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*F. Campbell*

*November 1860*

*Dublin*

TRANSACTIONS  
OF  
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.



TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1856.

VOL. IV.

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PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,  
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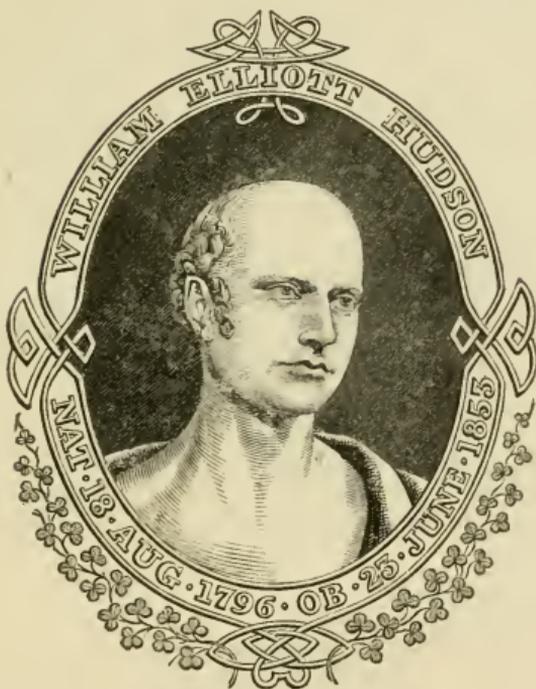
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OR,

# FENIAN POEMS,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



DUBLIN :

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

1859.



# The Ossianic Society,

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

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

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

## GENERAL RULES.

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that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

READ ON THE 17th DAY OF MARCH, 1858.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. **Կա՛ Յհաբրա** ; 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. **Քայր Ել՛ջե Կոնանի Կիրոյ Տիւրիբե** ; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Cenn 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. **Եօրսլճեա՛ճ Ծիարոսսա Այ Ծիսիճե ա՛յր Յիւսլոյոյ, յո՛յն շորոսլոյ յեյր Չլոյր** ; or, an Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace, the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

IV. **ԼաօրիԷ Բարոսլճեա՛ւրա** ; or, Fenian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, HONORARY SECRETARY.

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## BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **Խո՛ւեա՛ճ դա Երոսծարիճե** ; or the Departure of the Great Bardic Assembly, being the Introduction to the *Tain Bo Chuailgne*. Edited by Professor Connellan, from the book of Պա՛ Շարեւո՛յ Բլա՛ճա՛ճ : a vellum MS. of the XIV. Century. *In Press.*

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

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

III. **Չլալալոյ դա Տարոյրո՛ճ** ; or, the Dialogue of the Sages : an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eirionn ; collated with a copy in the Book of Lismore, a vellum manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. To be edited by JOHN WINDELE.

IV. **Կա՛ Բիրոյ Երա՛ճա** ; or, an Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B.

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

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

V. *Cæ Chnocá*; or, the Battle of Castleknock, in the county of Dublin, fought A. D. 273, between Conn Ceadehathach, i. e. , Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the Clanna Morna; by his victory in which, Conn obtained the Sovereignty of three Provinces in Ireland, viz. Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster. To be edited by the REV. THADDEUS O'MAHONY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

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1. THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BUCKINGHAM. REV. A. NEWDIGATE, *Aylesbury*, Honorary Secretary.
2. THE ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY OF THE ARCHDEACONRY OF NORTHAMPTON AND THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND LINCOLN; AND THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BEDFORDSHIRE AND ST ALBANS. REV. H. D. NICHOLSON, M.A. *St. Albans, Herts*, Honorary Secretary.
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6. THE KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. REV. JAMES GRAVES, A.B., and JOHN GEORGE AUGUSTUS PRIM, Esq., *Kilkenny*, Honorary Secretaries.
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10. THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND. JOHN STUART, Esq., *General Registry House, Edinburgh*, Secretary.
11. THE SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. GEORGE BISH WEBB, Esq., 6, *Southampton-street, Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretary.



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## WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* Of July 2nd, 1853.

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

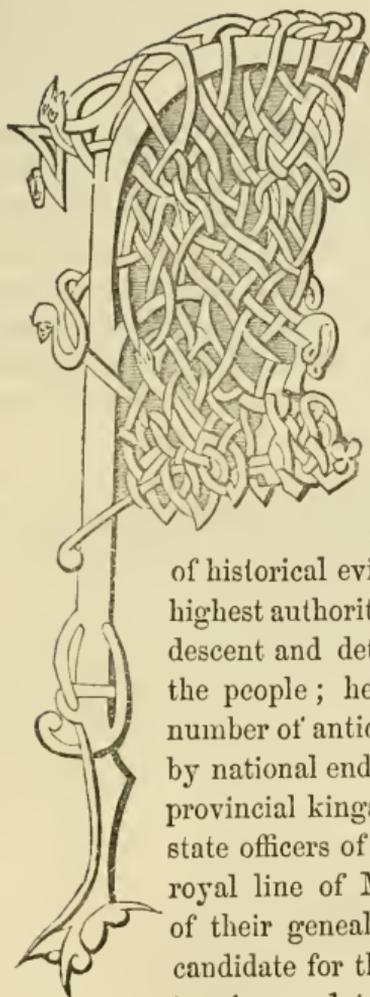
To the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, the Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY owe a debt of gratitude, for their kindness in permitting Mr. Geary to take the photograph, and they avail themselves of this opportunity to return their heartfelt thanks to that learned body. This photograph has been cut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

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

*Dublin, March 1st, 1859.*

## INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The particular militia or knights of every province held their head-quarters, or were located near the residence of their chiefs: thus the militia, or knights of Ulster, called Curaidhe-na-Craoibhe-Ruaidhe (champions or heroes of the Red Branch), were stationed at the Royal Fort at Eamhuin (Emania), near Armagh. They were of the Rudrician race, and were commanded in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, by the famous champion Cuchullin<sup>1</sup>, who, according to the annals of Clonmacnoise, and the *Chronicon Scotorum*, died in the second year of the Christian era; and was succeeded in command by his cousin Conall Cearnach.

Vestiges of the ancient palace of Eamhuin, or Emania,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Vide O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, vol. II., pp. 142, 143.

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Clanna Baoiscne.* For further particulars of this tribe and their territory, see *λεαβαρι ηλ ζ-σεαριε* (Book of Rights), p. 48, n. g.

<sup>2</sup> *Hy Kinsellagh.* Ibid, p. 208, n. g.

<sup>3</sup> *Fiachadh Baiceadha.* See Book of Rights, pp. 200, 203.

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

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

“Do éirte meirice caíra Chuirid.”

Conn's battle standard fell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> See a paper on the Inauguration of Cathal Crobhdhearg, king of Connaught, A.D. 1244, published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1853, in which all these offices are noticed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN O'DALY.

*Dublin, March 17th, 1859.*

120176 FJANNUJ5heacta.

2

αἵ ἀλλὰ καὶ οἱ σὺν αἵ τοῦ πατρὸς.



SJN 11 fada do íuañ,  
 éimíḡ ruar a' r' éirt aḡ t-ralm;  
 do éimíḡ tu do lúe 'r do neart,  
 31ḡ éimíḡeá cae a' r' 3leḡ 3arib.

1  
 2  
 O. Do éimíḡear mo lúe 'r mo neart,  
 ó nae maimeann cae aḡ 3íonn;  
 aḡar aḡ 3-cléim níl mo rpeir,  
 ceól dá éir níl bhinn liom.

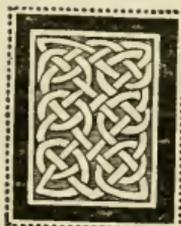
3  
 P. Ní éuala tu cōm-maie do ceól,<sup>1</sup>  
 ó éur aḡ doimain '3ur aḡiuḡ;  
 31ḡ taoi aḡraḡ, aḡmḡlic, liae,  
 11 maie do maimeá cliaim aḡ énoc.

4  
 O. Do maimeannir cliaim aḡ énoc,  
 a Phatmaie 11 doet mún;  
 11 maime 3ur do éain mo émué,  
 a' r' nae b-fuaimar 3ué aḡ d-túir.

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

## THE DIALOGUE OF OISIN AND PATRICK.

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

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

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

O. Do éualar ceól ba bhíne ná bui z-ceól,  
 zib mōi mōlar tu an élar;  
 r̄zaltarnac loih leirneac laoi,<sup>1</sup>  
 'r an faoið do z̄h̄id an Doirð Fhianu.

Smōlac mo-bíne z̄leanna Szarl,<sup>2</sup>  
 nō moiz̄allu ná m-bairc az buaiu me t̄m̄az̄;  
 ba bhíne liom t̄moirð ná z̄-con,  
 ná do r̄zoi-r̄a, a éleiuiz̄ éaið.

Chú<sup>3</sup> deirneoi, Chú mo cúip,  
 an t-abac beaz do bí az F̄ioiu;  
 an uairi do f̄eiuhead cuip a' r̄ puip,  
 do cúiphead r̄iu a d-toip̄c̄im r̄uair.

Bl̄aethaird an iuz̄ean ðz̄,  
 nac d-tuz̄ mōid d'f̄eari faoi 'n n-z̄r̄éiu;  
 ac̄t aihaird do Chn̄ú deirneoi,  
 oc̄! a Ph̄at̄raic, ba bhíu a béal!

Z̄u d̄a z̄ad̄ar d̄eaz do bí az F̄ioiu,  
 'n uairi do léiz̄c̄i iad f̄o z̄leann Rāc;<sup>4</sup>  
 ba bhíne ná ad̄ba ciuil,  
 'r a n-az̄aird ð' n t-S̄uip<sup>5</sup> amac̄.

<sup>1</sup> Szaltarnac loih leirneac laoi, *the song of the blackbird of Letter Lee*. The blackbird, the thrush, the seagull, the eagle and the raven, are the birds most often commemorated by the Fenian muse. The m̄oi m̄uz̄e (our hare), the f̄ad̄ ruad̄, or red deer, the buck and doe, the toic, or wild boar, and the cú all̄a, or faol-cú, the wolf, were the objects of their chase. Letter Lee is not yet identified.

<sup>2</sup> Z̄leann an Szarl, i.e., *the glen or vale of Scal*. In the *Miscellany* of the Celtic Society, p. 24, the following note appears:—

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

There is also Z̄leann an Scarl, and Z̄bairn an Scarl, about ten miles west of Dingle. leac̄t an Scarl is still in existence. By accenting the letter a in the word Scarl these localities would mean the glen of the shade or shadow,

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> Cnú. Dr. O'Donovan says that *Cnu* was taken by Fionn near a *Sith* (a fairy haunt) in Magh Feimhean, an extensive plain situated near Sliabh-na-m-ban in the county of Tipperary, (see *leabhar na 5-Ceann*, *Book of Rights*, p. 18, note b), and that he was scarcely tall enough to reach the strings of the harp. From the frequent allusion made to him in Ossianic Poetry, in connection with Fionn, he seems to have been his chief musician, by whose soothing strains the Fenians were lulled into deep and heavy slumbers. Cnú or Cnó, also signifies a nut or kernel ; and one of the prettiest ballads ever written by the late Edward Walsh, was entitled "*Mo Chraoibhin Cno*" (my cluster of nuts) commencing thus :—

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

9  
 O.      Τὰ ρζéal beaz aζam-ρα αη Fhionn,  
           ηῖ μαbαμαη αηη áct cúηz fῖη déaz ;  
           do ζabαμαη ηῖz Saζpan ηα b-φleaδ,  
           'ρ do cúηreamαη caé αηη ηῖz Σῖρέαz.

10  
 Do ζabαμαη αη ηοbα ηῖοη,  
           ba ηῖοη αη ηεapηc aζup αη δ-τρεáη ;  
           cηῖoc loéλαηηη 'ρ αη ηοbα fῖοηη,  
           do éηz α ζ-cυηδ óηη zo teaé Fhionn.

11  
 Tuζ ré ηαοη ζ-caéa ραη Spáη,  
           'ρ ηαοη b-φῖécῖo caé α η-εηηηηηη uηll ;  
           ηῖ' l ó'η τ-ρῖué 'ηαη βαηpteaδ Cηῖoρc,  
           ηac δ-τῖzeáδ α ζ-cῖoρ zo teaé Fhionn.

12  
 Tuζ ré océ ζ-caéa ραη Spáη éeap,  
           á'ρ αηηδῖηz loéλαηηη αηη λαηῖη leηp ;  
           ηp beacé do bῖ αη δοῖηαη ρá ηα éῖoρ,  
           ηp é ba ηῖz αηη αη η-Σῖρέηz bῖz.

\* ζεáηη Raé, *Glen of the Raths*. Not traceable in the Four Masters, nor in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*.

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

“ Uῖpze ηα Σῖuηηe aζ bῖúctac 'ηa φlózαῖo,  
 Coῖp baη-éηoic εῖηεáηη Oῖz.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord  
 Great heapes of salmone in his deepe bosome ;  
 All which long sundred, doe at last accord  
 To ioine in one, ere to the sea they come.  
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

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

“Ἐπὶ τῆς ἡμέρας τῆς ἑννιάτης τοῦ μηνὸς Ἰουνίου ἦν ἡμέρα ἡμίση καὶ ἡμέρα ἡμίση.”  
 Beside the Suir on a dewy morning I was feebly laid.

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

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

describes its scenery most graphically.

13 O. 2)AIIſ Ծամբա ծ'բայ ծա՛ Էր,  
'ր Յոյ մօ ըբէր Ե Յ-ժլիժե՛ն Կ Յ-ժեօլ ;  
Այ ծօնայ շմթօն ծ'ալե՛ն Այ Ե-ըլուայՅ,  
Ծայ Իր ԵրուայՅ ծօ Էիժե՛ Էօ՛ !

14 Իր ԵրուայՅ, Ե ՔհաժրայԵ, Այ ըՅե՛ալ,  
մե Էիժե՛ Եար Էր ԿԱ Է-բար Կօ բայ ;  
ԱՅ Էրբե՛աժե՛ մե ժլար 'ր ժլօՅ,  
'ր մե՛ Այ բարօրի Էօժե՛ Ծալլ.

15 Ծա մայրբե՛աժ Բիօնն ԱՅսր Այ Բիան,  
Ծօ շրէՅբիօննր ժլար Ա'ր ժլօՅ ;  
Ծօ Էանբարն Այ բլաժ բօ'ն Կ-Յլեանն,  
'ր Էա միան Էյօմ Էրբե՛ Ծար Ե շօրր.

16 Եար, Ե ՔհաժրայԵ, Կեանն Ար Փիա,  
Ծ'Բիօնն ԿԱ Է-Բիանն 'ր ծա՛ ժլանն ;  
Ծեան ՅսլԾե՛ Ար Այ Է-բլայժե՛,  
'ր Կա՛ Յ-ժալաժ Ե շօն-մայժե՛ մեժ' Էնն.

7 P. Ոյ Եարբե՛աժ-բա Կեանն ծ'Բիօնն,  
Ե բիլլ Յիլնն մե'ր Էլլլլ Մ'բարն ;  
'ր Յսր Է'Է Ե միան մե ԿԱ Էնն,  
Էիժե՛ Ե ԿՅլիօնն ԱՅ բլանբան բեալՅ.

18 O. Ծա մ-Էրբե՛աժ-բա բարբար Այ Բիան,  
Ե ժլելլլլլ ծա Յ-ժլար 'ր ԿԱ Յ-ժլօՅ ;  
Կի՛ շաբարբա Ե'Արբե՛ ծօ Փիա,  
ԿԱ ծօ մար ժլար ԱՅսր ըՅօլ.

19 P. Ոյ շրէՅբիօննրե մաժ ՓԵ Էի,  
Ար Ե ծ-ժարն ըօրբ ԱՅսր բլար ;  
Ե Օրրն, Ե բլե՛ Էսլլլ,  
Իր օլժ մաժար ծսրժ ծլօլ ԿԱ Յ-ժլար.

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

- 20 O. Ba mian ne Fionn na b-plaé  
 rianran a coin a b-fad ari flab ;  
 coin allta<sup>1</sup> a3 fázbaíl cuain,  
 mōrdaíl a fluaiz ba h-é a mian.
- 21 P. Jr ionda mian do bí a3 Fionn,  
 nac 3-cuircear ruim agh dá éir ;  
 nī mairnean Fionn ná a coin,  
 'r nī mairfid turá, a Oirín féil.
- 22 O. Jr mō do r3éal Fionn na rionn,  
 'r ná a d-táin3 ne ar linn mian ;  
 a n-deacaid, 'r a b-fuil beō,  
 b'feáru Fionn faoi óru ná iad.
- 23 P. 3ac ar bionnair a' r Fionn d'óru,  
 jr olc macar do 'zur duic ;  
 tá ré a n-fernean a nzeall,  
 mar do 3hídead feall a' r bnuib.
- 24 O. Jr bea3 a cíeidiu-re dob 3lóru,  
 a fíru ó'n Róim na leabari m-bán ;  
 3o m-beicé Fionn, agh flaicé fíall,  
 a3 deamian ná a3 diabal ari láim.

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

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

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

“Cuiréirí ocus buíthe bíraí,  
 cúlthéirí cúl cúl bairí z-cuirí,  
 co ríthéarí z-áireamh z-ríth z-áire,  
 ní h-áireamh éar cúl uíad.”

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

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



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

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, bardic schools.

32 O. A deiri turra, a Phátraije ná mánn,  
 náe d-riubrad aη Fhianh Fionh amac;  
 ná cúiz ódizē Eirneann leō,  
 zé'ri mōri a neart faoi feac.

33 Tá rzéal beaz azam-ra ar Fhionh,  
 nī nabamar aηh acēt cúiz fīri dēaz;  
 do zābamar miz Breatain ná b-plead,  
 le neart ar rleaz 'zur ar laoc.

34 Do zabad linn Māzsur mōri,  
 mac miz Loelainh ná lonz m-bneac;  
 éanzamar zāh briōh, zāh rzior,  
 'r do cúineamar ar z-cior a b-fad.

35 A Phátraije, ir triuaz aη rzéal,  
 aη Rz-féinnhō beirē faoi zlar;  
 crioide zāh aηhziadaēt, zāh fuat,  
 crioide criuaid az corhain caē.

36 Ir éazcōiri nār māiē le Dīa,  
 ōri a'r bjad do tabairt do neac;  
 nōri dultaid Fionh triēah ná triuaz,  
 irneann fuar mā'r ē a teac!

37 Mian mīe Chumail fá māiē zhaoi,  
 éirteaēt ne faoi<sup>1</sup> Dhromā Deiriz;<sup>2</sup>  
 codla fá fīuēt Eara Ruaid,<sup>3</sup>  
 'r rjad Zhailine ná z-cuan do feiz.

<sup>1</sup> Faoid signifies a voice, hum, or sound.

<sup>2</sup> Dhrom deanz, literally *the red ridge*. In the *Uzallan ná Seanmiz*, a very curious tract containing a complete history of the *Fianh Eirionh*, it is stated that Dhrom deanz was the ancient name of Drumeliff, a small village in the barony of Carbury, and county of Sligo, remarkable for the remains of an ancient Round Tower. Dhrom deanz was also the ancient name of Dun da leazlar, now Downpatrick, where a great battle was fought, A.D. 1260, between Brian O'Neill and Hugh mac Felim [O'Conor], and the Galls of the North of Ireland, in which many of the Irish chiefs were slain; which event formed the subject of a long poem

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

38  
 O. Szaltarhac loyn Léirneac laoi,  
 tonh Ružmarde<sup>1</sup> az buayh ne tpaiz ;  
 dorban ah dain o mairz Mhaoih,<sup>2</sup>  
 búirne ah laoiž o Zhleanh dá mair.<sup>3</sup>

39  
 Fozari feilze fléibe ž-Crot,<sup>4</sup>  
 fuaim na h-or uim flab ž-Cua ;<sup>5</sup>  
 monžair faoileann Jorruir<sup>6</sup> éall,  
 žair na m-badb or cionh ah t-fluaž.

20  
 Túrhan cneac na m-baric ne tonh,  
 ah-uall conairc do Dhruim-lir ;<sup>7</sup>  
 bhacra Bhrain a ž-Cnoc ah air,<sup>8</sup>  
 'r žair na rreab uim flab Mhr.<sup>9</sup>

41  
 Žlaod Orcuir az dul do feilz,  
 žota žadar ah Leimž na b-Fhianh ;<sup>10</sup>  
 beir na fuidé a mearfž na h-dain,  
 ba h-é rih do žnac a mian.

42  
 Mian do mianairb Orcuir féil,  
 beir az éirneact ne béim ržiac ;  
 beir a ž-cač az coržair chain,  
 ba h-é rih do žnac a mian.

<sup>1</sup> Tonh Ružmarde, *the wave of Rughraidhe* ; a loud surge on Traigh Rudhraidhe, in the Bay of Dundrum in the county of Down, which drowned Rudhraidhe, the son of Partholan.—*Four Masters*, p. 1189.

<sup>2</sup> Mairz Mhaoih, *the plain of Maon*, otherwise called Maonmhagh, a celebrated plain lying around Loughrea, in the county of Galway, the inheritance of the Clanna Moirne.

<sup>3</sup> Žleanh dá mair, *Glen of the two heroes*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>6</sup> *Íorruir, Erris.* An extensive and wild barony in the north-west of the county of Mayo.—*Four Masters.*

<sup>7</sup> *Drumleas, Drumlease,* an old church in ruins, near the east extremity of Lough Gill, in the barony of Dromahaire, and county of Leitrim.—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1360, note i.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Níor cóir dom fealaib beiré tamal mar maol beaḟ,  
 aḟ noḟar, nó aḟ zḟafad, nó aḟ carcaḟ na cré feal.”

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

There are various families in Ireland who derive their patronymic from this term, viz. Maolruanaidh, Maolbrighde, Maolmhichil, Maoldamh-  
 naidh, Maoilsheachlann, Maolmhuire, &c.

48 O. Do bġ 'nari m-buġġin Lġazān luaimheacé,  
 marġ aon a' r Dajne duanaé;  
 Zoba zaoġte a' r Conġabari an aġz,  
 a' r Caoġte crannġairġ mac Ronān.<sup>1</sup>

49 Do bġ Briān aġi cōinġell aġ Fġionn,  
 a' r ġr aġamra do bġ Szeolan;  
 Feāriān aġ Dġarmuġd na m-ban,<sup>2</sup>  
 a' r Aġhuāġll aġmāri aġ Orġur.

50 Eġle bġeac aġ Faolan mac Fġhġn,  
 aġ ġlar mac Aonġearġda Bġairġa, Eġtġll;  
 aġ ġeāri, a' r aġ Zoba na ġ-eac ġzlan,  
 do bġ Fead aġur Forġaġz.

51 Do bġ Seāric aġ Conān māol,  
 a' r Eġrteacġt aġ Caol ġe na ġaob;  
 aġ Luġaġd lāġġri ' r aġ ġoll,  
 do bġ Fuāġm aġur Foġmān.

52 Do bġ Luāġ aġ Lġazān luaimheacé,  
 a' r Daġġaoġn aġ Dajne duanaé;  
 Lġm aġ Zoba zaoġte an ġġmġn,  
 a' r Daol aġ Caoġte mac Ronān.

53 Szaoġteari dūġn zādāġi ġġc Aġhōġra,  
 fā ġmeallaġb cġoc na d-tāġtġb;  
 fā ġġmāġaġb corġorġda Chōriāġn,<sup>3</sup>  
 a' r bġal na loġnāġ<sup>4</sup> ġe fāġaġd.

54 Aġ rūd roġi zo beġn Bōġairġ,<sup>5</sup>  
 ġġn ba ġeōġmāri aġ ġ-ādāġca;  
 fġri Dhāġne a ġ-coġll zo ġuġġ-bġn,  
 a' r ġad aġ orġadāġl aġi ġāġtġb.

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

<sup>2</sup> Dġarmuġd na m-ban. This is *Diarmuid O'Duibhne*, the subject of our

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> *Corann*, now Keash, or Ceis-chorainn, in the county of Roscommon.

<sup>4</sup> *Lothán*, literally means a lamb, but is here applied to the young deer.

<sup>5</sup> *Beinn bóchar*, the peak of Bothar. Not identified.

- 57 O. Sea áct b-*ri*ccíod *dam* allta *laidir*,  
 ó *Rinn-na*ác<sup>1</sup> zo *Fócaoi* ;<sup>2</sup>  
*caozad* *faol*éon, *caozad* *moir*-*toric*,  
*z*híon *ar* *h*-óz-*éon* a *b*-*Foim*aoil.<sup>3</sup>
- 57 Sín *an* *éad* *lá* do *r*zaoilead  
*fuir*eanh *d*'*ar* *rao*icéib *con* a *z*-*clur*éce ;  
*a*'*r* *h*í *ma*iríonh *dá* *raib* a *lá*tair  
*uc* ! a *Phá*tríac, *áct* *mire*.
- 57 2í *Phá*tríac, *ir* *trua*z *mire*,  
*am* *í*eanóir zo *h*-*atuir*feac ;  
*z*an *réim*, *z*an *ta*pa, *z*an *tr*eoir,  
*az* *tr*íall *éum* *aif*iríon zo *h*-*alt*óir.
- 58 3an *ar*id-*í*adaac *Luac*air *Dhea*za,<sup>4</sup>  
*z*an *m*íolta *rléib*e *Cu*ilíon ;<sup>5</sup>  
*z*an *dul* a *h*-*z*líaríob *le* *F*íonh,  
*z*an *ra*ir *r*zol *ma*ir *é*leaátaíon.
- 51 3an *de*abta, *z*an *dé*anain *cre*ac,  
*z*an *im*íre *ar* *é*leatíab *lú*ic ;  
*z*an *dul* *az* *ru*iríob *há* *reilz*,  
*dá* *é*iríob *há* *raib* *mo* *dú*il.
- 60 P. S3uir a *í*eanóir, *léiz* *dod* *ba*oir,  
*h*í *beaz* *duic* *fearta* a *h*-*de*áiríaoir ;  
*r*muair *ar* *há* *ra*ntaib *atá* *reom*ad,  
*d*'*im*éiz *an* *F*híain *azur* *im*éeoáir.
- 61 O. 2há *im*éizim, a *Phá*tríac, *há*ir *í*áztar *éur*a,  
 a *í*ir *an* *é*iríob *é*oiríiríze ;<sup>6</sup>  
*dá* *ma*irífead *Con*án *am* *dá*il,  
*h*í *léiz*íob *leat* do *é*íarían.

<sup>1</sup> *Rinn-na*ác, a promontary, probably, in *Ibh Rathach*, (Iveragh) county of Kerry. Perhaps Bolus head on Ballinaskellig bay.

<sup>2</sup> *Fócaoi*, not identified.

<sup>3</sup> *Foim*aoil, see p. 18, note 7.

<sup>4</sup> *Luac*air *Dhea*za, now *Sliabh Luachra*, sometimes called *Ciarruidhe Luachra*, from *Ciar*, one of the ancient kings of Munster, a long range

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> Sliabh Cuilinn, now Sliabh Guillinn in the county of Armagh.

<sup>6</sup> Τσιμωμνίζε, i.e., *ascetic*, literally of the forbidding heart, because the saint forbade him to enjoy many of his pleasures.

62

O. Da mað é an lá do bġ Fġonh,  
 a ġ-cačāġb ārlne a'ġ a n-ġġlāð ;  
 tārlne an čolanġ ġan čeanġ<sup>1</sup>  
 čuġarlġ ġo ġleanġ đā đāġ.<sup>2</sup>

63

Ĥr čuġad a čānġar đm čeač řēġ,  
 Ĥr bġeaġčā đāč āġur ġġāol ;  
 āġ Ĥārlāđ āĤġe āĤġ an b-řġeġġġ,  
 Ĥr řēđġġ leo řġġ a ġēġġ.

64

Đo ġēāđāĤġ āĤġġod, đġ, ā'ġ bġur ;  
 bġod řġġ āġad āĤġ do čuāĤġđ ;  
 Ĥġčġġ āġolġ, đo Ĥāđ řġonġ,  
 Ĥr ġġčġđ Ĥġġ tu đul uāġġ.

65

Ĥġ ġēāđāđ āĤġġod čuġam ġā đġ,  
 a Ĥġġ-řēġġġđ an ġġđġġ đġġ ;  
 āčġ ġurā řēġ, ġāġ čēġġ āĤġ an b-řēġġġ,  
 do beġġ āġam ġāĤ čēġġe řġġ.

66

Ĥr bġġāčāĤġ đāġġā, do Ĥāđ an Ĥġġ,  
 đā ġ-beġđġġġ-řġ ġāġ ġġāol Ĥeġġ Ĥāe ;  
 ġā beġđġġġ āġāđ-ġā ġāĤ řġolġ,  
 āĤġ a b-řul đ ġeāġġ ġo řēāĤ.

67

O čuġāĤġ do bġġāčāĤġ āĤġ đ-čūĤġ,  
 āĤġ Olġġġ, a ġ-clolġ đo'ġ řġġeġġġ ;  
 čulġġġġe čurā řđ ġēĤġ,  
 ġġġā ġ-đeġġġġġ řēĤġ Ĥolġ řēġġ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

black horses, with a *headless* coachman, and a *headless* footman, had been seen driving at a furious rate, in the dead hour of mid-night, through the village of Stradbally. The coach itself was said to contain one of Cosbys ; but the writer of this note does not now recollect the particular individual mentioned<sup>1</sup>.

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

- 68 O. 21) uair do rmuairnear air mo laoz,  
 tuzur an t-rum riu a z-céill;  
 do luítoir lé a z-coráid,  
 mar do b' í mo fáil do mhaoi.
- 69 22) teaét do' h Fhéilín cum baile,  
 na d-tuair, na z-ceáirí, na z-cúilín;  
 a z féacáin na mhá do b' áilhe,  
 hoi cum leo cé' r tuirze.
- 70 23) teaét do' h éoláin z an éalín,  
 do h' rúd 'ran h-zleán d'ar d-teaét;  
 ir ionda maoi do h' fá éilí,  
 deic z-céad cú a' r deic z-céad eac.
- 71 Deic z-céad eac zoha rrián,  
 deic z-céad cú zoha z-coihall;  
 deic z-céad zolla na maib near,  
 a' r deic z-céad fear do' h imteaét.
- 72 Deic z-céad coim na h-bí ói,  
 deic z-céad cloideán cóir a' r ríac;  
 dá mad maoidte dáinra, deic z-céad bó,  
 tuzar dom céile an aohló iad.
- 73 Do beir fáinne d'Óirín éill,  
 ir mictó hóm tuill dom téac;  
 do zéadaid tu zác airze uaid,  
 aét zán uirze do buain leir.
- 74 Tairn z fáinleó z faoi an b-Féilín,  
 do mu z an fáinne faoi an loc;  
 d'iméil an fáinne ó íoin ahuar,  
 zán éioir a ríeíl zur ahoét.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

75 O. Ean ruad<sup>1</sup> na rziacáin<sup>1</sup> niabać,  
 'r éan beaz eile<sup>2</sup> ruar na béal ;  
 az zabáil a z-cuarid ór ár z-ceann,  
 az reinnim na b-ponn ran aeðear.

76 Do báðar azur Fionn féin,  
 az féacáin na n-éan ne feal ;  
 zan fíor, zan tuairniz, cá n-deacáid an t-éan,  
 ná fíor rzéala cá n-deacáid an bean.

77 P. Ir beaz rin, a ðeizínic Fhinn,  
 ní naib azad iunte aćt feal ;  
 ir feáir fanamúin mar a taoi,  
 ná beic arír na mearfz.

78 O. A inic Airpluin an zlóin ðil,  
 ir maiz bein taob ne cléir na cloz ;  
 do báðar azur Caoilte, mo luad,  
 azur do báðmar uair náir boct.

79 Ceól ne a z-codlad Fionn zan dóic,  
 laćáin ó loć na d-trí z-Caol ;<sup>3</sup>  
 rzaltaimac loin Dhoime an ćáin,<sup>4</sup>  
 a'r búicre an daín ó zleann-na-z-Caol.<sup>5</sup>

80 Dhá laćáin ó Loć Eirne,<sup>6</sup>  
 dá ðoðar-ćoin<sup>7</sup> ó Loć Meilze ;<sup>8</sup>  
 dá zearmíad ó'n Dhoime ćall,<sup>9</sup>  
 a'r dá feabac fléibe z-Conaill.<sup>10</sup>

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

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

<sup>3</sup> Loć na d-trí z-Caol, the lake of the three Caols. This is the name of a small lough near Kells in the county of Meath.

<sup>4</sup> Dhoime an Cháin, Derrycarn. Now Derrycarn in the county of Meath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> Σλεαη ηα 5-Caor, *the glen of the berries*. Not mentioned by the Four Masters; but there is a *Gleann-na g-Caor* in the county of Cork.

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

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

81 O. Fead an éolairi ó Shleann na m-buad,<sup>1</sup>  
 nó ó rZairic éruaid Dhruim le rruic;<sup>2</sup>  
 ceapca rruic ó Chruacán Chruim,<sup>3</sup>  
 nó fead dobaróin Dhruim re Coim.

82 Szaltairiac loin Dhoime an éairi,<sup>4</sup>  
 ní éualad ruim, dar zo deimhin,  
 ceól ba bhuine lhom ná é,  
 acé zo m-beidhin fá bui a neid.

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

<sup>8</sup> Loch Meilghe, *the lake of Meilghe*. The Four Masters record, under date A.M. 4694, that Meilghe Molbhthach, son of Cobhthach Caol Breagh, after having been seventeen years in the sovereignty of Ireland, fell in the battle of Claire, by Modhchorb. When his grave was digging, Loch Meilghe burst forth over the land in Cairbre, so that it was named after him. It is situated on the confines of the counties of Fermanagh, Leitrim, and Donegal. See *Four Masters*, A.M. 4694, note h.

<sup>9</sup> Bhuine éall. This must be some adjacent plain or green.

<sup>10</sup> Sliab z-Conall, *the mountain or hill of Conall*. Called after Conall Gulban, who was nursed at the *Beinn* or peak of Gulban, where the hardest hawks in Ireland were found in the latter end of the fifteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> Sleann na m-buad, *the glen of victories or conquests*. Not mentioned by the *Four Masters*.

<sup>2</sup> Dhruim re rruic, *the ridge by the stream*. Unknown.

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

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

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

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

‘ *Doimne an Chroim*, Derrycarn. In the *Transactions of the Galic*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



O. This mouth conversing with thee,  
 May [it] never to a priest confess ;  
 If I would not prefer the crumbs of Fionn's house  
 To my share of your entertainments.

P. That was the picking of the banks,  
 And the chase of the craggy hills ;  
 Hell was his portion at the end,  
 Because of your unbelief.

O. Not so to us indeed,  
 But our fill of wine and meat ;  
 The first of justice and equality at feasts,  
 Delicious draughts and all drinking them.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Ἐπιμαρᾶς ἢ ἀ β-φορε*, *picking or gleaning of the banks*. Here St. Patrick intimates that Fionn's table was not so plentifully supplied after all. That the viands consisted of berries picked up in the bays, and of wild animals captured on the "craggy hills," which were for that reason in poor condition and not easily eaten.

- 90 O. 21 Phátmaic iuyir danj tré múy,  
 ór azad atá an t-eóluir ir féáiri;  
 an léiḡfeair mo ḡadair ná mo éú,  
 liom ḡo cúirre mḡḡ ná nḡráir?
- 91 P. 21 féanóiri atá air baoir,  
 a' r' nac faḡairm crijé do éur oir;  
 nḡ léiḡfeair do ḡadair ná do éú,  
 leat ḡo cúirre mḡḡ ná meáct.
- 92 O. 21 m-bad azamra bjad aḡne air Dliá,  
 a' r' ḡo m-bjad mo éú dom' réiri;  
 do páirteóairiy é dom' éoir,  
 ḡid b'é do béairad bjad dam féir.
- 93 P. 21 Na h-abairi riy a féanóiri,  
 a' r' tu a n-deirre h-airre;  
 nḡ coḡram, ḡan bréaḡ, an brieḡ,  
 do beirri air mo mḡḡ-rí.
- 94 O. 21 Dob' féairi aon éurad aḡáir lárdir,  
 do bí air Fhianhaib Éiréan;  
 ná tḡairna an éirábaid,  
 azur tura féir, a Chléimḡ.
- 95 P. 21 Oiriy ná nḡair lanu,  
 éanar ná briaḡra buile;  
 dob' féairi Dia me h-air ló,  
 ná Fianhaib Éiréan uile.
- 96 O. 21 ḡid tamre aoir ḡan flairéar,  
 a' r' mé iar ḡ-caḡéirí m'airre;  
 a Phátmaic, ná tabair aḡir,  
 do nḡairéib élanha Baoirre.

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



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

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

- 104 O. Do badara azur flajê ya b-Fianu,  
a' r tope ar iariarid uaiuu a uzleanu;  
ba meara liom nac b-faca an fjad,  
na do eliarfa beje zan ceanu.
- 105 P. Aca tu dolaraç zan çiall,  
ir meara duje riu na beje dall;  
da b-fujçtea do madare arçiz,  
ba nidi do çion ar flajtear çall.
- 106 O, Dob' arce liom leim an ruje,  
no madare ar bnoje idir da zleanu;  
na a uzeallanu do bealra dam,  
a' r a b-fujziuu do fult a b-flajtear çall.
- 107 P. Aca do muuñziñ bacoç zan rlioçt,  
d'imçiz do fult azur do zmeanu;  
muua uzlacad tu mo çoniarije 'hoçt,  
ni b-fujzid tu beje a bur na çall.
- 108 O. Da m-bejdiuuyi azur an Fhianu aujuç,  
ar beiuu çnoje aç tariariuñ lann;<sup>1</sup>  
d'arindeouy leabari, çiar, a' r çloiz,  
biad moça azuuy beje a bur no çall.<sup>2</sup>
- 109 P. Ni iarb ioneta açt mar çal ruip,  
no mar riuuç aç teaçt o zleanu;  
no mar rjoçzaorçe ar inoçliuu çnoje,  
çaç luçt açarb da iarb iian auu.
- 110 O. Do badar a m-Beariua an da Zhoill,<sup>3</sup>  
a b-foçari luçt na u-aiuu teanu;  
dob' feari liom a u-aiçte açam,  
na an triup ro na m-baçal ç-cam.

<sup>1</sup> Lann, a blade, sometimes means the head of a lance or spear. In some copies of the poem the word beanu, is incorrectly substituted for lann, by illiterate scribes.

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

<sup>2</sup> 21 BUR NA ÉALL, *on this side or that*. A common Irish phrase for "in this world or the next."

<sup>3</sup> BEARNNA AN DA GHOLL, i.e., *the gap of the two Golls*. Not identified.

111

P. Jr maic̄ aca a f̄ior aʒam,  
ca b-fuif ar ljc a' r cori na c̄eahh;  
rʒiuiiŕiðe d̄a iuaʒad le uŕi,  
a' r ʒah luēt ueŕiic̄ aʒ tealēt d̄a c̄abaŕi.

112

O. Nj b̄iŕiŕ ljom do ʒl̄õr ʒah rult,  
c̄ja t̄a tu ʒlic ar do iahh;  
uŕ c̄luŕiŕm f̄eŕŕ fead ah loŕi,<sup>1</sup>  
b̄reac ar ŕiuē<sup>2</sup> n̄a toŕic̄ a uʒleahh.

113

P. Na mealltar tu a ʒ-coŕiariŕle ah c̄oiŕiŕ,  
ŕr maic̄ leō ŕiŕ tealēt ad c̄eahh;  
iari na coda m̄õŕie ar ah ʒ-cuið m-biʒ,  
õ na c̄ m-beahhŕiʒc̄ear iad abur n̄a c̄all.

114

O. Da m-biad̄ Sʒolb Sʒeiŕe aʒam,  
uð Ofcui ʒlic na ʒ-caē d-teahh;  
uŕ b̄iad̄maoiŕ ʒah feōliŕac̄ ahoēt,  
ar c̄oiŕiariŕle cloʒ na ŕeac̄t m-beahh.

115-

P. A Oŕŕŕ, õ d'imeŕiʒ do c̄iŕall,  
ʒlac na b̄riac̄ma ŕo le ʒreahh;  
ŕr deŕiŕiŕ ljom ʒo d-teŕeŕŕŕiŕ ah ŕ'hiaŕh,  
a' r ʒo uʒc̄eab̄ariŕ le D̄ia na ŕeahh.

<sup>1</sup> Fead ah loŕi. The whistle or song of the blackbird.

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

P. Well am I aware, [in his head,  
 Where he is [stretched] on a flag-stone and a twist  
 Scourges assailing him with poison.  
 And no mighty clans coming to his aid,

O. Not sweet to me [is] thy voice without cheer,  
 Tho' thou art clever at thy verses ;  
 I hear not the blackbird's song,  
 A trout in the rivulet, or a boar in the glen.

P. Be not deceived by the counsel of the flesh,  
 They shall be glad to dwell with thee ;  
 The happiness of the great be on the few,  
 As they are not blessed here or there.

O. Were Scolb Sgeine with me,  
 Or the wise Oseur of battles fierce ;  
 We should not be without flesh this night,  
 At the command of the bells of the seven tolls.

P. Oisin, as thy understanding is gone,  
 Accept these tidings with joy ;  
 I verily believe thou wilt forsake the Fians,  
 And that thou wilt walk with the God of heaven.

“ Զերբբեցեց զարեւ թօժու՛,  
 յոյրդարոյ զա իւր ծոցիւն ;  
 ի՞նչ յարեաց զօրի 1 զալլ զար,  
 ի՞նչ զարձիցեց զի զի յոյն .”

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

\* This bird is supposed to be the eagle.

- 116 O. Jr iongha liom do comrad dian,  
a cléimig do cuardaig zác ball;  
a mád zo d-tréiZFionn féin an Fhianh,  
dionz fial fairrinz nár zánh.
- 117 P. Da b-faicfeára muirín Dé,  
az ruidé zo zléarta cum flead;  
jr fairrinze bíor aca zác róz,  
ná az muirín Fhionn zid móir a meaf.
- 118 Jr feáru zo moir rzéalra anoir,  
zlóirne díl a'r cur iona ceany;  
zlac an aitéirze éóir anoir,  
déin leoirzhoim abur a'r ná caill éall.
- 119 O. Do cáill mé mo éill abur,  
a'r n' ba nheara liom ná rin;  
do cáilleaf Fionn an aig,  
'r na fir aine do bí fial.
- 120 P. Aca Fionn a'r an Fhianh anoir,  
zo dubróhac ar lic na b-pian;  
zairbre le mac Dé 'na n-áit,  
a'r n' beid baogal oir beic zán éill.
- 121 O. Ní éreidim féin do zlóir anoir,  
a cléimig na m-bacal z-cam;  
zo m-biad Fionn a'r an Fhianh arzig,  
muna b-fuizdír rult a beicé any.
- 122 P. Zlac an aitéirze éóir anoir,  
ful a z-cuirfeáru fíor ad éionh;  
zéill do Dhia, a'r beid fíor a zád,  
cía aco arzig nó amuic tá Fionn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1123

- O. Da m-bjad Fionn azam a' r mac an Loyn,<sup>1</sup>  
 diaf nam dmuib o zleo na lanu;  
 d'aimdeoiu do eliam azur a z-cloiz,  
 ir azuiuy do beidead an ball.

124

- P. Nj bjad riu eoidee am bur z-cuir,  
 ir fearu an luét atá anu;  
 mac miz ueime djbneaf na h-uile,  
 ir mōn a éion an duine dall.

125

- O. Ma' r dall atá muhctiu De,  
 a' r zuiab jad na daill ir anhra leir;  
 ir corimail nac z-cuirfead an Fhianh,  
 zo tead na b-pian da rziur.

126

- P. Cráidteadé ort a feandōn,  
 éanar na bmaera buile;  
 dob' fearu Dia ne h-aon uair,  
 na Fianha Eirnean uile.

127

- O. A Phátmaic na bacaisle cairne,  
 do bein ort freaziad dána;  
 do bjad do bacal na bmuizair,  
 dá m-bjad Orcuir do látaim.

128

- Da m-beidead mo mac Orcuir azur Dia,  
 lan am lan am Chnoc na b-Fhianh;<sup>2</sup>  
 dá b-fairfuyne mo mac am lan,  
 deairfaiuy zui fearu láidim Dia.

129

- Cionnur dob' féidim le Dia,  
 na a eliam a beiré n' bur fearu;  
 na Fionn flaité, Ríz na b-Fianh,  
 duine rial do b' zay éaim?

<sup>1</sup> Mac an Loyn, the name of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's spear.

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> Cnoc na b-*Fian*, i.e., the hill of the Fenians. Probably *Cnoc-an-air*, in the county of Kerry, is the hill referred to.

130 O.      Ɔac a n-abar tu a' r an cliar,  
 do méir maḡlac níḡ na meann;  
 do bí rúd a b-Ɔianuab Ɔhionn,  
 a' r cáid a b-Ɔlaitear De zo teann.

131      Da n-beidead aic an ríor ná ruar,  
 dob' feárr ná Ɔlaitear De;  
 ir an do maead Ɔionn,  
 a' r a maib aize do'n Ɔhéinn.

132      2i deir tufa nac d-téid Ɔial,  
 zo h-irreann ná b-Ɔianu zo briaé;  
 ní maib aon neac' ran b-Ɔéinn,  
 nac maib Ɔial amearḡ cáic.

133      Da b-Ɔaiceara, a cléirniḡ cáid,  
 an Ɔhianu la ar an d-triaḡ<sup>1</sup> úd éar;  
 nó a Nar Laizeann<sup>2</sup> ná rroéan réin,  
 ar an b-Ɔéinn ba mhó do mear.

134      2i Phátraic Ɔaímaiz do Dhia,  
 an cuimh leir an Ɔhianu do beic beó;  
 nó a b-Ɔacaib ré ríor ná ríar,  
 Ɔir dob' feárr ná iad a nḡleó?

135      Nó a b-Ɔacaib ré' ná dúicé Ɔéin,  
 Ɔid aró é ór ar Ɔ-ionn;  
 a nḡiall, a Ɔ-coḡad, nó a neair,  
 Ɔear do bí cóin-maic le Ɔionn.

<sup>1</sup> Ɔriaḡ, *strand*. This must refer to the battle of Ventry (*Fionn Traigh*) fought in the third century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the *Fianna Eireann*, now in preparation for the Society, from a manuscript of the fourteenth century.

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> NAR LAIGEAN, now Naas, in the county of Kildare, a noted place  
 in Fenian history.

136 P. Oirín is bíonn liom do glóir,  
 a' r beannaíte fóir le h-anmhuin Fhionn;  
 airtíur dúinn cá mhéid fíad,  
 do mhairbáiz ar Shliabh na m-Ban Fhionn.<sup>1</sup>

137 O. Do rzaorleamair aon mhíle cú,  
 dob' féarur lúe a' r do bí zairz;  
 do túir dá fíad le zac cú díob,  
 a' r an oimead leir an b-Féirín uile.

138 Dhá cóir d'éaz ar Shliabh Luacra,<sup>2</sup>  
 dá cóir mhóir a m-Beairna an Scail;<sup>3</sup>  
 dá cóir a n-iaréar an Rómair,<sup>4</sup>  
 a' r dá cóir an abair Bhanha.<sup>5</sup>

139 Dhá cóir az Cairzín na z-cloé,<sup>6</sup>  
 a' r dá cóir ar loé Jure Uí Chuirín;<sup>7</sup>  
 dá cóir a b-Fhorraoir na b-Fianh,<sup>8</sup>  
 a' r dá cóir air Shliabh na m-Ban b-Fhionn.

140 2i Phátraic, a z-cualad tu an t-realz,  
 a mhíe Calpúirín na pralm ráim;  
 mar do miznead le Fhionn na aonar,  
 a' r zay aon neac an d'Fhianhaib Fzil?

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

<sup>2</sup> Sliabh Luacra, now Sliabh Luachar, in the counties of Cork and Kerry.

<sup>3</sup> Beairna an Scail, *Gap of Scat*. See note, p. 4.

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

<sup>5</sup> Bhanha, the river Bann, in the county of Wexford, celebrated by George Ogle in the beautiful song:—

“As down by Banna's banks I stray'd.

- P. Oisín, sweet to me is thy voice,  
 And a blessing furthermore, on the soul of Fionn ;  
 Relate to us how many deer  
 Were slain at Sliabh-na-m-Ban Fionn.
- O. We loosened one thousand hounds,  
 The swiftest, and the most fierce ;  
 There fell by each hound two stags,  
 And as many more, by all the Fenians.
- Twelve hounds at Sliabh Luachra,  
 And two large hounds at Bearna-an-Scail,  
 Two hounds on the west of the Rower,  
 And two hounds at the river Bann.
- Two hounds at Carrigeen of the rocks,  
 And two hounds, at the lake of Inchiquin ;  
 Two hounds at Formaoil of the Fians,  
 And two hounds at Sliabh-na-m-Ban-Fionn.
- O Patrick, hast thou heard of the chase,  
 O son of Calphruin of the tuneful psalms ;  
 How it was made by Fionn alone,  
 And no one with him of the Fians of Fail ?

<sup>6</sup> *Carraigín na g-cló,* Carrigeen of the rocks. This is the name of a townland, on the Walsh mountains, in the county of Kilkenny ; but whether it is the Carrigeen alluded to in the text we cannot determine.

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

<sup>8</sup> *Formaoil na b-Fian.* This Formaoil is situated between Miltown and Ennis, in the county of Clare.

141

P. Ní cualad, a mhic an Rí,;  
 a Oirín zlic na nGhóim nGair;;  
 airtur dam a' r ná can zó,  
 ciondur do mízhead líb an t-realz?

142

O. Ní cánamaoirne an Fhianh zó,  
 a' r bréaz linn njoir ramla; miam;  
 le fíruhn a' r le neart ar lám,  
 do éizmir plan ar zac zliad.

143

Njoir fuid cléiread a z-cill,  
 zid bhinn líb a cánaid p'alim;  
 dob' fearu focal ná an Fhianh,  
 fir náir loc a nglad zairb.

144

Njoir fuid cléiread a z-cill,  
 a Phátraic cáoirí ir bhinn zlóir;  
 dob' féile ná Fionn féin,  
 fearu nac caol do bhonhad óir.

145

Da mairfead mac Mórna meair,  
 nó Soll calma náir cáir réad;  
 nó mac Uí Dhuibhe na m-ban,  
 an laoc do cúiread caé ar céad.

146

Da mairfead Fearzúr file rial,  
 fearu a z-canta do mona ar an b-Féin;  
 nó Dáire do feirnead zán loct,  
 a nzué do élog n'í bíad mo rpeir.

147

Da mairfead mac Zairiad na lann,  
 an fearu náir zann az cur an áir;  
 Orcur nó mac Ronáin zruhn,  
 do éróhan ran z-cill njoir fáim.

P. I have not heard, O son of the king,  
 O wise Oisin of the fierce deeds ;  
 Relate to me and tell no untruth,  
 How the chase was made by ye ?

O. We [the Fenians] never used to tell untruth,  
 Falsehood was never attributed to us ;  
 By truth and the might of our hands,  
 We came safe out of every conflict.

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

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

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

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

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

148

- O. Da maſſſſeað Ƴloðh Beaz mac Fhionn,  
 nð Fæolay Ƴriuy nâr éarri neac;  
 nð Conân Ƴhaol do bĳ Ƴan ƳmuaiƳ,  
 1r 1að ð'fæƳ me fæoi Ƴmuaim le feal!

149

- Nó an t-abac beaz do bĳ aƳ Fĳionn,  
 do éurpeað Ƴac ðurri na éoiréirri ruairi;  
 ba bĳurri lĳom ruairi a mhéar,  
 nâ a b-fuil ðo'ų éléiri a Ƴ-cill a' r a ð-tuarĳt.

150

- O r ayoct nac maſſſeann an Fhianu,  
 nâ Fĳionn fial na ų-ðuar;  
 do ðoðari rianrân na pſalm,  
 a' r Ƴlôri Ƴarĳ na Ƴ-cloƳ mo éluar.

151

- P. SƳurri do béal a feayóiri ruairic,  
 nâ bĳ fearða aƳ luad na b-Fĳianu;  
 a' r Ƴo ų-deacáðari éoiri mar an Ƴ-ceó,  
 a' r Ƴo m-béið Ƴo ðeó a ųƳlar na b-rĳau!

152

- O. Na h-abairi riu, a Phátmaric Ƴlic,  
 a' r nac marĳ ar bĳt nâ ar neairi na ųƳmar,  
 aon laoc le a m-béarfeairde buad,  
 ar éearri an t-ruaiƳ, Fĳionn an aĳ.

153

- Ƴhuna m-béiðeað na Ƴearra do bĳ ar Fhionn,  
 a' r nâr mĳau lei r bĳrpeað tĳið;  
 a b-fuil iðiri neairi aƳur lâr,  
 ųĳ élaríðfĳiðr lâr mo mĳ.

154

- P. 1r é mo mĳ-re ðealbairĳ neairi,  
 1r é do beiri neairi do laoc;  
 1r é do éum an bĳot-buar,  
 1r é do beiri blác na Ƴ-craob.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

955  
P. Ir é do dealbairé éarza a' r zriar,  
ir é do beirir iarz ar linn;  
ir é do éruairé zort a' r féar,  
nī h-ionann a' r éacra Fhionn.

156  
O. Nī ar éruairé zort na féir,  
éuz mo ruz-re féir a dúil;  
acé ar éorzarit corpa laoc,  
ar éorhan crioó, a' r ar éur a élu.

197  
Ar ruiréiré, ar ruirit, ar réiré,  
ar noctad meirze a d-túir zleó;  
ar ruirit réiréille,<sup>1</sup> a' r ar rhan,  
a' r ar réiréan éaré a d-tuz an óil.

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

“Cia t-airm-reo? ol Eochairé. Nī ardarit ror, ol ré, Míoir Dnež Leir. Cib dot noacé? ol Eochairé? Do imbir réiréille ruirer, ol ré. Am maré re em, ol Eochairé, for réiréille? Zi rnoiradúin, ol Míoir. Aca, ol Eochairé in ruzar i n-a corlud, ir le in tech aca in réiréille. Aca ruid énaré, ol Míoir réiréille nar merro. Ba réir onclat narzic our réir óir, our ruireruid [i. larad] cala harid ror in élar di luc lozmar, our réir bolz di réir ruid éruiré. Céruiré Míoir in réiréille iar rir. Imbir, ol Míoir. Nī imbiréacé di zull, ol Eochairé. Cib zell bjar an? ol Míoir. Cumma im, ol Eochairé. Roé bja lmar, ol Míoir, ma tú berer mo éocell caezac zabur n-dubzlar.”

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

P. It is he, that made the moon and the sun,  
 It is, he that brings fish into a lake ;  
 It is he, that formed field and grass,  
 Not like the deeds of Fionn.

O. 'Twas not in forming fields and grass,  
 That my king took delight ;  
 But in mangling the bodies of heroes,  
 In contesting kingdoms and spreading his fame.

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

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

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

" Ro dhéat ó aríon cozle,  
 Zl ceití a loíon Oíre a zhe,  
 Zíolla mítreach uall moí rímach,  
 Flanna fíora fíbhíollach."

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

158 O. 21 Phátmaic, cá maib do Dhia,  
 aḡ tan éáihic aḡ diaḡ tar leaḡ?  
 éuz leó beaḡ miḡ Loélanḡ ḡa loḡḡ,  
 lé'ḡ éuḡc iomad foḡḡ raḡ tḡeaḡ?

159 Nó aḡ tan éáihic aḡ Deaḡḡ diaḡ,  
 maḡ miḡ Loélanḡ ḡa rḡiaé ḡ-óḡḡ;  
 cḡéad ḡaḡ fḡoḡtaḡḡ miḡ ḡa ḡaóḡ,  
 dóḡḡ aḡ béḡḡioḡḡaḡḡ aḡ fḡḡ ḡóḡḡ?

160 Nó aḡ tan éáihicḡ 2ḡaḡḡḡḡ ḡóḡḡ,  
 aḡ feaḡ ba ḡoḡḡ a ḡḡleo ḡaḡ éḡḡ;  
 ḡḡ coḡḡaḡḡ dá ḡaḡḡfead do miḡ,  
 ḡo ḡ-cuḡḡeoóad le Fḡaḡḡaḡḡ Fḡḡḡḡ.

161 Nó aḡ tan éáihicḡ Taḡc maḡ Tḡeoḡḡ,  
 aḡ feaḡ aḡ aḡ b-Fḡéḡḡḡ do éuḡḡ aḡ t-áḡ;  
 ḡḡ le 2ḡa do éuḡc aḡ cuḡad,  
 acé le ḡ-Orcuḡ aḡeaḡḡ éacé.

162 2ḡlleaḡḡ, maḡ Baóḡa ḡóḡḡ,  
 le ḡḡllcḡ Teaḡḡaḡḡ ḡa rḡuaḡḡ d-cḡéaḡ;  
 ḡḡoḡ láḡḡḡ rḡḡ, ḡa ḡḡaḡḡ do miḡ,  
 dul dá élaóḡḡ acé Fḡoḡḡ fḡéḡḡ.

163 Iomda caé, ḡaḡḡḡ, a'ḡ ḡḡad,  
 do comóḡad ḡe Fḡaḡḡaḡḡ Fḡaḡ;  
 ḡḡ éuaḡad ḡo ḡ-deaḡḡa éacé  
 miḡ ḡa ḡaóḡ, ḡa ḡuḡ deaḡḡ a láḡḡḡ.

164 P. Léḡḡḡḡḡḡ d'áḡ ḡ-comóḡtaḡ aḡ ḡacé taob,  
 a feaḡóḡḡ éḡḡḡ acá ḡaḡ ééḡḡ;  
 tuḡḡ ḡo b-fuḡḡ 2ḡa aḡ ḡeaḡḡ ḡa ḡ-oḡḡ,  
 aḡuḡ Fḡoḡḡ a'ḡ a fḡlóḡḡce uḡle a b-péḡḡḡ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

165

O. Ba mhóir an náinne riu do Dhia,  
 zán zlar na b-pian do buair d'Fhionn;  
 azur Dia féin, dá m-biad' a m-bruid,  
 zo d-rioidfead an flait tar a ceann.

166

Níor fularn z Fionn ar fead a rae,  
 neac do beir a b-péinn ná a nzuair;  
 zán fuarzlad ar le h-airzead nó ór,  
 le caé nó zleó, zo m-beirnead buad.

167

Jr maic an teann dam ar do Dhia,  
 beir amearz a élar, mar táim;  
 zán biad, zán éadaic, zán céol,  
 zán beir az briunnad óir ar dáim.

168

Zán záir na nzaðar ná na rroc,  
 zán beir coiméad porc ná cuan;  
 do éionn a b-fuarar d'earbad an bide,  
 maicim do miz neime am' uac.

169.

Zán rhan, zán fiazaideac, zán Fionn,  
 zán fuirzid fal-ban, zán rporc;  
 zán fuidead a n-ionad mar ba dual,  
 zán fozluim clear lúe ná zleó.

170

P. Léiz eura do beir dá mion,  
 a nhe an Ríz ba maic clú;  
 zéill do'n té do zúid zac maic,  
 cionn do ceann a' r feac do zlin.

171

Buarl d'uc a' r doime do deór,  
 cneid do'n té tá ór do éionn;  
 zid zur b'ionzua leac a luad,  
 jr é do miz buair ar Fhionn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

172 O.    21 Phátraic, dá m-beidhúirí zán éill,  
do rzarfaionn leob' éléir a z-cionn;  
ní bíad leabair ná baéal bán,  
ná cloz tráta aon do éill.

173 21 dúbairte Oiríu, mo rzeal truaí!  
ní bhon hion fuaim do béil;  
zoiífeadhra zo fuar, acé ní fá Dhlia,  
acé faoi Fhionn ná b-íann zán beicé beó!

174 P.    21 21 do zeallair aitéir dúionn,  
tréiz, reácuion, fuac a' r feariz;  
mar do zeallair ionnir ahoir,  
ciondur do ruznead líb an t-realz.<sup>1</sup>

175 O.    21 21 b'ionzha dúionn a beicé bhóhad,  
a' r ceann an rloiz beicé d'áir n-dicé;  
zid b'é do máoicfead oimionn zán záime,  
ir dúionn dob' adbair beicé az caoi!

<sup>1</sup> An t-realz, *the chase*. This poem, which forms part of the *Zeallair*, and generally comes in here in our Irish manuscripts, is printed in full in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, p. 412, *Dub.* 1816, with a metrical translation at p. 91, to which we refer the reader. The Rev. Dr. Drummond has also made a highly poetic translation of it, which

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

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

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

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

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



## THE BATTLE OF CNOC AN AIR.

---

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

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

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

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

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

O.      Crieid uairne, a Fhionn, na z-cruad lann,  
           zo b-fuill an tóir a h-ziomeact daoib;  
           féac na héala fola<sup>1</sup> úd,  
           az bazari dúbac taoib ar éaoib.

    D'féac Fhionn ór a éionn ruar,  
           a' r do éonairic tuar fola zo triéan;  
           ir eagal hom, do máid an raor,  
           zo d-tiocfaid air-zuair air an b-Fhéionn.

    Do zóir Fhionn éuzze Orcuir,  
           a' r dubairic, a éuraid na lann zéar,  
           ir cuibe duic a beic az caor,  
           féac air ízúib an aeóir.

    A miz na b-Fhianu, do máid Orcuir,  
           há zlac b'iodz há anbfann éirid;  
           ata ueairic a' r lúe ad zéazuib,  
           a' r trom-fluaz triéan med' éaoib.

    Do éairéamar uile an Fhianu,  
           fealad az zruun-airic na ueul;  
           do bí dmeam azuun roilbir, rúbac.  
           a' r dmeam eile dúbac na h-ze.

    Do labair Conán<sup>2</sup> do zúe áir,  
           azur ir é do máid zo boirb triéan;  
           h' b-fuill ueac d'air aéiriaz dat,  
           adbuim féir acé feair faon.

<sup>1</sup> Héala folá, *clouds of blood*. The Irish still look upon any changes in the clouds as portentous of some forthcoming event; and here, Fionn foresaw the destruction which awaited the Fenians at Cnoc-an-air.

<sup>2</sup> Conán was the most noisy person in the Fenian ranks, though, at

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.    21  Fhionn mhí Cúmhail, do máid ay Driaoi,  
           tíonól do buideay ad' dáil,  
           a' r' moíuyteay íad leat ay leat,  
           zo h-déuyd fayne ay éeac̄t do' y námhaid?

Do íeyuy Fíony ay Dóid Fhiany,  
           a' r' d' fíeazayí ríad íya yzayí;  
           zác feay má luat̄ az teac̄t,  
           eydyy ílayt̄, tíyac̄, a' r' táy.

21éheōc̄ad ayoyr, ay Fíony zo fíoy,  
           zác yeač dam buideay le' r' b' íoyuyra mé;  
           a' r' fōr zác yeač dá b-fuyl dom' fuač,  
           má cūuyd fuaí a beíe dom' méíy.

O.    21  Orcuíy, do máid Fíony ay d-túr,  
           ōr tú uyra<sup>1</sup> a' r' lúč, ya b-Fíayy;  
           ay b-fayíyíđ tú zo lá mé cāc̄,  
           teac̄t do' y námhaid tā cūzayy az tyyall.

Fíafíayíy díot ayoyr, a Fhionn,  
           ay dul cūy fuaíy dob' aíl leat;  
           yíoyí máíyfe dūy, a' r' ba mhí-clú,  
           má' r' eaíal leat námhde éeac̄t.

Ní le h-aybfeayy moíy lāyí cāc̄,  
           do mačfayy tíac̄ cūy fuaíy;  
           ac̄t zyí fíoy dūy zyí zyāc̄ íoy,  
           tayíbeayad d' fāíayl ay zác zyayí.

Ní díúltōíí mīy fayne íe cāc̄,  
           yí' l' mōí-ríāc̄ 'yā aybfeayy oíy;  
           zíeac̄ íy eaíal íoy, a Fhionn,  
           zyí beaíy dob' buideay yac̄ eaíal leō.

<sup>1</sup> Uyra, a pillar, a prop or support, the frame on which a door hangs. Oseur was considered the stoutest and most valiant of the Fenians; hence Fíonn designates him as above; but we question whether he bore the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.      Zoirreaf Fionn ar Dhiarmuid Donn,  
           a' r fíarfíarígear zo ceannra do' u fáid ;  
       an b-fairífid tu maí doí le h-Orcuí,  
       má' r íoníuíve leat mé ná các.

Níor éib mīre fōr mīāí, a Fhíonn,  
       a z-caí ná z-coííí-eafzāí ná d-tíomí-íluāz ;  
       áct zo m-bíāđ Orcuí mīíí mo éíoiđe,<sup>1</sup>  
       mōíāíí uđm' díāíz le teāct buāđ.

Aí Zhoíll éāíma ná z-erūāđ laíí,  
       an cumāíí leat Ríí ná b-ííāíí ;  
       an b-fāííāíđ tú a b-fōcāíí éāc,  
       ííb tíuúí mūz báíí ná uíāíí zlíāđ.

Ní h-eāzāí líom láíí dá éíuāđāct,  
       ō tā Orcuí ná uíuāí am' dáí ;  
       a' r Dhiarmuid cíōđā ná b-ííāíí,  
       béíđ mīre maí íāđ zo lá.

Tāíííe íāolāí<sup>2</sup> do lácāíí Fhííííí,  
       a' r do lábāíí zo ííōcīāíí, āíí ;  
       a' r dúbāííí, a mīz ná b-ííāíí,  
       uí mōí lííí duíí do íūāíí zo lá.

<sup>1</sup> Rúíí mo éíoiđe, *the secret of my heart* ; or, *my heart's treasure*. This is still a common phrase in Ireland, but applied only as a term of affection.

<sup>2</sup> íāolāí, or *O'Faolain*, now anglicised *Phelan* or *Whelan*. There were many distinguished persons of this name in ancient times who gave names to territories, tribes, and families in Ireland : such as the *Uí Faolain* of Leinster, a name rather prominent in the county of Kilkenny at the present day. Dr. O'Donovan writes of them (*Vide* leābāíí ná z-Ceāíí, *Book of Rights*, pp. 205—6),—“ This was the name of a tribe and territory containing about the northern half of the present county of Kildare. It comprised the baronies of “ Clane” and “ Salt,” and the greater part, if not the entire, of those of “ Ikeathly,” and “ Oughtteranny.” The town of Nas (Naas), and the churches of Clacnadh (Clane), Laithreach Brain (Laraghbrine, near Maynooth), Domhnach Mor Muighe Luadhat (Donaghmore), Cluain Conaire (Cloncurry) ; and

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.      21 Chonáin mhaoil, do máid Fíonny,  
           fay a z-cuaparb dúbá Leicé-áim;   
           ó' r tu ir zairibe uail-gháin bhinn,  
           cum r zairca ma' r tealct do' h námhaid.

22a' dul dam féin, a Fhíonny, do' h uairn,  
           a z faine ar buairt, hó ar éan;  
           am aonair zay tuile do' h Fhéinny,  
           zo h zoincear mé tmem' lair?

Ní cuibe duic, a Chonáin mhaoil,  
           diúltaó Fhíonny, do máid mac Lúzáid,  
           ata na míz ór cionny na b-Fíainny,  
           a z-coimiac, a' r a m-biaó, 'ra h-óir.

22b tá Fíonny na míz ór cionny na b-Fíainny,  
           a mhic Lúzáid, do máid Conán;  
           hí cormhúil zuir cuibe dam,  
           dul am aonair zo h-uairn Leacé-áim.<sup>1</sup>

Ní' l ray b-Fíainny uile, ar mac Luzác,  
           feair cōim-m-bhinn doó' éló-zuic áim,  
           a' r cloypfid ay Fhíainny uile do zlóir,  
           má' r tealct do' h tóir a h zair do' h 21id.

Ná bí fearda l ion dá luad,  
           a mhic Lúzáid na míny zéaz;  
           ó' Fhíonny na do' h Fhéinny hí macad ainy,  
           cuirny ruar do le mo iac.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> UΔηη λεάε Άηδ, *the cave of Leath Ard* ; or, *Lahard*. Mr. Daniel Sheehan, of Ardagh, Newcastle West, county of Limerick, who has been often on the top of Knockanar, near Ballybunion, says, that there is a cave there, and a spot which to this day is called Lahard ; which circumstance alone is sufficient to identify Cηoc-Δη-Δηη as the scene of the battle.

O.    Eiuiḡ aḡḡ a Chonáiu ḡaol,  
       do maḡḡ Orcuir, a' r bēiḡ ad dāil;  
       Aod Beaz criḡḡa mac Fhíuḡ,  
       a' r tuille ma' r zḡaol leat d' fāzail.

Beiu leat Fearian<sup>1</sup> a' r Brian luac,  
 Szeólán, Fuaim, a' r Meariazán;  
 Boz-léim a' r Aimeac Chluair,  
 a' r imēiḡ zán zḡuaim, a Chonáiu,

Do zluair Conán ar cōmairle Orcuir,  
 d'ioiḡraḡḡ rē doim ar na h-uaima;  
 na coiḡ aḡur Aod Beaz mac Fhíuḡ,<sup>2</sup>  
 do leaḡadair aḡ tāiu cūairid.

Do cūaiḡ Fíoiḡ aḡḡ riu cūm ruair,  
 a' r uḡ cian do bḡ a ruairmhear aḡḡ;  
 aḡ tāiu do raḡmluḡzēad do ēriḡ,  
 Aod Beaz mac Fhíuḡ a beic zán cēaḡḡ.

Do taribēaḡad do maḡ aoiḡ iur riu,  
 zo maḡḡ Soll criḡḡa a laim zliad,  
 le zairzḡiḡeac fíoiḡ-ēacēac, calma,  
 d'ar b'airim Taric mac Treoiḡ.

Do ḡúrḡail ar a cōdla zo rriar,  
 a' r do zoiḡ cūize dḡaol na b-fíauḡ;  
 d'ar ba cōiḡ-airim do ríoiḡ,  
 Dḡaol ealaḡaḡ,<sup>3</sup> uo feari fāic-ēiall.

<sup>1</sup> Fearian, Szeólán, Brian, &c. These were the names of some of the Fenian hounds; and Brian, which was Fionn's favorite one, was known by the following marks:—

“Coḡa buiḡe bḡ ar Brian,  
 A ba caeb dub 'ra tar zcal;  
 Dḡuim ruairēiḡe ór ceaiḡ rēiḡ,  
 Ir ba cūair cōreḡa cōiḡ-dēriḡ.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* Αὐὸς βεᾶς υἱὸς Φηήηη, *Little Aodh the son of Fionn*. This Αὐὸς was the youngest son of Fionn. He was called "βεᾶς" (*small*) from his diminutive stature.

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

O.      D'fáirbhéir a mún iomlan do'n Dhiaoi,  
           anú zác tairbéanad d'íob rúd;  
           do máid Fíonny, a b-fáit-ciall ríu  
           íbhíir ahoir zay íhoill dúíny.

Tíocfáid ruácar ari an b-féíny,  
           a Fhíny, ír baógal, do máid an Dhiaoi;  
           zidead hí zóirhfeari an dír ra hzleic,  
           Zoll calma, cíóda, ya Aod.

Níor b-fada amlaíd ríu dúíny,  
           an tan do éualamari uall-záiri,  
           do íeíny Fíonny an Dorid Fhíany,  
           a'í d'fíeazáiri diah-rzáiric Choyáir.

Do zluair Coyáir ya éíeay íé,<sup>1</sup>  
           a'í ya coir ari lan lúé ya díazí;  
           d'fay Aod Beaz ari bíuac ya h-uainá,  
           zuri cloínead leir fuairny ya rzíac.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do íeiny Fíonyy aη Dóird aífí,  
 íul do íáíyic íad Couáη maol;  
 cínéad aη fáé, do íáíð Oícuí,  
 tá'η tóíí<sup>1</sup> cúzayy, cá b'íuyl Aod?

Do bí Aod a η-doyur ηa h-uainá,  
 aη tay do zluayr mīre ar lúé;<sup>2</sup>  
 ηjorí aínarcar ó íoy tay m'ayr,  
 a'í ηjorí b'é Aod ba íneara líom.

Cínéad eíle do dáíéíð, arí Oícuí,  
 a Chonáíη líorða, íáoíl, zay ééíl;  
 cía aco Fíonyy ηa b-Fíayy, ηo mīre,  
 ηo cía aη íeay oíle do'η Fhéíuy.

Ní h-é Fíonyy, turá, 'há neac do'η Fhéíuy,  
 mo dáíéíð a η-am zác béím;  
 zíd' zuy íoníuy η líom býr maíé,  
 ηí ííb mo dáíéíð, acé mē íéíy.

Do zluayr Oícuí do lúé tríeay,  
 zo íáíyí zé doyur ηa h-uainí;  
 do íuayí Aod Beaz mac Fhíuy íéíl,  
 zay aηb'ayy, zay éaz, zay buayíe.

Cínéad aη fáé Aod Bhíz ííyic Fhíuy,  
 arí Oícuí, íuííneac a η-díayí ay ííí íáoíl?  
 a'í ηáíayíð taob leat ηa ííé  
 a leíyó, ηáí íuyí zuy beaz d'ayíe.

Cía bí ay tóíí a b-íoyur dáí,  
 a'í mē amayí ó cábayí ηa b-Fíayy;  
 ηjorí éíoyéuyí m'íuyey ηá mo éíoyé,  
 ηá mo ííííneac ííayí ηjorí clayíeac.

<sup>1</sup> Tóíí, *pursuit*; one enemy in pursuit of the other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ ʒʀ ʀɛɔʀʀ ʀʀɔɔ ʀɔɔɔ ʀɔɔ ɔʀʀɔɔ-ʀɛɔɔɔɔ. ”  
 A good run is better than a bad stand.

Or,

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

- O.    Պօ շարբը ! յօ ըրեա՛՛ն ! յօ ընդած !  
       a Քհա՛տբայց, իր նմա՛լ ծօ Փիյա ;  
       ճա յարբեա՛ծ Պօճ Եա՛շ առ' ծալ,  
       Բա ծօլի՛շ ծօ շլայն<sup>1</sup> նա Յ-շարբ !
- P.    Ձի՛բար ճնրոյ, a Օլրոյ նից Բիոյոյ,  
       արժօ՛՛՛ շա՛՛՛ Շիոյց աղ ալլ ;  
       նի նարբեաղոյ Պօճ Եա՛շ աճ ծալ,  
       ա'ր նա շարբ a Յ-շար շոյոն նա Յ-շարբ.
- O.    Շոց աղ ալլ<sup>2</sup> աղ շոց լօ իլար,  
       ա'ր շօ լա՛ աղ Բրա՛՛՛՛ շարբ ճա շարբ ;  
       a Քհա՛տբայց նա յ-Բա՛՛՛՛ յ-Բա՛՛՛,  
       նի շոց բա՛՛ շարբ աղ շ-արբ.
- P.    Նա շլա՛՛ շարբ, a Օլրոյ բնլ,  
       ա՛՛ լարբեա՛՛՛ ճար Բիոյոյ նա Բ-Բարբ ;  
       շա՛՛ ճար ըա՛՛ ա'ր a Բ-բարբ Բե՛՛,  
       նարբի՛՛ յա՛՛ յլե ա՛՛՛ Փիյա.
- O.    Նիօն նարբի՛՛՛ Ֆիոյոյ նա Բ-Բարբ,  
       ա'ր նիօն նարբի՛՛՛ Փարբարբ Օ Փարբարբ ;  
       նիօն նարբի՛՛՛ Օրբար նա լարբ,  
       նա նեա՛՛ ծօ'ն Բ-Բարբ, ա՛՛՛ Շոցաղ շարբ.
- P.    Փօ Բարբ շար նարբի՛՛՛ Ֆիոյոյ,  
       Փարբարբ Փոյոյ ա'ր Օրբար ալլ ;  
       ա'ր աղ Բիարբ յլե յարբ յա՛՛,  
       նի նարբարբ յարբ Փիյա նա յարբարբ.

<sup>1</sup> Շլայն, a shout, howl, loud talk, or clamour.

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

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

different from our version, will be found in *The Transactions of the Gaelic Society*. Dub. 1808, p. 159.

<sup>a</sup> *Neirínne*, *nothing*. Here St. Patrick shows that the Fenian heroes were insignificant beings when compared to the majesty of God.

O.    Ἐ Πῆατμαγε, ἡὶ ἁ ἡ-αἰμηρῖρη ἡα β-ἴῤῥἁνη,  
       δο βῖ ἁη ῥεαῖ ρῖη Ἐῖα ἁνη;  
       ἡ ῥεαῖβ δᾶ ἡ-βῖαδ ῖοῖη ἡδ ῖῖαῖ,  
       ῥο ῖῥᾶῖῥαδ ἁη ἴῤῥἁνη ἡῖῖ ἁ ῥεἁνη.<sup>1</sup>

P.    Ἐο βῖ Ἐῖα ἁνη ἁ ἡ-αἰμηρῖρη ἡα β-ἴῤῥἁνη,  
       ατᾶ ῖῖαῖ ἁ'ῖ βῆῖδ ῥο βῖαδ;  
       ἡαῖῖοηη, ἁῥῖῖ ἡαῖῖῖῖδ ῥο ῥῖῖῖῖ,  
       ἡῖ ἡ-ῖοηἁνη ῖαῖ ἴῤῥἁνη, ἁ βῖῖῖῖῖῖ !<sup>2</sup>

O.    Ἐ Πῆατμαγε, ἡᾶ'ῖ ῖῖοῖ δο ῖῥῖῖῖ,  
       ἁη ῥ-ῖῖῖ ῥο β-ῖῖῖῖ ἁη ἴῤῥἁνη;  
       ἡᾶ ῥῖῖῖῖ ῥῖ δᾶ ἡῖῖῖ,  
       ῥῖῖ β'ῖ ῖῖῖ βῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ Ἐῖα.

P.    Βᾶ ἡῖῖῖ ἁη ἴῤῥἁνη ἁ'ῖ ἁ ἡῥῖῖῖῖ,  
       ἁ Ὀῖῖῖ ῥῖῖῖῖ, ἁῥῖ ῖῖ ἁῖῖῖῖ;  
       ἡᾶῖ ἁδῖῖῖ ἡῖῖ ἁη ῥ-ἁῖῖ Ἐῖα ἡῖῖ,  
       ἁῖῖῖ ἡῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἁῖ Ḳῖῖῖῖ-ἁῖ-ἁῖῖῖ.

O.    Ἐο ῥῖῖῖῖ ἁηῖ ῖῖῖ ἁῖ ἁη β-ἴῤῥῖῖῖ,  
       Ὀῖῖῖ ἁ'ῖ Ἐῖῖῖ Βῖῖῖ ἡᾶ ῖῖῖῖ;  
       ῖῖῖ' ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἡῖῖῖ ῥῖῖῖῖ ἡᾶ ῖῖῖῖ,  
       ἡᾶ δᾶ ῖ-ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἡᾶ ἡῥῖῖῖῖ.

Ἐ'ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἴῖῖῖῖ ῖ'Ὀῖῖῖῖ ἁῖῖῖ,  
       ἁη β-ῖῖῖῖῖ ῥᾶῖῖῖ ἡᾶ ἡῥῖῖῖῖ ἡῖῖῖῖ,  
       ἁ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ Ὀῖῖῖῖ ῥο β-ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ,  
       ἁ'ῖ ῥο ῖῖῖῖ ἁ ἡ-ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἁῖ ἁη β-ἴῤῥῖῖῖ.

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

“Ἐ Πῆατμαγε ἡὶ ἁ ῖῖῖῖῖ ἡᾶ β-ἴῤῥἁνη,  
       ἡ ῥῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ Ὀῖῖῖ ῖᾶ βῖῖῖ ἁηῖ;  
       ἡ ῥεαῖβ δ'ᾶ ἡ-βῖῖῖ ἡᾶ ῖῖῖῖ,  
       ἡᾶ βῖῖῖῖῖ ἡᾶ Ḳῖῖῖῖῖῖ Ὀῖ ἁ ῥ-ῖῖῖῖῖῖ.”

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

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

<sup>2</sup> βοῦτταν, a pauper, a beggar, a miser, &c.

<sup>3</sup> τειη, signifies a multitude, a host, an array, or any other muster or assemblage.



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

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

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

O. Bean dob' aīhe nā'v žīraiv,  
 čouaīīc av ƒhīaivv aš teacēt raiv leīīš;<sup>1</sup>  
 d'ƒhīovv m̄ac Cūmāīll, iurīv dūīc,  
 do beavvavāš m̄iošavv av bīīīc deīīš.

Cīa tū fēīv, a m̄iošavv, av ƒīovv,  
 īī aīīhe vīavī' rāī bīīēāšā deallb,  
 īī bīīīē līovv fūavīv do žīōīī,  
 'nā a b-fūīl mē ceōl žo deavīb?

Nīavī-īīavd-čīīōčāč,<sup>2</sup> īī ē m'avīīv,  
 īīžīovv Šhāvīīavīš, m̄ac Vholavīī Vēīīv;  
 āīīd-īīš Šīēāš, m̄o m̄allačēt avīī!  
 do vavīīš mē mē Tavīc m̄ac Tvēīīv.

O. Cīēāč do beīī dā fēāčīīavd tu,  
 nā dēīīv īīīīv ovīīv avovīī;  
 av do čovīīīīc žo lā av bīīāč,  
 žavavīīv do lāvīī) tavī a čīīovīī?

Īīī žavī fāč do čūžav fūāč,  
 dāč av žūavīl do bī av a žīīēī;  
 dā čīīav, īavīball, a'īī ceavīīv cavīc,  
 tā av av b-fēavī vāč m̄avīč īīžēīīī.

Do īīūblav av doīīav, fō čīī,  
 a'īī vīīovīī fāžbav avīī īīš vā flavīč;  
 vōčavīī īīīīēav ačēt īīīīē, a ƒhīīīīv,  
 a'īī vīīovīī žēall tvīīāč m'avavavīī avīī.

Vīīovīīavd čū a īīžīovv oīī,  
 do m̄avīš Vīīac Cūmāīll, nāīī clavovīš' m̄avīī;  
 vō tvīīīīīī vīīle av do īīžāč,  
 vā fēāčēt ž-cāč avā'īī av b-ƒhīavīīv.

<sup>1</sup> leīīš, a plain, a pathway, or place of meeting. See also note 10, p. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Nīavīī īīavd-čīīōčāč, i.e., the ray of the newest form. This lady is supposed to be the daughter of Garadh the son of Dolar Dein, or the Fierce;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Ɔarɪ do laɪnɪ-ɾɪ fɛɪn, a Ɔhɪnɪn,  
 ɪɾ deaɪb lɪnɪ, zo ɪ-deaɪnɪaɪɾ bɾɛaɟ;  
 a'ɾ aɪ tɛ ɔ'm tɛɪt me uaɪð a b-ɾað,  
 zo ɔ-tuɪteanɪ leɪɾ caɓ a'ɾ cɛað.

Ɔn fɛaɪ mɔɾ a deɪɪɪm lɪb,  
 ɪɾ ɛ ɔ'fɛaɟ me le ɾaða b-ɾɛɪnɪ;  
 ɾul aɪ nɾaɟað mɪɾe leɪɾ,  
 do ɾɟɪɪɔɾað leɪɾ ɾaɔɪ ɔɔ aɪ Ɔhɾɛɪɟ.

Ná deaɪ ɪɔmaɪbáð aɾ a ɟaɪɾɟɛ,  
 a ɾɔɪɓɓɓ cɛaɪɾ aɪ ɔaɓ aɪ ɔɪɪ;  
 ɔɪɪ nɪ b-ɾuɪl laɔc ɾaɔɪ aɪ nɟɪɪɛɪn,  
 nác b-ɾaɟað ɾaɪ b-Ɔɛɪnɪn fɛaɪ a cɓɔ.

ɪɾ ɟɛaɪɪ zo b-ɾacamaɪ aɟ teacɓ,  
 aɪ taɔɪɾeacɓ Ɔaɪɓɓ ba cɾuaɪð laɪnɪ,  
 nɟɔɪ úmɪaɪɟ, a'ɾ nɟɔɪ beaɪnɪaɪɟ ɔ'Ɔhɪɔnɪ,  
 acɓ ɪaɪɪaɾ caɓ taɪ cɛaɪnɪ a ɪnɪa.

Ɔuɪɪmɟɔ deɪc ɟ-cɛað nɪ ɔaɪɓ,  
 ɔɔb' fɛaɪɪ laɪn a n-aɪmɾɪɪ ɟɓɔ;  
 ɔuɪnɛ ɔɟɔb nɟɔɪ ɾɪll taɪ aɪɾ,  
 ɟaɪ tuɪɓɪɪ nɛ Ɔaɪɓɓ mac Ɔɾɛɔɪɪ!

Ɔo cɪɪɪeamaɪ aɪnɪ, a'ɾ ba cɔɪɪ a ɪhaɔɪɓɛaɪnɪ  
 ɟaɪ aɪnɪaɾ, Ɔaɔɪɓɓɓ mac Rɔnɪaɪnɪ;  
 deɪc ɟ-cɛað ɾɟɪaɓ ɟɔɪm ɟɓaɾ,  
 ɟɔnɪa fɛaɪaɪb cɾɔða b'fɛaɪɪ.

Ɔɛɪc ɟ-cɛað taɔɪɾeacɓ, nɪaɔɪ ɟ-cɛað laɔc,  
 do bɪ taɔb aɪ cɛaɔb ɔ'aɪ mɪnɟɪɪɪ fɛɪnɪ;  
 a'ɾ a Ɔhɛɾɪaɪɓɓ, aɪ cɾɪɛɪɓɪnɪ cɾuaɪð,  
 ɾɪɪ aɪ cɛaɾɾaɪð uaɪnɪ de'ɪ b-Ɔɛɪnɪn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.      Jannar Oꝛcuꝛ cead ar Fhionn,  
           ʒið doilʒ hion é do luad,  
           dul do cõmriac an fíri mðiri,  
           an tan do cõnairic dʒé na rluaz.

Do ʒéabairi cead uairi, ar Fhionn,  
           ʒið eazal hion do tuiriri érið;  
           éiriʒ! a' r beiri mo beairiac leat,  
           cuirihið do ʒoil, a' r do ʒhíri.

ʒluairiar Oꝛcuꝛ, an feari aʒʒ,  
           ar a lairi hion cuiriad béiri,  
           an laoc calma dob' feariri lairi,  
           ʒo riarije ré Taric mac Tiréiri.

Tairi aʒaʒð dairia réiri,  
           a Taric hion Tiréiri, ar Oꝛcuꝛ aʒʒ;  
           óiri bairiarið dʒot do céairi,  
           a h-dʒoʒal an dmeiri ro ʒoiri do lairi.

Dair do lairi, Oꝛcuꝛ aʒʒ,  
           ʒið buideac dʒot bairi<sup>1</sup> a' r beiri;  
           bairi tú aʒairia hõc ʒan céairi,  
           a' r bairi an feari, Fhionn, ʒo leairi.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Fjlf3 Cpeaηη 3o h-aoηη-τeλc.”  
 The bards of Erin to one house.”

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

O.      Զի քեզ զնոյն յ-օրծե ա՛ր զնոյն լա,  
           եյ ադ ծիր դար լալէ ա յշխարծ ;  
           Հան իւծ, Հան ծեօ՛՛, ար ծի՛ ըսան,  
           Հար զար Եալկ յե իւծ յո իյո.

Չո զօճճար, ադ Քիան, օրարծ,  
           ար զիր ադ զօրարկ զարի, զլէլ ;  
           Հար զարդե ըրե՛ր զարկար ծո՛ն Քիլի,  
           ա՛ր ծա զար իարդե ըրե զաճ Եալկ.

Չար ծո լարի, ա Եալկ ալճ,  
           ճի՛ յա՛ իւծա՛ ծի՛ ծար յա իւծ ;  
           զա զն աճար զան զարդ,  
           ա՛ր յի իւծ ադ քար Քիլի, լարի.

Նարի-իւծ-զիւծա՛՛, ի՛ն ադ ըճալ,  
           ադ զան զարկ իւծա՛՛ ադ իլի ;  
           ճար յարի ադ իւծ զարճ,  
           ա՛ր զար իար զա զարճ զալ.

Յար յա իլի, զ՛ար զա՛ իլկ,  
           իլ զ՛ ըր՛ ծո զար զա՛ զա՛,  
           ար ադ զ-ար զո զ՛ար ադ իլի,  
           ծո իար ադ Քիան Քիլ-ար-իլի.

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

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

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

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

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

\* The Hill of Slaughter.



## THE LAY OF MEARGACH OF THE SHARP SPEARS.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.    2η ταν δο òηαηηϭ αη Φηηανη α'τ Φηονη,  
       αη δῆρ úδ αζ τεαάτ ηα η-δαηλ,  
       ηρ εαζαλ ηονη, δο ηάηδ αη Φηαοη,  
       ηαά ϑαδα ηρ αοηβηηη δο 2ηηαϭ Cúηαηηλ.

2η tu Φηονη, δο ηάηδ αη ϑεαρη calηα,  
       μα'τ tu, ηῆ cuηβε δο δεαρῆ λαοά,  
       αηηηη δο ϑέαηαδ ζο λα αη βηάα,α,  
       ηαά tu δο ϑάηαηζ Ταηϭ ηαϭ Τηέηη.

Νῆ δο βυαδ ηο λαηηα δο έηητ,  
       αη ϑεαρη ηα η-ζαηηηηαη Ταηϭ ηαϭ Τηέηη ;  
       δο òοη-αηηηη ϑέηη ηηηηρ αηοηρ,  
       α'τ δο ζεαβαηη ϑηορ ϭηα λεαζ αη λαοά.

2ηεαρηζαά ϭηαηδ ηα λαηη ηζλαρ ηζέαη,  
       ηο òοη-αηηηη, α Φηηηη ηηϭ Cúηαηηλ ;  
       ηῆοη δεαρηζ αη ηο òοηρ αηηηη,  
       α'τ ηῆοη λυαδαδ λεδ ηέ έηη αη ζ-ϭύλ.

Do ζλυαηρ Ορϭηη ϑά ζυά αη ζλόηη,  
       α'τ δ'ϑηαηηαηζ αη λεόηηαη ζαη ϑζαά ;  
       αηη δο βυαηδ δο λαηηα α'τ δο λαηη,  
       ηαά ηζοηηηεαρη αηη tu ζο βηάά ?

Νῆ β-ϑυηλ αη ταλαη ηα δ-τηοη-ϑάδ,  
       α ζ-ϭαά ηά ζ-ϭοηηηαϭ ζαηῆ ζηηαδ ;  
       λαοά δά έηέηηε α ηζηῆοηη ζαηρζε,  
       δο δεαρηζ ηε η-αηηη οηηη ηηαηη.

Νῆ βέηδηη ηαηη ϑηη, αη Ορϭηη αηζ,  
       ηηηα ϭῆζεαάτ ηε ϑάηητ δυητ δο'η Φηηαηηη,  
       α 2ηηεαρηζαηζ ηα λαηη ηζλαρ ηζέαη,  
       ζοηηηεαρη tu αηη ζο η-αοδαηῆ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

24. 24 ǰa1rǰ1d1ǰ, a ǰ-lō, 1r deapb laoc,  
ad f1mota1 1j dēaḡa1m ca1r,  
da ḡē1d do dō1c a1 1ea1e 1a b-ǰ1aḡḡ,  
tu1c111 aǰu1 1ad 1em' laḡ.
- ǰ. 24uḡa b-1u1l aǰad aēt buad a11m,  
ǰēaǰ 1ea1e calma co111p, a'1 ǰ1jō1ḡ;  
do be111m ma1 deapb du1c mo laḡ,  
ǰo 1-ǰo1111ea1 tu t1e la1 do c1o1dē.
24. 1ḡḡ1r d1jḡḡ, a 24ḡ1c C1ḡḡa1ll calma,  
do 1ē111 ma1 ǰealla1r daḡ a1 d-t1r;  
c1a le1r, ḡo c1oḡḡa1r do c1u1c,  
Ta1c t1ēaḡ aḡ 1e111c, '1a ǰeal 11ḡ.
- ǰ. Do c1u1c Ta1c ma1c T1eō1ḡ ḡdō111,  
le buad 1ea1e-la1ḡḡe O1c1u11 a1ǰ;  
do c1u1c le Ta1c, do'ḡ ǰḡ1aḡḡ a1 d-t1r,  
1jōḡ de1c ǰ-cēad d'1ea1a1b ca1d.
24. ḡa1 ḡdō1 aḡ ḡa111e du1c1e, a ǰḡ1ḡḡ,  
d'1ula1ḡḡ aḡ 11ǰ-bēaḡ doḡ' 1ēa111 ca1l,  
do c1u1 c1uḡ bā1r le1r aḡ b-ǰ1aḡḡ,  
a tu1c1m 1r ēaǰ d'ǰḡ1aḡḡa1b ǰ'a1l.
- ǰ. ḡ1 1111e 1a aōḡ do'ḡ ǰḡē1ḡḡ,  
c1uḡ a1ḡḡe a1 aḡ ēaǰ do'ḡ 1ḡḡaō1;  
aēt aḡ taḡ do cōḡa111c d1c aḡ t-1lō1ǰ,  
aḡ ēaǰa1b bā1r do c1u1d 1j.
- 24a'1 co1ḡ1mac a1a ua1c, a1 ǰ1oḡḡ,  
a 1-ē111c tu1c1m Tḡa1c '1a ḡḡa;  
do ǰeada111 ē ó du1ḡe do'ḡ ǰḡ1aḡḡ,  
ḡo 1mē1ǰ ǰo 1ē1ḡ le 1ā111c.

M. O champion, whose appearance is that of a true hero,  
 Thy words I but little regard ;  
 Though great thy hope in the strength of the Fians,  
 Thou and they, by my hand, shall fall.

F. If thou hast but the sway of thine arms,  
 Mighty strength of body and action ;  
 I give thee my hand in pledge,  
 That thou shalt be wounded through thine heart.

M. Relate unto me, O son of mighty Cumhall,  
 As thou didst promise at the commencement,  
 By whom, or how did fall  
 Tailc the strong and powerful and his bright love.

F. Tailc Mac Treoin the great fell,  
 By the power of the strong arm of Oscur the noble ;  
 There fell by Tailc, at first of the Fians,  
 Full ten hundred of spotless men.

M. Was it not shameful to thee, O Fionn,  
 To suffer the princess of the loftiest fame,  
 To be put to death by the Fians ;  
 Her death will bring havoc among the Fians of Fail.

F. Not I nor any of the Fenians  
 Ordered the death of the woman,  
 But when she beheld the loss of the host,  
 Into the pangs of death she fell.

If it be battle thou requirest, saith Fionn,  
 For the death of Tailc and his wife ;  
 Thou shalt have it from one of the Fians,  
 Or depart quietly with good will.

24.    Ȝið ȝo b-fuyl mo fluaiz̃ a b-fozar̃ ðam,<sup>1</sup>  
       aþi ðaob̃ aþi ðnoic̃ ðoiþ̃ na trãza ;  
       uþ̃ iarmf̃ad a ȝ-conȝuam̃, a Fh̃iuu,  
       a' r̃ uþ̃ f̃ãz̃f̃ad aæt̃ ðiþ̃ aȝaib̃ beoð.
- F.     Cja h-iað aþi ðiþ̃ r̃iu ð'f̃ãz̃f̃aþi beoð,  
       a Ȝhearm̃ȝaiz̃ na r̃lõz̃, aþi F̃ioþu ;  
       iþ̃ ionȝua h̃om̃ maþi ðuiz̃ðear̃ leat,  
       bãr̃ leð̃ heaþ̃i do ðab̃aþ̃iþ̃ d̃uþ̃u.
24.    Tuiz̃ðear̃ h̃om̃ buþi m̃-bãr̃ uþle,  
       aæt̃ tuþa aih̃ãþ̃u a' r̃ do m̃ac̃ Ȝloð ;  
       uþ̃ f̃ãz̃f̃ad aþi c̃noc̃ ro ȝo b̃iãt̃,  
       ȝo u-focf̃ad bãr̃ Ȝhaþ̃lc̃ m̃þ̃c̃ Ȝreoiþ̃.
- F.     Nãþi leoþ̃ leatþa a Ȝhearm̃ȝaiz̃ na laþu,  
       ðiþ̃ taþi a ðear̃uþ̃ do ðuiz̃þ̃m̃ do' uþ̃ F̃h̃eþ̃iuu ;  
       a' r̃ ȝaþ̃ ðear̃iȝ-ãþi do ðab̃aþ̃iþ̃ aþi ðãc̃,  
       a' r̃ a h̃ãz̃ãæt̃ feaþ̃i cãþ̃ð do ðuiz̃ leþ̃r̃ f̃eþ̃u.
24.    Nþ̃oi leoþ̃ h̃omþ̃a, a F̃h̃iuu na b̃-F̃iaþu,  
       ðiþ̃ uã tr̃iuþ̃i a u-ðjõl a bãr̃,  
       ðã m̃-biað̃ aȝad̃ aþi oþ̃reãd̃ eþ̃le do' uþ̃ b̃-F̃h̃eþ̃iuu  
       tuiz̃þ̃ið ȝo leþ̃r̃ le mo laþ̃iþ̃.
- F.     Nã cuþ̃i a u-ðõj̃t̃ ðuiz̃ f̃eþ̃u, aþi F̃ioþuþ̃,  
       ȝuþ̃ b̃-fuþ̃liuȝ̃ h̃om̃ ðiþ̃ uã aoñ,  
       a u-ð̃iþ̃þ̃c̃ bãr̃ Ȝhaþ̃lc̃ 'ra m̃þ̃ã,  
       do ðuiz̃þ̃m̃ le ð' laþ̃iþ̃ do' uþ̃ F̃h̃eþ̃iuu.
24.    Ðã feãbaþ̃ buþi laþ̃ã a' r̃ buþi uȝuþ̃oiþ̃,  
       a' r̃ ðã m̃þ̃eþ̃ð̃ buþi h̃oñ ð'feãþ̃iaþ̃b̃ cãþ̃ð̃,  
       uþ̃ iȝarmf̃ad̃ h̃iþ̃ ȝo la aþi b̃iãt̃ã,  
       uð̃ ðjõl̃ na m̃-bãr̃ do ȝeãb̃ãd̃ uaþ̃b̃.

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

“Cja taþ̃ð mo fluaiz̃t̃e taob̃ h̃om̃,  
       uþ̃ iarmf̃ad̃ a ȝ-conȝuam̃ r̃uð, a Fh̃iuu ;  
       uþ̃ m̃iaþ̃ h̃om̃ ð'f̃ãz̃b̃aþ̃l̃ beoð̃ aȝuþ̃b̃,  
       aæt̃ ðiþ̃ o ȝoiþ̃ mo ð̃m̃om̃-clõþ̃iþ̃.”

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

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

- O. 2) Phátmaic! ʋj c̄eɪɫfead mo m̄uʋ,  
 ʋuɪ ʒɫac aʋb̄ɛaɪʋʋ ʃɪoʋʋ a'ɾ aʋ ʃhɪaʋʋ,  
 āc̄t aɪh̄aɪʋ Oɾc̄uɪ ʋa m̄-b̄eɪmeaʋʋ,  
 ʋaɪ c̄ɪɪc̄ moɪh̄ aʋʋ ʋeac̄ ɪaɪh̄.
- ʃ. 2) ʋh̄eaeɪʒaɪʒ ʋa ʋʒɫaɾ laʋʋ ʋʒ̄eaeɪ,  
 do m̄aɪð ʃɪoʋʋ, do ʒaɪb̄ ʒɫóɪ,  
 do ʒeabaɪɪ coɪh̄ɪac̄ ad̄ aʋʋaɪaʋ,  
 ʋó dul ad̄ ðaɪɫ do'ʋ ʃh̄éɪʋʋ ʒo leðɪ.
- 2) 2) a'ɾ c̄uɪbe leaɾɾa, a ʃhɪʋʋ h̄ɪc̄ Cúh̄aɪɫɫ,  
 mɪɾe do c̄oɪh̄ɪac̄ do h̄óɪ ɾɫuaʒ,  
 o ɾeaeɪ ʒo ɾeaeɪ, ʋó ð'aʋʋ b̄éɪm,  
 ðɪɫta ʋɪ léɪɪ ðuɪɾ ð'ɾáʒaɪɫ ʋaɪm.
- ʃ. 2) ā c̄ɪʒeaeʋ tu a'ɾ do c̄ɪɾeaeʋ b̄uɪðeaeʋ,  
 c̄uɪ cāta ɫɪʋʋ leāc̄ aɪ leāc̄,  
 o ðuɪʋe ʒo c̄eaeð caɪc̄ɾɾð aʋ ʃhɪaʋʋ,  
 laɪh̄ ðɪaʋ do c̄oʋʒh̄aɪɫ leaɾ.
- 2) Rācaðɾa aʋoɪɾ, a ʃhɪʋʋ h̄ɪc̄ Cúh̄aɪɫɫ,  
 maɪ a b̄-ɾuɪɫ aʒaɪ coɪh̄ɪac̄ le ɾáʒaɪɫ,  
 ð'ɾɪoɾ mo ɾɫuaʒ, ʋac̄ ɾada ʋaɪm,  
 a'ɾ b̄ɪ ɾuaɾ ʒo mōc̄ aɪ ðaɪɫ.
- ʃ. Tābaɪɪ do ɾl̄óɪʒte leaɾ laɪc̄ɪeaēc̄,  
 aɪ maɪðɪʋ m̄aɾ maɪc̄ leaɾ, aɪ ʃɪoʋʋ;  
 ʋɪ b̄-ɾuɪɫ cealʒ le h̄-ɪmɪɪɾe oɪɾ,  
 b̄ɪað̄maoɪðɪe oɫɫaɪh̄ ɾá'd̄ c̄ɪoʋʋ.
- 2) B̄ɪð, aɪ mo c̄eaēc̄, do m̄aɪð eɪɾeaeʋ,  
 aʋ laoc̄ ɪɾ calɪna aɪ aʋ b̄-ʃ̄éɪʋʋ;  
 a ʋ-aɪm 'ɾa ʋ-éɪðe ɪð̄h̄aɪʋ c̄uɪ cāta,  
 ʒo b̄-ɾaɪc̄ɾeaeð a ʒ̄uɪom̄ a'ɾ a ʒ̄léɪc̄.

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

O. Ծ'լմէլճ Չիարճաճ նա լայն ոչլար,  
 ոյօր բշած լայր շօ յալոյճ ա իւաճ ;  
 ծօ ճւրի Խլօյն շլօնօլ ար ան Ե-Խէլոյ,  
 ա՛ր ճ'լոյր ծօլԵ մեճ ա ճւարբ.

Փօ յլոյ՛ բեճճ Յ-ճաճա՛ ան ին ծլօԵ,  
 ա՛ր ճաճ յօլոյն ան յօյաճ ծալլ ;  
 ճլրճլճ, ար իճ, լեմ՛ ճօնալլե իճն,  
 իր ճալլոճ ան Եաօճալ ալոյն.

Փօ լաճար ար ծ-ճւր լայր ան ճեճ ճաճ,  
 ծա ոչօլլե՛լ ճաճ նա լաօճ յլօն ճր ;  
 ծ՛իւբբալճ ծլօԵ ծօ ճուճ ճրար,ճ,  
 ան ծ-ճլօլճիճիճ ծօ ճնճճ՛ նա ճւրբ.

Փ՛իւբաճար ծ՛աօն ճօնճա ծ՛իլօն,  
 շօ ծ-ճլօլճիճիճ ճար ա ճեան շօ Երճճ ;  
 ա ծալլե ճաճ նա ծ-ճաօլբեճ ճիւլլ,  
 աճճ շօ լեանբաճաօլր ճաճ նա Յ-ճեճաճա լան.

Չ ծալլե ճաճ նա Ե-բար մեճճ՛նճ,  
 ա Յ-ճաճ նա՛ ա ոչլեճ ծա ճիւլլե ճլաճ ;  
 նար իճճԵաճար իճն ա յլճ ճալճ,  
 ա՛ր նա ճիւլլճիճիճ շօ Երճճ ճօն ճիւլլ.

Չ ծալլե ճաճ նա Ե-բար Ե-բեճբաճ,  
 նար ճիլլե ծօլԵ շօ լա՛ ան Եար ;  
 ա՛ր ճաճ նա մ-Եոյ իար ար ան Յ-ճեճաճա,  
 շօ լեանբաճաօլր իճն ճար ճաճ.

<sup>1</sup> Տեճճ Յ-ճաճա, *seven battalions*. The names of the seven battalions are :—ճաճ յլօն-ճր, i.e. the battalion of fresh heroes ; which name they bore on account of their fresh-looking complexion ; ճաճ նա ծ-ճաօլբեճ, the battalion of the chieftains ; ճաճ նա Ե-բար մեճճնճ, the battalion of the middle-sized men ; ճաճ նա Ե-բար Ե-բեճբաճ, the battalion of the middle-aged men ; ճաճ նա մ-Եոյ իար, the battalion of the stout men ; ճաճ նա Ե-բար մ-Եաճ, the battalion of the small men ; and ճաճ նա Ե-արարար, the battalion of the rear guards. If we could find equiva-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O.    21 dúbairt caí na b-*fean* beaí *fóir*,  
       a' *r* an caí na *h-deoig*, na *h-iarimhárta*;  
       30 ma*bada* *féin* *díloir* na *h-ghóim*,  
       a' *r* 30 *leayfadaoir* é *mar* *éac*.<sup>1</sup>

Do *zoiu* *Fionn* *éuize* *Orcu*,  
       *mar* *fean* *túir* *ar* an *z-caí* *mionúir*;  
       a' *r* *d'féafmaig* *de* *ay* *coimiac* *aoirféir*,  
       do *Whearzác* *béairfád* *ar* *d-túr*.

21 dúbairt *Orcu* 30 *d-tubriad* *féin*,  
       *coimiac* *do* *tar* *éean* na *b-Fian*;  
       a' *r* *má' r* *tuirim* *dam*, a *Fhion*, *ar* *fé*,  
       *r* *eaíal* *zuir* *baozal* *díb* *am* *díraig*.

Ní *h-aimlaib* *rion* *r* *cóir*, *ar* *Fionn*,  
       *ba* *díe* *dúion* *tu* *éuirim* *éirib*;  
       *r* *tu* *ar* *d-creoir*, a' *r* *ar* *d-tirac*,  
       *ar* *d-taca*, *ar* *uir*, a' *r* *ar* *h-díon*.

*r* *ionan* *dúion* *rion* *hó* *rúd*, a *Fhion*,  
       *ar* *Orcu*, *na* *bí* *dá* *luad*;  
       *má' r* *tuirim* *d'aoir* *neac* *do' y* *Fhéion*,  
       *yí* *maíab* *leir* *raoir* *fá* *buad*.

Do *zoiu* *Fionn* *Foll* *ba* *éalma* *neairt*,  
       a' *r* *ba* *éruad* *ghóim* *pleaig* a' *r* *cloidim*;  
       a' *r* *d'féafmaig* a *h-déayfád* *coimiac*,  
       *le* *Whearzác* *móir* *do* *leat-taob*.

21 *Fhion*, *ar* *Foll*, 30 *zarba* *zlic*,  
       *r* *féir* *rion*, *yí* *zruad* *leat* *mé*;  
       *ba* *mian* *leat* *me* *éur* a *h-zuar*,  
       a' *r* *Orcu* *o' y* *m-buadairt* *do* *béir* *raoir*.

<sup>1</sup> This line reads thus in the Royal Irish Academy's copy:—

“*Sa* *leir* *díneac* *30* *la' y* *bair*.”

In the direct path till the day of death.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- F. Nár zéallair-re led' éoil íaoir,  
 zó z-cuirfead tu féin a nzuair;  
 ar mo íonra mar zéall cáe,  
 zan fearaíh ír náimeac uair!
3. Do zéallar, a Fhionn, zó fíon,  
 zó leayfainn do zíníon mar cáe;  
 ní maáad ar z-cúl ó'n z-caé,  
 ma zabadann zac fear é do láin.
- F. Do zóir Fíonh Dáimuid Donn,  
 a' r d'féarfai z Fíonh de zó caoín;  
 ay d-tubriac coimiac aoín fíu,  
 do Mhearzác éruaid na loinn nzhíoin.

Ní maáad a z-cóin-zliad zó briaé,  
 le Mhearzác na nglar lain;  
 a Fhionn, má' r coircéann ay caé,  
 briad cóin maíe le fear ann.

D'féarfai z d'Fhaolan do zúé áid,  
 a n-déanfead coimiac tar a éioinn;  
 a dubairt ré le Fíonh na b-Fíann,  
 oir níon éiac dá d-tuirtinn ann.

Do íaoilear-ra, ar Fíonh, ay flaité,  
 nac amlaid rinn do zéallair dúinn,  
 zac ar zéallar, ar Faolan,  
 me mo maé ní maáad ar z-cúl.

D'féarfai z do zac fear díob  
 ay maáfad ina aoir leir;  
 a dubairt zac aoín do' h'éac mionn úir,  
 do béaimaoir dhúltaó duir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Գ'բարբալճ արս ան շ-ճճճճ ան արբ,  
 և շ-ճճ նա Ծ-ճճճճճ ճճ արբ-ճճճ;  
 Ծճ Ծճճճճ Ծճճճճ արբ արբ,  
 Ծճ ճճճճճճճ ճճճ նա արբ արբ.

Չճ Ծճճճճճ արբ Ծճճ արբ Ծճճ,  
 նաճ արբ ճճ Ծճճճճ ճճ Ծճճ;  
 Ծճճ ճճ ճճճճճճճ ճճ ճճճ,  
 և շ-ճճ ճճ ճճճճ ճճճ-ճճճճ.

Ծճ արբ արբ ճճ ճճ ճճ ճճ,  
 ևճ արբ արբ արբ ճճ ճճ ճճ;  
 Ծճճ Ծճ ճճճճճ ճճճճճճճ նա արբ,  
 ճճճ ճճճ ան ճճճճ արբ նա ճճ-ճճճճճճճ.

Ծճ արբ արբ ճճճճճ նա ճճ-ճճճճճ  
 ևճ արբ ճճ ճճ ճճ ճճճճ ճճճ արբ;  
 և ճճճճճ ճճճ ճճճ ճճճ ճճ ճճճ,  
 ճճ ճճճճճճճ ճճ ճճճ-արբ.

Ծճ ճճճ ճճճճ արբ ճճճ ճճճ ճճ,  
 արբ ճճճ ճճճճ ճճճ ճճճճ;  
 նա ճճ-ճճճճճճճ Ծճ ճճճճ ան ճճճ,  
 ևճ նա ճճճճ Ծ-ճճճճ ճճճ ճճճճճ ճճճճ.

Ծճ ճճճճճճ արբ ճճճ ճճճ,  
 ևճ արբ ճճճ ճճճ ճճճճճճ ճճճ ճճ;  
 ճճճճճճճճ ճճ ճճճ արբ ճճճճ,  
 ևճ արբ ճճճ ճճ-ճճճ ճճ ճճ-ճճճճճ ան ճճճ.

Ծճ ճճճ ճճճճ ճճճճ ճճճ ևճ արբ,  
 ևճ արբ Ծճճճ ճճճճ ճճճ ճճճ;  
 ճճճճ ճճճճճճճ նա արբ արբ  
 ևճ ևճ ճճճճ ճճ ճճճ արբ ան ճճ-արբ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- Օ. Բխարալճար Պարազա՛ն Կա ԼաԿ ԿՅԼԵՐ,  
 ՏՕ ՊԿԱՑ ԸՄԻՆԻԼԼ ԼԵ ԵՐԵԱՅ ԶՕՐԻՆ ԶԼՈՒ ;  
 ԱՐ Ե՛Ք ԲԻՅ ԱՅ ԼԱՕՑ ԵԱԶԱՐԵՒԱ,  
 ՏՕ ԵՂ Ե Կ-ԵՐԵ ՇԱՒԱ ԵՐ Ե ԸՕՄԱՐԻ ?
- Բ. ՈՂ Կ-Ե ԶՕ ԵՐԻՄԻՅ, ԱՐ ԲԻՅՈՅ ՄԱՑ ԸՄԻՆԻԼԼ,  
 ԱՇՏ ՇԱՕԻՅ-ԼԻԱՇ ԵՐԻԱՇ ԿԱ Կ-ԵՐԱՄԻՍՐԱՅ ;  
 ԿՅՕՐԻ ՇՄԵԼԵ ԼԵ Կ-ՏՕՅ ԿԵԱՑ ԵՂԵ ՏՕ՛Յ ԲԿԻԱՅՅ,  
 ԵՒ ՇՕՄԻԱՑ ԱՇՏ ԵՒ ԱԸ Ե-ՏՕՄԱՐԱՅ.
- Պ. ՇՄԻՐԵԱԾԲԱ, Ե ԲԿԻՅՅ, ԿԱ ՇՕՄԻՃԱՂ ԲԻՍԸ,  
 ԲԵԱՐ ԵՂԵ ԸԱ ՄԱՑԲԱՄԻՂ ԲԵՂԻ ?  
 ԵՂՅՕՂԻ ՄԵ ՇԵՂԵ ԵՒՄ ԵՐ ԵՒՄ,  
 ԱՐ ՊԱՐԱԶԱՑ ԵՐԵԱՅ ԿԱ ԼԱԿ ԿՅԵԱՐ.

ՓՕ ԶՕՐԻ ՊԱՐԱԶԱՑ ԲԵԱՐ ԼԵՂԻ ԲԵՂԻ  
 Ը՛ԱՐ Ե՛ԱՅԻՄ ԶԿԱՂՇ ՓՕՅՅ ՓՕՐՇԱՅ ;  
 Ը՛ՅՕՐԱՂՅ ԱՅ ԸՂԻ Ե ՇԵՂԵ ԱՅՅ ԲԻՅ,  
 ԶՕ ՇԱԼՄԱ ԶԼԵ ԱՐ ՇԿՕՑ-ԱՅ-ՃԱՐ.

ԵԱ ԼՅՕՄԵՒԱ, ԲԵԱՐԱԶԱՑ, ԲԻՇՕՄԱՐ,  
 ՏՕ ԵՂ ՓՕՅՅ ՓՕՐՇԱՅ Ա՛Ր ՇԱՕԻՅ-ԼԻԱՇ ;  
 ԱՅ ԶՕՐԻ Ա՛Ր ԱՅ ՇԵԱՑՇՅՅԱԸ Ե ՇԵՂԵ,  
 ԶԱՅ ՇԵԱՑՇԱՐ ԱՅ ԶԵՂԵ ԱՐ ՏՕՅ ԵԱՕԵ.

ՓՕ ԵՂ ԱՅ ԲԿԻԱՅՅ ԱՐ ԵՒՕԵ ԱՅ ՇՅՕՐԵ,  
 ԱՅ ԱՄԱՐԵ ԱՐ ՇՄԸՒՇ ԿԱ ԼԱՕՑ ;  
 Ա՛Ր ՊԱՐԱԶԱՑ, Ա՛Ր Ե ԲԼԱՂՅ ԵԱՅՅ,  
 ԱՅ ԲԵՂԵԱՅՅ ԼԵ ՇԵԱՅՅ ՇԿԱՕԻՅ-ԼԵՂԵ.

ՓՕ ԼԱԵԱՐԻ ՇՕՄԱՅ ԶՕ ԵՐԻԵ ԵՐԵԱՅ,  
 ԶԵ՛Ր Ե-ԲԱԸԱ ԲԵԱՐ ԵՒ Օ՛Յ ԿՅԼԵՂԵ ;  
 ԵԱՐԱՂՏ ՏՕ ԼԱՅՅ ԶՕ Ը-ԵՂԵՂՏ ԼԵԱՏ ՓՕՅՅ,  
 Ե ՇԿԱՕԻՅ-ԼԻԱՇ ՇՄԱՂՏ ԿԱ ԼԱԿ, ԱՐ ԲԵ.

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

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

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

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

Fierce, angry, and vengeful,  
 Were Donn Dorcain and Caoin Liath,  
 Wounding and cleaving each other,  
 Without giving way at either side.

The Fians were on the side of the hill,  
 Beholding the appearance of the heroes ;  
 Meargach and his mighty host  
 Awaiting the head of Caoin Liath.

Conan spoke haughtily and fiercely,  
 Though far back from the battle he stood ;  
 Hasten thy hand till thou conquer Donn,  
 O Caoin Liath, the hardy, of the swords, saith he.

O. Do bí aḡ dír ḡáru élaicé zḡiað,  
 aḡ zearmíad zo h-úr corp a' r ball;  
 ó fórzarl zḡéive zo neoiḡ dób,  
 zuri éurc Doḡḡ Doḡcáḡḡ zḡḡ éeayḡ.

Ṭózbamaoirdne ay Fhḡayḡ órárud,  
 zárri ḡḡaoirdce tḡe marí éaḡ  
 Doḡḡ Doḡcáḡḡ ḡḡhearlzarlz ḡa laḡḡ,  
 cḡa éarlḡz éuzarlḡḡ Caoḡḡ-líacé faoy.

ḡ dúbairc Fḡoiḡḡ aḡḡ rḡḡ le Coḡáḡḡ,  
 o éḡayarlḡ ba éḡéay do zḡlór;  
 féac aḡoiḡ ḡearc do láḡḡ,  
 ad t-aoyar le féar do'ḡ t-rlóḡ.

Nḡ féacérad ḡearc mo láḡḡ ḡa mo zḡḡoiḡ,  
 le h-aoy ḡeac dḡob zo bḡíacé;  
 dá m-bad túctḡḡ dáḡḡ rḡḡ z-caé,  
 mo éúmáð<sup>1</sup> ḡḡoiḡ b-fada oḡcra Fḡḡḡḡ.

ḡḡ tḡḡ éoyarlḡc ḡḡhearlzác ḡa laḡḡ,  
 zo d-tuz Caoḡḡ-líacé Doḡḡ fo láḡ;  
 do zḡléar a éoyḡ cḡuic-áluḡḡḡ, zḡlaḡ,  
 a ḡ-éide caéa mádḡa a' r báḡḡ.

Do zḡluarl zo rḡar do láéarlḡ Fḡḡḡḡ,  
 a' r a dubairc leḡḡ do bḡoḡb zḡlór teayḡ,  
 é féḡḡ do zábárl a ḡ-éide caéa,  
 ḡó'ḡ laoc do b'féarlḡ aḡ é éurí aḡḡ.

<sup>1</sup> ḡḡo éúmáð, literally *my grief*. Conan knew very well that the Fenians would not regret his death, but on the contrary that they would regard it a boon to be relieved from one upon whom they looked as their stultified vilifier and defamer. In the romantic tale called the *bḡuḡzearḡ* *Chaoḡéarlḡḡ*, or the Mansion of the Quicken Tree, it is related that Conan and the Fenians entered the Mansion, which they found most sumptuously supplied with all the delicacies peculiar to such a place; and after regaling themselves most comfortably, wondered why they saw no

O. The twain, who were not feeble in battle,  
 Were freely cleaving bodies and limbs,  
 From the rising of the sun till evening,  
 Till Donn Dorcain fell a headless corpse.

We, the Fenians, raised aloud,  
 A cheer of exultation for the death  
 Of Meargach's hero, Donn Dorcan,  
 Though Caoin Liath came to us feebly.

Fionn then said to Conan,  
 Awhile ago thy talk was fierce ;  
 Try now the strength of thy hand  
 In single combat with one of the host.

I shall not try the valor of my hands or deeds  
 With any one of them for ever ;  
 If I fell in the battle,  
 Lament for me would not be long on thee, O Fionn.

When Meargach of the blades beheld  
 That Caoin Liath laid Donn low ;  
 He armed his well-proportioned elegant body,  
 In battle armour for conflict and death.

He went quickly into the presence of Fionn,  
 And said to him in a fierce bold voice,  
 To gird himself in battle armour,  
 Or to send his bravest hero there.

servants or attendants whatever in the place, but saw that the various splendours, and even the doors were vanishing, until it was finally reduced to a mere bot, or hut, save one entrance only. One of the Fenian chiefs from this circumstance suspected it to be a place of treachery, and exhorted the Fenians to leave as fast as they could ; but Conan, who remained behind to do more justice to the viands with which the tables were so abundantly supplied, was at length by some spell or other, fastened to the floor where he would have remained had not some of the Fenians



- O. Fionn replied in a fierce tone, [fallen ?  
 And said, art thou not content with all that have  
 Meargach answered, and with truth,  
 That it was not sufficient for the death of Tailc !

Fionn called Bunanan the melodious,  
 And he came without delay in full speed ;  
 Great is the affront, saith Meargach,  
 To talk of such a man to us.

- M. I shall muster all my mighty hosts,  
 Saith Meargach angrily, to Fionn ;  
 I shall let the heroes loose on each other,  
 Of thy Fenian reserves do not speak to me.
- O. Not long was it until we beheld approaching  
 Exasperated Oscur of the stern blows,  
 His polished blade in his right hand he bore,  
 O Patrick! sad is the loss of the man of whom I speak.
- P. Relate to us, O pleasant Oisin,  
 How fared the battle with the two ;  
 Or was it with Meargach of the green blades,  
 Thy son fell, the heroic Oscur.
- O. I tell thee, O Patrick, at first,  
 That I regret being as I am,  
 After Oscur and the Fenians,  
 Among the clerics without much bread.
- P. O poor wretch ! it is much to be regretted, [beginning ;  
 That it was not among the clerics thou wert from the  
 Thou wouldst not now be speaking foolishly,  
 And thou wouldst modestly follow the king of the  
 elements.

that his comrades ran to a flock of sheep which they saw grazing in a field, skinned a huge black ewe, and fastened the skin tightly to Conan's back, by which mark he was known ever after.



O. Misery without redress attend thyself,  
 And truly thy clerics  
 Do not say to me that I would follow God,  
 And that I would forsake the chief of the Fians.

P. Do not be arguing, O Oisín son of Fionn,  
 Tell us how the battle of Cnoc-an-air ended ;  
 The Fians were mighty enough,  
 But now they are weak and feeble.

O. O Patrick ! if it be the God of grace  
 Who spread that report about the Fians,  
 Do not believe from him henceforth  
 Anything he tells thee during thy days.

Relate to me now, O Patrick,  
 If it be that God of love who said,  
 That he himself conquered the Fians,  
 And that *cold* hell is their habitation.

P. I tell thee, and 'tis no falsehood,  
 God's own mouth hath declared to us,  
 That those who will not follow his counsel  
 A hell of pains will be their dungeon !

O. The Fenians never followed his counsels,  
 Believe not thou God of the feigned speech,  
 Tell me if it were HE that obtained victory  
 Where he found hosts their match.

P. It is God who obtained victory over the Fians,  
 And did not ask the aid of battalions or hosts,  
 But his own strength and timely power,  
 And truly his speech is not feigned.

suffering to another, in the next life—from the most intense flames of fire, to the most intolerable degree of cold.

- O. Nā cmeiþ h̄jð ari b̄jē dā luadaþn̄,  
 mā deiþi ʒo muʒ buað ari aþ b-ʒēiþn̄;  
 ʒaþ fluaʒ̄ h̄a tōþi h̄a ðāil,  
 h̄a ʒeall ʒo b̄iāc̄ aēt ē fēiþ.
- P. J̄r ē Ðia fēiþ aþ uile f̄lōʒ̄,  
 j̄r ē Ðia tōþi a' r̄ heaþe c̄āc̄;  
 j̄r ē Ðia muʒ buað ari aþ b-ʒēiþn̄,  
 a' r̄ h̄j le heaþe laoc̄ h̄a tōþi c̄āþ.
- O. Aþoþf̄ faoi b̄iʒ̄ do leaðaþi b̄āiþ,  
 a' r̄ do bačāille t̄ā le h̄a aþf̄,  
 faoi f̄iaþf̄āþ do c̄loʒ̄ ʒ̄lōþi aþð,  
 aþ b-fuþl b̄iēaʒ̄ ioþa m̄āþōteaþi leat?
- P. A Oþf̄iþ cmeiþ uaiþ ʒo f̄ioþi,  
 ʒāc̄ f̄iþotal dā h̄-iþþiþf̄iþ d̄uþe ari Ðh̄ia;  
 ʒo b-fuþliþ ʒaþ c̄eþl̄ʒ̄, ʒaþ b̄iēiʒ̄,  
 a' r̄ ʒuþi b'ē fēiþ do f̄eðil̄ d̄ūiþþi ʒad.
- O. ʒāc̄ f̄iþotal d'āþi aþēþiþf̄ d̄uþe,  
 h̄j m̄ōþi mo c̄eþf̄e, aēt aþ̄āiþ;  
 m̄aþi a deiþi leat ʒuþi ab uaiþ fēiþ,  
 muʒ buað ari aþ b-ʒēiþn̄ aþ aouaþm̄āþ.
- P. Ðo muʒ buað ari a ð-cāþiþʒ̄ f̄ōþ̄,  
 ð c̄ūþ̄ aþ doþ̄āiþþi m̄ōþi ʒo f̄ioþi;  
 a' r̄ bēaþeþaþ ari a ð-tiočfa h̄a h̄-ðiaʒ̄,  
 dā c̄iēiþe ʒad ʒo deiþe aþ t-faoiʒ̄il̄.
- O. Nā cmeiþ foal dā h̄-dūb̄aþiþe m̄iāþ̄,  
 h̄a f̄ōþ̄ dā h̄-dēaþeþaþ̄ le h̄a m̄ae;  
 ðf̄ ʒh̄āc̄ leiþ̄ beþ̄ē dā luad̄,  
 ʒuþi b'ē muʒ buað ari aþ b-ʒēiþn̄.

- O. Believe nothing that he saith,  
 If he say that he obtained sway over the Fians,  
 Without hosts—without help at hand,  
 Or pledge at all but himself.
- P. God himself is all hosts [all powerful],  
 God is the might and pursuer of all,  
 'Tis God who obtained sway over the Fians  
 And not by the strength of heroes or pursuit of hosts.
- O. Now, on the virtue of thy white book,  
 And thy crozier which lies at its side,  
 Under the chiming of thy high-sounding bells,  
 Dost thou lie in what thou sayest ?
- P. O Oisín, believe me truly,  
 Every word that I relate to thee of God ;  
 Is without guile or falsehood,  
 And 'twas himself who taught them to us.
- O. Each word that I have related to thee,  
 My query is not much, but only,  
 Whether he tell thee that it was by himself alone  
 He obtained sway over the Fians.
- P. He obtained sway over all that have been  
 From the beginning of the world surely,  
 And he will, over all that will come after,  
 Though great their might, till the world's end.
- O. Believe not a word he hath ever uttered,  
 Nor yet what he may say during his day,  
 As he is constantly proclaiming  
 That 'twas he who gained victory over the Fians.

P. Jf deapib leatpa zo m'feapir an Fhianu,  
 na d-tairiuz mian a'f a d-tiocfaid fof;  
 'f Jf deapib liompa zo m'feapir Dia,  
 na tupa azur iad, a feandoir!

O. Jf corinuil nae b-faca tu an Fhianu,  
 na d-tionol zliad a n-am zleo;  
 nji corinuil ne rianran pralm,  
 na ne cloiz az carmaire, a z-ceol.

Nji corinuil le Dia, a Phatmaic,  
 a fluaaz moidalaac, oidearic, rud;  
 nj eualaid tarz eadtae mian,  
 aet a z-cuirire 'fan eliar da elu.

P. Nji ajeir mipe na an eliar,  
 o eur duje tian a mae zjoi;  
 mae do-eriodhaize, a mae,  
 a Oiriu, Jf ead zo fji.

O. Nj zellim, a Phatmaic, do Dha,  
 na fof dod' bmaema Jf leam zlor;  
 zu mae e feiu na a zhoi,  
 of duje e do bji zai cae, zai floz.

P. Nj ianhu toi caea na floz,  
 a Oiriu zo deo na dal;  
 aet moinear coemam do meim tuim,  
 a'f nj b-fazany millead o na namaid.

Cmeid uaim fof a'f zell zo fji,  
 a Oiriu baot nae nznadany Dia;  
 a'f ma'f mae no ole leat e,  
 Jf e do coiuz meim na b-fianu.

P. Thou imaginest that the Fians were mightier  
 Than all who ever came and will come hereafter,  
 But I believe that God is stronger  
 Than thou and they, O old man!

O. 'Tis likely thou hast not seen the Fians  
 Mustered for battle in time of war;  
 Not like the humming of the psalms,  
 Or the clangor of bells, was their music.

Not like unto God, O Patrick,  
 Were his [Fionn's] proud illustrious hosts,  
 I never heard of any great feat [by him, *i. e.* God,]  
 But what thou and the clerics spread of his fame.

P. The clerics or I have not told thee  
 One-third of his good deeds since the beginning,  
 Goodness without end is his goodness,  
 O Oisín, it is truly.

O. I do not submit, O Patrick, to God,  
 Nor yet to thy words which are foolish,  
 That either he himself or his actions were great,  
 As he was a man without battalion or hosts.

P. He asketh not for the pursuit of battalions or hosts  
 For ever, Oisín, in his presence,  
 But distributes equally according to merit,  
 And he never gets a hurt from his foe.

Believe me still and truly submit,  
 O silly Oisín who lovest not God,  
 And whether it seems good or ill to thee,  
 'Twas he who checked the career of the Fians.

- O. Do éannaíḡ breáḡ, nḡ h-é Dhia,  
muḡ buad na b-ḡiaḡ, na a m-bár;  
a'ḡ dá u-deáirḡaḡ ceairḡ na coḡiam muáin,  
do moirḡeasḡ ḡo rḡall an t-áirḡ.
- P. Roirḡear leat áirḡ a'ḡ deoḡ,  
do ḡac cuḡ dá b-ḡaḡaḡ an éliaḡ;  
tuḡḡoim liom ḡuḡ náirḡeasḡ duḡ,  
maḡla a'ḡ ḡuḡ do éabairḡ do Dhia.
- O. Na ḡeibimḡe áirḡ a'ḡ deoḡ,  
a'ḡ rúil ḡan coḡḡ amearḡ na ḡ-cliaḡ;  
a Phátraic! nḡ mearḡam ar aon coḡ,  
do Dhia ḡo b-ḡaḡeaḡ an muáin.
- P. Cioḡar dob féidim do leas muáin,  
an tan ḡeibim bḡas maḡ éas;  
nḡ corḡúil ḡuḡ leas-éumad rḡ,  
a Oirḡ, ir muḡc do ḡláim!
- O. A Phátraic! nḡ éirḡeḡnḡ do Dhia,  
tuḡa, na 'u éliaḡ naḡ caoḡ;  
ma'ḡ a u-éirḡeasḡ ḡeabmaoḡd bḡas,  
ḡuḡ ab ioḡaḡ an muáin ra moḡn.
- P. A Oirḡ na cuḡ a ruḡm nḡ buḡ mḡ  
a b-ḡaḡimḡ d'áirḡeasḡ amearḡ na ḡ-cliaḡ;  
leas-éumad nḡ deáirḡadar muáin,  
'ḡ ir ḡeáim a u-ole na maḡc na b-ḡiaḡ.
- O. Ole áḡur árḡuḡ oḡairḡ,  
do éirḡim a u-dáil do éliaḡ;  
a'ḡ na maḡairḡe raon ḡ na uḡoim,  
oim nḡoim coḡrḡúil rḡb le rḡuasḡ na b-ḡiaḡ.

- O. Thou hast told a falsehood, 'twas not God [death,  
That obtained sway over the Fians, or caused their  
And if he ever acted justly or evenly,  
He would generously share the bread.
- P. Bread and drink is shared with thee,  
Of each meal the clerics get ;  
I perceive it is shameful to thee  
Abuse and scandal to give to God.
- O. If I get food and drink,  
And a willing share among the clerics ;  
O Patrick ! I cannot think on any account  
That thy God seeth my share.
- P. How is it that thou couldst get but half diet,  
Whilst thou gettest food like the rest ;  
It is not likely that it is injustice  
O Oisin, how constant is thy clamour !
- O. O Patrick, I would not believe thy God,  
Thou, nor the clerics, who are not mild,  
If it be together [*i. e.* at one table] we are fed  
That the portion each gets is alike.
- P. O Oisin talk no more, [clerics ;  
Of all the hardships thou hast undergone among the  
Injustice they never did, [of the Fians.  
And their worst acts are better than the best deeds
- O. Ills and loud contention  
Mayest fall among thy clerics ;  
And may thou not escape their venom,  
For ye are not like the Fenian hosts.

P. Jf ole ljom a řeanóiu léiçé,  
 naç ionñuuy leat cléiu na Ðia ;  
 tjoçfaib tmaicé 'har dñé leat é,  
 zo doibb a n-ðaoi zlar na b-řianu,

O. Jf leóu ljom do ðaoi zlar řian,  
 beicé amearz na z-cliar mar táim ;  
 a z řeiçeanñ ari zmařaib Ðé,  
 do moynhear zo caol an t-amañ.

Ni corñúil řib na búu n-Ðia,  
 le řionn a z mař a'ř a z moynñ amañ,  
 niõoi muihear<sup>1</sup> leiř řluaž na b-řianu,  
 a'ř a d-tjzeað naç iad na ðail.

Ni mar řin duice a'ř dod cléiu,  
 na ð'a búu řaoi-řlaicé iř mõi cail ;  
 iř mõi lib tmuazñ<sup>2</sup> boçt, zan mañ,  
 an búu mearz a çumplaçt an zoláiu.<sup>3</sup>

P. Ðob' ionñuuy lhyne a'ř le Ðia,  
 a řeanóiu laç tu beicé ð'ar mēiu ;  
 na beicé řaob-máidteaç ljořca,  
 mar iř zyaç tuřa, a Oirřiu baõicé !

O. Zi řháçmaic ! do ðeanřaiyn do mēiu,  
 a'ř dob' ionñuuy ljom řēiu do Ðhia ;  
 açt zuř mñic ljom do luadañ,  
 zo mu z buað ari řhionn na b-řianu.

<sup>1</sup> Muihear, a *burthen*, a *family*. Here Oisín indicates that Fionn would not close his doors or refuse food to any that visited him, no matter how numerous they came.

<sup>2</sup> Tmuazñ. This word signifies a person in the most abject state of poverty and want.

P. It is grievous to me O hoary old man,  
 That thou lovest not the clerics and God ;  
 A time will come when thou shalt regret it  
 Sorrowful in the bonds of pain.

O. It is enough for me of cruel bonds of pain  
 To be with the clerics as I am,  
 Awaiting the grace of God,  
 Who slenderly shares with me the bread.

Not like are ye or your God,  
 To Fionn sharing and giving bread,  
 He would feel no burthen in the Fenian hosts,  
 Or in all who came in his presence besides them.

Not so with thee and thy clerics,  
 Or thy chief though great his fame ;  
 Ye grudge a poor feeble wretch  
 To dwell among you, O crying horde.

P. We and God would rejoice  
 O hoary old man, that thou wert of our way,  
 Nor to be vainly garrulous and tedious  
 As thou always art, O silly Oisín !

O. O Patrick ! I would do as thou desirest,  
 And 'tis I that would love thy God,  
 But only that thou too often proclaimest [Fians.  
 That 'twas he who obtained sway over Fionn of the

\* *Folan* signifies one that is constantly crying or growling. The poet uses the expression here in reference to the singing of psalms and hymns by St. Patrick and his choir ; for while he himself was obliged to fast, the singing of psalms was not very much to his taste ; and, therefore, taunted the saint on every possible occasion.

Ք. Եանդաճե՛տ ԼԵ ԿԱՏԱԵԻՆ ԿԱ Ե-ԴԻԱՅՆ,  
 ԵՎ ԷՐԵԱՅՆՊԱՐ ԵԱԾ Ա՛Ր ԵՎ ՊԱԵՒ Ա Յ-ԿԱԵԼ ;  
 ԱԵՐԻՐ ԸՆԿՆՆ ԱՊՈՐ ՅԱՆ ԵՊԻԾՆ,  
 ԵԿԱ ՊԱՅ ԵՎԱԾ ԱՐ ԸՆՈՑ ԱՅ ԱՅԻ !

Օ. ԵԿԱ ՅՍԻ ՊՅԱՆ ԼԻՈՊ Ա Ծ-ԵՐԱՃԵ ՐԱԾ,  
 Ա ԵԵԻՇ ԱՐ ՐԻՒԵԱԼ ԼԵ ԵՈՊԱԾ ՔԱՅԻՄ :  
 ԼԵԱՊԲԱԾ ԾԱԵ, ՊԱ ՅԵԻԵՊՆ ՊԿԱՐ,  
 ԱՐ ԸԾՈՊՐՅԼԵԾ ԾԻԱՆ ԸՆՈՐԵ ԱՅ ԱՅԻ !

Ծ՛ՅՈՐԿԱՅ ՊԵԱՐՅԱԾ ԿԱ ԼԱՊՆ ՆՅԼԱՐ,  
 Ա՛Ր ՕՐԵՍՐ, ՅՕ ԵԵԱՊՆ, Ա Յ-ԸԾՈՊՆ-ՅԼԵԻԵ ;  
 Ա ՔԻԱԵՐԱԵԻ ! ԾԱ Ե-ԲԵԻԵԲԵԱ ԱՅ ԾԻՐ,  
 ՆԻ ՊՈԼԲԱԾ ՅՆՊՈՊ ԱՍՆ ՊԻԵ ՓԵ !

ՓՈ ԵԱՊԱՐՆ ԱԼԵ ԱՅ ԴԻԱՅՆ,  
 Ա Յ-ԵՐԵԱՇԱԵԻՆ ԾԻԱՆ ՔԱ ԵՊԻԾՆ ՅՕ ԵԼԱԾ ;  
 ԼԵ Կ-ԵԱՅԱԼ ՅՍԻ ԸՆԵԵՊՆ Ծ՛ԱՐ ԼԱՕԸ,  
 ԼԵ ՊԵԱՐՅԱԾ ԵՐԵԱՆ ԿԱ Յ-ԵՐԱՎԱԾ ԼԱՊՆ.

ՓՈ ԵԻ ՐԼԱՅ ՊԵԱՐՅԱՅ ԿԱ ՆՅԼԱՐ ԼԱՊՆ,  
 ՅԱՆ ԵՐՈՅԵ, ՅԱՆ ՅՐԵԱՊՆ, ԱՅ ՐԼԵ ԾԵԾՐ ;  
 Ծ՛ԵԱՅԼԱ ՊԱՐԵԱԾ Ա Յ-ԵԵԱՊՆ ԷՐԻԱԾ,  
 ԼԵ Կ-ՕՐԵՍՐ ԾԻԱՆ ԿԱ ԼԱՊՆ ՆՅԵԱՐ.

Ձ ԲԻԱԵՐԱԵԻ ! ԾԱ Պ-ԵԵԻԵԲԵԱԾ ԱՅ ՔԵԱԾԱՅՆ,  
 ԱՐ ՅԱԾ ՊԿԱՆ ԵՍԼՅ-ԵՆՊՆ ԵՐԱՅԻԾ ;  
 ԾԱ ՊԱԵԻ ԱՐ ԸՕՐՊԱԵԻՆ ԿԱ ՆՅԱՐԵԻՆ ԼԱՕԸ,  
 ՓԻԱ ՆԱ ՛Ն ԸԼԵՊՆ ՆԻ ԵԵԻԵԲԵԱ ԼԱՅԻԾ.

Ք. Ձ ՕՐԻՐՆ ! ՐՅԱՕԻԼ ԸՕՐԵ ՅՕ ՔԾԻԼԼ,  
 ԾՈ ԵՐԻԱԷՐԱ ԵԱՐԻՐ Ա՛Ր ԼԵԱՆ ԾՈԾ՝ ԷՐԱՃԵ ;  
 ՊՊՊՐ ԸՆԿՆՆ ԵԿԱ ՛ՑՈ ԾՈ՛Ն ԾԻՐ,  
 ԾՈ ԵՎԱԻԾ ԱՅ ՅՆՊՈՊ ԱՐ ԸՆՈՑ ԱՅ ԱՅԻ !

P. Peace be with the battalions of the Fians,  
 They were mighty and their fame was great;  
 Relate to us now without grief,  
 Who gained the victory at Cnoc-an-air?

O. Though it would be my desire to talk of them,  
 And to relate it with much pleasure,  
 I shall tell thee if I am served [with food],  
 Of the fierce conflict at Cnoc-an-air!

Meargach of the green blades,  
 And Oseur, engaged fiercely in single combat,  
 O Patrick! hadst thou seen the two  
 Thou wouldst not praise the actions of God's only son.

We, the Fenians, all were  
 Trembling intensely, and in heavy grief,  
 Apprehensive our hero would fall  
 By the mighty Meargach of the stern arms.

The hosts of Meargach of the green blades  
 Were spiritless and joyless, shedding tears,  
 Fearing for the fall of their head and chief  
 By Oseur of the severe arm and sharp blades.

O Patrick! wert thou a spectator  
 Of all the traces of the sharp swords  
 Which were on the bodies of the stern warriors,  
 Thou wouldst not mention God or the clerics.

P. O Oisín! leave off a while  
 Thy silly words, and pursue the tale;  
 Tell us which of the twain,  
 Was victorious in the action at Cnoc-an-air.

- O. Ա Պիսիսիսիս ! ար Օրսիս ծրարծ,  
 Եւ ծարիս յո լարիս ար Եւ ծարիս ;  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս լարիս Եւ ծարիս ծարիս !
- Պ. Որ Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս ;  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս ծարիս.
- O. Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս.<sup>1</sup>
- Եւ ծարիս Օրսիս ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս ;  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս.
- Որ Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս ;  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս.

<sup>1</sup> Բարիս, Բարի, *the Fiars of Fail*. Բարի, or Եւ ծարիս, according to Keating, was one of the ancient names of Ireland. At the Tuatha De Danann invasion the country received this name from a celebrated stone which they brought with them, called the Եւ ծարիս, or Stone of Destiny, and of which the poet writes :—

“Օր Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս,  
 Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս Եւ ծարիս.”

From this stone which is under my two heels,  
 The Island of Fail is called.

This stone was considered enchanted and held in great veneration for its supposed power of making a terrible noise resembling thunder, which could be heard at a great distance, when one of the royal race of Scythia sat upon it to be crowned. It was then the custom, upon the decease of the reigning monarch, that his successor should sit upon this stone for

O. O Meargach ! saith Oscur aloud,  
 My spear has reddened in thy body ;  
 I have cut thy flesh to the bone,  
 And the anguish of death cometh upon thee !

M. I dread not death by thy hand,  
 Be not concerned for me, generous Oscur ;  
 I verily believe thou shalt fall by us,  
 And all that survive of thy hosts.

O. I verily believe, O stern Meargach,  
 That thy death wound is not far from thee,  
 And that thou and thy mighty host will fall,  
 By me and the hosts of the Fians of Fail.

Oscur became furious and vehement,  
 And he wielded his all-victorious blade,  
 With such heroic courage and might of arm,  
 That he laid Meargach the hardy low.

Not long was the hero on the ground,  
 When he arose without dread again ;  
 Shame then seized the man,  
 And his strength and valor increased.

coronation ; but if the candidate so sitting was *not* of the royal blood of Scythia, neither motion nor noise of any sort proceeded from the stone. All the monarchs of Ireland upon their succession were crowned upon it ; and from its great fame, Fergus Mac Earca, first king of Scotland, sent to his brother Murtough, who was then king of Ireland, requesting him to send it to Scotland, in order to be crowned thereon king of that country. He believed thereby that the crown would be more firmly possessed by him and his posterity, by its innate extraordinary virtue. The king of Ireland complied ; and about A.D. 513, Fergus received upon it the crown of Scotland. It was preserved with great care at the Abbey of Scone in that country, for the purpose of crowning their kings upon it, until the time of Edward I., king of England, who brought it from Scotland. It is said to be now placed under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, where it has lost all its former virtue and power.

O. Do éairc an dír deaḡ-laoc zlan,  
o aḡairc maḡdne zo h-ḡair-ueoir;  
zay ríé, zay roraḡ, zay cáirde,  
oc! a Phátraic, a ḡ-dian-ḡleḡ.

D'fíarfaiz ḡheairzác d'Orcuri áiz,  
an d-teméizfíḡ zo lá an ḡleḡ;  
a dubairc Orcuri do ḡeabair do ḡian,  
a' r do rzuimeadair iad a maon.

Tanḡadair an dír laim ar laim,  
a' r do ḡab an fánuizé a íluaḡ féin,  
do ḡluair Orcuri zo calma, meair,  
ḡay leirz amác moim an b-ḡhéin.

Bhí dmeam aḡuirn zo íúbaé, ruairc,  
a' r dmeam eile fá ḡmuair na ḡzhe,  
zo h-éirizíḡ zmeine ar na ḡámaé,  
zuir éionḡ an ḡámaḡ éuzairn zo tréan.

Do éuairḡ Orcuri a ḡ-éide caéa,  
a' r do ḡlac a airn 'ra rziac na ḡḡḡ;  
do éirall a z-cómháil 'ra z-coirne,  
ḡheairzác ḡme, an tréan leḡmā.<sup>1</sup>

D'ionḡraiz an dír an daia lá,  
ar maḡdny zo laim-ḡmod dīan;  
aḡ zearmaḡ a' r aḡ crieáctúzác a céile,  
a' r ḡḡḡ b-fada zuir ḡáir<sup>2</sup> an ḡhian.

<sup>1</sup> leḡmā, a *lion*. This name is also applied by the poets to a hero, or one who distinguishes himself in battle.

<sup>2</sup> ḡáir, a *shout*. The Fenians were wont to shout loudly at any signal victory obtained by them, whether in the field or elsewhere; and Donnchadh Ruadh mhic Conmara, in his *Eacuteira Shíolla an Amallān*, or, *Adventures of a Slave of Adversity*, thus describes the shout of Charon, the boatman of the Styx:—

O. The two noble brave heroes spent [the time]  
 From morning's dawn till evening,  
 Without quarter, without cessation, without delay,  
 Alas! O Patrick, in severe conflict.

Meargach asketh of Oscr the noble,  
 If he would relinquish the battle for the night ;  
 Oscr saith " thou shalt have thy desire,"  
 And they both left separated.

The two came hand in hand,  
 And the stranger went to his own host ;  
 Oscr strode forth bravely and stoutly,  
 On the plain before the Fians.

Some of us were merry and humorous,  
 And others looked sullen in their countenance ;  
 Till the rising of the sun on the morrow,  
 When the foe mustered around us powerfully.

Oscr went forth in battle armour,  
 And he took his arms and shield in his hand,  
 He went onwards to meet  
 Angry Meargach, the lion of bravery.

The two attacked each other on the second day,  
 In the morning with fierce blows,  
 Cleaving and wounding each the other,  
 And 'twas not long till the Fians shouted.

" Do ru3 aη macaη aη baη mo mēaraib,  
 Do ηη rē 3aηi o3aηb a' r bēiceač,  
 Le ruaiη a 3oča do čuicēač ηa rēarača,  
 Do čuala aη čuηuηe ē a' r čuηi ηeηe aηη 3ēηη a r."

The giant seiz'd my hand with gladden'd soul,  
 Then louder roar'd than mightiest thunder's roll ;  
 Heaven's high cope trembled at his bellowing shout,  
 The round world heard, and hell's black depths cried out.

*S. Hayes's Translation.*

- P. Crieád an fáé ar záiir an Fhianh,  
 a Oiríú zírúú ajeirir dúirú ;  
 ná deairmad, aicéim, do maib,  
 ir mliir<sup>1</sup> do rzeól air rúð.
- O. Níoir záiir máoirde, a Phátriac náad !  
 do éóz an Fhianh an triáé úð ;  
 acé záiir éaoirce a' r ériáideacé,  
 záiir zólaíú a' r záiir éúmad !
- P. Crieád fáé ar éaoirceadar an Fhianh,  
 ir fada liom zó noéairi fáé,  
 ir corhúil mar leahar do laoi,  
 zó maib Orceir a liom ciuad-éair.
- O. Dob' é fáé fo'ir záiir aa Fhianh,  
 a Phátriac ná cléirce zó deairb ;  
 an triear béim éuz Meairzác ná laíú,  
 d'féaz Orceir zó fanh faoi éalaíú !
- Úú tan do éohaircmar Orceir ar láir,  
 do íaoileamair a' r cáé zó maib zán aham,<sup>2</sup>  
 acé híoir b-fada do'ú laoc éiódá,  
 an tan d'éirirz beó ná íearaíú !
- Ú Orceir, ar Fíoiú ná b-Fíaiú,  
 hí fácaí maíú do éoir ar láir ;  
 ar úir talíúú zúr aírú,  
 az aoi zairzídeac dá buirbe laíú.
- Ir deairb liomra ar Meairzác ná laíú,  
 zó m-biad Orceir zó fanh zán rpar ;  
 azur an éuir eile do'ú Fhianh,  
 acé turá azur Úóð Beaz amáíú.

<sup>1</sup> Mliir do rzeól, *sweet thy tale*. The saint here indicates to Oisín that he was well pleased with his narrative ; and urged him to proceed, for it is to be supposed that Oisín grew silent for a time, thinking mournfully of the great achievements he had witnessed of old.

- P. Why is it that the Fians shouted,  
 O pleasant Oisin relate to me ;  
 Do not forget, I implore, thy narration,  
 Delightful is thy account of it [to me].
- [arrived !
- O. 'Twas not a shout of exultation, O Patrick, recently  
 That the Fenians raised at that time,  
 But a shout of sorrow and misery,  
 A shout of lamentations and [deep] woe !
- P. Why is it that the Fenians wailed ?  
 I long to hear thee reveal the cause ;  
 'Tis likely as thy lay goeth on,  
 That Oscur was in a perilous position.
- O. This was why the Fenians wailed,  
 O Patrick of the clerics, truly ;  
 The third blow given by Meargach of the blades,  
 Left Oscur weak upon the ground.

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

O Oscur, saith Fionn of the Fians,  
 Thy body was never seen laid  
 On the clay of the earth till to-day,  
 By any hero however mighty his hand.

I verily believe, saith Meargach of the blades,  
 That Oscur will be feeble without delay,  
 And the rest of the Fians,  
 But thou and Aodh Beag only.

<sup>2</sup> 5an anam, literally *without spirit*, meaning that he was a lifeless corpse.

- O. Dub-rlay na Féinne fúzad,  
 a Mheariḡaḡ cḡuaḡd na uḡlar layn;  
 o deariḡad liom ar do cóir,  
 nḡ h-eaḡal do'n Fhianḡ do éaḡn.
- Cuirḡnḡd, a Orcuir, ar Conḡan maol,  
 do túirḡm do'n Fhianḡ zḡur dḡé;  
 cuirḡnḡd ar ḡac caḡ cḡuaḡd,  
 do féarḡuḡḡir do fḡuaḡḡirḡ Fhianḡ.
- Do rḡreaz Conḡan Orcuir aḡḡ,  
 a'ḡ éḡz aḡaḡd zo dána ar Mheariḡac éḡéaḡ;  
 nḡ fḡacacḡ fḡor, a Phátriac!  
 caḡ dob' féarḡu ḡḡu dḡr laoc.
- Dob' é rḡd aḡ caḡ ba dḡan,  
 a Phátriac! na ḡ-cliar ḡan ḡḡ;  
 caḡ ḡan rḡraḡd, caḡ ḡan páirḡ,  
 caḡ ḡan rḡaona a uḡarḡb ḡleḡ.
- Do bḡ aḡ dḡr dob' aḡhe chear,  
 Orcuir aḡur Mheariḡac a deari me;  
 aḡ dara lá ar d-teacḡt neoir,  
 a'ḡ nḡoir h-aḡhe a ḡ-clḡ na rḡéirḡ.
- Nḡ rḡb ball da ḡ-comraḡb caoir,  
 ḡan rḡan cḡéacḡt, na zḡirḡ layn;  
 o baḡar<sup>1</sup> cḡnḡ, zo boḡn trḡacḡt,<sup>2</sup>  
 dúḡhe a'ḡ do éacḡ nḡoir ḡreanḡ.
- A Orcuir! cuirḡnḡd zḡur leḡ' láirḡ,  
 do túirḡ zḡuaḡac aḡ Dúir Óir;<sup>3</sup>  
 maḡ cuirḡar le Mheariḡac ar ḡ-cul tú.  
 nḡ aḡéirḡd dúirḡ tú, ar Fḡoirḡ na b-Fhianḡ.

<sup>1</sup> Baḡar. This is the name by which the crown of the head is known; and it is generally believed that talented men lose the hair off this part of their head at an early age. The celebrated poet Carolan is represented as a bald-pated man in a print prefixed to Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*.

O. The Fenians completely defy thee,  
 Stern Meargach of the green blades ;  
 As I have reddened thy body,  
 The Fians need not dread thy power.

Remember Oscr, saith Conan Maol,  
 Thy fall to the Fians will be a loss ;  
 Remember every hard battle  
 Thou sustained for the hosts of Fionn.

Conan roused the noble Oscr,  
 And he boldly faced the powerful Meargach ;  
 I have never yet seen, O Patrick,  
 A better fought battle between two heroes.

That was the battle that was severe,  
 O Patrick ! of the clerics, without doubt ;  
 A battle without cessation, a battle without partiality,  
 A battle without intermission in fierce conflict.

The two were of the fairest feature,  
 Oscr and Meargach I say ;  
 On the second day on the approach of evening, [ed.  
 That their form or appearance could not be distinguish-

There was not a spot of their smooth bodies  
 Without trace of scars and wounds of blades,  
 From the top of their heads to the sole of their feet,  
 To us and the rest it was not pleasant.

O Oscr ! remember it was by thy hand,  
 The wizard of Dunore fell ;  
 If by Meargach thou art vanquished,  
 We recognise thee not, saith Fionn of the Fians.

<sup>2</sup> Πηᾶεε, or βοηη Πηᾶεε, used poetically for Πηοῖζ, the foot ; however, βοηη Πηᾶεε, or βοηη Πηοῖζ, means the sole of the foot.

<sup>3</sup> Δύη Ὀρη, i.e., *the fortress of gold*. There are three localities in Ireland bearing this name—one of which (Dunore) is situated in the county

- O,      Ναὸ κυρήην λεατ ζυρ τεανη δο βί,  
           Νοίρηγὰδ πλανηδα αν Φύην Όρη,  
           ο ηὰὸ η-αιήηζέεαρ ληνη δο ζήνύρη,  
           cloητεαρ ληνη ζὰὸ τριάτ δο ζλόρη.
- Ναὸ κυρήην λεατ ταρ έρη αν άρη,  
           ζυρ λεατ δο έυτε Ταρλε μαε Τρηορη?  
           α'ρ ζὰὸ ζαιρηζήδεαὸ α'ρ τρέανη ρλουαζ,  
           δο έυζ α έυαρη' αρ αν β-Φήρηην.
- Βα δεαρηβ ληνη υρη, αν Φηηανη,  
           ηάρ β-φαδα δ'η η-δρη αν τ-έαζ;  
           βα ζέαρη ζυρ β'αορηβηνη δύηνη,  
           αρ δ-τυρητη ζαν λúτ δο'η ρέαρ τρέανη.
- Cηα έυτε αρ ταλαη αν λαοὸ,  
           α ζ-ερεαταρη έαζα δαρ ληνη;  
           δ'έρηηζήδ ζο calμη μεαρη αρρη,  
           α'ρ δύβαρηε, ηρ δρηε ρο δο'η Φήρηην.
- Do βή αν ηεόρη α β-ροζυρ δύηνη,  
           α'ρ δο τυρηεαδ δο'η Φήρηην α'ρ δο έαὸ;  
           ζο μο έυρηε αν δρηε λαοὸ,  
           δο ρζυρ δ'η ηζλεὸ ζο lá.
- Do λαβαρη Φρηην ηρη ηα ρρη έαλμη,  
           α'ρ δύβαρηε ζυρ μαρηε δόρηε αραοη;  
           ρηαοηα δ'η ζ-εαὸ δο τορη α έέρηε,  
           ζο η-ερηηζήδ ζρηέρηε α μαρηαὸ λαε.
- Α δύβαρηε Αηεαρηζαὸ ηα ηζλαρ λανη,  
           ηρ έυρηε ρην, α Φηηνη ηρηε Cύρηηηη,  
           α'ρ ηρηε έαρηλαηδ ηηαηη λρηη α ηζληε,  
           λαοὸ ηρ τρηέρηε ηεαρηε α'ρ λúτ.

of Kerry; the *Fort del Or* of the Spaniards near Smerwick; the second is now a castellated rock in the southern shore of Cape Clear in Cork; and the third is in the county of Meath. There is an Ossianic Poem in our collection, entitled *Εαὸτρηα αν Αηαδαρη Αηόρηη*, i.e., *The Adventures*

O. Dost not thou remember how powerful was  
 Nosniadh, the flower of Dunore ;  
 As we recognise not thy countenance,  
 Let us always hear thy voice.

Dost thou not remember after the slaughter,  
 That it was by thee Tailc Mac Treoin fell ?  
 And each hero and mighty host,  
 That made a journey towards the Fians.

We, the Fenians all, perceived,  
 That death was not far from the two ;  
 'Twas not long till we were joyful,  
 On the feeble fall of the mighty man.

Though the hero fell to the ground,  
 In the spasms of death, as we thought,  
 He arose quickly and fiercely again,  
 And saith, " this is sad for the Fians."

The evening was nigh at hand,  
 And the Fians and all conceived,  
 That it was better the two heroes  
 Should cease from the conflict for the night.

Fionn spoke to the mighty men,  
 And said it would be to the renown of the two,  
 To give up the battle of one accord,  
 Till the rising sun on the morrow.

Meargach of the green blades said,  
 That is but just, O Fionn Mac Cumhail ;  
 And I never yet encountered in battle,  
 A hero mightier in strength and vigour.

of the Big Fool, or Simpleton ; in which reference is made to Σημαζαε of Θηύη αη Όηη, which may refer to either locality. This poem will appear in our Transactions at some future period.

O. O uoēt amac, a Wheariḡaiḡ cḡuaid,  
 cuiriḡ ruar duirre, a'ḡ d'F'hionn;  
 do ló uó d'oidce, aḡur zo briač,  
 uó zuu bār do ceac̄taru dūinn.

Do rzuu an dīr deaḡ-laoc̄ ó'ḡ uḡleó,  
 an oidce rin a'ḡ ba c̄méac̄tač̄ tinḡ;  
 a ḡ-coiḡp, a b-feóil, a'ḡ a ḡ-cuáma,  
 ḡan bḡiḡ, ḡan blaó, ḡan feiḡim.

Ar̄ na in̄am̄ac̄ ar̄ am̄aric̄ lae,  
 d'ionḡaiḡ a c̄éile an dīr zo dian;  
 ba c̄alma uearic̄ a'ḡ ḡuḡoiḡ laima,  
 ar̄ talam̄ d̄a d-táinḡ m̄am̄.

Dob' iad rúó, a Ph̄at̄raic̄, an dīr,  
 ba ḡaiḡbe, a'ḡ ba c̄méine a uḡleó;  
 'ḡir̄ feáru do c̄uḡreac̄ ar̄teac̄ zo cuáin̄,  
 lanḡ d'á laim̄<sup>1</sup> d̄a b-facaó f̄ór.

Ní fácar̄ f̄ór dīr̄ mar̄ iad,  
 a uearic̄, a m̄an, na d-tméan̄ lúč̄;  
 a ḡ-calmač̄t, a m̄ie, a'ḡ a m̄ir̄ueac̄,  
 a'ḡ a u-ḡm̄ie ar̄ mean̄maḡ, dar̄ liom̄.

Ní fácaó a r̄am̄uḡl rúó amaon,  
 aḡ fulanḡ tim̄-béimeanḡ cḡuaid;  
 aḡ ḡear̄maó feóla, a'ḡ c̄uear̄ c̄aoiḡ,  
 aḡ reáram̄ ḡan fleac̄, ḡan ruan̄.

A d-tmeire,<sup>2</sup> a d-tméine, 'ra lúč̄,  
 ḡan teiḡce a b-foinḡ 'na uḡáil;  
 do b̄i an dīr̄ ḡan rzuu ó'ḡ uḡuḡoiḡ,  
 do ló uó d'oidce ar̄u feac̄ deic̄ lá.

<sup>1</sup> Lanḡ d'á laim̄, *a sword off their hands*. Specimens of the swords used by the ancient Irish can be seen in the hall of the Mansion-house,

- O. From this night forth, O stern Meargach,  
 I will not by thee nor by Fionn ;  
 Neither by night nor by day, nor for ever,  
 Until either of us is dead.

The two brave heroes relinquished the battle  
 For that night, and sorely wounded,  
 Were their bodies, flesh and bone,  
 Without vigor, without fame, without force.

On the morning of the morrow,  
 The two encountered each other fiercely ;  
 They were the strongest and mightiest of arm,  
 That ever came on earth.

These, O Patrick, were twain,  
 The roughest and mightiest in battle ;  
 The most skilful to strike unto the bone,  
 A lance off their hand, that I have seen yet.

Two like them have not yet been seen,  
 In strength, in pursuit, or in robust agility ;  
 In prowess, in swiftness, and in courage,  
 And in feats of dexterity I apprehend.

I have not seen the like of the two,  
 In enduring heavy severe blows ;  
 In cleaving flesh, and soft skin,  
 Or in enduring without food or repose.

In might, in strength, and in agility,  
 Without want of feats or deeds ;  
 The two gave not up the action,  
 For day or night during ten days.

Dawson-street, Dublin, which no man of the present day could wield  
 with one arm.

\* In other copies a b-c-r-e-a-r-a-i-b.

- O. Ձ Պօղոս զի սուրբն աստուծոյն,  
 ար Օրսուր, զօ տեան ծրար ;  
 իր յօրն աս յալիս ճնայն արար,  
 բաժն տա՛նք զեօ արար արար :
- Ձ. Ձ Օրսուր ! իր տն ար սուրբն աստուծոյն,  
 ճար իմիր աս ճոնճալ իմիր ;  
 ճօ ճարար իմիր իր է ճարար  
 ար Պօղոս, ա՛ր ճօ իմիր յա ճարար :
- O. Ոյ ինչն ճօ ճարար յա ճարար յա ճարար,  
 ա Պօղոս զի սուրբն աստուծոյն ;  
 ճարար արար արար ճարար,  
 ար Օրսուր յա ճարար տեան :

Ճօ ճարար Օրսուր յա ճարար ճարար,  
 ճարարար, ճարար ճարար ա ճարար ;  
 ճարար ճարար ճօ ճարարար ճարար ճարար,  
 աստուծոյն ճարար ճարար, ճարար ճարար :

Ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար,  
 ա ճարարար ճարար ! ար Օրսուր ճարար ;  
 ճարար ճարար արար ճարար ճարար,  
 ճարար ճարար, ճարար ճարար, արար ճարար :

Ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար արար ճարար,  
 ճարար ճարար ա՛ր ճարար ճարար ճարար ;  
 ճարար ճարար ճարար արար ճարար,  
 ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար :

Ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար,  
 ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար ճարար ;  
 ա ճարարար ճարար արար ճարար,  
 ճարար ճարար, ճարար ճարար ճարար !

- O. O stern Meargach of the green blades,  
 Saith Ocur, stoutly and aloud,  
 Great is the shame to us both,  
 That the conflict is on our hands so long.
- M. O Ocur! 'tis thou that hast the hardest hand,  
 That ever played with me ;  
 Thy fall by me will be the end,  
 Saith Meargach, and the end of all the Fians.
- O. It is not my end, nor the end of the Fians,  
 O stern Meargach of the green blades,  
 To fall, as thou sayest, by thy hand,  
 Saith Ocur of the stern words.

Ocur of the sharp blades assumed  
 Courage, though weak was his appearance ; [said,  
 It was not long afterwards till the boastful Meargach  
 It would be well if we took repose.

Thou shalt not take food or repose,  
 O stern Meargach ! saith noble Ocur,  
 Until thou art beheaded,  
 Or that I, as thou boastest, shall have fallen.

Not long were we on both sides,  
 Ministering and listening to them ;  
 Till Meargach was behind his shield,  
 Prepared for Ocur of the severe blows.

Ocur did not give him rest or quarter,  
 But severely dealt each fierce blow ;  
 At the close of the severe combat,  
 Of Meargach he cut his head.

O. Do éozbamairne, ah Fhianh, zairi muidrih,<sup>1</sup>  
 a' r caé zairi éaoirte zo cnuaid;  
 a dúbairt mac Mheairzaiz na laih,  
 tizead fear aih éoihdail uair?

Thairiz na éoirzihéd, a' r na éoihdail,  
 Lonzadán mac Bnuaidrih na h-eac;  
 aihim mhic Mheairzaiz na laih,  
 Ciairdán dob' fózallac a d-treaf.

Sul fód d-tuzam tárfz ah éata,<sup>2</sup>  
 Orcur ba éruaz zai cur a ruim;  
 do bh lioita do éreacéairb adbal,  
 o Mheairzac crioða na z-cnuad zúioih.

Ruzamar ah laoc calma,  
 o aihairc na b-feari móri-éieah,<sup>3</sup>  
 a' r d'iairi cead ari Fhioih ari d-túr,  
 dul do éoihiac mhic Mheairzaiz féiu.

Nioi aoihuiz Fioih do'h laoc cáid,  
 dul do éoihiac le Ciairdán meari;  
 do curmead leižear me a éneadairb,  
 'r ir zéairi zo mo doiriž dúih ah feari.

<sup>1</sup> To show how various copies of the poem differ; as indeed do all our Ossianic and other compositions, when transcribed by illiterate scribes, we quote the following stanzas from Mr. O'Grady's copy, which was written in 1845, by an intelligent blacksmith, named Griffin, in Kilrush, county of Clare:—

“Ari éuirih do Mheairzac teahh,  
 ba boirb fózallac a d-túr zleó;  
 a dúbairt a hiac le zlóri hāri zneahh,  
 tizead aih feari aih éóiri.”

Upon the fall of stout Meargach,  
 Who was fierce and destructive in the beginning of battle;  
 His son said in an unpleasant tone,  
 Let a man meet me here.

O. We, the Fenians, raised a shout of triumph,  
 And the foe a bitter wail ;  
 The son of Meargach of the spears said,  
 Let a man from among you come to meet me ?

There came in his presence to face him,  
 Longadan, the son of Brodin, of the steeds ;  
 The name of the son of Meargach of the swords,  
 [Was] Ciardan, the avenger in battles.

Before I render an account of the battle,\*  
 Pity that Oseur should not be immortalized,  
 He was covered with huge wounds,  
 By heroic Meargach of the hard deeds.

We brought the magnanimous hero [with us],  
 From the sight of the great mighty men ;  
 And he asketh leave of Fionn first  
 To go fight Meargach's son.

Fionn would not consent that the noble hero,  
 Should go to fight Ciardan the swift ;  
 Healing medicine was applied to his wounds,  
 And soon to us it was sad.

<sup>2</sup> Again :—

“ Sul a b-cuḡad tuararḡbal aḡ ḡadā,  
 Oḡcur ba ḡruaḡ ḡaḡ a ḡur a ruḡḡ ;  
 do bḡ ceḡḡ ceḡadāc ruḡḡ,  
 ḡaḡ tapā ḡaḡ meabair ḡaḡ luḡc !”

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

<sup>3</sup> Again :—

“ ḡo ceḡarba ó aḡaric ḡad.”  
 Mildly from the gaze of the rest.

O.    Aη ταν δ' ἔαζβαμαρ ἄρ λαοὸ,  
       ῥήγτε ζο φαοη ἀρ λεαβα ῥυαη; 1  
       ἀ' ῥ λυέτ ῥρεαρδαῖ, ἢ ἀ ἐὸμδαῖ,  
       τὰηζαμαρ δο λάταρ ηη ἐάτα λυαδαρ.

    Ἐ' ἰοηραῖζ Ἐιαρδαη ζο calma,  
       αζυρ λονζαδαη βα ζαρῖ ζλεὸδ;  
       ἀ' ῥ ἦοη ἔ-ῥαδα δὸῖβ ἄ ηζλεῖc,  
       αη ταν κυρλεαδ μαc Βρυαῖδῆη ἀρ ῥεὸζ!<sup>2</sup>

    Ἐο ἐυτ, ἄ Ῥἠάτμαῖc, δ' ἀρ ἔ-Ῥἠῆηη,  
       λε Ἐιαρδαη, ἄ η-αοηαρ, αη ἐεαδ λα;  
       δεῖεηεαβαρ ἀ' ῥ cεαδ δ' ῥεαμαῖβ ἐρυαῖδ  
       βα δαῖεῖηδ δύηηη ηαηηη ἀρ η-βλαῖ.<sup>3</sup>

    Ἐο ἐυτ λεῖρ αη δαῖα ἰα,  
       ζαη δεαρζαδ ἀρ ἄ ἐηεῖρ ἐαοηῖ;  
       δα ἐεαδ ῥεαρ βα ἐάλμα λυέ,  
       ἄ Ῥἠάτμαῖc! βα δύβαῖ αη ἐέηη.

    Aη ταν δο ἐοηαιρε Ἐoll μαc Ἠὸρμα,  
       Ἐιαρδαη αζ ἐῖοηβαδ ἢ ῥλυαζ;  
       δο ζλυαῖρ ῥέηη ἢ ἀ ἐὸμδαῖ,  
       ἀ' ῥ ἦοη ἔ-ῥαδα ἀρ λαη ζο ἔ-ῥυαῖρ.

    Ἐαρ δ-τυητῆη δο Ἐηιαρδαη ηε Ἐoll,  
       δο ζἠη, δο ζλαῖη, ἀ' ῥ δο ἐαοηη cάc;  
       δο ζἠη λέ λυέζἠη αη Ῥἠαηη,  
       ζἠδ' ἢ ἀρ ῥαὸη ῖαδ ὀ δῖοηβαδ.

    Ἐἠηηζ δεαρῖμαῖταῖρ δο Ἐηιαρδαη,  
       δ' ἀρ βα cοη-αηηηη Ἐιαζἠη ηεαρ;  
       βα ἐμὸδα calma ἐ μαρ λαοὸ,  
       ἀ' ῥ ἀρ ῥεαβαρ ἢ Ῥέηηηη δ' ῥὸζἠη cαῖ.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> λυέτ ῥρεαρδαῖ, i.e., attendants, or persons to wait upon him, nurses.

<sup>2</sup> ῥεὸδ, or ῥεὸcαδ, to fade, wither, or decay.

<sup>3</sup> βλαῖ, *flower*; by which the poet indicates that the flower of the Fenian army were slain in the engagement.

O. When we left our hero,  
 Feebly laid upon a bed of repose,  
 And attendants with him,  
 We made towards the battle I announced.

Ciardan encountered stoutly,  
 With Longadan the tough in battle,  
 Nor long were they in the conflict,  
 When the son of Brodin was put to death!

There fell, O Patrick, of our Fians,  
 By Ciardan alone, on the first day,  
 One hundred and ten of hardy men,  
 Sad to us was the loss of the flower [of our hosts].

There fell by him on the second day,  
 Without his smooth skin being reddened,  
 Two hundred men with sinews strong,  
 O Patrick! sorrowful was the deed.

When Goll Mac Morna beheld  
 Ciardan sweeping away the hosts,  
 He himself went forth to meet him,  
 And 'twas not long till he laid him low.

On the fall of Ciardan by Goll,  
 He shrieked and yelled, and his friends wailed;  
 The Fenians shouted with gladness,  
 Though they were not free from sorrow.

A brother of Ciardan arrived,  
 Whose name was Liagan the active;  
 He was a hero valorous and stout,  
 And the bravest of the Fians he challenged.

<sup>4</sup> Ծ'բօյալի շահ, *he proclaimed battle*, i.e., he challenged the best among the Fians to combat.

- O.    Ἐάηηጊ ἁ ጊ-ḱōmḱāil leir fúð,  
           Ḷéirijē mac Lúḱāiḱ ba ḱian lāij,  
           hōi b-fada ḱōib aḱ rjúbal,  
           huairi bī Ḷéirijē mac Luḱāiḱ ari lāri.
- Ἐάηηጊ feari eile do'ū f'hianh,  
           d'āi b'āijijij Mhāḱhur mac Lobariāij,  
           do ēuit féij a'ṛ céad do'ū b-f'éijij,  
           le Lijāh epōda ah aoiariāij.
- Do ḱluair Conāij hāri ḱian ἁ ጊ-caḱ,<sup>1</sup>  
           a'ṛ hāri iairi cāil ḱairḱe hā ḱijij;  
           ἁ ጊ-ḱōmḱāil Lijāij, ari ḱeacḱ do lāḱairi,  
           ij baocḱ do ēuairiḱ ἁ f'ijij m'aoil!
- Jari d-teacḱ do Chonāij ἁ b-foḱur do,  
           do ḱōḱ Lijāij ḱo epōda ἁ lāij,  
           ij t'ieire oit ah feari ari do cūl,  
           hā mije iōijad, ari Conāij.
- Ḷ'féac Lijāij epōda hā ḱiaij,  
           a'ṛ ba ḱapa ah iairiācḱ, aḱ Conāij;  
           hij iāijij leir féacāij tair aij,  
           ah ceahij ḱur rḱari ḱ hā hijijéal!
- Njoi fearairij Conāij ah ball,  
           a'ṛ hōi iairi feari ἁ ḱeacḱ ἁ h-āij;  
           do ḱluair do ḱōijij ieaḱa faoi 'ū b-f'ianh,  
           a'ṛ do cāij ἁ lahij ḱr ἁ lāijij.
- Ḷ'f'iaf'iaij f'aoiāij do'ū b-feari maol,  
           epēad fāc hāri fearijiaij ah ball,  
           ḱurij hāijieacḱ ah ḱijijij do hijij,  
           a'ṛ ḱurij le cealḱ ēuit Lijāij ahij.

<sup>1</sup> Hāri ḱian ἁ ጊ-caḱ, *not powerful in battle*. In this stanza Conan is represented as the greatest of cowards. He never sought praise for any feat he performed, and very justly, because he did nothing to boast of, having exhibited the most glaring acts of cowardice on every occasion. On this

O. There arrived in his company,  
 Ceirin, the son of Lughaidh, of the vehement hand ;  
 Not long were they engaged,  
 When Ceirin the son of Lughaidh fell.

Another of the Fianna arrived,  
 Whose name was Magnus Mac Lobharain ;  
 He with one hundred of our men fell  
 By Liagan the heroic alone.

Conan, never potent in battle,  
 And who never sought fame for valour or deeds,  
 Went to meet Liagan, who when he came in his presence,  
 Said, " silly is thy visit, thou bald man !"

When Conan came nigh to him,  
 Liagan fiercely raised his hand ;  
 More dangerous for thee is the man behind,  
 Than I before thee, saith Conan.

Liagan the heroic looked behind,  
 And quick was the blow made by Conan ;  
 Before he could look forward,  
 His head was severed from the neck !

Conan did not maintain his ground,  
 Nor did he ask any to take his place ;  
 He ran with all haste towards the Fians,  
 And flung his blade from his hand.

Faolan enquireth of the bald man,  
 Why he did not maintain his ground ;  
 That he was guilty of a shameful act,  
 And that 'twas by treachery Liagan fell.

occasion, however, he was cunning enough to alarm his antagonist Liagan, falsely telling him of an attack from the rear ; and thus avail himself of the opportunity, whilst he looked backwards, to cut off his head.

O.    Ծա Ծ-լլջեաճ կօմբա le հ-սօղբեյմ,  
       այ րլուաչ տրեայ do ըսւ ըսոյ Բայր ;  
       le քելչ, սյօսի սար կօմ աղ Բարտ,  
       ա՛ր սյ Բ-բաչճաօրբ բօրչ աղարչ սա Բ-Բլայոս.

Եմէլչ, աւ Բաօլան, ծրայւ,  
       ա՛ր շլաւ աճ կայն do կայոյ արիր ;  
       ա՛ր բօչարւ քաճ քա՛կա քրօճա,  
       այ բարւ do՛ս տ-րլօչ մար ար, ոս աւ ծիր.

Ոյ շեաԲաճ do ըօնարսլե, աւ Կօնան,  
       չլԾ Բ՛է աչսլԲ le՛ս սար ոս շսյօն ;  
       բօչրաճ բեյո քաճ ա՛ր քօնրաւ,  
       այ բարւ սօ ճօ do՛ս տ-րլուաչ-Բսլծիո.

Տրլալ աղ ճարբ, աւ Բաօլան,  
       ա՛ր քօնչԲարճ կայն կօմ սոսր ա սշլրաճ ;  
       մա՛ր տսլտոյ ճաղ le՛ս տէ ըյօքբար,  
       չարսոյ ըսչաճ բարւ do՛ս Բիլայո.

Ոյ մաճաճ աղ սօնար սոս,  
       սա բօր աճ ճարբ, աւ սո բարւ մաօլ ;  
       ճա ոս տսլտոյ ճարբա ա Բիլաօլայ,  
       սյօս Բ՛է աղ ճաղ Բեյճ աչ շլաօճաճ !

Տարւ մար սօղ կօմ, ա բիր սոսլ,  
       ա՛ր տաԲարւ կաւ արիր do կայո ;  
       սա բայ աղ բօճարւ մար ար կաւ,  
       մար քաչալ կաւ քաճ ճօճ՛ ըսայո !

Ծօ ըրլալ Բաօլան ա՛ր աղ բարւ մաօլ,  
       չօ մայչաճար ա մաօղ քօր աւ ըօրբ ;  
       այ ար՛ սա մար Լիաչայ աւ կար,  
       ա Բիլաօլայ ! աւ Կօնան, Բյ աճ ըօրԾ ?

O. If I could by one blow  
 Put the mighty host to death,  
 By artifice, I would not blush at the deed,  
 And they would not be sheltered by the Fians.

Go, saith Faolan, loudly,  
 And take thy sword in thy hand again,  
 And proclaim battle fiercely and heroically,  
 To one of the host if they will, or to two.

I shall not take thy advice, saith Conan,  
 Whoever of you is ashamed of my act,  
 Let himself proclaim battle and fight,  
 Against one or two of the host.

Approach with me, saith Faolan,  
 And give me a helping hand in the battle ;  
 If I fall by him that comes,  
 Call to thy aid one of the Fians.

I shall neither go there alone,  
 Nor yet with thee, saith the bald man ;  
 Were I to fall, O Faolan,  
 Then it would be too late for me to call !

Come along with me, O bald man,  
 And bring with thee again thy sword ;  
 Stay not with me if thou likest,  
 If thou art afraid of losing thy head.

Faolan and the bald man proceeded,  
 Till they both reached step by step,  
 The place where Liagan lay,  
 O Faolan ! saith Conan, be silent ?

O. Do òðz ay fearn maol a lann,  
 a' r do iùc zo teann faoi ay b-<sup>h</sup>éiun;  
 d'fòzairi Faoilan ay caè zo h-àird,  
 ar fearbar flòz càc a z-còim-<sup>h</sup>leic.

Do éaiunz zo h-éarfza 'na còim<sup>h</sup>dal,  
 laoc foimanta ba zairb zlor;  
 Daoil-éiab<sup>1</sup> do zúairt a aiun,  
 a' r a lann 'ra rziac na dear laim.

Njoi b-fada do' h dij a d-<sup>h</sup>mojd na lann,  
 zo b-facama, a' r ba zmeann me càc;  
 Faoilan clirde, ar uzairb laoc,  
 ar cúl r<sup>h</sup>éite az Daoiléab ayn.

Do òðzbadau càc zairta zriun,  
 cé' u doilz a z-caoi tme bar Liazair;  
 do òðzbamaime zairta zoi<sup>l</sup>  
 tme éri<sup>h</sup>zoi a ueirt do Fhaoilan!

Do éualaid Orcur ar u-uall zair,  
 ar a leaba mar a maib zo fann;  
 ta ay caè coitcéann ar ré,  
 a' r u<sup>h</sup> beid ueac do' h Fhéiun moim<sup>h</sup> faoi ceann.

Njoi b-fada zo b-facama az teaèt,  
 ay laoc mear calma ar tmeay líc;  
 njoi b-fear dúun zui ab é b<sup>h</sup> ayn,  
 zui beannuz zo ceannra d'<sup>h</sup>Fhoyn.

Do íaoil mé, a Fhoyn! ar ré,  
 ay tay éualaid ay zair doim<sup>h</sup>;  
 uac maib laoc orzairda ar ay z-cnoc,  
 a' r duine azuib ná maib beó!

<sup>1</sup> i.e., The dark-haired.

O. The bald man raised his sword  
 And ran quickly towards the Fians ;  
 Faolan loudly proclaimed battle  
 To the bravest of the foe single-handed.

There came quickly to meet him,  
 A valiant hero with bombastic talk,  
 Daolchiabh was his usual name,  
 And his shield and spear were in his right hand.

The two were not long fighting with their swords  
 Till we saw, and to our foes it was a cause of joy,  
 Faolan the active, our brave hero,  
 Behind his shield by noble Daolchiabh.

They [the enemy] raised a shout of joy,  
 Though sorrowful they wept at the death of Liagan ;  
 We raised a shout of wailing  
 For the failure of his strength by Faolan !

Oscur heard our loud shout  
 In his bed where he was feebly laid ;  
 The battle is general, saith he,  
 Before I arrive the Fians will be all beheaded !

It was not long till we saw approaching,  
 The stout swift hero in full speed ;  
 We knew not that 'twas he was there  
 Till he courteously saluted Fionn.

I imagined, O Fionn ! saith he,  
 When I heard the sorrowful wail,  
 That there was not a brave hero left on the hill,  
 And that not one of you was left alive !



O. Faolan and Daolchiabh were  
 In battle and hard conflict ;  
 Cleaving flesh, body and bones,  
 To see them both was pitiful !

Fionn asked the chivalrous hero,  
 Oscr the magnanimous, I mean,  
 To go back again to the Dun,  
 And not to remain under the excitement of the fight.

I shall not return, O noble Fionn !  
 Saith Oscr who was not feeble in battle,  
 Until I see which of the two it is  
 That will fall in the action.

Faolan was greatly overpowered  
 By Daolchiadh the valiant and stout ;  
 O Faolan ! saith Oscr, of the sharp blades,  
 Thy fall by Daol would not be pleasant to me.

Faolan gazed, and perilous was his position,  
 On Oscr, with grief in his countenance,  
 O prince of heroes brave, saith he,  
 If I fall, forsake not my cause.

If thou fallest by Daolchiabh,  
 O Faolan ! though fierce his great hosts,  
 The Fenian hosts and I shall fall,  
 Or Daolchiabh shall fall after thee.

Remember, O Faolan ! saith the valiant Oscr,  
 That many a hero fell by thy hand,  
 And that it ill becomes thee before the Fians  
 If thou stand not with Daolchiabh hand to hand.

O. Njori b-ƿada dúyŋ mar rŋ,  
 zo b-ƿacamar a'ƿ b'aoŋbŋy ay ržéal ;  
 Ƴaolcŋab az Ƴaolan žay čeanŋ,  
 a'ƿ do čožbamari žáŋŋ žŋyŋ mar d'éal !

Ži dúbajŋe Orcuri do žuč áŋb,  
 tŋžead cáč uŋle d'aoŋ taoŋb ;  
 a'ƿ žeabaid cač coŋčeanŋ žarŋb,  
 žay ŋoŋll le ƿearž ƿluazte Ƴhŋy.

Nŋ ržarƿadŋa aŋ Ƴaolan ŋa lanŋ,  
 zo d-tuŋtŋŋb lŋom tuŋle do'ŋ t-ŋlōž ;  
 lem' laŋŋ ƿéŋŋ ŋa h-aonariŋ,  
 mŋŋa ž-cuŋčear le cáč mē aŋ ƿeōž !

P. Jŋŋŋ, a Oŋŋŋ, a'ƿ ŋa can bŋéalž,  
 mǎ'ƿ rŋbŋŋ, ay Ƴhŋaŋŋ, dob' ƿearŋ lút ;  
 cŋéalđ ŋac cač coŋčeanŋ, teanŋ,  
 ƿuarŋ Žhearžac 'ra ƿluaz aŋ d-túr ?

O. Ž Ƴhátrajc ! ŋjori žŋáŋč leŋŋ ay b-Ƴéŋŋ,  
 žay ŋōžá žŋŋad do čabajŋe do cáč ;  
 ŋjori ŋonŋuŋŋ leō cealž ŋa meanž,  
 ŋeac do'ŋ dŋeanŋ ŋjori b'é čáŋl.

Njori dŋúltuŋž ay Ƴhŋaŋŋ ŋe ŋa lŋŋ,  
 a ž-cač ŋa ž-coŋčearžuri tŋéŋŋ ƿlōž,  
 cač coŋčeanŋ ŋō ay aonariŋ,  
 do čabajŋe d'aoŋ d'ŋarƿad é.

P. Ƴod' čuarŋaržbáŋl zo ƿjori leanŋ,  
 zo b-ƿažmáoŋb cŋŋōčŋúžad ay čáča čŋuarŋb,  
 ŋō aŋ čuŋt ay ƿearŋ boŋb úb,  
 dá ŋžonŋčearŋ do žŋac leat Ƴaolan ?

O. Not long were we thus [situated]  
 Till we saw, and pleasant was the sight,  
 Daolchiabh by Faolan beheaded,  
 And we raised for his death a shout of triumph!

Oscur saith in a loud voice,  
 Let them all come at once,  
 And they shall encounter a fierce general battle  
 Without delay from the wrathful Fian-host.

I shall not give up, saith Faolan of the blades,  
 Till more of the host shall fall,  
 By my own hand in single combat,  
 Unless they put me to death.

P. Relate, O Oisín, and tell no lie,  
 If ye, the Fenians, were the most expert,  
 Why was it that a determined general battle  
 Meargach and his hosts did not encounter at first?

O. O Patrick! it was not customary with the Fenians  
 Not to give choice of the fight to their foes,  
 They cherished not treachery nor malice  
 'Twas not the fame of any of the tribe.

The Fians refused not to give during their time  
 Battle or contest of mighty hosts,  
 General battle, or single combat,  
 To any one who sought it.

P. Thy narrative follow truly  
 Till we find how the hard battle ended,  
 Or did that mighty hero fall,  
 Whom so often thou calledst Faolan?

O. Ταρ έιρ 'Dhaolé'jab do éum éum ba'ir ;  
 d'íairi F'aolan cead ari F'hionn,  
 dul do cóm'iac zan éá'inde ari b'ic,  
 le laoc e'le do í'lua'z éá'ic.

Αοντα να F'éinne an tan fuairi,  
 d'íó'zairi zo c'ruaid caé ari éac ;  
 tá'ni'z laoc d'á'ri ba cóm'-airim,  
 C'ian mac Laé'tha na éóm'dá'í.

D'íon'ra'z an d'ír dea'z-laoé a ée'le,  
 zo t'péan calma c'ruaid ;  
 n'íorí b'-fada zuu b'ao'í'ni' d'ú'ni ;  
 a'í' caé zo d'ú'baé faoi lán-z'muairi.

Ní éuz F'aolan an daira béim,  
 éum C'hian n'ic Laé'tha na z-c'ruad lan ;  
 an tan do éou'camari az teaé't,  
 n'íó'zairi éá'ice ba b'ra'za zu'ír.

Do éur C'ian mac Laé'tha le F'aolan,  
 ful fa d-tá'ni'z an n'íó'zairi éuzairi ;  
 do í'zuiri an z'leó ari z'ac taob,  
 az í'e'í'ea'ni' na dea'z-n'na úd.

Do tó'z'baé me caé z'ar'ea caoi,  
 ari a'í'ne na n'íó'z-n'na d'ó'í'b,  
 do bí an F'hian'ni na í'or'd dá h-a'ni'aric,  
 a'í' í' az í'íor í'íle deó'ri !

Á'iri a cean'ni do bí an í'olt ó'ri'da,  
 a P'há't'ia'ic ! n'í z'ó dam a n'í'ao'í'bea'ni ;  
 n'í í'aca tu'ra ná do D'hia,  
 a í'á'ni'ul do é'jab ari aon n'ni'ao'í.

O. After putting Daolchiabh to death,  
 Faolan asketh leave of Fionn,  
 To go fight without any delay  
 Another hero of the host.

When he obtained the consent of the Fians,  
 He vehemently proclaimed battle against the foe ;  
 A hero, whose name was  
 Cian Mac Lachtna, came to meet him.

The two brave heroes attacked each other,  
 Mightily, fiercely, and sternly ;  
 'Twas not long till we rejoiced,  
 And the foe was sorrowful and gloomy.

Faolan had hardly dealt the second blow,  
 To Cian Mac Lachtna of the hard blades,  
 When we beheld approaching  
 A fair princess of noble features.

Cian Mac Lachtna fell by Faolan  
 Before the princess arrived ;  
 The battle was relinquished on each side,  
 Waiting the arrival of that fair lady.

The enemy raised a wail of grief  
 On recognising the princess ;  
 The Fians were silently gazing at her,  
 Whilst she incessantly shed tears !

On her head were the golden locks,  
 O Patrick ! it is no falsehood to proclaim,  
 Thou nor thy God never saw  
 Such hair upon [the head of] any woman.

Օ. Փ'բխարմայծ ըի՛ զո շլօրի՛ Բա րօճնա,  
 Ե՛ս ԲայԵ Բիօնն, ըի՛՞ զն Բ-Բիանն ;  
 զօ՛ Բն Եսէ՛ Ե Ե՛լե Եաօնն, ըԵԵԵ,  
 Ե՛ր Ե ճի՛ր ըԵԵ Ե՛ս զ՛ն Ե՛Ե ԵԵԵԵ.

ԵԵԵ Ե-Ե զօ Ե՛լե Եաօնն, Բն Բիօնն,  
 ըԵԵԵ ճի՛րն Ե՛ր զօ ճի՛ր ըԵԵ ;  
 ըԵ՛ր ԵսէԵԵ ճօԵ՛ Բն Ե՛նօԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵ,  
 զօ զԵԵԵԵԵ Ե Ե-ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ ?

ԵԵԵԵ ըօ Ե՛լե Բա ըի՛օր ԲԵԵԵ,  
 ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ՛ զն ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ ;  
 Ե՛ր ըօ ճի՛ր ըԵԵ, ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ Բա ԵԵԵԵԵ,  
 ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ զօ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ Ե Ե-ԵԵԵ.

Ե ըի՛օճԵԵԵ Ե՛ԵԵ, զօ ըԵ՛ԵԵ Բիօնն,  
 ԵԵԵ Եօ ըօ ըի՛օննԵ՛, ԵԵԵԵ, ԵԵԵԵԵ ;  
 զօ ԵսԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ,  
 Ե Ե-ԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ճ՛Ե ԵԵԵԵ Ե ԵԵԵ.

Եօ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ զօ զ՛ԵԵԵ ԵԵ ըի՛օճԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ,  
 ԵԵԵԵ զօ զԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ Եօ ԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ ;  
 զօ ԵԵ Եօ ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ,  
 Ե՛ր ճի՛ԵԵԵԵԵ, ըօ ԵԵԵԵ ! ԵԵ Ե-ԵԵԵԵ ըօ ԵԵԵԵԵ ?

Եօ զԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ըի՛օճԵԵԵ Ե՛ԵԵԵ,  
 Եօ ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ Ե՛ԵԵ ԵԵ ;  
 Եօ ըԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ Եօ ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵ,  
 ըԵԵ ԲայԵ Ե Ե՛լե 'ԵԵ ճի՛ր ըԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵ.

Եօ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԲԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ 'ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ,  
 Ե՛ր զօ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ Եօ ԵԵԵԵԵ ;  
 օ՛ր ԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ Ե՛ր ԵԵԵ զօ՛ն Ե՛նօԵ,  
 ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ.

O. She enquireth in a gentle voice,  
 Where was Fionn, the king of the Fians,  
 Or did her gentle husband fall,  
 And where were her two sons ?

Who is thy gentle husband, saith Fionn,  
 Relate to us, and thy two sons ;  
 If they fell on the Hill of Slaughter,  
 You will get their history to bring home.

The name of my husband, whose sway was great,  
 [Was] hardy Meargach of the green blades,  
 And my two sons were Ciardan the valiant,  
 And Liagan, who was stout in battle.

O noble princess, saith Fionn,  
 Though accomplished, agile, and mighty,  
 The Three thou speakest of fell  
 In battle and conflict, though great their agility.

The noble princess cried and wailed,  
 And wrung her hands in dismal grief ;  
 She shed a bitter flood of tears,  
 And exclaimed ! where are my Three ?

The bright princess went forth  
 Intensely wailing among the slain,  
 Till she reached the spot,  
 Where her husband and two sons fell.

The Fians mustered east and west,  
 The foe, in like manner, feebly came  
 From every side and peak of the hill,  
 Listening to the *caoin* of the woman.

O.    A Phatmaic!  hí fáca do Dhia,  
           do éilem fód,  há tús féin;  
           macraimhíl na mhá úd,  
           a b-peairra,  a z-cló,  'ra rzéimh.

Ah tan éainn z ór cionn na z-corp,  
           do rtoé a folc bí ar dáé an óim;  
           do rín táirna ar an d-trimh,  
           zan tapa,  zan lút,  zan tmeoim!

D'áimh z a h-éadan maireac,  mín,  
           a dearca zimh 'ra deair z zmuad;  
           a leaca,  a béal,  a' r a cmué zo léim,  
           a raímhíl do' h éaz ba émuaz!

Níor b-fada dúinn,  a Phatmaic!  mar riu,  
           zo h-deacaid rí a h-éalaib báir,  
           Do éozuib an námaid uall-éaoi zéair,  
           a' r an Fhianh féin bí faoi díombad!

Do fáoileamaimhe a' r fód cáé,  
           zo b-fuaim báir anu zan zaimim;  
           do éainn na cmué féin aír,  
           a' r do éan az caoi an laoi mar leair!

O. O Patrick! thy God hath not seen,  
 Nor yet thy clerics, nor thyself,  
 The equal of that woman,  
 In figure, form, and countenance.

When she stood over their bodies,  
 She tore her hair, which was of the colour of gold,  
 She stretched across the Three  
 Without movement, energy, or strength!

Her beautiful and smooth forehead changed [colour],  
 Her sparkling eyes and crimson face,  
 Her cheeks, mouth, and form all over,  
 Her equal to face death was woful!

Not long were we, O Patrick! thus,  
 Till she fell into the swoon of death;  
 The foe raised a bitter wail,  
 And the Fians themselves were in grief!

We and the foe imagined,  
 That she had there died without a moan;  
 But she assumed her own shape again,  
 And sung in tears the lay that follows!



THE LAY OF THE WIFE OF MEARGACH,  
I.E. OF AILNE, OF THE BRIGHT COUNTENANCE, OVER HER  
HUSBAND AND TWO SONS WHO FELL AT CNOC-AN-AIR.

---

O. O Meargach of the sharp green blades,  
Many a conflict and severe fight,  
Amidst the hosts and in single combat,  
Came off by thy hardy hand in thy time.

I never knew that there remained after them,  
A wound or scar upon thy breast,  
And I feel assured, that it was treachery, love,  
And not the might of arms that overpowered thee!

Long was thy journey afar,  
From thine own fair land to Innis Fail;  
To visit Fionn and the Fians,  
Who treacherously put my Three to death!

the *Forradh*, to mark the grave of the insurgents, slain at Tara in the outbreak of that year. At p. 162, he gives a woodcut representation of this stone, which he describes as but six feet high above ground, but that its real height is said to be twelve feet. It is a matter of surprise that the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, if they believe this to be the *Lia Fail*, has made no effort to save such a relic, leaving it thus exposed to destruction. Surely when that body makes such strenuous efforts to rescue matters of minor importance as they often do, they should not leave the *Lia Fail* to merely mark the graves of rebels on Tara Hill! The identification of the existing stone with the *Lia Fail*, requires, however, some further corroboration. Taking it that the *Lia Fail* stood upright originally as at present, and that the monarch inaugurated, stood on the apex of it, while it audibly expressed approbation when the right heir occupied that position, we can hardly conceive that he could have found a *locus standi* on a space so unfitted for an exhibition of the kind as the narrow-rounded summit of this stone presents. The account given by our bardic historians of the *Lia Fail* would lead one to believe that it was a small flat stone, such as the one now under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, and not a pillar-stone six feet above ground, and six more below, as Dr. Petrie's account represents it.

- O.    Փլօմբած! մօ շէլե, մօ շեան,  
       ձօ շալլեար Լե մեանշ ԿԵ Բ-Գլան;  
       մօ ծիր օշլած, մօ ծիր մաւ,  
       մօ ծիր Ծ'բարալԵ ԵԵ ձարԵ շԼԻԾ!
- ՉՅօ շւնա! մօ ԵԼԾ ԶՅԱր մօ ծեօ՞!  
       մօ շւնա! մօ շօրշ օ շԾ՞ շալլԾ;  
       մօ շւնա! մօ շրլալ ԵԿ յմ՞ճԵԿ,  
       Զ'ր շԱր շալլեար մօ ԼԵօ՞ճԵԿ ԵԿԻԾ!
- ՉՅօ շւնա! մօ Փհւն ԵԿ ԼԵԿ,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ րշԾ՞ Զ'ր մօ րշԻԾ;  
       մօ շւնա! ՉԵԵԿԻՅԾ Զ'ր ՇԼԵԿԾԵԿ,  
       մօ շւնա ԼԵԶՅԵԿ! ԵԵ ԵԵԾՅ՞ ԵԼԻԾ!
- ՉՅօ շւնա! մօ շօրմեԾ Զ'ր մօ ծրօ,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ ԵԿԻՅ՞ ԶՅԱր մօ շեան;  
       մօ շւնա! Ե'Ե ԶԿ ԾօլԵ օ'Կ օԼԵ,  
       մօ շւնա ԶԿօ՞Շ! րԼԵ շօ րԵԿԿ!
- ՉՅօ շւնա! մօ ԼւէՅ՞ԶԵԿ Զ'ր մօ շրեան,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ շեալ ԶԿ շԾ՞ ԶԵԿ,<sup>2</sup>  
       մօ շւնա! մօ Լւէ Զ'ր մօ ԿԵԿԵԿ,  
       մօ շւնա! օ Կօ՞Շ ԶԿԾ՞ շօ ԵԿԾ!
- ՉՅօ շւնա! մօ շրեօԿ Զ'ր մօ շրլալ,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ ԿԵԿԿ շօ ԼԶ'Կ ԵԿԿ,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ շԵԿԵԿ Զ'ր մօ մեԿԿ,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ ԼԵօ՞ճԵԿ ԵԵ ԵԿԻԾ!
- ՉՅօ շւնա! մօ ԼԵԾԾ Զ'ր մօ րԵԿ,  
       մօ շւնա! մօ շԵԿԵԿ Զ'ր մօ շեԾ՞;  
       մօ շւնա! մ'օ՞րԾ Զ'ր մօ ԵԼԾ,  
       մօ շւնա ԵԵԿԻԾԵ! մօ շրլմր րԵԿԿ!

<sup>1</sup> ՇԵԿԿԿ means also a head, and in pronunciation and signification strongly resembles the Persian word *khan*.

O. Sorrowful! my husband—my chief,  
 I lost by the wiles of the Fians,  
 My two youths—my two sons,  
 My two men who were fierce in battle!

My grief! my food and my drink!  
 My grief! my precept everywhere,  
 My grief! my journey afar,  
 And that I lost my noble heroes!

My grief! my Dun laid low,  
 My grief! my shelter and shield,  
 My grief! Meargach and Ciardan,  
 My grief Liagan! of the broad chest!

My grief! my ward and defence,  
 My grief! my strength and might,  
 My grief it is! and gloom from evil,  
 My grief this night! to find ye slain!

My grief! my joy and my pleasure,  
 My grief! my desire in each place;  
 My grief! my agility and my strength [are gone],  
 My grief! from this night evermore!

My grief! my guide and my path,  
 My grief! my love till the day of my death,  
 My grief! my treasure and my sway,  
 My grief! my heroes who were noble!

My grief! my bed and my slumbers,  
 My grief! my visit and my arrival;  
 My grief! my consoler and my renown,  
 My sore grief! my three men!

<sup>2</sup> *Aliter, 210, height, everywhere.*

- O.      2)ο κύηα ! μο ήαιρε α'ρ μο ρζέινῃ,  
           μο κύηα ! μο ρέαδα α'ρ μο έαιρζε  
           μο κύηα ! μο έιρδε α'ρ μο ήαοιν,  
           μο κύηα ! μο έιρ έοιηδλε ζαιρζε !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο έαιρδε α'ρ μο ζαοι,  
           μο κύηα ! μο ήυηητιρ α'ρ μο έαιμαρ,  
           μο κύηα ! μο'αταρ α'ρ μο ήαταρ,  
           μο κύηα α'ρ μο έαρ ! ριβ μαρβ !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο παρτε α'ρ μο'παρτε,  
           μο κύηα ! μο ρλαητε ζαέ αιη,  
           μο κύηα ! μο ήέριδρ α'ρ μο ρόλαρ,  
           μο δορλιζ έόλαρ ! ριβ ζο ραυη !
- 2)ο κύηα ! δο ρλεαζ α'ρ δο λαυη,  
           μο κύηα ! δο έεαηηραέτ α'ρ δο ζμαδ,  
           μο κύηα ! δο έρρ α'ρ δο βαρλε,  
           μο κύηα ! ριβ δο ρζαιρε ομ' δαη !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο έυαι α'ρ μο έαλαρ,  
           μο κύηα ! μο έαιρζε α'ρ μο ρέαη ;  
           μο κύηα ! μο ήόρδαέτ α'ρ μο ηίζεαέτ,  
           μο κύηα α'ρ μο έαοη ! ριβ ζο η-έαζ !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο μαέ ζο η-ιοη-ρλαη,  
           μο κύηα ! ριβ αι αιη ζηηαδ ;  
           μο κύηα ! μο έιοηδλ ρλόζ,  
           μο κύηα ! μο έρραη λεοήαιη ζριορδε !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο'ηρρτε αζυρ μο'δλ,  
           μο κύηα ! μο έεόλ αζυρ μο'αοιβηεαρ ;  
           μο κύηα ! μο ζρραυαυ' α'ρ μο βαηηημαέτ,<sup>2</sup>  
           μο κύηα έαηηηλαέ ! ριβ έλαορδε !

<sup>1</sup> Ζρμαηαη, a summer house, such as is found in gentlemen's gardens, where the ladies of the household and their attendants take shelter from the burning heat of the sun in the summer season. *Grieanan* also was the

O. My grief! my beauty and my adornment,  
 My grief! my jewels and my wealth,  
 My grief! my treasures and my chattels,  
 My grief! my three valorous torches of chivalry!

My grief! my kindred and my relatives,  
 My grief! my people and my friends,  
 My grief! my father and my mother,  
 My grief and my sorrow! that ye are dead!

My grief! my affection and my welcome,  
 My grief! my health at all times,  
 My grief! my blitheness and my solace,  
 My harsh desolation! that ye are feeble!

My grief! thy spear and thy lance,  
 My grief! thy gentleness and love,  
 My grief! thy country and thy home,  
 My grief! that ye are separated from me!

My grief! my havens and my coasts,  
 My grief! my wealth and my prosperity,  
 My grief! my greatness and my possessions,  
 My grief and my wail! are ye till I die!

My grief! my riches all,  
 My grief! your absence in battle time,  
 My grief! my muster of hosts,  
 My grief! my three heroic lions!

My grief! my games and my festivities,  
 My grief! my songs and my pleasures;  
 My grief! my summerhouse and my train,  
 My crying grief! that ye are feeble!

name by which that portion of a castle or palace set apart, or appropriated for the use of ladies was called—probably our drawing-room or boudoir.

<sup>2</sup> Βασηταιαε, female attendants, ladies in waiting, &c.

O.      Չո ճնմա ! ո՛րօրոյ աշար ո՛րբաճաճ,  
           ոո ճնմա ! ոո ճրար ճարն լաօճ ;  
           ոո ճնմա օճ ! ոո ճնմա յաճ !  
           ա՛ր ա լաշաճ ալ յոճլաղ ճօ՛ղ Քհեղոյ !

Փ՛արժոյ մե ար աղ յլաճ յիճե՛ յրեան,  
           ճօ իճ ա յշլեյճ ճր ճլողոյ աղ Փնոյ ;  
           ա յ-ճաճ լե ճե՛լե ա յշկոյճն ճելճլլ,  
           յօ յալն աղ լեան լե ճալոյճ ճօմ՛ ճրննր !

Փ՛արժոյ մե ար աղ ի-թճար-ճնճ յիճե՛ !  
           ճօ յե՛լճ յօ ճրալոյ ճրճաճ ամ ճլալր ;  
           յնր ի-թաճա ալոյ յօլոյ յաճ յճե՛լ,  
           ննր ճ-ճալոյ յր ճ ճօ ճար !

Փ՛արժոյ մե ա ճ-ճնր աղ լաե,  
           ճօ յճար ոո ճրննր ճաճ-լաօճ կոյ ;  
           ար ամար ճեարա թօլա յա յշրաճ,  
           յնր ի-թլլեաճ թալ ճաճ ճնճար !

Փ՛արժոյ մե ար ճնճ յա յ-ճաճն,  
           աղոյ ննր յ-ճաճալլ յելճլլ յաճ յեօլոյ ;  
           օ յճարաճալլ կոյ յօ ճրօճաճ ճաօմ,  
           յնր ի-թօյար ճամ լեան ա՛ր իլճոյ !

յր ճրոյոյ կոյ ա ճրալլ իա ճրեան !  
           յնր յոյոյ մե կն ճօ լալն ;  
           ճա մ՛լմեաճճ յօ ի-ճլլոյոյ ճլն,  
           յաճ ի-թելոյոյ ննր յշրալ թալ ճաճ !

1 Տլաճ յիճե, *fairy host*. The recital of the long list of omens in the following stanzas is particularly beautiful and characteristic. A belief in omens is of remote antiquity in Ireland, and, prevails in many parts of the country among the people at the present day. In no other poem in the Irish language is such a long list of omens strung together as in the present one. Ailne knew by the legions of fairies she saw in a vision fighting in the air, that her heroes would never return to her alive ; also by the hosts in the *glens* of the sky—by the voice

O. My grief! my lands and my chase,  
 My grief! my three heroes true;  
 My grief alas! O my grief are they!  
 Conquered afar by the Fians!

I knew, by the mighty fairy host,  
 That were in conflict over the Dun,  
 Fighting each other in the chasms of the air,  
 That evil would befall my Three!

I knew, by the fairy strain,  
 That came direct into mine ear,  
 That evil tidings were not far from me,  
 Your fall was what it portended!

I knew, on the morn of that day,  
 On which my three noble heroes parted me,  
 On beholding tears of blood on their cheeks,  
 That they would not return victorious to me!

I knew, by the vulture's croak,  
 Over your delightful mansion each evening,  
 Since ye parted me in strength and beauty,  
 That sorrow and gloom were at hand!

Well do I remember, O mighty Three!  
 How often I had told to you,  
 That if to Eirinn ye did steer,  
 I would not see you crowned with victory.

of the sprites of the hill, as it was wafted to her ear on the breeze,—by the mournful cry of the Banshee, which she heard round the *Cathair* each night, since her heroes departed—by the deep croak of the raven each morning—by the foam of the torrent, when it changed to the colour of blood—by the visits of the eagle every evening and wheeling ominous in flight over the Dun—by the withering branches of the trees before the Dun—and by the black raven, which she saw flying before them on the way on the day that they left for Eirin—by her broken rest at

- O. **Փ'ալէրն մէ ար շու՛՛ ան քէլ՛՛,**  
 չա՛՛ արձեան օ՛ շրլալլ լրլ՛ արալմ ;  
 շար տարտմ ծլ՛՛, օ՛ արարաճարլ ք՛՛օր,  
 ա՛՛ր դար Ե-լլեա՛՛ ծլ՛՛ ծօ՛՛ն շրլ ԼԵ ԵԱ՛՛՛ !
- Փ'ալէրն մէ Ե շրլար ԵԱ Ե՛՛՛,**  
 ար Կ-ճարարա՛՛ Ե՛՛ր Կ-լալլ-՛՛ Ե՛՛ն ծլ՛՛ ;  
 դար Ե-լլեա՛՛ ծլ՛՛ արլր ԼԵ ԵԱ՛՛՛,  
 չան ԵԵԱ՛՛ օ՛ լլալալլալլ Բհրրր !
- Փ'ալէրն մէ Ե Եօրրր ԵԱրր՜՛ !**  
 րրա՛՛ ան ԵԱրԵ Ա՛՛ շաօր՛՛ ան Փ՛՛ն ;  
 ար Կ-ԵԵլ՛՛ ան քարլ ԼԵ Լրր Ե՛՛ր ծ-շրլալլ,  
 ան քԵալլ րօ րարա՛՛ շօ րալ՛՛ Ե Ե-Բրրրր !
- Փ'ալէրն մէ ար ԵԱրրա՛՛ ան յօԼար,**  
 չա՛՛ րԵօրր Ա՛՛ րլլեա՛՛ ծր Երրրր ան Փ՛՛ն ;  
 դար Ե-քաճա շօ Յ-ԵԼրրրրրր քէրր,  
 շար՜՛ ծրօլ՛՛-ր՜՛քէլ օ՛ր՛՛ շրլար !
- Փ'ալէրն մէ ան տան ծ'քօլլ՜՛ ան ԵրլԵ,**  
 ծրր ՜՛քԵԱ՛՛ ա՛՛ր ծարլլԵ օր Եօճարր ան Փ՛՛ն,  
 դար շԵա՛՛՛ րօ ԵԱ՛՛՛ շար դար ծլ՛՛,  
 օ՛ ԵԵալալ՛՛ Բհրրր րլԵ Ե՛՛րալլ !
- Ո՛ րա՛՛ ան Բրրրր ! Ե րլօճարր ալլ՜՛ (ար Յրարրր),<sup>1</sup>**  
 դա քօր րա՛՛ ան Բհրրրր ;  
 րլ ԼԵ ԵԵրլ՜՛, դա ԼԵ րԵալլ՜՛,  
 ծօ Երրրաճար ան ծօ քրար !
- Ո՛լ ԵԱ՛՛ ան րլօճարր քրԵալլա՛՛ ար Երլ՛՛, (ար Յրարրրր),**  
 Ա՛՛ շար րլօր Եարր րարր դա ՜՛լօր ;  
 ա՛՛՛ ԼԵարրրրրր ծա ԵաօրրԵ ա՛՛ր ծա Եաօր,  
 շօ քրար Ա՛՛ րլօր րլԵ ծօր !

night—by the floods of tears which alarmed her in her sleep—by the mournful cry of the favorite hound of *Ciardan* every evening.—In one dream, she imagines herself to be in the form of a spectre—in another vision, she sees a lake of blood on the site of the Dun ; by all which phenomena she conjectured the fall of her heroes. In the Tale of

O. I knew, by the raven's croaking voice,  
 Each morning since ye left me,  
 That your fall was true and certain,  
 And that ye would not return victorious to your land!

I knew, O noble Three,  
 In forgetting the leashes of your hounds;  
 That ye would not again return with victory,  
 Without treachery from the hosts of Fionn!

I knew, ye torches of valor!  
 By the cascade's stream, near the Dun,  
 Having changed into blood at your departure,  
 That this guile was ever found in Fionn.

I knew, by the eagle's visit  
 Each evening over the Dun,  
 That ere long I would hear  
 Evil tidings from my Three!

I knew, when the huge tree withered,  
 Both branch and leaves before the Dun,  
 That victorious you would never return  
 From the wiles of Fionn Mac Cumhaill!

Do not deery Fionn, O noble princess (saith Grainne),  
 Nor yet deery the Fians;  
 'Twas not by treachery nor craft,  
 That thy Three [heroes] fell!

The princess made no reply to Grainne,  
 And she heeded not her talk;  
 But continued her *caoine* and her wail,  
 Incessantly shedding tears!

Deirdre, published in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society* (Dub. 1808), similar visions appear to her, respecting *Naisi*, *Ainle*, and *Ardan*.

<sup>1</sup> Ἐρατρίνη, *Grace*. This lady was the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, who was monarch of Ireland in the Third Century. She was betrothed to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, but her subsequent amours with Diarmuid O'Duibhne, forms the subject of our Third Volume.

O. Փ'ալէլոյ մէ ար ամարս բնի ր-ժլալՅ,  
 ան լա ծօ էլլալլ բլբ ծ'ր ր-Պնի;  
 ար արլ ան քէլժ լծիարլ ամաճ,  
 րար ճծիարլա մարէ ար ճարա ճնշամ?

Փ'ալէլոյ մէ ար ճօրոյ Շիարծալոյ,  
 աշ շլալոյ շօլալոյ շաճ րեօրոյ;  
 րար Բ-բաճա շօ Բ-բաշարոյ, մօ բլան!  
 բնի Ծ-տարշ, ա էլլար, մօ ծօրիօն!

Փ'ալէլոյ մէ ար արբա բարոյ,  
 շաճ օլժօճե Բան բօ բնօճալբ ծեօն;  
 ծոմ' րօրշալբ ծ րշար բլբ րոյ,  
 րար ճարս ճնիճալՅ ճլբրե ա բօրե.

Փ'ալէլոյ մէ ար ան արլիոյշ Բրօրոյ,  
 ծօ ճարբալոյ մօ շարս ծան բէրոյ;  
 շար շարսաճ մօ ճարոյ ա'ր մօ լալոյ ճլոյ,  
 շար բլբրե ծօ Բլ շան րէրոյ!

Փ'ալէլոյ մէ ար Աարնիոյ Բլոյ-շլօրաճ,  
 շաճար Բա րծ-բարս լեմ' Լլաշան!  
 աշ շլամշօլ շաճ մարոյ շօ մօճ,  
 մօ էլլնի շար ճրոյտե ծօլբ ան Բար!

Փ'ալէլոյ մէ ան տան տարբանաճ ծան,  
 ան լօճ բօլա ար ալտ ան Պնի;  
 տօրճարլա շօ րարլ մօ էլլնի,  
 ծ'ր շ-ճարլ շար րարս րար Ֆլոյոյ!

Ու Բլ աշ արլր Բիլոյ (ար Յրարոյ),  
 ա Բան, ճլա ճրարժե ծօ ճրօլժե,  
 տրէլ իարճա Բար աշ րմճարոյ,  
 րա Բ-Բարոյ րծլաճաճ, րա Բլոյոյ.

O. I knew, on looking after you,  
 The day on which ye left the Dun,  
 And on the flight of the raven before you,  
 That it was no good omen of your return!

I knew, by the hounds of Ciardan,  
 Mournfully howling every evening,  
 That ere long, I would hear, my pain!  
 Of your fate, O Three, my dark grief!

I knew, by the want of rest,  
 Each long night past with tears streaming;  
 Down from my eyes since ye left me,  
 That such did not forebode luck to you.

I knew, by the sorrowful vision  
 That revealed my doom to me,  
 That my head and hands were cut off,  
 That it was ye who were bereft of sway!

I knew, by melodious Uaithnin,  
 The favorite dog of my Liagan!  
 Howling each morning early,  
 That death was certain for my Three!

I knew, when in a vision I saw,  
 A pool of blood where the Dun stood,  
 That my Three were vanquished  
 By the wiles from which Fionn was never exempt!

Do not reproach Fionn (saith Grainne),  
 O woman, though sorrowful be thy heart,  
 Give up henceforth to be speaking ill,  
 Of the proud Fians, or of Fionn.

O.     Ձ Շիրայրոյ ! ար յիջօճար աղ ծիւ-ճիւճ,  
           ճա մօ լատ աղ տրար բօ ար լար ;  
           յօմճար ոճ աւեր ոյօր լեծր լատ,  
           մար ճիօլ շօ ճարն յա մ-բար !

Ճա Ե-բարճար յա շ-ճօրն-ճիր բէր,  
           ա յիջօճար իբն, ար Շրայրոյ Բիրոյ ;  
           ա՛ր շաղ տաճտ ճօ ճիջալտ յիւ Երօրոյ,  
           ճ՛ն Ե-Բէրոյ ոյօր ճօն Եա ճի՛ :

Ճա մ-Եաճ տարտ ճօն Ե ճօրամ լարոյ,  
           շաղ ճալշ յա մարոյ, ա Շիրայրոյ ճարոյ ;  
           ոյ յմճարբարոյր աղ Բիրոյոյ,  
           ա՛ր ոյ յարտ ճար բաճար լարոյ !

Ճա մարբարճար, ա յիջօճար ալշ,  
           ոյ յմճարբարճիր բէր աղ Բիրոյոյ :  
           յր Ե ճիճաճտ ա՛ր յարտ ա լար,<sup>1</sup>  
           ճ՛բաճար ար լար ճօ ճար !

Ճօ ճիւրբաճ լեճ, ա Շիրայրոյ, աղ շիօրն,  
           ա շ-արտ բօ ճարոյճաճտ ար ճ-տար ;  
           ՛ր յր ճօրնար շար Ե՛արարն Եյ,  
           ոճ ոյօր ճարտ շօ Եարճ ճօր՛ ճարն.<sup>2</sup>

ճրօն աար, ա յիջօճար, ար Շրայրոյ,  
           նաճ արն ճալշ ճար լարն, յա մարոյ,  
           ճօ լաշ Պարոյճաճ յա լար ոյլար,  
           ա՛ր ճօ ճարն Ե յարտ ճօ ա ճարոյ !

<sup>1</sup> *Aliter*           “ Պար յր բարն ճար, ճի՛ ա շ-արտ,  
                   Նաճ Ե մարոյ ճօ լաշաճ յար.”  
                   As their headless bodies bear thee witness,  
                   That it was not by treachery they fell !

<sup>2</sup> *Aliter*           “ Ճօ Ե՛բարն, ա Շիրայրոյ, ա ճարտ,  
                   ա լաշաճ Ե ճարն ա՛ր Ե մարոյ ;

O. O Grainne! saith the princess of the golden hair,  
 If those Three who have fallen were thine,  
 Truly, reproach or shame would not suffice thee,  
 As satisfaction for their death!

Had they remained in their own country,  
 O mild princess, saith Grainne of Fionn;  
 And not come to be avenged for Mac Treoin,  
 From the Fians they would receive no hurt!

Had they fallen in fair battle,  
 Without deceit or treachery, O gentle Grainne,  
 I would not reproach the Fians,  
 But they do not survive to bear me witness!

Had they survived, O noble princess,  
 They themselves would not decry the Fians;  
 'Twas by valour and might of arm,  
 They laid low thy Three!

They might, O Grainne, the deed perform,  
 By putting them under magic spells, at first;  
 And 'tis likely that it was so,  
 Or else my Three would never fall.

Believe me, O princess, saith Grainne, [arm  
 That there was neither venom nor treachery in the  
 By which fell Meargach of the green blades,  
 And that by might cut off his head!

א'ר א ה-ביאז ה-בער עראפאזע דו'ב,  
 א ה-ביעעאנהאב לע פ'רטהארע לאה."'

It may be possible, O Grainne, I say,  
 To slay them by treachery and malice,  
 And after their being decrepid,  
 To behead them by the force of swords!

O.    Juyjijm dujt fōr žay b'réaž,  
       ay d'jr do leaž žo faoij do élanu;  
       nari éujbe aj'jr do éabaite dōib,  
       a'f nari b-feařac dōib d'raořžeačt nā meauž!

Q.    Žh'raijue! ai an n'jožajy a'ž,  
       d'ari b'ajijm Alue žcal-řnuad;  
       n'j érejdijm uajc, nā o'j b-řéijy,  
       žuri tujrijm dam laočma m'ari luadaijm.

Nā b'j feařda l'ijy dā luad,  
       a'f nā žlac t'ijd žnuajm nā feařž;  
       n'j m'ajb m'ajm cealž 'řay b-řéijy,  
       ačt žyjořm'arēa laočujř ažur žajřže.

Juyjijm dujt fōr žay b'réjž,  
       nā táijyž m'ajm laoč nā tōijy nā y-d'ajl,  
       do juž a m-buad a ž-ceařc nā lanu,  
       a'f žo m-bejđ am'lajd žo lā a m-b'ajř!

Dā d-tužadaoijř ceařc nā cōijy,  
       dom' érijm ba éřođa a nžn'joř;  
       a'f dā řluadž t'rean'm'ari cač-buadac,  
       a d-tujrijm n'jor uai'm'ay l'ijy!

Q.    Alue! jř aluijy řnuad a'f žyaoij,  
       ō nāc ž-c'iejdijm řijy dā luad;  
       juyjijm dujt žo d-tujřjđ tujlle,<sup>1</sup>  
       řul řžar'fajđ l'ijye do m'ōri řluadž!

Q.    Žh'raijue! ai an n'jožajy a'ž,  
       ai řoy nā ž-c'nuad-řeari do dul d'éaž;  
       tā deařb dōjč ažam'řa ař cač,  
       žo ž-cujřejđ ari ai an b-řéijy.

<sup>1</sup> *Aliter* "leažřajb an řh'ajy a'f n'j le cealž,  
       tujlle ari an leařž dōd' éřom-řluadž!"

O. I tell thee again without falsehood,  
 The two who laid thy children low,  
 That reproach was not due to them,  
 And that they knew not sorcery nor guile!

O Grainne! saith the noble princess,  
 Whose name was Ailne of the fair form;  
 I believe not thee nor the Fians,  
 That my heroes fell as thou sayest.

Do not henceforth to us proclaim,  
 And do not be sullen or angry at it;  
 There never was treachery in the Fians,  
 But feats of heroism and valor.

I tell thee still, and 'tis no falsehood, [them,  
 That there never yet came a hero or pursuit to meet  
 That obtained sway [over them] by right of the sword,  
 And that they shall be so till their death!

Had they dealt justly or honourably,  
 With my Three who were mighty in action;  
 And with their victorious mighty hosts,  
 Their fall then would not surprise me!

O Ailne! of the most elegant shape and form,  
 As thou dost not believe what I say,  
 I tell thee that more will fall,  
 Ere thy great hosts part us!

O Grainne! saith the noble princess,  
 For the sake of the hardy men who have died,  
 I have great hopes that my hosts  
 Will deal destruction to the Fians!

The Fians will slay, and not by treachery,  
 More in the field of thy great troops.



O. O Ailne! saith the pleasant Grainne,  
 I know that thou hast come from afar,  
 Come with me and with the Fians,  
 Till we together eat and drink?

Ailne of the bright form declined  
 The invitation given her by Grainne of Fionn;  
 And she said it was beneath herself  
 To partake of cheer from people of their deeds.

May my body be rent in two,  
 Saith Conan, in a surly voice;  
 But thou wilt pay, O Ailne bright,  
 For unjustly stigmatising our hosts.

O bald man of the ugliest aspect,  
 That I have yet met on any plain;  
 I apprehend I have sorely paid  
 For the stigma given, and how sad the tale!

Thou shalt pay more sorely, saith Conan,  
 For the scandal thou hast given the Fians,  
 I will cut off thy head of the golden locks,  
 If I am permitted by Fionn of the Fians.

Though huge and bulky is thy body,  
 And though flat and bald is thy skull,  
 And tho' thou art thick-boned, tough-sinewed, swift,  
 These are marks which ill becomes a hero!

We, the Fenians all, raised  
 A shout of joy, and so did the foe,  
 When the woman rebuked and reproached  
 The silly bald man [Conan].

O. Ծօ շլաճ աղ քարս րաօլ մօրս քարս,  
 ա՛ր ծօ լաճարս ծօ շարն շու՛՛ն արծ,  
 շարս շօրս աշարս րրօ՛՛ճա ծօճրս,  
 շարս ծօ՛ղ Բիւրս ա՛ր ծօ շա՛՛ն !

Ծօ շարարս ա լարս աբ ա շարս շարս,  
 ա՛ր շարս րի՛՛ն շարն շարս րա շարս ;  
 ծօ շարս Օրարս ար շարս-նարս,  
 ծօ շարս արարս ա՛ր շարս աբ Շարս !

Ծարս Շարս, ա՛ր ծօ՛՛ն շօ շարս  
 ար Օրարս րա շարս լարս րարս,  
 ա շարս Շարս, րարս ար շարս,  
 ծօ շարս մօ շարս ծօ շարս շօ շարս !

Նի շարս ծօ շարս րա շարս,  
 ա՛ն շօ շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 րարս շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 ար շարս շարս րա շարս րա շարս.

Նի շարս մօ շարս ա շարս րա շարս,  
 րա շարս շարս, րա շարս շարս,  
 րա շարս շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 ա՛ն շարս րա շարս աշարս շարս !

Ծօ շարս րարս շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 ա՛ր Օրարս ա շարս շարս շարս ;  
 ծօ շարս շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 ար ա շարս շարս շարս շարս շարս.

Ար րա շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 ար շարս շարս շարս շարս ;  
 ա՛ր շարս շարս շարս շարս շարս,  
 Արարս շարս-շարս աշարս շարս.

*Aliter.* “Շօ շարս շարս շարս շարս շարս.”  
 With venom severe towards the slaughter.

O. The bald man became very angry,  
 And he spoke in a loud rough voice,  
 A cause of weeping and floods of tears,  
 I pray for the Fians and their foes !

He drew his sword from its costly scabbard,  
 And made a fierce dart towards the woman ;  
 Ocur gave him a hard blow,  
 That made Conan shriek and roar !

Conan howled, and looked piteously,  
 On Ocur of the sharp-tempered blades,  
 And he said, shameful is the deed,  
 Thou hast pierced my breast from side to side !

I would not pierce thy breast nor thy body,  
 But that I saw thy bad intent ;  
 It was not meet for thee to unsheath thy sword,  
 On seeing the shape and beauty of the woman !

I am regardless of the beauty of the woman,  
 Of her fine features or her shape ;  
 I think worse of the undeserved reproach  
 She has cast on the Fians and Fionn !

Fionn and the Fenians left the hill,  
 And Ocur with them as their guide ;  
 The gentle princess and her hosts  
 Sped their own way in haste like them.

In the morning the Fians came  
 On the hill where lay the slain ;  
 And 'twas not long till we beheld approaching,  
 Ailne of the bright countenance and her hosts.

O. Do zluair Triaime na z-cóimháil,  
 a' r do muz ar laim ar Ailne féim  
 le na céile ar aon man ar riu,  
 ay dír riu tiz a d-túr ay t-rluarz.

Fó' y am 'na manzadam riu,  
 do féim Dáime bhoy-cát ceoil;  
 do féim Fioim ay Barri-buað,<sup>1</sup>  
 a' r do zairim fó luar a éiom-rlóz.

A Ailne rhuad-zéal! ar Triaime,  
 ay aihlaid ir aíl leat dír deaz-laoc;  
 do dul a z-cóim-zhíad na laim,  
 yo cat coitcéay ay zac taob.

A Thriaime! ar Ailne ba zéal rhuad,  
 ir aihlaid ir cuibe ar zac taob;  
 tihócad<sup>2</sup> do laocra na b-Fiaim,  
 a' r tihócad marí íad a z-cóim-zléic!

Zairim éuzad do éihócad laoc (ar Triaime),  
 ar ay leimz na y-aonamán;  
 a' r zohífeadra tihócad na b-Fiaim,  
 zo d-tuzaid cat diau ar éhoc ay aíl!

<sup>1</sup> Barri-buað, sometimes called barri buabail. This and the dóim Fhiam, were the war-trumpets used by the Fenian chiefs to summon their troops to battle.

<sup>2</sup> Tihócad, *thirty*. Here Ailne proposes to Grainne, that thirty combatants a side should be chosen to decide the conflict, which number they summoned forth in their turn—each calling the bravest hero or combatant in the ranks. Among the names of those so called, the following bear a striking resemblance to some of those of the present day; Thus—Conamán, seems identical with the present Conran; Ruaféye, (written Ruaféime, in the copy consulted by us in the Royal Irish Academy),

O. Grainne advanced to meet them,  
 And took gentle Ailne by the hand ;  
 They walked together on the one path,  
 And the two approached the front of the hosts.

At the time that they reached us,  
 Daire sounded the melodious music of battle ;  
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,  
 And called in haste his mighty hosts.

O bright Ailne ! saith Grainne,  
 Is it thy wish that two heroes,  
 Should fight with their blades,  
 Or a general battle on each side.

O Grainne ! saith Ailne of the bright countenance,  
 It is thus it should be at either side,  
 Thirty of the Fenian heroes,  
 And thirty their match, to meet !

Call to thee thy thirty heroes (saith Grainne),  
 On the plain by themselves,  
 And I shall call thirty of the Fians,  
 Till they give severe battle on Cnoc-an-air !

would go far to identify the name Renchan or Rooney ; Κορζαητε or Κορ-  
 ζαρτέαδ, now Cosgrave, is a name famous in Irish History (see *Ossianic  
 Trans.* Vol. I.). Εαρταητε may be the modern name Ηρτέητε (Hurley) or  
 Ηρτέητε, O'Herlihy, whom Dr. O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary, at the end  
 of the letter *I*, describes as chiefs of a district in the barony of Muskerry ;  
 and also states that they were hereditary wardens of the Church of St.  
 Gobnait, at Ballyvourney ; and were possessors for many years of the  
 large parish of that name. Smith states that they were chiefs near Ma-  
 croom. For an interesting account of this family see Connellan's edition  
 of the Four Masters, p. 199, *note*.

- O. **Ա Թիարծար!** ար Ալիե իրսած-ջեալ,  
 do էստ led' ևարն աղ աօղ ևօ,  
 տրննր աջսր շեաճ քարս calma մարս,  
 տարրե աջ տաշրած աճ շեան շլեօ!
- Ա Յիածար!** ար Յրալոյե ծրարձ,  
 do էստ led' ևարրե աղ աօղ շաճ,  
 տրն շեաճ աջսր քե քրս ծեաշ,  
 քարնարձ ար տաօճ քե ն'ար.
- Ա Պիեաննր!** ար Ալիե, տրսալ ևատ,  
 do էստճաճ աղ քրած մարս ծ'ն տ-րլիած,  
 և ևար do ծա շօրս ևնտնար շրսարձ,  
 նի մարտա իր ծալ ծստ շլիած.
- Ա Կարտե!** ար Յրալոյե աղ շրսոյ,  
 նի երրքեաճ քօճ' էրօլճ աղ շրսոյան,  
 և ծեյե do էճրս ար ևոմ ևնճ,  
 երրս շրքե do քնճ ա շ-շօն-ճարլ.
- Ա Շօնարար!** ար քնճ քրան  
 շրան նա քրաշրլ քրան աջ ևաօճ,  
 ծ'ար շօնարալ շեաճ ա շ-շաճ նա նշլեօ,  
 մարարտ շրս շօրս տս շլաօճաճ.
- Ա Շօրշարրե!** ար Յրալոյե շօ տարս,  
 do էսրքեաճ աղ շեան ծ'աօղ-եթրս,  
 նի և ծ'ն շ-շօլոյոյ ծ'քարարս նր,  
 շաճարրե տն ա շ-շօն-շլեթ.
- Ա Շարլարրե!** ար մօր շրեաճճ,  
 do էսր ար շօրարձ ևաօճ և նրն;  
 իր մարտա շրս շրքե ծստ տրսալ,  
 ա'ր շրնոյճ աղ տրննր do էստ!

- O. O Thuardan ! saith Ailne, of the bright countenance,  
 There fell by thy hand in one day,  
 One hundred and three mighty swift men,  
 Come thou as leader in the fight !
- O Giabhan ! saith Grainne aloud,  
 There fell by thy hand in one battle,  
 Three hundred and sixteen men,  
 Stand thou by his side.
- O Meanuir ! saith Ailne, go forth,  
 Thou that hast brought the swift deer from the hill ;  
 By the swiftness of thy two fleet hardy legs,  
 Cowardice is not thy character in battle.
- O Ruaithe ! saith pleasant Grainne,  
 Thou wouldst not crush the withered grass,  
 When in pursuit [of the foe] by thy fleetness,  
 Thou shalt match him in the conflict.
- O Conaran ! who never left  
 A bone nor a tooth sound in any hero  
 Who engaged thee in battle or conflict,  
 I think thou shouldst be called !
- O Cosgaire ! saith Grainne firmly,  
 Who would send the head by one blow  
 From the body a mile of soft ground,  
 I will have thee in the combat.
- O Earlaire ! who left large scars,  
 On the bodies of heroes with venom ;  
 'Tis determined that thou shouldst go,  
 And remember the Three who fell !



O. The two gentle women,  
 Ailne and Grainne, the wife of Fionn,  
 Were calling and choosing the men,  
 Until exactly thirty were mustered at a side.

The mighty men attacked each other,  
 Each two of them in hand to hand conflict,  
 At the close of the battle there only survived,  
 O Patrick ! but two of the Fians !

Of our thirty the two survived,  
 My heart is sick from its recital !  
 I shall not cease my narrative yet,  
 O Patrick ! from Rome, of the harsh faith.

When the Fians beheld  
 The foe falling fast,  
 They raised three cheerful shouts,  
 Which were heard in valleys and on hills.

O Ailne bright ! saith Grainne,  
 'Tis a sad case on both sides,  
 The slaughter of the valorous heroes,  
 Depart with what survives of thy hosts.

Neither they nor I shall go,  
 O Grainne ! to our own country ;  
 Till they fall to the last man,  
 And are avenged of the Fians !

I tell thee, Ailne ! of the fair hands,  
 That 'twere better for you to cease the pursuit,  
 Till you reached your own fair country,  
 Than that no one to bear tidings shall go alive !

O.    Nj tujall dúny, d'ar d-tjru, ar Aijhe!  
       zo tujetm d'jomlay ar fluaž;  
       no zo m-bejrean lym a n-djožal čac,  
       ceany Fhym cnuad-lam a nžleō.

Ay tan do čualajd fluaž na b-Fjanm,  
       žlōm an-njanhač na mha úd!  
       do fejny Fjomn an Baru-buađ,  
       až žajum a fluaž na člūp.

Do čmujnyžeamar ō žac ar do'ny čnoc,  
       an nēp do bī ar lačari any;  
       a dūbajre Fjomn do žuē ar lym,  
       cōmžžleō a' r djožal dīb anyor zo teany.

Nj majb arajd nā ōžlac mear,  
       do fluažtēb calma črōđa Fhym;  
       nar žlac zo pmar arm a' r ējde,  
       a' r čac žan rcaonad mar rym.

A Aijhe jnuad-žcal! jr dojlē ljom,  
       do majd Fjomn na ž-cnuad-žleō;  
       žeallam duje a' r nī žlōm bjejze,  
       nač majrfead ažad aony neac beō!

Do fejny Fjomn any rym orarud,  
       an Dōm le žari-žom čum žleō;  
       d'jomnyžeadar a čēle ō žac taob,  
       a' r do fearm an tnean čac žo djan!

Uch, a Phatmajc! dob' ē rūd an cač,  
       ba črejne a' r ba calma lam žlajd;  
       d'ar tužad ō čur an doimaj,  
       a' r do'ny mjožaj čeanj ba dōmōj!

O. We shall not proceed to our country, saith Ailne !  
 Till all our hosts shall fall ;  
 Or that we bring in revenge  
 The head of Fionn, the firm hand in battle.

When the Fenian hosts had heard,  
 The hostile declaration of that woman,  
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,  
 To summon his hosts in his presence.

We mustered from all parts of the hill,  
 Such of us as were present there ;  
 Fionn saith in a loud tone,  
 Battle with vengeance now proclaim.

There was not an aged nor an active hero,  
 Of the mighty warrior hosts of Fionn,  
 Who did not instantly take arms and armour,  
 And the foe without faltering did likewise.

O Ailne the bright ! I much regret,  
 Saith Fionn of the hardy deeds ;  
 I promise thee, and 'tis no falsehood,  
 That one shall not be left alive to you !

Fionn then vehemently sounded,  
 The Dord with a call for vengeance to the fight ;  
 They attacked each other at either side,  
 And the battle was fought furiously !

Alas, O Patrick ! that was the battle, [flict,  
 The fiercest and the mightiest of hand to hand con-  
 That was fought since the beginning of the world,  
 And to the stubborn princess 'twas disastrous !

- O. Do éimall Oíreun a d-túir na b-Fíahy,  
 a' r a lany lioin̄ta na deap dōid;  
 zo máh̄zadap fēiy azur cáč,  
 ap leimz ay áru a' r ay cōim̄r̄zleō,
- 2 Phátr̄iaic! h̄j cāh̄apm ac̄t f̄joi,  
 cja zur c̄muad-lāim̄ac̄ z̄h̄joīm̄ac̄ cáč;  
 do éim̄teadap uile leir ay b-Fíahy,  
 ac̄t t̄im̄íu, a' r ay m̄jōz̄ap̄y am̄áru!
- Do éim̄t r̄ay z̄-cač úd ba z̄ap̄ib̄ d̄iap̄,  
 do l̄joi r̄íluaz̄ na b-Fíahy fēiy;  
 deic̄h̄eabap̄ a' r fē cēad̄ f̄eap̄,  
 do laoc̄ma ba z̄ap̄ib̄ z̄l̄iap̄!
- D'ím̄c̄iz̄ ay m̄jōz̄ap̄y 'r ay t̄im̄íu úd,  
 a' r h̄joi b-f̄eap̄ d̄úim̄y cā'm̄ z̄ab̄ad̄ leō;  
 ba d̄úb̄ac̄ iad̄ ap̄ a d-t̄im̄all,  
 cē ap̄ h̄áim̄ap̄ iad̄! ba d̄ob̄r̄ōy!
- 2z̄ r̄iy c̄m̄jōc̄ ay cāza c̄muap̄,  
 a Phátr̄iaic̄ h̄uad̄!<sup>1</sup> na m̄-bac̄al m̄-bān;  
 ó r̄iy am̄ac̄ do b̄ap̄r̄t̄ ay F̄h̄iap̄y,  
 ap̄ ay z̄-c̄hoc̄ r̄o r̄íap̄i c̄hoc̄ ay áru!
- P. J̄im̄ir̄ d̄úim̄y, a Oir̄íh̄! z̄ay z̄ō,  
 na laoc̄ma c̄m̄ōda do' y F̄h̄iap̄y;  
 a y-éaz̄m̄ap̄r̄ ay t̄im̄jōc̄ad̄ cāp̄,  
 do éim̄t r̄ay áru ap̄ ay z̄-c̄hoc̄ r̄o r̄íap̄i?
- O. Tuap̄ur̄z̄b̄ap̄l do b̄eap̄iad̄ d̄im̄t,  
 ap̄ z̄ac̄ r̄m̄jōim̄-c̄eap̄t̄ z̄ap̄ib̄ laoc̄;  
 do éim̄t ap̄ ay z̄-c̄hoc̄ m̄e cáč,  
 a' r leir ay b-f̄eap̄i dāna, T̄ap̄ic̄ mac̄ T̄im̄éih̄?

<sup>1</sup> 2i Phátr̄iaic̄ h̄uad̄, *O Patrick newly arrived*. This phrase is very common in Ossianic poetry when St. Patrick's name is introduced, and it goes far to show that these compositions were written immediately on

O. Oseur went forth at the head of the Fians,  
 With his polished sword in his right hand,  
 Until they and the foe met,  
 On the field of slaughter and conflicts.

O Patrick! I relate but the truth,  
 Though the foe were hardy and fierce,  
 They all fell by the Fians,  
 Except three and the princess herself.

There fell in that severe and fierce battle  
 Of the Fenian hosts,  
 Six hundred and ten men,  
 Heroes who were valiant in fight.

The princess and the three departed,  
 And we know not whither they went;  
 Sorrowful they were at parting,  
 And, O Patrick of the clerics, 'twas sad!

Thus ended the severe contest  
 O Patrick, of the white croziers, lately come;  
 Henceforth the Fians named  
 This hill westwards, the hill of slaughter!

P. Relate to us, O Oisín! without guile,  
 The mighty heroes of the Fians,  
 Besides the noble thirty [men]  
 Who fell in the slaughter on the hill of battles!

O. An account I shall give thee  
 Of the history of each robust hero,  
 That fell on the hill by the foe,  
 And by that daring man Tailc mac Treoin.

the Saint's arrival in Ireland, modern as the language and phraseology of  
 the compositions may appear to us of the present day.

ՉԻՆՉԻԱՆՆԱ ՈՒ Բ-ՔՐՅՕՅԻ-ԼԱՅՈՒՐԱԺ ՓՕ՛Ն ԲԻՋՆՆ

Փօ էլլէ ար շոօ ան ար, ԼԵ ՂԱՅԻ ՉԻԽԱՐԱՅԻ.

O. Փօ էլլէ ար ան Յ-ՇՈՒՍ ԲՕ ՂԱՐ,  
ՇՈՒՍ ՇԻԱԲՐԱՇ ԲԱ ՅԱՐԵ ՅԼԵՔ ;  
ԺՕ Բ՛ՔԵԱՐԻ ԼԱՒ Բ՛Ր ՆԵԱՐԵ Ե ՈՅԼԻԱՔ,  
ՆԱ ՇԱՏ ՓԵ ՇԻԱ ԼԵԱՏ ՂՐ ՄՕՐ !

ՂՐ ԵՒՆ ԺՕ էլլէ ՛Ր ՂՐ ԺՅՈՄԲԱՔ ԼՅՈՄ,  
ՓՐԱԼԼԱՔ ԲԼԱՒՆ, ԲԱ ԽԱՒ Ե Յ-ՇԱՏ ;  
Բ՛Ր Ժ՛ՂՄԵՕՇԱՔ ԲԱ ԼՒՇ Ե ԼԱՒ ՅՅՅՅՈՒՄ,  
ԼԵ ՄԱՇ ՓԵ ԲԻ Բ՛Ր ՈՂ ՇԻԱԲՐԱՔ ՇԵԱՔ.

ՂՐ ԵՒՆ ԺՕ էլլէ ՛Ր ՂՐ ՇՐԱՅՅ ԼՅՈՒ,  
ԼԱՍԻԱՒ ՅԱՅՅՂՐ ՆԱ Ժ-ՇՐՈՄ ԼԱՒՆ ;  
ԺՕ էՅՅԱՔ ԵՒ ՇՐԻՇ Ժ՛Ն Շ-ՂԻԱՔ,  
ԼԵ ՄԱՂԵ ԼԱՒ ԺԻԱՒ Ե ՅԱՐ ԵԵԱԼԼ.

ՂՐ ԵՒՆ ԺՕ էլլէ ՇՐԱՅՅԱՒ ՇԱԼՄԱ,  
Ժ՛ՔԵԱՔ ԵՒ ՄԱՐԵ ԵՒՆ ԵՈՒ ՔՐՅՅՅՅՅ ;  
Բ՛Ր ԺԱ ՔԻՇՇԻԺ ԲԱՐՄՅԻՆ ԺՕ՛Ն ԵՐԱՒ,  
Բ՛Ր ԺԱ ՄԱՐՄԵԱՔ ԲԱ ՅՐԱՒՆ ԼԵՂՐ ՇԼԵՂՐ ՆԱ ՐՕՒՆԱ !

ՂՐ ԵՒՆ ԺՕ էլլէ ՇԱՕԼ ԼԱՐՄՄԵԱՇ ՄԵԱՐ,  
ԲԱ ԼՒՇ ԲԱ ԼԱՐՄԵ ՆԱ ԵՒ ՅԱՕԵ ;  
ՇԻԱՐՄԱՒ ՆԱ Յ-ՇՐԵԱՇՇ ԼԱՒՆ ՇՐԱՐԱՔ,  
ԺԱ ՄԱՐՄԵԱՔ, ՈՂՅՈՒ ՂՒԱՐՄԵ ԺՕԺ՛ ՇԼԵՂՐ !

ՂՐ ԵՒՆ ԺՕ էլլէ ՓՐԻՇԱՒ ՄԵԱՐ,  
ԺՕԺ՛ ՔԵԱՐԻ Ե Յ-ՇԱՏ ՆԱ ՓՂԱ ՍՔ ;  
ԺՕ ՅԵԱՐՄԱՔ ՆԱ ՇԱՐՄ Բ՛Ր ՆԱ ՇՆԱՒՆԱ,  
Բ՛Ր ԺՕ ՄՅՅՅՅՅԱՔ ԵՒ Շ-ԵՐԱՒ ՅՕ Ի-ՍՐ.

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL FENIAN HEROES  
THAT FELL ON CNOC-AN-AIR, BY THE TROOPS OF MEARGACH.

---

O. There fell on this western hill  
    Conn Ciabhrach the fierce in battle ;  
    Of firmer hand and might in conflict,  
    Than God's hosts of whom thou boastest !

'Twas there fell, and my grief !  
    Dralladh Flann, who was firm in the fight, [arms,  
    And who would play in regard of agility and feats of  
    With the son of the living God, and would not suc-  
    cumb.

And O my grief ! 'twas there fell,  
    Luanan, the wise, of the heavy spears ;  
    Who would bring the wild boar from the hill,  
    By the great swiftness of his robust limbs.

'Twas there mighty Cruagan fell,  
    Who would devour a cow at one meal,  
    With forty cakes of bread,  
    Had he lived how he would hate the Roman clerics !

'Twas there Caol the swift fell,  
    Who in swiftness was fleeter than the wind ;  
    And Ciarnan inflieter of severe wounds ;  
    Had they lived it would not be pleasant to thy clerics.

'Twas there Dorcan the nimble fell,  
    Who was stronger in battle than thy God,  
    Who hacked bodies and bones,  
    And cheerfully did share the bread.

- O. Jf ahy do túit Caol duanaé mear,  
 Bolzaiie, Seairc, azur Cuiazán;<sup>1</sup>  
 ceatmar zarb do laocairb cnuairb,  
 mo datuaoib iad uaim ar fáil!
- Jf ahy do túit Liazán mýu zéaz,  
 ba éirte a' r ba éméan a z-caé;  
 a' r do bí az fmeartal na b-Fianu,  
 zo fairruiz, úr, fiail, na feal.
- Jf ahy do túit Meanzán caoin,  
 ba éoréaréa béim a d-tiom zleó;  
 Meanduiie azur Ciahadán, calma,  
 tuiúri ba móri maré zán zó!
- Jf ahy do túit Lorzaiie ba éméan,  
 Ciaidán donu ba éhearéa méim;  
 Zarzán do éorzaréac cnaíha,  
 Mianán a' r Donn-zlaiie ba éaoin.
- Jf ahy do túit Céimín<sup>2</sup> cór éaol,  
 Cnuadán a' r Aod na u-óri méim,  
 tuar dob' fairruiz cairl a' r clú,  
 a' r ba íaré lúe a uzleó na laim.
- Jf ahy do túit Follainán buadaé  
 Biorán, Luairc, Daoirc a' r Laiz!  
 Cairte, Liohan, a' r Záirc féim.  
 Druillead, Blaod, azur Ceannairi.
- Jf ahy do túit Cúimán beóda,  
 Roiúne, Slóimne, Ciair a' r Briad;  
 Beallaiie, Cúimín, a' r Meandán mear,  
 Lairne, Fuaoc, Níall a' r Zlar.

<sup>1</sup> Cuiazán. This name is similar to the present O'Cregan, and probably the Ulster family of that name descended from him.

O. 'Twas there Caol the poetic and swift fell,  
 Bolgaire, Seare, and Criagan ;  
 Four stout and hardy heroes,  
 Alas that they are away from me !

'Twas there fell Liagan of the smooth limbs,  
 The active and mighty in battle ;  
 He who entertained the Fians,  
 Plentifully, freely, and generously, in his time.

'Twas there gentle Meangan fell,  
 Whose blow was deadly in fierce battle,  
 Meanduire and Cianadan the brave,  
 Three of great worth, without exaggeration !

'Twas there the mighty Lorgaire fell,  
 Ciardan the brown [haired] of gentlest disposition,  
 Gargan the hacker of bones,  
 Mianan and Donn-ghlaire the mild.

'Twas there Ceirin, the slender-legged, fell,  
 Crnadan and Aedh, of the goldeu diadems  
 Three whose fame was wide spread,  
 And who were expert in the fight of spears.

'Twas there the victorious Follamhan fell,  
 Biosan, Luaise, Daoise, and Laig ;  
 Cainte, Lionan, and Gaine the gentle,  
 Druilleadh, Blaodh, and Cionntair.

'Twas there fell Curnan the lively,  
 Roighne, Gloirne, Ciar and Brad,  
 Beallaire, Cuirnin, and Meanndan the swift,  
 Laisne, Fraoch, Niall and Glas.

<sup>2</sup> Céimíŋ. There are numerous families in Ireland, at the present day bearing this name.

- O.    Jr ahy do tye ʒhualāy ya y-ēaēt,<sup>1</sup>  
       a ʒ-cmuadʒoyl ya ʒ-caēt ba tēayy;  
       aʒur iomad eyle, a Phātmaic huad!  
       yaē b-fuylm dā luad ahyor ahy.
- P.    Juyr dam Oyr̄y, māʿr cuyhny leat,  
       cāʿr tnyallaē leat aʿr leyr ay b-ʒēyuy;  
       jary b-fāʒbāyl ay ar-ēhyoic dylb,  
       leay ʒo f̄jori aʿr yā cay bmeaʒ!
- O.    Do ēmuhyeamayr ar ʒ-coy ʿrari yʒadāyr,  
       a ēlēmyē fō f̄eyōm, aʿr yj bmeaʒ;  
       do luadmyuy uyle dul do f̄eylʒ,  
       ar bmuac aʿr ar lemyʒ Loēa Lēy.
- Jr fada myre, a Phātmaic huad!  
       ʒay beaēa aʒ luad duyē rʒēal;  
       yj corhūyl leat yā led' ʒhja,  
       ʒur ab ioyhyuyē lylb eljari yā me!
- P.    Tabāyr tuaryrʒbāyl ya feylʒe dūyuy,  
       a Oyr̄y! aʿr fuylʒ for t-ymēāy;  
       juyr dūyuy ahyahya ya ʒ-coy r̄aojēe,  
       aʿr ya yʒadāri ba byuy ʒuē aʿr ʒāyr.
- O.    ʒ Phātmaic! do ʒeabāy ʒo lā ay bmaē,  
       jyēaēt aʿr tmaēt ar ay b-ʒēyuy;  
       ayr ar ʒ-cohāylb, aʿr ar yʒadāyr ʒuē-byuy,  
       uē! jr tmuāʒ ay d̄jē a bejē dā y-deyr!

<sup>1</sup> *Aliter*, ya y-ōaē, of the steeds.

O. 'Twas there fell Mualan of the exploits,  
In the midst of the battle's rage ;  
And many more, O recent Patrick !  
That I cannot now name.

P. Tell me, Oisin, if thou rememberest,  
Where you and the Fenians went ;  
When ye left the slaughter hill,  
Relate truly, and tell no lie !

O. We gathered our hounds and dogs,  
O Cleric in want ! and 'tis no falsehood,  
We all agreed to go and hunt,  
On the banks and plains of Loch Lein.

Long am I, O Patrick, lately arrived !  
Without food, telling thee tales ;  
'Tis not likely that thou and thy God,  
Would be fonder of the clerics than of me.

P. Relate to us an account of the chase,  
O Oisin ! and leave off thy complaining ;  
Tell us the names of the high-bred hounds,  
And the dogs most melodious in voice and cry.

O. O Patrick ! I could till doom's day,  
Go on and tell about the Fians,  
Of our hounds and melodious dogs,  
Alas ! how sorrowful to live after them !



## THE CHASE OF LOCH LEIN.

- O. We proceeded, such of the Fians as survived,  
After the battle of the great slaughter,  
Till we reached the verdant plain,  
On the banks and borders of Loch Lein.

This is the lake—the fairest to be seen,  
That is under the sun truly ;  
Many treasures belonging to the Fians,  
Are in it, doubtless, secured this night.

- P. Relate to us, O generous Oisín,  
How they were left by the Fians in the lake,  
Or whether it be gold or silver,  
And what it is that detains it there ?

- O. There are there in the northern side [of the lake]  
Fifty blue-green coats of mail ;  
There are in the western side,  
Fifty helmets in one pile !

Patrick, the king of Loch Lein was exempt from paying tribute to the king of Caiséal. Here are his words :—

“ Բլ Երի ըյՅա Վ Չմնարն ոմոր,  
Վ (Յ)ճարն ԵՕ Շարլի ոյ ճորն,  
Իյ Յանբարն ոյ ՅանՇարն Յճրն,  
Իյ Բարիլեան, իյ Լաչա Լէրն.”

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

Լեանարն ոյ Յ-Շարլ, pp. 58, 59.

The following stipends were given by the king of Caiséal to the king of Loch Lein :—Seven steeds, seven drinking horns, and seven shields, and seven hounds (*Ib.* pp. 68, 69). And at pp. 256, 257, (*Idem*), we find the

O.     ՉԵՆ ԿԱՅ ԿԱՅ ԿԱՅ ԵՆԻ,  
           ճԵԼԵ Ծ-ՇԵԱԾ ՇՈՒԹԵԱՅԻ ԼԵԱՇԱՅ ԶԼԱՅ,  
           ճԵԼԵ Ծ-ՇԵԱԾ ԲՅԻԱՇ Ե՛Ր ԱՅ ՓՈՐԾ ԲԻԿԱՅ,  
           Ե՛Ր ԱՅ ԲԱՄԻ-ԲԱԾ ԱՐ ԼՈՅ ՄԿԱՅ.

ՉԵՆ ԿԱՅ ԿԱՅ ԿԱՅ ԻՕՐԻ,  
           ՃԻ Ե՛Ր ԵՆԾԱՇ ԶՕ ԼԵՃԻ, Ե՛Ր ԶՕԼԻ;  
           ԲԵՐԻ ԾՈԲ՝ ԵՄԱՐԵԱՇ ԼԵ ՄԱՇ,  
           ԷՅԵԱԾ Ե Ծ-ՇԵՅՆ ԶԱՇ ԼԱ ԿԱՐ ՄԱՄԻ.

ՇԻԱ ԾՈՒԼԻՅՉ ԾՕ ԻԵԱՊՃԻՐ ԿԱ Ս-ԾԵՕԻՅՉ,  
           Ե ՔԻԱՏՄԱՅԸ ! ԲԱՕԻ ԵՐԾՊ ԾԱ ԼԱԾ,  
           Ե ՄԱԻԵ ԱՅՄԻՍՅ ԾՕ ՇՈՊԱԻԵ ԲԱՕԻՇԵ,  
           Ե՛Ր ԾՕ ԶԱԾԱՐԻ ԶՅՇ-ԵՐՍՅ ԾՕ ԶԵԱԾԱՐԻ ԱՐՄ.

ՓՕ ԵՅ ԱՍՅ ՏՅԵՕԼԱՅ ԱՅՐ ԵՐԱՅ,<sup>1</sup>  
           ԼՕՄԱՐԻԵ, ԵՐՈԾ, ԱՅՐ ԼՕՄ-ԼՅՇ,  
           ՇՅՅ ՇՈՊԱ Ե Ծ-ՇՅՐ ԲԵԼՅԵ Ե՛Ր ԶՅՅՅՅ,  
           ԿԱՇ ԲՅԱՐԱԾ ՇՅՇՇԵ ԼԵ ԲԻՍՅՅ !

ՓՕ ԵՅ ԱՅ ԲԻՍՅՅ ԾՕ ԶԱԾԱՐԱԻԵ ԵՐՍՅ,  
           ԱՐԷՆՅՅ, ԵՐՅՅՅՅԱՐ, ԱՅՐ ԱՐԼԼ-ԵՇՇ;  
           ՏԵԱԼԼԱՐԵ ԵԱՇՇԱՐԻԵ Ե՛Ր ՓԻԱՅ-ՄԱՐ,  
           ՇԱԼԼԱՐԵ, ԲԻԱԾՊԱՅ Ե՛Ր ՏՅԻԱՐԼՇՅ.

ՓՕ ԵՅ ԱՅԵ ՊԻԱՅԱՐԻԵ ԱՅՐ ԿՐԵԱՅ,  
           ԼԱՐ, ՏԱՇՇԱՐ, ՏԵՐԸ Ե՛Ր ՇԱՐԻԾ,  
           ԵԱՊՍՐԻ, ՇԱՇԲԱԾ, ԱՅՐ ԼԻԱՐԱՅ,  
           ԵԱԾԱՐԻԵ, ԵՐԻԱՊԱՅ, ԱՅՐ ԲԱՐՄ.

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

“ ԾՕ ՄԻ ԼԱՇԱ ԼԵՅՆ ԼԵԾԱՐ  
           ԵՅՅԻՅ ՇՄԱՐՅ ՇԻԱՐԾԵԱՊԱՐ,  
           ԲԻՇ ԾՕ ԱՇՐ ԲԻՇԻ ԵԱՇ,  
           ԲԻՇԻ ԼՈՅ ԾՕ—ՅՅ ԵՐՈՇ ԵՐԵԱՇ.”

To the king of extensive Loch Lein,  
   Is due a friendly return,  
   Twenty cows and twenty steeds,  
   Twenty ships to him—no bad award.

See also Windle's *Notices of Cork and Killarney*, and Mrs. Hall's *Hand-book for Killarney*.

O. There are in the southern side  
 Ten hundred broad and glittering swords ;  
 Ten hundred shields and the Dord Fhiann,  
 And the Barr-buadh likewise.

There is in the eastern side  
 Gold and raiment in plenty, and spoils,  
 Treasures too many to describe,  
 That came afar each day across the sea.

Though [it be] doleful for an old man living after them,  
 O Patrick ! to be in sorrow recounting them,  
 The names of all our well-bred hounds,  
 And melodious dogs you will get from me.

We had there Sgeolan and Bran,  
 Lomaire, Brod, and Lom-luth ;  
 Five hounds foremost in the chase and actions  
 That never parted Fionn !

Fionn had of melodious dogs,  
 Uaithnin, Brioghmhar, and Uaill-bheo ;  
 Steallaire, Reachtaire, and Dian-ras,  
 Callaire, Fiadhman, and Sgiarlog.

He had also Manaire and Trean,  
 Luas, Saothar, Searc and Cuaird ;  
 Banduir, Cathbuadh, and Liasan.  
 Radaire, Grianan, and Fuaim.

<sup>1</sup> Here Oisín relates to St. Patrick the names of the principal hounds which the Fenians brought from Cnoc-an-air; and if we are to rely upon the category, many of the names have something significant about them; —For instance—*Brioghmhar*, signifies the strong or vigorous; *Uaill-bheo*, a lively howl; *Steallaire*, spatterer; *Dian-ras*, swift in the chase; *Trean*, strong; *Luas*, swift; *Saothar*, expeditious; *Searc*, affection; *Cuaird*, to go on an errand; *Cath-bhuadh*, victorious in battle; *Radaire*, pleasing; *Grianan*, sunbright; *Fuaim*, noise; *Lom-bhall*, bare-limbed; *Monaran* turf-ranger; *Feargach*, wrathful; *Ras*, race.

The classical reader will, no doubt, recollect a similar enumeration of

O. Do bġ aġze Lom-ball aġur Mhonarġn,  
 Fearġaċ, Fearan, Bonn aġur Raġ,  
 Cnaġarġe, Fġġġġ, aġur Ball-ŭri,  
 Mallaġe, Trġan-lŭt aġur Rġġġ-bġri.

Do bġ aġze fġr Duarġn mearġ,  
 Suarġn, Bearġe, aġur Feall,  
 Leaġarġe, Forarġe, aġur Slġomġn,  
 Cġġġġe, Larġarġn, aġur Zeall.

Aġ ġġ aġarġa a Pharġarġe bġġġ!  
 an ġġon con ġġġe a'ġ ġarġarġe trġan;  
 do ġġġ Fġġġġ ō ġġoc an ġġġ,  
 ġo leġġġ a'ġ ġo ġearġarġb Loġa Lġġ.

Do bġ aġ Orġur do ġarġġ ġonarġb,  
 Fearġ aġur Forġarġġ, Cluarġn a'ġ Fearġarġ;  
 Arġe, Mġġe, Farġe, a'ġ Luarġ,  
 Daol, ġġuarġn, Fġġon a'ġ Caol.

Do bġ 'ġa ġ-darġ do ġarġarġb bġġġe,  
 Clearġ, Fġllearġ, Mġarġ, a'ġ Ruarġ,  
 Mġarġn, Farġarġe, ġġġ-ġġuarġb a'ġ Zearġġ,  
 Mġarġarġe, Rġġm, Obarġn a'ġ Cuarġ,

Do bġ aġze Lorġarġe, Fearġearġn a'ġ Bonn,  
 Corġarġe, Fearġm, Bualġarġn, a'ġ Fġarġoc,  
 Cealġarġn, Mġearġġ, Pġearġarġe, a'ġ Pġarġn,  
 ġġarġarġe, Rġarġn, ġlġomġn a'ġ Caonġ.

Do bġ aġ Fearġolan do ġonarġb ġġġe,  
 Arġ-Uarġll arġġarġm, Uarġll aġur Forġarġġ,  
 Barġarġn, Fearġarġe, Caolan a'ġ Cuarġ,  
 Daolan, Suarġn, Arġġ a'ġ Fġġġarġm.

the names of Acteon's dogs, that pursued their master, transformed into a stag by the goddess Diana, in punishment for having surprised her whilst bathing with her nymphs (Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iii.) The Latin poet, however, is neither so tedious nor so unvarying in his enumeration, as the Irish bard, in the present instance, for having given distinctive characteristics to his dogs. He breaks off with the words:—

O. He had Lom-bhall, and Monaran,  
 Feargach, Fearan, Bonn and Ras,  
 Cnagaire, Feirin, and Ball-ur,  
 Mallaire, Trean-luth, and Rinn-bhar,

He had likewise Duanan the swift,  
 Suanan, Beart, and Feall ;  
 Leagaire, Foraire, and Sliomhan,  
 Crithire, Larbharan, and Geall.

Here thou hast, O Patrick ! the fair [haired]  
 The number of fine hounds and stout dogs,  
 Which Fionn brought from Cnoc-an-air,  
 To the plains and borders of Loch Lein !

Oscur had of true bred hounds  
 Fead and Fostaigh, Cluain and Faobhar,  
 Aire, Mire, Faire and Luas,  
 Daol, Gruaim, Fior and Caol.

He had along with them of melodious dogs  
 Cleas, Filleadh, Maig and Ruaig,  
 Altain, Farraire, Sith-chruaidh and Gearr,  
 Dranaire, Reim, Obann and Cuan.

He had Lorgaire, Feitheamh and Bonn,  
 Cosgaire, Feam, Bualtan and Fraoch,  
 Cealgan, Meang, Preabaire and Pian,  
 Stracaire, Rian, Gloran and Caomh.

Faolan had of fine hounds  
 An-Uaill the lucky, Uaill and Fostaigh,  
 Barcan, Feamaire, Caolan and Cuach,  
 Daolan, Suan, Arr, and Fothram.

“ Quosque referre mora est.”—*Lib. iii, v. 225.*

In some of our modern Anglo-Irish hunting songs and ballads, the names of the dogs of the chase are likewise given. Can it be that our bards and song-writers followed a classical model, without a consciousness of the fact?

O. Do bġ aġze do žadruajb bġnn-žlōriac,  
 ʒarban, Forfōžma, Fġar azur Teġliž,  
 Colžan, Faržā, Fġnōmān a' r Cġeac,  
 Lēġr-ġžmġor, Feall, Uaġll-bġnn, a' r Leġnž.

Do bġ aġze fōr Žġarġġn a' r Beōlan,  
 Formaoġl, Cġarban, Žġuaġr a' r Lonž;  
 ġġuadnān, Cġarboct, azur Cġan-ēuaġġġ,  
 Octān, Jolžuaġġ, Fleaž, azur Forġaġž.

Do bġ až Žoll do cōnāġb ġaoġēe,  
 Žġuaġġe, Bġožā, Cġēacct a' r ʒġġe;  
 Cġan, Rađarġe, Eġrdeacct a' r Pāġġe,  
 ġġeān-lūt, Bāġġe, Eġġoll a' r Fear.

Do bġ aġze Fulanž azur Eadġġom,  
 Fuarān, Eāžā, azur Teānān;  
 ʒġġ-lēġġ, Saġġ-ġġġē, azur ġġēġan,  
 Žarban, Fġall, azur Leānān.

Do bġ aġze do žadruajb uaġll-bġnn,  
 Bož-lēġġ, Sžġē, Žolan azur Tōġġ,  
 Searban, Žġġod-uaġll, azur Seacġġan,  
 Fožġuaġġ, Fead-žāġġ, azur Raġġōġġ.

Do bġ aġze fōr ʒġaoġġġn bġnn,  
 ġuaġġāġġe, Rġnž, azur ʒġmalān,  
 ʒġġānāġġe, Nġġ-ēġacāġl, azur Sġġġacā,  
 Cluānāġġe, ġġġom-žēāġġ, azur Searġcān.

Do bġ do cōnāġb až ʒġac Lūžach,<sup>1</sup>  
 Seabac, Lūġġeac, azur Eġġleac;  
 ʒġōġġ-ēāġġ, Cumān, azur Fuarġma,  
 ʒolan, Sžuaaba, azur Faobāġ

<sup>1</sup> ʒġac lūžach. This Fenian chief was son of Daire Dearg, son of Fionn Mae Cumhaill. His mother's name was Luigheach—so called from *luigh*, to swear, because all the females belonging to his household swore that she was a daughter of Fionn. Hence he was called Mac Lu-

O. He had of melodious dogs  
 Marbhan, Forfhogra, Fiar and Teilig,  
 Colgan, Fasga, Finomhan and Creach,  
 Leir-sgrios, Feall, Uaill-bhinn and Leirg.

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

Goll had of noble hounds  
 Gluaire, Bioga, Creacht and Aire,  
 Cian, Radhare, Eisdeacht and Pairt,  
 Trean-luth, Baire, Eitioll and Feas.

He had also Fulang and Eadrom,  
 Fuaran, Eaga, and Teanan,  
 Ard-leim, Sar-ruith, and Imchian,  
 Garbhan, Fiall, and Leuan.

He had of melodious dogs  
 Bogleim, Sgith, Golan and Toir,  
 Searbhan, Grod-uail, and Seachran,  
 Foghluaim, Fead-ghair, and Rantoir.

He had likewise Maoilin the melodious,  
 Tuargaire, Ring, and Amalan,  
 Dranaire, Nimh-fhiacail, and Straca,  
 Cluanaire, Trom-ghearr, and Searcan.

Mac Lughach had of hounds  
 Seabhac, Luingeach, and Eirleach,  
 Mor-than, Cuman, and Fuarma,  
 Aolan, Sguaba, and Faobhar.

ghach, after his mother's name; because it was considered disgraceful to call him after his father. It was Lughaidh Lamha the Momonian that struck Fionn at the feast in the palace of Tara. Vide *Agallamh na Sean-oiridh*, or Dialogue of the Sages.

- O. Do bġ aġze do ʒadmaġb beōḍa,  
 Luadmaḡ, Seōlaḍ, aʒur Tacad;  
 Cúl-raori, ʒġion-ʒaġme, aʒur Stuaġm,  
 Bġadaḡ, Bġuaḍaġm, aʒur Caḡaḍ.
- Do bġ aġze fōr Jomlaḡ cġuaġʒ,  
 Caoriḡ, Duaiġe, aʒur Cuiḡeḍ,  
 ʒmʒuḡ, Bġeac-ball, aʒur Duġáġm,  
 ʒġeai-ball, Fġionḡdúġm, aʒur Tġurḡlōʒ.
- Do bġ aʒ ʒac Roḡaġm ʒġmḡḡ,  
 do cōḡaġb luaiḡe aʒur raōḡe,  
 Cuḡḡ-cōḡmēad, aʒur ʒġaḍaġme mēai,  
 Cġaḡmāḍ, Úġilaḍ, aʒur ʒaōḡe.
- Do bġ aġze fōr Nġaḡmāḍ luaiḡe,  
 ʒġmḡmēai, Tuaiġe, aʒur Néal,  
 Eōlaḍ, Ladmaḡm, aʒur Bolʒ reanʒ,  
 ʒġeaiḡmḡm, Feam, aʒur Tġiaōḡe.
- Do bġ aġze do ʒadmaġb fōʒluaiḡmēadé,  
 Cġaiġplēġm, Suaiḡ, aʒur Toġrʒ;  
 Cúḡmḡ, ʒuaʒāḡ, Doḗt, aʒur Dōḡe,  
 Buaiḡaḡ, Fōġm, aʒur Foġrʒ.
- Do bġ aġze Duaiḡdāḡ aʒur Sġaḡ,  
 Lomāḡ, Caḗ, aʒur Caōḡʒuḡ;  
 Caiḡbġm, ʒealaḡ, aʒur Luaiḡe-ʒlēaiḡ,  
 Foḡeḡm, Béaiḡ, aʒur Baōḡe.
- Do bġ aġze fōr ʒaiḡb-uaiḡll ʒēaiḡ,  
 Fuaiḡeḡm, Taōmāḍ, aʒur Loḡcāḡ,  
 ʒmʒuḡme, ʒġmōd-ʒaġm, aʒur Teaiḡe,  
 Cuaiḡaġm, Boḡmḡlaġe, aʒur Uaiḡāḡm.

O. He had of sprightly dogs  
 Luadran, Seoladh, and Tacadh,  
 Cul-saor, Mion-ghaire, and Stuaime,  
 Biadan, Bruachair, and Casadh.

He had likewise Iomlan the hardy,  
 Caoran, Duairc, and Cuileog,  
 Arguin, Breac-bhall, and Dunuir,  
 Mear-bhall, Fionnduir, and Truslog.

Mac Ronain the social had,  
 Of swift and noble hounds,  
 Cuan-choimead, and Machaire the swift,  
 Cnamhach, Urlach, and Gaoithe.

He had also Niamhrach the swift,  
 Ainmhear, Tuairt, and Neall,  
 Eolach, Ladruin, and Bolg the slender,  
 Meanmhuin, Feam, and Traost.

He had of well bred dogs  
 Craipleir, Suan, and Toisg,  
 Cuinne, Guagan, Docht, and Doith,  
 Buanan, Foir, and Foisg.

He had Duardan and Snap,  
 Loman, Cath, and Caosgur,  
 Caibin, Gealan, and Luaith-ghleas,  
 Foithin, Beas, and Baoise.

He had also Garbh-uail the sharp,  
 Fuaithin, Taomadh, and Lorcan,  
 Alpuire, Grod-ghair, and Teare,  
 Cuanair, Bonnlaice, and Uamhan.

- O. Do bġ aʒ ʒjarmuq O'Quibne,  
do ʒonajb raqte a lom lút,  
Córrii Nórjġn aʒur ʒéar-leana  
Quilleoʒ, Léimfada, aʒur Clúid.
- Do bġ aʒe do ʒaðmajb reilze,  
Cualan, Lomzeac, aʒur ʒlajm,  
Dub-ʒmeiðim, Follajme, aʒur Jarraet,  
Fuarcán, ʒlamajme, aʒur ʒonarián.
- Do bġ do ʒonajb aʒ ʒlar caom,  
Treadajme, Searʒ, aʒur ʒðor-ðajl,  
Luabán, Bunrac, Seanzajme, a'ʒ Tmáll,  
Lomʒán, Scjallajme, aʒur Tmáctán.
- Do bġ do ʒaðmajb aʒe na b-foçajme,  
Jallán, Corʒajme, Trear aʒur Tmúʒað;  
Cjanán, ʒajmbġn, Falla aʒur Tméan,  
Rjamán, Sejmce, Baric aʒur Cnú.
- Do bġ aʒ ʒearʒur fġle Fhjm,  
do ʒonajb ba ʒnjomac, luajc;  
ʒjodán, Fuadaç, aʒur Rġn-mujc,  
Luadmán, Fumneam, ʒejbeam aʒur Dújl.
- Do bġ aʒe do ʒaðmajb ʒlam-bġmne,  
Fuactán, Mlaçt, Fjom aʒur Ljonán;  
Cuarcac, Bġc-bġm, aʒur ʒmuazac,  
Uamac, Bleacçt, aʒur Mlaçtán,
- Do bġ aʒamfa fġm, a Phactmajs!  
aʒur aʒ caç ó fjm ruar;  
a n-éazmajr na ʒ-con a'ʒ na nʒadar úd,  
dejç ʒ-céad am lút nac b-fujlm do luad.

O. Diarmuid O'Duibhne had,  
 Of noble, fierce, and swift hounds,  
 Coisir, Noinin, and Gear-leana,  
 Duilleog, Leim-fhada, and Cluid.

He had of dogs for the chase,  
 Cualan, Loirgeach, and Glaimh,  
 Dubh-ghreidhim, Follaire, and Iarracht,  
 Fuarcan, Glamaire, and Aonaran.

Glas the gentle, had of hounds  
 Treabhaire, Seasg, and Mor-dhail,  
 Luaban, Bunsach, Seangaire, and Triall,  
 Lorgan, Stiallaire, and Trachtan.

He had of dogs along with them,  
 Iallan, Cosgair, Treas and Trughadh,  
 Cianan, Gaimbin, Falla and Trean,  
 Riaman, Seirce, Barc and Cru.

Feargus, Fionn's poet, had,  
 Of swift and active hounds ;  
 Giodan, Fuadach, and Rin-ruith,  
 Luadran, Fuinneamh, Geibheann and Duil.

He had of dogs of the sweetest cry,  
 Fuathan, Dlacht, Fior and Lionan,  
 Cuasach, Bith-bhinn, and Gruagach,  
 Uamach, Bleacht, and Dlachtan.

I had myself, O Patrick !  
 And so had all the rest,  
 Besides those hounds and dogs,  
 Ten hundred more for the chase that I do not name.

P.     Juyr a Oirín, na n-éacét éruaid!  
        laoi zay bneíz na reilze dúny;  
        ir ioyzua liom nō ir zearr zui éur,  
        fiad leirze ay loca úd?<sup>1</sup>

O.     A Phátraic! a z-cuala tú ay t-reilz,<sup>2</sup>  
        a nje Alruuy na pralm ráin!  
        mar do mizne ay beay le Fionn,  
        a r zay aoy neac ayy na édháil.

P.     Ní dóic zō z-cuala a nje ay miz!  
        a Oirín zlic, na nzhōin nzariz;  
        aicir dúny zay tuirre bōin,  
        croyar do mizne leō ay t-realz?

C.     Ní cámaoirne ay Fhianh zō,<sup>3</sup>  
        nōi éurbe é do ráinlúzaō leō,  
        le fīruyne a' r le neair ar lāin,  
        do éizmaoir rlan ór zac zleō.

Nōi ruid neac ad éill,  
        a Phátraic, ir bnyh ruairm zlor!  
        dob' fīruyize na Fionn réin,  
        ay fear uáru cáol do broyad óru.

Nōi ruid neac a z-éill,  
        zid bnyh líb a cánaid prairm,  
        dob' fearr focal ná ay Fhianh,  
        fir uáru loic a ngleō zairb.

<sup>1</sup> *Aliter*

“A n fiad rny ay loca úd.”

The deer of that lake.

A z-cuala tú ay t-reilz? *Have you heard of the chase?* The chase referred to here is that of Sliabh Fuaid, (which will be given in a subsequent volume of our Transactions), where Ailne transformed herself

P. Relate, O Oisín, of the marvellous deeds!  
 Without falsehoods, a lay of the chase;  
 I am mistaken, or you soon slew  
 The deer of the plains of that Lake.

O. Patrick! have you heard of the chase,  
 O son of Alpruin of psalms sublime!  
 That the woman caused to Fionn,  
 And no one present in his company.

P. 'Tis not likely I have heard, O son of the king!  
 O Oisín the wise, of terrible deeds,  
 Relate to us without the sadness of sorrow,  
 How the chase was performed by them?

O. We, the Fians, told no lies,  
 Such should not be laid to our charge;  
 By truth and the strength of our hands,  
 We came unhurt from every battle.

A cleric never sat in thy church,  
 O Patrick, of the melodious voice!  
 More truthful than Fionn himself,  
 The man who was not niggardly in bestowing gold.

None sat in a temple,  
 Though sweet ye think they chant psalms,  
 More strict of their word than the Fians,  
 Men who faltered not in fierce conflict.

into a deer in order that the Fenians may give her chase, for the purpose of entrapping them, to be avenged for the death of her husband and sons who fell at Cnoc-an-air.

<sup>3</sup> *Ṣó, a lie.* This expression very frequently occurs in Fenian poetry, because a strict adherence to truth was one of the chief characteristics of the Fians. Even at this day a liar is held in utter contempt by the peasantry.



O. Had Mac Morna the swift lived,  
 Goll the mighty, who loved not gems,  
 Or Mac Ui Dhuibhne, the beloved of women,  
 The hero who vanquished one hundred [men in battle]!

Had Fergus, Fionn's poet, lived,  
 He who distributed justice to the Fians,  
 Or Daire, whose music was faultless,  
 To the sound of the bells I'd give no heed.

Had Meargach of the spears lived,  
 He who was not scanty in dealing slaughter,  
 Oscur and Mac Ronain the pleasant,  
 Thy humming in the church would not be agreeable.

Had Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn, lived,  
 Or Faolan the pleasant, who refused not any one,  
 Or Conan the bald, who was without hair,  
 'Tis they who have left me in gloom for a time.

Or the small dwarf, who belonged to Fionn,  
 Who lulled each one into heavy sleep;  
 The sound of his finger was dearer to me  
 Than all thy clerics in church and country.

As it is now that the Fians do not live,  
 Or Fionn the generous, the bestower of rewards,  
 The hum of the psalms and harsh sound of the bells  
 Have deafened my ears.

P. Close thy lips O pleasant old man!  
 Henceforth do not name the Fians;  
 They passed off like a mist,  
 And shall be for ever in bonds of pain.

- O.    Dá mhéid cloig atá ad éill,  
         aḡ reirir a' r aḡ riaráir p'rairir;  
         nḡ éiridreir do breir ar an b-ḡeirir,  
         nā breir do éleir acēt aihir.
- Ir miric a cōdar aihir ar r'irāb,  
         raoi ḡrúct irāc raoi bairi erair;  
         a' r nḡoi éleact hōm leaba ḡair birāb,  
         reāb beir r'irāb<sup>1</sup> ar an ḡ-cnoc úd éall!
- P.    Nḡ bḡdeair aḡad leaba ḡair birāb,  
         do ḡeirdeair tú reāct m-bairirḡir airair,  
         a' r mirirḡair mōm do' n ḡm,  
         a' r ceāctmāirāb nḡair re ḡac aoir la.
- O.    Do cōairic mē caoir caoirāirir,<sup>2</sup>  
         ba nḡ raoi dō nā do nḡairḡair;  
         a' r do cōairic mē duirleōḡ eirdeair,  
         ba nḡ a' r ba leirē nā do bairirḡir airair!

<sup>1</sup> R'irāb, *deer*. The most perfect skeletons of this animal, the *Cervus Giganteus*, as we assume, now known in Ireland, are preserved in the Museums of the Royal Dublin Society, and of Trinity College, where there are three specimens to be seen. There is also a very perfect skeleton in the Belfast Museum, into which we were conducted during a recent visit to that town, by Mr. Robert Mac Adam, a gentleman who takes peculiar interest in matters of archæology; and to whose exertions we believe the Museum of that town is mainly indebted for the vast collection of antiquities therein preserved. This skeleton stands upwards of six feet high, and is perfect in every respect.

<sup>2</sup> Caoir Caoirāirir, i.e.. *The Berry of the Rowan Tree*. It is traditionally recorded that, in order to defeat the arguments of St. Patrick, respecting the quantity of food given to Oisín, the latter, though aged and blind, set out, attended by a guide, and on arriving at Glenasmoil, which is supposed to be the valley of the Dodder, near Dublin; the guide called his attention to a huge tree bearing fruit of enormous size, of which Oisín, told him to pluck one and preserve it. Proceeding further in the glen, the guide's attention was attracted by the great size of the ivy leaves which covered the rocks, and which from their immense size overshadowed the valley from one end to the other; of these Oisín

O. Though many bells are in thy church,  
 Chanting and dolefully humming psalms,  
 I would not credit thy judgment respecting the Fians,  
 Nor the judgment of thy clerics but regard it alike.

I often slept abroad on the hill,  
 Under grey dew, on the foliage of trees,  
 And I was not accustomed to a supperless bed  
 While there was a stag on yonder hill !

P. Thou hast not a bed without food,  
 Thou gettest seven cakes of bread,  
 And a large roll of butter,  
 And a quarter of beef every day.

O. I saw a berry of the rowan tree  
 Twice larger than thy roll ;  
 And I saw an ivy leaf  
 Larger and wider than thy cake of bread.

also directed him to pull a leaf and preserve it. They then proceeded to the Curragh of Kildare, where Oisín sounded the Dord Fhian, which lay concealed under a Dallan, and a flock of blackbirds answered the call, among which was one of enormous size, at which Oisín let loose a favorite hound that after much wrangling killed the bird. They cut off a leg which they brought home, and laid the rowan berry, the ivy leaf, and leg of the blackbird before St. Patrick, to show that Oisín was right, and the Saint wrong in his notions respecting the dietary of Oisín whilst living with the Fenians. A very curious paper on the Fenian traditions of Sliabh-na-m-ban, where the scene of this legend is laid, by Mr. John Dunne of Garryricken, will be found in the *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society*, for 1851, p. 333.

We are informed that large and luxuriant ivy leaves grow at Chapelizod, county Dublin, and also at Glenasmole, one of which was procured by an official on the Ordnance Survey, and now preserved as an original *illustration* of the text, in the manuscript volume of "Letters on the Antiquities of the county Dublin," preserved in the Archives of the Irish Ordnance Survey Office ; as a proof that the large ivy of former days had not yet degenerated in Ireland. The largest ivy leaf we have seen, grew on the old walls of St. John's Church, Kilkenny, in July, 1858.

O. Գօ շօհարս մէ շէաճմահաճ Լօյո,  
 Եա իճօ դա ճօ շէաճմահաճ իհարտայո;  
 Իր է ճօ Լիօո ոո շրօյճե Լե տլլրբե,  
 Եել՛տ աճ շիճ՛րլ, ա Եօճտայո !

Եր ոյոյո ճօ Եաճարա Յօ բլալ,  
 ա ո-Փւնոյ աո ինճ ոհար ճաոո,  
 առ բեաճ ոյօր ա Յ-շարճտո ճօ'ո ո-Ելաճ,  
 ճօ Ելաճ տար ո'էլր ճաճ շոյոո.

Չոյոա ո-Եել՛տ ոա ճարա Եի առ Խհլօոոո,  
 ա'ր ոհար ոյաո Լելր տլլտոո տլլճ,  
 ա իալճ առ ոեաոն 'րա Ե-բլլլ առ Լար,  
 ոյ շլաօյճբեաճաօլր Լաոն ոո ինճ !

P. Եր է ոո ինճ՛րլ ճօ ճեալԵլլճ ոեաոն,  
 Իր է ճօ Եելլ ոեարտ ոա Լաօճ ;  
 Իր է ճօ շոոո աո Ելօճ-Եաոո,  
 Իր է ճօ Եելլ Ելաճ ոա Յ-շրաօԵ.

Եր է ճօ ճեալԵլլճ շարճա ա'ր ճրլաո,  
 Իր է ճօ Եելլ իարճ առ Լիոո ;  
 Իր է ճօ շրլաճլլճ ճօրտ ա'ր բեար,  
 ոյ Ե-լօոաոոո ա'ր շաճտա Խհլօոո !

O. Ոյ առ շրլաճլլճաճ ճօրտ ոա բեար,  
 շոո ոո ինճ՛րբ բելոյ ա ճւլլ ;  
 աճտ աճ շօրճարլ շօրբալճ Լաօճ,  
 աճ շօրոան շրլօճ ա'ր աճ շրլ ա շլլ !

Չար իսլլլլճիճ առ իոյրտ, առ իբլլճ,  
 առ ոօճտաճ ոելլրճե ա ճ-տւր ճլեօ,  
 առ իոյրտ բլճճլլլե ա'ր առ իոհան,  
 ա'ր առ բելճեաոն շաճ ա ճ-տլլճ աո ճլլ.

O. I saw a quarter of a blackbird  
 Which was larger than thy quarter of beef ;  
 'Tis it that fills my soul with sadness,  
 To be in thy house thou poor wretch !

I often had pleasant times  
 In the Dun of the generous king ;  
 What food I [now] use in a month  
 I would have left after me at each meal there.

Had it not been for the prohibitions which bound Fionn,  
 And that it was not his wish to violate them,  
 All that dwell in heaven and earth  
 Would not vanquish the hand of my king.

P. 'Tis my king made heaven,  
 'Tis he who gave the hero might,  
 'Tis he who held eternal life,  
 'Tis he who gave blossom to the trees.

'Tis he who made the sun and moon,  
 'Tis he who brings fish into the lakes,  
 'Tis he who created fields and grass,  
 Not such were the deeds of Fionn !

O. 'Tis not the creating of fields and grass  
 My king took as his choice,  
 But the hacking of bodies of heroes,  
 Protecting territories, and spreading his fame.

The wooing, the play, and the chase,  
 The unfolding of banners in the battle's front,  
 The playing at chess and swimming,  
 And the entertainment of all at the festive board.

O.    21 Ρήατριαε ! εά μαίβ δο Φηία,  
       αη ταν έάτηηζ αη δίρ ται λεαι ?  
       έυζ λεδ beah ηίζ Loclayh ya lohζ,  
       le'η έυτε ιομαδ λαοέ ραη τμεαρ ?

    Nó αη ταν έάτηηζ 2ηαζυυρ ηόη,  
       αη ρεαι ba βοηb ζλεδ ηάη έηη ;  
       ηρ κορηύηλ δά μαηηρεαδ δο Φηία,  
       ζο ζ-κυδεόδα le Ξηαηηαίβ Ξηηηη.

    Nó αη ταν έάτηηζ Ταίε mac Τμεοηη,  
       αη ρεαι αι αη b-Ξέηηη δο έυηη αη τ-αι !  
       ηί led' Φηία δο έυτε αη κυμαδ,  
       αέτ le η-Ορκυη α μεαρζ έάέ.

    2λαμα,<sup>1</sup> mac Βηαδμα ηόηη,  
       le ηηλλεΐ Τεαιηαηη ηα ρλόζ τηέαι ;  
       ηίοη λεοηη ρηη μα ηαηη δο Φηία,  
       dul δά έλαοηδ αέτ Ξηοηη ρέηη.

    ηρ ιοηδα εαέ, μαδη, α'ρ ζηιαδ,  
       δο κοηόμαδ le Ξηαηηαίβ Ξηηηη ;  
       ηί έuala ζο η-δεαιηαδ έαέτ,  
       ηίζ ηα ηαοηη ηά ζυη δεαιηζ α λαηη !

P.    Λέηζεαηαοηδ δ'αι ζ-κοηόηετ αι ζαέ ταοδ,  
       α ρεαιηόηη έμιοη ατά ζαη έέηη ;  
       τυηζ ζο b-ρυηλ Φηία αι ηεαιη ηα η-όηδ.  
       α'ρ Ξηοηη ρα ρλόηζετ υηε α b-ρέηηη !

O.    Βα ηόηη αη ηάηηε ρηη δο Φηία,  
       ζαη ζλαρ ηα b-ρηαιη δο βυαιη δ'Ξηηοηη,  
       α'ρ Φηία ρέηη δά η-βεηέ α η-βηοηδ,  
       ζο δ-τμοηδρεαδ αη ρλαίε ται α έεαιηη.

<sup>1</sup> *Aliter*, 2λαηηη.

O. O Patrick! where was thy God,  
 When the two came across the sea? [the ships,  
 Who carried off the wife of the king of Lochlin of  
 On whose account many a hero fell in conflict.

Or when Magnus the Great landed,  
 He who was in battle fierce,  
 'Tis likely if thy God had lived  
 That he would have aided the Fians and Fionn!

Or when Tailc Mac Treoin landed,  
 He who dealt slaughter to the Fians,  
 'Tis not by thy God the hero fell,  
 But by Oscur in the midst of the foe!

Or Alama, the son of Badhma the Great,  
 By whom Temor of the brave hosts was pillaged,  
 Thy God dared not, had he lived,  
 Go fight him but Fionn himself.

Many a battle, strife, and conflict,  
 Was waged by the Fians of Fionn;  
 I never heard of any deed performed [hand.  
 By the king of the saints, or that he reddened his

P. Let us cease our contention on both sides,  
 O withered old man devoid of sense!  
 Know that God dwells in heaven of the orders,  
 And that Fionn and his hosts are in bonds.

O. Great would be the shame of God  
 If he did not release Fionn from his bonds,  
 And if God himself, were a captive,  
 The chief would fight for his sake.

O. Njori fulanɔ Ƒionu ari fead a maɛ,  
 neac a bejɛ a b-pɛiyu uá nɔuajr,  
 an fuarɔlad aju le ajuɔeac uó óri,  
 a ɔ-caɛ uá uɔleó ɔo m-béariad buad.

Jr majɛ an ceanyac dam ari do Ɖhia,  
 bejɛ amearɔ a éliari mari tãim;  
 ɔan biad, ɔan éadaɛ, ɔan éeól,  
 ɔan bejɛ aɔ bionad óri ari dáim.

ɔan ɔáru uá uɔadaru uá uá rroc,  
 ɔan bejɛ aɔ corihéad poric uá cuan;  
 ɔion a b-fuaruar d'earbad an bió,  
 majɛim do iɔɔ neime am' udaɛt!

ɔan ruan, ɔan fiadɔuɔdeaɛt, ɔan Ƒionu,<sup>1</sup>  
 ɔan ruuɔɔiɔ fiad-ban, ɔan rɔóric;  
 ɔan ruɔde an ionad mari ba duad,  
 ɔan foɔluim cleara lúɛ uá ɔleó.

P. Ɖ feanyóru érimon ata ari baorɔ,  
 rɔuru a' r uá bi aɔ furotal ɔan ééll;  
 majɛfeari le Ɖia duic a d-tãimɔ.  
 fearta má' r árl leat a méru.

O. Ɖáram duic féru uá dod' Ɖhia,  
 a éléruɔ uá ɔ-cliar uá éadamead;  
 ɔac a udeariuar dá im-ruari,  
 uá buɔdeaɛar lion omuɔ a máɛeani!

P. Jr truaɔ lion do éruɛ érimon,  
 a Oirru! uá bi aɔ furotal ɔan ééll;  
 jr uáru duic, dar lion ɔo fíori,  
 armuɔle do fíori ari mác Ɖe!

<sup>1</sup> *Aliter*, Fone, music, lands, inheritance, &c.

- O. Fionn never suffered, in his day,  
 That any should be in pain or bonds ;  
 Without his ransom by silver or gold,  
 By battle or conflict, till he won success.

It is sufficient punishment for me from thy God,  
 To be among his clerics as I am,  
 Without food, clothing, or music,  
 Without bestowing gold on bards.

Without the cry of the hounds or the sounding horns,  
 Without guarding havens and ports,  
 For what I suffer for lack of food,  
 I forgive heaven's king in my will !

Without swimming, hunting, or Fionn,  
 Without wooing modest women, without sports,  
 Without being seated in my place as was my due,  
 Without learning feats of agility or war.

- P. O withered old man who art silly,  
 Cease henceforth thy foolish talk ;  
 God will forgive thee all that has passed  
 If in future thou follow his laws.

- O. Satisfaction to thyself or thy God,  
 O cleric of the clerks ! I shall not make ;  
 All that I have transgressed of his laws,  
 I do not thank you to forgive !

- P. I pity thy withered form,  
 O Oisín ! cease talking such silly words ;  
 Shameful it is for thee, I believe truly,  
 Thy constant mockery of the son of God !

- O.     Α Πάτεραιε! δά η-βειυηρι ζαν έέλλ,  
           δο ρζαηφαιηη led' έλέηη α ζ-ειηη;  
           ηί βειε βαάα ηα λαβαη βαη,  
           ηά cloz τιαάα αηη δο έίλλ!
- P.     Λέηζ τυφα δο βειε βαοέ,  
           α ηηε αη ηίζ βα ηαιε clú;  
           ζέίλλ δο'η τέ δο ζηήδ ζαέ ηαιε,  
           ειοηη δο έεαηη α'ρ φεαο δο ζλίηη!
- Βυαη δ'ύετ α'ρ δοηηε δο δεόη!  
           ειηεδο δο'η τέ ατα όρ δο έιοηη,  
           εέ ζυη β'ιοηζηαδ λαε α λααδ,  
           ηρ έ δο ηυζ βυαδ αη φηιοηη!
- O.     Α Πάτεραιε! ηο ρζéal τηυαζ!  
           ηί βηηη ηιοη φυαηη δο βέη;  
           ζοηφεαδ ζο ρηαη α'ρ ηί φά Φηηα,  
           αέτ φιοηη, α'ρ αη φηηαηη, ζαν βειε βεό.
- P.     Βί αδ έοηδ, α φεαηόηη φυαηηε,  
           τρείη, φεάειηη, φυαέ α'ρ φεαηη;  
           ηαη δο ζεαλλαη, αηέηηρ δύηηη,  
           ειοηηαηρ δο ηηζηε λέό αη τ-φεαηη?
- O.     Νίοη β'ιοηζηαδ δύηηη α βειε βηόηαέ,  
           α'ρ εεαηη αη ρλόζ δο βειε δ'αη η-οηέ;  
           εηα ζυη ηυηζ όηυηηη ζεαη α'ρ ζαηηε,  
           ηρ δύηηη δοβ' αδδαη βειε αζ αοη!

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

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

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

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

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

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



τῆρ Νᾶ Ν-ὀς.

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# THE LAND OF YOUTH.

EDITED BY

BRYAN O'LOONEY.

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DUBLIN:  
PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

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1859.

The Council of the Ossianic Society do not hold themselves responsible for the authenticity or antiquity of the following poem ; but print it as an interesting specimen of the most *recent* of the Fenian Stories. In the tract which follows it will be found one of the most *ancient* of the records that describe the exploits of Finn Mac Cumhail.

TO

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT OF THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

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SIR,—Pursuant to your wishes, and at your very kind suggestion, I have undertaken the following translation of the Ossianic poem, on  $\text{Cijr } \eta\Delta \eta\text{-}\delta\zeta$  (“Land of Youth,”) in the humble but confident hope that I may, however, unpretending as an Irish scholar, be in some measure instrumental in restoring our *neglected lore* to its former style and standard.

From my knowledge of the Fenian stories, and Ossianic poems which circulate in this country, I would classify them under three different and distinct heads, 1st, Fenian history, which comprises all based upon fact and supported by the ancient records and chronicles of our country, such as  $\text{Cac } \text{Fadrua}$ ,  $\text{Cac } \text{Cruca}$  and the like, which it would be absurd to discredit against the forcible evidence of our trustworthy annals. 2nd, inventions and poetic fictions which are entertaining, and intended by the authors more to amuse the reader and to embellish history, than, as some say, to impose on his understanding, and claim the credit of truth. 3rd, the poems and prophecies of  $\text{Fionn}$ ,  $\text{Colum}$ ,  $\text{Caoilce}$ , and others of the  $\text{Fidhera } \text{Cijruon}$  (Irish Militia), which are very interesting, and I should think entitled to as much credit as the early traditions of any other nation.

Some assume that the genuine old poems and stories cannot be distinguished from the modern fictions, and consequently that they cannot be credited, but that all must be considered worthless. This is a very unjustifiable assumption. The Irish scholar will at once know the composition of the Fenian period, as the language and style is different from that of latter times. From the fourteenth to the beginning of the

eighteenth century, we have another class of poems and romantic tales, which exhibit a later stage of the language, but which are well worthy of attention. My own conviction is that the Ossianic poem on the "Land of Youth" is of this last class and date, and from the testimony of many corroborating facts supported by the result of an inquiry which I instituted at your suggestion, I believe it to have been written by the learned Michael Comyn, contemporaneously with the romance of *Τορὸν τῆς τοῦ Στάρν*, &c. (Torolv the son of Starn), about the year A.D. 1749. By comparing *Τῆς τῆς ἡ-ὄς* with the occasionally interspersed verses in the romance of Torolv the son of Starn, &c. whose author is universally acknowledged to be Michael Comyn, it will be perceived that there is such a similarity and almost identity of style in them as to leave no doubt that they are both the productions of the same master mind. As further proof of this I may state that an illiterate man of my acquaintance can repeat several verses of it, but knows it under no other name but that of *Λογὴ τοῦ Ἰομῆ* (Comyn's Lay), and that his father had it from Comyn's manuscript. Another man states in a letter to me, that his copy of it was written in the year 1762 by a celebrated Irish scholar, who lived in Ruan, County of Clare. In this poem we have an account of *Τῆς τῆς ἡ-ὄς* (Land of the good people), the elysium of the Pagan Irish as related to St. Patrick by Oisín, when he returned to Erin after a lapse of more than three hundred years, which he spent in the enjoyment of all bliss, with his charming spouse, the golden headed (haired) Niamh. While Oisín sojourned in the paradise of perpetual youth, it was (it seems falsely) said of him that he was dead, but as those who enter the "Land of the Just" can never die, so Oisín lived until he returned to relate the history of his adventures, and of this happy elysium. The inhabitants, of the eastern countries believed that in the west there was a happy final abode for the just which was called *Τῆς τῆς ἡ-ὄς* (Land of the good people.)

This elysium is supposed to be divided into different states and provinces, each governed by its own king or ruler, such as *Τῆς τῆς ἡ-ὄς* (Land of youth) *Τῆς τῆς ἡ-βίος* (Land of the Living) *Τῆς τῆς ἡ-βουδῶν* (Land of virtues) and several others. According to traditional geography and history the "Land of Youth" is the most charming country to be found or imagined, abounding in all that fancy could suggest or man could desire, and bestowing the peculiar virtue of perpetual youth, and hence the name. In the "Land of Virtues," or as some call it, the Land of Victories," (but the latter name I suppose to be a mis-translation, as I have never heard of a battle or strife in this country); it is all peace, tranquility and happiness. As there is no conflict there can be no victory—and there is no virtue to be desired which is not to be had on entering

this country! The "Land of Life" is supposed to give perpetual life to the departed spirits of the just. These are supposed to be located somewhere about the sun's setting point, and have means of approach, chiefly through the seas, lakes and rivers of this world, also through raths, duns and forts. The seas, lakes and rivers act as cooling atmospheres, while the raths, duns and forts, serve as places of ingress and egress to and from them. There are besides, different grand-gates, as it were, throughout the world, such as *Сил Стуйфф* (Kill Stuifin), situate in Liscannor Bay, supposed to be one of the chief entrances into *Շիր դա դ-օյ* ("Land of youth.") This is said to be a beautiful but small city, marked by the white breaking waves between *Լահին* (Lahinch,) and *Լիօր-Շաղղնի* (Liscannor). The white breaking waves, which are always seen in this part of the Bay, are said to be caused by the shallowness of the water over this enchanted little city, which is believed to be seen once in seven years, and of which, it is observed, that those who see it shall depart this world before the lapse of seven years to come; but it is not supposed that those persons die, but change their abode, and transmigrate from this world of toil, into the elysium of the just, *i.e.* *Շիր դա դ-օյ* ("Land of Youth,") where they shall, at once, become sportive, young and happy, and continue so for ever. It is also believed, that those who see those enchanted spots, are slightly endowed with the gift of prophecy, from the time they see it till they depart this world, and that they pass through this enchanted passage, so magically shewn them, prior to their departure. For further information on *Сил Стуйфф* (Kill Stuifin), read Comyn's Romance, called *Եւէրն Շորոլե նալ Շալիդ ճար Վ էրար նալ* (the adventures of Torolv Mac Starn and his three sons). Contiguous to this place is another spot called *Շոօ դա դոյնօ* (Fairy Hill), this was the ancient name of Lahinch, before the death of the Chieftain, O'Connor of Dumhach, (the Sand pits), who had been treacherously slain there, and in memory of whom there had been raised a monument called *Լահին պ Շոն-ճւնար* (O'Connor's monument), which in Irish is the present name of this little town, but in its anglicised form Lahinch, or Lahinchy, it has lost all sight of the old derivation. It was called *Շոօ դա Տոյնօ* (Fairy Hill), from its being the meeting place of the fairy nobles of this section of the country, who, it seems, lived on terms of intercourse with the nobles of *Շիր դա դ-օյ* ("Land of Youth,") and this hill is traditionally believed to be the place where both tribes met and held their periodical conferences. The nobles of this country are said to live in the great and large duns, fortresses, lisses, and raths, and to act as agents to the nobles of *Շիր դա դ-օյ* ("Land of Youth,") and to those of all the states of the lower paradise. One of the duties of their station is to mark the persons suitable to the lower country, and by their supernatural power they meet or send messengers to

carry off those persons. It is in the shape of a beautiful lady, such as *Νίαμή Ḷηη Ḷηη*, golden-headed, (haired) *Niamh*, that this messenger is generally seen. After the human creature whom she has visited has seen her, she vanishes in some magic way, and goes back to her own country. Ere long the person visited will pine away by some formal disease, and will be said to die, but fairy tradition proves that he or she (whichever it may be), does not die, but that they go into this elysium, where they will become young again and live for ever.

There are several such passages in this country, to describe which, would be both needless and endless. Suffice it to mention a few of the greatest celebrity—*Ἴδ* or *Ἴδ* *Ḷηη* (O'Breasail's country), *Ἴδ* *Λεῖῖη*, (O'Leihin's country), *Inchiquin* and *Lough Gur*. The great Earl of Desmond is supposed to have been submerged in the latter, where he is seen once in every seven years, anxiously awaiting the destined hour of return to his country. On reference to the ancient records and Pagan history of different nations, it will be seen that they have their traditions of Pagan elysiums as well as Ireland.

B. O'LOONEY.

*Monreel, October 6th, 1858.*

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Since the above was written, the Honorary Secretary to the Ossianic Society has been furnished with a similar legend.

*9, Anglesea-st., Dublin, Jan. 20th, 1859.*

"SIR,

"There is a similar legend to that related in the following poem told of *Oisín's* descent, and living for three hundred years in *Ἰλῖη ἡλ* *Ḷηη* *Ḷηη* (the cavern of the grey sheep), a large cave which is situated at *Coolagarronroc*, *Kilbenny*, near *Mitchelstown*, in the county of *Cork*. After the printing of this poem had been decided upon, I wrote to Mr. *William Williams* of *Dungarvan*, who is a native of the district, for information respecting any legendary lore connected with this cave, from whom I received the following answer, as being current among the peasantry."

J. O'D.

LEGEND OF THE GREY SHEEP'S CAVE AT COOLAGAR-  
RONROE, NEAR KILBENNY.

“Oisín went into the cave, met a beautiful damsel, after crossing the stream, lived with her for (as he fancied) a few days, wished to revisit the Fenians, obtained consent at last, on condition of not alighting from a *white steed*, with which she furnished him, stating that it was over 300 years since he came to the cave. He proceeded till he met a carrier, whose cart, containing a bag of sand, was upset; he asked Oisín to help him; unable to raise the bag with one hand, he alighted, on which the steed fled, leaving him a *withered, decrepid, blind old man*.”

“On a certain May morning long ago, a grey sheep was seen to come out of the cave, and to go to a neighbouring farmer's field, where she remained, until herself and her breed amounted to sixty grey sheep.

“The boy who took care of the sheep, was a widow's only son, a disciple of Pan; for he played on the bag-pipes.

“His master, the farmer, ordered him one fine day to kill one of the sheep, he proceeded to the field for that purpose; but the old sheep knowing his intention, and resolving to frustrate it, bleated three times, which instantly brought all the other black sheep around her, when they disappeared altogether into the cave. The boy followed them but having crossed the *enchanted stream* which runs through the cave, he was unable to return; as no one ever re-crossed it but Oisín. On reflecting on the anguish his loss and absence would cause his mother, he raised a mournful strain which he accompanied by the music of his bag-pipes. On every May day from that day to this, the lamentations of the boy, and the music of his pipes are heard in the cave.”



LAY OF OISIN ON THE LAND OF YOUTHS;

AS HE RELATED IT TO SAINT PATRICK.

---

- P. O! Noble Oisín, O! son of the king!  
Of greatest actions, valor, and conflicts,  
Relate to us now without despondency,  
How thou livedst after the Fians?
- O. I will tell it thee, O Patrick! lately arrived,  
Though mournful to me to say it aloud:—  
“After the hard battle of Gabhra,  
In which was killed, alas! the noble Oscar.

One day we, the Fianna, were all assembled,  
Generous Fionn and all of us that lived were there;  
Tho' dark and mournful was our story,  
After our heroes being overcome.

We were hunting on a misty morning  
Nigh the bordering shores of Loch Léin,  
Where thro' fragrant trees of sweetest blossoms,  
And the mellow music of birds at all times.

We aroused the hornless deer  
Of the best bounding, course, and agility;  
Our hounds and all our dogs  
Were close after in full chase.

not far from the hill of Skreen, near Tara, in the County of Meath.—  
J. O'D.

<sup>2</sup> *Loch Léin*, the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney in the county of Kerry.

O. Njori b'fada zo bfacamari a njar,  
 aη μαρεαc διαν αζ τεαcτ cúζαιηη !  
 αση μαραση ηηα do b'aille δρεαc,  
 αη cael-eac bāη ba ηηηε lúc.

Do rtaamari uηe de'y tpeilz,  
 αη αηηαηc δεηηbe ηα ηήoz-ηηα ;  
 do ζαηb ισηζαηταρ Ϝισηη 'r αη Ϝιανη,  
 ηαc φααααη ηηαηη beaη cōηη ηηεαζ !

Bj corōη ηήozda αη a ceanη,  
 αζυρ ηηαc doηη de'y τ-ηoda δαοη ;  
 buaηte ηe ηéultaηb δεαηζ δηη,  
 αζ φολαc a ηηōζα ρήορ zo φέαη.

Bj fáηηe δηη αη cηocac ρήορ,  
 αρ ζαc dual bujde δ'a dlaoηz μαη δη ;  
 a ηορζα ζοηηα, ζλαηα ζαη ρηύηb  
 μαη ηηαση δηύcτα αη bāη αη φέδηη.

Ba δεηηζε a ζηηαηδ 'ηα αη ηόρ,  
 'r ba ζηe a ρηōδ 'ηα eaηa αη τυηηη ;  
 ba ηηηηe blaρ a baηραη φόρ,  
 'ηα ηηη a beac ηōη τηé δεαηζ-φήοηη.

Bj ηηαc φαηραηηηζ, φαα, ηέηδ,  
 αζ φολαc αη ρcēηd-eηc bāηη ;  
 δηαλλαηδ ζηεαητα de δεαηζ-δηη,  
 αζαρ ρηηαηη béal-δηη 'ηα δεαρ-λαηηη.

Bj cejēηe cηúδ zo cūηcτα φαοη,  
 de'y δηη bujde ba ζλαηηe ρζαηη,  
 fleαρζ αηηζηb a ζ-cúl a cηηη,  
 'r ηη ηαηb 'ραη τ-ραοηζεαη eaac do b'φeαηηη !

O. 'Twas not long 'till we saw, westwards,  
 A fleet rider advancing towards us,  
 A young maiden of most beautiful appearance,  
 On a slender white steed of swiftest power.

We all ceased from the chase,  
 On seeing the form of the royal maid ;  
 'Twas a surprise to Fionn and the Fianns,  
 They never beheld a woman equal in beauty.

A royal crown was on her head ;  
 And a brown mantle of precious silk,  
 Spangled with stars of red gold,  
 Covering her shoes down to the grass.

A gold ring was hanging down  
 From each yellow curl\* of her golden hair ;  
 Her eyes blue, clear, and cloudless,  
 Like a dew drop on the top of the grass.

Redder were her cheeks than the rose,  
 Fairer was her visage than the swan upon the wave,  
 And more sweet was the taste of her balsam lips  
 Than honey mingled thro' red wine.

A garment wide, long, and smooth,  
 Covered the white steed ;  
 There was a comely saddle of red gold,  
 And her right hand held a bridle with a golden bit.

Four shoes well shaped were under him,  
 Of the yellow gold of the purest quality ;  
 A silver wreath was on the back of his head,  
 And there was not in the world a steed better.

\* Perhaps figuratively meaning that such curl was like a loop of gold.

- O. Do t̄aibiz r̄i do lačairi F̄inn,  
do labairi zo caoin chearda a b-fuaim;  
azur a dúbairt r̄i, “ a r̄iz na b-F̄ianh,  
ir fada, cian a noir mo čuaird.”
- F. “ Cia tu féin, a r̄iozain óiz,  
ir feairi clód, maire 'r zhaoi,  
aictiur duinn fáč do rzeoil,  
t'airm féin a' r do čir?”
- “ Njaih Cinn Óir, ir é m'airm,  
a F̄inn zarda na mōir-lóiz;  
tar innaib an doimain, fuairtear zairm  
ir mē inžean caice R̄iz na h-óiz.”
- “ Aictiur dúinn, a r̄iozain cair,  
cread fáč do teac̄t tar leair a c-céin;  
an é do céile d'imeiz uair,  
Nó cad é an buaidiur at̄a oir féin?”
- “ Nj hé mo céile d'imeiz uair.  
'r fōr hōir luadad mē le haen feair,  
a r̄iz na F̄einne ir aoirde cail,  
ac̄t reair ir ziad̄ do čuzar dod' inac!”
- “ Cia aca dom čloih, a inžean blačt,  
'na d-tuzair ziad̄, hō fōr zean,  
na ceil oirinn a noir fáč,  
a' r aictiur duinn do čar, a bean?”
- “ Inneōrad féin rin duir, a F̄hinn,  
dod' inac zirin, airm-čruaid;  
Oir̄in meahamhac̄ na d-tréan-lam,  
an laoc̄ at̄airm ahoir do luaid̄.”

- O. She came to the presence of Fionn,  
 And spoke with a voice sweet and gentle,  
 And she said, "O, king of the Fianna,  
 Long and distant is my journey, now."
- F. "Who art thou, thyself, O youthful princess!  
 Of fairest form, beauty, and countenance,  
 Relate to us the cause of thy story,  
 Thine own name and thy country."
- "Golden-headed Niamh is my name,  
 O, sage Fionn of the great hosts,  
 Beyond the women of the world I have won esteem,  
 I am the fair daughter of the King of Youth."
- F. "Relate to us O amiable princess  
 What caused thee to come afar across the sea—  
 Is it thy consort has forsaken thee,  
 Or what is the affliction that is on thyself."
- N. "'Tis not my husband that went from me,  
 And as yet I have not been spoken of with any man,\*  
 O! king of the Fianna of highest repute,  
 But affection and love I have given to thy son."
- "Which of my children [is he] O blooming daughter,  
 To whom thou hast given love, or yet affection—  
 Do not conceal from us now the cause,  
 And relate to us thy case, O woman."
- "I will tell thee that, O Fionn!  
 Thy noble son of the well-tempered arms,  
 High-spirited Oisín of the powerful hands,  
 Is the champion that I am now speaking of."

\* i.e., I have not been betrothed to any man.

Ƒ. CƖeac aƚ Ƒac a d-tuƒaƚ ƒƖac  
 a ƚƒeac aƚaƚ aƚ Ƒuƚe ƚeƒd,  
 dom ƚac Ƒeƚ Ƒeacac cae  
 'ƚ a ƚacae Ƒlacae acd Ƒa'ƚ ƚƒƚeƚƚ?"

ƚƒ ƒaƚ acbaca a ƚƒc ƚa b-Ƒƚaƚ,  
 do caƚƒaƚ a ƒ-cƚaƚ Ƒa ƚa deƚƚ  
 acae tuacƚaƒbaƚ d'Ƒacacƚ aƚ a ƒaƚƒe,  
 Ƒeacbuƚ a Ƒeacƚaƚƚ acƒuƚ a ƚeƚƚ."

ƒƚ ƚomda ƚac ƚƒc acƒaƚ acd-Ƒlacae,  
 do caƒ dom ƒeac acƒuƚ Ƒƒoƚ-ƒƚac,  
 ƚƒoƚ acƚaƒƒeac ƚacƚ d'acƚ Ƒeac,  
 ƒo d-tuƒaƚ Ƒeac d'Oƚƒƚ acƒ!"

O. Ƒac aƚ ƚacƚ ƚƚ oƚe, a Ƒacƚaƒ!  
 ƒƒd ƚac ƚacƚeac ƚom ƚacƚ ƚƒeal,  
 ƚƒ ƚacƒ acƚ ball dƒom ƚac ƚacƒ a ƚ-ƒƚac,  
 ƚe ƚ-ƚƒeac aƚaƚ aƚ Ƒuƚe ƚeƒd.

Ƒo ƚuƒaƚ aƚ a ƚacƚ acƚ' dœƒd,  
 'ƚ dœbƚac do ƒœœ ƒuac-bƚƚ;  
 Ƒƒoƚ-caœƚƚ Ƒacƚe ƚœƚac,  
 a ƚƒœacƚƚ œƒc do'ƚ cƒƚ.

"ƒƚ tu ƚƒ ƒƚe, 'ƚ ƚƒ Ƒƚƚe, blaƒe,  
 ƚƒ tu do b'Ƒeacƚ ƚom ƚacƚ ƚƚœœ;  
 ƚƒ tu ƚœ ƚœcœ caƚ ƚƚacƒ aƚ doƚacƚ,  
 a ƚeacƚaƚ ƚœœacƚacƚ ƚƒ deƚƑe ƒƚœœ."

"ƒeacƚa ƚac Ƒulaƚcœƒd Ƒƒoƚ-lœœœ,  
 a Oƚƒƚ Ƒeƒl, caƚƚac ad' caœacƚ  
 teacae ƚom Ƒeƚ acœœ aƚ ƚ'eac,  
 ƒo ƚƒeacƚ caƚ acƒ ƒo Cƒƚ ƚa ƚ-dœ.

O. "What is the reason that thou gavest love,  
 O! beautiful daughter of the glossy hair,  
 To my own son beyond all,  
 And multitudes of high lords under the sun."

"'Tis not without cause, O, king of the Fianna!  
 I came afar for him—  
 But reports I heard of his prowess,  
 The goodness of his person and his mien."

"Many a son of a king and a high chief  
 Gave me affection and perpetual love;  
 I never consented to any man  
 'Till I gave love to noble Oisin."

"By that hand on thee, O Patrick,  
 Though it is not shameful to me as a story,  
 There was not a limb of me but was in love  
 With the beautiful daughter of the glossy hair."

I took her hand in mine,  
 And said in speech of sweetest tone,  
 "A true, gentle, welcome before thee,  
 O young princess to this country!"

"'Tis thou that art the brightest and the fairest of form,  
 'Tis thee I prefer as wife  
 Thou art my choice beyond the women of the world  
 O mild star of loveliest countenance!"

"Obligations unresisted by true heroes  
 O generous Oisin I put upon thee  
 To come with myself now upon my steed  
 Till we arrive at the 'Land of Youth.'



- O. " It is the most delightful country to be found,  
 Of greatest repute under the sun  
 Trees drooping with fruit and blossom  
 And foliage growing on the tops of boughs.
- " Abundant, there, are honey and wine  
 And everything that eye has beheld,  
 There will not come decline on thee with lapse of time,  
 Death or decay thou wilt not see.
- " Thou wilt get feasts, playing, and drink,  
 Thou wilt get melodious music on the harp strings,  
 Thou wilt get silver and gold,  
 Thou wilt get also many jewels.
- " Thou wilt get, without falsehood, a hundred swords ;  
 Thou wilt get a hundred satin garments of precious  
 silk,  
 Thou wilt get a hundred horses the swiftest in conflict,  
 And thou wilt get a hundred with them of keen hounds.
- " Thou wilt get the royal diadem of the ' King of Youth,'  
 Which he never yet gave to any person under the sun,  
 'Twill protect thee both night and day,  
 In battle, in tumult, and in rough conflict.
- " Thou wilt get a fitting coat of protecting mail  
 And a gold headed sword apt for strokes,  
 From which no person ever escaped alive  
 Who, once, saw the sharp weapon.
- [satin,
- " Thou wilt get a hundred coats of armour and shirts of  
 Thou wilt get a hundred cows and, also, an hundred  
 calves, [fleeces,  
 Thou wilt get a hundred sheep, with their golden  
 Thou wilt get a hundred jewels not in this world.

O. “ Զեածայի շեւո մալճեան մեծմա՛, ծՅ,  
բոլլբեա՛, Լոյրմա՛, մար աղ յ-շրէլոյ ;  
յր բեարս Ելե՛, Երու՛, Գարս Բո՛ծ,  
'ր յր Երու՛ Ե՛թ յ'նա շե՛լ յա յ-Եան .

“ Զեածայի շեւո Լե՛ յր Երէլոյ Ե յ-ճե՛,  
յր Երեւո Բ՛ր Ե ճ-Եարս լու՛ ;  
Երու՛, Երե՛, Եր Ե՛ յո Ե՛թայի,  
Ե Ե-Երս յա յ-Օ՛, մա Երս լոյր .

“ Ե՛ Զեածայի ճա՛ յի Ե'ա յ-Երբար Լեա՛,  
Ե'ր Երբար Բ՛ր յա՛ Լերս Եարս 'Լու՛,  
ճեածայի մարս, Եարս Ե'ր Երճե,  
'ր Երբար Բելոյ Գճա՛ մար յիթա՛ .”

“ Երեւո Եր Եր յի Ե՛թարս Եարս,  
Ե յիթար Ե-Եարս յա ճ-Եա՛ յ-Երս ;  
յր Ե՛ մո յոճա Եարս յիթարս Եր Երթարս,  
Ե'ր մա՛ Լե Բոյոյ ճո Երս յա յ-Օ՛ .”

Երս յիթար Եր Եր, Եարսարս Եարս,  
Երս մո Երս, Ե՛ Բոյոյ Եր յիթար ;  
Ե Երթարս, “ Ե Երթար, Բարս ճո յիթար,  
ճո յիթարս Երս Եր մարս յիթար .”

Երս Բոյոյ Ե'թարս Եր Ե-Եա՛ Եր Լու՛,  
Եր Երս յիթարս ճո Երթարս յա Երթար ;  
Ե՛ Երթար Ե Բելոյ Երս Բոյոյ Բարս,  
'ր Ե՛ Լերս Երս ճոյար Եր Եր Երս .

Եր Երս Երթարս Բոյոյ 'ր Եր Բարս,  
Եր Ե-Եա՛ ճո Երս 'րս Ե-Բարս ;  
Ե՛ Երթարս Երթար Եր Եր Ե-Երթար-Երս,  
Ե՛ Լերթարս Երս Երթարս ճոյար 'ր Երթար !

- O. "Thou wilt get a hundred virgins gay and young  
 Bright, refulgent, like the sun,  
 Of best form, shape, and appearance,  
 Whose voices are sweeter than the music of birds.
- "Thou wilt get a hundred heroes most powerful in conflict,  
 And also most expert in feats of agility,  
 In arms and armour waiting on thee  
 In the 'Land of Youth' if thou wilt come with me.
- "Thou wilt get everything I promised thee (†)  
 And delights, also, which I may not mention,  
 Thou wilt get beauty, strength, and power,  
 And I myself will be thy wife."
- "No refusal will I give from me,  
 O charming queen of the golden curls!  
 Thou art my choice above the women of the world,  
 And I will go, with willingness, to the 'Land of  
 Youth.'"

On the back of the steed we went together,  
 Before me sat the virgin;  
 She said: "Oisín let us remain quiet,  
 Till we reach the mouth of the great sea."

Then arose the steed swiftly,  
 When we arrived on the borders of the strand  
 He shook himself then to pace forward,  
 And neighed three times aloud.

When Fionn and the Fianna saw,  
 The steed travelling swiftly,  
 Facing against the great tide,  
 They raised three shouts of mourning and grief.

† Every verse with this mark (†) is taken from a MS. which I lately got, and was not in the MS. transcribed for the president or in Mr. Griffin's copy.

O. “Ա Օլրիո,” ար Ֆլօոոո, Յօ մելլե՛, տրե՛լե՛,  
 “ մօ ընի՛ած քէնո տս աՅ յո՛ւեաճտ սայո ;  
 ’ր Յօո ընլ աՅսոոո արի՛ր ծօ շեճտ,  
 ընճօո տար սր քօոլ ան եսօ՛ !”

Մ’արտրուճ ա ծելե՛ աՅար ա ըճէնի՛,  
 ’ր ծօ ըլլ քարա ծէար սոսար ;  
 Յսո քլուճ ա եոօոոո, ’ր ա ճեճ-ճո՛ւ,  
 ’ր ծնալու, “ մօ քնո տս, ա Օլրիո սայո !”

Ա Քհօքուայ, ես ծնաճ աո ըճէճ,  
 ար ըճարսոսոոո ու շէլե սոո ընճ ;  
 ըճարսոսոոո սո սճար ու ոս ոնօ քէնո,  
 իր ծնաճ, ան, քօոն ելե՛ ծ’ա քսօ՛ !

Մօ քօճար-քօ մ’սճար Յօ շօոո, շօոո,  
 ’քօո շօոօոո շեճօո, քսարքար սօճ ;  
 ծ’քօճար քնո, սլե աՅ սո ե-Ֆէնո,  
 ’ր ծօ ըլլ ոս ծէարա ’սար քե մ’ ճոսայճ !

Եր յօոնս ան սօլեոո, ելօր-քօ ’ր Ֆլօոոո,  
 ’ր սո Ֆիսոոո ’նար ճ-շօոո քօոլ ան-քէնո ;  
 աՅ յոյու քլեճլլե աՅար աՅ ճլ,  
 ’ր աՅ շօր շօոլ, սո եսլճեո ես տրեո.

ԱՅ քեճարքեճտ ա ո-ճեոոոտայճ ոյո,  
 ’քար ոճսօար ելլ-եոոո աՅսոոո սոո ;  
 քեճտ քլե ծնոոո ա ո-ճարե՛ ճլսճ,  
 աՅ տրեարճարտ քօճ Յօ ան-տեոո.

Ք. Ա Օլրիո եսօլե՛, տրե՛լ Յօ քօլ,  
 ծօ ծ’ ճարճե ոճո ար սո ե-Ֆէնո ;  
 շօոոոսր ծօ շսճար Յօ Շի ոս ո-ՕՅ,  
 ա’ր քնո ծնոո Յօո Յօ ար ծօ ըճէճ.

O. "O Oisín!" said Fionn slowly and sorrowfully,  
 "Woe it is to me that thou art going from me,  
 I have not a hope that thou wilt ever again,  
 Come back to me victorious."

His form and beauty changed,  
 And showers of tears flowed down,  
 Till they wet his breast and his bright visage  
 And he said, "My woe art thou, O, Oisín! in going  
 from me."

O Patrick, 'twas a melancholy story  
 Our parting from each other in that place,  
 The parting of the father from his own son—  
 'Tis mournful, weak, and faint to be relating it!

I kissed my father sweetly and gently,  
 And the same affection I got from him;  
 I bade adieu to all the Fianna,  
 And the Tears flowed down my cheeks.

Many a delightful day had Fionn and I,  
 And the Fianna with us in great power,  
 Been chess-playing and drinking,  
 And hearing music—the host that was powerful!

A hunting in smooth valleys,  
 And our sweet-mouthed dogs with us there;  
 At other times, in the rough conflict,  
 Slaughtering heroes with great vigour.

P. O! foolish Oisín, forego a while  
 Thy great actions of the Fenians,  
 How didst thou go to the "Land of Youth,"  
 Proceed, faithfully, with thy tale to us.

O. Գծ շտառալի ար շ-սլ ծո'յ շիլ,  
 'ր ար Կ-աճալծ շօ ծիլեաճ, շլա, շիլ;  
 ծօ շիլալճ աղ ինչ-ինչիլ իծիլալ,  
 'ր ծօ իլօղ 'նա Բիօլիլիլ Ելիլ յօնալ Կ-Բիլալճ.

Գծ շտառալի յօղաղիլ 'նալ շիլալ,  
 Ելիլաճ, Ելիլաղա աճալ Ելիլալ,  
 Բիլալիլ շիլաղաղա, աճալ ծիլիլ,  
 շիլաղաղ լօղիլաճ, աճալ Բիլալ.

Գծ շտառալի, Բօլ իլ ար շ-Ելիլ,  
 Ելիլ իլաղ ար իլիլ լիլ;  
 ա'ր շաճալ Ելիլ-Ելիլ, Բիլ,  
 աճ Ելիլաղ շօ ծիլա 'րալ շ-Բիլալ.

Գծ շտառալի Բօլ, շաղ շօ,  
 Ելիլ ծիլ ար շիլաղ-Ելիլ ծօղ,  
 իլաղ ծիլ 'նա Ելիլ-Ելիլ,  
 'ր ի աճ իլիլաղ ար Բիլիլ յա ծ-Ելիլ.

Գծ շտառալի 'նա ծօղիլ,  
 իլիլաղ ծիլ ար շիլաղ Բիլ;  
 Բիլ Ելիլ Ելիլիլ Ելիլ շիլիլ,  
 'ր Ելիլաղ Ելիլ-Ելիլ 'նա Ելիլ-Ելիլ.

“ Ելիլ իլաղ աղ ծիլ իլ, ծօ ծիլիլ,  
 ա իլիլաղ Ելիլ, իլիլ ծօղ Բիլ;  
 աղ Ելիլ իլ իլիլ իլաղ,  
 'ր իլիլաղ իլիլ աղ Ելիլ Բիլ?”

“ Ու Ելիլ իլիլ 'նա Բ-Ելիլ ծիլ,  
 ա Օլիլ իլիլ, 'նա Բ-Ելիլ Բօլ,  
 իլ Բ-Ելիլ իլիլաղ իլիլ ծօղ Ելիլ-Ելիլ  
 շօ իլիլաղ շօ Ելիլ իլիլ յա Կ-Ելիլ.”

O. We turned our backs to the land  
 And our faces directly due-west,  
 The smooth sea ebb'd before us,  
 And fill'd in billows after us.

We saw wonders in our travels,  
 Cities, courts and castles,  
 Lime-white mansions and fortresses,  
 Brilliant summer-houses and palaces.

We saw also, by our sides  
 A hornless fawn leaping nimbly,  
 And a red-eared white dog,  
 Urging it boldly in the chase.

We beheld also, without fiction,  
 A young maid on a brown steed,  
 A golden apple in her right hand,  
 And she going on the top of the waves.

We saw after her,  
 A young rider on a white steed,  
 Under a purple, crimson mantle of satin,  
 And a gold-headed sword in his right hand.

“ Who are yon two whom I see,  
 O gentle princess, tell me the meaning,  
 That woman of most beautiful countenance,  
 And the comely rider of the white steed.”

“ Heed not what thou wilt see,  
 O! gentle Oisín, nor what thou hast yet seen,  
 There is in them but nothing,  
 Till we reach the land of the ‘ King of Youth.’ ”

- O.      Ɔo ðoneamari uari a ʒ-ciani,  
             palar ʒihamari, uct-blat;e;  
             bus breazca deib azar ʒne,  
             d'a mari 'ran t-raozal le fazal.
- “ Ɔia an dny niðza, no-breaz,  
             azar for, ir alye d'a b-facajð ryl;  
             'na b-fuymid az triall 'na dal,  
             no cia ir arid-flate any rud?”
- “ Jyean nið çin na m-beo,  
             ir bayniðzari for anyr' an dny;  
             tuʒ Fomori Builleac<sup>1</sup> diume lozac,  
             leir le fomearc zez 'r lut.
- “ Zeara çur ri ari an d-tréan,  
             zan bean do deham di zo bratac;  
             zo b-fazad ri curad no fom-laoç,  
             do fearmðdad ʒlate leir lam ari lam.”
- “ Beiri buad azur beahact, a Niam çinny ðiri,  
             ni çualar do ceol miam ir fearri;  
             'na caon-çurç biny do mlyr-beol,  
             'r ir mor an bion liny bean d'a cal.
- “ Teizdeam anyr d'a fom don dny,  
             a'r b-feydri çur dnyin ata fe a y-dan;  
             an tréan-laoç ud do çurim lom,  
             a ʒ-clearab lut, mari bad ʒnat.”
- Ɔo çuadmari any rin don dny,  
             a'r çaryz çuzany an niðzan ðz;  
             do b'ionany deallmad di 'r do'y çrény,  
             a'r do çur ri cead fazlte midany.

<sup>1</sup> Fomori builleac, i.e. *the striking Giant*, was the despotic ruler of the “Land of Virtues,”—a country not mentioned in any other copy of this poem that I have seen.

- O. We saw from us afar  
 A sunny palace of beautiful front,  
 Its form and appearance were the most beauteous  
 That were to be found in the world ”
- “ What exceeding—fine, royal mansion,  
 And also, the best that eye hath seen,  
 Is this, that we are travelling near to,  
 Or who is high-chief of that place? ”
- “ The daughter of the king of the ‘ Land of Life,’  
 Is queen, yet, in that fortress  
 She was taken by Fomhor Builleach, of Dromloghach,  
 With violent strength of arms and activity.
- “ Obligation she put upon the brave,  
 Never to make her a wife,  
 Till she got a champion or true hero,  
 To stand battle with him hand to hand.”
- “ Take success and blessings, O golden-headed Niamh,  
 I have never heard better music  
 Than the gentle voice of thy sweet mouth,  
 Great grief to us is a woman of her condition.
- “ I will go now to visit her to the fortress.  
 And it may be for us it is fated  
 That that great hero should fall by me,  
 In feats of activity as is wont to me.”
- We went then into the fortress,  
 To us came the youthful queen,  
 Equal in splendor was she to the sun,  
 And she bade us a hundred welcomes.

- O. B̄j culajð de r̄joda bujðe,  
 aṛ aṇ ṛjōzay do b'ar̄lye r̄jōð;  
 a cnear caſce maṛ ala aṛṛ tuṇṇ,  
 'r a ða zṛuaṛð b̄j aṛṛ ðač aṇ ṛōr.
- Qṛi ðač aṇ ðṛi do b̄j a folz,  
 a'ṛ a zorṇ-ṛorza zlaṇa zay čeō;  
 a bēl̄jṇ meala aṛṛ ðač ṇa z-caor,  
 'r a mala čaol ba zṛeṇṇta clōð.
- Do ř̄úðeamayṛ aṇṇ r̄jṇ ř̄jor,  
 zāč ṇ-aor ḍjṇ aṛ čačaoṛṛ ḍṛi;  
 do leazāð čužayṇṇ ṇōṛṇ b̄jð,  
 a'ṛ cuṛṇṇ ḍj̄že b̄j l̄jṇṇta beoṛṛ.<sup>1</sup>
- Qṇ tr̄āč čar̄čeamayṛ aṛ r̄ar̄č b̄jð,  
 a'ṛ jomāð ř̄jṇṇṇta ṇl̄jṛ ḍj̄l;  
 do labayṛ aṇ ṛjōzay ḍz, čaoyṇ,  
 ṛr eð d̄úbayṛc ř̄j, "čjṛc l̄jṇṇ zō ř̄ōj̄l."
- D'jṇṇṇjṛ d̄úṇṇ ř̄jor a'ṛ ř̄āč a ř̄zēj̄l,  
 'ṛ do ř̄j̄l ṇa deōṛa le ṇa zṛuaṛð,  
 a d̄úbayṛc ṇāṛ b-ř̄j̄lleāð ḍj̄ ḍ'a t̄j̄ṛ ř̄ēj̄ṇ,  
 'ṛ a ř̄āčāč tr̄ēṇṇ do bej̄č zō buay'.
- "B̄j do čor̄ð, a ṛjōzay ḍj̄z,  
 ř̄zuyṛ de'd b̄ṛōṇṇ, a'ṛ ṇā b̄j caoyð;  
 a'ṛ do bej̄ṛṇṇ ḍuyṛ ṇo laṇ,  
 aṇ t-ačāc āj̄ṛ, zō d-tuyṛř̄j̄ð l̄jṇ!"
- "N̄j b̄ř̄uj̄l laoc aṇoyṛ le ř̄āžaj̄l,  
 ḍ'a čṛēṇṇe čaj̄l ř̄aoy'ṇ ṇ-zṛēj̄ṇ,  
 do beuyṛř̄āð cōṇṇṇac laṇ aṛ laj̄ṇ,  
 do'ṇ āčāč ḍāṇa ṇa z-cṛuaṛð-bēj̄ṇ."

<sup>1</sup> Although this word resemble the word "beer," the liquors were very different.

O. There was apparel of yellow silk  
 On the queen of excelling beauty,  
 Her chalk-white skin was like the swan on the wave,  
 And her cheeks were of the colour of the rose.

Her hair was of a golden hue,  
 Her blue eyes clear and cloudless ;  
 Her honey lips of the colour of the berries,  
 And her slender brows of loveliest form.

Then we there sat down,  
 Each of us on a chair of gold,  
 There was laid out for us abundance of food  
 And drinking-horns filled with beoir.

When we had taken a sufficiency of food,  
 And much sweet drinking wines,  
 Then spoke the mild young princess,  
 And thus said she, "harken to me awhile."

She told us the knowledge and cause of her tale,  
 And the tears flowed down her cheeks ;  
 She said, " my return is not to my own country,  
 Whilst the great giant shall be alive."

" Be silent, O young princess !  
 Give o'er thy grief and do not mourn,  
 And I give to thee my hand  
 That the giant of slaughter shall fall by me !"

" There's not a champion now to be found  
 Of greatest repute under the sun,  
 To give battle hand to hand  
 To the bold giant of the hard blows."



O. " I tell to thee, O gentle queen,  
 I am not daunted at his coming to meet me,  
 Unless he fall by me, by the strength of my arms,  
 I will fall myself in thy defence."

'Twas not long till we saw approaching  
 The powerful giant that was most disgusting,  
 A load was on him of the skins of deer,  
 And an iron bar in his hand.

He did not salute or bow to us, [maiden,  
 But looked into the countenance of the young  
 Proclaimed battle and great conflict,  
 And I went myself to meet him.

During three nights and three days  
 We were in the great contest,  
 Though powerful was he, the valiant giant,  
 I beheaded him without delay.

When the two young maidens saw  
 The great giant, lying motionless, weak and low,  
 They uttered three joyful cries,  
 With great boasting and merriment.

We then went to the fortress,  
 And I was bruised, weak and feeble,  
 Shedding blood in great abundance,  
 Coming closely out of my wounds.

The daughter of the " King of the Living" came  
 In truth to relieve myself ;  
 She put balm and balsam in my wounds,  
 And I was whole after her.

O. Do éaréamaoim ár b-ppoiuio zó rúbaé,  
 a' r ba meadruac dúiuu auu riu d'á éir;  
 do cóirijéad fúnu auu ra' u dúu,  
 learéaca clúid de éluu na u-éau.

Do éuireamuiue au fear móu,  
 a b-fearu fód-doiuúu, fairraiuú, méid,  
 do éozbar a lja ór a leacé,  
 a' r rziúobaf a aiuiú a u-ozam-émaob!

Au na máruac, au amaru laoi,  
 do dúirizmaui ar ár uéal,  
 "ir mizid dúiuu," au iuzéau au iúú,  
 "tiall zau rzié d'áru d-tiu féu."

Do zlearamaui oimauu zau read,  
 'r do zabadamaui ár z-cead iur au óiz,  
 buó dúbaé dubróuaé riuu 'na diaiz,  
 'r uúoi éaiue do' u zuiay-beau iouau u-deoiú!

uú fear dom féu, a Páduaiú féuú,  
 cad do éaru do' u iúozaiu óiz;  
 ó' u la rzarimuiue amau léi,  
 uó au éill féu zó tíru na m-beó.

P. Níoi iuuirir dúiuu a Oiriu zuiuu, (†)  
 cia' u tíru 'na ruabair féu;  
 foillriú dúiuu auoir a h-aiuu,  
 a' r leau arir iuau do rzeil.

O. Tíru na m-buad au tíru úd,  
 a' r zó deiuúu uú breáú au t-aiuu; (†)  
 má ta zlóru a b-flacaf maru bí auu,  
 do óia le zruauu, éabarfaiuu zaiuu.

O. We consumed our feast with pleasure,  
 And then we were merry after,  
 In the fortress were prepared for us,  
 Warm beds of the down of birds.

We buried the great man  
 In a deep sod-grave, wide and clear,  
 I raised his flag and monument,  
 And I wrote his name in Ogham Craobh.

On the morrow, at the appearance of day,  
 We awoke out of our slumbers,  
 "It is time for us," said the daughter of the king,  
 "To go without delay to our own land."

We prepared ourselves without a stay,  
 And we took our leave of the virgin,  
 We were sorrowful and sad after her,  
 And not less after us was the refulgent maid.

I do not know, O mild Patrick!  
 What occurred to the young princess,  
 Since the day we both parted her,  
 Or whether she herself returned to the Land of Life.

P. Thou didst not tell us, O pleasant Oisín,  
 What country it is in which thou wast thyself;  
 Reveal to us now its name,  
 And continue again the track of thy story.

O. That country is the "Land of Virtues,"  
 And certainly the name is not miscalled,  
 If heaven hath glories as were there,  
 To God, with love, I would give praise.

O. Do tuzamajji ari z-cúl do'ny dúny,  
 a' r ari rtead rúnyy fapoi lan-méim;  
 ' r zo mba luaité lejr an eac ban,  
 ' ya zaoé mairta ari driujm fléib.

Njori b-fada zuri doicaiž an rreim,  
 a' r zuri eijuziđ zaoé anij' r zác aijw ;  
 do lar ay njori-nijuri zo trean,  
 ' r nj mairb amare zréine le fajal !

Sealad dúnyy az amare ya héull,  
 ' r ari ya héulta bi fá r mújw ;  
 d' jrliž an t-anfa azar ay žaoé,  
 a' r do řoilrijž Phoebur ór ari c-ceany.

Do conhamajji me ari d-taob,  
 tiji mō-aobean fapoi lan-blac,  
 a' r máža maircaá, méide mjiy,  
 a' r dúny mjožđa ba mō-breáža.

Nj mairb dac d'a b-feaca rúj,  
 de žorim úri, d' uaiténe, ' r ban ;  
 de corcui deamz a' r de bujde,  
 yaé mairb ' r ay mjož-bmož taorim do mād.

Do bi ari ay d-taob eple de'ny dúny,  
 zimanáiy lonhmaca azur pálajr ;  
 deanra ule de cloca buada,  
 le lanja ruad' azar fapoi-čearid.

Njori b-fada zo b-feacamajji cúžajny,  
 az tujall ó'ny y-dúny jor ari z-cōhđajl,  
 tiji čaožad laec do b'-feajri lút,  
 řžéim, cliú, a' r do b'aoimide cal.

O. We turned our backs on the fortress,  
 And our horse under us in full speed,  
 And swifter was the white steed,  
 Than March wind on the mountain summit.

Ere long the sky darkened,  
 And the wind arose in every point,  
 The great sea lit up strongly,  
 And sight of the sun was not to be found!

We gazed awhile on the clouds,  
 And on the stars that were under gloom  
 The tempest abated and the wind,  
 And Phoebus brightened o'er our heads.

We beheld by our side,  
 A most delightful country under full bloom,  
 And plains, beautiful, smooth and fine,  
 And a royal fortress of surpassing beauty.

Not a colour that eye has beheld  
 Of rich blue, green, and white,  
 Of purple, crimson, and of yellow,  
 But was in this royal mansion that I am describing.

There were at the other side of the fortress,  
 Radiant summer-houses and palaces,  
 Made, all of precious stones,  
 By the hands of skilful men and great artists.

Ere long we saw approaching  
 From the fortress to meet us,  
 Three fifties of champions of best agility,  
 Appearance, fame and of highest repute,



O. "What beauteous country is that  
 O gentle daughter of the golden locks!  
 Of best aspect that the eye has seen,  
 Or is it the 'Land of Youth?'"

"It is, truly, O generous Oisín!  
 I have not told a lie to you concerning it,  
 There is nothing I promised thyself  
 But is manifest to thee for ever."

To us, came after that  
 A hundred maids of exquisite beauty,  
 Under garments of silk filled with gold,  
 Welcoming me to their own country.

We saw again approaching,  
 A multitude of glittering bright host,  
 And a noble great and powerful king,  
 Of matchless grace, form and countenance.

There was a yellow shirt of silken satin  
 And a bright golden garment over it,  
 There was a sparkling crown of gold,  
 Radiant and shining upon his head.

We saw coming after him  
 The young queen of highest repute;  
 And fifty virgins sweet and mild,  
 Of most beautiful form in her company.

When all arrived in one spot,  
 Then courteously spoke the "King of Youth,"  
 And said, "This is Oisín the son of Fionn,  
 The gentle consort of 'Golden-headed Niamh!'"

- O.    Do muз rē omy any ry amlayn,  
       azur a dúbayre a z-cōm-ayd do' y t-rlōz;  
       “ a Oyrjy čalmā, a mjc ay mīz,  
       cēad mjle fājte mōmat.”
- “ Ah tjr ro jony' ay čajnyzjr fēly,  
       nj čejfēad ržēala oye žay žō;  
       jr fada, buay ē do fāožal,  
       a' r bejō tu fēly čojōče ōz.”
- “ Nj' l aoybhear dā' m rmaoyjz črojōe,  
       nāc b-fayl ' rāy tjr reo fā' d čōmajr,  
       a Oyrjy, črojō uaym žo fjoj,  
       žuy mjre mīz Čjr ya y-ōz.”
- “ Az ro ay baymjōžay čaom,  
       a' r m' yžēay fēly Njān cy ōjr;  
       do čuajō tam mjy-njuyr fād' dēly,  
       cum bejō mār čējle ajcy žo deō.”
- Do žabar būdeacār lejy ay mīz,  
       a' r d' ūmljžēay rjoj do' y mjōžay čōjr,  
       vjōy rčadad any ry žo hēaržajō lny,  
       žo māyžamajr mjōžbroyz mīz ya y-ōz.
- Do čayjz uayre ya caēmač caojn',  
       jdyr fēay azar mjyay jony' ar z-cōmōal;  
       bj flead a' r fēarōa any do rjoj,  
       ay fēad dejō y-oyōče a' r dejō la.
- Do pōrad mē le Njān čjny ōjr,  
       a fādmejz ō' y Rōjn ya m-bacul m-bay,  
       ry mār čuadar žo Čjr ya y-ōz,  
       žjō dojlyb byōnāč ljomra trāct.

O. He took me then by the hand,  
 And said, [aloud to the hearing of] the host,  
 "O, brave Oisín! O, son of the king!  
 A hundred thousand welcomes to you!"

"This country into which thou comest,  
 I'll not conceal its tidings from you, in truth,  
 Long and durable is your life,  
 And thou thyself shalt be ever young."

"There's not a delight on which the heart hath mused  
 But is in this land awaiting thee;  
 O! Oisín believe me in truth,  
 For I am king of the 'Land of Youth!'"

"This is the gentle Queen,  
 And my own daughter the Golden-headed Niamh,  
 Who went over the smooth seas for thee  
 To be her consort for ever."

I gave thanks to the King,  
 And I bowed down to the gentle Queen,  
 Nor staid we there, [but proceeded] soon, [Youth."  
 Till we reached the royal mansion of the "King of

There came the nobles of the fine fortress,  
 Both men and women to meet us;  
 There was a feast and banquet continuously there,  
 For ten nights and ten days.

I espoused "Golden-headed Niamh,"  
 O! Patrick from Rome of white croziers!  
 That is how I went to the "Land of Youth,"  
 Tho' woeful and grievous to me to relate.

P. Leah dúinn fearda ar do rzeól,  
 a Oirín dhí na h-áirim h-ár;  
 cionnur d'fázbair Tí na h-ó,  
 ir fada fóir lóm zo hocáir fá.

Jhuir dúinn ahoir le móir zmeann,  
 an maib aon élanh azad me Níam,  
 yó' h fada bídir a d-Tí na h-ó,  
 airtíir zan bíon dúinn do rzeál

O. Do bí azam me Níam éinn dhí,  
 de éloinn buó mo-níat zhaol a' r rzeín;  
 do b'féairi deib, ciuic azur ríod,  
 dhí mac óz azur iuzean éaon.

Do cátear trímhre fada cian,  
 trí éad bíadaí azar híoí mó;  
 zur rmaoíhí me zo mba b'é mó nían,  
 Fíonh 'ran Fíannh d'fáicrín beó.

P. 21 Oirín, t-ruaire leah dod' rzeal, (+)  
 a' r iuhir dúinn cá b-fuirl do élanh;  
 tabairi dúinn zan nóill a h-áirim,  
 a' r an éiric 'na b-fuirlh an?

O. Bí az Níam fá na z-cómaí, (+)  
 Tí na h-ó, na m-beo 'r na m-buad;  
 fleairz ir coróin de' h ríh-dhí,  
 a' r iomad feoid hac hím do lúad.

Tuz Níam ar mo dhí mac, (+)  
 áirim m'ácar a' r mo deirín;  
 Fíonh oimdeair, ceann na flúaz,  
 'ran t-Oirín dhí-áirim-lúad.

P. Continue for us further thy tale,  
 O golden Oisín of the slaying arms!  
 How didst thou leave the "Land of youth,"  
 I, yet, think it long till you reveal the cause.

Tell to us now with great pleasure,  
 Hadst thou any children by Niamh,  
 Or how long wert thou in the "Land of Youth,"  
 Relate to us, without grief, thy story,

O. I had by Golden-headed Niamh,  
 Of children of surpassing beauty and bloom,  
 Of best form, shape, and countenance,  
 Two young sons and a gentle daughter.

I spent a time protracted in length,  
 Three hundred years and more,  
 Until I thought 'twould be my desire  
 To see Fionn and the Fianna alive.

P. O pleasant Oisín continue thy story,  
 And tell us where are thy children;  
 Give us, without delay, their names,  
 And the land in which they are.

O. Niamh had awaiting them,  
 The Land of Youth—the Land of Life, and the land  
 of Virtues:  
 A wreath and crown of the kingly gold,  
 And many jewels I do not mention.

Niamh gave to my two sons  
 The names of my father and of my good son,  
 Noble Fionn—head of the hosts—  
 And Osgar of the red golden arms.

- O.      Țuȝur fêy dom caom-nyȝy, (†)  
           me h-aonta Niam ah oim-çyhy;  
           do buad a mayre 'ra zhe-ȝeay,  
           ah t-aym fïom, plûy ya mban."
- Ɖ'iammar fêy cead am ah Rîȝ,  
           a'f am mo çêple çaoim, Niam çyhy ôim;  
           dul zo h-Elmyy taru ar arîr,  
           d'fêaçayy Ÿyhy azar a môm-rlôȝ.
- "Do ȝeabam cead uaym," am ah nyȝeay çaoim,  
           "çjð doilb ah rȝeal hom tu bejê d'a lúad;  
           am eazal yây teaçt duyte arîr mead mé,  
           dom çim fêy, a Oirîy buaðaȝ."
- "Cmead yr eazal dúim, a mïoȝayy blajê,  
           'rah t-eaç bân do bejê fâ'm méim;  
           mûnyfjð ah t-éolur dúim zo râm,  
           a'f fllfjð rlan taru y'ar çúȝad fêy."
- "Cûimnyȝ a Oirîy, cad tã mê mãd,  
           mã leazam trãçt am çalamé jêð;  
           yã teaçt duyte çojðçe arîr zo bmaçaç,  
           don çim alayy-Ÿeo 'ya b-fylym fêy.
- "A deim leat-ra arîr ȝay ȝð,  
           mã çûmlyȝim fôr de'y eaç bân;  
           yã tmeçam çojðçe zo Țim ya y-ðȝ,  
           a Oirîy ôim ya y-am y'ajȝ.
- "A deim leat do'y tmeç fêaçt,  
           mã'r teaçt de'y eaç duyte fêy;  
           zo m-bejðim ad' fêayðim çmïona ðall,  
           ȝay lújê, ȝay ȝmeayy, ȝay myê, ȝay lêim!

O. I, myself, gave to my gentle daughter,  
 By consent of golden-headed Niamh,  
 In virtue of her beauty and loving countenance,  
 The true name—Plur-na-mban, [the flower of  
 women.]

I asked leave of the king,  
 And of my kind spouse—golden-headed Niamh,  
 To go to Erin back again,  
 To see Fionn and his great host.

“Thou wilt get leave from me,” said the gentle daughter,  
 “Though ’tis a sorrowful tale to me to hear you  
 mention it,  
 Lest thou mayest not come again in your life  
 To my own land, O victorious Oisín !”

“What do we dread, O blooming Queen !  
 Whilst the white steed is at my service,  
 He’ll teach me the way with ease,  
 And will return safe back to thyself.”

“Remember O Oisín ! what I am saying,  
 If thou layest foot on level ground,  
 Thou shalt not come again for ever  
 To this fine land in which I am myself.

“I say to thee again without guile,  
 If thou alightest once off the white steed,  
 Thou wilt never more come to the ‘Land of Youth,’  
 O golden Oisín of the warlike arms !

“I say to thee for the third time,  
 If thou alightest off the steed thyself,  
 That thou wilt be an old man, withered, and blind,  
 Without activity, without pleasure, without run,  
 without leap.

O. “ Եր ծովից՝ Լիօմ, և Օլբին շիւրի, (†)  
 Եւ ծւլ Յօ Կ-Յլլիւրի շլար Յօ ծեծօ՛շ ;  
 Ո՛ր՛ րի անօր անալ ծօ Կի ;  
 Դ՛ր ո՛յ քելքիւ ծօրծօ Խիօրի Կա՛ րլօշած .

“ Ո՛ր՛ անօր և Կ-Յլլիւրի սլե, (†)  
 Ը՛տ Ը՛տար սլրժ Դ՛ր րլօշտե Ուծի ;  
 և Օլբին շիւրի րեծ մօ քօ՛շ,  
 Ո՛յ յարքարի ծօրծօ, Յօ Ելի Կա Կ-ծօ .”

Պ՛ր քաճար քար՝ Կա շիւրի Լե քրաճ, (†)  
 Դ՛ր ծօ րի օմ՝ մօրՅա ծօրտա ծօր ;  
 և Քաճարի ծօ քրաճ Լեա՛ ի,  
 և մաօծաճ քօլտ Կա շիւրի ծիւ .

Պօ շիւրի րի մե՛ քաօլ շարա քրաճ, (†)  
 Ըւլ Եր քաճտ շալ Կալիտ մե Կալ,  
 Ը՛ր ծաճարի Լիօմ ծօ Կաճ և Կ-Կիլիճե,  
 Ը՛ա Կ-Կիլիւրի յաճ՝ Կա քարքարի րլալ .

Պօ շարալ ծի շաճ Ո՛յ շալ Կրաճ,  
 Յօ Յ-ժիլիւրի քարի քիլ և Կ-Կալիտ րի Լիօմ ;  
 ծօ շաճար Կա Կիլի Կա քի՛ Կալ,  
 Ը՛ր ծ՛քաճար րլալ աՅ Լաճտ Կա ծիւր .

Պօ քօշար-րա մօ շիլե շարի,  
 Դ՛ր Կա ծիւճաճ րիլի աՅ րՅարաճ Լիլ ;  
 մօ ծիլ մաճ, Դ՛ր մ՛իլիլալ ծօ,  
 ծօ Կի քաօլ Կիլի աՅ րլեաճ ծօար՝ !

Պօ շլարար օրի շիւր րիւճալ,  
 Դ՛ր ծօ շարա մօ շիւլ ծօ Ելի Կա Կ-ծօ ;  
 ծօ մի՛ Կա ք-քաճ Յօ ԿարՅալ ծիւր,  
 Կալ ծօ միլի Լիօմ, Ը՛ր Լե Ուլի շիւրի ծիւր .

O. " 'Tis a woe to me, O loving Oisín,  
 That thou ever goest to green Erin ;  
 'Tis not now as it has been ;  
 And thou never shalt see Fionn of the hosts.

" There is not now in all Erin,  
 But a father of orders and hosts of saints ;  
 O loving Oisín ! here is my kiss,  
 Thou wilt never return to the ' Land of Youth ! ' "

I looked up into her countenance with compassion,  
 And streams of tears ran from my eyes,  
 O Patrick ! thou wouldst have pitied her  
 Tearing the hair off the golden head.

She put me under strict injunctions  
 To go and come without touching the lea,  
 And said to me by virtue of their power,  
 If I broke them that I'd never return safe ;

I promised her each thing, without a lie,  
 That I would fulfil what she said to me ;  
 I went on the back of the white steed  
 And bade farewell to the people of the fortress.

I kissed my gentle consort,  
 And sorrowful was I in parting from her,  
 My two sons, and my young daughter  
 Were under grief, shedding tears.

I prepared myself for travelling,  
 And I turned my back on the " Land of Youth,"  
 The steed ran swiftly under me,  
 As he had done with me and " golden-headed Niamh."

O. Nj h-aičirirteari ai ržéal zo beačt,  
 ai žac nj da'ri čeanžmajs liom fėin;  
 yó zo d-tajmž mé ajir tar y'air,  
 zo h-čimuy žlar va y'jomad fėud.

Ži Pádruuž va y'ónd azur va vaonh,  
 njom iuyfear breaz duic mian fór;  
 riy azad-ra fáč mo ržėil,  
 'r mar d'fážbar fėin Tiri va v-óž.

Đ'a nbeidnyre fėin, a Pádruuž,  
 aňajl do bjoť-ra ay la úd fėin,  
 do čuyfny do člėim zo lėim čum bajr,  
 a'ť ceany ai bmažajd nj beađ am dėiž!

Đ'a bfažajnyre flújyre dė'ny n-arian,  
 mari žejbny žac tmač ó Ĵionny;  
 do žúidfny čum riž va v-žmar,  
 tu bejč zo rlan óť a čionny.

P. Do žeabari arian azar deoč,  
 žan aon ločt aňoť uajm fėin;  
 jr byny liom-ra žuč do beóil.  
 'r leay dúny fór ai do ržéal.

O. Ži čeačt dom fėin ay riy a d-tiri,  
 d'fėačar čmuy ay žac ule ajm;  
 do rmaonhear any riy zo firi,  
 yac majb tuajmž Ĵionny azam le fážajl!

Njom b-fada dom azar njom čian,  
 zo b-feaca aňari až teačt fá'm dėin;  
 marčlvaž mōm idim fėarajb azur mňa,  
 'r do čanjadar am' lačari fėin.

O. Our story is not told in full,  
 Of every thing that occurred to myself,  
 Until I came again back  
 To green Erin of the many jewels.

O Patrick of the orders and of the saints,  
 I never yet told you a falsehood,  
 There is to thee the reason of my story,  
 And how I left the "Land of Youth."

If I myself had been, O Patrick !  
 As I was, that self-same day,  
 I would put thy clerics all to death,  
 And a head on a neck would not be after me.

If I got plenty of the bread  
 As I used to get, at all times, from Fionn,  
 I would pray to the king of grace  
 To have thee safe, over it.

P. Thou wilt get bread and drink,  
 Without any fault now from myself,  
 Melodious to me is the voice of thy mouth,  
 And continue for us still thy story.

O. On my coming, then, into the country,  
 I looked closely in every direction,  
 I thought then in truth  
 That the tidings of Fionn were not to be found.

'Twas not long for me nor tedious,  
 Till I saw from the west approaching me,  
 A great troop of mounted men and women,  
 And they came into my own presence.

O. Do beannuigeadar dom zo caoim, féim,  
 a' r do zaiḃ ionzaytar zac u-aon djob ;  
 ar faicrim mead mo peairan féim,  
 mo deilb, mo zne azar mo zuaoi.

D'fearruigear féim auy rim djob rúd,  
 ay z-cualadar Fionn do beic beo ;  
 nó ar maip aon eile de' y Féimn  
 nó chead é ay léim do baip dób ?

“ Do cualamaipne trác ar Fionn,  
 ar neart, ar líic, azur ar érean ;  
 nac maib maip a faipait rúd,  
 a b-peairaimn, a z-clú, azur a méimn.

“ Ir ionda leabair rzirjobta rior,  
 az éizrib bimn, mullir Daoðal ;  
 nac léim lynn aicimr dair zo fior,  
 ar éactaib Fimn azur ar ay b-féimn.

“ Do cualamaip zo maib az Fionn,  
 mac bus lonnmac rzéim 'r clód,  
 zo d-táimz óiz-bean faoi na déim,  
 'r za u-deactaib léi zo Tim na u-óz.”

Nuaim cualar féim ay cōimnāð úd,  
 ná' m maip Fionn 'na neac de' y Féimn,  
 do zlacar tuipre a' r mōim cūimāð,  
 'r ba lan-dúbac mé iona u-déiz !

Nior rtaðar-ra auy rim de' y méim,  
 zo luað éarzaib zay aon moim ;  
 zo d-tuzar m'azaid zo zlay méid,  
 ar Allmāim éactac, leactay laizean.

O. They saluted me kindly and courteously,  
 And surprise seized every one of them,  
 On seeing the bulk of my own person,  
 My form, my appearance, and my countenance.

I myself asked then of them,  
 Did they hear if Fionn was alive,  
 Or did any one else of the Fianna live,  
 Or what disaster had swept them away ?

“ We have heard tell of Fionn,  
 For strength, for activity, and for prowess,  
 That there never was an equal for him  
 In person, in character, and in mien.

There is many a book written down,  
 By the melodious sweet sages of the Gaels,  
 Which we in truth, are unable to relate to thee,  
 Of the deeds of Fionn and of the Fianna.”

We heard that Fionn had  
 A son of brightest beauty and form,  
 That there came a young maiden for him  
 And that he went with her to the “ Land of Youth.”

When I myself heard that announcement,  
 That Fionn did not live or any of the Fianna,  
 I was seized with weariness and great sorrow,  
 And I was full of melancholy after them !

I did not stop on my course,  
 Quick and smart without any delay,  
 Till I set my face straightforward  
 To Almuin of great exploits in broad Leinster.

O. Ba mhóir é m'ionzartur ayy rúd,  
 nac feacaib cúirte Fínyh na rlóiz;  
 n'í maib 'na hionad ayy zo ríor,  
 aét fíadaile, fíod azyr ueanytóz!

Ué a Pádruij! a' r ué, moiyuar!  
 ba dealb an éuarre azany-ra é,  
 zan tuaruijz Fínyh 'na na b-fíayh,  
 d'ráz faoi p'íay mhé le'm mhé!

P. A Oirín! rzyr ayyor de'd b'íon,  
 rí do deoiri ar Dhia na n-zmár,  
 tá Fíonyh 'ran Fíany tlaic zo leóir,  
 a' r n'í a b-fóiuizéin rúd zo b'raé.

O. Ba mhóir an tmuaz ríh, a Pádruij,  
 Fíonyh zo b'raé do beic a b-réin;  
 n'ó cnead é an tóir do muz ar buaid,  
 'ra h'aét laoc cnuaid do túr leir féin.

P. J' é Dia do muz buad air Fíonyh,  
 a' r n'í uearic námhad 'na tmeah-láin,  
 azyr ar an b-féin ule mar é,  
 a n-íreany daor d'a ríor érad!

O. A Pádruij r'íuuijz mhé 'ran áit,  
 'na b-fuil Fíonyh ar láin azyr an Fíany,  
 'r n'í b-fuil íreany 'na flaitéar ayy,  
 do éuirnead fá ceanyrmaét jad.

A' r ayy atá Oirín mo mhac féin,  
 an laoc ba tmeic a d-tiom-zleó;  
 n'íor cumad in íreany 'na b-flaitéar Dé,  
 búidean d'a mhéid nac tmearfzardzad!

- O. Great was my surprise there,  
 That I did not see the court of Fionn of the hosts ;  
 There was not in its place in truth  
 But weeds, chick-weeds, and nettles.
- Alas, O Patrick ! and alas, my grief !  
 A miserable journey it was to me,  
 Without the tidings of Fionn or the Fianna ;  
 It left me through life under pain.
- P. O Oisín ! now desist from thy grief,  
 Shed thy tears to the God of Grace,  
 Fionn and the Fianna are weak enough,  
 And relief is not theirs for ever.
- O. That would be a great pity, O Patrick !  
 That Fionn should be in pain, for ever ;  
 Or what pursuers gained victory over him,  
 Since many a hardy hero fell by himself.
- P. It is God who gained victory over Fionn,  
 And not the strength of enemy or strong hand,  
 And over all the Fianna like him,  
 Condemned to hell, they are eternally tormented.
- O. O Patrick ! direct me into the place  
 In which Fionn is in hands and the Fianna,  
 And there is not a hell or a heaven there  
 That will put them under subjection.
- If Osgar my own son be there,  
 The hero that was bravest in heavy conflict,  
 There is not created in hell, or in the Heaven of God  
 A host tho' great, that he would not destroy.

- P.    Léizimíð d'áir n-íomairbaird ar zác taob,  
       a' r leah ded' r zéal, a Oiríy áiz;  
       cad do éarla duir 'na déiz,  
       tar éir na Féinne beic ar lár!
- O.    Jhucórad féir ríy duir, a Páduiuz,  
       tar éir mé fázbaíl Zilíuuy Láizean,  
       n'í maib aon áirceab 'na maib ay f'íayn,  
       n'á'm éuarziúzeaf zo diah zay aon moill.

Áir mo zabaíl dom tré zleayn ay ríóil,<sup>1</sup>  
 do éonhaimé mé móir-éruuyíúzáð ayn;  
 tr'í céad fear azur n'í ba mó,  
 do b'í móhah ayur' ay n-zleayn.

Do labair duir de'n tréad,  
 azar a dúbairt fé de zúé ór áir;  
 " tarir d'áir z-cabair, a míoz-laóic,  
 a' r fuarzaíl ríuy ar ay z-cruad-éar!"

Éairuz mé ayn ríy do látair,  
 a' r líoz móir máruuyi az ay r'lóz;  
 b'í meáðacay na leice oirca ayuar,  
 'ra cur díob fuar, n'íor b'féidir leó!

Áy éur aca b'í fá'y líc r'íof,  
 do b'íodair d'a z-claoidéah zo fayn;  
 le truyne ay ualaiz móir,  
 do cáill zo leóir díob a meabair!

Do labair duir do na maóir,  
 azur a dubairt, " a míoz-zairzeadáiz óiz;  
 fuarzaíl fearca ar mo buíðean,  
 n'ó duir díob, n'í b'íð beó!"

<sup>1</sup> Zleayn ay ríóil, *the valley of the thrush*, now anglicized Glenasmole.

P. Let us leave off our controversy on each side  
 And continue thy story, O valiant Oisín!  
 What occurred to thee after that,  
 Subsequently to the Fianna being low.

O. I, myself will tell thee that, O Patrick!—  
 After I left Almhuin of Leinster,  
 There was not a residence where the Fianna had been,  
 But I searched accurately without any delay.

On my passing thro' the glen of the thrushes,  
 I saw a great assembly there,  
 Three hundred men and more  
 Were before me in the glen.

One of the assembly spoke,  
 And he said with a loud voice:  
 "Come to our relief, O kingly champion;  
 And deliver us from difficulty!"

I, then came forward,  
 And the host had a large flag of marble,  
 The weight of the flag was down on them,  
 And to uphold it, they were unable!

Those that were under the flag below,  
 Were being oppressed, weakly,  
 By the weight of the great load  
 Many of them lost their senses.

One of the stewards spoke  
 And said:—"O princely young hero!  
 Forthwith relieve my host,  
 Or not one of them will be alive."

O. Jf hámmeað aŋ beart, ahoŋŋ le máð,  
 a'ŋ aŋ oŋmeað aza d'feamaŋb aŋŋ,  
 hað tŋocfað le heart aŋ t-ŋlðŋz,  
 aŋ hŋoz-ŋo éðzbaŋl zo laŋ-teaŋŋ."

Þ'a maŋmeað Oŋzaŋ mað Oŋŋŋ,  
 do bearmeað aŋ aŋ hŋoz-ŋo 'ha ðear-laŋŋ,  
 do éuŋŋmeað d'uŋŋcaŋ ŋ taŋ aŋ ŋluað,  
 vŋ breaðz ŋŋ ðual ðom ahoŋŋ do máð.

Þo luŋðear aŋ mo éŋaéaŋ ðear,  
 'ŋ do ŋuzaŋ aŋ aŋ leŋc am laŋŋ;  
 le heart azaŋ le lút mo zéað,  
 do éuŋŋmeaŋ ŋeaét b-ŋéŋŋŋ ŋ ó ha hâŋt.

Le ŋeŋðŋ ha leŋce laŋ-ŋðŋŋ,  
 do bŋŋŋ zŋoŋta ðŋŋ aŋ eŋc bâŋŋ;  
 do éaŋzaŋ-ŋa aŋuaŋ zo laŋ-ðoét,  
 aŋ ðoŋŋ mo ða éoŋ aŋ aŋ m-bâŋ!

Nŋ túŋŋze éaŋŋz mē aŋuaŋ,  
 ha zŋlac uaŋŋaŋ aŋ t-eað bâŋ,  
 d'ŋŋéŋz aŋ ŋŋŋ éum ŋŋúbaŋl,  
 'ŋ ŋŋŋe ŋa ŋúðari zo lað, tlaŋc!

Þo éaŋlleaŋ aŋŋaŋc mo ŋúl,  
 mo ðeaŋb mo zŋúŋŋ 'ŋ mo ŋzaŋl,  
 do hŋoŋ am' ŋeaŋðŋŋ ðoét ðall,  
 zaŋ bŋŋz, zaŋ ŋŋeaðariŋ, zaŋ aŋŋð!

Þa þaðŋaŋz, ŋŋŋ azað mo ŋzéaŋ,  
 maŋ éaŋŋa ðom ŋéŋŋ zaŋ zð;  
 mo ðul azaŋ ŋ'ŋŋeaaét zo beaaét,  
 a'ŋ mo éeaaét taŋ m'aŋŋ ó ŋŋŋ ha ŋ-ðz!

O. 'Tis a shameful deed, that it should now be said,  
 And the number of men that is there,  
 That the strength of the host is unable  
 To lift the flag with great power.

If Oscur the son of Oisin lived,  
 He would take this flag in his right hand,  
 He would fling it in a throw over the host—  
 It is not my custom to speak falsehood.

I lay upon my right breast,  
 And I took the flag in my hand,  
 With the strength and activity of my limbs  
 I sent it seven perches from its place!

With the force of the very large flag,  
 The golden girth broke on the white steed;  
 I came down full suddenly,  
 On the soles of my two feet on the lea.

No sooner did I come down,  
 Than the white steed took fright,  
 He went then on his way,  
 And I, in sorrow, both weak and feeble.

I lost the sight of my eyes,  
 My form, my countenance, and my vigour,  
 I was an old man, poor and blind,  
 Without strength, understanding, or esteem.

Patrick! there is to thee my story,  
 As it occurred to myself without a lie,  
 My going and my adventures in certain,  
 And my returning from the "Land of Youth."

The following Prophecy by Caoilte, respecting *Cluain Cheasain*, deserves preservation; but want of space must excuse our offering a translation:—

### CAOILTE RO CHUAIN.

Cluain Chearaigh nó élor amac,  
 zuy a d-tairéigead mac Lúgach,  
 ba Ros mhic Treoin<sup>1</sup> for am nziuyy  
 me me toigeat an Tairziuyy.

Áit zið canar pparlm fð reat,  
 a z-Cluain Chearaigh na z-cléireat;  
 ad éonharic an Chluain émeidheac,  
 fá daimraib muad nó beanyac.

Ze beir leizear yr an lair,  
 nó bí tan any ba h-orcail;  
 ionbarb ba luyy rnah an t-ruat,  
 adbad cranya an cluain croat.

Mair a clúin, a carraha, a h-éy,  
 mar a mear malaac nó émean;  
 caon a h-aiuyde a' r a h-úbla,  
 mar a h-ubla fiony-éubaréa.

Tairiz an tairnziayne tar,  
 Cluain Cearaigh az Tairzeanyarb,  
 a dúbairt Fiony fal fáizeac,  
 zo mar yeime yon aiyzeac.

Tií fécior mjozay zo meac,  
 badar azam yr mhó áimhearic;  
 zo hidiy a leara ule,  
 mobram cleatácl cluanyde.

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

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THE BOYISH EXPLOITS  
OF  
FINN MAC CUMHAILL.

EDITED BY

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*Letter addressed by Dr. John O'Donovan, to the  
President of the Ossianic Society.*

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*Dublin, Dec. 27th, 1858.*

DEAR SIR.—Having, at your request, undertaken to translate into English—to lengthen out the abbreviations, and to fix the grammatical endings of the contracted words, in this notice of the boyish exploits of the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, the Fingal of Mac Pherson's Ossian,—I beg to offer you a few observations on the age and importance of the little tract, as well as of the manuscript from which it has been taken. This tract was copied letter for letter, and contraction for contraction from a fragment of the Psalter of Cashel now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (Laud. 610), by the Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1854, and now curate of S. Barnabas, Pimlico, London, whose progress in the study of the Irish language is truly wonderful, considering the slight advantages of oral instruction which he has possessed. He has copied this little tract so faithfully that I was able to understand it as well as if I had the original manuscript before me. No artist ever copied a portrait or inscription more accurately. This manuscript was examined in the year 1844 by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., who published a full account of its contents in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. 2, p. 336, sq. In 1846 I examined it again with the most anxious care, and published a brief notice of its more important contents in the introduction to Leabhar na g-Ceart. It consists of 292 pages folio, vellum, and was transcribed in 1453 by John Boy O'Clery and others at Pottlerath, in the barony of Crannagh, and county of Kilkenny, for Edmund Butler, the head of the sept of Mac Richard, who afterwards became Earls of Ormonde. This manuscript remained in the possession of Mac Richard Butler till the year 1462, when Ormonde and he were defeated in a battle fought at Baile-an-phoill, now Pilltown, in the barony of Iverk, county of Kilkenny, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, to whom he was obliged to give up this very copy of the Psalter of Cashel, together with another manuscript (now unknown),

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called the Book of Carrick-on-Suir. This fact appears from a memorandum on fol. 110, p. b, of which the following is a literal translation:—

“This was the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler, until the defeat at Baile-an-phoill, was given to the Earl of Ormonde, and to Mac Richard by the Earl of Desmond (Thomas), when this book and the book of Carrick, were obtained in the redemption of Mac Richard; and it was this Mac Richard that had these books transcribed for his own use; and they remained in his possession until Thomas, Earl of Desmond, wrested them from him.”

The foregoing memorandum was written in the manuscript, while it was in the possession of Thomas, Earl of Desmond, whose name “Thomas, of Desmond,” appears in English, in his own hand, on fol. 92, a., See *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, Introduction, pp. xxviii—xxx. The publication of this manuscript, as it stands, would be a great desideratum in Irish literature, and I trust that Sir John Romilly will not think it unworthy of his attention.

I am of opinion that this little tract is of great antiquity, and contains, perhaps, the oldest account we have remaining of Finn and his contemporaries. You will observe that the style is extremely simple, and altogether devoid of that redundancy of epithets which characterises the prose compositions of later ages, which are equalled only by those of “*El famoso Feliciano de Silva*.”

The celebrated Irish antiquary, Duaid Mac Firbis, in his genealogical work, pp. 435, 436, gives various pedigrees of the famous Irish hero, Finn Mac Cumhaill. Some deduce his descent from the Orbhraighe of Druim Imnocht, others from the Corco Oiche, a sept of the Ui-Fidhgeinte, who were seated in the present county of Limerick. Some state that he sprung from the Ui-Tairsigh of Ui-Failghe, a plebeian sept, while other genealogists maintain that he came of the Ui-Tairsigh of the Luaighni Teamhrach of *Fera-Cul* in Bregia, which was one of the three septs from whom the chief leader of the Fians, or Irish militia, was elected. Mac Firbis, however, states that this discrepancy must have arisen from mistaking one Finn for another; but that by far the greater number of the authentic Irish authorities agree in deducing the pedigree of the famous Finn Mac Cumhaill from Nuada Neacht, the fourth son of Sedna Sithbhaic, the ancestor of the kings of Leinster.

By the mother's side, Finn Mac Cumhaill was descended from Tadhg, son of Nuadhat, son of Aice, son of Daite, son of Brocan, son of Fintan of Tuath-Daite in Bregia. This Mac Firbis believes to be his true maternal descent, though others state that his mother was Torba, daughter of Echuman of the Ernaans of Dun-Cearmna (the old head of Kinsale, in the county of Cork), and that he had a half-brother by the mother's side, who was called Finn Mac Gleoir.

Mac Firbis adds that Finn Mac Cumhaill possessed, in right of his office of leader of the Fians, seven ballys, or townlands, out of every tricha-ched, or hundred, in Ireland; that he was born in the third year of the reign of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and died in the year 283.

Some genealogical books give the pedigree of our hero thus:—Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Trénmor, son of Subalt, son of Ealtan, son of Baiscne, son of Nuada Necht: others, Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Baiscne, son of Trénmor, son of Ferdarath, son of Goll, son of Forgall, son of Daire, son of Deaghaidh, son of Sin; but of the various pedigrees of our hero which Mac Firbis has copied from Irish authorities, the following is the only one that can be considered authentic:—

- |  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Nuada Necht,                                      |                                 |
| 2. Fergus Failge, ancestor of the Kings of Leinster, |                                 |
| 3. Rossa Ruadh,                                      | 3. So-alt,                      |
| 4. Finn, the poet, king of Leinster,                 | 4. Alt,                         |
| 5. Conchobhar Abhraruadh,                            | 5. Cairbre Garbhroin,           |
| 6. Moghcorb, king of Leinster,                       | 6. Baiscne,                     |
| 7. Cucorb, king of Leinster,                         | 7. Modh,                        |
| 8. Nia Corb,   | 8. Buan,                        |
| 9. Cormac Gealtagaoith,                              | 9. Fergus,                      |
| 10. Feilimídh Firurglais,                            | 10. Trendorn,                   |
| 11. Cathaer Mor, monarch of Ireland,<br>A.D., 177.   | 11. Trenmor,                    |
|  | 12. Cumhall,                    |
|  | 13. Finn Mac Cumhaill, sl. 284. |

He had a sister named *Sidh*, who was proverbial in Ireland for her fleetness of foot, and who was the mother of Caoilte Mac Ronain, also famous in the Fenian tales for his agility. He had another sister, Seogen, who was the mother of Cobhthach, son of Crunncu.

I have always believed that Finn Mac Cumhaill was a *real historical personage*, and not a myth or god of war, like the Hercules of the Greeks, the Odin of the Scandinavians, or the Siegfried of the Germans. He was the son-in-law of the famous Cormac Mac Airt monarch of Ireland, and the general of his standing army. He was slain in the year A.D., 284, according to the Annals of Tighernach, a period to which our authentic history unquestionably reaches. (See *Ogygia*, part iii, c. 70).

This celebrated warrior was, as we have seen, of the regal line of the kings of Leinster, of the Milesian or Scotie race (for my ingenious friend Mr. Herbert F. Hore has theorised in vain to prove him of Scandinavian

origin); he had two residences in Leinster, one at Allen (Almhain,) in the present county of Kildare, and the other at Moyelly in the (now) King's County, both of which descended to him from his ancestors. Pinkerton, the most critical and sceptical writer that has ever treated of Irish and Scottish history, has the following remarkable words, in which he expresses his conviction of Finn's undoubted historical existence:—

“He seems,” says he, “to have been a man of great talents for the age, and of celebrity in arms. His formation of a regular standing army, trained to war, in which all the Irish accounts agree, seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman legions in Britain. The idea, though simple enough, shows prudence, for such a force alone, could have coped with the Romans had they invaded Ireland. But this machine, which surprised a rude age, and seems the basis of all Finn's fame, like some other great schemes, only lived in its author, and expired soon after him.”—*Inquiry into the History of Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 77.

Our own poet and historian, Moore, who read all that had been written by the Mac Phersons and the modern critics on the history of Finn, expresses his conviction that he was a real man of flesh and blood, and no god of war or poetical creation. He concludes his account of him in the following poetical strain.

“It has been the fate of this popular Irish hero, after a long course of traditional renown in his country, where his name still lives, not only in legends and songs, but yet in the more indelible record of scenery connected with his memory, to have been all at once transferred by adoption to another country (Scotland), and start under a new but false shape, into a fresh career of fame.”—*History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 133.

The only known descendants of our hero, now known to exist, are the Dal-Cais, i.e. O'Briens of Munster and their correlatives. Cormac Cas, king of Munster, who married Samhair (Samaria), the daughter of Finn by Gráinè, daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, monarch of Ireland, and had by her, according to the Irish genealogists, three sons, Tinnè and Connla, of whose race nothing is known, and Fearcorb, the progenitor of the Dal Cais, the hereditary enemies of the race of Conn of the Hundred Battles. After the death of Finn, the monarch Cairbre Liffechair, son of Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, disbanded and outlawed the Clanna Bacisenè, of whom Finn was then the head, and retained in his service their enemies, the Clanna-Morna, a military tribe of the Firbolgs of Connacht. The Clanna-Bacisenè then repaired to Munster to their relative, Fearcorb, who retained them in his service, contrary to the orders of the Irish monarch. This led to the bloody battle of Gabhra (near the Boyne in Meath), in which the two rival military tribes slaughtered each other almost to extermination. In the heat of the action, Oscar, the grandson of Finn (and son of Oisín,) met the monarch

in single combat ; but fell, and the monarch retiring from the combat, was met by his own relative Semeon, one of the Fotharta, (a tribe that had been expelled into Leinster) who fell upon him after being severely wounded in the dreadful combat with Oscar, and despatched him by a single blow.

Oisin and Cailte Mac Ronain survived all the followers of our hero, and are fabled to have lived down to the time of St. Patrick (A.D. 432), to whom they related the wonderful exploits of Finn and his cotemporaries. This, however, is incredible ; but it is highly probable that both lived to converse with some Christian missionaries who preceded the great apostle of Ireland, and who found it difficult to convert them from their pagan notions.

There is a very curious dialogue, partly preserved in the book of *Lismore*, and partly in a MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, said to have been carried on between Caeilte, son of Ronan, and St. Patrick. This dialogue, notwithstanding its anachronism, or perhaps rather misnomer, is of great value to the Irish linguist, topographer, and antiquary, on account of the curious ancient forms of the language which it preserves, and the various forts, mounds, sepulchres, plains, mountains, estuaries and rivers which it mentions by their primitive and mediæval names.

Hoping that this tract will soon see the light under your auspices, as President of our Society,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

To

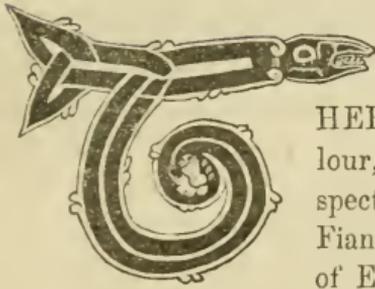
WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, Esq.

*President of the Ossianic Society.*



## THE BOYISH EXPLOITS OF FINN, DOWN HERE.

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HERE happened a meeting of valour, and contention of battle, respecting the chieftainship of the Fianns,<sup>1</sup> and the head-stewardship of Erin, between Cumhall,<sup>2</sup> son of

Tréanmór, and Uirgrenn, son of Lughaidh Corr, [one] of the Luaighne,<sup>3</sup> i.e. this Cumhall was of the Corca-oiche of Cuil-contuinn,<sup>4</sup> for of these the Hui-Tairsigh his tribe were [a subsection]. Torba, daughter of Eochaman [one] of the Ernaans, had been the wife of Cumhall, until he married Muireann Munchaemh, [Murinda of the fair neck]. The battle of Cnucha<sup>5</sup> was afterwards fought between them, i.e. between Cumhall and Uirgrenn.

Daire Dearg, son of Eochaidh Finn, son of Coirpre Galach, son of Muiredhach Muinderg, and his son Aedh, were fighting the battle along with Muirgrenn. Another name for this Daire was Morna Munchaim. The battle was then fought, Luichet and Aedh son of this Morna met together [in single combat] in the battle; Luichet wounded Aedh, and destroyed one of his eyes, so that from this the name of Goll<sup>6</sup> [Luscus] adhered to him from that time forth. Luichet fell by Goll. The keeper of his own corrbholg<sup>7</sup> of séds [treasure bag] wounded Cumhall, and

<sup>6</sup> *Goll* is glossed *Caèch*, and means one-eyed, the same as the Latin *luscus*.

<sup>7</sup> *Corrbholg*, i.e. a round bag, *sed* means a jewel or any article of value.

caé. Do tuir Cumull la Soll mac Mórna ir in cath,  
 ocur beirid a foib ocuf a ceud leir, conid de rin bui  
 rich bunad irin Fionn ocur mac Mórna, conid de rin no  
 cet in reanchaid :—

Soll mac Daire Deiriz co mblaid,  
 Mhic Echaid Fionn, fionn a zail,  
 Mhic Cairpre Salaid co nzaíl,  
 Mhic Muirtheadais a Fionmaidz.

Ro marib Soll Luicet na ced,  
 A cath Chucá, nochá breic,  
 Luicet Fionn in zairced zlaisn  
 La mac Mórna do nochairi.

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

Batar clanda Mórna irin cath,  
 Ocur Luaisye na Temrach,  
 Mhi bá leo fianur fer Fái,  
 Fria laim caé riz co nobaisz.

Buif mac ac Cumull co m-buaid,  
 In Fionn fuislech faebur eiruid ;  
 Fionn ocur Soll móir a mblad,  
 Tiréid do ionhratar cozad.

Jar rin do ionhratar rid,  
 Fionn ocur Soll na céd nzhim,  
 Co torcuir Bann Sionna de,  
 Fan muic a Temuir Luaisre.

Aed ba hairim do mac Daire,  
 Con zaed Luicet con aire,  
 O no zaet mac Luaisye lond,  
 Daire conruicéa nif Soll. 3.

<sup>1</sup> *Finnmhagh*, otherwise *Maghfinn*, a plain in the barony of Athlone, county of Roscommon, at this period possessed by the Firbolgs, of whom the Clanna-Morna were a sept.

Cumhall fell by Goll son of Morna in the battle, and carried off his arms and his head ; and from this there was a fundamental hatred between Finn and the sons of Morna, concerning which the historian sang :—

“ Goll was son of Daire Dearg of fame,  
 Son of Eochaidh Finn of valiant deeds,  
 Son of Cairbre Galach of prowess,  
 Son of Muireadhach of Finnmhagh.<sup>1</sup>

This Goll slew Luichet of hundreds,  
 In the battle of Cnucha, no falsehood,—  
 Luichet Finn of noble chivalry,  
 By the son of Morna fell !

It was by him fell Cumhall the Great,  
 In the battle of Cnucha of embattled hosts  
 What they fought this stout battle for,  
 Was for the Fian leadership in Erin.

The Clanna Morna were in the battle,  
 And the Luaighni of Teamhair  
 For the Fiannship of the men of Fail was theirs  
 Under the hand of each valiant king.

The victorious Cumhall had a son ;  
 The blood shedding Finn of hard weapons,  
 Finn and Goll of great fame,  
 Mightily they waged war.

After this they made peace  
 Finn and Goll, of the hundred deeds,  
 Until the Banbh Sinna fell  
 On the plain at Teamhair Luachra,<sup>2</sup>

Aedh was the name of Daire's son,  
 Until Luichet wounded him with dexterity,  
 But since the stout son of Luaighne wounded him  
 He was called by the name of Goll.”

<sup>2</sup> *Teamhair Luachra*, a place in Kerry not far from Castle Island, in the district of Sliabh Luachra.



Cumhall left his wife pregnant, i. e. Muirenn,<sup>1</sup> and she brought forth a son, and gave him the name of Deimne. Fiacaíl the son of Cuchenn, and Bodhmall the Druidess and Liath Luachra came to Muirenn and carried away the son, for his mother durst not keep him with her. Muirenn afterwards married Gleoir the Redhanded, king of Lamlhairighe,<sup>2</sup> from which Finn is called the son of Gleoir. However Bodhmall and Liath taking the boy with them went to the forests of Sliabh Bladma,<sup>3</sup> where the boy was nursed secretly. This was indeed necessary, for many a sturdy stalworth youth, and many a venomous inimical hero and angry morose champion of the warriors of Luaighni, and of the sons of Morna, were ready to despatch that boy, and [also] Tulcha the son of Cumhall. But however the two heroines nursed him for a long time in this manner.

His mother came at the end of six years after this to visit her son, for it was told to her, that he was at that place, and she feared the sons of Morna for him, *i. e.* [might kill him.] But however, she passed from one solitude to another, until she reached the forest of Sliabh Bladhma [Slieve Bloom,] and she found the hunting booth [*hut*] and the boy asleep therein, and she afterwards lifted him and pressed him to her bosom, and she then pregnant [from her second husband,] and then she composed these quatrains caressing her son :

“ Sleep with gentle pleasant slumber, &c.”<sup>4</sup>

The woman afterwards bids farewell to the heroines, and asked them if they would take charge of him till he

<sup>4</sup> The rest of this Lullaby is lost. Indeed it would appear from the shortness of the sentences, and the abrupt and flighty nature of the composition, that the whole story has been very much condensed, and in some places mutilated.



should be of heroic age ; and the son was afterwards reared by them till he was fit for hunting.

The boy came forth alone on a certain day, and saw the [the *pras lacha* with her brood of] ducks upon the lake. He made a shot at them,<sup>1</sup> and cut off her feathers and wings, so that she died, and he afterwards took her to the hunting booth : and this was Finn's first chase.

He afterwards went away with certain poets to flee from the sons of Morna ; and they had him [concealed] about Crotta.<sup>2</sup> These were their names, Futh and Ruth, and Regna of Mad Feada, and Teimle, and Oilpe, and Rogein. Here he was seized with the scurvy, so that he became a carrach [scald,] and was thence called Deimne Mael. There was a plunderer in Leinster at this time, by name Fiacuil, son of Codhna. Fiacuil came into Fidh Gaibhle<sup>3</sup> upon the poets, and killed them all except Deimne alone, who was afterwards with Fiacuil (in his house in a cold sheskin [marsh]). The two heroines came southwards to the house of Fiacuil, son of Codhna, in search of Deimne, and he was given to them ; and they took him from the south to the same place [where they had him previously].

He went forth one day alone [and never halted] till he reached Magh Life,<sup>4</sup> and on the green of a certain Dun [fort] there he saw youths hurling. He went to contend in agility or to hurl along with them. He came with them next day, and they sent the fourth of their number against him. He came again, and they sent the third of their number against him, and finally they went all against him, and he won one game from them all. What is thy name said they?

Portarlington, in the King's County. This was the name of a famous wood in Leinster, in which St. Berchan, the Irish prophet, erected his church of Cloonsast, the ruins of which still remain.

<sup>4</sup> *Magh Liffé*, i.e., the plain of the Liffey ; a very level plain in the county of Kildare, through which the river Liffey winds its course.

ol rjat, Deimne, ol ré. Juhjrid ny macrajd dfrj ny dúyaid ny nj rjy. Mairbaid rjde é mad conuictj, mar a cumachtachj é, ol re, nj caemramajr nj do, ol rjat ; curab Deimne a aym. Ciydar a heccoirc, ol ré. Macaem tuetch, fjnd, ol rjat, jr aym do Demne Fjnd amlajd rjy, ol rēream. Conjd de rjy adbericjr ny macrajd fjurum Fjny.

Tjcrum jai na báinech dia rajzjd, ocur lujd cuccu na cluchj fo ceitat a lojza fajr ayaenfeét. Jmarajrum fujébjrum, ocur tmarerajd monferjri djb. Lujd uajchjb a fojchjrb Slebe Bladma.

Tjc jarum j chjnd feétmujne jai rjy, cur ny mbaile cédna. Jr amlajd batuj ny macrajd je rjain fojr ny loch bj ny a fajrad. Jrehyajzic ny macrajd ejjum jntechc dymbada fjru. Ljnzjdrjy jr ny loch cuca jai rjy, ocur badjd nonbur djb fon loch, ocur téjt féjy fa Sljab Bladma jai rjy. Cia no bajd ny macrajd, ol cach. Fjny, ol rjat ; conad ar rjy no leavad Fjny é.

Tjcrum feét and taj Sljab Bladma amach, ocur ny da bayféndjd jmmalle fjur ; conacari alma jmdjerejri d'azajb allujd forajr ny flébe. Mhonuajr tra ori ny da reyrujny, nj tjc djny artuð hejch djb rúd accajny. Tjc djmra, [ol Fjny] ocur mjchajd forjo, ocur artajd dá yaz djb, ocur bejjud lejz dia fajnybojch. Do jnyjrum relz co jnátach dólj jai rjy. Ejrjð buajy ferca, a jille, ori na bayféheda fjur, ajri atajz mjc Mójna for ajcjl do maribta.

Do lujdrjum a aenaj uadjb co mjacht Loch Léjy [ocur] or Luachajri, cur aécujri a amrajne ac mjz Bejtrajze and rjy ; nj jð rlojndrjy jrny jnyad rjy he, aét cena, nj buj jr ny jé rjy relzajne a jnyramla ; ar amlajd jrberic ny nj

<sup>1</sup> *Loch Lein*, now the Lakes at Killarney in Kerry.

<sup>2</sup> *Luachra*, i.e., Luachair Deaghaidh, a district in the now county of Kerry, containing the two Pap mountains.

<sup>3</sup> *Beantraighe*, a district in South Munster, believed to have been co-extensive with the barony of Bantry in the county of Cork.

Deimne replied he. The youths tell this to the owner of the dun [*fort.*] “Do ye kill him if he comes again, if ye are able,” said he. We are not able to do aught unto him, replied they; Deimne is his name. What is his appearance?” said he. He is a well-shaped fair [*finn*] youth, replied they, Deimne shall be named Finn therefore, said he. And hence these young men used to call him Finn,

He came the next day to them, and joined them in their game, they attacked him all together, with their hurlets, but he made at them and prostrated seven of them, and [then] made off from them into the forests of Sliabh Bladhma.

He afterwards returned at the end of a week to the same place. What the youths were at [then] was swimming in the lake which was close by [the dun.] The youths challenged him to swim with them. He plunged into the lake to them, and afterwards drowned nine of them in the lake, and then made to Sliabh Bladhma himself. Who drowned the youths? enquired all. Finn, replied they [i.e. the survivors]. And from this the name of Finn clung to him [among all who heard of this deed of drowning.]

He came forth on one occasion out beyond Sliabh Bladhma, the two heroines being along with him, and they perceived a fleet herd of the wild deer of the forest of the mountain. Alas; said the two old women, that we cannot detain one of these with us. I can, [said Finn] and he ran upon them, and catching two bucks of them, brings them with him to his hunting booth. After this he used to hunt for them constantly. Depart from us now, O young man, said the female warriors to him, for the sons of Morna are watching to kill thee.

He went away from them alone [and halted not,] till he reached Loch Lein<sup>1</sup>, and over Luachair,<sup>2</sup> till he hired in military service, with the king of Bentraighc.<sup>3</sup> He did not go by any name here, but there was not at this time a



hunter like him, and so the king said to him : if Cumhall had left any son, methinks thou art he, but we have not heard of Cumhall having left any son, but Tulcha Mac Cumhail, but he is in military service with the king of Albain.<sup>1</sup>

He afterwards bids farewell to the king, and goes away from him to Cairbrighe, at this day called Ciarraighe<sup>2</sup> [Kerry], and he staid with this king in military service. The king came one day to play chess. He [Finn] played against him, and won seven games in succession. Who art thou ? said the king. The son of a peasant of the Luaighni of Teamhair, replied he ; Not so, said the king ; but thou art the son whom Muirenn [my present wife] brought forth for Cumhall ; and do not be here any longer, that thou mayest not be killed while under my protection. After this he went to Cuilleann O g-Cuanach<sup>3</sup> to the house of Lochan, a chief smith : he had a very comely daughter, Cruithne by name ; she fell in love with the youth. I will give thee my daughter, said the smith, although I know not who thou art. The daughter then cohabited with the unknown youth. Make lances for me, said the youth, to the smith. Lochan then made two spears for him. He then bade farewell to Lochan, and went his way. My son, said Lochan, do not go on the passage on which the boar called Beo is usually [to be] seen ; it has devastated the [whole of] Middle Munster. But the youth happened to go on the very pass where the pig was. The pig afterwards rushed at him ! but he made a thrust of his spear at it, and drove it through it, so that he left it lifeless, and he brought the head of the pig with him to the smith as a dower for his daughter. From this is derived Sliabh muice<sup>4</sup> in Munster.

The youth then went into Connaught to look for [his uncle] Crimall, son of Trenmor. As he went on his way he heard

<sup>4</sup> *Sliabh Muice*, i.e., the Pig's mountain, now Slieve Muck, situated between the town of Tipperary and the glen of Aherlow.

cualajd zul na h-én mhá. Luid faí co n-acca iú mhaí, ocur ba dēma fola cech me fecht, ocur ba fecht fola iú feacht aile, co mba deuz a bēl. Jac bēl deuz, a ben, ol fé. Aca deitēbhu ocum, ol rí; m'oey mac do marbad d'oey laec forzmanda mōi do nála cucum. Cía aium do iñe, ol fé. Glonda a aium, ol rí. Jf de aca Aeth n-Glonda ocur Tócar n-Glonda for Maenmuiz, ocur Jf ón bēl deimzi riu aca Aeth m-Bel Deimzi ó riu ille. Luid diu Fuid iudezaid iú laich, ocur feimat comloyn ocur do fuit lair ē. Jf amlaid imoim buí riu, ocur corribolz na fēd aizi .i. reoib Cumuill. Jf de diu do mochairi auy riu .i. Uaé Luacia. Jf ē cēd zuu Cumull i each Chucha.

Tēid i Connaçtaib iai riu, ocur fazeib Ciimall na reidōi a n-ditireib caille auid, ocur diem dou reirfēiuu maile fuis, ocur Jf iad riu do zuí relza do. Tócbaid iú corribolz diu do ocur atpet a fecla ó túr co deime, ocur aihail iú maib fei na fēd. Ceilebiaid Fiuu do Ciimall, ocur luid ioinne d'fozlam éicri co Fiuhécer iú boí for Boiu. Niu lam umoimio beich a n-Éiuu cēna iú co n-dechaid me fliðeçt, ai eaçla mac Uiuzeuuy ocur mac Mōrua.<sup>4</sup>

Secht m-bliadna do Fiuhécer for Bōiu oc urhaize iach Lioye Feic; aiu do buí a tairmuizme do eo Féic do tomaile, ocur ceu nī na aivfuir ieriu iaiuum. Fuit iú m-biadan, ocur iú h-embad do Deime umoimio iú biadan

<sup>1</sup> *Maenmhagh*, Moinmoy, a territory lying round Lough Reagh in the present county of Galway; but the situations of *Ath-Glonda*, i. e. the ford of Glonda, and of *Tochar-Glonda*, the causeway of Glonda, are now unknown by these names.

<sup>2</sup> *Ath-Beldeirg*, i. e., ford of Red mouth, not identified unless it be Bal-lyderg.

<sup>3</sup> *The Boinn*, i. e. the river Boyne in Meath.

<sup>4</sup> Here ends folio 119 of the original MS. and on the upper margin of folio 120, in the handwriting of the scribe, is the following observation:—

the wail of one [solitary] woman. He went towards her, and viewed the woman: The first tear she shed was a tear of blood, and the other was a gush of blood, so that her mouth was red. "Thy mouth is red, O woman!" said he. I have cause for it, said she: my only son was killed by a huge ugly hero, who came to me. What is thy son's name? said he. Glonda is his name, said she. From him Ath-Glonda and Tochar-Glonda in Maennhagh<sup>1</sup> are called, and from this Belderg the name Ath-beldeirg<sup>2</sup> remains ever since. Finn then went in pursuit of the hero, and they fought a combat, in which he fell by him [Finn.] The way he was situated was, he had the treasure bag with him, i.e., the [bag containing the] treasures of Cumhall. The person who fell here was Liath Luachra, he who first wounded Cumhall in the battle of Cnucha.

He now proceeds into Connaught, and finds Crimall, then an old man, in a desert there, and some of the old Fianns along with him, who were wont to chase for him. He gave him the Corrbholg, and told him the news from beginning to end:—how he had killed the possessor of the treasures. He bids farewell to Crimall, and goes forward to *Finéces* [who lived at the Boinn<sup>3</sup>] to learn poetry. He durst not remain in any part of Ireland until he took to learn poetry, from fear of the sons of Uirgrena, and the sons of Morna.<sup>4</sup>

Seven years Finn-eges remained at the Boinn [Boyne] watching the salmon of Linn-Feic,<sup>5</sup> for it had been prophesied that he would eat the [sacred] salmon of Fec, and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards! He caught the salmon, and ordered [his pupil] Deimne to roast

“ Ἄ μαρτυρὶ ἢ ἔσδα σο τῆς Ἐδμουνδὸν κοίτησιν.”

O Mary [Virgin] it is long till Edmund comes from the meeting.

This was Edmund Butler for whom the MS. was transcribed.

<sup>5</sup> *Linn Feic*, i. e. the pool of Fec, a deep pool in the River Boyne, near *Ferta fer fec*, the ancient name of the village of Slane, on this river.

do fuyne, ocur arberit an fyle fuyr cen nj don bmadan do tomajte. Do berit in zilla do an bmadan jar na fuyne, njan tomlijr nj don bmadan, a zilla, ol in fyle. Njto, ol in zilla, ac̄t mo õndu do lojrcer, ocur do madur in beolu jarctan. Cja h-ajum fil ojerā, a zilla, ol rē. Dejmne, ol in zilla. Fjny do ajum, ol rē, a zilla, ocur jr dujt tucad in bmadan dja tomajte, ocur jr tu in Fjnd co fjru. Tojmlijd in zilla in bmadan jarctan. Jr rin tja do jat in fir do Fjny .i. an taj do bered a omdan nja beolu, ocur nočan tja Tejmmlaeza, ocur jo fajllrjtea do jarctan in nj jo bjd 'na ajnfir.

Ro fozglumrjum in tjejd de nemtjzjur fljd .i. Tejmmlaeza ocur Jmur for Ojra, ocur Djcedul djcennajb. Jr and rin do nojne Fjny in lajz rj oc fjomad a ējcrj :

Cettemajr cajr jee ! jo jaru and cucht !

Canajr lujr lajd lajn, dja m-bejth lajzajz anj.

Jajrud caj cruajd dean, jr focen jam jaru,

Rujdiz rjnē rju, bjujne cenb cajll crajb.

Cearbujd jam ruajll rjueth, rajzjd zmajz luath ljun,

Leatajd folc foda fmajch, forbujd canach fajn fjny,

Fuabaju dirzell rcejll řizjone, jmjnd nejð njan juth

neana,

Cujrtheap jal ruaj, tajzethju blač in bjz.

Berajd \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Finn is thy name.* It appears that our hero had concealed from his master Finn-Egés that he had been known by the name of Finn, after he had drowned the nine boys in Magh-Liffe. But the poet finding that he had first tasted of the salmon of *Linn Feic* without intending it, saw that the ancient prophecy was fulfilled in him, and that his real name must be Finn. O'Flaherty states that our hero assisted his father-in-law Cormac son of Art, in compiling codes of laws; and the Life of St. Columkille compiled by Manus O'Donnell, states that he possessed the gift of prophecy, and foretold the birth and future greatness of St. Columkille.

it, and the poet told him not to eat of the salmon. The young man brought him the salmon after cooking it. Hast thou eaten any part of the salmon, O young man? said the poet. "No," replied the young man, but I burned my thumb, and put it into my mouth afterwards. What name is upon thee, O youth? said he. Deimne, replied the youth. "Finn is thy name,<sup>1</sup> O youth," said he, and it was to thee the salmon was [really] given, [in the prophecy] to be eaten [not to me], and thou art the Finn truly. The youth afterwards consumed the salmon, and it was from this the [preternatural] knowledge was given to Finn, i.e., when he used to put his thumb in his mouth, and not through *Teinm Laegha* [poetical incantation,] whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him.

He learned the three compositions which signify the poets, namely the *Teinm Laegha*,<sup>2</sup> the *Imus for Osna*, and the *Dicedul dicennaib*; and it was then Finn composed this poem to prove his poetry:

May-day<sup>3</sup> delightful time! how beautiful the color!<sup>4</sup>

The blackbirds sing their full lay, would that Laighaig  
were here

The cuckoos<sup>5</sup> sing in constant<sup>6</sup> strains, how welcome is  
the noble

Brilliance of the seasons ever; on the margin of the  
branchy woods

The summer suail<sup>7</sup> skim the stream, the swift horses  
seek the pool,

The heath spreads out its long hair, the weak fair bog-  
down grows.

Sudden consternation attacks the signs, the planets in  
their courses running exert an influence:

The sea is lulled to rest, flowers cover the earth.

<sup>2</sup> *Teinm Laegha*. For a curious account of this poetical incantation as given in Cormac's glossary, the reader is referred to the "*Battle of Magh Rath*," printed for the Archaeological Society, p. 46. It is said that

St. Patrick abolished the *Teinm Laegha* and the *Imbas for Osna*, as being profane rites, and allowed the poets to use another called *Dichedal do chendaibh*, which was in itself not repugnant to Christianity, as requiring no offering to false gods or demons.

<sup>3</sup> *May-day*, *ceiteanna*, is glossed *belltaine* by O'Clery. It signifies the beginning of summer.

<sup>4</sup> *Color*, *cuét*, *gl. daét*, color, *gl. cuinne*, *gl. zhe*, face, countenance, mien.

<sup>5</sup> *Caí*, *gl. cuada*, cuckoos.

<sup>6</sup> *Constant*, *cuada*, *gl. bhada*.

<sup>7</sup> *Summer suaill*, *gl. the swallows*. The words of this fragment, which was considered to be the first composition of Finn, after having eaten the salmon of the Boyne, is very ancient and exceedingly obscure. The translation is only offered for the consideration of Irish scholars, for it is certain that the meaning of some of the lines are doubtful. The poem obviously wants some lines at the end; and Mr. Cleaver states, that the remaining portion of the manuscript is so defaced as to render it totally illegible.

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### ERRATA.

- Page 32, *note*, for 1880, read 1808.  
 ,, 152, *stanza 5, line 4*, for  $\zeta\epsilon\lambda\eta\eta$ , read  $\zeta\epsilon\lambda\eta\eta$ .  
 ,, 166, ,, 1, ,, 1, insert reference to the word  $\zeta\epsilon\lambda\eta\eta$ .  
 ,, 213, *line 1, note*, for *may* read *might*.  
 ,, 221, *stanza 6, line 4*, for *bonds* read *pain*,

THE END.







