

Tochmarc Ferbe

The courtship of Ferb

Note to the reader

While Windisch's edition in this presentation is based on the version of the saga in MS 1339 (the Book of Leinster (**LL**)), in his footnotes he makes reference to the Facsimile [**Facs.**] of the Book of Leinster and to the version of the saga in MS Egerton 1782 [**Eg.**]. In this presentation, his footnotes are incorporated into the text of his edition between square brackets []. On pages 72-145 of his translation, Leahy provides literal translations of the poems in the text, in addition to the verse translations in the body of his translation. In this presentation, these literal translations are used rather than the verse translations.

Excerpt from Leahy's Introduction:

"In the tale of 'The Courtship of Ferb,' we hear that the son of Maev and her husband Alill, was a youth called Mani, usually known by the name of Mani More or Mani the tall, who surpassed in beauty and skill all the young men in Connacht of his time. At the opening of the tale, it was told how Mani desired to wed Ferb, the fair daughter of Gerg, who was the chief of Glenn Geirg, and dwelt at Rath Ini within the domains of the neighbouring kingdom of Ulster, whose king at that time was Conor, the son of Nessa. A magnificently equipped party was prepared by Maev and Alill to accompany their son to the wedding; it consisted of a hundred and fifty young warriors of Connacht, divided into three troops of fifty each. The appearance of these three troops was described in the tale, but in the manuscript account which we have of 'The Courtship of Ferb,' the first few pages are missing, so that the story commences abruptly in the middle of the account of the equipment of the second of the troops. As only a small part of the account of this second troop remains, and no part of the description of the first troop, the present translation commences with the account of the third; which we can see, from the fragment which we have of the first part of the story, was by far the most magnificent of the three."

Section 1

... airgit oengil friu.	*... airgid aongheal leo.	*... of all-bright silver with them.
Léinti bangela co n-esnadaib corcraib iar(na) toeabaib impu.	Léinte bángheala go n- <u>imdhéanamh</u> corcra iar (na) taobhanna umpu.	Fair white shirts, with purple embroidery on the edges.
Sceith orbuide co m-bilib argit oengil for a munib, co feth(l)aib *ocus* condualaib	Sciatha órbhuí go mbilí airgid aongil ar a muiní, go bhfeathail [agus] <u>scoilb</u>	yellow-gold shields, with radiant silver rims, on their backs, with insignia and scallops *on the shields*,
ocus co n-imlib finddruini roaltnidib.	agus go n-imill fhiondruine <u>cearbha</u> .	and with razor-sharp bronze edges.
Claidib debennacha mora co n-eltaib dét co n-imduirnib airgididib for a cressaib.	Claimhte dé-bheannacha móra go <u>ndornchlúideanna</u> déid go <u>ndornchlaí</u> airgid ar a gcriosanna.	Great, double-pointed swords, with cross-guards of ivory, with silver hilts, on their belts.
Da maelgai illaim cech fhir díb co semmannaib argait.	Dhá mhaolgha i lámh gach fhir díobh go seammanna airgid.	Two blunt-headed spears in the hand of each man among them, with rivets of silver.
Bái dana torachta di ór forloiscthi im cech n-gai dib.	Bhí, <u>iomorra</u> , <u>tacáí</u> d'ór forloiscthe i ngach ga díobh.	There were, moreover, supports of refined gold in each spear of them.
Ni bátar assai imma cossaib na celbair imma cennaib.	Ní raibh asa um a gcosa ná <u>cafairr</u> um a gcinn.*	There were not shoes on their feet, nor helmets on their heads.*

Section 2

In tres buiden dana

.i. in buiden i m-bai Mani fodein.

Coica ech dergdond seta sithméti inti,

ocus coica ech find n-óiderg,

it é scuaplebra iarna rusiud i corcair uile, .i. a scópa ocus a monga.

Sréin delinecha friu,

.i. bolga dergóir isindara liniu

ocus bolga airgit oengil isin líne aile.

Belgi óir ocus argit friu uile.

Maelchircul óir co clucinib

fo bragit cech eich díb.

An treas buíon, mar sin

..i. an bhuíon ina raibh Maine féin:

caoga each deargdonn leabhaire sithmhéide inti,

agus caoga each fionn le cluasa dearga.

Et iad scuableabhra iarna ndeargadh i gcorcair uile .i. a scuaba agus a monga.

Sréin délíneacha leo:

bolga dergóir sa dara líne

agus bolga airgid aonghil sa líne eile.

Béalbhach óir agus airgid orthu uile.

Maolchiorcal óir go cloigíní

faoi bhráid gach eich díobh.

The third troop, then,

—the troop wherein Maine himself was:

Fifty chestnut horses were in it—they were big of body and of wondrous size

— and fifty white horses with chestnut ears

—their tails were long, and the manes and the tails were dyed to the colour of purple.

On each horse was a bridle of two reins,

shells of gold ornamented one of the reins

and shells of silver were on the other.

The bits of them all were of gold and of silver.

At the neck of each horse

hung a round plate of gold, to which little bells had been fastened.

Ba binnithir téta mendchrott oc a senmaim illáim súad	Ba bhinne ná téada mionchruite á seinm i lámh saoi	Sweeter than a little harp's strings, played in the hand of a sage
fogur na clucin sin,	foghar na cloigíní sin,	(was) the sound of those little bells,
ica fogluasacht dona echaib ina cémmennaib.	á bhfoghluaiseacht do na heachaibh ina gcéimeannaibh.	as they swung to the horses' tread.
Carpait fhaduinn findruini co n-asnadaib óir ocus argit	Carbad <u>fosaitheach</u> fiondrúine go n-easnacha óir agus airgid	A chariot of white bronze, with rims of silver and gold,
eter cech da n-ech dib-side.	idir gach dhá each díobhsan.	was between each pair of those horses.
Coica sadall corcra co snathib argit estib,	Caoga diallait corcra go snátha airgid astu,	Fifty caparisons of purple, with threads of silver run through them,
i cenghul do chrettaib na carpat,	i gceangal do creataí na gcarbad,	were bound to the bodies of the chariots:
ocus co siblaib oir estib immach,	go claspaí óir astu [ag síneadh] amach	they had golden buckles to fasten them,
dar borddaib na carpat, co cendmílaib ingantachaib foruib.	thar bhorda na gcarbad, go ceannmhíola iontacha orthu.	and hung over the rims, marvellous figures were embroidered thereon.
Cóica gilla n-óc n-aigfhind n-imlebur isin coicait charput sin.	Caoga giolla óg aghaidhfhionn imleabhair sa chaoga carbad sin,	Fifty graceful youths with fair countenances stood in these fifty chariots;
Ocus ní báí nech díb	agus ní raibh neach díobh	amongst them there was none
acht mac rí ocus rigna ocus curad ocus cathmíled do Chonnachtaib.	ach mac rí agus ríona agus curaidh *agus* cathmhíle do Chonnachta.	who was not the son of a king and a queen, and of a hero and warrior of Connacht.

Cóica brat corcra cortharach impu	Caoga brat corcra cortharach umpu,	They were clothed in fifty bordered purple cloaks,
co cortharaib ecair óir agus argit.	go corthairí eagair óir agus airgid.	whose borders were adorned with silver and gold;
Cethri ora [<i>maybe read</i> oa?] umaiddi ar cech brut.	Ceithre ura umha ar gach brat.	there were four bronze ears on every cloak,
Mílech do dergór fhorloiscthi in cech brut.	Míleach do dheargór forloiscthe i ngach brat.	and each was fastened with a clasp of red gold purified in the fire.
Lenti srebnaidi sítai	Léinte sreabhacha síoda,	Close fitting garments, woven with silk,
co tuagnadmannaib di ór bruthi buide	go búclaí de ór lonrach bruide buí	and with fastenings of glowing yellow gold,
icustul fri a n-gelchnessaib.	i <u>gceangal</u> lena ngealchneasa.	were girded on their white bodies.
Cóica cathscíath n-airgdide	Caoga cathscíath airgeadaithe	Fifty silver bucklers for the fight
cona timtimchiull [<i>omit first tim-</i>] d'ór	goná dtimpeall d'ór	the rims of the bucklers were of gold,
ocus co m-breccad gemm carmocol	agus go mbreachadh le geamanna carmhogail	and they were adorned with many kinds of carbuncles
ocus lec lógmar cech datha	agus leaca luachmhara gach datha,	and with costly stones of every colour,
for muinib leo.	ar mhuiní leo.	hung on their backs.

Da chaindill gaiscid di shlegaib coicrinnechaib	Dhá choinneal gaisce de sleánna cúigrinneacha	Two gleams of valour shone from the five-pointed spears
illáim cech fhir díb.	i lámh gach fir díobh.	that were in the hand of each man of them;
Cóica semmand d'indruini ocus d'ór in cech gai díb.	Caoga seamanna d'fhiondrúine agus d'ór i ngach ga díobh.	there were fifty rivets of white bronze and of gold in every spear.
Section 3		
Cia no dlesta miach óir do cech fhir díb	Cé gura dlite miach óir do gach fear díobh,	If from each of these heroes a bushel of gold had been due,
no ícfad seim gai cech fhir díb é.	d'íocfadh seam ga gach fir díobh é.	the rivets of his lance had been enough for the full payment of the debt.
Torochta d'ór forloiscthe im cech gai díb,	Fáinní d'ór forloiscthe im gach ga díobh	Each of the spears had about it rings of gold purified in the fire,
irthocbáil dana do charmoclaib fóthib uile,	*agus iad* tógtha ar charmhogail fúthu uile.	and rested on a socket of carbuncles,
conna n-ilbreccad di gemmaib lógmaraib.	gona n-ilbhreacadh do gheamanna luachmhara.	which, *in like fashion to the spears,* had been embellished with *many-coloured* costly stones.
No lastais trá in aidchi amal ruthni greni.	Lasadar an óiche amhail ruithne gréine.	They shone in the night like the beams of the sun.

Coica claideb n-órduirn n-intlaisse	Caoga claíomh órdoirn iontlaise	Fifty long, gold-hilted, inlaid swords,
co n-eltaib dét ecoir óir agus argit	go <u>ndornchlúideacha</u> déad, eagar óir agus airgid,	with ivory hilts, adorned with gold and silver,
i truallib fichthib finnargit	i dtruaillí fite fionnairgid	in scabbards plaited with white silver.
for a cressaib dóib.	ar a criosanna dóibh,	*were* on their belts.
Coica echlasc findruini co m-baccánaib óir ina lamaib.	caoga eachlasc fiondrúine go mbacáin óir ina lámha.	In their hands were fifty whips of white bronze with clasps of gold upon them.
Ba cæmalaind iarum agus ba cruthach in maccoem báí eturru.	Ba chaomhálainn iaramh agus ba chruthach an macaomh *a* bhí eatarthu,	Very beautiful and splendid was the young prince whom they accompanied;
Is é leccanfota lansolus drechlethan.	is é leacanhada lánolas dreachleathan.	long were his cheeks, radiant and broad was his countenance.
Folt fochas orbuide firlebor fair co sniged co brainni a imda.	Folt cas órbhuí fíorleabhair air a shnigh go broinne a shlinneán.	Long, curling, and golden was his hair, and it fell to his shoulders;
Rosc n-airárd n-adanta, is e gorm glainidi ina chind.	Rosc urard adhainte, is é gorm glan ina cheann.	proud and glowing were his eyes, blue, and clear *as the crystal*.
Ba cosmail fri cleithe caille cetamain	Ba chosúil le cleithe coille <u>um Bhealtaine</u> ,	Like to the tops of the woods in May,
no fri sian slébi cechtar a da guad.	nó le méirín púca,, ceachtar a dhá ghrua.	or to the foxglove of the mountain, was each of his cheeks.

Andar latt ba fross do nemannaib ro laad ina chend.	Dar leat ba fras do néamhainn a thit ina cheann.	You might fancy that a rain of pearls had fallen into his mouth,
Andar latt bátar da dúal partaingi a beoil.	Dar leat ba dhá dhual partaingi a bheola.	and that his lips were *twin branches of coral*.
Ba gilithir snechta oenaidchi a brági	Ba ar ghile sneachta aonoíche a bhráid	White as the new-fallen snow of the night was his neck,
ocus a chnes chena.	agus a chneas cheana.	and such was the fashion of his skin.
Secht milcoin imma charpat	Seacht míolchoin im a charbad	Seven dogs of the chase surrounded his chariot,
i slabradaib argit oculus úbull óir for cech slabrad,	i slabhraí airgid agus úll óir ar gach slabhra,	with chains of silver upon them, and an apple of gold on every chain,
co m-ba leor ceol fogur na n-ubull frisna slabradaib.	go mba leor ceol foghar na n-úll ar na slabhraí.	and the tinkle of the apples on the chains made a pleasant music.
Noco rabi dath na rabi isna conaib batar aice.	Ní raibh dath *ar bith* nach raibh sna cúnna a bhí aige.	No colour *can be imagined* * that was not upon the dogs that were with him.
Morfeisiur cornaire co cornaib óir oculus argit leo,	Mórsheisear cornaire, go coirn óir agus airgid leo,	Seven buglers with bugles of silver and gold were with them;
co n-etaigib illdathaib impu,	go n-éadaí ildaite umpu,	many coloured were the garments in which they were clad,
co mongaib finnbuide foraib.	go moingeanna fionnbhuí orthu.	and yellow was their hair.

Bátar trí drúi(d) rempu co mindaib airgididib uasa cennaib,	Bhí trí dhraoi rompu, go mionnaí airgid os a gceann,	Before them went three druids with crowns of silver on their heads;
co m-brattaib breccaib impu, agus co sciathaib umaib	go mbrait bhreaca umpu agus go sciatha umha	their mantles were of many colours, their shields were of copper,
ocus co n-asnaidib credumai foraib.	go heasnacha cré-umha orthu.	and the rims *of the shields* were brass.
Trí cruittiri co n-écosc rigda for cech æ ina comair i m-brattaib corcraib.	Trí chruitire, go n-éagasc ríoga ar gach aon acu, ina dteannta, i mbrait corcra.	They were attended by three harp-players in purple cloaks each of them kingly *to look upon*.

Section 4

Rancatar iarum fon tachim sin co Cruachain	Ráiníodar, iaramh, faoin toichim sin go Cruachan,	In this fashion then they came to Cruachan,
ocus ro fhersat a trí graiphni oenaig for faichthi na Cruachna.	agus d'fhear siad a trí ghraifne einigh ar fhaiche na Cruachna.	and three times they paraded upon the plain of Cruachan.
Celebrait iarsin do Meidb agus do Ailill,	Cheiliúradar iar sin do Mheadhbh agus d'Ailill	They parted from Meadhbh and from Ailill,
ocus tiagait fon cumma sin i cend séta agus imthechta for ammus Ratha Ini.	agus chuadar faoin gcuma sin i gceann séada agus imeachta ar amas Ratha Ine.	and they turned to the road for the journey to Ráth Ini.

“Is cáin tiachtain chetus,” ol Bricriu.	“Is caoin bhur dteacht a chéadóir,” ar Bricriu.	“Fair is the start that you make,” said Bricre, *as he saw them go*,
“Ni fhetar in ba cáin ticfaithi.”	“Ní fheadar an mba caoin *a* thiocfaidh sibh *ar ais*.”	“but will you look so fair when you return? for that I cannot tell.”
“Biaid dul dia fiastar,” ar Mani.	“Beidh orainn dul dá fhios sin,” ar Maine.	“We shall have to go, in order to know that,” said Maine.
“Ro fiter me,” ar Bricriu, “is ruathar láí dogentái,	“Tá a fhios agam,” ar Bricriu, “is ruathar lae dá dhéanamh sin,	“Right well do I know,” answered Bricre, “that one day is enough *for your march*;
ni anfaidi fri feiss aidchi i cuiciud Chonchobair.”	ní fhanfaidh sibh le feis oíche i gcúige Chonchobhair.”	nor for a night will you *dare to* remain in the province of Conchobhar, *to hold therein your feast*.”
“Doberim-se mo brethir,” ar Mani,	“Beirimse mo bhriathair,” ar Maine,	“*Now* I give my word,” answered Maine,
“coro fheram feis trí laa agus tri n-aidchi i n- dunud Geirg	“gura ndéana muid feis trí lá agus trí oíche i nDún Geirg	“that till for three days and three nights we have kept our feast at Dún Geirg,
na tairchem arís co Cruachain.”	sula gcasfaimid arís go Cruachan.”	we turn not again to Cruachan.”
Ni bóí ní ba siriu ic fiamuchraid ríu	Ní raibh ní ba shire ag fiamhach rá leis	No longer did he tarry to bandy words,
acht teit i cend séta agus imthechta.	ach chuaigh *sé* i gceann séada agus imeachta.	but he went on his way *for the* journey”.

Section 5

Iar rochtain tra do bé thastil co dunud [<i>read</i> dúnad] Geirg	Iar rochtain tráth do bhé thaistil go Dún Geirg	After the messenger maid's arrival at Dún Geirg,
ro gabad oc frithalim in t-shluaig and.	gabhadh ag friotháileamh an tslua ann.	they commenced to prepare for the reception of the *bridal* party.
Ro ésráit a tigi do bethi barralaind barrglas	Easraíodh na tithe do bheithe barrálainn barrghlas	The houses were strewn with fair-leaved, green-leaved birches,
ocus essair urárd úrluachra.	agus easair urard úrluachra.	and with a deep litter of fresh rushes.
Fóidis Erb a comalta .i. Findchoem ingen Ergi	Chuir Fearbh a comhalta .i. Fionnchaomh, iníon Eirce,	And Fearbh sent her friend and playmate, Fionnchaomh, who was the daughter of Eirc,
aróen ri bé tastil	araon leis an mbé thaistil,	that she might go with the woman who acted as herald,
do fhegad in tshluaig amal ticfaitís.	*chun* an slua *a fheiceáil* amhail thiocfaidís.	and observe the coming of that party in what fashion they came.
Nir bo chían em disi ón.	Níor chian dise ann	Not long was the time that she needed.
O ro scaich di mess forru,	óir <u>stop sí</u> dá meas.	And when she had well beheld the host, and had noted their array,
luid fri deminscéal cosin n-grianán i m-bói Ferb.	Chuaigh (sí) le deimhinscéal chuig an ngrianán ina raibh Fearbh,	she *hastened and* came with sure tidings to the bower where Fearbh was,

Ocus ro ráid fria: “Atchíu-sa,” ar sí, “dírim don dún-sa,	agus dúirt (sí) léi: “Feicim,” ar sí, “díorma [ag teacht] don dún so,	and thus she spoke to her— “I see,” said she, “a host come to this burg;
ocus o ro gab Conchobar Emain	agus ó ghabh Conchobhar Eamhain,	and never, since Conchobhar has ruled in Eamhain,
noco tanic rempi ocus noco ticfa co bruinne m-brátha	níor tháinig rompu agus ní thiocfaidh go broinne brátha	hath come nor shall come to the end of time
dirim is áilliu no is choemiu no is ilchlessachu	díorma níos áille ná níos caoimhe ná níos ilchleasacha	a fairer host or one more skilled in dainty feats
andás in dirim docechaing in mag innossa.	ná an díorma a chinneann an magh anois.	than this that comes across the plain.
Is samail lim ocus bad in aballgort chumrai no beind	Is samhail liom agus ba in úllghort cumhra a mbeinn	It seemed to me that I was in a sweet orchard of apples,
lasin m-balad tanic dia n-éaigib ar n-dochum	leis an mboladh (a) tháinig dá n-éadaí <u>chugainn</u> ,	such was the fragrance that came from their garments towards us
iarna fogluasacht don maethgáith doic tairsiu.	iarna <u>gcorraí</u> don mhaothghaoth (a) tháinig tharstu.	when they were waved by the gentle breeze that swept across them.
Cech cless ocus cech abairt dogní in t-óclách fil eturru,	Gach cleas agus gach abairt a dhéanann an t-óglach (a) bhfuil eatarthu	And for the feats and the frolics shown by the prince that is among them,
no con fhacca-sa riam a leithéit.	ní fhaca mise riamh a leithéid.	never before saw I the like.

Focheirt a bunsaig rót n-urchair uad,	Chaith (sé) a bhonsach <u>fad</u> urchair uaidh.	He casts his staff for the distance of a spear cast in front of him,
fochengat a choin inna diaid,	Chinn a chúnna ina dhiaidh,	his dogs springing behind,
co tecat a choin eturru ocus lár	go dtaga a chúnna idir bonsach agus lár,	in such fashion that there are the dogs bounding between the staff and the ground,
ocus in t-óclach eturru ocus firmimint	agus an t-óglach idir bonsach agus firmimint,	there is the prince *leaning over* between the staff and the sky,
conna ric lár	go nár shroich (an bhonsach) lár,	and the staff does not reach the ground,
conas gabat eturru fon cumma sin.”	go ngabhadar eatarthu é faoin gcuma sin.”	for together between them they seize it.”
Lasodain tra tecait sluáig Dunaid Geirg	Leis sin tháinig slua Dúin Gheirg *chucu*	With that, the people of Dún Geirg pressed around *as the party approached*,
co ro múchait sé fir déc dib ica féga.	gura múchadh sé fir déag díobh á bhféachaint.	so that sixteen of the beholders were stifled at the viewing of it.
Tairlingit i n-dorus in dúne iarsin,	Thuirlingíodar i ndoras an dúna iar sin,	And they leapt *from their chariots* at the gate of the burg,
ocus tairnitir a carpait ocus scoirtir a n-grega,	agus <u>íslítear</u> a gcarbaid agus scoirtear a ngraíonna,	and the chariots were let down, and their horses were unyoked,
ocus tecait innund isin dúnud,	agus tháinig (siad) anonn sa dún,	and they came into the fort,
ocus ferthair firchain fáilti friu,	agus feartar fíorchaoín fáilte rompu,	and a right fair welcome was bid them,

ocus dognither gríth gretha do glanfhothrucud dóib.	agus déantar <i>gríth gretha</i> (.i. <i>folcadáin teo</i>) do ghlanfhothragadh dóibh.	and preparations were made for a goodly bath.
Doratad iarsin isin laechtech mór	Cuireadh iad iar sin sa laochtheach mór	They gave them <i>*that bath*</i> in the great hall of the warriors
bói ar comair drechi in dunaid.	(a) bhí <u>os</u> comhair dhreacha an dúin.	that was hard by the fort;
Dos-rochtatar fochetóir airigthe airerda . . [<i>The Facts. shows a small gap of two letters here</i>]	Shroich <u>soláthar</u> aireaghdha <u>iad</u> , <u>faoi chéadóir</u> ,	and presently noble supplies came in to them
do cech biud sainemail	do gach bia sainiúil	of all those kinds of excellent provisions
bói for druimleirg in talman.	(a) bhí ar dhroimleirg na talún.	that can be found on the ridge of the earth.

Section 6

In tan tra ba hane dóib bith ic tochathium a <i>*flede*</i> ,	An tan tráth ba hána dóibh bheith ag caitheamh na <i>*fleidhe*</i> ,	But, while yet they had joy in the pleasure of the <i>*feast*</i> ,
dodechaid sidi gaithi géri galbigi co ro chroth dindgna in dúnaid uli	<u>tháinig</u> sí gaoithe géar gailbheach, an gura chroith díonn an dúin uile,	a fierce and violent blast of wind arose; and it shook the whole hill on which the fort stood,
ocus co ro chrithnaig in tech claraid i m-bái in slúag,	agus gur chreathnaigh an teach clárach ina raibh an slua,	and the house of wood, wherein the guests were, quaked at the blast;
co torchratar a scéith dia n-delgnaib	go dtorchair na sciatha dá ndealga,	so that the shields fell from their hooks,

ocus a slega dia n-adlennaib,	agus a sleánna dá n-aidhleanna,	and the spears from their places,
ocus co ro sétea ammíasa uadib amal dulli darbri.	agus gura séideadh a miasa uathu amhail duille darach.	and the tables were moved like the leaves in a forest of oak.
Machtnaigit ind óic de-sein,	Mhachtnaigh na h-óga de sin,	The young men were astonished,
ocus ro iarfaig Gerg do drui Mani	agus d’fhiarfaigh Gearg do dhraoi Maine	and Gearg demanded of the druid who attended upon Maine
cid ro imfhulaing in gaéth sin.	cad <u>a dtairngreodh</u> an ghaoth sin.	what this wind should betide.
Is andsin ro recair Ollgæth drúi Mani:	Is ansin (a) d’fhreagair Ollghaoth, draoi Maine:	And to him answered Ollghaoth, the druid of Maine—
“Indar lind ém,” ar sé, “ní fó sén	“Dar linn *ámh*,” ar sé, “ní faoi shéan	“Truly,” said he, “to me it seemeth that no good omen is this
i tancas din tochmarc sa innocht.	a thángthas don tochmharc seo anocht.	with which we have come hither for the courtship this evening.
Da-bar-ró Conchobar, da-foichlid,	Béarfaidh Conchobhar suas libh, faichill a theacht,	Conchobhar shall come upon you; beware of his coming,
co m-brisfea cath for Meidb isin matain-sea imbáarach	go mbrisfear cath ar Mheadhbh sa mhaidin seo amárach,	and at the dawn of the morning Meadhbh shall be defeated in battle,
iar far n-díth uili in lín itaid istig,”	iar bhur ndíth uile, an líon atá sa teach seo,”	whilst you all shall perish, as many as are within this house.”

ocus doringni in glónáthi airchetail-seo
iarsin:

agus rinne (sé) an t-aircheadal
glonmhar seo iar sin:

And he made thereupon the following poem —*a model
for future times:—*

“Deilm in gæth granni in grith
bith robedb,

“Deilm an ghaoth gránna an grith
bith do bhadhbh, (– ní léir brí an líne
seo)

“A din raised by the wind, dreadful the alarm,
(*meaning obscure*),

derb in rád, rainfid in fer,

dearbh an rá *go ráineoidh* (leis) an
bhfear,

Certain is the warning, the man shall triumph,

sleg tri Gerg.

sleá trí Ghearg.

A spear through Gearg.

Urchur arad tri reing rí,
gním co neim,
snigfid fuil formna fer [*A preposition (a?)
is omitted before formna*],
sleg fri sleig.

Urchar arad trí leasrach rí,
gníomh go nimh,
snífidh fuil go formna fear

The cast of the spear of the charioteer
through the loins of the king, a deed with poison.
Blood shall drip from the shoulders of the men.

sleá le sleá.

Spear against spear.

Gesfid sciath ria m-beim bailc [*The metric
error will be in ria m-*]
a glaic gil,
beti cuirp i cossair chairn,
bat mairb fir.

Géisfidh sciath leis an mbéim bhailc,

i nglac gheal,
beidh coirp i gcosair chairn,
beidh mairbh fir.

The shield shall roar from heavy blows

dealt by white hands.
Corpses shall be in the bed of the cairn.
Men shall die.

Bás meic rí do lágin rí,
bid gním gér,
ulach ard (im)ma chorp cruaid,
trúag in scél.

Bás mic rí ó lansa rí,
beidh gnímh géar,
aileach ard um an gcorp cruaid,
trua an scéal.

Death of the son of the king from the lance of the king,
There shall be sharp deeds,
High memorial over the stubborn bodies,
melancholy the tale.

Brisfid Badb, bid bríg borb,
tolg for Meidb,
ilar écht, ár for slúag,
trúag in deilm.”

Brisfidh Badhbh, beidh brí bhorb *ann*
tolg ar Mheadhbh,
iolar éacht, ár ar slua,
trua an deilm.”

Badhbh shall destroy them, there will be wild strength,
it is a breach in the power of Meadhbh,
Murders in abundance, rout of the army,
Sorrowful is the din of the wind.”

Section 7

“Dia m-bad fóm-sa trá cách,” ol in drúi,

“Dá mba faoi *mo chomhairle-se* tráth cách,”
ar an draoi,

“If ye be obedient to my counsel,” said the
druid,

“no faicfíthea in dunad sa innocht.”

“d’fhágfadh sibh an dún seo anocht.”

“this very night shall ye depart from the fort.”

Ro cairiged-som ó Mani co garb aire-sin.

Cóiríodh-san ó Mhaine go garbh air sin.

Maine *was wroth*, and he sharply rebuked
the druid for that *which he had spoken;*

Ised ro ráid Gerg: “Ní báí ní ara fubthaitis
occu,

Is é a dúirt Gearg: “Níl ní dá mbeadh faitíos
oraibh roimhe,

and “No cause,” said Gearg, “is there why ye
should be in terror *for him of whom he hath
warned you,*

ar ní rabatar curaid no cathmilid Ulad aróen ri
Conchobar.

óir ní raibh curaidh ná cathmhílí Uladh araon
le Conchobhar.

since no muster of heroes or of warriors from
Ulster hath Conchobhar with him at all.

Cen co beth sib-si eter sund,” ar se,

Gan go bheith sibhse anso,” ar sé,

Even were you not here,” he said,

“dobéraind-sea oculus mo da mac cath do
Chonchobur.”

“bhéarainnse agus mo dhá mhac cath do
Chonchobhar.”

“I myself with my two sons would give battle
to Conchobhar.”

Ra tócbait a n-airm leo iarsin,	Thógadar a n-airm leo iar sin,	And they lifted up their *fallen* weapons,
ocus ní thartsat dia n-airi a n-ebairt in drúi.	agus ní thug siad dá n-aire an méid a dúirt an draoi.	and they paid no heed to that which the druid had spoken.

Section 8

Dia m-bái dana Conchobar i tosach ind láí sin ina cotlud i n-Emain	Agus Conchobhar i dtosach an lae sin ina chodladh in Eamhain	Now as Conchobhar, in the morning of that day, lay asleep in Eamhain,
ocus a rígan na fharrad .i. Mugain Etanchaithrech ingen Echach Feidlig,	agus a ríon 'na fharradh .i. Mughain Aitinnchaithreach, iníon Eochaidh Fheidhlig,	his queen, Mughain Aiteannchaithreach, the daughter of Eochaidh Feidhleach, lying beside him,
co n-acca in mnái coem ina dochum ina imdái.	chonaic (sé) an bhean chaomh chuige ina iomdha.	he saw a fair woman who came to him as he lay on his couch.
Ecosc rignaide lé.	Éagasc ríona léi,	Her bearing was the bearing of a queen;
Mong casdrumnech barrbuidé	moing chasdroimneach barrbuí	her hair was golden and wavy,
i cuacris imma cend.	i gcuach-chrios um a ceann,	and was braided into a tress coiled about her head.
Sretha sítai fria gelchnes.	sraitheanna síoda lena gealchneas,	*Through a* thin robe, woven of silken threads, *shone* her white skin,
Bréit bláthmin máeth do sítu uanidi imma bragit.	bréid bláthmhín maoth do shíoda uaine um a bráid,	a soft and glossy kerchief of green silk lay around her neck.

Da maelassa fhindruine	dhá mhaolasa fiondruine	Two sandals of white bronze, *rounded in front*,
eter a bonnu bláthmini oculus talmain.	idir a boinn bláthmhíne agus talamh.	appeared between her tender feet and the ground.
“Tó cech maith duit, a Chonchobair.”	“Gach maith duit, a Chonchobhair,” ar sí.	“All blessings be on thee, O Conchobhar,” said she.
“Cid fil dúinn de-side?” ar Conchobar.	“Cad atá dúinn de seo?” ar Conchobhar.	“Tell me,” said Conchobhar, “what this vision showeth to me.”

Section 9

“Secht m-bliadna ónocht,” ar sí,	“Seacht mbliana ó ’nocht,” ar sí,	“In seven years from this night,” said the lady,
“dogentar Táin bó Cualngi,	“déanfar Táin Bó Cuailnge	“shall the Raid of the Kine of Cuailnge be accomplished,
oculus airgfitir Ulaid,	agus argfar Ulaidh	and Ulster shall be laid waste,
oculus berthair in Dond Cualngi,	agus béarfar an Donn Cuailnge.	and the Brown Bull of Cuailnge shall be driven off,
oculus mac ind fhir dogena sin	Agus mac an fhir a dhéanfaidh sin	and the son of the man who shall do these deeds,
.i. Mani Mórghor mac Ailella oculus Medba,	.i. Maine Mórghor mac Ailealla agus Mheidhbhe,	even Maine Mórghor, the son of Ailill and Meadhbh,

dodechaid do fheis la hEirb	a tháinig anseo <u>dá</u> fheis le Fearbh,	he hath come hither for his wedding with Fearbh,
ingin n-Geirg do Glind Gerg [<i>read</i> Geirg],	iníon Gheirg ó Ghleann Geirg,	the daughter of Gearg of Gleann Geirg,
tri choicait a lín.	trí chaogaid a líon.	three times fifty is the number of his companions.
Erig-siu,” ar sí, “tri coicait Fomorach cucu	Éirigh,” ar sí, “trí chaogaid Fomhórach	Make ready,” said she, “three times fifty of the
ocus bid latt coscur.”	chucu	men of the Fomorians to *match* them,
	agus beidh leat coscar.”	and victory shall be with thee.”
Bidgais Conchobar iarsin ocus dúscis a rigain	Bhíog Conchobhar iar sin agus dhúisigh (sé)	Up sprang Conchobhar, and he waked his
	a ríon	queen
ocus adfét di a aislingi.	agus dúirt (sé) léi *faoina* aisling.	and told her of his vision.
“Is lór ém,” ar Mugain, “fil chena	“Is leor *achrann* ámh,” ar Mughain, “a	“Truly,” said Mughain, “there has been
	bhfuil cheana	enough *of strife* already
etrund ocus Connachta.”	eadrainn agus Connachta.”	between us and the men of Connacht.”
“Is demin ém,” ar se,	“Is deimhin *ámh*,” ar sé,	“Nevertheless,” said *Conchobhar*, “it is a
		certain thing that,
“cid nar tost bem-ni	“cé gurb inár dtost *a* mbeimis	even if we hold back *from the war*,
dogentar in táin út.”	déanfar an táin úd.”	the raid *of which she has spoken* shall be
		carried out.”

“Déni a chomairli ri Cathbad,” ar Mugain,

“ocus in chomairli dobera duit, co rop hí dogneis
[read dogne-si].”

Rádíd Conchobar iarsin fri Cathbad,

ara n-dernad fastini dó.

Ocus doringni rand tosaig láide iarsin

ocus ro fhreacair Cathbad hé:

“Finna latt, a Chathbaid chain,
ca buadred fil im menmain,
ca hurbaid mór ar-nom-thá,
a Chathbuid, a drúi Emna.”

“A Chonchobair na curad,
a rí urdnide Uladh,
dofáetsat mór curad de,
bid hé airdí d’asslinge.”

“Déan comhairle le Cathbhadh,” ar
Mughain,

“agus an chomhairle a thabharfaidh (sé)
duit, gurab hí a dhéanfaidh (tú).”

Dúirt Conchobhar iar sin le Cathbhadh

go ndéana (sé) fáistine dó,

agus rinne (sé) rann tosaigh laoi iar sin,

agus d’fhreagair Cathbhadh *dó*:

Conchobhar:

“Fionn leat, a Chathbhaidh chaoin,
cén buaireamh ’tá im mheanma,
cén hurbhaidh mór orm atá,
a Chathbhaidh, a dhraoi Eamhna.”

Cathbhadh:

“A Chonchobhair na gcuradh,
a rí oirní Uladh,
titfidh mórán churadh de,
beidh sé séan d’aislinge.”

“Take counsel with Cathbhadh,” said
Mughain,

“and the counsel that he giveth to thee, let that
be what thou shalt follow.”

After that, Conchobhar spoke to Cathbhadh,

desiring him to give him a prophetic reply.

And he made thereon the first lines of a poem,

and Cathbhadh replied to him, * and the poem
runs as follows:—*

Conchobhar.

“Find out by your art, O good Cathbhadh,
what disquietude is in my mind,
what great distraction is before me
O Cathbhadh, O druid of Eamhain.”

Cathbhadh.

“O Conchobhar of the heroes,
O dignified king of Ulster,
Many heroes shall fall therefrom
that will be the omen shown in your vision.”

“Innis cech olc ticfa de,
déni fir na fastine.
na habbair tria baegul bréic
ar ní fhil drúí do lethéit.”

“Dofáeth Mani, *mó* cech ail

mac Medba don Chruachan-maig,
is dofáetsat ri gním n-guil
tri choicait dia chomaltaib.

Na sluaig út ón Chruachain chaiss
ní thecat uait dara n-ais,
ar is móti da blad trá
foichle fethim is finna.”

Conchobhar:

“Inis gach olc a thiocfaidh de,
déan fíor na fáistine,
ná habbair trí bhaol bréag,
óir níl draoi [mar] do leithéid.”

Cathbhadh:

“Titfidh Maine gach oil,

mac Mheidhbhe don Chruachanmhaigh,
is titfidh siad le gníomh gaile,,
trí chaogaid dá chomhaltaí.

Na sluaite úd ón gCruachan breá,
ní thagann *siad* uait dara n-ais,
óir is móide do bhladh tráth,
faichill feitheamh is fionn.”

Conchobhar.

“Name all the evil that shall come therefrom,
Produce the truth of prophecy.
Speak not a lie from fear of danger
for no druid is your equal.”

Cathbhadh.

“Maine shall fall who is elevated above every
disgrace
the son of Meadhbh of Cruachan-Plain.
And on account of the deed of the complaint
shall fall three times fifty of his companions.

All the troops from fair Cruachan
they escape not back from you.
Then so much the greater is your glory;
guard yourself with vigilance and find it.”

Section 10

“Doroichi-siu imshlán a rí,” ar se,

“co m-buaid ocus coscur ocus commaidim.”

Is andsin doroacht Cathach Catutchend ingen
Dímóir co Emain.

“Sroichfidh tú iomlán, a rí,” ar sé,

“go mbua agus coscar agus comh-mhaidhm.”

Is ansin (a) shroich Cathach Catutcheann,
iníon Dhímóir, go hEamhain.

“In safety shalt thou return, O king,” said he,

“with triumph and conquest and fame.”

Now it happened that at that time Cathach the
cat-headed, Dímhór’s daughter, had arrived in
Eamhain.

Bangaiscedach amra i-side, a iathaib Espáni tánic ar sheirc Conculaind co Emain.	Banghaiscíoch amhra ise. As iatha Spáinne (a) thánig (sí) ar searc Chon Culainn go hEamhain.	A famous warrior was she; and from the land of Spain she had come to Eamhain for the love that she bore to Cú Chulainn,
Dochuaid issin sochraite sin aroen ri Conchobar.	Chuaigh (sí) sa sochraid sin araon le Conchubhar.	and she joined with Conchobhar for that war.
Doriachtatar dana triar amra a finib Fomórach and,	Shroich <u>ansin</u> triúr amhra as fine Fomhórach	Also there joined with him three men of renown who came of the race of the Fomorians
foblad barbardachta . . ad [<i>maybe iat or siat should be added</i>],	agus faoi bhladh barbarthachta iad	—famous were they for their cruelty—
.i. Siabarchend mac Sulremair ocus Berngal Brec ocus Buri Borbbriathrach.	.i. Siabhaircheann mac Súlramhair, agus Bearnghal Breac, agus Buire Borbbhriathrach.	namely, Siabaircheann, the son of Súilramhar, and Bearnghal the Freckled, and Buire of the Cruel Speech.
Dorocht dana and Fácen mac Dublongsig	Shroich ansin Fáicean mac Dubhloingsigh *ann*	There came also Fáicean, the son of Dubhloingseach,
do shentuathaib Ulad	de sheantuatha Uladh	who was of the race of the men who of old time dwelled in the land of Ulster,
ocus Fabric Fiacail Nemi	agus Faibhric Fiacail Nimhe	and Faibhric of the venomous tooth,

asind Asia Móir	as an Áise Mhór,	who came from the Greater Asia,
ocus Forais Fingalach a Manaind.	agus Forais Fionaíolach as Oileán Mhanainn.	aand Forais, kin-slayer, from the Isle of Man.
Luid iarom Conchobar,	Chuaigh iaramh Conchobhar	And Conchobhar marched away,
tri choicait laech impu sin,	le trí chaogaid laoch umpu sin,	with three times fifty warriors, who surrounded them,
ocus ní ruc nech do Ultaib leis, acht sé féin	agus níor rug neach do Ultaigh leis, ach é féin	and he took none of the Ulstermen with him, save himself only,
ocus a ara .i. Brod ocus Imrind in drúi .i. mac Cathbath.	agus a ara .i. Brod, agus Imrinn an draoi, mac Cathbhaidh.	and Brod his charioteer, and Imrinn the druid, son of Cathbhadh
Ní báí dana gilla oc neoch díb	Ní raibh giolla ag neach díobh,	. And none of these warriors had a servant with him
acht gilla Conchobair,	ach giolla Chonchobhair,	save that servant of Conchobhar only,
acht a scéith for a munib leo	ach a sciatha ar a muiní leo	but they had their shields on their backs,
ocus allaigne lethanglassa inallámaib	agus a lansaí leathanghlasa ina lámha,	and their bright green spears in their hands,
ocus a claidib tromma tortbullecha for a cressaib.	agus a gclaimhte troma tortbhuilleacha ar a gcriosanna.	and their heavy hard-striking swords at their belts.

Ni ba lín tra ba mesta forru,	Níor ba líon tráth ba measta orthu,	Yet they were not to be despised on account of their numbers,
bá mór a toile menman.	ba mór a dtailc meanman.	the pride of their souls was great.
O ro siachtatar iarom co m-batar ic fegad in dúnaid úathu innund,	Ó shaigheadar agus go rabhadar ag féachaint an dúin uathu anonn,	And when they had come to such place that the fort *of Gearg* could be seen by them,
atchonncatar tromnél dímór uas chind in dúnaid.	chonaiceadar tromnél dímhór os chionn an dúin.	they saw a vast and heavy cloud that brooded over the fort.
Cirdub indara cend dó ocus dergg a medon	Ciardhubh an dara ceann dó, agus dearg a mheán,	The one end of the cloud was black as coal, and its middle was red
ocus glass in cend aile.	agus glas an ceann eile.	and the other end was green.
Iarfaigis Conchobar iarsin:	D’fhiafraigh Conchobhar iar sin:	Whereupon Conor spoke *to Imrinn the druid*.
“Cid co tirchain [<i>corrupt in Facs.</i>] a Imrind,” ar se,	“Cad *é* do thaircheadal, a Imrinn,” ar sé,	“Tell me, O Imrinn,” said he, “what omen signifieth
“in nél út atchiam uasin dunud?”	“an néal úd a fheicimid os an dún?”	that cloud that we see over the fort.”
“Tirchanaid ém,” ar Imrind,	“Tuarann *sé* ámh,” ar Imrinn,	“Truly,” said Imrinn, “it signifieth
“ág ocus urbaid na haidchi innocht.”	“ágh agus urbaidh na hoíche anocht,”	a contest and death for this night.”
Ocus doringni in rethoric-seo iarsin:	agus rinne (sé) an reitric seo iar sin:	Then he made the following poem of lyric verse:—

R.
 “Dubn  l nemi
 glass erchad
 imf  bor derg
 crua credbaig  hi
 fob  th tescfai  ter t  ib
 leonfaitir lama
 cirrf  itir colla
 maelfaitir mune  oil
 i n-dunad Geirg
 o thrath n  na nithaige
 co med  n l  i
 lechtlige di l  r
   c dalfid   cdubi.”

.R. (.i. “*Reitric*)
 “Dubhn  al nimhe,
 glas erchad, (*n   f  os cad is br   le erchad*)
 imfhaobhar dearg,
 crua creimneach,
 teascfar taobhanna ar a son,
 leonfar l  mha,
 ciorrfar collainneacha,
 maolfar muin  l,
 i nD  n Geirg,
    thr  th n  na bhadhbha,
 go me  n lae,
 leachtanna de l  r,
   g (a) d  ilfear   agduibhe.”

“Dark cloud of poison
 green. . . . (*erchad- meaning unknown*)
 red two-edged blade,
 death compelling.
 For sides shall be cut to pieces,
 hands shall be dislocated,
 bodies shall be lacerated,
 necks shall be made bare
 in the Fort of Gearg
 from the time of the death-dealing ninth hour
 even to the middle of the day.
 Grave-beds on the ground.
 A young man it is who distributes the
 blackness of death.”

Section 11

Cechaing Conchobar iarsin ar ammus in
 dunaid.

Chinn Conchobhar iar sin ar amas an d  n.

Conchobhar then advanced and drew towards the
 fort.

Is andsin dana ro sudiged dabach umai thall
 istaig

Is ansin (a) su  odh dabhach umha thall sa
 teach

Now there was at that time a brazen vat set up in
 the house,

diarba chomainm Ol gualai iarsin.

darb a chomhainm   l Guala,

which in later times was known by the name of the
   l Guala,

Ocus ro bas oc a l  nad dond fh  n.

agus bh   s      l  onadh don fh  n.

and it was filled with wine.

Dorochair dana a escra féig finnargait alláim
in daleman isin dabaig,

co ro dóirt a trí tonna

dar borddaib di.

Is and ro ráid Ollgæth in drúi.

“All amae,” ol in drúi, “brod in airigid [*read*
airidig]

ní ba cían la hallmuri bías

ar focrechtnaigfiter sluaig

airdibdibther laechrad.

dobrisfiter tige

fogeba Emain ditui

arfocerthar gala oenfher

eter lái ocus aidche.

eter slóg Geirg ocus Conchobair

isin tegdaise innocht.

ní fó mac ruc mathair

isin taig-sea innocht.” [*the fullstops as in Ms.*]

Thorchair a eascra féigh fionnairgid as
lámh an dáileahain sa dabhach,

gura dhoirt a trí tonna

thar boird di.

Is ann a dúirt Ollghaoth, an draoi, .R.:

“Ó, abhó,” ar an draoi, “dúlagán sa
soláthar,

ní ba chian le hallúraigh ól as,

creachtfar sluaite,

argfar laochra,

brisfear tithe,

béarfar fogha faoi Eamhain,

díothú déanfar ar ghala aonfhir

idir lá agus oíche,

idir shlua Geirg agus Conchobhair

sa teaghais anocht,

ní *sursan* mac rug máthair

sa teach seo anocht.”

From the hand of the cupbearer a polished
drinking vessel fell into the vat,

so that three ripples were formed therein,

and the ripples flowed over the rim.

Then thus spoke Ollghaoth the druid:—

“Woe,” said the druid, “*brod in airigid*.
(*i.e. perhaps ‘a mote in the provision’*)

Not long is the time ere it is in the hands of
strangers, for troops shall be grievously wounded,

warriors shall be destroyed,

houses shall be demolished,

Eamhain shall find a cry,

single combats shall be appointed,

day and night,

between the troop of Gearg and that of
Conchobhar

in this house to-night.

Not with good fortune did the mother bear a son
who is in this house to-night.”

Section 12

Doroich Conchobar in dorus, ocus gárit na hallmaraig gáir airgni iarsin amal ba bés dóib immon dunad.	Shroich Conchobhar an doras, agus gháir na hallúraigh gáir argana iar sin, amhail ba bhéas dóibh, sa dún.	Conchobhar came to the door, and his foreign warriors, as their custom was, raised their cry of havock round about the castle.
Ergid Gerg iarsin, ocus érgit a da mac .i. Cond Coscarach ocuss Cobthach Cnesgel	D'éirigh Gearg iar sin agus d'éirigh a dhá mhac, Conn Coscarach agus Cobhthach Cneasgheal,	And Gearg arose, and with him his two sons —to wit, Conn the victorious and Cobhthach of the fair skin,
ocus gabait a n-armu.	agus ghabhadar a n-arma,	and they caught hold of their weapons.
Ocus rádis Gerg fri Mani:	agus dúirt Gearg le Maine:	And Gearg said to Maine,
“Leic-siu etruind féin innar n-Ultaib,	“Ligse eadrainn féin *atá* inár nUltaigh,	“Do then leave us Ulstermen to ourselves to decide this matter,
co fessara cia úain bas chalmiu.	go *mbeidh fios agat* cé uainn ba chalma.	that thou mayest see which of us is the more valiant.
Bidbaid duit-siu sind uile.	Is freagrach duitse sinn uile	We are all bound in honour to see to thy safety,

Is fó duit ar comthuttim aróen.	agus is sursan duit ár gcomhthitim le chéile.	and it would be no hurt to thee should we all fall here together.
Mad sinni dothæth and, geib-siu it chind dia féta.”	Más sinne *a ghabhann* bás anseo, gabhsa i gceann na háite dá bhféadfá.”	And if it should be that we shall receive death, take the leadership of this place if thou art able.”
Téit Gerg immach iarsin ocus a da mac cona muntir léo, ocus foroprait ar gabáil in dúnaid, ocus ar chathugud fri Conchobar immach,	Chuaigh Gearg amach iar sin agus a dhá mhac agus a muntir leo, agus toснаíodar ar ghabháil an dúin a chosc, agus ar chathú le Conchobhar amuigh,	Gearg and his two sons then went out, and his people with him. And they set them to defend the burg, and <u>after that</u> to go outside and to fight against Conchobhar,
ocus ní lecat nech forro indund fri ré cían.	agus níor ligeadar neach tharstu *don* dún le cían.	and for a long time they let in none behind them.
Fecht n-oen trá téit Gerg dar in dorus immach	Feacht n-aon téann Gearg thar an doras amach	Now on a time Gearg went across the threshold
fri cnes urgaile,	le cneas iorghaile leo-san	to meet the foremost of those who pressed forward,
ocus forfhobair for a thaffond ind lóich on dúnud immach,	a bhí ag tafann an laoich ón dún amach,	and they strove towards that hero from the fortress,
ocus ros geib sroigled ocus essorcon do cech ái ocus do cech airchind immon dúnud [<i>read</i>	agus ghabh sraoilleadh agus *greadadh* ó gach leith é ar cheann an dúin,	and from all sides sword cuts and thrusts fell upon him as he stood outside the fort.

dúnad]

ocus dofuittet cuiciur Fomorach laiss don
ruathur sin,

ocus dofuit leiss in drúi .i. Imrind mac
Cathbad,

ocus benaid a chend de,

ocus berid leis in cend innund ar ammus in
doruís.

agus thit cúigear Fomhórach leis don ruathar
sin.

Agus thit leis an draoi, Imrinn mac
Cathbhaidh,

agus bhain (sé) a cheann de,

agus rug leis an gceann anonn ar amas an
doraís.

And it followed that during this attack five of
the Fomorians fell at the hand of Gearg,

also by him fell Imrinn the druid, son of
Cathbhadh,

and Gearg struck the head from his shoulders,

and he took the head with him and he made
for the door.

Section 13

Is andsin dodechaid Cathach Catutchend
eturru oculus in doras,

ocus dorat comrac féig fichda dó-som.

Araí sin co topacht Gerg in cend di-si,

ocus berid leiss innund issin tech bóí [*read* i
m-bóí] Mani,

iarna chrehtnugud commór.

Is ansin a ndeachaigh Cathach Catutcheann
eatarthu agus an doras,

agus thug (sí) comhrac féigh fíochta dósan,

go dteasc Gearg an ceann dise,

agus rug *sé* leis anonn é sa teach *ina raibh*
Maine,

iarna chréachtú go mór,

Then came Cathach the cat-headed between
Gerg and the door,

and a sharp hot contest she gave him.

Nevertheless Gearg struck off her head,

and he took it with him into the house where
Maine was,

after he himself had been sorely wounded.

Ocus foceird na cinnu úad i fiadnaisi Mani,	agus chaith *sé* an ceann uaidh i bhfianaise Mhaine.	And he threw the head from him in front of Maine,
ocus suidis na imdáí iarsin	Agus shuigh *sé* in iomdha iar sin,	and he sat down upon a couch,
ocus ataig a osnaid ass, agus conattacht dig.	agus lig a osna as agus d'éiligh *sé* deoch.	and he sighed grievously and ordered for a drink.
Ro saig Conchobar andside cona muntir	Shaigh Conchobhar ansin, gona mhuintir,	And Conchobhar came up with his people,
co m-bátar fri cnes in t-shonnaig.	go rabhadar le cneas an tsonnaigh.	so that they were on the outside of the stockade.
Ocus tócfait [<i>for</i> tócbait] a sciathu úasa cennaib ina lámaib cléi	Agus thógadar a sciatha os a gcinn ina lámha clé	They held their shields in their left hands over their heads,
ocus sraccait in sonnach cucu immach dia lámaib desaib	agus sracadar an sonnach chucu amach dá lámha deasa,	and with their right hands they tore down the stockade;
ocus cengait co m-batar for lár in dúni,	agus chinneadar go rabhadar ar lár an dúin,	and they strode across it, so that they were on the soil of that burg;
ocus ba oendorus dóib andside	agus ba aondoras [<i>a bhí ann</i>] dóibh ansin,	thus they had a good door made for them
iar m-brisiud in dangin.	iar mbriseadh an daingin.	after that they had broken the rampart.

Section 14

Is andsin dolleici Brod (.i. gilla Conchobair) uad	Is ansin a lig Brod uaidh	Thereupon Brod *—the servant aforementioned of Conchobhar—* hurled
indara sleig bóí ina láim	an dara sleá bhí ina lámh	one of the two spears that he had in his hand;
innond istech,	anonn isteach,	and the spear flew into the house,
conos tarla triasin sciath bóí for inchaib ind rí Geirg	gona tharla tríd an sciath (a) bhí in aghaidh an rí Geirg,	and it went through the shield that was on the breast of king Gearg,
ocus conos tarla tria eslind a chuirp, cor bo chross tall tarsna	gona tharla tria éislinn a choirp, gurba chros thall trasna	and into his tender flesh, so that a cross was made by the spear
triana chliab iar tregdad a chride,	trína chliabh iar threá a chroí,	as it passed through his body after piercing his heart,
ocus co n-dechaid tria Airidech .i. gilla Geirg,	agus go ndeachaigh (sí) trí Airideach .i. Giolla Geirg,	and it went through Airideach the servant of Gearg,
co torchratar a n-dís cen anmain.	go dtorchair an dís gan anamacha.	so that the pair fell lifeless.
Imma-sái Conchobar iarsin fo slúag Geirg sechnón in dúnaid,	D'iompaigh Conchobhar iar sin faoi shlua Geirg seachnóin an dúin	Conchobhar then turned him to attack the followers of Gearg throughout the fort,
co torchair tricha láech leis do muntir Geirg do gním a láim féin a oenur,	go dtorchair tríocha laoch leis do mhuintir Gheirg do ghníomh a láimhe féin ina aonar,	so that thirty fighting men of Gearg's people fell at his single hand,

cenmothá ina torchair ria muntir.

cé is moite dá dtorchair lena mhuintir.

besides what fell by the hands of his followers.

Dorochratar dana sochaide dia muntir-seom leo-som.

Thorchair iomorra sochaí dá mhuintirse leosan.

And many of the people also fell at their hands.

Section 15

Is and trá atraacht Nuagel ingen Ergi .i. ben Geirg,

Is ansin tráth (a) d'éirigh Nuagheal, iníon Erce, bean Gheirg,

Then Nuagheal arose, the daughter of Eirc, *she who was* the wife of Gearg,

ocus dorat a trí fóidi ferggacha guil esti,

agus chuir (sí) a trí faí feargacha goil aisti,

and she raised her three bitter cries of grief,

ocus ro gab cend a fir ina hucht.

agus ghabh (sí) ceann a fir ina hucht.

and she took the head of her man into her lap.

“Dar [*read* Darm *or* Dar mo] brethir ém,” ar sí, “is mór in gním gillai

“Dar mo bhriathair ámh,” ar sí, “is mór an gníomh giolla

“Truly,” said she, “a great deed do I reckon

doringni Brod

a rinne Brod

that deed which *the servant* Brod hath wrought,

.i. Gerg do marbad ina thig féin.

.i. Geirg a mharú ina theach féin.

in that he hath slain Gearg in his own palace.

Is sochaide trá,” ar sí, “bias icot chainiud,	Is sochaí tráth,” ar sí, “a mbeidh ag do chaoineadh,	And many,” said she, “will lament thee;
ocus cia ro thuttis im changin t’ingini,	agus cé gur thit tú um chaingean d’iníne,	and though it was in thy daughter’s quarrel that thou art fallen,
mór n-ingen irraba féin chardes [<i>perhaps read irraba chardes frit féin</i>].”	(is) móir iníon a raibh i gcairdeas leat féin.”	many were the maidens to whom thou thyself were dear.”
Ocus dorat a thesta for aird, ocus doringni rand tosaig laide:	Agus thug (sí) a theasta ar aird, agus rinne (sí) rann tosaigh laoi:	And loudly she gave testimony of this, and thus she commenced her lay:—
“Is sé Gerg so ina ligi, is tria chin a ingini, is triana cin atá sund in tarbech sínte comlund.	“Is é Gearg seo ina luí is trí chion a iníne, is trína cion atá ansan an tairbheach sínte comhlann.	“Gerg is this who lies here. Through the fault of his daughter it is, through her fault is he here, the magnificent one, struck down in the battle.
Mór in comlund ro gab Gerg, óclaéach [<i>read óacláech, three-syllables</i>] find fæborderg, fer fial fomórda ferda aircech álainn ardergna.	Mór an comhlann a ghabh Gearg, óglach fionn faobhardearg, fear fial formhórga fearga airgtheach álainn ardéargna.	Great was the war that Gearg undertook, a young warrior, fair, with crimson blade, a man noble, magnificent, manly, expert, handsome, truly wise.
Ca læch rop fherr inna Gerg? ca fróech na fíged fri feirg? ca slúag na cáinfed do bás?	Cén laoch ab fhearr ná Gearg? cén fraoch nár fhiuch le fearg? cén slua nach gcaoinfeadh do bhás?	Who is the hero that was better than Gearg? What heather did not boil with wrath? Where is the host that would not lament your death?
cen tlás na scáilfea [<i>read scáilfed</i>] dot eís?	cén tlás nach scaoilfeadh dod éis?	that would not break out into lamentation for you without ceasing?

Sáeth lim th'fhégad it lige,
a Geirg álainn fhoiltbuidé,
a chara na cuan in cech than [*one syllable too many, maybe na should be deleted*],
is trúag lim-sa do marbad.

Romaind duit i n-Glind Gerg [*one syllable too few*],
ic Loch Áne is ic Irard,
is ic na huaranaib se thess,
mór m-ban fóúarais cardes.

Ro bat cara do cech cléir,
no bíd cách icot ógréir,
ba maith rí cách do gráibri,
is derb ropat degairle (no derganle) [*written above in Ms.*].

Ropat móra do berta,
ropat ségaind airechta,
ropat rí rurech corrath,
ropat fuilech i fírchath.

Ropo mór do thech ro fess,
cia doringned and t'amles,
is and rot gæt inn inud rí,
cia doringned rop anfir.

Saoth liom d'fhéachaint id luí,
a Gheirg álainn foltbhuí,
a chara na gcuaineanna is cách ann,
is trua liomsa do mharú.

Romhainn duit i nGleann Geirg,
ag Loch Áine is ag Irard,
is ag na fuaráinse theas,
mór ban a bhfuair tú *a* gcairdeas.

Ba cara (tú) do gach cléir,
bhíodh cách ag d'óghréir,
ba mhaith le cách do dea-fhocal,
is dearbh ba leo do dheachomhairle.

Ba mhór iad do bhearta,
ba shéaghainn iad d'aireachtaí,
ba rí ruire tú go rath,
b'fhuilteach thú i bhfíorchath.

Ba mhór do theach, *b'iomráiteach*,
cé gur rinneadh ann d'aimhleas,
is ann do ghoin in ionad rí
cé gur rinneadh *éagóir*.

Sorrow for me to see you on your bed of death,
O beautiful, fair-haired Gearg,
O friend of hosts at all times,

sad it is for me that you are dead.

Before us in Gleann Geirg,
by Loch Áne and by Irard,
and by those springs in the south lands,
many were the women whose love you found.

You were a friend to every host;
each was obedient to your will;
dear to each was your friendly word;
it is certain that you were a good counsellor.

Great were your legal sentences,
stately your assemblies.
You were a king who showed kindness to your
lords, you were bloody in real war.

Your house was great and well known,
though therein befell your wound;
there has he killed you in the place of the king;
although it has been done, yet it was
blasphemous.

Rot gæt Brod is ní ro dlig,
cor gab triut in Airidig,
tú féin is do gilla thair
inn oenfhecht darochrabair.

Mór gním gillai [*read* in gním gillai] cangess

doringni Brod, rop amles,
marbad rígginne ré ré,
ro marb sé sinni ocus sé.”

Do ghoin le Brod níor dhlig (í)
gur ghabh tríot agus in Airideach,
tú féin is do ghiolla thoir,
in éineacht a thorcair sibh.

Mór gníomh ghiolla gan geis,

rinne Brod *rud ab* aimhleas,
marú rí roimh a ré,
mharaigh sé sinne agus é.”

Brod has slain you and it became him not
so that through you he thrust through Airideach,
you yourself and your servant thus
at one time are fallen.

Great was the deed of the servant though an
impious one—
what Brod has done was a mischief—
to slay a king of kings before his time.
He has slain us and him.”

Section 16

Foropairset dana dá mac Geirg béus

.i. Cobthach Cnesgel ocus Cond Coscarach ar
gabail in dúnaid

ocus ní roscandir cen échta dóib.

Ní ro dāmair in mórbrígg do Mani bith ina thost

cen techt féin do digail a chlemna for Ultaib.

Chrom dhá mhac Geirg

.i. Cobhthach Cneasgheal agus Conn
Coscrach, ar ghabháil an dúin

agus ní *raibh* buachan orthu gan éachta
dóibh.

Níor lig an mhórbhrígg do Mhaine bheith ina
thost

gan teacht é féin do dhíoghail a chliamhain ar
Ultaigh.

Now after these things had been done the two
sons of Gearg,

namely Cobhthach of the fair skin and Conn
the victorious, strove to hold the castle,

and deadly was the fight that was fought
before they gave way.

Nor did the might of Maine permit him to bide
still in his place,

or to hold back from avenging his father-in-
law against the men of Ulster.

Ocus atraacht iarsin ocus ro gab a sciath mór míleta fair	Agus d'éirigh (sé) iar sin agus ghabh (sé) a sciath mhór mhíleata air,	He arose, and he took his great battle-shield upon him,
ocus a da shleig slemungéra uillendcha móra ina láim,	agus a dhá shleá sleamhainghéara uilleannacha móra ina lámh,	and his two *great* smooth sharp angular spears into his hand,
ocus a chlaideb trom tortbuillech crúadgér comramach for a chriss.	agus a chlaíomh trom tortbhuilleach cruaghéar comhramhach ar a chríos,	and his heavy, hard-striking, sharp, triumphant sword at his belt;
Ocus atraactatar a thrí coicait in oenfhecht fris.	agus d'éirigh a thrí chaogaid in éineacht leis.	and three times fifty of his comrades rose together with him.
Nir bo irusa a fhrithalim,	Níor fhurasta *é* a fhríotháileamh.	It were no easy thing to restrain him;
ba mór in toilg menman ocus aicnid ocus in tinsaitin úalli	Ba mhór an teann meanman agus aigne agus intinne agus uaille	the mind and the nature of each of these heroes was swollen with pride,
ro bóí i cridí cechóen dib-sin.	a bhí i gcroí gach aon de na laochra sin:	which was in the hearts of every one,
Ro bóí dana sant mór ocus duthracht calmaí do denam occu.	bhí saint mhór agus dúthracht chalma a dhéanamh acu.	greatly they longed and desired to do some doughty deed.
Bá ségda súaire sobesach in rígmacc bóí rompu,	Ba shéaghainn suaire sobhéasach an rímhac (a) bhí rompu,	Stately, love-worthy, and of gallant bearing was the king's son that went before them;
ocus ciar bo maccoem iar n-áis	agus cé gurbh macaomh (é) iar n-aois,	though to the eyes of an older man he seemed but a boy,
ropo mílid iar mórgasciud.	ba mhíle (é) iar mórghaisce.	he showed himself afterward to be a warrior of great valour.

Ba halgen curmthigi, is ba dúr debtha	Ba háilghean *i* gcoirmtheach is ba dhúr *i* ndeabhaidh (é),	Pleasant was he in the banqueting-hall, and stubborn in the strife;
ocus ba nathir nemi,	agus ba nathair nimhe (é).	he was a snake full of poison;
bá cumnech écraiti,	Ba chuimhneach eagartha (é).	he was wary of the craft of his enemies;
ba óibel ága,	Ba lasair áigh (é).	he was the flame of war;
bá comnart comergi,	Ba chomhneart comhéirí.	he was a fit match for a foe that rose up against him;
ba logthanach sét,	Ba soicheallach séad (é).	he was liberal with his treasure;
ba hanaccarthach imгона,	Ba hain-charthach um ghonta (é).	he could show compassion to the wounded;
ba tene aradna,	Ba tine in aghaidh tarcaisne (é).	he could blaze up at an insult;
bá nertlia fergi,	Ba neartlia feirge (é).	he stood like a pillar of rage;
ba tond bratha ar buirbe,	Ba tonn bhrátha ar bhoirbe (é).	he was a wave of judgement on ignorance;
bá iarú ar athlaimi,	Ba iora ar athlaimhe (é).	he was swift as a squirrel;
ba dair ar daingni,	Ba dair ar dhaingne (é).	he was steadfast as an oak;
ba hé rind ága agus imгона na teora Connacht,	Ba hé rinn áigh agus imghona na dteora Connacht,	he was the head of the three provinces of Connacht in battle and wounding;

ocus ba hé a cendmíl airechta agus a lám thairberta sét	agus ba hé a gceannmhíle aireachta, agus a lámh thabhartha seod,	he was their chief in assemblies, their distributor of treasure,
ocus a sodomna rí.	agus a sodhamhna rí.	and their good material for *an accomplished* king.

Section 17

Nir bo miad leis nech isin domun	Níor mhiadh leis neach sa domhan	He held it to be dishonourable that any man at all in the world
do thiahtain fo chomlín	teacht faoi chomhlíon *fear*	should come with numbers great as his own
do gabáil tige fair.	*le haghaidh* ghabháil tí air.	and take the house where he was;
Ro thaffniset iarum iarsin na Fomórchu on tig immach.	Thafainn siad iar sin na Fomhóraigh ón teach amach.	therefore he and his warriors chased the Fomorians, and they drove them from the palace.
Nir bo lám lega la Mani inn uair sin.	Ní lámh lia [a bhí] le Maine an uair sin,	In that hour the hand of Maine was not the hand of a healer,
Ocus dorochratar nonbur Fomorach dia chétscondscli a oenur.	agus thorchair naonúr Fomhórach dá chéad- choinscleo aonair.	for nine of the men of the Fomorians fell at his first attack.
Is andsin doriacht dibergach na hAsia Móiri .i. Fabric Fiacaíl Nemi fri cnes na debtha,	Is ansin a shroich díbheargach na hÁise Móire . i. Faibhric Fiacaíl Nimhe le cneas na deafa,	And then to the front of the fight came the pirate of Greater Asia—even Faibhric of the venomous tooth;

ocus ro gab sroigled oculus essorcoin oculus brúd ocus básugud in t-shluaig remi,	agus ghabh ag sraoilleadh agus ag <u>greadadh</u> agus ag brú agus ag bású an tslua roimhe.	and upon the press of people that were before him came blows, and destruction, and confusion, and death;
ocus ní ragbad riss corrocht cosin magin i m- bái Mani,	Agus ní thángthas roimis go shroich (sé) an maighean ina raibh Maine,	nor could any resist him till he came to that part *of the battle* where Maine was.
co tard cechtar n-ái díb sciath fri sciath dia cheli,	go dtug ceachtar díobh sciath le sciath dá chéile,	Then both set shield against shield,
ocus bátar isin chomlund co n-dechaid dar medon aidchi,	agus bhíodar sa chomhlann go ndeachaigh thar meán oíche.	and they strove with each other in a strife that lasted till the middle of the night;
ocus dorat Fabric tri gona aidbli for Mani,	Agus thug Faibhric trí gonta ábhala ar Mhaine,	and Faibhric dealt Maine three grievous wounds,
ocus ro dichend Mani esium iar scís chomluind.	agus dhícheann Maine eisean iar scís chomhlainn.	and Maine smote the head off him after that he had grown weary in the strife.
Cid Conchobar dana bá gal churad leis,	<u>Maidir le</u> Conchobhar, bhí gal churaidd leis,	And as to Conchobhar, the might of a hero was his,
ar dorochair tricha læch lánchalma leis do muntir Geirg	ó thorchair tríocha laoch lánchalma leis do mhuintir Gheirg,	for at his hand fell thirty valiant men of the people of Gearg,
imma mac .i. im Chond Coscarach.	ina measc a mhac .i. Conn Coscrach.	among them fell the son of Gearg, even Conn the victorious.

Ro immir trá in slúag cechtarda immfórrán for a cele,	D'imir an slua ceachtar imfhórrán ar a chéile.	Thus on either side the army rushed to the attack;
is bec na ro chomraicset mera a coss icond imthuarcaín.	Is beag nár chomhraic siad méara a gcos ag an dtuargaint.	almost it seemed that the toes on their feet warred together in the strife.
Ro siacht fuil glúni fer sechnón in dúnaid.	Shaigh fuil glúine fear seachnón an dúin.	Throughout the fort the warriors stood knee deep in blood,
Atchlos fon trichu chét ba nesom dóib blobemnech [<i>read</i> blogbemnech] na sciath ocus na bocote	Chualathas faoin tríocha céad ba neasa dóibh bloghbhéimneach na sciath agus na mbocóidí,	and through the surrounding country was heard the splintering of the shields and the bucklers,
ocus scemgal inna laigne lethanglas	agus sceamhaíl na laighne lethanglas	and the whirr of the broad green lances,
ocus na claideb crúadgér icomrac	agus na glaíomh cruaghéar i gcomhrac,	and the clash of the sharp hard swords in the encounter,
ocus briscbrúar na clocend ica n-erlech	agus brioscbhruar na gcloigeann ag a n-eirleach,	and the shattering of skulls in the slaughter,
ocus búridach na míled ic immirt écomlaind forru.	agus búireach na míl ag imirt éagomhlainn orthu.	and the cries of the warriors who were overcome in a strife *that was greater than they could endure*.

Section 18

Ro socht trá Mani iar n-díth na Fomorach co Fácen mac n-Dublongsig	Shroich Maine, iar ndíth na bhFomhórach, go Faicean mac Dubhloingsigh,	Now, after the death of the Fomorians, Maine met Faicean, the son of Dubhloingseach,
co m-bátar fri ré cían icathugud. Dorochair Facen de-side.	go rabhadar le cían i gcathú. Thorchair Faicean de sin.	and for a long time they fought, and Faicean fell at the end of that fight.
Dorochair dana Siaburchend mac Slisremuir ra Cobthach Cnessgel mac Geirg.	Thorchair dano Siabhaircheann mac Slisreamhair le Cobhthach Cneasgheal mac Geirg.	Also at the hand of Cobhthach the fair- skinned, who was the son of Gearg, died Siabhairrcheann, the son of Slisreamhar.
Ocus ro tafned Mani ocus Cobthach iarsin issin rigthech	Agus tafnaíodh Maine agus Cobhthach iar sin sa rítheach,	But Maine and Cobhthach were forced into the royal palace
iar cor áir a muntire,	iar chur áir a muintire,	after their people had suffered defeat,
ocus ro gabsat co setrech ocus co ferda in tech co mmatain	agus ghabhadar go séitreach agus go fearga an teach go maidin,	and they held that palace bravely and manfully till the morning,
ocus ní deochas forru ind.	agus ní dheachthas orthu ann.	nor could any enter in of those who fought against them.

Section 19

Is i n-deriud na haidchi sin

dochuid in ben chétna adfét na scéla do
Chonchobur,

co rocht co Meidb áit i m-bái ina cotlud ina
himdáí i Cruachan Aí,

co n-erbairt fria:

“Dia m-beth fastini ocut,” ar si, “a Medb,

ní bad chotlud dogenta.”

“Cid andsin?” ar Medb.

“Ata Conchobar,” ar si, “oc gabáil ar Mani

ocus dofáeth leis Mani,

ocus eirg-siu innossa ocus non-dígela.”

Is i ndeireadh na hoíche sin

chuaigh an bhean chéanna a d’inis
scéala do Chonchobhar,

gur shroich (sí) Meadhbh, áit ina raibh
(sí) ina codladh ina hiomdha i
gCruachan Aí,

go ndúirt (sí):

“Dá mbeadh fáistine agat,” ar sí, “a
Mheadhbh,

ní codladh a dhéanfá.”

“Cad *atá* ansin?” ar Meadhbh.

“Tá Conchobhar,” ar sí, “ag gabháil ar
Mhaine

agus titfidh leis Maine,

agus éirighse anois agus déan é a
dhíoghail,”

At the end of this night,

the same woman who had brought the message to
Conchobhar went on her way,

and came to Meadhbh, where she lay asleep on her
couch at Cruachan Aí,

and thus she addressed her:

“Hadst thou the gift of prophecy, O Meadhbh,” said
she,

“thou wouldest not be sleeping.”

“What then hath happened?” said the queen.

“Conchobhar,” said the woman, “hath all but gained
the victory over Maine,

and Maine shall fall at his hand.

Arise, and thou shalt avenge him.”

Ocus dorat rand tosaig laide,
ocus ro recair Medb triana cotlud:

[Badb:]
“A Medb ca cotlud dogní,

in fetar cinnas atái?
diansat fissid fáth imne [*read* fissid fáthsine],
ropad mithig duit eirge.”

[Medb:]
“A bé bán bulid collí,
ca scél uathmar innisi?
cata námait dothæt and?
cia halt doine? cia n-anmand?”

[Badb:]
“Conchobar cend na curad,
ardrí ilbuadach Ulad,
ní damair a bruth no fherg [*read* no fheirg],
co ro thogla innocht for glend .g. [*read* Glend
Geirg, *with deletion of for*]”

agus rinne (sí) rann tosaigh laoi,
agus d’fhreagair Meadhbh trína
codladh:

An Bhadhbh
“A Mheadhbh, cén fáth a dhéanann (tú)
codladh?
an feadar conas ataoi?
dá mba fhios duit fáth imní,
do ba mhithid duit éirí.”

Meadhbh
“A bhé bán bhláfar go lí,
cén scéal uafar (a) insíonn tusa?
cad as a tháinig mo namhaid?
cén saghas daoine? cad *iad a* n-
ainmneacha?”

An Bhadhbh
“Conchobhar ceann na gcuradh,
ardrí ilbhuach Uladh,
ní shrianann (sé) a ghal ná a fhearg,
gura thoghla anocht Gleann Geirg.

Then she made the first lines of a poem,
and Meadhbh, while she slept, replied to her:—

The Badhbh.
“O Meadhbh, why lie you in sleep?

Do you know how it is with you?
If you be skilled in prophecy
it should be time for you to arise.”

Meadhbh.
“O white lady, fair with brilliancy,
what is this dreadful tale that you tell me?
Who are the foes that have come hither?
What is the condition of the men? what their names?”

The Badhbh.
“Conchobhar, the head of heroes,
the much-conquering, high king of Ulster,
holds not back his ardour and fury
that he may destroy Gleann Geirg to-night.”

[Medb:]

“Cia bail itá Gerg is Mani [*The syllable number requires that only s is spoken for is*]?
na fuilet i n-oenbali?”

ma tát ní hassa a togail
do lucht tigi Conchobair.”

[Badb:]

“Mani cid mór a menma
im fhebas a degdelba,
ní ba leiss commus a chind
da thurus innocht don glind.”

[Medb:]

“Mad dia marbthar Mani mór,
bid díth cethern, bid ár slóg,
atresat curaid fri gail
iter Chruachain is Emain.”

[Badb:]

“Érig is digail do mac,
tinóil cóiced Ólnécmacht,

snaidfea na sluagu co serb,
mad dia n-erge innossa a Medb.”

Meadhbh

“Cén áit ina bhfuil Gearg is Maine?”

nach bhfuil siad in aonbhaile (.i. *san áit chéanna*)?

má táid ní furasta a thoghail
do lucht tí Chonchobhair.”

An Bhadhbh

“Maine, cé (gur) mór a mheanma,
i bhfeabhas a dhea-dhealbha,
ní ba leis cumas a chinn,
dá thuras anocht don Ghlinn.”

Meadhbh

“Má dá maraítear Maine mór,
beidh díth cheithearn ar ár slua,
éireoidh siad curaidh le gail,
idir Chruachain is Eamhain.”

An Bhadhbh

“Éirigh is díoghail do mhac,
tionóil cúige Ól Éagmacht,

snoífidh [tú] na sluaite go searbh,
dá n-éiríteá anois, a Mheadhbh.”

Meadhbh.

“Where is the place where Gearg and Maine are?”

Are they not in the same place?

If that be so, not easy is that destruction
for the troops of the house of Conchobhar.”

The Badhbh.

“Though high is the mind of Maine,
on account of the beauty of his handsome form,
he has not the might on his head
for the raid to-night to the glen.”

Meadhbh.

“If great Maine is slain
There will be a slaughter of warriors in our host.
Heroes shall rise in bravery
in Cruachan as well as in Eamhain.”

The Badhbh.

“Raise thyself and avenge thy son,
assemble the province of Ól Éagmacht (*i.e., Connacht*).

Thou shalt cruelly cut asunder troops
if thou awake now, O Meadhbh.”

Section 20

Dúscid Medb iarsin agus dúscis Ailill,	Dhúisigh Meadhbh iar sin, agus dhúisigh (sí) Ailill,	Thereupon Meadhbh awoke, and she waked Ailill,
ocus adfét dó in fíis atchonnaire	agus d'inis (sí) dó an fhís a chonaic (sí),	and she told him of the vision which she had seen;
ocus adfét fon slúag iarsin.	agus a dúirt (sí) don slua iar sin.	and afterwards she recounted it to her people.
“Ní bó fíir ón ém,” ar Bricriu.	“Ní ba fíior sin ámh,” ar Bricre.	“I know well that there is no truth in that story,” said Bricre.
Otchuala Fiannamail mac Fergus [<i>read</i> Ferguso] Fordeirg sin, .i. mac rechtaire na Cruachna,	Ó chuala Fiannamhail mac Fearghais Fordheirg sin .i. mac reachtaire na Cruachna,	But when Fiannamhail, the son of Fearghus Fordhearg, even the son of him that was the steward of Cruachan, heard the news,
ní ro ernaid fri cách, acht luid remi i n-iarmoracht Mani,	níor fhan (sé) le cách ach chuaigh roimhe in iarmhóracht Mhaine,	he waited not for any other, but departed before Meadhbh was ready,
ar bá comalta dósom Mani,	óir ba chomhalta dósan Maine,	for Maine was his foster-brother;
arrop é in t-ochtmad maccóem na Cruachna Fiannamail.	óir dob é an t-ochtú macaomh na Cruachna Fiannamhail.	now the eighth place among the youths of Connacht belonged to Fiannamhail.
Togais Medb lé secht cét fer n-armach	Thogh Meadhbh na seacht *gcéad* bhfear n-armach	Meadhbh selected seven hundred armed men,
anas dech doralá i Cruachain in tan sin.	ba deach a tharla i gCruachan an tan sin.	the best that could at the time be found in Cruachan.

Is andsin doriacht Domnall Derg Drechlethan	Is ansin a <u>tháinig</u> Domhnall Dearg Dreachleathan	Then came Domhnall the Red of the broad countenance,
mac Dubain maic Ingamna,	mac Dubhain mhic Ionghamhna.	the son of Dubhán, who was the son of Ionghamhain;
læch he-side is dech ro bóí ar cúl scéith agus claidib agus gai	Laoch eisean is deach a bhí ar chúl scéithe agus claimhte agus ga	he was the best warrior under shield and sword and spear
i coiciud Chonnacht,	i gcúige Connacht,	to be found in the province of Connacht,
ocus bá comalta díl dana do Mani he-side.	agus ba comhalta díl do Mhaine eisean,	and he also was foster-brother to Maine.
Ocus dochuaid issin sligi cétnai ria cach,	agus chuaigh (sé) sa slí chéanna le cách.	And he followed on the track *of Fiannamail in front* of all the others;
tricha láech dana ba hed a lín, agus Domnall ainm cech fhir díb.	Tríocha laoch ba ea a lín, agus Domhnall ainm gach fir díobh.	thirty warriors had he with him, and the name of each one of them was Domhnall.
Imthigis dana Medb iarsin ina réim ina n-díaid.	D'imigh Meadhbh iar sin ina réim ina ndiaidh.	Meadhbh also followed *with her host* behind *Domhnall and his men*.
Aslingi Medba connice sin	Aisling Mheadhbha go nuige sin	Thus far runs the tale of the Vision of Meadhbh,
ocus turtheda himthechta.	agus tucaid a himeachta.	and the cause of the war that she made.

Section 21

Imthús immorro Mani thair.	Iomthúsa Mhaine thoir,	Now we return to tell *of the doom* of Maine.
Ro gab ina chind co maethtráth éirgi arnabarach,	ghabh (sé) i gceann an dúin go maoththráth éirí gréine arna mhárach,	He held *the fort* till the soft dawn; and pleasant was the dawn of the day;
ocus nir bo shám-subach sadail ro cathed ind adaig sin eturru maróen.	agus níor sámh súmhar sáil a caitheadh an oíche sin, idir é agus a naimhde.	but no cheerful or pleasant rest for him and his foes had been found that night.
Óman-acca dóib ri suilsi ind lái	Ó chonaic dóibh [<u>a chéile</u>] le soilse an lae,	And when those two warring hosts saw *each other* by daylight,
ro chumnig cách a anfolaid dia cheli,	chuimhnigh cách a anfhala dá chéile,	they bethought them anew of their quarrel, each of them desiring to do each other hurt,
ocus forópair Conchobar ar gressacht a muntire.	agus chrom Conchobhar ar dhreasú a mhuintire.	and thus began Conchobhar to urge on his followers:
“Diamtís Ulaid,” ar se, “no betis immalle frim-sa,	“Dá mba Ulaidh *na fir seo*,” ar sé, “bheidís maille liomsa,	“Had it been Ulstermen that I had with me,” said he,
ní fuléngtha in cath amal fhuilngithir d’Fhomórchaib.”	ní fhulaingeodh an cath amhail (a) fulaingíodh (é le) Fomhóraigh.”	“this battle would not have been fought in such fashion as it hath been by the Fomorians.”
Ro drebaing [<i>read</i> Ro drebraing] gal i m- brunnib na Fomorach don gressacht mór sin	Dhréim gal i mbroinní na bhFomhórach don ghreasacht mhór sin,	Courage rose high in the hearts of all the Fomorians as they heard this rebuke,
ocus dos-ratsat co dúr ocus co díchra frisin cathugud,	agus ghabh siad go dúr agus go díochra leis an gcathú,	and stubbornly and vehemently they rushed to the fight,

ocus ní ro ansat de co n-dechatar dar dorsib ind ríghthigi innund.	agus níor stad siad de go ndeachadar thar dóirsí an ríthí anonn.	and they ceased not from it till they had entered through the door of the royal palace.
Ba cóem ém ocus ba hirgna in phelait ríghda i n-dechas and.	Ba chaomh *ámh* agus ba hurghnamh an pálás ríoga ina ndeachaigh (siad) ann.	The palace into which they had come was fair and of great renown;
Ba líach drocharadu furri.	Ba thruamhéileach an droch-chrích [a tugadh] uirthi.	evil and sad was the fate that befell it.
Ro bóí cét mías findargit ocus trí chét do chredumu ocus trí chet do fhinddruini and.	Bhí céad mias fionnairgid agus trí chéad do chré-umha agus trí chéad do fhiondruine ann.	There were therein a hundred tables of silver, and three hundred of bronze, and three hundred of white bronze.
Bátar dana tricha easra	Bhí *iomorra* tríocha easra *ann*	There were, moreover, thirty drinking bowls,
do airgiut oengil Espáine ar borddaib dabach.	d'airgead aonghil *na* Spáinne ar <u>bhéil</u> na ndabhach sin.	with radiant silver from Spain on the rims of the bowls.
Batar dana da cét corn buabail	Bhí <u>iomorra</u> dhá chéad corn buabail	Also there were two hundred drinking horns *made from the horns of oxen*,
co n-imdenam óir ocus argit	*go* n-imdhéanamh óir agus airgid,	with chasings of gold and of silver,
ocus tricha coppán argit ocus tricha coppán créduma, ocus cethracha gagar.	agus tríocha cupán airgid agus tríocha cupán cré-umha, agus ceathracha <i>gagar</i> , [<i>i. saghas cupáin</i>]	and thirty beakers of silver and thirty of bronze.

Imscing linanairt gil	*agus* imscing líonanairte gil	There was a bed-place with fair white linen sheets,
co n-delbaib ingantachaib	go ndealbha n-iontacha	wondrous designs were woven upon them
fri fraigid and.	le fraigh ann.	there, at the wall.
Is andsin immarocht don t-shlúag cehtarda for lár in tigi.	Is ansin a shroich an dá shlua a chéile ar lár an tí.	Then came both those hosts together into the midst of the house,
Ro po díth don t-shlúag co mór andsin.	Bhí díth don tslua go mór ansin.	and much of death befell.
Ro siacht	Shaigh	Then came
Cobthach Cnesgel mac Geirg	Cobhthach Cneasgheal mac Geirg	Cobhthach the fair-skinned, the son of Gearg,
iar slaidi na Fomórach	iar shlad na bhFomhórach	after that he had smitten the Fomorians,
cosin magin i m-bói Berngal Brec	chuig an maighin ina raibh Bearnghal Breac	to that place *in the fight* where Bearnghal the Freckled
ic dicendugud na Connachtach.	ag dícheannadh na gConnachtach.	was *raging* and beheading the warriors of Connacht.
Dofuit Berngal tra la Cobthach iar scís chomlainn.	Thit Bearnghal le Cobhthach iar scís chomhlainn.	And Bearnghal fell by the hand of Cobhtach after becoming weary of battle.

Dorochair dana Buri Borbbriathrach do laim Mani,	Thorchair dano Buiri Borbbhriathrach do lámh Mhaine,	Moreover, *in another part of the fort*, Buire of the Cruel Speech died at the hand of Maine,
ocus ro dased immi iarsin	agus tháinig dásacht uime iar sin,	who then fell into a wild frenzy,
ocus ron-immir for slúag na Fomorach sechnon in tigi,	agus d'imir (sé) ar shlua na bhFomhórach seachnón an tí,	and raged among the Fomorians throughout the palace,
ocus dorochair tricha laech dib leis.	agus throchair tríocha laoch díobh leis.	thirty falling at his hand.
Ótchonnaire in cur cróda cathbuadach Conchobar in laini [<i>read</i> lainni] forsa rabi Mani,	Ó chonaic an curadh cróga cathbhuach Conchobhar an lainne ar a raibh Maine,	But when that valiant hero Conchobhar, the ever-victorious in war, saw the fury of Maine,
ron dírig a dochum ocus ro frithail-seom Mani co fichtha furachair	dhírigh (sé) <u>chuige</u> agus d'fhriotháilsean Maine go fíochta fuireachair,	he turned to meet him, and Maine awaited him, vigilant in his wrath;
ocus bátar fri ré cían icathugud [<i>for</i> ic cathugud],	agus bhíodar le ré cian i gcathú,	and they fought a long time together,
ocus ro brisset nonbor maccoem fo cossaib [<i>for</i> fo a cossaib].	agus bhriseadar naonúr macaomh faoi chois.	and they trampled nine young men under foot.
Teilgis Mani rout n-úrchair co feirg ocus lonnus	Theilg Maine *a shleá* fad urchair go fearg agus lainne	Maine hurled his spear the breadth of a spear-cast with wrath and fury,
co m-bói ina chrois trí Chonchobar.	go raibh (sí) ina chros trí Chonchobhar,	so that it made a cross through Conchobhar.

Ocus cein bóí Conchobar oc béim na sleigi ass,	agus (is) cian (a) bhí Conchubhar ag baint na sleá as,	And as Conchobhar struggled to draw out the spear,
ro gon Mani don mánáis lethanglais bóí ina láim.	ghoin Maine é don manaois leathanghlas (a) bhí ina lámh.	Maine wounded him again with the broad grey spear that was in his hand.
Ocus dodechaid Brod i forithin Conchobair,	Agus tháinig Brod chun fóirithinte Conchobhair	And Brod came up to aid Conchobhar,
ocus ferais Mani tri crechta aidbli fair,	agus d'fhear Maine trí chréachta ábhala air	and Maine fetched him three grievous wounds,
ocus nír bo shétrech comlaind Brod iarsin.	agus níor shéitreach comhlainn Bhrod iar sin	and Brod was after that unfit for war.
Impáis Conchobar iarsin fri Mani	D'iompaigh Conchobhar iar sin ar Mhaine	Conchobhar turned again upon Maine,
ocus ron ecrand do bráthbemmennaib do cech aird	agus ghabh (sé) air do bhráthbhéimeanna do gach aird,	and overwhelmed him with crushing blows, from all directions,
co torchair leis marb cen anmain.	go dtorchair leis marbh gan anam.	so that he fell lifeless and dead.
Ocus forfhopair iarsain ar erlech in t-shluaigimme do cech leith isin tig,	Agus chrom (sé) iar sin ar eirleach an tslua uime do gach leith sa teach,	Then he began to hew down upon all sides the men that were round him,
co torchratar bond fri bond ocus médi fri medi sechnon in tigi.	go dtorchradar bonn le bonn agus muin le muin seachnón an tí,	so that they fell foot to foot and neck to neck throughout the house.

Cid fil and trá acht ní thérna nech i m-bethaid do na tri coicdaib laech dodechaid la Conchobar	ach níor <u>éalaigh</u> neach i mbeatha do na trí chaogaid laoch a ndeachaigh *ann* le Conchobhar	And none of the thrice fifty warriors who came with Conchobhar into that house escaped alive
acht sé féin agus Brod,	ach é féin agus Brod,	save himself and Brod,
ocus cided ón ní slán térnatar.	agus cé gur <u>d'éalaíodar</u> beirt, ní slán (a) <u>d'éalaíodar</u> .	and although these two came out, yet they came not out unhurt.
Tafnis Conchobar Cobthach mac Geirg ón dúnud immach.	Thafainn Conchobhar Cobhthach mac Geirg ón dún amach,	And Cobhthach, the son of Gearg, fled from out of the fort, and Conchobhar chased him.
Ocus i céin ro bóí ina lenmain sechnón in maigi,	agus (is) i gcéin a bhí (sé) <u>á leanúint</u> seachnón na maighe,	And as he followed him over the plain,
dochuaid ind ingen .i. Ferb ingen Geirg	chuaigh an iníon .i. Fearbh, iníon Gheirg,	the maiden, namely Fearbh, the daughter of Gearg, came ame,
ocus bé thastil immalle fria	agus bé thaistil maille léi,	and with her, the messenger maid *who had brought the news of Maine's coming*.
cosin magin i m-bóí Mani ina chróligi fhola	chuig an maighean ina raibh Maine ina chróilí fola,	They came together to the place where Maine lay in his gore,
ocus ina chropartaig,	agus *é sínte*,	a bloody disfigured form;
ocus ro bóí oc derfadaig agus oc mifri.	agus bhí (sí) ag <u>gol</u> agus ag <u>caoineadh</u> .	and she mourned and she wept.

“Dar brethir [*for* Darm brethir] ém,” ar sí,
“ciataí th’oenur innossa,

mór n-aidchi ro bá sochaide.”

Ocus dorat in laid-sea oc tabairt a thesta.

“A gillai is derg do lepaid,
ní dam na déine deccair (?)

olc sén i tanac ótig [*for* ót tig],
bid mana dér rit muntir.

Sochaide dia tartais olc
naidchi [*for* in aidchi] ro ba illongphort,
a maic Medba in murir,
a chulian ard ardenig.

A maic Ailella nach dis,
ní latt in gním ro máidis,

is trúag rim chride is rom [*read* rim?] chlí,
do bith tall it bithligí.

“Dar (mo) bhriathar ámh,” ar sí, “cé go
bhfuil tú id aonar anseo,

(is) mór oíche a bhíodh sochaí leat,”

agus dúirt (sí) an laoi seo ag tabhairt a
theastais:

“A ghiolla is dearg do leaba,
ní dom nach amhra deacair,

olc séan lena dtáinig tú ód theach
beidh mana deor led mhuintir.

Sochaí dá dtáinig *le* holc
an oíche ba i longphort *thú*,
a mhic Mheadhbha an mhuintir
a choileáin ard ardoinigh.

A mhic Ailealla nach dearóil
ní leat an gníomh a mhaígh tú,

is trua lem chroí is lem chlí
tú ’bheith thall id bhithluí.

“Truly,” said she, “thou art lonely now,

yet on many nights, *as I reckon*, thou hast had the
fellowship of many.”

And she sang this lament while she made testimony
for him:—

“O boy, your couch is red
Something difficult to me are the swift slayings
(? *This line is very obscure*)
Evil the sign with which you came from your house.
A token will it be of tears for your kindred.

Many are they to whom you brought evil
in the night, there you were on your couch.
O son of Meadhbh, *queen* of her tribe,
O lofty twig of high honour.

Son of Ailill, who is not weak,
Not of you is the deed that you have boasted for
yourself.
Sad it is for my heart and my body
that you there for ever lie.

A gillai is gastu atchonnac [*read* atchonnarc],
ro pat slatt óir fri hadart,
cia ro bóí do dál ri nech,
rob-í do dál dedenach.

Ropo garb do lám sin chath,
ropot iarsla (?) Fomórach,

mór fúaim do builli fri cend,
sochaide i tanac thimchell.

Ropo shegda suáirc do dath,
ropot cumnech comaltach,
ro pat gasta dar cach glend,
sochaide i tanac thimchell.

Ropo chóir dam-sa sæth dít,
ar ái chomraic cen co richt,
ní lugaite in grád cen chess,
cíd de thic m'amless [*two syllables are missing*].

Is sæth lim in ligi itái,
a gillai-sea a maic Meidbi,
ocus is sæth ram chride,
inti fhuil 'cot urnaide.

A ghiolla is gasta a chonaic (mé)
ba tusa slat óir le hadhairt,
cé go raibh do dháil le neach
ba í do dháil dheireanach.

Ba gharbh do lámh sa chath
b'iarsma Fomhórach thú,

mór fuaim do bhuille le ceann
sochaí a tháinig timpeall.

Ba shuairc do dhath
ba chuimhneach comhallach (thú),
ba ghasa thar gach gleann thú
sochaí a tháinig timpeall.

Ba chóir domsa [bheith] saoth díot
ar chomhrac gan do riocht,
ní lú an grá gan cheas
cé gur thagann m'aimhleas de.

Is saoth liom an luí ataoi,
a ghiollasa a mhic Mheadhbha,
agus is saoth lem chroí,
an té 'fuil go d'fhionraí.

O boy, the most dexterous that I have seen,
Thou were a rod of gold on the cushion.
When also thy meeting with any one took place
it was yet this—thy last meeting.

Your hand was rough in war,
you were '*a survivor?*' — *the term used is unclear*) of
the Fomorians.
Great was the thundering of your blows on the head,
Many were the men upon whom you fell.

Your colour was beautiful, *lovely*,
You were mindful, fulfilling your duty,
You were light over every valley.
Many were the men upon whom you fell.

Fitting for me was sorrow for you
on account of our meeting, though it came not to that.
Not less on that account my love, without lamentation
even if from you my ill luck springs.

It hurts me that you lie here
O my lad, O son of Meadhbh,
and it hurts my own heart
the same fate that awaits you.

Rop annam lat bith cen t'arm,
nó conotarla [*for* conot tarla. *The line has one syllable too many*] is tu secmarb,
co rot gæt in gai glan-gle,

is co rot tregd araile.

'S corot letar claideb crúaid,
's coro shil bróen fola dar grúaid,
's coro gabsat immut uli,
roptar athig oenchuri.

Uch cid ro batar dam-sa,
na ro fhegsat ardinsa?
mo lennán mo thoga tréoit
is m'fher dingbala degséoit.

Is m'er [*for* mo fher] dingbala frim lá,
Mani mor mac Ailella,
ba marb-sa da ingnais de,
cen co ti-sium dam aire.

A bratt corcra inn inud rí,
is mór dom-ber i n-imshním,
dar eis [*read* dar a eis?] nir gab nech úad,
o ro gab armu d'iomlat.

B'annamh leat bheith gan d'arm
nó go dtarla is tú seach marbh,

gur ionat ghabh an ga glan glé

is gur ionat treghd araile.

'S gur leadradh tú le claíomh crua
's gura shil braon fola thar do ghrua,
's gura ghabh siad umat uile,
a bhí ina n-aithigh aonchuire.

Och, cad a bhíodar domsa
nár fhacadar aon neach eile?
mo leannán mo thogha tréada
is m'fhear diongbhála dea-seoid.

Is m'fhear diongbhála lem lá
Maine Mór mac Ailealla,
marbh mise dá íonais de
gan eisean dom aire.

A bhrat corcra in ionad rí
is mór dom beir in imní,
tar (a) éis níor ghabh neach de
ó ghabh (sé) arm d'iomlat.

It was seldom for you to be without your weapons
until it had befallen you to be stiff in death.

The bright shining spear has wounded you
grievously,
and another has transfixed you.

And the cruel sword has cut you to pieces,
and a rain of blood has fallen down your cheeks.
And they took all about you,
all the warriors that were of one troop.

Ah, what were they for me
who have not seen my chief of sorrows?
My loved one, my chosen out of the crowd,
and my man worth good treasure.

He is my man of worth for all my days,
Great Maine, the son of Ailill.
I will die therefore, to be in want of him,
that he will not come to be perceived by my senses.

His purple robe of kingly state
much its *sight* puts me in grief,
No one took it away from him
after that he had taken weapons to brandish them.

Sé féin ar lar in taigi,
's a lám arna himdibi,
's a gai 's i læch [*read* is i læch?] ras cuir,
's a chend illáim Conchobuir.

'S a chlaideb tortbuillech, trén,
ro gab úad i n-etarcén,
's a sciath bail darochair de,
icosnam [*for* ic cosnam] a muntere.

Cóica láech immi fo thrí,
trúag a n-dul uili ar nefní,
mór a n-osnad tan roscab,
'ca chosnam darochratar.

hÉ-sium féni noco bréc,
ro fodail mór sét [*two syllables are missing,*
perhaps hé-sium at the beginning],
ní lugu dorochair de,
oc cosnam a muntire.

Atá na ligi co crúaid
maccoem Connacht glaini a shluaig.

Mairg dia muntir miad glan gle,
ocus mairg dia glancheile.

'S é féin ar lár an tí
's a lámh arna baint,
's a gha 's i laoch a chuir (sé)
's a cheann i lámh Chonchobhair.

'S a chlaíomh tortbhuilleach tréan
a ghabh uaidh in idirchian,
's a sciath bail a thorchair de,
i gcosaint a mhuintire.

Caoga laoch uime faoi thrí
trua a ndul uile ar neamhní,
mór a n-osna tan thost a gcab
'ga chosnamh a thorchradar.

Eisean féin nach mbréag
d'fhodháil mórshéad,

ní lú a thorchair (sé) de
ag cosnamh a mhuintire.

Atá ina luí go crua
macaomh Connacht (le) glaine a shlua,

mairg dá mhuintir an miadh glan glé
agus mairg dá ghlanchéile.

He himself on the floor of the house,
and his hand since it has been cut off,
and his spear, into a hero he thrust it,
and his head in the hand of Conchobhar.

And his sword, hard-striking, strong,
took Conchobhar from him in the distance;
and his shield there where it fell from him
for the defence of his people.

Three times fifty warriors round him —
'Tis sad that they all went for nothing.
Great their sigh when he took them;
while they defended him they are fallen.

He himself was a hero—it is no lie—
he distributed much treasure;

Not a little thing it is that he has fallen for
while he defended his people.

He lies there in grisly manner,
the young man of Connacht with the flower of his
army.
Woe for his people—bright gleaming honour—
and woe for his fair companion.

Noco chumcim-sea ní duit,
áir dom-rat in drochbeirt [*there is a syllable
missing, perhaps dom-radat can be read*],
is briste mo chride de,
icot fhégad a gillai.”

Nach gcumas domsa ní duit
ar do dhul i ndrochbheart,
is briste mo chroí de
ag d’fhéachaint a ghiolla.”

I can do nothing for you,
for it is an evil deed that *has been done to you*.

My heart is broken therefore
while I look upon you, O boy.”

Section 22

Is and sin doroacht Fiannamail mac Fergus
Forderg

trí chóicait læch cucu.

Ro tuarascaib ind echlach disi

ocus ro innis scéla garba dó-som.

Ro dassed immi-sium iarsin,

ocus ro iarair eolas airm i faigbed
Chonchobar,

ocus doringset laid eturru:

Is ansin a tháinig Fiannamhail mac
Fordeirg

agus trí chaogaid laoch chucu.

Thuairiscaigh an t-eachlach dise **(.i. d’
Fhearbh)**,

agus d’inis na scéala garbha dósan **(.i.
d’Fhiannamhail)**.

Tháinig dásacht uimesean iar sin,

agus d’iarr (sé) eolas airm a bhfaigheadh
Conchobhar,

agus rinne siad laoi eatarthu:

Then came Fiannamhail, the son of Fearghus
Fordhearg, *to the fort*,

and three times fifty was the number of the warriors
that were with him.

And a herald *who preceded him* gave to Fearbh
the news of his coming,

and to *Fiannamhail* he told the sad tidings *of
Maine*.

Fiannamhail immediately flew into a rage,

and sought eagerly for tidings of where Conchobhar
was to be found,

and *he and Fearbh* between them made this
song:—

[Ferb:]

“Fiannamail-seo chucunni,
ro iarraided acunni,
cid maith a bés oc a thig,
ro scar dogrés ria muntir.”

[Fiannamail:]

“A ingen is garb in scél,
innissi dam tria grés n-gér,
scarad frimuntir [*for* frim muntir] mét n-gal,
mas iat-so darochratar.”

[Ferb:]

“Is iat-sain do munter-su,
arai cen co fintat-sum,
ro marbsat ro marbtha i fat,
ro bo chomrac dergnámát.”

Fearbh:

“Fiannamhail seo chugainne
ar a n-iarradh achainí,
cé maith a bheas ag a theach
scar (sé) do ghréas lena mhuintir.”

Fiannamhail:

“A iníon is garbh an scéal
inis-se dom tria ghréas géar,
scaradh le muintir méid gal
más iadsan a thorchradar.”

Fearbh:

“Is iadsan do mhuintirse
a n-araí gur go fionnta duit,
mharaíodar, maraíodh i bhfad iad
ba chomhrac deargnamhad.”

Fearbh.

“Fiannamhail comes here to us,
he was sought for by us:
how good also his demeanour in the house.
He is for ever separated from his kindred.”

Fiannamhail.

“O maiden, the message is painful
that you send sharply provoking me,
‘That I have lost my kindred.’ Much was the valour
if it is here that they are fallen.”

Fearbh.

“These are your kindred—
yet without that you can discover them.
They have slain, they have been slain far and wide;
it was a war of blood-red foes.”

[Fiannamail:]

“Ocus Mani in marend hé?
mo chomthach mo choceile,
mo rí mo ruiro ‘com thaig,
mo duni alaind inmain.”

[Ferb:]

“Is goirt lim aní atberi,
a Fhiannamail fhiannaidi,
ro merad immut cen acht,
fogéba sund a thigleacht.”

[Fiannamail:]

“Eolas dam ram fhorraig ferg,

ma ra fhetar a glan-Fherb,
apair rim, cia bail itá
Mani mór mac Ailella.”

[Ferb:]

“Uchan achan air [*two syllables are missing*],
na fetar a Fhiannamail?
dorochair Mani malle
is ogus a muntire.”

Fiannamhail:

“Agus Maine, an mhaireann sé?
mo chomthach mo chomhchéile,
mo rí mo ruire ag mo theach,
mo dhuine álainn ionúin.”

Fearbh:

“Is goirt liom a’ ní a tharla
a Fhiannamhail féinní,
a mhearadh umat gan acht
gheobhaidh tú ansin a theachleacht.”

Fiannamhail:

“*Déan* eolas dom roimh fhor-ráig
feirge
má a fheadar a ghlanFherb,
abair liom cén bail atá (sé)
Maine Mór mac Ailealla.”

Fearbh:

“Ochón, ochón air
nach bhfeadar a Fhiannamhail?
Thorchair Maine maille
is a mhuintir uile.”

Fiannamhail.

“And Maine, is he in life?
my comrade, my companion,
my king, my chief in the house,
my fair, well-loved friend.”

Fearbh.

“Bitter to me is what you say,
O champion Fiannamhail.
You are in error without a doubt,
here you shall find his last bed.”

Fiannamhail.

“Make it known to me—wrath has mastered me—

if you know it, O fair Fearbh,
tell me the place where is
Great Maine, son of Ailill.”

Fearbh.

“Ochone, Ochone,
Do you know it not, Fiannamail?
Maine is fallen,
and with him all his forces.”

[Fiannamail:]

“Cia dorat in cath crúaid? [*a syllable is missing*]

cia doraitni fó dimbúaid?

ocus cia ro marb Mane

ocus siat i n-oenbaile?”

[Ferb:]

“Ulaid tancatar a túaid

a nirt chatha chlaidebrúaid,

co ro gabsat fhoraind tech

co trí cóicdaib læch laimthech.”

[Fiannamail:]

“Ticfa fri Ultaib in scél,

at bidbaid cen imarlén,

mairfitir and tiar is tair,

dia marat na Connachtaigh.”

[Ferb:]

“Doberim mo chobais duit,

a Fhiannamail, uair at roglíc,

na dechaid d’Ultaib cen chleith,

acht oén días ina m-bethaid.”

Fiannamhail:

“Cé a fhear an cath crua?

cé faoi deara an díomua?

agus cé a mharaigh Maine

agus iad in aonbhail?”

Fearbh:

“Ulaidh (a) tháinig aduaidh

a neart catha chlaíomhrúa,

gura ghabh siad orainn an teach

go trí caogaid laoch láimhtheach.”

Fiannamhail:

“Tiocfaidh i gcoinne na n-Ultadh an scéal

iad bíobhaI gan imléan,

marófar iad thiar is thoir

má maireann na Connachtaigh.”

Fearbh:

“Beirim mo chúis duit

a Fhiannamhail uair (go bhfuil tú)

róghlic,

a tháinig d’Ultaigh gan chleith

níl ach aondís ina mbeatha.”

Fiannamhail.

“Who has caused the cruel war?

Who has glittered *in arms* at the overthrow?

and who has slain Maine

and *are* they in like place?”

Fearbh.

“The Ulster men came from the North

With their might of red-sworded war;

so that they took the house against us,

with three times fifty bold warriors.”

Fiannamhail.

“The tale shall go against the men of Ulster,

they are guilty without being hurt.

They shall be slain west and east,

if the men of Connacht yet remain in life.”

Fearbh.

“I give you my assurance,

O Fiannamail, since you are very skilful,

that of the Ulster men—without concealment—

only a single pair came back alive.”

[Fiannamail:]

“Cade in días térnatar and?
cia halt dáine? cia n-anmand?”

ocus cíá dochuatar ass,
doringset mór diar n-amles?”

[Ferb:]

“Conchobar is Brod cen brath,
is iat [*read* ’s iat] térnatar assin chath,
da gai trí Chonchobar féin,
’s a trí tri Brod ní imcén [*read* imchéin].”

[Fiannamail:]

“Cia ro guin Conchobar crom?
cia dorat i n-ecomlond?
ní beoda a dula cen geiss,
ma tá air-sium dluig legis.”

[Ferb:]

“Mani ro guin Conchobar,
di shleig nirborddugud [*perhaps* nir bo
orddugud?],
ro marb-som Mani iarsin,
is é a fhír a Fhiannamail.”

Fiannamhail:

“Cé (hiad) an días (a) tháinig ann?
cén bail *ar na* daoine *seo*?
cad (iad) *a* n-ainmneacha?
agus cá ndeachadar as
a rinne siad mór dár n-aimhleas?”

Fearbh:

“Conchobhar is Brod gan feall
is iad théarnadar as an chath,
dhá gha trí Chonchobhar féin
’s a trí i mBrod ní imchéin.”

Fiannamhail:

“Cé a ghoin Conchobhar crom?
cé a chuir (sé) in éagomhlann?
ní beo a dhula gan geis
má tá airsean fonn leighis.”

Fearbh:

“Maine a ghoin Conchobhar
dhá shleá, níorbh ord,

mharaighsean Maine iar sin
is é a tharla a Fhiannamhail.”

Fiannamhail.

“Who are the two who came back?
What is the condition of the men?
what their names?
and whither are they gone from hence
who have done a great thing for our hurt?”

Fearbh.

“Conchobhar and Brod, without deceit,
are they who have come back from the battle;
two spears through Conchobhar himself,
and three of them through Brod, not far from that.”

Fiannamhail.

“Who has wounded Conchobhar the crooked?
Who has put him into an evil state?
Not lucky his going without prohibition,
if he has a desire for healing.”

Fearbh.

“Maine it was who wounded Conchobhar —
two spears, it was not an appointment

He killed Maine thereafter.
That is the truth about him, Fiannamhail.”

Section 23

Imthigid Fiannamail iarsin i n-iarmoracht Conchobuir,	D'imigh Fiannamhail iar sin in iarmhóracht Chonchobhair,	After this Fiannamhail pushed forward in pursuit of Conchobhar,
co tarla Niall Cendfhind mac Conchobuir ina agid	go dtarla Niall Ceannfhionn mac Conchobhair ina aghaidh,	and to meet him came Niall the fair-headed, who was the son of Conchobhar,
ocus céit fer n-armach do thegluch Conchobuir immalle fris	agus céad fear n-armach do theaghlach Conchobhair maille leis,	and with him a hundred armed men of Conchobhar's household,
ic iarraid Chonchobuir.	ag iarraidh Chonchobhair.	who were seeking Conchobhar.
Ro ferad gleo fichda feochair eturru.	Fearadh gleo fíochta feochair eatarthu.	A hot, wild battle was fought between them,
Maroen ro imred forlond fer for Fiannamail de-side,	<u>Treascraíodh le</u> forlann fear Fiannamhail de sin,	and Fiannamhail, overcome by men, was vanquished,
ocus nír damad cert comlaind dó,	agus níor dámhadh ceart comhlainn dó,	nor did he reap advantage from the equal number on his own side,
ná co torchair marb cen anmain.	nó go dtorchair (sé) marbh gan anam..	for he fell lifeless and dead;
Dorochair dana trícha laech laisium a oenur.	Thorchair tríocha laoch leis-sean ina aonar.	yet thirty of his foes fell by his single arm alone.
Forfhopair andsin ind ingen ic fegad gilla Connacht.	Chrom ansin an iníon Fearbh ag féachaint *ar* ghiollaí Connacht.	And then the maiden, *namely Fearbh*, turned her and looked at the young warriors of Connacht.

“Dar brethir [<i>for</i> Darm brethir] ém,” ar si,	“Dar *mo* briathair ámh,” ar sí,	“By my word indeed,” said she,
“ní ar meth gascid ná hengnama dorochrabair-si	“ní ar mheath gaiscí ná heangnamha a thorchair sibhse,	“it is not owing to lack of valour or of skill that you died;
acht forlond do imbirt foraib,	ach *toisc* fhorlainn a imirt oraibh.	but you were overcome by superior numbers.
ocus ummoro tra,” ar si, “darochair far comlund lib-si	Agus iomorra,” ar sí, “thorchair ar chomhlann libhse	And yet,” said she, “an equal number of your foes have been slain by you,
cia dorochrabair.”	cé <u>gur</u> thorcair sibhse.”	even though you also have fallen.”
Ocus ro chan in laid-seo sis:	Agus chan an laoi seo síos:	And she sang the following song:—
“Truag sin a gillu Connacht, ní fhuil clúim ria bar n-adart, bar lem-si [<i>read</i> léim] is léim cen fhollacht, fúarabair béim dar amarc.	“Trua sin, a ghiollaí Chonnacht, níl clúmh le bhur n-adhairt, dar liomsa is léim gan <u>ionad coise</u> fuair sibh béim thar amharc.	“Sad is this, you young men of Connacht. There is no down to your cushions. Your leap seems without (a footstep?). You have found yourselves struck by a blow over the eyes.
Ca sluag rop ailliu innathe, is bad fherr i cend cleithe? Bar n-delb ropo delb dígle, is frithe serb far snathe.	Cén slua árbh áille ná sibh is ba fearr i gceann cleithe? bhur ndealbha, b’iad dealbha *ba* dhile is frith searbh bhur snáithe *shaoil*.	What army was fairer than you were, and better for noble strife? Your form was a glorious form; your life thread is a bitter masterless possession.
Snáithe far ruisc ro mebaid, fuarabair dig cuisc tonnaid. Ropo chrúaid leo far n-debaid, ro dedail gleo i n-uarcollaib.	Snáithe bhur roisc a madhmadh fuair (sibh) deoch coisc <u>bháis</u> , do ba chrua leo bhur ndeabhaidh a dheighil gleo i bfuair-cholainneacha.	The thread of your eyes is broken. You have found the drink of conquest, of death poison. Stubborn for them was the strife with you— the war departed in cold bodies.

Ro marbsaid cét fer n-armach,
ro for-rép in cú codnach.
Bar scél is crúaid 's is caingneach,
is mana dér co homnach.

Is trúag mo chumang-sa rib,
ic scailiud dér is ic mifrig [*perhaps read 's*
ic and dul in the following line].
Ropad fherr lim-sa dula lib,
is mo loscud do chrithrib.

Sib sluág rop ailliu i n-hErinn,
gillai Chonnacht nos cáinim.
Cach oen ros marb ní seguind,
fégaim cech m-baidb foa fuidim.

Ropo mór far muirn sin chath
i n-agid na Fomorach.
Mór m-ban dagaena uch ach
i n-degaid na ro-uallach.

Uallach thancatar is tech,
nocorb athair dóib aithech.
O ro gabsat cóir na cleth,
nocorb allic dóib teched.

Mharaigh (tú) céad fear n-armach
réab an cú codhnach *iad*,
bhur scéal is crua, 's is caingneach,
is mana deor go huamhnach.

Is trua mo chumannsa libh
ag scaoileadh deor is ag mairgneach,
b'fhearr liomsa dul libh
is mo loscadh do chréalach.

Sibh slua ár bh áille in Éirinn
giollaí Chonnacht (a) chaoinim,
gach aon a mharaigh (sibh) ní
séaghainn
féachaim gach badhbh (*i.e. laochra, go*
meafarach) a chaoinim.

Ba mór bhur slua sa chath
in aghaidh na bhFomhórach,
mór mban a ndéanfaidh “uch, ach”
i ndiaidh na ró-uallach.

Uallach thágnadar sa teach
nárbh athair dóibh aitheach,
ó ghabh siad cóir na gcleatha
nárbh áil dóibh teitheadh.

You have slain a hundred armed men.
For you the noble dog has torn (them) in pieces.
Your tale is stubborn and a cause of strife.
It is a fore-token of tears in dreadful manner.

Sorrowful is my knowledge of you,
while I shed tears and lament.

Dear were it for me to go with you
and to be burnt to ashes.

You were the fairest troop in Ireland.
Young men of Connacht, I lament you,
Each who has killed you, he is not stately,

I see every scald-crow (*'Badhbh', a nickname with*
warlike connotations) whom I lament.

Great was your host in war
against the Fomorians.
Many women are there who will cry 'uch' and 'ach'
behind the very proud.

Proudly you came into the house;
you had no vassal for father.
Since you had accepted the privilege of the chiefs
it was not suitable for you to fly.

Ro biathsaid Baidb co m-báni,
allus airm, lór a chruadi.
Gillai Chonnacht co cáimi,
dáini ra tromalt truagi.”

Bheathaigh siad Badhbh go mbána
as los airm, (ba) leor a gcrua,
giollaí Chonnacht go caoimhe
daoine le tromalt trua.”

You have feasted the Badhbh, the pale one,
amidst the weapons; sufficient your boldness.
The young men of Connacht with beauty
are men in a heavy state of sorrow.”

Section 24

Doroacht iarsin Domhnall Derg Drechlethan
mac Dubain

faichthi in dúnaid.

“Maith ém allus gai ocus claidib,”

ar bé thastil, “Domhnall Derg mac Dubain.

Lond fri úair n-gascid cách tanic and,

ocus ro pad mór a chobair dia chomaltu,

dianatairsed ina bethaid.”

Otchuala ind ingen sin,

dodechaid immach ina agid

Shroich iar sin Domhnall Dearg
Dreachleathan mac Dubháin

faiche an dúin.

“Maith ámh a los ga agus claíomh,”

ar an bhé thaistil, “Domhnall Dearg
mac Dubháin.

Lonn le uair na ngaiscí cách a tháinig,

agus ba mór a chabhair dá chomhalta
(Domhnall)

dá dtairiseadh (sé) ina bheatha.”

Ó chuala an iníon (*i. Fearbh*) sin

chuaigh (sí) amach ina aghaidh

Then came Domhnall the Red, of the broad
countenance, the son of Dubhán

to the lawn of the fort.

“Indeed, he is good with the spear and sword,

this Domhnall the Red, son of Dubhán,” said the
messenger maid.

“Dauntless in the hour wherein valiant deeds are done
is each of those who have come hither,

and mighty would have been the aid that Domhnall
would have lent to his foster-brother

if he had come here while Maine was yet in life.”

And when the maiden Fearbh heard that,

she went out that she might meet Domhnall,

ocus ro gress co mór

ocus doringni rand oculus ros frecair Domnall
Derg Drechlethan:

[Ferb:]

“A Domnaill maic Dubáin dí,
a gríobh in gascid gabthig,
cidat lond im gním garta,
ro marbad do chomalta.”

[Domnall:]

“Cia ro thuit Mani in milid,
ra chind ar a chomdínib
im gáis im gasced im gart,
im enech is im ánleacht.”

[Ferb:]

“Ní hopair læch na n-déni,
uchfad uch is ecáini,
or na targa Mani de,
ba ferr calma fri namte.”

[Domnall:]

“Bam tarb tnúith isna tressaib,
focicher crú tria chnessaib,
coselub mór bemmend búan
ar Conchobar claidebruad.”

agus ghreas go mór (sí) é,

agus rinne (sí) rann agus d’fhreagair
Domhnall Dearg Dreachleathan:

Fearbh:

“A Dhomhnaill mic Dubháin dí,
a ghríobh i ngaisce gáifigh,
cé (gur) lonn (thú) i gníomh garta,
marbhaíodh do chomhalta.”

Domhnall:

“Cé gur thit Maine an míle,
ba cheann ar a chomhdhaoine (é),
im ghaois im ghaisce im ghart,
im oineach is im iocht.”

Fearbh:

“Ní hobair laoich a dhéanann tú,
ochfad och is éagoin,
óir ní thiocfaidh Maine de,
ba fearr *a bheith* calma le
naimhde.”

Domhnall:

“Is tarbh tnúith mé sna treasa,
scairdfidh cró tria chneasa,
le gach buille béimneach buan
ar Chonchobar claíomhrú.”

and much she incited him *to the fight*,

and she made a part of a song, and Domhnall the Red
of the broad countenance answered:

Fearbh.

“O Domhnall, son of dear Dubhán,
O hawk of dangerous valour,
since you are dauntless for the sake of a deed of fame,
your foster-brother has been killed.”

Domhnall.

“Though Maine the warrior is fallen,
yet he surpassed all his contemporaries
in skill, in valour, in glory,
in honour, and clemency.”

Fearbh.

“This is not the deed of a hero that you do
sighs, crying of woe, and laments.
Since Maine will not return after that
it were better to go valiantly against his foes.”

Domhnall.

“I will be a fiery bull in the war.
I will make blood spring through the skin.
I will give many incessant blows
to Conchobar the red-sworded.”

[Ferb:]

“Nir bo ró Conchobar cain

i n-dígail Mani menmnaig,
or ní tharga is nir gein
a macsamla asin Chruachain.”

[Domhnall:]

“Conchobar, cid mór a blad,
ocus Niall is Fearadach,
i n-dígail Mani rocerb,
nos linfea [*for* nos liunfa?] mo lám a Fherb.”

[Ferb:]

“Da m-bad tussu, a Domnail Deirg,
no marbtais Ulaid trí Fheirb,
ropad bladach a digail
forscéol Mani mórgnimaig.”

[Domhnall:]

“Daig is esium féin ro beb,
Mani Mórgor met míle,
noco rag-sa siar dom thig,
na raib fer bethaid d’Ultaib.”

Fearbh:

“Ní *an iomarca é* go raibh *a bhás
ag* Conchobhar caoin
i ndíoghail Mhaine mheanmnaigh,
óir ní tháinig is níor gin*eadh*,
a mhacasamhail as an gCruachan.”

Domhnall:

“Conchobhar, cé (gur) mór a bhladh,
agus Niall is Fearadach,
i ndíoghail Mhaine, *a gearradh*,
Imreoidh* mo lámh *díoltas orthu*, a
Fhearbh.”

Fearbh:

“Dá mba tusa a Dhomhnaill Deirg,
a mharaigh Ulaidh trí Fhearbh,
ba bladach a dhíoghail,
ar scéal Maine mhórghnínhaigh.”

Domhnall:

“*Ó tharla* is eisean féin fuair bás
Maine Mórgor méad míle,
nó go rachaidh (mé) siar dom theach,
ná raibh fear beo d’Ultaigh.”

Fearbh.

“Not too much would be that Conchobhar the fair
should die, as vengeance for Maine the courageous;
For there will not come, and there is not born
The equal of Maine in Cruachan.”

Domhnall.

“Conchobhar, though great his glory,
and Niall and Fearadach
are vengeance for Maine —a sharp hewing in pieces.
My hand shall slay them, O Fearbh.”

Fearbh.

“If you it were, O Red Domhnall,
whom the Ulstermen had slain for the sake of Fearbh,
so would the revenge taken for you be glorious
in the tale of Maine, the doer of great deeds.”

Domhnall.

“Since he himself it is who is dead,
Greatly-dutiful Maine with the greatness of a warrior,
I will not go westwards to my home
while any of the Ulstermen live.”

[Ferb:]
 “Ropad sám ram chríde cain,
 ropad dídnad dom anmain,
 dithnacht Uladh uili ind,
 dot láim dremuin a Domnaill.”

Fearbh:
 “Ba sámh dom chroí caoin,
 ba dídean (é) dom anam,
 díothúchán Uladh uile ann,
 dod lámh dhreamhan, a Dhomhnaill.”

Fearbh.
 “It would be peace for my good heart,
 it would be a comfort for my soul, if all the Ulstermen
 were destroyed for the deed they have done,
 by your violent hand, O Domhnall.”

Section 25

Nir bo chían inn irnaide do Domnall

co n-acca chuci in m-buidin móir

i m-bátar cethri chet fer n-armach

im Fheradach Lámfhota mac Conchobair.

Imsái cách díb dochum a chéili.

Ro imred forlín fer andside for Domnall agus
 ro dásed immi-sium

agus dorochair cóica láech lais

agus dorochair fer cech fhir dia muntir,

Níor chian *a bhí* Domhnall *ag* fanacht

[nuair a] chonaic (sé) chuige an bhuíon mhóir

ina raibh ceithre chéad fear n-armach

um Fhearadach Lámfhada mac Conchobhair.

D’iompaigh cách díobh *ar* a chéile.

D’imir forlín fear ansin ar Dhomhnall, agus
 tháinig dásacht uimesean ,

agus thorchair caoga laoch leis

agus thorchair fear gach fir dá mhuintir.

Domnall was not waiting long,

when he saw a great host coming towards
 him,

in which were four hundred armed men,

surrounding Fearadach of the long hand, *son
 of Conchobhar*.

Each of these foes set themselves against the
 other.

Then Domhnall, finding himself overcome by
 the numbers against him, fell into a rage;

fifty warriors fell by him;

and all the men of his following were slain,

ocus ro gon-som féin Feradach badí.	Agus ghoinsean féin Fearadach faoi dhó.	while he himself twice succeeded in wounding Fearadach.
Doringned guin galand de-sium andsin	Rinneadh goin gaile de-sean ansin,	But with murder his foes strove against him,
ocus ro díchend Feradach hé oculus ro lá a ulaig commaidmi,	agus dhícheann Fearadach é, agus d'ardaigh (sé) a uaill chomhmhaidhme,	and Fearadach struck off his head, and he raised the shout of victory;
ocus ro díchennait a munter	agus dícheannadh a mhuintir,	moreover, the heads of all his companions were struck off,
ocus ro laad a n-ulach commaidmi.	agus d'ardaigh (siad) a n-uailleacha comhmhaidhme.	and loudly the cries of triumph were raised by the victors.

Section 26

Dochuaid ind ingen iarsin	Chuaigh an iníon iar sin	And the maiden went back to the fort, *and she entered in;*
co m-bái ic fégad Mani.	go raibh (sí) ag féachaint *ar* Mhaine.	and *as* she saw Maine, *she was overwhelmed with her grief.*"
"Is étig," ar si, "atathar andsin innossa a gillai,	"Is éidigh," ar sí, "atá ansin anois, a ghiolla,	"Hideous," said she, "is that which hath befallen us, oh youth;
ocus bam marb dot chumaid,	agus beidh mé marbh dod chumha,	and it is on your account that in sorrow I will die,
cid treót ro marbad m'athair oculus a mac,	cé *gur* tríot a maraíodh m'athair agus a mhac,	although through you my father and his son *also* have been killed,

ocus is dóig ni ba hed amáin dia tora Medb.”	agus is dóigh níorbh é amháin de thoradh [teacht] Mheadhbha,”	and it is likely that shall not be the sole result of Meadhbh’s *coming*.”
Ocus doringni in laid-sea sis tria thursi:	agus rinne (sí) an laoi seo síos tria tuirse:	And she made the following lament in her sorrow:—
“Trúag ám sin, a maic Medba, a gillai alaind ergna, is fuilech forderg do chnes, dodechaid dít ar n-amles.	“Trua liom sin, a mhic Mheadhbha, a ghiolla álainn éargna, is fuileach fordhearg do chneas, tháinig díot ár n-aimhleas.	It is a sorrow to me, O son of Meadhbh, O beautiful and skilful youth, Bloody and red is your skin, from you has our ill fortune come.
Is tríut ro marbad m’athair, ropo deglaech degathaig, is triut ro marbad a mac, ni hassa dam a dermat.	Is tríot a maraíodh m’athair, ba dea-laoch dea-aitheach (é), is tríot a maraíodh a mhac, ní éasca dom a dhearmad.	It is through you that my father has been slain; he was a good warrior, a good vassal. Through you has his son been slain; not easy for me to forget it.
Is triut dogentar mór d’ulc, atgén ar in gné fil orut [<i>one syllable too many</i>], is mór d’ulc bias de [<i>one syllable too few</i>] d’óes Mani ocus Fheirbe.	Is tríot a dhéantar mór d’olc, *a* d’aithin *mé ón* ngné *a* bhfuil ort, is mór d’olc (a) mbeidh de, d’aos Maine agus Feirbhe.	Through you has much evil been done. I have learnt by its appearance that it is due to you. Much evil shall follow therefrom for the people of Maine and of Fearbh.
Is briste mo chride de ic fégad do chrólige, mallacht ar láim ro letair [<i>read</i> rot letair] is dot-rat i n-drochlepaid.	Is briste mo chroí de, ag féachaint do chróilí, mallacht ar an lámh a leadair (tú), is a chuir (tú) i ndrochleaba.	My heart is broken on this account at the sight of your bed of death. A curse on the hand that has cut you to pieces and has brought you to an evil bed.

Mór n-ingen dia tibre sáeth,

mór m-ban do marbad a glangáeth [*one syllable too many*],
mór n-airecht bias ocot gul [*read 'cot*],
is dot tesbaid-siu th'oenuir.

Ropot álainn a chianaib [*read ó chianaib*]
cut chulenaib 'con fiadaig,
ropo mór let do menma
im fhebas do degdelba.

Isat étig innossa,
isat bána do bassa,
is mairg na cifea, dar lind,
ro scar do chend rit colainn.

Olc in scél berthair siar [*a syllable is missing; read in scél sin?*]
co Fionnabhair na n-glaniall,
tasc a brathar di co feirg,
is a esbaid ar glan-Fheirb.

Ailill agus Meadhbh don mhaigh,
ní biat siat i m-bethaid,
imsod a gné do ghruaide,
ní mé na ba lór truaige."

Mór iníon a tabharfaidh (tú) saoth
(dóibh),
mór mban a maraíodh a nglanghaoth,
mór n-oireacht (a) mbeidh ag do ghol,
is dod easpa-sa d'aonar.

Ba álainn [tú] ó chianaibh,
agat coileáin chon fhaigh,
ba mór leat do mheanmna,
i bhfeabhas do dhea-dhealbha.

Is [tú] éidigh anois,
is iad bána do bhasa,
is mairg (dó) nach gcaoinfidh, dar linn,
scar do cheann led cholainn.

Olc an scéal beirfear siar,
go Fionnabhair na nglaniall,
tasc a brathar di go feirg,
is a easpa ar glan-Fheirb.

Ailill agus Meadhbh don mhaigh,
ní bheidh siad i mbeatha,
imeoidh a' ghné dod ghrua,
ní mé nach ba leor trua."

Many are the maidens to whom you shall give
sorrow,
many ladies—that you, oh marvellously skilful
youth, art dead.
Many are the assemblies who shall lament for you
and because you are missing, you alone.

You were till now beautiful,
with your young dogs at the chase;
lofty was your mind,
on account of the beauty of your handsome form.

You are ugly now,
pale are your hands,
woe be to him who will not lament,
your head is off your body.

Evil is the tidings which shall be carried westward
to Fionnabhair of the fair hostages;
The message about her brother is full of grief for
her,
and that he is wanting to the fair Fearbh.

Ailill and Meadhbh of the plain *of Aí*,
they will not remain in life.
The appearance of thy cheeks *is terribly
changed*.
I am not one who has not had a sufficiency of
misery."

Section 27

Is andsin ra sochtatar a da mac co Conchobar, .i. Niall agus Fearadach.	Is ansin a shroich a dhá mhac go Conchobhar: Niall agus Fearadach.	Then came to the side of Conchobhar his two sons, Niall and Fearadach.
Darocht dana Medb	Shroich <u>iomorra</u> Meadh (iad),	And Meadhbh drew nigh
co secht cétaib láech lé	go seacht gcéad laoch léi,	with seven hundred warriors by her
co m-bói ascind [<i>perhaps</i> ar chind? <i>or</i> ós cind?] ind armaige.	go raibh (sí) os cionn na hármhá.	till she was in sight of the field of battle.
Doringni cruadchippi grinni bec di,	Rinne (sí) cruachipe grinne beag díobh,	She formed her troops into a compact and stubborn band,
ocus torcaib idna catha rempi	agus thurgháil (sí) <u>airm</u> chatha roimpi,	and she raised weapons fit for the battle before her;
ocus ros dírig ar ammus Conchobair	agus dhírigh (sí) ar amas Chonchobhair,	and she made straight for Conchobhar
do digail ammeicc agus a muntire fair.	do dhíoghail a mic agus a muintire air.	to take vengeance on him for the death of her son and of the people that were with him.
Ocus ciarbo chnedach crechtach Conchobar,	Agus cé gur chneadach créachtach Conchobhar,	And although Conchobhar was full of wounds and of hurts,
noco n-ic imgabail Medba ro bóí	níor ag imghabháil Mheadhbha a bhí (sé),	yet he was not retiring before Meadhbh,

acht is 'ca iarraid, conos tarla tul fri tul.	ach is 'ga hiarraidh, gona dtarla (siad) tul le tul.	but he was advancing *eagerly* to her, till they were face to face.
Gebid cách díb sroigled ocus essorcoin, leod ocus letrad,	Gabh cách díobh ag sraoilleadh agus ag <u>greadadh</u> , ag leonadh agus ag leadradh,	Everyone took to dealing out blows, and to mutilating and to destroying, and to hew down
brúd ocus básugud a chele.	ag brú agus ag bású a chéile.	and to crush and to slay one another;
Ro fuc Medb andside tolc míle i cath na n-Ultach	Thug Meadhbh ansin an 'Tolg Míle i gCath' chun na hUltaigh,	Meadhbh carried the 'Piercer of the ranks of War' into *the battle host of* Ulster,
co torchair cóiciur lee, im dá mac Conchobair	go dtorchair cúigear léi um dhá mhac Chonchobhair:	so that five men fell at her hand besides the two sons of Conchobhar,
.i. im Níall Cendfhind ocus im Fheradach Lamfhota.	.i. um Niall Ceannfhionn agus um Fhearadach Lámhfhada.	even Niall the fair-headed and Fearadach of the long hand.
Ro gab dana Conchobar scaindred ocus répad ocus mudugud in t-shluaig aile	Ghabh Conchobhar ag scanradh agus ag réabadh agus ag mudhadh an tslua eile,	And on the other side Conchobhar began to rend asunder the remaining part of her host, and to tear and to slay
amal leomain londchreachtaig eter banbraid,	amhail leon lonnchréachtach idir bhainbh,	like a wrathful wounded lion among swine,
cor bo díanleges dó,	gur dianleigheasta dó,	so that quickly had he found his healing from his wounds,
amal ro thuitset agái [<i>read</i> ágai] chró ass	amhail thit a ghathanna cró as	after which, as it were, great pieces of flesh, full of blood, fell from him

la meít na ferggi ro gab

le méid na feirge a ghabh é,

in the greatness of the wrath that had seized him

iar marbad a da mac.

iar mharú a dhá mhac.

after his two sons had been slain.

Section 28

Maidid for Meidb iarsin

Madhmadh ar Mheadhbh iar sin,

Then Meadhbh was defeated;

ocus dofuittet tri cóicait læch lánchalma dia muntir,

agus thit trí chaogaid laoch lánchalma dá muntir,

and three times fifty mightily valiant warriors of her people fell in the fight,

ocus nos berat na ferchutredaig ass hí iarsin amal bá bés dóibh,

agus rug na fir chuideachta as í, amhail ba bhéas dóibh,

and her guards, as their custom was, bore her safely back;

ocus ro len Conchobar in maidm co n-dechaid dar Mag n-Ini immach.

agus lean Conchobhar an mhaidhm go ndeachaigh (sé) thar Mhá nIne amach.

and Conchobhar followed *hard* upon the rout till he passed beyond Maigh Ine.

Impaís Conchobar iarsin fri dúnud [*read* dúnad] n-Geirg

D'iompaigh Conchobhar iar sin go Dún Geirg

Then back he turned, and made for the fort of Gearg

dia indriud.

dá ionradh.

with the intent to lay it in ruins.

Atagat munter Geirg andside

Thiomsaigh muntir Gheirg ansin,

Thereupon the people of Gearg gathered together,

im Chobthach Cnesgel

um Chobhthach Cneasgheal,

around Cobhthach of the fair-skin, son of Gearg, *who lead them to the fight*;

cath cróda comnart do Chonchobur ic cosnam a n-dúnaid.	cath cróga comhneart do Chonchobhar ag cosaint a ndúin.	it was a violent and a well-matched battle against Conchobhar in defence of their fortress.
Imsaí Conchobar chucu amal fáel fó chairib,	D'iompaigh Conchobhar chucu amhail faol faoi chaoirigh,	But Conchobhar rushed upon them like a wolf among sheep,
ocus feraid comlund fri Cobthach oculus dorochair Cobthach de-side,	agus d'fhear (sé) comhlann le Cobhthach agus thorchair Cobhthach de sin,	and he and Cobhthach fought in single combat, and Cobhthach fell *in that fight*,
ocus ro marbad cech óen ba inechta dia muntir.	agus maraíodh gach aon dá mhuintir *gurbh éacht i ndán dóibh.*	and then fell also all of his people that were doomed to death.
Oculus ataign Conchobar leis ina fúair	Agus d'ardaigh Conchobhar leis a bhfuair	And Conchobhar took with him whatsoever he found there
d'ór oculus d'argut oculus d'indruini	d'ór agus d'airgead agus d'fhiondrúine	of gold and of silver and of white bronze
ocus do chornaib oculus do choppanaib oculus d'escraib oculus d'arm oculus d'étuch.	agus do choirn agus do chupáin, agus d'eascaí agus d'airm agus d'éadaí.	and of horn and of beakers and of vessels and of weapons and of apparel.
Ro fuc dana leis in dabaig umai ro bóí istig,	Thug (sé) leis <u>iomorra</u> an dabhach umha a bhí sa teach,	He took with him also the brazen vat that stood in the house,
ocus no fiurad forba Uladh uili a llán do lind,	ina bhfaigheadh forba Uladh uile a lán leanna.	in which all the territory of Ulster used to find its fill of ale,
ocus is ria atberthea ól n-guala la Ultu,	Agus is uirthi a beirtí Ól Guala le hUltuigh,	and this is that vat which by the men of Ulster was called the Ól Guala or Coal-vat,

fobíth is teni guail no bíd i n-Emain istig i n-ibthea hí,	<u>ionas</u> gur tine ghuail a bhíodh in Eamhain sa teach ina n-ibhtí í,	since a fire of coals (<i>guail</i>) was wont to be in that house in Eman in which that vat was drunk.
ocus is uad ro ainmniged Loch Guala umai	agus is uaithi a ainmníodh Loch Guala Umha	And from it hath been named Loch Guala Umha
i n-Daminis criche Ulad,	i nDamhinis chríche Uladh,	in the island of Damh, which is in the realm of Ulster;
ar is fóí atá indiu i n-diamraib.	óir is fúithi atá inniu i ndiamhra.	for underneath the lake unto this day is that vat, hidden in a secret place.
Dorat dana leis in rígain .i. Nuagil ingin Ergi	Thug *Conchobhar* <u>iomorra</u> leis an ríon .i. Nuagheal iníon Erce	Also Conchobhar took with him the queen, even Nuagheal, the daughter of Eirc,
ocus a hingin .i. Feirb, ocus na trí coicait ingen immalle fria.	agus a hiníon .i. Fearbh, agus na trí chaogaid iníon maille léi.	and her daughter Fearbh, and three times fifty maidens with her.
Atbath fochétoir Ferb ocus a trí coicait ingen immalle fria	Fuair Fearbh bás faoi chéadóir, agus a trí chaogaid iníon maille léi,	And immediately after this, Fearbh and her maidens all died
do chumaid na macraide.	do chumha na macraí (Maine).	from the sorrow that they felt at the death of *Maine's* boy-toop.
Atbath dana Nuagel do chumaid a fir ocus a da mac.	Fuair <u>iomorra</u> Nuagheal bás do chumha a fir agus a dá mhac.	Nuagheal also died of grief *for the death* of her husband and her two sons.
Ro claided uág do Fheirb iarsin, ocus ro tócbad a lia	Claidheadh uaigh do Fhearbh iar sin agus tógadh a lia,	And they dug a grave for Fearbh, and a pillar of stone was erected for her,

ocus ro scríbad ainm [<i>read</i> a ainm] oguim,	agus scríobhadh a hainm in ogham.	and her name was written *upon it* in Ogham,
ocus doringned дума immon licc	Agus rinneadh dumha um an leac,	and a mound was made around the pillar,
conid Duma Ferbi a ainm ri Ráith Ini,	gonadh Dumha Feirbhe an t-ainm ar Ráth Ine	so that Dumha Feirbhe (‘Fearbh’s Mound’ is the name *that is* now upon Ráth Ine
aniartuáid atá.	— aniarthuidh atá.	—which is in the north-west.

Section 29

Imthigid Conchobar co m-búaid agus choscur co rocht co Emain,	D’imigh Conchobhar go mbua agus choscair go shroich (sé) Eamhain	Conchobhar returned to Eamhain with victory and triumph,
ocus adfét a scéla o thús co dered do Mugain	agus dúirt (sé) a scéala ó thús go deireadh do Mhughain,	and to Mughain he related his tale from the beginning to the end;
ocus ro ráid fria fhili	agus dúirt (sé) é lena fhile	and he gave command to his bard
.i. Ferchertne mac Dergerdne maic Gairb	.i. Fearchertne mac Deargeirdne, mhic Ghairbh,	Fearchertne, the son of Deargeirdne, who was the son of Garbh,
maic Fir Rosa Ruaid maic Rudraige,	mhic Fhir Rosa Rua, mhic Rudhraighe,	who was the son of Fear Rosa *the Red*, who was the son of Rudhraighe,
co n-dernad glónathe airchetail	go ndearnadh aircheadal glonnmhar	that he should forthwith make a great poem

co cummair

do chumnigud in sceóil sin.

Conid iarsin ro chan-som in láid-seo sís,

ocus ro fhalsig ind éicsiu dó-som

co m-bad fúasait don táin in scel so.

Aslinge Conchobair chóir,
maic Cathbad cróda findmoir,
ardrí Ulad, erim n-úag,
ris dresend cách claidebrud.

Bói Conchobar aidchi and
ina chotlud, nir bo gand,
co n-aca ní chuci in mnái
ina dochum ina imdáí.

Etiud corcra co cruth óir,
a hecosc, nir bo deróil,
srethai sítai uas a cind,
mind ard óir ina imthimchiull.

go comair

do chuimhniú an scéil sin.

Gonadh iar sin a chan sé an laoi seo síos

agus d'fhoilsigh (sé) an éigse dósan

go mba hinsint don Táin an scéal seo.

Aisling Chonchobhair chóir
mhic Chathbhadh chróga fionnmhóir,
ardrí Uladh - éirim slán,
leis dreasann cách claíomhrua.

Bhí Conchobhar oíche ann,
ina chodladh níor ghann,
chonaic (sé) ní chuige – an bhean,
ina fharradh ina iomdha.

Éadaí corcra go cruth óir,
a héagasc níor dhearóil,
sreatha síoda os a cinn,
mionn ard óir ina himthimpeall.

briefly,

that should preserve the memory of that tale.

He then sang the poem that now follows;

and he prophesied that in future days,

by means of the tale he had told, should men unravel
the threads of the story of the *Táin Bó Cuailnge*:—

The vision of Conchobhar the upright,
The son of Cathbhadh, the valiant, fair and great,
The high king of Ulster—an unhurt journey,
who raises a red sword against all.

Conchobhar there lay on a night
in sleep—it was not a light sleep;
there saw he the woman come to him,
in his presence in his bower.

Purple her robe with figures of gold,
this was her apparel—she was not indigent—
silken stripes upon her head,
a high diadem of gold round about it.

Asbert fris in ben co m-blaid,
“Maith in sen a Chonchobair,
ordan ocus taced dait
do cech leith úair it irdaire.”

“Cid as nesu dúinn de-sin?”
ar mac Nesa miad mairir,
“asníd a bé dún collí,
ca fhot cossin n-immirgi?”

“Secht m-bliadna lána onocht
not gluasfiter dond oenphort
maccaib mnaib, miad ros bí, [*a syllable is missing, read is mnaib?*]
immon Dond cathach Cualngi.”

“Cia nos ber, nual cen góí? [*a syllable is missing, read béra?*]
cia doróet in cath cocróe?”

“Slúag ard hErenn immasaig
im Ailill don Chruachan-maig.”

“Noco toil sin slicht nad bá,”
ol Conchobar cond catha.
“In fail anaill násad n-án,
a bé barrbude balbán [*read ballbán?*]”

Dúirt leis an bhean go mbladh,
“Maith an séan a Chonchobhair,
ordan agus taca duit
do gach leith óir is oirirc (thú).”

“Cad is neasa dúinn de sin?”
ar mac Neasa miadh maireann,
“inis a bhé dúinn go lí,
cá fhad go tús an fheachtais?”

“Seacht mbliana lána ó ’nocht,
gluaisfidh siad don aonphort,
maic, mná, miadh marófar
um an Donn cathach Cuailnge.”

“Cé a bheireann (é), nuall gan ghó?
cé *a ghlacann leis* an gcath
coigríche?”
“Slua ard Éireann a shaigheann thart,
um Ailill don Chruachanmaigh.”

“Ní toil *liom* sin, sliocht a mbeidh,”
ar Conchobhar ceann catha,
“an bhfuil anall oireachtas án,
a bhé bharrbhuí bhallbhán?”

To him spoke the woman with renown,
“Good is the sign, O Conchobhar.
dignity and support for thee,
honour and fortune for thee.”

“What is the next thing for us?”
said the son of Neasa, the noble of race.
“Say to me, oh woman of brightness,
How long is it to the war?”

“Seven full years from to-night
thou shalt be compelled to gather to one place,
with boys and women—an honour that shall slay
them—
for the sake of the Donn of Cuailnge, rich in wars.”

“Who carries it off?—give an answer without a lie—
who has undertaken the war to the death?”

“The high army of Ireland manoeuvres
under Ailill of the plain of Cruachan.”

“That wish I not, it is a track that is not good,”
said Conchobhar, the head of war.
“Is there another glorious meeting,
O woman, yellow haired, white limbed?”

“Fil gním n-amra, dét for sét, [*read* for sét]

is ní irnaidi fri bréic,
mac ind fhir dot-ic cen meth,

Mani Mór mortha miled.

Dodechaid do feis la Feirb,
la ingin Geirg do Glind Geirg,
tri cóicdaib læch, lathar fír,
ed allín ní immarrím.

Im thráth nóna, nuall glan gle,
is and fastud na flede,
is and airisit malle,
a rí Emna ollglaine.”

“Cia lín ragmait réim cen áir?”

ar Conchobar cóir cruthcháin.
“Eirg-siu chucu, rád cen brath,
tri cóicait fer Fomórach.”

“Bid lat-su coscar co n-gail,
a Chonchobair chomramaig,
gebat-sa form in scél gle,
a rí Emna ollglaine.”

“Tá gníomh amhra; déad (.i. “*bia*”) ar
shéad,
is ní fhanfaidh le bréag,
mac an fhir a tháinig (chugat) gan
meath,
Maine Mór mórtha *le* mílí.

Tháinig sé do fheis le Fearbh,
le hiníon Gheirg ó Ghleann Geirg,
trí chaogaid laoch ina láthair fíor,
iad a líon ní *cearr a* áirím.

Im thráthnóna nuall glan glé,
is ann friotháil na fleidhe,
is ann fhanann siad maille,
a rí Eamhna ollghlaine.”

“Cén líon rachaimid - réim gan aoir?”

ar Conchobhar cóir cruthchaoín.
“Éirighse chucu - rá gan bhrath
le trí chaogaid fear Fomhórach.”

“Beidh leatsa coscar go ngail,
a Chonchobhair chomhramhaigh,
gabhfad orm an scéal glé,
a rí Eamhna ollghlaine.”

“There is a renowned deed; food to eat on the way,
and there is no need to watch for a lie;
the son of that man, he comes to you without shame,
Great Maine, he who is praised by warriors.

He is come to sleep with Fearbh,
with the daughter of Gearg of Gleann Geirg,
with three times fifty warriors, a real design,
this is their number, no false reckoning.

At the ninth hour, quite clear is my speech,
is the setting forth of the feast;
there they delay together,
O king of great and fair Eamhain.”

“In what numbers should we go—an expedition
without blame?”
said Conchobhar the upright one, the fair shaped.
“Bring against them—a speech without treason—
three times fifty of the Fomorians.”

“You shall have triumph with valour,
Conchobhar, greatly rich in wars.
I will take the glorious story on me,
O king of great and fair Eamhain.”

Duscis Conchobar iarsin
ocus duscis a rígain,
adfét a tarfas dó [*add dí to adfét*]
tria relad cen imargó.

Asbert fris in ben co m-bail,
Mugain miadmas co morchéil: [*read*
mórchéill]
“Is lór na fil chena trá
etruind ocus Connachta.”

Atbert Conchobar glan glé,
comsid án na hergaile:
“Is derb cia anam nar tig
da-ficfat na Connachtaig.”

“Uair doralá duit a thecht,
ní gebam dít trí fhorner,
a fhlaith Uladh glaine sluáig,
co ro therná iar n-glanbúaid.”

Luid Conchobar iarum [*the seventh syllable*
is dó, rhyming with gó]
a lín cétna, nír bo gó,
do Ráith Ini, násad gúr,
i m-bói Gerg diar bo rígdún.

Dhúisigh Conchobhar iar sin,
agus dhúisigh a ríon,
dúirt (sé) a dtaibhríodh dó,
trína réaladh gan iomarghó.

Dúirt leis an bhean go mbail,
Mughain mhiadhach go mórchiall,
“Is leor ’bhfuil cheana tráth,
eadrainn agus Connachta.”

Dúirt Conchobhar glan glé,
ceannaire án na hiorghaile,
“Is dearbh cé (gur) fhanaimid ’nár
dteach,
go dtiocfaidh na Connachtaigh.”

“Óir do tharla duit a theacht,
ní ghabhaim ort trí fhorneart,
a fhlaith Uladh glaine slua,
go dtéarna (tú) iar nglanbhua.”

Chuaigh Conchobhar iaramh,
a líon céanna - níor gó, -
go Ráth Ine, oireachtas gúr,
ina raibh Gearg, dar ba ritheach.

Conchobhar waked thereat
and awoke his queen.
He told her what had appeared to him
by a revelation without falsehood.

His wife with bounty spoke to him,
Mughain, rich in honour, of great wisdom.

“It is yet enough what has already happened
between us and Connacht.”

Conchobhar spoke, the bright glorious,
the lordly ruler of war,
“Tis certain that, although we abide in our house,

Connacht will come to us.”

“Since fate has directed you to go
I will not hold you back by force,
O lord of Ulster, with ornament of the army,
may you come again to complete victory.”

Thereupon Conchobhar Conor departed thither
with the self-same numbers—it was no lie—
to Ráth Ine, a valiant gathering,
where Gearg dwelt, to whom the royal burg belonged.

O rancatar in ráith réil
in fhian fodbach co n-glanchéill,
dochuatar ind aidbli uird
dar a dorus in mórbuirg.

Cechaing Conchobar sin les,
trí choicait læch, lúth ro fes,

facbaid a muntir immuig [*read immaig*]
na cró chatha co cunnail.

Dabach umai i tig ind rí
ica línad tall dond fhín,
in tan ránic nuall . . . [*two syllables are missing, perhaps nad bá*]
mac Nesa noithech nitha.

“Aill amae tall,” ar in drúi
di láim ind rí nad imchlói,
“atgen form láid luth frisgair
brod ane in airidig.”

Nir bo irnaide iar sain,
co ro es (?) Brod úad in sleig,
co m-bói tria Gerg isin tig
ocus triasin n-airidig.

Ó ráiníodar an ráth réil,
an fhiann fhadhbhach go nglanchiall,
chuadar in áibhle oird
thar doras an mhórbrugha.

Chinn Conchobhar sa lios,
trí chaogaid laoch, lúth *a raibh eolas
air*,
fágann (sé) a mhuintir amuigh,
'na gcró catha go connail.

Dabhach umha i dteach an rí,
á líonadh thall don fhíon,
an tan ráinigh *sé, níor* núall

mac Neasa nótáilte níotha.

“Amaróid ámh,” ar an draoi thall,
ar lámh an rí nár imchlóigh,
“Is eol dom do fhreagair,
dúlagán a bheidh san ártach.”

Níor fhada iar sin,
gur theilg Brod uaidh an tsleá,
go raibh (sí) trí Ghearg sa teach,
agus tríd an n-ártach.

When they were come to the renowned feast,
the weaponed troop with clear motive,
they entered in—marvellous was their order—
through the door of the great fort.

Conchobhar went into the court;
three times fifty warriors—a strength that was
known—
he left his people outside
in his strategy—a skilful plan.

A brazen vessel in the house of the king
that was there filled with wine,
he approached—a speech

The son of Neasa, renowned in strife.

“Woe,” said the druid,
who turned not away from the king’s side,
“I have known the vigorous poem which answers,
indeed, a mote in the drinking vessel.”(? *Meaning is unclear; though ‘brod’ means ‘mote’*)

There was no delay on that;
then Brod threw his spear
so that it went through Gerg in his house,
and through the beaker.

Tanic Conchobar istech
co trí cóicdaib læch laimthech,
co tuc cend Mani . . .
cona shecht fichtib airlech.

Facbaid Conchobar istig
a muntir tria imargail,
acht hé nammá ocus Brod
ní thérna díb fri slonnod.

In ben chetna thiar fri Meidb
rádis athesc, nar bo meirb:
“Marbais Conchobar do mac,
olc uair dochúaid dia chomrac.”

Doluid Medb aníar don chath
co secht cetaib fer n-armach,
co comraic [*read* co comraicset] tul fri tul
immaig Ulad fri Conchobar.

Marbais Medb and isin maig
mórfesser tria immargail
dia laim féne [*read* fésne], ferr cech cur,
im da mac do Chonchobar.

Maidid iarum siar for Meidb,
cor bo esbaid asa seilb,
co fargaib and ed imne
secht fichit lonnláth gaile.

Tháinig Conchobhar isteach,
go trí chaogaid laoch láimhtheach,
go dtug (sé) ceann Maine (leis),
gona sheacht fiche eirleach.

Fágann Conchobhar istigh,
a mhuintir [*a thit*] trína iomaraíl,
ach é *féin* amháin agus Brod
ní théarna díobh le sloinneadh.

An bhean chéanna thiar le Meadhbh,
dúirt (sí) aitheasc nár meirbh,
“Mharaigh Conchobhar do mhac,
olc *an* uair a chuaigh (sé) dá
chomhrac.”

Chuaigh Meadhbh aniar don chath,
go seacht gcéad fear n-armach,
go comhraic tul le tul
i maigh Uladh le Conchobhar.

Mharaigh Meadhbh ann sa mhaigh,
mórsheisear trí iomarghail,
dá lámh féin fearr *ná* gach *curadh*,
um dhá mhac do Chonchobhar.

Madhmadh iaramh siar ar Mheadhbh,
gurb easpach as a seilbh,
gur fág (sí) ann *mar sin*,
seacht bhfichid lonnláth gaile.

Conchobhar came into the house
with three times fifty warriors,
so that he took Maine’s head
with his seven times twenty.

Conchobhar left behind him in the house
his people in the manner of war;
Beside himself and Brod
none of them escaped to report of it.

The same woman, westwards to Meadhbh,
spoke a message that was not long:
“Conchobhar has slain thy son.
Evil the hour when he went to the war with him.”

Meadhbh went forth from the west to war
with seven hundred men with weapons.
They warred face to face
on the plains of Ulster against Conchobhar.

Meadhbh slew there on the plain
seven men in the manner of war
with her own hand, better than any hero,
including the two sons of Conchobhar.

Thereafter Meadhbh was defeated westwards,
so that it was damage to her possessions;
whilst she left behind; so was it
seven times twenty bold warriors with valour.

Soit iarum frisin dún
Ulaíd uallaig erctais múr,

airgit aní ro bóí and
co n-ilur tuarad tetband.

Doringsetar cath co crú
munter Geirg thall fri Ultu,
comma-commarb dóib uile
eter rí is rígruire.

Ro marbsat and, amra fir,
secht Find, secht n-Duib, secht Temin,

im na ócu erctais dind,
im tríchait Fergus forind.

Tricha Murethach miad mend

congabtaís catha co cend,
tricha Failbe, tricha Fland,
im tríchait nóisig n-Domnall.

Tricha Cobthach, tricha Cond,
im tríchait Corpre comdond
tricha Dubthach, tricha Ros
im tríchait n-alaind n-Oéngos.

Soir iaramh leis an dún,
Ulaídh uallacha, (a) d'éirigh *thar*
múr,
airgead a' ní a bhí ann,
go n-iolar mochta molfach.

Rinneadar cath go cró,
muintir Gheirg thall le hUltaigh,
go mba comh-mharbh dóibh uile,
idir rí is rígruire.

Maraíodh iad ann - amhra fir,
seacht bhFionn seacht nDuibh seacht
Teimhin (.i. *dath dorch*),
um na hóga a chuaigh don dionn,
tríochaid thit um Fheargus forfhionn.

Tríocha Muireadhach miadh
cumhachtach,
a chuir cath go ceann,
tríocha Failbhe, tríocha Flann,
um tríochaid suaitheanta Domhnall.

Tríocha Cobhthach tríocha Conn,
um thríochaid Chairbre comhdhonn,
tríocha Dubhthach, tríocha Ros,
um thríochaid n-álainn Aonghas.

They went thereupon to the burg;
the proud men of Ulster, they filled the walls,

they laid waste whatever was therein
with a crowd of [mighty deeds, and with provisions]
(*meaning unclear*)."

They fought a fight with blood,
the people of Conchobhar there against the Ulster men,
so that they all killed each other,
king and kingly lord.

There died—noble were the men—
seven fair haired, seven dark haired, seven black
haired.
Of the men who filled the fort
there fell thirty fair *men called* Fearghus.

Thirty nobles named Muireadhach

who held out to the end of the war,
thirty Failbhe, thirty Flann,
a noble thirty named Domhnall.

Thirty Cobhthach, thirty Conn,
thirty—all dark men—named Cairbre,
thirty Dubhthach, thirty Ros,
a fair thirty named Aonghas.

O shain immach imalle
do lonnaib láth is gaile [*read láthis gaile?*]
ní fil ro fiter a n-díl,

ro bátar uile i n-dimbríg.

Insin uile, adbal gáir
la toirm teglaig co tromgráin,

imma ruirig róinis cath
ind úair sin dorochratar.

Remscél do Tháin bó Cualnge cain [*one
syllable too many*]
bid forbach dond imgail, [*read imargail and
maybe formach?*]
is dond aslingi atá
bás Mani móir maic Medba.

Mora gluind ro batar de,
cid uathmar in t-aslinge,
dorochair Gerg cona shluág,
in ruri garta comruád.

Ó shin amach maille,
do loinn láth is gaile,
níl *neach* a bhfuil a ndíol *ar eolas
aige*,
bhíodar uile in éagruas.

Ansin *d'ardaigh* uile gáir ábhal,
le toirm teaghlaigh go tromghráin,

um a ruireacha (a) rinne cath,
an uair sin a thorchraíodar.

Réamhscéal do Tháin Bó Cuailnge
caoin,
is méadú don iorghal,
is don aisling atá
bás Maine Mhóir mhic Mheadhbha.

Móra gloinn a bhí de,
cé *gurb* uafar an t-aisling,
thorchair Gerg gona shlua,
an ruire garta comhrua.

Thenceforward altogether
of the eager men of hero strength and valour
there is no one that knows the end,

they were all in weakness.

All these—mighty was the clamour
through the shrieks of the followers with heavy
terror—
round their lords who fought the fight
they in that hour are fallen.

A prelude to the fair *Táin Bó Cuailnge*,
it will be for an enlargement of the combat,
and from the vision originates
the death of Great Maine, the son of Meadhbh.

Great the deeds that therefrom arise
though the vision was terrifying;
Gerg fell with his host,
the lusty lord of hospitality.

Dochuaid Conchobar co m-buáid
mac Nessa nóitis morshluaig,

do Emain Mache, monar n-gle,
co tarfad [*read* tárfaid?] a aslinge.

Finit.

Chuaigh Conchobhar go mbua,
mac Neasa *a onóraíodh le*
mórshluaite,
do Eamhain Macha, monar glé,
go sin *foilsíodh* a aisling.

Finit.

Conchobhar came with victory,
the son of Neasa, whom great hosts honoured,

to Eamhain Macha—a glorious deed:
so that the vision has revealed itself.

Finit.