bheith i mbráid  
Chathail mhic Fhinghuine:

The reason of the demon of gluttony being in  
the throat of Cathal Mac Finghuine was,

dáig boí cét-shercus écmaise dó fria Lígaig  
ingin Moíle Dúin, rí Oilig,

céadghrá éamaise a bhí ag Lígheach iníon  
Mhaoile Dúin, Rí Ailigh, dó.

because he had, though he had never seen her,  
a first love for Lígheach, daughter of Maol  
Dúin, king of Aileach;

ocus derbshiúr-side do Fhergal mac Moíle  
Dúin, rí Oilig beós;

Deirfiúr ise do Fhearghal mac Maoile Dúin. Rí  
Ailigh eisean, freisin,

and she sister to Fearghal, son of Maol Dúin,  
also king of Aileach,

ocus ba cosnamaid Érenn e-sside an inbaid-sin  
i n-again Cathail meic Fhinghuine,

agus bhí sé in iomaíocht an uair sin, faoi  
cheannas Éireann, le Cathal Mac Finghuine,

who was then contending for the kingship of  
Ireland against Cathal Mac Finghuine,

amal is f[h]ollus a h-imarbáig in dá chaillech

faoi mar is follas ó iomarbhá an dá chailleach

as is plain from the quarrel of the two hags,

dia ndernsat in dí chammrand i nAchad Úr  
saindrud:

nuair a tharla an chointinn rannaíochta  
eatarthu ag Achadh Úr go sonrath:

when they had a duel in quatrains at  
Freshford, to be precise:

#### Section 4 (ll. 27-34)

\*Arsa an chailleach aduaidh:\*

“Do-s fil atuid  
mac Moile Dúin dar ailechu,  
dar Berba brú;  
co ruca bú ní aineba.”

“Anfaid, anfaid,”  
(ar in chaillech aness)  
“bid buide lais dia n-érnaba;  
dar láim m’ athar  
dia táir Cathal, ní-s béraba.”

“Chugainn aduaidh é,  
Mac Maoile Dúin thar ailltreacha,  
Thar Bhearbha anonn,  
\*Nó\* go dtuga sé ba leis, ní stadfaidh sé.”

“Stadfaidh sé, stadfaidh sé,”  
arsa an chailleach aneas,  
“Is buíoch bheidh má thugann sé na cosa leis.”  
Dar lámh m’athar,  
Má chastar Cathal uime beidh sé gan bha aige.”

“He comes from the North,  
The son of Maol Dúin, over the rocks,  
Over Barrow’s brink,  
Till cattle he take, he will not stay.”

“He shall stay, shall stay,”  
said the Southern hag;  
“He will be thankful if he escapes.  
By my father’s hand,  
If Cathal meets him, he’ll take no cattle.”

## Section 5 (ll. 35-42)

|                                                                     |                                                                               |                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Do-bertis iarum ettne ocus ubla ocus il-blassa                      | Thugtaí cnónna agus úlla agus ilbhlastóga                                     | Then kernels and apples and many sweets<br>used to be brought       |
| ó Lígaig ingin Mo[í]li Dúin                                         | ó Líghach iníon Mhaoile Dúin                                                  | from Lígheach, Maol Dúin's daughter,                                |
| do C[h]athal mac Fhinguine for a sheirc ocus<br>inmaine.            | <u>chuig</u> Cathal Mac Finguine, ar a shearc agus a<br>ionúine <u>léi</u> é. | to Cathal Mac Finguine, for his love and<br>affection.              |
| At-c[h]uala Fergal mac Moíle Dúin in ní-sin,                        | Chuala Fearghal Mac Maoile Dúin an ní sin                                     | Fearghal, son of Maol Dúin, heard this,                             |
| ocus do-garad a shiúr a dochumm,                                    | agus gáireadh a dheirfiúr ina láthair,                                        | and his sister was called unto him.                                 |
| ocus do-mbert bennachtain dí for fí d' indissi<br>dó                | agus <u>gheall</u> sé a bheannacht di ar an bhfírinne<br>a insint dó,         | And he gave her a blessing if she should tell<br>him truth,         |
| ocus mallacht dia s[h]énad fair.                                    | agus a mhallacht dá séanfadh sí <u>an fhírinne</u><br>air.                    | and a curse if she should deny him it.                              |
| Ro indis in [t]shiúr dó,                                            | D'inis an deirfiúr <u>an fhírinne</u> *dó*                                    | The sister told him;                                                |
| ar cia boí dia sheirce ocus grád C[h]athail<br>meic Fhinguine aice, | mar, cé mór a searc agus a grá do Chathal Mac<br>Finguine,                    | for great as was her love and affection for<br>Cathal Mac Finguine, |
| rop omun lee mallacht a bráthar dia rochtain.                       | b'uamhan léi mallacht a bhráthar dá rochtain.                                 | she feared her brother's curse reaching her.                        |
| Ro indis iar sin in scél fíre.                                      | D'inis sí, mar sin, fírinne <u>an</u> scéil.                                  | Then she told the true story.                                       |

## Section 6 (ll. 43-52)

|                                                                         |                                                                                                  |                                                                            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| At-bert in bráthair fria na h-ubla do t[h]achor<br>chuice,              | Dúirt a deartháir léi na húlla a thabhairt<br>chuige,                                            | The brother told her to send the apples to<br>himself.                     |
| ocus ro gairmed scolaige i n-a dochumm,                                 | agus gáireadh scológ ina láthair                                                                 | And a scholar was summoned unto him,                                       |
| ocus do-ruachell lógu móra don scolaigi                                 | agus gheall sé loghanna móra don scológ                                                          | and he promised great rewards to the scholar                               |
| ar thuathi do chur isna h-il-blassaib út                                | ar ortha oilc a chur sna hilibhlastóga úd                                                        | for putting charms in those numerous sweets,                               |
| do admilled C[h]athail meic Fhinguine.                                  | do adhmhilleadh Chathail mhic Fhinguine;                                                         | to the destruction of Cathal Mac Finguine.                                 |
| Ocus ro lá in scolaigi tuathi ocus gentlecht<br>isna h-il-blassaib-sin, | agus chuir an scológ ortha oilc agus págánta<br><u>iontu</u> ,                                   | And the scholar put charms and heathen spells<br>in those numerous sweets, |
| ocus ro tidnacit chuca ina h-il-blassa,                                 | agus tiomsaíodh na hilibhlastóga *dó*,                                                           | and they were delivered to <u>Fearghal</u> ,                               |
| ocus cartaid timthirid dia tidnocul do<br>C[h]athal.                    | agus cuireadh timire dá dtíolacadh do Chathal.                                                   | who despatched messengers to convey them to<br>Cathal.                     |
| Ocus ro gáidetar for nach ochta coitc[h]end,                            | Agus rinneadh guí ar Chathal, dar gach <u>ceann</u><br><u>de na</u> hocht <u>nithe</u> coiteanna | And they entreated him by each of the eight<br>universal things,           |
| .i. grian ocus éasca, drúcht ocus muir,                                 | — grian agus éasca, drúcht agus muir,                                                            | — sun and moon, dew and sea,                                               |
| nem ocus talam, lá [ocus adaig,                                         | neamh agus talamh, lá agus oíche —                                                               | heaven and earth, day and night —                                          |
| im ithe] na n-uball út,                                                 | na húlla sin a ithe,                                                                             | that he would eat those apples,                                            |

|                                     |                                                                            |                                                            |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| uair is ar a grád ocus inmaine      | toisc gur ar a ghrá agus a ionúine                                         | since it was out of love and affection for him             |
| tuccad ó Lígaig ingin Mo[í]li Dúin. | a <u>chuir</u> Lígheach, iníon Mhaoile Dúin, <u>chuige</u><br><u>iad</u> . | they were brought from Lígheach, daughter of<br>Maol Dúin. |

## Section 7 (ll. 53-59)

|                                                                                                |                                                                                                         |                                                                                             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Do-romel Cathal na h-ubla iarum,                                                               | D'ith Cathal na húlla ansin                                                                             | Cathal thereupon ate the apples,                                                            |
| ocus do-rigne míla eptha díb i n-a medón,                                                      | agus rinne míola <u>upthacha</u> díobh ina lár,                                                         | and little creatures <u>through the</u> poison spells<br>were formed of them in his inside. |
| ocus timoir[c]sit na míla eptha-sin i mbroind<br>oen [míl díb, cor fhásatar] isin anmunna-sin, | agus chruinnigh na míola <u>upthacha</u> sin i<br>mbroinn <u>Chathail</u> in aon ainmhí <u>amháin</u> , | And those little creatures gathered in the<br>womb of one — in that animal,                 |
| co nderna lon craís de;                                                                        | go ndearna <u>deamhan</u> craois díobh;                                                                 | so that a demon of gluttony was formed of<br>them.                                          |
| conid hé sin fáth oricc in luin chraís                                                         | gurb é sin an fáth go ndearna an <u>deamhan</u><br>craois                                               | And this is the cause why the demon of<br>gluttony                                          |
| do attreib i mbrágait C[h]athail meic<br>Fhinguine,                                            | áitreabh i mbráid Chathail mhic Fhinguine,                                                              | abode in the throat of Cathal Mac Finguine,                                                 |
| do aidmilled f[h]er Muman co cend teóra leth-<br>bliadan,                                      | chun adhmhilleadh fear Mumhan go ceann trí<br>leathbhliain,                                             | to the ruin of the men of Munster during three<br>half-years;                               |
| ocus is dóig no mille[d] Éirinn co cend leth-<br>bliadna ele.                                  | agus go mba dhóigh go milleadh sé Éire <u>ar fad</u><br>go ceann leathbhliana eile.                     | and it is likely he would have ruined Ireland<br>during another half-year.                  |

## Section 8 (ll. 60-82)

Boí ochtar i nArd Macha an inboid-sin,  
ocus is dóib-side ro canad in laíd-se:

“At-c[h]uala ochtar anocht  
i nArd Macha iar midnocht,  
for-t-gillim co mbuidnib band  
nidat c[h]uibde a comanmand.

Comgán ar Mac Dá Cherda,  
ba h-erdraic i ndiaid shelga;  
Crítán for Mac Rustaing rán,  
ba h-ainm comadais comlán.

Dub Dá Thuath, ba togairm nglé,  
ba h-é ainm meic Stéléne;  
Don[n]-Fhiach; Caillech Bérre bán;  
Garb Daire for Mac Samán.

Aniér for Mac Con Glinde  
do brú Banda barr-binde;  
Becán, Becnait, bolg don ár,  
athair sceó máthair Marbán.

Bhí ochtar in Ard Mhacha an tráth sin  
agus is dóibh a canadh an laoi seo:

“Chuala mé faoi ochtar anocht  
in Ard Mhacha tar éis meánoíche;  
geallaim le buíonta beart  
\*más rud é\* nár chuí a n-ainmneacha.

Comhgán ab ainm do Mhac Dá Chearda,  
oirirc é in ndiaidh na seilge.  
Críotán ab ainm do Mhac uasal Rustaing,  
ainm comhlán cuí ab ea é.

Dubh Dá Thuath, teideal glé,  
ba é ainm maic Stéléne;  
Donn-Fhiach; Cailleach Bhéarra bhán;  
Garbhdoire ab ainm do Mhac Samháin.

Ainéara ab ainm do Mhac Conglinne  
ó bhruach na Banna barrbhinne.  
Beagán, Beagnait, bolg don ár,  
athair agus máthair Mharbháin.

There were eight persons in Armagh at that time  
of whom these lays were sung:

“I heard of eight to-night  
In Armagh after midnight;  
I proclaim them with hosts of deeds,  
Their names are no sweet symphonies.

Comhgán was the name of the Two Smiths’ son.  
Famous was he after the hunt.  
Críotán was Rustang’s noble son,  
It was a full fitting name.

Dubh Dá Thuath (“Two Tribes’ Dark One”), a  
shining cry,  
That was the name of Stéléne’s son,  
Donn-Fhiach (“Brown Raven”), the white nun, of  
Beare,  
Garbhdoire (“Rough Grove”) was the name of  
Samhán’s son.

Ainéara (“Never-Refused”) was Mac Conglinne’s  
name,  
From the brink of the sweet-crested Bann.  
Fear Beag (“Wee Man”), Bean Bheag (“Wee  
Wife”), bag of carnage,  
Were Marbhán’s (“Dead Man’s”) sire and dam.



Mo rí-se, rí nime náir,  
do-beir for buidne buad n-áir,  
mac muad Maire, mod nát bá,  
comur ngaire ro-chuala.”

At-c[h]uala ochtar.

Mo rí-se, rí neimhe ghlórmhair,  
a bheireann bua i gcath do bhuíonta,  
Mac mór Muire, ionas nach n-éagann duine,  
dlúth-chruinniú a chuala mé.”

My king, king of high heaven,  
That givest hosts victory over death,  
Great son of Mary, — Yours the way —  
A confluence of cries I heard.”

## Section 9 (ll. 83-88)

Ba h-aen trá don ochtar-sin, .i. Aníer Mac Con  
Glinne,

scolaigi amru e-sside co n-immad eólais.

Is aire at-bertha Aníer friss,

.i. no aerad ocus no molad cách.

Deithbir ón,

uair ní tháinic remi ocus ní t[h]icc dia éissi

bu duilge aer nó molad;

conid aire at-bertha Anéra friss,

iarsinní ní féttá éra fair.

Ba dhuine den ochtar sin Ainéara Mac  
Conglinne,

scoláire amhra eisean, go n-iomad eolais.

Is air a deirtí Ainéara leis

toisc go n-aoradh agus go moladh sé cách.

Ní hionadh \*an t-ainm air\*,

óir níor tháinig roimhe ná ina dhiaidh

duine ba ghéire aor nó moladh ná é,

nó is amhlaidh adeirtí Ainéara leis

toisc nár féadadh é a éaradh.

One of these eight, then, was Ainéara Mac  
Conglinne,

a wonderful scholar he, with abundance of  
knowledge.

The reason why he was called Ainéara

was because he would satirise and praise all.

No wonder, indeed;

for there had not come before him, and came  
not after him,

one whose satire or praise was harder to bear,

wherefore he was called Ainéara (i.e. “Never-  
Refused”),

for that there was no refusing him.

## Section 10 (ll. 89-96)

|                                                                     |                                                                                                  |                                                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Táinic móit mór for menmain don scolaige,                           | Tháinig mórdhúil ar a mheanma don scoláire                                                       | A great longing seized the mind of the scholar,                                           |
| .i. dol ra filidecht agus a légend do f[h]ácbaíl,                   | dul le filíocht agus a léann a fhágáil,                                                          | to follow poetry, and to abandon his reading.                                             |
| ar ba doinmech dó a betha for scáth a fhogluma;                     | óir ba dhona leis a bheatha <u>a bheith</u> ar scáth a fhogluma;                                 | For wretched to him was his life in the shade of his studies.                             |
| ocus ro scrútustar i n-a menmain                                    | scrúdaigh sé ina mheanma                                                                         | And he searched in his mind                                                               |
| cia leth no berad a c[h]ét-chuairt fhilidechta.                     | cá leith a mbéarfadh sé a chéad chuairt filíochta.                                               | whither he would make his first poetical journey.                                         |
| Iss ed trá tucc dia scrútain a dula co Cathal mac Finguine,         | Is é tháinig den scrúdú sin a dhul go Cathal mac Finguine                                        | The result of his search was, to go to Cathal Mac Finguine,                               |
| boí for cuairt rí i nUíbh Echach Muman.                             | a bhí ar a chuairt rí in Uíbh Eachach Mumhan.                                                    | who was then on a royal progress in Iveagh of Munster.                                    |
| At-chuala in scolaige immad agus oirer cacha bánbíd do fhagbáil dó, | Chuala an scoláire iomad agus <u>blastacht</u> gach bánbhia a bheith ar fáil dó <u>ag Cathal</u> | The scholar had heard that he would get plenty and enough of all kinds of dairy products; |
| uair ba sanntach so-accobrach mbánbíd in scolaige.                  | agus ba shantach síordhúilmhear é faoi bhánbhia.                                                 | for greedy and hungry for dairy products was the scholar.                                 |

## Section 11 (ll. 97-103)

|                                                                                      |                                                                                                       |                                                                                                    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Is and tánic in ní-sin i mmenmain in scolaige,                                       | Is <u>í an uair</u> a tháinig an ní sin i meanmna an scoláire,                                        | This came into the mind of the scholar                                                             |
| aidche Sathairn saindrud ic Russ C[h]ommán,                                          | oíche Shathairn go sonrach, ag Ros Comáin,                                                            | on a Saturday eve exactly, at Roscommon;                                                           |
| ór is ann boí oc dénmus a léigind.                                                   | óir is ann a bhí sé ag déanamh a léinn.                                                               | for there he was pursuing his study.                                                               |
| Iar sin recaid in mbec sprédi boí acca,                                              | Iar sin, reic sé an beagán spré a bhí aige                                                            | Then he sold the little stock he possessed                                                         |
| .i. for dá bairgin do chruithnecht                                                   | ar dhá bhairín de chruithneacht                                                                       | for two wheaten cakes                                                                              |
| ocus for thócht sen-s[h]aille co síthfí dar a lár.                                   | agus spóla bagúin shailte a raibh stríoc trína lár.                                                   | and a slice of old bacon with a streak across its middle.                                          |
| Do-s-rat sin i n-a théig libair;                                                     | Chuir sé an <u>spóla</u> sin ina thiachóg leabhar,                                                    | These he put in his book-satchel.                                                                  |
| ocus cummais dí chuarán corra coidlide do dond-lethar secht-fhillte dó in adaig-sin. | agus rinne sé dhá chuarán <u>bhiorach</u> leathair as donnleathar seachtfhillte dó féin an oíche sin. | And on that night two pointed shoes of hide, of seven-folded brown leather, he shaped for himself. |

## Section 12 (ll. 104-111)

|                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| At-racht moch iar n-a bárach                                                                            | D'éirigh sé go moch arna mhárach                                                                                                                        | He arose early on the morrow,                                                                                  |
| ocus gabaid a lénid i n-ard-gabáil ós mellaib a láruc,                                                  | agus ghabh uime a léine in ardghabháil os dhá phlaic a thóna                                                                                            | and tucked up his shirt over the two buttocks of his haunches,                                                 |
| ocus gabaid a lummain find fortócbálta i forcipul imme.                                                 | agus ghabh chuige a bhrat fionn in ardtógáil fillte timpeall uime.                                                                                      | and wrapped him in the folds of his white cloak,                                                               |
| Mílec[h] iarnaide uasu i n-a brutt.                                                                     | Míleach iarnaí ina bhrat thuas.                                                                                                                         | in the front of which was an iron brooch.                                                                      |
| Tuarcaib a théig libair for stuag-leirg a dromma.                                                       | Chuir sé a thiachóg leabhar ar stualearg a dhroma.                                                                                                      | He lifted his book-satchel on to the arched slope of his back.                                                 |
| Ro-t gab a t[h]rostán comthromm cóic-duirn cutruma (.i. ón beind co a chéli) for bolsén i n-a des-láim. | Ghlac sé chuige ina dheaslámh a chleith thromaí <u>ina raibh</u> fad cúig dhorn ó bheann go chéile <u>agus í meáite</u> cothrom <u>timpeall</u> a láir. | In his right hand he grasped his even-poised knotty staff, in which were five hands from one end to the other. |
| Do-lluid desel relci.                                                                                   | Chuaigh sé deiseal reilge.                                                                                                                              | Then, going right-hand-wise round the cemetery,                                                                |
| Bendachais dia f[h]ithir, .i. aite.                                                                     | Bheannaigh sé dá oide                                                                                                                                   | he bade farewell to his tutor,                                                                                 |
| Atn-agar soscéla imme.                                                                                  | <u>agus</u> crochadh <u>dréachta as</u> na soiscéil uime.                                                                                               | who put gospels around him.                                                                                    |

### Section 13 (ll. 112-117)

|                                                             |                                                                       |                                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Do-c[h]ummlai i cend sétta ocus imdechta                    | Chuir sé chun séada agus imeachta,                                    | He set out on his way and journey,                                                      |
| dar crích Connacht, i nEchtgi,                              | thar chríoch Chonnachta go hEachtgha,                                 | across the lands of Connacht into Eachtgha (i.e. Aughty),                               |
| do Luimnech, do Charnd F[h]eradaig,                         | go Luimneach, go Carn Fearadhaigh,                                    | to Limerick, to Carn Fearadhaigh (i.e. Cahirmarry?),                                    |
| do Berna Trí Carpat, i Sléib Caín,                          | go Bearna Trí Carbad, go Sliabh Caoin,                                | to Bearna-trí-Carbad, into Sliabh Caoin,                                                |
| i tír Fer Fhéni frisi ráiter Fir Muige indíú,               | go Tír Fhear Féine lena n-abartar Fir Mhaighe inniu,                  | into the country of the Fir Fhéine, which is this day called Fir Mhaighe (i.e. Fermoy), |
| dar Mónaid Móir,                                            | thar Mhóin Mhór,                                                      | across Móin Mhór (Moanmore),                                                            |
| co ndessid sel becc ria n-espartain i taig aígéd Chorcaige. | gur chuir sé faoi seal beag roimh easparta, i dteach aoi Chorcaí.     | until he rested a short time before vespers in the guest-house of Cork.                 |
| Ó Ross C[h]omán co Corcaig dia Sathairn saindrud.           | Ó Ros Comáin go Corcaigh <u>dó</u> an Satharn sin <u>go sonrach</u> . | On that Saturday *exactly* he had gone from Roscommon to Cork.                          |

## Section 14 (ll. 118-127)

|                                                                 |                                                                  |                                                                                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Is amlaid do-rala in tech aiged, oslaicthe for a chind.         | Is amhlaidh a tharla go raibh an teach aoi oscailte roimhe.      | This was the way in which he found the guest-house on his arrival, it was open. |
| Hi llathi na teórai in lá-sin,                                  | Aimsir na dtrí *sion* an lá sin:                                 | That was one of the days of the three things,                                   |
| .i. gaeth ocus snechta ocus fleochad i n-a dorus,               | gaoth agus sneachta agus fleachadh <u>tríd</u> an doras isteach, | viz., wind and snow and rain about the door;                                    |
| co ná fárcaib in gaeth                                          | ionas nár fhág an ghaoth                                         | so that the wind left                                                           |
| sifind tuga nó minde luatha                                     | sifin tuí ná cáithnín luaithe                                    | not a wisp of thatch, nor a speck of ashes                                      |
| cen scuabad lee dar in dorus aile                               | gan scuabadh léi tríd an doras eile                              | that it did not sweep with it through the other door,                           |
| fo cholbaib ocus fo immdadaib ocus fo c[h]liathaib in ríghige.  | faoi cholbhaí agus faoi iomdhaí agus faoi chleathacha an rí-thí. | under the beds and couches and screens of the princely house.                   |
| Sétigi in tige aiged iss é timmthasta timmairethi i n-a lebaid, | Bhí pluideanna an tí aoi ina <u>mburla casta</u> sna leapacha    | The blanket of the guest-house was rolled, bundled, in the bed,                 |
| ocus ba mílac[h] dergnatach e-side.                             | agus ba mhíolach deargnaideach iad.                              | and was full of lice and fleas.                                                 |
| Deithbir ón,                                                    | <u>Ní nárbh ionadh,</u>                                          | No wonder, truly,                                                               |
| ar ní-s fagbad a grianad i lló nó a thócbáil i n-aidche,        | óir ní fhaighdís a ngrianadh sa ló ná a dtógáil istoíche,        | for it never got its sunning by day, nor its lifting at night;                  |

|                                                         |                                                                      |                                                                            |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ar níba gnáth dó beith folam fri a thócbáil.            | mar nár ghnáth dóibh a bheith folamh <u>le go ndéanfaí sin leo</u> . | for it was not wont to be empty at its lifting.                            |
| Lothomur in taige aígéd co n-usce na h-aidche remi ind, | Folcadán an tí aoi agus uisce na hoíche aréir ann                    | The bath-tub of the guest-house, with the water of the night before in it, |
| co n-a c[h]lochaib hi taíb na h-ursand.                 | agus na clocha *téite* cois taobh na hursan.                         | with its stones, was by the side of the door-post.                         |
| <b>Section 15 (ll. 128-136)</b>                         |                                                                      |                                                                            |
| Nícon f[h]uair in scolaige aen do-gneth a fhosaic.      | Ní bhfuair an scoláire éinne a dhéanfadh a osaic.                    | The scholar found no one who would wash his feet.                          |
| Benais fén iarum a chuaránu de,                         | Bhain sé féin ansin a chuaráin de                                    | So he himself took off his shoes                                           |
| ocus indlais asin aithindlat út.                        | agus d'ionnail sé <u>é féin</u> sa <u>dabhach folctha</u> úd.        | and washed <u>his feet</u> in that bath-tub,                               |
| Mescais a chuaránu and iarum.                           | Thum sé na cuaráin ansin ann.                                        | in which he afterwards dipped his shoes.                                   |
| Tócbais a théig libair for a luirg isin fraigid,        | Chroch sé a thiachóg leabhar ar <u>phionna</u> sa <u>bhalla</u> ,    | He hung his book-satchel on the peg in the wall,                           |
| ocus tecbaid a chuaránu                                 | agus chroch sé a chuaráin *ansin*,                                   | took up his shoes,                                                         |
| ocus teclumaid a lámu laiss isin sétigi                 | agus ghabh sé <u>chuige</u> na héadaí leapan ina lámha               | and gathered his hands into the blanket,                                   |
| ocus imnaiscis imma chossa.                             | agus <u>shoiprigh</u> sé um a chosa <u>iad</u> .                     | which he tucked about his legs.                                            |

Acht c[h]ena

ba liridir fri gainem mara

nó fri drithlenna tened

nó fri drúcht i mmatain c[h]étamain

nó fri renna nime

míla ocus dergnatta ic guilbniugud a choss,

co-nda gaib emeltius;

ocus ní-s tánic nech dia fhiss

nó dia umalóit i n-a dochum.

Go deimhin, áfach,

ba chomhlíon le gaineamh mara,

nó le drithlí tine,

nó le drúcht maidin Bhealtaine,

nó le reanna neimhe,

míola agus deargnaidí ag giobadh na gcos  
aige,

nó gur ghabh tuirse é.

Agus níor tháinig neach dá fhios

nó do dhéanamh umhlóide dó.

But, truly,

as numerous as the sand of the sea,

or sparks of fire,

or dew on a May morning,

or the stars of heaven,

were the lice and fleas nibbling his legs,

so that weariness seized him.

And no one came to visit him

or do reverence to him.



## Section 16 (ll. 137-148)

|                                                     |                                                                                          |                                                    |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Tucc fadessin a théig libair chuca                  | Ghabh sé chuige a thiachóg leabhar,                                                      | He took down his book-satchel,                     |
| ocus benais a shaltair essi                         | agus thóg a shaltair aisti                                                               | and brought out his psalter,                       |
| ocus fo-r[ó]bairt cantain a shalm.                  | agus thosaigh ar chantain a shalm.                                                       | and began singing his psalms.                      |
| Iss ed at-fiadat eólaig ocus libair Chorccaige      | Is ea a deirid eolaigh agus leabhair Chorcaí                                             | What the learned and the books of Cork relate is,  |
| co closs míle cémend sechtair c[h]athraig<br>immach | go mba chlos míle céim thar an chathair<br>amach                                         | that a thousand paces beyond the city was<br>heard |
| son a gotha in scolaige                             | son gutha an scoláire                                                                    | the sound of the scholar's voice                   |
| oc cétul a shalm                                    | ag canadh a shalm.                                                                       | as he sang his psalms,                             |
| tria rúnib spirtálta,                               | <u>Ghabh sé</u> trí na rúndiamhra spioradálta,                                           | through spiritual mysteries,                       |
| for aillib ocus annálaib ocus ernalib,              | trí na <u>moltaí</u> agus na <u>faithscéalta</u> agus *a gcuid<br>ranna uile*,           | in lauds, and stories, and various kinds,          |
| for diapsalmaib ocus sinsalmaib ocus<br>decáidib,   | maille lena <u>moilliú</u> agus <u>a gcomhardú</u> , ina<br><u>bhfoireann</u> deich salm | in dia-psalms and syn-psalms and sets of ten,      |
| co pairtrib ocus cantaccib ocus immnaib             | agus paidreacha agus cainticí agus iomnaí aige                                           | with paters and canticles and hymns                |
| hi forba cacha coecait.                             | ag <u>ceann</u> gach caogaid *salm*.                                                     | at the conclusion of each fifty.                   |

|                                                   |                                                                         |                                                            |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ba dóig imorro fria cach fer i Corccaig           | Ba dhóigh, <u>go deimhin</u> , le gach fear i gCorcaigh                 | Now, it seemed to every man in Cork                        |
| ba isin tig ba nessa dó no bíth son in f[h]oguir. | gur sa teach ba neasa dó a bhíodh son an fhoghair.                      | that the sound of the voice was in the house next himself. |
| Iss ed ro imf[h]ulaing, in c[h]omrargu bunatta    | Is ea ba <u>chúis leis sin go léir a theacht air</u> , peaca an tsinsir | This came of original sin,                                 |
| ocus a p[h]eccad bunadgendi                       | agus a pheaca bunadhgheinte <u>féin</u>                                 | and Mac Conglinne's hereditary sin                         |
| ocus a mí-rath follus-gnéthech fodéin,            | agus a mhí-rath follasach féin,                                         | and his own plain-working bad luck;                        |
| cor erfhuirged                                    | gur <u>fágadh ag</u> fuireach é                                         | so that he was detained                                    |
| cen dig cen biad cen indlat,                      | gan deoch gan bhia gan ionnlat,                                         | without drink, without food, without washing,              |
| co ndeachaid cach duine i Corccaig i n-a immdaid. | nó go ndeachaigh gach duine i gCorcaigh chun a iomdha.                  | until every man in Cork had gone to his bed.               |

## Section 17 (ll. 149-156)

|                                                                              |                                                                            |                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Con[id] ann as-bert Manchín abb Corccaige                                    | Is ansin a dúirt Mainchín, ab Chorcaí,                                     | Then it was that Mainchín, abbot of Cork,                |
| iar ndul dó i n-a lepaid,                                                    | ar ndul dó ina leaba:                                                      | said,                                                    |
| “A scolócc,” ol sé, “in filet aigid occaind innocht?”                        | “A scolóig,” ar sé, “an bhfuil aionna anocht againn?”                      | after having gone to his bed:                            |
| “Ní f[h]ilet,” ol in timthrid.                                               | “Níl,” arsa an timire.                                                     | “Lad,” he said, “are there guests with us tonight?”      |
| Ar sé in timthrid aile,                                                      | Arsa timire eile:                                                          | “There are not,” said the attendant.                     |
| “It-c[h]onnarc-sa aen co díscir dénmnetach dar fiarut na faithgi             | “Chonnaic mise duine go díscir míchéatach trasna na faiche                 | <u>However</u> , the other attendant said:               |
| gar becc ria n-espartain ó chianaib.”                                        | gar beag roimh easparta ó chianaibh.                                       | “I saw one going hastily, impatiently across the green   |
| “Is ferr a fhiss,” ol Manchín,                                               | “Is fearr <u>dul</u> dá fhios,” arsa Mainchín,                             | a short time before vespers, a while ago.”               |
| “ocus a chutig do breith dó.”                                                | “agus a chuid a <u>thabhairt chuige</u> .                                  | “You had better visit him,” said Mainchín,               |
| Ór boí dia lesca les-side tidecht ’n-a [fh]rithing aridisi for cend a chota, | Óir bhí sé de leisce ann gan teacht <u>ar ais anseo</u> ar cheann a choda, | “and take him his ration.                                |
| ocus boí trá d’ olcc na h-aidche.                                            | agus, <u>pé scéal é</u> , bhí an oíche go holc.”                           | For he has been too lazy to come back for his allowance, |
|                                                                              |                                                                            | and moreover the night was very bad.”                    |

## Section 18 (ll. 157-173)

|                                                          |                                                                |                                                                |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Berar a chutig-sium amach,                               | Tugadh cuid <u>Mhic Conglinne</u> amach                        | His allowance was brought out,                                 |
| ocus is í proind ruccad ann,                             | agus is í proinn a tugadh *dó*:                                | and these were the rations that were taken to him:             |
| cuachán, .i. corcca, do medg-usce na h-eclasa,           | cuachán coirce *agus* cuachán de mheadhguisce na heaglais,     | a small cup of church whey-water,                              |
| ocus dá oíbell tened i mmedón suipp síl c[h]átha corcca, | dhá aoibheal tine i meán soip tuí shíolcháithe choirche        | and two sparks of fire in the middle of a wisp of oaten straw, |
| ocus dá fhót do úr-mónaid.                               | agus dhá fhód úrmhóna.                                         | and two sods of fresh peat.                                    |
| Ticc in timt[h]irid co dorus in taigi oíged,             | Tháinig an timire go doras an tí aoi                           | The servant came to the door of the guest-house,               |
| ocus ro-s gab gráin oculus ecla                          | agus ghabh gráin agus eagla é                                  | and fear and terror seized him                                 |
| frisín tech n-óbéla n-oslacath n-imdorchá.               | roimh an teach uaibhéalta oscailte imdhorcha.                  | at the gaping open pitch-dark house.                           |
| Níon f[h]etar in rabi aen and fó ná rabi.                | Ní raibh a fhios aige an raibh éinne istigh ann nó nach raibh. | He knew not whether anybody was within, or not;                |
| Conid ann at-bert in dala n-aeí                          | Ansin dúirt duine acu,                                         | whereupon one of the two asked,                                |
| oc tabairt a choisie dar in tairsech,                    | ag cur a choisie thar an táirseach:                            | in putting his foot across the threshold:                      |
| “In fil nech sund?” ol sé.                               | “ An bhfuil <u>aon duine</u> ansin?” ar sé.                    | “Is there any one here?” says he.                              |

“Fil aen,” ar Mac Con Glinde.

“Is coll gessi don tig-sea

a thacar for aenf[h]er.”

“Má ro collit riam a gessi,” ar Mac Con Glinne,

“ro collit innocht,

.i. boí a ndán a coll,

ocus is mé choilles.”

“Ér[i]g,” ol in timthrid, “ocus tomil do p[h]roind.”

“At-biur mo debroth,” ol sé,

“ó ra-m f[h]uirged cusin tráth-sa,

nó co fessur cid fil and,

nocon érus.”

Atn-aig in gilla in dí oíbill

“Tá duine ann,” arsa Mac Conglinne.

“Is coilleadh geasa don teach seo

é a choiriú d’fhear amháin,” \*arsa an timire\*.

“Murar coilleadh riamh a gheasa,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“coilleadh anocht iad,

agus bhí i ndán iad a choilleadh

agus is mise a choillfidh iad.”

“Éirigh,” arsa an timire, “agus ith do phroinn.”

“Tugaim mo mhóid Dé,” ar seisean,

“ó fágadh ag fuireach go dtrásta mé,

nó go bhfeasa mé céard atá agat ann,

ní éireoidh mé.”

Leag an giolla an dá aoibheal

“There is some one,” answered Mac Conglinne.

“It is a breaking of the spells that are on this house

to put it in order for one man.”

“If ever the spells on it were broken,” said Mac Conglinne,

“they were to-night;

for their breaking was fated,

and it is I who break them.”

“Rise,” said the attendant, “and eat your meal.”

“I pledge my God’s doom,” said he,

“that since I have been kept waiting till now,

until I know what you have there,

I shall not rise.”

The gillie put the two sparks of fire

a medón in tshuip shíl-c[h]átha corcca isin  
tellach,

ocus ticc sopp asin lepa chuca.

Cóirgis in dí f[h]ót úr-mónad im na suppu,

sétis ind oíbill, lassais in sopp,

ocus follsigis dó a p[h]roind.

i meán an tsoip tuí shíolcháithe choirce sa  
teallach,

agus bhain sop eile as an leaba chuige,

chóirigh an dá fhód úrmhóna um na soip,

shéid faoi na haoibhil, las an sop

agus d'fhoilsigh a phroinn dó.

that were in the middle of the wisp of oaten  
straw, on the hearth,

and pulled another wisp from the bed.

He arranged the two sods of fresh peat round  
the wisps,

blew the spark, lighted the wisp,

and showed him his repast;

## Section 19 (ll. 174-192)

Ut dixit Mac Con Glinne:

“A scolóc” (ar Mac Con Glinne)  
“cid ná dénum dá chammrand?  
Déna-su rand ar arán  
co ndén-sa rand ar annland.

Corcach i fil cluca binde,  
goirt a gainem,  
gainem a grian;  
nocon f[h]il biad inde.

Co bráth nocon ísaind-sea  
acht minu-s tecma gorta  
cuachán corca Corccaige,  
cuachán Corccaige corca.

Geb-si chucat in n-arán  
ima ndernais-[s]iu t’ oróit;  
in chuit-si is mairg do-s-méla;  
is iat mo scéla, a scoló[i]c.”

A scolóc.

Mebraigis in scolaigi na runda,

uair ba h-áith a inntlecht.

Ansin dúirt Mac Conglinne:

“A scolóig,” arsa Mac Conglinne,  
“Cén fáth nach ndéanaimid rann iomarbhá?  
Déan thusa rann ar arán,  
go ndéanfaidh mise rann ar anlann.

Corcach i bhfuil cloig bhinne  
Goirt a gaineamh  
Gaineamh a cré  
Ní fhaightear bia inti.

Go bráth bráth ní íosfainnse  
Muna dteagmhódh mé i ngorta  
Cuachán coirce Corcach  
Cuachán Chorcaí coirce.

Tógas leat an t-arán  
Um a ndearna tú do phaidir  
Mairg a d’íosfadh mar chuid é  
Is iad mo scéala, a scolóig.”

Chuir duine de na timirí na ranna sin de  
mheabhair

óir ba ghéar intlecht é.

whereupon Mac Conglinne said:

“My lad,” said Mac Conglinne,  
“Why should not we have a duel in quatrains?  
A quatrain compose on the bread,  
I will make one on the relish.

Cork, wherein are sweet bells,  
Sour is its sand,  
Its soil is sand,  
Food there is none in it.

Unto Doom I would not eat,  
Unless famine befell them,  
The oaten ration of Cork,  
Cork’s oaten ration.

Along with you carry the bread,  
For which you’ve made your prayer;  
Woe worth him who eats this ration,  
That is my say, my lad.”

The attendant remembered the quatrains,

for his intellect was sharp.

## Section 20 (ll. 193-216)

|                                                                          |                                                                              |                                                             |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| Atn-agut leó in mbiad co h-airm a mboí Mainchín                          | Thugadar leo ansin an bia don airm a raibh Mainchín                          | They take the food back to the place where Mainchín was,    |
| ocus taisselbait na runna don abbaid.                                    | agus nochtadar na ranna don ab.                                              | and declared the quatrains to the abbot.                    |
| “Maith,” ol Manchín, “admait meicc mí-fhoccuil.                          | “Maith,” arsa Mainchín, “ <u>déantús an drochbhuachalla an droch-chaint.</u> | “Well,” said Mainchín, “the ill word will tell you the boy. |
| Gébdait me[i]cc beca na runda-sin                                        | <u>Beidh dailtíní</u> *na sráide* ag gabháil na ranna sin                    | Little boys will sing those verses,                         |
| mina dígailter forsint-í do-rigne.”                                      | mara ndíoghaltar iad ar an té a rinne iad.”                                  | unless <u>the words</u> are avenged on him who made them.”  |
| “Cid fil lat-su de-sin?” or in gilla.                                    | “Cad tá fút a dhéanamh faoi?” arsa an giolla.                                | “What do you mean to do, then?” said the gillie.            |
| “Fil liumm,” or Manchín, “dul cusint-í do-rigne                          | “Tá fúm,” arsa Mainchín, “dul chuig an té a rinne iad                        | “This,” said Mainchín; “to go to the person who made them,  |
| ocus ulidetaid a étaig do bein de;                                       | agus gach luid éadaigh atá air a bhaint de,                                  | and strip him of all his clothes,                           |
| slipre ocus echlasca do gabáil dó,                                       | slata agus eachlasca a ghabháil air                                          | to lay scourges and horsewhips on him,                      |
| co ro muide ocus co ro etarscara a fheoil ocus a chraicend ó [a] chnámú, | nó go mbrise agus go n-idirscara a fheoil agus a chraiceann ó na cnámha      | until his flesh and skin break and sever from his bones     |



|                                                                         |                                                                                |                                                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| acht nammá ná ro brister a chnámu;                                      | — ach *féachaint chuige* nach mbristear a chnámma —                            | — only let his bones not be broken —                                                           |
| a chor isin Sabraind,                                                   | é a chur *ansin* sa Sábhrann                                                   | to put him in the River Sábhrann                                                               |
| ocus a bodar-sháith d’ usce na Sabrainde dó;                            | agus a mhodarsháith d’uisce na Sábhrainne *a thabhairt* dó.                    | and give him his fill of the muddy water of the Sábhrann.                                      |
| a chor isin tech n-oíged iarum cen mether n-étaig do lécad leis inund.” | É a chur ina dhiaidh sin sa teach aoi gan luid éadaigh a ligint leis isteach.” | Then let him be put into the guest-house, without a stitch of clothing.”                       |
| (Ocus ní boí t[h]all d’ étach acht in sétige,                           | (Agus ní raibh istigh d’éadach ach an phluid                                   | (And there was no clothing in that house but the blanket,                                      |
| ocus ba lilithir drúcht cétemain a míla-side ocus a dergnuta.           | agus ba chomhlíon a míola agus a deargnaidí sin le drúcht Bhealtaine).         | in which lice and fleas were as plentiful as May dew.)                                         |
| Fessid ind in aidche-sin                                                | “Cuirfeadh sé faoi ansin don oíche seo                                         | “There let him sleep that night,                                                               |
| feib as doccra ocus as dorchá boí riam remi.)                           | mar is deacra agus is dorchá a tharla dó riamh roimhe seo.                     | in the most wretched and darkest plight he ever was in.                                        |
| “Foriatar in tech fair co matain dianechtair                            | Iatar an teach air go maidin ón taobh amuigh                                   | Let the house be closed on him from outside until morning,                                     |
| ar dáig ná ro élad,                                                     | ar dhóigh nach n-éalóidh sé,                                                   | in order that he may not escape,                                                               |
| co raib mo chomhairle-si fair la comarli muntiri Corccaige i mmbárach   | nó go <u>gcuirfidh mé</u> mo chomhairle le comhairle mhuintire Chorcaí amárach | until my counsel together with the counsel of the monks of Cork shall be held on him tomorrow, |

|                                                          |                                                                            |                                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| i fiadnaise in Dúilemun c[h]ena ocus Barre               | i bhfianaise an Dúilimh féin agus <u>i bhfianaise</u> Bharra               | even in the presence of the Creator and of St. Barra,             |
| 'ga tó-sa.                                               | gur leis mé féin.                                                          | whose <u>servant</u> I am.                                        |
| Níba comairle aile acht a c[h]rochadh i mbárach          | Agus ní haon chomhairle eile *a bheidh ann* ach a chrochadh amárach        | Our counsel shall be no other than his crucifixion tomorrow,      |
| i mm' enech-sa ocus enech Barra ocus ina heclaisi."      | i mo oineachsa agus in oineach Bharra agus na heaglaise."                  | for the honour of me and of St. Barra, and of the church."        |
| Do-rigned amal sin,                                      | Rinneadh amhlaidh sin.                                                     | So it was done.                                                   |
| ocus is ann sin tánic a chomrarcu bunata                 | Agus is í sin <u>uair</u> a tháinig peaca an tsinsir                       | And then it was that his hereditary transgression                 |
| ocus a p[h]eccad follus-gnéthech fén fris-[s]ium.        | agus a pheaca fallsaghníomhach féin in éadan <u>Mhic Conglinne</u> .       | and his own plain-working sin rose against <u>Mac Conglinne</u> . |
| Ro benad ulidetaid a étaig de                            | Baineadh gach luid <u>a chuid</u> éadaigh de                               | The whole of his clothing was stripped off him,                   |
| ocus ro gabhadh slipre ocus echlasca dó.                 | agus gabhadh de shlata agus d'eachlasca air.                               | and scourges and horsewhips were laid on him.                     |
| Ro fuirmed hé isin Sabraind,                             | Cuireadh sa Sábhrann é                                                     | He was put into the Sábhrann,                                     |
| co tartad ní for a sháith do bodar-usce na Sabrainde dó. | gur cuireadh *de céasadh* air a sháith de mhodaruisc na Sábhrainne *a ól*. | and had his fill of its dead water.                               |

Fessid iar sin isin tig oíged co matain.

Chaith sé an oíche as sin go maidin sa teach aoi.

After which he lay in the guest-house until morning.

## Section 21 (ll. 217-231)

At-racht Manchín matain moch iar n-a bárach,

D'éirigh Mainchín maidin mhoch arna mhárach

Early at morn Mainchín arose on the morrow;

ocus ro tinólit muinnter Chorcaige ó Manchín

agus tionóladh muintir Chorcaí leis

and the monks of Cork were gathered by him,

co mbátar i n-aen baile, .i. isin tech n-oíged.

go rabhadar in aon bhall, sa teach aoi.

until they were in one place, at the guest-house.

Auroslaicther rempu,

Osclaíodh \*an teach\* rompu

It was opened before them,

ocus fessait for colbadaib ocus immdadu in tigi.

agus shuíodar fúthu ar cholbhaí agus ar iomdhadha an tí.

and they sat down on the bed-rails and couches of the house.

“Maith, a t[h]róig,” ol Manchín,

“Maith, a thruáin,” arsa Mainchín,

“Well, you wretch,” said Mainchín,

“ní dernais cóir in eclais do écnach aréir.”

“ní dhearna tú cóir éagnach a dhéanamh ar an eaglais aréir.”

“you did not do right in reviling the church last night.”

“Nírbo fherr do lucht na h-eclaisi,” ar Mac Con Glinne,

“Níorbh fhearr do lucht na heaglaise é,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“The church-folk did no better,” said Mac Conglinne,

“mo bet[h]-si cen biad occu,

“mo bheithse gan bhia acu

“to leave me without food,

|                                                                 |                                                                            |                                                                                    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus rob uathad mo dám.”                                        | agus gan de bhuíon liom ach mé féin.”                                      | though I was only a party of one.”                                                 |
| “Nír beith cen biad deitt,                                      | “Níor gan bhia duit é,” *arsa Mainchín*,                                   | “You had not gone without food,                                                    |
| cein co fagtha acht ablaind mbic                                | “ <u>bíodh nach</u> bhfaighfeá ach *oiread na*<br>habhlainne *de*,         | even though you had only got a little crumb,                                       |
| nó dig do medg-usce isind eclais.                               | nó deoch de mheadhguisce san eaglais.                                      | or a drink of whey-water in the church.                                            |
| Fil tréda dar ná dlegar oirbire i nd-eclais,                    | Tá trí nithe nach ndlíthea a gcáineadh san<br>eaglais:                     | There are three things, about which there<br>should be no grumbling in the Church; |
| .i. nua-thorud oculus nua cormma oculus cuit<br>aidche Domnaig; | nuathoradh na bliana, nuachóir agus cuid na<br>hoíche Domhnaigh.           | viz. new fruit, and new ale, and Sunday<br>night’s portion.                        |
| ar cid bec isna h-aidchib Domnaig,                              | Óir, cuma cé beag *a bhfaightear* oíche<br>Dhomhnaigh,                     | For however little <u>is obtained</u> on Sunday<br>night,                          |
| iss ed is nessam ar a bárach, sailm do ghabáil,                 | is é is túisce <u>is cóir a dhéanamh</u> arna mhárach<br>sailm a ghabháil, | what is nearest on the morrow is psalm-<br>singing,                                |
| cloc iar sin,                                                   | clog a <u>bhaint</u>                                                       | then bell-ringing,                                                                 |
| celebrad la precept oculus oiffrend,                            | <u>agus ansin aifreann a cheiliúradh, seanmóin a<br/>dhéanamh,</u>         | Mass, with preaching and the Sacrament,                                            |
| sásad bocht.                                                    | *agus* sásamh bia *a thabhairt do na* boicht.                              | and feeding the poor.                                                              |
| Esbuid na h-aidche Domnaig,                                     | <u>An bia nach bhfaightear</u> oíche Dhomhnaigh                            | <u>Whatever food</u> is lacking on the Sunday night                                |

|                                                       |                                                                                             |                                                              |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| is dia Domnaig nó aidche Luain fo-gabar;              | gheofar ar an Domhnach é nó san oíche Luain.                                                | will be got on Sunday or on Monday night.                    |
| ocus moch do-rindis oirbire.”                         | Agus *nach* moch duit <u>ag déanamh asacháin.</u> ”                                         | You began grumbling early.”                                  |
| <b>Section 22 (ll. 232-243)</b>                       |                                                                                             |                                                              |
| “Fuísidim-si trá,” ar Mac Con Glinne,                 | “Dearbhaím-se,” arsa Mac Conglinne,                                                         | “And I profess” said Mac Conglinne,                          |
| “co ndernsamm i n-umalóit                             | “gur <u>trí</u> umhlóid a rinne mé é;                                                       | “that we acted in humility,                                  |
| ocus fuilled ro-imarcraid ind aithi.”                 | agus, *go deimhin*, is ró-iomarcach <u>a bhfuair mé mar dhíol air.</u> ”                    | and there was more than enough in requital.”                 |
| “Acht gillim fiad nDúilemain ocus Barri,” ol Manchín, | “Geallaim-se, i <u>bhfianaise</u> an Dúilimh agus <u>os comhair</u> Bharra,” arsa Mainchín, | “But I vow before the Creator and St. Barra,” said Mainchín, |
| “níba h’ aír bess duit.                               | “nach <u>ndéanfaidh</u> tú aor arís.                                                        | “you shall not revile again.                                 |
| Tucc[th]ar lib siút                                   | Beirtear libh é siúd                                                                        | Take him away with you,                                      |
| co croch[th]ar                                        | go gcrochtar é                                                                              | that he may be crucified                                     |
| i n-enech Barri ocus na h-eclaisi                     | in oineach Bharra agus na heaglaise                                                         | for the honour of St. Barra and of the Church,               |
| ocus i m’ enech-sa                                    | agus i mo oineach-sa *féin*                                                                 | and for my own honour,                                       |
| forsin fhaithche.”                                    | ar an bhfaiche.”                                                                            | on the green.”                                               |

“A c[h]lérig,” ar Mac Con Glinne, “ní-dam  
c[h]rocht[h]ar,

acht berar breth f[h]írián indraicc form

is f[h]err oltá mo chrochadh.”

Atn-agar ann sin hi cend brethi do breith for  
Mac Con Glinne.

Atn-aig Manchín oc taccra fris.

Atn-agar cach fer iar n-urd do muintir  
Chorce[aig]e co Mac Con Glinne.

Cia boí d’ immbud ecnai ocus eólais ocus  
aircetail leó,

ní [fh]ríth loc laburtha i ndligud dó triasa  
crochthá.

“A chléirigh,” arsa Mac Conglinne, “ná  
crochtar mé,

ach tugtar breithiúnas fíréanta ionraic orm.

B’fhearr sin ná mé a chrochadh.”

Chuireadar ansin chun breithiúnas a dhéanamh  
ar Mhac Conglinne.

Bhí Mainchín á chúiseamh.

Rinne gach duine de mhuintir Chorcaí, de réir  
ord tosaíochta, \*pléideáil in aghaidh\* Mhic  
Conglinne.

Ach in ainneoin iomad a n-eagna agus a n-  
eolais agus a n-aircheadail,

ní bhfuarthas pointe ar bith i bhfoclaíocht an  
dlí trína gcrochfaí é.

“O cleric,” said Mac Conglinne, “let me not be  
crucified,

but let a righteous, just judgment be given on  
me,

which is better than to crucify me.”

Then they proceeded to give judgment on Mac  
Conglinne.

Mainchín began to plead against him,

and every man of the monks of Cork  
proceeded, according to rank, against Mac  
Conglinne.

But, though a deal of wisdom and knowledge  
and learning had they,

lawfully he was not convicted on a point of  
speech for which he could be crucified.

### Section 23 (ll. 244-261)

|                                                                                     |                                                                                                             |                                                                                          |
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| Berair iar sin cen dliged co Ráithín Mac nAeda                                      | Tugadh ansin é, *ar neamhchead don* dlí, go Ráithín Mhac nAodha,                                            | Then was he taken without law to Ráithín Mac nAodha,                                     |
| i ndescert-leth Cho[r]ccaige, .i. fai[th]chi.                                       | i ndeisceartleath Chorcaí, <u>chuig an</u> fhaiche.                                                         | a green in the southern quarter of Cork.                                                 |
| Co n-epert budessin, “Ascaid dam, a Manchín ocus a muintir Chorccaige!”             | Labhair Mac Conglinne ansin: “Aisce dom, a Mhainchín agus a mhuintir Chorcaí!”                              | He said then: “A boon for me, O Mainchín, and ye monks of Cork!”                         |
| “Ó t’ anocul sin?” ol Manchín.                                                      | “An é d’anacal é?” arsa Mainchín.                                                                           | “Is it to spare you?” asked Mainchín.                                                    |
| “Ní h-ead chondaigimm,” ar Mac Con Glinne;                                          | “Ní hea sin a iarraim,” arsa Mac Conglinne;                                                                 | “That is not what I ask,” said Mac Conglinne,                                            |
| “fó liumm cé no t[h]ísad de.”                                                       | “cuma liom cé sin a thiochfaidh de *nó nach ea*.”                                                           | “though I should be glad if that would come of it.”                                      |
| “Apair,” ol Manchín.                                                                | “Abair, *mar sin*,” arsa Mainchín.                                                                          | “Speak,” said Mainchín.                                                                  |
| “Ní epér,” ar Mac Con Glinne,                                                       | “Ní déarfaidh mé,” arsa Mac Conglinne,                                                                      | “I will not speak,” said Mac Conglinne,                                                  |
| “co mbet cuir dam fria.”                                                            | “nó go mbeidh <u>baránta</u> agam leis.”                                                                    | “until I have pledges for it.”                                                           |
| Atn-agar rátha ocus nadmand tenna ocus trebare for muintir Chorccaige fri a comall, | Chuir sé ansin muintir Chorcaí faoi urraí agus faoi snaidhmeanna teanna daingne um chomhlíonadh *na haisce* | Pledges and bonds stout and strong were imposed on the monks of Cork for its fulfilment, |
| ocus naidmis for a churu.                                                           | agus nasc sé <u>na bannaí sin orthu</u> .                                                                   | and he bound them upon his pledges.                                                      |

|                                                                  |                                                                                 |                                                                             |
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| “Apair,” ol Manchín, “cid chondige.”                             | “Abair *anois* é,” arsa Maincín; “cad é atá uait?”                              | “Say what it is you want,” said Maincín.                                    |
| “At-bér,” ar Anier,                                              | “Déarfaidh mé,” arsa <u>Mac Conglinne</u> .                                     | “I will,” said Ainéara:                                                     |
| “.i. pars fil a m’ théig libair do chaithem réndul for cel,      | “ <u>Lón bóthair</u> atá i mo thiachóg leabhar a chaitheamh sula dtéim ar ceal, | “to eat the viaticum that is in my book-satchel before going to death,      |
| ar ní dlegar escomlád cen dol do láim.                           | óir ní dhlitear éag gan dul chun faoistine.                                     | for it is not right to depart <u>this life</u> without going to confession. |
| Tucthar mo thiag libair dam.”                                    | Tugtar mo thiachóg leabhar chugam.”                                             | Let my satchel be given to me.”                                             |
| Do-berar a théig dó,                                             | Tugadh a thiachóg dó.                                                           | His satchel was brought to him,                                             |
| ocus oslaicis hí,                                                | D’oscail sé í                                                                   | and he opened it,                                                           |
| co mben dí bairgin, .i. cruithnechta, essi                       | agus bhain aisti an dá bhairín cruithneachta                                    | and took out of it the two wheaten cakes                                    |
| la tócht sen-shaille;                                            | agus an spóla <u>bagúin</u> shailhte.                                           | and the slice of old bacon.                                                 |
| ocus gabaid dechmaid cehtar n-aí,                                | <u>Bhain</u> sé deachú <u>den dhá bhairín</u>                                   | And he took the tenth part of each of the cakes,                            |
| ocus benais dechmaid in tóchta co h-imargide agus co h-indraicc. | agus deachú den spóla go cóir agus go hionraic.                                 | and cut off the tenth of the bacon, decently and justly.                    |
| “Fil dechmaid sund, a muintir Chorccaige,” ar Mac Con Glinne;    | “Sin deachú ansin daoibh, a mhuintir Chorcaí,” arsa Mac Conglinne.              | “Here are tithes, ye monks of Cork,” said Mac Conglinne.                    |



|                               |                                                             |                                           |
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| “dia fhesmais int-í bud chóru | “ <u>Dá mbeadh eolas agam</u> cén duine ar chóra<br>*dó é*, | “If we knew the man who has better right, |
| nó is bochta a c[h]éli,       | nó is boichte ná a chéile,                                  | or who is poorer than another,            |
| dó do-bérmais ar ndeachmaid.” | bhéarfainn mo dheachú dó.”                                  | to him would we give our tithes.”         |

## Section 24 (ll. 262-278)

|                                                                         |                                                                                               |                                                                            |
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| An ro boí ann do bochtaib at-rachtatar suas ic<br>décsi[n] na dechmaide | A raibh ann de bhochtáin d’éiríodar suas ar<br>fheiceáil na ndeachúna                         | All the paupers that were there rose up on<br>seeing the tithes,           |
| ocus sínid a lámu uadib;                                                | agus shíneadar a lámha uathu.                                                                 | and reached out their hands.                                               |
| ocus gabaid silled forru iarum, ocus at-bert:                           | Thug sé silleadh súl orthu agus dúirt:                                                        | And he began looking at them, and said:                                    |
| “Fia Dia ám,” ol sé,                                                    | “I <u>bhfianaise</u> Dhé, ámh,” ar sé,                                                        | “Verily before God,” said he,                                              |
| “ní festa                                                               | “ní fios dom                                                                                  | “it can <u>never</u> be known                                              |
| cid mó no ríssed aen uaib a less in dechmad-si<br>oldú-sa fessin.       | cé acu is mó riachtanas duine ar bith oraibh<br>don deachú seo ná <u>mo riachtanas féin</u> . | if any one of you stands in greater need of<br>these tithes than I myself. |
| Níba mó uide neich uaib indé oldá m’ uidi-<br>sea,                      | Ní faide aistear duine ar bith agaibh inné ná<br>m’aistear-sa féin,                           | The journey of none of you was greater<br>yesterday than mine              |
| .i. ó Rus Chommán co Corcaig.                                           | ó Ros Comáin go Corcaigh.                                                                     | — from Roscommon to Cork.                                                  |



“níba h-é cét-ní aicéras Demun form-sa iar  
ndul anund,

in dechmad-sa do thabairt dúib-si,

ar ní-s dligthi.”

Conid é cét-mír ad-uaid ind sin, a dechmad,

ocus caithis a p[h]roind iarum,

.i. a dí bairgin

co n-a thócht sen-shaille.

Tócbaid a lámu

ocus atlaigis buide dia Dúilemain.

“ní hé an chéad ní a agróidh an diabhal orm-sa  
iar mo dhul anonn,

go dtug mé an deachú seo daoibhse,

mar níl sé ag dul daoibh.”

Agus is é céadmhír a d’ith sé ansin an deachú.

Chaith sé a phroinn ansin,

a dhá bhairín

agus a spóla bagúin shailhte.

Thóg sé a lámha ansin

agus d’altaigh sé a bhuíochas don Dúileamh.

“it shall not be the first thing the devil shall  
lay to my charge after going yonder,

that I gave to you these tithes,

for ye deserve them not.”

So the first morsel that he ate was his tithes,

and after that he ate his meal

— his two cakes,

with his slice of old bacon.

Then, lifting up his hands,

and giving thanks to his Maker,

## Section 25 (ll. 262-278)

|                                                              |                                                            |                                                                       |
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| “Mo breth i nndochum na Sabrainne festa!” ar Mac Con Glinne. | “Mo bhreith chun na Sábhrainne anois!” arsa Mac Conglinne. | he said: “Now take me to the Sábhrann!”                               |
| Iar sin berair hé,                                           | Tugadh ansin é                                             | On that he was taken,                                                 |
| lín a chuimrig agus a chométaig,                             | agus líon a lucht cuibhreach agus coimeádtha ina theannta, | bonds and guards and all,                                             |
| a dochum na Sabrainne.                                       | chun na Sábhrainne.                                        | towards the Sábhrann.                                                 |
| In tan ro-siacht in tiprait dianad ainm ‘Bithlán’,           | Nuair a shroich sé an tobar dár bh ainm ‘Bithlán’,         | When he reached the well, the name of which is Bithlán (‘Ever-full’,  |
| ro mben a lumain fhind de                                    | bhain sé de a bhrat fionn                                  | he doffed his white cloak,                                            |
| ocus do-s-rat fo a thoeb,                                    | agus chuir faoina shlios é                                 | and laid it out to be under his side,                                 |
| ocus a théig libair fo leirg a droma.                        | agus a thiachóg leabhar faoi leirg a dhroma.               | his book-satchel under the slope of his back.                         |
| Ro-s léic faen for a lummain,                                | Lig sé é féin faon ar an mbrat,                            | He let himself down upon his cloak, supine,                           |
| atn-aig a mér tria drol a delci,                             | chuir a mhéar trí lúb a dheilge                            | put his finger through the loop of his brooch,                        |
| ocus tummais rind in delgai dar a ais isin tiprait.          | agus do thum rinn na deilgne thairis siar sa tobar.        | and dipped the point of the pin over his back in the well.            |
| In céin no bíd banna oc snige a cind in delca síis,          | Fad a bhíodh braon ag sní ó cheann na deilgne síos,        | And while the drop of water trickled down from the end of the brooch, |

no bíd in delc uas a anáil.

bhíodh an dealg os a anáil thuas.

the brooch was over his breath.

Ro-s torsig in lucht coiméta agus cuimrig.

D'éirigh an lucht cuibhreach agus coimeádtha tuirseach.

The men that guarded him and held him in bonds grew tired.

## Section 26 (ll. 288-300)

“Táinic in bréc for timchell,

“D’fhill an feall sa timpeall \*oraibh\*,

“Your own treachery has come about you,

a matuda agus a latranda, a muintir Chorccaige!

a mhadraí agus a ropairí, a mhuintir Chorcaí!”  
arsa Mac Conglinne.

ye curs and robbers, ye monks of Cork!

Inbuid ro bá-sa ’com’ boith,

“Nuair a bhínn-se i mo bhoth \*file\*

When I was in my cell,

iss ed do-gnind, ina-m t[h]oirched co cend cóic tráth nó sé do blogaib, a taiscid

is é a dhéanainn: gach a dtagadh i mo threo de mhíreanna bia ar feadh cúig tráth nó sé, chuirinn i dtaisce iad

what I used to do was to hoard what bits might reach me during five or six days,

co caithind i n-oen adaig;

nó go gcaithinn in éineacht in aon oíche iad

and then eat them in one night,

mo sháith do usce i n-a ndiaid-sin.

agus mo sháith d’uisce ina dhiaidh sin.

drinking my fill of water afterwards.

No-[m] bered co cend nómaide cen ní iar sin,

Dhéanadh sin mé go ceann trí lá agus trí oíche gan ní eile

This would sustain me to the end of three days and three nights without anything else,

ocus ní láud form.

agus ní chuireadh sin as dom.

and it would not harm me.

|                                                                    |                                                                                   |                                                                                          |
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| Bet nómaide for ar chaithius ó chianaib,                           | Rachaidh mé anois trí lá agus trí oíche ar ar chaith mé ó chianaibh;              | I shall be three days and nights subsisting on what I ate just now,                      |
| bet nómaide aile oc athrige,                                       | beidh mé <u>trí lá agus trí oíche</u> eile ag <u>déanamh</u> aithrí               | three days and nights more doing penance,                                                |
| ocus nómaide aile ic ól usce,                                      | agus <u>trí lá agus trí oíche</u> eile <u>fós</u> ag ól uisce                     | and another three days and nights drinking water,                                        |
| ór atáut cuir fri m' lámaib.                                       | — mar tá urra <u>agus banna agam</u> ar mo lámha <u>uaibhse ann</u> .             | for I have pledges in my hands.                                                          |
| For-t-gellaimm Dia ocus Barre 'ca tú,” ar Mac Con Glinne,          | Geallaim do Dhia agus do Bharra ar leis mé,” ar seisean,                          | I vow to God and St. Barra, whose I am here,” said Mac Conglinne,                        |
| “cen co tig uasal nó ísel do muintir C[h]orcaige asin baile i tát, | “má bhogann uasal nó íseal de mhuintir Chorcaí as an ionad a bhfuilid,            | “though neither high nor low of the monks of Cork should leave the place where they are, |
| co ndigset écc uli i n-aen aidchi,                                 | go bhfaighidh siad uile bás in aon oíche                                          | but should all go to death in one night,                                                 |
| ocus Manchín ria cách ocus iar cách do bás ocus dochumm n-iffirn;  | — agus Mainchín féin, roimh cách agus iar cách, rachaidh sé chun báis in ifreann. | and Mainchín before all or after all, to death and hell,                                 |
| ór am derb-sa do nim,                                              | <u>Maidir liomsa de</u> , is dearbh neamh dom                                     | — since I am sure of heaven,                                                             |
| ocus biat i frecnarcus                                             | agus beidh mé i bhfianaise *an Té*                                                | and shall be in the Presence,                                                            |
| forsná fil crích nó erchra.”                                       | nach dual dó críoch ná crapadh.”                                                  | to which there is neither end nor decay.”                                                |

## Section 27 (ll. 301-318)

|                                                                                                |                                                                         |                                                                   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ro h-indissed do muintir Chorccaige in scél-sin,                                               | Insíodh an scéal sin *ar fad* do mhuintir Chorcaí,                      | This story was told to the <u>monks</u> of Cork,                  |
| ocus do-rigset luath-chomarc,                                                                  | agus rinne siad comhairle *le chéile* láithreach.                       | who quickly held a meeting,                                       |
| ocus iss ed tuccad asin chomarc,                                                               | Is é a tugadh as an gcomhairle *sin acu*                                | and the upshot of the meeting                                     |
| bendacht do Mac Con Glinne                                                                     | *go bhfaigheadh* Mac Conglinne a mbeannacht                             | was that Mac Conglinne should have a blessing                     |
| for a dul fén ar umalóit dia chrochadh,                                                        | <u>dá dtéadh sé</u> go humhal dá chrochadh,                             | on his going in humility to be crucified,                         |
| nó nónbur timchillid dia chomét                                                                | nó, *mura ndéanfadh*, naonúr á thimpeallú á choimeád,                   | or <u>else</u> that nine persons should surround him to guard him |
| co ndiged éc áitt a mboí,                                                                      | nó go bhfaighead sé bás áit a raibh sé                                  | until he died where he was,                                       |
| ocus co ro crochtha iar tain.                                                                  | — agus é a chrochadh ina dhiaidh sin.                                   | that he might be crucified afterwards.                            |
| Ro ráided fri Mac Con Glinne in ní-sin.                                                        | Dúradh sin le Mac Conglinne.                                            | That message was delivered to Mac Conglinne.                      |
| As-bert Mac Con Glinne, “Is matroga” (.i. is roga mataid nó is matad int-í hó tuccad in roga), | Ar seisean: “Is madra-rogha é sin, rogha nach dtabhairfí ach do mhadra. | “It is a sentence of curs,” said he.                              |

|                                                                                         |                                                                                   |                                                                                                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “acht oen ní chena, cid ed bess de,<br>regmait fri h-umalóit                            | <u>Ar a shon sin, áfach, pé ar bith faoi,</u><br>rachaidh mé faoi umhlóid,        | “Nevertheless, whatever may come of it,<br>we will go in humility,                                    |
| feib ro-chóid ar magister Íhsu Críst fri a<br>c[h]ésad.”                                | faoi mar a chuaigh ár máistir, Íosa Críost,<br>chun a chéasta.”                   | as our Master, Jesus Christ, went to His<br>Passion.”                                                 |
| At-raig co h-áit i mbáatar muintir Chorcaige;<br>ocus táncatar crícha espartan ann sin. | D’éirigh sé chun na háite a raibh muintir<br>Chorcaí.                             | Thereupon he rose, and went to the place<br>where were the monks of Cork.                             |
| “Ascaid dún, a Manchín!” ol muintir<br>C[h]orcaige fodéin.                              | Agus tháinig críoch trátha easpartan san am<br>sin <u>díreach</u> .               | And by this time the close of vespers had<br>come.                                                    |
| “A mo Dé, cissí ascaid?” ol Manchín.                                                    | “Aisce dúinn, a Mhainchín!” arsa muintir<br>Chorcaí *féin*.                       | “A boon for us, O Mainchín!” said the <u>monks</u><br>of Cork themselves.                             |
| “Dál co mmatain cen crochad don tróg út.                                                | “A mo Dhé, cén aisce í?” arsa Mainchín.                                           | “O my God, what boon?” cried Mainchín.                                                                |
| Ní ro-s bensum clucu,<br>nó ní dernsamm celebrad nó precept nó<br>oiffrend.             | “Anacal go maidin don truán úd gan a<br>chrochadh.                                | “Respite from crucifixion for that poor wretch<br>until morning.                                      |
| Ní ro sásta boicht lind. Ná caithium co cend in<br>Domnach                              | Níor bhaineamar clog,<br>ná ní dhearnamar ceiliúradh ná seanmóin, ná<br>aifreann. | We have not tolled bells,<br>neither have we celebrated Mass, nor<br>preached, nor made the Offering. |
|                                                                                         | Níor thugamar bia do bhoicht a shásodh iad<br>thar an Domhnach                    | The poor have not been satisfied by us with<br>food against the Sunday,                               |



cen sássad dún fessin.

Cairde dún co matin dó.”

“At-biur bréthir,” ol Manchín,

“ná rega in dál-sin,

acht lathi a imorbois, bid hé lá a phennati.”

agus ní mó fuaramar bia sinn féin.

Cairde dúinn go maidin dó.”

“Beirim mo bhriathar,” arsa Mainchín,

“nach bhfaighidh sé an faoiseamh sin,

ach gurb é lá a chionta lá a pheannaide.”

nor have we refreshed ourselves.

Grant us a respite for him till morning.”

“I pledge my word,” said Mainchín,

“that respite shall not be given,

but the day of his transgression shall be the day of his punishment.”

## Section 28 (ll. 319-341)

Monuar! Isin uair-sin berair Mac Con Glinne  
fo Chaill na Sindach

ocus do-berair biail ’n-a láim,

ocus lucht coiméta immaille friss.

Benais fén a chésad-c[h]rand

ocus no-s imarchair fri [a] ais co faithc[h]i  
Chorcaige.

Sáidis fén in crand;

ocus lingis ind amser dar crích n-espartan,

Monuar! Is ansin a rugadh Mac Conglinne go  
Coill na Sionnach.

Tugadh biail ina lámh dó

agus lucht coimeádtha in éineacht leis.

Bhain sé féin a chrann céasta

agus d’iompair ar a dhroim é go faiche  
Chorcaí.

É féin \*ansin\* a sháigh an crann \*sa talamh\*.

agus d’imigh an tráth \*faoín am sin\* thar  
chríoch easpartan,

Alas! in that hour Mac Conglinne was taken to  
Coill na Sionnach (‘the Foxes’ Wood’),

and an axe was put in his hand,

his guard being about him.

He himself cut his passion-tree,

and bore it on his back to the green of Cork.

He himself fixed the tree.

And the time had outrun the close of vespers,

|                                                                         |                                                                          |                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus ní boí comairle aile leó                                           | ach *ar a shon sin* ní raibh *fös* de<br>chomhairle ina measc uile       | and the one resolve they had                                              |
| acht a chrochadh in tan-sin.                                            | ach é a chrochadh *ar alt na huaire sin*.                                | was to crucify him there and then.                                        |
| “Ascaid dam, a Manchín agus a muintir<br>Chorcaige!” ar Mac Con Glinne. | “Aisce dom, a Mhainchín agus a mhuintir<br>Chorcaí!” arsa Mac Conglinne. | “A boon for me, O Mainchín, and ye monks of<br>Cork!” said Mac Conglinne. |
| “At-berim mo bréthir trá,” ol Manchín,                                  | “Bheirim mo bhriathar anois ann,” arsa<br>Mainchín,                      | “I pledge my word,” said Mainchín,                                        |
| “co ná taet ascaid uaind.”                                              | “nach bhfaighfear aisce uainn.”                                          | “that no boon shall come from us.”                                        |
| “Ní maithem n-anocuil c[h]onnaigimm foraib,                             | “Ní anacal m’anama a iarraim oraibh,” *arsa<br>Mac Conglinne,*           | “It is not to spare me I ask you,                                         |
| ór cia chuinger                                                         | “mar, cé go <u>n-iarrfainn</u> ,                                         | for, though it were asked,                                                |
| ní-s tá dam dia bar ndeóin,                                             | ní bhfaighinn le bhur ndeoin é,                                          | it would not be granted to me of your free<br>will,                       |
| a matuda agus a latranda                                                | a mhadraí agus a ropairí                                                 | ye curs and ye robbers                                                    |
| ocus a chonu cacca agus a brúti nem-literdhai,                          | agus a chona caca agus a bhrúidí<br>neamhliteartha,                      | and dung-hounds and unlettered brutes,                                    |
| .i. a muintir chorrach comraircnech cend-ísel<br>C[h]orcaige!           | a mhuintir chorrach earráideach cheann-íseal<br>Chorcaí!                 | ye shifting, blundering, hang-head monks of<br>Cork!                      |

|                                                               |                                                                 |                                                          |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| acht mo sháith do biúd olardai inmardai                       | Ach mo sháith de bhia saibhir súmhar                            | But I want my fill of generous juicy food,               |
| ocus do lind sho-óil sho-mesc s[h]o-milis,                    | agus de lionn so-óla, so-mheisce, so-mhilis dom,                | and of tasty intoxicating sweet ale,                     |
| ocus clith n-álaind n-étrom do étach thana t[h]irmaide torum, | agus culaith álainn éadrom d'éadach tanaí teolaí tharm          | and a fine light suit of thin dry clothing to cover me,  |
| ná ro-m f[h]orrgi fuacht nó tess,                             | le nach gcloífeadh fuacht ná teas mé                            | that neither cold nor heat may strike me;                |
| corup lón-fheiss coíct[h]igisi dam                            | agus go mba féasta coicís dom é                                 | a gorging feast of a fortnight for me                    |
| ria ndul i ndáil báis.”                                       | sula rachainn i ndáil bháis.”                                   | before going to the meeting with death.”                 |
| “For-t-gillim,” ol Manchín,                                   | “Geallaim duit,” arsa Mainchín,                                 | “I vow to you,” said Mainchín,                           |
| “ní fhuigbe-siu in ní-sin.                                    | “ní bhfaighidh tú sin.                                          | “you shalt not get that.                                 |
| Acht is deriud laí,                                           | Tá deireadh lae ann, <u>áfach</u> ,                             | But it is now the close of the day;                      |
| is Domnach and;                                               | agus tá an Domhnach <u>againn</u>                               | it is Sunday.                                            |
| fil didiu in popul oc irguide dála duit.                      | *agus tá*, chomh maith, an pobal ag <u>lorg</u> faoisimh duit.. | The convent, moreover, are entreating a respite for you. |
| Acht benfaider dít do bec n-étaig                             | Ach bainfear díot do <u>scriosán</u> éadaigh                    | But your scanty clothing shall be stripped off you,      |
| ocus no-t c[h]engéltar don chorthi út                         | agus ceangailtear den choirthe úd thall thú,                    | and you shalt be tied to yonder pillar-stone,            |

|                                                                             |                                                                    |                                                                  |
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| corob frithpian fo-gabar résin mór-phéin i mbárach.”                        | nó go mba réamhphian duit é roimh do <u>mhórpheannaí</u> amárach.” | for a fore-torture before the great torture to-morrow.”          |
| Do-rónad fon samail-sin;                                                    | Rinneadh amhlaidh sin.                                             | So it was done.                                                  |
| bentair de a bec n-étaig                                                    | Baineadh an <u>scriosán</u> éadaigh de                             | His scanty clothing was stripped off him,                        |
| ocus ro cenglad téta ocus refeda taris don chorthi.                         | agus ceanglaíodh téada agus cordaí thairis um an choirthe.         | and ropes and cords were tied across him to the pillar-stone.    |
| <b>Section 29 (ll. 342-356)</b> (Old Ir. p. 11, Mod. Ir. p. 14, Eng. p. 30) |                                                                    |                                                                  |
| Tiagat uad dia tig.                                                         | D’imíodar uaidh dá dteach *ansin*.                                 | They turned away home,                                           |
| Luid Manchín don tig abbad                                                  | Chuaigh Mainchín go teach an aba.                                  | Mainchín going to the abbot’s house,                             |
| co ro sásta boicht ocus oígid leó.                                          | <u>Dheineadar freastal bia</u> ar bhoicht, agus ar aíonna.         | that the poor and guests might be fed by them.                   |
| Ro thomailset fén ní.                                                       | D’itheadar <u>rud éigin</u> dóibh féi                              | They <u>also</u> ate something themselves.                       |
| Ro lécsit troscud in ecnadu út tánic                                        | *Ach* d’fhágadar ina throscadh an t-eagnaí úd a tháinig,           | But they left that sage to fast, who came,                       |
| iar n-a f[h]óided do Dia ocus don Choimdid                                  | arna chur ó Dhia agus ón gCoimdhe                                  | having been sent by God and the Lord                             |
| do thesarcain C[h]athail meic Fhinguine ocus fer Muman                      | do theasargan Cathail mhic Fhinguine agus fear Mumhan              | for the salvation of Cathal Mac Finguine and the men of Munster, |

|                                                      |                                                   |                                                       |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus Lethi Moga Nuadat ol chena.                     | agus Leath Mhogha Nuat chomh maith.               | and the whole Southern Half to boot.                  |
| Nocho damad fír ndligid dó.                          | Níor dámhadh cothrom an dlí dó.                   | The justice of law was not granted him.               |
| Fessid co medón oidche ann.                          | Chaith sé go meánoíche ansin.                     | He remained there until midnight.                     |
| Iar sin ticc aingel Dé chuci for in corthi           | Ansin tháinig aingeal Dé chuige ar an gcoirthe    | Then an angel of God came to him on the pillar-stone, |
| ocus fo-rórbairt in aislingthi do f[h]oillsiugud dó. | agus thosaigh ar an aisling a fhoilsiú dó.        | and began to manifest the vision unto him.            |
| Céin boí in t-aingel forsín c[h]loich                | Fad a bhíodh an t-aingéal ar an gcloch            | As long as the angel was on the pillar-stone          |
| ba ro-the dó;                                        | ba ró-the *an chloch ag Mac Conglinne*.           | it was too hot <u>for Mac Conglinne</u> ,             |
| in tan téged for imaire uad                          | Nuair a d'imíodh sé uaidh ar an iomaire           | but when he moved on a ridge away from him,           |
| ba so-f[h]ulaing dó.                                 | *talún*                                           | it was comfortable.                                   |
| Conid de-sin fil 'Iaire in Aingil' hi fhaithchi      | (Gurb de sin atá 'Iomaire an Aingil' i            | (Hence the 'Angel's Ridge' in the green of            |
| Chorcaige;                                           | bhFaiche Chorcaí                                  | Cork,                                                 |
| ní boí-sium matain cen drúcht.                       | agus ní bhíonn sé maidin gan drúcht *air*.)       | which was never a morning without dew.)               |
| Do-lluid uad in t-aingel deód n-aidche.              | D'imigh an t-aingéal uaidh ag deireadh na hoíche. | At the end of the night the angel departed from him.  |

Cumaid-sium iarum cennp[h]urt mbec uad  
fodén

bid imchubaid ré aiséis amal ro fhaillsiged  
dó,

ocus at-aig ann sin co matain

co cendp[h]ort a aislingt[h]i do léiri lais.

Chum sé féin ceapadóireacht bheag  
\*véarsaíochta\*

a bheadh oiriúnach lenar foilsíodh dó a insint.

Agus d'fhan sé ansin go maidin

agus duan na haislinge ullamh aige.

Thereupon he shaped a little rhyme of his  
own,

which would serve to relate what had been  
manifested to him,

and there he remained until morning

with the poetical account of his vision ready.

### Section 30 (ll. 357-367)

Bentair cloc tinóil oc muintir C[h]orcaige  
matan moch iar n-a bárach.

Tecat uli cusin corthi.

“Maith, a t[h]róig,” ol Manchín,

“cindus filter lat indiú?”

“Is maith,” or sé,

“dia lécther dam in cumair mbriathar fil  
occum do rélad duit-siu

.i. aislingt[h]i do-m-árfaid arér,” ar Mac Con  
Glinne;

Baineadh clog tionóil le muintir Chorcaí  
maidin mhoch arna mhárach.

Thángadar uile chuig an choirthe.

“Maith, a thruáin,” arsa Mainchín,

“conas atá leat inniu?”

“Go maith,” ar seisean,

“má ligtear dom an coimriú briathar atá agam  
a fhoilsiú duitse.

Aisling a taispeánadh arér dom,” arsa Mac  
Conglinne,

Early at morn the chapter-bell was tolled on  
the morrow by the monks of Cork,

and all came to the pillar-stone.

“Well, you miserable wretch,” said Mainchín,

“how is it with you today?”

“It is well,” said he,

“if I am allowed to make known to you a few  
short words that I have,

for a vision appeared to me last night,” said  
Mac Conglinne,

|                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “ocus dia lécther dál dam,<br>indisfet in aislingthi.”                                                                                                 | “agus má thugtar faoiseamh dom,<br>inseoidh mé an aisling.”                                                                                                                                                                             | “and, if a respite is given me,<br>I will relate the vision.”                                                                                                                                      |
| “At-biur do m’ bréthir,” ol Manchín,<br>“dia mbetís síl nÁdaim do m’ réir,<br><br>co ná tibratis dál laí nó aidche duit.<br><br>Mé fén, nícon tibér.”  | “Beirim mo bhriathar,” arsa Mainchín,<br>“Dá mba é <u>m’intinnse intinn</u> shíl Ádhaimh uile,<br><br>ní thabharfaidís sin *ach oiread liomsa* anacal lae ná oíche duit.<br><br>*Maidir* liomsa de, *is deimhin* nach dtabharfaidh mé.” | “By my word, I say,” quoth Mainchín,<br>“if the race of Adam were of my thinking<br><br>they would not give you respite even for a day or a night.<br><br>As for myself, I will not give it.”      |
| “At-beram ar mbréthir,” ol in popul,<br>“cid lonn lat-su,<br>lécfithir dál dó<br>co ro indise a aislinge.<br><br>An us tol lat-su iarum, tabair fair.” | “Beirimídne ár mbriathar,” arsa an pobal,<br>“cé olc leatsa é,<br>béarfar faoiseamh dó<br><u>nó</u> go n-inseoidh sé an aisling.<br>Pé ní is toil leatsa <u>ina dhiaidh sin</u> , agair air é.”                                         | “We pledge our word,” said <u>the monks</u> ,<br>“though it be disagreeable to you,<br>he shall have a respite,<br>that he may relate his vision.<br>Inflict on him afterwards whatever you wish.” |

### Section 31 (ll. 368-418)

Conid ind sin ruc-som Manchín iar  
ngen[e]lach bíd co hÁdam:

“Bennach dún, a c[h]lérig,  
a c[h]lí c[h]loth co comgne;  
mac Midbuilce mela,  
meic Bela, meic Bloince,

meic Buaidrén, meic Brothcháin,

meic Borr-Thoraid brec-báin,  
meic Borr-Chrothi bláthi,

m[ei]c Bláithche, meic Brechtáin,

meic Beóiri, buaid mbainde,  
meic Brocóti binde,  
meic Cainninde caimme,  
meic Shaille, meic Imme,

meic Indrechtáin lán-méith,  
meic Lemnachtai immglain,  
meic Messai, meic Thoraid,  
meic Holair, meic Inmair,

Is ansin a rug sé Mainchín, de réir geinealaigh  
bhia, siar go hÁdhamh:

“Beannaigh sinn, a chléirigh,  
a bhuantaca éigse  
Mac Mheábhoilg mheala,  
Mhic Bhealaidh, mhic Bhlonaise,

Mhic Bhuaidhréin (“Phraisí”), mhic  
Bhracháin,  
Mhic Bhorr-Thoraidh bhreac-bháin  
Mhic Bhorr-Chroithe (“Bhláthuachtair”)  
bhorrtha,  
Mhic Bhláthaí, mhic Bhreachtáin (“Grutha”),

Mhic Bheorach — braon álainn —  
Mhic Bhragóide slime,  
Mhic Chainninne caime,  
Mhic Shaille, mhic Ime,

Mhic Indrechtáin lánmhéith,  
Mhic Leamhnachta íonghlan,  
Mhic Mheasa, mhic Thoraidh,  
Mhic Olair, mhic Anlainn,

Then it was that he traced Mainchín up to  
Adam, according to the pedigree of food,  
saying:

“Bless us, O cleric,  
famous pillar of learning,  
Son of honey-bag,  
son of juice, son of lard,

Son of stirabout, son of pottage,  
  
son of fair speckled fruit-clusters,  
Son of smooth clustering cream,  
  
son of buttermilk, son of curds,

Son of beer (glory of liquors),  
son of pleasant bragget,  
Son of twisted leek,  
son of bacon, son of butter,

Son of full-fat sausage,  
son of pure new milk,  
Son of nut-fruit, son of tree-fruit,  
son of gravy, son of dripping,



meic Hítha, meic Árand,  
meic Cléithi, meic Gualand,  
meic Lón-Loingén láin-te,

meic Láirce, meic Luabann,

meic Lessi, meic Leth[ch]ind,  
meic Loinge Brond ballai,

meic Míre, me[i]c Lommaí,

meic Drommai, meic Tharraí,

meic Thremantai thanai,

meic Thainghe cen traethad,  
meic Éisc Inbeir Indsén,  
meic Millsén, meic Moethal,

meic Meda, meic Fhína,  
meic Carna, meic Corma,  
meic Cruithnechta rigne,  
meic Inbe, meic Onba,

meic Fhind-Litten gile  
d' ass choerach co nglaine,  
meic Scaiblin buic bladmair  
co n-a gablaib gaile,

Mhic Íthe, mhic Árann,  
Mhic Chléithe (“Easna”), mhic Ghualainne,  
Mhic Lón-Loingén (“Stéige Bhráid”)  
lánaíthe,  
Mhic Láirge (“Choise”), mhic Luain,

Mhic Leise, Mhic Leathchinn,  
Mhic Loinge Bronn Balla, Stiall Uchta  
Sármhaith,  
mhic Míre (Ghreimín), mhic Lomma  
(Bhraoinín),  
mhic Dhroma, mhic Tháirrin,

mhic Threamanta Thanai, (Ghrutha Chaoin  
Tanaí),  
mhic Thainge (Cháise) gan Traochadh,  
mhic Éisc Inbhir Inseáin,  
mhic Mhileáin, mhic Mhathail,

mhic Mheá, mhic Fhíona,  
mhic Chárna, mhic Chorma,  
mhic Chruithneachta Righne,  
mhic Inbhe, mhic Onbha (Choda),

mhic Fhinnleitean Gile  
de bhainne caorach is glaine,  
mhic Scaiblin (Anraith) Bhoig Bhláfair  
faoina ghailíní gaile,

Son of fat, son of kidney,  
son of rib, son of shoulder,  
Son of well-filled gullet,

son of leg, son of loin,

Son of hip, son of flitch,  
son of striped breastbone,

Son of bit, son of sup,

son of back, son of paunch,

Son of slender tripe,

son of cheese without decrease,  
Son of fish of Inbhear Inseán,  
son of sweet whey, son of beestings,

Son of mead, son of wine,  
son of flesh, son of ale,  
Son of hard wheat,  
son of tripe, son of (?),

Son of fair white porridge,  
made of pure sheep's milk,  
Son of soft rich pottage,  
with its curls of steam,

meic Gruthraige gairge,  
meic Garbáin chain chorcca,  
meic Craíbechán c[h]raebaig

co n-a choeraib corccra,

meic bairr Braisce bíthe,

meic Bolgáin buic bán-ghlain,  
meic Cnó-Messa cnáim-fhéil,  
meic Ábéil, meic Ádaim.

Maith do dú[th]chus deg-bíd  
is milis re tengaid;  
a chéim f[h]osad f[h]ostán  
a llos trostán bennaig.”

mhic Ghruthraí Gairge (ró-bhuacaí),  
mhic Gharbh-Aráin Choirce,  
mhic Chraoibheacháin (Potáiste) Chaor  
Chraobhaigh  
faoina chaoiríní corcra,

mhic bairr Braisce Bíthe (Chabáiste  
Chálmhín),  
mhic Bolgáin (Mhéadail) Bhoig Bhánghlain,  
mhic Chnóite Cnámhdhéanmais,  
mhic Ábeil, mhic Ádhaimh.

Is maith do shinsir dheabha  
is is milis don teanga  
A chéim shocair shuaimhneach  
le cabhair throstáin bheannaigh.”

b. b. d.

Son of rough curds,  
son of fair oatmeal gruel,  
Son of sprouty meat-soup,

with its purple berries,

Son of the top of effeminate kale,

son of soft white midriff,  
Son of bone-nourishing nut-fruit,  
son of Abel, son of Adam.

Fine is your kindred of choice food,  
to the tongue it is sweet,  
O you of staid and steady step,  
— with the help of pointed staff.”

## Section 32 (ll. 419-429)

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Nocon olc dam-sa ón, a Meic Con Glinne,”<br>ol Manchín;                                                                                                                                                                                                           | “Ní dochar ar bith domsa sin, a Mhic<br>Conglinne,” arsa Mainchín.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | “That hurts me not, Mac Conglinne,” said<br>Mainchín.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| “bec lat-su ail form-sa oculus forsi[n]d eclais,<br><br>co ndernais gen[e]lach bíd i cumni dam<br><br>ná dernad do duine romum<br><br>is ná dignestar co brunni brátha.”                                                                                           | “*Is cosúil gur* beag leatsa sciolladh a<br>dhéanamh ormsa agus ar an Eaglais,<br><br>nuair a rinne tú geinealach bia i gcuimhne<br>ormsa<br><br>nach ndearnadh do dhuine ar bith romham<br><br>agus nach ndéanfar *arís* go bruinne brátha.”                                                      | “Little did you care about slandering me and<br>the Church<br><br>when you composed a food-pedigree to<br>commemorate me,<br><br>such as has not been invented for any man<br>before me,<br><br>and will not be invented till Doom.”                                  |
| “Ní h-ail etir sin, a c[h]lérig,” ar Mac Con<br>Glinne,<br><br>“acht aislingt[h]i do-m-árfas aréir.<br><br>Is ed siút a cennp[h]ort.<br><br>Ní [h-i]nc[h]ubaid in aisslinge,<br><br>oculus dia tucthar dál nó cairde dam<br><br>innisfet in aislingt[h]i iar sin.” | “Ní sciolladh *atá fúm a dhéanamh ar chor ar<br>bith*, a chléirigh,” arsa Mac Conglinne,<br><br>“ach aisling a taispeánadh aréir dom.<br><br>*Níl sa mhéid sin ach* a réamhphort.<br><br>Ní hantráthach don aisling<br><br>agus, má thugtar faoiseamh nó cairde dom,<br><br>inneosfad an aisling.” | “It is no slander at all, O cleric,” said Mac<br>Conglinne,<br><br>“but a vision that was manifested to me last<br>night.<br><br>That is its prelude.<br><br>The vision is not out of place,<br><br>and, if respite or leave be granted me,<br><br>I will relate it.” |

Ocus at-bert Manchín in cétnai,  
ná tibred dál.

Téit-sium iar sin hi cend a aislingt[h]i;

ocus at-berut is óthá sin síis ro f[h]aillsig in t-  
aingel dó,

ut dixit:

Agus dúirt Mainchín arís mar a dúirt roimhe  
— nach dtabharfadh sé cairde dó.

Chuaigh Mac Conglinne, áfach, i gceann a  
aisling \*a insint\*,

agus deirtear gur as sin síis ar fhoilsigh an t-  
aingéal dó.

Ar seisean:

And Mainchín said, as before,  
that he would give no respite.

But Mac Conglinne began to recount his  
vision,

and it is said that from here onward is what the  
angel revealed to him,

as he said:

### Section 33 (ll. 430-499)

“Aislingi do-m-árfas-[s]a,  
taidbsi ingnad indisimm  
i fhiadnaise cháich;  
curchán gered gerthide  
i purt Locha Lemnachta  
ós lind betha bláith.

Lodmar isin loech-lestar,  
laechda in chongaib chonaire  
dar bolc-lenna lir,  
cor bensumm na sesbémend  
dar muncind in mur-t[h]ráchta  
co tochrad a mur-thorud,  
mur-grian amal mil.

Coem in dúnad ráncumar  
co n-a ráthaib ro-brechtán  
resin loch anall;  
ba h-imm úr a erdrochat,  
a chaisel ba gel-chruithnecht,  
a shondach ba sall.

Ba suaírc ségdae a shuidiugud  
in tige treóin trebarda  
i ndechad iar tain;  
a chomla do thirm-charnu,  
a thairsech do thur-arán,  
do maethluib a f[h]raigh.

“Aisling a taibhsíodh dom  
taibhse iontach innseoidh mé  
i bhfianaise cháich:  
curachán geire bealaithe  
i bport Locha Leamhnachta  
os linn de bheatha bhreá.

Chuamar sa laochlestar  
laochta buíon chun bóthair sinn  
thar thuile leanna an lir;  
le buillí rámha neartmhara  
thar mhuincheann na mara \*linn\*  
a chuir aníos an muirthoradh —  
muirghrean amail mil.

Caomh an dún i dtángamar  
faoina rátha ró-bhreachtáin  
ar bhruach an locha thall;  
ba him úr a urdhroichead  
a chaiseal ba ghealchruithneacht  
a shonnach ba shail.

Ba shuaírc séimh a shuí ansin  
an teach tréan treabhar  
i ndeachaigh mé isteach;  
a chomhla de thirimcharna  
a thairseach de thur-arán  
de mhaothal a fhraigh.

“A vision that appeared to me,  
A wonderful apparition, I shall tell it  
In everyone’s presence:  
A lardy coracle all of lard  
Within a port of New-milk Loch,  
Up on the World’s smooth sea.

We went into the man-of-war,  
’Twas warrior-like to take the road  
Over ocean’s tide of drink.  
Across the level sea we went  
Our oar-strokes then we pulled,  
Throwing the sea’s harvest up,  
Like honey, the sea-soil.

The fort we reached was beautiful,  
With works of custards thick,  
Beyond the loch.  
New butter was the bridge in front,  
The rubble dyke was wheaten white,  
Bacon the palisade.

Stately, pleasantly it sat,  
A compact house and strong,  
Then I went in:  
The door of it was dry meat,  
The threshold was bare bread,  
Cheese-curds the sides.

Uaitne slemnai sen-cháise,  
sailghe saille súgmaire  
serndais ima-sech;  
sessa sena sen-chrothi,  
fairre finda fír-grotha,  
fo-loingtis in tech.

Tipra d' fhín 'n-a fhír-iarthar,  
aibne beóri is brocóti,  
blasta cech lind lán;  
lear do braichlis bláith-lendai  
ós brú thopair thremantai  
do-roi[ch] dar a lár.

Loch do braisig bélaithe  
fo barr úscai olordai  
etarra ocus muir;  
erbi imme oc imaire  
fo chír blonci brat-gile  
imon múr amuigh.

Ecor d' ablaib fír-chumra,  
fid co n-a bláth barr-chorcra  
etarra ocus sliab;  
daire forard fírlusa  
do chainnind, do cherrbaccán,  
for cúl tige t[h]iar.

Uaithní sleamhaine seancháise  
teanntáin saille súmhaire  
timpeall ina sraith;  
bíomaí seana d'uachtar \*ann\*  
cuailí fionna fíorghrutha  
mar thaca don teach.

Tobar fíona thiar ar gcúl  
aibhneacha beorach is bragóide  
blas ar gach linn lán;  
lear de bhraich chun dea-leanna  
os bruach tobair mheadhgmhilis  
ag sní trína lár.

Loch de phraiseach bealaithe  
faoi bharr gréisce smearaithe  
eatarthu agus muir;  
fáil ime thart mar gharda air  
faoi bhláth blonaige bratghile  
um an mhúr amuigh.

Sraith de chrainn úll fíorchumhra  
úllord faoi bhláth barrchorcra  
eatarthu is an sliabh;  
doire ró-ard fírlusa  
de chainneann, de chairéidí,  
ar chúl an tí thiar.

Smooth pillars of old cheese,  
And sappy bacon props  
Were ranged around;  
Fine beams of mellow cream,  
White rafters — real curds,  
Supported the house.

Behind was a wine well,  
Beer and bragget in streams,  
Each full pool to the taste.  
Malt in smooth wavy sea,  
Over a lard-spring's brink  
Flowed through the floor.

A loch of pottage fat  
Under a cream of oozy lard  
Between it and the sea.  
Hedges of butter fenced it round,  
Under a blossom of white-mantling lard,  
Around the wall outside.

A row of fragrant apple-trees,  
An orchard in its pink-tipped bloom,  
Between it and the hill.  
A forest tall of real leeks,  
Of leeks and of carrots, stood  
Behind the house.

Muinnter enig inchinni  
d' ócaib dercaib tenn-s[h]ádchib  
im thenid astig;  
secht n-allsmáind, secht n-episle  
do cháisib, do choelánaib,  
fo brágait cech fhir.

At-c[h]onnarc ní, ind airchindech  
co n-a brot[h]raig bóshaille  
má mnaí miadaig maiss;  
at-c[h]onnarc in luchtaire  
fo inbiur in ard-chori  
's a ahél ri a ais.

Cathal maith mac Finguine,  
fó fer dianad oirfited  
airscéla bíd braiss,  
maith in monar oen-uair  
is aibind ri a indisi  
immram lúipe laech-lestair  
dar ler Locha Ais."

A. d. a.

Muintir fháilteach fhlathúil  
ógáin ruafoilt bheathaithe  
um an tine istigh;  
seacht bpaidríní, seacht n-eipistil,  
de cháiseanna, de chaoláin,  
faoi bhráid gach fir.

Chonaic mé uaim an t-airchinneach  
faoina fhallaing bhó-shaille  
lena bhean mhaiseach dheas;  
chonaic mé uaim an luchtaire  
os imeall an ardchoire  
is a adhal lena ais.

.A.

Cathal maith mac Finguine  
rathúil an té cheolann dó  
uirscéalta aoibhne aite;  
breá an caitheamh aimsire  
agus is aoibhinn le hinsint  
iomramh fáin an laochleastair  
thar lear leamhnachta."

Within, a household generous,  
\*A welcome of\* red-haired, firm-fed lads,  
Around the fire.  
Seven bead-strings, and necklets seven,  
Of cheeses and of bits of tripe,  
Hung from each neck.

I saw one — the Chief —  
in mantle of beefy fat  
Beside his noble wife and fair.  
Then the Dispenser I beheld  
Below the lofty cauldron's spit,  
His fleshfork on his back.

The good Cathal Mac Finguine,  
Excellent is the man who performs  
Tales tall and fine.  
That is a good undertaking for an hour  
And it is delightful to tell  
The rowing of the man-of-war  
Over Loch Milk's sea."

### Section 34 (ll. 500-517)

|                                                                               |                                                                       |                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ro indis-[s]ium a aislingi uli ann sin                                        | D'inis sé an aisling uile ansin                                       | He then narrated his entire vision                                        |
| i fiadnaise muintire Corccaige                                                | i bhfianaise mhuintir Chorcaí                                         | in the presence of the <u>monks</u> of Cork                               |
| co roacht a deriud,                                                           | go deireadh <u>thiar</u>                                              | until he reached its close                                                |
| cen cop é so a deriud,                                                        | (cé nach é seo a dheireadh)                                           | (but this is not its close),                                              |
| ocus ro fallsiged do Manchín rath in aislingi.                                | agus foilsíodh do Mhainchín brí na haislinge.                         | and the virtues of the vision were revealed to Mainchín.                  |
| “Maith, a t[h]róig,” ol Manchín,                                              | “Maith, a thruáin” arsa Mainchín,                                     | “Excellent, you wretch,” said Mainchín,                                   |
| “eirg do s[h]aigid C[h]athail meic F[h]inguine uair ro fallsiged dam-sa aréir | “éirigh do iarraidh Chathail mhic Fhinguine óir foilsíodh domsa aréir | “go straight to Cathal Mac Finguine, for it was revealed to me last night |
| in t-olc-sa fil i Cathal do híc triasin aislingi-sin.”                        | an t-olc seo atá ar Chathal a leigheas tríd an aisling sin.”          | that this evil which afflicts Cathal would be cured through that vision.” |
| “Cia lóg do-bérad dam-sa aire?” ar Mac Con Glinne.                            | “Cén luach *saothair* a bhéarfar dom air?” arsa Mac Conglinne.        | “What reward shall I have for that?” asked Mac Conglinne.                 |
| “Nach mór in lóg,” ol Manchín,                                                | “Nach leor de luach *saothair*,” arsa Mainchín,                       | “Is not the reward great,” said Mainchín,                                 |
| “do chorp agus t’ anim do léud duit?”                                         | “do chorp agus d’anam a ligean duit?”                                 | “to let you have your body and soul?”                                     |



|                                                        |                                                                                 |                                                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| “Cumma lem in ní-sin cia do-gnether.                   | “Cuma liom faoi sin, <u>bíodh go dtarlódh amhlaidh</u> ,” *arsa Mac Conglinne*. | “I care not for that, though it should be done.   |
| Senistre nime at urslacthi frim,                       | “Tá fuinneoga neimhe ar oscailt <u>os mo chomhair</u>                           | The windows of Heaven are open to receive me,     |
| ocus in uile f[h]íreón ató Ádam agus Ábél a mac        | agus an uile fhíreán ó Ádhamh agus Ábéil a mhac                                 | and all the faithful from Adam and Abel, his son, |
| ocus cosin firián frecnairc                            | anall go dtí an fíreán freacnairc                                               | even to the present faithful one                  |
| do-lluid doc[h]umm ríchid isin p[h]unc amsire hi támm, | a chuaigh ar neamh sa phonc aimsire ina bhfuilimid,                             | who went to Heaven in this very moment,           |
| atát uli oc clas-c[h]étul for cind m’ anma             | tá siad uile ag claisceadal ar son mo anama                                     | are all chanting in expectation of my soul,       |
| co tias i nnem.                                        | le go dté mé ar neamh.                                                          | that I may enter Heaven.                          |
| Atát noí ngráid nime,                                  | Tá naoi ngrád neimhe                                                            | The nine orders of Heaven,                        |
| im hirophin agus sarophin,                             | *in éineacht leis na* Ceiribímí agus na Saraifíní                               | with Cherubim and Seraphim,                       |
| i frestul m’ anma.                                     | ag fanacht le m’anam.                                                           | are awaiting my soul.                             |
| Is cumma leam                                          | Is cuma liom                                                                    | I care not,                                       |
| cia dig                                                | dá n-imíodh                                                                     | though                                            |

|                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Cathal mac Finguine ocus fir Muman<br>co Leth Mog[a] Nuadat                                                            | Cathal Mac Finguine agus fir Mumhan<br>agus Leath Mhogha Nuat                                                           | Cathal Mac Finguine and the men of Munster,<br>along with all the southern Half *of Ireland*<br>(Leath Mhogha Nuat),        |
| ocus muintir C[h]orcaige,<br>ocus Manchín ria cách ocus iar cách,                                                      | agus muintir Chorcaí<br>— agus Mainchín féin rompu <u>nó ina ndiaidh</u><br>—                                           | and the people of Cork,<br>— and Mainchín, first or last, should go —                                                       |
| i nd-éc ocus i nd-iffen a n-aen oidche,<br>uair bet fessin i n-aentaid in Athar ocus in<br>Meic ocus in Spiruta Naíb.” | in éag agus in ifreann in aon oíche;<br>óir beidh mé féin in aontacht an Athar agus an<br>Mhic agus an Spioraid Naomh.” | to death and hell in one night;<br>while I myself shall be in the unity of the<br>Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” |

### Section 35 (ll. 518-532)

|                                                                          |                                                                                   |                                                                                |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Cia lóg chondigi?” ar muintir C[h]orcaige.                              | “Cén luach *saothair* atá uait?” arsa muintir Chorcaí.                            | “What reward do you require?” asked the community of Cork.                     |
| “Ní mór ém an condigim,” ol Mac Con Glinne,                              | “Ní mór a n-iarraim, go deimhin,” arsa Mac Conglinne                              | “Not great indeed is what I ask,” said Mac Conglinne,                          |
| “.i. in cochall bec ima ro éraid clérig Lethi Moga                       | “— an cochall beag a dhiúltaigh sé do chléirigh Leath Mhogha                      | “merely the little cloak, which he refused to the clergy of the Southern Half, |
| ocus bár t[h]roiscset in aen aidchi,                                     | agus a ndearnadar troscadh *air ina thaobh* san oíche chéanna                     | and for which they fasted on the same night,                                   |
| .i. cochall Manchín.”                                                    | — cochall Mhainchín.”                                                             | — Mainchín’s cloak.                                                            |
| “Bec fiad[ut]-su in ní-sin ocus mór fiadum-sa,” ol Manchín;              | “Beag leatsa mar ní é sin, ach is mór liomsa é,” arsa Mainchín.                   | “Little is that thing in your sight, but great in mine,” said Mainchín.        |
| “acht aen ní,” ol Manchín, “dobiur-sa bréthir i fiadnaise Dé ocus Barri, | “Go deimhin,” ar sé, “beirim mo bhriathar i bhfianaise Dé agus Bharra,            | “Verily,” he added, “I declare, in the presence of God and of St. Barra,       |
| dámad lemm-sa a fil eter Corccaig ocus a termund,                        | “dá mba liomsa a bhfuil idir *mhainistir* Chorcaí agus <u>críoch</u> a tearmainn, | that if the whole country between Cork and its boundary were mine,             |
| robad usa a sechna uli oltás in cochall a aenar.”                        | b’fhusa liom <u>sin</u> uile a sheachaint ná an cochall <u>sin</u> amháin.”       | I would sooner resign it all than the cloak alone.”                            |
| “Mairg nach tibre,” ol cách, “in cochall,                                | “Mairg nach dtabharfaidh an cochall,” arsa cách                                   | “Woe to him who won’t give the cloak,” cried all present,                      |

ol is ferr in Cathal ocus Leth Moga do  
t[h]esarcaín oldás in cochall.”

“Do-bér-sa amal seo,” ol Manchín,

“ocus ní t[h]ardus ocus ní thibar ascaid is  
andsa lemm;

.i. do-bér hé i n-erláim espuic Corccaige

fri a aiseac don scolaige

dia cobra Cathal mac Finguine.”

Ro h-aithned iar sin i n-erláim espuic  
Corccaige, ocus muintir C[h]orcaige dia  
idnocul leis in c[h]ochail,

acht is a lláim in espuic ro fácbad.

“óir is fearr Cathal agus Leath Mhogha a  
theasargan ná an cochall.”

“Tabharfaidh mé é mar sin,” arsa Mainchín,

“agus níor thug mé \*riamh\* ná ní thabharfaidh  
mé \*choíche arís\* aisce \*eile\* is deacra liom.

Tabharfaidh mé é ar láimh d’easpag Corcaí

chun é a aiseag don scoláire

má chabhraíonn sé le Cathal mac Finguine.”

Tugadh an cochall ansin ar láimh d’easpag  
Corcaí agus muintir Chorcaí á thíolacadh,

ach fágadh i lámha an easpaig é.

“for the salvation of Cathal and Mogh’s Half  
(Leath Mhogha) is better than the cloak.”

“I will give it then,” said Mainchín,

“but I never gave, nor shall I give, a boon  
more disagreeable to me;

that is to say, I will give it into the hands of  
the bishop of Cork,

to be delivered to the scholar

if he helps Cathal Mac Finguine.”

It was then given into the hands of the bishop  
of Cork, and the monks of Cork were to  
deliver the cloak with him;

but in the hands of the bishop it was left.

### Section 36 (ll. 533-550)

|                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Imthig fodecht-sa do s[h]aigid C[h]athail!”                                                                                                                    | “Imighse feasta d’iarraidh Chathail!” *arsa Mainchín*.                                                                                                               | “Now go at once to Cathal!”                                                                                                                                                             |
| “Cia h-airmm i fil Cathal?” ar Mac Con Glinne.                                                                                                                  | “Cá háit a bhfuil Cathal?” arsa Mac Conglinne.                                                                                                                       | “Where is Cathal?” asked Mac Conglinne.                                                                                                                                                 |
| “Ní h-annsa,” ol Manchín,                                                                                                                                       | “Ní ansa,” arsa Mainchín.                                                                                                                                            | “Not hard <u>to tell</u> ,” answered Mainchín.                                                                                                                                          |
| “i taig P[h]icháin meic Moíle Finde,<br>ríg hUa nEachach ic Dún Choba<br>i cocrích hUa nEachach agus Corco Laígde;<br>ocus so[i]ch-si innocht connice ind sin.” | “Tá sé i dteach Píocháin mhic Mhaoile Finne,<br>rí Ua nEachach, ag Dún Cobha<br>i gcomhcríoch Ua nEachach agus Chorca Laighdhe<br>agus téighse anocht go nuige sin.” | “In the house of Píochán, son of Maol Finne,<br>King of Ua nEachach (Iveagh), at Dún Cobha,<br>on the borders of Ua nEachach and Corca Laoi,<br>and you must journey there this night.” |
| Luid Mac Con Glinne iarum<br>co dedbirech díscir déinmnetach,                                                                                                   | D’imigh Mac Conglinne roimhe ansin<br>go deifreach, díscir, dithneasach,                                                                                             | Mac Conglinne thereupon went<br>hastily, eagerly, impatiently;                                                                                                                          |
| ocus tóbais a lummain coíc-diabulta cengalta<br>i fán a dá gualand,                                                                                             | agus thóg sé a bhrat cúigfhille <u>agus cheangail</u><br>ar stualeirg a dhá ghualann é,                                                                              | and he lifted his five-folded well-strapped<br>cloak on to the slope of his two shoulders,                                                                                              |
| ocus cenglaid a léinid ós mellaib a lárac,                                                                                                                      | agus cheangail sé a léine <u>lastuas de</u> dhá mheall<br>a mhása                                                                                                    | and tied his shirt over the buttocks of his<br>haunches,                                                                                                                                |

|                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus cingis dar fiarlaít na faithchi fon samail-sin co tech Pichán      | agus ching sé thar fiarlaid na faiche faoin samhail sin go teach Píocháin                                                                                  | and strode thus across the green to the house of Píochán,                      |
| meic Moíl[e] Finde, co Dún Coba                                         | mhic Mhaoile Finne, go Dún Cobha,                                                                                                                          | son of Maol Finne, to Dún Cobha,                                               |
| i cocrích hUa nEachach agus Corcu Laígde.                               | i gcomhchríoch Ua nEachach agus Chorca Laighdhe.                                                                                                           | on the confines of Ua nEachach and Corca Laoi.                                 |
| Ocus cingis co dian a dochumm in dúnaid fon tochim-sin,                 | Agus ching sé faoin toichim sin go dian chun an dúin,                                                                                                      | And at this pace he went quickly to the fort.                                  |
| ocus feib ro-siacht in sluag-t[h]ech saindrud                           | agus nuair a shroich sé an slua-theach <u>féin</u> ,                                                                                                       | And as he came to the very meeting house                                       |
| i mbádus oc tinól na slóg,                                              | <u>áit</u> a rabhthas ag tionól na sluaite,                                                                                                                | where the hosts were gathering,                                                |
| gabaid gerr-chochall agus gerr-étach imme,                              | ghabh sé gearrchochall agus gearréadach uime,                                                                                                              | he put on a short cloak and short garments:                                    |
| girru cach n-uachtarach lais agus libru cach n-íchtarach.               | gach *ball éadaigh íochtarach leis* níos giorra *ná a chéile i ndiaidh a chéile* agus gach ball uachtarach leis níos faide *ná a chéile diaidh i ndiaidh*. | each upper garment being shorter with him, and each lower one being longer.    |
| Fo-rórbairt fuirseóracht fon samail-sin don ts[h]lóg do lár in ríghige, | Thosaigh sé faoin samhail sin ag fuirseoireacht do slua ar úrlár an rí-thí                                                                                 | In this wise he began juggling for the host from the floor of the royal house, |
| .i. ní nárba comadais dia p[h]ersaínd                                   | (rud nár chuí dá phearsa *ina chléireach* dó),                                                                                                             | (a thing not fit for <u>an ecclesiastic</u> )                                  |
| — cáinteacht agus bragitóracht agus duana la filidecht do gabáil,       | *agus ar* cháinteacht agus abhlóireacht agus duanta filíochta a ghabháil                                                                                   | and practising satire and buffoonery and singing songs;                        |

co ro h-asblad hé ná tánic riam nó iarum

\*nó\* go ndúradh faoi nár tháinig roimhe sin  
ná ó shin

and it has been said that there came not before  
his time, nor since,

bid errdarcu i cerdu cáintechna.

\*duine\* b'oirice ná é i gcearda cáintechna.

one more renowned in the arts of satire.

### Section 37 (ll. 551-561)

In tan boí for na spledaib

Ar mbeith dó ar na bearta \*sin\*

When he was engaged in his feats

i tig P[h]icháin meic Moil[e] Finde,

i dteach Píocháin mhic Mhaoile Finne,

in the house of Píochán, son of Maol Finne,

conid ann as-bert Pichán secha,

is ann a dúirt Píochán i leataobh \*leis\*:

then it was that Píochán said aside:

“Cid mór do muirn-si, a meic léigind, ní-m  
dénann-sa subach dí.”

“Cé mór do mheidhir-se, a mhic léinn, ní  
subhach domsa dí.”

“Though great your mirth, son of learning, it  
does not make me glad.”

“Cid do-t-gní mif[r]ech?” or Mac Con Glinne.

“Cad é a dhéanann duairc thú?” arsa Mac  
Conglinne.

“What makes you sad?” asked Mac  
Conglinne.

“Ná fetara-su, a scolaige,” ol Pichán,

“Nach bhfuil a fhios agat, a scolóig?” arsa  
Píochán,

“Do you not know, O scholar,” said Píochán,

“.i. Cathal mac Finguine co maithib Muman  
do thidecht innocht,

“\*beidh\* Cathal Mac Finguine agus maithe  
Mumhan ag teacht anseo anocht,

“that Cathal Mac Finguine with the nobles of  
Munster is coming to-night;

ocus cid doiligh lemm mór-s[h]luag Muman,

agus cé doiligh liom mórshlua Mumhan,

and though troublesome to me is the great host  
of Munster,

|                                                               |                                                                             |                                                                                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| is annsa Cathal a aenur,                                      | is <u>measa</u> Cathal ina aonar;                                           | more troublesome is Cathal alone;                                                    |
| ocus cid doilig e-ssium i n-a p[h]rím-chutig                  | agus cé doiligh eisean faoina chéadphroinn,                                 | and though troublesome is he in his first meal,                                      |
| is doilge i n-a p[h]rím-airigid,                              | is doilí fós faoina mhórphroinn é                                           | more troublesome is he in his prime feast;                                           |
| ocus is doilgide a [fh]rith-airige doridisi.                  | agus is doilí fós arís é faoina idirbhéile.                                 | but most troublesome of all is his feast again.                                      |
| Fil trédi chondagur icon [fh]rith-airigid-sin,                | Tá trí nithe nach mór le haghaidh an idirbhéile sin,                        | For at this feast three things are wanted,                                           |
| .i. miach cuachán ocus miach fiaduball ocus miach min-aráin.” | <u>mias</u> choirce agus <u>mias</u> fhia-úll agus <u>mias</u> mhionaráin.” | namely, a bushel of oats, and a bushel of wild apples, and a bushel of flour-cakes.” |



### Section 38 (ll. 562-576)

|                                                                    |                                                                                                         |                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Cia lóg do-bértha dam-sa,” ar Mac Con Glinne,                     | “Cén luach *saothair* a bhéarfá domsa,” arsa Mac Conglinne,                                             | “What reward would be given me,” said Mac Conglinne,                   |
| “dia ndingbaind dítt hé ón tráth-sa cusin tráth ar a bárach,       | “dá ndiongghaínn díot é ón tráth seo gus an tráth seo amárach                                           | “if I shield you against him from this hour to the same hour tomorrow, |
| ocus ná dignesta a aithe for da thuaith ná fort féin?”             | agus nach ndéanfaí sin a agairt ar do thuath ná ort féin?”                                              | and that he would not avenge it on your people or on yourself?”        |
| “Do-s-béraind falaig n-óir ocus ech Bretnach duit,” ol Píchán.     | “Bhéarfainn fáinne óir agus each Breathnach duit,” arsa Píochán.                                        | “I would give you a golden ring and a Welsh steed,” said Píochán.      |
| “Do m’ debroth, fullfi fris,” ar Mac Con Glinne, “in tan gébthar!” | “Dar mo mhóid Dé, *béarfaidh tú agus tuilleadh leis má táthar lena* ghlacadh uait,” arsa Mac Conglinne. | “By my oath, you will add to it when accepted,” said Mac Conglinne.    |
| “Do-bér-sa beós,” ol Píchán,                                       | “Béarfaidh mise fós,” arsa Píochán,                                                                     | “I will give you besides,” said Píochán,                               |
| “caera find cacha tige ocus cacha trillsi ó Charnd co Corccaig.”   | “caora fhionn as gach teach agus gach banrach chaorach ó Charn go Corcaigh.”                            | “a white sheep for every house and for every fold, from Carn to Cork.” |
| “Gébut-sa sin,” ar Mac Con Glinne,                                 | “Ghlacfaidh mé leis sin,” arsa Mac Conglinne,                                                           | “I will take that,” said Mac Conglinne,                                |
| “acht co rab[at] rí g ocus brugaid,                                | “ach a mbeidh ríthe agus brugháí,                                                                       | “provided that kings and lords of land,                                |
| filid ocus cáinte dam                                              | filí agus cáinteoirí agam *mar bharánta*                                                                | poets and satirists <u>are pledged</u> to me                           |

|                                                |                                                                           |                                                                 |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| fri taisec fhiach ocus dá comallad,            | ar íoc na bhfiacha *sin liom* agus<br>chomhlíonadh *an ghealltanais sin*, | for the delivery of <u>my</u> dues and for their<br>fulfilment, |
| co-nom t[h]orsit immlán;                       | nó go sroiche an t-iomlán mé                                              | so that they shall reach me in full,                            |
| .i. ríg do aithne na fhiach,                   | — ríthe chun na fiacha a thobhach;                                        | viz., kings to enforce the dues,                                |
| briugaid do m' imfhulang                       | brughaí le hiad a chothú                                                  | lords of land to support them                                   |
| do chaithem bíd ocus lenda ocus lessaigthi leó | le bia agus lionn agus iad a <u>fhriothálamh</u>                          | with food and drink and necessities,                            |
| céin beó ic tobach m' fhiach.                  | fad a bheidh siad ag tobhach m'fhiach.                                    | while they are levying my dues;                                 |
| Dia fhealltar for m' fhiachaib,                | Má fhealltar orm faoi na fiacha,                                          | if I am cheated of my dues,                                     |
| filid dia n-aír ocus [dia n] 'gláim dícind',   | filí dá n-aoradh le 'glámh díchinn',                                      | poets to scathe and revile,                                     |
| cáinte dia sílad                               | cáinseoirí ag scaipeadh                                                   | and satirists to scatter <u>the satires</u> ,                   |
| ocus dia ngabáil duit-siu                      | agus ag gabháil *na n-aor sin* ort-sa                                     | and sing them against you                                       |
| ocus do t' chloind ocus do t' c[h]eneól,       | agus ar do chlann agus ar do chineál,                                     | and your children and your descendants,                         |
| mina-m t[h]ísat mo fhéich.”                    | mura sroiche na fiacha mé.”                                               | unless my dues reach me.”                                       |
| Ocus nadmis iarum for a chura.                 | Agus shnaidhm sé *Píochán* ansin ar <u>na coraí</u><br>*sin*.             | And he bound him then on his pledges.                           |

### Section 39 (ll. 577-595)

|                                                      |                                                             |                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Táinic Cathal mac Finguine                           | Tháinig Cathal mac Finguine                                 | Cathal Mac Finguine came                                 |
| co mbuidnib ocus marcshlóg f[h]er Muman,             | lena bhuíonta agus le marcshlua fear Mumhan                 | with the companies and hosts of horse of the Munstermen; |
| co ndessitar                                         | agus shuíodar <u>fúthu</u>                                  | and they sat themselves down                             |
| for colbadu ocus imscinge ocus imdadu.               | ar na colbhaí agus na himscingí agus na hiomdhadha.         | on bed-rails and couches and beds.                       |
| Gabsat ingenai míne macdachta fosaic ocus fritháilem | <u>Rinne</u> iníonacha míne óigeanta osaic agus friothálamh | Gentle maidens began to serve and attend                 |
| do na slógaib ocus do na sochaidib.                  | do na sluaite agus do na sochraidí.                         | to the hosts and to the multitudes.                      |
| Nícon dam Cathal mac Finguine                        | Níor cheadaigh Cathal Mac Finguine                          | But Cathal Mac Finguine did not let                      |
| fria leth-éill a bróci do bein de                    | *fíú* leathiall a bhróige a <u>scaoileadh</u>               | the thong of his shoe be half-loosed,                    |
| in tan boí oc tidnocul a beóil                       | nó go raibh sé ag freastal a bhéil                          | before he began supplying his mouth                      |
| ó chechtar a dí lám do na h-ublaib                   | le ceachtar a dhá láimh de na húlla                         | from both hands with the apples                          |
| bátar forsna sechedaib imme sechnón.                 | a bhí ar na seithí timpeall uime.                           | that were on the hides round about him.                  |
| Is and sin boí Mac Con Glinne.                       | Bhí Mac Conglinne ansin.                                    | Mac Conglinne was there,                                 |
| Atn-aig oc blassachtaig                              | Thosaigh sé ag blasachtach                                  | and began smacking his lips                              |

|                                         |                                              |                                                            |
|-----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| isin leth aile don tig,                 | sa leath eile den teach *thall*,             | at the other side of the house,                            |
| ocus nícon ráthaig Cathal sin.          | <u>ach</u> níor airigh Cathal é.             | but Cathal did not notice it.                              |
| Érgis Mac Con Glinne                    | D'éirigh Mac Conglinne *ansin*               | Mac Conglinne rose and went                                |
| co díscir déinmnetach diabulda          | go díscir, dithneasach, diabhalta            | hastily, impatiently, devilishly,                          |
| i n-a ruathar bodbda                    | ina ruathar badhbha                          | in his furious rush                                        |
| ocus i n-a chéim c[h]urata              | agus ina chéim churata                       | and warlike <u>bold</u> pace                               |
| dar fiarlaít in ríghige,                | thar fiarlaid an rí-thí,                     | across the royal house.                                    |
| ocus buí rell dermáir                   | agus bhí liag ollmhór *ansin*                | And there was a huge block                                 |
| ocus nert-lia míled                     | agus <u>cloch mhór theilgthe</u> mhíleata    | and warriors' stone of strength                            |
| forsa n-indsmatís slega oculus semmunna | ar a seamaítí sleánna agus *n-ullmhaítí*     | on which spears and rivets were wont to be fastened,       |
| ocus fria meltís renda oculus faebra,   | agus lenar mheiltí reanna agus arm faobhair, | and against which points and edges were wont to be ground; |
| ocus ba corthi curad in lecc-sin;       | agus ba choirthe curadh an liag sin;         | and a warrior's pillar-stone was that flag.                |
| ocus tóbais fri a ais                   | agus thóg sé ar a dhroim í                   | And he lifted it on his back and bore it                   |

|                                                             |                                                               |                                                                    |
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| co h-áit a mboí remi for in c[h]olba,                       | don áit a raibh sé roimhe sin ar an gcolbha                   | to the place where he had been before on the bed-rail,             |
| ocus indsmáis in cend n-uachtarach i n-a beólu di           | agus sháigh sé an ceann uachtarach di ina bhéal,              | thrust the upper end of it in his mouth,                           |
| ocus araile for a glún,                                     | an ceann eile di ar a ghlúine aige,                           | <u>rested</u> the other end of it on his knee,                     |
| ocus fo-róbairt ic tomait a [dé]t frisin cloich.            | agus thosaigh sé ag meilt a <u>chuid</u> fiacra ar an gcloch. | and began grinding his teeth against the stone.                    |
| Is ed at-fiadut eólaig agus senóire agus libuir C[h]orcaige | Is é a deir eolaigh agus seanóirí agus leabhair Chorcaí       | What the learned, and the elders, and the books of Cork relate is, |
| nát boí i fhoccus in dúnaid                                 | nach raibh i bhfogas an dúna,                                 | that there was no one in the neighbourhood of the fort             |
| ar medón nó dianechtair                                     | laistigh nó lasmuigh,                                         | inside or outside,                                                 |
| ná cuala                                                    | <u>duine</u> nár chuala                                       | that did not hear                                                  |
| fuaim a dét frisin cloich                                   | fuaim a dhéada leis an gcloch                                 | the noise of his teeth against the stone                           |
| boí i n-a beólu,                                            | a bhí ina bhéal,                                              | that was in his mouth,                                             |
| cia boí dia slemnu.                                         | ainneoin a sleamhaine í.                                      | though it was of the smoothest.                                    |

## Section 40 (ll. 596-605)

|                                                       |                                                                 |                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tócbais Cathal a chend ar sin.                        | Thóg Cathal a cheann ansin.                                     | Thereat Cathal raised his head.                                   |
| “Cid do-t-gní mer, a meic léigind?” or Cathal.        | “Cad é a chuireann ar mire thú, a mhic léinn?” arsa Cathal.     | “What makes you mad, son of learning?” asked Cathal.              |
| “Fil dá ní,” ar Mac Con Glinne,                       | “Tá dhá ní,” arsa Mac Conglinne,                                | “Two things,” said Mac Conglinne;                                 |
| “.i. Cathal mac fírlaínd Finguine,                    | “Cathal mac fírlaínn Finguine,                                  | “viz., Cathal, the right-beautiful son of Finguine,               |
| ard-rí mór-Lethi Moga Nuadat,                         | ardrí mór-Leatha Mhogha Nuat,                                   | the high-king of the great <u>Southern Half</u> ,                 |
| ard-c[h]osnamaid Éirenn                               | ardchosantóir Éireann                                           | the chief defender of Ireland                                     |
| fria Clanna Cuinn Chét-Chathaig,                      | <u>in éadan</u> clanna Choinn Chéadchathaigh,                   | against the children of Conn of the hundred battles,              |
| fer ro h-oirdned ó Dia agus ó Dúilem,                 | fear a hoirníodh ó Dhia agus ó Dhúileamh,                       | a man ordained by God and the elements,                           |
| laech saer socheneóil d’ Eóganacht gríbda Glendamnach | laoch saor so-chinéalach d’Eoghanacht ghríofa Ghleannabhrach    | the noble well-born hero of pleasant Eoghanacht of Gleannamhnach, |
| iar ceneól a atharda,                                 | de réir chineáil a athartha                                     | according to the kindred of his paternity,                        |
| saeth lem-sa a acsin a aenur ic tomait neich,         | — <u>gur</u> saoth liomsa é a fheiscint ag ithe ruda ina aonar. | — I grieve to see him eating anything alone;                      |

|                                                           |                                                                           |                                                      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus dia mbet doíne a críchaib ciana istaig               | Agus dá mbeadh daoine ó chríocha ciana istigh <u>anseo</u>                | and if men from distant lands were within,           |
| ic cuinchid áil nó aisc,                                  | ag iarraidh áil nó aisce,                                                 | soliciting request or gift,                          |
| do-génut écnach                                           | dhéanfaidís éagnach                                                       | they will scoff                                      |
| cen m' ulchain-se ic comscísachtaig fria t' ulchain-sea." | *toisc* gan mo fhéasóg-sa a bheith ag comhscíosachtach le do fhéasóg-se." | if my beard wags not in mutual movement with yours." |

#### Section 41 (ll. 606-625)

|                                                      |                                                                 |                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| "Is fíir," for Cathal, oc tabairt oen uba[i]ll dó,   | "Is fíor duit," arsa Cathal, ag tabhairt úill amháin dó         | "True," said Cathal, giving him an apple,                    |
| ocus ro esaig a dó nó a trí i n-a beólu fén.         | *le linn dó* dhá nó trí úlla a shacadh ina bhéal féin.          | and jamming two or three into his own mouth.                 |
| Fri ré na trí leth-bliadan                           | Ar feadh ré na dtrí leathbhliana                                | (During the space of three half-years                        |
| boí in demun i mbrágait C[h]athail meic F[h]inguine, | a raibh an deamhan i mbráid Chathail mhic Fhinguine,            | that the fiend abode in the throat of Cathal Mac Finguine,   |
| ní derna doennacht                                   | ní dhearna sé de dhaonnacht                                     | he had not performed such an act of humanity                 |
| acht in t-aen uball fiadain út do Mac Con Glinne     | ach an t-aon úll fiáin úd a <u>thabhairt</u> do Mhac Conglinne, | as <u>the giving of</u> that one wild apple to Mac Conglinne |
| iar n-a athc[h]uinchid co trén.                      | tar éis *dó* é a iarraidh go tréan air.                         | after it had been earnestly asked.)                          |

|                                                                       |                                                                                     |                                                                           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Ferr déda hó oín i nd-ecna,” ar Mac Con Glinne.                      | “Is fearr dhá ní ná an t-aon ní i *gcursaí* eagna,” arsa Mac Conglinne.             | “Better two things than one in learning,” said Mac Conglinne.             |
| Snedis aroli dó.                                                      | Chaith sé ceann eile chuige.                                                        | He flung him another.                                                     |
| “Umir na Trínóti!” or Mac Con Glinne.                                 | “Uimhir na Tríonóide!” arsa Mac Conglinne.                                          | “The number of the Trinity!” said Mac Conglinne.”                         |
| Cuiris oen dó.                                                        | Thug sé ceann eile dó.                                                              | He gives him one.                                                         |
| “Cethair leba[i]r in ts[h]oscéla iar timna C[h]ríst!”                 | “Ceithre leabhar an tsoiscéil de réir tiomna Chríost!”                              | “The four books of the Gospel, according to the Testament of Christ!”     |
| Tidnais oen dó.                                                       | Chaith sé ceann chuige.                                                             | He threw him one.                                                         |
| “Cóic lebair Moysi iar ndeich timnai Rechta.”                         | “Cúig leabhar Mhaoise de réir deich n-aitheanta na seanreachta.”                    | “The five books of Moses, according to the Ten Commandments of the Law.”  |
| Cuiris oen dó.                                                        | Raid sé ceann chuige.                                                               | He flung him one.                                                         |
| “Cétna airtecul ármide do-airis ó [a] rainde ocus ó [a] chotib fadén, | “An chéad airteagal uimhriúil <u>atá comhdhéanta</u> dá ranna agus dá chodanna féin | “The first numeral article which consists of its own parts and divisions, |
| .i. in umir s[h]éda,                                                  | — an uimhir sé,                                                                     | — the number six,                                                         |



acht is a trí a lleth, is a dó a trian.

Tabair dam in sessed!”

Snidis urchur d’ oen uball dó.

“In secht

do-rarngired do t’ Dia i talmain

.i. a chompert, a gein,

a bathis, et reliqua.”

Tic oen dó.

“Ocht mbiati in ts[h]oscéla,

a ruri rí-g-brethaigh!”

Beris oen dó.

“Noí ngráid nime, a meic,

a rí-g-nia in betha!”

Tidnacis oen dó.

mar is é trí a leath agus is é a dó a thrían.

Tabhair dom an seisiú!”

Theilg sé úll ina urchar chuige.

“Na seacht nithe

a tairngríodh do Dhia agus É ar talamh

— a choimpeart, a ghiniúint,

a bhaiste agus aroile.”

Thug sé úll dó.

“Ocht mbeannaitheachaí an tsoiscéil,

a ruire rí-bhreathaigh!”

Thug sé úll dó.

“Naoi ngrád neimhe, a mhic,

a rí-nia an bheatha!”

Chaith sé úll chuige.

for its half is three, its third is two,

— give me the sixth!”

He cast him one apple.

“The seven things

which were prophesied of your God on earth,

viz., His Conception, His Birth,

His Baptism,” etc.

He gave him one.

“The eight Beatitudes of the Gospel,

O Prince of kingly judgments!”

He threw him one.

“The nine orders of the kingdom of Heaven,  
son,

O royal champion of the world!”

He gave him one.

|                                                                               |                                                                                           |                                                                                                     |
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| “Dechmad grád talman,<br>a chosnamaid in chóicid!”                            | “An deichiú grád — <u>grád an duine</u> —<br>a chosantóir an chúige!”                     | “The tenth is the order of Mankind,<br>O defender of the province!”                                 |
| Tic uball dó.                                                                 | Chaith sé úll chuige.                                                                     | He cast him an apple.                                                                               |
| “Áirem anfhurbithi na n-aspal iar n-imorbus!”                                 | “Áireamh neamhfhoirfe na naspal tar éis<br>pheaca <u>Iúdáis</u> !”                        | “The imperfect number of the apostles after<br>sin!”                                                |
| Gnídis oen dó.                                                                | Raid sé ceann leis.                                                                       | He flung him one.                                                                                   |
| “Numir f[h]orpthi na n-aspal iar n-imorbus<br>cia do-rigset tairmthecht!”     | “Uimhir fhoirfe na n-aspal *tar éis pheaca*,<br><u>fiú</u> má rinneadh tairmtheacht!”     | “The perfect number of the apostles after sin,<br>even though they had committed<br>transgression!” |
| Ferais oen fair.                                                              | Theilg sé <u>úll</u> chuige.                                                              | He threw him one.                                                                                   |
| “Ba h-í in buaid ós buadu<br>ocus in umir f[h]orpthi,<br>Críst for a aspalu.” | “Ba í an bua os gach bua<br>— agus an uimhir fhoirfe —<br>Críost <u>agus na</u> haspail.” | “The triumph beyond triumphs<br>and the perfect number,<br>Christ with his apostles.”               |

## Section 42 (ll. 626-643)

|                                                                                            |                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                              |
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| “Indeó,” or Cathal, “dar Barra,<br>no-m ísa dia-nom lena ní as mó!”                        | “Go deimhin,” arsa Cathal, “dar Bharra,<br>íosfaidh tú mé má leanfaidh tú níos <u>sia</u> díom!”                        | “Verily, by St. Barra,” said Cathal,<br>“you’ll devour me, if you pursue me any<br>further!”                 |
| Snedis Cathal in sechid co n-a h-ublaib dó,<br>co ná boí cúil nó frithbac nó lár nó lepaid | *Leis sin*, chaith Cathal an seithe leis na<br>húlla chuige<br>ionas nach raibh cúil ná <u>cúinne</u> , urlár ná leaba, | Cathal flung him hide, apples and all,<br>so that there was neither corner, nor nook, nor<br>floor, nor bed, |
| ná rístís na h-ublai,<br>co nár nessa do Mac Con Glinne inás do<br>chách,                  | nár shroich na húlla *fad* leo,<br>i dtreo nár neasa do Mhac Conglinne ná do<br>chách *uile iad*,                       | that the apples did not reach.<br>They were not nearer to Mac Conglinne than<br>to all else;                 |
| ocus ba faide ó Chathal iat.                                                               | ach go mba faide ó Chathal iad.                                                                                         | but they were the farther from Cathal.                                                                       |
| Gabaid feirg Cathal.                                                                       | Ghabh fearg Cathal.                                                                                                     | Fury seizes Cathal.                                                                                          |
| Lingid ind ala súil dó i n-a chend                                                         | Ling súil amháin leis isteach ina cheann                                                                                | One of his eyes jumped so far back into his<br>head                                                          |
| co ná tibred petta cuirre ass.                                                             | sa tslí nach mbainfeadh peata coirre as í.                                                                              | that a pet crane could not have picked it out.                                                               |
| Gabaid in súil n-aile immach                                                               | Gheit an tsúil eile amach                                                                                               | His other eye started out                                                                                    |

|                                                       |                                                                |                                                                   |
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| comba métithir ocus og rerschirce hí i n-a chind,     | nó go mba chomh-mhór ina cheann í le hubh circe,               | until it was as large in his head as a hen's egg.                 |
| ocus bertais a druimm fria sliss in ríghige           | agus theann sé *ansin* a dhroim le slíos an rí-thí             | And he pressed his back against the side of the palace,           |
| co ná fárcaib cleith nó slait                         | ionas nár fhág sé cliath ná slat                               | so that he left neither rafter, nor pole,                         |
| nó scolb nó dlaí nó uatni                             | ná scolb ná dlaoi ná uaithne                                   | nor wattle, nor wisp of thatch, nor post,                         |
| ná dic[h]sed as a inad;                               | nár ndeachaigh as a ionad,                                     | that was not displaced.                                           |
| ocus saidis 'n-a s[h]uide.                            | agus *ansin* shuigh sé faoi 'na shuíochán.                     | And he sat down in his seat.                                      |
| “Do chos ocus do gruad fôt, a rí!” ar Mac Con Glinne; | “Do chos agus do ghrua fút, a rí!” arsa Mac Conglinne.         | “Your foot and your cheek under you, O King!” said Mac Conglinne. |
| “ná tuc mallachtain dam ocus ná gat nem form!”        | “Ná tabhair do mhallacht dom agus ná bain neamh díom!”         | “Do not curse me, and do not cut me off from Heaven!”             |
| “Cid do-t-rigne, a meic léigind?” ol Cathal.          | “Cad chuige duit é seo a dhéanamh, a mhic léinn?” arsa Cathal. | “What has caused you to act so, son of learning?” said Cathal..   |
| “So-dethbir dam,” ar Mac Con Glinne;                  | “A chúis go maith agam,” arsa Mac Conglinne.                   | “Good reason have I,” said Mac Conglinne.                         |
| “do-rála dam araí fri muintir Corccaige               | “D'éirigh *achrann* idir mé agus muintir Chorcaí aréir         | “I had a quarrel last night with the community of Cork,           |
| ocus co tardsat a n-osnaid dam.                       | agus thugadar a mallacht dom.                                  | and they gave me their malediction.                               |

|                                                                   |                                                              |                                                                    |
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| Iss ed fo-t-ruair dam an-í-sin frit-siu.”                         | *Sin* é a thug orm é seo *a dhéanamh* ortsa.”                | This is the cause of my behaving thus towards you.”                |
| “Luid dó, a Meic Con Glinne,” ol Cathal;                          | “Cuir uait, a Mhic Conglinne,” arsa Cathal.                  | “Go to, Mac Conglinne,” said Cathal.                               |
| “dar Imbliuch nIbair, diamad bés dam meic léigind do marbad . . . | “Dar Imleach Iubhair, dá mba bhéas liomsa mac léinn a mharú, | “By Imleach Iubhair (Emly), if it were my custom to kill students, |
| Sech ní rísta,                                                    | <u>ceachtar acu</u> , ní thiocfá *anseo*                     | either you would not have come,                                    |
| ní t[h]ísta!”                                                     | *nó* ní imeofá *beo* as!”                                    | or you should not depart!”                                         |

### Section 43 (ll. 644-665)

|                                                      |                                                                |                                                                |
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| Aire trá ba luige dó-sam Imbliuch nIbair,            | <u>’Sé an fáth go raibh</u> Imleach Iubhair mar luighe aige ná | Now, the reason why Imleach Iubhair was an oath with him was,  |
| ar is innte fo-gebed a sháith min-aráin,             | mar is inti a d’fhaigheadh sé a sháith de mhionaráin,          | because it was there he used to get his fill of small bread;   |
| ocus no bíd & bratt boinni odarda imme,              | agus bhíodh sé ann agus brat mín odhar uime,                   | and he used to be there, dressed in a dun-coloured soft cloak, |
| ocus a c[h]loidem cruaid coilc-dírech i n-a chléláim | agus a chlaíomh crua colg-díreach ina lámh chlél,              | his hard straight-bladed sword in his left hand,               |
| ic tomeilt blog ó cech boith i n-aroli.              | ag tomhailt bloghanna ó gach both go haraile.                  | eating broken meats from one cell to another.                  |

|                                                                    |                                                                                           |                                                                                   |
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| Atn-aig and lá n-oen i mboith aroli meic léigind,                  | Lá amháin chuaigh sé isteach i mboth mhic léinn araile,                                   | One day he went into the cell of a certain student,                               |
| ocus tic lán dó do blogaib.                                        | agus fuair sé a dhóthain de bhloghanna.                                                   | and got his fill of broken meats.                                                 |
| Figlis na blogu.                                                   | Scrúdaigh sé na bloghanna.                                                                | He examined the bits.                                                             |
| Figlis in mac léigind in lethenach boí ar a bélaib.                | Scrúdaigh an mac léinn an leathanach a bhí <u>os a chomhair</u> ;                         | The student examined the page that lay before him;                                |
| Feib ro-siacht in lethenach do fhighled,                           | <i>*agus*</i> nuair <u>d'éirigh sé as scrúdú</u> an leathanaigh,”                         | and when he had finished studying the page,                                       |
| sínis a thengaid d’ impód na duille.                               | shín sé a theanga chun an duille a iompú.                                                 | he thrust out his tongue to turn over the leaf.                                   |
| “Cid do-t-rigne, a meic léigind?” ol Cathal.                       | “Cén fáth a rinne tú sin, a mhic léinn?” arsa Cathal.                                     | “What has caused you to do that, O student?” asked Catha.                         |
| “Dethbir mór accum,” or sé;                                        | “A chúis <u>go maith</u> agam,” ar sé;                                                    | “Great cause have I,” said he.                                                    |
| “in sluaiged co marbad immel in tshaegail do thachur i lleth frim, | “ <u>cuireadh brú orm</u> dul sa slógadh chun marú <i>*na bhfear*</i> ar imill an tsaoil, | “I have been pressed to go soldiering with a host in arms to the world’s borders, |
| .i. errandus do chimais na bairgine                                | <i>*fiú amháin*</i> cuid de chiumhais an bhairín                                          | <u>not so much</u> as a part of a biscuit-rim,                                    |
| do neoch t[h]echnas luaith oculus tene                             | do neach a theagmhaíonn luaith agus tine leis,                                            | so that there is nothing that touches ashes and fire,                             |
| iar n-a ságud do dethaig oculus do gaíth,                          | <u>nach bhfuil triomaithe</u> le deathach agus le gaioth                                  | that has not been dried up by smoke and wind <u>during my absence</u> ,           |

|                                                                                   |                                                                                    |                                                                                            |
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| co ná bí súg nó seag innte,                                                       | go dtí nach bhfuil sú ná sea inti,                                                 | until there is neither sap nor strength in it,                                             |
| cen mír salle nó imme nó feóla,                                                   | gan mír shaille ná ime ná feola *le n-ithe agam,*                                  | I have not a morsel of bacon, nor of butter, nor of meat,                                  |
| cen dig nach ceneóil                                                              | ná deoch d’aon chineáil,                                                           | no drink of any sort,                                                                      |
| acht deoch do bodar-usce na cuirre,                                               | ach deoch de mhodarusce na linne,                                                  | except the dead water of the pool;                                                         |
| co ra-m dígaib fo m’ nert & fo m’ t[h]racht;                                      | go dtí gur baineadh mo neart agus mo lúth *díom;*                                  | so that I have been bereft of my strength and vigour.                                      |
| ocus in slógad ré cách & iar cách.”                                               | <u>ach</u> an slógadh roimh cách agus iar cách.”                                   | But first and last — the hosting.”                                                         |
| “Indeó,” ar mac Finguine .i. ar Cathal,                                           | “Fíor,” arsa mac Finguine, .i. Cathal,                                             | “Verily,” said the son of Finguine, said Cathal.                                           |
| “dar Barre, céin bam beó-sa nícon regu clérech i slógad lem-sa ó s[h]und immach;” | “dar Bharra, fad is beo mé, ní rachaidh cléireach sa slógadh liomsa as seo amach;” | “By St. Barra, henceforth while I live, no cleric shall go soldiering with me.”            |
| ocus tégdís clérig Érenn slógud co sin fri rí nÉrenn,                             | go dtí sin, théidís cléirigh na hÉireann sa slógadh le rí na hÉireann,             | And up to that time the clerics of Ireland used to go soldiering with the King of Ireland; |
| conid e-ssium benais in slógad do c[h]lérchib i tós riam.                         | agus is eisean a shaor cléirigh ón slógadh don chéad uair riamh.                   | and he was therefore the first that ever exempted clerics from going soldiering.           |
| Fácbaid trá rath & bendachtu for deóradu Imblechu                                 | “D’fhág sé, áfach, rath agus beannachtaí ar dheoraithe <u>Dé</u> Imligh,           | He left his grace and blessings, moreover, to the pilgrims of Imleach Iubhair,             |

|                                        |                                                               |                                                       |
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| ocus ana min-aráin i nImbli[u]g;       | agus <u>flúirse</u> mhionaráin in Imleach,                    | and a profusion of small bread in Imleach Iubhair.    |
| & is móu isin leth iarthar-descertaig, | agus *an chuid* is mó *de* sa leath iardheiscirt,             | And this is greatest in the south-western part of it; |
| ar is ann do-línta hé beós.            | mar is ann a d’fhaigheadh sé a dhóthain.                      | for there he used to get his fill.                    |
| Etaraisnéis didiu sin remai[n]d.       | *Ach a bhfuil réamhráite thuas anseo*, idiraisnéis is ea sin. | (But this is a digression.)                           |

#### Section 44 (ll. 666-679)

|                                                                |                                                            |                                                                                           |
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| “Ar do ríge, ar do f[h]laith, ar th’ innram,                   | “Ar do smacht rí, ar do fhlaithas, ar do thinreamh,        | “By your kingship, by your sovereignty, by the service <u>to which you are entitled</u> , |
| tabair ascaid mbicc dam,” ar Mac Con Glinne, “résíú imthiger.” | tabhair aisce bheag dom sula n-imeod,” arsa Mac Conglinne. | grant me a little boon before I go,” said Mac Conglinne.                                  |
| Do-garar dó Píchán isin tech.                                  | Gaireadh isteach ar Phíochán.                              | Píochán was summoned into the house.                                                      |
| “Atá in mac léind út,” or Cathal, “ic cuinchid ascada form.”   | “Tá an mac léinn úd ag iarraidh aisce orm,” arsa Cathal.   | “Yon student,” said Cathal, “is asking a boon from me.”                                   |
| “A tabairt,” ol Píchán.                                        | “ <u>Tugtar dó í</u> ,” arsa Píochán.                      | “Grant it,” said Píochán.                                                                 |
| “Do-bérthar,” ol Cathal;                                       | “Béarfaidh mé,” arsa Cathal.                               | “It shall be granted,” said Cathal.                                                       |
| “abair frim,” ol Cathal, “cid c[h]ondigi.”                     | “Abair liom”, ar sé, “cén aisce atá uait.”                 | “Tell me what it is you desire.”                                                          |



|                                                           |                                                                             |                                                                         |
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| “Nícon epér co rabat curu fri a c[h]omall.”               | “Ní déarfaidh mé nó go bhfaighe mé coraí faoina comhall.”                   | “I will not, until pledges are given for its fulfilment.”               |
| “Do-bérthar,” ol Cathal.                                  | “Gheofar sin,” arsa Cathal.                                                 | “They shall be given,” said Cathal.                                     |
| “Do briathar f[h]latha ind?” ar Mac Con Glinne.           | “Do bhriathar flatha ann?” arsa Mac Conglinne.                              | “Your princely word therein?” said MacConglinne.                        |
| “Do m’ bréthir,” ol sé, “do-géba;ocus sluind in aiscid.”  | “Dar mo bhriathar,” ar sé, “gheobhaidh tú í — agus anois sloinn an aisce.”  | “By my word,” said he, “you shalt have them, and now name the request.” |
| “Is ed in so,” ar Mac Con Glinne,                         | “Is í seo í,” arsa Mac Conglinne.                                           | “This is it,” said Mac Conglinne.                                       |
| “.i. tochar do-rala dam araír fri munntir Corccaige,      | “ <u>Achrann</u> a tharla aréir <u>idir mise agus</u> muintir Chorcaí       | “I had a quarrel with the <u>monks</u> of Cork last night,              |
| co tardsat a mallacht uli dam,                            | nó gur thugadar uile a mallacht dom,                                        | when they all gave me their curse,                                      |
| ocus iss ed fo-d-era in comrorcu-sin dam i lleth frit-sa. | agus is é <u>sin</u> faoi deara an tranglam seo <u>idir mise agus</u> tusa. | and it was owing to you that that trouble was brought on me.            |
| Ocus troscud cid duit-siu lem fri Dia innocht,            | Agus déan thusa troscadh ar Dhia liomsa anocht,                             | And fast with me tonight on God,                                        |
| ar isat bráthair bunaid,                                  | mar is bráthair bunaidh *liom* tú,                                          | since you are an original brother,                                      |
| do m’ s[h]aerad for mallachtain muintire Corccaige,       | le go saorfaí mé ar mhallacht mhuintir Chorcaí.                             | to save me from the malediction of the community of Cork;               |

iss ed c[h]ondaighim.”

Sin í agat m’aisce.”

that is what I ask.”

#### Section 45 (ll. 680-697)

“Ná h-apair, a meic léind,” ol Cathal;

“Ná habair sin, a mhic léinn,” arsa Cathal.

“Say not that, son of learning,” said Cathal.

“bó cach liss i Mumain

“Bó gach leasa sa Mhumhain

“You will have a cow out of every yard in Munster,

ocus uinge cach comaitigh,

agus uinge óir gach teaghlaigh

and an ounce from every house-owner,

la bratt cacha cille,

agus brat gach cille \*duit\*

together with a cloak from every church,

ocus maer dia tobach,

agus maor dá dtobhach \*sin duit\*

to be levied by a steward,

ocus tú fodén i m’ f[h]ail-sea ic praindiud

agus tú féin i mo chuideachtasa ag pronnadh

and you yourself shall feast in my company

oiret bé ic tabach fhiach.

oiread a bheidh \*an maor\* ag tobhach na bhfiacha.

as long as he is engaged in levying the dues.

Ocus do m’ debroth,” or Cathal,

Agus dar mo mhóid Dé,” arsa Cathal,

And by my God’s doom,” said Cathal,

“is ferr lemm ina fil ó iarthar co h-oirther agus ó descert co tuaiscert Muman duit

“b’fhearr liom a bhfuil ó iarthar go hoirthear agus ó dheisceart go tuaisceart Mumhan duit

“I had rather you should have all there is from the west to the east, and from the south to the north of Munster,

oltás be[i]th adaig cen biad.”

ná bheith oíche gan bhia.”

than that I should be one night without food.”

|                                                                                           |                                                                                                             |                                                                                                            |
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| “Ba m’ debroth,” or Mac Con Glinne,                                                       | “ <u>Dar mo mhóid Dé</u> ,” arsa Mac Conglinne,                                                             | “By my God’s doom,” said Mac Conglinne,                                                                    |
| “ó ro-siacht do fhír flatha fris,                                                         | “ó tugadh do mhóid flatha ann                                                                               | “since your princely promise was given in this,                                                            |
| ocus ná dlig rí Caissil tidecht taris,                                                    | agus nach ndlíonn Rí Chaisil dul thairis *sin*,                                                             | and since it is not lawful for a King of Cashel to transgress it,                                          |
| dia tarta dam-sa ina fil i lLeth [Moga] Nuadat,                                           | dá dtabharfá domsa a bhfuil i Leath Mhogha Nuat,                                                            | if all that there is in the Southern Half were given me,                                                   |
| nícon gébthar.                                                                            | ní ghlacfainn *uait* é.                                                                                     | I would not accept it.                                                                                     |
| Fil trá, a ard-gaiscedaig ocus a rí-gfhénnid Eórpa, a adbar accum cen co gabar coma uait, | <u>Go deimhin</u> , a ardghaiscígh agus a rí-fhéinní na hEorpa, tá a ábhar agam gan chomha a ghlacadh uait, | I have good reason, you arch-warrior and king-hero of Europe, why I should not accept conditions from you; |
| ar ní fhil mo maín féin acht a nim                                                        | óir níl mo mhaoín féin ach ar neamh                                                                         | for my own treasure is only in Heaven,                                                                     |
| nó i talmain nó i n-ecna nó i n-aircetal;                                                 | nó, *más* ar talamh é, in eagna nó i <u>bhfilíocht</u> .                                                    | or on earth, in wisdom, or in poetry.                                                                      |
| ocus ní namá,                                                                             | agus ní hamháin sin                                                                                         | And not alone that                                                                                         |
| ar is trumma cach ndéidinach,                                                             | — óir is troime gach scéal ina dheireadh —                                                                  | — for the last thing is always the heaviest —                                                              |
| regut a n-iffenn cen crích, cen forcend                                                   | rachaidh mé in ifreann gan chríoch gan foirceann                                                            | but I shall go to endless, limitless perdition,                                                            |

mina-m s[h]aera for mallachtain muintire  
Corcaige.”

“Do-bérthar duit-siu sin,” ol Cathal,

“ocus ní tuccad remi

ná i n-a diaid co bruinde brátha

ní as lesciu lind oltás sin.”

Troscis Cathal in oidche-sin leis,

ocus troscit a mboí and uli ol chena,

ocus samaigis in mac léigind i tulg i taeb  
ursainde;

ocus iadais in tech.

muna saora tusa mé ar mhallacht mhuintir  
Chorcaí.”

“Béarfai \*an aisce\* sin duitse,” arsa Cathal,

“agus níor tugadh roimhe

ná \*ní bhéarfai\* ina dhiaidh go bruinne brátha

ní is leisce linn ná sin.”

Throisc Cathal le Mac Conglinne an oíche sin

agus throisc a raibh ann uile chomh maith,

agus chuir an mac léinn faoi ar tholg le taobh  
na hursaine

agus d’iaigh sé an teach.

unless you save me from the curse of the  
monks of Cork.”

“That shall be granted to you,” said Cathal,

“and there has not been given before,

nor shall there be given hereafter to the brink  
of Doom,

a thing more grievous to us than that.”

Cathal fasted with him that night,

and all that were there fasted also.

And the student lay down on a couch by the  
side of a door-post,

and closed the house.

## Section 46 (ll. 698-714)

|                                                        |                                                                  |                                                                    |
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| In tan boí and i ndeód aidche,                         | <u>Agus é ansin</u> i ndeireadh na hoíche                        | As he lay there at the end of the night,                           |
| érgis suas Píochán mac Mo[i]le Finne.                  | d'éirigh Píochán mac Maoile Finne suas.                          | up rose Píochán, the son of Maol Finne.                            |
| “Crét érgius Píochán an inbuid-se?” or Mac Con Glinne. | “Cad chuige Píochán a éirí ag an tráth seo?” arsa Mac Conglinne. | “Why does Píochán rise at this hour?” said Mac Conglinne.          |
| “Do dénam bíd do na slógaib-se,” ol Píochán,           | “Le bia a <u>réiteach</u> do na sluaite seo,” arsa Píochán,      | “To prepare food for these hosts,” answered Píochán,               |
| “ocus ba ferr dún comad erlum ó 'né.”                  | “agus b'fhearr dúinn dá mba ullamh ó inné é.”                    | “and it would be better for us had it been ready since yesterday.” |
| “Níthó ám sin,” or Mac Con Glinne;                     | “Ní hea sin, <u>go deimhin</u> ,” arsa Mac Conglinne.            | “Not so, indeed,” said Mac Conglinne.                              |
| “ro t[h]roscsium arair,                                | “Throisceamar aréir.                                             | “We fasted last night.                                             |
| precept bus lind iarum i mbárach i tossaig.”           | Seanmóin a bheidh i dtosach amárach againn.”                     | The first thing we shall have tomorrow is preaching.”              |
| Ocus ansit co matain.                                  | Agus d'fhanadar *ansin* go maidin.                               | And they waited until morning.                                     |
| Uathad sochaide a mbáatar,                             | <u>Pé beag mór díobh ann</u> ,                                   | Few or many as they were,                                          |
| ní dechaid nech díb anund nó amach                     | ní dheachaigh <u>duine</u> díobh anonn ná amach                  | not one of them went out thence                                    |
| co tráth érgi iar n-a bárach.                          | go tráth éirí arna mhárach.                                      | until the time of rising on the morrow,                            |

At-racht Mac Con Glinne fessin ann-side  
ocus ro oslaic in tech.

Ro indail a lámú  
ocus tuc a théig libair chucca  
ocus bertais a s[h]altair essi,  
ocus fo-rórbart precept do na slógu.

Is ed at-fiadut senchaide oculus senóri oculus  
libair C[h]orcaige

nát boí do uasal nó d' ísel

ná ro-s teilg trí frassa dér

ic ésteacht fri precept in scolaige.

In tan tarnic in p[h]recept,

do-gníther airnaigthi frisin rí,

co-na mbed fot saegail dó

ocus co-na mbeth maithius Muman fri a  
remes.

D'éirigh Mac Conglinne féin ansin

agus d'oscail sé an teach.

D'ionnail sé a lámha

agus ghlac sé a thiachóg leabhar chuige,

agus thóg sé a shaltair aisti

agus thosaigh ag seanmóireacht do na sluaite.

Is ea adeirid seanchaithe agus seanóirí agus  
leabhair Chorcaí

nach raibh ann íseal ná uasal

nár theilg trí frasa deora

ag éisteacht le seanmóin an scoláire.

Nuair a bhí deireadh leis an tseanmóin,

dúradh urnaithe ar son an rí,

go mbeidh fad saoil aige

agus go mbeadh rath ar an Mumhain ina  
réimeas.

when Mac Conglinne himself got up  
and opened the house.

He washed his hands,  
took up his book-satchel,  
brought out his psalter,

and began preaching to the hosts.

And historians, and elders, and the books of  
Cork declare,

that there was neither high nor low

that did not shed three showers of tears

while listening to the scholar's preaching.

When the sermon was ended,

prayers were offered for the King,

that he might have length of life,

and that there might be prosperity in Munster  
during his reign.

Do-gníther ernaighi frisna crícha  
ocus frisna ceneóla ocus frisin cóiced ar  
chena,

amal is gnáth d’aithle preceptai.

Dúradh urnaithe ar son na gcríocha  
agus na gcineálacha agus ar son an chúige  
chomh maith,

amhail mar is gnáth d’aithle seanmóra.

Prayers were also offered up for the lands,  
and for the tribes, and for the province as well,

as is usual after a sermon.

#### Section 47 (ll. 715-728)

“Maith,” ar Mac Con Glinne,

“cindus atáthar ann-sin indiú?”

“Daro m’ debroth,” ol Cathal,

“ní bás remi riam ní is messu,

ocus ní bether co bráth.”

“Cubaid ém,” or Mac Con Glinne, “do beth cu  
h-olc

.i. demun ’cot’ aidmilled ocus ’cot’ indrud

fri ré trí leth-bliadan indorsa,

ocus ní ro t[h]roscis lá nó aidche lat fén,

“Maith,” arsa Mac Conglinne \*ansin\*,

“conas atáthar ansin inniu?”

“Dar mo mhóid Dé,” arsa Cathal,

“ní rabhthas riamh roimhe ní ba mheasa

agus ní bheifear go bráth.”

“Go deimhin,” arsa Mac Conglinne, “is cuí a  
bheith go holc,

— deamhan ag d’adhmhilleadh agus ag  
d’ionradh

le ré trí leathbhliana anois,

agus níor throisc tú lá ná oíche ar do shon féin,

“Well,” asked Mac Conglinne,

“how are things over there today?”

“By my God’s doom,” answered Cathal,

“it never was worse before,

and never shall be until Doom.”

“Very natural it is that you should be in a bad  
state,” said Mac Conglinne,

“with a demon destroying and ravaging you

now during the space of three half-years;

and you did not fast a day or night on your  
own account,

|                                                                                    |                                                                                            |                                                                                                     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus troscis fri persaind tróig ndíscir nderóil mo shamla-su.”                     | ach féach gur throisc tú *aréir* ar son pearsain thrua dhíscir dhearóil de mo shamhailse.” | though you did so for the sake of a wretched, impetuous, insignificant person like me.”             |
| “Cid is maith de-sside, a meic léigind?” ol Cathal mac Finguine.                   | “Ach cén mhaith é sin *go léir*, a mhic léinn?” arsa Cathal Mac Finguine.                  | “What is the good of all this, son of learning?” asked Cathal MacFinguine.                          |
| “Ní h-annsa.                                                                       | “*Furasta sin a fhreagairt.*                                                               | “Not difficult <u>to answer</u> ,” said Mac Conglinne.                                              |
| Ó ra t[h]roscis-[s]iu t’ aenur lium-sa aráir, troiscem-ni uli, lín atáum, innocht, | Ó throisc tú i d’aonar liomsa aréir, troiscimis uile <u>a bhfuil ann dinn</u> anocht       | “Since you alone fasted with me last night, let us all fast this night, as many of us as there are; |
| ocus troisc-siu fessin co fhagba cobair écin ó Dia.”                               | agus déan thusa troscadh le go bhfaighidh tú cabhair éigin ó Dhia.”                        | and you <u>should</u> now fast, that you may obtain some succour from God.”                         |
| “Ná ráid ind sin, a meic léigind,” ol Cathal;                                      | “Ná habair *liom* sin, a mhic léinn,” arsa Cathal.                                         | “Do not say that, son of learning,” said Cathal.                                                    |
| “cérba trom in toísech, i[s] secht-truma in dédenach.”                             | “Cé go mba throm é *seo* ina thosach, is seacht dtroime an déanach.”                       | “For though the first trial was hard, seven times harder is the last.”                              |
| “Ná ráid-siu ind sin,” or Mac Con Glinne, “acht calma do dénam and.”               | “Ná habair thusa sin,” arsa Mac Conglinne, “ach déan calmacht ann.”                        | “Do not say that,” said Mac Conglinne, “but act bravely in this.”                                   |
| Troscis trá Cathal in aidche-sin co n-a shlóg ó s[h]in co deód n-aidche.           | Throisc Cathal an óiche sin lena shlua as sin do deireadh oíche.                           | Then Cathal fasted that night together with his host until the end of the night..                   |



## Section 48 (ll. 729-748)

|                                                                        |                                                                                          |                                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Érgis Mac Con Glinne trá.                                              | D'éirigh Mac Conglinne ansin.                                                            | Then Mac Conglinne arose.                                                      |
| "In cotlad do Phíchán?" or Mac Con Glinne.                             | "An ina chodladh do Phóchán?" arsa Mac Conglinne.                                        | "Is Phóchán asleep?" he said.                                                  |
| "At-bér fir," ol Píchán,                                               | "Déarfaidh mé an fhirinne," arsa Phóchán,<br>arsa Phóchán;                               | "I will tell truth," answered Phóchán.                                         |
| "dá rab Cathal co bruinde mbrátha amal atá,                            | "dá bhfanadh Cathal go bruinne brátha <u>sa</u><br><u>ríocht ina bhfuil sé,</u>          | "If Cathal were to remain as he is to the brink<br>of Doom,                    |
| ní choitél, ní thoimél, ní dingen gen nó gáire."                       | ní <u>dhéanfainn codladh</u> , ní <u>íosfainn bia</u> ná ní<br>dhéanfainn gean ná gáir." | I shall not sleep, I shall not eat, nor smile, nor<br>laugh."                  |
| "Érig," or Mac Con Glinne;                                             | "Éirigh," arsa Mac Conglinne;                                                            | "Get up," said Mac Conglinne.                                                  |
| ocus iarrais olar sen-shaille oculus maeth<br>bóshaille                | agus d'iarr sé ansin bagún súmhar seanshaillte<br>agus bó-shaill mhaoth                  | And he called for juicy old bacon, and tender<br>corned-beef,                  |
| ocus lán-charna muilt oculus mil 'n-a criathraib                       | agus iomlán feola moilt agus mil ina criathair                                           | and full-fleshed wether, and honey in the<br>comb,                             |
| ocus salann Saxonach for teisc f[h]ír-álaind<br>fhétta f[h]ind-airgit, | agus salann Sasanach ar mhias fhíorálainn<br>mhaisiúil fhionnairgid                      | and English salt on a beautiful polished dish of<br>white silver,              |
| la cet[h]ri bera fír-dírge find-chuill fóthib.                         | agus ceithre beara fiordhíreacha fionnchoill<br>*lena gcur* fúthu.                       | along with four perfectly straight white hazel<br>spits to support the joints. |

|                                                                               |                                                                                                                  |                                                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Fo-gabur dó na biada ro thurim,                                               | Tugadh dó na bianna *mar* a d'áirimh sé iad                                                                      | The foods which he enumerated were procured for him,                        |
| ocus samaigis stacci dí[fh]reccra deg-máru forsna beraib.                     | agus shocraigh sé na spólaí ollmhóra dí-thuarascála ar na beara,                                                 | and he fixed unspeakable, huge pieces on the spits.                         |
| Ocus gabaid iarum lín-fhuathróicc t[h]ís ime                                  | agus ghabh sé uime ansin fuathróg lín                                                                            | Then putting a linen apron about him below,                                 |
| ocus att leccda línaide ba c[h]léthi a chend-mullaig,                         | agus hata leactha líní ar bhaithis a chinn                                                                       | and placing a flat linen cap on the crown of his head,                      |
| ocus atáid tenid cain cethar-drumnig cethar-dorsig cethar-scoltig de uindsinn | agus <u>d'fhadaigh sé</u> tine chaoin cheathairdhroimneach, cheathairdhóirseach, cheathairdheighilte fuinnseoige | he lighted a fair four-ridged, four-apertured, four-cleft fire of ash-wood, |
| cen diaid, cen chiaig, cen chrithir.                                          | gan deatach gan toit gan chrithir.                                                                               | without smoke, without fume, without sparks.                                |
| Sáidis bir cach a h-ordan díb,                                                | Sháigh sé bior i ngach ordán <u>feola</u>                                                                        | He stuck a spit into each of the portions,                                  |
| ocus ba luathithir                                                            | agus ba chomhluath                                                                                               | and as quick was he                                                         |
| fria maing bá cét-laeg hé,                                                    | le heilit faoina céad lao é,                                                                                     | as a hind about her first fawn,                                             |
| nó fri h-eirb nó fannaill                                                     | nó le fia rua nó le fáinleog,                                                                                    | or as a roe, or a swallow,                                                  |
| nó fri gaith n-imluim n-errchaide i mbolgs[h]liss Márta hé                    | nó le gaoth ró-ghéar earraigh i <u>gcroílár</u> Márta                                                            | or a bare spring wind in the flank of March,                                |
| ma na beraib ocus ma na tenntib.                                              | um na beara agus um na tinte.                                                                                    | about the spits and fire.                                                   |

Comlis in mil ocus in salann in each staic iar  
n-urd.

Cia roba do mét na staci boí frisin tenid,

nícon tánic as na cet[h]ra stacib síis co lár

ní no-s báided crithir chonnli,

acht a mboí d' inmar intib,

i n-a medón fén do-chóid.

Chuimil sé an mhil agus an salann i ngach  
spóla i ndiaidh a chéile.

\*Agus\* cé mór iad na spólaí a bhí leis an tine,

níor tháinig as na ceithre spólaí síos go lár

oiread is a bháfadh crithir choinnle,

ach a raibh de shú iontu

\*gur isteach ina\* meán féin a chuaigh sé.

He rubbed the honey and the salt into one  
piece after another.

And big as the pieces were that were before  
the fire,

there dropped not to the ground out of these  
four pieces

as much as would quench a spark of a candle;

but what there was of relish in them

went into their very centre.

## Section 49 (ll. 749-771)

|                                                               |                                                                 |                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ro faillsiged do P[h]ichán                                    | Foilsíodh do Phíochán                                           | It had been explained to Píochán                                    |
| conid dó t[h]áinic in scolaige, do thesarcain C[h]athail.     | gur do theasargan Chathail a tháinig an scoláire.               | that the reason why the scholar had come was to save Cathal.        |
| Ocus in tan tarnac[t]ar na staci-sin                          | *Ó bhí na spólaí réidh*                                         | Now, when the pieces were ready,                                    |
| is ann at-bert Mac Con Glinne, “Téta ocus refeda dam!”        | is ansin a dúirt Mac Conglinne. “Téada agus cordaí dom!” ar sé. | Mac Conglinne cried out, “ <u>Give</u> ropes and cords to me here!” |
| “Cid is áil díb-side?” ol Pichán;                             | “Cad ab áil <u>leat</u> díobh sin?” arsa Píochán.               | “What is wanted with them?” asked Píochán.                          |
| ocus rop ‘iarfaige dar cubais’ dó-sum sin,                    | (Agus ‘b’fhiafraí thar chubhais’ dó é sin                       | Now, that was a ‘question beyond discretion’ for him,               |
| uair ro faillsiged dó remi.                                   | ó *bhíothas tar éis an scéal a* fhoilsiú dó roimhré.            | since it had been explained to him before;                          |
| Conid [d]e-sin atá in senbriathar .i. ‘fiarfaige dar cubais’. | Is de sin a tháinig an seanrá: ‘Fiafraí thar chubhais.’)        | and hence is the old saying, ‘a question beyond discretion.’        |
| At-agur téta ocus refeda dó,                                  | Tugadh téada agus cordaí ansin do <u>Mhac Conglinne</u>         | Ropes and cords were given to <u>Mac Conglinne</u> ,                |
| ocus do neoch ba calma don laechraid.                         | agus don chuid ba chalma den laochra.                           | and to those that were strongest of the warriors.                   |

|                                                              |                                                                           |                                                                |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Furmit a láma tar Cathal,                                    | Leag siad a lámha ar Chathal                                              | They laid hands upon Cathal,                                   |
| ocus ro cenglad fon samail-sin hé do shliss in ríghige.      | agus ceanglaíodh faoin samhail sin é de shlios an rí-thí.                 | who was tied in this manner to the side of the palace.         |
| Tic Mac Con Glinne iarum                                     | Tháinig Mac Conglinne ansin                                               | Then Mac Conglinne came,                                       |
| ocus indlis baic agus corránu ead imchian forsna tétaib-sin. | agus bhí sé ag inneall bacán agus corrán ar na téada sin *i bhfad amach*. | and was a long time securing the ropes with hooks and staples. |
| Ocus feib tarnic sin,                                        | <u>Nuair a bhí sin críochnaithe aige,</u>                                 | And when this was ended,                                       |
| tic-sium istech                                              | tháinig sé isteach                                                        | he came into the house,                                        |
| ocus a c[h]et[h]ri bera fri a ais i n-ard-gabáil             | agus a cheithre beara ar ard a dhroma aige                                | with his four spits raised high on his back,                   |
| ocus a lumman f[h]ind f[h]ír-scaíliti i n-a diaid            | agus a bhrat fionn fíorscaoilte laistiar de                               | and his white wide-spread cloak hanging behind,                |
| ocus a dá beind imo brágait,                                 | agus dhá bheann *an bhrait* um a bhráid,                                  | its two peaks round his neck,                                  |
| co h-airmm a mboí Cathal;                                    | go hairm a raibh Cathal,                                                  | to the place where Cathal was.                                 |
| ocus sáidis na bera isin leba i n-a f[h]iadnaise,            | agus sháigh sé na beara sa leaba *os comhair Chathail amach*              | And he stuck the spits into the bed before Cathal's eyes,      |
| ocus saidis fodén i n-a shuide agus a dí choiss ima-sech.    | agus shuigh sé féin faoi agus a dhá chois um a seach.                     | and sat himself down in his seat, with his two legs crossed.   |

|                                                      |                                                            |                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Bendais a scín dia chris                             | <u>Thóg sé</u> a scian as a chríos                         | Then taking his knife out of his girdle,                         |
| ocus benais mír don staic ba nessa dó.               | agus bhain mír den spóla ba neasa dó.                      | he cut a bit off the piece that was nearest to him,              |
| Tummais isin mil boí forsin teisc f[h]ind-argait út. | Thum sé an mhír sa mhíl a bhí ar an mhias fhionnairgid úd. | and dipped it in the honey that was on the dish of white silver. |
| “A thosach ar míl firend so,” ar Mac Con Glinne,     | “A thosach do mhíol fireann é seo”, arsa Mac Conglinne,    | “Here’s the first for a male beast,” said Mac Conglinne,         |
| ic tabairt in míre i n-a beól fodén.                 | ag <u>cur</u> na míre ina bhéal féin.                      | putting the bit into his own mouth.                              |
| Is ó s[h]in ille lentar in senbriathar.              | (*Agus tá sin ina* sheanrá ó shin i leith.)                | (And from that day to this the old saying has remained.)         |
| Benais mír don staic n-aile,                         | Bhain sé mír den spóla eile,                               | He cut a morsel from the next piece,                             |
| ocus tummais isin mil,                               | agus thum sa mhíl í                                        | and dipping it in the honey,                                     |
| ocus at-aig tar beólu Cathail i n-a beól fodén.      | agus chuir thar bheola Chathail í ina bhéal féin.          | put it past Cathal’s mouth into his own.                         |
| “Tinme dún in mbiad, a meic léigind!” ol Cathal.     | “Gearr dom an bia, a mhic léinn!”, arsa Cathal.            | “Carve the food for us, son of learning!” exclaimed Cathal.      |
| “Do-gén,” or Mac Con Glinne.                         | “Déanfaidh,” arsa Mac Conglinne.                           | “I will do so,” answered Mac Conglinne;                          |
| Benais mír don staic ba nessa dó                     | Bhain sé mír arís den spóla ba neasa dó,                   | and cutting another bit of the nearest piece,                    |

ocus tumais fonn samail cétna

[ocus at-aig] sech béal Cathail i n-a beólu fodén.

agus thum faoin samhail chéanna í

agus chuir thar bheola Chathail ina bhéal féin í.

and dipping it as before,

he put it past Cathal's mouth into his own.

### Section 50 (ll. 772-784)

“Cia fot lenfa de-sin, a meic léigind?” ol Cathal.

“Nád lenab ó shunn.

Acht aen ní chena, ro thomlis-[s]iu immad na mblog n-imarcide n-écsamail cusin trát-sa;

in mbec fíl sund, is mise do-s-méla,

ocus bid ‘biad ó beólu’ duit-siu seo.”

Ocus senbriathar sin ille.

Búraid ocus béccid Cathal iar sin,

ocus fócrais a marbad in scolaige.

Ní dernad trá fair-sium in ní-sin.

“Cá fhad a leanfaidh tú de seo, a mhic léinn?” arsa Cathal.

“Ní leanfaidh mé \*níos sia de\*,” \*arsa Mac Conglinne.\*

“\*Go deimhin\*, is tusa a d’ith iomad na mblogh iomarcach éagsúil gus an tráth seo.

An beagán atá anseo is mise a íosfaidh é

agus ‘is bia ó bheola duitse é’.”

(Agus is seanrá é sin ó shin i leith.)

Bhúir agus bhéic Cathal ansin

agus d’fhógair sé an scológ a mharú.

Ní dhearnadh rud air faoi sin, \*áfach\*.

“How long will you carry this on, student?” said Cathal.

“I won’t continue further,” answered Mac Conglinne,

“for, indeed, you have hitherto consumed such a quantity and variety of agreeable morsels,

that I shall eat the little that there is here myself,

and this will be ‘food from mouth’ for you.”

(And that has been a proverb since.)

Then Cathal roared and bellowed,

and commanded the killing of the scholar.

But that was not done for him.

“Maith, a C[h]athail,” ar Mac Con Glinne,  
“aislinge do-m-árfas,

ocus it-c[h]uala it mait[h]-siu oc breith for  
aislingi.”

“Do m’ debroth,” ol Cathal,

“dia mberaind for aislingi fer talman,

ní béraind for th’ aislingi-se.”

“For-t-gillim,” or Mac Con Glinne,

“cen co ruca-su,

indisfíther hí i t’ f[h]iadnaise.”

Fóbrais trá a aislingi.

Is amlaid didiu ro indis

ocus dá mír nó a trí

sech bél Cathail i n-a beólu fodén.

“Maith, a Chathail,” arsa Mac Conglinne,  
“aisling a taibhsíodh dom

agus chuala gur maith tú ag ciallú aislinge.”

“Dar mo mhóid Dé,” arsa Cathal,

“bíodh go dtabharfainn \*míniú\* ar aislingí  
fear domhain \*eile\*,

ní bhéarfainn \*míniú\* ar d’aislingse.”

“Geallaim duit,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“bíodh nach dtabharfá,

inseofar \*ar aon chuma\* i d’fhianaise í.”

Thosaigh sé ansin ar a aisling.

\*Agus\* is amhlaidh a bhí sé á hinsint

agus dhá mhír nó trí \*á gcur aige le chéile\*

thar bheola Chathail ina bhéal féin.

“Well, Cathal,” said Mac Conglinne, “a vision  
has appeared to me,

and I have heard that you are good at  
interpreting a dream.”

“By my God’s Doom,” exclaimed Cathal,

“though I should interpret the dreams of the  
men of the world,

I would not interpret yours.”

“I vow,” said Mac Conglinne,

“even though you do not interpret it,

it shall be related in your presence.”

He then began his vision,

and the way he related it was,

whilst putting two morsels or three at a time

past Cathal’s mouth into his own.



## Section 51 (ll. 785-835)

“Aislingi it-chonnarc aráir,  
mo dul for fecht dís nó triúr,  
co n-acca in tech find forlán  
i raba a lommán do biúd.

Co n-acca in loch lemnachta  
for lár muige find,  
co n-acca in tech lér-gníma  
iar n-a thugaid d’ imm.

Tan tánuc ’n-a móorthimchell  
do f[h]égad a uird,  
maróca ar n-a cét-berbad  
ba h-iat sin a scuilib.

A dí ersaind bocai brechtáin,  
a léibend do gruth is d’ imm,  
imdadaí do blonaig bladaig,  
scéith iumdaí do thanaig thimm.

Fir fo sciathraigib na sciath-sin,  
do moethail buic mellaig mín,  
fir cen tuicse gona Goedil,  
goeí gruitne cech oenfhir díb.

“Aisling a chonaic mé aréir  
mo dhul feacht le beirt nó triúr  
go bhfaca \*ní\* — an teach forlán  
is é lomlán de bhia.

Go bhfaca an loch leamhnachta  
i lár má finne  
go bhfaca an teach áirgiúil \*án\*  
\*agus\* tuí \*air\* d’im.

Nuair a tháinig mé móorthimpeall air  
go bhféachfainn a chruth  
maróg arna nua-bheirbhiú  
ba iad sin a scoilib.

A dhá ursain bhoga ime (?)  
a léibheann de ghruth is im  
iomdhadha de bhlonag bhláfar  
sciatha iomaí de cháis shlim.

Fir faoi sciathracha na sciath sin  
de bhogmhaothal meallach mín  
fir nach eol dóibh Gaeil a ghoin  
ga sean-ime ag gach aon fhear díobh.

“A vision I beheld last night:  
I sallied forth with two or three,  
When I saw a fair and well-filled house,  
In which there was great store of food.

A lake of new milk I beheld  
In the midst of a fair plain.  
I saw a well-appointed house  
Thatched with butter.

As I went all around it  
To view its arrangement:  
Puddings fresh-boiled,  
They were its thatch-rods.

Its two soft door-posts of custard,  
Its dais of curds and butter,  
Beds of glorious lard,  
Many shields of thin pressed cheese.

There were men under the straps of those shields,  
Who were made of soft sweet smooth cheese,  
Men who knew not to wound a Gael,  
Each of them had a spear of old butter.

Coire ra-mór lán do luabin,  
dar liumm ro lámus riss gleó;  
braisech bruith duillech dond-bán,  
lestar lommnán lán do cheó.

Tech saille dá fhichet toebán,  
coelach coelán, coimge c[h]lann;  
da cech biúd bud maith la duine  
dar lium bátar uile and.”

Aislingi it-c[h]onnarc

Ocus dixit beós:

“Aislingthe it-chondarc arair,  
ba caín gébend;  
ba balcc bríge co tárfas dam  
ríge nÉrend.

Co n-accai in liss mbilech mbarrach,  
ba saill sondach;  
caisel do min-scellcib, carrach,  
tanach torrach.

Cadlai mucc, is de do-rónta  
a cholbai cadlai;  
suairc in sonba ocus uaitne,  
onba amra.

Coire ró-mhór, lán le sócamais —  
dar liom, \*ba chóir dul sa\* ghleo leis —  
praiseach dhonnbhán dhuilleach ann  
lestar bainne lán go béal.

Teach bagúin daichead taobhán  
caolach stéige a chothódh clann  
de ghach aon bhia ba mhaith le duine  
dar liom bhíodar uile ann.”

Agus dúirt sé fós:

“Aisling a chonaic mé aréir  
ba chaoín taibhream  
is láidir mar a taibhsíodh dom  
ríocht na hÉireann.

Go bhfaca an lios bileach craobhach  
ba shaill a shonnach  
caiseal uime de mhionsceallaí  
de cháis thorrach.

De phutóga muc is ea a rinneadh  
a rachtaí áille  
breá a chuaillí is a uaithní  
de bhágún (?) breá.

A huge caldron full of porridge (?)  
(I thought I'd try to tackle it)  
Boiled, leafy kale, brownny-white,  
A brimming vessel full of milk.

A bacon house of two-score ribs,  
A wattling of tripe — support of clans —  
Of every food pleasant to man,  
It seemed to me the whole was gathered there.”

And he said further:

“A vision I beheld last night,  
It was a fair spell,  
It was a power of strength when to me appeared  
The kingship of Éireann.

I saw a court-yard topped with trees,  
A bacon palisade,  
A bristling rubble dyke of stone  
Of pregnant cheeses.

Of chitterlings of pigs were made  
Its beautiful rafters,  
Splendid the beams and the pillars,  
Of marvellous bacon (?).

Amra in fhís dam do-árfas  
cind mo thellaig;  
fidchell imme co n-a foirind  
bláith, bricc, bendaig.

Bendachad Dia mo labra,  
lith cen tassa;  
iar techt dam hi Sliab nImme  
ro láit[h]ea gille fo mm' assai."

Aislingi

Breá an fhís a taibhsíodh dom  
cois mo theallaigh  
ficheall ime lena fhoireann  
bhláith bhreac bheannach.

Go mbeannaí Dia mo labhra —  
ba fleá gan foirceann —  
iar dteacht dom go Sliabh Ime  
bhain giolla díom m'asa."

Marvellous the vision that appeared to me  
By my fireside:  
A butter chessboard with its men,  
Smooth, speckled, peaked.

God bless the words I utter,  
A feast without fatigue;  
When I got to Butter-mount,  
A gillie would take off my shoes."

## Section 52 (ll. 836-853)

|                                                                                          |                                                                                   |                                                                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Incipit don f[h]ábull síšana budesta.                                                    | Tosaíonn an fhabhal anseo síos.                                                   | Here now begins the fable.                                                                                       |
| Cérba tromm in phian les-sium beth dí láa co n-aidche cen biad,                          | Cé go mba throm an phian le <u>Cathal</u> a bheith dhá lá agus oíche gan bia,     | Though grievous to <u>Cathal</u> was the pain of being two days and a night without food,                        |
| ba ro-mó leis do phéin tuirem na mbiad n-imda n-imoricide n-écsamail i n-a f[h]iadhaise, | ba mhó fós ba phian leis áireamh na mbianna iomarcacha éagsúla ina fhianaise      | much greater was the agony of <u>listening to</u> the enumeration before him of the many various pleasant foods, |
| ocus cen ní díb dó.                                                                      | agus gan ní díobh dó.                                                             | and none of them for him.                                                                                        |
| Iar sin dó i cend na fáible.                                                             | <u>Is ansin</u> *a chuaigh* <u>Mac Conglinne</u> i gceann na fábhaile *a insint*. | After this, <u>Mac Conglinne</u> began the fable.                                                                |
| “In tan trá ro mbá ann araír i m’ lepaid chaín chumdachta                                | “ <u>Is mé ansin</u> aréir i mo leaba chaoín <u>dheadhéanmhach</u> ,              | “As I lay last night in my beautiful canopied bed,                                                               |
| co n-a h-uatnib forórda, co n-a colbaib créduma,                                         | lena huaithní forórga, lena colbhaí cré-umha,                                     | with its gilded posts, with its bronze rails,                                                                    |
| co cuala ní .i. in guth frim,                                                            | chuala mé ní — an guth chugam —                                                   | I heard something — a voice coming towards me —                                                                  |
| ‘Eirc, a t[h]ruaig, a Meic Con Glinne!’                                                  | ‘Éirigh, a thruáin, a Mhic Conglinne!’                                            | ‘Get up, you wretch, Mac Conglinne!’                                                                             |
| Ocus ní ro f[h]recrus-[s]a in ni-sin.                                                    | agus níor fhreagair mé é.                                                         | but I answered it not.                                                                                           |
| Deithbir dam                                                                             | <u>A chúis go maith agam:</u>                                                     | That was natural;                                                                                                |

|                                                                                                       |                                                                       |                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| — ro boí do c[h]lithmaire mo lepthai                                                                  | cluthaireacht mo leapa                                                | such was the comfort of my bed,                                |
| ocus do shádaile mo chuirp                                                                            | agus sáile mo choirp                                                  | the ease of my body,                                           |
| ocus do thressi mo chotultai.                                                                         | agus treise mo chodalta.                                              | and the soundness of my slumber.                               |
| Co n-ebert aridisi,                                                                                   | Nó go ndúirt <u>an guth</u> arís:                                     | Whereupon it said again:                                       |
| ‘Fomna, fomna, a Meic Con Glinne, beóchail<br>ná ro-t báda!’, .i. faitches lat ná ro-t báde<br>beóil. | ‘Fainic, fainic, a Mhic Conglinne, seachain<br>nár bá an súlach thú!’ | ‘Beware, beware, Mac Conglinne, lest the<br>gravy drown you!!’ |
| Atom-raracht matain moch ar n-a bárach                                                                | D’éirigh mé maidin moch arna mhárach                                  | At early morn on the morrow I arose,                           |
| don tiprait do indmad mo lám,                                                                         | *agus chuaigh mé* don tobar le mo lámha a<br>ionnmhadh,               | and went to the well to wash my hands,                         |
| co n-acca ní, in scál mór a m’ dochumm.                                                               | go bhfaca ní — an scáil mhór chugam.                                  | when I saw a mighty phantom approaching<br>me.                 |
| ‘Maith in sin,’ ol sé frim.                                                                           | ‘Maith ansin,’ ar seisean liom.                                       | ‘Well, there,’ said he to me.                                  |
| ‘Maith ém,’ ol smé friss.                                                                             | ‘Maith, <u>go deimhin</u> ,’ arsa mise leis.                          | ‘Well, indeed,’ said I to him.                                 |
| ‘Maith trá, a t[h]róig,’ ol in Scál;                                                                  | ‘Maith, cinnte, a thruáin,’ arsa an scáil,                            | ‘Well, now, wretch,’ said the phantom,                         |
| ‘messi t[h]idnuis robud duit araír,                                                                   | ‘mise a thug rabhadh duit aréir                                       | ‘it was I that gave you warning last night,                    |
| ná ro-t báde beóchail.                                                                                | nár bá an súlach thú.                                                 | lest the gravy should drown you.                               |

Acht aen ní c[h]enai:

Ach, go deimhin, \*is fíor gurb amhaidh\*:

But, verily, it was thus:

**Section 53 (ll. 854-874)**

Ba robad do t[h]roich,

Ba rabhadh do throch,

Warning to one fey,

ba h-irchuitbed fri foigdech,

ba fhonóid faoi fhoighneach,

Mocking a beggar,

ba tusliud clochi fria crand,

ba theilgean cloiche le crann,

Dropping a stone on a tree,

ba sanais fri bodar,

ba chogar do bhodhar,

Whispering to the deaf,

ba díbad for dubach,

b'oidhreacht do dhuine dubhach,

A legacy to a glum man,

bid cor eptha i cléith,

ba chur ortha i gcliath,

Putting a charm in a hurdle,

ba gat im gainem nó im gual,

ba ghad um ghaineamh nó um ghrean,

A withe about sand or gravel,

ba [h-]esorcu darach do dhornaib,

ba thuargain darach le doirne,

Striking an oak with fists,

ba deól mela a mecnaib ibair,

ba dhiúl meala as fréamhacha iúir,

Sucking honey from roots of yew,

ba cuinchid imme i llighe chon,

b'im a iarraidh i bhfail con,

Looking for butter in a dog's kennel,

ba longad i scellaib scibair,

ba bhéile de scealla piobair,

Dining on the husks of pepper,

ba [h-]iarraid olla for gabur,

b'iarraidh olla ar ghabhar,

Seeking wool on a goat,

|                               |                                        |                                         |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| ba saiget i corthi,           | ba shaighead i <u>gcoinne</u> coirthe, | An arrow at a pillar,                   |
| ba cosc lára do broimnig,     | ba chosc lárach de bhroimneach,        | Keeping a mare from breaking wind,      |
| ba cosc mná boíthe do drúis,  | ba chosc mná baoithe de dhrúis,        | Keeping a loose woman from lust,        |
| ba [h-]usce for tóin créthir, | ba *lorg* uisce ar thóin chriathair,   | Water on the bottom of a sieve,         |
| ba taeb fri coin fholmrig,    | b'iontaoibh a thabhairt le cú goimhe,  | Trusting a vicious hound,               |
| ba salond for luachair,       | ba shalann ar luachair,                | Salt on rushes,                         |
| ba tinnscra iar n-indsma,     | ba phósadh tar éis coilleadh ócta,     | A dowry after loss of virginity,        |
| ba rún fri mnaí mbaíth,       | ba rún *a ligean* le bean bhaoth,      | A secret to a silly woman,              |
| ba ciall i n-óinmit,          | ba chiall *a lorg* ar óinmhid,         | ( <u>Looking for</u> ) sense in an oaf, |
| ba mórad mogad,               | ba mhogha a mhóradh,                   | Exalting slaves,                        |
| ba lind do baethaib,          | ba lionn <u>a dháil</u> ar naíonán,    | Ale to infants,                         |
| ba h-immthús fria rí,         | ba chomórtas a dhéanamh le rí,         | Competing (?) with a king,              |
| ba coland cen chend,          | ba cholainn gan cheann,                | A body without a head,                  |
| ba cend cen cholaind,         | ba cheann gan cholainn,                | A head without a body,                  |
| ba caillech fri clog,         | ba chailleach <u>mar chlogaire</u> ,   | A nun as bell-ringer,                   |

|                                        |                                          |                                  |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ba h-athlaech i cathaír n-espuic,      | b'athlaoch a chur i gcathaoir easpaig,   | A veteran in a bishop's chair,   |
| ba tuath cen rí,                       | ba thuath gan rí,                        | A people without a king,         |
| ba h-imram luinge cen laí,             | b'iomramh loinge gan stiúir,             | Rowing a boat without a rudder,  |
| ba h-arbor i cliab toll,               | b'arbhar i gcliabh tollta,               | Corn in a basket full of holes,  |
| ba h-ass for sechid,                   | ba bhainne <u>a chur</u> ar sheithe,     | Milk on a hide,                  |
| ba tigadus cen mhnaí,                  | ba thíos gan bhean,                      | Housekeeping without a woman,    |
| ba caera for gaimen,                   | ba chaora <u>a long</u> ar sheithe,      | Berries on a hide,               |
| ba taidbsi (.i. messa) do p[h]ecdachu, | ba thaibhse rabhaidh do pheacaigh,       | Warning visions to sinners,      |
| ba h-athis i n-inchuib,                | b'aithis *lena bhéal* <u>do dhuine</u> , | Reproof to the face,             |
| ba h-aisec cen taisec,                 | b'aiseag gan aisíoc,                     | Restoration without restitution, |
| ba cur síl i ndroch-ithir,             | ba chur síl i ndrochgharraí,             | Putting seed in bad land,        |
| ba tárcud do dhroch-mnaí,              | ba <u>shealúchas</u> do dhroch-bhean,    | Property to a bad woman,         |
| ba fognam do dhroch-f[h]laith,         | b'fhónamh a dhéanamh do dhrochfhlaith,   | Serving a bad lord,              |
| ba leth-ard cundartha,                 | ba chonradh leataobhach,                 | An unequal contract,             |
| ba tomus lettromm,                     | ba thomhas leatrom,                      | Uneven measure,                  |



ba tidecht tar fuigell,

ba sárugud soscéla,

ba forcetul Ancríst

t’ f[h]orcetul-sa im do longad, a Meic Con Glinne.’ ”

ba dhul thar bhreith,

ba shárú shoiscéil,

ba theagasc a chur ar Ain-Chríost,

tusa a theagasc faoi do longadh, a Mhic Conglinne.’ ”

Going against a verdict,

To outrage the gospel,

Instructing Antichrist,

to instruct you, Mac Conglinne, regarding your appetite.’ ”

#### Section 54 (ll. 875-890)

“ ‘At-biur mo debroth,’ or Mac Con Glinne,

‘is cruaid codut in cosc.’

‘Ced sin?’ ol in Scál.

‘Ní h-annsa,’ or Mac Con Glinne,

‘ní fhetair can tice

nó cia thégi

nó can deitt féin

fria t’ imchomarc nó fri t’ aiséis doridise.’

‘Ní h-annsa éin,’ ol in Scál,

“ ‘Tugaim mo mhóid Dé,’ arsa Mac Conglinne,

‘gur crua géar an cáineadh sin’.

‘Cad chuige a deir tú sin?’ arsa an scáil.

‘Ní hansa,’ arsa Mac Conglinne,

‘níl a fhios agam cárb as a\_thagann tú,

ná cá bhfuil do thriall,

ná cad as duit féin \*ar chor ar bith\*

le go gceistneoinn thú nó le go bhfreagrófa.’

‘Ní deacair sin \*a insint\*,’ arsa an scáil.

“ ‘I declare by my God’s Doom,’ said Mac Conglinne,

‘the reproof is hard and severe.’

‘How is that?’ asked the phantom.

‘Not hard to say,’ Mac Conglinne answered,

‘I do not know from where you come,

nor where you go,

nor from where you are yourself,

to question you, or tell you again.’

‘That is easily known,’ said the phantom.

|                                            |                                                            |                                                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ‘.i. Buarannach mac Elc-[C]aib Essamain    | ‘ <u>Buinneachán</u> Mac Ealcaib Neamhuamhnaigh <u>mé</u>  | ‘I am <u>Buinneachán</u> (Diarrheal), son of Ealcaib Neamhuamhnaigh (the Fearless), |
| a Síth Longthe do-m-ánaic-sea.’            | agus is as Sí Longtha a tháinig mé.’                       | from the Fairy-Knoll of Eating.’                                                    |
| ‘Do-munim,’ or Mac Con Glinne, ‘mása thú,  | ‘ <u>Is dóigh liom</u> ,’ arsa Mac Conglinne, ‘más tú sin, | ‘If you are he,’ Mac Conglinne said,                                                |
| fileat scéla móra lat,                     | tá mór-scéala leat                                         | ‘I I fancy you have great news,                                                     |
| ocus didiu fiss scél ó biúd ocus ó longad. | agus tuairisc *gan amhras* faoi bhia agus longadh.         | and tidings of food and eating.                                                     |
| In fil lat?’                               | An bhfuil <u>sin</u> agat?’                                | Have you any?’                                                                      |
| ‘Fil trá,’ ol in Scál,                     | ‘Tá, go deimhin,’ arsa an scáil,                           | ‘I have indeed,’ said the phantom;                                                  |
| ‘ocus má ’tá,                              | ‘agus, <u>bíodh go bhfuil</u> ,                            | ‘but though I have,                                                                 |
| nirb s[h]ursan do charait                  | níor <u>mhéanar</u> do chara                               | it would be no luck for a friend                                                    |
| beth a ndíchumci longthi                   | a bheadh ar lagchumas <u>itheacháin</u>                    | who had no power of eating                                                          |
| fri comriachtain friss.’                   | <u>dá dtagadh sé fad</u> leis.’                            | to come up with it.’                                                                |
| ‘Ced ón?’ or Mac Con Glinne.               | ‘Conas sin?’ arsa Mac Conglinne.                           | ‘How is that?’ Mac Conglinne asked.                                                 |
| ‘Ní h-annsa ém,’ ol in Scál,               | ‘Ní deacair *sin a insint*,’ arsa an scáil.                | ‘Indeed, it is not hard <u>to tell</u> ,’ said the phantom.                         |

|                                                                                             |                                                                                                                |                                                                                    |
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| ‘.i. cen broind cóic-duirn comlethain cernaig<br>cian-fhota cethar-láin cethar-ochair acca, | ‘*Dá mbeadh sé* gan bholg cúigdhorn,<br>comhleathan, cearnach, comhfhada,<br>ceathairlán, ceathaireochair aige | ‘Even so: unless he had a very broad four-<br>edged belly, five hands in diameter, |
| i tallfatis na trí noí n-ithe                                                               | ina dtoillfeadh na trí naoi n-ithe                                                                             | in which could be fitted thrice nine eatings,                                      |
| ocus na secht n-óla                                                                         | agus na seacht n-óla                                                                                           | and seven drinkings                                                                |
| imm ól nónbuir cacha díb-side,                                                              | ( <u>agus</u> ól naonúir i ngach ól díobhsin)                                                                  | (with the drink of nine in each of them),                                          |
| ocus na secht tomaltais                                                                     | agus na seacht dtomhaltas                                                                                      | and of seven chewings,                                                             |
| ocus na noí ndíthata,                                                                       | agus na naoi <u>ndíleá</u>                                                                                     | and nine digestions                                                                |
| ocus praind c[h]ét cacha h-ithe oculus cacha h-<br>óla                                      | agus proinn chéid i ngach ithe agus gach ól                                                                    | — a dinner of a hundred being in each of<br>those eatings, drinkings,              |
| ocus cacha longthi oculus cacha díthata díb-side<br>fo leith.’ ”                            | agus gach longadh agus gach <u>díleá</u> díobh sin<br>ar leith.’ ”                                             | swallowings, and digestions respectively.’ ”                                       |

## Section 55 (ll. 891-903)

“ ‘Ór ná fil lem-sa in mbroind-sin,’ or Mac  
Con Glinne,

‘tidnais comarli dam, ar is acobrach dam fritt.’

‘Do-bér-sa ón comairle duit,’ ol in Scál;

‘eirg,’ ol sé, ‘doc[h]umm in díserta ó tudchad-  
sa,

.i. dísert ind F[h]áthlegai,

ocus fo-géba ann h-ícc do mian do cach biúd  
at accobar do c[h]raes oculus do chride,

airm i n-airlím[fa]thar do deta

ó na biadu immda inganta ilerda

it-chótamar;

i n-indraithfíther do dulas;

i lláife do chiall bidgu;

“ ‘Ó nach bhfuil bolg mar sin ormsa,’ arsa  
Mac Conglinne,

‘tabhair do comhairle dom, ó tá craos  
múscailte agat ionam.’

‘Béarfaidh mise comhairle duit, \*go  
deimhin\*,’ arsa an scáil..

‘Éirigh,’ ar sé, ‘chuig an díseart óna dtáinig  
mé

— Díseart an Fháithlia —

agus gheobhaidh tú ansin sásamh do mhian de  
gach bia a shantaíonn do chraos agus do chroí  
í;

airm a líomhfar d’fhiacla

leis na bianna iomaí iontacha iolartha

a ndearnamar trácht orthu;

áit a scaipfear do dhubhachas

\*agus\* a mbainfear bíogadh as do chéadfaí;

“ ‘Since I have not that belly,’ answered Mac  
Conglinne,

‘give me your counsel, for you have made me  
greedy.’

‘I will indeed give you counsel,’ said the  
phantom.

‘Go,’ said he, ‘to the hermitage from which I  
have come,

even to the hermitage of the Wizard Doctor,

where your appetite for all kinds of food,  
which your gullet and your heart can desire,  
will find a cure;

where your teeth will be polished

by the many wonderful manifold viands

of which we have spoken;

where your melancholy will be attacked;

where your senses will be startled;

|                                                      |                                                                |                                                                         |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| i mbat budig do beóil do shain-ól agus do shain-ait, | áit ar buíoch do bheola den sain-ól agus den sain-ithe,        | where your lips will be gratified with choice drink and choice morsels, |
| do longad agus do brondad                            | de longadh agus de bhronnadh                                   | with eating and putting away                                            |
| cachea bíd buic blasta bláth-milis                   | gach bia bog, blasta, bláithmhilis                             | every sort of soft, savoury, tender-sweet food                          |
| bhus tol do t' chorp, agus nába tocrád do t' anmain; | is toil le do chorp agus nach crá dod'anam é                   | acceptable to your body, and not injurious to your soul,                |
| acht co ris a dochumm ind F[h]áthlega                | — ach go <u>sroichfidh tú fad leis</u> an bhFáithlia<br>*féin* | — if only you reach the Wizard Doctor,                                  |
| agus Becnat Bélathi                                  | agus le Beagnait Bhealaithe                                    | and Beagnait Bhealaithe (Plump Beagnait),                               |
| ingen meic Baetáin Brass-Longthig,                   | iníon mhic Bhaotháin Mhórlongaigh,                             | daughter of Baothán Mórlongach (of Great Appetite),                     |
| a ben ind F[h]áthlega.' ”                            | bean an Fháithlia.' ”                                          | the wife of the Wizard Doctor.' ”                                       |

## Section 56 (ll. 904-917)

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
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| “ ‘In láa ricfa-su dochum in dúnaid,<br>is é in lá-sin toicébthar a pupall h-ítha impu<br>for a crund-muigib córaib cruithnechta<br>— in dá Loan, in Lón-Loingén, agus in dag-<br>mac Lón-Chorén<br>co n-a [cho]choll do íthascaig imme.<br>Bid maith duit-siu in láa<br>ricfa doc[h]umm in dúnaid-sin,<br>a Meic Con Glinne,’ ol sé in Scál,<br>‘ocus didiu conid hé sin láa<br>gairfithir toísig Tuathi in Bíd dochumm in<br>dúine.’<br>‘Ocus cia a n-anmanna-sin?’ or Mac Con<br>Glinne.<br>‘Ní h-annsa,’ ol in Scál, | “ “*Agus* an lá a ráineoidh tú chun an dúna<br>is ar an lá sin a thógfar a phuball méathrais<br>umpu<br>ar a gcruinnmhánna córa cruithneachta,<br>in éineacht leis an dá Luan, an Lónloingeán<br>agus dea-mhac Lónchoire<br>agus a gcochaill de bhlonag (?) umpu.<br>Maith an lá duitse an lá<br>a ráineoidh tú chun an dúna sin,<br>a Mhic Conglinne,’ arsa an scáil,<br>‘mar <u>is cinnte</u> gurb é sin lá<br>a ngairfear taoisigh Thuatha an Bhia chun an<br>dúna.’<br>‘Cad is ainmneacha <u>do na taoisigh</u> sin?’ arsa<br>Mac Conglinne.<br>‘ <u>Scéal furasta sin</u> ,’ arsa an scáil — | “ ‘The day you will arrive at the fort<br>will be the day on which his pavilion of fat<br>will be raised about him,<br>on its fair round wheat plains,<br>with the two Loins, the Gullet, and the worthy<br>Son of Fat-kettle,<br>with their mantles of suet (?) about them.<br>It will be a happy day for you<br>when you will reach the fort,<br>O Mac Conglinne,’ said the phantom;<br>‘the more so as that will be the day,<br>on which the chieftains of the Tribe of Food<br>will be summoned to the fort.’<br>‘And what are their names?’ asked Mac<br>Conglinne.”<br>‘Not hard to tell,’ said the phantom; |
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|                                              |                                                             |                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| ‘.i. Áirnechán mac Saille Slemni súgmaire,   | ‘Áirneachán Mac Saille Sleamhaine Súmhaire                  | ‘they are Little Sloe, son of Smooth-Juicy-Bacon; |
| ocus Bairgenach mac Toraid Tirm-Charna,      | agus Bairíneach Mac Toraidh Thirimfheola                    | and Cakey, son of Hung Beef;                      |
| ocus Fás-Taib mac Lón-Longén,                | agus Fástaobh mac Lónloingeáin                              | and Hollow-sides, son of Gullet,                  |
| ocus Lachtmarán mac Blichtucán,              | agus Lachtmharán mac Bhliochtacháin                         | and Little-Milk, son of Lactulus,                 |
| ocus Lám-Dóitech mac Lethir-Chind,           | agus Lámhdhóideach Mac Leathar-Chinn                        | and Wristy-Hand, son of Leather-Head,             |
| ocus Óc-Mael Blongi mac Slessa Sen-Shaille.’ | agus Ógmhaol Blonaige mac Sleasa Seansaille.’               | and Young Lard, son of Flitch of Old-Bacon.’      |
| ‘Ocus cia h’ ainm-siu fodén                  | ‘Agus cad é d’ainmse féin,                                  | ‘And what is your own name,                       |
| fri iarfaige didiu?’ ”                       | <u>más ceadmhach dom a fhiafraí?’</u> arsa *Mac Conglinne*. | <u>if I may ask?’ said Mac Conglinne.’</u> ”      |

## Section 57 (ll. 918-972)

“ ‘Ní h-annsa,’ ol in Scál:

‘Cruithnechtán mac Lemnachtán  
meic Saille súgmaire  
m’ ainm-si féin;  
Brechtán fo Mil  
comainm in f[h]ir  
bís fo m’ théig.

Hiars[h]liss Caerech  
comainm mo chon,  
cadla band;  
Blonag mo ben,  
tibid a gen  
tar braise barr.

Millsén m’ ingen  
imthét inber,  
gile a glond;  
Bóshall mo mac,  
taitnid a brat  
tar ethri n-oll.

Ól nOlar  
comainm inalta mo mná;  
matan moch  
tar Loch Lemnachta ro-s lá.

“ ‘Ní miste sin,’ arsa an scáil:

‘Cruithneachtán mac Leamhnachtáin  
Mac Saille \*Sleamhaine\* Súmhaire  
m’ainmse féin;  
Bogarán is Mil air  
ceartainm an fhir  
a iompraíonn mo thiachóg.

Iarshlios Caorach  
ceartainm mo chon  
is álainn a léim;  
Blonag, mo bhean,  
a gháireann a gean  
thar phraiseach \*go séimh\*.

Milseán, m’ iníon,  
a théann timpeall an bheara  
is geal a cáil;  
Mairteoil Shailte mo mhac  
taitníonn a bhrat  
thar eireaball ollmhór.

Blastacht na mBlastacht  
ceartainm ionailte mo mhná  
ar maidin moch  
thar an Leamhnachtloch do ghabh stáir.

“ ‘Not hard to tell,’ said the phantom:

‘Wheat, son of Milk,  
Son of Juicy Bacon,  
Is my own name.  
Honeyed Butter-roll (?)  
Is the man’s name  
That bears my satchel.

Haunch of Mutton  
Is my dog’s name,  
Of lovely leaps;  
Lard, my wife,  
Sweetly smiles  
Across the kale-top.

Cheese-curds, my daughter,  
Goes round the spit,  
Fair is her fame.  
Corned Beef, my son,  
Whose mantle shines  
Over a big tail.

Savour of Savours  
Is the name of my wife’s maid:  
Morning-early  
Across New-milk Lake she went.



Bó-Ger m' airech,  
sall boc braineach  
brogas scuir;  
is dín saethra  
sadall maethla  
for a muin.

In tan lécar  
i n-a diaid  
oirech maethla,  
luath a ruth,  
híth ar allaib  
bíd ar asnaib  
sech cach cruth.

Mór-mhuince do mulchán mellach  
im a chúl,  
adastar ocus a ellach  
d' imim úr.

A srian co n-a aradnu h-ítha  
in cach dú,  
inbert inbe co n-a tibrecht  
d' inbib crú.

Bó-Gheir mo stéad  
stail bhreá phramsach  
a mhéadaíonn graí;  
is díon ar saothar  
an diallait mhaothaile  
don té ar a mhuin.

Nuair a ligtear  
ina dhiaidh  
capall maothaile  
is luath a rith;  
íoth ar a srianta  
ar \*gach\* easna ann —  
fearr ná gach cruth.

Cruth.

Mórmhuince de mhulchán meallach  
um a chúl  
a adhastar agus \*fós\* a iallach  
d'im úr.

A shrían is a aradhain íotha  
i ngach dú  
muinbhrat uime d'inne slíoctha,  
d'inne cró.

Beef-suet, my steed,  
An excellent stallion,  
That increases studs;  
A guard against toil  
Is the saddle of cheese  
On his back.

When a cheese-steed  
is sent  
after him  
Rapid his course,  
Fat on its reins (?)  
is on his ribs,  
Exceeding all shapes.

A large necklace of delicious cheese-curds  
Around his back,  
His halter and his traces all  
Of fresh butter.

His bridle with its reins of fat  
In every place,  
A saddle-bag of tripe with its overspill  
of bloody tripe.

Ug-Adarc mo gilla gloma[i]r,  
nít[h]a tuir  
ré ndul i ndáil báis dáig — ní bras —

tí do-t-cuir.

C[ruth].

M' inar craíbechán imum-sa  
in cach dú,  
blonacc-thinbe occus inbe  
ná téit crú.' ”

C[ruth].

Ubh-Adharc mo ghiolla chapail  
uaithne i gcomhrac  
roimh dul i ndáil bháis chinnte — ní bras —

a ghlaonn air.

M'ionar d'anraith timpeall orm  
i ngach dú,  
slisne bhlonaige agus inbe  
nach gcuireann fola.' ”

Egg-horn is my bridle-boy  
a pillar in conflict,  
before going to meet the certain death — not  
great —  
which summons him.

My pottage tunic around myself  
Everywhere,  
a slice of suet, and tripe  
which does not bleed.' ”

## Section 58 (ll. 973-1005)

“ ‘Cosna biadaib oirerda ingantaib út duit festa,

a Meic Con Glinne!’ ol in Scál,

‘.i. Biada ile inganta,

staci cach bíd bélaide,

miassa donna derg-buide

lomnána cen locht;

aisle buana bóshaille,

blongi bláthi bélaide,

tarthra[i]nn troma torcc.’

‘Cusna Blongib duit festa ocus cusna Maethlaib!’ ol in Scál.

‘Regut ém,’ or Mac Con Glinne,

‘ocus tabair soscéla immum.’

‘Do-bérthar,’ ol in Scál,

“ ‘Imigh leat, feasta, chuig na bianna oirearca iontacha úd,

a Mhic Conglinne!’ arsa an scáil:

‘Ilbhianna iontacha

spólaí de gach bia bealaithe

miasa donna deargbhuí

lomlána gan locht

aisle buana bóshaille

blonag bláith bealaithe

sliasta troma torc.’

‘Imigh leat, feasta, chuig na geireacha agus chuig na maothla!’ arsa an scáil.

‘Rachaidh mé, go deimhin,’ arsa Mac Conglinne,

‘agus cuir-se anois soiscéala umam.’

‘Tabharfar,’ arsa an scáil,

“ ‘Off with you now to those delicious prodigious foods,

O Mac Conglinne!’ said the phantom,

‘many wonderful provisions,

pieces of every palatable food,

brown red-yellow dishes,

full without fault,

perpetual joints of corned beef,

smooth savoury lard,

and heavy flitches of boar.’

‘Off with you now to the suets and cheeses!’ said the phantom.

‘I will certainly go,’ said Mac Conglinne,

‘and let you put a gospel around me.’

‘It shall be given,’ said the phantom,

|                                                                                          |                                                                                                               |                                                                                          |
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| ‘.i. soscéla do thirmcháisi c[h]ethar-ochair<br>c[h]utrumma,                             | ‘soiscéala de thirim-cháisi ceathair- <u>shleasacha</u><br>cothroma,                                          | ‘ <u>that is to say</u> , a gospel of four-cornered even<br>dry cheese,                  |
| ocus gébthair mo p[h]ater-sa fodén imut,                                                 | agus cuirfear mo phaidrín féin umat                                                                           | and I will put my own paternoster around you,                                            |
| ocus ní-s tadaill athgéiri nó occuras int-í ima<br>ngabar hí.’                           | agus ní shroichfidh airc ná ocras an té um a<br>gcuirtear é.’                                                 | and neither greed nor hunger can visit him<br>around whom it is put.’                    |
| Ut dixit: ‘For foesam duit na saille slemni<br>súgmaire, a Meic Con Glinne!’ ol in Scál; | Agus dúirt sé: ‘Go mba faoiseamh duit na<br>bágúin shleamhaine shúmhara, a Mhic<br>Conglinne!’ arsa an scáil. | And he said: ‘May smooth juicy bacon protect<br>you, O Mac Conglinne!’ said the phantom. |
| ‘for foesam duit na crothi cruadi cúl-budi, a<br>Meic Con Glinne!’ ol in Scál;           | ‘Go mba faoiseamh duit an t-uachtar crua<br>cúlbuí, a Mhic Conglinne!’ arsa an scáil                          | ‘May hard yellow-skinned cream protect you,<br>O Mac Conglinne!’ said the phantom.       |
| ‘for foesam duit in chori lá[i]n do<br>c[h]raíbechán, a Meic Con Glinne!’ ol in Scál;    | ‘Go mba faoiseamh duit an coire lán d’anraith,<br>a Mhic Conglinne!’ arsa an scáil.                           | ‘May the cauldron full of pottage protect you,<br>O Mac Conglinne!’ said the phantom.    |
| ‘for foesam duit in aigin lá[i]n do<br>c[h]raíbechán, a Meic Con Glinne!’ ol in Scál.    | ‘Go mba faoiseamh duit an t-oigheann lán de<br><u>phraiseach</u> , a Mhic Conglinne!’ arsa an scáil.          | ‘May the pan full of pottage protect you, O<br>Mac Conglinne!’ said the phantom.         |
| ‘Dar mo debroth i fiadnaise in Dúileman,’ ar<br>Mac Con Glinne,                          | ‘Dár mo <u>mhóid Dé</u> i bhfianaise an dúilimh,’<br>arsa Mac Conglinne,                                      | ‘By my God’s doom, in the presence of the<br>Creator,’ said Mac Conglinne,               |
| ‘ba maith lium co rísaind a dochum in dúnaid-<br>sin,                                    | ‘ba mhaith liom rochtain chun an dúin sin                                                                     | ‘I would like to get to that fort,                                                       |
| dáig co tormolaind mo lór do na lendaib<br>senaib síhaltai so-millsi                     | ionas go gcaithfinn mo sháith de na leannta<br>seana síothlaithe so-mhilse                                    | that I might consume my fill of those old<br>strained delicious liquors,                 |

|                                                                                   |                                                                                          |                                                                                                                  |
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| ocus do na biadaib inganta aidble út.’                                            | agus de na bianna iontacha ábhala úd.’                                                   | and of those wonderful enormous foods.’                                                                          |
| ‘Mad maith lat-sa ém,’ ol in Scál, ‘fo-géba sin,                                  | ‘Más é <u>sin do mhian</u> ,’ arsa an scáil,<br>‘gheobhaidh tú sin <u>go deimhin</u> ,   | ‘If you really so wish,’ said the phantom, ‘you shall have them .                                                |
| ocus eirg amal as-berim-si frit;                                                  | agus éirigh <u>faoi mar</u> a deirimse leat,                                             | Go as I tell you;                                                                                                |
| acht namá dia téis, ní-s téig a merachad.’                                        | ach má théann, <u>fainic</u> nach rachaidh tú amú.’                                      | but only, if you go, do not go astray.’                                                                          |
| ‘Cid sin?’ ol Mac Con Glinne.                                                     | ‘Conas <u>a dhéanfaidh mé</u> sin?’ arsa Mac Conglinne.                                  | ‘How is that?’ said Mac Conglinne.                                                                               |
| ‘Ní h-annsa ém,’ ol in Scál;                                                      | ‘Ní deacair *sin a fhreagairt*, go deimhin’,<br>arsa an scáil.                           | ‘Not hard to tell, indeed,’ said the phantom.                                                                    |
| ‘acht fo-[t-]c[h]erd for faesum oculus comarci<br>na n-óc n-antem n-anamail       | ‘Cuir-se tú féin faoi choimirce agus faoi<br>chosaint na n-óglach an-tim anamúil         | ‘You must place yourself under the protection<br>and safeguard of the mighty peerless warriors,                  |
| .i. to[í]sig Thuath Bíd,                                                          | — taoisigh Thuatha Bia,                                                                  | the chiefs of the Tribes of Food,                                                                                |
| ná’ ra-t rodha beóchoil.’                                                         | le nach mbáfaidh an súlach thú.’                                                         | lest the gravy destroy you.’                                                                                     |
| ‘Ced ón,’ ol Mac Con Glinne,                                                      | ‘Conas sin, *go deimhin*?’ arsa Mac Conglinne.                                           | ‘How, then,’ said Mac Conglinne,                                                                                 |
| ‘cia do t[h]o[í]sechaib Tuath Bíd<br>is gératu comarci ar trom-thondaib beóchla?’ | ‘Cé acu de thaoisigh Thuatha Bia<br>is cumasaí coimirce ar thromthonnta an<br>tsúlaigh?’ | ‘which of the chiefs of the Tribes of Food<br>are the most keen safeguards against the heavy<br>waves of gravy?’ |

‘Ní h-annsa é, ol in Scál,

‘.i. cusna Blongib agus cusna Maethlaib.’ ”

‘Ní deacair \*sin a fhreagairt\*,’ arsa an scáil

‘— na Blonaigí agus na Maothla.’ ”

‘Not hard to tell,’ said the phantom.

‘The Suets and the Cheeses.’ ”

## Section 59 (ll. 1006-1018)

“Atom-regar dó iar sin,” or Mac Con Glinne,

“co h-erard cend-fhaelid cos-lúthmar.

In goeth no-s tic darsin tír-sin,

dúthracur conáb seocham no t[h]éissed

acht comad a m’ beólu.

Ba dethbir ón;

boí do thrumma in galair

ocus do therai in legis

[ocus] do accobar na n-ícidí.

Atom-raracht

co dian díscir dénmnetaeh,

“Chuir mé díom ar aghaidh ansin,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“go hurard ceann-fháilí coslúfar.

An ghaoth a ghabhann trasna na tíre sin,

ní tharam ba mhaith liom a dhul

ach isteach i mo bhéal.

Níorbh ionadh \*mo dhíochas\*, go deimhin,

de bharr troime mo ghalair

agus teirce mo leighis

agus mian mo íce \*ar m’aicíd\*.

Chuaigh mé chun cinn

go dian díscir deifreach,

“Thereupon then I advanced,” said Mac Conglinne,

“erect, with exultant head, with agile steps.

The wind that comes across that country

— it is not by me I wish it to go,

but into my mouth.

And no wonder, indeed;

so heavy was the disease,

so scant the cure,

so great the longing for the remedy.

I advanced

vehemently, furiously, impatiently,

|                                                                                   |                                                                                      |                                                                                      |
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| co mianach míchuirdech,                                                           | go mianach arrachtach,                                                               | eagerly, greedily,                                                                   |
| co slemda slithemda                                                               | go sleamhnach slíocaí,                                                               | softly, gliding,                                                                     |
| amál sinchán do leith aegaire                                                     | amhail sionnach ionsar aoire,                                                        | like a young fox approaching a shepherd,                                             |
| nó aithech do s[h]leith banrígna                                                  | nó amhail aitheach ar tí bainríon a éigniú,                                          | or as a clown to violate a queen,                                                    |
| nó fendóc doc[h]um [n]gairr                                                       | nó feannóg ionsar <u>ablach</u>                                                      | or a royston-crow to carrion,                                                        |
| nó ag n-allaid                                                                    | nó agh alla                                                                          | or a deer                                                                            |
| do gebbad guirt gem-shecoil                                                       | <u>ar tí</u> gort geamharsheagail a ghiobadh                                         | to the cropping of a field of winter-rye                                             |
| a mís Mitheman.                                                                   | i Mí Meithimh.                                                                       | in the month of June.                                                                |
| Acht c[h]ena, tócba[i]m-sa mo lénid ós mellaib mo lárac,                          | <u>Ar aon chuma</u> , thóg mé mo léine ós mealla mo mhása                            | However, I lifted my shirt above my buttocks,                                        |
| ocus méidithir lem ná tairissed cuil nó crebar nó cormíl for m' iarcomla,         | agus ba dhóigh liom nach leanfadh cuil ná creabhar ná cormhiol de mo bhundún thiar   | and I thought that neither fly, nor gad-fly, nor gnat could stick to my hinder part, |
| for a déni oculus athluime,                                                       | ar a dhéine agus luaithe                                                             | in its speed and agility,                                                            |
| co ránuc maige oculus feda oculus fásaige dochumm in lacha oculus in dúnaid-sin.” | <u>ag dul thar</u> mhánna agus coillte agus fásaigh chun an locha agus an dúin sin.” | as I went through plains and woods and wastes towards that lake and fort.”           |

## Section 60 (ll. 1019-1033)

“Co n-acca ní i purt in lacha for mo chind

.i. ethar bec beóchlaide bóshaille

co n-a immchassal gered,

co n-a shessaib grotha,

co n-a braine blongi,

co n-a erus imme,

co n-a sculmarib smerá,

co n-a rámaib slessai sen-tuirc fair.

Ba soccair trá in lestar i ndechumar.

Iar sin trá imrásium dar lethan-mhag Lacha  
Lemnachta,

dar trethna tremunta,

tar inberaib meda,

tar bolg-onfad bupt[h]aid bláithche,

“Go bhfaca ansin an rud ag port an locha ar  
mo cheann

— eathar beag súmhar bóshaille

faoina chlúdach geire,

faoina sheasa grutha,

lena ghob blonaige,

lena dheireadh ime,

lena dholaí smeara,

lena ráhmaí de shliasta seantoir air.

Ba shocair slán an lestar a ndeachamar ann.

Iar sin, ráhmaíomar linn thar leathanmhá  
Locha Leamhnachta,

thar farraigí treathanta,

thar inbhir mheá,

thar bholgthonnta spleodracha bláthaí,

“Then in the harbour of the lake before me I  
saw

a juicy little boat of beef-fat,

with its coating of tallow,

with its thwarts of curds,

with its prow of lard,

with its stern of butter,

with its thole-pins of marrow,

with its oars of flitches of old boar in it.

\*Indeed\*, she was a sound craft in which we  
embarked.

Then we rowed across the wide expanse of  
New-Milk Lake,

through seas of broth,

past river-mouths of mead,

over swelling boisterous waves of butter-milk,



|                                                   |                                                      |                                                                               |
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| tar báitsechaib buana bélaide,                    | thar shíorlinnte buana bealaidh,                     | by perpetual pools of gravy,                                                  |
| sech caille drúcht-bela,                          | seach coillte faoi dhrúcht bealaidh,                 | past woods dewy with meat-juice,                                              |
| tar tibrén úscai olorda,                          | thar toibreacha d'úsc olartha,                       | past springs of savoury lard,                                                 |
| a n-indsib moethal,                               | thar insí maothaile,                                 | by islands of <u>cheeses</u> ,                                                |
| tar cruad-chaircib gered gerthide,                | thar chruacharraigeacha geire <u>gréisceach</u> ,    | by hard rocks of rich tallow,                                                 |
| tar srónaib sen-grothai,                          | thar <u>chinn tíre</u> seanghrutha,                  | by headlands of old curds,                                                    |
| tar tráchta tana[ch] tirmaide,                    | thar tránna de cháis thirim,                         | along strands of dry cheese;                                                  |
| co ro gaibsium calath comnart cutruma             | nó gur ghabhamar caladh cruaneartmhar cothrom        | until we reached the firm, level beach                                        |
| eter Sliab nImme ocus Loch nAiss ocus Bend Grotha | idir Shliabh nIme agus Loch Baine agus Beann Ghrutha | between Butter-Mount and Milk-Lake and Curd-Point                             |
| ar bélu belaig criche hUa Moch-Longthi            | ar bhéala bealaigh chríche Ua Mochlongtha            | at the mouth of the pass to the country of Ua Mochlongtha (“O’Early-Eating”), |
| for dorus díserta ind F[h]áthlega.                | os comhair dorais dísert an Fháithlia.               | in front of the hermitage of the Wizard Doctor.                               |
| Cach ráma do-bermís i lLoch Lemnachta,            | Gach buille rámha a thugaimís i Loch Leamhnachta     | Every oar we plied in New-Milk Lake                                           |

|                                              |                                               |                                                                |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| co tochrad a mur-grian millsén for uachtar.” | cuireadh sé muirghrean milseoige in uachtar.” | would send its sea-sand of sweet cheese curds to the surface.” |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|

## Section 61 (ll. 1034-1045)

|                                                                        |                                                                                 |                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Conid ann at-bert Mac Con Glinne in guth a n-uachtar a chind:         | “Is ansin a dúirt Mac Conglinne in ard a chinn is a ghutha:                     | “It was then Mac Conglinne said, at the top of his voice:                          |
| ‘Abb, abb, abb! Ní-m t[h]át múir nád gabind!’                          | ‘Ab, ab, ab! Is í seo muir ba bhreá liom a ghabháil!’                           | ‘Ha, ha, ha! there are not the seas that I could not take!’                        |
| Conid ann sin at-bert in Fáthliaig fri a muintir,                      | Is ansin a dúirt an Fáithlia lena mhuintir:                                     | Then the Wizard Doctor spoke to his people:                                        |
| ‘Fail dáim n-annsa in bar ndochum anocht, a muintir,’ ol in Fáthliaig, | ‘Tá <u>dream dochraideach</u> chugaibh anocht, a mhuintir                       | ‘A troublesome party approaches you to-night, my friends,’ said the Wizard Doctor, |
| ‘.i. Aníer Mac Con Glinne do Muimnechaib,                              | — Ainéar Mac Conlinne de Mhuimhnigh —                                           | ‘— Ainéara Mac Conglinne of the men of Munster —                                   |
| gláim-gilla uasal oirchetail, oirfitig áin;                            | giolla <u>óg</u> uasal léannta aortha, *fear* foirheadail *agus* oirfideach án. | a youngster of deep lore, entertaining and delightful.                             |
| dáig ro caiter a deg-[fh]ritháilem,                                    | Caithfear deafhriothálamh a dhéanamh air,                                       | And he must be well served;                                                        |
| ór is dublathi díscir                                                  | óir is lionndubhach díscir                                                      | for he is melancholy, passionate,                                                  |
| dian dremun dénmnetach,                                                | dian dreamhan díbheargach é;                                                    | impetuous, violent, and impatient;                                                 |
| iss é mianach moch-loingt[h]ech,                                       | is mianach mochlongach                                                          | and he is eager, fond of eating early;                                             |

|                                             |                                                                                   |                                                                 |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| iss é ithamail anfhial occurach,            | agus is craosach ainfhial ocrach é;                                               | and he is voracious, ungenerous, greedy;                        |
| iss é sám-[fh]ind so-bocc so-f[h]orcutbide; | *agus san am céanna* is sámh-mhín, so-bhog,<br><u>so-ghluaiste chun gáire</u> é,  | and yet he is mild and gentle, easily moved to<br>laughter (?). |
| ocus is fer bret[h]i budi ocus oirbiri.     | agus is fear beirthe bhuíochais agus <u>aithise</u> é.                            | And he is a man great in thanks-givings and in<br>upbraidings.  |
| Dethbir ón, dáig ro-fhétand aír ocus molad  | <u>Ní hionadh sin</u> , mar gur féidir leis idir aor<br>agus mholadh *a dhéanamh* | And no wonder; for he has wit both to censure<br>and to praise  |
| for tellach taige trebargloin mín           | ar theaghlach tí threabhar-ghlain mhín                                            | the hearth of a well-appointed, gentle,                         |
| maisig medraig midchuartai.’ ”              | mhaisiúla mheidhrigh <u>agus meá-halla ann</u> .’ ”                               | fine, mirthful house with a mead-hall.’ ”                       |

## Section 62 (ll. 1046-1062)

|                                                                                     |                                                                                   |                                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Ba h-amra trá in dísiurt i mbádus ann,                                             | “B’iontach, <u>go deimhin</u> , an díseart ina raibh mé.                          | “Marvellous, indeed, was the hermitage in which I then found myself.          |
| .i. secht fichit cét sonn sleman sen-shaille imme,                                  | Seacht <u>scór</u> céad sonn sleamhain seanbhagúin uime                           | Around it were seven score hundred smooth stakes of old bacon,                |
| ocus ba h-é cas-draigen boí uas c[h]léthi c[h]end-mullaig cachá suind s[h]ír-fhota, | agus ba é a bhí mar dheilgne chasta os barrmhullach gach soinn shíorfhada *díobh* | and instead of the thorns above the top of every long stake                   |
| .i. blonoc brothrach bélathi t[h]uirc t[h]rebair t[h]aiscelta                       | <u>ná</u> blonag <u>fhriochta</u> bhealaithe as torc treabhar deachothaithe,      | was fried juicy lard of choice well-fed boar,                                 |
| fria fomtin imbualta fri Tuathaib Mescán ocus Maethal                               | ag feitheamh <u>ansin</u> le hionsaí ó Thuatha Meascáin <u>Ime</u> agus Maothaile | in expectation of a battle against the tribes of Butter-Pat and <u>Cheese</u> |
| bátar for Loch Lemnachta i cocad frisin Fáthliaig.                                  | a bhí ar Loch Leamhnachta i gcogadh leis an bhFáithlia.                           | that were on New-Milk Lake, warring against the Wizard Doctor.                |
| Comla gered friss                                                                   | <u>Bhí geata</u> gheire leis                                                      | There was a gate of tallow to it,                                             |
| ocus gerrcend maróci furri.                                                         | a raibh bolta ispín air.                                                          | on which there was a bolt of sausage.                                         |
| Atom-c[h]uirethar suas dó as mo ethar,” or Mac Con Glinne,                          | D’ardaigh mé ansin <u>mé féin</u> suas as m’eathar,” arsa Mac Conglinne,          | I raised myself up then out of my boat,” said Mac Conglinne,                  |
| “co dorus erdaim imdorais in dúnaid dianechtair;                                    | “go dorus an phóirse a bhí leis an dún lasmuigh                                   | “and betook myself to the outer door of the entrance porch of the fortress,   |

|                                                                        |                                                                       |                                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus gebim bulbing brus-garbán                                         | agus rug mé ar bhuilín <u>de ghrán</u> brus-gharbháin                 | and seizing a cudgel of coarse bran                                      |
| boí for mo láim dírig deiss                                            | a bhí díreach ar mo láimh dheas                                       | that lay directly on my right hand                                       |
| fri h-imdorus in dúnaid anechtair,                                     | lasmuigh de phóirse an dúin                                           | outside the porch of the fortress,                                       |
| ocus ticimm bulli de frissin comloid ngeriud                           | agus bhuail mé buille de ar an <u>ngeata</u> geire                    | I dealt a blow with it at the tallow door,                               |
| boí co nglass maróice furri,                                           | a raibh an glas <u>ispín</u> air,                                     | on which was the sausage lock,                                           |
| ocus fo-s-cerdimm sechum for fut immdorais imechtraig in dúnaid,       | agus thiomáin mé romham é ar feadh phóirse an dúin lasmuigh           | and drove it before me along the outer porch of the fortress,            |
| co ruachtus in príim-c[h]athraig mór-glain medhónaig in dúnaid dímóir; | nó gur shroich mé príomhchathair mhórghlan an dúin rí-mhóir laistigh. | until I reached the splendid inner chief residence of the enormous fort. |
| ocus indsmaimm mo deich n-ingne corra corcar-glana                     | Agus sháigh mé mo dheich n-ingne corra <u>bioraithe</u>               | And I fixed my ten pointed purple-bright nails                           |
| isin comloid slemain sen-shaille                                       | sa <u>gheata</u> sleamhain seanbhagúin                                | in its smooth old-bacon door,                                            |
| co n-a glass maethla furri,                                            | a raibh glas maothaile air                                            | which had a lock of <u>cheese</u> ,                                      |
| ocus fo-s-cerdimm sec[h]umm                                            | agus chaith mé seacham é                                              | flung it behind me,                                                      |
| ocus con-ludimm sec[h]a.”                                              | nó go ndeachaigh mé <u>tríd agus thairis</u> .”                       | and passed through.”                                                     |

### Section 63 (ll. 1063-1090)

|                                                                                    |                                                                                     |                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Co n-acca trá in doirirseoir.                                                     | “Go bhfaca mé, ansin, an dóirseoir.                                                 | “Then I saw the doorkeeper.                                                        |
| Ba caín delb in óclaig-sin,                                                        | Ba chaoín í dealbh an óglaigh sin                                                   | Fair was the shape of that man;                                                    |
| ocus ba h-é a chomainm .i. Mael Saille mac Maíl Imme meic Blongi,                  | agus ba é ainm a bhí air Maol Saille mac Maol Ime mhic Blonaige.                    | and his name was Bacon-Lad, son of Butter-Lad, son of Lard;                        |
| co n-a assaib slemna sen-[sh]aillle ima bunnu;                                     | Asa sleamhaine seanbhagúin um a bhoinn;                                             | with his smooth sandals of old bacon on his soles,                                 |
| co n-a ochraib do biúd scaiblíne ima lurg[n]ib;                                    | loirgneáin d’fheoil ón bpota um a lorgaí;                                           | and leggings of potmeat encircling his shins,                                      |
| co n-a hinar bóshaille irnme;                                                      | ionar bóshaille air;                                                                | with his tunic of corned beef,                                                     |
| co n-a c[h]riss do lethar f[h]írisc taris;                                         | crios de chraiceann bradáin thairis;                                                | and his girdle of salmon skin around him,                                          |
| co n-a chochall di thascaid imme;                                                  | cochall <u>taois</u> uime;                                                          | with his hood of flummery about him,                                               |
| co n-a s[h]echt cornib imme i n-a chind                                            | seacht gcoróin ime ar a cheann                                                      | with seven crowns of butter on his head                                            |
| (ocus bátar secht n-immaire do f[h]ír-chainnind in cach coraínd díb-side fo leth); | a raibh <u>toradh</u> seacht n-iomaire de chainneann i ngach coróin díobh ar leith; | (and there was the produce of seven ridges of pure leeks in each and every crown); |
| co n-a s[h]echt n-epislib do chaelánu inbi fo [a] brágait;                         | seacht suaithéantas de thríopas faoina bhráid                                       | with his seven badges of tripe about his neck,                                     |
| co n-a s[h]echt mbille do blonaig bruithi for cind cach a h-episle díb-side;       | agus seacht gcnap de bhlonag bhruite ar cheann gach suaithéantais díobh.            | and seven bosses of boiled lard on the point of every badge of them;               |

|                                                         |                                                                    |                                                             |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| co n-a chapall saille foe                               | Capall saille faoi                                                 | his steed of bacon under him,                               |
| co n-a chethri cossa brechtáin,                         | a <u>raibh</u> ceithre chos <u>custaird</u> faoi                   | with its four legs of custard,                              |
| co n-a c[h]ethri crú do garb-arán chorca fou,           | agus ceithre chrúb de gharbharán coirce;                           | with its four hoofs of coarse oaten bread under it,         |
| co n-a chluassaib grotha,                               | cluasa grutha air,                                                 | with its ears of curds,                                     |
| co n-a dá shúil mela i n-a chind,                       | dhá shúil mheala ina cheann;                                       | with its two eyes of honey in its head,                     |
| co n-a s[h]rothaib sen-chrothi i cecthar a dí s[h]rón,  | srutha sean-uachtair as dhá <u>pholláire</u> a shróin;             | with its streams of old cream in its two nostrils,          |
| co n-a buindib brocóti as a iarcomlaid siar sec[h]tair, | buinní bragóide as a thón siar seachtar;                           | and a flux of bragget streaming down behind,                |
| co n-a scóib dhulisc fair                               | eireaball duilisc air                                              | with its tail of dulse,                                     |
| dia mbendais secht nglacca cach lathi aicenta,          | a mbaintí seacht nglaca de gach lá <u>seachtaine</u> ;             | from which seven handfuls were pulled every ordinary day;   |
| co n-a s[h]adull blongi (nó bós[h]ailli) buadaige fair, | diallait bhuach bhlonaise air,                                     | with its smooth saddle of glorious choice lard upon it,     |
| co n-a drechongdás toib s[h]amaisce fri a c[h]end,      | banda aghaidhe (?) de chliathán samhaisce <u>timpeall</u> a chinn; | with its face-band of the side of a heifer around its head, |

|                                                                                     |                                                                     |                                                                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| co n-a munci do dressán sen-muilt bá brágait,                                       | muince de liathán seanmhoilt faoina bhráid;                         | with its neck-band of old-wether spleen<br>around its neck,                                          |
| co n-a chlucín do maethail asin munci                                               | cloigín de mhaothal ar an muince;                                   | with its little bell of cheese suspended from<br>the neck-band,                                      |
| co n-a thengaid do métail tig t[h]immthasta<br>asin c[h]lucín sí.                   | teanga de mhiotal tiubh dlúthchasta as an<br>gcloigín sin.          | with its tongue of thick compact metal<br>hanging down from the bell;                                |
| Co n-a s[h]rogill i n-a láim in marcaig-sin                                         | Lasc i lámh an mharcaigh sin                                        | and a whip in that rider's hand,                                                                     |
| (batir ialla bátar indi,                                                            | gurb iad na hialla a bhí air                                        | the cords whereof were                                                                               |
| .i. deich n-indrechtána finda fichet do<br>indrechtánu bó bán-méthi,                | deich maróg breátha fichead de mharóga bó<br>bánmhéithe             | twenty-nine fair puddings of white-fat cows,                                                         |
| ocus no bíd sáith sacairt fria leth-bairgin                                         | a mbeadh sáith sagairt, <u>in éineacht le</u> leth<br>bhairín,      | and there would be a priest's fill of food, with<br>( <u>the nutritional value of</u> ) half a loaf, |
| in cach bainde beóchlaide no thuited a cind<br>cach indrechtáin díb-side fria lár); | i ngach braon súlaigh a thiteadh de gach<br>maróg díobh sin ar lár. | in every juicy drop that fell to the ground from<br>the end of each of these puddings                |
| co n-a bachaill buic bruthi bundraisie i n-a<br>láim,                               | Bachall bog bruite <i>bundraise</i> (?) ina láimh                   | with his slender boiled stick of edible seaweed<br>(?) in his hand,                                  |
| co mbíd lán secht ndabach                                                           | a mbeadh lán seacht ndabhach                                        | and there would be the fill of seven vats                                                            |
| cache bainde beóchlaide no sceed tar a cuirr                                        | i ngach braon súlaigh a sceití as a deireadh                        | in every juicy drop that trickled from the end<br>of it,                                             |



in tan no-s fuirmed fri lár.”

nuair a iompaíodh sé síos go talamh í.”

when he pointed it downwards towards the floor.”

## Section 64 (ll. 1091-1116)

“ ‘Osslaicther dún in dísert,’ ol Mac Con Glinne.

“ ‘Osclaítear an díseart dúinn,’ arsa Mac Conglinne.

“ ‘Open the hermitage to us,’ said Mac Conglinne.

‘A thróig ém,’ or in doirirseoir, ‘tair amuig.’ ”

‘A thruáin,’ arsa an doirseoir, ‘tar isteach.’ ”

‘Come in, wretch,’ answered the doorkeeper.’ ”

“Co n-acca trá, iar ndul anund,” ol Mac Con Glinne,

“Chonaic mé ansin, ar dhul dom anonn,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“On going in, then,” said Mac Conglinne, “I saw

“for mo láim c[h]líi,

“ar mo láimh chlé,

on my left hand

.i. mogaid in F[h]áthlega co n-a mbrothar-lumnib brothracháin,

moghaí an Fháithlia faoina ngarbh-bhrait,

the servants of the Wizard Doctor with their hairy cloaks of shaggy cloth (?)

co n-a mbrothar-c[h]ertib boc-brechtáin,

faoina ngarbhcheirteacha bogchustaird,

with their hairy rags of soft custard,

co n-a sluastib tur-aráin i n-a lámu,

lena sluaiste tur-aráin ina lámha

with their shovels of dry bread in their hands,

ic fochartad in ottraig ingerta

ag cartadh an otraigh gheire

carrying the tallowy offal

boí forsin [ch]loch-drochat brechtáin

a bhí ar an gcloch-dhroichead custaird

that was on the lake-bridge of custard,

óthá immdorus in tige móir co h-imdorus in dúine inehtair.

ó phóirse an tí mhóir go póirse an dúin lasmuigh.

from the porch of the great house to the outer porch of the fortress.

|                                                                                 |                                                                         |                                                               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| Co n-acca trá do m' láim deiss, .i. in Fáthliaig                                | Chonaic mé, ansin, ar mo láimh dheas, an Fáithlia                       | On my right hand I then beheld the Wizard Doctor,             |
| co n-a dí lámaind do lón-charna lán-mhéith bá lámaib                            | lena dhá lámhainn de stéigfheoil lánmhéith ar a lámha                   | with his two gloves of full-fat rump-steak on his hands,      |
| ic lér-gnám in taige                                                            | ag cóiriú an tí                                                         | setting in order the house,                                   |
| lán-immerta do chaelánu imbe ó mullach co talmain.                              | <u>a bhí feistithe</u> ó mhullach go talamh de thríopas.                | which was hung all round with tripe from roof to floor.       |
| Atn-aigim isin cuchtair,                                                        | Chuaigh mé isteach sa chistin, *ansin*,                                 | <u>Then</u> I went into the kitchen,                          |
| co n-acca trá .i. mac ind F[h]áthlega                                           | go bhfaca mac an Fhláithlia                                             | and there I saw the Wizard Doctor's son,                      |
| co n-a dubán blongi i n-a láim,                                                 | agus a dhuán blonaige ina láimh                                         | with his fishing-hook of lard in his hand,                    |
| co n-a ruaimnig do min-scomartaig oige allaid ass,                              | a raibh ruaim de smionagair aighe allta as                              | with its line made of fine brawn of a deer,                   |
| .i. smir a lurgan,                                                              | — smior a lorgan —                                                      | viz., the marrow of its leg,                                  |
| co n-a s[h]lait co trícha[i]t f[h]er-lám do chaelánu inbe asin ruaimnig-sin sí, | agus a shlat a raibh tríocha fearlámh de ispíní as an ruaim síos uaithi | with its thirty-hand rod of tripe attached to the line below, |
| oc dubánacht for loch n-úsca.                                                   | agus é ag duántacht ar loch <u>gréisce</u> .                            | and he angling in a lake of lard.                             |
| Cumma no bered tinne sen-shaille                                                | <u>Ar uair</u> thugadh sé stráice sean-mhuiceola <u>as</u>              | Now he would bring a flitch of old bacon,                     |

|                                                       |                                                                       |                                                                  |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus lón-longén bós[h]aille                           | agus ar uair smut de bhóshaill                                        | and now a weasand of corned beef                                 |
| ar loch úsca cummascaig[th]e mela                     | as an loch <u>gréisce</u> agus é comh-mheascaithe le mil.             | from the lake of lard mixed with honey,                          |
| for tír ngrotha boí i n-a f[h]arrad isin c[h]uchtair; | *Thugadh sé* i dtír é ar bhruach grutha a bhí i bhfarradh na cistine. | on to a bank of curds that was near him in the kitchen.          |
| (ocus isin loch sin ro báided mac in F[h]áthlega      | (Agus is sa loch sin a bádh mac an Fháithlia,                         | And in that lake it is that the Wizard Doctor's son was drowned, |
| dia ndernad in marbnaid erdraicc, .i.                 | dá ndearnadh an marbhna oirearc seo:                                  | for whom the celebrated elegy was made:                          |
| ‘Mac Eógain, clú má raind,’ et reliqua).              | ‘Mac Eoghain a maireann a chlú,’ agus araile.)                        | ‘The son of Eoghan of lasting fame,’ etc.                        |
| At-aigimm isin tech mór iarum.                        | Chuaigh mé isteach sa teach mór ansin.                                | Afterwards I went into the great house.                          |
| Amal tucus mo choiss darsin tairrsech istech,         | Agus mo chos á tabhairt agam thar an tairseach isteach,               | As I set my foot across the threshold into the house,            |
| co n-acca ní, .i. in colcaid n-én-gil n-imme,         | chonaic mé ní, an chuilt aongheal ime.                                | I saw something — a pure white quilt of butter<br>—              |
| co sessar furri,                                      | Shuigh mé uirthi                                                      | on which I sat;                                                  |
| co-nam t[h]arrusar innte co barr mo dí chluas.        | ach chuaigh mé faoi inti go barr mo dhá chluas.                       | so that I sank in it to the tips of my two ears.                 |
| In ochtar is calma boí isin ríghthig,                 | An t-ochtar is láidre a bhí sa rí-theach                              | The eight strongest men that were in the king's house            |

a n-opar 'com' tharraing esti for cléthib cend-mullaig."

bhí a n-obair acu mé a tharraingt aisti ar urla mo chinn."

had hard work to pull me out by the top of the crown of my head."

## Section 65 (ll. 1117-1130)

"No-m c[h]urthar iar sin áitt a mboí in Fáthliaig fodessin.

"Tugadh ansin mé don áit a raibh an Fáithlia féin.

"Then I was taken to the place where the Wizard Doctor himself was.

'Oráit, oráit!' ol mé friss.

'Guigh orm, guigh orm!' arsa mise leis.

'Pray for me!' said I to him.

'I n-anmam maethla,' or sé frim,

'In ainm na Maothaile,

'In the name of cheese,' said he to me.

'is olc in féthán féth-s[h]nais fil for h' agaid,' or in Fáthliaig;

is olc an chuma atá ar d'aghaidh,' arsa an Fáithlia.

'Evil is the limp look of your face,' said the Wizard Doctor.

'uchán! is féth galair.

'Ochón! is cuma ghalair í.

'Alas! it is the look of disease.

At buide do láma,

Is buí do lámha,

Your hands are yellow,

at brecca do beóil,

is breac do bheola,

your lips are spotted,

at liatha do shúile.

is liath do shúile.

your eyes are grey

Ro f[h]annaigsetar th' f[h]éithi,

Fannaíodh d'fhéithe

your sinews have relaxed,

at-rachtatar ós t' [sh]úli agus ós t' [fh]eóil

\*ionas gur\* éirigh siad os cionn do shúile agus d'fheoil

they have risen over your brow and over your flesh,

ocus ós t' altaib agus ós t' ingnib.

Ro-[t] tairbirsetar trí mná

— uatha agus éca agus gorta —

.i. do gobaib gorta galbigi.

Ro-[t] táraill súil ná-t athbendach,

ro-[t] táraill tám trom-galair.

So-dethbir trá;

ní féth laíg lilicca lachtmair lessaigthe latt

fo lámu dagchoca,

n[i] féth luirc fola lessaigt[h]i latt

acht is féth meic mí-altromma fo muich mí-lessaigt[h]i.'

'So-dethbir ón,' ol Mac Con Glinne,

'atá do thruime mo galair,

agus os d'ailt agus os d'ingne.

Chloígh an triúr cailleach thú

— Uathadh agus Éag agus Gorta —

le goib ghéara ocrais.

Do dhearc ort an tsúil nach beannaithe,

bhuail támh thromghalair thú.

Go deimhin, ní hionadh \*sin\*.

Ní dealramh lao le loilíoch lachtmhar leasaithe atá ort

\*a thug\* cócaire maith aire duit,

ní dealramh bainbh fhola leasaithe atá ort,

ach dealramh mic mhí-altroma ar tugadh droch-chothú dó.'

'\*Go deimhin\*, ní hionadh sin,' arsa Mac Conginne,

'de bharr troime mo ghalair

and over your joints and nails.

The three hags have attacked you,

— Scarcity and Death and Famine—

with sharp beaks of hunger.

An eye that does not bless has looked upon you.

A plague of heavy disease has visited you.

No wonder, truly;

for yours is not the look of a full-suckled milk-fed calf,

tended by the hands of a good cook.

You have not the corslet look of well-nourished blood,

but that of a youth badly reared under the vapours of bad feeding.'

'Very natural that,' said Mac Conglinne.

'Such is the heaviness of my ailment,

do therci in legis,

do accobar na h-íce.’ ”

agus teirce an leighis

agus mo dhúil sa ní a d’íocfadh mé.’ ”

the scarcity of cure,

the longing for the remedy.’ ”

### Section 66 (ll. 1131-1149)

“ ‘Asnéid dam do galar, a laích,’ or in Fáthliaig.

‘Asnédfit ém,’ ol Mac Con Glinne,

‘indrud mo c[h]redba

ocus a ndo-m-gní miffrech mí-gnímach

.i. carthain caemna,

miscais mí-chaemna,

mian moch-longthi,

min-chirrad m’ il-blass,

cnám carna,

bronnud bánbíd.

“ ‘Inis dom cad é do galar, a laoich,’ arsa an Fáithlia.

‘Inseoidh mé, go deimhin,’ arsa Mac Conglinne.

‘Is é rud a sheargann mé

agus a dhéanann duairc mí-ghníomhach mé

ná carthain don phléisiúr,

mioscais don mhí-phléisiúr,

mian mhochlongtha,

mo ghnáth-chreimeadh ag m’ilmhianta,

creim feola,

slogadh bánbhia,

“ ‘Tell me your disease, my man,’ said the Wizard Doctor.

‘I will tell you,’ said Mac Conglinne,

‘what it is that shrivels me up

and what makes me low-spirited, inactive,

even love of good cheer,

hatred of bad cheer,

desire of eating early,

the gnawing of my many fancies,

the gnawing of flesh,

the consumption of dairy products,

|                                                    |                                                                         |                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Géri ocus gorti,                                   | géire *ocrais* agus *ghorta*;                                           | greed and hunger.                                                  |
| ítmaire ocus ithemraige lemm mo chuit fodéin,      | íota agus craos orm <u>chun</u> mo choda,                               | The thirst and voracity which I feel in consuming my food,         |
| co ná gaib greim nó gabáil ina tomlim;             | ionas nach bhfaighim <u>sásamh ná só</u> *as an méid* a thomhláim;      | so that what I eat gives neither satiety nor substance;            |
| doichell ocus dochta,                              | doicheall agus <u>sprionlaitheacht</u> ,                                | inhospitality and ungenerosity,                                    |
| diúltad ocus díchonnercli immon ní is leamm fodén, | diúltú agus mícharthanacht um an ní is liom féin.                       | refusal and uncharitableness regarding what is my own,             |
| conadam lista liumm fodén                          | Ionas gur crá dom féin mé                                               | so that I am a burden to myself,                                   |
| ocus nacham inmain fris nach aen.                  | agus nach ionúin mé le <u>duine ar bith eile</u> .                      | and dear to none.                                                  |
| Gorta co n-a cethri fodlaib fichet air-sin anuas   | Anuas air sin gorta lena cheithre fíthead fodhla;                       | Hunger, with its four-and-twenty subdivisions in addition thereto, |
| .i. dogailisi, díbe,                               | dóilse agus <u>stocaireacht</u> ;                                       | sadness, stinginess,                                               |
| dál fria h-essamna lem ré cách i cend cach bíd,    | <u>mé ag súil go mbeadh</u> fáilte ag cách romham chuig gach saghas bia | anxiety to be welcomed before everybody to all kinds of food,      |
| inriud cach bíd frim.                              | *agus ansin* gach bia <u>ag déanamh díobhála</u> dom.                   | and the injurious effect to me of every food.                      |
| Ba h-ed mo mian,                                   | Is é ba mhian liom                                                      | My wish would be,                                                  |

|                                                                              |                                                                                        |                                                                                       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| biada ilarda immda inganta in betha i comair<br>mo c[h]raís                  | bianna iomaí iontacha an tsaoil a bheith agam<br>i gcomhair mo chraois,                | that the various numerous wonderful viands of<br>the world were before my gorge,      |
| do dénam mo tholi,                                                           | <u>chun sásaimh</u> mo thola                                                           | that I might gratify my desires,                                                      |
| do línad mo shanti.                                                          | *agus* chun líonadh mo shainte.                                                        | and satisfy my greed.                                                                 |
| Uch, trá, is mór in saeth-sin do neoch ná-dos-<br>fagaib uli.'               | Och, is mór, <u>go deimhin</u> an trua duine mar mé<br>nach bhfaigheann iad sin uile.' | But alas, great is the misfortune to one like<br>me, who cannot obtain any of these.' |
| 'At-biur mo bréthir,' or in Fáthliaig,                                       | 'Beirim mo bhriathar,' arsa an Fáithlia,                                               | 'On my word,' said the Great Doctor,                                                  |
| 'is olc ind accidit,                                                         | 'gur olc an aicíd <u>sin</u> .                                                         | 'the disease is grievous.                                                             |
| is margócán dia-nos tarla,                                                   | Is mairg don ógánach dá dtarla                                                         | Woe to him on whom it has fallen,                                                     |
| ocus níba fota foelustar.                                                    | agus ní fada a mhairfeadh *duine a mbeadh á*<br>fulaingt.                              | and not long will it be endured.                                                      |
| Ar is 'cot' uide[c]ht duit do m' dísiurt-sa agus<br>do m' dúnad don chur-sa, | <u>Ach</u> , ó thainig tú chuig mo dhíseart-sa agus<br>chuig mo dhún den chor seo,     | But as you have come to me to my hermitage<br>and to my fort at this time,            |
| béra midchuine latt do [t'] tig d' ícc do galair,                            | béarfaidh tú míochaine leat abhaile a íocfaidh<br>do ghalar                            | you shall take home with you a medicine to<br>cure your disease,                      |
| ocus bi[dat] slán c[h]aidche de.' "                                          | agus beidh tú slán choíche <u>dá bharr</u> .' "                                        | and shall be forever healed from it.' "                                               |



## Section 67 (ll. 1150-1177)

“ ‘Cade-side?’ ol Mac Con Glinne.

‘Ní h-annsa ém,’ or in Fáthliaig;

‘dia téis do [t’] tig innocht,

eirg don tiprait d’ innmad do lám;

con-melfi dorni fri détu,

ocus tochosaig cach finda fiar foltnide iar n-a  
chóir do t’ fhult.

Iar sin, no-t gor fri tenid trichemruaid do  
daroich deirg dírig,

nó do ocht slisnib uindsend

fhásus i fhail airshlébi

dú i caccut min-gelbuind,

hi tellach thirmaide irard airísel,

co ra-t gori a gríss,

ná ro-t losci a lassar,

“ ‘Céard sin?’ arsa Mac Conglinne.

‘Ní deacair sin a fhreagairt, go deimhin,’ arsa  
an Fáithli.

‘Má théann tú abhaile anocht,

éirigh chuig an tobar d’ionladh do lámha;

cuimil do dhoirne le d’fhiacra

agus cíor gach ribe fiar gruaige de d’fholt i  
ndiaidh a chéile.

Ansin téigh le tine ghríosghortha de dhair  
dhíreach dhearg

nó d’ocht slisneach fuinseoige

a fhásann i gcóngar bun sléibhe

áit a gcacann mionghealbain;

ar theallach tirim ur-ard, uiríseal,

nó go ngora a gríos thú

ach nár loisce a lasair

“ ‘What is that?’ asked Mac Conglinne.

‘Not hard to tell,’ answered the Great Doctor.

‘If you go home tonight,

go to the well to wash your hands,

rub your teeth with your fists,

and comb every straight rib of your hair in  
order.

Warm yourself afterwards before a glowing  
red fire of straight red oak,

or of octagonal ash

that grows near a hill-side

where little sparrows leave their droppings;

on a dry hearth, very high, very low,

that its embers may warm you,

that its blaze may not burn you,

|                                                                                 |                                                                                                 |                                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ná ro-t bena a dé.                                                              | agus nár <u>goine</u> a deatach thú.                                                            | that its smoke may not touch you.                                                   |
| Scarthar gemen findach fír-gamna fót fria<br>tenid anair-t[h]uaid               | Scartar seithe fhionnaitheach ghamhna fút os<br>comhair na tine anoir aduaidh,                  | Let a hairy calf-skin be placed under you to<br>the north-east before the fire,     |
| ocus do s[h]liss fri colba find-gel ferna<br>saindrud;                          | do shlios <u>go cruinn</u> le <u>ráille</u> fionn-gheal fearna.                                 | your side resting exactly against a bright white<br>rail of alde.                   |
| ocus toirbired ben dian dóit-gel imchialla<br>fhorbaílíd                        | <u>Déanadh</u> bean <u>bheoga</u> dhóidgheal rí-chiallmar<br>fhorbhfaíltech <u>freastal ort</u> | And let an active, white-handed, sensible,<br>joyous woman wait upon you,           |
| 's í sochla so-acallma, 's í bél-chorcra<br>banamail, 's í so-beóil socheneóil, | agus í so-labhartha, is í béalchorcra banúil, is í<br>so-chineálach, is so-beola <u>aici</u> ,  | of good reputé, of good discourse, red-lipped,<br>womanly, eloquent, of a good kin, |
| 's í muincech bratach bretnusach,                                               | í muinceach, bratach, breathnasach,                                                             | wearing a necklace, and a cloak, and a brooch,                                      |
| co mbruach ndub eter dá ó a bruit,                                              | bruach dubh idir dhá stuaic a brait,                                                            | with a black edge between the two peaks of<br>her cloak,                            |
| ná ro fhera brón furri.                                                         | le nach dtiocfadh brón uirthi.                                                                  | that sorrow may not come upon her;                                                  |
| Teóra muime a h-ordan furri;                                                    | Trí bhuime a hordain *chomh maith léi féin.*                                                    | with the three nurses of her dignity upon her,                                      |
| teóra h-aible sercci oculus áne for a h-inchaib,                                | Trí aoibheal (thobairín?) seirce agus aoibhnis<br>ar a haghaidh,                                | with three dimples of love and delight in her<br>countenance,                       |
| cen fír doichle i n-a h-étan.                                                   | gan rian doichill ina héadan.                                                                   | without an expression of harshness in her<br>forehead,                              |

|                                                   |                                                     |                                                                       |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Écosc suaire so-chóir lee;                        | Éagasc suaire so-chórach uirthi;                    | who shall have a joyous, comely appearance,                           |
| bratt corcra coíc-diabulta impe;                  | brat corcra cúigfhille uimpi;                       | a purple five-folded cloak about her,                                 |
| eó ór-derg i n-a brut;                            | bróiste órdhearg ina bhrat;                         | a red-gold brooch in her cloak,                                       |
| agaid chaín f[h]orlethan lé;                      | aghaidh caoin fhorleathan léi;                      | a fair broad face,                                                    |
| rosc glass caín i n-a cind.                       | rosc glas caoin ina ceann;                          | a good blue eye in her head,                                          |
| Dá brá doíle dub-gorma ós na rosca-sin;           | dhá bhraoi dhaola dhubhghorma os na rosca sin;      | two blue-black brows of the colour of a black chafer over those eyes, |
| gruade corcra comarda lé.                         | gruanna corcra comh-arda léi;                       | ruddy even cheeks,                                                    |
| Beóil deirg t[h]anaide;                           | beola dearga tanaí;                                 | red thin lips,                                                        |
| déta gela glanide i n-a cind, amal betís némaind. | déada geala glana ina ceann mar a mbeadh néamhainn; | white clear teeth in her head as though they were pearls,             |
| Rigthi boca bláth-gela;                           | rítheacha boga bláithgheala;                        | soft tender white fore-arms,                                          |
| dí thaeb s[h]lemná shneachtaide;                  | dhá thaobh sleamhaine shneachtaí;                   | two smooth snowy sides,                                               |
| sliasta ségda sebcaide;                           | sliasta áille <u>cruthúla</u> ;                     | beauteous shapely thighs,                                             |
| colptha córa cutruma;                             | colpaí córa, cothroma;                              | straight well-proportioned calves,                                    |
| traigthe tana tonn-gela;                          | troithe tanaí toinngheala;                          | thin white-skinned feet,                                              |

|                                                 |                                                                      |                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| méra seta sith-alta;                            | méara fada singile,                                                  | long slender fingers;                                          |
| ingne áille iuchanta;                           | ingne áille dearga.                                                  | long pale-red nails.                                           |
| corab álaind agus corab gasta                   | Go mba álainn agus go mba ghasa                                      | so that graceful and quick may be                              |
| a fochéim agus a foímm[h]echt na h-inghene-sin; | a céim agus a himeacht;                                              | her gait and movements,                                        |
| corab tét-bind téth-milis                       | go mba téadbhinn, téadmhilis                                         | so that melodious as strings, soft and sweet,<br>may be        |
| a mín-chomrád agus a mín-acallam;               | a mínochomhrá agus a mínagallamh,                                    | her gentle talk and address,                                   |
| co ná roib locht nó on nó anim                  | ionas nach mbeadh locht ná ainimh *ná<br>máchail uirthi*,            | so that there may be neither fault, nor stain,<br>nor blemish, |
| risi mbenfa nach aicsed féig furachair          | dá bhféadfadh <u>fear aireach géarfhéachana a<br/>bhraith uirthi</u> | that a sharp watchful observer may notice                      |
| óthá a h-ind co a bond.’ ”                      | ó bhathais go bonn.’ ”                                               | from her crown to her sole.’ ”                                 |

## Section 68 (ll. 1178-1187)

|                                                                      |                                                                                    |                                                                         |
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| “ ‘Tabrad in ingen-sin duit do t[h]rí noí mírend, a Meic Con Glinne, | “ ‘Tugadh an iníon sin do thrí naoi míreanna duit, a Mhic Conglinne,               | “ ‘Let this maiden give you your thrice nine morsels, O Mac Conglinne,  |
| corab méidithir fri h-og rerc[h]irci cach mír.                       | agus go mba chomh-mhór le hubh chirce gach mír <u>díobh</u> .                      | each morsel of which shall be as big as a hen’s egg.                    |
| Fo-dos-ceirdi for lua[i]sc luamnig i t’ beólu na mírenda,            | *Ní mór duit* na míreanna a chur i do bhéal le luascadh luaineach                  | These morsels you must put in your mouth with a swinging jerk,          |
| co ru-s impóat do shúile i t’ chloiceand oca n-ithe.                 | *agus ní mór do* do shúile iompú i do chloigeann á n-ithe *duit*.                  | and your eyes must whirl about in your skull while you are eating them. |
| Na h-ocht n-orbaind, ní-dos coicéla, a Meic Con Glinne,              | <u>Ná bíodh</u> na hocht gcineál arbhair <u>in easnamh ort</u> , a Mhic Conglinne, | The eight kinds of grain you must not spare, O Mac Conglinne,           |
| cia bali a dochrat duit:                                             | pé áit a <u>ndéanfar iad a ofráil</u> duit:                                        | wheresoever they are offered to you:                                    |
| secul, seruán, maelán, ruadán,                                       | seagal, searbhán, maolán, ruán,                                                    | viz., rye, wild-oats, beare, buck-wheat,                                |
| cruithnec[h]t, eórna, fídbach, corca.                                | cruithneacht, eorna, <i>fidbach</i> (?), coirce.                                   | wheat, barley, <i>fidbach</i> (?), oats.                                |
| Ocht mbairgena cach h-orbaind díb-side                               | <u>Bíodh</u> ocht mbairín de gach arbhar díobh sin <u>agat</u>                     | Take eight loaves of each fair grain of these,                          |
| ocus ocht n-andlaind cach barginé,                                   | agus ocht n-anlann le gach bairín <u>díobh</u>                                     | and eight condiments with every loaf,                                   |
| ocus [ocht] torsnu fria cach n-andland;                              | agus ocht tarsann le gach anlann                                                   | and eight sauces with each condiment;                                   |

ocus méidithir fri h-og curri cach mír fo-s-cerdi  
i t' beólu díb.' ”

agus méid ubh choirre i ngach mír a chuirfidh  
tú i do bhéal.' ”

and let each morsel you put in your mouth be  
as big as a heron's egg.' ”

## Section 69 (ll. 1188-1204)

“ ‘Cosna corénaib míne millsén duit festa, a  
Meic Con Glinne!

Co mucca úra,

co lúna hítha,

co lúnu messi .i. muilt bruithi,

cosin tuicsenach so-acallmach c[h]osnait na  
slóig

.i. cosin lón-longín bós[h]aille;

cosin sercoll socheneóil, co mid;

co leiges in chliab-galair .i. sean sen-shaille;

co tothlugud mbrothc[h]áin .i. sen-gruth;

co mian ban aentuma .i. lemnacht;

“ ‘Imigh leat anois chuig na potaí míne grutha  
cáise, a Mhic Conglinne:

Chuig muca úra,

Chuig na ceathrúna méithe,

Chuig na geadáin ar mhiasa — caoireoil  
bhruite,

Chuig an ní is so-thuigthe, so-thuarascála a  
throidéann na sluaite faoi

— chuig an scrogall mairteola leasaithe,

Chuig searcbheadaíocht na n-uaisle — meá,

Chuig leigheas an chliabhghalair —  
seanbhagún,

Chuig tothlú an bhracháin — seanghruth,

Chuig mian mná aontumha — leamhnacht,

“ ‘Away now to the fair pots of cheese-curds,  
Mac Conglinne,

to fresh pigs,

to loins of fat,

to boiled loins; to boiled mutton,

to the choice easily-discussed thing for which  
the hosts contend

— the gullet of salted beef;

to the dainty of the nobles, to mead;

to the cure of chest-disease — old bacon;

to the appetite of pottage — old curds;

to the fancy of an unmarried woman — new  
milk;

|                                                                   |                                                                    |                                                                                 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| co briscén mbanrígna .i. cerrbacán;                               | Chuib brúitín na banríona — cairéid,                               | to a queen's mash — carrots;                                                    |
| co h-eill fir c[h]élide .i. cuirm;                                | Chuib <u>dainséar an aoí</u> — coirm,                              | to the danger awaiting a guest — ale;                                           |
| co cunnid corgais .i. coilech circe;                              | Chuib lón an Charghais — coileach circe,                           | to the sustenance of Lent — the cock of a hen;                                  |
| co h-étan briste .i. brechtán;                                    | Chuib éadan briste — <u>arán is im air</u> ,                       | to a broken head — butter-roll;                                                 |
| co lám-ar-cách .i. tur-arán;                                      | Chuib lámh-ar-chách — tur-arán,                                    | to hand-upon-all — dry bread;                                                   |
| co torrach tellaig .i. tanach;                                    | Chuib torthúlacht an teallaigh — cáis,                             | to the pregnant thing of a hearth —cheese;                                      |
| cosin mbrúchtaig mbolgaig .i. nua corma;                          | Chuib an brúchtach bolgánach — coirm úr,                           | to the bubble-burster — new ale;                                                |
| co mian na sacart .i. braisech bélaide;                           | Chuib mian na sagart — praiseach bhealaithe,                       | to the priests' fancy — juicy kale;                                             |
| cosin maín is míne ocus is millse da cach biúd<br>.i. find-litte; | Chuib an maoin is míne agus is milse de gach<br>bia — fionn-leite, | to the treasure that is smoothest and sweetest<br>of all food — white porridge; |
| co h-ingur cícarais cúigir .i. craíbechán;                        | Chuib ancaire chíocrais chlainne — <u>praiseach</u> ,              | to the restraint (lit. anchor) of the greed of five<br>people — broth;          |
| cosna lúb-diabulta emnaigib .i. caelánu<br>caerech;               | Chuib an gcúiplín dé-lúbach — tríopas<br>caorach,                  | to the double-looped twins — sheep's tripe;                                     |
| co fiachu fraiged .i. cliathánu;                                  | Chuib fiacha na mballaí — cliatháin<br>*bhagúin*,                  | to the dues of a wall — sides ( <u>of bacon</u> );                              |
| co h-én crossi .i. saland;                                        | Chuib éan na croise — salann,                                      | to the bird of a cross — salt;                                                  |

|                                        |                                                   |                                             |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| co h-imdorus aenaig .i. ubla cumra;    | Chuig fáilte chun an aonaigh — úlla cumhra,       | to the entry of a gathering — sweet apples; |
| co némannu tigi teglaig .i. uga cercc; | Chuig néamhainn tí theaghlaigh — uibheacha cearc, | to the pearls of a household — hens' eggs;  |
| co brafud nochta .i. etneda.' ”        | Chuig nóiméad nochta — eithní. ’ ”                | to the glance of nakedness — kernels.' ”    |

#### Section 70 (ll. 1205-1219)

|                                        |                                          |                                              |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| “Feib no-s turim dam na h-il-biadu,    | “Tar éis dó na hilbhianna a áireamh dom, | “When he had counted to me those many foods, |
| iar sin ordaigis dam mo deog mbolgaim: | ansin, d’ordaigh sé dom mo bholgam óil.  | he ordered me my drop of drink.              |
| ‘Metríne bec bec                       | ‘Meadairín beag, beag duit               | ‘A tiny little measure for you,              |
| nát ro-mór,                            | nach bhfuil ró-mhór,                     | not too large,                               |
| cet[h]ri fichit fer-bolcumm deit,      | ceithre fichead fearbholgam duit         | only as much as twenty men will drink,       |
| a Meic Con Glinne,                     | a Mhic Conglinne.                        | MacConglinne,                                |
| for na biadaib-sin anuas,              | ar na bianna sin anuas;                  | on the top of those viands:                  |
| d’ ass ro-thécht,                      | de bhainne leabhair-thiubh,              | of very thick milk,                          |
| d’ ass nát ro-thécht,                  | de bhainne nach ró-thiubh,               | of milk not too thick,                       |



|                                                          |                                                                  |                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| d' ass lebar-thécht,                                     | de bhainne fadathiubh,                                           | of milk of long thickness,                                                      |
| d' ass eter dá thécht,                                   | de bhainne idir dhá thiús,                                       | of milk of medium thickness,                                                    |
| d' ass buide bolcach                                     | de bhainne buí bolgánach                                         | of yellow bubbling milk,                                                        |
| fo-loing in slucud-chocnum,                              | <u>ar gá an</u> chogaint <u>chun é</u> a shlogadh,               | the swallowing of which needs chewing,                                          |
| don lomum da-ní in slaim[m]egil rethi                    | den bhainne a dhéanann srann-mhéileach reithe                    | of the milk that makes the snoring bleat of a ram                               |
| oc dul darsin mbrágait sí,                               | ag dul thar an bhráid síos,                                      | as it rushes down the gorge,                                                    |
| co n-aprai in bolcum toísech frisin mbolcum ndédenach,   | i dtreo go ndeir an bolgam tosaigh leis an mbolgam deireanach:   | so that the first draught says to the last draught:                             |
| “For-t-gillim, a charr-matraid, i fiadnaise in Dúilemun, | “Geallaim duit, a charrmhadra, i bhfianaise an Dúilimh,          | “I vow, you mangy cur, before the Creator,                                      |
| cia thís anuas regut-sa suas,                            | má thagann tú anuas rachaidh mise suas,                          | if you come down, I'll go up,                                                   |
| ar ní thalla ar mataidecht ar ndís isin istad-luc-sa.”   | óir níl slí dár madraíocht <u>araon</u> san ionad seo.”          | for there is no room for the doghood of the pair of us in this treasure-house.” |
| In galar no-t gébad de-sin, a Meic Con Glinne,           | <u>Pé</u> galar a ghabhfaidh thú dá bharr sin, a Mhic Conglinne, | Whatever disease may seize you from it, Mac Conglinne,                          |
| cenmothá aen-ghalar, is misse no-t ícfa,                 | ach an t-aon ghalar amháin, is mise a íocfaidh thú,              | it is I that will cure you, excepting one disease,                              |

|                                                             |                                                        |                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| .i. galar sruthi ocus dag-daíne,                            | is é sin galar <u>saoithe</u> agus dea-dhaoine,        | I mean the disease of sages and of gentlemen,                 |
| in galar is f[h]err cach ngalar,                            | an galar is fearr ná gach galar *eile*,                | the best of all diseases,                                     |
| in galar is f[h]iú slánti suthain, .i. in buar fodessin.’ ” | an galar ar fiú sláinte srutháin é — an bhuinneach.’ ” | the disease that is worth perpetual health — loose bowels.’ ” |
| Ind Aislingthi ind sin anuas, et reliqua.                   | An aisling ansin anuas, agus araile.                   | Thus far the vision, etc.                                     |

## Section 71 (ll. 1220-1240)

|                                                                                         |                                                                                 |                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Fri h-airerdacht na h-indisen                                                           | Ó thaitneamhacht na hinsinte                                                    | At the pleasure of the recital                                          |
| ocus fri tuirem na mbiad n-imda n-écsamail n-oirerda                                    | agus ó áireamh na mbianna iomaí éagsúla <u>ilbhlasta</u>                        | and the recounting of those many various pleasant viands                |
| i fiadnaise in rí,                                                                      | i bhfianaise an rí,                                                             | in the king’s presence,                                                 |
| in t-anmunna indligthech ro aittrebastar a n-indib inmedónachaib Cathail meic Fhinguine | an t-ainmhí aindlíthiúil a d’áitriugh inní inmheánacha Chathail Mhic Fhinguine, | the lawless beast that abode in the inner bowels of Cathal Mac Finguine |
| tánic co mboí oc immlige a bél fri a chend anechtair.                                   | tháinig sé amach nó go raibh sé ag imlí a bheola <u>taobh amuigh</u> dá cheann. | came forth, until it was licking its lips outside his head.             |
| Is amlaid boí in mac léigind co tenid móir occa istaig.                                 | Is amlaidh a bhí an mac léinn agus tine mhór *ar lasadh* aige laistigh.         | The scholar had a large fire beside him in the house.                   |
| Do-berthí cach staic iar n-urd do na stacib frisin tenid,                               | Cuireadh gach píosa feola de na stéigí i <u>ndiaidh a chéile</u> leis an tine   | Each of the pieces was put in order to the fire,                        |

|                                                      |                                                                 |                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus do-s-bertís iar n-urd co beólu in rí.           | agus rugadh ansin i <u>ndiaidh a chéile</u> iad go beola an rí. | and then one after the other to the lips of the king.        |
| Tan ann tuccad staic díb co beólu in rí,             | Uair dár tugadh stéig díobh go beola an rí í,                   | One time when one of the pieces was put to the king's mouth, |
| ocus lingis in mac mallachtan                        | agus ling an mac mallachta                                      | the son of malediction darted forth,                         |
| cor sháid a dí chrob isin staic                      | agus sháigh a dhá chrobh sa stéig                               | fixed his two claws in the piece                             |
| boí i lláim in me[i]c léigind,                       | a bhí i láimh an mhic léinn                                     | that was in the student's hand,                              |
| ocus beris leis dar tellach anund                    | gur rug leis é thar an teallach anonn                           | and taking it with him across the hearth to the other side,  |
| ocus atn-aig fon coire                               | agus shocraigh é féin faoin gcoire                              | bore it below the cauldron                                   |
| boí fri tenid anall,                                 | a bhí taobh thall den tine                                      | that was on the other side of the fire.                      |
| ocus impáither in coire fair.                        | agus iompraíodh an coire air.                                   | And the cauldron was overturned upon him.                    |
| Conid de as-berair 'lón-choire'                      | (Gur dá bharr sin a deirtear 'lonchoire,'                       | (And hence is said ' <i>lonchoire</i> ',                     |
| .i. don c[h]raes-lon                                 | ón gcraoslon ( <u>craosdeamhan</u> )                            | viz., from the demon — <i>lon</i> — of gluttony              |
| boí i mbrága C[h]athail meic Fhinguine do beith foí. | a bhí i mbráid Chathail a bheith faoin <u>gcoire</u> .)         | that was in Cathal's throat being under the cauldron.)       |
| Nocon ead atfiadut scélaige,                         | <u>Ní mar sin</u> a deir na scéalaithe, *áfach*,                | This is not what ( <u>some</u> ) story-tellers relate,       |

|                                                               |                                                               |                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| acht is a mbrágait gilla in tshacairt do-chóid,               | ach gur i mbráid ghiolla an tsagairt a chuaigh sé             | who say that it was down the throat of the priest's gillie he went, |
| co ro báidead in gilla i llind mulind Dúine Caín              | agus gur bádh an giolla i linn mhuilinn Dhún Chaoín           | and that the gillie was drowned in the millpond of Dún-Cáin         |
| for bélu puirt P[h]icháin meic Moíle Findi                    | os comhair longfoirt Phiacháin Mhic Mhaoile Finne             | opposite the fortress of Píochán, son of Maol Finne,                |
| i Feraib Féni.                                                | i bhFeara Féine.                                              | in the land of the men of Féine.                                    |
| Nocon ed sin fil i llebruib Corccaige,                        | <u>Ní mar sin</u> , *áfach*, atá an scéal i leabhair Chorcaí, | But it is not so in the books of Cork,                              |
| acht conid isin coire tucad                                   | ach gur sa choire a <u>cuireadh</u> é                         | which state that he was put into the cauldron,                      |
| ocus conid foe ro losced.                                     | agus gur faoi a loisceadh é.                                  | and was burned under it.                                            |
| “Fri Dia ocus fri Brigit berma a atlugud,” ol Mac Con Glinne, | “Le Dia agus le Bríd a bheirimid altú,” arsa Mac Conglinne,   | “To God and Bríd we give thanks,” said Mac Conglinne,               |
| ic tabairt a bossi dessi fri a gin fodén                      | ag <u>cur</u> a bhoise deise thar a bhéal féin                | clapping his right palm over his own mouth,                         |
| ocus a chlé-boss fria gin Cathail;                            | agus a bhos chlé thar bhéal Chathail.                         | and his left palm over the mouth of Cathal.                         |
| ocus atn-agur lín-scóti bá chend Cathail                      | Cóiríodh bráillíní lín faoi cheann Chathail                   | And linen sheets were put round Cathal's head                       |
| ocus berair hé immach.                                        | agus rugadh amach *as an teach* é.                            | and he was carried out.                                             |

## Section 72 (ll. 1241-1251)

|                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| “Cíd is nesam dún,” or Píchán, “i festa?”                                                                                                                              | “Cad is gá dúinn a dhéanamh anois?” arsa Píochán.                                                                                                                                                       | “What is most necessary for us to do now?” asked Píochán.                                                                                                                                                 |
| “Iss asu [a] chách lind,” ol Mac Con Glinne,                                                                                                                           | “An ní is fusa ar domhan,” arsa Mac Conglinne.                                                                                                                                                          | “The easiest thing in the world,” said Mac Conglinne.                                                                                                                                                     |
| “berair na slóig ocus na sochaide,<br>ríg ocus rigna ocus muintera,<br>éte ocus alma ocus indile<br>ocus a uli indmassa óir ocus argait in dúnaid,<br>dar dún immach.” | “Beirtear na sluaite agus na sochraidí,<br>na ríthe agus na ríona agus a muintireacha,<br>na tréada, an áirnéis agus an t-eallach<br>agus gach uile mhaoín óir agus airgid atá sa dún as an dún amach.” | “Let the hosts and multitudes,<br>the kings and queens and people,<br>the herds, flocks and cattle,<br>and the entire gold and silver treasure of the fortress be taken out beyond the fortress.”         |
| Ocus at-berait eólaig<br>co nár fárcbad luag cossi cenbair do nach innmas<br>i rí-g-imscing móir medónaig in dúnaid<br>acht in cori boí imm chend in luin.             | Agus deir na heolaigh<br>nár fagadh luach coise priompalláin d’aon ionnús<br>i rí-imscing mhór mheánach an dúna<br>ach amháin an coire a bhí um cheann an deamhain.                                     | And the learned say,<br>that the price of a chafer’s leg of any kind of property was not left<br>in the large central royal pavilion of the fort,<br>except the cauldron that was about the demon’s head. |
| Ocus iatar in tech fair indechtair                                                                                                                                     | Agus iadh an teach ansin ón taobh amuigh                                                                                                                                                                | And the house was then shut on him from the outside,                                                                                                                                                      |

|                                                                                 |                                                                                      |                                                                  |
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| ocus adáither cet[h]ri tendti dermára sain-chan<br>isin tech.                   | agus fadaíodh ceithre tinte rí-mhóra anseo is<br>ansiúd sa teach.                    | and four huge fires were kindled here and<br>there in the house. |
| In tan boí in tech i n-a thuir t[h]richemruaid<br>ocus i n-a briaid adbul-móir, | Nuair a bhí an teach ina thúr <u>lasrach deirge</u><br>agus ina bhladhair abhalmhór, | When the house was a tower of red flame<br>and a huge blaze,     |
| lingis in demun i féic in ríghige suas,                                         | ling an deamhan go maide mullaigh an ríthí<br>suas                                   | the demon sprang to the roof-tree of the palace<br>above,        |
| ocus nír choem in tene ní dó;                                                   | agus níor chumas don tine baint dó.                                                  | and the fire was powerless to do anything to<br>him,             |
| ocus saidis forsin taig ba nessa dó.                                            | <u>Ansin</u> shuigh sé ar na teach ba neasa dó.                                      | and he sat on the house that was next to it.                     |

### Section 73 (ll. 1252-1272)

“Maith trá, a f[h]iru Muman,” ol Mac Con Glinne,

“fil sund út bar cara;

ocus iadaid bar mbeóla,

co ru-s acailler-sa in manach n-oibéil  
ndermitnech út.”

“Maith, a thróig,” ol Mac Con Glinne,

“déna umalóit dún.”

“Do-gén-sa ón,” or diabul,

“ór ní chumgam cen a dénam;

uair at fer co rath Dé,

co n-imma[d] ecnai,

co ngéri inntlehta,

co lléri umalóti,

co mian cach maithiusa,

“Maith, anois, a fheara Mumhan,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“sin é thall bhur gcara.

Iaigí bhur mbéil

nó go labharfaidh mé leis an manach uafásach  
(?) easurramach úd.”

“Maith, a thruáin,” arsa Mac Conglinne,

“déan umhlóid dom.”

“Déanfaidh mé, go deimhin,” arsa an diabhal,

“óir ní fhéadaim gan a dhéanamh.

Mar is fear faoi rath Dé tusa,

faoi iomad eagna,

faoi ghéire intleachta,

faoi dhéine umhlóide,

mian gach maitheasa ionat,

“Well, now, ye men of Munster,” said Mac Conglinne,

“yonder is your friend.

Shut your mouths

that I may speak with that meddlesome (?),  
irreverent monk.”

“Now, wretch,” said Mac Conglinne,

“do obeisance unto us.”

“And indeed I will,” said the devil,

“since I cannot help it.

For you are a man with the grace of God,

with abundance of wisdom,

with acuteness of intellect,

with intentive humility,

with the desire of every goodness,

|                                                    |                                                             |                                                          |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| co rath in Spiruta sechtaig.                       | agus faoi rath an Spioraid sheachtaigh.                     | with the grace of the seven-fold Spirit.                 |
| Am demon-sa aicenta co n-adbar nem-brisc,          | Is deamhan <u>ó nádúr</u> mise, d'ábhar dohriste,           | I am a demon by nature, of indestructible substance,     |
| ocus indisfet mo thindram det-siu.                 | agus inseoidh mé mo scéala duitse.                          | and I shall tell you my story.                           |
| Atám teóra leth-bliadna hi ngin C[h]athail         | Táim trí leathbhiaín i mbéal Cathail                        | I have been three half-years in Cathal's mouth,          |
| oc admilled Muman ocus Lethe Moga Nuadat ol chena, | ag adhmhilleadh Mumhan agus Leithe Mhogha Nuat chomh maith, | to the ruin of Munster and the Southern Half besides,    |
| ocus dia mbeind teóra leth-bliadna ele,            | agus dá mbeinn trí leathbhliain eile <u>ann</u> ,           | and if I were to continue three half-years more,         |
| no millfind Éirinn uli.                            | mhillfinn Éire uile.                                        | I would ruin all Ireland.                                |
| Mina beth dia n-uaisle ocus dia n-ecnaidecht,      | Muna mbeadh uaisleacht agus eagnaíocht                      | Were it not for the nobleness and wisdom,                |
| dia n-ógi ocus dia n-indracus                      | agus óighe agus ionracas                                    | and for the purity and honesty,                          |
| ocus d' immad a n-espoc ocus a n-an[m]charut       | agus iomad na n-easpag agus na n-anamchara                  | and for the multitude of bishops and confessors          |
| muintire Corcaige móire Muman                      | atá ag muintir Chorcaigh mhór Mhumhan                       | of the monks of great Cork of Munster                    |
| ó tudchad-su do m' shaigid-sea,                    | a dtáinig tusa <u>uathu</u> i mo choinne-se,                | from whom you have come against me;                      |
| ocus do indracus a gotha ocus a bréthri            | agus <u>murach</u> ionracas gutha agus briathair            | and were it not for the worth of the voice and the word, |



|                                                        |                                                           |                                                          |
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| ocus enig ocus anmma in rí g uasail oirmitnig          | agus oinigh agus anama an rí uasail oirmhinnigh           | honour and soul of the noble venerable king,             |
| dia tánac tesarcain;                                   | a dtáinig tú a theasargan;                                | whom you have come to save;                              |
| ocus didiu mina beth do t' uaisle-siu ocus t' indracus | agus, arís, mura mbeadh d'uaisleacht féin agus d'ionracas | and again, were it not for your own nobility and worth   |
| ocus t' ógi ocus t' echnaide,                          | agus d'ócht agus d'eagnaíocht,                            | and for your purity and wisdom,                          |
| d' immbud t' fhessa ocus t' airchetail,                | iomad d'fheasa agus d'fhoghlama,                          | and abundance of knowledge and lore                      |
| is i t' brágait féin no ragaind,                       | is id' bhráid féin a rachainn                             | — it is into your own throat I would go,                 |
| co ngabdaís coin-téill ocus slipre                     | ionas go ngabhfaí de choin-iallacha agus d'fhuipeanna     | so that they would lash you with dog-straps and scourges |
| ocus echlasca duit sechnón Érenn,                      | agus d'eachlasca díot seachnóin na hÉireann               | and horsewhips through all Ireland,                      |
| ocus comad hé galar no-t bérad, gorta.”                | agus go mba é an gorta an galar a <u>leanfadh díot</u> .” | and the disease that would kill you, would be hunger.”   |

## Section 74 (ll. 1273-1293)

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| “Airde na crochi coimdetta uam-sa i t’ agaid!”<br>ol Mac Con Glinne, | “Comhartha croise an Choimdheadh uaim-se<br>id’ aghaidh!” agus Mac Conglinne, | “The sign of the Lord’s cross between me and<br>you!” said Mac Conglinne,            |
| ocus atn-aig trí tomaid don tshoscéla friss;                         | agus bhagair sé an soiscéal trí huaire <u>ina</u><br><u>aghaidh</u> ,         | thrice threatening him with the Gospels.                                             |
| ocus at-bert in demun, “Minbad in mbáin mbic<br>a Cuirrech Liffe,    | agus dúirt an deamhan: “Muna mbeadh an bán<br>beag as Churrach Life,          | And the demon said: “Were it not for the little<br>fair woman from the Currach Life, |
| do m’ debroth fia Dia, a C[h]athail meic<br>Fhinguine,               | dar mo <u>mhóid Dé</u> os comhair Dé, a Chathail<br>Mhic Fhinguine,           | by my God’s doom before God, O Cathal Mac<br>Finguine,                               |
| do-s-béraidn do chorp i talmain                                      | bhéarfainn do chorp i dtalamh                                                 | I would bear your body into the earth                                                |
| ocus t’ animm a n-ifferrn ré nómaide anocht.”                        | agus d’anam in ifreann <u>roimh i bhfad</u> anocht.”                          | and your soul into hell before long tonight.”                                        |
| Ocus foluamnigis i n-ethiar iar sin la muintir<br>iffirnn.           | Agus d’éitil sé leis san aer ansin <u>in éineacht</u> le<br>muintir ifirnn.   | After that he flew into the air among the<br>people of hell.                         |
| “Cid do-géntar ann hi festa, a Meic Con<br>Glinne?” or Píochán.      | “Cad é a dhéanfar anois, a Mhic Conglinne?”<br>arsa Píochán.                  | “What is to be done now, O Mac Conglinne?”<br>asked Píochán.                         |
| “Ní h-annsa,” ol Mac Con Glinne,                                     | “ <u>Ní deacair</u> *sin a fhreagairt*,” arsa Mac<br>Conglinne.               | “Not hard to tell,” answered Mac Conglinne.                                          |
| “Iemnacht ocus imm úr, a comberbad tria mhill                        | “Leamhnacht agus im úr a chomhbheiriú trí<br>mhill                            | “Let new milk and fresh butter be boiled along<br>with honey,                        |

|                                                                      |                                                                       |                                                                                                 |
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| ocus a n-ól do nua-dhig don rí.”                                     | agus a n-ól de nua-dheoch don rí.”                                    | and drunk for a new drink by the King.”                                                         |
| Do-rigned samlaid.                                                   | Rinneadh amhaidh.                                                     | That was done.                                                                                  |
| Tuccad cori cét chombruthi do loimm lán-berbthi dia shain-ól don rí, | Tugadh coire céad meadar de bhainne lánbheirithe ina shain-ól don rí. | A cauldron of a hundred measures of fully-boiled milk was given as a special drink to the King. |
| conid hí sáith mór dédenach                                          | Go mba é sin an tsáith mhór dheireanach                               | It was the last great bellyful                                                                  |
| do thomail Cathal iarsan lun in tsáith-sin.                          | a d’ith Cathal tar éis an deamhain an tsáith sin.                     | that Cathal took because of the demon.                                                          |
| Déraigther iar sin don rí for colcid clúm-dérai[g]thi,               | Coiríodh leaba ansin don rí ar chuilt chlúimh                         | A bed was afterwards prepared for the King on a downy quilt,                                    |
| ocus aes ciúil ocus airfitig                                         | agus aos ceoil agus oirfíde *ag seinm dó*                             | and musicians and players <u>entertained him</u>                                                |
| ó etart[h]ráth co h-etrud.                                           | ó eadarthráth go <u>hoíche</u> .                                      | from noon until twilight.                                                                       |
| Fesiss in rí i n-a shuan-torthim chodulta.                           | <u>Chodail</u> an rí ina shuantoirchim chodlata.                      | The King lay in his slumbering rest of sleep.                                                   |
| Fessaiter in rígrad um Pichán                                        | Luigh na ríthe síos um Phiachán                                       | The chieftains lay around Píochán                                                               |
| feib is aíbne ocus is anórdha bátar riam remi.                       | chomh haoibhinn agus chomh honórach agus a bhíodar riamh roimhe.      | in as pleasant and honourable a manner as ever before.                                          |
| Cáttu mór ocus anóir for in scolaige leó in adaig-sin.               | Tugadh cáta mhór agus onóir don scoláire an oíche sin.                | They had great respect and honour for the scholar that night.                                   |

At-berut eólaig (.i. scélaige)

co mboí in rí teóra láa agus teóra [h]-aidche  
isi[n] aen chodlad-sin.

At-berat libair C[h]orcaige

ná boí acht ón tráth co 'raile.

### Section 75 (ll. 1294-1306)

At-raig in rí iar n-a bárach

ocus tig a láim dar [a] agaid,

ocus níba luga oltá uball féta fírchumra

cach banna drúchta dond-c[h]orcra

boí tria n-[a] agaid.

“C’ áit hi fil Mac Con Glinne?” ol Cathal.

“Atá sund,” ol sé.

“Indis in t-aislingi dún i fecht-sa.”

“Do-géntar,” ol Mac Con Glinne.

Deir na heolaigh (.i. na scéalaithe)

go raibh an rí trí lá agus trí oíche sa chodladh  
sin.

Deir leabhair Chorcaí, áfach,

go nuige an tráth céanna an lá ina dhiaidh sin.

D’éirigh an rí arnamhárach

agus thug sé a lámh thar a aghaidh

agus ní lú ná úll breá fíorchumhra

gach braon drúchta donn-chorcra

a bhí trína aghaidh amach.

“Cá háit a bhfuil Mac Conglinne?” arsa  
Cathal.

“Tá sé anseo,” ar seisean.

“Inis an aisling dúinn anois.”

“Déanfar é,” arsa Mac Conglinne.

The learned (viz. the story-tellers)

say that the King was three days and three  
nights in that one sleep.

But the books of Cork relate

that he only slept the round of the Hours.

The King arose the following morning,

and passed his hand over his face;

and no smaller than a full-fragrant apple

was each dark-purple drop of dew

that was on his face.

“Where is Mac Conglinne?” asked the King.

“Here he is,” answered he.

“Tell us the vision now.”

“It shall be done,” said Mac Conglinne.

|                                                                                                  |                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                        |
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| “Cé fota bé ’ca h-indissi indiú,<br>ní fota lemm,” ol Cathal,<br>“ní h-inand oculus indé.”       | “Pé fada a bheidh an insint inniu,”<br>arsa Cathal, “ní fada liom é.<br>Ní hionann agus inné.”            | “However long the tale may be today,”<br>said Cathal, “it will not appear long to me,<br>it is not the same as yesterday.”             |
| Fácbaís Cathal rath oculus bendachtu<br>for each n-oen no-t léigfa[d] oculus no-t<br>lessaigfed. | D’fhág Cathal rath agus beannacht<br>ar gach aon a léifeadh agus a <u>chaomhnódh an</u><br><u>scéal</u> . | Cathal left his grace and blessing<br>on everyone who would read it and preserve<br>it.                                                |
| “Maith,” ol in rígrad, “do dénam for Mac Con<br>Glinne.”                                         | “ <u>Luach saothair</u> do Mhic Conglinne,” arsa na<br>ríthe.                                             | “Some boon should be done to Mac<br>Conglinne,” said the chieftains.                                                                   |
| “Do-géntar,” ol Cathal;                                                                          | “Béarfár,” arsa Cathal.                                                                                   | “It shall be done,” said Cathal.                                                                                                       |
| “bó each liss hi Mumain-tír dó,<br><br>oculus uinge each comathig,<br><br>brat hó each cill      | “Bó each leasa i Mumhaintír dó<br><br>agus uinge each teaghlaigh,<br><br>brat ó each cill                 | “He shall have a cow out of every close in<br>Munster,<br><br>and an ounce for every householder,<br><br>and a cloak for every church, |
| oculus caera each thige ó Charn cu Corcaigh fri<br>a thaeb-sin.                                  | agus caora each tí ó Charn go Corcaigh ina<br>theannta sin.                                               | and a sheep from every house from Carn to<br>Cork.                                                                                     |
| Do-bérthar trá in sét is f[h]err oltás sin uile                                                  | Béarfár, <u>freisin</u> , dó an tseoid is fearr ná sin<br>uile,                                           | Moreover, he shall be given the treasure that is<br>better than all these,                                                             |
| .i. cocholl Manchíne.”                                                                           | cochall Mainchín.”                                                                                        | I mean Mainchín’s little cloak.”                                                                                                       |

## Section 76 (ll. 1307-1331)

Is ann trá tánic Roennu Ressamnach  
isin tech

ocus Cruit-Fhiach a mac ocus Mael  
Chiar a ingen,

conid ind do-s-gní na rundu-sa:

“Do-lluid Manchín, monar nglé,  
d’ accra for Mac Con Glinne;  
is é Manchín melltais de  
don chochlín bec boíimme.”

“Nírb uróil do Chomgán glan”  
(.i. ar mac in drúith)  
“(cen co bad uann a bunad)  
in cocholl it-chiú co mblad  
cémad fhiú trí secht cumal,  
cia no beth fo dathaib bran,  
ó Chathal, ó rí Muman.”

“Nírb oróil lemm uaimm fodén  
gémad ór i n-a thairmchéill,  
amal no berad fri a réir  
is it-berad tria glan-chéill,  
is do C[h]athal i[s] slán céill  
in t-erriud do-lluid Manchéin.”

Dolluid M.

Is ansin a tháinig Raonna Reassamhnach sa teach

agus Cruitfhiach a mhac agus Maolchiar a iníon.

Agus rinne sé an rann seo:

“Chuaigh Mainchín — gaisce glé —  
chun agairt le Mac Conglinne  
Mainchín a chail \*más ea\*  
an cochall beag a bhí uime.”

Ní bheadh sé ró-iomarcach do Chomhgán glan  
(arsa mac an drúith)  
“(cé nach uainn a bhunadh)  
an cochall oirir a chím  
cé go mbeadh sé fiú trí seacht chumhal  
cé go mbeadh dath bran air  
ó Chathal, ó rí Mumhan.”

“Ní bheadh sé ró-iomarcach dom féin é a thabhairt  
cé go mbeadh ór ina chiumhais  
amhail a tugadh dá dheoin \*féin\*  
is a dúradh trí ghlan-chiall  
is do Chathal slán chéille  
an t-éadach a tháinig ó Mhainchín.”

It was then that Raonna Reassamhnach came  
into the house,

and Cruitfhiach, his son, and Maolchiar, his  
daughter.

And then he made these quatrains:

“Mainchín went — a brilliant feat —  
To plead against Mac Conglinne,  
Mainchín they defrauded then  
Of the little cloak around him.”

“It was not so much for pure Comhgán,”  
(said the son of the jester)  
“Though we are not of his kindred,  
The famous cloak which I see,  
Although worth thrice seven *cumals*,  
Though it were of the ravens’ hue,  
From Cathal, King of Munster.”

“It would not be so much for me to give,  
Though gold were in its border,  
As it was given by his will,  
And spoken in pure reason:  
For health of reason Cathal now  
Receives from Mainchín’s journey.”

|                                                                |                                                                                     |                                                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tecar ann sin bó cach liss,                                    | Tugadh bó gach leasa,                                                               | Then a cow was given to him out of every close                                                                  |
| uinge cach comathig,                                           | uinge gach teaghlaigh,                                                              | an ounce for every householder,                                                                                 |
| bratt cach cille,                                              | brat gach cille,                                                                    | a cloak for every church,                                                                                       |
| fail óir agus ech Bretnach,                                    | fail óir agus each Breatnach,                                                       | a ring of gold, a Welsh steed,                                                                                  |
| caeru fhind cach t[h]ige ó Charnn co Corccaig.                 | caora fhionn gach tí ó Charn go Corcaigh *do Mhac Conglinne*.                       | a white sheep out of every house from Carn to Cork.                                                             |
| Dá t[h]rian impide (ocus trian d' f[h]eraib Éirenn ol chenai), | *Tugadh dó* dhá dtrian <u>cirt</u> idirghuí (trian á <u>fhágáil</u> ag fir Éireann) | Two thirds of the right of intercession (one third being reserved to the men of Ireland) *was accorded to him*, |
| ocus leth-lám C[h]athail do grés.                              | *agus ceart suí* i gcónaí ar leathláimh Chathail.                                   | and that he should sit always at the right hand of Cathal.                                                      |
| At-agur dó sin uli, feib ro ráidsium.                          | Bronnadh sin uile air, feibh a dúramar.                                             | All these things were granted to him, as we have said.                                                          |

## Section 77 (ll. 1332-1350)

|                                                           |                                                                                |                                                              |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tidnocul cach cluaisi                                     | Cluineadh gach cluas                                                           | Let <u>this</u> be heard by every ear,                       |
| ocus cach thengad tuicsinche di araile,                   | agus <u>cloistear</u> ó gach teanga thuisceanach do araile <u>an scéal seo</u> | and delivered by every chosen tongue to another,             |
| feib at-c[h]ódutar sruthi oculus senóri oculus senchaide, | feibh a dhearbhaigh saoithe agus seanóirí agus seanchaithe é                   | as elders and old men and historians have declared,          |
| feib légait[h]er oculus scríbhthar i liubar Chorcaige,    | feibh a scríobhadh agus a léitear é i leabhair Chorcaí,                        | as it is read and written in the books of Cork,              |
| feib ro ordaig aingel Dé do Mac Con Glinne,               | feibh a d'ordaigh aingel Dé do Mhac Conglinne é,                               | as the angel of God set it forth to Mac Conglinne,           |
| feib ro shluind Mac Con Glinne do Chathal mac Fhinguine   | feibh mar a labhair Mac Conglinne é do Chathail Mac Finguine                   | as Mac Conglinne himself uttered it to Cathal Mac Finguine   |
| ocus do f[h]eraib Muman ol chena.                         | agus d'fhir Mhumhan chomh maith.                                               | and to the men of Munster besides.                           |
| Ní closti ní bes dogra;                                   | Ní chloistí <u>ní ar bith brónach</u>                                          | Nothing sorrowful shall be heard by anyone who has heard it, |
| bat c[h]omga bliadna da cach aen at-chuala.               | agus beidh sé ina chosaint ar feadh bliana do gach aon a chuala é.             | it will be a year's protection to him.                       |
| Atát deich prím-ratha fichet forsin sceól-sa,             | Tá tríocha príomhbheannacht leis an scéal seo                                  | There are thirty chief virtues attending this tale,          |



|                                             |                                                       |                                                            |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| ocus is lór uathad díb for desmberecht.     | agus is leor beagán díobh mar dheismireacht.          | and a few of them are enough for an example.               |
| In lánomain dia n-ind[is]fither i cét-adaig | An lánúin dá n-inseofar é an chéad oíche              | The married couple to whom it is related the first night   |
| ní scérat cen comorba;                      | ní scarfaidh siad gan oidhre *a ghiniúint*            | shall not separate without an heir;                        |
| ní bet i terca bíd nó étaig.                | agus ní bheidh teirce bhia ná héadaigh orthu.         | they shall not lack food or clothing.                      |
| In tech nua do chét-sceól,                  | An teach nua arb é an chéad scéal é *a inseofar ann*, | The new house, in which it is the first tale <u>told</u> , |
| ní bérthar marb ass,                        | ní bhéarfar duine marbh as,                           | no corpse shall be taken out of it;                        |
| níba terc mbíd nó étaig,                    | ní beidh teirce bhia agus éadaigh ann                 | it shall not want food or clothing;                        |
| ní loisc tene.                              | agus ní loiscfidh tine é.                             | fire does not burn it.                                     |
| In rí dia n-aisnéther ré cath nó comrac,    | An rí dá n-inseofar é roimh chath nó comhrac          | The king to whom it is recited before battle or conflict   |
| a mbuaid laiss.                             | <u>beidh</u> an bua leis.                             | shall be victorious.                                       |
| Oc taisselbad lenda,                        | Ar ócáid dháilte leanna,                              | On the occasion of bringing out ale,                       |
| oc biathad f[h]latha,                       | ag tabhairt féasta do fhlaith,                        | or of feasting a prince,                                   |
| oc gabáil orbai ocus athardha,              | ag <u>dul i seilbh</u> oidhreachta agus athartha,     | or of taking an inheritance or patrimony,                  |
| in scél-sa do aissnéis.                     | *ba chóir* an scéal seo a aithris.                    | this tale <u>should</u> be recited.                        |

Is é lóg aiséssi in sceóil-sea,

bó brecc-f[h]ind hó-derg,

léne do nua-lín,

brat longain lómair co n-a delg,

ó rí g agus ó rí gain,

hó lánamnaib,

ó maeraib, ó fhlaithib,

don-í chuimgeas a fhaissnéis agus a indisse  
dóib.

FINIT

Is é luach saothair inste an scéil seo:

bó bhreacfhionn chluasdearg,

léine den nua-lín,

brat olla lómhar agus a dhealg

— é sin ó rí agus ó ríon,

ó lánúna pósta,

ó mhaoir, ó fhlaitha —

don té ar féidir leis é a fhaisnéis agus a insint  
dóibh.

FINIT

The reward of the recital of this story is

a white-spotted, red-eared cow,

a shirt of new linen,

a woollen cloak with its brooch,

from a king and queen,

from married couples,

from stewards, from princes,

to him who is able to tell and recite it to them.

THE END