

# Táin Bó Cúalnge

## The Cattle-raid of Cooley: Extracts

### The youthful deeds of Cú Chulainn (ll. 738-1217)

Section 4 (ll. 738-1217)

Section 4.1 (ll. 738-748)

<b>Incipiunt macgnímrada Con Culaind</b>	<b>Tosaíonn macghníomhartha Chon Chulainn</b>	<b>Here begin the youthful deeds of Cú Chulainn</b>
“Dáig alta in mac sin i tig a athar agus a máthar	“Mar oileadh an mac sin i dtigh a athar agus a mháthar	“For this boy was reared in the house of his father and mother
icon Air[g]dig [ocond Dairggdig LU: icon Airgthic St] i mMaig Muirthemne,	ag an Airgdigh i Má Muirtheimhne	at Airgdig in Mag Muirtheimne,
ocus adféta dó scéla na maccaem [maccaemi <i>Dipl. Edn.</i> ; <i>what looks like i with a stroke through it after maccaem</i> ] i nEmain.	agus insíodh dó scéala na macaomh in Eamhain.	and the stories of the youths of Emain were told to him.
Dáig is amlaid domeil Conchobor in rígi óro gab rígi in rí	Mar is amhlaidh a chaitheann Conchobhar an ríochas ó ghabh an rí ríochas,	For this is how Conchobor spends his time of kingship since he assumed sovereignty:
.i. mar atraig fô chétóir cesta agus cangni in chóicid d’ordugud;	is é sin, nuair a éiríonn sé céadair, cúraimí agus gnóthaí an chúige a shocrú,	as soon as he arises, settling the cares and business of the province,

in lá do raind i trí asa athli:	an lá ina dhiaidh sin a roinnt ina thrí;	thereafter dividing the day into three,
cétna trian de fó chétóir ic fégad na maccaem ic imbirt chless cluchi agus immánae,	an chéad trian de ar dtús ag breathnú ar na macaoimh ag imirt cleas cluichí agus iomána,	the first third of the day spent watching the youths playing games and hurling,
in trian tánaise dond ló ic imbirt brandub agus fhidchell,	an dara trian den lá ag imirt brannaimh agus fichille	the second third spent in playing <i>brandub</i> and <i>fidchell</i>
ocus in trian dédenach ic tochathim bíd agus lenna conda geib cotlud for cách.	agus an trian deireanach ag caitheamh bia agus lenna go dtí go ngabhann codladh cách,	and the last third spent in consuming food and drink until sleep comes on them all,
Áes cíuil agus airfitid dia thálgud fri sodain.	aos ceoil agus oirfide á thál sin ( <u>suain</u> ) orthu.	while minstrels and musicians are meanwhile lulling him <u>to sleep</u> .
Cia ‘táim ane ar longais riam reme, dabiur bréthir,” ar Fergus,	Cé go bhfuilim ar deoraíocht uaidh, bheirim mo bhriathar,” arsa Fearghas,	Though I am banished from him, I swear,” said Fergus,
“ná fuil i nHérind nó i nAlbain óclach mac samla Conchobuir.”	“nach bhfuil in Éirinn ná in Albain macasamhail Chonchobhair d’óglaoch.”	“that there is not in Ireland or in Scotland a warrior the counterpart of Conchobor.”

## Section 4.2 (ll. 749-757)

“Ocus adfêta don mac sin scéla na maccaem ocus na maccraide i nEmain,	“Agus insíodh don mhac sin scéala na macaomh agus na macra in Eamhain	“The stories about the youths and boys in Emain were told to that lad,
ocus rádis in mac bec ria máthair ar co ndigsed dá chluchi do chluchemaig na Emna.	agus d’fhiafraigh an mac beag dá mháthair an rachadh sé ag imirt go faiche imeartha na hEamhna.	and the little lad asked his mother if he might go to play to the playing-field at Emain.
‘Romoch duit-siu sain, a meic bic,’ ar a máthair,	‘Is ró-luath duitse sin a mhic bhig,’ arsa a mháthair,	‘It is too soon for you, my son,’ said his mother,
‘co ndeoch ánruth do ánruthaib Ulad leat	‘go dtí go rachaidh laoch de laochra Uladh leat	‘until there go with you a champion of the champions of Ulster
nó choímthecht écin do chaímthechtaib Conchobuir	nó giolla éigin de ghiollaí Chonchobhair	or some of the attendants of Conchobor
do chor th’ [fh]aesma ocus t’imdegla forin maccraid.’	a dhéanfaidh tú a chosaint agus a chaomhnú ar an macra.’	to ensure your safety and protection from the youths.’
‘Cían lim-sa dí shodain, a máthair,’ ar in mac bec,	‘Is fada liomsa sin *a mháthair*,’ arsa an mac beag,	‘I think it long ( <u>to wait</u> ) for that, mother,’ said the little boy,
‘ocus ni bíu-sa ocá idnaide, acht tecoisc-siu dam-sa cia airm i tá Emain.’	‘agus nílimse ag fanacht leis, ach taispeáinse dom cá háit a bhfuil Eamhain.’	‘and I shall not wait for it, but show me in what place lies Emain.’
‘Is cían úait,’ ar a máthair, ‘airm indas fil.	‘Is fada uait,’ arsa an mháthair, ‘an áit a bhfuil sí.	‘Far away from you is the spot where it lies,’ said his mother.

Slíab Fhúait etrut ocus Emain.’	Tá Sliabh Fuaid idir tú is Eamhain.’	‘Slíab Fúait is between you and Emain.’
‘Dobér-sa ardmes furri amne,’ ar ésiúm.”	‘Tabharfaidh mise tuairim fúithi mar sin,’ ar seisean.”	‘I shall make a guess at it then,’ said he.”
<b>Section 4.3</b> (ll. 758-766)		
“Luid in mac remi ocus gebid a adbena ániusa.	“D’imigh an mac roimhe agus fuair a ghléas imeartha.	“The boy went forth and took his playthings.
Gebid a chammán créduma ocus a liathróit n-argdide,	Fuair sé a chamán cré-uatha agus a liathróid airgid,	He took his hurley-stick of bronze and his silver ball;
ocus gebid a chlettíni díburgthi, ocus gebid a bunsaig mbaísi mbunloscthi,	fuair sé a chleithín diúraice agus a bhonsach bhréagáin, rinnfhaghartha	he took his little javelin for casting and his toy spear with its end sharpened by fire,
ocus fogab [ <i>sic, for</i> ro gab (do gab <b>St</b> )] ic athgardigud a shliged díb.	agus thosaigh ag giorrú a shlí leo.	and he began to shorten the journey ( <u>by playing</u> ) with them.
Dobered béim din chammán dá liathróit co mbered band fota úad.	Thugadh sé buille den chamán dá liathróid go gcuireadh tamall fada uaidh í.	He would strike his ball with the stick and drive it a long way from him.
No t[h]eilg[ed] [do telccedh <b>St</b> ] dano a chammán arís d’athbéim	Ansín chaitheadh sé a chamán agus thugadh athbhuille di	Then with a second stroke he would throw his stick
cona berad [band <i>add.</i> <b>St</b> ] níba lugu andá in cétbodyand.	i dtreo nár lú an dara bang ná an chéad cheann.	so that he might drive it a distance no less than the first.

No thelged a chlettín	Chaitheadh sé a chleithín	He would throw his javelin
ocus no sneded a bunsraig agus no bered rith baíse 'na ndiaid.	agus theilgeadh a bhonsach agus thugadh sé ruthag magaidh ina ndiaidh.	and he would cast his spear and would make a playful rush after them.
No gebed dano a chammán agus no geibed a liathróit agus no geibed a chlettíne	Bheireadh sé ar a chamán *ansin* agus ar a liathróid, bheireadh sé ar a chleithín	Then he would catch his hurley-stick and his ball and his javelin,
ocus ní roiched bun a bunsraig lár tráth	agus sula sroicheadh bun a bhonsaí an talamh	and before the end of his spear had reached the ground
congebed a barr etarla etarbúas.”	bheireadh sé ar a rinn in airde san aer.”	he would catch its tip aloft in the air.”

#### Section 4.4 (ll. 767-773)

“Luid reme co forodmag na hEmna airm i mbáatar in macrad.	“D'imigh sé leis go dtí machaire cruinnithe na hEamhna áit a raibh an macra,	“He went on to the place of assembly in Emain where the youths were.
Trí cócait maccaem im Fhollomain mac Conchobuir icá clessaib for faidche na Emna.	trí chaoga macaomh um Fhollamhain mac Chonchobhair ag á gcleasa ar fhaiche na hEamhna.	There were thrice fifty youths led by Follomain mac Conchobuir at their games on the green of Emain.
Luid in mac bec issin cluchimag eturru ar medón	Chuaigh an mac beag sa bhfaiche imeartha eatarthu isteach	The little boy went on to the playing-field into their midst
ocus ecrais cid in liathróit i ndíb cossaib úadib	agus rug sé ar an liathróid idir a dhá chois uathu	and caught the ball between his two legs when they cast it

ocus nís arlaic sech ard a glúne súas agus nís arlaic secha adbrond sí	agus níor lig thar airde a ghlúine suas í agus níor lig thar a alt síos í	nor did he let it go higher than the top of his knee nor go lower than his ankle,
ocus ris eturturthig agus ros comdlúthaig i ndíb cossaib	ach ghreamaigh agus dhlúigh sé idir a dhá chois í	and he pressed it and held it close between his two legs,
ocus ní rocht nech díb bir nó bulle nó béim nó fargum furri.	agus níor éirigh le neach díobh greim ná buille ná béim ná urchar a fháil uirthi	and not one of the youths managed to get a grasp or a stroke or a blow or a shot at it.
Ocus rosfuc dar brúach mbáire úadib.”	agus rug sé leis thar bhruach an bháire uathu í.”	And he carried the ball away from them over the goal.”

#### Section 4.5 (ll. 774-780)

“Nad fégat uili i n-óenfhecht amaide.	“Stán siad uile in éineacht air.	“Then they all gazed at him.
Ba machtad agus ba ingantus leó.	B’iontas agus b’áiltacht leo é.	They wondered and marvelled.
‘Maith a maccu’, ar Follomain mac Conchobuir,	‘Maith, a mhaca,’ arsa Follomhain mac Chonchobhair,	‘Well, boys,’ said Follomain mac Conchobuir,
‘nobar benaid uili fôe sût agus táet a bás lim	‘tugaigí uile faoi siúd agus tagadh a bhás liom	‘attack yon fellow, all of you, and let him meet death at my hands,
dáig is geiss dúib maccáem do thíchtain infar cluchi	mar is geas daoibh macaomh a theacht i bhur gcluichí	for it is tabu for you that a youth should join your game
can chur a faísma foraib,	gan a chosnamh a chur oraibh	without ensuring his protection from you.

ocus nobar benaid uile fóe i nn-óenfecht,	agus tugaigí uile faoi in éineacht	Attack him all together,
ar rofetammar is do maccaib ánoth Ulad sút	mar tá a fhios againn gur de mhic thaoisigh Uladh é siúd	for we know that he is the son of an Ulster chieftain,
ocus ná dernat bés tuidecht infar cluchi	agus ná déanaidís béas de theacht in bhur gcluichí	and let them not make it a habit to join your games
can chur a faísma foraib nó a commairge.”	gan a gcosnamh agus a gcoimirce a chur oraibh.”	without putting themselves under your protection and safeguard.”

#### Section 4.6 (ll. 781-802)

“Is and sin ros bensat uile fóe i n-óenfhecht.	“Is ansin a thug siad uile faoi in éineacht.	“Then they all attacked him together.
Tarlaicset a trí coíctu cammán ar ammus a chendamullaig in meicc.	Theilg siad a dtrí chaoga camán faoi mhullach cinn an mhic.	They cast their thrice fifty hurley-sticks at the boy’s head.
Turbaid-sium a óenluirg n-ániusa agus díc[h]uris na trí coícait lorg.	D’ardaigh seisean a aon mhaide imeartha agus chuir sé de na trí chaoga camán.	He lifted up his single play-thing stick and warded off the thrice fifty sticks.
Tarlacait dano na trí coícait liathróiti [ <i>sic</i> ] ar ammus in meic bic.	Theilg siad ansin na trí chaoga liathróid leis an mac beag.	Then they cast the thrice fifty balls at the little boy.
Turbaid-sium a dóti agus a rigthi agus a dernanna agus díchuris na trí coíctu liathróiti [ <i>sic</i> ].	D’ardaigh seisean a lámha agus a rítheacha agus a dhearnana agus chuir de na trí chaoga liathróid.	He raised his arms and his wrists and his palms and warded off the thrice fifty balls.

Tarlacit dó na trí coícait bunsach baísi bunloscthi.	Theilg siad leis na trí chaoga bonsach bhréagáin rinnhéara.	They threw at him the thrice fifty toy spears with sharpened butt.
Turbais in mac a scéthíni slissen ocus díchuris na trí coícait bunsach.	D’ardaigh an mac a sceithíní slise agus chuir sé de na trí chaoga bonsach.	The boy lifted up his toy wooden shield and warded off the thrice fifty spears.
Is and sain imsaí-sium fóthib-sium.	Is ansin a d’ionsaigh seisean iadsan.	Then he attacked them.
Scarais coíca rígmac im thalmain díb fóe.	Threascair sé caoga mac rí díobh ar talamh faoi.	He threw fifty kings’ sons of them to the ground beneath him.
Luid cóiciur díb,” ar Fergus, “etrum-sa is Chonchobor	Chuaigh cúigear díobh,” arsa Fearghas, “idir mé féin agus Conchobhar	Five of them,” said Fergus, “went between me and Conchobor
’sin magin i mbámmar ic imbirt fidchilli .i. na Cendcháeme,	san áit a rabhamar ag imirt fichille is é sin na Ceannchaoimhe,	in the spot where we were playing chess on the chess-board Cendcháem
for forodmaig na hEmna.	ar thulach na hEamhna.	on the mound of Emain.
Luid in mac bec ’na ndiaid dia nn-imdibe.	Chuaigh an mac beag ina ndiaidh á mbualadh.	The little boy pursued them to cut them down.
Gebid Conchobor a rígláma in meic bic.	Rug Conchobhar ar ghéaga ar an mac beag.	Conchobor seized the little lad by the arms.
‘Ale atchíu ní fóil amberai-siu, a meic bic, in macrad.’	‘Aililiú, feicim a mhic bhig nach gcaitheann tú go séimh leis an macra.’	‘Nay, lad, I see that you do not deal gently with the youths.’
‘Fail a mórdamnae dam-sa,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Tá a mhórabhar sin agamsa,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘I have good reason for that,’ said the boy.



‘Ní fhúarusa fíad n-óiged ga [= ce, cia] thánac a tírib imciana ican maccraid iar torachtain.’	‘Ní bhfuair mise meas aoi ón macra nuair a shroich mé iad cé go dtáinig mé ó thíortha i gcéin.’	‘Though I came from distant lands, I did not get the honour due to a guest from the youths on my arrival.’
‘Ced sòn, cia tussu?’ for Conchobor.	‘Cad é sin, cé hé thusa?’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘Why, who are you?’ asked Conchobor.
‘Sétanta bec missi mac Sualtaim, mac-sa Dechtiri do derbshethar-su,	‘Mise Seatanta beag mac Shualdaimh, mac Dheachtaire do dheirfiúrsa	‘I am little Sétanta mac Sualtaim, the son of Deichtire your sister,
ocus ní lat-su fo dóig lim-sa mo chrád d’fhagbáil samlaid.’	agus ní agatsa a shíl mé mo chrá a fháil mar seo.’	and not through you did I expect to be thus aggrieved.’
‘Ced ón, a meic bic,’ for Conchobor,	‘Cad é seo, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conchobhar,	‘Why, my lad,’ said Conchobor,
‘nád fetar armirt fil do[n] macraid	‘nach bhfeadair tú an cosc atá ar an macra,	‘do you not know of the prohibition that the youths have,
conid geiss dóib mac dar tír cuccu	gur geas dóibh mac thar tír a theacht chucu	and that it is tabu for them that a boy should come to them from outside
can chur a fhaísma forro?’	gan é féin a chur ar a gcosnamh?’	and not ( <u>first</u> ) claim their protection?’
‘Ní fhetar,’ bar in mac bec.	‘Ní fheadair mé,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘I did not know,’ said the little boy,
‘Dia fessaind, combeind ’na fatchius.’	‘Dá bhfeadrainn, bheinn ar m’aire orthu.’	‘and if I had known, I should have been on my guard against them.’
‘Maith a maccu,’ bar Conchobor, ‘geibid foraib faísam in meic bic.’	‘Sea, a mhaca,’ arsa Conchobhar, ‘gabhaigí oraibh cosnamh an mhic seo.’	‘Well, lads,’ said Conchobor, ‘undertake the protection of the little boy.’

‘Ataimem omm,’ bar siat.”

‘Gabhaimid, cinnte,’ ar siad.”

‘We grant it indeed,’ say they.”

**Section 4.7** (ll. 803-813)

“Luid in mac bec for faisam na macraidi.

“Chuaigh an mac beag ar choimirce an mhacra.

“The little boy placed himself under the protection of the youths.

’S and sain scailset láma de-sium, agus amsoí fóthu arís.

Ansin scaoil siad a lámha de agus d’ionsaigh sé arís iad.

Then they loosed hands from him but once more he attacked them.

Scarais coíca rímac i talmain díb fõe.

Threascair sé caoga mac rí díobh ar talamh faoi.

He threw fifty kings’ sons to the ground beneath him.

Fa dóig la n-athreachaib is bás dobretha dóib.

Ba dhóigh lena n-aithreacha gurbh é a mbás a bhí tugtha aige dóibh.

Their fathers thought that he had killed them

Níba sed ón

Níorbh é, áfach,

but it was not so,

acht uathbás bretha impaib do thulbémmennaib agus múadbémmennaib agus fotalbémmennaib móra.

ach uafás a bhí curtha aige orthu, le mórphuillí tréana luatha, fíochmhara.

he had merely terrified them with his many and violent blows.

‘Aile,’ for Conchobor, ‘cid ataí dóib-sin béus?’

‘Aililiú,’ arsa Conchobhar, ‘cén fáth a bhfuil tú fós leo?’

‘Nay,’ said Conchobor. ‘Why do you still attack them?’

‘Dothongu-sa mo dee dia n-adraim

‘Dar mo dhéithe a adhraim

‘I swear by my gods

nach mbainfidh mise mo lámha díobh go leagfaidh mé iad uile ar talamh

co ndigset-som uili ar m'[fh]ó[e]sam-sa agus ar m'imdegail	nó go rachaidh siadsan uile ar mo chosnamh agus ar m'anacalsa	that until they in their turn all come under my protection and guarantee
feib dochúadusa ara fáesam-sun agus ara n-imdegail,	faoi mar a chuaigh mise ar a gcosnamh agus ar a n-anacalsan.'	as I have done with them,
conná gét-sa láma díb conas tarddur uile fo thalmain.'		I shall not lift my hands from them until I bring them all low.'
'Maith a meic bic, geib-siu fort fáesam na maccraide.'	'Maith, a mhic bhig, gabhsa ort coimirce an mhacra.'	'Well, little lad, take on you the protection of the youths.'
'Ataimim omm,' ar in mac bec.	'Gabhaim, cinnte,' arsa an mac beag.	'I grant it *indeed*,' said the little boy.
And sain dochúatar in macrad fora [fh]áesam agus fora imdegail."	Ansin chuaigh an macra ar a choimirce agus ar a anacal."	Then the youths placed themselves under his protection and guarantee."
<b>Section 4.8</b> (ll. 814-819)		
"Mac bec doringni in gním sain," ar Fergus,	"Mac beag a rinne an gníomh sin," arsa Fearghas,	"A little boy who did that deed," said Fergus,
"i cind chóic mbliadan iarna brith	"i gcionn cúig mblian tar éis a bhreithe	"at the end of five years after his birth
coro scart maccu na curad agus na cathmíled ar dorus a llis agus a ndúnaid fadessin,	gur threascair sé mic na geuraidh agus na gcathmhíle ag dorus a leasa agus a ndúna féin,	and overthrew the sons of champions and warriors in front of their own fort and encampment,

nocorb éicen machta nó ingantus de ciano thísed co hor cocríchi,	níor ghá iontas ná alltacht a dhéanamh de go dtiocfadh sé go teorainn críche,	there were no need of wonder or surprise that he should come to the marches
gana thescad gabail cethri mbend,	go dteascfadh sé gabhal cheithre mbeann,	and cut a four-pronged pole
gana marbad fer nó dís nó triur nó cethrur	go maródh sé fear nó beirt, nó triúr, nó ceathrar	and kill one man or two men or three or four
in am indat slána .xvii. mblíadna de for Táin Bó Cúailnge.”	nuair atá a sheacht mbliana déag slán aige, ar Táin Bó Cuailnge.”	when his seventeen years are accomplished on Táin Bó Cúailnge.”

**Section 4.9** (ll. 820-826)

Is and sin atubairt Cormac Cond Longas mac Conchobuir:	Is ansin a dúirt Cormac Conn Loingias mac Chonchobhair:	Then said Cormac Cond Longas, the son of Conchobor:
“Doringni in mac bec sin gním tánaise ’sin bliadain ar cind doridisi.”	“Rinne an mac beag sin an dara gníomh an bhliain dar gcionn arís.”	“The year after that that little boy did a second deed.”
“Ciaso gním?” bar Ailill.	“Cén gníomh?” arsa Ailill.	“What deed was that?” asked Ailill.
“Culand cerd buí i crích Ulad.	“Culann, ceardaí a bhí i gcríoch Uladh.	“Culand the smith dwelt in Ulster.
Ro urgnastar fleid do Chonchobur ocus dochúaid dá thoc[h]uriud co Emain.	D’ullmhaigh sé fleá do Chonchobhar agus chuaigh go hEamhain chun cuireadh a thabhairt dó.	He prepared a feast for Conchobor and went to Emain to invite him.
Rádis friss ara tísed úathad leis	Dúirt sé leis gan ach beagán a theacht leis	He told him to come with only a small number

meni thucad fíraígid leiss	mura dtugadh sé fíoraíonna leis	unless he could bring a few genuine guests,
ár nach crích nó ferand baí aice	mar nach críoch ná fearann a bhí aige	for neither land nor domain had he
acht a uird agus a indeóna agus a duirn agus a thendchore.	ach a oird agus a oinneona agus a dhoirne agus a theanchaire.	but only his sledge-hammers and his anvils, his fists and his tongs.
Atbert Conchobor co ticfad úathad a dóchum.”	Dúirt Conchobhar go dtabharfadh sé líon beag chuige.”	Conchobor said he would bring with him to Culand only a small number.”

#### Section 4.10 (ll. 827-855)

“Táinic Culand connice a dún reme do frestul agus frithálim lenna agus bíd.	“Tháinig Culann roimhe go dtí a dhún do fhreastal agus do fhriotháil leanna agus bia.	“Culand came on *before him* to his fort to prepare food and drink.
Dessid Conchobor i nEmain corbo amm scaíltil co táinic deired dond ló.	D’fhan Conchobhar in Eamhain go raibh sé in am scoir, go dtáinig deireadh leis *an lá*.	Conchobor remained in Emain until it was time to disperse when day drew to a close.
Gebid in rí a fhiallgud [edgadh St] n-imétram n-imthechta immi agus luid do chelebrad don macraid.	Ghabh an rí a éadach éadrom taistil uime agus chuaigh chun ceiliúradh don mhacra.	The king put on his light travelling garb and went to bid farewell to the youths.
Luid Conchobor arin faidchi co n-acca ní ba ingnad leiss:	Chuaigh Conchobhar ar an bhfaiche go bhfaca sé rud ab ionadh leis,	Conchobor went to the playing-field and saw something that astonished him:
trí coícait mac ’sindara chind dind fhaithchi [fhaichthi <i>MS.</i> ] agus ónmac barin chind aile di.	trí chaoga mac ar cheann amháin den fhaiche agus aon mhac ar an gceann eile di.	thrice fifty boys at one end of the field and a single boy at the other end,

Dobered in t-óenmac búaid mbáire agus immána óna trí cóictaib maccaém.	Beireadh an t-aon mhac bua báire agus iomána ón dtrí chaoga macaomh.	and the single boy winning victory in taking the goal and in hurling from the thrice fifty youths.
Tráth ba cluchi puill dóib	Nuair ba chluiche *poill* a bhíodh acu	When they played the hole-game
— cluichi puill fogníthi for faithchi [faichthi <i>MS.</i> ] na Emna —	— cluiche poill a dhéantaí ar fhaiche na hEamhna —	— a *hole-*game which was played on the green of Emain —
ocus tráth ba leó-som díburgun agus ba lesium imdegail,	agus nuair ba leosan teilgeadh agus leis-sean cosaint,	and when it was their turn to cast the ball and his to defend,
congeibed na trí cóicait liathróit fri poll immuich	bheireadh sé ar na trí chaoga liathróid lasmuigh den pholl	he would catch the thrice fifty balls outside the hole
ocus ní roiched ní secha 'sin poll.	agus ní théadh rud ar bith thairis sa pholl.	and none would go past him into the hole.
Tráth ba leó-som imdegail agus ba leisium díburgun,	Nuair ba leosan cosaint agus leis-sean teilgeadh,	When it was their turn to keep goal and his to hurl,
no chuiread na trí cóicait liathróit 'sin poll can imroll.	cuireadh sé na trí chaoga liathróid sa pholl gan iomrall.	he would put the thrice fifty balls unerringly into the hole.
Tráth fo imtharrung n-éaig dóib,	Nuair ba ag stracadh na n-éadaí dá chéile a bhídís,	When they played at pulling off each others's clothes,
no benad-som a trí choicait ndechelt díb	bhaineadh seisean a dtrí chaoga brat díobh	he would tear their thrice fifty mantles off them

<p>ocus ní chumgaitis uili a delg do béim assa brut-som [nammá] [brutsom <i>add. in marg. In an erased space in text</i> brutsom written in with fine pen, prob. over erased nammá. (asa bratsomh amhain <b>St</b>, asa brotsom nammá <b>LU</b>)].</p>	<p>agus ní fhéadfaidís-sin uile a dhealg a bhaint as a bhratsan fiú amháin.</p>	<p>and all of them together were unable to take even the brooch out of his cloak.</p>
<p>Tráth ba imtrascrad dóib,</p>	<p>Nuair ba ag iomrascáil a bhídís,</p>	<p>When they wrestled,</p>
<p>concured-som na trí coícait cétna i talmain foí</p>	<p>leagadh seisean na trí chaoga céanna sin ar talamh faoi</p>	<p>he would throw the same thrice fifty to the ground beneath him</p>
<p>ocus ní roichtis-[s]ium uili immi-sium lín a urgabála.</p>	<p>agus ní shroicheadh líon a ghabhála díobhsan eisean.</p>	<p>and a sufficient number of them to hold him could not get to him.</p>
<p>Arrópart Conchobor ic forcsin in meic bic.</p>	<p>Chrom Conchobhar ar an mac beag a scrúdú.</p>	<p>Chonchobor began to examine the little boy.</p>
<p>‘Amae a ócu,’ bar Conchobor,</p>	<p>‘Andaigh, a óga,’ arsa Conchobhar,</p>	<p>‘Ah, my warriors,’ said Conchobor,</p>
<p>‘mo chin tír asa tánic in mac bec atchíd</p>	<p>‘mo chean den tír as a dtáinig an mac beag a fheiceann sibh</p>	<p>‘happy is the land from which came the little boy ye see,</p>
<p>dá mbetis na gníma óclachais aice feib atát na macgníma.’</p>	<p>dá mbeadh na gníomhartha óglachais aige faoi mar atá na macghníomhartha.’</p>	<p>if his manly deeds were to be like his boyish exploits.’</p>
<p>‘Ní comdas [comadas <b>St</b>] a rád,’ ar Fergus.</p>	<p>‘Ní cóir sin a rá,’ arsa Fearghas,</p>	<p>‘It is not fitting to speak thus,’ said Fergus,</p>
<p>‘Feib atré in mac bec atrésat a gníma óclachais leis.’</p>	<p>‘de réir mar a fhásfaidh an mac beag fásfaidh a ghníomhartha óglachais leis.’</p>	<p>‘for as the little boy grows, so also will his deeds of manhood increase with him.’</p>

<p>‘Congarar in mac bec dún co ndig lind do ól na fledi dia tiagam.’</p>	<p>‘Glaotar chugainn an mac beag go rachaidh sé linn d’ól na fleá ar a dtéam.’</p>	<p>‘Let the little boy be summoned to us that he may go with us to share the feast to which we are going.’</p>
<p>Conágart in mac bec do Chonchobur. ‘Maith a meic bic,’ ar Conchobor, ‘tair-siu linni d’ól na fledi dia tiagam.’</p>	<p>Glaodh an mac beag chun Conchobhair. ‘Maith, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conchobhar, ‘tarsa linne d’ól na fleá ar a dtéam.’</p>	<p>The little boy was summoned to Conchobor. ‘Well my lad,’ said Conchobor, ‘come with us to enjoy the feast to which we are going.’</p>
<p>‘Ní rag omm,’ bar in mac bec. ‘Ced són?’ bar Conchobor.</p>	<p>‘Ní rachaidh mé go deimhin,’ arsa an mac beag. ‘Cad ina thaobh sin?’ arsa Conchobhar.</p>	<p>‘I shall not go indeed,’ said the little boy. ‘Why so?’ asked Conchobor.</p>
<p>‘Ar ní dóethanaig in macrad do chlessaib cluchi nó ániusa, ocus ní rag-sa úadib corbat doíthanaig cluchi.’</p>	<p>‘Mar níl an macra dóthanach de chleasa cluichí ná áineasa agus ní rachaidh mise uathu go mbeidh a sáith acu.’</p>	<p>‘Because the youths have not yet had enough of play and games and I shall not go from them until they have had their fill of play.’</p>
<p>‘Is cían dúni beith acot irnaidí ri sin, a meic bic ocus nicon bíam itir.’</p>	<p>‘Is fada linne a bheith ag feitheamh leat go dtí sin, a mhic bhig agus ní bheimid.’</p>	<p>‘It is too long for us to wait for you, little lad, and we shall not.’</p>
<p>‘Táit-si round,’ ar in mac bec, ‘ocus rag-sa far ndiaid.’</p>	<p>‘Téighse romham,’ arsa an mac beag, ‘agus rachaidh mise bhur ndiaidh.’</p>	<p>‘Go on ahead,’ said the little boy, ‘and I shall go after you.’</p>



‘Nídat eólach etir, a meic bic,’ bar Conchobor.	‘Níl tú eolach <u>ar an slí</u> in aon chor, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘You do not know <u>the way</u> at all, little boy,’ said Conchobor.
‘Géb[at]-sa [Gebatsa <b>St</b> ] slichtlorg in tshluaig ocus na n-ech ocus na carpat.’”	‘Gheobhaidh mé slichtlorg an tslua agus na n-each agus na gcarbad.’”	‘I shall follow the trail of the company and the horses and the chariots.’”
<b>Section 4.11</b> (ll. 856-871)		
“Ocus tánic Conchobor iar sin co tech Culaind cerdda.	“Agus tháinig Conchobhar ina dhiaidh sin go dtigh Chulainn, ceardaí.	“Then Conchobor came to the house of Culand the smith.
Ro fritháiled in rí,	Friotháladh ar an rí	The king was served,
ocus ro fíadaiged ar grádaib ocus dánaib ocus dligedaib ocus úaslecht ocus caínbéasaib.	agus cuireadh cóir orthu de réir grád agus gairme agus dlí agus uaisleachta agus caoinbhéasa.	and they were honoured according to rank and profession and rights and nobility and accomplishments.
Ro hecrait aine ocus úrlúachair fóthu.	Leathadh tuí agus úrluachair fúthu.	Reeds and fresh rushes were strewn beneath them.
Gabsat for ól ocus for aibnius.	Thosaigh siad ag ól agus ag aoibhneas.	They began to drink and make merry.
Ro iarfach Culand do Chonchobur:	D’fhiafraigh Culann de Chonchobhar:	Culand asked Conchobor:
‘Maith a rí, inra dális nech innocht it [d]íaid don dún sa?’	‘Maith, a rí, ar cheap tusa aon duine le teacht i do dhiaidh anocht don dún seo?’	‘Good now, O King have you appointed anyone to follow you tonight to this stronghold?’

<p>‘Níra dálius omm,’ bar Conchobor, dáig níba cuman dó in mac bec dálastar ’na díaid.</p>	<p>‘Níor cheap,’ arsa Conchobhar, mar níor chuimhin leis an mac beag a bhí ceaptha aige ina dhiaidh.</p>	<p>‘I have not,’ said Conchobor for he did not remember the little boy he had appointed to come after him.</p>
<p>‘Cid són?’ bar Conchobor.</p>	<p>‘Cén fáth?’ arsa Conchobhar.</p>	<p>‘Why so?’ asked Conchobor.</p>
<p>‘Árchú maith fil ocum.</p>	<p>‘Archú maith atá agam.</p>	<p>‘I have a good bloodhound</p>
<p>Á fhúaslaicthir a chonarach de, ní laimthanoch [<i>second a on erasure, o formed on e.</i>] tasciud do óentríchait chét fris do fhir chúardda nó imthechta,</p>	<p>Nuair a scaoiltear a chonárach de ní leomfadh fear siúil ná cuairteoir teacht in aon tríocha céad leis</p>	<p>and when his dog-chain is taken off no traveller or wayfarer dares come into the same canton as he,</p>
<p>ocus ní aichne nech acht missi fodessin.</p>	<p>agus ní aithníonn sé neach ach mise féin.</p>	<p>and he recognises no one but myself.</p>
<p>Feidm cét and do nirt.’</p>	<p>Tá feidhm céad de neart ann.’</p>	<p>His strength is such that he can do the work of a hundred.’</p>
<p>And sin atbert Conchobor:</p>	<p>Ansin dúirt Conchobhar:</p>	<p>Then said Conchobor:</p>
<p>‘Oslaicther dún dond árchoin coro imdegla in tríchait cét.’</p>	<p>‘Scaoiltear den árchú dúinn go gcosnóidh sé an tríocha céad.’</p>	<p>‘Let the bloodhound be loosed for us that he may guard the canton.’</p>
<p>Ra fúaslaiced dind árchoin a chonarach</p>	<p>Scaoileadh a cheangal den árchú</p>	<p>His dog-chain was loosed from the bloodhound</p>
<p>ocus fochuir [<i>sic; ro cuir St</i>] lúathchúaird in tríchait cét,</p>	<p>agus thug sé luathchúaird an tríocha céad</p>	<p>and he made a swift circuit of the canton</p>

ocus tánic connice in forud i mbíd ic comét na cathrach	agus tháinig go dtí an tulach ina mbíodh sé ag faire na cathrach	and he came to the mound where he was wont to be while guarding the dwelling,
ocus baí and sain ocus a chend ara mácaib.	agus bhí sé ansin agus a cheann ar a lapaí.	and he lay there with his head on his paws.
Ocus ba borb barbarda bruthmar	Agus ba bhorb, bharbartha, bhrufanta,	And wild, savage and fierce,
bachlachda múcna matnamail cách baí and sain.”	bhachlachtha, mhúchna, mhadrúil a bhí sé ansin.”	rough, surly and battlesome was he who lay there.”
<b>Section 4.12</b> (ll. 872-914)		
“Imthúsa na macraide bátar i nEmain corbo amm scaílthi dóib.	“Maidir leis an macra, bhíodar in Eamhain chun go raibh sé in am dóibh scor.	“As for the youths, they remained in Emain until it was time for them disperse.
Luid cách díb da thig a athar ocus a máthar,	Chuaigh gach duine acu go tigh a athar agus a mháthar,	They went each of them to the house of his father and mother,
a mumme ocus a aite.	a bhuime agus a oide.	or of his fostermother and fosterfather.
Luid dano in mac bec i slichtlurg na slúag	Chuaigh an mac beag ar shliocht lorg na sluaite *áfach*	But the little boy went on the track of the company
co ránic tech Culaind cerda.	gur ráinig sé tigh Chulainn, ceardaí.	until he reached the house of Culand the smith.
Gab[ais] [ <i>abbrev. stroke om.</i> ; gebidh <b>St</b> ] icc athgarddigud na sliged reme dá adbenaib ániusa.	Thosaigh sé ag giorrú na slí roimhe lena ghléas imeartha.	He began to shorten the way as he went with his playthings.

Ó ránic co faidche in dúnaid i mbaí Culand ocus Conchobor,	Nuair a shroich sé faiche an dúna ina raibh Culann agus Conchobhar	When he reached the green before the stronghold where Culand and Conchobor were,
focheird a adbena uile riam acht a liathróit nammá.	chaith sé an gléas uile roimhe ach amháin a liathróid.	he threw away all his playthings in front of him except his ball alone.
Rathaigid in t-árchú in mac mbec oculus glomais fair	D'airigh an t-árchú an mac beag agus ghlam sé air	The bloodhound perceived the little boy and bayed at him,
co clos fosnaib túathaib uili gloimm inn árchon.	i dtreo gur cloiseadh sna tuatha uile glam an árchon.	and the baying of the bloodhound was heard throughout all the countryside.
Oculus ní raind fri fes ba háil dó	Agus ní roinnt chun féasta ab áil leis a <u>dhéanamh de</u>	And it was not a sharing out for a feast <u>the</u> <u>hound</u> was minded <u>to make (of the boy)</u>
acht a slucud i n-óenfhecht	ach é a shlogadh in éineacht	but rather to swallow him entire
dar compur a chléib oculus dar farsiuing a bráгат ocus dar loing a ochta.	thar chompar a chléibh agus thar fairsinge a bhrád agus thar lainn a uchta.	past the wall of his chest and the breadth of his throat and the midriff of his breast.
Oculus ní baí lasin mac cóir n-imdegla reme acht focheird róut n-urchar din liathróit	Ní raibh cóir chosanta ag an mac beag, ach chaith sé urchar den liathróid	The boy had no means of defence, but he made a cast of the ball
conas tarla dar ginchráes a bráгат dond árchoin	go ndeachaigh sí thar craos a bhrád ag an árchú	and it went through the gaping mouth of the bloodhound
co ruc a mboí di fhobaig inathair and dar' iarcomlai,	agus rug sí a raibh d'abaigh ionarthair ann siar amach as	and carried all his entrails out through the back way,

ocus gebis i ndíb cossaib é	agus rug sé ar dhá chois air	and the boy then seized him by two legs
ocus tuc béim de immun corthe	agus thug béim de um an gcoirthe	and dashed him against the standing-stone
co tarla 'na gabtib rointi im thalmain.	agus d'fhág ina dhabhaideanna roinnte ar an talamh é.	so that he was scattered into pieces on the ground.
Atchúala Conchobor gloimm inn árchon.	Chuala Conchobhar glam an árchon.	Conchobor had heard the baying of the hound.
'Amae a ócu,' bar Conchobor, 'ní ma táncamar d'ól na fledi se.'	'Monuar, a óga,' arsa Conchobhar, 'go dtángamar ag ól na fleá seo.'	'Alas, my warriors,' said Conchobor, 'would that we had not come to enjoy this feast.'
'Cid són?' bar cách.	'Conas sin?' arsa cách.	'Why so?' asked they all.
'In gilla bec ra dál im diaid,	'An giolla beag a cheap teacht i mo dhiaidh,	'The little boy who arranged to come after me,
mac mo shethar, Sétanta mac Sualtaim, dorochair lasin coin.'	mac mo dheirféar, Seatanta mac Shualdaimh, tá sé tite leis an gcú sin.'	my sister's son, Sétanta mac Sualtaim, has been killed by the hound.'
Atragatar i nn-óenfhecht uli Ulaid ollbladacha.	D'éirigh na hUltaigh cháiliúla uile in éineacht.	All the famous Ulstermen rose with one accord.
Ciarbo óbéla oslaicthi dorus na cathrach,	Cé go raibh doras na cathrach oscailte ar dianleathadh	Though the gateway of the dwelling was wide open,
dochúaid cách 'na irchomair dar sondaib in dúnaid [dar sond abdain in dunaid <i>MS.</i> ; tar sondaigibh sitharda an dunaidh <b>St</b> ] immach.	chuaigh cách thar sonna an dúna amach faoina dhéin.	they all went to meet him out over the palisades of the stronghold.

Cid ellom condránic cách, lúaitium conarnic Fergus	Cé gur shroich cách go luath é ba é Fearghas ba luaithe a shroich	Though all reached him quickly, quickest was Fergus
ocus gebis in mac mbec do lár thalman fri aidleind a gúaland	agus thóg sé an mac beag de lár talún go hairde a ghualainne	and he lifted the little boy from the ground on to his shoulder
ocus dobretha i fiadnaisi Conchobuir.	agus thug i láthair Chonchobhair é.	and brought him into the presence of Conchobor.
Ocus tánic Culand immach ocus atchondaire a árchoin 'na gabtib rointi.	Tháinig Culann amach agus chonaic sé a árchú briste ina dhabhaideanna.	And Culand came forth and saw his bloodhound lying in scattered pieces.
Ba béim cride fri cliab leis.	Ba bhéim croí le cliabh leis é sin.	His heart beat against his breast.
Dochúaid innund isin dún asa aithle.	Chuaigh sé anonn ansin isteach sa dún.	He went across into the stronghold then.
'Mo chen do thíc[h]tu, a meic bic,' bar Culand,	'Mo chean do theacht, a mhic bhig,' arsa Culann,	'I welcome your arrival, little boy,' said Culand,
'ar bíth do máthar ocus t'áthar,	'i dtaobh do mháthar agus d'athar,	'for the sake of your mother and your father,
ocus ní mo chen do thíc[h]tu fort féin.'	ach ní méanar do theacht i ngeall ort *féin*'	but I do not welcome your arrival for your own sake.'
'Cid taí-siu don mac?' ar Conchobor.	'Cad tá agat i gcoinne an mhic?' arsa Conchobhar.	'Why are you angry with the boy?' asked Conchobor.
'Ní ma tánac-su dam-sa do chostud mo lenna ocus do chathim mo bíd,	'Monuar go dtáinig tusa do chaitheamh mo leanna agus mo bhia	'Would that you had not come to consume my drink and eat my food,

dáig is maith immudu ifec[h]t<sup>a</sup> mo maith-se  
ocus is bethu immuig mo bethu [i ndegaid mo  
chon *add. LU*, a ndiaig mo chon *add. St*].

Maith in fer muntiri rucais úaim.

Concométad éite oculus alma oculus indili dam.’

‘Nádbad [*sic*; ná badat Section 4.15 *infra*; na  
bat *St*] lond-so etir, a mo phopa Culand,’ ar in  
mac bec,

‘dáig bérat-sa a fhírbreith sin.’

‘Cá breith no bértha-su fair, a meic?’ for  
Conchobor.

‘Má tá culén do shíl in chon út i nHérind,

ailébhair lim-sa gorop inengnama mar a  
athair.

Bam cú-sa imdeglá a almaí oculus a indili oculus  
a fheraind in n-ed sain [inn edsam *MS*].’

mar is maith curtha amú an feacht seo mo  
mhaith agus is beatha amuigh mo bheatha.

Is maith an fear muintire a rug tú uaim.

Chosnaíodh sé tréada agus táinte agus eallach  
dom.’

‘Ná bíodh fearg ar bith ort, a phopa, a  
Chulainn,’ arsa an mac beag,

‘bhéarfaidh mise fíorbhreith air sin.’

‘Cén bhreith a bhéarfása air, a mhic?’ arsa  
Conchobhar.

‘Má tá coileán de shíol an chon úd in Éirinn

oilfear liomsa é go dtí go mbeidh sé inghnímh  
ar nós a athar.

Beidh mise i mo chú anacail ag a thréada agus  
a eallach agus a fhearann feadh an ama sin.’

for my substance now is substance wasted, my  
livelihood a lost livelihood.

Good was the servant you have taken from  
me.

He used to guard my herds and flocks and  
cattle for me.’

‘Be not angry at all, master Culand,’ said the  
little boy,

‘for I shall deliver a true judgment in this  
matter.’

‘What judgment would you deliver on it, my  
lad?’ said Conchobor.

‘If there is a whelp of that hound’s breeding in  
Ireland,

he will be reared by me until he be fit for  
action like his sire.

I shall myself be the hound to protect Culand’s  
flocks and cattle and land during that time.’

‘Maith rucais do breth, a meic bic,’ for Conchobor.	‘Is maith a thug tú do bhreith, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘A good judgement you have given, little boy,’ said Conchobor.
‘Nís bérmair éim,’ ar Cathbath, ‘ní bad fherr.	‘Ní thabharfainn féin breith ab fhearr,’ arsa Cathbhadh,	‘I would not have given a better myself,’ said Cathbad.
Cid arnach Cú Chulaind bias fort-su de suidiu?’	‘cén fáth nach tú Cú Chulainn a bheadh ortsa de sin?’	‘Why shall you not be called Cú Chulainn ( <u>Culand’s Hound</u> ) because of this?’
‘Nithó,’ bar in mac bec. ‘Ferr lim mo ainm fodéin, Sétanta mac Sualtaim.’	‘Ní hé,’ arsa an mac beag, ‘is fearr liom m’ainm féin, Seatanta mac Shualdaimh.’	‘Nay,’ said the little boy, ‘I prefer my own name, Sétanta mac Sualtaim.’
‘Nád ráid-siu sin, a meic bic,’ ar Cathbath,	‘Ná habair é sin, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Cathbhadh,	‘Do not say that, lad,’ said Cathbad,
‘dáig concechlabat fir Hérend agus Alban in n-ainm sin	‘mar cloisfidh Fir Éireann agus Alban an t-ainm sin	‘for the men of Ireland and of Scotland shall hear of that name,
ocus bat lána beóil fer nHérend agus Alban din anmum sin.’	agus beidh béal fhir Éireann agus Alban lán den ainm sin.’	and that name shall be ever on the lips of the men of Ireland and of Scotland.’
‘Fó limm didiu cid sed bess form,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Is maith liomsa, mar sin gurbh é sin a bheadh orm,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘*Then* I am willing that it shall be my name,’ said the boy.
Conid de shódain ro lil in t-ainm aurdairc fair .i. Cú Chulaind,	Uime sin lean an t-ainm *oirirc* Cú Chulainn de,	Hence the famous name of Cú Chulainn clung to him
ó ro marb in coin boí ic Culaind [ <i>sic</i> ; Culann St] cherd.”	ó mharraigh sé an cú a bhí ag Culann, ceardaí.”	since he killed the hound of Culand the smith.”



**Section 4.13** (ll. 915-920)

“Mac bec doringni in gním sin,” ar Cormac  
Cond Longas mac Conchobuir,

“i cind sé mbliadan arna brith, ro marb in n-  
árchoin

ná laimtís slúraig nó sochaide tascud i n-  
óenthríchait cét fris,

nírb écen machtad nó ingantus de gana thised  
co hor cochríchi,

giano t[h]escad gabail cethri mbend, gana  
marbad fer nó dís nó triur nó chethrur

in am inat shlána .xvii. mbliadna de for Táin  
Bó Cúailnge.”

“Mac beag a rinne an gníomh sin,” arsa  
Cormac Conn Loinngeas mac Chonchobhair,

“i gcionn sé bliana tar éis a bhreithe, a  
mharaigh an t-árchú

nach leomhfadh sluaite ná sochaide teacht in  
aon tríocha céad leis,

níor ghá alltacht ná iontas a dhéanamh de go  
dtiocfadh sé go hoirear críche,

go dteascfadh sé gabhal cheithre mbeann agus  
go maródh sé fear nó dís, nó triúr, nó ceathrar

nuair atá a sheacht mbliana déag slán aige, ar  
Táin Bó Cuailnge.”

“A little boy who performed that exploit,” said  
Cormac Cond Longas \*mac Conchobuir\*,

“six years after his birth, who killed the  
bloodhound

with which hosts and armies dared not be in  
the same canton,

there were no need to wonder or marvel that  
he should come to the marches

and cut a four-pronged pole and kill one man  
or two or three or four,

now that his seventeen years are completed on  
Táin Bó Cúailnge.”

**Section 4.14** (ll. 921-943)

“Doringni in mac bec in tres gním isin bliadain ar cind dorís,” ar Fiachu mac Fir Aba.

“Gá gním doringni?” bar Ailill.

“Cathbad druí buí oc tabairt [tecaisc ?] [*a word dropped here*; ic denamh foghlama **St**] dá daltaib fri hEmain anairtúaith

ocus ocht ndalta do áes in dána druídechta ’na farrad.

Iarfacht [fer díb] [*om. MS., supplied from St*] dia aiti ciaso shén ocus solud buí forin ló i mbátar,

in ba maith fá in ba saich.

And atbert Cathbad mac bec congébad gasced,

bad án ocus rabad irdairc, rabad duthain ocus dimbúan.

Rachúala-som anísin ocus sé fria chlessaib chluchi fri hEmain aniardes,

“Rinne an mac beag an treas gníomh an bhliain dár gcionn arís,” arsa Fiachadh mac Fhir Aba.

“Cén gníomh a rinne sé?” arsa Ailill.

“Cathbhadh, draoi, a bhí ag teagasc a dhaltai taobh thoirthuaidh d’Eamhain

agus ochtar dalta d’aos léinn draíochta fairis.

D’fhiafraigh fear díobh dá oide cén séan agus sochar a bhí ar an lá sin,

cé acu maith nó olc é.

Ansin dúirt Cathbhadh, an mac beag a gheobhadh airm (an lá sin)

go mbeadh sé cliútach, oirearc, ach go mbeadh gearrshaolach, díomuan.

Chuala seisean (C. Chul.) é sin agus é ag imirt cluichí siar ó dheas ó Eamhain

“The little boy performed a third exploit in the following year again,” said Fiachu mac Fir Aba.

“What exploit did he perform?” asked Ailill.

“Cathbad the druid was teaching his pupils to the north-east of Emain,

and eight pupils of the class of druidic learning were with him.

One of them asked his teacher what omen and presage was for that day,

whether it was good or whether it was ill.

Then said Cathbad that a boy who should take up arms (on that day),

would be splendid and famous but would be shortlived and transient.

Cú Chulainn heard that as he was playing south-west of Emain,

ocus focheird a adbena ániusa uli úad	agus chaith sé uaidh a ghléas imeartha uile	and he threw aside all his playthings
ocus dochúaid i cotultech Conchobuir.	agus chuaigh isteach i dtigh codlata Chonchobhair.	and went to Conchobor's sleeping chamber.
‘Cach maith duit, a rí féne,’ bar in mac bec.	‘Gach maith duit, a rí féinne,’ arsa an mac beag	‘All good attend you, O king of the warriors,’ said the little boy.
— Aithesc dano cunedá neich ó neoch in t- athesc sain. —	— aitheasc ag iarraidh ní éigin ar dhuine éigin an t-aitheasc sin.	— That is the speech of a person making a request of someone. —
‘Cid connáige, a meic bic?’ ar Conchobor.	‘Ceard a iarrann tú, a mhic bhig?’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘What do you ask for, little lad?’ said Conchobor.
‘Airm do gabáil,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Airm a ghabháil,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘I wish to take arms,’ said the little boy.
‘Cia dotrecoisc, a meic bic?’ bar Conchobor.	‘Cé chomhairligh thú, a mhic bhig?’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘Who has advised you, lad?’ said Conchobor.
‘Cathbad druí,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Cathbhadh, draoi,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘Cathbad the druid,’ said the little boy.
‘Nít mérad-su .i. nít mairnfed [ <i>marginal note</i> ] sain, a meic bic,’ ar Conchobor.	‘Ní mheallfadh sé sin tú, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘He would not deceive you, lad,’ said Conchobor.
Tobert Conchobor dá shleig agus claideb agus sciath dó.	Thug Conchobhar dhá shleá agus claíomh agus sciath dó.	Conchobor gave him two spears and a sword and a shield.
Bogais agus bertnaigis in mac bec na harmu	Bhog agus bheartaigh agus chroth an mac beag na hairm	The little boy shook and brandished the arms

[co nderna] [ <i>om. MS.; cp. infra</i> ; ocus do-gní <b>St</b> ] minbruan ocus minscomairt díb.	go ndearna sé mionbhrúscar agus smidiríní díobh.	and shattered them into small pieces.
Tuc Conchobor dá shleig aile dó ocus sciath ocus claideb.	Thug Conchobhar dhá shleá eile dó agus sciath agus claíomh.	Conchobor gave him two other spears and a shield and a sword.
Bogais ocus bertnaigis, crothais ocus certaigis	Bhog agus bheartaigh agus chroth agus cheartaigh sé iad	He shook and brandished, flourished and waved them,
co nderna minbruan ocus minscomairt [díb] [ <i>om. MS., cp. infra</i> ].	go ndearna sé mionbhrúscar agus smidiríní díobh.	and shattered them into small pieces.
Airm i mbáatar na cethri airm déc báatar ic Conchobur i nEmain ic frithálim na maccaém ocus na macraide	Mar leis na ceithre hairm déag a bhí ag Conchobhar in Eamhain le friotháil ar na macaoimh agus ar an macra	As for the fourteen suits of arms which Conchobor had in Emain for the youths and boys
— ciped mac díb no gabad gasced	— cibé mac díobh a gheobhadh airm,	— for to whichever one of them should take arms
combad Conchobor doberad trelam fúaparta dó, búaid n-engnama leis assa aithle —	arbh é Conchobhar a thabharfadh treamh catha dó bheadh bua laochais aige ina dhiaidh sin —	Conchobor would give equipment of battle and the youth would have victory in his valour thereafter —
cid trá [acht] [ <i>om. MS., suppl. from St</i> ] doringni in mac bec sin minbruan ocus minscomairt díb uili.”	rinne an mac beag sin mionbhrúscar agus smidiríní díobh uile.	that little boy made fragments and small pieces of them all.”

**Section 4.15** (ll. 944-963)

“‘Ní maith ám and na airm se, a mo phopa Conchobuir,’ ar in mac bec.	“‘Ní maith na hairm iad sin *cinnte*, a phopa, a Chonchobhair,’ arsa na mac beag.	“‘Indeed these weapons are not good, father Conchobor,’ said the little boy,
‘Ní thic mo dingbáil-se di shodain.’	‘Ní thig mo dhiongbháilse díobh sin.’	‘none of them suits me.’
Tuc Conchobor a dá shleig fodessin agus a sciath agus a chlaideb dó.	Thug Conchobhar a dhá shleá féin agus a sciath agus a chlaíomh dó.	Conchobor gave him his own two spears and his shield and his sword.
Bogais agus bertnaigis, crothais agus certaigis	Bhog sé agus bheartaigh, chroth agus cheartaigh sé iad	He shook and brandished and flourished and waved them
conarnic a fográin aice fria n-irlaind,	i dtreo go dtáinig a reanna ar a n-urlanna	so that the point ( <u>of spears and sword</u> ) touched the butt,
ocus níras robris na harmu agus ros fulgetar dó.	ach níor bhris na hairm ach d’fhulaing siad dó.	and yet he did not break the weapons and they withstood him.
‘Maithi na ha[i]rm se omm,’ bar in mac bec.	‘Is maith na hairm iad seo cinnte,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘These weapons are good indeed,’ said the little boy,
‘Is é so mo chomadas.	‘Tá siad oiriúnach dom.	‘they are suited to me.
Mo chin in rí asa gasced agus trelam so.	Mo chean an rí ar leis na hairm agus an trelamh seo.	I salute the king whose weapons and equipment these are.
Mo chin tír asa tánic.’	Mo chean don tír as a dtáinig.’	I salute the land from which he came.’

'S and sin táníc Cathbad druí 'sin pupull ocus atbert:	Is ansin a tháinig Cathbhadh draoi isteach sa phuball agus a dúirt:	Then Cathbad the druid came into the tent and spoke:
'Airm conagab súit?' ar Cathbad.	'An airm a ghabhann sé siúd?' arsa Cathbhadh.	'Is yon boy taking arms?' said Cathbad.
'S ed écin omm,' bar Conchobor.	'Is ea, cheana,' arsa Conchobhar.	'He is indeed,' said Conchobor.
'Ní do mac do [a LU, St] máthar bad áil dam a ngabáil 'sind ló sa,' ar Cathbad.	'Ní do mhac a mháthar ab áil liom a ngabháil an lá seo,' arsa Cathbhadh.	'Not by your mother's son would I wish arms to be taken today,' said Cathbad.
'Cid són? Nach tussu darrecoisc?' ar Conchobor.	'Car é sin?' 'Nach tusa a chomhairligh dó é?' arsa Conchobhar.	'Why is that? Is it not you who advised him?' said Conchobor.
'Nád mé omm,' bar Cathbad.	'Ní mé, go deimhin,' arsa Cathbhadh.	'Not I indeed,' said Cathbad.
'Cid lat, a shiriti shíabairthi,' ar Conchobor, 'in bréc dobertais immund?'	'Cad ab áil leat a shiride shíofartha,' arsa Conchobhar, 'an bhréag a insint dom?'	'What mean you, you distorted sprite,' said Conchobor, 'have you deceived me?'
'Ná badat lond-su immorro, a mmo phopa Conchobuir,' ar in mac bec,	'Ná bíodh fearg ort, a phopa, a Chonchobhair,' arsa an mac beag,	'Do not be angry, father Conchobor,' said the little boy,
'dáig ar bíth is ésiom domrecoisc-se	'mar is é sin a theagaisc dom é,	'for it is he who advised me,
aráí ár iarfoacht a dalta dó ciaso shén baí forin ló	óir nuair a d'fhiafraigh a dhalta de cén séan a bhí ar an lá,	for his pupil asked him what omen was for the day
ocus atbert-som mac bec no gébad gasced and,	dúirt seisean, an mac beag a gheobhadh airm air	and he said that a boy who took arms on <u>this day</u>

bad án ocus bad urdairc, ba[d] duthain dimbúan immorro.’	go mbeadh sé uasal agus go bheadh sé oirearc, go mbeadh sé gearrshaolach, díomuan.’	would be splendid and renowned but short-lived and transient.’
‘Fír dam-sa ón,’ bar Cathbad.	‘Is fíor dom sin,’ arsa Cathbhadh.	‘I spoke truth,’ said Cathbad.
‘Bat án-su ocus bat urdairc, ba[t] duthain ocus dimbúan.’	‘Beirse uasal, oirearc, beir duthain, díomuan.’	‘You will be splendid and renowned but short-lived and transient.’
‘Amra bríg canco rabur acht óenlá ocus óenadaig ar bith	‘Iontas na n-iontas liom, bíodh nach mbím ach aon lá agus aonoíche ar an saol	‘It is a wonderful thing if I am but one day and one night in the world
acht co marat m’airscéla ocus m’imthechta dimm ési.’	ach go mairfeadh mo cháil agus m’imeachtaí i mo dhiaidh.’	provided that my fame and my deeds live after me.’
‘Maith a meic bic, airg i carpat ar iss ed na cétna dait [arin sén cétna St].’”	‘Maith a mhic bhig, éirigh i gearbad óir is ionann séan duit é sin.’”	‘Come, little lad, mount the chariot now for it is the same ( <u>good omen</u> ) for you.’”
<b>Section 4.16</b> (ll. 964-977)		
“Dotháet i carpat, ocus in cétna carpat i tánic béus dano	“Chuaigh sé i gearbad agus an chéad charbad a ndeachaigh sé ann,	“He mounted the chariot, and the first chariot he mounted,
bocgais ocus bertnaigis imme co nderna minbruan ocus minscomairt de.	bhog sé agus bheartaigh sé uime go ndearna sé mionbhrúscar agus smidiríní de.	he shook and swayed around him and shattered it to pieces.
Luid issin carpat tánaise co nderna minbruan ocus minscomairt de fón cumma cétna.	Chuaigh sé san dara carbad agus rinne sé mionbhrúscar agus smidiríní de ar an gcuma chéanna.	He mounted the second chariot and shattered it to pieces in the same way.

Doringni minbruar don tres carput béus.	Rinne sé mionbhrúscar den treas carbad, fós.	He made fragments of the third chariot also.
Airm i mbáatar na sec[h]t carpait déc báatar oc frithálim na macraide ocus na maccaém ic Conchobur i nEmain,	Mar leis na seacht gcarbad déag a bhí ag friotháil ar an macra agus ar na macaoimh ag Conchobhar in Eamhain,	As for the seventeen chariots which Conchobor had in Emain to serve the youths and boys,
doringni in mac bec minbruan ocus minscomairt díb uile ocus níro fhulngetar dó.	rinne an mac beag mionbhrúscar agus smidiríní díobh uile agus níor fhulaing siad dó.	the little lad shattered them all to pieces and they withstood him not.
‘Nít maithe and na carpait so, a phopa Chonchobuir,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Ní maith na carbaid iad seo, a phopa, a Chonchobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘These chariots are not good, father Conchobor,’ said the little boy,
‘Ní tháet mo dingbáil-se díb-so.’	‘Ní thig mo dhiongbháilse díobh seo.’	‘none of these suits me.’
‘Cia airm i tá Ibar mac Rianganabra?’ ar Conchobor.	‘Cá háit a bhfuil Iobhar mac Rianganabhra?’ arsa Conchobhar.	‘Where is Ibar mac Rianganabra?’ asked Conchobor.
‘Sund ém,’ ar Ibar.	‘Anseo,’ arsa Iobhar.	‘Here,’ answered Ibar.
‘Geib lat mo dá ech féin [dó] [ <i>supplied from St</i> ] sút ocus inill mo charpat.’	‘Gabh leat mo dhá each féin agus gléas mo charbad dó siúd.’	‘Harness my own two horses for yon boy and yoke my chariot.’
Gebid iarum in t-ara in n-echraid ocus indliss in carpat.	Ghabh an t-ara na heachra ansin agus ghléas sé an carbad.	The charioteer *then* harnessed the horses and yoked the chariot.
Luid in mac bec ’sin carpat iarum.	Chuaigh an mac beag sa charbad ansin.	Then the little boy mounted the chariot.
Bocais in carpat imme ocus ro fhulngestar dó ocus níro briss.	Bhog sé an carbad uime agus d’fhulaing sé dó agus níor bhris sé.	He rocked the chariot around him and it withstood him and did not break.



‘Maith in carpat sa omm,’ ar in mac bec, ‘ocus iss ed and so mo charpat comadas.’”

‘Is maith an carbad é seo \*cinnte\*,’ arsa an mac beag, ‘agus is é seo mo charbad cúise.’”

‘This chariot is good indeed,’ said the little boy, ‘and it is my fitting chariot.’”

#### Section 4.17 (ll. 978-1022)

“‘Maith a meic bic,’ bar Ibar, ‘léic na eocho ara féргеilt ifechtsa.’

“‘Maith, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar, ‘lig na heich ar féarach anois.’

“‘Well, little boy,’ said Ibar, ‘let the horses go to their pasture now.’

‘Romoch sin béus, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec.

‘Tá sé róluath dó sin fós, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.

‘It is too soon yet, Ibar,’ said the little boy.

‘Tair round timchull na Emna indiu. Indiu mo chétlá-sa do gabáil arm, coro[b] búaid engnama dam.’

‘Tar liom timpeall na hEamhna inniu. Inniu mo chéad lása ag gabháil arm, go mba bua gaile dom é.’

‘Come on around Emain now for to-day is the first day I took arms, that it may be a triumph of valour for me.’

Táncatar fo thrí timchull na Emna.

Tháinig siad timpeall na hEamhna faoi thrí.

They drove thrice around Emain.

‘Léic na eocho ar féргеilt ifec[h]tsa, a meic bic,’ ar Ibar.

‘Lig na heich ar féarach anois a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar.

‘Let the horses go to their pasture now, little boy,’ said Ibar.

‘Romoch sin béus, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec.

‘Róluath dó sin fós, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.

‘It is too soon yet, Ibar,’ said the little boy.

‘Tair round ar co mbennachat in macrad dam-sa, indiu mo chétlá do gabáil arm.’

‘Tar linn go mbeannaí an macra domsa inniu mo chéad lá ag gabháil airm.’

‘Come on so that the boys may wish me well, for to-day is the first day I took arms.’

Lotar rempu don magin i mbáatar in macrad.

Chuaigh siad rompu don áit a raibh an macra.

They went forward to the place where the boys were.

‘Airm congab sú?’ ar cách.	‘An airm a ghabhann sé siúd?’ ar cách.	‘Is yon lad taking arms?’ they asked.
‘’S ed écin són.’	‘Is ea, cheana.’	‘Yes indeed.’
‘Rob do búaid ocus cé McGuine ocus choscur sin,  acht ba romoch lind congabais armu fo bíth do deligthi ruind ocna clessaib cluchi.’	‘Gura bua agus céadghoin agus coscar duit sin,  ach ba luath linn a ghabh tú airm mar scar tú linne ag na cluichí’	‘May it be for victory and slaughter of hundreds and triumph,  but we deem it too soon that you took arms because you part from us in our games.’
‘Ní scér-sa frib-si etir, acht do sheón congabsa [read congabus-sa; do gabus St] armu indiu.’	‘Ní scarfaidh mise libhse in aon chor ach is chun séin a ghabh mise airm inniu.’	‘I shall not part from you at all, but it is with a good omen I took arms today.’
‘Léic, a meic bic, na eoch ar féргеilt ifec[h]tsa,’ ar Ibar.	‘A mhic bhig, lig na heich ar féarach anois,’ arsa Iobhar.	‘Let the horses go to their pasture now, little boy,’ said Ibar.
‘Romoch sin béus, a Ibair,’ bar in mac bec.	‘Róluath dó sin fós, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘It is still too soon, Ibar,’ said the little boy.
‘Ocus in tsligi mór sa imthéit sechond, gia leth imthéit?’ ar in mac bec.	‘Agus an tslí *mhór* seo a ghabhann tharainn cén treo a dtéann sí?’ arsa an mac beag.	‘And this great road which goes past us, where does it lead?’ said the little boy.
‘Cid taí-siu di?’ ar Ibar.	‘Cad é sin duitse?’ arsa Iobhar.	‘Why do you bother about it?’ said Ibar.
‘Aile it fer saignéch-su atchíu, a meic bic,’ bar Ibar.	‘Aililiú, is fear doshásta tú, feicim, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar.	‘You are an importunate fellow, I see, little lad,’ said Ibar.
‘Maith lim, a maccáin, prímsligeda in chóicid d’iarfaigid.	‘Maith liom, a ghiolla, príomhshlite an chúige a fhriafraí.	‘I wish, fellow, to ask about the chief roads of the province.
Cia airet imthéit?’	Cén fad a théann sí?’	How far does it go?’

‘Téit co Áth na Foraíre i Sléib Fhúait,’ ar Ibar.	*Arsa Iobhar:* ‘Téann sé go hÁth na Foraíre i Sliabh Fuaid.’	‘It goes to Áth na Foraíre on Slíab Fúait,’ said Ibar.
‘Cid ’ma n-apar Áth na Foraíre fris in fetar-su?’	‘Cén fáth a dtugtar Áth na Foraíre air, an bhfeadair tú?’	‘Do you know why it is called Áth na Foraíre?’
‘Rafhetar-sa omm,’ bar Ibar.	‘Tá a fhios agam, go deimhin,’ arsa Iobhar.	‘I do indeed,’ said Ibar.
‘Daglách de Ultaib bis ic foraíre agus ic forcomét and	‘Dea-laoch d’Ultaigh a bhíonn ag foraíre agus ag forchoimhead ann	‘A goodly warrior of the Ulstermen is always there, keeping watch and ward
arná tiset óic nó echtranna i nUltu do fhúacra comraic forru,	i dtreo nach dtiocfadh óglaigh ná eachtrannaigh go hUlaidh ag fógairt troda orthu	so that no warriors or strangers come to Ulster to challenge them to battle
corop é in láech [sin] [ <i>supplied from St</i> ] conairr comrac dar cend in chóicid uli.	agus i dtreo gurbh é an laoch sin a chuirfeadh comhrac thar ceann an chúige uile:	and so that he may be the champion to give battle on behalf of the whole province.
Dá ndig dano áes dána fo dímaig a Ultaib agus assin chóiciud,	dá dtéadh aos dána faoi dhíomá ó Ultaigh as an gcúige	And if poets leave Ulstermen and the province unsatisfied,
corop é conairr séta agus maíne dar cend aenig in chóicid dóib.	gurbh é a thabharfadh seoda agus maoin thar ceann oinigh an chúige dóibh;	that he may be the one to give them treasures and valuables for the honour of the province.
Dá tí dano áes dána ’sin crích,	agus dá dtagadh aos dána isteach sa chríoch	If poets come into the land,
corop é in fer [sin] [ <i>supplied from St</i> ] bas chomhairge dóib co rrosset colbo Conchobuir,	gurbh é an fear sin ba choimirce dóibh go sroichfidís colbha Chonchobhair	that he may be the man who will be their surety until they reach Conchobor’s couch

corop siat a dúana-sain agus a dréachta gabtair ar tús i nEmain ar ríchtain.’

agus gurbh iad a ndánta agus a ndréchtaí is túsce a chanfaí in Eamhain ar a sroicheadh dóibh.’

and that their poems and songs may be the first to be recited in Emain on their arrival.’

‘In fetar-su cia fil icond áth sain indiu?’

‘An bhfeadair tú cé tá ag an áth inniu?’

‘Do you know who is at that ford to-day?’

‘Rofetar omm,’ bar Ibar.

‘Tá a fhios go deimhin,’ arsa Iobhar.

‘I do indeed,’ said Ibar.

‘Conall Cernach curata comramach mac Amargin,

‘Conall Cearnach, curata, athbhhuach mac Amhairghin,

‘Conall Cernach mac Amargin, the heroic and triumphant,

rí láech Hérend,’ bar Íbar.

rí-laoch na hÉireann,’ arsa Iobhar.

the finest of the warriors of Ireland,’ said Ibar.

‘Tó rouind duit-siu, a maccáin, ar co rísem in n-áth.’

‘Comáin leat romhainn, a ghiolla, go sroicheadh an t-áth.’

‘Go on, fellow, that we may reach the ford.’

Lotar rempu co dreich inn átha i mbaí Conall.

D’imigh siad leo go béala an átha mar a raibh Conall.

They drove forward in front of the ford where Conall was.

‘Airm congab sut?’ ar Conall.

‘An airm a ghabhann sé siúd?’ arsa Conall.

‘Is yon boy taking arms?’ asked Conall.

‘’S ed écin,’ bar Ibar.

‘Is ea, cheana,’ arsa Iobhar.

‘He is indeed,’ said Ibar.

‘Rop da búaid agus choscur agus céatguine sin,’ ar Conall,

‘Gura bua agus coscar agus céatghoin dó sin,’ arsa Conall,

‘May that be for victory and slaughter of hundreds and triumph,’ said Conall,

‘acht bad romoch lind ra gabais armu,

‘ach is róluath linn a ghabh tú airm

‘but we deem it too soon for you to take arms

dáig ar bíth nít ingníma-su béus

mar níl tú inghnímh fós,

because you are not yet fit for action

dámbad chomhairgi ricfad a less intí ticfad sund,	dá mba é do choimirce a theastódh ón té a thiocfadh anseo,	if he that should come hither needed protection,
ar badat slánchomhairgi-siu bar Ultaib uli n-óg	is tusa ba lánchoimirce thar ceann óglaoch uile Uladh	for you would be complete surety for all the Ulstermen,
ocus atréstaís maithi in chóicid rit báig.’	agus d’éireodh maithe an chúige ar do ghairm.’	and the nobles of the province would rise up at your summons.’
‘Cid dogní and sin, a phopa Chonaill?’ ar in mac bec.	‘Cad tá á dhéanamh ansin agat, a phopa, a Chonaill?’ arsa an mac beag.	‘What are you doing here, master Conall?’ said the little boy.
‘Foraire agus forcomét in chóicid sund, a meic bic,’ bar Conall.	‘Foraire agus forchoimhhead an chúige, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conall.	‘I am keeping watch and ward for the province here, lad,’ said Conall.
‘Eirgg-siu dot tig ifeachtsa, a phopa Conaill,’ ar in mac bec,	‘Éirighse abhaile anois, a phopa, a Chonaill,’ arsa an mac beag,	‘Go home now, master Conall,’ said the boy,
‘ocus no léicfe [ <i>sic</i> ] dam-sa foraire agus forcomét in chóicid do dénam sund.’	‘agus lig domsa foraire agus forchoimhhead an chúige a dhéanamh anseo.’	‘and let me keep watch for the province here.’
‘Nithó, a meic bic,’ ar Conall. ‘Nídat túalaing comrac ri degláech co se.’	‘Ní dhéanfaidh mé, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conall. ‘Níl tusa in achmainn troid le dea-laoch fós.’	‘Nay, little boy,’ said Conall. ‘You are not yet fit to meet a goodly warrior.’
‘Ragat-sa sechum fodes didiu,’ ar in mac bec,	‘Rachaidh mise liom ó dheas, mar sin,’ arsa an mac beag,	‘Then I shall meanwhile go on southwards’ said the boy,
‘co Fertais Locha Echtrand [Fertais Locha Echtra <b>LU, St</b> ] colléic dús in fagbaind mo láma do fhuligud for carait nó námait indiu.’	‘go Feartais Locha Eachtrann féachaint an bhfaighinn mo lámha a fhuiliú ar chara nó ar namhaid inniu.’	‘to Fertais Locha Echtrand to see if I might redden my hands in the blood of a friend or an enemy to-day.’

<p>‘Rag-sa a meic bic,’ ar Conall, ‘dot imdegail arná tiasair th’óenur [’s]in cochrích [isin choiccrích <b>St</b>].’</p> <p>‘Nithó,’ ar in mac bec.</p> <p>‘Rachat omm,’ bar Conall,</p> <p>‘dáig benfait Ulaid form do lécud th’óenur ’sin cochrích.’”</p>	<p>‘Rachaidh mise, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Conall, ‘do d’anacal, i dtreo nach rachaidh tú i d’aonar sa choigrích.’</p> <p>‘Ní rachaidh tú,’ arsa an mac beag.</p> <p>‘Rachaidh mé cinnte,’ arsa Conall, ‘mar casfaidh Ultaigh liom tú a ligean i d’aonar sa choigrích.’”</p>	<p>‘I shall go with you to protect you, lad,’ said Conall, ‘that you may not go alone to the marches.’</p> <p>‘Nay,’ said the boy.</p> <p>‘I shall indeed go with you,’ said Conall, ‘for the Ulstermen will censure me if I let you go alone to the marches.’”</p>
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**Section 4.18** (ll. 1023-1035)

<p>“Gabtair a eich do Chonall agus ro indled a charpat ocus dochúaid d’imdegail in meic bic. Ó rasiacht Conall ard fri aird fris, demin leis giano thachrad écht dó, ná lécfad Conall dó a dénam.</p>	<p>“Gabhadh a eich do Chonall agus gléasadh a charbad agus chuaigh sé d’anacal an mhic bhig. Nuair a tháinig Conall ucht ar ucht leis ba deimhin leis (<u>an mac beag</u>) dá dtarlódh éacht dó nach ligfeadh Conall dó é a dhéanamh.</p>	<p>“His horses are harnessed for Conall and his chariot yoked, and he went to protect the boy. When Conall came abreast of him, <u>the boy</u> was certain that if (<u>the chance of performing</u>) a great deed were to come his way, Conall would not let him do it.</p>
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Gebid lámchloich do lár thalman dárbo lán a glacc.	Thóg sé cloch a raibh lán a ghlaice inti den talamh.	He took from the ground a stone which filled his fist.
Focheird róut n-urchoir úad ar ammus cungi carpait Conaill coro bris cuing in charpait ar dó	Chaith sé urchar uaidh le cuing charbad Chonaill gur bhris cuing an charbaid ina dó,	He made a cast at the yoke of Conall's chariot and broke it in two
co torchair Conall trít go talmain co ndeachaid a máel asa gúalaind.	gur thit Conall tríd *go talamh* agus go ndeachaigh a ghualainn as alt.	so that Conall fell through <u>the chariot</u> on to the ground and his shoulder was dislocated.
‘Cid and so, a meic?’ ar Conall.	‘Cad é seo, a mhic?’ arsa Conall.	‘What is this, boy?’ said Conall.
‘Messi tarlaic dia fhis dús in díriuch m’urchor	‘Mise a chaith, féachaint an bhfuil m’urchar díreach	‘It was I who cast a shot to see if my marksmanship was straight
nó cinnas díbargim etir nó amm [= imba ( <i>Windisch</i> )] adbar gascedaig atamchomnaic [an adbar gaiscedaigh me <b>St</b> ].’	*nó conas a theilgim* nó an bhfuil ábhar gaiscígh ionam.’	and in what way I shoot, and to see if I am the makings of a good fighter.’
‘Neim ar th’urchur ocus neim fort féin.	‘Nimh go raibh ar t’urchar agus nimh ort féin;	‘A bane on your shot and a bane on yourself.
Cid do chend fácba lat námtiu ifesta,	má fhágann tú do cheann ag do naimhde feasta	Even if you leave your head with your enemies now,
nicon tías dot imdegail níba siriu.’	ní rachaidh mise do d’anacal a thuilleadh.’	I shall not go ( <u>with you</u> ) to guard you any more.’
‘‘S ed sin conattech-t-sa foraib,’ ar ésiuim,	‘Is é sin a d’iarr mise ort,’ ar seisean,	‘That is exactly what I asked you,’ said he,

‘dáig is geis dúib infar nUltaib techt dar éclind infar carptib.’ ‘mar is geas daoibhse in bhur nUltaigh dul thar éiglíocht in bhur gcarbaid.’ ‘for it is tabu for you Ulstermen to proceed on your way despite an insecure chariot.’

Tánic Conall fothúaid arís co Áth na Foraíre ar cúlu.” Tháinig Conall aneas arís ar gcúl go hÁth na Foraíre.” Conall came back again northwards to Áth na Foraíre.”

#### Section 4.19 (ll. 1036-1067)

“Imthúsa in meic bic dochúaid-se [*sic*] fodes co Fertais Locha Echtrand [Fertais Locha Echtra LU, St]. “Maidir leis an mac beag chuaigh sé ó dheas go Feartais Locha Eachtrann. “As for the little boy, he went south to Fertais Locha Echtrand.

Baí and co tánic deired dond ló. Bhí sé ansin go dtáinig deireadh an lae. He was there until the close of day.

‘Dá lammais a rád frit, a meic bic.’ ar Ibar, ‘Dá leomhfaimis é a rá leat, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar, ‘If we might venture to say so, little lad,’ said Ibar,

‘ropa mithig lind techt co hEmain ifechtsa, ‘ba mhithid dúinn dul go hEamhain feasta ‘we would deem it time to go now to Emain, dáig ro gabad dáil ocus raind ocus fodail i nEmain á chianaib mar tosaíodh ar dháileadh agus ar roinnt agus ar fhriotháil in Eamhain ó chianaibh for already for some time the serving of meat and drink and the sharing out has been made in Emain.

ocus fail inad urdalta lat-su and di cach lóu rodicfa bith eter dá choiss Conchobuir, agus tá ionad in áirithe duitse ann gach lá dá dtiocfaidh ort, a bheith idir dhá chois Chonchobhair, You have your appointed place there between Conchobor’s knees every day you come there



ocus ní fhail lim-sa acht bith eter eachlachu  
ocus oblóire tigi Conchobuir.

ach nííl agamsa ach a bheith i measc eachlach  
agus abhlóirí tí Chonchobhair.

while my place is merely among the  
messengers and jesters of Conchobor's  
household.

Mithig lim-sa techt do imscríp-gail friu.'

Mithid liomsa dul ag streachailt leo.'

I think it time for me to go and scramble for a  
place with them.'

'Geib lat dún ind echrád didiu.'

'Gabh na heich dúinn, más ea.'

'Then harness the horses for us.'

Gebid in t-ara in n-echraid ocus luid in mac  
issin carpat.

Ghléas an t-ara na heich agus chuaigh an mac  
sa charbad.

The charioteer harnesses the horses and the  
boy mounted the chariot.

'Aile a Ibair, gá tulach and in tulach sa thúas  
innossa?' ar in mac bec.

'Ó, a Iobhair, cén tulach é sin thuas \*anois\*?'  
arsa an mac beag.

'Well, Ibar, what mound is that mound up  
there now?' \*said the boy.\*

'Sliab Moduirm sin innossa,' ar Ibar.

'Sliabh Modhairn é sin anois,' arsa Iobhair.

'That is Slíab Moduirm \*now\*,' said Ibar.

'Ocus gia findcharn sút i mmullaig in  
tshlébe?'

'Agus cén fionncharn é sin i mullach an  
tsléibhe?'

'And what is that white cairn on the top of the  
mountain?'

'Findcharn dano Slébe Moduirm,' ar Ibar.

'Fionncharn Sléibhe Modhairn,' arsa Iobhair.

'That is Findcharn Slébe Moduirm,' said Ibar.

'Aile is aífbind in carn út,' ar in mac bec.

'Is aoibhinn an carn é siúd,' arsa an mac beag.

'Yon cairn is pleasant,' said the little boy.

'Óebind omm.' bar Ibar.

'Is aoibhinn, leoga,' arsa Iobar.

'It is pleasant indeed,' said Ibar.

'Tair roind, a maccáin, co rrísam in carn út.'

'Tar liom, a ghiolla, go sroichfimid an carn  
úd.'

'Come on, fellow, to that cairn.'

<p>‘Aile at fer saignesach-su lista [<i>read</i> saignesach-su .i. lista ? (As fer liosta tú <b>St</b>)] atchíu,’ for Ibar,</p>	<p>‘Aidhe, is fear saighneasach, liosta tú, feicim,’ arsa Iobhar,</p>	<p>‘Well, you are an importunate boy,’ said Ibar,</p>
<p>‘acht is é seo mo chétfhecht-sa lat-su.</p>	<p>‘ach is é seo mo chéad fheacht leatsa,</p>	<p>‘but this is my first expedition with you.</p>
<p>Bud é mo fhecht dédenach co brunni mbrátha mad dá ríus Emain óenfhec[h]t.’</p>	<p>is é m’fheacht deireanach go broinne brátha é má shroichim Eamhain choíche.’</p>	<p>It will be my last expedition for ever if once I reach Emain.’</p>
<p>Lotar co mullach na taulcha arái.</p>	<p>Chuaigh siad go mullach na tulaí, áfach.</p>	<p>However they went to the summit of the hill.</p>
<p>‘Maith and, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec, ‘tecoisc-siu dam-sa Ulaid ar cach leth</p>	<p>‘Maith é sin, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag, ‘taispeáinse domsa Ulaidh ar gach taobh,</p>	<p>‘Well now, Ibar,’ said the boy, ‘teach me (<u>all the places of</u>) Ulster on every side</p>
<p>dáig ním eólach-sa i crích mo phopa Conchobuir etir.’</p>	<p>mar nílimse eolach in aon chor ar chríoch mo phopa, Conchobhar.’</p>	<p>for I do not know my way at all about the territory of Conchobor.’</p>
<p>Tecoscis in gilla dó Ulaid ar cach leth úad.</p>	<p>Thaispeáin an giolla Ulaidh ar gach taobh dó.</p>	<p>The driver pointed out to him <u>all the places of</u> Ulster all around him.</p>
<p>Tecoiscis dó cnuicc ocus céti ocus tulcha in chóicid ar cach leth.</p>	<p>Thaispeáin sé dó cnoic agus céidí agus tulacha an chúige ar gach taobh.</p>	<p>He told him the names of the hills and plains and mounds of the province on every side.</p>
<p>Tecoscis dó maigi ocus dúne ocus dindgnai in chóicid.</p>	<p>Thaispeáin sé dó máanna agus dúnta agus daingin an chúige.</p>	<p>He pointed out the plains and strongholds and renowned places of the province.</p>
<p>‘Maith and sin, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec,</p>	<p>‘Maith é sin, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag,</p>	<p>‘Well now, Ibar,’ said the little boy,</p>

‘gia mag and in cúlach cernach ochrach  
glennach sa ruind aness?’

‘Mag mBreg,’ bar Ibar.

‘Tecoisc-siu dam-sa déntai ocus dindgnai in  
maige sin.’

Tecuscais in gilla dó Temair ocus Taltiu,  
Cleitech ocus Cnogba

ocus Brug Meic inn Óóc ocus Dún mac  
Nechtain Scéine.

‘Aile nach siat na meic Nechtain sin maídes  
nach mó fail ’na mbethaid d’Ultaib

andá a torchair leó-som díb?’

‘Siat ómm,’ bar in gilla.

‘Tair romuind co dún mac Nec[h]tain,’ ar in  
gilla bec.

‘Mairg atbir ón omm!’ bar Ibar.

‘cén mhá an mhá chúlach, chearnach,  
eochrach, ghleannach sin romhainn theas?’

‘Má Bhreagh,’ arsa Iobhar.

‘Taispeáin domsa dúnta agus daingin na má  
sin.’

Thaispeáin an giolla dó Teamhair agus Tailite,  
Cleiteach agus Cnodhbha

agus Brú Mhic an Óig agus Dún Mac  
Neachtain Scéine.

‘Á, nach iad na mic Neachtain sin a mhaíonn  
nach mó a bhfuil ina mbeatha d’Ultaigh

ná ar thit leosan díobh?’

‘Is iad, cheana,’ arsa an giolla.

‘Téanam linn go Dún Mac Neachtain,’ arsa an  
mac beag.

‘Mairg a deir sin, mhuisse!’ arsa Iobhar.

‘what plain is that to the south of us which is  
full of retreats and corners and nooks and  
glens?’

‘That is Mag mBreg,’ said Ibar.

‘Show me the buildings and renowned places  
of that plain.’

The driver showed him Temair and Taltiu,  
Cleitech and Cnogba,

and Brug Meic in Óc and the fortress of the  
sons of Nechta Scéine.

‘Are not these the sons of Nechta who boast  
that the number of Ulstermen alive is not  
greater

than the number of those Ulstermen who have  
fallen at their hands?’

‘They are indeed,’ said the driver.

‘Come on to the stronghold of the sons of  
Nechta,’ said the little lad.

‘Woe to him who says that!’ said Ibar.

‘Is fis dún conid mór in bert baísi a rád.	‘Tá a fhios againn gur mór an beart baoise é a rá.	‘We know that it is a very foolish thing to say that.
Gibé dig,’ bar Ibar, ‘níba missi.’	Pé duine a théann ann ní mise a rachaidh,’ *arsa Iobhar.*	Whoever goes there,’ said Ibar, ‘it will not be I.’
‘Ragaid do beo nó do marb,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Rachaidh do bheo nó do mharbh ann,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘You shall go there alive or dead,’ said the boy.
‘Is mo beo ragas fades,’ ar Ibar,	‘Is é mo bheo a rachaidh ó dheas,’ arsa Iobhar,	‘Alive I shall go south,’ said Ibar,
‘ocus mo marb fócebthar [faicfíther <b>St</b> ] icon dún rofetar .i. oc dún mac Nechtain.’”	‘agus mo mharbh a fhágfar ag an dún, tá a fhios agam, ag dún mac Neachtain.’”	‘but dead I know I shall be left at the stronghold of Nechta’s sons.’”

**Section 4.20** (ll. 1068-1081)

“Lotar rempo connice in dún	“D’imigh siad rompu go dtí an dún	“They went on to the stronghold
ocus tarmlaing in mac assin charput forind fhaitche [fhaichthe <i>MS.</i> ].	agus thuirling an mac as an gearbad ar an bhfaiche.	and the boy leapt from the chariot on to the green.
Amlaid boí faithchi [faichthi <i>MS.</i> ] in dúnaid	Is amhlaidh a bhí faiche an dúna	Thus was the green before the stronghold:
ocus corthi furri ocus id iarnaídi ’na thimchiull	agus coirthe uirthi agus iodh iarainn ina thimpeall	there was a pillar-stone on it and around the stone an iron ring,
ocus id niachais éside ocus ainm n-oguim ’na menoc.	agus iodh niachais ba ea í agus scríbhinn oghaim ina corr.	a ring of heroic deeds, with an ogam inscription on its peg.

Ocus is é ainm boí and:	Agus is í scríbhinn a bhí ann	And thus ran the inscription:
Gipé tísed in faidche, diamba gascedach,	ná cibé a thiocfadh ar an bhfaiche dá mba ghaiscíoch é	if any man came on that green and if he were a warrior bearing arms,
geis fair ar thecht dind faidchi cen chomrac n-óenfhir do fhúacra.	gur gheas dó imeacht den bhfaiche gan comhrac aonair a fhógairt.	it was tabu for him to leave the green without challenging to single combat.
Airlégais in mac bec in n-ainm ocus tuc a dá rigid ’mun coirthi,	Léigh an mac beag an scríbhinn agus chuir sé a dhá ghéag um an gcoirthe	The little boy read out the inscription and put his two arms around the stone,
mar boí in coirthi cona id.	mar a bhí, an coirthe agus an iodh.	that is, the stone and its ring,
Tarlaic sin linnid [ <i>second i subscr. (phrase om. St, isin linn H, isin linnidh P)</i> ] co toracht tond taris.	Chaith sé sa linn é agus chuaigh an t-uisce thairis.	and he pitched it into the pool and the water closed over it.
‘Andar lind,’ ar Ibar,	‘Samhlaíotar dom,’ arsa Iobhar,	‘It seems to us,’ said Ibar,
‘ní ferr sin ná a bith i fail i rraba,	‘nach ferr sin ná é a bheith mar a raibh sé	‘that that is no better than that it should remain where it was,
ocus rofetamar fogéba forin fhaidchi se aní ’coa táí iarair don chur sa	agus tá a fhios agam go bhfaighidh tú ar an bhfaiche seo an ní atá á iarraidh agat don chor seo,	and we know that you will find on this green what you are looking for now,
.i. airdena báis ocus éca ocus aideda.’	is é sin, airíona báis agus éaga agus oidhe.’	namely, symptoms of death and dissolution.’

‘Maith a Ibair, córaig fortcha in charpait agus a fortgemni dam coró thurthaind cotlud bicán.’	‘Anois, a Iobhair, cóirigh clúdach agus seithí an charbaid dom go ndéanfaidh mé greas codlata.’	‘Well now, Ibar, settle the coverings and rugs of the chariot for me that I may sleep for a little while.’
‘Mairg atbeir ón ám,’ ar in gilla,	‘Mairg a deir sin, mhuisse,’ arsa an giolla,	‘Woe to him who says that,’ said the driver,
‘dáig is crích bidbad so agus ní faidchi airurais.’	‘mar is críoch namhad í seo agus ní faiche auibhnis.’	‘for this is a land of enemies and not a green for pleasure.’
Córaigis in gilla fortcha in charpait agus a fortgemne.	Chóirigh an giolla clúdach an charbaid agus a sheithí.	The driver arranged the rugs and skin-coverings of the chariot.
Taurthais in gilla bec cotlud forind fhaidche.”	Chuaigh an giolla beag a chodladh ar an bhfaiche.”	The little boy fell asleep on the green.”

**Section 4.21** (ll. 1082-1111)

“And sain tánic mac do maccaib Nechtain forin faidchi .i. Fóill mac Nechtain.	“Ansin tháinig mac de mhic Neachtain ar an bhfaiche, is é sin, Fóill mac Neachtain.	“Then there came on to the green one of the sons of Nechta, Fóill mac Nechtain.
‘Ná scuir na eochu itir, a gillai,’ ar Fóill.	‘Ná scoir na heich in aon chor a ghiolla,’ arsa Fóill.	‘Do not unharness the horses *at all*, driver,’ said Fóill.
‘Ní triallaim itir,’ ar Ibar. ‘Atát a n-ési agus a n-aradna im láim béus.’	‘Nílim á dhéanamh sin *in aon chor*,’ arsa Iobhar, ‘tá a srianta agus a n-iallacha i mo láimh fós.’	‘I do not attempt it at all,’ said Ibar, ‘their traces and reins are still in my hand.’
‘Cóichi [ <i>sic for</i> cóichit] na eich sin etir?’ for Fóill.	‘Cé leis na heich sin in aon chor?’ arsa Fóill.	‘Whose are these horses *at all*?’ said Fóill.

‘Dá ech Conchobuir,’ ar in gilla, ‘na dá chendbricc.’	‘Dhá each Chonchobhair,’ arsa an giolla, ‘an dá cheannbhreac.’	‘Conchobor’s two horses,’ said the driver, ‘the two piebald-headed ones.’
‘‘S í sin aichni dobiur-sa forru. Ocus cid tuc na eocho sund co hor cochríchi?’	‘Is é sin an aithne a bheirim féin orthu, agus cad a thug na heich go hoirear coigríche?’	‘I recognise them as such, and what brought the horses here to the border of the marches?’
‘Máethmaccáem congab armu lind,’ ar in gilla.	‘Maothmhacaomh linn a ghabh airm,’ arsa an giolla.	‘A youthful lad of ours who took up arms,’ said the driver.
‘Tánic co hor cochríchi do thasselbad a delba.’	‘Tháinig sé go hoirear coigríche ag taispeáint a dheilbhe.’	‘He came to the edge of the marches to display his form.’
‘Nírop do búaid nó choscur ón,’ ar Fóill.	‘Nára bua ná coscar dó sin,’ arsa Fóill.	‘May that not be for victory or triumph,’ said Fóill.
‘Dia fessaind combad ingníma, is a marb ricfad fathúaid arís co hEmain ocus níbad a béo.’	‘Dá mba dhóigh liom go raibh sé inghnímh, is é a mharbh a rachadh ó thuaidh arís go hEamhain agus ní hé a bheo.’	‘Had I known that he was old enough to fight, his dead body would have returned north to Emain and he would not have returned alive.’
‘Ní ingníma omm,’ bar Ibar,	‘Níl sé inghnímh, mhuisse,’ arsa Iobhar,	‘He is not old enough to fight indeed,’ said Ibar,
‘ní comad[as] [comadhas St] gid a rád ris etir.	‘ach ní cóir sin a rá leis;	‘and it is not meet even to say so to him.
Isin tshechtmad bliadain arna breith don fail.’	sa seachtú mbliain tar éis a bhreithe atá sé.’	He is in ( <u>but</u> ) the seventh year from his birth.’
Conúargaib in mac bec a gnúis ó thalmain ocus tuc a láim dara gnúis	Thóg an mac beag a aghaidh ón talamh, chimil a lámh dá ghnúis	The little boy raised his head from the ground and passed his hand over his face,

ocus doringni rothmol corcarda de ó mulluch co talmain.	agus rinne rothnuall corcra de ó mhullach go talamh.	and he blushed crimson from head to foot.
‘Isam ingníma omm,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Táim inghnímh, cinnte,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘I am indeed capable of action,’ said the little boy.
‘Docho lim ná ’ráda duit nídat ingníma.’	‘Is fearr liom sin ná tú a rá nach raibh tú inghnímh.’	‘It pleases me better than that you should say that you are not.’
‘Bid docho duit acht condrísem forsind áth,	‘B’fhearr <u>fós</u> duit sinn a theagmháil le chéile ag an áth,	‘It will please you ( <u>still</u> ) better if only we meet on the ford,
acht eirg-siu ar cend t’arm	ach éirighse ar cheann d’arm	but go and fetch your weapons
dáig atchíu is midlachda tánac,	mar feicim gur mhílaochta a tháinig tú,	for I see that you have come in cowardly fashion, unarmed,
ar ní gonaim aradu nó echlacha nó aes cen armu.’	óir ní ghoinim araí ná eachlaigh ná daoine gan airm.’	and I do not wound charioteers or messengers or those unarmed.’
Bidcais in fer sain ar cend a airm.	Rith an fear sin d’iarraidh a arm.	The fellow hastened to fetch his weapon.
‘Cóir duit arechus dúin fris sút, a meic bic,’ ar Ibar.	‘Ba chóir duit bheith ar d’aire air siúd a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar.	‘It behoves you to act warily with yon man, little lad,’ said Ibar.
‘Ced ón écin?’ ar in mac bec.	‘Cén fáth sin?’ arsa an mac beag.	‘Why is that?’ said the boy.
‘Fóill mac Nechtain in fer atchí.	‘Fóill mac Neachtain a fheiceann tú.	‘The man you see is Fóill mac Nechtain.



Ní ngabat renna nó airm nó faebair itir.’	Ní ghoineann reanna ná airm ná faobhar é.’	No points nor weapons nor sharp edges harm him.’
‘Ní rum-sa is chóir duit-siu sain do rád, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Ní domsa is ceart duitse é sin a rá, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘Not to me should you say that, Ibar,’ said the boy.
‘Dobér-sa mo láim fón deil cliss dó	‘Cuirfidh mise mo lámh faoin deil chlis chuige,	‘I shall take in hand for him my <i>deil cliss</i> ,
.i. fón n-ubull n-athlegtha n-íarnaide,	is é sin, faoin úll athleáite iarainn	that is, the round ball of refined iron,
ocus tecéma i llaínd a scéith ocus i llaínd a étain	agus aimseoidh sé maol a scéithe agus maol a éadain	and it will land on the flat of his shield and the flat of his forehead
ocus béraid comthrom inn ubaill dá inchind tria chúladaig [ <i>sic for</i> triana chúladaib]	agus béarfaidh sé cóimhéid an úill dá inchinn trína chúl	and carry out through the back of his head a portion of brain equal to the iron ball,
co ndingne retherderg de fria chend anechtair	agus déanfaidh sé sruth dearg trína cheann isteach	and he will be holed like a sieve
combat léiri lésbaire aeóir triana chend.’	i dtreo go mba léir léaspaire na spéire trína cheann.’	so that the light of the air will be visible through his head.’
Tánic immach Fóill mac Nechtain.	Tháinig Fóill mac Neachtain amach.	Fóill mac Nechtain came forth.
Tuc-som a láim fón deil cliss dó	Thug seisean a lámh faoin deil chlis chuige	Cú Chulainn took in hand for him the <i>deil cliss</i> ,
ocus focheird róit n-urchair úad co tarla i llaínd a scéith ocus i llaínd a étain	agus chaith ró-urchar uaidh gur aimsigh sé i maol a scéithe agus i maol a éadain é	and hurled it so that it landed on the flat of his shield and the flat of his forehead

ocus berid comthrom inn ubaill dá inchind tria chúladaig [ <i>sic for</i> triana chúladaib]	agus rug cothrom an úill dá inchinn trína chúl	and took the ball's equivalent of his brains through the back of his head,
co nderna retherderg [ <i>rechderg MS.</i> ] de fria chend anechtair comba léir lésbairé aeóir triana chend,	go ndearna sruth dearg trína cheann isteach i dtreo gur léir léspaire na spéire trína cheann	and he was holed like a sieve so that the light of the air was visible through his head.
ocus tóacht-som a chend dia méde.”	agus bhain sé a cheann dá mhuineál.”	And Cú Chulainn struck off his head from his neck.”

**Section 4.22** (ll. 1112-1129)

“Táinic in mac tánaise immach arin faidchi, Túachall mac Nechtain.	“Tháinig an dara mac, Tuachall mac Nechtain, amach ar an bhfaiche.	“The second son, Túachall mac Nechtain, came forth on the green.
‘Aile atchíu commaídfide lat sain,’ ar Túachall.	‘A,’ arsa Tuachall, ‘feicim gur cúis mhaíte leat sin.’	‘I see you would boast of that deed,’ said Túachall.
‘Ní maídim limm chétus óenláech do marbad [dom marbad <i>MS.</i> , do t[h]uitim lem <b>St</b> ].’	‘Ní maíomh liom, go deimhin, aonlaoch a mharú.’	‘Indeed I think it no cause for boasting to slay one warrior.’
‘Ní maídfé-su ón afechtsa dáig dofaíthaisiu limm-sa.’	‘Ní mhaífidh tú feasta as, mar titfidh tú liomsa.’	‘You will not boast of that now, for you will fall by my hand.’
‘Tó duit-siu ar cend t’arm dáig is midlachda tánac.’	‘Éirighse ar cheann d’arm, mar is mílaochta a tháinig tú.’	‘Go and fetch your weapons for you have come in cowardly fashion, unarmed.’
Bidgais in fer sain ar cend a arm.	Phreab an fear sin d’iarraidh a arm.	The fellow hastened to fetch his weapons.

‘Cóir duit arechus dúin risiút, a meic bic,’ bar Ibar.	‘Ba chóir duit a bheith ar d’aire air siúd, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar.	‘You should have a care for yon fellow, little lad,’ said Ibar.
‘Cid són?’ ar in mec bec.	‘Cén fáth sin?’ arsa an mac beag.	‘Why so?’ said the boy.
‘Túachail mac Nechtain in fer atchí.	‘Tuachall mac Neachtain an fear sin a fheiceann tú.	‘The man you see is Túachall mac Nechtain.
Meni arrais din chébulli nó din chéturchur nó din chéttadall	Mura gcloíonn tú den chéad bhuille nó den chéad urchar nó den chéad teagmháil é,	Unless you get him with the first blow or the first cast or the first touch,
ní arrais etir chaidche	ní chloífidh tú in aon chor choíche é,	you will never do so,
a [ar <b>St</b> (= ara)] amansi oculus a [ar <b>St</b> (= ara)] airgigi non imrend im rennaib na n-arm.’	sceinneann sé chomh cliste agus chomh glic sin um reanna na n-arm.’	so skilfully and craftily does he move around the points of the weapons.’
‘Ní rim-sa is rátti sin, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Ní liomsa is ceart sin a rá, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘Not to me should that be said, Ibar,’ said the boy.
‘Dobér-sa mo láim fón manaís murnig Conchobuir, fón cruísig neme.	‘Cuirfidh mise mo lámh faoi mhanaois mhuirneach Chonchobhair, an chraoiseach nimhe.	‘I shall take in hand the great spear of Conchobor, the venomous lance.
Tecéma ’sin sciath ósa broind	Aimseoidh sé an sciath os cionn a uchta	It will land on the shield over his breast,
	agus tar éis a chroí a threaghdadh ina chliabh	and having pierced his heart,

<p>ocus brúifet tria asna a tháeib [<i>read</i> brúifid trí asna isin táeb; (brisfidh tri asna isin taob <b>St</b>) bas siriú úaim [<i>Cp. infra</i> coro brúí tri asna ‘sin táeb ba siriú úad]</p>	<p>brúifidh sé trí easna ar an taobh is sia uaim.</p>	<p>it will crush through a rib in the side that is farther from me.</p>
<p>ar tregdad a chridi ’na chliab.</p>		
<p>Bud aurchor deóraid sin ocus níba hicht urraid.</p>	<p>Urchar deoraí a bheidh ann agus ní béim urraidh.</p>	<p>It will be the cast of an outlaw not the blow of a freeman.</p>
<p>Níba teg legis nó othrais úaim-se dó co bruinne mbrátha.’</p>	<p>Ní bheidh teach leighis ná othrais uaimse aige go broinne brátha.’</p>	<p>From me he shall not get until the day of doom any place where he may be cured or tended.’</p>
<p>Táinic Túachall mac Nechtain immach arin faidchi</p>	<p>Tháinig Tuachall mac Neachtain amach ar an bhfaiche</p>	<p>Túachall mac Nechtain came out on the green,</p>
<p>ocus focheird in mac bec a láim fón manaís Conchobuir dó</p>	<p>agus chaith an mac beag manaois Chonchobhair as a láimh leis</p>	<p>and the boy threw Conchobor’s spear at him</p>
<p>ocus dorecgmaing ’sin sciath ósa broind</p>	<p>agus d’aimsigh an sciath os a ucht</p>	<p>and it went through the shield over his breast</p>
<p>[ocus] [ocus <i>expunged after</i> broind <i>MS.</i>; ocus <b>St</b>] brúis trí asna isin taib ba siriú úad [bruis sin asna ina thaib ba siriú úad <i>MS.</i>; brisis tri asna isin taobh ba siriú uadh <b>St</b>]</p>	<p>agus bhrúigh sé trí easna sa taobh ba shia uaidh</p>	<p>and crushed through a rib in the side farther from Cú Chulainn</p>
<p>ar tregdad a chridi ’na chliab.</p>	<p>tar éis an croí ina chliabh a threaghdadh.</p>	<p>after piercing his heart in his chest.</p>

Benaid-sium a chend [de] [*om. MS., supplied from St*] riasiu sessed dochum talman.”

Bhain seisean a cheann de sular shroich sé an talamh.”

Cú Chulainn struck off his head before it reached the ground.”

#### Section 4.23 (ll. 1130-1145)

“And sin tánic immach sósar na clainde forsin faidche .i. Faindle mac Nechtain.

“Ansin tháinig sóisear na clainne, Fainnle mac Nechtain amach ar an bhfaiche.

“Then came forth the youngest of the sons, Faindle mac Nechtain, on to the green.

‘Is báeth in lucht condránic frit and sin,’ ar Fandle.

‘Is baoth an drong a theagmhaigh anseo leat,’ arsa Fainnle.

\*Said Faindle:\* ‘Foolish were they who fought with you here.’

‘Cid ón?’ ar in mac beag.

‘Conas sin?’ arsa an mac beag.

‘Why is that?’ said the boy.

‘Tair sechut síis arin lind bail ná ró do choss lár.’

‘Tar uait síos sa linn, áit nach scroichfidh do chos talamh.’

‘Come away down to the pool where your foot will not touch bottom.’

Bidgais Fandle reme forin lind.

Rith Fainnle roimhe go dtí an linn.

Faindle hastened on to the pool.

‘Cóir duit arechus dúin risiút, a meic bic,’ bar Ibar.

‘Ba chóir duit a bheith aireach air siúd, a mhic bhig,’ arsa Iobhar.

‘You should have a care for yon fellow, little lad,’ said Ibar.

‘Cid ón écin?’ ar in mac beag.

‘Cad ina thaobh sin?’ arsa an mac beag.

‘Why so?’ said the boy.

‘Fandle mac Nechtain in fer atchí.

‘Fainnle mac Nechtain an fear sin a fheiceann tú.

‘The man you see is Faindle mac Nechtain,

Is de dia tá in t-ainm fair, mar fhandaill nó mar íaraind imthéit muir.

Is de atá an t-ainm sin air go dtéann sé thar muir ar nós fainnle nó mar iora.

and he is so called because he travels over water like a swallow or squirrel.

Ní chungat snámaigi in talman ní dó.’	Níl breith ag snámhaithe an domhain air.’	The swimmers of the world cannot cope with him.’
‘Ní rim-sa is chóir sin do rád, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec.	‘Ní liomsa is cóir duit sin a rá, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.	‘Not to me should that be said, Ibar,’ said the boy.
‘S aichnid duit-siu ind aband fil ocuind i nEmain, Kalland [.i. Callann a hainm <b>St</b> ].	‘Is eol duitse Callann, an abhainn atá againn in Eamhain.	‘You know our river Calland in Emain.
Tráth nos immet in macrad do chlessaib cluchi furri ocus úair nach foísam in lind,	Nuair a ghabhann an macra ina timpeall ag imirt cluichí uirthi nuair nach sábháilte an linn	When the youths surround it to play their games on it and when the pool is not safe,
berim-se maccaém cehtar mo dá dernand tarsi and sin ocus maccaém cehtar mo dá gúaland,	tugaimse macaomh ar gach dearnain liom tháirsti ansin agus macaomh ar gach gualainn	*then* I carry a boy over it on each of my two palms and a boy on each of my two shoulders,
ocus ní fhliuchaim fadesin gid mo adbrunnu fóthu.’	agus ní fhliuchaim féin fiú m’ailt fúthu.’	and I myself do not wet even my ankles as I carry them.’
Condránic dóib forind lind ocus furmid in mac bec a rigthi tharis	Theagmhaigh siad le chéile sa linn agus chuir an mac beag a ghéaga uime	They met upon the water and the boy clasped his arms around <u>Faindle</u>
co tarla in muir aird fri aird fris	go dtáinig an t-uisce ar aon airde leis;	( <u>and held him</u> ) until the water came up flush with him,
ocus dobretha tathulbéim do chlaidiub Conchobuir dó	thug sé mearbhuille dó de chlaíomh Chonchobhair	and he dealt him a violent blow with Conchobor’s sword
ocus tópatcht a chend dá médiu.	agus bhain a cheann dá mhuineál.	and struck his head from his trunk,

Ocus léicis in colaind lasin sruth ocus  
dobretha a cend leis.”

Lig sé an cholann leis an sruth agus thug sé  
leis an ceann.”

letting the body go with the current and taking  
with him the head.”

**Section 4.24** (ll. 1146-1148)

“Lotar isin dún iar tain ocus ra airg[set] [airg-  
*end of line, hyphen denoting accidental  
omission*; ro airgsit **St**] in cathraig

“Chuaigh siad isteach sa dún ansin; chreach  
siad an chathair

“Then they went into the stronghold and  
pillaged the fort

ocus ra loiscset connárbdar airdiu a déntai  
andát a immélaig.

agus loisc i dtreo nárbh airde a dúnta ná a  
himbhallaí.

and fired it so that its buildings were level  
with its outer walls.

Ocus imsóiset rempu i Slíab Fúait

Agus d’iompaigh siad ar Shliabh Fuaid

They turned about on their way to Slíab Fúait

ocus dobrethsat trí cind mac Nechtain leo.”

agus thug siad cinn triúr mhac Neachtain leo.”

and took with them the three heads of the sons  
of Nechta.”

**Section 4.25** (ll. 1149-1156)

“Confaccatar in n-alma do aigib alta rempu.

“Chonaic siad an tréad d’fhianna allta rompu.

“They saw in front of them a herd of wild  
deer.

‘Cóchit na innili imda imdíscire [imdaiscaire  
*MS. infl. of preceding word*; imdisgire **St**], a  
Ibair?’ ar in mac bec.

‘Cad iad na beithígh iomadúla \*fraochta\* sin,  
a Iobhair?’ arsa an mac beag.

‘What are these numerous fierce cattle, Ibar?’  
said the boy.

‘Pettai sút nó inn aigi chena?’

‘Cé acu peataí iad siúd nó fianna allta?’

‘Are they tame or are they deer?’

‘Aige chena omm,’ bar Ibar.	‘Fianna, cinnte,’ arsa Iobhar,	‘They are deer indeed,’ said Ibar.
‘Almai d’aigib alta sain bít i ndiamraib Sléibi Fúait.’	‘tréada d’fhianna allta iad sin a bhíonn i ndiamhra Sléibhe Fuaid.’	‘That is a herd of wild deer which frequent the recesses of Slíab Fúait.’
‘Saig brot dún forsin n-echraid dús ar co nn-ársimmís [ <i>omit</i> dús (da fhios in ngepmaois <b>St</b> )] ní díb.’	‘Sáigh brod sna heich dúinn féachaint an sáróimis cuid acu.’	‘Ply the goad on the horses for us, that we may catch some of them.’
Saigis in t-ara brot forin n-echraid.	Sháigh an t-ara brod sna heich.	The charioteer plied the goad on the horses.
Ní chaemnactar eich roremra ind ríig in damrad do chomaitecht.	Níor fhéad eich ró-ramhra an rí coimeád suas leis na daimh.	The king’s fat horses could not keep up with the deer.
Luid in mac bec assin charput ocus gebis dá n-ag lúatha látiri díb.	Chuaigh an mac beag as an gcarbhad agus rug ar dhá dhamh luatha, láidre díobh.	The boy dismounted and caught two swift, strong stags.
Cenglais d’fhertsib ocus d’[fh]ithisib ocus d’iallaib in charpait.”	Cheangail sé d’fearsaidí agus de théada agus d’iallacha an charbaid iad.”	He tied them to the shafts and ropes and thongs of the chariot.”
<b>Section 4.26</b> (ll. 1157-1176)		
“Lotar rempu co forodmag na hEmna co ‘mafacatar in n-elta do gésib gela seccu.	“D’imigh siad leo go tulach na hEamhna agus chonaic siad scata d’ealaí bána tharstu.	“They went forward to the mound of Emain. They saw a flock of white swans fly past them.
‘Cóichi [ <i>sic, for</i> cóichit] and na eóin sin, a Ibair?’ ar in mac bec.	‘Cad iad na héin iad sin, a Iobhair?’ arsa an mac beag.	‘What kind of birds are those, Ibar?’ said the boy.



‘Indat pettai sút nó indat eóin chena?’	‘Cé acu peataí iad nó gnáthéin?’	‘Are they tame or just birds?’
‘Eóin chena omm,’ bar Ibar.	‘Éin go deimhin, mhuisse,’ arsa Iobhar,	‘Just birds *indeed*,’ said Ibar.
‘Elta do gésib sin	‘ealta d’ealaí iad sin	‘They are a flock of swans
tecait di chlochaib agus carrgib agus ailénaib in mara móir immuich	a thagann de chlocha agus de charraigeacha agus d’oileáin na mara móire amuigh	which come in from the crags and rocks and islands of the ocean
do geilt for maigib agus rédib Hérend.’	le hinnilt ar mhachairí agus ar réite na hÉireann.’	to feed on the plains and level spots of Ireland.’
‘Cia bad irdarcu a mbeó sút do rochtain Emna nó a mmarb, a Ibair?’ ar in mac bec.	‘Cé acu ab iontaí, a Iobhair, a mbeo siúd a shroicheadh Eamhna nó a marbh?’ *arsa an mac beag.*	‘Which would be the more wonderful, to bring them alive to Emain or to bring them dead, Ibar?’ said the boy.
‘Airdarcu a mbeó omm,’ bar Ibar,	‘B’iontaí a mbeo cinnte,’ arsa Iobhar,	‘More wonderful indeed to bring them alive,’ said Ibar,
‘dáig ní cách conairg na eóin beó do gabáil.’	‘mar ní gach aon duine a fhéadann na héin bheo a ghabháil.’	‘for not everyone can catch the living birds.’
And sain dobretha in mac ceird mbic forru.	Ansin scaoil an mac cloch bheag fúthu.	Then the boy cast a small stone at them.
Fostaid ocht n-eóno díb.	Stop sé ocht n-éan díobh.	He brought down eight of the birds.
Ocus dobretha ceird máir iar sain agus fastaid sé eóin déc díb.	Agus scaoil sé cloch mhór ansin gur stop sé cinn déag acu.	Then he cast a big stone and brought down sixteen of the birds.

Cenglais do fhertsib ocus d'fhithisib ocus iallaib ocus d'fholomnaib ocus tétaib in c[h]arpait. [*this sentence misplaced. To be read at end of par. as in LU, St*]

‘Tuc lat na eónu, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec.

‘Tú-sa i ndulig,’ ar Ibar.

‘Cid són écin?’ ar in mac bec.

‘Fail a mórabba dam.

Dianom glúasiur itir assin magin i tú, nom thescfat roith iarnaide in charpait

[re] [*om. MS., supplied from St*] feramla ocus fertsigi ocus fortressi céimmi inna hechraide.

Dánam luur itir dano, nom thollfat ocus nom thregtaifet benna na n-aigi.’

‘Aile nít firlaec[h]-su béus, a Ibair,’ ar in mac bec [*iarum MS., reading supplied from St*] ,

‘dáig in fégad fégfat-sa forna echaib,

‘Tabhair leat na héin, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag.

‘Táimse i bponc,’ arsa Iobhar.

‘Cad é féin?’ arsa an mac beag.

‘Tá a mhórabhar agam.

Má ghluaisim in aon chor ar an áit ina bhfuilim, teascaidh rotha iarainn an charbaid mé

leis an neart agus leis an bhfuinneamh agus leis an lonnluas atá faoi na heich.

Má chorráim in aon chor tollfaidh agus ropfaidh beanna na bhfianna mé.’

‘A, ní fíorlaoch tusa fós, a Iobhair,’ arsa an mac beag,

‘mar leis an bhféachaint a thabharfaidh mise ar na heich

‘Bring hither the birds, Ibar,’ said the boy.

‘I am in a predicament,’ said Ibar.

‘How is that?’ said the boy.

‘I have good reason to say so.

If I move \*at all\* from where I am, the iron wheels of the chariot will cut me down,

so fierce and so powerful (?) and so strong is the pace of the horses.

If I stir at all, the stags’ antlers will pierce and gore me.’

‘Ah, no true warrior are you \*yet\*, Ibar,’ said the boy,

‘for with the look that I shall give the horses,

ní ragat assa certimthecht.	ní rachaidh siad as a gceartimeacht.	they will not break their straight course,
In tincud tincfat forsna haigib,	An fhéachaint a thabharfaidh mé ar na daimh	and with the look that I shall give the deer,
cromfait a cinnu ar m'ecla agus ar m'úamain,	<u>agus</u> cromfaidh siad a gcinn le heagla agus le huamhan romham	they will bow their heads in awe and fear of me,
ocus fó duit-siu gid dia mbendaib no chingthe [chingthé <i>MS.</i> ].’	agus is cuma duitse fiú más ar a mbeanna a shiúlann tú.’	and it will not matter to you even if you stepped across their antlers.’
[ <i>See footnote supra</i> ] Cenglais do fhertsib agus d’fhithisib agus iallaib agus d’fholomnaib agus tétaib in c[h]arpait.”	Cheangail sé na héin d’fhearsaidí agus d’éise agus d’iallacha agus de chordaí agus de théada an charbaid.”	<u>Then (Ibar)</u> tied the birds to the shafts and cords and thongs and strings and ropes of the chariot.”

**Section 4.27** (ll. 1177-1207)

“Lotar rempo co ráncatar Emain.	“D’imigh siad rompu gur shroich siad Eamhain.	“They went forward and came to Emain.
Is and sin rathaigis in Leborcham íat.	Is ansin a thug Leabharcham faoi deara iad.	Then Leborcham perceived them.
Ingen-saide Aí agus Adairce.	Iníon Aoi agus Adairce ba ea í sin.	She was the daughter of Aí and Adarc.
‘Óencharptech sund,’ for Leborcham, ‘ocus is úathmar thic.	‘Aon chairbtheach chugainn,’ arsa Leabharcham, ‘agus is uafar mar a thagann.	‘A single chariot-warrior is here,’ said Leborcham, ‘and terribly he comes.
Cind a bidbad fordergga ’sin charput aice.	Cinn fhordearga a namhad sa charbad aige;	He has in the chariot the bloody heads of his enemies.

Eoin áille óengela ic imuarad aice 'sin charput.	éin áille ghléigeala ag foluain aige os a charbad;	There are beautiful, pure-white birds held (?) by him in the chariot.
Aige altamla anríata i cengul oculus charpull oculus chuibrech oculus charcair aice.	fianna allta, fiáine i gceangal crapailte, cuibhrithe carcair aige	He has wild, untamed deer bound and tied and fettered.
Oculus meni frithálter innocht é, dosfaíthsat óic Uladh leis.'	agus mura bhfriotháiltear anocht é titfidh óglaigh Uladh leis.'	If he be not met tonight, the warriors of Ulster will fall at his hand.'
'Rodafetammar in carptech sin,' ar Conchobor,	'Is aithnid dúinn an cairbtheach sin,' arsa Conchobhar,	'We know that chariot-warrior,' said Conchobor.
'in gilla bec, mac mo shethar,	'an giolla beag, mac mo dhearféar,	'It is the little boy, my sister's son,
dochóid co hor cocríche, ro derg a láma,	a chuaigh go teorainn choigríche, a dheargaigh a lámh	who went to the marches and shed blood there,
oculus ní doíthanach comraic,	agus níl sé dóthanach den chomhrac	but he has not had his fill of combat,
oculus meni frithálter dano, dofaíthsat óic Emna uili leis.'	agus mura bhfriotháiltear air titfidh óglaigh uile na hEamhna leis.'	and if he be not met, all the warriors of Emain will fall by his hand.'
Oculus ba sed in chomairle ra cruthaiged leó	Agus ba é an chomhairle ar ar chinn siad,	And the plan they devised was this:
in bantocht da lécud immach do shaigid in meic .i. trí cóicait ban	an bhantracht a ligean amach d'ionsaí an mhic, trí chaoga ban	to send the women-folk out to meet the boy, thrice fifty women,
.i. deich mnáa oculus secht fichit díscir derglomnocht i n-óenfhecht uili	.i. deichniúr ban agus seacht bhfichid, go tobann, dearg lomnocht uile in éineacht	that is, ten and seven score women, all stark naked,

ocus a mbantóesech rempo, Scandlach, do thócbáil a nnochta agus a nnáire dó.	agus Seannlach, a mbantaoiseach rompu ag taispeáint a lomnochtachta agus a náire dó.	led by their chieftainess, Scannlach, to expose all their nakedness and shame to him.
Táncatar immach in banmaccrad uile agus túargbatar a nnochta agus a nnáire uile dó.	Tháinig an bhantracht uile amach agus thaispeáin siad a nochtacht agus a náire dó.	All the young women came forth and discovered all their nakedness and shame to him.
Foilgid in mac a gnúis forru ocus dobretha a dreich frisin carpat arná acced nochta nó náire na mban.	Chlúdaigh an mac a ghnúis orthu agus d'iompaigh sé a aghaidh leis an gcarbad chun nach bhfeicfeadh sé nochtacht ná náire na mban.	The boy hid his face from them and laid his countenance against the chariot that he might not see the women's nakedness.
And sain ro irgabad in mac bec isin charput.	Ansin tógadh an mac beag as an gcarbad.	Then the boy was lifted out of the chariot.
Tucad i trí dabchaib úaruscib é do díbdud a fherge.	Cuireadh i dtrí dhabhach d'fhuaruisce (i <u>ndiaidh a chéile</u> ) é lena fhearg a dhíobhadh.	He was placed in three vats of cold water to quench the ardour of his wrath.
Ocus in chétna dabach i tucad in mac bec, ro díscáil dá cláraib agus dá circlaib amal chnómaidm imbi.	An chéad dabhach inar cuireadh an mac beag dhíoscaoil a cláracha agus a fonsaí faoi mar a phléascfadh *blaosc cnó* uirthi.	The first vat into which the boy was put burst its staves and hoops like the breaking of a nutshell about him.
In dabach tánaise configfed durnu di.	Sa dara dabhach d'fhiuchadh an t-uisce airde doirn.	As for the second vat, the water would seethe several hand-breadths high in it.

In tres dabach fer fos foilnged ocus fer ní foilnged etir.	Sa treas dabhach fear amháin a d'fhulaingeodh é ( <u>an teas</u> ) agus fear eile nach bhfulaingeodh in aon chor é.	As for the third vat, ( <u>the water grew hot in it so that</u> ) one man might endure it while another would not.
And sain [tíagait] fergga [teid fercc <b>St</b> ] in meic for cúlu	Ansin chuaigh fearg an mhic ar gcúl	Thereupon the boy's wrath abated,
ocus conácbad [ <i>read co ngabad, omitting ocus</i> ] a thimthach immi [ocus do cuireadh a edach aonaigh uime <b>St</b> ; do gabad faedaran [ <i>sic leg.</i> ] gormchorcra uime <b>Rec. III</b> ].	agus cuireadh a éadaí uime.	and his garments were put [ <i>following St</i> ] on him.
Táncatar a delba dó	Tháinig a dheilbh dó	His comely appearance was restored,
ocus doringni rothmól corcra de ó mullach co talmain.	agus rinne rothmhol corcra de ó mhullach go talamh.	and he blushed crimson from head to foot.
Secht meóir cechtar a dá choss ocus secht meóir cechtar a dá lám,	Bhí seacht méar ar gach ceann dá dhá chois agus seacht méar ar gach ceann dá dhá láimh;	He had seven toes on each of his feet and seven fingers on each of his hands.
ocus secht meic imlessan cechtar a dá rírosc iarum	seacht mac imleasain i gceachtar a dhá rírosc	He had seven pupils in each of his royal eyes
ocus secht ngeamma de ruthin ruisc fo leith cech mac imlesan díb.	agus seacht ngeama ag spréacharnaigh i ngach mac imleasain acu.	and seven gems sparkling in each pupil.
Cethri tibri cechtar a dá grúad: tibri gorm, tibri corcra, tibri úane, tibri buide.	Bhí ceithre thibhre i gceachtar a dhá ghrua, tибhre ghorm, tибhre chorcra, tибhre uaine agus tибhre bhuí.	Four dimples in each cheek, a blue dimple, a purple, a green, and a yellow.

Coíca urla fégbuide ón chluais go 'cheile dó	Bhí caoga urla glébhúí	Fifty tresses of hair he had between one ear and the other, bright yellow
amal chír mbethi nó amal bretnasa bánóir fri taul ngréne.	ar nós chíor bheiche nó amhail bróiste bánóir faoi lonradh gréine, ó chluais go chéile air.	like the top of a birch-tree or like brooches of pale gold shining in the sun.
Máel glé find fair mar bó ataslilad.	Bhí mullach glé fionn air mar a bheadh bó i ndiaidh a lí.	He had a high crest of hair, bright, fair, as if a cow had licked it.
Brat úanide imme, delg n-argait indi [ <i>sic</i> ]. Léni órshnáith immi.	Bhí brat uaine uime agus dealg airgid ann agus léine d'órshnáith.	He wore a green mantle in which was a silver pin, and a tunic of thread of gold.
Ocus ra sudiged in mac eter dá choiss Conchobuir ocus ro gab in rí ic slíachtad a maíle.”	Suíodh an mac idir dhá chois Chonchobhair agus chrom an rí ar a mhullach a shlíocadh.”	The boy was placed between Conchobor's knees and the king began to stroke his hair.”

**Section 4.28** (ll. 1208-1213)

“Mac bec doringni na gníma sin i cind a shecht mbliadan arna breith,

barroscart na curaid ocus na cathmílíd ris torcratar dá trian fer nUlad

ocus ná fúaratar a dígail forro ná co n-érracht in gein sin chucu,

nocorb éicen machtad nó ingantus de giano thised co hor críche,

gana marbad fer nó dís nó triur nó chethrur

in aim inat shlána secht mbliadna déc [de] for Táin Bó Cúailnge.”

“Mac beag a rinne na gníomhartha sin i gcionn seacht mbliana tar éis a bhreithe,

a sháraigh na curaidh agus na cathmhílí lena raibh dhá dtrian d’fhir Uladh tar éis titim

agus nach bhfuair siad díoltas orthu go dtí gur éirigh an ghin sin chucu,

níor ghá alltacht ná iontas a dhéanamh de dá dtagadh sé go hoirear críche

agus dá maródh sé fear, nó dís, nó triúr, nó ceathrar

nuair a bhí a sheacht mbliana déag slán aige, ar Táin Bó Cuailgne.”

“A little lad who did those deeds when he was seven years old,

who overcame the champions and warriors by whom two thirds of the men of Ulster had fallen

and had been unavenged until this boy arose,

there were no need to wonder or marvel that he should come to the marches

and kill one man or two or three or four

when his seventeen years were completed at the time of the Cattle-raid of Cúailnge.”



**Section 4.29** (ll. 1214-1216)

Conid innisin do macgnímaib Con Culaind sin  
for Táin Bó Cúailnge,

ocus remthús in sceóil

ocus na sliged ocus imthechta in tshluaig a  
Crúachain

connici sin.

Insint é sin ar mhacghníomhartha Chon  
Chulainn ar Táin Bó Cuailnge

maille le réamhthús an scéil

agus na slí agus imeachtaí an tslua ó  
Chruachain

go nuige sin.

Thus far

then is some account of the youthful deeds of  
Cú Chulainn on the Cattle-raid of Cúailnge,

together with the prologue of the tale

and an account of the route and march of the  
host out of Crúachu.

**Section 4.30** (l. 1217)

In scél fodessin is ní and fodechta.

An scéal féin is ní dúinn anseo feasta.

The story proper is what follows now.