

# Bóroma

## The Bóroma: Extracts

### Finnachta Fledach and Molling Luachra (§§125-155, 161-162)

#### Section 125

Gabais Finnachta Fledach mac Dunchada iarsain rige nHerenn .xx. mbliadan [re fich. bl., L],

ocus berid in mBóroma fódi [ocus rothobaich in boroma fado, L] cen fhresabra.

IN tress fecht tánic da tobuch ra ergitar Lagin 'na agid [agaich, L].

Doronad morthinól Lethi Cuind laisium

co Lathraig Muridaig [co Lathrach hui Muireadaich, L]

i cocrích Lagen ocus Mide [na Midi, L].

Ro saig a fhiss sain [Dorainic tra na scela sin, L]

Ghabh Fínneachta Fleách mac Dúnchadha iar sin ríge Éireann ar feadh fiche bliain,

agus thóg sé an Bhóramha faoi dhó gan fhreasúra.

An treas feacht tháinig sé dá tobhach, d'éiríodar Laighnigh 'na aghaidh.

Do rinneadh mó�-thionól Leithe Chuinn leis

go Láthrach Muireadhaigh,

i gcoigríoch Laighean agus Midhe.

Ráinig an scéal sin

Thereafter Finnachta the Festive, the son of Dunchad, took the kingship of Ireland for twenty years,

and carries off the Boroma twice without resistance.

But the third time that he came to levy it the Leinstermen rose up against him.

Then he made a great muster of Conn's Half

as far as Lathrach Muridaig

on the confines of Leinster and Meath.

News of this reached

co Bran mac Conaill [do ri Laigen, L].

Tinoltair laisede Lagin

co mbátar etir læch ocus clerech co hAlind.

go Bran mac Conaill, rí Laighean.

Tionóltar leis Laighnigh

go rabhadar idir laoch agus cléireach ag  
Aileann.

Bran son of Conall, the king of Leinster.

By him the Leinstermen are mustered

till they were, both layman and cleric, at  
Alinn.

## Section 126

Ni tháníc dano Molling leo,

ocus tiagair arachend Molling [Om., L] uadib,

ocus iss and bói Molling intan sain, ac Ross  
Bruicc

risi n-abbar Teg Molling in tan-so [aniug, L].

Uair o thanic Molling o shruthair Gúaire

nocon fhúair inad árais naco toracht co Ross  
mBruicc [noco riacht Ros mBroc i fail ita  
Tech Moling, L].

Níor tháinig Moling leo, áfach,

agus cuireadh ar a cheann uathu.

Is ann bhí Moling an tan sin, ag Ros Bruic

risa n-abair Tigh Moling inniu;

óir, ó tháinig Moling ó Shruthair Guaire

ní bhfuair ionad árais nó go dtáinig sé go Ros  
Bruic.

(Saint) Moling, however, came not with them,

so they sent a messenger to him,

and he was then at Ross Bruicc

which at present is called Teg Moling.

For when Moling came from Sruthair Guaire

he found no place of residence until he came  
to Ross Bruicc.

Unde Molling cecinit:

“Cuce seo rodálus,  
is and dozen mo thrátha,  
ni scer risin n-árus[s]a  
naco tí lathe brátha.” et reliqua.

Ansin do chan sé:

“Chuige seo thágas,  
is ann do dhéan mo thrátha.  
Ní raghad ón áras-sa  
nó go dtí lá na brátha,” agus araile.

Whence Moling sang:

“Hither I have ...  
there I will perform my offices.  
I will not depart from this abode  
until Doomsday shall come,” etc.

## Section 127

Mar doriacht in fiss sain dochom Molling

[mara roibi oc denam ulad ocus altorach

ocus ac orochon a aitreab do drongaib derich  
domain, L]

rathinoil a muntir

[ocus dogob oc triall imtheachta indail Laigen,  
L]

ocus doráid in láid:

“INmain tríar, a Christ grind glúair,  
ragas lemsa arcend in búair,  
Forannán, Aed mac Senaig,  
is Colmán ó Chluain Credail,” et reliqua.

Nuair do ráinig an fios seo chun Moling

do thionól a mhuintir,

agus do ghabh ag triall imtheachta chun na  
Laighneach,

agus do rá an laoi:

“Ionúin triúr, a Chríost ghrinn ghluaír,  
raghas liomsa ar ceann an bhuaír,  
Forannán, Aodh mac Seanaigh,  
is Colmán ó Chluain Chreadhail,” agus araile.

When that message reached Moling

he was making tombs and altars,

and ... his dwellings for the crowds of the end  
of the world;

(but) he assembled his community,

began preparing to proceed towards Leinster,

and uttered the lay:

“Dear the three, O lovely, pure Christ,  
Who will come with me for the cattle;  
Forannan, Aed son of Senach,  
And Colman from Cluain Credail,” etc.

## Section 128

Assa aithle sin gabais [tanic, L] Moling reme  
co hAlind

aitt [co hairm, L] ir-rabatar Lagin;

ocus roferad fírcháin fálte accu fri Moling.

Ocus dessid [desich, L] Moling for laim ríg  
Lagen.

Tar éis sin ghabh Moling roimhe go h-Aileann,

áit a raibh na Laighnigh;

do cuireadh fíor-fháilte roimhe leo,

agus do shuigh Moling ar láimh rí Laighean.

After that Moling gat him forward to Alinn,

the place where the Leinstermen were  
(assembled)

and they made him a right fair welcome.

And Moling sat on the king of Leinster's  
(right) hand.

## Section 129

IS intan sin roráid Bran [.i. Bran mac Conaill  
meic Fælan, L]:

“Ca comairle dogénam [as denta duind, L]?

.i. in cath dobéram do Leith Cuind,

nó in am-munigin ar næm chena ragmait

d'iarraid a maithme [d'iarraid maithfi, L] na  
Borama.

Ocus massa munigin [ar] næm [rachmait],

Is an tan sin dúirt Bran:

“Cá comhairle a thabharfaimid?

An cath do bhéarfaimid do Leith  
Chuinn,

nó an i muinín ár naomh raghaimid

d'iarraidh maithimh na Bóirmhe?

Agus más i muinín ár naomh raghaimid,

Then said Bran:

“What counsel shall we follow?

Shall we give battle to Conn's Half,

or shalt we entrust our saints

to seek the remission of the Boroma?

And if we entrust our saints,

cía do næmaib Lagen churfimmid d'iarraid maithem na Boroma?"

[Adubradur na maithi nach feadadur fen sin.

Adubairt Tuathal mac Aililla ri hua Mureadaich:

"dofheadursa", ol se, "ce no rachad and .i. Moling mac Faelan", L].

Ocus is amlaid ra bói 'ca rád, ocus doráid in láid:

"Turchan duin, a Thuathail,  
[a] maic Ailella uathmair,  
cia gebas Laigniu [geib Laigin, L] al-Luathmaig  
tacair (rin)d tria baig?

Cia do næmaib Lagen,  
fedaib maigib magen,  
cia næm dond reim dagfher [don droing daiger, L]  
dingbas di[nd] in plaig?

cé de naoimh Laighean cuirfimid  
d'iarraidh maithimh na Bóirmhe?"

Dúradar na maithe nach raibh a fhios  
acu féin.

Dúirt Tuathal mac Ailealla, rí Uíbh  
Muireadhaigh:

"Tá fhios agam," ar sé, "cé a rachadh  
ann, eadhon, Moling mac Faoláin."

Agus is amlaidh do bhí 'ga rá, agus  
dúirt an laoi:

"Tairngir dúinn, a Thuathail,  
a mhic Ailealla uafair,  
cé a thógsas Laighnigh ó Luathmhá  
chun troid i gcomhlann?

Cé de naoimh Laighean,  
i bhfeánnna, i mánna ionad,  
cé naomh den díorma dea-fhear  
ruaigeas dínn an phlá?

which of the saints of Leinster shall we send to  
seek the remission?"

The magnates said they knew not.

But Tuathal son of Ailill, king of Húi Muredaig  
said:

"I know who should go there, even Moling son  
of Faelán".

Thus was he saying and he uttered the lay:

"Prophesy unto us, O Tuathal,  
O son of awful Ailill,  
Who will take the Leinstermen out of Luath-mag  
To contend ... in battle?

Which of the saints of Leinster,  
In woods, in plains of places,  
What saint of the band of good men  
Shall repel the plague from us?

Molling lassar daiged,  
tond línta na n-airer,  
dogena less cáich.  
IS e in torc da[r] trétaib,  
is e in barr uas gécaib,  
mac Failleain in faid.” et reliqua.

Moling, lasair tine,  
tonn líonta na gcuanta,  
do dhéanfaidh leas do chách.  
Is é an torc thar tréadaibh,  
Is é an barr os ghéagaibh,  
mac Faoláin, in fáidh.” agus araile.

Moling, a flame of fire,  
A wave that fills the harbours,  
Will do good to every one.  
He is the boar over herds,  
He is the treetop over branches,  
The son of Failleán, the prophet.” \*etc.\*

### Section 130

Is andsain atbert Bran Ardchend ac nertad  
Molling;

“Érig a Molling,  
co mbuáid crabuid grind  
dena ní is less lind  
ucus eirgg fathúaid.” et reliqua.

Is ansin adúirt Bran Ardcheann, ag neartú  
Moling:

“Éirigh, a Mholing,  
go mbua chrábhaidh ghrinn.  
Déan ní is leas linn,  
agus éirigh fá thuaidh.” agus araile.

Then said Bran Highhead, heartening Moling:

“Go, O Moling  
with the palm of beautiful piety.  
Do somewhat that we deem a benefit,  
and go northwards.” etc.

[*For this L has only:*

Is and sin doraidseat Laigin re Moling cor'  
choir do dul do chobair in coicig fan  
mBoroma.]

## Section 131

Ra érig Moling iartain

ocus atbert ra Tollcend Clu[an]a ena, risin filid  
[re Toillcend Cluana Enna .i. frisin filich, L],

tuidecht leis co teg ríg

co mbad é nogabad in dúain molta doringni  
Moling [don rig].

Oir dotairrngiread co ticfad do Laignib næm

dogebad in Boroma ar athchungid,

ocus is cian roim Moling rotairrngairead sin,  
L].

IS and roráid Moling na briathra sa oc tennad  
a étaig:

“IN-annum na Trinóiti”, et reliqua.

D'éirigh Moling iar sin,

agus dúirt sé le Tollcheann Chluain Eana, leis  
an bhfile,

teacht leis go teach an rí

go mba h-é do ghabhadh an duan molta do  
rinne Moling don rí;

óir do thairngríodh go dtiocfadh de Laighnígh  
naomh

do gheobhadh maithiúnas na Bóirmhe ar a  
achainí;

agus is cian roimh Moling do thairngríodh sin;

agus is ann dúirt Moling na briathra seo ag  
teannadh a éadaigh:

“In ainm na Trónóide,” agus araile.

Afterwards Moling arose

and told Tollchenn of Cluain Ena, the poet,

to come with him to the king's house

that he might recite the poem of praise which  
Moling had made for the king.

For it had been foretold that of the  
Leinstermen would come a saint

who would take away the Boroma by repeated  
asking;

and long before Moling, that had been  
prophesied.

Then said Moling these words, as he was  
tightening his raiment:

“In the name of the Trinity,” etc.

## Section 132

Gabsat rompo [Tanic Moling roime, L] iartain co teg Cobthaig maic Colmain [L *inserts:* moir hui Faelain]

i nHuib Faelain,

ocus rodiurad [rodailead, L] fled forro cor' batar dóethanaig.

Atbertatar a chliar risin fer ndána:

“IS bec linne”, ar siat, “beith duitsiu i cléir chlerig [ar cler clereach, L]”.

“Massed”, bar in file, “fácbam na clercho  
ocus tiagam rempo co teg ríg Herenn”.

Rogabsat rempo iarum co teg Finnachta.

Mar rancatar rogab in fer dána dúain Moling,  
ocus atbert iss é doringne.

Ghabhadar rompu iar sin go teach Cobhthaigh mhic Colmáin

in Uíbh Faoláin,

agus ullmhaíodh fleá dóibh, agus bhíodar sásta.

Dúirt a leantóirí leis an bhfeair dána:

“Is beag linn,” ar siad, “bheith duitse i gcléir cléirigh.”

“Más ea,” ar an file, “fágmais na cléirigh,  
agus téimis rompu go teach rí Éireann.”

Ghabhadar rompu iaramh go teach Fhínneachta.

Mar rángadar, do ghabh an fear dána duan Moling,

agus dúirt sé gurab é féin do rinne é.

They afterwards fared forward to the house of Cobthach son of Colmán

in Húi Faelain,

and a feast was prepared for them, so that they were satisfied.

His following said to the man of poetry:

“It seems to us paltry,” say they, “for thee to be in a cleric’s retinue.”

“If so,” says the poet, “let us quit the clerics and go on to the house of the king of Erin.”

So they fared forward to Finnachta’s house.

When they arrived the man of poetry repeated Moling’s eulogy

and said that he, Tollchenn, had composed it.

## Section 133

IMthúsa Molling. Ra érig sede arna bárach [iarnamaireach, L],

ocus ní fríth in chliar [in chliar sa baile, L].

“IS fir”, ar Molling,

“Élud ram dúain-se doringne [elod lem duain dorindi, L] in fer dána,

ocus recfaid hí ra ríg Herenn”.

Dála Mholing, d’éirigh sé arna mhárach,

agus ní raibh an chliar le fáil.

“Is fior,” ar Moling,

“éalú lem dhuansa do rinne an fear dána,

agus reicfidh sé é le rí Éireann.”

Now as to Moling. He arose on the morrow

and the retinue was not found.

“True it is,” saith he,

“the man of poetry has run away with my eulogy,

and will sell it (as his own) to the king of Erin.”

## Section 134

Rachuaid Molling reme

Do chuaigh Moling roimhe

Moling went forward

im-Muneal Findmaige

i Muinéal Fionnmhaí

unto Munél Findmaige (“the Neck of the Fair Plain”)

risin apar Mag n-Echain indiu,

risa n-abair Magh Eachain inniu

which today is called Magh n-Echain,

[ocus] im-Mag Cláraig súas,

go ráinig go Láthracl Muireadhaigh,

up into Magh Claraig,

co ránic col-Lathrach Muridaig [co Luaththrib  
Mureadaich, L].

	suis i Magh Cláraigh.	
Ra éirgiset [Roerichset, L] maccáime fer nHerenn dóib ma [im, L] Dondgilla mac Finnachta	D'éirigh macaoimh fear Éireann dóibh um Donngiolla mac Fínneachta,	The striplings of the men of Erin, including Donngilla son of Fínneachta went to them
iarna turchlossin [cloistin, L] dóib reme.	iarna chlos dóibh roimhe.	having heard of them previously (?).
Dosbertatar froiss .i. do fotaib, do chlochaib ocus do cheppaib	Do chaitheadar fras d'fhódaibh, de chlochaibh agus de cheapaibh <u>orthu</u>	They cast <u>at them</u> a shower of sods and stones and blocks of wood,
[ocus dobertsad frais d[fh]oidib ocus do chaelach doib, L],	go dtí nach raibh dá chléireach dóibh in aon áit.	so that not two clerics *of them* were in one place.
conna(ch roibidis da cleireach i n-æninad dib).	Ach chuaigh Moling roimhe go ráinig teach an rí;	Howbeit, Moling fared forward till he came to the king's house,
Gabais reme (Moling araba co rainic tech in) rig.	ach ní bhfuair coimhéirí <u>'n a onóir</u> ann.	and he found no uprising there ( <u>in his honour</u> ).
Ocus ni fhúair (coimergi and.	Dhearc sé ar an slua, agus ba náire leis gan coimhéirí d'fháil,	He looked at the host, and he was ashamed at not getting uprising.
Dearcais for in sluag,) ocus ba nár leis (can comergi d'[fh]agbail,	agus do chonnaic sé Colga mac Maonaigh,	And he beheld Colgu son of Maenach
ocus dochonnairc sin Colco mac Mænaig	mhic Dubhanaigh mhic rí Uíbh Colgan	son of Dubanach, son of the king of Húi Colgan,
maic Dubanaig (meic rig Hua) Colgan		

[ocus do erich] reime.

Ocus tócbais (Diarmait) mac Colcon a glún  
reime.

Ocus iss and bátar for uaitne cerna in cholbai.

agus d'éirigh sé roimhe;

agus do thóg Diarmaid mac Colgan a ghlún  
roimhe;

agus is ann a bhíodar, ar uaithne cearna na  
leapa.

and he rose up before him.

And Diarmait son of Colmán [*recte* Colgu]  
raised his knee before him.

And where they were was on the corner pillar  
of the bedrail.

## Section 135

Ros-bennach Moling iartain in Colgain  
[Colco, L] sin ocus in Diarmait mac Colcon.

Do bheannaigh Moling iar sin an Colga sin,  
agus Diarmaid mac Colgan.

Moling afterwards blessed that Colgu and  
Diarmait son of Colman [*recte* Colgu].

## Section 136

Darala ag allaid iartain arammus na macraide  
cétna [Tarla ag n-allaih iartain don macraid,  
L],

ocus rodibairgset [co ndiubraigset, L] in n-ag  
n-allaid,

co tarla erchor díb i tengaid orcan Dondgillai  
maic Finnachtai,

co mbo marb de fochetóir i n-osnaid Moling  
[ocus 'na mallacht, L].

Tháinig fia bairr iar sin ar amas na macraí  
céanna;

dhiúraic siad an fia bairr;

thárla urchur diobh i dteanga orcan  
Donngiolla mhic Fhínneachta,

ionas go raibh sé marbh de ar an mball mar  
gheall ar osna Moling agus a mhallacht air.

Then a stag came towards the \*same\* boys,

and they cast at the stag,

and one of the casts entered the *teanga orcan*  
of Finnachta's son, Donngilla,

so that he died forthwith for aggrieving  
Moling and through his curse.

Co tucad gáir móir gubai and [sin oc feraib Erenn, L].

### Section 137

“Ca [in, L] guba mor so?” bar Finnachta.

“Do macc-su Dongilla darochair and im einech-sa [do choll, L]”, ar Molling.

“Todúisc [Todusaitch, L] in mac, a chlerig,” ar Finnachta,

“ocus rot-fia a lóg.”

“Ni iarraigim”,

ar Molling, “ar mo dúain

ocus ar todíuscud do maic, ocus ar nem duit féin,

acht cairddi ’mán mBorrama col-Lúan.”

“Rot-fia-su sin”, bar in rí.

Ansin tugadh gáir mhór gubha le fearaibh Éireann.

“Cé gubha mhór so?” ar Fínneachta.

“Do mhacsá, Donnghiólla, do maraíodh ann, mar gheall ar a do-bheart orm,” ar Moling.

“Athbheoigh an mac, a chléirigh,” ar Fínneachta,

“agus beidh luach agat de.”

“Ní iarraigim,”

ar Moling, “ar mo dhuan

agus ar athbheochan do mhic, agus ar neamh duit féin,

ach cairde um an mBóramha go Luan.”

“Beidh sin agat,” ar an rí.

Whereupon a great cry of lamentation was uttered by the men of Erin.

“What is this great lamentation?” says Fínneachta.

“Thy son Donngilla has fallen there for outraging my honour”, says Moling.

“Bring the boy to life, O cleric,” says Fínneachta,

“and thou shalt have a reward therefor.”

“For my poem,” says Moling,

“and for bringing thy son to life, and for giving heaven to theyself,

I ask nougat

save a truce as to the Boroma till Monday.”

“That shalt thou have,” says the king.

## Section 138

Ro érig Moling cuce,

ocus ronaidm in Trínoit ocus in cethar soscela  
[cetharshoiscela, L] comdeta fair.

Ocus táirthis baeth n-araig [tarrais bæth  
naraich, L] fair.

Gabais in clerech a dúain:

“Finnachta a Húib [Findachta for Aib, L] Néill  
amal gréin atrácht,  
is í in bárc úasin tuind,  
is í in tond úas tracht,” et reliqua.

D’éisigh Moling chuige,

agus do cheangail sé é leis an dTríonóid, agus  
le ceithre shoiscéal an Choimheadh.

Ghabh an cléireach a dhuan:

“Fínneachta ó h-Uíbh Néill  
amhail gréin d’éisigh;  
Is í an bárc os an tuinn;  
is í an tonn os trácht,” agus araile.

Then Moling went to him,

and he bound him by the Trinity and the four  
gospels of the Lord.

And ... of a bond on him.

The cleric recited his poem:

“Finnachta from Húi Néill,  
like a sun he arose:  
it is the barque above the wave,  
it is the wave above the strand,” etc.

## Section 139

“Messu achách leind do dál,” ar in rí [“Measa  
achach do dal, a clerich,” bar rig Erenn, L]:

[“Cid?” ol in clereach, L].

“Bréc do rád duit [“Breg do rad dind,” ol in  
rig, L]

[“Cid in breg?” ol in clerech, L]

“Measa ná cách linn do bhéas,” ar an rí;

“bréag do rá duit,

“Worse than all,” says the king, “seems to us  
thy ...,”

that thou hast told a lie,

.i. in dúan doringni Tollcend fili do reicc duit”

[“In duan doroindi Toillcend drai dam tu da  
reic rim dorisi”, ol ri Erenn, L].

eadhon, an duan do rinne Tollcheann file do  
reic duit mar do dhuan fein.”

selling as thine own the poem which  
Tollchenn the poet composed.”

## Section 140

Atbert Molling: “Masé doringne,  
éirged ocus geibed a dúain.”

Dúirt Moling: “Más é do rinne,  
éiríodh sé agus gabhadh sé a dhuan.”

Said Moling: “If he composed it,  
let him arise and recite his poem.”

## Section 141

Ra érig in fili ocus dochúaid ina cend,  
ocus iss ed roráid:  
“Dríbor, drábor,  
cerca is cábail [capaill, L],” et reliqua.

D’eirigh an file, agus chuaigh faoin a gceann,  
agus is é seo do rá:  
“Dríbor, drábor,  
cearca is capaill,” agus araile.

The poet arose and came to them,  
and this he said:  
“*Dríbor, drábor*  
*cerca is cábail,*” etc.

## Section 142

ERgid [Eirgis, L] in fer dána iarsain,  
ocus berid side dían dásachtach  
co tuind Dúine maic Fhanat allá túaid d'Ess  
Rúaid,  
co rosbáid and.

D'éirigh an fear dána iar sin,  
agus thug sé rith dian, dásachtach  
go tuinn Dúin mhic Fhanat taobh thuaidh  
d'Eas Rua,  
agus do bháigh sé é féin ann.

After that the man of verse goes  
and gives a swift frantic rush (?)  
to the wave of Dún maic Fanat, to the north of  
Assaroe,  
and there he drowned himself.

## Section 143

Mar atchonnairc Finnacha sain  
rogab a choiss fón chlerech [clar, L]  
ocus [atbert re Molling] cena oclugud ris ní  
bad mó,  
ocus a mac do thodiuscud dó,  
ocus cech ní 'ma tánic fogebad.

Mar do chonnaic Fínneachta sin,  
chuir sé a chos faoin gcléireach,  
agus dúirt leis gan a bheith feargach leis níos  
mó,  
a mhac d'athbheochan dó,  
agus go gheobhadh sé gach ní um a dtáinig sé.

When Finnacha beheld that  
he put his leg under the cleric,  
and (said to Moling) not to be angered with  
him any more,  
and to bring his son to life,  
and (promised) that Moling should get every  
thing for which he had come.

## Section 144

Ra érig Moling iartain co mbai ós chind in maic,

ocus roguid in Comdid codíchra

coro thodussig Dia fair-sium mac Finnachta [trena milbailib boden].

IS and atbert Molling:

“Crist conic mo chrí [Crist conich mo chli, L], nachum-thair tríst tré corop glan mo gleo, céin beo for bith ché,” et reliqua.

D’éisigh Moling iar sin, nó go raibh sé os cionn an mhic,

agus do ghuí an Coimdhe go díochrach

go n-athbheofadh Dia é, mac Fínneachta tré na mhíorúiltí féin.

Is ann adúirt Moling:

“Críost a rialaíonn mo chlí, ná cumtar mallacht tré; go raibh glan mo ghleo céin beo ar bith cé,” agus araile.

Afterwards Moling went and stood over the boy;

and he besought the Lord fervently,

till God revived for him Fínneachta’s son by his own miracles.

Then said Moling:

“Christ who rules my body, let not a curse come on me through it. May my contest be pure while I am in this world,” \*etc.\*

## Section 145

Tanic trá Moling reme atúaid d’insaigid Lagen [i]ar mathim na Bórama.

Rochuala dano Adomnán [mac Ronan] in scél sain

i. maithem na Boroma do mMolling

ocus cairdde do thabhairt impe co Lúan.

Tháinig, trá, Moling roimhe ó thuaidh go Laighean iar maitheamh na Bóirmhe.

Do chuala, áfach, Adhamhnán mac Ronán an scéal sin,

eadhon, maitheamh na Bóirmhe do Mholing,

agus cairde do thabhairt uimpi go Luan.

So after the remission of the Boroma Moling came on from the north to Leinster.

Now Adamnán son of Ronán heard this news,

that the Boroma had been remitted to Moling,

and that a truce regarding it had been granted till Monday.

Tanic reme co dú ir-raibe Finnachta.

Rochuir Adomnán clerech da muntir  
arcend Finnachta co [arco, L] tísed da [dia, L]  
acallaim.  
IS and rabúi Finnachta oc imbert fhidchilli  
[fichli, L].  
“Tair d’acallaim Adomnáin”, ar in clerech.

“Ni rag”, ar Finnachta, “co táir in cluichi-seo  
[in cluithi do imirt, L]”.

## Section 146

Tanic in clerech co Adamnán ocus roinnis dó  
in frecra [freitech, L] sin.

Atbert Adomnán: “Imthig-siu”, ar se,  
Adomnan,

“ocus abbair frissium ‘Gebadsa coicait salm  
innairet[sin],  
ocus atá salm ’sin chóicait sin

Tháinig sé roimhe go h-áit a raibh Fínneachta.

Do chuir Adhamhnán cléireach dá mhuintir  
ar cheann Fhínneachta go dtiocfadh dá  
agallamh.

Is ann do bhí Fínneachta ag imirt fichille.

“Tar d’agallamh Adhamhnáin,” ar an  
cléireach.

“Ní raghad,” ar Fínneachta, “go críoch an  
chluiche seo.”

So he went on to the place in which Fínneachta  
was biding.

Adamnán sent a cleric of his people  
to desire Finnachta to come and speak with  
him.

Finnachta was then playing *fidchell*.

“Come to speak with Adamnán”, says the  
cleric.

“I will not go,” says Finnachta, “till this game  
shall end”.

Tháinig an cléireach go h-Adhamhnán, agus  
d’inis dó an freagra sin.

Dúirt Adhamhnán: “Imigh,” ar sé,

“agus abair leis, ‘Gabhadsa caogad salm ag an  
am seo;  
agus atá salm ’san gcaogad sin

The cleric returned to Adamnán and told him  
that answer.

Said Adamnán: “Go”, saith he,

“and say to him that I shall repeat fifty psalms  
this time,  
and in that fifty there is a psalm

getas [gebas, L] rígi ara chlaind-sium ocus ara uib ocus ar fer [feraib, L] a chomanma””.

a bhainfidh ríge ar a chlann, ar a uí agus fear a chomhanma.””

which will deprive his children and his grandsons and the men of his name of the kingship”.

Tanic in clerech co Finnachta ocus roinnis dó [som in scel sin].

Tháinig an cléireach go Fínneachta agus d'inis sé an scéal sin dó.

The cleric came to Finnachta and told him those tidings.

Ni thuc Finnachta da óid sein co tarraig in cluchi sin d'immirt.

Níor thug Fínneachta dá aire sin gur chríochnuigh sé an cluiche sin d'imirt.

Finnachta gave no heed thereto till he finished playing that game.

## Section 147

“Tair d'acallaim Adomnáin”, ar in clerech.

“Tar d'agallamh Adhamhnáin,” ar an cléireach.

“Come and have speech with Adamnán,” says the cleric.

“Ni rag”, ar Finnachta, “co táir in cluchi seo”.

“Ní raghad,” ar Fínneachta, “go crích an chluiche seo.”

“I will not go”, says Finnachta, “until this game shall end”.

Ro innis in clerech sin do Adomnán.

D'inis an cléireach sin d'Adhamhnán.

The cleric related this to Adamnán.

“IMthig doridisi”, ar Adomnán, “ara ammus,

“Imigh arís,” ar Adhamhnán, “ar a amas,

“Go again,” says Adamnán, “unto him,

ocus apair ris [fris, L] gebatsa cóicait aile sunda,

agus abair leis go ngabhadsa caogad eile anseo;

and tell him that I will repeat fifty others here,

ocus atá salm inti dobéra gairde sægil dósom”.

agus atá salm iontu a thabharfaidh gairide shaoil dó.”

and therein is a psalm which will inflict shortness of life upon him”.

Rochúaid in clerech ocus ro innis  
d'Fhinnachta,

ocus ní tharat Finnachta da oid co tarnic dó in  
cluchi sin.

Roráid in clerech in tres fecht ra Finnachta.

“Ni rag”, ar Finnachta, “co táir in cluichi seo.”

Tanic in clerech co Adomnán ocus ro innis dó.

“INsaig-siu é”, ar Adomnán, “ocus abair ris  
gebatsa cóicait inn-airet-sain, ocus atá salm  
inti [indto, L]

getas fairsium [gebas airseom, L] cendsa in  
Chomded d'fhagbáil”.

Rochuaid in clerech ocus ro innis [sin]  
d'Fhinnachta.

Do chuaigh an cléireach agus d'inis sé  
d'Fhínneachta,

agus níor thug Fínneachta aire dó nó gur  
críochnaíodh an cluiche sin.

Do rá an cléireach in treas feacht le  
Fínneachta.

“Ní raghad,” ar Fínneachta, “go críoch an  
chuiche seo.”

Tháinig an cléireach go h-Adhamhnán, agus  
d'inis sin dó.

“Ionsaigh é,” ar Adhamhnán, “agus abair leis  
go ngabhadsta caogad an am so, agus atá salm  
iontu

a thógfaidh uaidh ceansacht an Choimheadh  
d'fháil.”

Do chuaigh an cléireach agus d'inis sé sin  
d'Fhínneachta.

The cleric went and told Finnachta,

and Finnachta gave no heed until that game  
had ended.

For the third time the cleric spake to  
Finnachta.

“I will not go,” says Finnachta, “until this  
game shall end.”

The cleric returned to Adamnán and related  
(this) to him.

“Seek him,” says Adamnán, “and tell him

I will this time repeat a fifty, and therein is a  
psalm

which will deprive him of finding the mercy  
of the LORD.”

The cleric went and related that to Finnachta.

## Section 148

Mar atchúala Finnachta ésede, rochuir in fidchill co tricc tannisnech,  
ocus táníc reme co dú ir-rabi Adomnán.

Mar chuala Fínneachta sin, do chuir sé an fhicheall uaidh go tric tinneasnach,  
agus thíainig sé roimhe go dtí an áit a raibh Adhamhnán.

When Finnachta heard that, he put away the draughtboard quickly, hastily,  
and came on to the place where Adamnán was biding.

## Section 149

“Cid tuca[it] duit [Cid thuc duidseo?, L], ha Fhinnactai”, ar Adomnán,  
“ná [nach, L] tánacais risin cét-techtairib [cetthechtairi, L]?”

“Cad thug duit, a Fhínneachta,” ar Adhamhnán,  
“nár thíangais leis an gcéad teachtaire?”

“What cause hadst thou, O Finnachta”, says Adamnán,  
“that thou camest not at the first message?”

## Section 150

“Ní anse”, ar Finnachta,  
“IN ramáidis rimsa [ani dogellais dam, L]”, ar Finnachta,  
“i. cen nech dom chlaind do gabál ríge nHerenn ocus cen fher mo chomanma,  
fó al lemsa [fo leamsa, L] sain.

“Ní ansa,” ar Fínneachta,  
“an ní do bhagairis orm,  
eadhon, gan neach dem chlann do ghabháil rígh Éireann, ná fear mo chomanma,  
maith liomsa sin.

“Not hard (to say)”, quoth Finnachta.  
“What thou didst threaten me with,” says Finnachta,  
“namely, that none of my children, and that no man of my name, should take the kingship of Ireland,  
that seems good to me.

Aní dano rogellais dam .i. gairddi sægil,

étrom dano lim sain, dáig ragell Molling nem  
dam.

IN tres ní, dano, ragellais[s]iu dam

.i. can chendsa in Chomded d'fhagbáil,

ni ra fhulngiusa sain do chlostecht can  
tuidecht fót guth-su.”.

An ní go gheallais dom ansin, eadhon, gairide  
shaoil,

eadrom sin liom, go deimhin; óir go gheall  
Moling neamh dom.

Ach an treas ní do gheallais dam,

eadhon, gan ceansacht an Choimdeadh d'fháil,

níor fhublangas sin do chloisint gan teacht fód  
ghuthsa.”

What thou then didst promise me, namely,  
shortness of life,

seems to me of little weight, \*indeed,\* for  
Moling promised me heaven.

But the third thing which thou didst promise  
me,

namely, that I should not find the mercy of the  
LORD,

I could not endure to hear that without coming  
at thy call”.

## Section 151

IS dó doringni Dia sin, uair

inní ragell Molling dó ar mathim na Boroma,

ni ra chetaig [nir' cheadaich, L] do Adomnán  
a imdiupairt imme.

Is dó do rinne Dia sin, óir

an ní go gheall Moling dó ar maitheamh na  
Bóirmhe,

níor cheadaigh Sé d'Adhamhnán a mhealladh  
uime.

For this reason God did that \*to him\*: since

He permitted not Adamnán to defraud  
Finnachta of

what Moling had promised him for remitting  
the Boroma.

## Section 152

“IN fir mathim na Boroma duitsiu co dia Lúain?” ar Adomnán.

“IS fír”, ar in rí.

“Rot-mellad-su de sede”, bar Adomnán.

“Uair Luan lathi bratha atbert in clerech.

Mani thíos taris indiu ní ticfaider [thicfa, **L**] co bráth.”

“An fior maiheamh na Bóirmhe duitse go Dé Luain?” ar Adhamhnán.

“Is fior,” ar an rí.

“Do mealladh de sin thú,” ar Adhamhnán,

“óir ’sé Luan lae brátha dúirt Moling.

Muna théis thairis inniu ní thiocfaidh tú thairis go bráth.”

“Is it true that thou hast remitted the Boroma till Monday (*Luan*)?” says Adamnán.

“It is true”, says the king.

“Thou hast been deceived by this,” says Adamnán,

“for what the cleric said was the day of judgment (*Luan lae brátha*).

Unless thou revoke (the remission) today, it will never be revoked.”

## Section 153

Raptar carait immorro Adomnán ocus Finnachta [Robadar da braithri .i. Adamnan ocus F. ocus robdar caraid, **L**],

o rabui Finnachta ’na rigdomna

ocus Adomnán’na fhoglaintid oac [’na foglaindtich, **L**].

Ba chairde, áfach, iad Adhamhnán agus Fínneachta,

ó do bhí Fínneachta ’na rídhama,na,

agus Adhamhnán ’na fhoghlaimeoir óg.

Now Adamnán and Fínnachta had been friends

since Fínnachta was a crown-prince

and Adamnán a young student.

## Section 154

IS intan sin doringni Adomnán na runnu-sa:

“Andiu cia chenglaid chuacha [cuaca, L]  
in rí crínlíath cen déta.  
in dál romaithe do Moling  
— deithfir don ching — nisnéta”. et reliqua.

Is ansin do rinne Adhamhnán na rannasa:

“Inniu cé ceanglaíonn a chuacha  
an rí críonliath gan déada.  
An dáil do mhaith do Mholing  
— deithbhír don rí — ní bhfaigheann.” agus  
araile.

Then Adamnán made these staves:

“To-day though the withered-grey  
toothless king binds his locks (?)  
The share (?) which he forgave to Moling  
— right for the king — he gets not.” \*etc.\*

## Section 155

[Is andsin do eirich in rig Erend

ocus Adamnan ocus uaisli cloindi Neill i ndescert,

ocus clanna Colman ocus sil Æeda Slane,

ocus doronnsa[d] comairle imcheann na Boroma

ocus in maithmi doroindi Finnachta do Moling.

Is ansin d'éirigh rí Éireann

agus Adhamhnán agus uaisle chlainne  
Néill sa deisceart,

agus clanna Cholmáin agus Síol Aodha  
Sláne,

agus rinneadar comhairle i dtaoibh na  
Bóirmhe

agus an mhaithimh do rinne Fínneachta do  
Mholing.

Then arose the king of Erin

and Adamnán and the nobles of the Southern  
Children of Niall,

and the clans of Colmán, and the Seed of Aed  
Slane,

and they made a resolve concerning the  
Boroma

and the remission which Finnachta had  
granted to Moling.

IS i comairli doronsad clanna Neill

ocus Finnachta ocus Adamnan ocus fir Erenn, do lenmain Moling.]

IAr sain atraachtatar fir Herenn indiaid Molling.

Ocus is and boi Molling, ac tóraind inaid mullind i Fornocht [oc denam a thrath, L].

Co n-accatar cuccu Finnachta co feraib Herenn.

Ó'tchonnaic Moling iat is and atbert:

“A mo Chomdiu cumachta[i]ch  
doringne gach rig fo nim [dorindi cach rigerta, L],  
a rí rofitir cach rún  
co(nic ar cul Finnachta).

Finnachta,  
tarncatar [tarnachcar, L] a rgleptha.  
Mo mallacht is mallacht rig nemda  
for [er, L] ríg Temra, for [ar, L] Finnachta!” et  
reliqua.

’Sí an chomhairle do rinneadar, clanna Néill

agus Finnachta agus Adhamhnán agus fir Éireann, do leanúint Moling.

Is ansin do chuaigh fir Éireann i ndiaidh Moling.

Agus is ann bhí Moling ag comharthaigh ionaid mhuilinn i bhFornocht.

Chonacadar chucu Finnachta go fearaibh Éireann.

Ó chonnaic Moling iad is ansin adúirt:

“A mo Choimdhe chumhachtaigh,  
do rinne gach rí fó neamh,  
a rí le eolas gach rún  
coimeád ar chúl Finnachta.

Finnachta,  
críochnaíodh a ríleapacha.  
Mo mhallacht is mallacht rí neimhe  
ar rí Teamhrach, ar Finnachta!” agus  
araile.

The resolve which the clans of Niall

and Finnachta and Adamnán and the men of Erin made was to pursue him.

Then the men of Erin went after Moling.

And Moling was at that time marking out the site of a mill in Fornocht.

They beheld Finnachta coming towards them with the men of Erin.

When Moling saw them he said \*then\*:

“O my mighty LORD who hast created every king under heaven,  
O King who knowest every secret,  
who art able to repel Finnachta,

Finnachta,  
His royal beds have ended.  
My curse, and the Heavenly King’s  
On Tara’s king, on Finnachta!” \*etc.\*

## Section 161

Conid and dornigi Moling in etarguidi seo:

“A Brigit, bennach ar sét,  
nachar-táir bét ar ar cuáirt,  
a challech al-Lifi lán,  
co rísam slán ar tech uait!” et reliqua.

Is ansin do rinne Moling an t-idirghuí seo:

“A Bhrighid, beannaigh ár slí,  
go nach dtiocfaidh olc orainn ’nár dtriall,  
a chailleach ó Life lán,  
go sroichimid slán ár dteach uait!” agus araile.

So then Moling made this entreaty :

“O Brigit, bless our way,  
that evil come not to us on our journey,  
O nun from full Liffey,  
may we safely reach home by thine aid!”  
\*etc.\*

[Here the leaf containing the end of the story  
is lost. The following is from the Book of  
Lecan (L):]

## Section 162

Dorochair

thra Findachta mac Dunchada

iarna mallochan (*sic*) do Moling,

iar maitheamh na Boroma

i cath i nGrellaich Dadlaich [*leg. Dollaid?*]

Do thit,

tré, Fínneachta mac Dúnchadha,

tar éis dó mallacht d’fháil ó Mholing,

iar maitheamh na Bóirmhe,

i gcath i nGreallach Dollaidh,

Now Fínneachta son of Dunchad,

accursed by Moling

after forgiving the Boroma,

fell

in battle at Grellach Dollaid

la Æd mac nDluthaich mic Aililla mic Æda  
Slane

ocus la Congal mac Conaing mic Congaili mic  
Aeda Slane.

Moling Luachra [dorigni in r]andso ar  
Findachta:

“Fa dirsan do Fhindachta  
indiu ligi chroligi,  
rombæ la firu nime  
[dilgud] ina mBoroime [leg. inna Boroime].”

Adamnan cecinit:

“Findachta mac Dunchada  
romaith mor do næm,  
tri cóicait cét bo slabraid,  
ocus cach bo cona læg.”

CONAD HE F. FORCENN NA BOROMA.

le hAodh mac Dlúthaigh mhic Ailealla mhic  
Aodha Sláne,

agus le Congal mac Conaing mhic Conghaile  
mhic Aodha Sláne.

Moling Luachra do rinne an rannsa ar  
Fhínneachta:

“Is dursan do Fhínneachta  
inniu a luí i gcró-leaba,  
go raibh sé le fir neimhe  
iar maitheamh na Bóirmhe.”

Do chan Adhamhnán:

“Fínneachta mac Dúnchadha  
do mhaith sé móran do naomh,  
trí caogad céad bó slabhra,  
agus gach bó gona lao.”

Foirceann na Bóirmhe.

by Aed son of Dluthach son of Ailill, son of  
Aed Slane,

and by Congal son of Conang, son of Congaile  
son of Aed Slane.

Moling of Luachair made this stave for  
Findachta:

“Tis sad for Fíndachta  
to day to lie in a gory bed,  
May he be with the men of heaven  
for forgiving the Boroma.”

Adamnán sang:

“Fínneachta son of Dunchad  
remitted much to a saint,  
Thrice fifty hundred of dower-kine,  
and each cow with her calf.”

SO THAT IS THE END OF THE BOROMA.