

## Mesca Ulad

### The Intoxication of the Ultonians

#### Section 1

Ó do-ríachtatar Meic Míled Espáine Hérind

tánic a ngáes timchell Túathi Dé Danann.

Cu ru léiced Hériu ar raind Amairgin  
Glúnmáir meic Míled.

Úair is samlaid ro baí side rígfilí ocus  
rígbrithem.

Cu ru raind Hérinn dar dó

ocus co tuc in leth ro boí sis d'Hérind do  
Thúaith Dé Danann

et in leth aile do Maccaib Míled Espáine da  
chorpfhini fadéin.

Nuair a shroich Mic Mhíle Easpáine Éire,

fuir siad an ceann is fearr ar Thuatha Dé  
Danann le teamn gaoise.

Fágadh faoi Aimhirghin Glúnmhór mac Míle  
an tís a roinnt.

Is amhlaidh a bhí seisean ina rífhile agus ina  
ríbhreitheamh.

Roinn sé Éire ina dhá chuid

agus thug an leath a bhí faoi thalamh do  
Thuatha Dé Danann

agus an leath eile do Mhic Mhíle, a threibh  
fén.

When the sons of Miled of Spain reached  
Eriu,

their sagacity circumvented the Tuatha De  
Danaan,

so that Eriu was left to the partition of  
Amargin Glunmar, son of Miled;

for he was a king-poet, and a king-judge.

And he divided Eriu in two parts,

and gave the part of Eriu that was under  
ground to the Tuatha De Danaan,

and the other part to the sons of Miled, his  
own corporeal sept.

## Section 2

Do-chuatar Túath Dé Danann i cnoccaib ocus sídbrugib  
cu ra accallset sída fo thalmain dóib.

Bar-fhácsat cúicfhiur díb ar comair cacha  
cóicid i nHérinn  
ic mórad chath ocus chongal ocus áig ocus  
urgaile etir Maccu Míled.

Bar-ácsat cúiciur díb ar chomair cúicid Ulad  
int shainruth.

Anmand in chúicfir sin,

Brea mac Belgain a Drommannaib Breg,

Redg Rotbél a Shlemlnaib Maige Ítha,

Tinnell mac Boclachtnai a Sléib Edlicon,

Grici a Cruachán Aigli,

Gulban Glass mac Gráci a Beind Gulbain  
Guit meic Ungairb.

Chuaigh Tuatha Dé Danann isteach i gcnoic  
agus i síbhrúnna

agus fuair siad ceannas ar na síthe faoi  
thalamh.

Cheap siad cúigear dá muintir fén i gcás gach  
cúige in Éirinn

chun cath agus cogadh, aighneas agus imreas a  
chothú idir Mic Mhíle.

Cheap siad cúigear áirithe i gcás Chúige  
Uladh.

B'iad seo a leanas ainmneacha an chuígir sin:

Breá mac Bealghain ó Dhromanna Breá,

Readhg Rodbhéal ó Shleamhna Mhaigh Íotha,

Tinneall mac Boclachtna ó Shliabh  
Eidhleacon,

Grice ó Chruchán Aigle

agus Gulban Glas mac Gráige ó Bheann  
Gulban Ghoirt mhic Unghairbh.

The Tuatha De Danaan went into hills and  
fairy places,

so that they spoke with *sidhe* under ground.

They left five of their number before the five  
provinces of Eriu,

to excite war, and conflict, and valour, and  
strife, between the sons of Miled.

They left five of them before the province of  
Ulad in particular.

The names of these five were:

Brea, son of Belgan, in Dromana-Breh;

Redg Rotbel in the slopes of Magh-Itha;

Tinnel, son of Boclachtna, in Sliabh-Edlicon;

Grici in Cruachan-Aigle;

Gulban the Grey, son of Grac, in the Ben of  
Gulban Gort, son of Ungarbh.

### Section 3

Bar-immartatar sin inlach etir chuíced Ulad

imma raind i trí in tan is ferr ro buí in cúiced

.i. ra lind Conchobair meic Fachtna Fáthaig.

Is iat ra roind in cóiced ra Conchobar

a dalta fadessin .i. Cú Chulainn mac Sualtaim

ocus Fintan mac Néill Niamglonnaig a Dún  
Dá Bend.

Chothaigh siadsan aighneas i gCúige Uladh

faoi roinnt an chúige i dtrí chuid an uair ab  
fhearr a bhí sé,

is é sin in aimsir Chonchubhair mhic Fhachtna  
Fháthaigh.

Is iad na daoine a roinn an cúige le  
Conchubhar ná

a dhalta féin, Cú Chulainn mac Sualdaim,

agus Fionntan mac Néill Niamhghlonnaigh ó  
Dhún Dá Bheann.

They excited a quarrel amongst the province  
of Uladh,

regarding its division into three parts, when  
the province was at its best,

to wit, during the time of Conor, son of  
Fachtna Fathach.

They who shared the province with Conor  
were,

his own *dalta*, Cuchulaind, son of Sualtam,

and Fintan son of Niall Niamglonnach, from  
Dun-da-bend.

### Section 4

Is é raind tucad ar in cúiced:

a Cnucc Úachtair Fhorcha risa ráter Uisnech  
Mide

cu tailmedón Trága Baile cuit Con Culainn din  
chúiciud.

Mar seo a roinneadh an cúige:

ó Chnoc Uachtair Fhorcha ar a dtugtar  
Uisneach Mhí

go dtí ceartlár Thrá Bhaile cuid Chú Chulainn  
den chúige;

The partition that was made of the province  
was this:

from the hill of Uachtar-forcha, which is  
called Uisnech of Meath,

to the middle of Traigh-bhaile, was  
Cuchulaind's portion of the province.

Trian Conchobair immorro á Thráig Bali co Tráig Tola i nUltaib.

Trian Fintain ó Tráig Tola cu Rind Semni ocus Latharnai.

trian Chonchubhair ó Thrá Bhaile go dtí Trá Thola in Ulaidh

agus trian Phionntain ó Thrá Thola go dtí Rinn Sheimhne agus Latharna.

Conor's third, moreover, was from Traigh-bhaile to Traigh-Thola, in Ulster.

Fintan's third was from Traigh-Thola to Rinn-Seimhne and Latharna.

## Section 5

Blíadain don chúiciud amlaid sin ina trí rannaib

co ndernad feiss na Samna la Conchobar i nEmain Macha.

Ba sed mét na fledi cét ndabach do cach lind.

At-bertatar áes gráda Conchobair

nar furáil mathi Ulad uile ic tomaitl na fledi sin ara febas.

Bhí an cúige mar sin ina thrí chuid ar feadh bliana

go dtí gur eagraigh Conchubhar feis na Samhna in Eamhain Mhacha.

Céad dabhach de gach saghas leanna a cuireadh ar fáil don fhleá.

Dúirt lucht comhairle Chonchubhair

go raibh an soláthar don fhleá chomh flaithiúil sin go mbeadh níos mó ná a ndóthain ag maithe uilig Uladh dá dtiocfaidís chun í a chaitheamh.

A year was the province thus, in three divisions,

until the feast of *Samhain* was made by Conor in Emain-Macha.

The extent of the banquet was, a hundred vats of every kind of ale.

Conor's officers said

that all the nobles of Ulad would not be too many to partake of that banquet, because of its excellence.

## Section 6

Is í comairli do-ringned la Conchobar  
Lebarcham do fhaídiud ar cend Con Culainn  
co Dún nDelga  
et Findchad Fer Bend Uma mac Fráglethain  
d'fhaídiud ar cend Fintain meic Néill  
Níamglonnaig co Dún Dá Bend.

Bheartaigh Conchubhar  
go gcuirfeadh sé Leabharcham go dtí Dún  
Dealgan ag triall ar Chú Chulainn  
agus go gcuirfeadh sé Fionnchadh Fear Beann  
Umha mac Fraoghlathain  
go Dún Dá Bheann ag triall ar Fhionntan mac  
Néill Niamhghlonnaigh.

The resolution formed by Conor was,  
to send Lebarcham for Cuchulaind to Dun-  
Delga,  
and Findchad Fer-benduma, son of Fraglethan,  
for Fintan, son of Niall Niamglonnach, to  
Dun-da-bend.

## Section 7

Ro-síacht Leborcham co Dún Delga,  
ocus at-bert ra Coin Culainn tuidecht  
d'acallaim a cháemaite cu hEmain Macha.  
Is amlaid buí Cú Chulainn ocus comfhled mór  
ace do lucht a chríchi fadessin i nDún Delga,  
et at-bert na ragad,  
acht bith oc frithálím lochta a chríchi fodesin.

Bhain Leabharcham Dún Dealgan amach  
agus dúirt le Cú Chulainn teacht chun cainte  
lena dhea-athair altrama in Eamhain Mhacha.  
Is amhlaidh a bhí fleá mhór á tabhairt mar an  
gcéanna ag Cú Chulainn do mhuintir a chríche  
féin i nDún Dealgan,  
agus dúirt nach rachadh go hEmain Mhacha  
ach go bhfanfadh sé ag freastal ar mhuintir a  
chríche féin.

Lebarcham reached to Dun-Delga,  
and told Cuchulaind to go and speak with his  
fair guardian, to Emain-Macha.  
Cuchulaind had then a great banquet for the  
people of his own territory in Dun-Delga;  
and he said that he would not go,  
but that he would attend the people of his own  
country.

At-rubairt Emer Foltchaín ingen Forgaill  
Manach,

int sessed ben is ferr tárraill Hérinn,

na dingned,

acht dul d'acallaim a aite Conchobair.

At-bert Cú Chulainn a eich do gabáil dó

ocus a charpat do indell.

Labhair Eimhear Fholtchoain, iníon Fhorgaill  
Mhonaigh

— duine den seisear ban ab fhearr a bhí in  
Éirinn —

agus dúirt leis gan é sin a dhéanamh

ach dul chun cainte lena athair altrama,  
Conchubhar.

D'ordaigh Cú Chulainn go ndéanfaí a chapail  
a ghabháil

agus a charbad a ghléasadh.

The fair-haired Emer, daughter of Forgall  
Manach,

the sixth best woman that Eriu contained,

said that he would not,

but should go and speak with his guardian,  
Conor.

Cuchulaind commanded his horses to be  
harnessed for him,

and his chariot to be yoked.

## Section 8

“Is gabtha na eich ocus iss innilti in carpat,” ar  
Láeg;

“nít infhuirig cusin anúair, nadat-torbad dit  
gaisciud.

Cing and ind úair bas áil duit.”

Gebid Cú Chulainn a threlam gaiscid immi

“Tá na capaill gafa agus an carbad gléasta,”  
arsa Laogh,

“ná bíodh ort moill d'aimhleasa agus ná  
coinnítear tú ó do ghaisce a dhéanamh.

Preab aníos annanois nuair is áil leat é.”

Chuir Cú Chulainn a threalamh gaisce uime

“Harnessed are the horses, and yoked is the  
chariot,” said Loeg;

“wait not for the evil hour, that thou mayest  
not be hindered of thy valour.

Jump into it when thou likest.”

Cuchulaind took his warlike apparel about  
him;

et fa-leblaing ina charpat.

Im-rulaid remi Cú Chulainn i tremdírgi na sligid, i n-athgardí na conar, cu hEmain Macha,

et tánic Sencha mac Ailella d'fherthain fháilti ra Coin Culainn ar faithchi na hEmna.

agus chuaigh de léim ina charbad.

D'imigh Cú Chulainn caol díreach roimhe agus ghabh gach aicearra agus cóngar nó gur shroich Eamhain Mhacha

agus tháinig Seancha mac Oilealla amach ar fhaiche na hEamhna ag fáiltiú roimhe.

and he leaped into his chariot,

and proceeded on by the most direct road, and shortest way, to Emain-Macha.

And Sencha, son of Ailill, came to bid welcome to Cuchulaind on the green of Emain.

## Section 9

Is í seo fálti ferastar fris:

“Mo-chen bithchen do thíchtu, a chend sochair slúaig Ulad,

a eó gaile ocus gaiscid Gáedel,

a meic dil drongaich dornchorcra Dechtini.”

“Fálti fir connaig ascid sin,” bar Cú Chulainn.

“Is sed écin,” bar Sencha mac Ailella.

Mar seo a chuir sé fáilte roimhe:

“Míle fáilte romhat a shárffhir a thug sochar ar shluua Uladh,

a eo gaile agus gaisce Gael,

a dhea-mhic dhil cheannasaigh ghlacuasail Dheichtine.”

“Sin fáilte duine a bhfuil achainí á hiarraidh aige,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

“Is ea go deimhin,” arsa Seancha mac Oilealla.

This is the welcome he offered to him:

“Welcome, ever welcome thy coming, thou glorious head of the host of Ulad;

thou gem of valour and bravery of the Gaidel;

thou dear, subduing, purple-fisted son of Dechtire.”

“That is the welcome of a gift-asking man,” said Cuchulaind.

“It is, indeed,” said Sencha, son of Ailill.

“Apair ca hascid connaigi,” ar Cú Chulainn.

“At-bér acht co rabat glinni mo dingbála ria.”

“Apair ciata glinni con-daigi dar cend  
frithaisceda damsá.”

“Na dá Chonall ocus Lóegaire .i. Conall  
Ánglonnach mac Íriel Glúnmáir,  
ocus Conall Cernach mac Amairgin,  
ocus Lóegaire Londbúadach.”

Ra fornaidmed for na coraib sin inn ascid

dar cend frithaisceda do Choin Chulainn.

“Cata cuir con-daigi-siu rit fhrithaiscid?” bar  
Sencha.

“Na trí gillai óca ána airegda,  
Cormac Cond Longas mac Conchobair,  
Mes Dead mac Amairgin,

“Abair cén achainí atá á hiarraidh agat,” arsa  
Cú Chulainn.

“Déarfaidh mé ach ráthóirí oiriúnacha a bheith  
ceaptha.”

“Abair cé hiad na ráthóirí a theastaíonn uait  
ach caithfidh mise achainí a fháil ar ais.”

“An dá Chonall agus Laoghaire, is é sin le rá  
Conall Ánglonnach mac Iriail Ghlúnmhóir  
agus Conall Cearnach mac Aimhirghin  
agus Laoghaire Lonnbhuach.”

Tugadh geallúint shollúnta maidir leis an  
achainí sin

ar choinníoll go bhfaigheadh Cú Chulainn  
achainí ar ais.

“Cé hiad na ráthóirí a theastaíonn uait maidir  
le d'achainí ar ais?” arsa Seancha.

“An triúr giolla óg uasal cáiliúil sin,  
Cormac Conn Loingeas mac Conchubhair,  
Meas Deá mac Aimhirghin

“Name the gift thou requirest,” said  
Cuchulaind.

“I will, provided that there be fit securities  
regarding it.”

“Say what are the securities thou dost require,  
in consideration of a counter-gift for me.”

“The two Conalls and Loegaire, viz. Conall  
Anglennach, son of Iriel Glunmar,  
and Conall Cernach, son of Amargin,  
and the furious Loegaire Buadach.”

The boon was secured upon those guarantees,

in consideration of a counter-gift for  
Cuchulaind.

“What are the guarantees thou desirest  
regarding the counter-gift?” asked Sencha.

“The three young, noble, distinguished gillies:  
Cormac Connlongas, son of Conor,  
Mesdead son of Amargin,

Eochu Cendgarb mac Celtchair."

"Is sed connaigim-se," ar Sencha mac Ailella,

"in trian fil it láim do Ultaib do lé куд úait ra  
blíadain do Chonchobar."

"Diambad fherddi in cúiced a bith aci ra  
blíadain ní hindsa,

úair is é in tipra 'na telluch thechtaide é

na fétaither d'athgúd ná d'éligud,

úa ríg Hérenn is Alban.

Sech dambad fherddi in cóiced a bith ace ra  
blíadain

ní hindsa a bith ace,

ocus mani ferddi

scolfa minmac lind a chor for a trian féin i  
cind blíadna."

agus Eochaíd Ceanngharbh mac Cealtchair."

"Is é a iarraigimse," arsa Seancha mac Oilealla,

"an trian d'Ulaidh atá agat a thabhairt ar feadh  
bliana do Chonchubhar."

"Más fearrde an cúige é a bheith aige ar feadh  
bliana, níl deacracht leis sin,

mar is eisean foinse na firinne agus an rí ceart  
i seilbh dhleathach na tíre,

fear nach féidir a lochtú ná a bhréagnú.

Ó ríthe Éireann agus Alban a síolraíodh é.

Ina theannta sin, más fearrde an cúige é a  
bheith aige ar feadh bliana,

níl fadhb leis sin,

agus mura fearrde,

beidh sé furasta dúinn é a chur ar ais ina thrían  
féin i gceann bliana."

and Eocha rough-head, son of Celtchar."

"What I ask," said Sencha, son of Ailill,

"is that thou wouldst cede to Conor, for a year,  
the third of Ulad which is in thy hand."

"If the province were the better of his having  
it for a year, it is not hard;

for he is the fountain in its proper site

that cannot be stained or defiled,

the descendant of the Kings of Eriu and Alba.

Therefore, if the province were the better of its  
being in his possession for a year,

'tis not hard that he should have it;

but if it is not the better,

we will insist (?) that he must be placed upon  
his own third at the end of a year."

## Section 10

Do-ríacht Fintan mac Néill Niamglonnaig.

Airchlis Cathbath druí degamra. Ra fhirastar failti fris:

“Mo-chen do thíchtu, a óclaíg álaind amra,

a phrímgascedaig ollchúicid Ulad,

risna gabat díbergaig ná hanmargaig ná hallmaraig,

a fir ocharimmil chuícid Ulad.”

“Fáilte fir connaig ascid sin,” ar Fintan.

“Is ed écin,” ar Cathbath.

“Apair conat-raib,” ar Fintan.

“At-bér acht conam-rabat glinni mo dingbála  
ria.”

Tháinig Fionntan mac Néill Niamhghlonnaigh i láthair.

Thóg Cathbadh, an dea-dhraoi fónta, ar láimh é. Chuir sé fáilte roimhe:

“Fáilte romhat, a óglaigh álainn fhiúntaigh,

a phríomhghaiscigh ollchuige Uladh

nach dtéann creachadóirí, foghlaithe ná allúraigh ina ghaire,

a fir chosanta fhíorimeall Chúige Uladh.”

“Sin fáilte duine a bhfuil achainí á hiarraidh aige,” arsa Fionntan.

“Is ea go deimhin,” arsa Cathbadh.

“Abair leat chun go mbeidh agat,” arsa Fionntan.

“Déarfaidh mé ach ráthóirí oiriúnacha a bheith agam.”

Fintan, son of Niall Niamglonnach, arrived.

The illustrious good druid Cathbad met him, and bade him welcome.

“Welcome thy coming, thou beautiful, illustrious youth;

thou mighty warrior of the great province of Ulad,

against whom neither plunderers, nor spoilers, nor pirates can contend;

thou border-man of the province of Ulad.”

“That is the welcome of a man who asks a boon,” said Fintan.

“It is, truly,” answered Cathbad.

“Speak, that it may be given thee,” said Fintan.

“I will speak, provided that I may have my fit securities regarding it.”

“Apair cata glinni connaigi  
dar cend frithaiseda damsá,” ar Fintan.

“Celtchair mac Uthidir,  
Uma mac Remanfisig a Fedain Cúalngi,  
Errgi Echbél a Brí Errgi.”  
Ra fornайдmed for na coraib sin.

“Apair-siu fadechtaa cata cuir géba frit  
fhriθascid, a Fhintain.”

“Trí meic Uisníg anglonnaig,  
trí áenchaindli gascid na hEórpa, Noísi ocus  
Ánli ocus Ardan.”  
Ra fornайдmit na glinni sin leith for leth.

“Abair cé hiad na ráthóirí a theastaíonn uait  
ach caithfidh mise achainí a fháil ar ais,” arsa  
Fionntan.

“Cealtchair mac Uithidhir,  
Umha mac Reamhanfheasaigh ó Fheadhain  
Chuailnge,  
agus Eirge Eachbhéal ó Bhrí Eirge.”  
Glacadh go sollúnta leis na coinníollacha sin.

“Abairseanois cé hiad na ráthóirí a bheidh  
inghlactha agat maidir leis an achainí ar ais  
agat, a Fhionntain.”

“Triúr mac Uisnígh ardghlórmhair,  
trí lóchrann gaisciúlachta na hEorpa: Naoise,  
Áinle agus Ardán.”  
Glacadh go sollúnta ar an dá thaobh leis na  
coinníollacha sin.

“Say, what securities requirest thou,  
in consideration of a return boon for me?” said  
Fintan.

“Celtchair, son of Uthidir;  
Uma, son of Remanfisech, from the brooks of  
Cuailnge,  
and Ergi Echbél from Bri-Ergi.”  
They bound upon those guarantees.

“Speak now, O Fintan; what securities wilt  
thou accept regarding thy return boon?”

“The three sons of the valiant Uisnech;  
the three torches of valour of Europe: Noisi,  
Anli, and Ardan.”

Those guarantees were ratified on both sides.

## Section 11

Táncatar is tech i mbaí Conchobar .i. is Téite mBrecc.

“Is rí Ulad Conchobar ifechtsa,” ar Cathbath, “má thuc Fintan a thrian dó.”

“Is sed,” ar Sencha, “ar tuc Cú Chulainn.”

“Mas sed,” or Cú Chulainn, “ticed d’ól ocus d’óebinnius limsa,

ar is í mo fhrithascid.”

“Cadeat m’acsine-sea ocus m’urnadmand,” ar Fintan,

“in tráth lamair a rád sin?”

Tincsetar glinni cehtar n-aí díb cu barbarda,

ocus ba sed barbardacht na comérgi

Chuaigh siad isteach sa teach ina raibh Conchubhar, is é sin an Téite Breac.

“Is é Conchubhar rí Uladhanois,” arsa Cathbadh, “má thug Fionntan a thrian dó.”

“Is é,” arsa Seancha, “ón uair gur thug Cú Chulainn a thrian siúd dó.”

“Más ea,” arsa Cú Chulainn, “tagadh sé ag ól agus ag aoibhneas liomsa,

mar sin í an achainí a iarraigimse ar ais.”

“Cad faoi m’achainise agus mo gheallúintse,” arsa Fionntan,

“ón uair go bhfuiltear ag labhairt go místuama mar sin?”

D’éirigh ráthóirí na beirte

agus is go borb, fiochmhar a thug siad faoina chéile

They came into the house in which Conor was, to wit, into the Teite Brecc.

“Conor is now King of Ulad,” said Cathbad, “if Fintan gave him his third.”

“Yes,” said Sencha, “for Cuchulaind gave his.”

“If so,” said Cuchulaind, “let him come to drinking and delight with me;

for that is my counter-request.”

“Where are my securities and bonds,” asked Fintan,

“when that is permitted to be said?”

The guarantees of each of them advanced savagely;

and such was the fierceness of the uprising,

co mbaí nónbor i ngonaib ocus nónbor i fuilib  
ocus nónbur ra hulibásuib eturru

leth for leth.

At-racht Sencha mac Ailella

ocus ba-rocroth in craíb sídamail Senchada,

comba taí tastadach for Ultaib.

“Romór debthaighi,” ar Sencha,

“úair ní rí Ulad Conchobar co cend mblíadna.”

“Do-génam-ni sin,” ar Cú Chulainn,

“acht na tísir-siu etraind i cind blíadna.”

“Ní tharg-sa ón,” ar Sencha.

For-naidmis Cú Chulainn fair.

Damnatar la trí laaib ocus aidchib

go dtí go raibh naonúr gonta agus naonúr ag  
cur fola agus naonúr i mbéal báis

ar an dá thaobh.

D’éisigh Seancha mac Oilealla

agus chroith sé a chraobh shíochána

agus thit tost agus ciúnas ar na hUltaigh.

“Éirígí as an troid éigiallta seo agaibh,” arsa  
Seancha,

“mar ní bheidh Conchubhar ina rí ar Ulaidh go  
ceann bliana fós.”

“Déanfaimid sin,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“ar choinníoll nach dtiocfaidh tusa eadrainn i  
gceann bliana.”

“Go deimhin duit, ní thiocfaidh,” arsa  
Seancha.

Bhain Cú Chulainn geallúint shollúnta as nach  
ndéanfadhbh.

D’fhan siad trí lá agus trí oíche

that nine were covered with wounds, and nine  
with blood, and nine in death agonies,  
amongst them

on one side and the other.

Sencha son of Ailill arose,

and waved the peaceful branch of Sencha,

so that the Ulidians were silent, quiet.

“Too much have you quarrelled,” said Sencha,

“for Conor is not King of Ulad, until the end  
of a year.”

“We will do that,” said Cuchulaind,

“provided that you come not between us at the  
end of a year.”

“I will not go, truly,” said Sencha.

Cuchulaind bound him to this.

They remained during three days and nights,

ic ól na coibledi sin Conchobair co tarnacar leo.

Lotar da tigib ocus dúnib ocus dagárasaib ar sain.

ag caitheamh na fleá sin ag Conchubhar sara raibh deireadh acu.

Chuaigh siad ar ais go dtí a dtithe agus a ndúna agus a ndea-árais féin ansin.

drinking that banquet of Conor, until it was finished by them.

They went afterwards to their houses, and forts, and good residences.

## Section 12

In tí thánic i cind bládna,  
ro boí in cóiced ina thopor thuli ocus téchta ac  
Conchobar,

cona rabi aithles fás falam

ótá Rind Semni ocus Latharnai co Cnocc  
Úachtair Fhorcha

ocus co Duib ocus co Drobáis

cen mac i n-inad a athar ocus a shenathar

ic tairgnam da thigernu dúthaig.

Is and so do-rala caínchomrád etir Coin  
Culainn ocus Emir.

An té a thiocfadh i gceann bliana  
chífeadh sé go raibh an cúige ina eiseamláir  
mar le síocháin agus dlí faoi Chonchubhar

agus nach raibh seandún tréigthe folamh

ó Rinn Sheimhne agus Latharna go Cnoc  
Uachtair Fhorcha

agus go Dubh agus Drobhaois

gan mac in ionad a athar agus a sheanathar  
ann

i seirbhís dílis a thiarna shinseartha.

Is ansin a tharla caoinchomhrá idir Cú  
Chulainn agus Eimhear.

He that came at the end of a year  
found the province a fountain of desire, and of  
wealth, with Conor;

so that there was not a residence waste or  
empty,

from Rinn-Seimhne and Latharna to the hill of  
Uachtar-Forcha,

and to Dubh and to Drobhais,

without a son in the place of his father and his  
grandfather,

serving his hereditary lord.

At this time a conversation occurred between  
Cuchulaind and Emer.

“Atar lim,” ar Emer, “is ardri Ulad ifechtsa Conchobar.”

“Ní líach cíambad ed,” ar Cú Chulainn.

“Is mithig a choibled rígi do dénam dó badechtsa,” ar Emer,

“ar is rí co suthain é.”

“Déntar didiu,” bar Cú Chulainn.

Do-ringned in choibled

co mboí cét ndabach do cach lind inti.

“Dar liom,” arsa Eimhear, “tá Conchubhar ina ardri ar Ulaidhanois.”

“Ní haon drochrud é, más ea,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

“Is mithid a fhleá ríoga a ullmhú dó anois,” arsa Eimhear,

“mar is é a bheidh ina rí i gcónaí as seo amach.”

“Déantar amhlaidh,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

Rinneadh an fhleá a ullmhú

agus soláthraíodh céad dabhach de gach saghas leanna.

“Methinks,” said Emer, “Conor is now arch-king of Ulad.”

“Not sad, though it were so,” said Cuchulaind.

“It is time to prepare his banquet of sovereignty for him now,” said Emer,

“because he is a king for ever.”

“Let it be made, then,” said Cuchulaind.

The banquet was prepared;

and there were one hundred vats of every kind of ale in it.

## Section 13

Is in tan cétna

ra chomarléic Fintan mac Néill Niamglonnaig a choibled do dénam,

co mboí cét ndabach do cach lind inti,

Ag an am céanna

d’ordaigh Fionntan mac Néill  
Niamhghlonnaigh go n-ullmhófaí fleá dá chuid féin;

soláthraíodh céad dabhach de gach saghas leanna,

It was at the same time

that Fintan, son of Niall Niamglonnach, decided to prepare his banquet;

and there were one hundred vats of each kind of ale in it.

et corbo éim ocus corbo ellam.

I n-óenló ra fúaprait

ocus i n-óenló rapsat irlama.

I n-óenló ra gabait a n-eich dóib

ocus ra hindlit a carpait.

Taísechu ro-síacht Cú Chulainn co hEmain.

Ní tharnacar acht a eich do scur

inn úair do-ríacht Fintan ocus tánic reme i  
nEmain.

Is and boí Cú Chulainn ac tóchuriud  
Conchobair ar ammus a fhledi

inn úair do-ríacht Fintan.

“Cadeat mo chuir ocus mo glinni

inn úair lamair sút do rád?”

agus fuarthas gach rud ullamh go pras.

Is ar an lá céanna a chuathas i mbun an dá  
fhleá a ullmhú

agus bhí siad ullamh ar an lá céanna.

Is ar an lá céanna a gléasadh a gcapaill

agus a cuireadh gearbaid i bhfearas.

Cú Chulainn is túisce a bhain Eamhain amach.

Ar éigean a bhí a chapail scortha

faoin am ar bhain Fionntan Eamhain amach.

Bhí cuireadh chun na fleá a bhí ullamh aige  
féin á thabhairt ag Cú Chulainn do  
Chonchubhar

nuair a tháinig Fionntan i láthair.

“Cá bhfuil mo ráthóirí agus cad faoi na  
geallúintí a tugadh dom?” arsa Fionntan,

“ón uair go raibh sé de dhánaíocht ann an  
chaint sin a dhéanamh?”

And it was prepared and ready.

On the same day both were begun,

and on the same day they were ready.

On the same day their horses were harnessed  
for them,

and their chariots yoked.

Cuchulaind arrived the first at Emain.

He had only unyoked his horses

when Fintan arrived, and went on to Emain.

Cuchulaind was there, inviting Conor to his  
banquet,

when Fintan arrived.

“Where are my bonds and guarantees,

when that is permitted to be said?” (asked  
Fintan).

“Filem sund,” ar meic Uisnidh ic comérgi.

“Cid messe,” bar Cú Chulainn, “ní hamlaid atú cen rátha.”

“Táimid anseo,” arsa mic Uisnidh agus iad a éirí le chéile.

“Agus mise,” arsa Cú Chulainn, “ní hamhlaidh atáimse gan ráthóirí.”

“Here we are,” said the sons of Uisnech, rising up together.

“Even I,” said Cuchulaind, “am not without guarantees.”

## Section 14

At-raachtatar Ulaid co barbada ara n-armaib,

ar nar lam Sencha érgi eturru,

raptar essídaig,

nara chumaing Conchobar ní dóib

acht in phelait rígda i rrabatar d’fhácbál leo;

ocus rata-linestar mac dó diarbo chomainm  
Furbaide mac Conchobair.

Is amlaid ro buí side Cú Chulainn rotan-ail.

Et banetlastar Conchobar fair.

Tharraing na hUltaigh a gcuid arm chucu le  
fioch

sa tslí nár leomhaidh Seancha dul eatarthu,

bhí ina chaismirt eatarthu

agus níor fhéad Conchubhar aon rud a  
dhéanamh

ach an pálás ríoga ina raibh siad a fhágáil acu.

Lean mac leis é — Furbhaidhe mac  
Conchubhair ab ainm dósan.

Is amhlaidh a bhí seisean ina mhac altrama ag  
Cú Chulainn.

Agus thug Conchubhar i leataobh é.

The Ulidians advanced furiously towards their  
arms;

because Sencha dared not come between  
them,

they were so quarrelsome,

that Conor could do nothing for them,

but leave them the royal palace in which they  
were.

And a son of his followed him, whose name  
was Furbaide son of Conor,

whom Cuchulaind had fostered.

And Conor looked upon him.

“Maith a meic,” bar Conchobar,

“diambad áil dait tiefad dít Ulaid do sídugud.”

“Cinnas eside?” bar in mac.

“Ocus coí ocus tuiusi do dénam i fiadnaisi do cháemaiti Con Culainn,

ór ní rabi d’écin catha ná comlaint fair

nach fortstu bias a menma.”

Sóis in mac for cúlu

ocus do-gní coí ocus tuiusi i fiadnaisi a aiti  
Con Culainn.

Con-fócht Cú Chulainn eid nod-boí.

At-bert in maccáem ri Coin Culainn:

“In tan atá in cóiced ’na thopor tuli,

tussu ’ca adgell ocus ’ca admilliud

“Sea, a mhic,” arsa Conchubhar,

“dá mb’áil leat é, thiocfadh leat síocháin a dhéanamh idir na hUltaigh.”

“Conas sin?” arsa an mac.

“Trí bheith ag caoineadh agus ag déanamh bróin i bhfianaise do chaomhoide, Cú Chulainn,

mar i ngach cath agus coimhlint dá dhéine ina mbíonn sé,

is ortsa a bhíonn sé ag smaoineamh.”

Chas an buachaill ar ais

agus bhí ag caoineadh agus ag déanamh bróin i bhfianaise a athar altrama, Cú Chulainn.

D’fhiarfaigh Cú Chulainn de cad a bhí air.

Dúirt an buachaill le Cú Chulainn:

“Agus an cúige ina eiseamláir dea-thola,

tusa a bheith á lot agus á mhilleadh

“Good, O my son,” said Conor,

“if it pleased thee, the pacification of the Ulidians would come of thee.”

“How is that?” said the boy.

“By weeping and grieving in presence of thy fair guardian, Cuchulaind;

for he was never in any difficulty of battle or conflict,

that his mind would not be fixed on thee.”

The boy went back,

and wept and grieved in presence of his guardian Cuchulaind.

Cuchulaind asked what ailed him.

The youth said to Cuchulaind,

“when the province is a fountain of desire,

that thou shouldst be disturbing and spoiling it,

ar-aí clóechlód óenaidchi.”

“Tucus mo bréthir ris,” bar Cú Chulainn,

“ocus ní taris ticfaither.”

“Da-ong-sa mo bréthir,” ar Fintan,

“na lécob d’Ultaib cen taidecht lim innocht.”

“Ba-géb-sa comarli amra dúib

dá lamaind a labra,” far Sencha mac Ailella.

“In cételeth dond aidchi do Fhintan

ocus in leth dédenach do Coin Culainn

ar thoirsi in meic bic do chosc.”

“Lécfat-sa fair,” bar Cú Chulainn.

“Anfat-sa fair dano,” bar Fintan.

ar mhaithe le hathrú aon oíche.”

“Thug mé m’fhocal maidir leis seo,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“agus ní bhrisfear é.”

“Mhóidigh mise,” arsa Fionntan,

“nach ligfinn d’Ultaigh gan teacht liom  
anocht.”

“Cuirfidh mise comhairle mhaith oraibh,

mura dána an mhaise dhom labhairt,” arsa  
Seancha mac Oilealla.

“An chéad leath den oíche d’Fhionntan

agus an dara leath do Chú Chulainn,

ar mhaithe le brón an bhuaachaillín a chosc.”

“Glacfaidh mise leis sin,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

“Táimse sásta,” arsa Fionntan.

for the sake of the exchange of one night.”

“I have pledged my word regarding it,” said  
Cuchulaind,

“and it shall not be transgressed.”

“I have sworn my oath,” said Fintan,

“that I will not permit the Ulidians not to  
come with me this night.”

“I would find an excellent counsel for you,  
if I dared to express it,” said Sencha, son of  
Ailill:

“the first half of the night to Fintan,

and the last half to Cuchulaind,

in order to appease the little boy’s grief.”

“I will allow it,” said Cuchulaind.

“I will stand upon it, too,” said Fintan.

## Section 15

And at-rachtatar Ulaid im Chonchobar

ocus faídís techta fan cúiced

do thochostul lochta in chóicid co cobfhleid  
Fintain.

Luid Conchobar fodéin

co crisluch na Craíbrúade imme

co Dún Dá Bend co tech Fintain meic Néill  
Niamglonnaig.

Chruinnigh na hUltaigh timpeall ar  
Chonchubhar

agus chuir seisean teachtairí uaidh i bhfad  
agus i ngearr

chun muintir an chúige a thionól ag fleá  
Fhionntain.

Chuaigh Conchubhar fén,

agus complacht cearddilis na Craobhe Rua in  
éineacht leis,

go teach Fhionntain mhic Néill  
Niamhghlonnaigh i nDún dá Bheann.

The Ulidians then rose up about Conor;

and he sent messengers throughout the  
province,

to muster the people of the province to  
Fintan's banquet.

Conor himself went,

with the company of the Craebh-ruaidh about  
him,

to Dun-da-bend, to the house of Fintan son of  
Niall Niamglonnach.

## Section 16

Do-ríachtatar Ulaid do thochastul na fledi

conach baí fer lethbali i nUltaib na toracht  
and.

Is amlaid táncatar,

cach briugu cona bantuilg,

Thionól na hUltaigh ag an bhfleá

agus ní raibh fear ón mbaile ba lú in Ulaidh  
nár tháinig i láthair.

Is amhlaidh a tháinig

gach brughaidh agus a bheanchéile,

The Ulidians arrived to the festive assembly,

so that there was not a man of a half-bally in  
Ulad that did not come there.

The way in which they came was,

each noble with his lady;

cach rí cona rígain,  
cach fer cíuil cona chomadas,  
cach ségaind cona banshégaind.

Mar ná ríasad acht dám nónbair in bali  
is amlaid ra frithálit.  
Ro bátar cotaltigi cáema cumtachda  
cruthglana ria n-airchill.

Ro bátar gríanána álli ardd aessarda do aín  
ocus do úrlúachair,  
ocus slúagthigi sithfhata;  
cuchtarthigi lethna luchtmara  
ocus bruiden brec bélfhairsiung  
issí lethan luchtmar lánmór,  
issí chúlach chernach cethardoirsech,

gach rí agus a ríon,  
gach fear ceoil agus a chéile,  
gach sárfhear agus a stáidbhcean.

Mura mbeadh i láthair ann ach naonúr,  
níorbh fhearr mar a dhéanfaí freastal orthu.  
Bhí seomraí codlata caomha, ceartchóirithe,  
cruthghlana ar fáil dóibh.  
Bhí grianáin áille arda agus blíneach agus  
bogluachair leata iontu  
agus sluathithe scóipiúla,  
cistiní leathaná agus lucht freastail go  
líonmhar iontu,  
agus bruíon bhreac bhéalfhairsing  
a bhí leathan lánmhór agus dea-fhoireann i  
mbun dualgais ann.

Í cúinneach, cearnach, ceathairdhoirseach

each king with his queen;  
each musician with his accompaniments;  
each hunter with his huntress.  
As if only a company of nine had reached the  
place  
—so were they attended.

There were fair-formed, bright-shaped,  
sleeping houses prepared for them.  
There were splendid, lofty pavilions, littered  
with bent and fresh rushes,  
and long houses for the multitude,  
and immense, wide, capacious cooking  
houses;  
and a variegated, wide-mouthed *bruiden*,  
which was broad and capacious,  
protective, square, four-doored,

in ra thaillset mathi Ulad etir mná ocus firu ic ól ocus ic aíbnius.

Ra doirtea airigthi bíd ocus lenna dóib

cu ríacht praind cét de biud ocus de lind cach nónbair díb.

## Section 17

Ár sain ra hairecrad a óltech la Conchobar,

ar gnímaib ar irrannaib ocus cenélaib,

ar grádaib ocus dánaib ocus ar chaínbésaib

im chóemechostud na fledi.

Táncatar rannaire ra raind ocus deogbairi ri dálíl ocus dorsidi ri dorseóracht.

Ro canta a céoil ocus a n-airfíti ocus a n-intlassi.

agus is ann a líon maithe Uladh isteach, idir mhná agus fhír, agus bhí ag ól agus ag aoibhneas ann.

Cuireadh togha bia agus leanna os a gcomhair

– bhí dóthain céid de bhia agus de lionn ag gach naonúr díobh.

Ina dhiaidh sin, shocraigh Conchubhar ionad suí na n-aíonna sa teach óil

i bhfianaise gníomhartha, rann agus tuath,

agus de réir grád, ealaíon agus dea-nósanna,

ar mhaithe le ceartiaradh na fleá.

Chuaigh rannairí i mbun roinnte, dáilimh i mbun dí a dháileadh agus doirseoirí i mbun doirseoireachta.

Canadh ceolta agus seinneadh go séismhear don slua.

in which the nobles of Ulad, both men and women, might be accommodated at drinking and enjoyment.

Provisions of food and ale were poured out for them,

so that the allowance of a hundred of food and ale reached every nine of them.

His drinking house was afterwards arranged by Conor

according to deeds, and parts, and families;

according to grades, and arts, and customs,

with a view to the fair holding of the banquet.

Distributors came to distribute, and cup-bearers to deal, and door-keepers for door-keeping.

Their music, and their minstrelsy, and their harmonies were played.

Gabtha a ndúana ocus a ndréchta ocus a n-admolta doib.

Ra fodálte seoit ocus maíni ocus innmassa dóib.

## Section 18

Is and so at-rubairt Cú Chulainn ra Láeg mac Riangabra,

“Érigh remut, a mo phopa Laíg, fairc-siu lett renna aéoir,

finta lat cuin ticfa midmedón aidchi

ár it menic i críchaib cíana comaidchi ’com fhóit ocus ’com fhorairi.”

Ra érig Láeg remi immach.

Ro gab ac midem ocus ic mórdéscin no co-tánic medón aidchi.

Feib thánic medón aidchi táníc Láeg is tech remi áitt i rrabi Cú Chulainn.

Canadh a nduanta agus a ndréachta agus a laoithe adhmholta dóibh.

Roinneadh seoda agus maoin agus ollmhaiteas orthu.

Is ansin a dúirt Cú Chulainn le Laogh mac Rianghabhra:

“Imigh amach, a Laoigh, a fhir fhónta, agus bí ag féachaint ar réalta na spéire,

chun go mbeidh a fhios agat cathain a bheidh ina mheán oíche,

mar is minic tú i gcríocha coimhthíocha i gcéin ag faire agus ag seasamh garda domsa.”

Chuaigh Laogh amach.

Bhí sé ag breathnú agus ag faire nó gur tháinig an meán oíche.

Nuair a tháinig an meán oíche, d’fhill Laogh isteach mar a raibh Cú Chulainn.

Their lays, and their poesies, and their eulogies, were chanted for them;

and jewels, and valuables, and treasures, were distributed to them.

It was then that Cuchulaind said to Loeg, son of Riangabhra:

“go out, O my master Loeg; observe the stars of the air,

and ascertain when the midnight comes;

for often hast thou been watching and waiting for me in far distant countries.”

Loeg went out.

He continued watching and observing until midnight came.

As midnight came Loeg proceeded in to the place where Cuchulaind was.

“Is medón aidchi fadechtsa, a Chú na cless,”  
ar sé.

Mar ra-chuala Cú Chulainn ra innis do  
Chonchobar  
ocus sé san fhochlai fhénnida ’na fhíadnaisi.

At-raacht Conchobar  
ra beind breccsholais búabaill.

Ba taí tastadach ar Ultaib a ’t-conncatar in ríg

Ba sed a thaidecht bátar  
dá tairnad snáthat a féci for airlár co cluinfide.

Óen do gessib Ulad labrad ríana ríg  
ocus óen do gessib in ríg labrad ríana druídib.

Is and at-bert Cathbath druí degamra,

“Tá ina mheán oícheanois, a Chú na gcleas,”  
ar seisean.

Nuair a chuala Cú Chulainn é sin, chuir sé an  
méid sin in iúl do Chonchubhar

a bhí ina shuí ar shuiochán an churaidh in aice  
leis.

D’éirigh Conchubhar ina sheasamh  
agus a bheann bhreac sholasmhar bhuabhaill  
ina láimh.

Thit tost ar na hUltaigh nuair a chonaic siad an  
rí ina sheasamh.

Bhí siad chomh ciúin sin  
is dá dtitfeadh snáthaid ón tsnaidhm mhullaigh  
anuas ar an urlár, go gcluinfi sin.

Ceann de gheasa na nUltach labhairt sara  
labhródh a rí  
agus ceann de gheasa an rí labhairt sara  
labhródh a dhraoithe.

Is ansin a dúirt Cathbadh, an dea-dhraoi  
fónta:

“It is midnight now, O Hound of the Feats,”  
said he.

When Cuchulaind heard this, he informed  
Conor,  
who was then in the hero-seat in front of him.

Conor stood up,  
with a speckled-bright bugle-horn.

Mute and silent were the Ulidians, when they  
saw the king standing.

Such was their silence,  
that if a needle fell from the roof to the floor it  
would be heard.

One of the prohibitions of the Ulidians was, to  
speak before their king;  
and one of the prohibitions of the king was, to  
speak before his druids.

It was there the excellent druid Cathbad asked,

“Cid and sin, a ardrí Ulad airegda, a Chonchobair?”

“Cú Chulainn ann so. Is mithig leis dol d’ól a fhledi.”

“Diambad maith leis bennachtu Ulad i n-óenbaile da thuillem

ocus ar faind ocus ar mná ocus ar maccaími d’fhácbáil!”

“Bud maith,” ar Cú Chulainn,

“acht co tísat ar curaid ocus ar córaid ocus ar cathmílid ocus ar n-áes cíuil ocus dána ocus airfitid lind.”

At-raachtatar Ulaid érgi n-aínfir

ar a fathchi fondchrúaid immach.

“Maith a mo phopa Laíg,” ar Cú Chulainn,

“tabair séol étrom forsin carpat.”

“cad tá i gceist, a ardrí uasail Uladh, a Chonchubhair?”

“Cú Chulainn anseo — is mithid, dar leis, dul agus a fhleá siúd a chaitheamh.”

“An amhlaidh ba mhaith leis buíochas na nUltach, agus iad bailithe le chéile in aon áit amháin, a thuilleamh

agus ár muintir atá lag, ár mná agus ár n-ógánaigh a fhágáil inár ndiaidh?”

“Ba maith,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“ach go dtiocfadhbh ár gcuraidh, ár laochra, ár gcathmhíl, ár n-aos ceoil agus filíochta agus ár n-oirfidigh linn.”

D’eirigh na hUltaigh uile le chéile

agus chuaigh siad amach ar an bhfaiche fhódchrua.

“Tá go maith a Laoigh, a fhir fhóntha,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“déan an carbad a bhogadh ar aghaidh go réidh.”

“What is that, O magnificent arch-king of Ulad, O Conor?”

“Cuchulaind here; he thinks it time to go and drink his banquet.”

“If he wished to merit the blessings of the assembled Ulidians,

and to leave our weaklings, and our women, and our youths behind!”

“I would like it,” said Cuchulaind,

“provided that our knights, our champions, and our warriors, our musicians, our poets, and our minstrels shall come with us.”

The Ulidians advanced [as] the advance of one man,

out upon the hard-surfaced green.

“Good, O my master Loeg,” said Cuchulaind,

“give a light course to the chariot.”

Bátar teora búada araidechta forsinn araid inn úair sin

.i. immorchor ndelend ocus foscul ndíriuch ocus léim dar boilg.

“Maith a phopa Laíg,” ar Cú Chulainn,  
“saig brot n-áig forsan echraid.”

Bhain trí shainscil leis an ara sin an uair úd,

b’iadsan cleas an bhroid, ‘foscul díreach’ agus léim na bearna.

“Tá go maith a Laoigh, a fhir fhónta,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“tabhair an brod catha anois do na capaill.”

The charioteer possessed the three virtues of charioteering in that hour,

to wit, turning round, and straight backing, and ‘leap over gap’.

“Good, O my master Loeg,” said Cuchulaind,  
“give ardour of speed to the horses.”

## Section 19

Memaid bánbidgud bodba d’echraid Con Culainn.

Táncatar echrada Ulad fora n-athiris

et is sed so ro gabsat,

i fathchi Dúni Dá Bend, do Chathir Osrin,

do Lí Thúaga, do Dún Rígáin, d’Olarbi, ocus ra hur nOllarbi

i mMag Macha, i Slíab Fúait ocus i nÁth na Forari,

Ghéaraigh capaill Chú Chulainn agus ghluais ar aghaidh go lúfar lánbhorb.

Lean capaill na nUltach a sampla

agus seo é an bealach a ghabh siad:

thar fhaiche Dhún Dá Bheann go Cathair Oisrinn,

go Lí Thua, go Dún Riagáin, go hOllarbha agus fan imeall Ollarbha

isteach i Maigh Macha, go Sliabh Fuaid agus Áth na Foraire,

Cuchulaind’s horses broke into a furious sudden start.

The horses of the Ulidians went according to their example.

And where they went was,

into the green of Dun-da-bend, to Cathair-osrin,

to Lí-thuaga, to Dún-Rigain, to Ollarbi, and by the shore of Ollarbi,

into the plain of Macha, into Sliabh-Fuait, and into the Watchman’s-ford,

do Phort Nóth Con Culainn, i mMag Muirthemni,	go dtí Port Nóth Chú Chulainn, go dtí Maigh Muirtheimhne,	to Port-noth of Cuchulaind, into Magh-Muirthemne,
i Crích Saithi, dar Dubid, dar sruthair na Bónni,	go Críoch Shaithe, thar Dhubhaidh, thar shruth na Bóinne	into the territory of Saithi, across Dubid, across the stream of the Boyne,
i mMag mBreg ocus Mide, i Senmag Léana in Mucceda,	go Maigh Breá agus Mí, go Seanmhaigh Léana an Mhuicí	into Magh-Breg and Meath, into the old plain of Lena the swineherd,
i Claithar Cell, dar Brosnachaib Bladma,	go Cliathar Ceall, thar Bhrosnacha Bhladhma	into Claither-Cell, across the Brosnas of Bladhma;
a clé ra Berna Mera ingini Trega risa ráter Bernán Éle indiu,	agus a lámh chlé le Bearna Mheara iníon Threá, ar a dtugtar Bearnán Éile inniu,	their left towards the gap of Mer daughter of Treg, which is to-day called Bernan-Ele;
a ndes ri Slíab nÉblinni ingini Guaire,	agus Sliabh Éibhlinne iníon Ghuaire ar a láimh dheas,	their right to the Hills Sliabh-Ebhlinni daughter of Guaire;
dar Findsruith risa n-apar Aband Húa Cathbath,	thar Fhionnshruth, ar a dtugtar Abhainn Ua gCathbhadh,	across the fair stream which is called the river of O'Cathbad,
i mMachaire mór na mMuman, dar Lár Martini ocus i Smertaini,	trí Mhachaire Mór na Mumhan, thar Lár Mhairthine go Smearthaine,	into the great plain of Munster, through the middle of Artine, and into Smertaini;
a ndes ra findcharrgib Locha Gair,	agus carraigeacha bána Loch Goir ar thaobh a láimhe deise,	their right towards the white rocks of Loch-Gair;
dar sruthlind Mági, co Clíu Máil meic Úgaine,	thar shruthlinn na Máighe go Cliú Mháil mhic Úghaine,	across the pool-stream of Maig, to Cliu of Mal son of Ugaine,

i Crích na Déisi Bice, i ferund Con Ruí meic Daire.

Cach tailach dara tictís na múrtís co fáctaís ina fóenglenntaib.

Cach fidbad dara tictís

no thescatais rotha íarnaide na carpat fréma na ralach romór

comba crích machairi da n-éis.

Cach sruth ocus cach áth ocus cach inber dara tictís

ba lecca lomma lántirma dara n-éis ra hed cían ocus ra dréchta fata

ra mét na bertís a n-echrada ra n-irglúnib

na hessa ocus na hátha ocus na hinbera assa corpaib fodéin.

isteach i gCríoch na Déise Bige agus i bhfearann Chú Raoi mhic Dháire.

Gach tulach thar a dtéidís, leagaidís é sa tslí go mbíodh ina ghleann íseal réidh ina ndiaidh.

Gach coill trína ngabhaídís,

theascadh rotha iarainn na gearbad fréamhacha na gcrann mór darach inti

go bhfágtaí iad ina machairí leathana oscailte ina ndiaidh.

Gach sruth agus áth agus inbhear ar chuaigh siad tharstu,

ní raibh i stráicí fada díobh ina ndiaidh ach leaca loma tirime go ceann i bhfad

mar gheall ar an méid uisce a thugadh na capaill leo ar a nglúine

as na heasa, as na hátha agus as na hinbhir.

into the territory of the Deise-beg, into the land of Curui mac Daire.

Every hill over which they went they levelled, so that they left it in low glens;

every wood through which they passed,

the iron wheels of the chariots cut the roots of the immense trees,

so that it was a champagne country after them;

the streams, and fords, and pools which they crossed

were full-dry bare flags after them for a long time, and for immense periods,

from the quantity which the cavalcades carried away with their own bodies

out of the contents of cascade, ford, and pool.

## Section 20

Is and sin at-bert Conchobar rí Ulad,

“Ní fhuarammar in slige se etir Dún Dá Bend  
ocus Dún Delga.”

“Do-beram ám ar mbréthir,” ar Bricni.

“Acht is airdarcu dúin sanas ná da neoch aile  
éigem:

indar lind ní ar crích Ulad uili itám itir.”

“Do-beram ar mbréthir and,” ar Sencha mac  
Ailella,

“nach ar crích Ulad itir itaam.”

“Do-beram ar mbréthir,” ar Conall, “cunad  
fir.”

Is and sin tendsat araid Ulad a nglomraigi i  
mbélbaigib a n-echrad

án chétchairptech cossin carp tech ndédenach.

Is ansin a dúirt Conchubhar, rí Uladh:

“níor ghabhamar an tslí seo riamh idir Dún Dá  
Bheann agus Dún Dealgan.”

“Dar m’fhocal,” arsa Bricriu,

“ach is soiléire a airímidne cogar ná mar a  
chloiseann daoine eile éamh:

feictear dúinn nach i gcríoch Uladh atáimid in  
aon chor.”

“Dar go deimhin,” arsa Seancha mac Oilealla,

“nach i gcríoch Uladh atáimid ar chor ar bith.”

“Dar ár mbriathar,” arsa Conall, “gur fíor sin.”

Is ansin a theann cairbthigh Uladh béalbhaigh  
a gcapall

ón gcairbtheach tosaigh go dtí an cairbtheach  
deireanach.

Then it was that Conor King of Ulad said,

“we have not found this way between Dun-da-  
bend and Dun-Delga.”

“We pledge our word, truly,” said Bricriu;

“but it is more dignified for us to whisper than  
for another to cry.

It seems to us that it is not in the territory of  
Ulad we are at all.”

“We give our word there,” said Sencha, son of  
Ailill,

“that it is not in the territory of the Ulad at all  
we are.”

“We give our word,” said Conall, “that it is  
true.”

It was then the charioteers of Ulad tightened  
their bits in the mouths of their horses,

from the first charioteer to the last charioteer;

Co n-ebairt Conchobar,

“Cía for-indfad dún ca crích ina fuilem?”

“Cía far-indfad duit,” ar Bricriu, “acht Cú Chulainn,

úair is é at-rubairt na rabi tricha cét

na dernad argain cét catcha trichu cét.”

“Dímsa thic, a Bricri,” ar Cú Chulainn.

“Ragat-sa,” ar Cú Chulainn.

Luid Cú Chulainn co Druim Collchailli risa n-apar Ani Clíach.

“Apair, a phopa Laíg, in fetar-su ca crích ina fuilem?”

“Nad fetar són ám.”

“Bar-fhetar-sa ám,” ar Cú Chulainn.

Arsa Conchubhar:

“Cé a gheobhaidh amach dúinn cén chríoch ina bhfuilimid?”

“Cé eile a gheobhadh amach duit é,” arsa Bricriu, “ach Cú Chulainn,

mar is é a dúirt nach raibh tríocha céad

nár bh fhéidir leis féin creach céid a dhéanamh ann.”

“Baineann sé seo liomsa, a Bhricriu,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

“Rachadsa ar aghaidh,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

Chuaigh Cú Chulainn chomh fada le Droim Collchoille ar a dtugtar Áine Chliach.

“Abair liom, a Laoigh, a fhir fhónta, an bhfeadraís cén chríoch ina bhfuilimid?”

“Go deimhin féin, ná feadar sin,” arsa Laogh.

“Tá a fhios agamsa, ámh,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

whereupon Conor said,

“Who will ascertain for us in what territory we are?”

“Who should ascertain it for thee but Cuchulaind?” said Bricriu,

“for he it is that has said that there was not a cantred

in which he had not committed the slaughter of a hundred every cantred.”

“Of me it comes, O Bricriu,” said Cuchulaind.

“I will go,” said Cuchulaind.

Cuchulaind proceeded unto Druim-Collchailli, which is called Ani-Cliach.

“Say, my master Loeg, knowest thou in what territory we are?”

“I know not indeed,” said Loeg.

“But I know,” said Cuchulaind.

“Cend Abrat Slébi Caín seo thess,

Sléibti Éblinne seo thair thúaid.

Lind Lumnig an linn sholosmór út at-chí.

Druimm Collchaillí seo i fuilem

risi n-apar Áni Chlíach i Crích na Dési Bici.

Riund andes atá in slúag i Clíu Máil meic  
Úgaine

i ferund Con Ruí meic Dári meic Dedaid.”

“Is é seo ó dheas Ceann Abhrad Shléibhe  
Chaoin,

agus soir ó thuaidh Sléibhte Éibhlinne.

Inbhear Luimnigh an linn mhór sholasmhar úd  
a chionn tú.

I nDroim Collchoille atáimid anseo,

áit ar a dtugtar chomh maith Áine Chliach i  
gCríoch na Déise Bige.

Ó dheas uainnn tá an slua i gCíu Mháil mhic  
Úghaine

i bhfearann Chú Raoi mhic Dháire mhic  
Dheá.”

“This to the south is Cenn-Abhrat of Sliabh-  
Cain.

The mountains of Eblinni are these to the  
north-east.

That bright *linn* which thou seest is the *linn* of  
Limerick.

This is Druim-Collchailli in which we are,

which is called Ani-Cliach, in the territory of  
the Deise-bec.

Before us, to the south, is the host, in Cliu-  
Mail-mic-Ugaine,

in the land of Curui, son of Daire son of  
Dedad.”

## Section 21

I comhat ro bátar immi sain  
snigis tromshnechta dermár for Ultaib  
co rránic co formnu fer ocus co fertsib carpat.  
Do-rigenta fuopra ic aradaib Ulad,  
colomna cloch do thócbáil eturru ar scáthaib a  
n-ech, eturru ocus in snechta,  
cundat marthanaig béos ‘Echlasa Ech Ulad’ ó  
shin ille.  
Cunad d’indchomarthaib in scéoil sin.

Le linn dóibh bheith ag caint mar sin,  
thit tromshneachta go frasach ar na hUltaigh  
a tháinig go guaillí na bhfear agus go seaftaí  
na gcarbad.  
Rinne na hUltaigh obair chuítheach;  
thóg siad colúin chloch eatarthu chun a gcuid  
capall a chosaint ón sneachta,  
agus maireann fós sa teanga ‘Eachlasa Each  
Uladh’ ó shin i leith.  
Ceann de na comharthaí é sin a chruthaíonn  
firinne an scéil sin.

Whilst they were so engaged,  
tremendous heavy snow poured upon the  
Ulidians,  
until it reached to the shoulders of men, and to  
the shafts of chariots.  
Defences were made by the charioteers of  
Ulad,  
who between them raised stone columns to  
shelter their horses, between them and the  
snow;  
so that ‘the *echlasa* of the horses of Ulad’  
remain still, from that time to this.  
And these are of the tokens of the story.

## Section 22

Lotar rempu Cú Chulainn ocus a ara .i. Lóeg cunice bail i rrabatar Ulaid.

“Ceist didiu,” bar Sencha mac Ailella,

“ca crích inad fuilem?”

“Itaam,” ar Cú Chulainn, “i Crích na Déisi Bice,

i ferund Chon Ruí meic Dári, i Clíu Máil meic Úgaine.”

“Ar maирg de side,” ar Bricni, “ocus maирg Ultu.”

“Na hapair, a Bricni,” ar Cú Chulainn,

“ár bérat-sa éolas do Ultaib i frithdruing na sliged cétna

cu roissem ár mbidbadaib ríasiu bus lá.”

D’fhill Cú Chulainn agus a chairbtheach, Laogh, ar ais mar a raibh na hUltaigh.

“Ceist agam oraibh,” arsa Seancha mac Oilealla,

“cén chríoch ina bhfuilimid?”

“Táimid,” arsa Cú Chulainn, “i gCríoch na Déise Bige,

i bhfearann Chú Raoi mhic Dháire i gCíliú Mháil mhic Úghaine.”

“Is maирg dúinn,” arsa Bricriu, “agus is maирg d’Ultaigh.”

“Ná habair sin, a Bhricriu,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“mar tabharfaidh mise eolas do na hUltaigh a chuirfidh ar ár gcumas filleadh ar ais

agus teacht ar ár naimhde roimh éirí an lae.”

Cuchulaind and his charioteer, Loeg, advanced to the place where the Ulidians were.

“Query, then,” asked Sencha, son of Ailill,

“what is the territory in which we are?”

“We are,” said Cuchulaind, “in the territory of the Deise-bec,

in the land of Curui mac Daire; to wit, in Cliu-Mail-mic-Ugaine.”

“Woe to us therefor,” said Bricriu, “and woe the Ulidians.”

“Say not so, O Bricriu,” observed Cuchulaind,

“for I will afford guidance to the Ulidians in the return of the same way,

so that we shall reach our enemies before it be day.”

“Mairg Ultu arro génair,” ar Celtchair mac Uithidir, “in gormac do-beir in comairli.”

“Ni fhetamar,”

ar Fergna mac Findch[onna], far rí Búrig Ulad,

“comairli merbi ná mettachta ná mígascid

acut d’Ultaib ríam, a Chú Chulainn, cusinnocht.”

“Mairg

á téit in tí do-beir in comairli,”

far Lugaid Lámderg mac Léti rí Dál Araide,

“cen inad rend ocus arm ocus fáebur do dénam de.”

“Is maирg d’Ultaigh,” arsa Cealtchair mac Uithidir, “gur rugadh an mac altrama atá ag cur na comhairle sin orainn.”

“Ní fhacamar riamh, a Chú Chulainn,”

arsa Feargna mac Phionnchonna, rí Búirigh Uladh,

“comhairle laige ná meatachta, ná míchuratachta

agat ar Ultaigh go dtí anocht.”

“Is trua,”

arsa Lughaidh Lámhdhearg mac Leide, rí Dhál Araidhe,

“go bhfuil an té a thug an chomhairle sin ag imeacht saor

gan a tholladh agus a ghearradh ag rinn agus faobhar arm.”

“Woe to the Ulidians,” said Celtchair, son of Uthidir, “that the *gormac* was born who gives the counsel.”

“We have never known thee to have, O Cuchulaind,”

said Fergna, son of Findch[onna], a valour-king of the Ulaid,

“a counsel of weakness, timidity, or cowardice

for the Ulidians until this night.”

“Alas!

that the person who gives the counsel should go,”

said red-hand Lugaid, son of Leit, King of Dál-Araide,

“without making of him a mark of darts, and arms, and edges.”

“Ceist cena,” far Conchobar, “cid as áil dúib?”

“Is áil dún,” ar Celchair mac Uithidir,  
“bith lá co n-aidchi issin chríoch inad fuilem,  
úair massi madma lind dula esti,  
úair ní slicht sinnaig i feóraind no i fásaig ná  
fidbaid ocaind.”

“Apair didiu, a Chú Chulainn,” ar Conchobar,  
“ca hinad longphoirt as chóir dúin  
lasin lá co n-aidchi seo?”  
“Óenach Senchlochair sund,” ar Cú Chulainn,  
“occus ní hinbaid óenaig ind inbaid garb  
gemretta so.

“Ceist agam oraibh,” arsa Conchubhar, “cad is  
áil libh?”

“Is áil linn,” arsa Cealtchair mac Uithidhir,  
“bheith lá agus oíche sa chríoch ina  
bhfuilimid,  
mar, dar linn, níorbh fhearr an mhaise dhúinn  
imeacht aisti ná go mbuafaí orainn i gcath,  
mar ní hé rian an tsionnaigh sa bhán nó sa  
bhfásach nó sa choill is mian linne a fhágáil  
inár ndiaidh.”

“Abair, mar sin, a Chú Chulainn,” arsa  
Conchubhar,

“cén t-ionad campála is cóir dúinn a bheith  
againn  
don lá agus oíche seo.”

“Aonach Seanchlochair anseo,” arsa Cú  
Chulainn,

“agus ní haon am d'aonach an séasúr garbh  
geimhridh seo.

“Query, however,” said Conor, “what do you  
wish?”

“We desire,” said Celchair son of Uthidir,  
“to be a day and night in the territory in which  
we are;  
because 'twere a sign of defeat to us to go out  
of it;  
for it is not ‘a fox’s track’ with us in valley, or  
waste, or wood.”

“Speak then, O Cuchulaind,” said Conor;

“what is the proper place of encampment for  
us  
during this day and night?”

“Old Aenach-Clochair is here,” said  
Cuchulaind;

“and this rough winter season is not Fair-time.

Et Temair Lúachra for leccaind na hIrlúachra,  
ocus iss inti atát na histoda ocus na  
forgnama.”

“Dula cu Temair Lúachra didiu is cóir and,” ar  
Sencha mac Ailella.

Lotar rempu i tremdírgi na sliged cu Temair  
Lúachra  
ocus Cú Chulainn d’éolas rempu.

Agus tá Teamhair Luachra ar leaca na  
hAirluachra,  
agus is ansin atá na háitribh agus na  
foirgnimh.”

“Dul go Teamhair Luachra is ceart, mar sin,”  
arsa Seancha mac Oilealla.

D’imigh siad rompu cruinn díreach go  
Teamhair Luachra  
agus Cú Chulainn rompu ag tabhaint eolas na  
slí dóibh.

And Tara-Luachra is on the slopes of the  
eastern Luachair;  
and in it are the residences and structures.”

“To go to Tara-Luachra, then, is what is  
right,” said Sencha, son of Ailill.

They went on in the straight direction of the  
road to Tara-Luachra,  
and Cuchulaind, as a guide, before them.

## Section 23

Cid Temair Lúachra már fás ríam no íaram hí  
ní ind aidchi sin rop fhalam.

Ba dethbir ón, úair mac rucad do Ailill ocus  
do Meidb  
darbo chomainm Mane Mó-epirt,

ocus tucad side ar altram do Choin Ruí mac  
Dáire;

Má bhí Teamhair mhór Luachra fás folamh  
riamh roimhe sin nó ina dhiadh sin,  
ní hamhlaidh a bhí an oíche sin.

Níorbh ionadh sin, mar is amhlaidh a rugadh  
mac d’Oilill agus do Mheadhbh,  
agus Maine Mó-abairt ab ainm dósan  
agus tugadh ar altram é do Chú Raoi mac  
Dáire.

Even Tara-Luachra, if it were empty before or  
after,  
it is not that night it was empty.

No wonder, indeed, for a son had been born to  
Ailill and Medb,  
whose name was Maine-mó-epert,  
and he was given in fosterage to Curui mac  
Daire;

et do-lloatar ind aidchi sin .i. Ailill ocus Medb

co mathib a cóicid leo

d'ól i cind míis in meic sin.

Cía ro bátar sin uile and ro buí Eochu mac Luchtaí cona chóiciud and,

et dano ro buí Cú Ruí mac Dári co Clannaib Dedad uili.

Et cía ro bátar sin uile and

ba ben fhattech Medb in bangaiscedach

ingen ardríg Hérenn .i. Echach Feidlig:

bátar dá dercaid ocus dá druíd oc forcomét dí.

Ba sed a n-anmand side .i. Crom Deróil ocus Crom Darail,

An oíche sin,

agus an mac óg aon mhí d'aois.

chuaigh Oilill agus Meadhbh

mar aon le maithe a gcúige

chun bheith ag ól leo.

Ní hamháin go raibh siadsan go léir ann, bhí Eochaídh mac Luchta agus muintir a chúige ann,

agus go deimhin féin, bhí Cú Raoi mac Dáire mar aon le Clanna Deá go léir ann.

Agus cé go raibh siadsan go léir i láthair,

is go faiteach a bhí Meadhbh, banghaiscíoch

agus iníon ardrí Éireann, Eochaídh Feidhleach:

bhí beirt fhear faire – beirt draoi – ag faire di.

Crom Dearól agus Crom Darail a n-ainmneacha siúd,

and Ailill and Medb had come that night,

accompanied by the chieftains of their province,

to drink at the end of that son's (first) month.

Though these were all there, Eocha mac Luchta was there with (the men of) his province;

and Curui mac Daire was also there, with all the Clanna-Dedad.

And though these were all there,

a provident woman was the heroine Medb,

daughter of the arch-king of Eriu, *i.e.* Eochaídh Feidhleach.

There were two observers and druids guarding her.

Their names were Crom Deroil and Crom Darail,

dá dalta do Chathbath druíd degamra.

beirt dalta le Chathbhadh, an dea-dhraoi fónta.

two foster-sons of the good, illustrious druid Cathbad.

## Section 24

Is and bar-ecmaing dóib sin bith ar mór Temra Lúachra in tan sin

ic fégad ocus ic forcomét, ic midem ocus ic mórdéscin for each leth úathu.

Is and sin at-bert Crom Deróil,

“Innat-árfaid in ní tárfaid damsia?”

“Cid ní?” ar Crom Darail.

“Atar lim at ruibni rúadgascid ocus ám hám sochaide

at-chíu dar leittrib na hAirlúachra anair.”

“Nírb uráil lim lom cró ocus fola issin mbél tacras sin,” ar Crom Darail;

Is amhlaidh a tharla go raibh siadsan ar mhór Theamhair Luachra an uair sin

ag faire agus ag féachaint agus ag grinndearcadh agus ag breathnú uathu ar an tír ina dtimpeall.

Is ansin a dúirt Crom Dearóil:

“An bhfaca tusa an ní a chonaic mise?”

“Cad é sin?” arsa Crom Darail.

“Dar liom, gur ruibhní gona n-airm ruadhearga agus slua catha

a chíم ag gluaiseacht inár dtreo thar shleasa na hAirluachra anoir.”

“Is trua liom gan an béal atá ag fógaírt an scéil sin lán d’fhuil,” arsa Crom Darail;

It happened to them, then, to be on the wall of Tara-Luachra at that time,

looking and guarding, observing and viewing, on every side from them.

It was then Crom Deroil said:

“Hast thou seen the thing that appeared to me?”

“What thing?” said Crom Darail.

“Meseems that it is swords of crimson warfare and the tread of multitudes

I perceive coming over the side of the Irluachair from the east.”

“I would not think a clot of gore and blood too much in the mouth that utters that,” said Crom Darail;

“úair ní slúag ná sochaide sin

acht na daire romóra secha táncamar indé.”

“Dambad ed iat, cid fot-era na carpait rígda romóra fothu?”

“Nidat carpait sin,” ar Crom Darail,

“acht na rígrátha secha táncamar.”

“Diambtí rátha iat, cid fot-era na scéith áilli óengela intib?”

“Nidat scéith etir,” ar Crom Darail,

“acht na colomna cloch filet i ndorsib na rígráth sin.”

“Diambtí colomna iat,” ar Crom Deróil,

“cid fot-era immad na rend rúadarm

úas bróntib mórduba in mórlúaig?”

“mar ní slua ná sochraid atá ansin

ach na doirí rómhóra, ar ghabhamar lámh leo inné.”

“Dá mb’ea, cad ina thaobh na carbaid ríoga rómhóra fúthu?”

“Ní carbaid atá ansin,” arsa Crom Darail,

“ach na rátha ríoga ar ghabhamar lámh leo.”

“Dá mba rátha iad, cad ina thaobh na sciatha áille geala lonracha iontu?”

“Ní sciatha atá ansin in aon chor,” arsa Crom Darail,

“ach na colúin chloch atá i ndoirse na ráth ríoga sin.”

“Dá mba cholúin iad,” arsa Crom Dearóil,

“cad ina thaobh na reanna rua-arm go léir

os cionn cliabhraig mhóra dhubha na bhfear sa mhórshluá?”

“for that is not an army or multitude,

but the gigantic oaks past which we came yesterday.”

“If it were they, why the immense royal chariots under them?”

“They are not chariots,” said Crom Darail,

“but the regal *raths* past which we came.”

“If they are *raths*, why are those splendid all-white shields in them?”

“They are not shields at all,” said Crom Darail;

“but the stone columns that are in the doors of those royal *raths*.”

“If they are columns,” said Crom Deroil,

“what is the cause of the profusion of red-armed spears

above the great black breasts of the mighty host?”

“Nidat renna sin etir,” ar Crom Darail,

“acht uiss ocus altai na crích

cuna mbennaib ocus cona congnaib úasu.”

“Diambtí uiss ocus altai iat,” ar Crom Deróil,

“cid fot-era na cuiret a ngrega d’fhóthlaigib  
assa cruib

conid fordub cu aér n-éradbul úasa cennaib?”

“Nidat grega sin,” ar Crom Darail,

“acht alma ocus éiti ocus innili na crích

arna léjud asa fáltaigib ocus a fidbúaltib,

úair is arna geltaib sin tairisit na héoin ocus na  
hethaiti forsint shnechtu.”

“Ní reanna iadsan, in aon chor,” arsa Crom  
Darail,

“ach ois agus ainmhithe allta na tíre

lena mbeanna agus a n-adharca os a gcionn in  
airde.”

“Dá mba ois agus ainmhithe allta iad,” arsa  
Crom Dearóil,

“cad faoi deara na fóid go léir atá á  
gcaitheamh in airde óna grcrúba ag a gcuid  
capall

sa tslí go bhfuil an spéir leathanmhór dubh  
dorcha os a gcionn?”

“Ní capaill iadsan,” arsa Crom Darail,

“ach tréada agus bólacht agus beithigh na tíre

a ligeadh amach as a gclóis agus as a mbuailte,

mar is ar an talamh féaraigh sin a thuirlingíonn  
éanlaithe nuair a bhíonn sneachta ann.”

“They are not spears either,” said Crom  
Darail;

“but the stags and wild beasts of the country,  
with their horns and antlers above them.”

“If they are stags and wild beasts,” said Crom  
Deroil,

“what causes the quantity of sods which their  
horses send from their shoes,

so that it is pitch dark to the mighty air over  
their heads?”

“They are not horses,” said Crom Darail;

“but the herds, and flocks, and cattle of the  
country,

after being let out of their sheds and wood-  
enclosures,

for it is on those pastures the birds and winged  
animals alight in the snow.”

“Mo chobais masat éoin ocus ethaiti iat  
ní himmirgi óenéoin:”

“Masat elta co ndath elta  
ní himmirgi óenén;  
atá bratt brec [ . . . ] bánóir  
dar let im cach n-óenén.

Masat elti glenna garba  
as na renna rodba,  
nidat úati slega serba  
lasna bera bodba.

Dar lim nidat frossa snechta  
acht mad fir bic bechta  
atát ina ngrindi garta  
lasna rinni rechta:  
fer fa cach starga crúaid chorcra,  
is Abdul inn elta.”

M.

“Dar m’fhocal, más éin iad,  
ní haon ealta bheag í:”

“Más ealta go ndath ealta sin,  
Ní imirce aon éin;  
Atá brat breac [ ] bánóir,  
Shílfeá, ar gach aon éan.

Más eilte gleanna ghairb sin  
Os na reanna ródhubha,  
Is mó ga géar gáifeach  
Ann agus bior borb crua.

Dar liom, ní frasa sneachta sin  
Ach mionfhír throda go fior;  
Atáid ina ndíormaí dochta  
Is faobhar ar gach rinn:  
Fear faoi gach sciath chrúa chorcra,  
Is éachtach an ealta í.”

“My conscience, if they are birds and winged  
animals,  
they are not a flock of one bird.”

“If they are flocks, with the hue of a flock,  
They are not the flock of one bird.  
A white-speckled, golden garment  
Is, you would think, about each bird.

If they are flocks of a rough glen,  
From out of the black clefts,  
Not few are the angry spears  
Above the fierce darts.

Methinks they are not snow showers,  
But stout, active men,  
Who are in threatening bands  
Above th’ adjusted darts;  
A man under each hard, purple shield.  
Prodigious is the flock.”

## Section 25

“Acus na hélig-siu,” ar Crom Deróil, “etir missi,

úair is mí atá ar fírinni.

Á thecait sech rennaib na ndairi na hIrlúachra anair,

cid ros-crommad menbatís dóeni?”

Et is amlaid ro boí acond éligud ocus bacachain in laíd seo:—

“A Chruim Darail, cid at-chíu tresin céo?

Cía forsatá in mana cró íarsin gléo?

Ní cóir deit immarbáig rim  
as each raind;  
ateri-siu at doíni cruimm  
muni maill.

Masat muni bít i-fus  
ina tast,  
risatresat munip less  
da dul ass.

“Agus ná bí dom bhréagnú,” arsa Crom Dearóil,

“mar is agam atá an ceart.

Agus iad ag gluaiseacht anoir le ciumhais  
doirí na hAirluachra,

cad a thabharfadhb orthu cromadh murach gur  
daoine iad?”

Agus is mar sin a bhí an t-áiteamh eatarthu  
agus dúirt sé an laoi seo:—

“A Chroim Dharail cad a chíonn tú  
Tríd an gceo?  
Cé dó a bhfuil an sléacht i ndán  
De bharr an ghleo?

Ní ceart duit bheith ag argóint liom  
Faoi gach rud;  
Dar leatsa gur daoine cromtha  
Iad na muiní móra.

Más muiní atá abhus  
Ina dtost,  
Níorbh fhéidir leo éirí  
Agus siúl léo.

“And reprove me not therefore,” said Crom Deroil,

“for it is I that speak truth.

As they come past the points of the trees of Ir-Luachair from the east,

what would make them stoop, unless they  
were men?”

And thus reproving [his comrade], he sang this  
lay:—

“O, Crom Darail, what seest thou  
through the fog?  
On whom rests the disrepute,  
after the contest?

It is not right of thee to contend  
with me in every way.  
Thou sayest, O stooping man,  
they are slow-moving brakes.

If they were brakes,  
they would be still at rest,  
They would not rise,  
unless alive, to depart.

Masa dairi feda feirn  
as chaill chairn,  
ní lúadfitís sligi nduilb  
diambtí斯 mairb.

Úair nachat mairb garg a ngleo,  
garb a llí;  
lúadit maigi is feda féo  
úair at bí.

Diambtí斯 craind da chendaib cnocc  
cen gním nglecc,  
ní lúadfitís leithet bratt  
diambith brecc.

Úair nachat craind gránna a muirn  
cen nach ndailb;  
fir cu mbúadaib as fir fern,  
rúada a n-airm.

Mas ar druim ech ndond atáit  
drong sreth sniit;  
masat cargi is lúath ráit,  
rúad mat liic.

Cid datá neim ar cach barr?—  
báig derb dond;  
a 'ta-regat sech in rind  
cid ros-crom?"

A.

Más doire coille fearna  
Os coill chairn,  
Ní beadh drochfhuadar fúthu,  
Dá mbeidís neamhbheo.

Mar nach marbh, is garg a ngleo  
Garbh a lí,  
Gluaiseann máighe is crainn gan duilliúr,  
Mar atáid beo.

Dá mba chráinn ar bharr cnoc iad  
Gan acmhainn troda,  
Ní bheadh bratacha leathana ar foluain leo,  
Dá mbeidís faoi dhuilliúr.

Ón uair nach crainn iad, is gránna a ngleo  
Gan aon bhréag,  
Fir bhuaacha iad fir na sciath,  
Is dearg a n-airm.

Más ar dhroim each donn atáid,  
Tá slua dár gcomhair ina ndíormáí dlútha;  
Más carraigeacha, is gasta a gluaiseann,  
Más clocha, is ceannrua atáid.

Cad ina thaobh gach cafarr geal? —  
Ruathar rífhlaithe go dearbh;  
Agus iad ag teacht thar an rinn,  
Cad a thug orthu cromadh?"

If they were oaks of dark woods,  
o'er forests thick,  
They would not move through  
devious ways, if they were dead.

As they are not dead, fierce their battle,  
fierce their hue;  
They traverse plains and woods also,  
for they are alive.

If they were trees of hill-tops,  
with hardy strength,  
They would not waive such standards,  
speckled all.

As they are not trees, ugly their uproar  
—a fact undoubted.  
Victorious men they; men with shields;  
their weapons great.

If on horses' backs they are,  
a long stretch they make;  
If they be rocks, quick they run;  
. . . if they are stones.

Why is there poison on every point?  
—a certain sure sign.  
As they advance past the summit,  
what has stooped them?"

## Section 26

At-chúala Cú Ruí mac delbchaín Dári imresun  
in dá druad

ar mór Temra Lúachra ara chomair immach.

“Ní bar óenscéol atát na druíd se immaig,” ar  
rí in domain,

Cú Ruí mac delbchaín Dári.

Is and sin ra choméríg grían sech comchruinni  
in talman.

“Is follus dhúin innossa in slúag,” ar Crom  
Deróil.

At-racht grían ra lecnib na hIrlúachra

et is amlaid ra buí ’ca rád ocus ro chachain in  
laíd sea,

ocus ba-recart Cú Ruí im énrand é don laíd:

Chuala Cú Raoi mac dealbhchaoin Dáire  
imreas na beirte draoi

ar mhúr Theamhair Luachra os a chomhair  
amach.

“Ní ar aon fhocal atá na draoithe seo amuigh,”  
arsa rí an domhain,

Cú Raoi mac dealbhchaoin Dáire.

Ansin d’eirigh an ghrian os cionn thalamh na  
cruinne.

“Is follas dúinnanois an slua,” arsa Crom  
Dearóil.

D’eirigh an ghrian os cionn sleasa na  
hAirluachra.

Agus bhí sé ag caint mar sin agus dúirt sé an  
laoi seo,

agus thug Cú Raoi freagra air maidir le rann  
amháin den laoi:

The fair-visaged Curui mac Daire heard the  
dispute of the two druids

on the wall of Tara-Luachra out before him.

“It is not at one these druids outside are,” said  
the King of the World,

the fair-visaged Curui mac Daire.

It was then the sun rose over the orb of the  
earth.

“Visible to us now is the host,” said Crom  
Deróil.

The sun rose over the slopes of Ir-Luachair.

And thus was he saying, and he sang this lay;

and Curui answered him regarding one stanza  
of the lay:—

“At-chíu Lúachair líníb slíab,  
taitnid grían tulgorm re taib;  
is óic im-ríadat do chéin  
etir móin céir acus craib.

Mas elta fhíach sút tair thall,  
masa elta tradna tromm,  
mas elta druiti labor,  
mas elta chadan na chor;

Masa elta giugrand gúr,  
masa elta gési gér,  
is fata úadib cu nem,  
is garit úadib co fér.

A Chú Ruí meic Dári dil,  
a fir im-théit sále sreb,  
apair, ór is ferr do chíall,  
ca rét im-thic in slíab sen.”

“In dá dercaid, in dá druí,  
is adbul a céo;  
is súil úamnaigi atas-cí,  
is lúamnaidi a ngléo.

Masat cethrai cornaig cais,  
masat carggi crúada cniss,  
masa chaill dubgorm thana,  
masa thondgur Mara Miss;

“Chím Luachair sléibhtiúil fiain,  
Is an ghrian ag taitneamh ar a taoibh;  
Tá laochra ag teacht ó chian  
Idir an mhóin dubh agus an choill.

Más elta fiach sin soir uainn thall,  
Más elta traonaí atá ann,  
Más elta druideog ag giolcadh,  
Más elta cadhan nó corr;

Más elta giúrann glórach,  
Más elta géise géara  
Is fada uathu go neamh,  
Is gairid uathu go féar.

A Chú Raoi mhic Dháire dhil,  
A fir a thaithíonn tréanmhuir ghoirt,  
Abair, mar is rómhaith do chíall,  
Cad tá ag teacht timpeall an tseanshléibhe.”

“An bheirt fhear faire, an bheirt draoi,  
Is mór a mearbhall;  
Cuireann an radharc sin critheagla orthu,  
Is róghéar a n-áiteamh.

Más eallach cas-adharcach,  
Más carraigeacha crua,  
Más coill dúghorm scáinte,  
Más í tonn thréan Mara Mis;

“I see Luachair of many hills;  
The red-faced sun shines against its side.  
’Tis heroes that ride from afar,  
Between the black bog and wood.

If they are raven flocks, east, yonder;  
If they are great flocks of *tradna*;  
If they are extensive flocks of starlings;  
If they are flocks of ducks or cranes;

If they are flocks of sturdy geese;  
If they are flocks of rapid swans—  
Far is it from them to Heaven;  
Short is it from them to the ground [*lit, grass*].

O Curui, son of Daire dear,  
O man who crossest the briny sea,  
Say, for thy sense is best,  
What ’tis traverses the old *sliab*. ”

“The two druids, the two watchers—  
Great is their confusion.  
’Tis a timid eye that has looked.  
Their contention is moving.

If they are fair horned cattle;  
If they are rocks of surface hard;  
If ’tis a black-blue wood;  
If ’tis the roar of the sea of Mis;

Masat cethra co ndath chethra  
ní himmirgi óenbó;  
atá fer borb bertas bróengó  
ar druim cacha óenbó.

Atá cláideb cacha bó  
's a scíath da leith chlíu;  
atát meirci crúaid ra crúaid  
úasna búaub at-chíu."

A.

Más eallach go ndath eallaigh,  
Ní tréad aon bhó;  
Fear borb a bheartaíonn gathanna fuitteacha  
Atá ar dhroim gach aon bhó.

Atá cláiomh gach bó  
's a sciath ar a cliathán clé;  
Meirgí bagracha taobh le taobh  
Tá os cionn na mbó a chím."

If they are cattle, of cattle kind.  
They are not the herd of one cow.  
A fierce man, who sheds blood,  
Is on each cow's back.

There is a sword [man] for very cow,  
With a shield at his left side.  
There are standards—strong beside strong—  
Over the cows I see."

## Section 27

Ní cían ro bátar and, in dá druíd ocus in dá  
dercaid,

cu remid bánbidcud bodba don chétna braini  
dar glend anall.

Ba sed a barbardacht at-raachtatar

cuna fargaib sleg ar aidlind ná scíath ar  
berraidi ná cláideb ar alchaing

i Temair Lúachra na torchair.

Ní fada a bhí siad ann – an bheirt draoi, an  
bheirt fhear faire –

nuair a scuab le fuinneamh treascrach an  
bhuíon tosaigh thar gleann anall chucu.

Tháinig siad chomh borb forráinach sin

nár fágadh sleá ar sheastán, ná sciath ar  
chrúca, ná cláiomh ar raca

i dTeamhair Luachra, nár thit go talamh.

Not long were they there, the two watchers  
and the two druids,

until a full, fierce rush of the first band broke  
hither past the glen.

Such was the fury with which they advanced,

that there was not left a spear on a rack, nor a  
shield on a spike, nor a sword in an armoury,

in Tara-Luachra, that did not fall down.

Cach teg ara rabi tuigi i Temair Lúachra  
at-rochair 'na línbrattaib dermáraib de.

Ba samalta combo hí in muir tísad  
dar múraib ocus dar cernaib in betha chucu.

Ra sóit gnéithi da gnúsib  
ocus ra buí crith ar détaib i Temair Lúachra ar  
medón.

At-rochratar in dá druíd i nnélaib ocus i tassib  
ocus i támlecht,  
fer díb dar mór immach, Crom Darail,  
ocus Crom Deróil dar mór innond.

Et ar-aí sin ra érig Crom Deróil  
ocus ra chuir súil dar in cétna mbraini tánic  
issin fathchi.

Gach teach a raibh ceann tuí air i dTeamhair  
Luachra,  
caitheadh an díon anuas de ina leadhbanna  
móra gioblacha.

Ba chosúil iad le rabharta mara ag madhmadh  
ó cheithre chúnne an domhain chucu thar na  
fallaí isteach.

Tháinig iompó lí ar gach aghaidh  
agus crith ar dhéada istigh i ndún Theamhair  
Luachra.

Thit an bheirt draoi i laige agus i bhfanntais  
agus i meirfean;  
thit Crom Darail thar falla amach  
agus thit Crom Dearóil thar falla isteach.

Ach ina ainneoin sin, d'éirigh Crom Dearóil  
arís  
agus bhí ag féachaint ar an gcéad bhuíon agus  
iad ag teacht isteach ar an bhfaiche.

From every house on which was thatch in  
Tara-Luachra,  
it fell in immense flakes.

One would think that it was the sea that had  
come  
over the walls, and over the recesses of the  
world to them.

The forms of countenances were changed,  
and there was chattering of teeth in Tara-  
Luachra within.

The two druids fell in fits, and in faintings,  
and in paroxysms;  
one of them, Crom Darail, out over the wall,  
and Crom Deróil over the wall inside.

And, notwithstanding, Crom Deróil got up,  
and cast an eye over the first band that came  
into the green.

## Section 28

Tarblaingset in slúag for inn faidchi

et suidset i n-óenairechtais for inn fhaithchi.

Snigis ocus legais in sneachta tricha ferthraiged  
ar cach leth úathu

ra bruth na míled mórchalma.

Tánic Crom Deról is tech

i rrabi Medb ocus Aillill ocus Cú Ruí ocus  
Eocco mac Luchtai,

ocus bar-íarfacht Medb,

“Canas tánic int armgrith dar-fánic,

inn a haéor anúas no in dar muir aniar no inn a  
Hérind anair?”

“Is a Hérind anair,

dar lecnib na hIrlúachra cu demin,” ar Crom  
Deról;

Thuirling an slua ar an bhfaiche

agus shuigh siad le chéile inti.

Leáigh an sneachta ar feadh tríocha troigh ar  
gach taobh díobh

mar gheall ar theas cuislí na laochra  
lánchalma.

Tháinig Crom Dearól isteach sa teach

ina raibh Meadhbh agus Oilill agus Cú Raoi  
agus Eochaíd mac Luchta

agus d’fhiafraigh Meadhbh:

“Cad as ar tháinig gleo na n-arm chugainn,  
an ón spéir anuas, nó thar muir aniar nó as  
Éirinn anoir a tháinig sé?”

“Is as Éirinn anoir,

thar shleasa na hAirlúachra go deimhin a  
tháinig sé,” arsa Crom Dearól;

The host alighted on the green,

and sat in one band on the green.

The snow dissolved and melted thirty feet on  
either side of them,

from the ardour of the great puissant warriors.

Crom Deról came into the house

in which were Medb, and Aillill, and Curui,  
and Eocco mac Luchta;

and Medb asked

whence came the clamour that occurred;

whether it was down from the air, or across  
the sea from the west, or from Eriu, from the  
east?

“It is from Eriu, from the east,

across the slopes of the Ir-Luachair,  
undoubtedly,” said Crom Deról.

“táchim slúaig barbarai

nad etar-sa indat Hérennaig no indat allmaraig.

Masat Hérennaig ocus menbat allmaraig isat Ulaid.”

“Na bad achnid do Choin Ruí and sút,” ar Medb, “tuarascbála Ulad?

ar is menic ar écritib ocus ar slúagedaib ocus ar thurasainn inna farrad é.”

“Ropad aichnid,” ar Cú Ruí, “acht co fagbaind a tuarascbála.”

“Tuarascbáil in chétna braini táníc issin mbali díb ám atá acumsa,” ar Crom Deról.

“Tabair dúin didiu,” ar Medb.

“tá slua barbartha dár gcomhair

ná feadarsa an Éireannaigh nó an allúraigh iad.

Más Éireannaigh iad agus murab allúraigh iad, is Ultaigh iad.”

“Nach n-aithneodh Cú Raoi ansin na hUltaigh,” arsa Meadhbh, “ach a dtuairisc a chlos,

mar is minic é páirteach leo in ionsaithe, i slógaí agus in eachtraí?”

“D'aithneoinn,” arsa Cú Raoi, “ach go bhfaighinn a dtuairisc.”

“Is í tuairisc na chéad bhuíne a tháinig go dtí an t-áitreabh seo atá agamsa,” arsa Crom Dearól.

“Abair leat, mar sin,” arsa Meadhbh.

“I see a barbaric host,

and I know not whether they are Erennachs or Foreigners;

but if they are Erennachs, and if they are not Foreigners, they are Ulidians.”

“Should not the descriptions of the Ulidians be known to Curui there?” asked Medb;

“for often has he been on cavalcades, and on hostings, and on journeys along with them.”

“I would know them,” said Curui, “if I could obtain a description of them.”

“The description of the first band of them that came into the place I have, indeed,” said Crom Deról.

“Give it to us then,” said Medb.

## Section 29

“Unsea ra dún anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil, “at-chonnarc-sa

and budin rígda romóir, fiú ríg cach óenfher sin buidin.

Triar i n-airenuch na buidni.

Láech roscléathan rígda romór eturru bar aimedón;

samalta ra éasca ’na ollchóiciud déc a gnúis ocus a drech ocus a aged.

Ulcha degablach findcháel fhair;

folt tóbach dergbudi i forchengul co fán a chúlad leis.

Lend chorcra chorrrharach immi;

mílech óir ecair ina brutt úasa gelgúalaind;

léni de sról ríg ra grian a gelchnis.

“Ag déanamh anoir isteach i dtreo an dúin anseo,” arsa Crom Dearóil, “chonaic mé

buíon ríoga rómhór agus mianach rí i ngach fear díobh.

Bhí triúr i dtús na buíne.

Laoch roscléathan ríoga rómhór i lár baill eatarthu.

Is cosúil le gealach cúig lá déag a ghnúis agus a dhreach agus a aghaidh.

Féasóg dhé-ghabhlaich fhionnchaol air,

folt deargbhuí dea-ghearrtha ceangailte ar chúl a muiníl,

clóca corcra ciumhaisálainn air,

dealg mhaiseach óir ina bhrat os a ghealghualainn

agus léine de shróll ríoga lena ghealchneas.

“I saw before the *dun* to the east, outside,” said Crom Deróil,

“a royal, immense band; the equal of a king was every man in the band.

There were three in the front of the band,

and a broad-eyed, royal, gigantic warrior between them in the middle.

Comparable to a moon in its great fifteenth was his countenance, his visage, and his face.

His beard was forked, fair, and pointed;

his bushy, reddish-yellow hair was looped to the slope of his *culad*.

A purple-bordered garment encircled him,

a pin of wrought gold being in the garment over his white shoulder.

To the surface of his white skin was a shirt of kingly satin.

Scíath dondchorcra co cobradaib óir buide  
fair.

Claideb órdhoirn intussil leis.

Sleg cuinseo corcarglan ina gelglaicc deiss  
delighthi

cona foga fogablach lé.

Certláech da leith deis;

suillsithir ri snechta a gnúis ocus a drech ocus  
a aged.

Fer bec brádub da leith chlí; luchru són cu  
móir.

Fer find forsholus ic fábarchless chlaideb  
úastu.

A cholg dét aithgér urnocht issin dara láim dó;  
a chlaideb mór míleta issin láim n-aill.

Ras-cuir imma sech i n-urairdi ocus i n-ísli

Sciath dhonnchorcra agus imleanna óir bhuí  
air.

Cláiomh órdhoirn ornáideach leis.

Sleá mhaisithe ghlan chorcra ina ghealghlac  
dheas álainn,

mar aon le fogha gabhlach.

Laoch ceart éachtach ar a láimh dheas

a bhfuil a ghnúis, a dhreach agus a aghaidh  
chomh geal le sneachta.

Fear beag braoidhubh ar a láimh chlé; is gile é  
sin go móir.

Fear fionn fiorsholasmhar ag déanamh  
faobharchleas le cláiomh os a gcionn.

A cholg róghéar eabhardhoirn i láimh leis  
nochtaithe

agus a chlaíomh mór míleata sa láimh eile.

Scaoileann sé uaidh suas agus anuas iad gach  
dara babhta

A purple-brown shield, with rims of yellow  
gold, was over him.

He had a gold-hilted, embossed sword;

a purple-bright, well-shaped spear in his white  
firm right hand,

accompanied by its forked dart.

At his right side stood a true warrior;

brighter than snow his countenance, his  
visage, and his face.

At his left side a little black-browed man,  
greatly resplendent.

A fair, very brilliant man was playing the edge  
feat over them;

his sharp inlaid sword in the one hand,

his large knightly sword in the other hand.

These he sent up and down past one another,

gun benat foscud fri folt ocus fri leccainn in laích móir medónaig.

Ariu ra-sechat talmain ras-geib in fer cétna a rrind  
ar uigib ocus fháebraib."

sa tslí go dtíteann a scáth ar fholt agus ar leiceann an laoich mhóir i lár báire.

Sara dtíteann siad go talamh, beireann an fear céanna  
ar rinn agus ar fhaobhar orthu."

so that they would touch the hair and forehead of the great central hero;

but before they could reach the ground, the same man would catch their points, both backs and edges."

### Section 30

"Is rígda in tuarascbáil," ar Medb.

"Is rígda in lucht issa tuarascbáil," bar Cú Ruí.

"Ced ón, cía sút?" bar Ailill.

"Ní hanna," bar Cú Ruí:

"Conchobar mac Fachtna Fáthaig,  
rí díless dingbála Ulad,  
húa ríg Hérenn is Alban,  
in láech mór medónach út.

"Sin tuarascáil ríoga," arsa Meadhbh.

"Is ríoga an dream lena mbaineann an tuarascáil," arsa Cú Raoi.

"Cé hiad féin, más ea?" arsa Oilill.

"Is furasta a rá," arsa Cú Raoi,

"Conchubhar mac Fhachtna Fháthaigh,  
rí ceart dleathach Uladh  
a síolraíodh ó ríthe Éireann agus Alban,  
an laoch mór sin i lár báire.

"Regal is the description," said Medb.

"Regal is the band whose description it is," said Curui.

"What, then; who are they?" asked Ailill.

"Not hard to tell," answered Curui.

"That great central hero is  
Conor, son of Fachtna Fathach,  
the lawful, worthy King of Ulad,  
descendant of the Kings of Eriu and Alba.

Fintan mac Néill Níamglonnaig, fer trín Ulad,  
da leith deiss,

cunid soillsithir snechta a gnúis ocus a aged.

Cú Chulainn mac Sualtaim in fer bec brádub  
da leith chlí.

Ferchertni mac Corpri meic Iliach in fer find  
forsholus sin

fil ic imbirt chless gascid úastu.

Rígollam de rígollomnaib Ulad sin

ocus cúnchométaid do Chonchobar ó théit i  
crích a bidbad.

Cipé da mbad áil a acallam in ríg,

ní lémthar co n-elathar in fer sin."

Fionntan mac Néill Niamhghlonnaigh atá ar a  
láimh dheas, fear a bhfuil trian chúige Uladh  
faoina riall,

agus tá a ghnúis agus a aghaidh chomh geal le  
sneachta.

Cú Chulainn mac Sualdaim an fear beag  
braoidhubh ar a láimh chlé.

Feircheirtne mac Cairbre mhic Iliach an fear  
fionn fíorsholasmhar sin

atá ag imirt cleas gaiscígh os a gcionn.

Rí-ollamh de rí-ollaimh Uladh é sin,

a bhíonn ina chúlgharda ag Conchubhar nuair  
a théann seisean isteach i dtír a namhad.

Cibé duine ar mian leis labhairt leis an rí,

ní bheadh sé de dhánaíocht ann gan labhairt  
leis an bhfeair sin ar dtús."

On his right side is Fintan, son of Niall  
Niamglonnach, the man of the third of Ulad,

whose countenance and face is more bright  
than snow.

The little black-browed man at his left side is  
Cuchulaind, son of Sualtam.

Ferchertni, son of Corpri, son of Ilia, is the  
fair, beaming man,

who is playing warlike feats over them.

A king-poet of the king-poets of Ulad is he,  
and a rear-guard of Conor when he goes into  
his enemies' country.

Whoever would wish to solicit or speak to the  
King,

it is not permitted until that man is evaded."

## Section 31

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-connarc-sa and triar n-álaind n-étrom ocus erriud fénnidi impu.

Dias óc aítidach díb.

In tres gilla, ulcha degablach dondchorcra fair.

Nicon berat a drúcht dind fhéor

ar áthi ocus imétrummi im-tháncatar,

mar na facced nech don mórlolg iat,

ocus at-chíat in slúag n-uile.”

“Is séim ocus is imétrom ocus is sídamail in tuarascbáil,” ar Medb.

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir triúr álainn éatrom agus feisteas féinnithe umpu.

Beirt acu ina n-ógánaigh óga.

An tríu giolla agus féasóg dhé-ghabhlach dhonnchorcra air.

Iad ag gluaiseacht chomh mear éatrom sin

nach mbaineann siad an drúcht den fhéar

agus ba dhóigh leat nach féidir le hénne sa mhórshlua iad a fheiceáil,

ach chíonn siadsan an slua uilig.”

“Is séimh agus is saoráideach agus is diamhair an tuarascáil í,” arsa Meadbh.

“Here before these to the east, outside,” said Crom Deróil,

“I saw there a splendid, active trio, clothed in warriors’ dress.

Two of them were young, child-like;

the third fellow had a forked, purple-brown beard.

They would not remove the dew from the grass,

for the celerity and lightness with which they came;

as if not one of the great host perceived them,

and they see the whole host.”

“Gentle, and light, and peaceful is the description,” said Medb.

“Is séim iss is sídamail in lucht isa tuarascbáil,” ar Cú Ruí.

“Cía sút?” for Ailill.

“Ní hanna ám,” bar Cú Ruí:

“trí sáermaccáemi Túathi Dé Danann and sin,”  
bar Cú Ruí:

“Delbáeth mac Eithlend ocus Óengus Óc mac  
in Dagdai ocus Cermait Milbél.

Táncatar sin dered aidchi indiu da mórad áig  
ocus urgaile,

cu ras-mescsat iat arint shlúag,

et is fir cunna facet in slúag iat, ocus at-chíat-  
som in slúag.”

“Is séimh agus is diamhair na daoine lena  
mbaineann an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoí.

“Cé hiad féin?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá,” arsa Cú Raoí:

“triúr macaomh uasal de Thuatha Dé Danann  
atá ansin,” arsa Cú Raoí:

“Dealbhaoth mac Eithleann agus Aonghus Óg  
mac an Daghdha agus Cearmaid Milbhéal.

Tháinig siadsan i ndeireadh na hoíche chun  
achrann agus imreas a chothú

agus chuaigh siad i measc an tslua

agus is fior nach bhfeiceann an slua iad ach  
chíonn siadsan an slua.”

“Gentle and peaceful is the band whose  
description it is,” said Curui.

“Who are they?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell, \*indeed,\*” said Curui.

“Three noble youths of the Tuatha-De-  
Dananns are there,” said Curui:

“Delbhaeth, son of Eithliu, and Aengus Og,  
son of the Dagda, and Cermat Honey-mouth.

They came at the end of night this day, to  
excite valour and battle,

and they have mixed themselves through the  
host.

And it is true that the hosts perceive them not;  
but they see the hosts.”

## Section 32

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-chíu and buidin láechda lánglonnaig

co triur derscaighthi rempu i rremthús.

Láech fichda fordond and sin ocus láech find firálaind

ocus láech rúanaid rigthend trén co fult tóbach  
dergbuide fair,

cunid samalta ra cír mbethi ra dered fagamair

no ra bretnasaib bánóir

glantaitnem a fhuilt.

Ulcha degablaich dondchíar fair,

samalta ra hed láma laích ar fhat.

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir buíon laochea  
lánghaisciúil

agus triúr eisceachtúil chun tosaigh rompu sa  
tslí.

Laoch donn, fiochmhar duine acu, agus lena  
thaobh laoch fionn, fiorálainn

agus laoch róládir, rítheann, tréan agus gruaig  
ghearr dheargbhuí air

sa tslí gur cosúil le cíor meala i ndeireadh an  
fhómhair

nó le bioráin mhaiseacha bhánóir

a fholt glan lonrach.

Féasóg dhé-ghabhlaich dhúdhonn air

chomh fada le láimh laoich.

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said  
Crom Deróil,

“I see there a warlike, valorous company,

with three distinguished persons advancing in  
front of them.

A wrathful, brown hero is there; and a fair,  
truly-splendid hero;

and a valiant, king-stout, mighty champion,  
with thick red-yellow hair;

and comparable to a honeycomb at the end of  
harvest,

or clasps of fair gold,

is the bright glistening of his hair;

two-forked, black-brown, is his beard,

which is equal to the measure of a hero’s hand  
in length;

Samalta ra corcair lossa liac no ra oíblib  
úrtheined

a gnúis ocus a drech ocus a aged.

Trí scéith dondderga míleta foraib.

Trí manaísi mára murnecha bar an barcaib leo.

Trí claidib tromma tortbuillecha leo.

Trí étaigi cáema corcardai impu.”

“Dar ar cubus is láechda ocus is curatta in  
tuarascbáil,” ar Medb.

“Is láechda ocus is curatta in lucht isa  
tuarascbáil,” ar Cú Ruí.

“Cid ón, cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna:

trí prímlaích Ulad ind sin,

na dá Conall ocus Lóegaire

Mar dhath an lusa mhóir nó le drithlí tine nuadhanta

a ghnúis, a dhreach agus a aghaidh.

Trí sciath dhonndearga mhíleata ar iompar acu.

Trí shleá mhóra, rinnleathana ... acu.

Trí chlaíomh throma thréanchoscracha acu.

Feisteas caomh corcra ar an triúr acu.”

“Dar ár gcoinsias, is laocharta agus is curata an  
tuarascáil í,” arsa Meadhbh.

“Is laocharta agus is curata an dream lena  
mbaineann an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hiad féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá:

triúr príomhlaoch Uladh iadsan,

an dá Chonall agus Laoghaire

like the purple hue of the gilly-flower, or  
sparkles of fresh fire,

his countenance, his visage, and his face.

They bear three knightly, brown-red shields;

three immense, whizzing, warlike spears;

three heavy, stout-striking swords.

Three shapely suits of purple apparel about  
them.”

“Heroic and knightly, by our conscience, is  
the description,” said Medb.

“Heroic and knightly is the band whose  
description it is,” said Curui.

“What, then; who are they?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell” [said Curui].

“Three prime heroes of Ulad they

—the two Conalls and Loegaire—

.i. Conall Anglonnach mac Iriel Glúnmáir  
ocus Conall Cernach mac Amairgin  
ocus Lóegaire ó Ráith Immil.”

— Conall Ánghlonnach mac Iriail  
Ghlúnmhóir,  
Conall Cearnach mac Aimhirghin  
agus Laoghaire ó Ráth Imill.”

viz., Conall Anglonnach, son of Iriel Glunmar,  
and Conall Cernach, son of Amargin,  
and Loegaire from Rath-Immil.”

### Section 33

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” bar Crom Deról,

“ata-connac-sa and triar n-úathmar n-anachnid i n-airinuch na buidni.

Trí lénti líneada i caustul fri cnessaib dóib;

trí bruitt fhinnig líathodra i forcipul impu.

Trí cúalli íairn isna brattaib úasa mbrainib;

trí fuilt fordonna fráechda forru;

trí glanscéith odorda co caladbúaltib finnuma forru;

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,  
“chonaic mé chugainn anoir triúr uafar anaithnid i dtús na buíne.

Trí líne líneadaigh lena gcneas,

trí bhrat fhionnaitheacha liathodhra ina dtimpeall.

Trí bhiorán iarainn ag ceangal a mbrat ar a nucht,

folt ródhonn fiáin ar an triúr;

trí ghlanisciath odhra acu ar a bhfuil ciumhaiseanna gealumha,

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said Crom Deról,

“I saw a hideous, unknown trio in the front of the band,

with three linen shirts girding their bodies round;

three hairy, dark-gray garments in folds about them;

three iron spikes in the garments over their bosoms;

three coarse dark-brown heads of hair upon them;

three bright-grey shields, with hard ozier bindings upon them;

trí slega slindlethna leo;

trí claidbi órduirn acaib.

Ba samalta ri gláim con allmaraig i fathod

srenbúrach craidi cach míled díb

ra forcloistecht a mbidbad isin dúnad sa.”

“Is barbarda ’s is cauratta in tuarascbáil,” ar  
Medb.

“Is barbarda in lucht issa tuarascbáil,” bar Cú  
Ruí.

“Ced ón, cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna,” bar Cú Ruí:

“trí taismidi catha Ulad and sin,

Uma mac Remanfissig a Fedain Chúalnge,

Errgi Echbél a Brí Errgi,

Celtchair Mór mac Uithidir

trí shleá rinnleathana acu

agus trí chlaíomh órdhoirn.

Ba chosúil le glam con ar ruathar foghla thar  
muir anonn

tréanbhúireach gach cathmhíle acu

nuair a d’airigh siad a naimhde sa dún seo.”

“Is barbartha agus is curata an tuarascáil í,”  
arsa Meadhbh.

“Is barbartha an dream lena mbaineann an  
tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hiad féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá,” arsa Cú Raoi,

“sin iad triúr cruathaca catha Uladh,

Umha mac Reamhanfheasaigh as Feadhain  
Chuailnge,

Eirge Eachbhéal as Brí Eirge

agus Cealtchair Mór mac Uithidhir

three broad-bladed lances with them;

three gold-hilted swords had they.

Like the baying of a foreign hound in the  
chase

is the loud heart-bellowing of each warrior of  
them

when hearing of their enemies in this fortress.”

“Fierce and warlike is the description,” said  
Medb.

“Fierce is the band whose description it is,”  
said Curui.

“What, then; who are they?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell,” said Curui.

“Three leaders of battle of the Ulidians they

—Uma son of Remanfisech, from Fedan of  
Cualnge;

Errgi Echbél, from Brí-Errgi,

and Celtchair the Great, son of Uthidir,

a Ráith Celtchair, a Dún Dá Lethglas.”

as Ráth Chealtchair ó Dhún Dá Leathghlas.”

from Rath-Celtchair, from Dún-da-Lethglas.”

## Section 34

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” bar Crom Deróil,

“at-connarc fer súilech slíastach slinnénach  
sármór sithfhata

co sárbratt lachtnai imbi.

Secht ngerrchochaill cíara comshleanna imbi,

girri cech n-úachtarach, libru cach n-íchtarach.

Nónbur cehtar a dá tháeb.

Lorg adúathmar íarnaidi ’na láim,

cend anbthen fhuiri ocus cend álgen.

Ba sed a reba ocus abairti, fuirmid in cend n-anbthen for cendar na nónbor

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir fear  
géarshúileach, slíastach, slinneánach, sármhór,  
scafánta

agus brat liath álainn uime.

Seacht gcinn de ghearrchochaill chiardhubha  
mhíne uime.

Is giorra gach cochall uachtarach agus is faide  
gach cochall íochtarach.

Naonúr ar cheachtar a dhá thaobh.

Lorg uafar iarainn ina láimh

agus ceann amháin de millteach bascthach  
agus an ceann eile míniúil.

Is é cleas agus cluiche a bhí aige ná an naonúr  
a bhualadh sa chloigeann le ceann millteach a  
loirge,

“Here in front of them, to the east, outside,”  
said Crom Deróil,

“I saw a large-eyed, large-thighed, shoulder-bladed,  
nobly-great, immensely-tall man,

with a splendid gray garment round him;

with seven short, black, equally-smooth  
cloaklets about him;

shorter was each upper one, longer each lower.

At either side of him were nine men.

In his hand was a terrible iron staff,

on which were a rough end and a smooth end.

His play and amusement consisted in laying  
the rough end on the heads of the nine,

condas-marband raa braithiud n-óenúaire.

Fuirmid in cend álgen forru

condas-bethaigend issinn úair chétna.”

“Is ingnad in tuarascbáil,” far Medb.

“Is ilreachtach in tí ’sa tuarascbáil,” bar Cú Ruí.

“Cid ón, cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna,” bar Cú Ruí:

“in Dagda Mór mac Eithlenn, dagdía Túathi Dé Danann.

Da mórad áig ocus urgaile

ra cummasc isin matin indiu for in slúag,

ocus ní fhaccend nech issint shlúag é.”

rud a fhágann marbh iad ar feadh achair bhig.

Buaileann sé ansin iad le ceann mín na loirge

agus bíonn siad ina mbeathaidh aige láithreach.”

“Díol iontais an tuarascáil sin,” arsa Meadbh.

“Is mó rocht a thugann an té lena mbaineann an tuarascáil air féin,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá,” arsa Cú Raoi:

“an Daghdha Mór mac Eithleann, dea-dhia Thuatha Dé Danann.

Chun ár agus achrann a chothú

is ea a chuaigh sé i measc an tslua maidin inniu

agus ní fheiceann éinne sa slua é.”

whom he would kill in the space of a moment.

He would then lay the smooth end on them,

so that he would animate them in the same time.”

“Wonderful is the description,” said Medb.

“Protean is the person whose description it is,” said Curui.

“What, then; who is he?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell,” said Curui.

“The great Dagda, son of Ethliu, the good God of the Tuatha De Danann.

To magnify valour and conflict

he wrought confusion upon the host in the morning this day;

and no one in the host sees him.”

## Section 35

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-chonnarc-sa and fer tailc tuillethan, isé bailc brádorchá,

isé drechlethan détsholus,

cen erriud cen étgud cen armu cen fáebru

acht fúathbróc dondlethair degshúata cu airbaccaib a dá ochsal.

Remithir fer mór cech n-óenball de.

In corthi cloichi sea immuich na fétat Clanna Dedad uile da thócbáil

ra gat a talmain

ocus da-ringni ubullchless án méor co a chéli de.

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir tréanfhear teann, ceannleathan, balcaire braoidhorcha,

dreachlethan, déadsholas

gan feisteas ná éide gaiscígh, gan arm faobhair

ach aprún donn bogleathair air aníos go dtí a dháascaill.

Gach ball dá chorp chomh leathan téagartha le fear mór.

An gallán cloiche sin amuigh ná féadfadh Clanna Deá go léir é a thógaint,

tharraing sé as an talamh é

agus rinne úllchleas leis idir a mhéara.

“Here before them, to the east, outside,” said Crom Deróil,

“I saw there a mighty, broad-fronted man; bold, dark-browed;

broad-visaged, white-toothed;

without raiment, without clothing, without arms, without weapons,

except a well-stitched brown leather apron up to the hollows of his two arm-pits.

Stouter than a large man is each of his limbs.

This pillar-stone outside, which all the Clanna-Dedad could not lift,

he pulled out of the ground,

and performed an apple feat with it from one finger to the other.

Ra léic úad ra talmain

feib ra léiced dlaí omthaind bar áthi ocus  
étrummi.”

“Is rúanaid rigthend trén rochalma in  
tuarascbáil,” bar Medb.

“Is fornirt cách ’sa tuarascbáil,” bar Cú Ruí.

“Ced ón, cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna:

Trisgatail Trénfher sin

.i. trénfher tigi Conchobair.

Is é marbas na trí nónbair da déccun anníaraid  
nammá.”

Chaith sé uaidh go talamh é

amhail is go mbeadh sé chomh héatrom le  
canach feochadáin.”

“Istréan, láidir, fórsúil, róchalma an tuarascáil  
í,” arsa Meadhbh.

“Istréan, láidir an té lena mbaineann an  
tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá:

sin é Trioscadail Tréanfhear,

fear láidir theach Chonchubhair.

Is féidir leis trí naonúr a mharú ach aon  
fhéachaint fhíochmhar amháin a thabhairt  
orthu.”

He hurled it from him with power,

as quickly and lightly as he would fling a wisp  
of \*a thistle\*, for quickness and lightness.”

“Heroic, regal, powerful, mighty is the  
description,” said Medb.

“Stronger than any is he whose description it  
is,” said Curui.

“What, then, who is he?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell.

That is the champion Trisgatal;  
the champion of Conor’s house.

He it is that kills the three enneads by his  
fierce look alone.”

## Section 36

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-chonnac-sa gilla tua noídenda i cengul  
ucus i cubriuch.

Trí slabraid cehtar a dá choss  
ucus slabrad cehtar a dá lám.

Trí slabraid imma brágít  
ucus mórfessiur cecha slabraide,  
conid inund oucus óenmórfessiur déc.

Co mbeir-sium rompud ferda feramail cu  
trascrand in óenmórfessiur déc

cunas-tairnged

feib ro thairnged

a comlín de bolgánaib belca

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir giolla óg agus  
cuma linbh air agus é ceangailte, cuibhrithe.

Trí shlabhra ar cheachtar a dhá chos  
agus slabhra amháin ar cheachtar a dhá lámh.  
Trí shlabhra thart ar a muineál  
agus mórsheisear i ngreim ar gach slabhradh,  
is é sin aon mhórseisear déag ar fad.

Bhaineadh sé casadh as a chorp le fórsa  
fiorfhearúil a threasraíodh an t-aon  
mhórseisear déag

agus tharraingíodh sé ina dhiaidh iad  
chomh héasca saoráideach  
is a tharraingeodh sé  
an oiread sin málíní éatroma seithe.

“Here before them, to the east, outside,” said  
Crom Deróil,

“I saw a fresh, childish youth, in bonds and  
fetters.

Round each of his two legs were three chains,  
a chain round each of his two hands,  
and three chains round his neck;  
and seven persons at each chain,  
which is equal to eleven sevens.

He \*makes\* a manly, vigorous *rompur* with  
the eleven sevens,

whom he would drag  
as easily and lightly  
as he would drag  
their number of empty bladders,

for áthi ocus étrummi.

In tan at-chluined boltnugud a námá,

in tan ra benad cend ind fhír díb

ra tailfhót de thailfhótaib in talman

no risin carraic clochi,

iss ed at-bered in fer sin,

‘Ní da thetarrachtain gaili ná gascid berair in rumpud sin

acht fa baltnugud in bíd ocus in lenna fil issin dúnud sa.’

Na-ngeib-sium eill nári

cu n-imthig athach leo co taí tastadach

condad-dic in tond inburbi chétna.”

“Dar ar cubus,” ar Medb, “is nemnech ocus is dochoisc in tuarascáil.”

Nuair a d’fhaigheadh sé boladh a namhad

agus nuair a bhuaileadh ceann fir

meall ar an talamh

nó carraig cloiche,

is é a deireadh an fear sin:

‘ní ar mhaithe le gal agus gaisce an cleas nirt sin agat,

ach le dúil sa bhia agus sa lionn a bhfaigheann tú a mboladh sa dún sin.’

Thagadh náire ansin air

agus d’imíodh sé leo go ciúin tostach ar feadh tamaill

go dtí go mbuaileadh an taom céanna arís é.”

“Dar ár gcoinsias,” arsa Meadhbh, “is nimhneach, forránaíoch an tuarascáil í.”

when he would hear the clamour of his enemies.

When the head of one of the men would strike against a surface-sod of the surface-sods of the ground,

or against the stone crag,

the man would say,

‘It is not to exhibit bravery or valour this uproar is created,

but about the odour of the food and ale which is in this house.’

A feeling of shame possessed him,

so that he went with them a while, quietly, silently,

until the same wave of fury came upon him.”

“By our conscience,” said Medb, “the description is virulent, indocile.”

“Nemnech dochoisc cách issa tuarascbáil,” bar Cú Ruí.

“Ced ón, cía é?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna:

mac na trí curad at-rubart a chíanaib

.i. Uma mac Remanfisig, Errgi Echbél et  
Celtchair mac Uthidir.

Is éicen inn airet sin da slúag ica  
chomét

a théit i crích a bidbad

dáig a gaili da chomus

.i. Úanchend Arritech, ocus níra slán acht a  
óenblíadain déc,

ocus níra chaith a chuit ríam

na tairced do cach óen no bíd issin taig.”

“Is nimhneach, forránaach an té lena  
mbaineann an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá:

mac an triúir curadh a luaign mé ó chianaibh:

Umha mac Reamhanfheasaigh, Eirge  
Eachbhéal agus Cealtchair mac Uithidhir;

ní mór an méid sin dá slua a bheith ina  
fheidhil chun smacht a choimeád air,

nuair a théann siad isteach i dtír a namhad,

mar gheall ar a fhíoch chun troda.

Uancheann Airideach a ainm, níl ach aon  
bhliain déag slánaithe aige

agus níor chaith sé a chuid riamh

gan é a thairiscint do gach éinne sa teach.”

“Virulent, indocile is he whose description it  
is,” said Curui.

“Who is he, then?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell.

The son of the three champions I mentioned  
before,

to wit, Uma son of Remanfisech, Errgi Echbél,  
and Celtchair son of Uithidir.

That number of their host is requisite to guard  
him

when he goes into his enemy’s country,

in order to restrain his ardour.

Uanchend Arritech is he, and his eleventh year  
is not complete;

and he never eat [*recte*, ate] his portion,

without offering it to everyone who might be  
in the house.”

## Section 37

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-condarc-sa and budin da dáescarslúag.

Óenfer eturru, súasmáel dubrintach fair;

mocolshúli móra óengela ina chind;

aged ethiopacda sle mangorm aci.

Bratt ríbáin i forcipul immi;

frithchuman umaidi ina brutt úasa braini;

sithbacc créduma ina láim.

Clucín céolbind ina chomaitech.

Bertaid a echlasc bar in slúag

co tárcend suba ocus sogra dond ardríg ocus  
dond tshlúag uili.”

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir buíon dá  
ndaoscarslúag.

Fear áirithe ina measc agus folt dlúthbearrtha  
gairid dubh air,

súile móra geala bolgacha ina cheann

agus aghaidh Aetópach mhín ghorm air,

brat riabhach ina thimpeall,

biorán umha ag ceangal a bhrait ar a ucht;

bachall fhada chré-umha ina láimh.

Cloigin ceolbhinn leis.

Beartaíonn sé a fhuip os comhair an tslua

agus tugann subhachas agus pléisiúr don ardrí  
agus don slua uilig.”

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said  
Crom Deróil,

“I saw a band of their rabble.

One man in their midst, with a black, pointed,  
thick head of hair,

having large, subtle, all-white eyes in his head,

and a smooth-blue Ethiopian countenance;

a ribbed garment in folds about him;

a brazen clasp in his garment, over his breast;

a long bronze wand in his hand,

and a melodious little bell beside him,

which he touches with his wand before the  
host,

so that it gives pleasure and delight to the  
Arch-King, and to the whole host.”

“Sothib ocus is fursidi in tuarascbáil,” ar Medb.

“Sothib cách ’sa tuarascbáil,” bar Cú Ruí.

“Cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna,” bar Cú Rí:

“Róimid Rígóinmit sin,” ar Cú Ruí, “ónmit Conchobair.

Ní rabi d’esbaid nach do chumaid ar duni d’Ultaib ríam a ra tucad da ari  
acht co facced Róimid Rígónmit.”

“Taitneamhach, greannmhar an tuarascáil,” arsa Meadhbh.

“Taitneamhach an té lena mbaineann an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá,” arsa Cú Raoi;

“sin é Róimhid Rí-óinmhid,” arsa Cú Raoi,  
“óinmhid Chonchubhair.

Aon easpa nó cumha a bhí riamh ar éinne  
d’fhir Uladh, dhéanfadh sé neamhshuim de  
ach Róimhid Rí-óinmhid a fheiceáil.”

“Laughable and amusing is the description,” said Medb.

“Laughable is the person whose description it is,” said Curui.

“Who is he?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell,” answered Curui.

“That is the royal fool Róimid, Conor’s fool.

There never was fatigue or sorrow on any man  
of the Ultonians, that he would heed,  
if he only saw the royal fool Róimid.”

## Section 38

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-chonnarc and fer corcarda cétlíath

i carput chendphartech ás echraíd uraird.

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir fear gnúisdearg  
agus túis léithe air;

é i gearbad maiseach (?) os cionn a chapall  
ard.

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said Crom Deróil,

“I saw a purple-hued man, in his first  
grayness,

in an open-headed chariot, over high horses;

Lend ilbrecc ingantach imbe

co n-imdénam órshnáith.

Fail óir dano cechtar a dá lám;

fánní óir im cach mér da méraib.

Airm co n-imdénam órda lais.

Noí carptig remi ocus .ix. carptig 'na degaid  
ocus .ix. carptig cechtar a dá tháeb."

"Is urdnidi ocus is rígda in tuarascbáil," ar  
Medb.

"Is rígda ocus is urdnide in tí 'sa tuarascbáil,"  
ar Cú Ruí.

"Ced ón, cía sút?" bar Ailill.

"Ní hanna," bar Cú Ruí:

"Blad Briuga mac Fiachna a Temair na  
hArdda,

Clóca breac suaithinseach air

agus é bróidnithe le snáitheanna óir.

Bráisléad óir ar gach láimh leis.

Fáinní óir ar gach méar dá mhéara.

Airm órmhaisithe leis.

Naonúr cairbtheach roimhe, naonúr  
cairbtheach ina dhiaidh agus naonúr  
cairbtheach ar a dhá thaobh."

"Is ró-usal, ríoga an tuarascáil í," arsa  
Meadhbh.

"Is ríoga, ró-usal an té lena mbaineann an  
tuarascáil," arsa Cú Raoi.

"Cé hé féin, más ea?" arsa Oilill.

"Is furasta a rá," arsa Cú Raoi:

"Bladh Brughaidh mac Fhiachna ó Theamhair  
na hArda

a marvellous much-speckled garment about  
him,

with gold-thread workmanship.

A bracelet of gold, moreover, on each of his  
two hands,

and a ring of gold round each finger of his  
fingers.

Arms with golden workmanship had he.

Before him were nine chariot-men, and nine  
chariot-men behind him, and nine chariot-men  
on either side of him."

"Magnificent and regal is the description,"  
said Medb.

"Regal and magnificent is he whose  
description it is," said Curui.

"Who, then, is he?" asked Ailill.

"Not hard to tell," answered Curui:

"Blad Briuga, son of Fiachna, from Temair of  
the Ard;

ocus is éicen na noí carptig sin imme cach  
conair téit,

ar ní éistend-som ra hirlabra neich dint shlóg

acht rea n-irlabra-som.

Gáini a comráid do neoch aile acht dó-som.”

agus ní mór don naonúr cairbtheach sin bheith  
ina theannta gach áit dá dtéann sé,

mar ní éisteann seisean leis an gcaint a  
dhéanann éinne den slua

ach amháin lena gcaint siúd.

Is beag comhrá a dhéanann siadsan le héinne  
ach amháin leis siúd.”

and these nine chariot-men must be about him  
whithersoever he goes,

for he listens not to the speech of anyone of  
the host,

but to their speech.

Sparing is their speech to everyone but to  
him.”

### Section 39

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom  
Deróil,

“at-connarc and budin rígda romóir.

Óenfher ina airenuch saic.

Folt fráechda fordub fair.

Ell n-áilgen issin dara hól dó,

cubur fola fordeirggi issind óil aile dó

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearóil,

“chonaic mé chugainn anoir buíon ríoga  
rómhór.

Fear amháin i dtús na buíne sin.

Folt fiáin fiordhubh air.

Cuma shéimh ar ghrua amháin leis

agus cúr fola fiordheirge ar an ngrua eile:

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said  
Crom Deróil,

“I saw a prodigious royal band.

One man in front of it,

with coarse black hair.

An expression of gentleness in one of his eyes;

foam of crimson blood in the other eye;

i. frecra mín munterda in dara fecht	tugann sé freagra mín muinteartha uaidh babhta amháin	<i>i.e.</i> at one time a gentle, friendly aspect;
ocus frecra andíaraid in fecht aile.	agus freagra borb babhta eile.	at another time a fierce expression.
Onchú óbéli cehtar a dá gúaland;	Lioopard ar gach gualainn leis a bhfuil a chraos ar leathadh,	An open-mouthed otter on each of his two shoulders.
scíath táí tailgel fair;	sciath álainn aige a bhfuil tul geal uirthi	A smooth, white-surfaced shield upon him.
claideb gelduирn leis.	agus claíomh gealdoirn leis.	A white-hilted sword with him.
Sleg mór míleta ra aird a gúaland.	Sleá mhór mhíleata chomh hard lena ghualainn aige.	A large, knightly spear to the height of his shoulder.
Inn úair ras-geib a grith slegi	Nuair a bhuaileann racht buile an tsleá	When its spear-ardour seized it,
do-beir-seom béim d'erlained in rogaí bar a dernaind	buaileann sé buille de chois an mhórgha ar a bhois	he would deal a blow of the handle of the mighty spear upon his hand
co maidend lán armide méich de sponcaílib tentidi dar a slind ocus dar a fográin,	agus éiríonn splancanna tine ina slaodanna os cionn rinn na sleá in airde,	when the full measure of a sack of fiery particles would burst over its side and edge,
inn úair ras-geib a grith slegi.	nuair a bhuaileann racht buile an tsleá.	when its spear-ardour seized it.
Cairi dubhfhola da lind adúathmar aidchi remi	Roimhe amach, coire dubhfhola agus leacht gráonna dorcha ann	A blood-black cauldron of horrid, noxious liquid before him,
arna dénam tria druídecht da folaib con ocus catt ocus druad,	a rinneadh le draíocht d'fhuil con agus cat agus draoithe,	composed, through sorcery, of the blood of dogs, and cats, and Druids.

cu fobairthea cend na slegi sin issind lind nem  
sin

in tráth na thiced a grith slegi.”

“Dar ar cubus is nemnech in tuarascbáil,” ar  
Medb.

“Is nemnech cách ’sa tuarascbáil,” ar Cú Ruí.

“Cid ón, cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Dubthach Dóel Ulad sin,” ar Cú Ruí,

“fer na ra thuill buide ri nech ríam;

ocus inn úair is crech ac Ultaib ule  
is crech aci-sium a óenur.

In Lúin lúathéchtach Celtchair ’na láim ar  
íasacht

ocus cori fola forderggi rompi,  
ar na losced-si a crand no in fer no biad fóthi

dhéantaí ceann na sleá a thomadh sa leacht  
nimhneach sin

aon uair a bhuaileadh taom buile í.”

“Dar ár gcoinsias, is nimhneach an tuarascáil í  
sin,” arsa Meadbh.

“Is nimhneach an té lena mbaineann an  
tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Sin é Dubhthach Daol Uladh,” arsa Cú Raoi,

“fear nár thuill buiochas éinne riamh;

agus nuair a dhéanann na hUltaigh foghail  
is é siúd a bheireann leis an chreach is mó.

An Lúin luathéachtach Chealtchair ina láimh  
leis ar iasacht

agus coire fola fiordheirge roimpi amach,  
mar is amhlaidh a loiscfí cos na sleá, nó an  
fear a bheadh i ngreim uirthi,

And the head of the spear was plunged in that  
poisonous liquid

when its spear-ardour came.”

“By our conscience, the description [is  
venomous],” said Medb.

“Venomous is he whose description it is,” said  
Curui.

“Who, then, is he?” asked Ailill.

“That is Dubhthach the Chafer of Ulad,” said  
Curui;

“a man who never merited thanks from any;  
and when a prey falls to the Ultonians all,  
a prey falls to him alone.

The quick, deedful *luin* of Celtchair is in his  
hand, on loan,

and a cauldron of crimson blood is before it,  
for it would burn its handle, or the man that is  
bearing it,

meni fothraicthe sin choiré fhola nemi hí,  
ocus ic targiri chatha itá-si.”

mura dtumfaí í sa choiré fola nimhe  
agus is ag tuar catha atá sí.”

unless it was bathed in the cauldron of noxious  
blood.  
And foretelling battle it is.”

## Section 40

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” bar Crom  
Deróil,  
“at-connac-sa and buidin aile.

Fer féta farsaid findlíath ina airenuch saide.  
Bratt gléfhind immi co n-acharimlib argit  
óengil;

léni álaind óengel i caustul fri cnes dó;  
máeldorn finnargit fa choim;  
cráeb chréduma ra haird a gúaland;  
binnius airfitig inna guth;  
airlabra airard admall aci.”

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearóil,  
“chonaic mé buíon eile chugainn anoir  
agus fear ciúin críonna fionnliath ina túis.  
Brat geal álainn ciumhaisairgid lonrach uime  
agus léine álainn rígheal lena chneas;  
banda bánairgid faoina chom,  
craobh chré-umha chomh hard lena ghualainn  
aige,  
binneas ceolmhar ina ghuth  
agus a urlabhra ard, glan, mallmhaorga.”

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said  
Crom Deróil,  
“I saw another band there.  
A sedate, gray-haired man in front thereof.  
A fair bright garment about him, with borders  
of all-white silver.  
A beautiful white shirt to the surface of his  
skin;  
a white silver belt about his waist;  
a bronze branch at the summit of his shoulder;  
the sweetness of melody in his voice;  
his utterance loud but slow.”

“Dar ar cubus is brithemda ocus is gáeth in tuarascbáil,” ar Medb.

“Is gáeth ocus is brithemda cách ’sa tuarascbáil,” bar Cú Ruí.

“Cid ón, cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hanna:

Sencha Mór mac Ailella meic Máelchlóid a Carnmaig Ulad,

sobérnáid fher in talman

ocus fer sídaigthi slúaig Ulad.

Fir domuin án turcbáil co funiud no shídaigfed da thrí findfhoclairb.”

“Dar ár gcoinsias, is saoithiúil, stuama an tuarascáil í sin,” arsa Meadhbh.

“Is stuama, saoithiúil an té lena lena mbaineann an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin, más ea?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá:

Seancha Mór mac Oilealla mhic Mhaolchló as Carnmhaigh Uladh

an sárchainteoir is fearr d’fhir an domhain

agus is é fear déanta na síochána é ag slua Uladh.

Thabharfadhb sé fir an domhain ó eirí go luí na gréine chun réitigh le trí cinn dá bhinnbhriathra.”

“Judicial and sage, by our conscience, is the description,” said Medb.

“Sage and judicial the person whose description it is,” said Curui.

“Who, then, is he?” asked Ailill.

“Not hard to tell.

Sencha the Great, son of Ailill son of Maelchlóid, from Carn-Magh of Ulad;

the most eloquent man of the men of earth,

and the pacifier of the hosts of Ulad.

The men of the world, from the rising to the setting, he would pacify with his three fair words.”

## Section 41

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-connarc and budin fég firálaind.

Gilla óc aítidach inna hairenuch.

Folt buide búanchlechtach fair.

In breth na fétand in láech fil remi da brith berid-seom hí.”

“Is gáeth ocus is glicc in tuarascbáil,” ar Medb.

“Is gáeth ocus is glicc in tí ’sa tuarascbáil,” ar Cú Ruí.

“Cía sút?” bar Ailill.

“Ní hannsa:

Caíni Caínbrethach mac Sencha meic Ailella sin,

ocus in breth na beir a athair ocus na fétand berid-seom hí.”

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé buíon bheoga fhíorálainn chugainn anoir.

Giolla óg ina túis.

Folt breá buí cas air.

An bhreith nach féidir leis an laoch atá roimhe a thabhairt, tugann seisean í.”

“Is gaoiseach, glic an tuarascáil í,” arsa Meadhbh.

“Is gaoiseach, glic an té lena mbaineann an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hé féin?” arsa Oilill.

“Is furasta a rá:

sin é Caoine Caoinbhreach mac Sheancha mhic Oilealla

agus an bhreith nach dtugann a athair agus nach féidir leis a thabhairt, tugann seisean í.”

“Here before them to the east, outside,” said Crom Deróil,

“I saw there a brave, truly-splendid band;

in front of it a young, tender boy,

with ever-clustering yellow hair.

The judgment which the hero before him cannot deliver, he delivers.”

“Wise and cunning is the description,” said Medb.

“Wise and cunning he whose description it is,” said Curui.

“Who is he?” asked Ailill.

“Not difficult to tell,” answered Curui;

“that is Caini the fair-judging, son of Sencha, son of Ailill;

and the decision that his father does not, or cannot, deliver, he delivers it.”

## Section 42

“Unsea riu sain anair anechtair,” ar Crom Deróil,

“at-condarc-sa and triar úathmar allmarda

co pudrallaib imgerra urardda;

co n-étaigib allmarda líathodar impaib;

co trí gothnib umaidi i llámaib  
dessa leo;

co trí lorggaib íarnaidib ina lámaib clí.

Ní labair nech díb ri araile

ocus ní labair nech din mórlslúag riu.”

“Is mogda allmarda in tuarascbáil,” ar Medb.

“Is mogda ocus is allmarda in lucht isa  
tuarascbáil,” ar Cú Ruí.

“Cid ón, cia sút?” ar Ailill.

“Amuigh ansin leosan,” arsa Crom Dearól,

“chonaic mé triúr uafar chugainn anoir agus  
cuma allúrach orthu

agus folt gearr ina sheasamh ar a gceann;

feisteas iasachta liathodhar orthu,

trí gha cré-umha i ndeasláimh gach duine den  
triúr

agus trí lorg iarainn sa láimh chlé leo.

Ní labhrann éinne acu le héinne eile

agus ní labhrann duine ar bith sa mhórshluá  
leo.”

“Is éachtach, uafásach an tuairisc í,” arsa  
Meadhbh.

“Is éachtach, uafásach an triúr lena mbaineann  
an tuarascáil,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Cé hiad féin, más ea?” asrsa Oilill.

“Here before them, outside,

I saw a hateful, foreign-looking trio,

with long sharp staves,

and wearing foreign brown-gray garments.

They had three bronze darts in their right  
hands,

and three iron clubs in their left.

Neither of them speaks to the other,

and not one of the host speaks to them.”

“Servile and strange is the description,” said  
Medb.

“Servile and strange are they whose  
description it is,” said Curui.

“How, then; who are they?” asked Ailill.

“Ní hanna,” ar Cú Ruí:

“trí dorsid rítigi Conchobair and sin,

Nem ocus Dall ocus Dorcha.”

“Is furasta a rá,” arsa Cú Raoi:

“sin iad triúr doirseoirí rítheach Chonchubhair,

Nimh, Dall agus Dorcha.”

\*“Not difficult to tell,” answered Curui.\*

“They are the three doorkeepers of Conor’s house,

Nem, and Dall, and Druithen.”

## Section 43

Tuarascbáil in chédna braini tánic issin  
faithchi díb sin.

Nuchun airrecht in druí mór nimthathand a  
tuarascbáil do thabairt ó sin immach.

“Is iat Ulaid sút trá,” bar Medb.

“Is iat écin,” bar Cú Ruí.

“In ra samlad ríam na híaram  
no in fail i turchantain no remfáistini acaib?”

“Nad fetamar má tá,” ar Cú Ruí.

“I fail san dúnud nech ra-fitir?” ar Medb.

Sin í tuairisc na chéad bhuíne díobh a bhain an  
fhaiche amach.

Níor thug an draoi mór ... tuairisc ar an méid  
díobh a tháinig ina dhiadh sin.

“Is iad siúd na nUaltaigh,” arsa Meadhbh.

“Is iad go deimhin,” arsa Cú Raoi.

“Ar samhlaíodh a leithéid riamh roimhe seo  
nó an bhfuil tairngreacht nó réamhfhaisntine ar  
bith agaibh ina thaobh?”

“Ní heol dúinn a leithéid, má tá,” arsa Cú  
Raoi.

“An bhfuil aon duine sa dún arb eol dó é?”  
arsa Meadhbh.

That is the description of the first division that  
came into the fair-green.

The great druid was not able to describe them  
further.

“They are the Ulidians,” said Medb.

“They are, indeed,” said Curui.

“Was it imagined before or after;  
or is it in prediction or in prophecy with you?”

“That we know not, if it is,” said Curui.

“Is there in the fortress any one that knows?”  
asked Medb.

“Atá sinser Cland Dedad,” bar Cú Ruí,

“i. Gabalglinni mac Dedad

fil isé dall .xxx. blíadan issin dúnad sa ica  
gairi.”

“Tíagar da íarfaigid de in ra hairichlit

ocus íarfaigther de cía hairichill tucad forru.”

“Cía ragas and?” bar Cú Ruí.

“Táet Crom Deróil ocus Fáenglinni mac  
Dedad.”

Táncatar rempu conice in tech i rabi  
Gabalglinni ica gairi.

“Cía so?” ar eseom.

“Crom Deróil ocus Fáenglinni mac Dedad and  
so,” ar iat,

“ga íarfaigid dítsu in rabi i tarngiri no i  
fástini a taidecht Ulad

“Tá sinsear Chlann Deá,” arsa Cú Raoi,

“is é sin Gabhalghlinne mac Deá

atá dall le tríocha bliain agus aire á tabhairt dó  
sa dún seo.”

“Téadh duine éigin chun a fhiafraí de an  
ndearnadh réamhullmhúchán

agus fiafraítear de cén freastal a beartaíodh  
faoina gcomhair.”

“Cé a rachaidh dá fhiafraí sin de?” arsa Cú  
Raoi.

“Téadh Crom Dearól agus Faonghlinne mac  
Deá chuige.”

Chuaigh siadsan rompu go dtí an teach ina  
rabhas ag tabhairt aire do Ghabhalghlinne.

“Cé tá agam?” ar seisean.

“Crom Dearól agus Faonghlinne mac Deá atá  
anseo,” ar siad,

“á fhiafraí díot an raibh sé i dtairngreacht nó i  
bhfaistine riamh go dtiocfadh na hUltaigh

“There is,” said Curui, “the senior of the  
Clann-Dedad,

to wit, Gabalglinni, son of Dedad,

who has been, and he blind, maintained thirty  
years in this fortress.”

“Let some one go and ask him if they were  
expected;

and let it be asked of him what preparation  
was made for them.”

“Who shall go there?” asked Curui.

“Let Crom Deroil and Faenglinni, son of  
Dedad, go.”

They went on to the house in which  
Gabalglinni was maintained.

“Who is this?” asked he.

“Crom Deroil and Faenglinni, son of Dedad,  
are here,” said they,

“to enquire of thee if the coming of the  
Ulidians was in prediction or in prophecy;

no in fail frithálím forru má tá.”

“Is cían atá i tairngiri a taidecht ocus ra  
fritháilit.

Is é a frithálím,

teg íarnaidi ocus dá thech cláraid immi

et teg talman foí anís ocus lecc imdangen  
íarnaide fair-side

ocus na fríth da chrín ocus do lassamain ocus  
da gúalach ra timmairged

issin tech talman conid forlán.

Is sed ra tairngered dún

co timmairgfitís mathi Ulad i n-óenaidchi issin  
tech sain.

Atát secht slabraid úríairn sund fa chossaib ind  
leptha sa

ra hairichill chengail ocus forríata;

agus, má bhí, ar beartaíodh conas a dhéanfaí  
freastal orthu?”

“Tá sé tuartha le fada go dtiocfadh agus  
beartaíodh conas a dhéanfaí freastal orthu.

Mar seo is ea a dhéanfar freastal orthu:

i dteach iarainn agus dhá theach adhmaid  
tógha timpeall air

agus teach faoi thalamh thíos faoi agus  
clúdach daingean iarainn anuas air sin

agus cuireadh a bhfuarthas de chríonadhmad,  
d'ábhar tine agus de ghualach

isteach sa teach faoi thalamh sa tslí go bhfuil  
sé lán go barr.

Is é a tairngríodh dúinn

ná go mbaileodh maithe Uladh isteach sa  
teach sin ar feadh aon oíche amháin.

Tá seacht slabhra nua-iarainn anseo faoi chosa  
na leapa seo

chun ceangail agus cuibhrithe;

or if so, whether there is any preparation for  
them.”

“Long has their coming been in prophecy.

That they may be attended to, this [is the]  
provision.

An iron house, and two wooden houses about  
it;

and a subterranean house under it, and a  
strong iron flag upon that;

and all the faggots, and inflammable materials,  
and coal, that were found, were collected

into the subterranean house, so that it is quite  
full.

It is what was prophesied for us,

that the nobles of Ulad would be congregated  
in one night in that house.

There are seven chains of good iron here  
under the feet of this bed,

\*ready to bind and enclose\*;

a cengul do na secht coirthib failet for in  
fhaidchi se immuich."

Táncatar rempu issin tech

i mbaí Medb ocus Ailill ocus mathi na cúiced  
et ad-fétaiter dóib mar ra airichlit Ulaid.

ceanglaítear iad de na seacht ngallán atá ar an  
bhfaiche sin amuigh."

D'fhill siad ar ais isteach sa teach

ina raibh Meadh agus Oilill agus maithe na  
gcúigí  
agus d'inis siad dóibh conas a bhí beartaithe  
caitheamh leis na hUltaigh.

and let them be firmly fastened to the seven  
pillar-stones that are on the green outside."

They (Crom Deról and Faenglinni) came into  
the house

in which were Medb and Ailill, and the nobles  
of the province,

and related to them how the Ulidians were  
awaited.

## Section 44

“Tíagar d’ferthain fháilti riu, nech úaitsiu ocus  
úaimse, a Chú Ruí,” ar Medb.

“Cuich ragas and?” far Cú Ruí.

“In dias cétna,” ar Medb,

“et curap amlaid ferthair fáilte friu

úaimse co mathib chóicid Connacht

ocus úaitsiu cu mathib dá cúiced Muman.”

“Téitear chun fáilte a chur rompu, duine uaitse  
agus duine uaimse, a Chú Raoi,” arsa  
Meadhbh.

“Cé a rachaidh chucu?” arsa Cú Raoi.

“An bheirt chéanna,” arsa Meadbh,

“agus cuirtear an fháilte chéanna rompu

thar mo cheannsa agus thar ceann maithe  
Chonnacht,

agus thar do cheannsa agus thar ceann maithe  
dhá chúige na Mumhan.”

“Let one from thee, and one from me, go to  
bid them welcome, O Curui,” said Medb.

“Who shall go there?” asked Curui.

“The \*same\* two,” said Medb,

“that so welcome may be given to them

from me with the nobles of the province of  
Connacht,

and from thee with the nobles of the two  
provinces of Munster.”

“Do-bér-sa cid aichni,” bar Cú Ruí, “arin tí fhrecéras in fálti  
in ra síd no in ra debech.

Úair mad é Dubthach Dóel Ulad fhrecéras  
is ra hessíd táncatar;  
mad é Sencha mac Ailella fhrecras  
is ra síd táncatar.”  
Lotar rempu conici bail  
i rrabatar Ulaid forsind faithchi.

“Mo-chen bidchen do thíchtu, a ardri  
ardéchtach ardúasal Ulad,”  
ar Crom Deróil,  
“ó Meidb ocus ó Ailill  
ocus ó mathib cúicid Connacht leo.”

“Beidh a fhios agamsa,” arsa Cú Raoi, “ón té a  
thabharfaidh freagra ar an aitheasc fáiltithe  
cé acu ar mhaithe le síocháin nó le cogadh a  
tháinig siad.

Mar, más é Dubhthach Daol Uladh a  
thabharfaidh an freagra,  
is le naimhdeas a tháinig siad;  
más é Seancha mac Oilealla a fhreagróidh,  
is go síochánta atá siad tagtha.”  
Chuaigh siad (Crom Dearól agus Faonghlinne  
mac Deá) rompu go dtí an áit  
ina raibh na hUltaigh ar an bhfaiche.

“Mochean go deimhin do theacht, a ardri  
ardéachtaigh arduasail Uladh,”  
arsa Crom Dearól,  
“míle fáilte ó Mheadhbh, ó Oilill  
agus ó mhaithe chuíge Chonnacht mar aon  
leo.”

“I will even know,” said Curui, “by the person  
that answers,  
whether they came with peace, or with battle;  
for if it is Dubthach, the Chafer of Ulad, that  
answers,  
it is with discord they came;  
if it is Sencha, son of Ailill, that answers,  
it is with peace they came.”

They (the messengers) went on to the place  
in which the Ulidians were, on the green.  
“Welcome, ever-welcome, thy coming, O  
high-puissant, high-noble arch-king of Ulad,  
from Medb, and from Ailill,  
and from the chieftains of the province of  
Connacht along with them,”

“Mo-chen bithchen do thíchtu, a ardrí  
ardéchtach Ulad,”

ar Fóenglinni mac Dedad,

“ó Coin Ruí mac Dári cu mathib dá cóiced  
Muman

failit tall issin dúnud.”

“Tarisi lind ocus tarisi risin ríg,” ar Sencha  
mac Ailella;

“et ní do dénam uilc ná hirgaili táncatar Ulaid

acht ar medarmesci á Dún Dá Bend co Clú  
Máil meic Úgaine

et níra míad leo dul assin chrích

co mbetís aidchi longphoirt inti.”

“Mochean go deimhin do theacht, a ardrí  
ardéachtaigh arduasail Uladh,”

arsa Faonghlinne mac Deá,

“míle fáilte ó Chú Raoi mac Dáire agus ó  
mhaithe dhá chúige na Mumhan

atá ansin thall sa dún.”

“Is mór againn bhur gcaoinfhálte agus is mór  
ag an ardrí í,” arsa Seancha mac Oilealla,

“agus ní chun olc ná imreas a chothú a tháinig  
na hUltaigh

ó Dhún Dá Bheann go dtí Cliú Mháil mhic  
Úghaine ach ar mhaithe le babhta meidhreach  
óil

agus níorbh áil leo imeacht as an dúthaigh

gan oíche a chaitheamh inti.”

said Crom Deroil.

“Welcome, ever welcome, thy coming, O  
high-puissant, high-noble arch-king of Ulad,

from Curui mac Dairi, with the nobles of the  
two provinces of Munster,

who are yonder in the fortress,”

said Faenglinni, son of Dedad.

“It is pleasing to us, and pleasing to the king,”  
said Sencha, son of Ailill;

“and it was not to commit injury or conflict  
the Ulidians came,

but in a drunken fit, from Dún-dá-bend to Cliu  
of Mal, son of Ugaine;

and they deemed it not honourable to go out of  
the district

until they would be a night encamped in it.”

Táncatar rempu cunice bal  
i rabe Medb ocus Ailill ocus Cú Ruí ocus  
Eochu  
cu mathib na trí cúiced.  
Ra innisetar doib.

Tháinig an bheirt teachtairí ar ais go dtí an áit  
ina raibh Meadhbh, Oilill, Cú Raoi agus  
Eochaíd  
mar aon le maithe na dtrí chúige.  
D'inis siad a scéala dóibh.

The messengers proceeded to the place  
in which were Medb and Ailill, and Curui, and  
Eocco,  
with the nobles of the three provinces,  
and they related [the news] to them.

## Section 45

Ra cuirit int áes dána ocus na hairfitig ocus  
lucht airgarddighi co hUltaib  
céin ro bás ic errad tigi doib, do gardigud ocus  
d'airfitiud doib.  
Ra curit techta chucu da rád riu  
in láech bad ferr d'Ultaib do brith rogai tigi  
doib.  
Ra érig imresun [ . . . ] ac Ultaib immi sin.  
At-raachtatar cét curad comchalma díb ara n-  
armaib in n-óenfecht

Cuireadh na filí, na ceoltóirí agus an lucht  
siamsa go dtí na hUltaigh  
chun gáirdithe dóibh fad a bhíothas ag réiteach  
tí dóibh.  
Cuireadh teachtairí chucu lena iarraidh orthu  
go ndéanfadhbh an laoch ab fhéarr i measc na  
nUltach teach a roghnú dóibh.  
D'éisigh imreas idir na hUltaigh faoi sin.  
D'éisigh céad curadh comhchalma agus rug  
siad in éineacht ar a n-airm

The poets, and the minstrels, and diverters,  
were sent to the Ulidians,  
whilst a house was being arranged for them, to  
furnish amusement to them.  
Messengers were then sent to them, to inform  
them  
that the best hero of the Ultonians might select  
the choicest house for them.  
A quarrel arose about that among the  
Ultonians.  
A hundred puissant knights rose up together,  
upon their arms;

cu ra sídaig Sencha mac Ailella iat.

“Táet Cú Chulainn and,” ar Sencha:

“ba thómos a thigi tháncabair,

ocus bid for a fháesam cu ros-tí arís.”

At-raacht Cú Chulainn.

At-raachtatar Ulaid érgi n-óenfhir i ndiaid Con Culainn.

Sillis Cú Chulainn far in tech is mó ro baí sin baili.

Is esede in tech íarnaide imma rrabatar in dá thech cláraid.

ach chuir Seancha mac Oilealla chun suaimhnis iad.

“Téadh Cú Chulainn chucu,” arsa Seancha:

“is ag triall ar a theach siúd a bhí sibh ar dtús

agus cuirigí sibh féin faoina choimirce go dtí go mbainfidh sibh amach arís é.”

D’éisigh Cú Chulainn.

D’éisigh na hUltaigh le chéile agus lean siad é.

Leag Cú Chulainn a shúil ar an teach ba mhó a bhí san áit;

is é sin an teach iarainn a raibh an dá theach adhmaid tóghtha ina thimpeall ar an taobh amuigh.

but Sencha, son of Ailill, pacified them.

“Let Cuchulaind go there,” said Sencha;

“about the measure of his house you have come;

and you shall be under his guarantee until you return again.”

Cuchulaind advanced.

The Ultonians advanced as one man, after Cuchulaind.

Cuchulaind looked upon the largest house that was in the place.

That is the iron house round which the two wooden houses were.

## Section 46

Táncatar lucht a frithálma chucu ocus ra hatód  
tor tened dermár dóib.

Ra deoraintea airighi bid ocus lenna dóib.

Cach faicsi thiced d'aidchi

ra etlaitís lucht a freastail ocus a frithálma ar  
óenfheraib úathu

cu ríacht in fer ndédenach

co ro íad in comlai da éis.

Co tucait na secht slabraid úríairn forsin tech

et ro cenglait do na secht coirthib cloch bátar  
forsind fhathchi immuich.

Tucait trí coícait goband cona mbolgaib  
goband da gressacht in tened.

Tucait a trí timchúardda imman tech.

Ra hadnad in tene anís ocus anús issin tech

Tháinig lucht friothála chucu agus adaíodh  
bladhmsach thine dóibh.

Roinneadh an bia agus an lionn ab fhearr  
orthu.

De réir mar a bhí an oíche ag druidim leo,

d'éalaíodh an lucht freastail agus friothála  
uathu ina nduine is ina nduine

go dtí gur imigh an fear deireanach

agus gur dhún sé an chomhla ina dhiайдh.

Cuireadh na seacht slabhra nua-iarainn ar an  
teach

agus ceanglaíodh iad de na seacht ngallán a  
bhí ar an bhfaiche amuigh.

Tugadh trí chaogad gabha i láthair lena mboilg  
chun an tine a shéideadh.

Chuathas timpeall an tí trí huaire.

Adhnadh an tine thíos agus thusa

Their attendants came to them, and an  
enormous bonfire was lighted for them;

and provisions of food and ale were dealt to  
them.

As the night approached,

their attendants and servants would steal away  
from them one by one,

until the last man,

who closed the door after him.

And the seven chains of iron were fixed upon  
the house,

and fastened to the seven stone pillars that  
were upon the green outside.

Thrice fifty smiths were brought, with their  
smiths'-bellows, to blow the fire.

Three circles were made round the house;

and the fire was ignited from above, and from  
below, in the house,

co tánic robruth in teined trisin tech anís.

Cu ra thromgairset in slúag immon tech  
curba thaí tastadach for Ultaib.

Cu n-ebairt Bricriu:

“A Ultu, ca rét in bruth romór gabas ar cossa?

Acht is irdarcu damsá sanas ná do neoch aile  
égem:

dar limsa atáthar icar loscud anís ocus anúas  
ocus is forríata in tegdas.”

agus motháiodh teas na tine tríd an teach  
aníos.

Liúigh an slua a bhí timpeall an tí;  
thost na hUltaigh agus ní raibh focal astu.

Arsa Bricriu:

“A Ultacha, cad é an teas rómhor seo a  
mhothaímid inár gcosa?

Ach is fearr a chloisimse cogar ná mar a  
chloiseann duine eile éamh;

dar liomsa go bhfultear dár loscadh aníos  
agus anuas

agus go bhfuil an teach faoi ghlás go  
daingean.”

until the ardour of the fire came through the  
house from below.

Then the hosts shouted loudly about the house,  
so that the Ultonians were silent, speechless,  
until Bricriu said:

“What, O Ultonians, is the great heat that  
seizes our feet?

But it is fitter that I should know than any  
other person.

Meseems they are burning us from below, and  
from above;

and the house is closed fast.”

## Section 47

“Biaid cur da findfam,” bar Triscatail Trénfher

ic érgi ocus ic tabairt bulli da choiss issin  
comlai n-úríairn baí rissin dorus.

Níra chneit ocus níra géis ocus níra gúais in  
chomla.

“Ní ma-ndernais da fhled d’Ultaib, a Chú  
Chulainn,” bar Bricriu.

“Dos-ratais i cró bidbad iat.”

“Na habair, a Bricri,” ar Cú Chulainn.

“Da-gén-sa dom Chrúadín ní triasa ragat Ulaid  
uli immach.”

Sádis Cú Chulainn a chlaideb co ránic conici a  
elta trisin tech íarnaidi  
ocus trisin dá thech cláraid.

“Tech íairn and so,” bar Cú Chulainn,  
“etir dá thech cláraid.”

“Is gearr go mbeidh a fhios againn,” arsa  
Trioscadail Tréanfhear;

d’éirigh sé leis sin agus bhual buille dá chois  
ar an gcomhla iarainn.

Níor bhog ná níor ghíosc an chomhla, ná baol  
air.

“Ní maith a d’imigh an fhleá a thug tú  
d’Ultaigh, a Chú Chulainn,” arsa Bricriu,

“d’fhág tú i ngéibheann ag a namhaid iad.”

“Ná habair sin, a Bhricriu,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

“Déanfadsa le mo Chrúadín rud a chuirfidh ar  
chumas na nUltach go léir briseadh amach.”

Sháigh Cú Chulainn a chláiomh go feirc tríd  
an teach iarainn  
agus tríd an dá theach adhmaid.

“Teach iarainn é seo,” arsa Cú Chulainn,  
“laistigh de dhá theach adhmaid.”

“There will be a means by which we shall  
know,” said Triscatal Strong-man,

getting up and delivering a blow with his foot  
in the iron door.

But the door neither creaked, nor resounded,  
nor was injured.

“Not well hast thou made thy banquet for the  
Ultonians, O Cuchuaind,” said Bricriu;

“thou has brought them into an enemies’ pen.”

“Say not so, O Bricriu,” answered Cuchulaind.

“I will do with my *Cruadin* a deed through  
which the Ultonians all will go out.”

Cuchulaind plunged his sword up to the hilt  
through the iron house,

and through the two houses of boards.

“An iron house here,” said Cuchulaind,  
“between two houses of boards.”

“Messa cacht main ón,” bar Bricriu.

“Is measa seo ná a bhfacthas riamh de  
ghníomhartha cealgacha,” arsa Bricriu.

“Worse than all, alas,” said Bricriu.

...

...

...

[The rest of the saga is missing in the Book of Leinster. There is, however, another version, the beginning of which is lost, in *Leabhar na hUidhre* [LU]. This version is given below.]

## Section 48

“... dianda-táirle mo lorg-sa mairfidus.”

“... a mbainfidh mo lorgsa leo maróidh sí iad.”

“... If my club reaches thee, it will kill  
thee.”

“Is messe,” ol Triscoth.

“Is mise,” arsa Triscoth.

“Tis I,” said Triscoth.

“Nach fer díb do-n-écuchus-sa co handíaraid

“Gach fear díobh a bhféachfaidh mise le fearg  
air,

“Any man of them whom I shall look fiercely  
at

at-bélat a béoil.”

tiocfaidh an bás ar a bhéola.”

—his lips shall die.”

“Is messe,” ol Reordae Drúth.

“Is mise,” arsa Reorda Drúth.

“Tis I,” said the fool Reorda.

“Is messe,” ol Nia Natrebuin Chró.

“Is mise,” arsa Nia Natreabhain Chró.

“Tis I,” said Nia-natrebuin-cro.

“Is messe,” ol Dáeltenga.

“Is mise,” arsa Daolteanga.

“Tis I,” said Daeltenga [Chafer-tongue].

“Nechtar n-athar-ni nod-ra[ga],” ol Dub ocus  
Rodub.

“Duine den bheirt aginne a rachaidh ann,”  
arsa Dubh agus Ródhubh.

“Either of us shall go,” said Dub and Rodub.

Cot-réracht cach fer di arailiu imbi.

“Náchá-foglúesed aní sin?” ol Sencha.

“Fer do-ngeget Ulaid  
cinip é gaiscedach bas dech bes and,  
is é nod-raga.”

“Cía úanni són?” ol Ulaid.

“Cú Chulaind ucut  
cenip sé gaiscedach bas dech and is hé nod-  
raga.”

Fris-rérachtatar íarom isin les

ocus Cú Chulaind remib.

“Inn é in genid seo as dech gaisced la hUltu?”  
ol Fintan.

Bhí siad ar fad in achrann lena chéile mar  
gheall air.

“Ná cuireadh an ní sin spadhar oraibh,” arsa  
Seancha,

“an fear a roghnóidh na hUltaigh,  
fiú amháin murab é an gaiscíoch is fearr é,  
is é a rachaidh ann.”

“Cé acu duine againn é sin?” arsa na hUltaigh.

“Cú Chulainn ansin,  
Fiú murab é an gaiscíoch is fearr anseo, is é a  
rachaidh ann.”

Chuaigh siad go léir isteach sa lios ansin

agus Cú Chulainn rompu.

“An é an síofra seo an gaiscíoch is fearr, dar le  
hUltaigh?” arsa Fionntan.

Each man rose against another, regarding it.

“Can you not decide that thing?” asked  
Sencha.

“The man whom the Ulaid honour,  
tho’ he were not the best warrior here,  
’tis he should go.”

“Which of us is that?” asked the Ulaid.

“Cuchulaind there;  
even tho’ he were not the best warrior here,  
’tis he should go.”

They then advanced into the enclosure [of the  
fort],

and Cuchulaind in front of them.

“Is it this fairy that is the best warrior among  
the Ulaid?” asked Fintan.

## Section 49

La sodain lingid Cú Chulaind i n-ardai co mboí for tulchinniu ind lis,

  ocus for-roebling a gaisced forsind aurdrochut  
con torchartar dia n-ailchengaib in gaisced ro bátar isin dún.

Ructa íarom hi tech ndarach cúachlét[h]e

  ocus comla ibair aire i mbátar trí fertraigid dia tiget,

  ocus dá drolam íaraind esse, ocus indber íarind arin dá drolam sin.

Ro hesrad a tech di cholct[h]ib ocus brothrachaib.

Do-bert Crom Deról a ngaisceda inna ndiaid  
  ocus sudighthi

  ocus ar-rócabar gaisced Con Culaind úasaib.

Leis sin, léim Cú Chulainn in airde gur thuirling ar uachtar an leasa.

Chnag a chuid arm ar an droichead  
sa tslí gur thit na hairm a bhí sa dún anuas de na racaí a raibh siad ar crochadh orthu.

Tugadh isteach ansin iad i dteach darach a  
raibh díon boghtach air  
agus comhla iúir a bhí trí throigh ar thiubhas

agus dhá fháinne iarainn inti agus bolta iarainn  
tríd an dá fháinne.

Bhí leapacha clúimh ar fud an tí mar aon le  
pluideanna.

Thug Crom Dearól a gcuid arm isteach ina  
ndiaidh, cuireadh ina suí iad

agus crochadh airm Chú Chulainn os a gcionn.

Thereupon, Cuchulaind jumped up, 'till he was on the summit of the *lis*

and leaped valorously on the bridge,  
so that the weapons that were in the *dun* [*of Tara Luachra*] fell from their racks.

They were afterwards taken into a secure oaken house,

with a yew door, three feet thick,

having two iron hooks, and an iron spit through them.

The house was furnished with flock-beds and bed-clothes.

Crom Deroil sent their weapons after them;  
and they sat down;

and Cuchulaind's weapons were elevated over them.

“Tessaigid indlat dóib,” ol Ailill,

ocus do-bert coirm ocus biad doib comtar mesca.

Dodas-athiged Crom Deróil beos dús i mbuí ní bad áil dóib.

Ó raptar mesca benais Sencha bascrand.

Con-túasiset fris uli.

“Tabraid trá for mbennachtain forsin flaith do-n-fáncid.

I[s] ségonnae ro both frib.

Ní lám i ngort mbocht.

Is imda coirm ocus biad dúib lasin flaith do-n-ángid.

Nírbu écen a rád fri urgnam.”

“Is fir són,” ol Dóeltenga.

“Déanaigí uisce a théamh chun go bhféadfaidh siad iad féin a ní,” arsa Oilill

agus thug sé lionn agus bia dóibh agus níorbh fhada go raibh siad súgach.

Bhíodh Crom Dearól chucu agus uathu féachaint an mbíodh aon rud uathu.

Nuair a bhí siad bogaithe ag an deoch, bhuaile Seancha boschrann.

D'éist siad go léir leis.

“Cuirígí bhur mbeannacht ar an bhflaith ar tháinig sibh ar cuairt chuige.

Is uasal mar a caitheadh libh.

Ní gortach soláthar a láimhe.

Chuir an flaith a bhfuil sibh ar cuairt aige raidhse leanna agus bia os bhur gcomhair.

Rinneadh freastal den scoth oraibh, gan aon bhréag.”

“Is fior sin,” arsa Daoalteanga.

“Let water for washing be heated for them,” said Ailill.

And ale and food were given them, 'till they were intoxicated.

Crom Deroil visited them still, to know if there was anything they would wish.

When they were merry, Sencha clapped his hands.

They all listened to him.

“Give ye, now, your blessing on the Prince who has protected you,

who has been generous to you.

It is not a hand in a poor garnered field.

Plentiful are food and ale for you with the Prince who has protected you.

”Twas not necessary to wait for cooking.”

”Tis true,” said Dael-tenga.

“Tongu-sa a toinges mo thúath nadcon ricfaid  
far thír co bráth

acht a mbértae éoin úaib inna crobaib,

acht fir Hérend ocus Alban do aitrib for tíre

ocus do breith for mban ocus for sét

ocus do brisiud cend for mac fri clocha.”

Is de as-breth Fergus for Tána in so:—

“Léic ass Dubt[h]ach nDóeltengad,  
ar cún int slúaig no-srengaid;  
nocon dergéni nach maith;  
ro geogain in n-ingenaith.

Ferais écht ndochlae ndobail,  
guin Fiachaig meic Concobair;  
níbu amru ro-cloth dó  
guin Maní meic Fedelmtheó.

“Tugaimse móid mo thuaithe, nach rachaidh  
ar ais go dtí bhur ndúthaigh féin daoibh

ach an méid a thabharfaidh éin chreiche leo  
ina gcroibh,

agus beidh fir Éireann agus Alban i seilbh  
bhur dtíre

agus iad ag breith bhur mban agus bhur seod  
leo

agus ag briseadh ceann bhur mac le clocha.”

Is faoi a dúirt Fearghus an méid seo sa Táin:—

“Ná bac Dubhthach Daolteanga;  
Ar chúl an tslua tarraíg é;  
Ní go maith a rinne sé;  
'Sé do ghoin an iníonra.

Rinne sléacht mór le mioscais,  
Ghoin sé Fiacha mac Conchubhair;  
Níor bh aon mhaise ar a chlú  
Goin Mhaine mhic Fheidhlimidh.

“I swear the oaths of my peoples, that there  
shall never reach your country,

save what birds may carry away of you in  
their claws;

but the men of Eri and Alba shall possess your  
land,

and take your women and treasures,

and break your children’s heads against  
stones.”

’Tis of him Fergus said thus, in the *Táin*:—

“Let off Dubtach dael-tenga,  
Behind the host drag him;  
No good has he done.  
He slew the maiden-band.

He did a hateful, hideous act—  
The killing of Fiacha, Conor’s son.  
Not more famous for him, ’twas heard,  
The killing of Mané son of Fedelmid.

Rígi nUlad ní chosnai,  
mac Lugdach meic Casrubai;  
iss ed do-gní fri doíni.  
a nnad ruba con-soídi.”

“Ní gó aní sin trá,” ol Dubthach.

“Décid-si a tech dia daingni ocus a ndúnad fil  
ara tech.

Nach facthi cid áil dúib dul ass níp-thá cumac  
dó.

Is mebol damsá indosso mani fuil imorbága  
imar tōbairt immuich.

Acht nammá in láech ucut as dech gaisced la  
hUlta ro-festar fis scél úadib.”

Ní chosnaíonn sé ríocht Uladh —  
Mac Lughach mhic Chasrubha;  
’Sé a dhéanann le fearaibh:  
Fágann marbh nó in imreas.”

“Ní haon bhréag an méid sin agam,” arsa  
Dubhthach.

“Féachaigí chomh daingean is atá an teach  
agus é faoi ghlasa doscaoilte.

Dá mb’áil libh imeacht as, nach bhfeiceann  
sibh nár bh fhéidir libh é?

Mura bhfuil mearbhalla ormsa anois, táthar ag  
caint amuigh ar ionsaí a dhéanamh orainn.

Ach pé scéal é, faigheadh an laoch is mó  
gaisce, dar le hUltaigh, fios an scéil uathu.”

The kingship of Ulidia he contests not—  
The son of Lugaid son of Casruba;  
What he does against men is,  
To attack them when they sit.”

“That is not false, however,” said Dubtach.

“Observe the strength of the house, and the  
fastening that is on the house.

See you not, that though you be anxious to  
leave it, you cannot.

I am now deceived, unless there is a contest  
about our being brought out.

Howsoever, that hero who is the best warrior  
among the Ulaid —let him bring some news  
from them” [the opponents].

## Section 50

Cot-rosci Cú Chulaind ocus ro lá cor n-iach n-erred de i n-arدا

co ruc a chléthe n-óchтарach din tig

co mboí for cléthiu in tigi aile.

Co n-accae in slóg sis úad.

Do-ralsat óenclár catha foraib dia tōbairt

Do-bert Ailill a druim frisin comlaid dia n-anacol.

Gabsit a secht meic a láim ón dorus.

Do-mmemaid in slóg for lár ind lis.

To-lluid Cú Chulaind coa muintir ocus do-bert a luie frisin comlai

co lluid a chos trethe corice a glún.

“Mad do ben do-léced,” ol Dóeltenga,

D’eirigh Cú Chulainn agus thug léim an bhradáin in airde

gur bhain an chleith mhullaigh den teach  
agus thuirling ar chleith an tí eile.

Chonaic sé an slua thíos faoi.

Chuir siadsan eagarr ceart catha orthu féin  
chun ionsaithe.

Chuir Oilill a dhroim leis an gcomhla d’fhoinn  
iad a chosaint.

Rug a sheachtar mac greim láimhe ar a chéile  
os comhair an dorais.

Réab an slua isteach i lár an leasa.

D’fhill Cú Chulainn ar ais mar a raibh a  
mhuintir agus bhual cic an an gcomhla  
agus chuaigh a chos tríthi chomh fada lena  
ghlúin.

“Dá dtabharfad sé cic mar sin do bhean,”  
arsa Daolteanga,

Cuchulaind advanced, and made a somersault upwards,

carried away the upper roof of the house,

and was on the roof of the other house,

when he saw the multitude down below.

They formed into a battle throng to attack them [the Ulaid inside].

Ailill placed his back to the door, to protect them.

His seven sons joined hands with him, before the door.

The multitude burst into the middle of the *lis*.

Cuchulaind returned to his people, and gave the door a kick,

so that his leg went through it up to the knee.

“If ’twas to a woman that was given,” said Dael-tenga,

“no biad ina lligu.”

To-bert Cú Chulaind a lue afridisi co mboí a n-imdorus isin tenlug fó.

“Fresdiadam,” ol Sencha.

“Iss ed bias and,” olso Cú Chulaind.

“Cach n-ada as ada do ócaib oc comruc bíd ocaib.

To-fil far céliu chucaib sund.”

“Cate far n-arle?” ol Sencha.

“Tocraid for ndrommand fri fraigid uli

ocus bíd a gaisced ar béláib cáich

ocus erbaid óenfer dá n-acallaim.

Mad trummi turcbáil a ndub-í fochartaid a tech díb.”

“bhí sí sínte ar lár aige!”

Bhuail Cú Chulainn cic eile agus chuir an doras chomh fada leis an tinteán.

“Feiceam cad a dhéanfam,” arsa Seancha.

“Is mar seo a bheidh,” arsa Cú Chulainn.

“Gach onóir is dual do ghaiscígí a thuilleamh i gcomhrac beidh agaibh.

Tá bhur gcéilí comhraic chugaibh anseo.”

“Cad é bhur gcomhairle?” arsa Seancha.

“Cuirigí go léir bhur ndromanna leis an bhfalla

agus bíodh a chuid arm roimhe amach ag gach fear

agus ceapaigí duine chun cainte leo.

Más troime libh an ní atá romhaibh, caithigí daoibh an teach.”

“she would be in her bed.”

Cuchulaind delivered another kick, when the door fell down before him.

“May I be saved,” said Sencha;

“tis Cuchulaind that is here this time.

Every virtue that is a virtue to heroes fighting, you shall have.

Your companions are coming to you here.”

“What is your counsel?” asked Sencha.

“Put your backs, all, against the wall,

and let everyone have his weapons in front of him;

and send one man to speak with them.”

Heavy as it was to raise, they threw the house from off them.

## Section 51

“Cía ata-gegalldathar?” ol Sencha.

“Ata-gegallar-sa,” ol Triscoth.

“Nach fer díb do-n-écucus-sa at-bélat a béoil.”

Bátar a chéili oc airli a n-airle immuich.

“Ceist, cía ata-geglathar  
ocus cétna-raga cucu isa tech?”  
ol ind óic ammuich.

“Ragat-sa,” ol Lopán.

Luid íarom Lopán isa tech cucu, nónbor dó.

“Inlaích sin, a láechu,” ol sé.

\*“Iss ed,” ar in láich.\* [LU]

“Cé a a labhróidh leo?” arsa Seancha.

“Labhróidh mise leo,” arsa Triscoth,

“aon fhear díobh a bhféachfaidh mise air,  
tiocfaidh bás ar a bheola.”

Bhí a naimhde i gcomhairle le chéile amuigh.

“Ceist: cé a labhróidh leo  
agus cén duine a rachaidh ar dtús isteach sa  
teach chucu?”  
arsa na laochra a bhí amuigh.

“Rachadsa chucu,” arsa Lopán.

Chuaigh Lopán isteach sa teach chucu ansin  
agus naonúr ina theannta.

“Gníomh laocheata, a fheara,” ar seisean.

“Sea,” arsa na laochra.

“Who shall speak to them?” asked Sencha.

“I will speak to them,” said Triscoth.

“Any one of them that I look upon—his lips  
shall die.”

The others were forming their resolution  
outside.

“Query: who shall speak to them,  
and go the first to them into the house?”  
said the warriors outside.

“I shall go,” said Lopan.

Lopan then went into the house to them,  
accompanied by nine persons.

“Is that pleasant, O heroes?” asked he.

“Yes,” said the heroes.

“Iss ed a n-inlaích in fer co cind a chéli,” ol Driscoth.

“Fír fir.

Driscoth sund oc erlabrai Ulad.

Ní fuil aurlabraidi mathi leo chenae.”

D-an-éci Driscoth co andíaraid co tarla a dí bond bána fair.

To-lluid íarom Fer Caille isa tech nónbor.

“Inláin sin, a láechu,” ol sé.

“Iss ed a n-inláin in fer co cind a chéli,” ol Driscoth.

D-an-éci Driscoth co andíaraid co tarla a dá bond bána fair.

To-lluid íarom Mianach Anaidgned isa tech nónbur.

“Is é an gníomh laoche a oireannanois ná go dtabharfadhbach fear aghaidh ar a chéile comhraic,” arsa Driscoth.

“Fíor, fíor.

Driscoth anseo ina urlabhraí ag Ultaigh!

Go deimhin, tá easpa urlabhrainthe cumasacha orthu!”

D’fhéach Driscoth go fiochmhar ar an bhfear eile agus thit seisean ar lár sa tslí go raibh boinn bhána a chos le feiceáil.

Ansin chuaigh Fear Coille isteach sa teach agus naonúr ina theannta.

“Iompar curata, a laochra,” ar seisean.

“Is é an t-iompar curata a oireannanois ná go dtabharfadhbach fear aghaidh ar a chéile comhraic,” arsa Driscoth.

D’fhéach Driscoth go fiochmhar ar an bhfear eile agus thit seisean ar lár sa tslí go raibh boinn bhána a chos le feiceáil.

Ansin chuaigh Mianach Anaithnid isteach sa teach agus naonúr lena chois.

“Man against man?” said Driscoth.

“True, true.”

“Driscoth here, speaking for the Ulaid.

They have not good speakers besides.”

Driscoth looked fiercely at him, so that he fainted.

Fer-Caille came into the house; nine in number.

“Is that pleasant, O warriors?” said he.

“The full pleasure,” said Driscoth, “is one man against another.”

Driscoth looked fiercely at him, and he fainted.

Mianach ‘the unknown,’ came into the house, nine in number.

“It bánna linni ind othair filet forsin lár,” ol sé.

D-an-éci Driscoth.

“Dom-féci-se,” ol sé, “dús inn ebél de.”

Gabais a chéli a chois foí

ocus imma-mbert forsna trí nónboraib ro bátar  
isin tig íarom

conná dechaid nach háe i mbethu ass eter  
sudiu.

Con-gair íarom in slóg ammuich imma tech  
dia gabál for UIto.

Ro láiset íarom Ulaid a tech tara cend

co torchratar trí chét fon tig dint slóg ro buí  
friss anechtair.

Dlútai in cath di alailiu.

Bátar íarom i n-imnisiu in chatha co medón laí  
arabárach.

“Nach mílítheach atá na hothair atá sínte ar  
lár!” ar seisean.

D’fhéach Triscoth air.

“Féach orm,” arsa an fear eile, “féachaint an  
bhfaighidh mé bás de.”

Rug Triscoth greim ar chois an fir eile

agus luigh ar na trí naonúr a bhí sa teach a  
phlancadh leis

agus ní dheachaigh duine acu ina bheathaidh  
ón áit.

Ansin chruinnigh an slua timpeall an tí  
amuigh chun ionsaí a dhéanamh ar na  
hUltaigh istigh.

Leag na hUltaigh an teach anuas ar a gceann

sa tslí gur maraíodh trí chéad den slua a bhí á  
n-ionsaí ón taobh amuigh.

Chuaigh an dá thaobh i ngleic lena chéile.

Bhí siad ag tabhairt an chatha go dtí meán lae  
arna mhárach.

“Pale to us (said he) appear the sick that are on  
the floor.”

Triscoth looked at him.

“Look at me,” said he (Mianach), “to see if I  
would die of it.”

The other took him by the leg,

and kept dashing him against the three  
enneads that were in the house,

so that not one of them escaped alive.

The multitude outside gathered round the  
house, to take it against the Ulaid.

But the Ulaid upset the house \*on them\*,

so that three hundred of the host outside it fell  
under the house.

The battle closed between them.

They were engaged in battle 'till mid-day on  
the morrow.

Ro gab maidm for Ultu ar-abu ar batí[r] úati.

Bhí an cath ag dul i gcoinne na nUltach, áfach,  
mar ba lú a líon.

The Ulaid were broken, however, as they were  
fewer in number.

## Section 52

Buí Ailill for sosad in dúine oca ndéscin.

Bhí Oilill ar mhúr an dúna ag féachaint orthu.

Ailill was on the rampart of the *dún*, looking  
at them.

“Rohtar scéla innisen damsá scéla Ulad  
cosindiu.

“Go dtí an lá inniu, b’fhiú liom éisteacht le  
scéalta faoi na hUltaigh.

“The stories of the Ulaid were stories worth  
telling me until to-day,” said he.

At-chuas dam ní bátar i nHére óic a cumma  
dóib,

Insíodh dom nach raibh a gcomhaith de  
laochra in Éirinn,

“It was told me, that there were not in Eri  
heroes equal to them.

co n-accu ní dénat acht mebail indiu.

ach chím inniu nach ndéanann siad ach  
gríomhartha náireacha.

But I perceive they do nought but treachery to-  
day.

Is cían ó as fásach ní gebthar cath cen ríg.

Tá sé ráite riamh nach dtugtar cath gan rí.

It has long been a proverb ‘no battle should be  
fought without a king.’

Mad imomsa immurgu do-bertha in cath

Dá mba rud é gur faoi mo cheannaireachtsa a  
thabharfaí an cath,

If ’twere about me the battle was given,

ní bad chían fo-lilastae.

níorbh fhada a sheasódh sé.

’twould not continue long.

At-chíd nim-thá-sa cumac dóib.

Chíonn sibh nach bhfuil cumhacht agam  
orthu.

You see [said Ailill to the Ulaid] I am not able  
for them;

Is díguin dom-gonar imaib.”

Tá easonóir á tabhairt dom mar gheall oraibh.”

and I have been profaned regarding you.”

La sodain ro lá Cú Chulaind bedg de tresin  
mbudin ocus forda-rubai fo thrí.

Forda-rubai dano Furbaidi Fer Bend mac  
Conchobair imma cúaird.

Ní gointis a chéli  
ara lechet leo.

“Cid na gonair,” ol alaile díb, “in ségond sa?

Ní mellach a c[h]áine do-gní.  
Tongu-ssa a tongas mo thúath cid cend óir no  
beth fair  
nan-génaind-seo oc guin mo bráthar.”

Benaid side sleg n-ind  
ocus ad-baill de.

Mutti íarom in cath for Érnu

Leis sin, thug Cú Chulainn trí ruathar tríd an  
mbuón á dtreascairt ina thimpeall.

Chuaigh Furbhaidhe Fear Beann mac  
Conchubhair de rúid thart orthu á dtreascairt.

Ní ghoineadh a naimhde é mar ba thrua leo sin  
a dhéanamh  
(toisc gur fear chomh breá sin a bhí ann).

“Cad ina thaobh nach maraíttear an sárlaoch  
seo?” arsa duine acu,

“ní deas liom cleasa an chaoinfhir.

Tugaimse móid mo thuaithe, fiú dá mbeadh  
ceann óir air,  
go maróinnse é mar gheall ar mharú mo  
bhráithre.”

Chuir seisean (*i.e.* Furbhaidhe) sleá tríd  
agus mharaigh é.

Briseadh ar na hÉarainn ina dhiaidh sin

Thereupon, Cuchulaind dashed suddenly  
through the multitude, and assailed them  
thrice.

Furbaidi Fer-bend, son of Conor, attacked  
them also all round.

The others would not wound him  
[Cuchulaind],  
because of his beauty!

“Why do you not wound this warrior?” said  
one of them.

“Not agreeable the deeds he performs.

I swear the oaths of my peoples, tho’ ‘twere a  
head of gold he had,

I would slay him a-slaying of my brother.”

He [Cuchulaind] pierced him [the speaker]  
with a spear;

and he died thereof.

The battle was subsequently gained over the  
*Erna*,

ocus ní érnai acht trian díb ass.

Orgit Ulaid íar sin a ndún n-uli  
ocus aingit Ailill ocus a secht maccu  
arnad bátar hi cath friu.

Ó sin trá nír threbad Temair Lóchra.

agus níor chuaigh ina mbeathaíd ón gcath  
ach an tríú cuid dióbh.

Chreach na hUltaigh an dún go hiomlán ansin  
ach spárail siad Oilill agus a sheachtar mac  
toisc nár ghlac siad páirt sa chath ina gcoinne.

Ó shin i leith, níor chónaigh éinne i dTeamhair  
Luachra.

only three of whom escaped from it.

The Ulaid then plundered the entire *dún*,  
and protected Ailill and his seven sons,  
because they were not in the battle against  
them.

From that time forth, Tara-Luachra was not  
inhabited.

### Section 53

Atd-luí Crumthand Niath Náir ass, di Érnaib.

Cont-ric fri Richis mbancháinti tíar oc  
Lemain.

Mumme do Crumthand in ben.

“In fárcbad mo mac-sa?” ol sí.

“Fo-rrácbad,” ol Crumthand.

D’éalaigh Criomhthann Nia Náir, fear de na  
hÉarainn.

Bhuail sé le Richeas, an bancháinte, thiar ag  
an Leamhain.

B’í an bhean sin máthair altrama  
Chriomhthainn.

“Ar maraíodh mo mhacsá?” ar sise.

“Maraíodh,” arsa Criomhthann.

Crimthand Nianair of the Erna escaped from  
the battle.

He met with Richis, a female satirist,  
westwards at the Laune.

\*She was foster-mother to Crimthand.\*

“Was my son lost?” asked she.

“Yes,” said Crimthand.

“Tair limsa,” ol sí, “co ndérais.”

“Cisí dígal?” ol Crumthand.

“Co rubae Coin Culaind tara ési,” ol sí.

“Cinnas do-géntar són?” ol éseom.

“Ní handsa.

Má rut-bet dí láim dó níbat écen nach n-aill  
chena

ár fo-géba i n-ascid.”

Lotar didiu i ndiaid int slúaig

co farnactar Coin Culaind for áth ara cind hi  
Crích Úathne.

Tiscaid Riches a hétagach dí fíad Choin  
Chulaind.

Múchais Cú Chulaind a étan fri lár

“Tar liomsa,” ar sise, “chun go mbainfidh tú  
díoltas amach.”

“Cén díoltas?” arsa Criomhthann.

“Go maráfá Cú Chulainn mar gheall ar a  
bhás.”

“Conas a dhéanfar sin?” ar seisean.

“Furasta.

Ní gá dhuit chuige sin ach do dhá láimh agus  
ní theastóidh rud ar bith eile uait,

mar maróidh tú é go héasca.”

D’imigh siad i ndiaidh an tslua

agus tháinig siad ar Chú Chulainn a bhí rompu  
ag áth i gCríoch Uaithne.

Bhain Richeas di os comhair Chú Chulainn.

Chlúdaigh Cú Chulainn a aghaidh agus chrom  
a cheann le talamh

“Come with me,” she said, “until you avenge  
him.”

“What revenge?” asked Crimthand.

“That you slay Cuchulaind for his sake,”  
replied she.

“How can that be done?” asked Crimthand.

“Not difficult.

If you only use your two hands upon him, you  
will need nothing more;

for you will find him unprepared.”

They then went in pursuit of the host [the  
Ulaid],

and found Cuchulaind on a ford before them  
in the country of Owney.

Richis took off her clothes in presence of  
Cuchulaind,

who hid his face downwards,

arnácha-ndercachad a hernochta.

“Tōfairthe hifechtso, a Chrumthaind,” ol Riches.

“Do-fuil in fer chucut,” or Lóeg.

“Náte ém,” ol Cú Chulaind.

“Céin bes in ben in cruth ucut ním-érus-sa.”

Gabais Lóeg cloich asin charput ocus díbaircid dí

cond-aecmaic tara luthain co mmemaid a druim i ndé

ocus combo marb de íarom.

Cot-réracht íar sin Cú Chulaind ar cend Crumt[h]aind

ocus fich fris co tuc a chend lais ocus a fodb.

Do-llotar íarom i ndegaid int slúaig

i dtreo is nach bhfeicfeadh sé í agus í lomnocht.

“Seo é do sheansanois chun é a ionsaí, a Chriomhthainn,” arsa Richeas.

“Tá an fear ar do thí!” arsa Laogh.

“Níl tada le déanamh,” arsa Cú Chulainn,

“fad a bheidh an bhean mar sin, ní thabharfaidh mise aghaidh air.”

Thóg Laogh cloch as an gearbad agus chaith leis an mbean í.

Buail an chloch í sa ..., dhein dhá leath dá droim

agus fuair sí bás.

Thug Cú Chulainn faoi Chriomhthann ansin,

throid sé leis, bhain a cheann de agus thug leis é mar aon lena chuid arm.

Ansin lean siad an slua,

that he might not see her nakedness.

“Attack him now, O Crimthand,” said Richis.

“The man approaches thee,” said Laeg.

“Not so, indeed,” said Cuchulaind.

“Whilst the woman is in that condition I shall not rise up.”

Laeg took a stone out of the chariot, and cast it at her,

which hit her across the *luthan*, so that her back was broken in two;

and she died thereof afterwards.

Cuchulaind then advanced against Crimthand,

and fought with him, and carried away his head and spoils.

They [Cuchulaind and his charioteer, Laeg] then went after the host,

co mbátar oc dún Con Culaind co féotar and insind aidchi sein.

Bátar íarom for foirriuth co cend cethrachat aidche forind óenfeis la Coin Culaind,

ocus tíagait úad íar tain ocus fácbait bennachtain leiss.

Tánic dano Ailill anes fri hUltu  
co mbuí for céldi occo.

Do-breth comlethet a enech di ór ocus argut  
do Ailill

ocus secht cumala cach meic dia maccaib.

Do-lluid íarom Ailill dochum a thíri  
fo chóri ocus óentaid fri Ultu.

Boí íarom Conchobar íar sin cen coscrad a rígi  
immi céin buí i mbíu.

bhain siad dún Chú Chulainn amach agus  
chaith siad an oíche sin ann.

Ina dhiaidh sin bhí siad go léir i láthair ag  
féasta ollmhór le Cú Chulainn a lean go ceann  
ceathracha oíche.

D'imigh siad uaidh ansin agus d'fhág siad a  
mbeannacht aige.

Tháinig Oilill aneas go dtí na hUltaigh  
agus d'fhan tamall mar aoi leo.

Bronnadh leithead aaghaidhe d'ór agus  
d'airgead ar Oilill

agus tugadh seacht gcumhal do gach éinne dá  
mhic.

Ina dhiaidh sin, d'fhill Oilill ar a dhúthaigh  
fén

agus bhí síocháin agus comhaontas idir é agus  
na hUltaigh.

Ní dhearnadh creach ar ríocht Chonchubhair  
ina dhiaidh fad a mhair sé.

until all arrived at Cuchulaind's *dún*, where  
they rested that night.

They all were entertained, to the end of forty  
nights, on the same feast by Cuchulaind.

And they afterwards departed from him, and  
left a blessing with him.

Ailill came from the South towards the Ulaid,  
and remained as a friend with them.

The width of his face was given to him, of  
gold and silver,

and seven cumals were given to each son of  
his sons.

Ailill subsequently went to his own country,  
in peace and unity with the Ulaid.

Conor was after without destruction of his  
kingship, whilst he lived.