

Síaburcharpat Con Culaind

The phantom chariot of Cú Chulainn

Note to the reader

In their edition of this saga from the manuscript *Lebor na hUidhre*, Best and Bergin identify the hands of two different scribes, **M** = Mael Muire, and **H**, the interpolator. In their footnotes, these are referred to as **M** and **H**, respectively. They also make reference to the facsimile of the manuscript [**Facs.**].

In this presentation, the English translation is taken from Hull's improved version of Crowe's original translation. In her footnotes, Hull gives alternative translations of certain phrases suggested by S. H. O'Grady. In this presentation, these alternative translations are included between square brackets in Hull's translation and denoted by **S**. Hull's translation has gaps for the quatrains V – IX and XXIX – XLVI of the poem in Section 14. In this presentation, Crowe's original translation is used for these quatrains.

Section 1

DOLLUID Patraic do Themraig do erail creitme for rí nErend	Chuaigh Pádraig go Teamhair do fhoráil creidimh ar rí Éireann	Patrick went to Tara to enjoin belief upon the King of Erin,
.i. for Loegaire mac Néill ar is eside ba rí Herend ind inbaid	.i. ar Laoghaire mac Néill, óir is eisean ba rí Éireann an ionú sin.	that is, upon Loegaire, son of Niall, for he was King of Erin at the time;
ar ní chretedsidé in Comdid ciano pridcaide dó.	Óir ní chreideadh-san an Coimdhe cé go bpraitseáiltí dó.	for he would not believe in the Lord though He had been preached unto him.
Asbert Loegaire fri Patraic “noco chretiubsa duitsiu nách do Dia	Dúirt Laoghaire le Pádraig: “Ní chreidfídh mise duitse ná do Dhia,	Loegaire said to Patrick: “By no means will I believe in thee, nor yet in God,
nó coro dusce Coin Culaind damsa fó míadamla	nó go ndúisceoidh tú Cú Chulainn dom-sa faoi mhiadh	until thou shalt call up Cú Chulainn in all his dignity,
feib adfiadar i scelaib	feibh a deirtear i scéalta,	as he is recorded in the old stories,
conid n-acur oculus conid n-arladur ar mo bélaib sund	gonadh bhfeice agus gonadh labhra mé leis ar mo bhéal anseo.	that I may see him, and that I may address him in my presence here;
is iar sain no chretiubsa duitsiu.”	Is iar sin a chreideoidh mise duitse.”	after that I will believe in thee.”
“Is folaith do Dia aní sin” ol Patraic.	“Is féidir le Dia an ní sin,” ar Pádraig.	“Even this thing is possible for God,” said Patrick.

Section 2

Tic techtaire iarom on Chomdid co Patraic	Tagann teachtaire iaramh ón gCoimdhe go Pádraig	Then a messenger came from the Lord to Patrick,
co tairistis co arna bárach	[a dúirt] go dtairistís go (lá) arna mhárach	<u>and he said that they [i.e. Patrick and Loegaire]</u> should remain until the morrow
for dua na rátha .i. na Temrach	ar chlaífort an rátha .i. na Teamhrach,	on the rampart of the Rath of Tara,
ocus ticfad Cu Chulaind a ndochum and.	agus go dtiocfadh Cú Chulainn <u>chucu</u> ann.	and that Cú Chulainn would appear to him there.
Is iar sin iarom	Is iar sin	Afterwards (that is, after the appearance of Cú Chulainn to him in his chariot)
luid Lóegaire do acallaim Patraic	chuaigh Laoghaire do agallamh Pádraig	Loegaire went to converse with Patrick.
iar taidbsin Con Culaind dó ina charput.	iar thaibhreamh Chon Chulainn dó ina charbad.	

Section 3

Asbert Patraic fri Loegaire

“innut tarfás ní?”

“Domarfhás [*sic*] im(m-overbar)” for
Loegaire

“ocus nim thá cumac día aiséis

mani sénasu ocus mani chosecra mo gin.”

“Ní senubsa” ol Patraic “do ginsu conom raib
mo riar.

arsénub im(m-overbar) in n-aér dotháet as du
ginsu

co n-écis [conécus **MS**] in tadbsin tarfás
duit.”

Dúirt Pádraig le Laoghaire:

“Ar taispeánadh duit ní?”

“Taispeánadh, iomorra,” ar Laoghaire,

“agus ní féidir liom é a fhaisnéis,

muna séanfaidh agus muna gcoisricfidh tusa
mo ghion.”

“Ní shéanfaidh-sa,” ar Pádraig, “do ghionsa
gonadh raibh mo riar agam.

Séanfaidh mé iomorra an t-aer a théann as do
ghionsa,

go n-inseoidh tú faoin taibhse a taispeánadh
duit.”

Patrick said to Loegaire:

“Has something indeed appeared to thee?”

“Something has indeed appeared to me,” said
Loegaire;

“but I have not power to relate it,

unless thou wilt sign and consecrate my
mouth.”

“I will not sign thy mouth,” said Patrick, “until
I shall have my demand.

I will, however, make a sign on the air that
comes out of thy mouth,

in order that thou mayest describe the
appearance which was shown to thee.”

Section 4

“A mbása em” for Loegaire “oc dul dar Fán in Charpait	“Bhí mise ámh,” ar Laoghaire, “ag dul thar Fhán an Charbaid	“As I was going,” said Loegaire, “over the Slope of the Chariot
do Cnuc Síde in Broga	go Cnoc Síthe an Bhrugha,	to the Hill of the Sídh of the Plain,
hi Tulaig in Turchomraic	i dTulaigh an Turchomhraic,	in the Plateau of the Assembly
i mBruig Meic ind Óc.	i mBrugh Mhic an Óig,	in the plain of MacIndoc,
Co n-acasa in gaíth n-úair n-aigidi amal chroísig dibroí	chonaic mé an ghaoth fhuair oighreata, amhail craoisigh débhoraigh.	I saw the cold piercing wind, like a double-barbed spear.
bec nád ruc ar folt díar cennaib	Beag nár rug sí ár bhfolt dár gcinn	It hardly spared to take the hair from our heads,
ocus ná dechaid triund fodesin co talmain.	agus nár dheachaigh (sí) trinn féin go talamh.	and to go through us to the earth.
ro íarfacht in gaíth do Benén” or Loegaire.	D’fhiarfraigh mé faoin ngaoth de Bheinéan,” ar Laoghaire.	I asked of Benen the meaning of the wind.
“Asbert Benen frimsa ‘is í gáeth iffir[n]d [n-stroke om.] insain	“Dúirt Beinéan liomsa, ‘is í gaoth ifrinn ansin,	Benen said to me, ‘That is the wind of hell
iarna osclucud ría Coin Culaind.’	iarna oscladh roimh Chú Chulainn.’	after its opening before Cú Chulainn.’
Co n-accamár iarom in tromcháich máir doléic fornd.	Chonaiceamar iaramh an tromcheo mór a lig orainn.	We saw then the heavy fog which dropped upon us.

Ro iarfachtsa dano do Benén in tromchiaig sin.	D'fhiafraigh mé *freisin* de Bheinéan <u>faoin</u> dtromcheo sin.	I asked also of Benen the meaning of the heavy fog.
asbert Benén bátar anála fer ocus ech immandeochatar in mag ríam.	Dúirt Beinéan <u>go rabhadar</u> anála fear agus each a d'imigh ar an magh roimhe.	Benen said that the fog was the breath of men and of horses that were traversing the plain before me.
Co n-acamar iarom in feóchúni mair uasund túas.	Chonaiceamar iaramh ealta mór fiach dubh os cionn thuas.	Then we saw the great raven-flock on high above us.
Ba lán in tír di sudib	Ba lán <u>an t-aer nó</u> an tír díobh,	The country was full of birds,
ocus ba heter nélaib nime bátár ara n-airde.	agus ba idir neala neimhe a bhí siad <u>in</u> airde.	and in height they reached to the clouds of heaven.
Ro iarfacsá [<i>sic</i>] do Benén aní sin.	D'fhiarfraigh mise de Bheinéan an ní sin.	I asked of Benen concerning that matter.
Asbert Benen batar fóit a cruib na n-ech	Dúirt Beinéan <u>go rabhadar</u> fóid ó chrúba na n-each	Benen said they were sods thrown up by the hoofs of the horses
bátár fó charput Con Culaind."	a bhí faoi charbad Con Chulainn."	that were yoked to Cú Chulainn's chariot."

Section 5

“A mbámmár and iar sain	“Bhíomar ann iar sin	“After that, we being still there,
co n-acammar fúatha na n-ech triasin ciaich	chonaiceamar fuatha na n-each tríd an gceo	we saw the forms of the horses through the mist,
ocus na fer isin charput solam	agus na bhfear sa charbad solamh.	and of men in the easy chariot.
arae apri hesi for ard	Ara ar a gcúl ar ard,	A charioteer on high behind them;
síthbe sigidi eich doríadat séotu.	taoiseach buanseasmhach, eich <u>a ndeachaigh ar</u> shéada.	a spirit-chieftain: horses that ride paths [horses that career along roads, tracks, courses S].
Co n-accasa iarom in dá ech	Chonaic mise, iaramh, an dá each	I observed after this the two horses;
commóra comaille acht nammá co sain delba oculus datha.	comh-mhóra comháille, ach ná mba chosúil dealbha agus datha,	equal in size and beauty were they, and only unlike in form and colour;
comluatha comchóiri comgníma	comhluatha comhchóra comhgníomha	in swiftness, in symmetry, in action, equal.
boslethna deslethna biruich ardchind agenmair gobchuíl dúalaig dénmecha	bosleathana deisleathana biorach ardchinn <u>mórhapa</u> gobchaol dualaigh déanmhacha	Broad were their hoofs and broad their backs;
dathálli tullethain forarda forána forbrea.	dath-áille tulleathain forarda foránach forbhrea.	in colour beautiful; in height, in vehemence, remarkable.
At é cendbeca cruindbeca urarda aurdarca aurgastai.	Agus iad ceannbheaga cruinnbheaga urarda oirirce urghasta	Their heads were small: large-lipped, bright-eyed.

Bruinni derga beólaidi sulgi slemna saitsidi sogabalta	broinnearga <u>beathaithe</u> soilbhre sleamhaine soshrianta soghabhála	Red of chest, sleek and well-knit, they yielded promptly to the yoke;
féigi fáeborda femenda	féigh faobhair feamanna	they [<u>attracted attention by</u>] the lofty dignity [<u>of their movements</u>];
cassmongaig cóiri cáim casarcig	casmhongaigh córa caoimh caschairchigh.	their manes and tails hung down in curls.
broga forfuil ina díaid inéside	Broganta a bhfuil ina ndiaidh-sean.	Behind the pair a wide-spaced chariot.
da ndroch duba tarchise.	Dhá roth dubha daingne.	[<u>Beneath it</u>], two black solid wheels;
Dá roth chóiri cóicrisi.	Dhá roth córa comhchriosach.	[<u>above it</u>], two symmetrical, over-lapping <u>reins</u> ;
Fertsi crúadi colgdirgi.	Fearsaid chrua cholgdhíri.	its shafts firm and straight as swords;
Dá n-all n-aphthi n-intlasse.	Dhá iall aoibhne iontlaise.	the reins adorned and pliant;
Síthbe findargit co fethan findruine.	Sithbhe fionnairgid go feadhain fiondrúine	the pole, white silver with a withe of <i>findruine</i> ;
Cuing dron drumnech fororda.	Cuing dhrondhroimneach forórga.	the yoke, firm, ridged, and made of gold;
Pupall corcorda. Fortche uanide.	Puball corcra. <u>Clúdach</u> uaine.	the hood, purple; the fittings, green.
Láech and isin charput sin súas	Laoch sa charbad sin thuas.	Within the chariot a hero was visible.
máeldub demis fair for suidiu.	Maol (gruaig ghearr) dubh deimhis air-sean.	His hair was thick and black,

Atá lim is bó roda lig.	<u>Dar</u> liom is bó a ligh é.	and smooth as though a cow had licked it.
Súil glas bannach ina chind.	Súil ghlas <u>bheoga</u> ina cheann.	In his head his eye gleamed swift and grey.
Fúan corcorgorm im suide a cetoraib orgait [sic] óengil.	Fuan corcarghorm uime-sean, gona cheathar chuinní airgid aonghil.	About him was flung a tunic of purple-blue, its borders of white gold-withe.
Dulend dergóir fora bruinnib	Duille-eo deargóir sa bhrat ar a bhroinne	It was clasped with a brooch of red gold upon his breast;
ro leth dar cechtar a dá gúaland.	a leath thar ceachtar a dhá ghualann.	it floated out over each of his two shoulders.
Léni gelchulpatach immi co nderginluth intlase.	Léine ghealchulpaideach uime go ndeargimeall iontlaise.	A white hooded cloak hung about him with a border of flaming red.
Claideb orduir[n]d [n-stroke om.] i n-e crus sésta fora shliastaib.	Claíomh órdoirn i dtruaill seasta ar a shliasta.	A sword with a hilt of gold lying in a rest on his two thighs;
Manaís lethanglas for crund miding ina láim.	Manaois leathanghlas ar chrann seang ina lámh.	and in his hand a broad grey spear on a shaft of wild ash.
Foga fogér fóbartach ina farrad.	Fogha foghéar fóbartach ina fharradh.	Beside it lay a sharp venomous dart.

Sciath corcorda	Sciath chorera	Across his shoulders
co comrod argit	go cabhradh airgid,	<u>he bore</u> a purple shield
co túagmílaib óir	go stuamhíolta óir,	surrounded by an even circle of silver;
úasa díb n-imdadaib.	os a dhá iomdhadha.	upon it were chased loop-animals in gold.
Atá limsa bá frass do nemannaib ro lád ina chend.	<u>Dar</u> liomsa, ba fras do néamhainn a tharla ina cheann	Into his head a shower of pearls seemed to have been thrown.
Dubithir leth dubfolach cechtarde a da brúad.	Ar dhuibhe leith dhubhfhulachta ceachtar a dhá <u>mhála</u> .	Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows,
Deirgithir partaing a beoil.	Ar dheirge dhual partaing [ábhar luachmhar corcairdhearg] a bheola.	redder than ruby his lips.
Ara ara bélaib isin charput sin	Ara ar a bhéal sa charbad sin,	Before him in the chariot was the charioteer;
araile forseng fánfota forbrec.	araile forsheang fánfhada forbhreac.	a certain very slender, tall and lank, stooped, very freckled person.
falt forchas forruad fora mulluch.	Folt forchas for-rua ar a mhullach.	Very curly red hair on the top of his head;
Gipne findruine fora étan	Gibne fionndruine ar a éadan	a wreath (<i>gibne</i>) of <i>findruine</i> on his forehead,
nád léiced a folt fó agid.	nár lig a fholt (dul) <u>ar</u> a aghaidh.	that prevented his hair from falling about his face.

Cuache de or fora díb cúalaid [<i>sic</i>] hi taircellad a falt.	Cuacha de ór ar a dhá chúl ina <u>dtrilsíodh</u> a fholt	Above his two ears spheres of gold, into which his hair was gathered.
Coichline ettech immi co n-aurslocud ara díb n-ullennaib.	Cochlán éadaigh uime go n-oscladh ar a dhá uilleanneacha.	About him was a winged little cloak, with an opening at its two elbows [He wore a lapeted hood of the lesser sort, the same being slit up at either corner S].
Bruitne di dergór ina láim. dia tairdellad a eochu.	Brod de dheargór ina lámh dá thiomáint a eacha.	He held in his hand a small goad of red gold with which he urged on his horses.
Dóich limsa	Dóigh liomsa	It seemed to me
bad hé Cu Chulaind ocus Lóeg a ara no beth and	ba iad Cú Chulainn agus Laogh, a ara, a bheith ann,	that it was Cú Chulainn and Laegh, his charioteer, who were within the chariot,
ocus Dub Sainglend ocus Liath Macha. no beth fón charpat.”	agus Dubh Saingleann agus an Liath Macha a bheith faoin gcarbad.”	and that it was the Dubhsaighlenn and the <i>liath Macha</i> that were yoked to it.”

Section 6

“In creti Dia fodechtsa a Loegairi” ol Patraic	“An gcreidfídh tú i nDia an feacht-sa, a Laoghaire,” ar Pádraig,	“Dost thou believe in God henceforth, O Loegaire,” said Patrick,
“úair dodeochaid Cu Chulaind dot acallaim?”	“óir gur ndeachaigh Cú Chulainn dod agallamh?”	“since Cú Chulainn came to converse with thee?”
“Mása é Cu Culaind atconnarc is garit limsa ro boí ic comacallaim.”	“Más é Cú Chulainn a chonaic (mé), is gairid liomsa a bhí (sé ann) dom agallamh.”	“If it were Cú Chulainn that I saw, it seems to me that he stayed too short a time conversing with me.”
“Is folaid Dia” ol Patraic	“Is féidir le Dia,” ar Pádraig.	“God is powerful,” said Patrick.
“mas éseom ro boí and dorega dot acallaimsiu afrithisi.”	“Más eisean a bhí ann, rachaidh sé dod agallamh-sa arís.”	“If it were indeed <u>Cú Chulainn</u> , he will return and converse with thee again.”

Section 7

A mbátar and iar sin	Bhíodar ann iar sin	Now they remained still in the same place,
co n-accatár in carpat isin mag a ndochum	chonaiceadar an carbad sa mhaigh chucu,	and they perceived the chariot coming across the plain towards them
cona díb n-echaib	gona dhís each,	drawn by its two horses.
ocus Lóeg mac Ríangabrat [<i>sic</i>] ina farradnacht	agus Laogh mac Riangabhra ina araidheacht	
ocus Cu Chulaind ina erredacht.	agus Cú Chulainn ina <u>laochas</u> .	Within rode Cú Chulainn [<u>garbed</u>] as a warrior,
		and Laegh, son of Riangabar, as his charioteer.
Secht [cles lí ani <i>in ras. and retraced, i of ani altered from e M</i>] fichet úasaib etarbúas.	Seacht gcleas clúiteacha fiche uasabh eadarbhua.	Then in mid-air Cú Chulainn performed twenty-seven feats of skill above them.
[Tairmcles nónbai <i>seemingly in ras. M</i>]	Toirmchleas naonúir,	The Noise-feat of Nine,
.i. cles cait	.i. cleas Cait,	that is the Feat of Cat,
ocus cles cúair.	cleas Cuair,	the Feat of Cuar
Cless daire.	cleas Dáire,	and the Feat of Daire,
Dallchles n-eóin.	dallchleas éin,	the Blind-feat of Birds,
léim dar neim.	léim thar nimh,	Leap over Poison,

ocus dergfhilliud [*the dot over f is over following i; om. Facs.*] erred náir.

ocus gai bolga.

ocus baí bresse.

ocus bruth ngéine.

ocus sían churad.

ocus rothchles.

ocus fáeborchles

ocus ubulchles.

ocus torandchles.

ocus dréim fri fogaist.

ocus dirgiud creitte fora rind

ocus fonaidm níath náir.

ocus táithbéim.

ocus béim co fomus.

deargfhillleadh laoich náir,

ga bolga,

béim chatha,

briseadh claímh,

sian churaidh,

rothchleas,

faobharchleas,

úlchleas,

torannchleas,

dréim le fogha,

díriú creata ar a rinn,

snaidhmeadh niadh náir,

táithbhéim,

agus béim go fomhas.

Red-folding of a brave Champion,

the Bellows-dart,

the Stroke with Quickness,

the Ardour of Shout,

the Hero's Scream,

the Wheel-feat,

Edge-feat,

Apple-feat,

and Noise-feat;

the Ascent by rope,

and Straightening of Body on Spear-point,

the Binding of a Noble Champion,

the Return-stroke

and the Stroke with measure.

Immasleig cach la beirt immin n-araid gabáil
na n-ésse

biid [*second i add. below line*] uasaib ocus
análaib.

Dolluid Cú Culaind do acallaim Patraic ocus
bennachais dó.

is and sin asrubairt.

“Ateoch a nóemPatraic
itt arrad iteó.
romucca lat chretmecho
hi tírib na mbeó.”

Déanann gach dara beart im an ara is é ag
gabháil araíonacha

bhí (sé) os chluasa agus anála na n-each.

Chuaigh Cú Chulainn do agallamh
Pádraig agus beannaigh (sé) dó.

Is ansin a dúirt (sé):

“Achainím ort, a naomh Pádraig,
id fharradh id eó,
go dtuga led chreidmhigh mé
i dtíortha na mbeo.”

In respect of the charioteer, the management of the
reins confounds all speech:

he is above evaporations and breathings [he is
above ears (of horses) and breaths (of men), i.e. he
overtopped all others S].”

Then Cú Chulainn went to converse with Patrick

and saluted him, saying:

“I beseech, O holy Patrick,
In thy presence that I may be,
That thou wouldst bring me with thy faithful ones,
Into the Lands of the Living.”

Section 8

<u>[Then he addressed the king thus.]</u>		
“Creit do Dia agus do náemPatraic a Loegairi	“Creid i nDia agus i naomh Pádraig, a Laoghaire,	“Believe in God and in holy Patrick, O Loegaire,
ná túadaig tond talman torut	nach dtiocfaidh tonn talún tharat,	that earth’s surface may not come over thee;
ar ní síabrae rodatánic	óir ní síofra a tháinig,	for it is not a demon that has come to thee:
is Cú Chulaind mac Sóalta	is (é) Cú Chulainn mac Sualdaimh.	it is Cú Chulainn, son of Sualtach.
ar is bith cach rúanaid recht ná talam	Óir is bith gach ruanaidh reacht (nó talamh),	For, a world for every champion is law or earth [For the world of all champions is: law or earth S]:
cach ciúin celar	ceiltar cach ciúin,	every quiet one’s is concealment [of all the quiet: that they are concealed (relegated to obscurity) S],
cach triúin talam	cách triúin talamh,	every hero’s is earth,
cach naib nem	cách naofa neamh.	every holy one’s is heaven [of all saints: heaven S]:
ar is dord síabrai cen midisiu	Óir is dord síofra a mheáfaidh tusa,	for of the order of demons is everything thou ponderest on:

is bith cáich ar úair immáredisiu.”

is bith chaich ar uair a imíonn tusa.”

it is the world of each in turn that thou chariotest [the world of all the rest it is that in turn thou dost roam through (i.e. experience, make trial of) S].”

Boí Cu Chulaind ina thost agus ní arlasair Loegaire.

Bhí Cú Chulainn ina thost agus níor labhair Laoghaire leis.

Cú Chulainn was silent, and Loegaire did not speak.

“Cía rét Brega a Loegairi?

“Cé a théann thar Breagha, a Laoghaire?

“Who chariots the Bregia, O Loegaire?

cia suides a fantu?

Cé a shuíonn ar a bhfánaí?

Who sits their slopes?

Cia aires a n-áthu?

Cé a airíonn a n-átha?

Who watches their fords?

Cía aithet a mna?

Cé a éalaíonn lena mná?

Whom do their wives elope with?

Cia charat a n-ingena?”

Cé a ghránn a n-iníona?”

Whom do their daughters love?”

“Cad duitsiu agus damsa?” or Loegaire a n-iarfaigidside.

“Cad duitse agus domsa,” ar Laoghaire, “an fiafraí sin?”

“What is that inquiry to me and to thee?” says Loegaire.

“Ro boí tan a Loegairi bá messe immáthegead

“Bhí tan, a Laoghaire, ba mise a d’imíodh timpeall orthu,

“There was a time, O Loegaire, that it was I who used to go among them,

immatimchellad

a théadh umpu,

who used to go around them,

immidamthellech.

a thimpeallaíodh umpu.

who used to keep them together.

Ba mesi alau cúrad cartais glonnaib arddaib.

Ba mise an láth curadh na nglonn ard (a) ghráidís

I was their little champion whom they used to love: whom with high spirits

immanaigtís	agus um a dtagaidís.	they used to play about.
ro boí tan a Loegairi. Ba messi dothéged a margressa	Bhí tan, a Laoghaire, ba mise a thógadh orm a mórgheasa	There was a time, O Loegaire, it was I who used to go to their great attacks,
<u>noruined</u> [= no shrained. norúnied Facs.] a márcongala.	a shraonadh a <u>mórchomhlainn</u> .	who used to burst their great contests.
Bá messi in Cú Chulaind cathbúadach gnúsachtach gesechtach rigderg roíglethan rogellach	Ba mise an Cú Chulainn cathbhuach gnúsachtach géiseachtach rídheirg ríleathan rógheallach [.i. dílis dom ghealltanais]	I was the battle-victorious, loud-shouting, red-wristed, broad-palmed, brave Cú Chulainn,
no bíd ar Maig maínech Murthemne.	a bhíodh ar Mhaigh mhaoineach Muirthemhne.	who used to be on the rich plain of Muirthemne.
Creit do Día ocus do Phatraic a Loegairi	Creid i nDia agus i naomh Pádraig, a Laoghaire	Believe in God and in Patrick, O Loegaire,
ar ní siabrai dotánic [dothánic Facs.] acht Cu Chulaind mac Soalta.”	“óir ní síofra a tháinig ach Cú Chulainn mac Sualdaimh.”	for it is not a demon that has come to thee, but Cú Chulainn son of Sualtach.”
“Mássa Chú fil and” or Loegaire	“Más Cú a bhfuil ann,” ar Laoghaire,	“If it is Cú that is here present,” said Loegaire,
“adfét dúnd día márgnímaib.”	“inis dúinn ní dá mhórghníomha.”	“he will tell us of his great deeds.”
“Ba fíor sòn a Loegairi” or Cu Chulaind.	“Ba fíor sin, a Laoghaire,” ar Cú Chulainn.	“That is true, O Loegaire,” said Cú Chulainn.

Section 9

“Bassa collid giallasa i n-airitin átha mo thúath.

Basa balcbémnech for níathaib ocus mórslúagaib.

Imréidindsea a nggraige senlúatha mo námat isnaib lúacrachaib lánaib

co fagbaindse a n-eltae beómarbae isnaib sléibib

iar n-arbui a comlund comardae na fer no bítís foraib.”

“Ba mise coilleadh gialla in aireachas átha mo thuatha.

Ba mise bailcbhéimneach ar niaidh agus mórshluaite.

Théinnse sa tóir ar ghraí sheangluatha mo naimhde sna luachra lána

agus d’fhaighinnse a dtréada marbha sna sléibhte,

iar dom a mharú i gcomhlann comh-arda, na fir a bhídís [ag marcaíocht] orthu.”

“I was the destroyer of hostageship in the reception of the fords of my territories;

I was heavy of hand on heroes and great hosts.

I used to hunt the fleet herds of my enemies in the full rushries,

and left their flocks live-dead upon the mountains

after the slaying in equal combat of the men who were over them.”

Section 10

“Manus fil samlaid na gnima sin feib adrímiu

batár gníma erred latsu

níptar gníma con.”

“Muna bhfuil amhlaidh na gníomhartha sin feibh a ríomh tusa,

bhíodar gníomh laoich leatsa,

níorbh gníomhartha Con (iad).”

“If thou didst indeed those deeds that thou recountest,

the deeds of a hero were with thee;

but they were not the deeds of Cú.”

Section 11

“Bá fíir sòn a Loegairi” ol seseom.

“Nipsa chúsa gabála lis.
Basa chúsa gabála uis.
Nipsa cháusa cruib i n-aurchaill.
Bása chúsa comnart do chomlond.
Nipsa cháusa imlomtha fuidell.

Basa chausa tairtbe buden.
Nipsa causa ingaire gamna.
Basa cháusa ingaire Emna.”

“Ba fíor sin, a Laoghaire,” ar seisean.

“Níor cú gabhála leasa (mise).
Ba cú baghála ois (mise).
Níor cú [le] crí in oirchill (mise).
Ba cú comhneart do chomhlann (mise).
Níor cú iomlomtha fuill (mise).

Ba cú gearrtha buíonta (mise).
Níor cú ionghaire gamhna (mise).
Ba cú iongaire Eamhna(mise).”

“That is true, O Loegaire:

I was not a hound of taking of a *les*
I was a hound of taking of a deer:
I was not a hound of a forbidden trotter,
I was a hound strong for combat:
I was not a hound of round lickings of
leavings,
I was a hound who visited the troops:
I was not a hound to watch over calves,
I was a hound to guard Emania.”

Section 12

“Manus fil na gníma sain feib dodrímiseo

bátár gníma erred latso.”

“Má bhfuil na gníomhartha sin feibh a ríomh
tusa,

bhíodar gníomhartha laoich leatsa.”

“If those deeds are as thou recountest them,

the deeds of a hero were with thee.”

Section 13

“Bá fíir s6n a Loegairi” ol Cu Chulaind

“bátar gníma erred limsa.

Bása eirrsea. Bása aura.

Bása ara carpait máir.

Bása máeth fri maíthi.

Basa imdenach frim tháir.

Bása ennach mo námat.

nipsa nemthenga mo crích.

Bása chomrar cacha runi do andrib Ulad.

Bása mac la maccu.

Ba fer la fíru.

Bá dim chusc asrarath.

Basa maith frim aír.

“Ba fíor sin, a Laoghaire,” ar Cú Chulainn.

“Bhíodar gníomhartha laoich liomsa.

Ba laoch mise. Ba aire mise.

Ba ara carbaid mhóir mise.

Ba maoth le maoithe mise.

Ba imníoch lem tháir mise.

Ba éigíontach mo naimhde mise

Níor nimhtheanga mo chríche mise.

Ba cónra gach rúin do ainnireacha Uladh mise.

Ba mac le mic mise.

Ba fear le fíir mise.

Ba coscrach ar áth (mise).

Ba maith lem aoir (mise).0

“That is true, O Loegaire,” says Cú Chulainn:

“the deeds of a hero were with me.

I was a hero, I was a leader;

I was the charioteer of a great chariot;

I was gentle to the gentle,

But against dishonour I wrought vengeance.

I was the innocent of my enemies;

I was not the poison-tongue of my territories;

I was the casket of every secret for the maidens of Ulidia.

I was a child with children;

I was a man with men.

It was for correction I used to labour.

I was good against my satirising [As against satire directed against me, I was good, i.e. I never deserved satire S];

Basa ferr fri molad [frimolad **MS** *for* frim molad].”

B’fhearr (mé) lem mholadh.”

I was better for praising [as against praise, I was better, i.e. I outstripped all panegyric S].”

Section 14

“Mása é Cu Chulaind fil and” or Loegaire

“Más é Cú Chulainn a bhfuil ann,” ar Laoghaire,

“If it be Cú Chulainn that is here,” says Loegaire,

“adfét dún ní dona morgabthib ro gábi.”

“inis dúinn ní do na mórghábha a ghabh tú.”

“he will tell us a portion of the great risks he risked.”

“Ba fíor sòn a Loegairi” ol Cu Culaind.

“Ba fíor sin, a Laoghaire,” ar Cú Chulainn.

“That is true, O Loegaire,” said Cú Chulainn.

“Immáredindsea márgaige
la Concobor crúaid
bá i n-ailethúaidh
aslingind cach mbúaid.

“Sheilginnse mórghraíonna
le Conchobhar cruai;
ba i dtuath eile,
a shlínn gach bua.

I.
“I used to hunt their great flocks
With hardy Conchobar:
It was in a foreign territory,
I used to behold each victory.

Ro clisius for analaib
uasa uíb na n-ech.
ro mmebdatár riumsa
mórchatha cach leth.

D’imir mé ar anála
os chluasa na n-each;
a maidhmeadh romhamsa
mórcatha gach leith.

II.
I played on breaths
Above the horses’ steam:
Before me on every side
Great battles were broken.

Ro brisius aurgala
for triunu na túath.
bá misi in caur claidebrúad
iar sligi na slúag

Ro brisius a fáeborchlessa
for rindib a claideb.
rosiacht a mórairgne
ba tria daigte tened.

Tairred n-aile dochúadussa a Loegairi
acht ba sin úair.
coro ferussa [*a formed from us, inadvertently
repeated*] márchatha
fri Lochlaind atúaid.

Araile láech and domárraidsi
iar techt dam for sét.
trícha cubat a ardaí
ba ed sin a mét.

Iar sin ro selachsa
iar nglés dún fo thrí.
fochartsa a chend isin cath
co torchair ín rí.

Bhris mise iorghala
ar thréin na dtuath;
ba mise an curadh claímhrua
iar shlighe na sluaite.

Bhris mé faobharchleasa
ar reanna a gclaíomh;
shaigheamar mórargain
tria dhaitheacha tine.

Tairdeal eile (ar) a chuaigh mise,
ach ba hí-sin uair;
gur fhear mé mórchatha
le Lochlann lastuaidh.

Araile laoch do m'ionsaí-se,
iar teacht dom ar séad;
tríocho cúbat a airde,
ba é sin a mhéad.

Iar sin shléacht mise é,
iar dtroid dúinn faoi thrí;
bhuail mé a cheann (de) sa chath,
go dtorchair an rí.

III.
I broke contests
On the champions of the territories:
I was the sword-red hero
After the slaying of hosts.

IV.
I broke edge-feats
On the points of their swords;
I reached their great spoils,
Were it through drivings of fire.

V.
Another journey I went —
O Loegaire, but that was an hour:
That I might give great battles
Against Lochland on the north.

VI.
A certain hero in it met me.
After I had come on journey:—
Thirty cubits in height —
That was his size.

VII.
After that I attacked him,
After we had fought three times:
I flung off his head in the battle,
So that the king fell.

Iar sin dorochratár
ro thesbaid díb.
secht cócait cach óenchatha
o ro gabthá a rrím.

Is iar sin ro nenascsa
foraib fora ndáil
.uii. cét talland argait báin
im secht .c. tallant óir
bá sí [*accent converted into an n-stroke by
retracer*] sin in cháin
[*above two lines written on space left in upper
line; im to si seemingly in ras. M*]

Tairred dochuadusa a Loegairi
día lád hi tír Scaith
dún Scaith and cona glassaib íarn
forurmius láim fair

Uii. múir imón cathraig sin
ba etig [*g altered to d; d Facs.*] a dend.
sonnach íarn for cach múr
forsin bátár nóe cend.

Iar sin thorchraíodar,
ba ró-easpa díobh,
seacht gcaogaid gach aonchatha,
ó ghafa a ríomh.

Is iar sin a nasc mé
orthu ar a ndáil,
seacht gcaoga tallann airgid báin
im sheacht gcéad tallann óir,
ba í sin an cháin.

Turas eile a chuaigh mise,
dá dhul i dtír Scaith;
dún ann go go nglais iarainn,
chuir mé lámh air.

Seacht múr (a bhí) sa chathair sin,
ba uafar a deann;
sonnach iarainn ar gach múr
ar a raibh naoi gceann.

VIII.

After that there fell
A great defect of them:—
Seven fifties of every single battle,
When their number was taken.

IX.

It is after that that I bound
On them, for their share,
Seven hundred talents of white silver,
With seven hundred talents of gold —
That was the tribute.

X.

A journey I went, O Loegaire,
When I went into the Land of Scath:
Dún Scaith in it with its locks of iron —
I laid hand upon it.

XI.

Seven walls about that city —
Hateful was the fort:
A palisade of irons on each wall,
On which were nine heads.

Dorse iarn for each slis
frimna [*sic, for* frimsa] niro chosnoda.
atacomeussa com láu
condarrala i mbrosnacha.

Buí cuithe isin dún
lasin rí g adfê
.x. nathraig doróemdatar
dara or ba bêt [*erased space here, preceded by
the usual]] signs*].

Iar sin atarethusa
cíar adbol a ndrong.
co ndernus a n-ordnecha
eter mo dá dornd.

Tech lán do loscannaib
dofarlaicthe dún.
míla géra gulbnecha
ro leltar im srúb.

Bíastai granni dracondai
cucund dofutitis.
tréna a n-amainsi
echdíli ciádcutís.

Doirse iarainn ar gach slis
romham, ní raibh siad inchosanta;
bhuail mé iad lem sháil
gonadh tharla i mbrosnacha.

Bhí poll sa dún sin,
leis an rí, a deir sé,
deich nathraigh do réabadar
thar a ur, ba béal.

Iar sin rith mé chucu,
cé gurb ábhal a ndrong,
go ndearna mé a n-oirneacha
idir mo dhá dhorn.

Teach lán le loscainn
a ligeadh chugainn,
míola géara guilbneacha
go cheanglaíodar im shrubh.

Biastaí gránna draganta
orainn a thitidís,
tréan a n-amhainse
each díle ...

XII.
Doors of iron on each flank —
Not strong defences against us:
I struck them with my foot,
And drove them into fragments.

XIII.
There was a pit in the *dún*,
Belonging to the king, so it is said: —
Ten serpents burst
Over its border — it was a deed.

XIV.
After that I attacked them,
Though very vast the throng,
Until I made bits of them,
Between my two fists.

XV.
There was a house full of toads,
That were let loose upon us;
Sharp, beaked monsters
That clave to my snout.

XVI.
Fierce dragon-like monsters
Were sent against us;
Strong were their witcheries
Though they . . .

Iar sin atarrethusa
in tan bá fóm rois.
cotamfoltsa comtar menbacha
eter mo dí bois.

Baí coire isin dún sin
lóeg na teóra mbó.
.xxx. aige ina chroes
nirbo luchtach dó.

Taithigtis in cairi sin
bá mellach in bág.
ní théigtis uad for nách leth
co fácbaitis lán

Baí mór di ór ocus argut and
bá hamrae in fríth.
dobirt in cori sin
la ingin ind rí.

Na téora bai dobertamár
ro snaidet a muir.
ba here desi di ór
la cách fora muin

Iar sin rith mé (chucu)
an tan ba fúm rois;
gonadh mheil mé na mionbhacha
idir mo dhá bhos.

Bhí coire sa dún-sin —
lao na dtrí bó,
tríocha áighe feoil ina chraos,
níor luchtach dó.

Thaithídís an coire-sean,
ba meallach an bág;
ní théidís uaidh ar leith (ar bith)
go bhfágaidís lán.

Ba mór óir is airgid ann,
ba hamhra an fríth,
tugadh (dúinne) an coire sin
le hiníon an rí.

Na trí ba a thógamar,
snámhadar an mhuir,
bhí eire díse de ór
le cách ar a muin.

XVII.

After that I attacked them
When a rush was made on me
I ground them into small pieces
Between my two palms.

XVIII.

There was a caldron in that *dún*;
The calf of the three cows:—
Thirty joints [of meat] in its girth,
Were not a charge for it.

XIX.

They used to frequent that caldron,
Delightful was the contest;
They would not go from it on any side,
Until they left it full.

XX.

There was much gold and silver in it —
Wonderful was the find:
That caldron was given [to us]
By the daughter of the king.

XXI.

The three cows we carried off —
They swam boldly over the sea:
There was a load of gold for two men
To each of them on her neck.

Iar tudecht dún forsin farci
bá hadbol la túaith.
báite fairind mo churaig
lasin n-anfod crúaid.

Iar sin immórousa
gíarba gábud grind.
nonbur ceachtar mo dá lám
xxx. for mo chind [nó for mo druim **M**].

Ochtur form díb slíastaib
rom leltar dim churp.
bá samlaid sain ro snausa in farrci
co mboí isin phurt.

An ro chesusa d'imned a Loegairi
for muir ocus tír.
bá ansa damsá óenadaig
la demon co n-ír

Mo chorpán ba crethnaigthe
la Lugaid a búaid.
roucsat demna m'anmain
isin richis rúaid

Iar teacht dúinn ar an bhfarraige,
bá hábhal le thuaidh,
bádhd foireann mo churaí
leis an n-anfa crua.

Iar sin shnámh mé umpu,
cé gurb gábh géar (é),
naonúr ceachtar mo dhá lámh,
tríocha ar mo cheann.

Ochtar ar mo dhá shliasaid
a lean dem chorp;
ba amhlaidh a shnámh mé an fharraige,
go raibh mé sa phort.

An méad d'imní a chéas mise, a Laoghaire,
ar mhuir agus tír,
ba ansa dom aonoíche
le Deamhan fíochmhar.

Mo chorpán ba chréachtach,
le Lughaidh an bua
rug deamhain m'anam
sa ghríosach dhearg.

XXII.

After we had come upon the ocean,
Which spread out towards the north,
The crew of my currach was drowned
By the fierce storm.

XXIII.

After this I floated them
Though it was a sharp danger
Nine men on each of my hands
Thirty on my head.

XXIV.

Eight upon my two sides
Clung to my body.
Thus I swam the ocean
Until I reached the harbour.

XXV.

What I suffered of trouble,
O Loegaire, by sea and land:—
Yet more severe was a single night,
When the demon was wrathful.

XXVI.

My little body was scarred —
With Lugaid the victory:
Demons carried off my soul
Into the red charcoal.

Immárubartsa in clétine [*final e stained; om.*
Facs.]

gai bolgae do léir.
ro bása i comchétbúaid
fri demon hi péin

D'imir mé an cleitín (orthu),

is an ga bolga go dúthrachtach;
bhí mé i gcomhaontas
le Deamhan i bpian.

XXVII.

I played the swordlet on them,

I plied on them the *gae bulga*;
I was in my concert victory
With the demon in pain [i.e. I was in exact
correspondence with the Devil in pain (in
every way my torments corresponded with
his) S].

Bá comnart mo gaiscedsa
mo chlaideb ba crúaid.
domrimartsa [domrimardsa **Facs.**] in demon
co n-óenmeór
isin richis rúaid

Ba chomhneart mo ghaisce-sa,
mo chlaíomh ba chrua;
bhrúigh an Deamhan mise go n-aonmhéar
sa ghríosach dhearg.

XXVIII.

Great as was my heroism.
Hard as was my sword:
The devil crushed me with one finger
Into the red charcoal.

Ind ríge consniat a rríge
cía beit co mméit a mbrigi.

Na ríthe a théann in iomaíocht ar son a ríge,
cé gur mór a mbrí;

XXIX.

The kings who sway their kingdoms,
Though they be with greatness of their
power, —
They avail nothing with God's son,

ní cumcat ní [ní *faint*; cumcet **Facs.**] la mac
nDé
acht a cubatt i ndire [... att i ndire, *very faint*].

ní cumas dóibh ní le hais mhac Dé,
ach i gcomhfhad a bpíonóis.

But . . .

Slúraig Ulad im Chonchobar
calma in [im **Facs.**] coraid.
nadasraiglet in demnae [in dem *very faint, but legible against the light*]
i n-iffur[n]d [r *converted into n by retracer,*
and i add. over second f, to read iffriund;
iffurd **Facs.**] at brónaig.

Acht in rí mac Nessa
arbáge ar mac Maire.
atát i pein iffrind [rind *very faint*]
formna na lath ngaile.

Bá mád tulad dot brethir a Loegairi
fri Patraic iarraid uair.
conom thucadsa a hiffur[n]d [n-*stroke om.*]
conid dam[sa a búaid, *in ras.* **H**]

Is búaid mór do Góedelaib
co clothar in slúag.
[cech óen *om.* **Facs.**, *though legible*] chreitfes
do Patraic
i nnim níabá trúag.

Sluaite Uladh um Chonchobar,
calma na curaidh,
dá sraoilleadh ag na deamhna
in ifreann iad brónach.

Ach an rí mac Nessa,
ar bhágh ar mhac Muire,
táid i bpian ifrinne —
formna na láth ngaile.

Ba mhaith (a) tharla dod bhriathair a
Laoghaire
le Pádraig san uair,
gonadh tugadh mise as ifreann,
gonadh domsa an bua.

Is bua mór do Ghaeil
go gcloise an slua,
gach éinne (a) chreidfidh i bPádraig
i neamh ní bheidh (sé ina) thrua.

XXX.

The hosts of the Ulaid around Conchobar —
Brave the champions —
The demons are scourging them,
In hell they are sorrowful.

XXXI.

Save the king, Mac Nessa,
For contention for Mary's Son,
In the pains of hell are
The most of the heats of steam [champions].

XXXII.

It was well it went for thy word, O Loegaire,
To Patrick a request once,
That he would bring me from hell,
So that for me is its victory.

XXXIII.

It is a great victory for Goedil,
Let the host hear —
[Every one] who will believe in Patrick,
In heaven will not be wretched.

Ceni cretindso a Loegairi do Patraic
na creitfet Ulaid.
[an ro chesussa *very faint, but legible against light*] do imned
[bá mo turem *very faint, but legible against light*].
[*The rest of the saga is written by H over a surface abraded to the point of perforation.*]

Iss ed mo chosc do cach óen
scarad fri peccad fri clóen
cach óen cretfes do Patraic
ragaid hi tír inna náem

Cach mac ríg rochluinethar
di Ultaib i nHére
creitted do Patraic for rith
bad mór a dene

Dobeir bennacht for Patraic
forul a llín
in cech óenaird i nHére
a mbia a síl.

Cé nach gcreide mé i bPádraig
creidfidh Ulaidh,
ar a chéas mé d'imní
ba mhó a thuireamh.

Is é mo chosc do gach aon —
scaradh le peaca le claon;
gach aon (a) chreidfidh Pádraig
rachaidh (sé) i dtír na naomh.

Gach mac rí a chloiseann
de Ultaigh in Éirinn;
(a) gcreidfeadh Pádraig ar an bpointe baise
ba mór a dhéine.

Beirim beannacht ar Phádraig
go méadaí a líon,
i ngach aonaird in Éirinn
a mbeidh a síol.

XXXIV.
Though I should not believe, O Loegaire,
In Patrick, the Ulaid would believe him:

XXXV.
It is my instruction to every one —
Parting with sin, with iniquity:
Every one who believes in Patrick,
Will go into the Land of the Saints.

XXXVI.
Every king's son, be it heard,
Of the Ulaid in Ere,
Who would believe in Patrick quickly —
Great would be his strength.

XXXVII.
I shall give a blessing on Patrick,
To make their number abound
In every single point in Ere
Where their seed will be.

Is búaid mór do Goedelaib
no chluined in slóg
cach óen creitfes do Patraic
for nim níbá tróg

Is cian mór ó 'tbaltsa
ropu mór in túath
is cumachta mór domfuc
ar cend inna túath

Is cían scarsu fri eochu
fri carpat foa lí
is cumacta mór domuc
amal atomchí.

Ind eich seo a Loegairi
retha rith co mbúaid
is Patraic dodrathbeogastar
condat e ata lúaithe

In carpat so atchisiu
i ndegaid na n-ech
is Patraic ro cruthaigestar
conid hé as dech

Is bua mór do Ghaeil —
(gur) chuala an slua;
gach aon (a) chreidfídh Pádraig
i neamh ní bheidh (sé ina) thrua.

Is cian mór (ón uair) a fuair mise bás
ba mór an t-uath,
is cumhachta mór a rug mé
ar cheann na dtuath.

Is cian (ó) scar (mé) lem eacha
lem charbad faoi a lí,
is cumhachta mór a thug mé
amhail tú dom chí.

Na heacha seo, a Laoghaire,
reatha rásaí go mbua —
is Pádraig a athbheoigh iad
gonadh iad atá luath.

An carbad seo a chionn tusa
i ndiaidh na n-ech;
is Pádraig a chruthaigh
gonadh hé is deach.

XXXVIII.

It is a great victory for Goedil,
The host should hear:
Every one who will believe in Patrick
In heaven will not be wretched.

XXXIX.

It is a great distance since I died —
Great was the horror:
It is great power that has brought me
To meet the tribes.

XL.

It is long since I parted with horses,
With a chariot with its beauty:
It is great power that has brought me
As thou seest me.

XLI.

These horses, O Loegaire,
Of running of races with victory —
It is Patrick who revived them,
So that it is they that are swift.

XLII.

This chariot thou seest
Behind the horses:—
It is Patrick that formed it,
So that it is it that is best.

Cosind étuch cosinn arm
cosin erriud clis
is cían mór o atrubaltsa
o ro scarus fris.

In slúag mór donarrchomlais
file foa lí
nos mairfed Patraic for rith
connaptís bí.

Dosraithbeoigfed aitherruch
robad mór in band
co mbetis i mbithbethaid
ar bélaib na cland

Atomchi a Loegairi
atomglaithe leir.
mani crete Patraic
biasu hi péin.

Cid latsu bithbetho
talman cona lí.
is ferr óenfocraic i nnim
la Crist mac Dé bí

Leis an éadach, leis na hairm,
leis an earra clis;
Is cian mór (ón uair) a fuair mise bás
ó scar mé leis.

An slua mór a chomóir
(a) bhfuil faoina lí
mharódh Pádraig (iad) ar an bpointe baise
go nach mbeidís beo.

D'athbheofadh (sé) iad arís —
ba mór an bang,
go mbeidís i mbithbheatha
ar béil na gclann.

Chíonn tú mé, a Laoghaire,
agallann tú liom go léir;
muna gcreide tú Pádraig
beidh tú i bpian.

Cé gur leatsa bithbheatha
ar thalamh seo gona lí,
is fearr aonfhochraig i neamh
le Críost mac Dé bí.

XLIII.
With the dress, with the armour:
With the array of feat:—
It is a great distance since I died,
Since I parted with it.

XLIV.
The great host which thou hast assembled,
That is in its beauty:—
Patrick would kill them quickly,
So that they would not be alive.

XLV.
He would revivify them again —
Great would be the bound —
So that they would be in continual life
In front of the clans.

XLVI.
Thou seest me, Loegaire,
Thou addressest me clear:
Unless thou believest Patrick
Thou wilt be in pain.

XLVII.
Though thine were the continual life
Of earth, with its beauty,
Better is a single reward in heaven
With Christ, Son of the living God.

Ateoch a nóemPtraic	Achainím ort a naomh Pádraig —
it arrad nom theig	id fharradh go dtéim,
romfhuca [<i>mark over f not so long as in Facts.</i>] lat chretmecho	go dtuga tú mé led chreidmhigh
is tír immaréid.”	sa tír ina <u>dtéann</u> tú.”
immaredind.	

XLVIII.

I beseech, O holy Patrick [I crave, holy Patrick S],
 In thy presence, that I may come [may it be mine to attain thy companionship S].
 That thou wouldst bring me with thy faithful ones [along with thy faithful, may he convey me S]
 Unto the land which thou drivest about [into the land which he pervades S].”

Section 15

“Creit do Dia agus do nóemPtraic a Loegairi	“Creid i nDia agus naomh Pádraig, a Laoghaire,	“Believe in God and holy Patrick, O Loegaire,
arna tudaich tond talman torut.	ar nach dtaga tonn talún tharat.	that a wave of earth may not come over thee.
Doraga niba cumtabairt mani crete do Dia agus do nóemPtraic	Tiocfaidh (sé), is cinnte, muna gcreide i nDia agus naomh Pádraig.	It will come, unless thou believest in God and in holy Patrick,
ar ní siabráe dotanic is Cu Chulaind mac Soaltai.”	Óir ní síofra a tháinig — is (mise) Cú Chulainn mac Sualdaimh”	for it is not a spirit that has come to thee: it is Cú Chulainn, son of Sualtach.”
Ro fírad dano aní sin.	Fíoradh <u>ansin</u> an ní sin.	Now, that thing came indeed to pass:
dodeochaid talam tar Loegaire	Chuaigh talamh thar Laoghaire.	earth came over Loegaire;

adfiadar nem do Choin Culaind.

Deirtear [gur deonadh] neamh do Chú Chulainn.

heaven is declared for Cú Chulainn.

Ro chreti trá Loegaire do Patraic iarom.

Chreid Laoghaire Pádraig iaramh.

Now Loegaire believed in Patrick in consequence.

Section 16

Bá mór trá a cumachta do Patraic

Ba mhór tráth a chumhachta do Phádraig

Great was the power of Patrick,

.i. todúscud Con Culaind iarna bith .ix. cét
[*recte* cóicat ?] bliadna hi talmain

.i. dúiseacht Chon Chulainn iarna bheith ix
gcéad bliana i dtalamh

in awakening Cú Chulainn after being nine
fifty years in the grave;

.i. o flaith Conchobair meic Nessa

.i. ó fhlaith Chonchobhair meic Nessa

that is, from the reign of Conchobar mac
Nessa

iss eside ro genair hi comgein fri Crist

— is é sin a rugadh i gcomhghin le Críost —

(it is he that was born in co-birth with Christ),

co dered flatha Loegairi meic Neill.

go deireadh flatha Laoghaire mac Néill,

to the end of the reign of Loegaire, son of
Niall,

meic Each. Mugmedóin

mhic Eachdhach Muighmheadhóin,

son of Eochaid Muighmedóin,

meic Muredig Tírig

mhic Mhuireadhaigh Tírig,

son of Muiredach Tírech,

meic Fiacrach Roptine

mhic Fhiacha Shraibhthine,

son of Fiachra Roptine,

meic Corpri Liphechair

mhic Cairpre Lipheachair,

son of Cairpre Liffechair,

meic Cormaic Ulfotai	mhic Cormaic Ulfhada,	son of Cormac Ulfada,
meic Airt Óenfir	mhic Airt Aonair,	son of Art Aenfer,
meic Cuind Cetchathaig	mhic Cuinn Chéadchathaigh,	son of Conn, the fighter of a hundred,
meic Fedelmthe Rechtada	mhic Fheidhlimidh Reachtadha,	son of Feradach Rechtmar,
meic Tuathail Techtmair	mhic Thuathail Teachtmhair,	son of Tuathal Techtmar,
meic Feradaig Find Fechtnaig	mhic Fhearadhaigh Fhionn Fheachtnaigh,	son of Feradach Finnfachtnach,
meic Crimtaind Niad Nair	mhic Criomhthann Niadh Náir,	son of Crimthann Niadnár,
meic Lugdach Riab nDerg	mhic Lughaidh Riabh nDearg	son of Lugaid of the Red Stripes.
dalta side do Choin Chulaind mac Soalda.	— dalta seisean do Chú Chulainn mac Sualdaimh.	And he [<u>i.e. Lugaid</u>] was a foster-son to Cú Chulainn, son of Sualtach.