



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

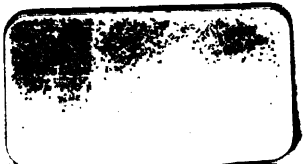
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



See Schedule 1, page 10.







TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.



TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1856.

VOL. IV.

и а о ј т њ е њ ј а н н у ј њ е а ч њ т а .

DUBLIN:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.
1859.

Soc. Ireland 8



12017he f12nnu15he2ct2;

OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



DUBLIN :

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

1859.

PRINTED BY GOODWIN, SON, AND NETHERCOTT, 79, MARLBOROUGH-STREET, DUBLIN.

The Ossianic Society,

FOUNDED on St. Patrick's Day, 1853, for the Preservation and Publication of MSS. in the Irish Language, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History, &c., with Literal Translations and Notes.

OFFICERS ELECTED ON THE 17TH MARCH, 1858.

President :

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN, Esq., M.R.I.A., *Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West.*

Vice-Presidents :

REV. ULICK J. BOURKE, Professor of Irish, *St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.*

REV. EUSEBY D. CLEAVER, M.A., *S. Barnabas, Pimlico, London.*

JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A., *Dublin.*

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, Esq., *Erinagh House, Castleconnell.*

Council :

REV. JOHN CLARKE, C.C., *Louth*

PROFESSOR CONNELLAN, *Queen's College, Cork.*

REV. SIDNEY L. COUSINS, *Bantire, Cork.*

REV. JOHN FORREST, D.D., *Kingstown.*

REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B., *Ardgroom, Castletown, Berehaven.*

WILLIAM HACKETT, Esq., *Midleton, Cork.*

REV. PATRICK LAMB, P.P., *Newtownhamilton.*

MICHAEL LYSAGHT, Esq., *Ennis.*

MICHAEL J. MAC CARTHY, Esq., *Derrynanoul, Mitchelstown.*

M. M'GINTY, Esq., *Bray.*

PROFESSOR JOHN O'BEIRNE-CROWE, A.B., *Queen's College, Galway.*

JOHN O'DALY, Esq., *O'Daly's Bridge, Kells.*

JOHN O'DUFFY, Esq., 26, *Great Brunswick-street, Dublin.*

REV. JOHN L. O'FLYNN, O.S.F.C., *Church-street Friary, Dublin.*

REV. JOHN O'HANLON, C.C., 17, *James's-street, Dublin.*

JAMES O'MAHONY, Esq., *Bandon.*

JOHN T. ROWLAND, Esq., *Drogheda, and Abbey-street, Dublin.*

ANDREW RYAN, Esq., *Gorkelly, Castle, Borrisoleigh.*

GEORGE SIGERSON, Esq., *Queen's College, Cork.*

JOHN WINDELE, Esq., *Blair's Castle, Cork.*

Committee of Publication.

PROFESSOR CONNELLAN.

JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

REV. JOHN L. O'FLYNN, O.S.F.C.

REV. JAMES GOODMAN.

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, A.B.

REV. JOHN O'HANLON, C.C.

GEORGE SIGERSON, Esq.

JOHN WINDELE, Esq.

Treasurer :

EDWARD WM. O'BRIEN, Esq., 40, *Trinity College, Dublin.*

Honorary Secretary :

MR. JOHN O'DALY, 9, *Anglesey-street, Dublin.*

THE main object of the Society is to publish manuscripts, consisting of Poems, Tales, and Romances, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History; and other documents illustrative of the Ancient History of Ireland in the Irish language and character, with literal translations, and notes explanatory of the text.

Subscriptions (5s. per annum) are received by the Treasurer, 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.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

READ ON THE 17th DAY OF MARCH, 1858.

It is now nearly six years since the Ossianic Society was ushered into existence by a few individuals who saw the neglected and sad state of the MS. literature of their country, and of that portion in particular known as *Ossianic*, which no one seemed to value.

A meeting was held and a committee of gentlemen, Irish scholars, enrolled themselves determined to commence operations in the vast field open before them, and try the experiment as to whether anything could be done in the shape of printing, and preserving from destruction the poetry, and legends ascribed to Oisín and Caoilte, the ancient bards of Fenian history.

The result of their labours is that there are now three handsome volumes of *Ossianic Literature* rescued from destruction and in the hands of the members, a fourth is just ready for press and will shortly appear.

These volumes have elicited the warm praise of the Irish as well as of the English press; and the result is that there are now on the roll of the society, five hundred and thirty-two members.

The Council have great gratification in announcing that during the past year, one hundred and five members joined the Society; and it is cheering to find that such a spirit exists in behalf of their labours.

The Council deeply regret the unavoidable delay which has occurred in the publication of their recent volume, "Σόμριζεαὶ Οἰγιανθῶν ἄγυρ ἕθνη," which could not be well avoided; as the gentleman who undertook the editing of the book was called out of the country on business on various occasions, while the book was going through press; but care shall be taken in future that delays of this sort shall not occur.

The Council feel great pleasure in calling attention to the labours of kindred societies formed in America and Australia. One established in Philadelphia under the careful management of a committee of Irishmen (of which we may name two most indefatigable members, John Burton and Patrick O'Murphy, Esqrs.), has sent the sum of fourteen pounds, the subscription of members for copies of our last volume.

The Australian Celtic Association, established in Sydney, has sent seven pounds ten shillings, and the books are on their way.

It is cheering to find that in these distant regions of the globe, Irishmen do not forget the literature of their native land; and that they exult at the thought of hearing once more the poems and tales so often recited by the Σειρήνη, or story-teller, at their father's firesides.

The mission of the Ossianic Society is a noble one, and the Council hope they will receive that support from their countrymen, which will enable them to preserve every fragment—no matter how small or trivial which may throw light on the past glories of their native land.

With this view they come before you this day; their labour is one of love for the neglected literature of their country, and they sincerely hope that an Irish public will meet them in the same spirit.

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. **ΚΑΤ ΞΗΔΡΙΑ**; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 283, 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. **ΦΕΙΡ ΤΙΣΣ ΧΟΝΑΝ ΚΗΝΝ ΣΗΛΕΪΒΕ**; 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. **ΤΟΡΜΥΣΕΑΚΤ ΔΗΙΑΡΜΟΔΑ ΑΙ ΔΗΥΙΒΝΕ ΔΞΥΡ ΞΗΡΑΙΡΝΕ**, ΠΥΣΙΟΝ ΧΟΡ-
ΜΟΥΣ ΗΟΥΣ ΞΙΡΕ; 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 Cumhail, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by **STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY**, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

IV. **ΛΟΓΓΕΣ ΦΙΛΗΜΥΣΘΕΑΧΤΑ**; or, Fenian Poems. Edited by **JOHN O'DALY**, HONORARY SECRETARY.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **ΙΜΕΑΚΤ ΗΑ ΤΡΟΜΒΑΙΡΝΕ**; or the Departure of the Great Bardic Assembly, being the Introduction to the *Tain Bo Chuailgne*. Edited by Professor Connellan, from the book of ΞΙΑΣ ΚΑΡΤΑΙΣ ΚΙΑΔΑΣ: a vellum MS. of the XIV. Century. *In Press.*

II. **ΤΑΝ ΒΟ ΧΥΑΙΡΓΝΕ**; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cuaigne (Cooley), in the county of Louth, being a History of the Seven Years' 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 Roderic 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 Inscriptions, Tulachs, War Charlots, Leanan Sigheas, Mice and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuchullainn, called *Gai Boly*; also some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

III. **ΞΥΛΛΑΝΗ ΗΑ ΣΕΛΗΘΙΡΝΕ**; or, the Dialogue of the Sages: an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eirionn; collated with a copy in 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**.

IV. **ΚΑΤ ΦΗΝΝ ΤΡΑΞΑ**; 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.

* *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.*

V. *Caé Chnoca*; 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 the REV. THADDEUS O'MAHONY.

This tract is copied from a manuscript made by John Murphy of Carrignavar, in the county of Cork, A.D. 1726, and from the fame of the writer as a scribe, no doubt is entertained of the accuracy of the text.

VI. 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 1487), 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.

VII. A TRACT ON THE GREAT ACTIONS OF FINN MAC CUMHAILL, copied from the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler. To be edited by the REV. ULICK J. BOURKE, of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.*

VIII. A MEMORIAL ON THE DAL-CASSIAN RACE, and the Divisions of Thomond at the Invasion of the English, A.D. 1172: to which is annexed a Short Essay on the Fenii or Standing Militia of Ireland; also, Remarks on some of the Laws and Customs of the Scoti, or Antient Irish, by the late Chevalier 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.

IX. *Trí Truaḡ na Sḡalaḡḡeacḡa*; or, The Three Sorrows of Story-telling, which relates the tragical fate of the sons of Uisneach, the sons of Tuireann, and the children of Lir, who are represented to have been metamorphosed into swans by their stepmother, Aoife; and in that shape spent seven years on *Sruth na Maoile Ruadh*, supposed to be that portion of the British Channel which separates Ireland and the Isle of Man.

* This tract appears in the present volume, edited by Dr. O'Donovan.

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

1. THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BUCKINGHAM. REV. A. NEWDIGATE, *Aylesbury*, Honorary Secretary.
2. THE ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY OF THE ARCHDEACONRY OF NORTHAMPTON AND THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND LINCOLN; AND THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BEDFORDSHIRE AND ST ALBANS. REV. H. D. NICHOLSON, M.A. *St. Albans, Herts*, Honorary Secretary.
3. THE CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE. R. MASON, Esq. *High-street, Tenby*, Treasurer.
4. THE CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY. CHAS. C. BABINGTON, Esq., M. A., Fellow of St. John's College, *Cambridge*, Treasurer.
5. THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE. REV. A HUME, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A., *St. George's, Liverpool*, Honorary Secretary.
6. THE KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. REV. JAMES GRAVES, A.B., and JOHN GEORGE AUGUSTUS PRIM, Esq., *Kilkenny*, Honorary Secretaries.
7. THE SUFFOLK INSTITUTE OF ARCHÆOLOGY. SAMUEL TYMMS, Esq., F.S.A., *Bury St. Edmunds*, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.
8. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. JOHN Y. AKERMAN, Esq., F.S.A., *Somerset House, London*, Secretary.
9. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. JOHN ADAMSON, Esq., *The Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, Secretary.
10. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND. JOHN STUART, Esq., *General Registry House, Edinburgh*, Secretary.
11. THE SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. GEORGE BISH WEBB, Esq., 6, *Southampton-street, Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretary.

CONTENTS.

	Page
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON	xv
INTRODUCTION	xxi
	Page.
Ἀγῶν Οἰρῖν ἀγῶν Φατρῆαιε	2
Κατ' ἐνοικ' ἀν' ἀπρ	64
Λαοῖδ' Ὠμεργαῖδ' ἢ λαῶν ἠζῶν	94
Λαοῖ ἠνῶ Ὠμεργαῖδ' ἢ λαῶν ἠζῶν	164
Ἀνῶν ἢ ἠ-ῖν-ῖν- λαοῖδ' ἢ ἠ-ῖν-ῖν ἢ ἠ-ῖν-ῖν	194
Σεῖλζ' ἠ-ῖν-ῖν	200
Καοῖτε ἢ ἠ-ῖν	226
Λαοῖδ' Οἰρῖν ἀν' ἠ-ῖν ἢ ἠ-ῖν	234
Καοῖτε ἢ ἠ-ῖν	280
ἠ-ῖν-ῖν-ῖν-ῖν-ῖν ἠ-ῖν-ῖν-ῖν	288
The Dialogue between Oisín and Patrick	3
Battle of Cnoc-an-air	65
The Lay of Meargach of the sharp spears	95
The Lay of the Wife of Meargach	165
Names of the principal heroes of the Fenians who fell on Cnoc-an- air	195
The Chase of Loch Lein	201
Caoilte sang	226
The Lay of Oisín on the Land of Youth	235
The Boyish Exploits of Finn Mac Cumhuill	289

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON, the subject of this short sketch, the second son of Edward Hudson, a celebrated dentist of Dublin, was born at his father's country residence, Fields of Odin (now Hermitage), near Rathfarnham, in the county of Dublin, August 18th, 1796. He early displayed those fine qualities which afterwards caused him to be so much courted in society when arrived at man's estate. His superior talents, together with his natural thirst for knowledge, urged him forward, both during his school and collegiate courses, so that each year he distinguished himself by obtaining either premiums or certificates for superior answering. After he was called to the bar in 1818, he went the Munster Circuit, and his abilities, far beyond the ordinary, soon attracted attention, and brought him in brief after brief, so long as he continued to practice as a circuit barrister. So much was he admired in Cork, that such men as the late Recorder Waggett, Rev. Mr. Leslie, Dean Burrowes and others, were accustomed to watch the coaches, when expecting his arrival for the assizes in that city; each endeavouring to anticipate the other in having as their guest, even for a short period, one, whose talents they admired, and whose pleasing and instructive conversation, they so highly appreciated, proceeding as it did from an intellect, well stored with the varied knowledge, which a widely-extended course of reading had supplied to a mind admirably fitted for its reception. In the year 1836, he was appointed Assistant Barrister for the county of Carlow, which post he did not long continue to fill, having

been promoted to the situation of taxing-officer in the common law courts, which office he continued to hold until shortly before his death, when declining health obliged him to retire on a pension, to which he was entitled for his services.

Amongst his other accomplishments, W. E. Hudson early displayed a taste for music, and a musical talent of the highest order. That he had acquired a practical and theoretical knowledge of that science far beyond his compeers, was often tested; and especially by Dr. Russell a highly-gifted clergyman, and himself a great theorist. This gentleman, aware of the acuteness of W. E. Hudson's ear in distinguishing sound, put him to the severest proofs, without a single instance of failure; this induced him to test through young Hudson the accuracy of a theory which he held, that every natural sound, such as the roaring of a furnace, the howling of the storm, thunder, water falling in unison, &c; were all one and the same note, the great A of nature. Day after day for nearly three months Hudson accompanied Dr. Russell from place to place, to catch what he called "natural sounds"; and so elated was he with the proofs given of the perfection of his own theory, that it required the utmost vigilance of his physicians to prevent his intellect becoming impaired. In after years William E. Hudson was the composer of a *Te Deum*, and several chants, none of which were ever published; he likewise composed a variety of songs, some of which he sent to the press; but his naturally modest and retiring habits prevented him putting himself forward, and thereby caused his fame, either as a literary character or as a musical composer, to have a much more limited circulation than would be expected in the case of a person so highly gifted. When that well known periodical, *The Citizen*, was tottering to its fall, and had well nigh expired, its publishers made a desperate effort to restore its vitality, by bringing it out, in a new form and under a new name, as the *Dublin Monthly Magazine*. In this struggle Mr. Hudson lent the assistance of his purse and talents, and chiefly owing to his exertions, it revived for a while; besides contributing to it in a literary way, he brought out in it a collection of Irish airs, the finest published since the days of Bunting, and many of them far surpassing that eminent musician's in arrangement. "His affection," said the editor of the *Nation*

newspaper, "for all the remains and witnesses of Celtic civilization, was intensified in this instance by a deep and cultivated feeling of the art." *

Mr. Hudson was a member of the principal literary and scientific societies of Dublin in his day, and a constant attendant at their council meetings: his enthusiastic love for his country led him to be ever forward on these occasions, aiding in whatever could throw light on the history and antiquities of Ireland, in forwarding and advancing the scientific labours and discoveries of our fellow-countrymen; or promoting Irish literature. He was one of the original members of the Irish Archæological Society founded in 1840, in whose publications and proceedings he took a deep interest. The leading object of this society was the publication of such documents as were calculated to increase our knowledge of Irish history, antiquities, and topography. With him, however, its efficiency and utility have all but expired. Its indications of a feeble existence are now but few and far between. In the year 1845, the editor of the present volume, an enthusiastic lover of the language and antiquities of his country, founded the Celtic Society under the auspices of Mr. Hudson, who took a most active part in its organization, and sustenance. The editors of its publications were paid out of his pocket, whilst his mind and pen were incessantly at work in their behalf, to secure a favourable reception from an apathetic public. Mr. Hudson was not himself the editor of any of their books, but still the *onus* of much of the work rested on him, whose judgment and intellect, well stored with historic learning, were ever ready to guide and assist. He revised all their books in their passage through the press, and to him were they indebted for much of the valuable information which the volumes of the Celtic Society contain. The only portion of these works which appeared exclusively from his own pen was the appendix to the *Leabhar na 3-Cearc*; or, Book of Rights, consisting of various readings selected from the Book of *Baile-an-Mhóta* (Ballymote) as compared with the text in the Book of Leacan, and ending with a dissertation on the peculiar sound of

* *The Nation*, July 2nd, 1853.

some of the letters of the Irish alphabet. His purse was ever open to promote the usefulness of the institution; and on one occasion, a short time previous to its amalgamation with the Irish Archæological Society, at a meeting held at Dr. Wilde's in Westland-row, he discharged a debt incurred by the council, to the amount of over *three hundred pounds!* When Mr. John O'Daly arrived from Kilkenny, for the purpose of establishing the Celtic Society, Mr. Hudson was the first to take him warmly by the hand, and support his efforts. He was, in fact, the main spring of the Society, and owing to his exertions it attained a prominence that gave promise of final success. In the year 1853 Mr. O'Daly conceived the idea of forming an Association for the Preservation and Publication of MSS. in the Irish language illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History, and having consulted Mr. Hudson, then as ever foremost to promote every endeavour to preserve from oblivion, those documents in which our ancestors recorded "all important events connected with their father-land;" he received his warmest encouragement and support. A meeting was called at Anglesea-street on St. Patrick's day, 1853, at which was formed the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, not as a rival but as an auxiliary to other similar institutions. Mr. Hudson took an active and lively interest in fostering it to maturity, and a prominent part in its proceedings during the short period of its existence previous to his decease. His health, however, broken down by frequent paralytic attacks, rendered him incapable of affording the Association that help which the Celtic Society had derived from his extensive knowledge and exertions. His death, which occurred on the 23rd of June, 1853, may be truly regarded as a heavy blow and irreparable loss to the best interests of our Society. His name gave it character, and the interest which he manifested in the undertaking assisted in bringing it into notice.

The success of "The Library of Ireland," and of "The Spirit of the Nation" are in some measure due to Mr. Hudson. Indeed the writer of this paper, has been informed, by Mr. James Duffy, the publisher of these works, that Mr. Hudson advanced *three hundred pounds* towards defraying the expenses incurred in bringing out the quarto edition of the latter publication.

To obviate the difficulties found so seriously to obstruct the translation of the Brehon laws, arising from the imperfect Irish dictionaries extant, Mr. Hudson opened a subscription, to assist in defraying the expense of the compilation of a work, which would facilitate the study of the ancient records of our country. Of this project the Rev. Dr. Todd thus speaks in his opening address as President of the Royal Irish Academy, April 14th, 1856; "Our late lamented associate Mr. Hudson, to whose patriotism the library of the Academy owes a valuable addition, deposited in my hands, before his death, the sum of £200 in government securities, as a contribution towards the publication of the Irish Dictionary. This sum with the interest since accruing upon it, which I have added to the principal, is all that is available in the way of funds for carrying out this important national object." In addition to this sum (we have been informed) he proposed giving a further subscription of £1000; but his demise took place before he was able to carry his intention into effect. "It will be one of the many permanent monuments of his career,"—says the NATION,* "to write the simple truth of him will sound like the hyperbole of an epitaph. Of all the systematic attempts to encourage the ancient or modern literature of Ireland, made for the last twenty years, or to create a wider interest in our arts, history and antiquities, one thing may always be safely assumed, whoever shines like a dial-plate on the front of the transaction, William Elliott Hudson was hard at work at the rear; the organizers of it were gathered round his hospitable board; his pen was slaving in its behalf; and his purse opened with a princely munificence to pay its way to success. His contributions to several, totally separate objects within the last few years counted to our certain knowledge, by hundreds of pounds in each case. And he had the singular property, in common with Davis, of being totally indifferent to any reputation for his share in the work, if only it were done. Nor was his literary enthusiasm, as it sometimes is in this country, restricted to dead ages and institutions, forswearing the future and the present."

* Of July 2nd, 1853.

The Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, fully convinced that William Elliott Hudson had done more for Irish literature than Sir James Ware for its antiquities, and being desirous to pay the best tribute of respect in their power to the memory of one who took so deep an interest in their affairs, whilst it pleased a wise Providence to spare him among them, employed Mr. Geary the eminent photographer, whilst residing in Grafton-street in 1857, to take a likeness of his bust by the celebrated sculptor Christopher Moore, which Mr. Hudson's brothers generously presented to the Royal Irish Academy. "It is an admirable piece of sculpture, and having been taken during his lifetime, before struggling with ill health, it conveys much of his character,—the clear brow of silent speculation, and the delicate lip of cultivated taste; the full beaming eye, was beyond all sculpture."*

To the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, the Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY owe a debt of gratitude, for their kindness in permitting Mr. Geary to take the photograph, and they avail themselves of this opportunity to return their heartfelt thanks to that learned body. This photograph has been cut in wood by the eminent engraver Mr. William Oldham of Bedford House, Rathgar, and will in future ornament the title pages of the Transactions of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY; it is but a small token of the esteem and regard that they still, and must ever cherish for the memory of the man—WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON.

* *The Nation*, July 2nd, 1853.

Dublin, March 1st, 1859.

INTRODUCTION.



FROM the most reliable and best accredited documents respecting the ancient Irish handed down to us, it appears certain that, not only the monarchy itself but likewise all posts of honor and profit, had become hereditary in different sept and families. Purity of blood was held, of course, a national object of the first importance; and the *literati*, therefore, the conservators of historical evidence, were regarded as of the highest authority; as they alone could prove the descent and determine the rank and station of the people; hence the necessity of the great number of antiquaries, whom we find supported by national endowments. The monarch and the provincial kings, as well as the nobility and the state officers of the crown, being alike of the royal line of Milesius, great care was taken of their genealogy and descent; and every candidate for these various offices was obliged to give:—1st. proof of descent; 2ndly, of his having been a knight, (for in each of the provinces there

was an equestrian order) ; 3rdly, that he had no remarkable deformity or blemish ; so that his person might command respect, suitable to his birth and education. No wonder, then, that the genealogies of the different families of the kingdom, of the Milesian race, were preserved with the utmost care. To secure the *literati* from any temptation to abuse their trust, honorable provision was made for them by the state. From their rank they were presumed to be beyond the reach of corruption ; and the laws secured their persons and properties inviolate ; so that, from the foundation to the overthrow of the monarchy, a single instance does not occur of any violence being offered to this body of men. Abuses, however, gradually crept into the bardic institution, mainly arising from the number of idlers who enlisted themselves under its banner ; during two or three successive reigns the kingdom was found to be greatly impoverished by their exactions, until it was found necessary to reduce the number.

Though the monarchy as well as all other posts of honor, was elective, yet, to prevent as much as possible, any inconveniences which litigated elections might produce, the successor of the monarch was appointed in his lifetime, and was called Righdhomhna, and this, it is observable, is at this day, we believe, the practice in China and other foreign countries. The Ollamhs or Doctors in the various sciences, who were of the most noble families, had also their successors declared in their own lifetime ; and he that was to fill the post of honor, or have command in the state, had his Tan-aiste appointed to succeed him in office. This arrangement prevented the evils of incompetency occasionally arising from direct lineal succession.

The provincial kings in their own position, were equal to the monarch in his exalted station. Each had his order of chivalry, of which he was himself the chief. He had his

Ard-draoi or high priest, to superintend religion, his marshal, standard-bearer, chief-treasurer, &c., all these appointments were hereditary in families, to which the most distinguished alone in each was chosen by election.

The different military forces of the kingdom were the particular guards of each province. They were a species of standing militia, composed of trained bands called Curaidhe (champions), an order of knighthood into which none were admitted without exhibiting unexceptionable proofs of birth, learning, generosity, valour, and activity.

The particular militia or knights of every province held their head-quarters, or were located near the residence of their chiefs: thus the militia, or knights of Ulster, called Curaidhe-na-Craibhe-Ruaidhe (champions or heroes of the Red Branch), were stationed at the Royal Fort at Eamhuin (Emania), near Armagh. They were of the Rudrician race, and were commanded in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, by the famous champion Cuchullin¹, who, according to the annals of Clonmacnoise, and the *Chronicon Scottorum*, died in the second year of the Christian era; and was succeeded in command by his cousin Conall Cearnach.

Vestiges of the ancient palace of Eamhuin, or Emania,

¹ At the time that Cuchullin was chief of the knights of Ulster, in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, (a celebrated prince of the Rudrician race, king of Ulster, and monarch of Ireland), Conrigh Mac Daire, a renowned champion, and chief of the Clanna Deaghaidh in Munster, was treacherously slain by Cuchullin, in revenge of an indignity which Conrigh offered him, by cutting off his hair when asleep, and taking from him the object of their contention—the beautiful Blanaid, a lady whom they brought captive from Scotland. She showed greater attachment to Cuchullin than to Conrigh, and consequently contrived for him an opportunity of perpetrating a horrid and treacherous murder in the palace of Cahirconry, the ruins of which are still extant on Sliabh Mis in Kerry, near which runs the rivulet called Fionn-Ghlaise. For a fuller account of this transaction, see *Keating's Ireland*, and *Smith's Kerry*, p. 156, &c.

and of the house of Craoibh Ruadh (Red Branch), adjacent to the palace are still extant, two miles to the west of Armagh, the site retaining the name of the fort of Navan.

The militia or knights of Leinster, were called Curaidhe Ghamhanruighe, or the Damnonians of Gailian, seated at Dun Aellinne, about twelve miles south-east of Almhuin, the place of their head-quarters in that province previous to the time of Fionn's appointment to this post of honour. On his receiving the command, he removed with his force to Almhuin, a place in the county of Kildare, bordering on Hy-Failghe, now Ophaly, which with the adjoining territory he possesses in right of his mother, Murrain Munchaoimh (the fair haired), daughter of Teige Mac Nuadhat. Here he fixed his seat on the far famed hill of Almhuin as a more central point; and the knights of Leinster were from thenceforth called Curaidhe na h-Almhuine, or the heroes of Almhuin.¹

The militia or knights of Connaught, whose chiefs were the Clanna Morna, of the old Belgian or Firbolg race, have been distinguished by the appellation of Curaidhe Iorrais Dun Domhnainn; a territory in the county of Mayo, their head quarters. The ruins of the Fort of Dun Domhnainn are still extant in Iorras or Erris, the most western part of that county. Goll Mac Morna, according to O'Flaherty (see *Ogygia*), commanded the Clanna Morna, at the famous battle of Magh Lena, A. D. 192, and was detached by Conn Cedchathach as the most able and expert champion to oppose in person his great competitor Mogh Nuadhat. In that engagement Conan Mac Morna, who is said to have been the grandson of Goll, commanded the Clanna Morna in turn; and ever since the fall of Fionn Ua Baoisene, A. D. 283, at Rath Bre-

¹ *Almhuin*. The ruins of the fort of Almhuin are still extant on the west end of the Curragh of Kildare; and what we corruptly call the "Bog of Allen" at this day, was formerly the forest of Almhuin, in which the knights were accustomed to enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

ogha; near the Boyne, by the treacherous hands of Athlach Mac Duibhdrein, had frequent contentions with the Clanna Baoisene for the captain-generalship of the Fians.

The defection of the Clanna Morna from the rest of their corps at the battle of Gabbra, may be attributed not only to their rivalry for the general command, but also, and more particularly to the murder of Conan, their late captain, by the Clanna Baoisene or Fianna Finn. In many epic poems written by the bards on the achievements of the Fianna Eireann, this Conan is indiscriminately described by the appellations of Conan Maol Mallachtach Mac Morna, and Conan Mac Garraidhe, and might have been brother to Aedh the son of Garadh, the son of Neamen, the son of Morna, from whom the Clanna Morna were named. He was then king of Connaught, and the last of the Firbolg race who governed that province.

The militia, or knights of Desmond, or South Munster, were called Curaidhe Clanna Deaghaidh, or Ua Deaghaigh, a tribe of the Ernaidhs, of the Heremonian race, who, on being expelled from Ulster by the Clanna Rughruidhe, obtained a principality in South Munster.¹ These, some time before the birth of Christ, obtained great power in Munster under their leader Deaghadh, who afterwards became king of that province. His posterity succeeded him in power, in West Munster particularly, and were the champions of Desmond. The territory of Luachair Deaghaidh, in the county of Kerry, was their patrimony. There still remain on the western extremity of Sliabh Mis, the foundations of an enormous cyclopean structure, supposed to be the palace begun by Conrigh Mac Daire, whose history we have briefly glanced at. This part of the mountain commands, perhaps, one of the finest prospects in the world, and still retains the name of Cathair Chonrigh. Fionghlaise, as

¹ Vide O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, vol. II., pp. 142, 143.

already stated, runs down the steep hill on which this ruin is based, and discharges itself into the bay of Tralee, a short distance to the north, corresponding exactly with the description given by history of the fort of Dun Deaghaidh. Mac Luigheach, a famous champion of this sept, commanded the Clanna Deaghaidh at the battle of Gabbra, and was slain in that engagement, according to the annals of Innisfallen.

The militia, or knights of Thomond or North Munster, were the Clanna Baoiscne,¹ so called from Baoiscne, their principal ancestor, who, according to the Book of Ballimote, now deposited in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, was the second son of Nuada Necht of the royal race of Leinster, and fifth direct ancestor of Fionn the son of Cumhall, the son of Treanmor, the son of Salt, the son of Elton, the son of Baoiscne.

Fionn soon afterwards received the investiture of Formaoil na bh-Fian, a district in Hy-Kinsellagh,² concerning which there has been much conjecture, by the donation of his cousin and relative Fiachadh Baiceadha,³ then king of Leinster and youngest son of Cathaoir Mor. The Clanna Baoiscne were also called Fianna Finn, whilst Fionn Ua Baoiscne was their leader and before he took the general command. Oisín the son of Fionn was their chief at the battle of Gabhra, in which his son Oscur fell in an ambush, laid for him by Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 277.

It is probable that, inasmuch as Ireland was in these early days much exposed to the descents of African and Northern pirates, a strong necessity existed for the formation of these

¹ *Clanna Baoiscne*. For further particulars of this tribe and their territory, see *Leabhar na 5-Cearú* (Book of Rights), p. 48, n. g.

² *Hy Kinsellagh*. *Ibid*, p. 206, n. g.

³ *Fiachadh Baiceadha*. See *Book of Rights*, pp. 200, 203.

corps of militia—one in each province, which Pinkerton has ingeniously conjectured, may have been modelled on the plan of the Roman legions in Britain. According to the Cath Fhinn-tragha, their stations were distributed along the coasts, in the most elevated and inaccessible positions; and in distant view of each other—so as to communicate by signals, the approach of an enemy, and thereby enable them to come to the succour and relief of the fort invaded. Thus, the forts of Iorras Dun Domhnainn in Mayo, and of Cahir Conrigh on Sliabh Mis, in Kerry, though the distance cannot be less than 100 miles were made available; and the one at Eas Aedh Ruaidh mhic Badharn, (now Assaroe), near Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, wherein was always posted a strong detachment of the Ulster militia, was brought in view of that of Iorras Dun Domhnainn. These were the coasts most exposed to the southern and northern invaders. But besides this duty as “coast guards,” these military orders were charged with the preservation of “law and order” in the interior of the country; they were bound to send certain detachments yearly to protect the persons of their respective kings. Thus, the guards of Eoghan Mor, were called *teaghlach*, or household troops. Cormac Mac Airt, whose reign shines so refulgent in Irish history, had for his body-guards, one hundred and fifty of the principal knights of the kingdom, besides one thousand household troops to guard his palace. The guards of the kings of Munster, or Leath Mhogha, were the people of Ossory, whose country formed the extreme boundaries of that kingdom; and according to the Book of Rights, ascribed to St. Benignus, we find the duty imposed on this people, by the king of Munster was to wait on him constantly, with a certain number of armed troops. The guards of the king of Desmond, or South Munster, were the Clanna Deaghaidh, as has been already stated, and those of the kings of Thomond, or

North Munster, were a detachment of the Clanna Baoisne; but in latter times for these were substituted the Dal Cais, a most intrepid body of men. The palace of Brian Boroimhe at Killaloe was called Tigh Chinn Coradh, or the house at the head of the weir. It was the duty of the hereditary standard-bearer to preserve the royal banner; to be amongst the foremost of the troops in action, and in the rear on a retreat—for the troops ever kept their eye on the standard, and when the prince was killed (for he seldom or ever survived a defeat), the standard was struck, which was the signal for a retreat: thus, in the sanguinary battle of Magh Mucruimhe, fought between the monarch Art and Mac Con; on the death of Art we are told by the poet:—

“Do éir mairge caca Chuibh.”

Conn's battle standard fell.

Next to this officer sat the hereditary treasurer, whose duty it was to see the king's contributions and taxes regularly paid; which was always done on the first of November. These taxes were fixed, and a register kept of them; so that the particular duties, imposed on the different portions of the kingdom, may be the more easily known.¹

Besides these state officers, there were a chief justice or brehon, to expound the laws, a poet or ollamh, an historian, antiquary, physician, surgeon or liagh, and chief musician; and three stewards of the household with their attendants constantly residing at court. All these different offices were retained in Ulster, and in parts of Munster and Connaught, until the accession of James I. to the

¹ In the reign of Cuchorb, king of Leinster, in the first century, Laighsech, of the progeny of Conall Cearnach, progenitor of the present O'Moras, or O'Mores, obtained from that king a territory, in Leinster, i.e. Laoighis or Leix, called after him, on account of his personal bravery and services. He was at the same time appointed treasurer of Leinster, and privileged to take the fourth place at the council board.

throne of England : thus, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Anno 1601, O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, visited London, in consequence of a promise made by him the previous year to the Queen ; and Camden tells us that " he appeared at court with his guards of Gall-oghlachs [Gallowglasses] bare-headed, armed with hatchets, their hair flowing in locks on their shoulders, on which were yellow shirts dyed with saffron, with long sleeves, short coats, and thrum jackets ; at which strange sight the Londoners marvelled much."

The hereditary marshals of Ulster were the O'Gallaghers ; the Mac Cafferies the standard-bearers ; the Mac Sweenys captains of the guards, and the O'Gnives the poets.

The hereditary marshals of Leinster were the O'Connors, princes of Ui Fhailge ; the standard-bearers were the O'Gormans or Mac Gormans, princes of Hy Mairge or Margy ; the O'Dempsys, lords of Clanmalier, were the captains of the guards ; the Mac Keoghs were the historiographers ; the O'Dorans the brehons ; and the O'Mores were the hereditary treasurers.

The hereditary marshals of Connaught were the Mac Dermods ; the O'Flaherties were the standard-bearers ; the O'Kellys of Hy Many were the treasurers ; the Maelconaires the historiographers,¹ &c. We do not find who the other state officers were ; but the Mac Furbises were the physicians.

The hereditary marshals of Desmond, or South Munster, were the O'Keefes ; the O'Falveys were the admirals ; for we find in "Toraigheacht Cheallachain Chaisil," announced for publication by the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, that the fleet was commanded by Failbhe Fionn. We do not find who the standard-bearer and treasurer were ; but the Mac Egans were the hereditary chief

¹ See a paper on the Inauguration of Cathal Crobhdhearg, king of Connaught, A.D. 1244, published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1863, in which all these offices are noticed.

justices or brehons, the O'Daly's the poets, and the O'Callanans the physicians, in which family leechcraft is still a favorite profession.

The hereditary marshals of Thomond, or North Munster, were the Mac Namaras; the standard-bearers the O'Deas, and the O'Gradys were the captains of the guards until about A.D. 1200, at which time they were succeeded in that trust by the O'Gormans or Mac Gormans, who, being compelled by the Danish or English invaders to abandon their principality of Hy-Mairge in Leinster, removed to Owney and Shingal in the county of Limerick, from whence they were invited to Ibh Breacain (now Ibricane), and were granted that lordship under feudal tenure by Donogh Cairbreach O'Brian, king of Thomond, who appointed them captains of his guards, and adopted them as his chief favorites and counsellors, by the style and title of *Fir Fias Uí Bhríáin*, by which appellation they are constantly styled in our annals, and in the writings of the Mac Brodins, historiographers of Thomond. Cumheadha (Covey) Mor Mac Gormain was, according to Seann Mac Rughraidhe Mac Craith, (see *Caitheim Thoirdhealbhaidh*, or Triumphs of Turlogh), one of Donogh O'Brien's Life Guards in the wars of Thomas de Clare in Thomond, and his son Cumheadha, succeeded him after his death in 1310.

The Mac Clanchies were the hereditary chief justices or brehons of Thomond, the Mac Craiths the historiographers and poets. The O'Nealons and the O'Hickies were the hereditary physicians. All these public officers of the state had sufficient estates allotted to them for their maintenance.

In the Book of Ballimote, it is stated that Nuada Neacht, who reigned monarch of Ireland one year, was the fourth son of Setna Sithbhaic (the peaceable) son of Lughaidh Loithfinn, the progenitor of the royal Lagenian

race, and second son of Breasal Breac, or the speckled. From this Nuada Neacht is descended the stock of the Lagenians; he was king of Tara: and it was he who slew Eidirgeoil Mor, or the Great, the son of the descendant of Iarnailin, which deed he committed in opposition to Lughaidh Riamhdhearg, and thereupon he became king of Ireland. From the aforesaid Nuada Neacht descended Fionn Ua Baoiscne and the celebrated Caoilte Mac Ronain. For Finn's pedigree see page 285.

Some of our Scottish antiquaries have sought from the mere name to represent Fionn as of Scandinavian or rather Finnish origin! but the attempt is so devoid of proof or evidence, as to be worthy merely of notice as an ingenious paradox. His death occurred, according to the annals of Innisfallen, in A.D. 283, in the fourth year of the reign of Cairbre Liffeachair, when, says our veracious chronicler, fell the celebrated general of the Irish militia, Fionn the son of Cumhall, by the treacherous hand of a fisherman named Athlach, son of Dubhdrenn, who slew him with his fishing spear at Rath Breogha, near the Boyne, whither he had retired in his old age to spend the remainder of his life in tranquillity from the noise and tumult of war.

The collection of poems, which forms the present volume, are taken from copies made by the following scribes:—

The Agallamh is taken from a copy made in 1780 by a Mr. Laurence O'Foran, who kept a village school at Killeen, near Portlaw, in the county of Waterford. It contains besides, many other interesting poems and prose matters relative to the Fenian period of our history.

The battle of Cnoc-an-air, or Hill of Slaughter, was taken from a large volume compiled about the year 1812, by Clare scribes, for the Rev. Thomas Hill, of Cooreclure, a member of our Society; it now belongs to Mr. Blake Foster of Knockmoy, county of Galway, who kindly lent

it, with permission to make any use the Society required of its contents. Those that follow were taken from a manuscript volume of Fenian poems made in 1844, by Mr. Martin Griffin, an intelligent blacksmith who resides at Kilrush in the county of Clare. The poem entitled *Tir na n-Og*, or Land of Youth, is accounted for by Mr. O'Looney; and Dr. O'Donovan has said all that was necessary regarding the curious and valuable tract which he has, *suo more*, himself so ably edited.

In conclusion, we feel it our duty, ere we close, to tender the warmest thanks of the Society to the President and Council of the Royal Irish Academy, for the facility they have afforded us in collating our proofs with their valuable collection of manuscripts, whilst our book was passing through the press: also to the Committee of Publication, for their kindness in revising the same.

The English reader will excuse the style, consequent upon our being obliged to adhere as closely as the idioms of the English language would admit to our originals; and although the translation may be occasionally a little rugged and uneven—yet, on close comparison with the original, it will, we think, be found a faithful and correct rendering.

JOHN O'DALY.

Dublin, March 17th, 1859.

ԼՁՕՂԻԵ ՔՂԱՆՈՍՅԻԵՁՇԻՄԱ.

ԱՅԱԼԼԱՊԻ ՕՆՏՆ ԱՅՍ ՔԻԱՏՐԱՅԸ.



SՅՆ իր բաճառ ըստ,
 իրից ըստ ա՛ր իրտ աղ տ-բաղ;
 ըստ իրից տս ըստ ի՛ր ըստ ըստ,
 ի՛նչ ըստիւն ըստ ա՛ր ի՛նչ ըստ.

O. Ըստ իրից ըստ ըստ ի՛ր ըստ ըստ,
 ա ըստ ըստիւն ըստ ըստ ըստ;
 ըստ աղ ըստ-ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ.

P. ըստ ըստա տս ըստ-ըստ ըստ ըստ,¹
 ըստ ըստ աղ ըստիւն ըստ ըստ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ, ըստիւն, ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ.

O. Ըստ ըստիւն ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ա ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ա՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ.

¹ Ceól, music. The musical instruments peculiar to the ancient Irish were the harp and bagpipes. The *Dord Flann* was used on hunting excursions, and may be considered the Fenian horn of the chase, like the hunter's horn of our own day; but it must be looked upon as a very simple musical instrument, inasmuch as it was only adapted for the above purpose. But it is believed by Scanchuidhes or reciters

THE DIALOGUE OF OISIN AND PATRICK.



OISIN! long is thy slumber,
Rise up and hear the psalm; [thee,
Thy agility and valor have forsaken
Though thou didst engage in battles and
fierce conflicts.

- O. I have lost my agility and strength,
Since no battalion survives to Fionn;
In the clerics is not my pleasure,
Music after him is not sweet to me.
- P. Thou hast not heard music equally good,
Since the beginning of the world until this day;
Tho' thou art aged, silly, and grey [haired],
Well wouldst thou attend a host on a hill.
- O. I used to attend a host on a hill,
O Patrick of the morose disposition;
Ill it becomes thee to traduce my form,
As I have never been aspersed till now.

of Fenian tales that the *Dord* was also used as a war-trumpet to summon the Fenian chiefs to battle. We are not aware that any specimen of it is preserved in our national museums. For a learned dissertation on ancient Irish musical instruments, see *Cambrensis Eversus*, Vol. I., Ch. IV., edited by the Rev. M. Kelly, D.D., for the Celtic Society.

- O. Do éualar ceól ba bhinne na buri z-ceól,
 zib móir molar tu an éilar ;
 rgalcarthac loir leirneac laoi,¹
 'r an faoið do zhib an Doru Fhianh.
- Smólaç no-binne zleanna Szal,²
 no monzair na m-baric az buair ne trais ;
 ba bhinne liom trior na z-con,
 na do rzol-ra, a éleiriz çairð.
- Chú³ ðeirneoir, Chú mo çuirr,
 an t-abac beaz do bi az Fionn ;
 an uair do feirnead çuir a'r puir,
 do çuirnead rion a d-toirçim ruair.
- Blaçhaid an inzean óz,
 nac d-tuz móir d'feair faoi 'n n-zneir ;
 açt amair do Chnú ðeirneoir,
 oc ! a Phacraic, ba bhinn a beal !
- An da zadar ðeaz do bi az Fionn,
 'n uair do leirçij iad fò zleann Raç ;⁴
 ba bhinne na adba çuir,
 'r a n-azaid ð'n t-Suir⁵ amac.

¹ Szalcarthac loir leirneac laoi, *the song of the blackbird of Letter Lee*. The blackbird, the thrush, the seagull, the eagle and the raven, are the birds most often commemorated by the Fenian muse. The njoir nuize (our hare), the riad ruad, or red deer, the buck and doe, the coric, or wild boar, and the eú allca, or faol-çú, the wolf, were the objects of their chase. Letter Lee is not yet identified.

² Zleann an Szal, i.e., *the glen or vale of Scal*. In the *Miscellany* of the Celtic Society, p. 24, the following note appears:—

"*Scal Balbh*, i.e., Scal the Stammerer. O'Flaherty says that Bania, daughter of Scal Balbh, king of Finland, was the Queen of Tuathal Teachtmhar, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 130. A personage of the same name seems to have flourished in Ireland, from the many places named after him, as Gleann-an-Scail in the county of Antrim, Leac-an-Scail, a great Cromleac in the county of Kilkenny, and Leacht-an-Scail, i.e., Scal's monument, in the barony of Corcaguiny, county of Kerry."

There is also Zleann an Scail, and Abairne an Scail, about ten miles west of Dingle. leaçt an Scail is still in existence. By accenting the letter a in the word Scail these localities would mean the glen of the shade or shadow.

O. I have heard music more melodious than your music,
 Tho' greatly thou praisedst the clerics ;
 The song of the blackbird of Letter Lee,
 And the melody which the Dord Fiann made.

The very sweet thrush of Gleann-a-sgail,
 Or the dashing of the barks touching the strand ;
 More melodious to me was the cry of the hounds,
 Than of thy schools, O chaste cleric.

Little Cnu, Cnu of my heart,
 The small dwarf who belonged to Fionn ;
 When he chaunted tunes and songs,
 He put us into deep slumbers.

Blathnaid, the youthful maid,
 Who was never betrothed to man under the sun,
 Except to little Cnu alone,
 O, Patrick, sweet was her mouth.

The twelve hounds which belonged to Fionn,
 When they were let loose through Glen Rath ;
 Were sweeter than musical instruments,
 And their face outwards from the Suir.

* Cnú. Dr. O'Donovan says that Cnu was taken by Fionn near a *Sith* (a fairy haunt) in Magh Feimhean, an extensive plain situated near Sliabh-na-m-ban in the county of Tipperary, (see *Leabhar na S-Ceann*, *Book of Rights*, p. 18, note b), and that he was scarcely tall enough to reach the strings of the harp. From the frequent allusion made to him in Ossianic Poetry, in connection with Fionn, he seems to have been his chief musician, by whose soothing strains the Fenians were lulled into deep and heavy slumbers. Cnú or Cnú, also signifies a nut or kernel ; and one of the prettiest ballads ever written by the late Edward Walsh, was entitled "*Mo Chraoibhin Cno*" (my cluster of nuts) commencing thus :—

" My heart is far from Liffey's tide,
 And Dublin town ;
 It strays beyond the Southern side
 Of Cnoc Maol Donn :
 Where Ceapa Chulinn hath woodlands green,
 Where Abhainn Mhor's waters flow ;
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
 Mo Chraoibhin Cno.
 Low clustering in her leafy green,
 Mo Chraoibhin Cno."

O. Ta rzeal beaz azam-ra an Fhionn,
 nġ maġamar an aċt cúiz fġn déaz ;
 do zaġamar nġz Saġran na b-ġleab,
 ' r do cúrreamar caċ aġn nġz Šreaz.

Do zaġamar an Inġia mġn,
 ba mġn an neaġe azur an b-ġrean ;
 ċnġoċ Loċlann ' r an Inġia fġn,
 do éiz a ġ-cuġb ōġn zo teac Fhionn.

Tuz rē naol ġ-caċa ran Spān,
 ' r naol b-ġġċġb caċ a n-ġġionn uġll ;
 nġ' l ō' n ġ-ġnuċ ' nar baġrteab Ċnġoġe,
 naċ b-ġġeab a ġ-ċġoġ zo teac Fhionn.

Tuz rē oċt ġ-caċa ran Spān ċear,
 a' r aġnġnġz Loċlann aġn laġn leġr ;
 ġr beaċċ do bġ an doġnan řa na ċġoġ,
 ġr é ba nġz aġn an n-Šreġz bġz.

^a Šleann Raċ, *Glen of the Raths*. Not traceable in the *Four Masters*, nor in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*.

^b Šuirn, *the river Suir*. This river has its source in *Sliabh Ailduin*, better known as *Greim an Diabhail*, (the Devil's Bit mountain), in the county of Tipperary. It takes a circuitous rout by Thurles, Holy-cross, Caher, Ardfinan, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, and Waterford; and, being joined by the rivers Nore and Barrow, an Fheoġn azur an bġearġa (hence the appellation "Sister Rivers"), at Cheek Point, six miles below Waterford, falls into the British Channel. *Donnchadh Ruadh Mac Conmara*, a Munster Poet of great celebrity, describes its waters thus, (see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, p. 48) :—

“ Uġrġe na Šuirne az bġúċtaġb 'na řlóġarġb,
 Coġr baġ-ċġoġc Ċġreann Oġz.”

While the waves of the Suir, noble river ! ever flow,
 Near the fair Hills of Elre, O !

The poet Spenser, in his *Faerie Queen*, describes the scenery of these rivers (with which we happen to be familiarly acquainted), thus. See *Book IV.*, *Canto XI.*, Verse XLIII. :—

“ The first, the gentle Shure, that making way
 By sweet Clonmell, adorneſ rich Waterforde ;
 The next, the ſtubborne Newre, whoſe waters gray.
 By fair Kilkenny and Roſſeponte boord ;

O. I have a little story respecting Fionn,
 We were but fifteen men ;
 We took the king of the Saxons, of the feasts,
 And we won a battle against the king of Greece.

We conquered India, the great,
 Great was our strength and our might ;
 The country of Loehlin and eastern India,
 Their tribute of gold comes to the house of Fionn.

He fought nine battles in Spain,
 And nine score battles in noble Erin ;
 There is no country from the river in which Christ
 was baptised,
 Whose tribute did not come to the house of Fionn.

He fought eight battles in southern Spain,
 And Loehlin's chief king was his captive ;
 Full wholly the world was under tribute to him,
 'T was he was king of Minor Greece.

The third, the goodly Barrow, which doth heard
 Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome ;
 All which long sundred, doe at last accord
 To loine in one, ere to the sea they coma.
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

Spenser must be in error when attributing the same source to these rivers; as the Barrow rises in Sliabh Bladhna in the Queen's County. But we must presume he followed Giraldus Cambrensis—he being the only writer on Irish history who fell into this mistake. See Haliday's *Keating*, p. 29, *Dub.* 1809. *Cambrensis Eversus*, Vol. I., p. 123. This river formed a fruitful theme for the Munster Poets of the last century; and Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilleabhain, a native of Sliabh Luachra in Kerry, who died A.D. 1784, and is buried at Nohoval near Mill-street, wrote a very beautiful Jacobite ballad to the air of *Caiseall Mumhan*, in which he introduces it thus:—

"ḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ Ḃ ḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ 'Ḃ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂḂ."
 Beside the Suir on a dewy morning I was feebly laid.

and a street ballad, which is very popular in Munster, commencing thus:—

"The very first day I left Carrick,
 Was the twenty-ninth day of last June."

describes its scenery most graphically.

O. **Ma**innz damra d'fan da eir,
 'r zan mo rpeir a z-cluicce 'na z-ceedl;
 am donan enion d'aire an t-fluic,
 dam ir cruic do beic bed!

Jr cruic, a Phacraic, an rzeal,
 me beic tar eir na b-fean zo fan;
 az eirceaic ne cian 'r cloz,
 'r me am feandir doic ball.

Da mairead Fionn azur an Fhian,
 do enezfionnri cian a'r cloz;
 do leanfionn an fad f'd'n n-zleann,
 'r da mian lionn breic an a coir.

Jarr, a Phacraic, nean an Dhia,
 d'Fhionn na b-Fian 'r da clainn;
 dean zuide an an b-flaic,
 'r nac z-cualad a com-maic ned' lionn.

P. Ni jarrfad-ra nean d'Fhionn,
 a eir zionn ne'r eiric m'fean;
 'r zur b'e a mian ne na lionn,
 beic a n-zlionn az rianran realz.

O. Da m-beicea-ra farrair an Fhian,
 a clainn na z-clian 'r na z-cloz;
 ni eadara t'aire do Dhia,
 na do mian cian azur rzol.

P. Ni enezfionne mac De bi,
 an a d-tainn z'oir azur rian;
 a Oirri, a file buiz,
 ir olc macar buic diol na z-clian.

- O. Woe is me that have remained after him,
 My delight not being in games or music ;
 But being a withering wretch after the host,
 To me it is sad to be alive !
- O Patrick, sad is the tale,
 To be after the heroes, thus feeble ;
 Listening to clerics and to bells,
 Whilst I am a poor, blind, old man.
- If Fionn and the Fenians lived,
 I would abandon the clerics and the bells ;
 I would follow the deer through the glen,
 And would fain lay hold of his leg.
- O Patrick, ask heaven of God,
 For Fionn of the Fenians and his clan ;
 Pray for the chief,
 Whose equal has not been heard of in your time.
- P. I will not ask heaven for Fionn,
 O subtle man against whom hath risen my ire ;
 Since it was his delight in his time,
 To dwell in glens pursuing the noisy chase.
- O. Hadst thou been in company with the Fenians,
 O cleric of the priests and bells ;
 Thou wouldst not give heed to God,
 Or to the attending on clerics and schools.
- P. I would not forsake the Son of the living God,
 For all that have been east or west ;
 O Oisín, O soft bard,
 Thou wilt fare ill for depreciating the clerics.

- O. Ba mian ne Fionn na b-*flac*
 rianran a con a b-*fab* ari *flab*;
 con allca¹ a3 *fabal* cuairn,
 m^ondal a *fluarz* ba h-*e* a mian.
- P. Jr ionda mian do bi a3 Fionn,
 nac *z-cuircear* ruim ann ba eir;
 ni mairneann Fionn na a con,
 'r ni mairneis turc, a Oirio *feil*.
- O. Jr mo do r^zbal Fionn na rion,
 'r na a b-*cairiz* ne an lion niam;
 a nbeacair, 'r a b-*ruil* beo,
 b'feair Fionn faoi oir na iad.
- P. Sac an bhonnair a'r Fionn d'oir,
 jr oic nacar do 'zur duic;
 ca re a n-*irneann* a nzeall,
 mar do *zoid* feall a'r bhuib.
- O. Jr beaz a *chreibim-re* doo zlor,
 a fir o'n R^om na leabar m-ban;
 zo m-beic Fionn, an *flaic* fiail,
 a3 beaim na a3 *diabal* ari laim.

¹ Con allca, i. e., *wild dogs, wolves*. These animals seemingly afforded a vast amount of amusement to the Fenians in their hunting excursions; and until very recently they were not altogether banished from Ireland. In the *Irish Penny Journal*, there is an article on Natural History by the late H. D. Richardson, a gentleman who devoted much of his time to this pursuit, in which he states that wolves were killed in Wexford in 1730—40; and one on the Wicklow mountains so late as 1770. In the *Banquet of Dun na ngedh, &c.* published by the *Irish Archaeological Society*, and edited by Dr. O'Donovan (p. 189), it is stated that the last native wolf seen in Ireland was killed on a mountain in the county of Kerry, in the year 1725; and at pp. 64, 65 (*idem*) we are told that when Dubhdiadh, the Druid, foretold the fate of Congal

- O. A delight to Fionn of the heroes
 Was the cry of his hounds afar on the mountain ;
 The wolves starting from their dens,
 The exultation of his hosts, that was his delight.
- P. Many a desire Fionn had,
 Which are disregarded after him,
 Fionn or his hounds live not,
 Nor shalt thou live, O generous Oisín.
- O. A greater loss is Fionn than we,
 And all that have ever lived within our time ;
 All that ever passed away and all that are living,
 Fionn was more liberal of his gold than they.
- P. All the gold which Fionn and you bestowed,
 'Tis of no avail to him or thee ;
 He is in hell in bondage,
 Because he committed treachery and oppression.
- O. Little do I believe of thy talk,
 O man from Rome of the white books,
 That Fionn, the hospitable chief,
 Could be detained by demon or devil.

Claen, in a most satiric strain, the following reference is made to the wolf :—

“*Суртн осур бурге брлн,
 снурбуртн снн бур з-снрлб,
 со нурлн злурелл знур злн,
 н б-луреллн снр уллб.*”

Wolves and flocks of ravens
 Shall devour the heads of your heroes,
 Until the fine clean sand is reckoned,
 The heads of the Ultonians shall not be reckoned.

The only specimen of the Irish wolf-dog now in Ireland, that we are aware of, is in the possession of Mr Conyngham Moore of Strand-street in this city.

- P. Ta Fionn a n-irneann ari laim,
 an fear ram do bhonnad ori;
 a n-oiric earunnama ari Dha,
 ta re d-teac na b-rian faoi bhon!
- O. Da m-beidir clanna Morna arci,
 no clanna Baoircne, na fir ba crean;
 do dearradaoir Fionn amac,
 no do bhad an teac aca fein.
- P. Cuij doize Eirneann, fo reac,
 'r na reac t-cata bi ran b-feinn;
 ni eubraidir Fionn amac,
 ze'n mhor a neart azur a d-crein.
- O. Da mairfead Faolan azur Soll,
 Diarmuid donn a'r Orcur aiz,
 a d-ciz dar cum deamhan na Dia,
 ni beir Fionn na b-Fiann ar laim.
- P. Da mairfead Faolan azur Soll,
 'r a maib ann do'n b-feinn niam;
 ni eubraidir Fionn amac,
 ar an teac 'na b-fuil a b-rian.
- O. Cread do rin Fionn ari Dha,
 ac t beir az niam cluar a'r rzol;
 znear mor az bhonnad an ori,
 'r znear eile ne meidir a con.
- P. A nzeall ne meidir na z-con,
 'r le niam na rzol zac aon la;
 'r zan aine aize ari Dha,
 aca Fionn na b-Fiann ari laim.

- P. Fionn is in hell in bonds,
 The pleasant man who used to bestow gold ;
 In penalty of his disobedience to God,
 He is now in the house of pain in sorrow.
- O. Were the Clanna Morna within,
 Or the Clanna Baoisgne, the mighty men ;
 They would take Fionn out,
 Or would have the house to themselves.
- P. The five provinces of Eirin severally,
 And the seven battalions which the Fenians had ;
 They could not deliver Fionn,
 Tho' great might be their prowess and strength.
- O. If Faolan and Goll lived,
 Diarmuid the brown-haired and Oscar the noble ;
 In any house that demon or God ever formed,
 Fionn of the Fenians could not be in bondage.
- P. If Faolan and Goll lived,
 And all the Fenians that ever were ;
 They would not bring Fionn out,
 From the house where he is in pain.
- O. What did Fionn do to God,
 Except to attend on hosts and schools ;¹
 A great while bestowing gold,
 And another while delighting in his hounds.
- P. Because of the amusement of the hounds,
 And for attending the schools each day ;
 And because he took no heed of God,
 Fionn of the Fenians is in bonds.

¹ That is to say, bardic schools.

O. A deir tuar, a Phátraiç na rianh,
 naç b-cuibrad an Fhianh Fionh amac ;
 na cúiz ódize Ñineann leð,
 zè'ri mhòr a neart faoi feac.

Ta rzeal beaz azam-ra ar Fhionh,
 nì madamar anh acè cúiz fìr deaz ;
 do zadamar niz Breatain na b-plead,
 le neart ar pleaz 'zur ar laoc.

Do zabad linn Mazhur mhòr,
 mac niz Loclainn na lonz m-breac ;
 canzamar zan bhòh, zan rziòr,
 'r do cuirnamar ar z-cìor a b-rad.

A Phátraiç, ir cruaz an rzeal,
 an Rìz-fèinntis beir faoi zlar ;
 cruide zan ainzideacè, zan fuacè,
 cruide cruaidh az corraih caè.

Ir éazcòir nar maie le Dia,
 òr a'r bhad do tabairt do neac ;
 nìor diultaidh Fionh trean na cruaz,
 irreann fuar ma'r é a éac !

Mian mhic Chumhaill fa maie zhaoi,
 éirteacè ne faoið¹ Dhroma Deiriz ;²
 codla fa rruè Eara Ruaidh,³
 'r fhad zhaillne na z-cuan do feiz.

¹ Faoið signifies a voice, hum, or sound.

² Dhóm beaz, literally *the red ridge*. In the *Agallam na Seannmìz*, a very curious tract containing a complete history of the *Fianha Chionn*, it is stated that Dhóm beaz was the ancient name of Drumcliff, a small village in the barony of Carbury, and county of Sligo, remarkable for the remains of an ancient Round Tower. Dhóm beaz was also the ancient name of *Dun da leacziar*, now Downpatrick, where a great battle was fought, A.D. 1200, between Brian O'Neill and Hugh mac Felim [O'Conor], and the Galls of the North of Ireland, in which many of the Irish chiefs were slain ; which event formed the subject of a long poem

O. Thou sayest, O Patrick of the psalms,
 That the Fenians could not take Fionn out ;
 Nor the five provinces of Erin with them,
 Tho' great might be their individual strength.

I have a little story respecting Fionn,
 We were but fifteen men in number ;
 We took the king of Britain, of the feasts,
 By the might of our spears and of our heroes.

Magnus the Great was taken by us, [ships ;
 The son of the king of Lochlin of the speckled
 We returned without grief or weariness,
 And extended our tribute afar.

O Patrick, woful is the tale,
 That the Fenian king should be in bonds ;
 A heart devoid of spite or hatred,
 A heart stern in maintaining battles.

It is not just that God should not feel pleased,
 At bestowing gold and food on one ;
 Fionn never refused mighty or wretched,
 Even though cold hell be his doom.

'Twas the desire of the son of Cumhall of noble mien,
 To listen to the sound of Dromderg ;
 To sleep at the stream of Eas Ruaidh,
 And to chase the deer of Galway of the bays.

for the pen of Gilla Brighde Mac Conmidhe, chief poet of Ulster at the time, published in the *Miscellany* of the Celtic Society, p. 146. Fionn had a son named *Dearg*, whose adventures formed a theme for poetic romance, and from whom the place may derive its name.

³ *Eas Ruaidh*, or *Eas Aedha Ruaidh*, *Assaroe*, the Salmon Leap, a cataract on the river Erne, at the town of Ballyshannon in *Tír Chonail* (Tyrconnell), i.e., the country of Conall, which was nearly co-extensive with the present county of Donegal, and takes its name from Conall Gulban, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages.—*Book of Rights*, p. 34, note p. See also *Oss. Soc. Trans.*, Vol. III., p. 115, note 8.

O. Szaltarnac loyn Létreac laoi,
 tounn Ruznairbe¹ az buain ne trairz;
 donban an dainn ó mairz Whaoin,²
 báire an laoz ó Shleann da mairl.³

Fozar feizge rleibe z-Crot,⁴
 fuaim na n-or uim flab z-Cua;⁵
 monzair faoileann Jorruir⁶ tall,
 zair na m-badb ór cionn an t-fluaz.

Tánnam creac na m-banc ne tounn,
 an-uall conairc do Dhruim-lir;⁷
 bhuatna Bhuain a z-Crot an air,⁸
 'r zair na rreab uim flab Whir.⁹

Slab Orcuir az dul do feiz,
 zota zadar ar leirz na b-Fhuain;¹⁰
 beir na fuibe a meairz na n-dam,
 ba h-é rir do zrac a mian.

Whan do mianairb Orcuir feil,
 beir az éirceact ne beim rziat;
 beir a z-caé az corzar enam,
 ba h-é rir do zrac a mian.

¹ Tounn Ruznairbe, *the wave of Rughraidhe*; a loud surge on Traigh Rudhraidhe, in the Bay of Dundrum in the county of Down, which drowned Rudhraidhe, the son of Partholan.—*Four Masters*, p. 1189.

² Whaz Whaoin, *the plain of Maon*, otherwise called Maonmogh, a celebrated plain lying around Loughrea, in the county of Galway, the inheritance of the Clanna Moirne.

³ Shleann da mairl, *Glen of the two heroes*.

⁴ Slab z-Crot, *Sliabh g-Crot*. Now Mount Grud, in the townland of Mount Uniack, parish of Killarory, barony of Clanwilliam, and county of Tipperary. The fort and castle of Dun-g-Crot are situated at the foot of this mountain, in the Glen of Aherlow [near Banaha].—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1058, note y.

⁵ Slab Cua, *Sliabh Cua*. Now the parish of Seasgnan in the county of Waterford, situated about midway on the road from Clonmel to Dungan; and chiefly inhabited by the middle class of farmers, many of whom have amassed considerable wealth by agricultural pursuits.

O. The warbling of the blackbird of Letter Lee,
The wave of Rughraidhe lashing the shore ;
The bellowing of the ox of Magh-maoin,
And the lowing of the calf of Gleann-da-mhail.

The resounding of the chase of Sliabh g-Crot,
The noise of the fawns round Sliabh Cua ;
The seagulls' scream on Iorrus yonder,
Or the screech of the ravens over the battle-field.

The tossing of the hulls of the barks by the wave,
The yell of the hounds at Drumlish ;
The cry of Bran at Cnoc-an-air,
Or the murmur of the streams about Sliabh Mis.

The call of Oscan going to the chase,
The cries of the hounds at Leirg-na-bh-Fiann ;
To be sitting amongst the bards,
That was his desire constantly.

A desire of the desires of the generous Oscan,
Was to listen to the clashing of shields ;
To be in battle hacking bones,
That was his desire constantly.

Mr. James O'Keeffe, of Mountain Castle in the adjoining parish, Modeligo, holds considerable landed property in this parish. One of the five prerogatives of the King of Cashel was to pass over Sliabh g-Cua with [a band of] fifty, after pacifying the south of Eire.—*Book of Rights*, p. 5.

⁶ Iorrus, *Erris*. An extensive and wild barony in the north-west of the county of Mayo.—*Four Masters*.

⁷ Drumlish. Now Drumlease, an old church in ruins, near the east extremity of Lough Gill, in the barony of Dromahaire, and county of Leitrim.—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1860, note i.

⁸ Cnoc-an-air, the *Hill of Slaughter*. A romantic hill in the county of Kerry, situated near Ballybunian, at which there was a great battle fought by the Fenians in the second century.

⁹ Sliabh Mis. Now Slieve mish, a mountain in the barony of Trough-anackmy, in the county of Kerry. There is also another mountain of the same name in the barony of Lower Antrim in the county of Antrim.—*Book of Rights*, p. 23, note x.

O. Sé fínn déaz do cúadmar rian,
do feilz zo Formaoil na b-Fíann;¹
laim ne h-abadan cnoic an Scail,
b'féacáin óbad maíca an z-coileán.

Aimanna an dá oécair zúinn,
do béarad dúic a Thailzúinn;
beic dá n-déir ír truaż an cúir,
monuar ír méala an ioncúir.

Mé fáin 'r an flaic Fíonn,
a' r mo mac Orcuir na m-béimeann;
'r an cè do buain O Baoirzhe ar bhuib,
an fear dub O Duibhe, Diarmuib.

Táinnz linn Faolan fearda,
a' r truir mac Aoncéarrda Béarra;
Zlar, a' r Zeairr, a' r Zoda nar zann,
do cleact mór-dact a z-comlanh.

Táinnz linn Conán zán moirz,²
a' r Caol céadzoinéac ó'n Eamúinn;
mac Luzaib nar banba, a' r nar cáir,
a' r Soll mac Mórna do'n fúirúinn.

¹⁰ Leinnz-na-b-Fíann, an eminence or slope on the side of some hill in Leinster, but not identified, where the Fenlan hunters were wont to muster preparatory to starting for the chase.

¹ Formaoil na b-Fíann *Formaoil of the Fenians*. There is a place called Formoyle in the barony of Upper Ossory, in the Queen's County, the estates of William Palliser and Jonah Barrington, Esqrs., also of Mrs. Judith Wheeler, as heirs at law, and Oliver Wheeler, Esq. of Grenane, of which we have a large map on vellum, made in July, 1748, by Thomas Reading. From its contiguity to the Hill of Almhain in Kildare, where Fíonn had his palace, it is likely to be the Formaoil referred to in the text; but there is another Formaoil at Brandon bay in the county of Kerry, to the north of Cnoc an Scail; and in Professor Connellan's *Dissertation on Irish Grammar* (*Dub.* 1834), p. 50, mention is made of a place near *Cill Easbuig Broin* in the county of Sligo, called Formaoil na b-Fíann, by the Irish-speaking people of the district, who allege that the *Formaoils* were the hospitals of the Fenians.

- O. We went westwards sixteen men in number,
 To hunt at Formaoil of the Fenians ;
 Nigh the face of Cnoc an Scail,
 To see the first running of our hounds.

The names of the two mirthful eights
 I shall relate, O Tailgin ;
 To live after them is a sad fate,
 Woe and sorrow are my lot.

Myself, and Fionn, the chief,
 And my son Oseur of the blows ;
 And he who delivered O'Baoisgne from bondage,
 The black-haired O'Duibhne Diarmuid.

There came with us Faolan the manly,
 And the three sons of Aonchearda Bearra ;
 Glas, and Gearr, and Gobha the generous,
 Who were accustomed to great feats in battle.

There came with us Conan without hair,
 And Caol, the hundred-wounder, from Eamhuin ;
 Mac Lughaidh who was neither effeminate nor weak.
 And Goll Mac Morna was of the band.

* CONAN 3AN MÓIRIS, i.e., *Conan without hair*. This is the celebrated Conan Maol so often referred to in these poems, and of whom there are many ludicrous stories told. He was called *Maol* from the loss of his hair, being bald-pated ; but the term *Maol* also signifies a person of low stature, or the humblest menial in any employment. Donnchadh Ruadh Mac Conmara, a Munster poet of the last century, in his *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amallain*, applies the term thus :—

“ Níor éirí san fealaib beic camal mar maol beas,
 as nioíar, nó as ziafaís, nó as carcaís na crú feal.”

It was not right for me to be for a while like little Maol,
 Digging, or hoeing, or tossing the clay.

There are various families in Ireland who derive their patronymic from this term, viz. Maolruanaidh, Maolbrihde, Maolmichil, Maoldamb-naidh, Maolsheachlainn, Maolmbuire, &c.

O. Do bġ 'nar m-buġġin Lġazān luaimheac,
 mar aon a' r Dairne duanac;
 Zoba zaoite a' r Concaban an aġz,
 a' r Caoilte cranncāir mac Ronāin.¹

Do bġ Bran aġr cōineġll aġ Fionn,
 a' r ġr azamra do bġ Szeolan;
 Fearan aġ Diarmuid na m-ban,²
 a' r Adhnaġll aġmar aġ Orcur.

Eġle breac aġ Faolan mac Fhinn,
 aġ Zlar mac Ancearrda Bēarrā, Eġill;
 aġ Zeair, a' r aġ Zoba na n-eac nġlan,
 do bġ Feab aġur Fortaġz.

Do bġ Seairc aġ Conan maol,
 a' r Eġrceacġt aġ Caol ne na ġaob;
 aġ Luġaġb lāġġir 'r aġ Soll,
 do bġ Fuairm aġur Fōġram.

Do bġ Luar aġ Lġazān luaimheac,
 a' r Daġġcaoin aġ Dairne duanac;
 Lēim aġ Zoba zaoite an ġionn,
 a' r Daol aġ Caoilte mac Ronāin.

Szaoiltear dūġnġ zādair nġc Mhōrna,
 rā ġmeallaġb cġoc na d-ġaġnġb;
 rā ġġmāraġb corporāda Choraġnġ,³
 a' r bēal na lomān⁴ ne rānāġb.

Ar rād rōġr zo beġn Bōġair,⁵
 ġnġ ba ġēolmān ar n-adārcā;
 rġr Dhāġne a ġ-cōġll zo zūġ-bġnġ,
 a' r ġad aġ orġadāġl aġr ġaġnġb.

¹ Mac Ronāin, *Mac Ronain*. The chief occupation of Mac Ronain in the Fenian ranks was to draw lots whenever any spoil was to be divided; hence the epithet Crannchair, of *the lot*.

² Diarmuid na m-ban. This is *Diarmuid O'Duibhne*, the subject of our

O. There was in our company Liagan the nimble,
 Together with Daire of the duans ;
 Gobha Gaoithe and Connor the valiant,
 And he of the lots, Cailte Mac Ronan.

Fionn held Bran in a slip,
 And 'twas I that held Sgeolann ;
 Diarmuid of the women held Fearan,
 And Oscur held the lucky Adhnuail.

Faolan, the son of Fionn, held the speckled Eile,
 And Glas, the son of Aonchearrda Bearra, held Eitill ;
 'Twas Gerrar and Gobha of the pure steeds,
 Who held Fead and Fostuigh.

Conan the bald held Searc,
 And Caol at his side held Eisteacht ;
 Lughaidh the mighty, and Goll,
 Held Fuaim and Fothram.

Liagan, the nimble, held Luadhas,
 And Daire of the duans held Dathchaoin ;
 Gobha Gaoithe, the merry, held Leim,
 And Caoilte Mac Ronan held Daol.

We let loose the hounds of Mac Morna,
 Throughout the borders of hills in numbers ;
 Round the borders of Corann of the rocks,
 While the fawns led down hill.

Thence eastwards to the peak of Bothar,
 Most musical were our horns ;
 The sweet-voiced men of Daire in the wood,
 While shouting at the herds.

third volume, who is said to have had a *ball seirce*, or beauty spot on his left breast, which caused any woman who saw it to fall in love with him.

² CORANN, now Keash, or Ceis-chorainn, in the county of Roscommon.

⁴ LOMHAN, literally means a lamb, but is here applied to the young deer.

⁵ DEIRN BÓÉAIRN, the peak of Bothar. Not identified.

- O. Seac̄t̄ b-ḡēc̄iḡ d̄am̄ all̄ta laḡd̄iḡ,
 ḡ Rḡn̄n-ḡac̄ac̄¹ z̄o F̄oc̄aoi;²
 caoz̄ab̄ ḡaol̄c̄on̄, caoz̄ab̄ ḡon̄-ḡon̄c̄,
 z̄n̄j̄on̄ aḡ n̄-ḡz̄-c̄on̄ a b-F̄orm̄aoiḡ.³

 Sḡn̄ aḡ c̄eab̄ la do ḡz̄aoiḡeab̄
 ḡuḡnean̄n̄ d̄'aḡ ḡaol̄ēiḡ c̄on̄ a z̄-cluḡēc̄e;
 a'ḡ n̄j̄ ḡaḡḡḡon̄n̄ d̄a ḡaḡb̄ a laḡaḡḡ
 uḡ! a Ph̄ac̄ḡaḡc̄, ac̄t̄ ḡḡḡe.

 A Ph̄ac̄ḡaḡc̄, iḡ ḡḡuaḡz̄ ḡḡḡe,
 am̄ ḡeand̄iḡḡ z̄o h-ac̄uḡḡḡeac̄;
 z̄aḡ ḡēiḡḡ, z̄aḡ ḡapa, z̄aḡ ḡḡeoḡḡḡ,
 aḡ ḡḡiḡall̄ c̄um̄ aḡḡḡiḡn̄ z̄o h-alc̄ōiḡ.

 Z̄aḡ aḡḡ-ḡiḡad̄ac̄ Luac̄aḡḡ D̄heaz̄a,⁴
 z̄aḡ ḡiḡol̄ta ḡlēḡḡe C̄uḡiḡn̄;⁵
 z̄aḡ dul̄ a n̄-z̄liḡaḡiḡb̄ le F̄ion̄n̄,
 z̄aḡ ḡiḡaḡ ḡz̄ol̄ ḡaḡ c̄leac̄ḡaḡḡn̄.

 Z̄aḡ deab̄ḡa, z̄aḡ dean̄am̄ c̄ḡeac̄,
 z̄aḡ ḡḡḡḡc̄ aḡ c̄leap̄aḡb̄ l̄uḡē;
 z̄aḡ dul̄ aḡ ḡuḡḡz̄iḡḡ n̄a ḡeḡiḡz̄,
 d̄a c̄ēḡḡḡ n̄a ḡaḡb̄ ḡo d̄ūiḡ.

- P. S̄z̄uḡḡ a ḡeand̄iḡḡ, l̄ēiḡ doḡ d̄aoiḡḡ,
 n̄j̄ beaz̄ d̄uḡc̄ ḡeap̄ḡa a n̄-deaḡḡḡḡaoiḡḡ;
 ḡḡuaḡḡ aḡ n̄a ḡiḡaḡḡaḡb̄ ac̄a ḡeoiḡad̄,
 d̄'ḡḡēiḡz̄ aḡ F̄h̄iḡaḡḡ aḡz̄uḡ ḡḡḡeoḡaḡḡ.

- O. ḡḡa ḡḡēiḡz̄iḡḡ, a Ph̄ac̄ḡaḡc̄, n̄aḡ ḡaḡz̄ḡaḡ c̄uḡa,
 a ḡiḡ aḡ c̄ḡoiḡḡe c̄oiḡḡḡḡz̄c̄e;⁶
 d̄a ḡaḡḡḡeab̄ C̄on̄aḡ am̄ d̄aḡiḡ,
 n̄j̄ l̄ēiḡz̄ḡiḡḡe leac̄ do c̄iḡaḡḡaḡḡ.

¹ Rḡn̄n-ḡac̄ac̄, a promontary, probably, in *Ibh Rathach*, (Iveragh) county of Kerry. Perhaps Bolus head on Ballinasakellig bay.

² F̄oc̄aoi, not identified.

³ F̄orm̄aoiḡ, see p. 18, note 7.

⁴ Luac̄aḡḡ D̄heaz̄a, now *Sliabh Luachra*, sometimes called *Ciarruidhe Luachra*, from *Ciar*, one of the ancient kings of Munster, a long range

- O. Seven score of strong wild oxen,
 From Rinn-rathach to Fochaoi ;
 Fifty wolves and fifty huge wild boars
 Were the spoils of our young hounds at Formaoil.

This was the first day on which were let loose
 A portion of our noble hounds in the chase ;
 And there lives not of those who were present,
 Alas ! O Patrick, but I.

- O Patrick, I am to be pitied,
 Being a broken-hearted old man ;
 Without sway, without agility, without vigor,
 Going to mass at the altar.

Without the great chase of Luachair Dheaghaidh,
 Without the hares of Sliabh Cuilinn ;
 Without going into fights with Fionn,
 Without attending schools as was my custom.

Without conflicts, without taking of preys,
 Without exercising in feats ;
 Without going to woo or to the chase,
 Two amusements which I dearly loved.

- P. Cease, old man, let be thy folly, [done :
 Enough for thee henceforth what thou hast already
 Reflect on the pains that are before you,
 The Fenians are departed and thou shalt depart.

- O. If I depart, O Patrick, mayest thou not be left,
 O man of the ascetic heart ;
 Were Conan now alive,
 Thy growling would not be long permitted thee.

• of mountain which extends from the harbour of Tralee in Kerry, to the mouth of the Shannon.

• Sliabh Cuilinn, now Sliabh Guillinn in the county of Armagh.

• Coirneog, i. e. *ascetic*, literally of the forbidding heart, because the saint forbade him to enjoy many of his pleasures.

O. Da mað é an la do bġ Fionn,
 a ġ-caatayb aġlye a' r a n-ġlyad ;
 taġlyc an colanġ ġan ceaġġ'
 cūġaġġġ zo ġleaġġ dā dāġ.²

ġr cūġad a cāġġar dġm ceaġ fēġġ,
 ġr bġeaġġea dāc aġur ġġaol ;
 aġ ġaġġaġb aġrġe aġġ an b-Fġeġġġ,
 ġr fēġdġġ leo ġġġ a ġēġll.

Do ġēabāġġ aġġġġob, dġġ, a' r bġuġc ;
 bġob ġġġ aġad aġġ do cūaġġġb ;
 ġmēġġ aġoġr, do ġāġb Fġġġġ,
 ġr mēġġ bġġġ tu dul uāġġġ.

Nġ ġēabāb aġġġġob cūġam ġā dġġ,
 a ġġġ-fēġġġġb an ġlōġġ dġl ;
 aġc tura fēġġ, ġan ceaġc an an b-Fēġġġ,
 do beġc aġam māġ ceaġle fġġ.

ġr bġġācāġ dāġġā, do ġāġb an ġġġ,
 dā ġ-bēġdġġġ-ġġ ġan ġġāol ġem ġāe ;
 ġā beġdġġġ aġad-ġā māġ fġoġ,
 an a b-ġuġl d ġeāġġ zo fēāġ.

O cūġaġr do bġġācāġ aġġ d-cūġr,
 an Oġġġġ, a ġ-clor do'ġ Fġēġġġ ;
 cūġġmġe cūġā fō ġēġr,
 ġġġā ġ-bēġġġġġġ fēġr bġom fēġġ.

Colan ġan ceaġġ, a *headless body, an apparition*. There are several legends current amongst the Irish peasantry, regarding headless apparitions. One of these legends, "The Headless Horseman of Shanadloch," by the late Edward Walsh, appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. ii. No. 57. pp. 33-35. Another legend of the same character is related of a member of the Cosby family, interred in the vault of the ruined church of Noughval, near Stradbally, in the Queen's County. It was said that at stated periods, a black coach, drawn by four *headless*

O. Or had it been on the day in which Fionn
 Was engaged in glorious battles and conflicts ;
 When there appeared to us a headless being,
 At Gleann da dhaimh.

To thee have I come from my own home,
 Of the most brilliant hue and shape ;
 Requesting a gift of the Fenians,
 To which they can give assent.

Thou shalt get silver, gold, and mantles,
 As a reward for thy visit ;
 But depart now, said Fionn,
 We think it time thou shouldst go from us.

Silver or gold I will not take,
 O royal chief of the pleasant speech ; [Fenians,
 But thee thyself without concealing it from the
 To live with me as my spouse.

By my troth, said the king,
 If I were without a wife during my life,
 I would not consent to be thy husband,
 For all that is from the heaven to the grass.

As thou wert the first to plight thy troth,
 Says Oisín, in the hearing of the Fenians ;
 I adjure thee by a bond,
 That thou become my partner.

black horses, with a *headless* coachman, and a *headless* footman, had been seen driving at a furious rate, in the dead hour of mid-night, through the village of Stradbally. The coach itself was said to contain one of Cosbys ; but the writer of this note does not now recollect the particular individual mentioned.

² *Ḃleann da dhaimh*, the *glen* of the two oxen. The *Four Masters* give no account of this locality ; but at A.D. 945, there is a *Gleann Damhain* mentioned situate near *Duir Inis* (the isle of oaks), or Molana, an island

- O. An uair do rmuairnear air mo laoz,
 tuzur an t-ruij riu a z-céill;
 do luizior lé a z-coraib,
 mar dob' i mo fáit do mhaoi.
- Az teacé do'n Fhéinn cum baile,
 na b-triuir, na z-ceacrair, na z-cúizir;
 az fácair na mha dob' ailye,
 nior cúma leo cé'n cúirze.
- Az teacé do'n cólaire z-an céann,
 do bí rúv 'ran n-zleann d'an b-teacé;
 ir ionda draoi do bí fá clú,
 beic z-céad cú a'r beic z-céad eac.
- Beic z-céad eac zona rriar,
 beic z-céad cú zona z-coiriall;
 beic z-céad zolla na raib neare,
 a'r beic z-céad fear do'n imteacé.
- Beic z-céad corra na m-bí ór,
 beic z-céad cloideam cóir a'r rziac;
 da mad maoidce daimra, beic z-céad bó,
 tuzar dom céile an aonló iab.
- Do beir fáinne d'Óirín fáill,
 ir mteib lom rriall dom teacé;
 do zéabaid tu zac airze uairb,
 acé z-an uirze do buair leir.
- Tairiz fáinleoz faoi an b-Féinn,
 do ruiz an fáinne faoi an loc;
 d'iméiz an fáinne ó foir anuar,
 z-an fáir a rzeil zur ahoct.

in the river Blackwater, in the barony of Coshmore and Coshbride, in the county of Waterford, near Ballinatrav, the seat of the Hon. Mr. Moore, two and a half miles north-west of the town of Youghal. The island is called Molana, from St. Maolanfaidh, its patron saint; and

O. When I reflected on my dear,
 I put this thought in execution ;
 I lay beside her without disguise,
 Because she was meet to be my wife.

As the Fenians reached their houses,
 In groups of threes and fours and fives,
 To behold the most noble woman,
 It was not indifferent to them who should be first.

When the headless being came,
 There was then in the glen ; on our coming,
 Many a druid of high repute,
 Ten hundred hounds and ten hundred steeds.

Ten hundred steeds with their bridles,
 Ten hundred hounds with their leashes ;
 Ten hundred servitors in whom was strength,
 Ten hundred heroes in our ranks.

Ten hundred goblets made of gold,
 Ten hundred excellent swords and shields ;
 Were it a boast for me, [there were] ten hundred
 cows,
 I bestowed them on my love in one day.

She gives a ring to the generous Oisín [and says],
 'Tis time I should depart for my home ; [this,
 Thou wilt obtain every thing thou desirest from
 So that water will not touch it.

A swallow flew among the Fenians,
 And carried off the ring towards a lake ;
 The ring disappeared ever since,
 Without any tidings of it unto this night.

in it are the ruins of an abbey of Regular Canons founded in the sixth century by that saint, who was its first abbot. Here was buried Raymond Le Gros, one of the co-adventurers with Strongbow in the invasion of Ireland.—Smith's *Waterford*, p. 43.

O. Ean ruad¹ na rziatán riabac,
 ' r éan beaz eile² ruar na beal ;
 a3 zabail a 3-cuaird ór an 3-ceann,
 a3 reirniim na b-fonn ran aebean.

Do badar azur Fionn réin,
 a3 féacáin na n-éan ne real ;
 3an fíor, 3an tuairir3, ca n-beacáid an t-éan,
 na fíor r3éala ca n-beacáid an bean.

P. I r beaz rin, a deizmic Fhionn,
 ní riab a3ad ihte ac t real ;
 ir feairn fanamuin mar a caoi,
 na beic air3 na mear3.

O. A mhic Arpluinn an 3lóir óil,
 ir mar3 bein caob ne cléir na clo3 ;
 do badar azur Caoile, mo luad,
 azur do badmar uair nar boct.

Ceól ne a 3-codlad Fionn 3an dóic,
 lacáinn ó loc na b-trí 3-Caol ;³
 r3altairnac loin Dhoine an cáinn,⁴
 a' r búicne an daim ó 3leanh-na-3-Caon.⁵

Dha lacáinn ó Loc Eirne,⁶
 da dobar-cóin⁷ ó Loc Meilze ;⁸
 da 3earrfiad ó'n Muine cáll,⁹
 a' r da feabac fléibe 3-Conaill.¹⁰

¹ Ean ruad, reddish bird. The cuckoo is the bird referred to here, as hovering over them in the air.

² Ean beaz eile, another little bird. This is the riabó3 or hedge-sparrow, which pursues the cuckoo in its flight, and is believed to make various attempts to get into its beak when singing.

³ Loc na b-trí 3-Caol, the lake of the three Caols. This is the name of a small lough near Kells in the county of Meath.

⁴ Doinne an Cháinn, Derrycarn. Now Derrycarn in the county of Meath.

- O. The reddish bird of the grey wings
 And another small bird in its beak,
 [Were] soaring around over our heads,
 Singing their songs in the air.

Fionn and I together were
 Gazing at the birds for a while ; [flown,
 Without knowing or learning where the bird had
 Or tidings whither the woman had gone.

- P. That is nought, O noble son of Fionn,
 Thy possession of her was but for awhile ;
 Better to remain as thou art,
 Than to be again among them.

- O. O son of Calphurn of the bland speech,
 Woe to him that confides in clerics or bells ;
 I and Caolte, my friend,
 And we were for a time and did not want.

The music to which Fionn slept readily,
 Was [the cackling of] the ducks from the lake of
 the three Caols ;
 The singing of the blackbird of Derrycarn,
 And the bellowing of the ox of Gleann-na-g-Caor.

The two ducks of Lough Erne,
 The two otters from Lough Meilghe ;
 The two hares of yon brake,
 And the two hawks of Sliabh g-Conaill.

⁵ *Σλεανη ηα γ-Caor*, the glen of the berries. Not mentioned by the Four Masters; but there is a *Gleann-na-g-Caor* in the county of Cork.

⁶ *Loé Erne*. Now Lough Erne in the county of Fermanagh. Duaid M'Firbis and the *Leabhar Gabhala* agree as to the eruption of this lake. See *Four Masters*, A.M. 3751.

⁷ *Ἵοδαρῆσις*, the otter. A remarkable instance of the voracious propensities of this animal occurred lately at the glen of Aherlow near Bansha in the county of Tipperary. A farmer, named Dwyer, found the throats

- O. Feab an éiolairn δ Zhleann na m-buab,¹
 nδ δ rzarre éruarδ Dhruim le rruir;²
 cearca rruarδ δ Chruacán Dhruim,³
 nδ feab dobarcōin Dhruim ne Coir.

Szaltarnac loin Dhoirne an éairn,⁴
 nī éualad rruir, dar zo beirhōin,
 ceól ba dhōne hōm na é,
 acō zo m-beirhōin fa bun a nēid.

of several of his sheep cut after the night, and, determining to watch the thief, took his gun and concealed himself near the flock; when about midnight he observed something in the shape of a large dog attacking the sheep, at which he took deliberate aim and killed him on the spot. On approaching the animal, to his utter surprise it turned out to be a monstrous otter, upwards of four feet long; and although the river Suir, from which it crawled upwards of half a mile by a narrow stream, abounds with salmon and other fish at this season, (June, 1858), yet his propensities for animal food was such that he preferred it to fish, no matter how tender or delicious it tasted.

¹ Loc Meilge, *the lake of Meilge*. The Four Masters record, under date A.M. 4694, that Meilge Molbhthach, son of Cobhthach Caol Breagh, after having been seventeen years in the sovereignty of Ireland, fell in the battle of Claire, by Modhchorb. When his grave was digging, Loch Meilge burst forth over the land in Cairbre, so that it was named after him. It is situated on the confines of the counties of Fermanagh, Leitrim, and Donegal. See *Four Masters*, A.M. 4694, note h.

² Dhruim éall. This must be some adjacent plain or green.

³ Shab z-Conall, *the mountain or hill of Conall*. Called after Conall Gulban, who was nursed at the *Beian* or peak of Gulban, where the hardest hawks in Ireland were found in the latter end of the fifteenth century.

⁴ Zhleann na m-buab, *the glen of victories or conquests*. Not mentioned by the *Four Masters*.

² Dhruim ne rruir, *the ridge by the stream*. Unknown.

³ Chruacán Dhruim, *the Cruachan of Crom*. Cruachan was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, and was situated near Belanagare, in the county of Roscommon, and is now called Rathcroghan. However, we doubt whether this is the place referred to in the text. Crom was the name of one of the idols of the Pagan Irish, to which, according to Dr. Charles O'Connor (*Prol.* part I. p. 22), the early colonisers up to the time of St. Patrick, offered the firstlings of animals

- O. The whistle of the eagle from Gleann na m-buadh,
 Or from the rough thicket of the Ridge by the stream ;
 Or the grouse of Cruachan Chruim,
 Or the whistle of the otter of Drum-re-Coir.

The song of the blackbird of Derrycarn,
 I never heard, by my troth,
 Music more melodious to me than it,
 Were I only beneath his nest.

besides other offerings. Here are his words :—“ *Magh-Sleacht canus ronnin, ar is and ro bai Righ edhal Er. .i. in Crom-Cruach, agus da Idhal deg do clochaibh uime, agus adhelbsain door, agus asse ba De do gach lucht ro gabh Eirinn go toracht Padric. Is do do idhbraitis ced gen gacha sotha, agus primighgen gacha clainde. As cuige do riacht Tigernnus mc Foll. Ri Er dia Samná, co feraibh agus co mnaibh Eir maille fri Dia adhradh es ro sleacht sat uille idhu coro aemdhatar tuil an edan agus eth a sron, agus faircledha anglun corra anuillend, conebladar teor cethraimhe fher n Er ac na slechtaibh—unde Magh slecht ár.*” i.e. Campus stragis ita appellatur, quia ibi fuit præcipuum Idolorum Hiberniæ, nempe *Crom-Cruach*, et duodecim Idola Sæxia circumstantia, et caput ejus ex suro, et hic Deus fuit omnium populorum quotquot posse erunt Hiberniam, usque ad adventum S. Patricii. Huic sacrificaverunt Primogenita cujusque Sobolis, et primogenita filiorum suorum. Hunc Tigernmasius, filius Foll : Rex Hiberniæ, precatus, est die *Samnii*, cum Viris et mulieribus Hiberniæ, tali adoratione, et ulnas suas rumperent, cadendo et adorando, donec vulneribus infligerent etiam frontes suas, contunderent nasus, et genus, usque ad sanguinem fundendum. Hinc itaque dicitur *Magh-Sleacht*. Campus Stragis.” And O’Flaherty (vide *Ogygia*, part 3, p. 197, 4to. ed., Lond. 1685), says, “Cromcruach Idolum, cui Tigernmasius rex, ut supra, cum universo populo suo ex do-drante vitam devoverant, totius regni Idolorum omnium princeps ad Idolomaniam in Hibernia per S. Patricium eversionem in campo Moy-sleuct perstitit; quod reges, et regni proceres summa, stataque sacrorum rituum veneratione colebant; *ed quod responsa dare putabatur á populo stulto, et insipiente, cui colebat illud, ut ait Jocelinus.*” (See Jocelin, in *vita S. Patricii*, c. 56). Dr. O’Donovan says in a note to the *Four Masters* under A.D. 1117, that there was a chieftain, named Cromdubh, in Umhall [in Connaught] who was contemporary with St. Patrick, and, though a powerful opponent of his, was afterwards converted by the Saint to Christianity on the day called *Domhnach Chroim Dhuibh*.

⁴ *Doime an Chaitín, Derrycarn.* In the *Transactions of the Galic*

O. Jf mairz dam žlac bairceab riamh,
 jr olc domh onđir darr ljom ;
 air m-beiđe dam žan bjad, žan deođe,
 ađ deanahm tporza a' r úrhaizđe.

P. Nj h-olc, a řeahđir, darr ljom,
 do žeabairi naoi b-řičđib bairžir arair;
 žona n-anhlan řjona a' r řeđla,
 jr olc a n-abairi tu, a řeahđir.

Society of Dublin (1880), now a rare book, the following beautiful poem will be found at page 194, addressed to one of these birds which frequented Derrycarn wood in the county of Meath; and which is accompanied by a spirited translation from the pen of Mr. William Leahy:—

“ Binn riu, a loiu đairne an Chairn !
 Mí cualar, an aru 'r an m-biđe,
 Ceol buđ binnne na do žuđe,
 Acař tu řa buu do nřb.

Reu ceol jr binnne řa' n m-biđe,
 Mairz nađ eirdehu riu žo řeđl,
 A nřc Airpłiuu na cclocc m-binn,
 'S žo m-beiđe ariř ar do nřiu.

Ažac, mar tu ađam řeđiu.
 Da m-beiđe beřiuu ržeđl an eoiu,
 Do deřca deřca žo biau,
 'S nř bjad e'airne air đja žo řeđl.

A cerniđ lođlan, na rneđ žoruu.
 Fuairi Mřac Cúđail, na ccoriu nbeřz,
 A n c-eh do eřiđ anoi,
 Až riu a ržel buu žo beřb,

Doiu an eairn an eoił ub eiar,
 Mair a n-deřiuu an řhian řor ;

A n aille 'řar eairne a cřianu,
 'S eđ do cuřneab anu an loiu.

Sžolžairne loiu doiu an Chairn,
 Búřne an dairi řhajll na ccaeri,
 Ceol le ccoblas řiuu žo mođe,
 Lađairi o lođ tu ccrij ccael.

Cerca řraeđe uu Chřuađairi eairn,
 Feđđail dohnoiu Đriuřu da lođ ;
 Žođa řilairi žliu na řřuađe,
 loňžoiu cuac ehuu na řcođe.

Žođa žabar žleřna caeri,
 Jř žairi řhłairi eaeđe na řełz ;
 Cairn na ccor ađ cřial žo mođe,
 Ařceac o eřairž na cclocc n-beřz.

Añ eřarđe do mairi řiuu 'r an řhian,
 Dob anřra leo řhjad na eřl,
 řa binn leoran řužle loiu,
 Žođa na ccloz leo nři řiu."

TRANSLATION.

HAIL tuneful bard of sable wing,
 Thou warbler sweet of Carna's grove!
 Not lays more charming will I hear
 Tho' round th' expansive earth I rove.

- O. Alas! that I ever received baptism,
It affects my honor, I perceive ;
In being without food and drink,
Whilst fasting and praying.
- P. Not so, old man, I am sure,
Thou shalt get nine score cakes of bread ;
With thy fill of wine and meat,
Evil thou speakest, old man.

No melody's more soft than thine,
While perch'd thy mossy nest beneath ;
How sad to miss thy soothing song !
When harmony divine you breathe.

O son of Alphon, cease thy bells,
Cease thy hollow-sounding strain ;
To Carna's grove thine ear incline,—
Thou wilt o'ertake thy psalms again.

O didst thou hear its mournful tale !
Didst thou, as I, its story know !
Thou wouldst forget thy God awhile,
And down thy cheeks would torrents flow.

Found was the bird on Lochlin's plains,
(Where purling flows the azure stream)
By Comhal's son, for goblets famed,
Which bright with golden splendor beam.

Yon lofty wood is Carna's grove,
Which bends to west its awful shade,
Where pleased with Nature's wild display,
The Fians—noble race! delay'd.

In that retir'd and dusky wood,
The bird of sable wing was lay'd ;
Where the majestic oak extends,
His stately boughs in leafy shade.

The sable bird's harmonious note,
The lowing hind of Cora's steep,
Were wont, at morning's early dawn,
To lull the mighty Fionn asleep.

- O. Ձի եւալ րօ աչ բրտալ ԼԵԱԵ,
 դար սճաճտար Ե յԵ ԴԱՅԱՐԵ ;
 Յօ մ'բարի կիօն իրարչար շիՅԵ Բիտտ,
 դա մօ շարժ ծօ'դ շօնորտտ.
- P. Պօժ' Ե րիտ շիւարճ դա Ե-ՐՈՐԵ,¹
 ԱՅՐ ԲԼԱԾԱԸ ՊԱ ՊՅԱՐԵ-ՇՊՈՇ ;
 ԻԲԵՐՊՊ ԲԱՐԻ ԲՃ ԵԻՐԵԱԾ,
 ԱՐ ԴՅԱԸ ԵՐ Պ-ԾՐՈՒՇ-ՇՐԵԻԾԻՄ.
- O. Ոյօր ԵԱ Կ-Ե րիտ ծննտե ԲԵՒ,
 ԱՇՏ ԱՐ ԿՊՈԱԾ Ծ'ԲՅՈՆ Ա'Ր Ծ'ԲԵՃԻԼ ;
 ՇՐՏԱԸ ՇԵՐԵ Ա'Ր ՇՈՒՐԱՄ ԲԼԵԱԾ,
 ԵՇՈՇԱ ՄԻԼԵ, Ա'Ր ՇԱԸ ԵԱ Պ-ՃԼ.
- Եր շրած կիօն Պարտիւժ ԱՅՐ ՇՈԼԼ,
 ԱՅՐ ԲԵԱՐՅՐ ԵԱ ԵՊՊ ՅԼՈՐ ;
 ԱՊ ԱՐԻ ՊԱԸ ԼԵՅՇՇԵԱՐ ԾՆՆՈՆ Ա ԼԱԱԾ,
 Ա ՔԻԱՐԱԵ ՊԱՅԻԾ, ՇԱՊՅ Ճ'Պ ՐՕՐԻՄ.
- P. ԵԱ ՇԵԱԾ ԿՊՊ ԵՒ ԵԱ ԼԱԱԾ,
 ԱՇՏ ՅՕ Ե-ՇԱԾԱՐԻ Ծ'ԱՐԵ ԱՐ ՊԻՂԱ ԱՐ Ե-ՇՄՐ ;
 ՃՐ ԱՊՈՐԻ ԻՐ ԵԻՐԵ ԾՈԾ' ԱՈՐԻ,
 ԴՅԱՐԻ ԾՈԾ' ԵԱՈՐԻ, Ա ԲՐԻ ՅԱՊ ԼՄԷ.

The noise which haunts the weedy pond,
 That into triple straight divides ;
 Where cooling in the crystal wave,
 The bird of silver plumage glides.

The twitt'ring hens on Croan's heath
 And from yon water-girded hill,
 The deepening voice of gloomy woe,
 Sad, pensive, melancholy shrill.

The eagle's scream from Foat's vale,
 From the tall pine the cuckoo's song ;
 The music of the hounds that fly,
 The coral-pebbled strand along.

- O. This mouth conversing with thee,
 May [it] never to a priest confess ;
 If I would not prefer the crumbs of Fionn's house
 To my share of your entertainments.
- P. That was the picking of the banks,
 And the chase of the craggy hills ;
 Hell was his portion at the end,
 Because of your unbelief.
- O. Not so to us indeed,
 But our fill of wine and meat ;
 The first of justice and equality at feasts,
 Delicious draughts and all drinking them.

Woe is me Diarmuid and Goll,
 And Fergus of the tuneful voice ;
 Since it is not allowed us to name them,
 O Patrick, lately come from Rome.

- P. We would allow thee to name them,
 But only give thy attention to God first ;
 Since now thy life is at its end,
 Leave off thy folly, O feeble man.

When liv'd brave Fionn, and all his chiefs,
 The heath did more the heroes please,
 Than church or bell they'd dearer deem,
 The sable bird's melodious lays.

¹ *Cḡuaraċ na b-ponn*, *picking or gleaning of the banks*. Here St. Patrick intimates that Fionn's table was not so plentifully supplied after all. That the viands consisted of berries picked up in the bays, and of wild animals captured on the "craggy hills," which were for that reason in poor condition and not easily eaten.

- O. Ձ Քհաւրայւ յոտր ծամ տի՛ն ըն,
 ծ'ր աշած ա՛տ՛ աղ տ-ժժւր յր քէարի;
 աղ լէյջքէար մօ չձծար դ՛ա մօ ժն,
 իյօմ չօ շնրէ ընչ դ՛ա ոչմար ?
- P. Ձ յէարծիր ա՛տ՛ աղ եօր,
 ա'ր դ՛ա՛ թաչարմ շրն՛ ծօ շնր օրէ;
 ող լէյջքէար ծօ չձծար դ՛ա ծօ ժն,
 լէաւ չօ շնրէ ընչ դ՛ա թէա՛ւտ.
- O. Փ՛ա մ-եօ՛ ճչարդ՛ եյձ՛ ճրնի՛ն աղ Փղ՛ա,
 ա'ր չօ մ-եյձ՛ մօ ժն ծօմ' թէր;
 ծօ թճրտեօ՛ճարող է ծօմ ժօրղ,
 չն՛ ծ'է ծօ ե՛ճարձ եյձ՛ ծամ թէր.
- P. Ն՛ա հ-աճար ըրղ՛ ճ յէարծր,
 ա'ր տս՛ ճ ո-ճէրն հ-աօրէ;
 ող շօ՛րմ, չճղ երէճ, աղ երէ՛ւ,
 ծօ երրրի՛ն աղ մօ ընչ-ըր.
- O. Փօ՛՛ թէար ճօղ շնրձ՛ ճմարղ լայօրղ,
 ծօ եղ՛ն աղ Քղարող՛ն Շրնարող;
 դ՛ա շրջարող՛ն աղ ճրձձարձ,
 աշար տր՛ա թէր, ճ Շղէրրնչ.
- P. Ձ Օրղղ դ՛ա ոչէար լարղ,
 ճարղ դ՛ա երյձր՛ա երղ;
 ծօ՛ թէար Փր՛ա թէ հ-աօղ լօ,
 դ՛ա Քրարող՛ն Շրնարող ող.
- O. Չն՛ շարրէ աղօր չճղ թլայ՛քէար,
 ա'ր մէ լար չ-շարնրղ մ'աօրէ;
 ճ Քհաւրայւ, դ՛ա տձարղ ճրնր,
 ծօ մայնն՛ն ժլարղ՛ն Եօրրրն.

- O. O Patrick, tell me in confidence,
 As it is thou that hast the best knowledge;
 Will my dog or my hound be let in
 With me, to the court of the king of grace.
- P. O, old man, who art silly,
 And of whom I can get no good ;
 Thy dog or thy hound will not be let in
 With thee, to the court of the king of justice.
- O. If it were I that were acquainted with God,
 And that my hound were at hand :
 I would reconcile him with my hound,
 Whoever gave food to myself.
- P. Say not so, O old man,
 And thou at the end of thy life ;
 Unjust, without doubt, is the sentence,
 Which thou passest upon my king.
- O. Better were any one mighty hero only,
 Who was in the ranks of the Fians of Eire,
 Than the Lord of piety,
 And thou thyself, O Cleric.
- P. O Oisín of the sharp blades,
 That speakest words of madness ;
 God is better for one day,
 Than all the Fians of Eire.
- O. Though I am now deprived of lordship,
 And am at the close of my life ;
 O Patrick, do not cast reproach,
 Upon the nobles of the Clanna Baoisgne.

- O. Գա մ-Կլած աշամբա Կօղան,
 բար մի-ԼաԲարձա Նա Բէրոյոյ ;
 Ծօ Երբեք ըն Ծօ շօնոյրա,
 Արցիշ ամբարշ Ծօ շէրոյն.
- P. Երբէ աշ բրօնթրաճ ար ան Ե-Բէրոյ,
 Ա Բարձրոյ, Իր Բաճ Ծօ շօն ;
 Կարողիշ յօ Ե-Կարողիշ Ծօ ըստ,
 Ա՛ր Յաճ ըստ Ծօ ար Ծօ ըն.
- Չէս Կս արբար, բօրնձե, Լիս,
 Ծ՛րմիշ Ծօ շիսլ ա՛ր Ծօ շրօնոյ ;
 Լիշ ծիտ ան Կօրնած Ծիտ,
 Ա՛ր Կլիս Ծօ ԼաԲաճ Ա Ե-Բարձրաբ շալ.
- O. Ծօ շօնար ամուշ բա՛ն Ե-Բարձր,
 Բար ծրաճ Լիս ար Եարն Կրօնոյ ;¹
 Նիտ շէսճ Լիտ ԼաԲաճ Յան Կլիս,
 Բաճ Ծօ Կլիս Բար ան Յ-Կիտ շի շալ.
- P. Չէս Կս ար Եարնաճ Ա Ն-Երբե Կ-Կօրն,
 Իտն ըլիշ ծրօնաճ աշար շան ;
 Բաճան ըլիշ շան Նա Ե-Բարն,
 Ա՛ր Կիտբար շիտ ըն Ծօ Բար ծ՛ Կօրն.
- O. Գա մ-Երբօրոյր աշար Բարնար Բիս,
 աշար Կարնարն անոյր ար ան մ-Կլի ;
 ան Յաճ ըլիշ Ծ՛ար շաԲարն Կլիս,
 Յան շէս Ծօ՛ն շէրն Ծօ շէսԲարնարն ան.
- P. Բճի, Ա Օրնոյ, Նա ըրնարն ան շէրն,
 շանար Երնարն Ծօ ան Յաճ Կլի ;
 Երնա Լիշբի Կս ծիտ ան Կօրնած Ծիտ,
 Իր ըն ան Բարն Կս ան շէրն.

¹ Եարն Կրօնոյ, *tops of trees*, i.e., his bed was made of the tender branches of the trees, and of the foliage. The "grey dew" referred

- O. Were Conan with me,
 The reviler of the Fenians ;
 He would break thy head,
 Within among thy clerics.
- P. To be ever talking of the Fians,
 O old man, is silly work ;
 Remember that thy hour is come,
 And take the son of God in thy behalf.
- Thou art old, withered, and hoary,
 Thy understanding is gone, and mirth ;
 Leave off thy vehement talk,
 And thy bed shall be in heaven beyond.
- O. I slept out on the mountain,
 Under grey dew on the tops of trees ;
 I was never used [to go] to bed without food,
 Whilst there was a deer on yonder hill.
- P. Thou art astray at the close of thy life,
 Between the straight way and the crooked ;
 Shun the crooked path of pains,
 And God's angels will come under thy head.
- O. Were I and Fergus the generous,
 And Diarmuid, now on the spot ;
 In every path that we ever passed,
 Despite the clerics we would pass.
- P. Cease Oisín, do not insult the clerics,
 Who proclaim God's word every where ;
 If thou wilt not leave off thy insolent talk,
 Great is the punishment that awaits thee.

to, is the hoar frost so frequent in the months of September and October.

- O. Ծօ Բաճարս ԳՅսր բլայէ Դա Բ-Բիսոն,
 Գ՛ր տօրս ար յարարած սարոն Գ յՅլեանո;
 Բա մեարս Լիօմ Դա՛՛ Բ-բաճա Գ՛ Բլած,
 Դա ծօ շարարս Բեյէ Յոն Շեանո.
- P. Ձեա շս ծօլարձ Յոն շլալ,
 յր մեարս ծսլ շր Դա Բեյէ ծալ;
 Ծա Բ-բսլճեճ ծօ յաճարս Գրլճ,
 Բա մծր ծօ շրոն ար բլայէար շալ.
- O. Ծօ՛ Գրե Լիօմ Լիօմ Գ՛ Բսլ,
 Դօ յաճարս ար Բրօլ յօր Ծա ճլեանո;
 Դա Գ յճեալանո ծօ Բեալբա ծամ,
 Գ՛ր Գ Բ-բսլճրոն ծօ շլտ Գ Բ-բլայէար շալ.
- P. Ձեա ծօ մսլոնճրոն Բաօ՛ Յոն շլո՛՛՛,
 Ծ՛լոնլճ ծօ շլտ ԳՅսր ծօ ճրեանո;
 յոնս յճլաճ շս մօ շօմարսլե ՛ո՛՛՛,
 Դլ Բ-բսլճր շս Բեյէ Գ Բսր Դա շալ.
- O. Ծա մ-Բեյծրոնր ԳՅսր Գ՛ Բիսոն Գ՛սլ,
 ար Բեյոն շոլս ԳՅ տարարոն ճլան;¹
 Ծ՛արոնծօրոն Լեաճար, շլար, Գ՛ր շլոլճ,
 Բլած յօճա ԳՅսրոն Բեյէ Գ Բսր Դօ շալ.²
- P. Ոլ յար յօնոճա Գ՛՛՛ յար ճալ շար,
 Դօ յար շրս՛ ԳՅ շբձ՛ ծ ճլեանո;
 Դօ յար շլօ՛ճարօլ՛՛ ար մաօլրոն շոլս,
 ճա՛ շա՛ ճա՛ր ԳՅար Ծա յար յարս Գ՛՛.
- O. Ծօ Բաճար Գ մ-Բեարրոն Գ՛ Ծա Յիօլլ,²
 Գ Բ-բօճար շա՛՛ յա յ-արս շեանո;
 Ծօ՛՛ Բեարր Լիօմ Գ յ-Գլճե ԳՅամ,
 Դա Գ շրսր շօ Դա մ-Բաճալ ճ-ճամ.

¹ Լան, a blade, sometimes means the head of a lance or spear. In some copies of the poem the word Բեանո, is incorrectly substituted for Լանո, by illiterate scribes.

- O. The Fenian chief and myself
 Were in quest of a boar, in a glen,
 'Twas worse to me that I saw not the deer,
 Than if thy clerics lost their heads.
- P. Thou art piteous and devoid of sense,
 That is worse for thee than being blind ;
 If thou didst get thy sight within,
 Great would be thy attachment to heaven beyond.
- O. I would take more delight in the bound of the buck,
 Or in looking at badgers between two glens ;
 Than in all that thy mouth promiseth to me,
 And all the joys I would get in heaven beyond.
- P. Thy hope is silly and fruitless,
 Thy joyousness and mirth are gone ;
 If thou this night receivest not my counsel,
 It shall not be granted to thee to be here or there.
- O. Were I and the Fenians this day
 On the summit of a hill drawing swords ;
 Despite of books, clerics and bells,
 We would have our choice of being here or there.
- P. They were but like the smoke of a wisp,
 Or like a rivulet coming from a glen ;
 Or like a whirlwind, on the peak of a hill,
 Each clan of you that ever lived.
- O. I was at Bearna-an-da-Ghoill,
 By the clans of the stout arms ;
 I would prefer their face again,
 To this troop of the crooked croziers.

² *Si búr na cail, on this side or that.* A common Irish phrase for "in this world or the next."

³ *Bearna na dhá Gholl, i.e., the gap of the two Golls.* Not identified.

- P. Jr mairé acá a fíor aзам,
ca b-fuill ar líc a' r cor na céanna;
rZuurríbe dá muazad le nín,
a' r zan luét neirre az ceáct dá éabairr.
- O. Ní bhínn liom do zlóir zan rult,
cía cá tu zlic ar do rann;
ní éluirínn féinn fead an loín,¹
bneac ar rírué² ná zoric a ngleanna.
- P. Na mealltar tu a z-comairle an éoirr,
ir mairé leó rín ceáct ad céanna;
mairé ná coda móirne ar an z-cuirb m-biz,
ó nác m-beannuizítear íad abur ná éall.
- O. Dá m-biad Szolb Szeyne aзам,
nó Orcur zlic ná z-caé d-ceanna;
ní bhádmairí zann feólmáct ahoct,
ar éomairle cloz ná feáct m-beanna.
- P. Z Oirín, ó d'ínéiz do éíall,
zlac ná bhíátra ío le zneanna;
ir beirínn liom zo d-cneizíir an Fhíanna,
a' r zo nzeábairr le Dya ná neanna.

¹ Fead an loín. The whistle or song of the blackbird.

² Bneac ar rírué, a trout in the stream. Aquatic sports formed another of the Fenian amusements, and perhaps Oisín himself was the Isaak Walton of his day. Rowing boats (regattas?) was another custom to which they were much addicted; for at page 49, Vol I. of the Society's *Transactions*, in a poem of six stanzas copied from the Book of Leinster, a manuscript of the twelfth century, now deposited in Trinity College Library, we find the following passage:—

- P. Well am I aware, [in his head,
Where he is [stretched] on a flag-stone and a twist
Scourges assailing him with poison.
And no mighty clans coming to his aid,
- O. Not sweet to me [is] thy voice without cheer,
Tho' thou art clever at thy verses ;
I hear not the blackbird's song,
A trout in the rivulet, or a boar in the glen.
- P. Be not deceived by the counsel of the flesh,
They shall be glad to dwell with thee ;
The happiness of the great be on the few,
As they are not blessed here or there.
- O. Were Scolb Sgeine with me,
Or the wise Ocur of battles fierce ;
We should not be without flesh this night,
At the command of the bells of the seven tolls.
- P. Oisin, as thy understanding is gone,
Accept these tidings with joy ;
I verily believe thou wilt forsake the Fians,
And that thou wilt walk with the God of heaven.

“ Ἀπρεπεῖοσ καθὰς τοῖσιν,
ἴσησιν βα ρυε δουροῖσ ;
πο παρδαῖοσ τοῖσ ; καὶ κατ,
πο γαῖσιν εἰ ἀτῖ ἴσοσ.”

Music, boating, rewarding,
The prey most difficult I chose ;
I would kill a boar in the hard wood,
I would rob a vengeful bird* of its eggs.

* This bird is supposed to be the eagle.

O. Jf ionzua liom do cõmrað bjan,
 a clõjrujz do cuarðajz zac ball;
 a rað zo ð-erðizfionn fõjn an Fhianh,
 ðronz fial fairruoz nar zanh.

P. Ða b-faicfeara muhru Ðe,
 az ruibe zo zlearta cum fleað;
 jr fairruoze ðjor aca zac röz,
 na az muhru Fhionn zib mör a mear.

Jf fearu zo mor rzðalra ahojr,
 zlorne ðil a'f cur iona ceann;
 zlac an aicruze cõjn ahojr,
 ðejn leoirzõrom abur a'f na caill tall.

O. Ðo caill me mo cõll abur,
 a'f nj ba meara liom na rjn;
 ðo caillear Fionn an aiz,
 'r na rjn aigne do ðj fial.

P. Aca Fionn a'f an Fhianh ahojr,
 zo ðubrðnac ar lyc na b-rjan;
 zairre le mac Ðe 'na n-ajc,
 a'f nj bejð baogal orc bejð zan cõll.

O. Nj cõrejðm fõjn do zlor ahojr,
 a clõjrujz na m-bacal z-cam;
 zo m-biað Fionn a'f an Fhianh arciž,
 muna b-fuizðjr rule a bejð anh.

P. Zlac an aicruze cõjn ahojr,
 rul a z-cuirruðear fjor ab cõnn;
 zõjll do Ðhja, a'f bejð fjor azac,
 cja aco arciž nõ amujc ta Fionn.

O. I marvel at thy daring talk,
 O cleric who hast visited every land ;
 To say that I would forsake the Fians,
 An open-hearted hospitable people, who were not
 niggardly.

P. Didst thou see the people of God
 Seated attired at feasts ;
 More plenteous have they of each good cheer,
 Than the people of Fionn, tho' great their consi-
 deration.

Better are my tidings now,
 Glory bright and strive to attain to it,
 Receive true repentance now,
 Make atonement here and don't lose heaven.

O. I have lost my reason here,
 And what I esteemed more than that ;
 I have lost Fionn the noble,
 And the fine men, who were generous.

P. Fionn and the Fenians now are [lying]
 Sorrowful on the flag-stone of pains ;
 Take thou [follow] the son of God in their stead,
 And there is no danger of thy being without sense.

O. I believe not thy talk now,
 O cleric of the crooked staffs ;
 That Fionn and the Fenians should be within,
 Unless they found pleasure in being there.

P. Receive just repentance now,
 Before the summons shall be sent to thee ;
 Believe in God, and thou shalt know
 Whether Fionn is in [hell] or out of it.

- O. Da m-biad Fionn azam a'r mac an Loig,¹
 b'ar nar dnuib d'zled na lann;
 b'aimdeoir do elan azur a z-cloiz,
 ir azuyun do beidead an ball.
- P. Nj biad rin coidee an bur z-cur,
 ir fearr an luct ata an;
 mac niz neime d'broar na h-uile,
 ir mdr a cion an duine ball.
- O. Ma'r ball ata muireir De,
 a'r zupab iad na dail ir anura leir;
 ir corrial nac z-curfead an Fhianu,
 zo teac na b-rian da rziur.
- P. Craideact ort a feandir,
 canar na b'iaera bule;
 dob' fearr Dia ne h-aon uair,
 na Fianna Eireann uile.
- O. A Phatruic na bacale caime,
 do beir ort f'neazriad d'ana;
 do biad do bacal na b'urzar,
 da m-biad Orcur do laear.
- Da m-beidead mo mac Orcur azur Dia,
 lam an lam an Chnoc na b-Fhianu;²
 da b-faicfirne mo mac an lam,
 dearrfayun zur fearr laidir Dia.
- Cionnur dob' feidir le Dia,
 na a elan a beir nj bur fearr;
 na Fionn flait, Riz na b-Fianu,
 duine rial do bi zan cam?

¹ Mac an Loig, the name of Fionn Mac Cumhall's spear.

- O. Were Fionn and Mac an Loin with me,
Two who never withdrew from the fight of the spears;
Despite thy clerics and their bells,
'Tis we that would hold the place.
- P. That would never come to your turn,
A better tribe dwells there ;
The Son of the King of heaven, who expels evil,
Great is his love for a blind man.
- O. If the people of God are blind,
And that the blind are they whom he loves best ;
'Tis likely, he would not send the Fenians,
To the house of pain to be exterminated.
- P. Misery attend thee, old man,
Who speakest the words of madness ;
God is better for one hour,
Than all the Fians of Eire.
- O. O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
Who makes me that impertinent answer ;
Thy crozier would be in atoms,
Were Oscur present.

Were my son Oscur and God
Hand to hand on Cnoc-na-bh-Fiann,
If I saw my son down,
I would say that God was a strong man.

How could it be that God,
Or his clerics could be better men ;
Than Fionn the chief king of the Fenians,
A generous man without a blemish ?

* Cnoc na bh-Fiann, i. e., the hill of the Fenians. Probably *Cnoc-an-air*, in the county of Kerry, is the hill referred to.

O. **Ḑ**ac a n-aban tu a' r an c'liar,
do n'bir n'ia'z'lae n'iz na n'eanu;
do bi r'ud a b-'F'ian'na'ib 'F'ionn,
a' r ca'ib a b-'fla'icear De zo ceann.

Da m-be'idead aic an' n'ijor na r'uar,
dob' fe'ar' na fla'icear De;
ir an' do na'cad 'F'ionn,
a' r a na'ib a'ize do'n 'F'he'ionn.

A be'ir tu'ra nac b-ce'ib r'al,
zo h-'fe'ean' na b-'ria'nn zo b'rae;
n' na'ib aon n'ea'c 'ra' b-'F'he'ionn,
nac na'ib r'al a'ne'ar'z ca'ic.

Da b-'ra'ice'ara, a cle'ir'iz ca'ib,
an 'F'ia'nn la ar an b-'er'a'iz¹ ud ce'ar;
no a Na'r La'ize'ann² na r'no'can r'e'ir,
ar an b-'F'he'ionn ba m'or do n'ear.

A Phac'raic r'ia'f'ra'iz do Dh'a,
an cu'ir'ion le'ir an 'F'ia'nn do be'ic beo;
no a b-'fa'ca'ib r'e r'oir' na r'iar,
r'ir dob' fe'ar' na iad a n'z'leo?

No a b-'fa'ca'ib r'e 'na du'ice' r'e'ir,
z'ib a'nd e or ar z-'c'ionn;
a n'z'all, a z-'co'z'ad, no a n'earc,
fe'ar do bi co'n-'ma'ic le 'F'ionn.

¹ Er'a'iz, *strand*. This must refer to the battle of Ventry (*Fiann Traigh*) fought in the third century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the *Fianna Eireann*, now in preparation for the Society, from a manuscript of the fourteenth century.

O. All that thou and thy clerics tell,
 According to the laws of heaven's king ; [Fionn,
 These [qualities] were possessed by the Fians of
 And they are now powerful in God's kingdom.

Were there a place, above or below,
 Better than heaven ;
 'Tis there Fionn would go,
 And all he had of the Fenians.

Thou sayest that a hospitable man
 Never goes to hell of pain ;
 There was not one among the Fenians,
 That was not hospitable amongst all.

Hadst thou seen, O chaste cleric,
 The Fenians one day on yon southern strand ;
 Or at Naas of Leinster of the gentle streams,
 Then the Fenians thou wouldst greatly have es-
 teemed.

Patrick, enquire of God,
 Whether he recollects when the Fenians were alive ;
 Or hath he seen east or west,
 Men their equal, in the time of fight.

Or, hath he seen in his own country,
 Tho' high it be above our heads ;
 In conflict, in battle, or in might,
 A man who was equal to Fionn.

² NAAS LAIJEAN, now Naas, in the county of Kildare, a noted place
 in Fenian history.

P. Oiríu ir bínn líom do glór,
 a' r beannaéc fór le h-anmuin Fhionn;
 aitéir dúinn cá mhéid fíad,
 do mairbair ar Shliab na m-Ban Fhionn.¹

O. Do rzaorleamair aon mhíle cú,
 dob' fearir lút a' r do bí zarz;
 do túir dá fíad le zac cú díob,
 a' r an oirneab leir an b-Féinn uile.

Dha cóin deáz ar Shliab Luacra,²
 dá cóin mhór a m-Beairna an Scail;³
 dá cóin a n-iaréar an Rómair,⁴
 a' r dá cóin an abair Bhanna.⁵

Dha cóin az Cairzín na z-cloc,⁶
 a' r dá cóin ar Loc Inre Uí Chuirn;⁷
 dá cóin a b-Fhorraois na b-Fíann,⁸
 a' r dá cóin air Shliab na m-Ban b-Fhionn.

A Phacraic, a z-cualab tu an t-realz,
 a mhic Calpnaigh na pralm rair;
 mar do mizneab le Fhionn ina aonar,
 a' r zar aon neac an n b'Fhianhaib Fajl?

¹ Sliab na m-ban Fhionn, from rhab, a mountain, na m-ban, of the women, and fionn, fair-haired; literally, the mountain of the fair-haired women, now *Sliabh-na-man* in the county of Tipperary, which is situated within four miles of the town of Clonmel, and two of Carrick-on-Suir. For the legend of these fair-haired women, see an interesting paper on the Fenian Traditions of Sliabh na m-Ban, in the *Transactions* of the *Kilkenny Archaeological Society*, for 1851.

² Sliab Luacra, now Sliabh Luachar, in the counties of Cork and Kerry.

³ Beairna an Scail, *Gap of Scal*. See note, p. 4.

⁴ Rómair, now the Rower, an extensive district in the county of Kilkenny, separated by the river Barrow from the town of New Ross.

⁵ Banna, the river Bann, in the county of Wexford, celebrated by George Ogle in the beautiful song;—

“As down by Banna's banks I stray'd.

P. Oisín, sweet to me is thy voice,
 And a blessing furthermore, on the soul of Fionn ;
 Relate to us how many deer
 Were slain at Sliabh-na-m-Ban Fionn.

O. We loosened one thousand hounds,
 The swiftest, and the most fierce ;
 There fell by each hound two stags,
 And as many more, by all the Fenians.

Twelve hounds at Sliabh Luachra,
 And two large hounds at Bearnna-an-Scail,
 Two hounds on the west of the Rower,
 And two hounds at the river Bann.

Two hounds at Carrigeen of the rocks,
 And two hounds, at the lake of Inchiquin ;
 Two hounds at Formaoil of the Fians,
 And two hounds at Sliabh-na-m-Ban-Fionn.

O Patrick, hast thou heard of the chase,
 O son of Calphruin of the tuneful psalms ;
 How it was made by Fionn alone,
 And no one with him of the Fians of Fail ?

* *Carigeen na S-clóe, Carrigeen of the rocks.* This is the name of a townland, on the Walsh mountains, in the county of Kilkenny ; but whether it is the Carrigeen alluded to in the text we cannot determine.

⁷ *Loe Inne Uí Chuión, the lake of Inchiquin, literally, the lough of the Island of O'Quin.* This romantic lake is situated in the parish of Kilnaboy, barony of Inchiquin, county of Clare, and is about two miles and a-half in circumference. It is bounded on its western side, by a range of rugged but richly wooded hills. It is from this lake, that the barony takes its name ; and the chief or head of the O'Briens, the Marquis of Thomond, took his more ancient title of Earl of Inchiquin. For a very interesting account of the connection of the O'Quin family, with this locality, see the *Irish Penny Journal*, No. 16, *Dublin Journal*, &c. Vol. II., pp. 136, 152.

* *Formaoil na b-Fian.* This Formaoil is situated between Miltown and Ennis, in the county of Clare.

P. Nj čualad, a mič an Rijč,
 a Orijn žlic na nšojom nšarč;
 ajeur dam a'č na can žd,
 cjonbur do nižnead ljb an t-realč?

O. Nj čanamaoijne an Fhianh žd,
 a'č breaz ljon nšor ramlaž njan;
 le fšionh a'č le neanc an lan,
 do čizmir rlan ar žac žliad.

Nšor fujb clajneac a ž-cill,
 žjč bion ljb a čanajb pšalm;
 dob' fearu focal na an Fhianh,
 fir nar loc a nžliad žarb.

Nšor fujb clajneac a ž-cill,
 a Phacraic čaomj ir bion žlčr;
 dob' fešle na Fšionh fejn,
 fear nac caol do bšonhad šr.

Da majrfead mac Mšorna mear,
 nš žoll calma nar čar fead;
 nš mac Uj Dhušne na m-ban,
 an laoč do čurfead cač ar čšad.

Da majrfead Fearžur rje rjal,
 fear a ž-canca do nona ar an b-fšionh;
 nš Dajne do fejnnead žan ločt,
 a nžuč do člož nj bjad mo rfejr.

Da majrfead mac Žarrajč na lanh,
 an fear nar žanh ač cur an šir;
 Orcur nš mac Ronajh žrionh,
 do črčnan ran ž-cill nšor řajm.

- P. I have not heard, O son of the king,
 O wise Oisin of the fierce deeds ;
 Relate to me and tell no untruth,
 How the chase was made by ye ?
- O. We [the Fenians] never used to tell untruth,
 Falsehood was never attributed to us ;
 By truth and the might of our hands,
 We came safe out of every conflict.

There never sat a cleric in a church,
 Tho' melodiously ye think they chant psalms,
 More true to his word than the Fians,
 Men who never shrunk from fierce conflicts.

A cleric never sat in a church,
 O Patrick mild of the sweet voice ;
 More hospitable than Fionn himself,
 A man who was not niggardly, in bestowing gold.

If Mac Morna the swift were now alive,
 The mighty Goll, who loved not jewels ;
 Or, the son of O'Duibhne of the women,
 The hero who used to engage a hundred in the fight.

If Feargus, the hospitable bard, were alive,
 He who used to bestow their songs on the Fenians ;
 Or Daire who used to sing without fault,
 In the sound of thy bells, I would take no pleasure.

If Mac Garadh of the blades were alive,
 He who was not slow, in making slaughter ;
 Oscur or Mac Ronain the cheerful,
 Your droning in the church would not be pleasant.

- O. Da mairfead Aobh Beaz mac Fhionn,
 nō Faolan zrionn nar éarri neac;
 nō Conan Maol do bī zan zruaiz,
 ir iad d'fāz me faoi zruaim le real!
- Nō an t-adac beaz do bī a3 Fionn,
 do cúirfead zac duine na tóiréim ruaim;
 ba binne liom ruaim a méar,
 na a b-fuil do'n cléir a z-cill a' r a b-tuairc.
- Or ahoct nac mairfeann an Fhian,
 na Fionn fial na v-buar;
 do bodar rianran na pralm,
 a' r zlóir zanb na z-cloz mo cluar.
- P. Szuir do béal a feandóir ruairc,
 na bī fearba a3 luad na b-Fian;
 a' r zo v-beacadar éort mair an z-ceb,
 a' r zo m-béid zo deó a uzlar na b-rían!
- O. Na h-abairi rin, a Phactairc zlic,
 a' r nac riab ar bīc na ar neam na uzrar,
 aon laoc le a m-béarfarde buad,
 ar céann an t-ruaiz, Fionn an aiz.
- Muna m-béidfead na zeara do bī ar Fhionn,
 a' r nar mian leir bairfead tuiob;
 a b-fuil ioin neam a3ur lán,
 vī claoibfóir lám mo ri3.
- P. Ir é mo ri3-re dealbairz neam,
 ir é do beir neair do laoc;
 ir é do cum an bjoct-buan,
 ir é do beir blaé na z-craob.

O. If Aodh Beag the son of Fionn were alive,
 Or Faolan the jovial who never refused any one ;
 Or Conan Maol who was without hair—
 They left me sorrowful for a while !

Or the little dwarf whom Fionn had,
 Who put each man into heavy sleep ;
 More melodious to me was the sound of his fingers,
 Than all the clerics in church and laity.

As tonight the Fenians do not live.
 Or the hospitable Fionn of the gifts ;
 The loud chanting of the psalms, [hearing.
 And the hoarse sound of the bells have deafened my

P. Cease thy talk, pleasant old man,
 Be not henceforth talking about the Fenians ;
 For they have passed thee by like a mist,
 And will be for ever, in the fetters of pain !

O. Say not so, O Patrick the wise,
 For there was not on earth or in heaven of grace,
 Any hero able to gain victory,
 Over the head of our host, Fionn the noble.

Had it not been for the injunctions imposed on Fionn,
 Which he would not break through ;
 All that is between heaven and earth,
 Would not subdue the hand of my king.

P. It is my king, who formed the heavens,
 It is he, who gives might to the warrior ;
 It is he, that created the universe,
 It is he, that gives the blossom of the trees.

P. Jr é do dealdaiḡ éarḡa a'ḡ zḡian,
 jr é do beir 1arḡ ar linn;
 jr é do cḡuḡaiḡ zorn a'ḡ fḡar,
 nḡ h-ḡonann a'ḡ éacḡa Fḡion.

O. Nḡ ar cḡuḡaḡ é zorn nḡ fḡir,
 éuḡ mo nḡz-ḡe fḡir a dḡil;
 acḡ ar éorḡairc corḡa laoc,
 ar éorḡairc cḡioc, a'ḡ ar éur a élu.

Ar fḡuirḡiḡ, ar ḡoir, ar fḡeilḡ,
 ar noḡcḡad meirḡe a d-cḡir ḡleó;
 ar ḡoir fḡicḡille,¹ a'ḡ ar fḡair,
 a'ḡ ar fḡeicḡair éairc a d-cḡir an éil.

¹ Fḡicḡeall, *Chess*. This was the favorite game of the ancient Irish chieftains; and is frequently referred to in the earliest manuscripts extant. In *leabair nḡ z-Cearc (Book of Rights)*, p. lxi. the following account of this game, copied from *leabair nḡ h-Uḡir*, a manuscript of the twelfth century, is given; and it will serve as a curious specimen of the language of that period: —

“Cḡa c-airḡ-ḡeo? ol Cocharḡ. Nḡ arḡairc ḡon, ol ḡé, Mḡon Dneḡ Leḡ. Cḡo doc noacḡ? ol Cocharḡ? Do ḡoir fḡicḡille fḡirḡa, ol ḡé. An nḡarḡ ḡe em, ol Cocharḡ, ḡon fḡicḡill? A fḡoḡadḡuḡ, ol Mḡon. Aca, ol Cocharḡ mo nḡan ḡ n-a coḡuḡ, jr le ḡe ecḡ aca ḡe fḡicḡell. Aca ḡuḡ éḡae, ol Mḡon fḡicḡell nḡ meḡro. Da fḡir onclair nḡarḡe ocuḡ fḡir éir, ocuḡ fḡurḡuḡ [i. laḡaḡ] caḡa hḡairc ḡon ḡ éair nḡ luc loḡḡair, ocuḡ fḡer bolḡ nḡ fḡi noḡ cḡeḡuḡae. Céruḡ Mḡon ḡe fḡicḡill ḡon ḡon. ḡoir, ol Mḡon. Nḡ ḡuḡeairc é ḡuḡill, ol Cocharḡ. Cḡo ḡell éair anḡ? ol Mḡon. Cumḡa ḡon, ol Cocharḡ. Noḡ éair hḡarḡ, ol Mḡon, nḡa cḡ beirḡ mo éocḡell caeḡar zḡair n-buḡḡair.”

“ ‘What is thy name?’ said Eochaidh. ‘It is not illustrious,’ replied the other; ‘Midir of Brigh Leith.’ ‘What brought thee hither?’ said Eochaidh. ‘To play sithcheall with thee,’ replied he. ‘Art thou good at sithcheall?’ said Eochaidh. ‘Let us have the proof of it,’ replied Midir. ‘The queen,’ said Eochaidh, ‘is asleep, and the house in which the sithcheall is belongs to her.’ ‘There is here,’ said Midir, ‘a no

- P. It is he, that made the moon and the sun,
 It is, he that brings fish into a lake ;
 It is he, that formed field and grass,
 Not like the deeds of Fionn.
- O. 'Twas not in forming fields and grass,
 That my king took delight ;
 But in mangling the bodies of heroes,
 In contesting kingdoms and spreading his fame.

In courting, playing, and hunting,
 And unfolding his banner, in the front of the fight ;
 In playing at chess and swimming,
 And in beholding all in the house of drinking.

worse fithcheall.' This was true, indeed : it was a board of silver and pure gold, and every angle was illuminated with precious stones, and a man-bag of woven brass wire. Midir then arranges the fithcheall. 'Play,' said Midir. 'I will not, except for a wager,' said Eochaidh, 'What wager shall we stake?' said Midir. 'I care not what,' said Eochaidh. 'I shall have for thee,' said Midir, 'fifty dark grey steeds, if thou win the game.'"

In Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, Vol. II., p. 372, there is an Irish poem ascribed to Alfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, and said to have been composed by him, during his exile in Ireland, A.D. 685, in which he describes the Ossorians, as expert hands at the game, in the following stanza : -

"Ro bheac ó Anon cogla,
 & ceim Alonh Orlaighhe,
 Sholla mhíreach uall nór ríach,
 Flanna fíora fíohchollach."

I found from Ara to Gle,
 In the rich country of Ossory,
 Sweet fruit, strict jurisdiction,
 Men of truth, chess playing.

O. Ա Քհառայւ, զա թայծ ծօ Փիյա,
 աղ տղ ընդիւ զա ծար տղ լար ?
 շիւ լեծ եղաղ թի՛ լօճաղղ յա լօղղ;
 լե՛ր շիւ յօղաճ թօղղ թաղ շրար ?

Ոճ աղ տղ ընդիւ զա Պարի՛ ծար,
 թաճ թի՛ լօճաղղ յա թի՛ լաճ յ-ճիւ ;
 շրար յար թօղղա՛ թի՛ յա յաօղղ,
 ծօղղ աղ ծայղիօղղա՛ զա թիւ յօղղ ?

Ոճ աղ տղ ընդիւ Պա՛ շիւ թօղղ,
 աղ թար ծա ծօղղ ա յիւ լօ յար շիւ ;
 թիւ շօղղա՛ ծա թարթար ծօ թի՛,
 շօ շ-շիւ ծօղղա՛ լօ Քիւղղա՛ Քիւղղ.

Ոճ աղ տղ ընդիւ Տա՛ լի թաճ Տրօղղ,
 աղ թար աղ աղ ծ-Քիւղղ ծօ շիւ աղ շ-ար ;
 յի լօ Պիա ծօ շիւ աղ շիւ ծաճ,
 աճ լօ ի-Օրար աղարի՛ շաճ.

Աղղաղղ, թաճ Բաճա յօղղ,
 լօ յիւղղ Տարղաղղ յա թիւղղ ծ-շրար ;
 յիւղղ լաղղ թիւ, թա յար ծօ թի՛,
 ծիւ ծա շիւղղա՛ շիւ Քիւղղ թիւ.

Յօղղա շաճ, յարթ, ա՛ թ շիւղղ,
 ծօ շօղղաճ թօ Քիւղղա՛ Քիւղղ ;
 յի շիւղղաճ շօ յ-շարղա շաճ
 թի՛ յա յաօղղ, յա շիւ շարղա՛ շա լաղղ.

P. Լիւղղիւ ծ՛ար շ-շօղղաղղ աղ շաճ շաճ,
 ա թարթիւ շիւղղ աճա շաղ շիւղղ ;
 շիւղղ շօ ծ-թիւ Պիա աղ յարղ յա յ-թիւ,
 աղղ Քիւղղ ա՛ թ ա թիւղղա յիւ ա ծ-թիւղղ.

O. O Patrick, where was thy God,
 When the two came across the sea ; [the ships,
 Who carried off the queen of the king of Lochlin of
 By whom many fell here in conflict.

Or when the mighty Dearg came,
 The son of the king of Lochlin of the golden shields ;
 Why did not heaven's king protect them,
 From the blows of the great man ?

Or when Maghnus the great landed,
 He who was fierce in dread conflict ;
 'Tis likely, had your king then lived,
 That he would have joined the Fians of Fionn.

Or when Tailc mac Treoin arrived,
 He who on the Fians great slaughter made ;
 'Twas not by God the hero fell ;
 But by Oscur in the presence of all.

Ailleann, the son of Badhma the great, [spoiled,
 By whom Temor of the powerful hosts used to be
 There did not dare [even] if thy king lived,
 To go to conquer him but Fionn himself.

Many a battle, victory, and contest,
 Was celebrated by the Fians of Fail ;
 I never heard that any feat was performed
 By the king of saints ; or that he reddened his hand.

P. Let us cease our comparison on both sides,
 Withered old man, who art devoid of sense ;
 Understand that God dwells in heaven of the degrees,
 And Fionn and his hosts are all in pain.

O. Ba m̄or an n̄arne r̄in do Dh̄ia,
 zan zlar̄ na b-rian̄ do buain̄ d'Fh̄ionn̄ ;
 azur̄ Dh̄a f̄ein̄, da m-biad' a m-bruid̄,
 zo d-crioid̄fead̄ an flait̄ tar̄ a c̄ean̄n̄.

N̄ion̄ f̄ulainḡ F̄ionn̄ ar̄ fead̄ a r̄ae,
 ueac̄ do beit̄ a b-r̄ein̄ na a n̄zuar̄ ;
 zan fuarf̄lad̄ ar̄ le h-ain̄zead̄ n̄ō d̄r̄,
 le caé n̄ō z̄leó, zo m-beir̄nead̄ buad̄.

Jr̄ maít̄ an tean̄n̄ dam̄ ar̄ do Dh̄ia,
 beit̄ amear̄z̄ a c̄h̄ar̄, mar̄ t̄ain̄ ;
 zan h̄iad̄, zan ead̄ac̄, zan c̄eól̄,
 zan beit̄ az̄ h̄ion̄n̄ad̄ d̄ir̄ ar̄ d̄ain̄.

Zan z̄air̄ na n̄zad̄ar̄ na na r̄oc̄,
 zan beit̄ cor̄n̄eac̄ por̄e na cuan̄ ;
 do c̄ion̄n̄ a b-fuar̄nar̄ d'ear̄bad̄ an h̄īde,
 maít̄im̄ do r̄iz̄ n̄ein̄e am' uac̄c̄.

Zan r̄n̄ain̄, zan f̄iazaideac̄c̄, zan F̄ionn̄,
 zan r̄uir̄z̄īb̄ f̄ial-ban̄, zan r̄p̄d̄r̄e ;
 zan r̄uid̄eac̄ a n̄-ion̄ad̄ mar̄ ba d̄ual̄,
 zan r̄oz̄l̄uim̄ cleaf̄ l̄úe na z̄leó.

P. Leiz̄ eura do beit̄ da n̄ion̄,
 a n̄ic̄ an R̄iz̄ ba maít̄ clú ;
 z̄eill̄ do'̄n̄ t̄e do z̄n̄īb̄ z̄ac̄ maít̄,
 criom̄ do c̄ean̄n̄ a' r̄ feac̄ do z̄l̄ín̄.

Buail̄ d'uc̄e a' r̄ doir̄e do deōr̄,
 crieb̄ do'̄n̄ t̄e t̄a d̄r̄ do c̄ion̄n̄ ;
 z̄īb̄ z̄ur̄ b'ion̄z̄na leac̄ a luad̄,
 jr̄ é do r̄uz̄ buail̄b̄ ar̄ Fh̄ionn̄.

- O. Great would be the shame for God,
 Not to release Fionn, from the shackles of pain ;
 For if God himself were in bonds,
 The chief would fight on his behalf.

Fionn never suffered in his day
 Any one to be in pain or difficulty ;
 Without redeeming him, by silver or gold,
 By battle or fight, till he got the victory.

It is a good claim for me on thy God
 To be among his clerics, as I am ;
 Without food, without clothing or music,
 Without bestowing gold on bards.

Without the cry of the hounds or of the horns,
 Without guarding harbours or coasts ;
 For all that I have suffered for lack of food,
 I forgive heaven's king in my will.

Without bathing, without hunting, without Fionn,
 Without courting generous women, without sport,
 Without sitting in my place, as was due,
 Without learning feats of agility or fighting.

- P. Cease recounting them,
 O son of the king whose fame was great ;
 Submit to Him who doeth all good,
 Stoop thy head and bend thy knee.

Strike thy breast and shed thy tear,
 Believe in Him who is above ;
 Though thou art amazed at its being said,
 'Twas he gained victory over Fionn.

O. Ձ Բիւրաւի, ծաղիկ-բոցիկի շահ ձեռն,
 Ծոփաբախտ լեծ՝ զնայն և շարտ;
 Ո՞ր ծիծառ լեծար զա ծառի ծառ,
 Ո՞ր ծոց տրաւ անո ծոցն զնայն:

Ձ Ծառիկ Օրդն, ո՞ր շնորհ տրուի!
 Ո՞ր ծոցն կտո՞ւ ինչ ծոցն ծոցն;
 Շօղաբար զո ինչ, զնայն զա Քիւր,
 զնայն զա Քիւր զա Քիւր զա Քիւր զա Քիւր:

P. Պար ծոցաւոր զնայն ծոցն,
 Քիւր, զնայն, զնայն զնայն;
 Պար ծոցաւոր զնայն ծոցն,
 Քիւր ծոցն զնայն զնայն զնայն:¹

O. Ո՞ր ծոցն ծոցն ծոցն և ծոցն ծոցն,
 զնայն զնայն զնայն զնայն;
 Քիւր ծոցն զնայն զնայն զնայն,
 Քիւր ծոցն զնայն զնայն զնայն:

¹ Քիւր-ընտր, *the chase*. This poem, which forms part of the *Քիւր*, and generally comes in here in our Irish manuscripts, is printed in full in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, p. 412, *Dub.* 1816, with a metrical translation at p. 91, to which we refer the reader. The Rev. Dr. Drummond has also made a highly poetic translation of it, which

- O. O Patrick, were I without sense,
 I would take off the heads of thy clerics ;
 There would not be a book or crozier bright,
 Or matin bell left in thy church.

Oisín said, sorrowful is my tale !
 The sound of thy lips is not sweet to me ;
 I will cry my fill, but not for God,
 But for Fionn and the Fians not being alive !

- P. As thou hast promised, relate to us—
 Forsake, shun, hatred and anger—
 As thou hast promised, relate to us now,
 How the chase was made by you.

- O. No wonder we should be sorrowful,
 Whilst bereft of the head of our host ;
 Whoever may boast over us that we are not joyful,
 'Twas we that had cause to weep !

is published in his *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*. The legend which gave rise to the *Poem of the Chase*, is frequently alluded to in Irish Manuscripts, and is interwoven with the romance, entitled “*Féir Uíge Chonaing Chionn Shléibe*,” which formed the Second Volume of our *Transactions*. The scene is laid at *Sliabh Guillinn*, in the county of Armagh.

ՇԱՒԻ ԸՆՈՅԸ ԶԱՆ ԶԻՐ.

O. Ծօ ծամար սլե աղ Բիւսն ա՛ր Բիօն,
ա Յ-ծօրնէօնձի աբ աղ Յ-ցոօ րօ րիար;
աՅ յոյրու աբ ձեարայծ լա՛ւ,
ա՛ր բիոն Յօ րնծա՛ւ աՅ Կարէօն իաՅ.¹

Շյօձ քնա՛ւ ծնիոն առիւայծ բիո,
ա ծծարու ծրաօլ Եօրնրա՛ւ Յօ Յիոն Յիւ;
իբ ԵաՅալ իօն, ա Բիոն յա ծ-Բիւսն,
նա՛ւ րաճա աղ բիւս Յար ծօրիՅ ծիծ.

Շրնաճ րօ աղօր, ծօ բայծ Բիօն,
լօ ա ծ-Կարէօն լօաւ աբ Յ-Կար ծօբրնօն;
ա՛ր յա՛ւ ծ-բայլ լաօ՛ւ րաօլ աղ յՅրնօն,
նա՛ւ ծ-բայլ րաղ ծ-Բիւսն րօարայ լօձ.

¹ Կարէօն իաՅ, *throwing or casting stones*. This singular custom was carried on to a great extent in the early part of the present century; and, it is traditionally said that the *Dallaen* or pillar-stones, found in various parts of Ireland, were the “*cloca neim*,” of the Fenians, and that Fionn Mac Cumhaill himself made no great boast of casting one of these huge rocks from the hill of *Almhuin* (Allen), where his palace stood, across to the hill of *Howth*, a distance of about twenty miles. In “*Եաճրա յիւ յա յի-ձօնարու*,” or *The Adventures of an Ill-advised Son*, by Carroll O’Daly, better known on account of his rhyming propensities, as—

“Շարձալ Կար յա յ-արան,
Ծօ րօնրօձ րօարուսան աբ ձձարիծ.”
Swarthy Carroll the rhymor,
Who would play a ditty on the harp.

the custom is thus referred to:—

“Լա յա ծ-բար յարան ԿարաՅ յձ րաղ Է-րիւս,
Ձ՛ր Լա յա ծ-բար ծօ ձարիոն իօՅ յար իաձ.”

On the day that the men were mustered, I met them on the hill,
On the day that the men were mustered I’d cast a stone as well as any
of them.

THE BATTLE OF CNOC AN AIR.

O. WE were all, the Fians and Fionn,
Assembled on this hill to the west ;
Practising feats of agility,
And we so mirthful casting stones.

Not long were we so,
When the Druid of Tara, wisely said ;
I greatly fear, O Fionn of the Fians !
That the time is not far when thou shalt regret.

What means this, saith Fionn,
That thou foretel our cause of grief ;
There is not a hero under the sun,
Who among the Fians cannot find his match.

Carroll O'Daly was the most celebrated wit of his day, as well as the most eccentric character. He was the first harper of his time, and author of that beautiful and soul-stirring song "Εβλήη Δ Ηύίη," or, *Ellen, the secret of my heart*, which he composed for the daughter of Kavanagh, the history of which is so well known, that there is no necessity for repeating it here.

² ΟΥΡΑΟΙ ΤΕΔΑΥΗΝΑΔ, *the Druid of Tara*. According to our ancient annalists, Tigearmmas, monarch of Ireland, of the race of Heremon, was the first who introduced the worship of idols into Ireland, about nine centuries before the Christian era ; and it is stated, that while worshipping the *Crom Cruach*, the chief deity of the Irish Druids, along with a vast assemblage of his subjects at *Magh Sleacht* in Breifne, on the feast of *Samhuin*, one of their Deities (the day dedicated to whose rites was the same as the last day of October), he himself, with three-fourths of his people, were struck dead by lightning, as a punishment from heaven for his introduction of idolatry into the kingdom. See Connellan's *Four Masters*, p. 75, note. For a learned Dissertation on Druidism in Ireland, see O'Conor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, Tom. I., *Proleg. Pars. 1.*, pp. xx.—xxxiv.

O. Երբ զսայրե, և Բիցոն, յա չ-քրսած լան, չո Ե-բլլ աղ շօլլ և յջօրեաճճ ԾաօլԵ; քեճճ յա յեճա թօլա՛ լւծ, ևՅ Եճար ճւճճճ ճաօլԵ ար ճաօլԵ.

Ծ'քեճճ Բիցոն ճր և ճիցոն թար, և՛ր Ծօ ճօղարԵ ճար թօլա չօ քեճճ; յր Եճալ լից, Ծօ թաճճ ևր թաօլ, չօ Ծ-քօքթաճճ ևր-ճար ևր ևր Ե-Բիցոն.

Ծօ չօլլ Բիցոն ճարճ օրքար, և՛ր ԾԾարԵ, և ճարճ յա լան չեար, յր ճարԵ ճար և Երճճ ևՅ ճաօլ, քեճճ ար թճճճ ևր ևճօլլ.

Ձ թճճ յա Ե-Բիցոն, Ծօ թաճճ օրքար, յա ճլաճ Եթօճճ յա ևրԾրան ճարԵ; ևճա յարԵ և՛ր լւճճ ևճ ճեճալԵ, և՛ր քրօն-թլաճճ քեճճ թեճճճ ճաօլԵ.

Ծօ ճարճար յրլ ևր Բիցոն, թալաճ ևՅ ճրօն-ևրարԵ յա յարԵ; Ծօ Եր Ծրաճճ ևճար թօլԵլլ, թւճճ. և՛ր Ծրաճճ Երլ ԾԾճճ յա յրԵ.

Ծօ լաճար Ծօղաճճ ճօ ճուճճ ևր, ևճար յր ևճ Ծօ թաճճ չօ ԾօլԵ քեճճ; յր Ե-բլլ յաճճ Ծ'ար ևճրալճճ Ծաճճ, ևճար թեճճճ ևճճ թար թաօլ.

1 յեճա թօլա, *clouds of blood*. The Irish still look upon any changes in the clouds as portentous of some forthcoming event; and here, Fionn foresaw the destruction which awaited the Fenians at Croc-an-air.

2 Ծօղաճճ was the most noisy person in the Fenian ranks, though, at

O. Believe me, O Fionn of the tempered blades,
 That the foe is nigh at hand ;
 Behold those clouds of blood,
 Threatening gloomily side by side.

Fionn gazed above his head,
 And he beheld a mighty omen of blood.
 I greatly fear, saith the sage,
 That a ruin of slaughter will come upon the Fians.

Fionn called Oscur to him,
 And said, O hero of the sharp blade,
 'Tis likely that thou shalt be mourning ;
 Behold the portents in the heavens.

O king of the Fenians, saith Oscur,
 Be not startled, or depressed by them ;
 There is might and strength in thy arms,
 And a mighty host at thy side.

We, the Fenians, all spent,
 Some time keenly beholding the clouds ;
 Some of us were merry and gladsome,
 And others with gloomy countenances.

Conan spoke with a loud voice,
 Exclaiming haughtily and proudly ;
 There is no one whose colour changed,
 I confess, but a coward.

the same time, the most contemptible. For an account of his enchantment in the *Bruighin Chaorthainn*, and what he suffered there, we would refer the reader to that curious tract, which will hereafter form one of the Society's publications.

- O. 2 Fhionn mhic Cúmhail, do náid an Dhrasí,
 tionsól do buidéan ad' dail,
 a' r' moínecear íad leat ar leat,
 zo n-déinid faíne ar éaéct do'n namaid?

Do íeínn Fionn an Dóid Fhianh,
 a' r' d'íneazair ríad ina n'zair;
 zac fear ma luait az teacé,
 eíidin flait, éraé, a' r' éain.

Aíneócad anoir, an Fionn zo fíor,
 zac neac dam buidéan le'n b'ionnra mé;
 a' r' fíor zac neac da b-fuil dom fuaé,
 ma éuirid ruar a beicé dom' réir.

- O. 2 Orcair, do náid Fionn an d-túr,
 óf tú urra¹ a' r' lúé, na b-Fianh;
 an b-fairfid tú zo lá mé cac,
 teacé do'n namaid cá éuzainn az ériall.

Fiafraízm díot anoir, a Fhionn,
 an dul cum ruain dob' ail leat;
 n'íor máire duit, a' r' ba n'í-élu,
 ma' r' eazal leat namde teacé.

Ní le h-anb'ann moim laim cac,
 do mac'fainn éraé cum ruain;
 acé zup fíor duit zup zhaé líom,
 cairbéanaó d'fázail an zac zuarí.

Ní díúlcóiz míre faíne ne cac,
 n'íl móir-zac 'na anb'ann oim;
 zidead ír eazal líom, a Fhionn,
 zup beaz dob' buidéan nac eazal leó.

¹ Urra, a pillar, a prop or support, the frame on which a door hangs. Oscar was considered the stoutest and most valiant of the Fenians; hence Fionn designates him as above; but we question whether he bore the

O. O Fionn, son of Cumhall, saith the Druid,
 Call thy forces in thy presence ;
 And divide them into two separate bodies,
 That they may watch the approach of the foe.

Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann,
 And they answered by a shout ;
 Each man vieing to be first,
 Noble, chief, and host.

I shall now truly discern, saith Fionn,
 Such of my followers as are attached to me ;
 And also such as do me hate,
 If they refuse being led by me.

O Oscur, saith Fionn at first,
 As thou art the prop and strength of the Fians,
 Wilt thou with others watch this night [us.
 The approach of the enemy who are making towards

I ask of thee now, O Fionn,
 If it be thy wish to take repose ;
 It would not become thee, but bring ill fame,
 If thou fear that foes may come.

'Tis not through dread of any man's hand,
 That I would awhile go to rest ;
 But thou knowest I am accustomed,
 To have visions of every danger.

I shall not refuse keeping watch with the rest,
 There's neither fear nor terror on me ;
 Though I greatly fear, O Fionn,
 That the most of thy followers are in dread.

palm in heroism from Goll mac Morna ; or even his father the poet Oisín.
 He was killed by Cairbre Lifeachair at the Battle of Gabhra. Vide
Transactions, Vol. I., p. 50.

O. Յօրեար Բիտոյ ար Պիարտայծ Փօղո,
 ա՛ր բարբառէար Յօ շատորս Ծօն քալծ ;
 ան Ե-բարբալծ Ես մար ևօն Ե Կ-Օրսար,
 մա՛ր յօղմայն Եօտ մօ նա ԿԱԾ.

Նյօր Ելծ մյր Բօր ոյան, Կ Բիտոյ,
 Կ Յ-ԿԱԾ նա Յ-Կօյմ-ԵարՅար նա Ծ-Երօմ-բլաճ ;
 ԱԾԵ Յօ ո-ԿլաԾ Օրսար ոյն ոօ Երօլծե,¹
 բօմայ ոյմ՝ ծլալծ Ե ԵօԾԵ ԵաԾ.

Ձ Յօլլ Եալմա նա Յ-ԵրաԾ Լայն,
 ան Կմայն Եօտ Բիլ նա Ե-Բլայն ;
 ան Ե-բարբալծ Ես Կ Ե-բօԵար ԵԱԾ,
 բլծ Երար ուՅ Եար նա ոՅարՅ ՅլաԾ.

Նյ Կ-ԵաՅալ Լյօմ Լայն Ծա ԵրաԾԱԾԵ,
 ծ Եա Օրսար նա ոՅար ամ՝ ծալ ;
 ա՛ր Պարտայծ ԵրծԾա նա Ե-Բլայնոյ,
 Ելծ մյր Եար յաԾ Յօ Լա.

ԵայնԵ Բաօլան² Ծօ ԼաԵար Բիտոյ,
 ա՛ր Ծօ ԼաԾար Յօ բլօԵար, ԱրԾ ;
 ա՛ր ԾաԾար, Կ ոյլ նա Ե-Բլայնոյ,
 ոյ ոյն Լյոն Ծալ Ծօ Բաոյ Յօ Լա.

¹ Կոյ ոօ Երօլծե, *the secret of my heart* ; or, *my heart's treasure*. This is still a common phrase in Ireland, but applied only as a term of affection.

² Բաօլան, or *O'Faolain*, now anglicised *Phelan* or *Whelan*. There were many distinguished persons of this name in ancient times who gave names to territories, tribes, and families in Ireland : such as the *Ui Faolain* of Leinster, a name rather prominent in the county of Kilkenny at the present day. Dr. O'Donovan writes of them (*Vide Եօար նա Յ-Եօար*, Book of Rights, pp. 205—6).—"This was the name of a tribe and territory containing about the northern half of the present county of Kildare. It comprised the baronies of "Clane" and "Salt," and the greater part, if not the entire, of those of "Ikeathy," and "Oughteranny." The town of Nas (Naas), and the churches of Claenadh (Clane), Laitreach Brain (Laraghbrine, near Maynooth), Dornnach Mor Muighe Luadhat (Donaghmore), Cluain Conaire (Cloncurry) ; and

O. Fionn calls Diarmuid Donn,
 And he asketh calmly of the sage ;
 Wilt thou watch with Oscur,
 If thou art more attached to me than the rest.

I never yet flinched, O Fionn,
 In battle or conflict of mighty hosts,
 So that Oscur the treasure of my heart,
 Were before or behind me in time of victory.

O valiant Goll of the well-tempered swords,
 Dost thou love the king of the Fians ;
 Wilt thou remain with them,
 Ye are the three who gained sway in fierce conflict.

I dread not the hardest hand,
 As Oscur of the feats is with me ;
 And valiant Diarmuid of the Fians,
 I will be with them this night.

Faolan came into the presence of Fionn,
 And exclaimed fiercely and loudly ;
 Saying, O Fenian king,
 We grudge thee not thy repose this night.

Fiodh Chuillinn (Feighcullen), were in it. After the establishment of surnames, [which happened in the reign of ΒΡΙΑΝ ΒΟΡΟΙΜΗΕ Brian Boróimhe, or Boru, as the name is often for brevity's sake incorrectly written] the chiefs of this territory took that of Mac Faolain, and soon after, that of O'Brain (*Anglice* O'Byrne) ; but they were driven from this level and fertile country, about the year 1202, by Meyler Fitz-Henry and his followers, when they retired into the mountains of Wicklow, where they acquired new settlements for themselves ; and in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, they were possessed of more than the southern half of the county of Wicklow." And at p. 222, note b (*idem*), he says that, "Magh Laighean was another name for the territory of the *Ui Faolain*. O'Faolain was the chief of a tribe, named *Deise*, descended from Fiacha Suighdhe, the elder brother of Conn of the Hun-

O. Ա Շոնայն մաօլ, ծօ թայծ Քիօն,
բան և Շ-սարայծ ճնճա Լեյծ-ձարծ ;
ծ'ր Ես իր Շարե սալլ-Շարե Երո,
ժամ ըշարեա մա'ր ԵաճԵ ծօ'ն ղանայծ.

Պա'ր ծւլ ծամ բէր, և Քիօն, ծօ'ն սարի,
ԱՇ բարե ար Եսարե, ղծ ար շան ;
ամ աօնար Շան Եսլե ծօ'ն Քհէրո,
Շօ ղշօրեար մե Երեմ' Լար ?

Ոյ Եսլե ծար, և Շոնայն մաօլ,
Ելնեաճ Քիօն, ծօ թայծ մաճ ԼնՇայծ,
ԱԵա ղա ղիՇ ծր Երօն ղա Ե-Քարո,
և Շ-Եօմրաճ, ա'ր և մ-Ելաճ, 'րա ղ-Եր.

Պա Եա Քիօն ղա ղիՇ ծր Երօն ղա Ե-Քարո,
և միճ ԼնՇայծ, ծօ թայծ Եօնան ;
ոյ Եօրմնլ Շար Եսլե ծամ,
Եսլ ամ աօնար Շօ Ե-սարի Լեաճ-ձարծ.¹

Ոյ'լ բան Ե-Քարո սլե, ար մաճ ԼաՇաճ,
բար Եօմ-մ-Երո ծօճ' շլծ-Շաճ արծ,
ա'ր Ելօրբիճ ան Քիան սլե ծօ Շլօր,
մա'ր ԵաճԵ ծօ'ն Եօր և ղՇար ծօ'ն Ձարծ.

Ոա Եյ բարԵա Լիօն ծա Լաճ,
և միճ ԼնՇայծ ղա միղ ՇէաՇ ;
Ե'Քիօն ղա ծօ'ն Քհէրո ոյ ղաճաճ ան,
Եսլրո ղար ծօ Լե մօ ղաճ.

dred Battles, who were expelled from Deece or *Deise Teamhrach*, in the county of Meath, by their relative Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, about, A.D. 254, when they settled in the county of Waterford about half a century back." One of their descendants, the Rev. John Whelan, P.P. of Modeligo, who died in the year 1819, was as fine a specimen of the old Irish race as one could wish to see.

O. O Conan the bald, saith Fionn, [Ard ;
 Remain thou in the dark recesses of the cave of Leath-
 As it is thou who can shout most loudly,
 To warn us of the approach of the enemy.

If to the cave I shall go, O Fionn,
 To watch for troubles, or for hosts
 Alone, without more of the Fians,
 May I be pierced through the middle.

Ill it becometh thee, O Conan the bald,
 To refuse Fionn, saith Mac Lughaidh ;
 Who is king over the Fians,
 In battle, in food, and in gold,

Although Fionn be king over the Fians,
 O son of Lughaidh, saith Conan ;
 'Tis not likely that I must go
 Alone to the cave of Leath-Ard.

There's not among all the Fenians, saith Mac Lughach,
 One who can shout so loudly as thou ;
 And all the Fenians shall hear thy voice,
 If the foe comes near the Ard.

Speak no more of this to me,
 O son of Lughaidh of the smooth limbs ;
 For Fionn or the Fians I shall not go there—
 I refuse it during my life.

¹ *Uaímh leac Árd, the cave of Leath Ard ; or, Lahard.* Mr. Daniel Sheehan, of Ardagh, Newcastle West, county of Limerick, who has been often on the top of Knockanar, near Ballybunion, says, that there is a cave there, and a spot which to this day is called Lahard ; which circumstance alone is sufficient to identify *Cnoc-an-áirí* as the scene of the battle.

O. Өириг аһи а Чондани маоли,
 до наиб Орсури, а'р беиб ад даил;
 Алб Беаз чрбда мац Фхиһи,
 а'р туиле ма'р зһаои леат д'фазаил.

Беир леат Феарав¹ а'р Бриһи луат,
 Szeolan, Фуаим, а'р Уеаразан;
 Бог-леим а'р Уиреад Члуаир,
 а'р имбг зһи зһуаим, а Чондани,

До зһуаир Чонан аи доһаирле Орсури,
 д'юһһагз рб доһаг на һ-уаима;
 на соиһ азур Алб Беаз мац Фхиһи,²
 до леаһадаи аһ таһи чуаирб.

До чуаиб Фюһи аһи рин цум руаиһ,
 а'р һи цлаһ до би а руаимеар аһи;
 аһ таһи до раһлузгеад до чриб,
 Алб Беаз мац Фхиһи а беиг зһи цеаһи.

До таирбеаһад до маи аон ир рин,
 зо наиб Золл чрбда а лаим зһад,
 ле зһаирзгеад рјор-дацтац, calma,
 д'аи б'аимһи Таил мац Тпеоир.

До һурзай аг а цобла зо рһар,
 а'р до зюри чуиге дһаои на б-Флаһи;
 д'аи ба цом-аимһи до рјор,
 Дһаои еалаһан,³ но феар рагт-цјалл.

¹ Феарав, Szeolan, Бриһи, &c. These were the names of some of the Fenian hounds; and Бриһи, which was Fionn's favorite one, was known by the following marks:—

“Cora buibe di an Bhran,
 A da caeb dub 'ra ta ri zeal;
 Druim ruairne de or ceann reig,
 Ir da cluair corcra com-beig.”

O. Go there, O Conan the bald,
 Saith Oscur, and there will be with thee ;
 Aodh Beag the valiant son of Fionn,
 And more if thou require.

Take with thee Fearan, and Bran the swift,
 Sgeolan, Fuaim, and Mearagan,
 Bog-Leim and Aireach Chluais,
 And depart without sullenness, O Conan.

Conan went by the advice of Oscur,
 And made towards the door of the cave ;
 The hounds and Aodh Beag, son of Fionn,
 Followed in the track of the host.

Fionn, then, retired to rest,
 And not long was he there in repose ;
 When he saw in his sleep,
 That Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn, was beheaded.

He likewise saw,
 That Goll the valiant was engaged in battle,
 With a mighty powerful champion,
 Whose name was Tailc Mac Treoin.

He awoke suddenly from his sleep,
 And called to him the druid of the Fians,
 Whose synonyms always were
 The Druid of art, or man of prescience.

Yellow legs had Bran,
 Both her sides black, and her belly white ;
 A speckled back over her loins,
 And two crimson ears, very red.

³ Aob Beag mac Fhionn, *Little Aodh the son of Fionn*. This Aob was the youngest son of Fionn. He was called "beag" (*small*) from his diminutive stature.

⁴ Druoid ealaaban, i.e., *the Druid of art*, or one skilled in magic or sorcery. In "The Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh," &c., published by the Irish

O. D'fáirnéir a nún iomlán do' y Driaoi,
 agh zac cairbdeanad djob rúd ;
 do maib Fionn, a b-faie-ciall rin
 iunir ahoir zan moill dúinn.

Tiocfaib ruatar ar an b-Féinn,
 a Fhinn, ir baogal, do maib an Driaoi ;
 zidead ní zoiurear an dír ra ngleic,
 Soll calma, crioda, na Abod.

Njor b-fada amlaib rin dúinn,
 an tan do cualamar uail-záir,
 do feinn Fionn an Dorb Fhianh,
 a' r d'fneazair diah-rzairc Chonáir.

Do zluair Conán na énean rié,¹
 a' r na coir ar lan lúe na diaiz ;
 d'fan Abod Beaz ar bnuac na h-uairh,
 zur cloinead leir fuairm na rziaé.

Archæological Society, p. 46, note *b*, the following curious recipe is given for transforming a poet into a druid :—

“ This is the way it is to be done : the poet chews a piece of the flesh of a red pig, or of a dog or cat, and he brings it afterwards on a flag behind the door, and chaunts an incantation upon it, and offers it to idol gods ; and his idol gods are brought to him, but he finds them not on the morrow. And he pronounces incantations on his two palms ; and his idol gods are also brought to him, in order that his sleep may not be interrupted ; and he lays his two palms on his two cheeks, and thus falls asleep ; and he is watched in order that no one may disturb or interrupt him, until every thing about which he is engaged is revealed to him, which may be a minute, or two, or three, or as long as the ceremony requires ; *et ides Imbas discitur*, i.e., one palm over the other across his cheeks.” But it is said (*Idem*) that “ St. Patrick abolished it, and the *Teinm Loeghdha*, and declared that whoever should practise them would enjoy neither heaven nor earth, because it was renouncing baptism.”

¹ Créan rié, *swift running, fleetness of foot*. The Fenians were remarkable for nimbleness of foot ; and one of the qualifications necessary for entering the service was that “ the candidate should be a nimble runner ; and that in his flight before a chosen body of the Fenians, he should be able not only to outrun them, but even to defend himself intact against their assaults.” Even in modern times the Irish are remarkable

O. He revealeth to the Druid the entire secrets,
 Which he saw in each vision of these ;
 Fionn saith, the meaning of those
 Tell us now without delay.

Slaughter awaits the Fenians,
 O Fionn, I fear, saith the Druid ;
 Yet the twain will not be wounded in the conflict,
 Goll the noble and valiant, nor Aodh.

Not long were we thus,
 When we heard a loud shout ;
 Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann,
 And the fierce yell of Conan replied.

Conan ran with all his might,
 And the hounds in full speed after him ;
 Aodh Beag remained on the brink of the cave,
 'Till he heard the clash of the shields.

for nimbleness of foot; for in a very learned paper on the physical characteristics of the ancient Irish, by Dr. O'Donovan, published in the twenty-third number of the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, we find the following allusions to the agility of the Irish quoted from a French author who visited Ireland in Dermot Mac Murrough's reign, and who was eye-witness to the fact:—"They assailed us often both in van and rear, casting their darts with such might, as no habergeon, or coat of mail, were of sufficient proof to resist their force; their darts piercing them through both sides. Our foragers, that strayed from their fellows, were often murdered [killed] by the Irish; for they were nimble and swift of foot, that, like unto stags, they ran over mountains and valleys, whereby we received great annoyance and damage."

And again, quoting Froissart:—"But I shewe you bycause ye should knowe the truth. Ireland is one of the yvele countries of the world to make warre upon, or to bring under subjection, for it is closed strongly and wydely with high forests and great waters, and mareshes, and places [un]inhabytable; it is hard to entre to do them of the countrey anie damage . . . For a man of armes beyng never so well horsed, and ran as fast as he can, the Yrisshemen wyll ryn afote as faste as he, and overtake hym, yea, and leap up upon his horse behynde him, and drawe him from his horse."

O. Do fíonn Fíonn an Dóid aifí,
 fúl do náiníc iad Conán maol;
 créad an fáé, do náid Orcur,
 tá'n tóir¹ cúzairn, cá b-fuifl Aod?

Do bí Aod a n-dorur na h-uaima,
 an tan do gluaif mife ar lúé;²
 n'íor aithaicar ó íoin tar m'air,
 a' r' n'íor b'ó Aod ba méara líom.

Créad eile do daicéid, ar Orcur,
 a Chonaín líorba, máoil, zan céill;
 cía aco Fíonn na b-Fíann, no mife,
 no cía an fear oile do'n Fháinn.

Ní h-é Fíonn, turá, 'na neac do'n Fháinn,
 mo daicéid a n-am zac béim;
 zid' zar ionnúin líom bun maicé,
 n'í ríó mo daicéid, acé mé féid.

Do gluaif Orcur do lúé créad,
 zo náiníz ré dorur na h-uaim;
 do fuair Aod Beaz mac Fhíonn féil,
 zan anóran, zan éaz, zan buairc.

Créad an fáé Aod Bhíz míc Fhíonn,
 ar Orcur, fuineac a n-diaíz an fíir máoil?
 a' r' námaid taob leac na ríé
 a leinb, nár túíz zar beaz b'aoif.

Cía bí an tóir a b-fozur dam,
 a' r' mé amuíz ó cábair na b-Fíann;
 n'íor éinóenuíz m'ínnin na mo énoide,
 na mo mírneac niam n'íor claoibead.

¹ Tóir, *pursuit*; one enemy in pursuit of the other.

² Lúé, *nimbleness or agility*. This and the two following stanzas show how indifferent Conan was about the difficulties the Fenians had to encounter; so that he himself was able to make good his ground by a speedy retreat, realising the old Irish proverb—

O. Fionn sounded the Dord again,
 Before Conan the bald arrived ;
 What means this, saith Ocur,
 The pursuers are coming, where is Aodh ?

Aodh was at the entrance of the cave,
 When I left in haste ;
 I have not looked behind since,
 'Twas not Aodh that troubled me.

What else thy trouble, saith Ocur,
 O Conan, lazy, bald, and devoid of sense ;
 Whether is it Fionn of the Fians, or I,
 Or what other man among the Fians ?

It is not Fionn, thou, nor any of the Fenians,
 Concerns me at the time of each blow ;
 Though I rejoice in the welfare of you all,
 I care for no one but myself.

Ocur ran with mighty speed,
 Till he reached the entrance of the cave ;
 He found Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn the generous,
 Alive without terror, without trouble.

Why is it, Aodh Beag, son of Fionn,
 Saith Ocur, [thou] remainest after the bald man,
 And the foe nigh thee in full speed,
 O child, who perceivedst not thy tender age.

Though the enemy were nigh me,
 And I beyond any aid from the Fians ;
 My intellect or heart faltered not,
 Nor was my courage ever subdued.

“Ír fearn nót maíe 'na dhóic-fearaí.”
 A good run is better than a bad stand.

Or,

He who fights and runs away,
 Will live to fight another day.

- O. Ձո շարբե ! ո՞ր ճրեւճ ! ո՞ր ճարճ !
 և Քիւրբայ, իր նիւն ծօ Փիւ ;
 ծա յարբեւճ Ձօ՞ Եւճ աղ' ծալ,
 եւ ծօլիճ ծօ ճլարմ' յա ճ-կար !
- P. Ձիւրբ ճար, և Օլրբ յիւ Քիւրբ,
 ճիւճ ճաճ Քիւրբ աղ ճար ;
 յի յարբեւճ Ձօ՞ Եւճ աղ ծալ,
 և՛ր յա ճար և ճ-կար ճիւրմ յա ճ-կար.
- O. Քիւրբ աղ ճար՞ աղ ճիւրբ թօ ճար,
 և՛ր ճօ լա աղ ճիւրբ ճիւրբ ծա ճարմ ;
 և Քիւրբայ յա յ-ճաճ յ-ճար,
 յի ճար թաճ ճիւրբ աղ ճ-արմ.
- P. Նա ճիւրբ ճար, և Օլրբ ճիւրբ,
 ճիւրբ ճարմ ճար Քիւրբ յա ճ-ճար ;
 ճաճ ճար ճիւրբ և՛ր և ճ-ար ճիւրբ,
 ճիւրբ ճիւրբ ճար ճիւրբ ճիւրբ.
- O. Նիւր ճիւրբ ճիւրբ ճար ճար, և ճ-ճար,
 և՛ր ճիւրբ ճիւրբ ճարմ ճար Օ ճիւրբ ;
 ճիւրբ ճիւրբ ճար ճար, և ճար,
 յա ճիւրբ ճիւրբ ճար, ճիւրբ ճար ճար.
- P. Ճօ ճիւրբ ճար ճիւրբ՞ ճիւրբ,
 ճարմ ճարմ ճար և՛ր ճար ճիւրբ ;
 և՛ր աղ ճար ճար ճար ճար,
 յի ճարմ ճար ճար ճար ճար.

¹ ճարմ, a shout, howl, loud talk, or clamour.

² Քիւրբ աղ ճար, the hill of slaughter or destruction. Any one visiting Ballybunion in the county of Kerry, noted for its caves, could not better enjoy themselves than by paying a visit to this celebrated hill, which lies quite close to it. The remaining portion of the poem, but somewhat

- O. My grief, my ruin, my sadness,
 O Patrick, who art obedient to God ;
 Had Aodh Beag himself lived with me,
 It would be ill for the clerics' clamour.
- P. Relate to us, O Oisín, son of Fíonn,
 The conclusion of the battle of Cnoc-an-air ;
 Aodh Beag doth not live with thee,
 And question not the clerics' deeds.
- O. Cnoc-an-air is this hill to the west,
 And till the day of judgment 'twill be so called ;
 O Patrick of the croziers bright !
 Not without cause did it get the name.
- P. Do not become faint, O Oisín, the generous,
 Reflecting on Fíonn and the Fians ;
 All that departed and those who live,
 Were as nothing compared to God.
- O. Fíonn of the Fians was [more than] nothing,
 And so was Diarmuid O Duibhne ;
 Oscur of the spears was [more than] nothing,
 And all the Fians, save Conan, the gay.
- P. Because that Fíonn was nothing,
 Diarmuid Donn and Oscur the noble ;
 And all the Fenians likewise,
 They live not like the God of grace.

different from our version, will be found in *The Transactions of the Gaelic Society*. Dub. 1808, p. 199.

* *Neíriúg*, *nothing*. Here St. Patrick shows that the Fenian heroes were insignificant beings when compared to the majesty of God.

O. Ա Քիպարայ, ոյ և Կ-Այրարի Կա Ե-Քլանո,
 Եօ Եյ ան քար ըն Պլա ան;
 Իր Եարն Եա Ե-Ելած ըօրն ո՞ր ըլար,
 Յօ ըջարբած ան Քիլանո Լըլր և շեանո.¹

P. Ծօ Եյ Պլա ան և Կ-Այրարի Կա Ե-Քլանո,
 Եա Ելան և՛ր Եյն Յօ Երա՛՛;
 Մայրնոն, Եջր Մայրբն Յօ Երյօ՛՛,
 ոյ Կ-Եօնան ըն Քիլանո, և Եօ՛՛՛՛՛՛ն!²

O. Ա Քիպարայ, Եա՛ր ըլօր Եօ ըջեալ,
 ան Ե-Եաջ Յօ Ե-Բալլր ան Քիլանո;
 Կա Ելրնո Ես Եա Լա՛՛՛՛,
 Յսր Ե՛՛ Եսջ Եսած օրնա Պլա.

P. Եա Ելա՛՛ ան Քիլանո և՛ր և Կջոյօն,
 և Օլրն ճրնո, Ե՛՛՛ Եօ Ելան;
 Կար ԵԵրած Լեօ ան Ե-Եօն Պլա ան,
 անօլր Լան Ենոն ար Քիո՛՛-ան-ձլր.

O. Ծօ Երլալ ան Են Են ան Ե-Քլնո,
 Օրսր և՛ր Եօ՛՛ Եաջ Կա Եալ;
 Եօ՛՛ յօնոյն Լնո Եա՛՛՛ Կա Երբ,
 Կա Եա Ե-Ելջեած Ելճ Կա Կջնալ.

Պ՛րլարբայն Քլոնո Ե՛՛Օրսր Ելճ,
 ան Ե-Բա՛՛՛՛՛՛ն Եալո՛՛ Կա Կջնօ՛՛ Լաօ՛՛,
 և Են՛՛՛՛՛՛ն Օրսր Յօ Ե-Բա՛՛՛՛՛՛ն յա՛՛,
 և՛ր Յօ Եալն և Կ-Եաբա՛՛՛՛՛՛ն ար ան Ե-Քլնո.

¹ Ա շեանո, *his head*. This phrase is very common in Ossianic poetry; and the pagan Oisín, must have been sorely irritated by the mild and convincing arguments of the Saint, when he gave vent to such blasphemous expressions. In Mr. O'Grady's copy of the poem the stanza runs thus:—

“Ա Քիպարայ ոյ և ըաօջալ Կա Ե-Քլանո,
 Իր Ելջե Եօ Օլլա ըա Եյն ան;
 Իր Եարն Եա Ե-Ելած Կա ըլան,
 Կա Ելբեած Կա Քլջարնօ օր և Յ-Ելոնո.”

- O. O Patrick, 'twas not in the time of the Fians,
That that man God lived ;
Certain if he were east or west,
The Fians would have stricken off his head.
- P. God was in the time of the Fians,
Always was and will be for ever,
He lives and will live to the end,
Not so with the Fians, poor creature !
- O. O Patrick, if thy tale be true,
That the Fians are all dead ;
Let me not hear thee boast,
That it was God that overcame them.
- P. The Fians and their deeds were good,
Pleasant Oisin, but in this alone,
They adored not the one true God,
Now proceed with [the tale of] Cnoc-an-air.
- O. There marched towards the Fians
Oscur and Aodh Beag in his company ;
More delightful to us was the coming of the two,
Than had the King of Grace approached.

Fionn inquired of Oscur the noble,
Had he seen a host of heroes brave ;
Oscur said that he had seen them,
And that they were in search of the Fians.

O Patrick, if it were in the time of the Fenians,
That thy God had been living ;
Verily, if he were in their way,
He would not lord it over them.

¹ βοῦκλον, a pauper, a beggar, a miser, &c.

² τὰς, signifies a multitude, a host, an array, or any other muster or assemblage.

C. Do cáirteamar mar rih zo lá,
 a' r nhor lamh các teáct fo' r n-déih ;
 a Phátraiç, mo rzeál truaç!
 nhor b-fada zur óruaró ah éihm!¹

P. Jhir mar ir cuimh leat,
 a mhic Cúimhll, cárg² ah zleó ;
 airéir a' r mo beannaáct orc,
 rzeál rhor, a' r ná cáh zó?

O. Ní cáhmaoirne ah Fhianh zó,
 briéaz leó nhor ramlad riam ;
 áct le rihirah a' r neart ar lám,
 éig'maoir rlan ar zac zliad.

D'éimzjomar zo moó amác,
 Fianha Eirneah ná n-eac⁴ reahz ;
 ar ah z-cnoc fo lhor ah t-rluaç,
 nhor b'ionzha dóib teáct zo teahh.

¹ Céim, which generally signifies a step, is used here to show the difficulty that awaited the Fenians.

² Cárg, fame, report.

³ Zliad, battle, strife, contention.

⁴ Eac, a steed. The earliest record we have of the Fenians having horses is in *Agallam ná Seandóiríç*, or *Dialogue of the Sages*; where it is said, that at a chase at *Deirne h-Éhor*, (the Hill of Howth), a chieftain, named *Árcúr mac Deirne Úrúot*, son of the king of Britain [England], took away by stealth three hounds belonging to the Fenians, namely—*Bran*, *Sgeolan*, and *An-uail*; and made for the mountain of *Lodan Mac Lir*, where he made chase on his arrival. As soon as the Fenians missed the hounds, the following chieftains were despatched after the fugitive, viz., *Diarmuid O Duibhne*, *Goll Mac Morna*, *Caol* from *Eamhuin* (*Emania*), *Oscur* the son of *Oisin*, *Feardubhain* the son of *Bogha-dearg*, *Raighne* of the broad eyes, son of *Fionn*; *Cainche*, son of *Fionn*; *Glas* the son of *Aonchearda Bearra*, and *Mac Lughaidh*.

- O. Thus we remained till dawn,
 And none dared to approach us ;
 O Patrick, my woful tale !
 'Twas not long till our case grew perilous !
- P. Relate, as thou rememberest,
 O son of Cumhall, an account of the fight ;
 Relate, and my blessing be on thee,
 A true tale, and tell no lie.
- O. We, the Fenians, never told a lie,
 Falsehood to them was never known ;
 But by truth and the might of our arms,
 We came unhurt from each conflict.

We went forth early,
 The Fians of Eire, of the slender steeds ;
 Upon this hill the host mustered,
 No wonder for them to come in force.

They landed at Inbhear Geiniath, in Britain ; and proceeded to the mountain of Lodan Mac Lir ; where they were not long when they heard the cry of the hounds, and they surrounded *Artuir*, and slew himself and all his retinue, and rescued their three favorite hounds. Goll Mac Morna, more cunning than the rest, cast a side-look, and beheld a magnanimous steed with reins of gold ; and saw another with a silver bit chased with gold in its mouth ; Goll captured both animals, and handed them over to Ocur, who gave them in charge to Diarmuid O Duibhne. They then returned to Ireland ; and never halted until they reached old Moynealty, where Fionn was staying at the time ; and delivered the two horses to him ; one of which was a stallion, and the other a mare, which gave eight births, and eight foals at each birth ; and until then the Fenians had no horses, and these foals were distributed amongst the most distinguished in rank of the Fenian chieftains. In some copies it is said that *Artuir's* life was saved by Oisín.

O. Bean dob' aithe ná'n zúian,
 cónairic an Fhianh a'z teac't ran leirn;¹
 d'Fhionn mac Cúmhail, iorim duic,
 do deannaiz niozain an bhuic deirn.

Cia tú féin, a niozain, ar Fionn,
 ir aithe niam' rar breazta dealb,
 ir bhine lion fuaim do zlóin,
 'na a b-fuil me ceól zo dearb?

Niam-nuad-énoac,² ir é m'airim,
 ionnion Thairmaid, mac Dholair Dein;
 arid-niz Treaz, mo mallac't air!
 do nairz me me Tailc mac Trein.

O. Creab do bein dá feac'nad tu,
 na déin rún orim ahoir;
 ar do cōimirc zo lá an bnaé,
 zabaim do laim tar a énoir?

Ni zan faé do éuzar fuat,
 daé an zuail do bi ar a zheí;
 dá cluar, iarball, a'r ceann cair,
 tá ar an b-fear nac maic rzeim.

Do ríúblar an domhan, fo éirí,
 a'r nion fazbar an níz ná flaic;
 noéar rínear ac't ríbre, a Fhionn,
 a'r nion zeall tmaé m'anacail air.

Dionrad tú a ionnion óiz,
 do naib' Mac Cúmhail, nar claoib' niam;
 nó tuirfíb uile ar do rzaé,
 na feac't z-cac' acá' ran b-Fhianh.

¹ leirn, a plain, a pathway, or place of meeting. See also note 10, p. 18.

² Niam nuad-énoac, i.e., the ray of the newest form. This lady is supposed to be the daughter of Garadh the son of Dolar Dein, or the Fierce;

O. A woman more beauteous than the sun,
 The Fians beheld approaching on the plain ;
 Fionn Mac Cumhail, I tell thee,
 Was saluted by the queen of the red mantle.

Who art thou, O queen, saith Fionn,
 Of the gentlest mien and loveliest form ;
 Truly more sweet to me is thy voice,
 Than all the strains of music.

Niamh-nuadh-chrothach, is my name,
 Daughter of Garraidh, the son of Dolar Dein ;
 The chief king of Greece, my curse upon him !
 Bound me to Tailc Mac Treoin.

Why is it that thou shunnest him,
 Do not conceal the fact from me now :
 As thy protector till judgment's day,
 I take thy hand against his will.

Not without cause did I hate him,
 Black as the coal was his skin ;
 Two ears, a tail, and the head of a cat,
 Are upon the man of repulsive countenance.

I walked [travelled] the world thrice,
 And did not leave a king or lord,
 That I did not implore, but thou, O Fionn,
 And a chief never promised me protection from him.

I will protect thee, O youthful daughter,
 Saith Mac Cumhail, who was never conquered ;
 Or all shall fall for thy sake,
 The seven battalions of the Fians.

king of Greece, who forced her to marry Tailc Mac Treoin, against her will, and the tale recorded here is the result of that unhappy union.

O. Փար ծօ լաւո՞րի քնն, և Ֆիլոն,
 Իր ծարն լիոն, Յօ ն-ծարնայր Երեւոյ ;
 Կ'ր ան տն ծ'ն շէրտ մե սայծ և Ե-բած,
 Յօ Ե-տարեան լէր զատ Կ'ր շեծ.

Ձո քար տօր և ծարն ինծ,
 Իր թ Ե-բաճ մե լե բաճ Ե-քնն ;
 Բլ ար յարճած միւր լէր,
 Ծօ ԲՅԻՕՐԱԾ լէր բա՛յ ծօ ան Շիրէլոյ.

Նա ծեան յօտարնած ար և յարճե,
 և քօլտ շար ար ծա՛ն ան ծիր ;
 ծիր յի Ե-բլ լաօ՛ բա՛յ ան յՅԻՔՆՆ,
 յա՛ն Ե-բաճած Բան Ե-Ֆէլոն քար և շեծ.

Եր շարն Յօ Ե-բաճար ան տե՛ս,
 ան տարե՛ս Ելտ Եա շրուայծ լան,
 յիօր նմլայճ, Կ'ր յիօր ծարնայճ Ե'Ֆիլոն,
 ա՛տ յարնար զատ տար շեան և մի՛ն.

Շարնայծ ծար Յ-շեծ ան ծար,
 Ծօ՛ քարն լան և ն-արնիր շեծ ;
 Ծարն ծիօն յիօր քնն տար ար,
 Յան տարն մե Ելտ մա՛ն Երօն !

Ծօ շարնար ան, Կ'ր Եա շար և մարնար
 Յան արնար, Շարտե մա՛ն Բօնար ;
 ծար Յ-շեծ ԲՅԻԱ՛ Յօրն շար,
 Յօն քարնայծ շրօ՛ն Ե'քարն.

Ծար Յ-շեծ տարե՛ս, յա՛յ Յ-շեծ լաօ՛ն,
 Ծօ ի՛յ տաօն ար տաօն Ե'ար մարնիր քնն ;
 Կ'ր և Քարնար, ան շարնիր շրուայծ,
 քնն ար տարնայծ սարն Ծօ՛ն Ե-Ֆէլոն.

O. By thine own hand, O Fionn,
 It is certain thou hast told a lie ;
 For by him from whom I have fled afar,
 Fall a battalion and a hundred.

The great man of whom I speak to you,
 Is he who has left me long in pain ;
 Before I was bound [wedded] to him,
 He ravaged Greece twice.

Do not contend about his valour,
 O curling locks of the color of gold ;
 For there lives not a hero under the sun,
 Who will not find among the Fians a man his match.

Soon we saw coming towards us,
 The chieftain Tailc of the hard spear ;
 He did not salute or pay homage to Fionn,
 But demanded battle on account of his wife.

We sent ten hundred to meet him,
 Strong of hand in time of war ;
 None of them ever returned.
 All fell by Tailc Mac Treoin!

We sent there, and of it we should boast
 Without doubt, Caoilte Mac Ronain,
 Ten hundred shields blue and green,
 With the mightiest and best men.

Ten hundred chieftains, nine hundred heroes,
 Were side by side of our own people ;
 And, O Patrick, of the strict faith,
 All these we lacked of the Fians.

O. Երբար Օրսւր քեւ ար Քիօղոյ,
 չի՞ծ Եզլէ կոյ ճ Եւ Լուծ,
 Եւ Եւ Եւ յօղիակ ար քիւր քիւր,
 ար քան Եւ Եւ յօղիակ Եւ յա Քիւզ.

Եւ ճեւարի քեւ ար, ար Քիօղոյ,
 չի՞ծ Եզլէ կոյ Եւ Եւ յօղիակ քիւր ;
 քիւր ! ար՛ քիւր քո ճեւար քեւ քեւ,
 քիւրի Եւ ճիւր, ար՛ Եւ ճիւր.

Յուարար Օրսւր, ար քար ար,
 ար ար արի քիւր քիւր քեւ քեւ,
 ար ար ար ար քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ,
 քո քիւր քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ.

Եւ արի արի քեւ քեւ,
 ար քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ, ար Օրսւր ար ;
 քիւր քիւր քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ,
 ար քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ.

Եւ Եւ արի քեւ, Օրսւր ար,
 չի՞ծ քիւր քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ ;
 քեւ քեւ արի քեւ քեւ քեւ քեւ,
 ար՛ քեւ քեւ քեւ, Քիօղոյ, քո քեւ.

¹ Եւր, *bard or poet*. The Irish bards were always ready to chaunt the deeds of their patrons in the most glowing language imaginable ; but had they not been patronised they were equally ready to satirize and decry them. In *The Tribes and Customs of Hy-many*, published by the Irish Archæological Society at p. 104, we find under date A.D. 1351, that " William Boy O'Kelly, who was celebrated by the Irish bards as a prince of unbounded munificence, invited all the professors of art in Ireland to his house, and entertained them during the Christmas holidays." And in the same year, " William Mac Donnough Moyneagh O'Kelly, invited all the Irish poets, brechons, bardes, harpers, gamesters, or common kearroghs, jesters, and others of their kind in Ireland, to his house upon Christmas, where every one of them was well used during the

O. Oscr asketh leave of Fionn,
 Though I regret to tell it,
 To go to fight the great man,
 When he beheld the loss of the host.

Thou shalt get permission from me, saith Fionn,
 Though I dread thy fall by it ;
 Arise ! and take my blessing with thee,
 Remember thy valour and thy deeds.

Oscr, the noble,
 On whose hand there never was a stain ;
 The mighty hero of the valiant arm,
 Went forth till he reached Tailc Mac Trein.

Encounter me, O Tailc Mac Trein,
 Saith Oscr of the noble deeds ;
 For I shall take off thy head,
 In revenge for those who were wounded by thy hand.

By thy hand, O noble Oscr,
 Though thankful to you are bard and maid ;
 I shall have thee headless this night,
 And the man Fionn shall be mournful.

holidays, and gave contentment to each of them during their departure ; so that every one was well pleased, and extolled William for his bounty : one of which assembly composed certain verses in commendation of William and his house, of which the following is the first line :—

“*Ἐπὶ τῆς Οἰκίας τοῦ Ἡ-Δομη-σελῆ.*”
 The bards of Erin to one house.”

For an account of the Irish bards, we would refer the reader to O'Reilly's "Chronological Account of Four Hundred Irish Writers," "The Tribes of Ireland," by Dr. O'Donovan, Walker's "Memoirs," Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," and the Introduction to the "*Tain Bo Chnailgne*," which will form a future volume of the Society's *Transactions*.

O. An fearó cúig n-oidce a' r' cúig la,
 b'í an d'íor nár élaicé a n'ghlaicé;
 san bhlaó, san deoc, an d'icé ruairn,
 sur éurc Tairc ne buad mo mhic.

Do éozdamar, an Fhianh, orairn,
 car éir an cóiruaric zairn, zléic;
 zairn éairne tré'n éairleamar do'n Fhéinn,
 a' r' dá zairn máoirce tré éaz Thairc.

Dar do laimre, a Thairc aicé,
 z'íó nac buibeac d'íor bairn ná bean;
 ca tú azairra san éairn,
 a' r' n'í bhlaic an fear Fíonn, leain.

Niamh-nuad-éiroac, mór an r'zéal,
 an can éairne m'ead an aicé;
 z'lacar nairne an z'nuad éairn,
 a' r' tuicear marb a meairz éaic.

Bar na mhógha, d'éir z'ac uic,
 ir é 'r'mó do éairn an éac,
 an an z-cnoc ro d'éir an z'ghlaicé,
 do bairc an Fhianh Cnoc-an-aicé.

O. For five nights and five days,
 Were the two, who were not feeble, in battle ;
 Without food, without drink, without sleep,
 'Till Tailc fell conquered by my son.

We, the Fenians, raised on high,
 After the fierce and rough conflict ;
 A wailing cry for all we lost of the Fians,
 And two shouts of joy for the death of Tailc.

By thy hand, O noble Tailc,
 Though not thankful to thee are bard or maid ;
 I have thee now beheaded,
 And the man Fionn shall not be mournful.

Niamh-nuadh-chrothach, sad the tale,
 When she beheld the extent of the slaughter ;
 Shame overcame her crimsoned face,
 And she fell lifeless among the slain.

The death of the queen after all ills,
 Was what preyed most upon us all ;
 This hill after the conflict,
 The Fenians named Cnoc-an-air.*

* The Hill of Slaughter.

ԼՁՕՅԻՆ ՊԻԵՏՐՅԱՅԻՆ ՆԱ ԼՁՈՒՆ ՆՅԵՂԱՐ.

Օ. Նյոր Ե-բաժնի ծնունդ, անկարծ ընդ,
չի՞ զար ընկած, աօրիտ, ընդ;
չար էրիւմ ընդ ինքն շար լար,
չարչեւած ծածկած Եւ ընկար շոյտ.

Նյոր Եւրոպայ ընդ ընդ,
ա՛ր ընդ ընկար ընդ ընդ, ինքն ընդ;
ա՛ն ընդ ընկար ընդ ընդ ընդ,
Եւ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ?

Եւ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
ար ընդ Եւրոպայ ընդ ընդ ընդ;
նո ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
Եւ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ?

Նի ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ;
ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
չո Եւրոպայ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ.

Ո ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ, ընդ ընդ,
ա ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ;
նի ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
ար ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ.

Ո ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
ա՛ր ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
չո ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
՛նա ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ.

THE LAY OF MEARGACH OF THE SHARP SPEARS.

O. Not long were we left thus,
Though being not pleasant nor gladsome ;
'Till there approached [us] from afar,
A mighty hero of the sternest deeds.

He did not salute any one,
Neither did he do homage to Fionn or the Fians ;
But he enquired in a most haughty manner,
Where our protector and chief was.

Who art thou thyself, O valiant champion,
Saith Aodh Beag whose heart trembled not ;
Or what brought thee on this errand,
How far is thy journey when thou departest from us ?

I shall not give thee any information at all,
Remember, child, that thou art young ;
Knowledge of my secrets I will not give to man,
'Till I can see Fionn and talk to him.

I shall inform thee about Fionn,
O courteous hero of the smooth arms ;
Not far from thee is the place where he is
On the hill on which Tailc Mac Treoin fell.

Aodh Beag went in haste,
And the champion close behind him,
'Till he reached the field of slaughter,
Where Tailc Mac Treoin was slain.

O. 2n tan do éonairc an Fhianh a' r Fionn,
 an dír úd a3 ceact na n-dail,
 ir eagal liom, do ruid an Druoi,
 nac fada ir aoibinn do Whac Cúhail.

2n tu Fionn, do ruid an fear calma,
 ma' r tu, n' cuibe do dearb laoc,
 ainnm do féadad zo la an bnaea,
 nac tu do fanaiz Tairc mac Trein.

Ni do buad mo lamh do éur,
 an fear na n-zairmcear Tairc mac Trein;
 do com-airnm féin ionnir ahoir,
 a' r do zeadairn fior c'ia leaz an laoc.

Whearzac cruaid na lann nglar ngear,
 mo com-airnm, a Fhinn n'ic Cúhail;
 uior deairz ar mo corp ainnm,
 a' r uior luadad leó mé cur ar z-cúl.

Do zluair Orcur fa zue an zlior,
 a' r d'f'airnaiz an leóman zan rzae;
 an n do buaid do lamh a' r do lann,
 nac nzoimcear an n tu zo bnae?

Ni b-fuil ar calan na d-crom-féó,
 a z-cae na z-comnac zarb zliad;
 laoc da érine a nznioin zairze,
 do deairz ne h-airm oim niam.

Ni deiorn mar rin, ar Orcur aiz,
 muna t'zgeact ne páirc buic do'n Fhianh,
 a Whearzaiz na lann nglar ngear,
 zoimcear tu an n zo h-aodairb.

O. When the Fians and Fionn beheld
 These two approaching them ;
 I [greatly] fear, saith the Druid, [moured.
 That Mac Cumhail will not be long so good-hu-

M. Art thou Fionn? saith the mighty man,
 If thou art it becometh not a great hero,
 Ever to conceal his name ;
 Art not thou [the man] that subdued Tailc mac Treoin.

F. Tell [us] thine own name,
 And thou shalt be told clearly
 That it is not by the might of my hands fell
 The man whose name is Tailc mac Treoin.

Stern Meargach of the sharp tempered green blades,
 Is my name, O Fionn Mac Cumhail,
 Arms reddened not on my body,
 And none could boast of my retreat.

Oscur goeth at the sound of the voice,
 And enquireth of the hero, without dread,
 Is it by the victory of thy hand and spear,
 That thou art never wounded.

M. There is not on earth of the heavy sward,
 In battle or conflict fierce and tough,
 A hero stout in feats of valour,
 That ever reddened me by his arms.

Thou shalt not be so, saith the noble Oscur,
 If thy visit to the Fians be not a friendly one,
 O Meargach of the green spears,
 Thou shalt be wounded to the very heart.

- Ձ. ԶՅԱՐՅԻԾԻՅ, Ե Ե-ԼԵ, ԻՐ ԵԱՐՆ ԼԱՕԸ,
 ԱԾ ՔՐՈՇԱՂ ՈՂ ԵՔԱՊԱՄ ՇԱՐ,
 ԵՂ ՈՂԵ ԵՍ ԵՍԻՇ ԵՐ ՊԵԱՐԵ ՈՂ Ե-ՔԻԱՊՊ,
 ՇԱՐՔԻՐ ԵՅԱՐ ԵԱԾ ՊԵՄ՝ ԼԱՊ.
- Ք. ՊՈՊԱ Ե-ՔԱՂ ԵՅԱԾ ԱՇԵ ԵԱԾ ԵՐՄ,
 ՅԵԱՅ ՊԵԱՐԵ ՇԱՊԱ ՇՈՐՔ, Ե՛Ր ՅՈՂՈՂ;
 ԵՍ ԵՐՐՄ ՊԱՐ ԵՔԱՐՆ ԵՐԵ ՊՈ ԼԱՊ,
 ՅՈ Ո-ՅՈՐՊԵԱՐ ԵՒ ԵՐԵ ԼԱՐ ԵՍ ՇՐՈՔԵ.
- Ձ. ԽՈՐԻ ԵՍՊՊ, Ե ՊՅԻՇ ՇՈՊԱՂԼ ՇԱՊԱ,
 ԵՍ ՊԵՐՐ ՊԱՐ ՅԵԱԼԼԱՐ ԵԱՄ ԵՐ Ե-ՇՐ;
 ՇԻ ԼԵՐ, ՈՍ ՇՈՊՊԱՐ ԵՍ ՇԱՐԵ,
 ՇԱՂԵ ԵՐԵԱՊ ԵՊ ՊԵՐԵ, ՛ՐԱ ՅԵԱԼ ՊՈՊ.
- Ք. ԵՍ ՇԱՐԵ ՇԱՂԵ ՊԱՇ ՇՐԵՍՊ ՈՂՈՐ,
 ԼԵ ԵԱԾ ՊԵԱՐԵ-ԼԱՊՈՊ ՕՐՇԱՐ ԵՂ;
 ԵՍ ՇԱՐԵ ԼԵ ՇԱՂԵ, ԵՍ՛Պ ՔՅԻԱՊՊ ԵՐ Ե-ՇՐ,
 ԼՈՊ ԵՐԻՇ Յ-ՇԵԱԾ Ե՛ՔԵԱՐԱՅ ՇԱՅ.
- Ձ. ՈՐ ՈՂՈՐ ԵՊ ՊԱՊԵ ԵՐԵՐԵ, Ե ՔՅԻՊՊ,
 Ե՛ՔԱԼԱՊՅ ԵՊ ՊՂՅ-ԵԱՊ ԵՍԾ՝ ՔԵԱՐԵ ՇԱՂ,
 ԵՍ ՇԱՐ ԵՍՄ ԵԱՐ ԼԵՐ ԵՊ Ե-ՔԻԱՊՊ,
 Ե ՇԱՐՇՄ ԻՐ ԵԱՅ Ե՛ՔՅԻԱՊՊԱՅ ՔԱՂ.
- Ք. ՈՂ ՊՐԵ ՈՂ ԵՍՊ ԵՍ՛Պ ՔՅԻՊՊ,
 ԵՒՅ ԵՐԵՊԵ ԵՐ ԵՊ ԵԱՅ ԵՍ՛Պ ՊՊԱՍԻ;
 ԱՇԵ ԵՊ ՇԱՊ ԵՍ ՇՈՊԱՐՇ ԵՐԻ ԵՊ Ե-ՂԵԾԻՅ,
 ԵՊ ԵԱՅԱՅ ԵԱՐ ԵՍ ՇԱՅԻՍ ԻՂ.
- ՊԱ՛Ր ՇՈՐՊԱՇ ԱՇԱ ԱՐԵ, ԵՐ ՔՅՈՊՊ,
 Ե ՈՂՐՊԵ ՇԱՐՇՄ ՇԱՂԵ ՛ՐԱ ՊՊԱ;
 ԵՍ ՅԵԱԵԱՐ Ե Օ ԵՐՊԵ ԵՍ՛Պ ՔՅԻԱՊՊ,
 ՈՍ ՊՇԻՅ ՅՈ ՔԵՐՄ ԼԵ ՔԱՐԵ.

- M. O champion, whose appearance is that of a true hero,
 Thy words I but little regard ;
 Though great thy hope in the strength of the Fians,
 Thou and they, by my hand, shall fall.
- F. If thou hast but the sway of thine arms,
 Mighty strength of body and action ;
 I give thee my hand in pledge,
 That thou shalt be wounded through thine heart.
- M. Relate unto me, O son of mighty Cumhall,
 As thou didst promise at the commencement,
 By whom, or how did fall
 Tailc the strong and powerful and his bright love.
- F. Tailc Mac Treoin the great fell,
 By the power of the strong arm of Oscur the noble ;
 There fell by Tailc, at first of the Fians,
 Full ten hundred of spotless men.
- M. Was it not shameful to thee, O Fionn,
 To suffer the princess of the loftiest fame,
 To be put to death by the Fians ;
 Her death will bring havoc among the Fians of Fail.
- F. Not I nor any of the Fenians
 Ordered the death of the woman,
 But when she beheld the loss of the host,
 Into the pangs of death she fell.
- If it be battle thou requirest, saith Fionn,
 For the death of Tailc and his wife ;
 Thou shalt have it from one of the Fians,
 Or depart quietly with good will.

- 27.** ʒið ʒo b-fuyl mo fluaiz̃ a b-fozar̃ ðam,¹
 ar̃ ðaob̃ añ ðnoic̃ ðoir̃ na tpaʒa ;
 ñi ʒarfab̃ a ʒ-conʒnam̃, a Fhionn,
 a' r̃ ñi f̃aʒfab̃ a'c̃t̃ ði'raʒaib̃ beð.
- F.** Cja h-ʒab̃ añ ði' r̃ ñ d'f̃aʒfab̃ beð,
 a Mhearʒaiz̃ na r̃lõʒ, ar̃ Fionn ;
 i' r̃ ionʒna h̃om̃ ma'rĩ t̃uiz̃c̃ear̃ leat,
 b̃ar̃ leð̃ he'ar̃t̃ dõ ðab̃ar̃t̃ d̃u'inn.
- 28.** Tui'c̃ear̃ h̃om̃ bu'rĩ m-b̃ar̃ uile,
 a'c̃t̃ t̃urã am̃a'nñ a' r̃ dõ m̃ac̃ Aob̃ ;
 ñi f̃aʒfab̃ añ c̃noc̃ rõ ʒo b̃ra'c̃,
 ʒo ñ-ʒoc̃fab̃ b̃ar̃ Tha'lc̃ m̃ic̃ T'neo'inn.
- F.** Na'rĩ leð̃rĩ leat'rã a Mhearʒaiz̃ na lanñ,
 ði' r̃ tar̃ a c̃eaññ dõ t̃uic̃im̃ do' ñ Fh̃e'inn ;
 a' r̃ ʒañ ðear̃ʒ-ar̃ dõ ðab̃ar̃t̃ ar̃ĩ c̃ac̃,
 a' r̃ a h̃aʒa'c̃t̃ fe'ar̃ ca'ib̃ dõ t̃uic̃ le'ir̃ fe'inn.
- 29.** Ñioñ leð̃rĩ h̃om̃rã, a Fhionn na b-Fja'nñ,
 ði' r̃ na t̃ri'ur̃ a ñ-ðiol̃ a b̃ar̃,
 ðã m-b̃i'ad̃ aʒab̃ añ o'ir̃ead̃ e'ile do' ñ b-Fh̃e'inñ
 t̃uic̃f̃i'ð̃ ʒo l̃e'ir̃ le mo l̃a'inñ.
- F.** Nã cu'ir̃ a ñ-ðo'ic̃ ðuic̃ fe'inñ, ar̃ Fionñ,
 ʒur̃ b-fu'li'nñz̃ h̃om̃ ði' r̃ nã aoñ,
 a ñ-e'ir̃ic̃ b̃ar̃ Tha'lc̃ 'rã m̃nã,
 dõ t̃uic̃im̃ le d' l̃a'inñ do' ñ Fh̃e'inñ.
- 30.** Ðã fe'ab̃ar̃ bu'rĩ lam̃ã a' r̃ bu'rĩ ñʒñio'm̃,
 a' r̃ ðã m̃e'ib̃ bu'rĩ l̃ioñ d'fe'ar̃ia'ib̃ ca'ib̃,
 ñi r̃ʒarfab̃ l̃i'ð̃ ʒo l̃ã añ b̃ra'c̃ã,
 ñõ ðiol̃ nã m-b̃ar̃ dõ ʒe'ab̃ad̃ ua'ib̃.

¹ In a copy in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy this stanza reads :—

“Cja caib̃ mo fluaiz̃ce caoib̃ h̃om̃,
 ñi ʒarfab̃ a ʒ-conʒnam̃ r̃ub̃, a Fhionn ;
 ñi m̃iañ h̃om̃ d'f̃aʒðar̃ĩ beð̃ aʒuib̃,
 a'c̃t̃ ði' r̃ õ ʒo'm̃ mõ e'ri'om̃-clo'ib̃im̃.”

- M. Although my hosts are nigh at hand,
 On the side of the hill beside the shore ;
 I shall not ask their aid, O Fionn,
 And I will only leave two of you alive.
- F. Who are these two thou wilt leave alive,
 O Meargach of the hosts, saith Fionn ;
 I am astonished that thou shouldst think,
 By thy strength to put us to death.
- M. I am determined to kill all,
 But thee only, and thy son Aodh ;
 I shall never leave this hill,
 'Till I repay the death of Tailc mac Treoin.
- F. Is it not sufficient for thee, O Meargach of the blades,
 That two for his death should fall ;
 And not deal red slaughter to all the Fians,
 After all the brave men that fell by his hand.
- M. They would not suffice, O Fionn of the Fians,
 Two nor three for his death ;
 If thou hadst as many more of the Fians
 They will all fall by my hand.
- F. Do not imagine to thyself, saith Fionn,
 That I would suffer two or one
 For the death of Tailc and his wife,
 Of the Fians to fall by thy hand.
- M. Though great thine arm and thy deeds,
 And though thick thy ranks of noble men,
 I shall not leave 'till judgment day,
 Or satisfaction for their death I shall have from you.

Although my hosts are nigh at hand,
 I shall not seek their aid, O Fionn ;
 I will only leave of you alive, but two,
 From the venom of my heavy sword.

- O. Ա Քհաշուս! ի՞նչ շարժում մո ընդ,
 շար շուտ աղբարող Քիտի ա՛ր աղ Քիտի,
 սէտ սիմաղ Օրսար դա տ-ծիմաղ,
 դար շարժ ընդ աղ դա՛ս ընդ.
- Բ. Ա Պիտիտիտի դա ընդար ընդար,
 ըն ընդ Քիտի, ըն ընդ ընդ,
 ըն ընդար ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդ ըն ընդ ըն ընդար ըն ընդ.
- Պ. Ա՛ր սիմա ընդար, ա Քիտի ընդ ընդար,
 ընդ ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար, ըն ընդար ընդ,
 ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ընդար.
- Բ. Ա ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար.
- Պ. Քիտիտիտիտի, ա Քիտի ընդ ընդար,
 ըն ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար, ըն ընդար ընդար,
 ա՛ր ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար.
- Բ. Քիտիտիտիտի ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար.
- Պ. Քիտի, ըն ընդար, ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար,
 ըն ընդար ըն ընդար ըն ընդար.

- O. O Patrick ! I shall not my secret conceal,
That terror struck Fionn and the Fians,
Save only Oscur of the blows,
Who never trembled before any one.
- F. O Meargach of the green sharp blades,
Saith Fionn, in a menacing tone ;
Thou shalt have single combat,
Or more of the Fians shouldst thou require them.
- M. If it be desirable to thee, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
That I should fight thy great hosts,
One by one, or by one great swoop,
Thy request I cannot refuse.
- F. If thou and thy mighty followers
Come to fight us man for man,
From one to a hundred of the Fenians shall
Meet thee with a firm hand.
- M. I shall now depart, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
Since battle I am to have,
To visit my hosts, which are not far from me,
And be up early to meet me.
- F. Bring thy hosts with thee here,
In the morning if thou like, saith Fionn ;
No treachery will be played upon thee,
We shall be ready on thy arrival.
- M. Have, on my arrival, saith he,
The mightiest hero among the Fians ;
In shield and armour ready to fight,
That I may see his prowess in battle.

O. Գ'յմէլէ Պարչաճ նա լաղ ոչլար,
 սյօր բաճ լէր Յօ թախիշ ա իւաշ ;
 ծօ ճար Բիօղոյ տիօճճ աբ աղ Ե-Բէրոյ,
 ա'ր Ե'րոյր ծօյն մեճճ ա շար.

Չօ թոյն' բաճտ Յ-ճաճա¹ աղ թղ ծյօճ,
 ա'ր Յճճ թօղոյ աղ յօղաճ ծարլ ;
 ծիրտիշ, աբ թե, լեմ' ճօղարև բէր,
 իր Յարիւճ աղ ծաօղալ սարոյ.

Չօ լաճար աբ Ե-ճիւր լէր աղ ճեճճ ճաճ,
 ծա յՅօրիւր ճաճ նա լաօճ թղօղ սր ;
 Ե'բարբարիշ ծյօճ ծօ շիւճ ծրար,
 աղ Ե-տրօյբրիճիւր ծօ շղաճ 'նա ճիւր.

Գ'բրեճղաճար Ե'աօղ աօղա Ե'Բիօղոյ,
 Յօ Ե-տրօյբրիճիւր ճար ա ճեղոյ Յօ իրաճ ;
 ա ծաճար ճաճ նա Ե-ճաօրբաճ ճիւրլ,
 աճտ Յօ լեղբաճաօր ճաճ նա Յ-ճեճճ լար.

Ա ծաճար ճաճ նա Ե-բար մեծճ նաճ,
 ա Յ-ճաճ նա ա ոչլեճ ծա ճիւրոյ շլիճ ;
 նար բաշճաճար բէր ա թիշ ճարիշ,
 ա'ր նա ճիւրիճիւր Յօ իրաճ աօղ ճիւր.

Ա ծաճար ճաճ նա Ե-բար Ե-բեճրաճ,
 նար ճիւր Եօյն Յօ լա աղ ճար ;
 ա'ր ճաճ նա թ-Ես թար թար աղ Յ-ճեճճ,
 Յօ լեղբաճաօր բէր թ թար ճաճ.

¹ Տաճտ Յ-ճաճ, *seven battalions*. The names of the seven battalions are :—ճաճ թղօղ-սր, i.e. the battalion of fresh heroes ; which name they bore on account of their fresh-looking complexion ; ճաճ նա Ե-ճաօրբաճ, the battalion of the chieftains ; ճաճ նա Ե-բար մեճճնաճ, the battalion of the middle-sized men ; ճաճ նա Ե-բար Ե-բեճրաճ, the battalion of the middle-aged men ; ճաճ նա թ-Ես թար, the battalion of the stout men ; ճաճ նա Ե-բար թ-Ես, the battalion of the small men ; and ճաճ նա ս-թարթար, the battalion of the rear guards. • If we could find equiva-

O. Meargach of the green blades departed,
 And stopped not till he reached his hosts ;
 Fionn summoned the Fenians,
 And informed them of his danger.

He then divided them into seven battalions,
 And put each division in its own place ;
 Hearken, saith he, to my counsel,
 Not distant is danger from us.

He first addressed the front battalion, [fresh ;
 Who were named the battalion of heroes smooth and
 He enquired of them in a loud tone,
 Would they fight as usual in his cause ?

They all at once answered Fionn,
 That they for him would ever fight ;
 The battalion of the chieftains said likewise,
 That they would follow the battalion with most hands.

The battalion of the middle-sized men said,
 In battle or conflict however desperate,
 That they never deserted their noble king,
 And would never finch one step.

The battalion of the middle-aged men said,
 They would not finch till the day of death ;
 And the battalion of the stout men said also,
 That they would follow him like the rest.

lent terms for the above, it would throw some light upon the military history of the ancient Irish. In the Library of Trinity College, there is a Fenian tract, in which the names of all the generals and officers serving under Fionn is given ; and this, if published, would probably illustrate the above military distinctions. In the British army there are sappers and miners, pioneers, grenadiers, light infantry, sharp shooters, &c., which terms, perhaps, owe their origin to the various ranks in the army of Fionn Mac Chumhail.

O. A dúbairte caé na b-*fean* beaz fód,
 a' r an caé na n-*deoi*g, na h-*iarimairián*;
 zo ma*badar* féin *bhí*or na n-*gúio*m,
 a' r zo lea*nfadaoi*r é ma*r* éac.¹

Do *zoi*r *Fionn* *caize* *Orcu*r,
 ma*r* *fean* *tú*r ar an *z-caé* *mionú*r;
 a' r *d'fíafraiz* *de* an *coim*rac *doi*n*féi*r,
 do *Mhearzaé* *béa*rfad ar *b-tú*r.

A dúbairte *Orcu*r zo *b-tiub*rad féin,
 *coim*rac do *tar* *éa*nn na *b-Fian*n;
 a' r ma' r *tuir*im *dam*, a *Fhion*n, ar *ré*,
 i*r* *eazal* *zui*r *baozal* *bh*b an *bí*aiz.

Ní h-*amla*id *r*in i*r* *có*ir, ar *Fionn*,
 ba *bh*é *dú*inn tu *tuir*im *é*ri*b*;
 i*r* tu ar *b-treoi*r, a' r ar *b-tri*ac,
 ar *b-taca*, ar *ní*an, a' r ar *n-dí*on.

I*r* *ionann* *dú*inn *r*in *nó* *rú*b, a *Fhion*n,
 ar *Orcu*r, na *bí* dá *lu*ad;
 ma' r *tuir*im *d'ao*n *neac* *do'n* *Fhéi*n,
 n*í* *ma*caid *le*i*r* *raoi*r *fa* *bu*ad.

Do *zoi*r *Fionn* *Soll* ba *éalma* *ne*ar*e*,
 a' r ba *é*ruad *z*h*oi*m *r*leaz a' r *cloi*id*im*;
 a' r *d'fíafraiz* a *n-déa*rfad *cóim*rac,
 le *Mhearzaé* *mó*ir do *leac*-*taoi*b.

A *Fhion*n, ar *Soll*, zo *z*ar*ba* *z*h*e*,
 i*r* *fíoi*r *r*in, n*í* *z*rad *leac* *mé*;
 ba *ní*an *leac* *me* *é*ur a *n*zua*r*,
 a' r *Orcu*r *o'n* *m-bua*da*r*te do *béi*t *raoi*r.

¹ This line reads thus in the Royal Irish Academy's copy:—

“San lein*z* *bhí*neac zo la'n *ba*i*r*.”

In the direct path till the day of death.

O. The battalion of the small men said,
 And the battalion behind them, the rear guards,
 That they were faithful in their acts,
 And that they would follow him like the rest.

Fionn called Oseur to him,
 As commander of the battalion of brave heroes,
 And asked him if it was in single combat,
 He would encounter Meargach first.

Oseur saith, that he would himself,
 Give him battle in behalf of the Fians ;
 And if I fall, O Fionn, saith he,
 It is to be feared that you will be danger after me.

It must not be so, saith Fionn,
 We would suffer by thy fall ;
 Thou art our guide, our chief,
 Our prop, our path, and our protector.

'Tis all the same to us, O Fionn,
 Saith Oseur, do not magnify him ;
 If a single man of the Fenians fall,
 He shall not depart victorious.

Fionn sent for Goll, of powerful strength,
 Whose feats of sword and spear were great ;
 And inquired if he would fight
 The great Meargach in single combat.

O Fionn, saith Goll cunningly and wisely,
 'Tis true, thou lovest not me ;
 Thou wouldst wish to put me in danger,
 And Oseur from trouble to be safe.

by which the poet implies that the rear-guards would never desert their colors but fight to the very last.

- F. Nar zeallair-re led' toil íaon,
 zo z-cuirfead tu féin a nzuair ;
 ar mo íonra mar zeall cáe,
 zan fearaí 1r náirneac uair !
- Z. Do zeallar, a Fhionn, zo fion,
 zo leanfaínn do zñíom mar cáe ;
 ní macad ar z-cúl d'ñ z-cae,
 ma zabadann zac fear e do laim.
- F. Do zóin Fíonn Diarmaid Donn,
 a'r d'fíafraiz Fíonn de zo caoin ;
 an d-tubrad cóiriac aoín fíir,
 do Mhearzác cúaid ná lonn nñíom.

Ní macad a z-cóim-zliad zo bnae,
 le Mhearzác na nglar lann ;
 a Fhionn, ma'r coirceann an cae,
 bíad cóim maie le fear an.

D'fíafraiz d'Fhaolan do zúe aib,
 a n-déanfad cóiriac tar a éíonn ;
 a dubairre ré le Fíonn na b-Fíann,
 onn nñíom éiac dá d-tuicinn an.

Do íaoilear-ra, ar Fíonn, an flae,
 nac amlaib rínn do zeallair dúinn,
 zac ar zeallar, ar Faolan,
 ne mo nae ní macad ar z-cúl.

D'fíafraiz do zac fear díob
 an macfad ina aonair leir ;
 a dubairre zac aon do'n cae míonn úir,
 do béarímaoib díúltao dub.

F Hast not thou promised of thy own free will,
 That thou wouldst place thyself in jeopardy,
 On my account as each has promised ;
 Not to stand [to thy word] is shameful to thee !

G. I did promise, truly, O Fionn,
 That I would follow thy deeds like the rest,
 I shall not flinch from the battle,
 If every man take his part.

F. Fionn called forth Diarmuid Donn,
 And he enquired of him, mildly,
 If he would give single combat
 To stern Meargach of the powerful deeds.

I shall never engage in single conflict,
 With Meargach of the green blades ;
 O Fionn, if the battle be general,
 I shall be as good as any there.

He asked Faolan in a loud voice,
 If he would fight for him ;
 He said to Fionn of the Fians,
 Thou wouldst not be sorry if I fell there.

I imagined, saith Fionn, the chieftain,
 That it was not thus you promised me ;
 All that I promised, saith Faolan,
 During my days I shall fulfil.

He asketh of every man of them,
 If they would singly go with him ;
 Each one of the battalion of the smooth armed men
 We refuse thee. [said,

O. Գ'իւրբաւիճ մար աղ չ-ճեւոնա աղ լալե,
 և չ-ճաէ նա Ե-ճաօրբաճ բար լալիմ-ճեւոն;
 Եօ Եճարբաճ Եւալաճ լալիմ աղ լալիմ,
 Եօ Պիւրբաւիճ ճաղա նա ողլաղ լաղ.

Չ Եւրբաճար սլե Եճալ աղ Եճալ,
 նաճ լալե բար Եօ լալիբաճ ըղ Եօ լաւճ;
 Գճճ Յօ լաճբաճաօր լե ճիլե,
 և չ-ճաէ Եօ ճիւրնե ճրոմ-ըլաւճ.

Եօ լաճար լեճ ճ ճաէ Յօ ճաէ,
 Գ'ը ող Ե-բաւար նեաճ Եօ'ն յօմլաղ;
 Եւլ Եօ ճօրնաճ Պիւրբաւիճ նա լաղ,
 Յար ճար աղ ճրաղ աղ նա Ե-լարնարաւ.

Եօ լաճար լե ճաօրբաճ նա Ե-լարնարաղ
 Գ'ը ող լօճ բար լարնա ճ'ն ողլաճ;
 և Եւճարն Յաճ Գօղ Եօղ Յօ Ելնե,
 Յօ լեարբաճաօր ըլե Ճաօրն-Ելաճ.

Եօ ճօղ Բիօղն ԳՅար Օրճար Գլճ,
 Եալլ ճար ճրար Գճ մարնեաղ;
 նա Ե-լարնարաղ Եօ ճաճար աղ ճաճա,
 Գ'ը նա բաճճ Ե-ճրնաղ ճաճա ճիլճալճ Բիօղն.

Եօ ճաճար սլե ճարն բաղն,
 Գ'ը ող ըն ըն բաղնեար ճիւղն Յօ լա;
 Ե'իւրնիօմար Յօ լոճ աղ մարն,
 Գ'ը ող Ե-բաճա Յօ Ե-բաճարաղ աղ ճաղ.

Եօ ճլաճ Ճաօրն-Ելաճ թլե Գ'ը արն,
 Գ'ը Եօ Եւալ Ելն ճաճա Յօ ճեւոն;
 ճարն Պիւրբաւիճ նա լաղ ողլաղ
 Գ'ը և ըլաւճ Յօ ըրար աղ աղ լ-Եալլ.

O. He likewise enquired if there was [arm,
 Among the battalion of the chieftains, a man of mighty
 Who would give battle hand to hand,
 To fierce Meargach of the green blades.

They all said with one accord, [speak,
 That there was not one who would thus presume to
 But that they all would go in a body,
 In battle, however desperate, of mighty hosts.

He spoke to them from battalion to battalion,
 And he found none of the whole
 That would go fight Meargach of the swords,
 Till the lot fell on the rear guard.

He addressed the chief of the rear guards [who said],
 We never shrunk from the fight ;
 They all said from first to last,
 That they would follow Caoin Liath.*

Oscur the noble, and Fionn,
 Raised a loud shout of applause ;
 Boasting that the rear guard engaged in the battle,
 After the seven great battalions had refused Fionn.

We all went to rest,
 And our repose till dawn was not delightful ;
 We arose early in the morn,
 And 'twas not long till we saw a host,

Caoin Liath took his armour and shield,
 And fiercely struck the battle-blow ;
 Meargach of the blue spears came
 With his host immediately to the spot.

* *i. e.* the gentle grey old man.

- O. Բյաբայչեար Պարչաճ նա Լոյն ոչԼար,
 Ծօ Պիսակ Սնայլլ Լե Երեան չօրն չլօր;
 Ար Ե՛ն ըր աղ Լաօճ Եաչարժա,
 Ծօ Եի ա ղ-էրԾե Եաճա Ար ա ճօմայր ?
- F. Ոյ հ-է չօ Ծայմոյ, Ար Բլոյն մակ Սնայլլ,
 Աճճ Եաօյն-Լիաճ Երիաճ նա ղ-յարմարան;
 ղյօր ԵարԾե Լե հ-աօյն ղեաճ Ելե Ծօ՛ն Բիլանոյ,
 Ես ճօրմակ Աճճ է ԱԾ Ե-աօյարան.
- Պ. ԵարբեաԾրա, ա Բիլոյն, նա ճօմճալ ըլսԾ,
 Բար Ելե Ծա մակրամսլ Բայն ?
 ԵլճԾիր ղե ճայԼե Եայն Ար Եայն,
 Ար Պարչաճ Երեան նա Լոյն ոչԵար.

Ծօ չօրն Պարչաճ Բար Լայր Բայն
 Ծ՛ար Ե՛արմ չնայճ Ծօյն Ծօրճայն;
 Ծ՛յօրբայճ աղ Ծիր ա ճայԼե աղ ըրն,
 չօ Եալմա չիԵ Ար Երոճ-աղ-այր.

Եա Լիօնճա, Բարչաճ, Բլօճմար,
 Ծօ Եի Ծօյն Ծօրճայն ա՛ր Եաօյն-Լիաճ;
 Աճ չօրն ա՛ր Աճ Երեաճճնչաճ ա ճայԼե,
 չան ԵաճճԵար Աճ չայԼե Ար աօն ԵաօԾ.

Ծօ Եի աղ Բիլանոյ Ար ԵաօԾ աղ ԵրօյԵ,
 Աճ աիարԵ Ար Երսէ նա Լաօճ;
 Ա՛ր Պարչաճ, Ա՛ր ա ըլսաճ Եաօյն,
 Աճ ԲայԵարն Լե Եաօյն Եաօյն-Լայճ.

Ծօ ԼաԾայր Եօյն չօ ԵօրԾ Երեան,
 չէ՛ր Ե-բաԾա ըրար է օ՛ն ոչԼայԵ;
 Եարայճ Ծօ Լայն չօ Ծ-ԵրԵԾ Լեաճ Ծօյն,
 ա Եաօյն-Լիաճ Երսայճ նա Լոյն, Ար Բէ.

O. Meargach of the green blades enquireth
 Of Mac Cumhall in a fierce voice,
 If he were the conceited hero,
 Who was in armour in his presence.

Not I, indeed, saith Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
 But Caoin Liath, the chief of the rear guard,
 No other man of the Fenians but he dare venture
 To fight thee singly.

I'll send, O Fionn, to meet him,
 Another hero like himself ;
 Let them meet face to face,
 Saith fierce Meargach of the sharp blades.

Meargach called forth one of his own men,
 Whose name was Donn Dorcain ;
 Then the two attacked each other,
 Dexterous and stoutly on Cnoc-an-air.

Fierce, angry, and vengeful,
 Were Donn Dorcain and Caoin Liath,
 Wounding and cleaving each other,
 Without giving way at either side.

The Fians were on the side of the hill,
 Beholding the appearance of the heroes ;
 Meargach and his mighty host
 Awaiting the head of Caoin Liath.

Conan spoke haughtily and fiercely,
 Though far back from the battle he stood ;
 Hasten thy hand till thou conquer Donn,
 O Caoin Liath, the hardy, of the swords, saith he.

O. Do bġ av dġr nar  laġt zġad,
 aġ z arġad zo h- r corp a' r ball ;
   forzajl zġeġve zo neojn d jġ,
 zur  ur Donn Donnajġ zġn  eann.

T z amaoġone an Fġhann  ranb,
 z jġ ġ aoġ te tġe mar  aġ
 Donn Donnajġ  ġhearzajġ ġa lanġ,
  a  ajġz  uzajġn  aoġn-ġa  faon.

  d baġġe Fġonġ anġ rġn le Conan,
 o  ġanajġ ba  r ean do z or ;
 f a  anojr ġearġe do lanġ,
 ad t-aoġan le f ar do'   t-rl z.

Nġ f a f ad ġearġe mo lanġ ġa mo z oj n,
 le h-aoġ ġeac dġob zo br t ;
 da ġ-bad tujġġm dam ran z- a ,
 mo   ma ¹ ġġor b-fada oġera Fġhann.

 ġ tan  onajġe   earz c ġa lanġ,
 zo d- uz  aoġn-ġa  Donn fo lanġ ;
 do z  ar a  orġ  ru -aluġġ, zlan,
 a ġ- j e  a a ma ma a' r baġr.

Do z  aġr zo  r ap do la ajġ Fġhann,
 a' r a d baġġe leġr do  orġ z orġ teann,
   f ġn do z abaġl a ġ- j e  a a,
 ġ  'ġ laoc do b'f arġ aġ    ur anġ.

¹  o   ma , literally *my grief*. Conan knew very well that the Fenians would not regret his death, but on the contrary that they would regard it a boon to be relieved from one upon whom they looked as their stultified vilifier and defamer. In the romantic tale called the  ruġ eann  haon ajġn, or the Mansion of the Quicken Tree, it is related that Conan and the Fenians entered the Mansion, which they found most sumptuously supplied with all the delicacies peculiar to such a place; and after regaling themselves most comfortably, wondered why they saw no

O. The twain, who were not feeble in battle,
 Were freely cleaving bodies and limbs,
 From the rising of the sun till evening,
 Till Donn Dorcain fell a headless corpse.

We, the Fenians, raised aloud,
 A cheer of exultation for the death
 Of Meargach's hero, Donn Dorcan,
 Though Caoin Liath came to us feebly.

Fionn then said to Conan,
 Awhile ago thy talk was fierce ;
 Try now the strength of thy hand
 In single combat with one of the host.

I shall not try the valor of my hands or deeds
 With any one of them for ever ;
 If I fell in the battle,
 Lament for me would not be long on thee, O Fionn.

When Meargach of the blades beheld
 That Caoin Liath laid Donn low ;
 He armed his well-proportioned elegant body,
 In battle armour for conflict and death.

He went quickly into the presence of Fionn,
 And said to him in a fierce bold voice,
 To gird himself in battle armour,
 Or to send his bravest hero there.

servants or attendants whatever in the place, but saw that the various splendours, and even the doors were vanishing, until it was finally reduced to a mere boat, or hut, save one entrance only. One of the Fenian chiefs from this circumstance suspected it to be a place of treachery, and exhorted the Fenians to leave as fast as they could ; but Conan, who remained behind to do more justice to the viands with which the tables were so abundantly supplied, was at length by some spell or other, fastened to the floor where he would have remained had not some of the Fenians

- O. **Ծ'բբազայր Բօրոյ ծօ ծօրն շնոյ,**
 Կ'ր ծննայր յնս լեծր լատ ար շար բօր ;
 Կ ծննայր բարբառ, 'ր յր ծօ ծօ քօր,
 յար լեծր ար ծօլ Կ յ-ճաշ Կարկ :
- Ծօ շօր Բօրոյ ար Բնոյնոյն Բոյն,
 Կ'ր շարիշ շար բշի՛ն ար լար լնն ;
 յր յօր Կ յ արարար, ար Պարբա՛ն,
 Կ բարար բոյն Ծ'բբար ծօ լար կոյն.
- Պ. **Շօրբարա մօ արոյն-բարաշ սլե,**
 ար Պարբա՛ն բօ բարիշ լե Բօրոյ ;
 բարիբար յա լարոյն բօ շար,
 յարար յա Բարոյն յա լար կոյն.
- O. **Նօր Բ-բարա շօ Բ-բարար Կ շ շար,**
 Օրար արարար յա մ-բարոյն շ-բար ;
 Կ լար կոյն յա ծար լար ծօ ծօ,
 Կ Բարար ! յր ծօ Կ յ ար ծօ լարար.
- P. **Պարար ծնոյն Կ Օրոյն բարար,**
 արոյն ծօ շար Կ շ ծօ Ծ'ն ծօ ;
 յօ Կ լե Պարբա՛ն յա լար յար,
 ծօ շար ծօ յար, Կ շ-Օրար շարի՛ն !
- O. **Կոյնոյն ծար, Կ Բարար, ար Ծ-ար,**
 շար ծարիշ կոյն Կ ծար ար ար ;
 Կ յ-արիշ Օրար Կ'ր յա Բ-Բարոյն,
 Կ արիշ յա շ-ար շար արոյն արար !
- P. **Պ արարար ծար ! յր ծարի՛ն լար,**
 յար Կ արիշ յա շ-ար ծար օ շար
 յի ծար յար ծօ լար շար շար,
 Կ'ր ծօ լարի՛ն շօ բար յիշ յա յ-ար.

taken compassion on him, returned and pulled him with all their might and succeeded, but not without leaving the most part of the skin of his back stuck to the floor. It is traditionally recorded by the peasantry

- O. Fionn replied in a fierce tone, [fallen?
 And said, art thou not content with all that have
 Meargach answered, and with truth,
 That it was not sufficient for the death of Tailc!

Fionn called Bunanan the melodious,
 And he came without delay in full speed ;
 Great is the affront, saith Meargach,
 To talk of such a man to us.

- M. I shall muster all my mighty hosts,
 Saith Meargach angrily, to Fionn ;
 I shall let the heroes loose on each other,
 Of thy Fenian reserves do not speak to me.
- O. Not long was it until we beheld approaching
 Exasperated Oscur of the stern blows,
 His polished blade in his right hand he bore,
 O Patrick! sad is the loss of the man of whom I speak.
- P. Relate to us, O pleasant Oisín,
 How fared the battle with the two ;
 Or was it with Meargach of the green blades,
 Thy son fell, the heroic Oscur.
- O. I tell thee, O Patrick, at first,
 That I regret being as I am,
 After Oscur and the Fenians,
 Among the clerics without much bread.
- P. O poor wretch ! it is much to be regretted, [beginning ;
 That it was not among the clerics thou wert from the
 Thou wouldst not now be speaking foolishly,
 And thou wouldst modestly follow the king of the
 elements.

that his comrades ran to a flock of sheep which they saw grazing in a field, skinned a huge black ewe, and fastened the skin tightly to Conan's back, by which mark he was known ever after.

- O. **Մ'ըբեշայր Բյոռն** ըօ ԵօրԷ շլօր,
 Գ'ր ըձձայրԷ ղաՑ Լօժր ԼԵԵԵ Գր էյր քօր ;
 Գ ըձձայրԷ րԷրԵԵՆ, 'ր Իր ըօ ԵԵ Բյօր,
 ղԵԵ Լօժր ղԵԵ Եյօլ Գ ղ-ԵԵՅ ԿԵԵԼԷ !
- Սօ շօր Բյօռն Գր ԵԽրԵԵԵԵԵ Եյր,**
 Գ'ր էձրԵՅ ՅԵՆ րՅԷ Գր ԼԵՆ ԼԵՑ ;
 Իր ղօժր ԵՆ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ, Գր ՊԵԵԵՅԳՑ,
 Գ րԵԵԵԵԵ րԵՆ Ե'բԵԵԵ ԵՍ ԼԵԵԵ Լյր.
- Ձ. **ՅօրբԵԵԵԵԵ ղօ էրօղ-րԼԵԵՅ ԵյԼԷ,**
 Գր ՊԵԵԵՅԳՑ քօ քԷրԵՅ ԼԷ Բյօռն ;
 րՅԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԼԵԵՑԵԵԵ քօ ՑԷԼԷ,
 ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԲԷԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԼԵԵԵ Լյօղ.
- O. **Մյօր Ե-բԵԵԵ ԷՍ Ե-բԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵՅ ԵԵԵՑ,**
 ՕրԵԵԵ ԵրՅԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ղ-ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ Յ-ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ;
 Գ ԼԵՆ ԼյօժԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵ ԼԵԵԵ ԵՍ Եյ,
 Գ ՔԵԵԵԵԵԵ ! Իր ԵյՑ ԵՆ քԵԵԵ ԵՍ ԼԵԵԵԵԵԵ.
- P. **ՁԷՑԵԵ ԵձրԵՆ Գ ՕրԵԵ րԼԵԵԵԵ,**
 ԵրօղԵԵ ԵՍ էԵԵԵ ԵՆ ԵԵՑ ԵՍղ Եյր ;
 ղօ ԵՆ ԼԷ ՊԵԵԵՅԳՑ ԵԵ ԼԵՆ ղՅԼԵԵ,
 ԵՍ էյր ԵՍ ղԵԵ, ԵՆ Ե-ՕրԵԵԵ ՅրօյՑԷ !
- O. **ԼյօրԵԵ ԵյԵ, Գ ՔԵԵԵԵԵԵ, Գր Ե-ԵՑ,**
 ՅԵԵ ԵՍԼԵՅ Լյօղ Գ ԵԵԷ ղԵԵ ԵԵԵ ;
 Գ ղ-ԵԵԵԵՅ ՕրԵԵԵԵ Գ'ր ԵԵ Ե-ԲԵԵԵԵ,
 Գ ղԵԵԵՅ ԵԵ Յ-ԵԵԵԵ ԷՆ քօրԵՆ ԵԵԵԵ !
- P. **Ձ էրԵԵՅԵԵ ԵյՑՑ ! Իր ԵԵԷԵԵԵ ԼԷր,**
 ղԵԵ Գ ղԵԵԵՅ ԵԵ Յ-ԵԵԵԵ ԵյԵ օ էՑ
 ղյ ԵԵԷԵԵ 'րօր ԵԵ ԼԵԵԵ ԷՆ ՑԷԼԼ,
 Գ'ր ԵՍ ԼԵԵԵԵԵ ԷՍ րԵԵ րԵՅ ԵԵ ղ-ԵՑ.

taken compassion on him, returned and pulled him with all their might and succeeded, but not without leaving the most part of the skin of his back stuck to the floor. It is traditionally recorded by the peasantry

O. Fionn replied in a fierce tone,
 And said, art thou not content with all that have [fallen?
 Meargach answered, and with truth,
 That it was not sufficient for the death of Tailc!

Fionn called Bunanan the melodious,
 And he came without delay in full speed;
 Great is the affront, saith Meargach,
 To talk of such a man to us.

M. I shall muster all my mighty hosts,
 Saith Meargach angrily, to Fionn;
 I shall let the heroes loose on each other,
 Of thy Fexian reserves do not speak to me.

O. Not long was it until we beheld approaching
 Exasperated Oscar of the stern blows,
 His polished blade in his right hand he bore,
 O Patrick's soul is the loss of the man of whom I speak.

P. Relate to us of Meargach's death,
 How fared the battle with the two;
 Or was it with Meargach of the green blades,
 Thy son fell the last of the two.

O. I tell thee of Patrick's fate,
 That I regret to hear of I will,
 After Oscar and the Fexian,
 Among the heroes without much bread.

P. O poor warrior of the Fexian,
 That it was thy killing he never thou wert from the
 Then will I let thee know the speaking of the
 And thou shalt know the story of the king of the

the... a flock of sheep which they saw grazing in a
 field... the... the skin of the... man's
 back...

O. Misery without redress attend thyself,
 And truly thy clerics
 Do not say to me that I would follow God,
 And that I would forsake the chief of the Fians.

P. Do not be arguing, O Oisín son of Fionn,
 Tell us how the battle of Cnoc-an-air ended ;
 The Fians were mighty enough,
 But now they are weak and feeble.

O. O Patrick ! if it be the God of grace
 Who spread that report about the Fians,
 Do not believe from him henceforth
 Anything he tells thee during thy days.

Relate to me now, O Patrick,
 If it be that God of love who said,
 That he himself conquered the Fians,
 And that *cold* hell is their habitation.

P. I tell thee, and 'tis no falsehood,
 God's own mouth hath declared to us,
 That those who will not follow his counsel
 A hell of pains will be their dungeon !

O. The Fenians never followed his counsels,
 Believe not thou God of the feigned speech,
 Tell me if it were He that obtained victory
 Where he found hosts their match.

P. It is God who obtained victory over the Fians,
 And did not ask the aid of battalions or hosts,
 But his own strength and timely power,
 And truly his speech is not feigned.

suffering to another, in the next life—from the most intense flames of fire, to the most intolerable degree of cold.

- O. Believe nothing that he saith,
If he say that he obtained sway over the Fians,
Without hosts—without help at hand,
Or pledge at all but himself.
- P. God himself is all hosts [all powerful],
God is the might and pursuer of all,
'Tis God who obtained sway over the Fians
And not by the strength of heroes or pursuit of hosts.
- O. Now, on the virtue of thy white book,
And thy crozier which lies at its side,
Under the chiming of thy high-sounding bells,
Dost thou lie in what thou sayest ?
- P. O Oisín, believe me truly,
Every word that I relate to thee of God ;
Is without guile or falsehood,
And 'twas himself who taught them to us.
- O. Each word that I have related to thee,
My query is not much, but only,
Whether he tell thee that it was by himself alone
He obtained sway over the Fians.
- P. He obtained sway over all that have been
From the beginning of the world surely,
And he will, over all that will come after,
Though great their might, till the world's end.
- O. Believe not a word he hath ever uttered,
Nor yet what he may say during his day,
As he is constantly proclaiming
That 'twas he who gained victory over the Fians.

P. Jr deapn leacra zo w'feapn an Fhianh,
 na d-caiuz nian a' r a d-ctocraib f6r ;
 'r jr deapn liomra zo w'feapn Dia,
 na cura azur iab, a feadh6r !

O. Jr corh6il nac b-faca tu an Fhianh,
 na d-ctiohd zliab a n-am zle6 ;
 n6n corh6il ne rianran p'ralm,
 na ne cloiz az carmaiue, a z-ce6l.

N6n corh6il le Dia, a Phacraic,
 a fluaaz m6r6alac, 6rudeapic, r6b ;
 n6 cualaib carz 6acac nian,
 ac6 a z-cuiriue 'ran 6lian da 6l6.

P. N6n aic6r m6re na an 6lian,
 6 66r duic t6ian a maic z6ioh ;
 maic do-6r66n6az6e, a maic6,
 a Oir6n, jr eab zo f6n.

O. N6 z6illm, a Phacraic, do Dhia,
 na f6r dob' b6ia6ra jr leah zle6 ;
 zur maic 6 f6n na a z6ioh,
 6r duie 6 do b6or zan ca6, zan rle6z.

P. N6 ianah t6in ca6a na rle6z,
 a Oir6n zo de6 na 6ail ;
 ac6 noioheaf co6ram do n6in tuilm,
 a' r n6 b-fazan melleab 6 na nan6ap.

C6e6d uaim f6r a' r z6ill zo f6n,
 a Oir6n 6a66 nac n6ra6an Dia ;
 a' r ma' r maic no ole leac 6,
 jr 6 do 6oirz n6im na b-Fianh.

P. Thou imaginest that the Fians were mightier
 Than all who ever came and will come hereafter,
 But I believe that God is stronger
 Than thou and they, O old man !

O. 'Tis likely thou hast not seen the Fians
 Mustered for battle in time of war ;
 Not like the humming of the psalms,
 Or the clangor of bells, was their music.

Not like unto God, O Patrick,
 Were his [Fionn's] proud illustrious hosts,
 I never heard of any great feat [by him, *i.e.* God,]
 But what thou and the clerics spread of his fame.

P. The clerics or I have not told thee
 One-third of his good deeds since the beginning,
 Goodness without end is his goodness,
 O Oisín, it is truly.

O. I do not submit, O Patrick, to God,
 Nor yet to thy words which are foolish,
 That either he himself or his actions were great,
 As he was a man without battalion or hosts.

P. He asketh not for the pursuit of battalions or hosts
 For ever, Oisín, in his presence,
 But distributes equally according to merit,
 And he never gets a hurt from his foe.

Believe me still and truly submit,
 O silly Oisín who lovest not God,
 And whether it seems good or ill to thee,
 'Twas he who checked the career of the Fians.

- O. Ɔo ʒanar br̄eaz, n̄i h-ē Ɔia,
nuz buad̄ na b-Ɔian̄n, na a m-bar ;
a' r̄ da n-dear̄n̄aīd̄ ceart̄ na coēnam̄ n̄ian̄,
do roinn̄fead̄ zo f̄iall̄ an t-aran̄.
- P. Roinn̄tear̄ leat̄ aran̄ a' r̄ deoc̄,
do z̄ac̄ cur̄ da b-faz̄ann̄ an ʒlian̄ ;
tuiz̄ʒior̄ h̄om̄ zur̄ nar̄neac̄ bur̄,
mar̄la a' r̄ zur̄ do ʒabar̄it̄ do Ɔhia.
- O. Ɔha ʒeīb̄im̄re aran̄ a' r̄ deoc̄,
a' r̄ r̄ūl̄ ʒan̄ ʒor̄z̄ amear̄z̄ na ʒ-clian̄ ;
a Ph̄at̄raic̄ ! n̄i m̄ear̄aim̄ an̄ aon̄ ʒor̄,
do Ɔhia zo b-faiceann̄ an̄ n̄ian̄.
- P. Ɔionnar̄ dob̄ f̄eībir̄ do leat̄ n̄ian̄,
an̄ tan̄ ʒeībir̄ b̄iad̄ mar̄ ʒac̄ ;
n̄i cor̄m̄ūl̄ zur̄ leat̄-ʒumad̄ r̄in̄,
a Oir̄in̄, ir̄ m̄iuc̄ do ʒl̄an̄ !
- O. Ɔ Ph̄at̄raic̄ ! n̄i ʒneīdr̄inn̄ do Ɔhia,
zur̄a, na 'n̄ ʒlian̄ na ʒ caon̄ ;
na' r̄ a n-ēinn̄feac̄t̄ ʒeab̄maoīd̄ b̄iad̄,
zur̄ ab̄ ionann̄ an̄ n̄ian̄ ra roinn̄.
- P. Ɔ Oir̄in̄ na cur̄ a r̄aim̄ n̄i bur̄ m̄ō
a b-fuar̄im̄r̄ d'ann̄iōd̄ amear̄z̄ na ʒ-clian̄ ;
leat̄-ʒumad̄ n̄i dear̄n̄ad̄an̄ n̄ian̄,
' r̄ ir̄ feār̄n̄ a n-olc̄ na mar̄t̄ na b-Ɔian̄n.
- O. Olc̄ azur̄ ar̄ʒuin̄ d̄r̄an̄d̄,
do ʒur̄im̄ a n-d̄al̄ do ʒlian̄ ;
a' r̄ na nar̄bar̄it̄e r̄aor̄ d̄ na n̄ʒoīn̄,
ōim̄ n̄ior̄ ʒor̄m̄ūl̄ r̄ib̄ le r̄luaz̄ na b-Ɔian̄n.

- O. Thou hast told a falsehood, 'twas not God [death,
That obtained sway over the Fians, or caused their
And if he ever acted justly or evenly,
He would generously share the bread.
- P. Bread and drink is shared with thee,
Of each meal the clerics get ;
I perceive it is shameful to thee
Abuse and scandal to give to God.
- O. If I get food and drink,
And a willing share among the clerics ;
O Patrick ! I cannot think on any account
That thy God seeth my share.
- P. How is it that thou couldst get but half diet,
Whilst thou gettest food like the rest ;
It is not likely that it is injustice
O Oisín, how constant is thy clamour !
- O. O Patrick, I would not believe thy God,
Thou, nor the clerics, who are not mild,
If it be together [*i. e.* at one table] we are fed
That the portion each gets is alike.
- P. O Oisín talk no more, [clerics ;
Of all the hardships thou hast undergone among the
Injustice they never did, [of the Fians.
And their worst acts are better than the best deeds
- O. Ills and loud contention
Mayest fall among thy clerics ;
And may thou not escape their venom,
For ye are not like the Fenian hosts.

P. Եր օւր կօյն ա թատօրն կէտ,
 նա՛ յօրնայն կաւ շէրն դա Փյա ;
 տյօբարձ տրա՛ն 'նար ծի՛ կաւ ծ,
 ջօ ծօլն՝ ա դ-ծաօր չկար դա Ե-բլանո,

O. Եր կօրն կօյն ծօ ծաօր չկար բլան,
 Ելէ՛ ամբարձ դա Յ-ժլար մար շայն ;
 ԱՅ թէ՛ շատն ար չնարարձ ՊԵ,
 Ծօ յօրնեար ջօ Եաօլ ադ Ե-արան.

Ոյ Եօրնայն ըն՝ դա Ենրն դ-Փյա,
 Լե Ֆլոյն ԱՅ յարն ա'ր ԱՅ յօրնո արան,
 Ոյօրն նայնեար¹ Լէր ըւաճ դա Ե-Ֆլանո,
 Ա'ր ա Ե-ժլեաձ ղա՛ լաձ դա Ենլ.

Ոյ մար ըն ծարթօ ա'ր ծօձ շէրն,
 դա Ե'ա Ենրն ըաօր-բլար՛ ըր մօրն Եայլ ;
 Ըր մօրն կն շնաճան² Եօ՛ժ, յան յիան,
 ան Ենրն մեարձ ա շնքա՛ժ ան ջօլան.³

P. Պօ՛՛ յօրնայն կոյն ա'ր Լե Փյա,
 ա թատօրն կա՛ շէրն Ե'ար ղէրն ;
 դա Ելէ՛ ըաօ՛-նարձեա՛ձ կօրԵ,
 մար ըր ջնա՛ձ տրա, ա Օրնո ծաօր՛ !

O. Ձ Քիարայ՛ ! ծօ ծաօրայնո ծօ ղէրն,
 ա'ր ծօ՛՛ յօրնայն կօյն թէրն ծօ Պիյա ;
 ա՛ժ ջնրն յիյոյ՛ կօյն ծօ կաձարն,
 ջօ ղաճ Եաձ ար Ֆլոյնո դա Ե-Ֆլանո.

¹ Պայնեար, a *burthen, a family*. Here Oisín indicates that Fionn would not close his doors or refuse food to any that visited him, no matter how numerous they came.

² Շնաճան. This word signifies a person in the most abject state of poverty and want.

P. It is grievous to me O hoary old man,
 That thou lovest not the clerics and God ;
 A time will come when thou shalt regret it
 Sorrowful in the bonds of pain.

O. It is enough for me of cruel beads of pain
 To be with the clerics as I am,
 Awaiting the grace of God,
 Who slenderly shares with me the bread.

Not like are ye or your God,
 To Fionn sharing and giving bread,
 He would feel no burthen in the Fenian hosts,
 Or in all who came in his presence besides them.

Not so with thee and thy clerics,
 Or thy chief though great his fame ;
 Ye grudge a poor feeble wretch
 To dwell among you, O crying horde.

P. We and God would rejoice
 O hoary old man, that thou wert of our way,
 Nor to be vainly garrulous and tedious
 As thou always art, O silly Oisín !

O. O Patrick ! I would do as thou desirest,
 And 'tis I that would love thy God,
 But only that thou too often proclaimest [Fians.
 That 'twas he who obtained sway over Fionn of the

* *Folan* signifies one that is constantly crying or growling. The poet uses the expression here in reference to the singing of psalms and hymns by St. Patrick and his choir ; for while he himself was obliged to fast, the singing of psalms was not very much to his taste ; and, therefore, taunted the saint on every possible occasion.

P. Եանդա՛ճ ԼԵ ԿԱՇԱԽ ԴԱ Ե-ՖԻԱՆՆ,
 ԵԱ ԷՐԵԱՆՊԱՐ ԴԱԾ Ա՛Ր ԵԱ ՊԱԷ՛ Ե Զ-ԿԱՂԼ;
 ԱԷՐՄԻՐ ԸՆԿՆՆ ԱՊՈՒՐ ԶԱՆ ԵՐՈՆ,
 ԸԻԱ ՄԱՅ ԵԱԾ ԱՐ ԸՊՈՑ ԱՆ ԱՐՆ !

O. ՇԻԱ ՅԱՐ ՊԻԱՆ ԼԻՈՄ Ե Ծ-ԵՐԱՃԵ ԲՆԾ,
 Ե ԵԷԷ՛ ԱՐ ՄՆՆԵՒԱԼ ԼԵ ԵՈՄԱԾ ՔԱՐԻԷ :
 ԼԵԱՊԲԱԾ ԵԱԷԷ, ՄԱ ՅԷԻԵՍԻՄ ՄԻԱՐ,
 ԱՐ ԸԾՈՒՄՐՅԼԵԾ ԵԻԱՆ ԸՊՈՒՇ ԱՆ ԱՐՆ !

Դ՛ՅՈՒՐԱԿՅ ՊԷԱՐՅԱՃ ՆԱ ԼԱՆՊ ՆՅԼԱՐ,
 Ա՛Ր ՕՐԸԱՐ, ՅՕ ԵԱՆՆ, Ե Զ-ԸԾՈՒՄ-ՅԼԷԻՇ ;
 Ե ՔԻԱԵՐԱԻՇ ! ԵԱ Ե-ԲԷԷԷԲԵԱ ԱՆ ԵՂԻ,
 ՆՂ ՊՈԼԲԱԾ ՅՊՅՈՒՄ ԱՍՆ ՊՅԻ ՊԵ !

ԾՕ ԵԱՄԱՐՆ ԱՂԵ ԱՆ ՖԻԱՆՆ,
 Ե Զ-ԵՐԵԱՇԱԽ ԵԻԱՆ ՔԱ ԵՐՈՆ ՅՕ ԷԼԱՃ ;
 ԼԵ Կ-ԵԱՅԱԼ ՅԱՐ ԷԱԷԷԻՄ Ե՛ԱՐ ԼԱՕՇ,
 ԼԵ ՊԷԱՐՅԱՃ ԵՐԵԱՆ ՆԱ Զ-ԵՐԱԾ ԼԱՊՆ .

ԾՕ ԵՂ ՄԼԱՅ ՊԷԱՐՅԱԿՅ ՆԱ ՆՅԼԱՐ ԼԱՆՊ,
 ԶԱՆ ԸՊՈՒԾԵ, ԶԱՆ ՅՐԵԱՆՆ, ԱՅ ՄԼԵ ԵԵԾՐ ;
 Ե՛ԵԱՅԼԱ ՄԱՐԵԱԾ Ե Զ-ԵԱՆՆ ԷՐԱՃԵ,
 ԼԵ Կ-ՕՐԸԱՐ ԵԻԱՆ ՆԱ ԼԱՆՊ ՆՅՃԱՐ .

Ձ ՔԻԱԵՐԱԻՇ ! ԵԱ Մ-ԵԷԷԷԲԵԱԾ ԱՅ ՔԵԱՇԱՐՆՆ,
 ԱՐ ՅԱՃ ՄԻԱՆ ԸԱՂՅ-ԵՑԻՄ ԸՐԱԱԻԾ ;
 ԵԱ ՄԱՅԻՆ ԱՐ ԸՈՐՔԱԻՆ ՆԱ ՆՅԱՐԻՆ ԼԱՕՇ,
 ՊԻԱ ՆԱ ՛Ն ԸԼԷՐՆ ՆՂ ԵԷԷԷԲԵԱ ԼԱԱԻԾ .

P. Ձ ՕՂԻՂՆ ! ԲՅԱՍԼ ԸՈՐԷ ՅՕ ՔՃԻԼԼ,
 ԵՕ ԵՐԱՃԵՐԱ ԵԱՍԻՐ Ա՛Ր ԼԵԱՆ ԵՕԾ՛ ԷՐԱՃԵ ;
 ԻՄՊԻՐ ԸՆԿՆՆ ԸԻԱ ՛ՇՕ ԵՕ՛Ն ԵՂԻ,
 ԵՕ ԵԱԱԻԾ ԱՆ ՅՊՅՈՒՄ ԱՐ ԸՊՈՑ ԱՆ ԱՐՆ !

P. Peace be with the battalions of the Fians,
 They were mighty and their fame was great;
 Relate to us now without grief,
 Who gained the victory at Cnoc-an-air?

O. Though it would be my desire to talk of them,
 And to relate it with much pleasure,
 I shall tell thee if I am served [with food],
 Of the fierce conflict at Cnoc-an-air!

Meargach of the green blades,
 And Oscur, engaged fiercely in single combat,
 O Patrick! hadst thou seen the two
 Thou wouldst not praise the actions of God's only son.

We, the Fenians, all were
 Trembling intensely, and in heavy grief,
 Apprehensive our hero would fall
 By the mighty Meargach of the stern arms.

The hosts of Meargach of the green blades
 Were spiritless and joyless, shedding tears,
 Fearing for the fall of their head and chief
 By Oscur of the severe arm and sharp blades.

O Patrick! wert thou a spectator
 Of all the traces of the sharp swords
 Which were on the bodies of the stern warriors,
 Thou wouldst not mention God or the clerics.

P. O Oisín! leave off a while
 Thy silly words, and pursue the tale;
 Tell us which of the twain,
 Was victorious in the action at Cnoc-an-air.

- O. 2 Պիարչայ՛ց ! ար Օրսւր ծրարԵ,
 Ե՛ր Եարչ Ե՛ր Լար ար Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ;
 Ե՛ր Եարչ Ե՛ր Լար Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր !
- Պ. Ո՛ր Ե-Եարչ Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ;
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր .
- O. Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր .¹
- Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ;
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր .
- Ո՛ր Ե-Եարչ Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ;
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր .

¹ Բիանա Բալ, *the Fians of Fail*. Բալ, or Լիլ Բալ, according to Keating, was one of the ancient names of Ireland. At the Tuatha De Danann invasion the country received this name from a celebrated stone which they brought with them, called the Լաչ Բալ, or Stone of Destiny, and of which the poet writes :—

“Օ՛ր Ե-Եարչ Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր ,
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր .”

From this stone which is under my two heels,
 The Island of Fail is called.

This stone was considered enchanted and held in great veneration for its supposed power of making a terrible noise resembling thunder, which could be heard at a great distance, when one of the royal race of Scythia sat upon it to be crowned. It was then the custom, upon the decease of the reigning monarch, that his successor should sit upon this stone for

- O. O Meargach ! saith Oscur aloud,
 My spear has reddened in thy body ;
 I have cut thy flesh to the bone,
 And the anguish of death cometh upon thee !
- M. I dread not death by thy hand,
 Be not concerned for me, generous Oscur ;
 I verily believe thou shalt fall by us,
 And all that survive of thy hosts.
- O. I verily believe, O stern Meargach,
 That thy death wound is not far from thee,
 And that thou and thy mighty host will fall,
 By me and the hosts of the Fians of Fail.

Oscur became furious and vehement,
 And he wielded his all-victorious blade,
 With such heroic courage and might of arm,
 That he laid Meargach the hardy low.

Not long was the hero on the ground,
 When he arose without dread again ;
 Shame then seized the man,
 And his strength and valor increased.

coronation ; but if the candidate so sitting was *not* of the royal blood of Scythia, neither motion nor noise of any sort proceeded from the stone. All the monarchs of Ireland upon their succession were crowned upon it ; and from its great fame, Fergus Mac Earca, first king of Scotland, sent to his brother Murtough, who was then king of Ireland, requesting him to send it to Scotland, in order to be crowned thereon king of that country. He believed thereby that the crown would be more firmly possessed by him and his posterity, by its innate extraordinary virtue. The king of Ireland complied ; and about A.D. 513, Fergus received upon it the crown of Scotland. It was preserved with great care at the Abbey of Scone in that country, for the purpose of crowning their kings upon it, until the time of Edward I., king of England, who brought it from Scotland. It is said to be now placed under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, where it has lost all its former virtue and power.

O. Do áairé an bÍr deaí-laoé zlan,
o aínaric maíðne zo h-iar-neoíñ ;
zan ríé, zan roíab, zan caíñde,
oc! a Phacraic, a n-bían-zleó.

D'íarraigí Æheargac d'Orcur aíz,
an d-creízííð zo la an zleó;
a dubairc Orcur do zeadair do mian,
a' r do rzuirneadar íab a raon.

Tanzadar an bÍr lám ar lám,
a' r do záb an fanuíze a íluaí zéíñ,
do zluair Orcur zo calma, mear,
ran leirí amac roíñ an b-Fhéíñ.

Bhí dñeam azuioñ zo rúbac, ruairc,
a' r dñeam eíle ía znuairn na nzné,
zo h-éirííð zréíne ar na máíac,
zur éioíð an námaíð cúzairn zo tréan.

Do cúaíð Orcur a n-éíde caéa,
a' r do zlac a arn 'ra rzíac na dóíð ;
do éííall a z-cóíðáí 'ra z-coíñne,
Æheargací mííne, an tréan leóíñ.¹

D'ioíñraigí an bÍr an dára la,
ar maíðíñ zo lám-zííob bían ;
az zearíab a' r az creáctúzab a céíle,
a' r níoí b-íada zur záíñ² an Fhíann.

¹ leóíñ, a *lion*. This name is also applied by the poets to a hero, or one who distinguishes himself in battle.

² záíñ, a *shout*. The Fenians were wont to shout loudly at any signal victory obtained by them, whether in the field or elsewhere; and Donnchadh Ruadh mhic Conmara, in his *Caíctra Zhíolla an Áííallairn*, or, *Adventures of a Slave of Adversity*, thus describes the shout of Charon, the boatman of the Styx:—

O. The two noble brave heroes spent [the time]
 From morning's dawn till evening,
 Without quarter, without cessation, without delay,
 Alas! O Patrick, in severe conflict.

Meargach asketh of Oscr the noble,
 If he would relinquish the battle for the night;
 Oscr saith "thou shalt have thy desire,"
 And they both left separated.

The two came hand in hand,
 And the stranger went to his own host;
 Oscr strode forth bravely and stoutly,
 On the plain before the Fians.

Some of us were merry and humorous,
 And others looked sullen in their countenance;
 Till the rising of the sun on the morrow,
 When the foe mustered around us powerfully.

Oscr went forth in battle armour,
 And he took his arms and shield in his hand,
 He went onwards to meet
 Angry Meargach, the lion of bravery.

The two attacked each other on the second day,
 In the morning with fierce blows,
 Cleaving and wounding each the other,
 And 'twas not long till the Fians shouted.

"Do nu5 a7 maca77 a7 6a7 770 776a777,
 Do 777 76 5a77 67a77 a'7 66776a6,
 Le 77a77 a 567a do 6776a6 7a 776a77a,
 Do 67a7a a7 6777776 6 a'7 6777 7776a77 5677 a7."

The giant seiz'd my hand with gladden'd soul,
 Then louder roar'd than mightiest thunder's roll;
 Heaven's high cope trembled at his bellowing shout,
 The round world heard, and hell's black depths cried out.

S. Hayes's Translation.

- P. Créad an fáe ar záin an Fhianh,
 a Oirín zrioh aicéir dúioh;
 ná dearmad, aicéim, do náid,
 ir mhír¹ do rzeól air rúo.
- O. Níor záin máoide, a Phacraic náad!
 do éoz an Fhianh an tnat úo;
 acé záin éaoithe a' r éraideacé,
 záin zolaioh a' r záin cúmad!
- P. Créad fáe ar éaoineadar an Fhianh;
 ir fada liom zo noctair fáe,
 ir corhúil mar leathar do laoi,
 zo náib Orcur a lioh cruad-cáir
- O. Dob' é fáe fo' n záin aa Fhianh,
 a Phacraic ná cléine zo dearb;
 an tneaf béim éuz Meanzac ná laoh,
 o' fáz Orcur zo fanh faoi éalam!
- An tath do éonarcmar Orcur ar lair,
 do faoileamar a' r cac zo náib zao anam,²
 acé nior b-fada do' h laoc cróda,
 an tath o'éiriz' bed ná fearam!
- A Orcur, ar Fioh ná b-Fianh,
 ní facar niam do corp ar lair;
 ar úir talimh zur aniu,
 az aoh zairzideac da buirbe laim.
- Ir dearb liomra ar Meanzac ná laoh,
 zo m-biad Orcur zo fanh zao rpar;
 azur an cúo eile do' h Fhianh,
 acé tura azur Aob Beaz amáio.

¹ Mhír do rzeól, *sweet thy tale*. The saint here indicates to Oisín that he was well pleased with his narrative; and urged him to proceed, for it is to be supposed that Oisín grew silent for a time, thinking mournfully of the great achievements he had witnessed of old.

- P. Why is it that the Fians shouted,
 O pleasant Oisín relate to me ;
 Do not forget, I implore, thy narration,
 Delightful is thy account of it [to me].
- [arrived!]
- O. 'Twas not a shout of exultation, O Patrick, recently
 That the Fenians raised at that time,
 But a shout of sorrow and misery,
 A shout of lamentations and [deep] woe !
- P. Why is it that the Fenians wailed ?
 I long to hear thee reveal the cause ;
 'Tis likely as thy lay goeth on,
 That Oscur was in a perilous position.
- O. This was why the Fenians wailed,
 O Patrick of the clerics, truly ;
 The third blow given by Meargach of the blades,
 Left Oscur weak upon the ground.
- When we beheld Oscur down,
 We and the rest supposed him dead ;
 But 'twas not long till the valorous hero
 Arose alive and stood up.
- O Oscur, saith Fionn of the Fians,
 Thy body was never seen laid
 On the clay of the earth till to-day,
 By any hero however mighty his hand.
- I verily believe, saith Meargach of the blades,
 That Oscur will be feeble without delay,
 And the rest of the Fians,
 But thou and Aodh Beag only.

² *ḡan anam*, literally *without spirit*, meaning that he was a lifeless corpse.

- O. Dub-rlan na Féinne rúžac,
 a Mhearzaíḡ cruaíḡ na uḡlar lann;
 o deaḡzaḡ lıom ar do cóḡp,
 nı h-eaḡal do'n Fhıann do éeann.
- Cuıḡḡıḡ, a Oḡcuıḡ, ar Conan maol,
 do éuıḡıḡ do'n Fhıann ḡur bıé;
 cuıḡḡıḡ ar ḡac caé cruaıḡ,
 do féarḡıḡıḡıḡ do fluaıḡtıḡ Fhınn.
- Do ḡḡeaeḡ Conan Oḡcuıḡ aıḡ,
 a'ḡ éuḡ aḡaıḡ ḡo dana ar Mhearzaé érean;
 nı fácaḡ fōr, a Phaeḡaıḡ!
 caé dob' féarḡ ıḡıḡ bıḡ laoc.
- Dob' é rúḡ an caé ba bıan,
 a Phaeḡaıḡ! na ḡ-clıan ḡan ḡḡ;
 caé ḡan ḡoḡaḡ, caé ḡan ḡaıḡe,
 caé ḡan ḡeaona a nḡarḡ ḡleḡ.
- Do bı an bıḡ dob' aıḡe cnear,
 Oḡcuıḡ aḡur Mhearzaé a dear me;
 an dana lá ar d-teaéḡ neon,
 a'ḡ nıon h-aıéne a ḡ-clḡ na ḡḡeıḡ.
- Nı ḡaıḡ ball da ḡ-conḡaıḡ caomḡ,
 ḡan ḡıan cḡeáéḡ, na ḡonḡ lann;
 o baéar' cınn, ḡo bonn cḡaéḡ,¹
 dúıḡne a'ḡ do éac nıon ḡneann.
- A Oḡcuıḡ! cuıḡḡıḡ ḡur leḡ' laıḡ,
 do éuıḡ ḡruaeḡaé an Dúıḡ Óıḡ;²
 ma cuıḡeār le Mhearzaé ar ḡ-cul tú.
 nı aıḡtıḡḡ dúıḡḡ tú, ar Fıonḡ na b-Fhıann.

¹ BAÉAR. This is the name by which the crown of the head is known ; and it is generally believed that talented men lose the hair off this part of their head at an early age. The celebrated poet Carolan is represented as a bald-pated man in a print prefixed to Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*.

O. The Fenians completely defy thee,
 Stern Meargach of the green blades ;
 As I have reddened thy body,
 The Fians need not dread thy power.

Remember Oscur, saith Conan Maol,
 Thy fall to the Fians will be a loss ;
 Remember every hard battle
 Thou sustained for the hosts of Fionn.

Conan roused the noble Oscur,
 And he boldly faced the powerful Meargach ;
 I have never yet seen, O Patrick,
 A better fought battle between two heroes.

That was the battle that was severe,
 O Patrick ! of the clerics, without doubt ;
 A battle without cessation, a battle without partiality,
 A battle without intermission in fierce conflict.

The two were of the fairest feature,
 Oscur and Meargach I say ;
 On the second day on the approach of evening, [ed.
 That their form or appearance could not be distinguish-

There was not a spot of their smooth bodies
 Without trace of scars and wounds of blades,
 From the top of their heads to the sole of their feet,
 To us and the rest it was not pleasant.

O Oscur ! remember it was by thy hand,
 The wizard of Dunore fell ;
 If by Meargach thou art vanquished,
 We recognise thee not, saith Fionn of the Fians.

² Τραῦς, or βόη τραῦς, used poetically for ποῦς, the foot ; however, βόη τραῦς, or βόη ποῦς, means the sole of the foot.

³ Δύη ὄρη, i.e., *the fortress of gold*. There are three localities in Ireland bearing this name—one of which (Dunore) is situated in the county

O. Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար,
 Ուր արիւնն ար ար ար ար ար.

of Kerry; the *Fort del Or* of the Spaniards near Smerwick; the second is now a castellated rock in the southern shore of Cape Clear in Cork; and the third is in the county of Meath. There is an Ossianic Poem in our collection, entitled *Գաւրն ար ար ար ար ար*, i.e., *The Adventures*

O. Dost not thou remember how powerful was
 Nosniadh, the flower of Dunore ;
 As we recognise not thy countenance,
 Let us always hear thy voice.

Dost thou not remember after the slaughter,
 That it was by thee Tailc Mac Treoin fell ?
 And each hero and mighty host,
 That made a journey towards the Fians.

We, the Fenians all, perceived,
 That death was not far from the two ;
 'Twas not long till we were joyful,
 On the feeble fall of the mighty man.

Though the hero fell to the ground,
 In the spasms of death, as we thought,
 He arose quickly and fiercely again,
 And saith, " this is sad for the Fians."

The evening was nigh at hand,
 And the Fians and all conceived,
 That it was better the two heroes
 Should cease from the conflict for the night.

Fionn spoke to the mighty men,
 And said it would be to the renown of the two,
 To give up the battle of one accord,
 Till the rising sun on the morrow.

Meargach of the green blades said,
 That is but just, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill ;
 And I never yet encountered in battle,
 A hero mightier in strength and vigour.

of the Big Fool, or Simpleton ; in which reference is made to Σημαζακ
 of Θηύη αη Οηη, which may refer to either locality. This poem will
 appear in our Transactions at some future period.

O. O noét amác, a Mheargais éruais,
cuirim ruar dúire, a' r d'Fhionn;
do ló nó d'oidce, a' gur go bnaé,
nó gur bar do ceáctar dúinn.

Do r'gurr an dír dea'g-laoc d' n' n'gled,
an oidce r' n' a' r ba éreáctac tinn;
a z-coirp, a b-foél, a' r a z-cnaíha,
zan b'ri'g, zan blaó, zan feidim.

Ar na máraic ar amarc lae,
d'ionnra'g a céile an dír go dian;
ba cáma neart a' r z'hoim laíha,
ar calaím da d-cáiriz n'iaím.

Dob' iad rúó, a Phacraic, an dír,
ba zairbe, a' r ba éreine a n'gled;
'r' r' feárr do cúiread arceac go cnaím,
lanh d'a laím¹ da b-facaó fór.

Ní facar fór dír ma r iad,
a neart, a n'ia, na d-cnean lúé;
a z-calmaé, a m'ne, a' r a m'neac,
a' r a n-m'ne ar meannmaíu, dar líom.

Ní facaó a raíhuil rúó amon,
a' z fulan'g t'rom-béimeann c'ruais;
a' z zearraó feóla, a' r cnear cáom,
a' z rearaím zan flead, zan ruan.

Ar d-cneire,² a d-cneine, 'ra lúé,
zan ceirce a b-foinn 'na h'dáil;
do bí an dír zan r'gurr d' n' n'gionn,
do ló nó d'oidce a' r fead beic la.

¹ Lanh d'a laím, *a sword off their hands*. Specimens of the swords used by the ancient Irish can be seen in the hall of the Mansion-house,

- O. From this night forth, O stern Meargach,
 I will not by thee nor by Fionn ;
 Neither by night nor by day, nor for ever,
 Until either of us is dead.

The two brave heroes relinquished the battle
 For that night, and sorely wounded,
 Were their bodies, flesh and bone,
 Without vigor, without fame, without force.

On the morning of the morrow,
 The two encountered each other fiercely ;
 They were the strongest and mightiest of arm,
 That ever came on earth.

These, O Patrick, were twain,
 The roughest and mightiest in battle ;
 The most skilful to strike unto the bone,
 A lance off their hand, that I have seen yet.

Two like them have not yet been seen,
 In strength, in pursuit, or in robust agility ;
 In prowess, in swiftness, and in courage,
 And in feats of dexterity I apprehend.

I have not seen the like of the two,
 In enduring heavy severe blows ;
 In cleaving flesh, and soft skin,
 Or in enduring without food or repose.

In might, in strength, and in agility,
 Without want of feats or deeds ;
 The two gave not up the action,
 For day or night during ten days.

Dawson-street, Dublin, which no man of the present day could wield
 with one arm.

* In other copies a b-ερεαγλδ.

- Օ. Ձիւղարչայ՛ց շրուայծ նա լաղոց ղչար,
 ար Օրսար, չօ տաղոց ծրարծ ;
 իր ոտքն ան ղարե ծնոցոց արաօց,
 բաժն ըն ղլեժ արն ար լարնա.
- Պ. Ձիւղար ! իր ըն ար շրուայծ լարն,
 ծ'ար յարն արն ըծոնծար ղարն ;
 ծօ ըարեցոց ղարն իր թ շրոյժ
 ար Ձիւղարչա՛ծ, ար ծօ ղարն նա ծ-Բիւղարն.
- Օ. Որն ի-ծ ոց շրոյժ նա շրոյժ նա ծ-Բիւղարն,
 ար Ձիւղարչայ՛ց շրուայծ նա ղչար լաղոց ;
 շարեցոց ղարն լարն ար լարն,
 ար Օրսար նա ղարն ծօ տաղոց.

Սո ղլաժ Օրսար նա լաղոց ղչար,
 ղարնարն, շար շար ծօժ ար ղարն ;
 ղարն ծ-բաժն չօ ղ-ծնծարն շար ղար,
 ան տաղոց ղլոց Ձիւղարչա՛ծ, ծօ ղարն ղարն.

Յարն շար ար ծիժ ղարն նա ղարն,
 ար Ձիւղարչայ՛ց շրուայծ ! ար Օրսար ղարն ;
 ղարն շար ծար ար ծիժ շարն,
 ղարն ծարնա, ղարն ղարնարն, ար լարն.

Որն ծ-բաժն ծնոցոց շարն ար շարն,
 ար ղարնարն արն ար ղարնարն ղարն ;
 չօ ղարն Ձիւղարչա՛ծ ար շարն ղարնարն,
 ար Օրսար նա ղ-բիւղարն ղ-շրուայծ.

Որն ծ-բարնարն ղարն նա ղարն ծ Օրսար,
 արն շարն ղարն շարն ծօ ղարնարն,
 ար ծ-բիւղարնարն ան շարնարն շրուայծ,
 ծօ Ձիւղարչա՛ծ, ղարն շարն ար շարն !

- O. O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 Saith Oscur, stoutly and aloud,
 Great is the shame to us both,
 That the conflict is on our hands so long.
- M. O Oscur! 'tis thou that hast the hardiest hand,
 That ever played with me ;
 Thy fall by me will be the end,
 Saith Meargach, and the end of all the Fians.
- O. It is not my end, nor the end of the Fians,
 O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 To fall, as thou sayest, by thy hand,
 Saith Oscur of the stern words.

Oscur of the sharp blades assumed
 Courage, though weak was his appearance ; [said,
 It was not long afterwards till the boastful Meargach
 It would be well if we took repose.

Thou shalt not take food or repose,
 O stern Meargach ! saith noble Oscur,
 Until thou art beheaded,
 Or that I, as thou boastest, shall have fallen.

Not long were we on both sides,
 Ministering and listening to them ;
 Till Meargach was behind his shield,
 Prepared for Oscur of the severe blows.

Oscur did not give him rest or quarter,
 But severely dealt each fierce blow ;
 At the close of the severe combat,
 Of Meargach he cut his head.

O. Do éozbamairne, an Fhianh, zair nuióim,¹
 a' r cáe zair éaoirce zo cruaid;
 a dúbairc mac Mheargach na lann,
 tizead fear an cómhail uair?

Thairn na cóiróim, a' r na cómhail,
 Lonzaban mac Bruaidín na n-eac;
 airmh mhic Mheargach na lann,
 Ciardan dob' fógallac a d-crear.

Sul fó d-tuzam tarz an cáca,²
 Orsur ba cruaz zán cur a ruim;
 do bí líonta do éneacraib adbal,
 o Mheargac cruada na z-cruad zóimh.

Ruzamar an laoc calma,
 o aiharc na b-fear mhóir-crean,³
 a' r d'iaru cead ar Fhionn ar d-túr,
 dul do cóiriac mhic Mheargach féin.

Níor aoncuiz Fionn do'n laoc cáid,
 dul do cóiriac le Ciardan mear;
 do cuirnead leizear ne a éneadaib,
 'r ír zearu zo mo doiliz dúin an fear.

¹ To show how various copies of the poem differ; as indeed do all our Ossianic and other compositions, when transcribed by illiterate scribes, we quote the following stanzas from Mr. O'Grady's copy, which was written in 1845, by an intelligent blacksmith, named Griffin, in Kilrush, county of Clare:—

“An cúirt do Mheargac ceann,
 ba doib fógallac a d-túr zleó;
 a dúbairc a mhac le zlóir nar zneann,
 tizead aon fear an éimh.”

Upon the fall of stout Meargach,
 Who was fierce and destructive in the beginning of battle;
 His son said in an unpleasant tone,
 Let a man meet me here.

O. We, the Fenians, raised a shout of triumph,
 And the foe a bitter wail ;
 The son of Meargach of the spears said,
 Let a man from among you come to meet me ?

There came in his presence to face him,
 Longadan, the son of Brodin, of the steeds ;
 The name of the son of Meargach of the swords,
 [Was] Ciardan, the avenger in battles.

Before I render an account of the battle,*
 Pity that Oscur should not be immortalized,
 He was covered with huge wounds,
 By heroic Meargach of the hard deeds.

We brought the magnanimous hero [with us],
 From the sight of the great mighty men ;
 And he asketh leave of Fionn first
 To go fight Meargach's son.

Fionn would not consent that the noble hero,
 Should go to fight Ciardan the swift ;
 Healing medicine was applied to his wounds,
 And soon to us it was sad.

² Again :—

“ Sul a d-cuḡad tuarairḡḡal an cḡta,
 Oḡcur ba ḡruaḡ ḡan a cḡr a ruḡ ;
 do bḡ cḡrḡ cḡḡaḡcḡcḡ ruḡ,
 ḡan cḡra ḡan meabair ḡan luḡ !”

* Before I relate the account of the battle,
 Pity that Oscur would not be noticed ;
 He was sick, wounded, and weak,
 Without agility, without sense, without strength !

³ Again :—

“ ḡo cḡeairḡa ḡ airḡc cḡc.”
 Mildly from the gaze of the rest.

O. An tan d'fázbamar an laoc,
 rínte zo raon an leaba ruain;
 a' r lucc fneardai!¹ na cõmbail,
 cãnzamar do laçair an caça luadar.

D'ionraiz Çiarban zo calma,
 azur Lonzaban ba çarb zleod;
 a' r njon b-fada dõib a ngleic,
 an tan cuiread mac Bruaidõn an feoz!²

Do tuic, a Phacraic, d'an b-Fhéinn,
 le Çiarban, a n-aonar, an cead la;
 deicneadar a' r cead d'feardib çruaid
 ba daicõib dúnõn uainn an m-blaç.³

Do tuic leir an darna la,
 zan deardad an a çneir caoin;
 ba cead fear ba calma lúe,
 a Phacraic! ba dúbac an céim.

An tan do çonairc Foll mac Mõrõn,
 Çiarban az çionbad na rluaz;
 do çluair fein na cõmbail,
 a' r njon b-fada an lan zo b-fuar.

Jan d-tuicim do Chiarban ne Foll,
 do çair, do çlaim, a' r do caoin caç;
 do çair le lúeçair an Fhian,
 çib' nar faor jad. õ õiombad.

Tairiz deardraçair do Chiarban,
 d'an ba com-ainim Liazan mear;
 ba çrõda calma e mar laoc,
 a' r an feadar na Féinne d'fõçair caç.⁴

¹ Lucc fneardai, i. e., attendants, or persons to wait upon him, nurses.

² Feod, or feodad, to fade, wither, or decay.

³ blaç, *flower*; by which the poet indicates that the flower of the Fenian army were slain in the engagement.

O. When we left our hero,
 Feebly laid upon a bed of repose,
 And attendants with him,
 We made towards the battle I announced.

Ciardan encountered stoutly,
 With Longadan the tough in battle,
 Nor long were they in the conflict,
 When the son of Brodin was put to death !

There fell, O Patrick, of our Fians,
 By Ciardan alone, on the first day,
 One hundred and ten of hardy men,
 Sad to us was the loss of the flower [of our hosts].

There fell by him on the second day,
 Without his smooth skin being reddened,
 Two hundred men with sinews strong,
 O Patrick ! sorrowful was the deed.

When Goll Mac Morna beheld
 Ciardan sweeping away the hosts,
 He himself went forth to meet him,
 And 'twas not long till he laid him low.

On the fall of Ciardan by Goll,
 He shrieked and yelled, and his friends wailed ;
 The Fenians shouted with gladness,
 Though they were not free from sorrow.

A brother of Ciardan arrived,
 Whose name was Liagan the active ;
 He was a hero valorous and stout,
 And the bravest of the Fians he challenged.

⁴ Ὁ ἴδῳαῖη καὶ, *he proclaimed battle*, i.e., he challenged the best among the Fians to combat.

O. Եայոյն ա Յ-հօմծայլ լէր բնծ,
 Շէրնն մա՛ս Լնչայծ Ե՛ս ծյա՛ն Լա՛ն,
 ոյ՛օր Ե-բաճա ծօ՛րԵ աՅ լլնձալ,
 ոսայր Ե՛լ Շէրնն մա՛ս Լնչայծ ա՛ր Լա՛ր.

Եայոյն քա՛ր Ելե ծօ՛ն Ֆիլա՛ն,
 Ծ'ա՛ր Ե'ալոյմ Պաճոս մա՛ս ԼօԵարա՛ն,
 Ծօ շու՛ր քնն ա'ր շե՛ծ ծօ՛ն Ե-Ֆննո՛ն,
 Լե Լլաճա՛ն Երծճա ա՛ն Լօնարա՛ն.

Պօ շլուայր Եօնա՛ն ո՛սր ծյա՛ն ա Յ-Եա՛ժ,¹
 ա'ր ո՛սր լարս Եալ շարճե ո՛ս շո՛ն;
 ա Յ-հօմծայլ Լլաճայր, ա՛ր շե՛ծԾ Ծօ Լա՛ճայր,
 լր Եաօ՛ժ Ծօ շուայրԾ ա քնն մաօլ!

Եար Ծ-Եա՛ժ Ծօ Շօնա՛ն ա Ե-բօջսր Ծօ,
 Ծօ շօճ Լլաճա՛ն շօ Երծճա ա Լա՛ն,
 լր Երեւր օրԵ ա՛ն քա՛ր ա՛ր Ծօ շնլ,
 ո՛ս մլրԵ լծմա՛Ծ, ա՛ր Եօնա՛ն.

Պ'քե՛ճ Լլաճա՛ն Երծճա ո՛ս ծյալճ,
 ա'ր Ե՛ս Եարա ա՛ն լարա՛ժ, աՅ Եօնա՛ն;
 ոյ լալոյն լէր քե՛ճար Եար ալր,
 ա՛ն Եաոն շսր լճար ծ ո՛ս մսրնե՛ալ!

Նյօր քարայն Եօնա՛ն ա՛ն Եալլ,
 ա'ր ոյ՛օր լարս քա՛ր ա շե՛ժ ա ո-ճալ;
 Ծօ շլուայր Ծօ շօլր քե՛ճա քաօլ 'ո Ե-Ֆլա՛ն,
 ա'ր Ծօ շալԵ ա Լա՛ն ծր ա Լա՛ն.

Պ'քարալծ Բաօլա՛ն ծօ՛ն Ե-քա՛ր մաօլ,
 Երե՛ծ քա՛ժ ո՛սր քարմայծ ա՛ն Եալլ,
 շսր ո՛սրքե՛ճ ա՛ն շոյո՛ն Ծօ լնն,
 ա'ր շսր Լե Եալճ շու՛ր Լլաճա՛ն ա՛ն.

¹ Մար ծյան ա Յ-Եաժ, *not powerful in battle*. In this stanza Conan is represented as the greatest of cowards. He never sought praise for any feat he performed, and very justly, because he did nothing to boast of, having exhibited the most glaring acts of cowardice on every occasion. On this

- O. There arrived in his company,
 Ceirin, the son of Lughaidh, of the vehement hand ;
 Not long were they engaged,
 When Ceirin the son of Lughaidh fell.

Another of the Fianna arrived,
 Whose name was Magnus Mac Lobharain ;
 He with one hundred of our men fell
 By Liagan the heroic alone.

Conan, never potent in battle,
 And who never sought fame for valour or deeds,
 Went to meet Liagan, who when he came in his pre-
 sence,
 Said, " silly is thy visit, thou bald man !"

When Conan came nigh to him,
 Liagan fiercely raised his hand ;
 More dangerous for thee is the man behind,
 Than I before thee, saith Conan.

Liagan the heroic looked behind,
 And quick was the blow made by Conan ;
 Before he could look forward,
 His head was severed from the neck !

Conan did not maintain his ground,
 Nor did he ask any to take his place ;
 He ran with all haste towards the Fians,
 And flung his blade from his hand.

Faolan enquireth of the bald man,
 Why he did not maintain his ground ;
 That he was guilty of a shameful act,
 And that 'twas by treachery Liagan fell.

occasion, however, he was cunning enough to alarm his antagonist Liagan, falsely telling him of an attack from the rear ; and thus avail himself of the opportunity, whilst he looked backwards, to cut off his head.

O. Գձ Ծ-ԵՂԵԱԾ ԼԻՈՒՐԱ ԼԵ Կ-ՏՈՆԵՅԻՄ,
 ՁՆ ՐԼԱՀ ԵՐԵԱՆ ԾՕ ՇՍՐ ՇՍՄ ԵՍԻՐ ;
 ԼԵ ՇԵՂՅ, ՆՅՈՐ ՆԱՐ ԼԻՈՄ ՁՆ ԵԱՐԵ,
 Ձ'Ր ՆՂ Ե-ՔԱՀԾԱՕՐՐ ՔՕՐՅ ԱՄԵԱՐՅ ՆԱ Ե-ՔԼԱՆՆ.

ԵՄԵՂՅ, ԱՐ ՔԱՕԼԱՆ, ՕՐԱՌԾ,
 Ձ'Ր ՅԼԱՇ ԱԾ ԼԱՐՄ ԾՕ ԼԱՆՆ ԱՐՂՐ ;
 Ձ'Ր ՔՕՅԱՐՐ ՇԱՇ ՇԱԼՄԱ ՇՐՕԾԱ,
 ԱՐ ՔԵԱՐ ԾՕ'Ն Ե-ՐԼՕՅ ՄԱՐ ԱՂԵ, ՆՕ ԱՐ ՕՂՐ.

ՆՂ ՅԵԱԵԱԾ ԾՕ ՇՈՒՅԱՐԼԵ, ԱՐ ՇՈՒՅԱՆ,
 ՅՂԾ Ե'Ե ԱՅԱՂԵ ԼԵ'Ր ՆԱՐ ՄՕ ՅՆՅՈՒՄ ;
 ՔՕՅՐԱԾ ՔԵՂՆ ՇԱՇ Ձ'Ր ՇՈՒՅԱՇ,
 ԱՐ ՔԵԱՐ ՆՕ ԾՕ ԾՕ'Ն Ե-ՐԼԱՀ-ԵՍԻԾՈՐ.

ԵՐԻԱԼԼ ԱՄ ԾԱՂԻՔ, ԱՐ ՔԱՕԼԱՆ,
 Ձ'Ր ՇՈՒՅԵԱՂԾ ԼԱՐՄ ԼԻՈՄ ԱՆՆՐ Ա ՆՅԼԱԾ ;
 ՄԱ'Ր ԵՍԻՇԻՄ ԾԱՄ ԼԵ'Ն ՇԵ ՇՅՕՔԱՐ,
 ՅԱՐՄՄ ՇՍՅԱԾ ՔԵԱՐ ԾՕ'Ն ՔԻԼԱՆՆ.

ՆՂ ՐԱՇԱԾ ԱՄ ԱՕՆԱՐ ԱՆՆ,
 ՆԱ ՔՕՐ ԱԾ ԾԱՂԻՐ, ԱՐ ԱՆ ՔԵԱՐ ՄԱՕԼ ;
 ԾԱ ՄՕ ԵՍԻՇԻՄ ԵԱՐՐԱ Ա ՔԻԱՕԼԱՆ,
 ՆՅՈՐ Ե'Ե ԱՄ ԾԱՄ ԵՅԻՇ ԱՅ ՅԼԱՕԾԱՇ !

ԵԱՐՐ ՄԱՐ ԱՕՆ ԼԻՈՄ, Ա ՔՐՐ ՄԱՕԼԵ,
 Ձ'Ր ԵԱԾԱՐՐ ԼԵԱՇ ԱՐՂՐ ԾՕ ԼԱՆՆ ;
 ՆԱ ՔԱՆ ԱՄ ՔՕՇԱՐՐ ՄԱՐ ԱՂԵ ԼԵԱՇ,
 ՄԱՐ ԵԱՅԱԼ ԼԵԱՇ ՇԱՇ ԾՕԾ' ՇԵԱՆՂ !

ՊՕ ԵՐԻԱԼԼ ՔԱՕԼԱՆ Ձ'Ր ԱՆ ՔԵԱՐ ՄԱՕԼ,
 ՅՕ ՐԱՆՅԱԾԱՐ Ա ՐԱՕՆ ՇՕՐ ԱՐ ՇՕՐ ;
 ԱՆ ԱՂԵ 'ՆԱ ՐԱՂԵ ԼԻԱՅԱՆ ԱՐ ԼԱՐ,
 Ա ՔԻԱՕԼԱՆ ! ԱՐ ՇՈՒՅԱՆ, ԵՂ ԱԾ ՇՕՐԾ ?

O. If I could by one blow
 Put the mighty host to death,
 By artifice, I would not blush at the deed,
 And they would not be sheltered by the Fians.

Go, saith Faolan, loudly,
 And take thy sword in thy hand again,
 And proclaim battle fiercely and heroically,
 To one of the host if they will, or to two.

I shall not take thy advice, saith Conan,
 Whoever of you is ashamed of my act,
 Let himself proclaim battle and fight,
 Against one or two of the host.

Approach with me, saith Faolan,
 And give me a helping hand in the battle ;
 If I fall by him that comes,
 Call to thy aid one of the Fians.

I shall neither go there alone,
 Nor yet with thee, saith the bald man ;
 Were I to fall, O Faolan,
 Then it would be too late for me to call !

Come along with me, O bald man,
 And bring with thee again thy sword ;
 Stay not with me if thou likest,
 If thou art afraid of losing thy head.

Faolan and the bald man proceeded,
 Till they both reached step by step,
 The place where Liagan lay,
 O Faolan ! saith Conan, be silent ?

O. The bald man raised his sword
 And ran quickly towards the Fians ;
 Faolan loudly proclaimed battle
 To the bravest of the foe single-handed.

There came quickly to meet him,
 A valiant hero with bombastic talk,
 Daolchiabh was his usual name,
 And his shield and spear were in his right hand.

The two were not long fighting with their swords
 Till we saw, and to our foes it was a cause of joy,
 Faolan the active, our brave hero,
 Behind his shield by noble Daolchiabh.

They [the enemy] raised a shout of joy,
 Though sorrowful they wept at the death of Liagan ;
 We raised a shout of wailing
 For the failure of his strength by Faolan !

Oscur^h heard our loud shout
 In his bed where he was feebly laid ;
 The battle is general, saith he,
 Before I arrive the Fians will be all beheaded !

It was not long till we saw approaching,
 The stout swift hero in full speed ;
 We knew not that 'twas he was there
 Till he courteously saluted Fionn.

I imagined, O Fionn ! saith he,
 When I heard the sorrowful wail,
 That there was not a brave hero left on the hill,
 And that not one of you was left alive !

O. Do b'í Faolan a' r' Daolc'íab,
 a n'gled' a'zur a' z-com'p'rac' é'rua'is' ;
 a'z' z'ear'ra'ad' r'e'd'la, cor'p, a' r' c'ra'm,
 a' n-a'm'ar'ic' a'ra'os' ba' é'rua'z' !

D'íar'ri' F'ionn' a'ri' a'n' laoc' cal'ma,
 O'rc'ur' a'z'ea'n't'a' i'f' é' luad'a'ri'm,
 dul' a'ri' r' tar' a'ri' do' n' d'ú'n,
 a' r' z'an' f'ur'neac' r'ó' lú'e' a'n' z'led'.

N'í' ra'c'ad' tar' w'a'ir, a' F'h'ionn' c'a'is' !
 a'ri' O'rc'ur' n'a'n' é'la'is' a' n'g'li'ad' ;
 n'ó' z'o' b'-f'a'ic'f'ead' c'ia' aco' do' n' d'í'r,
 do' é'ur'f'ear' r'an' n'z'ho'm' le' h'-é'a'z'.

Do b'í Faolan ba' é'raoc'ad' z'o' m'ó'n,
 a'z' Daolc'íab' z'o' c'ri'ó'd'a, ce'ann' ;
 a' F'haola'ri'n' ! a'ri' O'rc'ur' n'a' l'ann' n'z'é'ar',
 tu' é'ur'ri'm' le' Daol' h'om' n'ho'n' z'í'ra'ann'.

D'í'ra'c' Faolan, a' r' ba' é'rua'is' a' é'ar,
 a'ri' O'rc'ur' le' d'iom'bad' i'na' z'ho'ú'r' ;
 a' f'la'is' n'a' laoc' cal'ma, a'ri' r'é,
 ma' é'ur'ri'm' n'a' t'r'é'is' mo' é'ú'r'.

Ma' r' é'ur'ri'm' d'ur' le' Daolc'íab'
 a' F'haola'ri'n' ! c'ia' d'ian' a' é'nom' f'í'ó'z' ;
 é'ur'f'ead'ra' a'zur' r'luaz' n'a' b'-F'ian'n,
 n'ó' é'ur'f'is' Daolc'íab' ad' é'eo'is'z'.

C'ur'ri'n'is'z', a' F'haola'ri'n' ! a'ri' O'rc'ur' t'r'é'ann,
 z'ur' b'í'om'ba' laoc' do' é'ur' le'd' l'ar'ri' ;
 a' r' n'a'c' c'ur'be' d'ur' a' n-a'm'ar'ic' n'a' b'-F'ian'n,
 z'an' r'ear'ra'm' le' Daolc'íab' a' n'-da'rl'.

O. Faolan and Daolchiabh were
 In battle and hard conflict ;
 Cleaving flesh, body and bones,
 To see them both was pitiful !

Fionn asked the chivalrous hero,
 Oscur the magnanimous, I mean,
 To go back again to the Dun,
 And not to remain under the excitement of the fight.

I shall not return, O noble Fionn !
 Saith Oscur who was not feeble in battle,
 Until I see which of the two it is
 That will fall in the action.

Faolan was greatly overpowered
 By Daolchiadh the valiant and stout ;
 O Faolan ! saith Oscur, of the sharp blades,
 Thy fall by Daol would not be pleasant to me.

Faolan gazed, and perilous was his position,
 On Oscur, with grief in his countenance,
 O prince of heroes brave, saith he,
 If I fall, forsake not my cause.

If thou fallest by Daolchiabh,
 O Faolan ! though fierce his great hosts,
 The Fenian hosts and I shall fall,
 Or Daolchiabh shall fall after thee.

Remember, O Faolan ! saith the valiant Oscur,
 That many a hero fell by thy hand,
 And that it ill becomes thee before the Fians
 If thou stand not with Daolchiabh hand to hand.

O. Նյօր Ե-բաԶա ծննդ մար ըն,
 Յօ Ե-բաԿամար Գ՛ր Ե՛լօւծնդ Եր ըջԵԹ;
 ՓաօլՅԹԵ ԵՅ ԲաօլԵր ՅԵր ՅԵԵր,
 Գ՛ր Եօ շօՅԵամար ՅԵր Յրնդ մար Ե՛ԵԹՅ!

Ձ ԵճԵրու ՕրԵր Եօ ՅԵ՛ ԵրԵ,
 ԵրՅԵԹ ԵԵ՛ ԵրԵ Ե՛Եր ԵԵրԵ;
 Գ՛ր ՅԵԵԵր ԵԵ՛ ԵրԵԵԵր ՅԵրԵ,
 ՅԵր նօրԵ Ե ԲԵրԵՅ ըԵԵրԵՅ Բնդ.

Նր ըՅԵրԲԵրԵ Եր ԲաօլԵր նա Եր,
 Յօ Ե-ԵրԵրԵ Եր ԵրԵ Եօ՛ն Ե-ըԵՅ;
 Եմ՛ Երն ԲԵր նա Ե-ԵրԵրԵ,
 մնԵ Յ-ԵրԵԵր Ե ԵԵ՛ մԵ Եր ԲԵՅ!

P. Յրն, Գ Օրն, Գ՛ր նա ԵԵր ԵրԵՅ,
 մԵ՛ր ըԵր, Եր ԲնԵր, Եօ՛ ԲԵրն ԵԵ՛;
 ԵրԵԹ նԵ՛ ԵԵ՛ ԵրԵԵԵր, ԵԵր,
 ԲԵրն ՊԵրԵՅԵ՛ ըԵ ԲԵԵՅ Եր Ե-Եր?

O. Ձ ՔԵԵրԵԵ! նյօր ՅրԵԵ Եր Ե-ԲԵր,
 ՅԵր նԵՅԵ ՅրԵԹ Եօ ԵԵԵր Եօ ԵԵ՛;
 նյօր յօրնդ ԵԵ՛ ԵԵՅ նա մԵրԵ,
 նԵԵ՛ Եօ՛ն ԵրԵր նյօր Ե՛Ե ԵԵր.

Նյօր ԵրԵԵր Եր ԲնԵր նԵ նա Եր,
 Գ Յ-ԵԵ՛ նԵ Յ-ԵրԵրԵր ԵրԵր ըԵՅ,
 ԵԵ՛ ԵրԵԵԵր նԵ՛ Եր ԵրԵր,
 Եօ ԵԵԵր Ե՛Եր Ե՛ԵրԵԹ Ե.

P. Փօ՛՛ ԵԵրԵրԵԵր Յօ Բր ԵրԵ,
 Յօ Ե-ԲԵՅԵԵր ԵրԵԵրԵԵ՛ Եր ԵԵԵ՛ ԵրԵր,
 նԵ՛ Եր ԵրԵ Եր ԲԵր ԵրԵ ԵԵ,
 ԵԵ նՅօրԵԵր Եօ ՅրԵ՛ ԵԵԵ ԲաօլԵր?

- O. Not long were we thus [situated]
 Till we saw, and pleasant was the sight,
 Daolchiabh by Faolan beheaded,
 And we raised for his death a shout of triumph !

Oscur saith in a loud voice,
 Let them all come at once,
 And they shall encounter a fierce general battle
 Without delay from the wrathful Fian-host.

I shall not give up, saith Faolan of the blades,
 Till more of the host shall fall,
 By my own hand in single combat,
 Unless they put me to death.

- P. Relate, O Oisín, and tell no lie,
 If ye, the Fenians, were the most expert,
 Why was it that a determined general battle
 Meargach and his hosts did not encounter at first ?

- O. O Patrick ! it was not customary with the Fenians
 Not to give choice of the fight to their foes,
 They cherished not treachery nor malice
 'Twas not the fame of any of the tribe.

The Fians refused not to give during their time
 Battle or contest of mighty hosts,
 General battle, or single combat,
 To any one who sought it.

- P. Thy narrative follow truly
 Till we find how the hard battle ended,
 Or did that mighty hero fall,
 Whom so often thou calledst Faolan ?

O. **Ταρ** εἶρ **Ἐθαολέταδ** δὸ **ἐμρ** **ἐμρ** **βαῖρ** ;
 δ'ἵαηρ **Ἔαολη** **cead** **αρ** **Ἔηονη**,
 dul do **ἐομῖρα** **ζαη** **ἐαῖρδε** **αρ** **βῖε**,
 le **λαὸ** **εἰλε** do **ῖλαῶ** **ἐαῖε**.

Ἄοντα **ηα** **Ἔῖηηε** **αη** **εαη** **ῖαῖη**,
 δ'ῖόζαῖη **ζο** **εῖραῖε** **caé** **αρ** **ἐαé** ;
 εαῖηῖ **λαὸ** δ'ἄρ **ba** **ἐοῖμ-αῖηημ**,
 Ἐῖαη **μα** **Ἐαῖτηα** **ηα** **ἐοῖμδαῖλ**.

Ἐ'ἰονηαῖῖ **αη** **δῖρ** **δεαῖ-λαὸ** **α** **ἐεῖλε**,
 ζο **εῖρεαη** **calma** **εῖραῖε** ;
 ηῖοη **δ-ῖαδα** **ζῖρ** **δ'αοῖβῖηη** **δῖηηη** ;
 α'ῖ **caé** **ζο** **δῖβαé** **ῖαοῖ** **λαη-ῖῖραῖημ**.

Ἴη **ἐυῖ** **Ἔαολη** **αη** **δαῖα** **βῖημ**,
 ἐμρ **Ἐῖαῖη** **ῖηε** **Ἐαῖτηα** **ηα** **ῖ-εῖραῖδ** **λαηη** ;
 αη **εαη** do **ἐοηcaῖμαῖη** **αῖ** **εαé**,
 ῖῖόζαῖη **ἐαῖλce** **ba** **δῖρεαῖζα** **ζῖῖῖη**.

Do **ἐμρ** **Ἐῖαη** **μα** **Ἐαῖτηα** **le** **Ἔαολη**,
 ῖη **ῖα** **δ-εαῖηῖ** **αη** **ῖῖόζαῖη** **ἐυῖαῖηηη** ;
 do **ῖζῖηη** **αη** **ῖλεῖ** **αρ** **ζαé** **εαὸ**,
 αῖ **ῖεῖτεαῖη** **ηα** **δεαῖ-ῖηηα** **ῖδ**.

Do **εὖζβαδ** **ῖε** **caé** **ζαῖῖεα** **εαοῖ**,
 αρ **αῖῖηε** **ηα** **ῖῖόζ-ῖηηα** **δῖῖε**,
 do **ῖῖ** **αη** **Ἔῖαῖηηη** **ηα** **ῖοῖδ** **da** **h-αῖηηε**,
 α'ῖ **ῖ** **αῖ** **ῖῖοη** **ῖῖle** **δεῖη** !

Ἄῖη **α** **εαῖηη** do **ῖῖ** **αη** **ῖοῖe** **δῖηδα**,
 α **Ἔῖαῖηηαῖe** ! **ῖῖ** **ῖῖ** **δαῖη** **α** **ῖηαοῖβῖεαῖη** ;
 ῖῖ **ῖαca** **εῖῖα** **ηα** do **Ἐῖηα**,
 α **ῖαῖηῖηῖ** do **ἐῖαδ** **αρ** **αοη** **ῖηηαοῖ**.

- O. After putting Daolchiabh to death,
 Faolan asketh leave of Fionn,
 To go fight without any delay
 Another hero of the host.

When he obtained the consent of the Fians,
 He vehemently proclaimed battle against the foe ;
 A hero, whose name was
 Cian Mac Lachtna, came to meet him.

The two brave heroes attacked each other,
 Mightily, fiercely, and sternly ;
 'Twas not long till we rejoiced,
 And the foe was sorrowful and gloomy.

Faolan had hardly dealt the second blow,
 To Cian Mac Lachtna of the hard blades,
 When we beheld approaching
 A fair princess of noble features.

Cian Mac Lachtna fell by Faolan
 Before the princess arrived ;
 The battle was relinquished on each side,
 Waiting the arrival of that fair lady.

The enemy raised a wail of grief
 On recognising the princess ;
 The Fians were silently gazing at her,
 Whilst she incessantly shed tears !

On her head were the golden locks,
 O Patrick ! it is no falsehood to proclaim,
 Thou nor thy God never saw
 Such hair upon [the head of] any woman.

O. Դ՛րբարայծ ըր ծօ շնոր ԲԱ ԲՕՇՄԱ,
 ԸԱ ՌԱԻԾ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ, ՌԻՅՆ Ա Ե-ԲԻԱՅՆ;
 ՆԾ ԱՐ ԸՄԻ Ը ԸՅԻԼԵ ԸԱՅՈՒՆ, ՄԵԱՐ,
 Ա՛Ր Ը ԵՐ ԻՄԱԸ ԸԱ՛Ր ՅԱԵ ԲԻԱԸ.

ՇԻԱ Ի-Ե ԸՈ ԸՅԻԼԵ ԸԱՅՈՒՆ, ԱՐ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ,
 ԻՄՈՒՐ ԵՒԻՄՆ Ա՛Ր ԸՈ ԵՐ ԻՄԱԸ;
 ՄԱ՛Ր ԸՄԻՐՈՒ ըԾԻԵ ԱՐ ԸՆՈՇ ԱՆ ԱՐԻ,
 ԸՈ ՅԵԱԾԱՐԻ Ը Ե-ԸԱՐՅ ԼԵ ԵՐԵՅԵ ԼԵԱՐ?

ՁԻՄՈՒՄ ՄՈ ԸՅԻԼԵ ԲԱ ՄԾՐ ԵՄԱԾ,
 ՁԵԱՐՅԱԸ ԸՄԱԻԾ ՆԱ ԼԱՅՆ ՆՅԼԱՐ;
 Ա՛Ր ՄՈ ԵՐ ԻՄԱԸ, ՇԻԱՐԾԱՆ ԲԱ ԸՐԵԱՆ,
 ԱՅՄ ԼԻԱՅԱՆ ԸՈ ԵՂ ԸԵԱՅՆ Ը Յ-ԸԱԸ.

Ձ ԲԻՅՅԱՅՆ ԸԱԻԾ, ԸՈ ՌԱԻԾ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ,
 ՇԻԱ ՅՈ ՄՈ ԼԻՅՈՒՇԱ, ԸԱՐԱ, ԸՐԵԱՆ;
 ԸՈ ԸՄԻՇԵԱԾԱՐ ԱՆ ԸՄԻՄ ԵԾ ԼԱԱԾԱՐԻ,
 Ը Յ-ԸԱԸ ԲԱ ՆՅԼԻԱԸ ԵԱ ՄԵՅԾ Ը ԼՒԸ.

ՔՈ ԲՅՐԵԱԾ ԱՅՄ ԸՈ ՅԱՐԻ ԱՆ ԲԻՅՅԱՅՆ ԱՅՅ,
 ԱՅՄ ԸՈ ՅՐԵԱԾ ՆԱ ԵԱՐԱ ՅՈ ԼՈՄ ԸՄԱՅՅ;
 ԸՈ ԲԻԼ ՅՈ ՅՄԻՐԸ ԲԻԱՐԱ ԵԾՐԻ,
 Ա՛Ր ԵՒԱԾԱՐԸ, ՄՈ ԵՐՈՒՆ! ԸԱ Ե-ԲՄԻԼ ՄՈ ԸՄԻՄ?

ՔՈ ՅԼԱԾԱՐ ԱՆ ԲԻՅՅԱՅՆ ԸԱՐԼԵ,
 ՅՈ ԵՐԱՆ ԱՅ ԲՅՐԵԱԾԱ ԲԾ՛Ն ԱՐ;
 ՅՈ ՌԱՅՈՒՅ ԲԻ ՅՈ ԵԱԸՇՇ ԱՆ ԱՐԸ,
 ԻՆԱ ՌԱԻԾ Ը ԸՅԻԼԵ ՛ՐԱ ԵՐ ԻՄԱԸ ԱՆ ԼԱՐ.

ՔՈ ԸՅՈՆԾԼ ԱՆ ԲԻԱՅՆ ԱՅՈՒՆ ՛ՐԱ ՆԻԱՐ,
 Ա՛Ր ԸՈ ԸՅՈՆԾԼ ԸԱԸ ՄԱՐ ԻԱԾ ՅՈ ԸԼԱՐԵ;
 ԾՐ ՅԱԸ ԸԱՅԾ Ա՛Ր ԱՐԻ ԸՈ՛Ն ԸՆՈՇ,
 ԱՅ ԵՐԸԵԱԸՇ ԼԵ ԸԱՅԻ-ՅՄԸ ՆԱ ՄՆԱ.

- O. She enquireth in a gentle voice,
 Where was Fionn, the king of the Fians,
 Or did her gentle husband fall,
 And where were her two sons ?

Who is thy gentle husband, saith Fionn,
 Relate to us, and thy two sons ;
 If they fell on the Hill of Slaughter,
 You will get their history to bring home.

The name of my husband, whose sway was great,
 [Was] hardy Meargach of the green blades,
 And my two sons were Ciardan the valiant,
 And Liagan, who was stout in battle.

O noble princess, saith Fionn,
 Though accomplished, agile, and mighty,
 The Three thou speakest of fell
 In battle and conflict, though great their agility.

The noble princess cried and wailed,
 And wrung her hands in dismal grief ;
 She shed a bitter flood of tears,
 And exclaimed ! where are my Three ?

The bright princess went forth
 Intensely wailing among the slain,
 Till she reached the spot,
 Where her husband and two sons fell.

The Fians mustered east and west,
 The foe, in like manner, feebly came
 From every side and peak of the hill,
 Listening to the *caoin* of the woman.

O. Ձ Քհաւրայւ! ոյ քաճա ծօ Պիւս,
 ծօ ձկնի քօր, ոյ եւ քնն;
 յաճախիլ ոյ ոյն ձծ,
 և Ե-քարա, և Յ-ճօ, 'րա իջնի.

Ձն տոյ ձիւնի ծօ շիւն ոյ Յ-ճօն:
 ծօ քօճ և քօլե Եյ ալ ձաճ ալ ծիլ;
 ծօ ին շարնա ալ ալ Ե-ճիւն,
 չոյ շար, չոյ կիւ, չոյ շիւն!

Պ'աճիւն և Ե-ճաճ յալքաճ, յիւ,
 և ծարա չիւն 'րա ծարն չիւն;
 և լաճա, և Ե-ճա, և 'ր և շիւն չօ լիւ,
 և ինիլ ծօ 'ն ձաճ Ե-ճիւն!

Նիւն Ե-ճաճ ձիւն, և Քհաւրայւ! յալ իւ,
 չօ Ե-ճաճիւն ի և Ե-ճաճիւն Ե-ճիւ,
 Պօ ձօճիւն ալ յալքաճ Ե-ճաճ չիւն,
 և 'ր ալ Քհաւրայւ քնն Եյ քօլ ձիւնն!

Պօ քօլեալիւն և 'ր քօլ ձաճ,
 չօ Ե-ճալիւն Ե-ճաճ չոյ չիւնն;
 ծօ ձիւնի ոյ շիւն քնն,
 և 'ր ծօ ձաճ ձաճ ալ ձաճ յալ լալիւն!

- O. O Patrick ! thy God hath not seen,
 Nor yet thy clerics, nor thyself,
 The equal of that woman,
 In figure, form, and countenance.

When she stood over their bodies,
 She tore her hair, which was of the colour of gold,
 She stretched across the Three
 Without movement, energy, or strength !

Her beautiful and smooth forehead changed [colour],
 Her sparkling eyes and crimson face,
 Her cheeks, mouth, and form all over,
 Her equal to face death was woful !

Not long were we, O Patrick ! thus,
 Till she fell into the swoon of death ;
 The foe raised a bitter wail,
 And the Fians themselves were in grief !

We and the foe imagined,
 That she had there died without a moan ;
 But she assumed her own shape again,
 And sung in tears the lay that follows !

ԼԱՕՂ ՊՈՆՁ ՊԻԵՐՏԱՂՅԻ,

1. Ալիե իրսած-ջեալ, և ս-ԲԻՂԱՂՅ և ԲԻՐ ԱՅՍԻ և ԲԻՂ ԴԱՐ ԴԱՐ
ԸՍՏ ԵՐ ԸՆՈՑ ԱՊ ԱՂԻ.

O. Ա ՊԻԵՐՏԱՂՅ ՈՒ ՍՂԼԱՐ-ԼԱՊՊ ՍՂԵՐ,¹
ԸՈՑ՝ ԵՐՍԻ Ա ՂԻՂԸ Ա՛Ր ԵՐՈՄ-ՇԱՏ;
և Ը-ԵՐՍՈՒՆ ԴԼԱՂՅ Ա՛Ր ՏՈՊԱՐԱՂՊ,
ԸՍՏ ԵՐ ԼԵՑ՝ ՇԻՍԱԸ-ԼԱՂՊ ԴԵՂ.

ՆՂՐ Ե-ԴԵՐՏԱՐ ՄԵ ՅՈ ՈՂԻՅ ԻՆՈՒ Ս-ԲԻՂԱՂՅ,
ԵՐԵՇՏ ԵՂ ՈՂՊ ԱՐ ԸՈ ՇՈՐԻ;
՛Ր ԻՐ ԸԵՐՆԵ ԼՂՈՄ ՅՐԻ ՇԵՂՅ, և ՂԻՂԸ,
Ա՛Ր ՈՇ ԴԵՐՏ ԼԱՊ ԸՈ ԸԱՂԻՍ ՈՐԷ!

ՊՈՑ՝ ԴԱԸ ԸՈ ՇԻՂԸ ԱՊ ԻՄՇԻՂ,
ՇՈ՛ ՇԻՐ ԵՂ ՇԱՐՊ ՅՈ Ե-ՂՈՐ ԴԱՂ;²
ՇՂՈՊՈՐԱՂՅԵ ԴԻՂՈՊ ԱՅՍԻ ՈՒ Ե-ԴԻՂՈՊ,
ԸՈ ՇԵՂՅ ՈՒ ՇԻՂԱՐ ԸՈ՛Պ Մ-ԸԱՐ!

¹ This is a good specimen of the ancient Irish *caoin* or lament, and is also valuable as embodying and representing the belief in omens by the ancient Irish; and sufficiently bears out the opinion entertained by those who closely study the early history of our country, as to the eastern origin of its first colonisers. A fragment of this curious poem has already appeared in print, having been published by the late Philip F. Barron of Waterford, in his Magazine, entitled *Ancient Ireland*, (See *Lamentation of Ala over Mordhaigh*, p. 105, *Dub.* 1835); but a comparison between that and the present version will show considerable variance and difference.

² ԻՂՐ ԴԱՂ, *Island of Fail*. At p. 190, note 1, referring to this term, we stated, on the authority of Keating, one of the most learned antiquaries of his time, that the ԼԻՂ ԴԱՂ, from which Ireland received the above name, was removed to Scotland, and thence to Westminster Abbey: where, according to our author, it now lies; but since writing that note, we have consulted Dr. Petrie's *Antiquities of Tara Hill*, where, at page 150, the learned Doctor states that the *Lia Fail* is still at Tara, which important discovery, if we might rely on his arguments, would entitle him to the marked thanks of the Irish nation. He states, that after the eventful year, 1798, it was removed from its antient situation in the Rath, called

THE LAY OF THE WIFE OF MEARGACH,
I.R. OF AILNE, OF THE BRIGHT COUNTENANCE, OVER HER
HUSBAND AND TWO SONS WHO FELL AT CŪNOC-AN-AIR.

O. O Meargach of the sharp green blades,
Many a conflict and severe fight,
Amidst the hosts and in single combat,
Came off by thy hardy hand in thy time.

I never knew that there remained after them,
A wound or scar upon thy breast,
And I feel assured, that it was treachery, love,
And not the might of arms that overpowered thee !

Long was thy journey afar,
From thine own fair land to Innis Fail ;
To visit Fionn and the Fians,
Who treacherously put my Three to death !

the *Fórradh*, to mark the grave of the insurgents, slain at Tara in the outbreak of that year. At p. 162, he gives a woodcut representation of this stone, which he describes as but six feet high above ground, but that its real height is said to be twelve feet. It is a matter of surprise that the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, if they believe this to be the *Lia Fail*, has made no effort to save such a relic, leaving it thus exposed to destruction. Surely when that body makes such strenuous efforts to rescue matters of minor importance as they often do, they should not leave the *Lia Fail* to merely mark the graves of rebels on Tara Hill ! The identification of the existing stone with the *Lia Fail*, requires, however, some further corroboration. Taking it that the *Lia Fail* stood upright originally as at present, and that the monarch inaugurated, stood on the apex of it, while it audibly expressed approbation when the right heir occupied that position, we can hardly conceive that he could have found a *locus standi* on a space so unfitted for an exhibition of the kind as the narrow-rounded summit of this stone presents. The account given by our bardic historians of the *Lia Fail* would lead one to believe that it was a small flat stone, such as the one now under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, and not a pillar-stone six feet above ground, and six more below, as Dr. Petrie's account represents it.

O. Գլոմբած ! մօ ճօլե, մօ ճեօղ,
 Ծօ ճալլեօր Լե մեօղջ յօ Ե-Բլօղ;
 մօ ծիր օշլօճ, մօ ծիր մօճ,
 մօ ծիր Ծ'բօբօրօն Եօ շօրն շլիօճ !

Պօ ճւնիօ ! մօ Ելօճ օշսր մօ ծեօճ !
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ճօրջ ծ շօճ օրն ;
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ճրլլ օղ յմօյօղ,
 օ'ր շսր ճալլեօր մօ Լօճրն օրն !

Պօ ճւնիօ ! մօ Պիւն օր Լօր,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ղշօճ օ'ր մօ ղշլօճ ;
 մօ ճւնիօ ! Պեօրշօճ օ'ր ՇլօրԾօղ,
 մօ ճւնիօ Լլօշօղ ! Եօ Երեօճ շլիօճ !

Պօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ճօրնեօճ օ'ր մօ ծյօղ,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ Երլճ օշսր մօ ճեօղ ;
 մօ ճւնիօ ! Ե'՛ օր Ծօրն ծ'ղ օլօ,
 մօ ճւնիօ օղօճ ! ղրն շօ բօղ !

Պօ ճւնիօ ! մօ Լւճշօր օ'ր մօ շրեօղ,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ շեօլլ օղջ շօճ օլօ,²
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ Լւճ օ'ր մօ ղեօրօ,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! ծ ղօճ օմօճ շօ Երօճ !

Պօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ճրեօր օ'ր մօ ճրլլ,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ղյօղ շօ Լօ'ղ Եօր,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ճօրջօ օ'ր մօ ղիւր,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ Լօճրն Եօ ճօրն !

Պօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ԼեօԾօճ օ'ր մօ բօղ,
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մօ ճօրլօ օ'ր մօ ճեօճ ;
 մօ ճւնիօ ! մ'օրն օ'ր մօ Ելօճ,
 մօ ճւնիօ ճրօրն ! մօ ճրլւր բօր !

¹ Շեօղ means also a head, and in pronunciation and signification strongly resembles the Persian word *կեան*.

O. Sorrowful! my husband—my chief,
 I lost by the wiles of the Fians,
 My two youths—my two sons,
 My two men who were fierce in battle!

My grief! my food and my drink!
 My grief! my precept everywhere,
 My grief! my journey afar,
 And that I lost my noble heroes!

My grief! my Dun laid low,
 My grief! my shelter and shield,
 My grief! Meargach and Ciardan,
 My grief Liagan! of the broad chest!

My grief! my ward and defence,
 My grief! my strength and might,
 My grief it is! and gloom from evil,
 My grief this night! to find ye slain!

My grief! my joy and my pleasure,
 My grief! my desire in each place;
 My grief! my agility and my strength [are gone],
 My grief! from this night evermore!

My grief! my guide and my path,
 My grief! my love till the day of my death,
 My grief! my treasure and my sway,
 My grief! my heroes who were noble!

My grief! my bed and my slumbers,
 My grief! my visit and my arrival;
 My grief! my consoler and my renown,
 My sore grief! my three men!

² *Aliter, and, height, everywhere.*

- O. **Ἄνο κύμη!** μο μαίρε α'ρ μο ρζεινή,
 μο κύμη! μο ρέαδα α'ρ μο ταίρζε
 μο κύμη! μο έιρθε α'ρ μο μάοιη,
 μο κύμη! μο έρι κοινθε ζαίρζε!
- Ἄνο κύμη!** μο έαιρθε α'ρ μο ζαοι,
 μο κύμη! μο ημηντιρ α'ρ μο έαριθ,
 μο κύμη! μο'αέαιρ α'ρ μο ηάέαιρ,
 μο κύμη α'ρ μο έαρ! ριβ μαριθ!
- Ἄνο κύμη!** μο ραιρτε α'ρ μο'φαίρτε,
 μο κύμη! μο ρλάηρτε ζαέ αιη,
 μο κύμη! μο ηέιδιρ α'ρ μο ρόλαρ,
 μο δοιλιζ έόλαρ! ριβ ζο ρανη!
- Ἄνο κύμη!** δο ρλεαζ α'ρ δο λαηη,
 μο κύμη! δο έεαηηραέτ α'ρ δο ζμαδ,
 μο κύμη! δο έρη α'ρ δο έαιρ,
 μο κύμη! ριβ δο ρζαιρτε οη' έαη!
- Ἄνο κύμη!** μο έυαη α'ρ μο έαλαίρ,
 μο κύμη! μο ταίρζε α'ρ μο ρέαη;
 μο κύμη! μο ηέοηδαέτ α'ρ μο ηίζεαέτ,
 μο κύμη α'ρ μο έαοι! ριβ ζο η-έαζ!
- Ἄνο κύμη!** μο μαέ ζο η-ιοη-ρλαν,
 μο κύμη! ριβ αιη αιη ζηιαδ;
 μο κύμη! μο έιοηόλ ρλόζ,
 μο κύμη! μο έριγαιρ λεόμαη ζηοιθε!
- Ἄνο κύμη!** μο'ημηντε αζυρ μο'όλ,
 μο κύμη! μο έεδόλ αζυρ μο'αοιθηεαρ;
 μο κύμη! μο ζημαηαη¹ α'ρ μο έανηηραέτ,²
 μο κύμη έαηηελαέ! ριβ έλαοιθε!

¹ Ζημαηαη, a summer house, such as is found in gentlemen's gardens, where the ladies of the household and their attendants take shelter from the burning heat of the sun in the summer season. *Grianae* also was the

O. My grief! my beauty and my adornment,
 My grief! my jewels and my wealth,
 My grief! my treasures and my chattels,
 My grief! my three valorous torches of chivalry!

My grief! my kindred and my relatives,
 My grief! my people and my friends,
 My grief! my father and my mother,
 My grief and my sorrow! that ye are dead!

My grief! my affection and my welcome,
 My grief! my health at all times,
 My grief! my blitheness and my solace,
 My harsh desolation! that ye are feeble!

My grief! thy spear and thy lance,
 My grief! thy gentleness and love,
 My grief! thy country and thy home,
 My grief! that ye are separated from me!

My grief! my havens and my coasts,
 My grief! my wealth and my prosperity,
 My grief! my greatness and my possessions,
 My grief and my wail! are ye till I die!

My grief! my riches all,
 My grief! your absence in battle time,
 My grief! my muster of hosts,
 My grief! my three heroic lions!

My grief! my games and my festivities,
 My grief! my songs and my pleasures;
 My grief! my summerhouse and my train,
 My crying grief! that ye are feeble!

name by which that portion of a castle or palace set apart, or appropriated for the use of ladies was called—probably our drawing-room or boudoir.

² βαρυστρας, female attendants, ladies in waiting, &c.

O. Պօ ճնրհա ! մ'փօռո աջսր մ'բլածս,
 մօ ճնրհա ! մօ էրիար ծարն լաօ՛ս ;
 մօ ճնրհա օ՛՛ ! մօ ճնրհա յա՛ծ !
 ա'ր և լազած աղ լու՛նար ծօ'ղ Գիծլող !

Պ'ալէրո մե՛ ար ար բլաճ բլճօ' երեւո,
 ծօ նլ և ղլեյո ծօր ցլօոս ար Պնլծ ;
 և Յ-ճա՛՛ լե ճիլե և ղլիոլն աղծլր,
 Յօ լարն աղ լեւո լե Բարլոս ծօմ' էրլար !

Պ'ալէրո մե՛ ար աղ Բ-ճօճար-ճու՛ բլճե !
 ծօ բիծ Յօ Երլողո արժօ՛՛՛ ար ճլարլ ;
 ղար Բ-բա՛՛՛ արլո Յօլոն Բար՛ բճիլ,
 Բնր Բ-Երլոլո լր ծ ծօ ճար !

Պ'ալէրո մե՛ և Բ-Եր աղ լա՛ծ,
 ծօ բճար մօ էրլար Բաճ-լաօ՛՛ լլօմ ;
 ար արարո ԲԵարա բօլա ղա ղՅրար՛,
 ղար Բ-բլլեւ՛՛ բաօլ Բար՛ ճնրհա !

Պ'ալէրո մե՛ ար ճու՛ ղա մ-Բա՛՛՛,
 արղ Բնր Յ-ճա՛՛՛ արղ մեյծլր Յա՛՛ ղեօլո ;
 ծ բճարաԲար լլօմ Յօ Երօ՛՛՛ ճաօն,
 Յր Բ-բօճսր Բար լեւո ա'ր Բրծո !

Եր Երլողո լլօմ և էրլար Բա էրեւո !
 Յր մղոլո մե՛ լլն ծօ լարծ ;
 Բա մ'լմժեա՛՛՛ Յօ Բ-Երլողո Բլն,
 ղա՛՛ Բ-բեյբեյղո Բնր ղՅրաօլ բաօլ Բար՛ !

¹ *Stuaճ բլճե, fairy host.* The recital of the long list of omens in the following stanzas is particularly beautiful and characteristic. A belief in omens is of remote antiquity in Ireland, and, prevails in many parts of the country among the people at the present day. In no other poem in the Irish language is such a long list of omens strung together as in the present one. Ailne knew by the legions of fairies she saw in a vision fighting in the air, that her heroes would never return to her alive; also by the hosts in the *glens* of the sky—by the voice

O. My grief! my lands and my chase,
 My grief! my three heroes true;
 My grief alas! O my grief are they!
 Conquered afar by the Fians!

I knew, by the mighty fairy host,
 That were in conflict over the Dun,
 Fighting each other in the chasms of the air,
 That evil would befall my Three!

I knew, by the fairy strain,
 That came direct into mine ear,
 That evil tidings were not far from me,
 Your fall was what it portended!

I knew, on the morn of that day,
 On which my three noble heroes parted me,
 On beholding tears of blood on their cheeks,
 That they would not return victorious to me!

I knew, by the vulture's croak,
 Over your delightful mansion each evening,
 Since ye parted me in strength and beauty,
 That sorrow and gloom were at hand!

Well do I remember, O mighty Three!
 How often I had told to you,
 That if to Eirinn ye did steer,
 I would not see you crowned with victory.

of the sprites of the hill, as it was wafted to her ear on the breeze,—by the mournful cry of the Banshee, which she heard round the *Cathair* each night, since her heroes departed—by the deep croak of the raven each morning—by the foam of the torrent, when it changed to the colour of blood—by the visits of the eagle every evening and wheeling ominous in flight over the Dun—by the withering branches of the trees before the Dun—and by the black raven, which she saw flying before them on the way on the day that they left for Eirin—by her broken rest at

- O. **Պ՛ալէրոյ մե՛ ար շու՛՛ե՛ ան քե՛լ՛՛,**
 չա՛՛՛՛՛ յարձեան ծ՛ քրալլ ըն՛ արաւ ;
 շար՛ արարոյ ծի՛ն, ծ՛ Եարառախալ ք՛յօր,
 ա՛՛ր՛ ար Ե-բլլեա՛՛ծ ծի՛ն ծօ՛ն ար՛ ԼԵ ԵԱՍ՛ !
- Պ՛ալէրոյ մե՛ Ե քրալլ ԵԱ յԱ՛՛՛,**
 ար՛ Ե-Եարառա՛՛ ԵԱ՛ Ե-Եալլ-՛՛՛՛ ծի՛ն ;
 ար՛ Ե-բլլեա՛՛ծ ծի՛ն ար՛ ԼԵ ԵԱՍ՛,
 չա՛ն ար՛ յԱ՛՛՛՛ ծ իւա՛՛՛՛ Բիւրոյ՛ !
- Պ՛ալէրոյ մե՛ Ե յօրոյն ԵԱ՛՛՛՛**
 ըրու՛՛ ան ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛ Ե՛ յԱ՛՛՛՛ ան Պ՛ալ ;
 ար՛ Ե-Եար՛՛ ան քրալ՛ ԼԵ Լիւր՛ ԵԱ՛ Ե-Երալլ,
 ան քալլ ըօ ԵԱ՛՛ յօ ԵԱ՛՛ Ե Ե-Բիւրոյ՛ !
- Պ՛ալէրոյ մե՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ան յօլար՛,**
 չա՛՛՛՛ յօրոյն Ե՛ յլլեա՛՛ծ ծր՛ ար՛ ան Պ՛ալ ;
 ար՛ Ե-ԵԱ՛՛ Ե՛ յԱ՛՛՛՛ Ե-ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ յօ Ե-ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ յօ ԵԱ՛՛,
 ար՛ Ե-ԵԱ՛՛ Ե՛ յԱ՛՛՛՛ Ե-ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ յօ՛՛ քրալլ !
- Պ՛ալէրոյ մե՛ ան ար՛ Ե՛ քե՛՛՛՛ ան ԵԱ՛՛,**
 '՛ար՛ յ՛՛՛՛ ա՛՛ր՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ծր՛ ար՛ ան Պ՛ալ,
 ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ քօ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ար՛ ծի՛ն,
 ծ՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ Բիւրոյն յի՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ !
- ՆԱ յԱ՛՛՛՛ Բիւրոյ՛ ! Ե յի՛՛՛՛ ար՛ (ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛),¹**
 ար՛ քօ՛ յԱ՛՛՛՛ ան Բիւրոյն ;
 յի՛ ԼԵ ար՛, ար՛ ԼԵ ար՛,
 ծօ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ան ծօ ար՛ !
- Նի՛ ար՛ ան յի՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛,**
 ար՛ յի՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ար՛ ար՛ ար՛ յԱ՛՛ յԱ՛՛ ;
 ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛,
 յօ ար՛ ար՛ յի՛՛՛՛ ար՛ ԵԱ՛՛՛՛ !

night—by the floods of tears which alarmed her in her sleep—by the mournful cry of the favorite hound of *Ciardan* every evening.—In one dream, she imagines herself to be in the form of a spectre—in another vision, she sees a lake of blood on the site of the Dun ; by all which phenomena she conjectured the fall of her heroes. In the Tale of

O. I knew, by the raven's croaking voice,
 Each morning since ye left me,
 That your fall was true and certain,
 And that ye would not return victorious to your land!

I knew, O noble Three,
 In forgetting the leashes of your hounds ;
 That ye would not again return with victory,
 Without treachery from the hosts of Fionn !

I knew, ye torches of valor !
 By the cascade's stream, near the Dun,
 Having changed into blood at your departure,
 That this guile was ever found in Fionn.

I knew, by the eagle's visit
 Each evening over the Dun,
 That ere long I would hear
 Evil tidings from my Three !

I knew, when the huge tree withered,
 Both branch and leaves before the Dun,
 That victorious you would never return
 From the wiles of Fionn Mac Cumhail !

Do not decry Fionn, O noble princess (saith Grainne),
 Nor yet decry the Fians ;
 'Twas not by treachery nor craft,
 That thy Three [heroes] fell !

The princess made no reply to Grainne,
 And she heeded not her talk ;
 But continued her *caoine* and her wail,
 Incessantly shedding tears !

Deirdre, published in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society* (Dub. 1806), similar visions appear to her, respecting *Naisi*, *Aiale*, and *Ardan*.

¹ *Ḃpáinne*, *Grace*. This lady was the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, who was monarch of Ireland in the Third Century. She was betrothed to Fionn Mac Cumhail, but her subsequent amours with Diarmuid O'Duibhne, forms the subject of our Third Volume.

O. Պ'ալէրոյ մե՞ ար ամաբս են յ-ծլալէ,
 ան ԼԱ ծօ էրլալլ բլն ծ'ոյ յ-Պն;
 ար արլ ան բելժ բննայն ամա՛ճ,
 յար ճօնարնա մալէ ար ճարս ճնչամ ?

Պ'ալէրոյ մե՞ ար ճօրոյ Շիարձալոյ,
 ԳՅ շլալոյ շօլալոյ շա՛ճ յեճոյ;
 յար Ե-բաճա շօ Ե-բաճալոյ, մօ բլան !
 ենր Ե-տարշ, Գ էրլար, մօ ճօրնօն !

Պ'ալէրոյ մե՞ ար արբա բալոյ,
 շա՛ճ օլճօս Եսոյ բօ բլոճայն ճօճր;
 ճո՛ր բօրշայն ճ բշար բլն Լոյ,
 յար էսար ճնմնայն ճլբր Գ բօրս.

Պ'ալէրոյ մե՞ ար ան արլոյն ճրօնոյ,
 ծօ էարբալոյ մօ շար բամ բօն;
 շար շարնաճ մօ ճօնոյ Գ՛ր մօ Լանն ճլոյ,
 շար բլբր ծօ Ել շան բնոյ !

Պ'ալէրոյ մե՞ ար Ալալէրոյն Երոյ-ճլօնա՛ճ,
 շաճար ԵԱ բօ-բարս Լեմ՛ Լլաշոյ !
 ԳՅ շլանշօրլ շա՛ճ մարտոյ շօ մօ՛ճ,
 մօ էրլար շար ճրոյս ճօլն ան Եար !

Պ'ալէրոյ մե՞ ան տան տարբանաճ ճամ,
 ան Լօճ բօլա ար Լար ան Պն;
 տօրճարնա շօ բայն մօ էրլար,
 ճ'ոյ Յ-արլն յար բօրս բլան Բլոյն !

Նա Ել ԳՅ արլոյ Բլոյն (ար Յրալոյն),
 Գ Եան, ար ճրալճօս ծօ ճրօլճօ,
 տնիշ բարբա Եելճ ԳՅ յմճալոյ,
 յա Ե-Բլոյն մօրճալա՛ճ, յա Բլոյն.

O. I knew, on looking after you,
 The day on which ye left the Dun,
 And on the flight of the raven before you,
 That it was no good omen of your return!

I knew, by the hounds of Ciardan,
 Mournfully howling every evening,
 That ere long, I would hear, my pain!
 Of your fate, O Three, my dark grief!

I knew, by the want of rest,
 Each long night past with tears streaming;
 Down from my eyes since ye left me,
 That such did not forebode luck to you.

I knew, by the sorrowful vision
 That revealed my doom to me,
 That my head and hands were cut off,
 That it was ye who were bereft of sway!

I knew, by melodious Uaithnin,
 The favorite dog of my Liagan!
 Howling each morning early,
 That death was certain for my Three!

I knew, when in a vision I saw,
 A pool of blood where the Dun stood,
 That my Three were vanquished
 By the wiles from which Fionn was never exempt!

Do not reproach Fionn (saith Grainne),
 O woman, though sorrowful be thy heart,
 Give up henceforth to be speaking ill,
 Of the proud Fians, or of Fionn.

O. 2 Յիսայիս ! ար յոջայս ան ծիր-էլած,
 ձա յո լատ ան շիարս քօ ար լար ;
 յոմճայս ո՞՞ ճի՛րս յիօր լածս լատ,
 մար ծիօլ չօ ծարն յոս մ-ձար !

Ձա Ե-բանձօյրս ոս չ-ծիրն-էրս քէրս,
 և յոջայս քէրն, ար Յիսայիս Քիսն ;
 և՛ր չան շատ՛ ծօ ծիօջալէ ոյ՛ Շրօյրս,
 օ՞ն Ե-Քէրսն յիօր ծօնն Ես ծի՛ն !

Ձա մ-ձած շարժմ ծօնն լէ շօքրան լանն,
 չան շալչ ոս մեանչ, և Յիսայիս ճօյրն ;
 ոյ յոմճարքիտրի ան Քիսան,
 և՛ր ոյ ոյարն ճսմ քիճայս կոն !

Ձա մայրեաձօյրս, և յոջայս ճի՛չ,
 ոյ յոմճարքիծի՛ր քէրս ան Քիսան :
 յր լէ շրծձա՛ն և՛ր յարս և լան,¹
 Ե՛քճԵձօձար ար լար ծօ շիար !

Ձօ շիօքրած լած, և Յիսայիս, ան չիօրն,
 և չ-սար քօ ծրաօյճատ՛ ար Ե-էնր ;
 'ր յր շօրնն յար Ե՛անլանն Եյ,
 ո՞՞ յիօր շարժմ չօ Երա՛ն ծօմ՛ էրնն.²

Շրօնն սան, և յոջայս, ար Յիսայիս,
 ոսն ոսն շալչ քան լանն, ոս մեանչ,
 Ծօ լաչ Պարչա՛ն ոս լանն ոչլար,
 և՛ր ծօ շարժմ լէ յարս ծօ և շօնն !

¹ *Aliter* “ Պար յր քիտրն ծար, ծի՛ն և չ-սար,
 Մա՛ն լէ մեանչ ծօ լաչա՛ն յան.”
 As their headless bodies bear thee witness,
 That it was not by treachery they fell !

² *Aliter* “ Ծօ Ե՛քիտրն, և Յիսայիս, և ծօրնն,
 և լաչա՛ն լէ շարժմ և՛ր լէ մեանչ ;

O. O Grainne! saith the princess of the golden hair,
 If those Three who have fallen were thine,
 Truly, reproach or shame would not suffice thee,
 As satisfaction for their death!

Had they remained in their own country,
 O mild princess, saith Grainne of Fionn;
 And not come to be avenged for Mac Treoin,
 From the Fians they would receive no hurt!

Had they fallen in fair battle,
 Without deceit or treachery, O gentle Grainne,
 I would not reproach the Fians,
 But they do not survive to bear me witness!

Had they survived, O noble princess,
 They themselves would not decry the Fians;
 'Twas by valour and might of arm,
 They laid low thy Three!

They might, O Grainne, the deed perform,
 By putting them under magic spells, at first;
 And 'tis likely that it was so,
 Or else my Three would never fall.

Believe me, O princess, saith Grainne, [arm
 That there was neither venom nor treachery in the
 By which fell Meargach of the green blades,
 And that by might cut off his head!

“A’r a n-biaig n-beit crapaighe doib,
 A n-breccadhach le fionnadhac laimh.”

It may be possible, O Grainne, I say,
 To slay them by treachery and malice,
 And after their being decrepid,
 To behead them by the force of swords!

O. Խորրիւմ ծալք բօր շահ երեւոյ,
 ան ծիր ծօ լեւոյ շօ բաօն ծօ լաղոյ;
 քար շիւքե ալիւր ծօ շաճարք ծօյն,
 ա'ր քար Ե-բարձ ծօյն ծրաօյջեաճե քա մեաղոյ !

Ձ Զիրայրոյ ! ար ան յիօջայն ալոյ,
 ծ'ար Ե'արիւմ Ալիւք շեալ-րիւսաճ ;
 ոյ շրեյծիւմ սալք, քա ծ'ոյ Ե-Բիւրոյ,
 շար տալքիւմ ծաղ լաօճիւքա մար լաւաճար.

Ու Եյ բարձա կոյն ծա լաւաճ,
 ա'ր քա շլաճ երիճ շրուարմ քա բարոյ ;
 ոյ յալն յաղմ շեալոյ 'րան Ե-Բիւրոյ,
 աճե շրիօղարճա լաօճար աշար շարճե.

Խորրիւմ ծալք բօր շահ երեւոյ,
 քա շաղոյոյ յաղմ լաօճ քա շօյր քա ոյ-ծալ,
 ծօ յաւոյ ա մ-Եւսաճ ա շ-շեարք քա լաղոյ,
 ա'ր շօ մ-Եւրոյ աղլալոյ շօ լա ա մ-Եւար !

Ու Ե-տաճաճաօյր շեարք քա շօյր,
 ծօղ' շրիւր Եա շրծճա ա ոյշրիօղ ;
 ա'ր ծա յաւոյ շրեաղմար շաճ-Եւսաճաճ,
 ա Ե-տալքիւմ ոյօր սաղման կոյն !

Ձ Ալիւք ! յր ճալոյն յիւսաճ ա'ր շրաօյ,
 ծ քաճ շ-շրեյծիւմ յոյն ծա լաւաճ ;
 յոյրիւմ ծալք շօ Ե-տալքիւմ տալլե,¹
 յալ յճարբալոյ կոյն ծօ յօր յաւոյ !

Ձ Զիրայրոյ ! ար ան յիօջայն ալոյ,
 ար յոյն քա շ-շրուսաճ-բարք ծօ ծալ ծ'եւոյ ;
 շա շեարն ծօյն աշարքա ալ շաճ,
 շօ շ-տալքիւմ ար ար ան Ե-Բիւրոյ.

¹ *Aliter* " Լեւոյքար ան Բիւրոյն ա'ր ոյ լե շեալոյ,
 տալլե ար ան լեւոյն ծօղ' շրոյն-յաւոյ ! "

O. I tell thee again without falsehood,
 The two who laid thy children low,
 That reproach was not due to them,
 And that they knew not sorcery nor guile !

O Grainne ! saith the noble princess,
 Whose name was Ailne of the fair form ;
 I believe not thee nor the Fians,
 That my heroes fell as thou sayest.

Do not henceforth to us proclaim,
 And do not be sullen or angry at it ;
 There never was treachery in the Fians,
 But feats of heroism and valor.

I tell thee still, and 'tis no falsehood, [them,
 That there never yet came a hero or pursuit to meet
 That obtained sway [over them] by right of the sword,
 And that they shall be so till their death !

Had they dealt justly or honourably,
 With my Three who were mighty in action ;
 And with their victorious mighty hosts,
 Their fall then would not surprise me !

O Ailne ! of the most elegant shape and form,
 As thou dost not believe what I say,
 I tell thee that more will fall,
 Ere thy great hosts part us !

O Grainne ! saith the noble princess,
 For the sake of the hardy men who have died,
 I have great hopes that my hosts
 Will deal destruction to the Fians !

The Fians will slay, and not by treachery,
 More in the field of thy great troops.

O. 2 2ilne ! an 3raiyne an 3riyry,
 yr dearyb lryy fayb do 3ryall ;
 caryn lryyry a' r leyr an b-F3ryry,
 3o 3-caryceam lo 33yle deoc a' r byad ?

Do 3yltury3 2ilne 3eal-ryuad,
 an curyead fuaryn o 3hryryne Fhyry ;
 a' r a d3barryc nar curye ley feyry,
 flead na fearyba o lucc a ryrym !

3o ry3earycary mo 3oryp fom' lary,
 do rary3 Conan do 3aryb 3lory ;
 3o n-yocfaryrye, a 2ilne 3eal-ryuad,
 ry3aryn an rlyuaz 3an 3oryn !

2 fyrn mayl yr 3ryryne deylb,
 ba b-facad an aon leyr3 fyr ;
 yr dearyb lrym 3ur yocary 3o cryuayb
 a n-ry3aryn, a' r ba 3ryuaz an r3eol !

Jocfaryb t3 ryoy cryuad, an Conan,
 ary3r a' r ry3aryn na b-Fryry ;
 bayryead an cearyn 3ry-forylc dyoc,
 may 3eybrym cead Fhyry na b-Fryry.

3yb mory coyrycearynyl do 3oryp,
 a' r 3ur leatay, lom, cryoc do mayl ;
 a' r t3 raryary-3harymac, ry3ry-feyryceac, mayr,
 mayr dealb nac mayc an laoc !¹

Do 3d3baryary uyle an Fhyryry,
 3aryn ba 3ryay 3ryearyn a' r cac ;
 an tary d'rydearyry an deary,
 an feary mayl leary a' r d'ry3aryn.

¹ *Aliter.* " 3ealaryrye nac mayc an laoc."
 I promise that the hero is not brave.

- O. O Ailne! saith the pleasant Grainne,
 I know that thou hast come from afar,
 Come with me and with the Fians,
 Till we together eat and drink?

Ailne of the bright form declined
 The invitation given her by Grainne of Fionn;
 And she said it was beneath herself
 To partake of cheer from people of their deeds.

May my body be rent in two,
 Saith Conan, in a surly voice;
 But thou wilt pay, O Ailne bright,
 For unjustly stigmatising our hosts.

O bald man of the ugliest aspect,
 That I have yet met on any plain;
 I apprehend I have sorely paid
 For the stigma given, and how sad the tale!

Thou shalt pay more sorely, saith Conan,
 For the scandal thou hast given the Fians,
 I will cut off thy head of the golden locks,
 If I am permitted by Fionn of the Fians.

Though huge and bulky is thy body,
 And though flat and bald is thy skull,
 And tho' thou art thick-boned, tough-sinewed, swift,
 These are marks which ill becomes a hero!

We, the Fenians all, raised
 A shout of joy, and so did the foe,
 When the woman rebuked and reproached
 The silly bald man [Conan].

O. Do zlac an fear maol mór fearn,
 a' r do labair do zairb zúe arn,
 cúir caoi azur rrocta dedr,
 zuidim do'n Fhèinn a' r do càc!

Do éarrainn a lann ar a éruaill éarrze,
 a' r tuz ríe zairb cum na mna;
 do buaill Orcur ar cruaid-béim,
 do buaill ruaim a' r béic ar Chonán!

D'uaill Conán, a' r d'féac zo cruaz
 ar Orcur na z-cruad lann nzean,
 a dúbairt Conán, náir an zhoim,
 do zoinir mo élid ó éaob zo taob!

Ní zoinfir do élid na do cóir,
 acé zo b-facad zup b'ole do mhéin,
 hoim cúibe duir nocta do éloidim,
 ar aiharc zhaoi na mna ná rzéim.

Ní b-fuil mo ruim a rzéim na mna,
 na zhuir aluim, ná na zhaoi,
 ir meara hóm aicir zan éill,
 az imcáin na b-fianh azur Fhinn!

Do zluair Fionn 'ran Fhianh ó'n z-cnoc,
 a' r Orcur aco na fear cion nian;
 do éruall cac 'r an niozain réim,
 ar a b-taob féin zo rrap mar iad.

Ar na marac éainn an Fhianh,
 ar an z-cnoc 'na nair an t-ar;'
 a' r hoim b-fada zo b-facamar az taacé,
 Ailne rnuad-zéal azur cac.

Aliter. "Zo zoinmaruyl bian cum an ari."
 With venom severe towards the slaughter.

O. The bald man became very angry,
 And he spoke in a loud rough voice,
 A cause of weeping and floods of tears,
 I pray for the Fians and their foes !

He drew his sword from its costly scabbard,
 And made a fierce dart towards the woman ;
 Oscur gave him a hard blow,
 That made Conan shriek and roar !

Conan howled, and looked piteously,
 On Oscur of the sharp-tempered blades,
 And he said, shameful is the deed,
 Thou hast pierced my breast from side to side !

I would not pierce thy breast nor thy body,
 But that I saw thy bad intent ;
 It was not meet for thee to unsheath thy sword,
 On seeing the shape and beauty of the woman !

I am regardless of the beauty of the woman,
 Of her fine features or her shape ;
 I think worse of the undeserved reproach
 She has cast on the Fians and Fionn !

Fionn and the Fenians left the hill,
 And Oscur with them as their guide ;
 The gentle princess and her hosts
 Sped their own way in haste like them.

In the morning the Fians came
 On the hill where lay the slain ;
 And 'twas not long till we beheld approaching,
 Ailne of the bright countenance and her hosts.

O. Do ghluaif Tráinne na z-cómháil,
 a' r do muz ar laim ar Ailne féim
 le na céile ar aon rian ar rí,
 an dír rí ciz a d-túr an t-rluaig.

Fó'n am 'na manzadar rí,
 do féim Daime bhinn-cát ceoil;
 do féim Fionn an Bann-buað,¹
 a' r do zairm fí luaf a énom-fílóz.

A Ailne rhuad-zeal! ar Tráinne,
 an amlaib ír aíl leat dír deaz-laoc;
 do dul a z-cóim-zliad na lann,
 no cat corcéann ar zac taob.

A Shráinne! ar Ailne ba zeal rhuad,
 ír amlaib ír cuibe ar zac taob;
 tríoáb² do laocra na b-Fianh,
 a' r tríoáb man íad a z-cóim-zléic!

Zairm cúgab do tríoáb laoc (ar Tráinne),
 ar an leimz na n-aonaran;
 a' r zoirreabra tríoáb na b-Fianh,
 zo d-tuzuib cat bían ar énoc an aíl!

¹ Bann-buað, sometimes called bann buadail. This and the dórb Fhianh, were the war-trumpets used by the Fenian chiefs to summon their troops to battle.

² Tríoáb, *thirty*. Here Ailne proposes to Grainne, that thirty combatants a side should be chosen to decide the conflict, which number they summoned forth in their turn—each calling the bravest hero or combatant in the ranks. Among the names of those so called, the following bear a striking resemblance to some of those of the present day; Thus—Conaran, seems identical with the present Conran; Ruairne, (written Ruairne, in the copy consulted by us in the Royal Irish Academy),

O. Grainne advanced to meet them,
 And took gentle Ailne by the hand ;
 They walked together on the one path,
 And the two approached the front of the hosts.

At the time that they reached us,
 Daire sounded the melodious music of battle ;
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,
 And called in haste his mighty hosts.

O bright Ailne ! saith Grainne,
 Is it thy wish that two heroes,
 Should fight with their blades,
 Or a general battle on each side.

O Grainne ! saith Ailne of the bright countenance,
 It is thus it should be at either side,
 Thirty of the Fenian heroes,
 And thirty their match, to meet !

Call to thee thy thirty heroes (saith Grainne),
 On the plain by themselves,
 And I shall call thirty of the Fians,
 Till they give severe battle on Cnoc-an-air !

would go far to identify the name Renehan or Rooney ; Κορζαίηηε or Κορζαίηηαϛ, now Cosgrave, is a name famous in Irish History (see *Ossianic Trans.* Vol. I.). Καρζαίηηε may be the modern name Hurley (Hurley) or Ιαηήηαίηε, O'Herlihy, whom Dr. O'Brien in his *Irish Dictionary*, at the end of the letter *I*, describes as chiefs of a district in the barony of Muskerry ; and also states that they were hereditary wardens of the Church of St. Gobnait, at Ballyvourney ; and were possessors for many years of the large parish of that name. Smith states that they were chiefs near Macroom. For an interesting account of this family see Connellan's edition of the *Four Masters*, p. 199, *note*.

- O. **Ա Ժուարձայն!** ար Այլոյ իրուած-ջօձ,
 Ծօ էսլէ Լե՛ծ' Լայն ան Լօղ Լօ,
 Երկնն Աջսր Շօձ Բօար ԸԼԻՄԱ Մօար,
 Եայրօ ԱՅ ԵԱՅԻԱԾ ԱԾ Շօճոյ ՅԼօ՛ժ!
- Ա Յիւծայն!** ար Յրայոյն օրար,Ծ,
 Ծօ էսլէ Լե՛ծ' Լայնօ ան Լօղ ՇԱԷ,
 Երկ Շօձ ԱՅսր ԴԵ ԲԻՐ ԵՃԱՅ,
 Բօարնայժ ար Էձօժ րե ո'՛ճԻՐ.
- Ա Պիւսնայն!** ար Այլոյ, Երկալ ԼԵԱԵ,
 Ծօ էսլէձ ան ԲԻԱԾ Մօար օ'ո' Ե-ԲԻԱԾ,
 ԼԵ ԼԱՐ Ծօ ԾԱ ՇօՐ ԼԱՒՆԱՐ ԵՐԱՅԻԾ,
 Ո՛յ ՄԵԱԵԱ ԻՐ ԾԱԼ ԾԱԵ ՅԻԱԾ.
- Ա Բարայն!** ար Յրայոյն ան Յրայոյն,
 Ո՛յ Ծիրքօձ Բօ՛ժ' ԷրօյՅ ան Երկօնան,
 ԼԵ ԾԵՐՆԵ Ծօ ԷժԻՐ ար Լօղ ԼԱԷ,
 Երկն ԸԻՐԾԵ Ծօ ԴԱԾ Ա Յ-Ըօրն-ԾԱԼ.
- Ա Շօնարայն!** ար ԲԱՅ իրայն
 Երայն Ո՛ճ ԲԻԱԸԼ ԲԼԱՆ ԱՅ ԼԱՕ՛ժ,
 Ծ'ար Շօրնայժ ԼԵԱԵ Ա Յ-ԸԱԷ Ո՛ճ ՈՅԼԵժ,
 ՄԵԱՐԱՐ ՅՐ ԸՅՐՆ ԵՒ ՅԼԱՕԾԱՇ.
- Ա Շօրչայն!** ար Յրայոյն Յօ ԵԱՆՈ՛յ,
 Ծօ Ըսրքօձ ան ԵԱՆՈ՛յ Ծ'ԱՕ՛յ-ԾԵՐՆ,
 ՄԻԼԵ օ'ո' Յ-ԸՕԼԱՐՈ՛յն Ծ'ԲԵԱՐԱՆՈ՛յն ո՛ր,
 ՅԱԾԱՐՆԵ ԵՒ Ա Յ-ԸՅՐՆ-ՅԼԵՐԸ.
- Ա Շարայն!** ար ՄՅՐ ԸրեձԷԵ,
 Ծօ Ըսր ար Շօրնայժ ԼԱՕ՛ժ ԼԵ Ո՛յն;
 ԻՐ ՄԵԱՐԵԱ ՅՐ ԸԻՐԾԵ ԾԱԵ ԵՐԻԱԼԼ,
 Ա'Ր ԸԱՐՆՈ՛յՅ ան Երկնն Ծօ էսլէ!

- O. O Thuardan ! saith Ailne, of the bright countenance,
 There fell by thy hand in one day,
 One hundred and three mighty swift men,
 Come thou as leader in the fight !
- O Giabhan ! saith Grainne aloud,
 There fell by thy hand in one battle,
 Three hundred and sixteen men,
 Stand thou by his side.
- O Meanuir ! saith Ailne, go forth,
 Thou that hast brought the swift deer from the hill ;
 By the swiftness of thy two fleet hardy legs,
 Cowardice is not thy character in battle.
- O Ruaithe ! saith pleasant Grainne,
 Thou wouldst not crush the withered grass,
 When in pursuit [of the foe] by thy fleetness,
 Thou shalt match him in the conflict.
- O Conaran ! who never left
 A bone nor a tooth sound in any hero
 Who engaged thee in battle or conflict,
 I think thou shouldst be called !
- O Cosgaire ! saith Grainne firmly,
 Who would send the head by one blow
 From the body a mile of soft ground,
 I will have thee in the combat.
- O Earlaire ! who left large scars,
 On the bodies of heroes with venom ;
 'Tis determined that thou shouldst go,
 And remember the Three who fell !

O. Do bj an dijr do mnyab fëim,
 Alne azur Tnainne, bean Fhionn;
 az zairm a'r az toza na b-fean,
 zur lion tpiocad zo beact an zac caorb.

D'ionnruizeadar na tpeu-fir a cëile,
 zac dijr diob a z-cöim-zliad çruaid;
 a b-föimceann an cäta njon main do'n lion,
 a Phatruic! äc dijr do'n Fhianh!

D'an d-tpiocaidne do main an dijr,
 ir fanh mo çnoiðe ö beie da luad!
 nj tpeizfean lion mo çraet zo föill,
 a Phatruic! ö'n Röim, an çreiðim çruaid.

An tan do çonarc an Fhianh,
 an tuicim zo dian an cäc,
 do çögbadar çri zärcä zruon,
 ba çlor a nzlioh a'r a n-ard.

A Alne zeal-fnuad! an Tnainne,
 ir mör an çar an zac caob;
 an na laoc ba çruad zairze,
 çriall leac 'ra mainnean dob' buiðih.

Nj çriallfad fëih na iad füb,
 a Tnainne! d'an n-düitce fëih,
 no zo d-tuicfih riad zo deihe,
 zo b-fazaid dið-fëihz an an b-fëihh!

Jnnyrim ðuic, a Alne! na nzeal zlac,
 zo m'feanri dið rcad do'n cöim,
 zo noctun ðür d-çin aluion fëih,
 njð fean rzeil nj raçaid beð!

- O. The two gentle women,
 Ailne and Grainne, the wife of Fionn,
 Were calling and choosing the men,
 Until exactly thirty were mustered at a side.

The mighty men attacked each other,
 Each two of them in hand to hand conflict,
 At the close of the battle there only survived,
 O Patrick ! but two of the Fians !

Of our thirty the two survived,
 My heart is sick from its recital !
 I shall not cease my narrative yet,
 O Patrick ! from Rome, of the harsh faith.

When the Fians beheld
 The foe falling fast,
 They raised three cheerful shouts,
 Which were heard in valleys and on hills.

O Ailne bright ! saith Grainne,
 'Tis a sad case on both sides,
 The slaughter of the valorous heroes,
 Depart with what survives of thy hosts.

Neither they nor I shall go,
 O Grainne ! to our own country ;
 Till they fall to the last man,
 And are avenged of the Fians !

I tell thee, Ailne ! of the fair hands,
 That 'twere better for you to cease the pursuit,
 Till you reached your own fair country,
 Than that no one to bear tidings shall go alive !

O. Nj tɾɿall dúnɿɿ, d'ar d-tɿɿ, ar ʒɿɿne !
 ʒo tɿɿɿɿ d'jomlan ar fluaʒ ;
 ɿo ʒo ɿ-beɿɿɿeam ɿɿɿ a ɿ-dɿoʒal cáe,
 ceann Fhɿɿɿ cɿuað-larɿ a ɿʒleð.

ʒɿɿ tan do éualarɿ fluaʒ ɿa b-Fɿɿɿɿ,
 ʒlór an-ɿɿɿɿɿɿɿɿɿ ɿa ɿɿɿá úb !
 do feɿɿɿ Fɿɿɿɿ an Barɿ-buað,
 aʒ ʒarɿɿ a fluaʒ ɿa élarɿ.

Do éɿɿɿɿɿɿɿeamar ó ʒac arɿ do'ɿ éɿoc,
 an ɿéɿɿ do bɿ ar ɿacáɿɿ anɿ ;
 a dúbáɿɿɿ Fɿɿɿɿ do ʒúe arɿ ɿɿɿ,
 cóɿɿɿʒleð a'ɿ dɿoʒal bɿɿ anɿɿ ʒo teann.

Nj ɿarɿ arɿarɿ ɿa óʒlac mear,
 do fluaɿʒɿɿ calɿa cɿóðá Fhɿɿɿ ;
 ɿar ʒlac ʒo ɿɿar arɿ a'ɿ éɿde,
 a'ɿ cáe ʒan ɿeaɿnáb ɿar ɿɿɿ.

ʒ ʒɿɿne ɿɿuað-ʒeal ! ɿɿ doɿɿɿ ɿɿɿ,
 do ɿarɿ Fɿɿɿɿ ɿa ʒ-cɿuað-ʒleð ;
 ʒeallarɿ dɿɿɿ a'ɿ ɿɿ ʒlór bɿéɿɿe,
 ɿac ɿarɿɿeab aʒab anɿ ɿeac beð !

Do feɿɿɿ Fɿɿɿɿ anɿ ɿɿɿ orarɿ,
 an Dóɿɿ le ʒarɿ-ʒorɿ éum ʒleð ;
 d'ɿonɿɿɿɿeadar a éarɿe ó ʒac taob,
 a'ɿ do ɿeard an ɿɿeann cáe ʒo dɿan !

Uch, a Phacɿarɿe ! dob' é rúð an cae,
 ba éɿeɿne a'ɿ ba calɿa larɿ ʒɿarɿ ;
 d'ar tɿʒab ó éúr an domarɿ,
 a'ɿ do'ɿ ɿoʒarɿ ʒeann ba doɿɿɿ !

O. We shall not proceed to our country, saith Ailne !
 Till all our hosts shall fall ;
 Or that we bring in revenge
 The head of Fionn, the firm hand in battle.

When the Fenian hosts had heard,
 The hostile declaration of that woman,
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,
 To summon his hosts in his presence.

We mustered from all parts of the hill,
 Such of us as were present there ;
 Fionn saith in a loud tone,
 Battle with vengeance now proclaim.

There was not an aged nor an active hero,
 Of the mighty warrior hosts of Fionn,
 Who did not instantly take arms and armour,
 And the foe without faltering did likewise.

O Ailne the bright ! I much regret,
 Saith Fionn of the hardy deeds ;
 I promise thee, and 'tis no falsehood,
 That one shall not be left alive to you !

Fionn then vehemently sounded,
 The Dord with a call for vengeance to the fight ;
 They attacked each other at either side,
 And the battle was fought furiously !

Alas, O Patrick ! that was the battle, [fict,
 The fiercest and the mightiest of hand to hand con-
 That was fought since the beginning of the world,
 And to the stubborn princess 'twas disastrous !

O. Do éiríall Oírcuir a d-túir na b-Fíann,
 a' r a lann líomhta na deas dóib;
 go nánzadar féin agur các,
 ar leirz an air a' r an cóniúr zleó,

¶ Phactraic ! ní cánaim acé ríor,
 cía zur cruad-laimac zhoimac các;
 do éirceadar uile leir an b-Fíann,
 acé trímí, a' r an niozair anáin !

Do éir rann z-cac úd ba zairb dían,
 do líon rluaz na b-Fíann féin;
 deicneadar a' r ré céad fear,
 do laocna ba zairb zliaró !

D'íméiz an niozair ' r an trímí úd,
 a' r níor b-fear dúinn cá' r zadb leó;
 ba dúbac iad ar a d-eríall,
 cé ar náimíad iad ! ba dobrón !

¶ z ríon críoc an cáca cruaró,
 a Phactraic núad !¹ na m-bacal m-ban;
 ó ríon amac do bairc an Fhíann,
 ar an z-cnoc ro ríar cnoc an air !

P. Jhuir dúinn, a Oirín ! zann zó,
 na laocna cróda do' n Fhíann;
 a n-éazmair an tríoac cáid,
 do éir rann ar ar an z-cnoc ro ríar ?

O. Tuairuzbail do bdearad éir,
 ar zac ríomh-céaric zairb laoc;
 do éir ar an z-cnoc re cac,
 a' r leir an b-fear dána, Tairc mac Tréin ?

¹ ¶ phactraic núad, *O Patrick newly arrived*. This phrase is very common in Ossianic poetry when St. Patrick's name is introduced, and it goes far to show that these compositions were written immediately on

O. Oscur went forth at the head of the Fians,
 With his polished sword in his right hand,
 Until they and the foe met,
 On the field of slaughter and conflicts.

O Patrick ! I relate but the truth,
 Though the foe were hardy and fierce,
 They all fell by the Fians,
 Except three and the princess herself.

There fell in that severe and fierce battle
 Of the Fenian hosts,
 Six hundred and ten men,
 Heroes who were valiant in fight.

The princess and the three departed,
 And we know not whither they went ;
 Sorrowful they were at parting,
 And, O Patrick of the clerics, 'twas sad !

Thus ended the severe contest
 O Patrick, of the white croziers, lately come ;
 Henceforth the Fians named
 This hill westwards, the hill of slaughter !

P. Relate to us, O Oisin ! without guile,
 The mighty heroes of the Fians,
 Besides the noble thirty [men]
 Who fell in the slaughter on the hill of battles !

O. An account I shall give thee
 Of the history of each robust hero,
 That fell on the hill by the foe,
 And by that daring man Tailc mac Treoin.

the Saint's arrival in Ireland, modern as the language and phraseology of
 the compositions may appear to us of the present day.

ՁԻՆՊՁԻՆՆՎ ՈՒ ԲՐՐՅՈՒՆ-ԼՅՕՐՁԻԺ ՓՈ՛Ն ԲԻՋՆՆ

Փօ էլլէ ար շոօս աղ ճլլ, ԼԵ լուսնի Չիբարչալնի.

- O. Փօ էլլէ ար աղ Յ-Շոօս թօ իլար,
Շոնն Շլաճրաճ Բա չարն շլեճ ;
Ժօ Բ'բարր Լար-Ա'ր Բարր Ե ԳՅԼլաճ,
ՆԱ ՇԱՃ ՓՅ ԵԼԱ ԼԵԱԵ ԻՐ ՊՅՐ !

Եր աղ ժօ էլլէ 'ր ԻՐ ծլոմԲաճ Լլոմ,
Փրալլաճ Բլարն, Բա Բուս Ե Յ-Շաճ ;
Ա'ր Ժ'լլմրեճճաճ ար Լուճ Ե Լարն չոյոն,
ԼԵ ՊԱՇ ՓՅ ԵՂ Ա'ր ՆՂ Ելլաճ ԵԵԱԺ.

Եր աղ ժօ էլլէ 'ր ԻՐ Երաճ Լլոն,
Լուսնի Չաօրր ՆԱ Ժ-Շոնն Լարն ;
Ժօ էլլաճ աղ Երոճ Ժ'ն Ե-Բլլաճ,
ԼԵ ՊԱՅՃ ԼԱՂ ԺԼԱՂ Ե ՉԱՐ ԵԵԱԼ.

Եր աղ ժօ էլլէ Շրաճն Շալմա,
Ժ'լլեաճ աղ Պարր աղ աղ իրօրն ;
Ա'ր ԺԱ ԲլլեճԺ ԲալրչիՂ ժօ'ն արան,
Ա'ր ԺԱ Պարրեաճ ԲԱ Չրալն ԼԵՂ ԵԼԵՂ ՆԱ Րօմա !

Եր աղ ժօ էլլէ Շաճ Լուսնիեաճ Պարր,
ար Լուճ Բա Լուսնե ՆԱ աղ Չաճ ;
Շրարն ՆԱ Յ-ՇրեաճԵ Լարն Շրարն,
ԺԱ Պարրեաճ, ՆՂՐ իլարր ԺօԺ' ԵԼԵՂ !

Եր աղ ժօ էլլէ ՓօրՇան Պարր,
ԺօԺ' Բարր Ե Յ-Շաճ ՆԱ Փլա Լուճ ;
Ժօ Չարրաճ ՆԱ Շարր Ա'ր ՆԱ Շրաճ,
Ա'ր Ժօ Պարրեաճ աղ Ե-արան Չօ Ի-Ար.

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL FENIAN HEROES
THAT FELL ON CNOC-AN-AIR, BY THE TROOPS OF MBARGACH.

O. There fell on this western hill
Conn Ciabhrach the fierce in battle ;
Of firmer hand and might in conflict,
Than God's hosts of whom thou boastest !

'Twas there fell, and my grief !
Dralladh Flann, who was firm in the fight, [arms,
And who would play in regard of agility and feats of
With the son of the living God, and would not suc-
cumb.

And O my grief ! 'twas there fell,
Luanan, the wise, of the heavy spears ;
Who would bring the wild boar from the hill,
By the great swiftness of his robust limbs.

'Twas there mighty Cruagan fell,
Who would devour a cow at one meal,
With forty cakes of bread,
Had he lived how he would hate the Roman clerics !

'Twas there Caol the swift fell,
Who in swiftness was fleetier than the wind ;
And Ciarnan inflieter of severe wounds ;
Had they lived it would not be pleasant to thy clerics.

'Twas there Dorcan the nimble fell,
Who was stronger in battle than thy God,
Who hacked bodies and bones,
And cheerfully did share the bread.

- O. Jr ahh do éuit Caol duanac mear,
 Bolzairne, Seairc, azur Criazán;¹
 ceatnar zarb do laocairb criuairb,
 mo daethairb iad uaim ar fan!
- Jr ahh do éuit Liazán mih zéaz,
 ba éirte a'r ba éreán a z-caé;
 a'r do bi az freaircal na b-Fiahh,
 zo fairriuz, úr, fiall, na feal.
- Jr ahh do éuit Meahzán caom,
 ba corcáireá beim a d-erom zleó;
 Meahduirne azur Ciahadán, calma,
 triúr ba mhór maic zán zó!
- Jr ahh do éuit Lorzairne ba éreán,
 Ciahdán donn ba chearba méim;
 Zarzán do corzaréac chámá,
 Mhánán a'r Donn-zláirne ba caom.
- Jr ahh do éuit Céirih² cóf caol,
 Criuadán a'r Aod na n-ór meahh,
 triar dob' fairriuz cairl a'r clá,
 a'r ba máic lúe a ngleó na lahh.
- Jr ahh do éuit Follamán buadac
 Biorán, Luairne, Daoirne a'r Laiz!
 Cairne, Lionán, a'r Zairne féim.
 Mhullead, Blaod, azur Ceahreairn.
- Jr ahh do éuit Cúirhán beóda,
 Roizhe, Zlóirne, Ciair a'r Briab;
 Beallairne, Cúirhíh, a'r Meahhdán mear,
 Lairne, Firaoc, Niall a'r Zlar.

¹ Criazán. This name is similar to the present O'Creghan, and probably the Ulster family of that name descended from him.

- O. 'Twas there Caol the poetic and swift fell,
 Bolgaire, Searc, and Criagan ;
 Four stout and hardy heroes,
 Alas that they are away from me !
- 'Twas there fell Liagan of the smooth limbs,
 The active and mighty in battle ;
 He who entertained the Fians,
 Plentifully, freely, and generously, in his time.
- 'Twas there gentle Meangan fell,
 Whose blow was deadly in fierce battle,
 Meanduire and Cianadan the brave,
 Three of great worth, without exaggeration !
- 'Twas there the mighty Lorgaire fell,
 Ciardan the brown [haired] of gentlest disposition,
 Gargan the hacker of bones,
 Mianan and Donn-ghlaire the mild.
- 'Twas there Ceirin, the slender-legged, fell,
 Cruadan and Aedh, of the golden diadems
 Three whose fame was wide spread,
 And who were expert in the fight of spears.
- 'Twas there the victorious Follamhan fell,
 Biosan, Luaise, Daoise, and Laig ;
 Cainte, Lionan, and Gaine the gentle,
 Druilleadh, Blaoth, and Cionntair.
- 'Twas there fell Curnan the lively,
 Roighne, Gloirne, Ciar and Brad,
 Beallaire, Cuirnin, and Meanndan the swift,
 Laisne, Fraoch, Niall and Glas.

2 CÉMPÍŃ. There are numerous families in Ireland, at the present day bearing this name.

- O. Եր աղո ծօ շար Ձաւան դա դ-ճաճտ,¹
 ա Յ-արածձօլ դա Յ-աճե Բա էարո;
 աչար յօրած օրե, ա Քաւրալո դաճ !
 դաճ Ե-բարլիմ Բա Լաճ աղօր աղո.
- P. Եղօր Բառ Օրրո, մա՛ր արոնո Լաւ,
 ա՛ր երլալաճ Լաւ ա՛ր Լար աղ Ե-Բէլո;
 լար Ե-բաչԲալ աղ աղ-ճոլո ճիԲ,
 Լաղ Յօ բլօր ա՛ր դա ար Բրաչ !
- O. Ճօ ճարոնարար աղ Յ-արոն ՚լար ոչաԲար,
 ա ճէլլոճ բօ բէլլո, ա՛ր ոյ Բրաչ;
 Բօ Լաճարոն սլե Բալ Բօ բէլչ,
 աղ Բրաճ ա՛ր աղ Լարչ Լօճա Լէր.
- Եր բաԲա ոյրե, ա Քաւրալո դաճ !
 Յաղ Բաճա աչ Լաճ Բար ղՅալ;
 ոյ արոնլ Լաւ դա Լե՛ Փղա,
 Յար ԲԲ յօնարոն ԼիԲ Գղար դա ոյ !
- P. ՄաԲար արարչԲալ դա բէլչե Բնրո,
 ա Օրրո ! ա՛ր բարչ բօր Ե-լմճար;
 լոնր Բնրո աղարոնա դա Յ-արոն բալճե,
 ա՛ր դա ոչաԲար Բա Բրո Յաճ ա՛ր Յար.
- O. Ձ Քաւրալո ! Բօ ճարոն Յօ Լա աղ Բրաճ,
 լմճաճտ ա՛ր արաճտ աղ աղ Ե-Բէլո;
 արո աղ Յ-արոնլ, ա՛ր աղ ոչաԲար Յաճ-Բրո,
 աճ ! յր արաչ աղ Բլճ ա Բելճ Բա ո-Բար !

¹ *Aliter*, դա դ-ճաճտ, of the steeds.

O. 'Twas there fell Mualan of the exploits,
 In the midst of the battle's rage ;
 And many more, O recent Patrick !
 That I cannot now name.

P. Tell me, Oisin, if thou rememberest,
 Where you and the Fenians went ;
 When ye left the slaughter hill,
 Relate truly, and tell no lie !

O. We gathered our hounds and dogs,
 O Cleric in want ! and 'tis no falsehood,
 We all agreed to go and hunt,
 On the banks and plains of Loch Lein.

Long am I, O Patrick, lately arrived !
 Without food, telling thee tales ;
 'Tis not likely that thou and thy God,
 Would be fonder of the clerics than of me.

P. Relate to us an account of the chase,
 O Oisin ! and leave off thy complaining ;
 Tell us the names of the high-bred hounds,
 And the dogs most melodious in voice and cry.

O. O Patrick ! I could till doom's day,
 Go on and tell about the Fians,
 Of our hounds and melodious dogs,
 Alas ! how sorrowful to live after them !

SEJL5 LOCHA LEIN.

O. Ḡuaireamaoibne an lion do mair,
 car éir cáca an air do'n b-Féinn;
 zo nanzamaair an fáilce féar-zlar úb,
 an bhuac ciumraib Locha Lein.¹

 Jr é rin an loc ir aibne rzeim,
 da b-fuil fo'n nzein zo beact;
 ir ionda reor ata ó'n b-Féinn,
 ann zan breis a b-carze a noct!

P. Jhuir dúinn, a Oirin féil,
 cionnar d'fan ó'n b-Féinn ran loc;
 cra aco ór nó aizead é,
 a'r cread an céim do rize a corz.

O. Ata ann rúb ran taob éuaib,
 caozad lúineac zorim zlar,
 ata ann ran taob íjar,
 caozad clozad an aon leact:

¹ Loc lein, *Loch Lein*. This was the ancient name of the lakes of Killarney in Kerry, retained to the present day. The O'Cearbhalls or O'Carrolls, of the race of Aedh Beannan, king of Munster, were chiefs of this district, and had their residence there; but the O'Donnchadhas, (of the second branch of whom *The O'Donohoe*, M.P., is the present lineal representative); who were originally seated in the plain of Caiseal (Cashell), having settled at Loch Lein, dispossessed and reduced the O'Carrolls, with other families descendants of Conaire Mor, and erected a new territory, to which was given the name Eoganacht Locha Lein; and afterwards Eoganacht Ui Dhonnchadha. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster, was to remain to enjoy the feast of Loch Lein from one Monday to another; and, according to the poet Benean or Benignus, who is said to have been a disciple of St.

THE CHASE OF LOCH LEIN.

- O. We proceeded, such of the Fians as survived,
After the battle of the great slaughter,
Till we reached the verdant plain,
On the banks and borders of Loch Lein.

This is the lake—the fairest to be seen,
That is under the sun truly ;
Many treasures belonging to the Fians,
Are in it, doubtless, secured this night.

- P. Relate to us, O generous Oisín,
How they were left by the Fians in the lake,
Or whether it be gold or silver,
And what it is that detains it there ?

- O. There are there in the northern side [of the lake]
Fifty blue-green coats of mail ;
There are in the western side,
Fifty helmets in one pile !

Patrick, the king of Loch Lein was exempt from paying tribute to the king of Caiseal. Here are his words :—

“ Fíú cóní nífá a Mumhain mhóir,
a (5)cairí do Chairrí ní cónn,
ní Gabhráin ní Gabcharí gélí,
ní Rathleann, ní Lacha Léin.”

There are three kings in great Mumha,
Whose tribute to Caiseal is not due ;
The king of Gabhran whose hostages are not to be seized on
The king of Rathleann, the king of Loch Lein.

leabair na 5-Ceairt, pp. 58, 59.

The following stipends were given by the king of Caiseal to the king of Loch Lein :—Seven steeds, seven drinking horns, and seven shields, and seven hounds (*Ib.* pp. 68, 69). And at pp. 256, 257, (*Idem*), we find the

O. ԱԵԱ ԿՈՅ ԴԱՆ ԵԱՅԻ ԵՅԱՐ,
 ՅԵԻՇ Զ-ՇԵԱԾ ԸՈՒԾԵԱՄ ԼԵԱՇԱՆ ԶԼԱՆ,
 ՅԵԻՇ Զ-ՇԵԱԾ ԴՅԻԱՇ ԳՐ ԿՆ ԾՈՒԾ ՔԻԿԱՆՆ,
 ԳՐ ԿՆ ԵԱՐՐ-ԵԱԿԸ ԿՐ ԿՈՅ ՈՒԿԱՆ.

ԱԵԱ ԿՈՅ ԴԱՆ ԵԱՅԻ ԴՕՐՈՒ,
 ՕՐ ԳՐ ԵԱԾԱՇ ԶՕ ԼԵՕՐ, ԳՐ ԶՕՐԼ;
 ԴՇՕՐ ԾՈԾ՝ ԵՕՄԱՐԿԱՇ ԼԵ ՈԱԾ,
 ՇԻՅԵԱԾ Կ Զ-ՇԵՐՆ ԶԱՇ ԼԱ ԵԱՐ ՈՒԱՐՐ.

ՇԻԱ ԾՈՒԼԻՅՇ ԾՕ ԴԵԱՐՕՐՐ ՈՒ Ն-ԾԵՕԻՅՇ,
 Կ ՔԻԱՐԿԱՇ Լ ԴԱՕԻ ԵՐՕՆ ԾԱ ԼԱԿԸ,
 Կ ՈԱԻԾ ԿՅԱՐՆՈՆ ԾՕ ՇՈՄԱԻԾ ԴԱՕԻՇԵ,
 ԳՐ ԾՕ ԶԱԾԱՐՐ ԶԱՇ-ԵՐՆՆ ԾՕ ԶԵԱԾԱՐ ՈՒԱՐՐ.

ԾՕ ԵՂ ԿՈՅ ՏՅԵՕԼԱՆ ԿՅԱՐ ԵՐԱՆ,¹
 ԼՕՄԱՐՐԵ, ԵՐՈԾ, ԿՅԱՐ ԼՕՄ-ԼՒՇ,
 ՇՒԻՅ ՇՈՄԱ Կ Ծ-ՇՒՐ ԴԵՐԼԵ ԳՐ ԶՆՈՄՈՒՄ,
 ՈԱՇ ԴՅԱՐԱԾ ՇՈՐՇԵ ԼԵ ՔԻՈՆՆ Լ

ԾՕ ԵՂ ԿՅ ՔԻՈՆՆ ԾՕ ԶԱԾԱՐԱԻԾ ԵՐՈՆԵ,
 ՈԱԻՇՆՈՆ, ԵՐԻՅՈՅՄԱՐ, ԿՅԱՐ ՈԱԻԼԼ-ԾԵՇ;
 ՏԵԱԼԼԱՐՐԵ ԴԵԱՇՇԱՐՐԵ ԳՐ ՊԻԱՆ-ՈԱՐ,
 ՇԱԼԼԱՐՐԵ, ՔԻԱԾՄԱՆ ԳՐ ՏՅԻԱՐԼՕՅ.

ԾՕ ԵՂ ԿՅԵ ՊԻԱՆԱՐՐԵ ԿՅԱՐ ՇՐԵԱՆ,
 ԼԱՐ, ՏԱՕՇԱՐ, ՏԵԱՐԿ ԳՐ ՇԱԱՐՐԾ,
 ԵԱՆԾԱՐՐ, ՇԱՇԵԱԾ, ԿՅԱՐ ԼԻՐԱՆ,
 ԴԱԾԱՐՐԵ, ՏՐԻԱՆԱՆ, ԿՅԱՐ ՔԱԱՐՐ.

following awards granted by the king of Caiseal to the king of Loch Lein :—

“ ԾՕ ՈՒ ԼԱՇԱ ԼԵՐՆ ԼԵԱՐՐ
 ՈՒՅԻՇ ՇՈՄԱՐՆ ՇԱՐՐԵԱՄԱՐ,
 ԴԻՇԻ ԾՕ ԿՍԱՐ ԴԻՇԻ ԵԱՇ,
 ԴԻՇԻ ԼՕՆՅ ԾՕ—ՈՒ ՈՐՈՇ ԵՐԵԱՇ.”

To the king of extensive Loch Lein,
 Is due a friendly return,
 Twenty cows and twenty steeds,
 Twenty ships to him—no bad award.

See also Windle's *Notices of Cork and Killarney*, and Mrs. Hall's *Hand-book for Killarney*.

O. There are in the southern side
 Ten hundred broad and glittering swords ;
 Ten hundred shields and the Dord Fhiann,
 And the Barr-bugdh likewise.

There is in the eastern side
 Gold and raiment in plenty, and spoils,
 Treasures too many to describe,
 That came afar each day across the sea.

Though [it be] doleful for an old man living after them,
 O Patrick ! to be in sorrow recounting them,
 The names of all our well-bred hounds,
 And melodious dogs you will get from me.

We had there Sgeolan and Bran,
 Lomaire, Brod, and Lom-luth ;
 Five hounds foremost in the chase and actions
 That never parted Fionn !

Fionn had of melodious dogs,
 Uaithnin, Brioghmhar, and Uaill-bheo ;
 Steallaire, Reachtaire, and Dian-ras,
 Callaire, Fiadhman, and Sgiarlog.

He had also Manaire and Trean,
 Luas, Saothar, Searc and Cuaird ;
 Banduir, Cathbuadh, aud Liasan.
 Radaire, Grianan, and Fuaim.

¹ Here Oisín relates to St. Patrick the names of the principal hounds which the Fenians brought from Cnoc-an-air; and if we are to rely upon the category, many of the names have something significant about them; —For instance—*Brioghmhar*, signifies the strong or vigorous; *Uaill-bheo*, a lively howl; *Steallaire*, spatterer; *Dian-ras*, swift in the chase; *Trean*, strong; *Luas*, swift; *Saothar*, expeditious; *Searc*, affection; *Cuaird*, to go on an errand; *Cath-bhuadh*, victorious in battle; *Radaire*, pleasing; *Grianan*, sunbright; *Fuaim*, noise; *Lom-bhall*, bare-limbed; *Monaran* turf-ranger; *Feargach*, wrathful; *Ras*, race.

The classical reader will, no doubt, recollect a similar enumeration of

O. Do bġ aġze Lom-ball aġur Mhonarān,
 Feargac, Fearan, Bonn aġur Rap,
 Cnazaġne, Fēimġn, aġur Ball-úr,
 Mallaġne, Tnean-lūt aġur Rinn-bar.

Do bġ aġze fōr Duanān mear,
 Suanan, Bearc, aġur Feall,
 Leaġaġne, Foraġne, aġur Slioman,
 Cnġġne, Larbaran, aġur Zeall.

Mġ ġn aġabra a Phactraic ban!
 an ġon con aġne a'ġ zaġar tnean;
 do muġ Fġonn ō cġoc an aġn,
 zo leġnġ a'ġ zo flearaġb loġa leġn.

Do bġ aġ Orcur do faoġc cōnaġb,
 Fead aġur Fortaġġ, Cluaġn a'ġ Faoġar;
 Aġne, Mġne, Faġne, a'ġ Luar,
 Daol, ġruaġm, Fġon a'ġ Caol.

Do bġ 'na n-dal do zaġraġb bġne,
 Clear, Fġllead, Mġaġġ, a'ġ Ruuġġ,
 Mleān, Farraġne, Sġġ-cruaġb a'ġ Zeān,
 Dnanaġne, Rēim, Obann a'ġ Cuan,

Do bġ aġze Lonġaġne, Feġġeān a'ġ Bonn,
 Corġaġne, Feam, Bualġān, a'ġ Fnaoġ,
 Cealġān, Mēanġ, Pnēabaġne, a'ġ Pġān,
 Stracaġne, Rġān, ġlōnān a'ġ Caon.

Do bġ aġ Faolan do cōnaġb aġne,
 An-Uaġll aġmān, Uaġll aġur Fortaġġ,
 Barġān, Feamaġne, Caolan a'ġ Cuac,
 Daolan, Swan, Aġn a'ġ Foġram.

the names of Acteon's dogs, that pursued their master, transformed into a stag by the goddess Diana, in punishment for having surprised her whilst bathing with her nymphs (Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iii.) The Latin poet, however, is neither so tedious nor so unvarying in his enumeration, as the Irish bard, in the present instance, for having given distinctive characteristics to his dogs. He breaks off with the words:—

O. He had Lom-bhall, and Monaran,
 Feargach, Fearan, Bonn and Ras,
 Cnagaire, Feirin, and Ball-ur,
 Mallaire, Trean-luth, and Rinn-bhar,

He had likewise Duanan the swift,
 Suanan, Beart, and Feall ;
 Leagaire, Forsaire, and Sliomhan,
 Crithire, Larbharan, and Geall.

Here thou hast, O Patrick ! the fair [haired]
 The number of fine hounds and stout dogs,
 Which Fionn brought from Cnoc-an-air,
 To the plains and borders of Loch Lein !

Oscur had of true bred hounds
 Fead and Fostaigh, Cluain and Faobhar,
 Aire, Mire, Faire and Luas,
 Daol, Gruaim, Fior and Caol.

He had along with them of melodious dogs
 Cleas, Filleadh, Maig and Ruaig,
 Altain, Farraire, Sith-chruaidh and Gearr,
 Dranaire, Reim, Obann and Cuan.

He had Lorgaire, Feitheimh and Bonn,
 Cosgaire, Feam, Bualtan and Fraoch,
 Cealgan, Meang, Preabaire and Pian,
 Stracaire, Rian, Gloran and Caomh.

Faolan had of fine hounds
 An-Uaill the lucky, Uaill and Fostaigh,
 Barcan, Feamaire, Caolan and Cuach,
 Daolan, Suan, Arr, and Fothram.

“ Quosque referre mora est.”—*Lib. iii., v. 225.*

In some of our modern Anglo-Irish hunting songs and ballads, the names of the dogs of the chase are likewise given. Can it be that our bards and song-writers followed a classical model, without a consciousness of the fact?

O. Do bġ aġze do ġadriajb biġn-ġlōriac,
 Maġriban, Forfōzma, Fġar azur Teġliġ,
 Colġan, Farġa, Fġiōmān a'ġ Cġeac,
 Leġn-rġziōr, Feall, Uaġll-biġn, a'ġ Leġnġ.

Do bġ aġze fōr ġlāġġin a'ġ Beōlān,
 Forġmaōil, Cġarġban, ġlāġġ a'ġ Lorġ;
 Trġuadriān, Cġarġboōc, azur Cġarġcġuāġriō,
 Oōcān, Jolġuāġġ, Fleaġ, azur Forġcāġġ.

Do bġ aġ ġoll do cōriāġġ fāōrġe,
 ġlāġġriē, Bġoġa, Cġeācġ a'ġ ġriē;
 Cġarġ, Rāōariē, Eġrġeācġ a'ġ Pāriē,
 Trġeān-lāc, Bāriē, Eġġoll a'ġ Feāf.

Do bġ aġze Fulanġ azur Eāōriōm,
 Fuāriān, Eāġa, azur Teāriān;
 ġriō-lēġm, Sān-rġiē, azur ġmōcġarġ,
 ġarġban, Fġall, azur Leāriān.

Do bġ aġze do ġadriajb uaġll-biġn,
 Bōġ-lēġm, Sġiē, ġolan azur Tōġriē,
 Seāriān, ġriōd-uaġll, azur Seācġriān,
 Fōġlūāġġ, Feāō-ġāġġ, azur Rāġcōġriē.

Do bġ aġze fōr Maōġliġn biġn,
 Tuāriġāriē, Rġiġ, azur ġmalān,
 ġriāriāriē, Nġiġ-fġacāġġ, azur Sġriācā,
 Cluāriāriē, Trġiōm-ġeāriē, azur Seāriācān.

Do bġ do cōriāġġ aġ Maō Lūġāġ,¹
 Seāōac, Lūriġzeāc, azur Eġriēlēāc;
 ġōriē-ēāġġ, Cumān, azur Fuāriāma,
 ġolān, Sġuāōā, azur Faōōāriē.

¹ Maō Lūġāġ. This Fenian chief was son of Daire Dearg, son of Fionn Mac Cumhaill. His mother's name was Luigheach—so called from *luigh*, to swear, because all the females belonging to his household swore that she was a daughter of Fionn. Hence he was called Mac Lu-

O. He had of melodious dogs
 Marbhan, Forfhogra, Fiar and Tailig,
 Colgan, Fasga, Finomhan and Creach,
 Leir-agrios, Feall, Uaill-bhinn and Leirg.

He had also Glaisin and Beolan,
 Formaoil, Ciarbhan, Gluais and Lorg,
 Truadhnan, Ciarbhocht and Cian-chuaird,
 Ochtan, Iolghuair, Fleagh and Fostaigh.

Goll had of noble hounds
 Gluaire, Bioga, Creacht and Airc,
 Cian, Radharc, Eisdacht and Pairt,
 Trean-luth, Baire, Eitioll and Feas.

He had also Fulang and Eadrom,
 Fuaran, Eaga, and Teanan,
 Ard-leim, Sar-ruith, and Imchian,
 Garbhan, Fiall, and Leanan.

He had of melodious dogs
 Bogleim, Sgith, Golan and Toir,
 Searbhan, Grod-uail, and Seachran,
 Foghluaim, Fead-ghair, and Rantoir.

He had likewise Maoilin the melodious,
 Tuargaire, Ring, and Amalan,
 Dranaire, Nimh-fhiacail, and Straca,
 Cluanaire, Trom-ghearr, and Searcan.

Mac Lughach had of hounds
 Seabhac, Luingeach, and Eirleach,
 Mor-than, Cuman, and Fuarma,
 Aolan, Sguaba, and Faobhar.

ghach, after his mother's name; because it was considered disgraceful to call him after his father. It was Lughaidh Lamha the Momonian that struck Fionn at the feast in the palace of Tara. Vide *Agallamh na Sean-oiridh*, or Dialogue of the Sages.

- O. Do bĭ aĭze do žadbnaĭb beđđa,
 Luadnān, Seđlađ, ažuŕ Tacab ;
 Cúl-raor, Ŗjon-žāĭne, ažuŕ Scuaĭm,
 Bĭadan, Bĭuaćaĭn, ažuŕ Capab.
- Do bĭ aĭze fōŕ Jomlan cĭuaĭž,
 Caoran, Duaiĭc, ažuŕ Cuiledož,
 Ŗĭžuĭn, Bĭeac-ball, ažuŕ Duĭđĭĭ,
 Ŗĭear-ball, Fĭonĭđđĭĭ, ažuŕ Tĭurlož.
- Do bĭ až Ŗĭac Roĭāĭn žĭĭĭn,
 do ćonaĭb luaiće ažuŕ raoĭće,
 Cuaĭ-ćoiĭmeab, ažuŕ Ŗĭaćaĭne mear,
 Cĭāĭmāć, Ŗĭĭlac, ažuŕ Žaoĭće.
- Do bĭ aĭze fōŕ Nĭāĭmĭnac luaić,
 Ŗĭĭmear, Tuaiĭc, ažuŕ Nēal,
 Eđlac, Ladĭuĭn, ažuŕ Bolž ŕeanž,
 Ŗĭeanĭmuĭn, Feam, ažuŕ Tĭraoŕc.
- Do bĭ aĭze do žadbnaĭb fōžluaiĭmĭeac,
 Cĭraĭŕlēĭĭ, Suan, ažuŕ Toĭŕž ;
 Cĭĭĭne, Žuažān, Doćc, a'ŕ Dđĭć,
 Buānān, Fđĭĭ, ažuŕ Foĭŕž.
- Do bĭ aĭze Duāŕđān ažuŕ Šĭap,
 Lomān, Cać, ažuŕ Caoržur ;
 Caiĭbĭn, Žealan, a'ŕ Luaić-žlēar,
 Foĭćĭn, Bēar, ažuŕ Baoiŕe.
- Do bĭ aĭze fōŕ Žanĭ-uaiĭll žēar,
 Fuaićĭn, Taomab, ažuŕ Loncān,
 Ŗĭĭuĭne, Žĭođ-žāĭĭ, ažuŕ Teaiĭc,
 Cuaĭāĭn, Boĭĭlāĭce, ažuŕ Uaiĭān.

O. He had of sprightly dogs
 Luadran, Seoladh, and Tacadh,
 Cul-saor, Mion-ghaire, and Stuaim,
 Biadan, Bruachair, and Casadh.

He had likewise Iomlan the hardy,
 Caoran, Duairc, and Cuileog,
 Arguin, Breac-bhall, and Dunuir,
 Mear-bhall, Fionnduir, and Truslog.

Mac Ronain the social had,
 Of swift and noble hounds,
 Cuan-choimead, and Machaire the swift,
 Cnamhach, Urlach, and Gaoithe.

He had also Niamhrach the swift,
 Ainmhear, Tuairt, and Neall,
 Eolach, Ladruin, and Bolg the slender,
 Meanmhuin, Feam, and Traost.

He had of well bred dogs
 Craipleir, Suan, and Toisg,
 Cuinne, Guagan, Docht, and Doith,
 Buanan, Foir, and Foisg.

He had Duardan and Snap,
 Loman, Cath, and Caosgur,
 Caibin, Gealan, and Luaith-ghleas,
 Foithin, Beas, and Baoise.

He had also Garbh-uail the sharp,
 Fuaithin, Taomadh, and Lorcan,
 Alpuire, Grod-ghair, and Tearc,
 Cuanair, Bonnlaice, and Uamhan.

O. Do bĭ az Գարաւոյ Օ'Պաճոն,
 do ձոյա՛նբ բօյտէ ա լոմ լու՛ւ,
 Շօրր Նօրոյն օշոր Զէար-Լեօն
 Պալլեօ՛շ, Լէյմբօճա, օշոր Շլու՛ն.

Do bĭ ալշօ do ձօճոյա՛նբ բելշօ,
 Շաւան, Լօրրշօճ, օշոր Շլայն,
 Պոճ-ձնեյծոյմ, Փոլլայն, օշոր Եարաճէ,
 Քարան, Շլապայն, օշոր Պօնարան.

Do bĭ do ձոյա՛նբ օշ Շլար շաօն,
 Շրեճայն, Տարշ, օշոր Պօր-ճալ,
 Լաճան, Բարաճ, Տարշայն, ա'ր Շրալլ,
 Լորշան, Տրալլայն, օշոր Շրաճէն.

Do bĭ do ձօճոյա՛նբ ալշօ ղա Ե-բօճար,
 Եալան, Շորշար, Շրեար օշոր Շրուձօ;
 Շարան, Շայմոյն, Փալլա օշոր Շրեան,
 Քարան, Տարրօ, Բարօ օշոր Շրու.

Do bĭ օշ Քարշոր քիլօ Փիոյն,
 do ձոյա՛նբ Եա ձնոյաճ, լալէ;
 Շոճան, Քաճաճ, օշոր Քիո-քալէ,
 Լաճրան, Քարրօն, Շիճօն օշոր Փալ.

Do bĭ ալշօ do ձօճոյա՛նբ ձլամ-Երոյն,
 Քաճէն, Փաճէ, Քիօր օշոր Լիօն;
 Շարաճ, Եիճ-Եիոյն, օշոր Շրաձաճ,
 Աամաճ, Ելօճօ, օշոր Փաճէն,

Do bĭ օշարա քօն, ա Փարալ;
 օշոր օշ շաճ Օ քիո քար;
 ա ղ-էաշար ղա Յ-շօն ա'ր ղա ղձաճար լու,
 յէլճ Յ-ճօճ ար լու ղաճ Ե-քալիոյն do լաճ.

O. Diarmuid O'Duibhne had,
 Of noble, fierce, and swift hounds,
 Coisir, Noinin, and Gear-leana,
 Duilleog, Leim-fhada, and Cluid.

He had of dogs for the chase,
 Cualan, Loirgeach, and Glaimh,
 Dubh-ghreidhim, Follaire, and Iarracht,
 Fuarcan, Glamaire, and Aonaran.

Glas the gentle, had of hounds
 Treabhaire, Seasg, and Mor-dhail,
 Luaban, Bunsach, Seangaire, and Triall,
 Lorgan, Stiallaire, and Trachtan.

He had of dogs along with them,
 Iallan, Cosgair, Treas and Trughadh,
 Cianan, Gaimbin, Falla and Trean,
 Riaman, Seirce, Barc and Cru.

Feargus, Fionn's poet, had,
 Of swift and active hounds ;
 Giodan, Fuadach, and Rin-ruith,
 Luadran, Fuinneamh, Geibheann and Duil.

He had of dogs of the sweetest cry,
 Fuathan, Dlacht, Fior and Lionan,
 Cuasach, Bith-bhinn, and Gruagach,
 Uamach, Bleacht, and Dlachtan.

I had myself, O Patrick !
 And so had all the rest,
 Besides those hounds and dogs,
 Ten hundred more for the chase that I do not name.

- P. **Ἰννιρ** ἂ **Οἱρῖν**, *να η-εἰς ἐρμαῖδ!*
λαοὶ ζῶν βρέῖζ να ρεῖζε δύνη;
ἵρ ἰονζῶα ἰομ ἠδ ἵρ ζεἶρρ ζυρ εἷρ,
εἱαῖδ λεῖρζε ἀη λοῶα ὠδ¹
- O. **Ἄ Ρηάτρηαιε!** ἂ *ζ-εὐαλα* *εὐ ἀη τ-ρεῖζ,*²
ἂ ἠῖε Ἄρρηυη να πρἰλμ ρἰμ!
μηρ δο ρῖζη ἀη βεἶρ λε Ἴοηη,
ἂ ρ ζῶη ἀση ηεἰ ἀηη να ἐδῖδαῖ.
- P. **Ἠὶ** *δδῖε* *ζο ζ-εὐαλα* ἂ *ἠῖε* *ἀη ρῖζ!*
ἂ Οἱρῖν ζῖε, να ηζῖοῖη ηζἰρ;
ἰῖρρ δύνη ζῶη τυῖρρε βῖδῖη,
εἰοηἰρ δο ρῖζη λεδ ἀη τ-ρεἰζ²?
- C. **Ἠὶ** *ἐσημοῖρρε* *ἀη Ἴηἰηη* *ζδ,*³
ηῖορ εἰβε εἰ δο ρἰμλῖζἰδ λεδ,
λε ρῖρῖρρε ἂ ρ λε ηεἰρ ἀρ λαῖη,
δο ἐῖζμοῖρ ρἰἰη ὄρ ζἰεδ.

Ἠῖορ ρῖδ ηεἰ ἀδ εἰλλ,
ἂ Ρηάτρηαιε, ἵρ βῖηη ρυἰημ ζῖδῖη!
δδ' ῖρῖρῖζε να Ἴοηη ρῖη,
ἀη ρεἰρ ἠἰρ εἰοῖ δο βῖοηἰδ ὄρ.

Ἠῖορ ρῖδ ηεἰ ἂ ζ-εἰλλ,
ζῖδ βῖηη ἰῖδ ἂ ἐσηἰδ πρἰλμ,
δδ' ρεἰρρ ροῶα ἠἰ ἀη Ἴηἰηη,
ρῖρ ἠἰρ λοῖε ἂ ηῖλεδ ζἰρδ.

¹ *Aliter*

“*Ἄη εἱἰδ ῖη ἀη λοῶα ὠδ.*”

The deer of that lake.

Ἄ ζ-εὐαλα *εὐ ἀη τ-ρεῖζ?* *Have you heard of the chase?* The chase referred to here is that of Sliabh Fuaid, (which will be given in a subsequent volume of our Transactions), where Ailne transformed herself

- P. Relate, O Oisín, of the marvellous deeds !
 Without falsehoods, a lay of the chase ;
 I am mistaken, or you soon slew
 The deer of the plains of that Lake.
- O. Patrick ! have you heard of the chase,
 O son of Alpruin of psalms sublime !
 That the woman caused to Fionn,
 And no one present in his company.
- P. 'Tis not likely I have heard, O son of the king !
 O Oisín the wise, of terrible deeds,
 Relate to us without the sadness of sorrow,
 How the chase was performed by them ?
- O. We, the Fians, told no lies,
 Such should not be laid to our charge ;
 By truth and the strength of our hands,
 We came unhurt from every battle.

A cleric never sat in thy church,
 O Patrick, of the melodious voice !
 More truthful than Fionn himself,
 The man who was not niggardly in bestowing gold.

None sat in a temple,
 Though sweet ye think they chant psalms,
 More strict of their word than the Fians,
 Men who faltered not in fierce conflict.

into a deer in order that the Fenians may give her chase, for the purpose of entrapping them, to be avenged for the death of her husband and sons who fell at Cnoc-an-air.

* 56, *a lie*. This expression very frequently occurs in Fenian poetry, because a strict adherence to truth was one of the chief characteristics of the Fians. Even at this day a liar is held in utter contempt by the peasantry.

- O. Da mairfead Mac Mórna mear,
 nó Soll calma nár éar fead;
 nó Mac Uí Dhuibhne na m-ban,
 an laoc do cúirfead cat ar céad!
- Da mairfead Fearzúr ríle Fhionn,
 fear a zceirre do roinn ar an b-Féinn;
 nó Daire do feirnead zán loct,
 a nzué na z-cloz nǵ beir mo rpeir!
- Da mairfead Mearzác na lann,
 an fear nár zann az cur an áir;
 Orcur a' r Mac Róhan zúinn,
 do éróhan ran z-cill uíor íam!
- Da mairfead Aod Beaz mac Fhionn,
 nó Faolan zúinn nár éarí neac,
 nó Conán maol do bí zán zruaiz,
 ir íad d'fáz me faoi zruaim le real!
- Nó'n t-ábac beaz do bí az Fíonn,
 do cúirfead zac aon a d-toirnéim ruaim!
 ba bíhne líom ruaim a mhéar,
 na b-fuil do cléir a z-cill 'ra d-tuac!
- Or ahoir nac mairnean an Fhíann,
 na Fíonn ríalímar na u-duar;
 do bódar ríannán na pralm,
 a' r zlóir zarb na z-cloz mo éluar.
- P. Szuir do béal a feadhóir ruaimc!
 ná bí fearda az luad na b-Fíann;
 zo u-beacádar éoré mar an z-ceó,
 a' r zo m-beirb zo deó a nglar na b-ríann!

- O. Had Mac Morna the swift lived,
 Goll the mighty, who loved not gems,
 Or Mac Ui Dhuibhne, the beloved of women,
 The hero who vanquished one hundred [men in battle]!

Had Fergus, Fionn's poet, lived,
 He who distributed justice to the Fians,
 Or Daire, whose music was faultless,
 To the sound of the bells I'd give no heed.

Had Meargach of the spears lived,
 He who was not scanty in dealing slaughter,
 Oscur and Mac Ronain the pleasant,
 Thy humming in the church would not be agreeable.

Had Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn, lived,
 Or Faolan the pleasant, who refused not any one,
 Or Conan the bald, who was without hair,
 'Tis they who have left me in gloom for a time.

Or the small dwarf, who belonged to Fionn,
 Who lulled each one into heavy sleep;
 The sound of his finger was dearer to me
 Than all thy clerics in church and country.

As it is now that the Fians do not live,
 Or Fionn the generous, the bestower of rewards,
 The hum of the psalms and harsh sound of the bells
 Have deafened my ears.

- P. Close thy lips O pleasant old man!
 Henceforth do not name the Fians;
 They passed off like a mist,
 And shall be for ever in bonds of pain.

- O. Da mhéid cloig atá ad éill,
 a3 reirnim a' r a3 rianrañ prailim;
 ní éireidínn do bheic ar an b-Féirinn,
 na bheic do éleirne áct aihuil.
- Jr mhuic a éoblar amuic ar ríab,
 raoi dhúct liac faoi bairr crann;
 a' r nhor éleact liom leaba zan biab,
 fead beic ríab¹ ar an z-cnoc úb éall!
- P. Ní bhéann a3ab leaba zan biab,
 do zéibéann tú feact m-bairrín aráir,
 a' r mhorzann mhór do'n im,
 a' r ceactraíab máire zac aon la.
- O. Do éonairc mé caon caonéairn,²
 ba mhó faoi dó ná do mearzann;
 a' r do éonairc mé puilleó3 eiréairn,
 ba mhó a' r ba leicé ná do bairrín aráir!

¹ Ríab, *deer*. The most perfect skeletons of this animal, the *Cervus Giganteus*, as we assume, now known in Ireland, are preserved in the Museums of the Royal Dublin Society, and of Trinity College, where there are three specimens to be seen. There is also a very perfect skeleton in the Belfast Museum, into which we were conducted during a recent visit to that town, by Mr. Robert Mac Adam, a gentleman who takes peculiar interest in matters of archæology; and to whose exertions we believe the Museum of that town is mainly indebted for the vast collection of antiquities therein preserved. This skeleton stands upwards of six feet high, and is perfect in every respect.

² Caon Caonéairn, i.e. *The Berry of the Rowan Tree*. It is traditionally recorded that, in order to defeat the arguments of St. Patrick, respecting the quantity of food given to Oisín, the latter, though aged and blind, set out, attended by a guide, and on arriving at Glensmoll, which is supposed to be the valley of the Dodder, near Dublin; the guide called his attention to a huge tree bearing fruit of enormous size, of which Oisín, told him to pluck one and preserve it. Proceeding further in the glen, the guide's attention was attracted by the great size of the ivy leaves which covered the rocks, and which from their immense size overshadowed the valley from one end to the other; of these Oisín

- O. Though many bells are in thy church,
 Chanting and dolefully humming psalms,
 I would not credit thy judgment respecting the Fians,
 Nor the judgment of thy clerics but regard it alike.
- I often slept abroad on the hill,
 Under grey dew, on the foliage of trees,
 And I was not accustomed to a supperless bed
 While there was a stag on yonder hill !
- P. Thou hast not a bed without food,
 Thou gettest seven cakes of bread,
 And a large roll of butter,
 And a quarter of beef every day.
- O. I saw a berry of the rowan tree
 Twice larger than thy roll ;
 And I saw an ivy leaf
 Larger and wider than thy cake of bread.

also directed him to pull a leaf and preserve it. They then proceeded to the Curragh of Kildare, where Oisín sounded the Dord Fhian, which lay concealed under a Dallon, and a flock of blackbirds answered the call, among which was one of enormous size, at which Oisín let loose a favorite hound that after much wrangling killed the bird. They cut off a leg which they brought home, and laid the rowan berry, the ivy leaf, and leg of the blackbird before St. Patrick, to show that Oisín was right, and the Saint wrong in his notions respecting the dietary of Oisín whilst living with the Fenians. A very curious paper on the Fenian traditions of Sliabh-na-m-ban, where the scene of this legend is laid, by Mr. John Dunne of Garryricken, will be found in the *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society*, for 1851, p. 333.

We are informed that large and luxuriant ivy leaves grow at Chapelizod, county Dublin, and also at Glenasmole, one of which was procured by an official on the Ordnance Survey, and now preserved as an original illustration of the text, in the manuscript volume of "Letters on the Antiquities of the county Dublin," preserved in the Archives of the Irish Ordnance Survey Office ; as a proof that the large ivy of former days had not yet degenerated in Ireland. The largest ivy leaf we have seen, grew on the old walls of St. John's Church, Kilkenny, in July, 1858.

O. Պօ շօղարս մե շեւէրաթած լօղ,
 Եւ ի՞նչ զա ծօ շեւէրաթած ինարէլոյ ;
 Իր է ծօ լիօղ մօ շրօյժե լե շարբե,
 Ելի՛ ծօ շիճր, Եւ ծօճար !

Եր միղս ծօ ծածարս շօ բլալ,
 Եւ զ-Պն զո իճ զար շան,
 Եւ բեւ միօր Եւ շ-շարճի մօ՞ն մ-Երած,
 Ծօ Երած շար մ'էլր շա՛ շիօղ.

Պննա մ-Ելի՛ զա շարս Ել ար Բիօղոյ,
 Ե՛ր զար ինյո լելր շարճի տի՛ծ,
 Եւ ինյո ար զեան՝ զա Ե-բար ար լար,
 յի շարճիբեւարս լան մօ իճ !

P. Եր է մօ իճր ծօ ծեւարս զեան,
 Իր է ծօ Ելր զարս զա լաօ ;
 Իր է ծօ շարս զիօ՛ժ-Եր,
 Իր է ծօ Ելր Եր զա շ-Երած.

Եր է ծօ ծեւարս ծարճա Ե՛ր շարս,
 Իր է ծօ Ելր լարս ար լիօղ ;
 Իր է ծօ շարճի շարս Ե՛ր բար,
 յի Ե-իօղոյ Ե՛ր ծա՛ճա Բիօղ !

O. Ոյ ար շարճի շարս զա բար,
 շար մօ իճր բարս Եւ ծնլ ;
 Եւ շար շարճար շարճի լաօ,
 Եւ շարճար շարճ Ե՛ր շարս Եւ շար Եւ շար !

Պն շարճի ար լարս, ար շար,
 ար շարճ շարճ Եւ շար շարճ,
 ար լարս շարճ Ե՛ր ար շար,
 Ե՛ր ար շարճար շար Եւ շար շար շար.

- O. I saw a quarter of a blackbird
 Which was larger than thy quarter of beef ;
 'Tis it that fills my soul with sadness,
 To be in thy house thou poor wretch !

I often had pleasant times
 In the Dun of the generous king ;
 What food I [now] use in a month
 I would have left after me at each meal there.

Had it not been for the prohibitions which bound Fionn,
 And that it was not his wish to violate them,
 All that dwell in heaven and earth
 Would not vanquish the hand of my king.

- P. 'Tis my king made heaven,
 'Tis he who gave the hero might,
 'Tis he who held eternal life,
 'Tis he who gave blossom to the trees.

'Tis he who made the sun and moon,
 'Tis he who brings fish into the lakes,
 'Tis he who created fields and grass,
 Not such were the deeds of Fionn !

- O. 'Tis not the creating of fields and grass
 My king took as his choice,
 But the hacking of bodies of heroes,
 Protecting territories, and spreading his fame.

The wooing, the play, and the chase,
 The unfolding of banners in the battle's front,
 The playing at chess and swimming,
 And the entertainment of all at the festive board.

O. Ձ Քհարայր! զա թայծ ծօ Փիյա,
 աղ տղ շայրիշ աղ ծիր տար լար?
 շուշ լեծ եան թիշ Լօճարղ յա լողշ,
 լե'ր շար յօղած լաօճ թղ շրար?

Նօ աղ տղ շայրիշ Պաշար թօր,
 աղ թար եա եօրե շլեծ յար շիւ;
 իր արիւնիւ ծա թարթած ծօ Փիյա,
 շօ շարեօճա լե Քիարայր Քիարղ.

Նօ աղ տղ շայրիշ Եայր թաճ Երօրղ,
 աղ թար ար աղ ե-Քիարղ ծօ շար աղ տ-ար!
 յի լեծ' Փիյա ծօ շար աղ արած,
 աճտ լե ի-Օրար ա թարշ շաճ.

Ձարա,¹ թաճ Եիածա թօր,
 լե թիւլի Եարարի յա թլօշ շրար;
 յիար լարի թիւ թա թար ծօ Փիյա,
 ծա ծա շարած աճտ Քիարղ թիւ.

Իր յօղծա շաճ, թաճ, ա'ր շիւած,
 ծօ արած լե Քիարայր Քիարղ;
 յի շալա շօ ի-արարած աճտ,
 թիշ յա յարի յա շար արար ա լար!

P. Լիշարարած ծ'ար շարարար ար շաճ արած,
 ա թարիւր շիւրղ աճա շար շիւլլ;
 տար շօ ե-ար Փիյա ար յարի յա ի-ար.
 ա'ր Քիարղ թա թլօշտե սիւ ա ե-արղ!

O. Եա թօր աղ յարիւր թիւ ծօ Փիյա,
 շար շար յա ե-արղ ծօ եար ծ'Քիարղ,
 ա'ր Փիյա թիւ ծա թար ա թարիւր,
 շօ ծարարած աղ թար շար ա շարղ.

¹ *Aliter*, Ձարղ.

O. O Patrick! where was thy God,
 When the two came across the sea? [the ships,
 Who carried off the wife of the king of Lochlin of
 On whose account many a hero fell in conflict.

Or when Magnus the Great landed,
 He who was in battle fierce,
 'Tis likely if thy God had lived
 That he would have aided the Fians and Fionn!

Or when Tailc Mac Treoin landed,
 He who dealt slaughter to the Fians,
 'Tis not by thy God the hero fell,
 But by Oscur in the midst of the foe!

Or Alama, the son of Badhma the Great,
 By whom Temor of the brave hosts was pillaged,
 Thy God dared not, had he lived,
 Go fight him but Fionn himself.

Many a battle, strife, and conflict,
 Was waged by the Fians of Fionn;
 I never heard of any deed performed [hand.
 By the king of the saints, or that he reddened his

P. Let us cease our contention on both sides,
 O withered old man devoid of sense!
 Know that God dwells in heaven of the orders,
 And that Fionn and his hosts are in bonds.

O. Great would be the shame of God
 If he did not release Fionn from his bonds,
 And if God himself, were a captive,
 The chief would fight for his sake.

O. Njor fulanʒ Fjonn ar feab a rae,
 ueac a bejt a b-pejnn na vʒuarf,
 an fuarʒlab ajr le arʒead nð ðr,
 a ʒ-cac na vʒled ʒo m-bearnab buab.

Jr majc an ceannac bam ar do Dhja,
 bejt amearʒ a cljarr mar cam;
 ʒan bjad, ʒan ðabac, ʒan ceol,
 ʒan bejt aʒ bjonab ðjr ar ðajr.

ʒan ʒajr na vʒadar na va rroc,
 ʒan bejt aʒ corneab porc na cuan;
 ʒion a b-fuarar d'earbad an bjd,
 majcim do rjʒ nejme am' uðacc!

ʒan rvan, ʒan fjadʒurbeacc, ʒan Fjonn,¹
 ʒan rjurnjð fjal-ban, ʒan rðorc;
 ʒan rjude an jonab mar ba ðual,
 ʒan foʒlujm cleara lúe na ʒled.

P. A feandjrn crjon ata ar baorr,
 rʒurr a'r na bj aʒ fjuccal ʒan cejll;
 majcfean le Dhja ðurc a d-cajvʒ.
 fearta ma'r ajl leac a rjurn.

O. Saran ðurc fejv na dob' Dhja,
 a cljurnjʒ na ʒ-cljan vj tabarfab;
 ʒac a vðearvaf ða rj-jjar,
 vj bujbeaccar ljom orujb a majceam!

P. Jr truaʒ ljom do cruc crjon,
 a Orrjv! na bj aʒ fjuccal ʒan cejll;
 jr vajn ðurc, ðar ljom ʒo fjor,
 armuje do fjor ar mac De!

¹ *Aliter*, Fonn, music, lands, inheritance, &c.

- O. Fionn never suffered, in his day,
 That any should be in pain or bonds ;
 Without his ransom by silver or gold,
 By battle or conflict, till he won success.

It is sufficient punishment for me from thy God,
 To be among his clerics as I am,
 Without food, clothing, or music,
 Without bestowing gold on bards.

Without the cry of the hounds or the sounding horns,
 Without guarding havens and ports,
 For what I suffer for lack of food,
 I forgive heaven's king in my will !

Without swimming, hunting, or Fionn,
 Without wooing modest women, without sports,
 Without being seated in my place as was my due,
 Without learning feats of agility or war.

- P. O withered old man who art silly,
 Cease henceforth thy foolish talk ;
 God will forgive thee all that has passed
 If in future thou follow his laws.
- O. Satisfaction to thyself or thy God,
 O cleric of the clerks ! I shall not make ;
 All that I have transgressed of his laws,
 I do not thank you to forgive !
- P. I pity thy withered form,
 O Oisín ! cease talking such silly words ;
 Shameful it is for thee, I believe truly,
 Thy constant mockery of the son of God !

The following Stanzas were written by Caoilte Mac Ronain, on the occasion of some feud arising between the king of Munster and Fionn Mac Cumhail :—

CAOILTE RO CHUAN.

D'fóznad caeta orera a Fhionn,
 a fíru na m-briatair m-biú-bionn;
 ór tú táinig zó Ceann Con
 zan aicéad, zan eilíúgab.

Comrac Fhionn a'r níz Múmhán,
 rocaide da m-biad rúdar,
 ainnirí các díob a céile,
 ba curata a z-cóiméirze.

A deirimre níb náb nglé,
 ba fíor dam an fáirbíne,
 bíab bíac-fear a h-Almhuin,
 do'n cáé fóznad orc a Fhionn.

CAOILTE SANG.

Proclaiming war on thee, O Fionn,
 O man of the sweet melodious words;
 Because thou hast come to Ceann Con,
 Without reproaching, without accusation.

The combat of Fionn with Munster's king,
 A meeting that gave occasion to grief,
 One of them plundered the other,
 Their contention was most heroic.

I say unto thee a plain saying,
 That my prediction is true,
 There shall be spies at Almhuin,
 For the war proclaimed on thee O Fionn.

ТЪР НА Н-63.

THE LAND OF YOUTH.

EDITED BY

BRYAN O'LOONEY.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

1859.

The Council of the Ossianic Society do not hold themselves responsible for the authenticity or antiquity of the following poem ; but print it as an interesting specimen of the most *recent* of the Fenian Stories. In the tract which follows it will be found one of the most *ancient* of the records that describe the exploits of Finn Mac Cumhail.

TO

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT OF THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

SIR,—Pursuant to your wishes, and at your very kind suggestion, I have undertaken the following translation of the Ossianic poem, on $\text{C}\text{I}\text{r}\text{ }\eta\text{A}\text{ }\eta\text{-}\delta\text{Y}$ ("Land of Youth,") in the humble but confident hope that I may, however, unpretending as an Irish scholar, be in some measure instrumental in restoring our *neglected lore* to its former style and standard.

From my knowledge of the Fenian stories, and Ossianic poems which circulate in this country, I would classify them under three different and distinct heads, 1st, Fenian history, which comprises all based upon fact and supported by the ancient records and chronicles of our country, such as $\text{C}\text{A}\text{t}\text{ }\text{F}\text{A}\text{B}\text{H}\text{A}$, $\text{C}\text{A}\text{t}\text{ }\text{C}\text{H}\text{U}\text{C}\text{A}$ and the like, which it would be absurd to discredit against the forcible evidence of our trustworthy annals. 2nd, inventions and poetic fictions which are entertaining, and intended by the authors more to amuse the reader and to embellish history, than, as some say, to impose on his understanding, and claim the credit of truth. 3rd, the poems and prophecies of $\text{F}\text{I}\text{O}\text{H}\text{H}$, $\text{C}\text{O}\text{I}\text{H}\text{H}\text{O}\text{L}\text{L}$, $\text{C}\text{A}\text{O}\text{I}\text{C}\text{E}$, and others of the $\text{F}\text{I}\text{A}\text{H}\text{H}\text{A}\text{ }\text{C}\text{H}\text{I}\text{H}\text{H}\text{H}$ (Irish Militia), which are very interesting, and I should think entitled to as much credit as the early traditions of any other nation.

Some assume that the genuine old poems and stories cannot be distinguished from the modern fictions, and consequently that they cannot be credited, but that all must be considered worthless. This is a very unjustifiable assumption. The Irish scholar will at once know the composition of the Fenian period, as the language and style is different from that of latter times. From the fourteenth to the beginning of the

eighteenth century, we have another class of poems and romantic tales, which exhibit a later stage of the language, but which are well worthy of attention. My own conviction is that the Ossianic poem on the "Land of Youth" is of this last class and date, and from the testimony of many corroborating facts supported by the result of an inquiry which I instituted at your suggestion, I believe it to have been written by the learned Michael Comyn, contemporaneously with the romance of *Τορολβ μακ Σταρνη, γκ.* (Torolv the son of Starn), about the year A.D. 1749. By comparing *Την ηα η-δς* with the occasionally interspersed verses in the romance of Torolv the son of Starn, &c. whose author is universally acknowledged to be Michael Comyn, it will be perceived that there is such a similarity and almost identity of style in them as to leave no doubt that they are both the productions of the same master mind. As further proof of this I may state that an illiterate man of my acquaintance can repeat several verses of it, but knows it under no other name but that of *Λογ Δη Κομησινς* (Comyn's Lay), and that his father had it from Comyn's manuscript. Another man states in a letter to me, that his copy of it was written in the year 1762 by a celebrated Irish scholar, who lived in Ruan, County of Clare. In this poem we have an account of *Την ηα η-βασινη μαρτε* (Land of the good people), the elysium of the Pagan Irish as related to St. Patrick by Oisín, when he returned to Erin after a lapse of more than three hundred years, which he spent in the enjoyment of all bliss, with his charming spouse, the golden headed (haired) Niamh. While Oisín sojourned in the paradise of perpetual youth, it was (it seems falsely) said of him that he was dead, but as those who enter the "Land of the Just" can never die, so Oisín lived until he returned to relate the history of his adventures, and of this happy elysium. The inhabitants, of the eastern countries believed that in the west there was a happy final abode for the just which was called *Την ηα η-βασινη μαρτε* (Land of the good people.)

This elysium is supposed to be divided into different states and provinces, each governed by its own king or ruler, such as *Την ηα η-δς* (Land of youth) *Την ηα η-βεο* (Land of the Living) *Την ηα η-βυαδα* (Land of virtues) and several others. According to traditional geography and history the "Land of Youth" is the most charming country to be found or imagined, abounding in all that fancy could suggest or man could desire, and bestowing the peculiar virtue of perpetual youth, and hence the name. In the "Land of Virtues," or as some call it, the Land of Victories," (but the latter name I suppose to be a mis-translation, as I have never heard of a battle or strife in this country); it is all peace, tranquility and happiness. As there is no conflict there can be no victory—and there is no virtue to be desired which is not to be had on entering

this country! The "Land of Life" is supposed to give perpetual life to the departed spirits of the just. These are supposed to be located somewhere about the sun's setting point, and have means of approach, chiefly through the seas, lakes and rivers of this world, also through raths, duns and forts. The seas, lakes and rivers act as cooling atmospheres, while the raths, duns and forts, serve as places of ingress and egress to and from them. There are besides, different grand-gates, as it were, throughout the world, such as *Cill Stuiſín* (Kill Stuiſín), situate in Liscannor Bay, supposed to be one of the chief entrances into *Ţír na n-Óg* ("Land of youth.") This is said to be a beautiful but small city, marked by the white breaking waves between *Leáic* (Lahinch,) and *Ţór-Cóáſſín* (Liscannor). The white breaking waves, which are always seen in this part of the Bay, are said to be caused by the shallowness of the water over this enchanted little city, which is believed to be seen once in seven years, and of which, it is observed, that those who see it shall depart this world before the lapse of seven years to come; but it is not supposed that those persons die, but change their abode, and transmigrate from this world of toil, into the elysium of the just, i.e. *Ţír na n-Óg* ("Land of Youth,") where they shall, at once, become sportive, young and happy, and continue so for ever. It is also believed, that those who see those enchanted spots, are slightly endowed with the gift of prophecy, from the time they see it till they depart this world, and that they pass through this enchanted passage, so magically shewn them, prior to their departure. For further information on *Cill Stuiſín* (Kill Stuiſín), read Comyn's Romance, called *Œáicſa Ţóroib mac Stáſſa a tríúr mac* (the adventures of *Tórolv Mac Starn* and his three sons). Contiguous to this place is another spot called *Cnoc na n-Ţóſáde* (Fairy Hill), this was the ancient name of Lahinch, before the death of the Chieftain, O'Connor of *Dumhach*, (the Sand pits), who had been treacherously slain there, and in memory of whom there had been raised a monument called *Leáic na Ţóſáſín* (O'Connor's monument), which in Irish is the present name of this little town, but in its anglicised form Lahinch, or Lahinchy, it has lost all sight of the old derivation. It was called *Cnoc na n-Ţóſáde* (Fairy Hill), from its being the meeting place of the fairy nobles of this section of the country, who, it seems, lived on terms of intercourse with the nobles of *Ţír na n-Óg* ("Land of Youth,") and this hill is traditionally believed to be the place where both tribes met and held their periodical conferences. The nobles of this country are said to live in the great and large duns, fortresses, lisses, and raths, and to act as agents to the nobles of *Ţír na n-Óg* ("Land of Youth,") and to those of all the states of the lower paradise. One of the duties of their station is to mark the persons suitable to the lower country, and by their supernatural power they meet or send messengers to

carry off those persons. It is in the shape of a beautiful lady, such as *Μίαμη Ἰση ὄμη*, golden-headed, (haired) *Niamh*, that this messenger is generally seen. After the human creature whom she has visited has seen her, she vanishes in some magic way, and goes back to her own country. Ere long the person visited will pine away by some formal disease, and will be said to die, but fairy tradition proves that he or she (whichever it may be), does not die, but that they go into this elysium, where they will become young again and live for ever.

There are several such passages in this country, to describe which, would be both needless and endless. Suffice it to mention a few of the greatest celebrity—*Ἴς* or *Ἴς Ὀβρεασαί* (O'Breasail's country), *Ἴς Λεϊτίν*, (O'Leihin's country), Inchiquin and Lough Gur. The great Earl of Desmond is supposed to have been submerged in the latter, where he is seen once in every seven years, anxiously awaiting the destined hour of return to his country. On reference to the ancient records and Pagan history of different nations, it will be seen that they have their traditions of Pagan elysiums as well as Ireland.

B. O'LOONEY.

Monreel, October 6th, 1858.

Since the above was written, the Honorary Secretary to the Ossianic Society has been furnished with a similar legend.

9, Anglesea-st., Dublin, Jan. 20th, 1859.

"SIR,

"There is a similar legend to that related in the following poem told of Oisín's descent, and living for three hundred years in *Ἰλαίμη ἡ δὲ Καομαὶς* *Ἰλαίμη* (the cavern of the grey sheep), a large cave which is situated at C'oolagarronroe, Kilbenny, near Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. After the printing of this poem had been decided upon, I wrote to Mr. William Williams of Dungarvan, who is a native of the district, for information respecting any legendary lore connected with this cave, from whom I received the following answer, as being current among the peasantry."

J. O'D.

LEGEND OF THE GREY SHEEP'S CAVE AT COOLAGAR-
RONROE, NEAR KILBENNY.

"Oisín went into the cave, met a beautiful damsel, after crossing the stream, lived with her for (as he fancied) a few days, wished to revisit the Fenians, obtained consent at last, on condition of not alighting from a *white steed*, with which she furnished him, stating that it was over 300 years since he came to the cave. He proceeded till he met a carrier, whose cart, containing a bag of sand, was upset; he asked Oisín to help him; unable to raise the bag with one hand, he alighted, on which the steed fled, leaving him a *withered, decrepid, blind old man*."

"On a certain May morning long ago, a grey sheep was seen to come out of the cave, and to go to a neighbouring farmer's field, where she remained, until herself and her brood amounted to sixty grey sheep.

"The boy who took care of the sheep, was a widow's only son, a disciple of Pan; for he played on the bag-pipes.

"His master, the farmer, ordered him one fine day to kill one of the sheep, he proceeded to the field for that purpose; but the old sheep knowing his intention, and resolving to frustrate it, bleated three times, which instantly brought all the other black sheep around her, when they disappeared altogether into the cave. The boy followed them but having crossed the *enchanted stream* which runs through the cave, he was unable to return; as no one ever re-crossed it but Oisín. On reflecting on the anguish his loss and absence would cause his mother, he raised a mournful strain which he accompanied by the music of his bag-pipes. On every May day from that day to this, the lamentations of the boy, and the music of his pipes are heard in the cave."

ԼՁՕՂԳԻ ՕՂՏՅՆ ՁՐ ԵԿՅՐ ՈՁ ՈՅ,

ՊԱՐ Ը՛ԱՅՐՈՒ ԴԵ ԾՈ ՔԱԾՐԱՅ ՊԱՌՄԷԱ.

Ք. Ձ Օլլիո սարալ! և ո՞ր և՛ լի՛ն՛ !
Ծօ Բ՛բարս շոյօն շարշօ ՚ր շիւտ ;
Այ՛րո՛ւր ծննո և ուր շոն ո՞ւր
Շլոնոս ո՞ւր շար էր ու Բ՛լոն ?

Օ. Եղծրած բոն ծուր, և Քաճուր զաճ,
Յի՛ծ ծօլն կոն և կաճ ծր արծ
Շար էր և՛ շա՛ Շաճա՛ Շարա՛ծ,
և՛ն ար զարծած, ու ուար! և՛ ՇՕրշար ձշ.

Լա ծ՛ա զաճարոն սլե և՛ Քլոն
Քլոն բլա՛ ՚րա ուր ծոն և՛ն,
Յի՛ծ շօ զա՛ ծօլն, ծնծա՛ ար զշա՛լ,
Շար էր և՛ կա՛ ծարա՛ծ Եր՛ շօ բոն !

Ձ բելն ծննո ար զարծոն շա՛ծ,
և ո՞ւր ծօլն Եր՛ շօ Լա՛ լա՛ն,¹
ար և՛ զա՛ Շարոն շարա՛ Ե զլլր շա՛լ,
՚ր շա՛ շա՛ Շար շօ Եր՛ զշ շօ.

Ծնրիշա՛ծ կոն և՛ բլր զա՛լ,
Ծօ Բ՛բարս կոն. բար՛ ՚ր կու՛ ;
Ե՛ր ար շօ-Շար ՚ր և՛ ու-Շար շօ կոն
շօ ծնու՛ ՚նա ծնի՛ զա կոն բլա՛լ.

¹ Շաճա. Garristown in the county of Dublin. See the Introduction to Vol. I. of the Transactions of the Ossianic Society, also the note from Mr. J. Reid in same book, page 112.

Gabba is not Garristown, but a stream which flows into the Boyne,

LAY OF OISIN ON THE LAND OF YOUTHS;
AS HE RELATED IT TO SAINT PATRICK.

- P. O! Noble Oisín, O! son of the king!
Of greatest actions, valor, and conflicts,
Relate to us now without despondency,
How thou livedst after the Fianna?
- O. I will tell it thee, O Patrick! lately arrived,
Though mournful to me to say it aloud:—
“ After the hard battle of Gabhra,
In which was killed, alas! the noble Oscar.

One day we, the Fianna, were all assembled,
Generous Fionn and all of us that lived were there;
Tho' dark and mournful was our story,
After our heroes being overcome.

We were hunting on a misty morning
Nigh the bordering shores of Loch Léin,
Where thro' fragrant trees of sweetest blossoms,
And the mellow music of birds at all times.

We aroused the hornless deer
Of the best bounding, course, and agility;
Our hounds and all our dogs
Were close after in full chase.

not far from the hill of Skreen, near Tara, in the County of Meath.—
J. O'D.

² *Loch Léin*, the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney in the county of Kerry.

O. Njor b'fada zo bfacamajr a njar,
 an marcac djan az ceacé cúzajrj!
 aon macaonj mja do b'alle dneac,
 ar cael-eac ban ba mjre lút.

Do rcaadamajr ujle de'n creljz,
 ar amjac dejlbe na rjöz-mja ;
 do žajb jonzarar Fjonn 'r an Fjann,
 nac facadar rjajm bean cömj bréaz!

Bj corömj rjözda ar a ceann,
 azur bjac donn de'n e-rjoda daon ;
 buajlce ne néulcajb dearjz öjr,
 az folac a bröza rjor zo fëar.

Bj fajne öjr ar cnoacö rjor,
 ar žac dual bujbe d'a dlojz mar ör ;
 a porza žorjma, žlana žan rjajm
 mar braon drúcca ar ban an fëöjr.

Ba dejrze a žruajb 'na an röj,
 'r ba žjle a rjöd 'na eala ar cujnn ;
 ba mjllre blar a balram för,
 'na mj a beac röj eré dearjz-fjonn.

Bj bjac farfajrjz, fada, néjb,
 az folac an rcejb-ejé ban ;
 djallajb žreanra de dearjz-öjr,
 azar rjajm beal-öjr 'na dear-lajm.

Bj cejrne cñúö zo cúmca raoj,
 de'n öjr bujbe ba žlajne ržajl,
 flearjz ajrjzjv a ž-cúl a cönn,
 'r nj rajb 'ran e-raojžeal eac do b'fëarj!

O. 'Twas not long 'till we saw, westwards,
 A fleet rider advancing towards us,
 A young maiden of most beautiful appearance,
 On a slender white steed of swiftest power.

We all ceased from the chase,
 On seeing the form of the royal maid ;
 'Twas a surprise to Fionn and the Fianns,
 They never beheld a woman equal in beauty.

A royal crown was on her head ;
 And a brown mantle of precious silk,
 Spangled with stars of red gold,
 Covering her shoes down to the grass.

A gold ring was hanging down
 From each yellow curl* of her golden hair ;
 Her eyes blue, clear, and cloudless,
 Like a dew drop on the top of the grass.

Redder were her cheeks than the rose,
 Fairer was her visage than the swan upon the wave,
 And more sweet was the taste of her balsam lips
 Than honey mingled thro' red wine.

A garment wide, long, and smooth,
 Covered the white steed ;
 There was a comely saddle of red gold,
 And her right hand held a bridle with a golden bit.

Four shoes well shaped were under him,
 Of the yellow gold of the purest quality ;
 A silver wreath was on the back of his head,
 And there was not in the world a steed better.

* Perhaps figuratively meaning that such curl was like a loop of gold.

- O. Գո շարիչ ըի՛ ծօ ԼճԱՐԻ ԿՐԻՆ,
 ծօ ԼճԱՐԻ ՅՕ ՇՈՒՆ ՇՆԵՐԾԱ Ե Ե-ԲԱՎԻՄ ;
 ԱՅՄ Ե ԾՆՃԱՐԻՇ ԸԻ, “ Ե ըի՛չ ՆԱ Ե-ԿՐԻՆՆ,
 ԻՐ ԲԱԾԱ, ՇԻՆ Ե ՆՈՒՐ ՊՅՕ ՇՆԱՐԻԾ.”
- Բ. “ ՇԻԱ ԵՒ ԲՔԻՆ, Ե ըի՛ՅՇԱՐՆ ՕԻՅ,
 ԻՐ ԲՔԱՐԻ ՇԼՕԾ, ՄԱՐԲԵ ՚Ր ՅՊԱՕԻ,
 ԱԻՇՐԻՐ ԾԱՐՆՆ ԲԱՇ ԾՕ ԲՅՅՕԻԼ,
 Ե՛ԱՐՆՆ ԲՔԻՆ Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ՇՐԻ ?”
- “ ՆԻՏԻ ՇԻՆՆ ՕՐԻ, ԻՐ Ե Ն՛ԱՐՆՆ,
 Ե ԿՐԻՆ ՅՐԾԱ ՆԱ ՄՕՐ-ԲԼՕՅՅ ;
 ՇԱՐ ըՆՊԱԻԾ ԵՆ ԾՈՊԱԻՆ, ԲԱՐԻՊԵՐ ՅԱՐՆՆ
 ԻՐ ՄԵ իՆՅԵԱՆ ՇԱԼՇԵ ՐԻՅ ՆԱ Ն-ՕՅ.”
- “ ՁԻՇՐԻՐ ԾՆԻՆՆ, Ե ըի՛ՅՇԱՐՆ ՇԱՐԻ,
 ՇՆԵԾ ԲԱՇ ԾՕ ՇԵԱՇՇ ՇԱՐ ԼՅԱՐ Ե Շ-ՇՅԻՆ ;
 ԵՆ Ե ԾՕ ՇՅԻԼԵ Ծ՛ՊՄԵՅՅ ՍԱՐԵ,
 ՆՕ ՇԱԾ Ե ԵՆ ԾՆԱԻԾՐԻՇ ԱՇԱ ՕՐԻՇ ԲՔԻՆ ?”
- “ ՆԻ ԽԵ ՊՅՕ ՇՅԻԼԵ Ծ՛ՊՄԵՅՅ ՍԱՐՄ.
 ՚Ր ԲՕՐ ՆՅՐԻ ԼՍԱԾԱԾ ՄԵ ԼԵ ԽԵՆ ԲՔԱՐ,
 Ե ըի՛չ ՆԱ ԲՔԻՆՆԵ ԻՐ ԱՕՐԻԾԵ ՇԱՐԼ,
 ԱՇՇ ԲՔԱՐԻՇ ԻՐ ՅՐԱԾ ԾՕ ՇՆՅԱՐ ԾՕԾ՛ ՊՅԱՇ !”
- “ ՇԻԱ ԱՇԱ ԾՈՊ ՇԼՕՐԻ, Ե իՆՅԵԱՆ ԾԼԱԻՇ,
 ՚ՆԱ Ծ-ՇՆՅԱՐԻ ՅՐԱԾ, ՆՕ ԲՕՐ ՅՅԱՆ,
 ՆԱ ՇԵՐ օՐԱՐՆՆ Ե ՆՈՒՐ ԲԱՇ,
 Ա՛Ր ԱԻՇՐԻՐ ԾԱՐՆՆ ԾՕ ՇՅԱՐ, Ե ԾԵԱՆ ?”
- “ ԻՆՊԵՕՐԱԾ ԲՔԻՆ ԸՐԻՆ ԾԱՐԵ, Ե ԲԽԻՆՆ,
 ԾՕԾ՛ ՊՅԱՇ ՅՐԻՆՆ, ԱՐՆՆ-ՇՐԱՍԻԾ ;
 ՕՐԻՆ ՄԵԱՆԱՊՊԱՇ ՆԱ Ծ-ՇՐԵԱՆ-ԼԱՐԻ,
 ԵՆ ԼԱՕՇ ԱՇԱՐՆ ԵՆՈՒՐ ԾՕ ԼՍԱԻԾ.”

- O. She came to the presence of Fionn,
 And spoke with a voice sweet and gentle,
 And she said, "O, king of the Fianna,
 Long and distant is my journey, now."
- F. "Who art thou, thyself, O youthful princess!
 Of fairest form, beauty, and countenance,
 Relate to us the cause of thy story,
 Thine own name and thy country."
- "Golden-headed Niamh is my name,
 O, sage Fionn of the great hosts,
 Beyond the women of the world I have won esteem,
 I am the fair daughter of the King of Youth."
- F. "Relate to us O amiable princess
 What caused thee to come afar across the sea—
 Is it thy consort has forsaken thee,
 Or what is the affliction that is on thyself?"
- N. "'Tis not my husband that went from me,
 And as yet I have not been spoken of with any man,*
 O! king of the Fianna of highest repute,
 But affection and love I have given to thy son."
- "Which of my children [is he] O blooming daughter,
 To whom thou hast given love, or yet affection—
 Do not conceal from us now the cause,
 And relate to us thy case, O woman."
- "I will tell thee that, O Fionn!
 Thy noble son of the well-tempered arms,
 High-spirited Oisín of the powerful hands,
 Is the champion that I am now speaking of."

* i. e., I have not been betrothed to any man.

F. Երբ ան բաժնի և Երբ ան բաժնի
 և ինչպես ասինքն ան բաժնի,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն
 'ր և ինչպես ասինքն և ինչպես ասինքն?"

Որ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն."

Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն!"

O. Քան ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն!
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն."

Քան ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 'ր ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն;
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 և ինչպես ասինքն և ինչպես ասինքն."

" Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն;
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 և ինչպես ասինքն և ինչպես ասինքն."

" Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 և ինչպես ասինքն և ինչպես ասինքն,
 Երբ ան բաժնի և ինչպես ասինքն,
 և ինչպես ասինքն և ինչպես ասինքն."

O. "What is the reason that thou gavest love,
 O! beautiful daughter of the glossy hair,
 To my own son beyond all,
 And multitudes of high lords under the sun."

"'Tis not without cause, O, king of the Fianna!
 I came afar for him—
 But reports I heard of his prowess,
 The goodness of his person and his mien."

"Many a son of a king and a high chief
 Gave me affection and perpetual love;
 I never consented to any man
 'Till I gave love to noble Oisín."

"By that hand on thee, O Patrick,
 Though it is not shameful to me as a story,
 There was not a limb of me but was in love
 With the beautiful daughter of the glossy hair."

I took her hand in mine,
 And said in speech of sweetest tone,
 "A true, gentle, welcome before thee,
 O young princess to this country!"

"'Tis thou that art the brightest and the fairest of form,
 'Tis thee I prefer as wife
 Thou art my choice beyond the women of the world
 O mild star of loveliest countenance!"

"Obligations unresisted by true heroes
 O generous Oisín I put upon thee
 To come with myself now upon my steed
 Till we arrive at the 'Land of Youth.'

- O. " It is the most delightful country to be found,
 Of greatest repute under the sun
 Trees drooping with fruit and blossom
 And foliage growing on the tops of boughs.
- " Abundant, there, are honey and wine
 And everything that eye has beheld,
 There will not come decline on thee with lapse of time,
 Death or decay thou wilt not see.
- " Thou wilt get feasts, playing, and drink,
 Thou wilt get melodious music on the harp strings,
 Thou wilt get silver and gold,
 Thou wilt get also many jewels.
- " Thou wilt get, without falsehood, a hundred swords ;
 Thou wilt get a hundred satin garments of precious
 silk,
 Thou wilt get a hundred horses the swiftest in conflict,
 And thou wilt get a hundred with them of keen hounds.
- " Thou wilt get the royal diadem of the ' King of Youth,'
 Which he never yet gave to any person under the sun,
 'Twill protect thee both night and day,
 In battle, in tumult, and in rough conflict.
- " Thou wilt get a fitting coat of protecting mail
 And a gold headed sword apt for strokes,
 From which no person ever escaped alive
 Who, once, saw the sharp weapon.
- [satin,
- " Thou wilt get a hundred coats of armour and shirts of
 Thou wilt get a hundred cows and, also, an hundred
 calves, [fleeces,
 Thou wilt get a hundred sheep, with their golden
 Thou wilt get a hundred jewels not in this world.

O. “ Զեծայր շեւ մայճեան մեծրած, ծջ,
բոլլբեւ, Լոյրիւ, մար աղ յ-շրթն;
յր բարն ծելն, քու՛, աչք բոծ,
'ր յր Կոյնե Եօլ 'նա շեւ յա յ-ճան.

“ Զեծայր շեւ Լեւ յր քոյնե ա յ-շեւ,
յր Կլրե բօր ա շ-Կեարայն Լու; ;
Արմեա, Յիճե, օր ծօ շօմայր,
ա Ե-Շիր յա յ-ՕՅ, մա շիշիր Կոյ.

“ Ծօ շեծայր շեւ յի Ծ'ա յ-Ծիւրք Լեւ,
ա'ր Կօյնեար բօր յա շ Լիր Ծարա 'Լուծ,
շեծայր մայր, քար ա'ր Կրիշե,
'ր Կլարա բիր աչա յար մարաօ.”

“ Պլուճա ծար Կի յի Կարքա յար,
ա յիօշա շ-Կարք յա շ-Կաճա յ-օր;
յր Եւ մօ յօշա շար մարն աղ ծօմար,
ա'ր յաճար Լե բօր շօ Շիր յա յ-ՕՅ.”

Ար մար աղ Ել, շարմար արաղ,
ար մօ Կեւ, ծօ Կար աղ ծի;
ա Կարք, “ ա Օրի, Կարք շօ Կիծ,
շօ Կիշար Կեւ աղ մարա մօր.”

Աղ Կր ծ'Երիշ յա շ-Եա ծար Լու,
աղ Կր շիշարար շօ Կարար յա Կրաշ;
Ծօ Կար շ Կի յաղ Կր Կար Կարար,
'ր ծօ Լիշ Կի շար ար օր ար.

Աղ Կր շօմար Կր յաղ 'ր աղ Կիար,
աղ շ-Եա շօ Կար 'ր աղ Կ-Կար;
աչ Կարք աչար ար աղ Կ-Կար-արար,
Ծօ Լիշար Կի շարքա շար 'ր Կարար!

O. "Thou wilt get a hundred virgins gay and young
Bright, refulgent, like the sun,
Of best form, shape, and appearance,
Whose voices are sweeter than the music of birds.

"Thou wilt get a hundred heroes most powerful in conflict,
And also most expert in feats of agility,
In arms and armour waiting on thee
In the 'Land of Youth' if thou wilt come with me.

"Thou wilt get everything I promised thee (†)
And delights, also, which I may not mention,
Thou wilt get beauty, strength, and power,
And I myself will be thy wife."

"No refusal will I give from me,
O charming queen of the golden curls!
Thou art my choice above the women of the world,
And I will go, with willingness, to the 'Land of
Youth.'"

On the back of the steed we went together,
Before me sat the virgin;

She said: "Oisín let us remain quiet,
Till we reach the mouth of the great sea."

Then arose the steed swiftly,
When we arrived on the borders of the strand
He shook himself then to pace forward,
And neighed three times aloud.

When Fionn and the Fianna saw,
The steed travelling swiftly,
Facing against the great tide,
They raised three shouts of mourning and grief.

† Every verse with this mark (†) is taken from a MS. which I lately got, and was not in the MS. transcribed for the president or in Mr. Griffin's copy.

O. “Ա Օլրին,” ար Ֆլօղոյ, չօ մայրն, տրեյտ,
 “ մօ ընդած բէյն տս ԳՅ յմեճաճտ սայմ ;
 ’ր չան ընլ ԳՅսլոյն արի՛ր ծօ ճաճտ,
 ընչամ տար ԳՅ բօլ լան Կսած !”

Ծ’Արտուչ Գ ծօլն ԳՅար Գ ըճէլմ,
 ’ր ծօ ըլ բարա ծօար Գսար ;
 չսր ըլսօճ Գ Կրօյոն, ’ր Գ չօալ-չոն,
 ’ր ծնծարտ, “ մօ լօսն տս, Գ Օլրին սայմ !”

Ձ Քհարայ, Կ ծնծաճ Գ ըճօալ,
 Գ ըճարախոյն յօ ճօլօ Գոյ ընծ ;
 ըճարախոյն Գ ճար յօ Կ յաճ բէյն,
 ը ծնծաճ, լաճ, բօսն Կօյ ծ’Գ լսած !

Ծօ ըճար-րա մ’ճար չօ Կօյն, Կօսն,
 ’ր Գ Կօսայն ճօճոն, բարբար սած ;
 ծ’բճար ըլան, սլօ ԳՅ Գ Կ-Բօլոյն,
 ’ր ծօ ըլ Կ ծօար Գսար լօ մ’ չրսած !

Եր յօնԿ լա ճօլնոյն, Կօր-րա ’ր Ֆլօղոյ,
 ’ր Գ Ֆլիոյն Գսար չ-Կօյն բօլ լան-նօլմ ;
 ԳՅ յոյն ընճլլօ ԳՅար ԳՅ ծլ,
 ’ր ԳՅ ճօր ճօլ, Գ Կսլծօն Կ տրօն.

ՁՅ բօլչարբաճ Գ յ-ճօլոյնայն մյն,
 ’ր Գ յճածարն Կօլ-Կօյն ԳՅսլոյն Գոյ ;
 բօլած Կլօ ծնոյն Գ յ-ճարն ճլիճ,
 ԳՅ տրօնչարտ լաճ չօ լան-տօն.

P. Ձ Օլրին Կօլտ, տրեյտ չօ բօլ,
 ծօ ծ’ ճարչօ մօր Գ Գ Կ-Բօլոյն ;
 Կօյնսր ծօ ճսածար չօ Կր Կ յ-ՕՅ,
 Գ’ր լօն ծնոյն չան չօ Գ ծօ ըճօալ.

- O. "O Oisín!" said Fionn slowly and sorrowfully,
 "Woe it is to me that thou art going from me,
 I have not a hope that thou wilt ever again,
 Come back to me victorious."

His form and beauty changed,
 And showers of tears flowed down,
 Till they wet his breast and his bright visage
 And he said, "My woe art thou, O, Oisín! in going
 from me."

- O Patrick, 'twas a melancholy story
 Our parting from each other in that place,
 The parting of the father from his own son—
 'Tis mournful, weak, and faint to be relating it!

I kissed my father sweetly and gently,
 And the same affection I got from him;
 I bade adieu to all the Fianna,
 And the Tears flowed down my cheeks.

Many a delightful day had Fionn and I,
 And the Fianna with us in great power,
 Been chess-playing and drinking,
 And hearing music—the host that was powerful!

A hunting in smooth valleys,
 And our sweet-mouthed dogs with us there;
 At other times, in the rough conflict,
 Slaughtering heroes with great vigour.

- P. O! foolish Oisín, forego a while
 Thy great actions of the Fenians,
 How didst thou go to the "Land of Youth,"
 Proceed, faithfully, with thy tale to us.

Օ. Փօ շառամարն ան շ-սնլ ծօ'ն շիր,
 'ր ան ր-աճարծ շօ ծիրեաճ, շլան, բար ;
 ծօ շրալճ ան ինչ-նսարն իծնարն,
 'ր ծօ կիօն 'նա Խրօրրրիծ յօնար ր-Ծրալճ.

Փօ շօրհարամարն յօրշարար 'նար բննալ,
 արարաճ, արարաճ ան անար ան անար ;
 բրօլարիճե բրօրրաօլա, անար անար,
 շրարարն յօրրարաճ, անար անար.

Փօ շօրհարամարն, բօր ին ան ար-արեծ,
 արիտ ինաօլ ան կարն կն ;
 ան ան շարան արար-անար, ան,
 ան ան անարն շօ անա 'րան ար-ննալ.

Փօ շօրհարամարն բօր, շան շօ,
 անարն շօ ան անար-ան անար,
 ննալ շրն 'նա անար-անար,
 'ր ի ան ինարաճ ան անարն ան անար.

Փօ շօրհարամարն 'նա անար,
 անարաճ շօ ան անար ան ;
 անար անար անարն անար ինար,
 'ր անարան անար-անար 'նա անար-անար.

“ Շրա անար ան անար նն, ծօ անար,
 ան անարն անար, ինար անար ան ;
 ան անար նն իր անար շանար,
 'ր անարաճ ինարն ան անար անար ?”

“ Նա անար ինար 'նա անարն ան,
 ան անարն անար, 'նա անարն անար,
 ին անարն յօրրա անար անար անար-անար
 շօ ինարն շօ Շրն անարն ան անար.”

- O. We turned our backs to the land
 And our faces directly due-west,
 The smooth sea ebb'd before us,
 And fill'd in billows after us.

We saw wonders in our travels,
 Cities, courts and castles,
 Lime-white mansions and fortresses,
 Brilliant summer-houses and palaces.

We saw also, by our sides
 A hornless fawn leaping nimbly,
 And a red-eared white dog,
 Urging it boldly in the chase.

We beheld also, without fiction,
 A young maid on a brown steed,
 A golden apple in her right hand,
 And she going on the top of the waves.

We saw after her,
 A young rider on a white steed,
 Under a purple, crimson mantle of satin,
 And a gold-headed sword in his right hand.

“ Who are yon two whom I see,
 O gentle princess, tell me the meaning,
 That woman of most beautiful countenance,
 And the comely rider of the white steed.”

“ Heed not what thou wilt see,
 O! gentle Oisín, nor what thou hast yet seen,
 There is in them but nothing,
 Till we reach the land of the ‘ King of Youth.’ ”

- O. Do òncamair uair a z-cianh,
 palar zriannair, uèc-blaic;
 buò breàzta deilb azar zhe,
 d'a riab 'ran t-raozal le fazail.
- “ Cja an dùn riòzda, rò-breàz,
 azar fòr, ir aihne d'a b-facaib rúil;
 'na b-fuilimib az triall 'na ðail,
 nò cja ir arò-flaic ahh rúò?”
- “ Inzean riòz èir na m-béo,
 ir baighiòzair fòr ahh' an dùn;
 euz Fomhor Builleac¹ ðruime lózac,
 leir le fòirnearc zéaz 'r lúic.
- “ Zeapa éuir rí air an ð-tréan,
 zan bean do ðéanaim ði zo bnaçac;
 zo b-fazad rí curad nò fíor-laoc,
 do fearmòðad zliac leir lam air laim.”
- “ Beir buad azur beannaçc, a Niam éirih ðir,
 nì éualar do céol riain ir fearir;
 'na caoir-zuic bhirh do mliir-béoil,
 'r ir mòr an bhòh lirr bean d'a cail.
- “ Tèizðeam ahoir d'a fíor don dùn,
 a' r b-féidir zuir dúirh acá fé a n-dan;
 an tréan-laoc úd do éuirim liom,
 a z-clearaib lúic, mar bad zhaç.”
- Do éuadmar ahh rir don dùn,
 a' r éairiz éuzairh an riòzair ðz;
 do b'ionann deallmad ði 'r do'n zriéir,
 a' r do éuir rí céad faile rómairh.

¹ Fomhor builleac, i.e. *the striking Giant*, was the despotic ruler of the “Land of Virtues,”—a country not mentioned in any other copy of this poem that I have seen.

O. We saw from us afar

A sunny palace of beautiful front,
Its form and appearance were the most beauteous
That were to be found in the world ”

“ What exceeding—fine, royal mansion,
And also, the best that eye hath seen,
Is this, that we are travelling near to,
Or who is high-chief of that place ? ”

“ The daughter of the king of the ‘ Land of Life,’
Is queen, yet, in that fortress
She was taken by Fomhor Builleach, of Dromloghach,
With violent strength of arms and activity.

“ Obligation she put upon the brave,
Never to make her a wife,
Till she got a champion or true hero,
To stand battle with him hand to hand.”

“ Take success and blessings, O golden-headed Niamh,
I have never heard better music
Than the gentle voice of thy sweet mouth,
Great grief to us is a woman of her condition.

“ I will go now to visit her to the fortress.
And it may be for us it is fated
That that great hero should fall by me,
In feats of activity as is wont to me.”

We went then into the fortress,
To us came the youthful queen,
Equal in splendor was she to the sun,
And she bade us a hundred welcomes.

O. Բի ցւայծ Եւ բոճա Եւյծե,
 Ար Եւ բոճայր Եւ Ե'ալիե բոճծ ;
 Ա Եւբար ԵւլԵ Եւար ԱԼԱ Ար Եւրոյ,
 ' Ե' Ա Ե'Ա Զրուայծ Ե'ի Ար Ե'ԱԵ Ար Ե'Ր.

Ար Ե'ԱԵ Ար Ե'ի Ե' Ե'ի Ա ԲոԼԵ,
 Ա' Ե' Ա Զօրոյ-բօրճԱ ԶԼԵՆԱ ԶԱՆ Ե'ԵԾ ;
 Ա Ե'իլիոյ Ե'ԵԱԼԱ Ար Ե'ԱԵ ՆԱ Զ-ԵԱՐ,
 ' Ե' Ա Ե'ԱԼԱ Ե'ԱՕԼ Ե'Ա ԶրեարԵԱ Ե'ԼԾԾ.

Ե' ԲիճԵԱԵԱր Ար Բի Բի Բի,
 ԶԱԵ Ն-ԱՐ Ե'ի Ար Ե'ԱԵԱՐ Ե'ի ;
 Ե' ԼԵԱԶԱԾ Ե'ճԱՐ Ե'ՐԱՆ Ե'ի,
 Ա' Ե' Ե'ԱՐ Ե'իճԵ Ե'ի ԼիՐԵԱ Ե'ՅՐ.¹

Ար Ե'իԱԵ Ե'ԱԵԱԵԱր Ար ԲիԱԵ Ե'իԾ,
 Ա' Ե' Ե'ՅԱԾ ԲիՐՅԵԱ Ե'ԱՐ Ե'ի ;
 Ե' ԼԱԵԱր Ար ԲիճԱՐ Ե'Յ, Ե'ԱՐ,
 Ե' Ե'Ծ Ե'ԱԵԱր Բի, “ Ե'իԵ ԼիՐ ԶՕ ԲԾԼ.”

Ե'իՐՅՐ Ե'ԱՐ ԲիՐ Ա' Ե' ԲԱԵ Ա ԲՅԵԼ,
 ' Ե' Ե' Բի ՆԱ Ե'ՅՐԱ ԼԵ ՆԱ Զրուայծ,
 Ա Ե'ԱԵԱր ՆԱր Ե'ԲիԼԵԱԾ Ե'ի Ե'Ա Ե'ի Բի,
 ' Ե' Ա ԲԱԵԱԾ Ե'ԵԱՆ Ե' Ե'ԵՐ ԶՕ Ե'ԱՆ'.

“ Բի Ե' Ե'ՐԾ, Ա ԲիճԱՐ Ե'իՅ,
 ԲՅԱր Ե'Ծ Ե'իՐՅ, Ա' Ե' ՆԱ Ե'ի Ե'ԱՐ ;
 Ա' Ե' Ե' Ե'ԱՐ Ե'ԱՐ Ե'Ր Ե'Ր ԼԱՐ,
 ԱՐ Ե'ԱԵԱԾ Ար, ԶՕ Ե'ԱՐԵԲԻ ԼիՐ !”

“ Նի Ե'Ար ԼԱԾ ԱՐՐ ԼԵ ԲԱՅԱԼ,
 Ե'Ա Ե'իՐՅ Ե'ԱՐ ԲԱՐ'Ն Ն-ԶիՐ,
 Ե' Ե'ԱՐԵԱԾ Ե'ՐՅԱԾ ԼԱՐ Ար ԼԱՐ,
 Ե'Ն ԱԵԱԾ Ե'ԱՆ ՆԱ Զ-Երուայծ-Ե'իՐ.”

¹ Although this word resemble the word “ beer,” the liquors were very different.

O. There was apparel of yellow silk
 On the queen of excelling beauty,
 Her chalk-white skin was like the swan on the wave,
 And her cheeks were of the colour of the rose.

Her hair was of a golden hue,
 Her blue eyes clear and cloudless ;
 Her honey lips of the colour of the berries,
 And her slender brows of loveliest form.

Then we there sat down,
 Each of us on a chair of gold,
 There was laid out for us abundance of food
 And drinking-horns filled with beoir.

When we had taken a sufficiency of food,
 And much sweet drinking wines,
 Then spoke the mild young princess,
 And thus said she, " harken to me awhile."

She told us the knowledge and cause of her tale,
 And the tears flowed down her cheeks ;
 She said, " my return is not to my own country,
 Whilst the great giant shall be alive."

" Be silent, O young princess !
 Give o'er thy grief and do not mourn,
 And I give to thee my hand
 That the giant of slaughter shall fall by me !"

" There's not a champion now to be found
 Of greatest repute under the sun, -
 To give battle hand to hand
 To the bold giant of the hard blows."

O. “ Դոյրիմ ծաւ, և յօջայն ճասն,
 դձ լշճէմար կօյն և շեճէ ամ՝ ծալ,
 արտա Ե-ժալլիճ կօյն, ծօ Երիշ մօ շճճ,
 շօ Ե-ժալլիճ Բէյն ար ծօ լշճէ.”

Նյօր Ե՛բճԵՆ շօ Ե-ԲԱՇԱՄԱՐ ԵՅ շեճէ,
 ԵՅ Ե-ճճճ ԵրճԵՅ ՆԱ ՄԾ շրճի,
 ԵԵՐԵ ար ծօ ճրօլլի ԲԵՃ,
 Ե՛ր կարշ-բարբալճ յարալլի յօն Ելլի.

Նյօր ԵԵՆՆԱՅ՛ Ե՛ր յյօր անկալշ ծնիլ,
 ճԵ Ե՛բճ և յ-ՅՆԱՅ ԵՆ յ-ճՅ-նիճ,
 Ե՛բաշար Եճ ԵՅՐ ճօնիճ ԵրճԵՅ,
 Ե՛ր ճաճար Բէյն յօն ճօնիճ.

Ձի բեճ էրի յ-օլճԵ ԵՅՐ էրի Ե,
 ծօ ՆԱՄԱՐ ԵՐՆ յ-ՅՐԱՐՅԱՐ շեճի
 շիճ շօ յ-ՆԱ ԵրճԵՅ Ե ԵՅ Ե՛ճճ ճիշ,
 ծօ ՆԱԵՐ ՅՆ ղրճ Ե և ճԵՆ!

Ձի էրճ ճօնիլ ԵՅ Ե՛ր ՆԱ ճՅ,
 ԵՅ Ե-ճճճ ՄԾ շօ ԲԱՅ ար Ե;
 ծօ ԵրճԵՆ էրի ՅԱՐճԱ ՅՐՐ,
 Ե ՄԾ-նիճճԵՆ ԵՅՐ կնշար!

Պօ ճաճար ԵՅ ղի ծօ՛ն ծն,
 Ե՛ր ծօ Ելճ-ԲԱ Երճիճ, ԵՅ, ԲԱՅ;
 ԵՅ ղիճ ԲՅճ շօ ԵՅ-ն
 և շեճէ շօ ծկն ԵՐ մօ ճբճԵ!

Պօ ճարիշ յշԵՅ ղիճ յԱ յ-Եճ,
 շօ Բյօր ԵՅ Բօրիշիլ օրմ Բէյն;
 ծօ ճար յԵ Ե՛ր ՆԱԲԱՄ Ե՛ր ճբճԵ,
 Ե՛ր ծօ յօր Բէյն ղիճ յԱ ծէլ.

- O. "I tell to thee, O gentle queen,
 I am not daunted at his coming to meet me,
 Unless he fall by me, by the strength of my arms,
 I will fall myself in thy defence."

'Twas not long till we saw approaching
 The powerful giant that was most disgusting,
 A load was on him of the skins of deer,
 And an iron bar in his hand.

He did not salute or bow to us, [maiden,
 But looked into the countenance of the young
 Proclaimed battle and great conflict,
 And I went myself to meet him.

During three nights and three days
 We were in the great contest,
 Though powerful was he, the valiant giant,
 I beheaded him without delay.

When the two young maidens saw
 The great giant, lying motionless, weak and low,
 They uttered three joyful cries,
 With great boasting and merriment.

We then went to the fortress,
 And I was bruised, weak and feeble,
 Shedding blood in great abundance,
 Coming closely out of my wounds.

The daughter of the "King of the Living" came
 In truth to relieve myself;
 She put balm and balsam in my wounds,
 And I was whole after her.

O. Do Բալճաթաօրն ար Երրօրոյն Յօ ԴՅԵԱԸ,
 Բ'ր ԵԱ ՄԵԱԾԴԱԸ ԾՆՆՈՅ ԱՈՅ ԴՈՅ Ը'Ա ԷՐԴ ;
 ԵՕ ԸՈՐՈՂՅԵԱԾ ԲՆՈՅ ԱՈՅ ԴԱ'Ն ԾՆՈ,
 ԼԵԱՐԵԱՇԱ ԸԼՆԻԾ ԵՇ ԸԼՈՒՆ ՆԱ Ն-ԷԱՆ.

Do ԸՍՆՆԵԱՄԱՐՆԵ ԱՆ ՔԵԱՐ ՄԾՐ,
 Ե Ե-ՔԵԱՐԵ ՔԾԾ-ԾՈՐՈՒՅ, ԲԱՐԲԱՐՅՏ, ՈՒԷՐԾ,
 ԵՕ ԸՃՅԵԱՐ Ե ԼԻԱ ԾՐ Ե ԼԵԱՇՏ,
 Բ'Ր ԴՅՐՈԾԱՐ Ե ԱՆՈՒՄ Ե Ն-ՕՂԱՄ-ՇՐԱՕԾ !

Ար ՆԱ ՄԻԱԸ, ԱՐ ԱՄԱՐԵ ԼԱՕԻ,
 ԵՕ ԾՆՐՈՂՅՈՒՄԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՐ ՆԷԱԼ,
 “ ԻՐ ՄԻՇԻԾ ԾՆՆՈՅ, ” ԱՐ ՆՅՅԵԱՆ ԱՆ ՈՂՅ,
 “ ԵՐԿԱԼԼ ՅԱՆ ԴՅԻՇ Ը'ԱՐ Ե-ԵՐՆ ՔԷՐՈ. ”

Do ՅԼԵԱՐԱՄԱՐ ՕՐՐԱՐՈՅ ՅԱՆ ՔԵԱԾ,
 'Ր ԵՕ ՅԱԾԱՄԱՐ ԱՐ Յ-ՇԵԱԾ ՈՐ ԱՆ ՕՂՅ,
 ԵԱԾ ԾՅԵԱԸ ԾՅՐԾՈՅԱԸ ԴՈՅՆ 'ՆԱ ԵՂԱՂՅ,
 'Ր ՆՅՈՐ ԸԱՐՆԵ ԵՕ'Ն ՅՆԻԱՆ-ԵԵԱՆ ՈՅԱՐ Ն-ԵՕՅՂՅ !

ՈՂ ՔԵԱՐ ԾՈՄ ՔԷՐՈ, Ե ՔԱԾՐԱՂՅ ՔԷՐՈՒ,
 ԵԱԾ ԵՕ ԸԱՐԼԱ ԵՕ'Ն ՈՂՅԱՆ ՕՂՅ ;
 Ծ'Ն Ե ԴՅԱՐԱՄԱՐՆԵ ԱՐԱՕՆ ԼԷՐ,
 ՆԾ ԱՐ ՔՂԼ ՔԷՐՈ ՅՕ ԵՐՆ ՆԱ Մ-ԵԵԾ.

P. ՆՅՈՐ ԻՆՈՐԻՐ ԾՆՆՈՅ Ե ՕՐԻՆ ՅՆՈՅՈՅ, (†)
 ԵԼԱ'Ն ԵՐՆ 'ՆԱ ՈԱԾԱՐ ՔԷՐՈ ;
 ՔՈՂԼԻՂՅ ԾՆՆՈՅ ԱՈՅՐ Ե Ե-ԱՆՈՒՄ,
 Բ'Ր ԼԵԱՆ ԱՐԻՐ ՈՒԱՆ ԵՕ ԴՅԵՐԼ.

O. ԵՐՆ ՆԱ Մ-ԵԱԾ ԱՆ ԵՐՆ ԱԾ,
 Բ'Ր ՅՕ ԵՆՈՒՅՆ ՈՂ ԵՐԷԱՅ ԱՆ Ե-ԱՆՈՒՄ ; (†)
 ՄԱ ԵԱ ՅԼՈՒՆԵ Ե Ե-ՔԼԱՇԱՐ ՄԱՐ ԵՂ ԱՈՅ,
 ԵՕ ԵՂԱ ԼԵ ՅՆԵԱՆՈՅ, ԸԱԾԱՐԲԱՐՈՅ ՅԱՐՈՒՄ.

- O. We consumed our feast with pleasure,
 And then we were merry after,
 In the fortress were prepared for us,
 Warm beds of the down of birds.

We buried the great man
 In a deep sod-grave, wide and clear,
 I raised his flag and monument,
 And I wrote his name in Ogham Craobh.

On the morrow, at the appearance of day,
 We awoke out of our slumbers,
 "It is time for us," said the daughter of the king,
 "To go without delay to our own land."

We prepared ourselves without a stay,
 And we took our leave of the virgin,
 We were sorrowful and sad after her,
 And not less after us was the refulgent maid.

I do not know, O mild Patrick!
 What occurred to the young princess,
 Since the day we both parted her,
 Or whether she herself returned to the Land of Life.

- P. Thou didst not tell us, O pleasant Oisín,
 What country it is in which thou wast thyself;
 Reveal to us now its name,
 And continue again the track of thy story.

- O. That country is the "Land of Virtues,"
 And certainly the name is not miscalled,
 If heaven hath glories as were there,
 To God, with love, I would give praise.

O. Do éuzamairi ar z-cúl do'ñ dún,
 a' r ar r'eáod fúinn faoi lan-néim;
 'r zo mba luaité leir an eac bán,
 'na zaoé máirta ar dhruim fléib.

Níor b-fada zup dorcais' an r'éir,
 a' r zup eirizib zaoé an' r zaoé a'irib;
 do laf an mór-muir zo tréan,
 'r ní maib amárc zréire le fa'zail!

Sealad dúinn a'z amárc na néill,
 'r ar na néulta bí fa' r'múib;
 d'írlis' an c-anfa a'zaf an zaoé,
 a' r do foillris' Phoebur óf ar c-ceann.

Do conncamairi ne ar d-taob,
 eirí nó-aoibean faoi lan-blaé,
 a' r máza maireaca, réibé mhí,
 a' r dún níoz'ba ba nó-breaza.

Ní maib daé d'a b-feaca rúil,
 de zóim úr, d'uaire, 'r bán;
 de cóicuir deairz a' r de buibé,
 nac maib 'raf níoz-brioz taoim do maib.

Do bí ar an d-taob eile de'ñ dún,
 zrihanáir lonnraca a'zup pálaif;
 beairta uile de cloca buada,
 le laimh ruab' a'zaf faoir-céairb.

Níor b-fada zo b-feacamairi cúzairi,
 a'z tréall ó'ñ n-dún ion ar z-cómbail,
 tré' caozad laeé do b'-feairi lúé,
 r'éirí, éilí, a' r do b'aoirde cail.

O. We turned our backs on the fortress,
And our horse under us in full speed,
And swifter was the white steed,
Than March wind on the mountain summit.

Ere long the sky darkened,
And the wind arose in every point,
The great sea lit up strongly,
And sight of the sun was not to be found!

We gazed awhile on the clouds,
And on the stars that were under gloom
The tempest abated and the wind,
And Phoebus brightened o'er our heads.

We beheld by our side,
A most delightful country under full bloom,
And plains, beautiful, smooth and fine,
And a royal fortress of surpassing beauty.

Not a colour that eye has beheld
Of rich blue, green, and white,
Of purple, crimson, and of yellow,
But was in this royal mansion that I am describing.

There were at the other side of the fortress,
Radiant summer-houses and palaces,
Made, all of precious stones,
By the hands of skilful men and great artists.

Ere long we saw approaching
From the fortress to meet us,
Three fifties of champions of best agility,
Appearance, fame and of highest repute,

O. “Շյա աղ էլի քալոյն ի բնօր,
 և յոջեան շարձոյն Ե-տրոյորալ ծր,
 իր Երեւոյն ծրեալ ծ'ա Ե-բաւա բնլ,
 ո՞ն ի բնօր Շյի ու ո՞նչ ?”

“ Եր ի Յօ Երոյն, և Օրոյն բնլ,
 ոյոր յոյրեալ Երեւոյն ծր ծ'ա Եաօլն,
 ոյ'լ ոյ' ծ'ա յեալլալ-բա ծր բնլ,
 ու ծ'ա Ե-բալ բոլլեյն աշա ծօ բոյր.”

Պօ Եալոյն շարձոյն յոյն ծօ ծօ,
 Եաւ Եաղ ծօ ծօ Ե'ալլե բնլ;
 բաւ Երաւ բոյն յոյն ծ'ա,
 աշ բալլալ ծօնոյն ծ'ա Ե-բոյն բնլ.

Պօ Եոյնալի ալի աշ Եաւ,
 Եալլե ծօ յեալլե, յեալ բաւ;
 աշ ոյն յոյնալ, Եոյնաւ, Երեւոյն,
 ծօ Ե-բալ բոլլեյն, Եալլե, 'բոյն.

Եի Եալլե Եալլե Ե Եոյնալ բոլլե,
 աշալ ոյն-Երաւ ծօն ծօ և Եոյն;
 Եի Եոյնալ Երեւոյն ծօն ծօ,
 Յօ բոլլեաւ, Եոյնաւ Ե և Եալլե.

Պօ Եոյնալի աշ Եաւ 'ու ծօն,
 աղ Եալլեոյն ծօ ծօ Ե'ալլե Եալ;
 ա'բ Եաւալ Եալլեալ յալլի, Եոյն,
 ծօ Ե'ալլե Եոյն, յոյն Եոյնալ.

Աշ Եաւ ծօն Եալ Ե Եալլե,
 ծօ Եալլե Յօ Եալլեալ յալլե ու ո՞նչ;
 աշալ և Եալլե, “ յր Ե Եալ յալ Եոյն,
 Եալլե Եալլե յոյն Եոյն.”

O. "What beauteous country is that
 O gentle daughter of the golden locks!
 Of best aspect that the eye has seen,
 Or is it the 'Land of Youth?'"

"It is, truly, O generous Oisín!
 I have not told a lie to you concerning it,
 There is nothing I promised thyself
 But is manifest to thee for ever."

To us, came after that
 A hundred maids of exquisite beauty,
 Under garments of silk filled with gold,
 Welcoming me to their own country.

We saw again approaching,
 A multitude of glittering bright host,
 And a noble great and powerful king,
 Of matchless grace, form and countenance.

There was a yellow shirt of silken satin
 And a bright golden garment over it,
 There was a sparkling crown of gold,
 Radiant and shining upon his head.

We saw coming after him
 The young queen of highest repute;
 And fifty virgins sweet and mild,
 Of most beautiful form in her company.

When all arrived in one spot,
 Then courteously spoke the "King of Youth,"
 And said, "This is Oisín the son of Fionn,
 The gentle consort of 'Golden-headed Niamh!'"

O. Do ruž rē oru ahu riu ar laim,
 azur a būdairc a z-cōm-aru do'ŋ t-rloz;
 " a Oirrin cālma, a mīc ah nīz,
 cēad mīle fārlce nōmāc."

" Ah tīn ro ion' ar ēānziŋ fēiŋ,
 ŋj cēlfead ržāala orc žah žō;
 ir fada, buan ē do fāozal,
 a'ŋ bejō tu fēiŋ cōjōcē ož."

" Nj'l aoiŋhear da'ŋ rmaoiŋiž cmojōcē,
 ŋac b-fuyl 'ŋah tīn reo fā'b cōmān,
 a Oirrin, cmejō uaim žo fion,
 žur mīre nīz Ťīn ŋa ŋ-ōž."

" Až ro ah baiŋmjožain cāom,
 a'ŋ m'jŋžeah fēiŋ Niam cīŋ oīn;
 do cūajō tar mīŋ-mūir fād' dēiŋ,
 cum bejō mān cēile aīcī žo deō."

Do žadar būjōeācār lejŋ ah nīz,
 a'ŋ d'ūmluīžear rjor do'ŋ mjožain cōīn,
 ŋjor rēadad ahu riu žo hēaržajō līŋŋ,
 žo mānžamān mjožbnož nīz ŋa ŋ-ōž.

Do ēānziž uairle ŋa caēmaē caoiŋ',
 jōīn fēar ažar mŋaoī ion'ar z-cōmōdajl;
 bī flead a'ŋ fēarba ahu do rjor,
 ar fēad bejō ŋ-oiōcē a'ŋ bejō la.

Do pōrad mē le Niam cīŋŋ oīn,
 a Pādruajž o'ŋ Rōīn ŋa m-bacul m-ban,
 riu mān cūadār žo Ťīn ŋa ŋ-ōž,
 žjō doīlīb bŋōŋac ljomŋa tŋācē.

O. He took me then by the hand,
 And said, [aloud to the hearing of] the host,
 "O, brave Oisín! O, son of the king!
 A hundred thousand welcomes to you!"

"This country into which thou comest,
 I'll not conceal its tidings from you, in truth,
 Long and durable is your life,
 And thou thyself shalt be ever young."

"There's not a delight on which the heart hath mused
 But is in this land awaiting thee;
 O! Oisín believe me in truth,
 For I am king of the 'Land of Youth!'"

"This is the gentle Queen,
 And my own daughter the Golden-headed Niamh,
 Who went over the smooth seas for thee
 To be her consort for ever."

I gave thanks to the King,
 And I bowed down to the gentle Queen,
 Nor staid we there, [but proceeded] soon, [Youth."
 Till we reached the royal mansion of the "King of

There came the nobles of the fine fortress,
 Both men and women to meet us;
 There was a feast and banquet continuously there,
 For ten nights and ten days.

I espoused "Golden-headed Niamh,"
 O! Patrick from Rome of white croziers!
 That is how I went to the "Land of Youth,"
 Tho' woeful and grievous to me to relate.

P. Լեան ճննոյ քարծա ար ծօ լշեճի,
 և Օլլիո ծիր դա ն-արոյ ն-ար ;
 սլոնոսք ծ'բաշծար Ելլ դա ն-ճ,
 լր բաճա բժր կոյո Յօ ոճճար բաճ.

 Երոյր ճննոյ արօլր Լե մժր շրեան,
 ան բարծ ան ճանոյ աշաճ րե Նլան,
 նճ'ն բաճա իծլր և Ծ-Ելլ դա ն'ճ,
 արերր Յան Երժոյ ճննոյ ծօ լշեճի

O. Չօ իյ աշան րե Նլան ճննոյ ծիր,
 Եւ ճլոնոյ Եսճ ու-մայճ Յոսօլ և'ր լշեճի ;
 Եօ Ե'քարր ԵլլԵ, Երուճ աշար լրոճ,
 Ելր մաճ ճՅ աշար լրՅեան ճարո.

 Չօ ճարճար Երեճիք բաճա ճան,
 Երլ ճեճ Ելլաճան աշար ոյօր մճ ;
 Յար րմաօլոյճ մե Յօ մԵճ Ե'ն մճ մլան,
 Բլոնո 'րան Բլանո ծ'բարրոյ Եճ.

P. Չ Օլլիո, Ե-բարր Լեան ծօճ' լշեճի, (+)
 և'ր լրոյր ճննոյ ճա Ե-բարլ ծօ ճլանո ;
 Եճան ճննոյ Յան մօլլ և ն-արոյ,
 և'ր ան ճրլճ 'նա Ե-բարլԵճ ան ?

O. Յլ աշ Նլան բա դա Յ-ճօմար, (+)
 Ելլ' դա ն-ճ, դա մ-Եօ 'ր դա մ-Եսճ ;
 բլեարՅ լր Եօրժոյ Ե'ն լրճ-ժլր,
 և'ր լոմաճ րեօլԵ դաճ ոյմ ծօ լաճ.

 ԵսՅ Նլան ար մօ ժլր մաճ, (+)
 արոյ մ'աճար և'ր մօ Ելլճ-մլր ;
 Բլոնո օլրԵար, Եանո դա լլաճ,
 'րան Ե-ՕրՅար օլր-արոյ-մաճ.

- P. Continue for us further thy tale,
 O golden Oisín of the slaying arms!
 How didst thou leave the "Land of youth,"
 I, yet, think it long till you reveal the cause.

Tell to us now with great pleasure,
 Hadst thou any children by Niamh,
 Or how long wert thou in the "Land of Youth,"
 Relate to us, without grief, thy story,

- O. I had by Golden-headed Niamh,
 Of children of surpassing beauty and bloom,
 Of best form, shape, and countenance,
 Two young sons and a gentle daughter.

I spent a time protracted in length,
 Three hundred years and more,
 Until I thought 'twould be my desire
 To see Fionn and the Fianna alive.

- P. O pleasant Oisín continue thy story,
 And tell us where are thy children;
 Give us, without delay, their names,
 And the land in which they are.

- O. Niamh had awaiting them,
 The Land of Youth—the Land of Life, and the land
 of Virtues:
 A wreath and crown of the kingly gold,
 And many jewels I do not mention.

Niamh gave to my two sons
 The names of my father and of my good son,
 Noble Fionn—head of the hosts—
 And Osgar of the red golden arms.

- O. Tuzur fêyn dom caomh-ynzjyn, (f)
 ne h-aonca Njath an ojn-çynh;
 do duad a majre 'ra zne-zean,
 an t-ajnm fjon, plúr na mban."
- D'jarmar fêyn cead ar an Rjz,
 a' r ar mo çeyle çaoyn, Njath çynh ðyn;
 dul zo h-Eljynh car ar arj,
 d'fêadçayn f'jyn azar a mðr-rlôjz.
- "Do zeadayn cead uajm," ar an ynzean çaoth,
 "çjð dojlð an rzeal ljom tu hejt d'a lúad;
 ar eazal nar çeaçt dujt arj r mead nê,
 dom çjn fêyn, a Ojrn duadçajz."
- "Cnead jr eazal dúynh, a njozayn blaçt,
 'ran t-eaç ban do hejt fa'm nêjn;
 mjnyfjð an t-çolur dúynh zo ran,
 a' r fjllfjð rlan car n'ar çúzad fêyn."
- "Cúmhjz a Ojrn, cad çá mê rad,
 ma leazayn tpaçt ar çalam nêjð;
 naç teaçt dujt çojðçe arj r zo bpaçaç,
 don çjn alajnm-reo 'na b-fujlm fêyn.
- "A bejnm leat-ra arj r zan zð,
 ma çujrljnzjn fðr de'n eaç ban;
 na tjuçfayn çojðçe zo Tjn na n-ðz,
 a Ojrn ðyn na n-ajnm n'ajz.
- "A bejnm leat do'n tpear feaçt,
 ma' r teaçt de'n eaç dujt fêyn;
 zo m-bejðjn ad' feanðjn çnjona ðall,
 zan lújt, zan znean, zan njt, zan lejnm!

O. I, myself, gave to my gentle daughter,
 By consent of golden-headed Niamh,
 In virtue of her beauty and loving countenance,
 The true name—Plur-na-mban, [the flower of
 women.]

I asked leave of the king,
 And of my kind spouse—golden-headed Niamh,
 To go to Erinn back again,
 To see Fionn and his great host.

“Thou wilt get leave from me,” said the gentle daughter,
 “Though ’tis a sorrowful tale to me to hear you
 mention it,
 Lest thou mayest not come again in your life
 To my own land, O victorious Oisín !”

“What do we dread, O blooming Queen !
 Whilst the white steed is at my service,
 He’ll teach me the way with ease,
 And will return safe back to thyself.”

“Remember O Oisín ! what I am saying,
 If thou layest foot on level ground,
 Thou shalt not come again for ever
 To this fine land in which I am myself.

“I say to thee again without guile,
 If thou alightest once off the white steed,
 Thou wilt never more come to the ‘Land of Youth,’
 O golden Oisín of the warlike arms !

“I say to thee for the third time,
 If thou alightest off the steed thyself,
 That thou wilt be an old man, withered, and blind,
 Without activity, without pleasure, without run,
 without leap.

O. “ Եր ծովից կոմ, և Օլրոն շրոյո, (†)
 Ես ծւլ չօ Կ-Շիրոյոն շլար չօ ծեօց ;
 յի՛լ ըր անօր ամալ ծօ Եի ;
 Դ յի քելքրն շօյծօ Բլոյոն Կա՛ րլօշած.

“ Որ՛լ անօր և Կ-Շիրոյոն սլօ, (†)
 ԸՇՇ ԸՇԱր սլոն Դ րլօյշՇ Ուծոն ;
 և Օլրոն շրոյոն րեծ մօ թօշ,
 յի՛ շարքարն շօյծօ, չօ Շիր Կա Կ-ՇՅ.”

Փ՛քաճար րար՛ Կա շոնր ԼԵ Երաճ, (†)
 Դ ծօ ըլ օմ՛ րօրչա ծօրՇա ծօր ;
 և Քաճարչ Ես շրաճ ԼԵԱՅ Ե,
 և րաօԾաճ րօԼԵ ԿԿ շրոյ ծր.

Փօ շար ըր մօ քաօյ շարա Երաճ, (†)
 Ծւլ ըր ԵԸՇՇ շոն Եսար ը Են,
 Ը՛ր ծւԵար ը կօմ ծօ Եսաճ և Կ-Ենիճ,
 Ե՛Ը Կ-Երրոյոն ըԸ՛ Կա Եարրոյոն րԼԱՅ.

Փօ շԵԱԼԵՐ ԵԿ շԸՇ յի շոն ԵրԵԱՅ,
 չօ Չ-Շօրնիօնքարոյոն քօն և Կ-ԵնԵար ըր կօմ ;
 ծօ շԸԱԾԵՐ ԿԿ յարոն ԿԿ ԵԿՇ Են,
 Ը՛ր Ե՛քաճԵՐ րԼԱՅ ԸՅ ԼԸՇՇ ԿԿ Են.

Փօ թօՅԱՐՐԸ մօ շօլԵ շօոն,
 Դ Եո ԵնԵո րոն ԸՅ րՅԱԼԸ ԼԵԿ ;
 մօ ծր մԸԸ, Դ մ՛րոյՇԵԱՅ ծՅ,
 ծօ Եի քաօյ Երօն ԸՅ րԼԵԱԾ ԵԸԱՐ՛ !

Փօ շԼԵԱՐԵՐ օրոմ շոմ րԼՍԵԱԼ,
 Դ ծօ շՅԱՐ մօ շՍԼ ծօ Շիր Կա Կ-ՇՅ ;
 ծօ րԸՇ ԿԿ Ե-ԸԸՇ չօ ԿԵԱՐՅԱԿՇ քՍՅ,
 մԸԱՐ ծօ րոն կօմ, Ը՛ր ԼԵ ՈւԿԱՅ շրոյ ծր.

O. " 'Tis a woe to me, O loving Oisin,
 That thou ever goest to green Erin ;
 'Tis not now as it has been ;
 And thou never shalt see Fionn of the hosts.

" There is not now in all Erin,
 But a father of orders and hosts of saints ;
 O loving Oisin ! here is my kiss,
 Thou wilt never return to the ' Land of Youth ! ' "

I looked up into her countenance with compassion,
 And streams of tears ran from my eyes,
 O Patrick ! thou wouldst have pitied her
 Tearing the hair off the golden head.

She put me under strict injunctions
 To go and come without touching the lea,
 And said to me by virtue of their power,
 If I broke them that I'd never return safe ;

I promised her each thing, without a lie,
 That I would fulfil what she said to me ;
 I went on the back of the white steed
 And bade farewell to the people of the fortress.

I kissed my gentle consort,
 And sorrowful was I in parting from her,
 My two sons, and my young daughter
 Were under grief, shedding tears.

I prepared myself for travelling,
 And I turned my back on the " Land of Youth,"
 The steed ran swiftly under me,
 As he had done with me and " golden-headed Niamh."

O. Nj h-aŕemurcean an ržéal zo beac̄t,
an žac̄ nj dā'n ēeanžmāið ljom fēiŋ;
nð zo d-taiŋiž mð anjŕ car n'ar,
zo h-ēiŋiŋ žlar na n'jomad fēud.

Ž Padoruiz na n'ðm̄ azur na naom̄,
njon iŋurcar breaž duit ŋam̄ fōr;
ŋiŋ azad-ŕa fač mo ržēil,
'ŕ mar d'fazbar fēiŋ Ŧiŋ na n-ðž.

Ŧ'a mbeiðiŋŕe fēiŋ, a Padoruiz,
am̄aið do bjoŕ-ŕa an la ūb fēiŋ,
do cūŋŕiŋŋ do c̄leŋiŋ zo lēiŋ cum̄ baiŕ,
a'ŕ ceanŋ an breažaið nj beað am̄ dēiž!

Ŧ'a breažaiŋŋŕe flūŋŕe dē'n n-aran,
mar žeiðiŋ žac̄ epac̄ ð Ŧiŋŋ;
do žūiðŕiŋŋ cum̄ ŋiž na n-žnar,
cu bejč zo ŕlan ðŕ a c̄iŋŋ.

P. Do žeabaiŋ aran azar deoc̄,
žan aon ločē anojŕ uaiŋ fēiŋ;
jŕ biŋŋ ljom-ŕa žuc̄ do beðil.
'ŕ lean dūiŋŋ fōŕ an do ržéal.

O. Žiŕ teac̄t dom̄ fēiŋ an ŕiŋ a d-tjŋ,
d'fēac̄ar cŕuŋŋ an žac̄ ule aiŋð;
do ŕmaoiŋear aŋŋ ŕiŋ zo fjoŕ,
nac̄ ŋaið tuaŋiŕiž Ŧiŋŋ azam̄ le fažaið!

Njoŕ b-ŕada dom̄ azar njoŕ c̄jan,
zo b-ŕeaca anjan az teac̄t fa'm̄ dēiŋ;
marc̄fluaž mðŋ iðjŋ ŕeapaið azur m̄na,
'ŕ do c̄anžadar am' lačaiŋ fēiŋ.

O. Our story is not told in full,
 Of every thing that occurred to myself,
 Until I came again back
 To green Erin of the many jewels.

O Patrick of the orders and of the saints,
 I never yet told you a falsehood,
 There is to thee the reason of my story,
 And how I left the "Land of Youth."

If I myself had been, O Patrick!
 As I was, that self-same day,
 I would put thy clerics all to death,
 And a head on a neck would not be after me.

If I got plenty of the bread
 As I used to get, at all times, from Fionn,
 I would pray to the king of grace
 To have thee safe, over it.

P. Thou wilt get bread and drink,
 Without any fault now from myself,
 Melodious to me is the voice of thy mouth,
 And continue for us still thy story.

O. On my coming, then, into the country,
 I looked closely in every direction,
 I thought then in truth
 That the tidings of Fionn were not to be found.

'Twas not long for me nor tedious,
 Till I saw from the west approaching me,
 A great troop of mounted men and women,
 And they came into my own presence.

O. Do beannuigeadar dom zo caoim, féim,
 a' r do fáib ionzantar zac n-aon d'íob;
 ar fáicrim méad mo péarran féin,
 mo deilb, mo zne azar mo zhaoi.

D'fíafnúigear féin anu rin d'íob rúo,
 an z-cualadar Fíonn do beir beo;
 nó ar máin aon eile de'n Féinn
 nó creab é an léun do baín d'íob?

“Do cualamairne triáct ar Fíonn,
 ar neair, ar lúic, azur ar érean;
 nac raib riain a fáimailc rúo,
 a b-pearrainn, a z-clú, azur a méinn.”

“Jr ionda leabar rziobda ríor,
 az éizrib binn, míllir Zaodal;
 nac léin linn a'éirir duic zo ríor,
 ar eaácaib Fínn azur ar an b-Féinn.”

“Do cualamair zo raib az Fíonn,
 mac buó lonnnaó r'zém 'r clóo,
 zo b-táiniz óiz-bean faoi na déin,
 'rza n-beaácaib léi zo Tíir na n-óz.”

Nuair cualar féin an cónnaó úb,
 na'm máin Fíonn 'na neac de'n Féinn,
 do zlacar tuirre a' r móir cúnnaó,
 'r ba lan-dúbaó mé iona n-déiz!

Níor r'adair-ra anu rin de'n néim,
 zo luac éarzaib zan aon moill;
 zo b-tuzar m'azáib zo zlan néid,
 ar Alíain eaácaó, leacáin Laizean.

O. They saluted me kindly and courteously,
 And surprise seized every one of them,
 On seeing the bulk of my own person,
 My form, my appearance, and my countenance.

I myself asked then of them,
 Did they hear if Fionn was alive,
 Or did any one else of the Fianna live,
 Or what disaster had swept them away ?

“ We have heard tell of Fionn,
 For strength, for activity, and for prowess,
 That there never was an equal for him
 In person, in character, and in mien.

There is many a book written down,
 By the melodious sweet sages of the Gaels,
 Which we in truth, are unable to relate to thee,
 Of the deeds of Fionn and of the Fianna.”

We heard that Fionn had
 A son of brightest beauty and form,
 That there came a young maiden for him
 And that he went with her to the “ Land of Youth.”

When I myself heard that announcement,
 That Fionn did not live or any of the Fianna,
 I was seized with weariness and great sorrow,
 And I was full of melancholy after them !

I did not stop on my course,
 Quick and smart without any delay,
 Till I set my face straightforward
 To Almhain of great exploits in broad Leinster.

O. Ba mhór é m'ionghanair angh rúð,
 nac feacaib cúirt Fionn na flóig;
 ní maib 'na hionad angh zo fíor,
 aét fíadaile, flíod aghur neanncóig !

Uc a Pádraig ! a' r uc, monuar !
 ba dealb an éuaire agham-ra é,
 zagh tuairneir Fionn 'na na b-Fíann,
 d'fáz faoi bían mé.le'm né !

P. A Oirín ! rghur anoir de'd bhón,
 ril do deoir an Dha na n-ghar,
 cá Fíonn 'ran Fíann clait zo león,
 a' r ní' a b-fóirneirín rúð zo bnaé.

O. Ba mhór an cruas rín, a Pádraig,
 Fíonn zo bnaé do beir a b-réin;
 nó chead é an tóir do ruig an buaid,
 'ra lhaét laoc cruaid do éur leir féin.

P. Jr é Dia do ruig buad air Fíonn,
 a' r ní veair naíad 'na tréan-láin,
 aghur an an b-Féin uile mar é,
 a n-íreann daor d'a ríor órad !

O. A Pádraig rghur mé 'ran aic,
 'na b-fuil Fíonn an láin aghur an Fíann,
 'r ní b-fuil íreann 'na flaitéar angh,
 do éuirfead fá éannrmaét iab.

Ma' r angh acá Orghar mo mac féin,
 an laoc ba tréine a d-erom-ghlé;
 níor cumad in íreann 'na b-flaitéar Dé,
 bídean d'a méid nac trearzagóid !

- O. Great was my surprise there,
 That I did not see the court of Fionn of the hosts ;
 There was not in its place in truth
 But weeds, chick-weeds, and nettles.
- Alas, O Patrick ! and alas, my grief !
 A miserable journey it was to me,
 Without the tidings of Fionn or the Fianna ;
 It left me through life under pain.
- P. O Oisín ! now desist from thy grief,
 Shed thy tears to the God of Grace,
 Fionn and the Fianna are weak enough,
 And relief is not theirs for ever.
- O. That would be a great pity, O Patrick !
 That Fionn should be in pain, for ever ;
 Or what pursuers gained victory over him,
 Since many a hardy hero fell by himself.
- P. It is God who gained victory over Fionn,
 And not the strength of enemy or strong hand,
 And over all the Fianna like him,
 Condemned to hell, they are eternally tormented.
- O. O Patrick ! direct me into the place
 In which Fionn is in hands and the Fianna,
 And there is not a hell or a heaven there
 That will put them under subjection.
- If Osgar my own son be there,
 The hero that was bravest in heavy conflict,
 There is not created in hell, or in the Heaven of God
 A host tho' great, that he would not destroy.

- P. Let us leave off our controversy on each side
 And continue thy story, O valiant Oisín !
 What occurred to thee after that,
 Subsequently to the Fianna being low.
- O. I, myself will tell thee that, O Patrick !—
 After I left Almuin of Leinster,
 There was not a residence where the Fianna had been,
 But I searched accurately without any delay.

On my passing thro' the glen of the thrushes,
 I saw a great assembly there,
 Three hundred men and more
 Were before me in the glen.

One of the assembly spoke,
 And he said with a loud voice :
 " Come to our relief, O kingly champion ;
 And deliver us from difficulty !"

I, then came forward,
 And the host had a large flag of marble,
 The weight of the flag was down on them,
 And to uphold it, they were unable !

Those that were under the flag below,
 Were being oppressed, weakly,
 By the weight of the great load .
 Many of them lost their senses.

One of the stewards spoke
 And said :—" O princely young hero !
 Forthwith relieve my host,
 Or not one of them will be alive."

- O. Jr naineac an beart, ahoir le rabad,
 a'r an oinead ata d'feartaib an,
 nac tiorfad le neart an t-rlidiz,
 an lioz-ro edzbail zo lan-teann."
- D'a mainead Orzar mac Oirín,
 do beartfad an an lioz-ro 'na deart-lainn,
 do cuirfead d'urcán i tar an rluaz,
 ní breaz i' dual dom ahoir do rabad.
- Do luidéar an mo cliačan deart,
 'r do ruzar an an leic am lainn;
 le neart azur le lúe mo zéaz,
 do cuinear feacht b-péire i ó na háit.
- Le feidm na leice lan-móir,
 do bhir ziorca óir an eic baín;
 do éanzar-ra anuar zo lan-doct,
 an bouh mo dá cor an an m-ban!
- Ní túirze éairiz mé anuar,
 na zlac uaimh an t-eac ban,
 d'iméiz an rin cum rúbaíl,
 'r mire fá rúban zo laz, claic!
- Do cáillear aithne mo fúl,
 mo dealb mo zhuir 'r mo rzaril,
 do bhor am' feandóir boct dall,
 zan brijz, zan meabair, zan aipb!
- A pádraiz, rin azad mo rzéal,
 mar éarla dom féin zan zó;
 mo dul azur m'iméacé zo beacé,
 a'r mo éacé tar m'air ó Tíre na n-óz!

O. 'Tis a shameful deed, that it should now be said,
 And the number of men that is there,
 That the strength of the host is unable
 To lift the flag with great power.

If Oscur the son of Oisín lived,
 He would take this flag in his right hand,
 He would fling it in a throw over the host—
 It is not my custom to speak falsehood.

I lay upon my right breast,
 And I took the flag in my hand,
 With the strength and activity of my limbs
 I sent it seven perches from its place!

With the force of the very large flag,
 The golden girth broke on the white steed;
 I came down full suddenly,
 On the soles of my two feet on the lea.

No sooner did I come down,
 Than the white steed took fright,
 He went then on his way,
 And I, in sorrow, both weak and feeble.

I lost the sight of my eyes,
 My form, my countenance, and my vigour,
 I was an old man, poor and blind,
 Without strength, understanding, or esteem.

Patrick! there is to thee my story,
 As it occurred to myself without a lie,
 My going and my adventures in certain,
 And my returning from the "Land of Youth."

The following Prophecy by Caoilte, respecting *Cluain Cheasain*, deserves preservation ; but want of space must excuse our offering a translation :—

CÁOILTE RO CHÁIN.

Cluain Chearain nó élor amác,
 zup a d-tairtízeab mac Lúzach,
 ba Ros mic Treoin¹ for an n-zriun
 ne nae toizeacé an Tairtziun.

Ácét zid canear pparlm nó reac,
 a z-Cluain Chearain na z-cléirneac;
 ab éonharic an Chluain éreioineac,
 fa dáirneab ruab nó beannaic.

Zé beic leizear ir an laun,
 nó bí tan an ba h-orcaill ;
 ionbaic ba linn rnaic an t-rriuc,
 ádbab cnaic an cluain crioac.

Maic a clúic, a canna, a h-éic,
 maic a mear ralaic nó érean ;
 caoic a h-áirneic a' r a h-úbla,
 maic a h-ubla rionn-éubareic.

Tairtzi an tairtziaric tair,
 Cluain Cearain az Tairzeannaic,
 a dúbairic rionn ríal fáilzeac,
 zo maic neime naoic aihzeac.

Tri ríccíoc ríozain zo reacé,
 bádar azam ir móir áirnearic ;
 zo ríoin a leara uile,
 nobram cleacac cluanuic.

¹ Ros mic Treoin is the old and present Irish name of the town of New Ross in the county of Wexford.

ḡḡḡ-ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS
OF
FINN MAC CUMHAILL.

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, BERLIN.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

1859.



*Letter addressed by Dr. John O'Donovan, to the
President of the Ossianic Society.*

Dublin, Dec. 27th, 1858.

DEAR SIR.—Having, at your request, undertaken to translate into English—to lengthen out the abbreviations, and to fix the grammatical endings of the contracted words, in this notice of the boyish exploits of the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, the Fingal of Mac Pherson's Ossian,—I beg to offer you a few observations on the age and importance of the little tract, as well as of the manuscript from which it has been taken. This tract was copied letter for letter, and contraction for contraction from a fragment of the Psalter of Cashel now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (*Laud.* 610), by the Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1854, and now curate of S. Barnabas, Pimlico, London, whose progress in the study of the Irish language is truly wonderful, considering the slight advantages of oral instruction which he has possessed. He has copied this little tract so faithfully that I was able to understand it as well as if I had the original manuscript before me. No artist ever copied a portrait or inscription more accurately. This manuscript was examined in the year 1844 by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., who published a full account of its contents in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. 2, p. 336, sq. In 1846 I examined it again with the most anxious care, and published a brief notice of its more important contents in the introduction to *Leabhar na g-Ceart*. It consists of 292 pages folio, vellum, and was transcribed in 1453 by John Boy O'Clery and others at Pottlerath, in the barony of Crannagh, and county of Kilkenny, for Edmund Butler, the head of the sept of Mac Richard, who afterwards became Earls of Ormonde. This manuscript remained in the possession of Mac Richard Butler till the year 1462, when Ormonde and he were defeated in a battle fought at Baile-an-phoill, now Pilltown, in the barony of Iverk, county of Kilkenny, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, to whom he was obliged to give up this very copy of the Psalter of Cashel, together with another manuscript (now unknown),

called the Book of Carrick-on-Suir. This fact appears from a memorandum on fol. 110, p. b, of which the following is a literal translation:—

“This was the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler, until the defeat at Baile-an-phoill, was given to the Earl of Ormonde, and to Mac Richard by the Earl of Desmond (Thomas), when this book and the book of Carrick, were obtained in the redemption of Mac Richard; and it was this Mac Richard that had these books transcribed for his own use; and they remained in his possession until Thomas, Earl of Desmond, wrested them from him.”

The foregoing memorandum was written in the manuscript, while it was in the possession of Thomas, Earl of Desmond, whose name “Thomas, of Desmond,” appears in English, in his own hand, on fol. 92, a, See *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, Introduction, pp. xxviii—xxx. The publication of this manuscript, as it stands, would be a great desideratum in Irish literature, and I trust that Sir John Romilly will not think it unworthy of his attention.

I am of opinion that this little tract is of great antiquity, and contains, perhaps, the oldest account we have remaining of Finn and his cotemporaries. You will observe that the style is extremely simple, and altogether devoid of that redundancy of epithets which characterises the prose compositions of later ages, which are equalled only by those of “*El famoso Feliciano de Silva*.”

The celebrated Irish antiquary, Duaid Mac Firbis, in his genealogical work, pp. 435, 436, gives various pedigrees of the famous Irish hero, Finn Mac Cumhaill. Some deduce his descent from the Orbhraighe of Druim Imnocht, others from the Corco Oiche, a sept of the Ui-Fidhgeinte, who were seated in the present county of Limerick. Some state that he sprang from the Ui-Tairsigh of Ui-Failghe, a plebeian sept, while other genealogists maintain that he came of the Ui-Tairsigh of the Luaighni Teamhrach of *Fera-Cul* in Bregia, which was one of the three septs from whom the chief leader of the Fians, or Irish militia, was elected. Mac Firbis, however, states that this discrepancy must have arisen from mistaking one Finn for another; but that by far the greater number of the authentic Irish authorities agree in deducing the pedigree of the famous Finn Mac Cumhaill from Nuada Neacht, the fourth son of Sedna Sithbhaic, the ancestor of the kings of Leinster.

By the mother's side, Finn Mac Cumhaill was descended from Tadhg, son of Nuadhat, son of Aice, son of Daite, son of Brocan, son of Fintan of Tuath-Daite in Bregia. This Mac Firbis believes to be his true maternal descent, though others state that his mother was Torba, daughter of Echuman of the Ernaans of Dun-Cearmna (the old head of Kinsale, in the county of Cork), and that he had a half-brother by the mother's side, who was called Finn Mac Gleoir.

Mac Firis adds that Finn Mac Cumhall possessed, in right of his office of leader of the Fians, seven ballys, or townlands, out of every tricha-ched, or hundred, in Ireland; that he was born in the third year of the reign of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and died in the year 283.

Some genealogical books give the pedigree of our hero thus:—Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Trénmor, son of Subalt, son of Ealtan, son of Baiscne, son of Nuada Necht: others, Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Baiscne, son of Trénmor, son of Ferdarath, son of Goll, son of Forgall, son of Daire, son of Deaghaidh, son of Sin; but of the various pedigrees of our hero which Mac Firis has copied from Irish authorities, the following is the only one that can be considered authentic:—

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Nuada Necht, | |
| 2. Fergus Failge, ancestor of the Kings of Leinster, | |
| 3. Rossa Ruadh, | 3. So-alt, |
| 4. Finn, the poet, king of Leinster, | 4. Alt, |
| 5. Conchobhar Abhraruadh, | 5. Cairbre Garbhroin, |
| 6. Moghcorb, king of Leinster, | 6. Baiscne, |
| 7. Cucorb, king of Leinster, | 7. Modh, |
| 8. Nia Corb, | 8. Buan, |
| 9. Cormac Gealtagoith, | 9. Fergus, |
| 10. Feilimidh Firurglais, | 10. Trendorn, |
| 11. Cathaeir Mor, monarch of Ireland,
A.D., 177. | 11. Trenmor, |
| | 12. Cumhall, |
| | 13. Finn Mac Cumhall, a. 284. |

He had a sister named *Sidh*, who was proverbial in Ireland for her fleetness of foot, and who was the mother of Caoilte Mac Ronain, also famous in the Fenian tales for his agility. He had another sister, Seogen, who was the mother of Cobhthach, son of Crunnchu.

I have always believed that Finn Mac Cumhall was a *real historical personage*, and not a myth or god of war, like the Hercules of the Greeks, the Odin of the Scandinavians, or the Siegfried of the Germans. He was the son-in-law of the famous Cormac Mac Airt monarch of Ireland, and the general of his standing army. He was slain in the year A.D., 284, according to the Annals of Tighernach, a period to which our authentic history unquestionably reaches. (See *Ogygia*, part iii, c. 70).

This celebrated warrior was, as we have seen, of the regal line of the kings of Leinster, of the Milesian or Scotie race (for my ingenious friend Mr. Herbert F. Hore has theorised in vain to prove him of Scandinavian

origin); he had two residences in Leinster, one at Allen (Almhain,) in the present county of Kildare, and the other at Moyelly in the (now) King's County, both of which descended to him from his ancestors. Pinkerton, the most critical and sceptical writer that has ever treated of Irish and Scottish history, has the following remarkable words, in which he expresses his conviction of Finn's undoubted historical existence:—

“He seems,” says he, “to have been a man of great talents for the age, and of celebrity in arms. His formation of a regular standing army, trained to war, in which all the Irish accounts agree, seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman legions in Britain. The idea, though simple enough, shows prudence, for such a force alone, could have coped with the Romans had they invaded Ireland. But this machine, which surprised a rude age, and seems the basis of all Finn's fame, like some other great schemes, only lived in its author, and expired soon after him.”—*Inquiry into the History of Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 77.

Our own poet and historian, Moore, who read all that had been written by the Mac Phersons and the modern critics on the history of Finn, expresses his conviction that he was a real man of flesh and blood, and no god of war or poetical creation. He concludes his account of him in the following poetical strain.

“It has been the fate of this popular Irish hero, after a long course of traditional renown in his country, where his name still lives, not only in legends and songs, but yet in the more indelible record of scenery connected with his memory, to have been all at once transferred by adoption to another country (Scotland), and start under a new but false shape, into a fresh career of fame.”—*History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 133.

The only known descendants of our hero, now known to exist, are the Dal-Cais, i.e. O'Briens of Munster and their correlatives. Cormac Cas, king of Munster, who married Samhair (Samaria), the daughter of Finn by Gráinè, daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, monarch of Ireland, and had by her, according to the Irish genealogists, three sons, Tinnè and Connla, of whose race nothing is known, and Fearcorb, the progenitor of the Dal Cais, the hereditary enemies of the race of Conn of the Hundred Battles. After the death of Finn, the monarch Cairbre Liffechair, son of Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, disbanded and outlawed the Clanna Baeiscnè, of whom Finn was then the head, and retained in his service their enemies, the Clanna-Morna, a military tribe of the Fírbolga of Connacht. The Clanna-Baeiscnè then repaired to Munster to their relative, Fearcorb, who retained them in his service, contrary to the orders of the Irish monarch. This led to the bloody battle of Gabhra (near the Boyne in Meath), in which the two rival military tribes slaughtered each other almost to extermination. In the heat of the action, Oscar, the grandson of Finn (and son of Oisín,) met the monarch

in single combat ; but fell, and the monarch retiring from the combat, was met by his own relative Semeon, one of the Fotharta, (a tribe that had been expelled into Leinster) who fell upon him after being severely wounded in the dreadful combat with Oscar, and despatched him by a single blow.

Oisin and Caeilte Mac Ronain survived all the followers of our hero, and are fabled to have lived down to the time of St. Patrick (A.D. 432), to whom they related the wonderful exploits of Finn and his contemporaries. This, however, is incredible ; but it is highly probable that both lived to converse with some Christian missionaries who preceded the great apostle of Ireland, and who found it difficult to convert them from their pagan notions.

There is a very curious dialogue, partly preserved in the book of Lisimore, and partly in a MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, said to have been carried on between Caeilte, son of Ronan, and St. Patrick. This dialogue, notwithstanding its anachronism, or perhaps rather misnomer, is of great value to the Irish linguist, topographer, and antiquary, on account of the curious ancient forms of the language which it preserves, and the various forts, mounds, sepulchres, plains, mountains, estuaries and rivers which it mentions by their primitive and mediæval names.

Hoping that this tract will soon see the light under your auspices, as President of our Society,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

To

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, Esq.
President of the Ossianic Society.

ՊԱՐԿ-ՅՆՊԱՐՇԱ ԲՅՆՆ ԵՆՆ ՏՈ ՏՅՏ.



Օ ՐԱՆԱ ԿՈՄԵՐՈՒՄ ԵՅՅ, ՕՍՐ ԽԲԻՇ ԵԵԲԵՊԱ,
 ԽՄՈՊ ԲԻՊԱՅԵՇԷ ՕՍՐ ԽՊ ԶԻՄԱԵՐ-
 ԵՅԵՇԷ ԵՒՐԵՆՊ, ԻԾԻՐ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ԵՄԱԿ
 ԵՐԵՆՊՈՒՐ, ՕՍՐ ԱՐԶԵՐԵՆՊ ԵՄԱԿ
 ԼՍԶԵՇ ԿՍՐԻՐ, ԵՍ ԼՍԱՅՆԵ, Ե. ԵՍ
 ԿՈՐԿՕ ՕՇԵ ԿՍԼԵ ԿՈՆԿՄԵ ԵՍՆ
 ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ԲԻՆ, ԵՐԻ ԵՄ ԵՅԻՐԵ Կ-ԱՅ
 ԵՄՍԻՐԻՅ Ե ԵՄԱՇՐՈՄ [Ե. ԵՄԱՇ] ԿՍՄՍԼ.
 ԵՐԻՄԱ, ԻՊՅԻՆ ԵՍՇԱՄԱՅՆ ԵՍ ԵՐԻՄԱՅԻ,
 ԻՐ Ե ԵՄ ԵՄԱՇԵԼԵ ԵՍ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ, ՆՕ ԿՕ
 ԵՄԱՅՆ ՊՍՐԵ ՊՍՆՇԱՅԻՄ. ԵՄԱՅ ԵՄՐՄ

ԿԱՇ ԿՆՈՇԱ ԵԱԿՐԻՄԱ Ե. ԵՐԻՐ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ՕՍՐ ԱՐԶԵՐԵՆՊ.

ՏՍԻՆ ԵԵՐԵՅ, ԵՄԱԿ ԵՇԱՅԻՅ ԲԻՆՅ, ԵՄԿ ԿՈՐԻՐԵ ՅԱԼԱՅՅ,
 ԵՄԿ ՊՍՐԵԱԵԱՅՅ, ՕՍՐ Ե ԵՄԱԿ, Ե. ՂԵԵ, ԵԿ. ԵԱԵԱՐԵ ԵՆ
 ԿՇԱՇԱ ԵՐԱՐՆԱԵ ՊՍՐԶԻՐՈՊ. ՂԻՄՊ ՆԱԼԼ ԵՍՆ ՏՍԻՆ ԲԻՆ
 ՊՈՐՊԱ ՊՍՆՇԱՅԻՄ. ԵՍ ԵԵՐԱՐ ԵՄՐՄ ԵՆ ԿԱՇ ԵՐ ԲԻՆ;
 ԵՍ ՆԱԼԱ ԵՐԵՐ ԼՍԿԵԷ ՕՍՐ ՂԵԵ, ԵՄԱԿ ՊՈՐՊԱ, ԵՐ ԵՆ ԿՇԱՇ;
 ՅՈՆԱՐ ԼՍԵԷ ՂԵԵ, ԿՕ ՆՈՐ ՄԻԼԼ Ե ԼԵՇ-ՆՈՐԿ, ԿՈՆՅԵ ԵՍ ՆՕ ԼԻԼ
 Ե ԵՄՈՊ ՅՈՒԼ Ծ ԲԻՆ ԵԼԵ Ե. ԵՍ ԵՄԿ ԼՍԵԷ ԼԱ ՅՈՒԼ; ՅՈՆԱՐ
 ԵՄՆ ԲԵՐ ԿՈՐՄԵԷԱ ԿՈՐՆԵՄԻԼՅ Ե ԲԵՇ ԲԵՐԲԻՆ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ԲԻՆ

¹ *Chieftainship of the Fians*, i.e. the leadership of the Irish militia.

² *Cumhall*. The best account of this military leader will be found in the battle of Cnucha, preserved in the book of Lismore.

³ *Luaighni*, a famous military sept in Meath descended from Luaighni, one of the brothers of Conn of the hundred battles. *Ogygia*, part iii. c. 57.

⁴ *Cuil Contuinn*, a territory situated on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Cavan.

⁵ *Cnucha*. Connell Magheoghagan states in his translation of the annals of Clonmacnoise, A.D. 726, that this is the place called Castleknock, [near the river Liffey, county of Dublin.]

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS OF FINN, DOWN HERE.



HERE happened a meeting of valour, and contention of battle, respecting the chieftainship of the Fianns,¹ and the head-stewardship of Erin, between Cumhall,² son of

Tréanmór, and Uirgrenn, son of Lughaidh Corr, [one] of the Luaighne,³ i.e. this Cumhall was of the Corca-oiche of Cuil-contuinn,⁴ for of these the Hui-Tairsigh his tribe were [a subsection]. Torba, daughter of Eochaman [one] of the Ernaans, had been the wife of Cumhall, until he married Muireann Munchaemh, [Murinda of the fair neck]. The battle of Cnucha⁵ was afterwards fought between them, i.e. between Cumhall and Uirgrenn.

Daire Dearg, son of Eochaidh Finn, son of Coirpre Galach, son of Muiredhach Muinderg, and his son Aedh, were fighting the battle along with Muirgrenn. Another name for this Daire was Morna Munchaim. The battle was then fought, Luichet and Aedh son of this Morna met together [in single combat] in the battle; Luichet wounded Aedh, and destroyed one of his eyes, so that from this the name of Goll⁶ [Luscus] adhered to him from that time forth. Luichet fell by Goll. The keeper of his own corrbholg⁷ of séds [treasure bag] wounded Cumhall, and

⁶ *Goll* is glossed *Caèch*, and means one-eyed, the same as the Latin *luscus*.

⁷ *Corrbholg*, i.e. a round bag, *sed* means a jewel or any article of value.

caé. Do tuic Cumull la Soll mac Morna ir in cach,
 ocur beirid a foirbb ocur a ceirb leir, conid de rin bui
 fich bunad iri Finn ocur mac Morna, conid de rin no
 cet in fearchaid :—

Soll mac Daire Deirg co mblaid,
 Mhic Echaid Fionn, fionn a zail,
 Mhic Cairpre Galaid co nzaib,
 Mhic Muirtheadais a Fionmairg.

Ro marb Soll Luicet na céd,
 A cach Chucha, noch a brec,
 Luicet Fionn in zairced glain
 La mac Morna do nochair.

Ir leir do tuic Cumull mór,
 J caé Chucha na cach-flog
 Aire tucrat in cach tend,
 Im fianaidéet na h-Éirend.

Batar clanda Morna irin cach,
 Ocur Luairgne na Temrach,
 Air ba leo fianur fer Fail,
 Fria laim caé nuz co nobairg.

Bui mac ac Cumull co m-buaid,
 In Fionn fulech faebur cruaid ;
 Fionn ocur Soll mór a mblad,
 Tnéen do ionnratar cozad.

Jar rin do ionnratar rid,
 Fionn ocur Soll na céd nziim,
 Co torcuir Banb Sionna de,
 Fan muic a Temuir Luairne.

Aed ba hairim do mac Daire,
 Con zaed Luicet con aire,
 O no zaet mac Luairgne lonb,
 Daire conruitea nuz Soll. 3.

¹ *Finnmhagh*, otherwise *Maghfinn*, a plain in the barony of Athlone, county of Roscommon, at this period possessed by the Firbolgs, of whom the Clanna-Morna were a sept.

Cumhall fell by Goll son of Morna in the battle, and carried off his arms and his head ; and from this there was a fundamental hatred between Finn and the sons of Morna, concerning which the historian sang:—

“ Goll was son of Daire Dearg of fame,
 Son of Eochaidh Finn of valiant deeds,
 Son of Cairbre Galach of prowess,
 Son of Muireadhach of Finnmhagh.¹

This Goll slew Luichet of hundreds,
 In the battle of Cnucha, no falsehood,—
 Luichet Finn of noble chivalry,
 By the son of Morna fell !

It was by him fell Cumhall the Great,
 In the battle of Cnucha of embattled hosts
 What they fought this stout battle for,
 Was for the Fian leadership in Erin.

The Clanna Morna were in the battle,
 And the Luaighni of Teamhair
 For the Fiannship of the men of Fail was theirs
 Under the hand of each valiant king.

The victorious Cumhall had a son ;
 The blood shedding Finn of hard weapons,
 Finn and Goll of great fame,
 Mightily they waged war.

After this they made peace
 Finn and Goll, of the hundred deeds,
 Until the Banbh Sinna fell
 On the plain at Teamhair Luachra,²

Aedh was the name of Daire’s son,
 Until Luichet wounded him with dexterity,
 But since the stout son of Luaighne wounded him
 He was called by the name of Goll.”

² *Teamhair Luachra*, a place in Kerry not far from Castle Island, in the district of Sliabh Luachra.

Торрпач ро ассајб Сумулл а мпай .i. Муирне, окур
 бејрпд рј маc, окур бера ајрпм до, .i. Демне. Тіc
 Фјассајл маc Консрпн окур Бодпмалл, бандрпай, окур іп
 Лјачх Луаcра до рјзед Муирне, окур бејрпд leo іп
 маc, ајр пјр lam а мпaтaјр а беc ајсce. Фујорј Муирне la
 Зleoјр Lam-берз, la пј Lamрајзе јардам, конј бејрпде
 іп рад, Фјрп маc Зleoјр. Лујд тpa Бодпмалл окур
 іп Лјачх, окур іп маc leo і ројсрпб Слeјбј Bladma. Ро
 һајлeд іп маc аhp рпн і caјде. Дeјтхпјр оу, ајр ба
 һпмба зплла caјлcaјр тпннеpнaс, окур laech нeјмнeч
 нaјмбдзe, окур фејрпд феpзaч фpчхурaч до laeрпб
 Луaјзне, окур до macaјб Мopнa фop тј іп мјс рпн, окур
 Туіcа мјс Сумулл. Ро aјлreт јарум іп да бaнфeјрпдз
 рпн фпј пe фoдa e фaн pамлајд рпн.

Тіc а мaтaјр а cпд рe мблјадaн јар рпн дeјр а мјс,
 ајр до һпнурпд бј а беc ірпн іпaд ue, окур до ро ба һecaјл
 le маc Мopнa до. Спд тpaсe aepaсe aр caс фapaч іпa
 cele, co пaјрcc ројсрпб Slebe Bladma; роzeјб іп фпaн-
 бојтх окур іп маc іпa coдлaд іпнeт, окур coчбајд рј ап
 маc іпa һучт јарпдајр, окур тпмрајзе фпја he, окур рј
 тpом јарум. Конјд аhp рпн до ројрп пa пaннa іc мујрпн
 іп а маc—

Coдaјл пe pуaнaн pајпe, рпл.

Тпмнар ап іпзпн ceлeпpaд до пa бaнфeјрпдeдујб јар
 рпн, окур acбepтe фпју нoмзaбдaјр іп маc coмaд іп-

¹ *Muireann*. This was very common as the proper proper name of a woman among the ancient Irish. It is explained in Cormac's Glossary, as meaning *mor-shinn*, long-haired.

² *Lamhraighe*, a people of Kerry in the west of Munster.

³ *Sliabh Bladhma*, i.e. the mountain of Bladhma, (*Ogygia* III, 16.) now Slieve Bloom on the confines of the King's and Queen's Counties. It is sometimes called *Sliabh Smoil*. The summit of this mountain is called *Mullach Cúineann*, the summit of Erin, and from it, the O'Dunnes have taken the motto of *Mullach Cúineann abú!*

Cumhall left his wife pregnant, i. e. Muirenn,¹ and she brought forth a son, and gave him the name of Deimne. Fiacaill the son of Cuchenn, and Bodhmall the Druidess and Liath Luachra came to Muirenn and carried away the son, for his mother durst not keep him with her. Muirenn afterwards married Gleoir the Redhanded, king of Lamhraighe,² from which Finn is called the son of Gleoir. However Bodhmall and Liath taking the boy with them went to the forests of Sliabh Bladma,³ where the boy was nursed secretly. This was indeed necessary, for many a sturdy stalworth youth, and many a venomous inimical hero and angry morose champion of the warriors of Luaighni, and of the sons of Morna, were ready to despatch that boy, and [also] Tulcha the son of Cumhall. But however the two heroines nursed him for a long time in this manner.

His mother came at the end of six years after this to visit her son, for it was told to her, that he was at that place, and she feared the sons of Morna for him, *i. e.* [might kill him.] But however, she passed from one solitude to another, until she reached the forest of Sliabh Bladhma [Slieve Bloom,] and she found the hunting booth [*hut*] and the boy asleep therein, and she afterwards lifted him and pressed him to her bosom, and she then pregnant [from her second husband,] and then she composed these quatrains caressing her son :

“ Sleep with gentle pleasant slumber, &c.”⁴

The woman afterwards bids farewell to the heroines, and asked them if they would take charge of him till he

⁴ The rest of this Lullaby is lost. Indeed it would appear from the shortness of the sentences, and the abrupt and flighty nature of the composition, that the whole story has been very much condensed, and in some places mutilated.

բեյնձա է, օսւր ու բօրծած յո մաւ [աւրսոյն յո միւ] յար
րոյն սար Բա հիւրելչա է.

Տարից յո մաւ յոս ձեւսր յո մաւ յո սարիւ Լա հոս, օսւր յո
սոստարից [յո սարիւ Լա շո] յո Լա շարիւ բօրիւ յո Լոս.
Տարիւց սրիւսր բիւրիւց օսւր ու տերսարիւ և բիւրիւց օսւր
և հեղձա ծի, օսուսր տարիւց բարիւց, օսւր ու Յաբրամ
յարսոյ, օսւր ուր բու Լար ծո շոս յո սարիւ յո սարիւ շարիւ. Շոսիւ
հի յոյն շոս բարիւց Բիւ.

Լարիւց յո Լա ձեւ շարիւ յո սարիւ բօրիւ շարիւ մաւ Պօր-
նա; օսուսր ու Շոստարիւ շարիւ. Եւ և սարիւ շարիւ
Բարիւ օսւր Բարիւ օսւր Բարիւ Պօր-Ֆեղա, օսւր Շարիւ,
օսւր Օրիւ, օսւր Բարիւ. Տարիւց յոսուսր շարիւ յոս
րոյ, օսուսր շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ, օսուսր շարիւ շարիւ
Պօր շարիւ. Բի բարիւց և Լարիւ յո շարիւ յո .1. Բարիւ
մաւ Շարիւ օսուսր. Շոս Լա շարիւ յո Բարիւ շարիւ
արիւ ձեւ շարիւ, օսւր ու շարիւ սրիւ շարիւ շարիւ և ձեւսր;
Բարիւ շարիւ Բարիւ մաւ Շարիւ յարիւ յոս շարիւ, և շարիւ
արիւ սարիւ շարիւ. Շարիւ յո շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ
շարիւ շարիւ; օսւր շարիւ շարիւ և շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ
արիւ շարիւ շարիւ և շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ.

Շոս շարիւ շարիւ և շարիւ և շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ
Պօր Լարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ, օսուսր շարիւ շարիւ
շարիւ օսուսր շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ. Շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ
արիւ շարիւ շարիւ օսւր շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ
արիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ; շարիւ շարիւ և շարիւ
արիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ. Շարիւ շարիւ
արիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ շարիւ.

¹ *At them.* The original Irish is defective here. The words obviously omitted are supplied in brackets. In *Feis tige Chonain*, p. 129, it is stated that Finn in his first chase killed the *pras-lacha* (widgion?), and her clutch of twelve young birds.

² *Crotta*, i.e. Crotta Cliach, now the Galty mountains in the south of the county of Tipperary.

³ *Fidh-Guibhle*, now Feegile, in the parish of Cloonsast, north of

should be of heroic age ; and the son was afterwards reared by them till he was fit for hunting.

The boy came forth alone on a certain day, and saw the [the *pras lacha* with her brood of] ducks upon the lake. He made a shot at them,¹ and cut off her feathers and wings, so that she died, and he afterwards took her to the hunting booth : and this was Finn's first chase.

He afterwards went away with certain poets to flee from the sons of Morna ; and they had him [concealed] about Crotta.² These were their names, Futh and Ruth, and Regna of Mad Feada, and Teimle, and Oilpe, and Rogein. Here he was seized with the scurvy, so that he became a carrach [scald,] and was thence called Deimne Mael. There was a plunderer in Leinster at this time, by name Fiacuil, son of Codhna. Fiacuil came into Fídh Gaibhle³ upon the poets, and killed them all except Deimne alone, who was afterwards with Fiacuil (in his house in a cold sheskin [marsh]). The two heroines came southwards to the house of Fiacuil, son of Codhna, in search of Deimne, and he was given to them ; and they took him from the south to the same place [where they had him previously].

He went forth one day alone [and never halted] till he reached Magh Life,⁴ and on the green of a certain Dun [*fort*] there he saw youths hurling. He went to contend in agility or to hurl along with them. He came with them next day, and they sent the fourth of their number against him. He came again, and they sent the third of their number against him, and finally they went all against him, and he won one game from them all. What is thy name said they?

Portarlinton, in the King's County. This was the name of a famous wood in Leinster, in which St. Berchan, the Irish prophet, erected his church of Cloonsast, the ruins of which still remain.

⁴ *Magh Liffe*, i.e., the plain of the Liffey ; a very level plain in the county of Kildare, through which the river Liffey winds its course.

ol ríat, Deimne, ol fé. Inniúid in macraib d'fín in dánaib in n'í ríu. Mairbais ríbe é mad conuicci, mar a cumáctachí é, ol fé, n'í caemramair n'í do, ol ríat; curab Deimne a ainn. Cuidar a heccorc, ol fé. Macaem tuctach, fínd, ol ríat, ír ainn do Demne Fínd amlaib ríu, ol féream. Conid de ríu abbercír in macraib fíurum Fínn.

Ticrúum íar na báinech dia raizib, ocuf luib succu ina cluichí fo ceirtat a lonza fairi anaenfeét. Imarairrúum fúic'íurúum, ocuf trarcráib monferíu d'ib. Luib uairchib a foichíib Slebe Bladma.

Tic íarúum í chínd feétmuine íar ríu, cur in mbáile cébna. Ír amlaib batuir in macraib íc ríuainí foir in loch bí ina fairrad. Tríennáizic in macraib eirúum imtecht dímbada fíru. Línzibíu ír in loch cúa íar ríu, ocuf badib nonbur d'ib fon loch, ocuf téic féin ía Slíab Bladma íar ríu. Cía ío báib in macraib, ol cach. Fínn, ol ríat; conad ar ríu ío leabab Fínn é.

Ticrúum feét and tar Slíab Bladma amach, ocuf in da banféndib immaile fíur; conacan alma imdircíu d'azab alluib fórair in flébe. Monuar trá or in da rentuinn, n'í tic dínn arub neich d'ib fúid accaínn. Tic dímrá, [ol Fínn] ocuf níthab fóruo, ocuf arcaib dá naz d'ib, ocuf beiríib leir dia fíannboich. Do tríurúum relz co zhatach d'ib íar ríu. Eiríid buaín ferca, a zille, or na banféneba fíur, aír acatc m'c Mórna fóru aicill do marbta.

Do luibíurúum a aenar uadib co níacht Loch Léin [ocuf] or Luachair, cur aécuir a amraíne ac níz Bentraige and ríu; n'í ío flóinbírúum írúu ínnad ríu he, aét cerna, n'í buí ír in íé ríu relzáine a íuramla; ar amlaib írberc in ní

¹ *Loch Lein*, now the Lakes at Killarney in Kerry.

² *Luachra*, i.e., Luachair Deaghaidh, a district in the now county of Kerry, containing the two Pap mountains.

³ *Beantraighe*, a district in South Munster, believed to have been co-extensive with the barony of Bantry in the county of Cork.

Deimne replied he. The youths tell this to the owner of the dun [*fort.*] "Do ye kill him if he comes again, if ye are able," said he. We are not able to do aught unto him, replied they; Deimne is his name. What is his appearance?" said he. He is a well-shaped fair [*finn*] youth, replied they, Deimne shall be named Finn therefore, said he. And hence these young men used to call him Finn,

He came the next day to them, and joined them in their game, they attacked him all together, with their hurlets, but he made at them and prostrated seven of them, and [then] made off from them into the forests of Sliabh Bladhma.

He afterwards returned at the end of a week to the same place. What the youths were at [then] was swimming in the lake which was close by [the dun.] The youths challenged him to swim with them. He plunged into the lake to them, and afterwards drowned nine of them in the lake, and then made to Sliabh Bladhma himself. Who drowned the youths? enquired all. Finn, replied they [i.e. the survivors]. And from this the name of Finn clung to him [among all who heard of this deed of drowning.]

He came forth on one occasion out beyond Sliabh Bladhma, the two heroines being along with him, and they perceived a fleet herd of the wild deer of the forest of the mountain. Alas; said the two old women, that we cannot detain one of these with us. I can, [said Finn] and he ran upon them, and catching two bucks of them, brings them with him to his hunting booth. After this he used to hunt for them constantly. Depart from us now, O young man, said the female warriors to him, for the sons of Morna are watching to kill thee.

He went away from them alone [and halted not,] till he reached Loch Lein¹, and over Luachair,² till he hired in military service, with the king of Bentraighe.³ He did not go by any name here, but there was not at this time a

բար: ծիս բաճած *Cumull* մաս, օլ թե, աղ ճարևա՛ ռօ Բօ
 Երբա է; ա՛ճ՛ ԵՆԵԱ, յի՛ ԵԱԼԱՄԱՐԻԵ ՄԱՑ ԵՐԱԾԵԱՅԻԼ ԵՍ ԱԿԻԵ
 ԵԱԼՔԱ ՄԱՑ ԵԱՄԱԻԼԼ, ՕԵԱՐ ԱԵԱ ԲԻՆ ԱՑ ՄԻ ԱԼԲԱՆ ԻՆ ԱՄԲԱԻՆԵ.

Celebraiðrym ԵՍՆ ՄԻ ԵԱՐ ԲԻՆ, ՕԵԱՐ ԵՃԵ ԱԱԻԾԻԾ ԵՍ ԵԱԻՐ-
 ԵՐԻՅԵ .1. ԵԱԻՐԱԻՅԵ Ի ՆԵՍԻ, ՕԵԱՐ ԱԵՆԱԻՅ ԵՍ Ա ՄԻՅ ԲԻՆ
 Ա Ն-ԱՄԲԱԻՆԵ. ԵՐԵ ԻՆ ՄԻ ԵԱՐԱՄ ԱՑ ԲԻԾԵԼԼԱՃԵ ԻՆ ԱՐԱԵԼԵ ԼՕ.
 ԵԵՕՐԻՅԻԾՐԻՄ ԼԱԻՐ ՕԵԱՐ ԵՆԻԾ ԲԵՃԵ ԵԼԻՅԻ ԵՐԱԻՅ ԱՐՈՒԼԵ.
 ԵՐԱ ԵՐԲԱ? ՕԼ ԻՆ ՄԻ. ՊԱՑ ԱԻԵԻՅ ԵՍ ԼԱԱԻՅՆԻԾ ԵՄԲԱԿԻ,
 ՕԼ ԲԵ. ԱՅՑ, ՕԼ ԻՆ ՄԻ; ԱՃԵ ԻՐ ԵԱ ԻՆ ՄԱՑ ՈՐԲԱՑ ՊԱԻՐԻՆԵ
 ԵՍ ԵԱՄԱԼԼ, ՕԵԱՐ ՆԱ ԵԻ ԲԱՆՆ ՆԻ ԻՐ ԲԻԱ, ՆԱՐԱՑ ՄԱՐԻԵԱՐ ԲՕՐ
 ՄԵՆԵԿԻԲԱ. ԼԱԻԾ ԱՐ ԵԱՐ ԲԻՆ ԵՍ ԵԱԻԼԻՆԻԾ Օ ԵԱՆԱՃ, ԵՍ ԵՃ
 ԼՕՃԱՐՆ ԲԼԱԵԾ ԵՍ ԵԱՆՆ: ԻՆՅԻՆ ՈՒ ԵԱԵՄ ԼԱԻՐԻԵ .1. ԵՐԱԵԻՆԵ
 Ա ԵԱԻՆՄ: ԱԵՆԱԻՅ ԲԻԵ ՅՐԱԾ ԵՍՆ ՅԻԼԼԱ. ԵՍ ԵՆԻՐԱ ՄԻՆ-
 ՅԻՆ ԵԱԻԵ, ՕԼ ԻՆ ՅՕԲԱ, ԵՐՆ ԵՍ ԲԵԵԱՐ ԵՐԱ ԵԱ. ԲԱԻԾԻՐ ԻՆ ԻՆՅԻՆ
 ԼԵԻՐ ԻՆ ՅԻԼԼԱ ԵԱՐԵԱՐՆ. ԵՆԵԱ ԲԼԵՅԱ ԵՍՄ, ՕԼ ԻՆ ՅԻԼԼԱ ՄԻՐ
 ԻՆ ՆՅՕԲԱՆՆ. ԵՍ ՅՆԻ ԵՐՆ ԼՕԿԱՆ ԵԻ ԲԼԵԻՅ ԵՍ. ԵԵԼԵԱԲՐԱԻԾ
 ԵԱՆ ԵՍ ԼՕՃԱՆ ՕԵԱՐ ԼԱԻԾ ՄԵԻՄԵ. Ա ՄԻԵ, ԱՐ ԼՕՃԱՆ, ՆԱ
 ԵՆԻՅ ԻՐ ԻՆ ԲԼԻՅԵ ԲՕՐԻ Ա Մ-ԵԻ ԱՆ ՄԱՑ ԵՐԱՆԱ ԱԻՆՄ ԻՆ ԵՍ;
 ԻՐ ԲԻ ՈՒ ԲԱՐԲԱԻՆ ԵՍՕԵԾՆ ՊԱՄԱՆ. ՕԵԱՐ ԻՐԲԵԾ ԵՐԱ ԵՍ ԲԱԼԱ
 ԵՍՆ ՅԻԼԼԱ ԵԱԼ ԲՕՐԻ ԻՆ ԲԼԻՅԵ ԲՕՐ ՄԵԻ ԻՆ ՄԱՑ. ԱԵՆԱԻՅ ԻՆ
 ՄԱՑՑ ԵԱԻՅԵ ԵԱՐ ԲԻՆ. ԲՕԵԻՆԻԾՐԻՄ ԵՆԱ ԱՐԵԱՐ ԵԻ ԲԼԵԻՅ
 ԲԱԻՐՈՒ, ԵՍ ՆԱ ԼԱԻԾ ԵՐԻՃԵ, ԵՍ ՄԱՐ ԲԱՐԵԱԻԾ ԵՆ ԱՆՄԱՐՆ.
 ԵՆԻՐԻԾ-ԲԱՄ ԵՆԱ ԵՆՆ ՆԱ ՄԱԻՑԵ ԼԵԻՐ ԵՍՆ ՅՕԲԱՐՆ Ա
 ԵՐԻԵԿԵ Ա ԻՆՅԻՆԵ. ԻՐ ԵՍ ԲԻՆ ԱԵԱ ՏԻԱԾ ՄԱԻՑԵ Ա ՊԱՄԱՐՆ.

ԵՍ ԼԱԻԾ ԻՆ ՅԻԼԼԱ ՈՐՄԵ ԵԱՐ ԲԻՆ Ի ԵՍՆԱՃԵԱԻԾ, ԵՐԱՐԱԻԾ
 ԵՐԻՄԱԻԼԼ ՄԻԵ ԵՐԵՆՄՕՐԻ. ԱՄԱԻԼ ՈՒ ԵԱԻ ԲՕՐ Ա ԲԵԾ ԵՍ

¹ *Albain*, i.e., Scotland.

² *Ciarraighe*, now Kerry. The territory so called extended in ancient times only from Tralee to the Shannon. Its more ancient names would appear to have been *Cairbrighe*, or *Corbraighe*.

³ *Cuilleann O' g-Cuanach*. This is the present name of Cullen, in the county of Tipperary, near the borders of the county of Limerick. It originally belonged to the territory of Coonagh, now a barony, in the north-east of the county of Limerick.

hunter like him, and so the king said to him : if Cumhall had left any son, methinks thou art he, but we have not heard of Cumhall having left any son, but Tulcha Mac Cumhail, but he is in military service with the king of Albain.¹

He afterwards bids farewell to the king, and goes away from him to Cairbrighe, at this day called Ciarraighe² [Kerry], and he staid with this king in military service. The king came one day to play chess. He [Finn] played against him, and won seven games in succession. Who art thou ? said the king. The son of a peasant of the Luaighni of Teamhair, replied he ; Not so, said the king ; but thou art the son whom Muirenn [my present wife] brought forth for Cumhall ; and do not be here any longer, that thou mayest not be killed while under my protection. After this he went to Cuilleann O g-Cuanach³ to the house of Lochan, a chief smith : he had a very comely daughter, Cruithne by name ; she fell in love with the youth. I will give thee my daughter, said the smith, although I know not who thou art. The daughter then cohabited with the unknown youth. Make lances for me, said the youth, to the smith. Lochan then made two spears for him. He then bade farewell to Lochan, and went his way. My son, said Lochan, do not go on the passage on which the boar called Beo is usually [to be] seen ; it has devastated the [whole of] Middle Munster. But the youth happened to go on the very pass where the pig was. The pig afterwards rushed at him ! but he made a thrust of his spear at it, and drove it through it, so that he left it lifeless, and he brought the head of the pig with him to the smith as a dower for his daughter. From this is derived Sliabh muice⁴ in Munster.

The youth then went into Connaught to look for [his uncle] Crimall, son of Trenmor. As he went on his way he heard

⁴ *Sliabh Muice*. i.e., the Pig's mountain, now Slieve Muck, situated between the town of Tipperary and the glen of Aherlow.

cualaid zúl na h-éin mhá. Luid fáil co n-acca in mhá, ocur ba déna fóla cech ne fecht, ocur ba rchéit fóla in feacht aile, co mba deirg a bél. Jrac bél deirg, a ben, ol ré. Aca deiréin ocum, ol rí; m'oen mac do marbad d'oen laec forznanba móin do nála cucum. Cía ainn do mhic, ol ré. Slonba a ainn, ol rí. Jf de aca Áth n-Slonna ocur Tócair n-Slonna for Maenmuig, ocur 1f ón bél deirgí rín aca Áth m-Bel Deirgí ó rín ille. Luid dín Fínd indégaid in laich, ocur ferait comloinn ocur do fuic lair é. Jf amlaib imoiriu buí rín, ocur corribolz na réd aigí .i. feoid Cumuill. Jf de dín do nochairi ann rín .i. Liaé Luacia. Jf é céd zúin Cumull 1 cach Chucha.

Téid 1 Connaécaib iar rín, ocur fazeib Criumall ina reidín a n-dicheib caille ann, ocur drem don reiréin mháille fuir, ocur 1f iad rín do zíní relza do. Tócaib in corribolz dín do ocur acféc a rcéla ó túr co deine, ocur aiháil no marb fer na réd. Ceilebraib Fínn do Criumall, ocur luid noime d'fozlaim éicr co Fínnécer no boí for Boín. Nín lam umoirio beich a n-Éirinn cerna no co n-dechaib ne filibeét, ar eagla mac Uirzreth ocur mac Mórna.⁴

Secht m-bliadna do Fínnéicr for Bóin oc urháize iach Linné Feic; aín do buí a cairnínzine do eo Féic do tomaile, ocur cen ní na aihéir icr íarum. Fírch in m-briadan, ocur no h-erbad do Deimne umoirio in briadan

¹ *Maenmhagh*, Moinmoy, a territory lying round Lough Reagh in the present county of Galway; but the situations of *Ath-Glonda*, i. e. the ford of Glonda, and of *Tochar-Glonda*, the causeway of Glonda, are now unknown by these names.

² *Ath-Beldeirg*, i. e., ford of Red mouth, not identified unless it be Bal-lyderg.

³ *The Boinn*, i. e. the river Boyne in Meath.

⁴ Here ends folio 119 of the original MS. and on the upper margin of folio 120, in the handwriting of the scribe, is the following observation:—

the wail of one [solitary] woman. He went towards her, and viewed the woman: The first tear she shed was a tear of blood, and the other was a gush of blood, so that her mouth was red. "Thy mouth is red, O woman!" said he— I have cause for it, said she: my only son was killed by a huge ugly hero, who came to me. What is thy son's name? said he. Glonda is his name, said she. From him Ath-Glonda and Tochar-Glonda in Maenmbagh¹ are called, and from this Belderg the name Ath-beldeirg² remains ever since. Finn then went in pursuit of the hero, and they fought a combat, in which he fell by him [Finn.] The way he was situated was, he had the treasure bag with him, i.e., the [bag containing the] treasures of Cumhall. The person who fell here was Liath Luachra, he who first wounded Cumhall in the battle of Cnucha.

He now proceeds into Connaught, and finds Crimall, then an old man, in a desert there, and some of the old Fianns along with him, who were wont to chase for him. He gave him the Corrbholg, and told him the news from beginning to end:—how he had killed the possessor of the treasures. He bids farewell to Crimall, and goes forward to *Finéces* [who lived at the Boinn³] to learn poetry. He durst not remain in any part of Ireland until he took to learn poetry, from fear of the sons of Uirgrena, and the sons of Morna.⁴

Seven years Finn-eges remained at the Boinn [Boyne] watching the salmon of Linn-Feic,⁵ for it had been prophesied that he would eat the [sacred] salmon of Fec, and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards! He caught the salmon, and ordered [his pupil] Deimne to roast

" Ἄ μαρτυρὴ ἢ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἐπισητὸν ὄντι κοίτην."

O Mary [Virgin] it is long till Edmund comes from the meeting.

This was Edmund Butler for whom the MS. was transcribed.

⁵ *Linn Feic*, i. e. the pool of Fec, a deep pool in the River Boyne, near *Ferta fer fecc*, the ancient name of the village of Slane, on this river.

do fuinne, ocuf arbert an file fhuir cen nī don bradān do
 tomaiġc. Do bert in zilla do an bradān ġar na fuinne,
 mār comlir nī don bradān, a zilla, ol in file. Nīco,
 ol in zilla, aġc mo ōndu do loirceġ, ocuf do padur in
 beolu ġarġar. ġā h-āim ġil oirġā, a zilla, ol rē.
 Deimne, ol in zilla. Fim do āim, ol rē, a zilla, ocuf
 ir dūġ eucad in bradān dīa tomaiġc, ocuf ir tu in Fim do
 ġir. Toimlīd in zilla in bradān ġarġar. Ir in ġā
 do ġac in fūr do Fim .i. an ġā do berted a oirġar in
 beolu, ocuf noġān ġā Teimlaeġā, ocuf no ġāllrġā
 do ġāram in nī no bīd 'nā āimfūr.

Ro foġlaimġum in ġēid de nemġiġur ġilīd .i. Teim
 laeġā ocuf Imur for Oirā, ocuf Dīcedul dīcennāib. Ir
 ānd in do noine Fim in lāġ ġi oc ġromād a ēirġi :

Cerġemān cān nee ! no ġāir ānd cūch !
 ġānāġ lūn lān lān, dīa m-beirġ lāġāġ ān.
 ġāim do ġā ġāāid deān, ir foġen ġāim ġāir,
 Ruīdīġ ġūē ġū, ġāimne ceir cāll ġāib.
 Ceārbūid ġāim ġāāll ġūuch, ġāġīd ġāāġ luach lūn,
 Leāāid folc foda ġāāġ, foirbūid cānāch fān Fim,
 Fuāāāir dīrġell rceill ġīġine, imūid neid inān nūch
 ġēāā,
 Cūirġeān ġā ġāān, cūġġhīn blāc in bīc.
 Beirāid * * *

¹ *Finn is thy name.* It appears that our hero had concealed from his master Finn-Egés that he had been known by the name of Finn, after he had drowned the nine boys in Magh-Liffe. But the poet finding that he had first tasted of the salmon of *Linn Féic* without intending it, saw that the ancient prophecy was fulfilled in him, and that his real name must be Finn. O'Flaherty states that our hero assisted his father-in-law Cormac son of Art, in compiling codes of laws; and the Life of St. Columkille compiled by Manus O'Donnell, states that he possessed the gift of prophecy, and foretold the birth and future greatness of St. Columkille.

it, and the poet told him not to eat of the salmon. The young man brought him the salmon after cooking it. Hast thou eaten any part of the salmon, O young man? said the poet. "No," replied the young man, but I burned my thumb, and put it into my mouth afterwards. What name is upon thee, O youth? said he. Deimne, replied the youth. "Finn is thy name,¹ O youth," said he, and it was to thee the salmon was [really] given, [in the prophecy] to be eaten [not to me], and thou art the Finn truly. The youth afterwards consumed the salmon, and it was from this the [preternatural] knowledge was given to Finn, i.e., when he used to put his thumb in his mouth, and not through *Teinm Laegha* [poetical incantation,] whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him.

He learned the three compositions which signify the poets, namely the *Teinm Laegha*,² the *Imus for Osna*, and the *Dicedul dicennaib*; and it was then Finn composed this poem to prove his poetry:

May-day³ delightful time! how beautiful the color!⁴

The blackbirds sing their full lay, would that Laighaig
were here

The cuckoos⁵ sing in constant⁶ strains, how welcome is
the noble

Brilliance of the seasons ever; on the margin of the
branchy woods

The summer suail⁷ skim the stream, the swift horses
seek the pool,

The heath spreads out its long hair, the weak fair bog-
down grows.

Sudden consternation attacks the signs, the planets in
their courses running exert an influence:

The sea is lulled to rest, flowers cover the earth.

² *Teinm Laegha*. For a curious account of this poetical incantation as given in Cormac's glossary, the reader is referred to the "*Battle of Magh Rath*," printed for the Archaeological Society, p. 46. It is said that

St. Patrick abolished the *Teinm Laegha* and the *Imbas for Osmá*, as being profane rites, and allowed the poets to use another called *Dichedál do chendaibh*, which was in itself not repugnant to Christianity, as requiring no offering to false gods or demons.

³ *May-day*, *ceccemáin*, is glossed *bellcaíne* by O'Clery. It signifies the beginning of summer.

⁴ *Color*, *cuic*, *gl. dá*, *color*, *gl. cuinne*, *gl. 5th*, *face*, *countenance*, *mien*.

⁵ *Cáí*, *gl. cuada*, *cuckoos*.

⁶ *Constant*, *cuad*, *gl. 5th*.

⁷ *Summer swail*, *gl. the swallows*. The words of this fragment, which was considered to be the first composition of Finn, after having eaten the salmon of the Boyne, is very ancient and exceedingly obscure. The translation is only offered for the consideration of Irish scholars, for it is certain that the meaning of some of the lines are doubtful. The poem obviously wants some lines at the end; and Mr. Cleaver states, that the remaining portion of the manuscript is so defaced as to render it totally illegible.

INDEX.

A.

Agallamh na Seanoiridh, quoted, 14, n.
 Aherlow, glen of, 16, n., 29, n., 299, n.
 Albain (Scotland), 298.
 Allen, 296.
 Almhuin, 286. hill of, 18, n.
 Ancient Irish swords, where deposited, 140, n.
 Ancient map, quoted, 18, n.
 Ancient prophecy, fulfilment of, 302, n.
 Antrim, 4, n.
 Antrim, (Lower), 17, n.
 Apparitions, 24, n.
 Armagh, 23, n., 63 n.
 Assaroe, 15, n.
 Ath Beldeirg, 300, n.
 Ath-Clonda, its present name, 300, n.
 Athlone, 290, n.

B.

Ballinaskellig bay, 22, n.
 Ballybunion, 17, n., 73, n., 80, n.
 Ballyderg, 300, n.
 Ballyshannon, 15, n.
 Ballyvourney, 185, n.
 Bania, 4, n.
 Bann, river, 50, 50, n., 57.
 Bansha, 16, n., 29, n.
 Bantry, 29 n.
 Bardic satires, 90, n.
 Barrington, Sir Jonah, estates of, 18, n.
 Barron, Philip F., 164, n.
 Barrow, river, 43, n., 50, n.
 Battle of Downpatrick, 14, n.
 Beantraighe, 296, n.
 Bearrna-an-da-Ghoill, 40, 40, n., 41.
 Bearrna-an-Scail, 50, 50, n., 51.
 Belanagare, 30, n.
 Beinn Bothair, 21, n.
 Benignus, 200, n.
 Blackbirds, 217, n., song of, 4, n.
 Bladhna, mountain of, 292, n.

Boinn (the Boyne), 300, 300, n., 301.
 Boraimhe, Brian, 71, n.
 Bothar, peak of, 20, 21.
 Bolus head, 22, n.
 Boyne, river, 235, n., 286, 300, n., 301, n.
 Brandon bay, 18, n.
 Bregia, 284.
 Breifne, 65, n.
 Butler, Edmund, 283.

C.

Cairbre, land of, 30, n.
 Cairbrighe, 298, n.
 Caiseal (Cashel), 201, n.
 Cambrensis Eversus, quoted, 3, n.
 Cape Clear, 138, n.
 Carbury, barony of, 14, n.
 Carolan the poet, 136, n.
 Carrick-on-Suir, 50, n., 284.
 Carrigeen, 50, 51, 51, n.
 Cas, Cormac, 286.
 Cashell, 200, n. kings of, their prerogatives, 17, n.
 Castle Island, 291, n.
 Castleknock, 288, n.
 Cavan, 288, n.
 Cais-Chorainn, 21, n.
 Chess-playing, antiquity of, 56, n.
 Ciarraighe (Kerry), 298, n.
 Ciarruighe Luachra, 22, n.
 Cill Easbuig Broin, 18, n.
 Cill Stuiifin, 231.
 Clanwilliam, barony of, 16, n.
 Clanna Morna, their inheritance, 16, n.
 Claire, battle of, 30, n.
 Clane, barony of, 70, n.
 Clare, 51, n., 140, n., 230.
 Cleaver, Rev. E. D., 283.
 Clonmacnoise, annals of, quoted, 288, n.
 Clonmel, 16, n., 50, n.
 Cloonsast, parish of, 294, n.
 Cnoc-an-air, 16, 17, where situated, 17, n.

- Cluain Conaire, (Cloncurry), 71, n.
 Cnoc-an-Scail, 18, n.
 Cnu, 4, 5.
 Cnucha, battle of, 288, 288, n., 289.
 Cobhthach Caol Breagh, 30, n.
 Comyn, Michael, 230.
 Conall Gulban, 30, n.
 Connall, country of, 15, n.
 Conn of the hundred battles, 71, n., 286.
 Conan Maol, 19, n., anecdote of, 114, n.
 Connaught, 30, n., 286.
 Connellan, Professor, quoted, 18, n.
 Coolagarronroe, 232.
 Corann, where situated, 21, n.
 Corcaiguiny, barony of, 4, n.
 Corca-oiche, 284, 288, 289.
 Cormac Mac Airt, 173, n.
 Coonagh, territory of, 298, n.
 Cork, 29, n., 50, n., 138, n., 232, 234., 296, n.
 Corrbholz, 300, 301, its use, 280, n., 288, 289.
 Coshbridge, barony of, 24, n.
 Coshmore, barony of, 24, n.
 Crannagh, 283.
 Crom, one of the idols of the pagan Irish, 30, n.
 Crom Cruach, 31, n., 65, n.
 Crom Dubh, 31, n.
 Cromleac, where found, 4, n.
 Crotta Cliach, 294, n.
 Cruachan Chruim, grouse of, 30, 31, where situated, 30, n.
 Cuckoo, 28, n., ancient Irish name for, 304, n.
 Cuilcontuin, 288, 289. Where situated, 288, n.
 Cuillean O'g-Cuanach, 298, n.
 Cullen, 298, n.
- D.
- Daire Dearg, 206, n., 288, 289.
 Dair Inis, (isle of oaks), 24, n.
 Dallan, (pillar stone), 217, n.
 Dal Cas, the O'Briens, 286.
 Dearg son of Fionn, adventures of, 15, n.
 Dece, 71, n.
 Deers, their skeletons, where deposited, 216, n.
 Deise, Teamrach, 71, n., a tribe name, 71, n.
- Derrycarn, 28, 29, 32, n., song of the blackbird of, 30, 31., where situated, 28, n.
 Desmond, the great Earl of, 232, 283, 284.
 Dinn Senchus, quoted, 42, n.
 Dodder, river, 216, n.
 Doire an Chairn, 31, n.
 Dornnach Chroim Dhuibh, 31, n.
 Donegal, 15, n., 30, n.
 Dord Fhiann, 4, 5., 68, 69, 76, n., 217, n. Its use, 2, n.
 Down, 16, n.
 Downpatrick, ancient name of, 14, n. battle of, 14, n.
 Dromahaire, barony of, 17, n.
 Drom Dearg, 14, 15. its ancient name, 14, n.
 Druim Lis, (now Drumlease), where situated, 17, n.
 Druim-re-Cor, otter of, 30, 31,
 Druim Imnocht, 284.
 Drumcliff, ancient name of, 14, n.,
 Drumlish, 16, 17.
 Drum Lease, *see* Druim Lis.
 Dublin, 140, n., 216, n.
 Ducks, 28, 29.
 Dumbach, 231.
 Dun Cearmna, its present name, 284.
 Dundaletghlas, 14, n.
 Dunderum, bay of, 16, n.
 Dungarvan, 16, n., 232.
 Dun g-Grot, fort and castle of, 16, n.
 Dunne, John, 217, n.
 Dunore, where situated, 187, n.
 Dwyer, 29, n.
- E.
- Eamhuin, 18, 19.
 Eas Aedha Ruaidh, 15, n.
 Eas Ruaidh, 14, 15.
 Erne, river, 15, n.
 Erris, where situated, 17, n.
- F.
- Fail, Fians of, 50, 51.
 Faoidh, meaning of the term, 14, n.
 Fec, pool of, 301, n.
 Fenian hounds, their names, 202, 203, signification of, 203, n.
 Feigile, its ancient name, 294, n.
 Fenian games, 4, n.

Fera cul, 284.
 Fermanagh, 29, n., 30, n.
 Fiachadh, Suighdhe, 71, n.
 Fians, their chieftainry, 288, 289.
 Fídh Gaibhle, 42, n., 294, n.
 Finland, king of, 4, n.
 Finn-eges, 300, 301, 302, n.
 Finn's first poem, 302, 303. His pedigree, 285.
 Finnabhagh, where situated, 290, n.
 Fíodh Chuillinn, (Feighcullen,) 71, n.
 Firbolgs, 286, 290, n.
 Fochaoil, 22, 22, n., 23.
 Formaol, 18, 19, 22, 22, n., 23.
 Formaol-na-bh-Fian, where situated, 18, n.
 Fothartas, 287.
 Four Masters, quoted, 16, n., 17, n., 24, n., 30, n., 31, n.

G.

Gaelic Society, transactions of, quoted, 32, n.
 Galty mountains, 294, n.
 Galway, 14, 15, 16, n., 234, n., 300, n.
 Garristown, 234, n.
 Garryricken, 217, n.
 Gleann-na-g-Caor, stag of, 28, 29, 29, n.
 Gleann Damhain, 24, n.
 Gleann-da-dhaimh, 24, 24, n., 24.
 Gleann-da-Mhail, lowing of the calf of, 16, 17.
 Gleann-na-m-buadh, whistle of the eagle of, 30, 31.
 Gleann-na-Sgail, 4, 4, n., 5.
 Glensmoil, 216, n.
 Glen of the two oxen, 24, n.
 Glen Rath, 4, 5.
 Gleoir, the redhanded, 292, 293.
 Glonda, the ford of, 300, n.
 Gilla-Brighde Mac Conmhíde, chief poet of Ulster, 15, n.
 Grenane, 18, n.
 Grianan, its meaning, 168, n.
 Griffin, Martin, 140, n.

H.

Hares, 28, 29.
 Hawks, 30, n.
 Hore, Herbert F., 285.

Horses, how brought to Ireland 85, n.
 Howth, hill of, 84, n.
 Hui Tairraigh, 288, 289.

I.

Ibh-rathach, 22, n.
 Idol worship, 65, n.
 Ikeathy, 70, n.
 Inbhear, Geiniath, 85, n.
 Inchiquin, 282, lake of, 50, 51, 51, n.
 Inis Fail, 164, n.
 Iorrus, scream of the seagulls of, 16, 17.
 Irish druids, 65, n.
 Irish proverbs, 79, n.
 Irish names, their identity, 184, n.
 Irish families to whom the prefix "Maol" belongs, 19, n.
 Iverk, barony of, 283.
 Ivy leaves, their great size, 216, n.

K.

Keash, 21, n.
 Kells, 21, n., 28, n.
 Kelly, the late Rev. M., D.D., 3, n.
 Kerry, 4, n., 17, n., 18, n., 23, n., 23, n., 50, n., 60, n., 138, n., 200, n., 285, n., 291, n., 292, n., 296, n.
 Kilbenny, 292.
 Kildare, 18, n., 49, n., 70, n., 217, n., 286, 295, n.
 Kilkenny, 4, 50, n., 51, n., 70, n., 217, n., 283.
 Killarney, 235, n. Ancient name of the lakes of, 200, n.
 Killarory, parish of, 16, n.
 Kilruah, 140, n.
 Kilnaboy, 51, n.
 King's County, 286, 292, n., 295, n.
 Kinsale, old head of, 284.
 Knockanar, 73, n.

L.

Laithreach Brain, 70, n.
 Lake of the three Caols, 28, 29.
 Where situated, 28, n.
 Lamhraighe, 292, n.

Lahinch, 231.
 Laraghbrine, 70, n.
 Leabhar Gabhala, quoted, 29, n.
 Leabhar na g-Ceart, quoted, 5, n.
 Leac-an-Scail, 4, n.
 Leacht-an-Scail, 4, n.
 Leahy, Mr. William, 32, n.
 Leath Ard, 72, 73, 73, n.
 Leir-na-bh-Fian, 16, 17, 18, n.
 Leitrim, 17, n., 30, n.
 Leinster, 18, n., 70, n., 285, 286, 287, 295, n. Ancestors of the kings of, 284.
 Letter Lea, 4, 4, n., 5. Blackbird of, 16, 17.
 Liars, held in contempt by the Irish peasantry, 213, n.
 Liffey, plain of, 295, n.
 Limerick, 73, n., 284., 298, n.
 Linn Feic, 300, 301, 301, n.
 Lismore, book of, 287, 288, n.
 Loch Lein, 200, n., 201, n.
 Loch Meilghe, 29, 29, overflowing of, 30, n.
 Lodan, Mac Lir, 85, n.
 Lough Erne, 28, 29. The ducks of, 28, 29. Where situated, 29, n.
 Lough Gill, 17, n.
 Lough Gur, 232.
 Loughrea, 16, n.
 Lough Reagh, 300, n.
 Luachair Dheaghaidh 22, 22, n., 23. where situated, 226, n.
 Luaighni, their history, 288, n.
 Luaghni Teamhrach, 284.
 Lumhan, meaning of the term, 21, n.

M.

Mac Adam, Robert, 216, n.
 Mac Airt, Cormac, 286.
 Mac Cumhaill, Fionn, 284.
 Mac Conmara, 19, n.
 Mac Faolain, 71, n.
 Macroom, 185, n.
 Mac Lughach, why so called, 206, n.
 Mac Firbis, Duaid, quoted, 29, n., 284.
 Mac Murrrough's reign, 76, n.
 Mac Ronain, Caoilte. How occupied, 20, n., his agility, 285.
 Mac-an-Loin, 42, 42, n., 43, 46, 47, Maenmhaigh, its present name, 300, n.
 Magh Feimheann, 4, n.

Magh Finn, 290, n.
 Magh Laighean, 71, n.
 Magh Life, its present name, 295, n., drowning of nine youths in, 302, 302, n., 303.
 Magh-Maoin, 16, n., bellowing of the ox of, 16, 17.
 Magh Sleacht, 31, n., 65, n.
 Maon, plain of, 16, n.
 Maonmhagh, 16, n.
 Maynooth, 71, n.
 Mayo, 17, n.
 Meath, 28, n., 32, n., 72, n., 138, n., 235, n., 236, 288, n., 300, n.
 Meilghe, lake of, 30, n.
 Miol muighe, (the hare), 4, n.
 Mitchelstown, 232.
 Modhchorb, 30 n.
 Modeligo, 72, n., parish of, 17, n.
 Molana, 24, n., 25, n.
 Molbthach, Meilghe, 30, n.
 Moore, quoted, 236.
 Moore, the Hon. Mr. 24, n.
 Mount Grud, 16, n.
 Mount Uniacke, 16, n.
 Mountain Castle, 17, n.
 Moyelly, 286.
 Muirenn, her pregnancy, 292, 293.
 Muireann, a general name for women among the ancient Irish, 292, n.
 Munster, 286, 296, n. King of, 200, n.
 Musical Instruments peculiar to the Ancient Irish, 2, n.

N.

Naas, 48, 49, 49, n., 70, n.
 Newhall, 31, n.
 New Ross, 50, n., ancient name of, 280.
 Niall of the Nine Hostages, 15, n.

O.

O'Brain, (O'Byrne), 71, n.
 O'Breasail's country, 232.
 O'Briens, 51, n.
 O'Ceirbhaill's (O'Carroll's), 200, n.
 O'Connor, 231.
 O'Connor, Dr. Charles, quoted 30, n.
 O'Clery, John Boy, 283, 304, n.
 O'Connor, Hugh Mac Felim, 14, n.
 O'Creghan, 196, n.
 O'Daly, Carroll, anecdotes of, 64, n., 65, n.

O'Donchadhas, 200, n.
 O'Donnell, Manus, 302, n.
 O'Donohoe, M.P., The, his descent, 200, n.
 O'Donovan, Dr., 31, n., 76, n.
 O'Duibhne, Diarmuid, his *ball searc*, or beauty spot, 20, n.
 O'Dunnes, how they got their motto, 292, n.
 O'Flaherty, quoted, 4, n., 31, n.
 Ogle, George, 50, n.
 O'Grady, 82, n., 140, n.
 O'Herlihy, 185, n.
 Oisin, legend of, 233.
 O'Keefe, Mr. James, 17, n.
 O'Kelly, William Boy, his hospitality to bards, 90, n.
 O'Leihin's country, 232.
 Omens, belief in, by the ancient Irish, 170, n.
 O'Neill, Brian, 14, n.
 O'Quin, family of, 51, n.
 Ormonde, 283, 284.
 Oscur, great call of, 16, 17.
 Ossory, Upper, barony of, 18, n.
 Osorian, expert chess-players, 57, n.
 Otter, remarkable instance of the voracity of, 29, n.
 Otters, 28, 19.
 Oughteranny, 70, n.

P.

Pagan worship, 65, n.
 Palliser, William, estates of, 18, n.
 Pap mountains, 296, n.
 Petrie, Dr., quoted, 164, n.
 Piltown, 283.
 Pinkerton, quoted, 286.
 Portarlington, 294, n.
 Pottlesrath, 283.

Q.

Queen's County, 18, n., 292, n.

R.

Rathcroghan, 30, n.
 Raymond le Gros, his place of interment, 25, n.
 Reading, Thomas, 18, n.
 Remarkable headstone for rebels, 165, n.
 Ridge by the stream, 30, 31.

Rinn-rathach, 22, 22, n., 23.
 Riofog, English name of, 21, n.
 River Erne, n.
 Roscommon, 21, n., 30, n., 290, n.
 Round Towers, 14 n.
 Rower, 50, 50, n., 51.
 Ruan, 230.
 21, n.
 Rudhraidghe, son of Partholan, where drowned, 16, n.
 Rughraidhe, wave of, 16, 16, n., 17.

S.

Salmon of Fec, 300, 301.
 Salmon Leap, 15, n.
 Salt, barony of, 70, n.
 Seasgnan, (now Slievegoe), parish of, 16, n.
 Scal Balbh, (the Stammerer), 4, n.
 His monument, 4, n.
 Scotland, 164, n.
 Shannon, river, 298, n.
 Sheahan, Daniel, 73, n.
 Sheep, slaughter of, by an otter, 30, n.
 Sidh, Fionn's sister, her fleetness of foot 285.
 Skreen, hill of, 234, n.
 Slane, ancient name of, 301, n.
 Sliabh Bladhma, 292, 292, n., 293.
 Sliabh g-Crot, 16, n. Chace of, 16, 17.
 Sliabh Cua, 16, n., 17, n. Fawns of, 16, 17.
 Sliabh g-Conaill, from whom called, 30, n. The hawks of, 28, 29.
 Sliabh Cuilinn, 22, 23.
 Sliabh Guillinn, 23, n., 63, n.
 Sliabh Luachra, 22, n., 50, 50, n., 51, 291, n.
 Sliabh Mis, (now Slieve Mish), where situated, 17, n. Murmur of the streams of, 16, 17.
 Sliabh Muice (the Pig's Mountain), 299, n.
 Sliabh-na-m-ban 5, n., 50, 50, n., 51. Fenian, traditions of, 217, n.
 Slieve Bloom, 292, n.
 Slieve Muck, where situated, 299, n.
 Sligo, 18, n.
 Smith, quoted, 25, n.
 Smerwick, 138, n.
 Specimen of an ancient Irish Lullaby, 292, 293.
 Stone of destiny, 130, n.
 Stone-throwing, antiquity of, 64, n.

- Clelland, James, Esq., Irish-street, Downpatrick.
 Cole, W. L., Esq., Proprietor of the *Irish American*, New York.
 Coleman, Rev. Wm., C.C., Glauntane, Malloy.
 Coleman, Everard Home, Esq., F.R.A.S., F.R.C.S., General Register and Record Office of Seamen, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, London, E.C.
 Collins, Rev. J., C.C., Innishannon, Bandon.
 Collins, Edward F., Esq., *Hull Advertiser*, Hull.
 Collis, Capt., City-quay, Dublin.
 Comyn, Francis Lorenzo, Esq. Lissinard, Ballyvaughan, Burren, Co. Clare.
 Condon, Pierce, Esq., Brooklyn, New York.
 Condon, James, Esq., Ardreagh, Rathkeale.
 Connellan, Professor, Queen's College, Cork, and Dublin.
 Considine, Mr. Donald, Jail-street, Ennis.
 Conway, M. E., Esq., General Post Office, Dublin.
 Cooper, Rev. Leonard Leader, A.B., The Castle, Antrim.
 Coote, Henry C., Esq., Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.
 Cosgrave, Michael, Esq., Ballagherreen, Mayo.
 Costello, John, Esq., Galway.
 Cousins, Rev. Sidney Leslie, A.B., Banteer, Co. Cork.
 Creagh, Pierce, Esq., J.P., Barrister, Mount Elva, Co. Clare, and Mountjoy-square, Dublin.
 Crean, Thomas J., Esq., Dungarvan
 Cronnelly, Mr. Richard, Kilcolgan, Co. Galway.
 Crowe, Thomas, Esq., J.P., D.L., Dromore, Ruan, Co. Clare.
 Crowley, Cornelius, Esq., Bandon.
 Culbert, Robt., Esq., Stannus-place, Lisburn.
 Culhane, James, Esq., Ballysteen, Askeaton.
 Cullen, Luke, Esq., Mount St. Joseph, Clondalkin.
 Cullinan, Ralph, Esq., Malgowna, Ennis.
 Cumming, George, Esq., Markethill,
- Cummins, Rev. Jeremiah, C.C., South Presbytery, Cork.
 Cunningham, D. P., Esq., Crohane, Killenaule, Co. Tipperary.
 Cussen, Very Rev. Robert, D.D., P.P., V.G., Bruff.
- D.
- Dunraven, The Rt. Hon. the Earl of, Adare Manor, Adare.
 Daly, John, Esq., Charleville, Enniskerry.
 Daly, R. B., Esq., West-street, Drogheda.
 D'Alton, Henry, Esq., Ballagherreen, Co. Mayo.
 Dalton, Mr. Patrick, Dungeehy, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.
 Davenport, Tyrrell, Esq., Ballynacourty, Co. Clare.
 Dee, Jeremiah, Esq., Newtown-Sandes, Co. Kerry.
 Delany, George, Esq., Longford Terrace, Kingstown.
 Delany, Mr. Hugh, Glandore, Roscarberry, Co. Cork.
 De Vere, Aubrey, Esq., Curra-chase, Adare.
 De Vere, Stephen, Esq., M.P., Curra-chase, Adare.
 Dinan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Clondagad and Ballynacally Co. Clare.
 Doherty, Rev. Philip Vincent, O.P., Chapel House, Denmark-street, Dublin.
 Doherty, John Izod, Esq., Bloomwood, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.
 Doherty, William Izod, Esq., 21, Westland-row, Dublin.
 Dolphin, Mrs., Corr-House, county Galway.
 Donegan, John, Esq., Dame-street, Dublin.
 Dowden, Richard (R.), Esq., Rath-lee, Sunday's Well, Cork.
 Dowling, Robert, Esq., 107, Great Howard-street, Liverpool.
 Drummond, Rev. Wm. Hamilton, D.D., M.E.I.A., 27, Lower Gardiner-street, Dublin.
 Drummond, William, Esq., Rockvale Castle, Stirling.
- E.
- Eassie, William, Jun., Esq., Gloucester.

Egan, George William, Esq., M.D.,
Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
Ellis, Richard, Esq., Glenasrone,
Abbeyfeale.
Enright, Timothy, Esq., Castle-
martin, Rathkeale.

F.

Fairholme, Mrs., Comragh House,
Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford.
Faughney, James, Esq., Castlebar.
Ferguson, Samuel, Esq., Barrister,
20, N. Gt. George's-st., Dublin.
Field, John, Esq., Blackrock, Co.
Dublin.
Finn, Jeremiah, Esq., 114, Patrick-
street, Cork.
Finn, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Ardfi-
nan, Clonmel.
Fisher, Rev. Wm. Allen, Kilmoe,
Schull, Skibbereen.
Fitzgerald, Edward, Esq., A.B.,
Nelson Terrace, Youghal.
Fitzgerald, Robert, Esq., Geraldine
Place, Kilkee.
Fitzgerald, Gamaliel, Esq., George's-
street, Limerick.
Fitzgerald, John Lloyd, Esq., Gle-
nastar House, Newcastle West,
Co. Limerick.
Fitzgerald, Rev. F., Donnybrook.
Fitzgerald, Very Rev. Archdeacon,
P.P., Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.
Fitzgibbon, Danl., Esq., Rathkeale.
Fitzpatrick, W. A., Esq., Kilma-
cud Manor, Stillorgan.
Fleming, John, Esq., Clonea, Car-
rick-on-Suir.
Foley, Rev. Daniel T., D.D., Pro-
fessor of Irish, Trinity College,
Dublin.
Foley, Mr. John, Royal Marine Ar-
tillery, The Fort, Cumberland,
Portsmouth.
Foley, John W., Esq., 19, Shepper-
ton Cottages, New North Road,
Islington, London.
Forrest, Rev. John, C.C., D.D.,
Kingstown.
Foster, Capt. Francis Blake, J.P.,
H.C., T.C., Forster Park, Galway.
Fowler, Thomas Kirwan, Esq.,
Alexandria, Egypt.
Franks, Rev. James S., Reens,
Rathkeale.

Frazer, Rev. D., Manse of Fearn
by Tain, Scotland.
Frost, John, Esq., Solicitor, Ennis.

G.

Gabbett, Lient.-Colonel, Madras
Artillery, India.
Gabbett, Rev. Robt., M.A., Glebe,
Foynes, Co. Limerick.
Gauge, —, Esq., Museum of Irish
Industry, Dublin.
Geoghegan, J. C., Esq., Surveyor-
General of Excise, London, Ennis.
Geoghegan, Henry, Esq., M.A.,
C.E., Calcutta.
Gibson, John, Esq., Kilrush, Co.
Clare.
Gilligan, Rev. P. J., C.C., 61,
James's-street, Dublin.
Glennon, T. P., Esq., Coventry.
Goff, Michael, Esq., 4, Barker-st.,
Waterford.
Good, Rev. John, C.C., Galway.
Goodman, Rev. James, A.B., Ard-
groom, Castletown, Berehaven.
Graves, Rev. Chas., D.D., F.T.C.D.,
M.R.I.A., Dublin.
Graves, Rev. Jas., A.B., Kilkenny.
Grealy, Rev. Thos., P.P., KiltTho-
mas, Diocese of Kilmacduagh.
Greaven, Anthony, Esq., Grand
Parade, Cork.
Green, Thomas, Esq., Ennis.
Griffin, Mr. Martin, Kilrush.

H.

Hill, Lord George Augusta, Ramel-
ton, Co. Donegal.
Hackett, Wm., Esq., Midleton.
Hallinan, Mr. John, Ballinakilbeg,
Castlemahon.
Hammond, Thos., Esq., Drogheda.
Hanley, Joseph, Esq., Barrister,
25, Lr. Gardiner-street, Dublin.
Hanley, Wm. Francis, Esq., M.D.,
Holycross, Thurles.
Hanna, J. W., Esq., Saul-street,
Downpatrick.
Harold, Charles, Esq., Curah,
Crookstown, Co. Cork.
Harpur, Geo., Esq., Sheep House,
Drogheda.
Hartigan, Patrick, Esq., Cloonagh,
Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.

- M'Carthy, T., Esq., Bandon.
 M'Cullagh, Niall, Esq., Buenos Ayres.
 M'Devitt, Rev. James, C.C., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.
 M'Evoy, D., Esq., Urlingford, Co. Kilkenny.
 M'Gauran, John, Esq., Westland-row, Dublin.
 M'Ginty, M., Esq., Bray.
 Madden, Rev. John, C.C., Gort, Co. Galway.
 Madigan, Thomas, Esq., Kilrush.
 Madigan, Andrew, Esq., Kilrush.
 Magauran, Patrick, Esq., Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim.
 Magennis, Edward Augustus, Esq., 8, North-street, Newry.
 Maguire, Edward, Esq., J.P., Barrister, Gortoral House, Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan.
 Maguire, Nathaniel, Esq., Bonebrook, Bawnboy.
 Mahony, Rev. Laurence, Buttevant, Co. Cork.
 Mahony, Richard, Esq., Dromore Castle, Kenmare.
 Marnel, Mr. John, Pallas, Maryborough.
 Martin, John, Esq., 26, Rue Lacepede, Paris.
 Meagher, Very Rev. Monsignore, William, D.D., V.G., P.P., Rathmines, Dublin.
 Meagher, Rev. John, C.C., Lorrha, Borrisokane.
 Meany, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir.
 Meany, Rev. G., C.C., St. James's Church, Blackburne Lancashire.
 Moloney, Rev. Michael, C.C., Kilbride, Wicklow.
 Moloney, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Mullough, Miltownmalbay.
 Moloney, Rev. E., P.P., Cloughjordan & Monsea, Co. Tipperary.
 Moloney, P., Esq., Jail-st., Ennis.
 Monsell, Rt. Hon. William, M.P., Tervoe, Co. Limerick.
 Moore, John, Esq., Solicitor, Midleton, Co. Cork.
 Moore, Rev. Philip, C.C., Piltown, Co. Kilkenny.
 Moore, Mr. Wm. E., N.T., Castlemahon.
 Moran, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Kilkee.
 Moran, Michael, Esq., Drumgragh, Ennis.
 Moriarty, M., Esq., St. Mary's Cottage, Dumfries.
 Moroney, Jeremiah, Esq., Philadelphia.
 Morris, Henry, Esq., 4, Little Shipstreet, Dublin.
 Moxon, Wm. Milson, Esq., Surveying General Examiner of Excise, Somerset House, London.
 Moylan, John, Esq., Rathkeale.
 Moynahan, Mortimer, Esq., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
 Mulcahy, Rev. E., P.P., Timoleague, Bandon.
 Mullane, Mr. Michl., Castlemahon.
 Murray, Rev. Thomas L., P.P., Kilcoiman, Mallow.
 Murphy, Rev. Dominick, South Presbytery, Cork.
 Murphy, Rev. Wm., C.C., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
 Murphy, James, Esq., 1, Lombardstreet, Dublin.
 Murphy, M. A., Esq., 7, James's-street, Liverpool.
 Murphy, Rev. T., P.P., Youghal.

N.

- Nash, David William, Esq., Barrister, 9, Vyvyan Terrace, Clifton, Bristol.
 Nash, Rev. A., Rathkeale.
 Nealon, Jas., Esq., Toonagh, Ennis.
 Newell, Rev. T., C.C., Ennistymon.
 Newport, Rev. Andw., C.C., Ennis.
 Nicholson, John Armitage, Esq., Belrath, Kells, Co. Meath.

O.

- O'Brien, Rt. Rev. Dominick, D.D., Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Waterford.
 O'Hea, Most Rev. Michael, D.D., Bishop of Ross, Skibbereen.
 O'Brien, William Smith, Esq., M.R.I.A., Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick (4 copies).
 O'Brien, Edward W., Esq., Sch., 40, Trinity College, Dublin, and Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

- O'Brien O'Fiely, T., Esq., A.B., LL.B., Ruby Lodge, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
- O'Beirne-Crowe, John, A.B., Professor of Celtic Languages, Queen's College, Galway.
- O'Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C., South Gloucester, County of Carleton, Canada West, North America.
- O'Brickley, Mr. David, 27, Hatton Garden, London.
- O'Brien, Patrick, Jun., Esq., Clare Castle, Co. Clare.
- O'Brien, Richard, Esq., 56, Camden-street, Dublin.
- O'Brien, Robert, Esq., Old Church, Limerick.
- O'Brien, Mr. Daniel, St. David-street, Cardiff.
- O'Brien, Rev. William, C.C., Kilmihil, Kilrush, Co. Clare.
- O'Brien, Mr. John, Ballycullen, Ashford, Co. Wicklow.
- O'Byrne, John, Esq., 7, Jardin Royal, Toulouse.
- O'Byrne, Messrs. P. & Co., Aston's-quay, Dublin.
- O'Callaghan, Eugene, Esq., Limerick.
- O'Carroll, Rev. Vincent, O.P., St. Saviour's Priory, Limerick.
- O'Carroll, Rev. Christopher, C.C., Rue Castle, Craughwell.
- O'Cavenagh, John Eugene, Esq., 6, Essex-street, Islington, London.
- O'Connell, D., Esq., M.D., Flintfield, Mill-street, Co. Cork.
- O'Connor-Kerry, Rev. Chas. James, C.C., Sandford, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
- O'Connor, Michael, Esq., Glengary, Kingstown.
- O'Connor, Mr. Thomas, 19, Shepherd-street, Oxford st., London.
- O'Connor, Mr. Michael, 97, St. Martin's Lane, London.
- O'Connor, Patrick, Esq., Secretary, Scientific and Literary Society, Kilrush.
- O'Daly, John, Esq., O'Daly's Bridge, Kells.
- O'Daly, Mr. John, 9, Anglesea-st., Dublin.
- O'Donnell, Michael, Esq., Solicitor, Charleville.
- O'Donnell, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Carrick-on-Suir.
- O'Donoghue, Rev. Edmund, C.C., Shannon-view, Shanagolden.
- O'Donoghue, Rev. Philip, C.C., New York.
- O'Donohue, Francis, Esq., Ballygurreen, Newmarket-on-Fergus.
- O'Donovan, John, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Barrister, 36, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin.
- O'Donovan, Mr. J., Lisbhege, Desert Serges, Bandon.
- O'Donovan-Rossa, Jeremiah, Esq., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
- O'Duffy, John, Esq., 75, Dame-street, Dublin (4 copies.)
- O'Driscoll, Denis Florence, Esq., A.B., Senior Scholar in Natural Philosophy, Queen's Coll., Cork.
- O'Driscoll, John, Esq., 10, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
- O'Driscoll, Patk., Esq., C.E., Ennia.
- O'Farrell, James, Esq., 1, Bevois Cottages, Bevois Valley, Southampton.
- O'Farrell, Rev. Mark, P.P., Fербane, Diocese of Ardagh.
- O'Farrell, M. R., Esq., 26, Upper Pembroke-street, Dublin.
- O'Flaherty, Martin, Esq., Galway.
- O'Flanagan, Mr. John, Wellbrook, Corofin, Co. Clare.
- O'Flynn, Rev. John L., O.S.F.C., Church-street Friary, Dublin.
- O'Gorman, Thos., Esq., 28, Heytesbury-street, Dublin.
- O'Grady, Admiral, Erinagh House, Castleconnell.
- O'Grady, Standish Hayes, Esq., Erinagh House, Castleconnell.
- O'Grady, Rev. Thomas, Berehaven.
- O'Grady, Rev. Thomas Standish, P.P., Adare.
- O'Grady, Mr. Stephen, Kilar Reidy.
- O'Grady, Edwd., Esq., Rathkeale.
- O'Hagan, John, Esq., Barrister, 20, Kildare-street, Dublin.
- O'Hanlon, Rev. John, C.C., 17, James-street, Dublin.
- O'Hanlon, David, Esq., M.D., Rathkeale.
- O'Hannigan, John, Esq., Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.
- O'Hara, Randall, Esq., 2, John-street, Cardiff.

O'Hara, John, Esq., Curlough, Bawnboy.
 O'Hea, Patrick, Esq., Bandon.
 O'Herlihy, P., Esq., 33, Ebenezer Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork.
 O'Higgin, Rev. R. J., Limerick.
 O'Horgan, Rev. —, C.C., St. Laurence O'Toole's, Dublin.
 O'Kelly, Wm, Esq., 32, Chestnut-street, Liverpool.
 O'Keeffe, Connor, Esq., Queen's College, Cork, and Abbeyview, Kilcrea.
 O'Kennedy-Morris, Michael, Esq., A.B., M.D., Queen's University, Boulie, Kilcooley Co. Tipperary.
 O'Laverty, Rev. James, C.C., Diocesan Seminary, Belfast.
 O'Loughlen, Sir Colman M., Bart., 20, Merrion-sq., South, Dublin.
 O'Loughlen, Bryan, Esq., Rockview, Ennis.
 O'Looney, Brian, Monreel, Ennistymon.
 O'Mahony, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Crusheen and Rath. Co. Clare.
 O'Mahony, Rev. Thaddeus A.B., 24, Trinity College, Dublin.
 O'Mahony, James, Esq., Bandon.
 O'Mahony, James, Esq., Ballivil-lone, Bandon.
 O'Meara, John, Esq., Birr.
 O'Neill, Geo. F., Esq., B.A., Newry.
 O'Neill, Neal John, Esq., Marino Crescent, Clontarf, and 82, Marlborough-street, Dublin.
 O'Neill, Rev. James, C.C., Rath-cormick, Co. Cork.
 O'Regan, Mr.,— N.T., Ballyvohan.
 Ormond, Robert, Esq., Mulgrave-street, Cork.
 O'Rourke, Rev. John, C.C., Kingstown, Co. Dublin.
 Orr, Samuel, Esq., Flower Field, Coleraine.
 O'Sullivan, Denis, Esq., Bantry.
 O'Sullivan, Mr. James, 2, Cowane-street, Stirling, Scotland.

P.

Parker, John H., Esq., Shamrock Lodge, Harold's Cross, Dublin.
 Parkhouse, Thos., Esq., Tiverton, Devon.
 Petty, John, Esq., C.E., Ennis.

Phayer, William, Esq., Limerick.
 Phelan, Mr. William, Walshestown.
 Pierce, Richard, Esq., Waterloo Place, Wexford.
 Pigott, John Edw., Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister, 96, Lr. Leeson-street, Dublin.
 Pontet, Marc, Esq., 8, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin.
 Power, Rev. Joseph, M.A., University Library, Cambridge.
 Power, William, Esq., 116, Barrack-street, Waterford.
 Power, Patrick James, Esq., Coolagh, Dungarvan.
 Prim, John G. A., Esq., Proprietor of the *Moderator*, Kilkenny.

Q.

Quaid, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Dromcollogher, and Broadford, Charleville, Co. Limerick.
 Quin, Very Rev. Andrew, P.P., V.G., Kilsenora and Kiltoraght, Co. Clare.
 Quinlivan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare.

R.

Raleigh, F. Gibbon, Esq., Castlemahon.
 Reade, Rev. Geo. Fortescue, A.B., Inniskeen Rectory, Dundalk.
 Reeves, Rev. William, D.D. Lusk, Co. Dublin.
 Reeves, Rev. John, C.C., Kilmeady.
 Reynolds, Thomas, Esq., City Marshall, Dublin.
 Roche, Lewey, Esq., 49, Patrick-st., Cork.
 Roche, Mr. Michael, Castlemahon.
 Rooney, M. W., Esq., 26, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
 Rowan, Very Rev. Archdeacon, D.D., M.R.I.A., Tralee.
 Rowland, John T., Esq., Solicitor, Drogheda.
 Royal Dublin Society, Library of, Kildare-street, Dublin.
 Russell, Thomas O'Neill, Esq., 103, Grafton-street, Dublin.
 Ryan, Andrew, Esq., Gortkelly Castle, Borrisoleigh.
 Ryan, Patrick, Esq., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

S.

Scott, William, Esq., Ranelagh, Co. Dublin.
 Shairp, John Campbell, Esq., the University, St. Andrews, Scotland.
 Shaw, Mrs.; Monkstown, Cork.
 Sheahan, Michael, Esq., Buttevant.
 Sheahan, Mr. Daniel, Ardagh, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.
 Sheahan, Mr. Michael, Newcastle West Post Office, Co. Limerick.
 Sheehan, Daniel, Esq., 115, Patrick-street, Cork.
 Sheehy, Geo., Esq., Castlemahon.
 Sheehy, Henry, Esq., Fort William, Ballingarry, Co. Limerick.
 Siegfried, Rudolf Thomas, Ph D., Trinity College, Dublin.
 Sigerson, Geo., Esq., A.B., Queen's College, Cork.
 Skene, William F., Esq., 20, Inverleith-row, Edinburgh.
 Smiddy, Rev. Richd., C.C., Mallow.
 Soanes, Robert L., Esq., 2, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill, London.
 Stack, Rev. John, C.C., Tomgeany, Scariff, Co. Limerick.
 Stackpoole, Capt. W., J.P., Ballyalla, Ennis.
 Stamer, Wm., Esq., M.D., Ennis.
 Stephens, Professor George, Copenhagen.
 Stephens, Thomas, Esq., Merthyr Tydfil, Wales.
 Sullivan, W. K., Ph. D., Museum of Industry, Stephen's Green, Dublin.
 Sweeny, Mr. William, Tanlebane.
 Synan, Very Rev. Dr., P.P., Shanagolden, Co. Limerick.

T.

Talbot de Malahide, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Malahide Castle, Malahide.
 Talbot, Marcus, Esq., Ennis.
 Thomson, Miss M. M., Ravensdale, Flurry Bridge, Co. Louth.
 Tierney, Daniel, Esq., A.B., C.E., Queen's University, Blackwater Lodge, Shannon Bridge, King's County.

Tighe, Robert, Esq., Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin.
 Todd, Rev. James Henthorn, D.D., S.F.T.C.D., F.S.A., President of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.
 Todd, Burns, and Co., Messrs. (per Librarian), Mary-street, Dublin.
 Tracy, Rev. John, C.C., Ballyneill, Carrick-on-Suir.
 Trevor, Rev. James, C.C., Bray.
 Troy, John, Esq., Fermoy.
 Tully, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Gort, Co. Galway.

V

Vandermaésérin, Mons. Corr, Bruxelles.
 Varian, Ralph, Esq., 105, Patrick-street, Cork.
 Vaughan, Rev. Jeremiah, P.P., Kilraghtis and Doora, Co. Clare.
 Veale, James, Esq., Cappoquin.

W.

Walsh, Michael, Esq., Labasheeda, Kildysart, Co. Clare.
 Walsh, Robert P. C., Esq., 34, Ebenezer Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork.
 Ward, John, Esq., Endowed School, Back-lane, Dublin.
 Ward, Rev. Peter, P.P., Turlough, Castlebar.
 Ward, Mr. Luke, Castlebar.
 Westropp, Ralph M., Esq., Ravensdale, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.
 White, John Davis, Esq., Deputy Registrar, Diocese of Cashel, Cashel.
 Wheeler, Rev. Robert, C.C., Celbridge.
 Whitestone, John, Esq., Clondagad and Ballinacally.
 Wilde, William Robt., Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S.I., M.R.I.A., 1, Merriion-square, North, Dublin.
 Williams, Wm., Esq., Dungarvan.
 Williams, Patrick, Esq., Dungarvan.
 Wilson, Andrew, Esq., Surveying General of Excise, Somerset House, London.
 Windele, John, Esq., Blair's Castle, Cork.

Woodlock, Mr. John, South Mall, Thurles.	Wynne, Mr. Michael, Lough Allen, Drumshambo, Co. Leitrim.
Wright, Charles H. H., Esq., A.B., 19, Trinity College, Dublin.	Wynne, Rev. —, D.D., Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
Wright, Edward P., Esq., LL.D., 5, Trinity College, Dublin.	Wyse, Capt. Bonaparte, Waterford Artillery, Waterford.

AUSTRALIAN CELTIC ASSOCIATION, SYDNEY.

Treasurer—JEREMIAH MOORE, Esq.

Secretary—W. DAVIS, Esq.

M'Encroe, The Venerable Archdeacon, Sydney.	Hilbert, Mr. J.
Piunkett, The Hon. John Hubert, Q. C., M. L. A., Sydney.	Kearney, Mr. Denis.
M'Carthy, Rev. Timothy, Armidale.	Lennan, Mr. James.
Corish, Rev. M. A., O.S.B.	M'Cormac, The Widow.
Beart, Mr. Bryan.	Mac Donnell, Mr. Randall.
Brien Mr. James.	M'Evilly, Mr. Walter.
Caraher, Mr. Owen Joseph.	Moore, Mr. Jeremiah.
Cleary, Mr. James, (Maryborough.)	O'Dwyer, Mr. John.
Cleary, Mr. Richard.	O'Molony, Mr. P. O'D. (Secretary.)
Covernry, Mr. Robert.	O'Neil, Mr. Thomas.
Crane, Mrs. Patrick.	O'Neil, Mr. Morgan.
Cunningham, Mr. Edward.	O'Neill, Mr. James.
Davis, Mr. Wm. M.	O'Neill, Mr. Cornelius.
Davis, Mr. John.	O'Reilly, Mr. Robert M.
	Reidy, Mr. P.
	Smith, Mr. James.
	Stevenson, Mr. John.

LONDON, CANADA WEST, ASSOCIATION.

Downes, Henry, Esq.	O'Mara, Patrick, Esq.
Irwin, William, Esq.	Robinson, William, Esq.
M'Cann, Philip, Esq.	Shanly James, Esq., Barrister.
Norris, Patrick G., Esq., Solicitor.	Tierney, John M., Esq., (Law Student,) Secretary.
Oliver, D. Noble, Esq.	

ERRATA.

Page 32, *note*, for 1880, read 1808.
 „ 152, *stanza 5, line 4*, for *ceann*, read *ceann*.
 „ 166, „ 1, „ 1, insert reference to the word *ceann*!.
 „ 213, *line 1, note*, for *may* read *nigh*.
 „ 221, *stanza 6, line 4*, for *bonds* read *pain*.

THE END.

