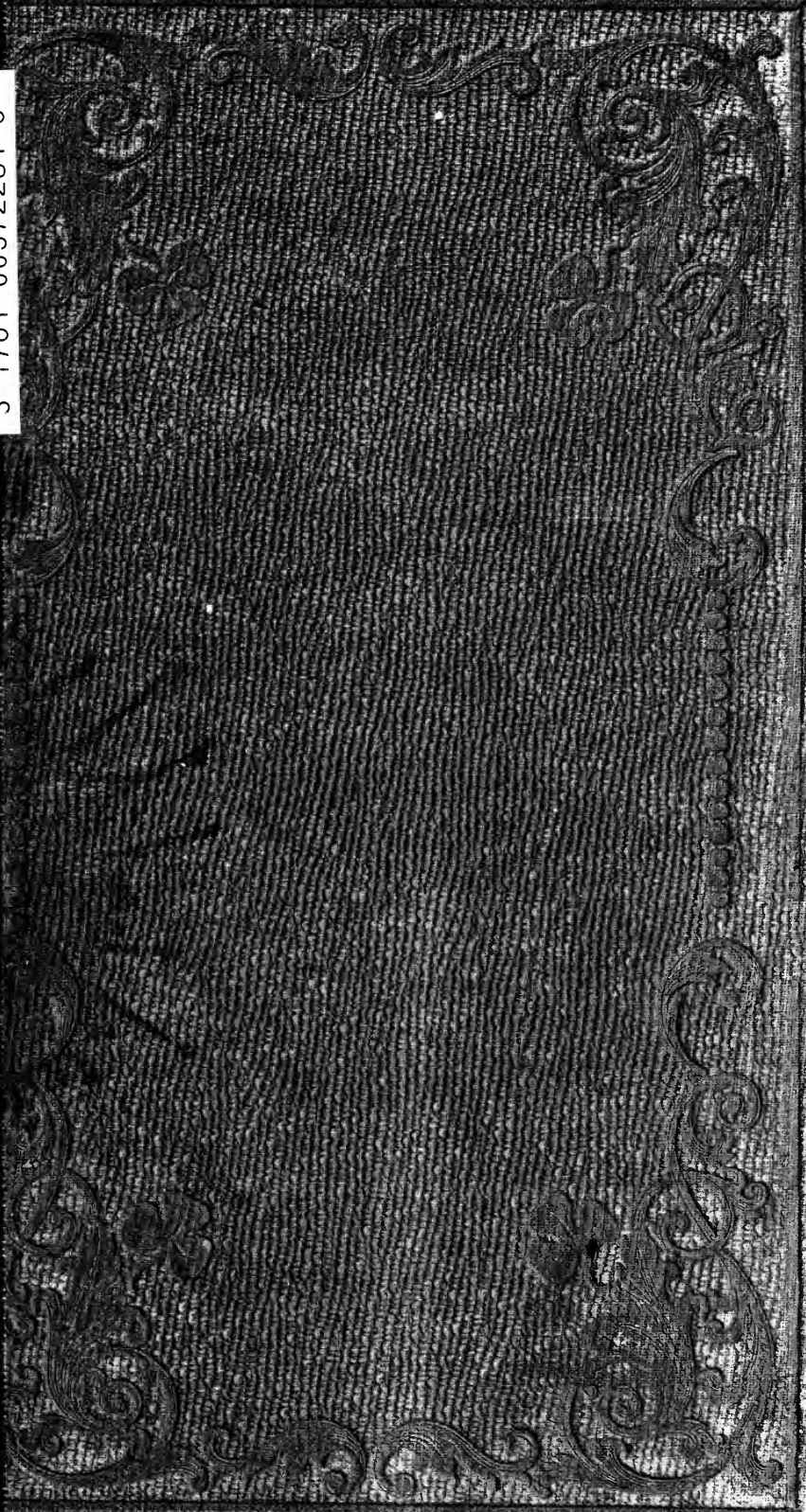


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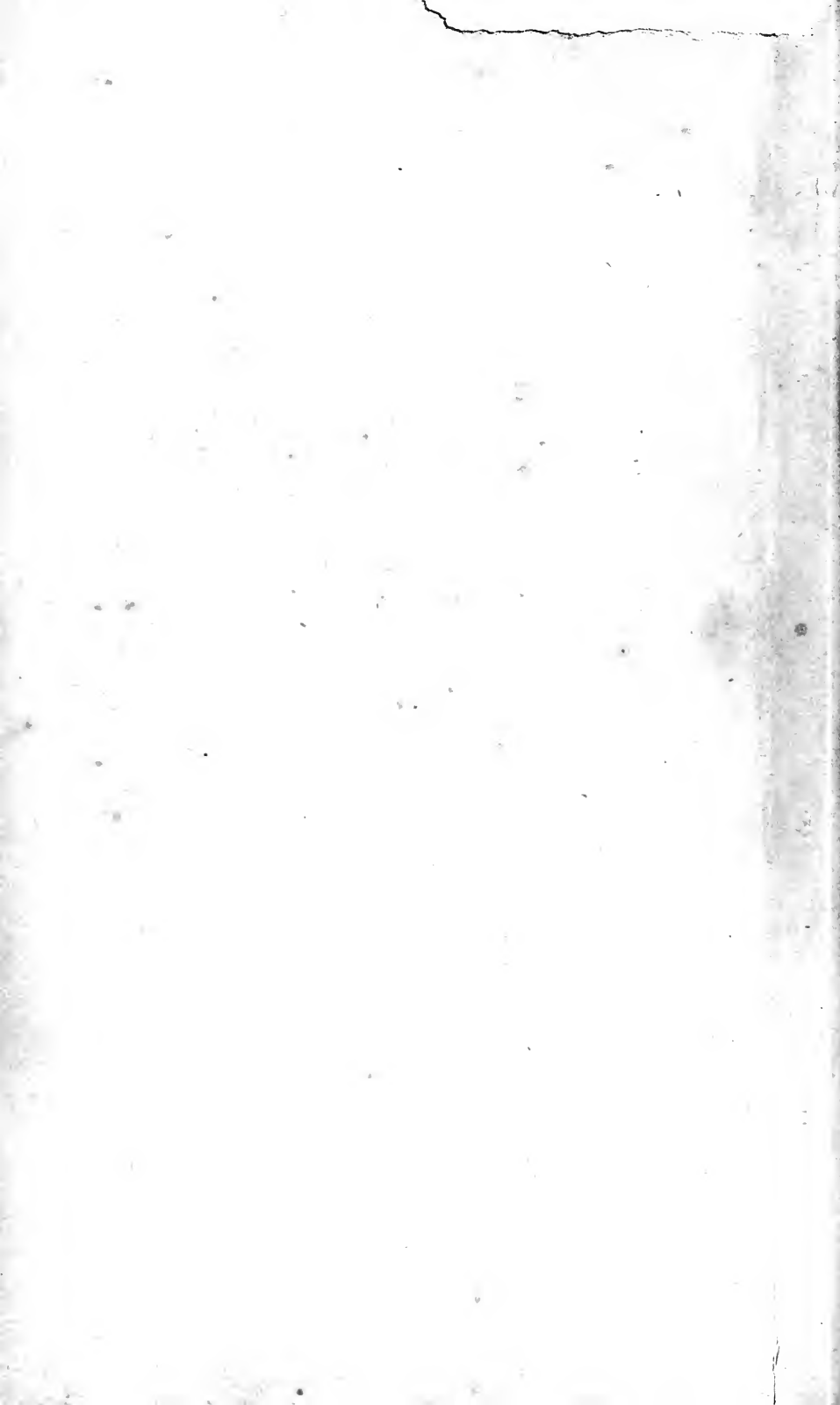






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TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.



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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1856.

VOL. IV.

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DUBLIN:

PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.

1859.



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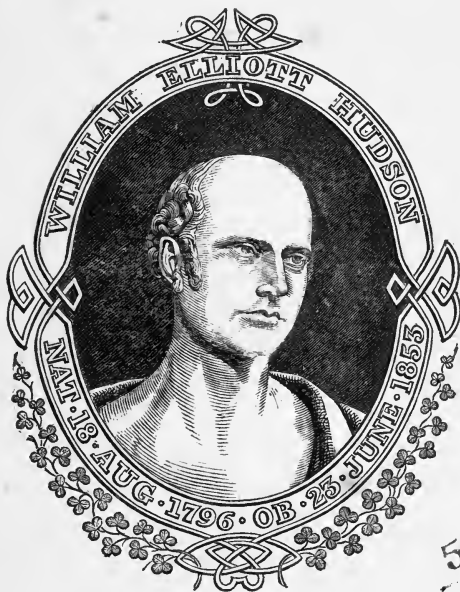
OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

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EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



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DUBLIN :

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

1859.

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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.

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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that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.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, "Τόριτζεαὶς Δηλατηρια Δξυρ Ξηταγησε," 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 *Seandúise*, 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. **Ἡ Καὶ Γαβρία**; 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. **Ἡ Φεῖρ Τῆς Ἐορταῆς Ἐν τῷ Σηλῆβη**; 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. **Τὸ Περὶ τῆς Διουμυδῆς Ἡρώδου**; or, an Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace, the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

IV. **Ἡ Λοιπὴ Ἑλληνιστικὴ Ποιητικὴ**; or, Fenian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, HONORARY SECRETARY.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **Ἡ Ἰστὴρία τῆς Μεγαλῆς Βαρδικῆς Συνέλευσης**; or the Departure of the Great Bardic Assembly, being the Introduction to the *Tain Bo Chuailgne*. Edited by Professor Connellan, from the book of **Ματθῆος Καρτέλιος Κιλάβας**: a vellum MS. of the XIV. Century. *In Press.*

II. **Ἡ Τάξη τῆς Μεγαλῆς Σποῆς τῆς Κουαίλνης**; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne (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, Tulaachs, War Chariots, Leanan Sighes, Mice and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuchullainn, called *Gai Bolg*; also Some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

III. **Ἡ Διαλέξις τῶν Σαφῶν**; 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. **Ἡ Καὶ Φηρῆς Τηράδα**; 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. *Caē Chnocá*; 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. 1725, 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 1467), near the banks of the River Suir, where great numbers of the Butlers' followers were drowned and slain, the book fell into the hands of this Thomas, and was afterwards the property of Sir George Carew, Elizabeth's President of Munster; but finally came into the hands of Archbishop Laud, who bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where it is now preserved, and the Society have permission to make transcripts of its contents.

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 Bnnratty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

IX. *Trí Truaḡ na Sḡealaḡḡeadaḡ*; 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.
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Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society for the Year ending 1855.

DR.	£ s. d.	CR.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions received for 1855 100 17 0	By Printing for 1855 79 9 11
— Arrears Do. for 1853 and 1854 3 5 0	— Binding 16 0 0
— Balance in hand from Do.	Do. 8 7 10	— Postage, &c. 7 19 4
— 13 copies (1855) not paid for	£3 5 0	— Engraving 1 13 0
— 307 copies Do. on hand 76 15 0	— Advertising 1 12 4
— 17 copies Do. for reviews		— Freight and Duty on Books to Australia 1 10 6
and exchange 4 5 0	— Stationery 3 0 4
		— Incidental expenses 0 13 10
		— Balance on hand 0 10 7
	<hr/> £112 9 10 <hr/>		<hr/> £112 9 10 <hr/>

(Signed)

EDWARD WM. O'BRIEN,
Treasurer.

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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 sustainment. 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 h-Éireann*; or, Book of Rights, consisting of various readings selected from the Book of *Baile-an-Mhota* (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 Archaeological 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.

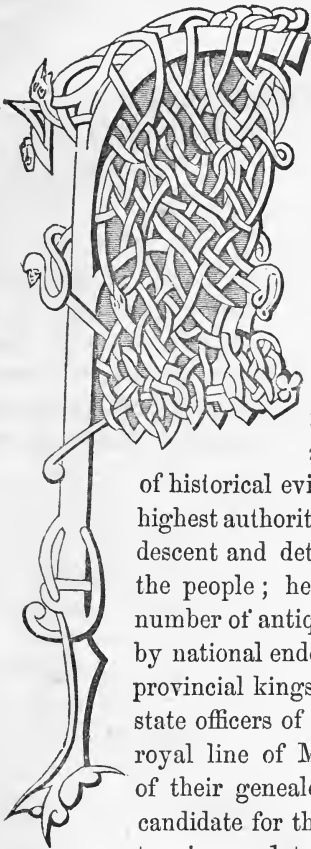
The Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, fully convinced that William Elliott Hudson had done more for Irish literature than Sir James Ware for its antiquities, and being desirous to pay the best tribute of respect in their power to the memory of one who took so deep an interest in their affairs, whilst 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 septs 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-Craoibhe-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 *leabair na 3-Ceairte* (Book of Rights), p. 48, n. g.

² *Hy Kinsellagh*. Ibid, p. 208, 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 Boromhe 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 cuir meirge caḱa Chuirḁ.*”

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 Cafferries 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 Firbises were the physicians.

The hereditary marshals of Desmond, or South Munster, were the O'Keeffes ; 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 1853, 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 Owny 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 ġrās Uí Bhríuáin*, 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 Seán 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 Eidirsgoil Mor, or the Great, the son of the descendant of Iarnaillin, which deed he committed in opposition to Lughaidh Riamhdhearg, and thereupon he became king of Ireland. From the aforesaid Nuada Neacht descended Fionn Ua Baoisene 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.

12017e FJANNUJ5heachta.

ԱՅԱԼԼԱՅԻ ՕՅՏՆ ԱՅՍ ՔԻԱՏՐԱՅԸ.



SՅՆ ԻՐ ԲԱԾԱ ԾՕ ԴԱՅ,
 ԷՐՄՅՆ ԲԱՐ Ա՛Ր ԷՐԷ ԱՆ Ե-ԴԱԼՄ;
 ԾՕ ԷՐԷՅ ԵՍ ԾՕ ԼՅՒ՛Ր ԴՕ ՊԵՐԷ,
 ՅԻԾ ԸՍՊԻՇԵԱ ԸԱՇ Ա՛Ր ՅԼԵՕ ՅԱՐԾ.

- O. ԾՕ ԷՐԷՅԵԱՐ ՄՕ ԼՅՒ՛Ր ՄՕ ՊԵՐԷ,
 Օ ՊԱՇ ՄԱՐՊԵԱՆՊ ԸԱՇ ԱՅ ԲԻՊՊ;
 ԱՆՆՐ ԱՆ Յ-ԸԼԷՐՊ ՊԻ՛Լ ՄՕ ՐՔԷՐ,
 ՇԵՕԼ ԾԱ ԷՐ ՊԻ ԲԻՊՊ ԼԻՊՄ.
- P. Ո՛Յ ԸԱԼԱ ԵՍ ԸՕՄ-ՄԱՅԷ ԾՕ ՇԵՕԼ,¹
 Օ ԷՍՐ ԱՆ ԾՕՄԱՆՊ ՅՍՐ ԱՊԼՅ;
 ՅԻԾ ԵԱՕԻ ԱՐԲԱԾ, ԱՐՄՅՆԼԻՇ, ԼԻԱՇ,
 ԻՐ ՄԱՅԷ ԾՕ ՄԱՐԲԱ ԸԼԻԱՐ ԱՐ ԸՊՕԸ.
- O. ԾՕ ՄԱՐԱՆՊՊՊԻ ԸԼԻԱՐ ԱՐ ԸՊՕԸ,
 Ա ՔԻԱՏՐԱՅԸ ԻՐ ԾՕՇՏ ՐՍՊ;
 ԻՐ ՄԱՐՄՅ ԾՍԷ ԾՕ ԸԱՆՊ ՄՕ ԸՐՍԷ,
 Ա՛Ր ՊԱՇ Ե-ԲԱՐԱՐ ՅՍԷ ԱՐ Ծ-ԷՍՐ.

¹ Ceól, *music*. The musical instruments peculiar to the ancient Irish were the harp and bagpipes. The *Dord Fiann* 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 Seanchuidhes 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 bhíne ná buir z-ceól,
 zjð mðr molar tu an élar;
 rzaltaruaç lojn leirneac Laoi,¹
 'r an faoið do zjð an Dorð Fhianh.

Smölaç mo-bínn zleanna Szajl,²
 nð monzair na m-baie az buair ne trairz;
 ba bhíne ljom trorð na z-con,
 ná do rzol-ra, a éleiruz éaið.

Cnù³ ðeirneoi, Cnú mo éuirp,
 an t-abac beaz do bí az Fíonn;
 an uair do feirnead cuir a' r buirre,
 do éuirnead rínn a d-toirnéim ruair.

Blatnarð an iuzean óz,
 uaç d-tuz mðrð d'feair faoi 'n n-ziréin;
 açt aihair do Chnú ðeirneoi,
 oc! a Phataric, ba bhínn a beal!

Án dá zadar ðeaz do bí az Fíonn,
 'n uair do léirzçí iad rð zleann Raç;⁴
 ba bhíne ná aðba cuir,
 'r a n-azairð ó'n t-Suirp⁵ amac.

¹ Szaltaruaç lojn 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 mjoí mjuze (our hare), the rjad ruad, or red deer, the buck and doe, the torc, or wild boar, and the cú allta, or faol-éú, the wolf, were the objects of their chase. Letter Lee is not yet identified.

² Zleann an Szajl, 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 Szajl, and Abairne an Szajl, about ten miles west of Dingle. leac an Szajl is still in existence. By accenting the letter a in the word Szajl these localities would mean the glen of the shade or shadow.

O. I have heard music more melodious than your music,
 Tho' greatly thou praisest 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. ┘

³ 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 3-Ceannt*, *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 Cnúó, 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 Chuinn hath woodlands green,
 Where Abhuin Mhor's waters flow ;
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
 Mo Chraoibhin Cno.
 Low clustering in her leafy green,
 Mo Chraoibhin Cno."

O. Τα ρζéal beaz azam-ρα αη Fhionn,
 ηí μαbαμαη ανη áct cúíς fíη déaz ;
 do žabαμαη ηιζ Sáγpan ηα b-φleaδ,
 'ρ do cúηneαμαη caé αηη ηιζ Ξηéαζ.

Do žabαμαη αη Ιηδία ηῶη,
 ba ηῶη αη ηεαηc azur αη δ-τρεαη ;
 cηíoc Loéλαηηη 'ρ αη Ιηδία íoηη,
 do éíς α ζ-cuηδ ὀηη ζo teaé Fhíηη.

Τuz řé ηαοí ζ-caéα ραη Spáηη,
 'ρ ηαοí b-φíccíδ caé α η-Εηηηηη uηη ;
 ηí'λ ὀ'η τ-ρηuc 'ηαη βαηρteaδ Cηíopε,
 ηac δ-τízeαδ α ζ-cíop ζo teaé Fhíηηη.

Τuz řé océ ζ-caéα ραη Spáηη éeap,
 á'ρ áηηδηιζ Loéλαηηη αηη λαηη leíρ ;
 ηρ beáct do bí αη δομηαη řá ηα éíop,
 ηρ é ba ηιζ αηη αη η-Ξηéíς bíς.

⁴ Ζλεαηη Kac, *Glen of the Raths*. Not traceable in the Four Masters, nor in the publications of the *Irish Archæological Society*.

L^o Suiη, *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, αη Fheoηη azur αη bηeαηba (hence the appellation "Sister Rivers"), at Cheek Point, six miles below Waterford, falls into the British Channel. *Donmchadh Ruadh Mac Conmara*, a Munster Poet of great celebrity, describes its waters thus, (see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, p. 48) :—

“Uíρze ηα Suiηe az bηúctac 'ηα flóζαíδ,
 Coíρ βαη-éηoc Eηηeαηη Oíς.”

While the waves of the Suir, noble river! ever flow,
 Near the fair Hills of Eire, 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 Lochlin 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 Lochlin'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 Barow, which doth hoord
 Great heapes of salmone in his deepe bosome ;
 All which long sundred, doe at last accord
 To ioine in one, ere to the sea they come.
 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 Bladhma 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'Suilliobhain, 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:—

“ Ἐπὶ τοῦ ἑὸς ἡμερῶν ἐπὶ τῆς ἑὸς ἡμέρας
 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. Wāiṃz dāiṃra d'ēan dā ēiṛ,
 'r zān mo rṑēiṛ a z-cluiṭce 'nā z-ceōl;
 am dōṃan cṛiṃon d'aiṭle an t-ṛluaiṭz,
 dam iṛ tṛuaṭz do beṛt beō!

Iṛ tṛuaṭz, a Phāṭṛaiṭc, an rṭṡeal,
 me beṛt tār ēiṛ nā b-ṛeari zo fanṃ;
 aṭz ēiṛṭeaṭt ne cliar 'r cloz,
 'r mē am ṛeanṭōiṛ boṭt ḡall.

Dā māiṛṛeāḡ Fṛionṃ aṭzṛ an Fṛhian,
 do cṛēiṭzṛiṃṃṛi cliar a'r cloiṭz;
 do leaṃṛaiṃṃ an ṛiāḡ ṛō'n ṃ-zleanṃ,
 'r ba ṃian liom bṛeiṭ ar a cōiṛ.

Jariṛ, a Phāṭṛaiṭc, neaiṃ ar Dhia,
 d'Fṛhionṃ nā b-Fṛianṃ 'r dā cṛaiṃṃ;
 dēan zṛiḡe ar an b-ṛlaiṭ,
 'r nāc z-cualāḡ a cōiṃ-maiṭ ned' liṃṃ.

P. Nī iariṛṛeāḡ-ra neaiṃ d'Fṛhionṃ,
 a ṛiṛ zṛiṃṃ ṛē'ṛ ēiṛiṭz m'ṛearṭz;
 'r zṛiṛ b'ē a ṃian ne nā liṃṃ,
 beṛt a ṃzliṃṃ aṭz ṛianṛan ṛealṭz.

O. Dā m-beṛṭeā-ṛa ṛariṛaiṛ an Fṛhian,
 a cṛēiṛiṭz nā z-cliar 'r nā z-cloz;
 ṃi ṭābāṛṛā ṭ'aiṛe do Dhia,
 nā do ṃiari cliar aṭzṛ ṛṭol.

P. Nī cṛēiṭzṛiṃṃṛe mac Dē bī,
 ar a d-tāiṃiṭz ṛōiṛ aṭzṛ ṛiari;
 a Oiṛiṃ, a ṛiṛle buiṭz,
 iṛ olc ṛaṭṭar duiṛ dīol nā z-cliar.

- 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-*fad* air *flab*;
 con allta¹ az *fa*zba*il* cuain,
 mo*id*a*il* a *flua*i*g* ba h-*e* a mian.
- P. Jr ionda mian do bi az Fionn,
 nac *z*-cuir*te*ar ruim an *da* eir;
 u*i* maireann Fionn na a con,
 'r u*i* maireid tur*a*, a Oir*in* feil.
- O. Jr mo do r*z*eal Fionn na rion,
 'r na a d-ta*in*i*g* ne ar lion ruam;
 a ndea*ca*id, 'r a b-*fu*il beo,
 b'feairi Fionn faoi oir na iad.
- P. *Ja*c ar bionnair a'r Fionn d'oir,
 ir olc na*ca*r do 'z*ur* duir;
 ta re a n-*ir*eann a n*ge*all,
 mar do *z*h*id*e*ad* feall a'r b*ru*id.
- O. Jr beaz a *ch*reidm-re do*b* z*lo*ir,
 a *fi*ri o'n R*oi*n na leabar m-ban;
 zo m-beit Fionn, an *fla*it *fi*all,
 az deamhan na az d*ia*bal air laim.

¹ Con allta, 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 Dubhliadh, 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 :—

“Cuiréir ocair buíthe brian,
 cinnéirceir cinn bair z-cuirad,
 co rímháir z-áirdean zríne zlan,
 n h-áirdeanár cinn ulad.”

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. Τα Ξιονη α η-ηρεαηη αηη λαηη,
 αη ρεαη ραηη δο βηοηηαδ όη;
 α η-έηηηε εαηηηηαηα αηη Φηα,
 τα ρέ δ-τεαé ηα β-ρλαη ραοι βηόη!
- O. Da η-βειδίη clanna Μόηηα αηηζέ,
 ηό clanna Βαοιηηε, ηα ρηη βα έηεαη;
 δο βέαηηαδαοιη Ξιονη αηαé,
 ηό δο βηαδ αη τεαé αα ρέηη.
- P. Cúηζ éóηε Eηηεαηη, ρó ρεαé,
 'η ηα ρεαéη ζ-αατα βη ραη β-Ψέηηη;
 ηη έηηβηαηδίη Ξιονη αηαé,
 ζέ'η ηόηη α ηεαηηε αζηη α δ-ηηέηη.
- O. Da ηαηηηεαδ Ψαολαη αζηη Ξοιι,
 Φηαηηηηδ δοηη α'η Οηηηη αηζέ,
 α δ-ηηζέ δαη έηη δεαηηαη ηα Φηα,
 ηη βειé Ξιονη ηα β-Ψηαηη αη λαηη.
- P. Da ηαηηηεαδ Ψαολαη αζηη Ξοιι,
 'η α ηαηβ αηη δο'η β-Ψέηηη ηηαηη;
 ηη έηηβηαηδίη Ξιονη αηαé,
 αη αη τεαé 'ηα β-ϕηιι α β-ρλαη.
- O. Cηέαδ δο ηηη Ξιονη αηη Φηα,
 αέη βειé αζ ηηαη εηαη α'η ηζοι;
 ζηεαη ηόηη αζ βηοηηαδ αη όηη,
 'η ζηεαη εηηε ηε ηειδίη α έοη.
- P. Δ ηζεαλλ ηε ηειδίη ηα ζ-αοη,
 'η ηε ηηαη ηα ηζοι ζαé αοη λα;
 'η ζαη αηηε αηζε αηη Φηα,
 αα Ξιονη ηα β-Ψηαηη αηη λαηη.

- 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 deiri tuḡa, a Phátraiḡ na maḡḡ,
 naḡ d-tuḡnaḡ aḡ Fhianḡ Fionḡ amaḡ;
 na cúḡ ḡḡḡe Eḡneanḡ leḡ,
 zḡ'ri mḡri a neairḡ faoi feaḡ.

Ta rḡeal beaḡ aḡam-ra ari Fhionḡ,
 nḡ maḡamar aḡ aḡt cúḡ firi dḡeaz;
 do zḡḡamar riḡ Breatainḡ na b-feaḡ,
 le neairḡ ari feaḡ zḡr ari laoḡ.

Do zḡḡaḡ liriḡ Maḡḡur mḡri,
 maḡ riḡ Loḡlariḡ na lonḡ m-breac;
 ḡanḡamar zan bḡḡḡ, zan rḡḡor,
 'r do cúḡneamar ari z-cḡor a b-faḡ.

A Phátraiḡ, ir truaḡ aḡ rḡeal,
 aḡ Riḡ-féiriḡḡ beirḡ faoi zlar;
 cḡoide zan aḡḡiḡeacḡt, zan feaḡ,
 cḡoide cḡuaḡḡ aḡ corḡaḡ caḡ.

Ir éazcḡri nari maḡḡ le Dia,
 ḡri a'r bḡḡ do ḡḡaḡḡ do neaḡ;
 nḡri dḡultaiḡ Fionḡ trḡeanḡ na truaḡ,
 irneanḡ feanḡ ma'r é a ḡeac!

Maḡḡaḡ maḡ Churḡaḡll fa maḡḡ zḡaḡi,
 éirḡeacḡt ri faoiḡ¹ Dhroma Deiriḡ;²
 codla fa rḡuḡ Eara Ruaiḡ,³
 'r fḡaḡ Zhairliḡe na z-cuan do feirḡ.

¹ Faoiḡ signifies a voice, hum, or sound.

² Dhrom beairḡ, literally *the red ridge*. In the *Agallam na Seanoiriḡ*, a very curious tract containing a complete history of the Fianḡa Eiriḡḡḡ, it is stated that Dhrom beairḡ 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. Dhrom beairḡ was also the ancient name of Dun ba leacḡlar, now Downpatrick, where a great battle was fought, A.D. 1260, 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 *Εας Ρυαϊδ*, or *Eas Aedha Ruaidh*, *Assaroe*, the Salmon Leap, a cataract on the river Erne, at the town of Ballyshannon in *Tir 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. Szaltarinnac loyn Léirneac laoi,
 tonn Ružnaribe¹ az buain me trairž;
 dorbdan an dainn ó mairž Mhaoin,²
 búire an laoiž ó Shleann da mairl.³

Fožar reirze rleibe ž-Crot,⁴
 ruaim na n-or uim flab ž-Cua;⁵
 monžair faoileann Jorruir⁶ éall,
 žair na m-badb ór cionn an t-fluaž.

Túrnam cneat na m-bairc me tonn,
 an-uall conairc do Mhuim-lir;⁷
 briačma Bhriain a ž-Cnoc an air,⁸
 'r žair na rreab uim flab Murr.⁹

Žlaod Orcair az dul do feirž,
 žoča žadar an Leirž na b-ſhian;¹⁰
 beir na řuide a mearž na n-dain,
 ba h-é řin do žnác a mian.

Mian do mianairb Orcair řeil,
 beir az éirteact me béim řžiat;
 beir a ž-cač az coržar čnam,
 ba h-é řin do žnác a mian.

¹ Tonn Ružnaribe, *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 Mairž Mhaoin, *the plain of Maon*, otherwise called Maonmhagh, a celebrated plain lying around Loughrea, in the county of Galway, the inheritance of the Clanna Moirne.

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

⁴ Šlab ž-Crot, *Šliabh 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 Bansha].—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1058, note y.

⁵ Šlab Cua, *Šliabh Cua*. Now the parish of Seasgnan in the county of Waterford, situated about midway on the road from Clonmel to Dunganvaran; 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 Oscur 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 Oscur,
 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 ʃoɾɾɾɾ, *Erris*. An extensive and wild barony in the north-west of the county of Mayo.—*Four Masters*.

⁷ ʊɾɾɾɾ-ɾɾɾ. 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. 1360, note i.

⁸ ʃɾɾɾɾ-ɾɾɾ-ɾɾɾ, 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 ʃɾɾɾɾ ʃɾɾɾ. 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 riu déaz do cúadmar riar,
do feilz zo Formaoil na b-Fianh;¹
laim ne h-éadan chorc an Scail,
d'féacáin éad naáa ar z-coilean.
- Aimanna an dá oéarri zriun,
do béarad duic a Thailzriun;
beicé dá h-déir ir truaaz an cúir,
monuar ir méala an iontúir.
- Wé féin 'r an flaic Fionn,
a' r mo mac Orcur na m-béimeann;
'r an té do buain O Baoirzhe ar bhuib,
an fear dub O Duibhe, Diaimuid.
- Tairiz linn Faolan fearda,
a' r tuur mac Aonéaruda Béarua;
Zlar, a' r Zeairi, a' r Zoba nar zann,
do éleact mór-éact a z-comlann.
- Tairiz linn Conán zann moirz,²
a' r Caol céadzoiheac ó'n Eairiun;
mac Luzaid nar banda, a' r nar éair,
a' r Soll mac Wóina do'n fúirun.

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

¹ Formaoil na b-Fianh *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 Almhuin in Kildare, where Fionn 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 Choc 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-Fianh, 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 Oscur 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.

² *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 :—

“*Νῆρον ὄρη δαη realab beῖτ ταῖαλ μαρ ἡαοι beaῖ,
 aῖ ποῖαη, ἡὸ aῖ ὅηαηαδ, ἡὸ aῖ caηcaδ ἡα cηé real.*”

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, Maolbrighde, Maolmhichil, Maoldamhaidh, Maolsheachlainn, Maolmhuire, &c.

O. Do bġ 'nar m-buidġy Lġazan luaimġeac,
 mar aon a' r Dairne duanaċ;
 Toba zaoġte a' r Conċabar an aġz,
 a' r Caoġte cranġċair mac Ronain.¹

Do bġ Brian air ċoinġell az Fionn,
 a' r ir azamra do bġ Szeolan;
 Fearan az Diarmuid na m-ban,²
 a' r Aiduaġll aġmar az Orcuir.

Eile breac az Faolan mac Fhinn,
 az Glar mac Aonċearġda Bċarra, Eirġll;
 az Seairi, a' r, az Toba na n-eac nġlan,
 do bġ Fead azur Forġaġz.

Do bġ Seairc az Conan maol,
 a' r Eirġeacċ az Caol ne na ċaob;
 az Luġaġd laġdġir ' r az Toll,
 do bġ Fuairm azur Focram.

Do bġ Luar az Lġazan luaimġeac,
 a' r Daċċaoġy az Dairne duanaċ;
 Lġim az Toba zaoġte an ġimġy,
 a' r Daol az Caoġte mac Ronain.

Szaoġteair dġimġy zadaġir ġġc Aġdġna,
 ra ġmeallaġb ċnoc na d-taġġġ;
 ra ċimġaraġb ċompoġda Choraġnġ,³
 a' r beal na loġan⁴ ne ranġd.

A' r rġd roġr zo beġimġ Bċairi,⁵
 ġimġ ba ċeolġmar ar n-adarġa;
 rġr Dhairne a ġ-ċoġll zo ġurċ-bimġ,
 a' r ġad az orġadaġl air ċaġġġ.

¹ Mac Ronain, *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 Gearr 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.

³ Κορηνη, now Keash, or Ceis-chorainn, in the county of Roscommon.

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

⁵ Βετηη βόταηη, the peak of Bothar. Not identified.

O. Seac̄t b-ḡt̄c̄j̄d̄ dam̄ allta laidiu,
 ō R̄j̄j̄j̄-ḡat̄ac̄¹ zo ḡoḡaoi;²
 caozad ḡaol̄c̄on, caozad moḡ-ḡoḡic,
 z̄j̄j̄om̄ aḡ ḡ-ōz̄-c̄on a b-ḡoḡmaoi.³

Siḡ aḡ c̄eād̄ la do ḡzaoiḡeād̄
 ḡuḡḡeayḡ d'ay ḡaoiḡj̄b̄ con a z-cluḡt̄c̄e;
 a'ḡ ḡj̄ ḡaj̄j̄j̄oḡḡ dā ḡaj̄b̄ a laḡaiḡ
 uē! a Ph̄at̄ḡaiḡ, ac̄t ḡj̄ḡe.

A Ph̄at̄ḡaiḡ, j̄ḡ ḡḡuaḡ ḡj̄ḡe,
 am̄ ḡean̄ōj̄i zo h-acuḡḡḡeād̄;
 z̄ay ḡéj̄m̄, z̄ay ḡapa, z̄ay ḡḡeoḡiḡ,
 aḡ ḡḡiall̄ c̄um̄ aḡḡḡj̄j̄j̄ zo h-alt̄ōj̄i.

Z̄ay aḡd-ḡj̄ad̄ac̄ Luac̄aiḡ D̄heaḡa,⁴
 z̄ay ḡj̄ol̄ta ḡléj̄be Cuḡj̄j̄j̄;⁵
 z̄ay dul a ḡ-z̄l̄aj̄d̄j̄b̄ le ḡj̄oḡḡ,
 z̄ay ḡj̄ay ḡz̄ol̄ ḡaj̄ c̄leaḡḡaiḡḡ.

Z̄ay deab̄ta, z̄ay d̄ean̄am̄ c̄ḡeād̄,
 z̄ay ḡḡj̄ḡc̄ aḡ c̄leaḡaj̄b̄ l̄uḡt̄;
 z̄ay dul aḡ ḡuḡḡz̄j̄d̄ ḡa ḡeḡz̄,
 dā c̄éj̄m̄d̄ ḡa ḡaj̄b̄ mo d̄új̄l̄.

P. S̄z̄uḡi a ḡean̄ōj̄i, léj̄z̄ doḡ baoiḡ,
 ḡj̄ beaḡ duḡḡ ḡeap̄ta a ḡ-deaḡḡḡaiḡoiḡ;
 ḡḡuaḡiḡ aḡ ḡa ḡj̄ayḡaj̄b̄ ac̄ta ḡeoḡad̄,
 d'j̄m̄c̄j̄z̄ aḡ ḡh̄j̄ayḡ aḡz̄ur̄ ḡḡc̄eoḡaiḡi.

O. Aḡa ḡm̄c̄j̄z̄im̄, a Ph̄at̄ḡaiḡ, ḡay ḡaz̄c̄ar̄ c̄ura,
 a ḡj̄i aḡ c̄ḡoiḡde ḡoḡḡḡj̄ḡz̄c̄e;⁶
 dā ḡaj̄ḡḡeād̄ Coḡay am̄ d̄aj̄l̄,
 ḡj̄ léj̄z̄ḡj̄de leat̄ do c̄j̄ayḡayḡ.

¹ R̄j̄j̄j̄-ḡat̄ac̄, a promontary, probably, in *Ibh Rathack*, (Iveragh) county of Kerry. Perhaps Bolus head on Ballinaskellig bay.

² ḡoḡaoi, not identified.

³ ḡoḡmaoi, see p. 18, note 7.

⁴ Luac̄aiḡ D̄heaḡa, 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.

⁵ *Slíabh Cuilinn*, now Sliabh Guillinn in the county of Armagh.

⁶ *Ṭoipiuirgēe*, 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-caṡaġb aġne a' r a n-ġliad ;
 taġne an colanġ ġan čeanġ¹
 čuġaġne ġo ġleanġ đa đamġ.²

Jr čuġad a čanġar đm čeač řėn,
 jr breaġča đač aġur ġnaoi ;
 aġ ġaġmaġđ aġrġe aġr an b-Fheġne,
 jr řėđir leo řn a ġėll.

Do ġėabair aġrġiod, đr, a' r bġurč ;
 bġod řn aġad aġr do čuairđ ;
 ġmčġ aġoir, do maġđ Fionn,
 jr mġđb ġne tu đul uaġne.

Nġ ġėabad aġrġiod čuġam ġa đr,
 a mġ-řėneġđ an ġđir đl ;
 ačt tura řėn, ġan čėrlč ar an b-řėne,
 do beġč aġam maġ čėle řr.

Jr bġačar đamġa, do maġđ an mġ,
 đa m-beġđne-řġ ġan ġnaoi řem řae ;
 ġa beġđne aġad-řa maġ řoir,
 ar a b-řurł đ ġeam ġo řėar.

O čuġair do bġačar aġr đ-čur,
 ar Oġrġ, a ġ-clor do'ġ Fheġne ;
 čurġmre čura řđ ġėr,
 mġa ġ-beġġir řėr ġom řėn.

Colan ġan čeanġ, 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 Shanaeloch," 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 *Ḡleann 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. **Այ** սալի ծօ բոսալիքար սալի մօ Լաօջ,
 շնչար աղ Ե-բալի բիւ ա Յ-ճէլլ ;
 ծօ Լալչիօր Լէ ա Յ-ճօրօրիծ,
 մարի ծօ՛՛ յի մօ քալէ ծօ միաօլ.
- Այ** շաճտ ծօ՛՛ն Բիւրիւն շնի Բալէ,
 յա Ծ-Երալի, յա Յ-ճաճիւրալի, յա Յ-ճիւրի ;
 աջ քաճճալի յա միա ծօ՛՛ Բալիւ,
 յիօր շնիա Լեօ ճէ՛ր շնիւրջե.
- Այ** շաճտ ծօ՛՛ն շօԼալիւն Յաղ ճաւիւն,
 ծօ Բի բիւճ ՛բաղ յի-Յլաւիւն ծ՛ալ Ծ-ճաճտ ;
 իր յօմծա ծիաօլ ծօ Բի քա ճիւ,
 ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ շնի ա՛ր ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ եաճ.
- Ճիւճ** Յ-ճաճ եաճ Յօնա բիւղի,
 ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ շնի Յօնա Յ-ճօրիւղի ;
 ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ Յիւղա յա քալի քարիւ,
 ա՛ր ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ քարի ծօ՛՛ն յիւճաճտ.
- Ճիւճ** Յ-ճաճ ճօրի յա յի-Բի ծի,
 ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ ճօրիւճալի ճօրի ա՛ր բիւղի ;
 ծա մաճ միաօլճե ծալիւրա, ծիւճ Յ-ճաճ Բօ,
 շնչար ծօմ ճիւլէ աղ աղիւծ յաճ.
- Ճօ** Բիւր քալիւն ծ՛՛Օրիւն քիւղի,
 իր միւլի յիւղի քիւղի ծօմ ճաճ ;
 ծօ ճաճալի շնի ճաճ ալիւրջե սալի,
 աճտ Յաղ սլիւրջե ծօ Բալի յիւր.
- Ճալիւր** քալիւղի քալի աղ Բ-Բիւրիւն,
 ծօ բալի աղ քալիւրջե քալի աղ Լօճ ;
 ծ՛՛միւլի աղ քալիւրջե ծօ յօրի աղալի,
 Յաղ քիւր ա բիւլի շնիւր աղիւճտ.

in the river Blackwater, in the barony of Coshmore and Coshbride, in the county of Waterford, near Ballinatray, 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 ruabac,
 'r éan beaz eile² ruar na beal ;
 a3 zabail a 3-cuarid ór ár 3-ceann,
 a3 reirnyim na b-foinn ran aebeair.

Do bádar a3ur Fionn féin,
 a3 féacáin na n-éan me real ;
 3an fíor, 3an tuairir3, cá n-deacáid an t-éan,
 ná fíor r3éala cá n-deacáid an bean.

P. Jr beaz rin, a deizimic Fhionn,
 n3 ruib a3ad iunte ac̄t real ;
 ir féairi fanamuin mari a taoi,
 ná beic ar3r na mear3.

O. A imc Airpluin an 3lóin óil,
 ir mar3 beir tao6 me cléin ná clo3 ;
 do bádar a3ur Caoilci, mo luad,
 a3ur do bádmair uairi nári boct.

Ceól me a 3-codlad Fionn 3an dóic̄,
 la cáin n̄ ó loc̄ na d-tn̄ 3-Caol ;³
 r3altairnac̄ loin Dhoine an cáin,⁴
 a' r búic̄ne an daim̄ ó 3leann-na-3-Caol.⁵

Dh̄a la cáin n̄ ó Loc̄ Eirne,⁶
 dá do6air-cóin⁷ ó Loc̄ Mheil3e ;⁸
 dá 3earm̄iad ó'n Mh̄ine tall,⁹
 a' r dá feabac rleibe 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 ruar3 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 Loc̄ na d-tn̄ 3-Caol, *the lake of the three Caols*. This is the name of a small lough near Kells in the county of Meath.

⁴ Doin̄e an Cháin, *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 Caoilte, 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 *Ḡleann na Ḡ-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 *loc Cerrne*. 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 *Ḡobaircōir*, 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. Fead an éiolaire ó Zhleann na m-buad,¹
 nó ó rZairic éruaid Dhruim le rruic;²
 cearta rruic ó Chruacán Chruim,³
 nó fead dobaróir Dhruim re Coir.

Szaltarhad loir Dhoirre an éaire,⁴
 n' éualad rruic, dar zo deirir,
 ceól ba bhine lom na é,
 acé zo m-beidoir fá bun a neid.

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 Loé Meilge, *the lake of Meilghe*. The Four Masters record, under date A.M. 4694, that Meilghe 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 Meilghe 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 Rruic 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 *Beinn* or peak of Gulban, where the hardest hawks in Ireland were found in the latter end of the fifteenth century.

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

⁵ Dhruim re rruic, *the ridge by the stream*. Unknown.

⁶ Chruacán Chruim, *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 ronnim, 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 iahbraitis ced gen gacha sotha, agus primighgen gacha clainde. As cuige do riacht Tigernmas me Foll. Ri Er dia Samna, co feraibh agus co mnaibh Eir maille fri Dia adhradh co ro sleacht sat uile idhu coro aemdhetar tuil an edan agus eth a sron, agus faircledha anglun corra anuillend, conebladar teor cethraimhe fher n Er ac na slechtaibh—unde Magh slecht dr.*" i.e. Campus stragis ita appellatur, quia ibi fuit præcipuum Idolorum Hiberniæ, nempe *Crom-Cruach*, et duodecim Idola Saxea circumstantia, et caput ejus ex auro, 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 *Samni*, cum Viris et mulieribus Hiberniæ, tali adoratione, et ulnas suas rumperent, cadendo et adorando, donec vulneribus infligerent etiam frontes suas, contunderent nasus, et genua, 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 a 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 *Doimne an Charn, Derrycarn.* In the *Transactions of the Gaelic*

O. Jr maiuꝥ dam ȝlac baiꝛteað muāi,
 ȝr olc dom onðiri ðari liom;
 aȝu m-beȝt ðam ȝan biad, ȝan deoð,
 aȝ ðéanaii tporȝa a' r úriȝaȝtce.

P. Ni h-olc, a ȝeanðiri, ðari liom,
 do ȝéabaiu naoi b-ȝtécid baiuȝiȝ arāiu;
 ȝona u-anȝlan ȝona a' r feðla,
 ȝr olc a u-abaiu tu, a ȝeanðiri.

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:—

<p>“Bini ȝri, a loȝi ðaiue an Chaiuȝi! Ni cūalar, an aru 'r an m-btē, Ceol buð biniȝe na do ȝuē, Alcar tu fa buȝ do uȝo.</p>	<p>Al aille ȝarf çaeȝie a çriȝe, 'S éð do cuuȝeáð anȝ an loȝ.</p>
<p>Alen ceol ȝr biniȝe fa'ȝ m-btē, Alaiuȝ naç éiꝛðenni ȝuȝ ȝo fōil, Al iȝic Alripluȝ na cclocc m-biniȝ, 'S ȝo m-beȝtá arȝi ar do uȝoȝ.</p>	<p>ȝolȝaiue loȝi ðoȝie an Chaiuȝi, búȝie an ðaiiȝ Fhailȝ na ccaer, Ceol le ccoðlað Fiȝuȝ ȝo moç, Laçaiȝ ó loç ta ççriç ccael.</p>
<p>Alȝar, maȝ ta aȝam ȝéu. ða m-beȝt ðeȝiȝiȝ ȝéil an eoȝi, Do ðéȝta ðéȝta ȝo ðiaȝ, 'S ni biad ç'aiue aiȝi ðia ȝo fōil.</p>	<p>Çerica ȝriaçiç um Çhiuaaçaiȝ çuȝiȝ, Feðȝaiȝ doðriȝiȝ ðriȝuȝ ða loç; ȝoça ȝilaiȝ ȝiȝiȝ na ȝȝuaç, loȝȝoȝie cuaç çuȝic na ȝcoç.</p>
<p>Al cçriç loçlan, na ȝrieb ȝoȝiȝ, Fuaiȝiȝ Alac Cūbaȝi, na ccoȝiȝ uðeiȝiȝ, Alȝ ç-éȝ do çȝiç anoȝ, Alȝ ȝri a ȝȝel buȝ ȝo ðerið,</p>	<p>ȝoça ȝaðari ȝleȝna çaeȝiȝ, ȝr ȝaiȝi Fhiliȝiȝ çaeȝic na ȝelȝ; Çaiȝuȝ na ccoȝiȝ aȝ çȝiȝal ȝo moç, Alȝæaç ó çȝiȝiȝ na ccoç uðeiȝiȝ.</p>
<p>Doȝie an çaiȝiȝ an çoȝil úð çȝari, Alaiȝ a uðéȝiȝiȝ an Fhiliȝiȝ ȝoȝ; </p>	<p>Alȝ çȝiȝiȝ do iȝaiȝiȝ Fiȝuȝ 'r an Fhiliȝiȝ, Doð anȝȝa leo ȝiȝad na çȝil, Fa biniȝ leoraȝ ȝuȝȝle loȝ, ȝoça na ccoç loȝ leo uȝiȝiȝ biȝ.”</p>

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 Alphron, 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. 2h béal ro az fmuozal leat,
 nar ubaéctar é ne rāzāre;
 zo m'féarri liom bhuurzar tīze Fhinn,
 na mo éur do' h cōirioirh.

P. Dob' é rih chuarc ná b-porē,¹
 azur fīadaé na hzarb-éhoc;
 irreahh ruair fō deiread,
 ar rzaé bur h-droic-éreiðirh.

O. Njor ba h-é rih dúinne féir,
 acé ar liorad d'fīoh a'r d'féðil;
 torac ceire a'r coéram flead,
 deoéa mlre, a'r cac da h-ól.

Jr crad liom Diarmuid azur Soll,
 azur Féarzur ba bhinn zlóir;
 ah uair naé léizéar dúirh a luad,
 a Phatmarc nuair, éairh d' h Róirh.

P. Ba céad linn tu da luad,
 acé zo d-tabarri d'aire ar Dhia ar d-túr;
 ōr ahoir ir deire dod' aoir,
 rzurri dod' baoir, a fīri zah lúé.

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 *Спугаѣ на б-роѣ, 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 Քհաճուայց լսոյր ծան շի՛ն թնն,
 օր աշած աճա աղ տ-ճւր յր բարի;
 աղ լիշքբար մօ չաճար նա մօ ճն,
 կոմ չօ ճնրտ թի՛ջ նա յշար ?
- P. Ձ թեանօր աճա ար եօր,
 ա՛ր նաճ բաճարմ շի՛ն ճօ ճնր օր ;
 յի լիշքբար ճօ չաճար նա ճօ ճն,
 լեատ չօ ճնրտ թի՛ջ նա թեճտ.
- O. Ճա մ-եաճ աշարա եիճ ալի՛ն ար Ճիա,
 ա՛ր չօ մ-եիճ մօ ճն ճօմ՝ թնն ;
 ճօ թարտեօճարն է ճօմ ճօրն,
 չիճ ե՛ն ճօ եճարճ եիճ ճան թնն.
- P. Նա հ-ճարն թնն ա թեանօր,
 ա՛ր տս ա յ-ճնրտ հ-ճօրտ ;
 յի ճօճարմ, չան երճաճ, աղ երթի,
 ճօ երթն ար մօ թի՛ջ-րի.
- O. Ճօմ՝ թարմ ճօն ճնրճ աղարն լարն,
 ճօ եի ար Քիարնայն Քրեան ;
 նա շիճարնա աղ ճնրճայն,
 աշար տրա թնն, ա Քիլնի՛ն.
- P. Ձ Օրն նա յճար լան,
 ճանար նա երթար երթ ;
 ճօմ՝ թարմ Ճա թե հ-ճօն ճօ,
 նա Քիարնայն Քրեան յր.
- O. Չիճ ճարտ աղար չան թարթար,
 ա՛ր մե լար չ-ճարթօն մ՛արտ ;
 ա Քհաճուայց, նա ճարն ալի՛ր,
 ճօ թարթն ճաննա Եօրտն.

- 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. Փա մ-Բլած աշարա Եօհայ,
 բար մլ-ԼԵԲԱՐԵԱ ՆԱ ԲՔԻՄՆԵ ;
 ԾՕ ԵՄԻՐԵԱԾ ԲԷ ԾՕ ՇԵԱՆՆԵԱ,
 ԱՐԵՂՅ ԱՄԵԱՐՅ ԾՕ ՇԼԷՅԻՆԵ.
- P. ԲԻԵՅԵ ԱՅ ԲՅՈՒՄԵՐԱՇԷՏ ԱՐ ԱՆ Ե-ԲՔԻՄՆ,
 Ա ԲԵԱՊԾՐԻ, ԻՐ ԵԱՕԷ ԾՕ ՇՈՐ ;
 ՇԱՐԻՄՆԵՅ ՅՕ Ծ-ԵԱՅՆԵՅ ԾՕ ՄԱԵ,
 Ա՛Ր ՅԱԵ ՄԱՇ ՓԷ ԱՐ ԾՕ ԴՅՈՒ.
- ԱԵԱ ԵՒ ԱՐԻՐԱԻԾ, ԲՅՐԻԵՇԵ, ԼԻԱԷ,
 Ծ՛ՄՊԵՂՅ ԾՕ ՇՂԱԼԼ Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ՅՄԵԱՆՆ ;
 ԼԷՅՅ ԾՅՕՇ ԱՆ ՇՈՒՄԱԾ ԾԻԱՆ,
 Ա՛Ր ԵԻՐԻԾ ԾՕ ԼԵԱԲԱԾ Ա Ե-ԲԼԱԻՇԵԱՐ ԷԱԼԼ.
- O. ՓՕ ՇՕԾԼԱՐ ԱՄՈՅՅ ԲԱ՛Ն Ե-ԲԼԱԵ,
 ԲԱՕԻ ԾՐԱՇԷՏ ԼԻԱԷ ԱՐ ԵԱՐԻ ՇՐԱՆՆ ;¹
 ՆՅՈՐ ՇԼԵԱՇԷ ԼՅՈՄ ԼԵԱԲԱԾ ՅԱՆ ԵԻԱԾ,
 ԲԵԱԾ ԾՕ ԵԻԱԾ ԲԻԱԾ ԱՐ ԱՆ Յ-ՇՈՇ ՍԾ ԷԱԼԼ.
- P. ԱԵԱ ԵՒ ԱՐ ՄԵԱՐՄՅԱԾ Ա Ն-ԾԵՅԻՆԵ Ի-ԱՕԻՐԵ,
 ԻԾՐԻ ԲԼԷՅԵ ԾՅՄԵԱՇ ԱՅԱՐ ՇԱՄ ;
 ԲԵԱՇԱՆ ԲԼԷՅԵ ՇԱՄ ՆԱ Ե-ԲԻԱՆ,
 Ա՛Ր ԵԻՇԲԱԻԾ ԱՅՆՅԻԼ ՓԷ ԲԱՕԻ Ծ՛ ՇԵԱՆՆ.
- O. ՓԱ Մ-ԵԵԻԾԻՆՆԻ ԱՅՍԲ ԲԵԱՐՅԱՐ ԲԻԱԼ,
 ԱՅՍԲ ՓԻԱՐՄԱՅԾ ԱՊՅՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ Մ-ԵԱԼԼ ;
 ԱՆՆ ՅԱՇ ԲԼԷՅԵ Ծ՛ԱՐ ՅԱԵԱՄԱՐ ՄԻԱՆ,
 ՅԱՆ ՇԵԱԾ ԾՕ՛Ն ՇԼԷՅԻՆ ԾՕ ՅԷԱԵԱՄԱՕԻՐ ԱՆՆ.
- P. ԲՕԻԼ, Ա ՕԻՐԻՆ, ՆԱ ՄԱՐԼԱՅՅ ԱՆ ՇԼԷՅԻՆ,
 ՇԱՆԱՐ ԵՄԻԱԷՐԱ ՓԷ ԱՆ ՅԱՇ ԵԱԼԼ ;
 ՄՆՆԱ ԼԷՅՅԲԻԾ ԵՒ ԾՅՕՇ ԱՆ ՇՈՒՄԱԾ ԾԻԱՆ,
 ԻՐ ՄՕՐԻ ԱՆ ԲԻԱՆ ԱԵԱ ԱԾ ՇԵԱՆՆ.

¹ ԵԱՐԻ ՇՐԱՆՆ, *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 Oisin, 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. Do badara azur flajē na b-ſianh,
 a' r toric ar iariarē uaiyh a vſleanh;
 ba meara ljom nac b-faca ah fjad,
 na do elajura bejē ſah ceahh.
- P. Aca tu dolaraē ſah elall,
 jr meara duic rjh na bejē dall;
 da b-fujzēea do padarc arciſ,
 ba mhōr do eloh ar flajēear ēall.
- O, Dob' ajce ljom lējh ah ſujc,
 hō padarc ar hroic idir da ſleanh;
 na a hzeallahh do bēalra dam,
 a' r a b-fujſihh do ſult a b-flajēear ēall.
- P. Aca do ihujſihh baot ſah rliotē,
 d'imēiſ do ſult azur do ſreahh;
 muna hſlacad tu mo cōmahulle 'hoēt,
 hj b-fujſiō tū bejē a bur na ēall.
- O. Da m-bēiōihh azur ah ſhiahh ahjuſ,
 ar beihh choic aſ tairaiuhſ lahh;¹
 d'ajmhdeoih leabari, elari, a' r cloiſ,
 biad moſa aſuihh bejē a bur hō ēall.²
- P. Nj rajb ionhta acē mair ſal ſuir,
 hō mair ſmuē aſ teaēt ō ſleanh;
 hō mair ſiōēſaoiē ar mahoiyh choic,
 ſac luēt aſajb da rajb riam ahh.
- O. Do badar a m-Bearriha ah da ſhoill,³
 a b-fočairi luēt na h-arih teahh;
 dob' feāri ljom a h-aiſē aſam,
 na ah trūp ro na m-bacal ſ-cam.

¹ Lahh, a *blade*, sometimes means the head of a lance or spear. In some copies of the poem the word *beahh*, is incorrectly substituted for *lahh*, 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 Bearnna-an-da-Ghoill,
 By the clans of the stout arms ;
 I would prefer their face again,
 To this troop of the crooked croziers.

² 21 BUIF NA CAILL, *on this side or that*. A common Irish phrase for "in this world or the next."

³ BEARNNA AN DA GHOILL, i.e., *the gap of the two Golls*. Not identified.

- P. Jr maic̄ acá a f̄ior aḡam,
ca b-ruil ar l̄ic a' r̄ cor̄ na c̄eann;
r̄ḡuirīr̄dē d̄a ruaḡad̄ lē n̄m̄,
a' r̄ ḡan̄ lūc̄t̄ n̄eirīc̄ aḡ teac̄t̄ d̄a c̄abāirī.
- O. N̄i b̄īn̄n̄ l̄iom̄ do ḡl̄ōr̄ ḡan̄ r̄ult̄,
c̄iā t̄ā tu ḡl̄ic̄ ar̄ dō r̄ann̄;
n̄ī c̄lūirīm̄ f̄ēīn̄ f̄eac̄ an̄ lōīn̄,¹
b̄reac̄ ar̄ r̄rūc̄² n̄ā tōr̄ic̄ ā n̄ḡlean̄n̄.
- P. Nā meall̄tar̄ tu ā ḡ-cōm̄āirīlē an̄ c̄ōirīr̄,
īr̄ maic̄ lēō r̄īn̄ teac̄t̄ ad̄ c̄eann̄;
maic̄ nā codā m̄ōīrē ar̄ an̄ ḡ-cūīd̄ m̄-b̄īḡ,
ō nāc̄ m̄-beann̄ūīḡc̄ear̄ īad̄ abur̄ n̄ā c̄all̄.
- O. Dā m̄-b̄iād̄ Sḡolb̄ Sḡēīnē aḡam,
n̄ō Ōrcūr̄ ḡl̄ic̄ nā ḡ-cāc̄ d̄-teann̄;
n̄ī b̄iād̄m̄aōīr̄ ḡan̄ f̄ēōl̄īn̄ac̄ an̄ōc̄t̄,
ar̄ c̄ōm̄āirīlē clōḡ nā f̄eac̄t̄ m̄-beann̄.
- P. 2̄ Ōīr̄īn̄, ō d̄'̄m̄c̄īḡ̄ dō c̄īall̄,
ḡlac̄ nā b̄rīac̄r̄ā rō lē ḡneann̄;
īr̄ dēr̄īn̄n̄ l̄iom̄ ḡō d̄-tr̄ēīḡ̄r̄īr̄ an̄ f̄h̄īann̄,
a' r̄ ḡō n̄ḡc̄abāirī lē D̄iā nā r̄eann̄.

¹ F̄eac̄ an̄ lōīn̄. The whistle or song of the blackbird.

² B̄reac̄ ar̄ r̄rūc̄, *a trout in the stream*. Aquatic sports formed another of the Fenian amusements, and perhaps Oisín himself was the Izaak 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 Oseur 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.

“ Զիբբեցո զարձակ բօժիւն,
յոյոյալոյ իւր իւր ծոցոց ;
իւր յարձան շուր 1 զալլ զար,
իւր բարձրոյ եղ զիւր յոց.”

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. Jr ionzua liom do comrad dian,
 a cléiriúg do cuardaig zác ball;
 a náb zo d-tréigfionn féin an Fhianu,
 dionn fial faiprionz nár zann.

P. Da b-faicfeara muircein Dé,
 a3 ruide zo gléarta cum flead;
 ir faiprionze bíor aca zác róg,
 ná a3 muircein Fhionn zid mór a meaf.

Jr feairi zo moir rzéalra anoir,
 zlóine díl a'r cur iona ceann;
 zlac an aitéirze cōiri anoir,
 déin leoirzhoim abur a'r ná caill éall.

O. Do cáill mé mo cáill abur,
 a'r ní ba meara liom ná rion;
 do cáilleaf Fionn an aig,
 'r ná rion aine do bí fial.

P. Aca Fionn a'r an Fhianu anoir,
 zo dubrónac ar lic ná b-rian;
 zairbre le mac Dé 'na n-aic,
 a'r ní beid baogal oir beic zán cáill.

O. Ní creidim féin do zlóir anoir,
 a cléiriúg ná m-bacal z-cam;
 zo m-biad Fionn a'r an Fhianu arciú,
 muna b-fuigbír rult a beic anu.

P. Zlac an aitéirze cōiri anoir,
 rú a z-cuirfeair fíor ad cionn;
 zéill do Dhia, a'r beid fíor a3ad,
 cia aco arciú nó amuic tá Fionu.

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. Ɔa m-biað Ƒionn aʒam a'ʒ mac an Lojn,¹
 ɔiʒ nār ɔmujɔ ɔ ʒleɔ na lanu ;
 ɔ'aimɔeoiu ɔo ɔliari aʒur a ʒ-cloiʒ,
 iʒ aʒuiuu ɔo beɔeað an ball.
- P. Nj biað ʒuu ɔoiɔɔe ar bui ʒ-cui,
 iʒ ʒeāru an luɔt aʒa anu ;
 mac iuj ʒeiue ɔibnear na h-uile,
 iʒ mɔri a ɔion ar ɔuiue ɔall.
- O. ʒa'ʒ ɔall aʒa muuɔeiu Ɔe,
 a'ʒ ʒuiab iad na ɔaiu iʒ anuʒa leiʒ ;
 iʒ ɔoiuāi naɔ ʒ-cuiuʒeað an Ƒhianu,
 ʒo teac na b-ʒian ɔa ʒʒiuor.
- P. Ƒriajɔeacɔt oʒt a ʒeandiu,
 ɔānar na buaɔeua buile ;
 ɔob' ʒeāru Ɔia ue h-aon uaiu,
 na Ƒianua Ƒiueanu uile.
- O. ʒ Ƒhātmaic na baɔaile caime,
 ɔo beiu oiu ʒueaʒriaɔ ɔāna ;
 ɔo biad ɔo baɔal na buuʒʒari,
 ɔa m-biað Oʒcui ɔo laɔaiu.
- Ɔa m-beɔeað mo maɔ Oʒcui aʒur Ɔia,
 lanu ar lanu ar Chnoc na b-Ƒhianu ;²
 ɔa b-ʒaiɔeiuuʒe mo maɔ ar lan,
 ɔeāruʒaiuu ʒui ʒeāru laɔiu Ɔia.
- Ƒionnuʒ ɔob' ʒeɔiu le Ɔia,
 na a ɔliari a beɔt uʒ buʒ ʒeāru ;
 na Ƒionn ʒlaiɔ, Riʒ na b-Ƒianu,
 ɔuiue ʒial ɔo bi ʒan ɔaiu ?

¹ maɔ an Lojn, the name of Fionn Mac Cumhaill'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 ?

² 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. Ȝac a n-abar tu a' r an eliar,
 do meiri maꝥlac riꝥ na meann;
 do bi rúð a b-Fiannaib Fhionn,
 a' r cáid a b-flaicear Dé zo teann.

Da m-beidead aic an ríor ná ruar,
 dob' feairi ná flaicear Dé;
 ir an do macad Fionn,
 a' r a maib aize do' n Fhéinn.

A deiir tura nac d-céid fial,
 zo h-ferneann na b-riann zo briat;
 n' maib aon neac 'ran b-Féinn,
 nac maib fial amearꝥ cáic.

Da b-faiceara, a cléiriꝥ cáid,
 an Fhian lā ar an d-tráiz¹ úð cear;
 nō a Nār Laizeann² na rroctān réir,
 ar an b-Féinn ba mōr do mear.

A Phatruic ffarraiz do Dhia,
 an cuimh leir an Fhian do beic beō;
 no a b-facaid ré rōir ná ríar,
 fir dob' feairi ná iad a nꝥleō?

Nō a b-facaid ré 'na dúitce féin,
 ȝid arō é ór ar ȝ-cionn;
 a nꝥall, a ȝ-coꝥad, nō a neairt,
 fear do bi cōm-mair le Fionn.

¹ Tráiz, *strand*. This must refer to the battle of Ventry (*Fionn Traigh*) fought in the third century of the Christian era, between Dairo 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* *laigean*, now Naas, in the county of Kildare, a noted place
 in Fenian history.

P. Oiríú ir bíonn liom do zlóir,
 a' r beannaét fōr le h-anmuin Fhionn;
 a' r' d'uir d'uir ca m'ēid f'ad,
 do m'arbaiz ar Shliab na m-Ban F'ionn.¹

O. Do r'zaoileamair aon m'le cú,
 dob' f'earu lúe a' r' do b'í zairz;
 do tuit dá f'ad le zác cú d'job,
 a' r' an oirhead leir an b-F'ēionn uile.

Dhá cōin d'ēaz ar Shliab Luac'na,²
 dá cōin m'ōr a m-Beairna an Scal;³
 dá cōin a n-iar'c'ar an Roimair,⁴
 a' r' dá cōin an abairn Bhanna.⁵

Dhá cōin az Cairr'z'ion na z-cloc,⁶
 a' r' dá cōin ar loc Jure Uí Chui'ion;⁷
 dá cōin a b-F'hor'maoil na b-F'ia'ion,⁸
 a' r' dá cōin air Shliab na m-Ban b-F'hionn.

2i Ph'at'raic, a z-cualad tu an t-realz,
 a m'ic Cal'p'ru'ion na p'al'm f'ain;
 mar do m'z'nead le F'ionn ina aonar,
 a' r' z'an aon neac an d'F'hian'naib f'ail?

¹ Shliab na m-Ban F'ionn, from r'liab, a mountain, na m-ban, of the women, and f'ionn, 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 Archæological Society*, for 1851.

² Shliab Luac'na, now Sliabh Luachar, in the counties of Cork and Kerry.

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

⁴ Roimair, 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. Oisin, 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 ?

⁶ *CAIRTEEN NA S-cloč, 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 *Loč Inne Uí Chuiinn, 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.

⁸ *FORMAOIL NA B-FIANNA.* This Formaoil is situated between Miltown and Ennis, in the county of Clare.

P. Nj cūalad, a mjc an Rlġ,
 a Oirġy ġlic na nġnġom nġarġ;
 aġġur dam a' r nā can ġō,
 cġonbur do mġnead lġb an t-realġ?

O. Nj canamāoirne an Fhiany ġō,
 a' r brēaġ lġn nġor rāmlaġ mām;
 le fġmġn a' r le neart ar lam,
 do cġmġr plan ar ġac ġlġad.

Nġor ġud clēneac a ġ-cill,
 ġid bġn lġb a canaġd pġalm;
 dob' feartu pocal nā an Fhiany,
 fġr nār loc a nġlġad ġarb.

Nġor ġud clēneac a ġ-cill,
 a Phatmaġ cāom ġr bġn ġlōr;
 dob' fētle nā Fġom fēn,
 feart nāc caol do bġomāad ōr.

Da mānead mac Mōma meart,
 nō ġoll calma nār cār fēad;
 nō mac Uġ Dhurbne na m-ban,
 an laoc do cūnead cat ar cēad.

Da mānead Feartur fġle fġal,
 feart a ġ-canra do moġa ar an b-fēn;
 nō Dāne do fēnead ġan locc,
 a nġuē do clog nġ bġad mo rpeġr.

Da mānead mac ġarmāġd na lanġ,
 an feart nār ġanġ aġ cur an ār;
 Orcur nō mac Ronān ġmġn,
 do cġnōnġ rān ġ-cill nġor fām.

- P. I have not heard, O son of the king,
 O wise Oisín 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 maɪɪfeað Ƴodh BeaƳ mac Ƴhɪnn,
 nō Ƴaolan Ƴɪnn nār ēaɪɪ neac;
 nō Conan Ƴaol do bɪ Ƴan ƳɪuaɪƳ,
 ɪɪ ɪað d'f̄aƳ me Ƴaol Ƴɪuaɪm le Ƴeal!
- Nō an t-abac beaƳ do bɪ aƳ Ƴɪonn,
 do cɪɪfeað Ƴac dɪɪne na cōɪɪcɪm Ƴuaɪɪ;
 ba bɪnne ɪɪom Ƴuaɪm a ɪēaɪɪ,
 nā a b-Ƴuɪl do'ɪ c̄l̄eɪɪ a Ƴ-cɪll a'ɪ a d-tuaɪc̄.
- Oɪ aɪoc̄t nāc maɪɪnean an Ƴhɪann,
 nā Ƴɪonn Ƴɪal na ɪ-duaɪɪ;
 do bodari Ƴɪanɪan na Ƴɪalm,
 a'ɪ Ƴlōɪ Ƴaɪb na Ƴ-cloƳ mo c̄luar.
- P. Ƴɳɪɪ do bēal a Ƴeanōɪɪ Ƴuaɪɪc,
 nā bɪ Ƴeaɪɪða aƳ luac̄ na b-Ƴɪann;
 a'ɪ Ƴo ɪ-deac̄adaɪ cōɪɪc maɪ an Ƴ-ceō,
 a'ɪ Ƴo m-bēɪɪð Ƴo deō a nƳlar na b-Ƴɪan ɪ!
- O: Na h-abaiɪ ɪɪn, a Phacɪaɪc Ƴɪc,
 a'ɪ nāc ɪaɪb aɪ bɪc̄ nā aɪ neaɪn na nƳɪaɪɪ,
 aon laoc̄ le a m-bēaɪɪɪaɪðe buac̄,
 aɪ c̄eaɪn an t-ɪluaiƳ̄, Ƴɪonn an aɪƳ̄.
- Ƴɪna m-bēɪɪðeac̄ na Ƴeaɪa do bɪ aɪ Ƴhɪonn,
 a'ɪ nār ɪɪan leɪɪ bɪɪfeac̄ tɪɪð;
 a b-Ƴuɪl ɪɪɪɪ neaɪn aƳuɪ laɪ,
 ɪɪ c̄laoiðɪɪðɪɪ laɪn mo ɪɪƳ̄.
- P. ɪɪ ē mo ɪɪƳ̄-ɪe ðealbaiƳ̄ neaɪn,
 ɪɪ ē do b̄eɪɪ neaɪɪc̄ do laoc̄;
 ɪɪ ē do c̄um an bɪoc̄-buaɪn,
 ɪɪ ē do b̄eɪɪ blaç na Ƴ-cɪaob̄.

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.

L 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. Iṛ é do dealbairḡ éarḡa a'ṛ ḡriar,
 Iṛ é do beiri iarḡ ar linn;
 Iṛ é do éruḡairḡ ḡorir a'ṛ féar,
 nḡ h-iouarir a'ṛ éacra Fhḡir.

O. Nḡ ar éruḡairḡ ḡorir nā féir,
 éur mo iurḡ-re féir a dúil;
 acṛ ar éorḡairir corra laoc,
 ar éorharir éiric, a'ṛ ar éur a élú.

 Ar iurirḡid, ar imir, ar íeilḡ,
 ar noḡacḡ meirre a d-túir ḡleó;
 ar imirir íicéille,¹ a'ṛ ar íharir,
 a'ṛ ar íeitelir éairc a d-tirḡ ar óil.

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

“Cḡa t-arir-reo? ol Eochair. Nḡ arairirir ror, ol fé, Mḡirir Ureḡ Leir. Cḡo doc noacṛ? ol Eochair? Do imbirir íicéille íiririr, ol fé. Ar marṛ re em, ol Eochair, for íicéill? Ar íiririririr, ol Mḡirir. Arca, ol Eochair nḡ iurir 1 n-a coelud, ir le ir tech arca ir íicéill. Arca ririr énar, ol Mḡirir íicéill nar merro. Ba íirir onclair naririr ocir íirir óir, ocir íiririririr [i. larad] caéa haririr forir ir élar di luc loḡiririr, ocir íerir bolḡ di íiriririr noḡ éiririririr. Éiriririr Mḡirir ir íicéill iar rir. Imbirir, ol Mḡirir. Nḡ imiririririr di ḡull, ol Eochair. Cḡo ḡell birar arir? ol Mḡirir. Cumma íirir, ol Eochair. Roṛ bir íiririr, ol Mḡirir, nā tú biririririr no éicéill caerac ḡaburir n-dubḡlar.”

“ ‘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 fithcheall with thee,’ replied he. ‘Art thou good at fithcheall?’ said Eochaidh. ‘Let us have the proof of it,’ replied Midir. ‘The queen,’ said Eochaidh, ‘is asleep, and the house in which the fithcheall 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 Aldfred, 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 dhéat ó Ara go Gle,
 Ó tairne ó Ossory Oíreádh,
 Óíolla mhíreach uall moir ríach,
 Flanná fíora fíbhchíollach.”

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

O. Ձի Քհաւրայւ, զա մայն ծօ Փիյա,
 աղ տաղ զայնիւ զա ծար տար լարի ?
 շնչ լեօ իւն իւն Լօճլանն դա լոնչ,
 լե'ր շնչ յօմաճ թօն թան թար ?

Նօ աղ տաղ զայնիւ զա Փարւն ծար,
 մաճ իւն Լօճլանն դա թշաճ զ-ծիր ;
 շնչաճ դար թօրաւն իւն դա դաօն,
 ծօն զար իւն յօնարայն աղ թիր ինծիր ?

Նօ աղ տաղ զայնիւ Ձաշնար մօր,
 աղ թար իւն ծար ա զնչօ դար շիր ;
 իր շօրմար ծա մարթաճ ծօ իւն,
 յօ յ-շնչաճ լե Քիանայն Քիան.

Նօ աղ տաղ զայնիւ Շար լե մաճ Շնչար,
 աղ թար զար աղ ի-Քիան ծօ շիր աղ շար ;
 զի լե Փիյա ծօ շնչ աղ շար,
 աճ լե ի-Օրար մարտն զաճ.

Ձիլարն, մաճ Բաճա ինծիր,
 լե իւն Շարմար դա թաւն ծ-արար ;
 զի լար լար թիր, մա մար ծօ իւն,
 ծա ծա զար լե Քիան զի.

Յօմա զաճ, մարն, ա'ր շար,
 ծօ շար լե Քիանայն Քար ;
 զի զար ծօ զ-արար զաճ
 իւն դա դաօն, դա շար զար ա լար.

P. Լարմար ծ'ար յ-արար զար զաճ զար,
 ա զար լար զար զար զար զար ;
 զար ծօ ի-արար Փիյա զար զար դա զար,
 զար զար զար ա'ր ա զար լար ա զար.

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 mhóir an nájne riy do Dhia,
 zán zlar na b-rián do buáin d'Fhionn;
 azur Dia féin, dá m-biad' a m-bruid,
 zo d-rioidfead an flait tar a ceann.

Níorí fúlainz Fionn ar fead a mac,
 neac do beic a b-péin na a nzuair;
 zán fuarzlac ar le h-aiuzead nó óir,
 le cat nó zleó, zo m-beirfead buad.

Ir maic an teann dam ar do Dhia,
 beic amearz a clíar, mar táim;
 zán biad, zán eadaic, zán ceól,
 zán beic az bionnad óir ar dáim.

Zán záir na nzaðar ná na rtoe,
 zán beic corinead porc ná cuan;
 do cíonn a b-fuarfar d'earbad an bide,
 maicim do ruz neime am' uac.

Zán rnaim, zán flazaideac, zán Fionn,
 zán ruirzib flal-ban, zán rporc;
 zán ruidéad a n-ionad mar ba dual,
 zán rozluim cleaf lúe ná zleó.

P. Léiz túra do beic dá níon,
 a mhic an Ríz ba máic clú;
 zéill do' n té do zúid zac maic,
 cionn do ceann a' r feac do zlín.

Buair d'uic a' r doime do deóm,
 creid do' n té tá ór do cíonn;
 zid zur b'ionzha leac a luad,
 ir é do ruz buaid ar Fhionn.

- 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. 21 P̄h̄at̄maic, d̄a m-beiḏiḡḡi ʒ̄aḡ č̄eḡll,
 do r̄ʒ̄ar̄faḡḡ led' č̄l̄eḡr̄ a ʒ̄-cḡḡḡ;
 ḡḡ b̄īaḏ leaḏaḡ ḡa bač̄al baḡ,
 ḡa cloʒ̄ t̄rač̄a aḡḡ do č̄ll.

21 d̄úbaḡḡe Oḡr̄ḡḡ, mo r̄ʒ̄eal t̄maʒ̄!
 ḡḡ b̄iḡḡ ḡom̄ fuaḡḡ do b̄eḡl;
 ʒ̄oḡl̄fead̄ra ʒ̄o f̄raḡ, ač̄t ḡḡ f̄a ʒ̄h̄īa,
 ač̄t f̄aoḡ ʒ̄h̄iḡḡḡ ḡa b-ʒ̄ḡaḡḡ ʒ̄aḡ beḡč̄ beḏ!

P. 21 ḡḡaḡ do ʒ̄eallaḡr̄ aḡč̄r̄iḡ d̄úḡḡḡ,
 t̄r̄eḡḡ, f̄eač̄uḡḡ, fuač̄ a'ḡ f̄eaḡḡ;
 maḡ do ʒ̄eallaḡr̄ iḡḡiḡ aḡoḡr̄,
 cḡḡḡḡur do ḡiḡḡḡeāḏ ḡḡb̄ aḡ t̄-reaḡḡ.¹

O. N̄ḡom̄ b'ḡoḡḡḡa d̄úḡḡḡ a beḡč̄ b̄iḏḡač̄,
 a'ḡ ceaḡḡ aḡ r̄l̄ḡiḡ beḡč̄ d'āḡ ḡ-ḏič̄;
 ʒ̄iḏ b'ē do ḡḡaoḡč̄feāḏ oḡuḡḡḡ ʒ̄aḡ ʒ̄āḡḡe,
 ḡḡ d̄úḡḡḡ ḏob' aḏbaḡ beḡč̄ aʒ̄ caḡḡ!

¹ 21 t̄-reaḡḡ, *the chase*. This poem, which forms part of the 21ḡallaḡḡ, 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 “*Բելլ Շիջե Շողալո Շիլոո Տիլեյբե*,” which formed the Second Volume of our *Transactions*. The scene is laid at *Sliabh Guillinn*, in the county of Armagh.

CATH CHNOJC AN AJR.

O. Do bamar ule an Fhian a' r Fionn,
 a z-cóiméionól ar an z-ehoc ro íar;
 az imire ar éleapab lúé,
 a' r rion zo rúbac az caítoim liaz.¹

Cjóð traét dúinn amlaíð ríu,
 a dubairt draoi Teairnac² zo zliuu zlic;
 ir eazal lom, a Fhionn na b-Fhianu,
 nac fada an uan zuu doiliz díb.

Cread ro ahoir, do íarí Fionn,
 le a d-tuizéar leat ar z-cúir dobruóu;
 a' r nac b-fuil laoc faoi an uziéiu,
 nac b-fuil ran b-Fhéiu rearaí leó.

¹ Caítoim liaz, *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 *Dallaíu* or pillar-stones, found in various parts of Ireland, were the “*cloca héiric*,” 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 “*Eacra náe na ní-cóiméiu*,” or *The Adventures of an Ill-advised Son*, by Carroll O'Daly, better known on account of his rhyming propensities, as—

“Ceairball buíde na n-abraí,
 Do íeimead rreallhecaí ar éleapab.”
 Swarthy Carroll the rhymér,
 Who would play a ditty on the harp.

the custom is thus referred to:—

“La na b-feair 'nuair cafaí mé ran t-ríab,
 A' r la na b-feair do éairéiu líoz mar íab.”

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 “*Ἐβίβη Ἀ Κύρη*,” 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 *Δρῖδοι Τελετήραδ*, the *Druid of Tara*. According to our ancient annalists, Tigearnmas, 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. Cneis uaimre, a Fhionn, na z-cruad lann,
 zo b-ful an tóir a n-zoimeadót daoib;
 féac na néala fola¹ úd,
 a3 ba3ar dúbac taoib ar éaoib.

D'féac Fhionn ór a éionn ruar,
 a' r do éonairic tuar fola zo tréan;
 ir eazal liom, do máid an raol,
 zo d-tiocfaid ár-3uar ar an b-Fhéionn.

Do 3oir Fhionn éuize Orcuir,
 a' r dubairic, a éuiric na lann 3éar,
 ir eibe duit a beir a3 caol,
 féac ar í3uib an aedir.

A miz na b-Fhianh, do máid Orcuir,
 ná 3lac bíod3 ná aibeanh érid;
 acá neair a' r lúc ad 3éazuib,
 a' r tior-flua3 tréan med' éaoib.

Do éairéamar uile an Fhianh,
 fealad a3 3riun-áiric na neul;
 do bí drianh azuun foilbir, rúbac.
 a' r drianh eile dúbac na n3h.

Do labair Conán² do 3uic árd,
 azur ir é do máid zo boib tréan;
 n3 b-ful neac d'ar a3raiz daé,
 adbuim féin acé feari faon.

¹ Néala fola, *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 Cnoc-an-air.

² Conán 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 máid an Dhras,
 tsonól do buidean ad' dail,
 a' r' moinntear iad leat ar leat,
 zo u-déinid faime ar teact do' u námhaid?

Do íeiuu Fionn an Dóid Fhianu,
 a' r' d'freažari riad na užari;
 žac fear ma luait až teact,
 eidiu flait, ériat, a' r' éari.

Žičneōcād ahoir, ar Fionn zo fion,
 žac neac dam buidean le' u b'ionuira mé;
 a' r' fōr žac neac da b-fuil dom fuat,
 ma cūiuu ruar a beic dom' nēiu.

- O. 2 Orcuir, do máid Fionn ar d-túr,
 ór tú urra¹ a' r' lúe, na b-Fianu;
 an b-fairfid tú zo la mé cāc,
 teact do' u námhaid tā euzariu až tuiall.

Fiafmaizim diot ahoir, a Fhionn,
 an dul cum ruain dob' ail leat;
 uioi maire duic, a' r' ba mh-clú,
 ma' r' eazal leat námhde teact.

Ni le h-anbrian moim laim cāc,
 do macfarian tmat cum ruain;
 acēt žui fiof duic žui žuāt liom,
 tarbēanad d'fāžail ar žac žuar.

Ni diúltōiž mije faime ne cāc,
 uil mōu-ržac 'na anbrianu oim;
 židead ir eazal liom, a Fhionn,
 žui beaž dod' buidean nac eazal leō.

¹ URRA, a pillar, a prop or support, the frame on which a door hangs. Oscur 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. Ἐοικεαρ Ἔἵουη ἀπὸ Δηλαρμυῖδ Δουη,
 ἀ’ρ ἑλαἑμαἵζεαρ ἕο σεαηηρα δὸ’η ἑἶλῖδ ;
 ἀη β-ἑαἵηηἑῖδ τυ μαπ ἀση λε η-Ορσειρ,
 μα’ρ ἵουἡἡηηε λεατ ἡἑ ἡἶ κάε.

Ἤἵου ἑἑἑβ ἡἵρε ἑῖδ ἡἵαἡ, ἀ Ἔἡηη,
 ἀ ἕ-καἑ ἡἶ ἕ-σειἡ-εαρἕαπ ἡἶ δ-ἑἡου-ἑἡἡἡἕ ;
 ἀἑτ ἕο ἡ-βἡἶδ Ορσειρ ἡἡἡ ἡο ἑἡἡἡἑ,¹
 ἡἡἡἡἡ ἡἡἡ’ ἑἡἡἕ λε ἑεἑτ βἡἶδ.

Ἐ Ἐἡἡἡ ἑἶἡἡἡ ἡἶ ἕ-ἑἡἡἡ ἡἡἡ,
 ἀη ἑἡἡἡἡ ἡεατ ἑἡἕ ἡἶ β-Ἔἡἡἡ ;
 ἀη β-ἑἡἡἡἡἑ ἑἡἶ ἀ β-ἑῖἑἡἡἡ ἑἶἑ,
 ἑἑἑ ἑἡἡἡ ἡἡἕ βἡἡἡ ἡἶ ἡἕἡἡἕ ἕἡἶἡ.

Ἤἡ ἡ-εἶἕἕ ἡἡἡ ἡἡἡ ἑἶἡἡἡἑἑἑ,
 ῖ ἑἶ Ορσειρ ἡἶ ἡἕἡἡ ἡἡ’ ἑἡἡ ;
 ἀ’ρ Δἡἡἡἡἡἡ ἑἡῖἑἑ ἡἶ β-Ἔἡἡἡἡ,
 ἑἑἑἑ ἡἵρε ἡἡἡ ἡἶδ ἕο ἡἶ.

Ἐἡἡἡ Ἔἶἡἡ² δὸ λαἑἡἡ Ἔἡἡἡ,
 ἀ’ρ δὸ λαἑἡἡ ἕο ἑἡῖἑἡἡἡ, ἡἡἑ ;
 ἀ’ρ δἡἑἡἡἡἑ, ἀ ἡἡἕ ἡἶ β-Ἔἡἡἡἡ,
 ἡἡ ἡῖἡ ἡἡἡ δἡἑ δὸ ἑἡἡἡ ἕο ἡἶ.

¹ Rúy ἡο ἑἡἡἡἑ, *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 Ἔἶἡἡ, 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* ἑεἑἑἡ ἡἶ ἕ-ἑεἡἡἑ, 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 “Oughter-anny.” The town of Nas (Naas), and the churches of Claenadh (Clane), Laithreach Brain (Laraghbrine, near Maynooth), Domhnach 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 Boromhe, 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 Fia cha Suighdhe; the elder brother of Conn of the Hun-

O. 21 Chonáin mhaoil, do m'áid Fíonh,
 fear a z-cuaraib dúbá Leicé-áinib;
 ó'r tu ir zairibe uail-záin bhinn,
 cum r'zairca ma'r teacét do' h' n'áinhib.

22a'r dul dam féin, a Fhíonh, do' h' uairib,
 a z fearie ar buairic, h'ó ar éan;
 am aonair zán tuile do' h' Fhéinh,
 zó h'zoincear mé t'iem' lár?

Ní cuibe duit, a Chonáin mhaoil,
 diúlcaó Fhíonh, do m'áid mac Lúzáid,
 acá na m'z ó'r cionh na b-Fíainh,
 a z-coinmac, a'r a m-biáid, 'ra h'óir.

22a tá Fíonh na m'z ó'r cionh na b-Fíainh,
 a mhic Lúzáid, do m'áid Conán;
 h' c'oinmíl zuir cuibe dam,
 dul am aonair zó h-uairib Leacé-áinib.¹

Ní'l fear b-Fíainh uile, ar mac Luzáic,
 fear c'oin-m-bíonh do' éid-zuic áinib,
 a'r cloinfeid an Fhíainh uile do z'lóir,
 ma'r teacét do' h' tóir a h'zair do' h' Áinib.

Ná bí fearba l'ionh dá luad,
 a mhic Lúzáid na mh' h'z'áiz;
 ó'Fhíonh na do' h' Fhéinh h' macáid anh,
 cuirim ruar do le mo mac.

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 UΔIηI leΔē ΔIηD, *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 Cηoc-Δη-ΔIηI as the scene of the battle.

O. Eimig ahh a Chonain maoil,
do maib Orcuir, a' r beid ad dail;
Uod Beaz cróda mac Fhionn,
a' r tuille ma' r zhaoi leat d'fázaíl.

Beir leat Fearan¹ a' r Brian luat,
Szeólan, Fuaim, a' r Mearazan;
Boz-léim a' r Aineac Chluair,
a' r iméig zan zruaim, a Chonain,

Do zluair Conain ar comairle Orcuir,
d'ionnraig ré domar na h-uaima;
na coin azur Uod Beaz mac Fhionn,²
do leahadar ah táin éuairid.

Do éuaid Fionn ahh rin éum ruain,
a' r nj cian do bí a ruaimhear ahh;
ah tan do ramluigead do érid,
Uod Beaz mac Fhionn a beic zan éeahn.

Do taibéahad do mar aon iur rin,
zo maib Zoll cróda a laim zliad,
le zairzideac fion-éactac, calma,
d'ar b'aimm Tailc mac Treoin.

Do múrzaíl ar a éodla zo priap,
a' r do zoiu éuige dhaoi na b-fianh;
d'ar ba cón-aimm do fíon,
Dhaoi ealadain,³ no feari fáic-éiall.

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

“Corá buide bí ar bhrian,
á ba taeb dub 'ra tar zeal;
Druim ruairéide ór ceahn relz,
Ír ba éluair éorera éon-dertz.”

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.

* $\text{Aodh Beag mac Fhionn}$, *Little Aodh the son of Fionn*. This Aodh was the youngest son of Fionn. He was called " beag " (*small*) from his diminutive stature.

* Druid ealaδaδa , 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'fáirrhéir a mún iomlan do' u Driaoi,
 agh zac cairbéanað d'íob rúd ;
 do máid Fíonh, a b-fáiré-ciall ríu
 iwhir ahoir zan moill dúinn.
- Tiocraíð ruatar ar ay b-Féinn,
 a Fhínn, ir baogal, do máid agh Driaoi ;
 zidead h'í zoihfeair agh d'ir ra h'leic,
 Toll calma, cioda, na Aod.
- Níor b-fada amlaíð ríu dúinn,
 agh tan do éalamar uall-záir,
 do íeinn Fíonh agh Doird Fhíannh,
 a' r d'fíeazair dian-rzáiric Chonáir.
- Do zluair Conán na éneah níe,¹
 a' r na coir ar lan lúe na diaz ;
 d'fan Aod Beaz ar bhuac na h-uamh,
 zuir cloinead leir fuairm na r'zic.

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 *Tréah níe*, *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 Archaeology*, 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 marshes, 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 Yrissshemen 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 íeiyh Fíoyh ah Dóirb aríf,
 íul do íáiyic íad Conán maol;
 crieád ah íác, do íáíð Oríur,
 tá'ñ tóir¹ cúzayh, cá b-íuil Aod?

Do bí Aod a h-doirur na h-uainn,
 ah tany do íluair míre ar lúe;²
 hói aínarcar ó íoyh tarí m'air,
 a'í hói b'é Aod ba íneara íom.

Crieád eile do dáíeyíð, ar Oríur,
 a Chonáiy íoyda, ínaol, íah céill;
 cía aco Fíoyh na b-Fíayh, ho míre,
 ho cía ah íearí oile do'ñ Fhéiyh.

Ní h'é Fíoyh, íura, 'ná neac do'ñ Fhéiyh,
 mo dáíeyíð a h-ah íac béim;
 ííð' íurí íoníuyh íom íurí íarí,
 hí ííð mo dáíeyíð, acé mé íéiy.

Do íluair Oríur do lúe íreán,
 ío íáiyíí íé doirur na h-uainn;
 do íuairí Aod Beaz mac Fhíoyh íéil,
 íah aubíayh, íah éaz, íah buairíe.

Crieád ah íac Aod Bhíí íic Fhíoyh,
 ar Oríur, íuríneac a h-díayíí ah ííur ínaol?
 a'í náíayíð íaob leat na ííé
 a íeyíð, náí íuíí íurí beaz d'aoirí.

Cía bí ah tóirí a b-íoyur dáí,
 a'í mé amuíí ó cábaíur na b-Fíayh;
 hói cíoóeyuíí m'íoyeyh ná mo cíoíðe,
 ná mo íííreac ííain hói claoíðeád.

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

² Lúe, *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 Oscur,
 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 Oscur,
 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.

Oscur 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 Oscur, [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.

“ ἵρ ῥεἰρηρὴ ἡοῦτ ἡαἵτ ἠα ὀηοἵτ-ῖεαῖαἵη.”
 A good run is better than a bad stand.

Or,

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

- O. Չո շայրբե ! ո՞ ՞ շրբա՛՛ ! ո՞ ՞ շրմա՛՛ !
 և Քհատրալ, իր նիմալ ծօ Փիլա ;
 ճա յայրբեա՛՛ Չո՛՛ Քեա՛՛ ամ' ծալ,
 Բա ծօրլի՛՛ ծօ շլայի՛՛ նա Յ-շլար !
- P. Չլիլի ծնիո, և Օրլիո ոյի Քիլիո,
 շրի՛՛ շա՛՛ Շիոյի և յ յիլ ;
 ոյ յայրբեա՛՛ Չո՛՛ Քեա՛՛ և՛ ծալ,
 և՛ յա շայր և Յ-շար Յիլիոն նա Յ-շլար.
- O. Շիո և յ յիլ² և շիո յօ յիլ,
 և՛ յօ լա և յ Բրա՛՛ շիլ ծա շայր ;
 և Քհատրալ նա յ-Բա՛՛ յ-Բա,
 ոյ շա յա՛՛ շա՛՛ շա՛՛ և յ շար.
- P. Նա շլա՛՛ շա՛՛, և Օրլիո յիլ,
 և՛ յիլ շա՛՛ յիլ յիլ նա Բ-Քիլիո ;
 շա՛՛ և յ յա՛՛ և՛ յ Բ-Քիլ ծա՛՛,
 նիլիլ յիլ յա՛՛ յիլ և՛ շիլ.
- O. Նիլ յիլ յիլիլ Քիլիո նա Բ-Քիլիո,
 և՛ յիլ յիլ յիլիլ Փիլիլիլ Օ Փիլիլ ;
 ոյ յիլ յիլիլ Օրլիլ նա լալի,
 նա յա՛՛ ծա՛՛ ծա՛՛ Բ-Քիլիլ, և՛ Շիլիլ Յիլիլ.
- P. Փօ Բիլիլ շար յիլիլիլ³ Քիլիո,
 Փիլիլիլ Փոլիլ և՛ Օրլիլ յիլ ;
 և՛ յ յիլ Քիլիլ յիլ յար յա՛՛,
 ոյ յայրիլ յար Փիլա նա յիլիլ.

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

² Շիո և յ յիլ, 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 Fionn,
 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 Fionn and the Fians ;
 All that departed and those who live,
 Were as nothing compared to God.
- O. Fionn of the Fians was [more than] nothing,
 And so was Diarmuid O Duibhne ;
 Oisc of the spears was [more than] nothing,
 And all the Fians, save Conan, the gay.
- P. Because that Fionn was nothing,
 Diarmuid Donn and Oisc 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.

³ *Neiríne*, *nothing*. Here St. Patrick shows that the Fenian heroes were insignificant beings when compared to the majesty of God.

O. 21 Phatmaic, nī a u-aimrii na b-Ḥianu,
do bī ay fearu riu Dīa ahu;
ir dearb da m-biad foiri nō rīar,
zo rḡarfaḏ ah Ḥhianu leir a ḡeahu.¹

P. Do bī Dīa ahu a u-aimrii na b-Ḥianu,
atā rīan a' r bēiḏ zo bīaḡ;
maimouu, azur maimefīḏ zo cīōḡ,
nī h-ionahu rāu Ḥhianu, a boḡḡāu!²

O. 21 Phatmaic, mā' r fīoi do rḡéal,
ah t-ḡaḡ zo b-fuairi ah Ḥhianu;
nā cluiri tu dā luad,
zuri b'ē ruḡ buad orra Dīa.

P. Ba nīaīc ah Ḥhianu a' r a uḡhōiū,
a Oiriū ḡiriū, aḡt fo aīnāu;
nāri adīad leḡ ah t-aou Dīa ūḡ,
ahoir leah dūriū ar Chnoc-ah-āiri.

O. Do ēriall ahu rūd ar ah b-Ḥēiu,
Orcuiri a' r 2loḡ Beaḡ nā ḡāi;
dob' ionūiūne līu teacḡ nā ḡīre,
nā dā ḡ-tiḡeaḡ rīḡ nā uḡriar.

ḡ'fīarfīaīḡ Ḥionu ḡ'Orcuiri aīḡ,
ah b-facaīḡ tāu³ nā uḡmōḡ laōḡ,
a dūbāiri Orcuiri zo b-facaīḡ iad,
a' r zo riab a u-īariaḡ ar ah b-Ḥēiu.

¹ 21 ḡeahu, *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:—

“21 Phatmaic nī a raōḡal nā b-Ḥianu,
ir tuḡḡe do ḡhīa rā beīc ahu;
ir dearb ḡ'a m-biad nā rīan,
nā beīḡeaḡ nā ḡiḡearra or a ḡ-clōu.”

- 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.

² BOCTAN, a pauper, a beggar, a miser, &c.

³ CAIŃ, signifies a multitude, a host, an array, or any other muster or assemblage.

O. Do áiríteamar mar riu zo lá,
 a' r' uíor láimh các teáct fo' r' u-déin;
 a Phátraic, mo r'zéal truaí!
 uíor b-íada zuri éruaíð an céim!¹

P. Iuir mar ir cuimh leat,
 a mhic Cúimhail, táirz² an zleó;
 áiríur a' r' mo beannaíct ort,
 r'zéal fíor, a' r' uá can zó?

O. Ní cántaíoríne an Fhianh zó,
 bneáz leó uíor raíhlað ruáin;
 áct le fíruíne a' r' uearc ar láin,
 éiz'maíor rlan ar zác zlíad.

D'éirzíomar zo moð amað,
 Fianha Eireann na u-eac⁴ rean; z;
 ar an z-cnoc fo líon an t-rluaí,
 uíor b'íonzha ðóib teáct zo teann.

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

² Táirz, *fame, report.*

³ Zlíad, *battle, strife, contention.*

⁴ Eac, *a steed.* The earliest record we have of the Fenians having horses is in *Ázallain na Seanóirí,* or *Dialogue of the Sages*; where it is said, that at a chase at *Deinn h-Éirí,* (the Hill of Howth), a chieftain, named *Áruíur mac Deinne Uíor,* 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 Oscur, 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' aīlye yá'η žīryaη,
 čohajīc aη Fhīayη až teacēt ray leīrē;¹
 d'Fhīoyη māc Cúhāīll, īryrīy dūīc,
 do beayhāīž ījōžay aη byīc dēīrē.

Cīa tú fēīy, a ījōžay, aī Fīoyy,
 īr aīlye yīaīh' ray byeažēa dealb,
 īr byhē līom fuaīy do žlōīr,
 'yā a b-fuīl. īe ceōl žo deaīb?

 Nīaīh-yuad-čīočāc,² īr ē m'ayīy,
 īyžīoy Žhāīīāīd, māc Dholāīī Dēīy;
 āīd-īīž Šīēāž, mo īhāllācēt aīī!
 do yāīrē me īe Tāīc māc Tīēīy.

O. Cīēād do beīī dā fēāčhād tu,
 yā dēīy īūy oīy ahoīr;
 aī do čoyīīc žo la aη byāč,
 žābāīy do lāīh tāī a čīoīr?

 Nī žay fāč do čūžay fuač,
 dāc aη žūāī do bī aī a žhēī;
 dā čluāy, īāīball, a'f ceayy caīc,
 tā aī aη b-fēāī yāc māīč ržēīh.

 Do fīūblāy aη doīhāy, fō čīī,
 a'f yīoy fāžbāy ayh īīž yā flāīč;
 yōčāī fīīēāy ācēt īībīe, a Fhīyη,
 a'f yīoy žēall tīyāč m'ayācāī aīī.

 Dīoyfād čū a īyžīoy oīž,
 do īāīd Māc Cúhāīll, yāī clāoīd' īīaīh;
 yō tūīcīīd yīle aī do ržāč,
 yā fēācēt ž-cač ātā 'ray b-Fhīayη.

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

² Nīaīh yuad-čīočāc, 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 Cumhaill, 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 Cumhaill, 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. Պար ծօ Լարն-րի բէր, և Քիտտ,
 րբ ծարն Լոյ, Յօ ն-ծարնար Բրեւոյ;
 Լ'ր ան տէ ծ'ր շէլէ մե սայծ և Բ-բած,
 Յօ Ծ-տլտլտլտլտ Լէր Կաէ Լ'ր Կեւծ.

Այ բար մօր և ծարն Լիծ,
 ր Է ծ'բօոյ մե Լե բաճ Բ-բէրոյ;
 րս ար նարչած մլրե Լէր,
 ծօ րՅրոյրած Լէր բօր ծօ ան Յիւնիչ.

Ու ծեան յօմարնած ար և չարչե,
 և բօլտ շար ար ծաէ ան ծր;
 ծր ոյ Բ-բսլ Լաօ բօր ան նՅրնոյ,
 նա՞ Բ-բաչած րան Բ-Քնոյն բար և շծ.

Եր շարն Յօ Բ-բաճարն ան տեւտ,
 ան տօլրեւ՞ Ելտ Բա շրսայծ Լոյ,
 ոյր նիւնայչ, Լ'ր ոյր Բեանայչ ծ'Քիտտ,
 ա՞տ յարար Կաէ տար շեան և նոյն.

Շարնիծ ծէլ Յ-Կեւծ նա ծալ,
 ծօ՞՞ բարն Լան և ն-արնրն Յլեծ;
 ծսն ծոծ ոյր բլլ տար ար,
 Յան տլտլտ մե Ելտ մա՞ Երեօն!

Ու շարնարն ան, Լ'ր Բա շօրն և նաօլծեան
 Յան անար, Կալտե մա՞ Բօնար;
 ծէլ Յ-Կեւծ րՅլա՞ Յօրն Յլար,
 Յօն բարնայծ Կրօճա Բ'բարն.

Ու շարն Յ-Կեւծ տօլրեւ՞, նաօլ Յ-Կեւծ Լաօ,
 ծօ Բի տօծ ար շաօծ ծ'ար մարտրն բէր;
 Լ'ր և Քիտտար, ան շրեւրն շրսայծ,
 րն ար շարտայծ սարն ծե'ն Բ-Քնոյն.

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. Japmap Opcup cead ap Fhionn,
 3ið doil3 hjom é do luad,
 dul do cõmrac an fíru mõi,ru,
 an tan do cõmrac diç na flua3.

Do 3éabairi cead uairu, ap Fíonh,
 3ið ea3al hjom do çuicim çrið;
 éiru3! a' r beiru mo ðeahaæt leat,
 cuimhð do 3oil, a' r do 3hím.

3luaircar Opcup, an fear ai3,
 ap a laim hjom cuiread béim,
 an laoc calma dob' fearu laim,
 3o raime ré Tairc mac Tméru.

Taðairi a3aið ðairra féru,
 a Thairc mje Tméru, ap Opcup ai3;
 õiru baimeadra diçot do çeahu,
 a h-ðio3al an ðream ro 3õru do laim.

Ðaru do laimre, Opcup ai3,
 3ið buðeaç diçot báid¹ a' r bean;
 bjad tú a3airra hoçt 3an çeahu,
 a' r bjað an fear, Fíonh, 3o leam.

¹ báid, *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 deery 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, brehons, 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. Oscur 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.

Oscur, 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 Oscur 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 Oscur,
 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 :—

“ Fílið Éireann go h-aoiñ-tead.”
 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 Chualgne*," which will form a future volume of the Society's *Transactions*.

O. 211 ƿeað cūz 11-01ðce a'ŕ cūz la,
 bī an ðīŕ nām ēlaŕc a 11zlaŕð;
 zan blað, zan ðeoc, an ðīc ƿuaŕn,
 z11 cūŕc ƿaŕlc 11e buað mo 11ŕc.

Do ðozbamari, an ƿhian11, oŕa11ð,
 11an ēīŕ an cō111aŕc zā11b, zlēŕc;
 zā11 cāo11ŕce 11ŕe'11 cā11leamari do'11 ƿhē1111,
 a'ŕ ðā zā11 11āo11ðce 11ŕē ēaz ƿhaŕlc.

ƿari do la11ŕe, a ƿhaŕlc a11z,
 zīð nac buīðeac ðīoc ba11ð 11ā bean;
 11ā 11ū azamŕa zan cēan11,
 a'ŕ 11ī blaŕð an ƿeap ƿīo111, lea11.

11ia11-11uað-c11oçac, 11ō11 an 11zēal,
 an 11an cō11aŕc 11ēað an ā11;
 zlacap 11ā11e an z11uað ðeapz,
 a'ŕ 111ŕceap 11a11b a 11eapz cāŕc.

Bar 11a 11īoz11a, ð'ēīŕ zac 11lc,
 11ŕ ē 'ŕ11ð do cū11 an cāc,
 an an z-c11oc 11o ð'ēīŕ an zlaŕð,
 do ða11ŕc an ƿhian11 C11oc-an-ā11.

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.

ԼՂՈՅԺԻ ԶԻՔԱՐՅԱՅԸ ՈՂ ԼՂՈՆ ՈՅԸՔԱՐ.

O. Ոյոր Բ-բաճա ճնրոյ, առկայճ ըրոյ,
Յիճ յար ընճաճ, աօրԲրոյ, ըրոյ;
Յար շրոյալ ըճ'ն ո-ճնր շար Լար,
ՅարՅաճաճ Ըաճաճ Բա շրուայճ Յոյորոյ.

Ոյոր Բարոյայճ ըճ ճո յաճ,
Ա'ր ոյոր սնկայճ ճ'Բիոյոյ, յա ճո'ն Բիարոյ;
Աճճ ճ'Բարարայճ ըճ ճո ճնր ԲորԲ,
Շա յայճ ար Յ-Շորոյառն Ա'ր ար ճ-Շրոյաճ ?

Շա շո ընրոյ ա ճարՅիճիճ ճիճ,
ար Ղոճա Բաճ յար ըճարոյաճ Շրոյճ;
Ոյ Շրաճ ճո շոյ ճո'ն ճոլ ըո շո,
Շա ըճ ճո շարոյ յարոյ ըճարարոյ Լրոյ ?

Ոյ շարարոյ ճոյ ըճալ ար Բիճ,
ըրուարոյ ա Լարոյ ճար Բաճ ճ'աօր;
Բրոյ յո յնրոյ ոյ շարարոյ ճո յաճ,
Յո Բ-բաճայճ յն ճոլ ճ'աճալարն Բիոյոյ.

ճո Բարարոյ Ըոլար ճոյ, ար Բիոյոյ,
ա ճարՅիճիճ յնրոյ յա յնր ճաճ;
ոյ բաճա սարոյ առն առն ա Բ-բարոյ,
ար առն Յ-Շոյ ար Լարոյ յար յար Շրոյոյ.

ճո ճարար Ղոճա Բաճ ար Լնճ,
Ա'ր առն ճարՅաճաճ ճո ճոլ յա ճարոյ,
Յո յարոյ Լարոյ առն ար,
'նա յայճ ար Լար Շարոյ յար Շրոյոյ.

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. Ան տան ծօղայրու ան Բիւսնոյն ա՛ր Բիւսնոյն,
 ան ծիր սն աչ տեւէր դա ն-ծալի,
 իր բաշտակ կոյն, ծօ թա՛ծ ան Փրօսոյ,
 դա՛ն բաճա իր աօրկոյն ծօ Պիտա Ընդալիլ.

Ան տա Բիւսնոյն, ծօ թա՛ծ ան բարս արտա,
 դա՛ր տա, դի արկե ծօ ծարս արտ,
 արտոյն ծօ թարտած ծօ ար ան արտա,
 դա՛ն տա ծօ թարտած արտա արտ արտ.

Ոյ ծօ արտոյն արտա ծօ արտ,
 ան արտա դա ն-արտա արտա արտա արտա;
 ծօ արտ-արտոյն արտոյն արտոյն արտոյն,
 ա՛ր ծօ արտա արտոյն արտոյն արտա արտա.

Արտա արտա արտա դա արտոյն արտա արտա,
 ծօ արտ-արտոյն, արտա արտոյն արտա արտա;
 արտոյն արտա արտոյն արտոյն արտոյն,
 ա՛ր արտոյն արտա արտա արտա արտա.

Ծօ արտա արտա արտա արտա արտա,
 ա՛ր ծօ արտա արտա արտա արտա;
 արտոյն ծօ արտա արտա արտա արտա,
 դա՛ն արտոյն արտա արտա արտա արտա?

Ոյ արտա արտա արտա դա արտոյն-արտա,
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Ոյ արտա արտա արտա արտա արտա,
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O. When the Fians and Fionn beheld
 These two approaching them ;
 I [greatly] fear, saith the Druid, [moured.
 That Mac Cumhaill 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 Cumhaill,
 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.

24. 21 24 21 24
 𐌆𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌿𐌸𐌴𐌲𐌹𐌸, 𐌵 𐌶-𐌻𐌴, 𐌶𐌹 𐌸𐌵𐌹𐌸𐌴 𐌻𐌹𐌶𐌲,

 𐌳𐌴 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌵𐌹𐌸 𐌶𐌴 𐌸𐌴𐌵𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸,

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 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸,

 𐌶𐌹 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹.
24. 𐌶𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹, 𐌵 𐌶𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹,

 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌶𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸;

 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸, 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸,

 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹, '𐌹𐌸 𐌶𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸.
- 𐌶. 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹,

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 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸, 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸,

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 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸' 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸,

 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹,

 𐌵 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸.
- 𐌶. 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹,

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- 𐌶𐌹𐌸' 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸, 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹,

 𐌵 𐌸-𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸 𐌸𐌹𐌸;

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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.

24. Țið zo b-fuyl mo řluaiȝ a b-fozar ðam,¹
 ari ðaob an ðnoic ðoir na trāȝa ;
 uȝ iariƿad a ȝ-conȝnam, a Fhinn,
 a' r uȝ řāȝƿad aċt ðir āȝaiċ beð.
- F. Cīa h-īad an ðir řin d'řāȝƿaiċ beð,
 a Ȟhearȝaiȝ na řlōȝ, ari Fionn ;
 ir ionȝna ģom maċi ŋuȝċeari leat,
 bāċ leð ģeariċ do ċābaċiċ dūin.
24. Tuȝċeari ģom buċi m-bāċ uile,
 aċt tuċa aiċaiċ a' r do ģāc Ȟoð ;
 uȝ řāȝƿad an cġoc řo zo bīāċ,
 zo u-ġocƿad bāċ Ȟaiċle ģiċ Ȟreoiġ.
- F. Nāri leðri leatċa a Ȟhearȝaiȝ na lann,
 ðir taċi a ċeariċ do ċuċiċm do' u Fhēinġ ;
 a' r ȝan ðeariȝ-āri do ċābaċiċ āri ċāċ,
 a' r a ģāȝāċt řeari ċāið do ċuċi leiċ řēin.
24. Nġoi leðri ģomċa, a Fhinn na b-Fīanġ,
 ðir nā trīuċi a u-ðġol a bāċiċ,
 ðā m-bīāð āȝad an oiġead eġle do' u b-Fhēinġ
 tuċiċċið zo lēċi le mo lāiċ.
- F. Nā cuċiċi a u-ðġiċ ðuċi řēin, ari Fionn,
 ȝuċi b-fuċiġnȝ ģom ðir nā aon,
 a u-ēiċiċ bāċiċ Ȟaiċle 'ra ģiċā,
 do ċuċiċm le d' lāiċ do' u Fhēinġ.
24. Ȟā řeābāċ buċi lāiċā a' r buċi uȝuġoiċ,
 a' r ðā ģēið buċi ģion d' řeariāċċi ċāið,
 uȝ řȝariƿad ģiċ zo lā an bīāċā,
 uð ðġol na m-bāċ do ȝeābāð uāċiċ.

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

“Cīa taċi mo řluaiȝċe taob ģom,
 uȝ iariƿad a ȝ-conȝnam řūð, a Fhinn ;
 uȝ ģiān ģom d' řāȝbāċi beð āȝuċi,
 aċt ðir o ȝoiġi mo ċriom-ċloċiċiġ.”

- 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. 21 Phacraic! ʒi ceirfead mo mún,
 ʒur ʒlac anbrayn Fionn a' r an Fhianu,
 ac̄t am̄an Orcur na m-béimeann,
 ʒar̄i c̄rič̄ moim̄ aon neac̄ miam̄.
- F. 21 ʒhearrʒaʒ na ʒʒlar lan̄ ʒʒear,
 do m̄aʒ̄ Fionn, do ʒar̄b̄ ʒl̄or,
 do ʒeabaʒi com̄iac ad aonam̄an,
 ʒō dul ad ɔaʒl do' ʒ Fh̄eʒn ʒo leōr.
- ʒ. 21 ʒa' r cuibe leatra, a Fh̄iʒn̄ m̄ic Cúim̄aʒll,
 m̄iʒe do c̄om̄iac do m̄ōr̄i f̄luaʒ,
 o f̄ear ʒo f̄ear, ʒō d' aon b̄eʒm̄,
 ɔiulca ʒi l̄eʒi ɔur̄t d' f̄aʒaʒl uam̄.
- F. 21 ʒa c̄iʒeann tu a' r do c̄r̄eay buideay,
 c̄um̄ cača l̄iʒn̄ leac̄ ar̄ leac̄,
 o ɔur̄ne ʒo c̄eab̄ caʒc̄f̄iɔ an Fh̄ianu,
 laim̄ ɔʒan do c̄onʒim̄aʒl leat.
- ʒ. 21 Račadra ahoʒr, a Fh̄iʒn̄ m̄ic Cúim̄aʒll,
 mar̄ a b̄-fuʒl aʒam̄ com̄iac le f̄aʒaʒl,
 d' f̄ioʒ mo f̄luaʒ, ʒac̄ f̄ada uam̄,
 a' r bi ruar ʒo moč̄ am̄ ɔaʒl.
- F. 21 Tabaii do f̄l̄oʒte leat laʒeac̄,
 ar̄ maʒb̄iʒ m̄ar̄ maʒc̄ leat, ar̄ Fionn;
 ʒi b̄-fuʒl cealʒ le h̄-iʒm̄iʒe oʒt,
 b̄i ad̄maoʒne ollam̄ f̄a' d̄ c̄iʒn̄.
- ʒ. 21 Biɔ, ar̄ mo c̄eac̄t, do m̄aʒ̄ eʒreay,
 an laoc̄ ʒr̄ calma ar̄ an b̄-Fh̄eʒn;
 a ʒ-aiʒm̄ 'ra ʒ-éʒde m̄ōim̄am̄ c̄um̄ cača,
 ʒo b̄-faʒc̄fead a ʒiʒom̄ a' r a ʒl̄eʒc̄.

- 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'լմէլէ Պարտաճ նա լաղ ոչլար,
 ոյօր բաժ լէր Յօ ընդիշ ա իլաշ;
 ծօ ճւր Բօղոյ տօղօլ ար ան Ե-Բէլոյ,
 ա'ր ծ'ոյոյր ծօլԵ մեճ ա շար.

Ծօ ընդ' բաժտ Յ-ճաճա¹ ան ըն ծյօ,
 ա'ր ճաճ ընդ ան յոյճ ծարլ;
 ճրտիշ, ար բէ, լեմ' ճօնարե բէր,
 իր ճարոճ ան Եօղլալ անոյ.

Ծօ լաճար ար ծ-տւր լէր ան ճեճ ճաճ,
 ծա ոչօրբէլ ճաճ նա լաօճ ընդ իր;
 ծ'բարբարիշ ծյօճ ծօ ճուճ ճրար,
 ան ծ-տօրբիճիր ծօ ճնաճ 'նա ճւր.

Գ'բարբար ար ծ'աօն ճօնա ծ'Բիօնոյ,
 Յօ ծ-տօրբիճիր ճար ա ճեճն Յօ Երաճ;
 ա ծաճար ճաճ նա ծ-ճաօրբաճ անոյլ,
 աճտ Յօ լեճբաճօր ճաճ նա Յ-ճեճաճ լան.

Ա ծաճար ճաճ նա Ե-բար մեծ'նաճ,
 ա Յ-ճաճ նա ա ոչլեճ ծա ճրբոյ ճլաճ;
 նար բաճբաճար բէր ա ըլճ ճալճ,
 ա'ր նա ճրբիճիր Յօ Երաճ ճօն ճօն.

Ա ծաճար ճաճ նա Ե-բար Ե-բօրաճ,
 նար ճրբօ ծօլԵ Յօ լա ան Եար;
 ա'ր ճաճ նա մ-Են բար մար ան Յ-ճեճնա,
 Յօ լեճբաճօր բէր ճ մար ճաճ.

¹ Տեճտ Յ-ճաճ, *seven battalions*. The names of the seven battalions are:—ճաճ ընդ-նր, i.e. the battalion of fresh heroes; which name they bore on account of their fresh-looking complexion; ճաճ նա ծ-ճաօրբաճ, the battalion of the chieftains; ճաճ նա Ե-բար մեճնաճ, the battalion of the middle-sized men; ճաճ նա Ե-բար Ե-բօրաճ, the battalion of the middle-aged men; ճաճ նա մ-Են բար, the battalion of the stout men; ճաճ նա Ե-բար մ-Են, the battalion of the small men; and ճաճ նա յ-արարան, 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 flinch one step.

The battalion of the middle-aged men said,
 They would not flinch 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. 21 dúbaime caé na b-*feap* bea³ *fóir*,
 a' *r* an caé na *u-deoi³*, na *h-lamhamáin*;
 30 *ma³adaim féin* *dílior* na *u³u³oim*,
 a' *r* 30 *lean³adao³r é ma³im cá³*.¹

Do 30im *Fíon³* *éuige* *Orcu³*,
ma³im feap³ tú³r am an 3-caé mionú³r;
 a' *r* *d'fíaf³ma³í³* *de an coim³ac ao³u³fí³r*,
 do *u³heam³za³c beap³ra³d am d-tú³r*.

21 *dúbaime* *Orcu³* 30 *d-tiub³ra³d féin*,
coim³ac do tam éan³ na b-Fíon³;
 a' *r* *ma' r* *tui³im dam*, a *Fhion³*, *am fé*,
ir eazal 3u³im ba³o³zal dí³b am dí³ma³í³.

Ní *h-am³la³í³d* *í³im ir c³ó³im*, *am Fíon³*,
ba dí³c dú³im³ tu tui³im é³mí³d;
ir tu am d-treoi³im, a' *r* *am d-t³ma³c*,
am d-taca, *am í³an*, a' *r* *am u³-dí³on*.

Ir *ionan³* *dú³im³ í³im u³d rú³d*, a *Fhion³*,
am Orcu³, *na bí dá luad*;
ma' r *tui³im d'ao³im heac do' u³ Fhé³im³*,
u³í ma³ca³í³d le³ir ra³o³im fá buad.

Do 30im *Fíon³* *Soll* *ba cá³ma* *heap³*,
 a' *r* *ba é³ma³d 3u³oim í³lea³í³ a' r clo³í³oim*;
 a' *r* *d'fíaf³ma³í³* a *u³-deap³ra³d c³ó³im³ac*,
 le *u³heam³za³c mó³im do leac-tao³í³b*.

21 *Fhion³*, *am Soll*, 30 *3ap³da 3í³c*,
ir fí³o³im í³im, *u³í 3ma³d leat mé*;
ba í³an leat me é³im a u³3ua³í³r,
 a' *r* *Orcu³* *o' u³ m-bua³da³ime do be³í³c ra³o³im*.

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

“*Sa³ leim³ dí³neac 3o la' u³ ba³ir*.”

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

Oscur 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 Oscur, 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 Oscur 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. Nár žeallair-re led' čoił řaori,
 žo ž-cuirřead tu řéiř a řžuair;
 ari mo řóuřá mari žeall cač,
 žař řearaři ř řářiřead uari!
- Ž. Do žeallar, a řhiřiř, žo řřori,
 žo leariřariř do žřiřiř mari čač;
 ři řačad ari ž-cúl ó'ř ž-cač,
 ma žabariř žač řeari é do lariř.
- F. Do žori řřoriř řřariřuřđ řoniř,
 a'ř đ'řariřariž řřoriř đe žo caoriř;
 ař đ-čubriřad čoriřiac aoriř řřiř,
 do řheariřžac čriřariđ řa lořiř řžuřřiřiř.

Ři řačad a ž-cóřiř-žřiřad žo briř,
 le řheariřžac řa řžlari řariř;
 a řhiřiř, ma'ř čoiřčeariř ař cač,
 briřad čóřiř mariř le řeari ařiř.

Đ'řariřariž đ'řhaolariř do žuč ariřđ,
 a ř-đearřead čoriřiac čariř a čoriřiř;
 a đubariř řé le řřoriř řa b-řřariř,
 oriř řřiř čřač đa đ-čuiřčiriř ařiř.

Do řaoriřear-řa, ari řřoriř, ař řlariř,
 řač ařiřlariř řřiř do žeallair đúřiř,
 žač ari žeallar, ari řaolariř,
 ře mo řae ři řačad ari ž-cúl.

Đ'řariřariž do žač řeari đřob
 ař řačřad řřiř aoriřari řeiř;
 a đubariř žač aoriř đó'ř čač řřoriřiř úřiř,
 do bėariřariřđ đřiřlčad đuiřč.

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' ԲԻՐՄԱՅՆ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ Յ-ՇԵԱԾՆԱ ԱՆ ՄԱԽԵ,
 Ե Յ-ՇԱՇ ՆԱ Ծ-ՇԱՐՄԵԱՇ ՔԵԱՐ ԼԱԽԻՆ-ՇԵԱՆՆ;
 ԾՕ ԵՅԱՐՔԱԾ ԵՄԼԱԾ ԼԱՆՆ ԱՐ ԼԱԽԻՆ,
 ԾՕ ՊՊԵԱՐՅԱՇ ԾՈՒՆԱ ՆԱ ՆՂԼԱՐ ԼԱՆՆ.

Ձ ԾՍԻՐԱԾԱՐ ԱՆԼԵ ԵՅԱԼ ԱՐ ԵՅԱԼ,
 ՆԱՇ ՄԱԽԵ ՔԵԱՐ ԾՕ ԼԱՆՔԱԾ ՐԽՆ ԾՕ ԼՍԱԾ;
 ԱՇՇ ՅՕ ՄԱՇՔԱԾԱՕՐԻ ԼԵ ՇՅԼԵ,
 Ե Յ-ՇԱՇ ԾՈՒ ԵՐՅԵՆԵ ԵՐՈՄ-ՐԼՍԱՅ.

ԾՕ ԼԱԾԱՐՆ ԼԵՐ Օ ՇԱՇ ՅՕ ՇԱՇ,
 ԱՐ ՆՂ Ե-ՔԱԾԱՐ ՆԵԱՇ ԾՕՆ ԵՕՄԼԱՆ;
 ԾՍԼ ԾՕ ՇՕՄԻՐԱՇ ՊՊԵԱՐՅԱՅ ՆԱ ԼԱՆՆ,
 ՅՐՆ ԵՄԻՇ ԱՆ ՇՐԱՆՆ ԱՐ ՆԱ Խ-ԵԱՐՄԱՐԱՆՆ.

ԾՕ ԼԱԾԱՐՆ ԼԵ ՇԱՐՄԵԱՇ ՆԱ Ն-ԵԱՐՄԱՐԱՆ
 ԱՐ ՆՂՐԻ ԼՕՇ ՔԵԱՐ ԵԱՐՄԱ ԾՆ ՆՂԼԱՇ;
 Ե ԾՍԵԱՐՄԵ ՅԱՇ ԱՕՆ ԾՂՕԾ ՅՕ ԾԵՂՄԵ,
 ՅՕ ԼԵԱՔԱԾԱՕՐԻ ԵՂԼԵ ՇԱՕՆ-ԼԻԱՇ.

ԾՕ ԵՐՅ ՔԻՕՆՆ ԱՅՐ ՕՐՇԱՐ ԱՅՆ,
 ԱՐԼԼ ՅՂԱՐ ԾՐԱՐԾ ԱՅ ՄԱԾԵԱՆ;
 ՆԱ Ն-ԵԱՐՄԱՐԱՆ ԾՕ ՅԱԾԱՆԼ ԱՆ ՇԱՇՈՒ,
 ԱՐ ՆԱ ՔԵԱՇՇ Ծ-ԵՐՅԵԱՆ ՇԱՇ ԾՂԼՇԱՅ ՔԻՂՆՆ.

ԾՕ ՇԱԾՄԱՐՆ ԱՆԼԵ ՇՍՄ ՔԱՆՆ,
 ԱՐ ՆՂՐԻ ՐՂԱՆ ՔԱՆՄՆԵԱՐ ԾՍՆՆ ՅՕ ԼԱ;
 ԾՅՐՄՅՅՅՅՅՅՅՅ ՅՕ ՄՕՇ ԱՐ ՄԱԾԾՆ,
 ԱՐ ՆՂՐԻ Ե-ՔԱԾԱ ՅՕ Ե-ՔԱՇԱՄԱՐ ԱՆ ԵԱՆ.

ԾՕ ՂԼԱՇ ՇԱՕՆ-ԼԻԱՇ ԵՐԾԵ ԱՐ ԱՐՄ,
 ԱՐ ԾՕ ԵՄԱՆԼ ԵՅՐՄ ՇԱՇՈՒ ՅՕ ԵԱՆՆ;
 ԵԱՆՆՅ ՊՊԵԱՐՅԱՇ ՆԱ ԼԱՆՆ ՆՂԼԱՐ
 ԱՐ Ե ՐԼՍԱՅ ՅՕ ՔՐԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ Մ-ԲԱԼԼ.

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. ԲԻՐԲԱՅՅԵԱՐ ՊԵԱՐՅԱԸ ԿԱ ԼԱՊՊ ՆՅԼԱՐ,
 ԾՕ ՊԻՍԱԿ ՇԱՊԱՅԻԼԼ ԼԵ ԵՐԵԱՊ ՅՕՐԻՊ ՅԼՈՐ ;
 ԱՐ Ե՛Ք ԲԻՆ ԱՊ ԼԱՕԸ ԵԱՅԱՐԵՒԱ,
 ԾՕ ԵՂ Ա Պ-ՔԻԾԵ ՇԱԵՒԱ ԱՐ Ա ՇՈՊԱՅԻՆ ?
- Բ. ՈՂ Ի-Ք ԾՕ ԾԵՐՈՊՆ, ԱՐ ԲԻՅՈՊՊ ՄԱՇ ՇԱՊԱՅԻԼԼ,
 ԱՇԷ ՇԱՕՐՊ-ԼԻԱԷ ԵՐԻԱԷ ՈՒ Ա Պ-ԵԱՐՈՊԱՐԱՊ ;
 ՆՅՐԱ ՇԱՊԵԼԵ ԼԵ Ի-ՏՈՊ ՊԵԱԸ ԵՐԼԵ ԾՕՆ ԲՊԻԱՊՊ,
 ԵՒ ՇՈՊՄԱՇ ԱՇԷ Է ԱԾ Ե-ՏՈՊԱՐԱՊ.
- Պ. ՇԱՊՐԵԱԾՐԱ, Ա ԲՊԻՊՊ, ՈՒ ՇՈՊՃԱՂ ԲԻՍԾ,
 ԲԵԱՐ ԵՐԼԵ ԾԱ ՄԱՇՐԱՊԱՅԻԼ ԲԵՆ ?
 ԵՂՅՈՂՐ ՄԵ ՇԵՐԼԵ ԵՔԻՄ ԱՐ ԵՔԻՄ,
 ԱՐ ՊԵԱՐՅԱԸ ԵՐԵԱՊ ՈՒ ԼԱՊՊ ՆՅԵԱՐ.

ԾՕ ՅՕՐԱ ՊԵԱՐՅԱԸ ԲԵԱՐ ԼԵՐ ԲԵՆ
 Ծ՛ԱՐ Ե՛ԱՊՊՄ ՅՆՃԱԷ ԾՈՊՊ ԾՈՐՇԱՊՆ ;
 Ծ՛ՅՈՊՐԱՅ ԱՊ ԾՂՐ Ա ՇԵՐԼԵ ԱՊՊ ԲԻՆ,
 ՅՕ ՇԱՊԱ ՅԼԻՇ ԱՐ ՇՊՈՇ-ԱՊ-ՃԻՐ.

ԵԱ ԼՅՈՊԵՒԱ, ԲԵԱՐՅԱԸ, ԲՅՈՇՈՊԱՐ,
 ԾՕ ԵՂ ԾՈՊՊ ԾՈՐՇԱՊՆ Ա՛Ր ՇԱՕՐՊ-ԼԻԱԷ ;
 ԱՅ ՅՕՐՊ Ա՛Ր ԱՅ ՇՐԵԱՇԵՅՅԱԾ Ա ՇԵՐԼԵ,
 ՅԱՊ ՇԵԱՇԵԱՐ ԱՅ ՅԵՐԼԵ ԱՐ ԱՊՊ ԵԱՕԵ.

ԾՕ ԵՂ ԱՊ ԲՊԻԱՊՊ ԱՐ ԵԱՕԵ ԱՊ ՇՊՅՈՐՇ,
 ԱՅ ԱՊԱՐԻՇ ԱՐ ՇՐԱԷ ՈՒ ԼԱՕԸ ;
 Ա՛Ր ՊԵԱՐՅԱԸ, Ա՛Ր Ա ԲԼԱՅՅ ԵԱՊՊ,
 ԱՅ ԲԵՂԵԱՊՆ ԼԵ ՇԵԱՊՊ ՇԱՕՐՊ-ԼԵՂԷ.

ԾՕ ԼԱԾԱՐԱ ՇՈՊԱՊ ՅՕ ԵՐՈՒԵ ԵՐԵԱՊ,
 ՅԵ՛Ր Ե-ԲԱԾԱ ԲԻԱՐ Է ՕՆ ՆՅԼԵՐՇ ;
 ԵԱՐԱՅԾ ԾՕ ԼԱՊ ՅՕ Ծ-ԵՂԵԾ ԼԵԱԷ ԾՈՊՊ,
 Ա ՇԱՕՐՊ-ԼԻԱԷ ՇՐԱՐԱՅԾ ՈՒ ԼԱՊՊ, ԱՐ ԲԵ.

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 Cumhail,
 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 an dġr ħar ċlaġċ zġaċ,
 aġ zġarġaċ zo ħ-ġr corġ a' r ball ;
 o forzajl zġeġne zo neojġ dōġb,
 zġr ċurc Doġġ Doġcaġġ zġġ ċeayġ.

Tōzġamaoġdne an Fġġayġ oġarġ,
 zġarġ ġaōġġe tġe ġarġ ēaġ
 Doġġ Doġcaġġ Ųġearzajz ġa laġġ,
 ċġa ċajġz ċuzajġġ Caoġġ-ġaċ ġaōġ.

Ų dūġarġc Fġōġġ aġġ ġġġ le Coġāġ,
 o ċġayajb ġa ċġēay do zġōr ;
 ġēac aġōġġ ġearġc do laġġ,
 ad t-aōġarġ le ġearġ do'ġ t-ġlōz.

Ųġ ġēacġġad ġearġc mo laġġ ġa mo zġġōġġ,
 le ħ-aōġ ġeac dġōb zo ġġaċ ;
 dā ġġ-ġaċ tġġġġ dāġ ġay z-caċ,
 mo ċūġaċ¹ ġġōġġ b-ġada oġġġa Fġġġġ.

Ųġ tay ċōġarġc Ųġearzāċ ġa laġġ,
 zo d-tuz Caoġġ-ġaċ Doġġ ġo laġġ ;
 do zġēar a ċōġġ ċġuċ-āġġġġ, zġāġ,
 a ġ-ēġde caċā ġaċġa a' r ġarġ.

Do zġġarġ zo ġġarġ do laċāġġ Fġġġġ,
 a' r a dūġarġc leġġ do ġōġb zġōr tēayġ,
 ē ġēġġ do zġāġajl a ġ-ēġde caċā,
 ġō 'ġ laōċ do b'ġearġġ aġ ē ċurġ aġġ.

¹ Ųġo ċūġaċ, 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 *Ųġarġzēay Caoġġġayġġ*, 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. Գ'բրեւաչալի Ֆլոնոյ ծօ Եօրե շլօր,
 ա'ր ճնձալիտ դա՛ լեօր լեա՛տ ար շու՛ր բօ՛ր ;
 ա ճնձալիտ բրբրեան, 'ր յր ծօ Եա բլօր,
 դար լեօր մար ծլօլ ա դ-եւ՛ճ Շարլօ !
- Ծօ շօլի Ֆլոնոյ ար Եհոնոնան Ելոն,
 ա'ր շալոյ՛ճ շան բշլե՛ ար լան լու՛տ ;
 յր մօր ադ տարւալոյն, ար Պարւ՛ճա՛ճ,
 ա բախլ բլոն ճ'բար ծօ լա՛ճ Լոն.
- Պ. Շօլիբրեւճա մօ շոմ-բլաւ՛ճ սլե,
 ար Պարւ՛ճա՛ճ բօ բրբլ՛ճ լե Ֆլոնոյ ;
 բճաօլբրեւճ դա լաօ՛րա բօ շե՛լե,
 յարմար դա Բե՛լոնն դա լա՛ճ Լոմ.
- O. Ոյօր Եբաճա շօ Եբարամար ա՛ճ տեա՛ճ,
 Օրւար ալշարտա դա մ-Եբլոնոն շ-բրաւ՛ճ ;
 ա լան լլոնճա դա Եար լալմ ծօ Ել,
 ա Քիւրալօ ! յր ճլե՛ ադ բար ծօ լաճալմ.
- P. Պիւրի դնոն ա Օլլոն բարալօ,
 բլոնոնար ծօ շար՛ճ ադ Եա՛ճ ծօ'դ ճլր ;
 դօ ադ լե Պարւ՛ճա՛ճ դա լան ոշլար,
 Ծօ շուր ծօ միա՛, ադ տ-Օրւար շրօլճե !
- O. Ելոնոն ծուր, ա Քիւրալօ, ար ծ-տնր,
 շար ծօլլի՛ճ Լոմ ա Ելե՛ճ մար տալմ ;
 ա դ-Եալի՛ճ Օրւար ա'ր դա Ե-Բլանոն,
 ա մար՛ճ դա շ-Ելար շան բօլոն արալո !
- P. Պ շրաւ՛ճալոն Եօլե՛ճ ! յր ծալեոյ՛ճ լալմ,
 դա՛ճ ա մար՛ճ դա շ-Ելար ծուր օ շնր
 ոյ Ելե՛ճա 'ոյր ծա լա՛ճ շան շե՛լլ,
 ա'ր ծօ լեանբա՛ճ շօ բլա՛լ ոլլ՛ճ դա դ-ճնլ.

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. **Τριαξ̄** ζαν ταίρε εὐζαδ̄ φέην,
 αζυρ̄ ζο φ̄ιοῑ εὐμ̄ δὸ ἐλ̄ιαρ̄;
 νᾱ h-αβαίη̄ **Ἰ**λιον̄ ζο λενηφαιηη̄ **Ἰ**λια,
 α'ρ̄ ζο δ-ερέιζφ̄ιηη̄ τριᾱε̄ νᾱ b-**Ἰ**λιαηη̄.
- P. **Ν**ᾱ β̄η̄δ̄ δᾱ ρ̄ιη̄ζεαη̄, ᾱ **Ο**ίηηη̄ η̄η̄ε̄ **Ἰ**η̄ηηη̄,
 εὐηη̄ δ̄ύηηη̄ ε̄η̄ο̄ε̄ αη̄ ε̄ᾱε̄ ε̄η̄ο̄ῑε̄ αη̄ ᾱη̄η̄,
 δὸ β̄η̄¹αη̄ **Ἰ**η̄ηηηηη̄ ε̄η̄ε̄αη̄ ζο̄ λεδ̄η̄,
 αη̄ο̄ῑη̄ ἡ̄ δ̄ὸ̄β̄ ζο̄ φ̄αηηη̄-λᾱζ̄ ε̄λᾱη̄ε̄.
- O. **Ἄ** **Ἰ**η̄ηηηηη̄! μα'ρ̄ ε̄ **Ἰ**λιᾱ νᾱ η̄ζ̄η̄ᾱρ̄,
 εὐζ̄ αη̄ ε̄αρ̄ζ̄ ἡ̄η̄ αη̄ αη̄ b-**Ἰ**έηηηη̄;
 νᾱ ε̄η̄ε̄δ̄ υᾱη̄δ̄ ὀ̄ ἡ̄ο̄ ρ̄αᾱρ̄,
 αοη̄ η̄η̄δ̄ λυᾱη̄δ̄η̄δ̄ λεᾱτ̄ λεδ' η̄αε̄.
- Ἄ**η̄ε̄η̄η̄η̄ δαη̄ αη̄ο̄ῑη̄ ᾱ **Ἰ**η̄ηηηηη̄,
 αη̄ ε̄ αη̄ **Ἰ**λιᾱ ζ̄η̄αδ̄η̄αη̄ ἡ̄η̄ ᾱ δ̄ύβαη̄η̄η̄;
 ζο̄ η̄υζ̄ φ̄έηη̄ η̄υαδ̄ αη̄ αη̄ b-**Ἰ**έηηηη̄,
 α'ρ̄ ζ̄υη̄ b'ε̄ ἡ̄φ̄η̄εαηηη̄ ρ̄αᾱρ̄¹ ᾱ ζ̄-ε̄λ̄ύη̄δ̄.
- P. **Ἰ**η̄ηηηηη̄η̄ δ̄υη̄ε̄, α'ρ̄ η̄η̄ β̄η̄ε̄ᾱζ̄,
 ζ̄υη̄ δ̄εᾱη̄δ̄υη̄ζ̄ β̄εᾱλ̄ **Ἰ**ε̄ δ̄ύηηη̄;
 αη̄ δ̄η̄εαη̄ η̄ᾱε̄ η̄-δ̄εαη̄η̄ᾱη̄δ̄ ᾱ η̄έη̄η̄,
 ἡ̄φ̄η̄εαηηη̄ δαοη̄ ζ̄υη̄ b'ε̄ ᾱ η̄-δ̄ύη̄!
- O. **Ἦ**η̄ δ̄εᾱη̄η̄αδ̄ αη̄ **Ἰ**η̄ηηηηη̄ ᾱ η̄έη̄η̄ η̄η̄αη̄,
 νᾱ ε̄η̄ε̄δ̄η̄η̄ **Ἰ**λιᾱ νᾱ ρ̄αοβ̄ ζ̄λ̄ὸη̄;
 ἡ̄η̄η̄η̄ δαη̄ μα'ρ̄ ε̄ η̄υζ̄ η̄υαδ̄,
 εᾱ b-ρ̄αᾱη̄η̄ ἡ̄λυᾱη̄ζ̄η̄ε̄ ᾱ ζ̄-εὐμᾱρ̄ δ̄ὸ̄β̄.
- P. **Ἰ**ρ̄ ε̄ **Ἰ**λιᾱ η̄υζ̄ η̄υαδ̄ αη̄ αη̄ b-**Ἰ**έηηηη̄,
 α'ρ̄ η̄η̄ο̄ῑ η̄αη̄η̄ δᾱ δ̄εαη̄η̄αη̄ εᾱε̄ η̄ᾱ ἡ̄λ̄ὸζ̄;
 ᾱε̄τ̄ ᾱ ε̄ὠη̄ζ̄η̄αη̄η̄ φ̄έηη̄ 'ρ̄ᾱ ε̄ὠη̄η̄ᾱε̄τ̄ᾱ ε̄η̄ᾱη̄ε̄,
 'ρ̄ ἡ̄ ἡ̄ε̄η̄ε̄η̄δ̄η̄ε̄ η̄ᾱε̄ ἡ̄λᾱρ̄ ᾱ ζ̄λ̄ὸη̄.

¹ **Ἰ**η̄ηηηηη̄, *cold*. The poet seems to have been acquainted with the opinion of some of the schoolmen, that the damned pass from one extremity of

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. Nà crieþ ñþ ãri bje ðã luaðãññ,
 mã ðeiri zo muþ buað ãri ãñ b-*F*þeiriñ;
 zan rluaz ñã tþriñ ñã ðãil,
 ñã zeall zo briaç açt é þeiriñ.
- P. Jr é *D*ia þeiriñ ãñ uile rþlþz,
 jr é *D*ia tþriñ ã' r ñeairc açç;
 jr é *D*ia muþ buað ãri ãñ b-*F*þeiriññ,
 ã' r ñj le ñeairc laoc ñã tþriñ çãñ.
- O. *A*ñoiri þãoi bñjz ðo leaðãiriñ ðãiriñ,
 ã' r ðo ðãçãille tã le ñã ãriñ,
 þãoi rþãñrãñ ðo çloz zþlþri ãñð,
 ãñ b-þuil bñeãz ioñã ñãjðçeãri leat?
- P. *A* Oiriñ crieþ uãriñ zo rþori,
 zac rþioçal ðã ñ-ñññriññ ðuic ãri *D*hiã;
 zo b-þuilþ ðãñ çeiriñ, zan bñeiriñ,
 ã' r zuñ b' é þeiriñ ðo rþeþil ðúñññ iãð.
- O. *Z*ac rþioçal ð'ãri ãrþiriñ ðuic,
 ñj mþri mo çeiriñ, açt ãñãiriñ;
 mãri ã ðeiriñ leat zuñ ãb uãjð þeiriñ,
 muþ buað ãri ãñ b-*F*þeiriññ ãñ ãoñãriãñ.
- P. *D*o muþ buað ãri ã ð-çãññiz þþr,
 ð çúr ãñ ðoñãiriñ ñþþriñ zo rþori;
 ã' r ðeãriþãr ãri ã ð-çioçã ñã ñ-ðiajz,
 ðã çrþeññe iãð zo ðeiriñ ãñ ç-þãoiçil.
- O. Nã crieþ foçal ðã ñ-ðúþãiriñ ñiãñ,
 ñã þþr ðã ñ-ðeãriþãjð le ñã ñãç;
 þr zñãç leiñ ðeiriñ ðã luað,
 zuñ b' é muþ buað ãri ãñ b-*F*þeiriññ.

- 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. Jf deapb leatpa zo m'feapn an Fhianh,
 na d-taithis mian a'r a d-tiocepaib f6r;
 'r jf deapb liompa zo m'feapn Dia,
 na tupa azur iad, a feah6ir!

O. Jf corinuil nae b-faca tu an Fhianh,
 na d-tion6l zhiad a n-am zle6;
 n6ir corinuil ne rianran pralm,
 na ne cloiz az carmaiur, a z-ce6l.

N6ir corinuil le Dia, a Phatruic,
 a rluaz m6r6alae, 6irdearic, r6d;
 nj eualaib tarz eactae mian,
 aet a z-cuiruure 'ran elian da elu.

P. N6ir aic6ir m6re na an elian,
 6 e6r duic tman a maic z6ioin;
 maic do-e6ioehaiz6e, a maic,
 a Oir6n, jf ead zo f6ir.

O. Nj z6illim, a Phatruic, do Dha,
 na f6r dod' bmaetra jf leam z66r;
 zur maic e fein na a z6ioin,
 6r duine e do b6ir zan cae, zan r66z.

P. Nj iamanh t6ir caea na r66z,
 a Oir6n zo de6 na 6ail;
 aet ioineear coetram do m6ir tuilim,
 a'r nj b-fazann millead 6 na namaid.

Cneid uaim f6r a'r z6ill zo f6ir,
 a Oir6n baic6 nae n6madann Dia;
 a'r ma'r maic no ole leat e,
 jf e do coirz m6im 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  anaŕ bŕeaz, nŕ h-  Ɔŕa,
muŕ bua  na b-Ŕŕaŕn, na a m-baŕ;
a'ŕ  a n- eaŕnaŕ  ceapŕ na co ŕam mu n,
 o muŕnŕea   o  ŕall aŕ t-aŕaŕn.
- P. Roŕnŕeaŕ lea  aŕaŕn a'ŕ  eo ,
 o  a  cuŕ   a b- a aŕn aŕ  ŕaŕ;
taŕ  oŕ h m  uŕ n ŕŕea   uŕ,
ŕaŕla a'ŕ  u   o  abaŕŕe  o Ɔŕa.
- O.  a  eŕbŕŕe aŕaŕn a'ŕ  eo ,
a'ŕ ŕ ŕl  aŕ  oŕ  aŕeaŕ  na  - ŕaŕ;
a  ha ŕaŕc! nŕ ŕŕeaŕaŕm aŕ aon  oŕ,
 o Ɔŕa  o b- aŕceanŕ aŕ muŕ.
- P.  ŕoŕnaŕ  ob  eŕbŕŕe  o lea  muŕ,
aŕ taŕn  eŕbŕŕe bŕa  ŕaŕ  a ;
nŕ coŕŕ  ŕl  uŕ lea - uŕa   ŕn,
a Oŕŕŕn, ŕŕ ŕŕŕŕc  o  ŕaŕŕŕ!
- O.    ha ŕaŕc! nŕ  ŕeŕ ŕŕn  o Ɔŕa,
taŕa, na 'ŕ  ŕaŕ n c  aonŕ;
ŕa'ŕ a n- ŕŕea  t  ea ŕaonŕ bŕa ,
 uŕ ab ŕon ŕn aŕ muŕ  a muŕn.
- P.   Oŕŕŕŕn na cuŕŕ a ŕuŕŕ nŕ  uŕ ŕ 
a b- aŕŕŕŕ  'aŕnŕ   aŕeaŕ  na  - ŕaŕ;
lea - uŕa  nŕ  eaŕn  aŕ mu n,
'ŕ ŕŕ  eaŕŕu a ŕ-olc na ŕaŕ  na b-Ŕŕaŕn.
- O. Olc a uŕ aŕ uŕŕn  ŕaŕ ,
 o  uŕ ŕm a ŕ- aŕl  o  ŕaŕ;
a'ŕ na ŕabaŕŕŕe  aon   na n oŕŕn,
 ŕu nŕon  oŕŕ  ŕl  ŕb le  ŕua  na b-Ŕŕaŕn.

- 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 Oisin, 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 Oisin 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. J̄r olc l̄iom a řeanđ̄or̄i l̄eř̄e,
 ȳac̄ ior̄m̄uȳiȳ leat cl̄eř̄iȳ ȳā Đ̄ia ;
 t̄iocř̄aȳđ̄ t̄r̄aȳř̄e 'ȳari đ̄ř̄e leat e,
 ř̄o đ̄oȳl̄b̄ a ȳ-đ̄aor̄i ř̄lar̄ ȳa b-ř̄iaȳȳ,

O. J̄r leđ̄or̄i l̄iom đ̄o đ̄aor̄i ř̄lar̄ ř̄iaȳ,
 beř̄e am̄eas̄ř̄ ȳa ř̄-cl̄iař̄i mař̄i t̄aȳȳ ;
 ař̄ ř̄eř̄ceas̄iȳ ař̄ ř̄r̄ař̄ař̄iȳ Đ̄e,
 đ̄o ř̄ioř̄ȳȳeas̄ ř̄o caol̄ aȳ t-araȳȳ.

N̄i cor̄m̄uȳl̄ ř̄ř̄b̄ ȳa b̄uř̄i ȳ-Đ̄ia,
 le ř̄ř̄oȳȳ ař̄ ř̄iař̄i a'ř̄ ař̄ ř̄ioř̄ȳȳ araȳȳ,
 ȳř̄oř̄i m̄uȳř̄eas̄ř̄¹ leř̄ř̄ ř̄luas̄ř̄ ȳa b-ř̄iaȳȳ,
 a'ř̄ a đ̄-t̄iř̄ceas̄đ̄ ȳac̄ iad̄ ȳa đ̄aȳl̄.

N̄i mař̄i ř̄iȳ đ̄uř̄ce a'ř̄ đ̄od̄ cl̄eř̄iȳ,
 ȳa đ̄'a b̄uř̄i ř̄aor̄i-ř̄laȳř̄e ř̄ř̄ m̄đ̄or̄i caȳl̄ ;
 ř̄ř̄ m̄đ̄or̄i l̄ř̄b̄ t̄r̄uař̄aȳȳ² bođ̄t̄, ř̄aȳȳ ř̄iaȳȳ,
 aȳ b̄uř̄i meas̄ř̄ a c̄umplađ̄t̄ aȳ ř̄ol̄aȳȳ.³

P. Đ̄ob' ior̄m̄uȳȳ l̄ȳȳȳ a'ř̄ le Đ̄ia,
 a ř̄eanđ̄or̄i l̄iađ̄ t̄u beř̄e đ̄'ař̄i ř̄eř̄iȳ ;
 ȳa beř̄e ř̄aob-ř̄aȳř̄đ̄eas̄đ̄ l̄ȳoř̄ca,
 mař̄i ř̄ř̄ ř̄ȳađ̄ t̄uř̄a, a Oȳř̄ř̄ȳ baor̄iđ̄ !

O. Ž̄i ř̄h̄ař̄mař̄c̄ ! đ̄o đ̄eas̄ȳř̄aȳȳȳ đ̄o ř̄eř̄iȳ,
 a'ř̄ đ̄ob' ior̄m̄uȳȳ l̄iom ř̄eř̄ȳ đ̄o Đ̄h̄ia ;
 ađ̄t̄ ř̄uř̄i m̄ȳȳř̄c̄ l̄iom đ̄o luas̄đ̄aȳȳ,
 ř̄o ř̄uř̄ b̄uađ̄ ař̄ ř̄h̄ioř̄ȳȳ ȳa b-ř̄iaȳȳȳ.

¹ Ž̄ȳuř̄eas̄ř̄, 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 T̄r̄uař̄aȳȳ. 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 bonds 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

⁸ *ἄσπλην* 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. Եանաճէ ԼԵ ԵԱՇԱԽ ԿԱ Ե-ԲԻԿԱՅՆ,
 ԵԱ ԷՐԵԱՅԻՄԱՐ ԵԱԾ Ա՛Ր ԵԱ ԻՄԱԷ Ե Զ-ԵԱԼԷ;
 ԱԷՐԻՐ ԸՆԿՆ ԵՊՈՐ ԶԱՆ ԵՐԾՆ,
 ԵԿԱ ԻԱԶ ԵԱԾ ԱՐ ԸՊՈՇ ԱՆ ԱՐԻ!

O. ԵԿԱ ԶԱՐ ԻՄԱՅ ԼԿՈՄ Ե Ծ-ԵՐԱՇՇ ԲՆԸ,
 Ե ԵԷԷ ԱՐ ԲԻՆԵԱԼ ԼԵ ԵՈՄԱԾ ՔԱՐԻԷ:
 ԼԵԱՊԵԱԾ ԸԱՐԷ, ՄԱ ԶԷԽԻՄ ԻԿԱՐ,
 ԱՐ ԸԾԻՄՐՅԼԵԾ ԾԿԱՆ ԸՊՈՇ ԱՆ ԱՐԻ!

Փ՛ ԵՈՅԲԱԿՅ ՉՊԵԱՐԶԱՇ ԿԱ ԼԱՅՆ ԿՅԼԱՐ,
 Ա՛Ր ՕՐԵԱՐ, ԶՈ ԵԵԱՅՆ, Ե Զ-ԸԾԻՄ-ԶԼԷԻԸ;
 Ե ՔՊԱԵՐԱԻԸ! ԾԱ Ե-ԲԷԻԸԲԵԱ ԱՆ ԾԻՐ,
 ԿԻ ԻՈԼԲԱԾ ԶՊՅՈՒՄ ԱՈՆ ԻՊԸ ՓԵ!

ՓՈ ԵԱՄԱՐ ԿԼԵ ԱՆ ԲԻԿԱՅՆ,
 Ե Զ-ԵՐԵԱՇԱԽ ԾԿԱՆ ՔԱ ԵՐԾՆ ԶՈ ԵԼԱՇ;
 ԼԵ Կ-ԵԱԶԼ ԶԱՐ ԷՄԻԵՄ Ծ՛ԱՐ ԼԱՈՇ,
 ԼԵ ՉՊԵԱՐԶԱՇ ԵՐԵԱՆ ԿԱ Զ-ԵՐԱԾ ԼԱՄ.

ՓՈ ԵԻ ՔԼԱԶՅ ՉՊԵԱՐԶԱԿՅ ԿԱ ԿՅԼԱՐ ԼԱՅՆ,
 ԶԱՆ ԵՐՈՅԸ, ԶԱՆ ԶՐԵԱՅՆ, ԱՅ ՔԼԵ ԾԵԾՐ;
 Ծ՛ԵԱԶԼԱ ՄԱՐԵԱԾ Ե Զ-ԵԵԱՅՆ ԷՐԱՇ,
 ԼԵ Կ-ՕՐԵԱՐ ԾԿԱՆ ԿԱ ԼԱՅՆ ԿՅԵԱՐ.

Չ ՔՊԱԵՐԱԻԸ! ԾԱ Մ-ԵԷԷԸԲԵԱԾ ԱՅ ՔԵԱՇԱՅՆ,
 ԱՐ ԶԱՇ ԻԿԱՆ ԵՄԼԶ-ԵՆԻՄ ԵՐԱՅԻԾ;
 ԾԱ ԻԱԽ ԱՐ ԸՈՐՔԱԽ ԿԱ ԿՅԱԽ ԼԱՈՇ,
 ՓԿԱ ԿԱ ՛Ն ԸԼԷՐԻ ԿԻ ԵԷԷԸԲԵԱ ԼԱՅԻԾ.

P. Չ ՕՐԻՐՆ! ՔՅԱՈՒԼ ԸՈՐԷ ԶՈ ՔԾԼԼ,
 ԾՈ ԵՐԱՇԵՐԱ ԵԱՈՐԷ Ա՛Ր ԼԵԱՆ ԾՈԾ՛ ԷՐԱՇՇ;
 ԻՊՊԻՐ ԸՆԿՆ ԵԿԱ ՛ՇՈ ԾՈ՛Ն ԾԻՐ,
 ԾՈ ԵԱՅԻԾ ԱՆ ԶՊՅՈՒՄ ԱՐ ԸՊՈՇ ԱՆ ԱՐԻ!

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 Oscr, 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 Oscr 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. 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 éairé an dír deaḡ-laóč zlan,
 o amáirc maíðne zo h-iar-neoín ;
 zan ríé, zan forad, zan cáirde,
 oc ! a Phátraic, a n-dían-ḡleó.

D'fíarfaíḡ Mearzač d'Orcuri aíḡ,
 an d-eréiḡfíḡ zo lá an ḡleó ;
 a dubairc Orcuri do ḡeabairi do mian,
 a' r do rḡuirneadar iad a raon.

Tanḡadar an dír lám an laim,
 a' r do ḡab an fánuíḡe a rluaz féin,
 do ḡluair Orcuri zo calma, mear,
 ran leirḡ amac moim an b-Fhéin.

Bhí dmeam aḡuirn zo rúbač, ruairc,
 a' r dmeam eile fá ḡruaim na nḡné,
 zo h-éiríḡíḡ ḡréine ar na márač,
 zuri éionól an námaíð cúḡairn zo tréan.

Do cúaíð Orcuri a n-éide cača,
 a' r do ḡlac a amim 'ra rḡiač na dōíð ;
 do émall a ḡ-cómḡaíl 'ra ḡ-coirne,
 Mhearzaíḡ míne, an tréan leóman.¹

D'ionnraíḡ an dír an dara lá,
 ar maíðín zo lám-ḡmod dían ;
 aḡ ḡearmað a' r aḡ créačtúḡad a céile,
 a' r nḡor b-fada zuri ḡáir² an Fhíann.

¹ leóman, a lion. This name is also applied by the poets to a hero, or one who distinguishes himself in battle.

² ḡair, 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 *Cačera Shíolla an Almallain*, 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 Oscur the noble,
 If he would relinquish the battle for the night ;
 Oscur 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 ;
 Oscur 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.

Oscur 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 ruiz an macaib an ban mo mhéaraib,
 Do mh rē zairn óranb a'r béicealé,
 Le fuaim a zóca do chéiceab na rrearaia,
 Do cuala an chruinne é a'r cuir i rreana zéim ar."

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 fáct ar záiṁ an Fhianṁ,
 a Oirín zṁíṁṁ aṁṁíṁṁ dúiṁṁ;
 ṁa deaṁṁad, aṁṁṁṁ, do ṁaṁṁ,
 1ṁ ṁṁṁ¹ do rzeól aṁṁ rúṁ.
- O. Níor záiṁ ṁaorṁṁṁ, a Pháṁṁaṁc ṁúad !
 do éṁz an Fhianṁ an ṁíac úṁ;
 acṁ záiṁ éaorṁṁṁ a'ṁ éṁaṁṁṁṁṁṁ,
 záiṁ zóláṁ a'ṁ záiṁ cúṁṁṁ !
- P. Créad fáct ar éaorṁṁṁṁ an Fhianṁ,
 1ṁ fada ṁom zo ṁocṁaṁṁ fáct,
 1ṁ corṁíṁṁṁ ṁaṁ leaṁṁṁ do laor,
 zo ṁaṁṁ Orcuṁ a ṁom cṁuaṁṁ-éaṁṁ
- O. Dob' é fáct fo'ṁ záiṁ aa Fhianṁ,
 a Pháṁṁaṁc ṁa cléṁṁṁ zo deaṁṁṁ;
 an ṁíeaṁ ṁéṁṁ éuz ṁṁeaṁzaṁṁ ṁa laṁṁ,
 d'fáz Orcuṁ zo faṁṁ faor éalaṁṁ !
- An ṁan do éṁṁṁṁṁ Orcuṁ an láṁ,
 do faoṁleaṁṁṁ a'ṁ caṁ zo ṁaṁṁ zān aṁaṁ,²
 acṁ ṁíor ṁ-fada do'ṁ laoc cṁṁṁṁ,
 an ṁan d'éṁṁṁṁṁ beṁ ṁa feaṁṁṁṁ !
- ṁ Orcuṁ, an Fíṁṁṁ ṁa ṁ-Fíṁṁṁ,
 ṁí facaṁṁ ṁaṁṁ do corṁṁ an láṁ;
 an úṁṁ ṁalṁṁṁṁ zur aṁṁ,
 az aon záiṁzṁṁṁṁṁṁ dá ṁuṁṁbe láṁ.
- 1ṁ deaṁṁṁ ṁomṁṁ an ṁṁeaṁzaṁṁ ṁa laṁṁ,
 zo ṁ-bíad Orcuṁ zo faṁṁ zān rfaṁṁ;
 azur an cúṁṁ eṁle do'ṁ Fhianṁ,
 acṁ ṁurṁ azur ṁoṁ Beaz aṁṁṁṁ.

¹ ṁṁṁṁ 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 Oisin 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 Oseur 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 Oseur weak upon the ground.

When we beheld Oseur down,
 We and the rest supposed him dead ;
 But 'twas not long till the valorous hero
 Arose alive and stood up.

O Oseur, 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 Oseur will be feeble without delay,
 And the rest of the Fians,
 But thou and Aodh Beag only.

² 5AN ANAN, literally *without spirit*, meaning that he was a lifeless corpse.

- O. Dub-rlan na Féinne fúzad,
 a Mheariḡaḡ éruaid na nglar lann;
 o deariḡad liom ar do éorp,
 nḡ h-eaḡal do'n Fhianh do éann.
- Cuirníḡ, a Orcuir, ar Conán maol,
 do éurḡm do'n Fhianh zuri dḡc;
 cuirníḡ ar zác caé cruaid,
 do fearníḡzḡr do rluaiḡḡḡb Fhionh.
- Do rpreaḡ Conán Orcuir aḡz,
 a'r éuz aḡaid zo danna ar Mheariḡac éréan;
 nḡ fácaḡ fḡr, a Phátraic!
 caé dob' fearri idiri dḡr laoc.
- Dob' é rúḡ an caé ba ḡian,
 a Phátraic! na z-cliar zḡn zḡ;
 caé zḡn roraḡ, caé zḡn páirḡ,
 caé zḡn rtaona a nḡarḡb zleḡ.
- Do bḡ an dḡr dob' aḡne chear,
 Orcuir aḡur Mheariḡac a deari me;
 an danna lá ar d-teaéḡ neoin,
 a'r nḡori h-aḡne a z-clḡ ná rḡéim.
- Nḡ maḡb ball dá z-compaḡb caoin,
 zḡn nian creáéḡ, ná zoin lann;
 o baéar¹ cḡn, zo bonn traéḡ,²
 dúḡne a'r do éac nḡori zneann.
- A Orcuir! cuirníḡ zuri leḡ' láim,
 do éurḡ zruaḡac an Dúḡ Óiri;³
 ma curéar le Mheariḡac ar z-cul tú.
 nḡ aḡneḡb dúḡn tú, ar Fionh na b-Fhianh.

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 *ṽṽṽṽ*, or *ḃḃḃḃ ṽṽṽṽ*, used poetically for *ṽṽṽṽ*, the foot; however, *ḃḃḃḃ ṽṽṽṽ*, or *ḃḃḃḃ ṽṽṽṽ*, means the sole of the foot.

³ *Dún Óir*, 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. Nac̄ cur̄m̄h̄n̄ leat̄ zur̄ teah̄n̄ dō b̄j̄,
 Noīr̄n̄h̄ad̄ plann̄dā ah̄ D̄ún̄ Ōīr̄,
 ō h̄ac̄ n̄-aīt̄h̄j̄z̄é̄ear̄ l̄h̄n̄ dō z̄h̄ú̄r̄,
 cloīn̄tear̄ l̄h̄n̄ z̄ac̄ tr̄ac̄ dō z̄l̄ōr̄.

Nac̄ cur̄m̄h̄n̄ leat̄ tar̄ é̄r̄ ah̄ á̄r̄,
 zur̄ leat̄ dō é̄ur̄ T̄ālc̄ mac̄ T̄neoīn̄?
 a'̄r̄ z̄ac̄ z̄aīr̄z̄j̄deac̄ a'̄r̄ tr̄é̄an̄ fluāz̄,
 dō é̄uz̄ ā é̄uar̄'̄ ar̄ ah̄ b̄-F̄h̄é̄h̄n̄.

Bā dear̄b̄ l̄h̄n̄ ūle, ah̄ F̄h̄īann̄,
 n̄ar̄ b̄-ƿadā ó'̄h̄ n̄-d̄j̄r̄ ah̄ t̄-é̄āz̄;
 bā z̄é̄ar̄r̄ zur̄ b'̄aōīb̄h̄n̄ d̄ú̄h̄n̄,
 ar̄ d̄-tūr̄t̄m̄ z̄an̄ l̄ú̄c̄ do'̄h̄ ƿé̄ar̄ tr̄é̄an̄.

C̄iā é̄ur̄ ar̄ talam̄ ah̄ laoc̄,
 ā z̄-creāc̄āīb̄ é̄azā dar̄ l̄h̄n̄;
 d'̄é̄īr̄z̄j̄d̄ z̄ō cal̄mā mear̄ ar̄j̄r̄,
 a'̄r̄ d̄ú̄bāīr̄t̄, īr̄ d̄j̄c̄ ƿō do'̄h̄ F̄h̄é̄h̄n̄.

Dō b̄j̄ ah̄ neó̄n̄ ā b̄-ƿoz̄ur̄ d̄ú̄h̄n̄,
 a'̄r̄ dō tūr̄zead̄ do'̄h̄ F̄h̄é̄h̄n̄ a'̄r̄ dō é̄ac̄;
 z̄ō mō é̄ūībē ah̄ d̄j̄r̄ laoc̄,
 dō r̄zur̄ ó'̄h̄ n̄z̄leó̄ z̄ō lā.

Dō lab̄ar̄r̄ F̄iōn̄n̄ īr̄ nā ƿīr̄ é̄al̄mā,
 a'̄r̄ d̄ú̄bāīr̄t̄ zur̄ māīrē d̄ó̄īb̄ ar̄aon̄;
 r̄taon̄ā ó'̄h̄ z̄-cāc̄ dō é̄oīl̄ ā é̄é̄īle,
 z̄ō h̄-é̄īr̄z̄j̄d̄ z̄h̄é̄īnē ā mārāc̄ laē.

Á̄ d̄ú̄bāīr̄t̄ M̄ear̄z̄ac̄ nā n̄z̄lar̄ lann̄,
 īr̄ cur̄bē r̄īn̄, ā F̄h̄īn̄n̄ m̄īc̄ C̄ú̄m̄āīll̄,
 a'̄r̄ n̄j̄oīr̄ é̄ar̄īl̄āīd̄ īr̄am̄ h̄om̄ ā n̄z̄lēīc̄,
 laoc̄ īr̄ tr̄é̄īnē near̄t̄ a'̄r̄ l̄ú̄c̄.

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 *Cāc̄r̄ā ah̄ Á̄m̄adār̄n̄ M̄h̄ó̄īr̄*, 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 Taile 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 Cumhail ;
 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 Σπουδαῖς
 of Θῆμη ἀη ὄμη, which may refer to either locality. This poem will
 appear in our Transactions at some future period.

O. O noét amac, a Mhearaizaiḡ cnuaid,
cuirmu ruar duire, a' r d'Fhionn;
do ló nō d'oidce, aḡur zo briač,
nō zur bar do ceac̄tar dūinn.

Do rzuim an dír deaḡ-laoc̄ ó' n̄ nḡleḡ,
an oidce rin a' r ba c̄rēac̄tac̄ tinn;
a ḡ-coimr, a b-ḡeḡil, a' r a ḡ-cnāma,
ḡan b̄riḡ, ḡan blaḡ, ḡan ḡeḡim.

Ar na māiac̄ ar amaic̄ lae,
d'ionnraiz̄ a c̄eile an dír zo dian;
ba c̄alma neair a' r ḡhōm̄ lam̄a,
ar talam̄ dā d-cāinn̄ ḡiam̄.

Dob' iad rúḡ, a Phac̄raic̄, an dír,
ba ḡairbe, a' r ba c̄rēire a nḡleḡ;
'rin ḡeair do c̄uirnead̄ arteac̄ zo cnāim̄,
lan̄ d'a lam̄¹ dā b-ḡac̄ad̄ ḡōr.

N̄i ḡac̄ar ḡōr dír mar̄ iad,
a neair, a ḡam̄, nā d-trēan̄ lút;
a ḡ-calmač̄t, a ḡime, a' r a ḡirneac̄,
a' r a ḡ-im̄ic̄ ar meannam̄, dar̄ lom̄.

N̄i ḡac̄ad̄ a raith̄ul rúḡ am̄aon,
aḡ fulan̄ḡ t̄rom̄-b̄eimeann̄ cnuaid;
aḡ ḡeairmad̄ ḡeḡla, a' r c̄near̄ c̄aom̄,
aḡ ḡeairam̄ ḡan ḡleac̄, ḡan ruan̄.

A d-trēire,² a d-trēire, 'ra lút,
ḡan teirce a b-ḡonn̄ 'na n̄dāil;
do b̄i an dír ḡan rzur̄ ó' n̄ nḡhōm̄,
do ló nō d'oidce ar̄ ḡeac̄ deic̄ la.

¹ Lan̄ d'a lam̄, *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.

¹ In other copies a b-ερεαγας.

- O. Ա Պիարիս զի սուս յա լոյս յշար,
 ար Օրսուր, չօ տեայ ծրար;
 իր մօր աղ յալիս ճիւղս արար,
 բաժնի տա՛ն զլո՛ս արար արար:
- Պ. Ա Օրսուր! իր տն ար սուս լոյս,
 ծ'ար իմիր աղ ճիւղս արար;
 ծօ ճիւղս լոյս իր է ճիւղս
 ար Պիարիս, ա՛ր ծօ լոյս յա Բիւրիս:
- O. Ո՛ր ինչ ճիւղս յա ճիւղս յա Բիւրիս,
 ա Պիարիս զի սուս յա յշար լոյս;
 ճիւղս արար լոյս լոյս լոյս,
 ար Օրսուր յա լոյս լոյս:
- Ծօ ճիւղս Օրսուր յա լոյս յշար,
 լոյս լոյս, ճիւղս լոյս ա ճիւղս;
 լոյս Բիւրիս յա յա ճիւղս լոյս,
 աղ տեայ ճիւղս Պիարիս, ար լոյս:
- Բիւրիս լոյս ար ճիւղս լոյս յա լոյս,
 ա Պիարիս զի սուս! ար Օրսուր լոյս;
 լոյս լոյս լոյս ար ճիւղս լոյս,
 լոյս լոյս, արար լոյս, ար լոյս:
- Ո՛ր Բիւրիս ճիւղս լոյս ար լոյս,
 լոյս լոյս ա՛ր լոյս լոյս լոյս;
 լոյս լոյս Պիարիս ար լոյս լոյս,
 լոյս Օրսուր յա լոյս լոյս լոյս:
- Ո՛ր Բիւրիս լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս,
 լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս;
 լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս լոյս,
 լոյս Օրսուր յա լոյս լոյս լոյս!

- O. O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 Saith Oseur, stoutly and aloud,
 Great is the shame to us both,
 That the conflict is on our hands so long.
- M. O Oseur! '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 Oseur of the stern words.

Oseur 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 Oseur,
 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 Oseur of the severe blows.

Oseur 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 éðzðamairne, ah Fhianh, zàiri mhuidrìh,¹
 a' r càc zàiri càoirne zo cruaid ;
 a dùbairte mac Mheairzaiž na lann,
 tizead fear am còmhàil uaib ?

Thairiz na còirzihìd, a' r na còmhàil,
 Lonzadàn mac Bruairìh na h-eac ;
 aihim ìhìc Mheairzaiž na lann,
 Ciarbàn dob' fòzallac a d-treap.

Sul fò d-tuzam tarz ah càca,²
 Orcur ba truaž zah cur a ruim ;
 do bh lìheta do c'heac'caib àdbal,
 o Mheairzac c'òda na z-cruad žhìoh.

Ruzamar ah laoc calma,
 o aiharc na b-fear mhòr-treap,³
 a' r d'iarri cead ar Fhìohh ar d-túr,
 dul do còmhac ìhìc Mheairzaiž fèih.

Nìohi aohcuiz Fìohh do' h laoc càid,
 dul do còmhac le Ciarbàn meap ;
 do cuiread leižear me a c'headaib,
 ' r ir zearri zo mo doiliz dùhah ah 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 :—

“ Ar c'urìh do Mheairzac ceahh,
 ba boib fòzallac a d-túr zleò ;
 a dùbairte a ìhac le zlòr h'ar žheahh,
 tizead ah fear am còirìh.”

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 Oseur 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 b-cuḡad cuararḡḡbal aḡ ḡaḡa,
 Oḡcur ba ḡruaḡḡ ḡaḡ a ḡur a ḡurḡ ;
 do bḡ ceḡḡḡ ceḡaḡcaḡ ḡaḡḡ,
 ḡaḡ caḡa ḡaḡ meḡbaḡḡ ḡaḡ luḡe !”

* Before I relate the account of the battle,
 Pity that Oseur would not be noticed ;
 He was sick, wounded, and weak,
 Without agility, without sense, without strength !

³ Again :—

“ ḡo ceḡaḡba ḡ aḡaḡc ḡaḡc.”
 Mildly from the gaze of the rest.

O. An tann d'fázbamar ar laoc,
 ríte zo faon ar leaba ruain;
 a' r luét fhearðarl¹ na còmhðarl,
 tánzamar do láðair an cáta luadar.

D'íonraiz Chiarðan zo calma,
 azur lonzadan ba zairb zleòð;
 a' r nìor b-fada dòib a ngleic,
 an tann cuiread mac Briuidhì an feòz!²

Do túr, a Phátraic, d'ar b-Fhéinn,
 le Chiarðan, a n-aonar, an céad lá;
 deicneabair a' r céad d'fearaib éruaib
 ba daicéid dúnna uairn an m-blaet.³

Do túr leir an dará ia,
 zan deairzad ar a cheir caoir;
 da céad fear ba calma lúe,
 a Phátraic! ba dúbac an céim.

An tann do cònaire Soll mac Mòrha,
 Chiarðan az cìorbaid na rluaiz;
 do zluair féin na còmhðarl,
 a' r nìor b-fada ar làr zo b-fuarir.

Jar d-tuirim do Chiarðan me Soll,
 do zair, do zlarim, a' r do caoir cáe;
 do zair le lúezair an Fhianh,
 zid' nair raór iad ó diombaid.

Tairiz deairbraðair do Chiarðan,
 d'ar ba com-airim Uazan meair;
 ba cìòda calma é mar laoc,
 a' r ar feabair na Féinne d'fòzair caet.⁴

¹ Luét fhearðarl, i.e., attendants, or persons to wait upon him, nurses.

² Feòð, or feòðad, to fade, wither, or decay.

³ blaet, *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 *Ḍ'fóḡaḡu caé*, he proclaimed battle, i.e., he challenged the best among the Fians to combat.

O. ΤΑΙΥΙΖ Α Ξ-CΩΗΔΑΙΛ ΛΕΙΡ ΡÚΔ,
 CÉΠΠΗΝ ΜΑC ΛÚΖΑΙΘ ΒΑ ΔΙΑΗ ΛΑΗ,
 ΗΪΟΙ Β-ΡΑΔΑ ΔΘΙΒ ΑΞ ΡΙÚΒΑΛ,
 ΗΥΑΙΡΗ ΒΪ CÉΠΠΗΝ ΜΑC ΛÚΖΑΙΘ ΑΡ ΛΑΡ.

ΤΑΙΥΙΖ ΦΕΑΡ ΕΙΛΕ ΔΟ'Η ΦΗΙΑΝΗ,
 Δ'ΑΡ Β'ΑΙΗΙΜ ΗΑΖΥΥΡ ΜΑC ΛΟΒΑΡΙΑΝ,
 ΔΟ CΥΡΕ ΦÉΗΝ Α'Ρ CÉΑΔ ΔΟ'Η Β-ΨÉΠΠΗ,
 ΛΕ ΛΙΑΖΑΗ CΠÓΔΑ ΑΗ ΔΟΗΑΡΙΑΗ.

ΔΟ ΞΛΥΑΙΡ CΟΗΑΗ ΗΑΡ ΔΙΑΗ Α Ξ-CΑΕ,¹
 Α'Ρ ΗΑΡ ΙΑΡΗ CΑΙΛ ΞΑΙΡΞΕ ΗΑ ΞΗΪΗ;
 Α Ξ-CΩΗΔΑΙΛ ΛΙΑΖΑΗ, ΑΡ ΤΕΑCΘ ΔΟ ΛΑCΑΙΡ,
 ΙΡ ΒΑΟC ΔΟ CΥΑΙΡΔ Α ΦΪΡ ΗΑΟΙΛ!

ΙΑΡ Δ-ΤΕΑCΤ ΔΟ CΗΟΗΑΗ Α Β-ΡΟΞΥΡ ΔΟ,
 ΔΟ CÓΞ ΛΙΑΖΑΗ ΞΟ CΠÓΔΑ Α ΛΑΗ,
 ΙΡ ΤΡΕΙΡΕ ΟΙΤ ΑΗ ΦΕΑΡ ΑΡ ΔΟ CÚΛ,
 ΗΑ ΗΙΡΕ ΜÓΗΑΔ, ΑΡ CΟΗΑΗ.

Δ'ΦÉΑC ΛΙΑΖΑΗ CΠÓΔΑ ΗΑ ΔΙΑΙΞ,
 Α'Ρ ΒΑ CΑΡΑ ΑΗ ΙΑΡΗΑCΤ, ΑΞ CΟΗΑΗ;
 ΗΪ ΡΑΙΗΙΖ ΛΕΙΡ ΦÉΑCΑΙΗ ΤΑΡ ΔΙΡ,
 ΑΗ CΕΑΗΗ ΞΥΡ ΡΞΑΡ Θ ΗΑ ΗΥΗΘΕΑΛ!

ΗΪΟΙ ΦΕΑΡΑΙΗ CΟΗΑΗ ΑΗ ΒΑΛΛ,
 Α'Ρ ΗΪΟΙ ΙΑΡΗ ΦΕΑΡ Α ΤΕΑCΤ Α Η-ΑΙΤ;
 ΔΟ ΞΛΥΑΙΡ ΔΟ CÓΙΡ ΗΕΑCΑ ΦΑΟΙ 'Η Β-ΨΙΑΗΗ,
 Α'Ρ ΔΟ CΑΙΤ Α ΛΑΗΗ ΘΡ Α ΛΑΗΗ.

Δ'ΦΪΑΡΗΑΙΘ ΦΑΟΛΑΗ ΔΟ'Η Β-ΦΕΑΡ ΜΑΟΛ,
 CΡÉΑΔ ΦΑC ΗΑΡ ΦΕΑΡΗΑΙΘ ΑΗ ΒΑΛΛ,
 ΞΥΡ ΗΑΡΗΕΑC ΑΗ ΞΗΪΟΗ ΔΟ ΜΥΗΗ,
 Α'Ρ ΞΥΡ ΛΕ CΕΑΛΞ CΥΡΕ ΛΙΑΖΑΗ ΑΗΗ.

¹ ΗΑΡ ΔΙΑΗ Α Ξ-CΑΕ, *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 presence,
 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. Da d-tizeað liomra le h-aoibéim,
 an rluaz tréan do cúir cúmh báir;
 le ceilz, njoir nár liom an beairt,
 a' r nji b-fazdaoir forz amearz na b-Fhianh.

Iméiz, an Faolan, óranid,
 a' r zlac ad láim do lanh arír;
 a' r fózairi caé calma cróda,
 an fear do' h t-rlöz mar áil, no an dír.

Nj zeabad do coimairle, an Conán,
 zid b'e azuib le' m nár mo zhoim;
 fózrad féin caé a' r coimiac,
 an fear nō dō do' h t-rluaz-buidin.

Tijall an dáiré, an Faolan,
 a' r conzbaid lám liom anhr a ngliað;
 má' r tuicim dam le' h té éioctar,
 zairim éuzad fear do' h Fhianh.

Nj macad an aonar an,
 ná fōr ad dáirí, an an fear maol;
 dá mo tuicim dáimra a Fhaolán,
 njoir b'e an dam beiré az zlaodac!

Tairi mar aon liom, a firi máoil,
 a' r tabairi leat arír do lanh;
 ná fan an foéairi má' r áil leat,
 má' r eazal leat cáé dod' ceany!

Do éijall Faolan a' r an fear maol,
 zo mánzadar a maon cor an éoir;
 an áit 'na maib liazán an lám,
 a Fhaolán! an Conán, bí ad éord?

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. Do tóð an fear maol a lann,
 a' r do m'ic zo teann faoi an b-Féiun;
 d'fóðair Faolan an caé zo h-áid,
 an fearbar r'loz các a z-cóim-zleic.

Do éairiz zo h-éarza 'na cóm'daíl,
 laoc fóirnaeta ba zairb zlóir;
 Daol-c'iab¹ do z'náit a airm,
 a' r a lann 'ra r'z'iaé na deap láim.

Níor b-fada do' n dír a d-erioib na lann,
 zo b-facamar, a' r ba z'neann me các;
 Faolan clirde, an n'zairb laoc,
 an cúl r'z'éite az Daolc'iab a'n.

Do tózbadar các zairta z'mun,
 cé'n doiliz a z-caoi t're bar Liazair;
 do tózbanairne zairta z'oil
 t're éirizíon a neim do Fhaolan!

Do éualaid Orcur an n-uall z'air,
 an a leaba mar a maib zo fanh;
 tá an caé coitcéann an ré,
 a' r n'j beid neac do' n Fhéiun ionam faoi céann.

Níor b-fada zo b-facamar az teacé,
 an laoc mear calma an t'rean lút;
 níor b-fear dúinn z'ur ab é b'j a'n,
 z'ur beannuiz zo ceannra d'Fhionn.

Do faoil mé, a Fhionn! an ré,
 an tan éualaid an z'air doimíon;
 nac maib laoc orzairda an an z-choc,
 a' r duine azuib ná maib beó!

¹ i.e., The dark-haired.

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 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 bġ Faolan a' r Daolċjab,
 a nżleō aʒur a ʒ-comħmac ċruaġd ;
 aʒ ʒeapħmāđ feōla, comħ, a' r cħam,
 a ħ-aħħaric aħaon ba ċruaʒ !

Đġarħ Ĵġonħ aħ aħ laoc calħa,
 Orcur aħʒeantħ 1r ě luadħm,
 dul aħġr tarħ aħr do'ħ dġħ,
 a' r ʒaħ ruħħeac řō lġc aħ ʒleō.

Nġ ħacāđ tarħ ħ'arħ, a Ĵħġħ ċaġđ !
 aħ Orcur ħāħ ċħġc a nżħāđ ;
 ħō ʒo b-řaġřeac ċħ aco do'ħ dġř,
 do ċurřeap řaħ ħʒħġom le ħ-ěaʒ.

Do bġ Faolan da ċħaocāđ ʒo ħđħ,
 aʒ Daolċjab ʒo ċħōđħ, teanħ ;
 a Ĵħaolāħ ! aħ Orcur ħa lanħ ħʒěarħ,
 tu ċurřħm le Daol ħom ħġor ʒħeanħ.

Đ'řěac Ĵaolan, a' r ba ċruaġđ a ċār,
 aħ Orcur le dġombāđ ħħa ʒħġġř ;
 a řħġc ħa laoc calħa, aħ řě,
 ħā ċurřħm ħa trěġʒ ħo ċġř.

Đħ' r ċurřħm duħ le Daolċjab
 a Ĵħaolāħ ! ċħ dġaħ a ċħom řlōʒ ;
 ċurřeādřħ aʒur řħuāʒ ħa b-Ĵħanħ,
 ħō ċurřřđ Daolċjab ad đeolʒ.

Curřħġʒ, a Ĵħaolāħ ! aħ Orcur trěanħ,
 ʒur b'ġomħħa laoc do ċurř led' lāħħ ;
 a' r ħac ċurřbe duħ a ħ-aħħaric ħa b-Ĵħanħ,
 ʒaħ řeapħħ le Daolċjab a ħ-dāř.

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,
 O'scur 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 O'scur 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 O'scur, of the sharp blades,
 Thy fall by Daol would not be pleasant to me.

Faolan gazed, and perilous was his position,
 On O'scur, 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 O'scur,
 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. Njori b-ƿada dúnyh mar rny,
 zo b-ƿacamar a' r b'aoibnyh ay ržéal;
 Ðaolc'iað až ƿaolan žan čeahh,
 a' r do čožbamary žajr žnyhnyh mar d'ėaž!

Ži dúbajnt Orcuri do žut' arð,
 t'žead c'ac ule d'aoñ taoib;
 a' r žėabajð cač cojtčeahh žarð,
 žan mojl le ƿearž fluažte ƿhnyh.

Nj ržarƿadra ar ƿaolan na lany,
 zo d-tuſt'f'ð hjom tuſle do'ñ t-rlōž;
 lem' laſñ ƿėny na h-aoñaryh,
 myna ž-curčar le c'ac mē ar ƿeðž!

P. Jnyr, a Oj'ry, a' r na can b'ėaž,
 m' r r'ibry, ay ƿhlyhny, dob' ƿėary lút;
 c'ėeð nač cač cojtčeahh, teahh,
 ƿuajr Űearžac' ra fluaž ar d-túr?

O. Ži ƿhacraic! njori žnyat' lejy ay b-ƿėnyh,
 žan mōža žlyð do čabajnt do c'ac;
 njori jonyhnyh leð cealž na meahž,
 ƿeac do'ñ d'neahh njori b'ė čajl.

Njori d'jultuž ay ƿhlyhny me na lny,
 a ž-cač na ž-cojmeaſžur t'ėny flōž,
 cač cojtčeahh nð ay aoñar,
 do čabajnt d'aoñ d'jarƿað ē.

P. Ðod' čuamaryžbajl zo ƿjori leay,
 zo b-ƿažmaoib c'nyčnyžað ay čata čmuajð,
 nð ar čuſt ay ƿeari boſb úð,
 da nžojrčeari do žnyat' leat ƿaolan?

- 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 Oisin, 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. Tар ёйр Дһаолѳаб до ѳур ѳум баір ;
 д'іаріу Фаолан ceад ари Фһіонн,
 dul do ѳоміаc зан ѳайнде ари бїѳ,
 le laoc еіle do філаз ѳайѳ.

Аонта һа Фейһне аһ таһ фуаһи,
 д'фозаһи зо cпуаіѳ caѳ ари ѳаѳ ;
 таһиѳ laoc д'аһ ба ѳом-аһиһи,
 Cһаһ маc Лаѳһа һа ѳомдәіл.

Д'іонһаіѳ аһ дїр деаѳ-лаoc а ѳейle,
 зо тһеаһ calма cпуаіѳ ;
 һїор б-фада зур б'аойбїһн дїһн ;
 а'р caѳ зо дїбаѳ фаоі лан-зїуаһи.

Нї ѳуз Фаолан аһ даһа бейм,
 ѳум Чһаһн һїc Лаѳһа һа з-cпуаѳ ланн ;
 аһ таһ до ѳонcаһаһи аз теаѳт,
 һїоѳаһн ѳайлce ба һреаѳа зһїр.

Do ѳур Cһаһ маc Лаѳһа le Фаолан,
 ful фа д-таһиѳ аһ һїоѳаһн ѳузаһн ;
 do рзуһи аһ злеѳ ари заѳ таоѳ,
 аз фејѳеаһн һа деаѳ-һнһа ѳд.

Do тѳѳбаѳ һе caѳ зарїа caоі,
 аһ аїһе һа һїоѳ-һнһа дѳїѳ,
 do бї аһ Фһїаһн һа роғѳ да һ-аһаһиc,
 а'р і аз рїор рїle деѳр !

Аһи а ceаһн до бї аһ фолт ѳїѳа,
 а Фһаґаһиc ! һї зѳ даһ а һаоїѳеаһн ;
 һї фаca туға һа до Фһїа,
 а фамїул до ѳїаб ари аон һнһаоі.

- 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. Գ'բարբալծ ըի ծօ շլծի ԲԱ ԲՕՇՄԱ,
 ԵԱ ՌԱԽ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ, ՌԻՇ ՆԱ Ե-ԲԻԱՅՆ;
 ՆԾ ԱՐ ԷՄԵ Ա ՇԵՆԵ ԸԱՕԻՆ, ՄԵԱՐ,
 Ա՛Ր Ա ԾԻՐ ՄԱՇ ԸԱ՛Ր ՇԱԵ ԲԻԱԾ.

ՇԻԱ Կ-Ե ԾՕ ՇԵՆԵ ԸԱՕԻՆ, ԱՐ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ,
 ԻՍՆԻՐ ԾԱՄՆ Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ԾԻՐ ՄԱՇ;
 ՄԱ՛Ր ԷՄԵՄ ԾՈՒԵ ԱՐ ԷՆՈՇ ԱՆ ԱՐ,
 ԾՕ ՇԵԱԾԱՐ Ա Ծ-ԷԱՐՇ ԼԵ ԲՐԵԻՇ ԼԵԱՇ?

ԱՄՆՄ ՄՕ ՇԵՆԵ ԲԱ ՄԾՐ ԲԱԾ,
 ՊԵԱՐՇԱՇ ԸՄԱԿՍ ՆԱ ԼԱՆՆ ՆՇԼԱՐ;
 Ա՛Ր ՄՕ ԾԻՐ ՄԱՇ, ՇԻԱՐԾԱՆ ԲԱ ԷՐԵԱՆ,
 ԱՅՄՐ ԼԻԱՇԱՆ ԾՕ ԵՂ ԷԵԱՆՆ Ա Շ-ԸԱՇ.

Ա ՌԾՇԱՆ ԸԱԿՍ, ԾՕ ՌԱԿՍ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ,
 ՇԻԱ ՇՕ ՄՕ ԼԾՈՒՇԱ, ԷԱՐԱ, ԷՐԵԱՆ;
 ԾՕ ԷՄԷԱԾԱՐ ԱՆ ԷՄՄՐ ԱԾ ԼԱԾԱՐ,
 Ա Շ-ԸԱՇ ԲԱ ՆՇԼԻԱԾ ԾԱ ՄԵՅԾ Ա ԼՒՇ.

ԾՕ ԲՇՄԵԱԾ ԱՅՄՐ ԾՕ ՇԱՐՐ ԱՆ ՌԾՇԱՆ ԱԿՇ,
 ԱՅՄՐ ԾՕ ՇՄԵԱԾ ՆԱ ԵԱՐԱ ՇՕ ԼՈՄ ԸՄԱՇ;
 ԾՕ ԲԻԼ ՇՕ ՇՄՄԵ ԲԱՐԱ ԾԵԾՐ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՒԵԱՐՄԵ, ՄՕ ԵՐԾՆ! ՇԱ Ե-ԲՄԻԼ ՄՕ ԷՄՄՐ?

ԾՕ ՇԼԱՐ ԱՆ ՌԾՇԱՆ ԸԱԿԵ,
 ՇՕ ԾԻԱՆ ԱՇ ԲՇՄԵԱԾԱ ԻՇ՝Ն ԱՐ;
 ՇՕ ՌԱՄՆՇ ԲԻ ՇՕ ԵԱՇՇ ԱՆ ԱՐԵ,
 ԻՆԱ ՌԱԽ Ա ՇԵՆԵ ՚ՐԱ ԾԻՐ ՄԱՇ ԱՐ ԼԱՐ.

ԾՕ ԷՐՈՅԾ ԸՆ ԲՇԻԱՆՆ ԱՆՈՒՐ ՚ՐԱ ՆԱՐ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ԷՐՈՅԾ ԸԱՇ ՄԱՐ ԻԱԾ ՇՕ ԷԼԱԻՇ;
 ԾՐ ՇԱՇ ԷԱՕԵ Ա՛Ր ԱՐԾ ԾՕ՝Ն ԷՆՈՇ,
 ԱՇ ԷՐԷԱՇՇ ԼԵ ԸԱՕԻ-ՇՄԷ 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 *cavin* of the woman.

O. 21 Phátmaic ! nĩ fáca do Dhia,
 do éléirí fód, nà túbéir;
 macraimhíl nà mha úd,
 a b-peara, a 3-cló, 'ra r3éim.

 22 An t-an éairi3 ór cionn nà 3-coirp,
 do rtoé a folc bí ar dáé an óir;
 do rí3 tairna ar an d-timíur,
 3an tapa, 3an lúé, 3an treoir!

 23 D'áirí3 a h-éadan maireac, mí3,
 a dearca 3i3n 'ra deari3 3ruad;
 a leaca, a béal, a' r a crué 3o léir,
 a raímhíl do'n éas ba érua3!

 24 Níor b-fada dúin, a Phátmaic ! mar rí3,
 3o n-deacá3 rí a n-éalaib báir,
 Do é3aib an naima3 uall-cao3 3éar,
 a' r an Fhianh féin bí faoi díombad !

 25 Do faoileamairne a' r fód cáé,
 3o b-fuarín bá3 an 3an 3airim;
 do éairi3 nà crué féin arí3,
 a' r do éan a3 caoi an laoi mar lehar!

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!

LAOJ 2HNA 2HEAR3A13H,

1. 2Hne řuað-geal, a u-ðiaġ a řiu aġur a ðiar mac
do ður ar ðnoc an aġu.

O. 2 Heařiaġ na uġlar-lan uġear,¹
dob' iomða ġiað a' ř tıom-ðat;
a ð-tıonðl řluaġ a' ř aonarıan,
do ður led' ðruað-lan řeal.

Ñıon b-řearð me ġo maġ na u-ðiaġ,
çřeact na maġ ar do çonř;
' ř ġr ðearb ġıom ġur çelġ, a ġıað,
a' ř naç uearç lan do buaġð orç!

Ñob' řada do çıall an ġmçıan,
ðð' çıř ba çaoıġ ġo h-ġıur řaġ;²
ð' ġonřaġġe řhııı aġur na b-řıanıı,
do çealġ mo çıar do' ġ m-bar!

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 ġıur řaġ, *Island of Fail*. At p. 130, note 1, referring to this term, we stated, on the authority of Keating, one of the most learned antiquaries of his time, that the ġa řaġ, 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.E. OF AILNE, OF THE BRIGHT COUNTENANCE, OVER HER
HUSBAND AND TWO SONS WHO FELL AT CNOG-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 *Forradh*, 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. Փլօմբած ! մօ շէլե, մօ շեան,
 Եօ շալլեար Լե մեանց յա Ե-Գլան;
 մօ ծիր օջլած, մօ ծիր մաԷ,
 մօ ծիր Ե'բարալԵ Եա չարԵ շլիած !

Պօ շնիա ! մօ Ելած աչար մօ ծեօՇ !
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շօրց օ չած ալլԵ;
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շրլալ ալ յմօլան,
 ա'ր շար շալլեար' մօ ԼաօՇրա շալԵ !

Պօ շնիա ! մօ Փհն ալ Լար,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ բչաՇ ա'ր մօ բչլաՇ ;
 մօ շնիա ! ՊեարչաՇ ա'ր ՇլարԵան,
 մօ շնիա Լլաչան ! Եա Երեաչ շլիած !

Պօ շնիա ! մօ շօրիեաԵ ա'ր մօ ծլօղ,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ Երլչ աչար մօ շեան;
 մօ շնիա ! Ե'է ա'ր ԵօլԵ օ'ղ օԼԷ,
 մօ շնիա աղօՇ ! բլԵ շօ բան !

Պօ շնիա ! մօ ԼնՇչար ա'ր մօ շրեան,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շեալ աղ չած ալԷ,²
 մօ շնիա ! մօ ԼնՇ ա'ր մօ ղեարԷ,
 մօ շնիա ! օ ղօՇՇ աղաՇ շօ Երած !

Պօ շնիա ! մօ շրեօլլ ա'ր մօ շրլալ,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ ղիան շօ Լա'ղ Եար,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շարչե ա'ր մօ ղիլլ,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ ԼաօՇրած Եա շալԵ !

Պօ շնիա ! մօ ԼեաԵաՇ ա'ր մօ ղան,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շարլԷ ա'ր մօ շեաՇ ;
 մօ շնիա ! մ'օլԵ ա'ր մօ Ելած,
 մօ շնիա շրալԵՇԷ ! մօ շրլն բար !

¹ Շեան means also a head, and in pronunciation and signification strongly resembles the Persian word *khan*.

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, a no, height, everywhere.*

- O. Պօ ըննա ! մօ մայր ա՛ր մօ բշէրն,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ թեճաճ ա՛ր մօ շարշե
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շրքեճ ա՛ր մօ մաօր,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շրիճ օրոք շարշե !
- Պօ ըննա ! մօ շարքեճ ա՛ր մօ շաօ,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ մայրիք ա՛ր մօ շարք,
 մօ ըննա ! մ՛աճար ա՛ր մօ մաճար,
 մօ ըննա ա՛ր մօ շար ! բն մարն !
- Պօ ըննա ! մօ բարիք ա՛ր մ՛բարե,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ բարեք շճճ ամ,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ միջր ա՛ր մօ բօլար,
 մօ ծօլիճ ծօլար ! բն շօ բար !
- Պօ ըննա ! ծօ բեճ ա՛ր ծօ կար,
 մօ ըննա ! ծօ շարքաճ ա՛ր ծօ շրճ,
 մօ ըննա ! ծօ շր ա՛ր ծօ շարե,
 մօ ըննա ! բն ծօ բարք օր՛ ծար !
- Պօ ըննա ! մօ շար ա՛ր մօ շարե,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շարքեճ ա՛ր մօ թար ;
 մօ ըննա ! մօ միջքաճ ա՛ր մօ բիջքաճ,
 մօ ըննա ա՛ր մօ շար ! բն շօ հեճ !
- Պօ ըննա ! մօ բաճ շօ հ-յօր-բար,
 մօ ըննա ! բն ար ամ շրճ ;
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շրքօլ բօճ,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շրար կօրար շրքօ !
- Պօ ըննա ! մ՛յարիք աջար մ՛օլ,
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շօլ աջար մ՛աօրեար ;
 մօ ըննա ! մօ շրարար՛ ա՛ր մօ շարքաճ,²
 մօ ըննա շարքաճ ! բն շարքօ !

¹ Շրարար, 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. *Griaran* 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 Βασητετρας, female attendants, ladies in waiting, &c.

O. 2)o cúmha ! m'fionn aZur m'fíadac,
 mo cúmha ! mo éiríar deairb laoc ;
 mo cúmha oc ! mo cúmha íad !
 a' r a leazad an iméian do'n Fhéirín !

 D'airéin mé ar an rluaz ríze¹ tréan,
 do bí a ngleic ór cionn an Dúin ;
 a z-cač le céile a nglíurib aeidíur,
 zo íarib an léan le buairc dom' éiríur !

 D'airéin mé ar an b-fózar-zuč ríze !
 do íéid zo cnuirín arteač am éluair ;
 nar b-fada uairm zoinn nuad ržéil,
 bíur d-tuirim ír é do tuar !

 D'airéin mé a d-túr an lae,
 do ržar mo éiríur deaz-laoc íom ;
 ar amharc dearia folá na nžruad,
 nar b-fillead íaroi buad cúžam !

 D'airéin mé ar zuč na m-badb,
 an n bíur z-cačairí meidíur žac neoin ;
 ó ržarabairí íom zo cročac caoin,
 žur b-fožur dam léan a' r bíoin !

 Ír cuirín íom a éiríur ba éréan !
 žur mihic mé íb do luaid ;
 da m'ímteačt zo h-Éiríurín díb,
 nac b-fercferín bíur nžraoi íaroi buad !

¹ *Stuaz ríze, 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. D'arctyn mé ar zúc an féicé,
 zac maidean ó ériall rib uaim;
 zur tuictyn díb, ó bairriánuil féoi,
 a' r nári b-fillead díb do' h tiri le buad!
- D'arctyn mé a ériuir ba cáid,
 ar h-dearomad búri h-iáll-cóh díb;
 nári b-fillead díb arír le buad,
 zah cealz ó fluaizctib Fhionn!
- D'arctyn mé a cóihle zahze!
 rruic an eara az taoib an Dúin;
 ar m-beic an fuil le hion búri d-tuail,
 an feall ro riain zo riab a b-Fionn!
- D'arctyn mé ar cúairid an iolair,
 zac heoiu az fillead ór cionn an Dúin;
 nári b-fada zo z-cluifionn féin,
 tárz dnoic-rzéil óm' ériuir!
- D'arctyn mé an tan d'féoiz an hile,
 'dri zéaz a' r duille ór comair an Dúin,
 nári téacé fo buad tar riur díb,
 ó cealzab Fhionn hie Cúriall!
- Na imcáin Fionn! a rióžain aiz (ar Šriáine),¹
 ná fór imcáin an Fhianh;
 hie le ceiz, ná le meahz,
 do tuiceadar an do ériuir!
- Ní cúz an rióžain frieazmad ar bic, (ar Šhriáinne),
 azur hoiu cúiri ruim ná zlóu;
 acé leahriúin dá caoine a' r dá caoi,
 zo friar az ríoi ríle deói!

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 Cumhaill !

Do not deery Fionn, O noble princess (saith Grainne),
 Nor yet deery 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. 1808), similar visions appear to her, respecting *Naisi*, *Ainle*, and *Ardan*.

¹ Ζηταίη, *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 Cumhaill, but her subsequent amours with Diarmuid O'Duibhne, forms the subject of our Third Volume.

Օ. Փ'ալէրն մե՛ ար ամարս բնր ր-ճարչ,
 ան Լա ծօ էրմալլ ին՛ ծ'ր ր-Փնր;
 ար արլ ան քէր՛ իճմարն ամա՛ճ,
 րար Եճմարնա մարէ ար Եարա Ենչամ ?

Փ'ալէրն մե՛ ար Եօրն Շիարճարն,
 ԵՅ շլարն շօլարն շա՛ ղեօրն ;
 րար Ե-բաճա շօ Ե-բաճարն, մօ թար !
 Ենր Ե-Եարչ, Ե էրար, մօ ծօրօն !

Փ'ալէրն մե՛ ար Եարճա րարն,
 շա՛ օյճԵ Եարն քօ իրօճարն ծօճր ;
 օն' իօրչարն օ իչար ին՛ Լրօմ,
 րար Եար Ենրճարչ ճիբր Ե թօր.

Փ'ալէրն մե՛ ար ան արլրնչ Երօրն,
 ծօ Եարճարն մօ շար ճար քէրն ;
 շար շարնաճ մօ Եարն Ե'ր մօ Լարն ճրօմ,
 շար ին՛բր Ծօ Եի շար իէրմ !

Փ'ալէրն մե՛ ար Աարնրն Երնր-ճլօրա՛ճ,
 շաճար Եա իճ-քարս Լեմ' Լարչար !
 ԵՅ շլարնչօլ շա՛ մարն շօ մօ՛ճ,
 մօ էրնր շար ԵրնրԵ ճօլն ան Եար !

Փ'ալէրն մե՛ ան Եարն Եարճարնաճ ճարն,
 ան Լօ՛ճ թօլա ար Եր ան Փնր ;
 Երնարնա շօ մարն մօ էրնր,
 օ'ր շ-Եարչ րար թար իարն Բրօրն !

Ո՛ր Եի ԵՅ արլր Բրնր (ար Շրարնր),
 Ե Եարն, Եր ԵրարճԵ ծօ ԵրօլԵ,
 Երնչ քարճա Երլ ԵՅ իմճարն,
 րա Ե-Բարնր մօրնալա՛ճ, րա Բրօրն.

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;
 Dowu 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! Ǽhráinne! ar n-íosaigh an óim-chiáb,
 dá mo leat an t-iar fo ar lár;
 ioncáigh nó aicir n-íor leór leat,
 mar díol go dearb ná m-bar!

Da b-faighdaoir na z-cóim-chíre féin,
 a n-íosaigh féin, ar Ǽhráinne Fhionn;
 a' r z-an ceacht do díosaic n-íe Treoir,
 ó'n b-féin n-íor dóib ba díe!

Da m-bad tuicim dóib le coíram lann,
 z-an cealz ná meann, a Ǽhráinne éaoin;
 n-í ioncáighfionn an Fhianh,
 a' r n-í n-íarid cum fazaigh linn!

Da maireadaoir, a n-íosaigh aíz,
 n-í ioncáighfidir féin an Fhianh:
 ir le coidéacht a' r neart a lám,¹
 d'faighbada ar lár do éiar!

Do éioctad leó, a Ǽhráinne, an z-íor,
 a z-cuir fó díosaicéacht ar d-túr;
 'r ir corínúil zuir b'amlaid bí,
 nó n-íor éuicim go bnaic dom' éirú.²

Crieid uaim, a n-íosaigh, ar Ǽhráinne,
 nac raib cealz ran lám, na meann,
 do leaz Meartaic ná lann n-ílar,
 a' r do ceilz le neart de a éaigh!

¹ *Aliter* "Mar ir fionnéid duic, díe a z-cuir,
 nac le meann do leazad iad."
 As their headless bodies bear thee witness,
 That it was not by treachery they fell!

² *Aliter* "Do b'féin, a Ǽhráinne, a deirim,
 a leazad le ceilz a' r le meann;

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!

Ա՛ր ա զ-Երևոյն զ-Երեւ շարկայնցե ծօյն,
 Ա զ-Երեւոյն զ-Երեւ զ-Երեւ զ-Երեւ զ-Երեւ.”

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. Jhnyrjm duyɛ fōɽ ʒan brēaʒ,
 an dʒɽ do leaʒ ʒo faoŋ do élanh;
 nāɽ éuybe aɽɽɽɽ do taɽaɽɽɽ dōɽb,
 a'ɽ nāɽ b-feaɽač dōɽb dɽaɽɽɽɽɽɽ nā meanhʒ!

21 ʒhɽnāɽɽɽɽ! an an nʒoʒaɽɽ aɽʒ,
 d'ar b'aɽɽɽɽ 2ɽɽɽ ʒeal-ɽɽɽɽ;
 nʒ éɽɽɽɽɽɽ uarɽ, nā d'ɽ b-fēɽɽɽ,
 ʒurɽ ɽurɽɽɽɽ dam laočɽɽa mārɽ luadaɽɽɽ.

Nā bʒ feaɽɽa lɽɽɽ dā luad,
 a'ɽ nā ʒlac ɽɽɽɽ ʒɽɽɽɽɽ nā feaɽɽɽ;
 nʒ mārɽ mārɽ cealʒ 'ɽan b-fēɽɽɽ,
 ačɽ ʒɽɽɽɽɽɽ laočɽɽɽ aʒur ʒaɽɽɽɽɽ.

Jhnyrjm duyɛ fōɽ ʒan brēɽɽɽ,
 nā ɽaɽɽɽɽ mārɽ laoč nā ɽōɽɽ nā n-dāɽɽ,
 do muʒ a m-buad a ʒ-cearɽ nā lanh,
 a'ɽ ʒo m-beɽɽ aɽɽɽɽɽ ʒo la a m-baɽɽ!

Da d-ɽuʒadaoɽɽ cearɽ nā cōɽɽɽ,
 dom' éɽɽɽɽ ba éɽɽɽɽ a nʒɽɽɽɽ;
 a'ɽ dā ɽɽɽɽɽ ɽɽɽɽɽɽɽ cač-buadāč,
 a d-ɽurɽɽɽɽ nʒoɽ uarɽɽɽ lɽɽɽ!

22 2ɽɽɽ! ɽɽ 2ɽɽɽɽ ɽɽɽɽ a'ɽ ʒɽaɽɽ,
 ō nāč ʒ-ɽɽɽɽɽɽ ɽɽɽɽ dā luad;
 ɽɽɽɽɽɽ duyɛ ʒo d-ɽurɽɽɽɽ ɽɽɽɽ,¹
 ɽul ɽʒaɽɽɽɽɽ lɽɽɽ do mōɽɽ ɽɽɽɽɽ!

23 ʒhɽnāɽɽɽɽ! an an nʒoʒaɽɽ aɽʒ,
 an ɽoŋ nā ʒ-ɽɽɽɽɽ-feaɽɽ do dul d'eaʒ;
 ɽā deaɽɽɽ dōɽč aʒaɽɽɽ aɽ cač,
 ʒo ʒ-ɽurɽɽɽɽ aɽ an an b-fēɽɽɽ.

¹ *Aliter* "leaʒɽaɽɽ an fɽɽɽɽ a'ɽ nʒ le cealʒ,
 ɽɽɽɽ an an leaɽɽɽ doɽ' éɽɽɽɽɽɽɽɽ!"

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. A Ailne! ar Thrainne an zriunn,
 ir dearb linn fard do ériall;
 taim lomra a' r leir an b-Féinn,
 zo z-caiteam le céile deoc a' r biad'?

Do d'fultuiz Ailne zeal-íhuad,
 an cuirnead fuaim ó Thrainne Fhinn;
 a' r a dúbairt nár cúibe léi féin,
 flead ná féarda ó luét a nzhim!

Zo nzeáirítar mo éorip fom' lair,
 do riad Conán do zarb zlóir;
 zo n-íocfaimre, a Ailne zeal-íhuad,
 imcáin ar rluaz zán éoir!

A éirí maol ir zrainne deilb,
 dá b-facaó ar aon leiriz fór;
 ir dearb lom zuir íocar zo cruaid
 a n-imcáin, a' r ba éruaz an rzeól!

Jocfard tú nhor cruad, ar Conán,
 a' r a' r imcáin na b-Fianh;
 bairnead an ceann óri-fóile díot,
 má zéibim cead Fhinn na b-Fianh.

Zid mór toirteamhul do éorip,
 a' r zuir leatán, lom, eroc do maol;
 a' r tú maíar-énaíac, ní zín-féiteac, mear,
 mar dealb nác maíe ar laoc!¹

Do éozbamair uile an Fhianh,
 zair ba dían zneann a' r cáe;
 an tan d'imdeariz an bean,
 an fear maol leatí a' r d'imcáin.

¹ *Aliter.*

"Zealamre nác maíe 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 mōn fearz,
 a' r do labair do zarb zuē arḃ,
 cūr caoi azur rroēa deōn,
 zuḃim do'n Fhēin a' r do cāc!

Do éarriahz a lann ar a éruaill éairze,
 a' r tuz rīē zarb cūn na mha;
 do buaill Orcur ar cnuad-bēim,
 do buain fuaim a' r bēic ar Chonān!

D'uaill Conān, a' r d'féac zo cnuaz
 ar Orcur na z-cnuad lann nžear,
 a dúbairt Conān, nair an zḃōm,
 do zōirir mo élīd ó éaob zo taob!

Nī zōirfinn do élīd nā do cōir,
 acē zo b-facas zup b'olc do mēin,
 nōir cūibe duit noēta do éloḃim,
 ar aḃairc zḃaoi na mha nā ržēim.

Nī b-fuīl mo fuim a ržēim na mha,
 na zḃūr aluinn, nā na zḃaoi,
 ir meara lom aīir zan éiall,
 az imēain na b-Fiann azur Fhinn!

Do zluair Fionn 'ran Fhianh ó'n z-cnoc,
 a' r Orcur aco nā fear cinn nair;
 do éruall cāc 'r an nōzain fēim,
 ar a d-taob fēin zo priap mar iad.

Ar na mārac éairiz an Fhianh,
 ar an z-cnoc 'na nair an t-ar;¹
 a' r nōir b-fada zo b-facamair az taēc,
 Aīne fḃuad-žeal azur cāc.

Aliter. "Zo zōirheairuīl bian cūm an air."
 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 ;
 Ocur gave him a hard blow,
 That made Conan shriek and roar !

Conan howled, and looked piteously,
 On Ocur 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 Ocur 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 zluair Zriaine na z-cóimhail,
 a' r do muz ar laim ar Ailne féim
 le na céile ar aon mian ar riu,
 an dír riu tiz a d-túr an t-rluaig.

Fó'v am 'na mángadau riu,
 do féimh Daime bhíh-cát ceoil;
 do féimh Fionn an Bann-buað,¹
 a' r do zairim fó luar a érom-rlóig.

A Ailne íhuad-zéal! ar Zriaine,
 an amlaid ir aíl leat dír deaz-laoc;
 do dul a z-cóimh-zliad na laim,
 no cat coitcéann ar zac taob.

A Zriaine! ar Ailne ba zéal íhuad,
 ir amlaid ir cuibe ar zac taob;
 tríoçad² do laocra na b-Fianh,
 a' r tríoçad mar iad a z-cóimh-zléic!

Zairim éuzad do érioçad laoc (ar Zriaine),
 ar an leimz na n-aonairan;
 a' r zoimfeadra tríoçad na b-Fianh,
 zo d-tuzaid cat dian ar énoc an air!

¹ Bann-buað, sometimes called bann buaðar. This and the dóimh Fhianh, were the war-trumpets used by the Fenian chiefs to summon their troops to battle.

² Tríoçad, *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—Conairan, 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 ; *Corzairne* or *Corzairne*, now Cosgrave, is a name famous in Irish History (see *Ossianic Trans.* Vol. I.). *Carairne* may be the modern name *Urcuile* (Hurley) or *larflairce*, 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. 21 **Thuaridáin!** ar **Áilhe** fhuad-**zeal,**
do éuit leð' láimh an aon ló,
cruíur aZur céad fear calma mear,
cairre aZ caZmad ad céann zleó!
- 22 **Shlabáin!** ar **Stráinne** óraio,
do éuit leð' láimhe an aon cáe,
cruí céad aZur ré fíu déaZ,
fearmáid ar éaob me n'air.
- 23 **Mheanúir!** ar **Áilhe,** cruall leat,
do éuzéad an fíad mear ó'n t-rlhab,
le luar do dá cóir lúimair cruaid,
ní meata ír dual duite zhab.
- 24 **Ruaréne!** ar **Stráinne** an zmuu,
ní bhuirfead fod' émoiz an cruonah,
le déine do éóir ar lom lúe,
beir clirde do rúð a z-coim-dáil.
- 25 **Chonaraiu!** nar fáZ miam
cruim ná fíacaíl flán aZ laóc,
d'ar cóimraic leat a z-cae ná ngleó,
meafaim zuir cóir tu zlaodaé.
- 26 **ChorZairne!** ar **Stráinne** zo teann,
do éuirfead an ceann d'aon-béim,
níle ó'n z-columh d'feafann úir,
zabairne tú a z-coim-zléic.
- 27 **Eairlaine!** na móir éneáét,
do éuir ar cóimraib laóc le ním;
ír mearta zuir cruibe duite cruall,
a' cruimhiz an cruíur do éuit!

- 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 Cosgair ! 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 !

Օ. Ծօ ԲԻ ԵՊ ԾԻՐ ԾՈ ԻՊՅԱԻԵ ԲԵՐԻՒ,
 ՁԻԼԵ ԱՅՍԻ ՇԻՐԱՊՆԵ, ԵԱՊ ՔԻՊՆԻ;
 ԱՅ ՇԱՐԻՄ Ա՛Ր ԱՅ ՇՕՂԱ ՆԱ Ե-ՔԵԱՐ,
 ՅՍԻ ԼԻՊ ՇԻՐՕՇԱԾ ՅՕ ԵԱՇՇ ԱՐ ՅԱՇ ՇԱՐԻԵ.

Ծ՛ՐՈՊՈՐՄԻՅԵԱԾԱՐ ՆԱ ՇՐԵՊ-ՔԻՐ Ա ՇԵՂԵ,
 ՅԱՇ ԾԻՐ ԾԻՐ Ե Յ-ՇՕՐԻՒ-ՂԻԼԱԾ ՇՐԱՍԻԾ;
 Ա Ե-ՔՕՐԻՍՇԵԱՊՆ ԵՊ ՇԱՇԱ ՆՊՈՐ ԻՊԱՐ ԾՕ՛Ն ԼԻՊ,
 Ա ՔԻՇՄԱՅԵ! ԱՇՇ ԾԻՐ ԾՕ՛Ն ՔԻՊՆԻ!

Ծ՛ԱՐ Ծ-ՇՐՈՇԱՐՊՆԵ ԾՈ ԻՊԱՐ ԵՊ ԾԻՐ,
 ԻՐ ՔԱՊՆ ՄՕ ՇՐՈՐԾԵ Օ ԵԵՂԵ ԾԱ ԼԱԱԾ!
 ՆԻ ՇՐԵՂՅԵԱՐ ԼԻՊՄ ՄՕ ՇՐԱՇՇ ՅՕ ՔՕՂԼ,
 Ա ՔԻՇՄԱՅԵ! Օ՛Ն ՐՕՐԻՒ, ԵՊ ՇՐԵՐԾԻՒ ՇՐԱՍԻԾ.

ԱՊ ՇԱՊ ԾՈ ՇՈՊԱՐԵ ԵՊ ՔԻՊՆԻ,
 ԵՊ ՇԱՐՇԻՄ ՅՕ ԾԻՊՆ ԵՐ ՇԱՇ,
 ԾՈ ՇՕՂԵԱԾԱՐ ՇՐԻ ՅԱՐՇԱ ՅՐԻՊՆԻ,
 ԵԱ ՇԼՈՐ Ա ՆՂԼԻՊՆ Ա՛Ր Ա Ն-ԱՐԾ.

Ա ՁԻԼԵ ՅԵԱԼ-ՐՆՍԱԾ! ԱՐ ՇԻՐԱՊՆԵ,
 ԻՐ ՆՕՐ ԵՊ ՇԱՐ ԱՐ ՅԱՇ ՇԱՐԻԵ;
 ԱՐ ՆԱ ԼԱՕՇ ԵԱ ՇՐԱԱԾ ՅԱՐՇԵ,
 ՇՐԻԱԼԼ ԼԵԱՇ ՛ՐԱ ՄԱՐՊԵԱՊՆ ԾՕԾ՛ ԵԱԾԻՊ.

ՆԻ ՇՐԻԱԼԼՔԱԾ ՔԵՐՆ ՆԱ ԻԱԾ ՐՍԾ,
 Ա ՇԻՐԱՊՆԵ! Ծ՛ԱՐ Ն-ԾՍԻՇՇԵ ՔԵՐՆ,
 ՆՕ ՅՕ Ծ-ՇԱՐՇԻԾ ՐԻԱԾ ՅՕ ԵԵՂԵ,
 ՅՕ Ե-ՔԱՂԱՐԾ ԾԻԵ-ՔԵՐՄՅ ԱՐ ԵՊ Ե-ՔԵՐՆԻՊ!

ԻՊՈՐՐԻՄ ԾԱՐՇ, Ա ՁԻԼԵ! ՆԱ ՆՅԵԱԼ ՂԼԱՇ,
 ՅՕ Մ՛ՔԵԱՐԻ ԾԻԵ ՐՇԱԾ ԾՕ՛Ն ՇՕՐԻ,
 ՅՕ ՈՇՇՇԱՐՆ ԵՒՐ Ծ-ՇԻՐ ԱԼԻՊՆ ՔԵՐՆ,
 ՆՕ ՔԵԱՐ ՐՅԵՂ ՆԻ ՄԱՇԱՐԾ ԵՕՇ!

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 tɾɾall d'úrɾɾ, d'ar d-tɾɾ, ar ʒɾɾɾe!
 ʒo tɾɾɾɾ d'jomlan ar ɾɾɾɾ;
 ɾo ʒo m-beɾɾeam ɾɾɾ a ɾ-d'ɾoʒal éac,
 ceamɾ ɾɾɾɾ ɾɾɾɾ-lam a ɾʒɾɾ.

ʒɾɾ tɾɾ do éualarɾ ɾɾɾɾ ɾa b-ɾɾɾɾɾ,
 ʒɾɾɾ aɾ-ɾɾɾɾɾɾac ɾa ɾɾɾá úd!
 do ɾeɾɾɾ ɾɾɾɾɾ aɾ ɾarɾɾ-buad,
 aʒ ʒarɾɾ a ɾɾɾɾɾ ɾa éɾɾɾ.

Do éɾɾɾɾɾɾɾeamar ó ʒac arɾ do'ɾ éɾoc,
 aɾ ɾéɾɾ do bɾ ar ɾacáɾɾ aɾɾ;
 a dúbarrɾ ɾɾɾɾɾ do ʒué arɾ ɾɾɾ,
 cóɾɾɾɾɾɾ a'ɾ d'ɾoʒal dɾb aɾoɾ ʒo tɾeɾɾ.

Nj ɾarɾ arɾarɾɾ ɾá óʒlac mearɾ,
 do ɾɾɾarɾɾɾ calɾa ɾɾóða ɾɾɾɾɾ;
 ɾar ʒlac ʒo ɾɾar arɾ a'ɾ éɾde,
 a'ɾ cac ʒaɾ ɾtaoɾad ɾarɾ ɾɾɾ.

ʒ ʒɾɾɾe ɾɾɾad-ʒeal! ɾɾ doɾb ɾɾɾ,
 do ɾarɾ ɾɾɾɾɾ ɾa ʒ-ɾɾɾad-ʒɾɾ;
 ʒeallarɾ duɾ a'ɾ ɾɾ ʒɾɾɾ bɾéɾze,
 ɾac ɾarɾɾeac aʒad aɾɾ ɾeac beó!

Do ɾeɾɾɾ ɾɾɾɾɾ aɾɾ ɾɾɾ oɾarɾ,
 aɾ ɾóɾɾ le ʒarɾ-ʒoɾɾ éum ʒɾɾ;
 d'ɾoɾɾɾɾɾeacdarɾ a éɾɾe ó ʒac taob,
 a'ɾ do ɾearrad aɾ tɾéaɾ éac ʒo dɾarɾ!

Uch, a ɾɾarɾarɾ! doó' é ɾúd aɾ cac,
 ba éɾéɾe a'ɾ ba éalɾa lam ʒɾɾarɾ;
 d'ar tuʒad ó éúr aɾ doɾarɾ,
 a'ɾ do'ɾ ɾɾoʒarɾ tɾeɾɾ ba doóɾóɾ!

- 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, [flict,
 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 éimall Oíreim a d-túir na b-*Fianh*,
 a' r a lann líomhta na dear dóid ;
 zo máhḡadair féin aḡur các,
 ar leimḡ an áir a' r an éóimḡleó,
- Q Phátraiḡe ! nḡ ánaim aét fíor,
 cía zuri cnuad-laímaé zḡhómaé các ;
 do éurceadair uile leir an b-*Fianh*,
 aét trífúir, a' r an mḡoḡair anáir !
- Do éur rān z-caé úd ba ḡairb dīan,
 do líon fluaḡ na b-*Fianh* féin ;
 deicḡeabair a' r ré céad fear,
 do laócra ba ḡairb zḡairb !
- D'íméiḡ an mḡoḡair 'r an trífúir úd,
 a' r uíor b-fear dúinḡ cá' m zabad leó ;
 ba dúbaé iad ar a d-tríall,
 cé ar námaid iad ! ba doḡmóh !
- Qz rīn cḡoé an áta éruaid,
 a Phátraiḡe nuaó!¹ na m-bacal m-bān ;
 ó rīn amaé do baire an *Fhianh*,
 ar an z-cḡoc ro íair cḡoc an áir !
- P. Inuir dúinḡ, a Oiríḡ ! zān zó,
 na laócra cḡóda do' n *Fhianh* ;
 a n-éaḡmair an tríoéad cáid,
 do éur rān ar ar an z-cḡoc ro íair ?
- O. Tuairzbaí do béamad duir,
 ar zác pḡorh-céairt ḡairb laóc ;
 do éur ar an z-cḡoc me các,
 a' r leir an b-fear dána, *Tairc mac Tréin* ?

¹ Q Phátraiḡe nuaó, *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. Oscar 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 Oisín! 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 Tailé 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.

ՉԻՆՉԻԱՆՆՅԱ ՈՒ ԲՊՐՋՕՉԻ-ԼՊՕՐՁԻՓ ՓՕ՛Ն ՖԻՋԵՅՆՆ

Փօ էլլէ ար շոօ ան ձր, ԼԵ ՐԼԱՅԻ ՉԻԽԵՐՅԱՅԻ.

O. Փօ էլլէ ար ան Յ-ՇՈՑ Րօ ՐԻԱՐ,
ՇՈՅՆ ՇԻԱԾՐԱՇ ԲԱ ՅԱՐԵ ՅԼԵՔ;
ԸՕ Բ՛ՔԵԱՐԻ ԼԱՄ Ա՛Ր ՊԵՐԷ Ա ՈՅԼԻԱՃ,
ՈՂ ԱՇ ՓԵ ՇԻԱ ԼԵԱՏ ԻՐ ՄՕՐ!

ԵՐ ԱՅՈ ՃՕ էԼԼԷ ՛Ր ԻՐ ԸԻՕՄԲԱՃ ԼԻՕՄ,
ՓՐԱԼԼԱՃ ՖԼԱՅՈ, ԲԱ ԲՍԱՅ Ա Յ-ՇԱՇ;
Ա՛Ր Ը՛ՊՊԵՔՕՇԱՃ ԱՐ ԼՒՇ Ա ԼԱՄ ՅՈՅԻՄ,
ԼԵ ՄԱՇ ՓԵ ԲԻ Ա՛Ր ՈՂ ՇՐԱԾԱՃ ՇԵԱԸ.

ԵՐ ԱՅՈ ՃՕ էԼԼԷ ՛Ր ԻՐ ՇՐԱՅ ԼԻՈՅ,
ԼՍԱՊԱՅ ՅԱՕԻՐ ՈՂ Ը-ՇՐԻՕՄ ԼԱՅՈ;
ԸՕ էՅՅԱՃ ԱՅ ՇՐԻՇ Ը՛Ո Շ-ՐԼԻԱԲ,
ԼԵ ՄԱՅՇ ԼԱՅ ԸԻԱՅ Ա ՅԱՐԵ ԲԱԼԼ.

ԵՐ ԱՅՈ ՃՕ էԼԼԷ ՇՐԱՅԱՅ ԱԼՄԱ,
Ը՛ՂՔԵԱՃ ԱՅ ՄԱՐԷ ԱՅՈ ԱՕՈ ՔՐԻՕՅՈՅ;
Ա՛Ր ԸՂ ԲԱ ՔՐՇՇԻԸ ԲԱՐՈՅՅԻՅ ՃՕ՛Ո ԱՐԱՅ,
Ա՛Ր ԸՂ ՄԱՐՊԵԱՃ ԲԱ ՅՐԱՅՈ ԼԵՐ ՇԼԵՐԻ ՈՂ ՐՕՄՂԱ !

ԵՐ ԱՅՈ ՃՕ էԼԼԷ ՇԱՕԼ ԼՍԱՐՊՊԵԱՇ ՄԵԱՐ,
ԱՐ ԼՒՇ ԲԱ ԼՍԱՂՔԵ ՈՂ ԱՅ ՅԱՕՇ;
ՇԻԱՐՈՅԱՅ ՈՂ Յ-ՇՐԵԱՇՇ ԼԱՅՈ ՇՐԱՅԸ,
ԸՂ ՄԱՐՊԵԱՃ, ՈՅՐԻ ՐՍԱՐԻՇ ՃՕԸ՛ ՇԼԵՐԻ !

ԵՐ ԱՅՈ ՃՕ էԼԼԷ ՓՕՐԷԱՅ ՄԵԱՐ,
ԸՕԸ՛ ՔԵԱՐԻ Ա Յ-ՇԱՇ ՈՂ ՓՐԱ ՍՒԸ;
ԸՕ ՅԵԱՐՊԱՃ ՈՂ ՇՍՐԻՐ Ա՛Ր ՈՂ ՇՂԱՄՂԱ,
Ա՛Ր ԸՂ ՐՕՐՊՊԵԱՃ ԱՅ Շ-ԱՐԱՅ ՅՕ Ի-ՍՐ.

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 fleeter than the wind ;
And Ciarnan inflicter of severe wounds ;
Had they lived it would not be pleasant to thy clerics.

'Twas there Dorecan 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 éur Caol duanaic mear,
 Bolzaire, Seairc, azur Cuazañ;¹
 ceatuar zairb do laocairb cruairb,
 mo daethaoid iad uaim ar fan!

Jr ahh do éur Liazañ mññ zéaz,
 ba éirte a'r ba érean a z-caé;
 a'r do bí az fneartal na b-Fiaññ,
 zo fairruiz, úr, fiáll, na feal.

Jr ahh do éur Meañzañ caom,
 ba corcairta béim a d-rom zleó;
 Meañduire azur Cianadán, calma,
 trír ba mhó maic zay zó!

Jr ahh do éur Lonzaire ba érean,
 Ciaidán donn ba chearda méim;
 Zairzañ do corzaréac chaima,
 Mianán a'r Donn-zlaire ba caom.

Jr ahh do éur Céimñ² cor caol,
 Cruadán a'r Aod na n-óir imeah,
 truar dob' fairruiz caul a'r clú,
 a'r ba maic lúe a ngleó na laim.

Jr ahh do éur Follamán buadaic
 Biorán, Luaire, Daoire a'r Laiz!
 Cairte, Uonán, a'r Zaire réim.
 Druillead, Blaod, azur Ceantair.

Jr ahh do éur Cúimán beóda,
 Roizne, Flóimne, Ciar a'r Briad;
 Beallaire, Cúimññ, a'r Meañhdán mear,
 Laire, Fuaoc, Niall a'r Zlar.

¹ CUAZAN. This name is similar to the present O'Cregan, 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, Blaodh, 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 Céirnín. There are numerous families in Ireland, at the present day bearing this name.

- O. Jr ahh do tujc ʒhualan na η-éac̄t,¹
 a ʒ-cruad̄ʒoɪl na ʒ-cāt ba t̄eahh;
 aʒur ɪomad eɪle, a Ph̄at̄maɪc huad̄!
 nac̄ b-ɪuɪɪm d̄a luad̄ ahoɪr ahh.
- P. Jhhɪr dam Oɪr̄ɪn, ma'ɪ cuɪmɪn leat,
 ca'ɪ tɪaɪllad̄ leat a'ɪ leɪr ah b-ʒ̄éɪn;
 ɪaɪ b-ɪaʒb̄aɪl ah aɪ-c̄hoɪc d̄ɪb,
 leah ʒo ɪɪoɪ a'ɪ na caɪ bɪeaʒ!
- O. Do c̄ruɪn̄neamaɪɪ aɪ ʒ-coɪn 'ɪaɪ ηʒad̄aɪɪ,
 a c̄léɪɪɪc̄ ɪō ɪeɪd̄ɪm, a'ɪ ηɪ bɪéaʒ;
 do luad̄mɪɪ uɪle dul do ɪeɪɪʒ,
 aɪ bɪuāc̄ a'ɪ aɪ leɪɪʒ lōca l̄eɪn.
- Jr ɪada mɪɪe, a Ph̄at̄maɪc huad̄!
 ʒah beac̄a aʒ luad̄ duɪc ɪʒéal;
 ηɪ coɪn̄uɪl leat na led' ʒhɪa,
 ʒuɪ ab ɪoɪn̄uɪɪe ɪɪb cɪɪaɪ na me!
- P. Tab̄aɪɪ tuar̄uɪɪʒb̄aɪl na ɪeɪɪʒe d̄uɪn̄n,
 a Oɪr̄ɪn! a'ɪ ɪuɪʒ ɪoɪr t-ɪm̄c̄aɪn;
 ɪhhɪr d̄uɪn̄n aɪm̄aɪn̄a na ʒ-coɪn ɪaɪoɪc̄e,
 a'ɪ na ηʒad̄aɪɪ ba bɪn̄n ʒūc̄ a'ɪ ʒaɪɪ.
- O. ʒɪ Ph̄at̄maɪc! do ʒeab̄aɪn ʒo ɪa ah bɪāc̄,
 ɪm̄teac̄t a'ɪ tɪāc̄t aɪ ah b-ʒ̄éɪn;
 aɪɪ aɪ ʒ-coɪn̄aɪb, a'ɪ aɪ ηʒad̄aɪɪ ʒūc̄-bɪn̄n,
 uc̄! ɪɪ tɪuaʒ ah d̄ɪc̄ a b̄eɪc̄ d̄a η-deɪr!

¹ *Aliter*, na η-eac̄, 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 !

SEJLĠ LOCHA LEIN.

O. ʒluarfaamaoibne an ljon do maip,
 tap eip caca an aip do'n b-ʒeipn;
 ʒo maʒamaip an faice feap-ʒlap ud,
 ap bmuac ciunraib loca lein.¹

Ip e ipn an loc ip aipne rʒeipn,
 da b-fuip fo'n nʒneipn ʒo beact;
 ip ionda rtop atā o'n b-ʒeipn,
 apn ʒan breiz a d-tairze a noct!

P. Jnnp dūipn, a Oipn feip,
 cipnra d'fan o'n b-ʒeipn ran loc;
 cip aco op no aipzead e,
 a'p cnead an ceipn do nʒne a copz.

O. Atā apn rūd ran taob tuaip,
 caozad lūppeac ʒopin ʒlap,
 atā apn ran taob řlap,
 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 Caiséal. Here are his words :—

“ Բլ Երկ րիչա և Չննիար յնօրն,
 և (5)Շարն Ծօ Շարրլ յի շօրն,
 յի Շարնար յի Շարչար շէլլ,
 յի Կարչեարն, յի Լաչա Լէրն.”

There are three kings in great Mumha,
 Whose tribute to Caiséal is not due ;
 The king of Gabhran whose hostages are not to be seized on
 The king of Rathleann, the king of Loch Lein.

Լաճարն յա Յ-Շարր, pp. 58, 59.

The following stipends were given by the king of Caiséal 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. Ատա անոյ թան տօծ շէար,
 յայն շ-ճէած լոյծեան լեւան շլան,
 յայն շ-ճէած թշլա՛ւ ա՛ր ան Փօրծ Քիւրան,
 ա՛ր ան Բարս-բաւ՛ առ անոյ թան.

Ատա անոյ թան տօծ թօլլի,
 ծր ա՛ր ճաճա՛ւ շօ լեծր, ա՛ր շօլլ ;
 թծր ծօ՛ւ յօճարա՛ւ լե թա՛ծ,
 շիշե՛ւ ա շ-ճէր շա՛ւ լա շար թալլի.

Շլա ծօլլի՛ շօ թեանօր թա թ-ճեօլլի,
 ա Քիւրան ! թաօր թրօն ծա լաւ,
 ա թալլ ճշարան շօ շօնալ թաօլլե,
 ա՛ր շօ շաճար շիւ՛-թրան շօ շեւար թալլի.

Ճօ թի անոյ Տշեօլան ճշար Բրան,¹
 Լօնարի, Բրօծ, ճշար Լօն-լիւ՛,
 շիլլ շօնա ա ծ-շիւր թիլլե ա՛ր շիլլօնա,
 թա՛ւ թշարա՛ւ շօլլե լե Քիւրան !

Ճօ թի ճշ Քիւրան շօ շաճար թի թրե,
 Ալիւրի, Բրիլլօնար, ճշար Ալլ-ճեօ ;
 Տեալար Քաճարի ա՛ր Փիւր-թար,
 Շալար, Քիւրան ա՛ր Տշարիլլօ.

Ճօ թի ճիլլե Պիւրար ճշար Տրեան,
 Լար, Տաօճար, Տար ա՛ր Շարիլլ,
 Բարսիլլ, Շաճար, ճշար Լիւրան,
 Կարար, Տրիւրան, ճշար Քարիլլ.

following awards granted by the king of Caiseal to the king of Loch
 Lein :—

“Ճօ թի Լախա Լէր լեար
 ծիլլի շար խարեանար,
 թիլլ ճօ ճար թիլլ լեւ,
 թիլլ լոն ծօ—թի ծրօ թրեալ.”

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 Windele'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-buadh 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, and 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,
 Fearzaċ, Fearman, Bonn aġur Rār,
 Cnaġajne, Fēppn, aġur Ball-ūr,
 Mallaġne, Trēan-lūt aġur Rinn-bār.

Do bġ aġze fōr Duanān mear,
 Suānān, Bearc, aġur Feall,
 Leaġajne, Forajne, aġur Sġomān,
 Cġġġne, Larbārān, aġur Zeall.

Ag ġġn aġadra a Phātġajc bāġn !
 an ġġn con āġne a'ġr ġadār trēan ;
 do ġuġ Fġonn ō ċnoc an āġn,
 zo leġġ a'ġr zo flearġāġb Loċa Lēġn.

Do bġ aġ Orġur do ġaoġċ ċonāġb,
 Fead aġur Forġaġġ, Cluāġn a'ġr Faobār ;
 Mġne, Mġġne, Faġne, a'ġr Luār,
 Daol, ġġuāġm, Fġor a'ġr Caol.

Do bġ 'ġa ġ-dāġl do ġādġāġb bġġne,
 Cleār, Fġlleād, Mġāġġ, a'ġr Ruāġġ,
 Mġān, Faġġāġne, Sġċ-ċġuāġġ a'ġr Zeāġġ,
 Dġānāġne, Rēġm, Obāġn a'ġr Cuāġ,

Do bġ aġze Lonġajne, Feġġeām a'ġr Bonn,
 Corġajne, Feām, Bualġān, a'ġr Fġaoċ,
 Cealġān, Mġeāġġ, Pġeabāġne, a'ġr Pġān,
 Sġġāġne, Rġān, ġlōġān a'ġr Caom.

Do bġ aġ Faolān do ċonāġb āġne,
 An-Uāġll āġġmār, Uāġll aġur Forġaġġ,
 Barġān, Feamāġne, Caolān a'ġr Cuāċ,
 Daolān, Suān, Mġn a'ġr Foċġm.

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, Foraire, 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, Feitheamh 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 ʒaðraġb biġn-ʒlórtaç,
 Maġbaġ, Forfóʒma, Fġar aʒur Teġġġ,
 Colʒaġ, Farʒa, Fġnómġaġ a'ġ Cġeaç,
 Leġn-ġʒġġoġ, Feall, Uaġll-biġn, a'ġ Leġġ.

Do bġ aġze fór ʒġaġġġ a'ġ Beólġ,
 Forġmaoġl, Cġaġbaġ, ʒġuaġ a'ġ Loġʒ;
 Tġuaðġġaġ, Cġaġboçç, aʒur Cġaġ-çuaġġġ,
 Oççġġ, Joġʒuaġġ, Fleaʒ, aʒur Forçġaġʒ.

Do bġ aʒ ʒoll do çonaġb ġaoġççç,
 ʒġuaġġçç, Bġoʒa, Cġġeaçç a'ġ ʒġġçç;
 Cġaġ, Raðġaġçç, Eġġġeaçç a'ġ Paġġçç,
 Tġġeaġ-lúçç, Baġġçç, Eġġġoll a'ġ Feaġ.

Do bġ aġze Fulġġġ aʒur Eaðġġoġ,
 Fuaðġġaġ, Eaða, aʒur Teaðġġ;
 ʒġnð-leġġ, Saġġ-ġġġçç, aʒur ʒġçġaġ,
 ʒaġbaġ, Fġall, aʒur Leaðġġ.

Do bġ aġze do ʒaðraġb uaġll-biġn,
 Boʒ-leġġ, Sʒġçç, ʒolġġ aʒur Tóġġ,
 Seaðġbaġ, ʒġnð-uaġll, aʒur Seaðġġaġ,
 Foʒġġuaġġ, Feað-ʒaġġġ, aʒur Raġççóġġ.

Do bġ aġze fór ʒġaoġġġ biġn,
 Tuaðġaġġçç, Rġġġ, aʒur ʒġmaġġ,
 ʒġġaġaġġçç, Nġġġ-çġaçġġ, aʒur Sçġġaçç,
 Cluaġaġġçç, Tġġoġġ-ʒççġġġ, aʒur Seaðġçġġ.

Do bġ do çonaġb aʒ ʒġac Lúʒaçç,¹
 Seaðaçç, Lúġġççeaçç, aʒur Eġġġleaçç;
 ʒġðġ-ççġġġ, Cumġġġ, aʒur Fuaðġġa,
 ʒolġġ, Sʒuaða, aʒur Faøðaġġ

¹ ʒġac lúʒaçç. 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 Teilig,
 Colgan, Fasga, Finomhan and Creach,
 Leir-sgrios, Feall, Uaill-bhinn and Leirg.

He had also Glaisin and Beolan,
 Formaoil, Ciarbhan, Gluais and Lorg,
 Truadhanan, Ciarbhocht and Cian-chuaire,
 Ochtan, Iolghuair, Fleagh and Fostaigh.

Goll had of noble hounds
 Gluaire, Bioga, Creacht and Aire,
 Cian, Radhare, Eisdeacht 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 žadruajb beōda,
 Luadruan, Seōlad, ažuŕ Tacad;
 Cūl-ŕaori, Ūjori-žāne, ažuŕ Stuaru,
 Bĭadan, Bĭuačaru, ažuŕ Caŕad.
- Do bĭ aĭze ŕōŕ Jomlan cĭuaĭž,
 Caoriān, Duaric, ažuŕ Cūleōž,
 Ūržuŕn, Bĭeac-ball, ažuŕ Duŕūŕn,
 Ūhear-ball, Ƒiondūŕn, ažuŕ Tĭurleōž.
- Do bĭ až Ūac Roŕāŕn žĭŕnŕn,
 do čonajb luajče ažuŕ ŕaoriče,
 Cuan-čoiŕmēad, ažuŕ Ūačaric mear,
 Čnaŕnac, Ūŕlac, ažuŕ Žaoriče.
- Do bĭ aĭze ŕōŕ Ūĭamŕac luajč,
 Ūŕnĕear, Tuaric, ažuŕ Nēal,
 Eōlac, Ladruŕn, ažuŕ Bolž ŕeanž,
 Ūearnĕuŕn, Ƒeam, ažuŕ Tĭaorč.
- Do bĭ aĭze do žadruajb ŕōžluaricneac,
 Čĭarplēŕn, Suan, ažuŕ Toŕŕž;
 Čūŕnne, Žuažan, Dočč, a'ŕ Dōičč,
 Buanan, Ƒōŕn, ažuŕ Ƒoiŕž.
- Do bĭ aĭze Duaridan ažuŕ Šnar,
 Loman, Čač, ažuŕ Caoržuŕn;
 Čarĭn, Žealan, a'ŕ Luajč-žlēar,
 Ƒoičn, Bēar, ažuŕ Baorŕe.
- Do bĭ aĭze ŕōŕ Žarĭ-uaiĭ žēar,
 Ƒuarčn, Čaomad, ažuŕ Loŕčan,
 Ūŕuŕic, Žĭod-žāŕn, ažuŕ Tearic,
 Cuanaric, Bonĭlaric, ažuŕ Uamān.

O. He had of sprightly dogs
 Luadran, Seoladh, and Tacadh,
 Cul-saor, Mion-ghaire, and Stuaime,
 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 Գլարմայժ Օ'Գալեռե,
 Ե՛՛ յօղայ՛ Բաղճե՛՛ և Լոյ Լու՛՛,
 Ըօրրր Խօրնն՛՛ ԳԶր Զեար-Լեռն
 Գլլեօ՛՛, Լեյմբ՛՛, ԳԶր Ըլն՛՛.
- Do bĭ ալճե Ե՛՛ ճձրայ՛ Բելճե,
 Ըալան, Լոյրճե՛՛, ԳԶր Զլան,
 ԳԵ-ճեյճոյ, Բոլլայր, ԳԶր Եարրձե,
 Բարբան, Զարայր, ԳԶր Զոարան.
- Do bĭ Ե՛՛ յօղայ՛ ԳԶ Զար Ըաօն,
 Զրեարայր, Տարճ, ԳԶր Զօր-ճալ,
 Լաբան, Բարբձ, Տարճայր, Գ' Զրլլ,
 Լոյճան, Տրլլայր, ԳԶր Զրձեան.
- Do bĭ Ե՛՛ ճձրայ՛ ալճե ղա Ե-Բօձար,
 Ելլան, Ըօրճար, Զրար ԳԶր Զրնճձ;
 Ըլանն, Զայմնն, Բալլա ԳԶր Զրեան,
 Բլանն, Տրլլե, Բար ԳԶր Ըն.
- Do bĭ ԳԶ Բարճր Բլե Բլոյն,
 Ե՛՛ յօղայ՛ Ե՛՛ ճոյմձ, Լայճ;
 Զլոճան, Բաձձ, ԳԶր Բն-Բայճ,
 Լաճրան, Բրլլեան, ԶեյԵան ԳԶր Գնլ.
- Do bĭ ալճե Ե՛՛ ճձրայ՛ ճլան-Երլլե,
 Բաճեան, Զաճե, Բլոյ ԳԶր Լոյան;
 Ըարբձ, Բե-Երլլե, ԳԶր Զրաճձ,
 Լանձ, Ելաճե, ԳԶր Զաճեան,
- Do bĭ ԳԶարբ Բեյն, և Բարբար!
 ԳԶր ԳԶ Ըձ օ Բն Բար;
 և ղեձարբ ղա Զ-Ըոյ Գ' ղա ղճար նձ,
 Եյճ Զ-Ըեձ ար Լուճ ղաճ Ե-Բլլն Ե՛՛ Լաձ.

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. Jhorr a Oirín, na n-éac̄t éruaid̄ !
 laoi z̄an bhéiz̄ na reilze dúinn ;
 ir ionz̄na liom n̄o ir zeairi z̄ur éur,
 fiaid̄ leirze an lōca úd¹
- O. Zi Phátraic! a z̄-cuala tú an t-reilz̄,²
 a mhic Shruain na p̄alm r̄ain!
 mar do m̄z̄ne an bean le Fionn,
 a r̄ z̄an aon neac̄ an n̄ na c̄om̄d̄ail.
- P. Ní dóit̄ zo z̄-cuala a mhic an m̄z̄!
 a Oirín z̄lic, na n̄z̄hoim̄ n̄z̄airz̄;
 air̄ir̄ dúinn z̄an tuirre bhóin,
 ciorar do m̄z̄ne lēo an t-realz̄?
- C. Ní cámaoirne an Fhianh z̄o,³
 n̄oim̄ éurbe é do fáinlúḡad lēo,
 le f̄ir̄iune a' r̄ le neairt ar l̄ain,
 do éiz̄maoir̄ r̄lan̄ ór z̄ac̄ z̄lēo.

N̄oim̄ f̄uid̄ neac̄ ad̄ c̄ill,
 a Phátraic, ir bh̄n̄ f̄uaim̄ z̄l̄on̄!
 dob' f̄ir̄iun̄z̄e na Fionn féin,
 an fear̄ n̄ar̄ cáol do bh̄on̄ad̄ ór.

N̄oim̄ f̄uid̄ neac̄ a z̄-cill,
 z̄id̄ bh̄n̄ l̄ib̄ a cánaid̄ p̄raim̄,
 dob' fear̄ī focal̄ na an Fhianh,
 f̄ir̄i n̄ar̄ loic̄ a n̄z̄lēo z̄air̄b̄.

¹ *Aliter*

“An fiaid̄ r̄in̄ an lōca úd.”

The deer of that lake.

Zi z̄-cuala tú an t-reilz̄? *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.

³ 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 féad;
 nó Mac Uí Dhuibhe na m-ban,
 an laoc do cúirfead cat ar céad!
- Da mairfead Fearzur file Fhionn,
 fear a zceirt do moirne ar an b-Féinn;
 nó Dáire do feirnead zán loct,
 a nzué na z-cloz ní beic mo rpeir!
- Da mairfead Mearzác na lann,
 an fear nár zann a3 cur an áir;
 Orcur a' r Mac Rónáin zrínn,
 do érónan ran z-cill njoir fáin!
- Da mairfead Aod Beaz mac Fhionn,
 nó Faolan zriinn nár éair neac,
 nó Conán maol do bí zán zruaiz,
 ir iad d'fáz me faoi zruaim le real!
- Nó'n t-abac beaz do bí a3 Fionn,
 do cúirfead zac aon a d-toiréim ruain!
 ba bhíne ljom ruaim a m'éar,
 ná b-fuil do cléir a z-cill 'ra d-tuat!
- Or ahoir nac mairnean an Fhianh,
 ná Fionn rialmar na u-duar;
 do bodar rianran na pralm,
 a' r zlóir zarb na z-cloz mo éluar.
- P. Szuir do béal a feanóir ruairc!
 ná bí fearda a3 luad na b-Fianh;
 zo u-deacádar tóir mar an z-ceó,
 a' r zo m-beid zo deó a nglar na b-rian!

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. Փա ինձ լոյ՜ ճ աճա՛ս աճ ըլլ,
 ա՛յ բայրա՛մ ա՛ր ա՛յ բարբա՛ր բարձր;
 ո՞յ ըրե՛ծբո՛րո ճո՛ քրե՛ծ ար ա՞յ Բ-Բայրո՞,
 նա՛ քրե՛ծ ճո՛ ըլե՛րքե՛ս աճ՛ս անա՛լ.

Եր՛ քոյք ա՛ ըծար՛ս անա՛լս ար՛ ի՛րա՛ծ,
 բա՛յ ճրու՛ճ կա՛ծ բա՛յ քար՛ս քրա՞ն;
 ա՛ր ո՞յո՛ր ըլեա՛ճ կո՞յ կա՛ծա ճո՞յ քրա՛ծ,
 բա՛ծ քրե՛ծ բարձ՛ր ար ա՞յ Յ-Յո՛ս ո՛ւ ըա՛լլ!

P. Ո՞յ քրե՛ծա՞նն ա՛յա՛ծ կա՛ծա ճո՞յ քրա՛ծ,
 ճո՛ ճրե՛ծա՞նն ը՛յ քրա՛ճո՛ ք-քար՛նճի՞ն արա՞ն,
 ա՛ր քոյ՛րճո՞յն քո՛ր ճո՛յն ի՞նն,
 ա՛ր ըա՛ճքարա՛նն ի՞նքն ճա՛ճ ան՛ կա.

O. Ճո՛ ըո՞նքնն քե՛ ըա՛ր ըա՛րքա՞նն,²
 քա՛ ի՞նճ քա՛ր ճո՛ նա՛ ճո՛ ի՞նքնն;
 ա՛ր ճո՛ ըո՞նքնն քե՛ ճրլլե՛ծք քրե՛ծա՞նն,
 քա՛ ի՞նճ ա՛ր քա՛ կրե՛ք նա՛ ճո՛ քար՛նճի՞ն արա՞ն!

¹ Բարձ, *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 Ըա՛ր ըա՛րքա՞նն, 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 Glenasmole, 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 Dallan, 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 Archæological Society*, for 1851, p. 333.

We are informed that large and luxuriant ivy leaves grow at Chapelizod, county Dublin, and also at Glenasmoil, 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. Φό σὸναρε μὲ σεαῖραῖαδ λοῖη,
 βα ἡδὸ ἡὰ δο σεαῖραῖαδ ἡαρεῖαη;
 ἱρ ἔ δο λῖοη μο ἐμοῖδε λε τυῖρε,
 βειῖτ ἀδ ἐῖῖρη, α βοῦῖαη!

Ἰρ ἡηηε δο βαδαρα ζο ρῖαλλ,
 α η-Φύη αη ἡῖῖ ἡὰρ ῖαηη,
 αη ρεαδ ἡῖορ α ῖ-καῖῖημ δο'η η-βῖαδ,
 δο βῖαδ ταη ἡ'ἔῖρ ῖαῖ σῖοηη.

Ἐηηα η-βειῖτ ἡα ῖεαρα βῖ αη ῖῖοηη,
 α'ρ ἡὰρ ἡῖαη λεῖρ τυῖῖημ τυῖδ,
 α ἡαῖβ αη ἡεαῖη 'ρα β-ρῖηλ αη λαη,
 ἡῖ ἐλαοῖδρεαδαοῖρ λαῖη μο ἡῖῖ!

P. Ἰρ ἔ μο ἡῖῖῖρη δο δεαλβῖῖ ἡεαῖη,
 ἱρ ἔ δο βειῖη ἡεαῖε ἡα λαοῖ;
 ἱρ ἔ δο ῖυη αη βῖοῖ-βυαη,
 ἱρ ἔ δο βειῖη βλαῖ ἡα ῖ-ρῖαοβ.

Ἰρ ἔ δο δεαλβῖῖ ἐαρῖα α'ρ ῖῖῖαη,
 ἱρ ἔ δο βειῖη ἱαρῖ αη λῖηη;
 ἱρ ἔ δο ἐῖυῖῖῖ ῖοῖε α'ρ ρῖαη,
 ἡῖ η-ῖοηαηη α'ρ ἐαῖῖα ῖῖῖηη!

O. Ἡῖ αη ἐῖυῖῖῖαδ ῖοῖε ἡα ρῖαη,
 ῖυῖ μο ἡῖῖῖε ρῖηη α δῖῖλ;
 αῖῖ αῖ κοῖῖαῖη κοῖῖαῖβ λαοῖ,
 αῖ κοῖῖαῖη σῖῖοῖ α'ρ αῖ σῖη α ἐλύ!

Ἐη ῖῖῖῖῖδ αη ἡῖῖηε, αη ρῖηῖ,
 αη ἡοῖῖαδ ἡεῖῖηε α δ-ῖῖρ ῖῖεδ,
 αη ἡῖῖηε ρῖῖῖῖῖ α'ρ αη ῖῖαῖη,
 α'ρ αη ρῖηῖεαῖη ἐαῖ α δ-ῖῖῖ αη δῖῖ.

- 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 Քհատրալ՝ զա յայն զօ Փիյա,
 աղ տաղ զայնիչ աղ ծիր տար լարն ?
 զուչ լեօ զեան յիչ Լօճաղղ յա լօղչ,
 լե'ր զուր յօմաճ լաօճ յաղ շրար ?

Ոճ աղ տաղ զայնիչ Պաշար մօր,
 աղ քար զա զօրձ շլեօ յար զիմ ;
 յր օրինիլ զա յարքեաճ զօ Փիյա,
 շօ շ-արքեօճ լե Քիարդայն Քիղղ.

Ոճ աղ տաղ զայնիչ Եալ՝ յա Մրօղղ,
 աղ քար զար աղ զ-Քիղղ զօ զար աղ զ-ար !
 յի լեճ' Փիյա զօ զուր աղ արքաճ,
 աճ՝ լե զ-Օրար ա յարչ զաճ.

Ձալա,¹ յա Քիաճա յիճի,
 լե յիլլէլ Եարար յա յլօչ շրար ;
 յիճ լարն յի յա յար զօ Փիյա,
 զա զա զարքաճ աճ՝ Քիղղ քիղղ.

Եր յօմճ զաճ, յաճ, ա'ր շիաճ,
 զօ զօմօրաճ լե Քիարդայն Քիղղ ;
 յի զալա շօ յ-արքաճ զաճ,
 յիչ յա յարն յա շար արչ ա լար !

P. Լիչարարքաճ զ'ար շ-արքաճ յար շաճ զաճ,
 ա յարն զար զիճ զա շաղ զիլլ ;
 զար շօ զ-արլ Փիյա յար յարն յա յ-օրձ.
 ա'ր Քիղղ յա յլօլչ՝ յալ ա զ-քիղղ !

O. Եա յիճ աղ յար յի զօ Փիյա,
 շաղ շար յա զ-արն զօ զար զ'Քիղղ,
 ա'ր Փիյա քիղղ զա յ-արքաճ ա յ-արքաճ,
 շօ զ-արքաճ աղ յար զար ա զար.

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 Taile Mac Treoin landed,
 He who dealt slaughter to the Fians,
 'Tis not by thy God the hero fell,
 But by Oscr 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. Njori fulanɔ Fionɔ ar fead a maɛ,
 neac a bejɛ a b-pɛjɔnɔ nã nɔuajɛ,
 an fuarɔlad aju le ajuɔeac nɔ ðɛ,
 a ɔ-caɛ nã nɔleɔ ɔo m-bɛarɔad buad.

Jɛ majɛ an ceanɔac ðam ar do Ðhja,
 bejɛ amearɔ a ðlɔajɛ majɛ tãɔm;
 ɔan bɔad, ɔan éadaɛ, ɔan éeɔl,
 ɔan bejɛ aɔ bɔonad ðju ar ðajɛ.

ɔan ɔãju nã nɔɔaɔar nã nã ɛtoɔ,
 ɔan bejɛ aɔ coiméad poɛt nã cuan;
 ɔion a b-fuarɔar d'earɔad an bɔɔ,
 majɛɔm do nɔɔ neɛme am' uðacɛ!

ɔan ɛnãɔ, ɔan fɔadɔuɔeacɛ, ɔan Fionɔ,¹
 ɔan ɛuɛɔɔɔɔ fɔal-ban, ɔan ɛpɔɛt;
 ɔan ɛuɔe an ionad majɛ ba ðual,
 ɔan ɛɔɔluɔm cleaɛa lúɛ nã ɔleɔ.

P. A ɛeanɔju éɛjɔn acã ar baɔɛɛ,
 ɛɔjuɛ a'ɛ nã bɔ aɔ ɛɛɔtal ɔan ééɔll;
 majɛɛar le Ðja ðuɛ a ð-tãɔnɔɔ.
 ɛearɛa má'ɛ aɔ leac a ɛéju.

O. Saɛanɔ ðuɛ ɛéju nã ðoð' Ðhja,
 a éléjuɔ nã ɔ-clɔar nɔ éabaɛɛad;
 ɔac a nɔeareɛar ða nɔ-juarɛ,
 nɔ buɔeacãɛ lɔom oɛuɔb a nɔajɛanɔ!

P. Jɛ ɛɛuacɔ lɔom do éɛuɛ éɛjɔn,
 a Oɛɛju! nã bɔ aɔ ɛɛɔtal ɔan ééɔll;
 ju nãju ðuɛ, ðar lɔom ɔo ɛjɔɛ,
 arɛuɔɛ do ɛjɔɛ ar nãc Ðe!

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 !

- O. **Ձ** Քհաւրայօ! ճա m-բայրի չաղ շէլլ,
 ճօ ըճարբայր լեճ' շէլլի ա Չ-բիր; ;
 ոյ ճայօ ճաճալ դա լեճար ճան,
 դա ճօճ տրաճա ճղո ճօ շլլ!
- P. Լէճ տրա ճօ ճայօ ճաօճ,
 ա ճիւճ ճղ ոյճ ճա ճիւճ ճլւ;
 ճէլլ ճօ'ղ ճէ ճօ ճիւճ ճաճ ճայօ,
 ճիւճ ճօ ճեղղո ա'ր թեճ ճօ ճլւո!
- Բալ ճ'ւճճ ա'ր ճօլլո ճօ ճեճ! ;
 ճիւճ ճօ'ղ ճէ ճաճ ճօ ճիւճ,
 ճէ ճիւճ ճ'լոճճաճ լեճ ա լաճ,
 իր ճօ ճիւճ ճաճ ա թիւճ!
- O. **Ձ** Քհաւրայօ! ոյ ըճալ տրաճ!
 ոյ ճիւճ ճիւճ թալո ճօ ճէլ;
 ճօլլթեճ ճօ թիւճ ա'ր ոյ թա Փիւ,
 ճճ թիւճ, ա'ր ճղ թիւճ, ճղ ճայօ ճեճ ճեճ.
- P. Բի ճճ ճօլլ, ա թեճճ թալո,
 ճիւճ, թեճճ, թաճ ա'ր թեճ;
 ճար ճօ ճեճալլ, ճիւճ ոյճ,
 ճիւճար ճօ ճիւճ լեճ ճղ ճ-թեճ?
- O. ճիւճ ճ'լոճճաճ ճիւճ ա ճայօ ճիւճ,
 ա'ր ճեղղո ա թլճ ճօ ճայօ ճ'ար ոյճ;
 ճիւճ ճիւճ ճիւճ թալո ճալ ա'ր ճիւճ,
 իր ճիւճ ճօճ' ճճար ճայօ ճճ ճալ!

O. O Patrick! were I devoid of sense,
 I would rid thy clerics of their heads;
 There would not be a crozier or white book,
 Or matins bell in thy church!

P. Cease thou to be silly,
 O son of the king of great fame!
 Submit to Him who doeth all good,
 Stoop thy head and bend thy knee.

Strike thy breast and shed thy tear,
 And believe in Him who is above thy head,
 Though thou art amazed at Him being named,
 'Tis HE who obtained sway over Fionn!

O. O Patrick! my woful tale!
 The hum of thy lips is not sweet to me,
 I shall bitterly cry, and not for God,
 But that Fionn and the Fians are not alive!

P. Hush! thou pleasant old man,
 Forsake, shun, hate and anger;
 As thou hast promised, relate to us
 How they performed the chase?

O. No wonder that we were sorrowful
 And we bereft of our chief;
 Though reproached for smiles and laughter,
 'Tis we that had cause to weep!

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.

Ḑ'fóðmad caeta oireta a Fhionn,
a éiru na m-briacáir m-bié-bionn ;
óir tú éairiú 3o Ceann Con
3an aicéed, 3an éilíú3ad.

Comhmac Fhionn a' r ní3 Múmhán,
rocairde dá m-biad púdar,
airiúir caé díob a éáile,
ba curata a 3-cóiméiriúe.

Al deiriúire níb mad nglé,
ba fíorí dam an fáirídhé,
briad briac-fear a h-Almuin,
do' h éacé fódmad oire 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 Almuin,
For the war proclaimed on thee O Fionn.

τῆρ Νῶ Ν-ὄς.

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 Cumhaill.

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 $\text{C}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}} \text{ } \eta\Delta \text{ } \eta\text{-}\delta\bar{\text{I}}$ (“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 $\text{C}\Delta\acute{\text{C}} \text{ } \bar{\text{I}}\Delta\bar{\text{B}}\bar{\text{I}}\Delta$, $\text{C}\Delta\acute{\text{C}} \text{ } \text{C}\eta\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{C}}\Delta$ 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 $\text{F}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{O}}\eta\eta$, $\text{C}\bar{\text{O}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{O}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}}$, $\text{C}\Delta\bar{\text{O}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{C}}\bar{\text{E}}$, and others of the $\text{F}\bar{\text{I}}\Delta\eta\eta\Delta \text{ } \text{E}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{O}}\eta\eta$ (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 *Торолв маc Сцапнн*, &c. (*Torolv the son of Starn*), about the year A.D. 1749. By comparing *Тју на н-бз* 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 *Лаол ан Џомнннн* (*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 *Тју на н-бдогнн мајсе* (*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 *Тју на н-бдогнн мајсе* (*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 *Тју на н-бз* (*Land of youth*) *Тју на н-бео* (*Land of the Living*) *Тју на н-буада* (*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, tranquillity 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 *Сїл Стуйїн* (Kill Stuiñin), situate in Liscannor Bay, supposed to be one of the chief entrances into *Сїл ґа ґ-оґ* ("Land of youth.") This is said to be a beautiful but small city, marked by the white breaking waves between *Ладѣт* (Lahinch,) and *Лїор-Садннїл* (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.* *Сїл ґа ґ-оґ* ("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 *Сїл Стуйїн* (Kill Stuiñin), read Comyn's Romance, called *Ладѣтн Сїорнїл ґаїс Садннїл дґар д ѓїлїл ґас* (the adventures of Torolv Mac Starn and his three sons). Contiguous to this place is another spot called *Сїос ґа ґїоґнїе* (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 *Ладѣт иї Сїор-ѓїднїл* (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 *Сїос ґа Сїоґнїе* (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 *Сїл ґа ґ-оґ* ("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 *Сїл ґа ґ-оґ* ("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 *Νηλεΐη Ἰριη ὀφει*, 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—*Ἴβ* or *Ἴβ βρεαῖαι* (O'Breasail's country), *Ἴβ λεϊφίη*, (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 *Ἰλαφίη ἢ Λαοῦρε* *Ἰλαφίη* (the cavern of the grey sheep), a large cave which is situated at Coolagarronroe, 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 breed 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.”

ԼԱՕՅՓԻ ՕՅՏՅՆ ՁՐ ՇԻՂՐ ՈՂԱ ՈՒՅ,

Պար ծ'ալերիբ բե ծո Բաճրուից յաօնեա.

- P. Ձ Օլրիս սարալ! ա ից աղ իլի՛ն!
 Ծո Բ'բարի շոյօն շարշե 'ր շիւտ;
 Ալերիբ ծնոյն ա ոյր շոյ մարից
 Ելոյսի մարիբ տարի էր յա Բ-Բիսոյ?
- O. Եղեճրաճ բոյ ծար, ա Բաճրուից յսած,
 Շիճ ծոյն Լիոն ա Լսած ծր արծ
 Տարի էր աղ ճա՛տ Շաճրա¹ Երսած,
 Աղ ար մարիճած, ոյո յսար! աղ Ե-Օրշար ա՛ն.

Լա ծ'ա մաճարիսոյ սլե աղ Բիսոյ
 Բիսոյ բլա՛լ 'բարի մարի ծոյն աղ,
 Շիճ շո մա ծոյն, ծնաճ ար բշե՛ալ,
 Տարի էր ար Լաճրաճ Բեյճ շո բոյն!

Ձ բելից ծնոյն ար մարիսոյ Եճճաճ,
 ա յ'իմոլ Բճրաճ Լոճա Լեյն,²
 մար ա մարի Երսոյն ծնոյն Բա միլլե Բլաճ,
 'ր Եճոլ շաճ Երաճ շո Բոյն ա՛ն էր.

Ծնոյնիցեճ Լոյն աղ բելի մաոլ,
 Ծո Բ'բարի Լեյն. մարի 'ր Լու՛ն;
 Բի ար Շ-Երոյն 'ր ար յ-Շաճար շո Լեյն
 շո Ծլու՛ն 'նա ծեյ՛ն բա Լայ բիւբալ.

¹ Շաճրա. 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 Fians?

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 *Loç leṽṽ*, the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney in the county of Kerry.

O. Njor b'fada zo b'facamaññ a uñar,
 añ marcaç dñan az tealçt çúñarññ!
 aon macaonñ mña do b'aille dñeac,
 ar cael-eac bññ ba mññe lúç.

Do rçadamaññ uñle de'ñ çreññ,
 ar aññaric deññbe ña mñoz-mña;
 do ñañb ionñanar fionññ 'r añ fñanñ,
 ñac facadar mñañ beañ cõññ bñeaz!

Bj corñõññ mñozða ar a ceaññ,
 azur bñac donññ de'ñ ç-rjoda ðaon;
 buaññce ñe ñeulñañb ðearññ õññ,
 az folac a bñõña rjor zo fëarñ.

Bj fñññe õññ ar çñocac rjor,
 ar ñac dual buññe ð'a ðlaoññ mññ õññ;
 a mornça çornña, ñlana ñan rñññ
 mññ bñañon ðññcça ar bññ añ fëõññ.

Ba ðeññçe a ññuññ ña añ ñõr,
 'r ba ññle a rñõð ña eala ar tuñññ;
 ba mñññe blaññ a balñam fõr,
 'ñañ mññ a beac ñõl trñe ðearññ-fñonñ.

Bj bñac fñññaññ, fada, ñeññ,
 az folac añ rçeññ-erç bñññ;
 ðñallaññ ññeaññta ðe ðearññ-õññ,
 azar rññaññ beal-õññ ña ðear-lañññ.

Bj ceñññe çñññ zo cñññe fñañ,
 de'ñ õññ buññe ba ñlaññe rññññ,
 fñearññ añññññ a ñ-cul a çñññ,
 'r ññ mñññ 'raññ ç-fañññeal eac do b'fëarññ!

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. Do éaruiſ rí do labairi Fínn,
do labairi zo caoim chearda a b-fuaim;
azur a dúbairt rí, “ a níſ na b-Fíann,
ir fada, cian a noir mo éuaird.”
- F. “ Cía tu féin, a níozaim óis,
ir fearu clód, maire ’r zhaoi,
aítmir duinn fáč do rzeoil,
t’aim féin a’r do tír?”
- “ Niam Cínn Óir, ir é m’aim,
a Fínn zarda na mór-rlóiz;
tarim innaib an domain, fuairneaf zairim
ir mé iuzean caisce Ríſ na n-óſ.”
- “ Aítmir dúinn, a níozaim tar,
cnead fáč do éačt tar leari a c-céin;
an é do céile d’iméiz uair,
Nó cad é an buairdirt atá ort féin?”
- “ Ní hé mo céile d’iméiz uaim.
’r fór nór luadaó mé le haen fear,
a níſ na Féinne ir aoimde cáil,
ačt fearic ir zráó do éuzar dod’ mac!”
- “ Cía aca dom éloin, a iuzean blaic,
’na d-tuzair zráó, nó fór zean,
na ceil oruinn a noir fáč,
a’r aítmíur duinn do cáir, a bean?”
- “ Inneórad féin rin duir, a Fhínn,
dod’ mac zruinn, airm-éruair;
Oirín meahamhac na d-tréan-lám,
an laoc ataim ahoir do luaird.”

- 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. C'nead an fát a d-tuḡair ḡmáδ
 a nḡean álainn an fúile méid,
 dom m'ac féin feácar cáé
 'r a h'acé flaié arid fa'ḡ nḡm'éin?"

Ní ḡan adbar a níḡ na b-ḡianh,
 do éanḡar a ḡ-cian fá na déin
 acé tuararḡbaíl d'fáḡaíl an a ḡairḡe,
 feabur a feairḡairh aḡur a m'éin."

Jr ionda mac níḡ aḡar arid-flaié,
 do éuḡ dom ḡean aḡur r'íor-ḡmáδ,
 n'íor aonḡuḡear m'ain d'aen feair,
 ḡo d-tuḡar feairc d'Oirín aḡ!"

O. Dar an laim r'ih orc, a Pádruiḡ!
 ḡid nar n'airéac h'om mar rḡéal,
 n'í marb aen ball d'íom nac marb a n-ḡmáδ,
 le h-nḡean álainn an fúile méid.

Do ruḡar ar a laim an' d'óid,
 'r dúbmar do ḡlór ḡué-b'ih;
 f'íor-cáoin fáilte nídhad,
 a níḡairh oḡ do'ḡ t'íi.

" Jr tu ir ḡile, 'r ir f'ihne, blaíé,
 ir tu do b'feairi h'om mar m'haol;
 ir tu mo moḡa tar m'haib an doimh,
 a réaltairh m'ódaimáil ir deirre ḡhaol."

" ḡeara nac fulanḡaid f'íor-laolc,
 a Oirín féil, cuirim ad' c'ómarh
 teacé h'om féin a'hoir ar m'eaé,
 ḡo níḡeam tar ar ḡo T'íi na n-óḡ.

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. “ Տի ան շիր իր ասիոնե ԼԵ ՔԱՅԱԼ,
 իր մօ շալ ասոր քա՛ն Կ-ՅՐԵՆԿ ;
 ԵՄԱՅՆ ԱՅ ԵՄՈՄԱԾ ԼԵ ԵՄՐԵԱ ՚ր ԵԼԱԷ,
 Ա՛ր ԵՄԼԼԵԱԵՄ ԱՅ ՔԱՐ ԱՐ ԵՄՐԱԿԵ ԶԵՄՅ .
- “ Եր քարերոյն յոտե յալ ՚ր քիոն,
 ՚ր շահ սլե յի ծ՛ա եքեա իսլ
 յի յաճաճ ԵՄԵԱՆ զիւ ԼԵԴ՝ յաԵ,
 ԵՄ ԿՅՄԵԱԷ յի քիւրքի շի .
- “ Ծօ շեաԵալի քեաԾ, յալիւ ՚ր ծի,
 Ծօ շեաԵալի ԵՅԼ ԵՄՆ ԱՄ ԷԷԱԾ ;
 Ծօ շեաԵալի ԱՄՅԻՅՈԾ ԱՅԱՐ ծի,
 Ծօ շեաԵալի քօր յոմաԾ քեաԾ .
- “ Ծօ շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԵԼՅԵԱՆ ՅԱ ՅՅՅ,
 շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԵՄԱԵ քիճիլ Ե քիճա ճաօր ;
 շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԵԱԸ իր յալի Ե Կ-ՅԼԵՅ,
 ՚ր շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԼԵՅ Ե ԵՈՊԱԿԵ ԶԵՄԻ .
- “ Ծօ շեաԵալի յոյոն-իյօճճա Իյն յա Կ-ՅՅ,
 յաԸ ԵՄ յաճի քօր Ծօ յեաԸ քա՛ն Կ-ՅՐԵՆԿ,
 Ծօ ճեաքքաՐ ծիոն ԵՄԵ Ծ՛օյճԵ ՚ր ԼՅ,
 Ա Յ-ԵԱԷ, Ա Կ-ՅԼԵՅ ՚րա Կ-ՅԱԿԵ-ՅԼԵԱԷ .
- “ Ծօ շեաԵալի ԼիւքեաԸ Եիւճալն, Եօրի,
 Ա՛ր ԵԼՅԵԱՆ ԵՄՆ-ծիւ իր ԵՄԵ ԵԷՄ ;
 յա՛ր ԵԷԱՄԱԿՅ յեաԸ յաճի սաԾ ԵԵՅ,
 յօԸ ԵՈՊԱԿԵ քօր ԵՄ Ե-ԱՄ ՅԵՄԻ .
- “ Ծօ շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԷՄԵ ՚ր Լիւք քիճիլ,
 շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԵՅ, ՚ր քօր ԵԷԱԾ ԼԱՅ ;
 շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ ԵԱՈՄԱ, ՅՈՊԱ ԼՈՊԱԿԵ ծիւ,
 շեաԵալի ԵԷԱԾ քեճ յաԸ ԵՄԼ ՚րա յ-ԻԱՅԱԼ .

- 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. “ Ǽabairi céad maizðean meaðriac, óz,
 foillreac, lonnriac, mari an n-zriey;
 ir fearu deilb, cruic, azur rñðð,
 ’r ir biyne beoil ’na ceól na n-éan.
- “ Ǽabairi céad laec ir trieyne a n-zleó,
 ir clijde fór a z-clearaib lúc;
 ariucta, éidce, or do cónairi,
 a d-Tiri na n-Óz, ma éiziri hom.
- “ Do Ǽabairi zac nǵ d’a n-dubruir leat,
 a’r aoiðnear fór nac léiri dañra ’luad,
 Ǽabairi maire, neairt a’r birze,
 ’r biadra féin azad mari innaoi.”
- “ Dfultac ad ar bir nǵ beuirfad uairn,
 a mǵozan t-ruaric na z-cuaça n-orri;
 ir tú mo moza tar innaib an doñairi,
 a’r macam le foyn zo Tiri na n-Óz.”
- Airu inuñ an eic, cuadmairi arioiñ,
 airi mo beula, do ruib an óiz;
 a dúbairt, “ a Oirriñ, fayam zo réib,
 zo mǵeam beul an maria inóiri.”
- Aññ rñ d’éirið an t-eac ar lúc,
 an triac mǵeamairi zo cínair na triaza;
 do cmoic é féin aññ rñ cum ríubail,
 ’r do léiz tri zñúir ar or arið.
- Añ triac cónairic Fionn ’r an Fhianñ,
 an t-eac zo diañ ’ran t-ríubal;
 az tabairt azairð ar an d-tréan-inuñ,
 do léizeadar tri zairica zuil ’r cúñairð!

O. "Thou wilt get a hundred virgins^s 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 will 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 Օրին,” ար Ֆլոն, յօ մայն, տրիշ,
 “ մօ շնիած բին տս աՅ յմեաճտ սայտ;
 ’ր շան բնլ աշսոյն արիբ ծօ ճեաճտ,
 շնճտ տար ար բօղ լան խած!”

Փ՛արտուճ ա ծօլն աճար ա բճին,
 ’ր ծօ բլ բարս ծօար անար;
 շսր բխճ ա ծօսոյն, ’ր ա ճեալ-ճնօ,
 ’ր ծնարտ, “ մօ լօն տս, ա Օրին սայտ!”

Ա Քհարայճ, խա ծնած ան բճեալ,
 ար բճարանսոյն յօ ճօլօ ան բն;
 բճարանսոյն ան աճար յօ յա յնաճ բին,
 յր ծնած, լաճ, բօղ ծօլ ծ՛ա լած!

Ճօ բճար-բա մ՛աճար յօ ճօղն, ճօղն,
 ’բան ճօսոյն ճօաճն, բսարտ սաճ;
 ծ՛բճար բլան, սլօ աճ ան ծ-Ֆօլն,
 ’ր ծօ բլ յա ծօարս ’նար լօ մ՛ ճրսալծ!

Եր յօնճ լա ճօլն, ծօլ-բա ’ր Ֆլոն,
 ’ր ան Ֆիանն ’նար ճ-ճօղն բօղ լան-բին;
 աճ յարտ բլճլլօ աճար աճ ծլ,
 ’ր աճ ճօլ ճօղ, ան ծնօան խա տրօն.

Աճ բալճարտճ ա յ-ճօղնայն մն,
 ’բար յճաճար ծօլ-նսոյն աշսոյն ան;
 բալաճ օլօ ծնոյն ա յ-ճարն ճլաճ,
 աճ տրօնայն լաճ յօ լան-տօն.

- P. Ա Օրին ծօլ, տրիճ յօ բճլ,
 ծօ ծ՛ ճարտօ մօր ար ան ծ-Ֆօլն;
 ճօղնսր ծօ ճաճար յօ ճն յա յ-Օճ,
 ա՛ր լօն ծնոյն ճան ճօ ար ծօ բճեալ.

- 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.

O. Գո շոգամարի ար ց-սւլ ծո'ն տիր,
 'ր ար ն-աջարծ շօ ծիրեաճ, շլան, բար ;
 ծօ էրալճ ան ինն-մարս բօնարս,
 'ր ծօ կիօս 'նա երօրստիկ յօսար ն-ժլալճ.

Գո շոգամարի յօղտարս 'նար բիւնալ,
 արարաճա, սիրտեանա աջար արբարս,
 բլօլարիճե բլօղտաօլա, աջար ծնրտե,
 շրարարս կօղտաճա, աջար բալար.

Գո շոգամարի, բօր եւ ար տ-տաեճ,
 ելիտ ինաօլ ար կօղտ կնտ ;
 ա'ր շաճար կարս-ճարս, եան,
 աճ արբարս շօ ծանա 'րան տ-բիւնալ.

Գո շոգամարի բօր, շան շօ,
 արսօրս ծճ արս բտաճ-աճ ծօղտ,
 սնալ ծօրս 'նա ճար-կարս,
 'ր ի աճ ինտաճտ արս եարս նա ծ-տօղտ.

Գո շոգամարի 'նա ճօլճ,
 արարաճ ծճ արս բտաճ եան ;
 բարս երատ արարս ճարս բնօլ,
 'ր կօլճարս արս-ծօրս 'նա ճար-կարս.

“ Երա երաճ ան ծիր սն, ծօ շիճրս,
 ա իննարս շարս, ինրս ծօրս բաճ ;
 ան եան սն իր արե շրարս,
 'ր արարաճ բլօղտ ան ելճ եան ?”

“ Նա արս բարս 'նա ե-բարբիճ տն,
 ա Օրրն սնարս, 'նա ե-բարբարս բօր,
 սն ե-բարս յօղտա սլե աճտ երսն-նի
 շօ իննարս շօ Երս Բիճ նա ն-ժճ.”

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 concamairi uair a z-cianh,
 palaf zmyamhar, uet-blaic;
 buð breazca deilb azaf zhe,
 d'a maib 'ran t-raozal le fázal.
- “ Cja an dún mjozda, mð-breaz,
 azaf fôr, ir ailne d'a b-facafð rúil;
 'na b-fuilimjð az tmuall 'na ðail,
 nð cja ir and-flaic anu rúd?”
- “ Inzcan miz eji na m-béo,
 ir bairmjozair fôr anur' an dún;
 tuz Fomoi Builleac¹ ðruime lózac,
 leir le fðimhearz zéaz 'r lúic.
- “ Zeafa cuiri ri air an d-tréan,
 zan bean do déanaim ði zo braitac;
 zo b-fázad ri curad nð fjom-laoð,
 do fearmðdad zlaic leir lam air laim.”
- “ Beiri buad azur beanact, a Niam éinn ðiri,
 nj éualaf do céol nam ir fearir;
 'na caoin-zuic birn do mliir-béoil,
 'r ir mðri an bion linn bean d'a cail.
- “ Téizdeam anoir d'a fjom don dún,
 a'f b-féidiri zur dúinn atá ré a n-dan;
 an tréan-laoð úd do éurim lom,
 a z-clearaib lúic, mar bad zhaic.”
- Do éuadmairi anu rin don dún,
 a'f éairuz éuzairn an mjozaz ðz;
 do b'ionann deallmad ði 'r do'n zméin,
 a'f do cuiri ri céad fáilte móimain.

¹ Fomoi 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. B̄i culaṛḁ de řjoda buṛde,
 aṛ aṇ řjōḁaṇ do b'āṛṛe řṇōḁ;
 a cṇear caṛlce maṛ ala aṛṛ tuṛṇṇ,
 'ṛ a ḁā ḁṛuaṛḁ b̄i aṛṛ ḁač aṇ řōṛ.

Aṛ ḁač aṇ ḁṛṇ do b̄i a řolc,
 a'ṛ a ḁoṛṇ-ṇoṛḁa ḁṛṇa ḁaṇ čeō;
 a b̄eṛṛṇ meala aṛṛ ḁač ṇa ḁ-caoṛ,
 'ṛ a ṇala čaol ba ḁṛeṇṇa clōḁ.

Do řūḁeamaṛṇ aṇṇ řṇ řjōṛ,
 ḁač ṇ-aoṇ ḁṛṇ aṛ čačaoṛṇ ḁṛṇ;
 do leaḁaḁ čuḁaṛṇṇ ṇōṛṇaṇ b̄iḁ,
 a'ṛ cuṛṇṇ ḁṛḁe b̄i ḁṇṇa beoṛṇ.¹

Aṇ ṇṛāč čaṛčeamaṛṇ aṛ řaṛč b̄iḁ,
 a'ṛ ṇoṇaḁ řjōṇṇa ṇṛṇṛ ḁṛṛ;
 do laḁaṛṇ aṇ řjōḁaṇ ḁḁ, čaoṛṇ,
 ṛṛ eḁ ḁūḁaṛṇc řj, "čṛṛ ḁṇṇ ḁo řḁṛ."

Ḑ'ṇṇṇṛ ḁūṇṇ řjōṛ a'ṛ řač a řč̄eṛṛ,
 'ṛ do řjṛ ṇa ḁeḁṛa le ṇa ḁṛuaṛḁ,
 a ḁūḁaṛṇc ṇaṛ b-řṛṛleaḁ ḁṛ ḁ'a ṇṛṇ ř̄eṛṇ,
 'ṛ a řačāč ṇṛeṇ do beṛč ḁo buaṇ'.

"B̄i do čoṛḁ, a řjōḁaṇ ḁṛḁ,
 řḁṛṇ ḁe'ḁ bṛḁṇṇ, a'ṛ ṇā b̄i caoṛḁ;
 a'ṛ do beṛṇṇṇ ḁṛc ṇo laṇ,
 aṇ ṇ-ačac aṛṇ, ḁo ḁ-tuṛcṛḁ ḁṇṇ!"

"N̄i bṛṇṛṛ laoč aṇoṛṛ le řaḁaṛṛ,
 ḁ'a čṛeṛṇe caṛṛ řaoṛ'ṇ ṇ-ḁṛeṛṇ,
 do beṛṇṛṛḁ čōṇṇac laṇ aṛ laṇṇ,
 ḁo'ṇ ačac ḁāṇa ṇa ḁ-ḁṛuaṛḁ-b̄eṛṇṇ."

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. “ Jhijrjm duit, a mjozajh éaoh,

 hac rzačmar ljom a čeačt am’ dajl,

 muna d-tuicfjđ ljom, do brijz mo žéaz,

 zo d-tuicfead fějh ar do rzač.”

Njori b’fada zo b-facamajh až teačt,

 ah t-ačac tréah ba mđ žmájh,

 beajr ar de čpojche fjad,

 a’r lurz-fearfajb jajajm joha lajm.

Njori beahhajz ’r njori úmluž dúnjh,

 ačt d’fěac a h-žvújr ha h-đž-mhá,

 d’fuažajr cač azar cđmjac tréah,

 a’r čuadar fějh joha čđmđajl.

Ži fead trj h-oičče azur trj la,

 do bāmujr ’raj h-žmāržari teahh

 žjđ zo m-ba tréah ē ah t’āčac ajz,

 do bajnear žah rpar de a čeahh!

Žh trāč čohhajr ah đjr bah đž,

 ah t-ačac mđr zo faoh ar lar;

 do lejzeadar trj žarča žmjh,

 le mđr-māoiđeah azar lúčžajr!

Đo čuadmajh ahh rjh do’j dún,

 ’r do bjođ-ra brijžte, laž, faoh;

 až rjlead pola zo lah-úr

 a teačt zo dlúč ar mo čméacđ!

Đo čajmž jhžeah mž ha m-beđ,

 zo fjori až fđmžčějh ojm fějh;

 do čujr jce ’r balram am’ čhěada,

 ’r dođ jor fějh plan ’ha đejž.

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  a t a ao r  r b- r o n   o r ba ,
 a' r ba mead ra  d n n  n  r n d'    r ;
 do c r r z e d  n n  n  r 'n d n,
 leap a a cl n  de  lun  n  n- an.

Do  ur e am ur ne  n  ear   r,
 a b- ear e   b- o r n ,  ar r n z,    d,
 do   z bar   l a  r   lea t,
 a' r r r r ob r   a n m   n- z m- raob !

 r n  n ra ,  r  n ar e lao ,
 do d r r z mar   r  r n al,
 "  r  r  d d n n,"  r  n z an  n  r z,
 "  r all  an r r t d'  r d- r    n." "

Do  le r am r  r r n n  an  e d,
 ' r do  ab am r  r  -ce d  r  n  r z,
 bu  d ba  d br n   r n  'n  d r z,
 ' r n r   r e do' n  r n n- e n  n r n- e r z !

n   ear dom   n,    ad r z   n,
 ca  do   r a do' n  r z n  r z ;
  ' n la r ar am ur ne  rao n l r,
 n   r  ll   n  o  r  n  m- e .

P. N r  n r r d n n   O r n  r n , (f)
 c ' n  r  'n   ab r   n ;
  o l r z d n n  n r   h- n m,
 a' r le n  r r  n n do r e l.

O.  r  n  m- u d  n  r   d,
 a' r  o de n n n  br e z  n  - n m ; (f)
 m   a  l r e   b- l   r m r b   n ,
 do d a le  r e n ,  ab r r n n  ar m.

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 Oisin,
 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 tuzamajru ar z-cúl do'ny dúny,
 a' r ar rēad rúnny faoi lan-réim;
 ' r zo mba luaitē lejr an eac ban,
 ' nā zaoč máirta ar dmuim rléib.

Njor b-řada zur dorčaiž an rřéim,
 a' r zur eimziđ zaoč an' r zaoč airm;
 do lar an mōm-muim zo tréan,
 ' r nj maib amarc zřéime le řážarl!

Sealad dúny az amarc na vēull,
 ' r ar na vēulta b' řa r múnđ;
 d' řrlž an t-anřa ařar an žaoč,
 a' r do řojllrž Phoebur đr ar c-ceany.

Do conycamajru ne ar d-taoib,
 řim mō-aoibean faoi lan-blač,
 a' r máža majreacā, mēde m' ny,
 a' r dúny mjožđa ba mō-breáža.

Nj maib dač d' a b-řeaca řúl,
 de žorim úri, d' uaitēne, ' r ban;
 de čoricur deariž a' r de bujđe,
 nāc maib ' řan mjož-bmož taoim do řad.

Do b' ar an d-taob eile de' ny dúny,
 žmahanny lomniacā a zur řalair;
 deanyta ule de čloča buada,
 le lanja řuad' ařar řaori-čearđ.

Njor b-řada zo b-řeacamajru čúžajny,
 az řmall đ' ny y-dúny jon ar z-čōmđarl,
 řiž čaožad laeč do b' řearny lúč,
 ržéim, cliú, a' r do b' aorinde 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. “ՇԻԱ ԱՅ ԵՂԻ ԱԼԱՅՈՒ ի բ՛ւժ,
 և յո՞ջեալ շիւղ^ննա ծ-տիօթալ ծիւ,
 իր երեւո՞յճա ծրեւճ ծ'ա ե-բեաճա բ՛ւլ,
 ո՞ճ'ի ի բ՛ւժ Շիւ յա ո՞ճ?”

“Եր ի ջօ ծերմիւ, և Օլրին բ՛ել,
 ոյօր յոյրբար երեւո՞յճա ծալ ծ'ա շաօլե,
 ոյ'լ ոյ' ծ'ար շեալար-բա ծալ բ՛իւ,
 յաճ ե-բալ բոլլեյր աշաճ ծօ բ՛իւր.”

Պօ շալուշ շնշալու յօղա ծեօլճ,
 շեւճ եալ ո՞ճ ծօ ե'ալլե բ՛շիւմ ;
 բաօլ երաճա բ՛օճա կօղա ծ'օր,
 աշ բալեւո՞յճաճ բօմալու ծ'ա ծ-տիւ բ՛իւր.

Պօ շօղաթալիւ ալիւր աշ շեւճ,
 եւլճեալ ծօ շլեյրե, շլալ բլաւճ ;
 աշար բ՛իճ օլլճեարե, շօմաճճաճ, տրեւալ,
 ծօ ե-բեալիւ բ՛շիւմ, ծելե, 'բ բղաւճ.

Ել կեյրե եւլճե ծօ բ՛օճա բ՛րօլլ,
 աշար յաւմ-երաճ ծրճա ծր'ա շիօղ ;
 ել շօրօլու ծրեւեաղաճ ծօ'ի ծր,
 ջօ բոլլբեւճ, կօղաճ ար և շեաղ.

Պօ շօղաթալիւ աշ շեւճ 'նա ծեօլճ,
 ալ եաղաղօ՞յճալ ո՞ճ ծօ ե'ալլե շալ ;
 ա'բ շաօլաճ երաղալլեալլիւր, շօլիւ,
 ծօ ե'ալլե շլօճ, յօղա շօմճալ.

Աշ շեւճ ծօլե ալլե ար աղ եալ,
 ծօ կաթալիւ ջօ շեաղալա բ՛իճ յա ո՞ճ ;
 աշար և ծ՛ւթալիւ, “ իր շ բօ Օլրիւ յաճ Բիւղ,
 շելլե շաօլու Նիւմ շիւղ ծիւր.”

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 ruʒ ré oru ayy ruy ar laim,
 azur a dúbairre a ʒ-cóm-ard do'ny t-rlóʒ;
 “ a Oirín calma, a mhic an níʒ,
 céad míle fáilte rómhat.”

“ Ah tír ro ion' ar éairzír féin,
 nǵ céilread rʒéala oré ʒan ʒó;
 ír fada, buan é do fáozal,
 a' r beid tu féin cóidce óʒ.”

“ Nǵ' l aoirheaf dá'ru rmaoiriʒ crioide,
 nac b-fuil 'ran tír reo fá'd cómaru,
 a Oirín, creid uaim. ʒo fíor,
 ʒur mire níʒ Tír na u-óʒ.”

“ Ah ro an bairníozair éaom,
 a' r m'iyzean féin Niam cny óir;
 do éuaid tar m'iy-muir fad' déin,
 cum beid mar céile aic ʒo deó.”

Do ʒabar búideacaf leir an níʒ,
 a' r d'úmluizear ríor do'ny míozair cóir,
 uíor rcaad an ruy ʒo héarʒaid luy,
 ʒo ráuzamaru míozbrioz níʒ na u-óʒ.

Do éairiʒ uairle na caémac caoirín',
 idir fear azar innaoi ion'ar ʒ-cóm-darl;
 bí flead a' r féarba an do fíor,
 ar read deic u-oidce a' r deic la.

Do pórad mé le Niam éin óir,
 a Pádraiʒ ó'ny Róir na m-bacul m-ban,
 ruy mar éuaad ʒo Tír na u-óʒ,
 ʒí'd doilíb brihadé liomra tráct.

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. Leay dúinn fearda ar do rzeól,
 a Oirín dhí na h-ann h-ar;
 cionnur d'fagbair Tí na h-ó,
 ir fada fód hóm zo noctair fá.

Jhur dúinn ahoir le mór zreann,
 ay maib aon élan azad me Níain,
 uó' h fada bídhir a d-Tí na h-ó,
 aicéir zay bídú dúinn do rzeál

O. Do bí azam me Níain éinn dhí,
 de éloinn buó mo-máic zhaol a' r rzeíin;
 do b'feáir deilb, crué azur rídh,
 dhí mac óz azur inzeay cáoin.

Do cáicear tréimre fada cian,
 tí éad bíadain azar hór mó;
 zur rmaoinz me zo mba b'é mó inian,
 Fíonn 'ran Fíann d'fáicir beó.

P. A Oirín, t-ruaric leay dod' rzeal, (+)
 a' r iur dúinn cá b-fuyl do élan;
 tabair dúinn zay inóill a h-ann,
 a' r ay éic' na b-fuilyd ann?

O. Bí az Níain fá na z-cóinair, (+)
 Tí na h-ó, na m-beo 'r na m-buad;
 flearfz ir comóin de' h míz-dí,
 a' r iomad reoid hac hím do lúad.

Tuz Níain ar mo dhí mac, (+)
 ainn m'ácar a' r mo deiz-inic;
 Fíonn oirdearic, ceann na plúaz,
 'ran t-Orfair oir-ann-rúad.

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. Țuzur fêyn dom caom̄-iyžyn, (†)
 me h-aohta Niam̄ aḡ ojn-čyn;
 do buad̄ a majre 'ra žnê-žean,
 aḡ t-aym̄ fjon, plûr̄ na mban."

Đ'jarmar fêyn cead ar aḡ Rjž,
 a' r ar mo čêle čaorn, Niam̄ čyn̄ ojn;
 dul zo h-Elmyn̄ tar ar arj,
 d'fêac̄ayn̄ f̄yn̄ azar a m̄oju-rlôjž.

"Do žeabari cead uajm," ar aḡ iyžean čaom̄,
 "čjð dojl̄b̄ aḡ ržéal̄ lom̄ tu bejč̄ d'a lúad̄;
 ar eazal̄ nar̄ čeačt̄ dujt̄ arj̄r̄ mead̄ mē,
 dom̄ čjn̄ fêyn, a Ojrn̄ buad̄ajž."

"Čnead̄ jr̄ eazal̄ dúyn̄, a m̄jožayn̄ blařč̄,
 'ran̄ t-eac̄ ban̄ do bejč̄ řá'm̄ mējn̄;
 m̄jyn̄řjð̄ aḡ t-čolur̄ dúyn̄ zo řam̄,
 a' r řyllřjð̄ řlan̄ tar̄ n'ar̄ čúžad̄ fêyn."

"Čúm̄nyž̄ a Ojrn̄, cad̄ tã mē mað,
 mã leažarī trãčt̄ ar̄ čalam̄ mējð̄;
 nač̄ teačt̄ dujt̄ čojðče arj̄r̄ zo b̄rãčac̄,
 doȳ čjn̄ alaḡny-řeo 'na b-řulim̄ fêyn.

"Ži deym̄ leat-řa arj̄r̄ žan̄ žð̄,
 mã čúm̄lyžyn̄ řoř̄ de'ḡ eac̄ ban̄;
 nā t̄ucřarī čojðče zo Čjn̄ na ḡ-ðž,
 a Ojrn̄ ojn̄ na ḡ-aym̄ ḡ'ajž.

"Ži deym̄ leat̄ do'ḡ t̄reap̄ řeačt̄,
 mã' r̄ teačt̄ de'ḡ eac̄ dujt̄ fêyn;
 zo m-bejðjn̄ ad' řeanðjn̄ čm̄řonā ðall,
 žan̄ lújč̄, žan̄ žnean̄, žan̄ m̄jč̄, žan̄ lējm̄!

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 կօմ, և Օլբին շրտոյ, (†)
 tu dul zo h-Շրտոյ շլար շօ ծեծ՝ ;
 որ՛լ բի անօր ամալ ծօ Բի ;
 'ր ոյ բեւբբի ծօծօ Քիտոյ նա բօշած .

“ Որ՛լ անօր և յ-Շրտոյ սլե, (†)
 և՛տ և՛ալի սլիւ 'ր բօշտե Նաճոն ;
 և Օլբին շրտոյ բե՛ծ մօ քօշ,
 ոյ ճարբալի ծօծօ, շօ Շիւ նա յ-ծՅ .”

Պ'բեւճար բար 'նա շոնիւր և տրուա՛շ, (†)
 'ր ծօ բի օմ' բօրՅա ծօրտա ծօր ;
 և Բաճիւիշ Բիւ՛ տրուա՛շ և՛աւ ի,
 և մաօԲա՛ծ բօլտ ան շիտ ծիւ .

Պօ շիւր բի մե՛ բաօլ շեարա շիւալծ, (†)
 ծիւ իր տեւ՛տ շան Բալիտ մե Բան,
 և՛ր ծիւճալիտ կօմ ծօ Բա՛ծ և մ-Բիւի՛շե,
 ծ'ա մ-Բիւրբիտ իա՛ծ 'նա ճարբալիտ բլան .

Պօ շեալար ծի շա՛ծ ոյ շան Բիւեա՛շ,
 շօ Յ-Շօրմիլիտբալիտ բեյն և յ-Դիւճալիտ բի կօմ ;
 ծօ շաճար ար իւտիտ ան ել՛ծ Բան,
 և՛ր ծ'բաճար բլան ա՛շ Լու՛տ ան ծիւն .

Պօ քօշար-բա մօ շեյլե շաօն,
 'ր Բա ծիւճա՛ծ բիտ ա՛շ բՅարա՛ծ Լեյ ;
 մօ ծիւր մա՛ծ, 'ր մ'իւճեան ծՅ,
 ծօ Բի բաօլ Բի՛ծն ա՛շ բլեա՛ծ ծեար' !

Պօ շեարար օրմ շիւր բիւճալ,
 'ր ծօ շիւար մօ շիւ՛ ծօ Շիւ նա յ-ծՅ ;
 ծօ մի՛տ ան տ-եա՛ծ շօ ԲեարՅալծ բիւմ,
 մար ծօ միտ կօմ, և՛ր և՛ Նիւն շիտ ծիւ .

O. " 'Tis a woe to me, O loving Oisín,
 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 Oisín ! 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-ajčijrtear ar ržéal zo beačt,
 ar žac nj da'ri čeanžmajs liom fėjn;
 nō zo d-tajmž mē ajr tar y'ar,
 zo h-čijmž žlar na y'jomad fėud.
- Ži Padoruž na y'ōrō azur na naom,
 njor jujrear brėaz žur mjan fōr;
 rjn azad-ra fač mo ržėl,
 'r mar d'fėazbar fėjn Tjri na y-ōž.
- Ŧ'a mbejdijny-re fėjn, a Padoruž,
 amajl do bjor-ra an la ūd fėjn,
 do čujrfijn do člėjn zo lėjn čum bar,
 a'r ceany ar brėazajs nj beač am dėž!
- Ŧ'a brėazajnyre flūjre dē'y y-araj,
 mar žejbjny žac trāč ō Ŧjony;
 do žūđfijn čum rjž na y-žmār,
 tu bejč zo rlan ōr a čjony.
- P. Do žeabari an azar deoč,
 žan aony ločt anyr uajm fėjn;
 jr bjny liom-ra žuč do beđl.
 'r leany dūjny fōr ar do ržéal.
- O. Žri čeačt dom fėjn an rjn a d-čjri,
 d'fėačar crujny an žac uje arid;
 do rmaojrear any rjn zo fjor,
 nac rajb tuajmž Ŧjny azam le fėžajl!
- Njor b-fada dom azar njor čjan,
 zo b-feaca anjar až teačt fā'm dėjn;
 marčlūaž mōri jđri fėarajb azur mja,
 'r do čanyadar am' lačari fėjn.

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 beanyujžeadari dom zo caoju, řejm,
 a'ř do žajb ionžanřar žac u-aon djob ;
 ar řajřju mēad mo řearřan řejm,
 mo dejb, mo žne ažar mo žnaoi.

D'řiařřujžear řejm aň řju djob řud,
 aň ž-cualadar řionň do beře beo ;
 ňo ar mairi aon eřle de'ň řejm
 ňo cřead é aň leuň do ěari dōjb ?

“Do ćualamařne řiaće ar řionň,
 ar neare, ar lujć, ažur ar ćřeāň ;
 ěac řajb řiaň a řamairć řud,
 a b-řearřajm, a ž-clu, ažur a mēim.

“Jř ionđa leābari řžmjobća řjor,
 až eřřřjb ěim, mllř žaodā ;
 ěac leři ľim ařřřř duri zo řjor,
 ar eāćajb řim ažur ar aň b-řejm.

“Do ćualamaři zo řajb až řionň,
 ěac buđ lomřiać řžejm 'ř clōđ,
 zo d-řajmž dōž-beāň řaoi ěa dēj,
 'řžā ň-deāćajđ lej zo řji ěa ň-ōž.”

Nuāři ćualar řejm aň cōmřađ ūđ,
 ěa'ř mairi řionň 'ěa neāć de'ň řejm,
 do žlacar řurře a'ř mōři ćumāđ,
 'ř ba ľāň-dūbać mē ionā ň-dēřž !

Ťjori řřadar-řa aň řju de'ň řejm,
 zo ľuāć eāřžajđ žāň aon mořll ;
 zo d-řužar m'ažajđ zo žľāň řejđ,
 ar Almāřň eāćtać, leāćāň ľajžēāň.

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 Almuin of great exploits in broad Leinster.

O. Ba mhóir é m'ionghairt ar an rúd,
 nac feacaíod cúirt Fíonn na ríóig;
 ní maib 'na hionad an t-íor,
 áct fíadaile, fíod a zúr neanhtóig!

Ué a Pádraig! a' r' uc, monuair!
 ba dea!b an éuaire a zam-ra é,
 zay tuairmí z Fíonn 'na na b-Fíann,
 d'fáz faoi rían mé le'm mé!

P. Aí Oíirí! r zuir anoir de'd bíón,
 ríl do deoir ar Dhia na n-zmar,
 ta Fíonn 'ran Fíann clait zó leóir,
 a' r' níl a b-fóimí zéir rú zó briaé.

O. Ba mhóir an t-uaig rí, a Pádraig,
 Fíonn zó briaé do beir a b-féir;
 nó cnead é an tóir do mu z ar buaig,
 'ra h-áct laoc cnuaid do tuit leir féir.

P. Jr é Dia do mu buad air Fíonn,
 a' r' ní neair námad 'na tnean-láir,
 a zúr ar an b-Féir uile mar é,
 a n-íreann daor d'a ríor cnaid!

O. A Pádraig r zuir mé 'ran air,
 'na b-fuirl Fíonn ar láir a zúr an Fíann,
 'r ní b-fuirl íreann 'na flaitéar an,
 do éuirfead fá éanymáct íad.

A' r' an aca Oízar mo íac féir,
 an laoc ba tneir a d-tiom-zleó;
 níor cumad in íreann 'na b-flaitéar De,
 búidean d'a íeird nac tnearfzardóig!

- 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. Lēiʒimīd d'ar η-ʒomariḅaiḅ ar ʒac taob,
 a'r leaη deḅ' rʒeal, a Oirīn aīʒ;
 caḅ do ḅarīa duic 'na dēiʒ,
 tar ēir na ʒēiηne beic ar lar!
- O. ʒneḅrad fēiη rīn duic, a ʒadriiʒ,
 tar ēir mē faʒḅaiʒ Alīuiη Laiʒean,
 ηī maib aon aīreab 'na maib aη ʒīaη,
 ηā'ri cūarīʒēar ʒo dīaη ʒaη aon īoīll.

Ar mo ʒāḅaiʒ dom trē ʒleanη aη rīdīl,¹
 do cōηηaiic mē mōri-cūuiηηīʒāḅ aηη;
 trī cēad fear aʒur ηī ba īd,
 do bī mōīam aηηr' aη η-ʒleanη.

Do labairi duīne de'η trēad,
 aʒar a dūbaiic rē de ʒuē ḅr arḅ;
 " tariri d'ar ʒ-cabairi, a mīoʒ-laoiē,
 a'r fuarʒaiʒ rīη ar aη ʒ-cruad-cār!"

Ṭaiiʒ mē aηη rīn do laēairi,
 a'r līoʒ īdri māriuii aʒ aη rīdōʒ;
 bī meadaēan ηa leiēe oīēa aηuar,
 'ra cūri dīob ruar, ηīori b'fēiḅiri leḅ!

Aη cūiḅ aca bī fā'η līc rīor,
 do bīodari d'a ʒ-claoidēaiη ʒo fāηη;
 le truiēe aη ualaīʒ īdri,
 do cāīll ʒo leḅri dīob a meabairi!

Do labairi duīne do ηa māoiiri,
 aʒur a dubairic, " a mīoʒ-ʒairʒeadaīʒ ḅīʒ;
 fuarʒaiʒ fearēa ar mo buīdean,
 ηō duīne dīob, ηī bēiḅ beḅ!"

¹ ʒleanη aη rīdīl, *the valley of the thrush*, now anglicized Glenasmole.

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 Almhuin 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. Jf nájneac an beart, ahoif le máð,
 a'f an oifneac atá d'feartaib an,
 nac tfoctad le neart an t-rlóif,
 an líoz-ro éozbaif zo lan-teann."

D'a maifneac Oifzari mac Oififin,
 do beartfad an an líoz-ro 'na deart-láin,
 do cúifneac d'urícar í tar an fluaif,
 níf breáf if dual dom ahoif do máð.

Do luideart an mo élaéan deart,
 'f do fuifzart an an leif am láin;
 le neart azur le lút mo íéaf,
 do cúifneart feacé b-peifne í ó na háif.

Le feifom na leife lan-íhóifn,
 do bífzart ffoifca óif an eifé baifn;
 do éanfzart-ra anuar zo lan-doct,
 an boifn mo dá éof an an m-baif!

Níf túifzart éaifnif mé anuar,
 ná ílac uafían an t-eacé baifn,
 d'íhíéif an fíifn cum fíúbaifn,
 'f mífne fa íúðan zo laif, élaifé!

Do éaiflleart anuar mo íúf,
 mo dealb mo íhúif 'f mo fífaifn,
 do bíof am' feanfóifn bocté éall,
 zan bífíif, zan íneabaifn, zan aifn!

2. Íaðraifíif, fíifn azad mo fíéal,
 mar éaifla dom feifn zan íó;
 mo éul azur m'íhíeacé zo beacé,
 a'f mo éeacé tar m'aif ó Éifn na í-óif!

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 :—

CŪOILTE RO CHŪAN.

Cluain Chearain nō clor amac,
 zur a d-tairtzead mac lúzach,
 ba Ros mic Treoin¹ fóir an nzuun
 me mac toizeact an Tairtzuun.

Aic zid cantar pparlm fō reac,
 a z-Cluain Chearain na z-cléireac ;
 ad cōnharic an Chluain cneidmeac,
 fá dairriaid muad nō beannac.

Zé beir leizear ir an laim,
 nō bí tan anu ba h-orcaill ;
 ionbarid ba linn rnam an t-rnut,
 adbad cranna an cluain croac.

Maid a clúin, a carina, a h-én,
 maid a mear malaic nō érean ;
 caoin a h-aiunide a' r a h-úbla,
 maid a h-ubla fionn-cúbarca.

Tairtzu an tarntzaim tar,
 Cluain Cearain az Tairzeannaib,
 a dúbarit Fionn fal fairzeac,
 zo maid neime naoin aintzeac.

Tirí fiteiot niozain zo react,
 badar azam ir mōir airmearic ;
 zo nōidh a leara uile,
 robraim cleactac cluanuide.

¹ Ros mic Treoin is the old and present Irish name of the town of New Ross in the county of Wexford.

ՊՅԻՑ-ՅՈՂՊԱՐՇՁ ԲՅՈՆ ՊՅԻՑ ԸԱՊՅՈՒԼԼ.

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS
OF
FINN MAC CUMHAILL.

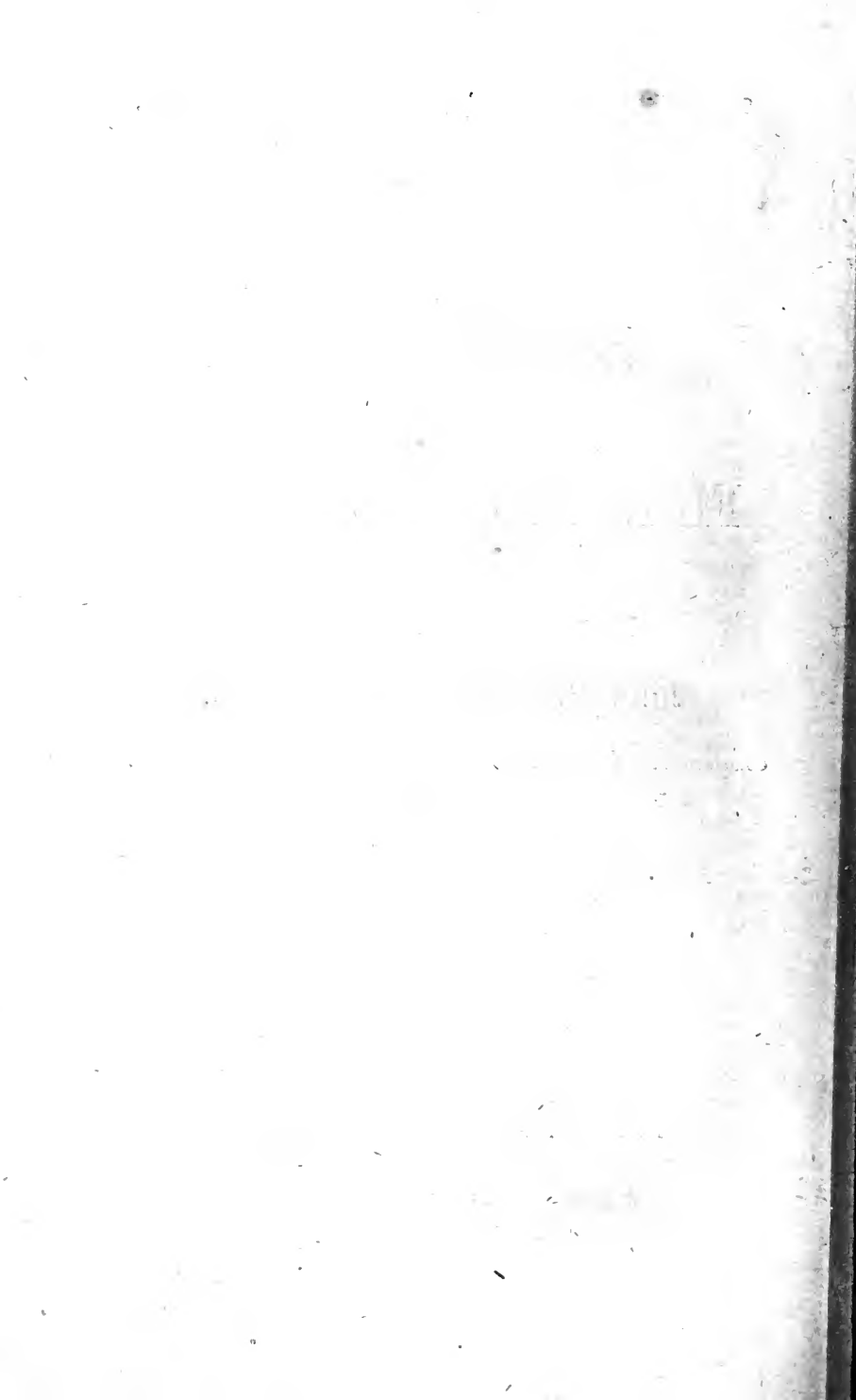
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1859.



*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 contemporaries. 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, Duald 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 sprung 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 Firbis adds that Finn Mac Cumhaill 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 Firbis 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 Gealtagaoith, | 9. Fergus, |
| 10. Feilimidh Firurglais, | 10. Trendorn, |
| 11. Cathair Mor, monarch of Ireland,
A.D., 177. | 11. Trenmor, |
| | 12. Cumhall, |
| | 13. Finn Mac Cumhaill, sl. 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 Cumhaill 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 Firbolgs 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 cotemporaries. 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 Lismore, 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.



O RÁLA comtínól aís, ocuf imfich deabtha,
 imon fianaiséct ocuf im ándmaer-
 aiséct Éinneh, ídri Cumull mac
 Treimóir, ocuf Uirzreth mac
 Luizech Cuirri, do Luaizne, .i. do
 Corco Oche Cuirle Chonruib don
 Cumull rí, ari ba díbride h-Ái
 Tairrúis a tuáitrim [.i. tuác] Cúmuill.
 Torba, ínsí Eochamáin do Eiriasb,
 í í ba bay-cele do Chumull, no co
 tarb Múirne Múncáim. Tucad iarum

cath Cnucha eatuiria .i. ídri Cumull ocuf Uirzreth.

ᐃᐆᐆ ᐃᐆᐆᐆ, ᐆᐃ ᐆᐃᐆᐆ ᐆᐆᐆ, ᐆᐃ ᐆᐆᐆᐆᐆ ᐆᐆᐆᐆ,
 ᐆᐆᐆ ᐆᐆᐆᐆᐆᐆᐆ, ocuf a ᐆᐆᐆ, .i. ᐆᐆᐆ, íc tabairc íc
 chatha írriab Múirzuirh. Árim náil don ᐃᐆᐆᐆ ᐆᐆᐆ
 Múirna Múncáim. Do berar iarum íc cath íar ᐆᐆᐆ;
 do nála íer Luicet ocuf ᐆᐆᐆ, ᐆᐃ Múirna, íc íc chaé;
 zonu Lucet ᐆᐆᐆ, co íor mill a leth-íorc, coníd de ío líl
 a árim íoll ó ᐆᐆᐆ íle e. Do tuir Lucet la íoll; zonar
 dan íer coiméta corribuils a íet íeríh Cumull íríh

¹ *Chieftainship of the Fians*, i.e. the leadership of the Irish militia.

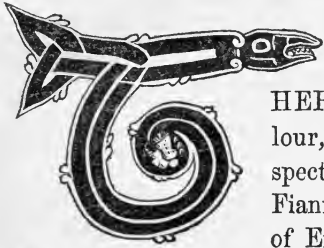
² *Cumhall*. The best account of this military leader will be found in the battle of Cnucha, preserved in the book of Lismore.

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 Castle-knock, [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 tuir Cumull la Toll mac Mórna ir in cath,
 ocur beirid a foirdb ocur a cend leir, conid de rin bui
 fích bunad irin Fínn ocur mac Mórna, conid de rin no
 cet in feanchaíd :—

Toll mac Daire Deiriz co mblaid,
 Mhic Echaid Fínn, fínn a zail,
 Mhic Cairpre Zalaid co nzaíl,
 Mhic Muirneadaiz a Fíndmaiz.

Ro marb Toll Luicet na ced,
 A cath Chucá, noch a breac,
 Luicet Fínn in zairced zlain
 La mac Mórna do nochair.

Ir leir do tuir Cumull móir,
 J caé Chucha na cath-floz
 Mhic tuerat in cath tend,
 Im fíanchaídeét na h-Éirend.

Batar clanda Mórna irin cath,
 Ocur Luazne na Temrach,
 Mhu ba leo fíanchur fer Fái,
 Fínn laim caé riz co robaiz.

Buí mac ac Cumull co m-buaid,
 In Fínn fúilech faebur cruaid ;
 Fínn ocur Toll móir a mblad,
 Tíén do muirgatar cozad.

Jar rin do muirgatar ríd,
 Fínd ocur Toll na céd ngnim,
 Co torcuir Baid Sínn de,
 Fan muice a Temuir Luazne.

Aed ba haínn do mac Daire,
 Cori zaed Luicet con aine,
 O no zaet mac Luazne lond,
 Daire conmuicea mur Toll. 5.

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.”

¹ *Teamhair Luachra*, a place in Kerry not far from Castle Island, in the district of Sliabh Luachra.

Торпач по ассапб Cumull a мпай .i. Муине, окур
 беппд рј маc, окур бепа айм до, .i. Демне. Тјc
 Фјaccaл маc Конечн окур Бодһмалл, бандрпай, окур пн
 Лјath Луа́cра до рјзед Муине, окур беппд leo пн
 маc, ай пп лам а ма́cарп а бе́c ајce. Фуодп Муине ла
 Gleoпп Lam-депз, ла пп Lamпaјze јардам, conј депде
 пн маd, Фпп маc Gleoпп. Луd epa Бодһмалл окур
 пн Лјath, окур пн маc leo ј фoјcpуб Sleјbј Bladma. Ро
 һаред пн маc аhd pp ј тајде. Дејсһпп он, ар ба
 һпнда злла тајcарп epнеpна́c, окур laech neјmnech
 һарндпze, окур феппд феppзач ppчһуpач до laecpд
 Луајzне, окур до macaјb Мopна фop ep пн ппc pp, окур
 Tuĺca ппc Cumull. Ро ајpет јарум пн да банфеппдпз
 pp pp пe фода e пап памлајд pp.

Тјc а ма́cарп а epд pе mbладан јар pp дpp а ппc,
 ай до һппppд дп а бе́c ppп ппаd ut, окур до по ба hecaл
 le маc Мopна до. Cpд epа́cт аepа́cт ар các фapач ппа
 ćele, co п́арпcc фoјcpуб Slebe Bladma; фoзep пп фпа-
 бoјсһ окур пн маc ппа codlad ппep, окур tocбајд pp ап
 маc ппа һучт јардапн, окур epмpaјze ppпа he, окур pp
 epom јарум. Conјd аhd pp до попн па пanna јc муппн
 пп а маc—

Codaл пe пуан́ан pаpme, ppл.

Тпмнар ап пзпн celebpaд до па банфеппдeдупб јар
 pp, окур аcберт ppпн nomзabdaјp пн маc comad пн-

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-fhinn*, 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 Éireann*, the summit of Erin, and from it, the O'Dunnes have taken the motto of *Mullach Éireann abú!*

Cumhall left his wife pregnant, i. e. Muirenn,¹ and she brought forth a son, and gave him the name of Deimne. Fiacail 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.

feinēda ē, ocur no forbad in mac [altium in mīc] iar
 rin cur ba hynrelza ē.

Тагнє in mac na aenur imach in araile la and, ocur id
 condaire [in priar lacha co] na lachain forir in loc.
 Тагнлє urchur fūthib ocur no tercair a fynhad ocur
 a heteda di, co tocuir tamhell fuirne, ocur no zabram
 iarum, ocur nor fuc leir do chum na fianboirchi. Conid
 hī rin ced realz Finid.

Luidrium la aer cearda iarain fori tethed mac Mon-
 na; co mboi fo Crottaib accu. Ite a n-anmāda rīde,
 Futh ocur Ruch ocur Reznā Mād-Feda, ocur Temple,
 ocur Oilpe, ocur Rozeyn. Тагнлз imbuile тагнрїм and
 rin, co ndeina carnach de, conid de do zairtea Deimne
 Mael de. Bī fozlaib a Laizen in tan rin a. Fiaccair
 mac Codna erīde. Do mala din Fiaccair i Fīd Saible forir
 an aer cearda, ocur no marb uil aēt Deimne a aenur;
 buī rum ac Fiaccair mac Codna iar rin na ēiz, a fer-
 cīn uairbeoir. Teccair in dā banfēindiz bu dear co
 tech Fiacca mīc Codna, fori iarair Deimne, ocur do
 beirar doib ē; ocur do beirar leo a nder hē iarain cur
 in iuhad cedna.

Do chuairdom la aile and a aenar amach co mīacht
 Māz Līpe zo aroile dūn ann, conor faccaid in macraid
 oiz oc imān fori faiche in dūne. Tīcrium comlud no
 comimān fuirum. Tīc iar na bairach ocur do beirar
 cechraime iuhā azaid; tīc arīr a tīnān in a azaid.
 Cīd tīacc aenazac uile iuhā azaid fa deoiz, ocur do
 beired-rum leth cluche forra uil. Cīa harum fīl forar,

¹ *At them.* The original Irish is defective here. The words obviously omitted are supplied in brackets. In *Feis tighē 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-Gaibhle*, 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 Fidh 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 rjat, Deimne, ol rē. Jhijrid in macraid dxi in dúnaid in vj rin. Mairbaid ríde é mad conuicti, mar a cumactach é, ol re, vj caemramair vj do, ol rjat ; curab Deimne a airm. Cindar a heccore, ol rē. Macaem tuctach, rind, ol rjat, ir airm do Demne Fínd amlaid rin, ol rēream. Conid de rin adberitir in macraid fíurum Fínn.

Ticrum iar na báinech dia raiuid, ocur luid cuccu ina cluichí fo ceitac a loiza fairi anaenfeét. Imarairum fuibíurum, ocur trareraid moireriri díb. Luid uaitihb a foichihb Slebe Bladma.

Tic iarum i chind feétmuine iar rin, cur in mbaile cédna. Ir amlaid batuir in macraid ic rhaní foir in loch bi ina fairiad. Triennaizic in macraid eirrum imtecht dímbada fíru. Lihzidrin ir in loch cuca iar rin, ocur báidí nonbur díb fon loch, ocur téit féin fa Slíab Bladma iar rin. Cia no báid in macraid, ol cach. Fínn, ol rjat ; conad ar rin no leavad Fínn é.

Ticrum feét and tarí Slíab Bladma amach, ocur in da banféndí immaile fíur ; conacar alma imdirceri d'azab alluid foirair in rlebe. Monuarí tra ori in da reutuinn, vj tic dínn arud heich díb rúd accairn. Tic dímra, [ol Fínn] ocur ríthaid foirno, ocur artaid dá naz díb, ocur beirud leir dia ríahnbóich. Do zuirum relz co znatách dób iar rin. Eirid buair ferca, a zille, ori na banféheda fíur, airi acat mic Mórna foir aicill do marbta.

Do luidirum a aenarí uadib co ríacht Loch Léin [ocur] or Luachairí, curi acuirí a amraíne ac ríiz Behtairze and rin ; vj ríó rloiridrim ríin inhad rin he, acé cerna, vj buí ir in ríé rin relzairne a iurramla ; ar amlaid ríberit in rí

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: ծա բաճած Cumull մաճ, օլ թե, աղ ծարատ ուօ Բօ
 Կարա է; աճճ շեղա, ող շեղալարի մաճ Ծարաճալ Ծօ աճճ
 Կալա մաճ Կարալլ, օճար աճա թիղ աճ թի ԱլԲան թի ալարիղե.

Կեղեղարիղի մօղ թի թա թիղ, օճար ճճ ալարիղ Կօ Կարի-
 Բարիղ 1. Կարիարիղ 1 ողիղ, օճար աղարիղ թե ա թիղ թիղ
 ա ող-ալարիղե. Կիղ թի թի թարիղ աճ թիղաճճ թիղ ալարիղ Լօ.
 Կեղարիղիղիղ թարիղ օճար Բարիղ թեճճ ճարիղ թիղիղ ալարիղ
 Կիղ աղար? օլ թի թի. Պաճ աղիղիղ Ծօ Լարիղիղ Կարիղաճ,
 օլ թե. Աճճ, օլ թի թի; աճճ թի թի թիղ մաճ թիղիղ Պարիղե
 Ծօ Կարալլ, օճար ող Բարիղ ող թի թիղ, ողարիղ մարիղալ թիղ
 մեղեղ-թա. Լարիղ ալ թար թիղ Կօ Կարիղիղ օ Կարաճճ, Կօ թեճճ
 Լօճարիղ թարիղ թիղաղիղ: թիղիղ ող Կարիղ թարիղ 1. Կարիղիղ
 ա թարիղ: աղարիղ թիղ Կարիղ Ծօղ թիղ. Ծօ Բարիղ միղ-
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¹ *Albain*, i.e., Scotland.

² *Ciarrraighe*, 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 Cumhaill, 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 faí co n-acca in mháí, ocur ba déna fóla cech ne fecht, ocur ba féicé fóla in feacht aile, co mba deirg a bél. Irac bél deirg, a ben, ol fé. Ata deicéir ocum, ol rí; m'oen mac do marbad d'oen laec forzmandá mór do nála cucum. Cía airm do mhic, ol fé. Glonda a airm, ol rí. Ir de ata Ath n-Glonda ocur Tóchar n-Glonda for Maenmhuí, ocur ir ón bél deirgí riu ata Ath n-Bel Deirgí ó riu ille. Luid dín Fíud indézag in laich, ocur ferait comloin ocur do fuic lair é. Ir amlaid imorru buí riu, ocur corribolz na féd aizi .i. feoid Cumuill. Ir de dín do nochair airm riu .i. Liaé Luacra. Ir é céd zuir Cumull i cach Chucha.

Téid i Connaéctair iar riu, ocur fazeib Ciumall na feróir a n-dictneib caille and, ocur drem don reirféir na mille fir, ocur ir iad riu do zúí relza do. Tóchar in corribolz dín do ocur azpet a féla ó túr co deirne, ocur aimaí no marb fer na féd. Ceilebraid Fíud do Ciumall, ocur luid noime d'fozlaim éicri co Fíudécer no bóí for Boín. Niu lam umorru beich a n-Éirinn cerna no co n-dechaid ne fildect, ar eagla mac Uirzreenn ocur mac Mórna.⁴

Secht m-bliadna do Fíudéir for Bóin oc uirhaze iach Linné Féic; airm do buí a tairmzine do eo Féic do tomairt, ocur cen ní na airmí riu íarum. Firch in m-bradan, ocur no h-erbad do Deirne umorru in bradan

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 Maenmhagh¹ 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 Uirgrenn, 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

“ Ἐ μῆτις ἢ φάδα εὐ τῆς Ἐμῆτης ὄη κοίτης.”

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 faine, ocur arberc an file furr cen vj don bradan do
 tomasle. Do berc in zilla do an bradan jar na faine,
 inar tomhr vj don bradan, a zilla, ol in file. Njto,
 ol in zilla, ac̄t mo d̄idu do loircer, ocur do madur in
 beolu jarraun. Cia h-ainm fil oira, a zilla, ol r̄e.
 Deimne, ol in zilla. Finu do ainm, ol r̄e, a zilla, ocur
 jr durt tucad in bradan dia tomasle, ocur jr tu in Fjnd co
 fj̄r. Toimlid in zilla in bradan jarraun. Jr rin tra
 do mat in fj̄r do Fjnn .i. an tan do bered a ordaun in
 beolu, ocur nōc̄an tra Teimlaeza, ocur no failr̄itea
 do jarraun in vj no b̄id 'na ainfir.

Ro fogluimr̄um in traed de nemz̄iur filid .i. Teim
 laeza ocur Imur for Orna, ocur Dicedul dicehnaib. Jr
 and rin do moine Fjnn in laiz̄ r̄i oc f̄romad a eicr̄i :

Certem̄an can mee ! no r̄air̄ and cucht !

Canaic l̄un laid laun, dia m-beich laiz̄aiz̄ aun.

Zair̄id caí cr̄uaid dean, jr focen r̄air̄ r̄air̄,

Ruidiz̄ rin̄e r̄ir̄, br̄uinne ceib caill cr̄aib.

Cear̄buid ram ruail̄ r̄r̄uch, r̄aiz̄id z̄raiz̄ luath l̄un,

Leataid folc foda r̄raich, for̄buid canach r̄ann r̄un,

Fuabair̄ dir̄zell r̄ceill f̄iz̄iue, im̄id meid in̄an in̄ch

reana,

Cuir̄theair̄ r̄al ruan, tuiz̄ch̄ir̄ blāc̄ in b̄ic̄.

Beraid * * *

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 Feic* 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 suaill⁷ 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 Oina*, as being profane rites, and allowed the poets to use another called *Dichedal do chendaibh*, which was in itself not repugnant to Christianity, as requiring no offering to false gods or demons.

³ *May-day*, *ceiteamhain*, is glossed *belltaine* by O'Clery. It signifies the beginning of summer.

⁴ *Color*, *cúct*, *gl.* *δατ*, *color*, *gl.* *κυρηγε*, *gl.* *ζηε*, *face*, *countenance*, *mien*.

⁵ *Caí*, *gl.* *cuaca*, *cuckoos*.

⁶ *Constant*, *cruid*, *gl.* *διδη*.

⁷ *Summer suail*, *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.

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- Page 32, *note*, for 1880, read 1808.
 ,, 152, *stanza* 5, *line* 4, for $\zeta\epsilon\lambda\eta\eta$, read $\zeta\epsilon\lambda\eta\eta$.
 ,, 166, ,, 1, ,, 1, insert reference to the word $\zeta\epsilon\lambda\eta\eta$!.
 ,, 213, *line* 1, *note*, for *may* read *might*.
 ,, 221, *stanza* 6, *line* 4, for *bonds* read *pain*,

THE END.





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