

Togail Bruidne Da Derga

The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel: Extracts

Note to the reader

While Stokes' edition is based in the main on the version of the saga in the Yellow Book of Lecan (**YBL**.) for §§1-20 and on the version in Lebor na hUidhre (**LU**.) for §§21-168, he inserts words and phrases from the versions in other manuscripts, which he identifies as follows: **YBL**². = YBL fragment; **H**. = H. 2. 17; **F**. = the Book of Fermoy; **St**. = Stowe MS. 992 = D. 4. 2; **Eg**. = Egerton 1782; **Eg**.¹ = Egerton 92.

The Modern Irish version used in this presentation is incomplete and corresponds to the following sections in the Medieval Irish text: §§1-75, 97-99, 102, 132-133, 141-168. Only those sections appear in this presentation.

“It has long been recognized that, in the form in which it has come down to us the tale is a composite one, compiled (in the eleventh century, according to Thurneysen) from two earlier versions. ... Denoting the two earlier versions as A and B, we may say, speaking generally, that A is represented by §§1–37, 58–66, B by §§38–57, 67–167. The fusion of the two versions has not been done very skilfully, with the result that in its present form the tale shows a number of duplications and inconsistencies.”

Thomas F. O’Rahilly, *Early Irish History and Mythology*, (Dublin: Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies, 1946; repr. 2010), p. 117.

Section 1

Bui ri amra airegda for Erinn, Eochaid Feidleach a ainm.	Bhí rí amhra uasal ar Éirinn, Eochaidh Feidhleach a ainm.	There was a famous and noble king over Ireland, named Eochaidh Feidhleach.
Doluid feachtus n-ann dar Aenach mBreg Leith,	Chuaigh sé tráth thar *faiche* aonaigh Bhrí Léith	Once upon a time he came over the fairgreen of Brí Léith,
conaccai in mnai for ur in tobair,	go bhfaca sé an bhean ar bhruach an tobair	and he saw at the edge of a well a woman
ocus cír chuirréil argit co n-ecor de or acthe	agus cíor gheal airgid faoi mhaise óir aici	with a bright comb of silver adorned with gold,
oc folcud al-luing argit,	agus í á folcadh féin in áras airgid;	washing herself in a silver basin
ocus ceithri heoin oir fuirri,	bhí ceithre éan óir *ar an áras*	and there were four golden birds on it (i.e. the basin)
ocus gleorgemai beccai di charrmogul chorcraí hi forfhleascuib na luingi.	agus seoda beaga glé de charrmhogal corcra ar chiumhaisí an árais.	and little, bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin.
Brat cas corcra, foloi chain aicthe.	Brat cas corcra faoina shníomh álainn uirthi.	A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak,
Dualldai airgdidi ecoirside, [milech] de or oibinniu isi[n] bratt.	Duala airgid sa bhrat, agus eagar de ór aoibhinn orthu.	*and* in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold.
Lene lebur-chulpatach	Léine leabhair, chlupaideach,	A smock she wore, long, hooded,
is i chotut[sh]lemon dei shitiu uainide fo derginliud oir impi.	agus í crua sleamhain de shíoda uaine faoi bhróidniú dearg óir, uimpi.	and it was hard-smooth, of green silk, with red embroidery of gold.

Tuagmila ingantai di or ocus airget	Siogairlíní iontacha d'ór agus d'airgead	Marvellous clasps of gold and silver
for a bruindi[b] ocus a formnaib ocus a guallib isind lene di cach leith.	ar a brollach, ar a slinneáin agus ar a guaille sa léine ar gach taobh.	<u>in the smock</u> on her breasts and her shoulders and spaulds on every side.
Taitned fria in grian	*Bhí* an ghrian ag taitneamh uirthi	The sun was shining upon her,
cobba foderd dona feraib taidleach ind oir frisín ngréin asin t[sh]itiú uain[i]di.	<u>i dtreo</u> go mba <u>léir</u> do na fir <u>glioscarnach</u> an óir faoin ngréin sa síoda uaine.	so that the glistening of the gold against the sun from the green silk was manifest to men.
Da trilis n-orbuidi for a cind.	Dhá thriopall órbhuí ar a ceann.	On her head were two golden-yellow tresses,
fhige ceithri ndual ceachtar nde,	Fí ceithre dhual <u>i</u> gceachtar <u>acu</u>	in each of which was a plait of four locks,
ocus mell for rind cach duail.	agus <u>póirín</u> ar rinn gach duail *díobh*.	with a bead at the point of each lock.
Ba cosmail leo dath ind fhoilt sin fri barr n-ailestair hi samrad,	Dar leo, bhí dath an fhoilt sin cosúil le barr *an* fheileastraim sa samhradh,	The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer,
nó fri dergór iar ndenam a datha.	nó le deargór *tar éis* a dhaite.	or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

Section 2

IS and bui oc taithbiuch a fuilt dia folcud,	Is ann a bhí sí ag <u>scaoileadh</u> a foilt *chun a ní*	There she was, undoing her hair to wash it,
ocus a da laim tria derc a sedlaig immach.	agus a dhá láimh trí *ascaillí a léine* amach.	with her arms out through the sleeve-holes of her smock.
Batar gilithir sneachta n-óenaidche na di doit,	Bhí a dhá dóid ar ghile sneachta aon oíche,	White as the snow of one night were the two hands,
ocus batar maethchoiri,	agus iad maoth córach;	soft and even,
ocus batar dergithir sian slebe na da gruad nglanailli.	bhí a dhá grua ghlana áille ar dheirge an <u>mhéaracáin</u> sí.	and red as foxglove were the two clear-beautiful cheeks.
Badar duibithir druimne daeil na da malaich.	Bhí a dhá mala ar dhuibhe dhroim an daoil.	Dark as the back of a stag-beetle the two eyebrows.
Batar inand oclus frais do nemannaib a deta ina cind.	B'ionann is fras péarlaí a fiacra ina ceann.	Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head.
Batar glasithir bugha na di shuil.	Bhí a dhá súil ar ghlaise an bhú.	Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes.
Batar dergithir partaing na beoil.	Bhí na beola ar dheirge na partaing (i. <i>ábhar álainn dearg</i>).	Red as rowan-berries the lips.
Batar forarda mine maethgela na da gualaind.	Ba ard mín maothgheal an dá ghualainn.	Very high, smooth and soft-white the two shoulders.
Batar gelglana sithfhota na mera.	Ba ghléigeal síthfhada iad na méara.	Clear-white and lengthy the fingers.

Batar fota na lama.	Ba fhada iad na lámha.	Long were the hands.
Ba gilithir uan tuindi in taeb seng fota tlaith min maeth amal olaind.	Bhí an taobh seang fada tláith mín olann-mhaoth ar ghile uanán na toinne.	White as the foam of a wave was the flank, slender, long, tender, smooth, soft as wool.
Batar teithblaithi sleamongeala na di shliasait.	Ba theobhláith sleamhaingheal iad an dá shliasaid.	Polished and warm, sleek and white (were) the two thighs.
Batar cruindbega caladgela na di glun.	Ba chruinnbheag cruagheal iad an dá ghlúin.	Round and small, hard and white the two knees.
Batar gergela indildirgi na de lurgain.	Ba ghearr geal riaildhíreach iad an dá lorgaí.	Short and white and rulestraight the two shins.
Batar coirdirgi iaraildi na da sháil.	Ba chóirdhíreach iarálainn iad an dá sháil.	Justly straight <u>and</u> beautiful the two heels.
Cid riagail focerta forsna traighthib sin	Fiú *dá leagfaí* riail leis an dá through sin	If a measure were put on the feet
is ing m'adchotad egoir n-indib,	is ar éigean a d'aimseodh sí éagothroime iontu	it would hardly have found them unequal,
acht cia tormaisead feoil na fortche foraib.	seachas go bhfásfadh feoil na bhfial orthu.	unless the flesh of the coverings should grow upon them.
Solusruidiud inn esce ina saeragaid,	Taitneamh geal na ré ina ceannaithe uaisle.	The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face:
urthocbail uailli ina minmailgib,	Tógáil uallach ina mínmhalaí.	the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows:
ruithen suirghe ceachtar a da rigrosc.	Ruithean na suirí ina dhá rírosc.	the light of wooing in each of her regal eyes.

Tibri ainiusa ceachtar a da gruad, co n-amlud indtibsén do ballaib bithchorcra co ndeirgi fola laig, ocus araill eile co solus gili sneachta.	Toibríní áthais ar cheachtar a dhá grua, agus breacadh iontu de bhreicneach bhithchorcra le deirge fola lao, nó, ar uairibh, le gile shorcha sneachta.	A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with variegation in them (at one time) of purple spots with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow.
Bocmaerdachd banamail ina glór, cem fosud n-inmalla acci, tochim rignaidi le.	Maorgacht bhog bhanúil ina glór. Coiscéim <u>shocair</u> mhall aici. Siúl ríona fúithi.	Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had: a queenly gait was hers.
Ba sí tra as caemeam agus as aildeam agus as coram adconnarcadar suili doine de mnáib domain.	Ba í go deimhin ba chaoimhe b'áille agus ba chórái dá bhfaca súile duine de mhná an domhain.	Verily, of the world's women 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest and justest that the eyes of men had ever beheld.
Ba doig leo bed a sidaib di.	Ba dhóigh leo gurbh as na síthe di.	It seemed to them (king Eochaidh and his followers) that she was from the elfmounds.
Ba fria asbreth “cruth cách co hEtain”, “caem cach co hEtain”.	Is fúithi a dúradh: “Cruthach cách go hÉadaoin; caomh cách go hÉadaoin.”	Of her was said: “Shapely are all till (<u>compared with</u>) Éadaoin,” “Dear are all till (<u>compared with</u>) Éadaoin.”

Section 3

Gabais saint in ri[g] n-impe focetoir,	*Tháinig* saint *ar* an rí di faoi chéadóir	A longing for her straightway seized the King;
ocus daraide fer dia muindtir riam di[a] hastud foracind.	agus sheol sé fear dá bhuíon *ar aghaidh* lena coinneáil dó.	<u>so</u> he sent forward a man of his people to detain her.
Imchomarcair in ri scela di,	<u>D'fhiafraigh</u> an rí a scéala di,	The king asked tidings of her
ocus asbert fria ina sloindiud:	agus dúirt léi á chuir féin in iúl di:	and said to her, while announcing himself:
“Inum-biasa uair coibligi lat?” ol Eochaid.	“An luifeá liom seal?” arsa Eochaidh.	“Shall I have an hour of lying with thee?”
“Is ed doroachtmar fort foesam sunn,” or si.	“Is chuige sin a thángamar anseo faoi do thearmann,” ar sí.	“ ’Tis for that we have come hither under thy safeguard”, quoth she.
“Cest, can deit ocus can dolud?” ol Eochaid.	“Ceist. Cad as duit? Agus cá has ar tháinig tú?” arsa Eochaidh.	“Query, whence art thou and whence hast thou come?” says Eochaidh.
“Ní ansa,” ol si.	“Ní hansa,” ar sí.	“Easy to say”, quoth she.
“Etain missi, ingen Etair ri eochraidi a sidaib.	“Mise Éadaoin iníon Éadair rí an eachra as na síthe.	“Éadaoin am I, daughter of Éadar, king of the cavalcade from the elfmounds.
Atusa sund fichit mbliadan o ro génar i sid.	Táimse anseo le fiche bliain ó gineadh i sí mé.	I have been here for twenty years since I was born in an elfmound.
Fir in tshide, eter rigu ocus chaemu, ocum chuindchid,	Fir an tsí, idir ríthe agus uaisle, do mo thochmharc,	The men of the elfmound, both kings and nobles, have been wooing me;
ocus ní etas form	agus ní bhfuarthas uaim é,	but nought was gotten from me,

fobithin rot-carusa [ocus tucus] seirc lelbhan o ba tualaing labhartha	mar, ón uair a fuair mé cumas labhartha, thug mé grá agus searc linbh duit	because ever since I was able to speak, I have loved thee and given thee a child's love
ar th' airscelaib oculus t' anius,	ar d'airscéala agus ar d'oirirceas.	for the high tales about thee and thy splendour.
ocus nit-acca riam,	Ní fhaca mé riamh thú	And though I had never seen thee,
ocus atot-gen focétoir ar do thuarascbail,	agus d'aithin mé thú faoi chéadóir ar do thuarascáil;	I knew thee at once from thy description:
is tu doroacht iarum."	is tusa, mar sin, a d'aimsigh mé."	it is thou, then, I have reached."
"Ni ba 'taig drochcarad hi cein' dait em," ol Eochaid.	"Ní 'tóraíocht droch-charad i gcéin' *a bheidh ann* duit ámh," arsa Eochaidh.	"No 'seeking of an ill friend afar' shall be thine, indeed", says Eochaidh.
"Rot-bia failte,	"Beidh fáilte romhat;	"Thou shalt have welcome,
ocus leicfider cach bean do mnaib airiut,	scaoilfear le gach bhean de *mo* mhná ar do shonsa,	and for thee every *other* woman shall be left *by me*,
ocus is acut t'aenur biasa cein bas miad lat."	agus is agatsa amháin a bheadsa fad is mian leat."	and with thee alone will I live so long as thou hast honour".
"Mo thinnsra coir dam!" or si,	"Mo thionscra cóir agam!" ar sí,	"My proper bride-price to me!" she says,
"ocus mo riar iar suidhiu."	"agus mo riar ina dhiaidh sin."	"and afterwards my desire."
"Rot-bia," ol Eochaid.	"Beidh *sin* agat," arsa Eochaidh.	"Thou shalt have *both*", says Eochaidh.
Doberthar secht cumala di.	Tugtar seacht gcumhal di.	Seven <i>cumals</i> are given to her.

Section 4

Atbail in ri iarum .i. Eochaid Feidlech.	Cailleadh an rí, Eochaidh Feidhleach, *ina dhiaidh sin*.	Then the king, even Eochaidh Feidhleach, dies (*leaving one daughter named, like her mother, Éadaoin, and wedded to Cormac, king of Ulaidh*).
IAr cind aimsire leicid Cormac (.i. ri Ulad), ‘fear na tri mbuad[a]’, ingin [n]Echdach,	I gcionn tamaill scaoil Cormac, rí Uladh, ‘fear na dtrí mbua’, le hiníon Eachdhach *Fheidhligh*	After the end of a time Cormac, king of Ulaidh, ‘the man of the three gifts’, forsakes Eochaidh’s daughter,
daig ba haimrit acht ingen rug do Chormac	mar go raibh sí aimrid seachas iníon a rug sí do Chormac	because she was barren save for one daughter that she had borne to Cormac
iar ndenum in brothchan dobert a mathair di .i. in bean a sidaib.	tar éis déanamh an bhracháin a thug a máthair (.i. an bhean as na síthe) di.	after the making of the pottage which her mother — the woman from the elfmounds — gave her.
Is and asbert si fria a mathair:	Is ann a dúirt sí lena máthair:	Then she said to her mother:
“Is cuil a ndaradais dam,	“Is olc a dtug tú dom;	“Bad is what thou hast given me:
bid ingen nos-ber.”	iníon is ea a bhéarfaidh mé.”	it will be a daughter that I shall bear.”
“Ní ba báson,” ol a mathair,	“Ní maith a bheidh sin,” arsa a máthair,	“That will not be good”, says her mother;
“biaid taigid rig furri.”	“beidh tóir rí uirthi.”	“a king’s pursuit will be on her.”

Section 5

Dober Cormac iarum arisi a mnai .i. Etain,	Ghabh Cormac ansin an bhean .i. Éadaoin, chuige arís.	Then Cormac weds again his wife, even Éadaoin,
ocus ba si a riar side, ingen na mná ro leigead rempe do marbad.	Theastaigh uaidh iníon na mná a scaoileadh roimpi a mharú.	and this was his desire, that the daughter of the woman who had before been abandoned [<u>i. e. his own daughter</u>] should be killed.
Nisleicide Cormac dia mathair di[a] altromm.	Níor fhág Cormac an iníon ag a máthair le tógáil.	So Cormac would not leave the girl to her mother to be nursed.
Nos-berait iarum a da mogaid-seom dochum chuithi,	Ansin beireann a dhá mhogh leo í chun poill,	Then his two thralls take her to a pit,
ocus tibidsi gen gaire friu oca tabairt isin chuithi.	agus bhris a gean gáire uirthi leo agus iad á cur sa pholl.	and she smiles a laughing smile at them as they were putting her into it.
Doluid a ngus n-airriu iarum.	Ansin fuair a nádúr greim orthu.	Then their *kindly* nature came to them.
Nos-berad il-lías ngamna buachaille nEterscele maic húi Iair righ Temrach,	Beireann siad leo í go cró gamhna tréadaithe Eadarscéil, mac mic Iair, rí Teamhrach	They carry her into the calfshed of the cowherds of Eadarscéal, great-grandson of Iar, king of Tara,
ocus rosn-altar side co mbo druinech maith,	agus rinne siadsan í a altramú go raibh sí ina druinneach mhaith,	and they fostered her till she became a good embroideress;
ocus ní bui i nHerind ingen rig bad chaimiu oldas.	agus ní raibh in Éirinn iníon rí ba chaoimhe ná í.	and there was not in Ireland a king's daughter dearer than she.

Section 6

Dogni[th] teach fichti forche leosum di,	Rinne siad teach cléithe fite di ansin	A fenced (?) house of wickerwork was made by them (<u>the thralls</u>) for her,
cen dorus n-ann eter, acht seinister ocus forleas nama.	gan dorus ar bith air, ach fuinneog fhalla agus fuinneog dhín.	without any door, but only a window and a skylight.
Airighit didu munter Eterscele an teach hisin,	D'airigh muintir Eadarscéil an teach sin,	Then Eadarscéal's folk espy that house
ocus adar leo ba biadh bui ann lasna buachailli.	agus dar leo gur bia a bhí ann ag na tréadaithe.	and suppose that it was food that the cowherds kept there.
Luid fear dib co ndercachai forsin forless,	Chuaigh duine acu agus d'fhéach tríd an bhfuinneog dhín	*But* one of them went and looked through the skylight,
co n-accai in n-ingin rochaim roalaind isin tig.	agus chonaic an cailín sárchaomh sárálainn sa teach.	and he saw in the house the dearest, beautifullest maiden.
Adfiadar don rig anisin.	Insítear seo don rí.	This is told to the king,
Tiagait a munter uadh fochetoir dia breith cen athchomarc [ona buachaillip — Eg.] ocus do sharugud in tigi,	Tagann a mhuintir faoi chéadóir chun an teach a shárú agus an cailín a bhreith leo gan chead na dtréadaithe;	and straightway he sends his people to break the house and carry her off without asking the cowherds.
ar ba haimrit in ri,	mar bhí an rí aimrid	For the king was childless,
ocus dorairngiread do no berad bean mac dó ocus nad festa a cenél.	agus bhí sé i dtairngreacht dó go mbéarfadh bean, nárbh fhios a cineál, mac dó.	and it had been prophesied to him (<u>by his wizards</u>) that a woman of unknown race would bear him a son.

Asbert in rí didu:

“Isi in bean sin dorairngiread damsa!”

Dúirt an rí ansin:

“Sin í an bhean a bhí a thairngríodh domsa!”

Then said the king:

“This is the woman that has been prophesied to me!”

Section 7

INTan didu bui ann dadaig

conacca in n-en forsin forless addochum,

ocus facaib a enchendaich for lar in tigi,

ocus luid chuict[h]e, oculus ardagaib, co n-epert som fria:

“Dofilter chucut ón rig do choscrad do thige

ocus dot brith chuci ar eigin,

ocus bia torrach uaimsea, oculus bera mac de,

ocus ní marba eonu in mac sin,

ocus bid ‘Conaire [mac Mese Buachalla]’ a ainm,”

An tan, mar sin, a bhí an oíche ann

chonaic sí éan chuici ar na bhfuinneog dhín;

agus d’fhág seisean a chochall éin ar urlár an tí,

agus chuaigh sé chuici agus ghabh í agus dúirt léi:

“Táthar chugat ón rí chun do thí a scrios

agus chun tú a bhreith chuige *le lámh láidir,*

agus beidh tú torrach uaimse, agus béarfaidh tú mac,

agus ná maraíodh an mac sin éin.

Agus beidh ‘Conaire mac Mheas Buachalla’ a ainm,”

Now when she was there next morning

she saw a bird on the skylight coming to her,

and he leaves his birdskin on the floor of the house,

and went to her and captured her, and said:

“They are coming to thee from the king to wreck thy house

and to bring thee to him perforce,

and thou wilt be pregnant by me, and bear a son,

and that son must not kill birds,

and ‘Conaire, son of Meas Buachalla’ shall be his name,

ar ba Mes Buachalla a hainm-si dano.

mar ba Meas Buachalla a hainmse *, go deimhin*.

for hers was Meas Buachalla, (‘the cowherds’ fosterchild’), indeed.

Section 8

Ocus breatha-si cosin righ n-iarum,

Agus tugadh chun an rí í *ansin*

And then she was brought to the king,

ocus lotar a hoite le,

agus chuaigh a hoidí léi,

and with her went her fosterers,

ocus aranai[s]si dond rig,

agus pósadh í leis an rí,

and she was betrothed to the king,

ocus dobert side seacht cumala disi

agus thug sé seacht gcumhal di

and he gave her seven *cumals*

ocus seacht cumala aili dia haitib.

agus seacht gcumhal eile dá hoidí altrama,

and to her fosterers seven other *cumals*.

Ocus dognithea airig doib iarsin,

agus rinneadh aireacha díobh iar sin

And afterwards they were made chieftains,

comdar reachtaidi uile,

i dtreo go raibh siad reachtach uile,

so that they all became legitimate,

conid de ataat in da Feidlimid Reachtaidi.

uime sin an dá Fheidhlimí Reachtacha.

whence are the two Feidhlimí Reachtach. (‘Legitimate Feidhlimí’).

Ocus bert-si iarum mac dond rig .i. Conaire mac Mesi Buachalla.

Agus rug sí mac don rí iar sin, .i. Conaire mac Mheas Buachalla.

And then she bore a son to the king, even Conaire son of Meas Buachalla,

Ocus batar he a trí drindrosi forsin rig

Agus b’iad a trí achainí *máthar* ar an rí:

and these were her three urgent prayers to the king,

.i. altrom a maic eter [t]heora aicce

.i. altram a mic a bheith idir trí theaghlach

to wit, the nursing of her son among three households,

.i. na haiti rosn-altadar	.i. na hoidí *altrama* a thóg í,	that is, the fosterers who had nurtured her,
ocus na Maine Milscothacha,	an <u>dá</u> Mhaine Mhilscothacha,	and the (two) Honeyworded Maines,
ocus atacomnaicsi fadeisin,	agus í féin.	and she herself (<u>is the third</u>);
ocus adbert-si inti dudrastar ní don mac so di feraib Herind	Agus, a dúirt sí, an té ar mhian leis aon ní *a thabhairt* don mhac sin, d'fhir Éireann,	and she said that such of the men of Ireland as should wish (<u>to do</u>) ought for this boy
dobera dinaib teoraib trebaib-sea ar chomet in maic.	é a thabhairt do na trí teaghlaigh sin ar son an mhic a choimeád.	should give to those three households for the boy's protection.

Section 9

Alta iarum samlaid,	Oileadh *an buachaill seo* mar sin *ina dhaidh sin*	So in that wise he was reared,
ocus ro feadadar fir Herend in mac so isin laithiu ir-ro genair fochétoir,	agus chuir fir Éireann aithne ar an mac seo faoi chéadóir an lá a rugadh é,	and the men of Ireland straightway knew this boy on the day he was born.
ocus ro alta in maic aile lesin	agus oileadh buachaillí eile mar aon leis	And other boys were fostered with him,
.i. Fer le ocus Fer gar ocus Fer rogein,	.i. Fear Lé, Fear Gar agus Fear Roghain,	<u>to wit</u> , Fear Lé and Fear Gar and Fear Roghain,
tri maic hui Duind Desa ind fendeada	triúr mac Dhoinn Déasa, an féinní,	three great-grandsons of Donn Déasa the champion,
.i. fear sochraidhi do shochraidí a Muc- lesi.	fear sochaí do shochaí as Mhuc Leise.	an army-man of the army from Muc-Leise (?).

Section 10

Ro batar didu teora buada for Conaire

.i. buaid cluaisi ocus buaid radairc ocus
buaid n-airdmesa,

ocus ro muin buaid cach comalta dia tri
comaltaib dibsin.

Ocus nach sere .i. dognithea dosom

doteigtis di a cethror.

Citis teora seire dognithi dosom

no teigead cach fear dib dia sere.

Inund eitiud ocus gaiscead ocus dath each
doib a ceathrur.

Bhí, iomorra, trí bhua ag Conaire,

.i. bua cluaise, bua radhairc, agus
breithiúnais,

agus mhúin sé bua díobhsan do gach
comhalta dá thriúr comhalta.

Agus gach béile a dhéantaí dósan,

théadh an ceathrar acu chuige.

Cé go ndéantaí trí bhéile dó

théadh gach fear díobh chun a bhéile.

B'ionann éadach agus arm gaisce agus dath
each acu ceathrar.

Now Conaire possessed three gifts,

to wit, the gift of hearing and the gift of
eyesight and the gift of judgment;

and of those three gifts he taught one to
each of his three fosterbrothers.

And whatever meal was prepared for him,

the four of them would go to it.

Even though three meals were prepared for
him

each of them would go to his meal.

The same raiment and armour and colour of
horses had the four.

Section 11

Marb in ri iarum .i. Eterscele.	Fuair an rí .i. Eadarscéal bás iar sin.	Then the king, Eadarscéal, died.
Congrenar tairbfheis la firu Herend	Tionóladh tarbhfeis le fir Éireann.	A bull-feast is gathered (?) by the men of Ireland, (<u>in order to determine their future king</u>)
.i. no marbtha tarb leo,	*Is é a bhí a gceist ná go* mairaití tarbh leo,	that is, a bull used to be killed by them
ocus no ithead oenfhear a shaith de,	agus d'itheadh aon duine amháin a sháith de,	and thereof one man would eat his fill
ocus no ibead a enbruithi,	agus d'óladh sé a anraith,	and drink its broth,
ocus no chanta or firindi fair ina ligiu.	agus chantaí briocht firinne air ina leaba.	and a spell of truth was chanted over him in his bed.
Fer atchichead ina chotlad is e bad ri,	An té a d'fheicfeadh sé ina chodladh, eisean a bheadh ina rí,	Whosoever he would see in his sleep would be king,
ocus atbaildis a beoil intan adbeiread gai.	agus thiocfadh an bás ar a bheola dá n'inseodh sé bréag.	and the sleeper would perish if he uttered a falsehood.

Section 12

Baei Conairi a ceithri cairpthig il-Lifíu occa cluichiu, a tri comaltai ocus se baddeisin.

Bhí cluiche ag ceathrar cairbtheach ar *Mhaigh* Life, Conaire féin agus a thriúr comhalta.

Four men in chariots were on (the Plain of) Liffey at their game, Conaire himself and his three fosterbrothers.

Lotar didu a aite chuide co tuidchised don tairbfheis.

Chuaigh a n-oidí chuige ansin le cuireadh teacht chun na tarbfheise.

Then his fosterers went to him that he might repair to the bull-feast.

Atchonnairc fear na tairbfheisi intan sin ina chotlud fer lomnacht indiaid na haidche

Chonaic fear na tarbfheise an uair sin, agus é ina chodladh, fear lomnacht ag teacht i ndeireadh na hoíche

The bull-feaster, then in his sleep, at the end of the night beheld a man stark-naked,

iar sligi na Temrach ocus a cloch ina thailm.

ar feadh Slí na Teamhrach agus cloch ina thailm.

passing along the road of Tara, with a stone in his sling.

“Ragatsa dadaig,” ol se, “in far ndegaid.”

“Rachaidh mise anocht,” ar sé, “in bhur ndiaidh.”

“I will go tonight after you”, quoth he.

Section 13

Fanacbas a chomaltai occa cluchiu,	D'fhág a chomhaltaí i mbun a chluiche é,	He left his fosterbrothers at their game,
ocus imasai a charpat oculus a aria[d] co mbai oc Ath cliath.	agus chas sé a charbad agus a ara go raibh siad ag Áth Cliath.	and turned his chariot and his charioteer until he was in Dublin.
Conacae eonu findbreca mora and ecomdighe ar met oculus dath [oculus coemi].	Chonaic sé éin mhóra fhionnbhreaca ann a bhí suaithinseach i méid, i ndath agus i gcaomhe.	There he saw great, white-speckled birds, of unusual size and colour and beauty.
Imsai ina ndegaidh comdar scitha ind eich.	Chuaigh sé i <u>leataoibh</u> ar a dtóir nó go raibh na heacha traochta.	He pursues them until his horses were tired.
No teigtis fot na hurchara riam oculus ní theigtis ní bud shire.	Théidís fad urchair roimhe agus ní théidís ní ba shia.	The birds would go a spearcast before him, and would not go any further.
Taurbling	Thuirling sé	He alighted,
oculus gaibid a thailm doib asin charbad.	agus ghabh a thailm *chuige* as an gcarbad *ina n-aghaidh*.	and takes his sling for them out of the chariot.
Imsui co mbui oc muir ina ndegaid.	Chuaigh sé ina ndiaidh go raibh ag an bhfarraige.	He goes after them until he was at the sea.
Fosraemet ind eoin forsin tuind.	Chuir na héin chun toinne.	The birds betake themselves on the wave.
Luid-seom chucu	Chuaigh sé chucu	He went to them
co tabart a laim tairrsiu.	agus fuair an lámh *in uachtar* orthu.	and overcame them.

Fofacbad na heoin a n-enchendcha,	Chuir na héin díobh a gcochaill éin	The birds quit their birdskins,
ocus imda-suat fair co ngaib ocus claidbib.	agus d'iompaigh air le gathanna agus le claimhte.	and turn upon him with spears and swords.
Aincithi fer dib he,	Chosain fear díobh é	One of them protects him,
ocus atngladastar co n-epert fris.	agus d'agaill sé é, agus dúirt:	and addressed him, saying:
"Is mise Nemglan ri enlaithi do athar,	"Is mise Niamhghlan, rí ar éanlaith d'athar;	"I am Niamhghlan, king of thy father's birds;
ocus argarad dit dibrugud en,	agus tá cosc ort caitheamh le héin	and thou hast been forbidden to cast at birds,
ar ní fuil sund neach na pad dir dait o a athair no mathair."	mar níl anseo neach nárbh ansa leat *de bharr a* athar nó mathar."	for here there is no one that should not be dear to thee because of his father or mother."
"Ni fheadarsa," ol seiseam, "cosaniu sin."	"Níorbh eol dom sin," ar seisean, "go dtí inniu."	"Till today", says <u>Conaire</u> , "I knew not this."
"Eirg do Themraig innocht," ol se;	"Téigh go Teamhair anocht," arsa *Niamhghlan*;	"Go to Tara tonight", says *Niamhghlan*;
"is coru deit.	"is é is córa duit.	" 'tis fittest for thee.
Ata tairbfheis ann,	Tá tarbhfheis *ar siúl* ann	A bull-feast is there,
ocus is tu bas ri de	agus is tú a bheidh i do rí dá barr.	and through it thou shalt be king.
.i. fer lomnacht	Fear lomnacht	A man stark-naked,

[ragas **Eg.**] indiaid na haidchi iar sligi[d] di
slighib na Temrach,

ocus cloch agus tailm lais,

is e bas ri.”

a rachaidh i ndeireadh na hoíche ar shlí de
Shlite na Teamhrach,

agus cloch agus tailm aige,

is é a bheidh ina rí.”

who shall go at the end of the night along
one of the roads of Tara,

having a stone and a sling,

— ’tis he that shall be king.”

Section 14

Luid-seom iarum in cruth-sa,

ocus badar tri rig cach sraite dina ceithri
sraitib dia tiagad do Temraig oca
urnaide-seom,

ocus etach acco do,

ar is lomnacht darairngiread a taideachd.

Conacce[s] som dono rout forsa mbatar a
aite,

ocus dobertatar etach rig do imbi,

ocus da[m]bertatar hi carput,

ocus fornaisc a giallu.

Ansin d’imigh *Conaire* leis ar an gcuma
sin;

agus bhí triúr rí ag feitheamh leis ar gach
bóthar de na ceithre bóithre dá dtéann go
Teamhair,

agus éide acu dó

mar gur lomnacht a tairngríodh é a theacht.

Chonacthas ansin é ón mbóthar ar a raibh a
oidí,

agus thugadar siadsan éide rí uime,

agus thugadar isteach i gcarbad é

agus naisc seisean a ghialla.

So in this wise Conaire fared forth;

and on each of the four roads whereby men
go to Tara there were three kings awaiting
him,

and they had raiment for him,

since it had been foretold that he would
come stark-naked.

Then he was seen from the road on which
his fosterers were,

and they put royal raiment about him,

and placed him in a chariot,

and he bound his pledges.

Section 15

Asbertatar aes na Temrach fris:

“Atar-lind is coll ro coillead ar tarbfheis
ocus ar n-ór firinde,

mad gilla oc amulchach tarfas dunn and.”

“Ní méti anni sin”, ol seiseam:

“ní hainim rí óc esclabar mar missi do bith ir-
rigi,

uair is cert n-athar oculus seanathar damsa
fonaidm ngiall Temrach.”

“Amrae! n-amrae!” ol in sluag.

Saidit rigi n-Erenn imbi.

Oculus asbert-som: “Imcaemrosa do gaethaib
corbom gaeth fodeisin.”

Dúirt aos na Teamhrach leis:

“Dár linn is coilleadh ár dtarbhfeis agus ár
mbriocht firinne,

más giolla óg amhulcach a thaibhsigh dúinn
ann.”

“Ní móide sin,” ar seisean.

“Ní haon ainimh ar bith *do* rí óg fial mar
mise a bheith sa ríogacht,

óir is ceart athar agus seanathar domsa
gialla Theamhrach a nascadh.”

“ Amhra! Amhra!” arsan slua.

Chuir siad ríogacht Éireann uime.

Agus dúirt seisean: “Fiafróidh mé de lucht
gaoise nó go mbeidh mé féin gaoiseach.”

The folk of Tara said to him:

“It seems to us that our bullfeast and our
spell of truth are a failure,

if it be only a young, beardless lad that we
have visioned therein.”

“That is of no moment”, quoth he.

“For a young, generous king like me to be
in the kingship is no disgrace,

since the binding of Tara’s pledges is mine
by right of father and grandsire.”

“Excellent! excellent!” says the host.

They set the kingship of Ireland upon him.

And he said: “I will enquire of wise men
that I myself may be wise.”

Section 16

Asbert inso huile amal rommuin do in fer
ocon tuind:

Is ed asbert fris:

“Biaid airmitiu fort fhlaith,

ocus bid saineamail ind enfhlaith,

ocus bid si do airmitiu .i. do ghes.

Ni thuidchis deaseal Temrach oculus
tuaithbiul mBreg.

Nir’ taifnichter lat claenmila Cernai.

Oculus nir’ echtra cach nomad n-aidche seach
Theamair.

Oculus nir’ faei i tig as mbi eggna suillsi
tenead immach

iar fuineadh ngréne oculus imbi ecnai
dammuig.

Oculus ni tiassa[t] riut tri Dearga do thig
Deirg.

Ansin d’aithris sé é seo uile mar a mhúin
an fear ag an tonn dó.

Is é a dúirt *seisean* leis:

“Beidh *ceangal* urraime ar do fhlaithas,

agus beidh an t-éanfhlaitheas suaithinseach,

agus seo é do *cheangal* urraime .i. do
gheis:

Ná téigh deiseal Teamhrach ná tuathal Breá.

Ná taifeann claonmhíola Cearna.

Agus ná téigh thar Teamhair amach naoi n-
oíche as a chéile.

Agus ná caith oíche i dteach as a mbíonn
solas tine eagnach amach *uaidh*,

iar fuine gréine, agus ina mbíonn sé sin
eagnach lasmuigh.

Agus ná téadh trí Dhearga romhat go teach
Deirg.

Then he uttered all this as he had been
taught by the man at the wave,

who said this to him:

“Thy reign will be subject to a restriction,

but the bird-reign will be noble,

and this shall be thy restriction, i. e. thy
tabu.

Thou shalt not go righthandwise round Tara
and lefthandwise round Bregia.

Thou shalt not hunt the evil-beasts of
Cearna.

And thou shalt not go out every ninth night
beyond Tara.

Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which
firelight is manifest outside,

after sunset, and in which (light) is manifest
from without.

And three Deargs shall not go before thee to
Dearg’s house.

Ocus nir'ragbaiter diberg id fhlaith.	Agus ná rachfar *le* díbhearg i d'fhlaithneas.	And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.
Ocus ni tae dam aenmna nó enfhir i tech fort iar fuinead ngréne.	Agus ná téadh bean aonair nó fear aonair chugat i dteach iar fuine gréine.	And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.
Ocus ni ahurrais augra do da moghud.”	Agus ná <u>ceansaigh</u> aighneas idir do dhá mhogh.”	And thou shalt not settle (?) the quarrel of thy two thralls.”

Section 17

Ro batar tra deolatchaire mora inna fhlaith	Bhí, áfach, deolchairí móra ina fhlaithneas	Now there were in his reign great bounties,
.i. secht mbarca cach mis mithemon do gabail oc Inbiur Colbtha cach bliadna,	.i. seacht mbárc gach mí an Mheithimh a ghabháil ag Inbhear Colpa gach bliain,	<u>to wit</u> , seven ships in every June in every year arriving at Inbhear Colptha,
ocus mes co gluine cach fhogmair,	agus meas go glúin gach fómhar,	and oakmast up to the knees in every autumn,
ocus imbas for Buais ocus Boind i medon in mis mithemon cach bliadna,	agus *breis tinfidh* ar Bhuais agus ar Bhóinn i meán mí an Mheithimh gach bliain,	and plenty (<u>of fish</u>) in (<u>the rivers</u>) Bush and Boyne in the middle of June of each year,
ocus imbet cainchomraic conarru bi neach in n-aile inn Erinn fria fhlaith.	agus iomad caoinchomhraic i dtreo *nár mharaigh duine duine eile* in Éirinn lena fhlaithneas.	and such abundance of good will that no one slew another in Ireland during his reign.
Ocus ba bindithir la cach n-aen guth aroile inn Erinn fria fhlaith ocus betis teta mennchrot.	Agus, dar le gach éinne bhí guth an duine eile in Éirinn lena fhlaithneas chomh binn le téada cruite.	And to every one in Ireland his fellow's voice seemed as sweet as the strings of lutes.

Ni luaiscead gaeth caircech mbó o medon
earraich co meadon foghmair.

Ní luascadh gaoth eireaball bó ó mheán
earraigh go meán fómhair.

From mid-spring to mid-autumn no wind
disturbed a cow's tail.

Nir'bo thoirneach ainbt[h]ineach a fhlaith.

Níor thoirneach ná anfach a fhlaitheas.

His reign was neither thunderous nor
stormy.

Section 18

Fodordsat iarum a chomaltai-seom im
gabail dana a n-athar ocus a seanathar dib

Rinne a chomhaltaí clamhsán iaramh mar
go raibh ceirdeanna a n-athar agus a
seanathar díobh

Now his fosterbrothers murmured at the
taking from them of their father's and their
grandsire's gifts,

.i. Gat ocus Brat ocus Guin daine ocus
Diberg.

— goid agus brad agus goin daoine agus
díbheirg —

namely Theft and Robbery and Slaughter of
men and Rapine.

á gcosc orthu.

Gatsat side na teora gata ar in n-oenfer .i.
mucc ocus ag ocus bo cacha bliadna,

Ghoid siad faoi thrí .i. muc agus damh agus
bó, ón bhfear *céanna* gach bliain

They thieved the three thefts from the same
man, to wit, a swine and an ox and a cow,
every year,

co n-accaitis ca hindeochad doberad in ri
forru ind,

le go bhfeicfidís cén inneachadh a
chuirfeadh an rí orthu *dá bharr*,

that they might see what punishment
therefor the king would inflict upon them,

ocus cia domain doairgebad don rig in gat
in[n]a flaith.

agus cén domhaoin a dhéanfadh goid ina
fhlaitheas don rí.

and what damage the theft in his reign
would cause to the king.

Section 19

Dotheced didu cacha bliadna in fer trebar
dia chaineadh frisin rig,

asbereal in rí fris:

“Eirg co n-arlaitear tri maccu húi Duind
desa,

it e rota-thuigsead.”

Folaimtis a guin cacha fechtsais no theigead
dia rad friu.

Ní tindtad som cosin rig afrisi arnach
ruideal [Conaire a lott-som. **Eg.**]

Thagadh *ansin* an treabhdóir gach bliain
lena cháineadh *go dtí an* rí,

agus deireadh an rí leis:

“Téigh anois agus labhair le triúr mac
Dhoinn Déasa,

is iadsan a thug *an chreach leo*.”

Ach gach uair a théadh sé chun cainte leo
ba dhóbair dóibh é a mharú.

Ní thagadh sé ar ais go dtí an rí Conaire
chun nach gcuirfeadh an lot náire air.

Now every year the farmer would come to
the king to complain,

and the king would say to him.

“Go thou and address Donn Déasa’s three
great-grandsons,

for ’tis they that have taken the beasts.”

Whenever he went to speak to them (Donn
Déasa’s descends), they would almost kill
him,

and he would not return to the king lest
their violation shame him.

Section 20

Onni iarum ros-gab miad ocus imtholtu iat,	Ghabh, iaramh, uabhar agus saint *greim* orthu,	Since, then, pride and wilfulness possessed them,
gabsat dibe[i]rg co maccaib flaithi fer n-Erenn impu.	ghabh siad le díbheirg agus mic flatha fear Éireann faru.	they took to marauding, surrounded by the sons of the lords of the men of Ireland.
Tri choecait fear doib.	Trí caogaid fear a bhí acu	Thrice fifty men had they
	á múineadh,	*as pupils*
intan badar oc faelad i crich Connacht	nuair a bhí siad ag mactíreacht i gcríocha Connacht,	when they (<u>the pupils</u>) were were-wolfing in the province of Connacht,
occa munud,		
condad acca muicid Maine Milscothaig iat [occa dénam, Eg.]	agus chonaic mucaí Mhaine Mhilscothaigh iad á déanamh	until Honeyworded Maine's swineherd saw them doing it,
ocus nin-acca riam anisin.	agus ní fhaca sé riamh roimhe *sin a leithéid*.	and he had never seen that before.
Luid for teichead.	Chuaigh sé ar theitheadh.	He fled.
O rochualatar som	Nuair a chuala siad é	When they heard him
lotar ina deagaid.	chuaigh siad ina dhiaidh.	they pursued him.
Eigthi in muccid,	D'éigh an mucaí	The swineherd shouted,

co tanic tuath in da Maine fae,	go dtháinig muintir an dá Mhaine *chun fóirithinte air*;	and the people of the two Maines came to him,
ocus co n-argabait na tri choecait fer cona forbannaib,	agus gabhadh na trí caogaid lena gcomhghuaillithe	and the thrice fifty men were arrested, along with their auxiliaries,
ocus bertair do Themair,	agus tugtar go Teamhair iad.	and taken to Tara.
ocus fogellsat in ri[g] imbi co n-epertside:	agus *chuaigh siad i gcomhairle* leis an ri *faoi scéal agus* dúirt seisean:	They consulted the king concerning the matter, and he said:
“Oircead cach a mac,	“Básaíodh cách a mhac,	“Let each (<u>father</u>) slay his son,
ocus ainciter mo daltaí-seo.”	ach déantar anacal ar mo dhaltaí-se.”	but let my fosterlings be spared.”

Section 21

“Cet, cet!” or cach,

“dogentar airiut.”

“Nate em,” ol sesseom.

“ní ‘haurcur sáegail’ damsa in breth ron-
ucus.

Ní crochfaiter ind fir,

acht eirget senóri leósom

cor-rálat a ndíbeirg for firu Alpan.”

“*Bíodh agat. Bíodh agat!*” arsa cách.

“Déanfar rud ort.”

“Mo léan, *ámh,*” ar seisean.

“Ní ‘urchar saoil’ domsa an bhreith a thug
mé.

Ní chrochfar na fir,

ach téadh seanóirí leo

go n-imreoidh siad a ndíbhearg ar fhir na
hAlban.”

“Leave, leave!” says every one:

“it shall be done for thee.”

“Nay indeed”, quoth he;

“no ‘cast of life’ by me is the doom I have
delivered.

The men shall not be hung;

but let elders go with them

that they may wreak their rapine on the men
of Alba.”

Section 22

Dogniat aní-sin.

Tíagait ass forsin farrci

co comarnectár fri mac ríg Bretan

.i. Ingcél Cáech húa Conmaic.

tri .l. fer cona seniorib léo co comarnectar
forsind fargge.

Déanann siad an ní sin.

Téann siad *amach* ar an bhfarraige

agus castar mac rí na Breataine leo

.i. Ingcéal Caoch uí Chonmaicne;

castar trí caogaid fear agus a seanóirí leo ar
an bhfarraige.

This they do.

Thence they put to sea

and met the son of the king of Britain,

even Ingcéal the One-eyed, grandson of
Conmac:

thrice fifty men and their veterans they met
upon the sea.

Dogniat cairdes,
ocus tíagait la Ingcél
cor-rólsat a ndibeirg lais.

Déanann siad cairdeas *lena chéile*,
agus téann le hIngcéal
agus rinne siad díbhearg leis.

They make an alliance,
and go with Ingcéal
and wrought rapine with him.

Section 23

IS í orcain tuc a áin fhén do som.

Seo í an argain a thug a ainmhian féin dó-san.

This is the destruction which his own impulse gave him.

Con[id] si adaig and sin ro curthea a mathair oculus a athair oculus a shecht nderbráthir do thig rí a thúathe.

Ba í sin an oíche ar tugadh cuireadh dá mháthair agus dá athair agus dá sheacht dearthár go teach rí a thuaithe.

That was the night that his mother and his father and his seven brothers had been bidden to the house of the king of his district.

Ortá uli la Ingcél i n-óen aidchi.

Ídíodh iad go léir le hIngcéal san aon oíche.

All of them were destroyed by Ingcéal in a single night.

Dolotar trá forsin farci anall hi tír n-Erend

Ansin *chuir (clann mhac Dhoinn Déasa) chun farraige* chun teacht anall go tír Éireann

Then they (the Irish pirates) put out to sea to the land of Ireland

do chuingid oirgne fón orguin ro dligestár Ingcél díb.

ar thóir argana ba dhual d'Ingcéal uathu thar cheann na hargana.

to seek a destruction (as payment) for that to which Ingcéal had been entitled from them.

Section 24

Lánsíd i n-Erind hi flaith Conaire,	Bhí síth iomlán in Éirinn i bhflaitheas Chonaire	In Conaire's reign there was perfect peace in Ireland,
acht boí imnesse catha eter da Corpre hi Túathmumain.	ach bhí imnise catha idir an mbeirt Chairbre i dTuamhumhain.	save that in Thomond there was a joining of battle between the two Cairbres.
Dá chomalta dosom íat.	Ba chomhaltaí dó iad beirt.	Two fosterbrothers of his were they.
Ní boí a córugud co riacht Conaire.	Ní raibh réiteach eatarthu nó go dtáinig Conaire.	And until Conaire came it was impossible to make peace between them.
Geiss dosom techt día n-etergléod riasíu dorostais chuci.	Ba gheis dó dul ag déanamh idirghabhála eatarthu sula dtagaidís chuige *ar dtús*.	'Twas a tabu of his to go to separate them before they had repaired to him.
Téit iarom	Téann sé, iaramh,	He went, however,
ciar'bo geiss dó,	cé gur gheis dó *sin,*	although (<u>to do so</u>) was one of his tabus,
ocus dogéni síd n-etarro.	agus rinne síth eatarthu.	and he made peace between them.
Anais cóic aidche la cehtar de:	D'fhan sé cúig oíche le ceachtar díobh *beirt*.	He remained five nights with each of the two.
geis dosom dano aní-sin.	Ba gheis dó sin freisin.	That also was a tabu of his.

Section 25

Íar ngleod in dá ugrai	*Tar éis dó* gleo na beirte a *réiteach*	After settling the two quarrels,
ro boí-seom oc saigid do Themraig.	bhí seisean ag saighe go Teamhair.	he was travelling to Tara.
ISed gabsait do Temraig, sech Usnech Midi,	*Mar seo* a ghabh siad go Teamhair, thar Uisnech na Mí;	This is (<u>the way</u>) they took to Tara, past Uisneach of Meath;
co n-accatár iarsain a n-indred anair ocus aniar, ocus an[d]es ocus atúaíd,	chonaic siad ansin an t-ionradh *á dhéanamh* anoir agus aniar, aneas agus aduaidh;	and *then* they saw the raiding from east and west, and from south and north,
ocus co n-accatár na buidne ocus na slúagu [ocus na firu lomnocht;]	agus chonaic siad na buíonta agus na sluaite agus na fir lomnocht,	and they saw the warbands and the hosts, and the men stark-naked;
ocus ropo nem tened tír Úa Néill imbi.	agus bhí tír Uí Néill faoi *bharr lasrach smóil ina thimpeall*.	and the land of the (<u>southern</u>) O'Neills was a cloud of fire around him.

Section 26

“Cid aní seo?” ol Conaire.

“Cad é seo?” arsa Conaire.

“What is this?” asked Conaire.

“Ní anse,” ol a muintir.

“Ní ansa,” arsa a mhuintir.

“Easy to say,” his people answer.

“Ní duachnid sòn, is í in cháin [ríg — **Eg.**]
ro mebaid and

“Ní deacair sin; is é dlí an rí briste ann

“Easy to know that the king’s law has
broken down therein,

intan ro gabad for loscod in tíre.”

an tan a ghabhadar ar loscadh na tíre.”

since the country has begun to burn.”

“Cest, cid gebmani?” ol Conaire.

“Ceist, cá rachaimid?” arsa Conaire.

“Whither shall we betake ourselves?” says
Conaire.

“Saerthúaid,” for a muintir.

“Soir ó thuaidh,” arsa a mhuintir.

“To the Northeast”, say his people.

ISs ed ro gabsat iarum, deisiul Temra ocus
tuaithbiul Breg.

Is é mar a ghabh siad ansin deiseal
Teamhrach, agus tuathal Breá.

So then they went righthandwise round
Tara, and lefthandwise round Bregia,

Ocus tosessá lais clóenmíla Cernai.

Agus tafnaíodh leis claonmhíola Cearna.

and the *clóenmíla* (‘evil beasts’) of Cearna
were hunted by him.

Ní accai cor-ro scaig a tofond.

Ní fhaca (sé) *sin* nó gur scoir an *fiach*.

But he saw it not till the chase had ended.

IS iat dodróni in smúitcheo ndruidecta sin
din bith, síabrai,

Is iad na síofraí a rinne an smúitcheo
draíochta sin den domhan

They that made of the world that smoky
mist of magic were elves,

fobithin arcorpait géssi Conaire.

mar gur coilleadh geasa Chonaire.

(and they did so) because Conaire’s tabus
had been violated.

Section 27

IMmusrala trá in t-ómon mór-sin do Chonaire,	Bhuail, tráth, uamhan mór iad faoi Chonaire	Great fear then fell on Conaire
connach rabi dóib conar dochoistís acht for sligi Midhlúachra agus for sligi Cualann.	mar nach raibh bealach ar a rachaidís ach Slí Midhluachra agus Slí Cualann.	because they had no way to wend save upon the Road of Midhluachair and the Road of Cualu.
IS ed ro gabsat iarom, la hairer n-Erend antuáid.	Is é *bealach* a ghabh siad, iaramh, *ar feadh* chósta na hÉireann aduaidh.	So they took their way by the coast of Ireland southward.
IS and asbert Conaire for sligid Cualann:	Is ansin a dúirt Conaire, *agus iad* ar Shlí Cualann:	Then said Conaire on the Road of Cualu:
“Cid ragma innocht?” ol se.	“Cá rachaimid anocht?” ar sé.	“whither shall we go tonight?”
“Domm-áir [a rád]! a da[ltaí] Conaire,” for Mac cecht	“*Gura slán an scéalaí!* A dhalta, a Chonaire,” arsa Mac Céacht,	“May I succeed in telling thee! my fosterling Conaire” says Mac Céacht,
mac Snaide teichid, cathmílid Conairi maic Etersceoil.	mac Snaide Teichid, gaiscíoch Chonaire mhic Eadarscéil,	son of Snaide Teichead, the champion of Conaire son of Eadarscéal.
“Bátar menciu fir Herend oc do chosnom-so cach n-aidche	“ba mhinice iad fir Éireann in iomaíocht *fút* gach oíche	“Often have the men of Ireland been contending for thee every night
indás bith deitsiu for merogod tige óiged.”	ná tusa a bheith ar <u>fán</u> ar lorg teach aíochta.”	than thou hast been wandering about for a guesthouse.”

Section 28

“Tothaet meis fôamsera,” for Conaire.	“Tagann dea-mheas <u>de réir na huaine</u> ,” arsa Conaire.	“Judgment goes with good times”, says Conaire.
“Bóí cara damsa isin tír-se,” for Conaire,	“Bhí cara dom sa tír seo,” ar Conaire,	“I had a friend in this country,
“acht ro fesmais conair díá thig.”	“ach fios na slí chun a thí <u>a bheith againn</u> .”	if only we knew the way to his house.”
“Cia ainm side?” for Mac cécht.	“Cad is ainm dó?” arsa Mac Céacht.	“What is his name?” asked Mac Céacht.
“Da Derga di Lagnib,” ol Conaire.	“Da Dearga de Laighin,” arsa Conaire.	“Da Dearga of Leinster”, answered Conaire.
“Ránic cucumsa em,” ol Conaire, “do chuingid aisceda [formsa — Eg.],	“Tháinig sé chugamsa ámh,” ar Conaire, “agus achainí <u>aige</u> orm,	“He came unto me to seek a gift from me,
ocus ní thuidchid co n-eru.	agus níor theacht <u>in aisce aige é</u> .	and he did not come with a refusal.
Rán-írusa im chét mbó bóthána.	Thug mise céad bó bóthána <u>dó</u> .	I gave him a hundred kine of the drove.
Ranírusa im cét muc mucglassa.	Thug mise céad muc <u>mhéith dó</u> .	I gave him a hundred fatted swine.
Ranírusa im chét mbrat cungas clithetach.	Thug mise céad brat <u>comhdhlúth cluthair dó</u> .	I gave him a hundred mantles made of (?) close cloth.
Ranírusa im chét ngaisced ngormdatha ngubae.	Thug mise céad arm gaisce gormdhatha catha <u>dó</u> .	I gave him a hundred blue-coloured weapons of battle.
Ranírusa im deich ndeilci derca diorda.	Thug mise dó deich ndealg dearg óraithe.	I gave him ten red, gilded brooches.

Ranírusa im deich ndabcha deolcha deich donnae.	Thug mise dó deich ndabhach <u>fónta fial</u> donn.	I gave him ten vats ... <u>good</u> and brown.
Ranírusa im deich mogu.	Thug mise dó deich mogh.	I gave him ten thralls.
Ranírusa im deich meile.	Thug mise dó deich mbró.	I gave him ten querns.
Ranírusa im trí .ix. con n-[o]engel inna slabradaib argdidib,	Thug mise dó trí faoi naoi de chúnna gléigeala ina slabhraí airgid.	I gave him thrice nine hounds all-white in their silver chains.
Ranírusa im cét n-ech mbúada hi sedgregaib oss n-eng.	Thug mise dó deich n-eacha a bheadh buach ar thóir fianna allta.	I gave him a hundred excellent horses in the tracks of herds of deer.
Ní ara maithem dó cia rised beos.	Níor <u>thaise</u> dó dá dtiocfadh sé <u>arís</u> ;	There would be no abatement in his case though he should come again.
Doberad anaill.	thabharfadh sé <u>a leithéid eile leis</u> .	He would give the other thing (<u>make return</u>).
Is ingnad mád brónach frimsa innocht [oc riachtain a trebe chuici,” YBL .]	Ba ionadh dá mbeadh sé doicheallach liomsa anocht <u>agus mé</u> ag sroicheadh a thí chuige.”	It is strange if he is surly to me tonight when reaching his abode.”

Section 29

“A mbása éolach-sa ém dia thig-side,” for
Mac cecht,

“is crích a tribe chuci i(n) tsligi forsatai.

Téit co téit isa tech,

ar is triasin tech ata in tslige.

Atát secht ndorais isa tech

ocus secht n-imda iter cach dá dorus,

ocus ní fil acht óenchomlaid n-airi,

ocus imsóither in chomla sin fri cach ndorus
día mbi in gáeth.”

“Lín atái sund

ragai hit brói díрмаi

co tarblais for lár in tige.”

“Nuair a bhí mise eolach faoina theachsa,
go deimhin,” arsa Mac Céacht,

“b’í an bealach ar a bhfuil tú ag gabháil
chuige teorainn a áitribh.

Téann (sé) ar aghaidh nó go dtéann ina
teach,

mar is tríd an teach atá an tslí.

Tá seacht ndoirse sa teach

agus seacht n-iomdha idir gach dhá dhoras,

agus níl ach aon chomhla amháin ar an
teach

agus castar an chomhla sin *in aghaidh*
dhoras *na gaoithe cibé é*.”

“An líon *duine* atá *agat* anseo,” *arsa
Conaire*

“rachaidh tú leo in bhur mbró dhíorma

nó go lingfidh tú ar úrlar an tí.”

“When I was acquainted with his house,
indeed”, says Mac Céacht,

“the road whereon thou art (going) towards
him was the boundary of his abode.

It continues till it enters his house,

for through the house passes the road.

There are seven doorways into the house,

and seven bedrooms between every two
doorways;

but there is only one door-valve on it,

and that valve is turned to every doorway to
which the wind blows.”

“With all that thou hast here”, (says
Conaire),

“thou shalt go in thy great multitude

until thou alight in the midst of the house.”

“Masu ed no théig,

tíag-sa co n-árlór tenid and ar do chind.”

“Más amhlaidh a théann tú,” *arsa Mac Céacht*,

“rachaidh mise chun tine a adú ann i do chomhair.”

“If so be” (answers Mac Céacht), “that thou goest (thither),

I go (on) that I may strike fire there ahead of thee.”

Section 30

INtan ro bóí Conaire iar sudiú oc ascnam iar slige Chúaland

rat[h]aiges in triar marcach dochom in tige.

Téora léne dergae impu,

ocus trí brúit dergae impu,

ocus trí scéith derga foruib,

ocus trí gae derga ina lámhaib,

ocus trí eich derga fo a suidib,

ocus trí fuilte derga foruib.

Dergae uile

eter chorp agus folt agus etgud,

eter echu agus dáine.

An tan a bhí Conaire *ansin* ag ascnamh *ar aghaidh ar feadh* Slí Cualann

thug sé faoi deara an triúr marcach *ag druidim* chun an tigh.

Bhí trí léine dhearg umpu,

agus trí bhrat dearg umpu,

agus trí sciath dhearg orthu,

agus trí gha dearg ina lámha,

agus trí each dearg fúthu,

agus trí cheann gruaige dearg orthu.

Bhí siad dearg uile

idir chorp is fholt is éide,

idir eacha agus dhaoine.

When Conaire after this was journeying along the Road of Cualu,

he marked before him three horsemen (riding) towards the house.

Three red frocks had they,

and three red mantles:

three red bucklers they bore,

and three red spears were in their hands:

three red steeds they bestrode,

and three red heads of hair were on them.

Red were they all,

both body and hair and raiment,

both steeds and men.

Section 31

“Cía rédes riund?” for Conaire.

“Cé ghabhann romhainn?” arsa Conaire.

“Who is it that fares before us?” asked Conaire.

“Ba geiss damsa in tríar ucut do dul reum,”
for Conaire,

“Ba gheis domsa,” arsa Conaire, “an triúr
úd a dhul romham

“It was a tabu of mine for those Three to go
before me

“na tri Deirg do thig Deirg.

— an triúr Dearg go teach Deirg.

— the three Dears to the house of Dearg.

Cía ragas inna ndiaid

Cé a rachaidh ina ndiaidh

Who will follow them

co taessat il-lorg cucumsa?”

lena rá leo teacht chugamsa *ar mo chúl*?”

and tell them to come towards me in my
track?”

“Ragatsa inna ndiáid,” for Lé fri flaith mac
Conaire.

“Rachaidh mise ina ndiaidh,” arsa Lé le
Flaith, mac Conaire.

“I will follow them”, says Lé le Flaitheas,
Conaire’s son.

Section 32

Téit ina ndiáid iarom

for echláscad

ocus nishn-arraid.

Bói fot n-aurchora eturro,

ach ní ructhaisom aire-seom,

ní rucad som foraib seom.

Asbert fríu nad remthíastais in rí.

Nishn-arraid,

acht ro chachain in tres fer láid dó dar a ais:

“Én a maic, mór a scél,
scél o brudin
bélot long
lúaichet fer ngablach fíangalach ndoguir
cnéd miscad mór bét
bé find for[s]ndestetar deirgindlid áir.

Én a maic!”

Tíagait úad iarom

Téann sé ina ndiaidh iaramh

agus é ag lascadh a eich,

ach níor tháinig suas leo.

Bhí fad urchair eatarthu;

ach níor dhruid siadsan uaidh

ná níor dhruid seisean leo.

Dúirt sé leo gan dul roimh an rí.

Níor tháinig sé suas leo,

ach chan duine den triúr laoi dó uaidh siar:

“Faire, a mhic. Mór an scéal.
Scéal ó bhruíon.
Bealach long.
Léas fear gabhlach fíonaíolach mírafar.
Cnead. Mioscais. Mór an bead.
Bé Fhionn ar ar luigh dearginneach an áir.

Faire, a mhic!”

Imíonn siad uaidh ansin

He goes after them, then,

lashing his horse,

and overtook them not.

There was the length of a spearcast between them:

but they did not gain upon him

and he did not gain upon them.

He told them not to go before the king.

He overtook them not;

but one of the three men sang a lay to him over his shoulder:

“Lo, my son, great the news.
News from a hostel.
A pass for ships.
Forked lightning of patricidal, gloomy men.
A wound. A curse. Great the crime.
Bé Fhionn who lay on the red imposition of battle.
Lo, my son!”

They go away from him then:

atárói an astód.

gan é ar a chumas iad a stopadh.

he could not detain them.

Section 33

Anais in mac ar cind in tsluáig.

D’fhan an mac leis an slua.

The boy waited for the host.

Asbert fria athair a n-asbreth fris.

Dúirt sé lena athair a ndúrthas leis.

He told his father what was said to him.

Ní bo ait laiss.

Níorbh ait leis [*i. le Conaire*].

Conaire liked it not.

“Ina ndiáid deit,” or Conaire,

“Bí ar a dtóir,” arsa Conaire,

“After them, thou,” says Conaire,

“ocus tairg tri dumu ocus tri tinni doib

“agus tairg trí dhamh agus trí thinní dóibh,

“and offer them three oxen and three bacon-pigs,

ocus airt beti im theglocha

agus fad bheidh siad i mo theaghlachsa,

and so long as they shall be in my household,

ní bía nech etarru o thenid co fraigid.”

ní bheidh neach eatarthu ó thine go balla.”

no one shall be among them from fire to wall.”

Section 34

Téit iarom ina ndiaid in gilla,

ocus toirgid dóib anísín,

ocus nishn-arraid,

acht ro chachain in tres fer láid dó dar a ais:

“Én, a maic, mór a scél!

gerthiut, gorthiut robruth rí g eslabrae,

tri doilbthiu fer forsaid fordáim dām
nónbair.

Én a maic!”

Tintái in mac afrithisi

cor-ragaib in láid do Chonaire.

Téann an giolla ina ndiaidh iaramh,

agus tairgeann (sé) dóibh an ní sin;

níor tháinig sé suas leo,

ach chan duine den triúr laoi dó uaidh siar:

“Faire, a mhic, mór an scéal!

Déanann díograis brutha rí fhéil tú a
ghonadh agus a théamh.

Géilleann dām naonúir trí bhriochta fear
ársa.

Faire a mhic!”

D’iompaigh an giolla ar ais

agus d’aithris an laoi do Chonaire.

So the lad goes after them,

and offers them that,

and overtook them not,

but one of the three men sang a lay to him
over his shoulder:

“Lo, my son, great the news!

A generous king’s great ardour whets thee,
burns thee.

Through ancient men’s enchantments a
company of nine yields.

Lo, my son!”

The boy turns back

and repeated the lay to Conaire.

Section 35

“Eirg ina ndiaid,” for Conaire,	“Éirí ina ndiaidh,” arsa Conaire,	“Go after them”, says Conaire,
“ocus toirg dóib sé dumu ocus sé tinni	“agus tairg dóibh sé dhamh agus sé thinní,	“and offer them six oxen and six bacon-
ocus mo fuidell-sa ocus aisceda imbáarach,	agus m’fhuíoll-sa agus aiscí amárach,	pigs,
ocus airt beite im’ thegluch-sa	agus, fad a bheidh siad i mo theaghlach-sa,	and my leavings, and gifts tomorrow,
ni bía nech eturru o thein co fraig.”	ní bheidh neach eatarthu ó thine go balla.”	and so long as they shall be in my household
Luid in gilla ina ndiaid iarom,	Chuaigh an giolla ina dhiaidh iaramh	no one (to be) among them from fire to wall.”
ocus nishn-arraid,	agus níor tháinig <u>suas leo</u> ,	The lad then went after them,
acht frisgart in tres fer, co n-epert:	ach d’fhreagair duine den triúr agus dúirt:	and overtook them not;
		but one of the three men answered and said:

“Én, a maic, mór in scél,
scitha eich imáriadam.
imríadam eochu Duind Tetscoraig a sídib,

cíammin bí amin mairb.
móra airdi,
airdbi sáeguil.
sasad fiach,
fothad mbran,
bresal airlig,
airliachtad fáebuir,
ferna tulbochtaib trat[h]aib iar fuin.

Én a maic!”

Tíagait úad iarom.

“Faire, a mhic, mór an scéal.
Is tuirseach iad na heacha fúinn.
Eacha Dhoinn Téadscoraigh ó na síthe atá
fúinn;
cé beo dúinn is marbh dúinn.
Is mór iad na comharthaí;
scrios an tsaoil;
sásamh fiach;
cothú bran;
achrann eirligh;
líomhadh faobhair;
sciatha basbriste i dtrátha iar bhfuine gréine.

Faire a mhic!”

Imíonn siad uaidh iaramh.

“Lo, my son, great the news.
Weary are the steeds we ride.
We ride the steeds of Donn Téadscorach
from the elfmounds.
Though we are alive we are dead.
Great are the signs;
destruction of life:
sating of ravens:
feeding of crows,
strife of slaughter:
whetting of sword-edge,
shields with broken bosses in hours after
sundown.
Lo, my son!”

Then they go from him.

Section 36

“Atchíu ní ro fastáis na firu,” for Conaire.

“Feicim nár fhostaigh tú na fir,” arsa Conaire.

“I see that thou hast not detained the men”, says Conaire.

“Ní mé rod-mert ém

“Ní mise a rinne an teachtaireacht a bhrath, ámh,

“Indeed it is not I that betrayed it

(.i. ro follang cen in techtairecht do denam)”

(.i. a fhulaing gan an teachtaireacht a chur i gcrích),”

(i. e. endured not to perform the errand),”

.i. or Lé fri flaith.

arsa Lé le Flaith.

says Lé le Flaitheas.

Radis a n-aithesc ndédenach asbertatár fris.

D’aithris sé a n-aitheasc deiridh a dúirt siad leis.

He recited the last answer that they gave him.

Nirptar failte de,

Ní raibh siad subhach dá bharr,

They (Conaire and his retainers) were not blithe thereat:

ocus batár iarsain na míthaurrússa (.i. drochmenmand) imómna foruib.

agus iar sin bhí drochmheanma le barr eagla orthu.

and afterwards evil forebodings (that is, bad spirits) of terror were on them.

“Rom-gabsatsa mo gessi uili innocht,” ol Conaire,

“Ghabh mo gheasa uile mé anocht,” arsa Conaire,

“All my tabus have seized me tonight”, says Conaire,

“úar oessa (.i. nárfetad) indarbae in triar sin.”

“nár bh fhéidir na trí Deirg sin a ionnarba.”

“since those Three (Deargs are the) banished folks.”

Section 37

Dochótar ríam dochom in tige	Chuaigh <u>na Deirg ar aghaidh</u> chun an tí	They went forward to the house
cor-ragbaisset a suide isin tig,	agus <u>d'aimsigh siad</u> a suíocháin sa teach	and took their seats therein,
ocus coro airgiset (.i. cor' cengailset) a n-eocho dergae do dorus in tige.	agus cheangail a n-eacha dearga de dhoras an tí.	and fastened their red steeds to the door of the house.
Remthochim na tri nDerg sin isin Brudin.	Sin é Réamhchéimniú na dTrí Dearg chun na Bruíne.	That is the Forefaring of the Three Dears in the <i>Bruden</i> (<i>Da Derga</i>).

Section 38

IS ed rogab Conaire cona slúagaib do Áth cliath.	<u>Sin é</u> *an slí* a ghabh Conaire lena shluaite go hÁth Cliath.	This is (<u>the way</u>) that Conaire took with his troops, to Dublin.
IS and dosn-arraid in fer máeldub cona óenláim ocus óensúil ocus óenchoiss.	Is ann a tháinig an fear maol dubh ar leathláimh, ar leathshúil, agus ar leathchois *suas leo*.	'Tis then the man of the black, cropt hair, with his one hand and one eye and one foot, overtook them.
Mael gárb fo[r] suidiu.	*Bhí a ghruaig* gharbh *air bearrtha*.	Rough cropt hair upon him.
Cía focerta míach do fiadublaib for a mulluch	<u>Fiú dá</u> gcaithfí mála de fhia-úlla <u>sa</u> mhullach <u>air</u> ,	Though a sackful of wild apples were flung on his crown,
ní foichred ubull for lár	ní thitfeadh úll ar an lár	not an apple would fall on the ground,
acht no gíulad cach uball díb for a fhinnu.	ach ghreamódh gach úll díobh ar fhionnadh <u>ar leith</u> .	but each of them would stick on his hair.

Cía focerta a srúb ar gésce immatairisfed dóib.	Fiú dá gcaithfí a shrón ar ghéag, <u>d'fhanfaidís siúd le chéile.</u>	Though his snout were flung on a branch they would remain together.
Sithremithir cuing n-imechtair cechtar a dá lurgan.	<u>Ba</u> chomh fada agus chomh ramhar le cuing sheachtrach ceachtar a dhá lorga.	Long and thick as an outer yoke was each of his two shins.
Méit mulaig for gut cach mell do mellaib a dromma.	<u>Bhí</u> gach más de mhása a dhroma ar mhéid cáise ar ghad.	Each of his buttocks was the size of a cheese on a withe.
Gabollórg iarinn inna láim.	Lorg gabhlach iarainn ina láimh.	A forked pole of iron was in his hand.
Muc máel dub dóthi fora muin,	Muc mhaol dhubh dhóite ar a mhuin,	A swine, shorn, black-singed, was on his back,
ocus sí oc síregim,	agus í ag síoréamh,	and squealing continually,
ocus ben bélmar már dub dúabais dochraid ina diaíd.	agus bean bhéalmhór mhór dhubh <u>ghruama ghránna</u> ina dhiaidh.	and a woman big-mouthed, huge, dark, sorry, hideous, was behind him.
Cia focherta dano a srúb ar gesce folilsad.	Dá gcaithfí a srón ar ghéag, *go deimhin,* d'fhulaingeodh <u>an ghéag í.</u>	Though her snout were flung on a branch, *indeed,* <u>the branch</u> would support it.
Tacmaicced a bél íchtarach co a glún.	Shroichfeadh a béal íochtair a glúin.	Her lower lip would reach her knee.

Section 39

Tacurethar bedg ar a chend,

ocus ferais failte fris.

“Fochen duit, a phopa Conaire!

cían rofess do thichtu sund.”

“Cia feras in fáilte?” for Conaire.

“Fer Caille co muic duib duitsiu do
th’occomol, arná rabi hi toichned (.i. hi
troscud) innocht.

Is tú rí as dech tánic inn domon!”

“Cia ainm do mná?” ol Conaire.

“Cichuil,” ol se.

“Nách n-aidche aile bas áil dúib,” for
Conaire,

“roborficba

ocus sechnaid innocht duind.”

Tháinig (an fear maol) de phreib faoi dhéin
Chonaire.

agus d’fhear fáilte roimhe:

“Fáilte romhat, a phopa Chonaire!

Is cian is eol do theacht anseo.”

“Cé a fhearann na fáilte?” arsa Conaire.

“Fear Caille anseo le muc dhubh duitse le
do shásamh, chun nach bhfágfaí ar troscadh
tú anocht.

Is tú an rí is fearr a tháinig ar an saol!”

“Cad is ainm do do bhean?” arsa Conaire.

“Cichuil,” ar sé.

“Aon oíche eile is áil libh,” arsa Conaire,

“beidh sé sin agaibh,

agus seachnaí muid anocht.”

He starts forward to meet Conaire,

and made him welcome.

“Welcome to thee, O master Conaire!

Long hath thy coming hither been known.”

“Who gives the welcome?” asks Conaire.

“Fear Caille (here), with (his) black swine
for thee to consume (?) that thou be not
fasting tonight,

(for) ’tis thou art the best king that has
come into the world!”

“What is thy wife’s name?” says Conaire.

“Cichuil”, he answers.

“Any other night”, says Conaire, “that
pleases you,

I will come to you,

— and leave us alone tonight.”

“Nathó,” or in bachlach, “ar rot-ficbam co
port i mbía innocht,

a phopan chain Chonaire!”

“Ní dhéanfaimid,” arsa an bachlach, “mar
rachaimid mar a mbeidh tú anocht,

a phopa chaoin Chonaire!”

“Nay”, say the churl, “for we will go to thee
to the place wherein thou wilt be tonight,

O fair little master Conaire!”

Section 40

Téit iarom dochom in taige,

ocus a ben bélmar már ina diáid,

ocus a mucc máel dub dóithi oc sírégim for
a muin.

Geiss dosom aní sin,

ocus bá geis dó díberg do gabáil i n-Erind
ina flaith.

Téann sé iaramh chun an tí,

agus a bhean bhéalmhar mhór ina dhiaidh

agus a mhuc mhaol dhubh dhóite ag
síorbhéiceach ar a mhuin.

Ba gheis do Chonaire an ní sin

agus ba gheis dó go ndéanfaí díbhearg in
Éirinn ina fhlaith.

So he goes towards the house,

with his great, big-mouthed wife behind
him,

and his swine short-bristled, black, singed,
squealing continually, on his back.

That was another of Conaire’s tabus,

and that plunder should be taken in Ireland
during his reign was another tabu of his.

Section 41

Gabtha tra díberg la maccu Duind nDéssa,	Ghabh, tráth, mic Dhoinn Déasa le díbhearg,	Now plunder was taken by the sons of Donn Déasa,
ocus cóic cét fo churp a ndíberge,	agus cúig céad i gcorp <u>na buíne</u> díbheirge *acu*,	and there were five hundred in the body of their marauders,
cenmota 'na ra bí do fhoshluag léo.	seachas a raibh de dhaoscarshlua leo.	besides what underlings were with them.
[Ba geiss dano do Conaire annisin — Eg.].	Ba gheis do Chonaire na ní sin *chomh maith*.	This, too, was a tabu of Conaire's.
Bái laech maith isin tír thúaid.	Bhí laoch maith sa tír thuaidh.	There was a good warrior in the north country,
'Fén dar crínach' based a ainm.	'Féan-thar-Chrionach' ab ainm <u>dó</u> .	'Wain over withered sticks', this was his name.
IS de ro bóí 'Fén dar crínach' fairsium,	Is uime a bhí 'Féan-thar-Chrionach' mar ainm air,	Why he was so called was
ár is cumma no cinged dar a cholaind	gur cuma a chéimneodh sé thar a <u>chéile comhraic</u>	because it was all the same for him to step over bodies *of his opponents*
ocus no chessed fén dar crínach.	agus a rachad féan (<u>nó carbad</u>) thar chrionach (<u>nó broсна</u>).	even as a wain would go over withered sticks.
Gabtha díberg dano la suide, ocus cóic cét fo churp a ndibergae a óenur cenmothá foshluag.	Ghabh seisean le díbhearg *, áfach*, agus bhí cúig céad i gcorp na buíne díbheirge amháin seachas an daoscarshlua.	Now plunder was taken by him, and there were five hundred in the body of their marauders alone, besides underlings.

Section 42

Bátár and iarsin fiallach bátár úallchu	Bhí <u>gasra</u> *ann chomh maith* d'fhiann b'uallaí *fós*	There was after that a troop of (<u>still</u>) haughtier heroes,
.i. secht maic Ailella agus Medba,	.i. seachtar <u>mac</u> Ailealla agus Meadhbha,	namely, the seven sons of Ailill and Meadhbh,
ocus 'Mane' for each fir díb,	agus 'Maine' ar gach mac díobh	each of whom was called 'Maine'.
ocus forainm for each Mani	agus leasainm ar gach Maine	And each Maine had a nickname,
.i. Mani Athremail agus Mane Máthramail	.i. Maine Aithriúil agus Maine Máithriúil,	to wit, Maine Fatherlike and Maine Motherlike,
ocus Mane Míngor agus Mane Mórghor,	agus Maine Míngor, agus Maine Mórghor,	and Maine Gentle-pious, Maine Very-pious,
Mane Andóe agus Mane Milscothach,	Maine Neamhleasc agus Maine Milbhriathrach,	Maine Unslow, and Maine Honeyworded,
Mane Cotageib uli agus Mane As mó-epert.	Maine A-Chuimsíonn-iad-Uile agus Maine Is-Mó-le-Rá.	Maine Grasp-them-all, and Maine the Loquacious.
Gabtha díberg la suidib.	Ghabh siadsan le díbhearg leis sin.	Rapine was wrought by them.
Mane Mathramail dano agus Mane Andóe,	Maine Máithriúil agus Maine Neamhleasc, *áfach,*	As to Maine Motherlike and Maine Unslow
cethri fichit déc fo churp a ndíbergae.	bhí ceithre fichid déag i gcorp a mbuíne díbheirge;	there were fourteen score in the body of their marauders.

Mane Athremail coéca ar trib cétaib fo churp a ndíbergae.

Mane Milscothach cóic cét fo churp a ndíbergae.

Mane Cotageib uile secht cét fó churp a díbergae.

Mane As mó epert secht cét fo churp a d(i)bergae.

Cóic cét fo churp díbergae cach fir díb olchenae.

Maine Aithriúil, bhí caoga ar thrí chéad i gcorp a bhuíne díbheirge;

Maine Milbhriathrach, bhí cúig céad i gcorp a bhuíne díbheirge.

Maine A-Choimsíonn-iad-Uile, bhí seacht gcéad i gcorp a bhuíne díbheirge.

Maine Is-Mó-le-Rá, bhí seacht gcéad i gcorp a bhuíne díbheirge.

Cúig céad a bhí i gcorp buíne díbheirge gach fir eile seachas iadsan.

Maine Fatherlike had three hundred and fifty.

Maine Honeyworded had five hundred.

Maine Grasp-them-all had seven hundred.

Maine the Loquacious had seven hundred.

Each of the others had five hundred in the body of his marauders.

Section 43

Bái triar trebland (.i. gusmar) di feraib
Cúaland di Lagnib

.i. tri Ruadcoin Cúaland (*in marg.* .i.
Cithach agus Clotach agus Conall a n-
anmand).

Gabtha díberg dano la suidiu,

ocus dá fhichit deac fó churp a ndíbergae,

ocus dám dasachtach léo.

Bátár díbergaig trá trian fer n-Erend hi
flaith Conaire.

Ro[m]bóiseom do nirt agus cumachtai

a n-innarbai a tír Herend

do athchor a ndíbergae allánall,

ocus tuidecht dóib dochom a tíre iar n-
athchor a ndíbergae.

Bhí triúr laoch d'fhir Chualann Laighean

.i. trí Rua-Choin Cualann .i. Ciothach agus
Clothach agus Conall a n-ainmneacha.

Ghabh siadsan le díbhearg leis sin;

bhí dhá fhichid déag i gcorp buíne a
ndíbheirge,

agus gasra dásachtach leo.

Ba dhíbheirigh iad *ansin* trian d'fhir
Éireann i bhflaitheas Chonaire.

Bhí sé de neart ann, agus de chumhacht aige

iad a ionnarba as tír na hÉireann

lena ndíbhearg a imirt thall;

ach tar éis a ndíbhearg a imirt thall, d'fhill
siad ar a dtír féin.

There was a valiant trio of the men of Cualu
of Leinster,

namely, the three Red Hounds of Cualu,
called Ciothach and Clothach and Conall.

Now rapine was wrought by them,

and twelve score were in the body of their
marauders,

and they had a troop of madmen.

In Conaire's reign, *then*, a third of the
men of Ireland were reavers.

He was of (sufficient) strength and power

to drive them out of the land of Ireland

(so as) to transfer their marauding to the
other side (Great Britain),

but after this transfer they returned to their
country.

Section 44

INtan ráncatar formnae na fairgge,	An tan a thángadar ar fhormna na farraige,	When they had reached the shoulder of the sea,
cotregat fri Ingcél Cáech agus Eiccel agus Tulchinni,	bhuail siad le hIngcéal Caoch agus Éigeal agus Tulchinne,	they meet Ingcéal the One-eyed and Éigeal and Tulchinne,
tri maic úi Chonmaic di Bretnaib,	triúr mac Chonmhaicne de Bhreatnaigh,	three greatgrandsons of Conmac of the Britons,
for dremniu na farrce.	ar dhreimhne na farraige.	on the raging of the sea.
Fer anmin mór úathmar anaichnid in t-Ingcél.	Fear mór garbh uafar anaithnid ab ea an t-Ingcéal úd.	A man ungentle, huge, fearful, uncouth was Ingcéal.
Óensúil ina chind,	*Ní raibh ach* aon tsúil amháin ina cheann,	A single eye in his head,
lethidir damseche,	*agus í* chomh leathan le seithe daimh,	as broad as an oxhide,
duibithir degaid,	chomh dubh le daol,	as black as a chafer,
ocus tri maic imlessen inte.	agus trí mhac imreasan inti.	with three pupils therein.
Tri chét déc fo churp a díbergae.	Bhí trí chéad déag i gcorp a bhuíne díbheirge.	Thirteen hundred were in the body of his marauders.
Bátár lía díbergaig fer n-Erend andáti.	Ba líonmaire díbheirgigh fear Éireann ná iad.	The marauders of the men of Ireland were more numerous than they.

Section 45

Tíagait do muirchomrúc forsind [fh]airrce.	Tugann siad faoi mhuirchath ar muir.	They go for a sea-encounter on the main.
“Ná bad ed dognethi,” for Ingcél:	“Ná déanaigí sin,” arsa Ingcéal,	“Ye should not do this”, says Ingcéal,
“ná brisid fíor fer fornd,	“ná sáraigí fíor na bhfear (.i. <u>cothrom na féinne</u>) orainn,	“do not break the truth of men (<u>fair play</u>) upon us,
dáig abtar lia andúsa.”	mar is líonmhaire sibh ná mé.”	for ye are more in number than I.”
“Noco raga acht comlond fo chutrammus fortso,” forda[d] diberga Herend.	“Ní tharlóidh duit ach comhlann faoi chothroime,” arsa díbheargaigh na hÉireann.	“Nought but a combat on equal terms shall befall thee”, say the reavers of Ireland.
“Atá ní as ferr dúib,” or Ingcél.	“Tá rud níos fearr ná sin agaibh <u>le déanamh</u> ,” arsa Ingcéal.	“There is somewhat better for you”, quoth Ingcéal.
“Dénam córai	“Déanaimis cairdeas	“Let us make peace
ol atobarbradsi (.i. robar-cured) a tír Herend,	mar díbríodh sibhse as tír na hÉireann,	since ye have been cast out of the land of Ireland,
ocus atonrábadni a tír Alban agus Brettan.	agus díbríodh sinne as tír Alban agus as an mBreatain.	and we have been cast out of the land of Alba and Britain.
Dénam óentaíd etrond.	Déanaimis aontú eadrainn.	Let us make an agreement between us.
Taitisi	Tagaigí <u>sibhse</u> ,	Come ye
co nodroláid for ndibeirg im tír-se,	agus déanaigí díbhearg i mo tír-se,	and wreak your rapine in my country,

ocus tiago-sa libse	agus rachaidh mise libhse	and I will go with you
conid-ralór mo díbeirg inbar tír-se.”	agus déanfaidh mé díbhearg i bhur dtír-se.”	and wreak my rapine in your country.”

Section 46

Dogniat in comairle hísín,	Rinneadar an chomhairle sin	They follow this counsel,
ocus dobertatár glinni ind disiu oculus anall.	agus chuaigh an dá thaobh i ngeall léi.	and they gave pledges therefor from this side and from that.
It é aitiú do bretha do Ingcél ó feraib Herend,	Is iad a chuaigh i mbannaí ar fhir Éireann le hIngcéal	There are the sureties that were given to Ingcéal by the men of Ireland,
.i. Fer gair oculus Gabur (no Fer lee) oculus Fer rogain,	ná Fear Gair agus Gabhar (nó Fear Lé) agus Fear Roghain	namely, Fear Gair and Gabhar (or Fear Lé) and Fear Roghain,
im orgain bad toguide do Ingcél i n-Erind	faoin slad a roghnódh Ingcéal <u>a dhéanamh</u> in Éirinn	for the destruction that Ingcéal should choose (<u>to cause</u>) in Ireland
ocus orgain bad togaide do maccaib Duind Déasa i n-Albain oculus i mBretnaib.	agus faoin argain a roghnódh mic Dhoinn Déasa <u>a dhéanamh</u> in Albain agus sa Bhreatain.	and for the destruction that the sons of Donn Déasa should choose in Alba and Britain.

Section 47

Focres crandchor forro	Cuireadh crannchur orthu	A lot was cast upon them
dús cía díb lasa ragtha i tosoch.	féachaint cé acu lena rachfaí ar dtús;	to see with which of them they should go first.
Dothuit dul la Ingcéal dochom a thíre.	thit <u>an crann</u> go rachfaí le hIngcéal chun a thíre-sean.	It fell that (<u>they</u>) should go with Ingcéal to his country.
Lotar iarom co Bretnu,	Chuaigh siad iaramh go dtí an mBreatain	So they made for Britain,
ocus oirgthe athair ocus máthair ocus a secht nderbrathir	agus básaíodh a athair agus a mháthair agus a sheachtar dearthár	and (<u>there</u>) his father and mother and his seven brothers were slain,
amal ro ráidsem reond.	mar a dúramar roimhe.	as we have said before.
Lotar iarsin dochom nAlban,	Chuaigh siad iar sin go hAlbain	Thereafter they made for Alba,
ocus ortatár a n-orgain and,	agus rinne siad argain ann	and there they wrought the destruction,
ocus doathlasat iar suidi dochom n-Erend.	agus d'fhill siad ar Éirinn iar sin.	and then they returned to Ireland.

Section 48

IS andsin trá dolluid Conaire mac Eterscéili
iar Slige Chualand dochom na Brudne.

Is ansin, tráth, a tháinig Conaire mac
Eadarscéil ar feadh Slí Chualann chun na
Bruíne.

'Tis then, now, that Conaire son of
Eadarscéal went towards the Hostel along
the Road of Cualu.

IS and sin tancatár na díberga

Is ansin leis a tháinig na díbheirgigh

'Tis then that the reavers came

co mbatár i n-airiur Breg comarda Étuir
forsind fharci.

nó go raibh siad ar chósta Bhreá ar an
bhfarraige os comhair Bheann Éadair.

till they were in the sea off the coast of
Bregia overagainst Howth.

IS and asbertatár na díbergae:

Ia ansin a dúirt na díbheirgigh:

Then said the reavers:

“Teilcid síis na séolu,

“Leagaigí anuas na seolta,

“Strike the sails,

ocus dénaid óenbudin díb forsind fharci

agus déanaigí aon bhuíon amháin díbh féin
ar an bhfarraige

and make one band of you on the sea

arnáchbar-accaister as'tír,

le nach bhfeicfí sibh ón tír,

that ye may not be sighted from land;

ocus etar nach traigéscaid úaib isa tír,

agus téadh duine troighéasca díbh i dtír

and let some lightfoot be found from among
you to go on shore

dús in fugebmáis tesorcain ar n-enech fri
Ingcél.

féachaint an gcosnóimis ár n-oineach in
aghaidh Ingcéil.

to see if we could save our honours with
Ingcéal.

Orguin fón orguin dorat dún.”

Argain ar argain a thug sé dúinn.”

A destruction for the destruction he has
given us.”

Section 49

“Cest, cía ragas dond éistecht isa tír?

“Ceist, cé rachaidh i dtír *mar chluas* le héisteacht?

“Who will go on shore to listen?

Eirged nech las mbeth na trí búada [and,” ol Ingcél, **Eg.**]

Téadh duine éigin a bhfuil na trí buanna aige,” arsa Ingcéal,

Let some one go”, says Ingcéal, “who should have there the three gifts,

“i. búaid clúaisse agus buaid rodairc agus buaid n-airdmíusa.”

“bua cluaise agus bua súile agus bua grinnmheasa.”

namely, gift of hearing, gift of far sight, and gift of judgment.”

“Atá limsa,” for Mane Milscothach, “buaid cluaise.”

“Tá bua cluaise agamsa,” arsa Maine Milbhriathrach.

“I”, says Maine Honeyworded, “have the gift of hearing.”

“Atá limsa dano,” for Mane Andóe, “buaid rodeirc agus airdmíusa.”

“Tá bua súile agus bua grinnmheasa agamsa, *chomh maith,* ” arsa Maine Neamhleasc.

“And I *also* ”, says Maine Unslow, “have the gift of far sight and of judgment.”

“IS maith a dul duib amláid,” for na díbercaig,

“Ba mhaith sibh a dhul amhlaidh sin,” arsa na díbheirigh,

“ ’Tis well for you to go thus,” say the reavers:

“fó a n-innas sin.”

“is maith é mar shlí.”

“good is that wise.”

Section 50

Tótiagat nónbor iarom co mbáatar for Beind
Étair,

dús cid roclótís oculus adchetís.

“Tá (.i. clostid) chein!” for Mane
Mílscotach.

“Cid sin?” for Mani Andói.

“Fuaime n-echraide fórig rocluiniursa.”

“Atchíu-sa tríá búaid rodeirc,” for a chéile.

“Cest. cid atcí-siu. hi suidiu?”

“Atchíu-sa and,” for se,

“echrada ána aurarddai

ailde agmara allmarda,

fosenga scítha sceinnmnecha,

féigi faebordae femendae.

Ar aghaidh leis an naonúr iaramh nó go
raibh siad ar Bhinn Éadair

féachaint cad a chloisfidís agus cad a
d’fheicfidís.

“Fuist .i. éistigí, seal!” arsa Maine
Milbhriathrach.

“Cad é sin?” arsa Maine Neamhleasc.

“Fuaime eachra faoina rí a chloisimse.”

“Feicim, trí bhua radhairc,” arsa a chéile.

“Cad tá á fheiceáil agat anseo?”

“Feicim ann,” ar sé,

“eachraí taibhseacha, arda,

áille, ámharacha, allúracha,

seanga, scítheacha, sceinnideacha,

féighe, faobhartha, fíochmhara;

Then nine men go on till they were on the
Hill of Howth,

to know what they might hear and see.

“Be still (i. e. hearken) a while!” says
Maine Honey-worded.

“What is that?” asks Maine Unslow.

“The sound of a good king’s cavalcade I
hear.”

“By the gift of far sight, I see”, quoth his
comrade.

“What seest thou here?”

“I see there”, quoth he,

“cavalcades splendid, lofty,

beautiful, warlike, foreign,

somewhat slender, weary, active,

keen, whetted, splendid,

foréim focrotha morcheltar talman.

fuadar croite uachtar fairsing talún.

a good course that shakes a great covering
(?) of land.

doríadat ilardae uscib indberaib ingantaib.”

Triallann siad go harda iomdha le huiscí
agus inbheara iontacha.”

They fare to many heights, with wondrous
waters and river-mouths.”

Section 51

“Citne usci ocus ardae ocus inbera
dorriadat?”

“Cad iad na huiscí agus na harda agus na
hinbheara chuig a dtriallann siad?”

“What are the waters and heights and river-
mouths that they traverse?”

“Ní anse.

“Ní ansa:

“Easy to say:

INdéoin, Cult, Cuilten.

Inneoin, Cult, Cuilteán,

Inneoin, Cult, Cuilteán,

Máfat, Ammat, Íarmáfat,

Máfad, Amad, Iarmháfad,

Máfad, Amad, Iarmháfad,

Finne, Goiste, Guistine.

Finne, Goiste, Goistíne.

Finne, Goiste, Goistíne.

Gai glais úas charptib.

Gathanna glasa os cionn carbad;

Gray spears over chariots:

Calga dét fors líastaib.

claimhte déad ar shliasta.

ivory-hilted swords on thighs:

Scéith airgdidi úasa n-ullib.

Sciatha airgid os cionn uilleann.

silvery shields above their elbows.

Lethruith ocus lethgobra.

Leathdhearg, leathgheal.

Half red and half white.

Etaige cech óendatha impu.

Eadaí gach aon datha umpu.

Garments of every color about them.

Atchiusa iarsin sain[sh]labra saináithe
remib

Feicim, iar sin, saincheathra sainghéara
rompu

Thereafter I see before them special cattle
specially keen,

.i. tri cócait gabur ndubglas.

Itt é cendbeca,

corrderga, biruich, baslethain,

bolg[sh]róin, bruinnideirg, beólaide,

s[o]aitside, sogabáldai, crechfobdi,

féigi, fáebordae, femendae,

cona trib cóectaib srían cruanmaith friu.”

.i. trí caogaid each dubhghlas,

agus iad ceannbheag,

corrdearg, biorach, crúbleathan,

bolgshróinach, brollachdearg, beathaithe,

sostadta, soghafa, creachmhear,

féighe, faobhartha, fíochmhar,

agus trí caogaid srían deachruain orthu.”

to wit, thrice fifty dark-gray steeds.

Small-headed are they,

red-nosed, pointed, broad-hoofed,

big-nosed, red-chested, fat,

easily-stopt, easily-yoked, foray-nimble,

keen, whetted, vehement (?),

with their thrice fifty bridles of red enamel
upon them.”

Section 52

“Tongusa a toinges mo thúath,” for fer ind rodairc,

“is slabra (.i. is cethir) nach suthchernai insin.

Is i mo airdmius[s]a de,

is é Conaire mac Eterscéle co formnaib fer nErend n-imbi, daróet in sligi.”

Tíagait for cúlu iarom co n-ecsetár dona díbergaib.

“Issed inso ro chúalammár ocus atconnarcmar,” ar iat.

“Mionnaím dar a mionnaíonn mo thuath,” arsa fear an róradairc,

“is crodh dea-thiarna éigin iad seo.”

“Is é mo ghrinnmheas faoi

gurb é Conaire mac Eadarscéil, agus togha fear Éireann uime, a ghabh an tslí.”

Téann siad ar gcúl iaramh lena insint do na díbheirgigh.

“Seo mar a chualamar agus a chonacamar,” ar siad.

“I swear by what my tribe swears”, says the man of the long sight,

“these are the cattle of some good lord.

This is my judgment thereof:

it is Conaire, son of Eadarscéal, with multitudes of the men of Ireland around him, who has travelled the road.”

Back then they go that they may tell (it) to the reavers.

“This”, they say, “is what we have heard and seen.”

Section 53

Bátár sochaide, tra, eter siu oculus anall in
tsluaig-se

.i. trí cócait churach oculus cóic míli indib,

oculus deich cét in cach míli.

Ro thocaibset iarom na séolu forsna curchu,

oculus dos-curethar docom tíre,

co ragbaiseth hi Tracht Fuirbthi.

Ba sochaí é an slua, más ea, idir dúchasaigh
agus allúraigh,

trí caogaid curach agus cúig mhíle iontu,

agus deich gcéad in ngach míle.

Ansin thóg siad na seolta ar na curaigh

agus thug iad chun talún

go ráinigh siad i dtír i dTracht Foirfe.

Of this host, then, there was a multitude,
both on this side and on that,

namely, thrice fifty boats, with five
thousand in them,

and ten hundred in every thousand.

Then they hoisted the sails on the boats,

and steer them thence to shore,

till they landed on the Strand of Foirfe.

Section 54

Intan ro[n]gabsat na curaigh tír,

is and rombói Mac cecht oc béim tened i
mBrudin Da Dergae.

La fúaim na spréde

focressa na trí cócait curach,

co mbátár for formnu na fairrce.

“Tá chein,” for Ingcél,

Nuair a ghabh na curaigh port

is ansin a bhí Mac Céacht ag bualadh tine i
mBruíon Da Dearga.

Le fuaime na spré

caitheadh amach na trí caogaid curach

nó go raibh siad ar fhormna na farraige.

“Éist go fóill,” arsa Ingcéal,

When the boats reached land,

then was Mac Céacht striking fire in Da
Derga’s Hostel.

At the sound of the spark

the thrice fifty boats were hurled out,

so that they were on the shoulders of the
sea.

“Be silent a while,” said Ingcéal.

“samailte latso, a Fir rogain?”	“ <u>cad leis is cosúil é sin</u> , a Fhir Roghain?”	“Liken thou that, O Fear Roghain?”
“Ní fetursa,” ol Fer rogain,	“Ní fheadarsa,” arsa Fear Roghain,	“I know not”, answers Fear Roghain,
“manid Luchdond cainte fail i n-Emain Macha	“murab é Luchdhonn, an cáinte a bhfuil in Eamhain Mhacha,	“unless it is Luchdhonn the satirist in Eamhain Macha,
dogní in [m]bosórguin-se oc gait a bíd aire ar écin,	a dheanann an bhualadh bos seo <u>nuair a</u> goidtear a bhia uaidh ar éigean,	who makes this hand-smiting when his food is taken from him perforce:
nó grech ind Luchduinn [thiar Eg.] hi Temair Lochrae,	nó scréach an Luchdhoinn i dTeamhair Luachra,	or the scream of Luchdhonn in Teamhair Luachra:
nó beim spréde Maic cecht	nó bualadh spré Maic Céacht	or Mac Céacht’s striking a spark,
oc átúd tened ría rí n-Erend airm hi fói.	<u>agus é</u> ag adú tine os comhair rí Éireann airm a chodlaíonn sé.	when he kindles a fire before a king of Ireland where he sleeps.
Cach spréd tra, agus cach frass doleiced a tene for lar	Gach spré agus gach fras a ligfeadh a thine ar an lár,	Every spark and every shower which his fire would let fall on the floor
no fonaidfidé cét lóeg agus di lethorc fria.”	d’fhuinfeadh sé céad lao agus dhá leath-thorc.”	would broil a hundred calves and two half-pigs.”
“Ní thuca and in fer sin (.i. Conaire) innocht,” fordat maic Duind Déasa.	“Nár thuga <u>an mí-ádh</u> an fear úd (Conaire) ann anocht,” arsa mic Dhoinn Déasa.	“May <u>God</u> not bring that man (even Conaire) there tonight,” say Donn Déasa’s sons.
“Is liach a bith [fo dochur namat” — Eg. ¹].	“Is liach é bheith faoi dhochar namhad.”	“Sad that he is under the hurt of foes.”

“Ní bu liachu side limsa,” for Ingcél, “indás ind orcuin doratsa duibse.

“Ní mó de liach é liomsa,” arsa Ingcéal, “ná an argain a thug mise daoibhse.

“Meseems”, says Ingcéal, “it should be no sadder for me than the destruction I gave you.

ba hé mo líthsa co mbad hé docorad and.”

Ba é mo shéan é dá dtarlódh gurb é a bhí ann.”

This were my feast that he (Conaire) should chance (to come) there.”

Section 55

Tos-cuirethar a coblach dochom tíre.

Thug siad a gcabhlach chun tíre.

Their fleet is steered to land.

A ngloim ro lásat na trí cócait curach oc tuidecht hi tír

An gheoin a rinne na trí caogaid curach ag teacht i dtír,

The noise that the thrice fifty vessels made in running ashore

forrochrath Brudin Da Dergae,

chroith sé Bruíon Da Dearga

shook Da Dearga’s Hostel

conná rabi gai [na sciath — **Eg.**] for alchaing inte,

i dtreo nár fágadh ga ná sciath ar alchaing inti,

so that no spear nor shield remained on rack therein,

acht ro lásat grith co mbátár for lar in tige uli.

acht gur lig scréach astu agus gur thit siad uile ar urlár an tí.

but the weapons uttered a cry and fell all on the floor of the house.

Section 56

“Samailte lat, a Chonaire,” [ar cách, **Eg.**],
“cía fúaim so?”

“Ním-thása a samail acht manid talam
immid-róe (.i. ro bris),

nó manid in Leuidán timchella in ndomon

adchomaic a erball do thóchur in betha tar a
chend,

nó barc mac Duind Désa ro gab tír.

Dirsan náptar hé bátar and!

Bátar comaltaí carthancha dúnd.

Bá inmain in fianlag:

nisn-áigfimmis innocht.”

IS and ránic Conaire co mbói hi faichthi na
Bruidni.

“A Chonaire,” arsa cách, “cad leis is cosúil
an fhuaim seo?” arsa cách.

“Ní heol dom a leithéid murab é an talamh a
bhais,

nó murab é an Levidan a thimpeallaíonn an
domhan

a bhuail lena eireaball d’fhonn an chruinne a
chur thar a cheann,

nó bárc mhic Dhoinn Déasa a ghabh port.

Dursan nach iad a bhí ann!

Comhaltaí croí dúinn ab ea iad.

B’ionúin *linn* an bhuíon fian;

níorbh eagal linn iad anocht.”

Is ann a ráinigh Conaire nó go raibh ar
fhaiche na Bruíne.

“Liken thou that, O Conaire”, says every
one: “what is this noise?”

“I know nothing like it unless it be the earth
that has broken,

or the Leviathan that surrounds the globe

and strikes with its tail to overturn the
world,

or the barque of the sons of Donn Déasa
that has reached the shore.

Alas that it should not be they who are
there!

Beloved foster-brothers of our own were
they.

Dear were the champions.

We should not have feared them tonight.”

Then came Conaire, so that he was on the
green of the Hostel.

Section 57

Intan ro chúala Mac cecht in fothrond,

atar lais roptar óic táncatár co a muintir.

La sodain forling a gaisced día cobair.

Aidblithir léo bid torandchles trí cét a chluiche oc forláim a gaiscid.

Ní báí báa di sodain de sin.

An tan a chuala Mac Céacht an fothrom

ba dhóigh leis gurb óig (fianna) a tháinig go dtí a mhuintir.

Leis sin, phreab sé chun a arm gaisce le dul i gcabhair orthu.

Ba gheall le torannchleas trí chéad ar a áibhle an cleas a rinne sé ag preabadh chun a arm gaisce *, dar leo*.

Níorbh fhearrde an cor é.

When Mac Céacht heard the tumultuous noise,

it seemed to him that warriors had attacked his people.

Thereat he leapt on to his armour to help them.

Vast as the thunder-feat of three hundred did they deem his game in leaping to his weapons.

Thereof there was no profit.

Section 58

IN barc iarom i mbátar maic Duind [Déasa],
ba inte bóí in caur máirthreilmach andíaraid
inna braine na bárcé,

in léo uathmar andsa,

Ingcéal Cáech mac úi Conmaic.

Lethithir damsechi ind óensúil bóí asa étun.

Secht maic imlesain inte,

Báatar duibithir degaid.

Meit chori cholbthaige cechtar a dá glúne.

Méit chléib búana cechtar a da dordn.

Méit mulaig for gut mella a dromma.

Sithithir cuing n-úarmedoin cechtar a dá lurgan.

Gabsat tra [iarsin

na .lll. curaig

An bárc, iaramh, ina raibh mic Dhoinn
Déasa, is inti a bhí, ina tosach, an curadh
móirthreilmhach, fíochmhar,

an leon uafar doláimhsithe,

Ingcéal Caoch ma uí Chonmhaicne.

Bhí leithead seiche daimh san aon súil a bhí
ag gobadh as a éadan;

seacht mac imreasain inti,

agus iad chomh dubh le daol;

cóimhéid coire colpaí ceachtar a dhá ghlúin;

cóimhéid cliabh buana ceachtar a dhá dhorn;

cóimhéid bró cáise ar ghad mása a dhroma;

ba chomhfhad cuinge meánaí ceachtar a dhá lurga.

Iar sin, más ea, ghabh

na trí caogaid curach

Now in the bow of the ship wherein were
Donn (Déasa's) sons was the champion,
greatly-accoutred, wrathful,

the lion hard and awful,

Ingcéal the One-eyed, great-grandson of
Conmac.

Wide as an oxhide was the single eye
protruding from his forehead,

with seven pupils therein,

which were black as a chafer.

Each of his knees as big as a stripper's
caldron;

each of his two fists was the size of a
reaping-basket:

his buttocks as big as a cheese on a withe:

each of his shins as long as an outer yoke.

So after that,

the thrice fifty boats,

ocus — **Eg.]** na cóic mili cét sin,

ocus deich cét cacha mili,

hi Tracht Fuirbthe.

agus na cúig mhíle sin,

agus deich gcéad in ngach míle,

port i dTrácht Foirfe.

and those five thousands

— with ten hundred in every thousand, —

landed on the Strand of Foirfe.

Section 59

Luid tra Conaire cona muintir isin mBrudin,

ocus gabais cách a suide is'tig, eter gess
ocus nemgess;

ocus gabsat na trí Deirg a suide,

ocus gabais Fer Caille cona muic a s[h]uide.

Chuaigh, tráth, Conaire agus a mhuintir
isteach sa Bhruíon,

agus shuigh gach duine acu ina shuíochán
istigh, idir gheis agus neamhgheis,

agus shuigh na trí Dearga ina n-áit,

agus shuigh Fear Caille lena mhuc ina
áitsean.

Then Conaire with his people entered the
Hostel,

and each took his seat within, both tabu and
non-tabu.

And the three Deargs took their seats,

and Fear Caille with his swine took his seat.

Section 60

Tosn-ánic Da Dergae iarsin, tri .lll. óclách,	Tháinig Da Dearga chucu ansin le trí caogaid óglach;	Thereafter Da Dearga came to them, with thrice fifty warriors,
ocus fotolberrad co clais a dá chúlrad for cach fir díb,	cúl gruaige go baic ar gach duine díobh	each of them having a long head of hair to the hollow of his polls,
ocus gerrchocholl co mell a ndá lárac.	agus cochall gearr go mása.	and a short cloak to their buttocks.
Berdbróca brecglassa impu:	Brístí breacghlasa orthu	Speckled-green drawers they wore,
tri .lll. maglorg ndraigin co fethnib iarind ina lamaib.	*agus* trí caogaid mórlorg draín le bianní iarainn ina lámha.	and in their hands were thrice fifty great clubs of thorn with bands of iron.
“Fochen, a phopa Conaire!” for se.	“Fáilte romhat, a phopa Chonaire!” ar sé.	“Welcome, O master Conaire!” quoth he.
“Cid formna fer n-Erend dothaistis latt,	“Cé go dtiocfadh formhór fear Éireann leat,	“Though the bulk of the men of Ireland were to come with thee,
ros-bíad failte [fodeisin,” Eg.]	bheadh fáilte rompu.”	they themselves would have a welcome.”

Section 61

INtan bátar and	An tan a bhíodar ann,	When they were there
conaccatar a[n]n óenbandscáil do dorus na Brudne, iar funiud ngréne,	chonaiceadar bean aonair *ag teacht* go doras na Bruíne tar éis fuine gréine	they saw a lone woman <u>coming</u> to the door of the Hostel, after sunset,
oc cuinchid al-leicthe issa tech.	<u>agus</u> í ag impí a ligean isteach.	and seeking to be let in.
Sithidir claideb [n]garmnai cechtar a dá lurgan.	Bhí fad bíoma fíodóra i gceachtar a dhá lorga.	As long as a weaver's beam was each of her two shins,
Bátar dubithir druim ndáil.	Bhíodar chomh dubh le droim daoil.	and they were as dark as the back of a stag- beetle.
Brat riabach rolómar impi.	*Bhí* brat riabhach olla uimpi.	A greyish, woolly mantle she wore.
Tacmainged a fés ichtarach cor-rici a glún.	Thagadh a fionnadh íochtarach chomh fada lena glúin.	Her lower hair used to reach as far as her knee.
A béoil for le[i]th a cind.	*Bhí* a beola ar thaobh a cinn.	Her lips were on one side of her head.

Section 62

Totháet co tard a lethgúalaind fri haursaind in taige,

oc admilliud ind rig ocus na maccóem ro bátár imbi isin tig.

Ésseom feisin ataraglastar (.i. ro aicill) astig.

“Maith, a banscal,” or Conaire, “cid atchí dúnd massat fissid?”

“Atchiusa daitsiu, immorro,” ol sisi,

“noco n-érnába ceinn ná cárna dít asind áit hi tudchad

acht ’na mbérat éoin ina crobaib.”

“Ní bu dochél célsammár, a ben,” or ésseom,

“ní tú chélas dún dogrés.

Cía do chomainm-siu.” or se, “a banscál?”

Tháinig sí agus chuir sí a leathghualainn le hursain an tí

agus í ag ciorrú an rí agus na n-óglach a bhí uime sa teach.

Eisean féin a labhair léi ó laistigh.

“Sea, a bhean,” arsa Conaire, “cad a fheiceann tú *atá i ndán* dúinn, más fisí thú?”

“Is é a fheicim *i ndán* duit, go deimhin,” ar sise,

“nach n-éalóidh craiceann ná feoil *de do chuid* as an áit inar casadh thú,

ach a mbéarfaidh éin leo ina gcrobha.”

“Ní drochthuar a bhí a thuar againn, a bhean,” ar sé;

“Ní thú a thuarann dúinn de ghréas.

Cad is ainm duit,” ar sé, “a bhean?”

She came and put one of her shoulders against the door-post of the house,

casting the evil eye on the king and the youths who surrounded him in the Hostel.

He himself addressed her from within.

“Well, O woman”, says Conaire, “if thou art a wizard, what seest thou for us?”

“Truly I see for thee”, she answers,

“that neither fell nor flesh of thine shall escape from the place into which thou hast come,

save what birds will bear away in their claws.”

“It was not an evil omen we foreboded, O woman”, saith he:

“it is not thou that always augurs for us.

What is thy name, O woman?” said he.

“Cailb,” or sisi.

“Ni forcraid anma son,” ol Conaire.

“Eche (.i. ní dorchas .i. is follus) it ili mo anmand chena,” [ol si — **YBL**.]

“Cade iat-sede?” ol Conaire.

“Ni anse,” or si:

“Samon, Sinand, Seiscleann,

Sodb, [Soéglend, Samlocht — **Eg**.]

Caill, Coll, Díchoem,

Díchiúil, Díthim, Díchuimne,

Díchruine, Dairne, Dáirine,

Déruaine, Égem, Agam,

Eathamne, Gním, Cluiche,

Cethardam, Níth, Némain,

Nóinnen, Badb, Blosc,

B[l]oár, Huae. óe Aife la Sruth,

“Cailbh,” ar sise.

“Ní mór dá fheabhas mar ainm,” arsa Conaire.

“Féach, ní dorchas agus is follas, is uile ainmneacha atá orm,” ar sise.

“Cad iad sin?” arsa Conaire.

“Ní ansa,” ar sise,

“— Samhain, Sionann, Seiscleann,

Sodhbh, Saighleann, Samhlocht,

Caill, Coll, Díchaomh,

Díchiúil, Díthim, Díchuimhne,

Díchruine, Dairne, Dáirine,

Déaruaine, Éamh, Agham,

Eathamna, Gníomh, Cluiche,

Ceathardhamh, Níth, Néamhain,

Naoinnen, Badhbh, Blosc,

Bór, Ua, Aoife le Sruth,

“Cailbh”, she answers.

“That is not much of a name”, says Conaire.

“Lo (i. e. not dark, i. e. manifest), many are my names besides.”

“Which be they?” asks Conaire.

“Easy to say”, quoth she.

“— Samhain, Sionann, Seiscleann,

Sodhbh, Saighleann, Samhlocht,

Caill, Coll, Díchaomh,

Díchiúil, Díthim, Díchuimhne,

Díchruine, Dairne, Dáirine,

Déaruaine, Éamh, Agham,

Eathamna, Gníomh, Cluiche,

Ceathardhamh, Níth, Néamhain,

Naoinnen, Badhbh, Blosc,

Bór, Ua, Aoife le Sruth,

Mache, Médé, Mod.”

For óen choiss ocus óenláim ocus óen anáil

r[och]achain dóib insin uil[e] o dorus in tige.

[“Tungsa na dei día n-adraim

nad epur ainm dib rit etir gar cían biasa hifus,” **Eg.**].

Macha, Méidhe, Modh.”

Ar leathchois, le haon láimh agus le haon anáil

a chan sí na nithe sin uile dóibh ó dhoras an tí.

“Mionnaím dar na déithe dá n-adhram,”
arsa Conaire,

“nach dtabharfaidh mé aon de na n-ainmneacha sin ort cé acu gur seal fada *nó seal gairid* a bheinnse anseo.”

Macha, Méidhe, Modh.”

On one foot, and (holding up) one hand, and (breathing) one breath

she sang all that to them from the door of the house.

“I swear by the gods whom I adore”, (says Conaire),

“that I will call thee by none of these names whether I shall be here a long or a short time.”

Section 63

“Cid as áil dait?” ol Conaire.

“A n-as áil daitsiu dano,” or sisi.

“Is gess damsa,” ol Conaire, “dám óenmná do airtin iar fuiniud gréne.”

“Cid gess,” or sisi,

“ní ragsa co ndecha (.i. co ferur nó co rucur) mo aigidecht dí ráith isind áidchi-se innocht.”

“Cad is áil leat?” arsa Conaire.

“An rud is áil leatsa freisin,” ar sise.

“Is geis domsa,” arsa Conaire, “fáiltiú roimh dhámh mhná aonair tar éis fuine gréine.”

“Cé gur geis é,” ar sise,

“ní imeoidh mé go dtaga (.i. go bhfearfar nó go dtugfar) m’áocht orm gan mhoill an oíche seo anocht féin.”

“What dost thou desire?” says Conaire.

“That which thou, too, desirest”, she answered.

“ ’Tis a tabu of mine”, says Conaire, “to receive the company of one woman after sunset.”

“Though it be a tabu”, she replied,

“I will not go until my guesting come at once this very night.”

“Apraid fria,” ol Conaire, “bérthair dam
ocus tinne di immach, ocus mo fuidell-sa,

ocus anad im-magin aile innocht.”

“Má dothanic ém dond rí,” or sisi, “co[na
talla fair, Eg.]

praind ocus lepaid óenmná inna thig,

fogébhthar ’na écmais o neoch aile ocá mbía
ainech,

ma ró scáig coible na flatha fil isin Brudin.”

“IS feochair in frecra”, ol Conaire.

“Dos-leic ind, cid gess damsa.”

Búi gráin mór foraib iarsin día haccallaim
na mná ocus míthauraras,

acht nad fetatár can bóí dóib.

“Abraigí léi,” arsa Conaire, “go dtabharfar
damh agus muc leasaithe agus mo
fhuilleach-sa amach di,

ach í a fhanacht i maighean eile anocht.”

“Má tharla don rí, ámh,” ar sise, “gan slí a
bheith aige

ina theach do phroinn agus do leaba aon
mhná,

gheobhfar iad dá éamais ó neach eile a
bhfuil oineach aige,

má d’imigh an fhéile ón bhflaith atá sa
Bhruíon.”

“Is fraochta é an freagra,” arsa Conaire,

“lig isteach í, cé gur geis dom sin.”

Bhí gráin mór orthu iar sin á n-agallamh na
mná, agus míthuar,

ach gan fhios cad ba chúis leis.

“Tell her”, says Conaire, “that an ox and a
bacon-pig shall be taken out to her, and my
leavings:

provided that she stays tonight in some
other place.”

“If in sooth”, she says, “it has befallen the
king not to have room

in his house for the meal and bed of a
solitary woman,

they will be gotten apart from him from
some one possessing generosity

— if the hospitality of the Prince in the
Hostel has departed.”

“Savage is the answer,” says Conaire.

“Let her in, though it is a tabu of mine.”

Great loathing they felt after that from the
woman’s converse, and ill-foreboding;

but they knew not the cause thereof.

Section 64

Gabsait na diberga iarsin tír,

ocus dollotar co mbátar oc Leccaib cind shlébe.

Bithobéle trá in Bruiden.

Is aire asberthea ‘bruden’ di,

ar is cosmail fri béolu fir oc cor bruiden.

Nó ‘bruden’ .i. bruth-en .i. en bruthe inte.

Ghabh na díbheirigh, iar sin, i dtír,

agus chuadar nó go raibh siad ag Leaca Chinn Sléibhe.

Bhí an bhruíon ar síoroscailt *, go deimhin*.

— (Is é fáth a dtugtar ‘*bruíon*’ uirthi

mar gur cosúil í le beola fir ag séideadh tine

(nó ‘*bruden*’ .i. *bruth-en*, .i. uisce bruite inti).

The reavers afterwards landed,

and fared forth till they were at Leaca Chinn Sléibhe.

Ever open was the Hostel *, indeed*.

Why it was called a ‘*Bruden*’ was

because it resembles the lips of a man blowing a fire.

Or ‘*bruden*’ is from *bruth-en*, i.e. *en* ‘water’, *bruthe* ‘of flesh’ (broth) therein.

Section 65

Bá mór in tene adsúithe oc Conairiu cach n-aidche, .i. torc caille.

Secht ndoraiss ass.

Intan doniscide (.i. ro berthi) crand asa thóib

ba mét daig ndáirthaige cach tob no théiged asa tháib for cach ndorus.

Ba mhór an tine a d’adaítí le Conaire gach oíche .i. torc coille.

Bhí seacht mbéal aisti amach;

nuair a ghearrtaí crann as a taobh

bhíodh toirt lasrach aragail daraí i ngach bladhm a thagadh an béal amach ar gach taobh.

Great was the fire which was kindled by Conaire every night, to wit, a *torc caille* ‘Boar of the Wood’.

Seven outlets it had.

When a log was cut out of its side

every flame that used to come forth at each outlet was a big as the blaze of a (burning) oratory.

Ro bátár secht carpait deac di charptib
Conaire fri cach ndorus don taig,

ocus ba airecnai (.i. ba follus) dond aes
bátar oc forcsin o na longaib in tshoillsi mór
sin tria drochu na carpat.

Bhí seacht gcarbad déag de charbaid
Chonaire ag gach doras den teach

agus ba léir, don dream a bhí ag féachaint ó
na longa, an solas mór sin trí rothaí na
gcarbad.

There were seventeen of Conaire's chariots
at every door of the house,

and by those that were looking from the
vessels that great light was clearly seen
through the wheels of the chariots.

Section 66

“Samailte lat, a Fir rogain,” for Ingcél, “cisi
suillse mór sucut?”

“Noconom-tha a samail,” for Fer rogain,
“acht manib daig do rí.

Ní tuca dia and innocht in fer sin!

Is liach a orguin.”

“Cid ahé (.i. dno) libse a flathius ind fir sin
hi tír Erend?” ol Ingcél.

“IS maith a flathius,” or Fer rogain.

“Ní thaudchaid nél dar gréin o gabais
flathius [.i. fri ré loe — **Eg.**]

o medón erraig co medon fogamair,

“Cad leis is cosúil, a Fhir Roghain,” arsa
Ingcéal, “an solas mór úd thall?”

“Ní fheadar a shamhail,” arsa Fear Roghain,
“ach murar tine do rí.

Nár thuga Dia an fear sin ann anocht!

Ba liach a argain.”

“Cad is dóigh libhse *, ansin,* de fhlaithneas
an fhir sin i dtír Éireann?” arsa Ingcéal.

“Is maith é a fhlaithneas,” arsa Fear Roghain.

“Níor tháinig néal thar an ngrian, ó ghabh sé
flaithneas, ar feadh lae

ó mheán earraigh go meán fómhair,

“Canst thou say, O Fear Roghain,” said
Ingcéal, “what that great light yonder
resembles?”

“I cannot liken it to aught”, answers Fear
Roghain, “unless it be the fire of a king.

May God not bring that man there tonight!

’Tis a pity to destroy him.”

“What then deemest thou,” says Ingcéal,
“of that man’s reign in the land of Ireland?”

“Good is his reign”, replied Fear Roghain.

“Since he assumed the kingship, no cloud
has veiled the sun for the space of a day

from the middle of spring to the middle of
autumn.

ocus ní taudehaid banna drúchta di féor co medón láí,	agus níor thit braon drúchta de fhéar go meán lae,	And not a dewdrop fell from grass till midday,
ocus ní fascnann gáeth chairchech cethrae co nonae,	agus níor bhain gaoth le heireaball bó go nóin;	and wind would not touch a beast's tail until noon.
ocus ní forrúich mac tíre [ní — Eg.] ina fhlaith acht ^[SEP] tárag firend cachá indse o cind bliadne co araile.	agus <u>ina fhlaith</u> as níor ionsaigh mac tíre ach lao fireann as gach cró ó cheann ceann na bliana,	And in his reign, from year's end to year's end, no wolf has attacked aught save one bullcalf of each byre;
Ocus atat secht maic thíre i ngialnai fri fraigid ina thig-seom fri comét ind rechta sin,	agus tá seacht mac tíre mar ghialla aige le balla ina theach leis an reacht sin a choimeád;	and to maintain this rule there are seven wolves in hostageship at the sidewall in his house,
ocus atá cúl-aittiri iarna chúl .i. Mac locc,	agus tá Mac Loc <u>mar bhannaí</u> breise ar chúl;	and behind this a further security, even Mac Loc,
ocus is he taccair tara chend hi tig Conaire.	agus is <u>eisean</u> a thagrann <u>a gcúis</u> i dteach Chonaire.	and 'tis he that pleads (for them) in Conaire's house.
IS ina flaith atát na trí bairr for Erind	Is i bhflaitheas <u>Chonaire</u> atá na trí bharr ar Éirinn	In <u>Conaire's</u> reign are the three crowns on Ireland,
.i. barr días ocus barr scoth ocus barr messa.	— barr días, barr scothanna, agus barra measa.	namely, crown of corn-ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast.
IS ina flaith as chombind la cach fer guth araile ocus betís téta mendchrot,	Ina fhlaithas is ar bhinneas téada cruite guth gach duine dar leis an duine eile	In his reign, <u>too</u> , each man deems the other's voice as melodious as the strings of lutes,

ar febas na cána agus in tsida agus in
cháincomraic fail sechnon na hErend.

Ní thucca dia and innocht in fer sin.

Is liach a orgain.

[Is ‘cróeb triana bláth’ — **Eg.**]

Is mucc remithuit mess.

Is nóidiu ar áis.

Is liach garsecle dó!”

“Ba hé mo lith-sa,” for Ingcél, “co mbad sé
no beth and,

ocus robad orgain fo araile insin.

Ní bu andsu limsa indás mo athair agus mo
mathair

ocus mo secht nderbráthir agus ri mo
thuathi

doratus-sa duibsi ría tuidecht i n-athchor na
díbergae.”

ar fheabhas an dlí agus na síochána agus an
chaoinchomhraic atá seachnóin na hÉireann.

Nár thuga Dia an fear sin ann anocht.

Is liach a argain.

Is ‘craobh trína bláth’.

Is muc a thiteann roimh meas.

Is naíon ar aois.

Is liach giorra saoil dó!”

“Ba é mo lith,” arsa Ingcéal, “dá mba é a
bheadh ann,

agus go mbeadh argain ar argain ann.

Níor dhéine é liomsa ná m’athair agus mo
mháthair

agus mo sheachtar dearthár agus rí mo
thuaithe

a thug mé daoibhse roimh theacht ag
athchur na díbheirge.”

because of the excellence of the law and the
peace and the goodwill prevailing
throughout Ireland.

May God not bring that man there tonight.

’Tis sad to destroy him.

’Tis ‘a branch through its blossom’,

’Tis a swine that falls before mast.

’Tis an infant in age.

Sad is the shortness of his life!”

“This was my luck” says Ingcéal, “that he
should be there,

and there should be one destruction for
another.

It were not more grievous to me than my
father and my mother

and my seven brothers, and the king of my
country,

whom I gave up to you before coming on
the transfer of the rapine.”

“IS fir, is fir!” or in t-áes uile ró bátár
immalle frisna díbergachu.

“Fíor dhuit, fíor dhuit!” arsa an t-aos olc a
tháinig fara na díbheirgigh.

“ ’Tis true, ’tis true!” say the evildoers who
were along with the reavers.

Section 67

Toscurethar bedg na díbergaig a Tracht
Fuirbthen,

Cuireann na díbheirgigh chun bealaigh de
gheit ó Thrácht Foirfe,

The reavers make a start from the Strand of
Foirfe,

ocus doberat cloich cach fir léo do chur
chairnd,

agus tugann gach fear cloch leis, le cairn a
dhéanamh,

and bring a stone for each man to make a
cairn;

ar ba sí deochair lasna fianna hi tossuch eter
‘orgain’ ocus ‘maidm n-imairic’.

ó ba é seo an difir a dhéanadh na fianna ar
dtúis idir ‘argain’ agus ‘maidhm catha’.

for this was the distinction which at first the
Fianna made between a ‘Destruction’ and a
‘Rout’.

Cortha no chlantaís intan bad maidm n-
imairic.

Coirthe a thógaidís nuair ba mhaidhm catha
a tharlaíodh.

A pillar-stone they used to plant when there
would be a Rout.

Card immorro fochertitís intan bad n-orgain

Cairn, iomorra, a chuirfidís an tan b’argain
é.

A cairn, however, they used to make when
there would be a Destruction.

Carnd ro laiset iarom intan sin, uaire ba
orgain.

Cairn a rinne siad, iaramh, an tan sin, mar
b’argain é.

At this time, then, they made a cairn, for it
was a Destruction.

Hi cíanfocus on tig on, ar na forchlótís ocus
na haiccitís ón tig.

Ba i bhfad ón teach é, áfach, d’fhonn nach
gcloisfí agus nach bhfeicfí ón teach iad.

Far from the house was this, *however,*
that they might not be heard or seen
therefrom.

Section 68

Ar díb fát[h]aib dorigset a carnd	Rinneadar a gcarn ar dhá fháth	For two causes they built their cairn,
.i. ar ba bás carnd la díbirg,	.i. mar ba bhéas an carn i <u>gcás</u> díbheirge,	namely, (<u>first</u>) since this was a custom in marauding,
ocus dano co fintáis a n-esbada oc Brudin.	agus <u>fairis sin, le go mb'eol dóibh a gcaillfi</u> ag an mBruíon.	and, secondly, that they might find out their losses at the Hostel.
Cach óen no thicfad slán úadi	Gach aon a thiocfadh slán uaithi	Every one that would come safe from it
no berad a cloich asin charnd,	thabharfadh <u>sé</u> a chloch leis ón gcarn	would take his stone from the cairn:
co farctais immorro cloch[a] in lochta no mair[b]fitis occi,	le go bhfágfaí clocha an luchta a mharófaí ann *, go deimhin*;	thus the stones of those that were slain would be left,
conid assin ro fessatár a n-esbada.	i dtreo go mbeadh fios a n-easpaí acu as sin.	and thence they would know their losses.
Conid ed áruit éolaig in tsenchassa	Is é <u>tuairisc a thugann</u> eolaigh an tseanchais	And this is what men skilled in story recount,
conid fer each clochi fil hi Carnd leca ro marbait dona díbergaib oc Brudin.	gur maraíodh ag na mBruíon fear de na díbheirgigh do gach cloch atá i gCarn Leaca.	that for every stone in Carn Leaca there was one of the reavers killed at the Hostel.
Conid din charnd sin atberar Leca i n-Úib Cellaig.	<u>Is ar</u> an gcarn sin a thugtar Leaca in Uíbh Ceallaigh.	From that cairn Leaca in Uíbh Cellaigh is *so* called.

Section 69

Atáithir ‘torc tened’ la maccaib Duind desa
do brith robaid do Conairiu.

Conid hí sin céttendál robaid dorigned,

ocus conid di adainter cech tendal robaid
cosindiu.

IS ed armit fairend aile

co mbad i n-aidchi samna no írrtha orgain
Brudne,

ocus conid din tendáil út lentar tendal
samna o sin co sudiu,

ocus clocha hi tenid samna.

D’adaigh mic Dhoinn Déasa ‘torc tine’ le
rabhadh a thabhairt do Chonaire.

Ba é sin, *más ea*, an chéad teannáil
rabhaidh a lasadh *in Éirinn*

agus is aisti a adaítear gach teannáil
rabhaidh go dtí an lá inniu.

Is é a deir dream eile,

gurbh ar Oíche Shamhna a rinneadh argain
na Bruíne

agus gur ón teannáil úd a leanann teannáil
Shamhna ó shin go dtí seo

agus a chuirtear clocha i dtine na Samhna.

A ‘boar of a fire’ is kindled by the sons of
Donn Déasa to give warning to Conaire.

So that is the first warning-beacon that has
been made (in Ireland),

and from it to this day every warning-
beacon is kindled.

This is what others recount:

that it was on the eve of *samhain* (All-
Saints-day) the destruction of the Hostel
was wrought,

and that from yonder beacon the beacon of
samhain is followed from that to this,

and stones (are placed) in the *samhain*-fire.

Section 70

Dorónsat iarom na díbergaig comarli bali in ro lásat a carnd.

“Maith, tra,” or Ingcél frisna héolchu, “cid as nesam dún sund?”

“Ní anse, Bruden uí Dergae rígbriugad Herend.”

“Bátár dócho ém fir mathi do saigid a céli don brudin sin innocht.”

Ba sí comarli na ndíbergach iarom

nech [do chor **Eg.**] úadib do déscin dús cinnas ro[m]both and.

“Cia ragas and so deicsin in tigi?” [ol cách].

“Cia no ragad,” or Ingcél, “acht mad messi, úair iss mé dlíges fiachu.”

Chuaigh, iaramh, na díbheirigh i gcomhairle le chéile san áit a rinneadar a gcarn.

“Maith anois,” arsa Ingcéal leis na treoraithe, “cad is gaire dúinn anseo?”

“Ní ansa, Bruíon Uí Dhearga, Ríbhruhaidh Éireann.”

“Ba dhócha, ámh, fir mhaithe a bheith ar lorg a gcéilí sa Bhruíon sin anocht.”

B’í comhairle na ndíbheargach, iaramh,

ná neach díobh a chur uathu féachaint conas mar a bhí ann.

“Cé rachaidh ann chun an teach a iniúchadh?” arsa cách.

“Cé rachadh,” arsa Ingcéal, “ach mise, óir is dom is dual fiacha.”

Then the reavers formed a counsel at the place where they had put the cairn.

“Well, then”, says Ingcéal to the guides, “what is nearest to us here?”

“Easy (to say): the Hostel of Uí Dhearga, chief-hospitaller of Ireland.”

“Good men indeed” (says Ingcéal) “were likely to seek their fellows at that Hostel to-night.”

This, then, was the counsel of the reavers,

to send one of them to see how things were there.

“Who will go there to espy the house?” say everyone.

“Who should go”, says Ingcéal, “but I, for ’tis I that am entitled to dues.”

Section 71

Tothéit Ingcél do thoscélad forsin Brudin	Tagann Ingcéal ag taiscéaladh na Bruíne	Ingcéal went to reconnoitre the Hostel
cosin sechtmad (nó cosin tres) mac imlessan na hoénsúla ro bóí asa etun	leis an seachtú (nó leis an tríú) mac imreasain na haonsúile a bhí ag gobadh as a éadan	with one of the seven (or one of the three) pupils of the single eye which <u>stood</u> out of his forehead,
do chommus a ruisc isa tech do admilliud ind rí gocus na maccóem ro bátar immi isin tig,	d'fhonn a rosc a dhiriú ar an teach chun an rí agus na macaoimh a bhí uime sa teach a adhmhilleadh.	to fit his eye into the house in order to destroy the king and the youths who were around him therein.
conda-dercacha tría drochu na carpat.	Agus chonaic <u>Ingcéal</u> iadsan trí rothaí na gcarbad.	And <u>Ingcéal</u> saw them through the wheels of the chariots.
Ro ráthaiged iarom as[in]tig anall Ingcél.	<u>Tugadh</u> Ingcéal <u>faoi deara</u> iaramh ón teach anall.	Then <u>Ingcéal</u> was perceived from the house.
Docuirethar bedg ón tig iarná ráthugud.	<u>Imíonn</u> sé <u>leis</u> le bíog ón teach <u>nuair a tugadh faoi deara é</u> .	He made a start from it after being perceived.

Section 72

Téit cor-ránic na díberga bali hir-rubatár.	<u>Chuaigh</u> sé nó gur ráinigh sé chun na ndíbheirgeach <u>mar a raibh siad</u> .	He went till he reached the reavers in the stead wherein they were.
Fochress each cúaird imm alaile don díbirg fri éitsecht in scéoil.	<u>Rinneadh ciorcal um</u> chiorcal eile den bhuíon díbheirgeach le héisteacht leis an scéal.	Each circle of them was set around another to hear the tidings
Airig na díbergae hi firmedón na cuardae.	<u>Bhí</u> flatha na ndíbheirgeach i gceartlár na gciorcal;	— the chiefs of the reavers being in the very centre of the circles.
Batár hésíde Fer gér ocus Fer gel ocus Fer rogel	ba iad sin Fear Géar, Fear Geal, Fear Rógheal,	There were Fear Géar and Fear Geal and Fear Rogheal
ocus Fer rogain ocus Lomna druth ocus Ingcél Caech.	agus Fear Roghain, Lomna Drúth, agus Ingcéal Caoch,	and Fear Roghain and Lomna the Buffoon, and Ingcéal the One-eyed
Sesiur im-medon na cuardae,	seisear i lár na gciorcal,	— six in the centre of the circles.
ocus luid Fer rogain día [fh]rithchomarc.	agus chuaigh Fear Roghain chun Ingcéal a cheistiú.	And Fear Roghain went to question Ingcéal.

Section 73

“Cinnas sin, a Ingceoil?” for Fer rogain.	“Conas *atáthar ann*, a Ingcéil?” arsa Fear Roghain.	“How is that, O Ingcéal?” asks Fear Roghain.
“Cip indas,” for Ingcéal, “is rígha in costud:	“Cibé mar atáthar,” d’fhreagair Ingcéal, “is ríoga é an t-eagar;	“However it be”, answers Ingcéal, “royal is the custom,
is [s]lúagda a sséselbe,	is sluamhar í an <u>gheoin</u> ;	hostful is the tumult:
is flaithemda a fúaim,	is flaitheach í an fhuaim;	kingly is the noise thereof.
Cia bé, céin co pé rí and,	<u>bíodh</u> rí ann nó ná <u>bíodh</u> ,	Whether a king be there or not,
gébatsa a tech issinni non-dligim.	gheobhaidh mé an teach ar son mo dhleachta.	I will take the house for what I have a right to.
Dotháet cor mo díberga de.”	<u>Is uaidh atá mo</u> chor díbheirge <u>ag teacht</u> .”	Thence my turn of rapine cometh.”
“Foracaibsemne fri láim daitsiu, a Ingcéoil,” fordat comaltae Conairi.	“D’fhágamar fútsa é, a Ingcéil” arsa comhaltaí Chonaire.	“We have left it in thy hand, O Ingcéal,” say Conaire’s foster-brothers.
“Nádn-íurmáis orgain co fesmais cia no beth inni.”	“Ná déanaimís argain nó go mbeidh a fhios againn cé bheadh ann.”	“(But) we should not wreak the Destruction till we know who may be therein.”
“Cest, in dercacha-su a tech co maith a Ingceoil?” for Fer rogain.	“Ceist ort, a Ingcéil,” arsa Fear Roghain, “ <u>an bhfuair</u> tú radharc maith ar an teach?”	“Question, hast thou seen the house well, O Ingcéal?” asks Fear Roghain.
“Ro lá mo súil-se lúathchuaire and,	“Thug mo shúil luathfhéachaint timpeall ann	“Mine eye cast a rapid glance around it,

ocus gebait im fiachu amal atá.”

agus glacfaidh mé leis mar mo dhleacht mar atá.”

and I will accept it for my dues as it stands.”

Section 74

“IS deithber duit, a Ingeóil, ciá no gabtha,”
ol Fer rogain:

“Ní miste duit glacadh leis, a Ingcéil,” arsa
Fear Roghain.

“Thou mayest well accept it, O Ingcéal”,
saith Fear Roghain:

“ar n-aiti uli fil and, ardri Herend, Conaire
mac Eterscéli.

“Ár n-oide uile atá ann, ard-rí Éireann,
Conaire mac Eadarscéil.

“the fosterfather of us all is there, Ireland’s
overking, Conaire son of Eadarscéal.”

Cest, cid atchondarc-su isind fhoclúi
féinnida in tige

Ceist *agam ort*, cé chonaic tú i suí féinní
an tí

“Question, what sawest thou in the
champion’s high seat of the house,

fri enech [in] rí isind leith anall?”

os comhair an rí sall uaidh?”

facing the King, on the opposite side?”

Section 75

<i>Imda Chormaic Condlongas</i>	<i>Iomdha Chormaic Connlongas</i>	<i>The Room of Cormac Connlongas.</i>
“Atchondarc and,” ol se, “fer gormaineach mór:	“Chonaic mé ann,” arsa <u>Ingcéal</u> , “fear mór <u>gnúisoirearc</u> ;	“I saw there”, says <u>Ingcéal</u> , “a man of noble countenance, large,
rosc nglan ngléorda lais:	súil ghlan ghleorga aige	with a clear and sparkling eye,
deitgen cóir [comard aicci .i. se niamda némanda]:	<u>agus cár</u> cór comhard comhgheal fiacal;	an even set of teeth, sparking like pearls,
aiged focháel forlethan [leiss, Eg.]	a aghaigh caol laistíos agus leathan lastuas;	a face narrow below, broad above.
lín-folt find forordae fair: fortí [cain, Eg.] choir imbi,	líonfholt fionn órga air; fallaing chóir uime;	Fair, flaxen, golden hair upon him, and a proper fillet around it.
mílech airgit inna brut	míleach airgid ina bhrat;	A brooch of silver in his mantle,
ocus claideb óirdúird inna láim:	agus claíomh órdhoirn ina láimh;	and in his hand a gold-hilted sword.
sciath co cóicroth óir fair:	sciath le cúig rothaí óir uirthi;	A shield with five golden circles upon it:
sleg cóicrind ina láim:	sleá cúig rinn ina láimh;	a five-barbed javelin in his hand.
cóinso chóir cháin chorcorda lais, os é amulach,	a dhreach go cóir caoin corcara agus é <u>gan féasóg</u> ;	A visage just, fair, ruddy he hath: he is also beardless.
ailmenmnach in fer sin.”	<u>fear gan uabhar</u> an fear sin.”	Modest-minded is that man.”
“Ocus iarsin cía acca and?”	“Agus iar sin sin cé a chonaic tú ann?”	“And after that, whom sawest thou there?”

Section 97

<i>Imda Conaill Chernaig</i>	<i>Iomdha Chonaill Chearnaigh</i>	<i>The Room of Conall Cearnach</i>
“Atcondarc and i n-imdae chumtachtae fer as cháinem do laechaib Herend.	“Chonac ansiúd in iomdha <u>mhaisithe</u> an fear is áille de laochra Éireann.	“There I beheld in a decorated room the fairest man of Ireland’s heroes.
Brat caschorcra imbi.	Brat caschorcra uime.	He wore a tufted purple cloak.
Gilithir snechtae ind-ala grúaid dó, brecedgithir síon a ngrúad n-aile.	Grua leis ar ghile an tsneachta, *agus* an grua eile ar bhreacdheirge an mhearacáin sí.	White as snow was one of his cheeks, the other was red and speckled like foxglove.
IS glasidir buga ind-ala suil.	Súil leis ar ghlaise an bhutha.	Blue as hyacinth was one of his eyes,
IS dubithir druim ndáil in tsúil aile.	An tsúil eile ar dhuibhe dhroma daoil.	dark as a stag-beetle’s back was the other.
Méit cliab búana in dosbili find fororda fil fair.	Tá méid chliabh buana sa doscheann fionn órga gruaige atá air.	The bushy head of fair golden hair upon him was as large as a reaping-basket,
Benaíd braini a da imdae (.i. a da less).	Sroicheann sé imill a dhá mhás.	and it touches the edge of his haunches.
IS cassidir rethe coppad.	<u>Tá sé</u> chomh <u>dualach</u> le ceann reithe.	It is as curly as a ram’s head.
Cía dóforte míach di chnoib dergfuiscib for a mullach	Dá ndoirtfí mála de chnónna deargmhogallacha ar a mhullach	If a sackful of red-shelled nuts were spilt on the crown of his head,
ni foichred cnoi díb for lár	ní thitfeadh cnó díobh ar an talamh	not one of them would fall on the floor,

[acht a fhossugud ar drolaib agus ar
clechtaib agus ar claidínib in fuil sin —
Eg.].

Claideb órduirn ina láim.

Sciath cróderg ro breccad do semmannaib
findruini eter eclannu óir.

Sleg fota [tromm, **Eg.**] tredruimnech:

remithir cuing n-imechtraid a crand fil indi.

Samailte lat sin, a Fir rogain.”

ach fanacht ar dhrola, agus ar thriopalla,
agus ar dhroimíní na gruaige sin.

Claíomh órdhoirn ina láimh.

Sciath chródhearg aige a breacadh le
seamanna fiondrúine idir lanna óir.

Sleá fhada throm thrídhroimneach aige,

agus an crann inti chomh ramhar le cuing
sheachtrach.

Cé leis is cosúil é sin, a Fhir Roghain.”

but remain on the hooks and plaits and
swordlets of that hair.

A gold-hilted sword in his hand:

a blood-red shield which has been speckled
with rivets of white bronze between plates
of gold.

A long, heavy, three-ridged spear:

as thick as an outer yoke is the shaft that is
in it.

Liken thou that, O Fear Roghain.”

Section 98

“Ni anse damsa on a samail, ar rofetatar fir Herend an ngein sin. Conall Cernach mac Amorgein insin.	“Ní ansa domsa a shamhail <u>a aithint</u> , óir is eol d’fhir Éireann an <u>buinneán</u> sin. <u>Sin é</u> Conall Cearnach mac Amhairghin.	“Easy for me to liken him, for the men of Ireland know that scion. That is Conall Cearnach, son of Amhairghin.
Dorecmaing immale fri Conaire ind inbuid- se.	Tarlaíonn dó a bheith fara Conaire an t-am seo.	He has chanced to be along with Conaire at this time.
IS é charas Conaire sech cách,	Is é is gean le Conaire seachas cách	’Tis he whom Conaire loves beyond every one,
fobith a chosmailiusa fris ar febas a chrotha ocus a delba [is a dénma, Eg.].	de bharr a chosúlachta leis ó thaobh feabhais a chrutha agus a dheilbhe agus a dhéanaimh.	because of his resemblance to him in goodness of form and shape and build.
IS máith in láech fil and, Conall Cernach.	Is maith an laoch atá ann, Conall Cearnach.	Goodly is the hero that is there, Conall Cearnach.
IN sciath cróderg sin fil ar a durnd ro breac do semmannaib fíndruini conid brec,	An sciath chródhearg sin ina dhorn a breacadh le seamanna fíondruine <u>a d’fhág</u> breac í,	To that bloodred shield on his fist, which has been speckled with rivets of white bronze,
ro nóesiged ainm dó la Ultu .i. in Bricriu Conaill Chernaig.	thug Ulaidh ainm <u>cáiliúil</u> uirthi .i. Bricre Chonaill Chearnaigh.	the Ulaidh have given a famous name, to wit, the <i>Bricre</i> of Conall Cearnach.
[Ainm aili di and, Lámtapad Conaill Cernaig	Tá ainm eile air: Lámhthapa Chonaill Chearnaigh,	Another name for it is Conall Cearnach’s <i>Lámhthapa</i> ,

ara tricci ocus ara athlaime gabair ocus
immirthir in sciath sin Conaill Cernaig. —
Eg.]

Tongu a toinges mo thuath,

bid imda bróen dérg[folá] tairse innocht ar
dorus [na] Brudne.

In tsleg druimnech sin fil úasa

bid sochaidi forsa ndáilfe deoga tonnaid
innocht ar dorus [na] Brudne.

Atá[a]t secht ndoruis asin tig

ocus arricfa Conall Cernach b[e]ith for each
dorus díb,

ocus ní bía a thesbaid ar nách dorus.

Totháethsat trí cét la Conall ina
chéthumscliu,

cenmótha fer each airm, ocus a fer fessin,

ocus conráinnfi comgnim fri each n-óen isin
Brudin,

ocus intan immaricfa tuidecht dó foráib asin
tig

ar a thrice agus ar a athlaimhe a ghabhtar
agus a imrítear an sciath sin Chonaill
Chearnaigh.

Mionnaím dar a mionnaíonn mo thuath,

is iomaí braon deargfhola a thitfidh uirthi
anocht os comhair na Bruíne.

An tsleá dhroimneach sin atá os a chionn,

beidh sochaí ar a ndáilfidh sí deoch bháis
anocht os comhair na Bruíne.

Tá seacht ndoirse as an teach amach,

agus tarlóidh go mbeidh Conall Cearnach
ag gach doras díobh

agus ní bheidh sé in easpa ó aon dorus.

Titfidh trí chéad le Conall ina chéad ionsaí

seachas fear le gach arm agus fear leis féin,

agus beidh sé ar comhghaisce le gach n-aon
sa Bhruíon,

agus an tan tharlóidh é a theacht oraibh ón
teach,

because of the quickness and readiness with
which that shield of Conall Cearnach is
seized and wielded.

I swear what my tribe swears,

plenteous will be the rain of red blood over
it to-night before the Hostel.

That ridged spear above him,

many will there be unto whom to-night,
before the Hostel, it will deal drinks of
death.

Seven doorways there are out of the house,

and Conall Cearnach will contrive to be at
each of them,

and from no doorway will he be absent.

Three hundred will fall by Conall in his first
conflict,

besides a man for each (of his) weapons and
one for himself.

He will share prowess with every one in the
Hostel,

and when he shall happen to sally upon you
from the house,

beit lir bommand ega [ocus fer for faithchi
ocus renna nimi, **Eg. Eg.**¹]

beidh chomh líonmhar le calóga sneachta
agus le féar ar fhaiche, agus le reanna
neimhe

as numerous as hailstones and grass on
green and stars of heaven

for lethchind ocus for lethcloicind ocus for
cnáma fó déis a claidib,

bhur leathchinn agus bhur leathchloiginn
agus bhur gcnámha faoi bhéal a chlaímh,

will be your half-heads and cloven skulls,
and your bones under the point of his
sword,

ocus immáricfa éalú dó cid créchtach.

agus éireoidh leis éalú cé gur créachtach dó.

and he will succeed in escaping though
wounded.

Mairg iuras in n-orgain fodáig ind fir sin
namma!”

Mairg a dhéanfaidh an argain, de bharr an
fhir seo amháin!”

Woe to him that shall wreak the
Destruction, were it but for this man only!”

“Ní cumgid,” for Ingcél.

“Ní féidir daoibh,” arsa Ingcéal.

“Ye cannot”, says Ingcéal.

“Néla et reliqua.”

“Néala agus rl.”

“Clouds etc.”

“Ocus iarsin cia acca?”

“Agus iar sin, cad a chonaic tú?”

“And after that whom sawest thou?”

Section 99

<i>Imda Conaire fessin</i>	<i>Iomdha Chonaire Féin</i>	<i>The Room of Conaire himself.</i>
“Atcondarc and imdae, agus bá cáimiu a cumtach oldáta imdada in tigi olchena.	“Chonaic mé ann iomdha agus ba chaoimhe a maise ná iomdhaí eile an tí.	“There I beheld a room, more beautifully decorated than the other rooms of the house.
Seolbrat n-airgdidi impe,	Seolbhrat airgid uimpi	A silvery curtain around it,
ocus cumtaige isind imdae.	agus ornáidí san iomdha <u>féin</u> .	and (<u>there were</u>) ornaments in the room.
Atcondarc triar n-inni.	Chonaic mé triúr inti.	I beheld a trio in it.
In dias im[m]echtrach díb,	An bheirt díobh a bhí lasmuigh,	The outer two of them were,
finna díb línaib, cona foltaib agus a [m]brataib,	<u>bhí siad</u> araon fionn, idir fholt agus bhrat freisin;	both of them, fair, with their hair and eyelashes;
ocus it gilithir snechtae.	agus iad ar ghile an tsneachta.	and they are as bright as snow.
Rudiud roálaind fo grúad cechtar n-ae.	Luisne sárálainn ar ghrua ceachtar díobh.	A very lovely blush on the cheek of each of the twain.
Móethóclach etorro im-medón.	Maothóglach <u>lár slí</u> eatarthu.	A tender lad in the midst between them.
Bruth agus gním ruirech lais agus comarli senchad.	Díograis agus fuinneamh ruire ann agus comhairle seanchaí <u>aige</u> .	The ardour and energy of a king has he, and the counsel of a sage.
Brat atconnarc imbi, is cubés agus céo cétamain.	Chonaic mé brat uime ar aon dul le ceo Lá Bealtaine.	The mantle I saw around him is even as the mist of Mayday.

Is [s]ain dath agus éosc cacha húari tadbhat fair:

áildiu cach dath alailiu.

Atcondarc roth n-óir isin brut ara bélaib, adcomaic húa smeoh có a imlind.

IS cosmail fri túidlig n-óir forloscthi dath a fuil.

Di neoch atcondarc de delbaib betha

is í delb as aldem díb.

Atcondarc a claideb n-órduirndocco thís.

Ro bóí airther láme din claidiub fria truaill anechtair.

A n-airther lámi sin

fer no bid i n-airthiur [nó i n-íarthar — Eg.] in tigi tís

cébad frigit fri foscod in claidib.

Is binni[u] bindfogrogod in claidib

Bíonn dath agus éagasc ar leith le feiceáil air gach uair *de lá*;

áille gach dath ná a chéile.

Chonaic mé roth óir ar an mbrat, ar a bhéala, a shroicheann ó smig go himlinn.

Is cosúil le scáil óir fhorloiscthe dath a fhoilt.

De neacha a chonaic mé de dhealbha betha,

a chruthsan is áille díobh.

Chonaic mé a chlaíomh órdhoirn aige thíos.

Bhí fad lámhdhóide den chlaíomh ón truaill amach.

Maidir leis an lámhdhóid sin,

fear a bheadh thíos i dtosach an tí,

thógfadh sé ceann de fhríd faoi scáth an chlaímh.

Is binne binnfhoghrú an chlaímh

Diverse are the hue and semblance each moment shewn upon it.

Lovelier is each hue than the other.

In front of him in the mantle I beheld a wheel of gold which reached from his chin to his navel.

The colour of his hair was like the sheen of smelted gold.

Of all the world's forms that I beheld,

this is the most beautiful.

I saw his golden-hilted glaive down beside him.

A forearm's length of the sword was outside the scabbard.

That forearm,

a man down in the front of the house

could see a fleshworm by the shadow of the sword.

Sweeter is the melodious sounding of the sword

oldas bindfogur na cuslend n-ordae fochanat
céol isind ríghig.”

ná binnfhoghrú na gcuisleann órga a
chanann ceol sa rítheach.”

than the melodious sound of the golden
pipes that accompany music in the palace.”

Section 102

...

...

...

Samailte let, a Fir rogain, cía ro cháchain in
laid sin.”

Cia leis is cosúil, a Fhir Roghain, an té a
chan an laoi sin.”

Liken thou, O Fear Roghain, him who has
sung that lay.”

“Ní anse damsa a samail,” for Fer Rogain:

“Ní ansa domsa a shamhail *a aithint*,
arsa Fear Roghain.

“Easy for me to liken him”, says Fear
Roghain.

“ní ‘ésce cen rí’ ón immorro:

“Ní ‘coimhlint gan rí’ é seo iomorra:

“No ‘conflict without a king’ this indeed.

is é rí as anem ocus as ordnidem ocus as
cháinem ocus as chumachtom

is é sin an rí is glórmhaire, is onóraí, is
caoine, agus is cumhachtaí

He is the most splendid and noble and
beautiful and mighty king

thánic i ndomon uli.

a tháinig isteach sa domhain uile.

that has come into the whole world.

Is hé rí as bláthem ocus as mínem ocus as
becda dodánic

Is é an rí is cneasta, is míne agus is uirísle a
tháinig

He is the mildest and gentlest and most
perfect king that has come to it,

.i. Conaire Mór mac Etersceóil,

.i. Conaire Mór mac Eadarscéil;

even Conaire Mór son of Eadarscéal.

is é fil and, ardri Herend uli.

eisean atá ann, ardri Éireann uile.

’Tis he that is overking of all Ireland.

Níon fil locht and isind fir sin,

Níl locht san fhear sin

There is no defect in that man,

eter chruth ocus deilb ocus dechelt,

idir chruth agus dheilbh agus shlacht,

whether in form or shape or vesture:

eter méit ocus chórae ocus c[h]utrummae,	idir mhéid agus chóracht agus chothroime,	whether in size or fitness or proportion,
e(ter) rosc ocus folt ocus gili,	idir rosc agus fholt agus ghile,	whether in eye or hair or brightness,
eter gáis ocus álaig ocus erlabrae,	idir ghaois agus bhéas agus urlabhra,	whether in wisdom or skill or eloquence,
eter arm ocus eirriud ocus écosc,	idir arm agus <u>éide</u> agus éagasc,	whether in weapon or dress or appearance,
eter ani ocus immud ocus ordan,	idir ghlóir agus fhlúirse agus ordan,	whether in splendour or abundance or dignity,
eter ergnas ocus gaisciud ocus cenél.	idir <u>eolas</u> agus ghaisce agus chineál.	whether in knowledge or valour or kindred.
Már a óitiú ind fhir cháladae forbáith conidralá ar gním ngaiscid.	Is mór í óigeantacht an fhir shuanmhair shimplí seo nó go dtarlaíonn ar ghníomh gaisce.	Great is the tenderness of the sleepy simple man till he has chanced on a deed of valour.
Mád día nderscaigther a bruth ocus a gal o beit fianna fer nErend ocus Alban dó ar thig,	Má mhúsclaítear a bhruth agus a ghal nuair a bheidh fiana fear Éireann agus Alban <u>ag</u> <u>tabhairt faoi</u> sa teach,	*But* if his fury and his courage be awakened when the champions of Ireland and Alba are at him in the house,
ní iúthar ind orguin céin bes inni.	ní cuirfear an argain <u>i gcrích</u> agus é ann.	the Destruction will not be wrought so long as he is therein.
Tothóetsat sé chét la Conaire riasiu rosia a árm,	Titfidh sé chéad le Conaire roimh é a theacht ar a airm,	Six hundred will fall by Conaire before he shall attain his arms,
ocus tothóetsat secht cet lais ina chéthumscliu iar saigid a airm.	agus titfidh seacht gcéad leis ina chéad chomhlann tar éis dó teacht orthu.	and seven hundred will fall by him in his first conflict after attaining his arms.
Tongu do Dia a toinges mo thuath,	Mionnaím do Dhia dar a mionnaíonn mo thuath,	I swear to God what my tribe swears,

mani gabthar deog de	mura ngabhfad deoch uaidh,	unless drink be taken from him,
céin co beth nách aile isin tig chenae acht é a óenur,	cé nach mbeadh aon duine eile sa teach ach é féin ina aonar,	though there be no one else in the house, but he alone,
[no gébad som in Bruidin conas-toirsed cobair — Eg.]	<u>chosnódh</u> sé an Bhruíon nó go dtíochfadh cabhair	he would hold the Hostel until help would reach it
tanairsed in fer ó Thuind Chlidna agus o Thuind Essa Rúaid, sibsi ocon Brudin.	<u>rud</u> a thabharfadh an fear ó Thonn Chliona agus ó Thonn Easa Ruaidh <u>fiú agus</u> sibse ag an mBruíon.	which the man would prepare for him from the Wave of Cliona and the Wave of Assaroe (<u>while</u>) ye (<u>are</u>) at the Hostel.
Atát nóí ndorais forsin tig,	Tá naoi ndoirse chun an tí	Nine doors there are to the house,
ocus dofáeth cét láech lais cech dorais,	agus titfidh céad laoch leis ag gach doras;	and at each door a hundred warriors will fall by his hand.
ocus intan ro scáig do chách is'tig airbert a gascid	agus an tan a scoirfidh cách istigh oirbheart a ngaisce,	And when every one in the house has ceased to ply his weapon,
is and fochicher som ar gním n-aithergaid,	is ansin a <u>rachaidh sé i muinín malairt</u> ghnímh,	'tis then he will resort to a deed of arms.
ocus díamairi dó tuidecht foraib asin tig,	agus má tharlaíonn dó teacht <u>ina ruathar</u> oraibh as an teach,	And if he chance to come upon you out of the house,
bit lir bommand ega agus fēr for fagthi	chomh líonmhar le calóga sneachta agus fēar ar fhaiche	as numerous as hailstones and grass on a green
for lethchind agus for lethchlocind agus for cnáimred fo fháebur a chlaidib.	*a bheidh* bhur leathchinn agus bhur leathchloiginn agus bhur gcnámha faoi fhaobhar a chlaímh.	will be your halves of heads and your cloven skulls and your bones under the edge of his sword.

IS dochu limsa nímmaricfa dó tuidecht asin tig.	Is dóigh liomsa nach dtarlóidh dó teacht as an teach.	'Tis my opinion that he will not chance to get out of the house.
Is inmain laisseom in días fil imbi isind imdae	Is ionúin leis an bheirt atá uime san iomdha	Dear to him are the two that are with him in the room,
.i. a dá aiti, Dris agus Sníthe.	.i. a bheirt oidí, Dris agus Sníthe.	his two fosterers, Dris and Sníthe.
Tothóetsat tri cócait láech la cehtar de i ndorus na Brudne,	Titfidh trí caogaid laoch le cehtar díobh os comhair na Bruíne	Thrice fifty warriors will fall before each of them in front of the Hostel,
ocus ní bá síre traigid úaid ille agus innond [airm — H.] hi tóetsat.”	agus ní faide ná troigh uaidh, abhus agus thall, mar a dtitfidh siad.”	and not farther than a foot from him, on this side and that, will they (<u>too</u>) fall.”
“Mairg iuras in n-orgain	“Mairg a chuirfidh an argain <u>i gcrích</u> ,	“Woe to him who shall wreak the Destruction,
cid dáig na dessi sin agus na flatha fil etorro [.i.] ardri Herend, Conaire [Mór] mac Etersceoil.	fiú de bharr na beirte sin agus an fhflatha atá eatarthu .i. ardri Éireann, Conaire Mór mac Eadarscéil.	were it only because of that pair and the prince that is between them, the over-king of Ireland, Conaire Mór son of Eadarscéal.
Bá liach díbdud na flatha sin,” for Lomna Drúth mac Duind déasa.	Ba liach díthiú an fhflatha sin,” arsa Lomna Drúth, mac Dhoinn Déasa.	Sad were the quenching of that reign,” says Lomna Drúth, son of Donn Déasa.
“Ni cumcid,” for Ingcéal: “néla femmid doforfecat” et reliqua.	“Ní féidir daoibh,” arsa Ingcéal, “néala laige a thagann oraibh” agus rl.	“Ye cannot”, says Ingcéal. “Clouds of weakness are coming to you,” etc.
“IS deithbir duitsiu, a Ingceoil,” for Lomna [Druth — YBL.] mac Dui[n]d Déasa.	“Is maith duitse, a Ingcéal,” arsa Lomna Drúth, mac Dhoinn Déasa.	“Good cause hast thou, O Ingcéal”, says Lomna Drúth, son of Donn Déasa.
“Ni dáit atá a domáin na orgne,	“Ní <u>ortsa a luíonn</u> domhaoín na hargana,	“Not unto thee is the loss caused by the Destruction:

ar béra cend rig ala-thuathe lat,

ocus doernaba fessin.

IS andso damsa chena,

ar bid mé ceta-ortábthar for Brudin.”

“Ango dano,” for Ingcél, “adfia basa lecht
bas briscium, et reliqua.”

“Ocus cia acca and iarsin?”

mar béarfaidh tú ceann rí tuaithe eile leat,

agus téarnóidh tú féin.

Is deacair domsa, áfach,

mar is mé is tuisce a bhásófar ag an
mBruíon.”

“Mo thrua-sa mise,” arsa Ingcéal, “bás a
gheobhaidh mé, an bás is brisce agus rl.”

“Agus cé a chonaic tú ann iar sin?”

for thou wilt carry off the head of the king
of another *tuath*,

and thyself will escape.

Howbeit ’tis hard for me,

for I shall be the first to be slain at the
Hostel.”

“Alas for me,” says Ingcéal, “peradventure I
shall be the frailest corpse, etc.”

“And whom sawest thou afterwards?”

Section 132

<i>Imda Da Dergae</i>	<i>Iomdha Da Dearga</i>	<i>The Room of Da Dearga.</i>
“Atcondarc imda n-aile and, ocus óenfer inte,	“Chonaic mé iomdha eile ann agus aon fhear amháin inti,	“There I beheld another room with one man therein
ocus dá gilla arabélaib ocus dí moing foraib,	agus beirt ghiolla ar a bhéala agus dhá mhoing orthu,	and in front of him two servants with two manes upon them,
indala haí is dub, alaile is find.	ceann dubh, agus an ceann eile fionn.	one of the two dark, the other fair.
Folt derg forsind láech ocus abrait deirg lais.	Folt dearg ar an laoch agus fabhraí dearga aige.	Red hair on the warrior and red eyebrows.
Da ngrúad chorcorda lais.	Dhá ghrua chorcaird <u>dearga</u> aige,	Two ruddy cheeks he had,
Rosc roglas rocháin occa	Rosc <u>sár</u> -glas <u>sáralainn</u> aige,	and an eye very blue and beautiful.
ocus brat úanidi immi.	agus brat uaine uime.	He wore a green cloak
Léne gelchulpatach co ndergintlaid imbi	Léine ghealchochallach le heang dhearg <u>inti</u>	and a shirt with a white hood and a red insertion,
ocus claideb co n-imdurnd dét ina laim,	agus claíomh le dornchla déid ina láimh,	and in his hand was a sword with a hilt of ivory,
ocus arric airechtain cacha imdae isin tig di lind ocus bíud,	agus soláthraíonn sé cóir dí agus bia do gach iomdha sa teach,	and he supplies attendance of every room in the house with ale and food,
ossé cossalach oc timthirecht in tslóig uli.	agus é cosaclaí ag timireacht an tslua uile.	and he is quick-footed in serving the whole host.

Samailte lat sin, a Fir rogain.”

Cé leis is cosúil eisean, a Fhir Roghain.”

Liken thou that, O Fear Roghain.”

Section 133

“Rofetursa inna firu sin.

“Is aithnid dom na fir sin.

“I know those men.

Da Derga insain:

Sin é Da Dearga:

That one is Da Dearga.

is láis dorónad in Bruden,

is leis a rinneadh an Bhruíon

’Tis by him that the Hostel was built,

ocus ó gabais trebad ní ro dúnait a doirse
ríam o dorigned,

agus ó chuaigh sé i mbun tí, níor dúnadh a
dhoirse riamh, ó rinneadh an *bhruíon*

and since it was built its doors have never
been shut

acht leth díá mbí in gáeth is fris bís in
chomla,

ach bíonn comhla leis ar thaobh na gaoithe;

save on the side to which the wind comes
— the valve is closed against it —

ocus o gabais trebad

agus ó chuaigh sé i mbun tí,

and since he began housekeeping

ní tuccad a chairi do thenid,

níor tógadh a choir den tine

his caldron was never taken from the fire,

acht no bíd oc bruith bíd do feraib Herend.

ach bhíodh ag beiriú bia d’fhir Éireann.

but it has been boiling food for the men of
Ireland.

Ocus in días fil ara bélaib, dá dalta dosom
in dá macc sin

Agus an bheirt ar a bhéala, beirt dhaltaí dó
an dá macaomh sin,

The pair before him, those two youths, are
his fosterlings,

.i. dá mac rí Lagen .i. Muredach agus
Corpri.

beirt mhac rí Laighean .i. Muiríoch agus
Cairbre.

two sons of the king of Leinster, namely
Muiríoch and Cairbre.

Ocus totoethsat trí deichenbair lasin triar sín ar dorus a tigi,	Agus titfidh trí deichniúr leis an triúr sin <u>os comhair</u> a dtí,	And three decads will fall by that trio in front of their house
ocus maidfit búaid rig [nó rigdamna — YBL.] nó airig dibergae,	agus maífidh siad bua ar rí nó rídhmhna, nó ar aire díbheirge,	and they will boast of victory over a king or a crownprince or a chief of the reavers.
ocus immaricfa elud dóib ass iarsuidi[u].”	agus <u>rithfidh</u> leo éalú as iar sin.	After this they will chance to escape from it.”
“Céin mair nodo-ansed!” for Lomna.	“ <u>Saol fada don té a dhéanfaidh anacal orthu!</u> ” arsa Lomna.	“Long live he who should protect them!” says Lomna.
“Bá fer búaid a n-anacail oldás buaid a ngona.	“Ba fhearr bua a n-anacail ná bua a ngona.	“Better were triumph of saving them than triumph of slaying them.
Bátar anachthai cid fóbíthin ind fir sin.	<u>Ba chóir</u> anacal a dhéanamh orthu fiú ar son an fhir sin.	They should be spared were it (<u>only</u>) on account of that man.
Bá túalaing a chomairgi in fer sin,” for Lomna Drúth.	<u>B’fhiú</u> an fear sin a choimirce,” arsa Lomna Drúth.	’Twere meet to give that man quarter”, says Lomna Drúth.
“Ní cumcíd,” for Ingcél.	“Ní féidir daoibh,” arsa Ingcéal.	“Ye cannot”, says Ingcéal.
“Néla [rl.]”	“Néala agus rl.”	“Clouds etc.”
“Ocus iarsin cia acca and?”	“Agus iar sin, cé a chonaic tú ann?”	“And after that whom sawest thou there?”

Section 141

“Comérgid súas trá, a fianna!” for Ingcel,
“dochom in tige.”

Cota-éirget iarom la sodain na díbergaig
dochom na Brudne

ocus fochartatar andord n-impí.

“Tá chéin”, for Conaire, “cid so?”

“Fíanna ar thig,” or Conall Cernach.

“Óic doib sund,” ol Conaire.

“Ricfaider a les innocht,” or Conall
Cernach.

“Éirígí, a fhianna!” arsa Ingcéal, “suas libh
feasta chun an tí.”

Chéimnigh, iaramh, na díbheirgigh chun na
Bruíne leis sin,

agus chuireadar andord *astu* uimpí.

“Éistigí seal,” arsa Conaire, “cad é seo?”

“Fianna os comhair an tí,” arsa Conall
Cernach.

“Tá laochra anseo dóibh,” arsa Conaire.

“Beidh gá leo anocht,” arsa Conall
Cernach.

“Rise up, then, ye champions!” says
Ingcéal, “and get you on to the house.”

With that the reavers immediately march to
the Hostel,

and made a murmur about it.

“Silence a while,” says Conaire, “what is
this?”

“Champions at the house”, says Conall
Cernach.

“There are warriors for them here”, answers
Conaire.

“They will be needed tonight”, Conall
Cernach rejoins.

Section 142

Is iarsin dolluid Lomna Drúth riasin slóg
isin mBrudin.

Bensait in dorsaire a c[h]end de.

Fochres [a cend — **Eg.**] iarom isin mBrudin
co fá thrí,

ocus dorralad eiste co fa thri,

feib doraigert som fessin.

Is iar sin a chuaigh Lomna Drúth roimh an
slua isteach sa Bhruíon.

Bhain na doirseoirí an ceann de.

Caitheadh an ceann iaramh isteach sa
Bhruíon faoi thrí,

agus caitheadh amach aisti arís é faoi thrí

mar ar thairngir sé féin.

Then went Lomna Drúth before the host (of
reavers) into the Hostel.

The doorkeepers struck off his head.

Then the head was thrice flung into the
Hostel,

and thrice cast out of it,

as he himself had foretold.

Section 143

Dothic iarom Conaire immach asin Bruidin, ocus drécht díá muintir lais,	Tagann Conaire amach as an mBruíon iaramh agus dream dá mhuintir leis,	Then Conaire himself sallies out of the Hostel together with some of his people,
ocus ferait comlond frisin slóg,	agus fearann siad comhlann leis an slua	and they fight a combat with the host (<u>of</u> <u>reavers</u>),
ocus dofuitet se cét la Conaire ría síu ro sassad a arm.	agus thit sé chéad le Conaire <u>sular éirigh</u> <u>leis teacht</u> ar a airm.	and six hundred fell by Conaire before he could get to his arms.
Adainter iarom in Bruden co fá thrí,	Cuirtear an Bhruíon iaramh trí thine faoi thrí,	Then the Hostel is thrice set on fire,
ocus dorró-bdad anall co fá thrí.	agus múchtar í faoi thrí <u>ón taobh eile</u> .	and thrice put out from thence:
Ocus rodet ní iúrtha ind orgain	Agus <u>deonadh</u> nach <u>gcuirfí</u> an argain <u>riamh</u> <u>i gcrích</u>	and it was granted that the Destruction would never have been wrought
mani gabtha gním n-aithergaib co Chonaire.	mura ngabhfaí a ghníomh <u>gaisce airm</u> de Chonaire.	had not work of weapons been taken from Conaire.
Dotháet Conaire do saigid a harm iarsin,	Tagann Conaire <u>ar thóir</u> a airm iar sin	Thereafter Conaire went to seek his arms,
ocus gebid a erred cathaigthe imme,	agus gabhann (sé) a éide catha uime,	and he dons his battle-dress,
ocus gabaid glés n-imberta a arm forsna díberga cosin mbudin ro bóí.	agus gabhann ag imirt a arm ar na díbheirgigh fara an mbuíon a bhí leis.	and falls to plying his weapons on the reavers, together with the band that he had.
Tofuitet dano sé chét lais iar saigid a airm inna chétcumscliu.	<u>Tar éis dó</u> teacht ar a arm, *áfach,* titeann sé chéad leis ina chéad ionsaí.	Then, after getting his arms, six hundred fell by him in his first encounter.

Section 144

Ro gab roiniud forsna díbergae iar sudiu.

“Atrubartsa fribse,” for Fer rogain macc Duind Déasa,

“o beit fianna fer n-Érend ocus Alban co Conaire ar thig,

ní iurthar ind orgain mani millter a bruth ocus a gal Conaire.”

“Bid gar úar dosom ón,” or na druid robátár immalle frisna díbergae.

Bá hé milliud sòn dobertatár, conid-ragaib roluigi dige.

Cuireadh an ruaig ar na díbheirigh iar sin.

“Dúirt mé libh” arsa Fear Roghain mac Dhoinn Déasa,

“má thugann fianna fir Éireann agus Alban faoi Chonaire os comhair an tí,

ní cuirfear an argain i gcrích mura milltear bruth agus gal Chonaire.”

“Is gairid a uain,” arsa na draoithe a bhí maille leis na díbheirigh.

Ba é an milleadh a thug siad air gur ghabh móreaspa dí é.

After this the reavers were routed.

“I have told you”, says Fear Roghain son of Donn Déasa,

“that if the champions of the men of Ireland and Alba attack Conaire at the house,

the Destruction will not be wrought unless Conaire’s fury and valour be quelled.”

“Short will his time be”, say the wizards along with the reavers.

This was the quelling they brought, a scantness of drink that seized him.

Section 145

Dolluid Conaire issa tech iarsin ocus
conatech[t] dig.

“Deog dam, a phopa Maic cecht!” for
Conaire.

“Ní hé ord ron-gabus úait cosse ém,” for
Mac cecht, “tabairt digi dait.

Atát dálemain ocus deogbairi lat:

tuicet dig dait.

In t-órd ron-gabus[s]a úait cosse [.i.] to
imditiu

o beit fianna fer nErend ocus Alban deit
i[m]mon mBrudin.

Raga slan úadib,

ocus ní raga gai it chorp.

Cuindig dig cot dáemnu ocus cot
deogbairi.”

Chuaigh Conaire isteach sa teach iar sin
agus d’iarr deoch.

“Deoch dom, a phopa Maic Céacht!” arsa
Conaire.

“Ní hé sin an t-ordú a fuair mé uait go dtí
seo, *ámh,*” arsa Mac Céacht, “deoch a
thabhairt duit.

Ta dáiliúin agus deochbhairí farat:

tugaidís-sean deoch duit.

An t-ordú a fuair mé uait go dtí seo .i. tú a
chosaint

nuair a bheadh fianna fir Éireann agus
Alban ag tabhairt fút timpeall na Bruíne.

Rachaidh tú slán uathu

agus ní rachaidh ga i do chorp.

Iarr deoch ar do dháiliúin agus ar do
dheochbhairí.”

Thereafter Conaire entered the house, and
asked for a drink.

“A drink to me, O master Mac Céacht!”
says Conaire.

Says Mac Céacht: “This is not the order that
I have hitherto had from thee, *indeed,* to
give thee a drink.

There are spencers and cupbearers

who bring drink to thee.

The order I have hitherto had from thee is to
protect thee

when the champions of the men of Ireland
and Alba may be attacking thee around the
Hostel.

Thou wilt go safe from them,

and no spear shall enter thy body.

Ask a drink of thy spencers and thy
cupbearers.”

Section 146

IS andsin conatecht Conaire dig co a dálemnaib ocus co a deogbairib ro bátár isin tig.

“Nis-fil and chetus,” ol seat;

“ro dóirtéa forsna tenti na lennand ro batar isin tig.”

Ní fúaratar na deogbaire dig dó isin Dothrae (.i. aband),

ocus ro bóí in Dothra tríasin tech.

Ansin d’iarr Conaire deoch ar na dáiliúin agus ar na deochbhairí leis a bhí sa teach.

“Ar dtús,” ar siad, “níl *a leithéid* ann;

doirteadh ar na tinte na leachtanna a bhí sa teach.”

Ní bhfuair na deochbhairí deoch dó sa Dothra (.i. abhainn)

cé go raibh an Dothra ag gabháil tríd an teach.

Then Conaire asked a drink of his spencers and his cupbearers who were in the house.

“In the first place there is none”, they say;

“all the liquids that had been in the house have been spilt on the fires.”

The cupbears found no drink for him in the Dodder (a river),

and the Dodder had flowed through the house.

Section 147

IS and conaitecht Conaire dig aridisi.

“Deog dam, a data, a Maicc cecht!

is cumma dam cé bád é éc tíasur,

ol atbél chenae.”

IS and sin tra ro lá Macc cecht rogu di
láthaib gaile fer nErend ro batár isin tig,

dús in bad imchomet ind rí bád dethiten
dóib,

nó bád chuingid dige dó.

ISsé ros-freair isin tig Conall Cernach

— ocus ba lond la side in comram,

ocus báí fich do sede dogrés iartain fri Macc
cecht:

“Léic duinní comet ind rí,” or Conall,

“ocus eirgsiu do chuingid na digi,

Is ansin d’iarr Conaire deoch arís.

“Deoch dom, a altramaí, a Mhic Céacht!

Is cuma domsa cé gurb é sin an bás a
gheobhaidh mé;

beidh deireadh liom cibé scéal é.”

Is ansin thug Mac Céacht rogha do na
laochra gaile d’fhir Éireann a bhí sa teach,

arbh fhearr leo de chúram an rí ba deithide
dóibh a chosaint

nó deoch a lorg dó.

Is é freagra a thug Conall Cearnach sa teach

— ba ghráin leis-sean an t-aighneas

agus bhí sé i bhfíoch de ghréas le Mac
Céacht ina dhiaidh sin —

“Lig dúinn cosaint an rí,” arsa Conall,

“agus éirí ar lorg na dí,

Then Conaire again asked for a drink.

“A drink to me, O fosterer, O Mac Céacht!

’Tis equal to me what death I shall go to,

for anyhow I shall perish.”

Then Mac Céacht gave a choice to the
champions of valour of the men of Ireland
who were in the house,

whether they cared to protect the King

or to seek a drink for him.

Conall Cearnach answered this in the house

— and cruel he deemed the contention,

and afterwards he had always a feud with
Mac Céacht —

“Leave the defense of the King to us,” says
Conall,

“and go thou to seek the drink,

úair is cucut conaitegar.”

óir is orts a iartrar í.”

for of thee it is demanded.”

Section 148

Luid iarom Macc cecht do chuingid na dige,

D'imigh Mac Céacht ansin ar lorg na dí,

So then Mac Céacht fared forth to seek the drink,

ocus gabais Lé fri flaith mac Conaire fo axail,

agus thug sé leis Lé-le-Flaith, mac Conaire, faoina ascaill

and he took Conaire's son, Lé-le-Flaith, under his armpit,

ocus in cuach [n]órdæ Conaire i mber[b]fide dam co tinni,

agus corn órga Chonaire ina mbeireofaí damh agus muc shailte;

and Conaire's golden cup, in which an ox with a bacon-pig would be boiled;

ocus bert a sciath oculus a dá gai oculus a claideb,

agus thug a sciath agus a dhá gha agus a chlaíomh leis,

and he bore his shield and his two spears and his sword,

ocus bert inber in chore .i. inber iarnd.

agus thug bior an choir .i. bior iarainn.

and he carried the caldron-spit, a spit of iron.

Farrumái immach cucu,

Bhrúigh sé amach chucu

He burst forth upon them,

ocus dobert nóí mbulli dond inbiur iarind ar dorus na Brudne,

agus thug naoi mbuille den bhior iarainn os comhair na Bruíne,

and in front of the Hostel he dealt nine blows of the iron spit,

ocus tofuit nónbur cacha buille.

agus thit naonúr le gach buille.

and at every blow nine reavers fell.

Dogní iarom fáenchles don sciath

Rinne sé iaramh faonchleas den sciath

Then he makes a sloping feat of the shield

ocus faeborchles don claidiub imma chend,

agus faobharchleas den chlaíomh um a cheann,

and an edge-feat of the sword about his head,

ocus tobert fobart mbidbad forro,	agus thug fogha bíobha fúthu,	and he delivered a hostile attack upon them.
ocus tofuitet sé cét lais ina chétchumscliu,	agus thit sé chéad ina chéad ionsaí	Six hundred fell in his first encounter,
ocus teit iar sligi cét tria budin sechtair.	agus ar shleachtadh na gcéadtha ghabh sé tríd an mbuíon lasmuigh.	and after cutting down hundreds he goes through the band outside.

Section 149

Imthussa lochta na Brudne, iss ed chestnigther, sund colléic.	Dála lucht na Bruíne, sin é atá á iniúchadh anseo faoi láthair.	The doings of the folk of the Hostel, this is what is here examined, presently.
Atraig Conall Cernach	Éiríonn Conall Cearneach,	Conall Cearnach arises,
ocus gebid a gaisced	agus gabhann a arm gaisce *chuige*	and takes his weapons,
ocus imsóí dar dorus na Brudne	agus casann *amach* thar dorus na Bruíne	and wends over the door of the Hostel,
ocus timchellaíd a tech,	agus timpeallaíonn an tí	and goes round the house.
ocus dofuitet .ccc. lais,	agus titeann trí chéad leis,	Three hundred fell by him,
ocus díchuirid na díberg[a] da téora fuithairbi ó Brudin sechtair,	agus díchuireann sé na díbheirgigh trí iomaire ón mBruíon <u>amach</u> ,	and he hurls back the reavers over three ridges out from the Hostel,
ocus máidid buáid rí,	agus maíonn bua ar rí	and boasts of triumph over a king,
ocus tintaid i mBrudin oculus sé créchtach.	agus filleann ar an mBruíon agus é créachtach.	and returns, wounded, into the Hostel.

Section 150

Tic Cormac Condlongas	Tagann Cormac Connlongas *i láthair*	Cormac Connlongas sallies out,
ocus a nói céli malle fris,	agus a naonúr céile maille leis,	and his nine comrades with him,
ocus doberat a cumscliu forsna díberga,	agus tugann a n-ionsaithe faoi na díbheirgigh;	and they deliver their onsets on the reavers.
ocus dothuitet nói ndeichenbor la Cormac	agus titeann naoi ndeichniúr le Cormac	Nine enneas fall by Cormac
ocus nói ndeichenbor la muintir,	agus naoi ndeichniúr lena mhuintir,	and nine enneas by his people,
ocus fer cech airm,	agus fear le gach arm	and a man for each weapon
ocus fer cech fir,	agus fear le gach fear,	and a man for each man.
ocus máidid Cormac lecht airig díbergae,	agus maíonn Cormac bás aire de na díbheirgigh,	And Cormac boasts of the death of a chief of the reavers.
ocus immáric elud dóib cér'bot crechtaig.	agus ritheann leo éalú cé gur chréachtach <u>dóibh</u> .	They succeed in escaping though they be wounded.

Section 151

Tecait in tríar Cruithneach a Brudin sechtair,	Tagann an triúr Cruithneach as an mBruíon <u>amach</u> ,	The trio of Picts sally forth from the Hostel,
ocus gabait gles immerta a n-arm forsna díberga,	agus gabhann siad ag imirt a n-arm ar na díbheirgigh,	and take to plying their weapons on the reavers.
ocus dofuitet nói ndeichenbor leo,	agus titeann naoi ndeichniúr leo,	And nine enneads fall by them,
ocus immaríc elud dóib cíar'bat crechtaig.	agus ritheann leo éalú cé gur chréachtach <u>dóibh</u> .	and they chance to escape though they be wounded.
Tecait in nónbor cuslennach immach,	Tagann an naonúr cuisleannach amach,	The nine pipers sally forth
ocus imrubat a ngnim forsna díberga,	agus imríonn siad a ngaisce ar na díbheirgigh,	and dash their (<u>warlike</u>) work on the reavers;
ocus immáric elud dóib.	agus ritheann leo éalú.	and (<u>then</u>) they succeed in escaping.

Section 152

Cid fil and trá acht is fota fri haisnis,	Cad tá i gceist, <u>más ea</u> , ach gur fada le hinsint é,	Howbeit then, but it is long to relate,
is tophlíúin menman,	gur leadrán meanman,	'tis weariness of mind,
is búadred do chétfaidib,	gur buaireamh do chéadfaí,	'tis confusion of the senses,
is emiltius fri héstidip,	gur eimhealtas le lucht éiste,	'tis tediousness to hearers,
is imarcraid n-innisen	gur iomarca insinte é	'tis superfluity of narration
tíachtain dar na nechib inundaib fo dí.	trácht ar na nithe céanna faoi dhó.	to go over the same things twice.
Acht tancatár iar n-urd lucht na Brudne immach,	Ach tháinig lucht na Bruíne amach de réir oird,	But the folk of the Hostel came forth in order,
ocus ro fersatár a comlonna forsna diberga,	agus d'fhear siad a gcomhlanna leis na díbheirgigh,	and fought their combats with the reavers,
ocus dotuitset leo amal ro rádi Fer rogain ocus Lomna Druth fri Ingcéal	agus thit siad leo mar a dúirt Fear Roghain agus Lomna Drúth le hIngcéal	and fell by them, as Fear Roghain and Lomna Drúth had said to Ingcéal,
.i. no theiged lucht cecha imdae beus co fertáis a comlond,	.i. théadh lucht gach iomdha amach fós, d'fhearaidís a gcomhlanna,	to wit, that the folk of every room would sally forth still and deliver their combat,
ocus imruláitís ass iarsin.	agus d'éalaídís as iar sin.	and after that escape.
Connach farcaib i mBrudin i farrad Conaire acht Conall ocus Sencha ocus Dubtach.	Níor fágadh dá réir sin sa Bhruíon i bhfarrad Conaire ach Conall agus Seancha agus Dubhthach.	So that none were left in the Hostel in Conaire's company save Conall and Seancha and Dubhthach.

Section 153

Frisin mórbruth iarom, agus fri mét in
chomlainn ro fer Conaire,

dofic a mórhart ítad,

ocus aplis do thám ar nach fúair a dig.

Ó'tbath iarom in rí

dothægat in triar út a Brudin immach,

ocus nos-gabat sáebglés ndíberge forsna
díbergaib,

ocus imthiagat o Brudin co créchtach,
aithbris[te] agus athgoite.

De bharr an mhórbhrutha, iaramh, agus
méid an chomhlainn a d'fhear Conaire,

tháinig spalladh mór tarta air,

agus d'éag sé d'fhiabhras mar nach bhfuair
sé a dheoch.

Nuair a cailleadh an rí *, áfach,*

tháinig an triúr úd as an mBruíon amach

agus rinne siad baothbheart díbheirge ar na
díbheirgigh,

agus d'imigh siad ón mBruíon go
créachtach athbhriste tromghonta.

Now from the vehement ardour and the
greatness of the contest which Conaire had
fought,

his great drouth of thirst attacked him,

and he perished of a consuming fever, for
he got not his drink.

So when the king died

those three sally out of the Hostel,

and deliver a wily stroke (?) of reaving on
the reavers,

and fare forth from the Hostel, wounded, to-
broken and maimed.

Section 154

IMthússa Maicc cecht immorro, luid sede
co ránic Tiprait Casra.

Ba occus do hi Crích Cúaland inna farrad,

ocus ní fúair lán a chúaich inti di usci .i. in
cúach orda Conaire ron-uc ina láim.

Dorimchell ríuscú Herend ría matain

.i. Buas, Boand, Banna,

Berba, Neim, Luae,

Láigdae, Sinand, Siúr,

Slicech, Sámair, Find,

Ruirthech, [Sláne, — **Eg.**]

ocus ní fúair lán a chúaich di usci intib.

Dála Mhic Céacht, iomorra, d'imigh sé leis
nó gur ráinig sé go Tobar Chasra.

Bhí seo ina fharradh i gCríoch Cualann;

ach ní bhfuair sé lán a choirn — corn órga
Chonaire a rug sé leis ina láimh — d'uisce
ann.

Roimh mhaidin ghabh sé timpeall go ri-
uiscí Éireann

.i. Buas, Bóinn, Banna,

Bearú, Neimh, Lua,

Laíghe, Sionann, Siúr,

Sligeach, Sámhair, Fionn,

Ruirtheach, Sláine,

agus ní bhfuair lán a choirn d'uisce iontu.

Touching Mac Céacht, however, he went
his way till he reached the Well of Ceasair,

which was near him in Críoch Cualann;

but of water he found not therein the full of
his cup, that is, Conaire's golden cup which
he had brought in his hand.

Before morning he had gone round the chief
rivers of Ireland,

to wit, Bush, Boyne, Bann,

Barrow, Neimh, Lua,

Laíghe, Shannon, Suir,

Sligo, Sámhair, Fionn,

Ruirtheach, Slaney,

and in them he found not the full of his cup
of water.

Section 155

Toróchell dano prímlócha Herend ría
matain

.i. Dergderc, Loch Luimnig,

Loch Rí[b], Loch Febail,

Loch Mesca, Loch n-Erbsen,

Loch Láig, Loch Cúan,

Loch n-Echach, Mórloch,

ocus ní fúair lán a cuaich di usci intib.

Ansin ghabh sé timpeall go príomhlocha
Éireann roimh mhaidin,

.i. Deirgdheirc, Loch Luimnigh,

Loch Ríbh, Loch Feabhail,

Loch Measc, Loch nOirbhsean,

Loch Lao, Loch Cuan,

Loch nEachach, Mórloch;

agus ní bhfuair lán a choirn d'uisce iontu.

Then before morning he had travelled to the
chief lakes of Ireland,

to wit, Lough Derg, Loch Luimnigh,

Lough Ree, Lough Foyle,

Lough Mask, Lough Corrib,

Loch Lao, Loch Cúan,

Lough Neagh, Mórloch,

and of water he found not therein the full of
his cup.

Section 156

Luid co ránic Úarán nGarad for Maig Ái.

Atroa[s]sidé a dicleth n-airi,

co tuc lán a chúaich ass,

ocus docer in mac fo a choim.

Dodeochaid iar sudiu co tánic Brudin Da
Dergæ ría matain.

Lean sé air nó go ráinig sé go hUarán
Garadh ar Mhá Aoi.

Níorbh fhéidir é a cheilt air

agus thug sé lán a choirn as,

agus thit an mac faoina choim.

Chuaigh sé iar sin nó gur tháinig sé go
Bruíon Da Dearga roimh mhaidin.

He went his way till he reached Uarán
Garadh on Má Aoi.

It could not hide itself from him:

so he brought thereout the full of his cup,

and the boy fell under his covering.

After this he went on and reached Da
Dearga's Hostel before morning.

Section 157

INtan dodeochaid Macc cecht triasin tres
fuitheirbi dochom in tige,

is and ro bóí días oc béim a chind do
Chonaire.

Benaid íarom Macc cecht a chend dond-ala
fir adchomaic a chend do Conaire.

Ro bóí dano in fer aile oc élúd ass cossin
chind.

Docóemnacair coirthe cloche fo chossaib
Maicc cecht for lár na Brudne.

Doléice dond fiur aile occ a rabi a cend

tara choeldruim cor-róemid a druim and.

Benaid Macc cecht a chend de iar sudiu.

Dórtais Macc cecht in cúach n-usci inn
airsci ocus im-méde Conaire.

An tan a tháinig Mac Céacht thar an triú
hiomaire i dtreo an tí,

is ann a bhí beirt ag baint a chinn de
Chonaire.

Baineann, iaramh, Mac Céacht a cheann de
dhuine den bheirt a bhain a cheann de
Chonaire.

Bhí an fear eile ansin ag éalú as leis an
gceann.

Tharla carraig choirthe faoi chosa Mhic
Céacht ar úrlar na Bruíne.

Caith sé í leis an bhfear eile ag a raibh an
ceann

gur bhuail ina chaoldroim gur bhris a
dhroim ann.

Bhain Mac Céacht a cheann de ansin.

Dhoirt Mac Céacht an corn uisce i
sceolbhach agus i muineál Chonaire.

When Mac Céacht went across the third
ridge towards the house,

'tis there were twain striking off Conaire's
head.

Then Mac Céacht strikes off the head of one
of the two men who were beheading
Conaire.

The other man then was fleeing forth with
(the king's) head.

A pillar-stone chanced to be (?) under Mac
Céacht's feet on the floor of the Hostel.

He hurls it at the man who had Conaire's
head

(and drove it) through his spine, so that his
back broke.

After this Mac Céacht beheads him.

Mac Céacht then spilt the cup of water into
Conaire's gullet and neck.

Asbert iarom cend Conaire iar tabairt ind
usci ina médi ocus inna ersci:

“Maith fer Macc cecht,
fó fer Macc cecht,
[maith loech him-maig,
maith hi tig — **Eg.**]
dobeir dig,
conói rí,
dogní echt.
[cain tairnic fianna fúar

fóidis for lóechu liic
Cain selaig ar dorus tech mBruidne diamla

Fer lé he.
conid fria leth les sleg.
caín beinn do Macc cían clothach cecht.

Dia mbad i mbethu beind. Fó fer.” — **Eg.**]

Luid Macc cecht iar sudiú iarom i ndegaid
in madma.

Dúirt ceann Chonaire iaramh nuair a
cuireadh an t-uisce ina mhuineál agus ina
sceolbhach:

“Maith an fear Mac Céacht.
Sárfhear Mac Céacht.
Maith an laoch lasmuigh.
Maith (an laoch) laistigh.
Tugann deoch,
cosnaíonn rí,
déanann éacht.
Is maith a mharaigh sé na fianna a fuair
mé.
Cuir sé leac ar laoch.
Is maith a shlascairt ar dhoras tí na Bruíne.

Fear Lé é
gur lena taobh leis sleá.
Is maith a bheinn do Mhac cían clothach
Céacht.
Dá mba i mbeatha a bheinn. Sárfhear.”

Chuaigh Mac Céacht iaramh i ndiaidh na
maidhme.

Then said Conaire’s head, after the water
had been put into its neck and gullet:

“A good man Mac Céacht,
an excellent man Mac Céacht.
A good warrior without,
good within,
He gives a drink,
he saves a king,
he doth a deed.
Well he ended the champions I found.

He sent a flagstone on the warriors.
Well he hewed by the door of the Hostel ...

Fear Lé,
So that a spear is against one hip.
Good should I be to far-renowned Mac
Céacht.
If I were alive. A good man.”

After this Mac Céacht then followed the
routed foe.

Section 158

ISs ed tra ármit araile libair andso	Is é a aithriseann leabhair eile, *áfach,*	'Tis this that some books relate, however,
conna torchair acht uathed mbec im Chonaire .i. nónbor nammá,	nár thit ach <u>beagán beag</u> um Chonaire, .i. naonúr amháin,	that but a very few fell around Conaire, namely, nine only.
ocus ní mór ma doerna sceóla[ng] indisen scél dona fiannaib ro bátár ar tig doib.	agus nach mór nár éalaigh fear inste scéil de na fianna a bhí <u>os comhair an tí ina gcoinne</u> .	And hardly a fugitive escaped to tell the tidings to the champions who had been at the house.

Section 159

Baile ir-rabatár cóic míle cét	<u>Mar</u> a raibh cúig mhíle céad,	Where there had been five thousand
ocus deich cét in cach míli,	agus deich gcéad i ngach míle,	— and in every thousand ten hundred —
ní érna acht óenchoiciuir díb ass	níor éalaigh ach aon chúigear amháin díobh as	only one set of five escaped,
.i. Ingcél oculus a dá bráthair .i. Echell oculus Tulchinne .i. 'Dartaid na díberca'	.i. Ingcéal agus a bheirt dearthár (.i. Éigeal agus Tulchinne .i. 'Dartaí na Díbheirge')	namely Ingcéal, and his two brothers Éigeal and Tulchinne, the 'Yearling of the Reavers'
[<i>in marg.</i> i. tri maicc ui Chonmaic]	(— .i. <u>triúr de shliocht</u> Conmaicne,)	— three great-grandsons of Conmac,
[ocus da Ruád Róirend ro cétgonsat Conaire — Eg.]	agus an dá Rua ó Roirinn, *an bheirt* a chéadghoin Conaire.	and the two Ruas of Róiriu who had been the first to wound Conaire.

Section 160

Luid iarom Ingcél i n-Albain iartain	Chuaigh Ingcéal iaramh go hAlban, *áfach,*	Thereafter Ingcéal went into Alba, however,
ocus gabais rigi daresi a athar	agus ghabh an ríogacht tar éis a athar	and received the kingship after his father,
ó ruc buaid rí al-thúathi leis dia thig.	mar gur thug sé leis abhaile bua rí tuaithe eile.	since he had taken home triumph over a king of another <i>tuath</i> .

Section 161

ISs ed immorro is slicht il-lebraib ailib and,	Is é seo, iomorra, an insint i leabhair eile,	This, however, is the recension in other books,
ocus is dochu co mbad fíriu.	agus is dóiche gur mó is fíor é	and it is more probably truer.
Cethracha nó cóeca do thutim do lucht na Brudne,	*.i.* Daichead nó caoga de lucht na Bruíne a thitim	Of the folk of the Hostel forty or fifty fell,
ocus téora cethraimthe do thutim dona díbergaib	agus trí ceathrúna de na díbheirgigh,	and of the reavers three fourths
ocus a n-áentrían namma do élúd ónd orgain.	agus *gan ach* trian amháin (sic) díobh a éalú ón scrios.	and one third [<i>leg.</i> fourth?] of them only escaped from the Destruction.

Section 162

INTan dano ro boi Macc cecht for a áлтаib
isind ármaig

cind in tres-lái conaccai in mnai sechae.

“Tadall lat ille, a banscal,” for Macc cecht.

“Ní laimim a dul,” ol in ben, “lat graain
ocus t’omun.”

“Ro bóí uair damsa di sudiu, a ben,” for
Macc cecht,

[“i. mo grain ocus m’omun ar neach,

acht chena ní agara so ní, ocus — **Eg.**]

Nod-gaibim for fir mo enig ocus mo
fhaesaim.”

Adella in ben chuice iarom.

“Nochon fetursa,” ol se, “in [ba] cuil bá in
corrmíl bá in sengán nom-gaib isin crecht.”

Ecmaing bá mongach maic thire ro bóí and

An tan a bhí Mac Céacht ina chosair chró ar
an ármhá, *áfach,*

faoi cheann trí lá chonaic sé an bhean ag
gabháil thar bhráid.

“Tar anseo, a bhean,” arsa Mac Céacht.

“Ní leomhaim dul,” arsa an bhean, “le gráin
agus eagla romhat.”

“Bhí an t-am ann, a bhean,” arsa Mac
Céacht, “nuair a bhí sin agam

.i. gráin agus eagla romham ar dhuine;

ach anois ní cás duit aon eagla a bheith ort,
agus

glacaim leat ar fhírinne m’oinigh agus mo
choimirce.”

Téann an bhean chuige iaramh.

“Ní fheadar,” ar sé, “an cuil nó corrmhíol
nó seangán atá ag gabháil dom sa chréacht.”

Tharla gur mac tíre mongmhór a bhí ann

Now when Mac Céacht was lying wounded
on the battlefield, moreover,

at the end of the third day, he saw a woman
passing by.

“Come hither, O woman,” says Mac
Céacht.

“I dare not go thus”, says the woman, “for
horror and fear of thee.”

Says Mac Céacht: “There was a time when I
had this, O woman,

even horror and fear of me on some one.

But now thou shouldst fear nothing.

I accept thee on the truth of my honour and
my safeguard.”

Then the woman goes to him.

“I know not”, says he, “whether it is a fly or
a gnat, or an ant that nips me in the wound.”

It happened that it was a hairy wolf that was
there,

connici a dá gualaind isin crecht.	agus é go dhá ghualainn sa chréacht.	as far as its two shoulders in the wound.
Ro[n]gab in ben ar but,	Rug an bhean ar eireaball air	The woman seized it by the tail,
ocus dosrenga asin crecht,	agus tharraing é as an gcreacht;	and dragged it out of the wound,
ocus dobeir lán a bél lais ass.	agus tugann sé lán a bhéil leis as.	and it takes the full of its jaws out of him.
“Is ‘sengan sentalman’ ém,” or in ben, “aní seo.”	“Is ‘seangán seantalún’ é seo ámh,” arsa an bhean.	“Truly”, says the woman, “this is ‘an ant of ancient land’.”
“Tongu do dia toinges mo thúath,” for Mac cecht,	“Mionnaím do Dhia a mionnaíonn mo thuath,” arsa Mac Céacht,	Says Mac Céacht: “I swear to God what my people swears,
“ní bu mó limsa oldás cuil nó corrmíl nó sengán sin.”	“níorbh mhó liom é sin ná cuil nó corrmhiól nó seangán.”	I deemed it no bigger than a fly, or a gnat, or an ant.”
[Ocus rongab Mac cecht in coin ar braigit,	Agus rug Mac Céacht ar bhráid ar an <u>mac tíre</u>	And Mac Céacht took the wolf by the throat,
ocus ro buail a dornn ina hedan	agus bhuail sé a dhorn ina éadan	and struck it a blow on the forehead,
gurus-marb d’aendornn — St.]	agus mharaigh é den aon dorn.	and killed it with a single blow.

Section 163

Atbath dano Lé fri flaith mac Conaire fo
oxail Maicc cécht

ocus ro leg bruth ocus allus in miled hé.

D'éag Lé-le-Flaith mac Conaire faoi ascaill
Mhic Céacht *ansin*

agus leáigh bruth agus allas an mhíle é.

Then Lé-le-Flaith, son of Conaire, died
under Mac Céacht's armpit,

for the warrior's heat and sweat had
dissolved him.

Section 164

Dolluid Mac cecht iarsin, iar nglanad ind
aír, cind in tres lá,

ocus dosrenga Conaire lais for a muin,

co ro adnacht hi Temraig hé, ut alii dícut.

Doslui Macc cecht iarsin hi Connachta, (.i.
ca chrích fessin)

co ndernad a leges im-Maig Bréngair,

conid de ro len in t-ainm ammag do ingor
Maicc cecht .i. Mag mBrénguir.

D'imigh Mac Céacht iar sin, i ndiaidh
glanadh an áir, faoi cheann trí lá,

agus d'iompair sé Conaire leis ar a mhuin

agus d'adhlaic i dTeamhair é, *ut alii dicunt*.

Cuaigh Mac Céacht iar sin go Connachta,
(.i. a chríoch féin),

go ndearna sé a leigheas i Má Bréanghoir;

is uaidh sin a lean an t-ainm .i. Má
Bréanghoir, den mhá, ó in-gor (droch-ghor)
Mhic Céacht.

Thereafter Mac Céacht, having cleansed the
slaughter, at the end of the third day, set
forth,

and he dragged Conaire with him on his
back,

and buried him at Tara, as some say.

Then Mac Céacht departed into Connacht,
to his own country,

that he might work his cure in Má
Bréanghoir,

wherefore the name clave to the plain from
Mac Céacht's misery, that is, Má
Bhréanghoir.

Section 165

Aslúi dano Conall Cernach o Brudin,	D'éalaigh Conall Cearnach ón mBruíon *, áfach, *	Now Conall Cearnach escaped from the Hostel,
ocus dochúatar tri cócait gai triasin láim i mbói in sciath dó,	agus chuaigh trí caogaid ga tríd an láimh ina raibh a sciath,	and thrice fifty spears had gone through the arm which upheld his shield.
ocus luid iarsin corránic tech a athar,	agus d'imigh sé iar sin nó gur shroich sé teach a athar,	He fared forth till he reached his father's house,
ocus leth a scéith inna láim	agus leath a scéithe ina láimh,	with half his shield in his hand,
ocus a claideb	agus a chlaíomh,	and his sword,
ocus brurech a da gai.	agus brúireach a dhá gha.	and the fragments of his two spears.
Forránic iarom a athair i ndorus a liss hi Talltin.	Tháinig sé iaramh a athair <u>os comhair</u> a leasa i dTailte.	Then he found his father before his garth in Tailte.

Section 166

“Lúatha coin dot-roiphnetar, a maccan,” for a athair friss.

“Issed ron-bí, dochomruc fri ocu ón, a senláich,” for Conall Cernach.

“Scéla lat didu na Brudne Da Dergæ?” ol Amorgin:

“in béo do thigernæ?”

“Noc[h]on béo immorro,” for Conall.

“Tongu do dia toingthe mórtúatha Ulad,

is midlachda dond fir dodeochaid ass i mbethaid

íar fácbáil a thigerna l[i]a náimtiu i mbás.”

“Nidat bána mo chrechta-sa, a senlaich,” ol esseom.

“Is luath iad na coin a bhí ar do thóir, a mhacáin,” arsa a athair leis.

“Is é *seo* a ghoin sinn ná dochomhrach le laochra, a sheanlaoich,” arsa Conall Cearnach.

“An bhfuil scéala leat *ansin* faoi Bhruíon Da Dearga?” arsa Amhairghin,

“an beo do thiarna?”

“Ní beo dó, iomorra,” arsa Conall.

“Mionnaím do Dhia dar a mionnaíonn mórtuatha Uladh,

is meata an beart é don té a tháinig as ina bheatha

ar fhágáil a thiarna lena naimhde in éaga.”

“Ní bán iad mo chréachta, a sheanlaoich,” ar seisean.

“Swift are the wolves that have hunted thee, my son”, saith his father.

“ ’Tis this that has wounded us, thou old hero, an evil conflict with warriors”, Conall Cearnach replied.

“Hast thou then news of Da Dearga’s Hostel?” asked Amhairghin.

“Is thy lord alive?”

“He is not alive, truly,” says Conall.

“I swear to God what the great tribes of Ulaidh swear,

it is cowardly for the man who went thereout alive,

having left his lord with his foes in death.”

“My wounds are not white, thou old hero”, says Conall.

Section 167

Doadbat a láim scéith dó, forsa rabatár tri
cóecait crecht,

iss ed adcoimced furri.

In sciáth trá immar dítnestar iss ed ros-
anacht.

Ind lám dess immorro immarobrad for sudi

cor-rici a dá cutrummæ,

innád rubæ in sciáth ocá imdegail.

Ro cirred iarom ind lám sin ocus ro
hathchummad ocus ro crechtnaiged ocus ro
críathrad,

achd conácaibset na féithi frisin corp cen
etarscarad.

“Ro fích ind lám sin innocht, a maccáin,” ol
Amorgein.

“Fír son, a senláich”, ol Conall Cernach;

“is sochaide dia tar[a]d deoga tonnaid
innocht ar dorus Bruidne.”

Taispeánann sé dó a lámh scéithe agus trí
caogaid créacht uirthi;

sin ar tharla uirthi.

Is é a dhíon í *go deimhin* ná mar a
chosain an sciáth í.

Imríodh ar an lámh dheas, iomorra,

agus sin fad dhá dtrian di

sa mhéid nach raibh an sciáth á cosaint.

Ciorraíodh iaramh an lámh sin agus bascadh
agus goineadh, agus polladh í,

ach gur choimeád na féithe greamaithe leis
an gcorp í gan scaradh leis.

“Throid an lámh sin anocht, a mhacáin,”
arsa Amhairghin.

“Fíor dhuit, a sheanlaoich,” arsa Conall
Cernach.

“Is iomaí dá dtug sé deoch bháis anocht os
comhair na Bruíne.”

He shews him his shield-arm, whereon were
thrice fifty wounds:

this is what was inflicted upon it.

The shield that guarded it is what saved it ,
indeed.

But the right arm had been played upon,
however,

as far as two thirds thereof,

since the shield had not been guarding it.

That arm was mangled and maimed and
wounded and pierced, however,

save that the sinews kept it to the body
without separation.

“That arm fought tonight, my son”, says
Amhairghin.

“True is that, thou old hero”, says Conall
Cernach.

“Many there are unto whom it gave drinks
of death tonight in front of the Hostel.”

Section 168

IMthús immorro na [n]dibergach, cach óen
terna díb o Brudin

dollotar cosin carnd dond-rónsat isind
aidchi remideogaid,

ocus bertatar cloich cach fir béogáiti leo ass.

Conid ed ro márbad dib oc Brudin,

fer cach clochi fil hi Carnd Leca.

Finit, amen, finit.

Dála na ndíbheargach, áfach, gach aon
díobh a tháinig slán ón mBruíon,

chuaigh siad go dtí an carn a rinne siad arú
aréir roimhe sin

agus rug siad leo as cloch do gach fear beo
cé gonta.

Is é ar maraíodh díobh ag an mBruíon,

fear do gach cloch dá bhfuil i gCarn Leaca.

Finit. Amen. Finit.

Now as to the reavers, however, every one
of them that escaped from the Hostel

went to the cairn which they had built on
the night before last,

and they brought thereout a stone for each
man not mortally wounded.

So this is what they lost by death at the
Hostel,

a man for every stone that is (now) in Carn
Leaca.

It endeth: Amen: it endeth.