

Echtra Chondla

The Adventures of Connla the Fair

Note to the reader:

The Medieval Irish text in this presentation is taken from the version of the saga in Leabhar na hUidre. However, the Modern Irish version and the English translation are based, in part, on versions of the saga in other manuscripts. This accounts for the differences between the three versions that occur in Sections 1 and 8.

Section 1

CID día n-apar Art Óenfer. ni handsa.

Why was Art the Lone One so called?
Not hard to say.

Lá ro boí Condla Rúad mac Cuind
Chetchathaig

Bhí Conla Rua, mac do Chonn
Chéadchathach,

One day as Connla the Bold, son of Conn the
Hundred-Fighter,

for láim a athar i n-uachtor Uisnig.

in éineacht lena athair lá in uachtar Uisnigh,

was with his father on the Hill of Usnech

Co n-acca in mnaí i n-étuch anetargnaid na
dochum.

nuair chonaic sé chuige bean a raibh éadach
neamhchoitianta uirthi.

he saw a woman in unfamiliar dress.

Asbert Condla. “Can dodeochad a ben?” or se.

Arsa Conla léi: “Cá has a dtáinig tú, a bhean?”

Said Connla, “Where do you come from, O
woman?”

“Dodeochadsa” for in ben “a tírib beó

“Tháinig mé as tír na mbeo,” arsa an bhean,

The woman answered, “I come from the
Lands of the Living,

áit inna bí bás nó peccad na imorbus.	“áit ná bíonn bás ná peaca ná cointinn.	where there is neither death nor want nor sin.
Domelom fleda búana can rithgnom	Bímid de shíor gan iomarbháidh ag caitheamh fleidhe	We keep perpetual feast without need for service.
caíncomrac leind cen debaid.	agus ní cuirtear an tsíocháin anairde eadrainn riamh.	Peace reigns among us without strife.
síd mór i taam	Is i sí mór atáimid inár gcónaí	A great fairy-mound (<i>sid</i>) it is, in which we live;
conid de suidib nonn ainmnigther áes síde.”	agus is dá bharr sin a tugtar Aos Sí orainn.”	wherefore we are called ‘folk of the fairy-mound’ (<i>aes side</i>).”

Section 2

“Cía a gillai?” ol Cond fria mac “acailli?”	“Cé leis a bhfuil tú ag agallamh?” arsa Conn lena mhac,	“Who is it you are speaking to?” Conn asked his son;
úair ni acca nech in mnaí acht Condla a óenur.	mar níorbh fhéidir le duine ar bith an bhean a fheiscint ach Conla amháin.	for none could see the woman save Connla alone.
Ro recair in ben.	Arsa an bhean á fhreagairt:	The woman answered,
“r. Adgladadar mnaí n-óic n-alaind soceneoil	“Tá sé ag caint le bean óg álainn dea-chinéil	“He is speaking to a young and beautiful woman of noble descent,
nad fresci bás na sentaid	ná feicfidh go deo an bás ná an tsean-aois.	who will know neither death nor old age.

ro charus Condla Rúad	Do charas le fada Conla Rua	Long have I loved Connla,
cotgairim do Maig Mell	agus táim á ghairm anois go Máigh Meall,	and I summon him to Mag Mell,
inid rí Boadag bidsuthain	áit inar rí Buadhach Síorbheo,	where Boadach the Eternal is king,
rí cen gol cen mairg inna thír	rí ná faca gol ná mairg ina thír	a king in whose realm there has been no weeping and no sorrow
ó gabais flaith.	ó ghabh sé flaitheas.	since he began his rule.
.r. Tair lim	Tar liom,	Come with me,
a Condlaí Rúaid muimbrec cainelderg	a Chonla Rua mhuinéal-álainn, lasair-dheirg,” <u>ar sí.</u>	O bold Connla, with rosy neck, gleaming like a candle.
barrbude fordotá óas gnúis corcorda	“An Folt buí atá <u>ar do cheann</u> os do chorchar-ghnúis	The fair crown that sits above thy ruddy countenance
bid ordan do rígdalbae	is comhartha é ar an choróin ríoga bheas ort.	is a token of thy royalty.
má chotuméitís	Má thagann tú liom,	If thou wilt follow me
ní chrínfa do delb a hoítu a haldi	ní thréigfidh do dheilbh a hóige ná a háilleacht	thy form shall never decrease in youth or beauty,
co bráth brindach.”	go brách na bruinne.”	even to the marvellous Day of Judgment.”

Section 3

Asbert Cond fria druid Corán a ainm side.

ar rochúalatár uili an ro rádi in ben cenco n-acatár.

“r. Not álim a Chorán
mórchétlaig mórdanaig
forbond dodomanic
as dom moo áirli
as dom moo cumachtu
níth náchim thánic

o gabsu flaith
mu imchomruc delb nemaicside
cotoméicnigidar
immum macc rocháin
d’airchelad tre thoathbandu
dí láim rígdai

brectu ban mberir.”

Docháchain iarom in druí

Ó chualathas gach rud adúirt an bhean, bíodh
ná facthas í,

do labhair Conn le Corann, an draoi. Ar
seisean leis:

“Áilim thú, a Chorainn
na sailm-bhriocht, na n-ealaíon,
Diongbhaigh díom an t-éigean seo
is fearr comhairle ná mé,
Riamh ó ghabh mé flaitheas
níor fhulaing mé bheith fá ansmacht
Ach anois táim gaite i dteannta
ag cumhacht is fearr ná mé.
Tá mo mhac ró-chaoín á ghoid uaim
trí foirceadal págánta,
Tá deilbh deamhain nach bhfeicim
ag cur an chatha im aghaidh,
Chím é óm thaoibh á mhealladh,
ag éaló trí mo lámha
Trí dhraíocht an ghutha mhná seo
nach bhféadaimse a chloí.”

Chan an draoi a bhriocht ansin

Then Conn spoke to his druid (Corann was his
name),

for they had all heard everything the woman
had said, although they did not see her:

“I appeal to you, Corann,
Skilled in song, skilled in arts.
A power has come over me
Too great for my skill,
Too great for my strength;
A battle has come upon me
Such as I have not met
since I took the sovereignty.
By a treacherous attack
the unseen shape overpowers me,
To rob me of my fair son,
With heathen words of magic.
He is snatched from my royal side

By women’s words of magic.”

Whereupon the druid sang a magic incantation

forsin nguth inna mná	in éadan ghlór na mná	against the voice of the woman,
connach cúala nech guth na mná	ionas nár chualathas a guth níos mó	so that no one could hear her voice,
ocus conna haccai Condla in mnaí ond úair sin.	agus ná faca Conla an bhean a thuilleadh an uair sin.	and Connla saw no more of her at that time.
In tan trá luide in ben ass re rochetul in drúad	Nuair a bhí an bhean á chur chun siúil le briochna an draoi	But as the woman departed before the potent chanting of the druid,
dochorastár ubull do Condla.	chaith sí úll chuig Conla.	she threw Connla an apple.

Section 4

Boi Condla co cend mís cen mir cen dig cen bíad. Nirbo fiu leis nách túara aile do thomailt acht a ubull.	As sin go ceann míosa níor mhian le Conla de bhia ná de dheoch ach an t-úll sin amháin	Connla remained to the end of a month without food or drink, for no nourishment seemed to him worthy to be consumed save only the apple.
Ní dígbad ní díá ubull cachá tomled de	agus dá mhéid d'itheadh sé den úll níor chaith sé riamh é,	What he ate of the apple never diminished it,
acht bá ógshlan beus.	ach é slán iomlán i gcónaí.	but it remained always unconsumed.
Gabais eólchaire farom inní Condla	Ghabh galar snoí Conla	Longing seized upon Connla
imon mnaí atconnaire.	mar gheall ar an bhean a chonaic sé.	for the woman he had seen.

Section 5

A llá bá lán a mí	An lá ba lán don mhí	On the day when the month was completed
baí for láim a athar i mMaig Archommin inti Condla	bhí sé i dteannta a athar ar Mháigh Archoimín	Connla was seated with his father in Mag Archommin,
co n-aca chuci in mnaí cétna	agus chonaic sé chuige <u>arís</u> an bhean chéanna.	and he saw the same woman coming toward him.
a n-asbert fris.	Ar sise leis:	She spoke to him thus:
“r. Nall suide saides Condla eter marbu duthainai oc idnaidiu éca uathmair. Totchurethar bíi bithbi at gérat do daínib Tethrach ardotchiat cach dia i ndálaib t’athardai eter du gnathu inmaini.”	“I measc marbha míbhuaná Tá Conla ina shuí faoi néall Go haonrach, go huafar, Ag feitheamh ar an éag. Tugann na daoine síor-bheo cuireadh dhuit Ad ghlaoch chuig muintir Theathrach, A bhíonn ad fhaire i geruinnithe d’athara Idir do chairde dílse féin.”	“A woeful seat where Connla sits Among short-lived mortals, Awaiting only dreadful death. The living, the immortal call to you; They summon you to the people of Tethra, Who behold you every day In the assemblies of your native land, Among your beloved kinsmen.”
Amal rochúala Cond guth na mná.	Nuair chuala Conn glór na mná,	When Conn heard the voice of the woman,
asbert fria muintir	ar seisean lena mhuintir:	he called to his attendants,
“gairid dam in druíd	“Glaoitear chugam an draoi.	“Summon me the druid.
atchíu doreilced a tenga di indiu.”	Chím gur ligeadh a teanga <u>arís</u> inniu léi.”	I see that her tongue is loosed today.”

Section 6

Asbert in ben la sodain.

“r. A Chuind Chetcathaig
druidecht nís gradaighther!
ar is bec rosoich
for messu ar Trág Máir.
firién
co n-ilmuinteraib ilib adamraib

motáicfa a recht

conscéra brichta drúad tardechta
ar bélaib demuin duib dolbthig.”

Ba ingnad tra la Cond

nicon taidbred Condla aithesc do neoch

acht tísed in ben.

“In deochaid” ol Cond “fót menmainsiu a
radas in ben a Condlai?”

Asbert Condla “ní reid dam

sech cach caraim mo doíni.

Do fhreagair an bhean láithreach é. Ar sise:

“A Choinn Chéadchathaigh,
Ná bíodh do grá don draíocht!
Óir is gearr anois go dtiocfaidh
Thar muir an Fíréan chugaibh
Le meas a dhéanamh oraibh,
Is a mhuintir iontach iomaí
Ag seasamh lena thaoibh.
Is gearr gan mhoill go ngéillfidh sibh
Don reacht a bheidh á chraoladh aige,
Díbreoidh sé briochta drua uaidh
Go háitreabh deamhan síos.”

Ba ionadh le Conn

nach labhradh Conla le duine ar bith

nó go dtigeadh an bhean.

“An bhfuil an ní adeir an bhean ag buaireamh
d’intinne, a Chonla?” arsa Conn.

“Ní réidh liom é,” arsa Conla,

“mar go bhfuil grá agam do mo mhuintir.

Then said the woman:

“O Conn the Hundred-Fighter,
Thou shouldst not cling to druidry!
It will not be long before there will come
To give judgments on our broad strand
A righteous one,
with many wonderful companies.

Soon his law will reach you.

He will annihilate the false law of the druids
In the sight of the black magic demon.”

Then Conn wondered

why Connla made no answer

except when the woman came.

“Has it touched your heart, what the woman
says, O Connla?” asked Conn.

Then said Connla: “It is not easy for me.

Although I love my people,

Rom gab dano eólchaire immón mnaí.”

Ach táim gafa ag grá éagmaiseach don bhean.”

longing for the woman has seized me.”

Section 7

Ro frecat in ben andside. co n-epert inso.

Arsa an bhean ansin:

The woman said:

“.r. Tathut airunsur álaib
fri toind t’eólchaire ofhadib
im loing glano condrismaís
ma roísmaís síd Boadaig.

“Is dian do chomhrac in éadan na dúile
Atá ad thiomáint chun cinn, ach ní thig leat é chloí,
Go sí Mhór-Bhuadhaigh im chriostal-long shiúlach
Más mian leat a dhul is eol dom an tslí.

“Thou strivest — most difficult of wishes to fulfill —
Against the wave of longing which drives thee hence.
That land we may reach in my crystal boat,
The fairy-mound of Boadach.

.r. Fil tír n-aill
nad bu messu do saigid
atchú tairnid in gréin ngil
cid cían ricfam ría n-adaig.

Tá tír eile ann nach ionann is an tír seo,
Ba aoibhinn ár saol ann dá sroichfimis é,
Dá fhaid é i gcéin beimid ann roimh an oíche,
Sa tír sin a dtarlaíonn fuine don ghréin.

There is yet another land
That is no worse to reach;
I see it, now the sun sinks.
Although it is far, we may reach it before night.

.r. Is ed a tír subatar
menmain cáich dodomchela
ni fil cenel and nammá
acht mná agus ingena.”

Tír í a mhéadaíonn súchas daoine,
Ag síorchur le sonas a muintir gach lá,
Is ní fheicfidh tú aicme ná cine sa tír sin
Ach iní ní áille is maighreacha mná.”

That is the land which rejoices
The heart of everyone who wanders therein;
No other sex lives there
Save women and maidens.”

Section 8

O tharnic dond ingin a haithesc.

foceird Condla iar sudiu bedg úadib

co mboí isind noi glano

.i. isin churuch comthend commaidi glanta.

Atconnarcatar úadib mod nad mod

.i. in fat rosiacht índ radaire a roisc. Ro ráiset íarom in muir úadib

ocus ní aicessa o sin ille

ocus ní fes cid dollatar.

A mbáatar fora n-imrátib isind airiucht co n-aicet Art chucu.

“Is a oenur d’Art indiu”

ol Cond “dóig ní fil bráthair.”

“Búadfocol an ro radis” or Coran

“iss ed ainm forbia co bráth Art Óenfer” conid

Thug Conla ansin léim uathu

isteach sa bhád criostail.

Chonaic na daoine iad ag imeacht uathu.

Diaidh ar ndiaidh d’imigh siad ó léargas súl orthu ag iomramh dóibh thar muir.

Ní facthas iad ó shoin i leith.

Arsa Conn ina dhiaidh sin ag féachaint dó ar Art:

“Tá Art inniu ina aonar.”

Is de sin atá Art Aonair.

Then Connla gave a leap

into the woman’s crystal boat.

The people saw him going away.

Hardly could their eyes follow Connla and the maiden as they fared forth over the sea.

From that day forward they were never seen again.

And then said Conn as he gazed upon his other son Art,

“To-day is Art left the lone one.”

Hence he came to be called ‘Art the Lone

de ro len in t-ainm ríam o sin immach.

One' (*Art Óenfer*).