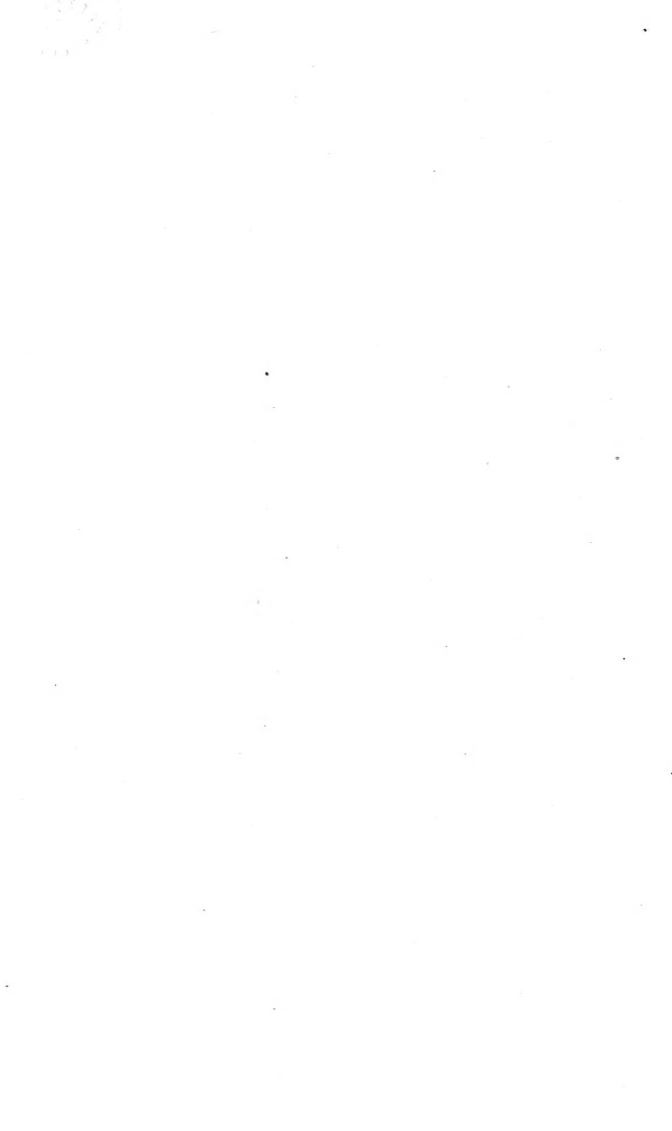


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TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1858.

VOL. VI.

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DUBLIN :

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

1861.

LAOJTE FJANNUJSheachta;

OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

Second Series,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



DUBLIN:

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

1861

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

GENERAL RULES.

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that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT,

READ ON THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1861.

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

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

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

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

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

This fact will account for delays in our yearly publications.

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

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

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

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

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. **САЭ ЗҺАВҺА** ; 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. **FEIR TÍZE CHONAIR CHINN SHLÉIBÉ** ; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhc, 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. **TÓNAIḂEACḂ ḂHARḂUDA UÍ ḂHAIḂHE AZUR ZHḂAIḂHE IḂḂION CHONMAIC ḂEIC ḂAIRḂ** ; or, An Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhail, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

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

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

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

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

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

This very ancient and curious tract comprises three hundred closely-written folios, and contains many interesting details of Mythological Incidents, Pillar Stones, Ogham Inscriptions, Tulacls, War Chariots, Leanan Sighes, Mic and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuclulbainn, called *Gai Balg*; also Some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

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

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

III. **CAÉ FHIONN TPAZÁ**; 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. Claver.

IV. **CAÉ 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 PROFESSOR O'MAHONY.

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

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

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

VI. A MEMORIAL ON THE DALCASSIAN RACE, and the Divisions of Thomond at the Invasion of the English, A.D. 1172; to which is annexed a Short Essay on the 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 Bunnraty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

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

	Dr.	£ s. d.	By	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions received for 1855	...	2 15 0	Cash on account paid Printer	...
— Do. Do.	...	3 10 0	— Paid Binder for binding 750 copies of Volume for 1857	...
— Do. Do.	...	91 15 0	— Wood Engraving	...
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Books on hands :—			— Postage, Porterage, &c.	...
203 copies of Vol. III.	...	£50 15 0	— Editor's Stationery	...
259 do. do. IV.	...	64 15 0	— Rent for the year ending March, 1860	...
310 do. do. V.	...	77 10 0	— Balance in hands	...
772 copies, value	...	£193 0 0		
Amount of Printer's Bill for Vol. V.	...	£84 3 10		
Paid on account	...	60 0 0		
		£24 3 10		
		<u>£98 13 11</u>		<u>£98 13 11</u>

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

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

1780

1844

1812

1855

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN O'DALY.

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

LAOJTE FJANNUJ5heacht.

ՏԵՂԵՏ ՏԻԼԵՅԻՅԵ Յ-ՇԱՅԼՆՆ.¹

ԼՁ ճԱ յԱԵ ԲՅՈՅՅ ԱՅ ԲԼԱԻՇ,
ԱՐ ԱՅ Ե-ԲԱԻՇՇԵ ԱՅ ԱԼԻՍԱՅՆ² ՍՐ ;
ԾՕ ՇՈՊԱՐԵ ՇԱՅԵ ԱՅՅ ԲԱՅ ԻՃԾ,
ԵՂԻՇ ԾՅ ԱՐ ԼԵՅՄ ԼՒՇ.

ԾՕ ՃԼԱՕԾԱՅՅ ԱՐ ՏՇԵՕԼԱՅ 'Ր ԱՐ ԲԻՄԱՆ,
Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ԼԵՅՅ ԲԵԱԾ ՕՐԻԱ ԱՐԱՅՈՒ ;
ՅԱՅ ԲՅՐԲ ԾՕ ՇԱՇ ԲԱՅ Ե-ԲԼԻԱԵ,
ԾՕ ԼԵԱՅ ՅՕ ԾԻԱՅ ԱՅ ԵՂԻՇ ԻՊԱՕԼ.

ՈՅ յԱԵ ԾՅ ԲՅՈՅՅ ԱՇՇ Ա ՃԱ ՇՕՅՈՒ,
ՊՊԱՇ ԱՅ ԼՕՅՆ³ ԱՅՍՐ Ե ԲԵՅՈՒ ;
Ա Յ-ՇՕՊՊԾԱՅԼ ՈՐ Ա Ե-ԵՂԻՇԵ ՅՕ ԾԻԱՅ,
ՅՕ ԲԼԻԱԵ ՅԱՅԼՅՅ ՈՐ յԱՅ յԵՅԾ.

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

THE CHASE OF SLIABH GUILLEANN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ամ Կ-ԸԼ ԸՕ՛Ն ԵԼԻԵ ԲՕ՛Ն Ե-ԲԼԻԹ,
 Ը՛Ր ՔԻՕՆՆ ՛ՆԱ ԸԻԱՅՅ ՛ՐԱ ԸՃ ԸՕՆ;
 ՆՅՕՆ Ե-ԲԵԱՐ ԸՕ ԸՕՆՆ ԲԵԱԸ ԸԻԱՆ,
 ԸԱՐ՛ ՅՃԵ ԸՆ ԲԻԹ ԲԱՆ Յ-ԸՆՕԸ !

ԸՕ ՅՃԵ ՔԻՕՆՆ ԲՕՆՆ ՅՕ ԸԻԱՆ,
 ՛ՐԱ ԸՃ ԸՕՆ ԲԻԱՆ ԱՐ ԼՒԷ;
 ՛ՐԱ ՔԻՃԲՆԱՅՅ, ՆԱՐ ԸՐԱԹՅ ԼԵ ՊԻԱ !
 ՄԱՐ ԸՆՅՃԱԲԱՐ ԸՆ ԵՐԻԱՐ Ը Յ-ԸԼ.

ԸՕ ԸԱԼԼԻԹ ՔԻՕՆՆ, ՛ՐՆՅ Ը Յ-ԸԻԱՆ,
 ԵԱՆ ԱՐ ԵՐԱԸ ԸՆ ԼՕՃԱ ԱՅ ԸԱՕԻ;
 ԻՐ ԱՆՆ ԸՕ ԵՅ ԸՆ ՄԱԸԱՕՆՆ ՄՆԱ,
 ԸՕԲ՛ ԲԵԱՐՆ՛ԸԱԼ ԸՃ Ե-ԲԱԸԱԸ, ՛Ր ՅՆԱՕԻ.

ԵԱ ԸԵՐՆՅԵ Ը ՅՐԱԸ ՆՃ ԸՆ ԲՕՐ,
 ԸՕ ԵՅ Ը ԵՕԼ ԱՐ ԸԱԷ ՆԱ Յ-ԸԱՕԻ;
 Ը ԸՆԵԱՐ ԸԱԼԸԵ ՄԱՐ ԸՆ Մ-ԵԼԱԷ,
 ՛ՐԱ ԼԵԱԸ ԵՃՆ ՄԱՐ ԸՆ ԱՕԼ.

ԱՐ ԸԱԷ ԸՆ ԸՐՆ ԸՕ ԵՅ Ը ԲՕԼԵ,
 ՄԱՐ ՄԵԱԼԵԱ ԲԵԱԸ Ը ՄՕՐՅ ԸՕ ԵՅ;
 ՛ՐԱ ՔԻՃԲՆԱՅՅ ! ԸՃ Ե-ԲԱԼԸԲԵԱԸ Ը ԸՐԵԱԸ,
 ԸՕ ԵՃԱՐԲՃ ԸՕ ԲԵԱՐԸ ԸՕ՛Ն ՆՆԱՕԻ.

ԸՐԱՆԸԵԱՐ ՔԻՕՆՆ ԱՅ ԻԱՐԻԱԹ ԲՅԵԱԼ,
 ԱՐ ՆՆԱՕԻ ԲԵՐՆՆ ՆԱ Յ-ԸԱԸ Կ-ԸՐՆ;
 Ը՛ԲԻԱՐԻԱԹ ՄՕ ՄՅՅ ԸՕ՛Ն ՅՆՍՒՐ ՅԼՕՆ,
 ԸՆ Ե-ԲԱԸԱԹ ԸՆ ՄՕ ԸՕՆՆ ԲԱՆ ԸՕՐՆ.

ԱՆՆ ԸՕ ԲԵԼՅ ՆՅ՛Լ ՄՕ ԲԲԵՐ,
 Ը՛Ր ՆՅ ԲԱԸԱԹ ԸՆ ԸՕ ԸՃ ԸՕՆ;
 Ը ՔԻՅ ՆԱ ՔԵՐՆԵ, ՅԱՆ ԸԼԱՐ,
 ԻՐ ՄԵԱՐԱ ԼՕՆՆ ԲԱԷ ՄՕ ՅՕԼ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Այն է՝ զո շնորհն զո բարն յար,
 շնորհն յարն զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո ?

Նո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո ?
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
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Բարն զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո !

Զարն զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո.

Նի զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո.

Զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո.

Այն է՝ զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do bámaíu uilí fíanna Fhíu,
 a n-Álmuíu doibíu na b-fleáð fúad ;
 a3 iuít fíccille' a' r a3 ól,
 a3 clof ceóil aη buídean ba éneau.

Á dúbaíre Caoilte mac Ronáiu,
 a 3-clof-árd do 3ac fear ;
 cáu' 3ab Mac Cúmaíll fíel,
 na 3-caoimí neáct fíim' rna fleá3.

Á dúbaíre Conán mac Múíruie,
 uí éualaíð uiam ceól dob' doib'ue
 Mac Cumáill, má tá ar íaruaíð,
 3o maíð a m-bíadhað, a Chaoilte !

Mac Cúmaíll má ceartuí3 uait,
 a Chaoilte éruaíð na 3-cof 3-caol ;
 3lacaim éúgam ar mo láim,
 óf cíoηη éaíé 3ur ní3 me fíu.

Do bámaíu aη Fhíu fá bídō,
 fá éeanη ár fló3 a beíé d'ár u-díé ;
 3íð' 3ur máoið oruioη 3ean 3áíue,
 íf dúioη dob' ádbaí beíé a3 caoi.

3luaíreamaoiðue ar Álmuíu amaé,
 buídean éalma na 3-caé 3-cruaíð ;
 ar loí3 a dá éoiη a' r Fhíu,
 cruíur 3ríuη do beíneáð buaíð.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

201re 'r Caoilte bġ ar d-cúr,
 'raŋ Fhianŋ uile náŋ ŋ-dárl zo dlút ;
 fō flab 3-Cuilŋŋ o t̄uaġd,
 zo ru3amaŋŋ buad aŋ t-ruġbárl.

Féadáŋŋ dá d-tu3amaŋŋ t̄oruŋŋŋ,
 aŋŋ ra loŋ3 do bġ dġaŋ ;
 do t̄onaŋcaamaŋŋ ar b̄ruad aŋ loċa,
 feaŋd̄ŋŋ cŋŋŋŋ a3ur é lġáċ.

Do t̄uađmaŋŋ uile 'ŋa dárl,
 a'ŋ t̄uŋŋfead 3ŋáŋŋ ar 3ac feaŋ ;
 cŋáŋŋa loŋa do bġ cŋŋŋŋŋ,
 le ar ceŋlead a 3ŋaol 'ra 3eaŋ.

Do řġleat feŋŋ 3uŋab eaŋbad bġd,
 t̄u3 ar aŋ laoc a beġġ 3aŋ t̄ruġġ ;
 ŋd 3ur aŋ ġaŋ3aŋŋe do bġ řġ,
 t̄áŋŋŋ3 a 3-cġŋŋ ŋŋŋ aŋ řruġġ.

D'řġaŋŋaġ3eaŋ feŋŋ do'ŋ b-feaŋ cŋŋŋŋŋ,
 aŋ b-facađ laoc ba 3eal cŋruġġ ;
 a3 řeġġ ŋoŋŋe řaŋ ŋdđ,
 eġġe d3 a3ur dá t̄oŋŋ.

Nġ t̄u3 řġŋŋeaŋ řŋea3ŋa d̄ŋŋŋŋ,
 do luġ taom ar řġaġġ ŋa b-Fġaŋŋŋ ;
 do bġ řġ éa3caoiŋeaċ, d̄ŋbaċ,
 3aŋ lġŋŋ, 3aŋ lút, 3aŋ ŋġġ, 3aŋ ŋŋaŋ.

Do ŋoc̄taŋa ŋo t̄oġdeanġ 3ġaŋŋ,
 ŋŋ řŋaŋŋ 'ŋŋŋ t̄ŋeáŋ do ŋoc̄t aŋ Fhġaŋŋŋ ;
 ŋŋ 3eáŋŋŋ zo b-fea3áŋŋ aġŋe aŋ báŋŋŋ,
 ŋuŋa d-tu3áŋŋ ŋaġġ t̄aŋ3 aŋ t̄ŋŋaŋŋ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Njoi mear rē a iuhriy dūiy,
 zur ab ē fēiy do bī ayy;
 nō zur lēiz a rūy le Caoilte,
 fear a nzhōmāib do bī teayy.

Ay tay fuarimari dearb ay rzēil,
 zurab ē Fjony fēiy do bī ayy;
 do lēizeamayy tūī zāpēa zoil,
 do cūirfead bhoic ar zac zleayy.

Ayy riy labrar Conāy zo boib,
 a' r uōctar a colz zo diay;
 malluzgear Fjony zo beac̄t,
 a' r malluzgear, fo feac̄, ay Fhiany!

Dar do lāimre fēiy, a Fhiny,
 bayfeadra d̄jot do cēayy;
 ōr tú nār māoidiz̄ mo zhōm̄,
 nā mo zāirze māim̄ a n-am.

Jr ē m'ay-loct ar do c̄ruē,
 zay ay Fhian ule beic̄ mar tayy;
 zo n-dearziayy mo fleaz̄, 'rmo layy,
 zo d-tizead h̄om do leac̄t 'rdo lā.

O'y lā ēuyt Cūm̄all nā z-cliar,
 le clayyā Wōr̄na nā rz̄iac̄ n-ōiy;
 n̄joi rz̄arar̄ ō r̄oyn ac̄t ar ar d-tī,
 'ray mēib do māir d̄jny n̄j dod deoy?

Orz. W̄na m-bead ay uōct 'nā b-fuil Fjony,
 'rzur doilz l̄ny a beic̄ mar tā;
 a Chonāy māoil, ac̄ā zay cēill,
 do b̄irfeyy do bēal zo c̄nāim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nuairi ná maítheadh Solla am dáil,
 fear zán rzác az comhac crioic ;
 féacám aráon ór cónaíri éaic,
 ueairc ár láim aZur ár uZuíoim.

Coy. Sínne féin do zúid zác zúíoim,
 'rúí h-íad Clanna Baoirzhe boz ;
 a Orzuir léiz dob' rúidreíb baoir,
 uí zlóir deairbuígear, acé zúíoim zúod

Éimígear Orzuir an aízue míri,
 a' r mtear Conán amearz éaic ;
 cuírear comairc ar an b-íéiuu,
 furtaacé ar ó íéiuu an báir.

D'éimígeadmaíri ule do íreíb,
 az corz Orzuir ná u-arim u-áiz ;
 idir Chonán máol 'rimo mác,
 do éeanzlamairi ríé a' r páiric.

Dar mo láim, a Chléimíz, zo fíoir,
 dar do láimre 'rúí dolaid oim ;
 uí bead cloz¹ ad éill ná clíar,
 dá m-beid' Orzuir ná b-ííay am íocáiri

Zeallaim dob' íaob éléiméib,
 dá maíthead ré am éomdál ;
 ná cluifídir le ná íae,
 práim íaor ná cloiz az zláim.

Uy tay d'aíéiu Conán é,
 dá m-beid' Día féiu ar a dear láim ;
 a Phádruiz an éreidrim émuaid,
 dob' eazal do zuair an báir !

¹ Cloz, bell. For an interesting account of the origin and use of bells, see Walker's *Irish Bards*, 4to. Ed., p. 93. O'Brien and Petrie's *Essays on the Round Towers*, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- P. ʒac baor̥r dá luaj̥dtear̥ leac,
 a Oir̥r̥n̥ n̥a ʒ-c̥reac̥, ba c̥eac̥ l̥inn̥;
 ac̥t̥ ḁm̥ḁ́n̥ t̥-̥m̥c̥ḁ́n̥ ar̥ ʒh̥i̥a,
 le'̥n̥ c̥u̥j̥ceadar̥ r̥ian̥ya ʒh̥i̥nn̥.
- O. Jr̥ r̥uac̥ l̥iom̥rḁ tur̥a 'r̥do d̥ia,
 jr̥ r̥uac̥ l̥iom̥ do c̥h̥ar̥ aʒ ʒl̥am̥;
 n̥j̥ c̥abar̥r̥u̥inn̥ a c̥eac̥ du̥j̥c̥ n̥á d̥ó̥ib̥,
 be̥j̥c̥ ʒo de̥d̥ dá ̥m̥c̥ḁ́n̥.
- P. Lean̥ ar̥ d̥ú̥inn̥ ḁno̥ir̥ mar̥ c̥r̥e̥i̥ʒir̥,
 ar̥ ar̥c̥er̥ir̥ c̥ac̥c̥r̥ar̥ r̥e̥i̥ʒ̥ ʒh̥i̥nn̥;
 ac̥á O̥r̥ʒur̥ r̥ann̥ r̥ó ʒ̥ruac̥m̥,
 c̥ia ʒur̥ c̥ruac̥d̥ a n̥ear̥ic̥ 'ra ʒ̥u̥j̥o̥m̥.
- O. ʒi̥ar̥r̥u̥j̥ʒear̥ Caor̥l̥te ʒay̥ r̥r̥e̥ir̥.
 do m̥ac̥ Cú̥m̥ḁj̥ll̥ n̥a n̥-ar̥m̥ n̥-ḁ́r̥;
 c̥ia c̥ur̥ ar̥ do ʒ̥n̥ḁ́c̥-c̥ru̥c̥ c̥ú̥,
 n̥ó b̥-r̥u̥l̥ l̥e̥i̥ʒ̥ear̥ do ʒ̥ear̥ le̥ r̥áʒ̥ḁl̥ ?
- In̥ʒean̥ Ch̥u̥l̥inn̥, do m̥ḁ́d̥ ʒ̥iom̥n̥,
 do c̥ur̥r̥ ʒ̥ear̥ḁ i̥om̥d̥ḁ am̥ c̥eac̥n̥;
 dul̥ ʒo b̥ruac̥ ḁn̥ lo̥c̥ḁ do r̥n̥ḁ́m̥,
 aʒ i̥ar̥m̥ḁj̥d̥ r̥ḁ́n̥ne̥ do c̥ḁj̥ll̥ r̥j̥.
- N̥ar̥ ba r̥l̥ḁ́n̥ r̥inn̥e̥ ó'̥n̥ ʒ-c̥noc̥,
 do m̥ḁ́d̥ Co̥n̥ḁ́n̥ ba ol̥c̥ m̥e̥inn̥;
 ʒo n̥-̥j̥oc̥r̥ḁj̥d̥ ʒur̥leac̥n̥ ʒay̥ m̥o̥j̥ll̥,
 mar̥ a ʒ-c̥ur̥m̥j̥d̥ ʒ̥iom̥n̥ 'n̥a c̥ruac̥c̥ r̥e̥i̥n̥.
- C̥ru̥inn̥j̥ʒeac̥m̥ḁo̥id̥ a n̥o̥ir̥ 'ra n̥ar̥,
 a'̥r̥ c̥ur̥reac̥m̥ḁo̥id̥ ḁ́r̥ r̥ʒi̥ac̥ḁ r̥ḁo̥i̥ ʒo deac̥;
 ʒo r̥l̥i̥ab̥ C̥u̥l̥inn̥ ba c̥uac̥d̥,
 do m̥u̥ʒac̥m̥ḁj̥r̥ ar̥ ḁ́r̥ n̥ʒuac̥j̥lle̥ ḁn̥ r̥eac̥m̥.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. 2u fead cúig u-oidce a' r cúig lá,
do b'í 'n Fhianh a'z tocuile na h-uaim;
no zup éiríod in'gean Chuilinn,
ar an uaim do b'neib an'or.

2u d-teac't d'ín'gín Chuilinn cóir,
a' r coir dea'iz-d'ir iona láim;
dá'lear deoc do ní'z na b'-Fianh,
le zmad 'rle ma'n do'v Orzup á'z.

2beaf Fionn an deoc zán in'oll,
ar an z-coir r'íce do b'í 'na láim;
zo d-táim'z a érué 'ra deilb-zh'á'icé,
do ní'z na F'éinne, ac't an lé'ice an'áim.

Ba éa'ic'head liom'ra a' r leir an Fhianh,
an daé h'ac do beic ar fólt;
a' r dúbaim'z Fionn m'ir an a'v'd'ir éa'oir,
zup ma'ic leir féin a beic air.

2i Phadru'iz na m-bacal m-bán,
dar do láim n'í éa'aim b'ne'z;
do b'féa'ir linn na flaic'ear d'f'á'zail,
Fionn na flaic'ite beic 'rva z'ne.

Uch! ir dúbac me u-dia'iz mo ní'z,
'ra u-dia'iz na laoc do b'í z'air;
a Phadru'iz ir zann f'ó'v m-b'ad
r'ín ma'ir m'v'nead leó an t-feal'z.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEJLŶ SHLÉJBHE FUAJD¹.

ԽՈ՞՞՞՞ Ե-ԵՐԱՇՇԱՐ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ՃԼԱՅՐ ՉԻՆԵ, ԵՅՈ՞՞ ՁԻԵՐԱՅԱՅ, ԱՅ ԵՆՈ՞՞՞՞
 ԼՅԻՐՅԻՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ Ե-ԲՅՈ՞՞՞՞; ԱՅՐ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ՃԼԱՇ ԱՐՇԵ ԵՅԼԵ ԲԻԱԾ, ՊՕ ՅՐ
 ԷԱՐՄԱՅՆՅ ԲՅՈ՞՞՞՞ ԸՄՄ ԸԱՐԸԱՐ, ԱՅՐ ԲԻՅՈ՞՞՞՞ ԸՐՈ՞՞՞՞ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ Յ-ԸՆԱԾՈ՞՞;
 ԱՅՐ ՄԱՐ Ե՛՛՛՛՞՞ ԸՈ՞՞՞՞ ԸԱ ԵՅՈ՞՞՞՞ ԵԱԾ.

O. ԼՁ ԾԱ ՄԱԼԵ ԲՅՈ՞՞՞՞ ՚ՐԱ ԻՆՈ՞՞՞՞՞՞,
 ՅՈ ԼՅՈ՞՞՞՞՞՞՞, ԸՐԾԾԱ, ԸԱԼՄԱ, ՄԵԱՐ;
 ԱՅ ՐԵԼՅ ԱՐ ՄՈՒԼԸ ՏԻԼԵԵ ԲՅԱԾ,
 ԱՆ ԲԻԱԾ ՅՐ ՃԼԱՅՐ Ա Ե-ԸՐ ԿԱ Ե-ԲԵԱՐ.

ՏՈ ԼԵՊԱԾ ԼԵԾ ԲԱ ԼՅՇ ԱՆ ԲԻԱԾ,
 ՅԱԸ ԼԱՕՇ ՅՈ ԵՐԱՆ ԿԱ Ի՛՛՛՞՞՞ ՄԻՇ;
 ԾՈ ԵՅՐ ԱՆ ԲԻԱԾ ՅՈ ԵԱՆՊԱԸ ԵՐՆԵ,
 ԱՅ ՐԵԱՐԱՆ ԲԱՆ ԼԵՐՅ ՅՈ ԵԱՆԱ ՅԼԻԸ.

ՆՅՈՐ ԲԵԱԾ ԱՆ ԲԻԱԾ ԲՕ ԸՐՈ՞՞՞՞ ՅԱՐԵ.
 ՅՐ ԲՅՅ ՅՈ ԵԱՐԵ ԱՄԱԸ ԱՆ ԲԻԱԾ;
 ԾՈ ԼԵՊ ԱՆ ԲԻԱՆՆ Է ԲՈ ԼՈՄ ԼՅՇ,
 ՅՈ ՄՈ՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞՞ ԼԻԱԾԱՐ.

ՏՈ ԸՐԻԱԼԼ ՅՈ ԸՐԵԱՆ Օ ԸՆՈ՞՞՞՞ ԼԻԱԾԱՐ,²
 ՅԱՆ ԼԱՅԷ Ա ՄԻԱՆ ԿԱ Ա ԼԵՐՄ;
 Օ ԲԻՆ ԱՐԻՐ ՅՈ ԸԱՐՅԻՆ³ ԸՐԱԾ,
 ԾՈ ԼԵՊԱԾԱՐ Ա ԼԱԾԱՐ ՚ՐԱ ՐԵՐՄ.

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

THE CHASE OF SLIABH FUAID.

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

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

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

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

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

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

² *Cnoc Uair*. Not identified.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do meafcuize llyu ar uari eile,
 zuu ab ran arð-tyr do bî;
 do zluarreamar fô na d-tyll,
 a'f do meafcuize llyu rfar a z-ceôl.

Do llyu ceô doylbte dmarizeacta,
 tymceall Fhlyu azur Dharme;
 nlyu b-feaf dôyb ran domay nlyu,
 cã rarb ay ceôl, a Phatryc!

Do zluar Flyu azur Darme rompa,
 zan flyu dôyb cread ay t-ard;
 rlyu ar a llyu ar lom lût,
 a'f nar b-feaf dlyu cã rarb a nlyu.

Do badar ay dly az tyll,
 zo raryadar ran t-ryab zo rayu,
 ay macaom mya dob' alle rlyuad,
 com-rarm zan zlyuam azur zlyu.

D'faryard Flyu na b-Flyu,
 do'ly zlyu ba rlyuad rlyuad;
 cread do beyl ty ad t-aryu,
 ay imeal clyu rlyu Fuar.

Ne fly azur mo cely flyu,
 do bî az tyll ty ay llyu;
 do cuala fe zota zadar blyu,
 do rlyu llyu, a'f leay ay t-ryu.

Cread ay t-aryu cã ort flyu,
 a dely-beay flyu na nlyuad flyu;
 azur flyu coiy-aryu t-flyu flyu,
 nô cã'ly zyb laoz na rlyu ay feôl?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Lobarián, cōih-aihiu mo cēple,
 mo cōih-aihiu fēiu ʒlan-luad ;
 uʒ fear dam ca'ri tihall rúd,
 uð au t-feilʒ fo lúē ca'ri ʒluaiʔ ?

Jr corhúil ned' ʒhúir áluuu,
 ʒur ab laoc tú atá ar euaiʔ ;
 ir dearb, mari au ʒ-céadua, liuu,
 ʒurab tú Fiohu mac Cúihail cruaid.

Liohpa, ar Fiohu, au t-feilʒ,
 a mhōʒaiu cáice ua u-ðri éuac ;
 uʒ fear dam auoir roiu feac riar,
 ca'ri ʒab au Fhianu uá'u fiad uaiu.

Ciohuar do rʒaraiʔ iur au b-Féiu,
 a Fhiu uá u-éaceta ba éruaiʔ ?
 ir ionʒua liom uac b-fuil ad dail,
 dheam uð táiu dod' fluaʒ ?

Do ʒluaiʔ fear fēiu a'ʔ Dáine,
 ʒo lom, feac cac, a u-diaʒ au fiad ;
 uʒ fear dúiu, a mhōʒaiu, auoir.
 ca'ri ʒabad liuu roiu uá riar.

Tihallpa liuu, a ʒhlanluad, ar Fiohu,
 a'ʔ ʒibé taob ua uʒluaiʔtear liuu ;
 héarfan turá 'uáru ʒ-cōihdail,
 uʒ éreʒfeam ʒo briaē do ʒuaoi.

Dá mo dōit liohpa, a Fhiuu uá b-Fianu,
 ar au leiuʒ aʒ tihall ʒo bfuil au t-feilʒ ;
 do tihallfeiuu búu u-dail ʒau éaiʔde,
 a'ʔ do cōihaiʔle, a Fhiuu ʒmadháiʔ, do ʒlacfeiuu.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Նյօր շիւղի ծօյն աշ լաճարս շօ շօսիւ,
 աղ տաղ շուաճար ընդ-շօճ ըստի ;
 ճա ընդդեմ շօ շիւղի ընդ ծ-տօսիւ,
 ճօ շիւղի ընդդեմ ընդ ծօյն ա'ր ըստի.
- Ձի լատրա աղ շօճիւ, ա ընդդեմ շօսիւ,
 ճա ընդդեմ ընդ ծ-տօս շօ ընդդեմ շիւղի,
 ընդ ծ-տօս ընդ ծօյն աճ ճա,
 ա ընդդեմ ընդ ! աճ ա ընդ ընդ ընդ.
- Նի ծ-տօս շօճիւ ա ընդ ընդ ճա,
 աճ տրա աճ ընդ ընդ շօ ընդ ;
 ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
 աճ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ.
- Ճօ ընդդեմ աղ շօճիւ ընդ ըստի,
 ա ընդդեմ ընդ ընդ աճ ա ընդ ընդ ;
 ճօ ընդդեմ աճ ընդ ա ընդ-ընդ,
 ընդ ընդդեմ աճ ընդ ընդ ընդ.
- Ձ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ! ճօ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
 աճ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ;
 ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ, ա ընդ, ա ընդ ընդ,
 ընդ ընդ աճ ընդ, ա ընդ ընդ.
- Նյօր շիւղի ծօյն ընդ ընդ ընդ,
 ընդ ընդդեմ ընդ ընդ ընդ ;
 ճօ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
 ա ընդդեմ ! ա ընդ-ընդ ընդ ընդ.
- Ձի ընդդեմ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
 ա ընդ, ա ընդ, ա ընդ, 'րա ընդ ;
 ճօ ընդդեմ ընդ ընդ ընդ,
 ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ ընդ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O Jf cuimh lhom, ari Fhionn álf,
 zuri túteadar le lámh na b-Fhianu;
 uí le cealz ná fód meanz,
 áct le cruaid lann a'f cóm-álad.

Jf le cealz, a Fhionn na z-clear,
 do tuzad líb caé Chhoic an Áll,²
 ionar túte me h-íomad bú meanz,
 Meanzac na lann a'f a maib na dáil.

Dob' fíor dóib a fíri móm,
 dá m-beidí beó zuri neart lámh,
 túz dóib aítne ari an éaz,
 a'f nac cealz ó'n b-Féionn ari Chhoc an Áll.

Jf leór linn mar éadhaire fíor,
 Áilne an zúionn do beic mar tá;
 dob' íomda caé a'f tíom-ílóz,
 ahoir fá bion na diaí zó clac.

Cnéad do záolra me Áilne an zúionn,
 a fíri móm líoméa íf zarb zlor;
 mije a dearbriácaim zó fíor,
 mo éóm-aíom féin Dhaoi zéantóm.

Do ceanzlad Fhionn, Dáire, a'f Zlanluad,
 a z-cuibneac éruaid le Dhaoi zéantóm,
 do cúir a z-carcaim íad zó doimh,
 zán ceannracé, zán mian, zán treóm!

Do bádar an tírim zó dúbac,
 a'f an Fhianu fó búdar a v-deoiz a míz;
 ari an loiz ahoir na céicne h-aóim,
 ari lúe a'f ari mije do zúac fíor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do bi ay tpiari ar fead cúiz la,
 azur cúiz n-oidce iomlan zan zó ;
 ran z-caricari doimn n-éamháidte úd,
 zan biad fō púdar, zan deoc zan ceól.
- 2 Ailne ínuaid-zéal, ar Fionn áiz,
 ar Chnoc ay Áin ír cúimn leat,
 zo b-fuarir curmead rial na b-Fianu,
 cia lom ay tpiari fo 'uoir fōd' rmac̄t.
- 2 Fhionn, do náid Ailne, do zlóir éruaz,
 n̄ zó zo b-fuarir me coine rial ;
 dō' m̄naoi c̄eile, Zm̄anne ay z̄riuu,
 dul do cáitean̄ b̄id na b-Fianu !
- N̄i curbe d̄uirc̄e a m̄ioz̄ari íuaric̄,
 fād' rmac̄t ó fuarir zo doct̄ r̄iuu ;
 ar z-cur̄ zan cáinde cum̄ bair,
 ná biad zac̄ t̄m̄ac̄ do moiuu l̄iuu.
- Dob' feáir̄ l̄iom, a Fhionn, zan b̄réaz,
 ay Fhianu ne c̄eile zo m-beid̄ir clac̄,
 ran z-caricari r̄iu a z-cur̄b̄meac̄ éruaid̄,
 ad d̄aíl, a' r̄ ūoir̄ éruaz̄ l̄iom a z-cár !
- O noc̄tar̄ do m̄iu, a bean, dúiuu,
 cia doilz̄ ar b-púdar a' r̄ ar z-cur̄mad̄-cár,
 azur r̄iuu zo d̄ian fōd' rmac̄t,
 ar fl̄an̄ fōd' z̄eara mun̄ m-beid̄ aih̄ariu.
- C̄mead̄ am̄ariu r̄iu, a Fhionn na n-duar,
 leat d̄a luad̄, ar Ailne ay z̄riuu ?
 n̄i éioc̄fad̄ leat zo la ay b̄m̄ac̄,
 led' c̄ealz̄arb̄ z̄uac̄ na z̄eara c̄laoid̄.

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

O. D'fíafmaíð Ailhe do Shlanluad,
 créad fáé ar zluair le h-ímhéacét Fhionn;
 a' r a bean céile cáomh a z féin,
 dod' íamuil n'í féimh an z h'íomh!

Do noct Shlanluad z an bhéiz,
 a tuur féin d-taob' Fhionn zo z h'ic;
 nár b-fearaé í roir feac' ríar,
 zo b-facaé ríamh é moimhe ríu.

Jr corinúil, ar Ailhe, má' r fíor,
 a Shlanluad mar ionnirí r zéal dúinn;
 nac cúibe dúinn tu beiré fó r maéct,
 ran z-carcairí reo a n'zlar z an cúir.

Do noct Ailhe an luad zo fíor,
 a' r a r zéal a m-bhí z do Dhraoizéantóirí,
 ar mod zo d-táin z do' h' carcairí,
 a' r Shlanluad' ó na zeara z ur fóir.

An tan fuair Shlanluad a méim,
 ba doil z leí a n'z'ibeann Fíonn;
 d'fá z rlan aize a' r a z Dáire bhí,
 a' r ba doil z leí a n'z'ibeann a zéal z h'íur.

An tan d'fá z Shlanluad an carcairí,
 do fuair bhí le carcéamh ó Ailhe;
 do túr rí zo beac' a n'éalairb,
 a' r ba érua z, a Chléirí z, bean a cáile.

An tan éaruaíð ar na n'éalairb,
 tu z an deiz-bean d'í z an r'ár;
 deoc ar ballan zeara ríé,
 n'ó clea r cóir do b'í 'na láimh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Այ տայ ծ'ի՛ն Յևանած այ ծեօ՛՛,
 տայն Յօ Յրո՛ծ 'նա Յնա՛՛ Յնաօյ ;
 յոյա մէյմ ա'ր նա լծօ՛-րչէյմ ճարւ,
 ա՛՛տ Բյօյն ա նշլար իր բլիւ՛՛ ծօ ճաօյն !

Եր ծարն շար սլէնի՛ծ ա՛ծ Յնաօյ,
 ա Յհլանած, Յօ բյօյ, աբ Փրաօյճարտօյն ;
 նա՛՛ յօնիսն լատ Բյօյն ա'ր Փայր,
 ա նշէլճարն մար տայ՛՛ ա ճէլ՛՛ Յայ բօյն .

Ոյ Յաօլ ծամ Բյօյն նա Փայր,
 աբ Յևանած, նա տայն նա Բ'լանն ;
 'րի՛ր շրաճ իօմ Յօ բյօյ ա բանիլ,
 ծօ ճէլ՛՛ ա Յ-արարարն Յայ ծեօ՛՛ Յայ բլա՛՛

Չա'ր յօնիսն լատրա, ա Յհլանած,
 բլա՛՛ Յա՛՛ սարն ծօ ճաճարտ ծօ'ն ծյր ;
 ծօ ճաճար՛՛ է, աբ Փրաօյճարտօյն,
 ա'ր ճէլ՛՛ ա նշարա Յայ բօյն ա մ-բլի՛՛ն .

Ոյ յարարարն ա Յ-արարարն աբ այ ճաճ,
 նա ծ'ն Յ-արարարն ա մէյմ ծօ լու՛՛՛ ;
 ա՛՛տ առայն Յօ Բ-բաճարն այ բլա՛՛,
 ա Ալիսէ բլալ, ծօ մայ՛՛ Յևանած .

Ոյ ճարրարարն Բյօյն 'նա Փայր,
 Յօ Յրո՛ծ ճարն բար, աբ Փրաօյճարտօյն ;
 ծ'բաճարն այ Բ-բաճարն այ Բհլանն սլե ;
 Յօ շրա՛՛՛ ա նշէլճարն մար աօն լե՛՛ .

Չա՛՛ այ Բհլանն սլե Յայ Բրաճ,
 աբ լու՛՛ Յօ լէյն աբ լօրն Բհլանն ;
 իր ծարն իօմրա բէյն Յօ ճա՛՛տ,
 Յօ Բ-բաճարն բօ ճար-բա՛՛տ ա իօն .

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

O. Do zoyr Aylhe ar Zhlanluad,
 az zabadyl cuayrd an Dúyn óyr ;
 yj mayb reoyd angh da aylhe,
 yáir éearbáyn trác do'gh ríozáyn óz.

A Aylhe ! ar Zhlanluad éaoyn,
 atá an dír ran z-caricayr féz ;
 d'earbad na b-plead ba zghát leó,
 do cáiteamh zac ló a z-cat 'ra ngléiz.

Do muz Aylhe a'r Zhlanluad,
 bhad fó luadar do lačayr Fhlynn ;
 zur an z-caricayr iona mayb féyn,
 a'r Dháine faoy zan bhíjz.

Ay tan éonarc Fhlynn a'r Dháine,
 an dír myá aylhe úd az teačt ;
 do'fpleadar fpará deóir zo dyan,
 az caoyne na b-Fhlynn do bejt tar leayr.

Do beanyuz Zhlanluad d'Fhlynn,
 do zoyl zo dúbac ar amarc a zghaoi ;
 yjor labayr Aylhe focal ar bjé,
 yjor émuaz léi a y-dočar mo ríjz !

Do cáitead le Fhlynn a'r le Dháine,
 angh rly, a Phádrmyz, deoc a'r bhad ;
 do zluayr an dír bay ar lúč,
 a'r d'fázbadar dúbac Fhlynn na b-Fhlynn !

D'fíarfiarid díob Dhaoižeanhóyr,
 cá mabadar ar cuayrd an dír ;
 do nočtadar do zur a b-fočayr Fhlynn,
 a'r Dháine an zmynn le deoc a'r bhad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Գ'բլաբլաձ Պրաօլջեաղտօր ծյօծ,
 ւլօղղար ծօծ' քեար շլլլլ Փալլե ?
 ծօ ուօճաճար ծօ լշէալ շալ շօ
 շօ յալ՛ շլլեաղղղար ա շ-ւեօլ րա շ-ւալլե.

Յա յլլալ կօղրա, ալ Պրաօլջեաղտօր,
 շօ շ-ւլլղղղղղ աղ ւեօլ յա տա կլղղ ;
 աճա շօ ծեար՛, ալ Շլաղլաձ,
 ոլ կլլեաճ ա կաձ, ա'ր քօր ւաղղ.

Ծօ էլլալ Պրաօլջեաղտօր ծօ'ղ ւալլալլ,
 կե Փալլե ծօ կաւալլ շօ կօղղ շեաղղ ;
 ծօ ւալալձ յե ա'ր ոլ քեար աղ քլօր,
 շօ քլղղղղ շօ կլղղ ա'ր կե շլլեաղղ.

Ծա յ-կեղծլր աղ Գղղաղղ ոլլե աղ ծալ,
 Յա շլլեաղղ ա'ր կա քալլլ կեօ յօ ւեօլ ;
 ւլղղղղղ ուճ յօղղղղղ կեաղրա,
 յօ ւեօլ շօ ծեար՛, ոա յօ շլօր.

Շլղղղ ծղղղղ աղղղ ծօ ւեօլ կլղղ,
 շօ կ-քեարաղ աղ քլօր աղ ւալլ ուձ ;
 յա տա քեար՛, ոլ կլղղ կօղղ է,
 ա Քղղղղղղ ! յր է աձկալլղղ.

Քլ կ-քալկղղղ ա կ-քօղղ ւաղ ւեօլ,
 ա Պրաօլջեաղտօր ալ Փալլե կլղղ ;
 աճաղղ քէլճ քլօր-կաճ յեաղղղղղղղ,
 օձ' շեարա յաճ կաձ յօ շլղղղ.

Տօճղղղղղ ծղղղ կղղղ յօ շեարա,
 շօ քլղղղղղղղ կեաղ ծղղղղ ւեօլ կլղղ,
 յա կլղղ կլղղ ա կ-քօճղղղ 'րա կ-քաղղղ,
 ոլ քլղղղղղ ա ողղղղղղղ քեար ծօ շլղղղ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Nĩ éioçfad hóm reiohym zo bmad,
 ari fajeriy Fhionn a nglarajb daoy,
 yr doylze hóm é féiy ran Fhiany,
 ba pleadaç fjal, ná mé féiy !

Tözfadra buad ná nzeapa d'Fhionny,
 a'f reioh dúioh a Dháine an zmyoy,
 má'f bionn hóm fuaym do mhéar,
 yr amlaib yr rözajle fearra a m-brijz.

Do éuyi Dhaoizeanróiri a neanm-m-brijz,
 zeapa Fhionn a'f Dháine fuaime ;
 do éuz döjb bmad zur deoç,
 a'f do féiy Dháine zan loçt, bionn fuaym.

Do éaréhjz le Dhaoizeanróiri zo möri,
 mar do feiohnead an ceöl le Dháine,
 do zaym do'y éarceayr Zlanluad,
 az éirteaçt le fuaimear ceöjl Dháine !

Do éaréhjz le Zlanluad a'f le Ailhe,
 an ceöl do feioh Dháine zo bionn ;
 ba zmeahh adbal le Zlanluad,
 nac b-facað a nzmuyim mar bj.

Ba lúçzayr hóm ari Dhaoizeanróiri,
 Fionny zo föjl fóm' rmaçt ó ta ;
 cja b'é ari do'y doimah a b-fuylid,
 a flóizte uile do bejt ná ðajl.

Zaç erjóç, zaç arið, a'f zaç jaç,
 zaç tuajç d'ari éiyall do'y Fhéioh ;
 ari loiz Fhionny azur Dháine,
 yr an leimz feo éahzadair taob me taob.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Օ. Գո իյ Փայլե աչ բարտար չո Կրոյ,
 բ՛՛ն ամ 'նար շեաճճ Ծո'ն Բհիւրոյ սո ;
 բ՛՛ լիւր լիւճ աչար արե,
 Ե Ե-բօզար, Աճ ! Ելլ րլաճ ճիւղարտոյ.

Այ տայ Ծո ճալայճ այ Բհիւրոյ,
 այ Կրոյ ճեճ Ծայն րայ Փայլե ;
 ոյ բաճ Ծո Կ-իլլաճ լեճ,
 այ տայ Եա ճլեճ Ե ոչուճ ճարճա.

Այ տայ Ծո ճալայճ Փրաօլլաւորոյ,
 այ սալլ ճլճ րլոյ ոյ Բիւրոյ ;
 Ծո ճար Ե ճար Ե Ե-Եաճ Երլլլ,
 Ե ո-Ծալ ոյ Ծիլլ Ե ճիլլ.

Գո Եալլալլաճ այ ճեճ Ե Փայլե,
 Ե'ր այ Բհիւրոյ աչ սալլ-ճարճա չո լոյ,
 ոյն Ե-բաճ չո ճ-ճալարար բօճարոյ,
 բարայ այ բօճար ար ճար տոյ.

Ոյ արլ Եաճ Ծո ճարալլա ղիւրոյ
 ոյն ճար ճայն ոյլլ Ե ոյլարլ Եար ;
 այ տայ Ծո ճարաճ լե Փրաօլլաւորոյ,
 Ե ճար Եա Ե Երոյ ոյ ո-Ծալ !

Եարոյ Փրաօլլաւորոյ Ե'ր Ալլե,
 Եաճ Ե Ե-բար չո ճլլ ;
 ոյն Եալլալլալլ Եաճ Ծո'ն Բհիւրոյ,
 ոյն ճարալլալլ լե ճիլլ Ծո'ն Փիւր.

Ա ճարալլա Փրաօլլաւորոյ չո Երլլ,
 այ տայ բար Եա ոյ ճօճար յաճ ;
 ճ'ր Ծիլլ Ե սլլ Ե'րմ' Երաճ,
 Ե Ծարլ չո ճ-ճարաճ Ելլ ճոյ Եար.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Njorri fáz feari ar lúe díob,
 yari éeanzarl fó éuibneac éruarð;
 do éuiri ran z-caricairi iad zan éáruide,
 a b-foçairi Dháirne a' r Fhionn na u-duair.
- Ay ran do çonharic Fionn a' r Dháirne,
 ay Fhianh az teaçt lairneac do' h z-caricairi;
 do rleadar zo dian fpara deðri,
 ' ran Fhianh le çéile dá b-fneazairi.
- D' fáz Dhaoižeantóiri rionn uile,
 faoi žeaparb na d-tuille 'yari u-dáil;
 ran z-caricairi doimhionn úd fó rúdar,
 ba realad dúionn a z-cruad-çar.
- A Dhaoižeantóiri, ar Zlanluad,
 ó' r dam féin a hzuar fó rmaçt;
 má çairhiz leat ceól Dháirne,
 a feionnionn dúionn trác ba máçt.
- Ah' r mian leatpa, a Zhlanluad,
 ceól bionn ruairic, ar Dhaoižeantóiri;
 ir éizean do Dháirne a feionnionn dúionn;
 a' r fór d' Fhionn, a' r dá rluaz.
- Tháirhiz Dhaoižeantóiri do' h çaricairi,
 Ailhe çaoion çneapda a' r Zlanluad;
 rionne fó žeaparb a' r fó éuibneac,
 ir doilz lionn a beir dá luad.
- Seionn dam zo bionn, ar Dhaoižeantóiri,
 a Dháirne, do ceól ruairic na b-Fianh;
 ir ionnionn le Zlanluad çaoion,
 a' r le Ailhe ay zionn feionnionn zliad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Jf neam-ƿuaƿic acáimƿe, aƿ Đaƿne,
 cum ƿeiƿum aƿ tƿác ƿo me ƿneanƿ;
 a'ƿ Fƿonƿ 'ƿa ƿlôƿƿe ƿo duaƿic,
 ƿô ƿeapƿab a'ƿ cƿuað-ƿmaçt teanƿ!

Cuƿneað mo ƿeapƿa a neim m-briƿƿ,
 ôð' ðaƿƿe aƿiƿ aƿ Đmaoƿƿeantôƿi;
 ƿô ƿo ƿeiƿneapƿ leat ƿo biƿƿ ðúƿƿ,
 ðo çeðl cúma a'ƿ ðo çaiƿmƿic ƿleð!

Njor ƿeiƿneapƿ ƿiam çeðl biƿƿ,
 aƿ Đaƿne me Đmaoƿƿeantôƿi;
 aƿ tan ƿƿ ðoƿliƿ ðo'ƿ Fhêƿƿ;
 ƿƿ ƿƿác ƿom ƿéƿ beƿç ðoƿliƿ leð.

Cuƿneaðƿa a neim m-briƿƿ ƿeapƿa Fhƿƿ,
 ƿo ƿeiƿneapƿ leat ƿo biƿƿ ðúƿƿ çeðl;
 ƿuƿƿeað caçta ƿa b-Fhƿanƿ,
 'ƿna ƿeapƿab ƿo ðƿan ƿa ðobƿôƿ!

Nj ƿeapƿaƿne, ðo maƿð Đaƿne,
 ƿeiƿum ƿo bƿác teað biƿƿ ƿuaƿic;
 a Đmaoƿƿeantôƿi, ƿuƿ ƿo ƿoƿléƿ,
 ða m-beƿç aon ƿeapƿ ðo'ƿ Fhêƿƿ reo duaƿic.

Đo çuƿ Đmaoƿƿeantôƿi a neim m-briƿƿ,
 ƿa ƿeapƿa ô ðaƿl Fhƿƿ a'ƿ a ƿluaƿ;
 ƿô çuƿ ƿeiƿneað le Đaƿne aƿ çƿƿƿ,
 çuç teað biƿƿ a'ƿ çáƿƿ ƿuaƿm.

Đo çaiçƿiƿ me Đmaoƿƿeantôƿi,
 ƿôçap biƿƿ aƿ çeðl ƿƿ Đhaƿne;
 ðo ƿeiƿ aƿƿ ƿƿ a cúmað ƿéƿ,
 a'ƿ cúmað ƿa Féƿƿe ða læçaiƿ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. A dúbairt agh ríh Driaoiḡeanḡóir,
 ḡar b-ḡada dób do'ḡ Fhélíh
 ḡo b-ḡaḡḡaoir uile le césle,
 aíḡe ḡaḡ bḡeas ar aḡ éas!

Do éḡḡamairt uile aḡ Fhíahh,
 uaill ḡáir dīah-caoí aḡur deóir;
 aḡ taḡ a dúbairt Driaoiḡeanḡóir,
 ḡar b-ḡada dób ḡaḡ aíḡe ar aḡ éas.

Fo'ḡ am ríh do íeíhnead le Dáirte,
 ceól uaill-ḡáirta a'ḡ tḡom caoi;
 ḡóir b-ḡada ḡo d-táiríḡ íah doirur,
 Driaoiḡeanḡóir ḡo boirb aḡ-caoih.

Do h-orḡlad íir aḡ doirur úd,
 a'ḡ dob' aíḡnead líom a téad arteaó;
 d'íeac Fíohh aír ḡo lāh íruaḡ,
 a'ḡ ḡóir doiríḡ leir ḡruairt na b-ḡear!

Do cōharric Fíohh aḡ íle ííor,
 le na ḡruad ba ḡhao lāh d'íola;
 a'ḡ do táíḡíḡ leir aḡ t-aḡarric d'íāḡaíl,
 íí bīaohā na éah-íuic deaíḡ íola.

Do cōharric aḡ Fhíahh uile íad,
 aḡ íic ḡo dīah íe h-aír a ḡruaíó;
 acḡ aḡairt aḡ dīeam do caílead,
 do bīíḡ na ḡḡeara íah ḡ-caícaír cīuaíó.

Níor íeíhnead ḡíor mó íe Dáirte,
 aḡ taḡ táiríḡ Driaoiḡeanḡóir;
 ḡo ḡ-dúbairt Fíohh leir aír,
 íeíhíh ḡo bīh ḡaḡ éeas dób.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do fėjnñ Ðajne ar cõmajple Fhėjnñ,
 an ceðl zo tēad-bėjnñ do'ñ Fhėjnñ;
 do žab fearz Ðmajžeanťõjn,
 jr žajmjd žur bjoñ djb ar re.
- Do dúnad mj ar čaricajm žeara,
 zo lom dajžean ar an b-Fhėjnñ;
 a' r tājnjz tar n-ar ar cuajmð,
 mar a majb Žlanluad a' r Ajlye fėjm,
- Nj majb Lobarān na ž-cõmđajl,
 d'fjafmajð zo h-ajmð car' žab rē,
 d'jwjr Žlanluad a' r Ajlye do,
 nār b-fear dõjb car žab an laoc.
- Do ržajmz zo bojb õrājð,
 ar Lobarān a ž-clor do'ñ Fhėjnñ,
 d'fjeazajm rē a ž-cljð do'ñ Ðún,
 do žluajr ar lúč zo mājnjz ē.
- Ca mabajr, a Lobarān, ar cuajmð,
 ar Ðmajžeanťõjn zo žmuama teany;
 jr dearb hjom õð' čmjall fõ lejč,
 žur mjan leat mē do bejč zo fanñ!
- Do čmjall lejč Lobarān žay rpar,
 mar a majb cac a nžlarajb cjuajð;
 do čujm na cõmđajl brijž a žeara,
 a' r d'fāž ran ž-caricajm ē faoj žmuajm!
- Do bj mojmē a m-bmajmjb bajr,
 a trj azur cēad rār fear do'ñ Fhėjnñ;
 do beañad me Ðmajžeanťõjn djoð,
 zo tara na cjuñ žay aon bmejž.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bġ aʒ teaċt ċum Chonáin m̄aol,
 a' r a lanh lġonċa na d̄oġb zo teany;
 cá b-fuġl do ċriġall, a Dhiaroiʒeanġóiri,
 fan zo f̄oġl, n̄a déan oġm feall?

Do bġ Dhiaroiʒeanġóiri faoi ʒarġ ċroġt,
 a' r a lanh ʒan ċoġʒ oġ ċionh Chonáin,
 d'ċriġʒ an fean maol do p̄neab,
 a' r ġall n̄ġoġ fan an a ġuġdeac̄an.

Coġʒ do láin? an Coġán zo truaʒ,
 ġr leġri d̄uġt mo ʒuaġr maġi t̄áin;
 n̄ġ b-fuġl dul aʒam d'ġ ċaʒ,
 n̄a cuġriġr truaġʒm̄ċġl ċum ʒġoġd báġr?

Do ċriġall Dhiaroiʒeanġóiri uaiġh,
 fan ʒ-carcaġri fá ʒuaġr d'f̄áʒ ġiġh;
 doġlġ d̄obriġuac̄ lan-dúbaċ,
 ʒan m̄ċġm, ʒan lúċ, an earbaġd ʒriġh.

Do labáiri Lobarán le Fġionh,
 a' r dúbaġriġt zo ċiġri, ʒan f̄ioġ do ċac̄;
 atá fan Dún l̄ġġear an n̄ʒeara,
 dá d-ċġead ġiġh teaċt an f̄áʒaġl.

Cr̄ead é ġiġh? an Fġionh na b-Fġianh,
 do b̄earfaġd ġian d̄ an n̄ʒeara dúġh;
 ġr truaʒ ʒan é anoiġr an f̄áʒaġl,
 a Lobaránh m̄a t̄a an bun fan Dún.

Atá ballán,¹ a Fġiġh, fan Dún,
 do b̄earfaġd dúġh lúċ aʒur ġian;
 dá ġ-bġad ġċ aʒuġh anoiġr,
 n̄ġoġ b-fada an ʒoġm n̄aġi b-ġian.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Aη b-ƿacaþ tû, aη ƿioηη,
 aη ballaη úð, a Lobaraη çaoim?
 ð'fóirƿeað rihη aηoir ð çuaif,
 hð ç-cualað tû ða luad a brij?

Do çualað mē aç ðlanluad,
 çur fðir i fēih aη çuaif aη ðaif;
 a'ƿ ð'ioηif ðúihη fðr tpe iún,
 ço leiçirƿeað çac púðar ða iaið uar η-ðail.

Njor b-ƿada ðúihη aηuif rih,
 Ðraoiçeanþoir ço ð-tiç ðo'η çarçaii;
 a laηη ηa ððjð ço liçmēa ðian,
 çum ηa ƿēihηe uile ðo ðjçēaηηað.

A fīr māoif, ðo iaið Ðraoiçeanþoir,
 çléar ðo mðr-çeahη a'ƿ çað mo bēim?
 hī ƿuizƿeað ηeac ðç ηa ariaið,
 ηac çuηeað çum ðaif aηoir ðo'η ƿhēihη!

Taimre am ēruaç-lððar boçt,
 aη Coηaη, ço ðoifç laη-ðúðac;
 ηa çuη çoiðçe mē çum ðaif,
 ço leiçearçar leat mo çneaða aη ð-túr?

Do çoir Ðraoiçeanþoir aη Aihē,
 a'ƿ tairiç rī laiçneac çúçaiηη;
 ð'fēac rī fð çruaiη ço fīor,
 aη fluaç ηa b-ƿiaηη, a'ƿ aη ƿhioηη!

Taðaη ðam, aη Ðraoiçeanþoir,
 aη ballaη ðrða ηa ηçear çruaið;
 hð ço leiçirƿeað çoir çōηa,
 aη fīr māoif mðir úð fð çruaiηη?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Na leiḡir an fear maol úd, ar Ailhe,
 nḡ rúdar linn a éruad-cár,
 ná tabair do cairde ar bʲé,
 ná do'n Fhéinn aét a ʒ-cun cum bair?

Nḡ iarraidh air mo cun ó'n m-bár,
 a ʒeal Ailhe, do rairb Conán maol;
 aét amáin ná bead am lobair,
 ar d-teaét dam éruocad do'n éaʒ.

Ḑ'iméiʒ Ailhe do ʒarb énoir,
 a' r d'féac ʒo doét ná diaiʒ ar Fhionn;
 nḡon b-fada ʒo d-cáinʒ air,
 a' r cnoiceann do bʲi aice lan do élúin.

Ceanʒail é reo, a Dhruoiʒeanḡoir!
 do éóin an fʲir máoil úd;
 leiḡirfead ʒan rpar ʒoin a énéaét,
 a' r tabair an t-éaʒ dóib a' r d'Fhionn.

Do ʒlac Dhruoiʒeanḡoir ʒan rpar,
 an cnoiceann, a' r do ceap do Chonán;
 do lean do ó'n lá rin ʒur éinall,
 a' r nḡ rairb rin ʒan for-airim ná dáil!

Ná cuirre mʲre anoir cum bair,
 ar Conán ʒo cláé, a Dhruoiʒeanḡoir;
 fanfad ad dáil ó ro ruar,
 mo díéceannad ba éruaʒ ʒan éóin!

A Dhruoiʒeanḡoir, ar Lobairán,
 má' r rin leat ár m-bár ʒo léin,
 ir leór leat rin, mo rʒéal truaʒ,
 a' r an fear maol duairic do fáomad ó'n éaʒ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Nj ðearmar cealz ná meanz,
 zarze 'há teany nj maib am ðafl,
 ða brijz rjn, a Dhraoizeanróir,
 nj cúbe ður leð anyr mo ðar!

Nj cúirfeaðra cum baif tú,
 a Chonán, do máib Dhraoizeanróir;
 a' r beib' tú am ðómðail fêir,
 ar feað do nae zan ceað ðóib'?

Do zluair Conán le Dhraoizeanróir,
 ór an z-carcair ar feól lom lúe;
 njor rcaðað do émorz zarb leð,
 zo máhzadair cōir zeara an Dúir.

Do zōir Dhraoizeanróir óráir
 ar Zhlanluad a' r ar Ailne an zmir;
 cairz Zlanluad fó lom lúe,
 a' r Ailne do' h cúir 'há maib an ðir.

D'jnrir Dhraoizeanróir do na mháib,
 zo d-tuz leir Conán ó fluaž ná b-Fian;
 zo d-tóizfeað brijz a zear ó ná ðafl,
 a' r zo m-beib ná ðómðail a' r ná rian.

Jr eazal liomra, a Dhraoizeanróir,
 ar Ailne, zur ab dobirón a' r zuair;
 ðurte a' r ðairra zo la an brát,
 Conán ad ðómðail do beib buan.

Créað jr eazal dúirh a Ailne, ar fé,
 ó' h b-feair maol do beib náir h-ðafl;
 ar eazla ná meanz ar ire,
 beib buan ná zōirle mar éac'?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Nj tjubradra cáirde do'η Fhétin,
 ʒan aítne ar an éaz do éabairt dóib,
 ar Driaoiʒeanadóir le Ailne íéirí,
 a' r ηj féidoir le Conán a b-fóir.

Njor labairt Conán focal riu,
 ʒo d-tuz Driaoiʒeanadóir na deap láirí;
 an ballán úd ηa ηʒeap a élaoid,
 ʒur éóʒ a m-briʒ ʒo rriap ar a dáil!

Fó'η am rir do éualadar ʒo birí,
 ceól cúma do íeirin dóib Dáirne;
 do ʒléap Driaoiʒeanadóir éuzairí,
 do'η éarcarí fó lút ʒo dána.

Nj raib laoc do éatáib Fhírin,
 ηac raib lom eiríon a ʒ-crué ʒhé;
 ʒan lút, ʒan tapa, ʒan tpeoirí,
 ó ʒeapa ηa ʒ-clóduid ba éiréan.

Do deapmad Driaoiʒeanadóir,
 an ballán órda az Conán;
 do éiríall íeirin azur ʒlanluad,
 do'η éarcarí ʒo luait a ʒ-comháil,

Criead dó éorʒ, a íirí máoir,
 fó'η leairí rirí, ar ʒlanluad?
 ʒo b-faʒairí amáric ar an b-Fhétin,
 le lirin a η-éaz a' r a d-tiríall uairí.

Ca b-fuir an ballán, ar Driaoiʒeanadóir?
 éuzar duir d'fóir do ʒeapa eiríair;
 d'fáʒbar é ar Conán lan máoir,
 marí a b-fuaríar é rlan fó buad!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do ʒluar Գրաօլջեանտօրի սայր,
 Do ʒարե երօրտ շրուած բօ լան լնլէ ;
 ոյօր րեաճած լելր շօ յաւուշ,
 աղ շօր նա յարե ʒրնլէրե աղ Գնլր.
- Գ'բօրի Կօղան Օրշար ա'ր Բիօղր,
 Օ նա շարարե ճնլէ ճօ իյ 'նա յ-ճալ ;
 րսլ բօ ճ-տաղուշ Գրաօլջեանտօրի,
 տար սր բօ իեճ շան բիօր աղ իալար.
- Do ʒաճ Օրշար աղ իալան ճօ լարն,
 ա'ր ա լան իյօղեճ շօ ճանա նա ճօրճ ;
 ա'ր ոյօր րսլարուշ ա շեճտ ճօ'ն շարարսլ,
 աղ Բիլան ճ նա յշարա ʒար բօրի.
- Do իելր Բիօղր աղ Գօրճ Բիլան շօ իյր,
 ա'ր Գնլրե իե նա շաճ բօ ʒրեան ;
 ճօ ʒայրեճար աղ Բիլան սլե ճրարճ,
 ճօ իօրե ʒուճ իա յաճտե տեան,
- Do ʒլուար Ալրե ա'ր ʒլանլաճ,
 ճօ ʒարե երօրտ շրուած ճօ'ն շարարսլ ;
 տա յնլր աշ աղ ի-Բիլր շօ բիօր,
 ա Ալրե, աղ Գրաօլջեանտօրի, շօ ճարե.
- Do իսալ Ալրե նա իարա շօ լօր,
 ա'ր ճօ լաճար ա ի-բօշար յար շաօր ;
 աճնալրտ Կօղան յե ճրարճ,
 շար շրուճ-շար շնշաճ աշար շաօ !
- Ա Գրաօլջեանտօրի, ճօ յաճ Օրշար,
 յի ի-բսլ ճօ շարար բարտա աղ աղ ի-Բիլր,
 ճօ ʒաճ շաշլա աշար սանան Ալրե,
 ա'ր ճօ շար շան րբար յր աղ շաշ !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Tā cumar na Fhéinne zay zó;
 ar Dhraoižeanróir, orim ir fíor;
 a n-éiric mo žeara a' r a m-buað,
 cúir ó'n b-fear n-duairc a' r a neim-mbiríž

Ní b-fuil azad dul ó'n éaz ahoir,
 a Dhraoi ba žlic ar Oržur aįž,
 do žeabair cómrac aon laim,
 zay ceilž ad dáil ó fluaržtíb Fhínn?

Níor labair le h-Oržur tréan,
 do žlac a laim žéar na dear dód;
 žur fíarraig Oržur do'n darra feact,
 an aimul ir maic leat, a Dhraoižeanróir.

Ir amlaįđ, zo deairb, ar an Dhraoi,
 béarraig cnuaid-žnóim žlac laim;
 do žac aon fear do'n Fhéinn,
 žur tuicim dam féin no dób na d-táin.

Do žluair an Fhíann amać,
 ar an ž-carraig 'nar feal dób dúbac;
 do bí Ailhe zay anam na rliže,
 azur Žlanluað az caoi fó púdar!

Cméad ro do támlaįđ d'Ailhe an žmínn,
 ar Oržur do žlór caoin lan m-buað;
 do fuair rí aicne ar an éaz,
 ar Chonán, a' r nį ržéal truaž!

Do bí a laim lřomća na dód,
 az Dhraoižeanróir ar an n-domur;
 az feicem ar Chonán amearž ác,
 cum a cúir cum bair a zay fíor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* i.e. Single combat.

O. Ծօ շօղղալիւ Օրշար Փրօւօլջօղղօրիւ,
 ա՛ր ա լաղղ դա ծօլծ ա ղաղղլ շա՛ճա ;
 ածնալիւ յի՛ր դա ի՛յ ծա լաճ,
 շօ յօլջօղղալիւ շաղղիւծ աղ շա՛ճա.

Ո՞յօր լաճալի լօլր Փրօւօլջօղղօրիւ,
 ա՛ր ո՞յօր քնձ աղ քծծ 'դա յալծ դա ղօղղաղղ,
 շօ Բ-բաղղ աղղալի ալ Շօղղաղ ողղալ,
 շօ Ծ-տաձ աղղալ-Բօղղալ ալ ա ծի՛ճօղղաղղաճ.

Ո՞յ յաղղաղ աղ լաղղ աղ ղօղղաղ ողղալ,
 ծօ ղձաղղաղ շօ ղրօղղաղ ալ Օրշար ալձ ;
 ծ'լօղղաղաղ Օրշար Փրօւօլջօղղօրիւ,
 ա՛ր տաձ շաղղ շօ ծօ աղղղաղ աղ Բաղղ.

Ծօ շաղղղաղաղաղ աղղաղ աղ Քղղաղղ,
 ծօճ ա՛ր Բաճ ղաղ Փնղ շօ ղնաճ ;
 ալ դա ողղաղաճ ղաղ ղի՛ր աղ ղաղղ,
 ո՞յ յալծ աղղաղղաղ ղաղղաղղաղաղ աղ Փնղղ.

Ծօ ի՛յ շաղղ ծօ Բղղաղ դա ողղաղաղ նծ,
 ա Քղղաղղաղ ! ծաղ լղղաղ, ա ողղաղ դա Բ-Քղղաղղ ;
 ծ'ղղ լա նծ շօ լա ա ողղաղղ,
 յի լօլր շաղղղաղաղ ղրաճ ա՛ր ո՞յ լօ Փղա !

P. Ողղ աղաղղ ղն շօ յաղղաղաղ Բօճ,
 ղաղղ ղի՛ր լղղաղ դա ողղաղաղ նծ ;
 ծա Բղղաղ ղղղ յի ղղղաղաղ աղ ղղղաղղաղղ,
 շար շաղղղաղաղ լօ Փղա դա ողղաղ !

O. Եր է ա ծօղղ ողղ լօղղ, ա Քղղաղղաղ,
 ողղաղաղաղ ծ'ղղ Ծ-ղղաղղ նծ ղրօղղաղ ;
 ա Յ-ղաճ ողղ ողղղղաղ դա լաղղ,
 յի է շաղղաղ ա Ծ-ղղաղղաղ ա՛ր ո՞յ Բ-է ողղաղ Փն.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- P. Nà bĳ fearṫa aʒ luad̃ na b-ṫṫañ,
 aċṫ ʒoĳĳ aĳ Ḑhĳa, a ċrĳon t-ṫeañoĳĳ;
 'noĳr mā'ṫ mĳañ leat dul dā Ḑhún,
 ʒoĳĳ aĳĳ ċúʒad̃ ʒaċ am̃ do'ĳ lō.
- O. ʒh̃a ʒeallañ tū dam̃ ʒañ ʒō,
 ṫĳĳall ĳom̃ ʒo fōĳl dā Ḑhún rúd;
 nĳ beĳd̃ mē a luad̃ aĳ añ b-ṫēĳñ,
 ʒo d-ṫĳeam̃ a maoñ ṫaĳ aĳṫ fō lúċ.
- P. ʒh̃a'ṫ ṫĳĳall do'ĳ Ḑún úd̃ dúĳñ,
 aʒ am̃aĳc aĳ ʒh̃úĳr̃ mĳʒ̃ na nʒm̃aṫ;
 a Oĳĳĳ! ĳññrĳm̃ d̃uĳṫ ʒo h-aĳṫ,
 naċ fĳllṫeam̃ ṫaĳ aĳṫ ʒo bĳaċ.
- O. ʒh̃ ṫañ do ċĳĳallṫam̃ aññ rúd,
 a Pħad̃m̃uĳʒ! fúĳʒṫe a bur̃ añ ċĳam̃;
 a'ṫ ĳaĳĳ aĳ Ḑhĳa na m̃oĳr̃ ṫeam̃ṫ,
 fĳoṫ do ċuĳĳ aĳ ṫeam̃ċṫ na b-ṫṫañ.
- P. Nà cluĳĳm̃ tū fearṫa dā luad̃,
 aĳ ĳm̃ṫeam̃ċṫaĳb̃ f̃luaiʒṫe ṫhĳĳñ;
 na aʒ ĳm̃ċāĳñ aĳ Ḑhĳa na nʒm̃aṫ,
 a'ṫ ēĳṫṫfĳd̃ fē ṫm̃aĳċ̃ m̃ed' ʒuĳd̃e.
- O. ʒ n-ēĳṫṫfĳd̃ fē m̃em' ʒuĳd̃e ʒlōm̃.
 ṫĳoññ a'ṫ a f̃lōĳʒṫe ṫeam̃ċṫ dā Ḑhún;
 ma dēañṫaĳ ĳom̃ a mēĳĳ fēĳñ,
 a'ṫ do mēĳĳ, maĳ añ ʒ-ċēad̃na, ʒo ṫĳĳall dúĳñ.
- P. ēĳṫṫfĳd̃ fē leat aĳ dēañad̃ a mēĳĳ,
 a'ṫ m̃oĳṫad̃ tū fēĳñ ʒuĳr̃ bĳ añ ċĳall ĳṫ fearĳĳ;
 nĳ beĳd̃ oĳṫ earṫad̃ na bĳōñ,
 aʒ ċaĳċeam̃ na ʒlōm̃e a n-Ḑún Ḑhē.

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

- O. Jaμiaμpe aμ Φhja aμ o-τύp,
 pυl pō μαcαδ δa Φhún le teany;
 flúμpe cυp cύzαm do'η aμáη,
 cáμ zάβαμp, a Pháμμz! aμoμp uαμ?

SEJLZ ZHLEANNNA AN SMOIL,

ηδ

EAHTPA NA HNÁ HOJRE TAR LEAR.

- Paδ. OJSJN μp bμn μom do béal,
 aZ μnyμn pZéal aZup duaμ;
 aμ zαc áμo-flaμc bμ pαη b-Φéμn,
 do beμpeαδ bém aμn zαc cém cμuaμδ.

- Oμp. La δa μαbαμαμ Oμpμ a'p Φμon,
 a'p Φeαμzup bμn a μαc féμ;
 Opzup μμlteaδ, Φμaμμμδ δonμ,
 Conáη μαol a'p μμlle do'η b-Φéμn.

αZ τημall cμm pεμlze μαμpeαη cεδδác,
 zo Zleanη aη Smóμ¹ μe áμ ηzαδaμμ zo moc;
 δαμ do λaμpe, a Chléμμz cδμμ,
 ba μδμ aμ η-δóécαp aμ λuαδαp aμ z-con.

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

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

THE CHASE OF GLEANN AN SMOIL,

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GIANTESS WHO CROSSED THE SEA.

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bġ Szeólan a' r Briañ ar éill,
 aʒ Fġonñ rġeð ġona dðġð ;
 do bġ a cú aʒ ʒac ġ-duġne do'ñ Fhġeġññ,
 a' r ar ġʒaðaġñ bġel-bġeġñ aʒ dġeñað ceðġl.

Do ʒluarġeamañ cun tulcá¹ ðr cġonñ ʒleañña,
 mañ ar b'arġbġeġñ duġlleaðar ar cmaġññ aʒ fár ;
 bġ éañlaġt ruarġc aʒ ceġleaðar aññ,
 'rañ cúac ʒo ceðl-bġeġñ aññ ʒac arð.

Do léġ a maðamañ aññ do'ñ Fhġeġññ,
 ar ʒ-conarġc luarġt léġñneac faoġ'ñ ġʒleaññ
 do rʒaoġl Fġonñ a ða ʒaðar dġeʒ,
 a' r ba bġeġñe ġeġñ ña tġeada a ġʒlam.

Dúrġeap leð añ eġġe ġñaoġ,
 ba ʒġle a taob ña eala ar ġeġñ ;
 añ taob eġle ðġ ar ðac añ ʒuarġl,
 a' r ba luarġte ġ ña reaðac ar coġll !

Do rʒaoġl ʒac ġ-duġne 'ʒuġeġñ a cú ða ġ-éġll,
 a' r do rʒaoġl Fġonñ fġeġñ Briañ ;
 ð'ġñtġeaðar ar ar ġ-añarġc ʒo léġñ,
 a' r ba beaʒ ar ġʒaoġr teacġt ña ġʒar !

ġr ġðr añ t-ġeġññað do ġeġñ añ ġġʒ,
 do'ñ eġġe ġñaoġl fā ña luar ;
 le ñar ġárġuġʒ ġarġeap con ña ʒ-cġġoc,
 a' r Briañ, ġeġñ ñar léġ ʒeġġ uarð.

O ġñoc ġarðne ba ġðr añ fġaðac,
 do leañ ʒo ðġañ añ eġġe luarġt ;
 ʒo ð-tarġeġñ oġġuġeġñ duð ña ġ-oġðce,
 a' r ñac fācamañ ʒaðar 'ñá cú.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Chujr Fionn a órdóꝝ 'na béal,
 a' r do cóꝝaigh í fá na déad zo cnuaid ;
 ann riu, d' éiafuaid Conán maol,
 cár záb ar nꝝadaigh béil-bienn uairn ?

 Dar do laimí, a Chonán maol,
 do maíd Fionn znoide an flait ;
 ní éillfid tar n-air orruinn arí, r,
 d' ár leaigh an eilic maol acé Brian.

 Do éur an Fhianh zo móir a m-brión,
 a' r nioir b' ionꝝuad dóib do díe a z-con ;
 ir é a dubradar, nac reilz cóir,
 do éarlad dóib 'ran nꝝleann zo moé.

 Nioir b-fada zo b-facamar cúꝝaigh ran nꝝleann,
 Brian a' r í ruaidte ráruizíte fliuc ;
 a' r ar d-teacé di d' ár lácair,
 dar do laim ba éruaꝝ a cnué.

 Do laid rí ríor a b-fiaðhaisre Fhianh,
 do zóil zo ruizéac, a' r do rꝝiead zo cnuaid ;
 ir corínúil a cóileair, do maíd Fionn,
 zo b-fuil ar z-cionn a z-conꝝadairic éruaid !

 Neimh-ní liñne, do maíd an Fhianh,
 laoc dá ériñne do éiz tar muir ;
 ir meara liñn a beicé d' ár n-díe,
 ar nꝝadaigh béil bienn a' r ar z-cionn.

 Zu maíd na b-focal riu dóib,
 eilz dá lácair beaigh dob' aighre rnuad ;
 bí folc óir-buidé léite az fá, r,
 zo moéairn a rála ríor zo dnué.

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

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

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

[glen,

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

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

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

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

O. Do bĭ a žmuad̄ ar̄ dač̄ an̄ mōr,
 a' r̄ a b̄raoič̄e mōd̄m̄ar̄i ba b̄reāž̄ žeal̄ ūr̄ ;
 a m̄orž̄a ž̄lar̄a, ž̄lan̄a, ž̄an̄ č̄eō,
 a' r̄ a b̄ēlĭn̄ b̄iŋn̄ do lab̄ar̄i žo c̄iur̄n̄.

Jr̄ e ad̄ub̄ar̄i, t̄a coir̄e 'ž̄am̄ duir̄, a F̄h̄iŋn̄,
 a' r̄ d̄a b̄-ŋuĭl̄ až̄uĭb̄ an̄n̄ do'n̄ b̄-F̄ēiŋn̄ ;
 žo t̄eāž̄lac̄ iŋž̄iŋe ām̄-ŋiž̄ Š̄r̄ēāž̄,
 t̄a le t̄r̄i ħ̄i a ŋ-Œ̄iŋiŋn̄ ž̄an̄ f̄ior̄ d̄iĭ !

Ž̄ ŋ-Oĭleān̄ ŋa h̄-J̄ŋŋr̄e t̄a c̄ēad̄ bar̄c,
 cuž̄ a h̄-āč̄ar̄i f̄ēiŋ m̄ar̄i f̄ēiŋĭŋ d̄i ;
 iŋ iom̄d̄a ōiž̄-bean̄ ħ̄ar̄r̄eāč̄ bl̄āč̄,
 do č̄āiŋiž̄ l̄ēi t̄ar̄i r̄āĭl̄ an̄oiŋi.

Jr̄ iom̄d̄a loiŋž̄ear̄ l̄iŋŋt̄a d'ōm̄,
 d'ar̄iž̄eād̄, do f̄m̄ōll̄, a' r̄ do f̄j̄oda b̄ān̄ ;
 č̄āiŋiž̄ l̄iŋn̄ an̄oiŋi r̄an̄ m̄ōd̄,
 a' r̄ žo leōm̄ eĭle ŋāč̄ b̄-ŋuĭl̄ m̄ē m̄ād̄.

Jr̄ iom̄d̄a oĭž̄r̄ēad̄ lan̄ do b̄eoiŋi,
 iŋ iom̄d̄a b̄iŋi f̄ā f̄eōĭl̄ d̄a ž̄m̄ior̄,
 až̄ur̄ coir̄n̄ ŋiž̄t̄e, a' r̄ ōm̄-č̄ēāĭd̄,
 t̄a m̄ēiĭd̄ f̄ād' č̄ōm̄ar̄i, a F̄h̄iŋn̄ ?

Jr̄ iom̄d̄a loiŋž̄ear̄ āč̄ā ar̄ m̄uŋi,
 až̄ur̄ r̄ālār̄ ž̄eal̄ ar̄ t̄iŋi ;
 t̄r̄iĭll̄r̄ēāiŋ f̄oiĭll̄r̄eāč̄ ar̄ lar̄ād̄,
 t̄a āĭce f̄ād' č̄ōm̄ar̄i žo f̄ior̄i.

Đar̄i do l̄āiŋr̄e, ar̄ Coŋān̄ m̄aol̄,
 ŋĭ b̄-ŋuar̄ar̄ am' f̄āož̄al̄ cuŋr̄e iŋ f̄ēāri ;
 iŋ m̄ōm̄ m'oc̄mar̄ až̄ur̄ m'j̄ota,
 iŋ ē mo d̄ič̄ ž̄ān̄ m̄ē r̄ān̄ āĭt̄ !

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

O. Բլլեար աղ եզար ծոծ' ճիղե բշին,
բայ մոծ շեճոյա՛ն ծ-տայնչ՝ նար նշար,
ա՛ր ծո Լեռնայար ի շօ Լուսի,
շօ հ-Օլեան Եղբր ի Լուսչ նա մ-բար.

Չօ բալտիշեճ մօնայար աչ Եղբրաճ Շիւթաչ,
բարձեար նար ծ' շլեարտար Ելճ;
Ելլեճ օրնա բայ ա՛ր Ելլար,
մար Ել ծօրն ծօ միչ ա՛ր ծօ շիւթ.

Ձար տղ շօրշարար ար ն-օրնա ծօ Ելճ,
ա՛ր ար ն-իօտա ծ' բայ ա՛ր ծօ Ելլար,
ծօ Լեռնար Բայն աղ բլալ շիւթ,
ա՛ր ծնարար շօ մաճ շար Ելլար շօ բօլ.

Ձար մաճ նա Ե-բօլալ բայ շիւ ծա Լեռնար,
Ելլար Ել շիւթար ար Ել շիւթ;
ա Ելլար ծօր ար ա Ելլար,
ա՛ր բօլ ծն բայ Լե բայ շօ ծիւթ.

Չօ Ել աճար շօ ծօ ար շիւ ծա Ելլար,
աչ աղ Ե-բայն նար Ե՛լլարնա Ելլար;
ա ծեճ շիւթալ Ելլար շիւթ,
ա՛ր մեճա Լե բայ շիւթ նա շիւթ.

Չօ Ել շարար շօ ծօ ծն,
մար բայնալ տար աչ բար՛նա Ելլար;¹
աչ բլե բայ Լե շօ հ-ալ,
մար Ել շիւթ Ելլար Ելլարնա շօ ծօ.

Չօ Ել Ելլար Ելլարնա շօ ծօ Ելլար,
Ելլար շօ Ելլար ա՛ր շօ ծօ Ելլար;
աղ շօ շիւթ ար ծա՛ն աղ շար,
բայ մար Ելլար բայ շ-Ելլար Ել շիւթ.

¹ Plica Polonica?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Fálte moíat a níċ ná b-Fíahy,
 ír íad ná bhíacra do cáin rí;
 ír leat íomláy mo cúid baic,
 mo bhanntraét áluíy a' r mé mar mhaoi.

Jr mé íyċeah árd níċ Śréaċ,
 ná deapna cumahy le céile rí!
 zo d-táinċ mé ahoir fód' déin,
 a níċ ná Féinhe tar mór mhair.

Do ċeadaíy aínċead aċur ór,
 do ċeadaíy urraíy fód' a' r buad;
 tar a b-fuyl do laócra láidne cróda,
 ran doíah mór o éar zo tuaid.

Dar do láimrí, a íyċeah ay níċ,
 do náid Fíohy, cróide náí meirib;
 ní ċeabad féy leat mar mhaoi,
 a' r ċur tú bí moíam a íy 'ran t-reilċ.

Áicéíċím ay do bíat faíyíyċ ríóll,
 ċur tú bí yċleahy ay ríóil moíahy zo moé;
 a' r faíyíyċím díot a maíneahy beó,
 ay yċadaíy beal-bíy a' r ay ċ-coíy.

Dar do láimrí féin, a Fhíy,
 ċé'í mór é fíoc búí ċ-coíyċ ċaíy,
 táid ríad ule marib ċay bíċ,
 acé Bíah ay níċ íuċ buad ċacé realċ.

Jr íomda laóc, láidíy, luaé,
 a' r ċaíyċídeac cruaid a ċ-caé;
 do éuy íomra a d-toíac rluaċ,
 a' r ay mo buad ní beirnead heart.

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

O. Jf nj mō, nj f̃llfead taru tuuḡ,
 ʒo m-bejfead buad liom ḡ'ḡ b-ƒēiḡ;
 f̃ʒačfead būri ʒ-ciuḡ ḡ būri ʒ-coiḡ,
 cia mōri būri hearič a'f būri d-treḡ.

Do feiḡ f̃i ceōlta mō b̃iḡ f̃iče,
 le'ri čaḡll ʒač laoč aʒuiḡ a hearič;
 do ceaiḡlad f̃iuḡ le h-iuḡean aḡ m̃iḡ,
 cé'ri iḡōri ari uḡiḡōm aḡi ʒač cač.

Do čariariḡ a laḡi f̃uḡltač liomēta,
 ir i lan d'f̃ioč, iḡa lāim deir;
 ʒuri f̃ʒoč ḡa ciuḡ do čead laoč,
 a'f ba iḡōri aḡ t-uaiḡaiḡ d̃ič ḡa b-feari.

Ni riab beō f̃aiḡ Iuḡre ačt mē,
 Coḡaiḡ maol, a'f Diariḡuḡd Doḡi;
 Feariḡur f̃ile a'f Oḡʒuri treaiḡ,
 aḡ taiḡ do labari m'ačari f̃ioḡi.

ʒabari do čoiḡiḡic a iuḡean aḡ m̃iḡ,
 ḡa cuḡi do'ḡ t-f̃aoiḡeal aoiḡ feari nj buḡ mō;
 a'f ʒo uḡeabariḡiḡ f̃eiḡ leat mari iḡaiḡoi,
 m̃iḡa m-bejč ʒoll caoč ḡa uḡiḡōm čriaiḡd.

Da ḡ-dēaiḡariḡiḡ malarič ari mo iḡaiḡoi,
 do čuḡiḡfead mē do'ḡ t-f̃aoiḡeal čum b̃ari,
 a'f aḡ bean do ʒabar a d-túr mo f̃aoiḡil,
 leiḡ aḡ b-feari caoč ʒo b-f̃uḡl a p̃arič,

Dar do lāimre f̃eiḡ, a f̃hiḡiḡ,
 baiḡfeadrič a čeaiḡ de ʒoll iḡōri;
 a'f dā uḡabaiḡiḡ leiḡ do'ḡ f̃hēiḡiḡ,
 mari a uḡlacarič mē mari baiḡiḡoḡariḡ dōib,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. 'Do tóg rí léi a cablaó mhódbhaic,
 a' r a cianhaib feoil zo h-áird le zaoit;
 zuir záb talair a m-Beinne Eadair¹ na ríóz,
 mar a maib Toll cróda na lanh caoir.

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

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

ḡOIRIḡH BHEINNE H-EADAIR LE TRÍUR FIDHGE.

AN CHÉAD FHILE.

Ir doibhne beic a m-Beinne Eadair,
 Fijr-bhne beic ór a ban mháir;
 Choc lairíair lonzírair líoníair,
 Beairí fíoníair fíoníair fázírair,

Beairí iona m-bíod Fíonh a' r Fíairha,
 Beairí iona m-bíod cuiríh a' r cuacá,
 Beairí da d-cuz O'Duibhe daíha
 Leir Tríairíhe do díairí maíza.

Beairí tonh-zíair feac zác talac,
 'Sa mullac eiríh-zíair corírac;
 Choc lairíac eirírac eirírac,
 Beairí ballac beairízac mhózac.

Beairí ir áiríhe ór íac Eiríairí,
 Zíe beiríh ór fairíze fairíairí;
 Zí eirízeair ir eíirí eiríairí líoní,
 Beairí áiríh Eadair doibhíh.

Ἀν ταν δο κονηαιτε ὄλλ τρέαν,
 αν ε̄αβλᾱε̄ ḡλέαρτα ᾱζ τεᾱε̄τ̄ ε̄υμ̄ κυαιυ ;
 ιρ̄ ε̄ δ̄ύβαιτε ῡάμ̄ μήαῑε̄ αν ρ̄ζ̄ε̄αλ,
 αν̄ μήε̄ιδ̄ δο̄'η̄ φ̄ήε̄ιρη̄ ε̄ε̄αρ̄δᾱῑζ̄ ῡαῑδ̄.

Ἀρη̄ ρ̄ιη̄ δ̄'ḡιαρ̄μαῑδ̄ ὄλλ τρέαν,
 ε̄ιᾱ β̄ε̄αρ̄φ̄ᾱδ̄ ρ̄ζ̄ε̄αλᾱ ε̄υῑζε̄ ο̄'η̄ ζ̄-κυαιυ ;
 αδ̄ύβαιτε̄ Καοῑτε̄ ζ̄υμ̄ β'ε̄ ρ̄έ̄ιη̄,
 δο̄ ε̄ᾱβᾱιφ̄ᾱδ̄ τυαῑαρ̄ζ̄β̄ᾱῑλ̄ ο̄'η̄ τ-ρ̄λυᾱζ̄.

ὄλυαῑρε̄αρ̄ αν̄ λαο̄ε̄ λ̄αῑδῑμ̄ λυᾱε̄,
 με̄αῡμη̄ᾱε̄, βυαν̄, λ̄αν̄ δο̄ β̄ρ̄ῑζ̄ ;
 ζ̄ο̄ μ̄ά̄ιῡῑζ̄ ρ̄ε̄ κομ̄φ̄ αν̄ τ-ρ̄λυᾱζ̄,
 α'ρ̄ δο̄ β̄ῑ αν̄ β̄ε̄αν̄ μ̄ο̄δ̄μ̄ μ̄ο̄ῑμη̄ε̄ ᾱ ο-τ̄ῑμ̄.

Ἀμ̄ β-φ̄αῑρ̄ῑη̄ μ̄ῑ-ρ̄ζ̄ε̄ῑη̄ η̄ᾱ μη̄ᾱ,
 μη̄ε̄ᾱδ̄ ᾱ κῡάμη̄ᾱ α'ρ̄ ᾱ φ̄αο̄β̄αῑμ̄ ;
 δο̄ ε̄μ̄ο̄ε̄η̄ῡῑδ̄ ρ̄ε̄ ο̄ β̄οη̄η̄ ζ̄ο̄ β̄άμ̄μ̄,
 ε̄ε̄ δ̄'ḡιαρ̄μαῑδ̄ ζ̄ο̄ η̄-άμ̄δ̄ ε̄άμ̄ β'αρ̄ δο̄'η̄ μ̄η̄λο̄ῑ ?

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

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

THE SECOND BARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE THIRD BARD.

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

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

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

O. 2)ire, ar rí, inzéan aid níž Tréaz,
do déanfainn coinniac le deic z-céad laoc;
a'r bein rin leat mar rzeala uaim,
mar a b-fuil an Fhianh a'r Toll caoc.

2)irer dóib fór zan bhéiz,
zo rziortfad mé feara Fajl;¹
muna d-tozafaid mé mar céile,
do níž na féinne Fionn an aiz.

Ar fillead do Chaolte tar air,
a'r ar élor na m-bríatari do Tholl áoc;
do éuir deic z-céad cróda a n-aim zairze,
éum dul do coinniac inžine níž Tréaz.

Ní b-fuil neac do bí tréan a n-aim,
nar leazad ran z-caé rir an mhaol;
zo n-dúbairre Toll da nžéillfead cac,
zo d-tabairfad éiric 'na n-deáruad rí.

Zo moé do lé éirzeaf Toll,
faoi élozad tróm a'r faoi rziac;
a éloideam fuilteac iona dóid,
éum dul az coinniac rir an mhaol.

Cia zo m-ba laoc laidrin Toll,
ba laz lonz a lám ran nžvjom;
cé zur éruaid a lírfeac a'r a rziac,
ir ionda cnead do bí 'na áoib.

2)amzar croide! ar fead rí la,
zan bíad, zan cobla, zan ruan;
do bí an dír zo tréan fearzad,
zan rior elár na trerfe buad.

¹ Fajl or Ionn Fajl, one of the ancient names of Ireland. See *Keating*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *i.e.* Ransom.

Օ. Պօ ծամայլու, ա լալի ըստ Երբե զօ'ն Բիւրն,
 ա'ր Ըօնն յաօլ յա լալի շտ շրսայլ ;
 զ'ար շ-օրմեաձ աշ շաօշաձ ծան,
 շօ յ-ձեաձաձար սլե շտ ըստ ըստ :

Լաճար Պարսպաձ ձեաձ-ձեալ շրսն,
 զօ շօրմաձ շաօրն ըստ աղ զիշ ;
 յ'աղար շրսձե ! ա ըբիւրեան յիշ,
 շտ յե 'շար շա ըստ ծառալի ըօր :

Եր շա ըստ արիւ յաղ շար յիշալի,
 'ըստ շալիւ, յօձարիւ, ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ա շրսձ շար յիշալի աղ շօրսն,
 շալձ շալ ըստ ըստ ըստ :

Պար շօ շարիւ յա'ր ըստ զօ ըստ,
 զօ ըստ աղ զիշ զօ շօրմաձ շաօրն ;
 ըստ շալձաձ շա զօ զօ ըստ ըստ,
 ա'ր ա ըստ զօ'ն Բիւրն աղար ըստ ըստ :

Բարձրալ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ շալ զօ շարիւ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ա'ր զօ ըստ շալ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 աղ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ :

Շօճար ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 զօ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 զօ'ն ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ :

Պօ ըստ ըստ, աղ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ա'ր ա ըստ զօ'ն Բիւրն աղ ըստ ըստ :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Tuż Djarmuż ruma bule ari an b-Féiyn,
 a' r ari Chonay maol bi rian zo h-ole ;
 muna m-beit Orzur do corz a lanh,
 do ruidicead re an ceann da corp.

Labrar Djarmuż zo macmar riodmar,
 lan d'féiyn a' r d'fiod na méiyn ;
 cread an fat ari bayir an ceann,
 do' n mhaol d'fuarzail rion d' réiyn ?

Da m'nyean damra i, ari Conay,
 no for an madairi do muz me féiyn ;
 do bayirion a ceann da zeal bmadad,
 a d-taob me fadzail com fada a b-réiyn ?

Do gluarreamar zan read, zan rzit,
 mar ari trearzmad an Fhiany mur an mhaol,
 a' r ari d-taob duiyn traot cum ladar,
 do conarcamar ari a' r earbad laoié !

Do bi Soll faoi clozad a' r faoi rziaé,
 az rior treara comraic le h-nyean an miz ;
 a' r i da zoyn le mor iomad creact,
 d'fad an laoc zan nearc, zan brij.

Jarraf Orzur cead ari Zholl,
 dul do comrac leir an mhaol ;
 a' r dubairc zur doilb leir a car,
 beit faoi cheada a' r fa miz-mhaol.

Ni b-fuil aon laoc ran doman beo,
 na a n-Eiyn da doirde cal ;
 do leirfionne a comrac leir an mhaol,
 zo n-iocad lom ari ron an ari !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Լձբար Բարչսր նա տ-երաչիս շարս,
 օր է երոցած աղ տ-օրս ար ծրաօր ;
 չօ ե-բարս ծ'Օրչսր շար օ Շոլլ,
 dul cum comharic leir աղ տրաօր.

Շեարս Օրչսր ա շոլլեան ա'ր ա բշիւտ,
 ա բլեւչ շեարս ա'ր ա շոլլած շրաւծ ;
 ոյ բալբ բաղ շ-բարսոց եւօ նա եւաճա,
 աղ տրաճ ծօ շարսրաճ սրբարս սարծ.

Պօ եյ աղ ծիր Լարսր շարս Լուճ,
 շարսր շարս բաօր տրաւալբ ;
 Լե տրաւ տրօճա շարսր շարս,
 աչ բեճ-շարչարս ա շարս.

Լձբար Բարչսր եւալ-երոց բարսր,
 ա'ր Շոլլ տրաճ ծօ եյ տրաւ ար արս ;
 ա տր Օրչիս շարսոց աղ սարս,
 եյ տս շ-բարս նա ի-տրոց ա շ-բարչալ շարս.

Շարչար Օրչսր Լարս Լեճարս,
 տար շարս աղ տ-բլեւչ տրաճ ;
 չարս շարս աղ տ-բլեւչ Լե տրաւ ա ծօրս,
 տրա շարսոց նա տրա տրոց արաճ.

Պօ շոլլեանսրոց տրի շարս բաղ ե-բարս,
 ա'ր տրոց տրալ Լե Շոլլ տրաւ-երաճ բարս ;
 տար շարս աղ եւալ Լե ի-Օրչսրս արս,
 Ծօ եյ Լուճարս, շարսրաճ, շարս, շարս.

Պար շարսրս շարս տրաւոց ծօն տրաօր,
 տրա տրաճ, ար բարս, ծարս շարս բարս ;
 Ծօ եյ տրա շարսրա տար տրաւոց,
 ա'ր ծօ շարս, տրա ծարս ! բօ շարսրալ եւ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Na δριαοίτε δο δεαριβυζ̄ φαίρτινε δο,
 (μο ήλλαότ δόιβ̄ ζο βιαέ αμίρ ;)
 ζο η-βέαριφαινη μαc δο ρζιγορφάδ αη Ξηριέζ,
 α'ρ δο βαιηφεαδ, δε φέηη, α έεαηη ζαη ρζιέ !

Φα β-φαζαηηηρε ζαβαηι ιιοη μαρι ήηαοι,
 ό έεαηηπόριτ ηό ο έεαηη ρλόζ ;
 δο βέαριφαινη μαc δα ηζέιλλφεαδ αη δοίηαη,
 α'ρ δο βειδίνηη φέηη αμίρ αη έλόδ.

Δο βαδαρα λα, εια δύβαέ μο ρζέαλ,
 αη αιηεαέτ ηηά αζ φιλλεαδ ρύλ,
 λε δριαοιζέαέτ ειορδα μ'άεαη φέηη,
 δο έαηλλεαρ μο ρζέιηη α'ρ μο ρηηαδ.

Αη λα ρηη δο ηαριβαδ αη βεαη ήόη,
 α'ρ δο ρζιγορφάδ φόρ α cablac βαη,
 αζ ρηη αζαδρα, α Cηλέριηζ έόηη,
 εαέτμα ηα ηηά ηόηηε ταη λεαη !

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

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

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

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

FJADHACH FHIANNÁ EJREANN AR SHLIABH
TRUJÁ.

O. LÁ dá mabamair ar Shliab Trujá,¹
Fianha Fhionn fá lan zúil;
dob' iomda deaḡ-laoc aḡar cú,
ann do ba maic ar móin.

Ní maib laoc díob zán rḡlác,
ar an rliab a' r dá cóin;
a' r zán cúpla zadar 'ran uzleann,
cimceall Fhionn do b'féarú zóil.

Do rreacúuḡ rionn ar zác zleann,
fá maic ar d-teann a z-ceann cionn;
rionn zán deirfad ar lonn bhóin,
ar d-tréire fá h-ád zán loct.

Dúirḡzéar linn ór bairr beann,
fadaóc na uzleann a' r na d-tom;
ar zác taob dínn ran leirḡ,
dob' iomda eilic aḡar bhoc.

Dob' iomda laoc ann aḡar cionn,
aḡ éirḡ ar an maic zó luaic;
do deannan reirze ar zác zleann,
d'éirḡ Fhionn cilic na d-tuac.

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

THE FINNIAN HUNT OF SLIABH TRUIM.

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

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

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

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

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

given it by the ancestor of the present Scotch proprietor. It is one of a vast chain of mountains which stretches into the county of Derry ; the most magnificent of which are Knockswel, Mary Gray, and Carntogher. See O'Donovan's Four Masters, A.D. 1275, 1435, and Jobson's Map of Ulster.

O. Dhá éoin a láim zác fíu,
 d'ár éiríú aon fíu do'n Fhétíu;
 ir aзам féin atá fíor,
 oc! cía táim aondu zay ééll.

 A déar zay dearmad cuib,
 d'annanharb con an teany íluaiú;
 nóir léizead cú díob dá h-éll,
 nár ba h-aiéne dam féin a buad.

Do léiz O' Baoirzhe Brian dian,
 a'r Szeólan fá dian mte;
 do léiz Oirín Buadaé Whóir,
 a'r Ablac Oz dá n-déir fíu.

Od' éonharic Mac Brearaíl raor,
 coir an míz az dul ne teany;
 do léiz a dá éoin féin fó zarú,
 Uét Air, azar Air an Fheirib reany.

Do léiz Orzuir mear nár éim,
 Mac an Tuim cona íleaba óir;
 do léiz Caol cídóda zo nglad,
 Léim ar Lúe a'r an éoin éróir.

Do léiz Zarraid, na n-aim nglan,
 Fearman a'r Fozar a'r Whaon;
 do léiz O'Duibhe zo dear,
 Eactac na z-clear a'r Daoil.

Do léiz Mac an Smóil, Coirzól a'r Tríam zíu,
 azar Airéir a'r Raon a n-diaú éac;
 do léiz O'Conbrón zo beact,
 Coir Dub 'na n-diaú, a'r Dealb Ban.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do léiṣ Conán zo uṣuṣom̄ uṣuṣod,
 Ríé, Rod, a' r Ríé ne h-Árd;
 do léiṣ Faolan carriad̄ con,
 Carriaiṣín a' r Súé Ṣarṣ.
- Do léiṣ Mac Eadaoin̄e iar rín,
 Cor-luaiṣe caoin̄, a' r Fuac̄-lám̄ uṣéar;
 do léiṣ Mac M̄órn̄a an̄ ṣrín̄,
 Árn̄a aṣar Árd̄ na Seán̄ṣ.
- Do léiṣ Fear̄dub̄ain̄ mac Fh̄inn̄,
 Ciar̄-éóill̄ do éinn̄ ar̄ ṣac̄ c̄oin̄;
 do léiṣ Reiṣe zo rún̄,
 Jorṣad̄ Ur̄ ir̄ luaiṣe na lon̄.
- Do léiṣ Caoiṣe Fuac̄ zo m̄-buad̄,
 aṣar Cuiṣreac̄ fá c̄ruaiṣ̄ t̄rear;
 do léiṣ D̄áinne fear̄ na ḡ-duan̄,
 S̄inead̄, aṣar B̄ioé ba dear̄.
- Do léiṣ Cair̄neall, an̄ laoc̄ m̄órn̄,
 Ṣaiṣleann̄, a' r Ṣuain̄e, a' r Ṣal;
 do léiṣ Mac Dub̄ain̄, an̄ fear̄ f̄ial,
 R̄ian̄ 'na ḡ-d̄iaṣ̄ aṣar Scal̄.
- Do léiṣ D̄áinne Dear̄ṣ mac Fh̄inn̄,
 Árd̄ na Sealṣ̄ aṣar Rann̄ C̄ruaiṣ̄;
 do léiṣ Mac Luṣeac̄ mear̄,
 C̄roéac̄ Ṣeal̄ ir̄ fear̄n̄ buaiṣ̄.
- Do léiṣ Áod̄ Beáṣ, fear̄ ba r̄iar̄,
 M̄ar̄b̄ na ṣ-Cat̄ aṣar Taom̄;
 do léiṣ Conán̄ Mac an̄ Leṣé,
 L̄iaṣán̄ dá h-éill̄ aṣar Laom̄.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Léiḡṡeari a' r' ḡarua ḡarb dá éoiu,
 Jollan aru, a' r' ḡac an Smóil ;
 Orḡur mac Crioiriḡeac anu nár doiriḡ,
 do léiḡ rē Soiriḡ aḡar Nóiu.

Do léiḡ Fearḡur file, ḡan deariḡad,
 ḡḡiaḡad aḡar Faoiḡḡeari caol ;
 Tolla ḡac Caoilte an feari file,
 de léiḡ re Riān aḡar Laoḡ.

Do léiḡ Dáire aḡar ḡac Ronāiu,
 Dḡḡḡeiriḡ a' r' Dobrióu ḡo diāu ;
 do léiḡ Uairne ḡan táire ḡo luaiḡ,
 coiḡ aine ná b-Fiānu.

Do léiḡ riad clanna Cearda,
 a ḡ-conaḡite le ḡáiri brióiu ;
 Cori aḡar Dearḡ a' r' Driḡḡliuḡ,
 Cóiḡbeanu a' r' Roiḡ, Teanu a' r' Trioiḡ.

Do léiḡ Cnú Dhearióil, Eolla Airneoiu,
 aḡar Ceóla fá riḡm,
 Uaiḡ ná rleāḡ nár beāḡ-lanḡac,
 do léiḡeac ḡḡieac, ḡoba, a' r' Bériḡ.

Crioiḡḡanu ná m-beanu, a' r' Couu,
 dá ḡac do Bheāḡall an aiḡ ;
 do léiḡ riad Doḡari a' r' Doiri,
 do léiḡ riad Ciriḡ aḡar ḡáiri.

Do léiḡ riad teaḡlac ná flaca,
 ḡo h-eólac ḡan taca rḡaiḡe ;
 ná u-diaiḡ do briḡ ná reiḡe,
 do báari uile lan d'fāḡail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. 'Dob' ɣomða cêad az mɛ̄t̄ arɛ̄ fɛ̄lad,
 'n̄arɛ̄ d-tɛ̄m̄c̄eall ɣan ɣɛ̄lad ba deap ;
 b̄adap n̄a cāta arɛ̄ a loɣz,
 da b-ɣeɣ̄t̄eant̄ ɣ̄a boɣb a d-tɛ̄meap.

'Dob' ɣomða zūt̄ fɛ̄lad azap toɣc,
 arɛ̄ an ɣɛ̄lad d̄arɛ̄ t̄uɣt̄ an t-ɣeɣ̄lz ;
 arɛ̄ n̄-dul do'n̄ c̄on̄arɣt̄ ɣ̄ō t̄arɣt̄ɛ̄b̄,
 ba m̄oɣɛ̄ z̄arɣta toɣc azap fɛ̄lad.

N̄ɛ̄ deac̄arɛ̄d̄ fɛ̄lad ɣoɣɣ n̄a ɣɣarɛ̄,
 n̄a toɣc ɣ̄ō ɣɛ̄lad da m̄arɣb bēō ;
 d̄ɣob ɣan uɣle n̄ac̄ m̄arɣb m̄arɣb̄,
 o'n̄ z̄-con̄arɣt̄ ɣɣn̄ ɣ̄ō z̄arɣb̄ z̄lēō.

'Do m̄arɣbam̄arɛ̄ deɣc̄ z̄-cêad fɛ̄lad arɛ̄ an ɣɛ̄lad,
 azap deɣc̄ z̄-cêad toɣc ;
 arɛ̄ z̄-con̄arɣt̄ arɛ̄ m̄êad a b-ɣeɣ̄ɣz̄e,
 d'ɣ̄az̄badap deapz̄ z̄ac̄ zoɣt̄.

N̄ɣoɣ h-̄arɣm̄ɛ̄d̄ eɣɣt̄e n̄a bɣoɣc,
 'n̄a m̄ɣol̄ta d'arɛ̄ t̄uɣt̄ ɣan leɣɣz̄ ;
 z̄ɣoɣ z̄uɣ h-̄arɣm̄êad̄ ɣad az ɣ̄ɣoɣn̄,
 m̄oɣɛ̄, dapɛ̄ ɣɣom̄, an̄ t̄uɣd̄ d'arɛ̄ ɣeɣ̄lz̄.

ɣ̄ɣadac̄ laoɣ ɣɣ m̄ō d'arɛ̄ m̄arɣb̄ad̄,
 a z̄-c̄ɣɣ̄ōc̄ Ban̄ba an̄n̄ z̄ac̄ t̄ɣac̄t̄ ;
 a'ɣ ɣɣ ɣēarɣ do b̄ɣ leɣm' ɣɣn̄,
 an̄ t-ɣeɣ̄lz̄ do m̄ɣz̄ne ɣ̄ɣoɣn̄ an̄ la.

ʒ̄arɛ̄ do ɣoɣn̄neam̄arɣ an̄ t-ɣeɣ̄lz̄,
 t̄an̄z̄am̄arɛ̄ arɛ̄ arɣd̄ da ɣoɣn̄n̄ ;
 c̄ɣuɣn̄n̄z̄̄ean̄n̄ an̄ t-ɣɣuaz̄ z̄an̄ lōc̄t̄.
 ō z̄ac̄ c̄nōc̄ a d-tɛ̄m̄c̄eall ɣ̄h̄ɣoɣn̄.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bĭ moĭnĭn azar mōzā az Šoll,
 zĕ'ri b'ioĭnda laoc loĭn ran b-Feĭnĭn;
 o'ĭn t-rluaž ačt zĕ'ri mōri a ĩzoĭl,
 ruarĭ rĕ rĭn ar eažla řĕĭn.

Roĭnĭtearĭ an t-řeĭlž ĩe Šoll mearĭ,
 ĩjoĭ řāzbađ řearĭ dĭob žan dĭol;
 ĩjoĭ dearĭmad duĭne do'ĭn Fhĕĭnĭn,
 ačt ĕ řĕĭn a'ř ĩĭre dĭob.

Do čanar ĩe Šoll ĩarĭ čĭm,
 a'ř ba arĕmeac ĩoĭm a řāđ;
 an řac řō dearĭa, a Šhoĭll,
 mo dearĭmad řō moĭnĭn tarĭ čac.

ĩjoĭ čuĭbe do ĩeac řō'ĭn ĩžĭĕĭn,
 arĕĭr oĭm řĕĭn řā'ĭn moĭnĭn;
 ĭr tĭuaž ĩac b-řuĭĭm ad žarĭ;
 a řĭĭ čōžbar an řala ĩĭnĭ.

D'řmeazarĭ Šobanĭn mo čolž,
 tazĭa boĭb ođ' bĭ az Šoll;
 an laoc řā ĩarĕ ĩĕĭm a'ř čāĭl,
 do čuadāř ĩa đāĭl žo loĭn.

Do tōžarĭb řĭoĭnĭn ĩac an loĭn
 a đā řleaž žo ĩĭm azar řžĭac;
 tĭž žo čĭřte tĭe ĩarĭ an t-řlōž,
 žuĭ žāb ĩĕ žo luač ĩa ĩarĭm.

Čoĭřžeađ le řĭoĭnĭn žo luač ar b-řearĭž,
 do žāb mo čuĭb do'ĭn t-řeałž ar řĕĭn;
 ĩjoĭ ĩarĭnar řacĕla ĩa řĭoc,
 do čuĭĭ ĭoĭĭ dĭř do'ĭn Fhĕĭnĭn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do m^h rⁱad t^einn^{te} z^an lo^ct,
 z^o cⁱnn^{te} a^ri z^ac c^hoc do' ^h t-rlⁱab;
 a d-tⁱm^{ce}all F^hiⁿn ba c^aom^h co^rip,
 d'f^ola^c rⁱad¹ a^zar to^ric.

Ma^ri do c^ata^ma^ri aⁿ t-^real^z,
 na ca^taⁱb^h f^o dea^rz r^huad;
 do t^ri^allama^ri rⁱanna Fⁱnⁿ,
 o rⁱla^b T^ruim^h z^o lo^c Cuaⁿ.²

Fua^rama^ri rⁱar^d³ a^ri aⁿ lo^c,
 n^ho^ri f^oc^arⁱ d^uiⁿn^h a be^re^t aⁿn;
 a^z f^ea^caⁱnⁿ d^uiⁿn^h 'n^arⁱ d-to^ct,
 ba m^ho 'n^a c^hoc a c^eaⁿn^h.

A t^ua^rur^zbaⁱl m^e a m^hola^d,
 z^o m-be^rd^h na z^lom^hu^ri z^an d^uiⁿ;
 do t^oll^rea^d, z^e'^ri m^ho^ri a b-^rrao^c,
 c^ead lao^c a la^z a d^a f^ul.

F^a m^ho n^a z^ac c^riaⁿn^h a z-coⁱll,
 a f^ria^cla do t^oi^ll z^ac z^riaⁿn^h;
 f^a m^ho n^a co^mla ca^truⁱz,
 clua^ra aⁿ a^rmaⁱc^e n'^arⁱ n-d^ai^l.

J^r rⁱad n^a o^cta^ri z^an ea^rbaⁱd,
 a h-^rar^boll r^ea^rma^c m^e a d^rom^h;
 ba ma^rma^re aⁿ c^ui^d ba c^ao^rle,
 n^a da^ri^ri dⁱleaⁿn^h, n^o coll.

Ma^ri do c^on^ha^ric uaⁱte aⁿ t-^rl^oz,
 d'ea^ri, a'^r ba m^ho^ri a f^rrao^c;
 bⁱad a^ri m^ac M^ho^rna z^an oⁿn^h,
 n^ho co^mma^c coⁿ a^zar lao^c.

¹ Fola^c rⁱad, Fenian cooking pits according to Keating. When discovered they contain half-burnt stones and small bones.

² lo^c Cuaⁿ, now the Lough of Strangford in the county of Down.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When it saw at a distance the host,
 It arose, and great was its fury ;
 It was Mac Morna's turn to give it food,
 Or engage it in combat with his heroes and hounds.

³ ΠΙΛΑΡ. This word signifies a serpent, snake, monster, or reptile of any sort ; and we so translate it as we proceed.

Ʋionn. Ní do fáirtaib Éinneann tú,
 a éinúg nac maic ciall ná com ;
 cá h-ait ar a d-cáthgar do' h' gleann ?
 adúbaire Ʋionn fearda rial.

Píart. Táinig m'ire anoir ó' h' Shléis,
 am méim zo máinig loc Cuan ;
 d'iarraib coimhaic ar an b-Ʋéinn,
 a' r do gábaíl tréine a rluag.

Cuirim forlann ar zac tuait
 do tuiceadair rluagte lem' gleó ;
 uairb muna b-fažad mo díol,
 h' fuaizfead azuib búir ríol beó.

Tuzaib dam coimhaic co luait,
 cia móir an t-rluag tá 'zad Ʋhinn,
 nó zo b-féacaim oruib anoir,
 mo neaire tar éir teacé tar toinn.

Ʋ. Ar gúad h-íunnhead iunir dúinn,
 zíd' móir do zóil a' r do gúain ;
 rzeala h-aéar a' r t-ainim,
 rúil cáiteam ar h-ainm ad dáil.

Armaic¹ cinhte atá 'ran h-Šréis,
 Jueórad zán bréis a ainim zúac ;
 Ciom na Cairze fá h-aid blas,
 ar fairze éoir az loc atá.

Péire ir maic zóil 'rir olc zúaoi,
 fá h-í ríu a mhaoi zán locé ;
 ir teaire caéair t-roir náir bir,
 a' r ružad m'ire do maic mac.

¹ Armaic. In O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary the meaning is *centaur, likeness, spectre, or apparition*.

FIONN. "Thou art not one of Erin's snakes,
 Thou loathsome thing without shape or form ;
 Whence hast thou come to the glen ?
 Asked the manly generous Fionn."

PIAST. "I have just now come from Greece,
 In my course till I reached Loch Cuan ;
 To demand battle from the Fianna,
 And to annihilate their hosts.

"I have laid desolate every land,
 Hosts have fallen by my prowess,
 And unless I obtain my reward from you,
 I will not leave [one of] your race alive.

Give me battle speedily,
 Tho' great the hosts thou hast, O Fionn ;
 Until I try upon you now
 My strength after crossing the wave."

F. "For the love of thy kin relate to us,
 Tho' great thy valour and hideous thy form,
 The history of thy father and thy name .
 Before we cast our weapons at thee."

A certain *Arrack* that dwells in Greece,
 Doubtless I shall tell his usual name,
 Crom of the Rock of great renown,
 In the eastern sea in a crag he dwells.

A serpent of great valour but of hideous form,
 Is his wife without blemish ;
 Few cities in the east that he has not ravaged,
 And I was born for him as a son.

- O. **Փ' քննար** արքա ար չա՛ն շիւ,
 Արձ րա Յ-Կա՛ւ¹ չօ ճարնոյ մ'արսոյ ;
 Ե Քիւնոյ ! ր մարժ տարճ ա'ր քաճ,
 ոյ շար կոյն ճօ քնաճ 'րա ր-արսոյ.
- Ա** Յ րոյ ար քնա՛ն ճ' քնարար ճոյն,
 Ե Քիւնոյ ! ր մարժ շօճ ա'ր ճարճ ;
 տաճար ճար յօրճար չօ ճար,
 ճի՛ն՝ կոյնար ճ' Քիւնոյն ա'ր ճօ քնար.
- Ճօ** մարժ Քիւնոյն, ճե'ր ճարարձ ար ճարն,
 րոյ ար ք-Քիւնոյն ճար յօն ճարն,
 ճա ճօրճ ճօ ճարար րա քնաճ,
 քնար քնարարար արձ մօր քնար.
- Տարնոյ** ար քնար ճօ ար ճ-քնարն,
 ր մօր ճ' ար մարժն ճօ ճար կն ;
 քն մօր ար ր-ճի՛ն ճ Ե ճօրճար,
 ոյն ճարարնոյ րոյն ճօրարն կնար.
- Տարնոյ** քնար ճօ ճ' ճարն,
 ար ար քնար ճօ ճարն քնար ;
 ճօ ճարն ճօ ճարն մօր ճարն ;
 ճարն ճօ ճօ ճար քնար.
- Ճօ** քնար արձ ճարն ճօ ճարն,
 ոյն ճարն ճօ ճարն Ե ճարն ;
 ճօ քնար, ճի՛ն ար կն ճ' ճարն,
 կարն ճօն քնար ճօ ճար արն.
- Ճօ** քնար ճի՛ն ճօն ճարն քնարն,
 ճարն կն ճօն ճարն ճարն քնարն ճարն ;
 քնարն ճարն ճարն ճօն ճարն,
 'րար քնարն քնարն ճարն ար ր-արն.

¹ Արձ րա Յ-Կաւ, i.e. the chief or king of the cats.

O. I entailed woe on every land,
Ard-na-g-Cat is my name truly ;
 O Fionn whose repute and prowess is great,
 I care not for thy hosts or arms.

This is the story which thou asked of me,
 O Fionn ! of the good sword and arm,
 Give me battle immediately
 Tho' numerous thy Fianna and thy strength.

Fionn ordered, though hard the step,
 The Fianna to go fight him ;
 To check him the hosts advanced,
 And from him they received great resistance.

The serpent came upon our battalions,
 And many of our chiefs by him fell ;
 Great was our loss by its onslaught,
 We could not with him contend.

Erase the chase from your memory,
 Saith the serpent vigorous and stout,
 It threw forth great showers
 Of fiery darts, and of spears.

By him we were left weary and sick,
 The contest was not adjusted by us,
 He swallowed, tho' difficult the task,
 Heroes clad in mail and armour.

It swallowed Fionn in the midst of them,
 When the Fianna of Eirinn raised a shout ;
 We were for some time without aid,
 And the serpent dealing destruction amongst us.

O. Doimur ar zác taob dá cóirp
 do mionead Fíonh 'nár b'ole méirh;
 zuir léiz amac zay fuirneac,
 zac ueac do fíoiZeac do' h Fhéirh.

Fíonh eial, ó' h z-coimiac do mhu,
 d' fódur agh ar na ríóž;
 zuir fuarZail le tmeay a laime,
 rír h le béim a žaie zo m-buad.

Do cóimiac agh Fhíagh a' r é me céile,
 móir agh tmeime dul dá cóirz;
 do cóimlahh, zé' m éruaid agh céim,
 a' r hóir fáon zuir rZar a agham me cóirp !

Am éur do píarZaib me Fíonh,
 hí éuirfeair a ruim zo bmaé;
 a h-deáruad d' aZar aZar d' éacé,
 a h-áirneah hóc ar féad cac.

Do máirb píarZ Loča Cuilíh,¹
 do éur le Mhac Cúimáil zo maé;
 a' r íl-píarZ Bheirne h-Éadair,
 a cóirz hóir féadaad a z-cac.

PíarZ eile Loča Cuilíh,
 do éur le Mhac Cúimáil agh óir;
 do máirb píarZ Loča Neacac,²
 a' r Áiriac Zhleayha agh Síóil.

¹ Loč Cuilíh. This lake is situated on the summit of Sliabh Guilleann or Cuilleann in the county of Armagh; and it was in it that Fionn went in quest of the ring, by which he became a withered old man (see p. 2, *ante*); but there are two other lakes of the same name in Ireland, to which local tradition attempts to transfer the poem, viz. Lough Cuillinn in the county of Mayo, and Lough Cuillinn (now Holly lake) in the barony of Ida, county of Kilkenny.

² Loč Neacac, now Lough Neagh, which is situated partly in the counties of Armagh, Down, Derry, and Antrim; and is the largest lake in Ireland, if not in Europe. Its petrifying qualities is such, that the peasantry prepare pieces of the holly tree in the form of a hone, and deposit it in its

- O. The serpent of Eirne, though a blue one, fell by him,
 And the furious serpent of Lough Rea ;
 He slew, though stout their hearts,
 A serpent and cat in Ath Cliath.

He slew the Spectre of Lough Lein,
 Great was the deed to go attack it ;
 He slew the Spectre of Dromcliabh,
 And the Spectre and Serpent of Lough Ree.

Fionn of the noble heart slew,
 The Spectre of Glen Righe of the highways,
 Each serpent by the might of his hand
 In Erin's glens he subdued.

The Spectre and Serpent of Glenarm,
 Though powerful they were, Fionn slew ;
 Fionn banished from the Raths
 Each serpent he went to meet.

A serpent in the refulgent Shannon
 That disturbed the happiness of the people,
 He slew by frequenting the lake,
 The serpent of Lough Ramar of the conflicts.

⁷ *Ḡleann Ríḡ*, Glenree, now the valley through which the Newry river runs.

⁸ *Ḡleann Anrim*, now Glenarm, a bay and village in the county of Antrim ; where is situated Glenarm Castle, the seat of the earls of Antrim. Robert Sussex, a Scotchman, built a monastery of the third order of Franciscans here in 1465, and an ancestor of the earls of Antrim endowed it with grants of land. *Top. Graph. Hib.* voce *Glenarm*.

⁹ *Ḡionnair*, the river Shannon, the etymology of which, is a matter of much discussion ; but the most probable is, that the name is compounded of the words *ḡeann* and *ḡair*, ancient river.

¹⁰ *Loe Rámar*, now Lough Ramor, near Virginia, in the barony of Castleraghan, county of Cavan. In its islands are several castellated ruins.

O. Do mhairib, fá mhór a tolad,
 Fuad íléibe Cuirlynn¹ zé'ru boirb;
 a' r dá péirt Zhllyne h-Ihnead,²
 do éurceadair riy me a éolz.

Do mhairib riarc Loça Mheilze,³
 lór a éreine do laim Fhlynn,
 a' r ílríarc Loça Carrua,⁴
 a' r Airiad Loça Tnuim.

Do bí ríarc ar Loç Mearza,⁵
 mhór a éreaf ar féaruaib Fáil;
 mhairib é me a éolz buadaç,
 zé'ru boirb an t-ualaç do çac.

Ar Loç Laozairne⁶ zo cihyte,
 ríarc do zyhð teine do bí;
 d'airhðeoiry a b-fuaill do fála,
 do ðjçceany le a airy í,

Fuad Dhiobaoir⁷ lór a éreine,
 azaf Airiyð⁸ íléibe an Chláill;
 do mhairib Floyy le Mhac an Loiy;
 zé'ru boirb a hzoyl a' r a hzleð.

¹ Sliab Cuirlynn, *vide* p. 2.

² Zleany h-Ihnead, now the valley through which the river Inny in the county of Westmeath runs, and is united to Lough Sheelin by a small rivulet.

³ Loç Mheilze, or Mheilbe, now Lough Melvin; a large fresh water lake from which issues the river Droghaais in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, contiguous to the county of Sligo.

⁴ Loç Ceara, now Lough Carra in the county of Mayo. It was anciently called Fionnloch Ceara.

⁵ Loç Mearza, now Lough Mask, a fine lake lying between the counties of Galway and Mayo. In *leabair na z-Cearc*, (*Book of Rights*, p. 100, *n.*), it is stated that, before the Dalcassian families, (called Dealbhna,) settled in West

- O. He killed, great was its destruction,
 The fierce monster of Sliabh Cuillinn,
 And the two serpents of Glen Inny,
 Fell by his sword.

He killed the serpent of Lough Meilge,
 A match in strength for the hand of Fionn ;
 And the huge serpent of Lough Carra,
 And the *Arrach* of Lough Truim.

There was a serpent on Lough Mask,
 Great was its havoc on the men of Fail ;
 He slew it by his powerful sword,
 Tho' the task was a heavy one.

On Lough Leary certainly,
 There was a serpent that did cast fire,
 Despite all its treachery
 With his arms he beheaded it.

The Spectre of Drobhaois great its might,
 And the *Aimid* of the mountains of Clare,
 Fionn slew with Mac-an-Loin,
 Tho' fierce their battles and conflicts.

or Iar Connaught, the Conmaicne Mara, or maritime Conmaicne, had possession of all that part of the present county of Galway lying west of Lough Measca (Mask) and Loch Oirbsean (now Corrib), and between Galway, and the harbour of Cael Shaille Ruadh (now Killary), all which district has its old name still preserved in the corrupted form of "Connemara."

⁶ *Loč Laoḡairte*, now Lough Mary, situated in the parish of Ardstraw, barony of Strabane, county of Tyrone.

⁷ *Ḑrobhaoir*, a river which flows from Lough Melvin in the lower part of the county of Leitrim.

⁸ *Ḃairne*, in the general acceptation of the term, means a careless slovenly female ; but here it must mean some monster or other assuming human form.

O. Fuaé Loéa Luṛṣan¹ ṣíð' dīan,
 le Fíonh² na b-Fían² do éur fè ;
 nī h-íonh² ceap ṣo bíoé buan ;
 ṣac ap éur d'ap ap íluaz.

Do éur píap ap Bann² bhíu,
 le laíh Fhíonh na ṣ-comlanh ṣ-cíuaíð,
 dob' íomða ap n-díé o na éreap,
 ṣur claoíð é le Fíonh féíu.

SEJLṢ SHLEJBhe NA Ṙ-BAN.

Oíṛ. LU dá n-deacáíð Fíonh na b-Fían²,
 do íeíṣ ap ílíab na m-ban Fíonh,³
 tíí mīle do mājéíð na b-Fían²,
 íul n-deacáíð ṣíían óṛ ap ṣ-cíonh.

Pac. Oíṛíu íṛ bhíu líom do ṣlór,
 a'ṛ beannaéct fór le h-anmíuíh Fhíonh ;
 íonhíṛ dúíuíh cá mēíð Fíad,
 do éur ap ílíab na m-ban Fíonh.

¹ Loé Luṛṣan, an old name for the bay of Galway.

² Bann, a celebrated lake in the barony of Half-fore, county of Westmeath. There is also a river of that name in the county of Antrim, once celebrated for its salmon and eel fisheries ; it falls into Lough Neagh ; and another river in the barony of Scarawalsh, county of Wexford, celebrated by Mr. Ogle, about 1770, in the much admired song :—

“As down by Banna's banks I strayed,” &c.

³ Slíab na m-ban Fíonh, literally, the mountain of the fair-haired women, a lofty mountain situate about four miles north east of the town of Clonmel in

- O. The oppressive Spectre of Lough Lurgan,
 By Fionn of the Fianna it fell,
 It cannot be told till the day of doom
 The destruction it dealt among our hosts.

The serpent of the murmuring Bann fell,
 By the hand of Fionn of the stern conflicts,
 Great was our loss by its battles,
 Till he was vanquished by Fionn himself.

THE CHASE OF SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

OIS. ONE day that Fionn of the Fianna went
 To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
 With three thousand of his nobles,
 Before the sun shone above our head.

PAT. Oisin, melodious is thy voice to me,
 And a blessing attend the soul of Fionn,
 Tell us how many deer
 Fell on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn.

the county of Tipperary. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note appended to a very curious paper on the Fenian Traditions of this mountain, by Mr. John Dunne, the rural poet of Garryricken, and published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society for 1851, (p. 339), controverts the popular meaning of the term, and says that the name should be *rlab ban Feimheann*, or simply *rlab na m-ban*; because *Slabh Feimheann* (the plain of Feimheann) was co-extensive with the barony of Iffa and Offa East, which forms its northern boundary. The term "*Feimheann*" may very easily be corrupted, or changed into "*Fionn*," but the popular and established name cannot be now easily eradicated.

P. Jyyir dam moim̄ zác ržéal,
 a' r beayhačt ar do béal žay žó ;
 a m-bjod éjde omuŋb yá aru,
 až dul do řejlž zác aony ló.

O. Do bj éjde omuŋy a' r aru,
 až dul do řejlž lyyu maru řy ;
 a' r yj bj Féyye djob dam dōjč,
 žay lénye řmōll a' r dá čoy.

Žay cozúy a' r řjoda řéim̄,
 a' r lúmeac bār-žéar žloiy ;
 a' r cyu-bjuz cloč-ōm̄da cōm̄,
 a' r dá řleaž a y-dōjō zác řm̄.

Žay řžjač uajčne ar a m-bjod buač,
 a' r lanu cyuačd me řžojčže cyu ;
 dá řjorčujže ay dom̄ay řó řeač,
 yj majb ŋeač dob' řearu yá řyuy.

Jr é dob' omyde a' r dob' ařž,
 yj deačajō lam̄ ōr a čoyuy ;
 až dul do čajrdjol ya ž-cuay ŋžéal,
 žay řajcřyuz ar řearu maru řhoyuy.

Čona de ažaru do čuadmaru řjari,
 do řejlž ar řljab ya m-bay řoyuy,
 a Phādruuž ! a čeayy ya ž-cljari,
 dob' aluyuy žm̄ay²ōr ar ž-coyuy.

Žy uari do řujžeač řoyuy ar ž-coyuy,
 dob' jom̄da aoyu ažur a yjari ;
 žuč žačari až dul řo'y ž-čnoc,
 až dúřeačt tořc ažur řjad.

- P. Tell me before all tales,
 And verily a blessing be upon thy lips,
 Were ye clad in mail or armour,
 Going to the chase every day.
- O. We were clad in mail and armour
 On going to the chase ;
 And there was not a Fiaun to my knowledge,
 Without a silken shirt and two hounds.

Without a *cotan*,¹ and fine silk,
 And a sharp-pointed polished spear,
 A golden-diademed helmet truly,
 And a pair of javelins in each man's hand.

Without a green shield endowed with powers,
 And a tempered lance to sever heads,
 If the whole world had been searched over,
 A better man than Fionn could not be found.

He was most liberal and valiant,
 No other man exceeded him ;
 In visiting the bright harbours,
 A man like Fionn was not to be found.

By his desire we went westward,
 To hunt on Sliabh na-m-ban-Fionn,
 O Patrick! Chief of Clerics,
 The sun shone brightly over our heads.

When Fionn arranged our hounds,
 Many came from the east and west to hear,
 The cry of dogs on entering the hill,
 Starting the wild boar and deer.

¹ *Cotan*, i.e., a little coat. The original was by mistake printed "cotán."

O. Do bĭ Ƒionn Ƒĕin azur Briaŋ,
 na Ƒuĭde Ƒeal aŋ aŋ Ƒĭab;
 ʒac Ƒeap dĭob a ŋ-ionad a Ƒeĭʒ,
 ʒur ĕiŋiʒ cealʒ na b-Ƒiad.

Do lĕiʒeamap Ƒiĭ ħiĭle cū,
 do b'Ƒeapŋ lūc a'Ƒ do bĭ ʒapʒ,
 do ħapb ʒac cū dĭob da Ƒiad,
 Ƒul do cuiŋeac ĭall na h-apʒ.

Do ĭĭapbapap Ƒĕi ħiĭle Ƒiad,
 Ƒŋ aŋ ŋʒleapŋ do bĭ Ƒap Ƒ-Ƒĭab;
 a ŋ-ĕazmap ʒiʒ azur Ƒeapb,
 ŋĭ deapŋad Ƒealʒ map Ƒiŋ ħiapŋ!

Dob' ĕ deŋeac ap Ƒeĭʒe Ƒiap,
 a Chlĕiŋiʒ na ʒ-cliap a'Ƒ na ʒ-cloʒ,
 deĭc ʒ-cĕad cū ʒona Ƒlabŋad dĭiŋ,
 do ĭcuiƑ iŋ ŋeoiŋ ħe cĕad Ƒoiŋc.

Do ĭcuiƑeapap liŋŋ na Ƒoiŋc,
 do ħiŋŋ ħa ħ-uĭc ap aŋ leiŋʒ,
 ħuŋa ħ-beĭc ap laŋŋa a'Ƒ ap laŋŋa,
 do ĕuiŋƑiŋ ap ap aŋ b-Ƒĕiŋŋ.

A Phadŋuĭʒ na ħ-bacal Ƒiap,
 ŋĭ Ƒaca ħĕ Ƒiap na Ƒoiŋ;
 Ƒeĭʒ az Ƒiapŋapb Ƒĭiŋŋ,
 ħe mo liŋŋ ba ħd na Ƒiŋ.

Aʒ Ƒiŋ Ƒeĭʒ do ħiŋŋ Ƒionn,
 a ħiŋc Alŋŋuŋŋ na ħ-bacal ħ-blaĕ;
 ʒapŋ ap ʒ-coĭleap ŋap ŋʒleapŋ,
 Uĕ, a Phadŋuĭʒ! ba bĭŋŋ aŋ la!



O. Fionn himself and Bran were
 Seated awhile on the mountain ;
 Each man was in his place in the hunt,
 Until the venom of the deer arose.

We let loose three thousand hounds,
 The most swift and fierce,
 Each of these hounds killed two stags,
 Before she was leashed to a thong.

We killed six thousand deer,
 In the glen which lay in the mountain,
 Besides stags and roe-bucks,
 A hunt like it was never performed.

It was thus the chase ended,
 O Cleric of the clerks and bells ;
 A thousand hounds with their collars of gold,
 Fell before noon by one hundred hogs.

The hogs fell by us,
 Which caused havoc on the plain,
 Were it not for our lances and arms,
 They would bring slaughter upon the Fianna.

O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
 I have not seen in north or west,
 A chase by the Fianna of Fionn
 Greater than this in my time.

This chase was performed by Fionn,
 O son of Calphruin of the croziers bright,
 The cry of our dogs in the glen,
 Alas, O Patrick ! was melodious on that day.

SEJLŶ ʒHUCʒ ƆRʒOJŶHEʒCHTʒ ʒONŶHUIS
ʒIN BĦROŶĦʒ.

O. EJSTĴƆĦ! uʒrle b-ƒeap b-ƒʒil,
 ʒʒ cūjr dʒ d-tʒrlʒ Ŷomʒbʒʒ;
 Ŷo ƒlojʒneʒd dĴb Ŷʒʒ bŶeĴŶ,
 tʒʒʒ ƒĦjʒʒ ʒŶʒʒ ʒonŶʒʒ.

ƒleʒd do comōʒʒd Ŷʒʒ cēĴŶ,
 le ʒʒʒ ʒʒ ƆʒŶdʒʒ¹ dŶeĴc-dēĴŶŶ;
 bēĴŶʒeʒ ƒjʒʒe dʒ Ħ-ōl ƒoĴŶ,
 Ŷo bŶʒŶŶjʒ ĦōŶŶŶŶʒ ʒʒ Bōjʒʒe.²

Jr ē lĴʒ do cūʒdʒʒʒ ʒʒʒ,
 d'ƒĴʒʒʒʒ bʒʒʒŶŶʒ ʒjʒʒʒʒ;
 ʒ Ħ-ēʒŶʒʒʒ ƶhoĴl ʒ'ƒ ʒʒʒʒʒ,
 dēĴc Ŷ-cēʒd tʒʒʒʒʒ d'ƒĦēĴʒʒʒ.

BŶʒʒ uʒĴŶe ƒō'ʒ b-ƒēĴʒʒ Ŷo ʒʒʒ,
 bŶʒʒ cʒʒʒ cōŶeʒʒ dʒ Ŷ-cūʒdʒʒ;
 ƒŶōll dēʒʒŶ ƒʒ'ʒ Ŷ-cēĴŶŶʒʒ ʒʒʒʒ,
 ʒŶ tēʒŶŶʒ ʒʒbʒʒ ʒonŶŶʒʒ.

¹ ʒʒʒ ʒʒ ƆʒŶdʒʒ. This was Aenghus Og, a prince of the Tuatha de Danann race, and a reputed magician, who had his palace at ʒŶʒŶ ʒʒ Bōjʒʒe; and of whom the poet said:

‘ʒonŶŶʒ ŶŶ ʒʒ Bōjʒʒe cʒʒʒʒe.’

Aenghus Og of the gentle Boyne.

THE CHASE OF THE ENCHANTED PIGS OF
AENGHUS AN BHROGHA.

O. HEARKEN ! ye nobles of the men of Fail,
To the cause from which arose the strife ;
Until I relate to you without falsehood,
The battle of Fionn and Aenghus.

A feast was prepared without guile,
By Mac-an-Dagha, of the red countenance ;
We were invited to partake of it,
To the bright mansion of the Boinn.

'Twas the number that went there
Of Erinn's Fianna of the polished arms ;
Besides Goll and Conan,
Ten hundred Finnian chieftains.

Green mantles the Fianna wore,
With fine purple cloaks protecting them ;
Scarlet satin the troops wore,
In the beautiful mansion of Aenghus.

* *Ḃruḡ na Ḃóinne*, i.e., The Fortress of the Boyne ; now Stackallen, in the county of Meath ; here was the cemetery of the pagan kings of Ireland, and, it was here that Aenghus Og Mac an Dagha had his court.

O. Suidear Fionn 'ran m-bruiḡin m-brair,
 taob me taob ḡlan Aonḡair;
 rlan zo b-faca rúil mar riu,
 dír cóm maic leó ar talimui.

Ḃar do suidead leó 'ran teac,
 dob' ionḡuad le coimḡt'eac,
 coimuih óir ó lám zo lám,
 aḡ luadaill na n-aonarán.

Do maic Aonḡur do ḡuic mór arciḡ,
 do cúir riu tocb ar na fir;
 ir fearu an beata ro na reilḡ,
 ar Ḃac an Daḡda d'neic-deimḡ.

Ir meara an beata ro na reilḡ,
 do maic Ḃac Cúmaill lan d'feimḡ;
 ḡan cōiu anu na eic áilhe,
 ḡan cata, ḡan cóm ḡairu.

Na coiu riu a deimuir Fhionn,
 do beic aḡad féiu zo ḡiuui;
 cmead fá n-abair tu an ḡuic,
 a' r nac muirfeidír aon muc.

Ní'l aḡadra féiu, ar Fionn,
 na aḡ rluacḡ Thuata Danann;
 muc dar imcḡ ar talimui tmuim,
 nac muirfead Brian a' r Sḡeólaui.

Cuirfead cúḡaibre muc mór,
 maimbeócar búir ḡ-coiu a ḡ-céadóir;
 macar uair féiu ar an maicḡ,
 ó'u b-Fóiu aḡur ó na ḡ-coiaib.

- O. Fionn sits in the enchanted mansion
 Side by side with the noble Aenghus ;
 Long was it before eye hath seen
 Two like them in the land.

As they were seated in the house,
 It was a wonder to strangers.
 Golden cups went from hand to hand,
 And waiters were kept in motion,

Aenghus spoke in a loud voice within,
 Which caused the men to be silent ;
 " This life is preferable to the chase,"
 Saith Mac-an-Dagha of the red countenance.

" This life is not preferable to the chase,"
 Saith Mac Cumhail, full of wrath ;
 " Without hounds here, or handsome steeds,
 Without battalions or merriment."

" The hounds that thou speakest of, Fionn,
 Thou hadst so pleasantly,
 Why hast thou thus spoken,
 And yet they would not kill one pig."

" Thou thyself hast not," saith Fionn,
 " Nor the Tuatha de Danann host,
 A pig which trod upon dry land
 That Bran and Sgeolan would not kill."

" I will send thee a large pig,
 Which will kill your hounds instantly ;
 That will outrun thyself upon the plain,
 The Fianna and all their hounds."

O. Ածնալիւ ըս շնն յիմ արիշ,
 րեւտարիւ¹ աղ երօշա եսածալշ ;
 րսլ ելիւ րիւն ար մարշէ յար,
 արիւլլաճ շաճ րեւճ ըս յարիւլլաճ .

Ածնալիւ Բիօրի յե յա Բիւրիւրի,
 շաբաճ սրիւնն աշար արիւլլաճ ;
 յի ե-բարիւմ աճտ աղ սաճաճ աղ,
 յիւր Կիւաճա ըս Վարիւրի,

Յարիւրաւարիւմ ար րիւր րիւր,
 շար աղ մ-բալլ ա յարիւնն աղ Բիւրիւրի ;
 աղ ըս եի աղ Բիւրիւրի 'րա շ-արիւր,
 ար Տիւրիւնն Բարիւմ² աղ յիճե րիւր .

Երիւրիւր ըսիւրիւր արիւր յ շ-արիւր,
 աշար Կիւաճա ըս Վարիւրի արիւր ;
 յի շո յ-արիւրիւրիւրիւր աղ արիւրիւր,
 ըս արիւրիւրիւր արիւր ար արիւր-արիւրիւր .

Ար յ արիւրիւր ըս յիւրիւր արիւր,
 րե Կիւաճա Կիւրիւրի շո յիւրիւր արիւրիւրիւր, [արիւր,⁵
 Տիւրիւր շ-Կիւա,³ Տիւրիւր շ-Կիւրիւր,⁴ ա'ր Տիւրիւր շ-Կիւրիւր-
 շո յ-արիւրիւրիւր արիւրիւր ա յ-Արիւրիւր .

Տիւրիւրիւր արիւր աղ արիւրիւր յիւրիւր,
 րե Կիւաճա Կիւրիւրիւր ա'ր րե յա յիւրիւր ;
 ը Կիւաճա Կիւաճա⁶ շո Կիւաճա արիւրիւր Կիւրիւր,⁷
 շո Կիւրիւրիւրիւրիւր⁸ 'ր շո Կիւրիւրիւրիւր .⁹

¹ Կիւաճա արիւր, a regulator, a steward, and in the modern acceptation of the term, a dairyman.

² Տիւրիւր Կիւաճա, see pp. 20-21.

³ Տիւրիւր շ-Կիւա or Կիւա, a large tract of a well-cultivated district, lying about midway between the town of Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, and Clonmel in the county of Tipperary ; and comprising the ancient parish of Sessanean, and formerly embracing the mountain of Knockmellown, on the summit of, the eccentric Eeles of Lismore, with his dogs and gun are interred. In the *Book of Rights*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan for the Celtic Society in 1847, (see p. 5), it is stated that one of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster was, "to pass over Sliabh Cua with [a band] of fifty, after pacifying the South of Eire."

O. In a loud voice within said,
 The steward of the enchanted mansion ;
 " Before ye are drunk and merry,
 Let every man go to his couch."

Fionn saith to the Fianna,
 " Equip and go forth ;
 We are but a handful here
 Among the Tuatha de Danann."

We proceeded from thence to the west,
 To the place where the Fianna were ;
 There were there the Fianna and their hounds,
 On Sliabh Fuaid that night.

For a whole year we were in consultation,
 And the Tuatha de Danann boastful,
 Until we performed the chase,
 Which left much blood on fair plains.

The chase that we made
 With Mac Cumhaill of the pleasant voice, [Cuillinn,
 Was Sliabh g-Cua, Sliabh g-Crot, and Sliabh
 And the coasts on the borders of Ulster.

We pursued the great chase,
 With Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,
 From Magh Cobha to Cruachainn Chais,
 To Fionnbhaire and Fionnais.

⁴ *Слiabh ǵ-Срот*, or more correctly Sliabh Crot, Mount Grud, principally lying in the Galtee Mountains, in the barony of Clanwilliam, county of Tipperary, having the name still preserved. There was a battle fought here in the year 1058 between Diarmuid Mac Mael-na-m-bo, and Donchadh the son of Brian. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. III., p. 148, n.

⁵ *Слiabh Cuiḡḡḡ*, see pp. 2-3.

⁶ *ḡḡḡ Cobha*, i.e. the plain of Eochaidh Cobha, the ancestor of the tribe called Ui Eathach Cobha, who were settled in the present baronies of "Upper and Lower Iveagh," in the county of Down. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part III. c. 78. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Ulster was :—" To go into

O. **Ա**յ տ-բելՅ ծօ բլՅնեած **Ա**յոյ րօյն,
 le **Պ**աճ **Շ**ւնալլ **և** **հ**-**Ա**նիսյն ;
 Ծօ **Բ**ա ծլճեած **Չ**օնջւր ծլ,
 Ա'ր **Ծ**օ **Բ**ա **Ե**արԲաճած րիոյն.

Շարեար **Չ**օնջւր տեճճա 'նար Յ-Շյօնն,
 Յօ **հ**-**Ա**րԾ-բլայէ **Ն**ա **Բ**-**Բ**լանոյ **Բ**-**Բ**օլե-բիօնն ;
 Պաճ **Շ**ւնալլ **Շ**է Յար **ն**ծր **Մ**օծ,
 ԱՅ **լ**արարած **Բ**րէլէնե **Ծ**օ Շժնալլ.

Տարեար **Բ**իօնոյ բլայէ **Ն**ա **Բ**էնոյն,
 Ար **Ա**յ Յ-Շոճ **Օ**ր Շյօնն **Ա**յ տ-բլէլե ;
 բարեար **Ա**յ **Բ**իլանոյ **Ա**Յար **և** Յ-Շօյն,
 Ար **Ա**յ րլլած **Ա**յ **լ**ա րօյն.

Տարծարի բէն **Ա**ր **Ա**յ րլլած,
 Մար **և** **Մ**այն **Բ**իօնոյ բլայէ **Ն**ա **Բ**-**Բ**լանոյ ;
 Յաճ **Ն**եճ **Բ**ելէ **Ա**ր **Ա**յ րլլած **Ա**յ **Լ**օնար,
 բլայէ **Ն**ա **Բ**-**Բ**լանոյ Յան **Մ**օ **Բ**աօՅալ.

Անտոնոյն **Շ**օն **Ն**ա **Բ**էնոյն,
 բլօնոյնեճ **Ծ**լն Յան Շլաօն **և** Յ-Շէլլե ;
 Մօ **Բ**եաՅ **Ծ**ա Յ-Շօնայն, **Ծ**ար **լ**իօն,
 Շլա **Ա**լծԲրեճ **լ**ն **և** **Ն**-**Ա**րեան.

Ածոնալլ **Ա**ր **լ**արիի բէն,
 Բրան **և** **լ**արն **Ա**յ բլր **Յ**օ րՅէլն ;
 ԱՅար **Տ**ջեօլան րան **լ**արն **Ե**լե,
 ԱՅ **Պ**աճ **Շ**ւնալլ **Ա**նիսյն.

Magh Cobha in the month of March, (which probably was considered lucky), and drink of the water of Bo Neimhidh between two darknesses (twilight)."
 —*Book of Rights*, p. 7.

⁷ **Շ**րաճճարոյ **Շ**իար. This was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, now called Rathcroghan, situated near Belanagare in the county of Roscommon. The country of Dail Chais, in the reign of Diarmuid

O. The chase which was then performed
 By Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin,
 Aenghus was beggared by,
 And we, too, suffered.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
 To the fair-haired chief of the Fianna ;
 Mac Cumhaill, though great his respect,
 Asking him to fulfil his pledge.

Fionn, the Finnian chieftain, rested
 On the hill above the mountain ;
 The Fianna and their hounds rested
 On the mountain on that day.

I myself on the mountain sat
 With Fionn, the chief of the Fianna ;
 Each person was on the mountain alone,
 The Fianna's chief was not in danger.

The names of the Finnian hounds
 I will relate to you without guile ;
 Too few were their hounds I say,
 Tho' alarming to you to count them.

Adhnuuill was in my own hand,
 Bran was held by the graceful man,
 And Sgeolan in the other hand
 By Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin.

Mac Fearghusa Ceirbheoil (according to Keating), originally formed part of Connaught.—*Book of Rights*, pp. 20, 21, *n*.

⁸ Φιοσηαβριαις. There is a remarkable stone fort of this name near the village of Kilfenora in the county of Clare.

⁹ Φιοσηαιρ. The editor cannot trace or identify this locality.

O. Ավելաց Օլրիյ մաճ Բիլոյ,
 աչար Լոնն ա լայն Բիւսայն ինչ Յօ ղՅիլոյ ;
 ՏՅալ շաօլե աչար Լար Յան անոյլոյ,
 ար շրար յ լայն Բիլոսիւնս :

Ալլուր տանն ա լայն միջ Տոճլ,
 ան Կործոսն աչ Աս Կոլլոսիլ ;
 Պաճարսն ա՛ր Պալարսն ա՛ր Պալարսն,
 ա լայն Տարարսն օ Բորարսն :

Փորձան Փաճաճ ծո՛ղ յօղոսն,
 ա լայն Բիլոսն նա մ-իլոսն ;
 Պաճ ան Տոճլ ա՛ր Փոճլոսն տանն,
 ա լայն Փիլոսն ծա՛ւ-ձալոսն :

Եւելաճ, աչ Պարարսն Փոսն,
 Պաճ ան Կարսն աչ Օրսն օլլ ;
 Կի՛ Բաճա աչ Կոսն Յօ Յ-ճալ ;
 աչար Տարարսն աչ Բալարսն :

Տարսն ծալոսն ան տան օլլոսն,
 աչ ար Յիլլ ար ան Յ-կոսն ;
 Յօ Բ-բարարսն ՚րան մայն անոլլոսն,
 տիւճոսն մօր-աւարսն ծօ մարսն :

Փո՛ղ յօղոսն մե Բիլոսն նա Բ-Բարսն,
 Յաճ մար ան արսն իլլ ;
 արսն մար մօրսն Յարսն ա իլլ,
 բա ծալե յ նա Յալ Յալարսն :

Բա արսն նա բոճ-արսն արսն,
 բիլոսն իլլ ա լարսն ՚րա լարսն ;
 բա բարսն մե մարսն ա ծա՛ւ,
 բիլոսն իլլ ա իլլ ՚րա բարսն մալ :

O. Ablach was held by Oisín the son of Fionn,
 And Lonn was held by Bran Beag the pleasant ;
 Sgal the slender and Luas without dread,
 Were firmly held by Feardubhan.

Airchis the stout in Mac Smoil's hand,
 And Cordubh was held by O'Corbhinn ;
 Meadhair and Mearan and Maoin
 In the hand of Garraidh from Formaoil.

Dordan Duthach the wonderful,
 In the hand of Beinne the spiteful ;
 Mac-an-Smoil and Drothladh the strong
 In the hand of Duthaigh the well-looking.

Eachtach was held by Diarmuid Donn,
 Mac-an-Truim was held by the great Osgur ;
 Rith Fada was held by hungry Conan,
 And Garraidh was held by Faolan.

Not long were we then,
 Betting on our hounds,
 Until we saw on the eastern plain
 A large herd of horrible pigs.

Fionn of the Fianna was amazed
 At seeing each pig as tall as a deer ;
 One pig before them of boisterous mien,
 Blacker was she than smith's coals.

Longer than an erect mast,
 Were the bristles of her face and ears ;
 Like that of a brake was the colour
 Of the hair of her eyelids and old brow.

O. Լճիցիմբե և ծ-տած նա լայրջե,
 Չծնուալլ և ծ-տւր նա թելջե ;
 Ծօ մարն ան շեւծ միւս չան շեյէ,
 Չէ՛ր կիօրմար Ծօրն նա Բէրնբե.

 Չծնուալլ ծօ մարն ան միւս մծօր,
 Ծօ շրեւծ Չօղջուր և Չ-շեւծծօր ;
 Օ թօրն իր Ծուլջե ծուր և լայէ,
 ԱԿԱ Չլեւոն նա շեւծ միւսե.¹

Բարբար Բրան և հ-լալ չօ բօր,
 Բիւնկար բի ար Լայն ան բիճ ;
 նա մուս քա մծօր միւսե,
 Ծօ չաբրած ծա շօրմիւսլայէ.

Չեյ. Շրուսջ թօրն, և Բիւրան Բուսձայճ Բիւն,
 և միւս Բիւրանջար քօլե բիւն ;
 Ծուրբի ուձա Չիօրն քարծա,
 մօ մարքա ծօ Լան-մարնած.

O. Չար ծօ շալայծ Բրան ան չուէ,
 Ծօ շաւօւլած և շլալ ՚րա շուէ ;
 Չաբած բի ար Բրանջար ան միւս,
 աչար շօջար ան շրուայծ շուծ.

 Չաբար բի ան միւս ար Բրանջար,
 ան Չիւրմ բիւն Բա Չիւրմ նարմայծ ;
 նիօրն լայճ ան միւս և Չաբալ,
 ա՛ր ծօ շօրնիւն և Չարմ անալ.

 Չիւնա յ-ճարմա Բրան չօ Բրանէ,
 Ծօ Չիօրն ուձ Չարջե նա ճաւձայճ ;
 աճտ ան միւս բիւն ար ան մայճ,
 Ծօ նա Բիւրանայծ ծօ շօրնիւն.

¹ Չլեւոն նա Շեւծ Չիւսլայ, *The Valley of the First Pig*. This must be the celebrated valley of the Black Pig in Ulster, concerning which there are so many curious old legends current among the peasantry.

O. I sent forth to one side of the plain
 Adhnuaille in front of the chase ;
 She killed the first pig without doubt,
 Though numerous were the hounds of the Fianna.

Adhnuaille killed the first pig,
 Of the herd of Aenghus instantly ;
 From this fact you must know,
 That Gleann-na-cead-mhuice is so called.

Bran broke forth from her leash,
 And left the hands of the king ;
 The pigs, though great their speed,
 Were captured in the conflict.

ABN. Woe it is, O victorious sweet Bran¹,
 O son of Fergus the fair-haired ;
 To you it is not a manly deed
 To kill my own son.

O. As Bran heard the voice,
 Her sagacity and appearance changed ;
 She takes the pig by the neck,
 And assumes the difficult task.

She takes the pig by the neck,
 That hold was the hold of a foe ;
 She did not suffer the pig to escape,
 And never became breathless.

If Bran never performed
 A feat of valour after that,
 But that pig upon the plain,
 To hold for the Fianna.

¹ Bran was the son of Fergus, King of Ulster, and was metamorphosed into a hound.

O. **Ḑé'ru mōru me h-Ḑlenḑur an trelād,**¹
 nġ maġb aon ġuc ḑan bēad ;
 nġ maġb anġ aēt muc a'ṛ cēad,
 uġm ēraētġdġna ḑan luac ēaḑ.

Ḑlrmġd anġ roġ an Fhlanġ,
 ġdru anoġru aḑar anġan ;
 a ġ-ēaḑmuġr ḑiolla aḑur con,²
 bġ deġc ḑ-cēad taorreaē aġ ġ-eaṛbaġd.

Ḑo māḑ Oṛḑur do ḑuēt mōru,
 le Ḑġac Cūmġll a'ṛ le ġa ṛlōḑ ;
 dēanġḑ eōlur aġ an m-Bruġḑġu,
 aḑur dġolam āġ āġ muġuġru.

Ba conġarġle ṛru ḑan cēll,
 do māḑ Oġrġġ me Fġonġ ṛēġu ;
 dā maēad ġa mucā mġru roġġ,
 ġġocṛaḑ dġġr ġa m-beaēaḑd.

Ḑēanġḑ ġa mucā do lorḑad,
 a'ṛ ba mōġde būru ḑ-conḑarġru ;
 a'ṛ loġrḑġde ġa muġcġde,
 a'ṛ cuġmġḑ a luac le ṛarġḑġde.

Seaēt ḑ-caēa do bāmġru anġ,
 d'ṛġanġaġb aġmġa ġa h-Éġmeanġ ;
 tall le h-ġmeall an loēa,
 ṛeaēt d-teġuġe ḑac aon cāēa.

¹ In a copy in the Rev. James Goodman's extensive collection of Irish MSS., this stanza runs thus :—

“**Ḑé'ru mōru me h-Ḑlenḑur a ērelād**
 ġona maġb muc aḑur cēad ;
 nġ maġb aon ġuc dġob ḑan oġ,
 uġm ēraētġdġna 'ġa m-beaēaḑd.”

O. Though the herd appeared large to Aenghus,
 There was not one pig escaped unhurt ;
 There were but a hundred and one pigs there
 Towards evening without being dead.

The Fianna were then counted,
 All that came from the east and west ;
 Besides guides and hounds,
 There were ten hundred chieftains wanting.

Osgur saith in a loud voice
 To Mac Cumhail and his hosts,
 " Make your way towards the mansion,
 And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

" This is the counsel of a foolish man,"
 Saith Oisín to Fionn himself ;
 " If the pigs are thus destroyed,
 They will come to life again."

" Let the pigs be burnt,
 And greater will be the slaughter ;
 Burn the swine-herds too,
 And cast their ashes into the sea."

Seven battalions we were there,
 Of the noble Fianna of Erin ;
 Over on the margin of the lake,
 Seven fires to each battalion.

Though large appeared to Aenghus his herd,
 Which consisted of a hundred and one pigs ;
 There was not one infamous pig of them
 In the evening left alive.

² In the Goodman collection—

" 21 η-6α5μ11r 5hο11l α'r Chοηα1η,"
 In the absence of Goll and Conan.

O. ՏԵՂԵՆԵ Ծ-ՏԵՂԵՆԵ ՅԱՇ ԿԱՇԱ ԾՅՈՅ,
 յԱՐ ԾՈ ԾՐԾԱՅՅ ԾՆՅՆՆ ԱՆ ՐԻՅ;
 ԾԱ Ն-ԱՅՐՈՅՆՆ ՅԱԾ ԱՅԼԵ ԾԱՐԵ,
 յՈՇ ԱՐ ԼՈՅՐՅԵԱՊԱՐ ԼՈՆ ՆՅԱՇ.

ԵՊԵՅՅԵԱՐ ԵՐԱՆ ԱՅՆՆ ԱՊԱՇ,
 ՅՈ Կ-ԱՇԼԱՆՆ Ա՛Ր ՅՈ Կ-ԵՇԼԱՇ;
 ԾՈ ԵՅՐԵ ՏՐԻ ԵՐԱՅՆ ՐԵ ՆԱ ԵՐՈՅ,
 ՆԻ ՔԵԱՐ ԵԱ ԿՈՅԼԼ_Ո Ծ-ՏԱՅԱԾ.

ԾՈ ԿՅՐԵԱԾ ՆԱ ԵՐԱՅՆ ՔԱՆ ՏԵՂԵ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԼԱՐ ՔԱԾ յԱՐ ԱՆ Յ-ԵԱՅՆՅԻԼԼ;
 ԾՈ ԼՈՅՐՅԵԱԾ ՆԱ յԱՇԱ ԾԵ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԿՅՐԵԱԾ Ա ԼԱՅԷ ՐԵ ՔԱՅՐՅԵ.

ԾՈ ՐԱՅԾ ՕՅՐԻՆ ԾՈ ՅՍԷ ՆՈՐ,
 ՐԵ ՊԱՇ ԵՆՆԱՅԼԼ Ա՛Ր ՐԵ ՆԱ ՐԼՈՅ;
 ԾԵԱՆԱՅԾ ԵՇԼԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ յ-ԵՐՈՅ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՅՈԼԱՆ ԱՐ ԱՐ յԱՅՆՏԻՐԵ.

ՅԱՇ ՔՈՅՅԵ ԾԱ Ն-ԾԵԱՇԱՊԱՅՐ ԾՅԻՆ,
 ԾԱ Ե-ՔԵԱՐԱՅԻՆ յՈՐԱ Ա՛Ր ԾԱ յԱՅԻՆ;
 ԾՈ ԵԼՈՅՐԵՅԵ ՅԱԾ ՅՈ ԵՅՆՏԵ,
 Ա Ե-ՔՐՈՅՅԷԻՆ ՆԱ ՔՐՈՐՊԱՊԵՅՆՏԵ.

ՅԱՐԵ ԿՈՆ Ա՛Ր_ԵԱՆ Ա՛Ր_ԾԱՅՆԵ,
 Ա՛Ր յԱՇԱՅՆ ԱՅ ԵԱՅՇԱՅՆԵ;
 ՆԻ ԵԱԼԱՅԾ_ԵԱՆ ԷԱՅԻՆ ՆԱ ԷԱՐ,
 ԼՈՆ ԼԱ ԵԱ ՔԱՅՆԵ յԵՅՆՏԵԱՇԷ.

ԿՅՐԵԱՐ ՊՈՅՅՐ ՏԵԱՇԷ ՆԱՐ Յ-ԵՅՆՆ,
 յԱՐ Ա ՐԱՅԻ ԱՆ ՔԼԱՅԷ ՔԵՅՆՆԵ ՔՅՈՆՆ;
 Ծ՛ՔԱՐԱՅԼ ԼՈՆ ՆԻ ԱՐ ՔԼԱՅԷ ՔԱՅԼ,
 ՆԱՇ յՅԼԼՔԵԱԾ Ա յԱՅՆՏԻՐ Ա Յ-ԵԵԱԾԱՅԻ.

O. Seven fires to each battalion of them,
 As the king commanded us;
 If I were to recount them all to you
 We did not burn one pig.

Bran goes out from us,
 Readily and knowingly ;
 He brings three trees in his paws,
 'Tis not known from what wood.

The trees were put into the fire,
 And they lit like unto a candle ;
 The pigs with them were burnt,
 And their ashes was cast into the sea.

Oisin says in a loud voice
 To Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,
 " Make your way to the mansion,
 And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

Every step that we made
 Towards their tall men and women,
 Would certainly be heard
 Through the vaults of the firmament.

Shouts of hounds, of men and women,
 And youths wailing ;
 Woman never heard north or south.
 Of a day more agreeable.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
 Where Fionn the Finnian chieftain was ;
 Offering gifts to the chief of Fail,
 If he did not kill his people instantly.

O. Noča ԴԱՐՅՈՒ ՏՕՆ ՆՅ ՕՐԵ,
 Ե ԱՅՈՇԱՐ ԻՐ ԸՅՈՒՄԵ ԸՐՐ ;
 ԲԵԱԾ ԵՂԻՐ ՏՕՆ ԵՂՅ ԵՂԻՐ ՆԱ ԸՅՈՒՄ,
 ԱԾ ԵՐՕՇ ՊՃՐ ՅՈՆ ԼՈՐՅԱԾ.

ՇՅԾ ԿՕԼԸ ԼԵԱԵ ԾՕ ՊԱՅՏԻՐ ՊՅՆ,
 Ե ԲԻՅՆ ! Ե ԱԵՂՐ ՕՐՂՆ ;
 ԸՈՆՅԵՅԻԾ ԾՕ ԸԵԵՅԻԾ Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ԻՄԱԸԵ,
 ԾՈՂՅԵ ԾԱՊԻՐԱ ՄՕ ԾԵՃ-ՊԱԸ.

ՁՆ ՊԱԸ ՊՃՐ ԾՕ ԵՂ ԻՅՆ ՄԱՇ,
 ՊՃՊԱԾԻՐԱ ՅՈՆ ԵՄԱՐ ՅՆԱԸ ;
 ԾՕ ԵՅՐՈՒՄ ԵՐԱԸԱՐ ԱՅՈՐ,
 ՅՐԱԵ Ե ԾԵՃ-ՊԱԸ ԱՅՈՇԱՐ.

ԾՕ ԵՅՐՈՒՄ ԵՐԱԸԱՐ ԵՂԸ,
 Ե ՁԻՅ ԸՆՊԱՂ ԱՒՊԱՅԵ ;
 ՆԱԸ ԵԾՕ ԱՅՕԵ ԾՕ՛Ն ԸՅՆԵ,
 ՆԵԱԸ ԾԱՐ ԱԵ ԵՂ ԱՐԾ ՊՂՅ.

ԾՕ ԸՅՐԵ ՄԱԸ ՊՂՅ ՄԱՐԱ ԻԵՈՆՅ,
 Ա՛Ր ՄԱԸ ՊՂՅ ՄԱՐԱ ԲԱՅԼԵՈՒՆ ;
 ԼԵԱԵ Ա՛Ր ՄԱԸ ԱՅՈՇԱՐԱ ԱՅՆ,
 Ա՛Ր ՁՊԱԸ ԵԼԵՐԸ ՄԵՐԸ ՁՊԱՆՊՊԱՅՆ.

ՏԵԱԸԵ Ե-ԻԵՅԻԾ ՄԱԸ ԻԱ ՅՆԱՅԻ,
 ԾՕ ՊՅՆ ՄԱԸ ՊՂՅ ԼԵ ՊՅՅՅ-ՊՊԱՅԻ ;
 ԾՕ ԸՅՐԵ ԼԵԱԵ Ա՛Ր ԼԵԾ՛ ԲԻԵՅՆ ԸԱԼՊԱ,
 ԱՐ ԱՅ ԻԼԱԵ ՅՕ Կ-ԱԼԼՊՊԱԾԱ.

ՁՊԱՅՏԻՐ ՅԼՈՆ ՄՕ ԵՐՕՇԱ ԵՅՆՆ,
 ԵՂ ՊՅՐՊ ԾՕ ԸՅՈՒՅԵ ԲԱ՛Ն ՆՅԼՅՆՆ ;
 ԾՕ ՊՂԼ ՄՕ ԵՐՂՅ Ա՛Ր ՄՕ ՊՃՕ,
 Ե Յ-ԸԵՅՆ ԾՅԵՅ ԲԵՅՆ ԾԱ ԼՈՐՅԱԾ.

- O. "I require no presents from thee,
O Aenghus of the slender body,
Whilst there is a room north or east
In thy great mansion without being burned."
- "Though much thou think of thy gentle people,
O Fionn! father of Oisin,
Maintain thy sway and thy rule,
Sorrowful to me is my good son."
- "The large pig which was on the plain
Before thee as was unusual,
I now pledge my word
That it was the good son of Aenghus."
- "I make another vow
To Mac Cumhail of Almhuin;
That this night there will not be alive
One over whom you are chief king."
- "The son of the king of the narrow sea,
And the son of the king of the sea of gulls,
Fell by you with the son of noble Aenghus,
And the son of Ilbhric the son of Manannan."
- "Seven score well-featured sons
The offering of a prince and princess,
Fell by you and your mighty Fianna
On the mountain barbarously."
- "The fine people of my sweet mansion
Were before thy hounds in the glen;
My strength decayed and my honour,
They being burned far away."

O. ՏԵՁԵՒ Թ-ԵԼԻՁԻՆԱ Ա Թ-ԵՐԱՅՅԻՆ ԵՐԻՆ,
 ԵՒ ԱՊ ԷՂՅՐԴ ԸԸ ԱԼԵՐԱՊԻ ;
 ԿՅՈՐ ԲՁՈՂԵԱՐԱ ԲՃՐ ՅՈ ԵՁԵՒԵ,
 ՅՈ ՊԱՐԻԵԲԵՁՐԱ ՊՈ ԵՁԱՅ-ՊՁԱԸ .

ԵՐԱՁԱՅ ԾԱՐԵ, Ա ԵՊԻՆԱՅ ԵՒԱԾԱՅՅ ԵՐԻՆ,
 Ա ՊԻԸ ԲԵԱՐՅԱՐԱ ԲՈՂԵ ԲՐԻՆ ;
 ԿՁ ԵՁԱՐԻՊԱՐ ՅՊՅՈՊ ՊՈԼԵԱ,
 ՊԱՐ ԾՈ ՊԱՐԵԱՐ ԾՈ ԸՈՊ-ԾԱԼԵԱ .

ԵՐԱՅԱ ԸԵԱԾ ԾԱՐԵՇԸ ԱՅ Ե-ԱԵԱՐԻ,
 ԻԾՐԻ ԸՈՂԼ ԱՅԱՐ ԱԸԱՅԾ ;
 ԵԱ ԸԱՐՊԻԵ ՊԵԾ՝ ՊԱԸ ԾԱՐԵ,
 ԵՒ ԵԵՐԵ ԸԸ ԸԵԱՊԻ ԱՐ ԸՈՊԱՐԻԵ .

ՊԱՂԼԵԾՇԱՊ ԷՐԱ, Ա ԵՊԻՆԱՅ,
 ԲԵԱԸԱ ՅԱԸ ԸՈՊԻ ԱՐ ԵԱՊԻՆԱՅ ;
 ԸՈՊ ԿԱԸ ԲԱՐԵԱԾ ԾՈ ԲՆՂԸ ԵԸ,
 ԱՈՊ ԲՐԱԾ ՊԱՐԲԵԱՐ ԵՒ ԸՈՐԾՇԸ .

ԾԱ ՊԱԼԼԱՅՅԻԾ-ԲԻ ԲԵՂԻՆ ԵՐԱՅ,
 ՊՈ ԸՈՂԵԱՊ ՅԱՐԾԱ ՅԼԱՊ ;
 ԿՂ ԵԵՐԵ ԲՐԱՐ ԿԱ ԲՈՂԻՆ ԱՈՊ ԵՂՅ,
 ԱԾ ԵՐԱՅՅԻՆ ՊՃՐԻ ՅԱՊ ԼՈՐՅԱԾ .

ԸԱՐԲԵԱԾ ԸՐԱՊԻՆ ԱՐ ԸԼՈՇԱ,
 ԱԾ Ե-ԱՅԱՅԾ Ա Ծ-ԵՒՐ ՅԱԸ ԸԱԵԱ ;
 ԱՐ ՊԱՐԲԵ ՊԵ Ե-ԲՐԱՊԻՆ ԱՂԼԸ,
 Ո ՊՁԱ ԲՂՅ ՅՈ ՊՃ ԾԱՐԵ .

ԲԵԱԸԱԾ ՈՐԱՅԵ ԵՐԵ Պ՝ԲՐԱՊԻԵ,
 ԱՐ ՊՁԱԸ ԸՆՊԱՂԼ ՅՈ Կ-ԱՂԻԵ ;
 ԱՐ ԵՐԱԾ Ա ԲՈՐ ԱՅԱՊ Ա ԲՐԻ,
 ԸԱ ԼՅՈՊԱՐ ԾՈ ԵՒՐ Յ-ԸԱԵԱՅԵ .

- O. "Seven years in a sweet mansion
 Thou wert in my house nursing ;
 I never yet imagined
 That thou wouldst kill my good son."
- "Sad it is to thee, sweet, victorious Bran,
 O son of Fergus of the fair hair,
 That thou didst not perform some praiseworthy deed
 Before thou slew thy foster-brother."
- "Thirty territories thy father has
 Between woods and plains ;
 Thou shalt remember for thy day
 Being chief over hounds."
- "I will curse thee, Bran,
 Above all hounds in the land ;
 So that thine eye shall not see
 Any deer thou shalt ever kill."
- "If thou curse Bran,
 My active, intelligent dog,
 There will not be east or west a room left
 In thy large mansion without being burned."
- "I will place trees and stones
 Before thee in each battle ;
 And I will slay all thy Fianna,
 Down from the king's son to the humblest man."
- "I will gaze at ye through my ring,
 On Mac Cumhail the excellent ;
 And I shall know, O man,
 The strength of thy battalions."

O. Cōma dīb maiteam eadmaib fēn,
 do māb Oirīn, fear zo ɔ-céll ;
 déanaib alcom ɔac fīn agh,
 a' r iocad ar n-eineaclann.¹

Rōɔne zeal an ɔota ɔīn,
 dob' e fīn deaɔ-mac Fhīn ;
 dob' e túr a rīce agh,
 a éabairt d'Alonɔur ar alcom.

Deaɔmac Alonɔur zo m-bríɔ,
 tuɔad fīn ar laim an ríɔ ;
 ó foīn a leic dōib abur,
 atá an t-alcom falcahur.

Truaɔ lom Eocaid na h-Aoise ;
 do éurim a d-tíɔ Fhormaoise ;
 zo nac biad aca cabairt Eocada,
 aɔ rluaɔ aɔmair Alonɔura.

Jr mē Caoilte mac Ronaín ruad,
 truaɔ m'fuirneac d'éir an t-rluaɔ ;
 a' r nac mairead fīanna Fhīn,
 dam dá n-déir nī h-aoibīn.

Jr mē Caoilte mac Ronaín cōim,
 truaɔ m'fuirneac cairnéir an t-rlóíɔ ;
 téanna mo lúe a' r mo neart,
 fada lom beic dá n-éirteaét.

- O. " Better for you settle among yourselves,"
 Said Oisin, a wise man ;
 " Let each perform mutual fosterage,
 And pay our honor-fines."

Bright Roighne of the agreeable voice,
 He was the good son of Fionn ;
 The commencement of peace was,
 To give him to Aenghus.

The good lively son of Aenghus
 Was given in charge to the Finnian king ;
 From that time until now
 The enmity has ceased.

Sad it is to me that Eochaidh of Aoibh
 Fell in the house of Formaoil ;
 That they may not have the aid of Eochaidh,
 The happy hosts of Aenghus.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the red,
 Painful is my staying after the hosts ;
 And that the Fianna of Fionn don't live,
 After them to me it is not joyful.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the Just,
 Pity I remained after the host ;
 My strength and agility have failed,
 Long time it is to me to be hearing of them.

SEJL3 NA FÉJNNE OS CJONN LOCH3A DEJR3.

Oir. **A PHÁDRUJ3** m̄ōm, a m̄ic Calp̄m̄uim̄,
 aḡ 3-cualaid̄ tú f̄anna Fh̄im̄;
 a3 éim̄3e ór c̄ionn Loča Deim̄,¹
 maḡ aon a' r̄ cač a 3-cōim̄-f̄eijl̄3?

P̄iart do b̄i aḡ Loč aḡ t-r̄léibe,
 le'ḡ cuim̄ead̄ aḡ na F̄éim̄e;
 f̄ic̄e c̄ead̄ ḡō ḡi bur̄ m̄ō,
 da d-tu3 b̄ar aḡ aon l̄ō.

O3lac̄ maḡe do b̄i a3 F̄ionn,
 Im̄m̄ d̄uit a Th̄ail3ionn;²
 Ablach aḡ Oim̄, mač m̄i3̄ 3̄r̄eas̄,
 do t̄u3ead̄ 3̄l̄ōm̄ ó 3̄ac̄ p̄éirt̄.

A d-tu3c̄i3̄e aḡ ḡi deim̄ aḡ p̄éirt̄,
 do maḡd̄ Ablach, m̄ir̄ aḡ b-F̄éim̄;
 cao3ad̄ eac̄ ḡō ḡi bur̄ m̄ō,
 do c̄ur̄ c̄ú3̄aḡe 3̄ac̄ aon l̄ō.

¹ Loč Deim̄, *Lough Derg*. This celebrated lake is situated in the parish of Templecarne, in the barony of Tirhugh, county of Donegal, and province of Ulster. It is studded with picturesque Islands, of which the chief are, Saint's Island, or St. Fintan's Island, named from the founder of a monastery erected there; of which some remains are still to be seen; Turrus, or Station Island, so called from its being the resort of pilgrims.

THE FINNIAN HUNT ON THE BORDERS OF
LOUGH DERG.

OIS. O MIGHTY Patrick, the son of Calphruinn,
Hast thou heard of the Fianna of Fionn ;
Mustering over Lough Derg,
And myself with them in the chase?

A serpent there was in the Lough of the mountain,
Which caused the slaughter of the Fianna ;
Twenty hundred or more
It put to death in one day.

A valiant youth who lived with Fionn,
I tell thee, O Tailgin ;
Ablach the Golden, the son of the king of Greece,
Who understood every serpent's speech.

“ Know ye what the serpent saith,”
Ablach said to the Fianna ;
“ Fifty steeds or more,
To send to it [to eat] every day.”

² $\tau\alpha\lambda\iota\sigma\eta$, i.e. *The Tonsured*, translated by Colgan, *circulo tonsus in capite* ; but Dr. O'Brien (see *Irish Dictionary*, voce *TAILGEAN*, *Paris ed.*, 1768), erroneously supposes the term to mean a holy offspring, a name, he believes, to have been given to St Patrick by the Druids before his arrival in Ireland. The term is sometimes met in Ossianic Poetry, when St. Patrick's name is introduced, which fact would lead one to suppose that these compositions in their original form were coeval with St. Patrick's arrival, or immediately after.

- O. **Юуиу дї зо б-ѣаѣаѣд рї рїу,**
 a Ablach an énoča žil ;
 ir feáru riu ná aon laoc lonn,
 do cúrcim leir a z-comlonn.
- Ан рїарт ан оїдче рїу зан бїад,**
 codla n̄jor éionr̄zain an Fhian̄n ;
 an d-teac̄t ná māidne zo moč,
 do cúru anfead n̄đor an an loč.
- Do бїодз ан рїарт ан ан д-тїаїз,**
 do lé̄r̄zeadān an Fhian̄n t̄rom-žain ;
 dob' ion̄da fear̄ āz b̄rūread a c̄iuu,
 ne h-ion̄ad laoc̄na ná t̄im̄ceall.
- Sul do éain̄iz međđan do'ñ ló,**
 ba l̄a an mār̄n̄ ná an m-beó ;
 ba r̄am̄ūl le fluāz Cille,¹
 ūr̄ear̄bad an n̄zlan laoc̄nād.
- Do fl̄ōr̄zead l̄ēi mac n̄īz Šr̄ēaz,**
 āzur Oir̄in̄ c̄ia m̄đor an b̄ēad ;
 do fl̄ōr̄zead l̄ēi zo beac̄t,
 fear̄ āzur c̄ēad a n̄-aon̄r̄feac̄t.
- N̄jor fl̄ōr̄zead M̄ac Cú̄m̄āll l̄ēi,**
 'ná an n̄ēid̄ b̄i 'mūīz da Fh̄ēin̄n ;
 a' r̄ n̄j̄ mān̄ d̄j̄ob̄ z̄an̄ dul éar̄t,
 ac̄t beaz̄an̄ ne h-uc̄t̄ im̄teac̄t.
- Do fl̄ōr̄zead Daol̄zur a' r̄ Šoll,**
 a' r̄ F̄ion̄n̄ n̄ic̄ Rōra ná z-comlonn,
 a' r̄ Con̄an̄ maol, r̄žeal̄ n̄ar̄ n̄ar̄t̄,
 D̄ēid̄ Šheal, a' r̄ T̄r̄ēan̄ M̄đor.

¹ Sluāz Cille, i.e. a fairy host, or aerial beings, who are generally supposed to be sometimes visible. In our Second Vol. (see pp. 95-96, 97-98), will be found a very curious poem addressed to these gentry by William Cotter the

- O. "Tell her she will get that,
 O Ablach of the fair skin ;
 'Tis better do so than that one hero
 Should fall by it in conflict."

That night the serpent had no food,
 The Fianna dare not take repose ;
 On the approach of early dawn
 It sent a terrible storm on the lake.

The serpent sprang upon the strand,
 And the Fianna gave a tremendous shout ;
 Many a man advanced to break its head
 From among those that did surround it.

Before it reached midday
 Our dead were more than our living ;
 More numerous than the host of a churchyard
 Was the loss of our fine heroes.

It swallowed the king of Greece's son,
 And Oisin, though great the deed ;
 It swallowed most certainly
 A hundred and one [men] at once.

Mac Cumhail was not swallowed by it,
 Nor all that were abroad of his Fianna ;
 And there was not of them besides
 But few left to depart.

It swallowed Daolgus and Goll,
 And Fionn Mac Rosa of the conflicts ;
 And Conan the bald, though sad the tale,
 Deidgheal and Treanmor.

Red, a native bard, who lived at Castlelyons in the county of Cork, in the beginning of the last century.

O. Tuḡ Fionn an ríe ppar,¹
 ḡabar an péirce ar alt ;
 aḡur tuḡ cori ḡo diaḡ di,
 ḡur éurri a cliaḡ a ḡáirde.

ḡar éonḡaric ḡáiric mac Fhionn,
 an ríḡ-féirne cionn a ḡ-cionn,
 tuḡ léim a m-béal ḡa péirce,
 dob' é ríḡ an ríe áirḡéirle.

ḡri ḡ-dul do ḡháiric ḡa cliaḡ,
 ir anḡ do éurirne ar a rḡiaḡ ;²
 do rionn ríḡ do féir amac,
 dob' é ríḡ an éorḡairi ionḡaḡtaḡ.

Do éurri fé airde do'ḡ b-féirne,
 Oirríḡ aḡur mac ríḡ ḡreáḡ ;
 ḡḡoríḡ ba beḡ ḡa ríḡ,
 anḡaíḡ duirne do éualairḡ.

ḡri dá éad táirriḡ amac,
 do bádarri ḡay folc³ ḡay éadaḡ ;
 marc do éeḡḡairḡ ḡa Féirne,⁴
 a b-fuarri ríad a ríaríḡ a ḡ-Éiriríḡ.

Turur Chonáir mar ḡáir éḡir,
 a m-brioirne an beacádaḡ ríḡ ríḡir,
 mar ḡac marḡ ḡruairḡ ar a éeḡḡ,
 ḡḡoríḡ féay leaḡab⁵ ar a éloirḡeḡḡ.⁶

¹ Síc ppar, i.e. a sudden jerk, a nimble bound, a spring, &c.

² Sḡiaḡ, *skian* or *knife*. This war-weapon was used by the ancient Irish ; but now it is confined to Scotland, and to the Highland Claus.

³ Folc, i.e. locks of hair.

⁴ ḡairc do éeḡḡairḡ. Here Oisín intimates that all the favours obtained by the Fianna from the Irish princes were dearly purchased by their blood.

O. Fionn made a sudden spring,
 And took the serpent by the neck ;
 And he gave it a violent twist.
 Till he turned its belly upwards.

As Daire the son of Fionn saw
 The Finnian king thus engaged,
 He sprang into the monster's mouth—
 That was the noble bound.

On Daire's entering its body,
 'Twas then he bethought of his *sgian* ;
 He opened a passage for himself out—
 That was the wonderful cleaving.

He rescued from her of the Fianna,
 Oisín and the king of Greece's son ;
 A more heroic deed than that
 Seldom men have heard.

The two hundred who came out,
 Were bald and naked ;
 Dearly did the Fianna purchase
 All they ever received in Eirinn.

The visit of Conan which was not just,
 Into the body of the great monster ;
 Because there was no hair on his head,
 A patch of skin remained not on his skull.

⁵ *leatḡab*, i.e. a patch of leather of any sort ; and Conan, who had no hair on his head to lose, lost a portion of the skin from his scalp.

⁶ *Cloḡeann*, i.e. a skull or human head ; from *cloḡ*, a bell, and *ceann*, a head ; viz. *cloḡ-ceann*, or *cloigeann*.

O. Բյօղղ-լօճա Փայլոյ բա հ-այրիմ,
 Եօ՛ղ Լօճ ար Ե-տ՛ւր, և ճօրն Շիկիլլիւ;
 Ե՛բան Լօճ Փարոյ ար յե՛ Եեօ,
 Օ՛ ար յա Բիւրնե ան ան Լօ,

Շիկ Լա, և՛ր մի, և՛ր Եկաճար,
 Եօ Եի Լօճ Փարոյ բօ ճարմար,
 Օ՛ Լօ մարԵճա Բիւրնե Բիւրն,
 և Եարիմ յիօտ, և Շիկիլլիւ.

Եր մե՛ ան անտարմ և յ-ճարոյ յա Ե-Բարոյ,
 և Քիճարոյ! ԵաԵար Յաճ Յարոյ;
 ան բՅալ բիւ Ե՛րնիւրիմ ԵիԵ,
 յիմԵճա Եաօրնե Եօ ճաԼաԵ.

Ե Ա Շ Ի Շ Ր Ա Ա Ն Ա Պ Ա Փ Ա Յ Ն Պ ի Օ Յ Ր .

Փօ ճաԼաճ բՅալ աարմնեճ Յան Երեյոյ,
 ար ճիւրմիճ՝ Եճ յՅիլիճ բԼօՅ;
 բար մեանմնաճ յաճ Եարոյճճ արմ ար,
 Ե՛ար Եա արիմ ան Ե-Ամաճան Պօր.²

Բիոյճաճա ան ճարար Եօ ճաԵ բե,
 ան բար յար Երեյճ և՛ր Եօ Եի ԵօրԵ;
 յի Լե Երեյր և բՅիլճ՛ յա Լան,
 աճԵ Լե յար և Եալլ՛ րա Եճ ճար.

¹ Օրնիճ, an oaf.

² Ամաճան մօր, *literally*, a big fool, an oaf. a simpleton, an idiot, or one

O. Fionn-loch Dearg was the name
 Of this Lake, in the beginning, O Just Cleric ;
 But Lough Dearg remained since that time,
 From the slaughter of the Fianna on that day.

Three days, a month, and a year
 Lough Dearg was covered with mists ;
 Since the day of the slaughter of the Fianna of Fionn,
 I tell thee, O Tailgin.

I am pining after the Fianna,
 O Patrick ! who formed every sun ;
 This tale which I relate to thee
 Was heard by many a man.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AMADAN MOR.

I HEARD a dreadful tale, no doubt,
 Regarding a Simpleton whom hosts obeyed ;
 A courageous man, on whom arms did not redden,
 Whose name was the Amadan Mor.

The kingdoms of the world he subdued,
 He who was not weak but fierce ;
 Not by the might of his shield or lance,
 But by the strength of his limbs and hands.

incapable of managing his affairs. The poem is not strictly speaking Ossianic, but belongs to the ballad class, and is very popular among the peasantry.

Լա ծա Յ-սաւալծ աղ շ-Պաճան Պծր,
 Յօ յալծ աՅ յիՅ Լօճաղղ յա ծալ ;
 աղ ԲԵԱՅ ԲԱ ԲԻԵԱՅՇԱ ԾԻԵԱՇ Ա՛Ր ԲՅԵՐԻ՛Մ,
 ծա յալծ աղ աղ ԲԱՕՅԱԼ ԼԵ ԲԱՅԱԼ.

Չօ շլուայր այր Յօ ԼօՄ Լիւ՛տ,
 Յօ ԲԱԵՇՇԵ յա ԲԵՐԻԲԵ ԵՐԱՇ ;
 ՇՄՄ ԱՄԱՐՇ Ծ՛ՔԱՅԱԼ ԱՐ ԱՂ ՄԴԱՕԻ,
 ԲԱ ԲԻԵԱՅՇԱ ԾՕ ԲԻ ԱՅԵ ԼԵ ԲԱՅԱԼ.

ԵԱՐԼԱ ՕՅԼԱՇ ՅԱԻԲ ԲԻՕՂՂ,
 ԱՐ ԱՅ ԲԻՅԵԱԼ ՇՕՐ յա ԵՐԱՅԱ ;
 Ծ՛ՔԻԱԲԻԱԻԾ ԾԵ ԱՂ Ե-ԲԼԻՅԵ յա Բ-ԲԱՅԱԾ,
 յԱԾԱՐՇ ԱՐ ԱՂ յԻՅՕՅԱՂ ՄԻՅԱ.

Ծ՛ԻՄՄԻՐ ԾՕ Յօ յալծ ԲԻ Ա Յ-ՇԱՅԻՒԵ,
 ՃԱՂՅԵԱՂ ՇՄՄԾԱՅՅ ՇՕՐ յա ԵՐԱՅԱ ;
 Ա՛Ր Յօ յալծ ԲԵԱՇԵ Բ-ԲԵՇՇԻԾ ԼԱՕՇ ՇԱՄԱ,
 յա ՆՅԱՐԾԱ ԲԵԱԲԱՐԻ՛Մ ԾԱ ՇՕՄԵԱԾ.

Չօ շլուայր աղ ԲԵԱՐ ՄՕՐ Յօ ԾԻԱՂ ԼԱԵՇ,
 Յօ Ն-ԾԵԱՇԱԻԾ ԾՕ ԲԻՕԻՇ ՛ՅԱ ՄԵԱՐՅ ;
 ԲԻԱԲԻԱՅՅԵԱՐ ԲՅԵԱԼԱ ԾԻՕԲ Յօ Բ-ՍԻՄԱԼ,
 ՇԻԱ ԱՂ ՇԱՅԻՒԵ ՛ՅԱ յալծ աղ ԲԵԱՂ ?

Չօ ԼԱԾԱՐ ՄԵԱՐՅՈՐ ՄՕՐ Յօ Բ-ԱՐԾ,
 ՇԻԵԱԾ ԲՍՐ ԲԱՇ ԾՕԾ՛ ԼՕՐՅ ԲԱՕՇ ?
 ԱՐ ՕՐ Ա՛Ր ԱՐ ԱՐՂՅԵԱԾ ԱՂ ԾՕՄԱՂՂ,
 ՆԻ Բ-ԲԱՅՇԱ ԼԱԾԱՐԵ ՆԱ ԾՍԼ յա ՅԱՕՐ.

Չա Մ-ԲԵԻՇ ԲԻՕՐ ԱՅԱՄԲԱ ՇԱ Բ-ԲՍԼ ԱՂ ԲԵԱՂ,
 ԻՐ ԱՂԻԵ ՅՆԵ, ԾԻԵԱՇ, Ա՛Ր ՇԼՕԾ ;
 ՅԱՂ ՇԵԱԾ ԾՍԻՐԵ ՆԱ ԾԻԲ Յօ ԼԵՐԻ,
 ՆԻ ԲԱԾԱ ԱՂ ՇԵՐՄ Յօ Մ-ԲԵԻԾԻՄՂ յա ՇՕՐԻ.

One day the Amadan Mor was told,
 That the king of Lochlin had awaiting him,
 A lady of the fairest shape and form,
 That the world ever beheld.

Onwards he goes in quick motion,
 To the plain of Beirbe in haste ;
 To get a glance at a woman,
 The fairest, he was about to obtain.

He met a fair-haired, rough hero,
 Wandering by the shore ;
 He inquired of him the way
 To where he could see the princely woman.

He informed him that she was in a palace,
 Firm and strong near the shore ;
 And that there were seven-score heroes
 As a standing guard protecting her.

The huge man proceeded in haste,
 Till he went cunningly in their midst ;
 He enquireth of them calmly
 What palace did the woman dwell in ?

The great Fergus loudly asked ;
 “ What is the cause of thy silly question ?
 For all the gold and silver in the world
 You could not speak to, nor approach her.”

“ If I knew where the woman is,
 Of the fairest skin, colour and shape ;
 Without thy leave or that of you all,
 It is not long till I would be in her presence.”

Փար ծօ լարն, ա ծջլաօյժ մծրն,
 ար րօղ ծօ շլծր ա եյթ Բօրն Եայն ;
 Ծա Յ-սարբա ըսմ ծսլ նա շօրն,
 Բա շեարն աղ ծօյժ ծսլ Եյթ Յան շայն !

Փօ շլաժ քարն աղ Ե-ամածան մծր,
 ա՛ր շրեամսլշար Քարնսր լծրն ա լարն ;
 Բծւծարն Եյր Եսարնն նա մնա շաԲարն ծօ,
 ոճ ծեարբաԾ Բարննար ծօ նա շնարնա.

Քրնշար շաժ Յօ Բօրն Եայն,
 ա՛ր Եյրբար Յաժ Բօղ ծյօԾ ար աղ Բ-քարն մծր ;
 Բա շեարն աղ մօլլ ար լաԾ Յօ Լարն,
 Ծա նշօղ Յօ Կ-աԵԻԲ Յան Լուժ Յան Երեօրն.

Տեաժ Բ-քլժժ լաօժ շալմա քրարն,
 ծօ շարննն աՅ ԲալաԾ աղ քլրն մծրն ;
 ա՛ր Ծա նիժն ա նշօղբաԾ նա նշարն.
 Իր ԵաՅ աղ Ե-քարն ծօ Բլ ալՅե ծօլն.

Յաժ Բօղ աշօ մարն շլՅեաԾ արն,
 ծօ շարնբաԾ շ նա քլարն ար լարն,
 Յար ԼեաՅ Յաժ Բօղ ծյօԾ Լե քարն,
 Երբարննա ա նշարն աղ Բարն.

Պող քրն ծօ շարն քան Յ-սարն,
 նա մարն աղ շարնննն նարբաժ ննա ;
 ծօ մաՅ Եյր յ Յօ ծանա ծրան,
 ա՛ր քարն ա շօրն ոյ մարն Լօ քաՅարն.

Պող քրն քրալարն աղ Ե-Ամածան Պծրն,
 Երն շարննա Լօժարն նա Յ-շեժ Յ-շարնն ;
 շ քլրն, ա՛ր Բօղ նարբաժն ննա,
 ոյ քարնն ա Յ-շօրն-արն ծօ ծլր.

“By thy hand, O great hero,
 Though thy talk is fierce and stout,
 If thou attempt to go in her presence
 Thou soon wouldst lose thy head.”

The huge man became angry,
 And caught Fergus in his arms ;
 He asked him to tell where the woman was,
 Or he would break his bones.

They all arose fierce and stout,
 And laid hold of the huge man ;
 But it was not long until all
 Were heart-wounded and left feeble.

Seven score hardy, valiant heroes,
 Came to fight the big man ;
 And, though great his pains and dangers,
 Little cared he about them.

Each of them as he approached him,
 He threw like a carcass on the ground ;
 Till he laid low all of them with a vengeance,
 Vanquished, in the pangs of death.

He then entered the mansion
 Where the handsome woman dwelt ;
 He carried her off fearlessly and quickly,
 And a man to outstrip him could not be found.

The Amadan Mor then makes his way
 Through Lochlin's land of delightful songs ;
 Himself and the young woman,
 Two their equal were never seen.

Պօ շարևա շլեան ծխարս ծօխ,
 Կա՛ թաճարս ան թօրն թխ ;
 Եւ Երեւնի թիւս, Բիւսն, ա՛ր թօր,
 ա՛ր թարս Կա ծ-տօրն Լ թարս Կա՛ :

Պօ շարսարս շուս ար ան ծ-տիւն,
 Շարսարս Եւ թօ շարս Երս ;
 Բիւսն ծօրն ծօրն թօն Լարս,
 ա թարս Եւ թօրն Կա թ-Եւ ծօրն .

Պօ թիւս արս Եւ թարս Երս,
 Կա թարս Երս ար թարս թօն ;
 Եւս արս թարս Երս թօն թօն,
 Երս արս Երս ա թարս Երս .

Տիւս թիւս, ար ան թարսն ծօ,
 Կա թիւս ա ծօրն ա՛ր Կա թարս ա Երս,
 Կա թիւս Երս Երս ան թարս,
 Կա թարս Երս ան թարս թարս .

Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս,
 Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս ;
 Երս Երս Երս ա թարսն թիւս,
 Կա թիւս Երս ա թիւս ծօրն .

Պօ թիւս Երս Երս Երս,
 Երս Երս Երս Երս ա թիւս ;
 Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս,
 ա՛ր Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս .

Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս,
 Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս ;
 ա թիւս Երս Երս Երս Երս,
 Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս Երս .

¹ Երս Երս, a wizard, sorcerer, or magician.

They entered a solitary valley,
 Where they never had been before ;
 Of purest streams, woods and soil,
 And the roar of the waves on rocky cliffs.

They beheld approaching them on the shore
 A champion clothed with costliest mantle ;
 A vessel of chaste wrought gold in his hand,
 In the shape of a goblet, containing drink.

Then the Amadan Mor saith,
 " I have not been during my life,
 At any time so greatly a thirst,
 I am glad he comes, whoever he be."

" I entreat of thee," saith the youthful maid,
 " Not to drink his drink or taste his food,
 Until we learn what vale is this,
 In which we have never been before."

The Gruagach of the golden cup salutes
 The Amadan Mor and his wife ;
 " Be merry, O great hero,
 Do not be sad, and take a drink."

Then the big man takes
 Courageously and daringly the drink ;
 He puts his palm under the golden vessel,
 And a drop he left not that he did not swallow.

The Gruagach with the smooth mantle departs
 After he had taken the drink ;
 And his two legs, from the knees,
 Were wanting to the big man.

Then the young maiden said,
 "Hard is thy case just now ;
 Few are my friends in the world wide,
 Or thou shalt again get thy limbs."

Then the gentle maiden said,
 "O man, the stoutest of all that are,
 I travelled the world over thrice,
 And met no place like this valley."

To the place in which they stood
 A deer approaches with antlers fierce ;
 And a red-eared white hound
 Barking loudly in his track.

The Amadan Mor makes a cast
 With judgment and a true aim ;
 And sent the spear which he held in his hand
 Through the heart of the deer.

He then lays hold of the white hound,
 And ties him gently with a thong ;
 I shall keep thee to amuse me,
 Until pursuers, or some one follow thee.

'Twas not long till they saw approach them in the valley,
 The proud champion of the golden mantle,
 His sharp-pointed tempered sword on his left side,
 And his spear and shield in his hand.

The Gruagach of the golden mantle
 Salutes the Amadan Mor and his wife,
 And the big man asks of him positively,
 What land or country he inherited.

The Knight of the Mantle is my name,
 From all arms I come whole ;
 To you I tell, O great young man, that
 I am the Gruagach who owns the white hound."

"O thou hero of the fairest form,
 I do pledge myself to thee,
 That the Gruagach of the white hound
 Till the day of judgment thou shalt not be called."

"Is it not enough for thee, O great hero,
 To be just in the division ;
 To keep the deer to thyself,
 And leave my white hound to me?"

"'Twas I that slew the deer,"
 Saith the Amadan in firm tone,
 "And whoever of us has the stoutest arm,
 Let him have the deer and white hound."

[hands,

"As it happens that my white hound came into thy
 And that thou art in want of thy feet ;
 Food and drink during thy life,
 Take for thyself and thy wife."

Then the gentle young woman said,
 "Give to me the white hound ;"
 "I would, and the speckled hound,
 And if thou desirest more."

Then went forth the three,
 The woman, the hero, and the young Gruagach ;
 The big man put the deer on his back,
 His helmet, his shield, and his wife.

Nj fada zo b-facadar ran yzleany,
 caſari do bj a y-dealman̄ ðru ;
 nj rajb dae da b-faca rújl,
 na rajb ran z-cúru a' r nj ba n̄ð.

Auy rru adúbairc ay macaon̄ mna,
 cja ay caſari ðrda úd ;
 jr breazca ruad ' rrr alye dreac,
 nð ay fêru a bmae na rúbal.

Dún-ay-Orru jr é a h-arym,
 Dún zarb Zhleanya ay Smðl ;
 nj b-fuyl ayorr da ruymn ar fázarl,
 aet mrr fêru, a' r mo bean.

Ay zleany rru jonar zabair ríð,
 lan do ðmaozcaet do bjony do zyaè ;
 jr beaz ay fðzvan̄ do zruðim fêru,
 aet az coimead mēru mo n̄na.

Fuaradaru aon bean ran Dún,
 nj rajb rman̄ madarc do b'fearru,
 ba zle na ay rreacra a corp,
 a ruoz zoim ra dead ban.

Auy rru adúbairc ay macaon̄ mna,
 cja j ay dead-zéal aluyru ðz ;
 nð ay fear mðr borb zruide,
 jr alye zruoi, dreac, a' r clðð.

Bean ay frr n̄ðru úd do çru,
 ruzru ruz çru ay ðru ;
 azur é fêru ay fear meamnae,
 d'ar ba aryru ay t-Amadan̄ Ruðru.

'Twas not long till they saw in the valley
 A city that shone like unto gold ;
 There was no colour which eye had seen
 That was not in the mansion, and many more.

'Twas then the young maiden asked,
 " What golden city is that
 Of the finest appearance and hue,
 Or could it be betrayed or traversed ?"

" *Dun an Oir* (Fort of the Gold) is its name,
 The strong Dun of Glen an Smoil,
 There is not now of its inhabitants alive
 But myself and my wife.

" The glen through which thou hadst passed
 Is always full of witchcraft ;
 Little good I do myself
 But satisfying the wishes of my wife."

They found a woman in the Dun,
 A sight like it was never seen ;
 Her person was fairer than the snow,
 Blue her eyes and bright her teeth.

Then the youthful woman asked,
 " Who is the bright-toothed, fair, and young ;
 Or the stout, brave, big man
 Of the fairest countenance, colour and shape ?"

" The wife of that big man whom you see,
 Is the daughter of the king of the Golden Land ;
 And he himself is the vigorous man,
 Whose name is the Amadan Mor.

Եր ը րբ քարս լու՛ է ա՛ր թիւմ,
 անո՛ր ան տ-բաօջալ ճա՛ Բ-բաճա քօր ;
 քրիօ՛ճա ան ճոման քա՛ նա Բիւմ,
 ա՛ր ոյրե քիւն շար շիլլ ճօ.

Եր յոնշնա իյոմ ա Բ-բալ շիւ թա՛ծ,
 թիօ՛ջաճէ ան ճոման քօ՛ նա Բիւմ ;
 ա՛ր մար իկն քի՛ ա ճօրա լեօ,
 ա՛ր միւծ շա՛ թլօջ ճար Բան քի՛ շիլլ.

Երբ արմ ճար շար քիօր շան շօ,
 թիօ՛ջաճէ ան ճոման շար շա՛ Բ ճօ լան ;
 ա՛ր նա՛ Բ-բալ թի՛ նա քալի՛ քան տ-բաօջալ,
 նա՛ շան շիլլե ճօ նարտ ա լան.

Եր շար Բաճ ճարն ճա՛ քաօջալ,
 ճօ Բի՛ անո՛ր ան յՅիւն ճա՛ ճամալ ճօ ;
 Բա՛ ճարն ան ինօլլ ար միլե լաօ՛,
 ճօ ճարտքնա՛ քի՛ ար սար ճօ լօ.

Ոյ թալ ճօջա՛ծ, ճօլճան, նա թՅա՛ճ,
 նա՛ արմ ճար ճօ ան Բ-բար ճօ ;
 ա՛ճէ Բիլէ ճա՛ ճ-ճարտան ճօ քիլլե սարձ,
 թարձ, քար, շան ճա՛ճ, շան թնօջ.

Ոյ Բ-բալ թիօ՛ջաճէ ար Բիլէ քան ճոման,
 նա՛ շան ճօ լոմ ճա՛ ար ճա՛ ճօլլ !
 ոյ թալ նա՛ ճարն ար լե քաօճար,
 նա՛ ճարն ա թիւմ ալլե Բեօ.

Գօ ճարն ճօլլա՛ նա ճ-քնա՛ լան,
 ան քար շան թՅա՛ճ ճօ Յիւն ինօլլ,
 ր ոյր ճարն արմ ար ա ճիլ,
 քա՛ ճա՛ քի՛ քիլլ ան յ-ճոման ինօլլ !

- “ He is possessed of the greatest agility and power
In the world that I have yet seen ;
The kingdoms of the earth are under his control,
And I myself submitted to him.”
- “ I wonder much at what you say,
The kingdoms of the earth to be under his control ;
How he suffered them to take his limbs,
And the number of hosts he hath subdued.”
- “ I tell you that it is so,
The kingdoms of the earth he has conquered ;
And that there is not a king or chief on earth
Who did not submit to the might of his hand.
- “ Though but few of his days have yet come,
He was in Greece a youthful oaf ;
Without much delay a thousand heroes
He would lay low in one hour.
- “ Neither helmet, sword, nor shield,
Or sharp arms had the youthful man ;
But casting them out of his way
Dead, cold, pale, and wan.
- “ There is not a kingdom in the world
That he did not give battle to their force ;
There was no man who dared him to fight
Whose career he did not shorten.
- “ Colgach of the tempered blades arrived,
The undaunted man from broad Asia ;
Arms never reddened on his breast,
Though he travelled the whole world.

Պօ շար ար շօ ո՞՞ տարած,
 և շուտ արտ շօ շարժե շօյն ;
 և՛ ր շարժար շօ շարժե շօ շարժե շօյն,
 շարժար շարժար շարժար շարժար շարժար :

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Պ շարժար շարժար, և շարժար շարժար,
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 շարժար շարժար շարժար շարժար շարժար :

- “ He quickly arrayed himself
 In his fighting garments, active and right ;
 And said he would go fight him,
 When he heard the fame of the big man.
- “ He enquired of him where he had left
 His helmet, shield, and trusty sword ;
 He said in reply that he never asked
 Any arms but his two fists.
- “ Colgach said that it was unwise,
 Not to ask for arms when going to fight ;
 ‘ And I now christen thee for a name
 Whilst thou livest, the Amadan Mor.’
- “ After speaking thus he gave
 A heavy severe blow to the big man ;
 Till he cut him to the bones, and made him roar ;
 Through the effect of this mighty blow.
- “ He takes him tightly under the arms,
 The valiant Colgach of the tempered blades,
 Till he drove his entrails by a venomous squeeze
 Down through his body without delay.
- “ By my word, O youthful maid,
 The kings of the world, though great their hosts,
 But for the spells of the magic cup,
 He would not suffer them to take his legs.
- “ I shall go again to hunt in the glen,”
 Saith the wizard to the big man ;
 “ Protect in my absence in good faith
 My wife, my palace, and all my gold.

Պա՛ր քաճա չարիւծ ծօ իւր մէ ամսի՛շ,
 նա ծէր զօճա ա՛ր նա շրօմ ծօ շէրոյ,
 նա լէլ զօր ծարր արտե՛ս,
 նա ծարր արտե՛ս ծա՛ն քա՛ն զար.

Այ Յիսաչա՛ն, աչ ծա, ա՛ր աչ չարս քա՛ն,
 ծարրի՛ն զար զար ծարրի՛ն ծօ ծարրի՛ն ;
 աչ ծարր քա՛ն զար զար զար զար,
 ծարրի՛ն զար զար զար զար զար.

Ածնարի՛ն աչ զար զար զար,
 ա զար զար զար զար զար զար ;
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Շարի՛ն աչ զար զար զար զար զար,
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Եր զար զար զար զար զար զար,
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 զար զար զար զար զար զար.

“ Be it long or short that I am abroad,
 Do not sleep or bend thy head ;
 Let nobody in,
 Or one out of all that is here.”

The Gruagach, the hound, and the white dog,
 The three went to the chase ;
 The two women and the Amadan Mor
 Remained in the golden coloured fortress.

The Amadan Mor said,
 “ O youthful maid, raise my head ;
 Sleep is overcoming me greatly,
 And this is no time to sleep in the glen.”

The maiden came to raise his head ;
 Her appearance was like unto the sun ;
 And she said to the Amadan Mor,
 “ This is no time to take repose.”

They were not long after saying these words
 Until a young champion came in ;
 From the Gruagach's wife he snatched a kiss,
 And then attempted to depart.

On the young maiden beholding this
 The big man raised his head ;
 And she said to the Amadan Mor,
 “ You have slept, but 'twas not the time.

“ 'Tis a bad time,” said she, in grief,
 “ And 'tis untimely thou tookest repose ;
 There are some on thy track in the house,
 And thou mayest fear a hard contest.”

Պսոս տ-բելծոյն ամ էրոտ իսան,
 ոյ լէլչբոյն ծօ տեաճ արեաճ ;
 ոճ ծօ Ծ-Ելչիճ Յիսաչաճ Փհնոս-ան-Օլլի,
 ոյ յաճարճ իճ ծօտ ծօոյն ամաճ.

Ար լար ան ծօրսլր ծօ իսլճ իճ,
 ար ար իչլաճ ծօ յսչ յա ծճիճ ;
 ոյօր ճստ շօճ, իօր, յա ճօրճ,
 ճօնլաճ Բա ծայրչոյն յա'ն իօր յօր.

Ելլչօր ան Յիսաչաճ ծօր ծօոյն,
 ար ար իչլաճ ծօ յսչ յա ծճիճ ;
 իճչ ան ծօրսլր ար յիճ յօ իլիչօ,
 ոճ իր շիօճ իօճօր ար իլլ յօր.

Աոյ իան ածնարիտ ան Ե-Ամաճան Պօր,
 ար ճարչօճարճ ծճ աճ Բօրճ, տօոյն ;
 ոճ ծօ Ծ-Ելչիճ ան Յիսաչաճ աճ յսլչ,
 Բելլ իօ արլիչ ոճ ծօ ճօոյն.

Ծօ ճօճաճ տն, ար յաճօոյն յօր,
 լան իլ յ-Ծաճաճ ծճօ ճլան ;
 արսլ իօճճ շ-ճօճ իօրան իօր,
 ար լիլ յօ իօն արլր ամաճ.

Ծօ Բելլիտ յօ Բիլաճար ծսլ ճան ճճ,
 շիճ յօր իօր ար Բ-Բսլ տն յաճ ;
 աճճ ծօ Ծ-Ելչիճ Յիսաչաճ Փհնոս-ան-Օլլի,
 շօ յ-իօճաճ տն ար իօլչ ար յնա.

Ծօ Բսլոյն յօ ծօ'ն Յիսաչաճ ան ճօոյն,
 ար ծսլ ծօ իճ'ն լիլլր արեաճ ;
 ծօ ճօճաճ տն լօճ-ճօր իօրճ' ճօն,
 ար լիլ յօ անոյ ան յօճ ամաճ.

“ Had I not been in heavy sleep,
 I would not suffer him to come in ;
 Until the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives
 Nor would he depart without my leave.”

In the centre of the door he sat,
 He takes his shield in his hand ;
 A smith, carpenter, or artist never formed
 A firmer pillar than the big man.

The comely, brown-haired Gruagach, arose,
 And in his hand he grasps his shield ;
 “ Leave the door and clear my way,
 Or soon thou wilt suffer, O big man.”

Then the Amadan Mor said,
 “ O young hero who art fierce and stout,
 Until the Gruagach who is outside comes in
 Thou shalt remain, or thy head.”

“ Thou shalt get, O youthful hero,
 Three cauldrons full of pure gold ;
 And seven hundred townlands free,
 And permit me to depart again.”

“ I pledge thee my word truly,
 Tho’ great are all thou sayest,
 When the wizard of Dun-an-Oir arrives
 Thou shalt pay for kissing his wife.”

“ I took from the Gruagach the cup,
 And he approaching from the plain ;
 Thou wilt get one leg under thy seat,
 And let me out the way I came.”

Αδύβαιτε αη ζαγέλιοηη δζ,
 λέιζ αη ζαιρζεαδαε εριδδα αμαε ;
 κυρρεαδ αη λεαε-έοιρ φύζαη,
 α'ρ ιηέιζεαδ αη ριύβαλ ζαη ρταδ.

Κυρρεαρ αη ζαιρζεαδαε ραοι λε θριαοιζεαετ,
 αη λεαε-έοιρ μαη δο βί ηιαη ;
 δο ηιάδ αη Ξηιαζαε ζλιε,
 βιαδηαοιθ αηοιρ αζ τηηαλλ.

Αδύβαιτε αη ε-Αηαδαη Αηδρι,
 ραηφα τύ ρόρ ζο ηαλλ ;
 αη λεαε-έοιρ εηλε 'ρα κυρ ρααρ,
 δο βέαηρφαη ηαη ηδ δο έεαηη.

Δο βί αη Ξηιαζαε α ζ-εαρ έηιαηδ,
 δο έυζ λέιη ηιαε α η-υετ ηα ηηά ;
 ζαδ ηο έοηαηηεε, α βεαη,
 α'ρ ηο δίοη ζο βεαετ ο'η η-βάρ.

Ηί ηαοζλαε δυηρε αη βάρ,
 δο ηιάδ αη βεαη δοβ' αηηε δεαλλ ;
 ταδαηη αη λεαε-έοιρ εηλε ηαη,
 α'ρ δίοη δ'η ηζααη ρεο ταηαη.

Ηίοη λέιζ εαζλα ηά βίοδζα δο,
 δο βί αη ρεαρ ηόρι δρ α έίοηη ;
 τυζ αη λεαε-έοιρ εηλε δο,
 ρζεαλ ζαη ζδ μαη δεηη αη ρεαηη.

Αηοιρ δ ταηδ δο έορα φύζαε,
 ηρ ηδ ηάηε δο λúε α'ρ δο ηέιηη,
 τηηαλλαηαοιθ α δ-τηηύη αμαε,
 ζο ηζάβαη ηεαηε αηη ζαε εέηηη.

The young woman said,
 " Let the magnanimous hero depart ;
 Let him restore me one leg,
 And be off instantly."

The hero by magic fixes to him
 The one leg as it had been before ;
 The cunning Gruagach then said,
 " Let us now proceed."

The Amadan Mor said,
 " Thou shalt wait yet awhile ;
 The other leg, and the fixing it,
 Thou shalt give, or thy head."

The Gruagach was in a hard plight ;
 He made a sudden bound to the woman's arms ;
 " Protect me, O woman,
 And shield me from certain death."

" Thou needest not fear death,"
 Saith the woman of the goodly figure ;
 " Give up the other leg,
 And save thy soul from this peril."

The terror of the surprise alarmed him,
 The big man was over his head ;
 He gave him the other leg,
 A true tale as the pen indites.

" Now that thou hast thy legs,
 And thy agility and sway is good,
 Let us three go forth,
 Till we obtain victory in each conflict."

280 cōra do bairir dīom,
 nī léizfead leat arīr nā leō;
 a' r nī mō mačad tu dom deoin amac,
 zo d-tizfead 3ruazac Dhūna-an-Oir,

Ir baoc do cōirz, a mācaoin mōir,
 do cūneaf tu a z-cōir lūt a' r nīan;
 ba cōir dā m-beit ar cūmur duit,
 nār nīan leat mo mī-nīan.

Da d-tuzca dāira tullead cor,
 a' r zac maic dā b-faca rūt;
 nī tēizfiriu ar riu ule mo rūn,
 nā mo cūman d'feaf an Dhūn.

Fear an Dhūn nī tīocra arīr,
 tīall do flize a' r nā bī 'na cōir;
 béarfa līom an bean dam féin,
 a' r nī rzarfad lēi zo lā an bair.

Atā an 3ruazac fōr le teačt,
 cīa nāc maic leatfa an tīacčt;
 iocfad tú a n-dearīar ar,
 zeallam duit cīa teann do māč!

Le nā teačt nō nā dul ar ceal,
 zlac zac maic atām do māč;
 tīallfam féin a' r ar n-dīr ban,
 a' r zeabam neart an zac ar.

Bean an 3hrūazaz nī leat zo bīac,
 le neart lām nā le cōl;
 tīallfad rī am dāirī féin,
 mūna teačt dā cēile a' r bī ad cōrt!

“ My legs thou tookest from me,
 I will not leave with thee or them again ;
 And neither shalt thou pass out without my leave
 Till the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives.”

“ Silly is thy report, O great hero ;
 I put thee in the way of thy limbs ;
 ’Twould be but due if in thy power,
 That thou shouldst not let me go astray.”

“ If thou gavest me more legs,
 And all good things that eye hath seen,
 I would not for them all forsake my love
 Or my affection to the man of the Dun.”

“ The man of the Dun will not come again ;
 Go thy way, and do not meet him ;
 I will take the woman to myself,
 And I will not part her till my death.”

“ The Gruagach is yet to come,
 Although it is not pleasing to you ;
 Thou shalt repay thy harm to him,
 I promise thee, though stiff thy speech.”

“ Whether he cometh or goeth elsewhere
 Be counselled by what I say ;
 We will go forth with our two wives,
 And we will obtain sway in every land.”

“ The Gruagach’s wife thou shalt never have
 By might of hand or consent ;
 She will come along with myself
 Unless her husband arrive, so hold thy tongue.”

Nač b-fuyl beay eyle azab fēyn,
 yr maꝝt mēiḡḡ, zḡaoy azur norz ;
 yr ḡāḡḡeac̄ duꝝt, a ḡācaoyḡ ḡōḡḡ,
 ḡḡre fā bḡōḡ ḡḡoyr do čoyz.

Nḡ čāḡḡz ḡḡāḡ, a'ḡ ḡḡ čoyca fōr,
 zāḡḡeadač cḡōḡa ḡā ceayḡ laōč ;
 do zēabab beay ay ḡḡḡaazāz ḡḡḡ,
 zo d-čḡzḡō fōr faoy ḡā dēḡḡ.

Jr olc do ḡāḡūḡḡ a'ḡ do ḡūḡ,
 'ḡḡḡ ḡōḡḡ do člū a z-cḡḡōčāḡb cḡayḡ ;
 do čuzar duꝝt ḡḡūbal a'ḡ lūč,
 'ḡḡḡ ḡāḡḡz duꝝt mo ḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

Do čuzayr ḡam ḡḡūbal a'ḡ lūč,
 a'ḡ zur le ḡḡḡḡḡḡ do čāḡḡeayr ḡad ;
 ḡā ḡ-beḡḡḡḡḡ ḡā ḡ-eayḡāḡō zo lā ay bḡāč,
 ḡ'ḡ ḡḡḡaazāč ḡḡ b-fāzāḡḡḡḡ čḡḡḡḡḡ.

Do bēayr zāč ayzē, ḡḡ a'ḡ ḡāoyḡ,
 do bēayr zāč ḡḡ duꝝt yr ḡḡayḡ,
 ḡḡ dēayḡad feayḡa olc ḡā ḡḡč,
 a'ḡ fuḡḡḡz ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡoyr ḡā čḡḡḡḡḡ.

Olc ḡā ḡḡč ḡḡ zēabāḡḡḡ uayḡ,
 ḡā fōr duayr ay čoyr ḡay ḡ-ḡāoyzāḡ,
 beay ay ḡḡḡaazāz ḡā cead ḡḡayḡ,
 ḡḡ b-fāzāḡḡḡ ḡad zo ceāčḡ do fēḡḡ.

Jḡḡḡḡḡ duꝝt, a ḡācaoyḡ ḡōḡḡ,
 cḡeḡḡ zay zō mo bḡḡāčayr fḡoyr,
 ḡā čoyca ḡḡaazāč ḡḡḡḡ-ay-ōḡḡḡ,
 a'ḡ zo ḡ-beḡḡḡḡe fōr ayḡḡeac̄ čḡḡḡ.

- “ Hast not thou another wife,
Of the gentlest mind, eye, and features?
It becometh thee not, O portly youth,
To upbraid me now and I in grief.”
- “ There never came, nor never will
A valiant champion or hero stout,
Who will take the Gruagach’s wife by force,
Till he himself comes to her.”
- “ Thy disposition and affections are evil,
Though great thy fame in distant lands;
I restored to thee thy missing limbs,
And ’tis not thus I should be served.”
- “ Thou didst restore to me my limbs,
And it was by betrayal that I lost them;
If I were without them till the day of judgment
From the Gruagach thou shalt not escape.”
- “ I will give thee presents of gold and wealth,
I will give thee whatever thou desirest;
I will never more do thee harm or ill,
But hide us now from his approach.”
- “ Ill nor harm I accept not at thy hands,
Nor yet presents for the world;
The wife of the Gruagach, nor leave to depart,
Thou shalt not get till he arrives.”
- “ I tell thee, O valiant youth,
And believe truly what I say,
That the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir will not come,
And that thou shalt yet regret.”

Գո՛ւ արեւեա՛կ կոյմ ա՛յ Տրուաճա՛կ շաօն,
 մա՛ր է ըն ըստ ա՛ իւր ինչ ինչ ;
 ա՛ր ճա՛ն արեւը շա՛ն շա՛նք ո՛ր ըստ
 յօ յօ՛ւր ըստ ըստ ա՛ իւր ինչ ինչ .

Եր երկուքս ծանրա, ա ինչպիսիք ինչ,
 յօ իւր ինչ ինչ ըստ ըստ ;
 յօ ինչպիսիք ըստ ա՛ յիստաճա՛նք ըստ,
 շա՛ն ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ .

Յի՛ն ըստ ըստ, ա՛ր ա՛յ ըստ ըստ,
 շա՛ն Տրուաճա՛կ ըստ ըստ ;
 ո՛ր ըստ ըստ յօ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 յօ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ .

Ո՛ր ինչպիսիք ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 յօ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 յօ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ .

Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ա՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
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 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ .

Ո՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ա՛ր ո՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ո՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ .

Ե՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ;
 ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ,
 ո՛ր ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ ըստ !

- “ I would regret the gentle Gruagach,
 If this be the gist of what thou sayest ;
 And should he not arrive, thou shalt not escape
 Till thou sorely payest for kissing his wife.”
- “ Take my word, O stalworth youth,
 That I have hosts at my command,
 Who will take away the wife of the Gruagach,
 Without his leave, or thine.”
- “ Though I am now, and the two women,
 Away from the gentle Gruagach of the hosts,
 I'll never suffer thee to pass out
 Till he return, if he be alive.
- “ I dread not thy stout hosts,
 Thy own sorcery or thy might ;
 Thou shalt satisfy me or him
 For visiting this Dun without his leave.”
- “ If I kissed the gentle woman,
 And that she wished I did so again ;
 Is it not sufficient ransom from me,
 That if it were her wish I should depart ?”
- “ I would not take her word for it,
 And 'tis not right to ask her now ;
 Do not anticipate thy departure,
 Thou shalt not go till he arrives.”
- “ If I deprived thee of thy limbs again,
 Great would be thy loss and slow thy mirth ;
 Keep me no longer from going off,
 Or thou wilt lose them and perhaps thy head !”

“ If thy actions are equal to thy speech,”
 Saith the big man, guarding the door,”
 “ Let us both try our hands,
 And see who is the stronger of head and limb.”

It was then the youthful maiden said,
 “ O hero most victorious in feats of arms,
 The loss of thy limbs again
 Would be a deformity and severe want.”

“ O woman of the fairest shape and form,
 Fear not that ever more
 By sorcery or the might of hands
 A limb or arm I shall lose.

Thou canst not discern their power yet, [shape ;
 That I was not deprived of my form, beauty, and
 By the spells of the magic cup,
 He will leave thee awhile without thy limbs.

“ As I got my limbs again all right,
 My strength and my form truly,
 Thou needest not dread till judgment day
 That thy hand shall be afflicted.

“ Thou valiant champion of the stout speech
 That threatenest to rid me of head and limb,
 Go thy way and shun the deed ;
 But if you do, 'tis a cowardly act.”

“ Art not thou afraid of losing thy limbs again,
 Want of vigour or power to walk ;
 The same spells are ready now
 To be played upon thee if thou deservest them.”

Na bi fearca baot zay c'ell
 led' z'lori raob do c'ahairi lny ;
 no zo d-tiz' ay Truazac ceahya, teany,
 do faozal ni r'zairfar lny.

Creidri, a macaorin, r'zeal zay z'o,
 ay Truazac cori zo b-fuil zay b'iz',
 da b'iz' rin feac ort feyn,
 no ir duic ir baozal zealluyt d'ib.

Do beari duic cumur yeart ay doihayn,
 buad azur noza ar muir a'r ar t'ir ;
 do teact rlan o z'ladayb cruad,
 a'r zay beim na zuair do haimayb ad elaoi.

Do beari duic corin buaid,
 o zac zeart deahfar d'ion ;
 clod na h-dize beid azad feyn,
 fayb noiri faozal az ad inhaoi.

Ir mai'e zac zuair da b-fuil tu mad,
 a'r da feabar a z-cal, a mai'e, 'ra h'zhoim ;
 t'iall amac ni b-fazairi zo b'rae.
 a b-p'iz na ma zo d-tuzairi d'iol.

Ni cuibe duicre, a macaorin noiri,
 mo corz a h-d'it zo h'zabairn d'it ;
 ni feicri Truazac Dhuna-ay-Oiri,
 az teact ad cori zo b'rae arir.

Da m-b'ayd zay teact zo deime ay doihayn,
 ni b-fazairre f'oir ar bi'e ob' peyn,
 ni b-fuil do t'iall zo b'rae amac,
 zo d-tuzairi d'iol zo beact ra b-p'iz.

- “ Be no longer simple and senseless,
 In thy silly talk to us ;
 Until the gentle valiant Gruagach arrives,
 Thou shalt not part from us alive.
- “ Believest thou, O youth, indeed
 That the just Gruagach is devoid of power ?
 Therefore, look to thyself,
 For danger awaits thee I promise you.”
- “ I will give thee sway over all the earth,
 Victory and position over seas and lands ;
 Thy coming safe out of severe battles,
 And to be so, that the foe cannot maim thee.
- “ I shall give thee a magic cup
 That will protect thee from all spells ;
 A youthful form shalt thou bear,
 A long life for thy wife.”
- “ All the gifts thou offerest are good, [value,
 And though excellent their fame, and great their
 Thou shalt never depart
 Until thou atone for kissing the woman.”
- “ ’Tis not becoming of thee, O noble youth,
 To detain me for a more cruel fate ;
 Thou shalt not see the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir again
 Visiting thee for evermore.”
- “ Did he not come till the world’s end,
 Thou shalt not be released from thy pains ;
 Thou shalt not be suffered to depart
 Till thou certainly atonest for the kiss.”

Nj le zorn do tuzar di pōiḡ,
 ačt le mō-fejnc cumajnc dā zhaoi ;
 a'z zur caillead Truazac Dhúna-an-Óir,
 nj fulair zo d-tiocfaid linc fēin í.

Mā caillead Truazac Dhúna-an-Óir,
 ir zearr an brōn 'rir doilb linc ;
 ir ē bejt marb nō beō,
 beirri fōr zan cead na rliḡ.

Adúbairc an zājēlincn oḡ.
 do ržéal nj dōiḡ zo b-fuil fjoir,
 tiocfaō an Truazac tar air fōr,
 a'z anhr an b-pōiḡ do béarfair dīol.

Adúbairc an t-Amadain Mōir,
 nj fulair zo fōil zo n-dēanfair moill,
 mā'r zan teačt do'nc Šhruazac Óir,
 mjre do cum rearfair boill.

Nj tuižčear linc zur biracār cōir,
 a mācaoin mōir do čanair linc ;
 an tē tuz oir cabair a'z fōir,
 zur mjan leat brōn do nā dīč.

Dā b-fažajncje ceair na lanc,
 cor nā ceanc nj lēižfinc leat ;
 nā le laočmaid žairze an doimaj,
 le dīaoižeačt zo lom do mncir beair.

Nač tuižčear leatpa, a mācaoin mōir,
 zo b-fuil am čoihāčta žeara air ;
 turā bejt zan čofa ad čōir,
 dīč ba mō nā pōḡ o mhaoi.

“ ’Twas not through malice I kissed her face,
 But from pure affection ;
 And that when the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir is dead,
 She should not hesitate to come with me.”

“ If the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir were dead,
 Our grief would be short, and our tears dry ;
 But whether he be dead or alive,
 Thou shalt still be detained here.”

The youthful maiden said,
 “ Thy story must not be true ;
 The Gruagach will return yet,
 And for that kiss thou must pay.”

The Amadan Mor said,
 “ Thou shalt yet wait awhile ;
 If the Gruagach doth not return,
 I am the man to take his place.”

“ I cannot perceive that there is truth,
 O noble youth, in what thou sayest ;
 That to him who gave thee help and aid,
 Thou shouldst wish sorrow or grief.”

“ If I got a trial by the sword
 A limb or head I would not lose by thee,
 Nor with all the valiant heroes the earth produced ;
 Through wicked sorcery you have done the deed.”

“ Dost thou not know, O valiant youth,
 That it is in my power to use spells again ;
 To leave thee without thy limbs
 Would be a greater evil than a kiss from a woman.”

“ If I were to lose both legs and head,
 The agility of my limbs and my heart's blood,
 I would not let the woman go with thee ;
 Thy speech, though boastful, I dread not.”

“ I beseech thee, O valiant youth,”
 Saith the Gruagach's gentle young wife,
 “ As he hath not done us more harm,
 Let him go off quietly.”

“ Though difficult to me, O golden-haired,
 And thou in grief, to refuse thy request,
 For all the gold the earth ever bore
 I would not yet let him depart.”

“ That is not right, O noble youth ;
 Hurt nor harm he hath not done to us ;
 I should regret thee, moreover,
 To be prostrated before me by magic spells.”

“ O woman of fairest form and feature,
 Do not grieve or fret for me ;
 I heed not hence his spells,
 He shall never have me by them in bonds.”

The mild and gentle young woman spoke,
 And said, “ O youth, of the powerful blades ;
 'Tis not worth while for the champion's crime,
 And be obedient to him now.”

“ I would permit him to depart,
 If he went to where the young Gruagach is ,
 Until he comes he shall not part us
 Through the persuasions of man or woman.”

Գո թա՛ծ աղ չարչեաճաճ՝ զճօր տաղոյ
 զօրս ա՛ր զտաղոյ ելլիմ ճա՛ն-ճի՛տ ;
 աղ ճի՛ր եղ եճարձակ լիտմ,
 չէլլ չօ հ-նիմալ, ոճ ի՛ր սի՛րեաճ՝ ճի՛տ.

Գո շու՛շ աղ յաճատիմ յօրմ,
 եօճ-լէլիմ շրճճա՛ն ար բարձ աղ ճի՛ր ;
 չօ ե-բարիմ ս լաղոյ լիտի՛ն, ա՛ր ս ի՛րեաճ,
 յօրս ճա՛ն լալիմ զօ լոտ լի՛տ.

Բե՛սճ աղօր լե երի՛շ զճարս,
 աղ ծ-բօրս լեա՛տ յօ շի՛ր ար չ-շի՛տ ;
 լե ծրարչեաճ՛տ ճի՛ր աղ շօրիմ շրճճա՛ն,
 յա՛ բօ՛ր լե չարչե՛ր յի՛րս ա՛ր լի՛տ,

Գո թա՛ծ յա յի՛նս եղ ճի՛տ,
 ս յաճատիմ, շ՛րիմ շի՛ր ար չ-շի՛տ ;
 ոճ ի՛ր եղ ճի՛րիմ շի՛տ չօ եօճ՛տ,
 յա՛ ճի՛ր եղ յի՛րս յի՛րս յի՛րս ճի՛ր.

Օ բարձար զօ շօրս զօ շի՛ր ի՛նս,
 յի՛տ ա՛ր լի՛տ, յի՛րս ա՛ր յի՛ր ;
 յի՛ր շի՛րս յի՛րս յի՛րս յի՛րս ար յի՛ր,
 յա՛ ճի՛տ, յա՛ երի՛տ, ս եղ յի՛րս յի՛ր.

Պա՛ եօրս յօ շօրս յի՛ր ճի՛տ,
 ի՛նս զօ երի՛շ ճարս շի՛րս,
 աճար յի՛րս աղօր ս չ-շի՛ր,
 ա՛ր լեա՛տ յա՛ լե՛տ յի՛ր յի՛րս յի՛ր.

Ի՛ր յի՛րս զօ յի՛րս, ս յաճատիմ յի՛րս,
 ի՛ր յի՛րս չօ յի՛րս աճ՝ զօ յի՛ր ;
 ի՛ր յի՛րս յի՛րս յի՛րս յի՛րս յի՛րս,
 զօ շի՛րս զօ շօրս յի՛րս յի՛րս.

The champion spoke in fierce tones,
 "Thy head and feet thou shalt lose ;
 The two women I will carry off ;
 Submit quietly, or thou shalt regret it."

The stalworth youth then gave
 A light heroic bound the length of the Dun ;
 Till he took his lance and spear
 In his two hands firm and fast.

" Now, try the power of thy spells,
 To see if thou wilt make me retract,
 By the sorcery of the magic horn,
 Or by the valour of thy strength and might."

Saith the women of loveliest form,
 " O youth, calm thy anger now,
 Or we certainly will be put to death ;
 Commit no act that would degrade us.

" As thou hast got the use of thy limbs,
 Speed and agility, strength and might,
 'Twas not becoming thee for a kiss
 To be in grief and sorrow like them."

" If I were in the want of my limbs,
 Which occurred by hard spells,
 They are now under me right,
 And with you or them I will not let them go."

" Thy intention is good, O valiant youth,
 And thy mind is pure and chaste ;
 I am the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir
 That restored to thee thy limbs.

Ար մէ Յրուշաճ աղ չաճարն եան,
 Ծօ չլաճ ար լանն չօ ծարն շն;
 Իր մէ Ծօ եւան Ծօ շօրա ծիօտ,
 Ծ'բ՛ճաճարն Ծօ չնիօն ա'ր Ծօ լնն.

Իր մէ Ծօ ծարնրաճարն Ծօն,
 Իր բաճաճնո մէնն ար Ծօ լօրն;
 Ծնօր ծ շարլամար լե շէլե,
 Ծանրե բար ար ծնաօշճաճտ աղ շօրն.

Ծօ լուշաճ բլաճ լանն ար լանն,
 շրաճ ար չրաճ, մէնն ար մէնն,
 Ծօ բօշաճարն ա շէլե լե Ծնանն Ծնօճե,
 ա'ր նի Ծնօշնաճ լնն բնն մարն բճալ.

Իր լօնճա բարնբար ա'ր Ծօնրաճ Ծօն,
 Ծօ շան աղ ծիբ բնն չօ լա;
 Ծ'ննիբ Յրուշաճ Պննա-աղ-Օրն,
 շարն չարնն ծօնն չօ լանն աղ նանաճ.

Աղն բնն ծ'բարնարն աղ բարն մօրն,
 Ծնեճ աղ լօն լօնա լանն աղ նանարն;
 Ծնլտնիշնն բարնաճ ծարն նա ծօնն,
 չօ Ծնաճաճ Ծօնն ար ծնն նա ն-ճալ.

Յրուշաճ լօնն բարն լաճ արն,
 աղ Յրուշաճ Ծնեճ ա'ր աղ բարն մօրն;
 նի լանն աղ ծիբ բնն բօ'նն նշննն;
 Ծա շնրե մէնն, նարն, ա'ր շլօն.

Ծ'ննիբ աղ Յրուշաճ Ծօ չօ լանն,
 Ծնրե չան լօնտ ա Ծնօշնն ծօնն,
 ա'ր Ծնշարն աճաճ արն ա ն-Ծարնանն,
 շարն մօրն աղ բճանրաճ ծնն նա չ-Ծօնն.

“ I am the Gruagach of the white hound,
 That took thee truly in hands ;
 ’Twas I that deprived thee of thy limbs,
 To test thy valour and thy worth.

“ I am thine own gentle brother,
 Long am I in search of thee ;
 Now that we have met together
 I am released from sorcery.”

They clasped each other by the hand,
 Love for love, and soul for soul ;
 They kissed each other from their hearts,
 And no wonder to us the tale.

Much the cheerful pleasant converse,
 The two had for the long night ;
 The Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir said,
 That the foe was nigh at hand.

Then the big man enquired
 What way were the foe approaching ;
 “ I will not yield to thee nor to them
 Till I can go before them.”

The two went straight onward,
 The stout Gruagach and the big man ;
 There were no two [men] under the sun
 Who excelled them in sway and aspect.

The Gruagach informed him
 That there was a fair mansion close at hand,
 With five giants guarding it,
 And that it was dangerous to approach them.

Njor b-fada euadar ahyr an hzleahh,
 a'r jad zo teahh meafad dōib;
 zo z-cluhyd foenam, tporr, a'r fuajm,
 az aēac zruama an bujle mōm.

Do conarcadar cūzēa az teacēt zo djan,
 azur rar-lūmz jarmajm jona dōib;
 ba lejte a fūjl nā an mae,
 a'r ba mō a plaoz nā bolz bō.

Njor labajm focal leō nā zjōz,
 acēt teacēt le fjoō-hjm jona h-deoiz;
 do' h rar-lūmz jarmajm zur buajl bējm,
 ahuar a b-plaoz an Amadajm Mhōm.

Do euit an t-Amadah an a da zljm,
 an h rjm le pūdajm an bujle cōjm;
 do pmeab, a'r da zmeamaiz le farza hjme,
 fa buh a da cjc an t-aēac mōm.

Tuzadar cujm zo teahh tpeah,
 zojm a'r baōzal jr dahojd bmdm,
 hj mab rajmjl dōib amaoj,
 le hearc a h-aoj ball do' h domajm mōm.

Do cujmōj cnojc an cmjē zo mōm,
 le hearc dōjde, cujm, a'r clēib;
 do zjōdjf tobajm do talajm cjuajd,
 a'r do bajmōj fuajm a'r cloca flēib.

Dob' jōzja lej an Amadah Mōm,
 an t-aēac cmōda hearc a'zēaz;
 zo b-fēadfad fearam lej cōm fada,
 nā fear jam domajm le hearc a bējm.

They did not proceed far in the valley,
 And they imagined themselves so stout,
 Till they heard a noise, tumult, and uproar,
 From the surly giant of the huge blow.

They saw him approach in great haste,
 With an iron club in his hand ;
 His eye was larger than the moon,
 And his head than the belly of a cow.

He spoke not a word nor tittle to them,
 But came with venom on their track ;
 He gave a blow of the iron club
 On the skull to the big man.

The Amadan fell on his two knees,
 From the effects of the sure blow ;
 He suddenly arose, and with a determined grasp,
 Under both breasts he held the huge giant.

They gave twists and turns so stout and strong,
 Wounds, injuries, and cause of grief ;
 There were none like the two
 For strength of limbs in the world wide.

They violently shook the hills
 By the strength of their hands, bodies, and chests ;
 They made springs in the hard ground,
 And they produced echoes from the mountain rocks.

The Amadan Mor was much amazed
 At the strength of the giant's arms ;
 How he withstood him so long,
 Or a man on earth from the might of his blow.

Կո շլաց քարն աղ շ-Առածոյ Պօր,
 ա՛ր տւն շօ քնօճա շօյն շօ հ-աւի՛ն ;
 ար աղ Ե-բաճաճ ԼԵ քարձած յիմե,
 շար Եսայն ար Եյօճա ա՛ր քեաճ Եւի՛ն.

Կո շօն թժ աղ շ-աճաճ ար Ե Եօրք,
 ա՛ր Կօ Եսայ Ե ար Ելօյճ յա թլայր ար Լար ;
 Կօ Եար Ե Եօրք ՛րա Երօյճե յա Ելիճ,
 շօ յայ՛ն յա Լիարդա յար՛ն քրաճ.

Աղ սայր քսայր աղ քար-Լայրն յա ծօյն,
 քար Ե Ելօճ յի յայ՛ն ԼԵ քաճայլ ;
 յի յայ՛ն աղ Լաօճ քն քա՛ն յշրիւն,
 ար Ե Ե-քաճած Եիմ յա յայ՛ն ար Լար.

Կրիալար աղ քն արճաճ Կօ՛ն Եայր,
 աղ Յրաճաճ քն, ա՛ր աղ քար յօր ;
 ա՛ր Կօ քսայր քրաճ Եաճար Եճաճ աղ,
 Կօ Եի քար Ե քար քա՛ն յշլօր.

Կօրիար ԼԵ քար Կօ՛ն յ-Եսայն,
 Ե Յրաճայն Եսօյն Փիւն-աղ-Օր ;
 ա՛ր քաճար օրդա Եսաճ աղ քար,
 ա՛ր յի յարճեաճ Կօն յա Ելլե ծօյն.

Եր Լոն Կօ Եսայ շաճ յ-աօն Կօ՛ն քար,
 Ելլե Ելայճ ար աղ Ե-քար յօր ;
 ՛րք շարք շար Եար Ե Յ-քնօյճե յա Յ-Ելիճ,
 ԼԵ քար-Լայրն յարարաղ աղ Եճայն յօր.

Աղ շ-աճաճ ծն Կօ Եի շօ Եսայ,
 Ե շօրիար Յրաճայն Փիւն-աղ-Օր,
 Կօ քնօյճա շօ Լաճ ա՛ր շօ Լոն,
 ա՛ր Կար Եսայն ար աղ Ե-քար յօր.

The Amadan Mor became angry,
 And most valorously he wounded him to the liver ;
 From the giant, by a tremendous squeeze,
 He took a groan and mournful sigh.

He raised the giant on his body,
 And flung him down upon a rock ;
 He broke his body and the heart in his chest,
 So that he became a motionless mass.

When he got the great club in his hand,
 No man like him could be found ;
 There was not that hero under the sun
 On whom he got a blow that he did not fall.

They then got into the mansion,
 The fair Gruagach and the big man ;
 And they found four giants there,
 Who were stout in strength and speech.

“ Do thou fight one of them,
 O gentle Gruagach from Dun-an-Oir ;
 And leave me to thrash the other three,
 I will not yield a foot or blow to them.”

Quickly did the three strike
 Heavy blows on the big man ;
 And soon he broke their hearts in their bodies
 With the great iron club of the big giant.

The young giant who was engaged
 In conflict with the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir,
 He vehemently and piteously roared,
 And asked for quarters from the big man.

Փօ չեճճալլ ըն սալմբե չօ հ-ւնիճալ,
 մճ ճխօղ շւ ճլեճր ճաղ չօ ճեօ ;
 ճօ չեճլ ընլբեճ ճր բեճ ճ ըճօճալ,
 չօ ղ-ճեճղբճ ընլլ ճղ բլլ ընճր.

Փօ չլճ բելճ ճղ չճ ճաճ ճալլ,
 'ղճ ըճլճ ճղօլլ ճ շւլճ ըճօլլ ;
 ղլ ըճլճ ըճնլլ ճօլճ ճ ճւր ղօ շալլ,
 ճօ ղեճր ճ ը-ճալլ ըճ ճօղղ ղճր.

“ I will willingly concede thee that request,
If thou wilt be faithful to me for evermore ;”
He promised that during his whole life,
He would obey the big man.

He took possession of each room,
Wherein were all their wealth ;
Their equal was not here or there
For strength of arms in the wide world.

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