

## Scéla Mucce Meic Da Thó

### The Story of Mac Da Thó's Pig

#### Section 1

Boí rí amra for Laignib,

.i. Mac Da Thó a ainm.

Bui cú oca.

No-ditned in cu Lagniu uile.

Ailbe ainm in chon,

et lán hEriu dia aurdarcus.

Tancas o Ailill ocus o Meidb do chungid in chon.

I n-oen uair dano tancatar ocus techta Conchobair mic Nessa do chungid in chon chetna.

Ro-ferad failte friu uile,

Bhí rí amhra ar Laighean.

Mac Da Thó ab ainm dó.

Bhí cú aige.

Bhí an cú chomh fíochmhar gurbh fhéidir leis an cúige uile a chosaint.

Ailbhe ab ainm dó.

Leath a cháil ar fuaid Éireann.

Tháinig teachtairí ó Ailill agus ó Mheadhbh á iarraidh.

Tháinig teachtairí ó Chonchobhar mac Nessa ag an am gcéanna, áfach, ag iarraidh an chú chomh maith.

Do fearadh fáilte rompu go léir.

There was a famous king of Leinster.

Mac Da Thó was his name.

He had a hound;

the hound defended the whole of Leinster.

The hound's name was Ailbe,

and Ireland was full of its fame.

Messengers came from Ailill and Medb asking for the hound.

Moreover at the same time there came also messengers from Conchobar Mac Nessa to ask for the same hound.

They were all made welcome

et ructha chuci-sium isin m-bruidin.	Seoladh ina láthair sa bhruidhean iad.	and brought to him in the hall.
Is í sein in t-shessed bruiden ro-boi i n-hErind in tan sin:	B'shin ceann den sé bhruidhean a bhí in Éirinn ag an am.	That is one of the six halls that were in Ireland at that time,
.i. bruden Daderga i crích Cualand,	<u>B'iad na cúig cinn eile:</u> bruidhean Da Dhearga i gcrích Chualainn,	<u>the others being</u> the hall of Da Derga in the territory of Cualu,
et bruden Fhorgaill Manaich,	bruidhean Fhorghaill Mhanaigh,	and the hall of Forgall Manach,
et bruden Mic Dareo i m-Brefni	bruidhean Mhic Da Reo i mBréifne,	and the hall of Mac Dareo in Brefne,
et bruden Dachoca i n-iarthor Mide	bruidhean Da Choga in iarthar na Mí,	and the hall of Da Choca in the west of Meath,
et bruden Blai briuga i n-Ultaib.	agus bruidhean Bhlaoi Bhrughadh in Uladh.	and the hall of Blai the landowner in Ulster.
Secht n-doruis isin bruidin	Bhí seacht ndoras i mbruidhean <u>Mhic Da Thó,</u>	There were seven doors in that hall,
ocus VII sligeda tréthi,	agus seacht slí tríthi.	and seven passages through it,
et VII tellaige inti,	Bhí seacht gcinn de theallaigh innti,	and seven hearths in it,
et VII core,	seacht gcinn de choirí,	and seven cauldrons,
ocus dam ocus tinne in cach coire.	damh agus muc i ngach coire acu.	and an ox and a salted pig in each cauldron.
In fer do-theiged iarsin t-shligi,	Le linn do na teachtaí a bheith ag gabháil na slí,	Every man who came along the passage
do-bered in n-ael isin coire,	sháidís a bhfoirc feola sa choire.	used to thrust the flesh-fork into a cauldron,

et na tabrad don chét-gabail, issed no-ithed.	Pé rud a raingíodh acu ar an gcéad iarracht b'shin é a gcuid.	and whatever he brought out at the first catch was his portion.
Mani thucad ní don chét-tadall,	Murar aimsíodar aon ailp ar an gcéad iarracht,	If he did not obtain anything at the first attempt
ni bered a n-aill.	níor lamháladh an dara deis dóibh.	he did not have another.

## Section 2

Ructha trá na techta 'na imdai chuci-sium	Seoladh na cuairteoirí ansan i láthair <u>Mhic Da Thó</u> ina sheomra	Now the messengers were brought to him in his place
do airiuc thuile dóib riasin feiss.	go gcloisfeadh sé an toisc a thug chuige iad roimh an bhfeadh.	that he might learn their requests before the feast.
Ro-raidset a n-athes[c]:	D'insíodar a n-aitheasc:	They delivered their message:
“Do chungid in chon do-dechammar-ni ó Ailill agus ó Meidb,” ar tecta Connacht,	“Thánamar ó Ailill is ó Mheadhbh ag iarraidh an chú,” arsa na teachtaí ó Chonnacht,	“We have come from Ailill and from Medb to beg the hound,” said the messengers of Connaught;
“et dobertar tri fichit cét lilgach a chét-óir	“agus tabharfar trí fichid céad bó i gcéadóir,	“and there shall be given three score hundred milch cows at once,
ocus carpat agus da ech bas fherr la Connachta,	an carbad is an dá each is fearr i gConnacht,	and a chariot and two horses, the best in Connaught,

ocus a chom-máin i cind bliadna cen-motha sin.”	agus a gcomh-mhaoin i gceann bliana, ina theannta san.”	and their equivalent gifts at the end of a year in addition to this.”
“Dia chungid dano do-dechammar-ni,” ar tecta Ulad, “o Chonchobar,	“Táimid freisin tagtha ó Chonchobar á iarraidh,” arsa na teachtaí ó Uladh,	“We also have come from Conchobar to ask for it,” said the messengers from Ulster;
ocus ni messo Conchobar do charait,	“agus ní measa duit Conchobar mar chara.	“— and Conchobar’s value as a friend is no less —
ocus dano do thabairt sét ocus indile;	Tabharfar maoin agus ba chomh maith,	and to give you treasure and cattle *as well*;
ocus doberthar a chomméit cétna i cind bliadna	agus an oiread céanna i gceann bliana.	and the same amount shall be given you at the end of a year,
et biaid deg-caratrad de.”	Dea-charadas a bheidh mar thoradh de.”	and close friendship will be the result.”

### Section 3

Ro-lá din i socht mór intí Mac Da Thó,	Thit tost ar Mhac Da Thó ansan.	Thereupon our Mac Da Thó lapsed into total silence
cor-rabi tri thráth	D’fhan sa riocht san go ceann lae,	and in this way he was a whole day (?)
cen dig, cen biad, cen chotlod,	gan greim bídh, gan deoch, gan codladh,	without drink, without food, without sleep,
acht co immorchor ón táib co araile.	é corraithe suaite.	tossing from side to side.

Is and ro-ráid a ben riss:

“Is fota in troscud itái;

atá biad lat cen co n-essara.

Cid no-tái?”

Ni tharat frecrea for in mnaí,  
conid and ro-ráid in ben:

“Tucad turbaid chotulta  
do Mac Da Thó co a thech,  
ros-bóí ní no-chomairled,  
cen co labradar fri nech.

Asoí dosoi uaim fri fraig  
in ferg fene co londgail,  
a ben trebar dos-beir mod,  
bith dia ceiliu cen chotlud.”

In fer:

“Asbert Crimthand Nia[d] Náir,  
‘ní thardda do rún do mnaib,’  
rún mna ní maith concelar,  
main ar mug ni athenar.”

Is ansan a labhair a bhean leis:

“Is fada an troscadh agat é.

Tá bia led thaoibh ach ní bhainfidh tú leis.

Cad tá ort?”

Níor thug sé aon fhreagra uirthi. Ansan labhair  
an bhean mar leanas:

“Thit neamhchodladh  
ar Mhac Da Thó ina thigh.  
Bhí buaireamh ar a intinn  
nár labhair fé le neach.

Casann uaim, iompaíonn ar an bhfalla,  
an laoch féinne le gal fhíochmhar;  
cuireann as dá chéile ghaoismhear  
nach féidir leis codladh.”

An fear:

“Dúirt Criomhthann Nia Náir,  
‘ná tabhair do rún do mhnáibh,’  
rún mná ní maith a choimeádtar,  
maoin do mhogha ní dhéantar.”

Then his wife said to him:

“You are making a long fast.

There is food beside you but you don’t eat it.

What ails you?”

He gave the woman no answer, so the woman \*then\*  
said:

“Sleeplessness fell  
upon Mac Da Thó at his home.  
There was something upon which he was brooding  
without speaking to anyone.

He turns away from me and turns to the wall,  
the warrior of the Fían (?) of fierce valour;  
it causes concern to his prudent wife  
that her husband is sleepless.”

The Man:

“Crimthann Nia Náir said:  
‘Do not tell your secret to women.’  
The secret of a woman is not well kept.  
A treasure is not entrusted to a slave.”

In ben:

“Cid fri mnai atbertha-su,  
mani thesbad ní aire?  
ní na téit do menma-su,  
teiti menma neich aile.”

In fer:

“Cu Mesroida Mic Da Thó,  
ba hólce lathe etha dó,  
dofaeth mór fer find fria rath,

bid lia turim a chath.

Manip do Chonchobar berthair,  
is derb bid mogda in gním,  
no con fhaicebat a shluaig  
bas mó do buaib na do thír.

Mad do Ailill era  
silis falmag dar sin túaith,  
do-don-béra mac Matach,  
ata-nebla i luim lúaith.”

In ben:

“Tathut airle lim-sa ris  
ní hólce fri iarmairt ninni,  
tabair doib-sium díblínaib,  
cumma cia thoetsat immi.”

An bhean:

“Cad fáth go labharfá le bean  
dá mbeadh rud éigin as a riocht?  
An ní a théann dod mheanma,  
ní théann do mheanma neach eile.”

An fear:

“Cú Mhesroida Mhic Da Thó,  
b’ólce an lá a thángthas féna chomhair;  
Is iomaí fear gruaig fhionn a thitfidh sa chath de  
chionn an chú.

Níl tuairim ag éinne beo a dtitfidh sa ghleo.

Muna mbeirtear é do Chonchobar,  
is dearbh gur moghach an gníomh;  
a shlóite ní fhágfaidh ina ndeoidh,  
tuath ná bó ná treascróidh.

Má fhaigheann Ailill an t-eiteach,  
teascfar coirp is ardófar creach.  
Béarfaidh mac Mághach leis sinn chun siúil,  
go ndéanfaidh dinn luath mhín dár ndeoin.”

An bhean:

“Tá comhairle agam duit ina thaobh,  
ní hólce mé ag treorú scéil.  
Tabhair dóibh araon an cú.  
Cuma cé éagfaidh de chionn a chlu.”

The Woman:

“Even to a woman you should speak  
if nothing should be lost thereby.  
A thing which your own mind cannot penetrate  
the mind of another will penetrate.”

The Man:

“The hound of Mesroeda Mac Da Thó,  
evil was the day when they sent for it.  
Many tall and fair-haired men will fall on account of it.

The strife about it will be more than we can reckon.

Unless it is given to Conchobar  
it will certainly be a churl’s act.  
His hosts will not leave behind them  
anything more of cattle than of land.

If it be refused to Ailill (?),  
he will hew down a heap of corpses (?) across the country.  
Mac Matach will carry us off,  
he will crush us into bare ashes.”

The Woman:

“I have advice for you about it.  
I am not bad at directing an affair.  
Give it to them both.  
It is all the same whoever perishes for it.”

In fer:  
“In chomairli doberi-siu  
isí ním-déni cutal,  
Ailbe do-roid dia;  
nicon fes cia o tucad.”

An fear:  
“An chomhairle a bheirise, a chroí,  
ní foláir a rá gur cabhair dom í.  
An cú Ailbhe, nach ait,  
ní heol d’éinne cé a thug ’on teach.”

The Man:  
“The counsel you offer  
is helpful to me.  
Ailbe . . . .  
It is not known by whom it was brought.”

#### Section 4

Iarsin atracht suas agus nom-bertaigedar.

D’éirigh Mac Da Thó ansan. Chuir gothaí air féin.

After that he arose and made a flourish.

“Bad maith dún tra,” ol se, “agus dona haigedaib dodn-ancatar.”

“Deintear,” ar sé, “súgachas dúinne feasta agus do na haíonna a tháinig ar cuaird chugainn.”

“Let us then,” said he, “and the guests who have come to us be well entertained.”

Anait side leis trí laa agus trí aidche,

D’fhanadar leis ar feadh trí lá agus trí hoíche.

They remain with him three days and three nights,

agus gairmter chuci fo leith techta Connacht.

Glaodh teachtaí ó Chonnacht ina láthair, mar a bhfuairadar éisteacht phríobháideach.

and the messengers of Connaught were summoned to him in private:

“Ro-bá-sa tra,” ar se, “i n-im-shnim mor agus cuntabairt moir

“Bhíos trá i ngalar na gcás,” ar sé,

“Now I have been in great perplexity and doubt,” said he,

co ro-glé dam, .i. doratusa in coin do Ailill agus do Meidb,

“nó gur léir dom gur chóir an cú a thabhairt d’Ailill is do Mheadhbh.

“until it became clear to me that I should give the hound to Ailill and Medb;

et tecat ar cend in chon co sochraid,

Tagaidís go sollúnta chun an cú a thabhairt leo.

and let them come for the hound formally,

ocus ros-bia lind ocus biad,	Beidh bia agus deoch acu	and they shall have drink and food,
ocus bertait in coin, ocus is fochen dóib.”	agus is féidir an cú a bhreith leo is fáilte.”	and shall take the hound and welcome.”
Buidig techta Connacht dond atesc.	Bhí teachtaí ó Chonnacht sásta leis an méid sin.	The messengers of Connaught were pleased with the intimation.
Luid iarsin co tectaib Ulad.	Ansan chuaigh go teachtaí Uladh.	He then went to the messengers from Ulster:
“Doratusa trá,” ar se, “as mo chuntabairt in coin do Chonchobar,	“Ní leasc liom a thuilleadh,” ar sé, “an cú a thabhairt do Chonchobar.	“I have ceased to have any hesitation,” said he, “in giving the hound to Conchobar,
et bid uallach tiastar ar a chend .i. formná mathe Ulad.	Tagadh maithe is móruaisle Uladh ag triall air le huaibhreas.	and let the host of Ulster nobles come for it proudly.
Bertait ascada, ocus ros-bia failte.”	Gheobhaidh siad aiscí agus beidh fáilte rompu.”	They shall receive presents and they will be welcome.”
Budig techta Ulad.	Shásaigh san na teachtaí ó Uladh.	The messengers from Ulster were pleased.



## Section 5

I n-oen ló imorro ro-dalait-seom et anair agus aniar.	Tháinig an mhuintir aniar agus an mhuintir aduaidh chun na dála an lá céanna, áfach.	Now the people from East and West made their tryst for the same day.
Ni ro-follaiged leo-som dano.	Ní lú ná níor dhearúdadar é, áfach.	Moreover they did not neglect it.
Táncatar dá cóiced hErend i n-oen ló, co m-bátar i n-dorus bruidni Mic Da Thó.	Thángadar an dá chúige an lá céanna ar aghaidh bhruidhean Mhic Da Thó amach.	On the same day the two provinces of Ireland made their journey until they reached the door of Mac Da Thó's hall.
Tic-seom féin immach agus dogní failte friu. “Ni ro-bar-fachlisem a ócu, ar apaide is mo chen duib. Taít issin less.”	Gaibheann sé féin amach ag fáiltiú rompu. “A laochra, ní raibh aon tsúil againn libh. Pé scéal é, tá fáilte romhaibh. Tagaigí isteach sa chlós.”	He went out himself and welcomed them: “O heroes, we did not expect you. However you are welcome. Come into the enclosure.”
Lotar iarum uili isin m-bruidin. Leth in tigi dano la Connachta ocus in leth aile la Ulto. Nir-bo bec dano in tech:	Ghreadadar uile leo ansan isteach sa bhruidhean. Suíodh na Connachtaigh i leath amháin den dtigh, áfach, na hUltaigh sa leath eile. Anois, níorbh aon tigh beag é,	Then they all went into the hall, and *, moreover,* half the house was occupied by the Connaughtmen, and the other half by the Ulstermen. Now the house was not a small one.

secht n-doruiss ind, ocus L imdad etir cech da dorus.	seacht ndoras air, agus leathchéad coiscéim idir gach doras.	There were seven doors in it, and fifty places between each pair of doors.
Niptar aigthe carat im fhleid imorro bátar isin taig.	Ní aghaidheanna cairdiúla um fhleidh a bhí sa tigh sin, áfach.	They were not however the faces of friends at a feast which were in that house.
Sochaide díb ro-fhuachtnaig fri araile.	Do bhí mioscais eatarthu; deirtear go raibh sé ina chogadh eatarthu	One party was at feud with the other. There had been warfare between them
Tri chét bliadan ria n-gein Christ ro-bói in cocad eturru.	le trí chéad bliain roimh ghin Chríost.	for three hundred years before the birth of Christ.
Marbthair dóib dano in mucc Mic Da Thó.	Maraíodh muc ansan ag Mac Da Thó dhóibh;	Now Mac Da Thó's pig was slaughtered for them.
Tri fichit gamnach co a biathad saide co cend VII m-bliadan.	ba mhuc í a bhí á cothú ar feadh seacht mbliana ag trí fichid gamhnach.	For seven years sixty milch cows supplied its food.
Tri neim imorro no-bíata[r], co ro-lathea ár fer n-hErenn impi.	Is a nimh do biathadh í, áfach, i dtreo go dtiocfadh ár fear nÉireann uimpi.	On poison however it had been nourished and the massacre of the men of Erin took place through it.

## Section 6

Tucad dóib iarum in mucc

ocus XL dam dia tarsnu

cen-motha in biad ar chena.

Mac Da Thó fessin icond fherdaigsecht.

“Mo chen duib,” ar se,

“ni dabar samail riss sin.

Ataat aige ocus mucca la Laigniu.

A testa desin mairfider dúib imbáarach.”

“Is maith in mucc,” ar Conchobar.

“Is maith imorro,” ar Ailill.

“Cinnas rainnfither in mucc, a Chonchobair?”  
ar Ailill.

Tugadh an mhuc i láthair ansan,

daichead damh mar anlann léi,

agus bianna eile maraon leo.

Mac Da Thó féin an maor.

“Fáilte romhaibh,” ar sé,

“níl a samhail seo ar fáil.

Níl aon easpa bullán ná muc ar Laighean.

Pé rud atá de dhíth oraibh, marófar díbh  
amáireach é.”

“Is maith í an mhuc,” arsa Conchobhar.

“Is maith go deimhin,” arsa Ailill.

“Conas a roinnfear an mhuc, a  
Chonchobhair?” arsa Ailill.

Now the pig was brought to them,

and forty oxen as a relish,

and other food as well.

Mac Da Thó himself was acting as steward.

“Welcome to you,” said he;

“the equal to this cannot be found.

Bullocks and pigs are not lacking in Leinster.

Whatever is lacking now will be slaughtered  
for you tomorrow.”

“The pig is good,” said Conchobar.

“It is indeed good,” said Ailill.

“How shall the pig be divided, Conchobar?”  
\*said Ailill.\*

“Cinnas,” ar Bricriu mac Carbaid anuas ane,	“Conas,” arsa Bricriu mac Gharbhadha anuas,	“How,” said Bricriu mac Carbaid ... from above,
“bale itaat láith gaile fer n-hErend	“conas — in áit ina bhfuil laochra fheara Éireann bailithe —	“in the place wherein are the brave heroes of the men of Ireland,
acht ar-raind ar galaib ocus ar chomramaib?	ach an roinnt a dhéanamh de réir gala agus comhramh,	except by dividing according to brave deeds and trophies?
Ocus dorat cách buille díb dar sróin a cheile riam.”	agus ná fuil éinne agaibh gan leadradh a thabhairt os cionn na sróine dá chéile cheana féin?”	And each of you has hit another over the nose before now.”
“Dentar,” ar Ailill.	“Deintear san,” arsa Ailill.	“Let it be done,” said Ailill.
“Is cóir,” ar Conchobar.	“Is cóir san,” arsa Conchobhar.	“Very proper,” said Conchobar.
“Atát gillai dún istaig ro-imthigitar in cocrích.”	“Tá laochra inár measc a thug ruathair ar an gcoigríoch.”	“We have heroes present who have raided the borderland.”
<b>Section 7</b>		
“Ricfaiter a les do gillai innocht, a Chonchobair,”	“Beidh cúram agat dod ghiollaí anocht, a Chonchobhair,”	“You will have need of your young men tonight, O Conchobar,”
ar Senlaech Arad al-luachraib Conalad aníar.	arsa Seanlaoch Aradh ó Conalladh Luachra aníar.	said Senlaech Arad from Conalad Luachra in the West.

<p>“Ba menic ag méth díb d’fhacbail acum-sa oculus rota Luachra Dedad fó tóin.”</p>	<p>“Ba mhinic duit damh méith ded bhuíon a fhágaint marbh ar a dtóin ar bhóithre Luachra Deadhadh.”</p>	<p>“You have often left a fat bullock of your number lying dead on his back on the Luachra Dedad roads.”</p>
<p>“Ba méithiu an ag foracbaisiu ocain-ni,</p>	<p>“Ba mhéithe ná san an bullán a d’fhágais-se i do dhiaidh againne,</p>	<p>“It was a fatter bullock that you left behind with us,</p>
<p>.i. do brathair fadéin</p>	<p>do dheartháir féin,</p>	<p>namely your own brother,</p>
<p>.i. Cruachniu mac Rúadluim a Cruachnaib Conalad.”</p>	<p>Cruachniu mac Rúadhluim as Cruachain Conalladh.”</p>	<p>Cruachniu mac Rúadluim from Cruachan Conalad.”</p>
<p>“Nir-bo fherr saide,”</p>	<p>“Níorbh fhearr é,”</p>	<p>“He was no better,”</p>
<p>ar Lugaid mac Conrúi,</p>	<p>arsa Lughaidh mac Chon RAOI,</p>	<p>said Lugaid mac Cúrói,</p>
<p>“andás in Loth mór mac Fergus maic Leti</p>	<p>“ná Loth mór mac Fhearghais mhic Leti,</p>	<p>“than the great Loth the son of Fergus mac Léti,</p>
<p>foracbad la Echbél mac Dedad i Temair Lochra.”</p>	<p>a d’fhág Eachbhéal mac Deadhadh marbh i dTeamhair Luachra.”</p>	<p>who was left dead by Echbél mac Dedad in Tara Luachra.”</p>
<p>“Cinnas fir lib,” ol Celtchair mac Uthechair,</p>	<p>“Cad déarfadh sibh leis seo,” arsa Cealtchair mac Uithechair,</p>	<p>“What do you think of this,” said Celtchair mac Uthechair,</p>
<p>“Conganchness mac Dedad do marbad dam-sa oculus a chend do beim de.”</p>	<p>“Conganchneass mac Deadhadh do mharú liomsa agus a cheann a bhaint de.”</p>	<p>“— my having killed Conganchness mac Dedad and cut off his head.”</p>

## Section 8

Immo-tarla trá dóib fo deoid	B' é crích agus deireadh na mbeart eatarthu, áfach,	However it so fell out among them in the end
co tarat in t-oinfher for firu hErend .i. Cet mac Matach.	gurbh é an curadh aonfhir, Ceat mac Mághach, a ghlac ardcheannas ar fheara Éireann.	that a single champion, Cet mac Matach, got supremacy over the men of Ireland.
Do-fúargaib side imorro fair a gasced uas gaiscedaib in t-shluaig	Tar éis gaisce a dhéanamh as a chuid laochais os chionn laochas an tslua, áfach,	Moreover he flaunted his valour on high above the valour of the host,
et ro-gab scín inna láim	thóg lann ina láimh	and took a knife in his hand
ocus dessid ocon muicc.	agus shuigh taobh na muice.	and sat down beside the pig.
“Fagabar tra,” ar se, “do fheraib hErend	“Faightear duine anois i measc fheara Éireann,” ar sé,	“Let someone be found now among the men of Ireland,” said he,
tairismi comrama frim-sa	“a raghaidh chun comhraic liomsa,	“to endure battle with me,
no lécud nam-mucci do raind dam.”	nó fágтар an mhuc agam le roinnt.”	or leave the pig to me to divide.”

## Section 9

Ros-lá i socht na h-Ulto.	Tháinig socht ar na hUltaigh.	Silence fell upon the men of Ulster.
“Atchí, a Loegaire?” or Conchobar.	“An bhfeiceann tú an méid sin, a Laoghaire?” arsa Conchobhar.	“You see that, Loegaire?” said Conchobar.
“Ní ba fí, ar Loegaire, “Cét do raind na mucce ar ar m-belaib-ni.”	“Ní féidir ligint le Ceat dul ag roinnt na muice ar ár n-aghaidh amach,” arsa Laoghaire.	“It is intolerable,” said Loegaire, “for Cet to divide up the pig before our faces.”
“An bic, a Loegaire, co rot-acilliur,” ar Cet.	“Fan, a Laoghaire, go labharfaidh mé leat,” arsa Ceat.	“Stop a bit, Loegaire, that I may speak to you,” said Cet.
“Is bés dúib-si in far n-Ultaib,” ar Cet,	“Tá de nós agaibh in Uladh,” ar sé,	“You have a custom among you in Ulster,” said Cet,
“cech mac gaibes gaisced acaib is cucain-ni cend a báire.	“go ngaibheann gach mac agaibh, agus é in aois airm a ghabháil chuige, ár n-ionsaí.	“that every youth among you on receiving arms makes us his objective.
Dochua[i]daisiu dano isin cocrích.	Thriallais-se féin ar an gcoicríoch, iomorra,	Now you came into the borderland,
Imma-tarraid dún inti;	agus bhuaileamar um a chéile ann.	and we encountered there.
foracbais in roth agus in carpat agus na heocho.	Thit an roth, an carbad agus na heacha liomsa.	You left behind the wheel and the chariot and the horses.
Atrullais fein agus gai triut.	D’fhágais-se féin agus ga tríot.	You yourself made off with a spear through you.
Nis-toirchi in muicc fón innasin.”	Ní bhfaighidh tú an mhuc ar an slí sin.”	You will not get the pig in that way.”

Dessid side dano.

Shuigh Laoghaire ansan.

Thereupon the other sat down.

## Section 10

“Ni ba fír,”

“Ní ceart,”

“It is intolerable,”

or laech find mór do-dechaid assind imdai,

arsa laoch fionn ard a d’éirigh óna áit,

said a tall fair hero who had risen from his place,

“Cet do raind na mucci ar ar m-bélaib-ni.”

“go roinneadh Ceat an mhuc os comhair ár mbéala.”

“that Cet should divide the pig before our faces.”

“Coich andso?” or Cet.

“Cé atá anso againn?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.

“Whom have we here?” asked Cet.

“Is ferr do laech andaisiu,” or cach,

“Is fearr de laoch é ná thusa,” arsa cách,

“He is a better hero than you are,” said everyone;

“Oengus mac Lama Gabaid sin do Ultaib.”

“Aonghas mac Aonlámhe Gáibhe as Uladh.”

“he is Oengus mac Láma Gábuid of Ulster.”

“Cid diata Lám Gábuid for th’athair-siu?” or Cet.

“Cad ina thaobh go dtugtar Lámh Gáibhe air?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.

“Why is your father called Lám Gábuid?” asked Cet.

“Cid ám?”

“Bhuel, cad ina thaobh?”

“Well why?”

“Ro-fetar-sa,” or Cet.

“Tá a fhios agamsa é,” ar sé.

“I know,” said Cet.

“Dochuadusa sair fecht and.

“Chuas-sa soir feacht.

“I once went eastward.

Eigther immum;

Chuathas ag éamh im thimpeall.

The alarm was raised around me.



do-roich cách, do-roich dano Lám.	D'éirigh cách im threo, Lámh maraon leo.	Everyone came on and Lám came too.
Tarlaic urchor do gai mór dam-sa.	Chaith sé urchar dá gha mór liom.	He threw a cast of his great spear at me.
Dos-leicim-se dano do-som in n-gai cétna,	Chaitheas-sa an ga céanna thar n-ais air ansan,	*Thereupon* I sent the same spear back to him,
co m-ben a laim de,	agus bhain an lámh de,	and it struck off his hand,
co m-bui for lár.	gur fhan sí ar an dtalamh.	so that it lay on the ground.
Cid dobérad a mac do chomram frim-sa?"	Cad ab áil lena mhac dul i gcomórtas liomsa?"	What could bring his son to give me combat?"
Téit Oengus ina suide.	Shuigh Aonghas.	Oengus sat down.

## Section 11

“In comram do thairisem beus,” or Cet, “no in mucc do raind dam-sa.”	“Coimeádtar an comórtas sa tsiúl,” arsa Ceat, “nó ligtear dom an mhuc a roinnt.”	“Keep up the contest further,” said Cet, “or else let me divide the pig.”
“Ni ba fír ar-raind duit-siu chetumus,” ar laech find mór de Ultaib.	“Ní cóir gur agatsa a bheadh roinnt na muice ach go háirithe,” arsa laoch fionn ard de chuid na nUltach.	“It is intolerable that you should take precedence in dividing the pig,” said a tall fair hero of Ulster.
“Cia andso?” or Cet.	“Cé tá anso againn?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.	“Whom have we here?” asked Cet.
“Eogan mac Durthacht sin,” ar cách,	“Sin é Eoghan mac Durthachta,” arsa cách.	“That is Eogan mac Durthacht,” said everyone.
“[i. rí Fernmaigi].”	“Rí Fhearnaí is ea é.”	[“He is king of Fernmag.”]
“Atchonnarc-sa riam,” or Cet.	“Tá so feicthe cheana agam,” arsa Ceat.	“I have seen him before,” said Cet.
“Cia airm i n-domfhacca?” ar Eogan.	“Cá bhfacaís mé?” d’fhiafraigh Eoghan.	“Where have you seen me?” asked Eogan.
“I n-dorus do thaige oc tabairt tana bó uait.	“Ag doras do thí ag tabhairt tána bó uait.	“At the door of your house, when I deprived you of a drove of cattle.
Ro-héged immum-sa isin tír.	Tógadh raic im thimpeall sa tír.	The alarm was raised around me in the country-side.
Tanacaisiu fon éгим.	Amach leat tar éis an fotharaga a chlos.	You came at that cry.

Ro-thelgis gai fhorm-sa corra-ba as mo sciath.	Theilgis ga liom. Cheangail sé im sciath.	You cast a spear at me so that it stuck out of my shield.
Dollecim-se duit-siu in n-gai cétna, colluid trét chend, ocus co m-bert do shúil as do chind. Atotchiat fir hErenn co n-oén shúil.	Chaitheas-sa an ga céanna leatsa i dtreo go ndeachaigh sé tríd cheann agus gur bhain an tsúil as do chloigeann. Tá's ag feara Éireann tú a bheith aonsúileach.	I cast the spear back at you so that it pierced your head and put out your eye. It is patent to the men of Ireland that you are one-eyed.
Messe tall in t-shúil aile as do chind.”	Is mise a bhain an tsúil eile as do cheann.”	It was I who struck out the other eye from your head.”
Dessid side dano.	Shuigh an fear eile síos ansan.	Thereupon the other sat down.

## Section 12

“Frithalid dano, a Ulto, in comram beus,” ar Cet.	“Chun comhlainne arís, a Ultaigh,” arsa Ceat.	“Prepare now, men of Ulster, for further contest,” said Cet.
“Nis-raindfe innossa,” ar Munremor mac Gergind.	“Ní roinnfir fós í,” arsa Muinreamhair mac Ghéirchinn.	“You will not divide it yet,” said Munremor mac Gergind.
“Inné seo Munremur?” ar Cet.	“Nach é sin Muinreamhair?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.	“Is not that Munremor?” asked Cet.

“Is me ro-glan mo gó fo deóid a Munremur,” or Cet.	“Is mé a ghlan mo gathanna go deireanach i Muinreamhair.	“I am the man who last cleaned my spears in Munremor,” said Cet.
“Ní fhuilet trí thráth and	Níl trí thráth ann	“It is not yet a whole day (?)
o thucusa tri láich-cind uait im chend do chétmic as t’ fherund.”	ó thugasa cloigne thriúr laochra uait as d’fhearann, ceann do chéadmhic ina measc.”	since I took three heads of heroes from you out of your land, and among them the head of your eldest son.”
Dessid side dano.	Suíonn an fear eile ansan.	Thereupon the other sat down.
“In comram beus!” or Cet.	“Breis comhlainne!” arsa Ceat.	“Further contest!” said Cet.
“Rot-bia són,” ar Mend mac Salcholcan.	“Bíodh san agat,” arsa Meann mac Shálcholgáin.	“That you shall have,” said Mend mac Sálchalcán.
“Cia so?” or Cet.	“Cé hé seo?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.	“Who is this?” asked Cet.
“Mend,” or cách.	“Meann,” arsa cách.	“Mend,” said everyone.
“Cid ane?” or Cet,	“A leithéid!” arsa Ceat.	“What next?” said Cet,
“mac na m-bachlach cusna les-anmannaib do chomram chucum!	“Mic na mbathlach le leasainmneacha ag teacht chun comhraic liom!	“sons of rustics with nick-names to contest with me!
ar ba úaim-se fúair th’athair in t-ainm sin,	De mo bharrsa a thuill d’athair an ainm sin.	— for it was from me your father got that name.
.i. messe ra-ben a shail de do chlaidiub,	Mise a theasc an tsáil de lem chlaíomh,	It was I who struck off his heel with my sword,

conna ruc acht oen-chois úaim.

gan fé ach leathchois is é ag imeacht uaim.

so that he took away only one foot when he left me.

Cid dobérad mac ind oen-choisseda chucum?”

Cad a chuirfeadh i gceann mhac fhear na leathchoise dul chun cointinne liomsa?”

What could encourage the son of the one-footed man to fight with me?”

Dessid side dano.

Shuigh an fear eile ansan.

Thereupon the other sat down.

### Section 13

“In comram beus!” or Cet.

“Chun comhraic arís!” arsa Ceat.

“Further contest!” said Cet.

“Rot-bia,” or laech líath mór forgránna do Ultaib.

“Geobhair é,” arsa mórloch liath forgránna Ultach.

“That you shall have,” said a grey, tall, very terrible hero of Ulster.

“Cia so?” or Cet.

“Cé hé seo?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.

“Who is this?” asked Cet.

“Celtchair mac Cuthechair sin,” or cách.

“Cealtchair mac Uitheachair sin,” arsa cách.

“That is Celtchair mac Uthechair,” said everyone.

“An bic, a Cheltchair,” or Cet,

“Stad tamall,” arsa Ceat,

“Stop a bit, Celtchair,” said Cet,

“manip dom thuarcain fo chetóir.

“mura raghaimid ag tuargaint a chéile láithreach.

“unless we are to come to blows at once.

Ro-tanac-sa, a Cheltchair, co dorus do thigi.

Thánas-sa go dorus do thí, a Chealtchair.

I came, Celtchair, to the door of your house.

Foheged immum.

Ardaíodh gártha foláirimh im thimpeall.

The alarm was raised around me.

Táinic cách.	Tháinig cách.	Everyone came up.
Tanacaisiu dano.	Tháinise leis.	You came too.
Dot-luid i m-bernai ar mo chind-sa.	Chuais i mbearna ar m'aghaidh anonn.	You went into the doorway in front of me.
Do-reilgis gae dam-sa.	Theilgis ga liom.	You cast a spear at me.
Ro-thelgiusa gai n-aill chucutsu, co n-dechaid triat [sh]liasait ocus tria uachtur do macraille.	Theilgeas-sa ga eile leatsa, gur chuaigh trí shliasaid agus trí uachtar do mhagairle.	I cast another spear at you so that it pierced your thigh and the upper part of the fork of your legs.
Atái co n-galur fhúail ond uair sin, no co rucad mac no ingen duit ond uair sin.	Tá galar fuail ort ó shin. Ní rugadh mac ná iníon díot ón uair sin.	You have had a disease of the urine ever since. Since then neither son nor daughter has been begotten by you.
Cid dot-bérad chucum-sa?"	Cad a bhéarfadh duitse dul i gcomhrac liomsa?"	What could encourage you to fight with me?"
Dessid side dano.	Shuigh an fear eile síos ansan.	Thereupon the other sat down.

## Section 14

“In comram beus!” or Cet.	“Chun comhraic arís!” arsa Ceat.	“Further contest!” said Cet.
“Rot-bia son,” or Cúscraid Mend Macha, mac Conchobair.	“Geobhair san,” arsa Cúscraidh Meann Machae, mac Chonchobhair.	“That you shall have,” said Cúscraid Mend Macha, the son of Conchobar.
“Cuich seo?” ar Cet.	“Cé hé seo?” d’fhiafraigh Ceat.	“Who is this?” asked Cet.
“Cuscraid,” or cách,	“Cúscraidh,” arsa cách.	“Cúscraid,” said the others.
“is adbar ríog ar deilb.”	“Is ábhar rí é ar a dheilbh.”	“He has the makings of a king to judge from his appearance.”
“Ní buide frit,” or in gilla.	“Ní dhuitse atáthar buíoch dá bharr san,” arsa an giolla.	“No thanks to you,” said the boy.
“Maith,” or Cet.	“Bhuel,” arsa Ceat,	“Well,” said Cet,
“Cucainn cetna thanacais do chét-gasciud, a gillai.	“chugainne a tháinís i dtosach báire dod chéad ghaisce, a ghiolla.	“it was to us you came in the first place, boy, for your first trial of arms.
Imma-tarraid dún issin choirich.	Tharla comhrac eadrainn sa choigrích.	There was an encounter between us in that borderland.
Foracbais trian do muntire, ocus is amlaid dochuadais ocus gai triat bragit,	D’fhágais trian do mhuintire id dhiaidh, agus is amhlaidh d’imís is ga trí do bhráid,	You left a third of your people behind; and it is thus you went, with a spear through your throat,

conna hetai focul fort chend i córai,	sa tslí ná fuil focal soiléir id cheann,	so that you have not an articulate word in your head;
ar ro-loitt in gáí féithi do braget,	mar tholl an ga féith do scornaí,	for the spear has injured the tendons of your throat,
conid Cúscraid Mend atot-chomnaic ond uair sin.”	agus Cúscraidh Meann a tugtar ort ón uair sin.”	and that is why you have been nick-named Cúscraid the Stammerer ever since.”
Dorat tra fon n-innasin ail forsín cóiced uile.	Ar an gcaoi sin, trá, dhein sé neamhní den gcúige uile.	And *so* in this manner he flouted the whole province.

### Section 15

In tan din rom-bertaigetar oc on muice ocus scían inna láim,	Fad a bhí sé ag beartú na lainne ag an muc, áfach,	Now while he was making flourishes about the pig with a knife in his hand
co n-accatar Conall Cernach istech.	chonacthas Conall Cearnach chucu.	they saw Conall Cernach entering.
Is and tarblaing for lár in taige.	Ar lár an tí isteach do léim sé.	He bounded into the centre of the house.
Ferait Ulaid imorro failte móir fri Conall.	D’fhear na hUltaigh fíorchaoín fáilte roimis, go deimhin.	The men of Ulster gave a great welcome to Conall *, indeed*.
Is and ro-lá Conchobar in cennide dia chind ocus nod-mbertaigedar.	Sciob Conchobhar an cochall dá éadan ansan agus chuir gothaí air féin.	Then Conchobar whipped the hood from his head and made a flourish.
“Is maith lind ar cuit do thairiuc,” ar Conall.	“Is maith linn ár gcuid a bheith réidh,” arsa Conall.	“I am glad that my portion is in readiness,” said Conall.



“Cia rannas dúib?”

“Rod-dét dond fhir nod-ranna,” ar Conchobar, “.i. Cet mac Matach.”

“In fir a Chit,” ar Conall, “tusso do raind nam-muicce?”

Is and asbert Cet:

R. “Fochen Conall!  
cride licce,  
londbruth loga,  
luchair ega,  
gusfland ferge!  
fo chích curad  
crechtaig  
cathbuadaig  
adcomsa mac Findchoeme frim.”

Conid and atbert Conall:

R. “Fochen Cet,  
Cet mac Matach!  
magen curad,  
cride n-ega,  
eithre n-ela,  
eirr trén tressa,  
trethan ágach,

“Cé hé seo atá ag déanamh na roinnte díbh?”

Arsa Conchobhar: “Tá an mhuc tugtha suas don té atá á roinnt, is é sin Ceat mac Mághach.”

“An ceart, a Cheit, gur tusa a roinnfeadh an mhuc?” d’fhiafraigh Conall.

D’fhreagair Ceat ansan:

“Fáilte, a Chonaill!  
Croí lice.  
Caor thine,  
luchair lic oighir,  
faghairt chun feirge!  
Fé chích an churaidh  
a dheineann creachadh,  
a bhíonn buacach thar cách,  
mac Finnchoemhe a chímse im dháil.”

Agus dúirt Conall ansan:

“Fáilte, a Cheit,  
Ceat mac Mághach!  
Curadh cáiliúil,  
croí lic oighir,  
eireaball eala,  
eirr carbaid mear catha,  
treathan trodach,

“Who is he who is making the division for you?”

“It has been granted to the man who is dividing it,” said Conchobar, “namely Cet mac Matach.”

“Is it right, Cet,” asked Conall, “that you should divide the pig?”

Then Cet answered:

“Welcome, Conall!  
Heart of stone,  
Fierce glowing mass of fire,  
brightness of ice,  
Red strength of wrath!  
Under the breast of the hero  
Who deals wounds,  
and is victorious in battle  
I see the son of Findchoem before me.”

Whereupon Cet [*recte*, Conall] replied:

“Welcome, Cet,  
Cet mac Matach!  
great (?) hero,  
Heart of ice,  
\*Tail of a swan,\*  
Strong chariot-hero of battle,  
batling sea,

cain tarb tnúthach.  
Cet mac Magach!”

“Bid mend inar n-im-chomruic-ni ón,”

ar Conall,  
“ocus bid mend inar n-im-scarad,  
bid aircela la Fer m-brot,  
bid fiadnaisi la Fer manath.  
Adcichset airg loman londgliaid,  
fer dar fer is taig seo innocht.”

tarbh tnúthach sciamhach.  
Ceat mac Mághach!”

“Ár gcomhrac a shocróidh an cinneadh a  
dhéanfar inniu,”

arsa Conall,  
“ár scaradh a dheimhneoidh a thoradh.

Cífidh na laochra leon tréan i gcath,  
is fear ar fhear le chéile i gcomhlann.”

Beautiful fierce bull,  
Cet mac Magach!”

“It will be clear in our encounter,”

said Conall,  
“and it will be clear in our separation.  
There will be a fine saga in Fer m-brot (?)  
There will be ill tidings in Fer manath (?)  
The heroes will see a lion (?) fierce in battle,  
There will be a rough onset in this house to-night.”

## Section 16

“Eirg ón muicc din,” or Conall.

“Cid dano dot-bérad-su chucci?” ar Cett.

“Is fir,” or Conall, “do chungid chomraime  
chucum-sa.

Dobér oen-chomram duit, a Cheit,” ar Conall.

“Tongu na tongat mo thuath,

o ra-gabus gai im láimh,

“Éirigh ón mucsán anois,” arsa Conall.

“Cad tá agatsa le breith chuici, áfach?” arsa  
Ceat.

“Is ceart agus is cóir go dtabharfá mo  
dhúshlán,” arsa Conall.

“Béarfad aonchomhrac duit, a Cheit.

Tugaim móid mo thuithe,

ó thógas ga im láimh,

“Get up from the pig now,” said Conall.

“But what should bring you to it?” asked Cet.

“It is quite proper,” said Conall, “that you  
should challenge me.

I accept your challenge to single combat, Cet,”  
said Conall.

“I swear what my tribe swears,

that since I took a spear in my hand

nach menic ro-bá cen chend Connachtaig fóm chind oc cotlud,	nár chodlaíos go minic gan ceann Connachtaig a bheith fê mo cheann,	I have not often slept without the head of a Connaughtman under my head,
ocus cen guin duine cech oen lá ocus cech oen aidchi.”	agus nár ghaibh lá ná oíche tharam ná gur ghoineas duine.”	and without having wounded a man every single day and every single night.”
“Is fir,” or Cet, “at ferr do laéach andó-sa.	“Is fíor,” arsa Ceat, “gur fearr de laoch tú ná mise.	“It is true,” said Cet. “You are a better hero than I am.
Mad Anluan no-beth is taig, doberad comram ar araile duit.	Dá mbeadh Anluan istigh bhéarfadh sé comhrac eile duit.	If Anlúan were in the house he would offer you yet another contest.
Is anim dún na fil is taig.”	Is ainimh dúinne ná fuil sé anso.”	It is a pity for us that he is not in the house.”
“Atá imorro,” ar Conall	“Is é atá, iomorra,” arsa Conall,	“He is though,” said Conall,
ic tabairt chind Ánlúain assa chriss, ocus nos-leice do Chet ar a bhruinni, cor-roimid a loim fola for a beolu.	ag tabhairt cheann Anluain as a chríos agus á theilgean ar bhroinn Cheit, gur scaird loim fola thar a bheola.	taking the head of Anlúan from his belt, and throwing it at Cet’s breast with such force that a gush of blood burst over his lips.
Ro-gab side imorro ón muic, et dessid Conall aicce.	D’imigh <u>Ceat</u> ón muc ansan. Bhuail a chomharba fê taobh léi.	<u>Cet</u> then left the pig, and Conall sat down beside it.

## Section 17

“Tecat don chomram a fecht-sa!” ar Conall.

Ní fríth ón la Connachta laech a thairismi.

Doratad imorro damdabach dona boccótib  
immi imm[a] cuairt,

ar ro-boi droch-costud istaig do  
chloendiburgun la droch-daine.

Luid iarum Conall do raind nam-mucci

ocus gebid dano cend in tarra ina beolo,

cor-ránic dó raind nam-mucci.

Ra[suig] in tairr

.i. aere ind nónbair,

conna-fargaib ní de.

“Tagaidís chun comhraic anois!” arsa Conall.

Ní raibh éinne i measc na gConnachtach  
toilteanach seasamh ina choinne.

Dhein na hUltaigh, áfach, sciath chosanta ina  
thimpeall.

Bhí cuid de dhrochbhuachaillí na bruíne ag  
crústach cloch cheana féin.

Chrom Conall ansan ar roinnt na muice.

Shac a deireadh ina bhéal ansan.

Lean air ag roinnt.

Shloigh an cheathrú dheiridh

— dóthain naonúr fear —

go dtí ná raibh blaise di fágtha.

“Let them come to the contest now!” said  
Conall.

There was not found among the men of  
Connaught a hero to keep it up.

They made however a wall of shields in a  
circle around him,

for the bad practice had begun among those  
bad men there of evil casting.

Conall then went to divide the pig,

and \*thereupon\* takes the tail-end in his  
mouth

and so attained to a division of the pig.

He devoured the hind-quarters

— a load for nine men —

until he had left nothing of it.

## Section 18

Ní thara[t] imorro do Chonnachtaib	Níor thug do na Connachtaigh, áfach,	Moreover he did not give to the men of Connaught
acht a da cois nam-mucci fo bráigid.	ach an dá chos thosaigh.	anything except the two fore-quarters of the pig.
Ba bec dano la Connachta a cuit.	Ba bheag orthu a gcuid, áfach.	Now the men of Connaught thought their portion was small.
Atragat saide;	Phreabadar ina seasamh,	They sprang up,
atragat dano Ulaid, cor-riacht cách araile.	dhein na hUltaigh an dála céanna, go raibh an dá thaobh bonn le bonn ar aghaidh a chéile.	and the men of Ulster *also* sprang up, and then they came to close quarters.
Ro-bói tra builli dar ó i suidiu,	B'shiúd ansan iad ag bualadh a chéile thar cluasa a chéile	Then it came to blows over the ears there
co m-ba comard ra sliss in taige in carnail ro-bái for lár in taigi,	nó go raibh an carn corp ar urlár an tí ar chomhaoirde leis na fallaí,	until the heap on the floor of the house was as high as the wall of the house,
co m-batar na srotha don chrú forsna dorsi.	agus gur rith srutháin fola fé bhun na ndoirse amach.	and there were streams of blood running through the doors.
Maidit dano na sluaig for na dorsi,	Bhris na haíonna na doirse ansan,	Then the hosts broke through the doors
cor-ralsat grith mór	agus tharla clampar mór.	so that a great uproar arose,

Shádar agus ghoineadar a chéile

co suifed fuil mol for lár ind liss,

go raibh oiread fola silte is a chasfadh roth  
muilinn.

until the blood on the ground of the *liss* would  
have turned a millshaft,

.i. cach oc truastad a cheile.

everyone striking his fellow.

Is and gabais Fergus dóib dair mór ro-bói for  
lár ind liss assa fremaib.

Ansan rug Fearghas ar dhair thathagach a bhí  
ag fás i lár an chlóis, tharraing ó fhréamh í  
agus thosnaigh á léasadh léi.

Then Fergus seized by the roots a great oak  
which was growing in the midst of the *liss* and  
wielded it against them.

Maidit immach dano as ind liss.

Bhriseadar amach as an gclós ansan.

Thereupon they break forth out of the *liss*.

Doberar in cath i n-dorus ind liss.

Leanadar den chath i ndoras an chlóis.

A combat takes place at the entrance of the  
*liss*.

## Section 19

Is and luid Mac Da Thó immach ocus in cú  
inna láim,

Seo amach le Mac Da Thó ansan agus an cú ar  
láimh aige.

Then Mac Da Thó went forth leading the  
hound,

co ro-leiced eturro,

Scaoil é dá iall eatarthu

and the hound was let loose among them

dús cia díb no-thogad, .i. rús con.

féachaint cén taobh a roghnódh sé leis an  
instinn a bhí aige.

to find out which of them its instinct would  
choose.

Do-ráiga in cú Ulto,	Roghnaigh an cú na hUltaigh.	The hound chose the men of Ulster
ocus ro-leci for ár Connacht,	Ghaibh i measc na gConnachtach, ag imirt áir orthu.	and he set it to slaughtering the men of Connaught
ar ro-mebaid for Connachta.	Thugadar do na boinn é.	— for the men of Connaught had been routed.
Asberat-som, iss im-maigib Ailbe	Ag Magh Ailbhe, deirtear,	They say it is in the plains of Ailbe
ro-gab in cú fertais in charpait fo Ailill agus fo Meidb.	rug an cú greim ar fhearsaid an charbaid ina raibh Ailill agus Meadhbh.	that the hound seized the pole of the chariot in which Ailill and Medb were.
Is and donáirill Fer Loga ara Aililla agus Medba,	Bhuail Fear Logha, eirr an charbaid, pléasc air ansan.	There Fer Loga, the charioteer of Ailill and Medb, ran it down,
.i. cor-rala a cholaind for leth,	Chaith ar leataoibh é.	striking its body aside,
ocus co ro-an a chend i fertais in charpait.	D’fhan an cheann i ngreim ar fhearsaid an charbaid.	while its head remained on the pole of the chariot.
Atberat dano, is de atá Mag Ailbe,	De chionn <u>an ghnímh</u> sin, áfach, tugadh Magh Ailbhe don magh, deirtear,	They say moreover that Mag Ailbe is so named from this <u>incident</u> ,
.i. Ailbe ainm in chon.	mar Ailbhe ab ainm don cú.	for Ailbe was the hound’s name.

## Section 20

Dolluid am-maidm andes	Ghaibh an mhaidhm ó dheas	Their flight turned southwards [ <i>recte</i> , from the south]
for Beluch Mugna sech Róirind	trí Bhealach Mughna, thar Raoire	over Bellaghmoon, past Reerin,
for Áth Midbine i m-Mastin,	trí Áth Midhbhíne i Mullach Maistean,	over Áth Midbine in Mastiu,
sech Druim Criaig, fris rater Cell Dara indiu,	thar Dhruim Criaich ar a dtugtar Cill Dara inniu,	past Drum Criach which to-day is called Kildare,
sech Ráith Imgain i Fid n-Gaible,	thar Ráth Iomgháin go Fiodh Gaibhle,	past Rathangan into Feighcullen
do Áth mac Lughnai,	go hÁth Mac Lughna	to the Ford of Mac Lugna,
sech Druim Da Maige, for Drochet Cairpre.	thar Druim Dá Mhaighe, de dhroim Dhroichid Cairpre.	past the hill of the two plains over Cairpre's Bridge.
Oc Áth Chind Chon i m-Biliu	Ag Áth Cinn Chon i mBile	At the Ford of the Dog's Head in Farbill
is and ro-lá cend in chon asin charput.	thit ceann an chú as an gearbad.	the dog's head fell from the chariot.
Ic techt iar fraechrud Mide siar	Ag gabháil siar trí fhraochach na Mí,	Coming westwards over the heath of Meath,
is and donarlaic Fer Loga isin fraech, .i. ara Alilla,	luigh Fear Logha, carbadóir Ailealla, sa bhfraoch,	Fer Loga, Ailill's charioteer, lay down in the heather
ocus ro-ling isin carput iar cúl Chonchobair,	gur ling ar chúl Chonchobhair is é ag gabháil thar bráid ina charbad féin,	and sprang into the chariot behind the back of Conchobar,



cor-ra-gaib a chend dar aiss.	gur rug ar cheann air aniar thairis.	and in this way seized his head from behind.
“Beir buide n-anacuil a Chonchobair!” ar se.	“Tabhair cúitimh as d’anacal, a Chonchobhair!” ar sé.	“Buy your freedom, Conchobar!” said he.
“T’óg-ríar,” ar Conchobar.	“Pé rud atá uait,” arsa Conchobhar.	“Make your own terms,” said Conchobar.
“Ní ba mór,” ar Fer Loga,	“Ní mór san,” d’fhreagair Fear Logha,	“It will not be much,” replied Fer Loga,
“.i. mo breith latt do Emain Macha,	“níl uaim ach mé a bhreith leat go hEamhain Mhacha,	“namely, you to take me with you to Emain Macha,
ocus mná oentama Ulad agus a n-ingena macdacht do gabail cepece cech nóna immum,	agus go gcanfadh mná Uladh agus a n-iníonacha óga dréachta córúla dhom gach nóin,	and the *unmarried* women of Ulster and their young daughters to sing a panegyric to me every evening
co n-erbrat: ‘Fer Loga mo lennan-sa.’ ”	ag rá: ‘Fear Logha mo leannán-sa.’ ”	saying: ‘Fer Loga is my darling.’ ”
Ba écen ón,	Dob éigean dóibh é sin a déanamh,	There was no help for it,
ar ní laimtis chena la Conchobar,	óir ní leomhadar gan rud a dhéanamh air ar eagla Chonchobhair.	for they did not dare do otherwise for fear of Conchobar;
et ra-leiced Fer Loga dar Ath Luain siar dia bliadna	Bliain agus an lá san díreach cuireadh Fear Logha thar Áth Luain siar,	and that day a year hence Fer Loga was sent across Athlone westwards,
ocus da gabair Chonchobair leis co n-allaib óir friu.	péire d’eacha Chonchobhair ina sheilbh is srianta órga ar sileadh leo.	and a pair of Conchobar’s horses with him, with golden bridles.