

# Fingal Rónáin

## How Ronan slew his Son

### Section 1

Rí amra ro boí for Laignib .i. Rónán mac Aeda,

ocus Ethni ingen Chummascaig maic Eogain do Désib Muman na fharrad.

Co rruc mac do .i. Mael Fothartaig mac Rónáin,

mac is amru tánic Laigniu riam.

Is immi con-éirgitis

fri dála agus dúnada

ocus cluichi agus céti

ocus tressa agus díbircthi.

Bhí Rí ar Laighin, Rónán mac Aodha,

agus Eithne iníon Chumascaigh mhic Eoghain de Dhéise Mumhan mar bhainchéile aige.

Rug sí mac dó, Maol Fothartaigh,

an mac is uaisle a bhí ar Laighin riamh.

Eirítí ina seasamh roimhe ag tabhairt onóra dhó

sa dáil agus sa dún,

ar chluichí agus ar aontaí

agus ag láthair na hiomrascála agus na gcleasa lúith.

A famous king was over Leinster, even Ronan, son of Aed.

And Ethne, daughter of Cumascach, son of Eogan, of the Deisi of Munster, was by his side.

She bore a son to him, Mael-Fothartaig, son of Ronan,

a son the most famous that ever came into Leinster.

Before him they would rise

at gatherings and campings

and games and fairs

and fights and shooting-matches.

Ba hé menmarc a n-ingen  
ocus lennán a n-ócbán uli Maíl Fothartaig.

Ba é mian gach iníne é  
agus leannán na n-ógbhan uile.

He was the desire of all their maidens  
and the darling of all their young women,  
Mael-Fothartaig.

## Section 2

Marb a máthair.

D'éag máthair Mhaoil Fhothartaigh

His mother died.

Baí Rónán cen mnaí fri hed cían.

agus bhí Rónán ar feadh i bhfad gan chéile.

For a long while Ronan was without a wife.

“Cid na tucaí mnaí?” or a mac.

“Cé an fáth nach nglacann tú chugat  
bainchéile?” arsa a mhac leis.

“Why do you not take a wife?” said his son.

“Ropad ferr duit ben it arrad.”

“Ba fearrda thú bainchéile le do thaoibh.”

“You were better with a wife by your side.”

“Ad·fiadar dam-sa,” ol Rónán,

“Deirtear liom,” arsa Rónán,

“I am told,” said Ronan,

“a·tá ingen chóem la hEchthaig (.i. rí Dúin  
Shobairche an-túaid).”

“go bhfuil iníon álainn ag Eochaidh, rí Dhún  
Sobhairche ó thuaidh.”

“Eochaid, the king of Dunseverick in the  
north, has a fair daughter.”

“Nida céili ingine ém,” or in gilla.

“Ní céile mná óige tusa,” arsa an mac.

“Truly, you are not a mate for a girl,” said the  
youth.

“Nach ben fhorusta do·bére?

“Ná glacfá bean fhoirfe chugat?

“Will you not take a sedate woman?

Ba córu lim duit ol·dás scintline ingine.”

Dar liom ba oiriúnaí sin duit ná baotháinín  
girsí.”

Meseems that were meeter for you than a little  
skittish thing of a girl.”

At-rós a thairmesc,	Níorbh fhéidir comhairle a chur ar <u>Rónán,</u> <u>ámh.</u>	It was impossible to hinder him.
co ndeachaid coro foí lee a-tuaid	D'imigh sé leis ó thuaidh gur pósadh <u>le iníon</u> <u>Eochaidh</u> é	Ronan went and slept with her in the north,
ocus conda tuc lais i-lle.	agus gur thug sé leis abhaile í.	and brought her home with him.
Do-chóid Mael Fothartaig immorro co mbaí ar cuairt i ndesciurt Lagen.	D'imigh Maol Fothartaigh ar cuairt i ndeisceart Laighean.	But Mael-Fothartaig went on a journey in the south of Leinster.

### Section 3

Tic-sí a-túaid.	<u>Nuair</u> tháinig an bhean aduaidh:	She comes from the north.
“Cade do mac-su, a Rónáin?” or sí.	“Cá bhfuil do mhac, a Rónáin?” ar sise.	“Where is your son, Ronan?” said she.
“Ad-fiadar dam-sa a-tá mac maith lat-so.”	“Deirtear liom go bhfuil mac iontach agat.”	“I am told you have a good son.”
“A-tá immorro,” ar Rónán, “mac as dech fil la Laigniu.”	“Tá, go deimhin,” arsa Rónán, “an mac is fearr i Laignin.”	“I have indeed,” said Ronan, “a son the best there is in Leinster.”
“Congarar dam-sa didiu, conom ragba	“Glaoitear chugamsa é, mar sin,” <u>ar sise</u> , “go bhfáiltí sé romham	“Then let him be summoned to me that he may receive me
ocus co ragba mo muntir agus mo maíni agus mo shéotu.”	agus roimh mo mhuintir agus roimh an mhaoin agus na seoda <u>a thug mé liom.</u> ”	and that he may receive my people and my treasures and my jewels.”
“Do-raga immorro,” ar Rónán.	“Tiocfaidh sé, cinnte.”	“He shall come indeed,” said Ronan.

Tic-side iar sin	<u>Cuireadh fios ar Mhaol Fothartaigh</u> ansin agus tháinig sé	Then <u>Mael-Fothartaig</u> comes
ocus feraid fáilti móir frie-si.	agus d’fhear sé failte mhór roimpi:	and makes great welcome to her.
“Rot bia grádugud,” or in gilla.	“Beidh grá anseo ort,” ar seisean.	“You shall have love,” said the youth.
“A n-at·chotfam-ni do shétaib ocus maínib,	“Gach a bhfaighead de mhaoín agus de sheoda,	“Whatever we shall get of jewels and treasures,
is duit ragas ar grádugud Rónáin.”	is agat a bheidh siad ach Rónán a ghráú.”	for loving Ronan it shall go to you.”
“Is maith lim-sa,” or sí, “mo les do dénam duit-siu.”	“Is maith liom,” ar sise, “é bheith ar d’intinn agat mo leas-sa a dhéanamh.”	“I am well pleased,” said she, “that you should act for my advantage.”

#### Section 4

Ócben chóem ina hinaltus-si.	Bhí ógbhean álainn mar innilt <u>ag bean Rónáin</u> .	A fair young woman was in attendance on her.
Ros faíd chuci fo-chétóir dia athchungid (.i. Mail Fhothartaig).	Chuir sí an ógbhean gan mhoill chuig Maol Fothartaigh á lorg air luí léi.	She sent her forthwith to Mael-Fothartaig to solicit him.
Níro lam ind ócben a rád,	Ní leomhfadh an ógbhean é lua <u>le Maol Fothartaigh, ámh</u> ,	The young woman durst not say it
ná ros marba Mael Fothartaig,	ar eagla go maródh sé í.	lest Mael-Fothartaig should kill her.

coro báig-si frie	Bhagair <u>bean Rónáin ansin</u>	<u>Then</u> she ( <u>the queen</u> ) vowed to her
a cend do béim di acht mani aprad.	a ceann a bhaint <u>den innilt</u> mura n-abradh sí <u>an scéal le Maol Fothartaigh</u> .	that she would strike off her head unless she spoke.
Fecht and baí Mael Fothartaig oc imbirt fhidchille fria dá chomalta	Bhí Maol Fothartaigh uair amháin ag imirt fichille lena bheirt chomhalta,	Once Mael-Fothartaig was playing a game of <i>fidchell</i> with his two foster-brothers,
.i. Dond agus Congal, dá mac a aiti;	Donn agus Conghal, *dhá mhac a oide,*	Dond and Congal, the two sons of his fosterfather.
it eat no bítis imbi do grés.	beirt a bhíodh ina theannta i gcónaí.	They were always about him.
Gaibid ind ócben chucu co mboí oc imbirt fhidchille friu.	Gabh an innilt chucu agus thosaigh ag imirt na fichille leo.	The young woman drew near them and was playing <i>fidchell</i> with them.
No thriallad a rád;	Thriaileadh sí <u>ó am go h-am</u> an scéal a tharraing anuas	She attempted to say it.
ní laimed,	ach ní leomhfadh sí é	She durst not,
no imdergtha impi.	agus tháinig luisne ina haghaidh.	She blushed.
Airigit ind fhir a n-í-sin.	Thug <u>an bheirt chomhalta</u> é sin fá deara.	The men notice that.

## Section 5

Luid Mael Fothartaig uaidib.

D'imigh Maol Fothartaigh uathu.

Mael-Fothartaig went away.

“Cid ass áil duit-siu do rád?” ar Congal frisin mnaí.

“Caidé is áil leat a rá?” arsa Conghal leis an innilt.

“What is it that you want to say?” Congal said to the woman.

“Ní dam ass áil,” or sí,

“Ní liomsa is áil dada,” ar sise,

“Not I that want it,” said she,

“acht do ingin Echach rop áil Mael Fothartaig na cardess.”

“ach le iníon Eochaidh. Ba áil léi Maol Fothartaigh mar leannán aici.”

“but the daughter of Echaid would like to have Mael-Fothartaig as a lover.”

“Ná h-apair, a ben,” or Congal.

“Ná cloistear uait sin, a bhean,” arsa Conghal.

“Do not say it, woman,” said Congal.

“Bia marb dianat chluine Mael Fothartaig.

“Is é do bhás a bheidh de má chloiseann Maol Fothartaigh sin.

“You will be dead if Mael-Fothartaig hears it.

Do·gén-sa do les-su féin fris-seom chena, mad áil duit.”

Ach más áil leat é, déanfaidh mé do leas féin le Maol Fothartaigh ina áit sin.”

However, I will deal with Mael- Fothartaig for your own advantage, if you wish it.”

## Section 6

At·beir ind ócben frie-si.

“Is maith lem,” or si-si,

“ar ro·léma-su a rád ind aithisc

acht co comrís féin fris;

ocus déna mo les-sa iarum friss.”

Do·gníther.

Foid ind ócben leis .i. la Mael Fothartaig.

“Maith tra,” or si,

D’inis an innilt do bhean Rónáin cé mar bhí.

“Is maith liom amhlaidh é,” ar sise,

“mar má bhíonn tusa i do leannán aige

gheobhaidh tú mo theachtaireachta a rá leis

agus gheobhaidh tú mo leas-sa a dhéanamh leis ansin.”

Is mar sin a socraíodh an scéal

agus ghlac Maol Fothartaigh an innilt mar leannán chuige.

“Féach,” arsa bean Rónáin leis an innilt tar eís tamaill de aimsir,

The young woman told the queen:

“I am well pleased,” said she,

“for you will dare to say the message,

if you lie with him yourself.

And you shall deal with him on my behalf after.”

It is done.

The young woman sleeps with him, even with Mael-Fothartaig.

“Well, now,” said the queen,

“ní dingne-su mo les-sa a fecht-sa.

“ní dhearna tú mo leas-sa go fóill le Maol Fothartaigh.

“you still do not plead for me with him.

Is ferr leat in fer ucut t’oenur.

Is é is dóigh liom gur fearr leat é bheith agat féin ar fad.

You like better to have that man for yourself alone.

Bet marb-so dano lim-sa.”

Má sea, is é do bhás a bheidh de.”

You shall die then by me.”

## Section 7

Feccaid in ben laa n-and ic coí fri Mael Fothartaig.

Tháinig Maol Fothartaigh lá ar an innilt agus í ag caoi.

One day the woman turns to Mael- Fothartaig weeping.

“Cid daí, a ben?” or sé.

“Céard tá ort, a bhean?” ar seisean.

“What ails you, woman?” said he.

“Ingen Ehdach oc báig mo marbtha frim,”  
olsi,

“Iníon Eochaidh atá ag bagairt mo mharfa orm,” ar sise,

“The daughter of Ehdach is threatening to kill me,” said she,

“uair nach déanaim a lles frit-so, co comairsed frit.”

“mar nach ndéanaim a leas leatsa ionas go luífeadh sí leat.”

“for my not pleading with you that she may meet with you.”

“Dóich dano!” or sé.

“Sin scéal a bhfuil dealramh air!” ar seisean.

“A likely story!” said he.

“Ní sechbaid duit,” or sé, “ro gabais chommairchi.”

“Is maith an scéal duit gur ghlac tú coimirce uaim sarar labhair tú air.

“It was not bad of you that you have taken a safeguard.



“Dianom berthsa-sa, a ben,” or sé, “i cualchlais tened fo thrí co ndernad min agus luaith dím,	A bhean,” ar seisean, “dá gcuirfí trí huairé mé faoi chlais na tine nó go ndéantaí min agus luaith dhíom	Woman,” he said, “if I were thrust into a fiery coal-pit that would make ashes and dust of me three times,
ní chomraicfind fri mnaí Rónáin,	ní luifinn le bean Rónáin,	I would not meet with the wife of Ronan,
cid ed nomm ainsed airí sin uile.	gidh go saorfadh sin mé ón ainíde sin uile.	though all should blame me for it.
Regat-sa dano,” or sé, “for a himgabáil.”	Mar atá, imeoidh mé liom á seachaint.”	I will go, however, to avoid her.”

## Section 8

Luid iar sin cóicait laech co mbaí hi crích Alban.	Thug sé caoga laoch ansin agus d’imigh go hAlbain.	Thereupon he went with fifty warriors into Scotland.
Fo·geib fálti móir la rí nAlban.	Fearadh fáilte mhór roimhe ag rí Alban.	He found great welcome with the king of Scotland.
Coin le[s]-side fri míla maige, coin fri muca, coin fri haige.	Bhí coin <u>ag an rí</u> chun míola máighe d’fhiach, coin d’fhiach muca agus coin d’fhiach fia.	He had hounds for hares, hounds for boars, hounds for deer.
Nos marbtais immorro Doilín agus Daithlend cach toffond ar úair ar a mbélaib-side .i. dá choin Maele Fothartaig.	Daoilín agus Daithleann, ámh, dhá choin Mhaoil Fhortartaigh, mharaídís ar a dturas gach géim roimh <u>choin an rí</u> .	But Doilin and Daithlend, two hounds of Mael-Fothartaig, would kill every quarry in turn before them.

Cach cath agus gach teagmháil ina raibh an Alban, is Mael Fothartaig nod mbrissed.	Gach cath agus gach teagmháil ina raibh an bhuaidh ag rí Alban is é Maol Fothartaigh a bhuaigh dó é.	Every host that was routed before the king of Scotland, and every fight that was won, it was the doing of Mael-Fothartaig.
“Cid so, a Rónáin?” or Lagin.	“Cad é <u>an scéal</u> é seo, a Rónáin?” arsa na Laighnigh.	“What is this, o Ronan?” said the men of Leinster.
“In tussu ruc Mael Fothartaig as tír?	“An tusa a ruaig Maol Fothartaigh as an tír?	“Did you send Mael-Fothartaig out of the land?
Beat marb-so lin-ni mani thora a-ridisi.”	Marófar linn thú mura dtigidh sé ar ais.”	You shall die by us unless he return.”
At fiadar dó-som ón; do thaot-som an-air a-ridisi.	Tugadh an scéal sin <u>chuig Maol Fothartaigh</u> agus d’fill sé anoir.	This was related to him ( <u>Mael-F.</u> ), and he came back from the east.

## Section 9

Is ed do rala an-air, do Dún Sobairchi.	Is go Dún Sobhairche a tháinig sé <u>i dtosach</u> ag filleadh anoir dó	This is where he chanced to come from the east, to Dunseverick.
Ferthair fáilti mór friss.	agus cuireadh fáilte mhór roimhe.	Great welcome is made for him.
“Is olc duit-siu, a Mael Fothartaig, nác[h] rúí fri ar n-ingin-ni.	“Is olc an ní uaitse,” arsa <u>Eochaidh leis</u> , “nach luíonn tú le mo inionsa.	“You do wrong, Mael-Fothartaig, “that you do not go with our daughter.

Is duit dos·ratsam, agus ní dont shenaithiuch ucut.”

“Olc ón immorro,” ol Mael Fothartaig.

### Section 10

Do·tháet Mael Fothartaig co Laigniu,

agus ferait fáilti móir fris.

Foid ind ócben chétna leis.

“In fer uait dam-sa,”

or ingen Ehdach fria sétchi,

“nó bás fort béolu!”

Ad·fét-side do Mael Fothartaig.

Is duitse thugas í agus ní don sean-aitheach úd is athair duit.”

“Is olc uait mar chaint é sin go deimhin,” arsa Maol Fothartaigh.

Chuaigh Maol Fothartaigh abhaile go Laighin ansin

agus fearadh fáilte mhór roimhe.

Ghlac sé chuige mar leannán an ógbhean chéanna.

“An fear sin uait domsa,”

arsa iníon Eochaidh leis an innilt,

“nó is é do bhás bheidh de!”

D’inis an innilt sin do Mhaol Fothartaigh.

To you we gave her, and not to yon old churl.”

“Bad is that indeed,” said Mael- Fothartaig.

He went to Leinster

and they make great welcome to him.

The same young woman sleeps with him.

“I want the man from you,”

said the daughter of Echaid to her attendant,

“or death upon your head!”

She told Mael-Fothartaig.

“Cid do g en friss so, a Chongail?” or Mael Fothartaig.

“Tuc a l g dam-sa,” or Congal,

“ocus ding bat in mna  d t

conn chat imr idfe etir.”

“Rot bia mo ech cona shrian oculus mo dechelt,” or Mael Fothartaig.

“N  g b,” ar Congal,

“acht na d  choin, co rraib mo shelb forru namma.”

“Rot biat,” or Mael Fothartaig.

“Airg-siu  m i-mb rach,” ar Congal,

“co mb  oc Buaib A fe oc taffond.”

“C ard a dh anfaidh m  faoi seo, a Chonghail?” arsa Maol Fothartaigh lena chomhalta.

“M  thugann t  luach saothair domsa ann,” arsa Conghal,

“cuirfidh m  an bhean d ot

ar mhodh na smaointeoidh s  ar s ort.”

“Gheobhair mo each gona shrian agus mo bhrat ina theannta,” arsa Maol Fothartaigh.

“N  ghlacfaidh m  uait,” arsa Conghal,

“ach do dh  choin le bheith i mo sheilbh f in amh in.”

“Gheobhaidh t  iad,” arsa Maol Fothartaigh.

“Imigh thusa am rach,” arsa Conghal,

“go Ba Aoife agus b  ag fiach m ol m ighe ann.”

“What shall I do in this matter, Congal?” said M el-Fothartaig.

“Give me a reward for it,” said Congal,

“and I will keep the woman off you

so that she shall no longer think of you.”

“You shall have my horse with its bridle, and my dress,” said M el-Fothartaig.

“Nought will I take,” said Congal,

“save the two hounds, so that they shall be in my possession only.”

“You shall have them,” said M el-Fothartaig.

“Go then to-morrow,” said Congal,

“and hunt at the ‘Cows of Aife’.”

(Bae Aífi .i. clocha filet la tóeb int shléibe.	(Clocha a bhí ar thaoibh <u>nó ar ‘aoife’</u> an tsléibhe ab ea Ba Aoife.	(The ‘Cows of Aife’ are stones which are on the side of the mountain.
It cosmaile fri bú finna do chéin.	Ba cosúil i gcéin iad le ba fionna.	They are like white cows from afar.
For aife int shléibe a·taat.)	*Ar ‘aoife’ an tsléibhe atáid).	They stand on the <i>aife</i> of the mountain.)
“Eirg-siu didiu co rrabais oc mílruth and.	“Téigh as sin chun dul ag fiach ann.*	“Go and hunt there.
Ocus dálfaid in ben a ssétchi chucund,	Seolfaidh an innilt a máistreás chugainne.	And the woman shall send her mistress to <u>a tryst with</u> us,
ocus no cureb-sa dít.”	Agus fág fúmsa í chur díot.”	and I will put her from you.”
“Ba fir sòn.” As·bert a sétig frie.	“Sin mar dhéanfaidh mé,” dúirt a máistreás <u>leis an innilt.</u>	“It shall be done,” said her mistress to her.
Ba fota lee co matain.	Dob fhada léi go maidin.	It seemed long to her till morning.

## Section 11

Do-llotar arna-bárach ina n-urdáil.	Arna bhárach, d’imigh siad don choinne	On the morrow they went to the tryst,
Co n-accatar Congal ar a ciund.	agus fuair siad Conghal sa bhealach rompu.	and saw Congal before them.
“Cia leth so, a dorman?” or sé.	“Cá bhfuil do thriall, a striapach?” ar seisean.	“Whither away, harlot?” he said.

“Ní maith duit imthecht t’oenur,  acht mani[d] dáil fir no théig.	“Ní maith duit imeacht i do aonar,  muran ag dul i gcoinne le fear atá tú.	“You can be about no good walking about alone,  ( <u>or about anything</u> ) unless coming to a tryst with a man.
Eirgg dot tig,” ar sé, “ocus beir miscaid.”	Fill ar do theach,” ar sé, “agus drochrath go raibh ort.”	Go home,” he said, “and take a curse.”
Luid Congal lee coa teg.	Thug Conghal ar ais chun an tí í	Congal went with her to her house.
Co n-accatar cuccu do-ridisi.	ach chonaic siad chucu arís í.	And they saw her coming towards them once more.
“Amein,” ar Congal,	“An mar sin atá,” arsa Conghal.	“Is it thus,” said Congal,
“is imdergad rí Lagen iss áil duit, a drochben!	“An é is áil leat Rí Laighean a náiriú, a dhrochbhean!	“you want to disgrace the king of Leinster, you vile woman!
Dianat accur-sa do-ridisi,” or sé,	Má fheicim <u>anseo</u> arís thú,” ar seisean,	If I see you again,
“bérat do chend co rraib for cuaille ar bélaib Rónáin.	“bhéarfaidh mé do cheann ar chuaille i láthair Rónáin.	I shall take your head and put it on a stake before the face of Ronan.
Drochben dia imdergad	Drochbhean ag tabhairt náire dhó	A bad woman to disgrace him

i claidib ocus muinib	<u>ag imeacht</u> thar chlathacha agus trí mhuiní	in ditches and brakes
a hoínur i ndáil gilla.”	ina haonar chun coinne le hógánach.”	alone to meet a lad.”
Ro gab echlaisc di conda fargaib ina tig.	Thóg sé eachlasc chuici gur thiomáin sé <u>ar ais</u> chun a tí féin í.	He laid a horse-whip on her and left her in her house.
“Ro·bér-sa dano,” or sí, “loim fola it beolu-so.”	“Bhéarfaidh mise,” ar sise, “scaird fola thar do bhéalsa amach <u>ina dhíol seo.</u> ”	“I will spout a jet of blood in your face,” said she.

## Section 12

Tic Rónán dia thig.	Tháinig Rónán abhaile	Ronan came home.
Do·thæet a munter ria Maíl Fothartaig is-tech.	agus chuaigh muintir Mhaoil Fhothartaigh isteach i dteach <u>an Rí</u>	Mæl-Fothartaig’s men came into the house before him.
Anaid-seom a oenur a-mmaig oc mílruth.	ach d’fhan sé féin ina aonar amuigh ag fiach.	He stays alone without, ahunting.
“Cade Mael Fothartaig i-nnocht, a Chongail?” ar Rónán.	“Cá bhfuil Maol Fothartaigh anocht, a Chonghail?” arsa Rónán.	“Where is Mæl-Fothartaig to-night, Congal?” said Ronan.
“A·tá i-mmaig,” ar Congal.	“Tá sé amuigh,” ar Conghal.	“He is without,” said Congal.

“Fé amai mo mac-sa do bith i-mmaig a oenur ocus a lín dia tabair mathius.”	“Is mairg mo mhacsa bheith amuigh ina aonar agus a liachtaí duine dá dtugann sé maitheas.”	“Woe is me, my son to be abroad alone, and the number to whom he gives good things.”
“Ro bodrais sind,” or sí, “oc imrádud do maic.”	“Táimid bodhar agat,” arsa <u>bean Rónáin</u> , “ag caint ar do mhac.”	“You have made us deaf with talking about your son,” said <u>his wife</u> .
“Is cóir a imrádud,” ol Rónán,	“Is cóir labhairt air,” arsa Rónán.	“It is right to talk of him,” said Ronan.
“ar ní fil i nHérinn mac as fherr do réir a athar.	“Níl in Éirinn mac is fearr ná é ag déanamh réir a athar.	“For there is not in Ireland a son better according to the wish of his father.
Ár is cumma a ét	Agus is mar a chéile a éad	For his jealousy
	fá mo onóirse	on my behalf
		is the same
immon fer ocus immon mnaí	i measc daoine	both with men and women
oc Áth Cliath	ag Áth Cliath	at Ath Cliath



ocus oc Clár Daire Móir	agus ag Clár Doire Mhór	and at Clár Daire Móir
ocus oc Drochiut Charpri	agus ag Droichead Chairbre	and at Drochet Cairpri
amail bid a anim fessin no beth mom dágin-se,	agus dá mba é a anam féin <u>bheadh i gceist</u> ,	as if it were ( <u>for</u> ) his own soul,
corop sám dam ocs duit-siu, a ben,” ar Rónán.	ionas nach miste domsa agus duitse bheith sámh, a bhean.”	so that there is ease for me and for you, woman,” said Ronan.
“Ní étann úam-si ám,” or si-si, “in sámchaire ass áil dó	“Ní bhfaighidh sé uaimse, ámh,” ar sise, “an tsáimhe ab áil leis,	“Forsooth,” she said, “he shall not get from me the ease that he wishes,
.i. comrac frim dot chind-so.	luí liomsa i do áitse.	even to meet with me to your dishonour.
Nocha beo-sa iarum oc gabáil fris ní bas síriu.	Go deimhin ní beo bheadsa ag cur ina choinne níos faide.	I shall not be alive withstanding him any longer.
Rom·uc-sa Congal chuci co bo thrí ó matin	Trí huairé ó mhaidin <u>inni</u> rug Conghal mise chuige	Congal has taken me to him three times since morning,
co n-erlós ar écin assa lámhaib.”	gur ar éigin d’éalaigh mé as a lámha.”	so that I with difficulty escaped from his hands.”

“Mallacht fort beolu, a drochben!” ar Rónán.	“Mallacht ar do bhéal, a dhrochbhean!” arsa Rónán.	“Malediction on your lips, you bad woman!” said Ronan.
“Is gó duit.”	“Is bréag duit sin.”	“It is false.”
“At·chicera didiu comartha airi inn-ossa,” or si-ssi.	“Feicfidh tú fianaise air anois,” ar sise.	“You will see then a proof of it now,” said she.
“Géb-sa lethrand	“Gabhfadsa leathrann <u>dó</u>	“I will sing half a quatrain
dús in ba cubaid frissa ngéba-som.”	féachaint an mbeidh sé ag cur lena ngabhann seisean.”	to see whether it will fit with what he ( <u>M. F.</u> ) will sing.”
Do·gníth-som ón cech n-aidchi do airiuc thuli di-ssi.	Bhíodh sé de chleachtadh <u>ag Maol Fothartaigh</u> sin a dhéanamh gach oíche mar shásamh di-se:	He used to do this every night to please her.
No gaibed-som lethrand,	chanadh seisean leathrann	He would sing one half quatrain,
no gaibed-si a lleth n-aill.	agus chuirfeadh sise an leath eile leis.	she would sing the other half.
<b>Section 13</b>		
Do·lluid-som didiu a-mmaig	Tháinig <u>Maol Fothartaigh</u> isteach.	He ( <u>M. F.</u> ) came in then
co m-boí oc tírad a cholptha frisin tenid,	Bhí sé ag tirimiú a cholpaí ag an tine	and was drying his shins at the fire,

ocus Congal inna fharrad.

Buí in drúth Mael Fothartaig .i. Mac Glass,  
oc clessaib for lár in taige.

Is and as·bert, ar rop úar in laa

“Is úar fri cloï ngaeithe  
do neoch in·gair Bú Aífe.”

“Cluinti seo, a Rónáin,” or si-si.

“Gaib sin do-ridisi,” or sí.

“Is úar fri cloï ngáithe  
do neoch in·gair Bú Aífe.”

“Iss ed ingaire mada,” or si-se  
“cen bú, cen nech no chara.”

(.i. “sech ní ránac-sa, ní thucais-siu na bú  
lat.”)

agus Conghal lena thaoibh.

Bhí Mac Ghlas, drúth Mhaoil Fhothartaigh, ag  
déanamh cleasa ar urlár an tí.

Labhair Maol Fothartaigh ansin, agus ó ba fuar é  
an lá, ar seisean:

“Is fuar ó shiab na gaoithe  
don té a bhfeighil Bha Aoife.”

“An gcluin tú sin, a Rónáin,” ar sise.

“Gabh arís é,” ar sí.

“Is fuar ó shiab na gaoithe  
don té i bhfeighil Bha Aoife,” ar sé.

Ar sise: “Dar liom is buachailleacht amú  
gan ba, gan nech dod ghráú.”

(Á chur i gcéill nach é amháin nach dtug sé na  
ba leis ach nach dtáinig sí féin chuige ach  
oiread).

and Congal by his side.

His jester Mac Glass was at his games on the  
floor of the house.

Then he said, for the day was cold:

“It is cold against the whirlwind  
For any one herding the cows of Aífe.”

“Hear this, Ronan,” said she.

“Sing that again,” said she.

“It is cold against the whirlwind  
For any one herding the cows of Aífe.”

Said she: “It is a vain herding,  
With no kine, with no lover to meet.”

(that is, “neither did I come, nor did you take  
the cows with you.”)

## Section 14

“Is fíor sòn a fecht-sa,” ol Rónán.

“Is fíor don scéal, mar sin,” arsa Rónán.

“It is true this time,” said Ronan.

Caur ro baí for láim Rónáin .i. Aedán mac  
Fiachnai Lára.

Bhí curadh láimh le Rónán, Aodhán mac  
Fiachna Lára.

There was a warrior by Ronan’s side, Aedan  
son of Fiachna Lara.

“A Aedán,” or sé,

“A Aodháin,” arsa Rónán,

“O Aedan,” said he,

“gaí i mMael Fothartaig, agus riced ní uait  
dano Congal.”

“cuir ga i Maol Fothartaigh agus ceann eile i  
gConghal.”

“a spear into Mael-Fothartaig, and another into  
Congal.”

Ó ro boí a druim friu frisin tenid,

Nuair bhí droim Mhaoil Fhothartaigh leo ag  
an tine

When he had turned his back to them by the  
fire,

nod clanna Aedán ind in gaí,

chuir Aodhán an ga ann

Aedan planted the spear in him,

co rruc a rrindi triit,

go ndeachaigh a rinn tríd

so that he put its points through him,

co tarlai ina shuidi.

agus gur leag ina shuí é.

as he was on his seat.

Oc éirgiu do Chongal

Ag éirí do Chonghal

As Congal rose

dos·beir Aedán in ngaí ind co tarla trína chride.

Ro leblaing in drúth.

Dos·léce Aedán in gae ina diaid co rruc a inathar ass.

“Is lór, a Aedán, immot·beri forna feraib!”

or Mael Fothartaig assa shuidi.

## Section 15

“Sirsan dúib ám,” ar Rónán,

“ná fuarais-[s]iu mnaí do guidi acht mo ben-sa.”

“Is truag in bréc sin, a Rónán,” or in gilla,  
“do·ratad immut,

marbad d’oenmaic cen chinaid.

chuir Aodhán ga eile ann trína chroí.

Thug an drúth amas ar theitheadh

ach theilg Aodhán ga ina dhiaidh agus d’fhág a ionathair ag sileadh as.

“Is leor, a Aodhán, a bhfuil déanta agat ar mo mhuintir!”

arsa Maol Fothartaigh, ón áit a raibh sé ina shuí.

“Bhí an t-ádh sin acu,” arsa Rónán,

“ó ná fuair tusa bean ar bith chun do mhian ach mo bheansa.”

“Is trua an bhréag sin a mheall thú, a Rónán,” arsa Maol Fothartaigh,

“do aonmhac a mharú gan cionta.

Aedan thrust a spear into him, so that it passed through his heart.

The jester jumped up.

Aedan sent a spear after him so that it brought his bowels out.

“You have wrought enough on the men, o Aedan!”

said Mael-Fothartaig from his seat.

“It was their luck,” said Ronan,

“that you found no woman to solicit but my wife.”

“Wretched is that falsehood, o Ronan,” said the youth, “which has been put on you

to kill your only son without guilt.

Dar th'ordan-su agus darsin dáil i tiag-sa .i. dál báis,	Dar do ghradam rí agus dar coinne an bháis i bhfuilim anois ag dul,	By your rank and by the tryst to which I go, the tryst with death,
ní mó mo chin-sa do imrádud comraic frie	ní ciontach mé sa smaointiú féin ar luí léi	not greater is my guilt to think of meeting with her
ol-daas con-rísainn frim máthair,	ach oiread agus luífinn lem mháthair.	than that I should meet with my mother.
acht a-tá ocom chungid ó tháinic a tír-se,	Tá sí am iarraidhse ó tháinig sí sa tír seo.	But she has been soliciting me since she came into this land,
conda tuc Congal fo thrí i-ndiu for cúlu nácham rosed-sa.	Inniu féin thug Conghal ar ais trí huaire í i dtreo is ná sroichfeadh sí fhaid liom.	and Congal has taken her back three times to- day that she might not meet me.
Ní buí cin a marbtha la Congal.”	Níor thuill Conghal a mharú.”	There was no guilt in Congal that you should kill him.”

## Section 16

No bered immorro in fiach a inathar ón drúth for irdrochiut.	Bhí fiach dubh ag tabhairt ionathair an drúith chomh fada leis an droichead os comhair an tí.	Then the raven carried the bowels of the jester on to the front-bridge.
No fhencad a beolu.	Chamfadh seisean a bhéal <u>gach uair</u> .	*He was contorting his mouth.*
No thibtís ind athig.	Do gháireadh an chosmhuintir <u>amuigh faoi sin</u> .	The churls were laughing.

Mebul la Mael Fothartaig.	Ba náir le Maol Fothartaig an ní sin	Mael-Fothartaig thought it a villainy.
Is and as bert-som	agus ar seisean:	He said:
“A Mic Glais timthais t’inathar inniut, cid ná fetar-su náire, athaig oc gáire immut.”	“A Mhic Ghlais, fáisc do ionathair ionat; gidh duit nach eol a náire tá daoir ag gáire umat.”	“O Mac Glass, Gather your bowels in, Though you know no shame, Churls are laughing at you.”
Marba iarum a triur.	D’éag an triúr ansin	Thereafter the three died.
Ructha i tech fo leith.	agus tugadh iad go teach ar leith.	They were taken into a house apart.
Luid Rónán co mbuí fó chind a maic tri laa ocus teora aidche.	D’fhan Rónán ag faire os cionn coirp a mhic trí lá agus trí oíche.	Ronan went and sat at the head of his son three days and three nights.
Luid immorro Dond comalta Mael Fothartaig, bráthair Congaile,	D’imigh Donn, comhalta Mhaoil Fhothartaigh agus deartháir Chonghail,	But Dond, Mael-Fothartaig’s foster-brother, Congal’s brother, went
fichit marcach co Dún Sobairche,	do Dún Sobhairche agus fiche marcach in éineacht leis.	with twenty horsemen to Dunseverick.
co tartsat bréic im Echdaig do thuidecht co hor críche	Mheall sé Eochaidh chun teacht go teorainn a chríche	They decoyed Echaid to come to the border of the land,
ar cend Mael Fothartaig ar tabairt a ingini- seom for aithed,	chun bualadh le Maol Fothartaigh le scéala bréagach é bheith imithe ar éaló lena iníon.	as it were to meet Mael-Fothartaig that had eloped with his daughter.
co tucsat a chend agus cend a maic agus a mná.	Thug Donn leis ceann Eochaidh agus ceann a mhic agus ceann a mhná.	And they took his head and the heads of his son and of his wife.

## Section 17

Is and as·bert Rónán fo chind a maicc:

“Is h-uar fri clóī ngaíthe  
do neoch in·gair Bú Aife;  
iss ed ingaire mada  
cen bú, cen nech no chara.

Is úar gaeth  
i ndorus tige na llaech;  
batar inmaine laoich,  
bítis etrainn ocus gaíth.

Cotail, a ingen Echach,  
is mór aichri na gaíthi;  
saeth lim-sa Mael Fothartaig  
do guin i cin mná baíthe.

Cotail, a ingen Echach;  
ní sám lim, cen co tola,  
aicsin Mael[e] Fothartaig  
inna léni lán fholá.”

Is ansin a labhair Rónán os cionn a mhic:

“Is fuar ó shiab na gaoithe  
don té i bhfeighil Bha Aoife:  
dar liom is buachailleacht amú  
gan ba, gan neach dod ghráú.

Is fuar gaoth  
i ndoras tí na laoch:  
ba ionmhain liomsa na laoich,  
bhídís idir mé is gaoith.

Codail, a iníon Eochaidh,  
is mór géire na gaoithe:  
mairg liomsa Maol Fothartaigh  
á ghoin fá choir mhná baoithe.

Codail, a iníon Eochaidh,  
ní sámh dom biodh ná codlair,  
ag féachaint Mhaoil Fhothartaigh  
ina léine lán fola.”

Then said Ronan (sitting) at the head of his son:

“It is cold against the whirlwind  
For any one herding the cows of Aife.  
That is a vain herding,  
With no cows, with no one to love.

Cold is the wind  
In front of the warriors’ house:  
They were dear warriors  
That were between me and the wind.

Sleep, daughter of Echaid,  
Great is the bitterness of the wind:  
Woe is me, Mael-Fothartaig  
Is slain for the guilt of a lustful woman.

Sleep, daughter of Echaid,  
There is no rest for me though thou sleep not,  
To see Mael-Fothartaig  
In his shirt full of blood.”



## Section 18

Ingen Echach:

“Mo-nuar, a marbáin chúili,” or si-si  
“immon-rualaid lín súile,  
a ndo-ringénsam do chul,  
rop sí do phian iat t’athchur.”

Rónán:

“Cotail, a ingen Echach,  
nídat mera na doene;  
cia broína-so do brattán  
ní hé mo macán chaíne.”

Is and-sin trá tánic Dond

co tarlaic cend a h-athar for a brunni-si,

ocus cend a mmáthar ocus cend a derbráthar.

At-raig suas iar sin

co tarlaic imma scín

co mbuí triana druim suas iar sin.

Arsa iníon Eochaidh:

“Mairg, a mharbháin sa chúinne,  
ort a luíodh cách a súile,  
a ndearna mise de choir  
gur ortsa bhí a fhulang.”

Do fhreagair Rónán í:

“Codail, a iníon Eochaidh,  
ní amadáin na daoine,  
más fliuch ded chaoi do bhratán  
ní hé mo mhacsa chaoinir.”

Is ag an uair sin a tháinig Donn isteach,

agus theilg sé ceann an athar in ucht na hiníne

agus ceann a máthar agus ceann a dearthár.

D’éirigh sí suas

agus caith í féin ar bhior a scine

go raibh trína droim suas inti.

The daughter of Echaid (said):

“Woe is me, o corpse in the corner,  
That wast the mark of many eyes,  
The sin that we committed  
It was thy torment after thy banishment.”

Ronan (said):

“Sleep, daughter of Echaid,  
Men are not mad:  
Though thou hast wetted thy mantle,  
It is not my son thou dost bewail.”

Then came Dond

and threw the head of her father on her breast,

and her mother’s head and her brother’s head.

Thereupon she arose

and threw herself on to her knife,

so that it was through her back up.

## Section 19

Is and as·bert Rónán.

“Ro gab Eochaid oenléni  
iar mbeith i lleind lobarde;  
in brónán fil for Dún nÁis  
a·tá for Dún Soborche.

Tabraid biäd, tabraid dig  
do choin Maoile Fothartaig,  
ocus tabrad nech aile  
biäd do choin Chonghail.

Tabraid biäd, tabraid dig  
do choin Maíle Fothartaig,  
cú fir do·bér(e)ad biäd  
do neoch, cid luaig no criäd.

Saeth lim cúrad Dathlinne  
flescaib tinne dar toebu;  
ní fil ar n-aithber fuirri,  
ní sí ro rir ar coemu.

Doiléne  
acum-sa fo·rroigéne;  
a cend fo choim cáich ar uair  
oc cungid neich ná fogébe.

Labhair Rónán ansin:

“Tá Eochaidh anois in eisléine  
ar ár ghnáth bratán álainn;  
an brón atá ar Dhún Náis  
tá freisin i nDún Sobhairche.

Tugaigí bia, tugaigí deoch  
do choin Mhaoil Fhohartaigh,  
agus tugadh neach eile  
bia do choin Chonghail.

Tugaigí bia, tugaigí deoch  
do choin Mhaoil Fhohartaigh,  
cú an fhir a bhéarfadh bia  
do dhuine pé méid a d’iarrfadh.

Mairg liom céasadh Daithlinne  
agus a heasnaí trína cliabh,  
ní uirthi chuirim aifear,  
ní ise dhíol mo chaoimhac.

Mairg liom Daoilín,  
is dom féin a fhónfaidh sí,  
ag cur a cinn i gcoim gach duine  
a lorg an té ná faighidh sí.

Then said Ronan:

“Echaid has got but one shirt  
After having been in a \*long warm\* mantle  
The sorrow that is on Dun Ais  
Is on Dunseverick.

Give ye food, give drink  
To the hound of Mael-Fothartaig,  
And let some one else give  
Food to the hound of Congal.

Give food, give drink  
To the hound of Mael-Fothartaig,  
The hound of a man who would give food  
To any one, whatever reward he might get.

Sad to me is the torture of Dathlenn,  
With rods of steel over her sides,  
Our reproach is not on her,  
It is not she who sold our dear ones.

Doiline  
\*It is she who served me,\*  
(Thrusting) her head into the lap of one after another,  
Seeking one whom she will not find.

Ind fhir, ind óic, ind eich,  
bítis im Mael Fothartaig,  
níptís formtig caemnai neich  
i mbethaid a n-airchinnig.

Ind fhir, ind óic, ind eich,  
bítis im Mael Fothartaig,  
do·gnítis cen cosc a·maig  
fo·fhertais graffaind graigig.

Ind fhir, ind óic, ind eich,  
bítis im Mael Fothartaig  
batar menci·som uaraib  
fo·ilaig iar mbithbuadaib.

Munter Mael[e] Fothartaig,  
cet lim cenptís desruithe;  
ní maith ro gabsat oc fir  
do·ficed a n·esbuide.

Mo mac·sa Mael Fothartaig  
diambo adba fid fata,  
ní scoirtis cen immaire  
ríg ná ríghomna aca.

Mo mac·sa Mael Fothartaig  
im[m]e·réid Albain oraig,  
ba laech etir laechradaib,  
im·bered a baint foraib.

Na fir, na giollaí, na heich  
a bhíodh um Mhaol Fothartaigh,  
níor ghá dóibh bheith ag lorg cabhrach  
an fhaid ba beo dá gceannaire.

\*Na fir, na giollaí, na heich  
a bhíodh um Mhaol Fothartaigh,  
dhéanaidís gan chosc amuigh (?),  
chuiridís rásaí capall ar siúl.\*

Na fir, na giollaí, na heich  
a bhíodh um Mhaol Fothartaigh,  
is iomaí uair d'ardaídís gáir  
ar éis dóibh an bhuaidh fháil.

Muintir Mhaoil Fhothartaigh,  
gidh cinnte mé nach athlaoich iad,  
ní maith sheasaimh siad don fhear  
a fhreastail riamh a n·easpa.

Mo mhacsa, Maol Fothartaigh,  
a mba áras dó an choill ard,  
ní scaradh rí ná ríghamhna uaidh  
gan comhartha measa agus umhla.

Mo mhacsa, Maol Fothartaigh,  
chuartaigh sé Alba chuantach,  
ba laoch idir laochra é,  
d'imríodh sé a ghaisce orthu.

The men, the youths, the horses,  
That were around Mael-Fothartaig,  
They would not envy any one's cheer,  
While their Chief was alive.

The men, the youths, the horses,  
That were around Mael-Fothartaig,  
They would do without . . . ,  
They would run a race of steeds.

The men, the youths, the horses,  
That were around Mael-Fothartaig,  
Many a time they would set up  
Triumphant shouts after lasting victories.

The men of Mael-Fohtartaig,  
I allow they were not insignificant;  
Not well they stood by a man  
Who would come when they needed him.

My son Mael-Fothartaig,  
Whose abode was the tall forest,  
Kings and royal princes  
Would not part from him without great respect.

My son Mael-Fothartaig  
Traversed Scotland of coasts:  
He was a warrior among hosts of warriors,  
When he would achieve his deeds on them.

Mo mac-sa Mael Fothartaig  
ba hé cunnid na cuane,  
eo find fota for lassair  
ro gab adba co n-uare.” Is uar.

Mo mhacsa, Maol Fothartaigh,  
ba é príomhchú na cuaine é,  
mo bhradán fada fionn ar lasadh  
tá sé anois in áras fuar.”

My son Mael-Fothartaig,  
He was the support of the host:  
The white tall flashing salmon.  
Hath taken a cold dwelling.”

## Section 20

Iar sin trá bátar Lagin im Rónán ocon  
cháiniud.

Bhí na Laighnigh timpeall ar Rónán agus é ag  
caoineadh.

Then the men of Leinster around Ronan were  
at the keening.

Roíntir Rónán dar a ais.

Leagadar síar thar a ais ar an talamh é.

Ronan is thrown on his back.

Tiagair for tairr Aedáin

Chuathas ansin ar thóir Aodháin

They go on the track of Aedan,

ocus air gabthair la da mac Mael[e] Fothartaig  
.i. Aed agus Mael Tuile.

agus gabhadh é ag beirt mhac Mhaoil  
Fhothartaigh, Aodh agus Maol Tuile.

and he is seized by Mael-Fothartaig’s two  
sons, Aed and Mael-Tuile.

Nod goin int Aed co n-derna criathar focha de.

Chuir Aodh a shleá ann nó go ndearna sé  
criathar beach de.

Aed wounded him and riddled him with a  
spear.

“Nom léicid suas, a ócu,” or sé, “manip mo  
marbad as áil dúib.

“Ligígí dom éirí, a ógfheara,” arsa Rónán,  
“muran é is áil libh mé mharú.

“Let me get up, warriors,” said Ronan, “unless  
you wish to kill me.

In marb in fer?” or sé.

An marbh do Aodhán?” ar sé.

Is the man dead?” said he.

“Marb immorro,” or ind óic.

“Is marbh, gan amhras,” arsa na hógfhir.

“Dead indeed,” said the warriors.

“Cia rod marb?” or sé.

“Cé mharaigh é?” arsa Rónán.

“Who killed him?” said he.

“Rod marb Aed,” ar ind óic.	“Aodh a mharaigh é,” ar siad.	“Aed slew him,” said the warriors.
“Mael Tuile in rubai?” or sé.	“An raibh páirt ag Maol Tuile ann?” ar seisean.	“Did Mæl-Tuile wound him?” said he.
“Náthó,” ar ind óic.	“Ní raibh,” arsa na hógfhir.	“No,” said the warriors.
“Níra gona duine co bráth!” or sé.	“Nár ghona sé duine eile go brách!” arsa Rónán.	“May he not wound a man till Doom!” said he.
“Buaid ngaile immorro ocus gaiscid don mac rod mbí.”	*Bua gaile agus gaisce don mhac a mharaigh é. *	“But the palm of prowess and of valour to the boy that slew him.”

## Section 21

Is and as·bert Rónán	*Is ansin adúirt Rónán:*	Then said Ronan:
“Is mór bríg do mac aithig guin maic rí; ba mend ina ló dála d’Aedán mac Fhiachnai Lára.”	“Ba dhána an mhaise í mac aithigh ag goin mhic rí, ba shoiléir sin i lá a bháis d’Aodhán mac Fiachna Lára.”	“It is a great thing For the son of a churl to slay the son of a king, That was clear on his day of death To Aedan, son of Fiachna Lara.”
Tucad trá iar sin in cocad chucai- seom co doras in taige.	Is ansin a dhruid an cath <u>idir mhuintir Rónáin agus mhuintir Mhaoil Fhothartaigh</u> anall chuig doras tí <u>an rí</u> .	Then the fight was carried near him up to the front of the house,
Is and as·bert-som:	Ar seisean:	and he said:

“[In] cocad-so forsin maig  
anim cen Mael Fothartaig;  
toeb frisin cocad nuä  
ní fhulaing in senruä.”

“An cogadh seo ar an mháigh  
cathfidh mé é sheasamh gan Maol Fothartaigh,  
ró-dhéanach anois don sean-laoch  
aghaidh a thabhairt ar chogadh nua.”

“This battle on the plain  
I await without Mael-Fothartaig:  
Awaiting the new fight  
He does not support the old ...”

La sodain maidid a loim fola for a  
beolu

Leis sin do ling scaird fola thar a bheola amach

At that a spout of blood broke over his lips

ocus at-bail fo chétóir.

agus d’éag sé ar an láthair.

and he died forthwith.

Fingal Rónáin in sin.

Ag sin Fionghal Rónáin.

That is how Ronan slew his son.

## Section 22

Mac dano do Rónán Mael Fathardaig;

is eside ro marbad la athair tria h-ét,

amal is irdairc,

ocus ní fárcuib claind;

tamen inuenitur in alio loco habuisse duos filios,

id est Mael Tuile scilicet oculus Aed,

qui interfectorem patris sui, uidelicet Aedán filium Fiacha, in  
contentione Lára interfecit,

\*However, Mael Fathartaig was Ronan’s son;

it was he who was killed by his father through jealousy,

as is well-known,

and he left no children;

however, it is found in another place that he had two sons,

that is, Mael Tuile and Aed,

who killed his father’s murderer, namely, Aedán son of Fiacha, in the  
battle of Lara,

unde dicitur

Is mór gním  
do mac aithich guin meic rí;  
is mend hi llaithiu dála  
Aedán mac Fiachnae Lára.

### Section 23

Eochaid Iarlaithe rí Dáil Araidhe

do marbad do chomhailtibh Maoil Fothartaigh mic Rónáin.

Uair ingen d'Eochaid Iarlaithe ro bháoi ag Rónán, ag rí Laigen;

óg an ingen, sen an Rónán,

go ttug sí grádh do mac Rónáin .i. do Mhaol Fothartaig,

agus go raibh si ga ghuidhe go fada

agus ni fhuair uaidh a faomhadh;

agus ór ná fúair, as eadh dorigne,

cumdach a cinn do mhionughadh,

agus a haighidh do sgríobadh,

whence it is said:

It is a great thing  
For the son of a churl to slay the son of a king;  
That was clear on his day of death  
To Aedan, son of Fiachna Lara.\*

Eochaid Iarlathe, king of Dál Araide,

was killed by the foster-brothers of Máel Fathardaig son of Rónán.

For the daughter of Eochaid Iarlathe was wife of Rónán, king of the Laigin.

The girl was young, and Rónán was old,

so she fell in love with Rónán's son, Máel Fathardaig,

and she was always soliciting him,

but she did not get his consent;

and since she did not get it, this is what she did:

she broke her head-ornament,

and scratched her face,

agus fuilredh ma haighidh,

agus toidheacht d'ionnsoigh Ronáin amhlaidh sin.

“Créd sin, a ingen?” ar Ronán.

“Do mhac súgachsa,” ar sí, “Maol Fothartaig,  
dom shárughadh agus mo brisiodh dhó, agus comhrac frium.”

Marbthar [Maol Fothartaigh] la Ronán iar sin.

Tiaghaid dano comhaltadha Maoil Fothartaigh iar sin

go nuig bail i raibhe Eochuidhe Iarlaithe

agus gairmid leo amach é ó chách

agus marbhaid i gcionta na nerna a ingen.

Unde Flaittir cecinit:

Indiú dellioghair lige  
Eochaidh mic Fiachach Lurgan;  
i n-úir Cille Coindeire  
ro gabh roithes a ghulban.

and bloodied her face,

and came to Rónán like that.

“What is that, girl?” asked Rónán.

“Your carefree son, Máel Fathardaig,” she said,  
“has violated me, and forced me, and lain with me.”

Consequently he was killed by Rónán.

Afterwards Máel Fathardaig’s foster-brothers went

to the place where Eochaid Iarlathe was,

and they called him outside away from everyone,

and they killed him because of what his daughter had done.

Thus Flaittir sang:

Today Eochaid son of Fiachna Lurgan  
has lain down  
in the clay of Cell Condere;

. . . . .



Ra gabh Eochaidh aoncaimse  
ina linn leabairthe;  
brónan fil for Dhún  
atá for Dún Sobhairche.

Eochaid has taken a single shirt  
instead of a long warm robe;  
the sorrow that is upon Dún [Náis]  
is upon Dún Sobairche.