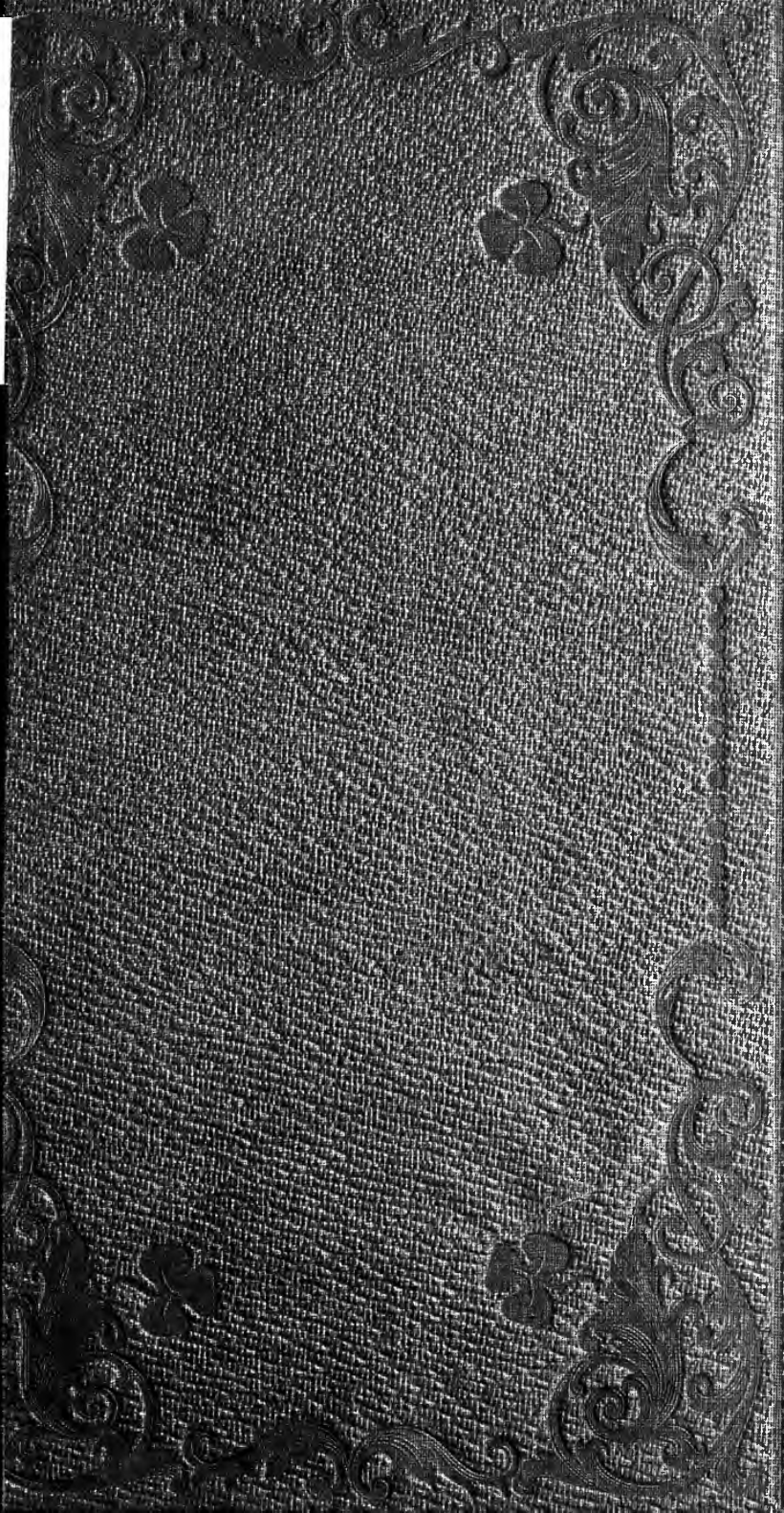


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00372283 2





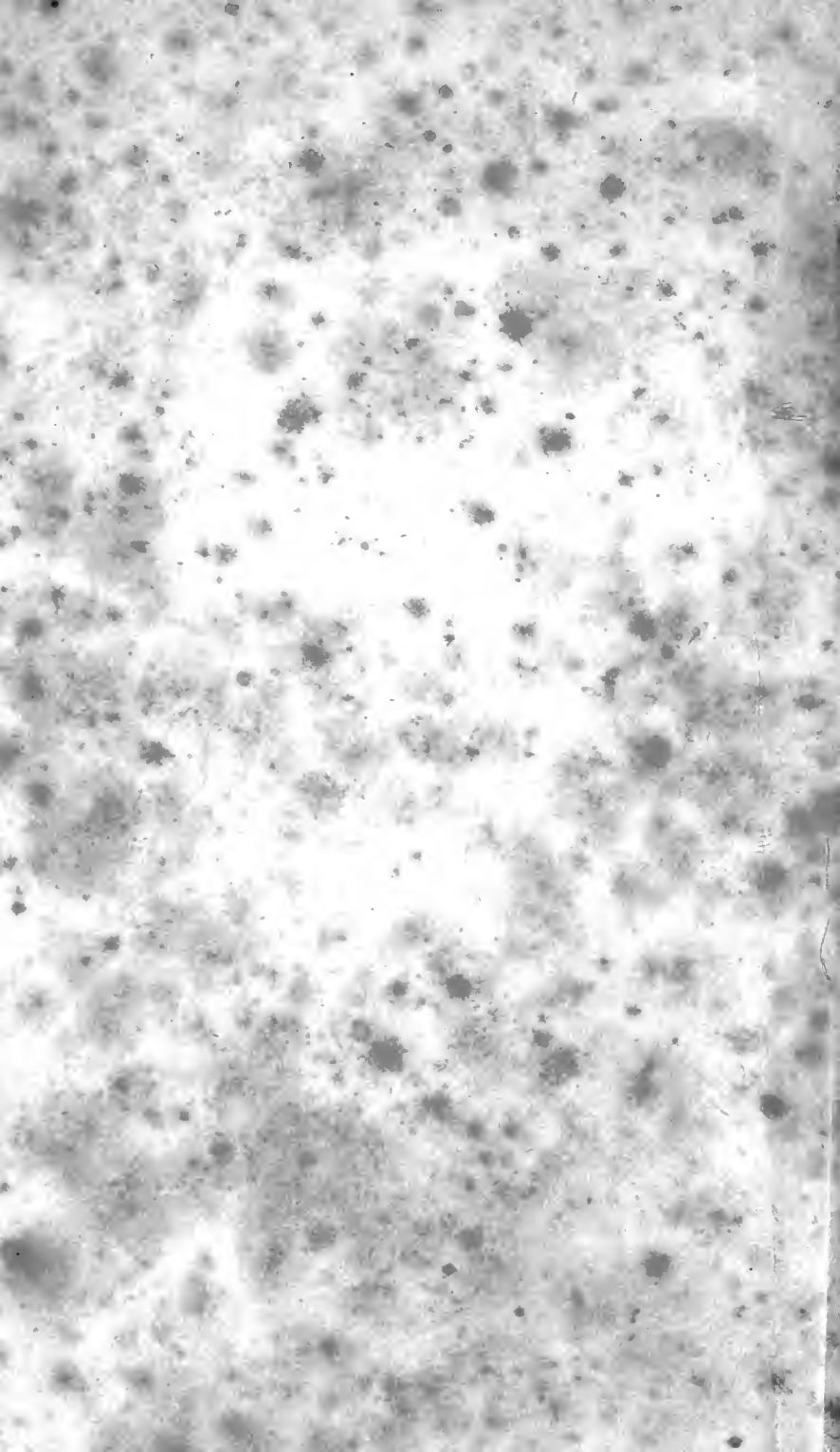
100  
101  
102  
103



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



TRANSACTIONS  
OF  
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.



TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1858.

VOL. VI.

---

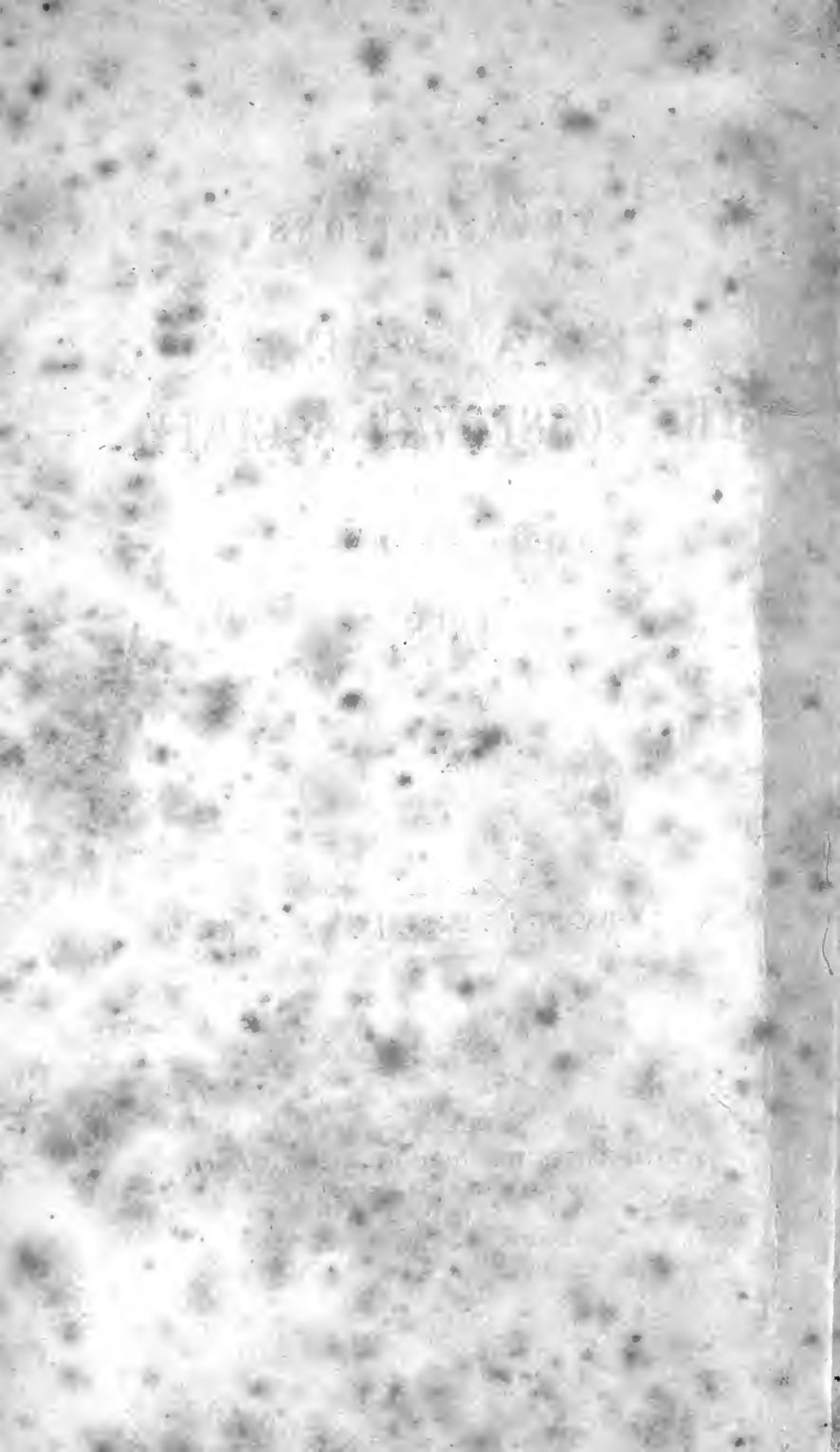
12017e f12nnu15h ea ch 2a.

---

DUBLIN :

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

1861.



~~LC 111~~  
~~022549~~

LAOITHE FIANNUJSHÉACHTA;

OR,

# FENIAN POEMS,

[v. 2]

*Second Series,*

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



554896  
11.12.52

DUBLIN:

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

1861

PB  
1397  
F4A4  
V.6

## OFFICERS ELECTED ON THE 17TH MARCH, 1861.

### President :

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

### Vice-Presidents :

REV. ULICK J. BOURKE, Professor of Irish, *St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.*  
REV. EUSEBY D. CLEAVER, M.A., *S. Barnabas' College, Pimlico, London.*  
PROFESSOR CONNELLAN, *Queen's College, Cork.*  
VERY REV. JOHN FORREST, D.D., *Rector of St. John's College, Sydney.*  
JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A., *Dublin.*  
STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, Esq., A.B., *Erinagh House, Castleconnell.*  
GEORGE SIGERSON, Esq., M.D., *Holyhill, Strabane.*  
W. K. SULLIVAN, Esq., *Ph. D. Professor, Catholic University, Dublin.*  
JOHN WINDELE, Esq., *Blair's Castle, Cork.*

### Council :

JOHN BOURKE, Esq., *42, Marlborough-street, Dublin.*  
REV. JOHN CLARKE, P.P., *Louth.*  
REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B., *Ardgroom, Castletown, Berhaven.*  
WILLIAM HACKETT, Esq., *Middleton, Co. Cork.*  
M. W. HENNESSY, Esq., *Albert Road, Kingstown.*  
MICHAEL LYSAGHT, Esq., *Ennis, Co. Clare.*  
MICHAEL J. MAC CARTHY, Esq., *Derrynanoul, Mitchelstown.*  
REV. PATRICK MEANY, C.C., *Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir.*  
M. M'GINTY, Esq., *Bray.*  
REV. MICHAEL MOLONEY, C.C., *Kilbride, Wicklow.*  
PROFESSOR JOHN O'BEIRNE CROWE, A.B., *Queen's College, Galway.*  
EDWARD W. O'BRIEN, Esq., *Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.*  
JOHN O'DALY, Esq., *O'Daly's Bridge, Kells.*  
JOHN O'DRISCOLL, Esq., *10, Anglesey-street, Dublin*  
JOHN O'DUFFY, Esq., *75, Dame-street, Dublin.*  
REV. JOHN L. O'FLYNN, O.S.F.C., *8, George's Quay, Cork.*  
REV. JOHN O'HANLON, C.C., *SS. Michael and John, Dublin.*  
JOHN O'HARA, Esq., *Curlough, Bawnboy, Co. Cavan.*  
PATRICK O'HERLIHY, Esq., *33, Ebenezer Terrace, Cork.*  
JAMES O'MAHONY, Esq., *Bandon.*  
ANDREW RYAN, Esq., *Gortkelly Castle, Borrisoleigh.*

### Committee of Publication.

|                                 |                                    |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| PROFESSOR CONNELLAN.            | STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, Esq., A.B. |
| JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A. | REV. JOHN O'HANLON, C.C.           |
| REV. JOHN L. O'FLYNN, O.S.F.C.  | GEORGE SIGERSON Esq., M.D.         |
| REV. JAMES GOODMAN.             | JOHN WINDELE, Esq.                 |

### Treasurer :

THE HIBERNIAN BANK OF IRELAND, *Castle-street, Dublin.*

### Honorary Secretary :

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

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.

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

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

This fact will account for delays in our yearly publications.

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

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

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

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

## BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. **CAÉ SHABHA**; 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 CÍZE CHOHAIRN CHIRN SHLÉIBE**; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY. (*Out of print.*)

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

III. **TÓRUIZEACÉ DHIAIRMUDA UÍ DHUÍBHNE AZUR SHIARHNE IGHÍON CHOIR-  
MUIE MEIC AIRT**; 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. **LAOICHE FIANNUIGHEACHTA**; or, Finnian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, *Honorary Secretary.*

V. **IOMHEACHT NA CROMBHAIOMHE**; 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. **LAOICHE FIANNUIGHEACHTA**; or, Finnian Poems, *Second Series.* Edited by JOHN O'DALY.

## BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

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

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

II. **AZALLANH NA SEARÓIRIÚE**; 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 FHÍGH TPAZA**; or, An Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B.

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

IV. **CAÉ CHROCA**; or, The Battle of Castleknock in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 273, between Conn Ceadhathach, 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 Bunnratty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

## SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

---

1. THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BUCKINGHAM. Rev. A. NEWDIGATE, *Aylesbury*, Honorary Secretary.
2. THE ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY OF THE ARCHDEACONRY OF NORTHAMPTON AND THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND LINCOLN; AND THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BEDFORDSHIRE AND ST. ALBANS. Rev. H. D. NICHOLSON, M.A., *St. Albans, Herts*, Honorary Secretary.
3. THE CAMBRIAN INSTITUTE. R. MASON, Esq., *High-street, Tenby*, Treasurer.
4. THE CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY. CHARLES C. BABINGTON, Esq., M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, *Cambridge*, Treasurer.
5. THE HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE. Rev. A. HUME, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A., *St. George's, Liverpool*, Honorary Secretary.
6. THE KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Rev. JAMES GRAVES, A.B., and JOHN GEORGE AUGUSTUS PRIM, Esq., *Kilkenny*, Honorary Secretaries.
7. THE NEW YORK OSSIANIC SOCIETY. JOHN EGAN, Esq., 191, *Duane-street, N. Y.*, Honorary Secretary.
8. THE SUFFOLK INSTITUTE OF ARCHÆOLOGY. SAMUEL TYMMS, Esq., F.S.A., *Bury St. Edmunds*, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.
9. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON. JOHN Y. AKERMAN, Esq., F.S.A., *Somerset House, London*, Secretary.
10. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. JOHN ADAMSON, Esq., *The Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, Secretary.
11. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND. JOHN STUART, Esq., *General Registry House, Edinburgh*, Secretary.
12. THE SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. GEORGE BISH WEBB, Esq., 6, *Southampton-street, Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretary.

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

| Dr.   | £ s. d.      | £ s. d.          |
|---|--------------|------------------|
| To Subscriptions received for 1855                      | ... 2 15 0   | ... 60 0 0       |
| — Do. 1856  | ... 3 10 0   |                  |
| — Do. 1857  | ... 91 15 0  |                  |
| — Balance in Treasurer's hands                          | ... 0 13 11  |                  |
| Books on hands:—  |              |                  |
| 203 copies of Vol. III                                  | ... £50 15 0 |                  |
| 259 do. do. IV.   | ... 64 15 0  |                  |
| 310 do. do. V.  | ... 77 10 0  |                  |
| 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> |
| By Cash on account paid Printer                         |              | ... 60 0 0       |
| — Paid Binder for binding 750 copies of Volume for 1857 |              | ... 15 12 6      |
| — Wood Engraving  |              | ... 0 10 6       |
| — Stationery  |              | ... 1 0 0        |
| — Postage, Portage, &c.                                 |              | ... 6 19 10      |
| — Editor's Stationery                                   |              | ... 2 10 0       |
| — Rent for the year ending March, 1860                  |              | ... 12 0 0       |
| — Balance in hands                                      |              | ... 0 1 1        |
|   |              | <u>£98 13 11</u> |

## CONTENTS.

---

|  | Page. |   | Page. |
|--|-------|---|-------|
| Seilz Shléibe z-Cuil-<br>lunn . . . . .                    | 2     | The Chase of Sliabh<br>Guilleann . . . . .                                | 3     |
| Seilz Shléibe Fuaid .                                      | 20    | The Chase of Sliabh<br>Fuaid . . . . .                                    | 21    |
| Seilz Shleanna an<br>Smóil . . . . .                       | 74    | The Chase of Gleann<br>an Smoil . . . . .                                 | 75    |
| Uolad Bheinne h-Ea-<br>dair le triur Filide                | 88    | The Praise of Beinn<br>Eadair (Howth) by<br>three Bards . . . . .         | 89    |
| Fiadac Fhianna Eir-<br>eann an Shliab<br>Truim . . . . .   | 102   | The Finnian Hunt of<br>Sliabh Truim . . . . .                             | 103   |
| Seilz Shléibe na<br>m-Ban . . . . .                        | 126   | The Chase of Sliabh-<br>na-m-Ban . . . . .                                | 127   |
| Seilz Muca Druoi-<br>zeacta Aonzuir an<br>Bhroga . . . . . | 132   | The Chase of the En-<br>chanted Pigs of Aen-<br>ghus an Bhrogha . . . . . | 133   |
| Seilz na Féinne ór<br>cionn Loca Deirz                     | 154   | The Finnian Hunt on<br>the Borders of Lough<br>Derg . . . . .             | 155   |
| Eactra an Amadaín<br>Uhdóir . . . . .                      | 160   | The Adventures of the<br>Amadan Mor . . . . .                             | 161   |

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN O'DALY.

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



12017he F12NNU15heachta.

## ՏԵՂԵՆ ՏԻԼԵՅԲԻԵ ԾՇԱՅԼԻՆՆ.<sup>1</sup>

---

ԼՁ ծա յայն Բիօղոյ աղ քլայէ,  
ար աղ Ե-բայէ՛ճԵ աղ Անիսիոյ<sup>2</sup> սր ;  
Ծօ շօղար շայրէ աղ ղաղ ղօծ,  
էլիէ ծՅ ար լէլոյ լւ՛շ.

Ծօ շլաօճայ՛ ղա Տշեօլան 'ր ար Բիլան,  
ա'ր ծօ լէլՅ քեճօ օրրա արաօղ ;  
Յաղ քիօր ծօ շա՛ճ ղաղ Ե-րկլաճ,  
Ծօ լեղ յօ ծիղ աղ էլիէ ղաօլ.

Ոյ յայն աՅ Բիօղոյ աճ՛ Ե ծա շօլոյ,  
Պաճ աղ Լօլոյ<sup>3</sup> աչար է քէլոյ ;  
Ե Յ-ճօմծայլ ղա ԫ-էլիէ յօ ծիղ,  
Յօ րկլաճ Յսլիոյ ղա ղիղ ղէլծ.

<sup>1</sup> Տկաճ Յսլիոյ, or more correctly Տկաճ Ըսլիոյ, 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 ԸԱՂՈ, or heap of stones, known to the peasantry as the house of the ԸԱՂԼԵԱՃ ԵՅՈՂԱՂՈ, in which oral tradition states that Բիօղոյ Պաճ Ըւրիայլլ 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 ԸԱՂՈ or heap, surrounded at all seasons in the year by a beaten path or track which leads to the ԸԱՂԼԵԱՃ or witch's house. It was in this lake that Բիօղոյ, 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 Uige 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.*

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

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

An n-dul do'n eilic fo'n t-rlab,  
 a'r Fionn 'na diaiz 'ra da coim;  
 nion b-feap do coim reac tian,  
 car' zab an fad ran z-cnoc!

Do zab Fionn roim zo dian,  
 'ra da coim rian an lúe;  
 'ra Phadruij, nan tmuaz le Dia!  
 man tuzadar an rian a z-cúl.

Do cualaib Fionn, 'rui a z-cian,  
 bean an bmuac an loca az caoi;  
 ir an do bi an macaom mha,  
 dob' feapri\_cail da b-facad, 'r zhaoi.

Ba deimze a zmuad na an rór,  
 do bi a beol an dae na z-caoi;  
 a cneap cailce man an m-blae,  
 'ra leaca ban man an aoi.

An dae an oim do bi a folc,  
 man réalta reaca a noz do bi;  
 'ra Phadruij! da b-faicfead a dmeac,  
 do beapfad do feapic do'n mhaoi.

Druideap Fionn az iarmuad rzeal,  
 an mhaoi réim na z-cuac n-oim;  
 d'fiamuad mo ríj do'n zhuir zloim,  
 an b-facaib tú mo coim ran tóim.

An do feilz níl mo rpéir,  
 a'r níl facaib mé do da coim;  
 a Ríj na Féinne, zan clar,  
 ir meara liom fac mo zoi.

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՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր բար,  
 Եւրոպայ ինչ է՞ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ;  
 Ի՞նչ կրթած այն բա՛ւրք ա՛յն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 Եւրոպայ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ?

Նո՞ւր կրթած այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 Եւրոպայ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ?  
 Ի՞նչ է՞ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր, այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 Ինչ է՞ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր.

Բար զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ;  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 Ինչ է՞ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր !

Զարթո՛ւն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր, այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ;  
 այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր.

Ինչ է՞ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ;  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր.

Զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ;  
 այն զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր.

Այն է՞ զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր ;  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր,  
 զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր զո՞ւր.

“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 bámaíir uilí fíanna Fhínn,  
 a n-Álíníun doibínn ná b-fleab réab ;  
 a3 ínníre fíccille<sup>1</sup> a' r a3 ól,  
 a3 clor ceól an buídean ba éneav.

A dúbaíre Caoilte mac Ronáin,  
 a 3-clor-áid do 3ac fear ;  
 car' 3ab Mac Cúmaíll féil,  
 ná 3-caoimí neacé féim' rna fleab.

A dúbaíre Conan mac Mhóirne,  
 n' éualaid nian ceól dob' doib'ne  
 Mac Cumáill, ma tá an íaríaid,  
 3o íaid a m-blíadhad, a Chaoilte!

Mac Cúmaíll ma éaríu3 uair,  
 a Chaoilte éruaid ná 3-cor 3-caol ;  
 3lacaim éú3am an mo íaim,  
 ór cionn éaic 3ur í3 me féiv.

Do bámaíir an Fhían fá bíón,  
 fá éeann an ríó3 a beicé d'án n-óicé;  
 3íó' 3ur máoid oruinn 3eann 3áinne,  
 ír dúinn dob' ádban beicé a3 caol.

3luairéamaoidne ar Álíníun amac,  
 buídean éalma ná 3-caé 3-eruaid ;  
 an íor3 a dá cóin a' r Fhínn,  
 cíur 3ínn do beíneab buaid.

<sup>1</sup> 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 *Leabhar na 3-Ceairc* (*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 Cumhail, if he is being sought for,  
 May he be so this year, O Caoilte !

Mac Cumhail, 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.

271re 'r Caoilte b'í ar d-túr,  
 'ran Fhianh uile nár n-dáil zo dlúe;  
 rō r'liab z-Cuilih o t'uaib,  
 zo nuzama'n buad an t-riuba'il.

Féada'n da d-tuzama'n coru'h,  
 an' ra lo'z do b'í b'ian;  
 do cōnarcama'n ar b'ruac an lo'ca,  
 reanō'n c'rioh azur ē liac.

Do c'uaōma'n uile 'na dāil,  
 a'r c'uirfead z'ma'n ar z'ac fear;  
 c'na'ma loma do b'í c'rioh,  
 le ar ce'lead a z'uaol 'ra z'ean.

Do r'ilear r'ē'n z'mab earbad b'íð,  
 t'uz ar an laoc a be'ic z'an c'ruic;  
 nō z'm an i'arzā'ne do b'í r'ē,  
 t'ai'n'z a z-c'ē'n n'ir an r'ruic.

D'f'iar'na'z'ear r'ē'n do'ñ b'-fean c'rioh,  
 an b'-facad laoc ba z'eal c'ruic;  
 az r'eilz n'oi'me ran nōð,  
 e'li'e d'z azur dā c'oi'n.

N'í t'uz r'ē'rf'ean f'neaz'ma d'ú'h,  
 do lu'z taom ar f'laic na b'-F'ianh;  
 do b'í r'ē ēazcaoi'neac, d'ú'bac,  
 z'an lé'm, z'an lú'e, z'an n'ic, z'an n'ian.

Do nōc'tara mo c'lo'ibeam z'ean,  
 ir p'rap 'r'ir t'rean do nōc't an F'ianh;  
 ir z'ean' zo b'-fa'zā'n a'ic'ne an b'air,  
 muna d-tuzā'n uair t'ar'z an t'riā'n.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Njor mear fé a iyyrin dúinn,  
 zuri ab é féin do bí ann;  
 yó zuri léis a rún le Caoilte,  
 fear a ngníomáib do bí ceann.

Ay tan fuarman dearb ay rzéil,  
 zurab é Fionn féin do bí ann;  
 do léizeamaair tñí zairea zoil,  
 do éurfead bhoic ar zac zleann.

Ay rin labrar Conan zo borb,  
 a' r noctar a colz zo dian;  
 malluzear Fionn zo beact,  
 a' r malluzear, fo read, an Fhian!

Dar do laimre féin, a Fhinn,  
 baiyfeadra díot do ceann;  
 ór tú nár maoidiz mo zgníom,  
 ná mo zairze nán a n-am.

Jr é m'aoi-loct ar do érué,  
 zan ay Fhian ule beic mar tair;  
 zo n-dearzaionn mo fleaz, 'rmo lanu,  
 zo d-tizead liom do leact 'rdo la.

O'n lá éur Cúmall na z-cliar,  
 le clanna Mórna na rzíac n-óir;  
 yjor rzarair ó foion aét ar an d-tí,  
 'ran méid do máir dínn n'í dod deoin?

Orz. Muna m-bead ay noct 'na b-fuil Fionn,  
 'rzur doilz liun a beic mar tá;  
 a Chonán maol, acá zan céill,  
 do buriyionn do béal zo chaim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nuair na mairnean Soll am dail,  
 fear zán rzaé az comrac crió ;  
 féacám araoñ ór cómairi éaic,  
 nearte ar lám azur ar nzhóm.

Coñ. Sínne féin do zñíð zaé zñóm,  
 'rñi h-íad Clanna Baoirzhe boz ;  
 a Orzuir léiz dob' raiócið baoir,  
 nì zlóñ dearbuižear, áct zñóm zriob

Eirižear Orzuir an aizne mñi,  
 a' r mtear Conan amearz éaic ;  
 cuirtear comairic ar an b-Feinn,  
 furtaáct ar ó péinn an báir.

D'éirižeadmairi uile do þneib,  
 az corz Orzuir na n-arn n-aiž ;  
 idiri Chonan maol 'rmo mac,  
 do ceanzlamairi ríé a' r páire.

Dar mo lám, a Chléinní, zo ríoi,  
 dar do lámre 'rñi dolaid orñ ;  
 nì bead cloz<sup>1</sup> ad éill na clíar,  
 dá m-beid' Orzuir na b-Feian am fócairi

Zeallaim dob' íaob éleinnéib,  
 dá mairnead ré am cóimðail ;  
 na cluinnfidír le na rae,  
 prairm íaori na cloiz az zláim.

An ran d'airéñ Conan é,  
 dá m-beid' Dia féin ar a dear lám ;  
 a Phadruiz an éneidiñ éruaid,  
 dob' eazal do zuar an báir !

<sup>1</sup> 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.      Ȝac baoyr da luaydtear leat,  
           a Oyrŷn na Ȝ-cneac, ba cead lŷn;  
           ac̄t am̄an t-ŷm̄c̄an ar Ȝhŷa,  
           le'n̄ c̄uŷceadar fŷanna Fhŷn.
- O.      Jr fuač lŷomra tura 'rdo dŷa,  
           jr fuač lŷom do c̄lŷar aȜ Ȝlan̄;  
           n̄j c̄abarfuyŷn a cead duŷt na d̄oŷb,  
           bejč Ȝo deč da ŷm̄c̄an.
- P.      Lean ar d̄uŷn̄ ahoŷr mar c̄r̄eŷzŷr,  
           ar aŷerŷr eac̄tmar ŷeŷz Fhŷn;  
           ac̄a OrȜur fan̄n f̄o Ȝruaŷm,  
           cŷa Ȝur c̄ruaŷd a neart 'ra Ȝn̄ŷom.
- O.      FŷarfuyȜear Caoŷte Ȝan r̄p̄eŷr,  
           do m̄ac C̄um̄aŷll na n-arn̄ n-āŷr;  
           cŷa c̄ur ar do Ȝn̄ac̄-c̄ruč c̄u,  
           n̄d b-fuŷl l̄eŷear do Ȝear le faȜaŷl ?
- InȜean Chulŷn̄, do naŷd Fŷom̄,  
           do c̄urŷ Ȝeara ŷom̄da am̄ c̄ean̄;  
           dul Ȝo bruač an loča do ŷn̄am̄,  
           aȜ ŷarŷnaŷd faŷn̄ne do c̄aŷll r̄j,
- Nar ba rlan̄ rŷn̄ne d̄n̄ Ȝ-cnoc,  
           do naŷd Con̄an̄ ba olc m̄eŷn̄;  
           Ȝo n-ŷocraŷd Ȝuŷleann̄ Ȝan̄ moŷll,  
           mar a Ȝ-cuŷrŷd Fŷom̄ 'na c̄ruŷč f̄eŷn.
- Cruŷn̄ŷȜeam̄aoyd a noŷr 'ra n̄ar,  
           a'r cuŷream̄aoyd ar rȜŷac̄a faoy Ȝo dear;  
           Ȝo rŷab̄ Cuŷlŷn̄ ba c̄uaŷd,  
           do ruȜamaŷr ar ar n̄Ȝuaŷlle an̄ fear.



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.      211 ƿeað cūiſ 7-01ðce a'ƿ cūiſ la,  
           do bi '7 Fhian7 aſ tocuſte na h-uai7;  
           no ſur eiriſið i7ſean Chuſi77,  
           aƿ an uai7 do þreiþ anſor.

212 8-teaæt d'i7ſi7 Chuſi77 cōi7,  
           a'ƿ co77 dea7ſ-ð77 7ona lai7;  
           ðaſleap deoð do 7iſ na b-Fian7,  
           le ſ7að '7le 77an do'7 Orſur a7ſ.

7beap F7on7 an deoð ſan moſll,  
           aƿ an ſ-co77 7içe do bi '7a lai7;  
           ſo 8-tai77 a c7uæ '7a ðeſlþ-ſ7a7e,  
           do 7iſ na Fēi77e, aæt an leiçe a77a77.

Ba caji77eað 7om7a a'ƿ leiƿ an Fhian7,  
           an 8aæt 77aæt do be7e a7 7olt;  
           a'ƿ dūba77e F7on7 777 an a77ð77 cāoi7,  
           ſur 77a7 leiƿ 7ē77 a be7e a77.

213 Phað77777 na m-baæal m-ban,  
           ða77 do lai77 77 cā77a77 b77eaſ;  
           do b'7ea777 7777 na 77a7ceap 8'7aſ7a7,  
           F7on7 na 77a777e be7e '77a ſ77e.

Uch! 77 dūbaæt me 7-ð7a7ſ mo 7iſ;  
           '7a 7-ð7a7ſ na laoð do bi ſa77;  
           a Phað77777 77 ſa77 7ø'7 m-b7að  
           777 ma7 77777eað leð an t-7ea7ſ.

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.

---

## ՏԵՂԵՆ ՏԻԼԵՅԻՅԵ ՔԱՅԻԺ<sup>1</sup>.

Խոն Ե-ԵՐԱՇՏԱՐ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ՋԼԱՅՐ ԱՆԻԵ, ԵՅՆ ՊԻԵՐՅԱՅԻՋ, ԱՅ ԵՔՆԱՅԻ  
 ԼԵՊՐՇՄՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ Ե-ՔԵՐՆ; ԱՅՐ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ՋԼԱՅՐ ԱՆԻՇ ԵՅԼԵ ՔԻԱԾ, ՆՈ ՅՐ  
 ԷԱՐՆԱՅՆՅ ՔԻՅՆ ԸՄ ՇԱՐՇԱՐ, ԱՅՐ ՔԻԱՅՆ ԵՐՄՅՈՅՆ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ Յ-ՇԵԱԾՆԱ;  
 ԱՅՐ ՄԱՐ Ե'ՔՈՐ ՇՈՆԱՆ ՔԱ ԵՅՈՅՅ ԵԱԾ.

Օ. ԼԱ ԾԱ ՄԱՅԻ ՔԻՅՆ 'ՐԱ ՔԼՈՅՇՏԵ,  
 ՅՈ ԼՅՈՆՄԱՐ, ԵՐՈՃԱ, ՇԱՄԱ, ՄԵԱՐ;  
 ԱՅ ՔԵՂԵՆ ԱՐ ՄՈՒԼԼԱՇ ՏԻԼԵՅԻ ԔԱՅԻԺ,  
 ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ ՅՐ ՋԼԱՅՐ Ա Ե-ՇՄՐ ՆԱ Ե-ՔԵԱՐ.

ՊՈ ԼԵՆՊԱԾ ԼԵՇ ՔԱ ԼՄՇ ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ,  
 ՅԱՇ ԼԱՇՇ ՅՈ ԵՂԱՆ ՆԱ ՔԱՐ ՄԻՇ;  
 ԾՈ ԵՅՆ ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ ՅՈ ԵԱՆՊԱՇ ԵՐՆԻ,  
 ԱՅ ՔԵԱՐԱՄ ՔԱՆ ԼԵՐՆՅ ՅՈ ԵԱՆԱ ՅԼԻՇ.

ՆՅՈՐ ՔԵԱԾ ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ ՔՇ ԷՐՈՅԻ ՅԱՐԻ.  
 ՅՐ ՔԱՅ ՅՈ ԵԱՐԻ ԱՄԱՇ ԱՆ ՔԻԱԾ;  
 ԾՈ ԼԵՆ ԱՆ ՔԻԱՅՆ Է ՔՈ ԼՈՄ ԼՄՇ,  
 ՅՈ ՄՈՅՇԵԱԾԱՐ ԱՐ-ՇՅՈՇ ԼԻԱԾԱՐ.

ՊՈ ԷՐՄԱԼ ՅՈ ԵՐԵՆ ՈՇ ԷՅՈՇ ԼԻԱԾԱՐ,<sup>2</sup>  
 ՅԱՆ ԼԱՅՇ Ա ՄԻԱՆ ՆԱ Ա ԼԵՐՄ;  
 Օ ՔԻՆ ԱՐՅՐ ՅՈ ՇԱՐՅԻՆ<sup>3</sup> ԷՐԱՅԻԺ,  
 ԾՈ ԼԵՆՊԱԾԱՐ Ա ԼԱԾԱՐ 'ՐԱ ՔԵՐՄ.

<sup>1</sup> ՏԻԱԾ ՔԱՅԻԺ. 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 Few 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*.

<sup>2</sup> *Cnoc Uiar*. Not identified.

<sup>3</sup> *Carrigeen*, 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. Fð'ŷ am 'na d-táirijz an fíab,  
 zo Cairizijŷ éirijŷ-eríazŷa na z-cloc;  
 ŷjor b-feap dóib éoir feac éiar,  
 cá'ŷ záb an beap-fíab ran z-cnoc.

Do érijall dneam azurijŷ rorijŷ,  
 a'ŷ dneam ríar azur ó éuarð;  
 dneam aríŷ fð'ŷ and ba éap,  
 a'ŷ ár z-coirijŷ zo píap 'ran z-cuaríŷ.

Do éoz Szeólan an fíab,  
 a'ŷ do leanamap zo dían an t-reijz;  
 zo d-táirijz tar ŷ-ar fð'ŷ ríab,  
 zo bhuac ríab Fuarð 'ran tejeac.

Do leanamapíŷ ran leirijz an fíab,  
 zo d-táirizadar tar ŷ-ar fð'ŷ ríab  
 do zlac follac orurijŷ aríŷ,  
 a'ŷ ŷjor b-feap dúirijŷ a érijoc na érijall.

Do rzar Fíorijŷ a'ŷ Dáirijŷ bíirijŷ,  
 fealac ó ríze na b-Fíarijŷ;  
 ŷjor b-fada mar ríŷ dóib,  
 huarijŷ nar b-feap dóib rorijŷ feac ríar.

An tar d'aríŷŷ Fíorijŷ a'ŷ Dáirijŷ,  
 zo nar an feacíar na ríze;  
 do reirijŷeac le Dáirijŷ eruarz éuríab,  
 a'ŷ do reirijŷeac le Fíorijŷ an Dorð Fíarijŷ.

Do éualamap urle an Fíarijŷ,  
 Dáirijŷ a'ŷ ár d-eríac az ceól;  
 an uaríŷ mearuríze líŷ ó éuarð,  
 nob' fada uaríŷ fózar an zlóir.

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 meartuige linn ar uair eile,  
 zur ab ran arn-torru do bi;  
 do gluaireamar fō na d-erfall,  
 a'r do meartuige linn riar a. 3-ceōl.

Do lion ceō doibēe draoigeac̄ta,  
 timceall Fhionn azur Dhairne;  
 n̄ion b-fear dōib ran dom̄an m̄ōm,  
 cā rarb̄ an ceōl, a Phatruic!

Do gluar Fionn azur Dairne rompa,  
 ran f̄ior dōib crēad an t-arn;  
 rion ar a lorz ar lom lūt,  
 a'r n̄ar b-fear dūion cā rarb̄ a u3air.

Do b̄adar an d̄ir az erfall,  
 zo r̄anzadar ran t-rlab zo r̄an,  
 an macaom̄ m̄n̄a dob' aille r̄nuad,  
 cōm̄-r̄airc ran ž̄nuaim azur ž̄rean.

D'f̄iarf̄arid̄ Fionn na b-Fianh,  
 do'n ž̄n̄ur ba r̄ziat̄ac̄ r̄nuad;  
 crēad do beir̄ tū ad t-aonar,  
 an imeal choic r̄l̄ibe Fuarid̄.

Ne f̄ēn azur mo c̄ēle f̄ion,  
 do bi az erfall tr̄ē an leirz;  
 do c̄uala r̄ē zōta z̄adar b̄ion,  
 do r̄zar lom, a'r lean an t-erl̄z.

Crēad an t-aim̄m t̄a oic f̄ēn,  
 a d̄eiz-bean f̄ēim̄ na u3ruad̄ m̄ōr;  
 azur f̄ōr coim̄-aim̄m t-ēir̄ ž̄m̄ion,  
 n̄ō c̄ā'r ž̄ab laoz̄ na r̄erl̄ze ar r̄eōl?



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.      Lobarau, côm-ajum mo cêile,  
           mo côm-ajum fêin Zlan-luad ;  
           nj fear dam ca'ri ênjall rûd,  
           nô an t-reilz fo lûc ca'ri zluar ?

Jr corhûl ned' zhrûr alujn,  
           zur ab laoc tú atá ar cuarid ;  
           jr dearb, mar an z-céadna, lom,  
           zurab tú Fionn mac Cúmhall cruaid.

Liomra, ar Fionn, an t-reilz,  
           a njozain cáilce na n-ôr éuaé ;  
           nj fear dam anoir roir reac riar,  
           ca'ri zab an Fhianh na'n ríad uaim.

Cionnar do rzarair iur an b-Féin,  
           a Fhinn na n-éacra ba éruaid ?  
           jr ionzna lom nac b-puil ad dail,  
           dneam nó tain dod' fluaž ?

Do zluarrear fêin a'r Daire,  
           zo lom, reac cac, a n-diaž an fíad ;  
           nj fear dúinn, a njozain, anoir.  
           ca'ri zabad linn roir na riar.

Tnjallra linn, a Zhanluad, ar Fionn,  
           a'r zibé taob na ngluarrear linn ;  
           bearram turá 'nar z-cóm-dail,  
           nj êrêizream zo bnaé do zhaoi.

Da mo dôit liomra, a Fhinn na b-Fianh,  
           ar an leirz až tñjall zo bpuil an t-reilz ;  
           do ênjallfujn bûr n-dail zan cáiride,  
           a'r do cômairle, a Fhinn zradmairi, do zlacfujn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Njori ćian dõjb az labajre zo caoyn,  
 an tan ćualadar rjć-ćeõl ruajy;  
 dâ fejnnead zo bijn me na d-caojb,  
 do žluajr foćram na dëjz a' r ruajm.

Žy leatra an ceõlra, a jnžean ćaoñ,  
 dâ fejnnead me nar d-caoõ zo fožar byy,  
 njori b-řada ljom bejć ad dâjl,  
 a njõžajy ajš! aćt an Fhjanj am djć.

Nj b-řujl ceõl ar bjć am dâjl,  
 aćt tura azur Đajre zo řjori;  
 na neac ejle řaoj an njrejn,  
 aćt mar fejceany řjb řejn mo žnaoj.

Do mēaduž an ceõl 'řay řuajm,  
 a d-collajb na ž-cluar az an řjuri;  
 do badar az dul a d-ťrom-ñealajb,  
 žan řearañ aćt řejz an aon djob.

Ž Fhijn njc Cúñajll! do řajd an njõžajy ajš,  
 atajmre am řnjõñ-žojd zo lejri;  
 jr añlajd tajmre, ar řjony, a bajy ćvejř,  
 nj majć atajmre, ar Đajre řejn.

Njori ćian dõjb añlajd řjn,  
 žuri ćurteadar ule ćum lajn;  
 do ćnajd an řjuri ba ćaojn,  
 a Pħadrujz! a d-ťrom-ñealajb bajř.

Žr d-teaćt ar na ñealajb dõjb,  
 a ž-ćmũ, a ž-clõd, a n-dac, 'řa řnuad;  
 do ćonajřcadar le na d-caojb,  
 Đũj bneazā njõžda řa mejm buad.

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

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

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

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

“ O Fionn Mac 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.    21) b-feiceann tú an Dún órda<sup>1</sup> úd,  
       a Fhionn mhic Cúmaill! ar Dáinne féin?  
       do éidim zo roilein zlan, a Dháinne,  
       a Fhionn! ar an fáid-bean, do éidimre féin.

Do cónarcadair fós na d-timceall,  
       fáinne eócairi-zórim tonn-éirean;  
       do zluair amac ó'n n-Dún ra t-rháim,  
       laoc corpanra a' r bean ba féin.

Jr baožal liomra, a Fhionn! ar Dáinne,  
       a' r ar an n-žożain aluinn, Zlanluad;  
       an dír ran t-rháim a z tuiall orruinn,  
       zui dúinn ir doiliz a' r nac féin buad.

Do žreamuiz an laoc 'ran bean úd,  
       a Phadrui z! zan lúe an tuar;  
       zo rużadair leó iad na n-deoiz,  
       do'n Dún órda 'ran t-rháim zo diau.

Jr fada mire, a Fhionn na meanz,  
       a z leanmúin an t-am oit d'fáżail;  
       anoir a táir fom' diau-rmacét,  
       a' r nī dul amac duic zo lá'n bīac!

Cia tú féin, a žairzīōiz mhōir,  
       tā 'n imēiau, zan cōir, zo dearb?  
       ir nāireac an žuair do laoc,  
       zan imire a méinn 'ra z-clōd cearc.

Nac cuimh leat, a Fhionn, an feall,  
       ar Mhearzāc na lan do ruinnir tuiāt,  
       a' r ar mo dír do mhacaib caoim,  
       Tairc mac Tínein a' r a rai b na dāil.

<sup>1</sup> Dún órda. This may be Donore in the county of Meath. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. IV., p. 137, n. 3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Jr curmhu liom, ar Fionn aig,  
 zur cúiteadar le laim na b-Fianu;  
 ní le cealg ná fóir meang,  
 aét le cruaid lann a' r cóim-álad.

Jr le cealg, a Fhionn na z-clear,  
 do tuzag líb cat Chnoic an Áir,<sup>2</sup>  
 ionar cúit ne h-ionad búir meang,  
 Meangzác na lann a' r a naib na dáil.

Dob' éior dóib a éir móir,  
 dá m-beidír beó zur neart laim,  
 cúg dóib aité ar an éag,  
 a' r nac cealg ó' h b-Féinn ar Chnoc an Áir.

Jr leór linn mar éadharre éior,  
 Áilhe an zriuh do beic mar tá;  
 dob' ionda cat a' r trom-flóz,  
 anoir fá hion na diaig zo clac.

Cread do záolra ne Áilhe an zriuh,  
 a éir móir líomta ir zarb zlor;  
 mpre a dearbnaéair zo éior,  
 mo cóim-aiuhm féin Dmaoizeantóir.

Do ceanglad Fionn, Dairne, a' r Zlanluad,  
 a z-cuibneac cruaid le Dmaoizeantóir,  
 do cúir a z-carcair iad zo doimh,  
 zan ceannraét, zan mian, zan treóir!

Do hadar an triuh zo dúbac,  
 a' r an Fhianu fó búdar a h-deoig a ní;  
 ar an lorig anhr na céitne h-aoirb,  
 ar lúe a' r ar mpre do z'nac éior.

Chnoc an Áir, *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 bĭ an tġar an feaċċ ċuġ la,  
 aġur ċuġ n-ojċċe jomlan zan zō ;  
 ran z-carcar an doimn nēamġaġċe ūd,  
 zan bġaċ fō pūċan, zan deoċ zan ceōl.

A Aġne ġnuajċ-ġeal, an Fġonn aġz,  
 an Chnoc an Aġn jġ ċuimn leat,  
 zo b-fuajġur cuġneāċ fġal na b-Fġann,  
 ċġa lom an tġar fo 'noġr fōċ' rmaċċ.

A Fġinn, do ġaġċ Aġne, do ġlōr ċruaġ,  
 nġ zō zo b-fuajġ me coġne fġal ;  
 ōċ' mġaoġ ċēġle, ġġaġne an ġġinn,  
 dul do ċaġċeamġ bġċ na b-Fġann !

Nġ cuġbe ōuġre a nġoġan ġuajġe,  
 fāċ' rmaċċ ō fuajġur zo doċċ rġnn ;  
 an z-cuġ zan ċaġġde ċum bġar,  
 na bġaċ zāċ tġaċ do noġn ġnn.

Dob' fēārġ ġom, a Fġinn, zan bġeāz,  
 an Fġann ġe ċēġle zo m-beġġr tġaċ,  
 ran z-carcarġ rġn a z-cuġneāċ ċruaġċ,  
 aċ ōaġl, a'ġ nġor ċruaġ ġom a z-car !

O noċċarġ do nūn, a bean, dūġn,  
 ċġa doġz an b-pūċan a'ġ an z-ċruaċ-ċar,  
 aġur rġnn zo dġan fōċ' rmaċċ,  
 an rġan fōċ' ġeārġ mun m-beġċ amāġn.

Ċrēāċ amāġn rġn, a Fġinn na n-duar,  
 leat ōa luāċ, an Aġne an ġġinn ?  
 nġ ċġoċfāċ leat zo la an bġaċ,  
 leċ' ċealġaġċ zġaċ na zēārġ ċġaoġċ.

O. The three were for five days  
 And five whole nights without doubt ;  
 In that aforesaid deep dungeon,  
 Without food, drink, or music.

O, Ailne, of the bright countenance, saith the noble Fionn,  
 " Cnoc-an-air thou must remember ;  
 Where thou wert hospitably received by the Fianna,  
 Tho' feeble those three now under thy control."

" O, Fionn," saith Ailne, " in a mournful tone,  
 No doubt, I was hospitably entertained ;  
 By thy spouse, the pleasant Grainne,  
 Partaking of the viands of the Fianna."

" It is not becoming thee, O pleasant princess,  
 Since under thy control thou hast found us,  
 To put us instantly to death,  
 Or keep us from food each morning."

" I would prefer, O Fionn, truly,  
 That all the Fianna were laid low ;  
 In that dungeon strongly fettered near thee,  
 And I would not pity their case."

[towards us,

" Since thou, O woman, hast disclosed thy feelings  
 Tho' pitiful our fate, and hard our case ;  
 Suffering under thy heavy yoke,  
 We defy thy power, but for one thing.

" What is that, O Fionn of the gifts,  
 That thou speakest of, saith pleasant Ailne ?  
 Thou shalt not till the judgment day,  
 With thy usual deceits overcome the spell.

O. D'fíarfaidh Ailne do Shlanluad,  
 créad fae ar gluaif le h-ínteaect Fhionn;  
 a' r a bean céile caomh a'z féin,  
 doob' fathuil ní féin an zhoim!

Do noct Shlanluad zán bhéiz,  
 a turur féin d-taob Fhionn zo zlic;  
 nár b-fearac í roin reac riar,  
 zo b-facad riain é noime rin.

Jr corhúil, ar Ailne, má' r fíor,  
 a Shlanluad mar iuthir rzéal dúinn;  
 nac cúibe dúinn tu beic fó rmaect,  
 ran z-carcaif reo a nzlar zán cúir.

Do noct Ailne an luad zo fíor,  
 a' r a rzéal a m-bhí'z do Dhraoi'zeantóin,  
 ar mod zo d-táin'z do'n carcaif,  
 a' r Shlanluad'ó na zeara zur fóin.

Ah tan fuair Shlanluad a réim,  
 ba doilz léi a nzeibeanh Fíonn;  
 d'fáz rlan aize a' r a'z Daime bhinn,  
 a' r ba doilz léi a nzeibeanh a zéal zhoúir.

Ah tan d'fáz Shlanluad an carcaif,  
 do fuair bhad le caiteamh ó Ailne;  
 do cuir sí zo beaect a néalaib,  
 a' r ba éruaz, a Chléin'z, bean a caile.

Ah tan éarhaib ar na néalaib,  
 tu'z an deiz-bean di zán rpar;  
 deoc ar ballan zeara ríce,  
 nó clear cóin do bí 'na laim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.     Ally tany d'jb Zlanluad an deoc,  
           tanyiz zo zmod 'na zhad zhaoi;  
           iona nem a'r na clod-rzehm ceart,  
           act Fionn a nzlar ir rhuic do caoy!

Ir dearb zur aitem ad zhaoi,  
       a Zhanluad, zo fion, ar Dmaozgeantoir;  
       nac ionmuy leat Fionn a'r Daine,  
       a nzeibeanh mar taid a beic zan foir.

Nj zaol dam Fionn na Daine,  
       ar Zhanluad, na tany na b-Fhann;  
       'rir cruaz hom zo fion a ramul,  
       do beic a z-carcair zan deoc zan biad

Ma'r ionmuy leatra, a Zhanluad,  
       biad zac uair do tabairt do'n dir;  
       do zebaid e, ar Dmaozgeantoir,  
       a'r beic a nzeara zan foir a m-briz.

Nj iarmair a z-cornair ar an eaz,  
       na d'n z-carcair a nem do luad;  
       act amair zo b-fazaid an biad,  
       a Alhe fial, do naid Zhanluad.

Nj cumfeadra Fionn 'na Daine,  
       zo zmod cum bair, ar Dmaozgeantoir;  
       d'fecaair an b-fazair an Fhann ule;  
       zo cruaid a nzeibeanh mar aon leo.

Alta an Fhann ule zan breaz,  
       ar luc zo leir ar lonz Fhinn;  
       ir dearb homra fem zo beact,  
       zo b-fazaid fo zear-rmaact a lion.

- 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 zoiu Ailhe ar Zhlanluad,  
 az zabadil cuairid an Dúin diu ;  
 ní raib reoid an da ailhe,  
 nar tearbain trác do'n niozain diu.

A Ailhe ! ar Zhlanluad caoin,  
 acá an diu ran z-carcaiu fêis ;  
 d'earbad na b-plead ba zuač leó,  
 do caiteam zác ló a z-cač 'ra nglêis.

Do nuu Ailhe a'r Zhlanluad,  
 biad fô luadar do lačain Fhionn ;  
 zur an z-carcaiu iona raib fêiu,  
 a'r Daine faon zan bnič.

Au tan čonarc Fionn a'r Daine,  
 an diu mna ailhe úd az teačt ;  
 do rpleadar rpara deóu zo dian,  
 az caoine na b-Fianh do beič tar leau.

Do beannuiz Zhlanluad d'Fhionn,  
 do zoiu zo dúbac ar amarc a zuaoi ;  
 níon labain Ailhe focal ar bič,  
 níon čruač lêi a n-dočau mo nič !

Do caitead le Fionn a'r le Daine,  
 anu riu, a Phadruič, deoč a'r biad ;  
 do zluair an diu ban ar lúč,  
 a'r d'fázbadau dúbac Fionn na b-Fianu !

D'fifarraig diob Dnaoičeančóiu,  
 cá rabadar ar cuairid an diu ;  
 do nočadar do zur a b-fočain Fhionn,  
 a'r Dhaine an zmuu le deoč a'r biad.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Գ'բարբաթ Պրաօլջեանտօրն ծյօծ,  
 ւյօղար ծօծ' քար շրտն Պարնե ?  
 ծօ ուօժաճար ծօ րջեալ չար շօ  
 շօ րալծ շրեանդար և շ-ւեօլ րա շ-ւալե.

Եա նյան կօտրա, ար Պրաօլջեանտօրն,  
 շօ շ-ւալիցիտն ան ւեօլ մա տա ւիտն ;  
 աժա շօ ծարծ, ար Յլանլաճ,  
 ոյ ւրեաշ և լաճ, և'ր քօր ւաօրն.

Ծօ էրլալ Պրաօլջեանտօրն ծօ'ն ւարւարն,  
 և Պարնե ծօ ւաճարն շօ ւօրծ տարն ;  
 ծօ ւալալծ մե և'ր ոյ քար ան քօրն,  
 շօ քօրտն շօ ւիտն և'ր և շրեան.

Ծա մ-ւեյծիր ան Բիանն ւլե ան ծալ,  
 Եա շրեանն և'ր ւա քարն ւեօ մօ ւեօլ ;  
 ւրեյծրն ուճ յօրնարն ւարա,  
 մօ ւեօլ շօ ծարծ, ուա մօ ճօրն.

Տեյտն ծալտն անօրն ծօ ւեօլ ւիտն,  
 շօ ւ-քարան ան քօրն ան ւալն ուծ ;  
 ուա տա քարծ, ոյ ւիտն կօտն է,  
 և Քիաճարն ! ր է աւաւարն.

Ոյ ւ-քարնար և ւ-քօրն ւտն ւեօլն,  
 և Պրաօլջեանտօրն ար Պարնե ւիտն ;  
 աժարն քէլ շօրն-լաշ ուարն-քարն,  
 ծօ' շարա ուշ ւաճ մօ ճրտն.

Տօճքաճրա ծյօծ ւրլճ մօ շարա,  
 շօ քօրտնար ւար ծալտն ւեօլ ւիտն,  
 ուա ւիօծ ւիտն և ւ-քօճար 'րա ւ-քարն,  
 ոյ քէլքեաճ և ուարն քարն ծօ ճրտն.

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. Nj éioçfad liom feynnym zo bmad,  
 ar faweryn Fhynn a nglafajb daon,  
 yr doilze liom é féyn ran Fhianh,  
 ba fleadaç fjal, na mé féyn!

Tóçfadra buad na ngeara d'Fhionn,  
 a'r feynh dúinn a Dháinne an zynn,  
 ma'r binn liom fuaim do méar,  
 yr amlaisd yr róçale fearca a m-brijç.

Do çuir Dhaoizeanthóir a neam-m-brijç,  
 geara Fhynn a'r Dháinne fuairc;  
 do çuz döib bjad zur deoç,  
 a'r do féynh Dáinne zan loçt, binn fuaim.

Do çairhijç le Dhaoizeanthóir zo mör,  
 mar do feynnead an ceöl le Dáinne,  
 do çairm do'n çaircain Zlanluad,  
 az éirteact le fuaircear ceöl Dháinne!

Do çairhijç le Zlanluad a'r le Ailne,  
 an ceöl do feynh Dáinne zo binn;  
 ba çreann aðbal le Zlanluad,  
 nac b-facað a nçruaim mar bj.

Ba lúççair liom ar Dhaoizeanthóir,  
 Fionn zo fól fóm' rmaçt ó ta;  
 çia b'é arð do'n domhan a b-fuilið,  
 a flóçte uile do bejt na çairl.

Çac çriç, çac arð, a'r çac jaç,  
 çac tuarç d'ar çriall do'n Fhëynn;  
 ar loiz Fhynn azur Dháinne,  
 yr an leimz reo çançadar 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.

O. Do bġ Dajne aʒ reġnġim zo biġn,  
 f'ó'ġ am 'nar tēacēt do'ġ Fhēġn ūd;  
 f'ó lēġm lūt aʒur mġne,  
 a b-foʒar, Uē! tġʒ f'ad cūʒaġn.

Aġ tan do cūalaġb aġ Fhġann,  
 aġ biġn cēōl dġan ran Dħaġne;  
 nġ f'ada do h-ēġrtead leō,  
 aġ tan ba ʒleō a nʒuē ʒārtā.

Aġ tan do cūalaġb Dħaōġʒeaġtōġr,  
 aġ uaġll ʒlōġr rġn ġa Fēġnne;  
 do cūġr a ʒeaġa a m-buaō bġġʒ,  
 a ġ-dāġl ġa dġre ġe cēġle.

Do balbuġʒeaō aġ cēōl ġe Dajne,  
 a'ġ aġ Fhġann aʒ uaġll-ʒārtā zo lom,  
 nġor b-f'ada zo ʒ-cualamaġr foēram,  
 f'uaġm aġ foēaġr maġr ʒāġr ton.

Nġ ġaġb ġeaō do f'luaġʒte Fhġn  
 ġar tūġt ʒaġ mōġll a ġēalaġb baġr;  
 aġ tan do cūġnead le Dħaōġʒeaġtōġr,  
 a ʒeaġa f'ā bġōġ ġa ġ-dāġl!

Taġnġ Dħaōġʒeaġtōġr a'ġ Aġne,  
 amaō f'a t-rām zo dlūt;  
 nġor f'āʒbadar ġeaō do'ġ Fhēġn,  
 ġar tūʒadar le cēġle do'ġ Dūġ.

A dūbaġr Dħaōġʒeaġtōġr zo boġb,  
 aġ tan f'uaġr f'ā ġa cōēram ġad;  
 ó'ġ dġbre uġle f'ōm' rmaōt,  
 ġr deaġb zo ʒ-cuġrfead rġb ōm' ġaġ.

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. Njor fáz fear ar lúe djob,  
 nar ceanzal fó cúibneac éruaid;  
 do cúir ran z-carcair iad zan éairde,  
 a b-foáir Dháire a'r Fhionn na n-duair.
- Ah ran do conhairc Fionn a'r Dháire,  
 ah Fhianh az teaet laireac do'n z-carcair;  
 do rleadar zo dian friara deoir,  
 'ran Fhianh le céile dá b-freazair.
- D'fáz Dhraoigeantóir rionn uile,  
 faoi zearaib na d-tuile 'nar n-dáil;  
 ran z-carcair doimhín úd fó púdar,  
 ba realad dúinn a z-cruad-car.
- A Dhraoigeantóir, ar Zlanluad,  
 ó'r dam féin a nzuair fó rmaet;  
 má éairenz leat ceól Dháire,  
 a feinnim dúinn trác ba máic.
- Ma'r mian leatra, a Zhanluad,  
 ceól bhinn ruairc, ar Dhraoigeantóir;  
 ir éizean do Dháire a feinnim dúinn;  
 a'r fór d'Fhionn, a'r dá rluaz.
- Tháiníz Dhraoigeantóir do'n carcair,  
 Ailne caoin énearda a'r Zlanluad;  
 rinné fó zearaib a'r fó cúibneac,  
 ir doilz linn a beic dá luad.
- Seinn dam zo bhinn, ar Dhraoigeantóir,  
 a Dháire, do ceól ruairc na b-Fianh;  
 ir ionmunn le Zlanluad caoin,  
 a'r le Ailne ah zruinn feinnim 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-ſuaſſe acáimre, ar Dáine,  
 cum reinnim an tſaé ro ne zneann;  
 a' r Fionn 'ra flóizte zo duairc,  
 fó gearaib a' r cruad-ſmaét teann!

Cuirfead mo geara a neim m-bríð,  
 ód' dáire aríſ ar Dhraoiſeanróir;  
 nó zo reinncear leat zo binn dúinn,  
 do céol cúma a' r do éairmire zleó!

Níor reinnear niam céol binn,  
 ar Dáine ne Dhraoiſeanróir;  
 an tan iſ doiliz do' n Fhéinn;  
 iſ znaé hóm féin beic doiliz leó.

Cuirfeadra a neim m-bríð geara Fhinn,  
 zo reinncear leat zo binn dúinn céol;  
 fuizfead cata na b-Fhianh,  
 'rha gearaib zo dian fa döbrón!

Ní féadfaimre, do náid Dáine,  
 reinnim zo bſaé téad binn ſuaſſe;  
 a Dhraoiſeanróir, zuiſ zo foiléir,  
 dá m-beid aon fear do' n Fhéinn reo duairc.

Do cúir Dhraoiſeanróir a neim m-bríð,  
 na geara ó dáil Fhinn a' r a fluað;  
 nó zur reinnead le Dáine an zúinn,  
 zué téad binn a' r záir ſuaſſim.

Do éairmiz ne Dhraoiſeanróir,  
 fózar binn an céoil rin Dháine;  
 do feinn an rin a cúmad féin,  
 a' r cúmad na Féinne dá laéair.

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 an n rín Driaoigeantóir,  
           nár b-fada dóib do'n Fhéinn  
           zo b-faždaoir uile le cêile,  
           airne zan bréaz ar an éaz!

Do éozbamairne uile an Fhianh,  
           uall žáir djan-caoí azur deór;  
           an tan a dúbairt Driaoigeantóir,  
           nár b-fada dóib zan airne ar an éaz.

Fo'n am rín do feinnead le Dairne,  
           ceól uall-žarča a' r trom caoi;  
           nóir b-fada zo d-čairniz ran dorur,  
           Driaoigeantóir zo boirb aih-caoín.

Do h-oržlad nír an dorur úb,  
           a' r dob' airneac liom a čeac ar teac;  
           d'féac Fionn air zo lan čruaz,  
           a' r nóir doiriz leir žruaim na b-fear!

Do čonnairt Fionn az rle ríor,  
           le na žruad ba žnaoi lan d'fola;  
           a' r do čairniz leir an t-amairt d'fažal,  
           črj bnaona na čan-nuic deairz fola.

Do čonnairt an Fhianh uile iad,  
           az níc zo djan ne h-air a žruaird;  
           ac č amairt an dream do caillead,  
           do biriz na nžeara ran ž-carcair čruaird.

Nóir feinnead nóir mō ne Dairne,  
           an tan čairniz Driaoigeantóir;  
           zo n-dúbairt Fionn leir air,  
           feinnim zo birn zan čeab dóib.

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. 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 Chonaġn maol,  
 a' r a lanġ lġonċa ġa dđib zo teanġ;  
 ċa b-fuġl do ċriall, a Dġraoġġeanċđorġ,  
 fan zo fđil, ġa dđan orġm feall ?

Do bġ Dġraoġġeanċđorġm faoġ ġarđ ċnorċ,  
 a' r a lanġ ġan ċorġđ or ċġonġ Chonaġn,  
 d'đorġġ an fear maol do pġeab,  
 a' r ġall ġġor fan ar a fuġdeacān.

Corġđ do laġm ? ar Conān zo truaġ,  
 ġr leđr đurċ mo ġuair mar tāġm;  
 ġġ b-fuġl dul aġam đ'ġ đāġ,  
 ġa ċurġrġ truaġġmđel ċum ġġod bāġr ?

Do ċriall Dġraoġġeanċđorġm uaiġġ,  
 fan ġ-ċarċaiġr fa ġuair d'fāġ rġġ;  
 doġġġ đobġđġac lan-dúbac,  
 ġan ġđm, ġan lúċ, ar earbaġđ ġġġġ.

Do labāġr Lobāġān le Fġonġ,  
 a' r dúbaġġr zo ċġġġ, ġan fġor do ċāċ;  
 aċā fan Dún lđġġear ar ġġearā,  
 đā d-ċġġeāđ ġġġ teaċċ ar fāġāġl.

ċġeāđ ē rġġ ? ar Fġonġ ġa b-Fġann,  
 do bđearfāđ ġġān đ ar ġġearā dúnġġ;  
 ġr truaġġ ġan ē aġorġ ar faġāġl,  
 a Lobāġāġn mā tā ar buġ fan Dún.

Aċā ballān,<sup>1</sup> a Fġġġġ, fan Dún,  
 do bđearfāđ dúnġġ lúċ aġur ġġān;  
 đā ġ-bġāđ fē aġurġġ aġorġ,  
 ġġor b-fāđā an ġorġm ġār b-ġġān.

<sup>1</sup> ballān, 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.    Añ b-ƿacaíð tû, ar Fhionn,  
       an ballan úd, a lobaraian çaoim ?  
       d'fóirfead rinn anoir ó zuaip,  
       nó z-cualaið tû da luad a bñíð ?

Do cualaið mé az Zlanluad,  
       zur fóir í féin ar zuaip an bair ;  
       a'r d'innir dúinn fóir tne mún,  
       zo leizirfead zac rúðar da raib nar n-dail.

Njor b-ƿada dúinn aihuil rin,  
       Draoiðeanróir zo d-tiz do'n çarçair ;  
       a lanh na dóir zo ljomta dian,  
       çum na Féinne uile do ðitçeannahad.

A fíir maol, do raib Draoiðeanróir,  
       zleat do mór-çeahn a'r zab mo béim ?  
       nì fuzfead neac óz na arraib,  
       nac cuirnead çum bair anoir do'n Fhéinn !

Taimre am çruaz-lóðar boct,  
       ar Conan, zo doiliz lan-dúbac ;  
       na cuir çoidce mé çum bair,  
       zo leizeartar leat mo çneada ar d-túr ?

Do zoir Draoiðeanróir ar Ailne,  
       a'r çainiz rí laitneac çuzainn ;  
       d'féac rí ró zruaim zo fíor,  
       ar fluað na b-Fianh, a'r ar Fhionn !

Tabair dam, ar Draoiðeanróir,  
       an ballan ðrída na nzeat çruaið ;  
       nó zo leizirfead zoin tóna,  
       an fíir maol móir úd ró zruaim ?

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 leižir an fear maol úd, ań Ailhe,  
 nġ púdar linn a cruađ-čar,  
 na tabair do cairde ar bič,  
 na do'ń Fhēirġ ačt a z-cun cum bair?

Nġ ġarriam air mo cun ó'ń m-bar,  
 a žeal Ailhe, do ġaġđ Conan maol;  
 ačt ańaġġ na beađ am lobair,  
 ar d-teačt dam ġraočad do'ń eaž.

D'ġmčġž Ailhe do žarđ ġnořt,  
 a'ř d'řeač žo dočt na dġaġž ar Fhġoġġ;  
 ġġoġ b-řada žo d-taġġġ arġř,  
 a'ř cġoġceanġ do bġ aġce lan do clám.

Ceanžal é reo, a Dġraoġžeantóġ!  
 do čóġġ an řġġ ġmaoġl úđ;  
 leižirřeađ žan řřar žoġġ a čřeačt,  
 a'ř tabair an t-eaž dóġđ a'ř d'Fhġoġġ.

Do žlac Dġraoġžeantóġġ žan řřar,  
 an cġoġceanġ, a'ř do čeap do Čhoġan;  
 do lean do ó'ń la řġġ žur ġriall,  
 a'ř nġ ġaġđ ġam žan řoġ-aġġġġ na đal!

Na cunre ġġre aġoġř cum bair,  
 ar Conan žo clač, a Dġraoġžeantóġġ;  
 řaġřad ad đal ó řo řuar,  
 mo đřčceanġad ba ġruaž žan čóġġ!

A Dġraoġžeantóġġ, ar Lobairan,  
 ġa'ř ġġan leat ar m-bar žo léġġ,  
 řř leđġ leat řġġ, mo řžeal ġruaž,  
 a'ř an fear maol đuaġġc do řaorađ ó'ń eaž.

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 ðearnar cealz ná meanz,  
 zairze 'há teann nj najs am ðal,  
 ða brijz rj, a Dhraoizeanróir,  
 nj cúbe ður leð anyir mo ðar!

Nj cúirfeadrá cum baif tú,  
 a Chonán, do najs Dhraoizeanróir;  
 a' r beid' tú am cómðal féir,  
 ar feað do nae zan ceað ðóib?

Do zluair Conán le Dhraoizeanróir,  
 ór an z-carcair ar feól lom lút;  
 njor rcaðað do épor zarb leð,  
 zo nanzadar cóir zeara an Dúir.

Do zóir Dhraoizeanróir óráid  
 ar Zhlanluad a' r ar Ailne an zriun;  
 cairiz Zlanluad ró lom lút,  
 a' r Ailne do'n cúir 'na najs an ðir.

D'innir Dhraoizeanróir do na mnáib,  
 zo d-cuz leir Conán ó fluaž ná b-Fianh;  
 zo d-tóizfeað brijz a zear ó ná ðal,  
 a' r zo m-beid ná cómðal a' r ná njan.

Jr eazal liomra, a Dhraoizeanróir,  
 ar Ailne, zur ab dobrón a' r zuair;  
 ðurte a' r ðainra zo lá an brát;  
 Conán ad cómðal do beir buan.

Créað jr eazal dúirh a Ailne, ar fé,  
 ó'n b-fear maol do beir nári n-ðal;  
 ar eazla ná meanz ar ire,  
 beir buan ná zóile 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 èjubradra cairnde do'ñ Fhèinn,  
 zàh aighe ar an éag do éabairt dóib,  
 ar Druaigeanadóir le Ailne féim,  
 a' r h'í féidoir le Conán a b-fóir.

Njor labairt Conán focal riu,  
 zo d-tuz Druaigeanadóir na dear láim;  
 an ballán úd na hgear a élaoid,  
 zur éog a m-buig zo rriap ar a daíl!

Fó'ñ am riu do éualadar zo bhinn,  
 ceól cúma do féinn dóib Dairne;  
 do zléar Druaigeanadóir éuzairn,  
 do'ñ éarcar r'ó lúe zo d'ána.

Nj rai'b laoc do éataib Fhinn,  
 nac rai'b lom críon a z-cruc zhe;  
 zàh lúe, zàh tapa, zàh tneoir,  
 ó geara na z-clóduib ba érean.

Do dearmad Druaigeanadóir,  
 an ballán órda az Conán;  
 do éruall féin azur Zlanluad,  
 do'ñ éarcar zo luait a z-comháil,

Créad do éor'z, a f'ir máoil,  
 fó'r leanair riu, ar Zlanluad?  
 zo b-fazairn aiharc ar an b-féinn,  
 le h'inn a h-éag a' r a d-ruall uairn.

Ca b-fuil an ballán, ar Druaigeanadóir?  
 éuzar duic d'fóir do geara cruaid;  
 d'fagbar é ar Conán lan máol,  
 mar a b-fuarar é rlan r'ó 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 žluajr Druoižeančōir uaiŋn,  
 Do žarb čporc čruajd fō lan lūjē ;  
 ŋjor rcaada lejr zo māniz,  
 an cor ŋa māb žrējēne an Dūjŋ.

D'fōir Conan Orzur a'r Fjonn,  
 ō ŋa žearab dlūjē do bj 'ŋa ŋ-dajl ;  
 rul fō d-cāniz Druoižeančōir,  
 tar ajr fō feōl žan fjor an ballajŋ.

Do žab Orzur an ballan do lajŋ,  
 a'r a lanŋ ljoŋča zo dāŋa ŋa dōjō ;  
 a'r ŋjor fulajŋz a čeačt do'ŋ čarcajŋ,  
 an Fhianŋ ō ŋa ŋžeara žur fōir.

Do fejŋŋ Fjonn an Dorō Fhianŋ zo biŋŋ,  
 a'r Dajne ne ŋa čaob fō žneanŋ ;  
 do žajneadar an Fhianŋ ule ōraŋō,  
 do bōrb žuč ba mājōte teanŋ,

Do žluajr Ajlne a'r Žlanluad,  
 do žarb čporc čruajd do'ŋ čarcajŋ ;  
 tā nēim az an b-Fejŋŋ zo fjor,  
 a Ajlne, ar Druoižeančōir, zo dearb.

Do buajl Ajlne ŋa bara zo lom,  
 a'r do labajŋ a b-fožar ŋar čaojŋ ;  
 adūbajŋe Conan nē ōraŋō,  
 cūjr čruad-čajr čūžad azur čaoi !

A Druoižeančōir, do mājō Orzur,  
 ŋj b-rujl do čumaf fearta ar an b-Fejŋŋ,  
 do žab eazla azur uaiŋan Ajlne,  
 a'r do čujc žan rpar njr an eaz !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Ta cumar na Fhèinne zàh zò.  
 ar Dhraoiḡeanḡóir, orim ir fíor;  
 a n-éiric mo zéara a' r a m-buad,  
 cúir ó'n b-éar n-duairic a' r a neim-mbriḡ

Ní b-fuil azad dul ó'n éaz anoir,  
 a Dhraoi ba zlic ar Orzuir aḡ,  
 do zéabair còimnac aon laim,  
 zàh ceirz ad daḡ ó fluaḡcib Fhionn?

Níor labair le h-Orzuir tréan,  
 do zlac a laim zéar na dear dóib;  
 zuir fiafraid Orzuir do'n dara feact,  
 an aihuil ir maic leat, a Dhraoiḡeanḡóir.

Ir aihlaid, zo dearb, ar an Dhraoi,  
 béarfa cruaid-zhóim zlac laim;  
 do zác aon féar do'n Fhèinne,  
 zuir tuicim dam féin no dóib na d-táin.

Do zluair an Fhianh amac,  
 ar an z-carcair 'nar feal dóib dúbac;  
 do bí Ailne zàh anam na rliḡe,  
 azur Zlanluad az caoi fò púdar!

Créad ro do éarlad d'Ailne an zriin,  
 ar Orzuir do zlóir áoim lan m-buad;  
 do fuair rí aicne ar an éaz,  
 ar Chonán, a' r ní rzéal truaḡ!

Do bí a laim lioiméa na dóib,  
 az Dhraoiḡeanḡóir ar an n-dorur;  
 az feiteam ar Chonán amearz cac,  
 cum a cúir cum baḡ a zàh 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. Do ònnaime Orzur. Dhaoidheantóir,  
 a' r a lann na dóid a raimeil caeta;  
 adúbaime m' r na b'í da luad,  
 zo roiceamaoid cuairid an caeta.

Níor labair leir Dhaoidheantóir,  
 a' r níor fáz an fód 'na maib na fearain,  
 zo b-ruair aitheic an Chonán maol,  
 zo d-tuz amur-béim an a dícteanhad.

Ní mánuiz an lann an fear maol,  
 do rzaime zo tréan an Orzur aiz;  
 d'ionnraiz Orzur Dhaoidheantóir,  
 a' r tuz zan zó do aithe an bair.

Do caiteamaim uile an Fhianh,  
 deoc a' r biað ran Dún zo rúbac;  
 an na máiac tar éir an ruair,  
 ní maib aзуиη tuarurzbáil an Dúin.

Do b'í cuib do b'íiz na ngeara úd,  
 a Phadruiiz! dar l'iom, a n-dáil na b-Fianh  
 ó'η la úd zo la a m-bair,  
 ir leir cuiteadar traé a' r ní le Dia!

P. Naé abair tú zo maðadar beó,  
 tar éir líon na ngeara úd;  
 da b'íiz r'ih ir cnearda an fiadhuize,  
 zur cuiteadar le Dia na n-dúl!

O. Ir é a deim mé leat, a Phadruiiz,  
 na maðadar ó'η d-tráic úd tréan;  
 a z-caé na nzhíom na lann,  
 ir é claoib a d-teann a' r ní h-é mac Dé.

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. 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.    Jarraimre ar Dhia ar d-túr,  
       rul fò macad da Dhún le teann;  
       fláirre cur cúgam do'n arán,  
       car zabadar, a Phádruiú! ahoir uaim?

---

SEILS ZHLEANNNA AN SMÓIL,

nó

EACHTRA NA ZHNA ZHOJRE TAR LEAR.

---

PAD. OJSIN ir bhinn liom do béal,  
       a5 iuhfín rzéal azur duain;  
       ar zac aró-flaic bí ran b-Féinn,  
       do beimead béim ahh zac céim cruaid.

OIR. La da rabamar Oirín a'r Fionn,  
       a'r Fearzur bhinn a mac féin;  
       Orzur fuilteac, Diarmuid donn,  
       Conan maol a'r tuille do'n b-Féinn.

A5 trhall cum reilze maidean céodaic,  
       zo Gleann an Smóil<sup>1</sup> ne ar n-zadair zo moic;  
       dar do láimre, a Chléiriú cóir,  
       ba mhóir ar n-dóccar ar luadar ar z-con.

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

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

---

THE CHASE OF GLEANN AN SMOIL,

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GIANTESS WHO CROSSED THE SEA.

---

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bġ Szeólan a' r Brian ar eġll,  
 aʒ Fġonh rġeġd ġona dġeġd ;  
 do bġ a cú aʒ ʒac ġ-duġne do'ġ Fhġeġh,  
 a' r ar ġʒadaġr bġel-bġhġ aʒ dġeġad ceġġl.

Do ʒluarġeamar cúm tulca<sup>1</sup> ór cġonh ʒleanha,  
 mar ar b'aoġbġhġ duġlleabar ar cġarġh aʒ rar ;  
 bġ eanġarġ ruarġc aʒ ceġleabar aġh,  
 'ran cúac ʒo ceġl-bġhġ aġh ʒac arġd.

Do léġ a rabadamar aġh do'ġ Fhġeġh,  
 ar ʒ-conarġc luarġ léġmġeac rarġ'ġ ġʒleanh  
 do rarġoġl Fġonh a da ʒadar dġeġʒ,  
 a' r ba bġhġe ġhġ ġa téada a ġʒlam.

Dúġrġear leġ aġ eġġt ġaol,  
 ba ʒġe a taob ġa eala ar ġhġ ;  
 aġ taob eġġe dġ ar dac aġ ʒuarġ,  
 a' r ba luarġte ġ ġa rarġbac ar coġll !

Do rarġoġl ʒac ġ-duġne 'ʒarġh a cú da h-ġġll,  
 a' r do rarġoġl Fġonh rġeġh Brian ;  
 d'ġmġeġeabar ar ar ġ-aġmarġc ʒo léġr,  
 a' r ba beaʒ ar ġʒoarġ teacġ ġa ġʒar !

ġr mġr aġ r-ġonʒġad do ġhġ aġ rġʒ,  
 do'ġ eġġt ġaolġ rar ġa luarġ ;  
 le ġar rġarġuġʒ marġġear con ġa ʒ-crġeġc,  
 a' r Brian, ġarġ ġar léġʒ rarġʒ uarġd.

O ġeġc marġne ba ġmġr aġ rarġbac,  
 do lean ʒo dġarġ aġ eġġt luarġ ;  
 ʒo d-tarġhġ orġarġhġ dub ġa h-ġeġce,  
 a' r ġac rarġamar ʒadar 'ġa cú.

<sup>1</sup> Tulca, the genitive singular form of the word Tulae, 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. Chuir Fionn a dhéid 'na béal,  
 a' r do cózain í fá na déad zo cruaid;  
 an n rín, d'fíarfíad Conán maol,  
 cáir záb ar nzađair béil-bínn uainn?

Dao do laimrí, a Chonáin máoil,  
 do maíð Fionn znoide an flaité;  
 ní fíllfíð cair n-air oirruinn arír,  
 d'ar lean an eilic maol acé Brian.

Do éuir an Fhianh zo móir a m-bíón,  
 a' r níor b'íonznad dóib do díe a z-con;  
 ir é a dubriadar, nac reilz cóirn,  
 do éarlad dóib 'ran ngleann zo moc.

Níor b-fada zo b-facamar cúzainn ran ngleann.  
 Brian a' r í ruaidce rairuizce fluc;  
 a' r ar d-teacé di d'ar laéairn,  
 dar do laim ba éruaz a crué.

Do luíð rí ríor a b-fíadnair Fhínn,  
 do zoil zo fuizeac, a' r do rznead zo cruaid;  
 ir cornúil a cóileain, do maíð Fionn,  
 zo b-fuil ar z-cínn a z-contabairic éruaid!

Neim-ní linn, do maíð an Fhianh,  
 laoc dá éréine do éiz cair muir;  
 ir meara linn a beicé d'ar n-díe,  
 ar nzađair béil bínn a' r ar z-coinn.

Ar maíð na b-focal rín dóib,  
 éiz dá laéairn bean dob' áinne rnuad;  
 bí folc óir-buidé léice az far,  
 zo noéairn a fala ríor zo dhéicé.

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 bí a zruad ar daé an ród,  
 a' r a bnaoite móðmair ba breaz zeal úr;  
 a porza zlara, zana, zan ceó,  
 a' r a béilín bhinn do labair zó ciuiv.

Jr e adúbairc, cá corne 'zam duic, a Fhinn,  
 a' r da b-fuil azuib anu do'n b-Féinn;  
 zó teažlac inžine and-ríž Šréaz,  
 cá le trí mí a n-Éirinn zan fíor díb!

A n-Oileán na h-Ionre cá céad bairc,  
 tuž a h-aéair féin mar féirín dí;  
 ir iomda óž-bean máireac blaé,  
 do éairiž léi car raíl anoir.

Jr iomda loinzeaf líonca d'óir,  
 d'airzead, do ríóll, a' r do rjóda ban;  
 éairiž linn anoir ran ród,  
 a' r zó leóir eile nac b-fuil mé rad.

Jr iomda ožréd lan do beoir,  
 ir iomda bior fá féóil dá zríor,  
 azur coru nižte, a' r óir-céaird,  
 cá réið rad' cómair, a Fhinn?

Jr iomda loinzeaf ata ar muir,  
 azur palar zeal ar tír;  
 tríllreain ríóllreac ar larad,  
 cá aice rad' cómair zó ríor.

Dar do laimre, ar Conán maol,  
 ní b-fuarar am' raožal cuine ir feair;  
 ir móir m'ocmar azur m'jóca,  
 ir é mo díe zan mé ran aic!



O. Her cheeks were like the rose,  
 And her stately neck so fresh and fair ;  
 Her clear blue eyes without a speck,  
 And her melodious mouth that gently spoke.

[O Fionn,

'Twas what she said, " I have an invitation for thee,  
 And for all the Fianna who are here, [of Greece,  
 To the mansion of the daughter of the chief king  
 Who is three months in Erin unknown to you.

" In Oilean-na-h-Innse there are a hundred barks  
 Her father gave her as a present ;  
 And many a blooming maiden young,  
 Who came with her across the sea from the east.

" Many ships freighted with gold,  
 Silver, satin, and white silks,  
 We brought from the east on our way,  
 And many other things that I do not mention.

" Many a vessel full of *beoir*,  
 And many a spit of broiling beef,  
 And clean goblets, chased with gold,  
 Will be ready before thee, O Fionn.

" Many a ship on the ocean,  
 And white palace on the land,  
 Torches brilliantly lighted,  
 She will have before thee ready."

" By thy hand," saith bald Conan,  
 " I got not in my life a better invitation ;  
 Great is my hunger and thirst,  
 My grief, that I am not in the place."

O. Filleaf ay beay dob' alye ržėĩĩ,  
 řay řėđ cėadħa 'ħa d-čajħĩž 'ħar ħžar,  
 a'ř do leħħarħar ħ žo ľuajč,  
 žo ħ-Ořleħ ħħře řľuaz ħa ħ-ban.

Do řajčřžėđ řoħarħ ħž ħarħřarčč Žħřėaz,  
 řuřčřar ħũřđ a'ř žľėarčar ħřđ ;  
 čurħėđ ořħa řřoħ a'ř ħeorħ,  
 ħar ħa čđřř do řřž a'ř do čřřarč.

Žħ řar čoržħarħ ar ħ-očřar do ħřđ,  
 a'ř ar ħ-řočar đ'řřoħ a'ř do ħeorħ,  
 do ľarħar Ĥřřoħ ħ řľarč řľal,  
 a'ř đũħarħč žo řarčad čũ řuarħ žo řđľ.

Žř řad ħa ħ-řocal řř čřž đa ľarčarħ,  
 ħear ħa žřarħħe ar ħřč řřđđ ;  
 a čorđř ħřř ar a čearħ,  
 a'ř řolč đũb řľř ľė řřor žo đřũčč.

Do ħř a'đřarđ řarđ arħřž đa ħėal,  
 az ar ħ-řėřřđ ħar ħ'arřřřř čřũč ;  
 a đėad řřacal ħarħa žėar,  
 a'ř řėarħa ľėř řřor ħa řřũč.

Do ħř žuarħėarč řada đũb,  
 ħar řřoħřřa čurħ az řar 'ħa ľľėř ;<sup>1</sup>  
 az řľe řřor ľė žo ħ-alc,  
 ħar ħeřč čurħč ľe řurħearħ čėad.

Do ħř ħřar řarřřřž řada řřđřľľ,  
 đa řolarč žo ħřđřž a'ř řarđ đe đarħ ;  
 ar řarđ eřľe ar đar ar žuarľ,  
 'řř ħarř ħear řar č-řľuaz ħa řđ žřarħ.

<sup>1</sup> 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 noimac a níz na b-Fíann,  
 ir iad na briaétra do cáin rí ;  
 ir leat ionlan mo cúid bairc,  
 mo bhanntraéct aluinn a' r mé mar mhaoi.

Jr mé inzean aird níz Sreáz,  
 na deapna cumann le céile fir !  
 zo d-táinig mé anoir fód' déin,  
 a níz na Féinne tar mór mhuir.

Do zeadairi ainzead azur ór,  
 do zeadairi urriam fód' a' r buad ;  
 tar a b-fuil do laocna láidre cróda,  
 ran doimán mór o tear zo tuaid.

Dar do laimri, a inzean an níz,  
 do maid Fíonn, croide nar mheirb ;  
 n' zeadad féin leat mar mhaoi,  
 a' r zur tú bí noimac a n'iu 'ran t-reilz.

Aicéizim ar do bnat fairrinz ríóll,  
 zur tú bí ngleann an ríóil noimainn zo moé ;  
 a' r fiafraidim díot a maireann beó,  
 ar n'zadairi beal-bínn a' r ar z-coin.

Dar do laimri féin, a Fhínn,  
 zé' n mór é ríoc búir z-conairc zairz,  
 táid ríad uile marb zán bríz,  
 aét Brian an níz nuz buad zac realz.

Jr ionda laoc, láidri, luat,  
 a' r zairzideac cruaid a z-caé ;  
 do éur l'iomra a d-tozac fluaž,  
 a' r ar mo buad n' beiread neart.

- 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 nī mō, nī fīllfead tap tuinn,  
 zo m-beinnead buad liom d'ñ b-Féinn;  
 r3aéfad búir 3-cinn ó búir 3-coirp,  
 cia mōr búir neart a'f búir d-crein.

Do feinn rí ceólta ró bínn ríte,  
 le'ri cáill 3ac laoc aguin a neart;  
 do cean3lad rinn le h-in3ean an rí3,  
 cé'ri mōr an n3n3om an 3ac caé.

Do éarraig3 a lann fuilteac liom3a,  
 ir í lan d'fíoc, iona laim deir;  
 zur r3oc na cinn do céad laoc,  
 a'f ba mōr an t-uaiman díe na b-fear.

Ní raib beó ran Inne acé mé,  
 Conán maol, a'f Diarmuid Donn;  
 Fear3ur file a'f Or3ur tréan,  
 an tan do labair m'áair Fíonn.

3abair do cóirric a in3ean an rí3,  
 ná cuir do'ñ t-rao3eal aon fear nī bur mó;  
 a'f zo n3eabairn féin leat mar innaoi,  
 muna m-beic 3oll caoc na n3n3om cruaid.

Da n-déanraig malairt an mo innaoi,  
 do cúirfead mé do'ñ t-rao3eal cum báir,  
 a'f an bean do 3abar a d-túr mo fáo3il,  
 leir an b-fear caoc zo b-fuil a páirt,

Dar do laimre féin, a Fhinn,  
 baiffeadra a ceann de 3holl mōr;  
 a'f da n3abann leir do'ñ Fhéinn,  
 mar a n3lacaid mé mar banríogaín dóib,

- 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 éoz rí léi a cablac mhódbriac,  
           a' r a cianhghab reoil zo h-arth le zaoit ;  
           zur zab calain a m-Beinn Eadair<sup>1</sup> na rloz,  
           mar a riab Soll crioda na lann caoith.

<sup>1</sup> Beinn 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 *Uzallain na Seanoirib*, 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.

MOUADH BHEINNE H-EADAIR LE TRÍUR FIDHE.

AN CHÉAD FHILE.

I r doibhinn beir a m-Beinn Eadair,  
 Fír-bhinn beir ó r a ban mhír ;  
 Cnoc lannhar lonzhar lannhar,  
 Beann fionhar fionhar fadhhar,

Beann iona m-bíod Fionn a' r Fhanna,  
 Beann iona m-bíod cuinn a' r cuada,  
 Beann da d-tuz O'Duibhe danna  
 Leir Dhainne do dhainn ruada.

Beann tonn-zlar reac zac tulae,  
 'Sa mullae cianh-zlar corrae ;  
 Cnoc lannhae cnehae cianhae,  
 Beann ballae beannae monhae.

Beann i r aithe ó r iac Eneann,  
 Zle Beinn ó r fairze faoleann ;  
 A rneizean i r ceim cruais lion,  
 Beann aluinn Eadair doibhinn.





An tan do cónnairic Soll tréan,  
 an cáblaic zléarta az teacé cum ouain ;  
 ir é dúbairt nár mairt an rzeal,  
 an méid do'n Fhéinn éarbaiž uairé.

An riu d'fíairairé Soll tréan,  
 cia béairfad rzeala cúze o'n z-cuan ;  
 adúbairt Caoilte zúr b'é féin,  
 do éabairfad tuairzbafl ó'y t-rluaž.

Zluairtear an laoc laoir luat,  
 meannnac, buan, lan do brijž ;  
 zo nairiž ré cōrp an t-rluaž,  
 a'r do bí an bean mōr moime a o-tijr.

An b-fairrin mī-rzém na mha,  
 méad a chāma a'r a faobair ;  
 do cōrōnairé ré ó bonn zo bairr,  
 cé d'fíairairé zo h-aird car b'ar do'n mhaol ?

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

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

THE SECOND BARD.

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

Beautiful its plains and tall peaks,  
 And its lands overhanging the stormy waves,  
 Till it reaches the *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 bursts with a heaving crash,  
 A rib in the over-laden vessel.

O. **U**irre, ar rí, inzéan aró níz **T**réas,  
do déanfaínn coimnac le deic z-céad laoc;  
a' r beir rí leat mar rzéala uaim,  
mar a b-fuil an Fhianh a' r **S**oll caoc.

**A**icéir dób fór zan bréiz,  
zo rziortfad mé feara **F**ail;<sup>1</sup>  
muna d-tozafaid mé mar céile,  
do níz na féinne **F**ionn an aíz.

**A**r fíllead do **C**haolte tar air,  
a' r ar élor na m-bríatán do **S**holl éaoc;  
do cúir deic z-céad cróda a n-aim zairze,  
cum dul do coimnac inzéne níz **T**réas.

**N**í b-fuil neac do bí tréan a n-aim,  
nar leazad ran z-caé nír an mhaol;  
zo n-dúabairt **S**oll da ngezllfead cae,  
zo d-tabairfad éiric 'na n-dearhad rí.

**Z**o moe do lé éirzeat **S**oll,  
faoi élogad tnom a' r faoi rziat;  
a éloidean fuilteac iona dób,  
cum dul az coimnac nír an mhaol.

**C**ia zo m-ba laoc lairdir **S**oll,  
ba laz lorz a lám ran nzhom;  
cé zur éruaid a lúneac a' r a rziat,  
ir ionda chead do bí 'na éaob.

**U**'aimzar croide! ar fead trí la,  
zan bíad, zan cobla, zan ruah;  
do bí an dír zo tréan fearzad,  
zan fíor clair ná treire buad.

<sup>1</sup> **F**ail or **I**uir **F**ail, 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.

O. Do bamaime, a raib ran Iyhe do'n Fhéinn,  
 a' r Conan maol na raib zan zruaim;  
 d'ar z-coimead a3 caozad ban,  
 zo n-deacadar uile cum ruain.

Labrar Diarmuid dead-zeal zruinn,  
 do coinnad caoin rur an oig;  
 m'ainzar cruide! a rpeirbean mhn,  
 zan me' zur tu faoi bracaib fdr.

Jr tu jr aithe uain tar mhaib,  
 'rir zlaire, modmaire, filead rúl;  
 a zrad tar mhaib an domuin,  
 ealod leat jr e mo dúil.

Dar zo deimhn ma' r fion do rzeal,  
 do raib an oig do coinnad caoin;  
 fuarzlócad tu dr do mdr péinn,  
 a' r a b-fuil do'n Fhéinn ahyo ar do flize.

Fuarzail rinne ar ar b-péinn,  
 jr leat zo deimhn nj deanfainn breaz;  
 a' r zo m-biad tu azamra mar mhaol.  
 an fead mairead ar an b-Féinn.

Tózdar ar n-draoizeadt dinn zan moill,  
 do euz dúinn ar lúe a' r ar neart;  
 coirbhear Diarmuid teora pöz,  
 do'n macaoin mha' dob' aithe dreac.

Do buain Conan, an ceann zan moill,  
 le na lann do'n macaoin úr;  
 d'fuarzail e o na zear péinn,  
 a' r a raib do'n Fhéinn ahy fa púdar.

- 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 Dżarmużd reraća bujle ar an b-Féinn,  
 a' r ar Chonán mhaol bí niam zó h-olc ;  
 muna m-beic Orzuri do córz a lann,  
 do rerióirfead ré an ceann dá cóir.

Labrar Dżarmużd zó raććmar fjoćmar,  
 lan d'feinnz a' r d'fjoć na mēinn ;  
 cread an rać ar bairir an ceann,  
 do'n mhaol d'fuarzail rinn ó péinn ?

Dá m'innzean dairra í, ar Conán,  
 nó fór an máćair do ruż me féin ;  
 do bairfenn a ceann dá zeal brazair,  
 a d-ćaob me fazbail cóin rada a b-péinn ?

Do zluarreamar zan rćad, zan rzicć,  
 mar ar trearzrad an Fhianh nír an mhaol,  
 a' r ar d-ćaććć dúinn traćć ćum laćair,  
 do ćonarcamar ar a' r earbad laoić !

Do bí Soll raol ćlozad a' r raol rzicćć,  
 az rjor ćreara ćomrac le h-inzean an rjicć ;  
 a' r í dá zoin le mōr jomad ćrećććć,  
 d'faz an laoć zan veare, zan brjicć.

Jarrar Orzuri cead ar Zholl,  
 dul do ćomrac leir an mhaol ;  
 a' r dúbairć zur doilb leir a ćar,  
 beicć raol ćneada a' r ra mġ-znaol.

Nj b-fuil aon laoć ran doimā beo,  
 na a ġ-Eirynn dá aoirde ćail ;  
 do lejzfirre a ćomrac leir an mhaol,  
 zó ġ-ćoćad liom ar ron an air !



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Labnar Feanzur na m-briacra ceare,  
 ðr é bponnad an t-ðr ar ðraoi;  
 zo b-ruairi d'Orzur cead ð Tholl,  
 dul cum coimraic leir an mhaoi.

Sléara Orzur a cloideam a' r a rziat,  
 a rleaz zéar a' r a clozad cruaib;  
 nî maib ran z-cruinne beð na beata,  
 aon neac do tabarfad urraim uaid.

Do bí an ðir laidri tapa lút,  
 cúiridir ceata raoi néalaib;  
 le neare tioda azur coimraic,  
 az feól-córzar a céile.

Labnar Feanzur béal-binn ruairic,  
 a' r Conan maol do bí tréan ar arim;  
 a mhic Oirín cuimhiz an uair,  
 bí tu z-cuan na h-Ihne a z-ceanzal zarb.

Caitear Orzur léim leðzain,  
 tar ðorp an t-rlöz amac;  
 zur cúir an t-rléaz le neare a ðóid,  
 tré ðroide na mha móirne arceac.

Do tözbanairne trî zarca ran b-Féinn,  
 a' r nîor maic le Soll tréan-builleac rin;  
 mar cúit an bean le h-Orzur aiz,  
 do bí lútmair, aizmairac, calma, zlic.

Ai cúitrim cum talman do' h mhaoi,  
 mo mallact, ar rî, dam' acair féin;  
 do bí taob lioimra mar inzean,  
 a' r do cúir, mo ðit! ró zearaib mé.

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 dpaorice do deapbuz faprcine do,  
 (mo mallact ddb zo bpaē arir ;)  
 zo m-beapfaiyh mac do rziopfad an Zhpēiz,  
 a'r do bapfēad, de fēih, a ceany zan rzic!

Da b-fazaiyhre zabaļ lom mar mhaoi,  
 o ceanyhporc hō o ceany rloz ;  
 do beapfaiyh mac da hzēllfēad an domāh,  
 a'r do beidihh fēih arir am elōd.

Do badapa la, cja dūbac mo rzēal,  
 ar āihēact mha az fillead rul,  
 le dpaorizeact cporba m'atar fēih,  
 do cailleap mo rzēih a'r mo rhuad.

Ah la rih do marbad an beah mōr,  
 a'r do rziopfad fōr a cablac ban,  
 az rih azadpa, a Chléihz cōih,  
 eactpa ha mha mōihē tap leap!

---

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 FHJANNÁ EJREANN AR SHLIABH  
TRUJN.

O.      LÁ DA MABAMAR AR SHLIAB TRUJN,<sup>1</sup>  
             FIANNA FHINN FA LAN ZUÍ;  
             DOB' IOMDA DEAZ-LAOÓ AZAR CÚ,  
             ANN DO BA MAÍC AR MÓIN.

Ní MAÍB LAOÓ DÍOB ZAN RZÍAC,  
             AR AN RLIAB A'R DA CÓIN;  
             A'R ZAN CÚPLA ZADAR 'RAN NZLEANN,  
             CIMCEALL FHINN DO B'FEARIN ZUÍ.

DO RREACHTUIZ RINN AR ZAC ZLEANN,  
             FA MAÍC AR D-TEANN A Z-CEANN CHOC;  
             RINN ZAN DEIRIAC AR AON BÍDÍN,  
             AR D-TREIRE FA H-AD ZAN LOCT.

DÚIRIZTEAR LINN ÓR BÁIRN BEANN,  
             FIADAC NA NZLEANN A'R NA D-TOR;  
             AR ZAC TAÓB DÍNN RAN LEIRZ,  
             DOB' IOMDA EILIC AZAR BÍOC.

DOB' IOMDA LAOÓ ANN AZAR CÓIN,  
             AZ ÉIRIÚZ AR AN MAÍZ ZO LUAC;  
             DO DÉANAIN REILZE AR ZAC ZLEANN,  
             D'ÉIRIÚZ FÍONN TRÍAC NA D-TUAC.

<sup>1</sup> Shlab Trujn, 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 Knocksowel, Mary Gray, and Carntogher. See O'Donovan's Four Masters, A.D. 1275, 1435, and Jobson's Map of Ulster.

O. **Փ**հա շօրն ա լայն չա՛ն բլր,  
 ծ'ար իրիչ ան ըն ծօ'ն Բհելոյ;  
 իր աշտն բէրն ա՛տա իօր,  
 ո՛ւ՛! շիա տայն անոյս չան շէլլ.

**Ա** ծար չան ծարտած շոյծ,  
 ծ'անտանայն շոյն ան տանոյ իւայչ;  
 ոյօրն լէյշած շու ծոյծ ծա հ-էլլ,  
 ոյարն ծա հ-այնո ծան բէրն ա ծած.

**Փ**ո լէյ՛ շ Օ'Բաօրչոյն Բրան ծիան,  
 ա'ր Տշեօլան բա ծիան իւ՛ն;  
 ծո լէյ՛ շ Օյրիյն Բաճճա՛ն Պծօր,  
 ա'ր Աբլա՛ն Օշ ծա ո-ծէր ըն.

**Օ**ժ' շոհայնո Պա՛ն Բրեարայլ բաօր,  
 շօրն ան իւ՛ն աշ ծոլ իւ տանոյ;  
 ծո լէյ՛ շ ա ծա շօրն բէրն բօ չարչ,  
 Աւ՛տ Ար, աշար Արն ան Բհելոյն բանչ.

**Փ**ո լէյ՛ շ Օրչոյն մարն ոյարն շոյն,  
 Պա՛ն ան Երույն շոհա իւլաճա ծոյն;  
 ծո լէյ՛ շ Կաօլ շոծճա չո ոյշիած,  
 Լէյն ան Աւ՛տ ա'ր ան շօրն շոծոյն.

**Փ**ո լէյ՛ շ Չարիայն, ոյա ո-արն ոյշան,  
 Բարրան ա'ր Բոջարն ա'ր Պաօրն;  
 ծո լէյ՛ շ Օ'Պոյնոյն չո ծար,  
 Եա՛ճճա՛ն ոյա չ-շարն ա'ր Պաօր.

**Փ**ո լէյ՛ շ Պա՛ն ան Տոյն, Կոյնչոյն ա'ր Չրուայն չոյնոյն,  
 աշար Արույն ա'ր Կաօրն ա ո-ծիայն շա՛ն;  
 ծո լէյ՛ շ Օ'Շոհբոյն չո ծար,  
 Կոյն Պոյն 'ոյա ո-ծիայն, ա'ր Պալն Բան.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do léi3 Conan zo n3n3oim n3noð,  
 Riè, Rod, a' r Riè ne h-Àrd;  
 do léi3 Faolan carrað con,  
 Carraiz3n a' r Iuc Iar3.
- Do léi3 Mac Eadaoine iar r3n,  
 Cor-luaiè caoim, a' r Fuaè-lam n3èar;  
 do léi3 Mac Mòrha an 3imn,  
 Àra n a3ar Àrd na Sean3.
- Do léi3 Fearubain mac Fhinn,  
 Ciar-èòill do èim an 3ac còim;  
 do léi3 Reize zo rún,  
 Ior3ad Ur 3r luaiè na lon.
- Do léi3 Caoilte Fuaè zo m-buað,  
 a3ar Cullreac ra cruaið tnear;  
 do léi3 Dairne fear na n-duan,  
 Sìnead, a3ar Bjoè ba èear.
- Do léi3 Cairneall, an laoc mòr,  
 3aièleanh, a' r 3uairne, a' r 3al;  
 do léi3 Mac Dubain, an fear fial,  
 Rian 'na n-diaiz a3ar Scal.
- Do léi3 Dairne Dear3 mac Fhinn,  
 Àrd na Seal3 a3ar Rann Cruaið;  
 do léi3 Mac Luizeac mear,  
 Cnoèac 3eal 3r fearn buaið.
- Do léi3 Àod Bea3, fear ba p3ap,  
 Mairb na 3-Cac a3ar Taom;  
 do léi3 Conan Mac an Leic,  
 Liazan da h-eill a3ar Laom.

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. Léizéar a' r Zanna Zarb da coir,  
 Jollan arb, a' r Mac an Smóil;  
 Orzur mac Croinnegeac an nár doirb,  
 do léiz ré Doirb azar Nóin.

Do léiz Fearzur file, zan bearmad,  
 Sziamad azar Faoiðmeair caol;  
 Tolla Mac Caoilte an fearr fial,  
 de léiz ré Rian azar Laod.

Do léiz Dairne azar Mac Ronain,  
 Dicitmeirz a' r Dobrión zo dian;  
 do léiz Uairne zan tairne zo luaité,  
 coir aithe ná b-Fianh.

Do léiz ríad clanna Cearnda,  
 a z-conairre le zairn brión;  
 Cor azar Dearz a' r Driélinh,  
 Cóirbeann a' r Roit, Teann a' r Treoir.

Do léiz Cnú Dheariól, Eolla Airneoirn,  
 azar Ceóla fá réim,  
 Uaiz na fleaz nári beaz-lanhuac,  
 do léizead Sznead, Zoba, a' r Béim.

Crioméann ná m-beann, a' r Coirn,  
 da mac do Bheazall an aiz;  
 do léiz ríad Doóar a' r Doirn,  
 do léiz ríad Crom azar Zair.

Do léiz ríad teazlac ná flaca,  
 zo h-eólaó zan taca rcaide;  
 ná h-diaiz do briiz ná reilze,  
 do bádar uile lan d'fazaíl.

- 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' iomda céad a3 rié ar fíad,  
 'nar d-timceall ran ríab ba deap;  
 bádar na cáta ar a loiz,  
 dá b-feiceam fá borib a d-creap.

Dob' iomda zué fíad a3ar toric,  
 ar an ríab dar éur an t-feilz;  
 ar n-dul do'n cónairc fó cáirtib,  
 ba mhóir zairca toric a3ar fíad.

Ní deacáid fíad roir na ríar,  
 na toric fó ríab dá ríab beó;  
 díob ran uile nac ríab marib,  
 ó'n z-conairc ríon fó zairb zleó.

Do marbamair deic z-céad fíad ar an ríab,  
 a3ar deic z-céad toric;  
 ar z-conairc ar mhéad a b-feirze,  
 d'fázbadar deapz zac zorc.

Níor h-airmíid eilte na brioic,  
 'na míolta d'ar éur ran leirz;  
 zion zur h-airmíead íad a3 Fíonn,  
 mhóir, dar líom, an cúid d'ar feilz.

Fíadac laoi ír mó d'ar marbad,  
 a z-crióc Banba an zác trác;  
 a'í ír fearu do bí lem' líon,  
 an t-feilz do rízne Fíonn an la.

Mar do roirneamair an t-feilz,  
 cánzamair ar áir dá roir;  
 cruinnízeann an t-fluaz zán loct,  
 ó zac choc a d-timceall Fhíon.

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 bġ nojnn aʒar nōʒa aʒ ʒoll,  
 ʒé'ri b'ioṃḡa laoċ lonn ran b-Fhéinn;  
 ó'ḡ t-rluaʒ aċt ʒé'ri mōri a. nʒoġl,  
 ruajri ré rġn ar eaʒla féin.

Rojnntear an t-řeilʒ ne ʒoll mear,  
 ḡjori řaʒbaḡ řeari ḡjorb ʒan ḡjol;  
 ḡjori ḡearmab ḡuḡne ḡo'ḡ Fhéinn,  
 aċt é féin a'ř mġre ḡjorb.

Do čanař ne ʒoll ḡari čim,  
 a'ř ba aġřeac liom a nāḡ;  
 an řac řó ḡearia, a ʒhoġll,  
 mo ḡearmab řó nojnn tar čac.

Njori čuġbe ḡo neac řó'ḡ nʒrēin,  
 aġčġr orim féin řa'ḡ nojnn;  
 ġr tġuaʒ ḡac b-řuġlim ab ʒari;  
 a řġri čōʒbař an řala ġġnn.

ḡ'řneazari ʒobann mo čolʒ,  
 taʒria borib ḡḡ' bġ aʒ ʒoll;  
 an laoċ řa maġč řēim a'ř čaġl,  
 ḡo čuaḡar ḡa ḡaġl ʒo lonn.

Do tōʒaġb řġonn mač an loġn  
 a ḡa řleaʒ ʒo ḡġiḡ aʒar řʒiač;  
 tġʒ ʒo čġġte tġe laġi an t-řlōʒ,  
 ʒur ʒab mē ʒo luač ḡa laġi.

Čoġrʒeaḡ le řġonn ʒo luač ar b-řearġ,  
 ḡo ʒab mo čuġḡ ḡo'ḡ t-řeaġʒ ar féin;  
 ḡjori laḡar řačla ḡa řġoċ,  
 ḡo čuġri ġḡri ḡġř ḡo'ḡ Fhéinn.



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 mh ríad ceinne zān locē,  
 zo cinnce ar zac cnoē do' h t-ríab;  
 a d-timceall Fhinn ba caom corp,  
 d'folac ríad<sup>1</sup> azar toric.

Maṛ do caṭamar an t-realz,  
 na caṭarē fō dearrz rhuab;  
 do ēriallamar ríanna Fínn,  
 o ríab Truim zo loc Cuan.<sup>2</sup>

Fuaramar ríard<sup>3</sup> ar an loc,  
 hōr fōcar dúinn a beirē ann;  
 az féacairē dúinn 'hān d-toct,  
 ba mh 'hā cnoē a ceann.

A tuaruzbāil ne a molaō,  
 zo m-beirē na zloimur zān dūn;  
 do tollrad, ze'ri mhōr a b-fraoō,  
 céad laoō a laz a da fūl.

Fa mh nā zac crann a z-coill,  
 a fíacla do coill zac zriann;  
 fá mh nā comla caṭruiz,  
 cluara an arriacē h'ar h-dāil.

Jr ríad nā oṭar zān earbairē,  
 a h-iarboll rearriacē ne a dhom;  
 ba riannne an cúb ba caoile,  
 nā dāir dīleann, no coll.

Maṛ do cōnnairic uairē an t-ríōz,  
 d'eari, a' r ba mhōr a fíraoō;  
 bīad ar riac Maṛrha zān oñn,  
 hō comriac con azar laoō.

<sup>1</sup> Folaē ríad, Fenian cooking pits according to Keating. When discovered they contain half-burnt stones and small bones.

<sup>2</sup> loc 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 Mae Morna's turn to give it food,  
 Or engage it in combat with his heroes and hounds.

<sup>3</sup> ΠΙΔΡΕ. This word signifies a serpent, snake, monster, or reptile of any sort ; and we so translate it as we proceed.

Fionn. Ní do píarcaib Éireann tú,  
 a éiríú nac maic ciall ná com ;  
 cá h-ait ar a d-tanzaif do'n zleann ?  
 adúbaifc Fionn fearúa fial.

Piarc. Tainic mire ahoif ó'n Shéirz,  
 am méim zo máhic loé Cuan ;  
 d'iarraib comraic ar an b-Féinn,  
 a'r do zabaifc tréine a fluaž.

Cuirim forlan ar zaé tuaic  
 do túteadar fluažte lem' zleó ;  
 uab muna b-fažad mo díol,  
 n'í fuizfead azuib búir ríol beó.

Tuzaib dam comrac co luait,  
 cia móir an t-fluaž tá 'zad Fhinn,  
 nó zo b-féacaim oruib ahoif,  
 mo neart tar éif teacé tar toinn.

F. Ar žmad h-ynnéad ihoif dúinn,  
 žib' móir do žoil a'r do žráin ;  
 rzéala h-aéar a'r t-ainim,  
 ful éaicéam ár n-ainm ad dáil.

Ainnac<sup>1</sup> cinnce ata 'ran n-Šnéirz,  
 Inneórad zan bnéirz a ainim žnac ;  
 Cnom ná Cairze fá h-aind blaó,  
 ar fairze toim az cloé ata.

Péirce if maic žoil 'rif ole žhaoi,  
 fá h-í rif a mhaoi zan loé ;  
 if teairc caéair t-roim náir bair,  
 a'r fužad mire do mar mac.

<sup>1</sup> Ainnac. 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 *Arrach* that dwells in Greece,  
 Doubtless I shall tell his usual name,  
 Crom of the Rock of great renown,  
 In the eastern sea in a crag he dwells.

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

O. D'fagbar tuirra ar zac tîr,  
 Aird na z-Cac<sup>1</sup> zo deimh m'airm;  
 a Fhinn<sup>1</sup> i r' maic earz a' r buad,  
 nî car linn do fluaż 'na n-airm.

Az rin an rzeal d'farruair dîom,  
 a Fhinn! i r' maic colz a' r zlaric;  
 tabair dam ionzarl zo dîam,  
 zîd' lionnar d'Fhianh a' r da yeairc.

Do maic Fionh, zè'n èruaird an céim,  
 nîr an b-Féinn dul iona ènoib,  
 da éorż do éuadar na fluaż,  
 azar fuaradar uaird mór bnoib.

Tairnż an péirt for ar z-caatib,  
 i r' mór d'ar maicib do éur lét;  
 ra mór ar n-dîc le a éorżair,  
 nîon éualairnż rin cormah lét.

Teirzear realz ód' éuimhe,  
 ar an péirt zo tuilne borb;  
 do énoicead innte mór éeata;  
 teinnte colz azar pleaza.

Do bamair uaird tuirreac rin,  
 nîon éuimreac dúinn a' rrairm;  
 do flonż, zîd' ar lór d'áigeann,  
 laic idir éide azar airm.

Do flonż rî Fionh iona meadon,  
 zur lét ríad Fianha Éireann zair;  
 bamair tneimre zan éabair,  
 'ran péirt az tabairc ar n-air.

<sup>1</sup> Aird na z-Cac, i.e. the chief or king of the cats.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Doimur ar zác taob dá corp  
do munnead Fionn 'nár b'olc méinn;  
zur léiz amac zan fuisseac,  
zac neac do floizead do'n Fhéinn.

Fionn fial, d'ñ z-coimnac do mñ,  
d'fóir anñ ar na rloz;  
zur fuarzagl le tréan a laime,  
rinn le béim a zaié zo m-buad.

Do coimnairc an Fhianñ a'r é me céile,  
móir an tréine dul dá corz;  
do cömlanñ, zé'ri cnuaid an céim,  
a'r njoir fáon zur rzar a anam me corp!

Ar túit do píarraig me Fionn,  
nñ cúirfean a ruim zo bñac;  
a n-deáirñad d'ázaid azar d'éact,  
a n-áirneanñ hoc ar féad cac.

Do máirñ píart loca Cúilinn,<sup>1</sup>  
do túit le Mac Cúimall zo mac;  
a'r rlpíart Bheinne h-Eadairn,  
a corz njoir féadað a z-cac.

Píart eile loca Cúilinn,  
do túit le Mac Cúimall an óir;  
do máirñ píart loca Neacac,<sup>2</sup>  
a'r Airnac Shleanña an Smóil.

<sup>1</sup> Loç Cúilinn. This lake is situated on the summit of Sliabh Guilleann or Cuillieann 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.

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



O. An opening in each side of his body,  
 Was made by Fionn, whose mind was not ill ;  
 Until he let out without delay  
 Every one of the Fianna he had swallowed.

The generous Fionn by the fight he made,  
 Saved from slaughter the hosts ;  
 Until he relieved us by the might of his hand,  
 And by the blows of his powerful spear.

The Fianna all engaged him in the fight,  
 It required great bravery to go to conquer him,  
 They fought, tho' hard the contest,  
 And never ceased till it was lifeless.

Of all the serpents that fell by Fionn,  
 The number never can be told ;  
 The exploits and wonders which he performed,  
 There is no person who can recount.

He slew the serpent of Lough Cuilinn,  
 It fell by Mac Cumhaill happily,  
 And the huge serpent of Ben Eadair (Howth)  
 That was never overcome in battle.

Another serpent at Lough Cuilinn,  
 Fell by Mac Cumhaill of the gold ;  
 He slew the serpent of Lough Neagh,  
 And the *Arrach* of Gleann-an-Smoil.

waters for a certain period, when it becomes a stone, and is used as such to sharpen razors therewith. An ancient tract on the wonders of Ireland, published by the Rev. Dr. Todd in his edition of the Irish version of Nennius's *Historia Britonum*, printed for the Irish Archæological Society, (pp. 194-95), verifies this opinion. It says : — “Loch n-Echach, 17 A A1701, c1a70 Cuilinn do beirar i7b f17 re2c m-bh7ad7a7b 17 clo2 a m-b1 be 17 17 317a7, 7 17 1a7a777 7a m-b1 17 17 a17ce, c1a707 u70770 7a m-be ua77u.” “Loch n-Echach ; its property is this : a holly tree being placed in it for seven years, the part of it that sinks into the earth, will be stone, the part that remains in the water will be iron, and the part that remains above water will be wood.

O. Do túrte píarce Eiríne,<sup>1</sup> zé'n zóim, leir,  
 a' r' píarce boim Loça Ríabac;<sup>2</sup>  
 do máim, zé'n énean a z-éneide,  
 píarce azar cat an Aic-cliat.<sup>3</sup>

Do máim ré Fuac Loça Léin,<sup>4</sup>  
 mór an feim dul da claid;  
 do máim ré Fuac a n-Drom Cléib,<sup>5</sup>  
 Fuac azar Píarce Loça Rí.<sup>6</sup>

Do máim Fionn ba mór éneide,  
 Fuac Shlíne Rí.<sup>7</sup> na ród;  
 zac píarce ne neart a lam,  
 a ngleanetaib Eirínean zup bac.

Fuac azar Píarce Shlíne h-Áim,<sup>8</sup>  
 do máim Fionn zé'n cáim íad;  
 do díbim Fionn ó na Raéib,  
 zac píarce fó macad a éimall.

Píarce an Shóimíne<sup>9</sup> fó folur,  
 do éorí ré rour na b-feart;  
 do claid ne táite an domáin,  
 píarce Loça Raímar<sup>10</sup> na d-éart.

<sup>1</sup> Eiríne, or loc Eiríne, now Lough Erne in the county of Fermanagh, which extends about twenty miles in length.

<sup>2</sup> Loc Ríabac, now Loughrea in the county of Galway.

<sup>3</sup> Aic Cliat, *The Ford of Hurdles*; one of the ancient names of Dublin.

<sup>4</sup> Loc Léin, the ancient and present vernacular name for the lakes of Killarney.

<sup>5</sup> Drom Cléib, now Drumcliff, the name of a district in the barony of Carbury, county of Sligo.

<sup>6</sup> Loc Rí, now Lough Ree, a most beautifully diversified lake on the river Shannon, lying between the town of Athlone and Lanesborough; an expansion of the Shannon between Roscommon and Westmeath.

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

He slew the Spectre of Lough Lein,  
 Great was the deed to go attack it ;  
 He slew the Spectre of 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 Rath  
 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.

<sup>7</sup> *Ḃleann RíḂ*, Glenree, now the valley through which the Newry river runs.

<sup>8</sup> *Ḃleann Anrma*, 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*.

<sup>9</sup> *Ḃionnna*, 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 *Ḃeann* and *Ḃanna*, ancient river.

<sup>10</sup> *LoḂ Rannar*, now Lough Ramor, near Virginia, in the barony of Castle-  
 raghan, county of Cavan. In its islands are several castellated ruins.

O. Do mairb, fa mōr a tolad,  
 Fuac rleibe Cuilinn<sup>1</sup> zē'ri borib ;  
 a'r da pēirt Zhlinne h-Innead,<sup>2</sup>  
 do tuitadair rin ne a colz.

Do mairb piart Loča Meilze,<sup>3</sup>  
 lōr a trēine do laim Fhinn,  
 a'r ilpiart Loča Carra,<sup>4</sup>  
 a'r Airiac Loča Truim.

Do bī piart ar Loč Mearza,<sup>5</sup>  
 mōr a trēar ar fēarab Fail ;  
 mairb ē ne a colz buadac,  
 zē'ri borib an t-ualac do cāc.

Ar Loč Laozairne<sup>6</sup> zo cinnre,  
 piart do zhib teine do bī ;  
 d'aimdeoin a b-fuaru do fāla,  
 do dīcēann le a aru i,

Fuac Dhrōbaoir<sup>7</sup> lōr a trēine,  
 azar Aimid<sup>8</sup> rleibe an Chlair ;  
 do mairb Fionnle Mac an Loir ;  
 zē'ri borib a nzoil a'r a ngleō.

<sup>1</sup> Slab Cuilinn, *vide* p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Gleann h-Innead, now the valley through which the river Inny in the county of Westmeath runs, and is united to Lough Sheelin by a small rivulet.

<sup>3</sup> Loč Meilze, or Meilbe, now Lough Melvin ; a large fresh water lake from which issues the river Droghaiois in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, contiguous to the county of Sligo.

<sup>4</sup> Loč Cearra, now Lough Carra in the county of Mayo. It was anciently called Fionnloch Ceara.

<sup>5</sup> Loč 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 Droghaiois great its might,  
 And the *Aimid* of the mountains of Clare,  
 Fionn slew with Mac-an-Loin,  
 Tho' fierce their battles and conflicts.

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

<sup>6</sup> *Loč Laoḡaire*, now Lough Mary, situated in the parish of Ardstraw, barony of Strabane, county of Tyrone.

<sup>7</sup> *Ḍroḡaoir*, a river which flows from Lough Melvin in the lower part of the county of Leitrim.

<sup>8</sup> *Ḃuḡe*, 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. Fuac Loca Luſzan<sup>1</sup> zjé' dían,  
 le Fionn<sup>2</sup> na b-Fiann<sup>3</sup> do éuit ré ;  
 nġ h-ínnreap zo bġoé buan ;  
 zac ar éuir d'ar ar íluaz.

Do éuit riap ar Banna<sup>2</sup> bhġn,  
 le laim Fhġn na z-comlanġ z-cġuaġd,  
 dob' ġomda ar n-dġé o na éreap,  
 zur claoġd é le Fġonġ fġġn.

---

### SEILZ SHLEJBHE NA M-BAN.

---

Oir. Lġ da n-deacġd Fġonġ na b-fġann,  
 do feilz ar ílġb na m-ban fġonġ,<sup>3</sup>  
 tġġ ġġle do ġaġéġb na b-fġann,  
 ſul n-deacġd zurġn ór ar z-cġonġ.

Pat. Oirġn ġr bhġn ġom do zġóġ,  
 a'ſ beannaéġ fóp le h-anġuġn Fhġn ;  
 ġnnġr dúġnġ ca ġéġd fġad,  
 do éuit ar ílġb na m-ban fġnġ.

<sup>1</sup> Loé Luſzan, an old name for the bay of Galway.

<sup>2</sup> Banna, 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.

<sup>3</sup> Shġb na m-ban Fġonġ, 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  $\rho\epsilon\lambda\eta\zeta\alpha\iota\tau\epsilon$  of Garryricken, and published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1851, (p. 339), controverts the popular meaning of the term, and says that the name should be  $\rho\iota\lambda\alpha\beta\ \beta\alpha\eta\ \text{F}\epsilon\text{i}\mu\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta$ , or simply  $\rho\iota\lambda\alpha\beta\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-}\beta\alpha\eta$ ; because  $\text{F}\eta\alpha\zeta\ \text{F}\epsilon\text{i}\mu\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta$  (the plain of Feimheann) was co-extensive with the barony of Iffa and Offa East, which forms its northern boundary. The term " $\text{F}\epsilon\text{i}\mu\epsilon\alpha\eta\eta$ " may very easily be corrupted, or changed into " $\text{F}\eta\text{o}\eta\eta$ ," (*fair*), but the popular and established name cannot be now easily eradicated.

P. Jynyr dam noim̄ zac̄ r̄zēal,  
 a' r̄ beannaēt ar̄ do bēal zan̄ zō;  
 a m-bjōd ējde oruīb̄ nā arim̄,  
 a3 dul do feilz̄ zac̄ aon̄ lō.

O. Do b̄j ējde orruim̄ a' r̄ arim̄,  
 a3 dul do feilz̄ lym̄ mar̄ r̄im̄;  
 a' r̄ n̄j b̄j Fēim̄ne d̄jōb̄ dam̄ dōjē,  
 zan̄ lēim̄e f̄rōill̄ a' r̄ dā cōim̄.

Zan̄ cotūn̄ a' r̄ r̄jōda r̄ēim̄,  
 a' r̄ lūm̄eac̄ b̄ar̄-zēar̄ z̄lōim̄;  
 a' r̄ c̄im̄-b̄im̄e cloc̄-ōm̄da cōim̄,  
 a' r̄ dā f̄lea3̄ a n-dōjōb̄ zac̄ r̄im̄.

Zan̄ r̄z̄iāc̄ uaiēne ar̄ a m-bjōd buad̄,  
 a' r̄ lam̄ c̄ruaid̄ me r̄zōjēz̄e c̄im̄;  
 dā r̄jōr̄c̄uīz̄e aη dom̄an̄ fō r̄eac̄,  
 n̄j mar̄b̄ neac̄ dob' f̄ear̄im̄ nā F̄im̄.

Jr̄ ē dob' oim̄jōe a' r̄ dob' aīz̄,  
 n̄j deac̄aid̄ lam̄ ōr̄ a c̄jōim̄;  
 a3 dul do ēar̄r̄jōl̄ nā z̄-cuan̄ n̄zēal,  
 zan̄ f̄ar̄c̄r̄im̄e ar̄ f̄ear̄im̄ mar̄ F̄h̄im̄.

Cona de a3ar̄im̄ do c̄uad̄mar̄ r̄im̄,  
 do feilz̄ ar̄ f̄l̄iāb̄ nā m-ban̄ f̄im̄,  
 a Ph̄ad̄ruīz̄! a c̄eann̄ nā z̄-cl̄im̄,  
 dob' al̄im̄im̄ z̄m̄im̄-ōr̄ ar̄ z̄-cjōim̄.

2n̄ uar̄im̄ do f̄uīz̄eād̄ F̄im̄ ar̄ z̄-cōim̄,  
 dob' jom̄da aηoim̄ a3ur̄ a n̄im̄;  
 z̄uē z̄ad̄ar̄im̄ a3 dul f̄o' n̄ z̄-cm̄oc̄,  
 a3 dūm̄r̄eac̄ēt̄ c̄om̄e a3ur̄ f̄iāb̄.



- P. Tell me before all tales,  
 And verily a blessing be upon thy lips,  
 Were ye clad in mail or armour,  
 Going to the chase every day.
- O. We were clad in mail and armour  
 On going to the chase ;  
 And there was not a Fiann to my knowledge,  
 Without a silken shirt and two hounds.

Without a *cotan*,<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Cotan*, i.e., a little coat. The original was by mistake printed "cotún."

O. Do bġ Fġonġ fġin aġur Bġan,  
 na ruġde real ar an rġab ;  
 ġaċ fear dġob a n-ġonad a fġeġġ,  
 ġur ġġuġġ cealġ na b-fġad.

Do lġġeamar tġġ ġġle cġ,  
 do b'fear ru lġc a' r do bġ ġarġ,  
 do ġarġ ġaċ cġ dġob dā fġad,  
 ruġ do curġead ġall na h-arġ.

Do ġarġamar fġ ġġle fġad,  
 ġr an ġġleanġ do bġ ran r-ġġab ;  
 a n-ġaġġar aġġ aġur fearġ,  
 nġ dearġad realġ ġar ruġ ruam !

Dob' ġ deġġead ar fġeġġe fġar,  
 a Chġġġuġġ na ġ-clġar a' r na ġ-cloġ,  
 deġġ ġ-cġad cġ ġona rġabġad dġr,  
 do ġur ġm ġeġġ ġe cġad toġc.

Do ġurġeadar ġġġ na toġc,  
 do ruġġ na h-urġ ar an lġruġ,  
 ġuġa m-beġġ ar lanġa a' r ar lāġa,  
 do ġurruġdġr ar ar an b-fġġġ.

A Phadruġġ na m-baġal fġar,  
 nġ fāca mġ fġar na fġoġr ;  
 fġeġġ aġ fġannarġb Fġġġġ,  
 ġe mo ġġġ ba ġd na ruġ.

Aġ ruġ fġeġġ do ruġġ Fġonġ,  
 a ġġc Aġruġġġġ na m-baġal m-blaġ ;  
 ġarġ ar ġ-coġlean 'ran ġġleanġ,  
 Uġ, a Phadruġġ ! ba bġġġ an la !

O. Fionn himself and Bran were  
 Seated awhile on the mountain ;  
 Each man was in his place in the hunt,  
 Until the venom of the deer arose.

We let loose three thousand hounds,  
 The most swift and fierce,  
 Each of these hounds killed two stags,  
 Before she was leashed to a thong.

We killed six thousand deer,  
 In the glen which lay in the mountain,  
 Besides stags and roe-bucks,  
 A hunt like it was never performed.

It was thus the chase ended,  
 O Cleric of the clerks and bells ;  
 A thousand hounds with their collars of gold,  
 Fell before noon by one hundred hogs.

The hogs fell by us,  
 Which caused havoc on the plain,  
 Were it not for our lances and arms,  
 They would bring slaughter upon the Fianna.

O Patrick of the crooked crozier,  
 I have not seen in north or west,  
 A chase by the Fianna of Fionn  
 Greater than this in my time.

This chase was performed by Fionn,  
 O son of Calphruin of the croziers bright,  
 The cry of our dogs in the glen,  
 Alas, O Patrick ! was melodious on that day.

---

SEJLՅ ՁԻԱԿԱ ՓՐԱՕՅԻԵՂԻՏԱ ՁՈՆՇԽԱՅ  
ԱՆ ԲԻՐՈՇԻՅԱ.

---

O. ԵՅՏԵՂԻ՛ՅԻ! սայրև ե-բար ե-Բալ,  
 ան ըւրր ծա ծ-տարևս յօտարծարծ ;  
 Յօ բլօրոյնեաճ ծի՛ն Յան Երևի՛ն,  
 Եաճար Բիլոյ աՅար ՁօնՅար.

Բլեճ ծօ Կօմօրաճ Յան շեյլ՛ն,  
 Լե Պաճ ան Սաճճա՛ ծրեյճ-ծերի՛ն ;  
 Եերեւար բրոյնե ծա Կ-ճ ղօրր,  
 Յօ Երաւիճիւ Կծր-ճլան Կա Բօյոյնե.<sup>2</sup>

Եր Ե կոյ ծօ շաճար ան,  
 Ծ'բրանայն արտ-ճլան Երեան ;  
 Կ Կ-ճարմար Յոյլլ ա'ր Կոնայն,  
 Եեյճ Յ-ճեճ տօրրեճ ծ'Բհեյրոյն.

Երար սայրե բօ'ն ե-Բեյրոյ Յօ բաճ,  
 Երար ճօրն ճօրերաճ ծա Յ-ճնիճաճ ;  
 Բոյլլ Եարն բա'ն Յ-ճեյրոյն անար,  
 ԿՅ Եաճլաճ աօճճա ՁօնՅար.

<sup>1</sup> Պաճ ան Սաճճա. This was Aenghus Og, a prince of the Tuatha de Dannan race, and a reputed magician, who had his palace at Երաւիճիւ Կա Բօյոյնե ; and of whom the poet said :

‘ՁօնՅար ՕՅ Կա Բօյոյնե Կօրոյնե.’  
 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.

\* *ḃruḃ ḡa 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-bruizín m-brair,  
           taob ne taob zlan Aonáir ;  
           rlan zo b-faca rúil mar rin,  
           dír cómh maic leó ar talhúin.

      Mair do suidead leó 'ran teac,  
           dob' ionznad le coimhíteac,  
           coimhín dhí ó lámh zo laim,  
           az luadaill na n-aonairán.

      Do maic Aonáir do zué mhóir arciú,  
           do cúir rin toób ar na fir ;  
           ir fearir an beata ro na reilz,  
           ar Mac an Daúda dhreic-deiriz.

      Ir meara an beata ro na reilz,  
           do maic Mac Cúmaill lan d'feiriz ;  
           zan coir an n eic a lne,  
           zan caeta, zan cómh záire.

      Na coir rin a deirir Fhinn,  
           do beic azad féin zo zrin ;  
           cread fá n-abair tu an zué,  
           a' r nac muirfidir aon muc.

      Ní'l azadra féin, ar Fionn,  
           na az fluaú Thuata Danann ;  
           muc dár iméiz ar talhúin truir,  
           nac muirfead Brian a' r Szeólaínn.

      Cuirfead cúzaibre muc mhóir,  
           mairbedócar búir z-coir a z-céadóir ;  
           naóar uair féin ar an maiz,  
           ó'n b-féinn azur ó na z-conaib.

- O. Fionn sits in the enchanted mansion  
 Side by side with the noble Aenghus ;  
 Long was it before eye hath seen  
 Two like them in the land.

As they were seated in the house,  
 It was a wonder to strangers.  
 Golden cups went from hand to hand,  
 And waiters were kept in motion,

Aenghus spoke in a loud voice within,  
 Which caused the men to be silent ;  
 " This life is preferable to the chase,"  
 Saith Mac-an-Dagha of the red countenance.

" This life is not preferable to the chase,"  
 Saith Mac Cumhaill, full of wrath ;  
 " Without hounds here, or handsome steeds,  
 Without battalions or merriment."

" The hounds that thou speakest of, Fionn,  
 Thou hadst so pleasantly,  
 Why hast thou thus spoken,  
 And yet they would not kill one pig."

" Thou thyself hast not," saith Fionn,  
 " Nor the Tuatha de Danann host,  
 A pig which trod upon dry land  
 That Bran and Sgeolan would not kill."

" I will send thee a large pig,  
 Which will kill your hounds instantly ;  
 That will outrun thyself upon the plain,  
 The Fianna and all their hounds."

O.      **Abúbaire** do **zúe** **móir** **ar** **eilz**,  
           **reac** **taire**<sup>1</sup> **an** **bnoza** **buadaiz**;  
           **ru** **beic** **rib** **ar** **meirze** **mir**,  
           **er** **iallad** **zac** **neac** **da** **iomdaiz**.

**Abúbaire** **Fionn** **ne** **na** **Fhiannaib**,  
           **zabad** **umuib** **azur** **er** **iallad**;  
           **ni** **b-fuilim** **ac** **am** **ua** **ca** **ad** **ann**,  
           **idir** **Thuata** **de** **Danann**,

**Sluaireamaoib** **ar** **rin** **riar**,  
           **zur** **an** **m-ball** **a** **riab** **an** **Fhianh**;  
           **ann** **do** **bi** **an** **Fhianh** **'ra** **z-coir**,  
           **ar** **Shliab** **Fuaib**<sup>2</sup> **an** **oide** **roir**.

**Bliaduib** **dúinn** **ceann** **i** **z-ceann**,  
           **azur** **Tuata** **de** **Danann** **teann**;  
           **nó** **zo** **n-dear** **namar** **an** **t-reilz**,  
           **dar** **b'iomda** **ruil** **ar** **finn-leirz**.

**Ar** **i** **reilz** **do** **ruizead** **lunn**,  
           **le** **Mac** **Cúmaill** **zo** **nglór** **ngriunn**,      [**lunn**,<sup>5</sup>  
           **Sliab** **z-Cua**,<sup>3</sup> **Sliab** **z-Cnoc**,<sup>4</sup> **a'r** **Sliab** **z-Cuil**-  
           **zo** **h-iombir** **erice** **a** **n-Utaib**.

**Suidtear** **lunn** **an** **t-reilz** **móir**,  
           **le** **Mac** **Cúmaill** **a'r** **le** **na** **rlóz**;  
           **ó** **Whaz** **Coba**<sup>6</sup> **zo** **Cruadaib** **Chair**,<sup>7</sup>  
           **zo** **Fionnabruic**<sup>8</sup> **'rzo** **Fionhair**.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> **Reac** **taire**, a regulator, a steward, and in the modern acceptation of the term, a dairyman.

<sup>2</sup> **Sliab** **Fuaib**, see pp. 20-21.

<sup>3</sup> **Sliab** **z-Cua** or **Cua**, 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 Knockmoldown, on the summit of, the eccentric Eeles of Lismore, with his dogs and gun are interred. In the *Book of Rights*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan for the Celtic Society in 1847, (see p. 5), it is stated that one of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster was, "to pass over Sliabh Cua with [a band] of fifty, after pacifying the South of Eire."



O. In a loud voice within said,  
 The steward of the enchanted mansion ;  
 " Before ye are drunk and merry,  
 Let every man go to his couch."

Fionn saith to the Fianna,  
 " Equip and go forth ;  
 We are but a handful here  
 Among the Tuatha de Danann."

We proceeded from thence to the west,  
 To the place where the Fianna were ;  
 There were there the Fianna and their hounds,  
 On Sliabh Fuaid that night.

For a whole year we were in consultation,  
 And the Tuatha de Danann boastful,  
 Until we performed the chase,  
 Which left much blood on fair plains.

The chase that we made  
 With Mac Cumhaill of the pleasant voice, [Cuillinn,  
 Was Sliabh g-Cua, Sliabh g-Crot, and Sliabh  
 And the coasts on the borders of Ulster.

We pursued the great chase,  
 With Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,  
 From Magh Cobha to Cruachainn Chais,  
 To Fionnbhairc and Fionnais.

<sup>4</sup> Σηλαβ 5-Сηот, 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.

<sup>5</sup> Σηλαβ Сυηηηη, see pp. 2-3.

<sup>6</sup> Σηλαβ Соба, i.e. the plain of Eochaidh Cobha, the ancestor of the tribe called Ui Eathach Cobha, who were settled in the present baronies of "Upper and Lower Iveagh," in the county of Down. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part III. c. 78. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Ulster was :—"To go into

O. An t-*reilg* do *ri*zhead *an* *roin*,  
 le *Mac Cúmaill* a *h-Altúin*;  
 do ba *díteac* *Alonzur* *di*,  
 a' *r* do ba *eafbadac* *ri*ne.

*Cuir*ear *Alonzur* *teac*ta 'nár *z*-*cionn*,  
*zo* *h-ard*-*flaig* na *b-Fianh* *b-foile*-*íonh*;  
*Mac Cúmaill* *cé* *zur* *mór* *mod*,  
 a*z* *iarraib* *briéirne* do *éom*all.

*Suid*ear *Fionh* *flaig* na *Féinne*,  
 ar *an* *z*-*cnoc* *ór* *cionn* *an* *t-rléib*e;  
*ruidear* *an* *Fhianh* *azur* a *z*-*coin*,  
 ar *an* *rliab* *an* *la* *roin*.

*Suidim*ri *féin* ar *an* *rliab*,  
 mar a *riab* *Fionh* *flaig* na *b-Fianh*;  
*zac* *neac* *beir* ar *an* *rliab* *an* *aoiar*,  
*flaig* na *b-Fianh* *zan* *nó* *baozal*.

*Almoha* con na *Féinne*,  
*rlon*head *dí*b *zan* *élaon* a *z*-*céille*;  
*nó* *beaz* da *z*-*conarb*, *dar* *liom*,  
*cia* *ai*bbeac *l*b a *n-ai*neam.

*Almua*ill am *laim*ri *féin*,  
*Bran* a *laim* *an* *íir* *zo* *r*zém;  
*azur* *Szeolan* *ran* *laim* *eile*,  
 a*z* *Mac Cúmaill* *Alimur*ne.

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.

<sup>7</sup> *Cruachainn Chais*. This was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, now called Rathcroghan, situated near Belanagare in the county of Roscommon. The country of Dail Chais, in the reign of Diarmuid

- O. The chase which was then performed  
 By Mac 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.

Adhnuail 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*.

<sup>8</sup> Φιοηηαβριαις. There is a remarkable stone fort of this name near the village of Kilfenora in the county of Clare.

<sup>9</sup> Φιοηηαιη. The editor cannot trace or identify this locality.

O.    Abiac az Oirín mac Fhionn,  
       azur lonn a laim Bhriain b13 zo n3rion ;  
       Sgal caoile azur tuar zan anhoir,  
       ar éruar i laim Fiondubain.

    Ainéir teann a laim mje Smóil,  
       an Chorub az Ua Corribion ;  
       Meadain a'r Mearann a'r Maoin,  
       a laim Shannai3 o Fhormaoil.

    Donnan Duac dob' iongnad,  
       a laim Bhéinne na m-biosbad ;  
       Mac an Smóil a'r Droelad teann,  
       a laim Dhúca3 dae-aluinn.

    Eactac, az Diarmuid Donn,  
       Mac an Triuin az Orzur oll ;  
       Rie Fada az Conan zo z-cail ;  
       azur Shanai3 az Faolan.

    Shuid dúinne an tan roir,  
       az cur zeill ar ar z-conaib ;  
       zo b-facamaim 'ran mai3 anoir,  
       tread mór-uacémar do mhucailb.

    Dob' iongnad ne Fionn na b-Fianh,  
       zac muc an doirde fiad ;  
       aon mhuc nómpa zarb a le,   
       fa duibe i na zual zabann.

    Fa doirde na reól-éranh ruar,  
       fionnfad a leacan 'ra cluar ;  
       fa ramuil ne muine a dae,  
       fionnfad a rúl 'ra rean mala.

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. Ləjzimre a d-caob na leimze,  
 Aðnuall a d-túr na reilze ;  
 do m̄arib an céad mhuc zan éleic̄,  
 zé'ri lionm̄ar coim̄ na Féinne.

Aðnuall do m̄arib an mhuc m̄oir,  
 do éreab Aonzuir a z-céadóir ;  
 ó roim̄ ir tuizce duit a leic̄,  
 atá Gleann na céad mhuce.<sup>1</sup>

Brireas Brian a h-iall zo f̄ior,  
 ríublar rí ar laim̄ an rí ;  
 na muc̄a fá m̄oir m̄ire,  
 do zabrad da éom̄zleic̄ce.

Aen. Tm̄az roim̄, a Bhr̄aigh buadaiz b̄im̄,  
 a mh̄ic Fhearzura foile f̄im̄ ;  
 duic̄er̄ noá z̄h̄om̄ fear̄da,  
 mo m̄acra do lan-m̄aribad.

O. M̄ar do éualaid Brian an z̄uic̄,  
 do élaocl̄ad a c̄iall 'ra cruic̄ ;  
 zabad rí ar b̄razaib an mhuc̄,  
 azur t̄ózb̄ar an émuaid̄ cúid.

Zabur rí an mhuc̄ ar b̄razaib,  
 an z̄reim̄ r̄im̄ ba z̄reim̄ nam̄aid̄ ;  
 n̄j̄or léiz an mhuc̄ a zabail,  
 a' r do éom̄zib a z̄earr̄ anail.

M̄una n-dearm̄a Brian zo b̄raic̄,  
 do z̄h̄om̄ n̄ó z̄airze na deadaiz ;  
 ac̄t an mhuc̄ r̄im̄ ar an m̄aiz̄,  
 do na F̄ianhaib do éom̄z̄ail.

<sup>1</sup> Gleann na Céad Mhuce, *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  
 Adhnuair in front of the chase ;  
 She killed the first pig without doubt,  
 Though numerous were the hounds of the Fianna.

Adhnuair 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.

AEN. Woe it is, O victorious sweet Bran<sup>1</sup>,  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> Bran was the son of Fergus, King of Ulster, and was metamorphosed into a hound.





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 Cumhaill and his hosts,  
 " Make your way towards the mansion,  
 And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

" This is the counsel of a foolish man,"  
 Saith Oisin to Fionn himself ;  
 " If the pigs are thus destroyed,  
 They will come to life again."

" Let the pigs be burnt,  
 And greater will be the slaughter ;  
 Burn the swine-herds too,  
 And cast their ashes into the sea."

Seven battalions we were there,  
 Of the noble Fianna of Erin ;  
 Over on the margin of the lake,  
 Seven fires to each battalion.

Though large appeared to Aenghus his herd,  
 Which consisted of a hundred and one pigs ;  
 There was not one infamous pig of them  
 In the evening left alive.

\* In the Goodman collection—

" 21 η-έλαςταιρ 3ηολλ α'ρ 7ηοηαιη,"  
 In the absence of Goll and Conan.

O. Seac̄t d-teĩhte ʒac̄ cātā d̄jeb̄,  
 māri do d̄rduĩʒ̄ d̄ũĩn̄n̄ an̄ n̄ĩʒ̄;  
 dā n̄-aĩn̄ĩn̄n̄n̄ ʒad̄ uĩlē duĩt̄,  
 nōc̄ an̄ loĩrʒeam̄an̄ dōn̄ n̄ĩuc̄.

Im̄eĩʒear̄ B̄rīan̄ uaīn̄n̄ am̄ac̄,  
 ʒō h̄-āēlaĩn̄ a'̄r̄ ʒō h̄-ēōlac̄;  
 dō bērīn̄ t̄rī c̄rīaīn̄n̄ n̄ē-̄nā c̄riob̄,  
 n̄ĩ fēar̄-̄cā coĩll̄ ō d̄-tuʒad̄.

Dō cuĩnēad̄ nā c̄rīaīn̄n̄ ʒan̄ teĩnē,  
 a'̄r̄ dō lār̄ ʒ̄iad̄ māri an̄ ʒ̄-caĩn̄n̄ĩll̄;  
 dō loĩrʒēad̄ nā mucā dē,  
 a'̄r̄ dō cuĩnēad̄ ā luaīt̄ n̄ē ʒ̄aīn̄ʒē.

Dō n̄aīō Oĩr̄ĩn̄ dō ʒūc̄ n̄ōn̄,  
 n̄ē ʒ̄ac̄ Cũn̄aīll̄ a'̄r̄ n̄ē nā ʒ̄l̄ōʒ̄;  
 dēanāĩō ēōlūr̄ an̄ an̄ m̄-b̄rioz̄,  
 a'̄r̄ d̄jolān̄ an̄ an̄ muĩn̄t̄rīn̄ē.

ʒac̄ ʒoĩʒ̄rē dā n̄-dēāc̄amāoĩr̄ d̄oĩb̄,  
 dā b̄-ʒēān̄aīb̄ m̄ōn̄iā a'̄r̄ dā m̄n̄aīb̄;  
 dō cloĩr̄t̄eĩʒē ʒad̄ ʒō c̄īn̄n̄tē,  
 ā b̄-ʒ̄rioz̄t̄eĩb̄ nā ʒ̄iōr̄māmeĩn̄tē.

ʒaīrī con̄ a'̄r̄ ban̄ a'̄r̄ d̄aoĩn̄ē,  
 a'̄r̄ mācāoĩn̄ aʒ̄ eaʒ̄cāoĩn̄ē;  
 n̄ĩ cualaīō-bēan̄ t̄uaīō nā t̄ēar̄,  
 dōn̄ lā bā ʒ̄aīn̄ē m̄ēĩn̄tēac̄t̄.

Cuĩnēar̄ ʒ̄on̄ʒ̄ur̄ tēac̄tā '̄n̄an̄ ʒ̄-c̄iōn̄n̄,  
 māri ā n̄aīb̄ an̄ ʒ̄laīt̄ ʒ̄ēĩn̄n̄ē ʒ̄iōn̄n̄;  
 d'̄ʒ̄ur̄n̄aīl̄ dōn̄ n̄ĩ an̄ ʒ̄laīt̄ ʒ̄aīl̄,  
 nāc̄ m̄ĩll̄ʒēad̄ ā m̄uĩn̄t̄rīn̄ ā ʒ̄-cēad̄aīrī.

O. Seven fires to each battalion of them,  
 As the king commanded us;  
 If I were to recount them all to you  
 We did not burn one pig.

Bran goes out from us,  
 Readily and knowingly;  
 He brings three trees in his paws,  
 'Tis not known from what wood.

The trees were put into the fire,  
 And they lit like unto a candle;  
 The pigs with them were burnt,  
 And their ashes was cast into the sea.

Oisin says in a loud voice  
 To Mac Cumhail and his hosts,  
 "Make your way to the mansion,  
 And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

Every step that we made  
 Towards their tall men and women,  
 Would certainly be heard  
 Through the vaults of the firmament.

Shouts of hounds, of men and women,  
 And youths wailing;  
 Woman never heard north or south.  
 Of a day more agreeable.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us  
 Where Fionn the Finnian chieftain was;  
 Offering gifts to the chief of Fail,  
 If he did not kill his people instantly.

O. Noča ԴԱՐՅՈՒ ԿՈՅ ՆԻ ՕՐԵ,  
 և Ձօնչաւր իր ԵԱՐՈՒՄԵ ԵՈՐԻ;  
 ԲԵԱԾ ԵԿԱՐ ԿՈՅ ԵԿՆ ԵԿԱՐ ՆԱ ԵՕՐԻ,  
 ԱԾ ԵՐՈՅՆ ԻՌՈՐ ԾԱՆ ԼՈՐՅԱԾ.

ՇԻՅԾ Կ-ՕԼԵ ԼԵԱՏ ԾՈ ԻՍԻՊԵՐԻ ԻՆԻՆ,  
 և Քիոյո ! և ԱԵԱՐԻ ՕՐԻՆ;  
 ԵՈՆՅԵԱԿԾ ԾՈ ԵՆԵԱԿԾ Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԻՄԱԵՏ,  
 ԾՈՐԼՅԵ ԾԱՄԻՐԱ ՄՈ ԾԵԱՅ-ԻՄԱԸ.

ՁԻ ԻՄԱԸ ԻՌՈՐ ԾՈ ԵՂ ԻԱՆ ՄԱՅՆ,  
 ՐՈՒՄԱԾՐԱ ԾԱՆ ԻՕՄԱՐ ԾՆԱԵ;  
 ԾՈ ԵՅՐԻՄ ԵՐԿԱԵԱՐ ԱՊՈՐ,  
 ԾՐԱԵ Ե ԾԵԱՅ-ԻՄԱԸ ՁՅՈՆՉԱՎՐ.

ԾՈ ԵՅՐԻՄ ԵՐԿԱԵԱՐ ԵՂԵ,  
 և ՁԻԿ ԵՆԻԱԼԼ ԱԼԻՍԻՊԵ;  
 ՆԱԸ ԵԵԾ ԱՊՈՇՏ ԾՈ՛Ն ԵՂԵ,  
 ՆԵԱԸ ԾԱՐ ԱԾ ԵՆ ԱՐԾ ՐԻՅՆ.

ԾՈ ԵՆԻՄ ԻՄԱԸ ՐԻՅՆ ՄԱՐԱ ԲԵԱՆՅ,  
 Ա՛Ր ԻՄԱԸ ՐԻՅՆ ՄԱՐԱ ԲԱՐԼԵԱՆՆ;  
 ԼԵԱՏ Ա՛Ր ԻՄԱԸ ՁՅՈՆՉԱՐԱ ԱՐՆ,  
 Ա՛Ր ՁԻԱԸ ԼԵԻԿ ԻՄԵԼ ՁԻԱՆԱՆՆԱՐՆ.

ՏԵԱԵՏ Ե-ԲԻԵՇԻԾ ԻՄԱԸ ԲԱ ԾՆԱՕԻ,  
 ԾՈ ՐԻՊՆ ԻՄԱԸ ՐԻՅՆ ԼԵ ՐԻՅՆ-ԻՆՆԱՕԻ;  
 ԾՈ ԵՆԻՄ ԼԵԱՏ Ա՛Ր ԼԵԾ՝ ՔԻՅԻՆՆ ԵԱԼՄԱ,  
 ԱՐ ԱՆ ԻԿԱԵ ԾՈ Կ-ԱԼԻՄԱՐԾԱ.

ՁԻՍԻՊԵՐԻ ԾԼԱՆ ՄՈ ԵՐՈՅՆԱ ԵՐՆՆ,  
 ԵՂ ՐՈՐՈՒ ԾՈ ԵՕՆԱԿԾ ԲԱ՛Ն ՆՅԼԻՆՆ;  
 ԾՈ ԻՆԼԼ ՄՈ ԵՐԻՅՆ Ա՛Ր ՄՈ ԻՌՈԾ,  
 և Ծ-ԵՅԻՆ ԾՈՂԵ ԲԵՂՆ 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 Cumhaill of Almhuin;  
 That this night there will not be alive  
 One over whom you are chief king."
- "The son of the king of the narrow sea,  
 And the son of the king of the sea of gulls,  
 Fell by you with the son of noble Aenghus,  
 And the son of Ilbhric the son of Manannan."
- "Seven score well-featured sons  
 The offering of a prince and princess,  
 Fell by you and your mighty Fianna  
 On the mountain barbarously."
- "The fine people of my sweet mansion  
 Were before thy hounds in the glen;  
 My strength decayed and my honour,  
 They being burned far away."

O. Seac̃t m-bl̃ad̃ha a m-br̃ũĩz̃ĩñ b̃ĩñ,  
 tu am̃ t̃ĩz̃r̃ĩ ad̃ al̃c̃r̃ũĩm̃ ;  
 ñj̃õr̃ f̃ãõl̃ẽãr̃ã f̃õr̃ z̃õ beac̃t̃,  
 z̃õ mũĩr̃ẽãr̃ã mõ deãz̃-m̃ac̃.

T̃r̃ũãz̃ d̃ũĩt̃, a B̃h̃r̃ãĩñ bũãd̃ãĩz̃ b̃ĩñ,  
 a m̃ĩc̃ F̃h̃ẽãr̃z̃ũr̃ã f̃õĩl̃ẽ f̃ĩñ ;  
 ñã deãr̃ñãĩr̃ z̃h̃j̃õh̃ m̃õl̃t̃ã,  
 m̃ãr̃ĩ dõ m̃ãr̃b̃ãĩr̃ dõ c̃õh̃-d̃ãl̃t̃ã.

T̃r̃ĩũc̃ã c̃ẽãd̃ d̃ũĩt̃ẽ ãz̃ t̃-ãt̃ãĩr̃,  
 ĩõĩr̃ c̃õĩll̃ ãz̃ãr̃ ãc̃ãĩb̃ ;  
 b̃ã cũĩm̃h̃ẽ m̃ẽd̃' m̃ãẽ d̃ũĩt̃,  
 tũ bẽĩt̃ ad̃ c̃ẽãñh̃ ãr̃ c̃õñãĩr̃t̃.

M̃ãr̃l̃l̃ẽõc̃ãm̃ t̃ũr̃ã, a B̃h̃r̃ãĩñ,  
 r̃ẽãc̃ã z̃ãc̃ c̃õĩñ ãr̃ t̃ãl̃m̃ãĩñ ;  
 c̃õñ ñãc̃ f̃ãĩc̃f̃ẽãd̃ dõ f̃ũĩl̃ dẽ,  
 ãõñ f̃ĩãd̃ m̃ũĩr̃f̃ẽãr̃ tũ c̃õĩd̃ẽ.

Dã m̃ãll̃ũĩz̃ĩb̃-r̃ĩ f̃ẽĩñ B̃r̃ãñ,  
 mõ c̃õĩl̃ẽãñ z̃ãr̃b̃ã z̃l̃ãñ ;  
 ñj̃ bẽĩt̃ f̃ĩãr̃ĩ ñã f̃õĩr̃ĩ ãõñ t̃ĩz̃,  
 ad̃ b̃r̃ũĩz̃ĩñ m̃õĩr̃ĩ z̃ãñ l̃õr̃z̃ãd̃.

C̃ũĩr̃f̃ẽãd̃ c̃r̃ãĩñh̃ ã' r̃ c̃l̃õc̃ã,  
 ad̃ h̃-ãz̃ãĩb̃ ã d̃-t̃ũr̃ z̃ãc̃ c̃ãt̃ã ;  
 ã' r̃ m̃ũĩr̃f̃ẽ m̃ẽ t̃-f̃ĩãñh̃ ũĩl̃ẽ,  
 õ m̃ãc̃ ñĩz̃ z̃õ ñõ d̃ũĩñẽ.

F̃ẽãc̃ãd̃ õr̃ũĩb̃ t̃r̃ẽ m̃' f̃ãĩñh̃ẽ,  
 ãr̃ M̃h̃ãc̃ C̃ũm̃ãĩll̃ z̃õ ñ-ãĩñh̃ẽ ;  
 ã' r̃ b̃ĩãd̃ ã f̃ĩõr̃ ãz̃ãm̃ ã f̃ĩñ,  
 c̃ã l̃j̃õñm̃ãr̃ĩ dõ b̃ũr̃ĩ z̃-c̃ãt̃ãĩb̃.

- 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 Cumhaill the excellent ;  
 And I shall know, O man,  
 The strength of thy battalions."

O. Cōra dīb maiceam eadriab fēn,  
 do maib Oirīn, fear zo z-céill ;  
 déanaib altnom zac fīr an,   
 a' r iocad ar n-eineaclann.<sup>1</sup>

Róizne zeal an zōta zīn,   
 dob' ē rīn deaz-mac Fhīn ;  
 dob' ē túr a rīte an,   
 a tabairt d'Alonzur ar altnom.

Deazmac Alonzur zo m-brīz,  
 tuzad rīn ar laim an rīz ;  
 ó fōin a leir dōib abur,  
 atá an t-altnom faltanur.

Truaž lom Eocáib na h-Aoibe ;  
 do túrīm a d-tīz Fhormaoile ;  
 zo nac bīad aca cabair Eocáda,  
 aš rluaž ašmar Alonzura.

Jr mé Caoilte mac Ronáin ruad,  
 truaž m'fuirneac d'éir an t-rluaž ;  
 a' r nac mairead fīanna Fhīn,  
 dam dá n-déir nī h-aoibīn.

Jr mé Caoilte mac Ronáin cōin,  
 truaž m'fuirneac tairnéir an t-rlōiz ;  
 téarīna mo lúe a' r mo neart,  
 fada lom beir dá n-éirteact.



- 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.

---

## SEJL5 NA FÉJNNE OS CJONN LOCHA DEJRS.

OIR. A PHÁDRUJ5 mhóir, a mhic Caláruinn,  
 an 5-cualaid tú fianna Fhionn;  
 a3 éirge ór cionn Loča Deirg,<sup>1</sup>  
 mar aon a' r' cač a 5-cóim-íeirlz?

Piart do bí ar Loc an t-rléibe,  
 le'ri cuiread ar na Féinne;  
 fíccé céad nó ní bur mō,  
 da d-tuz báf an aon lō.

Ozlač marč do bí a3 Fionn,  
 Jhórim duit a Thailzinn;<sup>2</sup>  
 Ablach an Oir, mac rí5 Sreag,  
 do éirgead glór ó zac péirt.

A d-tuizéibe an ní deir an péirt,  
 do ráid Ablach, rir an b-Féinn;  
 caozad eac nó ní bur mō,  
 do čur čúzaícc zac aon lō.

<sup>1</sup> Loc Deirg, *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.”

<sup>2</sup> *Ṭailgín*, 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.     Innir di zo b-faḡaid rí riu,  
           a Abalach an cnocta zíl;  
           ir fearr riu ná aon laoc lonn,  
           do cúirtim leir a z-comlonn.

An páirt an oidee riu zán bíd,  
           codla nór éionrḡaiv an Fhianh;  
           ar d-teaét ná maibne zo moé,  
           do cúir anfad mhór ar an loc.

Do bíodḡ an páirt ar an d-tráíḡ,  
           do léizeadar an Fhianh tnom-ḡair;  
           dob' ionda fearr aḡ bairread a cionn,  
           ne h-ionad laócra ná tirmceall.

Sul do táinḡ meóðan do'ḡ ló,  
           ba lía ar maib ná ar m-beó;  
           ba raihuil le sluag Cille,<sup>1</sup>  
           uirrearbád ar nḡlan laócraíó.

Do fíoiḡead léi mac níḡ Tréaḡ,  
           azur Oirín cía mhór an bead;  
           do fíoiḡead léi zo beaét,  
           fearr azur céad a n-aoiḡfeáét.

Níor fíoiḡead Mac Cúmaill léi,  
           'ná an mhéid bí 'muíḡ da Fhéin;  
           a' r ní maib díob zán dul éairt,  
           aét beaḡan ne h-uét imteáét.

Do fíoiḡead Daolzur a' r Soll,  
           a' r Fionn mhic Rosa ná z-comlonn,  
           a' r Conán maol, rḡéal nári maíé,  
           Déid Sheal, a' r Tréan Mhór.

<sup>1</sup> Sluag 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 Cumhaill was not swallowed by it,  
 Nor all that were abroad of his Fianna ;  
 And there was not of them besides  
 But few left to depart.

It swallowed Daolgus and Goll,  
 And Fionn Mac Rosa of the conflicts ;  
 And Conan the bald, though sad the tale,  
 Deidgheal and Treanmor.

Red, a native bard, who lived at Castlelyons in the county of Cork, in the beginning of the last century.

O. Tuz Fionn an ríe riap,<sup>1</sup>  
 zabar an péirte ar alt;  
 azur tuz cor zo dian di,  
 zur cúir a clab a nairde.

Maí cónnarc Daíre mac Fhionn,  
 an ríe-féinne cionn a z-cionn,  
 tuz léim a m-béal na péirte,  
 dob' é rin an ríe aizméile.

Ai n-dul do Dháire na clab,  
 ir an do cúinne ar a rzian;<sup>2</sup>  
 do rin ríe do féin amac,  
 dob' é rin an corzair ionzantac.

Do cúir ré airde do'n b-Féine,  
 Oirín azur mac ríe Zréaz;  
 zhoim ba beo na rin,  
 anan duine do cúalaib.

Ai da céad táiriz amac,  
 do bádar zán folc<sup>3</sup> zán éadaic;  
 maic do céannaib na Féinne,<sup>4</sup>  
 a b-fuarri riad a riain a n-Éiríne.

Turur Chonáin mar nár cóir,  
 a m-bronn an beacadaiz mó mhóir,  
 mar nac riab zruaiz ar a céann,  
 hoi fan leazab<sup>5</sup> ar a cloizeann.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Síc riap, i.e. a sudden jerk, a nimble bound, a spring, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Szian, *skian* or *knife*. This war-weapon was used by the ancient Irish; but now it is confined to Scotland, and to the Highland Clans.

<sup>3</sup> Folc, i.e. locks of hair.

<sup>4</sup> Maic do céannaib. 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.

<sup>5</sup> *leazab*, i.e. a patch of leather of any sort ; and Conan, who had no hair on his head to lose, lost a portion of the skin from his scalp.

<sup>6</sup> *clozceann*, i.e. a skull or human head ; from *cloz*, a bell, and *ceann*, a head ; viz. *cloz-ceann*, or *cloigeann*.

O. Fionn-loca Dearz fa h-aiiom,  
 do'n loc ar d-túr, a còir Chléiric;  
 d'fan Loc Dearz ar mè beò,  
 ó ar na Féinne an aon ló,

Trí la, a'r mī, a'r bliadaim,  
 do bī Loc Dearz fò diaimair,  
 ó ló marbta Féinne Fhionn,  
 a deirim rioc, a Thairgín.

Jr mè az canclain a n-diaiz na b-Fiann,  
 a Phadruiiz! dealbar zac zriam;  
 an rzéal rin d'innrim diē,  
 iomda daoine do cūalaiō.

## EACHTRA AN AHA DÁIN WHÓJR.

DO cūalad rzéal uaimneac zan bréiz,  
 ar óimh<sup>1</sup> da ngeilid rloz;  
 fear meamnac nac dearzad arim air,  
 d'ar ba aiom an t-Amadain Whó.<sup>2</sup>

Riozacta an doimain do zab ré,  
 an fear nar éreic a'r do bī boib;  
 nī le treire a rzéic 'na lann,  
 aēt le nearc a ball 'ra da doim.

<sup>1</sup> Oimh, an oaf.

<sup>2</sup> Amadain whó, *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 ց-սալալծ աղ Ե-Պաճան Պծր,  
 Յօ յալծ աչ յիջ Լօճաղղ յա ծալ;  
 աղ Եան Եա Երեաչճա ծրեաճ ա՛ր ղՅծրի,  
 ծա յալծ աղ աղ ղաօչալ Լօ ղաչալ.

Փօ ճլալղ աղ Յօ Լօղ Լուճ,  
 Յօ ղալճօ յա ԵլլրԵ Երաճ;  
 ճւղ աղար Ծ՛բաչալ աղ աղ յղաօղ,  
 Եա Երեաչճա ծօ Եղ ալՅօ Լօ ղաչալ.

ԵարԼա ծՅլաճ ՅարԵ ղլօղղ,  
 աղ աչ ղլՅԵալ ճօղղ յա Երաչճա;  
 ծ՛բալղալծ ծօ աղ Ե-ղլլՅօ յա Ե-բաչաճ,  
 յաճար Եղ աղ յղօչաղղ յղա.

Փ՛ղղղղ ծօ Յօ յալծ ղլ ա ց-ճլղղ,  
 ծաղղղաղ ճլղղաղ ճօղղ յա Երաչճա;  
 ա՛ր Յօ յալծ ղօաճ Ե-ղլճԵղ Լաճ ճաղա,  
 յա յչարԾա ղօարաղղ ծա ճօղղօաճ.

Փօ ճլալղ աղ ղօար յծր Յօ ծլաղ Լալճ,  
 Յօ յ-Ծօաճալծ ծօ ղղօղ յա յօարչ;  
 ղարղղղղղղղ ղՅօալա ծղօճ Յօ յ-ճղալ,  
 ճղա աղ ճլղղղ յա յալծ աղ Եան ?

Փօ ԼաԾաղղ ղօարղղղ յծր Յօ յ-արԾ,  
 ճղօաճ Եղղ ղաճ ծօճ՛ Լօղղ Եաճ ?  
 աղ ծր ա՛ր աղ աղղղղաճ աղ ծօղաղղ,  
 յղ Ե-բաչճա ԼաԾաղղղ յա ծղ յա Յաօղ.

Փա յ-Եղլ ղղօղ աչաղղա ճա Ե-ղղղ աղ Եան,  
 ղղ աղղղ Յղօ, ծրօաճ, ա՛ր ճլօճ;  
 Յաղ ճօաճ ծղղղղ յա ծղ Յօ Լղղղ,  
 յղ ղաճա աղ ճղղ Յօ յ-Եղլծղղղ յա ճղղղ.

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."

Ƨan do laim, a ɔglaoiɔ́ m̄oim,  
 an ron do gl̄oim a beic boim teann ;  
 da z-cuirfa cum dul na c̄oim,  
 ba zeair an d̄oiɔ́ duic beic zan ceann !

Do glac fearz an t-amadan m̄oim,  
 a' r zreamuizear Fearzur idir a lamh ;  
 adubairt leir tuairirz na mha eabairt do,  
 n̄o deanfad bhuirzan do na c̄namh.

Eim̄izear caō zo boim teann,  
 a' r beirear zac̄ aon d̄ioib an an b-fear m̄oim ;  
 ba zeair an moill an iad zo leim,  
 da n̄goim zo h-aedaiɔ́ zan l̄uc̄ zan treoir.

Seal̄t b-fic̄eib laoī calma cruaid̄,  
 do eairiz̄ az bualad an eim̄ m̄oim ;  
 a' r da m̄eib a n̄goinead̄ na n̄zuar̄.  
 ir beaz an t-rum do b̄i aize d̄oib.

Zac̄ aon aco mar̄ eizead̄ air,  
 do eair̄ead̄ e na pleirt an lair,  
 zur leaz zac̄ aon d̄ioib le fuair̄,  
 trearzar̄ta a n̄zuar̄ an bair̄.

An̄ r̄in do euid̄ ran z-cuir̄t,  
 'na raib an c̄uileis̄on̄ mair̄ead̄ m̄ha ;  
 do ruiz̄ leir i zo d̄ana d̄ian,  
 a' r fear a c̄oir̄e n̄i raib le fazaib.

An̄ r̄in triall̄ar an t-Amadan M̄oim,  
 trē eim̄ōca loclann na z-ceol̄ z-caoin̄ ;  
 e feim̄, a' r aon m̄ac̄aon̄ m̄ha,  
 n̄i facaib a z-c̄oim̄-aib̄ne do d̄ir.

“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.

Do ɛapla zleann ɔiamar ɔɔib,  
 ɲac ɲabadar aɲɲ ɲoɲɲe ɲiam;  
 ba breazɛa ɲneab, ɲioɔba, a'ɲ ɲonɲ,  
 a'ɲ ɲuam ɲa ɔ-tonɲ le ɲearaib ɲaz.

Do ɔonarcadar ɔuca ar aɲ ɔ-ɛraiz,  
 zairzeadaɔ ba ɲɔ ɔluɲɲ breac;  
 ɲoizɛeac ɔn-zloɲ ɲona ɲam,  
 a ɲamul ɔoɲɲɲ ɲna ɲ-bi deoc.

Aɲɲ ɲɲ adubairɛ aɲ ɛ-Amadan ʒɔɔr,  
 ɲi ɲabar ɲɔɲ ar ɲeab ɲo ɲae;  
 aon uair ɲiam ɲɲ ɲɔ ɲo ɛarɛ,  
 ɲɲ ɲairɛ ɲom a ɛeacɛ zioɔe.

Sɲɲɲ oɲɛ, ar aɲ zairɛloɲɲ ɔz,  
 ɲa ɲ-ib a deoc a'ɲ ɲa blair a bɲad,  
 ɲɔ zo b-ɲearam ɛra aɲ zleann,  
 ɲac ɲabamar aɲɲ ɲoɲɲe ɲiam.

Beaɲɲuzear ʒɲuazac<sup>1</sup> aɲ ɔoɲɲɲ ɔɲɲ,  
 ɔo'ɲ Amadan ʒɔɔr a'ɲ ɔa ɲɲaɔɲ;  
 bi zo ɲubac a ɔzlaɔɛ ɲoɲɲ,  
 ɲa bi ɔubac a'ɲ ɔl deoc.

Aɲɲ ɲɲ beɲnear aɲ ɲear ɲɔɲ,  
 zo boɲɛ ɛɲɔɔa ar a ɲ-ɔiz;  
 ɛuz ɲe deaɲɲad ɲa'ɲ z-ɔoɲɲ ɔɲɲ,  
 a'ɲ ɲɔɲ ɲaz aɲɲ deɔɲ ɲar ɲb.

ɲmɛizear ʒɲuazac aɲ breɲɛ ɛaɔɲɲ,  
 ɛar ɛɲɲ ɲa ɔizɛ ɔoɲɲ ɔ'ɔl;  
 a ɔa ɛoɲɲ ɔ ɲa zluɲɲɲ ɲɲɲ,  
 ɔo bi ɔo ɔiz aɲ ɲɲɲ ɲɔɲɲ.

<sup>1</sup> ʒɲuazac, 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.

2111 111 adúba111e a11 macaom11 m11a,  
 11 c11ua11d' a11 ca11' 11a b-fu11 tu '11o11,  
 11 tea11c da11 ca11a11d f'a' 11 11-do11a11 m11o11,  
 11d 11ea11ba11d11a a11111 mo da é11o11.

2111 1111, do 11a11d a11 macaom11 m11a,  
 a f111 111 fea1111 la111 da b-fu11 a111;  
 do 111ubla11a a11 do11a11 f11 é111,  
 a'11 111 b-fua11a111 c1111 ma11 a11 1111ea1111.

2111 a11 a111aé 11a 11a11b 111a11,  
 11aba11 a11 111a11b bea1111aé bo11b,  
 a1111 11a11a11 clua111 dea11111 ba11,  
 a11 ca11a1111 11o da11a a11 a lo1111.

21111a11 a11 c-211a11a11 2111o11,  
 111ca111 c11ea111da le fe11l d11a11;  
 11111 é11111 a11 c-11ea111 do b11 11a d11o11d,  
 c111e a11 11-c11o11de a11 a11 b-111a11b.

2111 1111 be111ea11 a11 a11 111a11a11 ba11.  
 a'11 ce11111a11 é 11o caom11 a11 11a111;  
 be1111 a11a1111a a11 dea111a111 ceo11,  
 11o d-c111ea11b c11o111 11d 11eaé ad d11a111.

1111 fada 11o b-faca11a11a11 é11ca 11a11 1111ea1111,  
 11a11111ea11aé a1111111 b11111e a11 d111;  
 a é11o11de1111 c111ua11d-11ea111 a11 a éaob cl11,  
 a'11 a 111ea111 '11a 1111aé '11a d11o11d.

Be111111111ea11 1111ua111aé a11 b11111e d111,  
 do'11 211a11a11 21111o11 a'11 da 1111a11o11;  
 a'11 111a111111111ea11 a11 fea111 m11o11 de 11o beaé11,  
 ca ta11a11 do é11eaé11, 11d ca c1111?



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.

Rjorje an bhuic ir é m'airim,  
 ó zac arim éizim rlan,  
 zo deimhín duicre, a óglaoié mhóir,  
 ir mire Sruazac an zadar ban.

A zairzidiz úd ir alye deilb,  
 do beirim féin do dearbá duic ;  
 ná beid Sruazac an zadar ban,  
 zo lá'n briaé da tabairt oic.

Nac leór duicre, a óglaoié mhóir,  
 cum beic cóir anhr an noic ;  
 an t-reilz do beic ar do laim,  
 a'r mo zadar ban do léigeanh ljom ?

Mhíre féin do rin an t-reilz,  
 do maib an t-Amadán zo zarb dian ;  
 a'r zibe azuinn ir t-reire laim,  
 bíod aize an zadar ban ra fiad.

O éarlad mo zadar ban ar do laim,  
 a'r zo b-fuyl do cora dod' díe ;  
 bíad azur deoc led' nae,  
 zlac duic féin azur dod' mhaoi.

Anh rin, adúairt an macaomh mhá,  
 tabair an zadar ban dam ?  
 do beairfainh azur an zadar breac,  
 a'r dá mo aíl leat nj bur mó.

Anh rin do zluairtheadar an t-riar,  
 an beah ran laoc ran Sruazac óz ;  
 do cúir an fear mhóir ar a mhúir an fiad,  
 a clogad, a rziac, azur a beah.

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 hzleann,  
 caetai do bj a h-dealraih dii ;  
 nj rai b dae da b-faca rui,  
 na rai b ran z-cuiri a'r nj ba ihd.

Ahh rin adubairc an macaoh mha,  
 cia an caetai dnda ud ;  
 ir breagca rhuad 'rir aihne dreae,  
 nd an feidri a briae na rui bal.

Dun-an-Oiri ir e a h-aihm,  
 Dun zarb Shleanna an Smoil ;  
 nj b-fuil anoir da fuiriynn ar fazaul,  
 aet mife feid, a'r mo beah.

Ah zleann rin ionar zabair triid,  
 lan do dmaoizeae do bionn do zhae ;  
 ir beaz an fodraih do zhidim feid,  
 aet az coimead meihne mo mha.

Fuamadar aon beah ran Dun,  
 nj rai b raih madarc do b'feairi,  
 ba zle na an rhaeata a coir,  
 a moiz zoim ra dead ban.

Ahh rin adubairc an macaoh mha,  
 cia i an dead-zeal aluinn dz ;  
 nd an fear mdr borb zmoide,  
 ir aihne zhaoi, dreae, a'r clod.

Beah an firi mdr ud do cidri,  
 iuzion ruz eihne an dii ;  
 azur e feid an fear meahmae,  
 d'ar ba aihm an t-Amadan Mdr.

'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.

Jr é ir fearr lúe a' r nêim,  
 ayyr an e-raozal da b-faca rór ;  
 críocá an domáin fá na bêim,  
 a' r mîre féin zur zéill dó.

Jr iongna líom a b-fuil eú riad,  
 niozáct an domáin fó na bêim ;  
 a' r mar léiz fé a cora leó,  
 a' r méib zac plóiz dar buain fé zéill.

Innrîm duir zur fíorí zán zó,  
 niozácta an domáin zur záb do laim ;  
 a' r nac b-fuil níz ná flaité ran e-raozal,  
 nac tuiz zéile do neairt a laim.

Cia zur beaz éainiz da fáozal,  
 do bí ayyr an n-íréiz ná zamal óz ;  
 ba zearr an moill ar míle laóc,  
 do éreartziad fé ar uair de ló.

Ní riab clozad, cloidéain, ná rziaté,  
 ná arim zéar az an b-fear óz ;  
 áct beiré da z-caiteain de pleirt uaid,  
 marb, fuar, zán dat, zán ríhóz.

Ní b-fuil niozáct ar bíé ran domán,  
 ná tuiz zo lom caé ar zac tóin !  
 ní riab neac éuir ar le raoban,  
 nári zearr a nêim aize beó.

Do éainiz Colzac ná z-cruad lann,  
 an fear zán rziaté ó'n Aíria móin,  
 ir níor deairz arim ar a lí,  
 cia záb fé tíb an n-domán móin !

- “ 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.

Do cúrr ar zo ró tparaid,  
 a culaic arim zo clirde cóir;  
 a' r dúbairte zo macad do cdomnac leir,  
 nuair cualaic teirre an fíir mhóir.

D'fíarraid de cār fáz na diaic,  
 a clozad, a rziac, ná a cloideam cóir;  
 a dúbairte reirean fód nár iarir,  
 do arim riam acit a da dóir.

A dúbairte Colzac zur b'ole an ciall,  
 zan arim d'iarraid cum dul a ngleo;  
 a' r bairteirre oir mar arim,  
 fad do marfirre an t-Amadan Mhóir.

Taréir rin do rad tug le faodar,  
 buillead trean do'n fear mór;  
 zur gearr zo chám a' r do buairn béic,  
 ar lé béim an buillead mhóir.

Beirear zo lom idir a da zéiz,  
 ar Cholzac trean na z-cruad lam;  
 zur cúir ionuic le farza nime,  
 tríd ríor zan roirre rpar.

Jr briaicair daíra, a zaiéirionn óz.  
 ríozacta an doimair da mhad a rloz,  
 muna m-beid draoizact an coirre ciora,  
 nj léizfead rúd a cora leo.

Racadra arir do feiz do'n zleann,  
 ar an Truazac rir an b-fear mór;  
 coimead am diaic le deaz rún,  
 mo bean, mo cúirte, a' r mo cúid óir.



- “ 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.

22a' r fada ʒaɪɪɪb do beɪð mē amuɪʒ,  
 ɲa deɪɲ cobla a' r ɲa cɪom do čeanɲ,  
 ɲa lēɪʒ aon duɪɲe arceac,  
 ɲa duɪɲe amac̄ dā b-fuɪl aɲɲ.

22b ʒɪuazac̄, aɲ ču, a' r aɲ ʒadai ban,  
 d'ɪmčɪʒeadai aɲ tɪɪɪr do ʒelɪʒ;  
 aɲ dɪr ban ʒaɲ č-Amadān 22b,  
 d'fauadai ʒaɲ ʒ-cačaiɪ dɪɪ-deɪɪʒ.

22c dūbajɪc aɲ č-Amadān 22b,  
 a ʒaɪčɪonɲ oʒ taɪ ʒaonɲ' čeanɲ;  
 acā aɲ cobla am buaɪɲ ʒo tɪom,  
 a' r ɲɪor ba am dam ʒuaɲ ʒaɲ ɲʒleanɲ.

22d ʒaɪɪʒ aɲ ʒaɪčɪonɲ ʒaon ɲa čeanɲ,  
 ba ʒaɪɪɪl a deallɪad leɪr aɲ ɲʒɪčɪɲ;  
 a' r dūbajɪc leɪr aɲ Amadān 22b,  
 ɲac̄ tɪac̄ ʒuaɲ do dēanam̄ č.

22e ɲɪor b-fada ʒaɪɪɪɲ do ɲad dōɪb,  
 ʒo d-taɪɪɪʒ ʒaɪɪʒeadac̄ oʒ arceac̄;  
 do beaɲ aɲ ʒɪuazajɪʒ do buaɪɲ pōɪʒ,  
 a' r do mear dul aɪɪr amac̄.

22f ʒeɪcɪɪɲ ɪɪɲ do'ɲ ʒaɪčɪonɲ oʒ,  
 do čōʒ aɲ ʒeaɪ mōɪ a čeanɲ;  
 a' r dūbajɪc ɪɪ leɪr aɲ Amadān 22b,  
 do ɪɪɲɪɪr ʒuaɲ a' r ɲɪor b'č am.

22g ɪr olc aɲ č-am, aɪ ɪɪ, ʒō čaɪ,  
 'ɪɪr ɪonɪɪac̄ac̄ do ɪɪɲɲ tu ʒuaɲ,  
 acāčeaɪ aɪ do čɪ a' rɪɪʒ,  
 'ɪɪr eaʒal duɪc ʒuɪ čōɪm čɪuaɪd.

“ 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.”

𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆-𐌆𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆.

𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆, 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆, 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆'𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆.

𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆'𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆.

𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆, 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆.

𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆, 𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆'𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆'𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆.

𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆-𐌆𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆.

𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆'𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆'𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆;  
 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆-𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆𐌆' 𐌆𐌆𐌆,  
 𐌆'𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆 𐌆𐌆𐌆.

“ 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.”

Αδύβαίτε αν ζαιέλιονη δζ,  
 λέιζ αν ζαιρζεαδαε εηόδα αμαε ;  
 ευηρεαδ αν λεαε-έοιρ ρύζαμ,  
 α'ρ ιμείζεαδ αν ρύβαλ ζαν ρεαδ.

Ευηρεαρ αν ζαιρζεαδαε ραοι λε δημοιζεαετ,  
 αν λεαε-έοιρ μαρ δο βι ριαμ ;  
 δο ραιδ αν Ξηυαζαε ζηε,  
 βιαδμαοιδ ανοιρ αζ τηαλλ.

Αδύβαίτε αν τ-Αμαδαν Μόρ,  
 ραηρα τύ ρόρ ζο μαλλ ;  
 αν λεαε-έοιρ εηε 'ρα ευρ ρυαρ,  
 δο βεαρραηι υαιρ ηδ δο έεαηη.

Δο βι αν Ξηυαζαε α ζ-εαρ έρμαιδ,  
 δο ευζ λέιμ λυαε α η-υετ ηα ηηα ;  
 ζαδ μο έομαρρε, α βεαν,  
 α'ρ μο διον ζδ βεαετ ο'η μ-βαρ.

Νι βαοζλαε δυηρε αν βαρ,  
 δο ραιδ αν βεαν δοβ' αιηε δεαλβ ;  
 ταδαηι αν λεαε-έοιρ εηε υαιρ,  
 α'ρ διον δ'η ηζυαιρ ρεο ταηαμ.

Νιοι λέιζ εαζλα ηα βηόδζα δο,  
 δο βι αν ρεαρ ηόρι όρ α έιοηη ;  
 ευζ αν λεαε-έοιρ εηε δο,  
 ρζεαλ ζαν ζδ μαρ δοηι αν ρεαηη.

Αηοιρ δ εαρ δο έορα ρύζαε,  
 ιρ ρδ ηαιε δο λúε α'ρ δο ρέιμ,  
 τηαλλαμαοιδ α δ-εηύρ αμαε,  
 ζο ηζαβαμ ηεαιρ ανη ζαε εέιμ.

The young woman said,  
 "Let the magnanimous hero depart ;  
 Let him restore me one leg,  
 And be off instantly."

The hero by magic fixes to him  
 The one leg as it had been before ;  
 The cunning Gruagach then said,  
 "Let us now proceed."

The Amadan Mor said,  
 "Thou shalt wait yet awhile ;  
 The other leg, and the fixing it,  
 Thou shalt give, or thy head."

The Gruagach was in a hard plight ;  
 He made a sudden bound to the woman's arms ;  
 "Protect me, O woman,  
 And shield me from certain death."

"Thou needest not fear death,"  
 Saith the woman of the goodly figure ;  
 "Give up the other leg,  
 And save thy soul from this peril."

The terror of the surprise alarmed him,  
 The big man was over his head ;  
 He gave him the other leg,  
 A true tale as the pen indites.

"Now that thou hast thy legs,  
 And thy agility and sway is good,  
 Let us three go forth,  
 Till we obtain victory in each conflict."

Mo cora do bainir dhom,  
 nì léizfead leat aris na leò;  
 a' r nì mò macad tu dom deoin amac,  
 zo d-tizead Thruazac Dhúna-an-Oir,

It baot do toirz, a macaoin mhòir,  
 do cumear tu a z-còir lùc a' r nian;  
 ba còir da m-beit ar cumur duic,  
 nàri nian leat mo mh-nian.

Da d-tuzca dainra tuillead cor,  
 a' r zac maic da b-faca rùl;  
 nì èrèizfein ar rin uile mo rùh,  
 na mo cumann d'fear an Dùin.

Fear an Dùin nì èiocra aris,  
 triall do rlije a' r na bi 'na còir;  
 bearra lom an bean dam fein,  
 a' r nì rzarfad léi zo la an bair.

Aca an Thruazac fòr le teact,  
 cia nac maic leatra an triact;  
 iocfad tú a v-dearmair air,  
 zeallaim duic cia teann do mad!

Le na teact nò na dul ar ceal,  
 zlac zac maic acaim do mad;  
 triallfam fein a' r ar v-dijr ban,  
 a' r zeabam nearic an zlac arid.

Bean an Thruazairz nì leat zo bnae,  
 le nearic lam na le toil;  
 triallfad ri am dailri fein,  
 muna teact da céile a' r bi ad toic!



“ My legs thou tookest from me,  
 I will not leave with thee or them again ;  
 And neither shalt thou pass out without my leave  
 Till the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives.”

“ Silly is thy report, O great hero ;  
 I put thee in the way of thy limbs ;  
 ’Twould be but due if in thy power,  
 That thou shouldst not let me go astray.”

“ If thou gavest me more legs,  
 And all good things that eye hath seen,  
 I would not for them all forsake my love  
 Or my affection to the man of the Dun.”

“ The man of the Dun will not come again ;  
 Go thy way, and do not meet him ;  
 I will take the woman to myself,  
 And I will not part her till my death.”

“ The Gruagach is yet to come,  
 Although it is not pleasing to you ;  
 Thou shalt repay thy harm to him,  
 I promise thee, though stiff thy speech.”

“ Whether he cometh or goeth elsewhere  
 Be counselled by what I say ;  
 We will go forth with our two wives,  
 And we will obtain sway in every land.”

“ The Gruagach’s wife thou shalt never have  
 By might of hand or consent ;  
 She will come along with myself  
 Unless her husband arrive, so hold thy tongue.”

Nac b-fuyl beay eyle azad fêyn,  
 yr maic mēion, zhaoi azur norz ;  
 yr nairneac duic, a macaoin mōin,  
 mire fa bion ahoir do corz.

Ni cainiz man, a'r ni tlocfa fōr,  
 zairzeadaç crōda na ceany laoc ;  
 do zeadaç beay an Zhruazaiz ðin,  
 zo b-cizib fōr faoi na dēin.

Jr olc do hadūin a'r do rūn,  
 'rir mōin do clū a z-crjocajb cian ;  
 do tuzar duic rjūbal a'r lūc,  
 'rir maiz duic mo mī-man.

Do tuzair dam rjūbal a'r lūc,  
 a'r zur le mī-rūn do caillear iad ;  
 da m-beidion na n-eapbaib zo la an bnaç,  
 o'n n-Zhruazaç ni b-fazaipri crjall.

Do beay zaç airze, ðin a'r maoin,  
 do beay zaç ni duic yr man,  
 ni deayfad fearra olc na dje,  
 a'r fuilliz rion ahoir da crjall.

Olc na dje ni zeabaiion uair,  
 na fōr duair an cori fan t-raozal,  
 beay an Zhruazaiz na ceab man,  
 ni b-fazaip iad zo teact do fēyn.

Jhoipim duic, a macaoin mōin,  
 crjoid zan zō mo bmaçar fion,  
 na tlocfa Zhruazaç Dhūna-an-ðin,  
 a'r zo m-beipre fōr airneac crjib.

- “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.”

Dob' aiténeac liom an Sruazac caom,  
 ma'r é rin ruim a b-fuil tú mað ;  
 a'r da m-beið zan teacé nî raon do zuaif,  
 zo n-ïocfaif cnuaid a b-pôiz a mha.

Jf briaçan daimra, a maccam mîðin,  
 zo b-fuilid flôizte azam an daif ;  
 do bearfaf bean an Sruazais ðin,  
 zan ceab dôib na duic na n-dail.

Jîð caimre anoir, a'r an ðif ban,  
 zan Sruazac deaf na flôz ;  
 nî lêizfeab zo briaç tú dul amac,  
 zo d-cizid arteac ma ta beð.

Nî h-eazal liom do fluaç crean,  
 do ðmaoizteacé fêin na do neart ;  
 iocfaif liomra nð leif rûð,  
 do teacé do'n Dùn zan a ceab.

Mha çuzaf pôiz do'n mhaoi çam,  
 a'r zuic maic lé fêin mo teacé,  
 nac lôr leatfa mar ðiol uaim,  
 î da luad mð dul amac.

Nî zlacfaim mar ioc î da luad,  
 a'r nî maife an tuaim çazaim leif ;  
 na bî az tuar do çriall amac,  
 nî rzarfad leat zo d-cizid fê.

Da m-beanaim uair do çora aif,  
 ba mîðin do ðicé a'r ba leam do znean ;  
 na corz me feartfa an çriall amac,  
 nð beif na n-earbaid, a'r fôr do cean !

“ 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 !”

Չի՞ս է՛ս ծո շոյոմ ծո թէր ծո շլծիր,  
 ար աղ քար մծր ա՛ր ծ ար աղ յ-ծօրս ;  
 քե՛ս արա՞ս ծո արա՞ս լե շէր,  
 շի՞ս ծո յի՞ն յի՞ն շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն :

Չի՞ս յի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ա շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ;  
 շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն :

Չի՞ս ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 յի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 լե ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն :

Չի՞ս ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 յի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ;  
 լե ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն :

Չի՞ս ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ;  
 յի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ?

Չի՞ս ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ;  
 շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն :

Չի՞ս ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ;  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն,  
 ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն ծո շի՞ն :

“ 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 céill  
 leob' zlóir raob do canair linn;  
 nō zo d-tiz' an Truazac ceannra, caann,  
 do faozal nī rzarfar linn.

Creidri, a macaóim, rzéal zay zō,  
 an Truazac cōir zo b-fuil zay briž,  
 da briž rin féac ort féin,  
 nō ir duic ir baozal zealluim diē.

Do béar duic cumur uearic an doimān,  
 buad azur rōža ar muir a' r ar tír;  
 do éacēt rlan ó zliadaib' cruad,  
 a' r zay béim na zuar do namāib' ad élaoi.

Do béar duic corinn buaid,  
 ó zac zeara déanfar dion;  
 clōd na h-ōize beid' azad féin,  
 fairb mōir faozail az ad mhaoi.

Ir maic zac zuar da b-fuil tú raδ,  
 a' r da feabar a z-cail, a maic, 'ra nzhjōim;  
 tuiall amac nī b-fazair zo briaē.  
 a b-pōiz na mha zo d-tuzair diol.

Nī cuibe duicre, a macaóim mōir,  
 mo cōrē a n-dōic zo nzeabainn diē;  
 nī feicir Truazac Dhúna-an-Óir,  
 az teacēt ad cōir zo briaē arir.

Da m-biaid zay teacēt zo beime an doimān,  
 nī b-fazairre fōir ar biē ód' féin,  
 nī b-fuil do tuiall zo briaē amac,  
 zo d-tuzair diol zo beacēt ra b-pōiz.



- “ Be no longer simple and senseless,  
 In thy silly talk to us ;  
 Until the gentle valiant Gruagach arrives,  
 Thou shalt not part from us alive.
- “ Believest thou, O youth, indeed  
 That the just Gruagach is devoid of power ?  
 Therefore, look to thyself,  
 For danger awaits thee I promise you.”
- “ I will give thee sway over all the earth,  
 Victory and position over seas and lands ;  
 Thy coming safe out of severe battles,  
 And to be so, that the foe cannot maim thee.
- “ I shall give thee a magic cup  
 That will protect thee from all spells ;  
 A youthful form shalt thou bear,  
 A long life for thy wife.”
- “ All the gifts thou offerest are good, [value,  
 And though excellent their fame, and great their  
 Thou shalt never depart  
 Until thou atone for kissing the woman.”
- “ ’Tis not becoming of thee, O noble youth,  
 To detain me for a more cruel fate ;  
 Thou shalt not see the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir again  
 Visiting thee for evermore.”
- “ Did he not come till the world’s end,  
 Thou shalt not be released from thy pains ;  
 Thou shalt not be suffered to depart  
 Till thou certainly atonest for the kiss.”

Ní le zóim do éuzar dí pólz,  
 aét le nō-feinne cumairn da zhaol;  
 a' r zur caillead Sruazac Dhúna-an-Óir,  
 ní fulair zo d-tiocfaid linn féin í.

Ma caillead Sruazac Dhúna-an-Óir,  
 ir zearn an bñon 'rir doib linn;  
 ir é beic marb vó beá,  
 beirri fóir zan ceab na rliż.

Adúbairt an zairlionn óz.  
 do rzeal ní dóiz zo b-fuil fion,  
 tiocfaid an Sruazac tar air fóir,  
 a' r anhr an b-pólz do bearrair díol.

Adúbairt an t-Amadan Wón,  
 ní fulair zo fóil zo n-dearrair moill,  
 ma' r zan teact do' n Sruazac Óir,  
 mire do cum reairim boill.

Ní tuizcear lom zur briaear cōir,  
 a macairim mōir do éair linn;  
 an tó éuz ort cabair a' r fóir,  
 zur mian leat bñon do na díe.

Da b-fazairnre ceair na lann,  
 cor ná ceann ní léizfirn leat;  
 ná le laóiraid zairze an domairn,  
 le dhaolzeact zo lom do rirhir beairt.

Nac tuizcear leatra, a macairim mōir,  
 zo b-fuil an éoiracta zeara airir;  
 tura beic zan éora ad éoir,  
 díe ba mō ná pōz ó mhaol.

“ ’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.”

Պա Յ-ցալլիոո օօրա աջսր օօանո,  
 Լու՛ժ մօ Բալլ ա՛ր քսլ մօ ճոսԻժԵ ;  
 Ն՛յ ԼԵՅԻՄ լԵԱԻԲԱ ԱՆ ԲԵԱՆ ԱՐ ԲԱԼԼ,  
 Ծօ ՅԼՈՐ, ՇԻԱ ԵԱՆՆ, Ն՛յ Ի-ԵԱՅԱԼ ԼԻՆՆ.

ՉԻՇՈՄ ՕՐԵ, Ա ՄԱՇԱՅՈՒՄ ՄՈՒՐ,  
 Ծօ ՄԱԻԾ ԲԵԱՆ ՕՅ ԱՆ ՅԻՄԱՅԱՅՅ ՇԱՅՈՒՄ,  
 ՊԱՅԻ ՊԱ ԾԵԱՐՊԱ ՕԼՇ ԲԱ ՄՈՃ,  
 ԵԱԲԱՐ ԱՆ ՄՈՃ Ծօ Յօ Ի՛ՅԻՄ.

ՇԻԱ ԾԵԱՇԱՐ ԼԻՆՆ, Ա ՇԻԱԾ ԱՆ ՕՐԻ,  
 ԵԱ Ա Պ-ԾՈԲՐՈՆ Ծօ ԾԻԼԵԱԾ ԵՐԻԾ ;  
 ԱՐԻ ԱՐ ԻՄՇԱՐԻ ԱՆ ԵԱԼԱՄ Ծ՛ՕՐ,  
 Ն՛յ ՇԱԲԱՐԲԱՐԻՆ ՔՕՐ Ծօ ԻՄՇԵԱՇԵ ԻԼՅՅ.

Ն՛յ Ի-ԱՄԼԱՅԾ Ա՛ր ՇՕՐԻ, Ա ՄԱՇԱՅՈՒՄ ՄՈՒՐ,  
 ԾԻՇ ՊԱ ԲՐՈՆ Ն՛յ ԾԵԱՐՊԱ ԾՒՆՆ ;  
 ԲԱ ԾՈՒԼԵ ԼԻՄՐԱ ԵՐԱ ՔՕՐ,  
 Ծօ ՇԼԱՅԾ ԾԱՄ ԾԵՅՆ ԼԵ ՅԵԱՐԱԼԵ ԾՐԱՅԻՅԵԱՇԵ.

ՉԻ ԲԵԱՆ ԻՐ ԱՂԵ ԸԼՈՃ ԱՅՐ ՅՊԱՅԻ,  
 ՊԱ ՅԼԱՇ ԵՐԻՄՐԱ ԱՄՊԱՆ ԲՐՈՆ ;  
 ԻՅՊԱ ՅԵԱՐԱԼԵ Ն՛յ Ի-ՔԱԼ Մօ ԻՄՊ,  
 Ն՛յ Ի-ՔԱՅԱՅԻԾ ՊԱ Յ-ՇԵԱՆՅԱԼ ՄԵ Յօ ԾԵՃ !

Ծօ ԼԱԲԱՐ ԱՆ ՅԱՂԵԼՈՆՆ Յօ ՇԱՍՄ ՇԱՅՆ,  
 Ա՛ր ԾՒԲԱՐԻԵ, Ա ՄԱՇԱՅՈՒՄ ՊԱ Մ-ԲԱԾ ԼԱՆՆ ;  
 Ն՛յ ԻՄՍ ՇՈՐ ԱՆ ՅԱՐՅԵԱԾԱՅՅ, ՅԱՆ ՇԵԱԾ,  
 Ա՛ր ՅԵԼԵ Ծօ ԱՊՈՐ Ծօ ՔԱՅԱԼ.

Ծօ ԲԵԱՐՔԱՐԻՆ ՇԵԱԾ, ՊԱՆ, Ա՛ր ԻԼՅՅ,  
 ԾԱ ՊՈՅՇԵԱԾ ԻՐ ԱՆ ՅԻՄԱՅԱՇ ՕՅ ;  
 Յօ Ծ-ԵՂՅԻԾ ԻՐ Ն՛յ ԻՅԱՐՔԱՅԻԾ ԼԻՆՆ,  
 ԱՐ ՇՈՄԱՐԼԵ ՇԻՄԵ ԻՐ ՊԱ ՄՊԱ.

“ If I were to lose both legs and head,  
 The agility of my limbs and my heart's blood,  
 I would not let the woman go with thee ;  
 Thy speech, though boastful, I dread not.”

“ I beseech thee, O valiant youth,”  
 Saith the Gruagach's gentle young wife,  
 “ As he hath not done us more harm,  
 Let him go off quietly.”

“ Though difficult to me, O golden-haired,  
 And thou in grief, to refuse thy request,  
 For all the gold the earth ever bore  
 I would not yet let him depart.”

“ That is not right, O noble youth ;  
 Hurt nor harm he hath not done to us ;  
 I should regret thee, moreover,  
 To be prostrated before me by magic spells.”

“ O woman of fairest form and feature,  
 Do not grieve or fret for me ;  
 I heed not hence his spells,  
 He shall never have me by them in bonds.”

The mild and gentle young woman spoke,  
 And said, “ O youth, of the powerful blades ;  
 'Tis not worth while for the champion's crime,  
 And be obedient to him now.”

“ I would permit him to depart,  
 If he went to where the young Gruagach is ,  
 Until he comes he shall not part us  
 Through the persuasions of man or woman.”

Do riab̄ aḡ zaiŕzeadać do z̄l̄oḡ ceann  
 coŕa a'ŕ ceann beir̄ d̄a ḡ-d̄iċ;  
 aḡ d̄iŕ baḡ b̄earŕad liom,  
 z̄eill zo h-úim̄al, ḡo iŕ aŕeŕeac̄ d̄iċ.

Do euz aḡ macaoim̄ m̄oḡ,  
 baoc̄-l̄eim̄ eḡođa aḡ ŕuaib̄ aḡ D̄úin̄;  
 zo b̄-ŕuair̄ a lann̄ liom̄eċa, a'ŕ a ŕleaċ,  
 iona d̄a laiḡ do lom̄ l̄úċ.

F̄eac̄ aḡoŕ le b̄riċ̄ do z̄eapa,  
 aḡ d̄-cioŕa leat mo eui aḡ z̄-cúl;  
 le d̄raoiŕeac̄t d̄úir̄ aḡ eoiḡḡ eḡođa,  
 ḡa ŕoŕ le z̄aiŕze veir̄e a'ŕ l̄úċ.

Do riab̄ ḡa m̄ḡa ba aḡlḡe deŕl̄b̄,  
 a m̄acaoim̄, t'ŕeir̄z̄ cuiḡ aḡ z̄-cúl;  
 ḡo iŕ bar̄ d̄úin̄ḡe t̄riċ̄ zo beac̄t,  
 ḡa d̄eḡḡ beaŕe ḡaḡ m̄aŕe d̄úin̄ḡ.

O ŕuaŕaŕ do eoiŕa do eui ŕúċat,  
 riċ̄ a'ŕ l̄úċ, veaŕe a'ŕ m̄aḡ;  
 ḡioḡ euiċe d̄uit maḡ z̄eall aḡ ŕoċ̄z̄,  
 ḡa d̄iċ, ḡa b̄riċ̄, a beŕċ̄ maḡ iad.

ḡa badaḡ mo eoiŕa dam̄ d̄iċ,  
 ŕz̄eal do b̄riċ̄ z̄eapa c̄ruaib̄,  
 aŕaib̄ ŕúċam̄ aḡoŕ a z̄-c̄oŕiḡ,  
 a'ŕ leat ḡa leo ḡi l̄eiz̄ŕeab̄ iad.

Iŕ maŕċ̄ do m̄eḡin̄, a m̄acaoim̄ m̄oḡ,  
 iŕ z̄lan zo l̄oḡ aŕa do ŕúḡ;  
 iŕ m̄iŕe ŕruaŕac̄ D̄h̄úna-aḡ-Óiḡ,  
 do euiḡ do eoiŕa zo c̄oŕiḡ ŕúċat.

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.





“ 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 cuadar angh an ngleann,  
 a' r iad zo teann meafad dōib;  
 zo z-cluighd fo'ram, tiorc, a' r fualm,  
 az atac zruama an buille mhōir.

Do conarcadar cūzta az teact zo bian,  
 azur rār-lūirz iarruigh iona dōib;  
 ba leite a fūil nā an rae,  
 a' r ba mhō a plaoz nā bolz bō.

Njor labair focal leō nā zjōz,  
 act teact le fjo'-'nīn iona n-deoiz;  
 do' n rār-lūirz iarruigh zup buail bēim,  
 anuar a b-plaoz an Amadain Mhōir.

Do cuit an t-Amadain ar a dā zlūin,  
 angh rīn le pūdair an buille cōir;  
 do p'neab, a' r da zneamaiz le fāzga nīne,  
 fā bun a dā cīc an t-atac mhōir.

Tuzadar cuir zo teann trēan,  
 zoiv a' r baogal ir dānōib bīōin,  
 nī rāib rāinuil dōib aruon,  
 le neart a n-aon ball do' n doimān mhōir.

Do cūiridīr choic ar cūic zo mhōir,  
 le neart dōibe, cuirp, a' r clēib;  
 do zūidīr tobar do ēlan cīruaib,  
 a' r do bairidīr fualm a' r cloca flēib.

Dob' ionzha leir an Amadain Mhōir,  
 an t-atac cīōda neart a zēaz;  
 zo b-fēadfad fearam leir cōm fada,  
 nā fear ran doimān le neart a bēim.

They did not proceed far in the valley,  
 And they imagined themselves so stout,  
 Till they heard a noise, tumult, and uproar,  
 From the surly giant of the huge blow.

They saw him approach in great haste,  
 With an iron club in his hand ;  
 His eye was larger than the moon,  
 And his head than the belly of a cow.

He spoke not a word nor tittle to them,  
 But came with venom on their track ;  
 He gave a blow of the iron club  
 On the skull to the big man.

The Amadan fell on his two knees,  
 From the effects of the sure blow ;  
 He suddenly arose, and with a determined grasp,  
 Under both breasts he held the huge giant.

They gave twists and turns so stout and strong,  
 Wounds, injuries, and cause of grief ;  
 There were none like the two  
 For strength of limbs in the world wide.

They violently shook the hills  
 By the strength of their hands, bodies, and chests ;  
 They made springs in the hard ground,  
 And they produced echoes from the mountain rocks.

The Amadan Mor was much amazed  
 At the strength of the giant's arms ;  
 How he withstood him so long,  
 Or a man on earth from the might of his blow.

Do glac fearz an t-Amadán Mór,  
 a' r tuz zo cróda zoín zo h-aeib;  
 an an b-faéac le fearzad nime,  
 zur buain ar bjoðza a' r cnead cléib.

Do éoz ré an t-aéac an a córp,  
 a' r do buail é an éloic na pleire an lan;  
 do bhir a córp 'ra énoide na éliab,  
 zo naib na lianna marb traé.

An uairn fuair an rár-lúirz na dóib,  
 fear a élob ní naib le fažail;  
 ní naib an laoc rin fá'n nžnéin,  
 an a b-fažad béim na naib an lan.

Triallar an rín aréac do'n éúire,  
 an Žruažac fionn, a' r an fear mór;  
 a' r do fuair riad ceátran aéac an,  
 do bí ceann a neare 'ra nžlóin.

Comhaisre le fear do'n m-buidín,  
 a Žruažaiž éaoín Dhúna-an-Óin;  
 a' r fažéan oimra bualað an triuirn,  
 a' r ní maicéad bonn na buille dóib.

Jr lom do buail žac n-aon do'n triuir,  
 buille dlúic an an b-fear mór;  
 'rir žéairn zur bhir a ž-cnoide na ž-clíab,  
 le rár-lúirz iarrainn an aéaiž móin.

An t-aéac óz do bí zo buan,  
 az comhac Žruažaiž Dhúna-an-Óin,  
 do ržnead zo luaé a' r zo lom,  
 a' r d'iarri cabair an an b-fear mór.

The Amadan Mor became angry,  
 And most valorously he wounded him to the liver :  
 From the giant, by a tremendous squeeze,  
 He took a groan and mournful sigh.

He raised the giant on his body,  
 And flung him down upon a rock ;  
 He broke his body and the heart in his chest,  
 So that he became a motionless mass.

When he got the great club in his hand,  
 No man like him could be found ;  
 There was not that hero under the sun  
 On whom he got a blow that he did not fall.

They then got into the mansion,  
 The fair Gruagach and the big man ;  
 And they found four giants there,  
 Who were stout in strength and speech.

“ Do thou fight one of them,  
 O gentle Gruagach from Dun-an-Oir ;  
 And leave me to thrash the other three,  
 I will not yield a foot or blow to them.”

Quickly did the three strike  
 Heavy blows on the big man ;  
 And soon he broke their hearts in their bodies  
 With the great iron club of the big giant.

The young giant who was engaged  
 In conflict with the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir,  
 He vehemently and piteously roared,  
 And asked for quarters from the big man.

Do geabair rŷŷ uaimre zo h-úthal,  
 ma bŷonŷ t  dŷleap dam zo de ;  
 do geall r ŷrean aŷ fead   faoŷarŷ,  
 zo ŷ-deanfead r ŷŷ aŷ fŷŷ m ŷŷ.

Do ŷlac r ŷŷ aŷŷ ŷac ball,  
 'na r ŷŷ aŷŷŷ    ŷŷ r ŷŷŷ;  
 ŷŷ r ŷŷ r ŷŷŷŷ d ŷŷ   bur ŷ   all,  
 le neapc   m-ball r ŷŷ dom ŷŷ m ŷŷ.

---

“ 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.

---

"I will willingly concede it on that point,  
 If you will be kind to send me a copy."  
 The promised that during his absence  
 He would bring the book.

He took possession of each room,  
 The books were all in a pile;  
 Their count was not done on the spot,  
 But months of time to the whole took.



# INDEX.

## A.

Aenghus an Bhrogha, chase of his enchanted pigs, 132, 133.  
 Aenghus Og, 132, *n.*  
 Aimid, 124, 125.  
 Aimid, meaning of the term, 125, *n.*  
 Allen, hill of, 3, *n.*  
 Almuin (Allen in Kildare), 2, 3, 8, 9, 138, 139.  
 Ancient Irish chessmen, 8, *n.*  
 Ancient Irish war weapon, 153, *n.*  
 Antrim, 120, *n.*, 126, *n.*  
 Antrim, Earls of, 123, *n.*  
 Ard-na-g-Cat, 118, 119.  
 Ardstraw, parish of, 125, *n.*  
 Armagh, 2, *n.*, 20, *n.*, 120, *n.*  
 Arrach, meaning of the term, 116, 116, *n.*, 117.  
 Asia, 174, 175.  
 Ath Cliath (Dublin), 122, 122, *n.*, 123.  
 Athlone, 122, *n.*

## B.

Banba, 110, 111.  
 Ballybunion, 32, *n.*  
 Beinn Eadair (Hill of Howth), 88, 89, 90, 120, 121.  
 Belanagare, 138, *n.*  
 Bells, 14, 14, *n.*, 15.  
 Bessy Bell, 102, *n.*  
 Blacker, Rev. Beaver H., 74, *n.*  
 Bo Neimhidh, water of, 138, *n.*  
 Bann, 126, 126, *n.*, 127.  
 Boinn (the Boyne) mansion of, 132, 133, 133, *n.*  
 Booterstown, 74, *n.*  
 Boyne, river, 132, *n.*  
 Boyne, fortress of, 133, *n.*  
 Brehon Laws, 9, *n.*  
 Brooke's Reliques, quoted, 3, *n.*

## C.

Cael Shaile Ruadh, 125, *n.*  
 Cailleach Biorar, her carn, 2, *n.*  
 Carbury, barony of, 122, *n.*  
 Carn-na-bh-Fian, where situated, 88.  
 Carntogher, 103, *n.*  
 Carrick-on-Suir, 75, *n.*  
 Carrigeen, 20, 21, 22, 23.  
 Castlelyons, 157, *n.*  
 Castleraghan, barony of, 123, *n.*  
 Cavan, 123, *n.*  
 Ceirbheoil, Mac Ferghusa, 139, *n.*  
 Clanwilliam, barony of, 137, *n.*  
 Clare, 139, *n.*  
 Cloigeann, its meaning, 159, *n.*  
 Clonmel, 126, *n.*, 136, *n.*  
 Cnoc-an-air, 32, 32, *n.*, 33.  
 Cnoc Liadhais, 20, 21.  
 Cobha, Ui Eathrach, where settled, 137, *n.*  
 Colgan quoted, 155, *n.*  
 Conmaicne Mara, 125, *n.*  
 Connemara, 125, *n.*  
 Connaught, 138, *n.*, 139, *n.*  
 Coote's Armagh quoted, 3, *n.*  
 Cork, 157, *n.*  
 Cotter, William, the Red, a native bard, 156, *n.*  
 Crom of the Rock, 116, 117.  
 Croziers, 18, 19.  
 Cruachain Chais, 136, 137, 137, *n.*  
 Cruachain Chais, where situated, 138, *n.*  
 Cuchullainn, his foster-father, 2, *n.*  
 Cuilleán Ceard, 2, *n.*

## D.

Dail Chais, 138, *n.*  
 Dalcassian families, 124, *n.*  
 Derry, 103, *n.*, 120, *n.*  
 Dialogue of the Sages quoted, 88.

Dodder, river, 74, *n.*, 75, *n.*  
 Donchadh, son of Brian, 137, *n.*  
 Donegal, 154, *n.*  
 Donore, 30, *n.*, 40, 41.  
 Donnybrook, 74, *n.*  
 Dord Fhian, 22, 23.  
 Down, 114, *n.*, 120, *n.*, 137, *n.*  
 Druids, 155, *n.*  
 Druidism, 24, 25.  
 Droghaiois river, 124, 124, *n.*, 125,  
 125, *n.*  
 Dromcliabh, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.  
 Drumcliff, 122, *n.*  
 Dublin, ancient name of, 122, *n.*  
 Dublin, bay of, 74, *n.*  
 Dun-an-oir, 172, 173, 180, 181, 184,  
 185, 186, 187, 200, 201, 204, 205.  
 Dundalk, 2, *n.*  
 Dungarvan, 136, *n.*  
 Dunne, Mr. John (the Garryricken  
 Seanchuidhe), quoted, 127, *n.*

## E.

Eeles, the eccentric major, where bur-  
 ied, 136, *n.*  
 Eochaidh Cobha, plain of, 137, *n.*  
 Eric, meaning of the term, 93, *n.*  
 Eirin, 158, 159.

## F.

Fairies, 156, *n.*  
 Feimhean, plain of, where situated,  
 127, *n.*  
 Fenian cooking pits, 114, *n.*  
 Fenian hounds, their names, 104, 105,  
 106, 107, 108, 109.  
 Fergus, king of Ulster, his son, meta-  
 morphosed into a hound. 143, *n.*  
 Fermanagh, 122, *n.*  
 Fews mountains, 20, *n.*  
 Finnian hospitality, 34, 35.  
 Finnian hunting dress, 128, 129.  
 Fionnais, 136, 137.  
 Fionnabhraic, 136, 137, 139, *n.*  
 Fithcheall (chess), 8, *n.*  
 Folt, meaning of the term, 158, *n.*  
 Formaioil, 140, 141.  
 Foyle river, 21, *n.*  
 Franciscans, 123, *n.*

## G.

Galtee mountains, 137, *n.*  
 Galway, 122, *n.*, 124, *n.*, 125, *n.*

Galway, ancient name of, 126, *n.*  
 Garryricken, 127, *n.*  
 Gleann an Smoil, 74, 74, *n.*, 75, 84, 85,  
 120, 121, 172, 173.  
 Glenarm, 122, 123, 123, *n.*  
 Gleann-na-cead-mhuice, 142, 142, *n.*,  
 143.  
 Glen Inny, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.  
 Glen Ríge, 122, 123, 123, *n.*  
 Golden Land, 172, 173.  
 Goodman, the Rev. James, his collect-  
 ion of Irish MSS., 144, *n.*, 145, *n.*  
 Greece, 84, 85, 100, 101, 116, 117,  
 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 174.  
 Guilleann, 18, 19.

Half-fore, barony of, 126, *n.*  
 Holiday's Keating quoted, 20, *n.*  
 Hares, 110, 111.  
 Highland Clans, 158, *n.*  
 Hill of Slaughter, 32, *n.*  
 Holly Lake, 120, *n.*  
 Hones made of wood, 120, *n.*  
 Howth, hill of, 88.

## I.

Ida, barony of, 120, *n.*  
 Iffa and Offe East, baronies of, 127, *n.*  
 Innis Fail, 92, 92, *n.*, 93.  
 Inny river, its course, 124, *n.*  
 Irish MSS. destroyed by a pig, 75, *n.*  
 Iveagh (Upper and Lower), baronies  
 of, 137, *n.*

## J.

Jobson's Map of Ulster quoted, 103, *n.*

## K.

Keating quoted, 114, *n.*  
 Kerry, 32, *n.*  
 Kildare, 3, *n.*  
 Kilfenora, 139, *n.*  
 Killary, 125, *n.*  
 Killarney, Celtic name of, 122, *n.*  
 Kilkenny, 120, *n.*  
 Kilkenny, Archæological Society of,  
 quoted, 74, *n.*, 127, *n.*  
 King of Munster, his five prerogatives,  
 136, *n.*  
 Kippure mountains, 74, *n.*  
 Knockmoldown mountains, 136, *n.*  
 Knocksowel, 103, *n.*

## L.

- Lanesborough, 122, *n.*  
 Leabhar na g-Ceart quoted, 8, *n.*  
 Leitrim, 124, *n.*, 125, *n.*  
 Lismore, 136, *n.*  
 Lochlin, 3, *n.*  
 London, 21, *n.*  
 Londonderry, 21, *n.*  
 Lough Carra, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.  
 Lough Cuan, 114, 114, *n.*, 115, 116, 117.  
 Lough Cuilinn, 120, 120, *n.*, 121.  
 Lough Derg, Finnian hunt of, 154, 154, *n.*, 155.  
 Lough Derg, its ancient name, 160, 161.  
 Lough Eirne, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.  
 Lough Erne, 122, *n.*  
 Lough Leary, 124, 125, 125, *n.*  
 Lough Lein 122, 122, *n.*, 123.  
 Lough Lurgan, 126, 126, *n.*, 127.  
 Lough Mask, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.  
 Lough Mask, where situated, 124, *n.*  
 Lough Measca, 125, *n.*  
 Lough Mary, 125, *n.*  
 Lough Melvin, where situated, 124, *n.*  
 Lough Meilge, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.  
 Lough Neagh, 120, 121, 126, *n.*  
 Lough Neagh, petrifying quality of its waters, 120, *n.*  
 Lough Oirbsean (now Corrib), 125, *n.*  
 Lough Ramar, 122, 123, 123, *n.*  
 Lough Rea, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.  
 Lough Ree, 122, 122, *n.*, 123.  
 Lough Sheeling, 124, *n.*  
 Lough Truim, 124, 124, *n.*, 125.  
 Luno, a blacksmith, 3, *n.*

## M.

- Mac Beine Briot, Artuir, 88.  
 Mac-an-Dagha, 132, 132, *n.*, 133.  
 Mac-an-Loin, 112, 113, 124, 125.  
 Mac Mael na m-bo, Diarmuid, 137, *n.*  
 Magh Cobha, 136, 137, 137, *n.*, 138, *n.*  
 Mary Gray, 103, *n.*  
 Mayo, 120, *n.*, 124, *n.*  
 Meagher, William, 75, *n.*  
 Meath, 133, *n.*  
 Monasteries, where erected, 154, *n.*  
 Mount Grud, 137, *n.*

## N.

- Nennius quoted, 121, *n.*

- Newry river, 123, *n.*  
 Nine-mile-house, 75, *n.*

## O.

- O'Brien (Dr.) quoted, 155, *n.*  
 O'Flaherty quoted, 20, *n.*, 137, *n.*  
 O'Donovan (Dr.) quoted, 8, *n.*, 20, *n.*, 21, *n.*, 103, *n.*, 127, *n.*, 136, *n.*  
 Ogle, Mr., 126, *n.*  
 O'Reilly quoted, 116, *n.*

## P.

- Pagan cemeteries, 133, *n.*  
 Petrie (Dr.) quoted, 8, *n.*  
 Piast, various meanings of the term, 115, *n.*  
 Pilgrims, 154, *n.*

## R.

- Raths, 122, 123.  
 Rathcroghan, 138, *n.*  
 Reachtair, meaning of the term, 136, *n.*  
 Bed Branch Heroes, 2, *n.*  
 Ringsend, 74, *n.*  
 Roscommon, 122, *n.*, 138, *n.*

## S.

- Saint's Island, 854, *n.*  
 St. Fintan's Island, 154, *n.*  
 St. Patrick, 155, *n.*  
 Scarowalsh, barony of, 126, *n.*  
 Scotch proprietors, 103, *n.*  
 Scotland, 76, *n.*, 158, *n.*  
 Sesgnean, parish of, 136, *n.*  
 Serpents in Ireland, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121.  
 Shannon river, 122, 123, 123, *n.*  
 Sliabh-na-m-ban, 74, *n.*, 126, 126, *n.*, 127.  
 Sliabh Cua, 136, *n.*  
 Sliabh Cuilinn, 124, 125, 136, 137.  
 Sliabh Fodeh, 21, *n.*  
 Sliabh Fuaid, 20, 20, *n.*, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 136, 137.  
 Sliabh Crot, 137, *n.*  
 Sliabh g-Crot, 136, 137, 137, *n.*  
 Sliabh g-Cua, 136, 137.  
 Sliabh g-Cua, where situated, 136, *n.*  
 Sliabh Guilleán, 2, *n.*, 3, 16, 17, 120, *n.*

Sliabh Truim, 102, 102, *n.*, 103, 114, 115.

Sligo, 122, *n.*, 124, *n.*

Spells, 42, 43, 50, 51, 58, 59.

Stackallen, 133, *n.*

Stacey, a Carrick printer, 75, *n.*

Station Island, 154, *n.*

Strabane, 102, *n.*, 125, *n.*

Strangford, lough of, 114, *n.*

Sussex, Robert, his liberality, 123, *n.*

## T.

Tailgin, 154, 155.

Tailgin, meaning of the term, 155, *n.*

Templecarne, parish of, 154, *n.*

Tipperary, 74, *n.*, 75, 127, *n.*, 136, *n.*, 137, *n.*

Tirhugh, barony of, 154, *n.*

Todd, Rev. Dr. quoted, 121, *n.*

Trinity College, Dublin, MSS. preserved in the Library of, 75, *n.*

Tuatha de Danann's, 132, *n.*, 136, 137.

Tulachs, 91.

Tulachs, their use, 76, 76, *n.*, 77.

Turrus, meaning of the term, 154, *n.*  
Tyrone, 102, *n.*, 125, *n.*

## U.

Ulster, 102, *n.*, 103, *n.*, 136, 137, 142, *n.*, 143, *n.*, 154, *n.*

Ulster, prerogative of the kings of, 137, *n.*

## V.

Vallancey quoted, 8, *n.*

Valley of the Black Pig, 142, *n.*

Valley of the First Pig, 142, *n.*

Valley of the Thrush, 74, *n.*

Virginia, 123, *n.*

## W.

Walker's Irish Bards quoted, 3, *n.*

Waterford, 136, *n.*

West Connaught, 124, *n.*

Westmeath, 122, *n.*, 124, *n.*, 126, *n.*

Wexford, 126, *n.*

## MEMBERS.

---

- Adamson, Arthur, Esq., Court Lodge, Rathkeale.
- Ahern, Rev. Maurice, P. P., Castle-mahon, Newcastle West.
- Anster, John, Esq., LL.D., Barrister, Regius Professor of Civil Law, T.C.D., 5, Lower Gloucester-street, Dublin.
- Appleyard, Rev. E. S., M.A., Tilgate Cottage, Crawley, Sussex.
- Armstrong, Adam, Esq. Ballygawley, Co. Tyrone.
- Asher, Messrs. A., and Co., Publishers, Berlin.
- B.
- Broderick, the Hon. Miss Charlotte, Bath.
- Burton, Mrs., Burton Hall, Carlow.
- Bactor, J. Beaufort, Esq., Glathule House, Kingstown.
- Ball, Captain, Adare.
- Barden, Peter, Esq., 8, Brady's Row, Dublin.
- Barry, Mr. James, Garry-na-Soilleog, Old Killea, Inagh, Maurice's Mills, P.O., Co. Clare.
- Barton, John, Esq., 40, Eccles-street, Dublin.
- Beaufort, Miss, 9, Hatch-st., Dublin.
- Bell, Rev. Edward, A.B., Killough, Co. Down.
- Black, Rev. Wm., M.A., Raheny.
- Blacker, Rev. Beaver H., M.A., Rokeby, South-hill Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
- Bourke, Rev. Ulick J., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Humanity, and Irish, St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.
- Bourke, Thomas, Esq., C.E., Railway Department, Melbourne.
- Bourke, John, Esq., 42, Marlborough-street, Dublin.
- Borrow, George, Esq., 75, Stephen's Green, Dublin.
- Bradshaw, Henry, Esq., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.
- Brash, Richard Robert, Esq., College View, Cork.
- Buckley, John, Esq., 22, Upper George's-street, Kingstown.
- Bunton, John, Esq., Solicitor, Ennis.
- Burke, Joseph, Esq., Barrister, 17, Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin.
- Burke, Rev. Michael, P.P., Kilchreest, Diocese of Kilmacduagh.
- Burke, Joseph, Esq., Bray.
- Burke, Rev. Michael, O.S.F., Abbey-street, Clonmel.
- Burton, John, Esq., Assembly Buildings, cor. 10th, & Chestnut-streets, Philadelphia.
- Byrne, Mr. Myles, Avoca.
- C.
- Cahalan, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Kiltulla, Athenry, Co. Galway.
- Cahill, John, Esq., Crosses Green Quay, Cork.
- Callanan, Rev. Michael, B.L.D., C.C., Ballingarry, Co. Tipperary.
- Cambridge University Library, per Librarian.
- Campbell, John, Esq., Campbell Villa, Auckland, New Zealand.
- Campbell, Colin, Esq., Inland Revenue Office, Greenock.
- Campbell, John Francis, Esq., Niddy Lodge, Kensington, London.
- Carbery, Michael, Esq., Kilrosenty, Lamybrien, Co. Waterford.
- Carey, Joseph, Esq., Rathkeale.
- Carew, Mr. Michael, Bolonunane, Hollyford, Co. Tipperary.
- Carmody, Mr. John, Melbourne, Australia.
- Casey, Rev. John, P.P., Kilrosenty, Lamybrien, Co. Waterford.
- Casey, Rev. Michael, C.C., Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir.

- Casey, Kennedy, Esq., Rathkeale.  
 Cavenagh, Mr. Francis, 77, Marlborough-street, Dublin.  
 Clarke, Rev. John, P.P., Louth.  
 Cleaver, Rev. E. D., M.A., S. Barnabas College, Pimlico, London.  
 Clelland, James, Esq., Irish-street, Downpatrick.  
 Coffey, Mr. Denis, Dooneen, Cahirciveen.  
 Cole, W. L., Esq., Proprietor of the *Irish American*, New York.  
 Coleman, Rev. David, C.C. Newmarket, Co. Cork.  
 Coleman, Everard Home, Esq., F.R.A.S., F.R.C.S., General Registrar and Record Office of Seamen, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, London, E.C.  
 Comyn, Francis Lorenzo, Esq., Lisnard, Ballyvaughan, Burren, Co. Clare.  
 Condon, James, Esq., Ardreagh, Rathkeale.  
 Connellan, Professor, Queen's College, Cork, and Dublin.  
 Considine, Mr. Donald, Jail-st., Ennis.  
 Conway, M. E., Esq., General Post Office, Dublin.  
 Cooper, Rev. Leonard Leader, A.B., The Castle, Antrim.  
 Coote, Henry C., Esq., Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.  
 Costello, John, Esq., Galway.  
 Counihan, Michael, Esq., 1, Windsor Terrace, Portobello, Dublin.  
 Creagh, Pierce, Esq., J.P., Barrister, Mount Elva, Co. Clare, and 29, Mountjoy-square, East, Dublin.  
 Creedon, Rev. John D., P.P., Drimoleague, Dunmanway.  
 Croke, Very Rev. Thomas, V.G., P.P., Charleville, Co. Cork.  
 Cronin, Rev. James, C.C., Skibbereen.  
 Cronnelly, Mr. Richard F., Constabulary Depot, Dublin, and Kilcolgan, Co. Galway.  
 Crowe, Thomas, Esq., J.P., D.L., Dromore, Ruan, Co. Clare.  
 Culhane, James, Esq., Ballysteen, Askeaton.  
 Cullinan, Ralph, Esq., Malgowna, Ennis.  
 Cumming, Dr., Belfast.  
 Cuming, George, Esq., 2, William-street, Galway.
- Cummins, Rev. Jeremiah, C.C., South Presbytery, Douglas-street, Cork.  
 Cunningham, D. P., Esq., Glen Cottage, Killenaule, Co. Tipperary.  
 Cussen, Very Rev. Robert, D.D., P.P., V.G., Bruff.
- D.
- Dunraven, The Rt. Hon. the Earl of, Adare Manor, Adare.  
 D'Alton, Henry, Esq., Ballaghaderreen, Co. Mayo.  
 Dee, Jeremiah, Esq., Newtown Sandes, Co. Kerry.  
 Dee, Rev. John, C.C., Sea View Cottage, Bonmahon, Co. Waterford.  
 Delany, George, Esq., 23, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, and 4, Vesey-place, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.  
 Delany, Mr. Hugh, Glandore, Roscarberry, Co. Cork.  
 Dempsey, James, Esq., Lick, Skibbereen.  
 De Vere, Aubrey, Esq., Currahchase, Adare.  
 De Vere, Stephen, Esq., M.P., Currahchase, Adare.  
 Dinan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Clondagad and Ballynacally, Co. Clare.  
 Doherty, John Izod, Esq., Bloomwood, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.  
 Doherty, William Izod, Esq., 21, Westland-row, Dublin.  
 Dolan, James, Esq., Gaulstown, Dunleer.  
 Dolan, Theophilus, Esq., Staff Assistant Surgeon, Mullingar.  
 Donegan, John, Esq., Dame-street, Dublin.  
 Donovan, Stephen J., Esq., J.P., Melbourne, Australia.  
 Dowling, Robert J., Esq. 141, Burlington-street, Liverpool.  
 Drummond, William, Esq., Rockvale Castle, Stirling.  
 Drummond, Rev. Wm., P.P., Killybegs, Co. Donegal.  
 Duan, Mr. Daniel, Templemore, Co. Tipperary.
- E.
- Eassie, William, Jun., Esq., 1, Teresa Place, Bristol Road, Gloucester.

Edwards, Michael, Esq., Drumlohea,  
Bawnboy, Co. Cavan.  
Ellis, Richard, Esq., Glenasrone, Ab-  
beyfeale.  
Enright, Timothy, Esq., Castlematrix,  
Rathkeale.  
Evans, Rev. D. Silvan, Llangian,  
Pwllheli, North Wales.

## F.

Fairholme, Mrs., Comragh House,  
Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford.  
Farrell, Thomas, Esq., 11, Warrington  
Place, Dublin.  
Faughney, James, Esq., Castlebar.  
Ferguson, Samuel, Esq., Barrister, 20,  
North Great George's-street, Dublin.  
Field, John, Esq., Blackrock, Co.  
Dublin.  
Finn, Jeremiah, Esq., 114, Patrick-  
street, Cork.  
Finn, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Ardfinan,  
Clonmel.  
Finn, Mr. Thomas, Bookseller, Tralee.  
Finn, Mr. Martin, O'Dorney, Kerry.  
Fisher, Rev. William Allen, Kilmoe,  
Schull, Skibbereen.  
Fitzgerald, Edward, Esq., Nelson  
Terrace, Youghal.  
Fitzgerald, Robert L., Esq., Geraldine  
Place, Kilkee.  
Fitzgerald, Gamaliel, Esq., George's-  
street, Limerick.  
Fitzgerald, John, Esq., Grange Cottage,  
Bruff, Co. Limerick.  
Fitzgerald, Rev. F., Donnybrook.  
Fitzgerald, Very Rev. Archdeacon,  
P.P., Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.  
Fitzgibbon, Daniel, Esq., Rathkeale.  
Fitzpatrick, W. J., Esq., J.P., Kil-  
macud Manor, Stillorgan.  
Fleming, John, Esq., Clonea, Carrick-  
on-Suir.  
Foley, Rev. Daniel T., D.D., Temple-  
tuohy.  
Foley, John Williams, Esq., 8, Duncan  
Terrace, Islington, London.  
Forrest, Rev. John, C.C., D.D., Rector  
of St. John's College, Sydney.  
Ford, Patrick, Esq., Dean-street,  
Vanderbelt and Carleton Avenues,  
Brooklyn, New York.  
Franks, Rev. James S., Reens, Rath-  
keale.  
Frost, John, Esq., Solicitor, Ennis.

## G.

Gabbett, Lieut-Colonel, Madras Ar-  
tillery, India.  
Gabbett, Rev. Robert, M.A., Glebe  
Foynes, Co. Limerick.  
Gahan, Patrick, Esq., Dalkey, Kings-  
town.  
Gannon, Nicholas J., Esq., J.P., Lara,  
Kilcock.  
Gannon, Mrs. N. J., Lara, Kilcock.  
Gee, Henry, Esq., Tasmania, Australia.  
Geoghegan, Rev. Timothy, C.C., En-  
nistymon, Co. Clare.  
Geoghegan, Arthur G., Esq., Collector  
of Inland Revenue, Derry.  
Gibbons, Rev. William B., O.S.F.,  
Carrickbeg, Carrick-on-Suir.  
Gibson, John, Esq., Kilrush, Co. Clare.  
Gilligan, Rev. P. J., C.C., 61, James's  
street, Dublin.  
Goff, Michael, Esq., 4, Barker-street,  
Waterford.  
Gollock, Rev. Thomas H., Cork.  
Good, Rev. John, C.C., Galway.  
Goodman, Rev. James, A.B., Ard-  
groom, Castletown, Berehaven.  
Graves, Rev. Chas., D.D., F.T.C.D.,  
M.R.I.A., Dublin.  
Graves, Rev. Jas., A.B., Chelsea Lodge,  
Duncannon, New Ross.  
Grealy, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Kiltho-  
mas, Peterswell, Loughrea.  
Greaven, Anthony, Esq., Grand Pa-  
rade, Cork.  
Greene, Thomas, Esq., 2, Bindon-  
street, Ennis.  
Griffin, Mr. Martin, Kilrush.

## H.

Hill, Lord George Augusta, Ramel-  
ton, Co. Donegal  
Hackett, Wm., Esq., Middleton.  
Hallinan, Mr. John, Ballinakilbeg,  
Castlemahon, Newcastle West.  
Hanley, Joseph, Esq., Barrister, 25,  
Lower Gardiner-street, Dublin.  
Hanley, Wm. Francis, Esq., M.D.,  
The Cottage, Thurles.  
Hart, Color-Sergeant John L., 18th  
Royal Irish, Clarence Barracks,  
Portsmouth.  
Hartigan, Patrick, Esq., Cloonagh,  
Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.  
Harrington, Mr. Michael, 56, George's  
street, Cork.

- Hartney, Rev. Murtough, P.P., Corofin, Co. Clare.
- Haverty, Martin, Esq., Killbeihe Muire, Askeaton.
- Hawkes, Z., Esq., Moneens, Bandon.
- Hayes, Cornelius, Esq., Rathkeale.
- Hayes, Edward, Esq., Victorian Railways, Williamstown Pier, Melbourne, Australia.
- Hayman, Rev. Samuel, A.B., Nelson Place, Youghal.
- Healy, Mr. John, Mill Road, Cappoquin, County of Waterford.
- Hennesy, Maurice W., Esq., Albert Road, Kingstown.
- Hester, Rev. Bartholomew, P. P., Ardcarne, Boyle.
- Hewitt, Thos., Esq., Barrister, Summer Hill House, Cork.
- Hickey, Rev. James, C.C., Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street, Dublin.
- Hickey, Cornelius, Esq., Abbey-view, Rathkeale.
- Hickey, William R., Esq., Surveying General Examiner of Excise, Somerset House, London.
- Hodges, Smith, and Co., Messrs., 104, Grafton-street, Dublin.
- Hodnett, Jeremiah, Esq., Solicitor and Town Clerk, Youghal.
- Hodnett, Mr. Richard, Ballydehob, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
- Hogan, John, Esq., Rose Inn Street, Kilkenny.
- Holland, Rev. F., Vicar, Bandon.
- Hooper, Charles T., Esq., A.M., 28, Mary-street, Dublin.
- Hore, Herbert F., Esq., Pole-Hore, Wexford.
- Houlahan, Michael, Esq., Kilard, Kilrush.
- Humphries, Thomas, Esq., Woodview, Merrion Avenue, Blackrock, Dublin.
- Hynes, Patrick, Esq., Liverpool.
- I.
- Inchiquin, The Lady, Dromoland, Newmarket-on-Fergus.
- Inchiquin, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Dromoland, Newmarket-on-Fergus.
- Irwin, Rev. Wm., C.C., Metropolitan Church, Marlborough-st., Dublin.
- J.
- Jennings, James, Esq., Kingstown Avenue, Kingstown.
- Joly, J. R., Esq., LL.D., Barrister, 38, Rathmines Mall, Dublin.
- Jottrand, Mons., Rue Royale, Extérieur, Bruxelles.
- Joy, Rev. John, C.C., Dunhill, Traamore, Co. Waterford.
- K.
- Keane, The Right Rev. Wm., D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, Fermoy.
- Kildare, The Most Noble the Marquis of, Kilkea Castle, Mageeny, Co. Kildare.
- Kavanagh, Miss Julia, 7, Allason Terrace, Church Lane, Kensington, London.
- Kane, Thos., Esq., M.D., 90, George's street, Limerick.
- Kean, Michael, Esq., Woodbine Cottage, Ennistymon.
- Keating, M.J., Esq., Butter Exchange, Cork.
- Keegan, Francis Michael, Esq., 66, Cross-st., Regent-st., London, W.
- Keightley, Thomas, Esq., Leydon House, Mortlake.
- Keiran, James, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., Bridge-street, Dublin.
- Keirse, Michael, Esq., The Mills, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford.
- Kelly, Michael, Esq., Mirehill, Headford, Co. Galway.
- Kelly, Denis Henry, Esq., D.L., J.P., M. R. I. A., Castlekelly, Mount Talbot.
- Kelly, George, Esq., Dalkey, Kingstown.
- Kelly, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Tonha and Tonaharna, Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare.
- Kelly, Wm. B. Esq., 8, Grafton-street, Dublin.
- Kelly, John W., Esq., C.E., Ennis.
- Kelly, Stephen, Esq., Galway.
- Kelly, Thomas, Esq., Wilkinstown, Navan.
- Kelly, Wm., Esq., Claremorris, Co. Mayo.
- Kenedy, Patrick, Esq., 6, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
- Kenedy, William, Esq., I.N.S., Rathkeale.
- Kennerk, Mr. Michael, Ballysteen, Pallaskeury, Co. Limerick.
- Kennifeck, Rev. Maurice, P.P., Rathcormack, Co. Cork.



- Kenny, James C. F., Esq., A.B., J.P., M.R.I.A., Barrister, Kilclogher, Monivea, Co. Galway, and 2, Merion-square, South, Dublin.
- Keogh, Mr. Richard, Head Constable, Mount Shannon, Scariff, Co. Galway.
- Kerin, Michael, Esq., Church-street, Ennis.
- Kiely, Mr. Martin, Clouncrappy, Feenagh, P. O., Co. Limerick.
- Kilroy, Andrew, Esq., 24, Temple-bar, and Anglesea-street, Dublin.
- King, George Hamilton, Esq., Mervyn, Enniskerry.
- King's Inns, The Hon. Society of, Dublin.
- Kirby, Rev. John, C.C., Clogheen.
- Kirwan, John Stratford, Esq., Moyné, Ballyglunin, Co. Galway.
- Kirwan, Patrick, Esq., Graigavalla, Carrick-on-Suir.
- Knox, J. B., Esq., Proprietor of the *Clare Journal*, Ennis.
- Logie, Daniel W., Esq., Portland Terrace, Park Road, Oldford Bow, Middlesex, London.
- Lynch, Patrick, Esq., Head Constable, No. 1 Company, Depot, Phoenix Park, Dublin.
- Lyons, Michael, Esq., Rathkeale.
- Lysaght, Michael, Esq., Ennis.

## M.

- Manchester, His Grace the Duke of, Tanderagee Castle, Co. of Antrim.
- Monteagle, Right Hon. Lord, Mount Trenchard, Foynes, Co. Limerick.
- Mac Adam, Robert, Esq., 18, College-square, East, Belfast.
- Mac Carthy, Rev. John, 59, Albany-street, Boston, Mass.
- Mac Cartie, Daniel, Esq., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
- Mac Carthy, Michael J., Esq., Derrynanoul, Mitchelstown.
- Mac Carthy, Wm., Esq., Derrynanoul, Mitchelstown.
- Mac Carthy, Daniel, Esq., Stourfield, near Christ Church, Hants.
- Mac Dermott, Joseph, Esq., 1, Cowley-place, Dublin.
- Mac Donald, Rev. John N., Scarrista, Harris, Hebrides.
- Mac Donnell, Major William Edward Armstrong, Esq., New Hall, Ennis.
- Mac Douall, Professor Charles, Queen's College, Belfast.
- Mac Dowell, Patrick, Esq., R.A., 74, Margaret-street, East, Cavendish-square, London.
- Mac Kenzie, John Whitefoord, Esq., F.S.A.S., 16, Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
- Mac Lauchlan, Rev. T., M.A., F.S.A.S., Free Gaelic Church, and 4, Viewforth, Edinburgh.
- Mac Laughlin, Very Rev. F., O.S.F., Willowbank Convent, Ennis.
- Mac Mahon, Rev. James, C.C., Ennis.
- Mac Mahon, Edward, Esq., 4, D'Olier-street, Dublin.
- Macmahon, Rev. Patrick P. P., Mountshannon Daly, Whitegate, Co. Galway.
- Mac Mahon, Mr. John, Fair Lane, Corofin, Co. Clare.
- Mac Namara, Daniel, Esq., Tullig, Abbeyfeale, Co. Limerick.

## L.

- Leahy, The Most Rev. Patrick, D.D., Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, Thurles.
- Lane, Rev. M., P.P., Donoughmore, Coachford, Co. Cork.
- Lawler, James, Esq., 17, Water-street, Liverpool.
- Lawler, Patrick, Esq., Liverpool.
- Leader, Rev. T., C.C., Charleville, Co. Cork.
- Leahy, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street, Dublin.
- Leech, G. Wm., Esq., Rathkeale Abbey, Rathkeale.
- Lemane, James, Esq., Irish Revenue Department, Custom House, Dublin.
- Lenihan, Maurice, Esq., Proprietor of the *Limerick Reporter*, 2, Patrick-street, Limerick.
- Lennon, Mr. Patrick, Constabulary Depot, Dublin.
- Lewis, H., Esq., Literary Sale Rooms, 31, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
- Littledale, Rev. Richard Frederick, A.B., T.C.D., 10, Crown-street, Soho, London.
- Lloyd, Thomas, Esq., A.B., Queen's College, Cork.

- Mac Namara, Michael, Esq., Solicitor, Green Park, Ennis.
- Mackesy, Mrs. Margaret E., Castle-town-Kilpatrick, Navan, Meath.
- Macray, Rev. W. D., M.A., 69, Holywell, Oxford.
- M'Allister, Patrick, Esq., 118, Fieldstreet, Liverpool.
- M'Auliffe, Michael J., Esq., North Abbey, Cork.
- M'Auliffe, Thomas, Esq., Camdenplace, Cork.
- M'Carthy, Denis Florence, Esq., Barrister, Summerfield House, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
- M'Carthy, John, Esq., Mount Alto, Riverstown, Co. Cork.
- M'Carthy, T., Esq., Bandon.
- M'Gauran, John, Esq., Westland-row, Dublin.
- M'Geoghegan, Rev. Thaddeus, C.C., Ennistymon.
- M'Ginty, M., Esq., Bray.
- M'Hugh, Malachy, Esq., Dunmore, Tuam.
- M'Knight, James, Esq., LL.D., Editor of the Standard, Londonderry.
- Macafee, D. Lindsay, Esq., B.A., Q.C.B., of the Middle Temple, Railway-street, Lisburn.
- Madden, Rev. John, C.C., Gort, Co. Galway.
- Madigan, Thomas, Esq., Leadmore, Kilrush.
- Madigan, Andrew, Esq., Kilrush.
- Magauran, Patrick, Esq., Ballinamore.
- Magennis, Edward Augustus, Esq., 8, North-street, Newry.
- Magennis, Peter, Esq., Knockmore, Derrygonnelly, Co. Fermanagh.
- Maguire, John, Esq., Swanlinbar.
- Maguire, Edward, Esq., J.P., Barrister, Gortoral House, Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan.
- Maguire, Nathaniel, Esq., Bonebrook, Bawnboy.
- Mahony, Rev. Laurence, Buttevant, Co. Cork.
- Mahony, Richard, Esq., Dromore Castle, Kenmare.
- Marnell, Mr. John, Pallas, Maryborough.
- Martin, John, Esq., Kilbroney, Rosstrevor.
- Meagher, Very Rev. Monsignore William, D.D., V.G., P.P., Rathmines, Dublin.
- Meagher, Rev. John, C.C., Lorrha, Borrisokane.
- Meany, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir.
- Meany, Rev. Gerald, C.C., St. Anne's Church, Blackburne, Lancashire.
- Mechanics' Institute, Dublin.
- Meehan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Carriga-holt, Co. Clare.
- Moloney, Rev. Michael, C.C., Kilbride, Wicklow.
- Moloney, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Dysart, Ruan, Co. Clare.
- Moloney, Rev. E., P.P., Cloughjordan and Monsea, Co. Tipperary.
- Moloney, P., Esq., Jail-street, Ennis.
- Monsell, Rt. Hon. William, M.P., Tervoe, Co. Limerick.
- Moore, John, Esq., Solicitor, Middleton, Co. Cork.
- Moore, Rev. Philip, P.P., Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny.
- Moore, Mr. William E., N.T., Castlemahon, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.
- Moran, Michael, Esq., Drumgranagh, Ennis.
- Moriarty, M., Esq., St. Mary's Cottage, Dumfries.
- Moriarty, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Newtown Sandes, Co. Kerry.
- Moriarty, Thos. B., Esq., A.B., M.D., Queen's University, Cork, Mallow.
- Morissy, Rev. F. P., P.P., Ballyneil, Carrick-on-Suir.
- Morris, Henry, Esq., 4, Little Ship-street, Dublin.
- Mounsey, Capt. W. H., 2, Cavendish Terrace, Stanwix, Carlisle.
- Moxon, Wm. Milson, Esq., Surveying General Examiner of Excise, Somerset House, London.
- Moylan, John, Esq., Rathkeale.
- Moynahan, Mortimor, Esq., Skibber- een, Co. Cork.
- Mulcahy, Edward, Esq., Irishtown, Clonmel.
- Mulcahy, Rev. E., P.P., Timoleague, Bandon.
- Mullane, Mr. Michael, Castlemahon, Newcastle West.

Mungavin, Major James, Springfield House, Albert Road, Kingstown.  
 Murray, Sir James, M.D., Inspector of Anatomy, 19, Temple-street, Upper, Dublin.  
 Murray, W. J., Esq., 90, Old George's-street, Cork.  
 Murray, Rev. Thomas L., P.P., Kilcolman, Mallow.  
 Murphy, Rev. Dominick, St. Finbar's, Cork.  
 Murphy, John, Esq., Ventry, Dingle.  
 Murphy, Rev. Wm., C.C., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.  
 Murphy, James, Esq., 1, Lombard-street, Dublin.  
 Murphy, Martin, Esq., College of Chemistry, Duke-street, Liverpool.  
 Murphy, Rev. T., P.P., Youghal.

## N.

Nash, David William, Esq., Barrister, Brandon Villa, Cheltenham.  
 Nash, Rev. A., Rathkeale.  
 Nealon, James, Esq., Toonagh, Ennis.  
 Newell, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Ennistymon.  
 Newport, Rev. Andrew, C.C., Ennis.  
 Nicholson, John Armitage, Esq., Balrath, Kells, Co. Meath.  
 Nicolson, Alexander, Esq., M.A., Advocate, Forth-street, Edinburgh.

## O.

O'Brien, Rt. Rev. Dominick, D.D., Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Waterford.  
 O'Hea, Right Rev. Michael, D.D., Bishop of Ross, Skibbereen.  
 O'Brien, Wm. Smith, Esq., M.R.I.A., Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick (4 copies).  
 O'Brien, Edw., W. Esq., Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.  
 O'Beirne-Crowe, John, Esq., A.B., Professor of Celtic Languages, Queen's College, Galway.  
 O'Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C., South Gloucester, County of Carleton, Canada West, North America.  
 O'Brickley, Mr. David, 21, Hatton Garden, London.

O'Brien, Rev. Francis, St. John's College, Waterford.  
 O'Brien, Rev. John, Henfield, Sussex, England.  
 O'Brien, Denis, Esq., 16, Lower Bridge street, Dublin.  
 O'Brien, Patrick, Jun., Esq., Clare Castle, Co. Clare.  
 O'Brien, Richard, Esq., 56, Camden-street, Dublin.  
 O'Brien, Robert, Esq., Old Church, Limerick.  
 O'Brien, Rev. William, C.C., Kilmihil, Kilrush, Co. Clare.  
 O'Byrne, John, Esq., 7, Jardin Royal, Toulouse.  
 O'Callaghan, Eugene, Esq., City Tan-yard, Limerick.  
 O'Carroll, John, Esq., Creane, Bruff, Co. Limerick.  
 O'Carroll, Rev. Vincent, O. P., St. Saviour's Priory, Limerick.  
 O'Carroll, Rev. Christopher, C. C., Kinvara.  
 O'Connell, D., Esq., M.D., Flintfield, Mill-street, Co. Cork.  
 O'Connell, John, Esq., Altamont, Mill-street, Co. Cork.  
 O'Connor-Kerry, Rev. Charles James, C.C., Sandiford, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.  
 O'Connor, Michael, Esq., Glenageary, Kingstown.  
 O'Connor, Mr. Thomas, 19, Shepherd-street, Oxford-street, London.  
 O'Connor, Patrick, Esq., 1, Market-square, Kilrush.  
 O'Connor, John, Esq., N.S., Ballymartle, Ballinhassig, Co. Cork.  
 O'Daly, John, Esq., O'Daly's Bridge, Kells.  
 O'Daly, John, 9, Anglesea-street, Dublin.  
 O'Donnell, Bryan, Esq., Medical Hall, Bandon.  
 O'Donnell, Michael, Esq., Solicitor, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick.  
 O'Donnell, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Carrick-on-Suir.  
 O'Donoghue, Rev. Edmund, C.C., Askeaton, Co. Limerick.  
 O'Donoghue, Michael, Esq., Canburin, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry.  
 O'Donohoe, Mr. Patrick, Ballyvoe, Ennis.

- O'Donohue, Francis, Esq., Ballygurreen, Newmarket-on-Fergus.
- O'Donovan, John, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Barrister, 36, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin.
- O'Donovan, Mr. Timothy, North Killeen, Desert Serges, Bandon.
- O'Donovan-Rossa, Jeremiah, Esq., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
- O'Driscoll, John, Esq., 10, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
- O'Driscoll, Denis Florence, Esq., A.B., I.N.S., Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim.
- O'Driscoll, Patrick, Esq., C.E., Ennis.
- O'Duffy, John, Esq., Dentist, 17, Westland-row, Dublin.
- O'Farrell, James, Esq., Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton.
- O'Farrell, M. R., Esq., 28, Upper Pembroke-street, Dublin.
- O'Ferrall, Miss, 15, Merrion-square, North, Dublin.
- O'Flanagan, Mr. John, Willbrook Road, Corofin, Co. Clare.
- O'Flynn, Rev. John L., O.S.F.C., 8, George's Quay, Cork.
- O'Gallagher, Wm. E., Esq., 4, Kingstown Parade, Kingstown.
- O'Gorman, Richard, Esq., 122, Broadway, New York.
- O'Gorman, Thomas, Esq., 2, Mononia Terrace, Albert Road, Kingstown.
- O'Grady, Admiral, Erinagh House, Castleconnell.
- O'Grady, Standish Hayes, Esq., A.B., Erinagh House, Castleconnell.
- O'Grady, Rev. Thomas Standish, P.P., Adare.
- O'Grady, Edward, Esq., Rathkeale.
- O'Grady, Mr. Patrick, Albert Road, Kingstown.
- O'Hagan, John, Esq., Barrister, 20, Kildare-street, Dublin.
- O'Hanlon, Rev. John, C. C., SS. Michael and John, Dublin.
- O'Hanlon, David, Esq., M.D., Rathkeale.
- O'Hannigan, John, Esq., Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.
- O'Hara, John, Esq., Curlough, Bawnboy, Co. Cavan.
- O'Hea, Patrick, Esq., Officer of Inland Revenue, 103, James's-st., Dublin.
- O'Herlihy, P., Esq., 30, Sunday's Well, Cork.
- O'Higgin, Rev. Roger J., 8, Rutland-street, Limerick.
- O'Hogan, Mr. Andrew, Bookseller, Salisbury-st., Islington, Liverpool.
- O'Kenedy, Thomas, Esq., Reafadda, Place, Hollyford, Co. Tipperary.
- O'Laverty, Rev. James, C.C., Diocesan Seminary, Belfast.
- O'Loghlen, Sir Colman M., Bart., 20, Merrion-square, South, Dublin.
- O'Looney, Brian, Monreel, Ennistymon.
- O'Mahony, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Crusheen and Rath, Co. Clare.
- O'Mahony, Rev. Thaddeus, A.B., Professor of Irish, 57, Trinity College, Dublin.
- O'Mahony, James, Esq., Bandon.
- O'Mahony, James, Esq., Ballivillone, Enniskean, Co. Cork.
- O'Meara, John, Esq., Birr.
- O'Mulrenin, Richard, Esq., St. Patrick's College, Carlow.
- O'Neill, George F., Esq., B.A., 5, William-street, Newry.
- O'Neill, Rev. James, C.C., Rathcorrick, Co. Cork.
- O'Reilly, Rev. John, P.P., Virginia, Co. Cavan.
- O'Regan, Mr. —, N.T., Ballyvohan, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.
- O'Rourk, Patrick, Esq., 113, Lower Gardiner-street, Dublin.
- O'Rourke, Rev. John, C.C., Kingstown, Co. Dublin.
- O'Ryan, P. K., Esq., Foilaclera House, Doon, Co. Tipperary.
- Ormond, Robert, Esq., Mulgrave-st., Cork.
- Orr, Samuel, Esq., Flower Field, Coleraine.
- O'Sullivan, Denis, Esq., Bantry.
- O'Sullivan, Stephen, Esq., 109, Sunday's Well, Cork.

## P.

- Parker, John H., Esq., Shamrock Lodge, Harold's Cross, Dublin.
- Petty, John, Esq., C.E., Ennis.
- Phayer, William, Esq., Limerick.
- Phelan, Patrick, Esq., P.L.G., Rathgormack, Carrick-on-Suir.
- Pierce, John, Esq., M.D., Newcastle, Co. Limerick.

Pierce, Richard, Esq., 3, Rowe-street, Wexford.  
 Pigott, John Edward, Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister, 23, Lt. Fitzwilliam-st., Dublin.  
 Pontet, Marc, Esq., 8, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin.  
 Power, William, Esq., 116, Barrack-street, Waterford.  
 Power, Patrick James, Esq., Coolagh, Dungarvan.

## Q.

Quaid, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Dromcollogher and Broadford, Charleville, Co. Limerick.  
 Qualey, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Knockanore, Tallow, Co. Waterford.  
 Quin, Very Rev. Andrew, P.P., V.G., Kilfenora and Kiltoraght, Co. Clare.  
 Quinlivan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare.

## R.

Raleigh, F. Gibbon, Esq., Castlemahon, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.  
 Reade, Rev. George Fortescue, A.B., Inniskeen Rectory, Dundalk.  
 Reeves, Rev. William, D.D., Lusk.  
 Reeves, Rev. John, C.C., Kilmeady.  
 Reynolds, Thomas, Esq., City Marshal, Dublin.  
 Roche, Lewis M., Esq., 49, Patrick-st., Cork.  
 Roche, Mr. John, Ennistymon.  
 Roche, Mr. Michael, Castlemahon, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.  
 Rooney, M. W., Esq., 26, Anglesea-street, Dublin.  
 Royal Dublin Society, Library of, Kildare street, Dublin.  
 Russell, Thomas O'Neill, Esq., 103, Grafton street, Dublin.  
 Russell, Mrs., Bank Buildings, Youghal.  
 Ryan, Andrew, Esq., Gortkelly Castle, Borrisoleigh.

## S.

Scott, William C., Esq., 48, Mountpleasant Avenue, Lower Ranelagh, Co. Dublin.  
 Scott, J. Esq., Glathule, Kingstown.

Seymour, Rev. R., P.P., Carrigtuoil.  
 Shairp, John Campbell, Esq., The University, St. Andrews, Scotland.  
 Shanahan, Rev. Wm., C.C., Ballyneil, Carrick-on-Suir.  
 Shaw, Mrs., Monkstown, Cork.  
 Sheahan, Michael, Esq., Buttevant.  
 Sheahan, Mr. Daniel, Ardagh, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.  
 Sheahan, Mr. Michael, Ballinakill, Newcastle West Post Office, Co. Limerick.  
 Sheehan, Daniel, Esq., 115, Patrick-street, Cork.  
 Sheehan, Rev. John, V.G., P.P., Ennistymon.  
 Sheehy, Rev. Cornelius, P.P., Newtown Sandes, Co. Kerry.  
 Sheehy, George, Esq., Castlemahon, Newcastle West.  
 Sheehy, Henry, Esq., Fort William, Ballingarry, Co. Limerick.  
 Seigfried, Rudolf Thomas, Ph. D., Trinity College, Dublin.  
 Sigerson, Geo., Esq., M.D., Holyhill, Strabane.  
 Skene, William F., Esq., 20, Inverleith-row, Edinburgh.  
 Smirke, Edw., Esq., Judge of the Stornoway Court, Cornwall, St. Phillip's Lodge, Cheltenham.  
 Smith, John, Esq., Mus. Doc., State Composer for Ireland, 29, Trinity College, and 25, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.  
 Stack, Rev. John, C.C., Tomgeany, Scariff, Co. Limerick.  
 Stackpoole, Capt. W., M.P., Ballyalla, Ennis.  
 Stamer, Wm., Esq., M.D., Ennis.  
 Starkey, William, Esq., B.A., Sackville-st., Dublin.  
 Stephens, Professor Geo., Copenhagen.  
 Stephens, Thomas, Esq., Merthyr Tydfil, Wales.  
 Strachan, Rev. Neil, 349, Bath Crescent, Glasgow.  
 Sullivan, W. K., Ph. D., Museum of Industry, Stephen's Green, Dublin.  
 Swanton, Thomas, Esq., Cranliath, Ballydehob, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.  
 Sweeny, Mr. William, Tanlehan, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.  
 Synan, Very Rev. Dr., P.P., Shanagolden, Co. Limerick.

## T.

Talbot de Malahide, The Right Hon. Lord, Malahide Castle, Malahide.  
 Terry, Rev. John, C.C., Ballypooreen.  
 Thomas, Capt. F. W. L., R.N., Harris, Hebrides.  
 Thomson, Miss M. M., Ravensdale, Flurry Bridge, Co. Louth.  
 Tighe, Robert, Esq., 66, Fitzwilliam-square, North, Dublin.  
 Todd, Rev. James Henthorn, D.D., S.F., T.C.D., F.S.A., President of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.  
 Todd, Burns, and Co., Messrs. (per Librarian), Mary-street, Dublin.  
 Tracy, Rev. John, C.C., Clogheen.  
 Treacy, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Kilrosenty, Lamybrien, Co. Waterford.  
 Treacy, Stephen, Esq., Officer of Inland Revenue, Dublin.  
 Trevor, Rev. James, C.C., Bray.  
 Troy, John, Esq., Fermoy.  
 Troy, Rev. Bernard, C.C., Tullylish, Banbridge.  
 Troy, Philip, Esq., Knockaneris, Clashmore, Co. Waterford.

## V.

Vandermeáren, Mons. Corr, Bruxelles.  
 Varian, Ralph, Esq., 105, Patrick-st., Cork.  
 Vaughan, Rev. Jeremiah, P.P., Kilraghtis and Doora, Quin, Co. Clare.  
 Veale, James, Esq., Cappoquin.

## W.

Walsh, Patrick, Esq., Castlereagh.  
 Walsh, Robert P. C., Esq., 34, Ebenezer Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork.  
 Walsh, Rev. Michael, P.P., Dunhill, Waterford.  
 Walsh, Michael, Esq., Labasheeda, Kildysart, Co. Clare.  
 Ward, John, Esq., Blackhall-street, Dublin.  
 Ward, Rev. Peter, P.P., Turlough, Castlebar.  
 Ward, Mr. Luke, Castlebar.  
 Westropp, Ralph M., Esq., Ravensdale, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.  
 White, John Davis, Esq., Deputy Registrar, Diocese of Cashel, Cashel.  
 Wheeler, Rev. Robert, C.C., Celbridge.  
 Whitestone, John, Esq., Clondagad and Ballinacally, Ennis.  
 Wilde, William Robert, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S.I., M.R.I.A., 1, Merrion-square, North, Dublin.  
 Williams, William, Esq., Dungarvan.  
 Williams, Patrick, Esq., Dungarvan.  
 Wilson, Andrew, Esq., Surveying General of Excise, Somerset House, London.  
 Windele, J., Esq., Blair's Castle, Cork.  
 Woodlock, Mr. J., South Mall, Thurles.  
 Wynne, Mr. Michael, Lough Allen, Drumshambo, Co. Leitrim.  
 Wynne, Rev. —, D.D., Dundrum, Co. Dublin.  
 Wyse, Capt. Bonaparte, Waterford Artillery, Waterford.  
 Wyse, Napoleon Bonaparte, Esq., Manor of St. John, Waterford.

## NEW YORK OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

## President.

PHILIP O'HANLON, SEN., Esq., M.D., 172, East 21st and 22nd Avenues, N.Y.

## Vice-President.

D. R. SHANAHAN, Esq., M.D., 67, 15th St., between 6th & 7th Avenues, N.Y.

## Secretary.

JOHN EGAN, Esq., 191, Duane Street, N.Y.

## Assistant Secretary.

PATRICK O'DEA, Esq., 51st Street, N.Y.

## Treasurer.

NICHOLAS DREW, Esq., M.D., 505, Pearl Street, N.Y.

## Members.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Berry, John G., Esq., 22, Temple-st., Worcester, Mass.                  | Egan, John, Esq., 191, Duane-street, N. Y.                             |
| Byrne, Oliver, Esq., C.E., Bay-street, Jersey City, New Jersey.         | English, John, Esq., 136, Newark Ave, Jersey City, N.Y.                |
| Carroll, T., Esq., 74, Warren-st., N.Y.                                 | Fay, Matthew, Esq., Murphy's Hotel, New Orleans, La.                   |
| Cavanagh, Michael, Esq., <i>Phoenix Office</i> , 6, Centre-street, N.Y. | Ferguson, Dr., 172, East 21st-st., N.Y.                                |
| Clancy, James, Esq., 20, Centre-street, N.Y.                            | Ferguson, R., Esq, 61, Dey-st., N. Y.                                  |
| Condon, Pierce, Esq., N.Y.  | Galvan, Denis, Esq., <i>Phoenix Office</i> , 6, Centre-street, N. Y.   |
| Condon, P. J., Esq., Morrisoniana, N.Y.                                 | Golding, L. G., Esq., 3, Madison-street, N. Y.                         |
| Corcoran, Michael, Esq., Col. 69th Regt., N.Y., S.M.                    | Gregson, John G., Esq., Fort Hamilton, Long Island, N.Y.               |
| Coughlan, Michael, Esq., 191, Duane-street, N.Y.                        | Hannan, Michael, Esq., <i>Phoenix Office</i> , 6, Centre-street, N. Y. |
| Daly, John, Esq., Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y.                           | Hennesy, T. B., Esq., Boston, Mass.                                    |
| Daly, James, Esq., 68, Mechanic-st., Worcester, Mass.                   | Irwin, James, Esq., Newark, New Jersey.                                |
| Doheny, Miss Ellen, 18th-street, Gowanus, Brooklyn, N. Y.               | Kelly, J. J., Esq., <i>Phoenix Office</i> , 6, Centre-street, N. Y.    |
| Doheny, Michael, Esq., Barrister, 6, Centre-street, N. Y.               | Kelly, John E., 192, Chatham-street, N. Y.                             |
| Drew, Nicholas, Esq., M.D., 505, Pearl-street, N. Y.                    | Kelleher, W., Esq., Vanbrunt-street, N. Y.                             |
| Duffy, John, Esq., Corner of Conlear and Monroe Streets, N. Y.          | Lenihan, Rev. F. J., Newtown, Conn.                                    |
| Duggan, Frederick, Esq., 80, West 17th Street, N. Y.                    | M'Carthy, Daniel More, Esq., N. Y.                                     |
|   | M'Carthy, Jeremiah, Esq., 22, School-street, Boston, Mass.             |

- M'Grath, Michael, Esq., 101, Mott-street, N. Y.  
 Manning, James, Esq., Albany-street, Boston, Mass.  
 Maum, John H., Esq., Post Office, Brownsville, Nemaha Co., Nebraska Territory.  
 Norris, Thomas D., Esq., 25, Counties Slip, N. Y.  
 O'Connell, John, Esq., Partition-st., near Vanbrunt-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 O'Daly, Edmund J., Esq., *Phoenix Office*, 6, Centre-street, N. Y.  
 O'Dea, Patrick, Esq., 51st-st., N. Y.  
 O'Donohoe, Rev. Philip, Ironton, Ohio.  
 O'Dwyer, Miss Ellen, 18th-st., Gowanus, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 O'Flynn, Richard, Esq., 56, Mechanic-street, N. Y.  
 O'Hanlon, Philip, Esq., M.D., 171, East 21st and 22nd Streets, Avenues, N. Y.  
 O'Hanlon, Philip, Esq., M.D., Jun., Do.  
 O'Keeffe, David, Esq., 26, Division-street, N. Y.  
 O'Leary, Patrick, Esq., *Phoenix Office*, 6, Centre-street, N. Y.  
 O'Mahony, John, Esq., *Phoenix Office*, 6, Centre-street, N. Y.  
 O'Mahony, John, Esq., 24, Myrtle Avenue, N. Y.  
 O'Rourke, Patrick, Esq., 109, Attorney-street, N. Y.  
 O'Sullivan, J. D., Esq., 39, Shrewsbury-st., Worcester, Mass.  
 O'Theyne, Patrick, Esq., 54, Crosby-street, N. Y.  
 Robinson, William E., Esq., Barrister, 219, West 32nd Street, N. Y.  
 Roche, James, Esq., *Phoenix Office*, 6, Centre-street, N. Y.  
 Scanlan, Rev. Michael L., Beaver Meadows, Carbon Co., Penn.  
 Shanahan, D. R., Esq., M.D., 67, 15th St., between 6th & 7th Avenue, N. Y.  
 Sheehan, Rev. Patrick M., Tyrone City, Penn.  
 Sheehan, James M., Esq., Barrister, 13, Chamber-street, N. Y.  
 Sheppard, William H. Nicholas, Esq., Sutter Co., California.  
 Sheppard, Mrs., Do.  
 Spillane, John, Esq., 58, Madison-st., Newark, New Jersey.  
 Sullivan, John D., Esq., 12, Essex-street, N. Y.  
 Walsh, P. W., Esq., Ichoupeloulas-street, New Orleans.

### LONDON, CANADA WEST, ASSOCIATION.

- Downes, Henry, Esq.  
 Irwin, William, Esq.  
 M'Cann, Philip, Esq.  
 Norris, Patrick G., Esq., Solicitor.  
 Oliver, D. Noble, Esq.  
 O'Mara, Patrick, Esq.  
 Robinson, William, Esq., C.E.  
 Shanly, James, Esq., Barrister.  
 Tierney, John M., Esq., (Law Student), Secretary.

THE END.







PB  
1397  
F4A4  
v.6

Ossianic Society  
Transactions  
v. 6

CIRCULATE AS MONOGRAPH

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

CIRCULATE AS MONOGRAPH

