

Tromdámh Guaire

Guaire's Burdensome Company

Note to the reader

Joynt's edition is based in the main on the version of the saga in the Book of Lismore, in Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, although she worked from the transcript in the Royal Irish Academy (MS 23 H 6). Where the Lismore text is defective, she has filled up gaps from the version in the manuscript MS 24 M 31 [M] in the Royal Irish Academy, these being indicated by square brackets []. In her footnotes, she also gives variant readings from [M] and the manuscripts MS 23 O 16 [O¹] and MS 23 O 34 [O²], also in the Royal Irish Academy. In this presentation, these variant readings are incorporated into the Medieval Irish text. In her Notes, Joynt gives suggested translations for parts of the text. In this presentation, these translations replace Connellan's translations of these parts of the text and the Modern Irish version is adjusted accordingly.

Section 1

BAI ri uasal oirdnighe for Airghiallaibh feac[h]t n-aill	Bhí rí uasal oirní ar Oirghialla tráth	A noble, worthy, king ruled Oirghiall at one time
.i. Aedh mac Duach Dhuibh.	*agus* Aodh mac Duach Dhuibh *ab ainm dó*.	whose name was Aodh son of Duach Dubh.
Ein-aimser do sein ocus d'Aedh Fhinn mac Fergna meic Fearghusa meic Muireadaigh Mail ri Brefne et do bhatar in dias sin co himrisnach.	<u>I gcomhaimsir leis</u> sin, bhí Aodh Fionn mac Fheargna mhic Fhearghasa mhic Mhuireadhaigh Mhaoil, rí *ar* Bhréifne, agus do bhí imreasán *idir* an dís *acu* sin.	Contemporaneous with him was Aodh Fionn, son of Feargna, son of Fearghas, son of Muireadach Maol, king of Bréifne, and those two were at strife.

Gach ní maith dognidh fear dhibh,	Gach ní maith do dhéanadh fear díobh,	In every good act performed by one,
rob aíl don fhir eile a imurcaid [imurca M] do dhenum do fein.	b'áil leis an bhfear eile a shárú a dhéanamh <u>leis féin</u> .	the other would endeavour to excel him;
Et ní hinann do bhatar aroen,	Agus ní hionann a bhí siad araon,	yet both were not equally circumstanced;
or buí fear cétach comhrumach [domhruinnech M] conaigh acu	óir b'fhear <u>saibhí</u> comhramhach acmhainneach <u>duine acu</u>	for one was a hundred fold more (wealthy), just, and prosperous,
.i. Aedh Finn	.i. Aodh Fionn,	namely Aodh Fionn;
ocus fear crodha cosantach	agus fear cróga cosantach	whilst the other was valiant and warlike,
.i. Aedh mac Duach Duibh ri Oirghiall.	<u>ab ea</u> Aodh mac Duach Dhuibh, rí Oirghiall.	namely Aodh the son of Duach Dubh, king of Oirghiall.
Is do tra ba cora beth crodu dib,	Is dó, trá, ba chóra a bheith cróga díobh	It was, indeed, far easier for him to be the more warlike of the two,
or robui sciath aigi	óir do bhí sciath aige,	for he had a shield,
ocus ba he ainm in sceith [na scéithe M] sin Duibhghilla,	agus ba é ainm na scéithe sin Duibhghilla,	and the name of the shield was Dubhghilla (the Black Attendant),
ocus ba da buadhuib	agus ba dá bhuanna	and one of its properties was this,
gach [aen] do chidh a lathair catha hi da bidhbadhuib,	gach [éinne] dá naimhde do chíodh i láthair catha í,	that whosoever was opposed to it in the field of battle

ni bhídh nert mna seolta [<i>or</i> siuil ?; séolta M ; náoidhe O] ann,	ní bhíodh neart mná seolta ann,	had not *even* the strength of a woman in labour,
ocus ba maidm roimpi gach conair a teighedh [gach cathair i téighedh M]	agus ba mhaidhm *a bheadh* roimpi i ngach <u>aon</u> chonair ina dtéadh sí	and <u>all fled</u> before it in every conflict it entered into,
gin gu beth acht si agus fear a himcair.	<u>dá mba nach</u> mbeadh ann ach í *féin amháin* agus fear a hiompair.	though only (the shield) itself and its bearer might be there.
Is ann i mbui	Is ann a bhí	It was at that very period and time
Eochaidh [Rí-éiceas	Eochaidh Ríghéigeas,	that Eochaidh Ríghéigeas (the chief Professor)
i bhfarradh] [Eochaidh meic <i>fcs.</i>] rígh Brefne	i bhfarradh Rí Bhréifne,	was staying with the king of Bréifne,
ocus ba heisein Dallán Forguil.	agus ba heisean Dallán Forgaill.	and this was Dallán Forgaill.
Bui tromdham mor aig[e ann] doib,	Bhí tromdhámh mhór <u>d'fhilí</u> aige ann,	He was accompanied by a numerous professional body,
et as i in Brefne inad ba ferr leis,	agus is i mBréifne <u>an t-ionad</u> ba fearr leis,	and the quarter he liked best was Bréifne,
or ba himdha a cruigh agus a cethracha.	óir b'iomdha ba a <u>caoraíocht</u> agus a <u>táinte bó</u> .	for numerous were its flocks and cattle herds.
Tarla aenn-oighthi i mBrefne a tigh n-ola	Tharla *don Rí agus don Ríghéigeas* <u>bheith</u> oíche i dteach óil *i mBréifne*	It happened that the king of Bréifne was one night in his drinking-house,
ocus atbert ra Dallan:	agus dúirt *an rí* le Dallán.	and he said to Dallán:—

“Mor h’oirdni ocus do chadhus uaim, a Dhallain,” ar se.	“Is mór d’onóir agus do <u>cháil a fhaigheann</u> tú uaimse, a Dhalláin,” ar sé.	“You have great honour and privilege from me.”
“Ni hingnadh sin,” ar Dallan,	“Ní <u>haon</u> ionadh sin,” arsa Dallán,	“That is not to be wondered at,” said Dallán,
“ar is mor m’anoir a nAlbain	“mar is mór í m’onóir in Albain	“for great is my honour in Alban (Scotland),
ocus a Saxain	agus i Sasana	in Saxan (England),
ocus a mBretnaibh [a nBreituinn M]	agus i mBreatain	in Britain, (perhaps Wales)
ocus a Frang [Frainne M ; isan bFhraing O].	agus san Fhrainc,	and in France,
Or ata ollamnacht gach crich dibh sin agam.”	mar tá ollúnacht gach críche díobhsan agam.”	because I hold the chief professorship of all those countries.”
“Gidh edh,” ar Aedh,	“Más ea féin,” arsa Aodh,	“Notwithstanding all that,” said Aodh <u>Fionn</u> ,
“doberim-si d’imurcaid (?) gach rig dib sin duit.	“tugaimse <u>breis</u> gach rí díobhsan *d’onóir* duit;	“I give you more than all those kings and noble chiefs together,
Or in tan tede-si ar cuairt ollamnachta i crich ciana comaitheigh,	óir, nuair a théann tú ar cuairt ollúnachta i gcríocha imigéiniúla coimhthíocha,	for whenever you go on a professional visit into distant foreign countries,
in tan tesd[as] bo uait cuirim-si bo ’na hinat,	an tan a theastaíonn bó uait, cuirimse bó ina hionad,	and if you should lose a cow I send you a cow in its place,
ocus in tan teasdus each no cru no pinginn cuirim-si ina innad gach neth dibh,	agus an tan a theastaíonn each nó <u>táinte</u> nó airgead uait, cuirimse gach ní díobhsan ina ionad	and if you should lose goods, I send you goods instead of them; and if you lose a penny, I put a penny in its place,

co fagha tusa do cruidh ocus h'innmusa imlán."	*i dtreo is* go bhfaighe tú do <u>tháinte bó</u> agus d'ionnús-sa iomlán *eile slán romhat nuair a thagann tú abhaile.*"	in order that you may find your cattle, goods, and wealth whole on your return."
"A [rí], cidh na [leg. ma ?] n-abrai na briatra sin?"	"A Rí," arsa <u>Dallán</u> , "cad chuige go ndeir tú na briathra sin?"	"Why say you this, O king?" said <u>Dallán</u> .
"Aderim," ar Aed,	"Deirim," arsa Aodh,	"For this reason," said the king,
"curub coir duit-si, in te ata fa chom-[nós friomsa] .i. ri Oirgiall, gach [ní dá] n-iarfair air d'fagbail uadha."	"*mar* gur cóir duitse gach ní dá n-iarrann tú ar an té <u>ar aon cháil liomsa</u> , .i. Rí Oirghiall, d'fháil uaidh."	"that you should obtain whatever you would ask from that person whom you honour as much as me, and that is the king of Oirghiall."
"Ni fuil aigi," ar Dallán, "a n-ecmuis a fhlaithiusa ní nach tibredh damsá."	"Níl aige," arsa Dallán, "in éagmais a fhlaithis-se ní ná tabharfadh domsa."	"He has nothing," says Dallán, "excepting his sovereignty, that he would not give me."
"Ata imorro" ar Aedh Finn.	"Tá, iomorra," arsa Aodh Fionn.	"He has, surely," says Aodh Fionn.
"Cid esein?" ar Dallán.	"Cad é sin?" arsa Dallán.	"What is that?" asked Dallán.
"Sciath fhuil aigi; Duibhgilla a ainm,	"Sciath atá aige, Duibhghiolla a ainm,	"A shield which he has; its name is Dubhghiolla,
ocus is leis ro gabh-somh nert riam ocus is leis gabus fos	agus is léi a ghabh sé neart riamh agus is léi gabhfaidh sé fós,	and by it he has hitherto gained sway and will ever gain it,
ocus do chosain crích nOirgiall cona himlib;	agus chosain sé críoch Oirghiall <u>agus</u> a himill;	and by it he has defended the territory of Oirghiall and its borders,
ni thibre duit-si hi."	agus ní thabharfaidh sé duitse í."	and he would not give it to you."

“Ni hathcuingi fhireicis sin,” ar Dallán,

“ocus damad ead, do iarfaínd-si hi.”

“Dobér-sa logh duit-si ar dhul da hiarraid,” ar Aed Finn,

“i. céad da gach crudh.”

“Ragat-sa [d’a] hiarraid,” ar Dallán,

“ocus muna faghar hi,

aerfad ri Oirghiall.”

“Ní hachainí fhír-éigis sin,” arsa Dallán,

“agus dá mb’ea d’iarrfainnse í.”

“Tabharfaidh mise luach duitse ar dhul dá hiarraidh,” arsa Aodh Fionn,

“sé sin, céad de gach saghas crodh.”

“Rachaidh mise dá hiarraidh,” arsa Dallán,

“agus mura bhfaighidh mé í,

aorfaidh mé Rí Oirghiall.”

“That is not the request of a truly learned man,” said Dallán;

and if it were, I would ask it.”

“I will reward you for going to ask it,” said Aodh Fionn,

“viz., one hundred of each kind of cattle.”

“I will go to ask it,” said Dallán,

“and if I shall not obtain it,

I will satirize the king of Oirghiall.”

Section 2

Rucsat as in agaid sin.	Chuireadar an oíche sin díobh.	They passed over that night.
Eirghius Dallán gu moch	D'éirigh Dallán go moch	Dallán arose early,
ocus gabthar a eich do	agus gabhadh a eich dó	and his steeds were got ready for him,
ocus ruc leis a trí naenbur ollaman co dunad righ Oirghiall.	agus rug sé leis a thrí naonúr ollúna go dún Rí Oirghiall.	and he took along with him his thrice nine Professors to the fort of the king of Oirghiall.
O'tcuala in ri Dallán do beth forsin faichthi,	Nuair a chuala an Rí Dallán do bheith ar an bhfaiche,	When the king was informed that Dallán was on the lawn,
tanic chuigi ocus tuc teora póga do	tháinig sé chuige agus do thug trí póga dó	he came forth to meet him and gave him three kisses,
ocus do chuir failte [rian]a ollamnuibh	agus chuir fáilte roimh a ollúna	and, <u>in like manner</u> he welcomed his <u>accompanying</u> professors,
ocus ro himairchuireadh Dallán [gus an ndún].	agus iompraíodh Dallán isteach sa dún.	and Dallán was borne into the fortress.
“Ní airisiub,” ar Dallán,	“Ní fhanfaidh mé agat,” arsa Dallán,	“I will not stay,” says Dallán,
“co fesom in fuighbead m’athchuingid [fuighbea amath. <i>fecs.</i>].”	“gur feasach dom an bhfaighidh mé m’achainí.”	“till I know whether I shall obtain my request.”
“Cret in athchuingid?” ol in ri.	“Cad í an achainí?” arsa an Rí.	“What is the request?” asked the king.

“Do sciath-sa” ar Dallán, “.i.
Duibgilla.”

“Ní hathchuingid fhireicis sin” ol in ri,

“ocus damad ead doghebhtho-sa.”

“Tucus-sa duan cugat-sa da cinn,” ar
Dallán.

“Maith leam-sa do dhuan d’eisteacht,”
ol in ri.

Ro gab Dallán in duan-so:

“A err ada, a Aedh,
a dhaig dana dúr,
[a mhaith mur mhuir mhoir,]
maith cuirfe for cul.

Concuirfe for cul,
A Aed meic [Duach Duibh]
is maith mor do maein,
gan aeir is gan [oil].

“Do sciathsa, Duibhghiolla,” arsa Dallán.

“Ní hachainí fhír-éigis sin,” arsa an Rí,

“agus dá mb’ea, gheofása í.”

“Thug mise duan chugatsa thar a ceann,” arsa Dallán.

“Ba mhaith liomsa do dhuan d’eisteacht,” arsa an Rí.

Ghabh Dallán an duan seo:

“A laoich oinigh, a Aoidh,
a dhaigh dána dúr,
a mhaitheas mar mhuir mhór,
is maith a thiománfaidh tú do naimhde ar gcúl.

Tiománfaidh tú ar gcúl iad,
a Aoidh mac Duach Dhuibh.
Is maith *agus is* mór do mhaoín,
gan aor is gan oil.

“Your shield,” replied Dallán, “namely
Dubhghiolla.”

“That is not the request of a truly learned
man,” said the king,

“and if it were, you should obtain it.”

“I have brought you a poem for it,” said
Dallán.

“I would like to hear your poem,” said the
king.

He then recited the poem as follows:—

“A hero of fortune (are you), O Aodh,
You daring, determined foe (or venom),
Your goodness as the great ocean;
It is well that you shall drive back your
enemies.

You shall drive them back,
O Aodh, son of Duach Dubh.
Good and great is your substance,
Without censure, and without reproach,

A grian d'aithle a renn,
isad uat[h]mar [leam,
a chláir fith-]cheall finn,
conthuilfeam [a err].”

[**M** gives another poem here; the gaps
in fcs. are taken from **O**; contilfeam a
ear **O**; leg. co [d]tuilfeam ?]

A ghrian tar éis a réalta,
is uathmhar liom.
A chláir fichille fionn,
go bhfillfimid, a laoich.”

You sun after leaving its stars
Which is awful to me,
You white chess-board
We will return, O hero.”

Section 3

“[Is maith] in duan,” ol in ri,

“gibe do tuicfedh hi.”

“Fir duid,” or Dallán,

“ocus gidh cia dogena [in fordheargadh file,

is dó] fein is coir a minugad:

[is meisi dorinne an duan]

ocus is me mhineochus hi.

‘A err ada a Æd’ [adubart] frit-sa

“Is maith an duan é,” arsa an Rí,

“an té a thuigfeadh é.”

“Is fíor duit,” arsa Dallán,

“agus an té a dhéanann an duan fordheargadh
file

is dó féin is coir a mhíniú.

Is mise a rinne an duan

agus is mé a mhíneoidh é.

‘A laoich adha, a Aoidh’, dúirt mé leat,

“That is a good poem,” says the king,

“whoever could understand it.”

“That is true for you,” says Dallán,

“and whosoever composes a poetic
remonstrance,

it is he himself who ought to explain it;

and as it was I that composed it,

it is I that will interpret it.

‘A hero of fortune are you, O Aodh,’ I have
addressed to you,

.i. mar err einigh ocus gaiscidh [Eirenn tusa].	mar is laoch oinigh agus gaisce na hÉireann tusa;	that is, you are the hero of honour and feats of arms of (the men of) Ireland.
‘A dhaig dana dhur’	‘A dhaigh dána dúr,’ <u>a thug mé ort</u> ,	‘ <u>You</u> venom, daring and firm,’ I addressed to you,
.i. a dhaig [is ainm do neimh ocus is] neim dana tu isna cathaib.	mar daigh is ainm do nimh, agus is nimh dána thú sna cathanna;	that is <i>daigh</i> is a name for poison, and you are a daring venom in battles.
‘[A mhaith mur mhuir] mor’	‘A mhaitheas mar mhuir mhór,’	‘ <u>Your</u> goodness as the great ocean,’
.i. damad lat maín ocus [maitheas na mara, do] dailfea he do aes eicsi ocus ealadhan.	mar dá mba leat maoin agus maitheas na mara, dháilfeá é ar lucht éigse agus ealaíon.	that is to say that if the wealth of the ocean belonged to you you would distribute it amongst the people of knowledge and arts.
‘A grian d’aithle a renn’	‘A ghrian tar éis a réalta,’	‘You sun after (<u>leaving</u>) its stars,’
.i. in grian tar eis a renn d’facbail, as i sin uar is ferr a dealb	<u>ciallaíonn sin</u> , an ghrian tar éis a réalt a fhágáil, as í sin an uair is fearr a dealbh	that is, the sun after leaving its stars is the time its figure <u>appears</u> best,
ocus ní ferr a dealb ina do dhealbh-sa.	agus nárbh fhearr a dealbh ná do dhealbhsa <u>féin</u> ;	and its figure is not better than your figure.
‘A clar fithc[h]eall finn’	‘A chláir fhichille fionn,’	‘You white chess-board,’
.i. da mbedis secht foirne fithc[h]le oc aen- duini,	mar dá mbeidís seacht bhfóirne fichille ag an aon duine,	that is, if any person should have seven sets of chess-men

ni budh ferdi do he ocus gan clar aigi;	nár bh aon tairbhe dó agus gan clár aige;	they would be of no use to him without having a board;
is tusa clar cothaighi ocus conmhala bhfer nEirenn."	is tusa an clár cothaithe agus coimeádta fear nÉireann."	you are the board for the support and protection of the men of Ireland."

Section 4

"Is maith sin," ar ri Oirghiall, "ocus dobér-sa cruith ocus cethra da cinn."	"Is maith é sin," arsa Rí Oirghiall, "agus tabharfaidh mise <u>bá</u> agus <u>beithígh</u> ar a ceann."	"That is good," said the king of Oirghiall, "and I will give money and cattle for it."
"Tabair, da ngabtur uait," ar Dallán;	"Tabhair má gabhtar uait <u>iad</u> ," arsa Dallán,	"Give it if it be taken from you," says Dallán,
"et doronus-sa duan eli molta don sciath .i."	"agus rinne mise duan eile molta don sciath, <u>sé sin</u> :"	"and I have composed another poem for the shield as follows:"—
"A Aed suidhcern seig conselga do sciath, reb tonn a reann [tonna reann M] [reab] [reabh thon arean reab O], cenn ar treab 's ar triath [sairtriath <i>MS</i>].	"A Aoidh, <u>so-thiarna</u> agus seabhac, d'imigh (?) do sciath, <u>cleas</u> tonn a reann [tonnta reann M] [reabh] [reabh thonn ar an reabh O], ceann ár dtreabh is ár dtriath.	"O Aodh, noble lord, oh hawk, Your shield hath departed (?); As the sport of waves is the play of its spear- points (?), head of our tribes and our chiefs.
Beram-ne a cruth den tar gach finnsruth fial, modh cin tnuth 'con triath, mo sciath sceo a sciath [mo ceann trúth guin triath O].	Beirimis a cruth dian thar gach sruth <u>geal</u> fial; *sin* <u>éacht</u> gan tnúth ón triath, *mar is í araon* mo sciath is a sciath.	Let us bear its strong frame Across each fair and copious stream, A feat that excites not the chieftain's (i.e. Aodh's) jealousy, [For it is at once] my shield and his.

Sciath breac biatta bran [bhuartha bhraon **O**],
gesidh Badhbh dia bruach;
sciath comadbul caem
ata ag Aedh mac Duach.

Bérmait o mac Dhuach,
rem' dula for caí [cain *fc*s.; fór chaoi **O**],
sciath comadbhul caem
dam o Aedh ar mh'ai [dam air mh'aogh [o] Aodh **O**]."

Aedh.

Sciath bhreac a bheathaíonn brain
[bhuartha bhraon **O**],
géiseann Badhbh dá bruach;
sciath ollmhór chaomh
atá ag Aodh mac Duach.

Béarfaimid ó mhac Duach,
roimh m'imtheacht ag caoi;
sciath ollmhór chaomh
damh (mar fhéirín) dom ó Aodh ar
mo dhuan."

A variegated shield that feeds the ravens,
From its rim screams the Badhbh,
A big and beauteous shield
Is that which Aodh son of Duach has.

We will carry off from Duach's son,
Before I go on my way
That big, beautiful shield
An ox to me from Aodh (as a gift) for my
poem."

Section 5

"Is maith in duan soin, a Dhalláin," ar Aedh,

"ocus in ní is cubaidh ria .i. or ocus airget,
seoit ocus maine,

dogebtur uaimsi iat."

"Ní gheb-sa sin," ar Dallán,

"or is don sciath doronus mu dhuan;

"Is maith an duan sin, a Dhalláin," arsa Aodh,

"agus an ní is cuí a thabhairt air, ór agus
airgead, seoid agus maoine,

gheofar uaimse iad."

"Ní bhfaighidh mise sin," arsa Dallán,

"óir is don sciath a rinne mé mo dhuan;

"That is a good poem, O Dallán," said Aodh,

"and whatever is meet, viz., gold, silver,
jewels and substance,

you shall have them from me."

"I will not have them," said Dallán,

"because it was for the shield I composed my
poem,

ocus doronus fos duan eli don sciath .i.”	agus rinne mé fós duan eile don sciath.”	and I have composed another poem, also for the shield, viz.:”—
“Duibhghilla dub a mhaisi, rl.”	“Duibhghiolla dubh a mhaise, is araile.”	“Dark Dubhghiolla, its fineness”, etc.”
Section 6		
“Is maith in duan soin, a Dhalláin,” ar Aedh,	“Is maith an duan é sin, a Dhalláin,” arsa Aodh,	“That is a good poem, O Dallán,” said Aodh,
“ocus cenneoc[h]at-sa co maith hi dh’our ocus d’airget;	“agus ceannóidh mise go maith é ar ór agus ar airgead;	“and I will give good payment for it of gold and silver;
dobér fos cét da gach crudh da cind.”	agus béarfaidh mé fós céad de gach saghas <u>eallaigh</u> duit thar a cheann.”	I will, moreover give a hundred of each flock for it.”
“Is maith sin,” ar Dallán;	“Is maith sin,” arsa Dallán,	“That is very good,” said Dallán,
“gidhedh	“ach más ea,	“however
ni dubairt duini da bhél	ní dúirt duine as a bhéal	no person <u>ever</u> spoke from his mouth
d’or na dh’airget na dho séduibh in domain,	d’ór ná d’airgead ná de sheoda an domhain	of gold nor silver nor jewels of the world,
ni ghebat-sa uaid acht in sciath.”	ní bhfaighfidh mise uaidh, ach an sciath <u>amháin</u> .”	will I accept from you, but the shield.”
“Ni tiber-sa in sciath duit,” ar Aed.	“Ní thabharfaidh mise an sciath duit,” arsa Aodh.	“I will not give you the shield,” said Aodh.

“Aerfat-sa thusa,” ar Dallán.

“Firta ocus mirbaili Rígh nime ocus talman
uaim-si at’agaid dom’saerad ocus dom’ anacul
ort;

et in cumain leat, a Dhalláin,” ar Aed,

“in tan doronsat naeim Eirenn codach eadrainn
ocus sib-si aes ealadan Eirenn,

gibe acuibh-si doghenad aera co hecoir duinn
[duinn *MS*],

tri bolga aithisi dh’fas air,

ocus damad sinne do toillfed

ocus sibhsi da denum gu coir,

in oired cédna d’fhas oirne?

Et is iat na naeim sin:

“Aorfaidh mé thusa,” arsa Dallán.

“Feartha agus míorúiltí Rí neimhe agus talún
uaimse i d’aghaidh dom shaoradh agus dom
anacal ort;

agus an gcumhin leat, a Dhalláin,” arsa Aodh,

“an uair a rinne naoimh Éireann conradh
eadrainn-ne agus sibhse, lucht ealaíon
Éireann,

pé duine agaibhse a dhéanfadh aoir éagórach
dúinn,

trí chloig aithise a d’fhásfadh air,

agus, dá mba sinne do thuillfeadh
an náire

agus sibhse á dhéanamh go cóir,

an oiread céanna a d’fhásfadh orainn-ne?

agus is iad na naoimh sin:

“I will satirize you,” said Dallán.

“The powers and miracles of the King of
heaven and earth be on my side to save and
protect me against you,

and do you remember, O Dallán,” said Aodh,

“that when the saints of Ireland made peace
between us (the kings) and you the bards of
Ireland,

it was agreed that whosoever of you should
compose a satire on us unjustly,

three blotches of reproach should grow upon
him;

and if we should deserve it

and that you should compose it justly,

the same number should grow upon us?

and the following are (the names of) those
saints:—

Colum Cille mac Fedhlim [Fedhlime **M**];
Ciarán Cluana;
Sein-Ciaran Saigre;
Finden Cluana hEiraid;
Finden Mhuighi Bile;
Seanach [Seanachán **O**] mac Caitin;
Ruadhan Lot[h]ra;
Brenainn Bera;
Brenainn mac Findloga;
Mu Colmoc naemtha;
Comgall;
Da Lua Daire;
Caillen naemtha.”

Colum Cille mac Feidhlimí,
Ciarán Cluana,
Sean-Chiarán Saighre,
Finnian Cluain Ioraird,
Finnéan Maigh Bhile,
Seanach [Seanachán **O**] mac Caitin,
Ruadhán Lothra,
Bréanainn Biorra,
Bréanainn mac Fionnlugha,
Mocholmóg naofa,
Comhghall,
Da Lua Doire,
agus Caillín naofa.”

Colum Cille, son of Feidhlimí;
Ciarán of Cluain;
Old Ciarán, of Saighir;
Finnian of Cluain Ioraird;
Finnéan of Maigh Bhile;
Seanach son of Caitin;
Ruadhán of Lothra;
Bréanainn of Biorra;
Bréanainn son of Fionnlugha;
the holy Mocholmóg;
Comhghall;
Da Lua of Doire;
and the holy Caillín.”

Section 7

“Ní bérut sin uili tusa uaim-si gan t’aerad,

ocus ní ferdi leam h’aerad muna gabar at’ fiadnuisi ní dhibh”;

ocus do gab, ut dixit:

“A Aedh mic Duach duibh,
a ruach ar nach ruib,
a brog na cuach cain,
a adba luath luin [a labhra lua loin **O**].

A chaer geltaigh [caor ghealta **O**] glais,

suidfet treabh[thaig] [suidhsit treabha **M**; suighfid treabhtha **O**] luis,
a guirt glais mar greis,
caindleoir brais for buis.

A bharc fega [fedha **M**; feadha **O**] fuair,
a bharc bera beim [bera braein **M**; beatha braoin **O**],
a airbhe in duib daeil,
a airbire, a Aeidh.”

A Aed.

“Ní bhéarfaidh siadsan uile
tusa uaimse gan d’aoradh,”
arsa Dallán,

“agus ní fearrde liom d’aoradh
muna ngabhfar cuid de anseo i
d’fhianaise;”

agus ghabh sé *an dán*, mar
seo:

“A Aoidh mac Duach Dhuibh,
a slodáin nach marthanach,
a pheata na gcuaich caoin,
a adhbha luath an loin.

A chaor ghealta ghlaís an
fhéaraigh,
súfaidh treabhdóirí lusanna,
a ghoirt ghlaís mar ghréas,
coinnleoir práis gan solas.

A bháirc adhmaid fhuair,
a bháirc a bhéarfaidh béim,
a airbhe an daoil duibh,
a aithis, a Aoidh.”

“All those will not bear you away from
being satirized by me;

and it is no satisfaction to me to satirize
you except I do so in your presence” —

and this is what he said:—

“O Aodh, son of Duach Dubh,
You pool not permanent;
You pet of the gentle cuckoo;
You quick chafferer of a blackbird;

You sour green berry *of the pasture*;
Ploughmen will suck the herbs;
You green crop like fine embroidery;
A candlestick without light;

You cold wooden boat;
You bark that will bear a blow;
You disgusting black beetle;
You are more disgusting, O Aodh.”

Section 8

“Is cubus duinni,” ar Aedh,

“nach fedamar-ne in ferr no in mesa sin ina in
ced-duan dorinnis.”

“Ni hingnad fer h’aithne-si da rad sin,” ar
Dallán

“ocus os misi dorinne na haera,

as me mineochus iat.

‘A Aedh meic Duach Duibh, a ruach ar nach
ruib:’

inann sin ocus lodan [lodán **M**; lochán **O**]
samraidh
in uair dogeibh se tart mor ocus shaltras neach
ann,

sceinnid a lan as

ocus ní thic lan eli ann no gu tic in tuili aris;

inann son ocus tusa,

“Ar m’anam,” arsa Aodh,

“nach bhfuil a fhios againn an fearr nó an
measa sin ná an chéad duan a rinne tú.”

“Ní hionadh fear d’aithnese dá rá sin,” arsa
Dallán,

“agus ós mise a rinne na haortha,

is mé a mhíneoidh iad.

‘A Aoidh mac Duach Dhuibh, a shlodáin nach
marthanach,’

ionann sin agus lochán samhraidh,

nuair a ghabhann sé tart mór agus nuair a
shatlaíonn duine ann,

scinneann a lán as

agus ní thig lán eile ann go dtagann an tuile
arís,

ionann sin agus tusa,

“We must confess,” said Aodh,

“that we do not know whether that is better or
worse than the first poem you composed.”

“No wonder for a man of your intellect to say
so,” said Dallán,

“and as it was I that composed the satires,

it is I that will interpret them.

‘O Aodh, son of Duach Dubh, you pool not
permanent;’

that is equivalent to a summer pool

when it experiences a great drought and that
someone tramples in it;

its water entirely evaporates,

and it is not replenished till the flood comes
again;

you are similarly circumstanced,

ar ní fuil da mhéd moladh dogebha	<u>mar</u> dá mhéid moladh a gheobhaidh tú,	for no matter how highly you may be praised,
ara ticfa int einech cédna indut doridisi d'eis na n-aer sa.	ní thiocfaidh an t-oineach céanna ionat arís <u>tar</u> éis na n-aortha seo.	the same hospitality shall not possess you again in consequence of these satires.
‘A brog na cuach cain:’	‘A <u>pheata</u> na gcuach caoin,’	‘You captive of a gentle cuckoo;’
inann son ocus peta cuach,	ionann sin agus peata cuach,	that is equivalent to a pet of a cuckoo,
ár ní bi a tigh peta is mesa inas;	óir ní bhíonn i dteach peata is measa ná í;	for there cannot be in a house a worse pet than this,
treicidh a ceileabrudh acht beg	tréigeann sí a ceiliúradh, ach beag,	it ceases to sing except a little,
ocus ní ferr leis eisein do denumh tra [i tráth M] eli ina isin geimhreadh;	agus ní fearr leis é a dhéanamh <u>ag am</u> eile ná sa gheimhreadh;	and he will as soon do so in winter as at any other time,
et araili ica radh co ndenann en ele banaltrannus fris,	tá daoine ann ag rá go ndéanann éan eile banaltras uirthi,	and some say that another bird nurses for it;
cobcan [cabcan, cabhcan O] a ainm,	*is* cabhchán a ainm,	its name is Cabhcán,
ocus cuiridh sein a en fein uadha	agus cuireann sé a éan féin uaidh	and he puts away his own bird
ocus bethaigidh se en na cuaiche guma hingnima he,	agus beathaíonn sé éan na cuaiche go <u>mbíonn</u> sé ábalta ar <u>ghníomh a dhéanamh dó féin</u> ;	and feeds the cuckoo's bird till it is able to provide for itself,
ocus beridh in chuach le he	agus beireann an chuach <u>an cabhchán</u> léi;	when the cuckoo takes it away with her,

ocus ní hannsa le in cobcan sin ina gach en eli.	agus ní hansa léi an cabhchán sin ná aon éan eile.	and she has no more regard for that Cabhcán than she has for any other bird.
Inann son oculus do dail-si	Ionann sin agus do dháilse	Such is your case
ocus aes ealadna Eirenn;	agus <u>lucht</u> ealaíon Éireann:	and of the learned professors of Ireland,
ní bhia cuimne aca ar mhaith da ndernuis tar eis na n-aer sa.	ní bheidh cuimhne acu ar <u>aon</u> mhaith a ndearna tú riamh tar éis na n-aortha seo.	for they will not remember any good you have done after these satires.
‘A adhbha luath luin:’	‘A adhbha luath an loin,’	‘ <u>You</u> quick chafferer of a blackbird;’
inann sin oculus lon	ionann sin agus an lon	that is equivalent to a blackbird
d’eirghi roim duini san oighthi;	a éiríonn roimh an nduine san oíche,	which is roused by the approach of a person in the night;
leicid fed no scal as	leigeann sé fead nó scol as	he gives a whistle or cry of alarm,
ocus ní labhrann [ní gle labhrann] in oighthi sin o gabus eglá he.	agus ní labhrann an oíche sin arís ó ghabhann eglá é.	and does not speak that night from the terror that seizes him.
Is amlaid sin duit-si;	Is amhlaidh sin duitse;	Similar to that is your case;
do clous h’oenech a cein,	chualathas <u>trácht</u> ar d’oineach i gcéin,	your hospitality has been heard of far off,
ocus o dho haerad thu,	agus ó aoradh tú,	and since you have been satirized
ní cluinfe neach he tareis na n-aer-so.	ní chloisfidh neach é tar éis na n-aortha seo.	no one will hear of it in consequence of these satires.

‘Suidfit treabhtha [suighfeadh treabhtha O]
luis:’
inann ocus in bech,

ar da n-ibhedh oiri secht n-ech a n-aen
shoighech,

o chuirter for teinid é,

ni dhenann acht dubad d’eis na mbech da
shugad.”

Section 9

“Leic as, a Dallán,” ol in ri,

“na geibh mh’aera am’ fhiadhnusi ni is mo,
ar leicfet as don ealaduín tu anois.”

“Budh fíor” or Dallán;

“gabhur mh’echrad dam co n-imeoinn.”

Do gabad a n-eich doibh

ocus ro imtigset asin mbaili amach Dallán
cona ollamnaib.

‘Súfaidh treabhdóirí losa,’

is ionann agus an bheach,

mar dá n-ólfadh na beacha eire seacht n-each
in aon tsoitheach,

an túisce cuirtear an soitheach ar an tine,

ní dhéanann ach dúchan tar éis na mbeach dá
shú.”

“Lig as, a Dhalláin,” arsa an Rí,

“ná gabh m’aoradh i m’fhianaise níos mó,
óir ligfidh mise as an ealaín anois tú.”

“Ba fíor,” arsa Dallán.

“Gabhtar m’eachra dom go n-imeoinn.”

Gabhadh a n-eich don Tromdhámh

agus d’imíodar as an mbaile amach Dallán
agus a ollúna.

‘Ploughmen will suck the herbs;’

that is equivalent to the bee,

for if seven horse-loads (of it) were put into
one vessel

upon the fire

it only blackens after the bees have sucked it.”

“Be done, O Dallán,” said the king,

“do not satirize me any more in my presence,
for I will now excuse you from your art.”

“That will be true,” says Dallán;

“get my steeds ready that I may depart.”

Their steeds were brought to them,

and Dallán and his professors left the place.

“Nert De ocus na naem uaim-si a nbur ndiaigh,”

ol Ædh, “madh [*leg. má*] do grisabar co hecoir mhe.”

“Neart Dé agus na naomh uaimse i bhur ndiaidh,”

arsa Aodh, “má ghríos sibh go héagóir me.”

“*May the strength of God and the saints overtake you*”

if you have wrongfully satirised me,” said Aodh.

Section 10

Nir chian rancatar on baili

in tan adubairt Dallán re a ollamnaib:

“As ingnadh leam,” ar se,

“in ní aderuid lucht scailti na sceladachta,

or is ed aderuit, gidh cia doni na haera co hecoir,

cumad mheisdi do;

ocus is doigh lim-sa nach dernad riamh aeir bhudh ecora ocus budh ainndligtighi

inait na haera dorinnus fein;

ocus is ferdi dam anois a ndenam,

Ní fada a bhíodar imithe ón mbaile

nuair a dúirt Dallán lena ollúna:

“Is ionadh liom,” ar sé,

“an ní a deir lucht scaoilte na scéalaíochta

óir is é an ní a deir siad, an té a dhéanann na haortha go héagórach,

gur dó is measa;

agus is dóigh liomsa ná dearnadh riamh aortha dob éagórach agus dob aindlítheach

ná na haortha a rinne mé féin;

agus is fearrde dom anois a ndéanamh,

They had not come far from the township

when Dallán said to his professors:

“It is a wonder to me,” said he,

“what the tellers of tales say,

for they assert that whosoever composes satires wrongfully

it will be worse for himself;

and I believe that never have been made satires more unjustly or wrongfully

than the satires I myself have composed,

and yet I am now the better for uttering them,

or do bhadhus gan ein-shuil ag techt don baili	óir bhí mé gan aon tsúil agam agus mé ag teacht don bhaile	for I was without an eye on my coming to the place,
ocus atait da súil mait[h]i acam anois.”	agus atá dhá shúil mhaithe anois agam.”	and I have two good eyes now.”

Section 11

“A rí-ollam,” ar siat,	“A rí-ollamh,” ar siad,	“O chief professor,” said they,
“is maith in scel indisi,	“is maith an scéal a insíonn tú,	“it is good news you tell,
ocus ní hurusa a creidemh.”	agus ní furasta é a chreidiúint.”	although it is not easy to believe it.”
“As fíor hé,” ar Dallán.	“Is fíor é,” arsa Dallán.	“It is a fact,” said Dallán.
“Mas ed,” ar na hollamna,	“Más ea,” arsa na hollúna,	“If so,” said the professors,
“innis duinne ar nhecar [ar nuimher M ; air n-eagair O] isin sligid romut oculus ad’ diaigh.”	“inis dúinn-ne ár n-eagar sa tslí romhat agus i do dhiaidh.”	“tell us our order in the way before you and after you.”
“Atait,” ar se, “da naenbur acuibh romam oculus naenbur a m’ dhiaigh.”	“Tá,” ar sé, “dhá naonúr agaibh romham agus naonúr im dhiaidh.”	“There are,” said he, “twice nine of you before me, and nine of you after me.”
“Fíor duit, a rí-ollam,” ar siat.	“Is fíor duit, a rí-ollamh,” ar siad.	“True for you, O chief professor,” said they.
“Ní fhedar in maith na hairde ut,” ar Dallán.	“Níl a fhios agam an maith na <u>comharthaí</u> iad siúd,” arsa Dallán,	“I know not if these be good signs,” said Dallán,

“Or do naiscius mo comairce ar Colum Cille mac Feilim,	“mar nasc mé mo chomairce ar Cholum Cille mac Feidhlimí	“for I had an assurance from Colum Cille, the son of Feidhlimí,
ind [im M] chomhartha ecsamail d’fhagail dam ria mbas	um chomhartha éagsúil d’fháil dom roimh bás,	that I should have an extraordinary forewarning before my death,
ocus cá fuighinn comhartha bhudh inganta dam	agus cá bhfaighinn comhartha dob iontaí dom	and what more wonderful sign could I get than,
ina mu beth dall ac teac[h]t don bhaili	ná mé bheith dall ag teacht don bhaile	being blind on my coming to the town,
ocus da shuil anois acum?	agus *radharc* mo dhá shúl anois agam?	and to have the use of my two eyes now?
ocus beridh dh’innsaigid mu thighi mhe.”	Agus beirigí d’ionsaí mo thí mé.”	and, therefore take me to my home.”

Section 12

Rucad da thigh he iarsin	Rugadh chun a thí é ina dhiaidh sin	He was then taken to his house,
ocus do bhi 'na bethaid trí lá co n-oidhchib ocus fuair bas iarumh.	agus bhí sé ina bheatha trí lá agus trí oíche agus fuair bás ansin.	and he lived three days and three nights, after which he died.
Tancatur na hollamna co haen-inad ocus ba hiat so a n-anmanna:	Thángadar na hollúna go haon ionad agus ba iad seo a n-ainmneacha:	The professors assembled together, and these were their names:—
Maol Gedic mac Fir Goboc, ollam Alban;	Maol Gedic mac Fir Goboc, ollamh Alban;	Maol Geidhic, son of Fear Goboc, professor of Alba;
Arrachtan mac Onslainn, ollam Bretan;	Arrachtán mac Onslainn, ollamh Breataine;	Arrachtán, son of Onslann, Bard of Britain;
Srubchaille mac Sreabhchaille, ollam Saxan;	Srubhchaille mac Sreabhchaille, ollamh Sasana;	Srubhchaille, son of Sreabhchaille, Bard of England;
Niamchaemh ollam Uladh;	Niamhchaomh, ollamh Uladh;	Niamhchaomh, Bard of Ulster;
Dæl Duileadh [ollam] Laighin [<i>sic. fcs., leg.</i> Laighen];	Dael Duileadh, ollamh Laighean;	Daol Duileadh, professor of Leinster;
[Ollmhór árdeigis ollamh Dheasmhúmhán];	Ollmhór árd-éigeas, ollamh Dheasmhumhan;	Ollmhór, the arch sage of the professors of Deasmumhan;
Oircne Aitemain ollam Tuadhmhuman;	Oircne Aiteamhain, ollamh Thuadhmhumhan;	Oircne Aiteamhain, professor of Thomond;

Senchan eices, file agus primh-ollam Connacht.	Seanchán éigeas, file agus príomh-ollam Chonnacht.	(<u>and</u>) Seanchán, the learned poet and chief Bard of Connacht.
Tangatar na hollamna co haein-inad	Thángadar na hollúna go haon ionad	These bards came together
ocus ro fiafraiged acu	agus fiafraíodh eatarthu	they <u>debated</u> amongst themselves
cia da ndingentai ollam a n-inad Dhalláin.	cé hé go ndéanfaí ollamh de in ionad Dalláin.	<u>as to</u> whom they should appoint arch Bard in the place of Dallán.
“Tabhur muime na cleri cucainn,” ar siat,	“Tugtar buime na cléire chugainn,” ar siad,	“Let the foster-mother of the literati be brought to us,” said they,
“.i. Muirenn ingen Cuain Chuilledi ben Dalláin,	(dob í sin Muireann iníon Chúáin Chuillí, bean Dalláin),	“namely, Muireann, daughter of Cúáin Chuillí, the wife of Dallán,
ocus ín chliar caillech .i. Grucc agus Gracc agus Grangait.”	“agus an chliar chailleach, Grug agus Grág agus Grangaid.”	together with the learned aged females, namely, Grug, Grág, and Grangaid.”
Tucad on	Tugadh <u>amhlaidh</u>	They were convened accordingly,
ocus ro fhiafraigset dibh cia dar coir ollam do denamh.	agus d’fhiafríodar díobh cé hé gur chóir ollamh a dhéanamh <u>de</u> .	and they enquired of them who ought to be appointed chief Bard.
Adubairt Muirenn: “Dochuaidh sibh-si fec[h]t riamh ar cuairt ollamnachta a nAlbain.	Dúirt Muireann: “Cuaigh sibhse <u>uair</u> ar cuairt ollúnachta in Albain,	Muireann said:— “You formerly went on a professional visit to Alba,

ocus ro fhiafraigi[u]s-sa do Dallán ann sin, gibe tan fagebhudh se fein bas,	agus d'fhiafraigh mise de Dhallán an uair sin, pé am go gheobhadh sé bás,	and I then asked Dallán that whensoever he himself would die,
cia da ndingentai ollam 'na inad.	cé hé go ndéanfaí ollamh de ina ionad.	who should be appointed chief professor in his place.
Atbert soin, da cuireadh neach ar doman rann a n-inadh an roinn	<u>Agus</u> dúirt sé sin, dá gcuireadh neach ar domhan rann in ionad an rainn	And he said that if any person in this world could substitute a stanza for a stanza
ocus focul a n-inad in focuil do fein, as e Senchan seinfhile do chuirfed."	agus focal in ionad an fhocail dó féin, gurab é Seanchán sean-fhile a chuirfeadh."	and a word for a word of his own (<u>composition</u>), it is Seanchán, the aged poet, that can do so."
"Maas ed," arna hollamna,	"Más ea," arsa na hollúna,	"Well, then," said the professors,
"dentar ollam-thairngertaigh do Senchán aguinn," ar siat.	"déantar ollamh tairngire de Sheanchán," ar siad.	"let Seanchán be elected our prophetic chief professor."
Rohollamhnaigh Senchán acu ann sin	<u>Ceapadh</u> Seanchán ina ollamh <u>leo</u> ansin	Whereupon Seanchán was then inaugurated chief Bard by them;
et adubradur ris dul os cinn Dalláin agus marbhnaidh do dhenamh dho.	agus dúirt siad leis dul ós cionn Dalláin agus marbhna a dhéanamh dó.	and they desired him to go over Dallán and compose an Elegy for him.
Dochuaigh Senchán agus doroinne in marbhnaidh sin	Chuaigh Seanchán agus rinne sé an marbhna sin,	Seanchán went and made this Elegy,
ocus do ghab os cinn Dallain i:	agus ghabh sé ós cionn Dalláin é:	and recited it over Dallán:—

“Inmhain corp adrocair sunn;
ger fer trom, ba fer etrum;
etrom cuirp ba trom fedma;
mor cliar dar bu tigerna.

Tri caogaid dhun ar aen ris,
d’eicsib fedba forbhad fis;
mad da mbeimis lín budh lia,
fodhluim nua uaidh dhuinn gach dia.

Uaim dhileann nach soichit sloigh,
buinne Esa Ruaidh romhoir,
tuili mara romair raín,
samail inntleachta Dallain.

Gu roister tar in ngrein ngil
do dealbh Dia os na duilib,
ní roich fili thuaidh na thes
tar Eochaid reid Ri-eiceas.

Ba hegnaid, a Dhe nime!
ba huasal, ba haird-fili,
cu tarra[i]d tonn do bhas bhil,
uch ba haluinn, ba hinmain!”

Inmain.

“Is ionúin an corp atá ar lár anseo.
Cé gurbh fear trom féin é, b’fhear éadrom é.
B’éadrom corp é, ba throm feidhme.
Ba mhór an cléir ar a raibh sé tiarna.

Trí caogaid againn a bhíodh mar aon leis,
d’éigise in éagmais fheasa foirfe.
Dá mbeimis líon ba lia
gheobhaimis foghlaim nua uaidh gach aon lá.

Ba é sin an uaimh dhíleann nach sroicheann
sluaite
buinne Easa Ruaidh rómhór,
tuile Mara Rua riathar,
samhail inntleachta Dalláin.

Go dtéitear thar an ngrian gheal,
an ghrian úd a dheilbhig Dia ós na dúile go léir,
ní sháróidh file thuaidh ná theas
Eochaidh réidh Rí-éigeas.

B’eagnaí an duine é, a Dhé neimhe!
B’uasal, b’ard-fhile é.
Go rug tonn an bháis ábhail air,
uch, b’álainn agus b’ionúin é!”

“Beloved is the body that has fallen here,
Although a weighty man, he was a light man;
Light in body, he was weighty in mind,
Great was the company over whom he was chief.

Thrice fifty of us were along with him,
Of poets deprived of the perfection of knowledge;
If our numbers had been greater
We would have new instruction from him each day.

The cave of the Deluge which hosts cannot reach,
The mighty rushing flow of Eas Rua,
The overwhelming flood of the Red Sea,
To these may be compared the intellect of Dallán.

Until men reach beyond the sun
Which God created above the elements,
No poet north or south will surpass
The fluent Eochaidh, chief of learned men.

He was a philosopher, O God of Heaven!
He was illustrious, he was chief poet;
Until the wave of evil death overtook him,
Oh, he was splendid, he was beloved!

Section 13

Adubratar in tromdham uili	Dúradar an Tromdhámh uile	The entire of the Bardic Association declared
cu roibhi a saith fein d’ollam isin te dorinni in marbnaidh sin.	go raibh a sáith féin d’ollamh sa té a rinne an marbhna san.	that they had a sufficiently competent professor in the person who composed that Elegy.
Is ann sin ro fiafraigset	Is ansin d’fhiafraíodar	It was then they deliberated
ga cuiged a nEirinn a rachdais ar tus ar cuairt ollamnachta,	cá cúige in Éirinn a rachaidís ar dtús ar cuairt ollúnachta,	as to what province in Ireland they should first proceed on a professional visit;
ocus bui gach ollam dhibh ag iaraid dhula da cuiged fein.	agus bhí gach ollamh díobh ag iarraidh dul chun a chúige féin.	and each one of them was desirous to go to his own province.
Adubairt Seanchán ba cora dhula ar amus in te	Dúirt Seanchán gur chóra dul ar <u>cuairt chuig</u> an té	Seanchán said it would be more meet to visit the person
nar haerad ocus nar himdergad um or na um ilmainib riam.	nár aoradh agus nár imdheargadh um ór ná um oll-mhaoine riamh.	who was never satirized or reproached about (<u>his liberality of</u>) gold or abundance of valuable goods.
“Cia esein?” ar cach.	“Cé hé sin?” arsa cách.	“Who is he?” said each of them.
“Guair mac Colmain	“Guair mac Cholmáin	“Guair, son of Colmán,
meic Cobthaig meic Goibnenn	mhic Chobhthaigh mhic Ghoibhneann	son of Cobhthach, son of Goibhneann,
meic Conuill meic Eogain	mhic Chonaill mhic Eoghain	son of Conall, son of Eoghan,

meic Echach Bric meic nDathi
meic Fiachra.”

mhic Eachach Bhric mhic Dhaithí
mhic Fhiachra.”

son of Eochaidh Breac, son of Daithí,
son of Fiachra.

Section 14

Adubratar in tromdhamh uili

Dúradar an Tromdhámh uile

The entire of the great Bardic Association
declared

ba coir dhoibh dul ann sin o bhudh maith le
Seanchán he.

gur chóir dóibh dul ansin ó ba mhaith le
Seanchán é.

it would be proper to go there since Seanchán
desired it.

“Faiter fesa uainn go Guaire.”

“Cuirtear scéala uainn go Guaire.”

“Let messengers be despatched from us to
Guaire” (said they).

Tiaghuit ocus innisit do

Imíodh agus insíodh do Ghuaire

They (the messengers) went and informed him
(Guaire)

Seanchán cona ollamhnaib ocus cona fhileadaib
da innsaigid.

go raibh Seanchán agus a hollúna agus a fhilí
chuige.

that Seanchán along with his professors and
poets were coming to him.

“Mu chean-sa dhoibh,” ar Guaire.

“Mo chionsa dóibh,” arsa Guaire.

“My respect for them,” said Guaire.

“Mu cen da maithibh ocus da n-olcaib.

“Mo chion dá maithe agus dá n-olca.

“My respect for their good and for their bad;

Mu cen da n-uaislib ocus da n-islíbh.

Mo chion dá n-uaisle agus dá n-ísle.

my respect for their nobles and their ignobles;

Mu cen da mnaib ocus da feruib.”

Mo chion dá mná agus dá bhfir.”

my respect for their women and for their
men.”

Section 15

Dorinne Guaire iarum bruigin doibh agus oc[h]t sleasa uirri	Rinne Guaire bruíon dóibh <u>ansin</u> agus ocht sleasa uirthi	Guaire, after that, made a mansion for them, which had eight sides to it,
ocus dorus idir gach da slis dib	agus doras idir gach dá shlios díobh	and a door between every two sides (<u>or</u> <u>divisions</u>);
ocus ocht primhleaptha idir gach da dhorus	agus ocht bpríomh-leaba idir gach dá dhoras	and there were eight first class beds between every two doors,
ocus foileabaid a fiadnuisi gach primleaptha.	agus fo-leaba i bhfianaise gach príomh-leaba.	and a low bed (<u>or truckle bed</u>) beside every chief bed.
Is airi ro ordaigh-sium sin:	Is é <u>cúis</u> gur órduigh sé sin ná	The reason he made that arrangement was,
gibe do luc[h]t na himdaighi	pé duine de lucht an <u>tí chodlata</u>	that whosoever of those that occupied the beds,
dogenad troit no imrisan agus do eireochad aisdi,	a dhéanfadh troid nó imreasán agus d'éireodh amach as an leaba,	in case they should have a quarrel or strife and get out of them,
co faghadh se in foileabhaidh urlam ar a chinn tis.	go bhfaigheadh sé an fho-leaba ullamh ar a cheann thíos.	he might find the lower bed ready for him below.
Agus dorinne se oc[h]t tobair da bhferuib	Agus rinne sé ocht dtoibreacha dá bhfir	And he constructed eight fountains (<u>or</u> <u>lavatories</u>) for their men
ocus oc[h]t tobair da mnaib,	agus ocht dtoibreacha dá mná,	and eight fountains for their women;

ár nír ail do uisci lámh na n-ollaman do dul tar lamhuibh na mban	óir níorbh áil leis uisce lámh na n-ollúna do dhul thar lámha na mban	for he did not wish that the water used in washing the hands of the professors should touch the hands of the women,
na usce lámh na mban do dhul tar lamuib na n-ollam;	ná uisce lámh na mban do dhul thar lámha na n-ollúna.	nor the water of the hands of the women should be used in washing the hands of the professors;
ocus doronad flegha oculus fuireca aigi fo a comair;	Ullmhaíodh fleánna agus córacha bia aige ina gcóir.	and feasts and banquets were ordered by him for their entertainment,
ocus do chuir techta ar a cenn iarum.	agus chuir sé teachtaire ar a gceann <u>ansin</u> .	and he then sent messengers to invite them.
Atbert Senchán: “Gidh maith einech Guaire,	Dúirt Seanchán: “Cé gur maith é oineach Ghuaire,	Seanchán said:— “Though excellent the hospitality of Guaire may be,
ni ber-sa a bhfuil ann so chuice do lot Connacht,	ní bhéarfaidh mise a bhfuil anseo chuige ag lot Connacht,	I will not take all that are here to him to spoil Connacht,
ár ní beg lim a da trian do breith cuigi	óir ní beag linn a dhá dtrian a bhreith chuige	for I consider it enough to take the two-thirds of them to him,
ocus trian d’faghail”:	agus trian a fhágáil:	and to let one-third remain,”
ocus doroine samhlaid;	agus rinne sé amhlaid;	and he acted accordingly.
ni ruc co Guaire acht trí caegaid eces	ní rug sé go Guaire ach trí caogaid éigeas	He did not take to Guaire but thrice fifty of the professors;

ocus tri caegaid eicsín	agus trí caogaid éigsín	thrice fifty students (<u>or second class of professors</u>);
ocus tri caegaid con	agus trí caogaid con	thrice fifty hounds;
ocus tri caegaid gilla	agus trí caogaid giollaí	thrice fifty male attendants;
ocus tri caegaid ban muinnteri	agus trí caogaid ban muintire	thrice fifty female relatives;
ocus tri nonbhur d'aes gacha cerdi;	agus trí naonúr de lucht gach ceirde,	and thrice nine of each class of artificers;
ocus rangatar co Durlus in lin sin.	agus thángadar go Durlas an líon sin.	and that number arrived at Durlas.

Section 16

Do eirigh Guaire 'na gcoinne	D'éirigh Guaire ina gcoinne	Guaire went forth to meet them,
ocus do thairbir do phoguibh a maithi	agus thoirbhir sé póga dá maithe	and he bestowed kisses on their chiefs,
ocus do fer fáilte rena sait[h]ibh.	agus d'fhear sé fáilte roimh a saoithe.	and gave welcome to their learned men.
“Mo cen-sa dhaibh,” ar Guaire.	“Mo chionsa daoibh,” arsa Guaire.	“My regards to you,” said Guaire;
“Mo cen da bar n-uaislib agus da bhar n-islib.	Mo chion do bhur n-uaisle agus do bhur n-ísle.	“my regards to your nobles and ignobles;
Morfhailte uaim daib uili	Mór-fháilte uaim daoibh uile	I have great welcome for you all,
itir ollam agus anradh,	idir ollamh agus ánradh,	both professors and poets;

itir eces ocus adbur,	idir éigeas agus ábhar,	both learned men and students;
itir macuibh ocus mnaib,	idir mhaic agus mná,	both sons and women;
itir coin ocus gilla.	idir chúnna agus giollaí.	both hounds and servants;
Ac[h]t ata da bar n-imed,	Ach atá <u>an oiread sin agaibh ann</u>	but so great is your number,
ni da bur n-aidhbligud,	— <u>ní hamhlaidh ba mhaith liom beagní a dhéanamh d’aoinne agaibh</u> —	not deeming you too many,
ni roich uaim-si fáilte fo leth da gach aen aguibh:	ní féidir liom fáilte faoi leith a chur roimh gach aoinne agaibh;	that I cannot welcome you individually;
acht mu cen romhuib uili dh’ aen-taeib.”	acht mo chion daoibh uile d’aon taoibh.”	however, my respects to you all on every side.”
Agus do cuiread isin mbruigin moir iat	Agus cuireadh sa bhrúion mhór iad	And they were led into the large mansion,
ocus do forscailed biadh ar a mbelaib,	agus forscaoileadh bia ar a mbéalaibh	and food was laid out before them,
ocus adubairt Guaire riu gach ní do beth ’na n-esbaidh d’iaraidh	agus dúirt Guaire leo gach ní a bheadh in easnamh ortha a iarraidh	and Guaire told them that whatever they would desire they might ask for it
ocus gu bhfhuidis.	agus go bhfaighidís.	and they should have it.

Section 17

Ba mor tra in deacair sin uili d'fagail doib-sium,	Ba mhór, trá, an deacair sin uile <u>na nithe sin go léir</u> a fhágáil dóibhsin,	It was, however, a great difficulty to procure all things for them,
or ba eicen cuid 'na aenar agus leabaid ar leth da gach neach dib,	mar b'éigean a chuid <u>a thabhairt do gach duine</u> faoi leith acu ina aonar agus leaba faoi leith <u>a sholáthar</u> do gach neach díobh,	for it was requisite to give to each of them his meals apart and a separate bed;
ocus ní leigdis en-agaid gan tor[mas ocus] [ní luighidís in aighthe gan toruili M ; gan tormas orra O ²] ní eirgitis en-agaid	agus ní ligidís oíche <u>tharstu</u> gan tormas ortha agus ní éiridís aon mhaidin	and they went not to bed any night without wanting something, and they arose not a day
gan mian ecsamail doirb dofagbala do thecmhail do nech eicin acu;	gan <u>teacht</u> méine éagsúla deacra dofhaighte do neach éigin acu;	without a desire <u>for something that was</u> peculiar, difficult to satisfy, and scarce coming upon one of them;
[ocus do badh éigion sin d'fághuil do,	agus b'éigean sin a fháil dó	and that desire had to be satisfied,
no an rí do áera ocus do chaine].	nó dhéanfaí an Rí d'aoradh agus do cháineadh.	or the king would be satirised and criticised.

Section 18

Dorala mian ecsamail

[do neoch

a tigh] na tromdaime

.i. do Muirinn

muime na cleire,

ben Dalláin,

[ocus do léic mhairg] moir aisdi.

“Crét do frit . . . ?”

ar siad.

“Mian dorala dam” [ar sí,

“ocus muna faghar] an mian soin, [ní baam beo.”

“Crét an mian?” ar Seanchán].

Tháinig mian éagsúil

do neach,

i dteach na Tromdháimhe,

do Mhuirinn,

buime na cléire,

bean Dalláin,

agus lig sí scréach mhór aisti.

“Cad é sin ort?”

arsa an Tromdhámh.

“Mian a tháinig dom,” ar sí,

“agus mura bhfaighidh mé an mhian sin, ní bheidh mé beo.”

“Cad í an mhian í?” arsa Seanchán.

An extraordinary wish occurred

to someone

in the mansion of the Learned Association;

namely, to Muireann,

foster-mother of the company,

the wife of Dallán,

and she let out a great shriek.

“What is the matter with you?”

said the company.

“A desire that has seized me,” said she,

“and unless it be procured for me I will not live.”

“What is that wish?” asked Seanchán.

Section 19

“Sgala do linn leamhnachta	“Scála de leann leamhnachta	“A bowl of the ale of sweet milk
le smir mughdhorn mhuc n-allaid;	le smior murnáin mhuc n-alla;	with the marrow of the ankle-bone of a wild hog;
peta cuach do beth ar crand eiginn am fhiadnuisi”	peata cuaiche a bheith ar chrann eidhinn i m’fhianaise	a pet cuckoo on an ivy tree in my presence
— idir dha Nodlaig in tan sin —	— idir dhá Nollaig an uair sin —	between the two Christmases (<u>Christmas-day and Twelfth-day or Epiphany</u>) at that time;
“ocus a tenn-[eiri for a mhuin	“agus a teann-ualach ar a muin	and her full load on her back,
ocus] crislach ’na timcheall do ruadhan [bloingi toirc] gleghil,	agus crioslach ina timpeall de bhlonag thoirce ghléigil,	with a girdle of yellow lard of an exceeding white boar about her;
ocus ech mongach riabach do beth [fúithi ocus m]ong corcra fuirre	agus each mongach riabhach a bheith fúithi, agus mong chorcra ar an each,	and to be mounted on a dusky, long-maned steed; and a purple mane upon her, *and her four legs exceedingly white*;
ocus bert do lín in damain alla uimpi	agus beart de líon an damháin alla a bheith uimpi féin,	and a garment of the spider’s web around her,
ocus si ac cronan roimpi co Durlus.”	agus í ag crónán roimpi go Durlas.”	and she humming a tune as she proceeds to Durlas.”

Section 20

“Is decair in mian sin d’fagail,” ar Senchán.	“Is deacair an mhian sin a fháil,” arsa Seanchán.	“It is difficult to procure that wish,” said Seanchán;
“Ni haein-mhian sin	“Ní haon mhian sin	“that is not one
acht greas do mianaib ingantacha nach urusa d’fhagail.”	ach greas de mhianta iontacha nach furasta a fháil.”	but a handful of strange wishes which are not easily gratified.”

Section 21

Rucatar as in agaid sin co tainic maidiun;	Rugadar as an oíche sin go dtáinig maidin;	They bore away that night until morning came;
ocus ticed Guaire d’innsaighid na bruidne gach lai	agus thagadh Guaire chun na bruíne gach lá	Guaire <u>was in the habit of</u> visiting the mansion every day,
ocus do fiafraighedh cinnus do bidh acu,	agus d’fhiafraíodh sé conas a bhí acu;	and used to enquire how they fared;
ocus tainic in la sin ocus d’fiafraig:	agus tháinig sé an lá sin agus d’fhiafraigh:	and he came on that day and he enquired:
“Cinnus atathar ’con muinntir mhoir maith so aniugh?”	“Conas táthar ag an muintir mhór mhaith seo inniu?”	“How are things with these great and good people today?”
“Ni rabhamar riam,” ar siat, “uar is mesa do bethi aguinn.”	“Ní rabhamar riamh,” ar siad, “uair is measa a bheifi againn.”	“We were never a time,” said they, “*that it was worse with us.”

“Crét sin?” ar Guaire.	“Conas sin?” arsa Guaire.	“How is that?” asked Guaire.
“Mian doralá do neoch acainn,” ar Senchán.	“Mian a tharla do neach againn,” arsa Seanchán.	“A longing that has happened to one of us,” said Seanchán.
“Cia da tarla in mian soin?” ar Guaire.	“Cé dó go dtáinig an mian sin?” arsa Guaire.	“To whom did that occur?” asked Guaire.
“Do Muirinn ingin Cuain Cuilledí,” ar Senchán,	“Do Mhuirinn, iníon Chúáin Chuillí,” arsa Seanchán,	“To Muireann, daughter of Cúan Chuillí,” replied Seanchán,
“i. ben Dalláin, muime na cleire.”	“bean Dalláin, buime na cléire.”	“namely the wife of Dallán, the foster-mother of the literati.”
“Cred in mian?” ar Guaire.	“Cad í an mian í?” arsa Guaire.	“What is the wish?” said Guaire.
Do innis Senchán [sin dó.	D’inis Seanchán sin dó.	Seanchán told him.
“Ní hein-mhiann amháin sin,” air Guaire, “acht ainmhianna imdha,]	“Ní haon mhian amháin sin,” arsa Guaire, “ach ainmhianta iomaí,	“That is not one wish but a variety of bad wishes,
ocus gibe dib is usa d’fhagáil, is deacair he.”	agus cibé <u>ceann</u> díobh is fusa d’fháil is deacair é.”	and whichever of them is easiest, it is <u>still</u> difficult to obtain;”
Agus imtigis Guaire co dubach dobrónach;	Agus d’imigh Guaire go dubhach dobrónach;	and Guaire departed sad and sorrowful.
[M <i>omits the meeting with the “gilla”</i>] agus ní tharla da muinntir ’na farrad in uair sin acht acin-gilla	agus níor tharla dá mhuintir ina fharradh an uair sin ach aon ghiolla amháin	None of his people accompanied him at that time but one attending servant,

ocus do fiafraigh Guaire don ghilla:	agus d’fhiafraigh Guaire den ghiolla:	and Guaire asked him,
“In maith e do run, a ghilla?’ ar se.	“An maith é do rún, a ghiolla?” ar sé.	“are you a good secret keeper?”
“Créd imma bhiafraige?” ol in gilla.	“Cad uime go bhfiafraíonn tú?” arsa an giolla.	“For what purpose do you ask?” said the servant.
“Dob ail leam dul [go Seasgan [Seasg- O]] Uarbeoil” ar Guaire,	“B’áil liom dul go Seascann Uarbheoil,” arsa Guaire,	“I would wish to go to Seascann Uarbheoil,” said Guaire,
“airm i fuil Fulachtach mac Eogain,	“airm a bhfuil Fulachtach mac Eoghain,	“where dwells Fulachtach the son of Eoghan;
doig as misi do marb a athair oculus a chethre meic oculus a trí derbráit[h]ra	dóigh is mise a mharaigh a athair agus a cheathrar mac agus a thriúr deartháir,	for it was I that slew his father, his four sons, and his three brothers;
ocus is ferr lem he dom marbad	agus is fearr liom eisean dom mharú	and I would rather he should kill me
[ocus m’oineach] ar mh’eis	agus m’oineach tar m’éis	in order that my hospitality may endure after me,
ina mu beth fein tar eis [m’oinighe];	ná mé féin a bheith tar éis m’oinigh;	than that I should survive my liberality,
or ní fuighthe na miana ut cu brath.”	óir ní bhfaighfear na mianta úd go bráth.”	for those wishes can never be obtained.”
“Is maith mu run,” ar in gilla,	“Is maith é mo rún,” arsa an giolla,	“My secrecy is good,” said the servant,

“ocus da bfaicer [thu] ag imtecht [da bfaicthear ag imchigheacht thu O],	“agus má fheictear tusa ag imeacht,	“and should you be seen leaving,
ni fuil isin teac[h] sa duine nac[h] bia imat.”	níl sa teach seo duine nach mbeidh umat.”	there is not <u>a person</u> in this house that would not be around you.”
Ba holc le Guaire sin,	B’olc le Guaire sin,	That was displeasing to Guaire,
ocus tainic roime co Finnaragal na Feli,	agus tháinig sé roimhe go Fionnaireagal na Féile;	and he proceeded to Fionnaireagal of the Hospitality,
or in [uair badh teanta] do-som o luc[h]t eicsi oculus ealadhan,	óir, nuair ba chrua air sin ó lucht éigse agus ealaíon,	for when he was burdened by the professors of arts and sciences,
ticedh co Findaracal na Féile	thagadh sé go Fionnaireagal na Féile	he used to go to Fionnaireagal of the Hospitality,
ocus donith slechtain oculus urnaighthi oculus etarguighe co hIsa Crist ann; [ocus dogheabhadh] o Dia	agus rinne sé sléachtadh agus urnaithe agus idirguíonna go hÍosa Críost ann, agus fuarthas ó Dhia	and he used to kneel, pray and supplicate Jesus Christ there, and he used to obtain from God
gach ní da n-iaradh tre fertuib féile;	gach ní dá n-iarradh trí fhearta fhéile,	every thing he desired through the efficacies of his bounteous liberality,
ocus is aire sin do garthi Aracal na Feili dhe.	agus is mar gheall air sin a <u>d’ainmnítí</u> Aireagal na Féile é..	and it was on that account that it was called Aireagal of Hospitality.

Do bhi tra Guaire oc slec[h]tain ocus oc urnuighthi oculus oc eturghuighi De	Bhí Guaire <u>áfach</u> ag sléachtain agus ag urnaí agus ag idirghuí Dé	However, Guaire was kneeling and praying, and imploing God
um bas d'fhaghail do fein	<u>go</u> bhfaigheadh sé féin bás	that he himself might die
suil do beth 'na bethaid ag eistecht rena aerad oculus rena aithisechad don tromdhaim.	sula mbeadh ina bheatha ag éisteacht leis an dTromdhámh <u>á</u> aoradh agus <u>á</u> aithisiú.	lest he should live <u>and</u> listen to the great Bardic Association satirising and defaming him.
Doigh nír hiarad air riam athchuinghe budh doilghi lais	<u>Ar</u> dhóigh níor iarradh air riamh achainí ba dhoilí leis	To be sure, no favours were ever asked of him more difficult to be procured
inait na miana ro chuinnigh in chaillech,	ná na mianta d'iarr an chailleach,	than the wishes desiderated by the old dame,
ocus do gab ag guighi Dhe co diacra ma foirithin on eicin sin	agus ghabh sé ag guí Dé go díograiseach umá fhóirthint ón éigean sin	and he prayed God fervently to deliver him from that strait,
ocus fa mhian gach en-nduine don cleir d'faghbhail do on Duilemh;	agus <u>go bhfaigheadh</u> sé mian gach duine den chléir ón Dúileamh;	and that he might obtain from the Supreme Being whatever wish any of the Bardic Institution might desire;
ocus dorine in laidh mbic co hatoirirsech a bhFhinnaracal na Féle:	agus rinne sé laoi bheag go hatuirseach i bhFionnaireagal na Féile:	and he made the following little <u>Lay</u> , in sadness, at Fionnaireagal of Hospitality:—

“Dursan dam, a meic mu Dhe,
gach dámh thainig sunn ane;
trí caegaid eices, doirbh dám,
tainicc sunna le Seanchán.

Gidh mor do dhamhuibh cruaidhi
tainic co Durlus Guairi,
cluiche is gáiri ann gach nech
no gu tainic in chailleach.

Mor in feidhm fa tucus laim,
freastul cliar in bhetha bain;
da ndech om’ thigh nech gan ní,
mh’fheidhm cus aniug is neifní.

Cidh ma tuc Rí geal grene
a dhelbh orum budhene,
o nach tibred dham Dia dil
ní do [dhi]dheonad m’aighidh?

Do gheallus do Mac Muire
nach diultfainn re dreich nduine;
da mbéana se díim mu blad, h,
cidh nach do féin bhudh dursan?”

Dursan.

“Mo mhaire, a Mhic mo Dhé,
gach dámh a tháinig anseo inné;
trí caoga éigeas, is doirbh an dámh,
a tháinig anseo le Seanchán.

Cé gur mó buíon chrua
tháinig go Durlas Ghuaire,
cluiche is gáire a bhí ann ag gach neach
nó go dtáinig an chailleach.

Is mór an fheidhm a ghabh mé idir lámha,
freastal ar chliar an domhain mhóir;
dá dtéadh ó mo theach neach acu gan ní,
b’shin í m’fheidhm gus inniu ar neamhní.

Cad uime go dtug Rí geal na gréine
a dhealbh féin orm-sa,
ó nach dtabharfadh Dia dílis dom
ní a dhéanfadh m’oineach a dhíonadh?

Gheall mé do Mhac Mhuire
nach ndiúltóinn d’aoinne choíche;
dá mbainfeadh Sé dhíom mo chlú oinigh,
cad a bhéarfadh nach Dó féin ba mhaire a leithéid
do theagmháil dom?”

“Here is my sorrow, O Son of my God,
Through all that happen’d me yesterday;
Thrice fifty learned men, a vexatious clan,
Who came to this place with Seanchán.

Though great is the number of austere bards
That came to Durlas of Guaire,
Every one had sport and laughter
Until the old woman arrived.

Great was the task to which I set my hand,
To serve the learned of the wide world;
Should any depart from my house unsupplied,
My achievement so far is rendered void.

Why has the king of the brilliant sun
Conferred on myself his likeness,
Should he of his bounty not grant to me
Means to protect my countenance?

I have promised to the son of Mary
Not to refuse the face of man;
Should any such person deprive me of my good fame.
Even to him it will be no sorrow.”

Section 22

Rucastar Guaire as in aigid sin cu tainic maidin	Rug Guaire as an oíche sin go dtáinig maidin	Guaire passed over that night till the morning came,
ocus atcuala tairm ocus treathan in aen-oclaig chuigi i mucha lai;	agus chuala sé tormán agus treathan an aon óghlaigh chuige <u>le fáinne an</u> lae go moch;	and he heard the bustle and paces of an individual advancing towards him in the early morn,
ocus do bhi do mhéd a dhogra ocus a dhomenman nar fhec air	agus bhí a dhólás agus a dhomheanma <u>chomh mór sin</u> nár fhéach sé air,	but his grief was so great that he did not look on him,
ocus do aithin he iar sin;	agus d'aithin sé é <u>ina dhiaidh sin</u> ;	and he afterwards, <u>however</u> , recognised him,
ocus as e do bhi ann, Marbhan mucaid	agus is é duine bhí ann ná Marbhán muicí,	and he who happened to be there was Marbhán the swine-herd,
primhfhaid nimhe ocus talman,	príomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,	the prime prophet of heaven and earth,
ocus fa mac mathar do Guairi he	mac máthar do Ghuaire <u>ab ea</u> é	he was son of Guaire's mother,
ocus is e ba mucaid do Guaire.	agus is é ba mhuicí do Ghuaire.	and swine-herd to Guaire.
Agus is airi bui 'na mhucaidh,	Agus is é cúis gur ina mhuicí a bhí sé	And his object in this occupation was
ar comad usaidi do creidium ocus crabhadh do dhenamh	ná gurbh fhusa dó creideamh agus crábhadh do dhéanamh	that he might the more advantageously devote himself to religion and devotion
bheth 'na mhucaid	bheith ina mhuicí	in the capacity of swine-herd,

a bhfeghuibh agus a bhfásaighibh; ocus bennachuis do Guaire.	i bhfeánna agus i bhfásaigh, agus bheannuigh sé do Ghuaire.	in woods and desert places, and he saluted Guaire;
“Fon cuma cédna duit-si, a primfhaidh nimhe agus talman,” ar Guaire.	“ <u>Gurab amhlaidh</u> duit-se, a phríomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,” arsa Guaire.	“The same compliments to you, chief prophet of heaven and earth,” said Guaire.
“Cred in bron soin ort?” ar Marbhan.	“Cad é an brón sin ort?” arsa Marbhán	“What is the <u>cause of</u> your sadness?” asked Marbhán.
“Mian doralá do neoch a tigh na tromdhaimhi,” ar Guaire.	“Mian do thárla do dhuine i dteach na Tromdháimhe,” arsa Guaire.	“A yearning that has seized a person in the house of the great Bardic Association.”
“Créd in mian?” ar Marbán,	“Cad í an mhian í?” arsa Marbhán,	“What is the wish?” enquired Marbhán,
“nó cia dha tarla?”	“nó cé dó go dtárla?”	“or to whom did it happen?”
“Do Muirinn ingin Chuain Chuilledhi” ar Guaire,	“Do Mhuirinn, iníon Chúáin Chuillí,” arsa Guaire,	“To Muireann, daughter of Cúán Chuillí,” replied Guaire,
“ben Dalláin agus buime na cleire.”	“bean Dalláin agus buime na cléire.”	“the wife of Dallán, and the foster-mother of the Bards.”
“As i sin dob ail linne dh’fhaghbhail bais ar tus díb;	“Is í sin dob áil linn-ne bás a fháil ar dtús díobh.	“That is she, whom we desire to be the first of them that should die;
ocus caidhi in mian?” ar Marbán.	Cad í an mian í?” arsa Marbhán.	and what is the wish?” asked Marbhán.

“Sgala do linn lemnachta” ar Guaire,	“Scála de lionn leamhnachta,” arsa Guaire,	“A bowl of the ale of sweet milk,” said Guaire,
“la smir mhughdhorn mhuc n-allaid.”	“le smior murnáin mhuc n-alla.”	“together with the marrow of the ankle bone of a wild hog.”
“As deca[i]r in mian soin d’fhagail,” ar Marbán,	“Is deachair an mhian san a fháil,” arsa Marbhán,	“It is difficult to procure that wish,” said Marbhán,
“ocus gidh decair, dogebthar acum-sa a nGlinn in Scail he.”	“agus, cé gur deachair, gheofar agamsa i nGleann an Scáil í.”	“and although difficult, it will be found with me in Gleann an Scáil.”
“Do iar si ní eli,” ar Guaire,	“D’iarr sí ní eile,” arsa Guaire,	“She asked for another thing,” said Guaire,
“.i. peta cuach do bheith ag ceileabrad ar crand eiginn ’na fiadhnuisi.”	“peata cuaiche a bheith ag ceiliúradh ar chrann eidhinn ina fianaise.”	“namely, a pet cuckoo cooing on an ivy tree in her presence.”
“As ingnad in trath da iarraidh sin anois,” ar Marbán,	“Is ionadh an tráth dá iarraidh sin anois,” arsa Marbhán,	“It is a strange time (<u>of the year</u>) to desire that now,” said Marbhán,
“ocus gidh ingnad, is ait[h]nid duinni int inad a bhfuil sin.”	“agus, cé gurab ionadh, is eol dúinn-ne an t-ionad ina bhfuil sin.”	“and although strange we know the place where that is.”
“Do shir si ní ele” ar Guaire,	“D’iarr sí ní eile,” arsa Guaire,	“She asked for another thing,” said Guaire,
“.i. ech riabhach ocus mong derg uirri ocus cethra cosa glegheala fuithi.”	“each riabhach agus mong dhearg uirthi agus ceithre cosa gléigeala fúithi.”	“namely, a bay steed, with a red mane and its four legs purely white.”

“A n-ein-tigh ata in dias sin,” ar Marbán,	“In aon teach atá an dá ní sin,” arsa Marbhán,	“In one house those two are to be had,” said Marbhán,
“in peta cuach ocus int ech riabach.”	“an peata cuaiche agus an t-each riabhach.”	“the pet cuckoo and the bay steed.”
“Cia oca bhfuilid?” ar Guaire.	“Cé aige go bhfuilid?” arsa Guaire.	“Who has them?” asked Guaire.
“Der Dhamhma ingen Iubddain, do leannan cumachtach fein,	“Dear Damhna, iníon Iubhdáin, do leannán cumhachtach féin,	“Dear Damhna, daughter of Iubhdán, your own powerful beloved,
is aice atait.”	is aici atáid.”	it is she possesses them.”
“Mad aici, doghebh-sa,” ar Guaire.	“Más aici, gheobhaidh mise <u>iad</u> ,” arsa Guaire.	“If she has them I will obtain them,” said Guaire.
“Do shir si ní eli,” ar Guaire,	“D’iarr sí ní eile,” arsa Guaire,	“She desired another thing,” said Guaire,
“i. beirt ildathach impe do lin in damáin allaid.”	“brat ildathach de líon an damháin alla a bheith uimpi.”	“namely, to have about her a garment of many colours <u>made</u> of the spider’s silk.”
“Doghebhthar sin agum-sa a nGlinn i[n] Scail,” ar Marbán.	“Gheofar sin agamsa i nGleann an Scáil,” arsa Marbhán.	“That will be found with me in Gleann an Scáil,” said Marbhán.
“Do shir si ní eli,” ar Guaire,	“D’iarr sí ní eile,” arsa Guaire,	“She desired another thing,” said Guaire,
“i. a tenn-eri for a muin	“a teann-ualach ar a muin	“namely, her full load on her back
ocus crislach ’na timchell do ruadhan bloingi thuirc gleghil.”	agus crioslach ina timcheall de ruán blonaige toirc ghléigil.”	and a girdle about her of the yellow lard of a purely white boar.”

“Inar shir si sin?” ar Marbán.	“Agus ar iarr sí sin?” arsa Marbhán.	“Did she request that?” asked Marbhán.
“Do shir,” ar Guaire.	“D’iarr,” arsa Guaire.	“She did request it,” replied Guaire.
“Mu mhallacht-sa ar in te do shir sin,” ar Marbán,	“Mo mhallachtsa ar an té d’iarr sin,” arsa Marbhán,	“My malediction on the person who desired that,” said Marbhán,
“ocus guighim-si Rí nimhe oculus talman nar foghna in mian sin di.	“agus guímse Rí neimhe agus talún nár fhónamh an mhian sin di.	“and I implore the King of Heaven and earth that that wish may not serve her.
Doigh is acam-sa ata in torc sin	Ar dhóigh is agamsa atá an torc sin	For it is I who have that boar
ocus is docair dhamh a mharbad,	agus is dochar domsa a mharú,	and it is a hardship for me to kill him,
or is buachail dam he oculus is liaigh oculus is techtuiri oculus is oirfidech.”	óir is buachaill dom é agus is lia agus is teachtaire agus is oirfideach.”	for he is to me a herdsman, a physician, a messenger and a musician.”
“Cinnus doni se sin duit?” ar Guaire.	“Conas a dhéanann sé sin duit?” arsa Guaire.	“How does he perform <u>all</u> that for you?” asked Guaire.
“Ni hanna” ar Marbán,	“Ní <u>deacair a insint</u> ,” arsa Marbhán,	“Not difficult <u>to tell</u> ,” replied Marbhán:
“in uair thicim-si ona mucaib san oighthe	“nuair a thagaimse ó na muca san oíche	“When I return from the swine at night,
ocus nach facbhuit dreasla Glinne in Scail leathar ar mu chosaibh,	agus nách bhfágann driseoga Ghleanna an Scáil leathar ar mo chosa,	and that the skin is torn off my feet by the briars of Gleann an Scáil,
tic-sium cucam oculus cuirid a theanga tar mo chosaibh	tagann seisean chugam agus cuireann a theanga thar mo chosa	he comes to me and rubs his tongue over my feet,

ocus da mbedis taithlega ocus uindemeinti in domain agam,	agus, dá mbeidís táithlianna agus unghaí an domhain agam,	and though I should have all the surgeons and healing ointments in the world
is tusca dom [<i>sic fcs.</i> ; <i>leg.</i> doni ? (Bergin)] a thenga-som slainti dhamh.	is túisce a dhéanann a theangasan sláinte dom.	his tongue would cure me soonest;
As liaigh damh he amlaid sin.	Is lia dom é amhlaidh sin.	in that manner he is a physician to me.
Is buachail damh he,	Is buachaill dom é,	He is herd to me,
or in tan tiaghuit na muca ar fud Glinne in Scáil	óir an uair a théann na muca ar fud Ghleanna an Scáil	for when the swine wander through Gleann an Scáil,
ocus bís leisci oram-sa,	agus nuair bhíonn leisce ormsa,	and that I am wearied,
doberim builli dom' chois ann san	tugaim buille de mo chos ansin	I give him a blow with my foot,
ocus teit a ndiaigh na muc;	agus téann sé i ndiaidh na muc;	and he goes after the swine.
ocus atat nai ndoirsi ar Glinn in Scáil,	agus tá naoi ndóirse ar Ghleann an Scáil,	There are nine passes leading into Gleann an Scáil,
ocus ni hecal do mhuc dibh	agus ní heagal do mhuc díobh	and there is no danger of any hog of them (<u>being carried off</u>)
gaduigi na caibhdhen na faelchu a figbuid [<i>figluid fsc.</i> , <i>leg.</i> fidbaid; faolchu fiodhbha M ; fiodhbuighe O]	gadaí ná ceithearnach ná faolchú coille	by a thief, vagrant, or wolf of the forest,

gu cuireann se in muic ndereadhaigh dib
istech.

Is oirfitech dhamh he,

or in tan bis saint codalta orm-sa,

doberim builli dom chois ann sin

ocus cuirid a druim fai ocus a thair a n-airdi

ocus canaidh cronan damh,

ocus is bindithir lim

fria tétuib mendcrot il-lamhuib suadh ica
saeirsheinm

in ceol canus damh;

ocus as i in smolach bethadach is lia aisdi
cheileabraidh ar bith,

ocus is lia aitherrach cronain aigi-seom.

As decair damsa in bethadach sin do
marbhadh,” ar Marbán,

go gcuireann sé an mhuc dheireanach díobh
isteach.

Is oirfideach dom é

óir, an uair bhíonn saint chodlata ormsa,

tugaim buille dem chos annsan,

agus chuireann sé a dhroim faoi agus a tharr in
airde

agus canann crónán dom,

agus is chomh binn, dar liom,

le téada meannchruite i lámha saoi á shaor-
sheinm,

an ceol a chanann sé dom,

agus is é an smólach beithíoch is lia aiste
ceiliúrtha ar bith,

agus is lia athrach crónáin aige sin.

Is deacair domsa an beithíoch sin do mharú,”
arsa Marbhán,

until he drives in the very last hog of them.

He is a musician to me,

for when I am anxious to sleep

I give him a blow with my foot

and he lies on his back with his belly
uppermost

and sings me a *crónán* (humming tune),

and as sweet to me

as a sweet toned harp in the hands of an
accomplished minstrel,

is the music which he sings to me,

and the blackbird is the most variable in his
notes of all birds,

yet he (the boar) is still more varied.

It is hard for me to kill that animal,” said
Marbhán,

“ocus cuir-si fein techta ara cheann, or ni fhétuim-si a mharbad;

ocus doberim-si mu briathar duit-si,” ar Marbán,

“gu tiber-sa cuairt en-lai co bruighin na tromdhaime

do dhighail in tuirc fhinn orra,

ocus gumba meisdi beit siad co brath i.”

“cuirse féin teachta ar a cheann, óir ní fhéadaimse é mharú;

agus tugaimse mo bhriathar duitse,” arsa Marbhán,

“go dtabharfaidh mise cuairt aon lae go bruíon na Tromdháimhe

ag díoghail an toirc fhionn orthu

agus gur miste a bheidh siad go bráth é.”

“and do you yourself send messengers for him, for I cannot kill him,

and I pledge my word to you,” said Marbhán,

“that I will pay a visit some day to the mansion of the great bardic body

to be avenged of them for the white boar,

and may they never be the better for it.”

Section 23

Fritha imorro na miana sin uili tre bithin Marbain.

Do marbadh iarum in torc finn

ocus do cuired a blonac ar muin na cailligi

ocus dochuaid ar a heoch oculus do bi ag cronan roimpe co Durlus;

agus tarla for clochan chorrach hi ac dul don bhaili,

Fuarthas na mianta sin uile trí bhíthin Mharbháin, áfach.

Marbhadh an torc fionn ina dhiaidh sin

agus cuireadh a bhlonag ar mhuin na caillí

agus chuaigh sí ar a heach agus do bhí sí ag crónán roimpi go Durlas,

agus tharla ar chlochán chorrach í agus í ag dul sa bhaile isteach,

Howbeit, all those objects of desire were procured through the instrumentality of Marbhán.

The white boar was afterwards killed,

his lard was put on the old dame’s back,

and she rode on her horse and she hummed her tune as she proceeded on her way to Durlas,

and, while passing over an unsettled causeway that led to the place

cor thuit a hech ocus cu tarla hi fein fuithi,	i dtreo gur thuit a heach agus go dtarla sí féin fúithi,	her steed fell and she happened to be under it,
cor bris cnaimh a lairgi ocus a righedh ocus a muiníl,	gur bhris sí cnámh a lorgan agus a rí agus a muiníl,	by which her thigh bone, fore arm, and neck were broken,
co bhfhuaire bas amlaid.	agus go bhfuair bás amhlaidh.	and she died after that manner;
Conadh de sin ata ‘eire na cailligi don blonaic.’	Agus is de sin atá <u>an focal úd</u> : ‘eire na caillí den bhlonag.’	and thence originated (<u>the adage</u> ,) ‘The Hag’s load of lard.’

Section 24

[D]orala mian ele do neoch a tigh na tromdaime	Tháinig mian eile do dhuine i dtigh na Tromdháimhe,	Another longing desire seized a person in the mansion of the great Bardic Association,
.i. Medb Neidigh ingen Shencháin,	do Mheidhbh Néidigh, iníon Sheancháin,	namely Meadhbh Néidigh, the daughter of Seanchán,
ocus do leic mhairg moir eisdi.	agus leig sí scréach mhór aisti.	and she let out a great shriek.
Do fhregair a hathair hi:	D’fhreagair a hathair í.	Her father responded to her:
“Créd thicc riot, a ingen?” ar se.	“Cad atá ort, a iníon?” ar sé.	“What ails you, my daughter?” said he.
“Mian domrara,” ar sí,	“Mian a tháinig dom,” ar sí,	“A yearning wish that has possessed me,” answered she,

“ocus muna faghar in mian sin, ní baam beo.”	“agus, mura bhfaighidh mé an mhian sin, ní bheidh mé beo.”	“and unless I shall get it, I will not live.”
“Crét in mian?” ar Senchán.	“Cad í an mhian í?” arsa Seanchán.	“What is the wish?” asked Seanchán.
“Lan beinne mo broit acum do smeruibh corra cirdhubha,”	“Lán binne mo bhrait agam de sméara corra ciardhubha,”	“ <u>That I might have</u> the full of the skirt of my mantle of large blackberries;”
— isin fhailledh ro chuinnidh sisi sin —	— is san fhaoilleach d’iarr sise sin —	— <u>it was at</u> the end of winter that she asked for it —
“ocus co mbeinn ag dul romam co Durlus	“agus go mbeinn ag dul romham go Durlas	“and that I might be on my way to Durlas,
ocus comadh amlaid foghabuind muinnter Guairi i saeth ocus i ngalar.”	agus gur i dtinneas agus i ngalar a gheobhainn muintir Ghuaire.”	and that <u>on my arrival there</u> I might find the people of Guaire in sickness and distemper.”
“Cidh uma n-abrai sin, a ingen?” ar Senchán,	“Cad uime go ndeir sin, a iníon?” arsa Seanchán,	“Why do you say that, my daughter?” said Seanchán,
“ocus Guaire ’gár ngoiri-ne ocus ’gar lesugad.”	“agus Guaire ár gcoimeád agus ár gcothú.”	“since Guaire is our consoler and comforter.”
“In bhfeturis-si, a athair,” ar Medb, “mar atú-sa a cosuined ocus in fídat .i. in neanntog;	“An bhfuil <u>a fhios agat</u> , a athair,” arsa Meadhbh, “gurab ionann mise agus an <i>fídat</i> , sin an neantóg;	“Do you know, father, how I am like unto the <i>Fídat</i> , that is the nettle,
an te doni teach uimpi,	mar, an té a dhéanann teach uimpi sin,	for he who would construct a house about it
ní ferr le nech da loiscenn inas.	ní fearr le neach dá loisceann ná é.	would as soon be stung by it as any other person.

Is amlaid sin dam-sa;

ni ferr lim nech ele d'fagail bais ar tus

ina in te dober main ocus mor-mait[h]ius
dam."

Is amhlaidh sin domsa;

ní fearr liom neach eile a fháil bás ar dtús

ná an té a thugann maoin agus mórmhaitheas
dom."

Similar is my case,

for I do not desire that any other should die
sooner

than he who gives me wealth and great
substance."

Section 25

Rucsat as in agaid sin.

Tainic Guaire roime co bruigin na tromdhaime
arna marrach ocus do fiafraig

"Cinnus atathar 'con muinntir mhoir mhaith so
aniugh?" ar se.

"Ni rabhamar riamh" ar Senchán, "la as mesa
do beithi againn,

or tarla mian dom' ingin-si .i. Medbh Neidig."

"Crét in mian?" ar Guaire.

Da innis Senchán do.

Ba bronach Guaire dhe sin.

Rugadar as an oíche sin.

Tháinig Guaire roimhe go bruíon na
Tromdámhe arna mhárach agus d'fhiafraigh:

"Conas atá ag an muintir mhór mhaith seo
inniu?" ar sé.

"Ní rabhamar riamh," arsa Seanchán, "lá is
measa a bheifí againn,

óir thárla mian dom iníonse, Meadhbh
Néidigh."

"Cad í an mhian í?" arsa Guaire.

D'inis Seanchán dó.

Ba bhrónach Seanchán de sin.

They wore away that night.

Guaire came to the mansion of the bards on
the morrow, and he asked:

"How does it fare with this great and worthy
people to-day?" said he.

"We were never a day," said Seanchán, "that it
was worse with us."

for a longing desire has seized my daughter,
namely Meave Neidigh."

"What is the desire?" asked Guaire.

Seanchán told him.

Guaire was sorrowful for that.

“Ni fuil a n-aicned,” ar Guaire, “na miana sin d’fagail.”

Impódus on bruigin

ocus ní cian dochuaidh in tan tarla Marbán do.

“Níl sé do réir nádúir,” arsa Guaire, “na mianta sin d’fháil.”

D’iompaign sé ón mbruíon

agus ní fada a chuaigh sé nuair a chas Marbhán air.

“It is not in the comprehension of man to procure these wishes,” said Guaire.

He departed from the mansion,

but had not proceeded far when Marbhán met him.

Section 26

“Mo chen duit, a Guaire,” ar Marbán.

“Fon cuma cédna duit-si, a primhfáid nimeocus talman” ar Guaire.

“Crét in brón so ort, a Guaire?” ar Marbán.

“Mian dorala do neoch don tromdám,” ar Guaire.

“D’éis in tuirc finn?” ar Marbán.

“Is ed,” ar Guaire.

“Crét in mian?” ar Marbán.

“Mo chion duit, a Ghuaire,” arsa Marbhán.

“Gurab amhlaidh duitse, a phríomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,” arsa Guaire.

“Cad é an brón seo ort, a Ghuaire?” arsa Marbhán.

“Mian do tharla do dhuine den Tromdháimh,” arsa Guaire.

“Tar éis an toirc fhionn?” arsa Marbhán.

“Is ea,” arsa Guaire.

“Cad í an mhian í?” arsa Marbhán.

“My love to you, Guaire,” said Marbhán.

“Likewise to you, chief prophet of Heaven and earth,” responded Guaire.

“What sadness is this over you, Guaire?” asked Marbhán.

“A wish that has seized one of the great bardic body,” replied Guaire.

“After the white boar?” exclaimed Marbhán.

“Yes,” responded Guaire.

“What is the wish, and to whom did it occur?” asked Marbhán.

“To Meadhbh Néidigh, the daughter of Seanchán,

“Lan beinne a broit do smeraihb corra círduba.”	“Lán binne a brait de sméara corra ciardhubha.”	viz., the full of the skirt of her mantle of large blackberries.”
“Dogebhthar sin acam-sa a nGlinn in Scáil,” ar Marbán.	“Gheofar sin agamsa i nGleann an Scáil,” arsa Marbhán.	“They will be found with me in Gleann an Scáil,” said Marbhán.
“Cinnus on?” ar Guaire.	“Conas sin?” arsa Guaire.	“How may that be?” asked Guaire.
“La dha rabadhais-si oc seilg a nGlinn in Scáil	“Lá a raibh tusa ag seilg i nGleann an Scáil	“One day that you had been hunting in Gleann an Scáil,
ocus do bhi cú for eill at’ laimh,	agus bhí cú ar éill i do láimh,	you held a hound by the leash,
ocus atconnaic in cu in bethadach ocus tug tarrang ort-sa;	agus chonaic an chú an beithíoch agus thug tarraing ortsa,	and the hound having espied an animal, he made a pull at you;
ocus do bhi tor dreasladh att’ fharrad ocus do tharraing se do brat dit	agus bhí tor driseoige i d’fharradh agus do tharraing sé do bhrat díot,	a bush of briars which was adjacent to you, caught and pulled off your cloak,
ocus do leicis-si leis he co hescaid, or nir erais nech um ní riamh,	agus lig tusa leis é go héasca, óir níor éar tú neach um ní riamh,	which you readily let go, for you never refused a favour to any;
ocus ní dernais-si acht dul uaidh in tan tanac-sa chuige;	agus ní dhearna tú ach dul uaidh nuair a tháinig mise chuige,	you had only just departed from it when I came up,
ocus fuarus smera imdha ar in tor	agus fuair mé sméara iomdha ar an tor	and found a great large quantity of berries on the bush;
ocus do scaileas in brat uime innus nar ben doinenn na derdan o sin ille ris	agus scaoil mé an brat uime ionas nár bhain doineann ná fearthainn ó shin i leith leis	and I spread the cloak over it, so that neither storm nor rain has touched them ever since,

le cumhachtaib Dé agus le mo chumhachtaibh-si;	le cumhachtaí Dé agus le mo chumhachtaíse <u>féin</u> ;	through the powers of God and my <u>own</u> powers;
ocus in ní ba derg in la sin díbh, as dubh anois,	agus an <u>méid</u> ba dhearg an lá sin díobh is dubh anois,	and such of them as were red on that day, are black now,
ocus in ní ba dubh, ata blas meala orro.”	agus an méid ba dhubh atá blas meala orthu.”	and those that were black have the taste of honey.”
“Do shir si ní ele,” ar Guaire,	“D’iarr sí ní eile,” arsa Guaire,	“She desired another thing,” said Guaire,
“i. mo muinntir-sa do beth i saeth agus i ngalar ar a cinn.”	“mo mhuintirse a bheith i dtinneas agus i ngalar ar a ceann.”	“namely, that my people might be in sickness and disease on her arrival.”
“Is deacair sin d’iaraid,” ar Marbán;	“Is deacair sin a iarraidh,” arsa Marbhán,	“It is hard to ask that,” said Marbhán,
“ocus eirigh-si romut anoc[h]t co Finnaragal na Fele	“agus éirighse romhat anocht go Fionnaireagal na Féile	“and you go to-night to Fionnaireagal of Hospitality,
ocus rachat-sa gu Glinn in Scáil,	agus rachaidh mise go Gleann an Scáil,	and I will go to Gleann an Scáil,
ocus guighem araen Airdri nime agus talman	agus guímis araon Ard-Rí neimhe agus talún	and let us conjointly implore the Supreme King of Heaven and Earth,
umat’ muinntir-si do beth i saeth agus i ngalar	umat mhuintirse a bheith i dtinneas agus i ngalar	that your people may be in sickness and disease,
ocus a mbeth slan ar in lathair cédna.”	agus a bheith slán ar an láthair chéanna.”	and be restored immediately after.”

Section 27

Tiagait rompu agus doniat edurguighi dicra gu Dia in agaid sin.	<u>Chuaigh</u> siad rompu agus <u>rinne</u> siad idirghuí díograiseach go Dia an oíche sin.	They proceeded forward and they both prayed to God fervently that night.
Agus fuair Medbh na smera	Agus fuair Meadhbh na sméara	Meadhbh got the blackberries;
ocus tainic co Durlus	agus tháinig sí go Durlas,	she came to Durlas,
ocus is amhlaid fuair muinnter Guairi	agus is amhlaidh fuair sí muintir Ghuaire	and the condition she found the people of Guaire in,
ocus airdhe bais ag gach duini dhib	agus airíonna báis ar gach duine díobh	was that each of them had the symptoms of death
tre edarghuigi Guairi agus Marbháin;	trí idirghuí Ghuaire agus Mharbháin;	through the united prayers of Guaire and Marbhán;
ocus ní derna si acht in baili d'fhacbail	agus ní dhearna sí ach an baile a fhágáil	and she had only left the place
in tan fuaratar slainti idir fhir agus mhnai.	nuair a fuaireadar go léir idir fhir agus mná sláinte.	when <u>all of them</u> , both men and women recovered their health;
Con[adh] amlaidh sin frith na miana sin ar bithin De agus Marbhain.	Agus sin mar a fuaradh na mianta sin trí bhíthin Dé agus Mharbháin.	such was the manner in which those things wished for were obtained by God's means and Marbhán.

Section 28

Tarla mian ele do neoch a tigh na tromdaime	Thárla mian eile do dhuine i dteach na Tromdháimhe,	Another longing desire seized a person in the house of the great Bardic Association,
.i. Brighit ingen Onithcherne, baincheli Sencháin,	do Bhríd, iníon Onithcheirne, banchéile Sheancháin,	namely, Bríd, daughter of Onithchearn, the wife of Seanchán,
ocus do leic mhairg moir aisdi.	agus lig sí liach mhór aisti.	and she let out a great shriek.
Do freagair Senchán: “Crét tic friut, a bhanfhlaith?” ar Senchán.	D’fhreagair Seanchán: “Cad atá ort, a bhanfhlaith?” arsa Seanchán.	Seanchán responded — “What is the matter with you, chieftainess?” asked Seanchán.
“Mian domrала,” ar si,	“Mian a tháinig dom,” ar sí,	“A wish that has seized me,” said she,
“ocus muna fhaghar he ní bhaam beo.”	“agus mura bhfaighidh mé í, ní bheidh mé beo.”	“and unless it be obtained I will die.”
“Abair in mian,” ar Senchán.	“Abair an mhian,” arsa Seanchán.	“Say the wish,” said Seanchán.
“Mu saith d’fhagail damh do shaill luin uisce	“Mo sháith a fháil dom de shaill loin uisce	“To get my fill of the fat of a water blackbird;
ocus mo shaith ele do bhoin cluaisdeirg gleghil gan ai inti,	agus mo sháith eile de bhó chluas-dhearg ghléigil gan ae inti	and again my fill of a red-eared and purely white cow without a liver,
acht ger a n-inat a haei;	ach geir in ionad a hae,	but having tallow in place of her liver;
ocus mu shaith do shumhuibh derga oculus do chaeraibh corcra,	agus mo sháith de shútha dearga agus de chaora corcra,	also my fill of red strawberries and of purple berries,

ocus gumad hi deoch foghabuinn 'na ndiaigh, fethnait fegha fuinn	agus gurab í deoch a gheobhainn ina dhiaidh ná <i>feathnait feadha fuinn</i> ,	and that the drink I may get after them shall be <i>Fethnait Feagha Fuinn</i> ,
.i. mil na féthlenn [feathnad nait feighe fuinn .i. mil na bhfeiliog MO . <i>Here the older version breaks off in M</i>].”	’sé sin, mil an fhéithlinn.”	viz., the honey of the woodbine.”
“As decair na miana sin d’fagail,” ar Senchán.	“Is deacair na mianta sin a fháil,” arsa Seanchán.	“It is difficult to procure these wishes,” said Seanchán.

Section 29

Rucsat as in agaid sin.	Rugadar as an oíche sin.	That night wore on.
Tainic Guaire gu moch ar[na] mharach co bruidhin na tromdhaime ocus do fhiarfaig:	Tháinig Guaire go moch arna mhárach go bruíon na Tromdháimhe agus d’fhiafraigh:	Guaire came early on the morrow to the bardic mansion, and enquired —
“Cinnus atathar ’con muinntir moir maith-si aniugh?”	“Conas atá ag an muintir mhór mhaith seo inniu?”	“How fares it with this great and excellent people today?”
“Ní rabhumur riam,” ar Senchán, “uair is mesa do bheimiss,	“Ní rabhamar riamh,” arsa Seanchán, “uair is measa a bheimís,	“We were never a time,” replied Seanchán, “that it was worse with us.”
or tarla mian do neoch againn	óir tharla mian do dhuine againn,	for a longing desire has seized one of us,
.i. Brigid ingen Onithchern, mu ben-sa fein.”	do Bhríd, iníon Onithchearna, mo bhean féin.”	namely, Bríd, daughter of Onithchearn, my own wife.”
“Cred in mian?” ar Guaire.	“Cad í an mhian í?” arsa Guaire.	“What is the wish?” asked Guaire.

Ro innis Senchán.	D’inis Seanchán.	Seanchán informed him.
“Ni fhuil a n-aicned na miana sin d’faghail,” ar Guaire.	“ <u>Níl i nádúr</u> na mianta sin a fháil,” arsa Guaire.	“There is no possibility of procuring those wishes,” said Guaire.
Tainic roime co toirirsech on bruigin ocus ní fada dochuaid in tan tarla Marbán do.	Tháinig sé roimhe go tuirseach ón mbruíon agus ní fada a chuaigh sé nuair a chas Marbhán air.	He went away in sorrow from the mansion, but did not proceed far when he met Marbhán.
Bennachais cach da chele dibh.	Bheannaigh cách dá chéile díobh.	They greeted each other.
“Crét in brón sin ort, a Guaire?” ar Marbán.	“Cad é an brón sin ort, a Ghuaire?” arsa Marbhán.	“What is the matter with you, O Guaire?” asked Marbhán.
“Mian tarla do neoch a tigh na tromdáime,” ar Guaire.	“Mian a tharla do dhuine i dteach na Tromdháimhe,” arsa Guaire.	“A wish that has happened to a person in the dwelling of the Bards,” replied Guaire.
“D’eis in tuirc fhinn on?” ar Marbán.	“Tar éis an toirc fhionn, an ea?” arsa Marbhán.	“After the white boar, eh?” exclaimed Marbhán.
“Is ed,” ar Guaire, ocus do innis na miana.	“Is ea,” arsa Guaire, agus d’inis sé na mianta.	“Yes,” responded Guaire, and he told him the wishes.
“Is ait[h]nid dhamh-sa baile a fuilid sin” ar Marbán,	“Is aithnid domsa an bhaile ina bhfuil siad sin,” arsa Marbhán,	“I know the place where those are,
“.i. ag caillechab Tuama Da Ghualann,	“ag mná rialta Thuama Dhá Ghualann,	viz., with the Nuns of Tuama Dá Ghualann,

or atait nai fhichit caillech i n-oen-teach	óir tá naoi bhfichid bean rialta in aon teach ansiúd	for there are nine score nuns in one house,
ocus tic a saith uili dh'aein-bleagan on boin soin.	agus tagann a sáith uile d'aon bhleán ón mbó sin.	and they all get a sufficiency (<u>of milk</u>) by one milking from that cow;
Agus is acu ata in lon sin	Agus is acu atá an lon sin,	and it is they who have that blackbird,
ocus in tan leices in caillech fa dheoigh dhibh ar chodlad	agus, nuair luíonn an bhean faoi dheoidh díobh ar chodladh,	and when the last of the nuns retires to sleep
canaidh-sium ceol doibh	canann sé sin ceol dóibh	he sings music for them
da coidelduis fir ghonta ocus mna co n-idnuib;	lena gcodlóidís fir ghonta agus mná i bpianta;	which would lull to sleep wounded men and parturient women;
ocus as deimhin, da tuctha-sa nai fhichit bo cluaisderg glegheal doibh	agus is deimhin, dá dtabharfása naoi bhfichid bó chluas-dhearg ghléigeal dóibh	and it is certain that should you give them nine score, red-eared, purely white cows,
ocus laegh gacha bo dhibh,	agus lao gach bó díobh sin,	and a calf with each of the cows,
gurub ferr a mbo san ina sin	gurbh fhearr a mbósan ná sin	their one cow would be better than them all;
ocus da tuctha nai fichit lon doibh	agus dá dtabharfá naoi bhfichid lon dóibh	and should you give them nine score blackbirds,
gurub ferr a n-aen-lon inait.”	gurbh fhearr a n-aon lonsan ná iad go léir.”	their one blackbird would be better than they.

“Do sir si ni eli,” ar Guaire,

“i. sumha oculus caera oculus mil na feithlenn
[oculus deoch feathnaitt feadha fuinn **MO**].”

“Dogeibhthar sin acam-sa a nGlinn in Scáil,”
ar Marbhán.

“D’iarr sí ní eile,” arsa Guaire,

“sútha agus caora agus mil an fhéithlinn.”

“Gheofar sin agamsa i nGleann an Scáil,” arsa
Marbhán.

“She desired another thing,” said Guaire,

“namely, shrub-berries and tree-berries and
the honey of the woodbine.”

“Those will be found with me in Gleann an
Scáil,” said Marbhán.

Section 30

Fritha uile na miana sin amail dorarngair
Marbhán,

oculus tucadh nai fichit bo oculus nai fichit lon
dona caillechaib

ar son a n-aen-bo oculus a n-aon-luin;

agus adubratar maithe bhfer nEirenn

nar fhiu in tromdam uili in diass-sin do
marbad.

Fuarthas na mianta san uile amhail do
thairngir Marbhán,

agus tugadh naoi bhfichid bó agus naoi
bhfichid lon do na mná rialta

ar son a n-aon bhó agus a n-aon lon;

agus dúirt maithe fear nEireann

nár bh fhiú an Tromdhámh uile an dís sin a
mharú.

All those wishes were procured as Marbhán
predicted,

and nine score kine, and nine score blackbirds,
were given to the nuns

for their one cow and one blackbird;

and the nobility of the men of Ireland,
declared

that the entire of the great Bardic Association
were not worth those two (animals) that were
killed.

Section 31

Tarla mian aili do neoch a tigh na tromdáime .i. do Shenchán	Thárla mian eile do dhuine i dteach na Tromdháimhe, do Sheanchán,	Another longing desire seized one of the great Bardic Association, namely, Seanchán,
ocus do leig mhairg moir as.	agus lig sé liach mór as.	and he let out a great lamentation.
Do fhregair an tromdám uile a n-aeinfhecht	D’fhreagair an Tromdhámh uile in éineacht	The whole of the great Bardic Association simultaneously responded,
ocus ro fiafraighset cidh uma raibhi.	agus d’fhiafraíodar cad uime go raibh.	and they asked what was the matter with him.
“Mian domrala” ol se,	“Mian a tháinig dom,” ar sé,	“A <u>longing</u> desire that has seized me,” replied he,
“ocus muna fhaghar he, ní baam beo .i. ma shaith d’fhagail dum fein oculus dom’ cleir oculus do maithib Connacht	“agus muna bhfaighidh é, ní bheidh mé beo, ,sé sin, mo sháith a fháil dom féin agus dom’ chléir agus do mhaithe Connacht	“and unless it be procured I shall die, namely, that I myself, my Bardic Association and the nobles of Connacht may get our fill
do saill mhuici nach rucad fos	de shaill mhuice nár rugadh fós,	of the fat of hogs that have not yet been farrowed,
ocus do chuir en-grainne,	agus de choirm aon ghráinne,	and also of ale (<u>the produce</u>) of one grain (<u>of corn</u>),
ocus muna fhagur sin suil dech in trath ina chele,	agus muna bhfaighidh mé sin sula dtiocfaidh an tráth seo amárach,	and except these be obtained before this time tomorrow,
bidham marbh.”	beidh mé marbh.”	I shall be dead.”

Section 32

Do tadhbhas sin do Guaire san oighthi	Taispeánadh sin do Ghuaire san oíche	That <u>circumstance</u> was revealed to Guaire in the night,
ocus nír fhuirigh re la gan tec[h]t d'innsaigid na bruighne,	agus níor fhan sé le lá gan teacht d'ionsaí na bruíne,	and he did not wait for the day, but came directly to the mansion,
ocus do fhiarfaig: “Cinnus atathar agon muinntir mhoir mhaith sin thall anocht?”	agus d'fhiafraigh: “Conas atá ag an muintir mhór mhaith sin thall anocht?”	and he asked — “How does it fare with this great and good people tonight?”
“Ní rabamur riam,” ar siat, “oighthi is mesa do beithi againn.”	“Ní rabhamar riamh,” ar siad, “oíche is measa a bheifí againn.”	“We were never a night,” said they, “that it was worse with us.”
“Cidh on?” ar Guaire.	“Conas sin?” arsa Guaire.	“How so?” asked Guaire.
“Mian tarla do neoch againn.”	“Mian a tharla do dhuine againn.”	“A longing desire that has seized one of us.
“Cia dha tarla in mian sin?” ar Guaire.	“Cé dá dtáinig an mhian sin?” arsa Guaire.	“To whom did that longing happen?” asked Guaire.
“Do Senchán seinfhile, don righ-ollam fein.”	“Do Sheanchán sean-fhile, don rí-ollamh féin.”	“To Seanchán the aged poet, the arch bard himself.”
“Créd in mian?” ar Guaire.	“Cad í an mian í?” arsa Guaire.	“What is the wish?” asked Guaire.
Ro hinnised dho.	Insíodh dó.	He was told it.
Ba bró[nach] Guaire dhe sin,	Ba bhrónach Guaire de sin	Whereupon Guaire was sore troubled,

or nír shail na miana soin d'fhaghail.

óir níor shíl sé gurbh fhéidir na mianta sin a fháil.

for he considered that those wishes could not be gratified.

Section 33

Do innta on bruidhin amach

D'iompaigh sé ón mbruíon amach

He turned away out from the mansion

ocus ní cian rainic in tan tarla Marbán do.

agus ní fada a chuaigh sé nuair a chas Marbhán air.

but proceeded not far when Marbhán met him.

“Créd in brón sin ort, a Guaire?” ar Marbán.

“Cad é an brón sin ort, a Ghuaire?” arsa Marbhán.

“What is it troubles you, O Guaire?” asked Marbhán.

“Mian tarla do neoch a tigh na tromdáime,” ar Guaire.

“Mian a tháinig do dhuine i dteach na Tromdháimhe,” arsa Guaire.

“A longing desire that has seized one in the mansion of the learned.”

“Tar eis in tuirc fhinn?” ar Marbán.

“Tar éis an toirc fhionn?” arsa Marbhán.

“After the white boar?” exclaimed Marbhán.

“Is ed” ar Guaire.

“Is ea,” arsa Guaire.

“Yes,” replied Guaire.

“Crét in mian?” ar Marbán, “ocus cia dha tarla?”

“Cad í an mian í?” arsa Marbhán, “agus cé dó a tharla?”

“What is the wish?” asked Marbhán, “and to whom did it happen?”

“Do Senchán seinfile” ar Guaire,

“Do Sheanchán sean-fhile,” arsa Guaire,

“To Seanchán, the aged poet,” replied Guaire,

“i. a shaith d'fhagail do fein agus da cleir agus do mhaithibh Connacht

“sé sin, a sháith a fháil dó féin agus dá chléir agus do mhaithhe Connacht

“namely, a sufficiency for himself and for his associates, and for the nobility and gentry of Connacht,

do chuir en-gráinne.”

de choirm aon ghráinne.”

of the ale of one grain (of corn).”

“Doghebhthar acam-sa sin a nGlinn in Scáil,” ar Marbán.	“Gheofar agamsa sin i nGleann an Scáil,” arsa Marbhán.	“That will be found with me in Gleann an Scáil,” said Marbhán.
“Cinnus on?” ar Guaire.	“Conas sin?” arsa Guaire.	“How so?” asked Guaire.
“Aen do lo da raibhi do rechtaire-si fein .i. Guaire Beiceinig	“Lá dá raibh do rechtaire féin, 'sé sin, Guaire Beag-oinigh	“One day that your own agriculturist, namely, Guaire Beag-Oinigh (or of little hospitality)
ac techt o chur shil,	ag teacht ó chur síl,	had been returning from sowing seed,
ocus do mhothaig se ard etarra oculus bonn a bróigi	mhothaigh sé ard idir a chos agus bonn a bhróige	he felt a substance (<u>literally a prominence</u>) between <u>his foot</u> and the sole of his shoe,
ocus fuair gráinne cruithnechta ann	agus fuair sé gráinne cruithneachta ann,	and he found a grain of wheat in it,
ocus nir mho dercu for daraig inas;	agus níor mhó dearca ar dair ná é,	and an acorn was not larger than it;
ocus tuc leis chucam-se [<i>leg. sa</i>] é.	agus thug sé leis chugamsa é.	and this he brought to me.
Ro clannaiged lium-sa a talmain he in bliadain sin	Cuireadh liomsa i dtalamh é an bhliain sin	It was planted by me in the ground that year,
ocus tancatar in bliadain tanaise secht primdhiasa fichet.	agus thángadar an bhliain ina dhiaidh sin seacht bpríomh-dhiasa fichead.	and seven and twenty prime ears sprung forth in the second year.
Acht ata aein-bliadain dec o sin ille	Ach atá aon bhliain déag ó shin i leith	But eleven years have elapsed since then,

ocus nir leces arbhur ele trit frisin re sin,	agus níor lig mé arbhar eile tríd leis an ré sin,	and no other corn has been allowed to mix with it during that period,
ocus atait cethre prímhcrúacha do thorad in aen-gráinne sin acum-sa,	agus tá ceithre príomh-chruacha de thoradh an aon gráinne sin agamsa,	and I have (<u>now</u>) seven prime stacks (<u>of corn</u>) which are the produce of that one grain.
ocus ro urailius fled mhorchain do dhenamh a nGlinn in Scáil;	agus d'fhoráil mé fleá mhór chaoín a dhéanamh i nGleann an Scáil	I have given directions to prepare a great excellent banquet in Gleann an Scáil,
ocus is doigh lim-sa,” ar Marbhan, “da tisdais maithi Connacht a n-aen-bhaili,	agus is dóigh liomsa,” arsa Marbhán, “dá dtagaidís maithe Chonnacht in aon bhaile,	and I am confident,” said Marbhán, “that should all the nobles of Connacht assemble,
co bhfuigdis a ndaethain bíd agus díge do thorad in aen-gráine sin.”	go bhfaighidís a ndóthain bia agus dí de thoradh an aon ghráinne sin.”	they can have plenty of food and drink from the produce of that one grain.”
“Do shir se ní eli,” ar Guaire,	“D’iarr sé ní eile,” arsa Guaire,	“He desired another thing,” said Guaire,
“.i. a saith d’fagail do fein agus da cleir agus do maithibh Connacht	“sé sin, a saith a fháil dó féin agus dá chléir agus do mhaithe Connacht	“namely, to have plenty for himself and for his poetic associates and for the nobles of Connacht
do saill muice na rucad fos;	de shaill mhúice nár rugadh fós	of the fat of a hog that has not yet been farrowed,
ocus muna fagtur sin suil decha in trath ana cheli,	agus, muna bhfaightear sin sula dtaga an tráth seo amárach,	and unless it be procured within the space of a day and a night,
ní ferdi a fhaghail co brath.”	ní fearrde a fháil go bráth.”	it need never be procured.”

“Dogeabhthar acam-sa sin a nGlinn in Scail,” ar Marbán.	“Gheofar agamsa sin i nGleann an Scáil,” arsa Marbhán.	“That will be found with me in Gleann an Scáil,” said Marbhán.
“Cinnus?” ar Guaire.	“Conas?” arsa Guaire.	“How?” asked Guaire.
“Aen do lo da ndeachaid bantaisech do mhuc- sa do breith orc ar fud Glinni in Scail	“Lá dá ndeachaigh bantaoiseach do mhucsa agus í ar bhruach beartha ar fud Ghleanna an Scáil,	“One day that the chief sow of your swine had wandered through Gleann an Scáil to farrow,
ocus tarla da chele hi ocus faelchu isin fighbhaid;	agus <u>chas</u> faolchú uirthi sa choill,	she encountered a wolf in the forest,
ocus tug in chu tarraing don muic, gur leic a habach ocus a hinathar fria;	agus thug an fhaolchú tarraing don mhuc gur lig a habach agus a hionathar léi.	and the wolf having torn her, her litter and bowels gushed out,
ocus tuc in mhuc tarraing don coin gur ben a cenn di;	Thug an mhuc tarraing don fhaolchú gur bhain a ceann di	and the sow made a charge at the wolf and took off her head,
ocus ní dernsat araen acht comthoitim intan tanac-sa cucu,	agus ní dhearnadar araon ach comhthitim nuair a tháinig mise chucu	and they had only fallen by each other when I came up to them,
ocus fuarus coimhet na n-orc for lar	agus fuaras soitheach na n-arc ar lár	and found the holder of the piglings on the ground,
ocus gach orc dhibh ac tabairt tuindsiumha for a chomhair.	agus gach arc díobh ag brú roimhe amach ina chóir féin.	and each pigling making a forward effort.
Do leces-sa amach iat,	Lig mise amach iad.	I let them out,

nai n-oirc fireнна oculus aen-orc bainenn.	Naoi n-airc fhireanna agus aon arc baineann is ea bhí ann.	<u>there being</u> nine boar piglings and one sow pigling.
Do mharbhus-[s]a iarum oirc muice fa mesa cenel inait-sium;	Mharaigh mise ina dhiaidh sin airc mhuice ba mheasa ná iadsan	I then killed the sucking pigs of a hog of an inferior breed to these, <u>in order to rear them</u> ,
oculus atait naí mbliadna o sin ille	agus tá siadsan naoi mblianta ó shin i leith	and nine years have since then elapsed,
oculus atait sin ina naí torcaibh liatha luibfhiachlacha;	agus naoi dtoirc liatha lúib-fhiachlacha is ea iad;	and they are now nine full grown boars with curved tusks;
oculus is doigh lim-sa,” ar Marbán,	agus is dóigh liomsa,” arsa Marbhán,	and it is my opinion,” said Marbhán,
“da tistais maithi Connacht co haen-ait,	“dá dtagaidís maithe Chonnacht go haon ionad,	“that should the nobility and gentry of Connacht assemble together,
co fuighbhitis a lordaethain do shail na muc soin;	go bhfaighidís a leor-dhóthain de shail na muc sin,	they shall have their full sufficiency of the fat of those hogs;
oculus tabuir-si a rogha dhoibh in flegh sin d’idhlacad chuca	agus tabhairse a rogha dóibh an fhleá sin a thabhairt chucu	and do you give them their choice to have the feast conveyed to them
nó thecht da caithimh gu Glinn in Scáil.”	nó teacht dá caitheamh go Gleann an Scáil.”	or come and partake of it at Gleann an Scáil.”

Section 34

Tucad a rogha don tromdhamh dhibh sin.	Tugadh a rogha don Tromdháimh díobh sin.	The choice of selection was submitted to the Bards.
Adubhratar gur fhobratar maithi Connacht d'aerad	Dúirt siad gur ró-dhóbair dóibh maithe Chonnacht d'aoradh	They replied, that they had a mind to satirize the nobles of Connacht
trena radh co bhfuicfitis a mbruigin fein.	trína rá go bhfágfaidís a mbruíon féin.	for presuming to think that they would leave their own mansion.
Tucad in fhlegh sin cuca	Tugadh an fhleá sin chucu	That feast was brought to them,
ocus do suidhiged ar breith Sencháin iat;	agus suíodh ar bhreith Sheancháin iad,	and they were seated in conformity with the decision of Seanchán.
ocus ro gabsat ag ol ocus ag aibhnes	agus ghabhadar ag ól agus ag aoibhneas	They took to drinking and making merry,
ocus a rogha oirfitidh ocus ealadhan	agus a rogha oirfide agus ealaíon	with their choice of music and art,
da gach duine uasal dibh on tromdhaim.	do gach duine uasal díobh ón dTromdháimh.	for every noble <u>guest</u> present from the <u>great</u> Bardic Association.
Batar forsan bhfleidh sin teora la ocus teora oidchi.	Bhíodar ar an bhfleá sin trí lá agus trí oíche.	They were feasting for three days and three nights.
O'tonnaic Senchán imurcraigh in bhidh ocus na dighe	Nuair do chonaic Seanchán iomarca an bhia agus na dí	When Seanchán perceived the extraordinary quantity of food and drink

ica chaithium ac ghillanradh ocus ag daescarshluaib Connacht,	á chaitheamh ag giollanra agus ag daoscarshluaite Chonnacht,	that was being consumed by the servants and the rabble of Connacht
do ghabh doichiull mor e	ghabh doicheall mór é	he became very churlish,
ocus adubairt nach caithfedh biad na deoch	agus dúirt sé nach gcaithfeadh sé bia ná deoch	and said, that he would not taste food or drink
no gu cuirthe maithi Connacht asin mbaili amach;	nó go gcuirfí maithe Connacht as an mbaile amach,	until the nobles of Connacht were dismissed from the mansion,
ocus do cuirir a cetoir.	agus cuireadh ar an láthair sin.	and forthwith they were sent away.

Section 35

Bai tra Senchán trí la ocus trí oidchi gan biadh gan digh.	Bhí Seanchán, áfach, trí lá agus trí oíche gan bhia gan deoch.	Seanchán, however, continued three days and three nights without food or drink.
Do raidh Guaire: “As truadh dhuin,” ar se,	Labhair Guaire. “Is trua linn,” ar sé,	Guaire said. “It is grievous to us
“an tromdhamh uili ag caithem bidh a timchell Sencháin	“an Tromdhámh uile a bheith ag caitheamh bia timpeall Seancháin	that the whole Bardic Order should be taking food around Seanchán
ocus se fein ’na troscud”;	agus é féin ina throscadh.”	while he himself fasts,”
ocus do chuir dalta muirnech do bhi aigi do shaighid Shencháin,	Agus chuir sé dalta muirneach do bhí aige ag triall ar Sheanchán,	and he then sent a favourite domestic of his to Seanchán,
ocus adbert fris bior fada findchuill do ghabhail cuigi	agus dúirt leis bior fada fionn-choill a ghabháil chuige	and he instructed him to procure a long white hazel spit,

ocus gegh do chur a[i]r,	agus gé a chur air	to put a goose on it,
ocus da trian in bera roime oculus a aein-trian ina dhiaig,	agus dhá thrian an bheara do bheith roimhe amach agus an trian eile ina dhiaidh aniar,	to keep two-thirds of the spit before him, and one-third behind him,
ocus dul da imfhuine a bhfiadhnuisi Shenchán.	agus dul dá fuineadh i bhfianaise Sheanchán.	and to cook it in that manner in the presence of Seanchán.
Teit in macamh co hairm i mbai Senchan.	Chuaigh an macaomh mar a raibh Seanchán.	The young man went into the place where Seanchán was.
“Cidh is al duit don ghegh soin?” ar Senchán.	“Cad ab áil leat don ghé sin?” arsa Seanchán.	“What do you intend to do with that goose?” asked Seanchán.
“A ullmughad duitse, a righ-ollaim,” ar in macaemh.	“I a ullmhú duitse, a rí-ollaimh,” arsa an macaomh.	“To prepare it for you, O Royal Bard,” replied the youth.
“Cidh arar cuiread thusa leis?” ar Senchán.	“Cad uime gur tusa a cuireadh léi?” arsa Seanchán.	“Why have you been sent with it?” asked Seanchán.
“Nech gu caeinbesaibh oculus gu nglaine dob’ ail do Guaire led’ chuit-si.”	“Neach caoinbhéasach glan ab áil le Guaire a chur led chuidse.”	“ <u>As</u> a mild-mannered and clean person, selected by Guaire to bring you your food.”
“As doigh linn,” ar Senchán,	“Is dóigh liomsa,” arsa Seanchán,	“We believe,” said Seanchán,
“nach fuair se isin mbaili nech budh misciamhaighi ina thusa.”	“nár bhfuair sé sa bhaile duine ba mhísciamhaí ná tusa.”	“that he could not find in the locality a more uncomely person than yourself.”

“Cred int adbar, a ri-ollaimh?” ar in macaemh.	“Cad ina thaobh sin, a rí-ollamh?” arsa an macaomh.	“For what cause, O Royal Bard?” asked the youth.
“Dob’ aithnid dhamh-sa do shenathair agus do bhi se mell-ingnach;	“B’aithnid dom-sa do sheanathair, agus bhí sé meill-ingneach;	“I knew your grandfather and he was chip-nailed,
ocus o do bhi, ni caitheabh-sa biadh as do laimh-si.”	agus, ó bhí, ní chaithfidh mise bia as do lámhsa.”	and since he was so, I shall not take food out of thy hands.”

Section 36

Imthigis in macaemh cu brónuch	D’imigh an macaomh go brónach	The youth came away sorrowfully,
ocus do innis do Guaire sin.	agus d’inis sin do Ghuaire.	and he related to Guaire <u>what had happened</u> .
Fa olc la Guaire sin	B’olc le Guaire sin	Guaire was dissatisfied with that;
ocus rucsat as cu cenn trí la agus trí n-oidche.	agus ní dhearna sé aon rud go ceann trí lá agus trí oíche eile.	and they passed away the time till the termination of three days and three nights.
Gaires Guaire dalta eli dho chuigi	<u>Ansin ghlaoi</u> sé dalta eile dó chuige,	Guaire then called another foster child of his to him,
.i. ingen Becbainigi	iníon Bheag Bháiní,	namely the daughter of Beag Báinigh,
ocus atbert ria:	agus dúirt léi:	and he said to her:
“Beir lat, a ingen, plur cruithnechta agus iuchra bradain	“Beir leat, a iníon, plúr cruithneachta agus eochraí bhradáin	“Lady, take with you wheaten flour and the roe of a salmon to Seanchán,

ocus fuin 'na fhiadhnuisi iat."

Teit an ingen.

"Créd dob ail de sin, a ingen?" ar Senchán.

"A ullmhuchad duit-si, a righ-ollaim," ar si.

"Cret umar cuiread thusa leis?" ar Senchán.

"Neach go nglaine ocus co sceim

dob ail do Guaire led'chuid duit-siu."

"As doigh leam-sa amh," ar Senchán,

"nach fuil isin baili indara macamh is
misciamhighi ina thusa."

"Cidh on, a righ ollamh?" ar an ingen.

"Dob aithnidh dam-sa do shenmháthair,

ocus do bhi for carraic aird

agus fuin ina fhianaise iad."

D'imigh an iníon.

"Cad ab áil leat dó sin, a iníon?" arsa
Seanchán.

"É a ullmhú duit-se, a rí-ollamh," ar sí.

"Cad uime gur tusa a cuireadh leis?" arsa
Seanchán.

"Duine glan sciamhach

ab áil le Guaire a chur le do chuidse."

"Is dóigh liomsa, ámh," arsa Seanchán,

"nach bhfuil sa bhaile an dara macaomh mná
is mísciamhaí ná tusa."

"Conas sin, a rí-ollaimh?" arsa an iníon.

"B'aithnid domsa do sheanmháthair

agus bhí sí ar charraig ard

and knead them in his presence."

The maiden went.

"What do you intend to do with that, young
girl?" asked Seanchán.

"To prepare it for you, O Royal Bard," she
replied.

"Why have you been sent with it?" asked
Seanchán.

"As a clean and comely person

whom Guaire desired to send with your food
to you."

"Indeed I am sure," said Seanchán,

"that there is not in the place another young
girl more unseemly than yourself."

"How so, O Royal Bard?" asked the maiden.

"I knew your grand-mother,

who was seated (one day) on a high rock

ag thecusg eoluis do lobhraibh,	ag teagasc eolais do lobhair	whilst giving instructions to lepers <u>about their way</u> ,
ocus do shin a laim do thecas in eoluis doibh,	agus shin sí a lámh ag teagasc an eolais dóibh,	and she stretched her hand forth to point out the way for them,
ocus o dho sin, cidh uma caithfinn-si biadh as do laimh-si?"	agus, ó tá sin mar sin, cad uime go gcaithfinnse bia as do lámhsa?"	and as she did so, how could I take food from your hands?"

Section 37

Tainic an ingen roimpi cu bronach agus do indis do Guaire.	Tháinig an iníon roimpi go brónach agus d'inis do Ghuaire.	The maiden went away in sorrow, and informed Guaire.
Adubhuirt Guaire: "Mu mhallacht-sa ar in mbel adubairt sin!	Dúirt Guaire: "Mo mhallachtsa ar an mbéal a dúirt sin!	Guaire exclaimed: "My malediction upon the mouth that uttered that!
ocus guigim Airdri nimhe agus talman,	Agus guím Ard-Rí neimhe agus talún,	and I implore the Supreme King of Heaven and Earth
ria siu dhech Seanchán don tsaegal,	sula dté Seanchán den tsaol,	that ere Seanchán shall depart this world,
co tuca a bheil fein poic do bheil lobhair."	go dtuga a bhéal féin póg do bhéal lobhair."	his mouth may kiss a leper's mouth."

Section 38

Bai Senchán la gu n-oighthi iarsin gan biadh gan digh.	Bhí Seanchán lá agus oíche ina dhiaidh sin gan bhia gan deoch.	Seanchán continued for a day and night after that without food or drink.
Adubairt Brighidh ingen Onithcherne rena mnai fritholmha	Dúirt Bríd iníon Onithchearna lena bean fhriothála féin	Bríd, the daughter of Onithchearn, asked her maid servant
a fuigheall do thabairt do Senchán.	a fuíoll a thabhairt do Sheanchán.	to give Seanchán her spare food.
“Cret in fuighill fhuil acut?” ar Senchán.	“Cad é an fuíoll atá agat?” arsa Seanchán.	“What leavings have you?” enquired Seanchán.
“Ugh circe,” ar Brigit.	“Ubh chirce,” arsa Bríd.	“A hen egg,” replied Bríd.
“Is bec nach fuil mu shaith and sin,” ar Senchán,	“Is beag nach bhfuil mo sháith ansin,” arsa Seanchán,	“It is almost as much as I could eat (at any time),” said Seanchán,
“ocus ní beg lim he istráthsa.”	“agus ní beag linn é an tráth seo.”	“and it is enough for me just now.”
Teit in ben fritholma ar cenn na huighi,	<u>D’imigh</u> an bhean fhriothála ar ceann na huibhe.	The maid servant went for the egg,
Be Aidgill a hainm,	Bé Aidhgill ab ainm di	Bé Aidhgill was her name,
ocus bai ogh [sic, leg. og (oc)] iaraid in fhuighill co fada ocus ní fhuair he.	agus bhí ag iarraidh an fhuíll go fada agus ní bhfuair sí í.	and she searched for the remnant of the food a long time and did not find it.
Adubairt Senchán: “As doigh leam as tu fein ata oc longad in fuigill.”	Dúirt Seanchán: “Is dóigh liom gur tú féin atá ag ithe an fhuíll.”	Seanchán said: “I believe it is yourself who is eating the leavings.”

“Ní me, a rígh-ollamh,” ar Be Aidhghill,	“Ní mé, a rí-ollaimh,” arsa Bé Aidhghill,	“Not I, O chief Bard,” replied Bé Aidhghill,
“acht tuata daithi aduaidh he .i. na lochaid.”	“ach an tuath <u>éasca</u> a d’ith é, na lucha.”	“but the nimble race that have eaten it, namely the mice.”
“Níor choir doibh-siumh sin,” ar Senchán,	“Níor chóir dóibhsan sin,” arsa Seanchán,	“That was not proper for them,” said Seanchán;
“arai cena ní fuil da fheabus ri na flaith	“agus, go deimhin, níl rí ná flaith dá fheabhas	“nevertheless there is no king however exalted,
nach bhudh mhaith leo-som slicht a bhfiacal fein do beth ar a chuid;	nár mhaith leosan rian a bhfiacal féin a bheith ar a chuid;	but they would like the mark of their teeth to be on his food,
ocus is ainmhfeasach doib-sium beth amlaid sin,	agus is ainbhiosach dóibh bheith amhlaidh sin,	and they are ignorant to be thus,
or ní bhudh inchaithmhe do neoch biadh tar eis a bhfiacal-somh;	óir níorbh inchaite do neach aon bhia tar éis a bhfiaclasan,	for food should not be used by any person after <u>the prints</u> of their teeth,
ocus aerfat-sa iat,” ar Senchán, “ocus is obair urasa esein”;	agus aorfaidh mise iad,” arsa Seanchán, “agus is obair furasta é sin.”	and I will satirize them,” said Seanchán; “and that is easy work;”
ocus do ghab oca n-aerad oculus atbert:	Agus ghabh sé á n-aoradh agus dúirt:	and he began to satirize them, and said:—

[Senchán]

“Lochaid gidh ger a nguilibne,
ní tréan a cathaibh cirbdhe;
dobher tonnaidh don bhuidin
a cinaidh fhuighil Brigdi.”

[In luch]

“As beg fuighill do fhacbu[i]s,
ní ba tuirinn do threicis;
gabh ic uainn is gab luighi [*leg. luighe*];
na haer inn uili, a eicis!”

[S.]

“A luch ata san froighidh,
doni guth o thic aghaidh;

is tusa, a ingnech ní gheir,
aduaidh mh’fhuigheall tre fhalaigh.”

[In l.]

“Mu mac-sa Bianan broinnngheal,
sesgach na riaghlán

is do cleir romóir ruitin
ata a tuicsin a mharbadh (?).”

[Seanchán]

“Cé gur géar iad guilibne na luch,
ní tréan iad i gcathanna gearrthacha;
béarfaidh mise bás don bhuíon
de dheasca fuíoll Bhríde.”

[An luch]

“Is beag fuíoll a d’fhág tú,
ní haon raidhse a bhí id dhiaidh;
gabh íoc uainn agus gabh suaimhneas,
ná haor sinn uile, a éigis!”

[Seanchán]

“A luch úd atá sa fhraigh,
a dhéanann guth nuair a thagann an
oíche,
is tusa, le hingne nach gearr,
a d’ith m’fhuíoll trí fhala.”

[An luch]

“Mo mhacsa Bianán broinnngheal,
trí ainbhios na rialta, is eisean a rinne an
chreach;
tá an chléir mhór oirirc
ar tí é mharú feasta.”

[Seanchán]

“The mice though sharp are their beaks,
Are not powerful in the battles of warriors;
Venomous death I’ll deal out to the tribe,
In avengement of Bríd’s leavings.”

[Mouse]

“Small were the leavings you left,
It was not abundance you left behind;
Receive payment from us, receive compensation,
Don’t satirize us all, O learned bard!”

[Seanchán]

“You mouse that art in the hole,
Who makes noise when the night comes;

’Twas you, whose claws are not short,
That ate my leavings in your spite.”

[Mouse]

“My own son Bianán of the white breast,
Barren (ignorant) of the very clear rules;

To the mighty and luxurious bardic body,
Is the knowledge of it, you little doomed being.”

[S.]
 “Folmhuighidh laitri lethna
 o ataim-ne a ndail bhar fromhtha;
 eircidh uili san froigid
 oculus loigid, a lochtha!”

[Seanchán]
 “Folmhaígí na láithrigh leathana
 ó tháimidne ar tí bhar bpromhadh;
 éirígí uile as an bhfraigh
 agus luígí, a luchta!”

[Seanchán]
 “Clear out of open spaces,
 Since we are going to put you to a severe test,
 Make off to your holes in the wall
 And lie low, oh mice!”

Section 39

Agus aderur cor thuitset dech lochaid
 díbh marbh i fiadhnaisi Sencháin

Agus deirtear gur thuit deich luchta díobh marbh
 i bhfianaise Sheancháin

And it is stated that ten mice fell dead in the
 presence of Seanchán;

oculus do raidh Sencháin:

agus dúirt Seanchán:

and Seanchán said unto them —

“Ní sibh-sí bhudh coir dam-sa dh’aerad

“Ní sibh-se ba chóir domsa a aoradh

“It is not you that I ought to have satirized

acht in bhuigin aga bhfuil bar cosc .i.
 tuatha cat;

ach an bhuíon á bhfuil bhar gcosc, ’sé sin, tuatha
 cat;

but the party whose duty it is to suppress you,
 namely, the tribe of cats;

oculus aerfat-sa iat co maith

agus aorfaidh mise iad go maith

and now I will satirize them effectually,

oculus aerfat a triath oculus a tigerna oculus a
 mbreithium .i. Irasan mac Arasáin;

agus aorfaidh mé a dtriath agus a dtiarna agus a
 mbreitheamh, Irusán mac Arasáin,

as also their chief, lord and judge, namely,
 Irusán, son of Arusán,

oculus is aithnid dhamh airm a fuil se .i. a
 n-uaim Cnogda [Cnobha **MO**]

Is aithnid domsa cá bhfuil sé, in uaimh Chnóbha,

and I know where he is, viz., in the cave of
 Cnogda,

don leth toir do Cluain mac Nois naeimh-
 Chiaráin;

lastoir de Chluain Mac Nóis naoimh Chiaráin,

on the eastern side of Cluain Mac Nóis of St.
 Ciarán;

ocus Riachaill Rinnfhiachlach	agus <u>aorfaidh mise leis</u> Riachaill Rinnfhiachlach	and <u>also</u> Riachaill Rinnfhiachlach (of the sharp-pointed teeth),
ingen Claibaithinne a bhen	iníon Chlabaithinne, a bhean,	the daughter of Clabaithinne (or firebrand-mouth), his spouse;
ocus Reng Gêrfhiachlach a ingen	agus Reang Gêarfhiachlach, a iníon,	Reang Gêarfhiachlach (of the sharp teeth,) his daughter;
ocus in Cronanach a Cruachain	agus Crónánach as Cruachain	the Crónánach (or the purrer) of Cruachan,
ocus Gruaman Gairbhfhiaclach a [dhá] derbbráthair;	agus Gruamán Garbhfhiaclach, a dhá dheatháir;	and Gruamán Garbhfhiaclach (or the surly looking fellow with the rough teeth), her brothers.
ocus aerfat-sa Irusan fein,	agus aorfaidh mé Irusán féin,	And I will satirize Irusán himself,
or is e is ferr oculus is urrada acu oculus is tigerna dhoibh”;	óir is é is fearr agus is urrúnta acu agus is tiarna dóibh;”	for he is the chief and most responsible of them, and is their lord,”
ocus atbert:	agus dúirt:	— and he said:—
“Hirusan atach [athach MO] n-ingne; fuighiull dhoibri; erball bo buach; ara fri haraidh; atach fria Hir[usan].”	“Irusán ionsaitheach na n-ingne; fuíoll an dobharchú; eireaball bó <u>ionlao</u> ; ara le hara; aitim Irusán.”	“Irusán, <u>attacker</u> with claws. Remnant food of the otter. The tail of a cow in heat. Charioteer side by side with charioteer. An entreaty to Irusán.”
Hirusan.		

“‘Hirusan atach n-ingne,’” ar se,	“‘Irusán ionsaitheach na n-ingne,’” ar sé,	“‘Irusán, <u>attacker</u> with claws,’” said he,
“‘i. in uair bis in luch isin froighidh,	“mar nuair a bhíonn an luch sa fhraigh,	“that is to say, that when the mouse gets into the wall,
ni bi aigi-sium acht gabail da ingnibh don froighidh.	ní bhíonn aige ach ag gabháil dá ingne don fhraigh.	he has no resource but to ply his claws on the wall.
‘Fuigheall dhoibri,’” ar se,	‘Fuíoll an dobharchú,’” ar sé,	‘Remnant food of the Otter,’”said he,
“or bui sinnser na cat fechtus aili ar bru loca alinne [<i>leg.</i> a linn] uisce ’na chodlad,	“mar bhí sinsear na gcat uair ar bhruach locha le hais linn uisce ina chodladh	“for the progenitor of the cats had been formerly on the margin of a lake at a pool of water asleep,
co tainic in dobhran chuigi, gur ben barr in da cluas de;	agus tháinig an dobhrán chuige agus bhain sé barr an dá chluas de,	and the otter came up to him and bit off the tops of his two ears,
co bhfuil gach cat o sin ille citach cerbcluasach.	i dtreo go bhfuil gach cat ó shin i leith ciotach cearbh-chluasach.	so that every cat ever since has been defective and jagged-eared.
‘Erball bo buach,’” ar se,	‘Eireaball bó <u>ionlao</u> ,’” ar sé,	‘The tail of a cow in heat,’” he said,
“or ní luaithi erball bo aibhill	“óir ní luaithe eireaball bó aoibhill	“for no quicker does a cow’s tail fall downward
ina a erball som in tan teit in luch uadha.	ná a eireaballsan nuair a théann an luch uaidh.	than does his tail when the mouse escapes from him.

‘Ara fria haraid’	‘Ara le hara,’	‘Charioteer side by side with charioteer,’
.i. is amhlaid bhis in luch agus in cat mar bit da ech aice	mar is amhlaidh bhíonn an luch agus an cat mar a bhíonn dá each	viz., the mouse and cat are similar to two horses <u>yoked together</u> ,
ocus fraigh dluith eturra,	agus <u>iad i gcóngar a chéile</u> ;	for there is a <u>close attention</u> between them;
bidh a cluas-si oc eistecht fris-siumh	bíonn a cluas-sa ag éisteacht leis-se	the ear of one is listening to the other,
ocus a cluas-sum oc eistecht frie-si;	agus a chluas-sa ag éisteacht léi-se.	and the ear of the other is listening to him;
ocus as iat sin na hoera,” ar Seanchán.	Agus sin iad na haortha,” arsa Seanchán.	and those are the satires,” said Seanchán.

Section 40

Tainic menma na n-aer neme sin d’Irusan agus se a n-uaim Cnogda, agus atbert:	Tháinig meanma na n-aortha nimhe sin d’Irusán agus é in uaimh Chnóbha, agus dúirt sé:	Their influence reached Irusán while in the cave of Cnóbha, and he said, —
“Do aer Seanchán me,” ar sí,	“D’aor Seanchán mé,” ar sé,	“Seanchán has satirized me,” said he,
“ocus dighelat-sa air he.”	“agus bainfaidh mise díoltas amach air é.”	“and I will be avenged of him for it.”
Atbert Reng Gércfhiaclach a ingen fris:	Dúirt Reang Ghéarfhiachlach, a iníon, leis:	Reang of the sharp teeth, his daughter, said unto him,
“Robadh fherr linn,” ar sí, “co tucta Seanchán ’na beathaid cuainn	“B’fherr linn,” ar sí, “go dtabharfá Seanchán ina bheatha chugainn	“we would rather,” said she, “that you would bring Seanchán alive to us

ocus do dhigheimaí fein na haora fair.”	agus díoghlaímis na haora amach air.”	so that we ourselves may take revenge on him for the satires.”
“Dober tra,” ar Irusan,	“Béarfaidh mé *é* cheana,” arsa Irusán,	“I shall bring him in due time,” said Irusán,
ocus do ghluais roime,	agus ghluais sé roimhe	and he made ready to go on,
ocus asbert friaingin a braithre do chur ’na lenmain.	agus dúirt lena iníon a bráithre a chur ina dhiaidh.	and told his daughter to send her brothers after him.
Do hinnisid do Seanchán Irusan do beth ar sligid chuigi ocus da mharbad,	Iníodh do Sheanchán go raibh Irusán ar an slí chuige dá mharú,	It was told to Seanchán that Irusán was on his way coming to kill him;
ocus atbert re Guaire techt co maithibh Connacht uime	agus dúirt sé le Guaire teacht le maithe Chonnacht uime	and he requested Guaire to come with the nobility of Connacht
da anacal ar Irusan;	dá anacal ar Irusán;	in order to protect him against Irusán.
ocus tancatar uili ’na thimchell.	agus thángadar uile ina thimpeall.	They all came around him,
Agus níor chian dóibh	Agus níor chian dóibh	and they had not been long there
cu cualatur in torann crithnaightheach choimhtenn combruithin	gur chualadar an torann creathánach, chomh teann, chomh brothallach	when they heard a vibrating, impetuous and impressive sound
amhail buinne teinedh mire moirdhene ag merloscad,	amhail buinne teine mire mór-dhian ag mearloscadh,	similar to that produced by a tremendously raging fiery furnace in full blaze;
ocus dar leo ní raibí a Connachtuib damh imeachtrach budh mo inas.	agus, dar leo, ní raibh i gConnachta damh imeachtrach ba mhó ná é.	and it appeared to them that there was not in Connacht a plough bullock larger than he.

Is amhlaid boi-seom .i. Irusan,	Mar is amhlaidh a bhí Irusán	His appearance, viz., that of Irusán's, was as <u>follows</u> :—
ocus se srónmhael suntach	agus é srón-mhaol, santach	Blunt-snouted, rapacious,
seitfethach bailc cerbcluasach	séideánach, bailc, cearbh-chluasach	panting, determined, jagged-eared,
cliablethan ard allatar [<i>leg.</i> allata]	cliabh-leathan, ard, altach	broad-breasted, tall, famous
ingingher slemain sroinbernach	ionga-ghéar, sleamhain sróin-bheárnach	sharp and smooth clawed, split-nosed,
geirfhiachlach garb [goib]remhar utmhall tairptech taeibhlethan	géir-fhiachlach, garbh goib-reamhar udmhall, tairpeach, taoibh-leathan	sharp and rough-toothed, thick-snouted, nimble, powerful, deep-flanked,
fualcrech fergach	<i>fualcrech</i> (fualach?), feargach,	urine-spraying (?), angry,
firmhiscnech mercronanach cranshuileach,	agus é fíir-mhiscneach mear-chrónánach, cráin-shúileach,	extremely vindictive, quick, purring, glare-eyed;
ocus tainic da n-innsaigid fon samla sin	agus tháinig sé dá n-ionsaí faoin samhail sin	and he came towards them in that form,
ocus imthigis ar fud chaich gu coitchenn;	agus d'imigh <u>trína chéile go léir</u> go coiteann	and he passed amongst them generally,
ocus nir ghabhsat airm he co rainicc airm a mbai Seanchán,	agus níor ghabh sé airm gur shroich sé airm ina raibh Seanchán.	but did not stop till he came to the place where Seanchán was.
ocus gabus ar lethlaim he	Rug sé ar leathláimh air	He took hold of him by one arm,
ocus teilgius ar a muin	agus theilg sé ar a mhuin é	jerked him on his back,

ocus gluaisis isin sligid cedna,	agus ghluais sé sa tslí chéanna,	and he proceeded by the same way (<u>he had come</u>),
or ní raibhi do thoisc aigi acht techt ar cenn Sencháin.	óir ní raibh de thoisc aige ach teacht ar cheann Seancháin.	for he had no other desire but to come for Seanchán.

Section 41

Is ed imorro doroinne Senchán, beth ac molad Irusain	*Agus* is é rud a rinne Seanchán ná bheith ag moladh Irusáin, *áfach*,	Seanchán, however, had now recourse to flattery of Irusán,
ocus a leime ocus a reime ocus a retha	ag moladh a léime agus a réime agus a reatha	praising his leap, his progress in his running,
ocus a neirt ocus a chalmatais ocus a thapaidh;	agus a nirt agus a chalmachta agus a mhire;	his power, strength, and activity;
ocus atbert:	agus dúirt sé:	and he said,
“Hirusan mac Arusain: do shil Faigli Fithisi:	“Irusán mac Arusáin, de shíol Faighli Fithisi;	“Irusán, son of Arusán, of the race of <i>faigli fithise</i> (<u>probably the remnant of the food of the otter</u>);
adraim-si dia adras-sum:	adhraimse an Dia a adhrann seisean;	I adore the god he adores;
adhraidh-sium doimtisí.”	tá sé ar intinn aige mé a ithe.”	he is bent upon eating me.”

Arai nir leiced Senchán ar lár	Ach níor ligeadh Seanchán ar lár, *áfach*,	But, however, Seanchán was not let down
cu riacht Cluain mac Nois naeim-Chiarain;	gur shroich sé Cluain Mac Nóis Naoimh Chiaráin;	until they reached Cluain Mac Nóis of St. Ciarán.
ocus buí oc dul seach dorus cerdcha	agus bhíodar ag dul thar doras ceárta	As they were passing by the door of the forge
ocus doralá Ciarán isin cerdcha	agus thárla do Chiarán bheith sa cheárta	in which forge Ciarán happened to have been,
ocus atconnaic Irusan ocus Senchán for a mhuin.	agus chonaic sé Irusán agus Seanchán ar a mhuin.	he beheld Irusán with Seanchán on his back,
“Mor in scel,” ar Ciarán, “oinech Guairi do bhadhad	“Is mór an scéal,” arsa Ciarán, “oineach Ghuaire <u>a scriosadh</u>	and he said: “It is a great pity that Guaire’s hospitality should be tarnished,
ocus ac sut ard-ollam Eirenn ar muin in chait.”	agus ag siúd ard-ollamh Éireann ar mhuin an chait.”	and there goes the chief Bard of Ireland on the back of the cat.”
Bui dino caer aithleaghtha iarúinn a mbel na tencairi	Bhí <u>san am sin caor</u> athleáite iarainn i mbéal na teanchaire,	There was at the time a flaming bar of refined iron held by the pincers,
ocus tuc Ciarán urcur adhmur urmuisnech don cat,	agus thug Ciarán urchar ámharach urmhaiseach don chat	and Ciarán made a fortunate brave throw at the cat,
cu tarla ’na thaebh	<u>a bhuail</u> ina thaobh	with which he hit him on the flank,
cu riacht in taeb araill curo fhacuibh cin anmuin.	gur shroich an taobh eile anonn agus gur fhág an cat gan anam.	and it passed out on the other side, and left him lifeless.
Toirlingius Senchán de	Thúirling Seanchán de	Seanchán dismounted from him,

ocus atbert breithir neime.	agus dúirt briathar nimhe.	and he uttered a vindictive expression.
“Mu mhallacht ar in laim tuc int urcur sin,” ar se.	“Mo mhallacht ar an láimh a thug an t-urchar sin,” ar sé.	“My curse on the hand that gave that throw,” said he.
“Cidh on?” ar Ciaran.	“ <u>Cad ina thaobh sin?</u> ” arsa Ciarán.	“Why so?” asked Ciarán.
“A olcus lem	“A olcas liom	“I am so dissatisfied
gan mu leiced le Hirusan dom ithe	gan mo ligint le hIrusán dom ithe	that I have not been let go with Irusán to be eaten by him,
ar gu mbeth in tromdham oc aerad Guairi.	chun go mbeadh an Tromdhámh ag aoradh Guaire.	that thereby the great Bardic Association might satirize Guaire;
Or dobudh ferr lim Guaire d’aerad	Óir b’fhearr liom Guaire d’aoradh	for I would rather that Guaire would be satirized
ina mhe fein a mbethaid ocus eisium gan aerad.”	ná mé féin a bheith i mbeatha agus eisean gan aoradh.”	than that I should live and he not satirized.”
Agus teit roime gu Durlus	Agus <u>d’imigh leis</u> roimhe go Durlas	He then proceeded to Durlas
ocus dob ail le maithibh Connacht failti do cur ris,	agus b’áil le maithe Connacht fáilte a chur roimhe	where the nobility of Connacht desired to welcome him,
ocus nir ghab-sum pog na fáilte o neoch dibh;	agus níor ghabh seisean póg ná fáilte ó aoinne acu;	but he did not take a kiss or welcome from any of them;

ocus teit co bruighin na tromdhaime	agus <u>d'imigh</u> go bruíon na Tromdháimhe	he went to the Bardic mansion,
ocus rucsat as fria hathaig gan esbaidh maithiusa na fledaighthi orro.	agus rugadar as an oíche sin díobh gan easba maitheasa ná fleá orthu.	where they passed away the time with no lack of prosperity nor of feasting.

Section 42

Adubairt Marbán mucaid aen do lo a nGlinn in Scáil:	Dúirt Marbhán muicí lá i nGleann an Scáil:	Marbhán, the swineherd, said one day in Gleann an Scáil —
“Is fada o do geallus	“Is fada ó gheall mé	“It is long since I proposed
dul do digail in tuirc fhinn ar in tro[m]dam.”	dul ag díoghail an toirc fhionn ar an Tromdháimh.”	going to be avenged of the great Bardic Association for the (<u>loss</u>) of the white boar.”
Doigh is amhlaid bui Marban:	Mar is amhlaidh bhí Marbhán:	Now Marbhán’s position was this —
ba naem ocus ba faid ocus ba fili	Ba naomh agus ba fáidh agus b’fhile é	He was a saint, a prophet, and a poet;
ocus ba fer primhthighi n-aiged coitcinn he a nGlinn in Scail;	agus b’fhear prímh-thí aoi i gcoitinne é i nGleann an Scáil;	and he was one who kept a foremost house for guests in Gleann an Scáil.
ocus fa derbbráth[air] do Guaire he	agus ba dheartháir do Ghuaire é	He was brother to Guaire,
ocus is e do fhoiredh Guaire as gach ndecair	agus is é d’fhóireadh Guaire as gach deacair	and it was he that used to relieve Guaire from all his difficulties;
ocus is e do chunguin leis riam um righi Connacht d’fagail do;	agus is é a chabhraigh leis roimhe sin chun ríge Chonnacht a fháil dó,	it was he that originally aided him in obtaining the sovereignty of Connacht;

ocus fos gach mighnim donith Guaire, is e Marbán do lesaiged he, ocus ba mogh dilius do Dia he.	agus fós gach mí-ghníomh a rinne Guaire is é Marbhán a leigheasadh é agus ba mhogh dílis do Dhia é.	also, every wrong deed that Guaire committed, it was Marbhán that redressed <u>or atoned</u> it, he was <u>moreover</u> a zealous servant to God.
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Section 43

Tainic co bruidhin na tromdáime iarum	Tháinig sé go bruíon na Tromdháimhe iaramh	In the course of time he came to the abode of the great Bardic order,
ocus ac techt d’innsaigid na bruidhne do,	agus ag teacht d’ionsaí na bruíne dó,	and on his proceeding to the mansion
tarla bantracht na tromdáime do ag innlad a lamh asin tobur;	tharla bantracht na Tromdháimhe dó agus iad ag ní a lámh as an dtobar;	he perceived the ladies of the great Institution washing their hands at the fountain,
ocus as i cét-ben tarla dho, Medbh Neitigh ingen Sencháin;	agus is í céad bhean do casadh air ná Meadhbh Néidigh, iníon Sheancháin;	and the first lady he met was Meadhbh Néidigh, the daughter of Seanchán.
ocus bennachais di oculus fiarfaigis cait i mbui bruiden na tromdáime.	agus bheannaigh sé di agus d’fhiafraigh cá raibh bruíon na Tromdháimhe.	He saluted her and enquired where was the mansion of the great Bardic Institution.
“Doig, a oclaigh,” ol Medb Nedig,	“Is dócha, a ógláigh,” arsa Meadhbh Néideach,	“It is evident, young man,” says Meadhbh Néidigh,
“is muirethair bai on tigh a rabadhuis [gur a muir gan treóir bhi an tí mur (inur ?) hoilugha thú MO] (?),	“gur ar fharraige ar fán a bhí an teach inar oileadh tú,	“that the house in which you were brought up was adrift on the sea,

o nach aithnidh duit bruidhen na tromdáime	ó nach aithnid duit bruíon na Tromdháimhe	since you do not know where the palace of the great Bardic community is,
ocus nach cualuis a scela ocus a ceol.”	agus nár chuala tú a scéala agus a gceol.”	nor heard of its stories and music.”
“Ni he sin fadera dam e,” ar Marbán,	“Ní hé sin faoi deara dom é,” arsa Marbhán,	“That is not what I attend to,” said Marbhán,
“acht mucaidecht is ord dam,	“ach muicíocht is ord dam	“but herding swine is my calling;
ocus docluinim co faghunn gach duinni [<i>leg.</i> duine] a rogha ceoil isin bruidin sin.”	agus cloisim go bhfaigheann gach duine a rogha ceoil sa bhrúion sin.”	I have, <u>however</u> , been informed that every person obtains whatever music he chooses in the palace.”
“Ni faghann,” ar Medb,	“Ní fhaigheann,” arsa Meadhbh,	“He does not,” replied Meadhbh,
“muna bhia a charadrad re héicsi ocus re healadain.”	“muna mbíonn a chairdeas le héigse agus le healaín.”	“except he has a connection with arts and sciences.”
“Ata mu charadrad fein re héicsi,” ar Marban,	“Tá mo chairdeas féin le héigse,” arsa Marbhán,	“I am connected with the arts,” said Marbhán,
“.i. senmháthair mhna mu ghilla iarmua fhiledh iside.”	“sean-mháthair mhná mo ghiolla iaró fhile is ea í.”	“viz., through the grandmother of my servant’s wife, who was descended from poets.”

Section 44

Tainic Marbán co tech na tromdáime	Tháinig Marbhán go dteach na Tromdháimhe	Marbhán arrived at the Bardic mansion,
ocus ní d'innsaigid in dorais oslaicthi do gabh,	agus ní d'ionsaí an dorais oscailte a ghabh	and it was not to the open door he approached
acht d'innsaigid in dorais dob ferr iadhta ar in mbruighin;	ach d'ionsaí an dorais ab fhearr iata ar an mbruíon;	but to the best closed door of the building,
ocus do eirig in comhla roime,	agus d'éirigh an chomhla roimhe	and the door rose open before him.
ocus is amlaid dochuaid-sium istech	agus is amhlaidh a chuaigh seisean isteach	The manner by which he entered was thus,
ocus lan beinne a bruit do ghaeith leis,	agus lán binne a bhrait de ghaoth leis,	having the skirt of his mantle full with wind,
ocus ní roibhi en-nduine istigh	agus ní raibh aon duine istigh	and there was not one within
nach rainic urrann don ghaeith 'na uc[h]d.	ná ráinig <u>cuid</u> den ghaoth ina ucht.	that a portion of the wind did not blow into his bosom.
Do eirig in tromdám uili a n-aeinfhecht	D'éirigh an Tromdhámh uile in éineacht	The entire of the great Bardic assemblage rose up simultaneously;
ocus do eirigh Seanchán oculus do fhiarfaig	agus d'éirigh Seanchán agus d'fhiafraigh	Seanchán also rose and enquired
cia thainic chuigi i n-adaigh na gaeithi.	cé tháinig chuige in aghaidh na ghaoithe.	who it was that came to him against the wind.
"Ainmfheasach sin," ar Marbán;	"Ainbhiosach sin," arsa Marbhán.	" <u>You are</u> mistaken in that," said Marbhán,
"ní hedh, acht le gaeith tanac	"Ní hea, ach le gaoth a tháinig mé	"it is not so, but with the wind I came,

ocus da derbadh sin, tucus moran lim di.”	agus, dá chomhartha sin féin, thug me mórán liom di.”	and in proof thereof I have brought much of it along with me.”
“A cenn tacra theidhi?” ar Senchán.	“Ar cheann agartha tháinig tú?” arsa Seanchán.	“Do you come for the purpose of arguing?” asked Seanchán.
“Is ed,” ar Marbán, “da faghuinn a denam frium.”	“Is ea,” arsa Marbhán, “dá bhfaighinn a dhéanamh liom.”	“It is,” answered Marbhán, “if I get any to contend with me.”
“Ma sed,” ar Senchán,	“Más ea,” arsa Seanchán,	“If so then,” replied Seanchán,
“crét as a frith ar tus [an dán]?”	“cad as a bhfuarthas ar dtús [an dán]?”	“say from what did the first [poem] originate?”
“Asna cnaibh Segsa,” ar Marbán.	“As na cnónna Seaghsa,” arsa Marbhán.	“From the nuts of Seaghais,” answered Marbhán.
“Fir,” ar Senchán,	“Is fíor duit,” arsa Seanchán.	“True,” said Seanchán,
“ocus in tu Marban mucaid primfhaidh nimeocus talman?”	“Agus an tusa Marbhán muicí, príomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún?”	“and are you Marbhán the swineherd, chief prophet of heaven and earth?”
“Is me co demin,” ar Marbán.	“Is mé go deimhin,” arsa Marbhán.	“I am, indeed,” replied Marbhán.
“Crét in sodh sin ort?” ar Senchán.	“Cad é an sódh sin ort?” arsa Seanchán.	“What is your pleasure?” asked Seanchán.
“Do chuala,” ar Marbán,	“Chuala mé,” arsa Marbhán,	“I heard,” replied Marbhán,
“co bhfagann gach duini a rogha ceoil nó ealadhan aguibh-si,	“go bhfaigheann gach duine a rogha ceoil nó ealaíne agaibhse,	“that every person gets his choice of music or of arts from you,

ocus tanac-sa dh'iaraid mu rogha ealadhan oruib."	agus tháinig mise <u>chun</u> iarraidh mo rogha ealaíne oraibh."	and I am come to ask my choice of the arts."
"Fogebhu," ar Senchán,	"Gheobhaidh tú," arsa Seanchán,	"You shall obtain that," said Seanchán,
"ma ata do caradrad re healadhain."	"má tá do chairdeas le healáin."	"if you <u>can show</u> your relationship to the arts."
"Ata imorro," ar Marbán,	"Tá, gan amhras," arsa Marbhán,	"I can do so," said Marbhán,
".i. senmáthair mhna mo ghilla iarmua fhiled iside."	"sean-mháthair mhná mo ghiolla iaró fhile is ea í."	"namely, that the grandmother of my servant's wife was descended from poets."
"Dogheba-sa do rogha ealadhan	"Gheobhaidh tú do rogha ealaíne	"You shall obtain your choice of the arts,
gidh fada uait in gael soin," ar Senchán,	cé gur fada uait an gaol sin," arsa Seanchán,	though very remote is your connection with them," said Seanchán,
"ocus abair crét in ealada is ail duit."	"agus abair cad í an ealaín is áil leat."	"and say what art is it you prefer."
"Ní ferr lem ealada da bhfhuiger istrat[h]sa	"Ní fearr liom ealaín a gheobhaidh mé an tráth seo	"I desire no better at present
inas mu shaith crónain," ar Marbán.	ná mo sháith crónáin," arsa Marbhán.	than as much <i>crónán</i> (<u>a monotonous chanting tune often used as a lullaby</u>) as I like," says Marbhán.
"Ní husa dhoibh so ealada eli do denam dhuit ina sin" ar Senchán.	"Ní furasta dóibh seo ealaín eile do dhéanamh duit ná sin," arsa Seanchán.	"It is not easier for these to perform any other art for you than that," says Seanchán.

Section 45

Tucad na crónanuigh chucha [<i>leg.</i> chuca];	Tugadh na crónáin chucu,	The <i>crónán</i> performers came to them,
trí naenbair a lin,	trí naonúr a líon,	thrice nine was their number,
ocus dob ail leo cert-crónan do denum,	agus b'áil leo ceart-chrónán a dhéanamh,	and they wished to perform the regular <i>crónán</i> .
ocus ní hi sin dob ail do Marbán,	agus ní hé sin ab áil le Marbhán, <u>áfach</u> ,	That, <u>however</u> , was not what Marbhán desired,
acht crónan snagach;	ach crónán snagach;	but the bass (<u>or hoarse</u>) <i>crónán</i> ;
ocus is uime ruc do rogain eisein,	agus is uime a rug sé de rogha é sin,	and the reason he chose that was,
ar daig gu mbrisdi a cinn oculus a cosa oculus a muiníl	ar dhóigh go mbrisfí a gcinn agus a gcosa agus a muiníl	in the hope that they might break their heads, feet and neck,
ocus cumad girri a n-anal uadha	agus go mba ghiorra a n-anáil uaidh	and that their breathing might the sooner be exhausted by it
ina on crónan cert.	ná ón gcrónán gceart.	than by the regular <i>crónán</i> .
Batar dino na trí naenbair ac crónan fon samhul sin,	Bhí na trí naonúr ag crónán ar an gcuma sin, áfach,	The three nines were singing the <i>crónán</i> after that manner , however;
ocus intan do fhobraitis scur,	agus nuair a <u>mheasaidís</u> scor,	and, whenever they wished to stop,

is ann atberedh Marbán:	is ea a dheireadh Marbhán:	it was then that Marbhán would say —
“Denaid ar saith crónain duin mar do gheallabhar.”	“Déanaigí ár sáith crónáin dúinn mar a gheall sibh.”	“Give us as much of the <i>crónán</i> as we desire, as you have promised.”
Ba scith a cétoir na trí naenbair	Ba <u>ró-ghearr go raibh</u> na trí naonúr <u>traochta</u>	The three nines soon became exhausted,
ocus do iar Marbán arís crónán do denam do;	agus d’iarr Marbhán arís crónán a dhéanamh dó;	and Marbhán again desired that more of the <i>crónán</i> should be sung for him,
ocus ní frith acht aen naenbar esbadhach da freagra,	agus ní bhfuarthas ach aon naonúr easnamhach amháin dá fhreagra,	and only nine of them, who were inefficient, were found to answer his call,
ocus girre do batar sein oca cor inait na trí naenbair roime;	agus is giorra a bhíodarsan á gcanadh ná na trí naonúr eile roimhe,	and these were sooner exhausted from singing than the three nines previously;
ocus atbert Marbán: “Denaidh ar saith crónain duin.”	agus dúirt Marbhán: “Déanaigí ár sáith crónáin dúinn.”	and Marbhán said — “Perform as much <i>crónán</i> as we desire.”

Section 46

Atbert neach istigh ica freagra:	Dúirt duine éigin istigh á fhreagairt:	A person within, in answer to him, said —
“Doghenainn fein ealada duit, a Marbáin.”	“Dhéanfainn féin ealaín duit, a Mharbháin.”	“I myself will perform an art for you, O Marbhán.”
“Cia thusa?” ar Marbán.	“Cé hé tusa?” arsa Marbhán.	“Who are you?” says Marbhán.
“Misi Dael Duiled ollam Laigen.”	“Mise Daol Duileadh, ollamh Laighean.”	“I am Daol Duileadh, Professor of Leinster.”
“Cret an ealada dogenta dham?” ar Marbán.	“Cad é an ealaín a dhéanfá dom?” arsa Marbhán.	“What is the art you would perform for me?” asked Marbhán.
“Ceasdumhnach maith mhe,” ar Dael Duiled.	“Ceistitheoir maith is ea mé,” arsa Daol Duileadh.	“I am a good wrangler *of riddles*,” said Daol Duileadh.
“In maith thusa isin cerd sin?” ar Marbán.	“An maith tusa sa cheird sin?” arsa Marbhán.	“Are you proficient in that occupation?” said Marbhán.
“Ní cuirfider oram ceisd nach fuaiscel	“Ní chuirfear orm ceist nach bhfuasclóidh mé,	“No question will be put to me that I will not solve;
ocus ní chuireab istigh ceisd	agus ní chuirfidh mé ceist	and there is not a <u>problem</u> which I would propose,
fhuaislecus in tromdam uili.	a <u>fhuasclódh</u> an Tromdhámh uile.	that the entire of the great bardic association could solve;
Agus innis-si dam,” ar Dael Duiled,	Agus inis-se dom,” arsa Daol Duileadh,	and tell me,” said Daol Duileadh,

“crét in maith fuair duine a talum agus nach fuair Dia;	“cad é an mhaith fuair duine i dtalamh nár bhfuair Dia;	“what goodness did man find on the earth which God did not find?
ocus cuich in da crand	agus cad iad an dá chrann	Which are the two trees
nach teit a mbarr glas dibh no gu crinait;	nach dtéann a mbárr glas díobh nó go gcríonann siad;	whose green tops do not fade till they become withered?
ocus crét in bethadach bis isin saile	agus cad é an beithíoch a bhíonn sa sáile	What is the animal which lives in the sea-water,
ocus is e is badhadh do a bhuain as in saile	agus is é is bá dó a bhaint as an sáile	whose drowning it would be if taken out of the sea-water,
ocus is e is bethad dho a chur ann;	agus is é is beatha dó a chur ann;	and whose life would be preserved by putting him into it?
ocus crét int ainmhidi bís isin teinidh	agus cad é an t-ainmhí a bhíonn sa tine	And what is the animal which lives in the fire,
ocus as e is loscadh do a bhuain aisdi	agus is é is loscadh dó a bhaint aisti	and whose burning it would be if taken out of it,
ocus as e is bethad do a cur innte.”	agus is é is beatha dó a chur inti?”	and whose life would be preserved by putting him into it?”
“As maith na cesta sin, a Dhaeil Duiled,” ar Marbán,	“Is maith na ceisteanna sin, a Dhaoil Dhuileadh,” arsa Marbhán,	“These are good problems, Daol Duileadh,” said Marbhán,
“ocus gid maith fuaiscelat-sa iat.	“agus, cé gur maith, fuasclóidh mise iad.	“and though excellent I will solve them.

Is e ní fuair duini a talam agus nach fuair Dia .i. a shaith do thigherna,	Is é ní fuair duine i dtalamh agus nár bhfuair Dia, a sháith de thiarna,	That which man found on earth, and which God did not find, is his sufficiency of a Lord;
or ní thainic da olcus na dha fheabhus duini,	óir níor tháinig dá olcas ná dá fheabhas duine <u>riamh</u>	no one, however bad or good, ever came on earth but,
muna fagad se a shaith do thigherna shaegulda,	muna bhfaigheadh sé a sháith de thiarna shaolta,	though he might not find an earthly lord able to rule him,
nach fuiged se ri nime agus talman mar thigherna;	nach bhfaigheadh sé Rí neimhe agus talún mar thiarna;	he found the King of heaven and earth as lord,
ocus ní mar sin do Dhia;	agus ní mar sin do Dhia;	and it is not so with God;
ní fhuair se a shaith do thigherna riam,	ní bhfuair sé a sháith de thiarna riamh,	He never found His sufficiency of a Lord,
or as e fein in thigherna osna thighernaibh.	óir is É fein an tiarna ós na tiarnaí.	because He is himself Lord of lords.
As iat in da crann nach teit a mbarr glas dib	Is iad an dá chrann nach dtéann a mbárr glas díobh,	The two trees whose green tops do not fade
.i. Eo Rosa agus Fídh Sideng [Fídhheang MO] a n-anmunna .i. cuileann agus iubar.	<u>is iad</u> Eo Rosa agus Fídh Sidheang a n- ainmneacha, <u>sin iad</u> an cuileann agus an t-iúr.	are <i>Eo-Rosa</i> and <i>Fídh-Sidheang</i> , namely, Holly and Yew.
As e in bethadach darub badhad a bhuain asin muir, Gnim Abraein a ainm	Is é an beithíoch darb bá a bhaint as an muir an t-ainmhí darb ainm Gníomh Abraoin,	The animal, whose drowning it is to take him out of the sea, is named <i>Gnim-Abraen</i> ;
ocus as e in bethadach darub loscad a bhuain asin teinid,	agus is é an beithíoch darb loscadh a bhaint as an dtine	and the beast, whose burning it is to take him out of the fire,

Tegillus a cét-ainm	an t-ainmhí darb céad-ainm Tegillus	is <i>Tegillus</i> , which was its original name,
ocus Salmandar a ainm aniugh;	agus darb ainm inniu Salmandar.	and its name at present is <i>Salmandar</i> .
ocus is e sin fuascladh na ceasd do chuiris orum, a Dhaeil Duiled,” ar Marbán.	Agus is é sin fuascailt na gceisteanna a chuir tú orm, a Dhaoil Dhuileadh,” arsa Marbhán.	And these are the solutions of the problems you proposed to me, Daol Duileadh,” said Marbhán.

Section 47

“Mu comairce fort, a primhfhaidh nime ocus talman,” ar Dael Dúiled;	“Mo choimirce ort, a phríomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,” arsa Daol Duileadh,	“I crave thy mercy, prime prophet of heaven and earth,” said Daol Duileadh;
“na bi dhamh-sa ocus ní bhiu duit ní is mo.”	“ná bí liomsa agus ní bheidh mise leat níos mó.”	“leave me alone and I’ll leave you alone in future.”

Section 48

“Denaidh mu shaith crónain damh, a tromdám,” ar Marbán.	“Déanaigí mo sháith crónáin dom, a Thromdhámh,” arsa Marbhán.	“Perform as much <i>crónán</i> for me as I desire, you great bardic association,” says Marbhán.
Do freagair nech don cleir he ocus atbert:	D’fhreagair duine den chléir é agus dúirt:	One of the bardic body answered him and said:—
“Dogen-sa ealada duit,” ar se.	“Déanfaidh mise ealaín duit,” ar sé.	“I will perform an art for you,” says he.
“Cia thu fein?” ar Marbán.	“Cé hé tú féin?” arsa Marbhán.	“Who are you?” says Marbhán.
“Oircne Aithemuin misi,” ar se, “ollam Tuadhmuman.”	“Oircne Aitheamhuin mise,” ar sé, “ollamh Thuadhmhumhan.”	“I am Oircne Aitheamhuin,” says he, “Professor of Thomond.”
“Crét an ealada doghenair dhamh?” ar Marbán.	“Cad í an ealaín a dhéanfaidh tú dom?” arsa Marbhán.	“What art will you perform for me?” asked Marbhán.
“Is urusa dam ealada mhaith do denamh duit,	“Is furasta dom ealaín mhaith a dhéanamh duit,	“It is easy for me to perform a good art for you,
os isam feasach fir-eolac[h].”	óir táim feasach fír-eolach.”	for I am skilful and highly learned.”
“Is doigh lim-sa,” ar Marbán,	“Is dóigh liomsa,” arsa Marbhán,	“It is clear to me,” says Marbhán,
“gidh imdha duine ainmfhisach a tigh na tromdaimhe,	“cé gur mó duine ainbhiosach i dteach na Tromdháimhe,	“that, though many an ignorant person there be in the house of the great bardic association,
nach fuil dhibh uile en-nduini is ainmfhesaighi ina thusa.”	nach bhfuil díobh uile aon duine is ainbhiosaí ná tusa.”	there is not of the entire one person more ignorant than yourself.”

“Cidh on?” ar Oircne.

“Dias fher i n-aein-fhec[h]t oc tathaigid do mna

ocus gan fhis cechtair dhibh acat-sa;

ocus as iat in dana fher sin,

mac righ Findfholtaigh

ocus mac Fraigid Dairine

.i. dalta Guairi;

ocus fail óir fuaruis o Guaire,

tuc si sin don dara fer dhibh

ocus tuc si do claidem do[n] fhir aili.”

Do eirig Oircne Athemuin

ocus do fhech a fhail oir agus a claidem,

ocus ni fhuair cechtar dhibh aigi,

“Cad ina thaobh sin?” arsa Oircne.

“Beirt fhear in éineacht ag tabhairt grá dod bhean

agus gan fhios ceachtair díobh agatsa;

agus is iad beirt fhear iad sin ná

mac rí Fionnfholtaigh

agus mac Fraighid Dairine,

is é sin, dalta Ghuaire;

agus fáinne óir a fuair tusa ó Ghuaire

thug sí sin d’fhear díobh

agus thug sí do chlaíomh don fhear eile.”

D’éirigh Oircne Aitheamhauin

agus chuardaigh sé a fháinne óir agus a chlaíomh

agus ní bhfuair cechtar acu aige,

“How so?” said Oircne.

“There are two men paying their addresses to your wife,

and you know neither of them;

and these two men are

the son of the king Fionnfholtaigh (of fair hair),

and the son of Fraighid Dairine,

that is, the foster-son of Guaire;

and the gold ring which you received from Guaire,

she has given it to one of them,

and she gave your sword to the other man.”

Oircne Aitheamhuin arose,

and looked for his gold ring and sword,

and he discovered he had neither of them;

ocus o nach fuair, asbert:

“Ar dho comairce dhamh, a prímhfhaidh nime
ocus talman,

na bi dhamh ocus ni bhiu duit ní is mo.”

“Ní bhiu,” ar Marbán, “ocus dentar mu saith
crónain dam.”

agus, ó nár bhfuair, dúirt:

“Ar do choimirce dom, a phríomh-fháidh
neimhe agus talún,

ná bí liom agus ní bheidh mise leat níos mó.”

“Ní bheidh,” ar Marbhán, “agus déantear mó
sháith crónáin dom.”

and, as he did not find them, he said:—

“I beseech your mercy, O prime prophet of
heaven and earth;

leave me alone and I’ll leave you alone in
future.”

“I will not,” said Marbhán, “but let me have a
sufficiency of *crónán*.”

Section 49

Do raidh neach isin bruidhin:

“Doghen fein ealada duit,” ar sí.

“Cia thu fein?” ar Marbán.

“Crinlait Cailleach mhisi” ar sí.

“Crét in ealada doghenta dham?” ar Marbán.

“An ealada is uaisli ar bith,” ar in cailleach,

Labhair duine sa bhrúion.

“Déanfaidh mé féin ealaín duit,” ar sí.

“Cé thú féin?” arsa Marbhán.

“Críonlaith Cailleach mise,” ar sí.

“Cad í an ealaín a dhéanfá dom?” arsa
Marbhán.

“An ealaín is uaisle ar bith,” arsa an
chailleach,

A person in the mansion said:—

“I will submit an art unto you,” said she.

“Who are you?” says Marbhán.

“I am Críonliath Cailleach (Withered Hag),”
she replied.

“What is the art you would perform for me?”

“The most noble of all the arts in the world,

“ocus nach fectar ri na ab na escob na papa do denumh ’na hecmuis	“nách féidir <u>le</u> rí ná <u>le</u> hab ná <u>le</u> heaspag ná <u>le</u> pápa a déanamh ina héagmais,	which neither king nor abbot nor bishop nor pope can do without,
.i. do shaith lanamnais do dhenum duit.”	is é sin, do sháith lánúnais a dhéanamh duit.”	namely, to become your spouse.”
“Is doigh linn,” ar Marbán,	“Is dóigh linn,” arsa Marbhán,	“It is evident to me,” said Marbhán,
“gur inmhain let-sa in cerd sin in tan do bhadhuis at’ oicsceim,	“gurbh ionúin leatsa an cheird sin nuair a bhí tú i d’óig-scéimh,	“that you are an ill-disposed old woman, and possibly had been so in your younger days,
in tan is at’ aithsceim as inmhain let hi.	agus, nuair is i d’athscéimh atá tú, is ionúin leat leis í.	since you speak so immodestly at this advanced period of your life.
Madh misi,” ar Marbán, “in ní nach dernas as mh’ oicsceim,	Maidir liomsa,” arsa Marbhán, “an ní nár ndearna mé i m’óig-scéimh,	As for me,” said Marbhán, “as I did not wed in my youthful days,
ni dingen am’ sheinsceim	ní dhéanfaidh mé im shein-scéimh	neither shall I do so now,
re crinarracht caeilrengach croimchliastach caillighi mar thusa.”	le críon-arracht caoil-reangach croim-shliastach caillí mar thusa.”	<u>particularly</u> a withered, emaciated, and decrepid old hag as you are.”
“Mu comairce fort, a primhfhaidh nime ocus talman,	“Mo choimirce ort, a phríomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,	“Be merciful to me, O prime prophet of heaven and earth.
na bi dham ocus ni bhiu duit.”	ná bise liom agus ní bheidh mise leat níos mó.”	Leave me alone and I’ll leave you alone in future.”
“Ni biu,” ar Marbán, “ocus dentar mu shaith crónain dam.”	“Ní bheidh mé,” arsa Marbhán, “agus déantear mo sháith chrónáin dom.”	“I will,” said Marbhán, “but let a sufficiency of <i>Cronan</i> be performed for me.”

Section 50

“Dogen-sa” ar fer istigh, “ealada duit.”	“Déanfaidh mise,” arsa fear istigh, “ealaín duit.”	“I will perform,” said a man in the house, “an art for you.”
“Cred in ealada?” ar Marbán, “ocus cia thu fein?”	“Cad é an ealaín?” arsa Marbhán, “agus cé thú féin?”	“What is the art?” says Marbhán, “and who are you?”
“Ollam maith mhisi rem’ cerd fein ac Senchán	“Ollamh maith mise lem cheird féin ag Seanchán.	“I am a good professor in my art to Seanchán,
.i. Casmhael cruiteri mh’ainm.”	Casmhaol Cruitire m’ainm.”	and Casmhaol the harper is my name.”
“Fiafraighim dhit, a Chasmhaeil,” ar Marbán,	“Fiafraím díot, a Chasmhaoil,” arsa Marbhán,	“I question you, Casmhaol,” said Marbhán,
“crét asa frit[h] in cruitherecht?	“cad as a bhfuairleadh an chruitireacht?	“whence originated the science of playing the harp?
nó cia dorindi in cét-dan?	nó cé a rinne an chéad dán?	who was the first that composed poetry?
nó cia is tusca dorinnedh cruit ina timpan?”	nó cé acu is túisce a rinneadh, cruit nó tiompán?”	or whether the harp or the <i>tiompán</i> was the first made?”
“Ni fhetar-sa sin, a primhfaid,” ar Cosmhæl.	“Níl a <u>fhios agam</u> sin, a phríomh-fháidh,” arsa Casmhaol.	“I don’t know that, prime prophet,” said Casmhaol.
“Dofetur-sa,” ar Marbán, “ocus atber friut-sa he.	“Tá a <u>fhios agam</u> -sa,” arsa Marbhán, “agus inseoidh mise duitse é.	“I know it,” says Marbhán, “and I will tell it you.

Lanamhuin bui fec[h]t n-aill	Lánúin a bhí ann uair,	In former times there lived a married couple
.i. Macuel mac Miduel ocus Cana Cladhmor a bhen,	Macuel mac Midhuel agus Cana Cladhmhór a bhean,	whose names were Macuel, son of Miduel, and Cana Clúmhór (of great fame) his wife.
ocus tuc a ben fuath do	agus thug a bhean fuath dó	His wife, having entertained a hatred for him,
ocus do bhi ac teiched roime ar fud fhegh ocus fhasach	agus bhí sí ag teitheadh roimhe ar fud coillte agus fásach	fled before him through woods and wildernesses,
ocus bui-sium 'na lenmain;	agus bhí seisean á leanúint;	and he was in pursuit of her.
agus la da ndeachaidh in ben cu traigh mara Camais	agus lá dá ndeachaidh an bhean go trá mara Camais	One day that the wife had gone to the strand of the sea of Camas,
ocus bui oc siubal na tragh,	agus bhí sí ag siúl na trá	and while walking along the strand
ocus fuair si taisi mil mhoir ar in traig	agus fuair sí taise míl mhóir ar an dtrá	she discovered the skeleton of a whale on the strand,
ocus atcluin si foghur na gaeithi re feithibh in mhill moir,	agus chuala sí foghar na gaoithe le féitheacha an mhill mhóir,	and having heard the sound of the wind acting on the sinews of the whale,
ocus do chodail risin fogur sin;	agus chodail sí leis an bhfoghar sin.	she fell asleep by that sound.
ocus tainic a fer 'na diaigh	Tháinig a fear ina diaidh	Her husband came up to her,
ocus do thuic gurub lesin bhfoghar sin do thuit a suan fuirri;	agus thuig <u>sé</u> gur leis an bhfoghar sin a thuit a suan uirthi,	and having understood that it was by the sound she had fallen asleep,

ocus teit roime fon bhfigh coilled ba comfocus do	agus d'imigh roimhe faoin gcoill ba ghiorra dó	he proceeded into an adjacent forest,
ocus dogni fudba cruithi	agus rinne sé fráma cruith	where he made the frame of a harp,
ocus cuiret teda d'fheithibh in mhil mhoir innti;	agus chuir téada d'fhéitheacha an mhíl mhóir innti;	and he put strings in it of the tendons of the whale,
ocus as i sin cét-cruit doronadh riamh.	agus is í sin an chéad chruit a rinneadh riamh.	and that is the first harp that ever was made.
Agus dino batar da mac ag Lamiach Bigamus	Agus bhí beirt mhac ag Laimiach Bighamhus, <u>áfach</u> ,	And moreover, Lamiach had two sons — Bigamus,
.i. Iubal oculus Tubail Cain a n-anmanna.	<u>ba iad</u> Iubhal agus Tubhail Cain a n-ainmneacha.	Iubal and Tubal Cain <u>were</u> their names.
Bui mac díbh 'na ghabhuinn .i. Tubail	Bhí mac díobh, Tubhail, ina ghabha,	One of them was a smith, that is, Tubail;
ocus do tuic le fogur a da ord isin cerdcha gurub comfhad rainn adubradur [adubramdur <i>fc</i> s.],	agus thuig le foghar a dhá ord sa cheárta gur chomhfhad rainn a dúirt siad,	and he conceived that the tones of the two hammers in the forge denoted the quantities of metre,
ocus doghni-sium rann ar an adbhar sin,	agus rinne sé rann ar an ábhar sin	and on that measure he composed a verse,
ocus is e sin cét-rann doronta riamh.”	agus is é sin <u>an</u> chéad rann a rinneadh riamh.”	and that was the first verse that ever was composed.
“Mu comairci fort, a primhfáidh nime oculus talman,	“Mo choimirce ort, a phríomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,	“Be merciful to me, prime prophet of heaven and earth;

na bi dhamh ocus ní bhiu duit.”	ná bíse liom agus ní bheidh mise leatsa níos mó.”	leave me alone and I’ll leave you alone in future.”
“Ní biu,” ar Marbán; “ocus dentar mu shaith crónain dam.”	“Ní bheidh mise,” arsa Marbhán, “agus déantar mo sháith crónáin dom.”	“I will not,” said Marbhán, “but let there be <u>plenty</u> of <i>Cronan</i> performed for me.”
Section 51		
Adubairt nech istigh: “Doghen-sa ealada duit, a Mharbáin.”	Dúirt duine istigh: “Déanfaidh mise ealaín duit, a Mharbháin.”	A person in the mansion said:— “I will perform an art for you, O Marbhán.”
“Cia thu fein?” ar Marbán, “ocus crét in ealadha fhuil agat?”	“Cé thú féin?” arsa Marbhán, “agus cad í an ealaín atá agat?”	“Who are you?” says Marbhán, “and what is the art you have?”
“Coirche Ceoilbhinn mh’ainm-si,” ar se,	“Coirche Ceoilbhinn m’ainmse,” ar sé.	“Coirche Ceoilbhinn (performer of melodious music) is my name,” said he,
“ollamh timpanachta na tromdhaimhe.”	“Is mé ollamh tiompánachta na Tromdáimhe.”	“Professor of <i>tiompán</i> -playing to the great Bardic Institution.”
“Fiafraigim did, a Choirche Cheoilbinn,” ar Marbán,	“Fiafraím díot, a Choirche Cheoilbhinn,” arsa Marbhán,	“I question you, Coirche Ceoilbhinn,” says Marbhán,
“crét ma ngairther ‘timpán naemh’ don timpán,	“cad uime go <u>nglaoitear</u> ‘tiompán naoimh’ den tiompán	“why is the <i>tiompán</i> called the ‘Saint’s <i>Tiompán</i> ,’
ocus nar sheinn naem timpán riam?”	agus nár sheinn naomh tiompán riamh?”	and that no saint ever performed on a <i>tiompán</i> ?”

“Ni fhedar imorro,” ar in timpanach.	“Níl a <u>fhios agam, dar</u> mo bhriathar,” arsa an tiompánaí.	“I really do not know,” replied the <i>tiompán</i> player.
“Ader-sa friut he,” ar Marbán,	“Deirfidh mise duit é,” arsa Marbhán.	“I will tell you,” said Marbhán; “ <u>it was as follows</u> :—
“.i. in tan dochuaidh Nai mac Laimiach isin airc,	“An uair a chuaigh Naoi mac Laimiach san arc,	When Noah, the son of Lamiach, went into the ark,
ruc se mouran do cheolaibh leis	rug sé mórán de ghléasanna cheoil leis	he brought many musical instruments with him,
ocus ruc timpán do shunnrad;	agus rug tiompán go sonrach.	and in particular he brought a <i>tiompán</i> ,
ocus do bhi mac aigi dar eol a sheinm,	Bhí mac aige gurb eol dó a sheinm,	and he had a son who was accustomed to play on it.
ocus batar isin airc oiret bui in dile forsin ndoman;	agus bhíodar san arc <u>fad</u> do bhí an díle ar an ndomhan,	They remained in the ark during the time that the deluge had been over the world;
co ndeachaid Nai cona clainn aisdi;	co ndeachaigh Naoi agus a chlann aisti;	and when Noah and his family were coming out of it,
ocus dob ail don mac in timpán do breith leis.	agus b’áil leis an mac an tiompán a bhreith leis.	the son wished to take the <i>tiompán</i> with him.
‘Ni bera,’ ar Nai, ‘nogu faghar-sa luagh.’	‘Ní bhéarfaidh tú,’ arsa Naoi, ‘go bhfaighidh mise a luach.’	‘You shalt not take it,’ said Noah, ‘unless I obtain a request.’
Iarfocht in mac de crét in luagh.	D’fhiafraigh an mac de cad é a luach.	The son asked him what was the request.

Atbert Nai nar beg leis in timpán d’ainmniugad uaidh fein.	Dúirt Naoi nár bheag leis an tiompán d’ainmniú uaidh féin.	Noah said that he would be satisfied if the <i>tiompán</i> was named after him.
Dorat in mac in aiscid sin do; conadh timpán Naei a ainm o sin anall;	Thug an mac an aisce sin dó, <u>i dtreo gur tiompán</u> Naoi a ainm ó shin <u>i leith</u> ,	The son granted him that favour, so that the <i>tiompán</i> of Noah has been its name ever since;
ocus ní he sin adertis na timpanaig ainmfheasacha, acht timpán naem.”	agus ní hé sin a dheiridís na tiompánaithe ainbhiosacha ach tiompán naoimh. ”	and that is not what you ignorant <i>tiompán</i> - players call it, but the Saint’s <i>Tiompán</i> .”
“Mu comairce fort, a primhfád nimhe ocus talman; na bí dhamh ocus ní biu duit ní is mo.”	“Mo choimirce ort, a phríomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún. Ná bíse liom agus ní bheidh mise leatsa níos mó.”	“Be merciful unto me, prime prophet of heaven and earth; leave me alone and I’ll leave you alone in future.”
“Ní bhiu,” ar Marbán; “ocus dentar mu shaith crónáin damh”;	“Ní bheidh mé,” arsa Marbhán, “agus déantar mó sháith crónáin dom.”	“I will not,” said Marbhán, “but let me have enough of <i>crónán</i> performed for me;”
agus do iar Marbán in crónán fa trí ocus ní fhuair.	Agus d’iarr Marbhán an crónán faoi thrí agus ní bhfuair.	and Marbhán called for the <i>crónán</i> three times and did not obtain it.

Section 52

Ba nar le Senchán sin	Ba náir le Seanchán sin	Seanchán was ashamed of that,
ocus o nach fuair nech ele do freiceorad Marbán,	agus, ó nár bhfuair sé neach eile a d'fhreagródh Marbhán,	and as he found no other person to comply with Marbhán's request,
adubairt co ndingnedh fein crónan do.	dúirt sé go ndéanfaidh sé féin crónán dó.	he said he would himself perform the <i>crónán</i> .
“As bindi leam-sa uait-si he,” ar Marbán, “na o gach duine ar bith.”	“Is binne liom uaitse é,” arsa Marbhán, “ná ó dhuine ar bith.”	“It will be more melodious to me from yourself,” said Marbhán, “than from any other person.”
Ro thocuib Senchán a ulchain a n-airdi,	Thóg Seanchán a fhéasóg anáirde	Seanchán raised his beard up high,
ocus nir gabh Marbán uadha acht crónan snagach;	agus níor ghabh Marbhán uaidh ach crónán snagach;	and Marbhán would have no other from him than the guttural <i>crónán</i> .
ocus intan do fhobradh Senchán scur,	agus nuair a <u>mheasadh</u> Seanchán scor,	Whenever Seanchán would wish to cease,
is ann aderedh Marbán “Denuidh mu shaith crónáin damh.”	is ann a deireadh Marbhán: “Déanaigí mo sháith crónáin dom.”	then would Marbhán say — “Perform enough of <i>Crónán</i> for me.”
Ba nar le Senchán sin	Ba náir le Seanchán sin	Seanchán was ashamed of that,
ocus sreangad ro-tenn dá tuc air ag denum in crónain,	agus sreangadh ró-theann dá dtug air féin agus é ag déanamh an chrónáin,	and, by an overstrained effort of his in performing the <i>crónán</i> ,
sceinnid a lethshuil tar a cind, co mbui for a gruaigh.	sceinn a leath-shúil thar a cheann go raibh sí ar a ghrua.	one of his eyes gushed out and lay on his cheek.

O'tonnaic Marbán sin,	Nuair a chonaic Marbhán sin,	When Marbhán beheld that
dob egal leis achmhusan d'fhagail o Guaire;	b'eagal leis achasán d'fháil ó Ghuaire	he was afraid that he might get blame from Guaire,
ocus gabuis a paidir ina dernainn ndeis	agus dúirt a phaidir ina dhearna deis	and he said his <i>Pater</i> in his right hand,
ocus cuiris int suil ina hinat fein,	agus chuir an tsúil ina hionad féin,	and he put the eye back into its own place,
ocus atbert iarum: "Denaidh mu shaith crónáin damh."	agus dúirt ansin: "Déanaigí mó sháith crónáin dom."	and he afterwards said:— "Perform ye a sufficiency of <i>crónán</i> for me."

Section 53

Atbert nech astigh	Dúirt duine a bhí sa teach:	A person in the mansion said:—
"Dogen fein ealaidhi duit, a Marbáin."	"Déanfaidh mé féin ealaín duit, a Mharbháin."	"I will myself perform an art for you, Marbhán."
"Cia thusa?" ar Marbán, "ocus crét in ealada?"	"Cé tusa?" arsa Marbhán, "agus cad í an ealaín?"	"Who are you?" says Marbhán, "and what is the art?"
"Scelaidhi is ferr isin tromdhaimh mé," ar eisium,	"Scéalaí is fearr sa Tromdhámh mé," ar seisean,	"I am the best storyteller in the great Bardic Institution," said he,
"ocus a nEirinn uili,	"agus in Éirinn uile,	"and in all Ireland,
ocus Fis mac Fochmhaire mh'ainm bunaidh."	agus Fios mac Fochmhaire m'ainm bunaidh."	and Fios mac Fochmhaire is my family name."

“Masa thusa sclaidi as ferr a nEirinn,” ar Marbán,	“Más tusa scéalaí is fearr in Éirinn,” arsa Marbhán,	“If you art the best storyteller in Ireland,” said Marbhán,
“ata fis prímhscel Eirenn acat.”	“tá fios príomh-scéal Éireann agat.”	“you know the principal stories of Ireland.”
“Ata co deimin,” ar an sclaidi.	“Tá go deimhin,” arsa an scéalaí.	“I do, indeed,” replied the storyteller.
“Ma ata,” ar Marbán,	“Má tá,” arsa Marbhán,	“Well then,” said Marbhán,
“indis Tain Bo Cuailgne damh-sa.”	“inis Táin Bó Cuailnge domsa.”	“relate to me <i>Táin Bó Cuailgne</i> ” (the Cattle Raid of Cooley).
Moighid soc[h]t ar an sclaidi agus imdergthar uime.	Tháinig tocht ar an scéalaí agus imdheargadh é.	Silence seized the storyteller and he blushed <u>for shame</u> .
“Ga ttai” ar Senchán, “gan in scel d’innisi do Marbán?”	“Cad atá ort,” arsa Seanchán, “gan an scéal a insint do Mharbhán?”	“What ails you,” says Seanchán, “in not telling the story to Marbhán?”
“Fodhlaimh, a righ-ollam,” ar an sclaidi,	“Le do thoil, a rí-ollaimh,” arsa an scéalaí,	“By your leave, O arch Professor,” said the storyteller,
“ni chuala in Tain ud do thabairt a nEirinn riamh	“níor chuala mé an Táin úd a thabhairt in Éirinn riamh	“I have not heard that that the <i>Táin</i> was ever recited in Ireland,
ocus ní fhetur cia thuc.”	agus <u>níl a fhios agam</u> cé a thug.”	nor do I know who took it.”
“Maas edh,” ar Marbán,	“Más ea,” arsa Marbhán,	“Since that is the case,” said Marbhán,
“cuirim-si fa gheasaibh thu no gu n-indisi tu in Tain dam,	“cuirimse faoi gheasa tú nó go n-inseoidh tú an Táin dom	“I put you under <i>geasa</i> (enchantment) until you relate the <i>Táin</i> to me;

ocus cuirim in tromdhamh uili fa ghesaibh	agus cuirim an Tromdhámh uile faoi gheasa	and I lay a prohibition on the Burdensome Company
da rabhuid siat da oighthi a n-aein-tig	má bhíonn siad dhá oíche in aon teach	not to stay two <u>successive</u> nights in the same house
no gu faghait fis na Tana;	nó go bhfaighidh fios na Tána sin;	until they discover the story of the <i>Táin</i> .
ocus benuim-si fos a hucht mu Dhia bar ndan díbh uili	agus bainimse a hucht mo Dhia bhur ndán díbh uile	I also deprive you all of your poetic faculties, in the <u>name</u> of my God,
gan en-rand do dhenum o so amach	gan aon rann a dhéanamh as seo amach	that henceforth you shall not have the power of composing verse,
acht aen-nduan nama,	ach aon dán amháin	excepting one poem only
no gu faghthai Tain Bo Cuailgne dam-sa;	nó go bhfaighidh sibh Táin Bó Cuailnge domsa;	until you find for me the <i>Táin Bó Cuailgne</i> ;
agus ac sud misi ag imtecht anois,” ar Marbán,	agus ag siúd mise ag imeacht anois,” arsa Marbhán,	and there am I now going away,
“ocus dar mu bréithir, muna bheth Guaire,	“agus dar mo bhriathar, muna mbeadh Guaire,	and, upon my word, were it not for Guaire
is maith do dhighelainn-si in torc finn oraibh,	is maith a dhíoghlfainnse an torc fionn oraibh,	well would I avenge myself on you for the white boar,
a cliar udmhall ainbhfheasach!”	a chliar udmhall ainbhiosach!”	you indolent, ignorant, bardic company!”

Section 54

Teit Marbán roimhe	D'imigh Marbhán roimhe	Marbhán proceeded on his way,
ocus facbais in tromdham gu scithach cenn trom udmhall imsnímach.	agus d'fhág an Tromdhámh go scítheach ceanntrom udmhall inníoch.	and left the great Bardic Association wearied, downcast, gloomy, and in sorrow.
Atbert Senchán iarum:	Dúirt Seanchán ansin:	Then Seanchán said:—
“Do chuir Marbán fo gesaib sinn da mbemis da oighthi a n-aein-inadh no gu faghmais in Tain;	“Chuir Marbhán faoi gheasa sinn dá mbeimis dhá oíche in aon ionad nó go bhfaighimis an Táin;	“Marbhán bound us under <i>geasa</i> , that we should not remain two nights in one place until we would procure the <i>Táin</i> ;
ocus is annsa baili so do bamar areir	agus is sa bhaile seo a bhíomar aréir	and it was in this place we were last night,
ocus ní biam anocht ann, do chomhall ar ngeas,	agus ní bheimid anocht ann chun ár ngeasa do chomhlíonadh,	and we must not be here to-night, that we may fulfill our <i>geasa</i> ;
gan imtecht romainn d'iarraid na Tana no gu bhfhagham hi.”	gan imeacht romhainn chun iarraidh na Tána nó go bhfaighimid í.”	we must, therefore, proceed on our way in quest of the <i>Táin</i> till we discover it.”
Is ann sin doronad eirghe athlumh einfhir acon tromdhaimh	Is ansin a rinneadh éirí athlamh aonair i measc na Tromdháimhe,	It was then that every individual of the great Bardic Institution started up simultaneously,
idir ollumh oculus ansruith,	idir ollamh agus ánradh,	both professors and students,
idir fhilid oculus eicsin,	idir fhile agus éigsín,	both poets and student poets,

idir fhir agus mná,	idir fhear agus mná,	both men and women,
idir coin agus gilla,	idir cúnna agus giolla,	both hounds and servants,
idir ogh agus shen.	idir óg agus sean.	both young and old.
Acht ata ní cena, gidh tromdhamh do gairthi dibh-som	Ach tá an ní seo le rá: cé gur Tromdhámh a <u>ghlaoití</u> orthu sin,	But, <u>this</u> is to be said: notwithstanding their being called the great Bardic Institution,
ocus ger mhor a ngráin,	agus cé gur mór í a ngráin,	and though greatly they were abhorred,
ba beg a saith.	ba bheag a sáith iad.	it took little to sate them;
Or ba hi Brigit ingen Onitcerne ben Shencháin duine ba mo saith dibh,	Óir ba í Bríd iníon Onithchearna, bean Sheancháin, duine ba mhó <u>goile</u> díobh,	for Bríd, daughter of Onithcearn, the wife of Seanchán, was the person among them who had the most appetite,
ocus ní ithedh Senchán ugh circe d'aen-saith,	agus ní itheadh Seanchán ubh circe d'aon bhéile,	and she usually ate only a hen egg at a meal,
ocus do ghairdis-sium Brigit Mhor-shaithech di.	agus <u>ghlaoidís</u> Bríd Mhórshách di.	and <u>therefore</u> she was called Bríd of the great appetite.

Section 55

Is ann sin do gluaisetar in tromdhamh rompa	Is ansin a ghluaiseadar an Tromdhámh rompu	The great bardic association then proceeded on their journey,
gu rángatar airm i mbui Guaire.	gur rángadar airm ina raibh Guaire.	until they arrived at the residence of Guaire.
Eirghis Guaire 'na n-agaid,	D'éirigh Guaire ina n-aghaidh	Guaire went forth to meet them,
or bá hingnad lais a bhfhaicsin uili ar in faighti,	óir b'ionadh leis iad uile go léir a fheiceáil ar an bhfaiche,	for he wondered at seeing them all on the plain,
ocus cuiris failti coitcenn friu	agus chuir sé fáilte choiteann rompu <u>go léir</u>	and he bid them a welcome in general.
ocus do tarbir teora pog do Senchán oclus atbert:	agus thoirbhir sé trí póga do Sheanchán agus dúirt:	He gave three kisses to Seanchán, and said —
“Scela agat, a rí-ollamh,” ar se,	“Scéala agat, a rí-ollaimh,” ar sé.	“What news do you have, Arch-Professor,” said he;
“cidh ro gluais sibh o bhar mbruigin fein?”	“ <u>Cén fáth</u> a ghluais sibh ó bhar mbruíon féin?”	“why have you departed from your own mansion?”
“As olc ar scela, a rí,” ar Senchán.	“Is olc ár scéala, a rí,” arsa Seanchán.	“Bad is our story, O king,” said Seanchán.
“Marbhan mucaid, prímhfhaidh nimhe oclus talman,	“Marbhán muicí, príomh-fháidh neimhe agus talún,	“Marbhán the swineherd, prime prophet of heaven and earth,
tainic ar cuairt chucaind do dighailt in tuirc fhinn orainn	a tháinig ar cuairt chugainn ag díoghail an toirc fhionn orainn	came on a visit to us to take revenge of us for the white boar.

ocus do iar a rogha ealadan agus oirfidh agus do geallad sin dó;	agus d'iarr a rogha ealaíne agus oirfide agus gealladh sin dó,	He requested his choice art and music, which was granted to him,
ocus is e rogha ruc-san, a saith crónain,	agus is é rogha a rug seisean ná a sháith chrónáin,	and the choice he made was to have his sufficiency of <i>crónán</i> .
ocus do choir [<i>leg. chuir</i>] tri naenbair acainn agá dhenamh sin dó	agus chuir sé trí naonúr á dhéanamh sin dó	Thrice nine of us went to chant the <i>crónán</i> for him,
ocus dochuadus-sa fein,” ar Seanchán, “do denam in crónain dó fá dheiredh;	agus chuaigh mise féin,” arsa Seanchán, “ag déanamh an chrónáin faoi dheireadh,	and I myself,” said Seanchán, “finally went to sing it for him;
ocus in tan do fhobrain[n] scur,	agus nuair a <u>mheasainn</u> scor	and whenever I chanced to cease
is and do iaradh-som a shaith crónáin do dhenamh do;	is ann a d'iarraidh seisean a sháith chrónáin do dhéanamh dó;	he then desired to have more <i>crónán</i> sung for him;
ocus sreangad roi-thenn da tucus oram,	agus sreangadh ró-theann a thug orm féin,	and by an overstrained effort I made
do chuires mu shuil ar mu gruaigh;	chuir mé mo shúil ar mo ghrua,	I put out my eye on my cheek,
ocus do foir-sin me tre cumachtaib De;	agus d'fhóir seisean mé tré chumhachtaí Dé;	but he healed me by the power of God.
ocus atbert nech isin bruidin co ndingned se scelaidecht do,	agus dúirt neach sa bhruíon go ndéanfadh sé scéalaíocht dó,	A person in the mansion then told him he would entertain him with storytelling,
ocus do iar-san Táin Bo Cuailgne;	agus d'iarr seisean Táin Bó Cuailgne;	and he (<u>Marbhán</u>) chose to have <i>Táin Bó Cuailgne</i> .

ocus atbert in sclaidi nach roibi in scel soin aigi,	agus dúirt an scéalaí nach raibh an scéal sin aige	The storyteller said he had not that story,
ocus do chuir-sium fo ghesaibh sinne ocus in sclaidi	agus chuir seisean faoi gheasa sinne agus an scéalaí	and he bound us and the story-teller by <i>geasa</i> (solemn injunctions)
gan en-rann dar ndan d’fhagail duin	gan aon rann dár ndán a fhágáil dúinn	so as not to have the power of composing one stanza of our poetry,
ocus gan beith dá oighthi a n-aein-tigh	agus gan bheith dhá oíche in aon teach	and that we are not to remain two nights in the same house
no gu bhfhaghmais fis na Tana do;	nó go bhfaighimis fios na Tána dó;	till we procure for him the story of the <i>Táin</i> .
agus annsa baili so do bamur areir	agus is sa bhaile seo a bhíomar aréir	In this place we were last night,
ocus ní biam anocht ann.”	agus ní bheimid anocht ann.”	and we cannot be in it tonight.”

Section 56

“Cia hairm rob ail duibh dul d’iaraidh na Tána?” ar Guaire.	“Cá háit arbh áil libh dul chun iarraidh na Tána?” arsa Guaire.	“To what place do you propose to go in quest of the <i>Táin</i> ?” said Guaire.
“A nAlbain” ar Seanchán.	“In Albain,” arsa Seanchán.	“To Alba” (Scotland), replied Seanchán.

Section 57

“Na heirgidh,” ar Guaire,	“Ná héirigh,” arsa Guaire,	“Don’t go there,” said Guaire,
“ar is a nAlbain is lugha doghebhthai a fhis.	“óir is san Albain is lú <u>deis</u> a gheobhaidh sibh a fhios.	“because in Alba you have the least chance of information,
Or is a nEirinn fein tucadh in Tain sin;	Óir is in Éirinn féin a tugadh an Táin sin,	for in Ireland itself that <i>Táin</i> was effected;
agus dofetur-sa,” ar Guaire, “mar as coir daibh do dhenamh.”	agus <u>tá a fhios</u> agamsa,” arsa Guaire, “cad is cóir daoibh a dhéanamh.”	and I know,” added Guaire, “what you ought to do.”
“Cinnus on?” ar Senchán.	“Conas sin?” arsa Seanchán.	“What is that?” asked Seanchán,
“Anmhain am’ fharrad-sa,” ar se,	“Fanacht im fharradhsa,” ar sé,	“to remain with me,” said he;
“ocus in anoir fuarabhair uaim-se	“agus an onóir a fuair sibh riamh uaimse	“and the honour which you have been receiving from me
ocus o fheraibh Eirenn gus aniugh,	agus ó fhir Éireann is inniu,	and from the men of Ireland unto this day,
doghebhtai uaim-si anois he a n-ecmais bur ndana.”	gheobhaidh sibh uaimse anois í in éagmais bhur ndána.”	you shall now have it from me in consideration of your poetry.”
“Ní biadh acht maith deirce ann sin,” ar Senchán.	“Ní bheadh ach maith déirce ann sin,” arsa Seanchán.	“That would be no better than a compliment of alms,” said Seanchán.

“Maas ed,” ar Guaire,	“Más ea,” arsa Guaire,	“If you think so,” says Guaire,
“fanadh bur mna agus bur meic agus bur ngillannrad am’ fharrad-sa	“fanadh bhur mná agus bhur mic agus bhur ngiollanra im fharradhsa	“then let your women, sons and servants remain with me,
ocus eircit bur n-ollaim agus bur filedi agus bhur lucht canta ciuil d’iaraid na Tana.”	agus éiríodh bhur n-ollúna agus bhur bhfilí agus bhur lucht canta ceoil chun iarraidh na Tána.”	and let your professors, poets and musicians go in quest of the <i>Táin</i> .”
Atbertsat uili gur choir sin	Dúirt siad uile gur chóir sin	They all approved of that proposal
ocus ro chinnset ar an comairle sin.	agus chinn siad ar an gcomhairle sin.	and determined on that resolution.

Section 58

Is annsin isbert Senchán:	Is ansin dúirt Seanchán:	It was then Seanchán said:—
“In oen-nduan dar nduan ro facbhadh acainn,	“An t-aon duan dár bhfilíocht a fágadh againn,	“The only poem of our poetry which has been left to us,
as coir dhuin a dhenamh do Guaire.	is cóir dúinn é a dhéanamh do Ghuaire,	it is fit we compose it for Guaire,
Or ataimit mi agus raithe agus bliagain aigi	óir atáimid mí agus ráithe agus bliain aige	for we have been with him a month, a quarter and a year,
isin mbaili-sea .i. a nDurlus.”	sa bhaile seo, is é sin, i nDurlas.”	in this place, namely at Durlas.”

Asbertsat in tromdhamh gur choir sin;	Dúirt an Tromdhámh gur chóir sin;	The great bardic association agreed that that would be proper;
“Doigh amh	“ <u>Is</u> dóigh, ámh,	“for truly” <u>said they</u> ,
ní roibhi teirce bidh na dighi	ní raibh teirce bia ná dí	“we had no want of food or drink,
na oir na aircit	ná óir ná airgid	of gold or silver,
na set na maine orainn,	ná séad ná maoine orainn,	or of jewels and substance;
ocus ní dhechaid mian aen-nduine fa lar acainn frisin ré sin	agus ní dheachaigh mian aon duine gan freastal againn leis an ré sin,	the yearning of no individual amongst us remained unsatisfied during that period;
ocus ní fuigher cu dicenn in domhain	agus ní bhfaighfear go deire an domhain	and there will not be found to the end of the world,
a mbaili righ Eirenn na righ cuicidh	i mbaile rí Éireann ná rí cúige	in the residence of a king of Ireland or of a provincial king,
connmail mar in connmail dorad dún.”	coinneáil mar an choinneáil a tugadh dúinn.”	an entertainment equal to the entertainment he gave us,”
Ut dixit Seanchán:	Agus dúirt Seanchán:	as Seanchán said —

“Triallum uait, a Guairi glain,
facmait agat beanachtain;
bliagain ocus raithe is mí
atam acut, a airdri.

Tri caegaid eices nár mhín
agus trí caegaid eicsin;
da mnai is gilla is cu gach fhir,
ro biadhtha uili a n-aein-tigh.
Cuid ar leth ag gach dhuine,
leaba ar leth gach en-nduine;
ní eirghimis madan moch
gan deabaidh nó gan ecnach.

Aderim-si ribh-si dhe,
firfuithir in faisdine,
mad da roisium tolaibh clann
ticfam aris, ge triallam.”

Triallam.

“Triailimis uait, a Ghuaire ghlain,
fágaimid agat beannachtain;
bliain agus ráithe is mí
atáimid agat, a ardrí.

Trí caogaid éigeas nár mhín
agus trí caogaid éigsín;
dhá mná is giolla is cú gach fir,
a biathaíodh uile in aon teach.
Cuid ar leith ag gach duine,
leaba ar leith gach aon duine;
ní éirimis maidin mhoch
gan deabhaidh ná gan éagnach.

Deirimse libhse dhe,
fíorófar an fháistine;
má shroichimid, mórslua clann,
tiocfaimid arís, gé triallaimid.”

“We depart from you, O spotless Guaire,
We leave with you our benedictions;
A year, a quarter and a month
We have been with you, O exalted king.

Thrice fifty acute professors,
And thrice fifty students;
Two women, a valet, and a hound with each man
Were all supplied with food in one mansion.
Each person had his own meals apart,
Each one had a separate bed;
We rose not on an early morning
Without debate or without complaint.

I say unto you as an inference,
That the prophecy will be fulfilled;
If we reach our destination, with the multitudes of the clans,
We will come again, though we now proceed.”

Section 59

“Ca ait ar [leg. a] mbeithi anocht?” ar Guaire.

“Cá háit a mbeidh sibh anocht?” arsa Guaire.

“Where do you intend to be tonight?” said Guaire.

“A Nas na righ, da roisium he,” ar Seanchán,

“I Nás na Rí, má shroichimid é,” arsa Seanchán,

“At Nás of the kings if we can arrive there,” replied Seanchán,

“a ndunadh righ Laigean Connra Caech.”

“i ndún rí Laighean, Connra Caoch.”

“in the fortress of the king of Leinster, Connra Caoch” (the Blind).

Section 60

Tiaguit rompa co Nas	D'imíodar rompu go Nás	They proceeded on their journey to Nás,
ocus in tan do bhatar ag dul don baili,	agus nuair a bhíodar ag dul don bhaile,	and when they were coming to the place
tarla lobur dhoibh ar an sligid oculus atbert friu:	tharla lobhar dóibh ar an slí agus dúirt leo:	they met a leper on the way who said unto them —
“Cia hinad asa tancabar, in fian mhor bathlach [mhór bhachallach MO] so?” ar se.	“Cá hionad as a tháinig sibh, an fhiann mhór bathlach seo?” ar sé.	“From what place did this large rustic crowd come?” said he.
“Ni hedh sin fil ann,” ar fer dhibh,	“Ní hé a leithéid sin atá ann,” arsa fear díobh,	“They are none such who are here,” said one of them,
“acht Senchan seinfhili guna chleir oculus guna fhéin.”	“ach Seanchán seanfhile lena chléir agus lena bhuíon.”	“but Seanchán the sage poet with his bards and noble company.”
“Is aithnid dam bhur n-anmanna,” ar an clamh,	“Is aithnid dom bhur n-ainmneacha,” arsa an clamh,	“Your names are familiar to me,
“gidh fada re radh iat;	“cé gur fada le rá iad,	though long it would take to repeat them;
ocus is meisdi an tír a ttighthi	agus is miste an tír ina dtagann sibh	and the country into which you come is the worse for it,
ocus [is méanur] in tír asa tancabar.	agus is aoibhinn do tír as a tháinig sibh.	and the country whence you came is the better for it.

Cia fod is ail duib dula anocht?” ar in lóbor.	Cá fhad is áil libh dul anocht?” arsa an lobhar.	How far do you intend going to-night?” asked the leper.
“Co dunad Connra Chaeich rígh Laigen,” ar siat.	“Go dún Chonnra Chaoich, rí Laighean,” ar siad.	“To the fortress of Connra Caoch, king of Leinster,” they replied.
“[Ní] fil toisc acuib-si ann” ar in lobur,	“Níl toisc agaibh ann,” arsa an lobhar,	“You have no business going there
“ocus gan [aon rann] da bhur ndan acuibh.”	“agus gan aon rann de bhur nduan agaibh.”	since you have not <u>the power of composing</u> one stanza of your poetry.”
“Cia dho innis sin duit-si, a claim?” ar iat-som.	“Cé inis sin duitse, a chlainmh?” ar siadsan.	“Who told you that, you mangy fellow?” said they.
“As e anois tráth a derbtha dhib-si,” ar an clamh.	“Anois tráth a dhearbhuí daoibhse,” arsa an clamh,	“Now is the time to prove it to you,” said the leper,
“Or is coir dhuibh duan do denamh do rígh Laigen;	“óir is cóir daoibh duan a dhéanamh do rí Laighean,	“for it will be necessary for you to compose a poem for the king of Leinster,
or is e dóbera imluchtad dhaibh a nAlpain.”	mar is é do bhéarfaidh iomluchtadh daoibh go hAlbain.”	as it is he that is to give you a passage to Alba” (Scotland).
“As fíor don clamh sud,” ar na hollamna,	“Is fíor siúd don chlainmh,” arsa na hollúna,	“What the leper says is true,” said the professors;
“ocus as ferr dhuin a fhechain in fetfamais duan do dhenam do rígh Laigen”;	“agus is fearr dúinn féachaint an bhfaighimis duan a dhéanamh do rí Laighean”;	“and it is better for us to try if we can compose a poem for the king of Leinster.”

ocus do trialsat a denum	agus thrialladar é a dhéanamh,	They accordingly set about composing it,
.i. rann o gach ollam acu.	'sé sin, rann ó gach ollamh acu.	viz. a verse by each professor of them;
Acht ata ní cena, damad ferdi leo oiret en- fhocail,	Ach dá mb'fhearrde leo oiread agus aon fhocal,	but even if they had preferred (been content with) a single word,
ní fuaratar le chéile gu coir.	ní bhfuair siad le chéile go cóir é.	they could not find it with their united efforts.
Atbert in clamh: "Damad ail libh luach do thabairt damh fein,	Labhair an clamh: "Dá mb'áil libh a luach do thabhairt dom féin,	The leper said — "If you would be pleased to grant me a consideration
doghenainn duan do righ Laigen ar bur son."	dhéanfainn duan do rí Laighean ar bhúr son."	I will compose a poem for the king of Leinster in your stead."
Atbertsat co tibrítís a rogha luaigi dho.	Dúirt siad go dtabharfaidís a rogha luach dó.	They said they would grant him his choice favour.
"Tabraidh bur luidhi ris-sin," ar an clamh.	"Tugaigí bhúr móid leis sin," arsa an clamh.	"Pledge your word to that," said the leper.
Tucsat a mbriatar uili dho.	Thugadar go léir a mbriathar dó.	They all pledged their word to him.
"Maas ed," ar se, "is e luach iaraim-se oraibh, Senc[h]án do thabairt phoigi dhamh."	"Más ea," ar sé, "is é luach iarraimse oraibh Seanchán do thabhairt phóige dom."	"Well then," said he, "the reward I ask of you is that Seanchán will give me a kiss."
Atbert Seanchán, da mbeth se ocus a ollamna a ngill [a ngill a ngill <i>fcs.</i>] ris,	Dúirt Seanchán dá mbeadh sé féin agus a ollúna i ngeall leis	Seanchán said that should he and his professors be forfeited for it
nach tibrad fein poc don clam.	ná tabharfadh féin póg don chlamh.	he would not give a kiss to the scabby fellow.

Atbertsat na hollamna co n-impabhdais docum Guaire ariss	Dúradar na hollúna go n-iompóidís chun Guaire arís	The professors declared they would return to Guaire again,
ocus nach rachdais leis-sium muna tugad póc don lobur.	agus ná rachaidís leis sin muna dtugadh sé póg don lobhar.	and that they would not accompany him unless he would give a kiss to the leper.
Tuc Senchán póc don clam,	Thug Seanchán póg don chlamh,	Seanchán thereupon gave a kiss to the scabby man,
ger leasc leis;	cé gur leasc leis;	though loathsome it was to him.
ocus tangatar cu dorus in dunaid	agus thángadar go dorus an dúna	They came to the gate of the fortress
ocus do buailset baschrand.	agus bhuaileadar boschrann.	and they struck the door-knocker.

Section 61

Do fhiarfaigh in doirseoir cia do bi isin dorus.	D’fhiarfaigh an doirseoir cé bhí sa dorus.	The porter asked who was at the door.
Atbert in clamh gurub e Senchán cona ollamnaib bui ann.	Dúirt an clamh gurbh é Seanchán lena ollúna a bhí ann.	The leper replied that it was Seanchán with his professors that was there.
Do fhiarfaigh in doirseoir in raibi dan acu do rig Laigen.	D’fhiarfaigh an doirseoir an raibh dán acu do rí Laighean.	The door-keeper asked if they had a poem for the king of Leinster.
“Ata,” ar an clamh, “ocus is misi is recaire do.”	“Tá,” arsa an clamh, “agus is mise is recaire dó.”	“They have,” said the leper, “and I am its reciter.”

“Olc in maisi recaire ata ort,” ar Senchán,

“ocus is meisdi sinne do beith maille rinn.”

Tiaghuit isteach isin dun

ocus do cuir ri Laigen firchain failti friu,

ocus do fhiarfaig dib cia conar dob ail doibh dula.

“A nAlbain,” ar siat,

“ocus dob ail linn long ocus lon d’faghail uait-si.”

Do fhiarfaig ri Laigen in raibhi dan molta acu dho.

“Ata imorro,” ar in lobur,

“ocus is misi is recaire dho”;

ocus ro gab in lobur in duan:

“Olc an mhaise recaire atá ort,” arsa Seanchán,

“agus is miste sinne tusa bheith linn.”

Chuadar isteach sa dún

agus chuir rí Laighean fíorchaoín fáilte rompu,

agus d’fhiafraigh díobh cá conair in arbh áil leo dul.

“In Albain,” ar siad,

“agus b’áil linn long agus lón a fháil uaitse.”

D’fhiafraigh rí Laighean an raibh dán molta acu dó.

“Tá go deimhin,” arsa an lobhar,

“agus is mise an recaire dó;”

agus gabh an lobhar an duan.

“Bad is your appearance as a reciter,” said Seanchán,

“and it is worse for us to have you along with us.”

They went into the fort,

and the king of Leinster bid them a hearty welcome,

and asked them “to what place they desired to go.”

“To Alba,” they replied,

“and we wish to obtain a ship and stores from you.”

The king of Leinster asked them if they had a poem in praise of himself.

“They surely have,” answered the leper,

“and I am to deliver it,”

and he recited the poem.

“A Chonnra Chaeich
mheic Dairbre o’n traigh,
charait mna Fail [a carui bhan fail **MO**]
[co] foiltfhinne [co bhfoltfhinne **MO**],
tabair dun luing [tabhair dhuinn long **MO**]
dar cur tar tuind [dar ttabhairt on thráigh **MO**]
[for] mara [muing] [for mong mara **MO**]
puill poirtglindi [sgoithghille. **MO**].

A gilla gloin, [A ghile co ccloine **MO**]
luidhsium fad’ bloig [bisi madh blad **MO**]
a comu[i]r cloith [comur cloich *MS*] [a ccomhair chloithe **MO**]
buidr Bregmhuiigi [brugh bhregmhuiighe **MO**];

.
do mholad maith [dar molugha maith **MO**],
a ri, a fhlaith [a righfhlaith **MO**]
na teghlaigi [na ndeaghghlace **MO**],
innlaic uaid inn [iodhluiighe uait sinne. **MO**]
gu luath tar linn [Go luaightir lind **MO**]
gu gaeth, gu grinn [co grind go gaoithe **MO**],
a degduine [a dheaghdhuine **MO**]
[os tú flaith an múir fhind
tabhair dhuinn lon ar luinge **MO**]”

“A Chonnra Chaoich
mhic Dhairbhre ón dtrá,
a dhuine úd a charann mná *Inse* Fáil
le folt fionn,
tabhair dúinn long
a bhéarfaidh sinn
thar moing na mara
le cladaí seasta.

A ghiolla na cáile glaine,
thángamarna anseo ar do chlú
i dtreo imeall
Má Breagha cáiliúla;

.
dod mholadh mhaith,
a rí agus a fhlaith
an teaghlaigh seo.
Tionlaic uait feasta sinn
go luath thar linn
go gaoth go grinn
a dhea-dhuine!”

“O Connra Caoch,
son of Dairbhre from the strand,
You friend of the fair-haired
women of *Inis Fáil*;
Give us a ship to convey us
over the waves
Of the boisterous sea
with immovable shores (?).

O purest man
we have come by your renown
To the fertile land
of the delightful plain;

.
To praise you well,
O king, O chief,
Of the bounteous hands,
convey us away from you,
Speedily over the sea . .
With wind and favour,
O generous man!”

Section 62

A haithli na duaine sin, tugad tighi leaptha dhoibh	Tar éis an dáin sin tugadh tithe leapachais dóibh	After that poem they were supplied with bed-chambers;
ocus rucsat as in oigthi sin co subhuch somenm[n]ach,	agus rugadar as an oíche sin go subhach somheanmnach,	and they passed that night in cheerfulness and great mirth,
gan esbaidh fhresdail na fhritholma,	gan easpa freastail ná friothála orthu,	without want of entertainment or attendance,
co tainic maidiun arna mharach.	go dtáinig an mhaidin arna mhárach.	till the morning on the morrow came.
Do glanad long dhoibh iarum	Glanadh long dóibh ina dhiaidh sin	A ship was soon cleared out for them,
ocus do cuireadh lon innti.	agus cuireadh lón inti.	and provisions were put into her.
Do fíarfaig in lobhar in rachad fein leo isin luing.	D'fhiafraigh an lobhar an rachadh sé leo sa long.	The leper asked might he go along with them in the ship.
Atbert Senchán nach rachad fein leo inti da ndechad-somh.	Dúirt Seanchán nach rachadh sé féin leo inti dá dtéadh seisean.	Seanchán replied that should he (<u>the leper</u>) go, he himself would not go into it.
Teit Senc[h]án guna ollamhnaibh isin luing	Chuaigh Seanchán lena ollúna sa long ansin	Then Seanchán with his professors went on board the ship,
ocus facbhuit in lobar ar tír;	agus d'fhágadar an lobhar ar tír;	and they left the leper on land.
ocus tiagait fein rompa ar fud in mhara	agus d'imíodar féin rompu ar fud na mara	They proceeded on their voyage over the sea
cu rangatar lámh re cairgibh Manann;	go dtángadar lámh le carraigeacha Manainn,	till they came near the rocks of Man.

ocus adconncatar aen-duine for an carraic,	agus chonaiceadar duine aonair ar an gcarraig,	They beheld an individual on the rock,
ocus as i sin uar atconncatar in lobur ar cuirr thosaig na luingi	agus í sin uair a chonaiceadar an lobhar ar chorr thosaigh na loinge	and at the very same time they saw the leper in the foremost part of the ship,
ocus crónan snacach aigi aga dhenamh.	agus crónán snagach á déanamh aige.	and he singing the bass <i>crónán</i> .

Section 63

Atbert in duini bui forsin carraic os a cind:	Dúirt an duine a bhí ar an gcarraig os a gcionn:	The person who was on the rock above them asked:—
“Cia ata isin luing?” ar se.	“Cé atá sa long?” ar sé.	“Who is in the ship?” said he.
Freagras in lobur he ocus atbert	D’fhreagair an lobhar é agus dúirt:	The leper answered him and said:
“Ata Senc[h]án cona cléir.”	“Tá Seanchán lena chléir.”	“Seanchán with his bardic company.”
“Maas ed,” ar in fer thuas,	“Más ea,” arsa an fear thuas,	“If that be so,” said the man,
“cuirim-si fo ghesaibh shibh	“chuirimse faoi gheasa sibh	“I put you under <i>geasa</i> (or injunctions)
dá tí neach a tir acuibh	má thagann neach agaibh i dtír	that not one of you shall come on land
no gu bhfagha sibh lethrann a n-againd in lethrainn-si.”	nó go bhfaighidh sibh leath-rann in aghaidh an leath-rainn seo.”	until you furnish a half stanza in reply to this half stanza.”

“Gab he,” ar in lobur.	“Abair é,” arsa an lobhar.	“Recite it,” said the leper.
Atbert Senchán: “As meisdi sinn in lobur do beth againn,	Dúirt Seanchán: “Is miste sinn an lobhar a bheith againn,	Seanchán said:— “We are the worse off for having the leper with us,
or ní mesti leis bascad da bhfhuighem.”	óir ní miste leis sin bascadh dá bhfaighimid.”	because it is all the same to him what fate we meet with.”
“Ní ragha-sa a tír ann so, a rig-ollam,” ar an lobur,	“Ní rachaidh tusa i dtír anseo, a rí-ollamh,” arsa an lobhar,	“You cannot land here, O royal professor,” said the leper,
“no gu bhfhaghthar lethrann ’na agaid sut.	“nó go bhfaightear leath-rann ina aghaidh siúd.	“until a half stanza be produced in reply to his.
Gab do rann, a duine,” ar an lobur,	Gabh do rann, a dhuine,” arsa an lobhar,	Recite your verse, man,” said the leper,
“o nach fuil ac Senchán luach is ail lem-sa uaidh.”	“ó nach bhfuil ag Seanchán luach is áil liomsa uaidh.”	“since Seanchán has no premium that I would accept from him.”
Gabhuis in fer lethrann, ut dixit:	Gabh an fear leath-rann agus d’fhreagair an lobhar é:	The man recited <u>his</u> half stanza as follows:—
“Cach re murrech fairgi fuirenn fai [gach canurat fairge fuireann fuigh MO].”	“Gach mairnéalach mara is gnáth dó foireann faoi.”	“Every mariner of the sea has a crew under his command.”

Dixit in lobur:

“Turnfuidh sneachta [tuirniugh sneachta **MO**], eirgid tuirenn
gairbhídh acaill cairill cai [gairbhe agaill
cairill caoidh **MO**].”

“As e sin a lethrand coir,” ar an fer thuas,

“ocus ní fhuil isin luing nech do chuirfedh
a lethrand coir ris acht tusa.

Agus ata lethrann ele agam,” ar se.

“Gab he,” ar in lobur.

“Giarsat eolach a mbi h’adbhuidh [giarfaid
eolach air biodhbuidh **MO**]
giarsat taman bolgaig bunn [giarfadh
tamhann co bond **MO**].”

Dixit in lobar:

“Ar bru chairrgi mhara Manann [for brugh
chairge Manainn **MO**]
dorines mor salann sunn [dorinnis mor
shaland **MO**].”

Agus d’fhreagair an lobhar:

“Tuitfidh sneachta, éireoidh toirneach,
gairfidh fiolar fíochmhar sa spéir.”

“Is é sin an leath-rann cóir,” arsa an fear
thuas,

“agus níl sa long neach a chuirfeadh a leath-
rann cóir leis ach tusa.

Agus tá leath-rann eile agam,” ar sé.

“Gabh é,” arsa an lobhar.

“Cé gur eolach atá tú i d’áitreabh,
cé gur bolgach é an tamhan ag a bhun (?).”

Dúirt an lobhar:

“Ar bhruach carraige mhara Manainn
rinne tú mórán salainn ann.”

The leper replied:—

“Snow will fall, lightning will flash,
an eagle will scream in the sky.”

“That is the correct half stanza,” said the man
above,

“and there is not in the ship a person who could
give it a correct half stanza but yourself;

and I have another half stanza,” said he.

“Recite it,” says the leper.

“Though you are possessed of much knowledge
when you are in your abode;
Though the trunk is bulging at its base (?).”

The leper replied:—

“On the brink of the cliff of the sea of Man,
You have made much salt.”

“As e sin a lethrann,” ar in fer thuas,

“ocus ata lethrann ele agam,” ar se.

“Gabh e,” ar in lobhar.

“Ar mu loscadh, ar mu mescadh [air mo losgadh ar mo mheasgadh **MO**],
ar mu mescadh ar an tuinn [ar mo theasgadh for an tuinn **MO**].”

Dixit in lobur:

“A bainnliagh doni in cerd choimsi [ní bainliagh doghní an chéird chuimsi **MO**],
is mor do thoirrsi ar an tuinn [is mór do thuirsi air an linn **MO**].”

“Is é sin a leath-rann,” arsa an fear thuas,

“agus tá leath-rann eile agam,” ar sé.

“Gabh é,” arsa an lobhar.

“Ar mo loscadh, ar mo mheascadh,
ar mo theascadh ar an tonn.”

Dúirt an lobhar:

“A bhanlia a rinne an cheird chuimse
is mór do thuirse ar an tonn.”

“That is the half stanza,” said the man above,

“and I have another half stanza,” said he.

“Recite it,” says the leper.

“On (or by) my burning, on my mixing,
On my cutting on the wave.”

The leper replied:—

“O woman-doctor that follows the profitable trade,
Great is your weariness on the wave.”

Section 64

“Bainnliiaigh sut bui ga bhar n-agallamh cus tratsa,	“Banlia í siúd a bhí ag bhur n-agallamh go dtí seo,	“That (said the leper) is a female-doctor who has been hitherto conversing with you
ocus bidh gach re mbliagain ’na bainnliiaigh	agus bíonn sí gach re bliain ina banlia	Every alternate year she is (<u>a practicing</u>) female doctor,
ocus in bliagain aili ag denumh shaluinn,	agus an bhliain eile ag déanamh salainn,	and the other year a maker of salt.
ocus ata teagduis cloiche aice	agus tá teaghais chloiche aici	She has a stone dwelling place
ocus ata cisdi aice isin tegduis sin	agus ciste aici sa teaghais sin	and has a treasure in that house;
ocus atait trí fichit marg ann	agus trí fichid marg ann;	she has three score marks in it,
ocus roinnfidh sí sin ribh-si anocht	agus roinnfidh sí sin oraibhse anocht	and she will share it with you to-night,
ocus dobera a leath daibh;	agus béarfaidh sí a leath daoibh;	and will give you the half of it;
ocus is e bus lon daibh in fedh bheithi a n-Albain;	agus is é <u>sin</u> bheidh mar lón agaibh <u>fad</u> a bheidh sibh in Albain;	that shall be your provision during your stay in Alba;
ocus ní huirri-si as coir dhaibh-si a bhuidechus do beth,” ar in lobur, “acht orum-sa.”	agus ní huirthisin is cóir daoibhse buíoch a bheith,” arsa an lobhar, “acht ormsa.”	and it is not to her you should be grateful for it,” says the leper, “but to me.”
Agus teit in lobhar uatha iarsin	Agus d’imigh an lobhar uathu ansin	The leper then departed from them,
ocus ní fhetadur ga conuir dochuaidh.	agus ní <u>raibh a fhios acu</u> cá conair a <u>ghabh</u> sé.	and they could not see in what direction he went.

Section 65

Tiaghait-siumh a tir iar sin	Chuadarsan i dtír ina dhiaidh sin	They afterwards landed
ocus do batar in oighthi sin faris in mbainnliaigh	agus bhíodar an oíche sin fairis an mbanlia	and remained with the Doctress during that night,
fo glere freasduil ocus fritholma cu maduin arna marach;	<u>agus</u> togha freastail agus friothála orthu go maidin arna mhárach;	who gave them the choicest entertainment and attendance till the morrow morning.
ocus tuc .xxx. marg do Shenc[h]án ocus atbert fris:	agus thug sí tríocha marg do Sheanchán agus dúirt leis:	She gave thirty marks to Seanchán, and said to him:—
“As i so do dhuas deighinach, a Sencháin,” ar sí,	“Is í seo do dhuais dheireanach, a Sheancháin,” ar sí,	“This is your last largesse, O Seanchán,” said she,
“no gu bhfhaghair do dhan ar tus;	“nó go bhfaighidh tú do dhán ar dtús;	“till you again recover your poetic faculties;
ocus bud mana fhochuitbhídh dhuit do thoisc a nAlbain	agus ba mhana fonóide duit do thoisc in Albain	and your errand to Alba will <u>bring</u> ridicule on you
ocus gan en-rann dod’ dhan ar comus duit.”	agus gan aon rann de do dhán ar chumas duit.”	if you have not a single stanza at your disposal.”
Tiaghuit ’na luing iar sin	D’imíodar ina long ina dhiaidh sin	They then went on board their ship
ocus seoluit rompa co ndechar a nAlbain;	agus sheoladar rompu go ndeachadar go hAlbain;	and sailed on till they reached Alba.

ocus bui fleagh ullamh inchaithme ag righ- ollam Alban ar a cinn,	agus bhí fleá ullamh inchaite ag rí-ollamh Alban ar a gceann.	The chief professor of Alba had a feast prepared for them on their arrival;
Maol Gedhic mac Fir Goboch a ainm;	Maol Geidhic mac Fir Goboch ab ainm dósan;	Maol-Geidhic Mac Fir-Goboc was his name,
ocus do batar in agaid sin aigi	agus bhíodar an oíche sin aige	and they remained with him that night;
fa rogha fresduil ocus fritholma,	<u>agus</u> togha freastail agus friothála <u>orthu</u>	they had the best of entertainment and attendance,
ocus as i sin agaid is cadhusaighi fuaratar a nAlbain.	agus is í sin oíche is cairdiúla a fuaireadar i nAlbain.	and that was the most friendly night's reception they obtained in Alba.

Section 66

Cid tra ro shirset Albain o deisciurt co tuaisciurt ocus o airrther co hiarthar	Chuardaíodar Alba ó dheisceart go tuaisceart agus ó oirthear go hiarthar	They traversed Alba from South to North, and from East to West;
ocus batar bliadain a nAlbain	agus bhíodar bliain in Albain	and remained there a year,
ocus ní fhuaratar fis na Tana;	agus ní bhfuairadar fios na Tána;	but, <u>notwithstanding</u> , they got no tidings about the <i>Táin</i> .
ocus fa toirsech le Senchán gan fis na Tana dh'faghbhail,	agus ba thuirseach le Seanchán gan fios na Tána a fháil	Seanchán was troubled at not discovering the history of the <i>Táin</i> ,
ocus atbert gur mhaith leis techt d'innsaigid Eirenn;	agus dúirt sé gur mhaith leis teacht d'ionsaí Éireann;	and he said that he desired to return to Ireland.

ocus do glanadh a long leo	agus glanadh a long leo	Their ship was cleared out by them,
ocus tancatar rompa ar fut in mara gur ghabsat cuan a nAth Cliath;	agus thágadar rompu ar fud na mara gur ghabhadar cuan in Áth Cliath,	and they came along the sea until they entered port at Áth Cliath.
ocus mar thágatar a tir ann sin,	agus nuair a thágadar i dtír ansin	When they landed there
adconncatar Caillin naemtha chuca. Mac mathar do Senc[h]án esein	chonaiceadar Caillín naomha chucu, mac máthar do Sheanchán <u>ab ea</u> eisean	they beheld St. Caillin coming towards them; <u>he was</u> a son of Seanchán's mother;
ocus tuc teora póga do Senchán	agus thug sé trí póga do Sheanchán	and he gave three kisses to Seanchán,
ocus fiafraigius scela dhe,	agus d'fhiafraigh scéala de,	and asked him for news,
ocus atbert Senchán nach fuair se fis na Tana.	agus dúirt Seanchán nár bhfuair sé fios na Tána.	and Seanchán told him that he got no account about the <i>Táin</i> .

Section 67

“As coir sin,” ar Caillín,	“Is cóir sin,” arsa Caillín,	“That is but right,” said Caillín,
“or is mor dh’écoir agus d’aíndliged doronuis ar Ghuaire	“agus is mór d’éagóir agus d’aíndlí a rinne tú ar Ghuaire	“for great is the injustice and trespass you have committed on Guaire;
ocus do ghuigh se Dia gu tuctha-sa pog do lobur;	agus ghuí sé Dia do dtabharfása póg do lobhar;	and he prayed God that you might give a kiss to a leper,
ocus in fetrais-si cuich in lobur da tucais póg?” “Ni fhetur” ar Seanchán	agus <u>an bhfuil a fhios agatsa</u> cé hé an lobhar dár thug tú póg?” “ <u>Níl a fhios agam</u> ,” arsa Seanchán.	and do you know the leper to whom you gave a kiss? I don’t know”, said Seanchán.
“Damh-sa tucuis hi,” ar Caillín,	“Domsa a thug tú í,” arsa Caillín,	“To me you gave it,” said Caillin,
“ocus do b’eicen duit a tabairt damh.”	“agus b’éigean duit í thabhairt dom.”	“and you were obliged to give it me.”
“Maas ed, a bratha[i]r inmain,” ar Seanchán,	“Más ea, a bhráthair ionúin,” arsa Seanchán,	“Well, then, my beloved brother,” Seanchán said,
“tabair-si cobair dhamh-sa cum na Tana d’fhagbáil.”	“tabhairse cabhair domsa chun na Tana a fháil.”	“give me assistance to get the <i>Táin</i> .”
“Dober,” ar Caillín, “ocus raghat lat co Durlus, airm i bhfuil Guaire,	“Béarfaidh mé,” arsa Caillín, “agus rachaidh mé leat go Durlas, mar a bhfuil Guaire,	“I shall,” said Caillín, “and will go with you to Durlas, where Guaire resides,
ocus doberam Marbán mucaid chucainn o Glinn in Scail	agus beirimis Marbhán muicí chugainn ó Ghleann an Scáil,	and we shall get Marbhán the swineherd to come to us from Gleann an Scáil,

or is aigi ata a fhis cindus doghebhthar in Tain.”

óir is aige atá a fhios conas a gheofar an Tain.”

for it is he who knows how the *Tain* may be obtained.”

Section 68

Tiagait d’aen-taeibh

D’imíodar le cois a chéile,

They proceeded with one accord,

.i. Caillín agus Seanchán guna tromdhaimh

Caillín agus Seanchán lena Thromdhámh,

namely, Caillín and Seanchán with his great bardic company,

cu rangatar co Durlus, airm i mbai Guaire,

gur shroicheadar Durlas, airm ina raibh Guaire,

until they arrived at Durlas, where Guaire was.

ocus tuc sein poic do Caillín agus póic ele do Seanchán

agus thug seisean póg do Chaillín agus póg eile do Sheanchán

He gave a kiss to Caillín and another kiss to Seanchán,

ocus ro fer fáilte coitcenn frisin cleir o sin amach;

agus chuir fáilte choiteann roimh an gcléir eile go léir ó shin amach;

and he gave a general welcome to the bardic body altogether.

ocus ro fhiarfaig scela do Seanchán

agus d’fhiafraigh scéala de Sheanchán

He asked news of Seanchán,

ocus do innis Seanchán dó nach fuair fíis na Tana o dho fhacaibh eisium.

agus d’inis Seanchán dó nár bhfuair fíis na Tana ó d’fhág eisean.

and Seanchán told him that he had got no account of the *Tain* since he had left him.

Cuirit iar [sin] fíis ar cenn Mharbhain gu Glinn in Scáil.

Chuireadar fíis ina dhiaidh sin ar Marbhán go Ghleann an Scáil.

They then sent an invitation to Marbhán at Gleann an Scáil.

Tainic Marbán cuca co Durlus	Tháinig Marbhán chucu go Durlas	Marbhán came to them to Durlas,
ocus do fiarfaigset de cia do innisfedh dhoib in Tain.	agus d'fhiafraíodar de cé a inseodh an Táin dóibh.	and they asked him who could relate the <i>Táin</i> to them.
Atbert Marbán nach roibhi a mbethaid a nEirinn	Dúirt Marbhán ná raibh i mbeatha in Éirinn	Marbhán told them that there was not living in Ireland,
ocus nach fuair bas	agus nár fhuair bás	nor was there among the dead,
nech do fhétfadh in Tain d'innisi acht aen-nduini nama.	neach d'fhéadfadh an Táin a insint ach aon duine amháin.	any who could relate the <i>Táin</i> but one person only.
“Cuich int aen-nduini?” ar Senchán.	“Agus cé hé an t-aon duine sin?” arsa Seanchán.	“Who is that singular person?” asked Seanchán.
“Ferghus mac Roidh,” ar Marbán;	“Fearghas mac Róigh,” arsa Marbhán,	“Fearghas mac Róigh,” replied Marbhán,
“oir is aice bui fis gnimraidh bhfher nEirenn ocus Uladh for Tain	“óir is aige a bhí fios gníomhartha fear nÉireann agus Uladh le linn na Tána	“for it was he had a knowledge of the exploits of the men of Ireland and of Ulster in the <i>Táin</i> ,
ocus is ar a dhaigin fein tucad in Tain.”	agus is mar gheall air féin a tugadh an Táin.”	as it was from his own pupil (<u>Cú Chulainn</u>) the <i>Táin</i> was carried off.”
“Cinnus doghenam-ne?” ar siat.	“Conas a dhéanfaimidne?” ar siad.	“How are we to act?” said they.
Atbert Marbán friu fesa ocus techta do chur co naemuibh Eirenn	Dúirt Marbhán leo scéala agus teachta a chur go naoimh Éireann	Marbhán told them to send invitations and messages to the saints of Ireland,

ocus a mbreith leo cu lighi Fergusa	agus <u>iad</u> a bhreith leo go <u>huaigh</u> Fhearghasa	and to bring them with them to the tomb of Fearghas,
ocus troscad trí la oculus trí n-oigthe do dhenam frisin Coimhdh	agus troscadh trí lá agus trí oíche a dhéanamh leis an gCoimthe	and to fast three days and three nights to the Lord
um Fherghus do chur cuca d'innisi Tana Bo Cuailgne doibh.	um Fhearghas a chur chucu chun Tána Bó Cuailgne a insint dóibh.	that He may send Fearghas to narrate unto them the <i>Táin Bó Cuailgne</i> .
Section 69		
Teit dino Caillin roime oculus tuc leis naeim Eirenn co Durlus	D'imigh Caillín roimhe ansin agus rug sé leis naoimh Éireann go Durlas	Then Caillín went forth and brought the saints of Ireland to Durlas,
ocus batar oighthe ann sin ac fleaghugad;	agus bhíodar oíche ann ag caitheamh flea;	and they feasted there for a night.
ocus tiagait arna mharach co lighi Ferghusa	agus d'imíodar arna mhárach go huaigh Fhearghasa	They went the next day to the tomb of Fearghas,
ocus do batar oc eturguigi Ihesu Crist	agus bhíodar ag déanamh idirguí d'Íosa Críost	and they supplicated Jesus Christ
um Fherghus do cur chuca;	um Fhearghas a chur chucu;	to send them Fearghas <u>to narrate the <i>Táin</i> unto them</u> .
		Fearghas came to them,
ocus dob ail do in Tain d'innisin 'na shesam dhoibh,	agus b'ail leis sin an Táin a insint ina sheasamh dóibh,	and he was about relating the <i>Táin</i> to them standing up,

ocus ní cualatar a beg uadha	agus níor chualadar <u>aon fhocal dá laghad</u> uaidh	but they would hear none of it
no gur chuirset 'na shuidhi he;	nó gur chuireadar ina shuí é;	until they had him seated,
ocus innisid dhoibh in Tain fon n-innus sin;	agus d'inis sé dhóibh an Táin ar an gcuma sin;	and in that position he narrated the <i>Táin</i> to them.
ocus is e do scribh uadha hi .i. Ciaran Cluana,	agus is é duine a scríobh uaidh í ná Ciarán Cluana,	Ciarán of Cluain <u>Mhic Nóis</u> was he who wrote it from him;
ocus is e loc in roscribh hi, for seichid na huidhre.	agus is é áit inar scríobhadh í ná ar sheithe na hUidhre.	and the place in which he wrote it was on the hide of the dun cow (<i>uidhre</i>).
Bai Ferghus oc innisin in sceoil no gu tairnic in scel fa dheoigh dhi [<i>leg. dho ?</i>],	Bhí Fearghas ag insint an scéil nó go raibh deire leis,	Fearghas was narrating the story until the story came to its end,
ocus teit isin lighe cétna iarum	agus <u>ansin</u> chuaigh sé isteach san uaigh chéanna,	after which he returned to the same tomb.
ocus doniat na naeim atlaidhi buidhi do Dhia	agus rinne na naoimh altú buíochas le Dia	The saints offered up thanksgiving to God
ar a n-idhghi dh'fhaghbail uadha	mar gheall ar a n-achainí a fháil uaidh	for their petition being granted
imon ceisd do chuinnidh Senc[h]án orro	um an gceist d'iarr Seanchán orthu	regarding the question that Seanchán proposed to them,
tre [chumhacht]aibh noemh Eirenn	trí chumhachtaí naomh Éireann	through the powers of the saints of Ireland
ocus tre tecasc Marbáin m[ucaid.	agus trí theagasc Mharbháin muicí.	and through the instructions of Marbhán.

Is iad so imorro] na noeimh tancatar ann:

Agus is iad so na naoimh do tháinig ann:

The following were the saints who went there:—

Colum Cille [mac Feidhlim

Colum Cille mac Feidhlimí

Colum Cille the son of Feidhlimí;

ocus] Caillin naemtha

agus Caillín naofa

the holy Caillín;

ocus Ciarán Cluana

agus Ciarán Cluana

Ciarán of Cluain Mhic Nóis;

ocus sein-Ciarán [Saighre;

agus Sean-Chiarán Saighre,

Ciarán senior of Saighir;

Finden] Cluana hIraird;

Finnian Cluana Ioraird,

Finnian of Cluain Ioraird;

Finden Muighi [Bile];

Finnian Maighe Bile,

Finnian of Maigh Bile;

Seanach mac Gaitri;

Seanach mac Gaitre,

Seanach son of Gaitir;

Brenainn Birra

Bréanainn Biorra

Bréanainn of Biorra;

[ocus Brenainn mac Findloga].

agus Bréanainn mac Fionnlugha.

and Bréanainn son of Fionnlugha.

Tancatar rompa [co Durlus Guaire

Thángadar na naoimh sin agus an Tromdhámh
rompu go Durlas Ghuaire

They proceeded to Durlas of Guaire,

ocus badar] ann in agaid sin oc fledhugud;

agus bhíodar an oíche sin ann ag caitheamh
fleá,

and they feasted there that night.

ocus arna marach gu Glenn in Scail	agus chuaigh an Tromdhámh arna mhárach go Gleann an Scáil	The next day, the great poetic association went to Gleann an Scáil
. Marbhain chuca d'innisi na Tana dho	chun cuireadh a thabhairt do Mharbhán teacht chucu chun scéala na Tána a insint dó.	to invite Marbhán to come to them that they might relate the story of the <i>Táin</i> to him.
. [nach] rachad muna anad in tromdham	*Dúirt Marbhán* nach rachadh sé mura bhfanfadh an Tromdhámh	Marbhán said that he would not come unless the great poetic association would remain
. do berad se orra.	*agus mura dtabharfaidís a mbriathar dó go nglacfaidís leis an mbreith* a bhéarfadh sé ortha.	and promise to submit to the terms he would demand of them.
Adubhradar an tromdamh gu n-anfadais.	Dúirt an Tromdhámh go bhfanfaidís.	The great poetic association said that they would remain.
Tainic Marban cuca iarum	Tháinig Marbhán chucu ina dhiaidh sin	Afterwards Marbhán came to them
ocus do hindised Tain Bo Cuailgne do,	agus insíodh Táin Bó Cuailnge dó,	and the story of <i>Táin Bó Cuailnge</i> was related to him,
ocus fuair Seanchán guna tromdaimh a ndan ocus a n-eallada fein iarsin.	agus ina dhiaidh sin, fuair Seanchán agus a ollúna a ndán agus a n-ealaíona féin arís.	and after that, Seanchán and his great poetic association got back their faculties and their arts.
Is annsin ruc Marbán leis iat da thig fein gu Gleann in Scail	Ia nsin a rug Marbhán leis iad <u>chun</u> a thí féin go Gleann an Scáil	Then Marbhán brought them with him to his own house in Gleann an Scáil,
ocus tuc fleagh mhorchain doib	agus thug sé fleá mhór chaoín dóibh	where he gave them a great and very pleasant feast

ocus do chonnuim iat co cend [secht]maine gan esbaidh bidh na dighe na ealadhun orra.	agus <u>sholáthair</u> sé go ceann seachtaine iad gan easba bia ná dí ná ealaíne orthu.	and provided for them for a week without lack of food or drink or entertainment.
Cuingis Marbán a b[h]reith fein orra amail ro geallsat.	<u>Ansin</u> d'iarr Marbhán a bhreith féin orthu amhail a ghealladar.	Marbhán asked for his own terms from them as they had promised.
“Doberam imorro” ar siat.	“Béarfaimid, gan amhras,” ar siad.	“We accept that, indeed, ” they said.
“Tabhraid [ratha] naemh Eirenn ris sin,” ar Marbán.	“Tugaigí rátha naomh Éireann leis sin,” arsa Marbhán.	“Let the saints of Ireland be guarantors of that,” said Marbhán.
Tucsat in tromdaimh sin do.	Thugadar an Tromdhámh sin dó.	The great poetic association gave that guarantee to him.
“As i breth berim-si oraibh,” ar Marbán,	“Is í breith bheirimse oraibh,” arsa Marbhán,	“These are the terms I impose on you,” said Marbhán,
“gach ollam aguibh do dhul ’na crich duchaig	“gach ollamh agaibh do dhul ina chrích dhúchais	“that every professor of you should go to his native place
ocus gan in tromdaimh do beth ann ní is mo.”	agus gan an Tromdhámh a bheith ann níos mó.”	and that the great poetic association should never be again.”
Agus docuaidh gach ollam dibh da crich dhuthaig	Agus chuaigh gach ollamh díobh chun a chríche féin	And every professor of them went to his own place,
ar asluch Marbáin ocus naeimh [<i>leg.</i> naemh] Eirenn,	ar <u>iarratas</u> Marbháin agus naoimh Éireann	at the request of Marbhán and the saints of Ireland,

ocus ní raibhi in tromdamh ac siubal o sin ille
a nEirinn.

F.I.N.I.T.

agus ní raibh an Tromdhámh ag siúl ó shin i
leith in Éirinn.

Finit.

and the great poetic association no longer
existed in Ireland from that time forth.

Finit.