

Comrac Liadaine ocus Cuirithir

Liadain and Curithir

Note to the reader

This saga is contained in the manuscripts MS Harleian 5280 in the British Library, London and MS 1337 (H 3. 18) in the Trinity College Library, Dublin. These manuscripts are referred to as [Ha] and [H], respectively, in Meyer's footnotes. In this presentation, these footnotes are incorporated into the text.

Excerpt from Meyer's Preface:

“Unfortunately the narrative is so abbreviated as to become occasionally obscure. It was evidently the chief object of the writer to preserve the quatrains, and to let his prose serve merely as a slight framework in which to set the poetry. He thus leaves a good deal to the imagination; one has, as it were, to read between the lines. This is more particularly the case with Liadain. The sweet longing, the fond regret, the bitter remorse and self-reproach of the words which the poet makes her utter contain more of the story than the meagre account of the narrator.

The theme of the story is the love of a poet and poetess. After an engagement to marry him she takes the veil. It cannot be said to be clear at what point this occurs. If early, her act makes the plot a conflict between love and religion. The lovers then seek the direction of St. Cummine, perhaps without revealing Liadain's act of religion. He first imposes a light probation upon them, then, challenged by Liadain, allows them a perilous freedom. In the result he banishes Cuirithir who thenceforward renounces love and becomes a pilgrim. When she still seeks him he crosses the sea. Liadain returns to the scene of their penance and his prayers, and shortly dies. When all is over, Cummine lovingly lays the stone where she had mourned her love, and upon which she dies, over the grave of the unhappy maiden.”

Section 1

Líadain [Liaduin **Ha**] ben do Chorco Duibne
.i. banéces.

Luid sí for cúairt hi crích Connacht.

Cuirithir mac Doborchon, éces side dno. Do
Chonnachtaib dó.

Dogníther ón cuirm dí-si le [lie **Ha**] Cuirithir
[Cuirither **H**].

“Cid [cia **H**] ná dénaim-ni óentaid, a
Líadain?” ol Cuirithir [Cuirither **H**].

“Ropud án ar mac ar ndís.”

“Ní dénaim-ni [denuimsi **Ha**] ón”, ol sise,

“ar ná loiti mo chúairt immum [*om.* **Ha**].

Día tís ar mo chend dorísi [dorís **H**] dom thigh,
doreg-sæ [doregæ **Ha**] lat.”

Líadain bean do Chorca Dhuibhne .i.
banéigeas.

Chuaigh sí ar cuairt i gerích Chonnacht.

Cuirithir mac Doborchon, éigeas eisean
chomh maith. Do Chonnachtaibh dó.

Do gníthear coirm di-se le Cuirithir.

“Cid ná déanaimne aontú, a Líadain?” ar
Cuirithir.

“Do ba án ár mac ár ndís.”

“Ná déanaimne san,” ar sise,

“ar ná loite mo chuairt orm.

Dá tís ar mo cheann arís dom thigh, do
raghasa leat.”

Liadain of the Corco Dubne, a poetess,

went visiting into the country of Connacht.

There Curithir, Otter’s son, of Connacht,
himself a poet,

made an ale-feast for her.

“Why should not we two unite, Liadain?”
saith Curithir.

“A son of us two would be famous.”

“Do not let us do so”, saith she,

“lest my round of visiting be ruined for me.

If you will come for me again at my home, I
shall go with you.”

Section 2

Ba fír sòn.	Ba fíor san.	That fell so.
Luid fodess ocus óengilla [oengilla lais H] 'na diaid	Chuaigh fo dheas, aonghiolla 'na dhiaidh,	Southward he went, and a single gillie behind him
ocus a étach-som [etachside H] hi téig for a muin-side	agus a éadach-san i dtiachóg ar a mhuin-sean,	with his poet's cloak in a bag upon his back,
ocus drochétach imme	agus drochéadach uime,	while Curithir himself was in a poor cloak.
ocus cennæ na ngái [na ngó Ha] isin téig.	agus ceanna na nga isan tiachóg.	And there were spearheads in the bag also.
Luid íarum co mbái [conbo Ha] icon topur i tóib ind lis.	Chuaigh go mbí ag an tobar i dtaoibh an lis.	He went till he was at the well beside Liadain's court.
Gaibid íarum a étach corcordæ [om. Ha] imme	Ghaibh a éadach corcra uime	There he took his crimson cloak about him,
ocus doratæ na gái for a cronna [for cronna Ha ; for a crandæ H],	agus do chuir na gatha ar a gcranna	and the heads were put upon their shafts,
co mbói [ambui H] ic a crothud.	go mbí ag a gcroitheadh.	and he stood brandishing them.

Section 3

Co n-accæ [[con]feuca Ha] Mac Dá Cherdæ cucai. Óinmit side,	Chonac Mac Dá Chearda chuige. Óinmhid eisean,	Then he saw Mac Da Cherda, coming towards him, a fool,
mac Máile-ochtraig [Moilocr[aig] Ha] maic Dínertaig dona Déssib Muman.	mac Maoil Ochtraigh mhic Dhíneartaigh, do na Déisibh Mumhan.	the son of Maelochtraig, son of Dinertach, of the Dessi of Munster.
Cumma imtéged muir agus tír inna chossaibh tírmaib.	Cuma imthéigheadh muir agus tír ina chosaibh triomaibh.	He would go dryshod across sea and land alike.
Ardfili na Hérenn [airtffili Erionn esiden Ha] agus óinmit na Hérenn é-siden.	Ardfhile na hÉireann agus óinmhid na hÉireann eisean.	Chief poet he was and the fool of all Ireland.
Dotéit side co Cuirithir.	Do théigh seisean go Cuirithir.	He went up to Curithir.
“Maith sin”, or Mac mo Cherda.	“Maith sin,” ar Mac Dá Chearda.	“Well met,” said Mac Da Cherda.
“Amin”, or Cuirithir.	“Aimin,” ar Cuirithir.	“So be it,” said Curithir.
“In tú fer ind lis?”	“An tú fear an lis?”	“Are you the owner of the court?”
“Ní mé [nac me Ha],” or Cuirithir. “Can deit-siu?” or Cuirithir.	“Ní mé,” ar Cuirithir. “Can díotse?”	“Not I”, said Curithir; “whence are you yourself?”
“In óinmit [ni [hansa]. in oinmit H] tróg dina Déssib .i. Mac Dá Cherda.”	“An óinmhid truagh de na Déisibh .i. Mac Dá Chearda.”	“I am the poor fool of the Dessi, Mac Da Cherda is my name.”
“Rocúalamar”, or Cuirithir. “In rega [raga H] isin lis?”	“Do chualamar [fút]” ar Cuirithir. “An ragha isan lios?”	“We have heard of you”, said Curithir. “Will you go into the court?”

“Ragat”, ol sé.

“Déana mo lessa”, ol Cuirithir.

“Ben mór file [fil[e] **H**; fil talt **Ha**] thall,

apair frie [fria **H**] triat chéill féin tudecht
[tidedc **Ha**] cosin topur so.”

“Cía a [caide **Ha**] hainm?”

“Líadain [Liaduin **Ha**].”

“Cía th’ainm-si [caidi hainmsie **Ha**]?”

“Cuirithir mac Doborchon.”

“Maith”, or sé.

Section 4

Téit isa tech [isin teg **Ha**].

Bóí sí ina himda cetheora mná [boi siom isan
imda cetiura mna **Ha**; mnaib **H**].

Dessid som ocus ní rolaad [ralæ **H**] óid aire.

Is ann asbert som:

“Raghat,” ar sé.

“Déana mo leas,” ar Cuirithir.

“Bean mhór fuil thall,

abair léi tríot chéill féin, tíocht gusan tobar
so.”

“Cia hainm-se?”

“Liadhain.”

“Cia t’ainmse?”

“Cuirithir mac Doborchon.”

“Maith,” ar sé.

Téann isa teach.

Bhí sí ina hiomdha ceathara mná.

Do dheasaigh san agus ní tugadh aird air.

Is ansin adúirt san:

“I will”, said he.

“Do me a favour”, said Curithir.

“The tall woman who is there,

tell her, using your own wits, to come to this
well.”

“What is her name?”

“Liadain.”

“What is yours?”

“Curithir Otter’s son.”

“Right,” quoth he.

He goes into the house.

She was there in her bedroom with four other
women.

Down he sat, but no notice was taken of him.

’Twas then he said:

“A tech mór
folongat na tuireda,
día mbeith nech nodálad dáil,
timnæ dáib co fuineda.

Nech donised ba mithig,
a thopuir file fiad tig,
ferait a lúadain imbi
uissi áilli imrinne.

[**H** *has instead:*

Ba mithigh a topor fil
fiada tigh donnis[ed]h nech
ferait alluadhain imbi
hussin ailli imrinne]

[**Ha** *has instead:*

Ba mithid a tobuir fil
fiada tig nech donised
feruid a liaduin imbi
uisi ailliu imbrinne]

Rolá temel dom roscaib,
am dillig [dilig **H**] ar inchoscaib,
conid Liadain congairiu [congaire **HHa**]
cach banscál nád athgeniu [nad athgeniu **H**;
nat athgena **Ha**].

“A’ teach mór
a fhulaingaid na tuireda,
dá mbeith neach do dháladh dáil
tiomna dóibh go fuineadh.

Neach do roisead ba mhithid,
a thobair fuil fiad tigh,
fearaid a lúadain uime
fuisseoga áille imrinne.

Tá teimheal ar mo roscaibh,
am doiligh ar imchoscaibh,
gonadh Liadhain a chomhghairim
[ar] gach banscál nach n-aithním.

“The mansion
Which the pillars support —
If any there be who have made a tryst,
The behest for them is till sunset.

It were timely one should visit thee,
O well which art before the house,
Around it larks
Fair, hesitating (?), take flight.

Darkness is on my eyes,
I make nothing of indications,
So that I call Liadain (the Grey Lady)
Every woman whom I do not know.

A ben cosind remorchois,
ní fúar do shét di márchlois, [damarchlois **Ha**;
dimarclais (diniarclais?) **H**],
nícon festor fo chailliu
banscál badid cíallaidiu [ciallaide **HHa**].

Mac in míl
anas [anais **H**] adaig fo linnib,
folongat cot idnaidiu
cossa glassa fo rinnib.”

Section 5

Is íarsin dochúaid sí tra leis-som,

co rogabsat [rugaib **Ha**] anmchairde Cummaine
[anmcairdios Cumin **Ha**] Fota maic Fiachna.

“Maith”, or Cummaine. “Mór dom [do[m]h **H**]
mírennaib adobar[r] [adtoabar **H**; adoboir **Ha**].

Nert na hanmchairde foirb.

In ba déicsiu [bi dexi **Ha**] dúib ná
himmacallam?”

A bhean gusan ramharchois,
ní fuar do shéad de mhórchlois

nocha feasta fo chaille
banscál ba do chiallmhaire.

Mac an mhíl
fhanas istoíche fo linnibh,
fulangad got fhanúint
cosa glasa fo rinnibh.”

Is iarsin do chuaigh sí [Liadhain] leis-sean
[Cuirithir],

agus thug siad suas iad féin mar
anamchairde do Chummaíne Fota mac
Fiachna.

“Maith,” ar Cummaíne. “Mór dom
mhíreannaibh do bheirear suas.

Neart na hanamchairde oraibh.

An ba d’éicsiú díbh nó imagallamh?”

O woman with the firm foot,
Thy like for great fame I have not found:

Under nun’s veil will not be known
A woman with more sense.

The son of the beast
That stays at night under pools,
As he waits for you,
Pale-grey feet with points support him.”

It is after this she went with Curithir,

and they put themselves [she put herself **Ha**]
under the spiritual direction [*lit.* soul-
friendship] of Cummine the Tall, the son of
Fiachna.

“Good”, said Cummine. “It is many of my
morsels that are offered up.

The power of soul-friendship be upon you.

Whether for you shall it be seeing, or talking
together?”

“Immacallam dúin”, or Cuirithir.

“Is ferr a mbía de.

Immanaccæ [immonfacca **Ha**] dún ríam.”

Intan iarum notéged [notigeod **Ha**] som timchell
martra [martar **H**],

no-íata a tech fuirri-si.

No-íata dno fair-som, intan notéged sí.

“Imagallamh dúinn,” ar Cuirithir.

“Is fearr a mbia de.

Ár bhfaca dúinn a chéile riamh.”

An tan iaramh do théadh san timcheall leaca
uaigne na mairtíreach,

ba iata a teach uirthese.

Iata dano air-sean, an tan do théadh sí.

“Talking for us,” said Curithir.

“What will come of it will be better.

We have ever been looking at each other.”

So whenever he went around the grave-stones
of the saints,

her cell was closed upon her.

In the same way his would be closed upon him
whenever she went.

Section 6

Is and asbert sí:

“Cuirithir in t-athéces
carsam, nímráinic a less [alless **Ha**]:
inmain fiada dá coss nglas [di cos nglas **Ha**; da
cois nglais **H**],
bid [ba **H**] dirsan a bithingnas [a mbithingnas
Ha; a bithingnais **H**].

In lecc fri derthach andess
forsa mbíd [mbi **H**] in t-athéces,
minic tíagar dí im cach ndé [in gach de **Ha**]

fescor iar mbúaid ernaigthe.

Nicon biaid aice [biaidh aige **H**; bia ace **Ha**] bó
ná dairti [dartæ **Ha**] ná dartadó,
nocha bia cnáim do liss [less **HaH**]

for láim deis ind athécis [aitheices **HaH**].”

[Cuirithir dixit:]

“Inmain guthán rocluniur,
fáilte fris nocho lamur,
acht is ed atbiur nammá:
is inmain in guthán sa.”

Is ansin adúirt sí:

“Cuirithir an t-athéigeas
charas, ní dom ráinic a leas:
ionmhain flaith an dá chos nglas

bid dursan a mbithéagmais.

An leac frith dairtheach aneas
ar a mbí an t-athéigeas
minic tigim di gach lá,

feascar iar mbua urnaithe.

Nocha bia aige bó
ná dairt ná dartadó,
nocha bia cnámh do leis

ar láimh dheis an athéigis.”

Cuirithir dixit:

“Ionmhain guthán do chluinim,
fáilte ris nocha leomhaim,
ach is é a deirim ná:
is ionmhain an guthán sa.”

’Tis then she said:

“Curithir, once the poet,
I loved; the profit has not reached me:
Dear lord of two grey feet,

It will be alas to be without their company
[without his company **H**] for ever.

The flagstone to the south of the oratory
Upon which is he who was poet once,
It is there I often go [*lit.* often there is going to
it] each day,
At eve after the triumph of prayer.

He shall have neither cow
Nor yearlings nor heifers,
Never a mate shall be [*lit.* there shall be no
thigh-bone]
At the right hand of him who once was a
poet.”

Curithir says:

“Beloved is the dear voice that I hear,
I dare not welcome it,
But this only do I say:
Beloved is this dear voice.”

Dixit in ben:

“Guth domadbat [donadbat **H**; domarbat **Ha**]
trie clethæ [clethea **Ha**]
is maith dó dominrechæ [seadh is mait
dominrethao **Ha**; is maith do dominrethæ **H**]:
is ed dogní frim in guth,
nachomléci do chotlud.”

“A fhir, ní maith a ndobir,
mo líud-sa for Cuirithir:
hé-sium do brú Locha Sing [Seing **H**],
messe féin [fén **H**; fene **Ha**] ó Chill Conchinn.”

Section 7

“Foid [foidh **H**; foidid **Ha**] far ndís innocht”, ar
Cummaine [Cumin **H**],

“ocus téit [tet **Ha**] léignid [leignith **Ha**; leccnid
Ha] becc etraib,

co ná dernaid anespa [anespuig **Ha**; anapaigh **H**].”

Is and asbert som [Cuirithir no Liadain *add.* **Ha**]:

Dixit an bhean:

“Guth chugam tria chleithe,
is maith dó dom inchreachadh:
is é do ghní liom an guth,
nachom léige do chodladh.”

“A fhir ní maith a ndo bheir,
mo lua-sa le Cuirithir:
hé-sean do bhrú Locha Sing,
mise féin ó Chill Chonchinn.”

“Codail i bhur ndís anocht,” ar
Cummaine,

“agus téadh léighnidh beag eatraibh,
go ná dearnadh sibh aneaspa.”

Is ansin adúirt Cuirithir:

Says the woman:

“The voice which comes to me through the
wattled wall,
It is right for it to blame me:

What the voice does to me, is
It will not let me sleep.”

[She expostulates with Cummine and
exculpates herself.]

“Thou man, ill it is what thou dost,
To name me with Curithir:
He from the brink of Lough Seng,
I from Kil-Conchinn.”

“Sleep by each other to-night,” said Cummine,

“And let a little scholar [*lit.* a little reader or
student] go between you

lest you do any folly.”

It was then Curithir said:

“Másu [mása **HHa**] óenadaig atbir
fesi [feis **H**] dam-sæ la Liadain [pri Liaduin **Ha**],
méti [meté **H**] la láech nodfiad [notfíaad **H**]
ind adaig ní archriad [arcriaadh **Ha**].”

Is and asbert Liadain:

“Másu [massæ **H**; masa **H**] óenadaig atbir
feis [fes **Ha**] dam-sæ la Cuirithir,
cid bliadain dobermais [dobermaois **Ha**] fris,
baithum [botum **Ha**] immarordamais.”

Foit [foitit **H**; foidid **Ha**] in oidchi sin.

Doberor in mac bec arnabáruch [arabharuch **Ha**]
dia chuibsigid do Chummaine.

“Is taccar duit [tacoir det **Ha**] ní cela”, ar
Cummaine.

“Not selo[s]-sæ día cela.”

Is cumma [coma **Ha**] dó cía eipli [eble **Ha**].

“No[t]sela[s]-sæ día n-atma [admæ **Ha**].”

“Más aonoíche adeirir,
feis domsa le Liadhain —
méide le laoch do chodlódh
an oíche ní bheadh ceannach air.”

Is ansin adúirt Liadhain:

“Más aonoíche adeirir
feis domsa le Cuirithir,
cid bliain do bhéarmais leis
i gcaidreamh le chéile a bheimis.”

Codlaíd le chéile an oíche sin.

Do beirear an mac beag arna mhárach
dá cheistiú de réir a choinsiais do
Chummaíne.

“Is bréagach duit ní a cheilt,” ar
Cummaíne.

“Maródsa tú dá cheala.”

Is cuma leis má fhaigheann bás.

“Maródsa tú, dá n-admha.”

“If it is one night you say
I am to sleep with Liadain, —
A layman who would sleep the night
Would make much of it that he had not bought it.”

It was then Liadain said:

“If it is one night you say
I am to sleep with Curithir, —
Though a year we gave to it,
There would be converse between us.”

They sleep by each other that night.

On the morrow the little boy is brought
to Cummine to be examined on soul and
conscience.

“You must not conceal anything”, said Cummine;

“I shall kill you if you do.”

It is indifferent to him whether he dies:—

“I shall kill you if you confess.”

Section 8

Rucad som íarum do chill aili.

Rugadh Cuirithir iaramh go cill eile.

After that Curithir was taken to another church.

Is and asbert som [itp[er]t som sunt **Ha**]:

Is ann adúirt san:

It was then he said:

“Di chianaib [do cianoib **Ha**]
ó roscarus [orscarusæ **Ha**] fri Liadain,
sithithir [is sithir **H**] cech lá fri mí,
sithithir mí [sithir gach mí **H**] fri blíadain.”

“De chianaibh
ó do scaras le Liadhain,
chomh fada gach lá le mí,
chomh fada mí le bliadhain.”

“Of late
Since I parted from Liadain,
Long as a month every day,
Long as a year every month.”

[Liadain dixit:]

Liadhain dixit:

Liadain says:

“Másu [masso **Ha**; masæ **H**] Chuirithir indíu
dochúaid [docoad **H**] co rétaireiu,
dursan in chíall dusngéna [ann ciall frisngænæ **H**]
fri nech nachid aithgéna [nachæ aithgenæ **H**].”

“Mása Cuirithir inniu
do chuaigh go réadairí,
dursan an chíall do dhéana
do neach nach aithne.”

“If Curithir to-day
Is gone to the scholars,
Alas for the sense he will make
To any who do not know.”

Cuimmine dixit:

Cummaíne dixit:

Cummine says:

“Ní maith lim aní atbir,
a Liadain ben Chuirithir,
robói sunnæ, nirbó mer,
cid síu tised Cuirithir.”

“Ní maith liom a’ ní adeirir,
a Liadhain bean Chuirithir,
do bhí anso níorba mear,
ná mar bhí sara dtána Cuirithir.”

“What you say is not well,
Liadain, wife of Curithir.
Curithir was here, he was not mad,
Any more than before he came.”

[Líadain dixit:]

“Día háine didine
ní bu [bo **H**] scor for milide [milighe **Ha**;
midlighi **H**]
for lóæ [forlui **H**] mo gaimnéen gil [gaimnengil
H; g[r]aemne[n]gil **Ha**]
itir dí láim Cuirithir [et[ir] di laim do Cuirither
c[ur] (*sic*) **Ha**].”

Liadhain dixit:

“Dé hAoine
ní ba scor ar mhilide
ar olla mo sheithe gil
idir dhá láimh Chuirithir.”

[Liadain repudiates the term ‘wife’.]

“That Friday
It was no camping on pastures of honey [*lit.*
out-spanning on a honey-field],
Upon the fleeces of my white couch [*lit.* little
skin, rug]
Between the arms of Curithir.”

Section 9

Luid sium didu co mbói [conbo **Ha**] hi Cill Letrech i tír na nDéisse inna ailithri [i n-oilithre **Ha**].

Doluid sí [dilotsi **Ha**] for a íarair-som agus dixit:

“Cen áinius
in chaingen dorigenus [in gnimh hi dorigenius **H**; hin
gniom dorinius **Ha**]:
an rocharus rocráidius [in rocharus rotcraidius **Ha**].

Ba mire
ná dernad a airer-som [a airisiom **Ha**],
manbad [monb[ad] **Ha**] oman ríge nime.

Ní bú [bud **Ha**] amlos
dó-sum in dul [an dal **Ha**] dúthracair:
asnam sech péin [phéin **H**; pen **Ha**] hi pardos.

Becc mbríge
rocráide [romcraide **H**] frim Cuirithir:
fris-seom ba mór mo míne.

Mé Liadain,
rocarus-sa Cuirithir:
is fíthir [firit[ir] **H**; frithir **Ha**] adfhiadar.

Chuaigh san didiu go mbí i gCill
Leitreach i dtír na nDéise ina oilithre.

Do chuaigh Liadhain ar a iarair-sean
agus dixit:

“Gan áineas
an chaingean do rinneas:
an croí rócharas róchrádhais.

Ba mire
ná dearnadh a airear-san,
mana ba uamhan ríge neimhe.

Ní ba aimhleas
dó-san an dul do thogair:
asnamh seach péin i bparthas.

Beag mbríge
do chráighe liom Cuirithir:
leis-sean ba mhór mo míne.

Mé Liadhain,
do charas-sa Cuirithir:
is fíor a ndeirid.

He however went on a pilgrimage until he
came to Kil-Letrech in the land of the Dessi.

She went seeking him and said:

“Joyless
The bargain I have made.

The heart of him I loved I wrung.

’Twas madness
Not to do his pleasure,
Were there not the fear of the King of Heaven.

To him the way he has wished
Was great gain,
To go past the pains of Hell into Paradise.

’Twas a trifle
That wrung Curithir’s heart against me:
To him great was my gentleness.

I am Liadain
Who loved Curithir:
It is true as they say.

Gair bá-sa [bassa **Ha**; bassæ **H**]
hi coimthecht Cuirithir [hi coim (*sic*) Cuirithir **H**]:
fris-som ba maith mo gnás-sa.

Céol caille
fomchanad la Cuirithir
la fogur fairce flainne.

Doménainn [demenaind **Ha**]
ní cráidfed frim Cuirithir
do dálaib cachá ndénainn [acht a ndenuim **H**].

Ní chela!
ba hé-som mo chridsherc [cridhserc **H**; sainserc **Ha**],
cía nocharainn cách chenæ.

Deilm [delm **Ha**] ndegæ
rotetaind [rotethaind **Ha**] mo chride-sæ,
rofess nícon bíad cenæ [bia cheuna **Ha**].”

Gairid bhá-sa
i gcuideachta Chuirithir:
leis-sean ba mhaith mo ghnás-sa.

Ceol coille
dom chanadh le Cuirithir
le foghar farraige flainne.

Do mhénainn
ná cráifeadh liom Cuirithir
do dhálaibh gacha ndéanainn.

Ní cheile!
Ba hé-sean mo chroishear
cía do charainn cách eile.

Deilm daighe
do leaghaidh mo chroí-se,
is cinnte ná buailfidh cheana.”

Ce.

A short while I was
In the company of Curithir:
Sweet was my intimacy with him.

The music of the forest
Would sing to me when with Curithir,
Together with the voice of the purple sea.

Would that
Nothing whatever of all I might do
Should wring the heart of Curithir against me.

Conceal it not!
He was the love of my heart,
If I loved every other.

A roaring flame
Dissolved this heart of mine, —
However, for certain it will cease to beat.”

Section 10

Is é didu crád [grad **Ha**] dorat sí fair-som

a lúas rogab [dogab **Ha**] caille.

Amail roncuála som [amoil ronchual[u]siom **Ha**;
rocual[ai]dh seom **H**] a tuidecht-si [tuidecht-som
(sic) **Ha**] aniar,

luid som hi curuch forsan [for in **Ha**] fairci,

co ndecheid [ndeochaid **Ha**] inna ailithriu [a n-
ailithri **Ha**],

co ná acca sí [cona faca si **Ha**; cona anaccaisi
(sic) **H**] hinnunn.

“Docóid som a fecht so [hif[echt]soe **Ha**],” ol sí.

Ind lecc fora mbíd som ac ernaigthe [urnuide **Ha**],

robói sí for inn leicc [lecd **Ha**] sin co n-erbailt sí,

co ndecheid a hanim dochum nime.

Conid ind lecc sin dochóid dar [conidh si
dochoidh **H**] a haghaidh-si.

Is é crá do rinne sí air-sean

a luas do ghabh caille.

Amhail do chuala san a tíocht-se aniar,

chuaigh san i gcurach ar an bhfarraige,

go ndeachaigh ina oilithre,

go ná faca sí hanonn.

“Do chuaigh san an feacht so,” ar sí.

An leac ar a mbíodh san ag urnaí,

do bhí sí ar an leic sin go bhfuair sí bás,

go ndeachaigh a hanam dochum neimhe.

Gonadh an leac sin do chuaigh thar a
haghaidh-se.

But how she had wrung his heart

was the haste with which she had taken the veil.

When he heard that she was coming from the
west,

he went in a coracle upon the sea,

and took to strange lands and pilgrimage,

so that she never saw him more.

“He has gone now,” she said.

The flagstone upon which he was wont to pray,

she was upon it till she died.

Her soul went to Heaven.

And that flagstone was put over her face.

Comracc Líadaine agus Cuirithir inn sin anúas
[gonad conricc (*sic*) Liat[haine] agus Cuirithir
conice sin. Finid. **Ha**].

Comhrac Liadhaine agus Cuirithir ansin
anuas.

Thus far the Meeting of Liadain and Curithir.