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TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,
FOR THE YEAR
1858.

VOL. VI.

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DUBLIN:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.
1861.

Co. Dublin. 1861

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OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

Second Series,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY,
By JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEY-STREET.

1861

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Subscriptions (5s. per annum) are received by any member of the Council, and by the Honorary Secretary, with whom the publications of the Society lie for distribution, and from whom prospectuses can be obtained.

GENERAL RULES.

1. That the Society shall be called the **OSSIANIC SOCIETY**, and that its object shall be the publication of **Irish Manuscripts** relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

2. That the management of the Society shall be vested in a **President**, **Vice-presidents**, and **Council**, each of whom must necessarily be an **Irish scholar**. The **President**, **Vice-presidents**, and **Council** of the Society shall be elected annually by the members, at a **General Meeting**, to be held on the **Seventeenth Day of March**, the **Anniversary** of the Society, or on the following **Monday**, in case **St. Patrick's Day** shall fall on a **Sunday**. Notice of such meeting being given by public advertisement, inviting all the members to attend.

3. That the **President** and **Council** shall have power to elect a **Treasurer** and **Secretary** from the **Members** of the **Council**.

4. The receipts and disbursements of the Society shall be audited annually by two **Auditors**, elected by the **Council**; and the **Auditors' Report** shall be published and distributed among the members.

5. In the absence of the **President** or **Vice-President**, the **Members** of **Council** present shall be at liberty to appoint a **Chairman**, who will not thereby lose his right to vote. Three members of the **Council** to form a **quorum**.

6. The funds of the Society shall be disbursed in payment of expenses incident to discharging the liabilities of the Society, especially in the publication department, and no avoidable expenses shall be incurred.

7. Every member shall be entitled to receive **ONE COPY** of the Society's **Publications**; and twenty extra copies of each work shall be printed for contingencies.

8. The funds of the Society shall be lodged in **Bank**, in the name of the **President**, **Secretary**, and **Treasurer** of the Society, or any three members the **Council** may deem proper to appoint.

9. The **Council** shall have power to elect additional members, and fill vacancies in its own body.

10. **Members** of **Council** residing at an inconvenient distance from **Dublin** shall be at liberty to vote by proxy at elections.

11. **Membership** shall be constituted by the annual payment of **Five Shillings**, which sum shall become due on the **1st of January** in each year.

12. The **OSSIANIC SOCIETY** shall publish every year one volume, or more, if their funds enable them.

13. No change shall be made in these Rules, except at a **General Meeting**, and at the recommendation of the **Council**; the proposer and seconder of any motion for such change, shall lodge a notice of their intention in writing, with the **Secretary**, twenty clear days before the day of **General Meeting**.

14. That all matters relating to the **Religious** and **Political** differences prevailing in this country, be strictly excluded from the meetings and publications of the Society.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT,

READ ON THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1861.

THE Ossianic Society, founded in 1853, has now published five volumes of Finian Records, which otherwise had remained hidden from public knowledge.

The Council are gratified to have to state that their endeavours have been responded to with laudable eagerness, both in this country and elsewhere.

Last year they were able to reckon seven hundred and forty-six Members; this year that number has increased to eight hundred and thirty-three. Besides this, they are happy to record that the affiliated Society of New York, under the management of distinguished Irish Scholars, already numbers one hundred and sixty Members.

In order to obviate inconveniences, the Council desire emphatically to impress upon all Members the necessity of forwarding their Subscriptions immediately when called upon.

Numerous Members, by a reprehensible want of promptitude in answering the circulars announcing that a work was published and their Subscriptions due, have caused grave inconvenience to the Society. They have increased by a considerable amount the working expenses (as the account shows), and thus converted into waste what would otherwise have been applied to publish our country's ancient literature.

This fact will account for delays in our yearly publications.

The Council have, therefore, decided that all defaulters' names be struck off the rolls; and all Members, who have not paid up their last year's Subscription before the publication of our next volume, be excluded from the Society.

The Council cannot advise the printing of another work until the debt, though small, now due, be obliterated. This debt arises solely from the dilatory conduct of a few Members.

It has been proposed by some Members of this Society, and decided by the Council, that Members so desiring shall be enabled to become Life Members on payment of Five Pounds.

It has been furthermore ruled, that the number of Life Members be limited to twenty.

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. **Caé Zhábhra**; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D., 288, between Cairbre Liffeachair, king of Leinster, and the Fenian Forces of Ireland, in which the latter were conquered, and their ranks finally broken up. Edited by NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY. (*Out of print.*)*

II. **Foir Uíge Chonam Chinn Shléibe**; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY. (*Out of print.*)

This document contains a colloquy between Fionn and Conan, in which much light is thrown on the Ancient Topography of Munster; and also on the Habits and Customs of the Fenian Chieftains.

III. **Cómuígeadé Dhiarmada U; Dhuibhe ádur Zhraígne iúfíon Chon-
muc nóc Búic**; or, An Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighs (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

IV. **Laóiche Fíannuígeachta**; or, Finnian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, *Honorary Secretary.*

V. **Iúgeaché na Cúmhacháíche**; or, The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution. Edited by PROFESSOR CONNELLAN, Queen's College, Cork, from the Book of Lismore, a manuscript of the XIV. Century.

VI. **Laóiche Fíannuígeachta**; or, Finnian Poems, *Second Series.* Edited by JOHN O'DALY.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **Caín bó Chuailgne**; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cualgne (Cooley) in the county of Louth, being a History of the Seven Year's War between Ulster and Connaught; in the reign of Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught, and Conchobhar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, on account of the famous bull called *Donn Chuailgne*; and which terminated, according to Roderick O'Flaherty, the Irish chronologist, one year before the Christian era. To be edited by WILLIAM HACKETT.

This very ancient and curious tract comprises three hundred closely-written folios, and contains many interesting details of Mythological Incidents, Pillar Stones, Ogham Incriptions, Tulachs, War Charlots, Leanan Síghes, Mice and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuchullainn, called *Gai Bolg*; also some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

II. **Ásallam na Seandóiríche**; or, The Dialogue of the Sages: an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Flanna Éireann; copied from the Book of Lismore, a vellum manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. To be edited by JOHN WINDELE.

* *New Editions of Vols. I. and II., now out of print, will be published as soon as the Council receives 250 names to assist in bearing the cost of printing.*

III. **CAÉ FHÍRġ ĆRġġĀ**; or, An Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the Rev. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B.

This Battle lasted for 366 days; the copy at the disposal of the Society is the earliest known to exist, having been copied from a vellum manuscript of the fifteenth century now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver.

IV. **CAÉ ĆHYOCA**; or, The Battle of Castleknock in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 273, between Conn Ceadchathach, i.e., Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the Clanna Morna; by his victory, in which Conn obtained the Sovereignty of three Provinces in Ireland, viz. Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster. To be edited by PROFESSOR O'MAHONY.

This tract is copied from a manuscript made by John Murphy of Carrignavar, in the county of Cork, A.D. 1725, and from the fame of the writer as a scribe, no doubt is entertained of the accuracy of the text.

V. A TRACT ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF IRELAND; from the Psalter Mac Richard Butler, otherwise called "*Saltar na Rann*," containing the Derivation of the Names, Local Traditions, and other remarkable circumstances, of the Hills, Mountains, Rivers, Caves, Carns, Rocks, Tulachs, and Monumental Remains of Pagan Ireland, but more especially those connected with the deeds of Fionn Mac Chumhaill. To be edited by PROFESSOR CONNELLAN.

Psalter Mac Richard Butler was originally written for Edmond, son of Richard Butler commonly called "Mac Richard," but on his defeat by Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, (who was beheaded in 1467), near the banks of the River Suir, where great numbers of the Butlers' followers were drowned and slain, the book fell into the hands of this Thomas, and was afterwards the property of Sir George Carew, Elizabeth's President of Munster; but finally came into the hands of Archbishop Laud, who bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where it is now preserved, and the Society have permission to make transcripts of its contents.

VI. A MEMORIAL ON THE DALCASSIAN RACE, and the Divisions of Thomond at the Invasion of the English, A.D. 1172; to which is annexed a Short Essay on the Fenil or Standing Militia of Ireland; also, Remarks on some of the Laws and Customs of the Scotti, or Antient Irish, by the late Chevallier O'Gorman; presented to the Society for publication by J. R. JOLY, Esq., LL.D., Rathmines.

These manuscripts contain a list of the several families of the Macnamaras, who were named from the houses or lands of inheritance they severally enjoyed; also a list of the several castles in the baronies of Bunratty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

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Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, for the Year ending 1857.

	DE	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Subscriptions received for 1855	...	2 15 0	By Cash on account paid Printer	...
— Do. Do. 1856	...	3 10 0	— Paid Binder for binding 750 copies of Volume for 1857	...
— Do. Do. 1857	...	91 15 0	— Wood Engraving	...
— Balance in Treasurer's hands	...	6 13 11	— Stationery	...
Books on hands:—			— Postage, Portage, &c.	...
203 copies of Vol. III.	... £50 15 0		— Editor's Stationery	...
239 do. do. IV.	... 64 15 0		— Rent for the year ending March, 1860	...
310 do. do. V.	... 77 10 0		— Balance in hands	...
772 copies, value	... £198 0 0			
Amount of Printer's Bill for				
Vol. V.	... £84 3 10			
Paid on account	... 60 0 0			
	£24 3 10			
		£98 13 11		£98 13 11

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Seilz Shleibe z-Cuil- lunn	2	The Chase of Sliabh Guilleann	3
Seilz Shleibe Fuaid .	20	The Chase of Sliabh Fuaid	21
Seilz Shleanna an Smoil	74	The Chase of Gleann an Smoil	75
Molad Bheinne h-Ea- dair le triur Filide	88	The Praise of Beinn Eadair (Howth) by three Bards	89
Fiadac Fhiana Eir- ean ar Shliab Truim	102	The Finnian Hunt of Sliabh Truim	103
Seilz Shleibe na m-Ban	126	The Chase of Sliabh- na-m-Ban	127
Seilz Muca Dnaoi- zeacta Aonguir an Bhroga	132	The Chase of the En- chanted Pigs of Aen- ghus an Bhrogha	133
Seilz na Fhoinne or cionn Loca Deirz	154	The Finnian Hunt on the Borders of Lough Derg	155
Eactra an Amadan Mhoir	160	The Adventures of the Amadan Mor	161

THE Collection of Poems which forms the present volume of our Transactions, are exceedingly popular, and completes the Agallamh published in 1856. They are chiefly taken from a large manuscript collection made by Laurence Foran, of Portlaw, county of Waterford, in 1780, which is now in the hands of the Rev. Patrick Meany, C.C. of Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir, Honorary Secretary to the "Keating Society," lately organized, and which, we expect, will rescue many a gem that would otherwise perish, and preserve a large quantity of material, which does not come within the sphere of our other existing Societies. We have selected also from a collection made in 1844 by Mr. Martin Griffin, of Kilrush; which now belongs to our late esteemed President, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Esq.; and also from a large volume made about the year 1812, by Clare scribes, for the Rev. Thomas Hill, C.C., of Cooreclare, who presented it to Mr. Blake Foster of Knockmoy Abbey, a gentleman who, taking a warm interest in every thing Irish, kindly lent it to us for copying in 1855. We understand that he has since bestowed it upon his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mac Hale.

The Council deeply regret that they cannot at this time present the Society with a larger volume. When it is known that out of the list of members appended to our last publication there are no less than *one hundred and ninety-five defaulters*, (whose names are expunged from the present list), who received the Society's circular, apprising

them of the issue of the work—not even once, but twice, and yet did not respond to the call; the reason is very readily seen. This large array of names, which of itself ought to sustain any Society, will be no longer found in the Ossianic ranks.

We make this explanation, in order to set the position of the Society fairly and honestly before a public, that expects wonders at our hands in the shape of large and expensive tomes. In the preparation of these our editors and working staff are willing to undergo any amount of gratuitous labour, provided they be only sustained by those who volunteer to join the Society.

Another volume is nearly prepared; but the Council will not risk its publication until the liabilities incurred by the present one, as well as the arrears due of the last, are paid off.

The Editor must apologize for not illustrating his text more copiously; but when it is understood that the Society's object is fully carried out by the printing of the originals, with translations, he hopes he will not be censured for the omission.

For the kind assistance rendered by Professor O'Curry of the Catholic University, Dr. O'Donovan, Dr. Sigerson, Mr. Windle of Cork, and other members of the Publication Committee, in revising his proofs, the Editor tenders his best thanks.

JOHN O'DALY.

*Anglesey-street, Dublin,
September, 1861.*

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ՏԵՂԵՆ ՏԻԼԵՅԲԻԷ ԾՇԱՅԻՆՆ՝

ԼՁ ԾԱ ՌԱՅԾ ԲՅՈՅՆ ԱՊ ԲԼԱԻԸ,
ԱՐ ԱՊ ԵՒԲԱԻՇՇԵ ԱՊ ՁԻՆԱՅՆՆ՝ ԱՐ ;
ԾՈ ՇՈՊԱՐԸ ՇԱՅԵ ԱՊՊ ԲԱՊ ՌԾԾ,
ԵՂԻԸ ԾՅ ԱՐ ԼԵՅՄ ԼԱՇ.

ԾՈ ՋԼԱՕԾԱՅՅ ԱՐ ՏՅԵՕԼԱՊ 'Ր ԱՐ ԲԻՐԱՊ,
Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԼԵՅՅ ՔԵԱԾ ՕՐՐԱ ԱՐԱՅՈՆ ;
ՅԱՊ ԲՅՈՐ ԾՈ ՇԱՇ ԲԱՊ ԵՒԼՅԱԾ,
ԾՈ ԼԵԱՊ ՅՈ ԾՅԱՊ ԱՊ ԵՂԻԸ ՊՅԱՕԼ.

ՈՅ ՌԱՅԾ ԱՅ ԲՅՈՅՆ ԱՇՇ Ա ԾԱ ՇՈՐՆ,
ՁՅԱՇ ԱՊ ԼՈՐՆ՝ ԱՅԱՐ Ե ԲԵՅՆ ;
Ա ԾՇՈՒՆԾԱՅԼ ՊԱ ԻՇԵԼԻՇԵ ՅՈ ԾՅԱՊ,
ՅՈ ԲԼՅԱԾ ՅԱՅԼՅՆ ՊԱ ՌՅԱՊ ՌԵՅԾ.

¹ ՏԻԼԱԾ ՅԱՅԻՆՆ, or more correctly ՏԻԼԱԾ ՇԱՅԻՆՆ, called after *Cuillean Ceard*, the foster-father of Cuchullainn, one of the chief heroes of the Red Branch; now the Hill or Mountain of Cullen, where the scene of this poem is laid, is situated in the county of Armagh, about five miles from the town of Dundalk; and its extent from base to summit may be computed at about two Irish miles. On its apex is a large *cairn*, or heap of stones, known to the peasantry as the house of the *Կալլեաճ Երօրաբ*, in which oral tradition states that *Բյօնն ՁյաՇ Կոնյալլ* lies buried. At about one hundred paces distant is a circular lake of about one hundred feet in diameter and twenty in depth; at the side of which is another *cairn* or heap, surrounded at all seasons in the year by a beaten path or track which leads to the *Կալլեաճ* or witch's house. It was in this lake that *Բյօնն*, in searching for the ring, be-

THE CHASE OF SLIABH GUILLEANN.

ONE day that Fionn the chief,
Was on the fertile green of Almhuin ;
He beheld approach him on the way,
A young doe, nimbly bounding.

He called forth Sgeolan and Bran,
And whistled for the twain ;
Unknown to all upon the hill,
He followed quickly the hornless doe.

Fionn had but his two hounds,
Mac an Loin and himself ;
In pursuit of the doe swiftly
To Sliabh Guilleann of facile ways.

came enchanted ; and the legend is fully related in *Foir Císe Chonai* which forms the second volume of the Society's Transactions. See also Walker's *Irish Bards*, Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, in which a copy of the poem somewhat different from the present one, is given ; and Coote's *Survey of Ar-magh*, pp. 33-46. The Introductory, or opening stanzas of the poem omitted here, will be found at p. 199 of Vol. IV. *Oss. Trans.*

² *Almhuin*, now the Hill of Allen in the county of Kildare where *Fionn* had his palace.

³ *Mac an Loin*, (*The Son of Luno*, the name of the sword of Fionn, which is traditionally related as being made by a blacksmith (*Sobá Dub*) of Lochlin, named Luno, and therefore called after him.

Ար ն-ԾԱԼ Ծ՝Ն ԵՂԻԵ Ք՝Ն Ե-ՐԼԻԱԾ,
 Կ՛Ր ՖԻՈՅՆ ՆԱ ԾԻԱՅՅ ՚ՐԱ ԾԱ ԸՕՐՆ;
 ՆՅՐ Ե-ՔԵԱՐ ԾՕ ԸՕՐՆ ՔԵԱԸ ԷՂԱՐ,
 ՇԱՐ՝ ՀԱԾ ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ ՔԱՆ Յ-ՇՈՍԸ !

ՉՕ ՀԱԾ ՖԻՈՅՆ ՔՕՐՆ ՅՕ ԾԻԱՆ,
 ՚ՐԱ ԾԱ ԸՕՐՆ ՔԻԱՐ ԱՐ ԼՒԷ;
 ՚ՐԱ ՔԻԱԾՐԱՅՅ, ՆԱՐ ԷՐԱԱՅ ԼԵ ՓԻԱ !
 ՄԱՐ ԷՍՀԱԾԱՐ ԱՆ ԵՐԻԱՐ Կ Յ-ԸՆԼ.

ՉՕ ԸԱԼԱՅԾ ՖԻՈՅՆ, ՚ՐՆՂ Կ Յ-ՇԻԱՆ,
 ԵԱՆ ԱՐ ԵՐԱԱԸ ԱՆ ԼՕՇԱ ԿՅ ՇԱՕՂ;
 ԻՐ ԱՆՆ ԾՕ ԵՂ ԱՆ ՄԱՇԱՕՆՆ ՄՆԱ,
 ԾՕԲ՝ ՔԵԱՐՆ՝ ՇԱԼ ԾԱ Ե-ՔԱՇԱԾ, ՚Ր ՅՆԱՕՂ.

ԵԱ ԾԵՐՆՅԵ Կ ՅՐԱԾ ՆԱ ԱՆ ՔԾՐ,
 ԾՕ ԵՂ Կ ԵԸԼ ԱՐ ԾԱԷ ՆԱ Յ-ՇԱՕՐ;
 Կ ՇՆԵԱՐ ԸԱՂԵ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ Մ-ԵԼԱԷ,
 ՚ՐԱ ԼԵԱՇԱ ԵԱՆ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ ԱՕԼ.

ԱՐ ԾԱԷ ԱՆ ԾՐՆ ԾՕ ԵՂ Կ ՔՕԼԵ,
 ՄԱՐ ՄԵԱԼՇԱ ՔԵԱՇԱ Կ ՄՕՐՅ ԾՕ ԵՂ;
 ՚ՐԱ ՔԻԱԾՐԱՅՅ ! ԾԱ Ե-ՔԱՂԵՔԵԱԾ Կ ԾՐԵԱԸ,
 ԾՕ ԵԵԱՐՔԱԾ ԾՕ ՔԵԱՐԵ Ծ՝Ն ՄՆԱՕՂ.

ՓՐԱՅԵԱՐ ՖԻՈՅՆ ԿՅ ԻԱՐՄԱՅԾ ՐՅԸԱԼ,
 ԱՐ ՄՆԱՕՂ ՔԷՐՆ ՆԱ Յ-ՇԱԱԸ Ն-ԾՐՆ;
 Ծ՛ՔԻԱՔՐԱՅԾ ՄՕ ՄՅՅ Ծ՝Ն ՅՆՈՒՐ ՀՆՕՐՆ,
 ԱՆ Ե-ՔԱՇԱՅԾ ԸՆ ՄՕ ԸՕՐՆ ՔԱՆ ԷՈՐՆ.

ԱՆՆ ԾՕ ՔԵՂՅ ՆՂ՝Լ ՄՕ ՔՔԵՐ,
 Կ՛Ր ՆՂ ՔԱՇԱՅԾ ՄԵ ԾՕ ԾԱ ԸՕՐՆ;
 Կ ՐԻՅ ՆԱ ՔԷՐՆՆԵ, ՀԱՆ ԸԼԱՐ,
 ԻՐ ՄԵԱՐԱ ԼՅՈՄ ՔԱԷ ՄՕ ՅՕԼ.

Upon the deer reaching the hill,
 And Fionn following with his two hounds ;
 He could not tell whether east or west,
 Or whither went the deer upon the hill.

Fionn went eastwards fleetly,
 And his two hounds to the west with speed ;
 And Patrick ! would not God pity,
 How the three wandered in different ways

Fionn heard, and not afar,
 A woman wailing on the brink of the lake ;
 'Twas there the youthful maiden was,
 Of the fairest fame and countenance he ever beheld.

Redder were her cheeks than the rose,
 Her lips had the colour of [rowan] berries ;
 Her white skin like unto the blossom,
 And her bright brow like the lime.

Like the sheen of gold were her locks,
 Like unto frosty stars her eyes appeared ;
 And, Patrick, had you seen her form,
 You would be enamoured of the woman.

Fionn approached seeking tidings,
 From the gentle woman of the golden curls ;
 My king enquired from The Chaste Countenance :—
 “ Hast thou seen my hounds in the chase ? ”

“ In thy chase I am not concerned,
 And I have not seen thy two hounds ;
 O, King of the Fianna ! without untruth,
 Worse to me is the cause of my weeping.

Ան է զո ճէլե զո բարսի քար,
 Ե-լոջեան ճարտի ոճ զո միակ ;
 ոճ քրեած ան բա՛ւ և Ե-բար զո քար,
 և արծար ճարտի իր միջե քրեած ?

Ոճ քրեած ար և Ե-բար զո քրեած,
 արծար ոճ քա ք-քար միջ ?
 ոճ'ն բարտի Ե'քրեած, ար քրեած,
 իր ճարտ քար զո քրեած քար ճարտ.

Բար ճար զո քի ար զո ճարտ,
 զո քարտի քրեած քա Ե-քարտ քարտ ;
 զո քարտ քա քարտ քա քրեած,
 և իր ան բա՛ւ զո քարտ քա և Ե-քարտ !

Զարտ քա քարտի ճարտ քարտ,
 քարտի քարտ, և քարտ քա Ե-քարտ ;
 ան քարտի զո քարտի քարտ քարտ,
 զո քարտ քա քարտ քա քրեած քարտ.

Ոճ քարտի ճարտ քարտ քա քարտ,
 ան քարտ զո քարտ և քարտ-քարտ միջ ;
 զո քարտ զո քարտ ան քարտ զո քարտ,
 ար քարտի քարտ քարտ քա քարտի քարտ.

Ոճ քարտի ճարտ քարտ զո քարտ,
 և իր քարտի քարտ քարտ քա քարտ ;
 ան քարտի քարտ զո քարտի քարտ քարտ,
 զո քարտի քարտի քարտ քարտ քարտ.

Ան քարտ ան քարտի զո քարտ,
 քարտ զո քարտի ճարտ զո քարտ ;
 զո քարտ քարտի քարտի քարտ,
 զո քարտ քա Ե-քարտ զո քարտ քարտ

“Is it thy spouse that has found death,
 Thy blooming daughter, or thy son ;
 Or, what is the cause that thou wailest,
 O gentle maiden of the graceful shape ?

“ Or, from what proceeds thy grief,
 Youthful maiden of the smooth palms ;
 Or, is it possible to relieve thee,” saith Fionn.
 “ Sad it is to me that you should be as I see ?”

“ A gold ring which was on my finger,”
 Saith the princess of the flowing locks ;
 “ It fell with the descent of the stream,
 This is the cause why I suffer pain.”

“ Spells which a true hero never endured,
 I impose upon thee, O king of the Fianna !
 To bring the ring back [to me],
 That fell with the descent of the swift stream.”

Fionn did not endure the spells,
 When he stripped his smooth fair skin ;
 He went on the surface of the lake to swim,
 At the request of the woman of the piercing eyes.

He searched the lake thrice,
 And did not leave a nook or corner ;
 Until he brought back the polished ring,
 Which the princess of the crimson cheek had lost.

On the hero stretching forth the ring,
 Ere he landed upon the bank ;
 He became a withered grey old man,
 The king of the Fianna, weak and pitiable.

Do bámaín uilí ríanna Fhínn,
 a n-Álthúin doibhinn na b-Fléad réad ;
 a3 imire ríéúille' a' r a3 ól,
 a3 clor cedl an buídean ba érean.

A dábaire Caoilce mac Ronáin,
 a 3-clor-árb do 3ac fear ;
 cap' 3ab Mác Cúmaill féil,
 na 3-caoin neact réim' rna fleaz.

A dábaire Conán mac Móirne,
 ní éualaid níam cedl dob' doib'úe
 Mác Cúmaill, ma ca an íarriaid,
 3o riab a m-bliadhad, a Chaoilce !

Mác Cúmaill ma éarciu3 uair,
 a Chaoilce éruaid na 3-cor 3-caol ;
 3lacaim cúgam an mo laim,
 ór cionn éaic 3ur ní3 me féin.

Do bámaín an Fhian fá bhón,
 fá ceann an ríó3 a beiré b'ár n-bíé;
 3ib' 3ur máoid oruinn 3ean 3áine,
 ír dáinn dob' ádbar beiré a3 caoi.

3luaireamaoidne ar Álthúin amaé,
 buídean cáma na 3-caé 3-cruaid ;
 an loir3 a dá cóin a' r Fhínn,
 cruir 3ruinn do beiréad buaid.

¹ Fíccéal, *chessboard*. Dr. O'Donovan gives a very curious account of the game of chess as practised by the ancient Irish, in the Introduction to *Leabair na 3-Cearc* (*Book of Rights*), published by the Celtic Society in 1847 (p. *lxi*). It is accompanied by four different views of an ancient chessman, from the collection of that distinguished antiquary Dr. Petrie. He also quotes Cormac's Glossary, where the chessboard is described as of a quadrangular form marked

We were all, the Fianna of Fionn,
 In delightful Almhuin of the grand feasts ;
 Playing at Fithchill and drinking,
 Listening to the music of the powerful tribes.

Caoilte, the son of Ronan, said,
 In the hearing of each man ;
 " Whither went the son of hospitable Cumhall,
 Of the gentle lenient rule and of the spears ?"

Said Conan, the son of Morna,
 " I never heard music more delightful ;
 Mac Cumhaill, if he is being sought for,
 May he be so this year, O Caoilte !

Mac Cumhaill, if he be wanting to you,
 O stern Caoilte of the slender feet ;
 I take to me upon my own hand,
 To be king over you all."

We, the Fenians, were under sorrow,
 For being bereft of the head of our host ;
 Tho' we could scarce refrain laughter [at Conan],
 'Tis we that had cause to wail.

We went forth from Almhuin,
 The gallant tribe of the fierce battles ;
 Seeking Fionn and his two hounds,
 A gladsome three who obtained victory.

with black and white spots. Vallancey, in quoting the Brehon Laws, now preparing for publication by the Government, says, that the tax levied by the Monarch of Ireland on every province, was to be paid in chessboards, and complete sets of men ; and that every *brúigh* (or inn-holder of the states), was obliged to furnish travellers with salt provisions, lodging, and a chess-board *gratis*. *Irish Gram. Essay on the Celtic Language*, p. 85.

ʒire 'r Caoile bi an d-túr,
 'ran Fhianh uile nan n-dail zo dlút;
 ró rliab z-Cuilinn o tuairb,
 zo nuagamair buab an t-riubair.

Fbaáain da d-tuzamair éomhinn,
 anu ra lonz do bi dian;
 do éonarcamair an bhuac an loá,
 reandir críon azur é liat.

Do éuadmair uile 'na dáil,
 a'r éuirfeab zrair an zác fear;
 chaima loma do bi críon,
 le an ceileab a zuaoi 'ra zean.

Do rílear féin zupab earbad bíb,
 éuz an an laoc a beir zán érué;
 nó zur an iarzairne do bi ré,
 éairniz a z-céin nír an rrué.

D'fíarraižear féin do'n b-fean críon,
 an b-facab laoc ba zeal crúé;
 az reilz noihe ran rób,
 eilic óz azur da cóin.

Ní éuz réiréan rneazna dúinn,
 do luiz caom an flair na b-Fianh;
 do bi ré éazcaoirneac, dúbac,
 zán léim, zán lút, zán nír, zán nian.

Do nóctara mo éloibéain zéar,
 ir rriap 'rír tréan do nóct an Fhianh;
 ir zéar zo b-fazairn aithe an dáir,
 muna d-tuzairn uair cáiz an tmair.

Caoilte and I were in the front,
 And all the Fianna close in the rere ;
 Towards Sliabh Guilleann in the north,
 Till we triumphed over the journey.

A glance which we gave around,
 In the pursuit that was most urgent ;
 We beheld on the brow of the lake,
 A withered grey old man.

We all approached him,
 And he would occasion hate to every man ;
 His bones were bare and withered,
 Which concealed his countenance and form.

I thought myself it was want of food,
 That left the hero devoid of shape,
 Or that he was a fisherman,
 Who came from afar with the stream.

I enquired of the withered man,
 Had he seen a hero of fair countenance ;
 Hunting on the way,
 A young doe and two hounds.

He gave no reply to us,
 A fit came over the chief of the Fianna,
 He was ailing and sad,
 Without agility, without swiftness, or without walk.

I unsheathed my sharp sword,
 And quickly and powerfully did the Fianna the same,
 " Soon shalt thou get knowledge of death,
 Unless there is given by you an account of the three."

Njor mear rē a iuorin dūin,
 zur ab ē fēin do bī an;
 nō zur lēiz a rūn le Caoice,
 fear a nziōimāib do bī ceann.

An tan fuarman dearb an rēil,
 zurab ē Fionn fēin do bī an;
 do lēizeamair tīf zārta zol,
 do cūirfead bhoic ar zac zlean.

An rīn labrar Conan zo borb,
 a' r' noctar a colz zo bīan;
 malluizear Fionn zo beact,
 a' r' malluizear, fo reac, an Fhian!

Dar do laimre fēin, a Fhionn,
 bairfeadra bīot do ceann;
 ōr cū nar māoibiz mo zūim,
 na mo zairze riam a n-am.

Jr ē m'aoi-loct ar do cūit,
 zan an Fhian uile beit mar tair;
 zo n-dearzainn mo fleaz, 'rmo lan,
 zo d-tizead hion do leact 'rdo la.

O'n la euit Cūmhall na z-cliar,
 le clanna Mōrta na rziac n-ōir;
 njor rzarair ō fōin acē ar an d-tī,
 'ran mēib do māin bīnn nī dob deoin?

Orz. Muna m-bead an nioct 'na b-fuil Fionn,
 'rzur doilz linn a beit mar tā;
 a Chonain māol, acā zan cēill,
 do bīirfīnn do bēal zo cnam.

He seemed not inclined to tell us,
 That it was [Fionn] himself was there ;
 Until he revealed the secret to Caoilte,
 A man who was stout in battle feats.

When we found the truth of the story,
 That it was Fionn himself who was there ;
 We gave three shouts of lamentation,
 Which would drive badgers out of every glen.

Then spoke Conan fiercely,
 And unsheathed his sword with vehemence ;
 He cursed Fionn with energy,
 And cursed respectively the Fianna.

“ By thine own hand, O Fionn,
 I will take from thee thy head ;
 As it is thou who never praised my deeds,
 Nor my valor, ever in due time.

My only fault with thy shape is,
 That all the Fianna are not as thou art ;
 Till I would redden my spear and my sword,
 Till I'd raise thy *leacht* and [end] thy day.

Since the day that Cumhall of the bands fell,
 By the sons of Morna of the shields of gold ;
 Ever since, thou hast been our foe,
 And such of us as live do so despite of thee.”

Osg. “ Had it not been for the state in which Fionn is,
 And that it is a sorrow to us that he should be so ;
 O bald Conan who art devoid of sense,
 I'd smash thy mouth to the bone.

Nuair na maireann Toll am dail,
 fear zán ríad a3 comhac críod ;
 fácaim ariam ór cómair éaic,
 neart ar lán a3ur ar n3íom.

Con. Sínne féin do fúid zác zúom,
 'rui b-íad Clanna Baoirzue bog ;
 a Orzuir léiz dob' naidcib baoir,
 ní zlóir dearbuzgear, ácc zúom zúob

Éirígear Orzuir an aizue níir,
 a' r nígear Conán amearz éaic ;
 cuirgear comairc ar an b-Feinn,
 furcaácc ar ó péinn an báir.

D'éirígearómair uile do príuib,
 a3 corz Orzuir na n-ann n-áiz ;
 idir Chonán maol 'rmo mac,
 do ceanglamair ríé a' r páir.

Dar mo laim, a Chléiriz, zo fíor,
 dar do laimre 'rui dolaid orim ;
 ní bead cloz¹ ad éill na clíar,
 dá m-beid' Orzuir na b-Ían am fócair

Seallaim dob' fáob éleiricib,
 dá mairead ré am cómhail ;
 ná cluifidír le na rae,
 prailm fáor na cloiz a3 zlaim.

An tan d'áicín Conán é,
 dá m-beid' Dia féin ar a dear laim ;
 a Phadriz an éneidim éruaid,
 dob' eazal do zuaír an báir !

¹ Cloz, bell. For an interesting account of the origin and use of bells, see Walker's *Irish Bards*, 4to. Ed., p. 98. O'Brien and Petrie's *Essays on the Round Towers*, &c.

As Goll doth not now survive in my company,
 The dauntless man in conquering kingdoms ;
 Let us try together in the presence of all,
 The strength of our hands and of our exploits."

CON. " 'Twas we ourselves who performed each feat,
 And not the feeble Clanna Baoisgne ;
 Osgur leave off thy foolish talk,
 Words are not the test, but ready action."

Osgur of the impetuous mind stood up,
 And Conan rushed among the men ;
 He implored protection from the Fianna,
 To save him from the pangs of death.

We all stood up quickly,
 To check Osgur of the valiant arms ;
 Between bald Conan and my son,
 We ratified peace and friendship.

By my hand, O Cleric, verily,
 By thy hand, which is no loss to me ;
 Bells nor Clerics would not be in thy church,
 Had Osgur of the Fianna been with me.

I promise thy silly clerics,
 If he lived with me now ;
 They would not hear in their day,
 A psalm sung or a bell tolled.

When Conan recognised him,
 Had God himself been at his right hand
 O Patrick of the severe faith,
 The danger of death he might dread.

P. Յաճ եօսր ծա լսաթժօթար լեւտ,
 և Օրրից նա չ-քրեւճ, եւ ճեւծ կից;
 աճտ ամալից Ե-լմճալից ար Փիւ,
 լե'ր շիլքեւծար բլաղնա Ֆիլից.

O. Եր բսւճ կիցրա արա 'րծօ ծիւ,
 յր բսւճ կից Ծօ ճկար ԳՅ Յլան;
 ոյ ճաԾարբսլից և ճեւծ Ծսլք նա ծօյն,
 Ծելճ Յօ Ծեօ Ծա յմճալից.

P. Լեւց ար ծնլից անօր ար քրեւլիլ,
 ար արեւր ճաճտար քելՅ Ֆիլից;
 աճա Օրչար բան քօ ճրսւլից,
 ճիւ Յար ճրսւլ և նեար րա ճիցից.

O. Ֆլարբսլիլքար Շաօլքե Յան քրեւր,
 Ծօ նաճ Շնալլ նա յ-արից յ-ար;
 ճիւ ճար ար Ծօ ճրաճ-ճրսւճ ճն,
 նօ Ե-բսլ կելիլքար Ծօ ճար լե քաճար ?

Երցեւ Շիլիլից, Ծօ նալ Բիցից,
 Ծօ ճար ճարա յօմԾա ան ճեւցից;
 Ծսլ Յօ Երսւճ ան լօճա Ծօ քրան,
 ԳՅ յարնալ քարից Ծօ ճալլ քի,

Նար եւ բլան բլից օ'ն Յ-ճիւ,
 Ծօ նալ Շօնան եւ օլճ մեւից;
 Յօ յ-իօքբալ Գլեւան Յան յօլլ,
 ար և Յ-արնալ Բիցից նա ճրսւճ քից.

Շրսլիլիլքեւթաօլ և յօլլ 'րա յար,
 Գ'ր արեւթաօլ ար քիւլաճա քալ Յօ Ծար;
 Յօ բլաճ Շիլիլից եւ ճսւլ,
 Ծօ յաճար ար ար յալլալլե ան քար.

P. Each silliness thou recountest,
 O Oisín of the spoils, we would permit,
 Save only the speaking reproachfully of God,
 By whom fell the Fianna of Fionn.

O. I abhor thee and thy God,
 I abhor thy clerics bawling ;
 I would not need leave from thee nor them,
 To be for ever dispraising him.

P. Commence now where thou left off,
 Relating the great chase of Fionn ;
 Osgur is feeble and sad,
 Tho' great his might and his deeds.

O. Caoilte inquires without concern,
 Of Mac Cumhaill of the chaste arms ;
 " Who hath changed thy wonted shape,
 Or is there a cure to be had for thy spell ?

" The daughter of Guilleann, saith Fionn,
 Bound me fast by many spells,
 To go on the borders of the lake to swim
 In search of the ring which she lost."

" May we never leave the hill alive,"
 Saith Conan, of the evil mien ;
 " Till Guilleann shall suffer without delay,
 Unless she restore Fionn to his own shape."

We mustered from the east and west,
 And we placed our shields under him tenderly,
 To Sliabh Guilleann in the north,
 We brought the man on our shoulders.

O. Ար բեօձ ճւղշ ն-օղծե ա ՚ր ճւղշ Լա,
 ծօ ծի 'ն Քիանո աշ շօճալե նա հ-սարն ;
 ո՞ շար թրշիծ յոջօան Շիւկոո,
 ար ան սարն ծօ քրեյծ անօր.

Ար Ծ-բեօձ Ծ'յոջիւ Շիւկոո ճօր,
 ա՛ր Կօրո ծարշ-ծիր յօնա Լարն ;
 ծարեար ծօ՞ ծօ յիշ նա Ե-Քիանո,
 Լե շրած 'րե մյան ծօ'ն Օրշար ճիշ.

Եբար Քիօոն ան ծօ՞ շան ոյօլլ,
 ար ան շ-Կօրո րի՛ե ծօ ծի 'նա Լարն ;
 շօ Ծ-ճարիշ ա ճրու՛ րա ծելե-շոյալե,
 ծօ յիշ նա Քիօոն, ճ՛ե ան Լի՛ե անճար.

Եա ճարեոս Լոմրա ա՛ր Լիր ան Քիանո,
 ան ծա՛ Լի՛՛՛՛ ծօ Ել՛՛՛՛ ար քօլե ;
 ա՛ր ծճարե Քիօոն յիր ան արոյր ճօրն,
 շար մայ՛ Լիր քիւն ա Ել՛՛՛՛ ար.

Ա Քիարուշ նա մ-Եաճալ մ-Եան,
 ծար ծօ Լարն ոյ ճարայմ. Երեօշ ;
 ծօ Եբարն Լոոն նա քարեար Ծ'քաշալ,
 Քիօոն նա քարե Ել՛՛՛՛ րոն շո՛.

Սճ ! յր ծճաճ մե ն-Ծարիշ ոյօ յիշ,
 'րա ն-Ծարիշ նա Լա՞՞՞ ծօ ծի շարշ ;
 ա Քիարուշ յր շան ք՞ն մ-Եիճ
 րոն մար յոոնեճ Լօ՞ ան Ե-քալշ.

O. For five days and five nights,
 The Fianna were rooting the cave,
 Until Guilleann's daughter arose
 Suddenly out of her den.

On the approach of Guilleann the Just,
 With a drinking horn of red gold in her hand ;
 She offers a drink to the King of the Fianna ;
 Through love and regard for the noble Osgur.

Fionn takes the drink without delay,
 From the fairy horn in his hand,
 Till his form and usual shape returned
 To the Fenian King, save alone being grey.

The Fianna and myself were pleased,
 At the grey colour of his hair,
 And Fionn himself said to the gentle Guilleann,
 That he was glad it was so.

O Patrick, of the croziers bright,
 By thy hand, I tell no lie,
 We would prefer to heaven itself,
 To have Fionn in his health and appearance.

Alas ! how I grieve after my king,
 And after the heroes who were brave,
 O Patrick, who is sparing of thy food,
 'Twas thus they performed the chase.

SEILS SHLEJBHE FUAIÐ.

IONA D-CRACCAR MAP DO GLUAIÐ MINE, BEAN MHEARZAIÐ, AZ DĒANAM
LĒMIZNIR AN AN D-FĒION; AZUR MAP DO GLAC UINTE DĒIB FIAD, NÓ ZUR
ĒANRAIÐS FĒION ĒUM CARICAR, AZUR FIARHA CIMIONN MAP AN Z-CĒADHA;
AZUR MAP D'FĒIN CONAN FA DĒOIZ IAD.

O. LĒ DA MAIB FĒIONN 'RA FĒOIZTE,
ZO LĒONMARI, CRĒDA, CALMA, MEAR;
AZ FEILZ AN MULLAC SHLEIBE FUAIÐ,
AN FIAD ZUR GLUAIÐ A D-CŪR NA D-FĒAR.

DO LEANAD LEÐ FA LŪC AN FIAD,
ZAC LAOC ZO DIAN NA FĒAR MĒ;
DO BĒ AN FIAD ZO BEANNAAC BORB,
AZ FEARAM RAN LEIÐS ZO DANA ZLIC.

NĒON RĒAD AN FIAD FĒ ĒROIB ZARB.
ZUR FĒAZ ZO DEARB AMAC AN FLIAB;
DO LEAN AN FHIANN Ē FO LOM LŪC,
ZO NOICĒADAR ŪR-ĒHOC LIADAR.

DO ĒRIALL ZO CRĒAN Ó ĒHOC LIADAR,²
ZAN LUIZE A RIAN NA A LĒIM;
O RĒN ARĒR ZO CARIZIN³ ĒRUAIÐ,
DO LEANADAR A LUADAR 'RA MĒIM.

¹ SĒIAD FUAIÐ. Dr. O'Donovan says (*Book of Rights*, p. 144, n.), that this mountain is in the county of Armagh; and one of the highest known as "The Fews Mountains." He quotes O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part iii., cc. iv., and xvi., Haliday's edition of Keating, pp. 168, 300, and 382, to bear him out, and further states, that its position is marked on an old map in the State Paper

THE CHASE OF SLIABH FUAID.

IN which is related how Ailne, the wife of Meargach, came to be avenged on the Fianna; and how she assumed the form of a deer, until she lodged Fionn in a dungeon, and the Fianna of Erin also; and how they were finally released by Conan.

O. ONE day Fionn and his hosts,
 So complete, so valiant, so stout and swift;
 Were hunting on the summit of Sliabh Fuaid,
 'Till the deer went onwards before the men.

They quickly pursued the deer,
 Each hero strenuously in full speed;
 The deer was antlered and fierce,
 Standing on the plain in bold defiance.

The deer ceased not the fierce fight,
 Until he cleared out from the hill;
 The Fianna pursued him in full speed,
 Till they reached the green hill of Liadhas.

He proceeded vigorously from the hill of Liadhas,
 Without falter in his step or bound,
 From thence again to craggy Carrigeen,
 They pursued with haste and with sway.

Office, London, under the name of "Sliew Fodeh," a barbarous attempt at writing *SLIABH FUAID*.

² *Слѣдъ Лѣдъ*. Not identified.

³ *Слѣдъ Лѣдъ*, now Carrigins, a small village on the river Foyle about three miles to the south of Londonderry. O'Donovan's *Four Masters*, p. 1179, n. t.

O. Fó'ḡ am 'na b-cáinḡ an fíab,
 30 Cairḡḡín cínḡ-craḡa na 3-cloc;
 ḡḡor b-fear dóib' cōirḡ feac' éirḡ,
 ca'ḡ 3ab an bean-fíab ran 3-cnoc.

Do éirḡall dneam a3uḡḡḡ rōirḡ,
 a'ḡ dneam rḡar a3ur ó éuarḡ;
 dneam arḡḡ r'ó'ḡ arḡ ba éear,
 a'ḡ ar 3-cōirḡ 3o pḡar' ran 3-cuarḡḡ.

Do cō3 S3eólan an fíab,
 a'ḡ do leaḡamar 3o bḡan an c-rei3;
 3o b-cáinḡḡ car ḡ-ar r'ó'ḡ rḡiab,
 3o bḡuac' rḡiab Fuairḡ 'ran cōi'éad.

Do leaḡamarḡ ran leiḡ3 an fíab,
 3o b-cān3adar car ḡ-ar r'ó'ḡ rḡiab
 do 3lac pollac' oḡuḡḡ arḡḡ,
 a'ḡ ḡḡor b-fear dúirḡ a cḡi'óc na éirḡall.

Do r3ar Fionḡ a'ḡ Dairḡe bḡḡḡ,
 fealad ó rḡi3e na b-Fiarḡ;
 ḡḡor b-fada mar rḡḡ dóib',
 ḡuarḡ ḡar b-fear dóib' rōirḡ feac' rḡar.

An ran d'arḡḡ Fionḡ a'ḡ Dairḡe,
 3o marḡ an feacḡan na rḡi3e;
 do feirḡead le Dairḡe cḡuaz' cūḡad,
 a'ḡ do feirḡead le Fionḡ an Donn Fḡiarḡḡ.

Do cualamarḡ uḡle an Fḡiarḡḡ,
 Dairḡe a'ḡ ar b-cḡi'ac' a3 ceóḡ;
 an uairḡ mearḡuḡe lḡḡ ó éuarḡ,
 dob' fada uairḡ r'ó3ar an 3lóirḡ.

O. By the time the deer reached
 Carrigeen of the craggy shore ;
 They did not know whether east or west,
 Where went the deer on the hill.

Some of us proceeded eastwards,
 And others towards the west and north ;
 Some also towards the south,
 And our hounds briskly on the track.

Sgeolan started the deer,
 And we followed in haste the chase ;
 Till it returned back to the hill,
 To the borders of Sliabh Fuaid in his flight.

We pursued the deer on the plain,
 Till they returned back to the hill ;
 He took cover again from us,
 And we know not where he was.

Fionn and Daire the melodious parted,
 Awhile from the Fianna's course ;
 They were not long thus,
 Till they could not discern the east or west.

When Fionn and Daire knew
 That they missed their way ;
 Daire played a mournful strain,
 And Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann.

We, the Fianna, all heard
 Daire and our chieftain's strains ;
 When we supposed [the music] to be northwards,
 Far from us was its sound.

O. Do mearcuige linn an uair eile,
 zur ab ran arn-éoir do bí ;
 do zluarreamar fó na b-erjall,
 a' r do mearcuige linn riar a. z-ceól.

Do ljon ceó dojléte dhaoigeacéa,
 ciméall Fhionn azur Dhairne ;
 njon b-feaf dóib ran domán mór,
 ca rarb an ceól, a Phactaic !

Do zluair Fionn azur Dairne rompa,
 zan fíor dóib créad an t-arn ;
 rion an a lonz an lom láé,
 a' r nar b-feaf dúinn ca rarb a nzáir.

Do badar an bír az erjall,
 zo nánzadar ran t-rlab zo fann,
 an macaom mha dob' áille rhuad,
 cóm-ráire zan zruaim azur zneann.

D'fíafraib Fionn na b-Fíann,
 do'n zhuír ba rziarhac rhuad ;
 créad do beir tú ad t-aonar,
 an imeal choic fléibe Fuaid.

De féin azur mo céile fion,
 do bí az erjall cré an leirz ;
 do cúala fé zoéa zadar bhion,
 do rzar lion, a' r lean an t-reilz.

Créad an t-aiuim cá oic féin,
 a deiz-bean féim na ngruad nó ;
 azur fór com-aiuim t-fír zruim,
 nó cá'r záb laoz na reilze an reól ?

O. We deemed at another time,
 That it was in the east it was ;
 We proceeded to meet them,
 When we imagined their music came from the west.

A druidic magic mist
 Enveloped Fionn and Daire ;
 Till they could not tell where on the world wide,
 The music was, O Patrick.

Fionn and Daire went onwards,
 Without knowing in what direction ;
 We being quickly in search of them, [shouts.
 Though we did not know whence proceeded their

The two were on their way,
 Till they faintly reached the hill ;
 A youthful woman of the fairest aspect,
 Affectionate, without guile, and pleasant was she.

Fionn of the Fianna enquired
 Of The Countenance of the most beauteous hue,
 " What brought thee alone
 To the borders of Sliabh Fugaid ?"

" My faithful husband and myself,
 Were travelling through the plain ;
 He heard the melodious howl of hounds,
 He parted from me, and followed the chase."

" What name dost thou bear,
 Mild gentle maid with cheeks like the rose ?
 Also the name of thy pleasant husband,
 Or whither did the deer and the chase go ?"

O. Lodaſan, cōm-aiſym mo cēile,
 mo cōm-aiſym fēyn ʒlan-luað ;
 nʒ fear dam ca'n ēriall rúb,
 nó an t-reilʒ fo lúe ca'n ʒluair ?

Jr corſúil neð' ʒnúr aluyn,
 ʒyn ab laoc tú acá an cuairnð ;
 iʒ dearnð, mar an ʒ-cēadna, lym,
 ʒynab tú Fionn mac Cúmaill cruaibð.

Liomra, an Fionn, an t-reilʒ,
 a riʒain cailce na n-ðr cūac ;
 nʒ fear dam anoir roin reac rian,
 ca'n ʒab an Fhian n'a'n fiað uaim.

Cionnar do rʒarair nʒ an b-Fēyn,
 a Fhionn na n-ðacca ba cruaibð ?
 iʒ ionʒna lym nac b-fuil ab ðail,
 ðream nó cain dob' fluaʒ ?

Do ʒluair fear fēyn a'r Ðaine,
 ʒo lom, reac cac, a n-ðiaʒ an fiað ;
 nʒ fear dúyn, a riʒain, anoir.
 ca'n ʒabað lym roin na rian.

Triallra lym, a ʒhlanluað, an Fionn,
 a'r ʒibē caob na nʒluairtear lym ;
 ðearram tura 'nar ʒ-cōmðail,
 nʒ ēriʒfeam ʒo hnað do ʒnaoi.

Da mo ðoic liomra, a Fhionn na b-Fian,
 an an leinʒ aʒ triall ʒo bfuil an t-reilʒ ;
 do ēriallfuyh búr n-ðail ʒan cainðe,
 a'r do cōmaile, a Fhionn ʒnaðmair, do ʒlacfuyh.

- O. "Lobharan, is my husband's name,
 My own name is Glanluadh;
 I know not whither he went,
 Or the swift chase whither it steered.

It seems from thy noble countenance,
 That thou art a hero on a visit;
 I verily believe also,
 That thou art the hardy Fionn Mac Cumhail."

"To me," saith Fionn; "the chase belongs,
 Bright princess of the golden locks;
 I know not now east or west,
 Where have departed the deer or the Fianna."

How partedst thou with the Fianna,
 O Fionn of the hardy deeds?
 I wonder there is not with thee,
 Few or many of thy host."

"I myself, and Daire went,
 Alone after the deer;
 We know not now, O princess,
 Whither we went east or west.

Come thou with us, O Glanluadh, saith Fionn,
 And whatever way we are doomed to go;
 We shall take thee with us,
 We shall never forsake thy face.

Did I suppose, O Fionn of the Fianna,
 That approaching on the plain was the chase,
 I would proceed with you without delay,
 And thy advice I'd take, O loving Fionn."

O. Njor ćian dõjb az labarje zo caoyn,
 an ran ćualadar rjć-ćedl ruarj;
 da fejnnead zo bynn ne na d-raoib,
 do žluarj foćram na dõjz a'f ruarj.

Žn leacra an cedlra, a nžean ćaoñ,
 da fejnnead nẽ nar d-raob zo fožar bynn,
 njor b-fada ljom bejć ad dajl,
 a njožarj daj! ać an Fhlarj an dje.

Nj b-fujl cedl ar być an dajl,
 ać turra azur Đarje zo fjon;
 na neać ejle raor an nžnẽjv,
 ać mar fejcean n rjv fejv mo žraor.

Do nẽaduž an cedl 'ran ruarj,
 a d-tollajb na ž-cluar az an erjv;
 do badar az dul a d-erom-nẽalajb,
 žan rearav ać fejz an aon djob.

Ž Fhjn nje Cũmarll! do narj an njožarj daj,
 aćarje an rjñom-žoib zo lejv;
 jr anlarj aćarje, ar Fjon, a bajn ćvejv,
 nj marj aćarje, ar Đarje fejv.

Njor ćian dõjb anlarj rjn,
 žur ćurteadar ujle ćum larj;
 do ćuarj an erjv ba ćaojn,
 a Phadrjuz! a d-erom-nẽalajb bair.

Žr d-teać ar na nẽalajb dõjb,
 a ž-erue, a ž-clõb, a n-dać, 'ra ruad;
 do ćonarćadar le na d-raoib,
 Đun breaza njožda ra nẽjm buad.

O. Not long were they in gentle converse,
 When they heard drowsy fairy music,
 Chaunted melodiously by their side,
 But after it ceased came noise and shouts.

“ Is this music thine, O gentle daughter,
 Which is played beside us most sweetly ;
 I would never feel it long being in thy presence,
 But for the absence of the Fianna, O noble princess.”

“ There is no music at all with me,
 But thee and Daire truly ;
 Nor any one else under the sun,
 But as ye yourselves behold my face.”

The music and the noise increased,
 In the ears of the three ;
 They were falling into heavy sleep,
 And none of them able to stand.

“ O Fionn Mac Cumhail, saith the noble princess,
 I am entirely pining away ;
 So am I, too, O Fair-skinned, saith Fionn,
 Nor am I well, quoth Daire himself.”

They were not long thus,
 Till they all fell upon the ground ;
 The gentle three, O Patrick,
 Slept in death's heavy repose.

On recovering from their faints,
 To their shape, form, colour, and countenance ;
 They saw by their side
 A majestic mansion of powerful sway.

O. An b-foiceann tú an Dún orda' ud,
 a Fhionn mhic Cúmaill! an Daíne féin?
 do císim zo roileir zlan, a Dháine,
 a Fhionn! an an fáid-bean, do císimre féin.

Do chonarcadar fód na d-timéal,
 fáinne eócair-zorim conn-éirean;
 do zluair amac ó'n n-Dún ra t-rnám,
 laoc conpanta a'r bean ba féin.

Jr baogal liomra, a Fhionn! an Daíne,
 a'r an an niozair aluim, Zlanluad;
 an díj ran t-rnám az eriall ornuim,
 zur dáimh ir doilz a'r nac féin buad.

Do zneamuiz an laoc 'ran bean úd,
 a Phadruij! zan lút an eriar;
 zo nuzadar leó iad na n-deoiz,
 do'n Dún orda' ran t-rnám zo diah.

Jr fada mije, a Fhionn na meanz,
 az leanmáin an t-am orc d'fázaíl;
 anoir a cáir fom' diah-rmaét,
 a'r n' dul amac duje zo lá'n bnaé!

Cia tú féin, a zairzibiz mhóir,
 tá 'n iméian, zan cóir, zo dearb?
 ir náineac an zuaif do laoc,
 zan imire a méimh 'ra z-clód éaire.

Nac curimh leat, a Fhionn, an feall,
 an Mhearbzaé na lanh do mionir eriaé,
 a'r an mo díj do mácaib caomh,
 Taic mac Treimh a'r a raib na daíl.

¹ Dún orda. This may be Donore in the county of Meath. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. IV., p. 137, n. 3.

O. "Dost thou behold that golden fortress,
 O Fionn Mac Cumhail," saith Daire, the mild ;
 "I clearly see it, O Daire,"
 "Fionn, saith the princess, I see it too."

"They also saw around them,
 A rough-waved, greenish, stormy sea ;
 From the Dun went forth to swim,
 A corpulent hero and a gentle maid.

"I fear, O Fionn, saith Daire,
 And saith the noble princess Glanluadh ;
 The two who approach us swimming,
 Bring grief to us and not victorious sway.

The hero and that woman seized,
 O Patrick, and left without strength the three ;
 Till they brought them after them,
 And swam quickly towards the golden fortress.

"Long am I," O malignant Fionn,
 "In the pursuit, to be avenged of thee ;
 Now, thou art under my control,
 And released thou shalt not be 'till judgment day."

"Who art thou, O mighty hero ?
 That came from afar right truly, without leave,
 It is not becoming in a hero,
 Not to play magnanimous in a just cause.

"Dost not thou remember, O Fionn, the treachery,
 Saith Meargach of the spears, thou once did make,
 And, on my two comely youthful sons,
 Tailc Mac Treoin and all his train.

O. Jr curmhn lhom, ar Fionn aig,
 zur turtadair le lamh na b-Fiann;
 nj le cealg na fdr meanz,
 acé le cruaid lann a' r cdm-zliad.

Jr le cealg, a Fhionn na z-clear,
 do tuzad lhb caé Chnoic an Ainn,
 ionar turt ne h-romad búr meanz,
 Meanzac na lann a' r a raib na dai.

Dob' fionr ddb a ffr mhóir,
 da m-beidfr bed zur neart lamh,
 tuz ddb aithe ar an daiz,
 a' r nac cealg d' n b-Fhionn ar Chnoc an Ainn.

Jr leór linn mar fiadhairé fionr,
 Ailne an zionn do beir mar ta;
 dob' ionda caé a' r trom-rlóiz,
 anoir fa bion na diaiz zo clac.

Cread do zaolra ne Ailne an zionn,
 a ffr mhóir lioiméa ir zarb zlon;
 mire a deardraéair zo fionr,
 mo cdm-airim féin Dmaoizéantóir.

Do ceanglad Fionn, Dairne, a' r Zlanluad,
 a z-cuibneac cruaid le Dmaoizéantóir,
 do cur a z-carcair iad zo doimhn,
 zan ceannracé, zan rian, zan tuedir!

Do badar an tmuir zo dúbac,
 a' r an Fhionn fō púdair a v-deoiz a ríiz;
 ar an loiz anor na céirene h-airid,
 ar lúé a' r ar mire do zhad fionr.

Chnoc an Ainn, *The Hill of Slaughter*; situated near Ballybunton, in the county of Kerry. See *Oss. Trans.* Vol. IV., p. 17, n. 8.

O. "I remember," saith the noble Fionn,
 "That they fell by the Fianna's hands ;
 Not by treachery, nor yet deceit,
 But by tempered blades and conflict."

"It is by treachery, O cunning Fionn,
 That thou gained the battle of Cnoc-an-air,
 Where fell, from the extent of your malice,
 Meargach of the spears, and all his train."

"They could relate, O mighty man,
 Had they now lived that it was the might of hands,
 Which gave them a knowledge of death,
 And not the treachery of the Fianna at Cnoc-an-air."

"'Tis sufficient for us as true witness
 That pleasant Ailne should be as she is ;
 Many a battalion and mighty host,
 Are now in grief feebly after her."

What is thy affinity to pleasant Ailne,
 O polished huge man of the bombastic talk ;
 I am her brother truly,
 And my own name is Draoigheantoir."

Fionn, Daire, and Glanluadh, were bound
 In firm fetters by Draoigheantoir ;
 In a deep dungeon he did them cast,
 Bereft of comforts, usages and laws.

The three were sorrowful,
 And the Fianna in grief after their king,
 On the search in the four quarters,
 Swiftly and constantly going.

O. Do ði au erjar an reab áitj la,
 azur áitj u-oidce iomlan zan zð ;
 ran z-carcair doqnu nraáiraiðce úð,
 zan bjað rð púðar, zan deoc zan ceðl.

A Ailve rruaið-geal, an Frouv aiz,
 an Chroc av Áin ir áairne leac,
 zo b-fuarir cuirreab rial na b-Fianu,
 cia lom au erjar ro 'veir rðð' rwaæc.

A Fhinu, do mað Ailve, de jlán éruaz,
 vj zð zo b-fuarir me coine rial ;
 óð' mraoi áále, Friaune au žriuv,
 dul do áaircear bjað na b-Fianu !

Nj cuibe dajra a njožaju ruairu,
 fab' rwaæc ó ruairir zo doæc rjuv ;
 an z-car zan áairne cum bair,
 na bjað zaæc traaæc do nojuv ljuv.

Dob' feairi liom, a Fhinu, zan hreaz,
 au Fhianu na áále zo m-beirir clæ,
 ran z-carcair rjuv a z-cuirreac éruaið,
 ab áále, a' r vjor éruaz liom a z-car !

O noæcarr do núu, a beair dúnju,
 cia doilz an b-púðar a' r an z-cruað-áar,
 azur rjuv zo diau rðð' rwaæc,
 an rlan rðð' žeara muu m-beið amaju.

Creab amaju rjuv, a Fhinu na u-duar,
 leac da luad, an Ailve an žriuv ?
 vj éiocrað leac zo la au hraæ,
 led' cealzaið žnaæ na žeara élaoið.

- O. The three were for five days
 And five whole nights without doubt ;
 In that aforesaid deep dungeon,
 Without food, drink, or music.
- O, Ailne, of the bright countenance, saith the noble Fionn,
 " Cnoc-an-air thou must remember ;
 Where thou wert hospitably received by the Fianna,
 Tho' feeble those three now under thy control."
- " O, Fionn," saith Ailne, " in a mournful tone,
 No doubt, I was hospitably entertained ;
 By thy spouse, the pleasant Grainne,
 Partaking of the viands of the Fianna."
- " It is not becoming thee, O pleasant princess,
 Since under thy control thou hast found us,
 To put us instantly to death,
 Or keep us from food each morning."
- " I would prefer, O Fionn, truly,
 That all the Fianna were laid low ;
 In that dungeon strongly fettered near thee,
 And I would not pity their case."
- [towards us,
- " Since thou, O woman, hast disclosed thy feelings
 Tho' pitiful our fate, and hard our case ;
 Suffering under thy heavy yoke,
 We defy thy power, but for one thing.
- " What is that, O Fionn of the gifts,
 That thou speakest of, saith pleasant Ailne ?
 Thou shalt not till the judgment day,
 With thy usual deceits overcome the spell.

O. D'fíafraíð Ailne do Shlanluad,
 cread fát ar zluair le h-imeacé Fhionn;
 a' r a bean céile éaom a3 fèin,
 dob' fainuil nì fèim an zhoim!

Do noce Shlanluad zan bneiz,
 a curur fèin d-caob Fhionn zo zlic;
 nar b-featác f roir feat riar,
 zo b-facab niam é noime rin.

Jr corinúil, ar Ailne, ma' r fion,
 a Shlanluad mar ionnir zéal dúinn;
 nac éurbe dúinn tu beiré fó rmacé,
 ran z-carcair reo a uzlar zan éuir.

Do noce Ailne an luad zo fion,
 a' r a zéal a m-briz do Dhraoizeanróin,
 ar mod zo d-caimz do'n carcair,
 a' r Shlanluad'ó na zeafa zur fóin.

An can fuair Shlanluad a néim,
 ba doiz léi a nzeibeanh Fionn;
 d'fáz plan aize a' r a3 Daime bionn,
 a' r ba doiz léi a nzeibeanh a zéal zruir.

An can d'fáz Shlanluad an carcair,
 do fuair biad le caifeam ó Ailne;
 do euir rí zo beacé a néalaib,
 a' r ba éruaz, a Chléimz, bean a caile.

An can éaruaíð ar na néalaib,
 euz an beiz-bean di zan rpar;
 deoc ar ballan zeafa ríe,
 nò cleaf corin do bí 'na laim.

O. Ailne enquired of Glanluadh,
 " Why didst thou elope with Fionn
 And his own gentle wife alive,
 To one like you the deed is ignoble !"

Glanluadh truly told,
 Her journey with Fionn ;
 That she did not know east or west,
 That she ever saw him before that time.

" 'Tis likely, saith Ailne, if true,
 O Glanluadh, as thou tellest the tale ;
 That it is not meet in us to have thee punished,
 In this dungeon without cause."

Ailne opened the case truly,
 And with effect upon Draoigheantoir ;
 So that he came to the dungeon,
 And Glanluadh from her spells released.

When Glanluadh was set free,
 She felt for Fionn being in bonds ;
 She bade him and melodious Daire a farewell,
 And she grieved at the bondage of the fair-faced chief.

When Glanluadh left the dungeon,
 Ailne gave her food to eat ;
 She suddenly fell into a trance,
 And pity, O Cleric, a woman of her fame.

As soon as she recovered from the trance,
 The chaste woman gave her without delay,
 A drink from a fairy magic vessel,
 Or, horn that she held in her hand.

O. An tan d'ibh Slanluad an deoc,
 cainis go znod 'na zuaé zuaoi;
 iona néim a' r na clób-rzheim céart,
 aéc Fionn a nglar ir rhué do éaoiu!

Ir dearb zup aicéid ad zuaoi,
 a Shlanluad, go fion, an Dmaoizéantóir;
 naé ionmuid leac Fionn a' r Dairé,
 a nzhébeann mar caid a beic zan fóir.

Ni zaol dam Fionn na Dairé,
 an Slanluad, na cain na b-Fianu;
 'rir rhuaz liom go fion a rathuil,
 do beic a z-carcaiu zan deoc zan bhad

Ma' r ionmuid leacra, a Shlanluad,
 bhad zac uair do éabairc da'n dír;
 do zéabaid é, an Dmaoizéantóir,
 a' r beic a nzhéara zan fóir a m-bhíis.

Ni iarruim a z-corgham an an éaz,
 na ó'n z-carcaiu a néim do luad;
 aéc amáin go b-fazaid an bhad,
 a Zhlye éial, do raib Slanluad.

Ni cúirfeadra Fionn 'na Dairé,
 go znod cum dair, an Dmaoizéantóir;
 d'féadain an b-fazaiun an Fhianu uile;
 go cruaid a nzhébeann mar aon laó.

Acá an Fhianu uile zan bhéaz,
 an láe go léir an lonz Fhionn;
 ir dearb liomra féin go beaéc,
 go b-fazaid fó zéar-rmaéc a liom.

- O. When Glanluadh took the drink,
 She soon assumed her usual countenance ;
 Both in her sway and true form,
 But Fionn in bonds she wailed in tears.
- “ Verily, it appears by thy countenance,
 O Glanluadh, truly,” saith Draoigheantoir ;
 “ That thou delightest not at Fionn and Daire
 Being in bonds as they are without relief.”
- “ Fionn and Daire are not akin to me,
 Saith Glanluadh, “ nor many of the Fianna,
 A nd truly I pity their like,
 To be in prison without drink, or food.”
- “ If it be pleasing to thee, O Glanluadh,
 To give food each hour to the two ;
 They shall [receive it],” saith Draoigheantoir,
 “ And their spells will lose their power.”
- “ I do not want to save them from death,
 Nor from the prison to set them free ;
 But only that they get food,
 O generous Ailne,” saith Glanluadh.
- “ I shall not put Fionn or Daire,
 Immediately to death,” saith Draoigheantoir ;
 “ To see if I could get all the Fianna,
 In firm bonds along with them.”
- “ All the Fianna are without doubt,
 Swiftly in search of Fionn ;
 I verily and candidly believe
 That I will have the most of them under my control.”

O. Do zóir Ailne ar Shlanluad,
 a3 zabaíl cuaird an Dóir óir ;
 ní naib reoir an-ba ailne,
 nar éarbadh eiré do'n niozair óis.

A Ailne ! ar Shlanluad éair,
 acá an dír ran z-carcair féis ;
 d'éarbadh na b-fleab ba zhat leó,
 do cáiteamh zac lé a z-cat 'ra ngléis.

Do nu3 Ailne a'r Shlanluad,
 bíad fó luadar do laéair Fhionn ;
 zur an z-carcair iona naib féin,
 a'r Dairne raon zan bris.

An ran éonarc Fionn a'r Dairne,
 an dír mha ailne úb a3 ceacé ;
 do fíleadar fíara deór zo dían,
 a3 caoirne na b-Fíann do beic tar lear.

Do beannuis Shlanluad d'Fhionn,
 do zóir zo dábac ar aiharc a zhaol ;
 níor labair Ailne focal ar bíe,
 níor éruaz léi a n-boéar mo ní3 !

Do cáitead le Fionn a'r le Dairne,
 an ríu, a Phadruis, deoc a'r bíad ;
 do zluair an dír ban ar lúe,
 a'r d'fázbadar dábac Fionn na b-Fíann !

D'fíarfíad díob Driaozearcóir,
 cá rabadar ar cuaird an dír ;
 do nóctadar do zur a b-rocair Fhionn,
 a'r Dhairne an zrínn le deoc a'r bíad.

O. Ailne called upon Glanluadh,
 To go and visit Dun-an-Oir,
 There was not a gem of the most precious kind there,
 That she did not timely show the young queen.

O Ailne, saith the gentle Glanluadh,
 The two are in the enchanted prison, [tomed,
 In want of the feasts to which they were accus-
 To have each day in battle and fight.

Ailne and Glanluadh brought,
 Food quickly into the presence of Fionn,
 To the prison in which he was,
 And Daire feeble without strength.

When Fionn and Daire saw
 Those two noble women approaching,
 They quickly shed floods of tears,
 Lamenting the Fians being far away.

Glanluadh saluted Fionn,
 And wept bitterly at seeing his face,
 Ailne did not utter a word,
 She pitied not my king in trouble.

Fionn and Daire partook then,
 O Patrick, of food and drink,
 The two women quickly went,
 And left Fionn of the Fianna in gloom.

Draoigheantoir enquired of them,
 Where had the two been on a visit ;
 They revealed to him that it was with Fionn,
 And the pleasant Daire, with food and drink

O. Գ'բարբաթ Պրաօջեանծօրն յիօծ,
 ցլոտար ձօ՞՞ք քար չրոտ Պայրե ?
 ձօ-րօճեաճար ձօ իջեալ չաղ չօ
 չօ իւր չրեանո՞՞նար և չ-քեճ ի և չ-ճալե.

Եւ ինչո՞ն կոտրա, ար Պրաօջեանծօրն,
 չօ չ-կարոտրոտ ան քեճ ի և չալ ինչ;
 աճա չօ ձարն, ար Չլանուած,
 ի՞նչ երեւո՞ւ և կաճ, ան ի քօր քաօրո.

Ձօ իրալ Պրաօջեանծօրն ձօ՞ն ճարճարն,
 ի և Պայրե ձօ կաճարն չօ երն թեան;
 ձօ ճալալն ի և ան ի քար ան ի քօր,
 չօ ի քօրոտն չօ ինչ ան ի և չրեանո.

Ձա ի-քեճօր ան ի քիան ի և ան ճալ,
 Եւ չրեան ան ի և քար ի և ձօ քեճ;
 քիքօրն ի և ի քօրն ի քար,
 ի և քեճ չօ ձարն, ի և ձօ չիք.

Տեյոն ձօրն ան ի քօրն ձօ քեճ ինչ,
 չօ ի-քարան ան ի քօրն ան ճալ ինչ;
 ի և չալ քարն, ի և ինչ ի քօրն և,
 և Քիքարն! ի և անճարն.

Որ ի-քարն ի և ի-քօրն ի քօրն քեճ,
 և Պրաօջեանծօրն ար Պայրե ինչ;
 աճարն ի և ի քօրն ի և ի քարն ի քարն,
 ձօ՞ չար և ի քօրն ի քօրն.

Տօջարն ի քօրն ի քօրն ձօ չար,
 չօ ի քօրն ի քար ի քօրն քեճ ինչ,
 ի և ի քօրն ի քօրն և ի-քօրն ի քարն,
 ի և ի քօրն և ի քօրն ի քարն ձօ ի քօրն.

O. Draoigheantoir enquired of them,
 How it was that Daire was an agreeable man?
 They related to him truly,
 That he was pleasant by fame and song.

“It would be my desire,” saith Draoigheantoir,
 “To hear the music if it be melodious,”
 “Truly it is,” saith Glantheadh,
 “’Tis no lie to say so, and sweet withal.”

Draoigheantoir went towards the dungeon,
 And to Daire spoke fiercely and harshly,
 “I have heard it said, and cannot tell if true,
 That thou art a sweet and pleasant player.”

“Had all the Fianna been with me,
 My tunes would be their joy and delight;
 But I believe that thou canst not relish,
 My music, indeed, nor my voice.”

“Play for us now a melodious tune,
 Till we ascertain if this report be true,
 If thy notes are harsh, they are not sweet to me,
 O Patrick! this was what he said.

“I am not in a playing mood,
 O Draoigheantoir,” saith tuneful Daire;
 “I am stricken, feeble, weak and sad,
 From thy spells which overpowered my joy.”

“I will release thee from the power of my spells,
 Till thou play for us a melodious tune,
 If it be sweet in note and sound,
 I shall not see in bonds a man like thee.”

O. Ní éioḃfáḃ líom feinnim zo buac,
 an faiciriu Fhionn a nglaraib daon,
 ir doilze líom é fein gan Fhianu,
 ba fleadaḃ éial, na mé fein !

Tóḃfabra buac na ngeara d'Fhionn,
 a' r feinn dáinn a Dháine an zriun,
 ma' r binn líom fuaim do méar,
 ir amlaib ir róḃaile fearca a m-briḃ.

Do éuin Dhaoiḃeanḃóir a neam-m-briḃ,
 geara Fhionn a' r Dháine fuairc ;
 do éuz dóib buac zur deoc,
 a' r do feinn Dháine zan loct, binn fuaim.

Do éairiḃ le Dhaoiḃeanḃóir zo mór,
 mar do feinnead an ceól le Dháine,
 do zairm do'n éarcair Zlanluad,
 az éirceact le fuaircear ceóil Dháine !

Do éairiḃ le Zlanluad a' r le Zilne,
 an ceól do feinn Dháine zo binn ;
 ba zneann adbal le Zlanluad,
 nac b-facac a ngruaim mar bí.

Ba lúczair líom an Dhaoiḃeanḃóir,
 Fionn zo fóil fóm' rmaect ó ca ;
 cia b'é and do'n domhan a b-fuilid,
 a flóizce uple do beir na dáil.

Zac crioc, zac and, a' r zac iac,
 zac tuair d'an ériall do'n Fheinn ;
 an lonz Fhionn azur Dháine,
 ir an leirz reo éanḃadar taob ne taob.

O. I can never think of playing,
 While I see Fionn in firm bonds ;
 I grieve more for him and the Fianna,
 Who were hospitable and generous, than for myself."

" I will remove from Fionn the power of the spells,
 And play for us, O pleasant Daire ;
 If the touch of thy fingers be sweet to me,
 Evermore it will be more delightful."

Draoigheantoir weakened the spells,
 Which bound Fionn and pleasant Daire,
 He gave them food and drink,
 And Daire, faultless, played a sweet tune.

It greatly pleased Draoigheantoir,
 How Daire played the music ;
 He called to the dungeon Glanluadh,
 To listen to the sweetness of Daire's strains.

Glanluadh and Ailne were much pleased,
 With the music played melodiously by Daire,
 Glanluadh was overjoyed,
 At not seeing their gloom as it had been.

" It would be delightful to me," saith Draoigheantoir ;
 " As Fionn is still under my control,
 Whatever quarter of the world his hosts are in,
 They should be now with him."

Every land, country and island,
 Every district in which the Fianna sojourned,
 In quest of Fionn and Daire,
 On this plain they met side by side.

O. Do bi Daine a3 feynny zo bynn,
 fō'n am 'nar tēade do'n Fhēynn ūo;
 fō leyn lēt a3ur nyne,
 a b-fo3ar, Uē! eiz rīad é3aīny.

Ay tan do cūalaīb an Fhīann,
 an bynn cōel dīan ran Dhaine;
 nī fada do h-ēyrcead lēd,
 an tan ba 3lēd a n3ut 3arēa.

Ay tan do cūalaīb Dhaoi3eancoīn,
 an uai3l 3lōr rīn na Fēynne;
 do cūin a 3eara a n-bua3 bī33,
 a n-baīl na dīre ne cōyle.

Do balbuī3ead an cōel ne Daine,
 a'r an Fhīann a3 uai3l-3arēa zo lom,
 nīor b-pada zo 3-cualawar foēram,
 fuai3n an fōdaīn nār 3aīn conn.

Nī naīb neac do fluaī3te Fhīnn
 nār tūrc 3an nōīll a nēalaīb baīr;
 an tan do cūinnead le Dhaoi3eancoīn,
 a 3eara fā bīōn na n-baīl!

Tāīnī3 Dhaoi3eancoīn a'r Aīlne,
 ama3 fā t-rān zo dlūt;
 nīor fā3badaīn neac do'n Fhēynn,
 nār tū3adaīn le cōyle do'n Dūīn.

A dūdaīn Dhaoi3eancoīn zo boīb,
 an tan fuai3n fā na cōēram fōd;
 ō'r dībīre uīle fōn' rīma3t,
 īr deaīb zo 3-cuīr3ead rīb ōm' nīan.

O. Daire was melodiously playing,
 At the time that the Fianna arrived ;
 In bounds of agility and joy,
 Near to us, Alas ! they come.

When the Fianna heard,
 The high-sounding melodious strains of Daire
 'Twas not long they listened,
 When their joys ended in battle.

When Draoigheantoir heard,
 The loud shouts of the Fianna,
 He put his spells in full rigour
 On the two together.

Daire's music became dull,
 And the Fianna vociferating sadly,
 'Twas not long till they heard a hoarse murmur,
 Accompanied by a noise like the roar of waves.

There was not one of the host of Fionn,
 That did not fall at once in the sleep of death ;
 When Draoigheantoir did put in focre
 His spells in sorrow among them.

Draoigheantoir and Ailne came forth,
 From their repose quietly,
 They left not one of the Fianna,
 That they did not bring together to the Dun.

Draoigheantoir vehemently said,
 When he had them in his power,
 " Now that you are all under my control,
 Truly I'll put you out of my way."

O. Níon fáḡ fear ar lúe díob,
 nár ceanḡail fō cúibneac éruaib;
 do éuir ran ḡ-carcair iad ḡan éairde,
 a b-foḡair Dháine a' r Fhionn na n-duair.

Au ran do éonraire Fionn a' r Dáine,
 au Fhianu aḡ ceacé lairneac do'n ḡ-carcair;
 do síleabar ḡo dían firaḡa deoir,
 'ran Fhianu le céile dá b-fneazair.

D'fáḡ Dhaoiḡeanḡoir rion uile,
 faoi ḡearaib na b-taile 'nár n-dail;
 ran ḡ-carcair doiríu uó fō rúdar,
 ba realad dúinn a ḡ-ruaḡ-éar.

A Dhaoiḡeanḡoir, ar Slanluad,
 ó' r dam féin a nḡair fō rmaéc;
 ma éairíḡ leac ceól Dháine,
 a feiríuim dúinn traéc ba máicé.

Má' r mian leatḡa, a Shlanluad,
 ceól bion ruairic, ar Dhaoiḡeanḡoir;
 ir éirḡan do Dháine a feiríuim dúinn;
 a' r fōr d'Fhionn, a' r dá fluaḡ.

Tháiríḡ Dhaoiḡeanḡoir do'n éarcair,
 Ailne éaoin énearḡa a' r Slanluad;
 rionne fō ḡearaib a' r fō cúibneac,
 ir doirḡ linn a beicé dá luad.

Seiríuim dam ḡo bion, ar Dhaoiḡeanḡoir,
 a Dháine, do ceól ruairic na b-Fianu;
 ir ioníuim le Slanluad éaoin,
 a' r le Ailne an ḡrion feiríuim ḡliad.

O. He left none of them,
 That he did not bind in hard fetters ;
 He sent them to the dungeon without delay,
 Along with Daire and Fionn of the gems.

When Fionn and Daire saw
 The Fianna approaching the dungeon ;
 They freely shed floods of tears,
 And all the Fianna did the same.

Draoigheantoir left us all
 Suffering under many spells ;
 In that deep dungeon in grief,
 We were awhile in sadness.

“O Draoigheantoir,” saith Glanluadh,
 “As I am a captive in bonds,
 If thou appreciate the music of Daire,
 ’Twould be well we heard it now.”

“If thou desirest, O Glanluadh,
 Melodious sweet music,” saith Draoigheantoir,
 “Daire must play for us,
 And also for Fionn and his hosts.”

Draoigheantoir came to the dungeon
 With the gentle mild Ailne and Glanluadh ;
 We being bound by spells and fetters—
 Sad it is to have to tell.

“Play for me sweetly,” saith Draoigheantoir,
 “O Daire, the sweet music of the Fianna,
 ’Tis delightful to Glanluadh the mild,
 And the pleasant Ailne, the song of battle.”

O. If weath-fuaric acawre, ar Daine,
 cum reynny an orae ro ne znean;
 a'r Fionn 'ra flidze zo duaric,
 fo zearab a'r cmaab-ymaet cean!

Cuirfead mo zeara a wein m-briqz,
 do' daire arif ar Dmaoizgeantoir;
 no zo reynntear leat zo byn d'nyon,
 do ceol cuna a'r do carynne zled!

Nion reynntear niam ceol byn,
 ar Daine ne Dmaoizgeantoir;
 an can if doiliz do'n Fhionn;
 if zhae liom feyn baie doiliz led.

Cuirfeadra a wein m-briqz zeara Fhionn,
 zo reynntear leat zo byn d'nyon ceol;
 fuizfead caea na b-Fhianu,
 'rha zearab zo dian ra tobroy!

Ni feadraynne, do niae Daine,
 reynny zo'brae cead byn fuaric;
 a Dmaoizgeantoir, cuiz zo replem,
 da m-beib don fear do'n Fhionn fea duaric.

Do cuir Dmaoizgeantoir a wein m-briqz,
 na zeara o daid Fhionn a'r a flidz;
 no zur reynntead le Daine an znyon,
 zué cead byn a'r zair fuaric.

Do caryniz ne Dmaoizgeantoir,
 rōzar byn an ceol riu Dhaime;
 do feyn an riu a cunaab feyn,
 a'r cunaab na Fhionne da laear.

O. "Disagreeable it is to me," saith Daire,
 To play this time with pleasure,
 And Fionn and his hosts in sadness,
 Under spells and harsh control."

"I will lessen my spells
 On thee again," saith Draoigheantoir ;
 "That thou may sweetly play for us,
 Strains of sorrow and battle song."

"I never played sweet music,"
 Saith Daire to Draoigheantoir ;
 "Whilst the Fianna are in sadness,
 It is usual with me to be sad too."

"I will lessen the power of the spells on Fionn,
 That you may sweetly play for us,
 I will leave the Finnian hosts
 Under the severe spells in gloom.

"I could not," saith Daire,
 "Ever play a sweet-sounding chord,
 O Draoigheantoir, understand clearly,
 If any of the Fianna be in gloom."

Draoigheantoir lessened the spells,
 On Fionn and his hosts,
 Until the pleasant Daire played,
 The voice of sweet chords and clamorous outcry.

Draoigheantoir was well pleased,
 With the melodious power of Daire's music,
 He then sung his own wail,
 And the grief of the Fianna in their presence.

O. 21 **Գ** ԳՆԻՆԵ ԱՊՊ ԲԻՆ ՊՐԱՈՒՅԵԱՆԵՐՈՒՐ,
 ՆԱՐ Ե-ԲԱԾԱ ԾՅԻՆ ԾՕ՛Ն ԲՆԻՅՈՒ
 ՅՕ Ե-ԲԱՅԾԱՈՒՐ ԱՆԼԵ ԼԵ ՇՅԼԵ,
 ԱՅՆԵ ՅԱՊ ԵՐԵԱՅ ԱՐ ԱՊ ԵԱՅ !

ՊՕ ԵՃՅԵԱՊԱՐՈՒՆԵ ԱՆԼԵ ԱՊ ԲԻՅԱՊ,
 ԱՎԻԼ ԶԱՐ ԾԻԱՊ-ՇԱՈՒ ԱՅԱՐ ԾԵՐՆ ;
 ԱՊ ԵԱՊ Ա ԳՆԻՆԵ ՊՐԱՈՒՅԵԱՆԵՐՈՒՐ,
 ՆԱՐ Ե-ԲԱԾԱ ԾՅԻՆ ՅԱՊ ԱՅՆԵ ԱՐ ԱՊ ԵԱՅ .

ԲՕ՛Ն ԱՊ ԲԻՆ ԾՕ ԲԵՐՈՒՆԵԱԾ ԼԵ ՊԱՐՈՒ,
 ՇԵԸ ԱՎԻԼ-ԶԱՐԵՒԱ Ա՛Ր ԵՐՈՄ ՇԱՈՒ ;
 ՆՅՈՐ Ե-ԲԱԾԱ ՅՕ Ծ-ԵԱՊՈՒՅ ԲԱՊ ԾՈՐԱՐ,
 ՊՐԱՈՒՅԵԱՆԵՐՈՒՐ ՅՕ ԾՈՐԵ ԱՊ-ՇԱՈՒՆ .

ՊՕ Խ-ՕՐՅԼԱԾ ԲԱՐ ԱՊ ԾՈՐԱՐ ԱԾ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՈԲ՛ ԱՅԻՆԵԱԾ ԼՅՈՄ Ա ՇԵԱԾԵ ԱՐԵԱԾ ;
 Ծ՛ՔԵԱԾ ԲՅՈՒՊ ԱՐ ՅՕ ԼԱՊ ԵՐԱԱՅ,
 Ա՛Ր ՆՅՈՐ ԾՈՒԼԻՅ ԼԵՐ ԶՐԱԱՐՄ ՆԱ Ե-ԲԵԱՐ !

ՊՕ ԾՈՆՈՒՐՈՒ ԲՅՈՒՊ ԱՅ ԲԼԵ ԲՅՈՐ,
 ԼԵ ՆԱ ԶՐԱԱԾ ԵԱ ԶՆԱՈՒ ԼԱՊ Ծ՛ՔՈԼԱ ;
 Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ԵԱՅՆՈՒՅ ԼԵՐ ԱՊ Ե-ԱՊՈՒՐ Ծ՛ՔԱՅԱԼ,
 ԵՐԻ ԵՐԱՈՒՊ Ա ԵԱՊ-ՐԱՅԵ ԾԵԱՐՅ ՔՈԼԱ .

ՊՕ ԾՈՆՈՒՐՈՒ ԱՊ ԲԻՅԱՊ ԱՆԼԵ ԻԱԾ,
 ԱՅ ԲԱԵ ՅՕ ԾԻԱՊ ՈՒ Խ-ԱՐ Ա ԶՐԱԱԾ ;
 ԱԾԵ ԱՊՈՒՊ ԱՊ ԾՐԵԱՊ ԾՕ ԿԱՆԼԵԱԾ,
 ԾՕ ԵՐԻՅ ՆԱ ՆՅԵԱՐԱ ԲԱՊ Զ-ԿԱՐԿԱՐ ԵՐԱԱԾ .

ՆՅՈՐ ԲԵՐՈՒՆԵԱԾ ՆՅՈՐ ՈՃ ՈՒ ՊԱՐՈՒ,
 ԱՊ ԵԱՊ ԵԱՊՈՒՅ ՊՐԱՈՒՅԵԱՆԵՐՈՒՐ ;
 ՅՕ Պ-ԳՆԻՆԵ ԲՅՈՒՊ ԼԵՐ ԱՐԻՐ,
 ԲԵՐՈՒՊ ՅՕ ԵՐՈՊ ՅԱՊ ՇԵԱԾ ԾՅԻՆ .

O. Draoigheantoir then said,
 That ere long the Fianna
 Would all together,
 Be entirely put to death.

We, the Fianna, all raised
 A fierce wail, and wept in tears,
 When Draoigheantoir said,
 That they would soon meet death.

At that time Daire played
 Strains of loud lament and heavy wailing,
 'Twas not long till approached the door,
 Draoigheantoir fiercely and uncouthly.

The door was opened by him,
 And sorrowful to me was his entering,
 Fionn mournfully gazed at him,
 And he pitied not the grief of the men.

I saw Fionn dropping tears
 Down his face full of blood ;
 And he was glad to have the view
 Of three drops of trickling red blood.

The Fianna all beheld them
 Flowing swiftly on his face ;
 Save only those who were killed
 By the power of the spells in the close dungeon.

Daire played no more,
 When Draoigheantoir came ;
 Till Fionn said to him again,
 " Play sweetly without their leave."

O. Do թօրո Փայռ ար շորայրև Քիտո,
 ան քով յօ քեան հոս քօ'ն Քիտո;
 քօ ձան քարն Պրաօյշառքօր,
 ր յայրն յար քիտ քօ ար քօ.

Do քնան րր ան քարայր յար,
 յօ րոմ քարջան ար ան քօ'ր;
 քօ'ր քարն քար քօ'ր ար քարն,
 քար ք քարն Տրախան քօ'ր Արև քօրն,

Ոյ քարն Լօճարն քօ յօ'ն քօ'ր,
 քօ'ր քարն յօ քօ'ր քարն ձան քօ,
 քօ'ր քարն Տրախան քօ'ր Արև քօ,
 քարն քօ'ր քօ'ր քարն ձան քօ քօ.

Do քարն յօ քօ'ր քօ'ր,
 ար Լօճարն քօ յօ'ն քօ'ր,
 քօ'ր քարն քօ քօ յօ'ն քօ,
 քօ յարն ար քօ յօ քարն քօ.

Քօ քարն, ք Լօճարն, ար քարն,
 ար Պրաօյշառքօր յօ յարն քօ;
 ր քարն քօ քօ'ր քարն քօ քօ,
 յար քարն քօ քօ քօ քօ յօ քարն!

Do քարն քօ Լօճարն յար քօ,
 քարն ք քարն քօ քօ յարն քօ;
 քօ քարն քօ քօ'ր քօ քօ,
 քօ'ր քօ'ր քօ յարն քօ քօ յարն!

Do քօ քօ'ր քօ քօ'ր քօ,
 քօ քօ'ր քօ քօ քօ քօ քօ;
 քօ քօ'րն քօ Պրաօյշառքօր քօ,
 յօ քօ քօ քօ քօ քօ քօ.

- O. Daire played on the advice of Fionn,
 The sweet-string music for the Fianna,
 Draoigheantoir became angry,
 "Ye shall soon suffer sorrow," said he.

He closed the door of the spell-bound prison,
 Firm and strong on the Fianna,
 And he returned again,
 To where Ghanluadh and mild Ailne were.

Lobharan was not with them,
 He enquired loudly whither he had gone,
 Ghanluadh and Ailne told him,
 That they knew not where the hero went.

He roared fiercely and vehemently,
 For Lobharan in the hearing of the Fianna ;
 Who answered from a nook of the Dun,
 And ran swiftly till he met him.

"Where wast thou, O Lobharan, on a visit?"
 Saith Draoigheantoir sullen and fierce ;
 "I apprehend from thy going apart,
 That it is thy desire to have me powerless."

Lobharan went quickly with him,
 Where we were in firm bonds,
 He laid his spells upon him,
 And left him in the dungeon in gloom.

There were before him in the pangs of death,
 One hundred and three Fenian chiefs,
 Draoigheantoir did cut off
 Quickly their heads, without untruth.

O. Do bí a3 ceacht éum Chonaín mhaoil,
 a' r a lann líonca na d'óid go ceann;
 ca b-fuil do ériall, a Dhraoiḡeanḡóir,
 fan go fóil, na d'ean orin feall?

Do bí Dhraoiḡeanḡóir faoi ḡarb éirce,
 a' r a lann zan córḡ ór cionn Chonaín,
 d'ériḡ aḡ fear maol do p'neab,
 a' r iall n'ion fan ar a f'uidéacán.

Córḡ do laim? ar Conán go truaḡ,
 ir leór d'uir mo ḡuar mar cáim;
 n' b-fuil dul aḡam d'ḡ d'as,
 na cuirri truaḡt'íḡil éum ḡnó d'air?

Do ériall Dhraoiḡeanḡóir uairn,
 fan ḡ-carcair fa ḡuar d'fás rion;
 doirḡ dob'íḡac laḡ-dúbac,
 zan n'íom, zan lúe, ar earbaíḡ ḡrionn.

Do labair Lobarán le Fhionn,
 a' r dúbairce go cionn, zan f'íor do éac;
 acá fan Dún leḡear ar n'geara,
 dá d-t'ḡead l'ion ceacht ar f'áḡail.

C'nead é r'ion? ar Fhionn na d-Fhann,
 do d'earfad n'ian ó ar n'geara d'íion;
 ir truaḡ zan é a'noir ar f'áḡail,
 a Lobarán ma cá ar bun fan Dún.

Aca ballan,¹ a Fhionn, fan Dún,
 do d'earfad d'íion lúe aḡur n'ian;
 dá m-b'íad r'é aḡuir a'noir,
 n'ion b-fada an ḡóim n'ar b-rian.

¹ ballan, i.e., a magic bowl or goblet.

O. He was approaching Conan the bald,
 And his polished lance firm in his hand,
 "Where art thou coming, O Draoigheantoir,
 Wait a while, deal not treacherously with me?"

Draoigheantoir was fiercely advancing,
 And his lance unopposed raised over Conan,
 The bald man rose in a bound,
 And a thong remained not on his seat.

"Stop thy hand," saith Conan pitifully,
 "Sufficient for thee is the danger that I am in,
 I cannot escape death,
 Do not send a miserable man suddenly to death."

Draoigheantoir departed from us,
 In the dungeon in danger he left us ;
 Gloomy, mournful and sad,
 Without sway, agility, or mirth.

Lobharan to Fionn spoke,
 And he said privately unknown to all ;
 "There is in the Dun the cure of our spells,
 If we could but find it."

"What is that?" saith Fionn of the Fianna,
 "That will release us from our spells ;
 Pity it is not now at hand,
 O Lobharan, if it be in the Dun."

"There is a bowl, O Fionn, in the Dun,
 That would give us agility and power,
 If we only had it now,
 The venom would not long increase our pain."

O. 2) Ե-բազարն էն, ար Բրոս,
 ար ballan նն, և Լոբարոն ձայնն ?
 Ե՛րբորբա՞ծ լինո՞ւնք որովք ձայնն,
 ո՞ր շ-սուարն էն Ե՛ն Լուսն և Երեւոյն ?

Ծո շուարն մե՞ ար Յանուսն,
 չար թոյր քի թոյր ար շուար ար Եստ ?
 Կ՛ր ծ՛րոյր ձայնն թոր տրո լուսն,
 չո Երեւոյն ձայնն թոյր Ե՛ն Լուսն ար Եստ ?

Որովք Ե-բազարն ձայնն ար Բրոս,
 Պրոսթորբոյն շո Ե-Երեւոյն, Ե՛ն Եստ ?
 և Լուսն ար Եստ շո Լուսնն Եստ,
 Եստ ար Բրոսն ար Եստ Ե՛ն Եստ ?

2) Բրոսն, Ե՛ն Եստ Պրոսթորբոյն,
 չեւար Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն ?
 ո՞ր Երեւոյն Ե՛ն Եստն ար Եստն,
 Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն !

Եստն ար Երեւոյն-Եստն Ե՛ն,
 ար Եստն, շո Երեւոյն Ե՛ն Եստն ;
 Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն,
 չո Երեւոյն Ե՛ն Եստն Ե՛ն Եստն ?

Ծո շուար Պրոսթորբոյն ար Երեւոյն,
 Կ՛ր Երեւոյն քի Երեւոյնն Ե՛ն Եստն ;
 Ե՛ն Եստն քի Երեւոյնն շո Երեւոյն,
 ար Երեւոյն ար Երեւոյն, Կ՛ր ար Երեւոյն !

Եստն Եստն, ար Պրոսթորբոյն,
 ար ballan նն ար Երեւոյն Երեւոյն ;
 ո՞ր շո Երեւոյնն շո Երեւոյն,
 ար Երեւոյնն Ե՛ն Երեւոյնն ?

O. "Hast thou seen," saith Fionn,
 "That bowl, O mild Lobbhann?
 That would release us now from bondage,
 Or hast thou heard its powers proclaimed?"

"I have heard, from Gleanbadh,
 That it saved herself from the pangs of death,
 And she told me also privately, [under."
 That it would cure each wound we are labouring

Not long were we thus,
 Till Draoigheantoir came to the dungeon;
 His lance in hand sharp and severe,
 To decapitate all the Fianna.

"O bald man," saith Draoigheantoir,
 Prepare thy large head and receive my blow;
 I will not leave one old or young of the Fianna,
 That I shall not now put to death."

"I am a poor sickly leper,"
 Saith Conan, sorrowfully, and gloomily;
 "Never put me to death,
 Till thou first heal my wounds."

Draoigheantoir called Ailne,
 And she came into our presence,
 She looked sorrowful, truly,
 On the Fenian host and upon Fionn.

"Give me," saith Draoigheantoir,
 "The golden bowl of the powerful spells;
 Till I heal the posterior wounds,
 Of that big bald man now in gloom."

O. Na leiſtir an fear maol úd, ar Ailne,
 n̄ pádar linn a éruab-ár,
 na tabair do cairde ar b̄t̄,
 na do'n Fhóinn aét a z-cuir cum bair?

Ní iarraim air mo cuir d'ḡ m-bar,
 a zeal Ailne, do maib Conan maol;
 aét aḡairn na beab am lobar,
 ar b-teaét dam éraoáb do'n éaz.

D'iméiz Ailne do zairb éioir,
 a'ḡ d'féac zo doét na diaiz ar Fhionn;
 n̄oir b-fada zo b-caiuis arir,
 a'ḡ crioceann do b̄ aice lan do élar̄.

Ceanzail é reo, a Dhráoizéan̄óir!
 do éóin an f̄ir maol úd;
 leiſtirfeab zan rpar zo'n a éraét,
 a'ḡ tabair an t-éaz dóib a'ḡ d'Fhionn.

Do zlac Dhráoizéan̄óir zan rpar,
 an crioceann, a'ḡ do éap do Chonan;
 do lean do d'ḡ la rin zur ériall,
 a'ḡ n̄ maib maib zan for-airim na dáil!

Na cuirte m̄re anoir cum bair,
 ar Conan zo clac, a Dhráoizéan̄óir;
 fanfad ab dáil ó ro ruar,
 mo b̄t̄céannad ba éruaz zan éóir!

A Dhráoizéan̄óir, ar Lobaran,
 ma'ḡ m̄an leac ar m-bar zo léir,
 ir leóir leac rin, mo rzeal éruaz,
 a'ḡ an fear maol duairc do fáorad d'ḡ éaz.

O. "Do not heal that bald man, saith Ailne,
 His hard case is no harm to us;
 Give him no time at all,
 Nor to the Fianna, but put them to death."

"I do not ask him to save me from death,
 O fair Ailne," saith Conan the bald,
 "But only that I shall not be a leper,
 When Death comes to hew me down."

Ailne left in great haste,
 And looked sorrowful at Fionn behind,
 'Twas not long till she returned again,
 And a skin she had with her full of feathers.

"Fasten this, O Draoigheantoir,
 To the scars of that bald man;
 'Twill quickly heal his wounds,
 And put them and Fionn to death."

Draoigheantoir took without delay,
 The skin and fitted it to Conan;
 It stuck to him ever after,
 And he never was without a nickname.

"Do not put me now to death,"
 Saith Conan feebly, to Draoigheantoir,
 "I will remain with thee from this time forward,
 Pity to behead me without cause!"

"O Draoigheantoir," saith Lobharan,
 "If thou desirest the death of us all,
 'Tis sufficient for thee, my sad tale,
 And the sullen bald man freed from death."

O. Nj dearnaf ceadz na weas,

Zairze 'na weas wj maeb' ero baerl,

Da brijz rin, a Dhraczeandorn,

Wj eulbe bne les anoir ano baer!

Nj eirpweadra cum baer zé,

a Chorain, do maeb' Dhraczeandorn;

a' r' heip' wé an eorndarl fean,

ar feab' do maeb' zan ceab' dorb'?

Do zluair Conan le Dhraczeandorn,

or an e-carrair ar feol low lúe;

njon feabab' do eioze zamb' lae,

zo nanzader eorn' zeara an Déiv.

Do zorn' Dhraczeandorn érae

ar Ehlavud a' r' an Ailve an éne;

eairiz Ehlavud wé low lúe,

a' r' Ailve do'n eun' 'na maeb' an bir.

D'innir Dhraczeandorn do na weas,

zo d-tuz leir Conan é fluae na b-ffian;

zo d-cóizfeab' brijz a gear é na baerl,

a' r' zo m-beip' wé eorndarl a' r' na rian.

Jr eazal liomra, a Dhraczeandorn,

an Ailve, zur ab' doberon a' r' zruir;

duire a' r' daimra zo la an érae,

Conan an eorndarl no baer' huan.

Cneab' jr eazal dúinn a' r' Ailve, an wé,

é'n b-fean maol do baer' nar' mbarl;

an eazla na weas an ire,

baer' huan na zóile man' éab'?

O. "I never practiced treachery or deceit,
 Valour or prowess was not in me found ;
 On that account, O Draoigheantoir,
 You ought not with them put me to death."

"I will not put thee to death,
 O Conan," saith Draoigheantoir,
 "Thou shalt remain with myself,
 Without their permission during your life."

Conan proceeded with Draoigheantoir,
 From the dungeon in quick pace ;
 They ceased not their hasty speed,
 Till they reached the magic spot in the Dun.

Draoigheantoir loudly called
 Glanluadh and pleasant Ailne ;
 Glanluadh and Ailne came in quick haste,
 To the place where the two were.

Draoigheantoir informed the women, [host ;
 That he brought with him Conan from the Finnian
 That he would free him from the spells,
 And would be with him always.

"I fear, O Draoigheantoir,"
 Saith Ailne, "that grief and danger
 Will be to you and me till judgment day,
 If Conan is to live with thee."

"What cause of fear have we, Ailne," saith he,
 "From the bald man being with us ?"
 "Fearing treachery," saith she,
 "Being in his heart like the rest."

O. Ní éabradra cairde do'n Fhéinn,
 zan aithe an an éag do éabairt dóib,
 an Drioiúgeantóir le Ailne féin,
 a'r n'í féidir le Conan a b-fóir.

Níon labair Conan focal nua,
 zo b-cuz Drioiúgeantóir na dear laim;
 an ballan úd na ngear a élaoid,
 zur éoz a m-briú zo riar ar a daí!

Fó'n am ríh do éualabar zo bhinn,
 ceól cúmh do feinn dóib Dairne;
 do zleat Drioiúgeantóir éuzairn,
 do'n éarcarí fó lúe zo danna.

Ní raib laoc do cácaib Fhinn,
 naé raib lom críon a z-crúe zne;
 zan lúe, zan eapa, zan treoirn,
 ó geara na z-clóduib ba érean.

Do dearmad Drioiúgeantóir,
 an ballan ónda az Conan;
 do ériall féin azur Flanluad,
 do'n éarcarí zo luait a z-combáil,

Créad do éoz, a fíu máoil,
 fó'n leanaí rínn, an Flanluad?
 zo b-fazairn amairc an an b-Féinn,
 le línn a n-éaz a'r a b-criall uairn.

Ca b-fuil an ballan, an Drioiúgeantóir?
 éuzar duir d'fóir do geara cruaib;
 d'fazbar é an Conan lan máol,
 mar a b-fuarar é rlan fó buad!

- O. "I shall not prolong the Fianna's time,
 Until I put them all to death,"
 Draoigheantoir saith to the gentle Ailne,
 "And Conan cannot relieve them."

Conan to them did not speak,
 Till Draoigheantoir placed in his right hand,
 That bowl which would undo the spells—
 Which suddenly released him from their power.

At that time they heard melodious
 Strains of sadness played for them by Daire ;
 Draoigheantoir came towards us,
 To the dungeon in haste haughtily.

There was not a hero of Fionn's battalions,
 Who was not lean and withered in appearance ;
 Without nimbleness, agility or discernment,
 From the effects of the severe spells on his person.

Draoigheantoir forgot
 The golden bowl with Conan ;
 He and Glanluadh went
 To the dungeon in haste together.

"What is the matter, O bald man,
 That thou hast followed us," saith Glanluadh,
 "To get a glance at the Fianna,
 At their death and departure from me."

"Where is the bowl," saith Draoigheantoir,
 "I gave thee to remove thy severe spells?"
 "I left it," saith Conan the bald,
 "Where I found it, full of power."

O. Do zluajr Dhr̄aoiz̄ean̄t̄ōjn uajon,
 Do žarb̄ ěpor̄t̄ ěruaj̄s̄ f̄ō lan̄ l̄uj̄t̄ ;
 njon̄ r̄tabad̄ lej̄r̄ zō raj̄nj̄z̄,
 an̄ cor̄n̄ nā raj̄s̄ ž̄r̄ej̄t̄nē an̄ D̄uj̄n̄.

D'f̄ōjn̄ Cor̄an̄ Or̄žur̄ a' r̄ F̄ion̄n̄,
 ō nā ž̄ear̄aj̄s̄ d̄l̄aj̄t̄ dō b̄j̄ 'nā n̄-baj̄l̄ ;
 r̄ul̄ f̄ō b̄-ěaj̄nj̄z̄ Dhr̄aoiz̄ean̄t̄ōjn̄,
 ěar̄ aj̄r̄ f̄ō f̄eol̄ ž̄an̄ f̄jor̄ an̄ ballaj̄n̄.

Do ž̄ab̄ Or̄žur̄ an̄ ballan̄ dō lajn̄,
 a' r̄ ā lajn̄ l̄j̄on̄ěā zō d̄anā nā d̄ōj̄b̄ ;
 a' r̄ njon̄ f̄ulaj̄nj̄z̄ ā ěeac̄t̄ dō'j̄ ěar̄ěaj̄n̄,
 an̄ F̄h̄ian̄n̄ ō nā n̄ž̄ear̄ā ž̄ur̄ f̄ōjn̄.

Do f̄ej̄n̄n̄ F̄ion̄n̄ an̄ Dor̄b̄ F̄h̄ian̄n̄ zō b̄j̄n̄n̄,
 a' r̄ D̄aj̄nē nē nā ěaob̄ f̄ō ž̄nean̄n̄ ;
 dō ž̄aj̄nead̄ar̄ an̄ F̄h̄ian̄n̄ ujl̄ē ōr̄an̄b̄,
 dō b̄oj̄b̄ ž̄uě̄ bā raj̄s̄t̄ē ěean̄n̄,

Do zluajr̄ Aj̄l̄nē a' r̄ Ž̄lan̄luab̄,
 dō ž̄arb̄ ěpor̄t̄ ěruaj̄s̄ dō'j̄ ěar̄ěaj̄n̄ ;
 ěā n̄ej̄m̄ āz̄ an̄ b̄-F̄ej̄n̄n̄ zō f̄jor̄,
 ā Aj̄l̄nē, an̄ Dhr̄aoiz̄ean̄t̄ōjn̄, zō dear̄b̄.

Do buaj̄l̄ Aj̄l̄nē nā b̄arā zō lom̄,
 a' r̄ dō labaj̄n̄ ā b̄-fož̄ar̄ n̄ar̄ ěaon̄n̄ ;
 ad̄ubaj̄n̄ē. Cor̄an̄ n̄ē ōr̄an̄b̄,
 ěuj̄r̄ ěruab̄-ěaj̄r̄ ěuj̄ž̄ab̄ āž̄ur̄ ěaol̄ !

Ā Dhr̄aoiz̄ean̄t̄ōjn̄, dō raj̄s̄ Or̄žur̄,
 nj̄ b̄-r̄ul̄ dō ěumar̄ f̄ear̄ěā an̄ an̄ b̄-F̄ej̄n̄n̄,
 dō ž̄ab̄ eaz̄lā āž̄ur̄ uam̄an̄ Aj̄l̄nē,
 a' r̄ dō ěuj̄t̄ ž̄an̄ r̄p̄ar̄ nj̄r̄ an̄ eaz̄ !

O. Draoigheantoir departed from us,
 In a brusque, rude manner and in full speed,
 He tarried not till he reached,
 The corner where the treasures of the Dun were.

Conan released Osgur and Fionn,
 From the close spells which on them lay,
 Before Draoigheantoir returned
 In haste back without the knowledge of the bowl.

Osgur took the bowl in charge,
 And his polished spear boldly in his fist;
 And he did not suffer his approach to the dungeon,
 Till the Fianna from their spells were released.

Fionn sounded the Dord Fhian melodiously,
 And Daire stood at his side in gladness;
 All the Fianna loudly shouted,
 In a fierce voice of defiant speech.

Ailne and Glanluadh went,
 In hasty quick walk to the dungeon,
 "The Fianna have their liberty truly,
 O Ailne," saith Draoigheantoir, "for certain."

Ailne wrung her hands in grief,
 And spoke in terms not gentle,
 Conan said to her aloud,
 "May you get cause of affliction and mourning!

"O Draoigheantoir," Osgur said,
 "The Fianna are no longer in thy power,"
 Fear and terror seized Ailne,
 And she at once fell dead.

O. Ta cumar na Fhionne zán zó,
 ar Dhraoižeantóirí, ornn ír fíor;
 a n-éiric mo zeara a' r a n-buað,
 cúir ó'n b-fear n-buairec a' r a veim-mbrí z

Ní b-fuil a zao dul ó'n éaz anoir,
 a Dhraoi ba zlic ar Orzuir aíz,
 do zeadairí cómriac aon lámha,
 zán ceiz ad éail ó fluaizicib Fhionn?

Níor labair le h-Orzuir tréan,
 do zlac a lann zearí na éear óóib;
 zuir fiafriaíó Orzuir do'n daria feacé,
 an aihuil ír maic leac, a Dhraoižeantóirí.

Ír aihlaíó, zo éearb, ar an Dhraoi,
 éearra cnuaid-zhíóim zlac laim;
 do zác aon fear do'n Fhéinn,
 zuir tuicim dam féin no óóib na b-táin.

Do zluair an Fhianh amac,
 ar an z-carcairí 'nar feal óóib dúbac;
 do bí Ailhe zán anam na rí zé,
 azur zlanluad az caoi ró púdar!

Cnéad ró do éarlaíó d'Ailhe an zhínn,
 ar Orzuir do zlóir éaon lan n-buað;
 do fuairí rí aicne ar an éaz,
 ar Conán, a' r ní r zéal cnuaz!

Do bí a lann líomta na óóib,
 az Dhraoižeantóirí ar an n-borur;
 az feiteam ar Chonán amearz éacé,
 cum a cúir cum baír a zán fíor.

O. "The Finnian sway prevail, no doubt,
Over me," saith Draoigheantoir ;
"In retribution for my spells and their effect,
Having been taken off the sullen man, and made
powerless."

"Thou canst not now escape death,
O crafty Draoi," saith noble Osgur,
"Thou shalt get single-handed combat,* [Fionn]."
Without malice towards thee from the hosts of

He spoke not to the brave Osgur,
But took his sharp sword in his right hand ;
Till Osgur asked a second time,
"Is this what you desire, O Draoigheantoir."

"It is, certainly," said the Draoi,
"I shall try the valour of hardy hands,
With each man of the Fianna,
Till I fall myself, or they [fall] in numbers."

The Fianna went forth [sadness ;
From the dungeon where they were for a time in
Ailne was without life on their way,
And Glanluadh weeping in sorrow.

"What befel the pleasant Ailne?"
Saith Osgur in vigorous mild tones ;
"She was made acquainted with death,"
Saith Conan, "and 'tis not a sad tale."

His polished sword was in the hand
Of Draoigheantoir at the door,
Waiting for Conan amidst them all,
To put him to death privately.

* I.e. Single combat.

O. Փօ ճօղոյաբ օրջսր Պրօսլէօստօր,
 ա՛ր ա լոյս նա ծծի՞ն ա բարնլ շա՛ն ;
 ածնձայր ըր նա ի՞ն ծա լաճ,
 չօ ըօլճօստօր շարնձ ա՛ն ճա՛ն .

Ոյօր լաձար լեյր Պրօսլէօստօր,
 ա՛ր ոյօր բա՛ն ա՛ն բծօ՛նա ըա ըա ըա,
 չօ Ե-բարն աղար շա Շօղոյ ըաճ,
 չօ Ե-սոյ աղար-ձօրն ա՛ր ա ծիճօստօր .

Ոյ ըալոյն ա՛ն լոյս ա՛ն բար ըաճ,
 ծօ ըալոյ չօ տրօն ա՛ր օրջսր ալն ;
 ծ՛յօղոյալն օրջսր Պրօսլէօստօր,
 ա՛ր սոյ չա՛ն չօ ծօ ալոյն ա՛ն ձար .

Փօ ճարտարն սլե ա՛ն Բիլոյն,
 ծօճ ա՛ր իլաճ ըա՛ն Պն չօ ընձ ;
 ա՛ր նա ըա՛րաճ շար ծիր ա՛ր բարն,
 ոյ ըալն ա՛նսոյն շարսրճալ ա՛ն Պն .

Փօ ի՞ն սոյն ծօ իրնն նա ոյարա նծ,
 ա Քիճոյն ! ձար լոյն, ա ո-ձալ նա Ե-Բիլոյն
 ծ՛ն լա նծ չօ լա ա ո-ձար,
 իր լեյր շարտար տրաճ ա՛ր ոյ լե Պն !

P. Ոաճ աձարն շն չօ ըաձաձար ծօճ,
 շար ծիր լոյն նա ոյարա նծ ;
 ծա իրնն ըր իր շարտաճ ա՛ն ըաձոյնն,
 չսր շարտարն լե Պն նա ո-ձն !

O. Եր թ ա ծիրն ըն լեա, ա Քիճոյն,
 նա ըաձաձար ծ՛ն Ե-տրալն նծ տրօն ;
 ա Յ-շաճ նա ոյոյոն նա լոյն,
 իր թ ճալոյն ա Ե-տարն ա՛ր ոյ ո-ճ ըաճ Պն .

- O. Osgur saw Draoigheantoir
 With his sword in hand as if for battle ;
 He said to him, " do not be boasting
 Till we reach the place of battle."

Draoigheantoir did not speak to him,
 And did not leave the spot on which he stood,
 Until he saw Conan the bald,
 And made a treacherous blow to behead him.

The sword did not reach the bald man,
 He called loudly to noble Osgur ;
 Osgur attacked Draoigheantoir,
 And without doubt made him taste of death.

We, the Fenians, all partook
 Of food and drink jovially in the Dun ;
 On the morrow after our repose
 We had no trace of the Dun.

There were some on account of those spells,
 O Patrick, I apprehend, among the Fianna ;
 From that day till the day of their death
 Who fell by him, and not by God.

- P. Hast not thou said that they were alive
 After those magic spells ;
 Therefore the evidence is conclusive
 That they fell by God [the ruler] of the firmaments !

- O. What I say to thee, O Patrick is,
 That they were not from that time forth
 Strong in battle, or in feats of arms, [Son of God.
 And 'twas it that enfeebled their might, and not the

- P. Na bí fearca a3 luad na b-Fianh,
 a3c zoir ar Dhia, a 3rion t-reandoir;
 'noir ma' r mian leac dul da Dhún,
 zoir air 3úgab zac am do' h ló.
- O. Ma zeallann tú dam zan zó,
 cniall liom zo fóil da Dhún rúo;
 n'í beid mé a luad ar an b-Féinn,
 zo b-tigean a raon tar air fó lúo.
- P. Ma' r cniall do' h Dún úo dúinn,
 a3 aihanc ar zúir n'í3 na nznar;
 a Oirion! ionrim duit zo h-air,
 nac fillfeam tar air zo b'rao.
- O. An tan do 3niallfaim an rúo,
 a Phadrui3! fúige a bur an 3lian;
 a' r iann ar Dhia na mór fearc,
 fíof do 3uir ar 3eac3 na b-Fianh.
- P. Na cluinnim tú fearca da luad,
 ar im3eac3aib fluaige Fhinn;
 ná a3 im3ain ar Dhia na nznar,
 a' r 3irtfí3 f3 3raic ned' zúibe.
- O. An 3irtfí3 f3 nem' zúibe zlóo.
 Fíonn a' r a flóige 3eac3 da Dhún;
 ma 3eantair liom a néin f3in,
 a' r do néin, mar an z-3eabha, zo cniall dúinn.
- P. 3irtfí3 f3 leac ar 3eana3 a néin,
 a' r molfad tú f3in zup bí an 3iall ir fearn;
 n'í beid onr earbad ná brón,
 a3 caiceam na zlóine a h-Dún Dhé.

- P. Do not again of the Fianna speak,
 But call on God, O withered old man ;
 If it be now thy desire to go to his mansion,
 Call on him every hour of the day.
- O. If thou promise me without falsehood,
 To come with me for a while to his Dun ;
 I shall not be talking of the Fianna
 Till we both return in strength.
- P. If to that Dun we go,
 To behold the countenance of the King of Grace,
 O Oisín, I tell thee candidly
 That we shall never return.
- O. When we shall proceed there,
 O Patrick, leave the clerics here,
 And implore of the most powerful God
 To send for the Fianna.
- P. Let me not hear thee again proclaim
 The progress of the hosts of Fionn,
 Or the reviling of the God of Grace,
 And he will timely hear thy prayer.
- O. Will he listen to my prayerful voice
 That Fionn and his hosts may come to his Dun,
 If I perform his will,
 And thine likewise, till we go there.
- P. He will listen to you on following his ways,
 And thyself shall see that it is the wisest thing ;
 Thou shalt not be in grief or want
 Enjoying glory in the house of God.

- O. Jannaime ar Dhia ar b-túr,
 ful nó macab da Dhán le ceann;
 plúime éur éúgam do'n arán,
 can zabaír, a Phadruis! anoir uaim?

SEILS SHLEANNNA AN SMÓIL,

nó

EAICHTRA NA SHNÁ SHOJRE TÁR LEAR.

PAD. OJSJN ir bhinn liom do béal,
 a3 inuifin rzeal a3ur duain;
 ar zac ar-d-flaite bí ran b-Féinn,
 do beinneab béim ann zac ceim eúuaid.

OIR. La da madamaí Oifin a'r Fionn,
 a'r Fearuzur bhinn a mac féin;
 Orzur fuilceac, Diarmuid bonn,
 Conan maol a'r cuille do'n b-Féinn.

A3 eúuail cum feilze maidean ceóbac,
 zo Sleann an Smóil¹ ne ar n-zabaír zo moó;
 dar do laimre, a Chléiriz éóir,
 ba mhó ar n-bóccar ar luabar ar z-con.

¹ Sleann an Smóil, i.e. *The Valley of the Thrush*. The scene of this poem is generally supposed to be the valley in which the Dodder flows, which rises at the Kippure mountains, passing through the far-famed Donnybrook, now immortalised by the Rev. B. H. Blacker, in his recent interesting work, entitled *Brief Sketches of Booterstown and Donnybrook* (Dub. 1861), and emptying itself into the bay of Dublin at Ringsend. A writer in the *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society* (see Vol. I., p. 357), attempts to prove that Gleann an Smoil is the name of a district near Sliabh-na-m-Ban in the county of Tipperary; but in a prose account of the poem in MS. in the

O. I ask of God; first,
 Before I go to his mansion with earnestness,
 To send me abundance of bread,
 Where art thou gone, O Patrick, now from me.

THE CHASE OF GLEANN AN SMOIL,

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GIANTESS WHO CROSSED THE SEA.

PAT. OISIN, sweet are thy lips to me,
 Reciting tales and poems ;
 About each chieftain of the Fianna,
 Who dealt blows in fierce conflict.

OIS. One day that we were, Oisin and Fionn,
 And sweet Fergus his own son,
 Osgur of the battles, and Diarmuid Donn,
 Conan the bald, and more of the Fianna,

Going to the chase on a misty morning,
 To Gleann an Smoil early with our hounds,
 By thy hand, O Just Cleric,
 Great were our hopes in the fleetness of our dogs.

Library of Trinity College, Dublin, the scene is laid in Cualann, which originally comprised all the region traversed by the river Dodder.

In an unfinished work, entitled, *The Introduction to an Universal Irish Grammar*, &c. printed (although without place or date) at Carrick-on-Suir, by one Stacey about the year 1800, and now excessively rare, an imperfect copy of this poem is given in the Roman character; and it also contains a portion of another poem, written dialogue-wise, by William Meagher of Nine-mile House, county Tipperary, an excellent Irish Scholar, on a sow that destroyed his collection of Irish MSS.

- O. Do bġ Szeólan a'ŕ Brian an eġll,
 aʒ Fġonh nêġb ġona dóġb ;
 do bġ a cú aʒ ʒac ġ-duġne do'ġ Fhêġnġ,
 a'ŕ an ġʒadair bêġl-bġnġ aʒ déanad cedġl.
- Do ʒluarfeamar cum tulca! óŕ cġonh ʒleanna,
 mar an b'aoġbġnġ duġlleabar an cġraġnġ aʒ far ;
 bġ éanġarġŕ ŕuarġc aʒ ceġleabar anġ,
 'ŕan cúac ʒo cedġl-bġnġ anġ ʒac arġb.
- Do léġ a nabamar anġ do'ġ Fhêġnġ,
 an ʒ-conarġc luarġ léġnġeac ŕaoġ'ġ ġʒleannġ
 do ŕʒaoġl Fġonh a da ʒadar déaʒ,
 a'ŕ ba bġnġe ġnġ na téada a ġʒlam.
- Dúġŕtear leó an eġġc ġáol,
 ba ʒġle a taob ġa eala an ġnġ;
 an taob eġle óġ an óac an ʒuarġl,
 a'ŕ ba luarġe ġ na ŕeabac an coġll !
- Do ŕʒaoġl ʒac ġ-duġne 'ʒuġnġ a cú da h-éġll,
 a'ŕ do ŕʒaoġl Fġonh ŕêġn Brian ;
 ó'ġmġéġeabar ar an ġ-amarġc ʒo léġn,
 a'ŕ ba déaʒ an ġʒaoġl teacġ na ġʒar !
- ġŕ mór an t-ġonʒnad do ġnġ an ġġʒ,
 do'ġ eġġc ġáoġl ŕa na luar ;
 le ġar ŕáruġʒ marġtear con na ʒ-cġġóó,
 a'ŕ Brian, ġuarġ ġar léġŕ ŕeġġŕ uarġó.
- O ġóó marġne ba ġór an ŕadac,
 do lean ʒo dġan an eġġc luarġe ;
 ʒo ó-tarġġŕ oġruġnġ duġ na h-oġóóe,
 a'ŕ ġac ŕacamar ʒadar 'na cú.

¹ Tulca, the genitive singular form of the word Tulac, a small conical hill found in various parts of Ireland and Scotland ; and supposed to be places of interment in pagan times.

O. Sgeolan and Bran were leashed,
 In mild Fionn's hand ;
 Each of the Fianna had his own hound,
 And our sweet-tongued dogs in full cry.

We proceeded towards a Tulach above a glen,
 Where sweet blossoms grew on trees ;
 Pleasant birds were warbling there,
 And the sweet-toned cuckoo on every side.

All of the Fianna, who were assembled there,
 Let loose their swift hounds in the glen ;
 Fionn loosened his twelve dogs,
 And sweeter to us than harpstrings was their howl.

A young doe was started by them,
 Her side was whiter than a swan on the lake ;
 The other side was as black as coal,
 And more swift was she than a hawk in the wood.

Each of us loosened his hound from its leash,
 And Fionn himself let go Bran ;
 They departed from our sight,
 And small was our chance of nearing them.

Great was the amazement of the king,
 At the fleetness of the young doe ;
 In which she outstripped the best hounds in the land,
 Even Bran, who never lost a chase.

From morn's dawn great was the chase,
 In quick pursuit of the swift doe ;
 Until the darkness of the night came upon us,
 And did not see a hound or dog.

0. **Chuir Fionn a dhéag 'na beal,**
 a' r do cógairn i fá na deas zo éruais ;
 ann riu, d'fharruad Conan maol,
 can fad an ngnáir deil-dron uairn ?

Dan do láimh, a Chonairn maol,
 do raib Fionn gnóide an flait ;
 ní fillfid can n-air oiruirn air,
 d'an leag an eilic maol acé Brian.

Do tuic an Fhianh zo mór a m-brón,
 a' r nior b'iongnad dóib do díe a z-con ;
 ir é a dubradar, nac reilz éóir,
 do éarlais dóib 'ran ngleann zo moé.

Nior b-fada zo b-facamar éúairn ran ngleann,
 Brian a' r i ruaidce rairuizce fliuc ;
 a' r an d-teacé di d'an laéair,
 dan do láim ba éruaz a crué.

Do luib rí ríor a b-fadhnair Fhionn,
 do zoil zo fuizéac, a' r do rznead zo éruaiz ;
 ir corhúil a éóileáin, do raib Fionn,
 zo b-fuil an z-cionn a z-conradair éruaib !

Neimh-ní linné, do raib an Fhianh,
 laoc da éréine do éiz can muir ;
 ir meara linn a beiré d'an n-díe,
 an ngnáir déil bínn a' r an z-cionn.

An rad na b-focal riu dóib,
 eiz da laéair beag dob' aine rnuad ;
 bí folc ón-buidé léite az far,
 zo noéairn a fala ríor zo dhúcc.

O. Fionn put his thumb in his mouth,
 And chewed it tightly between his teeth ;
 Then enquired Conan the bald,
 Whither went our sweet-tongued dogs from us ?

“ By thy hand, O Conan the bald ;”
 Saith magnanimous Fionn, the chief ;
 “ There will not return to us again,
 Of all that followed the doe but Bran.”

The Fianna fell in deep despair,
 And no wonder, at the loss of their hounds ;
 And they said, “ it was not a real chase,
 They met in the glen so early.”

[glen,
 ’Twas not long till we saw coming towards us in the
 Bran, and she fatigued, weary and wet,
 And on her coming in our presence,
 By thy hand her appearance was pitiful.

She laid down before Fionn,
 She cried bitterly, and howled piteously ;
 “ ’Tis likely, my dog,” saith Fionn,
 That our heads are in great danger.”

“ We disregard,” saith the Fianna,
 “ The mightiest hero that crossed the sea ;
 Worse to us is the loss
 Of our sweet-tongued dogs and hounds.”

Upon their saying these words, [countenance,
 There came in their presence a woman of fairest
 Her golden locks growing with her
 Till they reached her heels down to the dew.

O. Do bi a zruad ar dae an ror,
 a'r a bnaoite mddmair ba breaz zeal ur ;
 a norza zlara, zlara, zan ceo,
 a'r a bairin binn do labair zo ciun.

Jr e adubairc, ca coirne 'zam buic, a Fhinn,
 a'r da b-fuil azuib ann do'n b-Fhinn ;
 zo ceazlac inzhne aru-riz Zredaz,
 ca le rui mi a n-Elirinn zan ffor dib !

A n-Oilean na h-Jhure ca cead bairc,
 euz a h-ateair fein mar feirin di ;
 ir iomda oiz-bean maircae blaé,
 do eairiz lei tar rail anoir.

Jr iomda loirzeaf lhorca d'or,
 d'airzead, do rroll, a'r do rjoda ban ;
 eairiz linn anoir ran ród,
 a'r zo leor eile nac b-fuil mé rad.

Jr iomda oizreab lan do beoir,
 ir iomda bior fa feoil da zrior,
 azur corin nize, a'r or-ceaird,
 ca réid rad' ódmair, a Fhinn ?

Jr iomda loirzeaf aca ar muir,
 azur palat zeal an eir ;
 ruiillreain foillreac ar larad,
 ca aice rad' ódmair zo rfor.

Dao do laimre, ar Conan maol,
 ni b-fuarat am' raozal cuine ir fearr ;
 ir mór m'ochat azur m'joca,
 ir e mo díe zan mé ran aic !

- O. Her cheeks were like the rose,
 And her stately neck so fresh and fair ;
 Her clear blue eyes without a speck,
 And her melodious mouth that gently spoke.
- [O Fionn,
- "Twas what she said, " I have an invitation for thee,
 And for all the Fianna who are here, [of Greece,
 To the mansion of the daughter of the chief king
 Who is three months in Erin unknown to you.
- " In Oilean-na-h-Innse there are a hundred barks
 Her father gave her as a present ;
 And many a blooming maiden young,
 Who came with her across the sea from the east.
- " Many ships freighted with gold,
 Silver, satin, and white silks,
 We brought from the east on our way,
 And many other things that I do not mention.
- " Many a vessel full of *beoir*,
 And many a spit of broiling beef,
 And clean goblets, chased with gold,
 Will be ready before thee, O Fionn.
- " Many a ship on the ocean,
 And white palace on the land,
 Torches brilliantly lighted,
 She will have before thee ready."
- " By thy hand," saith bald Conan,
 " I got not in my life a better invitation ;
 Great is my hunger and thirst,
 My grief, that I am not in the place."

O. Filleaf an bean dob' aihne rzeim,
 fan rdd ceadhya 'na d-caiui3 'nar n3an,
 a'r do leanaimai 1 3o luait,
 3o h-Oilean Inyre flua3 na m-ban.

Do faileizead nomaiun az banneraet Zhpaa3,
 ruideaar bunnid a'r zleartan biad;
 curnead orna fion a'r beoir,
 mar da coru do ruz a'r do eriad.

Ah tan corzmaiun an n-ocnar do biad,
 a'r an n-icra d'fion a'r do beoir,
 do labair Fionn an flait flal,
 a'r dubairt 3o raead cum ruau 3o foil.

Ah rad na b-focal riu ruz da laear,
 bean da zraunne an hie rhd;
 a coridun dir an a ceann,
 a'r folc dub rlim le rfor 3o dnuet.

Do bi a-driaid taob amuz da beal,
 az an b-peirb nar d'adibun crut;
 a dead flacal bairna zear,
 a'r neama lei rfor na rruet.

Do bi zuairneac fada dub,
 mar fionnfa curic az far 'na bleiu;¹
 az rile rfor le 3o h-alc,
 mar beie crut le fuirnean cead.

Do bi briac fairrui3 fada rruill,
 da folac 3o bnduz a'r taob de ban;
 an taob eile an dae an zuil,
 'ruj maib bean fan e-flua3 ba md zraun.

¹ Plica Polonica ?

O. The woman of the finest shape returns
 The same road in which she came to us ;
 And we followed her shortly after
 To Oilean na h-Innse of the hosts of women.

The Grecian ladies welcomed us ;
 Tables were laid, and food was prepared ;
 Wine and *beoir* were laid on them,
 As it was meet for a king and chief.

When we appeased our hunger with food,
 And our thirst by wine and *beoir*,
 Fionn, the generous chief, spoke,
 And said, that he would go to rest awhile.

On saying these words there approacheth him
 The ugliest woman the world ever saw ;
 There was a crown of gold on her head,
 And thin locks of black hair reaching the dew.

The teeth protruded outside the lips,
 Of this reptile of unpleasant form ;
 Her sharp-pointed set of teeth,
 And rheum pouring from them in streams.

There was long black hair,
 Like the bristles of a wild boar growing on her body,
 Hanging down to her ankles,
 Like unto a harp when fully strung.

There was a loose long robe of satin
 Covering her to her shoes ; on one side white,
 The other side as black as coal,
 And there was not in the host an uglier woman.

O. Fajlce noňac a niž na b-Fjann,
 jr jad na briačra do čaju rí ;
 jr leac jomlan mo čujb bari,
 mo banuetačt aluňu a' r me mar inuaoi.

Jr me iužeau aru niž Jruaž,
 na dearu cumann le čajle fir !
 zo d-čajniž me anoiu řođ' deň,
 a niž na Feiunne'čari mōri inuiri.

Do žeabari a iužeau ažuř ōri,
 do žeabari uiriari řōř a' r buad ;
 čari a b-řui do laočra lajōrie črōđa,
 řan doňan mōri o čear zo čuaid.

Čari do lajōři, a iužeau an niž,
 do riad Fionn, črōđe nar inērič ;
 ni žeabad řeň leac mar inuaoi,
 a' r žur ču bi noňam a ŋu 'ran č-řeřiž.

Žiēňižim ar do briač řajiriuž řiōill,
 žur ču bi ŋžleann an řmōil noňaiuň zo moč ;
 a' r řiariariōim ōiōt a mařneann beđ,
 ar ŋžadari beal-biňu a' r ar ž-čoiň.

Čari do lajōři řeň, a Fhionn,
 žē'ri mōri ē řiōč būri ž-čoiarič žariž,
 čaiř řiad uře marč žan břiž,
 ačt Briň an niž iuž buad žač řealž.

Jr jomđa laoč, lajōiri, luat,
 a' r žajrižibeac čruaič a ž-čat ;
 do čuř liomřa a d-čorač řluaz,
 a' r ar mo buad ni beřnead řearc.

- O. "Welcome to thee, O king of the Fianna,"
 'Were the words which she said ;
 " You shall have all my barks,
 My fine women, and myself as thy wife.
- " I am the daughter of the supreme king of Greece,
 Who never made love to any man,
 Till I came from the east to visit thee,
 O king of the Fianna, across the high sea.
- " Thou shalt get silver and gold,
 Thou shalt have respect and power,
 Over all renowned valiant heroes
 In the whole world, from North to South."
- " By thy hand, O Daughter of the King,"
 Saith Fionn, of the stout heart,
 " I will not take thee for a wife.
 And it was thou I met today in the chase.
- " I know by thy broad satin mantle,
 That it was you we met at Gleann-a-Smoil at dawn ;
 And I ask of thee whether there be alive
 Our sweet-tongued dogs and our hounds."
- " By thine own hand, O Fionn,
 Tho' great the fury of thy fierce hounds,
 They are all dead without strength,
 But Bran the king's that won each chase.
- " Many a strong swift hero,
 And champion in battle stern,
 Have fallen by me in front of the hosts,
 And my victory they never checked.

O. Jt nĩ mō, nĩ fĩllfead ear tuinn,
 zo m-beirfead buab liom d'ñ b-Feirne;
 rzačfad bũr z-cinn d bũr z-coirne,
 cfa mōr bũr nearte a'f bũr b-erine.

Do feinn rĩ cedica rō binn rĩe,
 le'ri čaill zac laod azuinn a nearte;
 do ceanžlad rinn le h-ınžean an rĩz,
 cē'ri mōri an nžnjom anž zac caē.

Do čarriainž a lanž fũlcead liomča,
 rĩ ĩ lan d'fjoc, iona laimž deir;
 žur ržoc na cinn do čeab laoc,
 a'f ba mōri an t-uaiman bĩt na b-fean.

Nĩ riab beo ran ĩnnre acē mē,
 Conan maol, a'f Diarriub Donn;
 Feanžur rĩle a'f Oržur tnean,
 an tan do labair m'čairi Fionn.

Žabain do čoirniic a nžžean an rĩz,
 na cuiri do'ñ t-raoizéal aon fean ĩj bur mō;
 a'f zo nžžabainž fein leat mar mĩhaoi,
 muna m-beit Žoll caoc na nžnjom čruairb.

Da n-bėanrainn malairc an mo mĩhaoi,
 do čuirfead mē do'ñ t-raoizéal čum bair,
 a'f an bean do žabar a b-čũr mo faoizĩl,
 leir an b-fean caoc zo b-fuil a pairc,

Đar do laimre fein, a Fhinn,
 bairfeadr a čean de Žoll mōri;
 a'f ba nžabann leir do'ñ Fhėinn,
 mar a nžlacair mē mar banrižair dōrb;

O. "And, moreover, I shall not return across the sea,
 Until I gain victory over the Fianna ;
 I will sever the heads from your bodies,
 Though great your strength and your might."

She sang melodious fairy strains,
 By which each hero lost his strength ;
 We were [spell]-bound by the king's daughter,
 Though great our deeds in every battle.

She drew her sharp blood-stained sword,
 (Full of fury) in her right hand,
 She cleft the heads off a hundred heroes,
 And great was the alarm at the loss of the men.

There were not alive in the Inch but I,
 Conan the bald, and Diarmuid Donn,
 Feargus the poet, and valiant Osgur,
 When my father Fionn spoke.

"I implore thy protection, O Daughter of the King ;
 Do not deprive of life any more men ;
 And I would take thee as my wife,
 Were it not for Goll the blind of the stern deeds.

"If I exchanged my wife
 He would put me to death ;
 And the woman I took in my youthful days,
 Places her affections on the blind man."

"By thine own hand, O Fionn,
 I will cut the head off the great Goll,
 And off all the Fianna in his ranks,
 If they receive me not as their queen."

O. Do éðz rj ləi a cablaç mððbnaç,
 a' r a çnaççajb çedil zo h-ənb le çaoçt;
 çun çab çalanj a m-Bejnç Çabaçjn¹ çə rleçz,
 maj a majb çoll çrðða çə lanç çaoçç.

¹ Bejnç Çabaçjn, now the Hill of Howth, the landing place of all foreigners who came to fight Fionn and the Fianna Eireann in battle. According to the *Ægallanç çə Seaççajç*, or *Dialogus of the Sages*, in the reign of Artuir Mac Beine Briot, it was at this hill the Fianna received horses for the first time; and Fionn is represented as having made the chase of the hill; and after the chase, resting on Carn na b-Fiann (i.e. the Carn or sepulchral pile of the Fianna), which is said to lie between Benn Hedir and the sea. It would be curious as well as interesting to antiquaries if this carn could now be identified. There are at present three large pinnacles or peaks of this kind on the summit of the hill, one of which must certainly be the carn alluded to in the poem.

Three Irish bards once contended as to which would be the victor in giving the best poetical description of this locality; but it would appear, from the numerous repetitions of words and phrases by the second and third bards, that the first man entirely absorbed the subject, and left the others but very little chance of success; however, here follow their effusions, and we leave the reader to judge to whom the palm belongs.

ənołəbç ðçejnne ç-çabaçjn le çkçjn çlloçe.

əN çHÉəD çHjle.

Jr çoççç çejç a m-Bejnç Çabaçjn,
 çjn-çjnç çejç çr a çan çmçç;
 ççoc lanççan loçççan ççonççan,
 çəçç ççonççan çonççan çəçççan,

çəçç çonç çm-ççob ççonç a' r ççançç,
 çəçç çonç çm-ççob ççççç a' r ççəçç,
 çəçç çə ç-ççç O'ççççç çəçç
 leçç çççççç çə çççç ççççç.

çəçç çonç-ççç çəç çəç çççç,
 'çə çççç ççççç-ççç ççççç;
 ççoc lanççç çççççç çççççç,
 çəçç ççççç çəçççç çççççç.

çəçç çr çççç çr çç çççççç,
 çç çççç çr ççççç çççççççç;
 ç ççççççç çr ççç ççççç çççç,
 çəçç ççççç Çabaçjn çoççççç.

- O. She sailed forth with her proud fleet,
 And her sail masts high before the breeze,
 Till she landed in Beinn h-Edair of the hosts,
 Where the heroic Goll of the sharp blades was.

AN OIRA FILE.

Ḃhḁc fḁ'ḁ ḁḁḁlḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁ,
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Ḃḁḁḁ ḁ ḁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ,
 'ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ ;
 ḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁ,
 ḁ ḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁ.

AN OIRA FILE.

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 ḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ ;
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 'ḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ,
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THE PRAISE OF BEINN EADAIR (HOWTH) BY THREE BARDS.

THE FIRST BARD.

Delightful it is to be at Benn Eadair,
 Truly-melodious it is to be upon its white fortress ;
 A hill ample, shipful, populous,
 A peak, in wine, in *carne*, in feasts abounding.

A hill on which Fionn and the Fianna used to meet,
 A hill where horns and cups overflow ;
 A hill to which O'Duibhne the dauntless,
 Brought Grainne from her close pursuers.

An tan do éannaic Soll tnean,
 an éablaó gídeara az ceacht cum cuain;
 ir é dúbairt nar máit an ríbal,
 an mhéid do'n Fhéinn éarfbaif uaid.

An rí d'fíarfnaid Soll tnean,
 cía báirfad rídeala cúige o'n g-cuan;
 adúbairt Caoilce zur b'é féin,
 do éabairfad tuararígbail ó'n t-rluaí.

Sluairear an laóe laidre luat,
 meanmhac, buan, lan do bhíí;,
 zo náiníí ré corp an t-rluaí,
 a' r do bí an bean mór noime a o-tíí.

An b-faircín mí-ríéirín na mha,
 méad a chámá a' r a raobair;
 do éiríóiríí ré ó bhonn zo báir,
 ce é' fíarfnaid zo h-ard can b'ar do'n mhaol?

A wave-green hill surpassing each Tulach,
 And its green-tree tapering summit,
 A hill of *carns*, wild garlic, and fruit trees,
 A variegated, pinnacled, woody hill.

The loveliest hill in Erin's isle,
 A hill brighter than the gull on the shore,
 To part is sore grief to me,
 The delightful, pleasant Benn Eadair.

THE SECOND BARD.

Oft beneath the grassy hill are seen,
 Champions and sails without debility;
 Till the gunwales of their keeling ships are level,
 With the deathful waves which dash against the tall cliffs.

Beautiful its plains and tall peaks,
 And its lands overhanging the stormy waves,
 Till it reaches the *corn* of the gentle Fionn,
 From the delightful mansion of lofty Eadair.

O. When the mighty Goll saw
 The full-rigged fleet approach the bay,
 He said it was bad news
 To have so many of the Fianna absent.

Goll the brave then asked,
 Who would bring him news from the bay ;
 Caoilte said it was he himself
 That would bring tidings from the hosts.

The valiant vigorous hero goes,
 High-spirited, daring, full of life,
 Until he reached the body of the host,
 And the big woman was before him landed.

On beholding the ill appearance of the woman,
 The largeness of her bones and her sharp visage,
 He trembled from head to foot,
 Though he loudly asked whence the woman came?

THE THIRD BARD.

A hill exceeding in height all Tulachs,
 Each peak equally green and steep ;
 A hill covered with herbs and plants,
 A steep hill covered with woods and wild garlic.

There are seen from the top of its peaks,
 Ships laden and heroes falling ;
 A plank is driven through the ship's side
 By the violence of her dash against the tall cliffs.

Woe it is the bonds that are broken,
 By the fierce might of thy visit,
 And that a wave bursts with a heaving crash,
 A rib in the over-laden vessel.

O. **Whire, ar rí, inígean arn níg Síreag,**
 do ddeanraim comhrac le deic z-céad laoc;
 a'r beir riu leat mar rgeala uaim,
 mar a b-fuil an Fhianh a'r Soll caoc.

Aitirir dóib fór zan breis,
 zo rziortfad mé feara Fail;¹
 muna d-cozafaid mé mar céile,
 do níg na féinne Fionn an aig.

Ar filllead do Chaoilce tar air,
 a'r ar élor na m-briatán do Sholl éaoc;
 do cúir deic z-céad crióda a n-aim zairze,
 cum dul do comhrac iníne níg Síreag.

Ní b-fuil neac do bí tréan a n-aim,
 nár leagad ran z-cat iir an mhaoi;
 zo n-dúdaric Soll da nzeillread cac,
 zo d-cadarfad éiric 'na n-dearnad rí.

Zo moc do lé éirzeaf Soll,
 faoi élogad tnom a'r faoi rziat;
 a éloidean fuilceac iona dóib,
 cum dul az comhrac iir an mhaoi.

Cia zo m-ba laoc laibiu Soll,
 ba laz lonz a lain ran nziom;
 ce zur éruaid a lúineac a'r a rziat,
 ir ionda chead do bí 'na éaob.

W'ainzan crióde! ar read tñí la,
 zan b'ad, zan cobla, zan ruan;
 do bí an dír zo tréan fearzag,
 zan fíor clár na tneirfe buad.

¹ Fail - or Iníir Fail, one of the ancient names of Ireland. See Keating.

O. "I am the daughter of the chief king of Greece,
I would fight a thousand men ;
And take this with thee as a message from me,
To the Fianna and Goll the blind.

"Tell them also truly
That I will annihilate the men of Fail,
Unless they choose me as a wife
For the Finnian king, the noble Fionn."

On Cacihte's return,
And when Goll the blind the message heard,
He sent a thousand heroes armed for battle,
To fight the daughter of the king of Greece.

There was not one who was expert at arms,
That did not fall in battle by the woman ;
Till Goll said, that if she was pleased,
He would give *eric** for all she did.

Goll arose in the morning early,
In heavy helmet and shield ;
His blood-stained sword in his hand,
To go to fight the woman.

Although Goll was a powerful hero,
Weak were the traces of his arm in the action ;
Although his armour and shield were tempered,
Many wounds were in his side.

My heart's grief! for three long days,
Without food, sleep, or repose,
The two were fierce and wrathful,
Without knowing who would be victorious.

* i.e. Ransom.

O. Գո Կամայրո, և թայծ ըստ խորե ծո'ն Բհեյրո,
 և'ր Կոնոն րաօլ ըստ թայծ չոս չրաւոյ;
 ծ'ար չ-օրոնեօծ և՛ չօսոյծ Ես,
 չօ յ-ԵօճԵԵԵՐ սլե ծոս ըստո.

ԼԵԵՐԵՐ ԳԻՐԿՈՅԻՆ ԵՅԵԾ-ՉԵԼ ՉՐՈՒՄ,
 ԵՍ ՇՈՒՐԵԾ ԵՅՈՒՄ ՈՐ ԵՍ ԾԻՉ;
 յ'արչոս ԵՐՈՒԾԵ! և ըրօրնեօս յիօ,
 չոս յե՛ ըստ ԵՍ ԵՅՈՒ ԵՐԵԵՐԻՆ ԵՐ.

ԵՐ ԵՍ ԵՐ ԵՐՈՒ ԵՐԻՄ ԵՐ յիօն,
 'րի չլայրե, յոծիայրե, ԵՐԵԵԾ ԵՍ;
 և չրեծ ԵՐ յիօն ԵՍ ԵՍՈՒՄ,
 ԵՅԵԾ ԵՅԵ ԵՐ Ե յՈ ԵՐԼ.

ԵՐ ԵՍ ԵՐՈՒՄ յ՛ար ԵՐՈՒ ԵՍ ԵՅԵԼ,
 ԵՍ թայծ ԵՍ ԾԻՉ ԵՍ ՇՈՒՐԵԾ ԵՅՈՒՄ;
 ԵՐԵՐԼԵԾԵԾ ԵՍ ԵՐ ԵՍ յիօն ԵՐՈՒՄ,
 և'ր և Ե-ԵՐԼ ԵՍ՛ն Բհեյրո ԵՐՈՒ ԵՍ ԵՐԼԻՉԵ.

ԵՐԵՐԼԵՐ ԵՐՈՒ ԵՐ ԵՐ Ե-ԵՐՈՒ,
 ԵՐ ԵՅԵ ԵՍ ԵՐՈՒՄ յի ԵՅԵՐԵՐԵՐ ԵՐԵԵԾ;
 և'ր չօ յ-ԵՐԵԾ ԵՍ ԵՅԵՐԵՐԵ ԵՐ յիօն.
 ԵՍ ԵՅԵԾ յայրեօծ ԵՐ ԵՍ Ե-Բհեյրո.

ԵՐԵՐԵՐ ԵՐ Ե-ԵՐԵՐԵԵԾԵ ԵՐՈՒ չոս յոլլ,
 ԵՍ ԵՅԾ ԵՐՈՒՄ ԵՐ ԼԵԵ և'ր ԵՐ ԵՅԵՐԵ;
 ԵՐՈՒՐԵԵՐ ԳԻՐԿՈՅԻՆ ԵՐՈՒ ԵՐԾ,
 ԵՍ՛ն յԵԵԵՐՈՒ յի ԵՅ՛ ԵՐՈՒ ԵՐԵԵԾ.

ԵՍ ԵՅԵՐ ԿՈՒՆ, ԵՍ ԵՅԵՐ չոս յոլլ,
 ԵՍ յ՛ ԵՅՐ ԵՍ՛ն յԵԵԵՐՈՒ ԵՐ;
 Ե'ԵՐԵՐԼԵ ԵՍ ԵՍ ԵՅԵՐ ԵՐՈՒ,
 և'ր և թայծ ԵՍ՛ն Բհեյրո ԵՐ ԵՍ ԵՐԵՐ.

- O. We, the Fianna, all who were on the plain,
 And Conan the bald, who was not without gloom,
 Were guarded by fifty women,
 Until they all fell asleep.

Diarmuid the bright-toothed and cheerful spoke,
 In gentle converse with the maid ;
 " My heart's grief ! O gentle woman,
 That thou art not my wedded wife.

" Thou art the Fairest of the Fair,
 With the most stately greenish glancing eye ;
 O Love ! above all earthly women,
 To elope with thee is my desire."

" Verily, if what thou sayest be true,"
 Saith the maid in gentle strains,
 " I will release thee from thy great pain,
 And all the Fianna who are here with thee."

" Release us from our pain,
 To you truly I would tell no lie ;
 And that thou shalt be my wife,
 Whilst I live with the Fianna."

She removes our spells without delay,
 And restores us to our usual strength ;
 Diarmuid embraces with kisses many
 The young maid of the fairest face.

Conan quickly cuts off the head
 Of the young maid with his sword ;
 She who released him from his bitter pains,
 And all the Fianna that were bound.

O. Tuz Djarumud rernaca buile ar an b-Féinn,
 a' r ar Chonán maol bí niam zo h-olc ;
 muna m-beit Orzuri do córz a lann,
 do rernócfead ré an ceann dá cóir.

Ladnar Djarumud zo naéttan fíocán,
 lan d'féinn a' r d'fíoc na méinn ;
 cread an fáé ar bainn an ceann,
 do'n mhaol d'fuarzail rínn ó péinn ?

Da m'ínzean daíra í, ar Conán,
 nó fór an mácair do ruz me péin ;
 do bainnín a ceann dá zeal brafail,
 a d-caob me fázbaíl éóin fada a b-péinn ?

Do gluaíreamar zan reab, zan rzíé,
 mar ar trearziad an Fhianh nír an mhaol,
 a' r ar d-caéct dúinn tráéct éum laéair,
 do conarcamar ar a' r earbad laojé !

Do bí Soll faol élozad a' r faol rzíé,
 az ríon treara comraic le h-ínzean an ríé ;
 a' r í dá zóin le móir iomad creáct,
 d'fáz an laoc zan veair, zan bríé.

Jannar Orzuri cead ar Sholl,
 dul do cóiriac leir an mhaol ;
 a' r dúbaire zur doilb leir a éar,
 beit faol éneada a' r fá mí-zhaoi.

Ní b-fuil aon laoc ran domán beó,
 ná a n-Éirínn dá aoirbe cáil ;
 do léizfínnre a cóiriac leir an mhaol,
 zo n-íocad líom ar fon an áir !

- O. Diarmuid made a frantic blow at the Fianna,
 And at bald Conan, who was always wicked ;
 Had not Osgur warded off the sword,
 He would have cut the head off his body.

Diarmuid spoke fiercely and vehemently,
 Full of anger and venom in his mind ;
 " Why is it that thou didst cut off the head
 Of her who released us from pain ?"

" Had she been my daughter," saith Conan,
 " Or yet the mother that gave me birth,
 I would cut off the head from her white neck,
 For having left me so long in pain."

We proceeded without rest or ease,
 To where the Fianna were slaughtered by the woman ;
 And on our arrival at the place,
 We beheld slaughter and the loss of the heroes.

Goll was armed in helmet and shield,
 Unceasing in conflict with the daughter of the king ;
 And she, inflicting on him numerous wounds,
 Which left the hero without power or strength.

Osgur asks leave of Goll
 To go and fight the woman ;
 And said, that he pitied his case,
 Covered with wounds and gashes.

" There is not a hero living in the world,
 Nor in Erin of the loftiest fame,
 Whom I would allow to fight the woman
 Till she pays me for the slain."

O. Labnar Feargus na m-bhriacra ceann,
 d' e bhronnadh an t-oir ar bhraoi;
 go b-fuaill d'Orgus cead d' Sholl,
 dul cum coinniaic leir an mhaoi.

Sláragar Orgus a éloibeanh a' r a rziab,
 a fleaz zbar a' r a élogab éruab;
 n' raið ran z-cruinne beo na beata,
 aon nead do éabarrad uirraim uaid.

Do b' an d'ir laidim éara lúe,
 éuiridir ceata faoi nealaid;
 le neare tioda azur coinniaic,
 az feol-éorzar a éile.

Labnar Feargus beal-b'inn ruairc,
 a' r Conan maol do b' t'nean ar arim;
 a mhic Oirín cuimhne an uair,
 b' tu z-cuan na h-íuore a z-ceanzal zarb.

Caitear Orgus leim leózar,
 ear éorp an t-rlóz amad;
 zur éuir an t-rléaz le neare a dóir,
 t'ne ériode na mha m'óire arcead.

Do éozbamairne t'ri zarca ran b-Féinn,
 a' r n'oir maie le Soll t'nean-builead r';
 mar éur an bean le h-Orgus a'z,
 do b' lúthar, aztharac, calma, z'ic.

An éairim cum calma do' n' mhaoi,
 mo mallaet, ar rí, dam' a'air féin;
 do b' caob' h'omra mar n'gean,
 a' r do éuir, mo d'it! f'ó z'earaid me.

O. Fergus of the just words speaks,
 As it was he who bestowed gold on druids,
 Until he obtained from Goll leave for Osgur
 To go and fight the woman.

Osgur got ready his sword and shield,
 His sharp-pointed tempered lance and helmet;
 There was not in the world then living
 One who would from him bear away.

The mighty, agile, active pair
 Sent showers [of blood] up to the clouds;
 By might of fierce fight and battle
 Cleaving each other to the bones.

The gentle melodious Fergus speaks,
 And Conan the bald, who was strong at arms;
 "O son of Oisín, remember the hour
 Thou wert in the bay of Inch in firm fetters."

Osgur makes a lion's bound
 Over the body of the crowd,
 And sent the spear by the might of his hands
 Through the heart of the large woman.

We, the Fianna, raised three shouts,
 And Goll of the powerful blows did not like the deed;
 Because the woman fell by noble Osgur,
 Who was active, fortunate, strong and prudent.

On the woman's falling to the ground,
 "My curse," says she, "on my own father,
 Who had no other daughter but me,
 And put me, alas! under spells.

O. Na dhaoiċe do bharbuig fairsinne do,
 (mo mallac̃e d'ois̃ zo b'raċ a'ir ;)
 zo m-bharraimh mac do rziortad an Zhiúis,
 a' r do bharraad, do f'ion, a ceann san rziċ!

Da b-fazairne zabaíl liom mar innaoi,
 ó ceannóirte nó o ceann ríó;
 do bharraimh mac da nzeillraad an domhan,
 a' r do beidinn f'ion a'ir an cíos.

Do b'adara la, c'ia dábaċ mo rzeal,
 an a'irhaċt mha a'z f'illead r'íl,
 le dhloigheac̃t ciorba m'ac̃ar f'ion,
 do c'ailleat mo rziúin a' r mo f'huad.

An la r'ion do m'arbaċ an beaċ n'óir,
 a' r do rziortad f'ór a cablac̃ ban,
 a'z r'ion a'zadra, a Chléirig̃ c'óir,
 eac̃tra na mha m'óirre tar lear!

O. "The druids who prophesied to him,
 (My curse upon them for evermore)
 That I would have a son who would overthrow Greece,
 And would soon behead himself.

"Had I but become the wife
 Of a chief or head of hosts, [obey,
 I would give birth to a son whom the world would
 And I myself would again assume my shape.

"Once I was, though sad my tale,
 Excelling all women, with rolling eyes ;
 By the wicked druidism of my own father,
 I lost my beauty and my form."

On that day the large woman was slain,
 And her fleet of women were also killed ;
 Now you have, O Just Cleric, [sea.
 The adventures of the large woman from over the

FJADHACH FHJANNNA EJREANN AR SHJABH
TRUJAN.

O. LÁ BA NABANNAR AR SHJABH TJRANN,¹
FJANNA FHJINN FA LAN JUIL;
DOB' JOMBA DEAZ-LAOÓ AZAR CÚ,
ANN DO BA MARE AR TÓDIN.

NÍ NÍAB LAOÓ OÍOB JAN RZÍAC,
AR AN FJAB A'R DA ÉOIB;
A'R JAN CÚPLA JADAR 'RAN NZLEANN,
CINNÉAL FHJINN DO B'FANN JÓIB.

DO RREACTHURZ JINN AR JAC ZLEANN,
FA MARE AR D-ÉANN A Z-ÉANN ÉOOC;
JINN JAN DEIFEAB AR AON BÍÓN,
AR D-TREIRE FA H-AB JAN LOCC.

DÚIRZÉAR LINN ÓR BARR BEANN,
FJADAC NA NZLEANN A'R NA D-TOR;
AR JAC CAOÓ DÍNN RAN LEINZ,
DOB' JOMBA EILIC AZAR BROC.

DOB' JOMBA LAOÓ ANN AZAR COIN,
AZ ÉINIZ AR AN MÍIZ JO LUAC;
DO DÉANAIN TÓIZÉ AR JAC ZLEANN,
D'ÉINIZ FJONN TJÍAC NA D-TUAC.

¹ SHAB TJRANN, the scene of this poem, is a large mountain situated in the barony of Strabane, county of Tyrone, and province of Ulster; now known by the singularly odd and rather whimsical name of "Bessy Bell," which was

THE FINNIAN HUNT OF SLIABH TRUIM.

O. ONE day that we mustered on Sliabh Truim,
 The Fianna of Fionn full of valour ;
 Many a brave hero and hound was there,
 Which on the turf were matchless.

No hero was without a shield,
 And two hounds on the hill ;
 And a pair of dogs in the glen,
 Around the valorous Fionn.

We were distributed on each glen,
 Great was our might facing hills ;
 Dexterous were we beyond grief,
 Our force it was lucky without fail.

We roused from the top of the hill
 The game of the glens and forests ;
 On each side of us on the plain
 Was many a doe and badger.

Many a hero and hound
 Were rising early on the plain,
 To hunt every glen,
 Fionn the ruler of the country arose.

given it by the ancestor of the present Scotch proprietor. It is one of a vast chain of mountains which stretches into the county of Derry ; the most magnificent of which are Knockswel, Mary Gray, and Carntogher. See O'Donovan's Four Masters, A.D. 1275, 1485, and Jobson's Map of Ulster.

O. **Dha** **éoin** **a** **laímh** **zác** **fíir,**
d'ár **éiní** **ánn** **íir** **do'n** **Fhéinn;**
íir **á** **zám** **féin** **aca** **fíor,**
oc! **cí** **caim** **anbhu** **zán** **éill.**

A **dear** **zán** **dearímad** **cuid,**
d'annannnais **con** **an** **teann** **íluais;**
ííor **léizéad** **cá** **éíob** **da** **h-éill,**
ííar **da** **h-áíéne** **dam** **féin** **a** **buad.**

Do **léiz** **O'Baíirzno** **Bían** **óian,**
a'r **Széolan** **fa** **óian** **ííé;**
do **léiz** **Oíirín** **Buadac** **Ííóir,**
a'r **Áblac** **Oz** **da** **íí-deír** **ííir.**

Ob' **connaíic** **Ííac** **Bíearaí** **ííar,**
coín **an** **ííí** **áz** **dul** **ííe** **teann;**
do **léiz** **a** **da** **éoin** **féin** **fó** **zárí,**
Uéc **Áí,** **ázar** **Áí** **an** **Fhéirib** **ííeannz.**

Do **léiz** **Oíízur** **meár** **ííar** **éim,**
Ííac **an** **Ííuim** **coná** **ííeaba** **óíí;**
do **léiz** **Caol** **cróda** **zo** **íílíad,**
Léim **ar** **Lúc** **a'r** **an** **éoin** **éíóíí.**

Do **léiz** **Ííarííad,** **íía** **íí-áim** **íízlan,**
Fearíían **a'r** **Fózar** **a'r** **Ííaoíí;**
do **léiz** **O'Duííéne** **zo** **dear,**
Eacéac **íía** **z-clear** **a'r** **Ííaoíí.**

Do **léiz** **Ííac** **an** **Smóíí,** **Coínzíol** **a'r** **Ííuaíim** **zúíííí,**
ázar **Íííicíí** **a'r** **Raoíí** **a** **íí-óíííí** **éac;**
do **léiz** **O'Conbóíí** **zo** **beacé,**
Coíí **Dub** **'íía** **íí-óíííí,** **a'r** **Ííealb** **Ban.**

O. Two hounds were held by each man
 Of the Fianna who mustered there ;
 It is I that know it,
 Though bereft of sense, alas, today.

I shall relate, without doubt, the names
 Of some of the hounds of the mighty host ;
 A hound of them was not loosened from its leash,
 Whose actions were not known to me.

O'Baoisgne, let loose swift Bran,
 And Sgeolan in full speed ;
 Oisin, let loose Buadhach Mor,
 And Ablach Og after them.

When the noble Mac Breasail saw
 The king's hounds take the lead,
 He let go his two fierce hounds,
 Ucht Ar, and Ard na Feirb, the slender.

Osgur the swift, who knew no fear, let go
 Mac an Truim with its collar of gold,
 The heroic Caol of the battles let off
 Leim ar Luth and the brown hound.

Garraidh of the bright arms let off
 Fearan and Foghar and Maoin,
 O'Duibhne quietly lets off,
 Eachtach of the tricks and Daoil.

Mac an Smoil let go Coingiol and Gruaim the merry,
 And Aircis and Raon after them,
 O'Conbhron in perfect style let off
 Coir Dubh after them and Dealbh Ban.

O. Do léi3 Conan zo n3ojom n3uob,
Rié, Rob, a' r Rié ne h-3uob ;
do léi3 Faolan carrad con,
Carraiz3n a' r Sué 3ar3.

Do léi3 Mac Sadaoine iar r3n,
Cor-luajé caoin, a' r Fuat-lan n3éar ;
do léi3 Mac Mórna an 3r3n,
Anan azar 3uob na Seaz3.

Do léi3 Fearbubain mac Fhinn,
Ciar-éóill do éinn an 3ac co3n ;
do léi3 Reize zo n3n,
Jor3ad Un 3r luat3e na lon.

Do léi3 Caolce Fuat zo m-buad,
azar Cuillreac 3a c3uaj3 é3ear ;
do léi3 Daine fear na n-duan,
33nead, azar B3ot ba é3ar.

Do léi3 Cairneall, an laoc m3n,
3ajéleann, a' r 3uaine, a' r 3al ;
do léi3 Mac Dubain, an fear 3al,
Rian 'na n-d3aiz azar Scal.

Do léi3 Daine Deanz mac Fhinn,
3uob na Seaz azar Rann C3uaj3 ;
do léi3 Mac Luizeac mear,
C3o3ac 3eal 3r fear3er buaj3.

Do léi3 Aob Beaz, fear ba 33ap,
3uaj3 na 3-Cac azar Taom ;
do léi3 Conan Mac an Léi3,
L3az3n da h-éill azar Laom.

O. Conan of the proud feet let go
 Rith, Rod, and Rith-re-h-Ard ;
 Faolan, the friend of the hounds, let go
 Carraigin and Guth Garg.

Mac Eadaoine let go afterwards
 Cos-luath the gentle, and Fughthamh the sharp ;
 Mac Morna the pleasant let off
 Aran and Ard-na-Seang.

Ferdubhain the son of Fionn let off
 Ciar-thoil, which outstripped every hound,
 Reige, secretly, let off
 Iosgad Ur, swifter than a blackbird.

Caoilte let go Fusth the victorious,
 And Cuillseach the firm in contest,
 Daire, the man of songs, let go
 Sineadh and Bioth the beautiful.

Caireall the great hero let go
 Gaithleann and Guaire and Gal ;
 Mac Dubhain the hospitable let off
 Rian after them and Scal.

Daire Dearg the son of Fionn let go
 Ard-na-Sealg and Rann Cruaidh ;
 Mac Luigheach the swift let go,
 Crothach Geal the most triumphant.

Aodh Beag the ready man let go
 Marbh-na-g-Ost, and Taom ;
 Conan let go Mac-an-Leith,
 Liagan, from her leash, and Laom.

O. Léiḡéar a' r' ḡarra ḡarb da éoir,
 Jollan arb, a' r' ḡac an Smóil;
 Orḡur mac Crioimḡeac an nár dóirn,
 do léiḡ rē Soirn aḡar Néin.

Do léiḡ Fearḡur rīle, ḡan bearmab,
 ḡḡiamab aḡar Faorbīear caol;
 Tolla ḡac Caoilce an fear rīal,
 do léiḡ rē Rīan aḡar Laoḡ.

Do léiḡ Dairne aḡar ḡac Ronāin,
 Dfībīerīnḡ a' r' Dobrōn ḡo dīan;
 do léiḡ Uairne ḡan cāine ḡo luairé,
 coirn aīne na b-ḡiann.

Do léiḡ rīab clanna Ceairba,
 a ḡ-conairic le ḡair bīrōin;
 Cor aḡar Dearḡ a' r' Dhīrlīnn,
 Cōirbeann a' r' Roiré, Teann a' r' Treoir-

Do léiḡ Cnū Dhearōil, Eolla Aīnneoir,
 aḡar Ceōla fa rēim,
 Uairḡ na rīeāḡ nār beāḡ-lannac,
 do léiḡeab' ḡḡneab, ḡoba, a' r' Bēim.

Crioimḡeann na m-beann, a' r' Conn,
 da mac do Bheāḡall an aīḡ;
 do léiḡ rīab Doéar a' r' Doirn,
 do léiḡ rīab Cioim aḡar ḡair.

Do léiḡ rīab ceāḡlac na' rīača,
 ḡo h-eōlac ḡan taca rēairde;
 na n-dīairḡ do bīrḡ na rēirḡe,
 do bādar uīle lan d'fāḡair.

O. Garraidh Garbh lets go his two hounds ;
 Iollan Ard, and Mac an Smoil,
 Osgur Mac Croinigeach, that was not sullen,
 Let go Scirbh and Noin.

Fergus the poet without doubt let off
 Sgiamhadh and the slender Faoidhmhear ;
 Tolla the son of Caoilte the hospitable man,
 Let go Rian and Laodh.

Daire and Mac Ronain let go
 Dithmheirg and Dobron rapidly ;
 Uainne without blemish quickly let go,
 The Fianna's best hounds.

Clanna Cearda let go
 Their hounds with a yell of grief,
 Cor and Dearg and Drithleann,
 Coirbheann and Roith, Teann and Treoir.

Cnu Dearoil let go Eolla Ainneoin,
 And Ceola in full speed,
 Uaigh of the spears which were not short,
 Let off Sgread, Gobha, and Beim.

Criomthann of the diadems, and Conn,
 The two sons of the valiant Beagall,
 Let go Dochar and Doir,
 And with them Crom and Gair.

They let off the household of the chieftains,
 Directly without stop or halt,
 After them on account of the chase,
 They were all full of hopes.

O. Dob' iom̄ba cēad az ꝛt aꝛ f̄iab,
 'naꝛ o-cim̄ceall ꝛaꝛ f̄iab ba ðear;
 ðabar na cača aꝛ a loꝛz,
 ba b-ꝛeĩðeaw̄ ꝛa boꝛð a o-cneap.

Dob' iom̄ba zuč f̄iab azap toꝛc,
 aꝛ aꝛ f̄iab ðaꝛ čuꝛc aꝛ o-ꝛeĩz;
 aꝛ n-ðul do'ŋ čonaꝛuꝛ ꝛð čaiꝛeĩð,
 ba m̄ðꝛ z̄aꝛeča toꝛc azap f̄iab.

Ni ðeačaið f̄iab ꝛoꝛꝛ na ꝛꝛaꝛ,
 na toꝛc ꝛð f̄iab ba ꝛaið ðeð;
 oĩob ꝛaꝛ uĩle nač ꝛaið maꝛð,
 o'ŋ z-čonaꝛuꝛ ꝛꝛ ꝛð z̄aꝛð z̄leð.

Do maꝛðamaꝛ ðeĩč z-čeād f̄iab aꝛ aꝛ f̄iab,
 azap ðeĩč z-čeād toꝛc;
 aꝛ z-čonaꝛuꝛ aꝛ m̄ðeā a b-ꝛeĩꝛze,
 o'ꝛazðabar ðeapz zāč zopꝛ.

Nioꝛ h-aiꝛuĩð eĩĩce na bꝛoꝛe,
 'na m̄solca o'ar čuꝛc ꝛaꝛ loĩz;
 zioꝛ zuꝛ h-aiꝛuĩeāð ĩab az ꝛioꝛŋ,
 m̄ðꝛ, ðaꝛ ĩom̄, aꝛ čuꝛð o'ar ꝛeĩz.

ꝛiadač laoĩ ꝛꝛ m̄ð o'ar maꝛðeāð,
 a z-čꝛĩoč Baꝛba aꝛŋ zāč čꝛač;
 a'ꝛ ꝛꝛ ꝛeāꝛꝛ do čĩ lem' ĩoꝛŋ,
 aꝛ o-ꝛeĩz do ꝛĩzve ꝛioꝛŋ aꝛ ĩa.

Maꝛ do ꝛoꝛŋeamaꝛꝛ aꝛ o-ꝛeĩz,
 čaꝛzamaꝛ aꝛ aꝛð ba ꝛoĩoꝛŋ;
 čꝛuĩoĩzēaŋŋ aꝛ o-ꝛluaz z̄aꝛ ločč,
 o zāč čꝛoc a o-cim̄ceall ꝛhioꝛŋ.

O. Many hundreds were in pursuit of the deer
 Around us on the southern hills,
 The battalions were in search of them,
 Prepared for the fierce conflict.

Many were the moans of boar and deer,
 On the hill where the hunt took place
 When the hounds came on the prey,
 Loud were the moans of boar and doe.

A deer did not escape east or west,
 Or a wild boar on the hill left alive ;
 All of them were slain,
 By the hounds in rough conflict.

We killed a thousand deer on the hill
 And one thousand wild boars ;
 Our hounds on account of their fury
 Reddened [with blood] every field.

Neither the hinds nor badgers were counted,
 Nor the hares which fell on the plain ;
 Until they were counted by Fionn,
 Great was the number which fell to our share.

A day's hunt by which more were slain,
 In the kingdom of Banba at any time,
 And the best that was in my day,
 Was the chase made then by Fionn.

As we concluded the chase,
 We sat upon a hill to divide the spoil ;
 The faultless hosts collected,
 From every hill around Fionn.

O. Do bi noinn azar noza az Soll,
 ze'ri b'ionda laoc lonn ran b-Fheynn;
 do'n e-fluaz acc ze'ri moer a nzoil,
 ruairi re rin an eazla feyn.

Roinncean an e-reilz ne Soll mear,
 njoer fazbad fean djob zan djoel;
 njoer dearmad duine do'n Fheynn,
 acc e feyn a'r mire djob.

Do canar ne Soll nar tim,
 a'r ba aicneac lionn a rad;
 an fae fo deara, a Shoil,
 mo dearmad fo noinn tar cac.

Njoer cuibe do veac fo'n njoerion,
 aicir oim feyn fa'n noinn;
 ir ruaz nac b-fuilim ad zan;
 a fin eozbar an kala ruinn.

D'fneazairi Jobann mo colz,
 eazra boib do' bi az Soll;
 an laoc fa maic neim a'r cail,
 do cuadar na dail zo lonn.

Do eozairb Fionn mac an Loyn
 a da fleaz zo nio azar rziat;
 riz zo clirre ene lan an e-rlöz,
 zur zab me zo luac na laim.

Coirzead le Fionn zo luac an b-feanz,
 do zab mo cuib do'n e-realz an feyn;
 njoer lamar faela na fjoec,
 do cuir idir djoer do'n Fheynn.

O. Goll had the divide and choice of the spoil,
 Tho' many a powerful hero among the Fianna,
 This from the host (tho' great their valour),
 He got through fear and dread of himself.

The spoil is divided by Goll the swift,
 No one was left without his share,
 He forgot none of the Fianna,
 But himself and me.

I spoke to Goll the dauntless,
 And I was sorry I did so ;
 " What is the cause, O Goll,
 That thou forgottest my share above all the rest."

It was not due to any one under the sun,
 To reproach me for the division,
 Pity I am not near thee,
 O man who charges me with fraud.

Gobhann replied to my anger,
 If Goll had haughty words ;
 The hero whose fame and renown were great,
 Went to meet him fiercely.

Fionn raises Mac an Loin,
 His two spears with vigour and his shield ;
 He runs swiftly thro' the midst of the throng,
 Till he seized me suddenly in his arms.

Fionn soon quelled our anger,
 And took my share of the chase upon himself,
 I did not cause grudge or malice,
 Between [any] two of the Fianna.

O. Do mu ríad teinne zad loce,
 zo cinne ar zac onoc do'u e-rílab;
 a b-timóeall Fhiun ba áom áor,
 b'folac ríad¹ azar tonc.

Uar do áatamar an t-realz,
 na caáub fó dearz ruad;
 do ériállamar ríanna Fhun,
 o rílab Trum zo Loc Cuan.²

Fariamar ríarb³ ar an loc,
 níor rócar dúinn a beire an;
 az reácainn dúinn 'nar b-toct,
 ba mó 'na choc a áeann.

Uí tuaruzbaíl ne a mólab,
 zo m-beiró na zlomur zan dún;
 do éollrad, zo'r mór a b-rraóc,
 cead laóc a laz a óa rál.

Fa mó na zac crann a z-coíll,
 a ríacla do éoíll zac zrain;
 ra mó na comla catruíz,
 cluara an arraíc n'ar n-baíl.

Jr ríad na octar zan earbaíó,
 a h-iarboll rearmac ne a órom;
 ba ramaire an éuío ba áoíle,
 na bair díleann, no coll.

Uar do áonnairc uaire an t-rlóz,
 b'ear, a' r ba nóir a ríraóc;
 bíad ar mac Uíórna zan on,
 nó comrlac con azar laóc.

¹ Folac ríad, Fenian cooking pits according to Keating. When discovered they contain half-burnt stones and small bones.

² Loé Cuán, now the Lough of Strangford in the county of Down.

O. They kindled fires without fault,
 Truly on each hill of the mountain,
 Around Fiona of gentle parts,
 Of the bones of the deer and boar.

After we had partook of the spoils of the chase,
 We, the battalions of the ruddy countenance,
 The Fianna of Fiona marched onwards,
 From Sliabh Truim to Loch Cuan.

We found a serpent in that lake,
 His being there was no gain to us ;
 On looking at it as we approached,
 Its head was larger than a hill.

An account of it, if to be praised,
 It should be muzzled to keep its jaws closed,
 It would toss, however great their rage,
 A hundred heroes in the cavity of its eyes.

Larger than any tree in the forest
 Were its tusks of the ugliest shape ;
 Wider than the portals of a city
 Were the ears of the serpent as he approached.

Taller than the tallest eight men,
 Was its tail erect above its back,
 Thicker was its most slender part
 Than the deluge oak tree, or hazel wood.

When it saw at a distance the host,
 It arose, and great was its fury ;
 It was Mac Morna's turn to give it food,
 Or engage it in combat with his heroes and hounds.

³ ΠΙΔΡ. This word signifies a serpent, snake, monster, or reptile of any sort ; and we so translate it as we proceed.

Fionn. Ní do bíarraigé Bhréann tú,
 a éiríú naé maíé ciall ná com;
 ca h-áir ar a d-tághair do'n gleann?
 adúbaire Fionn fearúa fial.

Bíar. Táinig m'ire anoir ó'n Shléib,
 am réim zo máigic Loé Cuan;
 d'iarraigé comraic ar an b-Féinn,
 a' r do gábaíl créire a rluaz.

Cuirim forlann ar zác tuaité
 do tuiceadar rluazte lem' gléó;
 uairé muna b-fazad mo díol,
 ní fuizfead azuib dár ríol beó.

Tuzaíó dam comraic co luaité,
 cía móir an t-rluazt ca 'zad Fhionn,
 nó zo b-féacáim oruib anoir,
 mo veair tar éir teacé tar toinn.

F. Ar zráó h-íomheadó ionir dáinn,
 zíd' móir do zóil a' r do zráin;
 rzeala h-ácar a' r t-áirim,
 rúí cáiceam ar v-árim ad dáil.

Áiriac' cionce aca 'ran v-Zléib,
 Imeórad zán bréib a áirim zhadé;
 Cnom ná Cairze fá h-áiré blas,
 ar fáirze toir az cloé aca.

Péiré ir maíé zóil 'rir olc zhaó,
 fá h-í rín a mháó zán loé;
 ir teairc caéair t-roir náir brir,
 a' r ruzaó m'ire do mar mhac.

¹ Áiriac. In O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary the meaning is *contour, likeness, spectre, or apparition*.

FIONN. "Thou art not one of Erin's snakes,
 Thou loathsome thing without shape or form ;
 Whence hast thou come to the glen ?
 Asked the manly generous Fionn."

PIAST. "I have just now come from Greece,
 In my course till I reached Loch Cuan ;
 To demand battle from the Fianna,
 And to annihilate their hosts.

"I have laid desolate every land,
 Hosts have fallen by my prowess,
 And unless I obtain my reward from you,
 I will not leave [one of] your race alive.

Give me battle speedily,
 Tho' great the hosts thou hast, O Fionn ;
 Until I try upon you now
 My strength after crossing the wave."

F. "For the love of thy kin relate to us,
 Tho' great thy valour and hideous thy form,
 The history of thy father and thy name
 Before we cast our weapons at thee."

A certain *Arrach* that dwells in Greece,
 Doubtless I shall tell his usual name,
 Crom of the Rock of great renown,
 In the eastern sea in a crag he dwells.

A serpent of great valour but of hideous form,
 Is his wife without blemish ;
 Few cities in the east that he has not ravaged,
 And I was born for him as a son.

O. D'fagðar turpa an zac tyn,
 Arð va 3-Cac¹ zo deimyn m'ayim ;
 a Fhynn! yr maye earyz a'r buab,
 vj car lynn do fluað 'ya þraimh.

Alz ryn an rðeal d'fjarrnar dion,
 a Fhynn! yr maye colz a'r glaic ;
 tabann dam iongail zo dian,
 zib' lionnar d'Fhianyn a'r do veart.

Do naib Fionn, zè'n çruaid an çeim,
 nyr an b-Feyn dul iona ènoib,
 da çoryz do çuadar va fluað,
 azar fuaradar uaid mör bnoib.

Tainiz an þeyr for an 3-cataib,
 yr mör d'ar mayib do turt lei ;
 fa mör an v-bjè le a çoryair,
 vjor çualainz rynn çorham leir.

Teizðear realz do' çumne,
 an an þeyr zo tulinne bonb ;
 do çmoðeab nyte mör ðeacá ;
 teynne colz azar fleazá.

Do bamann uaid turpeac tynn,
 vjor çumpeac dúnyn a fraimyn ;
 do floiz, zib an lör d'eyzeann,
 laoic ionn èyðe azar aynn.

Do floiz ri Fionn iona meabon,
 zur leiz riab Fianna Eimeann zain ;
 bamann treimne gan çabann,
 'ran þeyr az tabairt an v-ain.

¹ Arð va 3-Cac, i.e. the chief or king of the cats.

- O. I entailed woe on every land,
Ard-na-g-Cat is my name truly ;
 O Fionn whose repute and prowess is great,
 I care not for thy hosts or arms.

This is the story which thou asked of me,
 O Fionn ! of the good sword and arm,
 Give me battle immediately
 Tho' numerous thy Fianna and thy strength.

Fionn ordered, though hard the step,
 The Fianna to go fight him ;
 To check him the hosts advanced,
 And from him they received great resistance.

The serpent came upon our battalions,
 And many of our chiefs by him fell ;
 Great was our loss by its onslaught,
 We could not with him contend.

Erase the chase from your memory,
 Saith the serpent vigorous and stout,
 It threw forth great showers
 Of fiery darts, and of spears.

By him we were left weary and sick,
 The contest was not adjusted by us,
 He swallowed, tho' difficult the task,
 Heroes clad in mail and armour.

It swallowed Fionn in the midst of them,
 When the Fianna of Eirinn raised a shout ;
 We were for some time without aid,
 And the serpent dealing destruction amongst us.

O. Ɔonur ar zac taob da corp
 do rynnead Fionn 'nar b'ole m'inn ;
 zur leiz amac zan furreac,
 zac veac' do floizead do'n Fheinn.

Fionn fial, d'n z-coinnac do rin,
 d'f'oir anu ar na rloz ;
 zur fuarzail le trean a laime,
 rinn le beim a zarc zo m-buad.

Do coinnac an Fhianh a'r e ne ceile,
 m'or an treime dul da corz ;
 do doimlanh, z'e'n cnuaid an ceim,
 a'r uor faon zur rzar a anam ne corp !

Ar tuic do p'arraig ne Fionn,
 uj cuirfean a ruim zo brac ;
 a n-dearnad d'azair azar d'eaet,
 a n-aipean' noc ar fead cac.

Do mairb p'art loca Cuilinn,¹
 do tuic le Mac Cúmaill zo maé ;
 a'r r'p'art Bheinne h-Edair,
 a corz uor feadad a z-caé.

P'art eile loca Cuilinn,
 do tuic le Mac Cúmaill an óir ;
 do mairb p'art loca Neacac,²
 a'r Armac Shleanna an Smóil.

¹ Loc Cuilinn. This lake is situated on the summit of Sliabh Guilleann or Cuilicann in the county of Armagh ; and it was in it that Fionn went in quest of the ring, by which he became a withered old man (see p. 2, *ante*) ; but there are two other lakes of the same name in Ireland, to which local tradition attempts to transfer the poem, viz. Lough Cuilinn in the county of Mayo, and Lough Cuillinn (now Holly lake) in the barony of Ida, county of Kilkenny.

² Loc Neacac, now Lough Neagh, which is situated partly in the counties of Armagh, Down, Derry, and Antrim ; and is the largest lake in Ireland, if not in Europe. Its petrifying qualities is such, that the peasantry prepare pieces of the holly tree in the form of a hone, and deposit it in its

O. An opening in each side of his body,
Was made by Fionn, whose mind was not ill ;
Until he let out without delay
Every one of the Fianna he had swallowed.

The generous Fionn by the fight he made,
Saved from slaughter the hosts ;
Until he relieved us by the might of his hand,
And by the blows of his powerful spear.

The Fianna all engaged him in the fight,
It required great bravery to go to conquer him,
They fought, tho' hard the contest,
And never ceased till it was lifeless.

Of all the serpents that fell by Fionn,
The number never can be told ;
The exploits and wonders which he performed,
There is no person who can recount.

He slew the serpent of Lough Cuilinn,
It fell by Mac Cumhaill happily,
And the huge serpent of Ben Eadair (Howth)
That was never overcome in battle.

Another serpent at Lough Cuilinn,
Fell by Mac Cumhaill of the gold ;
He slew the serpent of Lough Neagh,
And the *Arrach* of Gleann-an-Smoil.

waters for a certain period, when it becomes a stone, and is used as such to sharpen razors therewith. An ancient tract on the wonders of Ireland, published by the Rev. Dr. Todd in his edition of the Irish version of Nennius's *Historia Britonum*, printed for the Irish Archaeological Society, (pp. 194-95), verifies this opinion. It says: — "Loch n-Echach, i n-a d-aib, cnaoib Cuilinn bo beirad i n-a ffu recc n-bh-adhb i n-cloc a n-bi de i n-a d-aib, 7 i n-a d-aib na n-bi i n-a uisce, cnaoib uisceo na n-be uairu." "Loch n-Echach; its property is this: a holly tree being placed in it for seven years, the part of it that sinks into the earth, will be stone, the part that remains in the water will be iron, and the part that remains above water will be wood.

O. Do túit ríart Eirne,¹ zé'n zóim, léir,
 a' r' ríart borb loca Ríabac;²
 do máinn, zé' n' éiréan a z-éiré,
 ríart azar cáe an é-clíat.³

Do máinn ré Fuat loca Léin,⁴
 mór an feidm dul da élaoid;
 do máinn ré Fuat a n-Drom Cléib,⁵
 Fuat azar Ríart loca Ríj.⁶

Do máinn Fionn ba mór crioíde,
 Fuat Shlúne Ríj' na ród;
 zac ríart ne neart a lam,
 a ngleanncaib Eirnean zur bat.

Fuat azar Ríart Shlúne h-Anná,⁶
 do máinn Fionn zé' n' éalína íad;
 do síbít Fionn ó na Rácaib,
 zac ríart ró raacá a ériall.

Ríart an Shóinín⁹ ró foluir,
 do córz ré rounr na b-feart;
 do élaoid ne cáite an domáin,
 ríart loca Ráinn¹⁰ na o-treart.

¹ Eirne, or loc Eirne, now Lough Erne in the county of Fermanagh, which extends about twenty miles in length.

² loc Ríabac, now Loughrea in the county of Galway.

³ ac Clíat, *The Ford of Hurdles*; one of the ancient names of Dublin.

⁴ loc Léin, the ancient and present vernacular name for the lakes of Killarney.

⁵ Drom Clíab, now Drumcliff, the name of a district in the barony of Carbury, county of Sligo.

⁶ loc Ríj, now Lough Ree, a most beautifully diversified lake on the river Shannon, lying between the town of Athlone and Lanesborough; an expansion of the Shannon between Roscommon and Westmeath.

- O. The serpent of Eirne, though a blue one, fell by him,
 And the furious serpent of Lough Rea ;
 He slew, though stout their hearts,
 A serpent and cat in Ath Cliath.

He slew the Spectre of Lough Lein,
 Great was the deed to go attack it ;
 He slew the Spectre of Droméliabh,
 And the Spectre and Serpent of Lough Ree.

Fionn of the noble heart slew,
 The Spectre of Glen Righe of the highways,
 Each serpent by the might of his hand
 In Erin's glens he subdued.

The Spectre and Serpent of Glenarm,
 Though powerful they were, Fionn slew ;
 Fionn banished from the Rathas
 Each serpent he went to meet.

A serpent in the refulgent Shannon
 That disturbed the happiness of the people,
 He slew by frequenting the lake,
 The serpent of Lough Ramar of the conflicts.

⁷ *Ḃleann Kij*, Glenree, now the valley through which the Newry river runs.

⁸ *Ḃleann Anra*, now Glenarm, a bay and village in the county of Antrim ; where is situated Glenarm Castle, the seat of the earls of Antrim. Robert Sussex, a Scotchman, built a monastery of the third order of Franciscans here in 1465, and an ancestor of the earls of Antrim endowed it with grants of land. *Top. Graph. Hib.* voce *Glenarm*.

⁹ *Ḃhannon*, the river Shannon, the etymology of which is a matter of much discussion ; but the most probable is, that the name is compounded of the words *rean* and *Aban*, ancient river.

¹⁰ *Loe Ramart*, now Lough Ramor, near Virginia, in the barony of Castle-
 raghan, county of Cavan. In its islands are several castellated ruins.

O. Do mairn, fa mōr a colab,
 Fuac flēibe Cuihyn¹ zē'ri borib;
 a' r da pēirt Zhlyne h-Ihneab,²
 do ēuiceadair rīn ne a colz.

Do mairn pīart Loča Mēilze,³
 lōr a ērēine do laim Fhlyne,
 a' r rēpīart Loča Carrā,⁴
 a' r Airiāc Loča Truim.

Do bī pīart ar Loč Mēarza,⁵
 mōr a ērear ar fēarīab Fāil;
 mairn ē ne a colz buadac,
 zē'ri borib an t-uālac do ēac.

Ai Loč Laozairne⁶ zo cīnne,
 pīart do zūb teine do bī;
 d'airnēoīn a b-fuarīn do fāla,
 do dīcēann le a arim j,

Fuac Dhrōbaoir⁷ lōr a ērēine,
 azar Airim⁸ flēibe an Chlāir;
 do mairn Fīonh⁹le Māc an Loīn;
 zē'ri borib a nzoīl a' r a ngleō.

¹ Slīab Cuihyn, *vide* p. 2.

² Zleann h-Ihneab, now the valley through which the river Inny in the county of Westmeath runs, and is united to Lough Sheelin by a small rivulet.

³ Loč Mēilze, or Mēilbe, now Lough Melvin; a large fresh water lake from which issues the river Droghaols in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, contiguous to the county of Sligo.

⁴ Loč Carrā, now Lough Carra in the county of Mayo. It was anciently called Fionnloch Ceara.

⁵ Loč Mēarza, now Lough Mask, a fine lake lying between the counties of Galway and Mayo. In *leabair na z-Cearc*, (Book of Rights, p. 100, a.), it is stated that, before the Dalcassian families, (called Dealbhna,) settled in West

O. He killed, great was its destruction,
 The fierce monster of Sliabh Cuillinn,
 And the two serpents of Glen Inny,
 Fell by his sword.

He killed the serpent of Lough Meilge,
 A match in strength for the hand of Fionn ;
 And the huge serpent of Lough Carra,
 And the *Arrach* of Lough Truim.

There was a serpent on Lough Mask,
 Great was its havoc on the men of Fail ;
 He slew it by his powerful sword,
 Tho' the task was a heavy one.

On Lough Leary certainly,
 There was a serpent that did cast fire,
 Despite all its treachery
 With his arms he beheaded it.

The Spectre of Droghaiois great its might,
 And the *Aimid* of the mountains of Clare,
 Fionn slew with Mac-an-Loin,
 Tho' fierce their battles and conflicts.

or Iar Connaught, the Conmaicne Mara, or maritime Conmaicne, had possession of all that part of the present county of Galway lying west of Lough Measca (Mask) and Loch Oirbsean (now Corrib), and between Galway, and the harbour of Cael Shalle Ruadh (now Killary), all which district has its old name still preserved in the corrupted form of "Connemara."

* *Loë Laoḡaḡne*, now Lough Mary, situated in the parish of Ardstraw, barony of Strabane, county of Tyrone.

† *Droghaioḡ*, a river which flows from Lough Malvin in the lower part of the county of Leitrim.

* *Ḃḡḡḡḡ*, in the general acceptation of the term, means a careless slovenly female ; but here it must mean some monster or other assuming human form.

O. Fuat LoCa LunGAN, 3ið' tian,
 le Fionn¹ na b-Fiann² do éuit ré ;
 ní h-iontceap zo biot beap ;
 zac ar éuir d'ar ar fluaG.

Do éuit riart ar Banna³ bion,
 le laim Fhionn na z-comlann z-ciuais,
 dob' ionda ar n-díe o na éneap,
 zur clais é le Fionn féin.

SEILS SHLEIBHE NA M-BAN.

Oir. LA DA n-deacais Fionn na b-Fiann,
 do feilz ar flab na m-ban fionn,³
 tui nile do wairib na b-Fiann,
 ful n-deacais zuian ór ar z-cionn.

Pac. Oirio ip hinc lion do zlan,
 a'r beannaict fór le h-annuis Fhionn ;
 ionnir dainn ad wair flab,
 do éuit ar flab na m-ban fionn.

¹ LoC LunGAN, an old name for the bay of Galway.

² BANNA, a celebrated lake in the barony of Half-fone, county of Westmeath. There is also a river of that name in the county of Antrim, once celebrated for its salmon and eel fisheries ; it falls into Lough Neagh ; and another river in the barony of Scarawaleh, county of Wexford, celebrated by Mr. Ogle, about 1770, in the much admired song :—

"As down by Banna's banks I strayed," &c.

³ FLAB na M-BAN FIONN, literally, the mountain of the fair-haired women, a lofty mountain situate about four miles north east of the town of Clonmel in

O. The oppressive Spectre of Lough Lurgan,
 By Fionn of the Fianna it fell,
 It cannot be told till the day of doom
 The destruction it dealt among our hosts.

The serpent of the murmuring Bann fell,
 By the hand of Fionn of the stern conflicts,
 Great was our loss by its battles,
 Till he was vanquished by Fionn himself.

THE CHASE OF SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

Ois. ONE day that Fionn of the Fianna went
 To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
 With three thousand of his nobles,
 Before the sun shone above our head.

PAT. Oisin, melodious is thy voice to me,
 And a blessing attend the soul of Fionn,
 Tell us how many deer
 Fell on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn.

the county of Tipperary. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note appended to a very curious paper on the Fenian Traditions of this mountain, by Mr. John Dunne, the rural rector of Garryricken, and published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society for 1851, (p. 339), controverts the popular meaning of the term, and says that the name should be *SLIABH BAN FEIMHEANN*, or simply *SLIABH NA M-BAN*; because *SLIABH FEIMHEANN* (the plain of Feimheann) was co-extensive with the barony of Iffa and Offa East, which forms its northern boundary. The term "*FEIMHEANN*" may very easily be corrupted, or changed into "*FIONN*," (*fair*), but the popular and established name cannot be now easily eradicated.

P. Խորի ծամ ոտն չա՛հ բջալ,
 ա՛ր ծառայա՛ծ ար ծո ծալ չա՛ղ չծ ;
 և մ-իյօծ ծիւծ օրսն յա՛ արտ,
 և՛ ծալ ծո քիւլն չա՛հ ասո լծ .

O. Ծո էլ ծիւծ օրսսն ա՛ր արտ,
 և՛ ծալ ծո քիւլն կոտ մար քո ;
 ա՛ր ոյ էլ քիւտն ծիւծ ծամ ծօլէ,
 չա՛ղ կիւտ քիւլն ա՛ր ծա ծօլո .

Չա՛ղ օտն ա՛ր քիւտ քիւտ,
 ա՛ր կիւտն ծառ-չառ չիւտ ;
 ա՛ր քիւտ-քիւտ քիւտ-քիւտ ծօլն,
 ա՛ր ծա քիւտն և ո-ծիւծ չա՛հ քիւ .

Չա՛ղ քիւտն աւիտն ար և մ-իյօծ կիւտ,
 ա՛ր կոտ քիւտն յի քիւտն չիւտ ;
 ծա՛ քիւտն չա՛ղ քիւտն քիւտն չա՛հ,
 ոյ կիւտն չա՛հ ծո՛ք քիւտն յա՛ քիւտն .

Իր է ծո՛ք քիւտն ա՛ր ծո՛ք քիւտ,
 ոյ ծառայօ կոտն ծո և ծօլոտ ;
 և՛ ծալ ծո ծառայօլ յա՛ չ-քիւտն չա՛հ,
 չա՛ղ քիւտն ար քիւտն յա՛ քիւտն .

Քոտն ծո քիւտն ծո ծառայօլ քիւտն,
 ծո քիւտն ար քիւտն յա՛ մ-իւտն քիւտն,
 և քիւտն ! և ծառայն յա՛ չ-քիւտն,
 ծո՛ք քիւտն քիւտն-քիւտն ար չ-քիւտն .

Չա՛ղ քիւտն ծո քիւտն քիւտն ար չ-քիւտն,
 ծո՛ք քիւտն քիւտն քիւտն և յիւտն ;
 չա՛հ չա՛հ և՛ ծալ ծո՛ք չ-քիւտն,
 և՛ ծալ ծառայօլ քիւտն քիւտն քիւտն .

- P. Tell me before all tales,
 And verily a blessing be upon thy lips,
 Were ye clad in mail or armour,
 Going to the chase every day.
- O. We were clad in mail and armour
 On going to the chase ;
 And there was not a Fiann to my knowledge,
 Without a silken shirt and two hounds.

Without a *cotan*,¹ and fine silk,
 And a sharp-pointed polished spear,
 A golden-diademed helmet truly,
 And a pair of javelins in each man's hand.

Without a green shield endowed with powers,
 And a tempered lance to sever heads,
 If the whole world had been searched over,
 A better man than Fionn could not be found.

He was most liberal and valiant,
 No other man exceeded him ;
 In visiting the bright harbours,
 A man like Fionn was not to be found.

By his desire we went westward,
 To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
 O Patrick! Chief of Clerics,
 The sun shone brightly over our heads.

When Fionn arranged our hounds,
 Many came from the east and west to hear,
 The cry of dogs on entering the hill,
 Starting the wild boar and deer.

¹ *Cotan*, i.e., a little coat. The original was by mistake printed "*cortán*."

O. Do bi Fionn²fein a²zur Brian,
 na ruid²e real ar an rliab;
 zac fear² djob a n-ionad a feilz,
 zur einz cealz na b-fiad.

Do leizeamar ein² n²hle cá,
 do b'feair² lúe a' r do bi zarz,
 do marb² zac cá djob da fiad,
 ful do curnead² iall na h-arz.

Do marbamar² r²e n²hle fiad,
 ir an ngleann do bi ran c-rliab;
 a n-éazmar² a²z a²zur fearb,
 n²i deairnad² realz mar² rin riam!

Dob' e deirnead² ar feilze² fiar,
 a²Chléiriz² na z-cliar a' r na z-cloz,
 beic²z-céad cá zora² rlabrad² d²ir,
 do éur² im neoir²ne céad² toric.

Do éurceadar² l²inn²na² toric,
 do rin²na h-uic ar an leirz,
 muna² m-beic² ar lanna a' r ar lamá,
 do éurfeid² ar ar an b-feir².

2 Phadrui²z na m-bacal² fiar,
 n²i fáca² m²e fiar na foir;
 feilz² az² fiandaid² Fhionn,
 ne mo² linn ba² th²o na rin.

23 rin² feilz do rin² Fionn,
 a² th²ic² Alprui²on na m-bacal² m-blac;
 zar² ar z-coilean² ran ngleann,
 Ué, a Phadrui²z! ba² d²inn an la!

O. Fionn himself and Bran were
 Seated awhile on the mountain ;
 Each man was in his place in the hunt,
 Until the venom of the deer arose.

We let loose three thousand hounds,
 The most swift and fierce,
 Each of these hounds killed two stags,
 Before she was leashed to a thong.

We killed six thousand deer,
 In the glen which lay in the mountain,
 Besides stags and roe-bucks,
 A hunt like it was never performed.

It was thus the chase ended,
 O Cleric of the clerks and bells ;
 A thousand hounds with their collars of gold,
 Fell before noon by one hundred hogs.

The hogs fell by us,
 Which caused havoc on the plain,
 Were it not for our lances and arms,
 They would bring slaughter upon the Fianna.

O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
 I have not seen in north or west,
 A chase by the Fianna of Fionn
 Greater than this in my time.

This chase was performed by Fionn,
 O son of Calphruin of the croziers bright,
 The cry of our dogs in the glen,
 Alas, O Patrick ! was melodious on that day.

ՏԵՂԵ ՊԱՐԱ ՓՐՁՈՅԻՅԱԿԻՄ ՊՈՆՏԻԱՅ
ՁԱՆ ԲԻՐՕՅԻՅԱ.

Օ. ԵՅՏԵՂԻ՛ ! ապրե ե-բար ե-Բալ,
 և՛ զնի՛ր ծա Ե-ԵԱՐԼԱԻՅ ԵՄԱՐԵԱԻՅ ;
 ՅՈ ՐԼՈՒՊՆԵԱԾ ԵԻՅ ՅԱՆ ԵՆԵԻՅ,
 ԵԱԿԱՐ ԲԻՍՍ ԱՅԱՐ ՊՈՆՏԱՅՐ.

ՔԼԵԱԾ ԵՍ ԵՄԾՐԱԾ ՅԱՆ ԸՆԵԼՅ,
 ԼԵ ՊԱԿ ԱՆ ՓԱՅԾԱ՝ ԵՆԵԻՇ-ԵՆԵՐՅ ;
 ԵՆԵՐԵԱՐ ՐԻՊՆԵ ԵԱ Կ-ՃԼ ՐՈՒՐ,
 ՅՈ ԵՐԱՅԻՆ ՊԾՐ-ՅԼԱՆ ՈՒ ԵԾՐՈՆԵ.¹

ԵՐ Ե ԼԻՊ ԵՍ ԸՆԱԾՄԱՐ ԱՊՊ,
 Ե՛ ԲԻՂԱՊՊԱԻՅ ԱՐՊ-ՅԼԱՆՈՒ ԵՊՆԵԱՊՊ ;
 Ա Ն-ԵԱՅՄԱՅՐ ՅԻՈՒԼԻ. Ա՛Ր ԿԻՈՊԱՊՊ,
 ԵՆԻՇ Յ-ԵԾԱԾ ԵԱՐԻՐԵԱԿ Ե՛ ԲԻՅԵՐՊՊԵ.

ԵՐԱՅԵ ԱՐԵՆԵ ՐԾ՛Ն Ե-ԲԵՐՊՊ ՅՈ ՐԱԸ,
 ԵՐԱՅԵ ԸԱՍՊ ԸՈՐԵՐԱԾ ԵԱ Յ-ԸՆԻՊԾԱԿ ;
 ՐՐՃԼԼ ԵԵԱՐՅ ՐԱ՛Ն Յ-ԵՆԵԻՐՊՊՊ ԱՊԱՐ,
 ԱՅ ԵԵԱՅԼԱԿ ԱՅԾԱ ՊՈՆՏԱՅՐ.

¹ ՊԱԿ ԱՆ ՓԱՅԾԱ. This was Aenghus Og, a prince of the Tuatha de Dannan race, and a reputed magician, who had his palace at ԵՐԱՅ ՈՒ ԵԾՐՈՆԵ ; and of whom the poet said :

‘ ՊՈՆՏԱՅՐ ՕՅ ՈՒ ԵԾՐՈՆԵ ԵԱՐԻՐԵ.’
 Aenghus Og of the gentle Boyne.

**THE CHASE OF THE ENCHANTED PIGS OF
AENGHUS AN BHROGHA.**

O. HEARKEN ! ye nobles of the men of Fail,
To the cause from which arose the strife ;
Until I relate to you without falsehood,
The battle of Fionn and Aenghus.

A feast was prepared without guile,
By Mac-an-Dagha, of the red countenance ;
We were invited to partake of it,
To the bright mansion of the Boinn.

'Twas the number that went there
Of Erin's Fianna of the polished arms ;
Besides Goll and Conan,
Ten hundred Finnian chieftains.

Green mantles the Fianna wore,
With fine purple cloaks protecting them ;
Scarlet satin the troops wore,
In the beautiful mansion of Aenghus.

² *Ḃruḡ na Ḃóinne*, i.e., The Fortress of the Boyne ; now Stackallen, in the county of Meath ; here was the cemetery of the pagan kings of Ireland, and, it was here that Aenghus Og Mac an Dagha had his court.

O. Տսլծեար Բլօղոյ 'րան ո-երուշիոյ ո-երուր,
 տօօօ ու տօօօ շլան Պօղօար ;
 բլան Յօ Ե-բաճա բլլ մար բլո,
 ծլբ շօոն մալէ Լօծ աբ Էալիսլոյո.

Պար ծօ բսլծեած Լօծ 'րան ԷաԸ,
 ծօծ' յօրՅոսաԸ Լօ շօրնլՅԷբաԸ,
 շօրնոյ ծլր ծ Լան Յօ Լան,
 աՅ Լաճալլ ու ո-աօղարան.

Պօ բալծ Պօղօար ծօ շտէ ոնօր աբլլ,
 ծօ շլր բլո Էօծօ աբ ու բլր ;
 լբ բօար ու ԵաԷա բօ ու բլլլ,
 աբ ՊաԸ աբ ՊաՅԸ ծբլլԸ-ծբլրՅ.

Եբ մօարա աբ ԵաԷա բօ ու բլլլ,
 ծօ բալծ ՊաԸ Շլմալլ Լան ծ'բլրլլ ;
 Յան շօրն աոո ու ելծ 'ալրօ,
 Յան շաԷա, Յան շօոն Յալրօ.

Ու շօրն բլո ա ծբլրն Բլոո,
 ծօ ծբլլ աՅաԸ բօլո Յօ Յլոո ;
 շրօԸ բա ո-աճալր Էա աբ շտէ,
 ա'բ ոաԸ ուլրբլծլբ աօո ոնօ.

Ոլ' Լաճաբա բօլո, աբ Բլօո,
 ու աՅ բլաՅ ԷլաԷա Պաղաո ;
 ոն ծար ոնլլ շօ Էալիսլոյ Էրսլո,
 ուաԸ ուլրբօԸ Երան ա'բ ՏՅօԸԼաոո.

ՇլրբօԸ շլՅալծրօ ոնօ ոնօր,
 ոնալրծօԸ աբ ծ-շօրն ա Յ-շօԸծօլր ;
 բաԸ ալբ բօլո աբ աբ մալլ,
 ծ'ո Ե-Բօլոո աՅար ծ ու Յ-շօղալծ.

- O. Fionn sits in the enchanted mansion
 Side by side with the noble Aenghus ;
 Long was it before eye hath seen
 Two like them in the land.

As they were seated in the house,
 It was a wonder to strangers.
 Golden cups went from hand to hand,
 And waiters were kept in motion,

Aenghus spoke in a loud voice within,
 Which caused the men to be silent ;
 " This life is preferable to the chase,"
 Saith Mac-an-Dagha of the red countenance.

" This life is not preferable to the chase,"
 Saith Mac Cumhaill, full of wrath ;
 " Without hounds here, or handsome steeds,
 Without battalions or merriment."

" The hounds that thou speakest of, Fionn,
 Thou hadst so pleasantly,
 Why hast thou thus spoken,
 And yet they would not kill one pig."

" Thou thyself hast not," saith Fionn,
 " Nor the Tuatha de Danann host,
 A pig which trod upon dry land
 That Bran and Sgeolan would not kill."

" I will send thee a large pig,
 Which will kill your hounds instantly ;
 That will outrun thyself upon the plain,
 The Fianna and all their hounds."

O. **Ածնձայրե** ըօ շու՛ ժօրն արւլչ,
 բեաճձայրե¹ ան ծրօճա ծաձայչ ;
 բւլ ծել՛ ըն՛ ար մեյրճե տր,
 տրլալաձ ճաճ ղեաճ ըա յօմձայչ.

Ածնձայրե Բյօրր ղե ղա Բիանրայ՛ն,
 ճաձաձ ստայ՛ն աճր տրլալաձ ;
 ոյ ծ-բւլկր աճճ ան սաճաձ ան,
 յօրր Կիւաճա ըձ Ծանրոյ,

Տլալբեամաօր ար ըր ըլար,
 ճր ան տ-բալլ ա ղայ՛ն ան Բիանր ;
 ան ըօ ծլ ան Բիանր 'րա ճ-օրր,
 ար Տիլաձ Բալո՛ ան օյձճե ըօրր.

Ելաձայր ընկրր ճեանր յ ճ-ճեանր,
 աճր Կաճա ըձ Ծանրոյ ճեանր ;
 ոձ ճօ ղ-ձեարրամար ան տ-բելչ,
 ըար ծ'յօմձա բւլ ար բյօրր-լելրճ.

Ար յ բելչ ըօ ղլճըաձ կրր,
 լե **Պաճ Ընկայլլ** ճօ ղճօրն ղճրրրր, [կրր,⁵
 Տիլաձ ճ-Ըա,² **Տիլաձ ճ-Շրօ,**⁴ **ա'ր Տիլաձ ճ-Ըալ-**
 ճօ ղ-յօրրնրր ճրլճե ա ղ-Ալկայ՛ն.

Տայձեար կրր ան տ-բելչ ժօր,
 լե **Պաճ Ընկայլլ** ա'ր ղե ղա ղձճ ;
 ձ **Պիաճ Ըօձա**⁶ ճօ Շրաճալրր Շարր,⁷
 ճօ Բյօրրանրալո՛ 'րճօ Բյօրրայր.⁸

¹ *Քեաճձայրե*, a regulator, a steward, and in the modern acceptation of the term, a dairyman.

² *Տիլաձ Բալո*, see pp. 20-21.

³ *Տիլաձ ճ-Ըա* or *Ըա*, a large tract of a well-cultivated district, lying about midway between the town of Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, and Clonmel in the county of Tipperary; and comprising the ancient parish of Seeganean, and formerly embracing the mountain of Knockmoldown, on the summit of, the eccentric Eeles of Lismore, with his dogs and gun are interred. In the *Book of Rights*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan for the Celtic Society in 1847, (see p. 5), it is stated that one of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster was, "to pass over *Sliabh Cua* with [a band] of fifty, after pacifying the South of Eire."

O. In a loud voice within said,
 The steward of the enchanted mansion ;
 " Before ye are drunk and merry,
 Let every man go to his couch."

Fionn saith to the Fianna,
 " Equip and go forth ;
 We are but a handful here
 Among the Tuatha de Danann."

We proceeded from thence to the west,
 To the place where the Fianna were ;
 There were there the Fianna and their hounds,
 On Sliabh Fuaid that night.

For a whole year we were in consultation,
 And the Tuatha de Danann boastful,
 Until we performed the chase,
 Which left much blood on fair plains.

The chase that we made
 With Mac Cumhaill of the pleasant voice, [Cuillinn,
 Was Sliabh g-Cua, Sliabh g-Crot, and Sliabh
 And the coasts on the borders of Ulster.

We pursued the great chase,
 With Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,
 From Magh Cobha to Cruachainn Chais,
 To Fionnbhairc and Fionnais.

⁴ Sliabh g-Crot, or more correctly Sliabh Crot, Mount Grud, principally lying in the Galtee Mountains, in the barony of Clanwilliam, county of Tipperary, having the name still preserved. There was a battle fought here in the year 1058 between Diarmuid Mac Mael-na-m-bo, and Donchadh the son of Brian. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. III, p. 148, n.

⁵ Sliabh Cuilinn, see pp. 2-3.

⁶ Magh Cobha, i.e. the plain of Eochaidh Cobha, the ancestor of the tribe called Ui Eathach Cobha, who were settled in the present baronies of "Upper and Lower Iveagh," in the county of Down. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part III. c. 78. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Ulster was :—"To go into

O. An t-geilz do riúnead an rorh,
 le Mac Cúmaill a h-Álthain;
 do ba dfeacáil Aongus di,
 a' r do ba earbadac rinne.

Cuirnear Aongus ceacra 'nar z-cionn,
 zo h-ard-flaie na b-Fianh b-foile-fionn;
 Mac Cúmaill ce zup mór mod,
 az iarraib bneire do édhall.

Suirnear Fionn flaie na Féinne,
 ar an z-cnoc ór cionn an t-rléibe;
 ruirnear an Fhianh azur a z-coin,
 ar an rliab an la rorh.

Suirnirí fáin ar an rliab,
 mar a raib Fionn flaie na b-Fianh;
 zac neac beie ar an rliab an aonar,
 flaie na b-Fianh zan nó baogal.

Ánmonna con na Féinne,
 rloirnead d'ib zan élaon a z-céille;
 nó beaz da z-conaib, dar liom,
 cia aibneac líb a n-áinnein.

Ánnaill an lairirí fáin,
 Bran a lairí an fáin zo r'zóin;
 azur Sgeólan ran lairí eile,
 az Mac Cúmaill Álthainne.

Magh Cobha in the month of March, (which probably was considered lucky), and drink of the water of Bo Neimhidh between two darknesses (twilight)."
 —*Book of Rights*, p. 7.

⁷ Cnuadainn Chais. This was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, now called Rathcroghan, situated near Belanagare in the county of Roscommon. The country of Dail Chais, in the reign of Diarmuid

- O. The chase which was then performed
 By Mac Cumhail of Almhuin,
 Aenghus was beggared by,
 And we, too, suffered.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
 To the fair-haired chief of the Fianna ;
 Mac Cumhail, though great his respect,
 Asking him to fulfil his pledge.

Fionn, the Finnian chieftain, rested
 On the hill above the mountain ;
 The Fianna and their hounds rested
 On the mountain on that day.

I myself on the mountain sat
 With Fionn, the chief of the Fianna ;
 Each person was on the mountain alone,
 The Fianna's chief was not in danger.

The names of the Finnian hounds
 I will relate to you without guile ;
 Too few were their hounds I say,
 Tho' alarming to you to count them.

Adhnuail was in my own hand,
 Bran was held by the graceful man,
 And Sgeolan in the other hand
 By Mac Cumhail of Almhuin.

Mac Fearghus Ceirbheoil (according to Keating), originally formed part of Connaught.—*Book of Rights*, pp. 20, 21, n.

* $\text{F}\text{I}\text{O}\text{N}\text{N}\text{A}\text{B}\text{H}\text{U}\text{A}\text{I}\text{C}$. There is a remarkable stone fort of this name near the village of Kilfenora in the county of Clare.

* $\text{F}\text{I}\text{O}\text{N}\text{N}\text{A}\text{I}\text{R}$. The editor cannot trace or identify this locality.

O. Զեւե՛ս ԳՅ Օրրո՛ն մա՛ս Քիւրո՛ս,
 ԳՅսր Լոսո՛ւ և Լալո՛ն Բիբալո՛ն ԵՅ Յօ յՅրոսո՛ս ;
 ՏՅալ Կաօր՛ս ԳՅսր Լաւր Յան Կոնո՛ս,
 Ար Էրաւր՛ 1 Լալո՛ն Քրոճաճալո՛ն.

Չրե՛ւր Եօսո՛ս և Լալո՛ն ո՛ր Կ Տոճիլ,
 Ան Շորոճոճ ԳՅ Աա Կօրոճիւրո՛ս ;
 Պօճաճալր Գ՛ր Պօճարաո՛ս Գ՛ր Պօճօրո՛ս,
 և Լալո՛ն Տիարալ՛ց օ Քիօրաօրլ.

Չօրճան Չուճե՛ս Եօճ՛ 1օնՅոճե՛ս,
 և Լալո՛ն Բիբիւրո՛ս ո՛ս ո-Ելօճե՛ս ;
 Պօճ Կն Տոճիլ Գ՛ր Չոճեւե՛ս Եօսո՛ս,
 և Լալո՛ն Չիւճալ՛ց Եաճ՛-Աւալո՛ս.

Եաճե՛ս, ԳՅ Չարաւոճ Չօսո՛ս,
 Պօճ Կն Տրաւո՛ս ԳՅ ՕրՅսր օլլ ;
 Կլե՛ Քաճա ԳՅ Կօրան Յօ Յ-Կալ ;
 ԳՅսր Յարալ՛ց ԳՅ Քաօլան.

Յարոճ Եւրո՛ս Կն Եան րօրո՛ս,
 ԳՅ Կսր Յօլլ Կր Կն Յ-Կօրալ՛ց ;
 Յօ Ե-ԲաԿաճալր ր՛ան մալ՛ց Կոօրո՛ս,
 Երե՛ս ոճօր-Կաճիար Եօ ո՛սԿալ՛ց.

Եօճ՛ 1օնՅոճե՛ս ո՛ս Քիօրո՛ս ո՛ս Ե-Քիանո՛ս,
 Յաճ ո՛ս Կն Կօրոճե՛ս րլաճ ;
 Կօն ո՛ս Կն ոճօրա Յան և Կլե՛,
 րա Եւր՛ց 1 ո՛ս Յալ Յաճանո՛ս.

Քա Կօրոճե՛ս ո՛ս րօճ-Էրանո՛ս րաւր,
 րիօնր՛աճ և ԼեաԿան՛ րա Կլաւր ;
 րա րաիւրլ ո՛ս ուրո՛ս և Եաճ՛,
 րիօնր՛աճ և րլ րա րօսո՛ն ո՛սա.

O. Ablach was held by Oisín the son of Fionn,
 And Lonn was held by Bran Beag the pleasant ;
 Sgal the slender and Luas without dread,
 Were firmly held by Feardubhan.

Airchis the stout in Mac Smoil's hand,
 And Cordubh was held by O'Corbhinn ;
 Meadhair and Mearan and Maoin
 In the hand of Garraidh from Formaoil.

Dordan Duthach the wonderful,
 In the hand of Beinne the spiteful ;
 Mac-an-Smoil and Drothladh the strong
 In the hand of Duthaigh the well-looking.

Eachtach was held by Diarmuid Donn,
 Mac-an-Truim was held by the great Osgur ;
 Rith Fada was held by hungry Conan,
 And Garraidh was held by Faolan.

Not long were we then,
 Betting on our hounds,
 Until we saw on the eastern plain
 A large herd of horrible pigs.

Fionn of the Fianna was amazed
 At seeing each pig as tall as a deer ;
 One pig before them of boisterous mien,
 Blacker was she than smith's coals.

Longer than an erect mast,
 Were the bristles of her face and ears ;
 Like that of a brake was the colour
 Of the hair of her eyelids and old brow.

O. Léiḡmḡre a d-taob na léiḡze,
 Aḡuaill a d-túr na feiḡze ;
 do mḡarb an céad mḡc zan éleḡt,
 zé'r lḡonmḡri coḡn na Feiḡne.

Aḡuaill do mḡarb an mḡc mḡrḡ,
 do énead Aonḡur a z-céadḡr ;
 ó roḡn iḡ tuḡzḡe bḡrḡ a léiḡ,
 aca Sleann na céad mḡice.¹

Briḡear Brian a h-iall zo fḡor,
 rḡbḡlar rḡ ar laḡm an rḡḡ ;
 na mḡca fa mḡr mḡre,
 do zḡbrad da cḡmḡleicḡe.

Aen. Tḡuaḡ roḡn, a Bhḡaḡn buadaḡz bḡnḡ,
 a mḡc Fhearḡura foile fḡon ;
 duḡerḡ noḡa zḡonḡ fearḡa,
 mo mḡcra do laḡ-mḡrbad.

O. Mḡar do cḡalaḡd Brian an zḡé,
 do élaocḡad a cḡall 'ra cḡuḡ ;
 zḡbad rḡ ar bḡaḡaḡd an mḡc,
 a zḡur cḡzḡar an éruaḡd bḡrḡ.

Zḡbur rḡ an mḡc ar bḡaḡaḡd,
 an zḡeḡm rḡn ba zḡeḡm nḡmḡaḡd ;
 ḡḡor léiḡ an mḡc a zḡbaḡl,
 a'ḡ do cḡoḡzḡḡ a zḡaḡr anḡaḡl.

Mḡna ḡ-dearḡna Brian zo bḡaḡé,
 do zḡonḡ nḡ zḡaḡrḡe na deadaḡz ;
 aḡt an mḡc rḡn ar an mḡaḡz,
 do na Fḡaḡnaḡd do cḡoḡzḡaḡl.

¹ Sleann na Céad Mḡice, *The Valley of the First Pig*. This must be the celebrated valley of the Black Pig in Ulster, concerning which there are so many curious old legends current among the peasantry.

O. I sent forth to one side of the plain,
 Adhnuaille in front of the chase ;
 She killed the first pig without doubt,
 Though numerous were the hounds of the Fianna.

Adhnuaille killed the first pig,
 Of the herd of Aenghus instantly ;
 From this fact you must know,
 That Gleann-na-ceed-mhuice is so called.

Bran broke forth from her leash,
 And left the hands of the king ;
 The pigs, though great their speed,
 Were captured in the conflict.

ANN. Woe it is, O victorious sweet Bran¹,
 O son of Fergus the fair-haired ;
 To you it is not a manly deed
 To kill my own son.

O. As Bran heard the voice,
 Her sagacity and appearance changed ;
 She takes the pig by the neck,
 And assumes the difficult task.

She takes the pig by the neck,
 That hold was the hold of a foe ;
 She did not suffer the pig to escape,
 And never became breathless.

If Bran never performed
 A feat of valour after that,
 But that pig upon the plain,
 To hold for the Fianna.

¹ Bran was the son of Fergus, King of Ulster, and was metamorphosed into a hound.

O. ʒé'í nòr nò h-ʒonʒur aɲ tɹéad,¹
 nɹ nɹaɹb aon núc ʒaɲ béad ;
 nɹ nɹaɹb aɲn áct núc a'ɹ céad,
 uɹm tɹaáctòna ʒaɲ luáct éaʒ.

ʒínníð aɲn ɹoɹɲ aɲ ʒhíann,
 ɹòɹn aɲoɹn áʒaɹ aɲaɹ ;
 a n-éaʒmúɹ ʒíolla áʒur con,²
 bɹ beɹc ʒ-céad taonɹeáct aɹ n-eaɹbaɹb.

Do nɹaɹb Orʒur do ʒut nòr,
 le ʒac Cúmaɹll a'ɹ le na flóʒ ;
 deanaɹb eólur aɹ aɲ m-Bruɹʒɹn,
 áʒur óɹolan aɹ aɹ múnɹɹn.

Ba conaɹnle ɹɹ ʒaɲ céll,
 do nɹaɹb Oɹɹn nò ʒíonn ɹéɹn ;
 da nɹáct na muca mɹaɹ ɹoɹn,
 ɹíocɹaɹb aɹɹ na m-beáctáɹb.

Deanaɹb na mucá do loɹʒáð,
 a'ɹ ba mðbe búɹ ʒ-corʒaɹn ;
 a'ɹ loɹɹʒíbe na múnɹíbe,
 a'ɹ cuɹnɹíð a luáct le ɹaɹnʒíbe.

Seáct ʒ-caáa do bámaɹ aɲn,
 d'ɹíannaɹb aɹnna na h-Éɹneann ;
 call le h-ɹmeall aɲ loca,
 ɹeáct b-ɹeɹɹte ʒáct aon cáta.

¹ In a copy in the Rev. James Goodman's extensive collection of Irish MSS., this stanza runs thus :—

“ʒé'í nòr nò h-ʒonʒur a tɹéad
 ɹona nɹaɹb núc áʒur céad ;
 nɹ nɹaɹb aon núc óɹob ʒaɲ oɹl,
 uɹm tɹaáctòna 'na m-beáctáɹb.”

O. Though the herd appeared large to Aenghus,
 There was not one pig escaped unhurt ;
 There were but a hundred and one pigs there
 Towards evening without being dead.

The Fianna were then counted,
 All that came from the east and west ;
 Besides guides and hounds,
 There were ten hundred chieftains wanting.

Osgur saith in a loud voice
 To Mac Cumhail and his hosts,
 " Make your way towards the mansion,
 And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

" This is the counsel of a foolish man,"
 Saith Oisin to Fionn himself ;
 " If the pigs are thus destroyed,
 They will come to life again."

" Let the pigs be burnt,
 And greater will be the slaughter ;
 Burn the swine-herds too,
 And cast their ashes into the sea."

Seven battalions we were there,
 Of the noble Fianna of Erin ;
 Over on the margin of the lake,
 Seven fires to each battalion.

Though large appeared to Aenghus his herd,
 Which consisted of a hundred and one pigs ;
 There was not one infamous pig of them
 In the evening left alive.

² In the Goodman collection—

" 2 η-6Α5ηυη Γηοηη Δ'Γ Cηοηαηη,"
 In the absence of Goll and Conan.

O. Seac̄t̄ d-ceine zac̄ caēa d̄iob̄,
 mān do d̄iob̄i^z d̄iōn̄ an̄ n̄i^z;
 dā n-ain̄iōn̄ iad̄ n̄le d̄ur̄,
 nōc̄ ān̄ lōi^zgeamān̄ aon̄ n̄iuc̄.

Im̄i^zgeār̄ B̄rān̄ uaīn̄ āmāc̄,
 zō h-aclaīn̄ a' r̄ zō h-eolac̄;
 dō bēīn̄ t̄rī c̄rāīn̄ n̄ē n̄ā c̄rōb̄,
 n̄ī feār̄ cā cōi^ll̄ d̄ d-tuzad̄.

Dō cūiⁿnead̄ n̄ā c̄rāīn̄ r̄an̄ t̄ēiⁿe,
 a' r̄ dō lōr̄ r̄i^ad̄ mān̄ an̄ z-cāīn̄i^ll̄;
 dō lōi^zgead̄ n̄ā n̄ucā de,
 a' r̄ dō cūiⁿnead̄ ā luaīc̄ n̄ē f̄aīn̄ze.

Dō n̄aīd̄ Ōi^rīn̄ dō z̄uē̄ n̄ō̄n̄,
 n̄ē Mac̄ C̄ū̄n̄aīll̄ a' r̄ n̄ē n̄ā f̄lō^z;
 d̄ēān̄aīd̄ eolur̄ an̄ an̄ n̄-bro^z,
 a' r̄ d̄i^olam̄ an̄ an̄ māiⁿcēiⁿe.

Zac̄ fōi^zrē dā n-deac̄amaōi^r d̄ō̄i^b,
 dā b-feamāi^b n̄ō̄n̄ā a' r̄ dā m̄n̄aīb̄;
 dō clōi^rci^zē iad̄ zō c̄iⁿne,
 ā b-frōi^zcīb̄ n̄ā f̄iōn̄māōiⁿe.

Zaīn̄ con̄ a' r̄ han̄ a' r̄ d̄aōiⁿe,
 a' r̄ mācaom̄ a^z ead̄z̄caom̄;
 n̄ī cūalāi^{d̄} beān̄ t̄uaīd̄ n̄ā t̄eār̄,
 aon̄ lā bā f̄aiⁿthē m̄ē̄iⁿteac̄t̄.

Cūiⁿneat̄ Mon^zur̄ t̄eac̄ēā 'n̄an̄ z-c̄rōn̄,
 mān̄ ā n̄aīb̄ an̄ f̄laīc̄ f̄ē̄iⁿnē Fiōn̄;
 d̄'f̄ūn̄aīl̄ aon̄ n̄ī an̄ f̄laīc̄ f̄aīb̄,
 n̄ac̄ m̄i^ll̄fead̄ ā n̄iⁿcēiⁿē ā z-cead̄āiⁿ.

O. Seven fires to each battalion of them,
 As the king commanded us;
 If I were to recount them all to you
 We did not burn ~~one~~ pig.

Bran goes out from us,
 Readily and knowingly ;
 He brings three trees in his paws,
 'Tis not known from what wood.

The trees were put into the fire,
 And they lit like unto a candle ;
 The pigs with them were burnt,
 And their ashes was cast into the sea.

Oisin says in a loud voice
 To Mac Cumhail and his hosts,
 " Make your way to the mansion,
 And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

Every step that we made
 Towards their tall men and women,
 Would certainly be heard
 Through the vaults of the firmament.

Shouts of hounds, of men and women,
 And youths wailing ;
 Woman never heard north or south.
 Of a day more agreeable.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
 Where Fionn the Finnian chieftain was ;
 Offering gifts to the chief of Fail,
 If he did not kill his people instantly.

O. Ո՛ւն յարչիմ աօն յի օրս,
 և Ձօնչար իր Կաօրնս Կօրք ;
 Բե՛ծ եւար աօն շի՛ն էլար յձ էօրս,
 Եւ երօ՛չ ի՞ծր չար Լօրչա՛ծ.

Շիօ՛ծ հ-օւ Լեւ Եօ իւրիւրս ի՞նչ,
 և Քիստ ! և Եւար Օլրիտ ;
 ԿօնչԵւի՛ծ Եօ ԵւԵւի՛ծ Ե՛ր Եօ Բրա՛ւտ,
 Եօլչօ Եարիւրա յօ Եօ՛ւչ-իւս.

Ձի իւս ի՞ծր Եօ Եի Բար Մա՛չ,
 ԲՅիւսար չար յօմար չրա՛ւ ;
 Եօ Եիւրիւմ երիւ՛ւտար Եօլր,
 Չարս Ե Եօ՛ւչ-իւս Ձօնչար.

Եօ Եիւրիւմ երիւ՛ւտար օլս,
 և Ձիւ Եւիւսիւմ Ձիւիւրս ;
 յա՛ւ Եօ՛ւ Եօ՛ւտ Եօ՛ն Եիւս,
 յեա՛ւ Եար Եւ Եւ Եր՛ծ Բի՛չ.

Եօ Եիւր մա՛ւ Բի՛չ մարս Բեւի՛չ,
 Ե՛ր մա՛ւ Բի՛չ մարս Բաօլեօստ ;
 Լեւ Ե՛ր մա՛ւ Ձօնչարս Եիւ,
 Ե՛ր Ձիւ Եւիւրս իւրս Ձիւսիւրս.

Տեա՛ւ Ե-բիւ՛ւտ մա՛ւ Բձ չրաօլ,
 Եօ Բիւր մա՛ւ Բի՛չ Լս Բի՛ւչ-իւսաօլ ;
 Եօ Եիւր Լեւ Ե՛ր Լե՛ւ՝ Քիւրս Եալմա,
 Եր Եր Բիւ՛ւտ Չօ հ-Եւիւրս.

Ձիւրս չիւս յօ Երօ՛ւ Եիւր,
 Եի Բօրս Եօ Եօնի՛ւ Բձ՛ն յիւրս ;
 Եօ իւլլ յօ Երի՛չ Ե՛ր յօ իւ՛ծ,
 և Չ-Եիւր Եօն Բիւր Եձ Լօրչա՛ծ.

- O. "I require no presents from thee,
O Aenghus of the slender body,
Whilst there is a room north or east
In thy great mansion without being burned."
- "Though much thou think of thy gentle people,
O Fionn ! father of Oisin,
Maintain thy sway and thy rule,
Sorrowful to me is my good son."
- "The large pig which was on the plain
Before thee as was unusual,
I now pledge my word
That it was the good son of Aenghus."
- "I make another vow
To Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin ;
That this night there will not be alive
One over whom you are chief king."
- "The son of the king of the narrow sea,
And the son of the king of the sea of gulls,
Fell by you with the son of noble Aenghus,
And the son of Ilbhric the son of Manannan."
- "Seven score well-featured sons
The offering of a prince and princess,
Fell by you and your mighty Fianna
On the mountain barbarously."
- "The fine people of my sweet mansion
Were before thy hounds in the glen ;
My strength decayed and my honour,
They being burned far away."

O. Seac̄c m-bl̄ad̄na a m-b̄rūḡin̄ b̄rūn,
 cu am̄ t̄iḡr̄i ad̄ alērūm̄ ;
 n̄jor̄ f̄aōl̄ēarā f̄ōr̄ zō beac̄c,
 zō m̄ūr̄b̄ēarā mō beac̄-
 mac̄.

Tr̄māz̄ b̄ūr̄c, a B̄h̄nām̄ b̄ūadāz̄ b̄īn̄,
 a m̄ic̄ F̄hēar̄z̄urā f̄ōl̄c̄ f̄īn̄ ;
 nā bēar̄mār̄ z̄ōl̄ōn̄ m̄al̄ca,
 mār̄ dō mār̄bār̄ dō b̄ōn̄-b̄al̄ca.

Tr̄mūcā cēad̄ b̄ūr̄ēē āz̄ c̄-ac̄ār̄n̄,
 īōr̄ī cōll̄ āz̄ar̄ ac̄ār̄b̄ ;
 bā cūm̄nē mēb'̄ nāē b̄ūr̄c,
 cū bēr̄c̄ ad̄ cēān̄ ār̄ cērār̄n̄c̄.

M̄āl̄lēōcam̄ t̄urā, a B̄h̄nām̄,
 fēacā zāc̄ cōm̄ ār̄ cāl̄mām̄ ;
 cōn̄ nāc̄ fār̄cēad̄ dō f̄ēl̄ dō,
 aon̄ f̄ēad̄ m̄ūr̄r̄ēar̄ cū cēr̄ēē.

Dā māll̄ūḡīb̄-
 r̄ī fēin̄ B̄rūn̄,
 mō cēr̄lēan̄ z̄ar̄bā z̄lan̄ ;
 n̄j̄ bēr̄c̄ f̄īar̄ nā f̄ōr̄ī aon̄ t̄īz̄,
 ad̄ b̄rūḡin̄ m̄ōīn̄ zān̄ lōr̄z̄ad̄.

Cūr̄r̄ēad̄ cērām̄ a'̄r̄ clōcā,
 ad̄ h̄-āz̄ār̄b̄ ā b̄-c̄ēr̄ zāc̄ cāēā ;
 a'̄r̄ m̄ūr̄r̄ē nāē c̄-f̄īan̄n̄ ūlē,
 ō māc̄ n̄īz̄ zō n̄ō b̄ūr̄ē.

Fēacād̄ cērām̄ cēr̄ē m̄-f̄ār̄m̄ē,
 ār̄ B̄h̄nāc̄ C̄ūm̄āll̄ zō n̄-ār̄īnē ;
 a'̄r̄ b̄rād̄ ā f̄īōr̄ āz̄am̄ ā f̄īn̄,
 cā l̄jōm̄mār̄ dō b̄ūn̄ z̄-c̄nār̄b̄.

- O. "Seven years in a sweet mansion
Thou wert in my house nursing ;
I never yet imagined
That thou wouldst kill my good son."
- "Sad it is to thee, sweet, victorious Bran,
O son of Fergus of the fair hair,
That thou didst not perform some praiseworthy deed
Before thou slew thy foster-brother."
- "Thirty territories thy father has
Between woods and plains ;
Thou shalt remember for thy day
Being chief over hounds."
- "I will curse thee, Bran,
Above all hounds in the land ;
So that thine eye shall not see
Any deer thou shalt ever kill."
- "If thou curse Bran,
My active, intelligent dog,
There will not be east or west a room left
In thy large mansion without being burned."
- "I will place trees and stones
Before thee in each battle ;
And I will slay all thy Fianna,
Down from the king's son to the humblest man."
- "I will gaze at ye through my ring,
On Mac Cumhail the excellent ;
And I shall know, O man,
The strength of thy battalions."

O. Cóna d'ib maíteam eadraig b'íon,
do maíó Oírrí, fear zo z-céill ;
deanaíó altnom zac f'ir ann,
a' r' iocad ar n-eineaclann.¹

Róígne zeal an zóca z'íon,
dob' é f'ir deaz-mac Fhíon ;
dob' é eúr a r'íe ann,
a tabairt d'Alonzur ar altnom.

Deazmác Alonzur zo m-bríó,
cuzaó f'ir ar láim an r'íó ;
ó f'íon a leíe d'íó abur,
aca an t-altnom falcahur.

Truaó líom Eocáíó na h-Áoibe ;
do éuríom a d-eíó Fhormaoile ;
zo nac bíad aca cabair Eocáda,
az r'luaó azmár Alonzura.

Jr mé Caoilte mac Ronaín ruab,
truaó m'fuirneac d'éir an t-rluaó ;
a' r' nac maíneac f'íanna Fhíon,
dam dá n-déir n'í h-aoibíon.

Jr mé Caoilte mac Ronaín cóir,
truaó m'fuirneac tairnéir an t-rlóíó ;
céanna mo lúe a' r' mo neart,
fada líom beíe dá n-éirteacé.

- O. " Better for you settle among yourselves,"
 Said Oisín, a wise man ;
 " Let each perform mutual fosterage,
 And pay our honor-fines."

Bright Roighne of the agreeable voice,
 He was the good son of Fionn ;
 The commencement of peace was,
 To give him to Aenghus.

The good lively son of Aenghus
 Was given in charge to the Finnian king ;
 From that time until now
 The enmity has ceased.

Sad it is to me that Eochaidh of Aoibh
 Fell in the house of Formaol ;
 That they may not have the aid of Eochaidh,
 The happy hosts of Aenghus.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the red,
 Painful is my staying after the hosts ;
 And that the Fianna of Fionn don't live,
 After them to me it is not joyful.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the Just,
 Pity I remained after the host ;
 My strength and agility have failed,
 Long time it is to me to be hearing of them.

SEILS NA FÉINNE OS CIONN LOCHA DEIRIS.

OIR. A PHÁDRUIS mór, a mhic Caláruinn,
 an z-cualaid éa fianta Fhionn;
 a5 éinne ór cionn Loča Deiris,¹
 mar aon a' r cāc a z-cóir-fóilz?

Piarc do bí ar Loč an t-rléibe,
 le'n curmad ar na Féinne;
 ríccē cōad nō nī buí mō,
 ba t-cuz bar an aon lō.

Ozlač marē do bí a5 Fionn,
 Inntim dait a Thailzinn r'
 Ablach an Oir, mac rōz Suidas,
 do éirzead zlóir ó zād péirc.

A t-cuizéibe an nī deir an péirc,
 do maid Ablach, nīr an t-Féinn;
 caozad eac nō nī buí mō,
 do éir éirzead zād aon lō.

¹ Loč Deiris, *Lough Dery*. This celebrated lake is situated in the parish of Templecarne, in the barony of Tirlugh, county of Donegal, and province of Ulster. It is studded with picturesque Islands, of which the chief are, Saint's Island, or St. Fintan's Island, named from the founder of a monastery erected there; of which some remains are still to be seen; Turrus, or Station Island, so called from its being the resort of pilgrims.

THE FINNIAN HUNT ON THE BORDERS OF
LOUGH DERG.

OIS. O MIGHTY Patrick, the son of Calphraim,
Hast thou heard of the Fianna of Fionn ;
Mustering over Lough Derg,
And myself with them in the chase?

A serpent there was in the Lough of the mountain,
Which caused the slaughter of the Fianna ;
Twenty hundred or more
It put to death in one day.

A valiant youth who lived with Fionn,
I tell thee, O Tailgin ;
Ablach the Golden, the son of the king of Greece,
Who understood every serpent's speech.

“ Know ye what the serpent saith,”
Ablach said to the Fianna ;
“ Fifty steeds or more,
To send to it [to eat] every day.”

² Caplŷŷ, i.e. *The Tonsured*, translated by Colgan, *circulo tonsus in capite*; but Dr. O'Brien (see *Irish Dictionary*, voce *TARRHAN*, Paris ed., 1768), erroneously supposes the term to mean a holy offspring, a name, he believes, to have been given to St Patrick by the Druids before his arrival in Ireland. The term is sometimes met in Ossianic Poetry, when St. Patrick's name is introduced, which fact would lead one to suppose that these compositions in their original form were coeval with St. Patrick's arrival, or immediately after.

O. **I**nnir di zo b-faḡaid rí ríu,
 a Ablach an énotha ḡil;
 ir fearr ríu na aon laoc lonn,
 do tairim leir a z-comhlonn.

An píart an oibé ríu zán b'ad,
 cobla n'íor éionrḡair an Fhianh;
 ar b-éaé na maibne zo mod,
 do éuir anéad mhóir ar an loé.

Do b'íobz an píart ar an b-eráiz,
 do léigeadar an Fhianh éionr-ḡair;
 dob' íomda fearr az bhigead a cionn,
 ne h-íomad laóera na t'íméall.

Sul do éairiz meóban do' n' ló,
 ba lía ar maibn na ar m-bed;
 ba r'ánuil le fluaḡ Cille,¹
 uiréarbad ar n'glan laóeraib.

Do flóigead léi mac níḡ Tríeaz,
 azur Oirín c'ia mhóir an béad;
 do flóigead léi zo beaé,
 fearr azur céad a n-aoisféaé.

Níor flóigead Mac Cúmaill léi,
 'ná an mhóir b'í 'muiz da Fhéinn;
 a' r' n'í maib o'íob zán bul éair,
 aé beazán ne h-ué ím'éaé.

Do flóigead Daolzur a' r' Soll,
 a' r' Fionn n'ic Rora na z-comhlonn,
 a' r' Conán maol, r'geal nar maic,
 D'éib Theal, a' r' T'rean Mhóir.

¹ Sluaḡ Cille, i.e. a fairy host, or aerial beings, who are generally supposed to be sometimes visible. In our Second Vol. (see pp. 95-96, 97-98), will be found a very curious poem addressed to these gentry by William Cotter the

- O. "Tall her she will get that,
 O Ablach of the fair skin ;
 'Tis better do so than that one hero
 Should fall by it in conflict."

That night the serpent had no food,
 The Fianna dare not take repose ;
 On the approach of early dawn
 It sent a terrible storm on the lake.

The serpent sprang upon the strand,
 And the Fianna gave a tremendous shout ;
 Many a man advanced to break its head
 From among those that did surround it.

Before it reached midday
 Our dead were more than our living ;
 More numerous than the host of a churchyard
 Was the loss of our fine heroes.

It swallowed the king of Greece's son,
 And Oisin, though great the deed ;
 It swallowed most certainly
 A hundred and one [men] at once.

Mac Cumhail was not swallowed by it,
 Nor all that were abroad of his Fianna ;
 And there was not of them besides
 But few left to depart.

It swallowed Daolgus and Goll,
 And Fionn Mac Rosa of the conflicts ;
 And Conan the bald, though sad the tale,
 Deidgheal and Treanmor.

Red, a native bard, who lived at Castlelyons in the county of Cork, in the beginning of the last century.

O. Tuz Fionn an ríe ríap,¹
 zabar an péirt ar alc ;
 azur tuz cori zo díao dí,
 zur éuir a clab a uairde.

Mar éonharc Dairne mac Fhinn,
 an ríí-féinne cioun a s-ciun,
 tuz léim a m-beal na péirce,
 dob' é ríu an ríe aigéale.

Ar n-dul do Dhairne na clab,
 ir anu do éuirne ar a ríap;²
 do ríu ríí do féin amac,
 dob' é ríu an éorzarí ríngarad.

Do éuir ré airde do' n B-Féinn,
 Oirín azur mac ríí Síeas;
 zhoim ba bed na ríu,
 anan éuir do éualaid.

Ar ba éad táirí amac,
 do badar zan folc³ zan eadac ;
 maré do éairnead na Féinne,⁴
 a b-ruair ríab a ríam a n-Éirínn.

Turur Chogáin mar nar édir,
 a m-bríur an beacéadairí ró wóir,
 mar nac ríab zruairí ar a éairn,
 vjor fan lezab⁵ ar a éloizeann.⁶

¹ Síe ríap, i.e. a sudden jerk, a nimble bound, a spring, &c.

² SÍAN, *skian* or *knife*. This war-weapon was used by the ancient Irish ; but now it is confined to Scotland, and to the Highland Clans.

³ Folc, i.e. locks of hair.

⁴ Maré do éairnead. Here Oisín intimates that all the favours obtained by the Fiansa from the Irish princes were dearly purchased by their blood.

O. Fionn made a sudden spring,
 And took the serpent by the neck ;
 And he gave it a violent twist.
 Till he turned its belly upwards.

As Daire the son of Eibon saw
 The Finnian king thus engaged,
 He sprang into the monster's mouth—
 That was the noble band.

On Daire's entering its body,
 'Twas then he bethought of his spine ;
 He opened a passage for himself out—
 That was the wonderful cleaving.

He rescued from her of the Fianna,
 Oisín and the king of Greece's son ;
 A more heroic deed than that
 Seldom men have heard.

The two hundred who came out,
 Were bald and naked ;
 Dearly did the Fianna purchase
 All they ever received in Eirinn.

The visit of Conan which was not just,
 Into the body of the great monster ;
 Because there was no hair on his head,
 A patch of skin remained not on his skull.

* *leazab*, i.e. a patch of leather of any sort ; and Conan, who had no hair on his head to lose, lost a portion of the skin from his scalp.

† *Cloigeann*, i.e. a skull or human head ; from *cloig*, a ball, and *ceann*, a head ; viz. *cloig-ceann*, or *cloigeann*.

O. Fionn-loca Deiriz fa h-aiiom,
do'n loc ar d-cár, a éoir Chléiric;
d'fan Loc Deiriz ar né bed,
ó ar na Féinne an aon ló,

Tu la, a' r mí, a' r bliadaim,
do bí Loc Deiriz fú diaimair,
ó ló marbta Féinne Fhionn,
a deirim níos, a Chaisleán

Jr mé az canlam a n-diaiz na b-Fianh,
a Phadruiz! dealbar zac zriam;
an rzéal rin d'iuirim dib,
iomda daoire do cualaid.

Ե Ա Շ Ի Ր Ա Ա Ն Ա Պ Ա Փ Ա Դ Ն Պ Կ Օ Ղ .

ՓՕ cualad rzéal uairineac zay hreiz,
ar diuirid¹ ba rzéilid rloz;
fean meamnac nac deirzad arim air,
d'ar ba aiiom an t-Amadan Mór.²

Rjozacta an domaim do zab re,
an fean nar éreie a' r do bí borib;
nj le treire a rzéie 'na lam,
act le neare a ball 'ra dá dorin.

¹ Ouirid, an oaf.

² Amadan Mór, *literally*, a big fool, an oaf, a simpleton, an idiot, or one

- O. Fionn-loch Dearg was the name
 Of this Lake, in the beginning, O Just Cleric ;
 But Lough Dearg remained since that time,
 From the slaughter of the Fianna on that day.

Three days, a month, and a year
 Lough Dearg was covered with mists ;
 Since the day of the slaughter of the Fianna of Fionn,
 I tell thee, O Tailgin.

- I am pining after the Fianna,
 O Patrick ! who formed every sun ;
 This tale which I relate to thee
 Was heard by many a man.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AMADAN MOR.

I HEARD a dreadful tale, no doubt,
 Regarding a Simpleton whom hosts obeyed ;
 A courageous man, on whom arms did not redden,
 Whose name was the Amadan Mor.

The kingdoms of the world he subdued,
 He who was not weak but fierce ;
 Not by the might of his shield or lance,
 But by the strength of his limbs and hands.

incapable of managing his affairs. The poem is not strictly speaking Ossianic, but belongs to the ballad class, and is very popular among the peasantry.

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One day the Amadan Mor was told,
 That the king of Lóchlin had awaiting him,
 A lady of the fairest shape and form;
 That the world ever beheld.

Onwards he goes in quick motion,
 To the plain of Beirbe in haste;
 To get a glance at a woman,
 The fairest, he was about to obtain.

He met a fair-haired, rough hero,
 Wandering by the shore;
 He inquired of him the way
 To where he could see the princely woman.

He informed him that she was in a palace,
 Firm and strong near the shore;
 And that there were seven-score heroes
 As a standing guard protecting her.

The huge man proceeded in haste,
 Till he went cunningly in their midst;
 He enquireth of them calmly
 What palace did the woman dwell in?

The great Fergus loudly asked;
 "What is the cause of thy silly question?
 For all the gold and silver in the world
 You could not speak to, nor approach her."

"If I knew where the woman is,
 Of the fairest skin, colour and shape;
 Without thy leave or that of you all,
 It is not long till I would be in her presence."

Պար ծօ Լարն, և ծջլօր՛ն յծիր,
 ար բօղ ծօ շնն և Երէ Բորն շօղն ;
 ծա Յ-սարբա ձւմ ծա ծօղն,
 Բա շօարն ան ծօրէ ծար Երէ շօղ ձօղն !

Ծօ շլօն քօրն յօ Ե-Արածան յծր,
 և՛ր շրօարն շօր քօրն և Լարն ;
 Ածծարն Լիր Եարն յօ քօրն ձօղն ծօ,
 յօ ծօղն Բարն յօ քօրն ձօղն և Երն.

Յիրն շօրն յօ Բորն շօղն,
 և՛ր Երն շօրն յօ Բորն շօղն ;
 Բա շօարն ան յօղն և քօրն յօ Լարն,
 Բա յօղն յօ Ե-Արածան շօղն և քօրն շօղն.

Տօրն Ե-Բրն յօ Լարն Երն շօղն,
 ծօ Երն յօ Բորն շօղն ;
 և՛ր ծա քօրն և յօղն յօ քօրն շօղն,
 քօրն շօղն և Ե-Արածան յօ քօրն շօղն.

Յօրն շօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն,
 ծօ Երն շօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն,
 շօրն շօղն յօ Երն շօղն և քօրն շօղն,
 քօրն շօղն և քօրն շօղն և քօրն շօղն.

Յօրն շօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն,
 'նա քօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն ;
 ծօ քօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն,
 և՛ր քօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն.

Յօրն շօրն և քօրն յօ Երն շօղն,
 քօրն շօղն և քօրն շօղն յօ Երն շօղն ;
 և քօրն, և՛ր շօրն և քօրն շօղն,
 յօ քօրն և քօրն շօղն և քօրն շօղն.

“By thy hand, O great hero,
 Though thy talk is fierce and stout,
 If thou attempt to go in her presence
 Thou soon wouldst lose thy head.”

The huge man became angry,
 And caught Fergus in his arms ;
 He asked him to tell where the woman was,
 Or he would break his bones.

They all arose fierce and stout,
 And laid hold of the huge man ;
 But it was not long until all
 Were heart-wounded and left feeble.

Seven score hardy, valiant heroes,
 Came to fight the big man ;
 And, though great his pains and dangers,
 Little cared he about them.

Each of them as he approached him,
 He threw like a carcass on the ground ;
 Till he laid low all of them with a vengeance,
 Vanquished, in the pangs of death.

He then entered the mansion
 Where the handsome woman dwelt ;
 He carried her off fearlessly and quickly,
 And a man to outstrip him could not be found.

The Amadan Mor then makes his way
 Through Lochlin's land of delightful songs ;
 Himself and the young woman,
 Two their equal were never seen.

Տո շարև շլեօր ճրամար ծծի՛,
 յա՛ ռաճարսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 ես ճրեզէս րբեմ, բլոճե, Գ՛ր բօրս,
 Գ՛ր բարսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս

Տո շոսրեճարսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
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 բօրշեճեճ ճր-շլօրսսսսսսսսս
 Գ րամսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս

Չորսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
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 Գօրսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 սր մարսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս

Տրսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
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 յա՛ ռաճարսսսսսսսսսսսսս

Եսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 ճօ՛րսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 ել շօ րսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 յսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս

Չորսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
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 սսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 Գ՛ր սրսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս

Յմէլջարսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
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 Գ ճսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսսս
 ճօ ել ճօ ճլէ սսսսսսսսս

1 Յրուզեճ, a wizard, sorcerer, or magician.

They entered a solitary valley,
 Where they never had been before ;
 Of purest streams, woods and soil,
 And the roar of the waves on rocky cliffs.

They beheld approaching them on the shore
 A champion clothed with costliest mantle ;
 A vessel of chaste wrought gold in his hand,
 In the shape of a goblet, containing drink.

Then the Amadan Mor saith,
 " I have not been during my life,
 At any time so greatly a thirst,
 I am glad he comes, whoever he be."

" I entreat of thee," saith the youthful maid,
 " Not to drink his drink or taste his food,
 Until we learn what vale is this,
 In which we have never been before."

The Gruagach of the golden cup salutes
 The Amadan Mor and his wife ;
 " Be merry, O great hero,
 Do not be sad, and take a drink."

Then the big man takes
 Courageously and daringly the drink ;
 He puts his palm under the golden vessel,
 And a drop he left not that he did not swallow.

The Gruagach with the smooth mantle departs
 After he had taken the drink ;
 And his two legs, from the knees,
 Were wanting to the big man.

Աոյ ըն ԲԴՆԵՐԷ ԱՆ ՄԱՇՈՒՄ ՄՈՒՆ,
 ԻՐ ՇՐԱՅԺ ԱՆ ՇԱՐՆՆԱ Ե-ԲՅԱԼ ԵՍ 'ՆՈՒՐ,
 ԻՐ ԵԱՐԷ ԾԱՄ ՇՐԱՅԺ ԲԱՆ Պ-ԾՈՄԱՆ ՄԾՐ,
 ՆԾ ՉԵԱԾԱԴՐԱ ԱՐԻՐ ՄՈ ԾԱ ՇՈՐ.

Աոյ ըն, ԾՈ ՄԱՅԺ ԱՆ ՄԱՇՈՒՄ ՄՈՒՆ,
 Ա ԲՅԱ ԻՐ ԲԵԱՐՆ ԼԱՍ ԾԱ Ե-ԲՅԱԼ ԱՆՆ;
 ԾՈ ԲՅԱԼԱՐԱ ԱՆ ԾՈՄԱՆ ԲԾ ՇՐԻ,
 ԱՐ ՆԻ Ե-ԲՅԱՐԱՐ ԵՐՆ ՄԱՆ ԱՆ ՆՅԼԵԱՆՆ.

ՇՐ ԱՆ ԱՆՊԱՇ ՆԱ ՄԱՅԺ ԲԻԱԾ,
 ՉԱԾԱՐ ԱՆ ԲԻԱԾ ԵԱՆՊԱՇ ԵՐՆԵ,
 ԱՅՐ ՉԱԾԱՐ ՇՐԱՐ ԵԱՐՆՅ ԵԱՆ,
 ԱՅ ԵԱԲԱՆ ՉՈ ԾԱՆԱ ԱՐ Ա ԼՈՐՅ.

ԵՍՅԱՐ ԱՆ Ե-ԱՄԱԾԱՆ ՊԾՐ,
 ՍՐՇԱՐ ՇՆԵԱՐԾԱ ԼԵ ԲԵՃԼ ԾԻԱՆ;
 ՉՐԱ ՇՅՐԱ ԱՆ Ե-ԲԼԵԱՅ ԾՈ ԵՐ ՆԱ ԾՈՅԾ,
 ԵՐԵ ԱՆ Յ-ՇՐՈՅԾԵ ԱՅ ԱՆ Ե-ԲԻԱԾ.

Աոյ ըն ԵՐՆԵԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ ՆՅԱԾԱՐ ԵԱՆ.
 ԱՐ ՇԵԱՆՅԼԱՐ Ե ՉՈ ՇԱՐՈՒՄ ԱՐ ԻԱԼԼ;
 ԵՐՆ ԱՅԱՄՐԱ ԱՅ ԵԾԱՆԱՍ ՇԵՐԼ,
 ՉՈ Ե-ԵՐՅԵԱԾ ԵՐՆ ՆԾ ՆԵԱՇ ԱԾ ԾԻԱՅ.

ՆԻ ԲԱԾԱ ՉՈ Ե-ԲԱՇԱԾԱՐ ՇՅՇԱ ԲԱՆ ՆՅԼԵԱՆՆ,
 ՉԱՐՅԵԱԾԱՇ ԱԼՍՈՅՆ ԵՐՍԷ ԱՆ ԾՐԱ;
 Ա ՇԼՈՅԾԵԱՍ ՇՐԱՅԺ-ՅԵԱՐ ԱՐ Ա ԵԱՅԾ ՇԻ,
 ԱՐ Ա ԲԼԵԱՅ 'ՐԱ ԲՅԻԱՇ 'ՆԱ ԾՈՅԾ.

ԵԱՆՊԱՅԵԱՐ ՇՐԱՅՇԱՇ ԱՆ ԵՐՍԷ ԾՐԱ,
 ԾՈՆ ԱՄԱԾԱՆ ՊԾՐ ԱՐ ԾԱ ՄՈՒՆ;
 ԱՐ ԲԻԱԲՆԱՅԵԱՐ ԱՆ ԲԵԱՐ ՄԾՐ ԵՍ ՉՈ ԵԱՇՇ,
 ՇԱ ԵԱԼԱՍ ԾՈ ՇԼԵԱՇ, ՆԾ ՇԱ ԵՐՆ ?

Then the young maiden said,
 "Hard is thy case just now ;
 Few are my friends in the world wide,
 Or thou shalt again get thy limbs."

Then the gentle maiden said,
 "O man, the stoutest of all that are,
 I travelled the world over thrice,
 And met no place like this valley."

To the place in which they stood
 A deer approaches with antlers fierce ;
 And a red-eared white hound
 Barking loudly in his track.

The Amadan Mor makes a cast
 With judgment and a true aim ;
 And sent the spear which he held in his hand
 Through the heart of the deer.

He then lays hold of the white hound,
 And ties him gently with a thong ;
 I shall keep thee to amuse me,
 Until pursuers, or some one follow thee.

'Twas not long till they saw approach them in the valley,
 The proud champion of the golden mantle,
 His sharp-pointed tempered sword on his left side,
 And his spear and shield in his hand.

The Gruagach of the golden mantle
 Salutes the Amadan Mor and his wife,
 And the big man asks of him positively,
 What land or country he inherited.

Իծիրե ան իսրէ իր օ մ'այրոյ,
 ծ չա՛ն արո շէշոյ ըլան,
 չօ ծայրոյ ծարբ, և ծղաօր՝ ոյծիր,
 իր ուր Շրուաչա՛ն ան չա՛ծար ծար.

Չ չարչօր՝ ան իր անո ծայր,
 ծօ ծարոյ ըրոյ ծօ ծարձա ծար ;
 ոյ ծայր Շրուաչա՛ն ան չա՛ծար ծար,
 չօ և՛ ոյ ծարձ ծա ծարձար ծար.

Ու՛ն լօր ծարբ, և ծղաօր՝ ոյծիր,
 ծոյ ծարձ ծար անոյ ան ոյոյոյ ;
 ան ծարձ ծօ ծարձ ան ծօ լար,
 և՛ ը ոյ չա՛ծար ծար ծօ լարձար ոյոյ ?

Չիր ըրոյ ծօ ոյոյ ան ծարձ,
 ծօ ոյձ ան ծարձան չօ չարձ ծար ;
 և՛ ը չարձ անոյ իր ըրար լար,
 ծօ ծարձ ան չա՛ծար ծար ըա ըլան.

Օ ծարձան ոյ չա՛ծար ծար ան ծօ լար,
 և՛ ը չօ ծարձ ծօ ծար ծօ ծար ;
 ծարձ անոյ ծօ լար, ծօ լար,
 չլան ծար ըրոյ անոյ ծօ լար.

Չար ըր, անոյ ան ոյոյոյ ոյոյ,
 ծարձ ան չա՛ծար ծար ծար ?
 ծօ ծարձար անոյ ան չա՛ծար ծար,
 և՛ ը ծօ լար լար ոյ ծար ոյ.

Չար ըր ծօ չարձան ան ըրար,
 ան ծար ըր լար ըր Շրուաչա՛ն ծօ ;
 ծօ ծար ան ըրար ոյոյ ան և ոյոյ ան ըլան,
 և ծօ լար, և ըլան, անոյ և ծար.

The Knight of the Mantle is my name,
 From all arms I come whole ;
 To you I tell, O great young man, that
 I am the Gruagach who owns the white hound."

"O thou hero of the fairest form,
 I do pledge myself to thee,
 That the Gruagach of the white hound
 Till the day of judgment, thou shalt not be called."

"Is it not enough for thee, O great hero,
 To be just in the division ;
 To keep the deer to thyself,
 And leave my white hound to me?"

"'Twas I that slew the deer,"
 Saith the Amadan in firm tone,
 "And whoever of us has the stoutest arm,
 Let him have the deer and white hound."

[hands,

"As it happens that my white hound came into thy
 And that thou art in want of thy feet ;
 Food and drink during thy life,
 Take for thyself and thy wife."

Then the gentle young woman said,
 "Give to me the white hound ;"
 "I would, and the speckled hound ;
 And if thou desirest more."

Then went forth the three,
 The woman, the hero, and the young Gruagach ;
 The big man put the deer on his back,
 His helmet, his shield, and his wife.

Ո՞ր բաճա չօ Ե-բաճաճար ընդ յշլեանս,
 շաճարն ըստ Ե-ճաճարն ըստ ;
 յ՞ր թաճ ըստ Ե-բաճա ըստ,
 յ՞ր թաճ ըստ չ-ճարն Ե՛ր յ՞ր Ե՛ր ըստ :

Չար ընդ ընդարն Ե՛ր թաճարն ըստ,
 ըստ Ե՛ր ընդարն ըստ ըստ ;
 յ՞ր ընդարն ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ Ե՛ր ընդարն Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ :

Չար-Ե՛ր ըստ Ե՛ր ըստ Ե՛ր ըստ,
 Չար ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 յ՞ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ, Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ :

Չար ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 յ՞ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ :

Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 յ՞ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ :

Չար ընդ ընդարն Ե՛ր թաճարն ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 յ՞ր ըստ ըստ, ըստ, Ե՛ր ըստ :

Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ :

'Twas not long till they saw in the valley
 A city that shone like unto gold ;
 There was no colour which eye had seen
 That was not in the mansion, and many more.

'Twas then the young maiden asked,
 " What golden city is that
 Of the finest appearance and hue,
 Or could it be betrayed or traversed ?"

" *Dun an Oir* (Fort of the Gold) is its name,
 The strong Dun of Glen an Smoil,
 There is not now of its inhabitants alive
 But myself and my wife.

" The glen through which thou hadst passed
 Is always full of witchcraft ;
 Little good I do myself
 But satisfying the wishes of my wife."

They found a woman in the Dun,
 A sight like it was never seen ;
 Her person was fairer than the snow,
 Blue her eyes and bright her teeth.

Then the youthful woman asked,
 " Who is the bright-toothed, fair, and young ;
 Or the stout, brave, big man
 Of the fairest countenance, colour and shape ?"

" The wife of that big man whom you see,
 Is the daughter of the king of the Golden Land ;
 And he himself is the vigorous man,
 Whose name is the Amadan Mor.

Եր թ Իր քարն լու՛ւ է' ր թոյմ,
 անո՛ր ան Ե-բաղձալ Ե՛ս Ե-բա՛ս քօ՛ր ;
 Երթօ՛ճա ան Եօմայն քա նա Եթոյմ,
 Ե' ր միքօ քօյն շար շօյլլ Ե՛ժ.

Եր յօնշնա կոյմ Ե Ե-բայլ Ե՛ս թա՛ծ,
 թիօ՛շա՛ճԵ ան Եօմայն քօ նա Եթոյմ ;
 Ե' ր մար կօյն քօ Ե Եօր՛ս կօ՛ծ,
 Ե' ր մօյԵ շա՛ճ քօ՛ճ Ե՛ս Ե՛ս յօյլլ.

Երթոյմ Ես քար քօյն շան շօ,
 թիօ՛շա՛ճԵ ան Եօմայն շար շա՛ծ Ե՛ժ կայն ;
 Ե' ր յա՛ճ Ե-բայլ թի՛ճ նա քօյն քան Ե-բաղձալ,
 յա՛ճ Ես շօյն Ե՛ժ Ե՛ս Ե՛ս Ե՛ժ կայն.

Եր շար Ես շան Ե՛ս յան շօ,
 Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ անո՛ր ան յՅրօյն նա շան շօ ;
 Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ ան յոյլլ ան յիլ. կա՛ճ,
 Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ քօ ան Ե՛ս Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ.

Եր յայն կօյն, կօյն Ե՛ս, նա քօյն,
 նա ան շան Ե՛ժ ան Ե-քար շօ ;
 Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ,
 քարն, քարն, շան Ե՛ժ, շան քօյն.

Եր Ե-բայլ թիօ՛շա՛ճ ան Ե՛ժ քան Եօմայն,
 նա Ե՛ժ շօ կոյն Ե՛ժ ան շա՛ճ Ե՛ժ !
 Եր յայն Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ ան Ե՛ժ քան,
 նա յան Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ.

Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ նա Ե-քարն կոյն,
 ան քարն շան քօյն Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ,
 Եր յոյն Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ ան Ե՛ժ Ե՛ժ,
 Ե՛ժ շա՛ճ քօ քօյն ան Ե-Եօմայն Ե՛ժ !

“ He is possessed of the greatest agility and power.
 In the world that I have yet seen ;
 The kingdoms of the earth are under his control,
 And I myself submitted to him.”

“ I wonder much at what you say,
 The kingdoms of the earth to be under his control ;
 How he suffered them to take his limbs,
 And the number of hosts he hath subdued.”

“ I tell you that it is so,
 The kingdoms of the earth he has conquered ;
 And that there is not a king or chief on earth
 Who did not submit to the might of his hand.

“ Though but few of his days have yet come,
 He was in Greece a youthful oak ;
 Without much delay a thousand heroes
 He would lay low in one hour.

“ Neither helmet, sword, nor shield,
 Or sharp arms had the youthful man ;
 But casting them out of his way
 Dead, cold, pale, and wan.

“ There is not a kingdom in the world
 That he did not give battle to their force ;
 There was no man who dared him to fight
 Whose career he did not shorten.

“ Colgach of the tempered blades arrived,
 The undaunted man from broad Asia ;
 Arms never reddened on his breast,
 Though he travelled the whole world.

Ծօ ըսր ար չօ ո՞՞ն էարայծ,
 և ըստէ արոյ չօ շիրտե շիր ;
 և՛ր ճճարե չօ դաճած ծօ ճճորակ լայր,
 դարս ըստայծ շայր ան էր ո՞՞ն :

Ծ՛րարայծ ծօ ար էպ յա ծայշ,
 և ճօղած, և դշտէ, յա և ճօղեան շիր ;
 և ճճարե շայրեան բօր յար յար,
 ծօ արոյ դարս աճէ և ծա ծօյն :

Ա ճճարե Կօղած չար ծ՛օլ ան ճլալ,
 չան արոյ ճ՛արարայծ ըստ ծալ և ողեծ ;
 և՛ր ծարտոր օր յար արոյ,
 բաժ ծօ դարսր ան Ե-Արածան Պօր :

Կարէր դո յաճ շաշ լե բաժար,
 ծալլեած շրեան ծօ՛ն բար ո՞՞ն ;
 չար չարս չօ շրան և՛ր ծօ ծարս ծօյն,
 և՛ր լե ծօյն ան ծալլեան ո՞՞ն :

Երբեար չօ լոյ ո՞՞ն և ծա չօյն,
 և՛ր Կօղած շրեան յա չ-արած լան ;
 չար ըսր յօրեան լե բարձա ո՞՞ն,
 շրտ ղիօր չան ուրոյ դարս :

Եր ծարեան ծարս, և չարէլոյն ծօ :
 դիճաճէ ան ծարսն ծա մեծ և դիճ,
 դարս ու-բայծ ծարսիճէ ան շարոյն շրտ,
 ո՞՞ն լայրեան դիճ և շրտ լեծ :

Կաճարս արս ծօ ղայն ծօ՛ն չլեան,
 և՛ր ան Չարած ո՞՞ն ան ծ-բար ո՞՞ն ;
 շրտեան ան ծայշ լե ծարս ո՞՞ն,
 ու ծան, ու ըսր, և՛ր ու ըստ ծար :

- “ He quickly arrayed himself
 In his fighting garments, active and right ;
 And said he would go fight him,
 When he heard the fame of the big man.
- “ He enquired of him where he had left
 His helmet, shield, and trusty sword ;
 He said in reply that he never asked
 Any arms but his two fists.
- “ Colgach said that it was unwise,
 Not to ask for arms when going to fight ;
 ‘ And I now christen thee for a name
 Whilst thou livest, the Amadan Mor.’
- “ After speaking thus he gave
 A heavy severe blow to the big man ;
 Till he cut him to the bones, and made him roar ;
 Through the effect of this mighty blow.
- “ He takes him tightly under the arms,
 The valiant Colgach of the tempered blades,
 Till he drove his entrails by a venomous squeeze
 Down through his body without delay.
- “ By my word, O youthful maid,
 The kings of the world, though great their hosts,
 But for the spells of the magic cup,
 He would not suffer them to take his legs.
- “ I shall go again to hunt in the glen,”
 Saith the wizard to the big man ;
 “ Protect in my absence in good faith
 My wife, my palace, and all my gold.

Պա՛ր բաճա չարի՛ծ ծօ ծե՛ծ մե՛ ախլի՛շ,
 նա ծե՛րն շօճա՛ն ա՛ր նա շրօ՛ղ ծօ շե՛ռոյ,
 նա լե՛լշ աօղ ծայրե՛ արշե՛ճ,
 նա ծայրե՛ արձա՛ճ ծա ծ-բայլ՛ աղո՛.

Աղ Շիրաճա՛ճ, աղ շու,՛ ա՛ր աղ չաճար՛ ծան,
 ծ'յմբի՛ջեճար՛ աղ շրիւր՛ ծօ շե՛լշ ;
 աղ ծի՛ր ծան շան շ-Ամաճան Պծր,
 ծ'բարձար՛ շան շ-շաճար՛ ծրի-ծե՛լիշ՛.

Ածաճար՛ աղ շ-Ամաճան Պծր,
 ա չաճիլօղո՛ղ ծ՛ջ շար շաօլմ՛ շե՛ռոյ ;
 աճա՛ն աղ շօճա՛ն աղ ծալի՛ շօ շրօ՛ղ,
 ա՛ր ո՛ղօր ծա՛ն աղ ծան շան շան ո՛ղլե՛ռոյ.

Շարի՛շ աղ չաճիլօղո՛ղ շաօլ՛ նա շե՛ռոյ,
 ծա շանիլ՛ ա ծե՛լիւճ լե՛ր աղ ո՛ղրե՛ր ;
 ա՛ր ծաճար՛ լե՛ր աղ Ամաճան Պծր,
 ոճ՛ շրձ շան շան ծօ ծե՛ռան՛ ծ.

Նիօր ծ-բաճա՛ յարի՛ր ծօ շաճ ծօ՛ն,
 շօ ծ-Շարի՛շ չար՛ջեճաճ՛ ծ՛ջ արշե՛ճ ;
 ծօ ծե՛ռն աղ Շիրաճաճի՛շ ծօ ծալի՛ շօ՛լշ,
 ա՛ր ծօ ի՛նար ծալ՛ ծար շար՛ արձա՛ճ.

Ար շե՛լօրի՛ր շի՛ն ծօ՛ն չաճիլօղո՛ղ ծ՛ջ,
 ծօ շօ՛ջ աղ շե՛ար ո՛ծր՛ ա շե՛ռոյ ;
 ա՛ր ծաճար՛ շի՛ լե՛ր աղ Ամաճան Պծր,
 ծօ շի՛տի՛ր շան՛ ա՛ր ո՛ղօր ծ'՛ճ աղ.

Յր օլօ՛ աղ շ-ան,՛ աղ շի՛, շօ շար,
 'րի՛ր յօղրձա՛ճ ծօ շի՛ր շու շան,
 աճաճար՛ աղ ծօ շի՛ ա՛րշի՛շ,
 'րի՛ր շաճալ՛ ծայր շար շի՛ր շի՛րա՛ն.

" Be it long or short that I am abroad,
Do not sleep or bend thy head ;
Let nobody in,
Or one out of all that is here."

The Gruagach, the hound, and the white dog,
The three went to the chase ;
The two women and the Amadan Mor
Remained in the golden coloured fortress.

The Amadan Mor said,
" O youthful maid, raise my head ;
Sleep is overcoming me greatly,
And this is no time to sleep in the glen."

The maiden came to raise his head ;
Her appearance was like unto the sun ;
And she said to the Amadan Mor,
" This is no time to take repose."

They were not long after saying these words
Until a young champion came in ;
From the Gruagach's wife he snatched a kiss,
And then attempted to depart.

On the young maiden beholding this
The big man raised his head ;
And she said to the Amadan Mor,
" You have slept, but 'twas not the time.

" 'Tis a bad time," said she, in grief,
" And 'tis untimely thou tookest repose ;
There are some on thy track in the house,
And thou mayest fear a hard contest."

Զորս ու-բեյծիրոյ ամ էրոյո իսան,
 յի լեյճիրոյ ծօ ռեաճ արեաճ ;
 ոճ Յօ Ե-Ելչի՛ծ Յիսաչաճ Փհնդ-ան-Օրոյ,
 յի յաճայ՛ծ թ՛ծ ծօյո ծօյո ամաճ .

Այ լայ ան ծօրայր ծօ իսի՛ծ թ՛ծ,
 ար և ղչաճ ծօ յսչ յա ծծի՛ծ ;
 յիօր ծայ Յօճա, ղաօր, յա ռեար՛ծ,
 շօմլաճ Բա ծայրչօ յա՛ն ղեար ոճր .

Յիրչօար ան Յիսաչաճ ծօար ծօյո,
 ար և ղչաճ ծօ յսչ յա ծծի՛ծ ;
 ղաչ ան ծօրայր և՛ր ղեի՛ծ մօ ղիչօ,
 ոճ իր ճրօճ յօճբայր և ղիր ոճրոյ .

Այո ղան աճնճայր ան Ե-Ամաճան Աճր,
 և ճայրչեաճայ՛ծ ծչ աճա Բօր՛ծ, ռեան ;
 ոճ Յօ Ե-Ելչի՛ծ ան Յիսաչաճ աճա մայճ,
 Բայր ղե արչիչ ոճ ծօ ռեան .

Ծօ ճեաճաճ շն, և յաճաօրոյ ոճրոյ,
 լան շիլ յ-Բաճաճ Ծ՛ծր ճլան ;
 աչար ղեաճ ճ-ռեաճ ղեարան ղաօր,
 և՛ր լեյճ մե ղեյո արիր ամաճ .

Ծօ Բայրոյ մօ Բրայճար ծայր ճան ճ՛ծ,
 ճի՛ծ ոճր ղճր և Բ-Բայլ շն ղաճ ;
 աճ Յօ Ե-Ելչի՛ծ Յիսաչաճ Փհնդ-ան-Օրոյ,
 Յօ յ-յօճբաճ շն ար ղճիչ և ղնա .

Ծօ Բայրոյ մե ծօ՛ն Յիսաչաճ ան շօրոյ,
 աչ ծլ ծօ ղա՛ն լայրչ արեաճ ;
 ծօ ճեաճաճ շն լեաճ-շօր ղաօր՛ծ՛ շօր,
 և՛ր լեյճ մե անոյր ան ղճ՛ծ ամաճ .

“ Had I not been in heavy sleep,
 I would not suffer him to come in ;
 Until the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives
 Nor would he depart without my leave.”

In the centre of the door he sat,
 He takes his shield in his hand ;
 A smith, carpenter, or artist never formed
 A firmer pillar than the big man.

The comely, brown-haired Gruagach, arose,
 And in his hand he grasps his shield ;
 “ Leave the door and clear my way,
 Or soon thou wilt suffer, O big man.”

Then the Amadan Mor said,
 “ O young hero who art fierce and stout,
 Until the Gruagach who is outside comes in
 Thou shalt remain, or thy head.”

“ Thou shalt get, O youthful hero,
 Three cauldrons full of pure gold ;
 And seven hundred townlands free,
 And permit me to depart again.”

“ I pledge thee my word truly,
 Tho’ great are all thou sayest,
 When the wizard of Dun-an-Oir arrives
 Thou shalt pay for kissing his wife.”

“ I took from the Gruagach the cup,
 And he approaching from the plain ;
 Thou wilt get one leg under thy seat,
 And let me out the way I came.”

ՉճՃԱՅԻՆ ԵՆ ՀԻՔԻՍՈՅՈՅ,
 ԼԵՅՅ ԵՆ ՀՈՒՐՅՈՒԹԱԿ ԵՐԾՃԱ ԱՄԱԿ;
 ԵՍԻՔԵԱԾ ԵՆ ԼԵԱԿ-ՇՈՒՐ ԲՆՃԱՄ,
 Ա՛Ր ՄՈՒՅՅՈՒԹ ԵՐ ԲՆՃԱԿ ՀԱՆ ԲԵԱԾ.

ԵՍԻՔԵՐ ԵՆ ՀՈՒՐՅՈՒԹԱԿ ԲԱՕՂ ԼԵ. ԾՐԱՑՈՒՅՈՒԿԷ,
 ԵՆ ԼԵԱԿ-ՇՈՒՐ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ԵՂ ԲԱԿԻ;
 ԾՈ. ԲԱԿԻՑ ԵՆ ՇՐԱՅՅԱԿ ՃԻԿ,
 ԵՂԱԾՄԱՑՈՒԾ ԱՐՈՒՐ ԱՅ ԵՐԱԼԼ.

ՉճՃԱՅԻՆ. ԱՅ Ե-ՉԻՔԱԾԱՆ ՉՃՈՒ
 ԲԱՐՔԱ ԵՂ. ԲՈՐ ՀՈ ՄԱԼԻ;
 ԵՆ ԼԵԱԿ-ՇՈՒՐ ԵՂԵՆ ԴԱ ԵՍԻ ԲԱԿ,
 ԾՈ ԵՃԱՐՔԱՅԻՆ ԱՅԻՐ ՆՃ ԾՈ ՇԵԱՆՆ.

ԾՈ ԵՂ ԵՆ ՇՐԱՅՅԱԿ. Ա Հ-ԵԱՐ ՇՐԱՅԻՑ,
 ԾՈ. ԵՅՅ ԼԵՅՅ ԼԱԿԱԿ Ա. Ն-ԱԿԷ ՆԱ ՄՆԱ;
 ՀԱՆ ՄՈ ՇՈՄԱՅԻՆԵ, Ա. ԵՃԱՆ,
 Ա՛Ր ՄՈ ԾՂՈՆ ՀՈ ԵՃԱԿ. Օ՛Ն Մ-ԵԱՐ.

ՈՂ ԵՃՅԼԱԿ ԾՅԻՐԵ. ԱՅ. ԵԱՐ,
 ԾՈ ԲԱԿԻՑ ԵՆ. ԵՃԱՆ. ԾՈԾ՝ ԱՅԻՆ ԵՃԱԼԻ;
 ԵԱԾԱՅԻՆ ԵՆ ԼԵԱԿ-ՇՈՒՐ ԵՂԵՆ ԱՅԻՐ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՂՈՆ Ծ՛Ն. ՆՅՅԱՅԻՐ ԲՈՑ ԵԱՊԱՄ.

ՈՂՈՒ ԼԵՅՅ ԵԱՅԼԱ. ՆԱ. ԵՂԱԾՅԱ ԵՆ,
 ԾՈ ԵՂ ԵՆ ԲԵԱՐ. ՄՃՐ. ՃՐ. Ա ՇՐՈՄՆ;
 ԵՅՅ. ԱՅ. ԼԵԱԿ-ՇՈՒՐ. ԵՂԵՆ ԾՈ.
 ԲՅՃԱԿ ՀԱՆ. ՅՃ ՄԱՐ ԵՃԻՆ ԵՆ ԲԱԱՄՆ.

ՉՈՒՐ Ծ ԵԱՊԾ ԾՈ. ՇՈՐԱ ԲՆՃԱԿ,
 ԻՐ ՄՃ. ՄԱՅԻՑ. ԾՈ ԼՍԷ. Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԲԱՅՄ,
 ԵՐԱԼԼԱՄԱՐՔԻՑ Ա Ե-ԵՐՄՂԻ ԱՄԱԿ,
 ՀՈ ՆՅԱԾԱՄ ՆԵԱՐԻ ԱՆՆ ՀԱԿ ՕՃԻՄ.

The young woman said,
 " Let the magnanimous hero depart ;
 Let him restore me one leg,
 And be off instantly."

The hero by magic fixes to him
 The one leg as it had been before ;
 The cunning Gruagach then said,
 " Let us now proceed."

The Amadan Mor said,
 " Thou shalt wait yet awhile ;
 The other leg, and the fixing it,
 Thou shalt give, or thy head."

The Gruagach was in a hard plight ;
 He made a sudden bound to the woman's arms ;
 " Protect me, O woman,
 And shield me from certain death."

" Thou needest not fear death,"
 Saith the woman of the goodly figure ;
 " Give up the other leg,
 And save thy soul from this peril."

The terror of the surprise alarmed him,
 The big man was over his head ;
 He gave him the other leg,
 A true tale as the pen indites.

" Now that thou hast thy legs,
 And thy agility and sway is good,
 Let us three go forth,
 Till we obtain victory in each conflict."

Mo cōra do bairir djom,
 nī lēizfead leat arir nā leð;
 a' r nī mō maçað tu dom ðeoin amað,
 zo d-cizæð Sruazac Dhūna-an-Oir;

Ir baœ do cōirz, a mācaom mōir,
 do cūneaf tu a z-cōir lāt a' r nīan;
 ba cōir da m-beit ar cūnur duit,
 nār nīan leat mo mī-nīan.

Da d-cuzcā dāhīra cūlleað cor,
 a' r zac māit da b-faca rūil;
 nī trēizfīon ar rīn ule mo rūn,
 nā mo cūman n d'feaf an Dūn.

Feaf an Dūn nī tjoçra arir,
 trīall do flize a' r nā bī 'nā cōir;
 bæhīra hōm an ðean dam fēin,
 a' r nī rzarfað lēi zo la an bair.

Aca an Sruazac fōr le teacēt,
 cīa nāc māit leatīra an trācēt;
 jocfað tū a n-ðearnair ar,
 zeallaīm duit cīa tean n do rāð!

Le nā teacēt nō nā ðul ar ceal,
 zlac zac māit acāīm do rāð;
 trīallīam fēin a' r ar n-dīr ban,
 a' r zeabam neart an n zac arb.

Bean an Sruazaij nī leat zo bræt,
 le neart lām nā le toil;
 trīallīað rī an ðairī fēin,
 mūna teacēt da cēile a' r bī ad cōre!

“ My legs thou tookest from me,
 I will not leave with thee or them again ;
 And neither shalt thou pass out without my leave
 Till the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives.”

“ Silly is thy report, O great hero ;
 I put thee in the way of thy limbs ;
 ’Twould be but due if in thy power,
 That thou shouldst not let me go astray.”

“ If thou gavest me more legs,
 And all good things that eye hath seen,
 I would not for them all forsake my love
 Or my affection to the man of the Dun.”

“ The man of the Dun will not come again ;
 Go thy way, and do not meet him ;
 I will take the woman to myself,
 And I will not part her till my death.”

“ The Gruagach is yet to come,
 Although it is not pleasing to you ;
 Thou shalt repay thy harm to him,
 I promise thee, though stiff thy speech.”

“ Whether he cometh or goeth elsewhere
 Be counselled by what I say ;
 We will go forth with our two wives,
 And we will obtain sway in every land.”

“ The Gruagach’s wife thou shalt never have
 By might of hand or consent ;
 She will come along with myself
 Unless her husband arrive, so hold thy tongue.”

Nac b-fuyl beap egle azab feyn,
 yr mayt meynn, zovoi azur porz ;
 yr naryeac duyte, a macaoinn mōyn,
 myre fa hmodn anoyr do corz.

Ni eayniz myn, a'r vi tiocra for,
 zayrzeadae cpeōda na ceann laoc ;
 do zeadae beap an Zhyuazayz dyr,
 zo d-tyzid for faoi na deyn.

Jr olc do nadūyn a'r do nūn,
 'ryr mōn do clū a z-cryōayd cian ;
 do tuzar duyte rjūbal a'r lūt,
 'rye mayz duyte mo mī-nyar.

Do tuzayr dam rjūbal a'r lūt,
 a'r zur le mī-nūn do eayllear iad ;
 da m-bejōynn na v-earydajd zo la an hpaē,
 d'n v-Zhyuazac vi b-fazayrri cryall.

Do beap zac alyze, dyr a'r mayro,
 do beap zac vi duyte yr mayn,
 vi dearyad fearta olc na dyt,
 a'r fuyliz rjōn anoyr da cryall.

Olc na dyt vi zeadaoyrn uayt,
 na for duayr ar cor ran t-fozgal,
 beap an Zhyuazayz na ceab myn,
 vi b-fazayr iad zo ceacē do feyn.

Jōnyryn duyte, a macaoinn mōyn,
 cpeid zan zō mo hmyāeap fyor,
 na tiocra Zhyuazac Dhūna-an-ōyn,
 a'r zo m-bejyre for alyreac cryd.

- “ Hast not thou another wife,
Of the gentlest mind, eye, and features ?
It becometh thee not, O portly youth,
To upbraid me, now and I in grief.”
- “ There never came, nor never will,
A valiant champion or hero stout,
Who will take the Gruagach's wife by force,
Till he himself comes to her.”
- “ Thy disposition and affections are evil,
Though great thy fame in distant lands;
I restored to thee thy missing limbs,
And 'tis not thus I should be served.”
- “ Thou didst restore to me my limbs,
And it was by betrayal that I lost them ;
If I were without them till the day of judgment
From the Gruagach thou shalt not escape.”
- “ I will give thee presents of gold and wealth,
I will give thee whatever thou desirest ;
I will never more do thee harm or ill,
But hide us now from his approach.”
- “ Ill nor harm I accept not at thy hands,
Nor yet presents for the world ;
The wife of the Gruagach, nor leave to depart,
Thou shalt not get till he arrives.”
- “ I tell thee, O valiant youth,
And believe truly what I say,
That the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir will not come,
And that thou shalt yet regret.”

“ I would regret the gentle Gruagach,
 If this be the gist of what thou sayest ;
 And should he not arrive, thou shalt not escape
 Till thou sorely payest for kissing his wife.”

“ Take my word, O stalworth youth,
 That I have hosts at my command,
 Who will take away the wife of the Gruagach,
 Without his leave, or thine.”

“ Though I am now, and the two women,
 Away from the gentle Gruagach of the hosts,
 I'll never suffer thee to pass out
 Till he return, if he be alive.

“ I dread not thy stout hosts,
 Thy own sorcery or thy might ;
 Thou shalt satisfy me or him
 For visiting this Dun without his leave.”

“ If I kissed the gentle woman,
 And that she wished I did so again ;
 Is it not sufficient ransom from me,
 That if it were her wish I should depart ?”

“ I would not take her word for it,
 And 'tis not right to ask her now ;
 Do not anticipate thy departure,
 Thou shalt not go till he arrives.”

“ If I deprived thee of thy limbs again,
 Great would be thy loss and slow thy mirth ;
 Keep me no longer from going off,
 Or thou wilt lose them and perhaps thy head !”

Ma ca do zjfoin do nerr do zjloin,
 an an fear nerr a' t' e an an n-donnat;
 feadannas an an le eile,
 ca a zjfoin n' t' nerr do eile a' t' coira.

Ann n' do adéaric an zjfoin do eile,
 a n' ba eile zjfoin a' t' zjfoin;
 cailleann do eile do eile a' t' nerr,
 ba n' zjfoin a' t' eile do eile.

A bean n' an n' zjfoin a' t' eile,
 n' eile do eile do eile a' t' nerr,
 le eile do eile do eile, na n' eile do eile,
 coir na n' do eile do eile do eile.

Ni zjfoin leat a n' eile do eile;
 na n' eile do eile, na n' eile do eile;
 le eile do eile do eile an n' eile do eile,
 zjfoin do eile do eile do eile.

O eile do eile a' t' nerr a zjfoin,
 mo eile a' t' mo eile do eile;
 n' eile do eile do eile an n' eile,
 do eile do eile do eile a zjfoin?

A zjfoin do eile do eile an n' eile do eile,
 do eile do eile do eile do eile;
 eile do eile do eile a' t' n' eile do eile,
 na eile do eile, n' eile do eile.

Nac eile do eile do eile a' t' nerr,
 eile do eile do eile, a' t' nerr;
 eile do eile do eile do eile a' t' nerr,
 le eile do eile do eile do eile.

“ If thy actions are equal to thy speech,”
 Saith the big man, guarding the door,
 “ Let us both try our hands,
 And see who is the stronger of head and limb.”

It was then the youthful maiden said,
 “ O hero most victorious in feats of arms,
 The loss of thy limbs again
 Would be a deformity and severe want.”

“ O woman of the fairest shape and form,
 Fear not that ever more
 By sorcery or the might of hands
 A limb or arm I shall lose.

Thou canst not discern their power yet, [shape ;
 That I was not deprived of my form, beauty, and
 By the spells of the magic cup,
 He will leave thee awhile without thy limbs.

“ As I got my limbs again all right,
 My strength and my form truly,
 Thou needest not dread till judgment day
 That thy hand shall be afflicted.

“ Thou valiant champion of the stout speech
 That threatenest to rid me of head and limb,
 Go thy way and shun the deed ;
 But if you do, 'tis a cowardly act.”

“ Art not thou afraid of losing thy limbs again,
 Want of vigour or power to walk ;
 The same spells are ready now
 To be played upon thee if thou deservest them.”

Ուստի քարտա խօսէ շահ ճիւղ
 Լեզ' չկոր քաօծ ծօ ճարար կողմ ;
 յձ յօ Ե-ՄԻՆ՝ աղ Յրուագած ճարար, ճարար,
 ծօ քաօջալ յի քարարար կողմ.

Շրջար, ա յարարար, քաօջալ շահ չձ,
 աղ Յրուագած ճիւղ յօ Ե-քալ շահ ճիւղ,
 ծօ ճիւղ քալ քաօ ճիւղ քալ,
 յձ քալ ճիւղ քալ ճիւղ ճիւղ ճիւղ ճիւղ.

Ծօ ճարար ճիւղ ճարար աղ ճարար,
 ճարար ճարար ճարար աղ ճարար ;
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Ծօ ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար,
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- “ Be no longer simple and senseless,
 In thy silly talk to us ;
 Until the gentle valiant Gruagach arrives,
 Thou shalt not part from us alive.
- “ Believest thou, O youth, indeed
 That the just Gruagach is devoid of power ?
 Therefore, look to thyself,
 For danger awaits thee I promise you.”
- “ I will give thee sway over all the earth,
 Victory and position over seas and lands ;
 Thy coming safe out of severe battles,
 And to be so, that the foe cannot maim thee.
- “ I shall give thee a magic cup
 That will protect thee from all spells ;
 A youthful form shalt thou bear,
 A long life for thy wife.”
- “ All the gifts thou offerest are good, [value,
 And though excellent their fame, and great their
 Thou shalt never depart
 Until thou atone for kissing the woman.”
- “ ’Tis not becoming of thee, O noble youth,
 To detain me for a more cruel fate ;
 Thou shalt not see the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir again
 Visiting thee for evermore.”
- “ Did he not come till the world’s end,
 Thou shalt not be released from thy pains ;
 Thou shalt not be suffered to depart
 Till thou certainly atonest for the kiss.”

Ní le zóim do túsar dí ródz,
 ácc le nód-feinn curvann dá zóacó ;
 a' r zup caillad Fhuazac Dhána-an-Óin,
 ní fulair zo d-ciocraib léim ródz í.

Ma caillad Fhuazac Dhána-an-Óin,
 ír zóacó an bódz 'rír bóilb léim ;
 ír ó bóilb marb ód bóis,
 bóilb ródz zax cead ná ríiz.

Abáirne an zaxléim ós.
 do rgal ní bóiz zo b-fuil ríor,
 ciocraib an Fhuazac car air ródz,
 a' r ácc an b-ródz do dearrair bóil.

Abáirne an t-Amadaz Bódz,
 ní fulair zo ródz zo n-dearrair móil,
 má' r zax cead do'n Fhuazac Óin,
 míre do cum reairair bóil.

Ní túizdear léim zup bhrácar éóir,
 a macraibh nódz do óairne léim ;
 an cò túz oir cabair a' r ródz,
 zup míre leac bódz do ná bóil.

Da b-brácarne ceare ná léim,
 cor ná ceare ní léimne leac ;
 ná le laóirair zaxze an bóirair,
 le díroizeac zo leim do ríroir beare.

Nac túizdear leair, a macraibh nódz,
 zo b-fuil an bóirair zaxra mír ;
 cura bóil zax bóir ad éóir,
 díe ba nód ná ródz ó míre.

" 'Twas not through malice I kissed her face,
 But from pure affection ;
 And ~~that~~ when the Gruagaoh of Dun-an-Oir is dead,
 She should not hesitate to come with me."

" If the Gruagaoh of Dun-an-Oir were dead,
 Our grief would be short, and our tears dry ;
 But whether he be dead or alive,
 Thou shalt still be detained here."

The youthful maiden said,
 " Thy story must not be true ;
 The Gruagach will return yet,
 And for that kiss thou must pay."

The Anaidan Mór said,
 " Thou shalt yet wait awhile ;
 If the Gruagach doth not return,
 I am the man to take his place."

" I cannot perceive that there is truth,
 O noble youth, in what thou sayest ;
 That to him who gave thee help and aid,
 Thou shouldst wish sorrow or grief."

" If I got a trial by the sword
 A limb or head I would not lose by thee,
 Nor with all the valiant heroes the earth produced ;
 Through wicked secrecy you have done the deed."

" Dost thou not know, O valiant youth,
 That it is in my power to use spells again ;
 To leave thee without thy limbs
 Would be a greater evil than a kiss from a woman."

Da 3-caillinn cora azur ceann,
 lúe mo ball a' r fuil mo éiríde ;
 ní léi3fionn leacra an bean ar ball,
 do 3lón, cía ceann, ní h-eagal linn.

Aicéim oré, a mácaoim mhóir,
 do raib bean ó3 an 3hrua3aif3 éaoim,
 nuair ná dearna ole ba mhó,
 tabair an ród do 3o réim.

Cía deacair linn, a éiab an óir,
 cu a n-dobrión do díultad tríd ;
 air an iomcáir an talam d'óir,
 ní éabairfionn fód do iméadé rli3.

Ní h-ainlaib a' r cóir, a mácaoim mhóir,
 díé ná brión ní dearna dún ;
 ba doilb líomra cura fód,
 do élaois dam deoir le 3earaib dhaoi3eacé.

A bean ir aine clód azur 3haoi,
 ná 3lac tríomra uathán brión ;
 iona 3earaib ní b-fuil mo fuim,
 ní b-fa3aib ná 3-cean3al mé 3o deó !

Do labair an 3aiféi3ionn 3o caom caoim,
 a' r dúbairre, a mácaoim ná m-buad lann ;
 ní fíú coir an 3air3eadaif3, 3an ceab,
 a' r 3éile do ahoir do fá3aib.

Do deairfionn ceab, nian, a' r rli3,
 da noi3eab ríu an 3rua3ac Ó3 ;
 3o d-cí3ib ríu ní r3airfaib linn,
 an cómarle éiríte fíu ná mhá.

“ If I were to lose both legs and head,
 The agility of my limbs and my heart's blood,
 I would not let the woman go with thee ;
 Thy speech, though boastful, I dread not.”

“ I beseech thee, O valiant youth,”
 Saith the Gruagach's gentle young wife,
 “ As he hath not done us more harm,
 Let him go off quietly.”

“ Though difficult to me, O golden-haired,
 And thou in grief, to refuse thy request,
 For all the gold the earth ever bore
 I would not yet let him depart.”

“ That is not right, O noble youth ;
 Hurt nor harm he hath not done to us ;
 I should regret thee, moreover,
 To be prostrated before me by magic spells.”

“ O woman of fairest form and feature,
 Do not grieve or fret for me ;
 I heed not hence his spells,
 He shall never have me by them in bonds.”

The mild and gentle young woman spoke,
 And said, “ O youth, of the powerful blades ;
 'Tis not worth while for the champion's crime,
 And be obedient to him now.”

“ I would permit him to depart,
 If he went to where the young Gruagach is ,
 Until he comes he shall not part us
 Through the persuasions of man or woman.”

Do maib an zairgeadh do zian uasla
 cora a'r coann bein da n-aié;
 an b'f bar b'earraib h'ora,
 zóill zo h-áhal, ná ir a'ghrad úil.

Do éuz an macaonh m'én,
 baob-léim éndá an fuaib an Úis;
 zo b-fuaib a lann h'arab, a'r a' f'laag,
 iona da laim do lom láib.

Fead anoir le b'riú do zeara,
 an b-éicra leat mo éur an z-éil;
 le b'raozgeadé d'án an éoirn éora,
 ná f'ór le zairge neire a'r l'at,

Do maib na ma da a'ise deil,
 a macaonh, é'feing cuin an z-áil;
 ná ir bar d'áinne éib zo beadé,
 ná déin beair na n'áire d'áine.

O fuaib do éora do éur f'áat,
 n'it a'r l'at, neire a'r ma;
 n'ion éibe éur ma z'éal an é'áit,
 ná éit, ná b'én, a' éoib ma' íab.

Ma b'adair mo éora dam éit,
 r'geat do b'riú zeara éuaib,
 ac'áib f'áat anoir a z-éoin,
 a'r leat ná leó n' l'áit'feab íab.

Ir maib do méinn, a macaonh m'én,
 ir zian zo l'or a'á do n'án;
 ir maire z'ma'ad é'ána-an-áin,
 do éuin do éora zo éoin f'áat.

The champion spoke in fierce tones,
 "Thy head and feet thou shalt lose ;
 The two women I will carry off ;
 Submit quietly, or thou shalt regret it."

The stalworth youth then gave
 A light heroic bound the length of the Dun ;
 Till he took his lance and spear
 In his two hands firm and fast.

" Now, try the power of thy spells,
 To see if thou wilt make me retract,
 By the sorcery of the magic horn,
 Or by the valour of thy strength and might."

Saith the women of loveliest form,
 " O youth, calm thy anger now,
 Or we certainly will be put to death ;
 Commit no act that would degrade us.

" As thou hast got the use of thy limbs,
 Speed and agility, strength and might,
 'Twas not becoming thee for a kiss
 To be in grief and sorrow like them."

" If I were in the want of my limbs,
 Which occurred by hard spells,
 They are now under me right,
 And with you or them I will not let them go."

" Thy intention is good, O valiant youth,
 And thy mind is pure and chaste ;
 I am the Guuagach of Dun-an-Oir
 That restored to thee thy limbs.

Ար մե Յրուշաճ ան չաճարն ծայր,
 Ծօ չլաճ ար լարն չօ ծարն ըն;
 Իր մե ծօ ծայրն ծօ ծօրա ծյօր,
 Ծ'բճաճարն ծօ չնյօնն ա'ր ծօ ընն.

Իր մե ծօ ծարնաճարն ծարն,
 Իր բաճա մօ ընն ար ծօ լօրն;
 արօրն ծ ճարնարն լե ճըլե,
 ըարնրե բարն ար ծրարչեճճճճ ան ծօրնն.

Ծօ ընչաճ ըլաճ լարն ար լարն,
 չրաճճ ար չրաճճ, ըննն ար ըննն,
 Ծօ ըճճաճարն ա ճըլե լե ըարնն ըրօճե,
 ա'ր ըն ի-նյօնն լրն ըրն արն ըճճալ.

Իր յօննա ըարնրեճարն ա'ր ըննրաճ ըարնն,
 Ծօ ըան ան ծիր ըրն չօ լա;
 Ծ'նրնր Յրուշաճ Չհննա-ան-Օրն,
 չարն չարնն ծօնն չօ ըարնն ան ըարնն.

Արն ըրն ծ'բարնարնն ան բարն ընն,
 ըրնն ան ընն յօնն ըարնն ան ըարնն;
 Ծ'նրնրն ըրնն ըրնն ըարնն ընն ընն,
 չօ ը-բարնն ընն ար ընն ընն ը-ճարնն.

Չարնրն ըարնն յաճ արնն,
 ան Յրուշաճ ըրնն ա'ր ան բարն ընն;
 ընն ըարնն ան ծիր ըրն ըօ'ն ըրնն;
 ծա ըրնրե ընն, ըարնն, ա'ր ընն.

Չ'նրնր ան Յրուշաճ ծօ չօ ըարնն,
 ըարնն չարն լօճճ ա ը-բարնն ընն,
 ա'ր ըննրեճարնն ընն արն ա ը-բարնն,
 չարն ընն ան ըրննննն ընն ընն չ-ընն.

“ I am the Gruagach of the white hound,
That took thee truly in hands ;
’Twas I that deprived thee of thy limbs,
To test thy valour and thy worth.

“ I am thine own gentle brother,
Long am I in search of thee ;
Now that we have met together
I am released from sorcery.”

They clasped each other by the hand,
Love for love, and soul for soul ;
They kissed each other from their hearts,
And no wonder to us the tale.

Much the cheerful pleasant converse,
The two had for the long night ;
The Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir said,
That the foe was nigh at hand.

Then the big man enquired
What way were the foe approaching ;
“ I will not yield to thee nor to them
Till I can go before them.”

The two went straight onward,
The stout Gruagach and the big man ;
There were no two [men] under the sun
Who excelled them in sway and aspect.

The Gruagach informed him
That there was a fair mansion close at hand,
With five giants guarding it,
And that it was dangerous to approach them.

Njor b-rada éadair anur av uzleann,
 a' r iad zo ceann neapad dób ;
 zo z-cluinn roónam, onor, a' r ruair,
 az acac zruama av buille nór.

Do éonarcadair éagta az ceac zo d'au,
 azur rar-léinn iannairu iora dób ;
 ba leice a' rúil na av naa,
 a' r ba nód a' rlaort na belz bó.

Njor labair focal leó na zjot,
 acé ceac le ríoc-uia iora v-beoz ;
 do' v rar-léinn iannairu zur buail bair,
 anuar a b-plaort av Anadair Nór.

Do éur av v-Anadair av a' ba zléu,
 ann ríu le púair av buille éair ;
 do rreab, a' r ba zruamaiz le rortz nór,
 ra buv a' ba éic av v-éac nór.

Tuzadair cur zo ceann rreab,
 zoiv a' r beozal ir naaort b'óir,
 v' r maib rairu dób anan,
 le neair a' v-ann ball no' v' d'air nór.

Do éurdir choia an curé zo nór,
 le neair dób, curé, a' r cléib ;
 do zruair ceann do éleair curair,
 a' r do éairur rairu a' r cloia rleib.

Dob' ionza leir av Anadair Nór,
 av v-éac rreab neair a' r zéaz ;
 zo b-réadrad rairur leir cón raba,
 v' r neair r' av d'air le neair a' r éur.

They did not proceed far in the valley,
 And they imagined themselves so stout,
 Till they heard a noise, tumult, and uproar,
 From the surly giant of the huge blow.

They saw him approach in great haste,
 With an iron club in his hand ;
 His eye was larger than the moon,
 And his head than the belly of a cow.

He spoke not a word nor tittle to them,
 But came with venom on their track ;
 He gave a blow of the iron club
 On the skull to the big man.

The Amadan fell on his two knees,
 From the effects of the sure blow ;
 He suddenly arose, and with a determined grasp,
 Under both breasts he held the huge giant.

They gave twists and turns so stout and strong,
 Wounds, injuries, and cause of grief ;
 There were none like the two
 For strength of limbs in the world wide.

They violently shook the hills
 By the strength of their hands, bodies, and chests ;
 They made springs in the hard ground,
 And they produced echoes from the mountain rocks.

The Amadan Mor was much amazed
 At the strength of the giant's arms ;
 How he withstood him so long,
 Or a man on earth from the might of his blow.

Do glac fearn an t-Amaban Mór,
 a' r tug go cróda goin go h-aoib;
 an an b-fatac le farzad uime,
 zur buain ar bfozga a' r cnead cléib.

Do éoz rē an t-atac an a cōrp,
 a' r do buail ē an cloic na pleire an lan;
 do bhuir a cōrp 'ra cnoide na clíab,
 go maib na lianna maib trát.

An uair fuair an far-lúinē na dóib,
 fear a clóē uí maib le farzail;
 uí maib an laoc rin fa'n ugnéin,
 an a b-fazad beim na maib an lan.

Triallar anu rin arceac do'n cúire,
 an Thruazac fionn, a' r an fear mór;
 a' r do fuair riab ceatnar atac anu,
 do b' ceann a neart 'ra nglór.

Comraicre le fear do'n m-buidin,
 a Thruazailē caoin Dhúna-an-Óir;
 a' r farzear omra bualad an triuir,
 a' r uí maicreab bonn na buille dóib.

Jr lom do buail zac n-aon do'n triuir,
 buille dlúit ar an b-fear mór;
 'rin zeann zur bhuir a f-cnoide na f-clíab,
 le far-lúinē iarrainn an atailē mór.

An t-atac óz do b' go buan,
 a' r comrac Thruazailē Dhúna-an-Óir,
 do rgnead go luac a' r go lom,
 a' r d'jarr cabair an an b-fear mór.

The Amadan Mor became angry,
 And most valorously he wounded him to the liver;
 From the giant, by a tremendous squeeze,
 He took a groan and mournful sigh.

He raised the giant on his body,
 And flung him down upon a rock;
 He broke his body and the heart in his chest,
 So that he became a motionless mass.

When he got the great club in his hand,
 No man like him could be found;
 There was not that hero under the sun
 On whom he got a blow that he did not fall.

They then got into the mansion,
 The fair Gruagach and the big man;
 And they found four giants there,
 Who were stout in strength and speech.

“Do thou fight one of them,
 O gentle Gruagach from Dun-an-Oir;
 And leave me to thrash the other three,
 I will not yield a foot or blow to them.”

Quickly did the three strike
 Heavy blows on the big man;
 And soon he broke their hearts in their bodies
 With the great iron club of the big giant.

The young giant who was engaged
 In conflict with the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir,
 He vehemently and piteously roared,
 And asked for quarters from the big man.

Պօ չօճօյր ըն աօրոյս չօ Կ-նիճօլ,
 որ Եփօրն Ե՛ն սփեօր սևո չօ Ե՛ճ :
 Ե՛ս չօւն ընթեօն Ե՛ր ըսճ Ե՛ր Գօճօլ,
 չօ Կ-նիճօրն ընթ Ե՛ր Գօ ընթ Ե՛ր :

Պօ չիօ ընթ Ե՛ր չիճ Ե՛ն Ե՛ն,
 'որ Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն :
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն,
 Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն Ե՛ն :

" I will willingly concede thee that request,
If thou wilt be faithful to me for evermore ;"
He promised that during his whole life,
He would obey the big man.

He took possession of each room,
Wherein were all their wealth ;
Their equal was not here or there
For strength of arms in the wide world.

INDEX.

A.

Aenghus an Bhrogha, chase of his enchanted pigs, 132, 133.
 Aenghus Og, 132, n.
 Aimid, 124, 125.
 Aimid, meaning of the term, 125, n.
 Allen, hill of, 3, n.
 Almhuin (Allen in Kildare), 2, 3, 8, 9, 138, 139.
 Ancient Irish chessmen, 8, n.
 Ancient Irish war weapon, 158, n.
 Antrim, 120, n., 126, n.
 Antrim, Earls of, 123, n.
 Ard-na-g-Cat, 118, 119.
 Ardstraw, parish of, 125, n.
 Armagh, 2, n., 20, n., 120, n.
 Arrach, meaning of the term, 116, 116, n., 117.
 Asia, 174, 175.
 Ath Cliath (Dublin), 122, 122, n., 123.
 Athlone, 122, n.

B.

Banba, 110, 111.
 Ballybunion, 32, n.
 Beinn Eadair (Hill of Howth), 88, 89, 90, 120, 121.
 Belanagare, 138, n.
 Bells, 14, 14, n., 15.
 Beasy Bell, 102, n.
 Blacker, Rev. Beaver H., 74, n.
 Bo Neimhidh, water of, 138, n.
 Bann, 126, 126, n., 127.
 Boinn (the Boyne) mansion of, 132, 133, 133, n.
 Booterstown, 74, n.
 Boyne, river, 132, n.
 Boyne, fortress of, 133, n.
 Brehon Laws, 9, n.
 Brooke's Reliques, quoted, 3, n.

14

C.

Cael Shaille Ruadh, 125, n.
 Cailleach Biorar, her carn, 2, n.
 Carbury, barony of, 122, n.
 Carn-na-bh-Fian, where situated, 88.
 Carntogher, 103, n.
 Carrick-on-Suir, 75, n.
 Carrigeen, 20, 21, 22, 23.
 Castlelyons, 157, n.
 Castleraghan, barony of, 123, n.
 Cavan, 123, n.
 Ceirbheoil, Mac Ferghusa, 139, n.
 Cianwilliam, barony of, 137, n.
 Clare, 139, n.
 Cloigeann, its meaning, 159, n.
 Clonmel, 126, n., 136, n.
 Cnoc-an-air, 32, 32, n., 33.
 Cnoc Liadhais, 20, 21.
 Cobha, Ui Eathrach, where settled, 137, n.
 Colgan quoted, 155, n.
 Conmaicne Mara, 125, n.
 Connemara, 125, n.
 Connaught, 138, n., 139, n.
 Coote's Armagh quoted, 3, n.
 Cork, 157, n.
 Cotter, William, the Red, a native bard, 156, n.
 Crom of the Rock, 116, 117.
 Croziers, 18, 19.
 Cruachain Chais, 136, 137, 137, n.
 Cruachain Chais, where situated, 138, n.
 Cuchullainn, his foster-father, 2, n.
 Cuillean Ceard, 2, n.

D.

Dail Chais, 138, n.
 Dalcassian families, 124, n.
 Derry, 103, n., 120, n.
 Dialogue of the Sages quoted, 88.

Dodder, river, 74, n., 75, n.
 Donchadh, son of Brian, 137, n.
 Donegal, 154, n.
 Donore, 30, n., 40, 41.
 Donnybrook, 74, n.
 Dord Fhian, 22, 23.
 Down, 114, n., 120, n., 137, n.
 Druids, 155, n.
 Druidism, 24, 25.
 Droghaiois river, 124, 124, n., 125, 125, n.
 Dromcliaibh, 122, 122, n., 123.
 Drumcliff, 122, n.
 Dublin, ancient name of, 122, n.
 Dublin, bay of, 74, n.
 Dun-an-oir, 172, 173, 180, 181, 184, 185, 186, 187, 200, 201, 204, 205.
 Dundalk, 2, n.
 Dungarvan, 136, n.
 Dunne, Mr. John (the Garryricken Seanchuidhe), quoted, 127, n.

E.

Eeles, the eccentric major, where buried, 136, n.
 Eochaidh Cobha, plain of, 137, n.
 Eric, meaning of the term, 93, n.
 Eirin, 158, 159.

F.

Fairies, 156, n.
 Feinhean, plain of, where situated, 127, n.
 Fenian cooking pits, 114, n.
 Fenian hounds, their names, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109.
 Fergus, king of Ulster, his son, metamorphosed into a hound. 143, n.
 Fermanagh, 122, n.
 Fews mountains, 20, n.
 Finnian hospitality, 34, 35.
 Finnian hunting dress, 128, 129.
 Fionnais, 136, 137.
 Fionnabhraic, 136, 137, 139, n.
 Fithcheall (chess), 8, n.
 Folt, meaning of the term, 158, n.
 Formaioil, 140, 141.
 Foyle river, 21, n.
 Franciscans, 128, n.

G.

Galtee mountains, 137, n.
 Galway, 122, n., 124, n., 125, n.

Galway, ancient name of, 126, n.
 Garryricken, 127, n.
 Gleann an Smoil, 74, 74, n., 75, 84, 85, 120, 121, 172, 173.
 Glenarm, 122, 123, 123, n.
 Gleann-na-cead-mhuice, 142, 142, n., 143.
 Glen Inny, 124, 124, n., 125.
 Glen Ríge, 122, 123, 123, n.
 Golden Land, 172, 173.
 Goodman, the Rev. James, his collection of Irish MSS., 144, n., 145, n.
 Greece, 84, 85, 100, 101, 116, 117, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 174.
 Guilleann, 18, 19.

Half-fore, barony of, 126, n.
 Haliday's Keating quoted, 20, n.
 Hares, 110, 111.
 Highland Clans, 158, n.
 Hill of Slaughter, 32, n.
 Holly Lake, 120, n.
 Hones made of wood, 120, n.
 Howth, hill of, 88.

I.

Ida, barony of, 120, n.
 Iffa and Offa East, baronies of, 127, n.
 Innis Fail, 92, 92, n., 93.
 Inny river, its course, 124, n.
 Irish MSS. destroyed by a pig, 75, n.
 Iveagh (Upper and Lower), baronies of, 137, n.

J.

Jobson's Map of Ulster quoted, 103, n.

K.

Keating quoted, 114, n.
 Kerry, 32, n.
 Kildare, 3, n.
 Killenora, 139, n.
 Killary, 125, n.
 Killarney, Celtic name of, 122, n.
 Kilkenny, 120, n.
 Kilkenny, Archaeological Society of, quoted, 74, n., 127, n.
 King of Munster, his five prerogatives, 136, n.
 Kippure mountains, 74, n.
 Knockmoldown mountains, 136, n.
 Knocksowel, 103, n.

L.

Lanesborough, 122, *n.*
 Leabhar na g-Ceart quoted, 8, *n.*
 Leitrim, 124, *n.*, 125, *n.*
 Lismore, 186, *n.*
 Lochlin, 3, *n.*
 London, 21, *n.*
 Londonderry, 21, *n.*
 Lough Carra, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.
 Lough Cuan, 114, 114, *n.*, 115, 116, 117.
 Lough Cuilinn, 120, 120, *n.*, 121.
 Lough Derg, Finnian hunt of, 154, 154, *n.*, 155.
 Lough Derg, its ancient name 160, 161.
 Lough Eirne, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.
 Lough Erne, 122, *n.*
 Lough Leary, 124, 125, 125, *n.*
 Lough Lein 122, 122, *n.*, 123.
 Lough Lurgan, 126, 126, *n.*, 127.
 Lough Mask, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.
 Lough Mask, where situated, 124, *n.*
 Lough Measca, 125, *n.*
 Lough Mary, 125, *n.*
 Lough Melvin, where situated, 124, *n.*
 Lough Meilge, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.
 Lough Neagh, 120, 121, 126, *n.*
 Lough Neagh, petrifying quality of its waters, 120, *n.*
 Lough Oirbsean (now Corrib), 125, *n.*
 Lough Ramar, 122, 123, 123, *n.*
 Lough Rea, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.
 Lough Ree, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.
 Lough Sheeling, 124, *n.*
 Lough Truim, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.
 Luno, a blacksmith, 3, *n.*

M.

Mac Beine Briot, Artuir, 88.
 Mac-an-Dagha, 132, 132, *n.*, 133.
 Mac-an-Loin, 112, 113, 124, 125.
 Mac Mael na m-bo, Diarmuid, 137, *n.*
 Magh Cobha, 136, 137, 137, *n.*, 138, *n.*
 Mary Gray, 103, *n.*
 Mayo, 120, *n.*, 124, *n.*
 Meagher, William, 75, *n.*
 Meath, 133, *n.*
 Monasteries, where erected, 154, *n.*
 Mount Grud, 137, *n.*

N.

Nennius quoted, 121, *n.*

Newry river, 123, *n.*
 Nine-mile-house, 75, *n.*

O.

O'Brien (Dr.) quoted, 155, *n.*
 O'Flaherty quoted, 20, *n.*, 137, *n.*
 O'Donovan (Dr.) quoted, 8, *n.*, 20, *n.*, 21, *n.*, 103, *n.*, 127, *n.*, 136, *n.*
 Ogle, Mr., 126, *n.*
 O'Reilly quoted, 116, *n.*

P.

Pagan cemeteries, 133, *n.*
 Petrie (Dr.) quoted, 8, *n.*
 Piast, various meanings of the term, 115, *n.*
 Pilgrims, 154, *n.*

R.

Raths, 122, 123.
 Rathcroghan, 138, *n.*
 Reachtaire, meaning of the term, 136, *n.*
 Bed Branch Heroes, 2, *n.*
 Ringsend, 74, *n.*
 Roscommon, 122, *n.*, 138, *n.*

S.

Saint's Island, 854, *n.*
 St. Fintan's Island, 154, *n.*
 St. Patrick, 155, *n.*
 Scarowalsh, barony of, 126, *n.*
 Scotch proprietors, 103, *n.*
 Scotland, 76, *n.*, 158, *n.*
 Sesgnean, parish of, 136, *n.*
 Serpents in Ireland, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121.
 Shannon river, 122, 123, 123, *n.*
 Sliabh-na-m-ban, 74, *n.*, 126, 126, *n.*, 127.
 Sliabh Cua, 136, *n.*
 Sliabh Cuilinn, 124, 125, 136, 137.
 Sliabh Fodeh, 21, *n.*
 Sliabh Fuaid, 20, 20, *n.*, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 136, 137.
 Sliabh Crot, 137, *n.*
 Sliabh g-Crot, 136, 137, 137, *n.*
 Sliabh g-Cua, 136, 137.
 Sliabh g-Cua, where situated, 136, *n.*
 Sliabh Guilleán, 2, *n.*, 3, 16, 17, 120, *n.*

- Sliabh Truim, 102, 102, n., 103, 114, 115.
 Sligo, 122, n., 124, n.
 Spells, 42, 43, 50, 51, 58, 59.
 Stackallen, 133, n.
 Stacey, a Carrick printer, 75, n.
 Station Island, 154, n.
 Strabane, 102, n., 125, n.
 Strangford, lough of, 114, n.
 Sussex, Robert, his liberality, 123, n.
- T.
- Tailgin, 154, 155.
 Tailgin, meaning of the term, 155, n.
 Templecarne, parish of, 154, n.
 Tipperary, 74, n., 75, 127, n., 136, n., 137, n.
 Tirlugh, barony of, 154, n.
 Todd, Rev. Dr. quoted, 121, n.
 Trinity College, Dublin, MSS. preserved in the Library of, 75, n.
 Tuatha de Danann's, 132, n., 136, 137.
 Tulachs, 91.
 Tulachs, their use, 76, 76, n., 77.
- Turrus, meaning of the term, 154, n.
 Tyrone, 102, n., 125, n.
- U.
- Ulster, 102, n., 103, n., 136, 137, 142, n., 143, n., 154, n.
 Ulster, prerogative of the kings of, 137, n.
- V.
- Vallancey quoted, 8, n.
 Valley of the Black Pig, 142, n.
 Valley of the First Pig, 142, n.
 Valley of the Thrush, 74, n.
 Virginia, 123, n.
- W.
- Walker's Irish Bards quoted, 3, n.
 Waterford, 136, n.
 West Connaught, 124, n.
 Westmeath, 122, n., 124, n., 126, n.
 Wexford, 126, n.

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