

Scéla Mongáin agus Eochaidh Rígeicis

Why Mongán was deprived of noble issue

Section 1

Eochaid Rígeiges

ardfilí na Hérend,

robaí Fiachna mac Boetán

oc a chuiread chucaí do éicis dó,

ar ba rí Uladh in Fiachna

agus ba d'Ultaib in tEochaid.

“Níon beósa it farrad” or Eochaid,

“sech cach rí do ríghaib Érend,

ar atá macán lat .i. Mongán mac Fiachna.

Bhí Eochaidh Rígeices

d'Ultaibh

ina Ard-Fhile ar Éirinn

agus bhí a chara Fiachna mac Báetáin

rí Uladh

á iarraidh chun éigse chuige.

Arsa Eochaidh: “Ní thiochfaidh mé chugatsa

thar aon duine eile de ríthe na hÉireann.

Tá do mhac *óg* Mongán *mac Fiachna*

Eochu Rígeigeas,

chief poet of Ireland,

Fiachna, son of Boetán

was inviting him to him to make verse for him,

for Fiachna was king of Ulaid

and Eochu was of the Ulaid.

“I should avoid thy presence,” said Eochu,

“more than that of any of the kings of Ireland,

for thou hast a young son, Mongán, son

Issé mac dian lia eólas i nÉrind,

biaid sé oc scélaib ocus oc eólas,

do-bérat in drochdaíne fair
frithtuideacht frimsa,

do-bérsa miscaid fair,

bid debaid latso frimsa an ní sin.”

“Nathó,” or Fiachna, “acelaitsi mo mac

co ná tí fritso,

isé bus míne fritso isin teaglachsa.”

“Maith,” or Eochaid “do-géntar,

bid ammin co cend mbliadna.”

ar an ógánach is léannta sa tír.

Beidh sé ag scéalaíocht is ag faisnéis,

beidh an daoscar ag tathaint air mise a shárú,

cuirfidh mise mo mhallacht air,

is beidh tusa ina dhiaidh orm.”

“Ní hea,” arsa Fiachna, “ach labhróidh mise
leis,

sa tslí nach dtabharfaidh sé faoi do bhréagnú;

ní bheidh duine ar an teaghlach níos béasaí
leat ná é.”

“Maith go leor,” arsa Eochaidh,

“tabharfaidh mé an bhliain ann, mar sin.”

of Fiachna.

He is the most learned youth in Ireland,

he will be relating tales and giving instruction,

evil people will set him to contradict me,

I shall curse him

and thou wilt quarrel with me on that
account.”

“Nay,” said Fiachna, “I shall speak to (?) my
son

that he contradict thee not,

it is he will be the most civil towards thee in
this household.”

“Well,” said Eochu, “it shall be done.

Let it be thus until the end of a year.”

Section 2

Báiseom laa n-ann oc indisin eólais.

“Olc duid, a Mongáin,” ar na gilla, “cen éleghad in bachlaig oc rád na góa.”

“Maith,” or Mongán.

Bhí sé ag tabhairt léachta, lá.

“Is suarach an mhaise duit gan tabhairt faoin mbodach bréagach,” arsa a chompánaigh le Mongán.

“Tá go maith,” arsa Mongán leo.

One day he was relating lore.

“Evil of thee, Mongán,” said the boys, “that thou dost not challenge the lying clown.”

“Good,” says Mongán.

Section 3

Luid Fiachna for cuairt rí g agus Eochu lais.

A mbáatar laa n-and for a n-érim

conacatar sé choirthi cloichi móra ar a cind

ocus cethrur maic-cléireach im na coirthi.

“Cid do-gní[d] andsin, a chléirchi?” or Fiachnai.

“Atáum sund oc cuindchidh fhis ocus eólais:

Chuaigh Fiachna ar a chuairt rí agus Eochaidh ina theannta.

Lá dá raibh siad sa siúl

go bhfaca siad sé cinn de choirthí móra cloiche *rompu*

agus ceathrar mac-chléireach timpeall orthu.

“Cad tá ar bun agaibh ansin, a chléirigh?” arsa Fiachna leo.

“Ar lorg eolais is treorach atáimid *anseo*.

Fiachna went on a royal visitation, accompanied by Eochu.

One day on their journey

they beheld six large pillar-stones before them,

and four young clerics by the stones.

“What do you here, clerics?” said Fiachna.

“We are here seeking knowledge and instruction.

do-n-uc Dia dúnd iarum rígeices Hérend .i. Eochaid	Cabhair Dé chugainn! Nach in é an Rí-Éigeas *Éireann Eochaidh* <u>féin</u> *, áfach,*	God has brought to us, however, the king-poet of Ireland, Eochu,
dia gléodh dús cia nosháith na leca sa	lena léiriú <u>dúinn</u> cé a thóg na leaca *seo*	to reveal who planted these stones
ocus cia ro-s-aralta.”	agus conas a feistíodh ina n-áit iad.”	and how (?) they were arranged (?.)”
“Amain,” or Eochaid, “nícon fil for menmain damsá sin uile:	“Ní chuimhním air sin go léir,” arsa Eochaidh.	“Well,” said Eochu, “I do not remember all that.
ba dóich lim bad Cland Deadhaid do-n-uargaibset	Ba dhóigh liom gurbh iad Clanna Deadhadh a thóg iad	I should think the Children of Deda upreared them,
do dénam Chathrach Chon Raí.”	chun Cathair Chon Raoi a dhéanamh.”	to build the City of Cú Roí.”
“Maith, a Eochaid,” ar fer díb, “atberad na maiccléirich immo-t-ralasu.”	“Sea, más ea, *a Eochaidh,*” arsa duine acu, “deir na mac-chléirigh go bhfuil dul amú ort.”	“Well, Eochu,” said one of them, “the young clerics say thou art astray (?.)”
“Ná cairigh,” or araile.	“Ná tóg air é,” arsa duine eile acu.	“Do not blame him,” said another.
“Bés is anfis dó,” ar a chéle.	“B’fhéidir nach bhfuil a fhios aige,” arsa a pháirtí.	“Perhaps he does not know,” said his companion.
“Is anfis dó,” ar araile.	“Níl a fhios aige,” arsa an ceathrú duine.	“He does not know,” said another.
“Maith,” or Eochaid, “ocus sibsi, caidi bar n-edirgléodsi diib?”	“Agus más ea, cad a deir sibhse fúthu?” arsa Eochaidh.	“Well,” said Eochu, “and you, what is your explanation of them?”
“Is hé ar n-eólaisni, ám,	“Is é ár dtuiscintne orthu *, ámh,*	“This, then, is our information

trí líc andso niathbuidne	gur trí leac laochbhuíne	— these are three stones of a champion-band
ocus trí liic láthbuidne:	agus trí leac féine iad;	and three stones of a warrior-band.
Conall Cernach ro-da-lá la Hilland mac Fergus	Conall Cearnach a thóg le hIlland mac Fheargais iad	Conall Cernach placed them, along with Illand, son of Fergus,
ro marb triar sund dá cétgaisced:	tar éis dó seo triúr a mharú *anseo* ar a chéad ghaisce:	who slew three here in his first prowess.
atraí a lechta (?) do turcbáil ar a oíti,	chuaigh de iad a thógáil <u>uaidh féin</u> i ngeall ar a óige,	He was unable to uprear the pillars on account of his youth,
co-nda-thuarcaib Conall Cernach leis,	agus thóg Conall *Cearnach* ina theannta iad,	and Conall Cernach raised them with him,
ar ba básad do Ultaib	mar ba bhéas le hUltaibh	for it was the custom of the Ulaid,
áit a ndéndais a cétgaisced		wherever they performed their first act of valour,
turbaitis a corthi ind lín a romarbdais,	coirthí a thógáil don líon a mharaídís	to raise pillar stones to the number that they slew,
	ar a gcéad ghaisce;	
agus aircseo, a Eochaid, lat ainfiuss.”	agus gread leat anois le do chuid aineolas, a Eochaidh.”	— and be off, Eochu, with thy ignorance.”
“Ní bad imdergad lat, a Eochaid,”	“Ná cuireadh sé aon mhairg ort, *a Eochaidh,*	“Do not be ashamed, Eochu,”

or Fiachna,

“cubaid let na scolaige.”

má tá na cléirigh inchurtha leat féin,”

arsa Fiachna leis.

said Fiachna,

“the scholars are a match (?) for thee.”

Section 4

Tiagait fora rémim in chétna.

Chuaigh siad chun cinn *mar a rinne siad
cheana*

They proceed on their way as before,

Conacadar in aelráith móir [ar] a cind,

go bhfaca siad an aolráth mhór rompu

and they perceived a large limewashed castle
in front of them,

ocus cethror óclách co n-éaigib corcraí ar a
dorus.

agus ceathrar ógánach gléasta in éadach corcra
ag an doras.

and four youths in purple raiment before the
door.

Taidlig Eochaid in lis.

Téann Eochaidh ina dtreo *don lios*.

Eochu approached the enclosure.

“Maith,” or Fiachna, “cid as áil duib?”

“Sea,” arsa Fiachna, “cad ab áil libhse?”

“Well,” said Fiachna, “what do you want?”

“Áil dún a fhis ó Eochaid cisí ráth so ocus cia
robaí indi.”

“Ba mhaith linn go n-inseodh Eochaidh dúinn
cén ráth í seo agus cé a chónaigh inti.”

“We want to hear from Eochu what castle this
is, and who lived in it.”

“Sochaide lasa ndéntar rátha,” or Eochaid,

Arsa Eochaidh: “Scata daoine a dhéanann
ráthanna

“So many build castles,” said Eochu,

“co nách talla for menmain.”

agus ní fhanann siad go léir sa chuimhne.”

“that they do not all find room in the
memory.”

“Léic uait, or is anfis dó,” ar a chéle.

“Cade bar n-eólas didiu?” or Fiachna.

“Ní ansa ám:

Cian ó do bí meadar mas
oc ól meda a curn glas —

isin imscing ar [a f(?)aithchi,

ocus ní thucais a hainm iar suidiu, a Eochaid.”

“Maith didiu,” or Eochaid.

“Caith uait, níl a fhios aige,” arsa an dara fear acu.

“Cén cur amach atá agaibh féin mar sin air?” arsa Eochaidh.

Tá an freagra go pras ag an bhfear eile.

Scaoileann sé leathrann chuige a raibh réiteach na faidhbe sa leath nach ndúirt sé —

*“Ní ansa, ámh:

Is cian ó bhí sé meidhreach,
ag ól meá ó chuach ghlas —

insan imscing ar a faiche.*

Agus níor thug tú an t-ainm leat ina dhiaidh sin, a Eochaidh,” ar sé.

“Tá go maith, *mar sin,*” arsa an file.

“Let be,” said the other, “for he does not know.”

“What is your information, then?” said Fiachna.

“Not difficult, indeed —

a while since he was merry,
drinking mead from a green goblet —

in the garden on its lawn,

and yet thou hast not remembered its name, Eochu.”

“Good, *then,*” said Eochu.

Section 5

Tiagaid ass iarsin.	Ar aghaidh leo arís	Then they proceeded,
Conacadar ráith aile ar a cind	go bhfeiceann siad ráth eile *rompu*	and they saw another castle before them,
ocus cethror macám ina dorus oc imresain.	agus ceathrar ógánach ag aighneas ag an dorus:	and four youths quarrelling in front of the entrance.
“Is fíru damsa!”	“Is cirte <u>an ní a deirimse!</u> ”	“I am right!”
“Ní fíriu duidsiu!”	“Ní cirte *duit-sea*!”	“Thou art not right!”
“Cid táthaí, a maccu?” or Fiachna.	“Cad tá ar siúl agaibh, *a óga,*?” arsa Fiachna.	“What are you at, boys?” said Fiachna.
“Oc imresain atám dús cissí ráth so ocus cia las roclassa ind ráith so:	“Aighneas faoi cén ráth í seo agus cé a thóg;	“We are contending as to what castle this is and by whom it was built.
do-fuc Dia dún iarum in fer cen anfhis itir dia rélad dún.”	ach chuir Dia fear an eolais iomláin inár dtreo lena léiriú dúinn *, áfach*.”	God has brought to us, however, a man without any ignorance to reveal it to us.”
“Nách-an-imderg,” ar a chéle, “is anfis dó.”	“Ná náirigh é, níl a fhios aige,” arsa a pháirtí.	“Do not shame him,” said his companion, “he does not know.”
“Cade didiu bar fisse?” or Fiachnai.	“Cad is eol daoibh féin mar gheall uirthi *, mar sin*?” arsa Eochaidh.	“What do you know about it *, then*?” said Fiachna.
,	Scaoil an fear eile rann iomlán chuige go raibh an t-eolas go léir ann:	

“Ní ansa immurgu:

Cian ó thessaigthe in tslatt
do fhir rocheachlaid Ráith Imgatt,
Immgatt ainm na mná ro-da-gart,
ingen Buise mic Didracht —

Ráith Immgat a ainm iarum, a Eochaid,
ocus ní bo sirsan duid a ainbfhis.”

Rohimdergad iarum intí Eochaid.

“Cuma duid, a Eochaid,” or Fiachnai, “ní ba
lugaidi do grád.”

Section 6

Tiagaid iarum dia mbaile feisin.

Mongán cona muintir istaig ar a cind.

“Maith,” or Eochaid, “tusu do-rónne suut,
a Mongáin, ro-fhetarsa.”

“Is tú atrubairt,” ar Mongán.

*“Ní ansa, ámh:”

Is cian ó théadh uisce chun folcadh
don bhfear a thochail Ráith Imgatt,
Imggatt ainm na mná a d’ainmnigh é,
iníon Bhuisse mhic Didracht.*

Ráith Immgat a ainm dá bhrí sin, a Eochaidh,
agus ní maith an bhail ort a bheith dall air.”

Bhí náire ar Eochaidh *dá bhrí sin*.

“Nach cuma duit, a Eochaidh, ní lúide ár meas
ort,” arsa Fiachna.

Do chas siad abhaile ansin.

Bhí Mongán is a mhuintir sa bhaile rompu.

“Tusa a dhein é sin orm, a Mhongáin, tá a
fhios agam go maith é,” arsa Eochaidh.

“Dúirt tú é,” arsa Mongán.

“Not difficult, indeed —

. (?)
for the man who dug Ráith Imgat;
Imggatt was the woman who named (?) it,
daughter of Buise, son of Didracht.”

Ráith Imggatt, then, is its name, Eochu,
and it is not fortunate for thee that thou art
ignorant of it.”

Then Eochu was put to shame.

“It is all the same to thee, Eochu,” said
Fiachna, “thou shalt not be thought the less
of.”

They go home then,

and find *before them* Mongán and his
following within.

“Well,” said Eochu, “thou hast done that,
Mongán, I know.”

“Thou hast said it,” said Mongán.

“Ní faigebtha maith didiu,” or Eochaid,	*Arsa Eochaidh:* “Ní hé do leas a dhein tú *, mar sin;*	“It shall not profit thee, then,” said Eochu,
“faicebsa ailig fort dar a éisi:	“fágfaidh mise máchail ort dá dhroim.	“I shall leave a reproach on thee in return for it.
in t-ánius romór tuargabais fort bethir cen ánius dar a éisi:	Beidh tú gan sásamh i ndíol ar an sport breá a dhein tú duit féin:	The great sport thou hast made for thyself, thou shalt be without sport in consequence of it.
nícon bia acht eachbachlaich uait,	ní bheidh ar do shliocht ach <i>eachbhachlaigh</i> (i.e. <u>giollaí capall</u>)	Thou shalt have no issue save horseboys,
ocus ní ba mór itir faicebtha athgabáil,	*agus ní mór an t-oidhreacht a d’fhágfaidh tú,	and thou shalt not leave any great inheritance (?),
ocus nícon festar tarad de fen.”	agus ...”*	neither shall . . . (?).”

Section 7

Issed sin dono tall degiartaige ó Mongáin (<i>sic</i>) mac Fhiachnai.	*Is mar sin a tógadh dea-shliocht ó Mhongán mac Fiachna.	Thus was Mongán, son of Fiachna, deprived of noble issue.
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