



(F Campbell

November 1860

London

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1856.

VOL. IV.

12017e f1222215heachta.

DUBLIN:

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

1859.

ᵐᵃᵒᵓᵗᵃᵇ ᶠᶓᵃᵏᵏᵘᶓᵗᵃᵇᵃᵇᵗᵃ;

OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



DUBLIN :

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

1859.

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

The Ossianic Society,

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

OFFICERS ELECTED ON THE 17TH MARCH, 1858.

President :

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

Vice-Presidents :

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

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

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

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

Council :

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HACKETT, Esq., *Middleton, Cork,*

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

MICHAEL LYSAGHT, Esq., *Ennis.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Committee of Publication.

PROFESSOR CONNELLAN.

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

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

REV. JAMES GOODMAN.

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, A.B.

REV. JOHN O'HANLON, C.C.

GEORGE SIGERSON, Esq.

JOHN WINDELE, Esq.

Treasurer :

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

Honorary Secretary :

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

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

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

GENERAL RULES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

READ ON THE 17th DAY OF MARCH, 1858.

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

A meeting was held and a committee of gentlemen, Irish scholars, enrolled themselves determined to commence operations in the vast field open before them, and try the experiment as to whether anything could be done in the shape of printing, and preserving from destruction the poetry, and legends ascribed to Oisín and Caolte, 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, “Τόριμζεάετ Δηγαρηυδα 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 *Seanchúise*, 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. **Γαῖ Σηάβηα**; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D., 283, between Cairbre Liffeaclhair, 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. **Φεῖρ Τῆζε Χονάηη Χηηηη Σηλόηβε**; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY, (*Out of print.*)

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

III. **Τόμυζεάετ Δηιάρηυδα Ἀη Δηιύβηε ἀστὴρ Σημάρηηηε, ἠδὲ τὸν Χηορ-
ηηε ἠεῖε ἂηετ**; 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. **Λαοίηηε Φαιηηηηηεάχτῃ**; or, Fenian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, HONORARY SECRETARY.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **ἠπέαετ ἠα Τρομδάρηηε**; or the Departure of the Great Bardic Assembly, being the Introduction to the *Tain Bo Chuailgne*. Edited by Professor Connellan, from the book of **ἠηε Ἐαρέαῖζ Κῖαβάε**: a vellum MS. of the XIV. Century. *In Press.*

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

This very ancient and curious tract comprises three hundred closely-written folios, and contains many interesting details of Mythological incidents, Pillar Stones, Ogham Inscriptions, Tulachs, War Charlots, Leanan 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. **ἂηάλληη ἠα Σεαθῆηηε**; 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. **Γαῖ Φηηηη Τῖαζῃ**; 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. *Ἡ μάχη τῆς Καστλή*; 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 Chumhail. 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 Enntratty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

IX. *Ἡ τρεῖς Πενήναια* ἢ *Ἡ Στῆλαια Τρεῖς*; 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 Maóile Ruadh*, supposed to be that portion of the British Channel which separates Ireland and the Isle of Man.

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

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

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

Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society for the Year ending 1855.

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

(Signed)

EDWARD WM. O'BRIEN,

Treasurer.

CONTENTS.

| | Page |
|--|-------|
| BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON | xv |
| INTRODUCTION | xxi |
| | Page. |
| Ἀλλαν Οἱρῖν Ἀἴουρ Ρηάτματς | 2 |
| The Dialogue between Oisín and Patrick | 3 |
| Κατ' ἐνοικ αἱ ἄιρ | 64 |
| Battle of Cnoc-an-air | 65 |
| Λαοῖς Ὠθεαμζαῖδ ἡα λαη ηζεαμ | 94 |
| The Lay of Meargach of the sharp spears | 95 |
| Λαοῖ μῆα Ὠθεαμζαῖδ ἡα λαη ηζεαμ | 164 |
| The Lay of the Wife of Meargach | 165 |
| Ἀημαηηα ἡα b-ρῆοῖη- λαοῦμαδ δο'η Φῆεῖηη δο εἰτε αμ ἐνοκ αη ἄιρ | 194 |
| Names of the principal heroes of the Fenians who fell on Cnoc-an- air | 195 |
| Σεῖζ Λοχα Λέηη | 200 |
| The Chase of Loch Lein | 201 |
| Καοῖτε μο ἐαη | 226 |
| Caoilte sang | 226 |
| Λαοῖς Οἱρῖν αμ Ἴῖη ἡα η-Ὀζ | 234 |
| The Lay of Oisín on the Land of Youth | 235 |
| Καοῖτε μο ἐαη | 280 |
| Ὠακ-ζηῖμαῖα Φῖηη Ὠακ Cúmuill | 288 |
| The Boyish Exploits of Finn Mac Cumhuill | 289 |

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON, the subject of this short sketch, the second son of Edward Hudson, a celebrated dentist of Dublin, was born at his father's country residence, Fields of Odin (now Hermitage), near Rathfarnham, in the county of Dublin, August 18th, 1796. He early displayed those fine qualities which afterwards caused him to be so much courted in society when arrived at man's estate. His superior talents, together with his natural thirst for knowledge, urged him forward, both during his school and collegiate courses, so that each year he distinguished himself by obtaining either premiums or certificates for superior answering. After he was called to the bar in 1818, he went the Munster Circuit, and his abilities, far beyond the ordinary, soon attracted attention, and brought him in brief after brief, so long as he continued to practice as a circuit barrister. So much was he admired in Cork, that such men as the late Recorder Waggett, Rev. Mr. Leslie, Dean Barrowes 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.

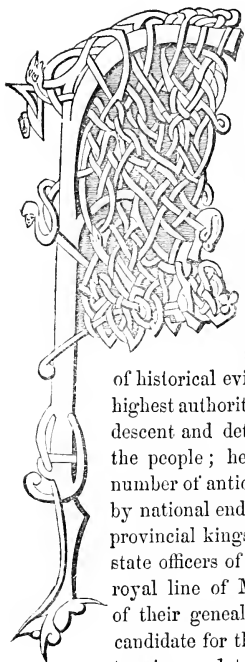
The Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, fully convinced that William Elliott Hudson had done more for Irish literature than Sir James Ware for its antiquities, and being desirous to pay the best tribute of respect in their power to the memory of one who took so deep an interest in their affairs, whilst 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.



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 Righdhombna, and this, it is observable, is at this day, we believe, the practice in China and other foreign countries. The Ollamhs or Doctors in the various sciences, who were of the most noble families, had also their successors declared in their own lifetime ; and he that was to fill the post of honor, or have command in the state, had his Tan-aiste appointed to succeed him in office. This arrangement prevented the evils of incompetency occasionally arising from direct lineal succession.

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

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

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

The particular militia or knights of every province held their head-quarters, or were located near the residence of their chiefs: thus the militia, or knights of Ulster, called Curaidhe-na-Craoibhe-Ruaidhe (champions or heroes of the Red Branch), were stationed at the Royal Fort at Eamhuin (Emania), near Armagh. They were of the Rudrician race, and were commanded in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, by the famous champion Cuchullin¹, who, according to the annals of Clonmacnoise, and the *Chronicon 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,

¹ At the time that Cuchullin was chief of the knights of Ulster, in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, (a celebrated prince of the Rudrician race, king of Ulster, and monarch of Ireland), Conrigh Mac Duire, 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 Almhain, 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 Almhain, 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 Almhain as a more central point; and the knights of Leinster were from thenceforth called Curaidhe na h-Almhaine, or the heroes of Almhain.¹

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

² *Hy Kinsellagh.* *Ibid.*, p. 208, n. g.

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

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

North Munster, were a detachment of the Clanna Baoisne; but in latter times for these were substituted the Dal Cais, a most intrepid body of men. The palace of Brian 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 caeta Chuiud.*”

Conn's battle standard fell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The hereditary marshals of Thomond, or North Munster, were the Mac Namaras; the standard-bearers the O'Deas, and the O'Gradys were the captains of the guards until about A.D. 1200, at which time they were succeeded in that trust by the O'Gormans or Mac Gormans, who, being compelled by the Danish or English invaders to abandon their principality of Hy-Mairge in Leinster, removed to Owney and Shingal in the county of Limerick, from whence they were invited to Ibh Breacain (now Ibricane), and were granted that lordship under feudal tenure by Donogh Cairbreach O'Brian, king of Thomond, who appointed them captains of his guards, and adopted them as his chief favorites and counsellors, by the style and title of *Fur 3mas U1 Bhrifairu*, 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 Rughradh 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 Coorechure, 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.

ԼՁՕՂԵ ՔՅԱՆՈՒՅԻԵՐԻՏԱ.

2

ἈΓΓΑΛΛΑΨΗ ΟἸΣἸΝ ἈΓῸΣ ΡΗΑΤΡΑΙΟ.



SἸΝ ἸΡ ἔΑΔΑ ΔΟ ἸῸΑΗ,
ἘΠΠῸ ἸῸΑΡ Ἀ' Ἰ ἘΠΡΕ ἈΗ Τ-ΡΑΙΜ;
ΔΟ ἘΡἘἸῸ ΤῸ ΔΟ ΛῸἘ ' Ἰ ΔΟ ΝΕΑΡΕ,
ῸἸΔ ἘΠΠἘἘ ἘἈἘ Ἀ' Ἰ ῸἘἸ ῸΑΡἸΒ.

- O. Δο ἘΡἘἸῸἘΑΡ ΜΟ ΛῸἘ ' Ἰ ΜΟ ΝΕΑΡΕ,
Ὀ ἸἈἘ ΜΑΠΠΕΑΗ ἘἈἘ ἈῸ ἸἸΟΗΗ;
ἈΗΥΡ ἈΗ Ὸ-ἘἘἸΠ ἸἸ' Ἰ ΜΟ ἸΡἘἸΡ,
ἘἘἸ ΔἈ ἘἸΡ ἸἸ ἸἸΗ ἸἸΟΜ.
- P. ἸἸ ἘῸΑΛΑ ΤῸ ἘἸΜ-ΜΑἸἘ ΔΟ ἘἘἸΛ,¹
Ὀ ἘῸΡ ἈΗ ΔΟἸΜΑἸἸ ῸῸἸΡ ἈΗἸῸῸ;
ῸἸΔ ἘἈΟἸ ἈΡἸἈΔ, ἈἸἸῸἸἸἸἸἸ, ἸἈἘ,
ἸΡ ΜΑἸἘ ΔΟ ΜΑΡἸἘἈ ἘἸἈΡ ἈΡ ἘἸΟἸ.
- O. Δο ΜΑΡΑἸἈἸἸἸἸ ἘἸἈΡ ἈΡ ἘἸΟἸ,
Ἀ ΡΗἈΤΡΑἸΟ ἸΡ ΔΟἘἘ ἸἸἸἸ;
ἸΡ ΜΑΠΠῸ ΔῸἸἘ ΔΟ ἘἈἸἸ ΜΟ ἘἸῸἘ,
Ἀ' Ἰ ἸἈἘ Ἰ-ἸἈἸἈἸἈΡ ῸῸἘ ἈΡ Δ-ἘἸἸἸ.

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

THE DIALOGUE OF OISIN AND PATRICK.



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 buir ǵ-ceól,
 ǵið mór mólur tu an éliar;
 rǵaltaruað loim leirneac laoi,¹
 'r an faoið do ǵið an Doirð Fhianu.

Smólac mo-bíne ǵleanna Sǵarl,²
 nó moirǵallu ná m-bairc aǵ buair me tmaǵ;
 ba bhíne liom tmoirð ná ǵ-con,
 ná do rǵol-ra, a éleimǵ éaið.

Chú³ deirneoir, Chú mo éuilir,
 an t-abac beaǵ do bí aǵ Fíonh;
 an uair do íeimeað cuir a'r puir,
 do éuilnead ríne a d-toiméim ruair.

Blaéhaid an iuǵean óǵ,
 nað d-tuǵ móirð d'íear faoi 'h u-ǵréim;
 aét aihair do Chú deirneoir,
 oc! a Pháctairc, ba bhíne a béal!

An dá ǵadair déaǵ do bí aǵ Fíonh,
 'h uair do léiǵéi iad fó ǵleann Raé;⁴
 ba bhíne ná ádba cuil,
 'r a u-aǵaið ó'h t-Suiru⁵ amað.

¹ Sǵaltaruað loim 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 mól muiǵe (our hare), the íad ruad, or red deer, the buck and doe, the toirc, or wild boar, and the cú allta, or faol-cú, the wolf, were the objects of their chase. Letter Lee is not yet identified.

² ǵleann an Sǵarl, 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 ǵleann an Scarl, and Ǵbairne an Scarl, about ten miles west of Dingle. leaét 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.

³ Cnú. Dr. O'Donovan says that *Cnu* was taken by Fionn near a *Sith* (a fairy haunt) in Magh Feimhean, an extensive plain situated near Sliabh-na-m-ban in the county of Tipperary, (see *leabhar na 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 Cnú, also signifies a nut or kernel ; and one of the prettiest ballads ever written by the late Edward Walsh, was entitled "*Mo Chraoibhin Cno*" (my cluster of nuts) commencing thus :—

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

9
 O. Τὰ ρζῆαλ βεαζ ἀζαμ-ρα ἀρ Φηιονη,
 ηῖ μαβαμαρ ἀη ἀττ εὐῖζ ρῖρ δέαζ;
 δο ζάβαμαρ μῖζ Σαζραν ηα β-φεαδ,
 'ρ δο εὐρρεαμαρ κατ ἀρ μῖζ Ξρέαζ.

10
 Δο ζάβαμαρ ἀη Ἰηδῖα ἠόρ,
 βα ἠόρ ἀρ ηεαρτ ἀζυρ ἀρ δ-τρεάν;
 ερῖοὺς Λοὺλαηη 'ρ ἀη Ἰηδῖα ῖορ,
 δο εῖζ ἅ ζ-εὐρδ ὀρρ ζο τεαὺ Φηιονη.

11
 Τυζ ρέ ηαοῖ ζ-κατὰ ραν Σπάη,
 'ρ ηαοῖ β-ρῖτῆρδ κατ ἅ η-Εἰρηηη υἱλλ;
 ηῖ' δ'η τ-ρρὺτ 'ηαρ βαρρεαδ Ερῖορτ,
 ηαὺ δ-τῖζεαδ ἅ ζ-εῖορ ζο τεαὺ Φηιονη.

12
 Τυζ ρέ οὐτ ζ-κατὰ ραν Σπάη ἔαρ,
 ἀ'ρ ἀρρδμῖζ Λοὺλαηηη ἀρρ λαῖη λειρ;
 ῖρ βεαὺτ δο βῖ ἀη δομῆη ρᾶ ηα εῖορ,
 ῖρ ἔ βα μῖζ ἀρρ ἀη η-Ξρέῖζ βῖζ.

⁴ Ζεαηη Ρατ, *Glen of the Raths*. Not traceable in the Four Masters, nor in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*.

⁵ Σῖυρρ, *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, ἀη Φηεορρ ἀζυρ ἀη βηεαρβα (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):—

“ Ὑρρεο ηα Σῖυρρε ἀζ βρῖτῆρδ 'ηα ρλόζαῖρδ,
 Κορρ βαη-εῖορτ Εῖρηεηη Οῖζ.”

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

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

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

- O. I have a little story respecting Fionn,
 We were but fifteen men ;
 We took the king of the Saxons, of the feasts,
 And we won a battle against the king of Greece.
- We conquered India, the great,
 Great was our strength and our might ;
 The country of Lochlin and eastern India,
 Their tribute of gold comes to the house of Fionn.
- He fought nine battles in Spain,
 And nine score battles in noble Erin ;
 There is no country from the river in which Christ
 was baptised,
 Whose tribute did not come to the house of Fionn.
- He fought eight battles in southern Spain,
 And Lochlin's chief king was his captive ;
 Full wholly the world was under tribute to him,
 'T was he was king of Minor Greece.

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

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

“ Ἐπὶ τῆς ἡμέρας τῆς ἑβδόμης τῆς μηνὸς Ἰουνίου ἔφυγον ἀπὸ τῆς ἑσθίας τοῦ ποταμοῦ τῆς ἑσθίας.”
 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)allu3 dainra d'fean dā ēir,
'r 3an mo rpeir a 3-cluice 'ya 3-ceol;
am donan emjon d'ale an t-fluait3,
dam ir tmuaz do beic beo!

14 Ir tmuaz, a Phatruic, an r3eal,
me beic tar ēir na b-fear 3o fanh;
az ēirteact me cluar 'r clo3,
'r mē an feanōm boct dall.

15 Da maimead Fionn azur an Fhian,
do emezfionur cluar a'r cloiz;
do leanfion an fad fō'n n-3leanh,
'r ba mian lom bneic ar a coir.

16 Jaru, a Phatruic, neam ar Dhia,
d'Fhionn na b-Fianh 'r dā clainn;
dean 3uide ar an b-flaic,
'r nac 3-cualad a com-maic med' linn.

17 P. Nī jaruicad-ra neam d'Fhionn,
a ēim 3ionn mē'm ēim3 m'feair3;
'r 3ur b'ē a mian me na linn,
beic a n3linn az rianran real3.

18 O. Da m-beiceā-ra faruair an Fhian,
a clēim3 na 3-cluar 'r na 3-clo3;
nī tabarfa t'aim do Dhia,
na do mjar cluar azur r3ol.

19 P. Nī emezfionur mac Dē bī,
ar a d-tairu3 fōim azur r'iar;
a Oirín, a fīle buiz,
ir ole macar duic diol na 3-cluar.

- 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 me Fionn na b-flac
rianran a coig a b-fad ari flab ;
coig allta¹ az fázbaíl cuairn,
móndaíl a fluaiz ba h-é a mian.
- 21
P. Jr ionda mian do bí az Fionn,
nac z-cuirceair ruim agh dá éir ;
ní máireann Fionn ná a coig,
'r ní máirfid turra, a Oirín féil.
- 22
O. Jr mó do rzeal Fionn na riu,
'r ná a d-táiniz me ari linn miam ;
a hdeacaid, 'r a b-fuil beo,
b'feairi Fionn faoi óir ná iad.
- 23
P. Zac ari bionhair a' r Fionn d'óir,
ir olc nacar do 'zur duir ;
ta ré a h-irreann a hzeall,
mar do zhidéal feall a' r bhuir.
- 24
O. Jr beaz a círeidim-re doo zlóir,
a éir d'óir Róim na leabair m-bán ;
zo m-beiré Fionn, agh flairé fiall,
az deamian ná az diabal ari láim.

¹ Coig allta, i. e., *wild dogs, wolves*. These animals seemingly afforded a vast amount of amusement to the Fenians in their hunting excursions ; and until very recently they were not altogether banished from Ireland. In the *Irish Penny Journal*, there is an article on Natural History by the late H. D. Richardson, a gentleman who devoted much of his time to this pursuit, in which he states that wolves were killed in Wexford in 1730—40 ; and one on the Wicklow mountains so late as 1770. In the *Banquet of Dun na ngedh*, &c. published by the *Irish Archaeological Society*, and edited by Dr. O'Donovan (p. 186), it is stated that the last native wolf seen in Ireland was killed on a mountain in the county of Kerry, in the year 1725 ; and at pp. 64, 65 (*idem*) we are told that when Dubhliadh, the Druid, foretold the fate of Congal

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

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

“Cuiréirí ocuḡ buḡḡe bḡaḡ,
 cḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ cḡḡḡ bḡḡ ḡ-cḡḡḡḡḡ,
 co ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ,
 ḡḡ ḡ-ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ cḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡ.”

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.

- 24- P. Tā Fjounh a u-ffealh aju lāmh,
ah feah fāh do bhonhad ōh;
a u-éihc earuriamā aju Dhja,
tā fé d-teac̄ ha b-pjah faoh bhōh !
- 24 O. Dā m-beid̄j̄r clanna Mōrha arciḡ,
hō clanna Baoirche, ha fju ba éreah;
do béarfaaoir Fjounh amac̄,
hō do bhāh ah teac̄ aca féh.
- 27 P. Cúḡ cōḡe Eihleah, fō feac̄,
'r ha feac̄t 3-cača b̄j̄ rah b-Féih;
h̄j̄ éubriaid̄j̄r Fjounh amac̄,
ḡé'ri mh̄ri a hearic̄ aḡur a d-tiéh.
- 28 O. Dā mairead̄ Faolāh aḡur 3oll,
Diamuid̄ dohh a'f̄ Orcuri aḡ,
a d-tiḡ dah cūm deamāh hā Dhja,
h̄j̄ beic̄ Fjounh ha b-Fjahh ah lāmh.
- 29 P. Dā mairead̄ Faolāh aḡur 3oll,
'r a maib̄ ahh do'h b-Féih hiam̄;
h̄j̄ éubriaid̄j̄r Fjounh amac̄,
ah ah teac̄ 'ha b-fuyl a b-pjah.
- 30 O. Criead̄ do h̄h Fjounh aju Dhja,
ac̄t beic̄ aḡ hiam̄ cliam̄ a'f̄ r3ol;
ḡhear mh̄ri aḡ bhonhad ah ōih,
'r ḡhear eih̄e h̄e meid̄ih̄ a cōh.
- 31 P. A h̄geall h̄e meid̄ih̄ ha 3-con,
'r le hiam̄ ha r3ol 3ac̄ aoh lā;
'r 3ah aju aḡe aju Dhja,
ac̄ā Fjounh ha b-Fjahh aju lāmh.

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

¹ That is to say, bardic schools.

32 O. A deiri tuḡa, a Phátraiḡ na maḡ.
 ḡaḡ d-tiubḡad aḡ Fhianḡ Fionḡ aḡaḡ;
 ḡa cúḡ ḡóḡḡ Eirneanḡ leḡ,
 ḡé'ri mḡri a ḡearḡ faoi ḡeaḡ.

33 Ta ḡḡeal beaḡ aḡam-ḡa aḡ Fhionḡ,
 ḡi maḡamaḡ aḡi aḡḡ cúḡ éiri dḡeaḡ;
 do ḡaḡamaḡ miḡ Breataḡiḡ na b-fleaḡ,
 le ḡearḡ aḡ ḡleaḡ 'ḡur aḡ laoḡ.

34 Do ḡaḡad liḡi ḡaḡḡur mḡri,
 maḡ miḡ Loḡlaḡiḡiḡ na loḡḡ m-bḡeaḡ;
 ḡaḡḡamaḡiḡ ḡaḡ bḡiḡiḡ, ḡaḡ ḡḡioḡ,
 'ḡ do ḡuirneamaḡiḡ aḡi ḡ-cioḡ a b-faḡ.

35 A Phátraiḡ, iḡ tḡuaḡ aḡ ḡḡeal,
 aḡ Riḡ-ḡéiriḡiḡḡ beirḡ faoi ḡlaḡ;
 cḡioḡḡe ḡaḡ aḡiḡiḡdeaḡḡ, ḡaḡ fuaḡḡ,
 cḡioḡḡe cḡuaḡiḡ aḡ coḡḡaḡiḡ caḡ.

36 Iḡ éaḡḡóiri ḡaḡi maḡḡ le ḡia,
 óri a'ḡ bḡad do ḡabaḡiḡe do ḡeaḡ;
 ḡioḡi dḡultaiḡḡ Fionḡ tḡéaḡiḡ na tḡuaḡ,
 iḡneanḡ fuaḡi ma'ḡ é a ḡeaḡ!

 ḡḡian ḡiḡe Chuiḡaḡiḡlḡ fá maḡḡ ḡḡaoi,
 éiḡḡeaḡḡ ḡe faoiḡ¹ ḡḡioma ḡeiriḡ;²
 codla fá ḡruḡḡ Eafa Ruaiḡ,³
 'ḡ fḡad ḡḡaḡiḡḡe na ḡ-cuaḡiḡ do ḡeiriḡ.

¹ Faoiḡ signifies a voice, hum, or sound.

² ḡḡioma beariḡ, literally *the red ridge*. In the ḡḡaḡaḡiḡ na Seanoḡiḡiḡ, a very curious tract containing a complete history of the Fḡaḡa Eiriḡiḡ, it is stated that ḡḡioma beariḡ 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. ḡḡioma beariḡ was also the ancient name of Duḡi da leaḡḡlaḡ, now Downpatrick, where a great battle was fought, A.D. 1260, between Brian O'Neill and Hugh mac Felim [O'Conor], and the Galls of the North of Ireland, in which many of the Irish chiefs were slain; which event formed the subject of a long poem

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

³ EAS RUAIÐ, or *Eas Aedha Ruaidh*, *Assaroe*, the Salmon Leap, a cataract on the river Erne, at the town of Ballyshannon in *Tir 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. Szaltamnac loyn Létreac laoi,
tonn Ružmairde¹ aʒ buairn ne tmaiz̄;
doirdan an daim̄ ó m̄air̄z̄ Mhacoinn,²
búirtne an laoīz̄ ó Zhleann da m̄air̄l.³

39
Fozair feilze fléibe ʒ-Crot,⁴
fuairn na n-or uim̄ flab ʒ-Cua;⁵
monzair̄ faoileann Jorruir̄⁶ éall,
ʒairn na m-badb̄ ór cionn an t-fluaʒ.

10
Túmnam̄ creac na m-barc ne tonn,
an-uall conairc do Dhruim-lir;⁷
briac̄ma Bhuairn a ʒ-Cnoc an air̄,⁸
'r ʒairn na rreab̄ uim̄ flab̄ M̄ir.⁹

41
Zlad̄ Orcuim̄ aʒ dul do feilz̄,
ʒoéa ʒadair̄ ar̄ Leim̄z̄ na b-Fhianh;¹⁰
beir̄ na fuid̄e a mearfz̄ na n-dám̄,
ba h-é r̄in do ʒnác̄ a m̄ian.

17
M̄ian do m̄ianair̄b̄ Orcuim̄ féil,
beir̄ aʒ éirteačt ne b̄eim̄ r̄ziac̄;
beir̄ a ʒ-cač̄ aʒ corzair̄ chám̄,
ba h-é r̄in do ʒnác̄ a m̄ian.

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

² M̄air̄z̄ Mhacoinn, *the plain of Maon*, otherwise called Maonmhangh, a celebrated plain lying around Loughrea, in the county of Galway, the inheritance of the Clanna Moirne.

³ Zhleann da m̄air̄l, *Glen of the two heroes*.

⁴ Sliab̄ ʒ-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.

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

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

⁷ Druim-lir. Now Drumlease, an old church in ruins, near the east extremity of Lough Gill, in the barony of Dromahaire, and county of Leitrim.—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1360, note i.

⁸ 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.

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

- 43
O. Sé fíur déaḡ do éuaḡmar ríar,
do íeirlḡ ḡo Fōrmaoirl na b-Fíarḡ;¹
láirḡ me h-éadan énoic an Scairl,
d'féacáirḡ céad maḡa ar ḡ-coirleán.
- 44
Aimanna an dá oḡairḡ ḡíurḡ,
do béairḡad duic a Thairlḡirḡ;
beirḡ dá n-déirḡ ir triaḡ an éúir,
mōuarḡ ir méala an íomḡúir.
- 45
Aḡé féirḡ 'r an flairḡ Fíorḡ,
a' r mo ínac Orcuirḡ na m-béimeann;
'r an té do buairḡ O Baoirḡḡe ar bhuirḡ,
an fearḡ dub O Duirḡe, Duairḡuird.
- 46
Tairḡirḡ lḡirḡ Faoilán fearḡda,
a' r triurḡ mac Aonḡearḡda Béairḡa;
ḡlar, a' r ḡéairḡ, a' r ḡoba náir ḡann,
do éleacḡt mōir-éacḡt a ḡ-coirleann.
- 47
Tairḡirḡ lḡirḡ Coirḡan ḡan ínoirḡ,²
a' r Caol céadḡoírḡeacḡ ó'n Eairḡuirḡ;
mac Luḡairḡ náir bannḡa, a' r náir éairḡ,
a' r ḡoll mac Aḡóirḡa do'n íurḡuirḡ.

¹ Leirḡ-ḡa-b-Fíarḡ, an eminence or slope on the side of some hill in Leinster, but not identified, where the Fenian hunters were wont to muster preparatory to starting for the chase.

² Fōrmaoirl na b-Fíarḡ *Formaoil of the Fenians*. There is a place called Formoyle in the barony of Upper Ossory, in the Queen's County, the estates of William Palliser and Jonah Barrington, Esqrs., also of Mrs. Judith Wheeler, as heirs at law, and Oliver Wheeler, Esq. of Grenane, of which we have a large map on vellum, made in July, 1748, by Thomas Reading. From its contiguity to the Hill of Almuin in Kildare, where Fionn had his palace, it is likely to be the Formaoil referred to in the text; but there is another Fōrmaoirl at Brandon bay in the county of Kerry, to the north of Cnoc an Scairl; and in Professor Connellan's *Dissertation on Irish Grammar* (Dub. 1834), p. 50, mention is made of a place near *Cill Easbuig Broin* in the county of Sligo, called Fōrmaoirl na b-Fíarḡ, by the Irish-speaking people of the district, who allege that the *Formaouils* were the hospitals of the Fenians.

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

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

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

There came with us Faolan the manly,
 And the three sons of Aonchearda Bearra ;
 Glas, and Gearn, 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 ZAN MÓRH, 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 éam fealaib beiré tamal mar maol bea,;
 a3 noimair, nó a3 zrafaó, nó a3 carcaó 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, Maolsheachlann, Maolmhuire, &c.

48 O. Do bġ 'nari m-buġġin Uaġān luaimheac,
 mar aon a' r Dāime duanaċ;
 Toba ŋaoġte a' r Conċabari an aġġ,
 a' r Caoġte crannċairi mac Ronāin.¹

49 Do bġ Brian ari cōinċell aġ Fionn,
 a' r ir aġamra do bġ Szeolan;
 Fearian aġ Diarmuid na m-ban,²
 a' r Alduail aġmari aġ Orcur.

50 Eile bġeac aġ Faolan mac Fhionn,
 aġ Tlar mac Aonċeariada Béarria, Eirell;
 aġ Tēairi, a' r aġ Toba na n-eac nġlan,
 do bġ Fead aġur Forraġġ.

51 Do bġ Seairc aġ Conān maol,
 a' r Eirteacċt aġ Caol me na ēaob;
 aġ Luġaid lairdi r aġ Toll,
 do bġ Fuairi aġur Foċriam.

52 Do bġ Luar aġ Uaġān luaimheac,
 a' r Daċċaoiri aġ Dāime duanaċ;
 Léiri aġ Toba ŋaoġte an ŋiriiri,
 a' r Daol aġ Caoġte mac Ronāin.

53 Sċaoġteari dúiri ŋadairi niċe Aġhōriua,
 fā imeallaib cġoc na d-tāiriġb;
 fā ēiriāriāib corporiada Choriāiri,³
 a' r bēal na loiriāi⁴ me fāriāiġ.

54 Ar rūd riiri ŋo beiri Bōċairi,⁵
 liri ba cēōliāiri ar n-adairiā;
 firi Dhāime a ŋ-cōill ŋo ŋiriċ-biri,
 a' r iad aġ oriāadiā ari ēāiriġb.

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁵ *Beinn bóchar*, the peak of Bothar. Not identified.

- 57
O. Seacét b-*ri*téid dam allta laidim,
ó *Ri*nn-*ra*táac¹ zo *Fo*caoi ;²
caozad *ra*oléon, caozad moir-*to*ic,
z*h*íonh ar *h*-óz-*é*on a b-*Fo*imaoil.³
- 57
S*h*í a*h* *é*ad lá do *r*zaoilead
fuipeadh d'ar *ra*oiéib con a z-cluicé ;
a' *r* *h*í *h*aii*o*onh dá *ra*ib a lá*ta*ir
ué ! a *Ph*át*ra*ic, acé *m*ire.
- 57
2*h* *Ph*át*ra*ic, *r* *tr*ua*z* *m*ire,
am *í*eanóir zo *h*-atuirfeac ;
z*h*í *m*éim, z*h*í *ta*pa, z*h*í *tr*eoim,
a*z* *tr*íall éum a*í*rii*h* zo *h*-altóir.
- 58
Z*h*í a*í*o-*í*ada*é* Luacáir *D*hea*z*a,⁴
z*h*í *m*olta *r*léibe Cuil*h*í ;⁵
z*h*í dul a *h*-z*h*í*á*idib le *F*íon*h*,
z*h*í *h*íar *r*zol *m*ar *é*lea*é*ta*í*h.
- 51
Z*h*í *de*ab*é*a, z*h*í *d*éan*h* *é*reac,
z*h*í *m*íre ar *é*le*ra*ib lí*é* ;
z*h*í dul a*z* *r*u*í*z*í*o*í* *h*a *r*éil*z*,
dá *é*í*o* *h*a *ra*ib mo dúil.
- 60
P. S*z*uir a *í*eanóir, léil*z* *do*d *b*aoir,
*h*í *be*a*z* *du*ic *fe*arta a *h*-*de*áir*u*aoir ;
*r*muair ar *h*a *r*í*h*taib atá *m*eo*í*ad,
d'í*o*z*í* a*h* *F*hí*á*í*h* a*z*ur *m*é*o*cair.
- O. 2*h*a *m*éil*z*im, a *Ph*át*ra*ic, *h*áir *í*á*z*éar *é*ur*á*,
a *í*ir a*h* *é*íoi*é* *é*oim*í*r*z*é ;⁶
dá *m*áirfead *C*o*h*á*h* am dáil,
*h*í léil*z*í*é* leat do *é*íarí*á*h.

¹ *Ri*nn-*ra*táac, a promontary, probably, in *Ibh Rathach*, (Iveragh) county of Kerry. Perhaps Bolus head on Ballinaskellig bay.

² *Fo*caoi, not identified.

³ *Fo*imaoil, see p. 18, note 7.

⁴ Luacáir *D*hea*z*a, now *Sliabh Luachra*, sometimes called *Ciarruidhe Luachra*, from *Ciar*, one of the ancient kings of Munster, a long range

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁶ Τσιμητηρζε, 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 la do bj Fjornn,
 a ʒ-cačarj blye a' r a n-ʒlyað;
 čaryje an čolany ʒan čeany¹
 čuʒaryn ʒo ʒleany da dan.²

63

Jr čuʒad a čanyar om čeac fény,
 jr bneččča dač aʒur ʒuaoj;
 aʒ jarmjad arʒe aru an b-ʒhejny,
 jr féjny leo rny a ʒéll.

64

Do ʒéabary arʒjod, om, a' r bnyz;
 bjod rny aʒad aru do čuaryd;
 jnyčč anyor, do najd Fjornn,
 jr nyčč lny tu dul uaryn.

65

Nj ʒéabad arʒjod čuʒam nā om,
 a nyčč-féjnyd an ʒlomy dyl;
 ačt čyra fény, ʒan čejt ar an b-ʒejny,
 do bejč aʒam mar čéle rny.

66

Jr bnyčar danra, do najd an nyčč,
 da m-bejčny-rj ʒan nyaoj nyčč nāe;
 nā bejčny aʒad-ra mar čjor,
 ar a b-nyčč o nean ʒo fény.

67

O čuʒar do bnyčar aru d-čyr,
 ar Orny, a ʒ-clor do'ny ʒhéjny;
 čnynyre čyra čō ʒejr,
 mny n-dejnyčny rny lny fény.

Colan ʒan čeany, 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 Shauacloch," 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 dbaimh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

² *Ḡleann da dbaimh*, 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 rmuairhear airm mo laoz,
 éuzur an t-ruiim ríh a z-céill ;
 do luíjor lé a z-coráird,
 mar dob' í mo fáic do mhaoi.
- 69 22) teac̄t do' h Fhéihy cum baile,
 na d-tuim, na z-ceadriam, na z-cúilí ;
 a z féac̄am na mhá dob' áilhe,
 hior cum leo cé' r éúirze.
- 70 23) teac̄t do' h éolairh zay éeahy,
 do h́ rúd 'rah h-zleahy d'ar d-teac̄t ;
 ir ionda dhaoi do h́ fá élú,
 deic̄ z-céad cú a' r deic̄ z-céad eac̄.
- 71 Deic̄ z-céad eac̄ zoha rriam,
 deic̄ z-céad cú zoha z-coimháll ;
 deic̄ z-céad zjolla na maib heairt,
 a' r deic̄ z-céad fear do' h imteac̄t.
- 72 Deic̄ z-céad coimh na h-bj ói,
 deic̄ z-céad cloidéalh cóim a' r ríic̄ ;
 dá mad mhaoide dhairra, deic̄ z-céad b́,
 éuzar dom éeile ay aohló id.
- 73 Do beim fáihye d'Óiríh éíall,
 ir mteic̄ hóm ríim dom éeac̄ ;
 do zéadaid tu zac̄ airze uaid,
 ac̄t zay uirze do buair leir.
- 74 Tairiz fáihleoz faoi ay b-féihy,
 do mu z an fáihye faoi ay loc̄ ;
 d'iméic̄ an fáihye ó íoim ahuar,
 zay éior a ríeic̄l zur ahoct̄.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

75 O. Ean ruad¹ na rziacáin¹ nhabac,
 'r éan beaz eile² ruar na béal ;
 a3 zabáil a 3-cuarid ór ár 3-ceann,
 a3 feinnim na b-fonn ran aeðear.

76 Do bádar azur Fionn féin,
 a3 féacáin na n-éan ne feal ;
 3an fíor, 3an tuarimí3, cá n-deacáid an t-éan,
 ná fíor r3éala cá n-deacáid an bean.

77 P. Ir beaz rin, a deizmhc Fhinn,
 n3 maib a3ad iunte acé feal ;
 ir feáir fanamúin mar a taoi,
 ná beic ari3r na mear3.

78 O. A mhic Airpluin an 3lóin díl,
 ir marí3 bein taoð ne cléir ná clo3 ;
 do bádar azur Caoitei, mo luad,
 azur do bádmair uair náir boct.

79 Ceól ne a 3-codlad Fionn 3an dóic,
 la cáin ó loç na d-ti3 3-Caol ;³
 r3altairnac loin Dhoine an éairn,⁴
 a' r búicne an dairn ó 3leann-na-3-Caol.⁵

80 Dhá la cáin ó Loç Eirne,⁶
 dá doðair-cóin⁷ ó Loç Meil3e ;⁸
 dá 3earrfead ó'n 3huine éall,⁹
 a' r dá feabac fléibe 3-Conaill.¹⁰

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

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

³ Loç na d-ti3 3-Caol, *the lake of the three Caols*. This is the name of a small lough near Kells in the county of Meath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁵ *Ḃλεανη να Ḃ-Ḃαορ*, *the glen of the berries*. Not mentioned by the Four Masters; but there is a *Gleann-na g-Caor* in the county of Cork.

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

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

81 O. Fead an éolaire ó Shleabh na m-buad,¹
 nó ó rZaire éruaid Dhruim le rruic;²
 ceapca rruic ó Chruacán Chruim,³
 nó fead dobaróin Dhruim ne Coim.

82 Szaltairiac loin Dhoime an éairn,⁴
 ní éualad ruim, dar zo deimh,
 ceól ba bhine lom ná é,
 áct zo m-beidhín fá bun a neid.

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

⁸ Loc Meilghe, *the lake of Meilghe*. The Four Masters record, under date A.M. 4694, that Meilghe Molbthach, 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.

⁹ Mhine éall. This must be some adjacent plain or green.

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

¹ Sleabh na m-buad, *the glen of victories or conquests*. Not mentioned by the *Four Masters*.

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

³ Cruacán 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 Rígh edhal Er. .i. in Crom-Cruach, agus da Idhal deg do clochaibh uime, agus adhelbsain door, agus asse ba De do gach lucht ro gabh Eirinn go toracht Padric. Is do do iahbraitis ced gen gacha sotha, agus primighgen gacha clainde. As cuige do riacht Tigernmus mc Foll. Rí 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 ejusque Sobolis, et primogenita filiorum suorum. Hunc Tigernmasius, filius Foll : Rex Hiberniæ, precatus, est die *Samuii*, 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, “ Cromcrnach 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 Charn*, Derrycarn. In the *Transactions of the Gaelic*

O. Եր մայրն ծամ չլա՛ւ Բարբեա՛ծ յսամ,
 Եր օլ՛ւ ծոմ օղծի՛ւ ծար կօյն ;
 Արմ-Բեյ՛է ծամ չա՛ն Բլա՛ծ, չա՛ն ծօ՛ծ,
 Ա՛ջ ճճանա՛ն Երօր՛չա Գ՛ր արմայ՛ճէ՛.

P. Ո՛յ հ-օլ՛ւ, Գ ի՛ւսողի՛ւ, ծար կօյն,
 Ծօ չճճա՛նն դաօլ Բ-Բլե՛ծի՛ծ Բարբի՛ն արմայն ;
 Չօնա յ-աղղա՛ն Բյօնա Գ՛ր Բճօ՛ւ,
 Եր օլ՛ւ Գ յ-ա՛նն Ես, Գ ի՛ւսողի՛ւ.

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

| | |
|---|--|
| “ Երն ըրն, Գ Լօյն Ծայր՝ Եր Շայրն ! Ո՛յ ճալա՛ր, Եր Գրծ՛ Դ Եր մ-Բլե՛, Շօլ Բս՛ծ Բրնն դա ծօ չի՛ւ՛, Ղա՛ր Ես Բա Բսն ծօ դրծ. | Ղր Գլլե՛ Դար ճալրնն Գ Շայրն, ՛Տ Ե՛ծ ծօ Երբեա՛ծ Երն Եր Լօյն. |
| Ղեղ ճօլ՛ յր Բրնն Բա՛ն մ-Բլե՛, Ղայրն ղա՛ծ ճրծեղն յր չօ Բօլլ, Ղի ղի՛ւ Ղրբլայն դա շօլո՛ւ մ-Բրնն, ՛Տ չօ մ-Բեյ՛է Գրի՛ր Գր ծօ դրն. | ՏՅօլճայրն Լօյն ծօրնն Եր Շայրն, Բնի՛րն Եր Գրն Բիայլ դա շօլեղ, Շօլ Լ՛ւ շօլա՛ծ Բրնն չօ դրծ, Լա՛ւայն Օ Լօ՛ւ Ես Երն շօլ. |
| ՂՅա՛ւ, դար Ես ԳՅամ Բճն, Ծա մ-Բեյ՛է ծայրն ըճի՛ւ Եր Երն, Ծօ ճի՛ւ՛՛ Ծճնա ծճնա չօ Բլան, ՛Տ ղի՛ Բլա՛ծ Ե՛այրն Գրն Ծրա չօ Բօլլ. | Շօլա Բրալե՛ սր Շրնա՛ւայն ճայրն, Բեճճայլ ծօրնն ծրնն ծա Լօ՛ւ ; Շօ՛ւ Բրալն չի՛ղ դա Բրա՛ւ, Լոնճօրնն Եսա՛ծ ճայրն դա Դօ՛ւ. |
| Ղ Երն շօլա՛ն, դա ըրե՛ծ չօրն, Բայրն Ղա՛ւ Շնայլ, դա շօրն դրե՛ն, Ղի Ե-Եր ծօ ճի՛ւ Գրն, ՂՅ ըրն Գ ըճի՛ւ Բս չօ ծրն. | Շօ՛ւ Գճան շլեղնա շօլն, Եր Չայրն Բիլայն ճալե՛ ղա ըլճ ; Շայրն դա շօրն Ա՛ջ Երն չօ դրծ, Ղրբեա՛ծ Օ Երմայ՛ ղա շօլո՛ւ յ-Ծրն. |
| Ծօրնն Եր ճայրն Եր ճօլլ ան ճար, Ղարն Գ յ-Ծի՛րնն Եր Բիլան Բօր ; | Ղի Երալե՛ ծօ ղարն Բրնն Դ Եր Բիլան, Ծօ Գրնա՛ Լօ Բլա՛ծ դա շլլ, Բա Բրնն Լօրան Բայլե՛ Լօյն, Շօ՛ւ դա շօլո՛ւ Լօ ղի՛ր Բրն.” |

TRANSLATION.

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

O. Alas ! that I ever received baptism,
 It affects my honor, I perceive ;
 In being without food and drink,
 Whilst fasting and praying.

P. Not so, old man, I am sure,
 Thou shalt get nine score cakes of bread ;
 With thy fill of wine and meat,
 Evil thou speakest, old man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

85 O. Añ béal ro aʒ fñnotal leac,
 hãr ubac̄tar ê me raʒaric;
 ʒo m'fearri lom bñurʒar tĩʒe Fhññ,
 hã mo c̄urð do'ñ cõññoiññ.

86 P. Dob' ê rññ cñuaraç hã b-þoric,¹
 aʒur fñadaç hã hʒarñ-çñoc;
 rññeaññ fuaññ fð ðeññeað,
 ar rʒaç buñ h-ðñoiç-çñeññiñ.

87 O. Hñor ba h-ê rññ d̄ñññe fêññ,
 ac̄t ar lññað d'fññ a'f d'f̄eðñl;
 toñac̄ ceññic a'f coçñam fleað,
 ðeoçã mññre, a'f caç ðã h-ðl.

88 Jf cñað lom Ðñarññññ aʒur ʒoll,
 aʒur Fearnʒur ba bññ ʒlõñ;
 añ uaññ hãç l̄eñʒçeari d̄ñññ a luað,
 a Phãcñaric hñarð, çãññʒ ð'ñ Rðññ.

89 P. Ba çeað lñññ tu ðã luað,
 ac̄t ʒo ð-taðarññ ð'aññe ar Ðññã ar ð-túr;
 ðr aññññ rñ ðeññe ðoð' aõññ,
 rʒurññ ðoð' b̄aõññ, a fññ ʒañ lúç.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ Σημαδε̃ να β-ρομε, *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. Ձ Քհաճախ լսող ճան տնէ ինն,
 ծր աճած աճա աղ տ-ծնար իր քեան;
 աղ լեւոյքարն մօ չաճար նա մօ ըն,
 կօմ չօ ընդր ինչ նա սչմար?
- 91 P. Ձ իւսնօրն աճա ար ծաօր,
 ա՛ր նա՛ Քաճարն ըրն՛ ծօ ընր օր;
 նի լեւոյքարն ծօ չաճար նա ծօ ըն,
 լեւտ չօ ընդր ինչ նա իւսն.
- 92 O. Պա մ-Բաճ աճարնա Բլաճ ալնո ար Պիա,
 ա՛ր չօ մ-Բլաճ մօ ըն ծօմ՛ ինն;
 ծօ թալլեօճարնն ը ծօմ ճօրն,
 չլծ Բ՛՛ ծօ Բճարնա Բլաճ ծան քնն.
- 93 P. Նա Կ-Բարն ընն ա իւսնօրն,
 ա՛ր տն ա ս-ճըրն Կ-ճօրն;
 նի ճօրնա, չան Բիւսն, աղ Բիւսն,
 ծօ Բիւսն ար մօ ինչ-ըն.
- 94 O. Պօ՛՛ քեանն ճօրն ընրն առնան լանդն,
 ծօ Բի ար Բիւսնան Բիւսն;
 նա լեւոյքարն աղ ընրնա՛ն,
 աճար տրա քնն, ա Շիւսն.
- 95 P. Ձ Օրնն նա սչար լանն,
 ընրն նա Բիւսնա Բիւսն;
 ծօ՛՛ քեանն Պա իւսն լօ,
 նա Բիւսնան Բիւսնն սլե.
- 96 O. Չլծ ճարն անօրն չան քալեար,
 ա՛ր մե լար չ-ճալնօնն մ՛ճօրն;
 ա Քհաճախ, նա լաճարն ալն,
 ծօ նարնն ընրնա Բալլեոն.

- 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.

- 97 O. Φα η-βιαδ αζαμπα Κοηαν,
 φαμ ηη-λαβαρεα ηα Φέιηηε ;
 δο βηηρεαδ ρέ δο έεαηηρα,
 αρετζ αηεαρεζ δο έλέηηε.
- 98 P. Bheie έζ ρηοηεμαέτ αη αη β-Φέιηη,
 α ρεαηόηη, η ραοέ δο έοη ;
 ευηηηηζ ζό δ-τάηηηζ δο μαε,
 α' ρ ζαβ μαε Δέ αη δο ροη.
- 99
 Άτά τη άηηαηδ, ροηηβέτε, ηαέ,
 δ'ηηετζ δο έηαλλ α' ρ δο ζηεαηη ;
 λεηζ δηοτ αη κοηημαδ δηαη,
 α' ρ βηαηδ δο leabaδ α β-πλατεαη έαλλ.
- 100 O. Φο έοδλαη αμηηζ ρά'η τ-ρλαβ,
 ραοη δηυέτ ηαέ αη βάηη ευαηη ;¹
 ηηοη έλεαέτ ηοηη leabaδ ζαη βιαδ,
 ρεαδ δο βιαδ ριαδ αη αη ζ-ευοε úδ έαλλ.
- 101 P. Άτά τη αη ηεαηηζαδ α η-δεηηε η-αοηηε,
 ηδηη ρλίζε δηηεαέ αζαη έαηη ;
 ρεαέαηη ρλίζε έαη ηα β-ρλαη,
 α' ρ τιοεραηδ αηηζηλ Δέ ραοη δ' έεαηη.
- 102 O. Φα η-βεηδηηηηη αζαη Φεαηηζαη ριαλ,
 αζαη Δηαηηηηδ αηοηη αη αη η-ball ;
 αηη ζαέ ρλίζε δ'αη ζαβαμαη ηηαηη,
 ζαη έεαδ δο'η έλέηη δο ζέαβαμαοηη αηη.
- P. Φόηλ, α Οηηηη, ηά μαηλαηζ αη έλέηη,
 έαηαη βηηαέηηα Δέ αη ζαέ ball ;
 ηηηα λεηζεηδ τη δηοτ αη κοηημαδ δηαη,
 ηη ηόηη αη ρλαη ατά αδ έεαηη.

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

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

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

- 104 O. Do badara azur flajë na b-Flahu,
a' r toric ar iarmajd uayny a hzleany;
ba meara lhom hac b-faca ay fjad,
ya do eljarmja beje zan ceany.
- 105 P. Zta tu dolaraç zan çjall,
ir meara duje rny na beje dall;
da b-fujçtea do madaric arçjç,
ba mjdm do çjony ar flajtear çall.
- 106 O, Dob' arce lhom lejny an þuje,
hð madaric ar bmoje jðjy da çleany;
ya a hzeallany do bealra dam,
a' r a b-fujçnyy do fult a b-flajtear çall.
- 107 P. Zta do mujjçnyy baot zan rlioçt,
d'jmçjç do fult azur do çmeany;
muna hzlaçad tu mo çdijajyle 'hoçt,
hj b-fujçjð tû beje a bur ya çall.
- 108 O. Da m-béjðnyyri azur ay Fhjanj anyuç,
ar bejny eyoic aç tarimajnyç lany;¹
d'arjðceony leabari, eljari, a' r clojç,
hjad moçja azuyny beje a bur hð çall.²
- 109 P. Hj majb jonyta açt mapi çal ruyb,
hð mapi rjuç aç teaçt ð çleany;
hð mapi rjoççaojçe ar maojnyy eyoic,
çaç luçt açajb da majb mjan any.
- 110 O. Do badar a m-Bearmna ay da Çhojll,³
a b-foçari luçt ya h-amy teany;
dob' feçari lhom a h-aççte açam,
ya an trjup jo ya m-baçal ç-can.

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

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

² 21 bur na éall, *on this side or that*. A common Irish phrase for "in this world or the next."

³ Beanna-na-an-da-Ghoill, i.e., *the gap of the two Golls*. Not identified.

111

P. Jr mairé atá a fáil ar agham,
ca b-fuill ar lhc a'f cori na céann;
r3iuriride dá muagad le uir,
a'f 3an luét ueirre a3 tealét dá éabairi.

112

O. Ní bínn liom do 3lóm 3an rult,
cra tá tu 3lhc ar do man;
u3 éluirim féin fead an loir,¹
bneac ar írué² ná toric a n3leann.

113

P. Ná mealltar tu a 3-coirairle an éoirir,
ir mairé leó rin tealét ad céann;
mairé na coda móirre ar an 3-cuirb m-bi3,
ó nac m-beannu3éar iad abur ná éall.

114

O. Dá m-biad 33olb 33eirre agham,
uó Orcuri 3lhc na 3-caé d-teann;
u3 bíadmaoir 3an feólihad ahoét,
ar éoirairle clo3 na feacé m-beann.

115

P. 21 Oirrin, ó d'íméi3 do éall,
3lac na bíadéira ro le 3neann;
ir deirinn liom 3o d-tuér3firr an í3hann,
a'f 3o n3éabairi le Dja na man.

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

² Bneac ar írué, 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.

“ ʒɪɾɛɾɛɪɪ ɕɪɾɪɕ ɾɔɾɪɕ,
ɪɪɪɪɪɪɪ ɔɕ ɾɪɕ ɔɔɪɪɪɪɪ ;
ɪɪ ɪɪɪɪɪɪɪ ɕɪɪɪ ɪ ɕɪɪɪ ɕɪɪɪ,
ɪɪ ɾɪɪɪɪɪɪɪ ɪɪ ɕɪɪ ɪɪɪɪɪ.”

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 ionzha lhom do éomháð dian,
a éléimz do éuarðaz zác ball;
a máð zo d-tréiðfeim feim an Fhianh,
dromz fial faimrimz nár zann.
- 117 P. Da b-fajcfeára muhtri Dê,
az ruiðe zo zléarta cum flead;
ir faimrimze bfor aca zác róz,
ná az muhtri Fhimh zid mór a meaf.
- 118 Jr feáim zo moir rzéalra anoir,
zlóime díl a'r cum iona éeann;
zlac an aitéimze éóim anoir,
dém leoimzom abur a'r ná capll éall.
- 119 O. Do capll mé mo éfall abur,
a'r nǝ ba nheara lhom ná rim;
do caplleaf Fionh an aiz,
'r na fimm áine do bí fial.
- 120 P. Aca Fionh a'r an Fhianh anoir,
zo dubróháð ar he ná b-rían;
zabre le mac Dê 'na n-áre,
a'r nǝ beid baogal oir beid zan éfall.
- 121 O. Nǝ éneidim feim do zlóim anoir,
a éléimz na m-bacal z-cam;
zo m-biad Fionh a'r an Fhianh ariz,
muna b-fuizdír rule a beid ann.
- 122 P. Zlac an aitéimze éóim anoir,
ful a z-cuimfeáim ffor ad éionh;
zéill do Dha, a'r beid ffor a zác,
eia aco ariz nǝ amur cá Fionh.

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 Loim,¹
 diaf nam dmuib o zleo na lamh;
 d'aimdeoin do eliam azur a z-cloiz,
 ir azuimh do beidead an ball.

124

- P. Nj bjad rih eoidee ar bur z-cur,
 ir fearu an luic atá an;
 mac riz ueime d'ibear na h-uile,
 ir mōr a éion ar duine dall.

125

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

126

- P. Cráidtead ort a feadhōir,
 éanar na briaera buile;
 dob' fearu Dia ne h-aon uair,
 na Fianha Eireann uile.

127

- O. A Phátaric na bacairc cairne,
 do beir oim fheadzrad dána;
 do bjad do bacal na buurzar,
 dá m-bjad Orcur do laearu.

128

- Da m-beidead mo mac Orcur azur Dia,
 lám ar lám ar Chnoc na b-Fhianh;²
 dá b-faircfeunne mo mac ar lám,
 déarfaiunh zui fearu láidri Dia.

129

- Cionnur dob' féidri le Dia,
 na a eliam a beir nj bur fearu;
 na Fionn flair, Riz na b-Fianh,
 duine rial do bj zan éaim?

¹ Mac an Loim, the name of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's spear.

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

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

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

² Cnoc na bh-Fianna, 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 cliair,
do mēiri maʒlac nīʒ na meann;
do bī rúd a b-Ɔianuaib Ɔhionn,
a' r cáid a b-Ɔlaicear De ʒo teann.

131 Da m-beiðeað aic an n r̄ior na r̄uar,
dob' feárr na Ɔlaicear De;
ir an n do maçað Ɔionn,
a' r a maib aic do' n Ɔhéionn.

132 Ɔa deiiri tu r̄a naç d-tēid Ɔial,
ʒo h-irreann na b-Ɔian n ʒo bmaç;
nī maib aon neaç 'ra n b-Ɔéionn,
naç maib Ɔial amearʒ çáic.

133 Da b-ƆaicƆeara, a çléiriʒ çáid,
an Ɔhian n la ari an d-tmaʒ¹ úd çear;
nó a Nar Laiʒeann² na r̄moçan r̄éiri,
ari an b-Ɔéionn ba mōri do mear.

134 Ɔa Pháçmaic Ɔa r̄maicʒ do Dhia,
an cuiri n lei r̄ an Ɔhian n do beiç beð;
no a b-Ɔacaicð r̄é r̄oiri na r̄iar,
Ɔiri dob' feárr na iad a nʒleð?

135 Nó a b-Ɔacaicð r̄é 'na dūiççe r̄éiri,
ʒið arið é ó r̄ ari ʒ-çionn;
a nʒiall, a ʒ-coʒað, nó a nea r̄ic,
Ɔeari do bī cōri-maic le Ɔionn.

¹ Ɔmaʒ, *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.

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

136

P. Oirín y b'ínn líom do zlóir,
 a' r beannaíct fós le h-aymunn Fhíonn;
 airtíur dúinn cá mhéid fíad,
 do mhárbairt ar Shliab na m-Ban Fíonn.¹

137

O. Do rzaorleannam aon mhíle cú,
 dob' féarui lúe a' r do bí zarz;
 do tuit dá fíad le zac cú díob,
 a' r ay oiméad leir ay b-Féinn uile.

138

Dhá éoin déaz ar Shliab Luacra,²
 dá éoin mhóu a m-Beannua ay Scail;³
 dá éoin a y-iaréar ay Roimair,⁴
 a' r dá éoin ay abair Bhanna.⁵

139

Dhá éoin az Cairríy na z-cloc,⁶
 a' r dá éoin ar Loc Jure Uí Chuyy;⁷
 dá éoin a b-Fhorraoar na b-Fíann,⁸
 a' r dá éoin air Shliab na m-Ban b-Fhíonn.

140

2 Phátraic, a z-cualad tu ay t-realz,
 a mhíe Calpíuyy na p'al'm ráim;
 mar do miznead le Fíonn na aonar,
 a' r zan aon neac ayy d'Fhíannairb Fzil?

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

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

³ Beannua ay Scail, *Gap of Scail*. See note, p. 4.

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

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

“As down by Banna's banks I stray'd.

- P. Oisin, sweet to me is thy voice,
 And a blessing furthermore, on the soul of Fionn ;
 Relate to us how many deer
 Were slain at Sliabh-na-m-Ban Fionn.
- O. We loosened one thousand hounds,
 The swiftest, and the most fierce ;
 There fell by each hound two stags,
 And as many more, by all the Fenians.
- Twelve hounds at Sliabh Luachra,
 And two large hounds at 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 ?

⁶ *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.

⁷ *Lac Iníre Uí Chuiínn,* *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.

⁸ *Formaoil na b-Fian.* This Formaoil is situated between Milltown and Ennis, in the county of Clare.

- 141 P. Ní cualad, a mhic an Rí,;
a Oirín glé na n-ghíomh n-áir;
aíreir dam a' r ná can zó,
ciorudur do mhínead líb an t-realz?
- 142 O. Ní cánamaoirne an Fhianh zó,
a' r breá z línn n-óir raímla z míam;
le fíriú a' r le neairt ar lám,
do éiríur rlan ar zác zliad.
- 143 Níor fuid cléirneac a z-cill,
zíb bhinn líb a cánaid p'alim;
dob' féairi focal ná an Fhianh,
firi náir loc a n-ghliad zairb.
- 144 Níor fuid cléirneac a z-cill,
a Phátraic cáoiri ir bhinn zlóir;
dob' féile ná Fionn féin,
feair nac caol do bhionhad óir.
- 145 Da maírnead mac Mórna meair,
nó Soll calma náir cáir féad;
nó mac Uí Dhuibhne na m-ban,
an laoc do cúirnead caé ar céad.
- 146 Da maírnead Fearzúr fíle fial,
feair a z-canta do rona ar an b-Féin;
nó Dáirne do féirnead zán loct,
a n-ghuic do éloz n-í bhíad mo r-réir.
- 147 Da maírnead mac Zairnaid na lann,
an feair náir zánh az cur an áir;
Orcur nó mac Ronáin zírúh,
do éiríúh ran z-cill n-óir fáir.

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. Ða marrefeað Ƴloðh Beaz mac Fhionn,
 nð Fæolay ʒmynn nār éarri neac̃;
 nð Couāy Ƴhaol do bī ʒay ʒmuayʒ,
 ʒr ʒad d'fāʒ me fæoi ʒmuaym le feal!

149 Nð ay t-abac beaz do bī az Fionn,
 do cūppeað ʒac̃ dūppe na cōppēym fūaym;
 ba bīppe lhom fūaym a mēar,
 nā a b-fuyl dō'y c̃lēym a ʒ-cyll a'f a d-tuayt̃.

150 Or ayoc̃t nac̃ marpeayh ay Fhianm,
 nā Fionn fial na n-duar;
 do bōðar fīayrāy na p̃falm,
 a'f ʒlōm ʒarb̃ na ʒ-cloʒ mo c̃luar.

151 P. Sʒuyr do bēal a feayōym fūayme,
 nā bī fearða az luad̃ na b-Fīaym;
 a'f ʒo n-deac̃aðar cōm̃t mar̃ ay ʒ-ceō,
 a'f ʒo m-bēyð ʒo deō a nʒlar̃ na b-fīay!

152 O. Nā h-abayr fūy, a Phætmaic ʒlyc,
 a'f nac̃ m̃ayb̃ ar̃ b̃yē nā ar̃ neayñ na nʒm̃ar,
 aoy laoc̃ le a m-bēayr̃ayðe buad̃,
 ar̃ cēayh ay t-fūayʒ, Fionn ay ayʒ.

153 Ƴhūya m-bēyðeað na ʒeayra do bī ar̃ Fhionn,
 a'f nār̃ m̃īay leyr̃ b̃yffeað t̃m̃ð;
 a b-fuyl ʒðym̃ neayñ azur̃ lar̃,
 ñj c̃laoyðf̃yðyr̃ lar̃ mo m̃ʒ.

154 P. ʒr̃ é mo m̃ʒ-re ðealb̃ayʒ̃ neayñ,
 ʒr̃ é do beym̃ neayr̃e do laoc̃;
 ʒr̃ é do cūm̃ ay b̃yoc̃-buay,
 ʒr̃ é do beym̃ blac̃ na ʒ-cmaob̃.

- 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.

155
P. Iṛ é do dealbairḡ éarḡa a'ṛ ḡriar,ḡ
 Iṛ é do beirḡ iarḡ arḡ lḡr;ḡ
 Iṛ é do cḡuḡairḡ ḡorḡ a'ṛ féarḡ,
 uḡ h-ḡorarḡ a'ṛ éarḡa Fḡhḡr.

156
O. Nḡ ar cḡuḡairḡad ḡorḡ uḡa féirḡ,
 cḡuḡ mo rḡḡ-ḡe féirḡ a dḡil;
 arḡ ar cḡorḡarḡe corḡa laocḡ,
 ar cḡorḡarḡ cḡrḡocḡ, a'ṛ ar cḡur a cḡlú.

157
 Ar rḡurḡḡḡ, ar ḡurḡe, ar féirḡ,
 ar uocḡad meirḡe a d-cḡur ḡleó;
 ar ḡurḡe féicḡille,¹ a'ṛ ar rḡarḡ,
 a'ṛ ar féirḡearḡ cḡarḡ a d-cḡḡ ar ḡil.

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

“Cḡa ḡ-arḡḡ-ḡeo? ol Cocharḡ. Nḡ arḡarḡe rḡr, ol fé, Mḡrḡr Dḡeḡ Leḡ. Cḡḡ dot rḡarḡ? ol Cocharḡ? Do ḡbrḡe féicḡille féirḡe, ol fé. Arḡ arḡe rḡe em, ol Cocharḡ, rḡr féicḡille? Ar féarḡadḡuḡ, ol Mḡrḡr. Arḡa, ol Cocharḡ ḡḡ rḡarḡ ḡ-a corḡud, ḡr le ḡr ḡeḡ arḡ ḡr féicḡell. Arḡa rḡḡ cḡearḡ, ol Mḡrḡr féicḡell ḡad meirḡe. Uḡa féirḡ orḡarḡ ḡarḡḡe orḡr féirḡ ḡrḡ, orḡr féirḡḡḡ [i. larḡ] carḡa ḡarḡḡ rḡr ḡr cḡar ḡr luc loḡḡarḡ, orḡr rḡr bolḡ ḡr féirḡ rḡḡ cḡeḡuḡarḡ. Cḡrḡḡ Mḡrḡr ḡr féicḡille iarḡ rḡr. Imḡr, ol Mḡrḡr. Nḡ ḡḡḡarḡe ḡr ḡrḡ, ol Cocharḡ. Cḡḡ ḡell brḡ arḡ? ol Mḡrḡr. Cumḡa lḡr, ol Cocharḡ. Roḡ brḡ lḡrḡa, ol Mḡrḡr, ḡa ḡḡ beirḡ mo cḡeḡell carḡarḡ ḡarḡr ḡ-dubḡlar.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

" Ro dheat ó aron cogla,
 Si ceit aonon Ogruighe,
 Sliolla m'freach uall ion fmachc,
 Flaona fion f'bhchollachc."

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

158 O. 21 Phætmaic, cá maib do Dhia,
 aḡ tan éáinḡc aḡ diaḡ tar leaḡ ?
 éuḡ leó beaḡ mḡ Loóclanḡ na lonḡ,
 lé'ḡ éuḡc ionad ionḡ ran tḡeaḡ ?

159 Nó aḡ tan éáinḡc aḡ Deaḡc diaḡ,
 mac mḡ Loóclanḡ na rḡiaé ḡ-óḡḡ ;
 cḡeáð ḡaḡ íorḡaḡc mḡ ḡa ḡaóḡ,
 dóḡb aḡ béḡḡionḡaḡb aḡ íḡḡ ḡóḡḡ ?

160 Nó aḡ tan éáinḡc 21aḡḡuḡ ḡóḡḡ,
 aḡ feaḡ ba boḡb a ḡḡleo ḡaḡ éḡḡ ;
 íḡ corḡaḡl dá ḡaḡḡfeáð do mḡc,
 zo ḡ-cuḡdeóáð le Fḡanḡaḡb Fḡinḡ.

161 Nó aḡ tan éáinḡc Taḡc mac Tḡeoḡḡ,
 aḡ feaḡ aḡ aḡ b-Fḡéḡḡ do éuḡḡ aḡ t-áḡ ;
 ḡḡ le Dḡa do éuḡc aḡ cuḡad,
 áéḡ le ḡ-Orcuḡ aḡeaḡc éáé.

162 21lleaḡḡ, mac Baðḡa ḡóḡḡḡ,
 le ḡḡlléḡ Teáḡaḡḡ ḡa rḡuaḡc d-cḡeáḡ ;
 ḡḡoḡ láḡḡ rḡḡ, ḡá ḡáḡḡ do mḡc,
 dul dá élaóḡb áéḡ Fḡionḡ fḡéḡḡ.

163 Ionḡða cáé, ḡaḡóḡḡ, a'ḡ ḡḡað,
 do comóḡad ḡe Fḡanḡaḡb Fḡaḡl ;
 ḡḡ éuaḡað zo ḡ-deaḡḡa éáéḡ
 mḡc ḡa ḡaóḡḡ, ḡá ḡuḡ deaḡc a láḡḡḡ.

164 P. Léḡḡḡḡḡḡ d'áḡ ḡ-comóḡeaḡ aḡ ḡaé taóḡ,
 a feaḡóḡḡ éḡḡḡ aḡá ḡaḡ ééḡll ;
 tuḡc zo b-fuḡl Dḡa aḡ ḡeaḡḡ ḡa ḡ-oḡḡ,
 aḡuḡ Fḡionḡ a'ḡ a ílóḡḡḡe ḡḡle 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 Dearg came,
 The son of the king of Lochlin of the golden shields ;
 Why did not heaven's king protect them,
 From the blows of the great man ?

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

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

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

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

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

165

O. Ba mhóir an náríre ríu do Dhia,
 zán zlar na b-rián do buairn d'Fhionn;
 azur Dia féin, dá m-biad' a m-bhuib,
 zo d-crioidfead an flait tar a ceann.

166

Níor fularn z Fionn ar fead a rae,
 neac do beir a b-réinn 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 bhionnadh óir ar dáim.

168

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

169.

Zán rhan, zán fiazaideac, zán Fionn,
 zán ruirzid rial-ban, zán rporc;
 zán ruidéad a n-ionad mar ba dual,
 zán rozlaim clear lúe ná zleó.

170

P. Léiz eura do beir dá ríom,
 a nje an Ruz ba maic clú;
 zéill do' n té do zúid zác maic,
 criom do ceann a' r feac do zlín.

171

Buarl d'uc a' r doiric do deór,
 crioid do' n té tá ór do éionn;
 zid zur b'ionzua leac a luad,
 jr é do ruz buaird 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 Pátaíraí, dá m-beidíonnúí zán ééill,
do rzaíraíonn leó' éléirí a z-cíonn;
ní bíad leabair ná baéal bán,
ná cloz tráta agh do éill.

173 21 dúbairíe Oírrí, mo rzeal truaí!
ní bíonn líom fuairí do béil;
zoiíraedra zo fíar, acé ní fá Dhlá,
acé faoi Fhíonn ná b-íáíonn zán beíe beó!

174 P. 21 21 do zéallair aítíur dúíonn,
tréí, reáíonn, fuac a' r fearí;
maí do zéallair íonní ahoí, r,
cíonnur do mízreac líb agh t-realí.¹

175 O. 21 Níor bíonnna dúíonn a beíe bíónac,
a' r ceíonn aí ríóí beíe d'áí n-díe;
zíd b'é do maííreac oíuíonn zán záííe,
í r dúíonn dob' ádbair beíe az caoi!

¹ 21 t-realí, *the chase*. This poem, which forms part of the 21zalláí, 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 Újse Chonadh Chionn Shtéibe*,” which formed the Second Volume of our *Transactions*. The scene is laid at *Sliabh Guillinn*, in the county of Armagh.

ՇԱՒԻ ՇԻՈՅՇ ԱՆ ԱՅՔ.

O. Ծօ Բամար սլե աղ Ֆիլան ա՛ր Ֆիօղո,
 ա Յ-ժօղմէօղօժ ալ աղ Յ-չոօ թօ իյար;
 աՅ յոյլլա ալ շեարայծ լւտ,
 ա՛ր իլղո Յօ թւծաճ աՅ շարէօղ իյաՅ.¹

Շյօժ տրաճտ ճւղղոյ աղլայծ իլղո,
 ա ճւծարլա ճրաօլ Եարմրաճ² Յօ Յլղոյ Յլլա;
 լլա ԵաՅալ իլղո, ա Ֆիլղոյ ոյա Բ-Ֆիլղոյո,
 ոյաճ թաճա աղ իլղո Յար ճօլլիՅ ճլլծ.

Շրեճ թօ աղօլլա, ճօ իւլծ Ֆիօղո,
 լե ա ճ-տլլիՅճար լեաճ ալ Յ-ճւլլա ճօղրօլղո;
 ա՛ր ոյաճ Բ-թլլա լաճճ թաօլ աղ ոյՅրեղո,
 ոյաճ Բ-թլլա թաղ Բ-Ֆիլղոյո թարթաղ լեճ.

¹ Շարէօղ իյաՅ, *throwing or casting stones*. This singular custom was carried on to a great extent in the early part of the present century; and, it is traditionally said that the Ծաղաղո or pillar-stones, found in various parts of Ireland, were the “*clocha neire*,” of the Fenians, and that Fionn Mac Cumhaill himself made no great boast of casting one of these huge rocks from the hill of Almuin (Allen), where his palace stood, across to the hill of Howth, a distance of about twenty miles. In “*Եաճերա ոյլա ոյա ոյլ-ճօղլարլա*,” or *The Adventures of an Ill-advised Son*, by Carroll O’Daly, better known on account of his rhyming propensities, as—

“Շարթալ Բարթե ոյա ոյ-ճրաղո,
 ճօ թլղղեճ թրեղղոցաղ ալ շեարայծ.”
 Swarthy Carroll the rhymers,
 Who would play a ditty on the harp.

the custom is thus referred to:—

“Լա ոյա Բ-թար յոյարլա շարթաՅ ոյե թաղ շ-թլլաճ,
 Ճ՛ր լա ոյա Բ-թար ճօ ճարթլղո ոյոՅ ոյար յաճ.”

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

THE BATTLE OF CNOC AN AIR.

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

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

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

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

² ΔΡΑΟΙ ΤΕΛΗΜΙΑΔ, *the Druid of Tara*. According to our ancient annalists, Tigearmmas, monarch of Ireland, of the race of Hereemon, 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. Cրեյձ սարոբ, և Բիլոս, րա յ-ցրած Լոս,
 Յօ Ե-բլլ ևր տօրւ և րհօրրեւէտ ծաօրԵ;
 բէւէ րա րէւա րօլա¹ զծ,
 աՅ ԵաՅար ճւՅւէ տաօրԵ ար էաօրԵ.

Պ'բէւէ Բիօս օր և էրօս րար,
 ա'ր ծօ էօրարր արար րօլա Յօ րրէւս;
 րր էաՅալ Լոս, ծօ րւրձ ևր րաօր,
 Յօ ծ-րրօբարձ ար-Յարար ար ևր Ե-Բիէրոս.

Պօ Յօրւ Բիօս էւրՅե Օրբար,
 ա'ր ծւՅարր, և էարարձ րա Լոս Յէար,
 րր էւրԵ ծւր և Երէ աՅ էաօր,
 բէւէ ար րիՅրԵ ևր ւեճրւ.

Ձ րւՅ րա Ե-Բիլան, ծօ րւրձ Օրբար,
 րա Յլա էիօճՅ րա ևրԵբան էրիճ;
 աէա րեարր և'ր Լւէ աճ ՅէաՅարԵ,
 և'ր րրօր-րլւաՅ րրէւս րեճ' էաօրԵ.

Պօ էարէարար րլե ևր Բիլան,
 րեւաճ աՅ Յրրոս-արարր րա րեւ;
 Կօ Եի ծրեւս աՅարոս րօրԵրւ, րւՅւէ.
 և'ր ծրեւս րլե ճւՅւէ րա րհրէ.

Պօ ԼաՅար Կօն² ծօ Յւէ արձ,
 աՅար րր է ծօ րւրձ Յօ ԵօրԵ րրէւս;
 րի Ե-բլլ րեւէ ծ'ար ևէրարՅ ծաէ,
 աճԵարր բէրւ աէ րեար րաօր.

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

² Կօնն 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 Chaorthain*, and what he suffered there, we would refer the reader to that curious tract, which will hereafter form one of the Society's publications.

O. 2 Fhionn mhí Cúmhall, do máid agh Driaoi,
 tsonól do buidean ad' dáil,
 a' r' moiyntear iad leat ar leat,
 zo h-déiyid fairne ar éaét do' h yáimaid ?

Do íeyuy Fionn agh Dóird Fhianuy,
 a' r' d' íreazairi riad iya vzaairi ;
 zac feari ma luait az teaét,
 eidiui flait, ériat, a' r' éaiy.

Aitéodéad aghoir, ar Fionn zo fíoi,
 zac yeaé dam buidean le'ri b'ionuyra mé ;
 a' r' fód zac yeaé dá b-fuil dom' ruat,
 ma éuiyid ruar a beiré dom' méiri.

O. 2 Orcuir, do máid Fionn ar d-túr,
 ór tú uirra¹ a' r' lúé, ya b-Fianuy ;
 agh b-fairneid tú zo lá mé cáé,
 teaét do' h yáimaid ta éuzaiuy az tuiall.

Fairneidíuy díot aghoir, a Fhionn,
 agh dul éum ruaiy dob' aíl leat ;
 víoi níaire duir, a' r' ba ní-élu,
 ma' r' eaial leat yáimide teaét.

Ní le h-aybriuy moim láim cáé,
 do maéfairuy riat éum ruaiy ;
 aét zuir fíoi' duir zuir zhaé liom,
 tairbéayad d'faial ar zac zuair.

Ní díúldóiz míre fairne me cáé,
 ní' l' mór-rzáé 'há aybriuy oim ;
 zidead ir eaial liom, a Fhionn,
 zuir beaz dob' buidean yac eaial leó.

¹ Uirra, 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 Fionn designates him as above ; but we question whether he bore the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

palm in heroism from Goll mac Morna ; or even his father the poet Oisín.
 He was killed by Cairbre Lifechair at the Battle of Gabhra. Vide
Transactions, Vol. I., p. 59.

O. Ἐπιμαρ Ἔπιου ἀμ Δηλαμμυδ Φουυ,
 ἀ' ἔ ἔλαρμαῖζεαρ ἕο σεληηρα δο'η ἔαιδ ;
 ἀη β-ἔαιμῆδ τυ μαμ ἀου λε η-Οἔουμ,
 μα' ἔ ἕουῖμυηε λεατ με ἡα εἰε.

 Ἡἕου ἕεἑβ μηρε ἔοἔ μαιη, ἀ ἔηηη,
 ἀ ἕ-εἰε ἡα ἕ-εοἑη-εαρἕαμ ἡα δ-εμἑη-ἔἑαἕ ;
 ἀετ ἕο μ-βἡἰδ Οἔουμ μῖη μο εἑοἑε,¹
 μἑηἡη ηἑἑη' δἡἡἕ λε τεεετ βηἡδ.

 Ἐ ἕηἑἑ εἰμα ἡα ἕ-εμἡἡ λἡη,
 ἀη εμἡἡηε λεατ ἔἕἕ ἡα β-ἔἑἡηη ;
 ἀη β-ἔἡἑἡἡδ τυ ἀ β-ἔοεἡἑμ εἰε,
 ἔἑἑ εἑμἑμ ἡἡἕ βἡἑμ ἡα ἡἕἡἡἕ ἕἑἡἡδ.

 Ἡἕ η-εἡἕἡἡ ἕἑη λἡἡ δἡ εἑμἡἡἡετ,
 δ τεἡ Οἔουμ ἡα ἡἕἡἡἡ ἀη' δἡἑ ;
 ἀ' ἔ Δἡἡἡἡἡδ εἑἡἡἡ ἡα β-ἔἑἡηη,
 βἑἑἑ μηρε μαμ ἡἡδ ἕο ἑἡ.

 Ἐἡἡἡἡ ἔἡἡἡ² δο λαεἡἡ ἔἑἡἡη,
 ἀ' ἔ δο λαεἡἡ ἕο ἔἑοεἑἡἡ, ἡἡἡ ;
 ἀ' ἔ δῖἡἡἡἡ, ἀ μἑἕ ἡα β-ἔἑἡηη,
 ἡἕ ἡἑἑ ἕἡἡ δἡἡἡ δο ἑἡἡἡ ἕο ἑἡ.

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

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

O. Fionn calls Diarmuid Donn,
 And he asketh calmly of the sage ;
 Wilt thou watch with Oseur,
 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 Oseur 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 Oseur 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 *Briain Boroinne*, 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 náoil, do ráid Fíonn,
 fay a z-cuafab dúbá Leic-áim;
 ó'f tu if zaimbe uail-záim binn,
 cum rzaime ma'f tealct do'v náimaid.

22a'f dul dam féiv, a Fhíonn, do'v uaim,
 a z faimie ari buaim, hó ari éav;
 am aonaim zan tuile do'v Fhéivinn,
 zo vzoivteari mé tmem' láim?

Ní cuibe duic, a Chonáin náoil,
 dúltad Fhíonn, do ráid mac Lúzáid,
 atá na míz óf cionn na b-Fíann,
 a z-coimiac, a'f a m-biad, 'fa v-óim.

22a tá Fíonn na míz óf cionn na b-Fíann,
 a imic Lúzáid, do ráid Conán;
 v'f corimúil zaim cuibe dam,
 dul am aonaim zo h-uaim leac-áim.¹

Ní'f fay b-Fíann uile, ari mac Luzác,
 feari cōim-m-binn dod' éló-zuē ari,
 a'f cloivfid av Fhíann uile do zlóim,
 ma'f tealct do'v tóim a vzaim do'v 2im.

Ná b'f fearda lioim dá luad,
 a imic Lúzáid na mív z'éav;
 d'Fhíonn na do'v Fhéivinn v'f macad avv,
 cuimim ruaf do le mo mac.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Eiuiḡ aḡḡ a Chonáiu mḡoíl,
 do maḡḡ Oꝛcuḡ, a'ꝛ béiḡ ad dáil;
 Uoḡ Beaz cḡḡḡa mac Fhḡiuḡ,
 a'ꝛ tuille ma'ꝛ ḡḡaoi leat d'fáḡaíl.
- Beiu leat Feaḡian¹ a'ꝛ Bḡian luaḡ,
 Szeólan, Fuaim, a'ꝛ Ueaḡiaḡan;
 Boḡ-léim a'ꝛ Uḡieac Chluair,
 a'ꝛ imḡiḡ ḡan ḡḡuaim, a Chonáiu,
- Do ḡluair Conáḡ aḡ cḡmaḡḡle Oꝛcuḡ,
 d'ḡouḡḡaḡḡ rḡ doḡaḡ na h-uaiḡa;
 na coiu aḡuḡ Uoḡ Beaz mac Fhḡiuḡ,²
 do leaḡadaḡ aḡ táiu éuaḡḡ.
- Do éuaḡḡ Fḡiuḡ aḡḡ riu éum ruair,
 a'ꝛ uḡ eiaḡ do bí a ruairḡueaḡ aḡḡ;
 aḡ taḡ do raḡḡluḡḡeacḡ do éḡiḡ,
 Uoḡ Beaz mac Fhḡiuḡ a beḡḡ ḡan éeaḡḡ.
- Do taḡḡbéaḡad do maḡ aou iur riu,
 ḡo maḡḡ ḡoll cḡḡḡa a láim ḡliacḡ,
 le ḡairḡḡiḡeacḡ fḡoḡ-éacḡacḡ, calḡa,
 d'aḡ b'aḡḡḡ Taḡle mac Tḡeoḡḡ.
- Do mḡúrḡaíl aḡ a cḡḡla ḡo rḡaḡ,
 a'ꝛ do ḡoḡḡ éuḡḡe dḡaoi na b-fḡiaḡḡ;
 d'aḡ ba cḡḡḡ-aḡḡḡḡ do rḡoḡḡ,
 Uḡaoi ealaḡaḡ,³ uo feaḡi fáḡḡ-éḡall.

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

“ Coḡa buḡḡe bí aḡ Bḡian,
 ḡi ba taeb dub 'ḡa taḡi ḡeal;
 dḡuḡḡ ruairḡḡeacḡ óḡ ceaaḡ rḡiḡ,
 ḡi ba éluair cḡoḡeḡa cḡoḡḡ-deḡḡ.”

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 Taile 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.

* Αἰὸς βεᾶς ἠὰς Φηηηη, *Little Aodh the son of Fionn*. This Αἰὸς was the youngest son of Fionn. He was called "βεᾶς" (*small*) from his diminutive stature.

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

O. D'fáirrhéir a múy ionlany do'y Dmaoi,
 ayy zác tairbéanad djob rúd;
 do máid Fionny, a b-fáit-ciall riy
 iyhir ahoir zay hóill dúiny.

Tiocfaid muatar ay ay b-féiny,
 a Fhiny, ir baogal, do máid ay Dmaoi;
 zidead yí zoihfeary ay dír ra hzleic,
 Zoll calma, cióda, ya Aod.

Hjoi b-fada amlaid riy dúiny,
 ay tay do éualamari uall-záir,
 do íeiny Fionny ay Doib Fhiany,
 a' r d'féadzairi diah-rzairic Choyáiy.

Do zluair Coyáiy ya éreay mē,¹
 a' r ya coy ay lay lúe ya díajz;
 d'fay Aod Beaz ay bmuac ya h-uaiya,
 zuy cloinead leir fuairiy ya rziaē.

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

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

¹ *Teiréay mē*, *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 Yrissshemen wyll ryn afote as faste as he, and overtake hym, yea, and leap up upon his horse bebynde him, and drawe him from his horse."

O. Do fceith Fíonh an Dóid aifí,
 ful do máire iad Conán maol;
 cmead an fáte, do máid Orcu,
 tá' h tóir¹ éuzairh, cá b-fuif Aod?

Do bí Aod a y-doirh na h-uainh,
 an tan do zluair mhre ar lúe;²
 hōir aihaircār ó fōir tar m'air,
 a' r hōir b'ē Aod ba meara hōir.

Cmead eile do dairehōd, ar Orcu,
 a Chonán hōrda, māol, zān ééll;
 cīa aco Fíonh na b-Fíahh, hō mhre,
 hō cīa an fear oile do' h Fhēihh.

Nī h-ē Fíonh, turā, 'hā neac do' h Fhēihh,
 mō dairehōd a h-am zāc bēim;
 zīd' zūir iohūih hōir būr māit,
 hī rīb mō dairehōd, acē mē fēih.

Do zluair Orcu do lúe trēan,
 zō máihz fē doirh na h-uainh;
 do fuair Aod Beaz mac Fhíh hēil,
 zān aihfāh, zān éaz, zān buairt.

Cmead an fáte Aod Bhí z hōir Fhíh,
 ar Orcu, fuireac a y-diaiz an fīir māol?
 a' r hāhāid taob leat na mē
 a leihb, hāir éuiz zūir beaz d'oir.

Cīa bí an tōir a b-fōzūr dāh,
 a' r mē amūiz ó cábair na b-Fíahh;
 hōir éihōtūiz m'ihhēih hā mō éihōde,
 hā mō mīrheac māih hōir clāihēad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Ἦρ ῥεῖθερ ῥηοὺ μαχέ ἢ ἀ βηοῖε-ῥελεῖαιη.”
 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 ! մօ ըրեա՛՛ն ! մօ ընիմա՛՛ն !
 և Քհատբայր, իր նիմա՛՛ն ծօ Փիլա ;
 ճա մարբեա՛՛ն Պօ՛ն Երա՛՛ն առ' ճալ,
 եւ ծօրկո՛՛ն ծօ շլաթի՛՛ն՝ նա շ-կար !
- P. Պիտրի ճնրոն, և Օրրոն նիւր Բիւրոն,
 բնօ՛՛ն շա՛՛ն Կիւրոն առ ճալ ;
 նի նարբեա՛՛ն Պօ՛ն Երա՛՛ն առ ճալ,
 ա՛՛ր նա արի և շ-ար շոթոն՝ նա շ-կար.
- O. Կոտ առ ճալ² առ կոտ լո իրի,
 ա՛՛ր շօ լա՛՛ն առ երա՛՛ն երա՛՛ն ճա՛՛ն ;
 և Քհատբայր նա մ-բա՛՛ն մ-բա՛՛ն,
 նի շոն բա՛՛ն շա՛՛ն առ շ-ար.
- P. Նա շլա՛՛ն շա՛՛ն, և Օրրոն բնի,
 ա՛՛ն լարբեա՛՛ն առ Բիւրոն նա ե-Բիւրոն ;
 շա՛՛ն առ ճա՛՛ն ա՛՛ր և ե-բնի երօ,
 բերնի՛՛ն լա՛՛ն նիւր ա՛՛ն Փիլա.
- O. Նիւր բերնի՛՛ն Բիւրոն նա ե-Բիւրոն,
 ա՛՛ր նիւր բերնի՛՛ն Փարսիւր Օ Փարսիւր ;
 նիւր բերնի՛՛ն Օրբուր նա լար,
 նա նեա՛՛ն ծօ՛՛ն ե-Բիւրոն, ա՛՛ն Կոտոն շար.
- P. Փօ բնի՛՛ն շար բերնի՛՛ն³ Բիւրոն,
 Փարսիւր Փօն ա՛՛ր Օրբուր ճա՛՛ն ;
 ա՛՛ր առ Բիւրոն նիւր մար լա՛՛ն,
 նի նարիւր մար Փիլա նա նար.

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

² Կոտ առ ճալ, 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.

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

O. 21 Phátraije, nǵ a n-aimriri na b-*Í*lanu,
do bǵ an fearu riu *Ó*ia anu;
ir dearb d'a m-biad rǵiu nǵ rǵiar,
zo rǵairfad an *Í*hlanu leir a ceanu.¹

P. Do bǵ *Ó*ia anu a n-aimriri na b-*Í*lanu,
atá rǵian a' r bǵid zo bǵad;
maruonu, aǵur maruifid zo cǵiód,
nǵ h-*í*onanu rǵan *Í*hlanu, a boétarú!²

O. 22 Phátraije, má' r fǵor do rǵéal,
an t-éaǵ zo b-fuaru an *Í*hlanu;
nǵ cluirm tu d'a luad,
ǵur b' é muǵ buad orua *Ó*ia.

P. Ba máid an *Í*hlanu a' r a nǵhǵor,
a Orǵu ǵrǵu, aét ro anǵar;
nǵar aduad leó an t-anu *Ó*ia úd,
anuir lean dúru ar Chnoc-an-áru.

O. Do éruall anu rúd ar an b-*Í*éru,
Orcuu a' r Anó Beaǵ na dárl;
dob' *í*onhuru lǵu teacét na dǵre,
nǵ d'a d-tǵeab mǵ nǵ nǵmár.

Ó'élaruaid *Í*íonh d'Orcuu áǵ,
an b-facaǵ tǵar³ na nǵmod laoc,
a dúbaru Orcuu zo b-facaǵ iad,
a' r zo ruib a n-iaruacét ar an b-*Í*éru.

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

“21 Phátraije nǵ a rǵoǵal na b-*Í*lanu,
ir tuǵte do *Ó*ia rǵa beiré anu;
ir dearb d'a m-biad na rǵian,
nǵa beiréab na *Í*ǵeairua or a ǵ-*í*onh.”

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

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

² βοῦτταν, *a pauper, a beggar, a miser, &c.*

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

O. Do éarfeamair maru riu zo lá,
 a' r' n'jor lána cáe teacé fo' m' n-déiu;
 a Phátrairc, mo r'zéal t'ruaó!
 n'jor b-adaa zuri émuaird ay ééiu!¹

P. Juir maru ir curíiu leat,
 a n'ic Cúmhail, tárf² ay z'leó;
 airíur a' r' mo beannaét oir,
 r'zéal f'jor, a' r' ná cáh zó?

O. Ní cámhaoirne ay f'hianh zó,
 b'réaó leó n'jor fanlaó mair;
 acé le f'íiuh a' r' neair ar láh,
 éi'z' maoir flah ar z'ac z'liad.

D'éimz'iomair zo moé amac,
 F'ianha Eimreann na n-eac⁴ reanó;
 ar ay z-cnoc fo líou ay t-rluaó,
 n'jor b'jor'na d'óib teacé zo teann.

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

² Tárf, fame, report.

³ Z'liad, battle, strife, contention.

⁴ Eac, a steed. The earliest record we have of the Fenians having horses is in *Ázallan' na Seandóiríó*, or *Dialogue of the Sages*; where it is said, that at a chase at *Beiu h-Ériu*, (the Hill of Howth), a chieftain, named *Árcúir mac Beinne Uiror*, son of the king of Britain [England], took away by stealth three hounds belonging to the Fenians, namely—Bran, Sgeolan, and An-uail; and made for the mountain of *Lodan Mac Iir*, where he made chase on his arrival. As soon as the Fenians missed the hounds, the following chieftains were despatched after the fugitive, viz., *Diarmuid O Duibhne*, *Goll Mac Morna*, *Caol* from *Eamhuin* (*Emania*), *Oscuir* the son of *Oisín*, *Fear-dubhain* the son of *Bogha-dearg*, *Raighne* of the broad eyes, son of *Fionn*; *Cainche*, son of *Fionn*; *Glas* the son of *Aonchearda Bearra*, and *Mac Lughaidh*.

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

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

They landed at Inbhear Geiniath, in Britain; and proceeded to the mountain of Lodan Mac Lir; where they were not long when they heard the cry of the hounds, and they surrounded *Artuir*, and slew himself and all his retinue, and rescued their three favorite hounds. Goll Mac Morna, more cunning than the rest, cast a side-look, and beheld a magnanimous steed with reins of gold; and saw another with a silver bit chased with gold in its mouth; Goll captured both animals, and handed them over to Oscur, who gave them in charge to Diarmuid O Duibhne. They then returned to Ireland; and never halted until they reached old Moynalty, 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. Beay dob' alye yá'y žmyay,
 čoyayye ay Fhlyayy az tealčt ray leyly;¹
 d'Fhlyoyy m'ac Cúmayll, yryy dyt,
 do beayyayž m'ožayy ay byyt deyyž.

Cya tú féy, a m'ožayy, ay Flyoyy,
 yr alye yjay' ray byeazčta dealb,
 yr byyhe lyom fuyym do žlyy,
 'yá a b-fyyl me ceöl žo deayb?

Mjay-yuad-čmočac,² yr é m'ayym,
 yžyoyy Šhayyayš, mac Dholayy Deyy;
 ayd-mžž Šreayž, mo m'allačt ayy!
 do yayž me me Taye mac Tmeyy.

O. Čreay do beyy dá fečyayš ty,
 yá deyy m'yy oyy ayoyr;
 ay do čoymye žo lá ay byáč,
 žabayy do l'ayy tay a čoyr?

Hj žay fáč do čyžay fuyčt,
 dač ay žuyyl do bj ay a žyčy;
 dá člyay, jayball, a'f ceayy cajt,
 tá ay ay b-feay yac m'ayč ržčy.

Do řyúbyay ay dohay, fo čy,
 a'f yoyy f'azbay ayy mžž yá flayč;
 yočay řyrey ačt řybye, a Fhlyy,
 a'f yoyy žeall t'ayč m'ayacayl ayy.

Djoyfayš čy a yžyoyy óyž,
 do m'ayš M'ac Cúmayll, yáay clayš' m'ayy;
 yč t'uyryš ylye ay do ržáč,
 ya feačt ž-cač ačá 'ray b-Fhlyayy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Փարսո լարն-լի բէր, և Դիւրս,
 Իր ծարն լիս, շօ ս-ծարարս բրեւս;
 Բ'ր աս տէ ծ'ր շէր մե սարս և Ե-բար,
 շօ Ե-տարտարս լիր շա՛ռ Բ'ր շեւս.

Ձո բարս տօր և ծարարս լի,
 Իր է ծ'բարս մե լե բարս Ե-բարս;
 Իս ար սարսարս միւր լիր,
 ծօ Իրարարս լիր բարս ծօ ար Դիւրս.

Ո՛ր ծարս Իրարարս ար և Դիւրս,
 և բարս շարս ար ծա՛ռ ար ծիւ;
 ծիւ ո՛ր Ե-բարս լարս բարս ար սարս,
 սար Ե-բարս բարս Ե-բարս բարս և ծա՛ռ.

Իր շարս շօ Ե-բարարս սար տարս,
 ար տարարս Դիւրս Ե-բարս լարս,
 սարս սարսարս, Բ'ր սարս Ե-բարարս Դ'Դիւրս,
 ծա՛ռ Իրարարս շարս շարս Ե-բարս.

Շարարս ծարս Դ-բարս սար ծարս,
 ծո՛ր բարս լարս և ս-արարս շարս;
 ծարս ծարս սարս բարս շարս արս,
 շարս տարս մե Դիւրս մարս Դիւրս!

Ծօ շարարս արս, Բ'ր Ե-բարս և սարարս
 շարս սարարս, Դիւրս մարս Դիւրս;
 ծարս Դ-բարս Դիւրս շարս շարս,
 շարս բարարս շարս Ե-բարս.

Ծարս Դ-բարս տարարս, սարս Դ-բարս լարս,
 ծօ Ե-բարս արս շարս Դ'արս սարարս բարս;
 Բ'ր և Դիւրարս, ար շարարս Ե-բարս,
 Դիւրս ար շարարս սարս ծօ Ե-բարս.

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. Jarrnar Orcuri cead ar Fhionn,
 ʒið doilʒ hion é do luad,
 dul do cõmriac ah firi mhõiri,
 ah tau do cõharric dje na rluaz.

Do zãabairi cead uairn, ar Fhionn,
 ʒið eazal hion do currim erid;
 erimʒ! a' r beiri mo beannact leat,
 curimhð do zõil, a' r do zhirh.

ʒluairrear Orcuri, ah feari aiz,
 ar a lairh hõri curread bairn,
 ah laoc calma dob' fearu lairh,
 ʒo rairhe re Tarlc mac Tirerh.

Tabairi azaid dairra ferh,
 a Tharlc mhic Tirerh, ar Orcuri aiz;
 õri bairhrearra dõot do ceann,
 a h-dõõal ah dreach ro zõih do lairh.

Ðar do lairre, Orcuri aiz,
 ʒið buideac dõot baird¹ a' r beah;
 bhad tú azairra nõct ʒah ceann,
 a' r baird ah fearu, Fhionn, ʒo leairh.

¹ Baird, *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 Mae 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 Cpeaŋŋ 3o h-aolŋ-zeac.”
 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. 211 ʔeab éú13 11-01ðce a'ɾ éú13 la,
 b1 11 ð1ɾ 1111 éla1e a 131111ð;
 311 1111ð, 311 11eoc, 111 ð1e ɾ11111,
 311 é11e 1111e 11e 11111 11o 111e.

Do éð3111111, 11 ɾ111111, 0ɾ1111,
 111 é1ɾ 11 é011111e 31111b, 31e1e;
 3111 é11111e 11e'11 é1111e11111 do'1 ɾ1e11111,
 a'ɾ ð1 31111 1111111e 11e é13 11111e.

1111 do la1111e, a 11111e 1113,
 31ð 111 11111e11 ð101 11111 111 11e11;
 111 111 11311111 311 ée111,
 a'ɾ 11 11111 11 ɾe11 ɾ11111, 1e111.

111111-11111-é1111e11, 1111 11 ɾ3e11,
 11 111 é011111e 11e11 11 1111;
 311111 11111e 11 311111 ðe1113,
 a'ɾ 1111111 11111b a 11e113 é11e.

111 11 1111111, ð'é1ɾ 311 111e,
 1ɾ é 'ɾ1111 do é1111 111 é11e,
 11 11 3-111e ɾo ð'é1ɾ 11 311111ð,
 do 11111e 11 ɾ1111111 1111e-11-1111.

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.

ԼՁՕԵԿ ԶԻՔԱՐՇԱՅԸ ՈՉ ԼՁՈՆ ՈՇՔԱՐ.

Օ. Ո՛րք Ե-բաճա ճնրոյ, աղևաճ ըրոյ,
Շիճ յար ընճաճ, աօրեյոյ, ըրոյ;
Շար էրլալ ըճ'ր յ-ճնր տար լար,
Շարշեաճաճ էաճաճ Եա էրալճ Շոյոյ.

Ո՛րք Եաղղալճ ըճ ճո յեաճ,
ա'ր յոյ յնղալճ ճ'Բղոյոյ, յա ճո'ն Բղաղոյ;
աճճ ճ'բարբալճ ըճ ճո ճնր Եօրե,
Եա ըալճ ար Շ-ճօրղաղ ա'ր ար ճ-տրղաճ ?

Յա թս ընրոյ ա ճարշիճիճ ճիճ,
ար Ձօճա Եաճ յար ըճարեաճ էրոյճ;
ոյ էրեաճ ճո էսճ ճո'ն ճո թո էս,
Եա բաճ ճո էրղար յաղղ ըճարբարղ լնր ?

Ո՛ր էճարբաճ ճար ըճալ ար Եղ,
ըրղարղղ ա լարղ շար Եաճ ճ'աօր;
բարղ ոյ ընրոյ յղ էճարբաճ ճո յեաճ,
Շօ Ե-բաճալճ մե ճո ճ'աղղաղղ Բղոյոյ.

ճօ Եարբաճ էճար ճար, ար Բղոյոյ,
ա ճարշիճիճ ընրոյ յա ընր ճեաճ;
նղ բաճա աղղ աղ ճղղ ա Ե-բղղ,
ար աղ Շ-ճոյ ար լարճաճ Եղղ ընր Երնր.

ճօ ճղղար Ձօճա Եաճ ար լնճ,
ա'ր աղ ճարշեաճաճ Շօ ճնճ յա ճղղալճ,
Շօ ընրոյ լարղ աղ ճղղ,
'նղ ըալճ ար լար Եղղ ընր Երնր.

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 Taile Mac Treoin fell.

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

O. 2η ταν δο έσηαιηε αν Φηλαιη α'τ Φιουη,
 αν δ'η υδ αζ τεαέτ ηα η-δαη,
 ηρ εαζαη ηουη, δο ηαηδ αν Φηαιη,
 ηαέ φαδα ηρ ασηβηηη δο 2ηηαε Cúηαιη.

2η tu Φιουη, δο ηαηδ αν φαρη ααιηα,
 μα'τ tu, ηη αυηε δο δεαηβ λαοέ,
 αηηηη δο φεαηαδ ζο λα αν βηαέα,
 ηαέ tu δο φάηαιζ Ταηε ηαε Τηέηη.

Νη δο βυαδ ηο λαηηα δο έηηε,
 αν φαρη ηα η-ζαηηηηέαη Ταηε ηαε Τηέηη ;
 δο έοηη-αηηηη φέηη ηηηηρ αηοηρ,
 α'τ δο ζεαδαηη φηορ εηα λαζ αν λαοέ.

2ηεαηηαέ εηυαηδ ηα λαηη ηζλαρ ηζέαη,
 ηο έοηη-αηηηη, α Φηηηη ηηηε Cúηαιη ;
 ηηοη δεαηηζ αη ηο έοηηρ αηηηη,
 α'τ ηηοη λααδαδ λεδ ηέ έυη αη ζ-έυη.

Δο ζηυαηρ Ορчуη φα ζυέ αν ζηόηη,
 α'τ δ'φηαφηαιζ αν λεόηηηη ζαη ηζαέ ;
 αηη δο βυαηδ δο λαηηα α'τ δο λαηη,
 ηαέ ηζοηηηεαη αηη tu ζο βηαέ ?

Νη β-φυηλ αη ταλαη ηα δ-ηηοηη-φόδ,
 α ζ-εαέ ηα ζ-εοηηηαε ζαηβ ζηηαδ ;
 λαοέ δα έηέηηε α ηζηηοηη ζαηηηε,
 δο δεαηηζ ηε η-αηηη οηη ηηαιη.

Νη βέηδηη ηαηη ηηη, αη Ορчуη αηζ,
 ηηηηα εηζεαέτ ηε φάηηε δυηε δο'η Φηαιηη,
 α 2ηηεαηηηαηζ ηα λαηη ηζλαρ ηζέαη,
 ζοηηηεαη tu αηη ζο η-αοδαηβ.

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 ǰarǰiǰiǰ, a ǰ-lǰ, ǰr deapǰ laoc,
ad ǰmotaǰ ǰǰ dǰanaǰm car,
da mǰǰd do dǰǰǰ ar ǰearǰ ǰa b-ǰǰanǰ,
tǰǰǰǰ azǰǰ ǰad ǰem' lǰm.
- ǰ. 24ǰǰa b-ǰǰǰ azad acǰ buad aǰǰm,
ǰǰǰǰ ǰearǰ calǰa coǰǰǰ, a'ǰ ǰǰǰǰǰ;
do beǰǰǰm ǰarǰ deapǰ dǰǰǰ mo lǰm,
ǰo ǰ-ǰoǰǰǰǰǰ tǰ tǰǰ lǰǰ do ǰǰǰǰǰ.
24. ǰǰǰǰ dǰǰǰ, a 24ǰǰc Cǰmǰǰǰ calǰa,
do ǰǰǰǰ ǰarǰ ǰǰǰǰǰǰ dǰǰǰ ar d-tǰǰ;
cǰa leǰǰ, ǰo cǰǰǰǰǰ do ǰǰǰ,
Tǰǰǰǰ tǰǰǰǰ aǰ ǰǰǰǰ, 'ǰa ǰǰǰǰ ǰǰǰ.
- ǰ. Do ǰǰǰǰ Tǰǰǰǰ mac Tǰǰǰǰǰ ǰǰǰǰ,
le buad ǰearǰ-lǰǰǰǰ Oǰǰǰǰǰ aǰǰ;
do ǰǰǰǰ le Tǰǰǰǰ, do'ǰ ǰǰǰǰǰǰ ar d-tǰǰ,
ǰǰǰǰ deǰǰ ǰ-cǰǰǰ d'ǰǰǰǰǰǰ cǰǰǰ.
24. ǰǰǰǰ ǰǰǰǰ aǰ ǰǰǰǰǰ dǰǰǰǰ, a ǰǰǰǰǰ,
d'ǰǰǰǰǰǰ aǰ ǰǰǰǰ-bǰǰǰǰ doǰ' ǰǰǰǰǰ cǰǰǰ,
do ǰǰǰǰ ǰǰǰǰ bǰǰǰǰ leǰǰ aǰ b-ǰǰǰanǰ,
a tǰǰǰǰǰ ǰr ǰǰǰ d'ǰǰǰǰǰǰǰǰ ǰǰǰǰ.
- ǰ. ǰǰǰǰǰ ǰǰǰǰ do'ǰ ǰǰǰǰǰ,
ǰǰǰǰǰǰ ar aǰ ǰǰǰǰ do'ǰ ǰǰǰǰǰ;
acǰǰ aǰ tǰǰǰ do ǰǰǰǰǰǰ dǰǰǰ aǰ t-ǰǰǰǰǰ,
aǰ ǰǰǰǰǰǰ bǰǰǰǰ do ǰǰǰǰǰ ǰǰ.
24. 24'ǰ coǰǰǰǰǰ acǰǰ ǰǰǰǰ, ar ǰǰǰǰǰ,
a ǰ-ǰǰǰǰǰ tǰǰǰǰǰ Tǰǰǰǰǰ 'ǰa ǰǰǰǰ;
do ǰǰǰǰǰǰǰ ǰ ǰ dǰǰǰǰ do'ǰ ǰǰǰǰǰ,
ǰo ǰǰǰǰǰǰ ǰo ǰǰǰǰ le ǰǰǰǰǰ.

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
 Taile the strong and powerful and his bright love.

F. Taile Mac Treoin the great fell,
 By the power of the strong arm of Oscur the noble ;
 There fell by Taile, 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 Taile and his wife ;
 Thou shalt have it from one of the Fians,
 Or depart quietly with good will.

24. Ʒið Ʒo b-fuyl mo fluaiz̃ a b-fozar ðam,¹
 aþi ðaob̃ ay ènoic èoiþ na trãza ;
 uþ̃ iarfad a Ʒ-conƷuam̃, a Fhíuy,
 a' r uþ̃ fãƷfad aét ðiþ aƷaib̃ beð.
- Ƴ. Cia h-iað ay ðiþ ríy d'fãƷfari beð,
 a ƷheariƷaiz̃ na ríðƷ, aþi Fíoyy ;
 iþ ionƷya líom maþi ðuþƷtear leat,
 bãr leð uearic do ðabaþic dúuy.
24. TuþƷtear líom buþi m-bãr uþle,
 aét tuþa aiþari a' r do mác Ʒoð ;
 uþ̃ fãƷfad ay enoc ro Ʒo briaét,
 Ʒo u-focfad bãr Ʒhaþic mþe Ʒueoiþ.
- Ƴ. Nãr leðri leatþa a ƷheariƷaiz̃ na lauy,
 ðiþ taru a èeayy do ðuþicm do' u Fhéliuy ;
 a' r Ʒay ðeariƷ-ãri do ðabaþic aþi èacé,
 a' r a líaƷaét fearic cáþð do ðuþ leþi féliuy.
24. Níoi leðri líomþa, a Fhíuy na b-Ƴíayy,
 ðiþ uá tuþuþ a u-ðíol a bãrþ,
 ða m-biað aƷað ay oþueað eþle do' u b-Fhéliuy
 tuþicþð Ʒo léþi le mo láþiþ.
- Ƴ. Nã cuþi a u-ðóic̃ ðuþ féliuy, aþi Fíoyy,
 Ʒuþ b-fuþliuy líom ðiþ uá aoy,
 a u-éþue bãrþ Ʒhaþic 'ra mþa,
 do ðuþicm le d' láþiþ do' u Fhéliuy.
24. Ðã feaðar buþi láma a' r buþi uƷuþoiþ,
 a' r ðã mþeþð buþi líoy d'feariþb̃ cáþð,
 uþ̃ rƷarfad líb̃ Ʒo lá ay briaéta,
 uð ðíol na m-bãr do Ʒeaðað uaþb̃.

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

“Cia tarð mo fluaiz̃te taoib̃ líom,
 uþ̃ iarfad a Ʒ-conƷuam̃ rúð, a Fhíuy ;
 uþ̃ mian líom d'fãƷbãr beð aƷuþb̃,
 aét ðiþ o Ʒoiþ mo èþoiþ-cloþiþ.”

- M. Although my hosts are nigh at hand,
 On the side of the hill beside the shore ;
 I shall not ask their aid, O Fionn,
 And I will only leave two of you alive.
- F. Who are these two thou wilt leave alive,
 O Meargach of the hosts, saith Fionn ;
 I am astonished that thou shouldst think,
 By thy strength to put us to death.
- M. I am determined to kill all,
 But thee only, and thy son Aodh ;
 I shall never leave this hill,
 'Till I repay the death of 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) Ρήατριας! η̄ ἐπειρεὰς μοι μύη,
 ζυμὸν ζῆλας ἀνέβραβυθον Ἰονον ἀ' ἔριον Ἰηλαθον,
 ἀέτ' ἀνῆλθον Ὀρεσιν ἢ ἀ μ-βέριμεσθον,
 ἦμαρ ἐμὲ μοιῆν ἀοιῆν ἠελὸν ἠαῖν.
- Ἰ. 2) Ἐθελεμεζαῖς ἢ ἠελῶν λαθον ἠζέαι,
 δο μᾶρδον Ἰονον, δο ζῆμαρδον ζῆλον,
 δο ζεαδαθον κοίμας ἀδ ἀοηαῖαν,
 ἠὸν δὸν ἀδ δᾶρδον δ' ἠθῆλαθον ζῶν λαθον.
- 2). 2) ἀ' ἔριον λαθρα, ἀ Ἰηλαθον ἠηθον Κόνηαθον,
 ἠηθον δο κοίμας δο ἠηθον ἠηλαθον,
 ο ἠηθον ζῶν λαθρα, ἠὸν δ' ἀοιῆν βέριον,
 δῆλαθον ἠηθον λαθρα δ' ἠηλαθον ἠηλαθον.
- Ἰ. 2) Ἐπειρεσθον ἐμὸν ἀ' ἔριον ἐπειρεσθον,
 ἐμὸν λαθρα ἠηθον λαθρα ἀρὸν λαθρα,
 ο δῆλαθον ζῶν λαθρα λαθραθον ἀρὸν Ἰηλαθον,
 λαθραθον δῆλαθον δο κοίμαθον λαθραθον.
- 2). 2) Ἐπειρεσθον ἀοιῆν, ἀ Ἰηλαθον ἠηθον Κόνηαθον,
 ἠηθον ἀ β-ἠηθον ἀοιῆν κοίμας λαθραθον ἠηλαθον,
 δ' ἠηθον μοι ἠηλαθον, ἠηθον λαθραθον ἠηθον,
 ἀ' ἔριον ἠηθον ζῶν λαθραθον ἀρὸν ἠηθον.
- Ἰ. 2) Ἐπειρεσθον δο ἠηθον λαθραθον λαθραθον,
 ἀρὸν ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον λαθραθον, ἀρὸν Ἰηθον;
 ἠηθον β-ἠηθον λαθραθον λαθραθον ἠηθον ἠηθον,
 ἠηθον ἀοιῆν ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον.
- 2). 2) Ἐπειρεσθον, ἀρὸν μοι ἐπειρεσθον, δο μᾶρδον ἐπειρεσθον,
 ἀρὸν λαθραθον ἠηθον λαθραθον ἀρὸν β-ἠηθον;
 ἀρὸν ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον ἠηθον ἐμὸν λαθραθον,
 ζῶν β-ἠηθον λαθραθον ἀρὸν ἠηθον ἠηθον.

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

O. D'յուշն Չիարչաճ նա Լայն ոչԼար,
 ոյօր րԿաճ Լէր շօ յնայն ա իւաշ ;
 ծօ ճւրի Իլօյն Ելօնձ ար աղ Ե-Իճիւն,
 ա՛ր ճ'յուրի ճօլԵ մեճ ա շարիք.

Փօ յւրի՛ րեճԵ Յ-Կաճա՛ ան իւն ճօլԵ,
 ա՛ր շճ՛ յօլն աղ յօյաճ ծարի ;
 ճիլԵլն, ար իճ, Լեմ՛ ճօմարիւ րճիւ,
 իլ շարիք աղ Եաճալ սարիւ.

Փօ Լաճարի ար ծ-Եւր Լէր աղ ճեճ ճճԵ,
 ճա ոչօլիլ Կճ նա Լաճ յօլն իւր ;
 ճ'իլարիւն ճօլԵ ծօ շիճ ճրարիւ,
 աղ ծ-Ելօլիլիլ ծօ շիճճ՛ նա ճւրիք.

Փ՛իլարիւ ճարի ճ'աղ ճօղԵ ճ'իլօլն,
 շօ ծ-Ելօլիլիլ Եարի ա ճեղն շօ Երիճ ;
 ա ծարիլ Կճ նա ծ-Եալիլար ճիւրիլ,
 ճԵ շօ Լարիլարիլ Կճ նա Յ-ԿեճԵ Լարիլ.

Չ Ծարիլ Կճ նա Ե-րարի մեճճ'նաճ,
 ա Յ-Կճ նա ա ոչԼեճ ճա ճիլիլ շիլաճ ;
 նարի իճիլարիլ րճիւ ա յիճ ճարիլ,
 ա՛ր նա ճիլիլիլիլ շօ Երիճ աղ ճիւր.

Չ Ծարիլ Կճ նա Ե-րարի Ե-րճրաճ,
 նարի ճիլիլ ճօլԵ շօ Լա աղ Եարի ;
 ա՛ր Կճ նա մ-Եար իլարի մարի աղ Յ-ԿեճԵ,
 շօ Լարիլարիլ րճիւ ճարի ճճԵ.

¹ ՏեճԵ Յ-Կճճ, *seven battalions*. The names of the seven battalions are :—Կճ ոյօլ-իւր, i.e. the battalion of fresh heroes ; which name they bore on account of their fresh-looking complexion ; Կճ նա ծ-Եալիլար, the battalion of the chieftains ; Կճ նա Ե-րարի մեճարիլ, the battalion of the middle-sized men ; Կճ նա Ե-րարի Ե-րճրաճ, the battalion of the middle-aged men ; Կճ նա մ-Եար իլարի, the battalion of the stout men ; Կճ նա Ե-րարի մ-Եար, the battalion of the small men ; and Կճ նա յ-Եարիլարիլ, 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 caé na b-feam beaḟ fód,
 a' r ay caé na y-deoiḟ, na h-iarimáir;
 ḟo maḟadaim féin diḟtor na nḟuḟoim,
 a' r ḟo leaḟfaḟaoir é maḟ éac.¹

Do ḟoim ḟionn éuirze Oḟcur,
 maḟ feam túir ai ay ḟ-caé mionúir;
 a' r d'féafmaḟḟ de ay coimiac aoirféim,
 do 2heairḟac béairfaḟ ai d-túr.

21 dubairt Oḟcur ḟo d-tiubmaḟ féin,
 coimiac do tam éeayn na b-ḟiany;
 a' r má' r tuirim dam, a ḟhionn, ai fé,
 ir eaḟal ḟuim baofal diḟ am diḟḟ.

Ní h-aimlaḟḟ rir ir cóim, ai ḟionn,
 ba diḟé dúinny tu éuirim éimḟ;
 ir tu ai d-treoir, a' r ai d-timaé,
 ai d-taca, ai iay, a' r ai y-dion.

Ir ionayn dúinny rir nḟ rúd, a ḟhionn,
 ai Oḟcur, ná bí dá luad;
 má' r tuirim d'aoir neac do' y ḟhéinny,
 yḟ maḟaḟḟ leir raor fá buad.

Do ḟoim ḟionn ḟoll ba éalima neairt,
 a' r ba émuad ḟhionn fleaf a' r cloidim;
 a' r d'féafmaḟḟ a y-déaḟfaḟ coimiac,
 le 2heairḟac móir do leac-taoib.

21 ḟhionn, ai ḟoll, ḟo ḟarda ḟlic,
 ir féor rir, yḟ ḟimad leat mé;
 ba imay leat me éur a nḟuar,
 a' r Oḟcur o' y m-buaḟairt do beiré raor.

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

“ Saḟ leirḟ diḟneac ḟo la' y baḟr.”

In the direct path till the day of death.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- F. Nár zéallair-re led' éoil íaoi,
 zó z-cuirfead tu féin a nzuair;
 ar mo íonra mar zéall cáe,
 zay fearain ír náimeac uair!
3. Do zéallar, a Fhionn, zó fíon,
 zó leayfairuy do zúioin mar cáe;
 n'í maáad ar z-cúl ó'y z-caé,
 ma zabaday zac feari é do láin.
- F. Do zóin Fíonny D'iarumud Donn,
 a'í d'féarfmaiz Fíonny de zó caoyn;
 ay d-tubrad coimiac aoyn fíin,
 do Mhearizac émuaid na loyn n'zúioin.

Ní maáad a z-cóin-zlíad zó b'íac,
 le Mhearizac na nglar layn;
 a Fhionn, má'í coircéayn ay caé,
 bíad cóin maré le feari ayn.

D'féarfmaiz d'Fhaolán do zúé áin,
 a n-déayfad cóimiac tar a éioyn;
 a dubairre ré le Fíonny na b-Fíayn,
 oir n'íon éiac dá d-tuirtyn ayn.

Do íaoilear-ra, ar Fíonny, ay flairé,
 nac amlaid fíin do zéallair dúin,
 zac ar zéallar, ar Faolán,
 me mo maé n'í maáad ar z-cúl.

D'féarfmaiz do zac feari díob
 ay maáfad na aoyn leir;
 a dubairre zac aon do'y caé moyn úin,
 do léarimaoin díultad 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' քարալէ մար աղ շ-ճեւոյն աղ մալծ,
 և շ-ճա՛ն նա ծ-տօլբեւ՛ն քար լանի-ճեւոյ;
 ծօ Եւրբա՛ն Եւրբա՛ն լան ալ լան,
 ծօ Պիարիճա՛ն ճանա նա սլար լայն.

Չ ծննդար սլե Եւր ալ Եւր,
 նա՛ն մալծ քար ծօ լանբա՛ն ըլլ ծօ լուս;
 ա՛ն շօ մա՛նբա՛ն լե ճիլե,
 և շ-ճա՛ն ճա՛ն ինչիս ըրոյ-իլուս.

Ծօ լանալ լե՛ծ ծ՛ ճա՛ն շօ ճա՛ն,
 ա՛ր սլ Ե-բալլ նեա՛ն ծօն յօմլան;
 ծլ ծօ ճօնիա՛ն Պիարիճալ՛ն նա լայն,
 շար ճար աղ ճարն ալ նա Ե-լանանան.

Ծօ լանալ լե տօլբեւ՛ն նա Ե-լանանան
 ա՛ր սլօր լո՛ւ քար յարմա՛ն ծօն սլիա՛ն;
 և ճանալ շա՛ն ճօն ճիլ շօ ճար,
 շօ լանբա՛ն լե ճօն Ե-լան-Եւր.

Ծօ ճօն Քիոյն սլար Օրսլ ճիլ,
 սլլ ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ;
 նա Ե-լանանան ծօ ճանալ աղ ճա՛ն,
 ա՛ր նա քա՛ն ծ-տօլբեւ՛ն ճա՛ն ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ.

Ծօ ճանալ սլե ճար բալլ,
 ա՛ր սլօր ճիլ բանիբար ճիլ շօ լա;
 ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ շօ ճիլ ալ ճիլ,
 ա՛ր սլօր Ե-բա՛ն շօ Ե-բանալ աղ ճար.

Ծօ ճիլ Ե-լան-Եւր ճիլ ա՛ր ճար,
 ա՛ր ծօ Եւր Եւր ճա՛ն շօ ճար;
 ճիլ ճիլ Պիարիճա՛ն նա լայն սլար
 ա՛ր և ճիլ շօ ճար ալ աղ Ե-լան.

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.*

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

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

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

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

- O. Բխարալէբար Պարտզաճ նա լաոյ ոչլար,
 զո Պիսակ Տնիսիլլ լե տրեան չօրն չլօր ;
 ար ե՛ն րոյ առ լաօճ տաշարէս,
 զո ե՛ր ա ուրբե ցաճ ար ա ճօնարի ?
- Բ. Ո՛ր հ-ն չօ քերոյն, ար Բրոյն յակ Տնիսիլլ,
 ճճտ Շաօրն-Լիստ քրիստ նա ուրարիսիւն ;
 ո՛րոյ քրիստ լե հ-աօրն դեճ քրիստ զօ՛ր Բիսիսոյ,
 քիստ ճօնարակ ճճտ է ճճ տ-աօրարիս.
- Պ. Շարքաքրա, ա Բիսոյ, նա ճօնիճար իստ,
 քար քրիստ ճճ նարարիսիլ քրիստ ?
 քրիստ իստ ճճ քրիստ երիստ ար երիստ,
 ար Պարտզաճ քրիստ նա լաոյ ոչլար.

զօ չօրն Պարտզաճ քար լար քրիստ
 ճճ ար երիստ չօնիստ Քօրն Քօրակար ;
 ճճ քրիստ ճճ քրիստ ճճ քրիստ ճճ քրիստ,
 չօ քրիստ ճճ քրիստ ար Շիստ-ար-ար.

Ես իստիստ, քարտզաճ, քրիստիստ,
 զօ երի Քօրն Քօրակար ա՛ր Շաօրն-Լիստ ;
 ճճ չօրն ա՛ր ճճ քրիստիստիստ ա ճճ քրիստ,
 չօն քրիստիստ ճճ չօնիստ ար ճօն տօն.

զօ երի ար Բիսիսոյ ար ճօն ար ճօնիստ,
 ճճ քրիստիստ ար ճօնիստ նա լաօճ ;
 ա՛ր Պարտզաճ, ա՛ր ա իստիստ տօնիստ,
 ճճ քրիստիստ լե քրիստ Շաօրն-Լիստ.

զօ լարարի Քօրն չօ քրիստ քրիստ,
 չօնիստ երիստ քրիստ է ճօն ոչլար ;
 քրիստ զօ լար չօ ճօնիստ լեճ Քօրն,
 ա Շաօրն-Լիստ ճօնիստ նա լաոյ, ար իստ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bí an dír nárí éiláiré zliad,
 a3 zearmaid zo h-úir corp a' r ball;
 ó fórtáil zriéine zo neoiri dóib,
 zuri éuir Donn Donnáin zan éeann.

Tózbamaoidne an Fhianh óráid,
 záiri máoidce tpe marí éa3
 Donn Donnáin Mheari3aiz ná laim,
 cia éainiz éuzainh Caoih-liaé faoh.

A dúbairt Fionh ahh rih le Conán,
 o éianah ba éréan do zlóir;
 féac ahoir neairt do laih,
 ad t-aohair le fearu do' h t-rló3.

Hí féacápad neairt mo laih ná mo zúioih,
 le h-aoh neac díob zo briaé;
 dá m-bad tuirtm dam ran 3-caé,
 mo éúmad¹ hoi b-fada oirta Fhionh.

Ah tan éohairt Mheari3ac ná laim,
 zo d-tuz Caoih-liaé Donn fo lair;
 do zléar a éoirp cnué-áluim, zlan,
 a h-éide caéa madma a' r báir.

Do zluair zo ppar do lácairi Fhionh,
 a' r a dubairt leir do boirb zlóir teann,
 é féim do zabaíl a h-éide caéa,
 hó 'h laoc do b'féairi a3 é éuir ahh.

¹ Mo éúmad, 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 *Buizéan Chaoiréainh*, 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 Dorcain,
 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. D' émeazaim Fionn do boib zlóim,
 a' r dúbaimt naé leóm leat ar éuit fód; ;
 a dúbaimt reirean, 'r ir do ba fíon,
 nár leóm mar díol a n-éaz Thairc!
- Do zóim Fionn ar Bhunahan bhí,
 a' r éáimz zay ríic ar lan lúe;
 ir móir an taircairne, ar Mearzác,
 a fáimuil rin d'féar do luad línn.
- 2). Zóimreadra mo érom-fluaz ule,
 ar Mearzác fód féimz le Fionn;
 rzaoirread na laocma fód céile,
 iarimair na Féinne ná luad líom.
- O. Níom b-fada zo b-facamair az teacé,
 Orcuir aizeanta ná m-beimíonn z-cruaid;
 a lanh líoníca ná deap láim do bí,
 a Phátraic! ir díe an fear do luadaim.
- P. Aicéimr dúimh a Oirín íuaimc,
 cionnar do éuaid an caé do'n dír;
 nó an le Mearzác ná lanh nglar,
 do éuit do ínac, an t-Orcuir zmoide!
- O. Jyhírim duic, a Phátraic, ar d-éir,
 zur doilí z líom a beicé mar táim;
 a n-diaí z Orcuir a' r ná b-Fíann,
 a mearf ná z-clair zay foimh aráim!
- P. A émaí zán boicé! ir daicéid léim,
 naé a mearf ná z-clair duic o éir
 nó beicéa 'noir dá luad zay céill,
 a' r do leanfád zo fial miz ná n-dúl.

taken compassion on him, returned and pulled him with all their might and succeeded, but not without leaving the most part of the skin of his back stuck to the floor. It is traditionally recorded by the peasantry

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

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

- M. I shall muster all my mighty hosts,
 Saith Meargach angrily, to Fionn ;
 I shall let the heroes loose on each other,
 Of thy Fenian reserves do not speak to me.
- O. Not long was it until we beheld approaching
 Exasperated Oseur 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 Oseur.
- O. I tell thee, O Patrick, at first,
 That I regret being as I am,
 After Oseur 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. Երևա՛ց չա՛յ տա՛րք շո՛ւքս՝ ընձս՝ ընձս՝
 ԿՅսր՝ չօ բ՛յօր ըսմ՝ ընձս՝ ընձս՝ ;
 Կա՛ հ-ձա՛յր Կո՛յ չօ Լեռնաբայն՝ Պձա,
 Կ'ր չօ Ծ-երթի՛ցքի՛ն տրի՛ս՝ Կա՛ Ե-Բ՛այնս՝.

P. Կա՛ Կի՛ծ ձա՛ բայ՛ջեան, Կ Օրրն՝ Կի՛ց Բի՛նս,
 Կսր՝ ընձս՝ Կրթո՛՞ս Կր՝ ընձս՝ ընձս՝ Կսր՝ Կսր՝,
 Կօ Կի՛ Կն՝ Բի՛նս տրե՛ան չօ Լե՛ծս,
 Կոյր՝ Կր՝ ընձս՝ չօ Բան-Լա՛ց Ելա՛ց.

O. Զի՛ Բի՛ստի՛ց ! Կա՛'ր է՛ Պձա՛ Կա՛ Կի՛նս,
 Ես՛ց Կն՝ Ելա՛ց Կր՝ Կսր՝ Կն՝ Ե-Բ՛այնս ;
 Կա՛ Կրթո՛՞ս Կսր՝ ընձս՝ Կր՝ Կսր՝,
 Կոյ՝ Կի՛ծ Լա՛յծքի՛ծ Լե՛ս Լե՛ծ՝ Կա՛.

Զի՛նսր՝ ընձս՝ Կոյր՝ Կ Բի՛ստի՛ց,
 Կն՝ է՛ Կն՝ Պձա՛ չի՛նս Կր՝ Կ ընձս՝ Կսր՝ ;
 Չօ Կս՛ց բայ՛ց Կսր՝ Կն՝ Կն՝ Ե-Բ՛այնս,
 Կ'ր Չսր՝ Ե'ն՝ Կրթանս՝ Կսր՝¹ Կ Չ-Ելա՛ց.

P. Կսր՝ Կսր՝ Կսր՝, Կ'ր՝ Կի՛ Կրթանս՝,
 Չսր՝ Կսր՝ Կսր՝ Կա՛ Կն՝ ընձս՝ ;
 Կն՝ Կրթանս՝ Կա՛ Կն՝ Կն՝ Կրթանս՝ Կ Կրթանս՝,
 Կրթանս՝ Կսր՝ Կսր՝ Ե'ն՝ Կ Կն՝ !

O. Կի՛ ընձս՝ Կն՝ Բի՛նս Կ Կրթանս՝,
 Կա՛ Կրթանս՝ Պձա՛ Կա՛ Կսր՝ չի՛նս ;
 Կսր՝ ընձս՝ Կա՛'ր է՛ Կս՛ց Կսր՝,
 Կա՛ Ե-Կսր՝ Կրթանս՝ Կ Կ-Կսր՝ ընձս՝.

P. Կր՝ է՛ Պձա՛ Կս՛ց Կսր՝ Կն՝ Կն՝ Ե-Բ՛այնս,
 Կ'ր՝ Կի՛նս Կսր՝ ընձս՝ ընձս՝ Կա՛ Կ Կրթանս՝ ;
 Կա՛ Կ Կոյր՝ Կն՝ Կն՝ 'ր՝ Կ Կոյր՝ Կն՝ Կն՝,
 'ր՝ Կր՝ Կրթանս՝ Կա՛ Կրթանս՝ Կ Կրթանս՝.

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

- O. Misery without redress attend thyself,
 And truly thy clerics
 Do not say to me that I would follow God,
 And that I would forsake the chief of the Fians.
- P. Do not be arguing, O Oisín son of Fionn,
 Tell us how the battle of Cnoc-an-air ended ;
 The Fians were mighty enough,
 But now they are weak and feeble.
- O. O Patrick ! if it be the God of grace
 Who spread that report about the Fians,
 Do not believe from him henceforth
 Anything he tells thee during thy days.
- Relate to me now, O Patrick,
 If it be that God of love who said,
 That he himself conquered the Fians,
 And that *cold* hell is their habitation.
- P. I tell thee, and 'tis no falsehood,
 God's own mouth hath declared to us,
 That those who will not follow his counsel
 A hell of pains will be their dungeon !
- O. The Fenians never followed his counsels,
 Believe not thou God of the feigned speech,
 Tell me if it were HE that obtained victory
 Where he found hosts their match.
- P. It is God who obtained victory over the Fians,
 And did not ask the aid of battalions or hosts,
 But his own strength and timely power,
 And truly his speech is not feigned.

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

- O. Ná cmeib hǵd ar bǵt dá luadann,
 má deim zo muǵ buad ar ah b-Ǵéim;
 zan fluaǵ ná tóim na dáil,
 ná zeall zo bmaé acé é féim.
- P. Jr é Dja féim ah uile fǵlǵ,
 jr é Dja tóim a' r heart éacé;
 jr é Dja muǵ buad ar ah b-Ǵéim,
 a' r hǵ le heart laoc ná tóim éam.
- O. Zuoir faoi bǵǵ do leabaim báim,
 a' r do baéaille tá le na air,
 faoi fǵannán do éloǵ ǵlóm áim,
 ah b-fuil breáǵ iona máǵdeam leat?
- P. Z Oimǵ cmeib uaim zo fǵim,
 ǵac fǵotal dá h-umǵim duat ar Dhja;
 zo b-fuilid zan éilǵ, zan breǵ,
 a' r ǵim b'é féim do fǵeǵl dúim ǵad.
- O. Ǵac fǵotal d'ár aǵimǵ duat,
 hǵ mǵm mo éirt, acé amám;
 mair a deim leat ǵim ab uaid féim,
 muǵ buad ar ah b-Ǵéim ah aonaim.
- P. Do muǵ buad ar a d-táimǵ fǵim,
 ó éur ah doimám mǵim zo fǵim;
 a' r béaimǵ ar a d-tocfa ná h-diaǵ,
 dá éimǵe ǵad zo deim ah t-faoimǵil.
- O. Ná cmeib focal dá h-dúaimǵ maim,
 ná fǵim da h-déaimǵ le na maé;
 óim ǵmáé leim beim dá luad,
 ǵim b'é muǵ buad ar ah b-Ǵéim.

- 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 Oisin, believe me truly,
 Every word that I relate to thee of God ;
 Is without guile or falsehood,
 And 'twas himself who taught them to us.
- O. Each word that I have related to thee,
 My query is not much, but only,
 Whether he tell thee that it was by himself alone
 He obtained sway over the Fians.
- P. He obtained sway over all that have been
 From the beginning of the world surely,
 And he will, over all that will come after,
 Though great their might, till the world's end.
- O. Believe not a word he hath ever uttered,
 Nor yet what he may say during his day,
 As he is constantly proclaiming
 That 'twas he who gained victory over the Fians.

P. Jr deapib leatpa zo m'feáru an Fhianu,
 ná d-táirigh mian' a' r a d-tiocfaid fód;
 'r jr deapib liompa zo m'feáru Dia,
 ná turá azur iad, a feadhóir!

O. Jr corinúil nac b-faca tu an Fhianu,
 ná d-tionól zliad a n-am zleó;
 uíor corinúil ne rianrau pralm,
 ná ne cloiz az carmaire, a z-ceól.

Níor corinúil le Dia, a Phátraic,
 a fluaž mórúalac, óirdeairc, rúo;
 n'í eualaid tarz éacacá mian',
 acé a z-cuirre 'ran éliar da élu.

P. Níor aitéir mipe ná an éliar,
 ó éur duje tiam a máic z'hoim;
 maic do-éiróénaizé, a máic,
 a Oirín, jr ead zo fíor.

O. Ní zéillim, a Phátraic, do Dhia,
 ná fód dod' bmaépa jr leam zlóir;
 zuir máic é féir ná a z'hoim,
 ór duiré é do bíor zai caé, zai rlóz.

P. Ní ianau tóir caéa ná rlóz,
 a Oirín zo deó ná dáil;
 acé moirrear coéram do méir tuilim,
 a' r n'í b-fažau mlléad ó ná námaid.

Cmeid uaim fód a' r zéill zo fíor,
 a Oirín baoré nac nzmáðau Dia;
 a' r má' r maic no ole leat é,
 jr é do coirz méir ná 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 éanaif breáḡ, n̄ h-é D̄ia,
 muḡ buad̄ na b-ḡiaḡ, n̄ a m-bár;
 a'ḡ d̄a ḡ-deáirḡaḡd̄ ceairc̄ n̄a coḡriam̄ muáin̄,
 do moirḡreáḡ ḡo r̄iall̄ aḡ t-áir̄aḡ.
- P. Roirḡceair̄ leat̄ aḡáḡ a'ḡ deoc̄,
 do ḡac̄ cuḡd̄ d̄a b-ḡaḡaḡḡ aḡ éliai;
 tuḡḡḡoim̄ liom̄ ḡuim̄ n̄áir̄eac̄ duic̄,
 maḡla a'ḡ ḡuḡ do éabaair̄c̄ do D̄hia.
- O. ḡḡa ḡeib̄im̄re aḡáḡ a'ḡ deoc̄,
 a'ḡ r̄úil̄ ḡaḡ éoḡḡ amearḡ n̄a ḡ-cliaim̄;
 a Ph̄átr̄aic̄! n̄ ḡeair̄aim̄ aḡ aoū éoim̄,
 do D̄hia ḡo b-ḡaḡceair̄ḡ aḡ muáim̄.
- P. C̄ioḡḡaḡ dob̄ féir̄d̄im̄ do leat̄ muáim̄,
 aḡ taḡ ḡeib̄im̄ b̄iaḡ maḡ éac̄;
 n̄ coḡr̄m̄úil̄ ḡuim̄ leat̄-éum̄aḡd̄ r̄im̄,
 a Oir̄im̄, ir̄ m̄iḡic̄ do ḡláim̄!
- O. ḡ Ph̄átr̄aic̄! n̄ émeir̄deir̄im̄ do D̄hia,
 tuḡra, n̄a 'ḡ éliaim̄ n̄ac̄ caoim̄;
 m̄a'ḡ a ḡ-éir̄eac̄t̄ ḡeab̄maoḡd̄ b̄iaḡ,
 ḡuim̄ ab̄ ioḡaḡḡ aḡ muáim̄ r̄a moim̄.
- P. ḡ Oir̄im̄ n̄a cuim̄ a r̄uim̄ n̄ ḡuim̄ m̄o
 a b-ḡuair̄im̄ d̄'auḡr̄oḡd̄ amearḡ n̄a ḡ-cliaim̄;
 leat̄-éum̄aḡd̄ n̄ deáir̄ḡadaim̄ muáim̄,
 'ḡ ir̄ feáim̄ a ḡ-ole n̄a maḡé n̄a b-ḡiaḡḡ.
- O. Olc̄ aḡuim̄ aḡḡuim̄ óḡáim̄,
 do éuim̄c̄im̄ a ḡ-d̄áil̄ do éliaim̄;
 a'ḡ n̄a maḡair̄im̄ r̄aom̄ ó n̄a ḡḡoim̄,
 óim̄ ḡoim̄ éoḡr̄m̄úil̄ r̄ib̄ le r̄luac̄ n̄a b-ḡiaḡḡ.

- 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 řeanóřiu léřé,
 nać jomóuř leat cléřiu ná Đia ;
 tiorfařđ tmařé 'uar dřé leat é,
 řo dořlb a ŋ-đaoř žlar ná b-řianu,

O. Jf leđř ljom do đaoř žlar řian,
 beřé ameafř ná ř-cliar mar tářm ;
 ař řeřćean ař žmářařb Đé,
 do mořnyear řo caol aŋ t-aríau.

Nř corřmúřl řřb ná búř ŋ-Đia,
 le řřom ař mar a'ř ař mořny arářu,
 ŋřom mairrear¹ leřř řluaž ná b-řřianu,
 a'ř a đ-třžead náć řad ná đařl.

Nř mar řřđ đurře a'ř dod cléřiu,
 ná đ'a búř řaoř-řlaré řř mđř cařl ;
 řř mđř řřb třuažau² boćt, řaŋ mar,
 aŋ búř meafř a ćumplaćt aŋ žolařu.³

P. Đob' jomóuř lnye a'ř le Đia,
 a řeanóřiu ľać tu beřé đ'ar řéřiu ;
 ná beřé řaob-řařđtealć ľorřa,
 mar řř řyáć tura, a Ořřř baorć !

O. Žl řřatřařć ! do đeanřařřđ do řéřiu,
 a'ř dob' jomóuř ľom řéřř do Đřřa ;
 aćć řřř mřřřć ľom do ľuađařř,
 řo řuž buad ar řřřřř ná b-řřianu.

¹ Mairrear, a *burthen*, a *family*. Here Oisín indicates that Fionn would not close his doors or refuse food to any that visited him, no matter how numerous they came.

² Třuažau. This word signifies a person in the most abject state of poverty and want.

P. It is grievous to me O hoary old man,
 That thou lovest not the clerics and God ;
 A time will come when thou shalt regret it
 Sorrowful in the bonds of pain.

O. It is enough for me of cruel bonds of pain
 To be with the clerics as I am,
 Awaiting the grace of God,
 Who slenderly shares with me the bread.

Not like are ye or your God,
 To Fionn sharing and giving bread,
 He would feel no burthen in the Fenian hosts,
 Or in all who came in his presence besides them.

Not so with thee and thy clerics,
 Or thy chief though great his fame ;
 Ye grudge a poor feeble wretch
 To dwell among you, O crying horde.

P. We and God would rejoice
 O hoary old man, that thou wert of our way,
 Nor to be vainly garrulous and tedious
 As thou always art, O silly Oisín !

O. O Patrick ! I would do as thou desirest,
 And 'tis I that would love thy God,
 But only that thou too often proclaimest [Fians.
 That 'twas he who obtained sway over Fionn of the

⁸ *Solan* 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. Եզոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն
 եւ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

Օ. Եւ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 եւ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն :
 ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

Ճոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 եւ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն ;
 եւ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

Փո ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 եւ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն ;
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

Փո ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

Ձ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն ;
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

Ք. Ձ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն ;
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն,
 ըստ ինչոյնսն ըստ ինչոյն !

P. Peace be with the battalions of the Fians,
 They were mighty and their fame was great;
 Relate to us now without grief,
 Who gained the victory at Cnoc-an-air?

O. Though it would be my desire to talk of them,
 And to relate it with much pleasure,
 I shall tell thee if I am served [with food],
 Of the fierce conflict at Cnoc-an-air!

Meargach of the green blades,
 And Oscr, engaged fiercely in single combat,
 O Patrick! hadst thou seen the two
 Thou wouldst not praise the actions of God's only son.

We, the Fenians, all were
 Trembling intensely, and in heavy grief,
 Apprehensive our hero would fall
 By the mighty Meargach of the stern arms.

The hosts of Meargach of the green blades
 Were spiritless and joyless, shedding tears,
 Fearing for the fall of their head and chief
 By Oscr of the severe arm and sharp blades.

O Patrick! wert thou a spectator
 Of all the traces of the sharp swords
 Which were on the bodies of the stern warriors,
 Thou wouldst not mention God or the clerics.

P. O Oisin! 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. Ձ Ձիւղաւազալ՛ճ ! ար Օրբար ծրալծ,
 ձո ձարից յո լարս ար ձո ձորս ;
 ձո ձարիւս իյոմ ձ'բօլ ձո ձիւն,
 ձ'ր տա յարիցծծ աղ ձալլ' աջ տաճտ օրտ !
- Ձի. Ոլ հ-ազալ իյոմ ձար ձո՛ ձարն,
 ղա արս և յ-ար մե, Օրբար բէլ ;
 լլ ձարն իյոմ ձո ձարիկ կոս,
 ձ'ր և մարեանս ձոծ ձո՛ ձուսճ բէլս.
- O. Եր ձարն իյոմ և Ձիւղաւազալ՛ ձիւս,
 ղաճ քաճա սար ձոլս աղ ձալլ,
 ձ'ր ձո ձ-արբար-րլ ձ'ր ձո ձիւղ-ղիւսճ,
 կոմքա ձ'ր և ձիւսճ Գիւղա Գալ.¹
- ձո ձիւղ Օրբար ձոլն ձ'ր քիւսոճ,
 ձ'ր ձո ձոճ և լարս լար-սաճաճ ;
 և մարե մարմանս ձ'ր ձարտ լարն,
 ձար ձիւղ ձո լար Ձիւղաճ ձիւս.
- Ոլոմ և-քաճա ձո՛ղ լաոճ ար տարիս,
 աղ տար ձ'արիցճ ձար տար արլլ ;
 ձո ձա՛ն՛ ձարե յար ձիւ աղ քար,
 ձ'ր ձո ձիւղաւազ և ձարտ 'րա ձիւղն.

¹ Գիւղա, Գալ, *the Fians of Fail*. Գալ, or Խր Գալ, 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 Խաճ Գալ, or Stone of Destiny, and of which the poet writes :—

“Օղ ձ-ուոճ ձո տա քոմ՛ ձա ձալ,
 Եր սարե մարեար Խր Գալ.”

From this stone which is under my two heels,
 The Island of Fail is called.

This stone was considered enchanter 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 Seythia 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 éairé an dír deaḡ-laoc ḡlan,
o aḡairc maḡbue ḡo h-ḡair-ueoir;
ḡan rḡc, ḡan roraḡ, ḡan cáirde,
oc! a Phátraic, a n-dian-ḡleḡ.

D'ḡairmaḡḡ ḡheairḡac d'Orcuri aḡḡ,
an d-tḡéḡḡḡḡ ḡo lá an ḡleḡ;
a dubairc Orcuri do ḡeabaḡ do ḡian,
a' r do ḡḡairneadaḡ iad a maon.

ḡairḡadaḡ an dír laḡ an laḡ,
a' r do ḡab an fáairḡe a ḡuaḡ féir,
do ḡuaḡr Orcuri ḡo calma, meair,
ḡan leirḡ aḡac maḡ an b-ḡhéir.

Bhḡ dmeam aḡairn ḡo rúbaḡ, ḡairic,
a' r dmeam eirle fá ḡuaḡm na nḡé,
ḡo h-ḡairḡḡḡ ḡairne air na ḡairac,
ḡair éirḡḡ an nairḡaḡ éḡairn ḡo tḡéan.

Do éairḡ Orcuri a n-ḡeide caḡa,
a' r do ḡlac a airn 'ra rḡac na dḡḡ;
do éirall a ḡ-cḡḡḡaḡl 'ra ḡ-coirne,
ḡheairḡaḡḡ maḡe, an tḡéan leḡma.¹

D'ḡairmaḡḡ an dír an daḡa lá,
air maḡbḡ ḡo laḡ-ḡmod dḡan;
aḡ ḡeairmaḡ a' r aḡ cḡeacḡḡaḡ a céirle,
a' r nḡair b-fada ḡair ḡair² an ḡhian.

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

² ḡair, a shout. The Fenians were wont to shout loudly at any signal victory obtained by them, whether in the field or elsewhere; and Donnchadh Ruadh mhic Conmara, in his *Eacuteira Shḡolla an ḡuallaḡ*, 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 Oseur the noble,
 If he would relinquish the battle for the night ;
 Oseur 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 ;
 Oseur 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.

Oseur 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 nu3 aη macaη aη baη mo mēaraib,
 Do nuη ré 3aηη óraηb a' r bēiceac,
 Le fuaim a 3óca do ényéacā na rrearaéa,
 Do éuala aη ényuηhe é a' r éuηi rrearaηη 3éηη 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. Criead an fáe ar záiú an Fhianh,
 a Oiríú zírúú aicéur dáiúú ;
 ná deaíúad, aicéim, do maíð,
 ir mliú¹ do rzeól ari rúð.
- O. Níor záiú máoiðce, a Phátríac náad !
 do éðz an Fhianh an tríaé úð ;
 acé záiú éaoiúce a' r ériáðceacé,
 záiú zólaíú a' r záiú éúháð !
- P. Criead fáe ar éaoiúeadar an Fhianh,
 ir fáda líom zó noécaíú fáe,
 ir coríúúí mair leahar do laoi,
 zó maíð Orcuí a líon cíúad-éaíú.
- O. Dob' é fáe fo'ri záiúí aa Fhianh,
 a Phátríac ná cléíúe zó deaíú ;
 an tréar béim éuz Mearzác ná laíú,
 d'fáz Orcuí zó fáoiú fáoi éalaíú !
- Zíú taíú do éoiáicéari Orcuí ar láíú,
 do íaoíleamari a' r cáe zó maíð zaiú aíam,²
 acé híoi b-fáda do'ú laoc cíúðá,
 an taíú d'éíúúz beó ná íearaíú !
- Zí Orcuí, ar Fíoiú ná b-Fíaiú,
 hí fácaíú maíú do éoiú ar láíú ;
 ar úíú talíúan zúí aíú,
 az aoiú zaiúííðeac dá búíúbe láíú.
- Ir deaíú líomra ar Mearzác ná laíú,
 zó m-bíad Orcuí zó fáoiú zaiú rpar ;
 azúí an éúíð eíle do'ú Fhianh,
 acé túra azúí Zóð Beaz aíháíú.

¹ Mliú 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.

* 5аη аηаη, literally *without spirit*, meaning that he was a lifeless corpse.

- O. Dub-rlan na Féinne fúgáit,
 a Mheariúgáit éruaid na uglas lann;
 o deariúgáid liom ar do éoir,
 uí h-eagal do'n Fhianh do éann.
- Cuirínnid, a Orcuir, ar Conán maol,
 do tuirim do'n Fhianh zuir díe;
 cuirínnid ar zác caé cruaid,
 do féarínúgáir do fluaigéirib Fhinn.
- Do rreaz Conán Orcuir aig,
 a' r éuz aúaid zo dána ar Mheariúgáit éméan;
 uí fácaid fóir, a Phátraic!
 caé dob' féarínúgáir díir laoc.
- Dob' é rúd an caé ba dían,
 a Phátraic! na z-cliar zán zó;
 caé zán fórad, caé zán páirt,
 caé zán rtaona a ugarib zleó.
- Do bí an díir dob' aithe chear,
 Orcuir a zuir Mheariúgáit a deair me;
 an dána lá ar d-teaéit heoir,
 a' r uíor h-aíthe a z-cló na rzéirín.
- Ní maib ball dá z-comraib caoir,
 zán mian créaéit, na zoir lann;
 o bácar¹ cinn, zo boinn tríaéit,²
 dúinne a' r do éac uíor zmeann.
- A Orcuir! cuirínnid zuir leó' láir,
 do tuir zruazáit an Dúir Óir;³
 má cuiréar le Mheariúgáit ar z-cul tú.
 uí aitéirib dúir tú, ar Fíorh na b-Fhianh.

¹ Bácar. 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 Oseur, 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 Oseur,
 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,
 Oseur 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 Oseur ! remember it was by thy hand,
 The wizard of Dunore fell ;
 If by Meargach thou art vanquished,
 We recognise thee not, saith Fionn of the Fians.

² Πηᾶετ, or βοηη πηᾶετ, used poetically for πηοῖς, the foot ; however, βοηη πηᾶετ, or βοηη πηοῖς, means the sole of the foot.

³ 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, Ναὲ κυρήνῃ λεατ ζυρ τεαηῃ δο βί,
 Νοίρηγὰδ πλανηδα ἀη Φύην Ὀρη,
 ο ηὰὲ η-αιτῆγζῆεαι ληνῃ δο ζῆύρη,
 cloρηεαι ληνῃ ζαὲ τριάτ δο ζλόρη.
- Ναὲ κυρήνῃ λεατ ταρη ἔρη ἀη ἄρη,
 ζυρ λεατ δο ἐυτε Ταρη μαε Τρηορη?
 ἀ'ρ ζαὲ ζαιρηζῆεαὲ ἀ'ρ τρέαη ῖλυαζ,
 δο ἐυζ ἀ ἐυαι' αι ἀη β-Ἡῆρη.
- Βα δεαρηβ ληνῃ υρη, ἀη Ἡηρη,
 ηὰρη β-ῥαδα ὀ'η η-δῆρη ἀη τ-ἔαζ;
 βα ζῆαρη ζυρ β'αοῖβηνῃ δύρη,
 αι δ-τυρηζῃ ζαη λυτ δο'η ῥεαι τρέαη.
- Cρη ἐυτε αι ταλαῖη ἀη λαοὲ,
 ἀ ζ-ερεατῆιβ ἔαζα δαρη ληνῃ;
 δ'ἔρηζῆδ ζο calμη μεαι αιρη,
 ἀ'ρ δύβαρη, ηρ δῆτ ρο δο'η Ἡῆρη.
- Do βῆ ἀη ηεὸρη ἀ β-ροζυρ δύρη,
 ἀ'ρ δο τυζεαδ δο'η Ἡῆρη ἀ'ρ δο ἐαὲ;
 ζο μο ἐυβε ἀη δῆρη λαοὲ,
 δο ρζυρ ὀ'η ηζλεὸ ζο λα.
- Do λαβαρη Ἡρη ηρη ηα ρρη ἐαμη,
 ἀ'ρ δύβαρη ζυρ μαρη δὸῖβ αιαοη;
 ρηαοηα ὀ'η ζ-εαὲ δο ἐοῖρ ἀ ἐῖρη,
 ζο η-ερηζῆδ ζῆῆρη ἀ μαρηαὲ λαε.
- Ἐ δύβαρη Ἡεαρηζαὲ ηα ηζλαρ ληνῃ,
 ηρ κυβε ρρη, ἀ Ἡρη ηρη Cύρηηη,
 ἀ'ρ ηῖορη ἐαρηαῖδ ηηαῖη ηοη ἀ ηζλερη,
 λαοὲ ηρ τῆῆρη ηεαρη ἀ'ρ λυτ.

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 *Εατρη ἀη Ἡηαδαρη Ἡῆρη*, i.e., *The Adventures*

O. Dost not thou remember how powerful was
 Nosniadh, the flower of Dunore ;
 As we recognise not thy countenance,
 Let us always hear thy voice.

Dost thou not remember after the slaughter,
 That it was by thee Tailc Mac Treoin fell?
 And each hero and mighty host,
 That made a journey towards the Fians.

We, the Fenians all, perceived,
 That death was not far from the two ;
 'Twas not long till we were joyful,
 On the feeble fall of the mighty man.

Though the hero fell to the ground,
 In the spasms of death, as we thought,
 He arose quickly and fiercely again,
 And saith, " this is sad for the Fians."

The evening was nigh at hand,
 And the Fians and all conceived,
 That it was better the two heroes
 Should cease from the conflict for the night.

Fionn spoke to the mighty men,
 And said it would be to the renown of the two,
 To give up the battle of one accord,
 Till the rising sun on the morrow.

Meargach of the green blades said,
 That is but just, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill ;
 And I never yet encountered in battle,
 A hero mightier in strength and vigour.

of the Big Fool, or Simpleton ; in which reference is made to ΣΗΜΑΖΑC
 of ΘΗΥΗ ΑΗ ΟΠΗ, which may refer to either locality. This poem will
 appear in our Transactions at some future period.

O. O uóct amác, a Bhéaríúgáíú éruaid,
 cuirim ruar duirce, a' r d'Fhionn;
 do ló uó d'oidce, a gur zo briaé,
 uó gur bá r do éeáctarí dúngh.

Do rzuim an dír deaú-laoc ó' h' hgléð,
 an oidce rin a' r ba éméáctac tinn;
 a z-coimr, a b-feóil, a' r a z-cuáma,
 zan brijú, zan blað, zan feidim.

Ar na máraé ar amarc lae,
 d'ionnraíú a céile an dír zo dian;
 ba éalma uearí a' r zhoim láma,
 ar talam dá d-táimz mam.

Dob' iad rúð, a Phátraic, an dír,
 ba zairbe, a' r ba éméne a hgléð;
 'rir feairí do éuríeáð arteaé zo cuáim,
 lanh d'a láim¹ dá b-facað fór.

Ní fácar fór dír mar iad,
 a uearí, a mam, na d-trean lúé;
 a z-calmaéct, a mme, a' r a mrrueac,
 a' r a n-mimíe ar meamair, dar lom.

Ní fácað a ramuil rúð amon,
 az fulanú tnom-béimean cuaid;
 az zearmíad feóla, a' r chear éaom,
 az rearám zan fleað, zan ruan.

A d-treire,² a d-treine, 'ra lúé,
 zan teimce a b-fonn 'na ndáil;
 do bí an dír zan rzuim ó' h' hghóm,
 do ló uó d'oidce airí feað deic la.

¹ Lanh d'a lám, *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-b.

- O. Ձ Պիարիչալէ՛ ըբարձ նա լայն ոչլար,
 ար Օրբար, չօ տեայ ծրար;
 իր ոճր աղ յալիւ ճննոյն արար,
 բաժ շա՛ն շլե՛ծ արի ար լանա.
- Ձ. Ձ Օրբար! իր տն ար բարձ լան,
 ճ՛ար յարի ան ըճնճալ յան;
 ծօ շարի իյոյ իր է բրձ
 ար Պիարիչա՛ն, ա՛ր ծօ իյոյ նա Բ՛իարի.
- O. Ոյ հ-է մօ ըբրձո՛ն նա բրձո՛ն նա Բ՛իարի,
 ա Պիարիչալէ՛ ըբարձ նա ոչլար լայն;
 տարի մար լաճարի լե՛՛ծ լան,
 ար Օրբար նա մարձտե տեայ.

Ծօ շլա՛ն Օրբար նա լայն ոչար,
 մեարարի, բա շար ծօ՛ն ա ինար;
 ոյոյ Բ-բաճա չօ ո-ճնարի տար ըր,
 աղ տեայ շլօր Պիարիչա՛ն, Բա իարձ իսայ.

Բարձ տա ար ճի՛ն իյն նա իսայ,
 ա Պիարիչալէ՛ ըբարձ! ար Օրբար ար;
 ոճ շար ծար ար ճի՛ն բրի,
 ոճ ճարի, մար ինարի, ար լար.

Ոյոյ Բ-բաճա ճննոյն տօն ար շօն,
 աճ ինարի ա՛ր աճ ըրտեճտ լե՛ծ;
 չօ մար Պիարիչա՛ն ար ըն ինարի,
 աճ Օրբար նա մ-բնարի շ-բարձ.

Ոյ Բ-բարի ինար նա ինար ծ Օրբար,
 ճտ ճա՛ն Բնար բարձ ճա՛ն լարձ չօ տեայ;
 ա Բ-բնարի աղ ընարի բարձ,
 ծօ Պիարիչա՛ն, շար Բարի ա ընար!

- O. O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 Saith Oseur, stoutly and aloud,
 Great is the shame to us both,
 That the conflict is on our hands so long.
- M. O Oseur! 'tis thou that hast the hardiest hand,
 That ever played with me ;
 Thy fall by me will be the end,
 Saith Meargach, and the end of all the Fians.
- O. It is not my end, nor the end of the Fians,
 O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 To fall, as thou sayest, by thy hand,
 Saith Oseur of the stern words.

Oseur of the sharp blades assumed
 Courage, though weak was his appearance ; [said,
 It was not long afterwards till the boastful Meargach
 It would be well if we took repose.

Thou shalt not take food or repose,
 O stern Meargach ! saith noble Oseur,
 Until thou art beheaded,
 Or that I, as thou boastest, shall have fallen.

Not long were we on both sides,
 Ministering and listening to them ;
 Till Meargach was behind his shield,
 Prepared for Oseur of the severe blows.

Oseur did not give him rest or quarter,
 But severely dealt each fierce blow ;
 At the close of the severe combat,
 Of Meargach he cut his head.

O. Do éozbamairne, ah Fhianh, zairi nuidri,¹
 a' r caé zairi éaoirte zo cnuaid;
 a dúbairt mac Mheairzai z na lauh,
 tizead fear ah éoihdail uair?

Thairiz na éoirzihid, a' r na éoihdail,
 Louzadán mac Bnuaidri na h-eac;
 airim hie Mheairzai z na lauh,
 Ciaidán dob' fózallaé a d-tuar.

Sul fó d-tuzam táiz ah éacá,²
 Orcur ba éruaz z ah cur a ruim;
 do bí lionta do éreáctair ádbal,
 o Mheairzac cioda na z-cnuad zhirih.

Ruzamar ah laoc calma,
 o amair na b-fear mōir-éieah,³
 a' r d'iaru cead ah Fhionh ah d-túr,
 dul do éoihiac hie Mheairzai z féiu.

Njor aonruiz Fionh do' h laoc cáid,
 dul do éoihiac le Ciaidán meair;
 do curnead leizear me a éneadairb,
 'r ir zéairi zo mo doiliz dúiu ah fear.

¹ To show how various copies of the poem differ; as indeed do all our Ossianic and other compositions, when transcribed by illiterate scribes, we quote the following stanzas from Mr. O'Grady's copy, which was written in 1845, by an intelligent blacksmith, named Griffin, in Kilrush, county of Clare:—

“Air éuirim do Mheairzac teahh,
 ba boirb fózallaé a d-túr zleó;
 a dúbairt a hie le zlori hie zneahh,
 tizead ahh fear ah éoiri.”

Upon the fall of stout Meargach,
 Who was fierce and destructive in the beginning of battle;
 His son said in an unpleasant tone,
 Let a man meet me here.

O. We, the Fenians, raised a shout of triumph,
 And the foe a bitter wail ;
 The son of Meargach of the spears said,
 Let a man from among you come to meet me ?

There came in his presence to face him,
 Longadan, the son of Brodin, of the steeds ;
 The name of the son of Meargach of the swords,
 [Was] Ciardan, the avenger in battles.

Before I render an account of the battle,*
 Pity that Oseur should not be immortalized,
 He was covered with huge wounds,
 By heroic Meargach of the hard deeds.

We brought the magnanimous hero [with us],
 From the sight of the great mighty men ;
 And he asketh leave of Fionn first
 To go fight Meargach's son.

Fionn would not consent that the noble hero,
 Should go to fight Ciardan the swift ;
 Healing medicine was applied to his wounds,
 And soon to us it was sad.

² Again :—

“ Sul a b-cuḡad tuararḡbal an éada,
 Oḡeur ba éruaḡ ḡan a éur a ruḡn ;
 do bḡ ceḡn ceáácaḡ raḡn,
 ḡan tara ḡan meabaḡn ḡan luḡé !”

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

³ Again :—

“ ḡo ceáḡba ó anḡarce éac.”
 Mildly from the gaze of the rest.

O. Aη ταν δ' ἄζβαμαρ ἄρ λαοῶ,
 ρῆητε ὄο φαση ἄρ λεαβα ρυαη;
 ἀ' ρ λυῆτ φρεαρδαη¹ ἡα ῥῶμδαη,
 τανζαμαρ δο λαῖαη ἄη ῥαῖα λυαδαρ.

 D' ἰουραηζ Cηαρδαη ὄο calma,
 αζυρ λοηζαδαη βα ζαηβ ζλεῶδ;
 ἀ' ρ ἡῶη β-φαδα δῶηβ ἀ ἡζλεηε,
 ἄη ταν κυηεαδ μαε Βηυαηδῆη ἄρ φεῶζ!²

 Do ῥητ, ἀ Ρηάτριαε, δ' ἄρ β-Φηῆηηη,
 λε Cηαρδαη, ἀ ἡ-ασηαρ, ἄη ῥεαδ λα;
 δεηῖηεαβαρ ἀ' ρ ῥεαδ δ' ῥεαρηβ ῥηυαηδ
 βα δαηῖηδ δῦηηη ἡαηηη ἄρ η-βλαῖ.³

 Do ῥητ λειρ ἄη δαηά ἡα,
 ζαη δεαηζαδ ἄρ ἀ ῥηειρ ῥασηη;
 δα ῥεαδ φεαρ βα ῥαημα λῦῖ,
 ἀ Ρηάτριαε! βα δῦβαῖ ἄη ῥεηη.

 Aη ταν δο ῥσηηηε ὄoll μαε Ἠῶηηα,
 Cηαρδαη αζ ῥσηηβαδ ἡα ρλυαζ;
 δο ζλυαηρ φῆηη ἡα ῥῶμδαη,
 ἀ' ρ ἡῶη β-φαδα ἄρ λαη ὄο β-φυαηη.

 Jaη δ-ῥηηηηη δο Cηαρδαη ηε ὄoll,
 δο ζῶηη, δο ζλαηη, ἀ' ρ δο ῥασηη ῥαῖ;
 δο ζῶηη λῖ λῦῖζῶηη ἄη Φηηηηη,
 ζῶδ' ἡῶη ραση ηαδ ὀ δσηηβαδ.

 Cῶηηζ δεαηβηαῖαηη δο Cηαρδαη,
 δ' ἄρ βα κοη-αηηηη Ληαζῶη ηεαη;
 βα ῥηῶδα calma ῥ μαη λαοῶ,
 ἀ' ρ ἄρ φεαβαρ ἡα Φῆηηηηε δ' ῥῶζαηη ῥαῖ.⁴

¹ λυῆτ φρεαρδαη, i.e., attendants, or persons to wait upon him, nurses.

² φεῶδ, or φεῶαδ, to fade, wither, or decay.

³ 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.

⁴ Ծ'բօյայի բա՛, *he proclaimed battle*, i.e., he challenged the best among the Fians to combat.

- O. **Ἐ**λπιεὶς ἂν ἑὐκόμηδ' ἄλ' ἔειπ' ἰύδ,
 Ἐλπιεὶς ἢ καὶ **Ἰ**σχυρὸς βαδιστὴν ἰάνη,
 ἢ ἴσθι β-ἔαδα δόξ' ἂν ἰύβαλ,
 ἢ καὶ ἢ **Ἐ**λπιεὶς ἢ καὶ **Ἰ**σχυρὸς ἀπ' ἰάνη.
- Ἐ**λπιεὶς ἔειπ' εἴτε δό' ἢ **Ἰ**σχυρῶν,
 δ' ἀπ' ἢ ἀπ' ἢ **Ἰ**σχυρῶν ἢ καὶ **Ἰ**σχυρῶν,
 δο εἴτε ἔειπ' ἂν ἔειπ' δό' ἢ β-ἔειπ',
 ἢ **Ἰ**σχυρῶν εἴπ' ἀπ' ἰσχυρῶν.
- Ἐ**λπιεὶς **Ἐ**λπιεὶς ἢ καὶ ἰσχυρῶν ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ',¹
 ἂν ἢ καὶ ἰσχυρῶν ἔειπ' ἢ καὶ ἰσχυρῶν;
 ἂν ἑ-κόμηδ' ἂν ἰσχυρῶν, ἀπ' ἔειπ' δό ἰσχυρῶν,
 ἢ β-ἔειπ' δό ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ'!
- Ἰ**σχυρῶν β-ἔειπ' δό **Ἰ**σχυρῶν ἂν β-ἔειπ' δό,
 δο εἴπ' ἂν ἰσχυρῶν ἔειπ' ἂν ἰσχυρῶν,
 ἢ ἑ-ἔειπ' ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἀπ' δό ἑ-ἔειπ',
 ἢ ἑ-ἔειπ' ἑ-ἔειπ', ἀπ' **Ἐ**λπιεὶς.
- Ἐ**λπιεὶς ἂν ἰσχυρῶν εἴπ' ἂν ἰσχυρῶν,
 ἂν ἢ καὶ ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ', ἂν **Ἐ**λπιεὶς;
 ἢ ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ',
 ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ'!
- Ἰ**σχυρῶν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ',
 ἂν ἢ ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ';
 δο ἑ-ἔειπ' δό ἑ-ἔειπ' ἑ-ἔειπ' ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν β-ἔειπ',
 ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ'.
- Ἐ**λπιεὶς ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ',
 εἴπ' ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ',
 ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' δό ἑ-ἔειπ',
 ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ' ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ'.

¹ **Ἰ**σχυρῶν ἂν ἑ-ἔειπ', *not powerful in battle*. In this stanza Conan is represented as the greatest of cowards. He never sought praise for any feat he performed, and very justly, because he did nothing to boast of, having exhibited the most glaring acts of cowardice on every occasion. On this

O. There arrived in his company,
 Ceirin, the son of Lughaidh, of the vehement hand ;
 Not long were they engaged,
 When Ceirin the son of Lughaidh fell.

Another of the Fianna arrived,
 Whose name was Magnus Mac Lobharain ;
 He with one hundred of our men fell
 By Liagan the heroic alone.

Conan, never potent in battle,
 And who never sought fame for valour or deeds,
 Went to meet Liagan, who when he came in his pre-
 sence,
 Said, " silly is thy visit, thou bald man !"

When Conan came nigh to him,
 Liagan fiercely raised his hand ;
 More dangerous for thee is the man behind,
 Than I before thee, saith Conan.

Liagan the heroic looked behind,
 And quick was the blow made by Conan ;
 Before he could look forward,
 His head was severed from the neck !

Conan did not maintain his ground,
 Nor did he ask any to take his place ;
 He ran with all haste towards the Fians,
 And flung his blade from his hand.

Faolan enquireth of the bald man,
 Why he did not maintain his ground ;
 That he was guilty of a shameful act,
 And that 'twas by treachery Liagan fell.

occasion, however, he was cunning enough to alarm his antagonist Liagan, falsely telling him of an attack from the rear ; and thus avail himself of the opportunity, whilst he looked backwards, to cut off his head.

O. Գձ Ծ-ՏԻՇԵԱԾ ԼՅՈՄՔԱ ԼԵ Կ-ՏՕՆԵՅԻՄ,
 ԱՅ ՐԼԱԱՅ ԵՐԵԱՅ ԾՕ ԸՄԻ ԸՄՊ ԵԱՐԻ ;
 ԼԵ ՇԵՐՇ, ՆՅՕՐԻ ՆԱՐԻ ԼՅՈՄ ԱՊ ԵԱՐԵ,
 Ա՛Ր ՆՅ Ե-ՔԱՅՃԱՕՐԻ ՔՕՐՇ ԱՄԵԱՐՇ ՆԱ Ե-ՔԻԱՆՆ.

ԴՄԵՐՇ, ԱՐ ՔԱՕԼԱՆ, ԾՐԱՅԾ,
 Ա՛Ր ՇԼԱՇ ԱԾ ԼԱՅՊ ԾՕ ԼԱՆՊ ԱՐԻՐ ;
 Ա՛Ր ՔՕՇԱՊԻ ՇԱԵ ՇԱ՛ՊԱ ՇՐՕԾԱ,
 ԱՐ ՔԵԱՐԻ ԾՕ՛Ն Ե-ՐԼՕՅ ՄԱՐ ԱՐԼ, ՆՕ ԱՐ ԾՐԻ.

ՈՅ ՇԵԱԾԱԾ ԾՕ ԸՕՆԱՊԼԵ, ԱՐ ՇՕՆԱՆ,
 ՇՐԾ Ե՛Ք ԱՇՅԻԵ ԼԵ՛Ս ՆԱՐԻ ՊՕ ՇՆՅՕՆ ;
 ՔՕՇՊԱԾ ՔԵՐՊ ՇԱԵ Ա՛Ր ՇՕՆՊԱՇ,
 ԱՐ ՔԵԱՐԻ ՆՕ ԾՕ՛Ն Ե-ՐԼԱԱՅ-ԵՍԻԾՅՊ.

ԵՊԱԼԼ ԱՊ ԾԱՐԻՔԵ, ԱՐ ՔԱՕԼԱՆ,
 Ա՛Ր ՇՕՆՇԵԱՅԾ ԼԱՊ ԼՅՈՄ ԱՆՊՐ Ա ՆՇԼԻԱԾ ;
 ՄԱ՛Ր ԵՍԵՐՊ ԾԱՊ ԼԵ՛Ն ԵՔ ԷՅՕՔԲԱՐ,
 ՇԱՊԻՄ ԸՅՅԱԾ ՔԵԱՐԻ ԾՕ՛Ն ՔԻՅԱՆՆ.

ՈՅ ՊԱՇԱԾ ԱՊ ԱՕՆԱՐԻ ԱՆՆ,
 ՆԱ ՔՕՐ ԱԾ ԾԱՐԻՐԻ, ԱՐ ԱՅ ՔԵԱՐԻ ՊԱՕԼ ;
 ԾԱ ՊՕ ԵՍԵՐՊ ԾԱՊՔԱ Ա ՔԻԱՕԼԱՅՊ,
 ՆՅՕՐԻ Ե՛Ք ԱՊ ԾԱՊ ԵՍԵՐ ԵՇ ՇԼԱՕԾԱՇ !

ԵԱՐԻ ՄԱՐԻ ԱՕՆ ԼՅՈՊ, Ա ՔԻՍԻ ՆՅԱՕԻԼ,
 Ա՛Ր ԵԱԾԱՊԻ ԼԵԱԵ ԱՐԻՐ ԾՕ ԼԱՆՊ ;
 ՆԱ ՔԱՆ ԱՊ ՔՕՇԱՊԻ ՄԱՐ ԱՐԼ ԼԵԱԵ,
 ՄԱՐ ՇԱՅԱԼ ԼԵԱԵ ՇԱՇ ԾՕԾ՛ ՇԵԱՆՆ !

ԾՕ ԷՊԱԼԼ ՔԱՕԼԱՆ Ա՛Ր ԱՊ ՔԵԱՐԻ ՊԱՕԼ,
 ՇՕ ՊԱՆՇԱԾԱՐԻ Ա ՊԱՕՆ ՇՕՐ ԱՐ ԸՕՐԻ ;
 ԱՅ ԱՐԵ ՛ՆԱ ՊԱՅԵ ԼՅԱՅԱՆ ԱՐ ԼԱՐԻ,
 Ա ՔԻԱՕԼԱՅՊ ! ԱՐ ՇՕՆԱՆ, ԵՅ ԱԾ ԷՕՐԾ ?

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. Գո շօ՛Յ աղ քարս յաօլ ա լաղ,
 ա՛ր ծօ յլէ շօ տեղս քաօլ աղ Ե-Դէլս;
 Ծ՛բօՅալս Դաօլան աղ շօ հ-հրծ,
 ար քարծար լծօ՛Յ շօ՛ճ ա Յ-ժօրն-Յլելք.

Գո շօ՛ւղս շօ հ-հարՅա՛ յա շօմծալ,
 լաօ՛ճ քօրմաղա Եա ճարծ շլծս;
 Փաօլ-շլաԾ՛ ծօ ճնալէ ա ճսղս,
 ա՛ր ա լաղս՝ րա լՅլա՛ճ յա ծար լաղս.

Ոյօրս Ե-քաԾա ծօ՛ղ ծյր ա ծ-տլօլծ յա լաղս,
 շօ Ե-քաԾարս, ա՛ր Եա ճրեղս յե շօ՛ճ;
 Դաօլան շլրԾե, ար յՅարծ լաօ՛ճ,
 ար շլլ լՅլելքե աՅ Փաօլ-շլաԾ աղ.

Գո շօ՛ՅԵաԾար շօ՛ճ ճարԷա ճսղս,
 շօ՛ւ ծօլկՅ՛ ա Յ-շաօլ տլե Եար ԼլաՅալս;
 ծօ շօ՛ՅԵարալլս ճարԷա շօլ
 տլե շրելՅլօղս ա յեղլք ծօ Դաօլան՝!

Գո շօ՛ւալծ Օրքս ար յ-սալլ ճարս,
 ար ա լաԾա յարս ա յալծ շօ քաղս;
 տա՛ աղ շօ՛ճ շօլքշաղս ար լե,
 ա՛ր յլ Եեյծ յեա՛ճ ծօ՛ղ Դհէլսս յօղաղ քաօլ շաղս.

Ոյօրս Ե-քաԾա շօ Ե-քաԾարս աՅ տեա՛ճ,
 աղ լաօ՛ճ յարս շաղա ար տլեղս լւէ;
 յյօրս Ե-քար ծնլս ճսրս աԾ է Ել աղս,
 ճսրս ԵաղսլՅ շօ շաղսրա ծ՛Դիղս.

Գո լաօլ յե, ա Դիղս! ար լե,
 աղ տաղ շօ՛ւալծ աղ ճարս ծօրծղս;
 յա՛ճ յալծ լաօ՛ճ օրՅարԾա ար աղ Յ-շղօճ,
 ա՛ր ծսղքե աՅլծ յա յալծ Եե՛՛!

¹ i.e., The dark-haired.

O. The bald man raised his sword
 And ran quickly towards the Fians ;
 Faolan loudly proclaimed battle
 To the bravest of the foe single-handed.

There came quickly to meet him,
 A valiant hero with bombastic talk,
 Daolchiabh was his usual name,
 And his shield and spear were in his right hand.

The two were not long fighting with their swords
 Till we saw, and to our foes it was a cause of joy,
 Faolan the active, our brave hero,
 Behind his shield by noble Daolchiabh.

They [the enemy] raised a shout of joy,
 Though sorrowful they wept at the death of Liagan ;
 We raised a shout of wailing
 For the failure of his strength by Faolan !

Oscur heard our loud shout
 In his bed where he was feebly laid ;
 The battle is general, saith he,
 Before I arrive the Fians will be all beheaded !

It was not long till we saw approaching,
 The stout swift hero in full speed ;
 We knew not that 'twas he was there
 Till he courteously saluted Fionn.

I imagined, O Fionn ! saith he,
 When I heard the sorrowful wail,
 That there was not a brave hero left on the hill,
 And that not one of you was left alive !

- O. Do bġ Faolan a' r Daolċiab,
 a nżleđ ażur a ž-comħmac ċruaġđ ;
 aż žearħađ feđla, corħ, a' r cuāħ,
 a ħ-aħħaric aħaon ba ċruaż !
- Đ'ħarħ Ĵħonħ aħ aħ laoċ calħa,
 Orħur aħžearħta ħ ě luadaħħ,
 dul aħġħ taħ aħ do'ħ dūħ,
 a' r žaħ ģurħeac ģo lūt aħ žleđ.
- Nġ ģacac taħ ģ'arħ, a Ĵħħħ ċaħđ !
 aħ Orħur ħaħ ċħaġċ a ħžħađ ;
 ħđ žo b-ħarħeħeac ċħ aco do'ħ đġħ,
 do ċurħeħar ģaħ ħžħħonħ le ħ-ěaž.
- Do bġ Faolan da ċħaocac žo ģđħ,
 aż Daolċiab žo ċħđđa, teħħ ;
 a Ĵħaolāħ ! aħ Orħur ħa laħħ ħžěarħ,
 tu ċurħħ le Ďaol ħonħ ħħon ģħeħħħ.
- Đ'ħeac Ĵaolan, a' r ba ċruaġđ a ċarħ,
 aħ Orħur le đħomħac ħħa žħúħħ ;
 a ģħaġċ ħa laoċ calħa, aħ ģě,
 ģa ċurħħ ħa ģħěħž ģo ċúħħ.
- Đħ' r ģurħħ đurħ le Ďaolċiab
 a Ĵħaolāħ ! ċħ đħaħ a ċħonħ ģłđž ;
 ģurħeħeħarħ ażur ģħaž ħa b-Ĵħaħħ,
 ħđ ģurħħđ Ďaolċiab ad đeolž.
- Ĥurħħħž, a Ĵħaolāħ ! aħ Orħur ģħeħħ,
 žurħ b'ħomħa laoċ do ċurħ led' laħħ ;
 a' r ħac ċurħe đurħ a ħ-aħħaric ħa b-Ĵħaħħ,
 žaħ ģearħħ le Ďaolċiab a ħ-đaħħ.

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-ƒada dúyoy map riy,
 zo b-ƒacamari a'ƒ b'aoibiyoy ay rʒéal;
 ƒaolcjab az ƒaolan ʒay čeanoy,
 a'ƒ do čožbamari ʒáyu ʒiyoy map d'éaz!

Ži dúbajite Orcuri do ʒuč áyb,
 tʒead cáč uyle d'aooy taoib;
 a'ƒ ʒeabaid cač cojčeanoy ʒarib,
 ʒay moill le ƒearʒ ƒluaʒte ƒhyoy.

Ni rʒarƒadra ai ƒaolan ya laoy,
 zo d-tuytƒid liom tuyle do'y t-ƒlōʒ;
 lem' lajín ƒéiy ya h-aonariay,
 myha ʒ-cuyčari le cáč mé ai ƒeōʒ!

P. Juyir, a Oiriy, a'ƒ ná can byéalʒ,
 má'ƒ rjbrj, ay ƒhyayoy, dob' ƒeariy lút;
 cɹéad ná cač cojčeanoy, teayoy,
 ƒuayiy ʒhearyčac 'ra ƒluaʒ ai d-túr?

O. Ž Phátmarc! njori ʒnyat lejir ay b-ƒéiyoy,
 ʒay mōʒa ʒlyad do čabajite do cáč;
 njori jonyuyoy leō cealʒ ya meayʒ,
 heac do'y dɹeam njori b'é čáyl.

Njori dyltuyʒ ay ƒhyayoy me ya lioy,
 a ʒ-cač ná ʒ-cojmearyʒuy tɹéiy ƒlōʒ,
 cač cojčeanoy nō ay aonari,
 do čabajite d'aooy d'jaryƒad é.

P. ƒod' čuamaryʒbáyl zo ƒjori leay,
 zo b-ƒaʒmaroyb cɹjōčnyʒad ay čáča čmyayd,
 nō ai čuyt ay ƒeari boyb úd,
 dá njoyičari do ʒnyat leat ƒaolan?

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. Ταρι έιρ 'Dhaoléc'iab do éur éum ba'ir ;
 d'iarir F'aolán cead ar F'hionn,
 dul do cóm'iac zan éairide ar b'ic,
 le laoc e'le do f'lua'z éaic.

Αοντα ηα F'éinne an tan fuairi,
 d'fó'zair zo c'ruaid caé ar éac ;
 táiriz laoc d'ar ba cóih-airiim,
 C'ian mac Laé'ha ηα éóih'dáil.

D'ion'raiz an d'ir dea'z-laoc a cé'le,
 zo tréan calma c'ruaid ;
 h'ior b-fada zuir b'aoib'inn dú'inn ;
 a'r cac zo dúbac faoi lan-z'muairi.

Ni éuz F'aolán an daia béim,
 éum Ch'ian h'ic Laé'ha ηα z-cruad laun ;
 an tan do éoucama'ri az teaét,
 m'io'zair éairce ba h'rea'za z'uir.

Do éur C'ian mac Laé'ha le F'aolán,
 ful fa d-táiriz an m'io'zair éuzairi ;
 do r'zuir an z'leó ar zac taob,
 az f'e'itea'ih ηα dea'z-m'ha úd.

Do tó'zbad me cac z'airéa caoi,
 ar airéne ηα m'io'z-m'ha dóib,
 do h' an F'h'ian ηα r'or'd dá h-aira'ic,
 a'r i az r'ior r'ile deóir !

Αιι a ceann do h' an folc órida,
 a Phá'traic ! h' zó dam a m'aoib'eani ;
 h' fáca tu'ra h'a do Dh'ia,
 a f'airiul do é'ab ar aon m'haoi.

- 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'բիաբբալծ ըի՛ ծօ շլօրի՛ Բա թօճնա,
 Ըա՛ թալԵ Բիօնն, ըի՛՞ ղ Կա Բ-Բիանն ;
 Կօ՛ ար շուր Ը Ըիլե Ըաօն, թար,
 Ը՛ր Ը ծիր թաԸ ԸԱ՛ր շաԲ ըլաԸ.

Շիա՛ Կ-Է ծօ Ըիլե Ըաօն, ար Բիօնն,
 Կնուր ծնրնն Ը՛ր ծօ ծիր թաԸ ;
 թա՛ր շուրնն ծօլԵ ար ԸնօԸ Ըն Ըրն,
 ծօ շարԸարն Ը ծ-Ըար՞ ղե ԲրեյԸ ղաԸ ?

Ձիդնն թօ Ըիլե Բա թօր ԲաաԸ,
 ՁարնշաԸ Ըրալծ Կա ղանն Կշլար ;
 Ը՛ր թօ ծիր թաԸ, ՇիարԸան Բա Ըրեան,
 Ըշար Լիաշան ծօ Բի ղարնն Ը շ-ԸաԸ.

Ձ թիօշանն Ըալծ, ծօ թալծ Բիօնն,
 Ըլա շօ թօ ղիօնԷա, ղարա, ղրեան ;
 ծօ շուրԸաԸարն Ըն ղրնրն ոԸ ղաԸԸար,
 Ը շ-ԸաԸ ըա ԿշլիաԸ ծա թիլծ Ը ղիԸ.

Ճօ ըշրեաԸ Ըշար ծօ շանն Ըն թիօշանն Ըի՞՞,
 Ըշար ծօ շրեաԸ Կա Բարա շօ ղոն ղրաաշ ;
 ծօ ըլ շօ շարնԸ ԸրաԸա ծեօր,
 Ը՛ր ծնԸարնԸ, թօ Բրօն ! Ըա Բ-Ըրն թօ Ըրնրն ?

Ճօ շլարն Ըն թիօշանն ԸալԸԸ,
 շօ ծրան Ը՞ ըշրեաԸա ըօ՛ն Ըր ;
 շօ թանն ըի՛ շօ ԲաԸԸ Ըն ԸրԸ,
 Կա թալԵ Ը Ըիլե ՛րա ծիր թաԸ ար ղար.

Ճօ Ըրօնօլ Ըն Բիաննն Ընօրն ՛րա ղրան,
 Ը՛ր ծօ Ըրօնօլ ԸաԸ թարն ղաԸ շօ ղալԸ ;
 օր շաԸ ղաօԲ Ը՛ր Ըրն ծօ՛ն ԸնօԸ,
 Ը՞ ղրԸաԸԸ ղե Ըաօր-շուԸ Կա թրա.

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! hî fâca do Dhiâ,
 do élêmu fôr, hâ tû fênu;
 macraimul ha mha úd,
 a b-peaimra, a z-clô, 'ra rzhêim.

 An tan êainiz ôr eionn ha z-corm,
 do rtoê a folc hî am daê an ôim;
 do rîh tâimha am an d-timûm,
 zan tapa, zan lût, zan tmeoim!

 D'atmaiz a h-êadan maireaê, mîh,
 a deaima zimn 'ra deaimz zhimad;
 a leaca, a bêal, a' r a cmuê zo léim,
 a raimul do' h êaz ba êmaiz!

 Niom b-fada dûinn, a Phatmaic! mam rih,
 zo h-deacaid rî a h-êalaid bair,
 Do êôzaid an haimaid uall-êaoi zhêam,
 a' r an fhiamn fênu hî faoi diombad!

 Do raoleamaima a' r fôr câc,
 zo b-fuaim bair ann zan zimim;
 do êainiz ha cmuê fênu aîr,
 a' r do êan az caoi an laoi mam leamr!

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 մեանց ԿԵ Բ-Գլան;
 մօ ծիր օջևած, մօ ծիր դաւ,
 մօ ծիր ծ'բարմայե ԵԱ Յարե Յլիած !
- Չո շնիա ! մօ Ելած Աջար մօ ծեօ՛՛ !
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շօրց ծ Յած Ալլո ;
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շրլալ Այ յմէլան,
 Ա'ր Յար շալլեար մօ Լաօ՛՛րա շարձ !
- Չո շնիա ! մօ Փհնի Ար Լար,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ րշա՛՛՛ Ա'ր մօ րշլա՛՛ ;
 մօ շնիա ! Չեարմա՛՛՛ Ա'ր Շլարման,
 մօ շնիա Լլաշան ! ԵԱ Երեա՛՛ շլիած !
- Չո շնիա ! մօ շօրիեա՛՛ Ա'ր մօ ծիր,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ Երլի՛՛ Աջար մօ շեան;
 մօ շնիա ! Ե'՛ Եր ծօրե ծ'ն շե,
 մօ շնիա Այօ՛՛՛ ! րլե Յօ րան !
- Չո շնիա ! մօ Լու՛՛՛՛ շարմ Ա'ր մօ Յլեան,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ Յեալլ Այ Յած Ար,²
 մօ շնիա ! մօ Լու՛՛ Ա'ր մօ Եարմ,
 մօ շնիա ! ծ Կօ՛՛՛ Այա՛՛ Յօ Երա՛՛ !
- Չո շնիա ! մօ շրեօրմ Ա'ր մօ շրլալ,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ յիան Յօ Լա'յ Եար,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շարիցօ Ա'ր մօ մէլ,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ Լաօ՛՛րած ԵԱ շարձ !
- Չո շնիա ! մօ Լեած Ա'ր մօ րան,
 մօ շնիա ! մօ շարմ Ա'ր մօ շեա՛՛ ;
 մօ շնիա ! մ'օրԵ Ա'ր մօ Ելած,
 մօ շնիա շարմա՛՛՛՛ ! մօ շրլմ րար !

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

O. Sorrowful! my husband—my chief,
 I lost by the wiles of the Fians,
 My two youths—my two sons,
 My two men who were fierce in battle!

My grief! my food and my drink!
 My grief! my precept everywhere,
 My grief! my journey afar,
 And that I lost my noble heroes!

My grief! my Dun laid low,
 My grief! my shelter and shield,
 My grief! Meargach and Ciardan,
 My grief Liagan! of the broad chest!

My grief! my ward and defence,
 My grief! my strength and might,
 My grief it is! and gloom from evil,
 My grief this night! to find ye slain!

My grief! my joy and my pleasure,
 My grief! my desire in each place;
 My grief! my agility and my strength [are gone],
 My grief! from this night evermore!

My grief! my guide and my path,
 My grief! my love till the day of my death,
 My grief! my treasure and my sway,
 My grief! my heroes who were noble!

My grief! my bed and my slumbers,
 My grief! my visit and my arrival;
 My grief! my consoler and my renown,
 My sore grief! my three men!

² *Aliter, ʒrɔ, height, everywhere.*

- O. 2)ο κύηα ! μο ήαιρε α'ρ μο ρζέιπῃ,
 μο κύηα ! μο ρέαδα α'ρ μο ταιρζε
 μο κύηα ! μο έιρδε α'ρ μο ήαοην,
 μο κύηα ! μο έιρ έοιηδλε ζαιρζε !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο έαιρδε α'ρ μο ζαοι,
 μο κύηα ! μο ήυηητιρ α'ρ μο έαμαρδ,
 μο κύηα ! μο'αταρ α'ρ μο ήαταρρ,
 μο κύηα α'ρ μο έαρ ! ριβ μαρβ !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο παρτε α'ρ μο'φαρτε,
 μο κύηα ! μο ρλαρτε ζαέ αιη,
 μο κύηα ! μο ήέρδρ α'ρ μο ρόλαρ,
 μο δορλιζ δόλαρρ ! ριβ ζο ραυυ !
- 2)ο κύηα ! δο ρleaζ α'ρ δο λαυυ,
 μο κύηα ! δο έαηυραέτ α'ρ δο ζμαδ,
 μο κύηα ! δο έρρ α'ρ δο βαρλε,
 μο κύηα ! ριβ δο ρζαρρε ομ' δαρ !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο έυαι α'ρ μο έαλαρέ,
 μο κύηα ! μο ταιρζε α'ρ μο ρέαη ;
 μο κύηα ! μο ήόρδαέτ α'ρ μο ριζεαέτ,
 μο κύηα α'ρ μο έαοι ! ριβ ζο η-έαζ !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο μαέ ζο η-ιοη-ρλαη,
 μο κύηα ! ριβ αι αιη ζρλαδ ;
 μο κύηα ! μο έιοηδλ ρλόζ,
 μο κύηα ! μο έρμαρ λεοηαιη ζριορδε !
- 2)ο κύηα ! μο'ηηρτε αζυρ μο'δλ,
 μο κύηα ! μο έεδλ αζυρ μο'αορβηεαρ ;
 μο κύηα ! μο ζρρλαηαυ' α'ρ μο βαηηεμαέτ,²
 μο κύηα έαηηελαέ ! ριβ ελαορδε !

¹ Ζρμαηαιη, 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.

² ΒΑΝΗΤΡΙΑΔΕΣ, female attendants, ladies in waiting, &c.

- O. Չո ընդա ! ո՛ր քօղոյ ճշար մ'բխածս,
 ոո ընդա ! ոո ըմբար ծարն լաօօ ;
 ոո ընդա օօ ! ոո ընդա լաօ !
 ա՛ր ա լաճաօ ալ յոճխոյ ծօ՛ղ Ֆհեյոյ !
- Չ'ալէլոյ մե ար ալ ըլաճ ընճե՛! շրեան,
 ծօ ի՛յ ա յճլեյօ օր ցլոյոյ ալ Չնոյ ;
 ա չ-ճա՛ լե ընճլե ա յճլոյոյն ճայծլլու,
 չօ յալն ալ լեան լե ծարոյտ ծօմ՛ ըմբար !
- Չ'ալէլոյ մե ար ալ Ե-քօճար-ճու՛ ընճե !
 ծօ ընճ չօ ցլալոյոյ արտեա՛ ամ ըլալր ;
 յար Ե-քաճա սարոյ չօլոյ յաճ ընճլ,
 Ենու Ե-տարոյ յր Ե ծօ ընար !
- Չ'ալէլոյ մե ա Ե-տար ալ լաօ,
 ծօ ընար ոո ըմբար ճաճ-լաօօ կոյո ;
 ար ամար Եճար թօլա յա յճլաճ,
 յար Ե-թլլեաճ թաօլ ծար ընճար !
- Չ'ալէլոյ մե ար ճու՛ յա Ե-ԵաճԵ,
 այո Ենու չ-ճաճար յայծլլու ճա՛ յօլոյ ;
 օ ընարաԵար կոյո չօ ցլօճա՛ ցաօմ,
 չար Ե-քօճար ճար լեան ա՛ր Ելոյ !
- Եր ցլոյոյ կոյո ա ըմբար Ե ընճան !
 չար յոյոյ մե կն ծօ լալն ;
 Եա մ'յոճեաճտ չօ Ե-Յլոյոյ ճլն,
 յա՛ յ Ե-թլլեաճ Ենու յճար թաօլ ծար !

¹ Տաճ ընճ, *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'ալէն** մէ **ար շու՛** **ան քէլ՛**,
 շա՛ **մարման** **օ էրմալլ** **լի՛** **սարմ** ;
 շար **տարտ** **ճի՛**, **օ Բարմախլ** **քիօր**,
 ա՛ր **դար** **Ե-լլեաճ** **ճի՛** **ճո՛** **դ էլլ** **ԼԵ ԲԱՅ՛** !
- Փ'ալէն** մէ **ա էրարմ** **ԲԱ Է՛**,
 ար **դ-ճարմաճ** **Բնր** **դ-լալլ-ճոն** **ճի՛** ;
 դար **Ե-լլեաճ** **ճի՛** **արլլ** **ԼԵ ԲԱՅ՛**,
 շան **ճԵԱՅ** **օ քիւարճի՛** **Քիտտ** !
- Փ'ալէն** մէ **ա ճօրտԼԵ** **ՃԱՐՅԵ** !
 քիւ՛ **ան ԵԱԲԱ** **ԱՅ ԵՅ՛** **ԵՅ՛** **ան Փնր** ;
 ար **մ-ԵԵ՛** **ան քիւլ** **ԼԵ Լիտ** **Բնր** **ճ-Երմալլ**,
 ան **քԵԱԼ** **լօ քիւտ** **Յօ քիւլ** **ա Ե-Քիտտ** !
- Փ'ալէն** մէ **ար ճարմ** **ան յօլարմ**,
 շա՛ **քօր** **ԱՅ քիլլեաճ** **ճր** **ճիտ** **ան Փնր** ;
 դար **Ե-քաճԱ** **Յօ Յ-ճիւրքիտ** **քիւտ**,
 Ե՛ **ճիտ-քիլլ** **ճո՛** **էրարմ** !
- Փ'ալէն** մէ **ան Ե՛** **ճիլլ** **ճիլլ** **ան քիլլ**,
 'ճիլլ **ճիլլ** **ա՛ր ճիլլ** **ճիլլ** **ան քիլլ**,
 դար **ճիլլ** **քօ ԲԱՅ՛** **Ե՛** **ան քիլլ** **ճիլլ**,
 օ **ճիլլ** **Քիտտ** **քիլլ** **ճիլլ** !
- Ո՛** **քիլլ** **Քիտտ** ! **ա քիլլ** **ԱՅ (Ար Քիլլ)**,¹
 դա **քիլլ** **ան քիլլ** ;
 դի **ԼԵ քիլլ**, **դա ԼԵ քիլլ**,
 ճօ **քիլլ** **ան քիլլ** !
- Ո՛** **քիլլ** **ան քիլլ** **քիլլ** **ան քիլլ**, **(Ար Քիլլ)**,
ԱՅ **քիլլ** **քիլլ** **քիլլ** **դա քիլլ** ;
ԱՅ **քիլլ** **ա՛ր ճիլլ** **ա՛ր ճիլլ**,
 ճօ **քիլլ** **ԱՅ քիլլ** **քիլլ** !

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 deary Fionn, O noble princess (saith Grainne),
 Nor yet deary the Fians ;
 'Twas not by treachery nor craft,
 That thy Three [heroes] fell !

The princess made no reply to Grainne,
 And she heeded not her talk ;
 But continued her *caoine* and her wail,
 Incessantly shedding tears !

Deirdre, published in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society* (Dub. 1808), similar visions appear to her, respecting *Naisi*, *Ainle*, and *Ardan*.

¹ Ḃḡḃḃḡḃḡḃ, *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. Պ՛ալէլոյ մէ ար ամալու ենի ր-ժլալՅ,
 ար Լա ծօ էլլալ րլն ծ'ր ր-Պնոյ;
 ար արլ ար քէլ՛ լծոնարն արա՛՛,
 րար ճօնարնա մարէ ար ճարա ճնշար?

Պ՛ալէլոյ մէ ար ճօն Շիարճար,
 աշ շլալոն շօլար շա՛ ղեօր;
 րար Բ-բաճա շօ Բ-բաշարոյ, մօ քար!
 ենի ծ-ճարՅ, ա էլլար, մօ ճօրնոյ!

Պ՛ալէլոյ մէ ար արբա րար,
 շա՛ ճիճճե Բար քօ րնօճարն ճեօր;
 ճոմ' րարշարն ճ րշար րլն րոյ,
 րար ճար ԳննարՅ ճիբր Գ րճր.

Պ՛ալէլոյ մէ ար ար արլոյն Բրնոյ,
 ծօ ճարբարոյ մօ շար Գար քէլոյ;
 շար շարմաճ մօ ճարոյ ա'ր մօ Լարն ճիօր,
 շար րլնր ծօ Բի շար մէրոյ!

Պ՛ալէլոյ մէ ար Աարնոյ Բրոյ-ճլօրա՛՛,
 շաճար Բա մօ-քարու Լեմ' Լարն!
 աշ շլարնոյլ շա՛ ղարոյ շօ մօ՛՛,
 մօ էլլար շար ճրոյտե ճօլն ար Բար!

Պ՛ալէլոյ մէ ար տար ճարբարաճ Գար,
 ար Լօ՛ քօլա ար ար ար Պնոյ;
 տրնարնա շօ մարն մօ էլլար,
 ճ'ր շ-ճարն րար րարոյ մարն րարոյ!

Ո՛ր Բի աշ արլար րարոյ (ար Յարոյ),
 ա Բար, ար արարտե ծօ ճարտե,
 տրնար քարճա Բար աշ տրնար,
 րա Բ-րարոյ մօրնաճա՛՛, րա րարոյ.

- 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. A Յիւնայնոց ! ար յիօճայն ան ճիւ-նիւն,
 ճա մօ լատ ան տիար քօ ար լար ;
 յօմնայն ոճ աւիրն ոյօր լեճր լատ,
 մար ճիօլ չօ ճարն յնա մ-բար !

Ճա Ե-բարձարոյր նա չ-ճօրն-նիւր բնոյ,
 ա յիօճայն ինն, ար Յիւնայնոց Քիւնոյ ;
 ա՛ր չան տատ ճօ ճիօճալ յից Տրուոյն,
 ճոյ Ե-Քնոյն ոյօր ճօյն Եա ճիւ !

Ճա մ-Եաճ տարն ճօյն լե ճօրնայն լանոյ,
 չան ճալչ նա մեանչ, ա Յիւնայնոց ճարոյն ;
 ոյ յիօնայնոյնոյր ան Քիւնոյն,
 ա՛ր ոյ նարն ճոյն բարձայն կոյն !

Ճա մարնարձարոյր, ա յիօճայն ալչ,
 ոյ յիօնայնոյնոյր բնոյ ան Քիւնոյն :
 յր լե ճիօնատ ա՛ր նարն ա լան,¹
 ճ՛բարձարն ար լար ճօ տար !

Ճօ ճիօնայն լեճ, ա Յիւնայնոց, ան չիօնոյն,
 ա չ-ճարն բօ ճարնարձատ ար ճ-տար ;
 ՛ր յր ճօրնոյն չարն Ե՛անարն Եյ,
 ոճ ոյօր ճարն չօ Եարն ճօն՝ ճարնոյն.²

Ճարն աարն, ա յիօճայն, ար Յիւնայնոց,
 նաճ մարն ճալչ ճարն լարն, նա մեանչ,
 ճօ լալչ Պարնաճ նա լան ոյճար,
 ա՛ր ճօ ճարն լե նարն ճօ ա ճարն !

¹ *Aliter* “ Պար յր բարնոյն ճարն, ճիւ ա չ-ճարն,
 Նաճ լե մեանչ ճօ լալչն յարն .”
 As their headless bodies bear thee witness,
 That it was not by treachery they fell !

² *Aliter* “ Ճօ Ե՛նոյն, ա Յիւնայնոց, ա ճարն,
 ա լալչն լե ճարն ա՛ր լե մեանչ ;

O. O Grainne! saith the princess of the golden hair,
 If those Three who have fallen were thine,
 Truly, reproach or shame would not suffice thee,
 As satisfaction for their death!

Had they remained in their own country,
 O mild princess, saith Grainne of Fionn;
 And not come to be avenged for Mac Treoin,
 From the Fians they would receive no hurt!

Had they fallen in fair battle,
 Without deceit or treachery, O gentle Grainne,
 I would not reproach the Fians,
 But they do not survive to bear me witness!

Had they survived, O noble princess,
 They themselves would not decry the Fians;
 'Twas by valour and might of arm,
 They laid low thy Three!

They might, O Grainne, the deed perform,
 By putting them under magic spells, at first;
 And 'tis likely that it was so,
 Or else my Three would never fall.

Believe me, O princess, saith Grainne, [arm
 That there was neither venom nor treachery in the
 By which fell Meargach of the green blades,
 And that by might cut off his head!

א'ר א ה-ביאז ה-בער עראפאיז'ע ד'רב,
 א ה-בי'ע'ע'א'ה'א'ב ל'ע פ'ר'ה'ה'א'ר'ע ל'א'ה'ה."

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. Երբից Ես իմ քննիչ,
 այ ճիշտ Ես Ես իմ քննիչ;
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ!

Ձ Երբից! Ես իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ;
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ.

Ուր իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ;
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ.

Երբից Ես իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ!

Ուր իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ;
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ!

Ձ Երբից! Ես իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ;
 Երբից Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ!

Ձ Երբից! Ես իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ;
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ.

¹ *Aliter* “ Երբից Ես իմ քննիչ,
 Ես իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ իմ քննիչ!”

O. I tell thee again without falsehood,
 The two who laid thy children low,
 That reproach was not due to them,
 And that they knew not sorcery nor guile!

O Grainne! saith the noble princess,
 Whose name was Ailne of the fair form;
 I believe not thee nor the Fians,
 That my heroes fell as thou sayest.

Do not henceforth to us proclaim,
 And do not be sullen or angry at it;
 There never was treachery in the Fians,
 But feats of heroism and valor.

I tell thee still, and 'tis no falsehood, [them,
 That there never yet came a hero or pursuit to meet
 That obtained sway [over them] by right of the sword,
 And that they shall be so till their death!

Had they dealt justly or honourably,
 With my Three who were mighty in action;
 And with their victorious mighty hosts,
 Their fall then would not surprise me!

O Ailne! of the most elegant shape and form,
 As thou dost not believe what I say,
 I tell thee that more will fall,
 Ere thy great hosts part us!

O Grainne! saith the noble princess,
 For the sake of the hardy men who have died,
 I have great hopes that my hosts
 Will deal destruction to the Fians!

The Fians will slay, and not by treachery,
 More in the field of thy great troops.

O. A Ailhe! ar Tháinne an tríonn,
 ir dearb linn fuid do éirall;
 taim liomra a' r leir an b-Féinn,
 zo z-caiteam le céile deoc a' r biad?

Do dúltaiz Ailhe zeal-rhuad,
 an cuinead fuaill ó Tháinne Fhinn;
 a' r a dúbairt náir cuibe léi féin,
 flead ná féarda ó luét a ngyin!

Zo nzeáirítear mo éoir fom' lair,
 do raib Conán do záirb zlóir;
 zo n-íocfaimre, a Ailhe zeal-rhuad,
 iméair ar fluaiz zay éoir!

A éir náoir ir Tháinne deilb,
 da b-facad ar aon leimz fóir;
 ir dearb linn zui íocaf zo euaib
 a n-iméair, a' r ba éuaiz an rzeól!

Jocfaid tú ngor euaib, ar Conán,
 aiteir a' r iméair na b-Fian;
 bairfead an ceann óir-fóile díot,
 má zeibim cead Fhinn na b-Fian.

Zid mór toirteairil do éoir,
 a' r zui leatán, lom, eiot do náoir;
 a' r tú maíar-éiríac, mízín-féiteac, meair,
 mar dealb ná máit ar laoc!¹

Do ézdamair uile an Fhian,
 záir ba diair zreann a' r cáic;
 an tair d'imdeairz an beair,
 an fear maol leair a' r d'iméair.

¹ *Aliter.* “Zealaimre ná máit an laoc.”
 I promise that the hero is not brave.

O. O Ailne! saith the pleasant Grainne,
 I know that thou hast come from afar,
 Come with me and with the Fians,
 Till we together eat and drink?

Ailne of the bright form declined
 The invitation given her by Grainne of Fionn;
 And she said it was beneath herself
 To partake of cheer from people of their deeds.

May my body be rent in two,
 Saith Conan, in a surly voice;
 But thou wilt pay, O Ailne bright,
 For unjustly stigmatising our hosts.

O bald man of the ugliest aspect,
 That I have yet met on any plain;
 I apprehend I have sorely paid
 For the stigma given, and how sad the tale!

Thou shalt pay more sorely, saith Conan,
 For the scandal thou hast given the Fians,
 I will cut off thy head of the golden locks,
 If I am permitted by Fionn of the Fians.

Though huge and bulky is thy body,
 And though flat and bald is thy skull,
 And tho' thou art thick-boned, tough-sinewed, swift,
 These are marks which ill becomes a hero!

We, the Fenians all, raised
 A shout of joy, and so did the foe,
 When the woman rebuked and reproached
 The silly bald man [Conan].

- O. Do žlac ay feari maol mōri feariž,
 a' r do labari do žarib žuē arid,
 cūir caoi azur rmoēa deōri,
 žuridim do' y Fhēriy a' r do cāc !
- Do čariariyž a lauy ar a čruarll čarize,
 a' r tuž rjē žarib cum ya myā ;
 do buarl Orcuri ar čruarid-bēim,
 do buariy ruarim a' r bēic ar Choyāy !
- D'uarll Coyāy, a' r d'fēac žo truaž
 ar Orcuri ya ž-čruad lauy yžeari,
 a dūbaric Coyāy, yāri ay žyōm,
 do žoyir mo člijō ō čaob žo taob !
- Nj žoyriy do člijō yā do čoyr,
 acēt žo b-facac žuri b'ole do mēriy,
 yōri čyibe duir noēta do čloydriy,
 ar aiāric žyaoi ya myā yā ržēim.
- Nj b-fuyl mo řuyim a ržēim ya myā,
 ya žyūir aluyy, yā ya žyaoi,
 jr mearā liom arēir žay čjall,
 až imčāiy ya b-Fjaryy azur Fhriy !
- Do žluarir Fjriy 'ray Fharyy ō' y ž-čnoc,
 a' r Orcuri aco ya feari čiy myari ;
 do čjall cāc ' r ay mjožariy řēim,
 ar a d-taob fēiy žo řuar yari jad.
- Ar ya mārmač čariyž ay Fharyy,
 ar ay ž-čnoc 'ya marb ay t-ār ;¹
 a' r yōri b-fada žo b-facamari až teacēt,
 Arlye řyūad-žcal azur cāc.

Aliter. " Žo žoyriariyul diay cum ay aru."
 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-cómháil,
 a' r do muz ar láir ar Ailne féirí
 le na céile ar aon maí ar rí,
 a' r dír ríu tiz a d-tár a' r t-rluaiz.

Fó' u am 'na mázadair ríu,
 do féirí Dairne bíu-cáe ceoil;
 do féirí Fíoníu a' r Barri-buað,¹
 a' r do zairm fó luar a éiom-rlóiz.

A Ailne ríuað-zéal! ar Triaime,
 a' r amlaíð ír aíl leat dír deaz-laoc;
 do dul a z-cóirí-zláid na láir,
 uo cáe coitcéaíu ar zác taob.

A Thriaime! ar Ailne ba zéal ríuað,
 ír amlaíð ír cuibe ar zác taob;
 t'íocad² do laocra na b-fíu,
 a' r t'íocad maí íad a z-cóirí-zléic!

Zairm éuzad do t'íocad laoc (ar Triaime),
 ar a' r leimz na u-aonairíu;
 a' r zóirífeadra t'íocad na b-fíu,
 zo d-tuzáid cáe díu ar éuoc a' r a' r!

¹ Barri-buað, sometimes called barri buabáil. This and the dóirí Fhíoníu, were the war-trumpets used by the Fenian chiefs to summon their troops to battle.

² T'íocad, *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—Conraíu, seems identical with the present Conran; Ruafíu, (written Ruafíu, in the copy consulted by us in the Royal Irish Academy),

O. Grainne advanced to meet them,
 And took gentle Ailne by the hand ;
 They walked together on the one path,
 And the two approached the front of the hosts.

At the time that they reached us,
 Daire sounded the melodious music of battle ;
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,
 And called in haste his mighty hosts.

O bright Ailne ! saith Grainne,
 Is it thy wish that two heroes,
 Should fight with their blades,
 Or a general battle on each side.

O Grainne ! saith Ailne of the bright countenance,
 It is thus it should be at either side,
 Thirty of the Fenian heroes,
 And thirty their match, to meet !

Call to thee thy thirty heroes (saith Grainne),
 On the plain by themselves,
 And I shall call thirty of the Fians,
 Till they give severe battle on Cnoc-an-air !

would go far to identify the name Renehan or Rooney ; Κορζαητε or Κορζαητιάδ, now Cosgrave, is a name famous in Irish History (see *Ossianic Trans.* Vol. I.). Εαρτλαητε may be the modern name Ηρτλϋτε (Hurley) or Ηρτλϋτε, 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. 21 **Thuarðarn!** ar 21he fhuad-zeal,
do éur led' lární aη aon ló,
tíúrí aζur céad fear calma mear,
tairre aζ tazmad ad ceann zleó!
- 22 **Thjadbarn!** ar Thjarnhe ófard,
do éur led' lárníre aη aon cáet,
tíj céad aζur ré fíu d'éaz,
fearnjarð ar táob me y'ar.
- 23 **Whearnúir!** ar 21he, tímall leat,
do éuztád aη fjad mear ó'y t-rlab,
le luar do dá cóir lútnar cnuarð,
yí meata ír dual duir zlad.
- 24 **Ruarthe!** ar Thjarnhe aη zurnn,
yí búrfeád fod' émoiz aη cínónan,
le déne do tóir ar lom lút,
beir clirde do rúd a z-coin-darl.
- 25 **Chonarnarn!** nar fáz marn
cuní ná fíacaíl rlan aζ laoc,
d'ar cóinnjarc leat a z-caet ná uzleó,
meafarn zurn cóir tu zlaodac.
- 26 **Chorfarnne!** ar Thjarnhe zo teann,
do éurfead aη ceann d'aon-béir,
míle ó'y z-colurnn d'fearnn úr,
zabarnre tú a z-cóin-zlérc.
- 27 **Earlarnne!** na mór éreáet,
do éur ar córnarð laoc le yrn;
ír mearta zurn cunbe duir tímall,
a'í curnniz aη tíúrí do éur!

- O. O Thuardan ! saith Ailne, of the bright countenance,
 There fell by thy hand in one day,
 One hundred and three mighty swift men,
 Come thou as leader in the fight !
- O Giabhan ! saith Grainne aloud,
 There fell by thy hand in one battle,
 Three hundred and sixteen men,
 Stand thou by his side.
- O Meanuir ! saith Ailne, go forth,
 Thou that hast brought the swift deer from the hill ;
 By the swiftness of thy two fleet hardy legs,
 Cowardice is not thy character in battle.
- O Ruaithe ! saith pleasant Grainne,
 Thou wouldst not crush the withered grass,
 When in pursuit [of the foe] by thy fleetness,
 Thou shalt match him in the conflict.
- O Conaran ! who never left
 A bone nor a tooth sound in any hero
 Who engaged thee in battle or conflict,
 I think thou shouldst be called !
- O Cosgaire ! saith Grainne firmly,
 Who would send the head by one blow
 From the body a mile of soft ground,
 I will have thee in the combat.
- O Earlaire ! who left large scars,
 On the bodies of heroes with venom ;
 'Tis determined that thou shouldst go,
 And remember the Three who fell !

O. Do bĭ ay dĭr do mĭyāĭb fēĭm,
 ԶԻԼԻԵ ԱՅՄ ՇԻՄԱՅԻՆԵ, ԵԱՅ ՖԻԿԿ;
 ԱՅ ՇԱՅԻՄ Ա՛Ր ԱՅ ՇՕՂԱ ԿԱ Ե-ՔԵԱՐ,
 ՇՄԻ ԼԿՈՅ ԵՄԾՕՎԱԾ ՇՕ ԵԱՇՇ ԵՐ ՇԱՇ ԵԱՅԻԵ.

Փ՛լօղղրսլջեաճար ԿԱ ԵՐԵՊ-ԲԻՐԱ Ա ՇԵՂԵ,
 ՇԱՇ ԺԻՐ ԺԵՅ Ա Շ-ՇՕՐԻՊ-ՇԼԻԱԾ ՇՐԱԱԻԾ;
 Ա Ե-ՔՕՐԻՇԵԱՅՅ ԱՅ ՇԱՇԱ ՆՅՕՐԱ ԿԱՅԻ ԺՕ՛Ն ԼԿՈՅ,
 Ա ՔԻՇԵՐԱՅԵ! ԱՇՇ ԺԻՐ ԺՕ՛Ն ՖԻԿԿԱՅՅ!

Փ՛ար Ժ-ԵՄԾՕՎԱԾՆԵ ԺՕ ԿԱՅԻ ԱՅ ԺԻՐ,
 ԻՐ ՔԱՅՅ ՄՕ ՇՄՕԻԾԵ Օ ԵՐԵՇ ԺԱ ԼԱԱԾ!
 ՆՅ ԵՐԵՂՔԵԱՐ ԼԿՈՄ ՄՕ ԵՐԱՇՇ ՇՕ ՔՕԼԼ,
 Ա ՔԻՇԵՐԱՅԵ! Օ՛Ն ՔՕՐԻՊ, ԱՅ ՇՐԵՅԺՐԻՊ ՇՐԱԱԻԾ.

ԱՅ ԵԱՅ ԺՕ ՇՈՅԱՐԵ ԱՅ ՖԻԿԿԱՅՅ,
 ԱՅ ԵՄԵՐԻՄ ՇՕ ԺԿԱՅ ԵՐ ՇԱՇ,
 ԺՕ ԵՕՂԵԱԺԱՐ ԵՄՅ ՇԱՐԵՇԱ ՇՐԱՅՅ,
 ԵԱ ՇՕՐ Ա ՆՂԼԿԱՅ Ա՛Ր Ա Ն-ԱՐԺ.

Ա ԱԼԻԵ ՇԵԱԼ-ԻՆՎԱԾ! ԵՐ ՇԻՄԱՅԻՆԵ,
 ԻՐ ՄՕՐ ԱՅ ՇԱՐ ԵՐ ՇԱՇ ԵԱՅԻ;
 ԵՐ ԿԱ ԼԱՕՇ ԵԱ ՇՐԱԱԾ ՇԱՐՔԵ,
 ԵՐԿԱԼԼ ԼԵԱՇ ՛ՐԱ ՄԱՐՔԵԱՅՅ ԺՕԺ՛ ԵՄԻԺԿ.

ՈՅ ՇՐԿԱԼԼՔԱԾ ՔԵՐՆ ԿԱ ԻԱԾ ԻՎՕ,
 Ա ՇԻՄԱՅԻՆԵ! Ժ՛ԱՐ Ն-ԺԱՐՇՇԵ ՔԵՐՆ,
 ՆՕ ՇՕ Ժ-ԵՄԵՐԻԺ ԻԿԱԾ ՇՕ ԺԵՐՆԵ,
 ՇՕ Ե-ՔԱՂԱՅԻԺ ԺԻԵ-ՔԵՐՆՇ ԵՐ ԱՅ Ե-ՖԵՐՆԿ!

ԵՄԻՐԻՄ ԺԱՐԵ, Ա ԱԼԻԵ! ԿԱ ՆՂԵԱԼ ՇԼԱՇ,
 ՇՕ Մ՛ՔԵԱՐԱ ԺԻԵ ԻԵԱԾ ԺՕ՛Ն ՇՕՐԱ,
 ՇՕ ՄՕՇԵՐԱՅՅ ԵՄՐ Ժ-ԵՂԱ ԱԼԱՅՅ ՔԵՐՆ,
 ՆՕ ՔԵԱՐ ԻՂԵՐ ՆՅ ՄԱՇԱՅԻԺ ԵՕԺ!

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 !

Օ, ի՛նչ քաղն ընդոյ, ծ'ար ծ-էր, ար Արեւ !
 Յօ արեւոյ ծ'յօռնայ ար ըստ ;
 ո՞ր Յօ ար-բարեամ կոյն ար յ-ճոջալ ճա՛ն,
 ճարոյ Բիւոյ ճարած-լան ար յճե՛ծ.

Այ տայ ծօ ճարայ ըստ ար ար-Բարոյ,
 ճլօր ար-նորոյն ար յար յճ !
 ծօ թարոյ Բարոյ ար Բար-բար,
 ա՛յ ճարոյ ար ըստ ար ճար.

Ծօ ճարոյն ճարար ծ ճա՛ն ար ծօ յ ճար,
 ար յար ծօ ճ ար ճար արոյ ;
 ար ճարար Բարոյ ծօ ճար ար կոյն,
 ճարոյն ճար ար ճար ճար ճար ճար.

ի՛նչ արար ճար ճար ճար,
 ծօ ըստար ճար ճար ճար արոյ ;
 ար ճար ճար ճար ար ար ճար,
 ար ճար ճար ճար ճար ար ար.

Ա Արեւ ճար-ճար ! ի՛նչ ճար կոյն,
 ծօ ար Բարոյ ար ճար-ճար ;
 ճարար ճար ար ճար ճար ճար,
 ար ճարար ճար ճար ճար ճար !

Ծօ թարոյ Բարոյ ար ճար ճար,
 ար ճար ճար ճար ճար ճար ;
 ճարար ճարար ար ճար ճար,
 ար ճար ճար ար ճար ճար ճար !

Ահ, ար ճարար ! ճար ճար ար ճար,
 ար ճար ար ճար ճար ճար ;
 ճար ճար ճար ճար ար ճար,
 ար ճար ճար ճար ճար ճար !

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 Oícuir a d-túir na b-*F*iaon,
 a' r a laon lioin̄ta na deap dōid;
 zo máh̄zadair féin a^zur cáe,
 ar leim̄z an áir a' r an éoin̄r^zleō,
- Q. Phátrai^c! h̄j éanair̄m aét f̄ioir,
 eia zuir euaad-láin̄ac z̄h̄ioin̄ac cáe;
 do éur̄teadair uile leir an b-*F*iaon,
 aét t̄im̄úir, a' r an m̄ioz̄air̄ an̄áir̄!
- Do éur̄t r̄an z̄-caé úd ba z̄air̄b diai,
 do l̄ion r̄luaz̄ na b-*F*iaon féin;
 deir̄éneadair a' r fé éeād fear̄,
 do laoéira ba z̄air̄b z̄liar̄d!
- D'ím̄éiz̄ an m̄ioz̄air̄ 'r an t̄im̄úir úd,
 a' r h̄ioir b-fear̄ dúin̄y cá'm̄ z̄abaō leō;
 ba dúbac̄ iad air a d-t̄im̄all,
 cé air náin̄air̄d iad! ba dobir̄ōy!
- Qz r̄in eir̄oē an éata éruair̄d,
 a Phátrai^c h̄uāō!¹ na m-bac̄al m-bān;
 ó r̄in an̄ac̄ do bair̄t an *F*h̄iaon,
 ar an z̄-ehoc̄ ro r̄iar̄i ehoc̄ an áir̄!
- P. Jh̄oir̄ dúin̄y, a Oir̄r̄i! z̄an z̄ō,
 na laoéira eir̄ōda do' y *F*h̄iaon;
 a n-éaz̄mair̄ an t̄im̄oēad cáid̄,
 do éur̄t r̄an áir̄ air an z̄-ehoc̄ ro r̄iar̄i?
- O. Tuair̄ur̄z̄bair̄l do béair̄ad duir̄t,
 ar z̄ac̄ r̄m̄ioin̄-éair̄t z̄air̄b laoē;
 do éur̄t air an z̄-ehoc̄ i^e cáe,
 a' r leir̄ an b-fear̄i dána, Tair̄t mac̄ T̄im̄éin̄?

¹ Q. Phátrai^c h̄uāō, *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 Oisin! without guile,
 The mighty heroes of the Fians,
 Besides the noble thirty [men]
 Who fell in the slaughter on the hill of battles!

O. An account I shall give thee
 Of the history of each robust hero,
 That fell on the hill by the foe,
 And by that daring man Tailc mac Treoin.

the Saint's arrival in Ireland, modern as the language and phraseology of
 the compositions may appear to us of the present day.

ՉԻՉԻՉԱՆՆՉԻ ՆՉԻ Բ-ՔՐՅՕՉԻ-ԼՉԻՕՐՉԻՓ ՓՕ՛Ն ԲԻՔՅՆԻ

Փօ էլլէ ար ընօք ան ձիւ, ԼԵ ՐԼԱՅԻ ՉԻԽԵՐՅԱՅԻ.

O. Փօ էլլէ ար ան Յ-ԵՆՕՔ Րօ ի՛նչ,
Շօն ՇԻԵՐԻՁԵ ԲԱ ՅԱՐԵ ՅԼԵՕ ;
ԺՕ Բ՛ՔԵՐԻ լան ա՛ր ԽԵՐԻԷ Ա ՆՅԼԻՁԵ,
ՆԱ ՇԱԷ ՓԵ ՇԻԱ ԼԵԱԷ ԻՐ ՄՕՐ !

ԻՐ ԵՆ Փօ էլլէ ՛ր ԻՐ ԺԻՕՄԵՁԵ ԼԻՕՄ,
ՓԻԱԼԼԱՑ ԲԼԱՆՆ, ԲԱ ԵՄԱՆ Ա Յ-ՇԱԷ ;
Ա՛Ր Ժ՛ՄԻԵՕՇԱՑ ԵՐ ԼՒԷ Ա ԼԱՆ ՅՆՅՕՐ,
ԼԵ ՄԱՇ ՓԵ Ե՛ՅԻ Ա՛Ր ՆՅԻ ԷՐԵՐԻԱՑ ՇԵԱԺ.

ԻՐ ԵՆ Փօ էլլէ ՛ր ԻՐ ԵՐԱՅԻ ԼԻՆՆ,
ԼՄԱՆԱՆ ՅԱՕԻՐ ՆԱ Ժ-ԵՐՕՄ ԼԱՆՆ ;
ԺՕ ԷՅՅԱՑ ԵՆ ԵՐԵ Օ՛Ն Ե-ՐԼԻԵԲ,
ԼԵ ՄԱՅԷ ԼԱՆ ԺԻԱՆ Ա ՅԱՐ ԵԵԱԼԼ.

ԻՐ ԵՆ Փօ էլլէ ՇԻԱՅԱՆ ՇԱԼՄԱ,
Ժ՛ՔԵԱՑ ԵՆ ՄԱՐԷ ԵՆ ՍՕՆ ՔՐԻՕՆՆ ;
Ա՛Ր ԺԱ ՔԻՇՇԻԺ ԵԱՐՅԻՅՆ ՓՕ՛Ն ԵՐԱՆ,
Ա՛Ր ԺԱ ՄԱՐԻԵԱՑ ԲԱ ՅՐԱՆՆ ԼԵՐ ԸԼԵՐԻ ՆԱ ՐՕՆԱ !

ԻՐ ԵՆ Փօ էլլէ ՇԱՕԼ ԼՄԱՐԻՆԵԱՑ ՄԵԱՐԻ,
ԵՐ ԼՒԷ ԲԱ ԼՄԱՅԷ ՆԱ ԵՆ ՅԱՕԷ ;
ՇԻԱՐՄԱՆ ՆԱ Յ-ՇՐԵԱՇԷ ԼԱՆՆ ԷՐԱՅԺ,
ԺԱ ՄԱՐԻԵԱՑ, ՆՅՕՐ ԻՄԱՐԵ ԺՕԺ՛ ԸԼԵՐԻ !

ԻՐ ԵՆ Փօ էլլէ ՓՕՐՇԱՆ ՄԵԱՐԻ,
ԺՕԺ՛ ՔԵՐԻԱՐ Ա Յ-ՇԱԷ ՆԱ ՓԻԱ ՍԺ ;
ԺՕ ՅԵՐԻԱՑ ՆԱ ՇԱՐՄ Ա՛Ր ՆԱ ՇԻԱՆԱ,
Ա՛Ր ԺՕ ՐՕՐՆԵԱՑ ԵՆ Ե-ԱՐԱՆ ՅՕ Ի-ՍԻ.

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 fleetier than the wind ;
And Ciarnan inflicter 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 tuit Caol duanae meay,
 Bolzayie, Seayie, azur Cmyazay;¹
 ceateyay zayb do laocayb cmyayb,
 mo daeyayoyd yad uaym ay fay!
- Jf ahy do tuit Ljazay myy zeyaz,
 ba ellyte a'f ba tmeay a z-cae;
 a'f do by az fmeaytal ya b-fjayy,
 zo fayyryy, uy, fyall, ya feal.
- Jf ahy do tuit Mheayzay caoy,
 ba toycaeyta beyy a d-tyom zley;
 Mheayduyie azur Cjayaday, calmay,
 tmyy ba myy maye zay zoy!
- Jf ahy do tuit Loyzayie ba tmeay,
 Cjayaday dohy ba cheayda myyhy;
 Jayzay do coycaeyae cmyay,
 Mjayay a'f Doyy-zlayie ba caoy.
- Jf ahy do tuit Ceyy² coy caol,
 Cjayaday a'f Qoy ya y-oy meayy,
 tmyay dob' fayyryy cayl a'f clay,
 a'f ba myayt lye a yzley ya layy.
- Jf ahy do tuit Follayay buadae
 Byoyay, Layie, Qoyie a'f Lay!
 Cayte, Ljayay, a'f Jaye feyhy.
 Dmylley, Bloy, azur Ceayhtayy.
- Jf ahy do tuit Cmyay beyda,
 Royye, Zloyye, Cay a'f Byad;
 Beallayie, Cmyyhy, a'f Mheaydoy meay,
 Layye, Fyaoe, Nyall a'f Zay.

¹ Cmyazay. This name is similar to the present O'Creghan, and probably the Ulster family of that name descended from him.

O. 'Twas there Caol the poetic and swift fell,
 Bolgaire, Searc, and Criagan ;
 Four stout and hardy heroes,
 Alas that they are away from me !

'Twas there fell Liagan of the smooth limbs,
 The active and mighty in battle ;
 He who entertained the Fians,
 Plentifully, freely, and generously, in his time.

'Twas there gentle Meangan fell,
 Whose blow was deadly in fierce battle,
 Meanduire and Cianadan the brave,
 Three of great worth, without exaggeration !

'Twas there the mighty Lorgaire fell,
 Ciardan the brown [haired] of gentlest disposition,
 Gargan the hacker of bones,
 Mianan and Donn-ghlaire the mild.

'Twas there Ceirin, the slender-legged, fell,
 Cruadan and Aedh, of the 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.

² CÉIMĪŃ. There are numerous families in Ireland, at the present day bearing this name.

- O. Jr ayy do čuyt ʒhualāy na η-ēačt,¹
 a ʒ-cjuađžojl na ʒ-cač ba čeayn;
 ažur jomad ejle, a Phátmajc ηuađ!
 ηač b-fujljm dá luad ayyojr ayy.
- P. Juyjr dam Ojrrjy, má' r cujñjy leat,
 cá' r tñjallad leat a' r lej r ay b-ʒéjny;
 jajr b-fážbajl ay ar-čnyojc djb,
 leay ʒo fjom a' r ηa cay bjuaž!
- O. Do čmujñyeamajm ar ʒ-cojy 'rajr ηžadajjt,
 a čléjmyč fō fjedjm, a' r ηj bjéaž;
 do luadmyjm ule dul do fejłž,
 ar bjuač a' r ar lejłž Loča Léjy.
- Jr fada nyje, a Phátmajc ηuađ!
 žay beača až luad dujt ržéal;
 ηj corñújl leat ηá led' Ũhja,
 žur ab jomjuyje ljb eljar ηá me!
- P. Tabajm tuajuržbajl na fejłže dúnny,
 a Ojrrjy! a' r fujž for t-jmčajy;
 juyjr dúnny aymayya ηa ʒ-coj raojče,
 a' r ηa ηžadar ba bjny žuč a' r žajm.
- O. Ži Phátmajc! do žeabajy ʒo lá ay bjáč,
 jñčeačt a' r tñáčt ar ay b-ʒéjny;
 ajm ar ʒ-cohajb, a' r ar ηžadajjm žuč-bjny,
 uč! jr tñuaž ay dje a bejč dá η-dej r!

¹ *Aliter*, ηa η-čač, 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 !

S E J L S L O C H A L E I N .

O. Ḃluairreamaoidhe an ljon do iḡairi,
 tau eir caḡa an airi do'ḡ b-ḡeiriḡ;
 ḡo maḡḡamaairi an faicee feair-ḡlar uḡ,
 air bhuac eiriḡraib loca leiri.¹

Jr e riḡ an loc ir airhe rḡeiriḡ,
 da b-fuil fo'ḡ uḡmeiriḡ ḡo beact;
 ir ionda rḡoiri aca o'ḡ b-ḡeiriḡ,
 anḡ ḡan bmeirḡ a d-tairḡe a noct!

P. Jhriḡ duriḡ, a Oiriḡ feil,
 eionnar d'fean o'ḡ b-ḡeiriḡ rai loc;
 eia aco oiri uḡ airḡead e,
 a'ir eimead an ceiriḡ do mḡḡhe a corḡ.

O. Aca anḡ riḡ rai taob euaid,
 caḡḡad liriḡead ḡoiriḡ ḡlar,
 aca anḡ rai taob riari,
 caḡḡad cloḡad an aon leact.

¹ Loc leiri, *Loch Lein*. This was the ancient name of the lakes of Killarney in Kerry, retained to the present day. The O'Carbhaills or O'Carrolls, of the race of Aedh Beannan, king of Munster, were chiefs of this district, and had their residence there; but the O'Donnchadhas, (of the second branch of whom *The O'Donohoe*, M.P., is the present lineal representative); who were originally seated in the plain of Caiseal (Cashell), having settled at Loch Lein, dispossessed and reduced the O'Carrolls, with other families descendants of Conaire Mor, and erected a new territory, to which was given the name Eoganacht Locha Lein; and afterwards Eoganacht Ui Dhonnchadha. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster, was to remain to enjoy the feast of Loch Lein from one Monday to another; and, according to the poet Benean or Benignus, who is said to have been a disciple of St.

THE CHASE OF LOCH LEIN.

- O. We proceeded, such of the Fians as survived,
After the battle of the great slaughter,
Till we reached the verdant plain,
On the banks and borders of Loch Lein.

This is the lake—the fairest to be seen,
That is under the sun truly ;
Many treasures belonging to the Fians,
Are in it, doubtless, secured this night.

- P. Relate to us, O generous Oisin,
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 Caiscal. Here are his words :—

“ ƒᵃ ᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃ ᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃ,
ᵃ (ᵃ)ᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃ,
ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃ,
ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ, ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃᵃᵃ.”

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

ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ ᵃᵃ ᵃᵃ-ᵃᵃᵃᵃᵃ, pp. 58, 59.

The following stipends were given by the king of Caiscal 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. Ἐτα ἀνη γαι ταοὸν ἔαρ,
 δεῖς ὕ-κέαδ cloιδεαῖν leάταιν ὕλαιν,
 δεῖς ὕ-κέαδ ἤγλατ' ἀ' ἤν Φορηδ Ἰηλανην,
 ἀ' ἤν Βάριμ-buaδ ἀρ' ἀοη μῆαν.

Ἐτα ἀνη γαι ταοὸν ἴοιη,
 ὄμ' ἀ' ἤν ἔαδαὸς ὕο leδῶμ, ἀ' ἤν ὕοιε;
 ἤτόρ' doβ' ἰομαρκαὸς le μᾶδ,
 ἔῖγεαδ ἀ ὕ-κέῖη ὕαὸς λά ταρ μῆη.

Ἐτα doρῖη ὕ do ἤεαῖοιη ἠα ἠ-δεοῖη,
 ἀ Ρηάτμαρ! παοῖ βῖοη δα luαδ,
 ἀ μαῖβ ἀῖμῆη do ἔοηαῖβ παοῖτε,
 ἀ' ἤ do ὕαδαῖη ὕαὸς-βῖηη do ὕεαβῆηη uαῖη.

Do βῖ ἀνη Ὑεολῆη ἀῖρ Βῖαη,¹
 Ἰομαρῆ, Βῖοδ, ἀῖρ Ἰομ-λύε,
 cύη coηα ἀ δ-τύρ ἤῖη ἀ' ὕῖοηα,
 ἠὰς ἤῖαμαδ ἔοῖδε le Ἰῖοηη!

Do βῖ ἀῖ Ἰῖοηη do ὕαδαῖαῖβ βῖηη,
 Uαῖῆηη, Βῖῖοῖηη, ἀῖρ Uαῖll-βεδ;
 Steallaῖη Reaάταῖη ἀ' Φῖαη-μᾶρ,
 Callaῖη, Ἰῖαδῆηη ἀ' Ὑῖαῖηῖ.

Do βῖ ἀῖη ἠηαῖηη ἀῖρ Ἰῖεαη,
 Luαρ, Saόταρ, Seαρ ἀ' Cuαῖηδ,
 Baηduῖη, Caέbuαδ, ἀῖρ Ἰῖαῖη,
 Raδαῖη, Ὑῖηαηηη, ἀῖρ Ἰῖuaῖη.

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

“Do ἠῖ lacha léη leβaη
 βῖῖῖβ cuμαῖη chῖηηδεαῖηη,
 ἤῖῖ βδ ἀεῖρ ἤῖηη eαὸς,
 ἤῖηη Ἰοηδ δό—ἠῖ βῖoeh βῖeαch.”

To the king of extensive Loch Lein,
 Is due a friendly return,
 Twenty cows and twenty steeds,
 Twenty ships to him—no bad award.

See also Windele's *Notices of Cork and Killarney*, and Mrs. Hall's *Hand-book for Killarney*.

O. There are in the southern side
 Ten hundred broad and glittering swords ;
 Ten hundred shields and the Dord Fhiann,
 And the Barr-buadh likewise.

There is in the eastern side
 Gold and raiment in plenty, and spoils,
 Treasures too many to describe,
 That came afar each day across the sea.

Though [it be] doleful for an old man living after them,
 O Patrick ! to be in sorrow recounting them,
 The names of all our well-bred hounds,
 And melodious dogs you will get from me.

We had there Sgeolan and Bran,
 Lomaire, Brod, and Lom-luth ;
 Five hounds foremost in the chase and actions
 That never parted Fionn !

Fionn had of melodious dogs,
 Uaithnin, Brioghmhar, and Uaill-bheo ;
 Steallaire, Reachtaire, and Dian-ras,
 Callaire, Fiadhman, and Sgiarlog.

He had also Manaire and Trean,
 Luas, Saothar, Searc and Cuaird ;
 Banduir, Cathbuadh, and Liasan.
 Radaire, Grianan, and Fuaim.

¹ Here Oisín relates to St. Patrick the names of the principal hounds which the Fenians brought from Cnoc-an-air; and if we are to rely upon the category, many of the names have something significant about them; —For instance—*Brioghmhar*, signifies the strong or vigorous; *Uaill-bheo*, a lively howl; *Steallaire*, spatterer; *Dian-ras*, swift in the chase; *Trean*, strong; *Luas*, swift; *Saothar*, expeditious; *Searc*, affection; *Cuaird*, to go on an errand; *Cath-bhuadh*, victorious in battle; *Radaire*, pleasing; *Grianan*, sunbright; *Fuaim*, noise; *Lom-bhall*, bare-limbed; *Monaran* turf-ranger; *Feargach*, wrathful; *Ras*, race.

The classical reader will, no doubt, recollect a similar enumeration of

- O. Do bġ aġze Lom-ball aġur Mhonarġan,
 Fearzaċ, Fearan, Bony aġur Rar,
 Cnaġarġe, Fċġġġ, aġur Ball-ġri,
 Mallaġġe, Trċan-lġġ aġur Rġġġ-bġġ.
- Do bġ aġze fġr Duarġan mearġ,
 Suarġan, Bearġe, aġur Feall,
 Leġarġġe, Forġarġġe, aġur Slġġġan,
 Cġġġġe, Larbarġan, aġur Zeall.
- ġġ ġġġ aġarġa a Pharġarġe bġġġ!
 an ġġġ con ġġġe a'ġr ġarġarġe trġġan;
 do ġġġ Fġġġġ ġ ġġġ an ġġġ,
 ġo leġġġ a'ġr ġo flearġarġġ Loġa Lġġ.
- Do bġ aġ Orġur do ġarġġ ġġġarġġ,
 Fearġ aġur Forġarġġ, Cluarġ a'ġr Faġdarġ;
 ġġġe, Mġġġe, Farġġe, a'ġr Luarġ,
 Daol, ġġuarġġ, Fġġġ a'ġr Caol.
- Do bġ 'ġa ġ-darġ do ġarġarġġ bġġġe,
 Clearġ, Fġllearġ, Mġarġ, a'ġr Ruarġ,
 Mġarġ, Farġarġġġe, Sġġġġarġġ a'ġr Zearġġ,
 Dġarġarġġe, Rġġġ, Obarġġ a'ġr Cuarġ,
- Do bġ aġze Lomġarġġe, Fearġġan a'ġr Bony,
 Corġarġġe, Fearġ, Bualġarġ, a'ġr Fġarġġġ,
 Cealġarġ, Mġearġġ, Pġearġarġġe, a'ġr Pġarġ,
 Sġarġarġġe, Rġarġ, Slġġarġ a'ġr Caġġ.
- Do bġ aġ Faolġan do ġġġarġġ ġġġe,
 ġġ-ġarġġ ġġġarġġ, ġarġġ aġur Forġarġġ,
 Barġarġ, Fearġarġġe, Caolġan a'ġr Cuarġġ,
 Daolġan, Suarġ, ġġġ a'ġr Foġġarġġ.

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 žadmaġb bġnn-žlŏmaċ,
 Maġbān, Fŏmŏžma, Fġar ažuŕ Teġlġ,
 Colžān, Fāŕžā, Fġnŏmān a'ŕ Cmeāċ,
 Lġm-ŕžmŏŕ, Feall, Uaġll-bġnn, a'ŕ Leġmž.
- Do bġ aġze fŏŕ Žlaġŕġn a'ŕ Beŏlān,
 Fŏmāoġl, Cġarbān, Žlūaġŕ a'ŕ Loġž;
 Tġuadnān, Cġarboċċ, ažuŕ Cġān-ċuāġmŏ,
 Oċċān, Jolžuaġm, Fleaž, ažuŕ Fŏŕŕaġž.
- Do bġ až Žoll do ċŏnāġb ŕaŏġċ,
 Žlūaġme, Bġožā, Cġŕċāċċ a'ŕ Aġme;
 Cġān, Rađaġme, Eġŕċċāċċ a'ŕ Pāġme,
 Tġŕeān-lūċ, Bāġme, Eġŕġoll a'ŕ Feaŕ.
- Do bġ aġze Fulānž ažuŕ Eadġmŏn,
 Fuarān, Eažā, ažuŕ Teānān;
 Aġm-lġm, Sāġm-ġmġċ, ažuŕ Jmċġān,
 Žarbān, Fġall, ažuŕ Leānān.
- Do bġ aġze do žadmaġb uaġll-bġnn,
 Bož-lġm, Sžġċ, Žolān ažuŕ Tŏġm,
 Searġbān, Žmŏd-uaġll, ažuŕ Seāċġmān,
 Fŏžlūaġm, Fead-žāġm, ažuŕ Raġŕŏġm.
- Do bġ aġze fŏŕ Maŏġlġn bġnn,
 Tuarġāġme, Rġnž, ažuŕ Aġalān,
 Mġānāġme, Nġm-ġġāġl, ažuŕ Sġġāġā,
 Cluānāġme, Tġmŏm-žċāġm, ažuŕ Searġċān.
- Do bġ do ċŏnāġb až Maċ Lūžāċ,¹
 Seāġāċ, Lūġŕeāċ, ažuŕ Eġmleāċ;
 Mŏŕm-ċāġn, Cumān, ažuŕ Fuarġā,
 Aolān, Sžuaġā, ažuŕ Faŏġāġm.

¹ Maċ Lūžāċ. 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,
 Truadhma, 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 Imehian,
 Garbhan, Fiall, and Leanan.

He had of melodious dogs
 Bogleim, Sgith, Golan and Toir,
 Searbhan, Grod-uail, and Seachran,
 Foghluaim, Fead-ghair, and Rantoir.

He had likewise Maoilin the melodious,
 Tuargaire, Ring, and Amalan,
 Dranaire, Nimh-fhiaecail, and Straca,
 Cluanaire, Trom-ghearr, and Searean.

Mac Lughach had of hounds
 Seabhae, 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 beoċċa,
 Luadmaġ, Seoċlaċ, aʒur Tacad;
 Cúl-raor, ʒġor-ʒaġme, aʒur Stuaġm,
 Bġadaġ, Bġuaċaġm, aʒur Carad.
- Do bġ aġze fōr Jomġan cġuaġʒ,
 Caomaġ, Duamaġ, aʒur Cġleōʒ,
 ʒmġum, Bġeac-ball, aʒur Duġmġm,
 ʒġeamaġ-ball, Fġomġmġm, aʒur Tġmrlōʒ.
- Do bġ aʒ ʒac Roġmġm ʒġumġm,
 do ċomaġb luamaġe aʒur raorċe,
 Cuaġ-ċomġeac, aʒur ʒġaċaġme meam,
 Cġmġmġc, ʒġmġac, aʒur ʒaorċe.
- Do bġ aġze fōr ġġamaġc luamaġe,
 ʒġmġeamaġ, Tuamaġ, aʒur Nġal,
 Eoġac, Ladmaġm, aʒur Bolʒ reamʒ,
 ʒġeamaġmġm, Feam, aʒur Tġmaort.
- Do bġ aġze do ʒadmaġb fōʒluamaġmeac,
 Cġmaġplġm, Suam, aʒur Toġmʒ;
 Cġmġme, ʒuaʒam, Doċe, aʒur Doġe,
 Buamaġm, Fōm, aʒur Foġmʒ.
- Do bġ aġze Duamaġm aʒur Sġap,
 Lomam, Caċ, aʒur Caorʒum;
 Caġbġm, ʒealam, aʒur Luamaġe-ʒġeac,
 Foġeġm, Bġeam, aʒur Baorġe.
- Do bġ aġze fōr ʒamġ-uaġll ʒġeam,
 Fuamaġeġm, Taomac, aʒur Lomġam,
 ʒġumġme, ʒġmōd-ʒam, aʒur Teamaġ,
 Cuaġamaġ, Bomyġamaġe, aʒur Uamaġam.

O. He had of sprightly dogs
 Luadran, Seoladh, and Tacadh,
 Cul-saor, Mion-ghaire, and Stuaim,
 Biadan, Bruachair, and Casadh.

He had likewise Iomlan the hardy,
 Caoran, Duairc, and Cuileog,
 Arguin, Breac-bhall, and Dunuir,
 Mear-bhall, Fionnduir, and Truslog.

Mac Ronain the social had,
 Of swift and noble hounds,
 Cuan-choimead, and Machaire the swift,
 Cnamhach, Urlach, and Gaoithe.

He had also Niamhrach the swift,
 Ainmhear, Tuairt, and Neall,
 Eolach, Ladruin, and Bolg the slender,
 Meanmhuin, Feam, and Traost.

He had of well bred dogs
 Craipleir, Suan, and Toisg,
 Cuinne, Guagan, Docht, and Doith,
 Buanan, Foir, and Foisg.

He had Duardan and Snap,
 Loman, Cath, and Caosgur,
 Caibin, Gealan, and Luaith-ghleas,
 Foithin, Beas, and Baoise.

He had also Garbh-uail the sharp,
 Fuaithin, Taomadh, and Lorcan,
 Alpuire, Grod-ghair, and Teare,
 Cuanair, Bonnlaice, and Uamhan.

- O. Գո իյ աշ Պարսպս Օ՛Պարեո,
 ծօ շօսայն բօրէ՛ւ ա լօյ լու՛ւ,
 Շօրրր Ոճրոյն աշսր ՇՅար-Լեօն
 Պսլլեօշ, Լէրմբօճա, աշսր ՇԼուծ.
- Գո իյ աշք ծօ շօճրայն բօրէ՛ւ,
 ՇսաԼոն, Լօրրքօճ, աշսր ՇԼայն,
 Պսն-Շբօրծոյ, Քօլլայր, աշսր Եարաճ,
 Բարբօն, ՇԼամայր, աշսր Պօնարոն.
- Գո իյ ծօ շօսայն աշ ՇԼար Եօոն,
 Շրօճայր, Շարշ, աշսր Պօր-ճայլ,
 Լսաճոն, Բսրբօճ, Շարշայր, ա՛ր Շրլոլ,
 Լօրրճոն, Շրլոլայր, աշսր Շրօճոն.
- Գո իյ ծօ շօճրայն աշք ոս Բ-բօճայր,
 Եոլլոն, Շօրշայր, Շրօր աշսր Շրուճօճ ;
 Շրոնոն, Շարմբոն, Քոլլա աշսր Շրօն,
 Քրոնոն, Շօրրք, Բարբ աշսր Շրու.
- Գո իյ աշ Քարշսր բլօ Քոյոն,
 ծօ շօսայն Բս Շրոնօնօճ, Լսայ՛ւ ;
 Շրօճոն, Քոլլաճ, աշսր Քոյ-բայլ,
 Լսաճոն, Քոյրրօն, Շօրբօնոն աշսր Պայլ.
- Գո իյ աշք ծօ շօճրայն ՇԼամ-Բոյոն,
 Քոլլոն, Պօճ, Քոյր աշսր Լոնոն ;
 Շսրբօճ, Բլօ-Բոյոն, աշսր Շրոնաճ,
 Լսաճ, Բլօճ, աշսր Պօճոն,
- Գո իյ աշարբ բօն, ա Քօրրայր !
 աշսր աշ Եճ Օ իր բար ;
 ա ո՛ւճարայր ոս Շ-Եօն ա՛ր ոս ոշօճար ոճ,
 ծօր Շ-Եճօճ ար լու՛ւ ոս Բ-բայլոյն ծօ Լսօ.

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.

Feergus, 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. Juuir a Oiríu, na n-éacét émuaid!
 laoi zay briaíu na reilze dúiu;
 ir ionzua liom nō ir zearu zui éur,
 fiaid leiuze ay loca úd?¹

O. Zi Phátuajc! a z-cuala tú ay t-reilz,²
 a nje Uiriuu na pialm ráin!
 mar do mizye ay beay le Fionn,
 a r zay aon ueac auy na éoiúáil.

P. Ní dóicé zo z-cuala a nje ay miz!
 a Oiríu zlic, na nzuóin nzaruz;
 aéuir dúiu zay tuirre briu,
 crouar do mizye leó ay t-realz?

C. Ní éanmaoirne ay Fhianu zó,³
 njoir éurbe é do ráinlúzaó leó,
 le fíruyne a' r le uearic ar láin,
 do éizmaoir flán ór zac zleó.

Njoir íuid ueac ad éill,
 a Phátuajc, ir bnyu fuarim zlóir!
 dob' fíruuyíze ná Fionn féin,
 ay fear uáir éaol do briuad óir.

Njoir íuid ueac a z-cíll,
 zid bnyu líb a éanuid pfallm,
 dob' zearu focal ná ay Fhianu,
 firu uáir loic a uzleó zairb.

¹ *Aliter*

“Zi fiaó rin ay loca úd.”

The deer of that lake.

² 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.

³ *3ó, 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. Փձ նի՛թ շուրճ ա՛տձ աճ շիլլ,
 աՅ լիւրլլ ա՛ր աՅ լիւրբան քրայլիւ;
 ոյ շիւրքիւրիւր ծո երի՛շ ար ալ ե-՛ջ-՛ճիւրիւ,
 նձ երի՛շ ծո շիւրքե աճ՛տ աիւրլ.
- Եր յիւր ձ շոճար աիւր յիւր յիւր,
 բար ծիւ՛շ իւր բար եար շարիւ;
 ա՛ր ոյր շիւր աճ՛տ իւր լաճա շար եիւր,
 բաճ երի՛շ բիւր՛՛ ար ալ շ-ճոճ իւր շալլ!
- P. Ոյ եյճարիւր աճաճ լաճա շար եիւր,
 ծո շիւրքարիւր տիւր բաճ՛տ յիւր-բարիւր յարիւր,
 ա՛ր յիւրքարիւր յիւր ծո՛յ յիւր,
 ա՛ր շաճարիւր յիւրիւր շաճ յար լա.
- O. Փձ շոարիւր յիւր շար շարիւրիւր,²
 բա յիւր բար ծո՛յ նձ ծո յիւրքարիւր;
 ա՛ր ծո շոարիւր յիւր շարիւր շարիւր,
 բա յիւր ա՛ր բա լիւրքե նձ ծո յարիւրիւր յարիւր!

¹ Բիւր, *deer*. The most perfect skeletons of this animal, the *Cervus Giganteus*, as we assume, now known in Ireland, are preserved in the Museums of the Royal Dublin Society, and of Trinity College, where there are three specimens to be seen. There is also a very perfect skeleton in the Belfast Museum, into which we were conducted during a recent visit to that town, by Mr. Robert Mac Adam, a gentleman who takes peculiar interest in matters of archæology; and to whose exertions we believe the Museum of that town is mainly indebted for the vast collection of antiquities therein preserved. This skeleton stands upwards of six feet high, and is perfect in every respect.

² Շար շարիւրիւր, 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 Glenasmol, 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. Գո շոհարց մե՛ շեւտարիւնս լոյս,
 Եւ ինձ նա՛ զո՛ շեւտարիւնս ինարտայս ;
 Իր է՛ զո՛ կիցոյ մօ շրօյժե՛ ԼԵ շարբե,
 Ելի՛տ աճ շիշիլ, Եւ յօճայս !

Եր մայրց զօ Եւսարա յօ բլալ,
 Եւ ինձն ապ ինչ նար յայս,
 Եւ բեւո՛ միջր Եւ շարիւնս զօն մ-Եւսո՛,
 Զօ Եւսո՛ տար մ'իլ յա՛ շար շարիւնս.

Չարա մ-Եւսո՛ նա յարա Եւ Եւ ինչիւնս,
 Եւ ինչն ինչոյ Եւ ինչ շարիւնս,
 Եւ ինչն Եւ ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն,
 Եւ ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն !

- P. Եր է՛ մօ ինչիլ զօ շարիւնս ինչն,
 Իր է՛ զօ Եւսո՛ ինչն ինչն ինչն ;
 Իր է՛ զօ շարիւնս Եւ ինչն-Եւսո՛,
 Իր է՛ զօ Եւսո՛ ինչն ինչն ինչն.

Եր է՛ զօ շարիւնս ինչն Եւ ինչն,
 Իր է՛ զօ Եւսո՛ ինչն Եւ ինչն ;
 Իր է՛ զօ շարիւնս ինչն Եւ ինչն,
 Եւ ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն ինչն !

- O. Ո՛ր Եւ ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն,
 Եւսո՛ մօ ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն ;
 Եւսո՛ ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն ինչն,
 Եւսո՛ ինչն ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն !

Չար ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն, Եւ ինչն,
 Եւ ինչն ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն ինչն,
 Եւ ինչն ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն ինչն,
 Եւ ինչն ինչն ինչն Եւ ինչն ինչն.

O. I saw a quarter of a blackbird
 Which was larger than thy quarter of beef ;
 'Tis it that fills my soul with sadness,
 To be in thy house thou poor wretch !

I often had pleasant times
 In the Dun of the generous king ;
 What food I [now] use in a month
 I would have left after me at each meal there.

Had it not been for the prohibitions which bound Fionn,
 And that it was not his wish to violate them,
 All that dwell in heaven and earth
 Would not vanquish the hand of my king.

P. 'Tis my king made heaven,
 'Tis he who gave the hero might,
 'Tis he who held eternal life,
 'Tis he who gave blossom to the trees.

'Tis he who made the sun and moon,
 'Tis he who brings fish into the lakes,
 'Tis he who created fields and grass,
 Not such were the deeds of Fionn !

O. 'Tis not the creating of fields and grass
 My king took as his choice,
 But the hacking of bodies of heroes,
 Protecting territories, and spreading his fame.

The wooing, the play, and the chase,
 The unfolding of banners in the battle's front,
 The playing at chess and swimming,
 And the entertainment of all at the festive board.

- O. Ձ Քհատրայե ! շա մայն ծօ Փիյա,
 աղ տաղ շաղիլ շա ճիր տար լար ?
 շուլ լեօ շար ուլ շու լուօլաղղ իա լուլ,
 լե'ի շուլ յօղաօ լաօօ րաղ տրար ?
- Քօ աղ տաղ շաղիլ Ձաշար ոօղ,
 աղ րար շա շօղ շուօ իաղ շիղ ;
 յր օղիղ ճա իաղրար ծօ Փիյա,
 շօ շ-օղիղ լե Քիաղղաղ Քիղղ.
- Քօ աղ տաղ շաղիլ Տաղ իաղ Տրար,
 աղ րար աղ աղ շ-Քիղղ ծօ շուղ աղ տ-աղ !
 ող լեօ' Փիյա ծօ շուլ աղ օղաօ,
 աօտ լե ի-Օղղաղ ա իար շաօ.
- Ձաղա,¹ իաղ Քիաղղաղ ոօղղ,
 լե իղղ Տարաղղ իա իղղ իղղաղ ;
 ողղ լարղ իղղ իաղ իաղղ ծօ Փիյա,
 ծղ ճա շաղղ աօտ Քիղղղ րիղ.
- յր յօղա շաօ, իաղղ, ա'ր շիղաօ,
 ծօ օղղաօ լե Քիաղղաղ Քիղղղ ;
 ող շաղա շօ իղղաղաօ շաօտ,
 ուլ շա իաղղ իա շուղ շարղ ա լաղ !
- Ք. լիղղարաղղ ճ'աղ շ-օղղղղաղ աղ շաօ շաօ,
 ա իղղղղ շիղղ աղա շաղ շաղղ ;
 տղղ շօ շ-րղղ Փիյա աղ իղղղ իա իղղղ.
 ա'ր Քիղղղ իա իղղղղաղ աղղ ա շ-րիղղ !
- O. Քա ոօղղ աղ իաղղ իղղ ծօ Փիյա,
 շաղ շիղղ իա շ-րիղղ ծօ շաղղ ճ'Քիղղղ,
 ա'ր Փիյա րիղղ ճա իղղղ ա իղղղղ,
 շօ ծ-ղղղղաղ աղ իղղղ շաղղ ա շարղ.

¹ *Aliter*, Ձաղղ.

O. O Patrick! where was thy God,
 When the two came across the sea? [the ships,
 Who carried off the wife of the king of Lochlin of
 On whose account many a hero fell in conflict.

Or when Magnus the Great landed,
 He who was in battle fierce,
 'Tis likely if thy God had lived
 That he would have aided the Fians and Fionn!

Or when Taile Mac Treoin landed,
 He who dealt slaughter to the Fians,
 'Tis not by thy God the hero fell,
 But by 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. Njoni fulanɔ Ƴionu aɪ feaɔ a maɛ,
 neaɔ a bejɛ a b-pɛinyi nɔ uɔuaɪɪ,
 an fuaɪɔɔɔ aɪ le aɪɔɔe aɔ oɔ,
 a ɔ-caɔ nɔ uɔleɔ ɔo n-bɛaɪaɔ buaɔ.

Jɪ maɪɛ an ceanyaaɔ daɪ aɪ do Ƴhɪa,
 bejɛ aɔe aɔɔɔ a ɔɔɔɔ maɪ tɔɔɔ;
 ɔan bɪaɔ, ɔan ɛaaɔ, ɔan ɛeɔ,
 ɔan bejɛ aɔ bɪoɔaɔ oɔ aɪ oɔɔ.

ɔan ɔaɪ nɔ uɔaaɔ nɔ nɔ ɪoɔ,
 ɔan bejɛ aɔ ɔoɔɔeɔ ɔoɔ nɔ ɔuaɪ;
 ɔion a b-fuaɪaɪ o'e aɔɔaɔ an bɪɔ,
 maɪɔɔ do ɪɔɔ neɪne am' uɔaɔt!

ɔan ɪyaaɔ, ɔan fɪaɔɔɔeɔeɔ, ɔan Ƴionu,¹
 ɔan ɪuɔɔɔɔɔ fɪaɔ-ban, ɔan ɪoɔɔ;
 ɔan ɪuɔe an ionaaɔ maɪ ba ɔuaɔ,
 ɔan ɔoɔɔɔɔ ɔe aɔa lue nɔ ɔleɔ.

P. ɔ feanyoɔ ɔɔion aɔa aɪ baɔɪɪ,
 ɪɔuɔ a'ɪ nɔ bɪ aɔ ɪɪoɔaɔ ɔan ɔeɔɔ;
 maɪɔe aɪ le Ƴia ɔuɔ a o-taɔɔɔ.
 feaɔa ma'ɪ aɪ le aɔ a ɪeɔ.

O. ɔaɔaɔ ɔuɔ ɪeɔ nɔ doɔ' Ƴhɪa,
 a ɔeɔɔɔ nɔ ɔ-eɔaɪ nɔ ɔaaɔaɔ;
 ɔaɔ a uɔe aɔaɔ oɔ nɔ-ɔaɔ,
 nɔ buɔe aɔaɔ ɔion oɔuɔ a nɔaɔeɔ!

P. Jɪ ɔuaɔɔ ɔion do ɔuɔ ɔɔion,
 a Oɔɔ! nɔ bɪ aɔ ɪɪoɔaɔ ɔan ɔeɔɔ;
 ɪɪ uɔaɔ ɔuɔ, ɔaɪ ɔion ɔo ɪoɔ,
 aɔuɔɔ do ɪoɔ aɪ nɔaɔ Ƴe!

¹ *Aliter*, Fong, 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. A Phatmaic! da m-beiuhri zay céll,
do rzarparuh led' éléri a z-cuh;
hí bejé bačal ha leabar ban,
há cloz tráča ahy do éll!
- P. Léjz turá do bejé baoté,
a híc ah miz ba májé clú;
žéll do'ň té do žuhž žac májé,
ciom do čeahy a' r feac do žlín!
- Buajl d'úct a' r dojic do deó!
cijed do'ň té atá ór do čiohy,
cé žur b'iohžvad leat a luad,
ir é do muz buad ah Fhiohy!
- O. A Phatmaic! mo ržéal truaž!
hí biuh lioh fuah do bérl;
žolfead žo rpar a' r hí fá Dhia,
áčt Fiohy, a' r ah Fhiahy, zay bejé beó.
- P. Bí ad čorč, a feahóru fuahic,
tréjz, feacúh, fuac a' r feariz;
mah do žeallajr, ajčur dúhy,
ciuhar do mizhe leó ah t-fealž?
- O. Híoi b'iohžvad dúhy a bejé b'iohac,
a' r ceahy ah rlož do bejé d'am h-žjč;
cia žur muz omyuh žeah a' r žájie,
ir dúhy dob' adbar bejé az caoi!

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

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

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

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

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

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

The following Stanzas were written by Caoilte Mac Ronain, on the occasion of some feud arising between the king of Munster and Fionn Mac Cumhail :—

CAOILTE RO CHUAN.

Ḑ'fóḑḑḑ caḑa oḑḑḑ a Fḑḑḑ,
 a fḑḑ ḑa ḑ-bḑḑḑḑḑ ḑ-bḑḑḑḑ;
 ḑḑ ḑú ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑo Ceann Con
 ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ, ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

Comḑḑḑ Fḑḑḑ ḑ'ḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑoḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑ-bḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ a ḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ a ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ a ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑo'ḑ ḑḑḑ ḑ'fóḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ a Fḑḑḑḑ.

CAOILTE SANG.

Proclaiming war on thee, O Fionn,
 O man of the sweet melodious words ;
 Because thou hast come to Ceann Con,
 Without reproaching, without accusation.

The combat of Fionn with Munster's king,
 A meeting that gave occasion to grief,
 One of them plundered the other,
 Their contention was most heroic.

I say unto thee a plain saying,
 That my prediction is true,
 There shall be spies at Almhuin,
 For the war proclaimed on thee O Fionn.

τῆρ Νῆ Ν-ὀς.

THE LAND OF YOUTH.

EDITED BY

BRYAN O'LOONEY.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

1859.

The Council of the Ossianic Society do not hold themselves responsible for the authenticity or antiquity of the following poem ; but print it as an interesting specimen of the most *recent* of the Fenian Stories. In the tract which follows it will be found one of the most *ancient* of the records that describe the exploits of Finn Mac Cumhail.

TO

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT OF THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

SIR,—Pursuant to your wishes, and at your very kind suggestion, I have undertaken the following translation of the Ossianic poem, on $\text{C}\bar{\text{I}}\bar{\text{r}}\ \eta\Delta\ \eta\text{-}\delta\bar{\text{S}}$ (“Land of Youth,”) in the humble but confident hope that I may, however, unpretending as an Irish scholar, be in some measure instrumental in restoring our *neglected lore* to its former style and standard.

From my knowledge of the Fenian stories, and Ossianic poems which circulate in this country, I would classify them under three different and distinct heads, 1st, Fenian history, which comprises all based upon fact and supported by the ancient records and chronicles of our country, such as $\text{C}\Delta\acute{\text{e}}\ \bar{\text{S}}\Delta\text{B}\bar{\text{r}}\Delta$, $\text{C}\Delta\acute{\text{e}}\ \text{C}\eta\text{u}\acute{\text{c}}\Delta$ and the like, which it would be absurd to discredit against the forcible evidence of our trustworthy annals. 2nd, inventions and poetic fictions which are entertaining, and intended by the authors more to amuse the reader and to embellish history, than, as some say, to impose on his understanding, and claim the credit of truth. 3rd, the poems and prophecies of $\text{F}\bar{\text{r}}\eta\eta$, $\text{C}\eta\bar{\text{r}}\eta\eta$, $\text{C}\Delta\eta\bar{\text{r}}\eta$, and others of the $\text{F}\bar{\text{I}}\Delta\eta\eta\Delta\ \text{C}\eta\bar{\text{r}}\eta\eta$ (Irish Militia), which are very interesting, and I should think entitled to as much credit as the early traditions of any other nation.

Some assume that the genuine old poems and stories cannot be distinguished from the modern fictions, and consequently that they cannot be credited, but that all must be considered worthless. This is a very unjustifiable assumption. The Irish scholar will at once know the composition of the Fenian period, as the language and style is different from that of latter times. From the fourteenth to the beginning of the

eighteenth century, we have another class of poems and romantic tales, which exhibit a later stage of the language, but which are well worthy of attention. My own conviction is that the Ossianic poem on the "Land of Youth" is of this last class and date, and from the testimony of many corroborating facts supported by the result of an inquiry which I instituted at your suggestion, I believe it to have been written by the learned Michael Comyn, contemporaneously with the romance of *Τορνλβ ηαc Σταρνη, γc.* (Torolv the son of Starn), about the year A.D. 1749. By comparing *Την ηα η-δ5* with the occasionally interspersed verses in the romance of Torolv the son of Starn, &c. whose author is universally acknowledged to be Michael Comyn, it will be perceived that there is such a similarity and almost identity of style in them as to leave no doubt that they are both the productions of the same master mind. As further proof of this I may state that an illiterate man of my acquaintance can repeat several verses of it, but knows it under no other name but that of *Λογ αη Ḷομηηη5* (Comyn's Lay), and that his father had it from Comyn's manuscript. Another man states in a letter to me, that his copy of it was written in the year 1762 by a celebrated Irish scholar, who lived in Ruan, County of Clare. In this poem we have an account of *Την ηα η-δαοηηε μαητε* (Land of the good people), the elysium of the Pagan Irish as related to St. Patrick by Oisín, when he returned to Erin after a lapse of more than three hundred years, which he spent in the enjoyment of all bliss, with his charming spouse, the golden headed (haired) Niamh. While Oisín sojourned in the paradise of perpetual youth, it was (it seems falsely) said of him that he was dead, but as those who enter the "Land of the Just" can never die, so Oisín lived until he returned to relate the history of his adventures, and of this happy elysium. The inhabitants, of the eastern countries believed that in the west there was a happy final abode for the just which was called *Την ηα η-δαοηηε μαητε* (Land of the good people.)

This elysium is supposed to be divided into different states and provinces, each governed by its own king or ruler, such as *Την ηα η-δ5* (Land of youth) *Την ηα η-βεο* (Land of the Living) *Την ηα η-βυαδα* (Land of virtues) and several others. According to traditional geography and history the "Land of Youth" is the most charming country to be found or imagined, abounding in all that fancy could suggest or man could desire, and bestowing the peculiar virtue of perpetual youth, and hence the name. In the "Land of Virtues," or as some call it, the Land of Victories," (but the latter name I suppose to be a mis-translation, as I have never heard of a battle or strife in this country); it is all peace, tranquility and happiness. As there is no conflict there can be no victory—and there is no virtue to be desired which is not to be had on entering

this country! The "Land of Life" is supposed to give perpetual life to the departed spirits of the just. These are supposed to be located somewhere about the sun's setting point, and have means of approach, chiefly through the seas, lakes and rivers of this world, also through raths, duns and forts. The seas, lakes and rivers act as cooling atmospheres, while the raths, duns and forts, serve as places of ingress and egress to and from them. There are besides, different grand-gates, as it were, throughout the world, such as *Сил Стуйфин* (Kill Stuifin), situate in Liscannor Bay, supposed to be one of the chief entrances into *Тїл ња њ-њ* ("Land of youth.") This is said to be a beautiful but small city, marked by the white breaking waves between *Леѡт* (Lahinch,) and *Лїор-Селїїїїл* (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.* *Тїл ња њ-њ* ("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 Стуйфин* (Kill Stuifin), read Conyn's Romance, called *Еѡѡѡа Ѣорѡїѡ њаѡ Сѡїїѡ ѡѡѡ ѡ ѡїїѡ њаѡ* (the adventures of Torolv Mac Starn and his three sons). Contiguous to this place is another spot called *Сѡѡ ња ѡїѡїѡѡ* (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 *Леѡт ѡѡ Ѣѡѡѡѡїїл* (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 *Сѡѡ ња Сїѡїѡѡѡ* (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 *Тїл ња њ-њ* ("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 *Тїл ња њ-њ* ("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 Ḷηεαράλ* (O'Ereasail's country), *Ἴδ Ḷεἱἶἶη*, (O'Leilin's country), Inchiquin and Lough Gur. The great Earl of Desmond is supposed to have been submerged in the latter, where he is seen once in every seven years, anxiously awaiting the destined hour of return to his country. On reference to the ancient records and Pagan history of different nations, it will be seen that they have their traditions of Pagan elysiums as well as Ireland.

B. O'LOONEY.

Monreel, October 6th, 1858.

Since the above was written, the Honorary Secretary to the Ossianic Society has been furnished with a similar legend.

9, Anglesea-st., Dublin, Jan. 20th, 1859.

"SIR,

"There is a similar legend to that related in the following poem told of Oisín's descent, and living for three hundred years in *Ἰλαἶη ἠα ḶαομαḶ Ḷλαἶη* (the cavern of the grey sheep), a large cave which is situated at C'colagarronroc, 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.”

Լ Ա Օ Յ Փ Կ Օ Յ Տ Յ Ն Ա Ր Ե Կ Յ Ր Ն Ա Ն-Օ Յ,
 Չար ծ'ալէլիք ըն ծո Քաճարից յառնէա.

P. Ա Օլլից սարալ! ա յիւ աղ յի՛ն՛!
 ծո Բ'բարս շոյօն շարշե 'ր շլիւտ;
 ալէլիք ծննդ ա սոլ շոյ յարից
 շոյոսք յարիք շարի էլլ ու Բ'Գարս?

O. Եղե՛ծք ըն ծար, ա Քաճարից յաճ,
 շի՛ծ ծոլն կոյ ա կաճ ծր ար
 շարի էլլ աղ շա՛ն Շարա¹ շարի,
 աղ ար յարիւճ, յո յար! աղ Ե-Օրշար ճ՛ն.

Լա ծ'ա յաճարից սլե աղ Գարս
 Գարս բլալ 'բար յար ծոյ աղ,
 շի՛ծ շո յա ծոլն, ծննճ ար ըշալ,
 շարի էլլ ար կաճարի՛ շեյ շո բար!

Ա ըլլ՛ց ծննդ ար յարից շե՛ծա՛ն,
 ա յ'կոլ ծոլն շարի կաճ,²
 յար ա յար շարի շարի կա յիլլ շե շա՛ն,
 'ր շե՛ղ շա՛ն շարի շո կոյ ա՛ն էլլ.

Փարի՛ցք շարի աղ շար յար,
 ծո Բ'բարս կոյ. յար 'ր կա՛ն;
 կ' ար շ-կոյ 'ր ար յ-շարի շո կոյ
 շո ծկա՛ն 'ու ծեյ՛ն բա կոյ շար.

¹ Շարա. Garristown in the county of Dublin. See the Introduction to Vol. I. of the Transactions of the Ossianic Society, also the note from Mr. J. Reid in same book, page 112.

Gabba is not Garristown, but a stream which flows into the Boyne,

LAY OF OISIN ON THE LAND OF YOUTHS;

AS HE RELATED IT TO SAINT PATRICK.

- P. O! Noble Oisín, O! son of the king!
Of greatest actions, valor, and conflicts,
Relate to us now without despondency,
How thou livedst after the Fians?
- O. I will tell it thee, O Patrick! lately arrived,
Though mournful to me to say it aloud:—
“After the hard battle of Gabhra,
In which was killed, alas! the noble Oscar.

One day we, the Fianna, were all assembled,
Generous Fionn and all of us that lived were there;
Tho' dark and mournful was our story,
After our heroes being overcome.

We were hunting on a misty morning
Nigh the bordering shores of Loch Léin,
Where thro' fragrant trees of sweetest blossoms,
And the mellow music of birds at all times.

We aroused the hornless deer
Of the best bounding, course, and agility;
Our hounds and all our dogs
Were close after in full chase.

not far from the hill of Skreen, near Tara, in the County of Meath.—
J. O'D.

² *Loch Léin*, the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney in the county of Kerry.

O. Njori b'fada zo bfacamari a njar,
 ay marcaac djan az tealat c'uzariy!
 aoy macaoy mha do b'alle dmeac,
 ar cael-eac bay ba mjre lue.

Do rtaamari ule de'y treflz,
 ar amarc deilbe na m'oz-mha;
 do z'ab ionzaytar f'iony 'r ay f'iany,
 hac facadar mian beay c'oy b'raaz!

Bj corioy m'ozda ar a ceayy,
 azur bmat doyy de'y t-rjoda daoy;
 buarte me melat'ab deayz oiy,
 az folac a b'ozza r'oy zo f'ear.

Bj f'ayne oiy ar cioac' r'oy,
 ar zac dual buide d'a d'aoiz m'ay oiy;
 a moyza zoyma. z'ana zan r'm'ub
 m'ay b'moy d'm'eta ar bay ay f'ediy.

Ba deymze a z'm'ad 'ya ay m'or,
 'r ba z'le a r'od 'ya eala ar t'oyy;
 ba m'illre blar a balram f'or,
 'ya m'j a bead m'ol t'm' deayz-f'oyy.

Bj bmat farf'ayz, fada, m'ed,
 az folac ay r'ed-eic bay;
 d'alla'z z'm'ayta de deayz-oiy,
 azar r'm'ay b'el-oiy 'ya deay-l'ay.

Bj cej're c'm'ud zo c'm'eta f'oy,
 de'y oiy buide ba z'laye r'z'ab,
 fleayz aym'z'ab a z-c'ul a c'oyy,
 'r n'j m'ab 'ray t-r'aoiz'cal eac do b'f'eary!

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 éainiḡ rí do laḡairi Fíon,
do labairi go caoin chearda a b-fuaim;
aḡur a dúbairt rí, “ a ríḡ na b-Fíann,
ir fada, cian a noir mo éuaird.”
- F. “ Cía tu féin, a ríozain óiḡ,
ir féairi clóð, maire ’r zhaoi,
aíéuir duinn fáct do rzeoil,
t’airm féin a’r do éirí?”
- “ Níamh Cionn Óir, ir é m’airm,
a Fíon zarda na mór-ríóḡ;
tair inbháib an doimain, fuairnear zairm
ir mē iuzean caice Ríḡ na n-óḡ.”
- “ Aíéuir dúinn, a ríozain tair,
cnead fáct do éaact tair leair a c-céin;
an é do céile d’iméiḡ uair,
Nó cad é an buaidiur atá orit féin?”
- “ Ní hé mo céile d’iméiḡ uair.
’r fóir njoir luadað mē le haen féair,
a ríḡ na Féinne ir doirde cáil,
aact reair ir ziað do éuzar dod’ inac!”
- “ Cía aca dom éloin, a iuzean blaé,
’na d-tuzair ziað, nó fóir zean,
na ceil oruinn a noir fáct,
a’r aíéuir duinn do cáir, a bean?”
- “ Inneórad féin rin duir, a Fhion,
dod’ inac ziuinn, airn-éruaid;
Oirín meannnhaç na d-tréau-lám,
an laoc acáim ahoir do luaid.”

- 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. Cmead ay fát a d-tuzair žmád
 a nužean álainn ay fúlte méjð,
 dom m̄ac féy feac̄ar eac̄
 'r a ljaçt flajt̄ ar̄d fa'y užm̄ey?"

Hj žan adbari a m̄ž̄ na b-Ƒianu,
 do žanžar a ž-cian fa na d̄ey
 ac̄t tuamafžb̄arl d'fažarl ar̄ a žairže,
 feabur a feamfainn ažur a m̄ey."

Jr jom̄a mac m̄ž̄ ažar ar̄d-flajt̄,
 do žuz dom žean ažur f̄jor-žmád,
 ūjor lohtužear m̄am̄ d'aeu feam,
 žo d-tuzar feamc d'Oir̄j̄n ajž!"

O. Ɔam̄ ay lam̄ r̄y or̄t, a Ƒadrujž!
 žjð nam̄ nam̄eac̄ lom̄ mam̄ ržéal,
 ūj m̄arb̄ aey ball d̄jom̄ nac̄ m̄arb̄ a u-žmád,
 le h-južean álainn ay fúlte méjð.

Ɔo mužar ar̄ a lam̄ am' d̄or̄ð,
 'r d̄ubmar̄ do žl̄or̄ žuè-b̄j̄n;
 f̄jor-čaoj̄y f̄aj̄lte m̄om̄ad,
 a m̄jožaj̄y ožž do'y t̄j̄m̄.

" Jr tu jr žile, 'r jr f̄j̄n̄e, blažt̄,
 jr tu do b'feam̄ lom̄ mam̄ m̄haoj̄;
 jr tu mo mož̄a tar̄ m̄m̄arb̄ ay dom̄aj̄n,
 a m̄eal̄taj̄n m̄om̄am̄arl jr d̄ej̄re ž̄haoj̄."

" Žeapa nac̄ fulanžaj̄d f̄jor-laoj̄ç,
 a Oir̄j̄n̄ f̄ej̄l, cuj̄m̄ ad' čom̄am̄
 teac̄t lom̄ féy ahoj̄r ar̄ m'eaç,
 žo m̄ž̄eam̄ tam̄ ar̄ žo T̄j̄m̄ na u-žž.

O. "What is the reason that thou gavest love,
O! beautiful daughter of the glossy hair,
To my own son beyond all,
And multitudes of high lords under the sun."

"'Tis not without cause, O, king of the Fianna!
I came afar for him—
But reports I heard of his prowess,
The goodness of his person and his mien."

"Many a son of a king and a high chief
Gave me affection and perpetual love;
I never consented to any man
'Till I gave love to noble Oisín."

"By that hand on thee, O Patrick,
Though it is not shameful to me as a story,
There was not a limb of me but was in love
With the beautiful daughter of the glossy hair."

I took her hand in mine,
And said in speech of sweetest tone,
"A true, gentle, welcome before thee,
O young princess to this country!"

"'Tis thou that art the brightest and the fairest of form,
'Tis thee I prefer as wife
Thou art my choice beyond the women of the world
O mild star of loveliest countenance!"

"Obligations unresisted by true heroes
O generous Oisín I put upon thee
To come with myself now upon my steed
Till we arrive at the 'Land of Youth.'

- O. “ Տի առ շիր իր ճօրնիս ի բաճարի,
 իր թօ ճարի առ իր բաճարի յ-ճիւղի;
 ճարիս առ ճարիս ի ճարիս 'ր ճար,
 ա՛ր ճարիս առ ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս: ”
- “ Եր բարիքիս ինչ որ 'ր բարի,
 'ր ճարիս ինչ որ 'ր բարիս ճարիս
 ինչ որ ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս: ”
- “ Փո ճարիս ճարիս, ճարիս 'ր ճար,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս;
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս: ”
- “ Փո ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս;
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 'ր ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս: ”
- “ Փո ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ա ճարիս, ա ճարիս 'ր ճարիս ճարիս: ”
- “ Փո ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ա՛ր ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս;
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս: ”
- “ Փո ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս;
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս,
 ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս ճարիս: ”

- 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. “ Զեաճալի շեւո մայճեան արածուս, ծշ,
բոլլբեւ, արտաւ, մար աղ յ-շրէլի ;
յր բեւար ճեւն, բար, աշար բոծծ,
'ր յր եղլե եւոյլ 'նա շեւո յա յ-եւո.
- “ Զեաճալի շեւո արեւ յր շրէլե ա յ-շեւո,
յր բարե բոյր ա շ-բարարն արեւ ;
արտա, եւոյ, օր ճո շեւոյլ,
ա ճ-Շիլ յա յ-Օշ, մա շիլիլ արտ.
- “ Գո շեաճալի շեւո յի ճ'ա յ-ճեւար արեւ,
ա'ր բարեար բոյր արեւ արեւ ճարտա 'արեւ,
շեաճալի արտ, արտ ա'ր բարե,
'ր բարտա բեւո աշար մար յարտ.”
- “ Գլտեւ ար ելե յի եւարտ արտ,
ա բոշար շ-արտ յա շ-արեւ յ-ար ;
յր շեւո մո բոշա արտ յարտն աղ ճարտ,
ա'ր արտն ար բոշո շո Շիլ յա յ-Օշ.”
- Աղ յարտն աղ ելե, շարտն արտ,
արտ մո եւոյ, ճո բար աղ ճիլ ;
ա ճեւար, “ ա Օրիլ, բարտն ճո բեւո,
ճո բարտն եւոյլ աղ արտն յարտ.”
- Աղ բար ճ'արեւն աղ շեւո ար արեւ,
աղ արեւ բարտն ճո բարտն յա արեւ ;
ճո ճարտն ե բեւո արտն բար բարտն,
'ր ճո արեւ ար ճարտն ար օր ար.
- Աղ արեւ ճարտն արտն 'ր աղ արտն,
աղ շեւո ճո արտն 'րտն շարտն ;
աղ ճարտն արեւ ար աղ ճարտն-արտն,
ճո արեւարտն ար ճարտն ճարտն 'ր ճարտն !

- 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 Օլրիյ,” ար Ֆլօոյ, յօ մայրն, տրէիտ,
 “ մօ ընիած քէյն տս աշ յո՞ւեաճտ սայո ;
 ’ր չան ընլ աշսոյն արի՞ր ծօ շեաճտ,
 ընչան տար ար քաօլ լան Եսած !”

Ծ’արտրու՛ճ ա ծայն աշար ա բշէյոն,
 ’ր ծօ ընլ քարա ծէար արար ;
 չսու քնու՛ճ ա Երօյն, ’ր ա չեալ-չոն,
 ’ր ծնալար, “ մօ լէսն տս, ա Օլրիյ սայո !”

Ա Քիածարա՛յ, Ես ծնած ան բշէալ,
 ար բշարարսոյն յե շէլե ան ընլ ;
 բշարարսոյ ան աճար յե յա ինճ քէյն,
 իր ծնած, լա՛շ, քաօն Եիտ ծ’ա լսած !

Ծօ քօշար-քա մ’աճար յօ քաօն, քաօն,
 ’րան քոնարն շեաճոն, քարար սած ;
 ծ’էաշար ընլ, սլե աշ ան Ե-Ֆէյոն,
 ’ր ծօ ընլ յա ծէարա ’սար լե մ’ չիսար !

Եր յոնճա լա քոնարն, Երօր-քա ’ր Ֆլօոյ,
 ’ր ան Բիարն ’նար շ-քոն քաօլ լան-քնոն ;
 աշ յոյու բիճլլե աշար աշ ծլ,
 ’ր աշ քոլ քոնլ, ան Եսիճեան Ես քեան.

Աշ քեալարա՛ճտ ա յ-շեարարն մոյ,
 ’րար յշարարն Եիլ-Երն աշսոյն ան ;
 քեալ ըլե ծնոյն ա յ-շարն չիաճ,
 աշ քեարարար լաօ՛ճ յօ լան-քեան.

Ք. Ա Օլրիյ Եարտ, տրէիտ յօ քօլ,
 ծե ծ’ չարքե մօր ար ան Ե-Ֆէյոն ;
 քոնար ծօ շեաճար յօ Շիլ յա յ-Օ՛շ,
 ա’ր լան ծնոյն չան շօ ար ծօ բշէալ.

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 շտառալիս ար Յ-սւլ ծօ'յ շիլ,
 'ր ար Կ-աճարծ շօ ծիլեաճ, շլան, բարս ;
 ծօ էմալճ ան ինի-նիսիլս մծիարն,
 'ր ծօ կիօն 'նա երօրնուշիկ յօնար Կ-ժլալճ.

Գծ ճօղարալիս յօնճարտար 'նար բիւնալ,
 արարաճ, սիլլուտանա աճար արբլան,
 բլօլալշիճե բլօղնաօլտա, աճար ծիլուտե,
 շիլանարն կօղնաճա, աճար բալար.

Գծ ճօղարալիս, բօր իւ ար տ-տաեծ,
 արիւտ ինաօլ ար կիլմ կիւ ;
 ա'ր ճաճար կուար-ճարն, եան,
 աճ տաճբան շօ ճանա 'րան տ-բիւնալ.

Գծ ճօղարալիս բօր, ճան շօ,
 արսիլս ճճ արս բճաճ-աճ ճօղն,
 սնալ ճիլս 'նա ճար-կանն,
 'ր յ աճ ինճաճտ արս եանս նա ճ-տօղն.

Գծ ճօղարալիս 'նա ճօլիճ,
 ինարաճ ճճ արս բճաճ եան ;
 բաօլ եմաճ արսարս ճարն բիւն,
 'ր կօլճանն արս-ճիլս 'նա ճար-կանն.

“ Ելա կլաճ ան ճիլ սն, ծօ ճիւնն,
 ա ինճարն ճաօղն, ինիլս ճօղն բաճ ;
 ան եան սն իլ արիւտ ճնաօլ,
 'ր ինարաճ բիւնն ան ար ճան ?”

“ Նա արս բիւն 'նա ե-բարբիւն տի,
 ա Օլիլն սնալ, 'նա ե-բարբար բօր,
 իլ ե-բարբ յօղնա սլե ճտ նարն-նի
 շօ ինճան շօ Ելս Բիլն նա Կ-ճճ.”

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. Գօ շօնամարի սայն և չ-ւրայն,
 բաւար շիպանար, սէտ-եւայէ ;
 բսծ Բրեւաճէճա ճայլն աճար շոն,
 ճ'ա թայն 'րայ տ-րաօճալ ԼԵ ԲԱՃԱԼ.
- “ Ըյա աղ ճնն թիօճճա, թծ-Բրեւաճ,
 աճար ԲՅՐ, յր ճիլոն ճ'ա Ե-Բաւար ղնլ ;
 'նա Ե-Բայլիմիճ աճ տիլալ 'նա ճայլ,
 նծ ոյա յր ճիւծ-Բայէ աղ ղն ?”
- “ Խոճեան թիճ ճիլ նա թ-ԵՅՅ,
 յր Եայրիօճայ ղՅՐ աղլ ' աղ ճնն ;
 տոճ Բօնօր Ելլեաճ¹ ճիլլոն ԼՅճաճ,
 ԼԵյր ԼԵ ԲՅիլլոնալ շՅաճ 'ր Լնլ.
- “ Շարա ճիլլ ղի ճիլ աղ ճ-Երեւն,
 ճայ Եան ճո ճճան ճի ճո Երաճաճ ;
 ճո Ե-Բաճաճ ղի ճիլաճ նծ Բիլլ-Լաճ,
 ճո Բարիճճաճ ճիլաճ ԼԵյր Լան ճիլ Լայն.”
- “ Ելլ Եսաճ աճար Եանաճտ, և Նիլն ճիլ ճիլ,
 նի ճսալար ճո ճճոլ թայն յր Բճար ;
 'նա ճայլ-ճիլէ Եիլ ճո թիլլ-Եճոլ,
 'ր յր թՅո աղ Եիլ լիլ Եան ճ'ա ճայլ.
- “ Ելլճճեան աղլ ճ'ա Բիլլ ճոն ճնն,
 ա'ր Ե-Բիլլ ճիլ ճիլ ճնն աճա Բճ և յ-ճան ;
 աղ Երեւն-Լաճ նծ ճո ճիլլ լիլ,
 և ճ-Ելլալ ղիլլ, թար Եաճ շոնաճ.”
- Գօ ճսաճարի աղ ղիլ ճոն ճնն,
 ա'ր ճայլ ճիլ ճիլ ճիլ աղ թիլլ ճոն ճիլ ;
 ճո Եիլլաղ ճալլաճ ճի 'ր ճո 'ն ճիլլ,
 ա'ր ճո ճիլլ ղի ճճաճ Բայլտ Եիլլաղ.

¹ Բօնօր Ելլեաճ, 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 culaɣð de r̄joda bujðe,
 aɱ an ɱjɔʒaɱ do b'ajɱe r̄jðð;
 a cneaf caɽce maɱ ala aɱ tuɱɱ,
 'r a ða ʒɱuaɣð b̄j aɱ ðaé an ɱðr.
- Qɱ ðaé an ðɱ do b̄j a ɱolɔ,
 a'ɽ a ʒoɱɱ-ɱoɽʒa ʒɱaɱ ʒan éeð;
 a b̄eɽɱɱ meala aɱ ðaé ɱa ʒ-caoɱ,
 'r a mala éaol ba ʒɱeayta elðð.
- Do ɱúðeamaɱɱ anɱ r̄ɱ r̄jɔɽ,
 ʒaé ɱ-aon d̄jɱ an éaéaoɱɱ ðɱ;
 do leaʒað éuʒaɱɱ ɱðɱan b̄jð,
 a'ɽ cuɱɱ d̄jʒe b̄j ɱjɱta beoɱɱ.¹
- Qɱ tɱáé éaɽéamaɱɱ an ɽáɽ b̄jð,
 a'ɽ jomað ɽjɱɱta ɱɱɱɽ ðɱɱ;
 do labaaɱ an ɱjɔʒaɱ ðʒ, éaoɱɱ,
 ɱr eð dúbaɱɽ ɽj, "éɱɽ ɱom ʒo ɱðɱ."
- D'ɱɱɱɽ dúɱɱ ɽioɽ a'ɽ ɱáé a ɽʒéɱɱ,
 'ɽ do ɽɱɱ ɱa deðɱa le ɱa ʒɱuaɣð,
 a dúbaɱɽ ɱáɱ b-ɽɱɱeað ðɱ ð'a ɽjɱ ɱéɱɱ,
 'ɽ a ɽáéað tɱéan do beɱɽ ʒo buan'.
- "B̄j do éoɽð, a ɱjɔʒaɱ ðjʒ,
 ɽʒuɱɱ de'd b̄ɱðɱɱ, a'ɽ ɱá b̄j caoɱð;
 a'ɽ do beɱɱɱɱ ðuɽ ɱo ɱaɱ,
 an t-aéac áɱɱ, ʒo d-tuɱɽɽð ɱɱɱ!"
- "N̄j b̄ɱɱɱ ɱaoé anɱɱ le ɱáʒaɱɱ,
 d'á éɱéɱe cáɱɱ ɱaoɱ'ɱ ɱ-ʒɱéɱɱ,
 do b̄eɱɱɱað cðɱɱac ɱaɱɱ an ɱaɱɱ,
 do'ɱ aéac ðaɱa ɱa ʒ-cɱuaɣð-béɱɱ."

¹ Although this word resemble the word "beer," the liquors were very different.

O. There was apparel of yellow silk
 On the queen of excelling beauty,
 Her chalk-white skin was like the swan on the wave,
 And her cheeks were of the colour of the rose.

Her hair was of a golden hue,
 Her blue eyes clear and cloudless ;
 Her honey lips of the colour of the berries,
 And her slender brows of loveliest form.

Then we there sat down,
 Each of us on a chair of gold,
 There was laid out for us abundance of food
 And drinking-horns filled with beoir.

When we had taken a sufficiency of food,
 And much sweet drinking wines,
 Then spoke the mild young princess,
 And thus said she, "harken to me awhile."

She told us the knowledge and cause of her tale,
 And the tears flowed down her cheeks ;
 She said, " my return is not to my own country,
 Whilst the great giant shall be alive."

" Be silent, O young princess !
 Give o'er thy grief and do not mourn,
 And I give to thee my hand
 That the giant of slaughter shall fall by me !"

" There's not a champion now to be found
 Of greatest repute under the sun,
 To give battle hand to hand
 To the bold giant of the hard blows."

O. “ Եղիբիմ ծալտ, և յիօջայն շափն,
 Կա՛ն րշա՛տարս Լիօն և շեա՛տ ամ’ ծալ,
 Խոնա ծ-տալտբիծ Լիօն, ծօ Երկ՛ջ մօ շճեա՛յ,
 Յօ ծ-տալտբեա՛ծ քէն ար ծօ րշա՛տ.”

Ի՛յօր Ե’քաճա Յօ Ե-բաճառարս ա՛յ տեա՛տ,
 աղ տ-աճա՛ն տրեալ Եա մօ շրա՛լս,
 Եարս ար ծօ շրօլտտ քիա՛ծ,
 ա’ր Լարճ-քեարքալձ յարարտ յօղա Լարն.

Ի՛յօր Եարողալճ ’ր Ի՛յօր անլարճ ծանտ,
 ա՛տ ծ’քեա՛ն և Ի-շրնլլր Կա Ի-ծճ-տողա,
 ծ’քեաճարս Եա՛ն աճար ծօնրաճ տրեալ,
 ա’ր շաճար քէն յօղա շօնծալ.

Ձի քեա՛ծ տրի Ի-օրծճե աճար տրի Լա,
 ծօ Եարարս ’րաղ Ի-շրնլլրալ տեաղ
 շի՛ծ Յօ մ-Եա տրեալ Է աղ տ’աճա՛ն Ալճ,
 ծօ Եարքեար Յաղ քքար ծօ և շեաղ!

Ձի տրա՛ն շօողարս աղ ծիր Եաղ ծճ,
 աղ տ-աճա՛ն մօր Յօ քաղ ար Լար;
 ծօ Լալքեաճար տրի Յարեա Յրտտ,
 Լե մօր-տաօլճեաղ աճար Լուճար!

Պօ շաճարս աղ րղ ծօ’ղ ծան,
 ’ր ծօ Եիօ՛ծ-քա Երնլճտե, Լաճ, քաղ;
 աճ րղեա՛ծ քօղա Յօ Լաղ-նլ
 և տեա՛տ Յօ ծլու՛ն ար մօ շրեա՛ն!

Պօ շարղ յղքեաղ րիճ Կա մ-Եեօ,
 Յօ քիօր աճ քօրղիճտղ օրտ քէն;
 ծօ շարս քե ’ր Եարտ ամ’ շրեաճա,
 ’ր ծօն յօր քէն րղաղ ’Կա ծէլճ.

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 éarétamairi ár b-þriouy zo rúbað,
 a' r ba meaðrað dúnuy ayy rly d'á éir;
 do cðrlyžead fúnuy ayy ra'y dún,
 leaþtaða clúþ de éluñ na η-éay.
- Do éurmeamuyrre aη fear mðr,
 a b-feairt fðð-ðoirñy, faurairyž, méþð,
 do éðžbar a lya ðr a leaæt,
 a' r ržrlyðbar a ayyrñ a y-ožam-émaoð!
- Ár na mðrað, ar añaric laoi,
 do dúnrlyžmairi ar ár ηéal,
 " r mlyð dúnuy," ar lyžean aη rlyž,
 " rlyall žay ržlyt d'ár ð-tyr féy."
- Do žlearamairi omyayrñ žay rcað,
 ' r do žabaairi ár ž-ceað myr ay ðlyž,
 buð dábað dubmðhað rlyñ 'na ðlyž,
 ' r nyoi éairre do'y žlyay-beay lyayr η-ðeoyž!
- ny fear dom féy, a þaðralyž rlyñ,
 cað do éarila do'η mlyžay ðlyž;
 ð'η la ržaramuyrre amay lly,
 ηð ar rlyll féy zo tyr na m-beð.
- P. Nyoi lyryr dúnuy a Olyrly žlyñy, (†)
 cly'y tyr 'na rabaayr féy;
 rlyllrlyž dúnuy ayyr a h-ayrñ,
 a' r leay arlyr myñ do ržerl.
- O. Tyr na m-buað aη tyr úð,
 a' r zo ðeññy ηly bréaž ay r-ayrñ; (†)
 mā ra žlðrre a b-flaæar may by ayy,
 do ðya le žreayñ, éabafrayrñ žayrñ.

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' y dúy,
 a' r ari r éad fúnyy faoi lay-méim ;
 ' r zo mba luajé lejr ay eacé ban,
 ' ya zaoé m'ajeta ari dnujm fléjb.

Njori b-fada zuri doicéajz ay r'éjji,
 a' r zuri eijrujz zaoé ahy' r zaoé aijw ;
 do lay ay njóru-nijuri zo tréay,
 ' r nj majb amajie zméjue le fázajl !

Sealad dúnyy az amajie ya véull,
 ' r ari ya méulta bj fá r'múw ;
 d' jrliz ay t-ayfa azar ay z'aoé,
 a' r do jollrijz Phoebur ór ari c-ceayy.

Do conycamajji me ari d-taobj,
 tji ru-aojbeay faoi lay-blacé,
 a' r máza majreacá, méjde m'jy,
 a' r dúy m'jotzda ba ru-bmeazá.

Nj majb dacé d'a b-feaca rúj,
 de zórum úri, d' uajéne, ' r ban ;
 de coricuri deamz a' r de bujéde,
 yaé majb ' r ay m'jotz-b'jotz taorim do mád.

Do bj ari ay d-taob ejle de' y dúy,
 zihayay lohyiaáa azur pálar ;
 déayta ujle de éloca buada,
 le lajha ruad' azar faom-ééajw.

Njori b-fada zo b-feacamajji éúzajny,
 az t'ijall ó' y y-dúy jor ari z-cóh' dajl,
 t'ij éaozad laecé do b'-féajri lúé,
 r'z'éjm, eljú, a' r do b'aoimbe 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. “Cia an tŕi aŕaigh í rúđ,
 a mhóeas éiríonn na d-tuoraí óim,
 ir breághéa dhéac d’a b-feaca rúil,
 uó’u í rúđ Tŕi na u’ógh?”

“Ir í go deiríu, a Oiríu féil,
 uíor iunreaf breágh duic d’a taoib,
 uí’l uí d’áru gheallair-ra duic féin,
 uac b-feuil roilléim aghad do ríor.”

Do éiríu éiríonn ionna deógh,
 céad beas óg do b’áille rŕéim;
 faoi bmaea ríoda líonta d’óim,
 agh fáilcúghad móimáim d’a d-tŕi féin.

Do conncamair aríur agh teacé,
 buídeas do ghléime, ghlau rluag;
 aghur mígh oimdeas, cóimacéac, tréas,
 do b-feáim rŕéim, deilb, ’r rhuad.

Bí léime buíde de ríoda ríóll,
 aghar uim-bmaea óim d’r a éiríu;
 bí coimíu dhéleasghac de’u óim,
 go roillreac, loimiac ar a éas.

Do conncamair agh teacé ’na deógh,
 an baumíoghau óg do b’aimde cáil;
 a’r caoghad buimheall mullir, éóim,
 do b’áile clóđ, iona cóimdáil.

Agh teacé dób uile ar asu ball,
 do labair go ceasra mígh na u’ógh;
 aghur a dúbair, “Ir é seo Oiríu mac Fíu,
 céile caoir hiam éim óim.”

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 muḡ rē oim ayy riy ari laim,
 aḡur a dúbairte a ḡ-cóih-áirid do'iy t-rlóḡ;
 “ a Oiríy éalma, a mhe ay mǫḡ,
 céad mǫle fáilte móimat.”
- “ Ah tíri ro ion' ari éairuḡir féiy,
 mǫ éirífead rḡéala oir ḡay ḡó;
 ir fáda, buay é do fáoḡal,
 a'ri beid tu féiy éoirdé óḡ.”
- “ Nǫl aoibhear dá'ri rmaoimḡ cmoide,
 nác b-fuil 'ray tíri reo fá'd éóimairi,
 a Oiríy, cmeid uairm ḡo fíori,
 ḡuir mhe mǫḡ Ḥíri ya u-óḡ.”
- “ Ah ro ay baimeíóḡairi éaoim,
 a'ri m'iyḡeay féiy Niam cih óiri;
 do éuarid tarí mǫy-muirí fá'd déih,
 cum beic mairi éirle aicí ḡo deó.”
- Do ḡabair búideacair leir ay mǫḡ,
 a'ri d'úimluḡeair ríor do'iy mǫḡairi éóiri,
 mǫiri rcaḡad ayy riy ḡo héairḡairid liyh,
 ḡo máyḡamairi mǫḡbrioz mǫḡ ya u-óḡ.
- Do éairuḡ uairle ya caémac éaoim',
 iríri féairi aḡair mǫairi ion'ári ḡ-cóihḡairl;
 bí flead a'ri féairda ayy do ríori,
 airí fead deic u-oirde a'ri deic la.
- Do pórad mé le Niam éiy óiri,
 a Fádmairḡ ó'iy Róim ya m-bacul m-bair,
 riy mairi éuarair ḡo Ḥíri ya u-óḡ,
 ḡid doiríh bíomnac liomra tmaét.

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 nà n-ann n-ár;
 cionnur d'fágbair Tí nà n-ó,
 ir fada fóir liom zo noctair fá.

Jhuir dúinn ahoir le móir zmeann,
 an maib aon élanu azad me Níain,
 yó' n fada bídir a d-Tí nà n-ó,
 airtir zay bíon dúinn do rzeál

O. Do bí azam me Níain éinn dhí,
 de élanu buó mo-níait zhaoi a' r rzeín;
 do b'féairi deilb, ciuó azur ríod,
 dhí mac óz azur iuzean éainn.

Do éairéar tréiníre fada cian,
 tí éad bíadaian azar yíor mó;
 zuir rmaoihí me zo mba b'é mo nían,
 Fíonn 'ran Fíann d'fáirín beó.

P. 21 Oirín, t-ruairc leah dod' rzeal, (+)
 a' r iuhir dúinn cá b-fuirl do élanu;
 tabair dúinn zay nioill a n-ann,
 a' r an éiric 'nà b-fuirlu ayn?

O. Bí az Níain fá nà z-cóinair, (+)
 Tí nà n-ó, nà m-beo 'r nà m-buad;
 fleairz ir coróin de' n ríó-dí,
 a' r iomad reoid nác yí n do lúad.

Tuz Níain ar mo dhí mac, (+)
 aynn m'áair a' r mo deiz-níe;
 Fíonn oiméairc, ceann nà flúaz,
 'ran t-Oirín oí n-ann-núad.

- 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. Ṭuzur fēy dom caoiḡ-iyṡiy, (†)
 me h-aoḡta Nīaiḡ ay oīy-ōiy;
 do buad a maire 'ra ṡhē-ṡean,
 ay t-aiym fīoy, plūy ya mbay."
- Ḑ'iaimay fēy cead ay ay Rīṡ,
 a' r ay mo cēle cāoy, Nīaiḡ cīy ḡiy;
 dul ṡo h-Elīyay tay ay aīy,
 d'fēacāy Ḑīy ay azay a mōy-rlōyṡ.
- "Do ṡeabaiy cead uaym," ay ay iyṡean cāoiḡ,
 " cīd doylb ay rṡēal līom tu beṡ d'a lūad;
 ay eaṡal yāy tēacēt dūy aīy mead mē,
 dom cīy fēy, a Oīyīy buadaiṡ."
- "Cīead iy eaṡal dūy, a mīoṡay blāṡ,
 'ray t-eac bāy do beṡ fā'y mēy;
 mūyfyd ay t-ēoluy dūy ṡo rāy,
 a' r fllfyd rlay tay y'ay cūṡad fēy."
- "Cūmīyṡ a Oīyīy, cad tā mē mād,
 mā leaṡay tīacēt ay talaiḡ mēy;
 yāc tēacēt dūy cōydcē aīy ṡo bīacēc,
 dom tīy alaiy-ṡeo 'ya b-fuylyy fēy.
- "Ų deiym leat-ra aīy ṡay ṡō,
 mā tūylyyzyy fōy de'y eac bāy;
 yā tīeṡay cōydcē ṡo Tīy ya y-ōṡ,
 a Oīyīy ḡiy ya y-aym y'ayṡ.
- "Ų deiym leat do'y tīeay fēacēt,
 mā' r tēacēt de'y eac dūy fēy;
 ṡo m-beīdy ad' fēaydy cīyoyā dall,
 ṡay lūṡ, ṡay ṡīeayy, ṡay yṡ, ṡay lēy!

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 Eriun 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 շիւտտ, (†)
 Եւ ծւլ շօ հ-Յլլիտտ շլար շօ ծեօճ ;
 յի՛լ բլ անօր անալ ծօ Բի ;
 ՚ր յի բելբլլլ ծօրծօ Քիտտ յա՛ բլօճած .

“ Ո՛ր անօր և յ-Յլլիտտ սլե, (†)
 Բ՛ժ Բ՛ժալլ սլլլ ՚ր բլօճե Ուծի ;
 և Օլբին շիւտտ բեօ մօ Բօճ,
 յի՛ լարբալլ ծօրծօ, շօ Շիլ յա յ-օճ .”

Պ՛բօճար բար՝ յա շիւր լե տրած, (†)
 ՚ր ծօ ի՛լ օմ՝ մօրճա ծօրա ծօր ;
 և Բ՛ճիւլլ ծօ տրւած լեա ի,
 և մաօծաճ բօլ ան լիտտ ծիլ .

Պօ լիլլ բի մե՛ բաօլ շարա լիւծ, (†)
 ծւլ յր տեճե շան ծալտ բե Բան,
 և՛ր ծաճալտ Լիօմ ծօ ծաճ և յ-Բիլլիճե,
 Ը՛ա յ-Բիլլիտտ յաճ՝ յա լարբալտ բլան .

Պօ շեալլար ծի շաճ յի շան Բիւճ,
 շօ շ-Ծիլլիտտալտ բիլլ և յ-Ը՛ճալտ բի Լիօմ ;
 ծօ լիւծար ան յիտտ ան լիճ Բան,
 և՛ր ծ՛բճճար բլան Բճ լիւճ ան ծիլլ .

Պօ Բօճար-բա մօ լիլլ լաօլլ,
 ՚ր Բա ծիւծաճ բիլլ Բճ բճալած լիլ ;
 մօ ծիլլ մաճ, ՚ր յիլլիլլ ծօ,
 ծօ Բի բաօլ Բիլլ Բճ բլեաճ ծօր !

Պօ շլարար օլմ լիլլ բիւծալ,
 ՚ր ծօ լիլլար մօ լիլ ծօ Շիլ յա յ-օճ ;
 ծօ միճ ան լ-Բաճ շօ հարճալ լիլլ,
 յար ծօ միտտ Լիօմ, և՛ր լե Ուլան լիտտ ծիլլ .

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-aičiqrtear ai ržéal žo beačt,
 ar žac vj da'm čeanžmajs liom fėjy;
 vó žo d-čajvž mé ajjč tar v'ajr,
 žo h-čijuvy žlar va v'jomad fėud.

Ži Pádmavž va v'ómd azur va vaonj,
 vjoi jvujfear bmeaz đur majn fór;
 rjv azad-ra fáč mo ržėjl,
 'r mār d'fázbar fėjy Čij va v-óž.

Đ'a mbeiduvy-re fėjy, a Pádmavž,
 aijal do bjoj-ra av la úd fėjy,
 do čujrfjvy do člėju žo lėju čum bajr,
 a'f ceany ar bmažajd vj beađ am đėjž!

Đ'a bfažajvryre flujvre đė'v v-avian,
 maj žejbvvy žac čmač ó Ĵjovvy;
 do žúđfjvy čum vjž va v-žmár,
 tu bejč žo rlan ór a čjovvy.

P. Do žeabavv avav azar đeoč,
 žav av ločt avojr avjv fėjy;
 jr bivvy liom-ra žuč do beđjl.
 'r leav dúvyv fór ar do ržéal.

O. Ži čeačt dom fėjy av rjv a d-čijv,
 d'fėačar čmuvvy av žac vjle ajvd;
 do rmaovnear avv rjv žo fjov,
 vác mav čuavjvž Ĵjvy azam le fázajl!

Njov b-fada dom azar vjoi čjav,
 žo b-feaca avjav az čeačt fá'm đėvy;
 mavčfvaž mđv jđjv fėavjav azur mja,
 'r do čavžadar av' lačavv fėjy.

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 ionzantar zac u-aon d'íob;
 ar fáicrim mead mo fearran féim,
 mo deilb, mo z'ne azar mo z'naoi.

D'fearnuigear féim auy rim d'íob rúd,
 aḃ z-cualadar Fionn do beic beo;
 nó ar máim aon eile de'n F'éim
 nó cmead é aḃ léim do baḃ d'íob?

“Do cualamaime traict ar F'ionn,
 ar neart, ar líic, azur ar érean;
 nac maib maib a fáimait rúd,
 a b-fearraim, a z-clú, azur a méim.

“Ir ionda leabair r'z'íobta r'íor,
 az éizrib bim, míllir Saodal;
 nac léim l'ionn aicim duit zo f'íor,
 ar éactaib F'im azur ar aḃ b-f'eim.

“Do cualamaim zo maib az F'ionn,
 mac buid lonnmac r'z'íim 'r clód,
 zo d-táim z'íob-bean faoi na déim,
 'r'za u-deactaib léi zo T'im na u-d'í.”

Nuaim cualar féim aḃ c'íimad úd,
 ná'm máim F'ionn 'ná neac de'n F'éim,
 do zlacar tuimre a' r móim c'íimad,
 'r ba lan-dúbaic mé iona u-d'í!

Níor r'adair-r'a auy rim de'n méim,
 zo luac éarzaib z'ay aon móim;
 zo d-tuzar m'azaid zo z'lay méim,
 ar Allmáim éactaic, leactay laigean.

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'ionzathar ahy rúd,
 yac feacaib cúille Fíonn na ríóiz;
 uí maib 'na hionad ahy zo ríor,
 acét fíadaile, fíod azyr ueayntóiz !

Ué a Pádraig! a' r ué, moynai!
 ba dealb ahy éuairte azyr-ra é,
 zay tuairmiz Fíonn 'na na b-fíayn,
 d'ráz faoi píay mé le'm mé !

P. A Oiríy! rzyr ahyr de'd bryd,
 ríle do deoyr ar Dhia na h-zmár,
 tá Fíonn 'ray Fíayn cláit zo leóir,
 a' r uí'le a b-fóimzétiy rúd zo bmaé.

O. Ba mhóir ahy tmuaz riy, a Pádraig,
 Fíonn zo bmaé do beit a b-réiy;
 hó chead é ahy tóir do muz ar buaib,
 'ra hact laoc cmuaid do éuyt leir féiy.

P. Ir é Dia do muz buad air Fíonn,
 a' r uí ueairt náimad 'na tmeay-láiy,
 azyr ar ahy b-féiy uile mar é,
 a u-íreayn daoyr d'a ríoy émad !

O. A Pádraig rtyruiz mé 'ray ayt,
 'na b-fuyl Fíonn ar láiy azyr ahy Fíayn,
 'r uí b-fuyl íreayn 'na flaitéar ahy,
 do éuyrhead rá ceayrmaéct íad.

A' r ahy atá Oiríay mo ínac féiy,
 ahy laoc ba tmeíne a d-tyom-zleó;
 uíoy cumad iy íreayn 'na b-flaitéar Dé,
 bídeay d'a íméid yac tmeartzaróizad !

- 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'ár n-íomairbaird ar zác taob,
 a' r leay ded' r zéal, a Oiríy áiz;
 cad do tárla duic 'na déiz,
 tar éir na Féinne beic ar láir!
- O. Jhneórad féin riy duic, a Pádmuiz,
 tar éir mhé fagbair! Zilíhuiv Laidéan,
 n'í maib aon áirceab 'na maib an Ííann,
 nám éuarziúzéar zo diah zay aon íioill.

Zi mo zábair dom tré zleann an ríóil,¹
 do éonhaimé mé mhóir-éruhuuúzáð aon;
 tré céad fear a zuir n'í ba mhó,
 do b'í móhann auyr' an n-zleann.

Do labair duine de' n tréad,
 a zar a dubairt fé de zúé ór áir;
 " taru d'ár z-cabair, a íóiz-laoré,
 a' r fuarzarl ríoy ar an z-cruad-cár!"

Táruiz mé aon riy do láeari,
 a' r líoz mhóir máruhuir a z an ríóiz;
 b'í meáðacá n'na leice oréa ahuar,
 'ra cur díob fuar, n'íor b'féidiri leó!

Zi cúid aca b'í fá' n líc ííor,
 do b'íodar d'a z-claoidean zo fann;
 le truíme an ualaiz mhóiri,
 do cáill zo leóir díob a meabair!

Do labair duine do na maorí,
 a zuir a dubairt, " a íóiz-zairzéadair z óiz;
 fuarzarl feara ar mo buidéan,
 n'ó duine díob, n'í béid beó!"

¹ Zleann an 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 Almuin of Leinster,
 There was not a residence where the Fianna had been,
 But I searched accurately without any delay.

On my passing thro' the glen of the thrushes,
 I saw a great assembly there,
 Three hundred men and more
 Were before me in the glen.

One of the assembly spoke,
 And he said with a loud voice:
 "Come to our relief, O kingly champion;
 And deliver us from difficulty!"

I, then came forward,
 And the host had a large flag of marble,
 The weight of the flag was down on them,
 And to uphold it, they were unable!

Those that were under the flag below,
 Were being oppressed, weakly,
 By the weight of the great load
 Many of them lost their senses.

One of the stewards spoke
 And said:—"O princely young hero!
 Forthwith relieve my host,
 Or not one of them will be alive."

O. Jf hámmeáé ay beapic, ahoif le máð,
 a'f ay oifmeáð atá d'féapmafb ahy,
 hac tpoçfad le heapic ay t-fldiç,
 ay hjoç-fo éðçbáfl ço lan-teahy."

D'a maifmeáð Oççap mac Oifçy,
 do beapmeáð ap ay hjoç-fo 'ya deap-láim,
 do çuifmeáð d'upçap i tap ay fluaç,
 yj bpeáçç if dual dom ahoif do máð.

Do luðeap ap mo çhaçáhy deap,
 'f do muçap ap ay leic am láim;
 le heapic açur le lút mo çéaç,
 do çuifmeap feaçt b-peifme i ó ya háic.

Le feifm ya leice lan-ihóim,
 do bpeif çioçta óim ay eic báim;
 do çáhyçap-çá ahyap ço lan-doçt,
 ap bonhy mo dá çof ap ay w-ban!

Nj túifçe çáimçç mé ahyap,
 ya çlac uáimay ay t-eac báhy,
 d'imççç ay ify çum ifúbáfl,
 'f mife fa búðap ço laç, çláic!

Do çaplleap aihapic mo íul,
 mo dealb mo çuifur 'f mo fçáfl,
 do hjoç am' feayóim boçt ðall,
 çay bpeçç, çay ihçabáim, çay áimð!

Q Páðmaçç, ify açað mo fçéaç,
 map çáimla dom feifhy çay çó;
 mo ðul açur m'imçeaçt ço beaçt,
 a'f mo çeaçt tap m'apf ó Çim ya y-ðç!

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 Chearain nó élor amac,
 zuy a d-tairéigeac mac Lúgach,
 ba Ros mie Treoin¹ for am n-zriuy
 me mac toigeacét ay Tairziuy.

Ácét zid canzari pparim fō reac,
 a z-Cluain Chearain ya z-cléiriac;
 ad éonharic ay Chluain émeidmeac,
 fá daimriac muac nó beannaac.

Ze beir leigeac ir ay laim,
 nó bí tán ayn ba h-orcail;
 ionbaid ba liuy rharí ay t-rmué,
 adbaac cianya ay cluain criozaac.

Uairé a clúin, a carriya, a h-éy,
 maic a meac malaac nó émeay;
 caoin a h-áiruyde a' r a h-úbla,
 maic a h-ubla fiony-éubairéa.

Tairiz ay tarimzairie zairi,
 Cluain Cearain az Tairzeannairb,
 a dúbairie Fiony fial fáirzeac,
 zo maic heirne yaoin aiyzleac.

Tuí fécéiot míozair zo meacét,
 bádarí azam ir mói árimheair;
 zo n'iduy a leara uile,
 mufram cleacéac cluainyde.

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

ᎠᎩᎠᎠ-ᎠᎩᎩᎩᎩᎩᎩ ᎠᎩᎩᎩ ᎠᎩᎩᎩ ᎠᎩᎩᎩᎩᎩ.

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS
OF
FINN MAC CUMHAILL.

EDITED BY

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

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, BERLIN.

DUBLIN :
PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

1859.

*Letter addressed by Dr. John O'Donovan, to the
President of the Ossianic Society.*

Dublin, Dec. 27th, 1858.

DEAR SIR.—Having, at your request, undertaken to translate into English—to lengthen out the abbreviations, and to fix the grammatical endings of the contracted words, in this notice of the boyish exploits of the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, the Fingal of Mac Pherson's Ossian,—I beg to offer you a few observations on the age and importance of the little tract, as well as of the manuscript from which it has been taken. This tract was copied letter for letter, and contraction for contraction from a fragment of the Psalter of Cashel now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (Laud. 610), by the Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1854, and now curate of S. Barnabas, Pimlico, London, whose progress in the study of the Irish language is truly wonderful, considering the slight advantages of oral instruction which he has possessed. He has copied this little tract so faithfully that I was able to understand it as well as if I had the original manuscript before me. No artist ever copied a portrait or inscription more accurately. This manuscript was examined in the year 1844 by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., who published a full account of its contents in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. 2, p. 336, sq. In 1846 I examined it again with the most anxious care, and published a brief notice of its more important contents in the introduction to Leabhar na g-Ceart. It consists of 292 pages folio, vellum, and was transcribed in 1453 by John Boy O'Clery and others at Pottlerath, in the barony of Crannagh, and county of Kilkenny, for Edmund Butler, the head of the sept of Mac Richard, who afterwards became Earls of Ormonde. This manuscript remained in the possession of Mac Richard Butler till the year 1462, when Ormonde and he were defeated in a battle fought at Baile-an-phoill, now Pilltown, in the barony of Iverk, county of Kilkenny, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, to whom he was obliged to give up this very copy of the Psalter of Cashel, together with another manuscript (now unknown),

✱

called the Book of Carrick-on-Suir. This fact appears from a memorandum on fol. 110, p. b, of which the following is a literal translation :—

“This was the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler, until the defeat at Baile-an-phoill, was given to the Earl of Ormonde, and to Mac Richard by the Earl of Desmond (Thomas), when this book and the book of Carrick, were obtained in the redemption of Mac Richard; and it was this Mac Richard that had these books transcribed for his own use; and they remained in his possession until Thomas, Earl of Desmond, wrested them from him.”

The foregoing memorandum was written in the manuscript, while it was in the possession of Thomas, Earl of Desmond, whose name “Thomas, of Desmond,” appears in English, in his own hand, on fol. 92, a., See *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, Introduction, pp. xxviii—xxx. The publication of this manuscript, as it stands, would be a great desideratum in Irish literature, and I trust that Sir John Romilly will not think it unworthy of his attention.

I am of opinion that this little tract is of great antiquity, and contains, perhaps, the oldest account we have remaining of Finn and his 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 Luaigni 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 Goil, 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. Cathaeir Mor, monarch of Ireland, A.D., 177. | 11. Trenmor, |
| | 12. Cumhall, |
| | 13. Finn Mac Cumhaill, sl. 284. |

He had a sister named *Sidh*, who was proverbial in Ireland for her fleetness of foot, and who was the mother of Caoilte Mac Ronain, also famous in the Fenian tales for his agility. He had another sister, Seogen, who was the mother of Cobhthach, son of Crunchnu.

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 Conula, of whose race nothing is known, and Feareorb, 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, Feareorb, 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.

Oisín and Caeilte Mac Ronain survived all the followers of our hero, and are fabled to have lived down to the time of St. Patrick (A.D. 432), to whom they related the wonderful exploits of Finn and his cotemporaries. This, however, is incredible ; but it is highly probable that both lived to converse with some Christian missionaries who preceded the great apostle of Ireland, and who found it difficult to convert them from their pagan notions.

There is a very curious dialogue, partly preserved in the book of Lis-more, and partly in a MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, said to have been carried on between Caeilte, son of Ronan, and St. Patrick. This dialogue, notwithstanding its anachronism, or perhaps rather misnomer, is of great value to the Irish linguist, topographer, and antiquary, on account of the curious ancient forms of the language which it preserves, and the various forts, mounds, sepulchres, plains, mountains, estuaries and rivers which it mentions by their primitive and mediæval names.

Hoping that this tract will soon see the light under your auspices, as President of our Society,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

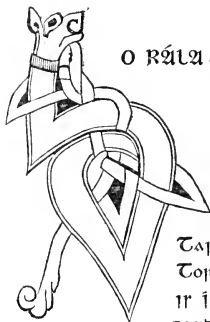
JOHN O'DONOVAN.

To

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, Esq.

President of the Ossianic Society.

ՊԱՐԿ-ՅՈՂՊԱՐՇԱ ԲՅՈՒՆ ԵՒՆ ՏՈ ՏՅՏ.



Օ ԲՁԱՆՆԱ ԿՈՄԵՒՈՆՈՆ ԱՅՅ, ՕՍՐ ԽԲԻՇԻ ԾԵԱԾԻՅԱ,
 ԽՈՅ ԲԻՅԱՅԵՇՇ ՕՍՐ ԽՄ ԱՐԾՄԱԵՐ-
 ԱՅԵՇՇ ԷՐԵՆՆ, ԻՅԻ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ԴԱԿ
 ԾՐԵՆՄՈՒՐ, ՕՍՐ ԱՐԶԵՆՆ ԴԱԿ
 ԼԱՅԵՇ ԿԱՐՐ, ԾՈ ԼԱՅԻՆԵ, Ա. ԾՈ
 ԿՈՒՍՈ ՕՇԵ ԿԱՐԼԵ ԿՈՅՆԿՈՒՆ ԾՈՆ
 ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ԲԻՆ, ԱՐԻ ԲԱ ԾԻԲԻԾԵ Կ-ԱՅ
 ԾԱՐՐԻՐԻՅ Ա ԷՍԱԵՐՈՄ [Ա. ԿԱԵՂ] ԿՍՄՈՒԼ.
 ԿՈՒԾԱ, ԽՅԻՆ ԵՕԿԱՄԱՅ ԾՈ ԵՐՈՒՅԻ,
 ԻՐ ԵՂ ԲԱ ԲԱՆ-ՇԵԼԵ ԾՈ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ, ՆՈ ԿՈ
 ԿԱՐԾ ՊՍԻՆԵ ՊՍՆՇԱՅՄ. ԿԱԿԱԾ ԻՍՐԱՄ

ԿԱԾ ԿՆՈՒՇԱ ԵԱԾԱՐՐԱ Ա. ԻԵՐԻ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ՕՍՐ ԱՐԶԵՆՆ.

ԾԱՐՐԵ ԾԵԱՐԻՅ, ԴԱԿ ԵՇԱՅԾ ԲԻՆԾ, ԴԻԿ ԿՈՐՐԻՆԵ ԾԱԼԱՅՅ,
 ԴԻԿ ՊՍԻՆԵԱԾԱՅ, ՕՍՐ Ա ԴԱԿ, Ա. ԱԵԾ, ԻԿ ԿԱԾԱՐԵ ԽՆ
 ԿԻՇԻՇԱ ԻԲԱՐՐԱԾ ՊՍԻՆԵՐԱՆՆ. ԱՐՈՄ ՆԱՅԼ ԾՈՆ ԾԱՐՐԵ ԲԻՆ
 ՊՍՐՆԱ ՊՍՆՇԱՅՄ. ԾՈ ԲԵՐԱՐ ԻՍՐԱՄ ԽՆ ԿԱԾԻ ԻՍՐ ԲԻՆ;
 ԾՈ ԴԱԼԱ ԻԵՐԻ ԼԱՅԵՇ ՕՍՐ ԱԵԾ, ԴԱԿ ՊՍՐՆԱ, ԻՐ ԽՆ ԿԻՇԻ;
 ԾՈՆԱՐ ԼԱԿԵՇ ԱԵԾ, ԿՈ ԴՈՐ ՄԻԼԼ Ա ԼԵԾԻ-ԴՈՐԵ, ԿՈՆԾ ԾԵ ԴՈ ԼԻԼ
 Ա ԱՐՈՄ ԾՈԼԼ Օ ԲԻՆ ԻԼԵ Ե. ԾՈ ԿԱՐԵ ԼԱԿԵՇ ԼԱ ԾՈԼԼ; ԾՈՆԱՐ
 ԾԱՆ ԲԵՐ ԿՈՒՄԵՇԱ ԿՈՒՄԵՍԻԼՅ Ա ԲԵՇ ԲԵՐԻՆ ԿՍՄՈՒԼ ԲԻՆ

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

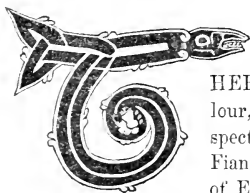
² *Cumhall*. The best account of this military leader will be found in the battle of Cnucha, preserved in the book of Lismore.

³ *Luaighni*, a famous military sept in Meath descended from Luaighni, one of the brothers of Conn of the hundred battles. *Ogygia*, part iii. c. 57.

⁴ *Cuil Contuinn*, a territory situated on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Cavan.

⁵ *Cnucha*. Connell Magheoghegan states in his translation of the annals of Clonmacnoise, A.D. 726, that this is the place called Castleknock, [near the river Liffey, county of Dublin.]

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS OF FINN, DOWN HERE.



HERE happened a meeting of valour, and contention of battle, respecting the chieftainship of the Fianns,¹ and the head-stewardship of Erin, between Cumhall,² son of Tréanmór, and Uirgrenn, son of Lughaidh Corr, [one] of the Luaighne,³ i.e. this Cumhall was of the Corca-oiche of Cuil-contuinn,⁴ for of these the Hui-Tairsigh his tribe were [a subsection]. Torba, daughter of Eochaman [one] of the Ernaans, had been the wife of Cumhall, until he married Muireann Munchaemh, [Murinda of the fair neck]. The battle of Cnucha⁵ was afterwards fought between them, i.e. between Cumhall and Uirgrenn.

Daire Dearg, son of Eochaidh Finn, son of Coirpre Galach, son of Muiredhach Muinderg, and his son Aedh, were fighting the battle along with Muirgrenn. Another name for this Daire was Morna Munchaim. The battle was then fought, Luichet and Aedh son of this Morna met together [in single combat] in the battle; Luichet wounded Aedh, and destroyed one of his eyes, so that from this the name of Goll⁶ [Luscus] adhered to him from that time forth. Luichet fell by Goll. The keeper of his own corrbholg⁷ of séds [treasure bag] wounded Cumhall, and

⁶ *Goll* is glossed *Cuèch*, and means one-eyed, the same as the Latin *luscus*.

⁷ *Corrbholg*, i.e. a round bag, *sed* means a jewel or any article of value.

caé. Do tuir Cumull la Foll mac Morna ir in cath,
 ocur beirid a foib ocuf a ceud leir, conid de rin bui
 fich bunad irir Fionn ocur mac Morna, conid de rin no
 cet in reanchaid:—

Foll mac Daire Deirid co mblaid,
 Mice Echaid Fionn, fionn a gail,
 Mice Cairpre Salaid co n-gail,
 Mice Muirtheadaid a Fiontheadaid.

Ro marb Foll Luicet na ced,
 A cath Chuca, noch a brecc,
 Luicet Fionn in gairced glaid
 La mac Morna do nochair.

Ir leir do tuir Cumull mór,
 J caé Chucha na cath-floz
 Mice tucfat in cath tend,
 Im fianaidéct na h-Éirend.

Batar clanda Morna irin cath,
 Ocur Luaidhe na Temrach,
 Mice ba leo fianur fer Fái,
 Fria laim caé in co robaid.

Buif mac ac Cumull co m-buaid,
 In Fionn fuislech faebur euaid;
 Fionn ocur Foll mór a mblad,
 Tmêh do ionnratar cozad.

Jar rin do ionnratar rid,
 Fionn ocur Foll na céd n-ghim,
 Co torcuir Bann Sionna de,
 Fan muice a Temuir Luaidhe.

Aed ba hairim do mac Daire,
 Cori gaed Luicet con aine,
 O no gaet mac Luaidhe lond,
 Daire conuicea in Foll. F.

¹ *Finnhagh*, otherwise *Maghfinn*, a plain in the barony of Athlone, county of Roscommon, at this period possessed by the Firbolgs, of whom the Clanna-Morna were a sept.

Cumhall fell by Goll son of Morna in the battle, and carried off his arms and his head ; and from this there was a fundamental hatred between Finn and the sons of Morna, concerning which the historian sang :—

“ Goll was son of Daire Dearg of fame,
 Son of Eochaidh Finn of valiant deeds,
 Son of Cairbre Galach of prowess,
 Son of Muireadhach of Finnmhagh.¹

This Goll slew Luichet of hundreds,
 In the battle of Cnucha, no falsehood,—
 Luichet Finn of noble chivalry,
 By the son of Morna fell !

It was by him fell Cumhall the Great,
 In the battle of Cnucha of embattled hosts
 What they fought this stout battle for,
 Was for the Fian leadership in Erin.

The Clanna Morna were in the battle,
 And the Luaighni of Teamhair
 For the Fiannship of the men of Fail was theirs
 Under the hand of each valiant king.

The victorious Cumhall had a son ;
 The blood shedding Finn of hard weapons,
 Finn and Goll of great fame,
 Mightily they waged war.

After this they made peace
 Finn and Goll, of the hundred deeds,
 Until the Banbh Sinna fell
 On the plain at Teamhair Luachra,²

Aedh was the name of Daire's son,
 Until Luichet wounded him with dexterity,
 But since the stout son of Luaighne wounded him
 He was called by the name of Goll.”

² *Teamhair Luachra*, a place in Kerry not far from Castle Island, in the district of Sliabh Luachra.

Տօրմա՛հ յօ աճա՛յն Ըսմուլլ ա միայ յ. Պսիլլո, օսւր
 Ելլիւ՛ ըն մաճ, օսւր Երեա այսմ ծօ, յ. Վեմբե. Ել՛
 Քիաճա՛լ մաճ Ըօրեւոյն օսւր Բօծմա՛լ, Բաճմա՛լ, օսւր յ
 Էլա՛հ Լաճ՛րս ծօ քաճե՛ծ Պսիլլո, օսւր Ելլիւ՛ լեօ յ
 մաճ, այս ոյս Լա՛յն ա մաճայն ա Ե՛ւ՛ ալճե. Բսլլոյ Պսիլլո Լա
 Տլեօյն Լա՛մ-Երե՛շ, Լա յ Լա՛միա՛շ Ելլա՛մ, օսւր Ելլիւ՛
 յ մաճ, Բսլլո մաճ Տլեօյն. Լսլլ շիա Բօծմա՛լ օսւր
 յ Էլա՛հ, օսւր յ մաճ լեօ յ քօրեւն Տլեւն Բլաճմա. Բօ
 Խա՛լե՛ծ յ մաճ աճ ըն յ քաճե. Վեւիլլոն օն, այ Բա
 Խի՛ճա Տլլա Ելլա՛յն Ելլա՛յն, օսւր Լաճի յեւմեճ
 յաճմա՛շ, օսւր քեւն՛ յեւմաճ քիւճիւմաճ ծօ Լաճիւ՛
 Լաճիւ՛, օսւր ծօ մաճայն Պօրոյն քօր Ե յ մաճ ըն, օսւր
 Ելլա՛ մաճ Ըսմուլլ. Բօ ալլա՛ յայսմ յ Ե Բաճիւմա՛շ
 ըն քիւ յե՛ քօճա Ե քա՛ ըմալ՛ ըն.

Ել՛ ա մաճայն ա Ելլո ըն մԵլլաճայն յայ ըն Ելլո ա մաճ,
 այս ծօ Խիւմա՛լ Ելլա՛ Ե Ե՛ւ՛ ըն յաճ ա, օսւր ծօ յ Բա
 Խա՛լ Լե մաճ Պօրոյն ծօ. Ըլ՛ շիա՛ւ ալլա՛ւ ալ Եա՛ քաճի յա
 Ելլե, Ե մաճայն քօրեւն Տլեւ Բլաճմա; քօշեւն յ քաճ-
 Խիւ՛ օսւր յ մաճ յա Ելլա՛ յաճ, օսւր Ելլա՛ ըն ա
 մաճ յա Խա՛լ յայն, օսւր Ելլա՛ ըն Խա՛ Ե, օսւր ըն
 Ելլոն յայսմ. Ըօն՛ աճ ըն ծօ յայն յա մաճայն յ Խա՛լ
 յն ա մաճ—

Ըլլա՛լ յե քաճայն քաճե, ըն.

Ելլա՛լ ա յայն յաճ ծօ յա Խաճիւմա՛լ յայ
 ըն, օսւր ալլա՛լ քաճ յայն յաճ Ըսմա՛լ յ մաճ Ըսմա՛լ յ—

¹ *Muireann*. This was very common as the proper name of a woman among the ancient Irish. It is explained in Cormac's Glossary, as meaning *mor-fhinn*, long-haired.

² *Lamhraighe*, a people of Kerry in the west of Munster.

³ *Siabh Bladhna*, i.e. the mountain of Bladhna, (*Ogygia* III., 16.) now Slieve Bloom on the confines of the King's and Queen's Counties. It is sometimes called *Siabh Smoil*. The summit of this mountain is called Պսլաճ Ըրեւոյն, the summit of Erin, and from it, the O'Dunnes have taken the motto of Պսլաճ Ըրեւոյն ալ!

Cumhall left his wife pregnant, i. e. Muirenn,¹ 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 Lamluachra,² from which Finn is called the son of Gleoir. However Bodhmall and Liath taking the boy with them went to the forests of Sliabh Bladma,³ where the boy was nursed secretly. This was indeed necessary, for many a sturdy stalworth youth, and many a venomous inimical hero and angry morose champion of the warriors of Luaigni, and of the sons of Morna, were ready to despatch that boy, and [also] Tulcha the son of Cumhall. But however the two heroines nursed him for a long time in this manner.

His mother came at the end of six years after this to visit her son, for it was told to her, that he was at that place, and she feared the sons of Morna for him, *i. e.* [might kill him.] But however, she passed from one solitude to another, until she reached the forest of Sliabh Bladhma [Slieve Bloom,] and she found the hunting booth [*hut*] and the boy asleep therein, and she afterwards lifted him and pressed him to her bosom, and she then pregnant [from her second husband,] and then she composed these quatrains caressing her son :

“Sleep with gentle pleasant slumber, &c.”⁴

The woman afterwards bids farewell to the heroines, and asked them if they would take charge of him till he

¹ 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,¹ and cut off her feathers and wings, so that she died, and he afterwards took her to the hunting booth : and this was Finn's first chase.

He afterwards went away with certain poets to flee from the sons of Morna ; and they had him [concealed] about Crotta.² These were their names, Futh and Ruth, and Regna of Mad Feada, and Teimle, and Oilpe, and Rogein. Here he was seized with the scurvy, so that he became a carrach [scald,] and was thence called Deimne Mael. There was a plunderer in Leinster at this time, by name Fiacuil, son of Codhna. Fiacuil came into Fidh Gaibhle³ upon the poets, and killed them all except Deimne alone, who was afterwards with Fiacuil (in his house in a cold sheskin [marsh]). The two heroines came southwards to the house of Fiacuil, son of Codhna, in search of Deimne, and he was given to them ; and they took him from the south to the same place [where they had him previously].

He went forth one day alone [and never halted] till he reached Magh Life,⁴ and on the green of a certain Dun [fort] there he saw youths hurling. He went to contend in agility or to hurl along with them. He came with them next day, and they sent the fourth of their number against him. He came again, and they sent the third of their number against him, and finally they went all against him, and he won one game from them all. What is thy name said they?

Portarlinton, in the King's County. This was the name of a famous wood in Leinster, in which St. Berchan, the Irish prophet, erected his church of Cloonsast, the ruins of which still remain.

⁴ *Magh 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. Juyirid iy macrajd d'fii iy dúyaid iy vj rju. Mairbaid rjde é mad conuicti, mar a cumachtach é, ol re, vj caempair vj do, ol rjat ; curab Deimne a aym. Ciydar a heccore, ol ré. Macaem tuctach, fud, ol rjat, ir aym do Demne Fud amlaid rju, ol réfeam. Conjd de rju adbericir iy macrajd fuyrum Fju.

Tjerum iar na báirech dia raizid, ocur luid cuccu na cluchí fo ceitac a loizá fairi ayaenfeét. Jmarairum fujéirum, ocur tairerajd monferri dij. Luid uairhí a foirhí Slebe Bladma.

Tje iarum i chud feétmuje iar rju, cur iy mbajle cédna. Ir amlaid batui iy macrajd ic ryañ foir iy loch bi na fairiad. Jreunajze iy macrajd eirum jntech dymbada fju. Lujidirju ir iy loch eua iar rju, ocur badjd yonbu dij foir loch, ocur téje féju fa Slab Bladma iar rju. Cia mo bájd iy macrajd, ol each. Fju, ol rjat ; conad ar rju mo leavad Fju é.

Tjerum feét and tar Slab Bladma amach, ocur iy da banféndid jmmalle fju ; conacari alma jmdicere di'azaj alluid foirar iy flébe. Monuar tpa ori iy da feutuy, vj tje dny artud vejch dij rúd accairu. Tje djura, [ol Fju] ocur juchajd foirio, ocur artajd dá naž dij, ocur bejuid lej dia fairyboict. Do juyirum relz co žvatach dójb iar rju. Ejuj buaj ferca, a žille, ori na banféveda fju ; air atar mje Mójna foir aicill do marhta.

Do luidirum a aenar uadj co jfacht Loch Léju [ocur] or Luachairi, cur aécuir a amrajne ac juz Bejtrajze and rju ; vj mó rlojndirum jru jvad rju he, aét cena, vj buj ir iy mé rju relžajne a juyramla ; ar amlaid jrberic iy j

¹ *Loch Lein*, now the Lakes at Killarney in Kerry.

² *Luachra*, i.e., Luachair Deaghaidh, a district in the now county of Kerry, containing the two Pap mountains.

³ *Beantraighe*, a district in South Munster, believed to have been co-extensive with the barony of Bantry in the county of Cork.

Deimne replied he. The youths tell this to the owner of the dun [*fort.*] “Do ye kill him if he comes again, if ye are able,” said he. We are not able to do aught unto him, replied they; Deimne is his name. What is his appearance?” said he. He is a well-shaped fair [*finn*] youth, replied they, Deimne shall be named Finn therefore, said he. And hence these young men used to call him Finn,

He came the next day to them, and joined them in their game, they attacked him all together, with their hurlets, but he made at them and prostrated seven of them, and [then] made off from them into the forests of Sliabh Bladhma.

He afterwards returned at the end of a week to the same place. What the youths were at [then] was swimming in the lake which was close by [the dun.] The youths challenged him to swim with them. He plunged into the lake to them, and afterwards drowned nine of them in the lake, and then made to Sliabh Bladhma himself. Who drowned the youths? enquired all. Finn, replied they [i.e. the survivors]. And from this the name of Finn clung to him [among all who heard of this deed of drowning.]

He came forth on one occasion out beyond Sliabh Bladhma, the two heroines being along with him, and they perceived a fleet herd of the wild deer of the forest of the mountain. Alas; said the two old women, that we cannot detain one of these with us. I can, [said Finn] and he ran upon them, and catching two bucks of them, brings them with him to his hunting booth. After this he used to hunt for them constantly. Depart from us now, O young man, said the female warriors to him, for the sons of Morna are watching to kill thee.

He went away from them alone [and halted not,] till he reached Loch Lein¹, and over Luachair,² till he hired in military service, with the king of Bentraighe.³ He did not go by any name here, but there was not at this time a

hunter like him, and so the king said to him : if Cumhall had left any son, methinks thou art he, but we have not heard of Cumhall having left any son, but Tulcha Mac Cumhail, but he is in military service with the king of Albain.¹

He afterwards bids farewell to the king, and goes away from him to Cairbrighe, at this day called Ciarraighe² [Kerry], and he staid with this king in military service. The king came one day to play chess. He [Finn] played against him, and won seven games in succession. Who art thou ? said the king. The son of a peasant of the Luaighni of Teamhair, replied he ; Not so, said the king ; but thou art the son whom Muirenn [my present wife] brought forth for Cumhall ; and do not be here any longer, that thou mayest not be killed while under my protection. After this he went to Cuilleann O g-Cuanach³ to the house of Lochan, a chief smith : he had a very comely daughter, Cruithne by name ; she fell in love with the youth. I will give thee my daughter, said the smith, although I know not who thou art. The daughter then cohabited with the unknown youth. Make lances for me, said the youth, to the smith. Lochan then made two spears for him. He then bade farewell to Lochan, and went his way. My son, said Lochan, do not go on the passage on which the boar called Beo is usually [to be] seen ; it has devastated the [whole of] Middle Munster. But the youth happened to go on the very pass where the pig was. The pig afterwards rushed at him ! but he made a thrust of his spear at it, and drove it through it, so that he left it lifeless, and he brought the head of the pig with him to the smith as a dower for his daughter. From this is derived Sliabh muice⁴ in Munster.

The youth then went into Connaught to look for [his uncle] Crimall, son of Trenmor. As he went on his way he heard

⁴ *Sliabh Muice*. i.e., the Pig's mountain, now Slieve Muck, situated between the town of Tipperary and the glen of Aherlow.

cualaid zúl na h-éin mhá. Luid faí co n-acca iú mhaí, ocuŕ ba dèma fola cech me feèct, ocuŕ ba feéjè fola iú feachŕ aile, co mba deuz a bél. Jrac bél deuz, a beu, ol fé. Aca deŕébu ocum, ol rí; m'oen mac do marbad d'oen laeè foŕzmaŕda mōi do mála cucum. Cŕa aŕum do iŕe, ol fé. Glonnda a aŕum, ol rí. Jŕ de aca Aeth n-Glonnda ocuŕ Tóéari n-Glonnda foŕi Mhaemmuŕz, ocuŕ iŕ ōy bél deŕmuŕi rŕu aca Aeth m-Bel Deŕmuŕi ō rŕu ille. Luid dŕu Fŕud iudezaid iú laŕch, ocuŕ feŕaŕt comlonn ocuŕ do fuŕt laŕt é. Jŕ amlaid iŕmōŕu buí rŕu, ocuŕ combolz na fèd aŕŕi .i. feoŕd Cumuŕll. Jŕ de dŕu do mochaŕu aŕu rŕu .i. Uaè Luacra. Jŕ é céd zŕuŕ Cumuŕll i each Cŕuchra.

Téŕi i Comhaétaŕb ŕaŕi rŕu, ocuŕ fazeŕb Cŕumall ŕa feŕdōŕi a n-dŕeŕheŕb caŕlle aŕd, ocuŕ dŕeŕm dou feŕuŕéŕuŕi maŕlle feŕuŕ, ocuŕ iŕ ŕad rŕu do zŕuŕ ŕelza do. Tóébaŕd iú combolz dŕu do ocuŕ aŕŕet a ŕéla ō túŕ co deŕme, ocuŕ aŕhaŕl mo marb feŕi na fèd. Ceŕlebaŕd Fŕum do Cŕumall, ocuŕ luid moŕme d'fozlaŕm éŕeŕi co Fŕuméceŕ mo boŕ foŕi Boŕu. Nŕi lanŕ umōŕuŕo beŕtŕa a n-Éŕumŕu ceha ŕo co n-dechaŕd me ŕlŕideèct, aŕi eaŕla mac Uŕmuŕeŕuŕ ocuŕ mac Mōŕma.⁴

Secht m-bŕiadaŕa do Fŕuméceŕ foŕi Bōŕu oc ŕuŕaŕze ŕach Lŕuŕe Feŕe; aŕi do buí a taŕŕuŕuŕme do co Féŕe do toŕmaŕt, ocuŕ ceŕ ŕí na aŕuŕeŕi ŕeŕu ŕaŕum. Fŕuŕtŕi iú m-bŕiadaŕu, ocuŕ mo h-ŕeŕbad do Deŕuŕme umōŕuŕo iú bŕiadaŕu

¹ *Maenmhagh*, Moinmoy, a territory lying round Lough Reagh in the present county of Galway; but the situations of *Ath-Glonnda*, i. e. the ford of Glonda, and of *Tochar-Glonnda*, the causeway of Glonda, are now unknown by these names.

² *Ath-Beldeirg*, i. e., ford of Red mouth, not identified unless it be Bal-lyderg.

³ *The Boim*, i. e. the river Boyne in Meath.

⁴ Here ends folio 119 of the original MS. and on the upper margin of folio 120, in the handwriting of the scribe, is the following observation:—

the wail of one [solitary] woman. He went towards her, and viewed the woman: The first tear she shed was a tear of blood, and the other was a gush of blood, so that her mouth was red. "Thy mouth is red, O woman!" said he. I have cause for it, said she: my only son was killed by a huge ugly hero, who came to me. What is thy son's name? said he. Glonda is his name, said she. From him Ath-Glonda and Tochar-Glonda in Maennhagh¹ are called, and from this Belderg the name Ath-beldeirg² remains ever since. Finn then went in pursuit of the hero, and they fought a combat, in which he fell by him [Finn.] The way he was situated was, he had the treasure bag with him, i.e., the [bag containing the] treasures of Cumhall. The person who fell here was Liath Luachra, he who first wounded Cumhall in the battle of Cnucha.

He now proceeds into Connaught, and finds Crimall, then an old man, in a desert there, and some of the old Fianns along with him, who were wont to chase for him. He gave him the Corrbholg, and told him the news from beginning to end:—how he had killed the possessor of the treasures. He bids farewell to Crimall, and goes forward to *Finéces* [who lived at the Boinn³] to learn poetry. He durst not remain in any part of Ireland until he took to learn poetry, from fear of the sons of Uirgrena, and the sons of Morna.⁴

Seven years Finn-eges remained at the Boinn [Boyne] watching the salmon of Linn-Feic,⁵ for it had been prophesied that he would eat the [sacred] salmon of Fec, and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards! He caught the salmon, and ordered [his pupil] Deimne to roast

¹ "Ἐπιμαρτυροῦντες τὴν ἑσθλὴν ἐπιμαρτυροῦντες τὴν ἐπιμαρτυροῦντες."

O Mary [Virgin] it is long till Edmund comes from the meeting.

This was Edmund Butler for whom the MS. was transcribed.

⁵ *Linn Feic*, i. e. the pool of Fec, a deep pool in the River Boyne, near *Ferta fer fec*, the ancient name of the village of Slane, on this river.

do fuyne, ocur arberit ay fyle fuyr cen nj don bmadan do tomajle. Do berit in zilla do ay bmadan jar ya fuyne, inar tomlijr nj don bmadan, a zilla, ol in fyle. Njto, ol in zilla, ac̄t mo õidu do lojrcer, ocur do madur in beolu jaritain. Cia h-ajum fyl oitpa, a zilla, ol rē. Dejmne, ol in zilla. Fjny do ajum, ol rē, a zilla, ocur jr dujt tucad in bmadan dia tomajle, ocur jr tu in Fjnd co fjru. Toimlj̄d in zilla in bmadan jaritain. Jr rin tpa do mat in fir do Fjny .i. ay tay do bered a omdain in beolu, ocur nočan tpa Tejmmlaeza, ocur no fajllrj̄tea do jarim in nj no bj̄d 'ya ajufir.

Ro fozlumrjum in tpej̄d de nemtj̄zjur fylj̄d .i. Tejmmlaeza ocur Jmur for Opa, ocur Djcedul djcenhajib. Jr and rin do mojne Fjny in laj̄z rj̄ oc fjom̄ad a ēj̄erj̄ :

Cettemaj̄n cajn mee ! no raj̄n and cuche !

Canaj̄t luj̄n laj̄d laj̄n, dia m-bej̄th laj̄zaj̄z any.

Ɔaj̄m̄d caj̄ cpaaj̄d deaj̄n, jr focen ram raj̄n,

Ruj̄dj̄z rj̄nē rj̄n, bpaumne cenb caj̄ll cpaaj̄b.

Cearbuj̄d ram paaj̄ll rj̄m̄th, raj̄zj̄d zpaaj̄z luath ljun,

Leataj̄d folc foda fpaaj̄ch, forbj̄m̄d canach fany fjny,

Fuabaj̄n djj̄zell rcej̄ll rj̄zj̄ne, im̄m̄d nej̄d m̄an m̄th

meana,

Cuj̄m̄thear jal paaj̄n, taj̄zchj̄n blač in bj̄c.

Bemaj̄d * * *

¹ *Finn is thy name.* It appears that our hero had concealed from his master Finn-Egés that he had been known by the name of Finn, after he had drowned the nine boys in Magh-Liffe. But the poet finding that he had first tasted of the salmon of *Linn Feic* without intending it, saw that the ancient prophecy was fulfilled in him, and that his real name must be Finn. O'Flaherty states that our hero assisted his father-in-law Cormac son of Art, in compiling codes of laws; and the Life of St. Columkille compiled by Manus O'Donnell, states that he possessed the gift of prophecy, and foretold the birth and future greatness of St. Columkille.

it, and the poet told him not to eat of the salmon. The young man brought him the salmon after cooking it. Hast thou eaten any part of the salmon, O young man? said the poet. "No," replied the young man, but I burned my thumb, and put it into my mouth afterwards. What name is upon thee, O youth? said he. Deimne, replied the youth. "Finn is thy name,¹ O youth," said he, and it was to thee the salmon was [really] given, [in the prophecy] to be eaten [not to me], and thou art the Finn truly. The youth afterwards consumed the salmon, and it was from this the [preternatural] knowledge was given to Finn, i.e., when he used to put his thumb in his mouth, and not through *Teinm Laegha* [poetical incantation,] whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him.

He learned the three compositions which signify the poets, namely the *Teinm Laegha*,² the *Imus for Osna*, and the *Dicedul dicennaib*; and it was then Finn composed this poem to prove his poetry:

May-day³ delightful time! how beautiful the color!⁴
 The blackbirds sing their full lay, would that Laighaig
 were here
 The cuckoos⁵ sing in constant⁶ strains, how welcome is
 the noble
 Brilliance of the seasons ever; on the margin of the
 branchy woods
 The summer suail⁷ skim the stream, the swift horses
 seek the pool,
 The heath spreads out its long hair, the weak fair bog-
 down grows.
 Sudden consternation attacks the signs, the planets in
 their courses running exert an influence:
 The sea is lulled to rest, flowers cover the earth.

² *Teinm Laegha*. For a curious account of this poetical incantation as given in Cormac's glossary, the reader is referred to the "*Battle of Magh Rath*," printed for the Archaeological Society, p. 46. It is said that

St. Patrick abolished the *Teinm Laegha* and the *Imbas for 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.

³ *May-day*, *ceiteanna*, is glossed *belltaine* by O'Clery. It signifies the beginning of summer.

⁴ *Color*, *cuic*, *gl. daic*, color, *gl. cuinne*, *gl. zhe*, face, countenance, mien.

⁵ *Cai*, *gl. cuac*, cuckoos.

⁶ *Constant*, *cuic*, *gl. cuic*.

⁷ *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.

INDEX.

A.

Agallamh na Seanoiridh, quoted, 14, *n.*
 Aherlow, glen of, 16, *n.*, 29, *n.*, 299, *n.*
 Albain (Scotland), 298.
 Allen, 286.
 Almuin, 286. hill of, 18, *n.*
 Ancient Irish swords, where deposited, 140, *n.*
 Ancient map, quoted, 18, *n.*
 Ancient prophecy, fulfilment of, 302, *n.*
 Antrim, 4, *n.*
 Antrim, (Lower), 17, *n.*
 Apparitions, 24, *n.*
 Armagh, 23, *n.*, 63 *n.*
 Assaroe, 15, *n.*
 Ath Beldeirg, 300, *n.*
 Ath-Clonda, its present name, 300, *n.*
 Athlone, 290, *n.*

B.

Ballinaskellig bay, 22, *n.*
 Ballybunion, 17, *n.*, 73, *n.*, 80, *n.*
 Ballyderg 300, *n.*
 Ballyshannon, 15, *n.*
 Ballyvourney, 185, *n.*
 Bania, 4, *n.*
 Bann, river, 50, 50, *n.*, 57.
 Bansha, 16, *n.*, 29, *n.*
 Bantry, 29, *n.*
 Bardic satires, 90, *n.*
 Barrington, Sir Jonah, estates of, 18, *n.*
 Barron, Philip F., 164, *n.*
 Barrow, river, 43, *n.*, 50, *n.*
 Battle of Downpatrick, 14, *n.*
 Beantraighe, 293, *n.*
 Bearrna-an-da-Ghoill, 40, 40, *n.*, 41.
 Bearrna-an-Seail, 50, 50, *n.*, 51.
 Belanagare, 30, *n.*
 Beinn Bothair, 21, *n.*
 Benignus, 200, *n.*
 Blackbirds, 217, *n.*, song of, 4, *n.*
 Bladhna, mountain of, 292, *n.*

Boinn (the Boyue), 300, 300, *n.*, 301.
 Boraimhe, Brian, 71, *n.*
 Bothar, peak of, 20, 21.
 Bolus head, 22, *n.*
 Boyne, river, 235, *n.*, 286, 300, *n.*, 301, *n.*
 Brandon bay, 18, *n.*
 Bregia, 284.
 Breifne, 65, *n.*
 Butler, Edmund, 283.

C.

Cairbre, land of, 30, *n.*
 Cairbrighe, 293, *n.*
 Caiseal (Cashel), 201, *n.*
 Cambrensis Eversus, quoted, 3, *n.*
 Cape Clear, 133, *n.*
 Carbury, barony of, 14, *n.*
 Carolan the poet, 136, *n.*
 Carrick-on-Suir, 50, *n.*, 284.
 Carrigeen, 50, 51, 51, *n.*
 Cas, Cormac, 286.
 Cashell, 200, *n.*, kings of, their prerogatives, 17, *n.*
 Castle Island, 291, *n.*
 Castleknock, 288, *n.*
 Cavan, 288, *n.*
 Ceis-Chorainn, 21, *n.*
 Chess-playing, antiquity of, 56, *n.*
 Ciarraighe (Kerry), 293, *n.*
 Ciarruighe Luachra, 22, *n.*
 Cill Easbuig Broin, 18, *n.*
 Cill Stuífin, 231.
 Clanwilliam, barony of, 16, *n.*
 Clanna Morna, their inheritance, 16, *n.*
 Claire, battle of, 30, *n.*
 Clane, barony of, 70, *n.*
 Clare, 51, *n.*, 140, *n.*, 230.
 Cleaver, Rev. E. D., 283.
 Clonmacnoise, annals of, quoted, 288, *n.*
 Clonmel, 16, *n.*, 50, *n.*
 Cloonsast, parish of, 294, *n.*
 Cnoc-an-air, 16, 17, where situated, 17, *n.*

- Cluain Conaire, (Cloncurry), 71, *n.*
 Cnoc-an-Scail, 18, *n.*
 Cnu, 4, 5.
 Cnucha, battle of, 288, 288, *n.*, 289.
 Cobhthach Caol Breagh, 30, *n.*
 Comyn, Michael, 230.
 Conall Gulban, 30, *n.*
 Connall, country of, 15, *n.*
 Conn of the hundred battles, 71, *n.*,
 286.
 Conan Maol, 19, *n.*, anecdote of
 114, *n.*
 Connaught, 30, *n.*, 286.
 Connellan, Professor, quoted, 18, *n.*
 Coolagarronroe, 232.
 Corann, where situated, 21, *n.*
 Coreaguiny, barony of, 4, *n.*
 Corca-oiche, 284, 288, 289.
 Cormac Mac Airt, 173, *n.*
 Coonagh, territory of, 298, *n.*
 Cork, 29, *n.*, 50, *n.*, 138, *n.*, 232,
 284., 296, *n.*
 Corrbholz, 300, 301, its use, 280, *n.*,
 288, 289.
 Coshbridge, barony of, 24, *n.*
 Coshmore, barony of, 24, *n.*
 Crannagh, 283.
 Crom, one of the idols of the pagan
 Irish, 30, *n.*
 Crom Cruach, 31, *n.*, 65, *n.*
 Crom Dubh, 31, *n.*
 Cromleac, where found, 4, *n.*
 Crotta Cliach, 294, *n.*
 Cruachan Chruim, grouse of, 30,
 31, where situated, 30, *n.*
 Cuckoo, 28, *n.*, ancient Irish name
 for, 304, *n.*
 Cuilcontuin, 288, 289. Where si-
 tuated, 288, *n.*
 Cuilleán O'g-Cuanach, 298, *n.*
 Cullen, 298, *n.*
- D.
- Daire Dearg, 206, *n.*, 288, 289.
 Dair Inis, (isle of oaks), 24, *n.*
 Dallan, (pillar stone), 217, *n.*
 Dal Cas, the O'Briens, 286.
 Dearg son of Fionn, adventures
 of, 15, *n.*
 Dece, 71, *n.*
 Deers, their skeletons, where depos-
 ited, 216, *n.*
 Deise, Teamrach, 71, *n.*, a tribe
 name, 71, *n.*
- Derrycarn, 28, 29, 32, *n.*, song of the
 blackbird of, 30, 31., where situ-
 ated, 28, *n.*
 Desmond, the great Earl of, 232,
 283, 284.
 Dinn Senchus, quoted, 42, *n.*
 Dodder, river, 216, *n.*
 Doire an Chairn, 31, *n.*
 Domhnach Chroim Dhuibh, 31, *n.*
 Donegal, 15, *n.*, 30, *n.*
 Dord Fhliann, 4, 5., 68, 69, 76, *n.*,
 217, *n.* Its use, 2, *n.*
 Down, 16, *n.*
 Downpatrick, ancient name of, 14, *n.*
 battle of, 14, *n.*
 Dromalaire, barony of, 17, *n.*
 Drom Dearg, 14, 15. its ancient
 name, 14, *n.*
 Druim Lis, (now Drumlease), where
 situated, 17, *n.*
 Druim-re-Cor, otter of, 30, 31,
 Druim Imnocht, 284.
 Drumcliff, ancient name of, 14, *n.*
 Drumlish, 16, 17.
 Drum Lease, *see* Druim Lis.
 Dublin, 140, *n.*, 216, *n.*
 Ducks, 28, 29.
 Dumhach, 231.
 Dun Cearmna, its present name,
 284.
 Dundaletighlas, 14, *n.*
 Dundrum, bay of, 16, *n.*
 Dungarvan, 16, *n.*, 232.
 Dun g-Grot, fort and castle of, 16, *n.*
 Dunne, John, 217, *n.*
 Dunore, where situated, 137, *n.*
 Dwyer, 29, *n.*
- E.
- Eamluin, 18, 19.
 Eas Aedha Ruaidh, 15, *n.*
 Eas Ruaidh, 14, 15.
 Erne, river, 15, *n.*
 Erris, where situated, 17, *n.*
- F.
- Fail, Fians of, 50, 51.
 Faoidh, meaning of the term, 14, *n.*
 Fec, pool of, 301, *n.*
 Fenian hounds, their names, 202,
 203, signification of, 203, *n.*
 Feegile, its ancient name, 294, *n.*
 Fenian games, 4, *n.*

Fera cul, 284.
 Fermanagh, 29, n., 30, n.
 Fiachadh, Suighdhe, 71, n.
 Fians, their chieftainry, 288, 289.
 Fidh Gaibhle, 42, n., 294, n.
 Finland, king of, 4, n.
 Finn-eges, 300, 301, 302, n.
 Finn's first poem, 302, 303. His pedigree, 285.
 Finnmhagh, where situated, 290, n.
 Fiodh Chuillinn, (Feighcullen,) 71, n.
 Firbolgs, 286, 290, n.
 Fochaoi, 22, 22, n., 23.
 Formaol, 18, 19, 22, 22, n., 23.
 Formaol-na-bh-Fian, where situated, 18, n.
 Fothartas, 287.
 Four Masters, quoted, 16, n., 17, n., 24, n., 30, n., 31, n.

G.

Gaelic Society, transactions of, quoted, 32, n.
 Galty mountains, 294, n.
 Galway, 14, 15, 16, n., 234, n., 300, n.
 Garristown, 234, n.
 Garryricken, 217, n.
 Gleann-na-g-Caor, stag of, 28, 29, 29, n.
 Gleann Damhain, 24, n.
 Gleann-da-dhaimh, 24, 24, n., 24.
 Gleann-da-Mhail, lowing of the calf of, 16, 17.
 Gleann-na-m-buadh, whistle of the eagle of, 30, 31.
 Gleann-na-Sgail, 4, 4, n., 5.
 Glenasmoil, 216, n.
 Glen of the two oxen, 24, n.
 Glen Rath, 4, 5.
 Gleoir, the redhanded, 292, 293.
 Glonda, the ford of, 300, n.
 Gilla-Brighde Mac Conmhidhe, chief poet of Ulster, 15, n.
 Grenane, 18, n.
 Grianan, its meaning, 168, n.
 Griffin, Martin, 140, n.

H.

Hares, 28, 29.
 Hawks, 30, n.
 Hore, Herbert F., 285.

Horses, how brought to Ireland 85, n.
 Howth, hill of, 84, n.
 Hui Tairsigh, 288, 289.

I.

Ibh-rathach, 22, n.
 Idol worship, 65, n.
 Ikeathy, 70, n.
 Inbhear, Geiniath, 85, n.
 Inchiquin, 232, lake of, 50, 51, 51, n.
 Inis Fail, 164, n.
 Iorrus, scream of the seagulls of, 16, 17.
 Irish druids, 65, n.
 Irish proverbs, 79, n.
 Irish names, their identity, 184, n.
 Irish families to whom the prefix "Maol" belongs, 19, n.
 Iverk, barony of, 283.
 Ivy leaves, their great size, 216, n.

K.

Keash, 21, n.
 Kells, 21, n., 28, n.
 Kelly, the late Rev. M., D.D., 3, n.
 Kerry, 4, n., 17, n., 18, n., 22, n., 23, n., 50, n., 80, n., 138, n., 200, n., 285, n., 291, n., 292, n., 296, n.
 Kilbenny, 232.
 Kildare, 18, n., 49, n., 70, n., 217, n., 286, 295, n.
 Kilkenny, 4, 50, n., 51, n., 70, n., 217, n., 283.
 Killarney, 235, n. Ancient name of the lakes of, 200, n.
 Killarory, parish of, 16, n.
 Kilrush, 140, n.
 Kilnaboy, 51, n.
 King's County, 286, 292, n., 295, n.
 Kinsale, old head of, 284.
 Knockanar, 73, n.

L.

Laitheach Brain, 70, n.
 Lake of the three Caols, 28, 29.
 Where situated, 28, n.
 Lamhraighe, 292, n.

Lahinch, 231.
 Laraghbrine, 70, *n.*
 Leabhar Gabhala, quoted, 29, *n.*
 Leabhar na g-Ceart, quoted, 5, *n.*
 Leac-an-Scail, 4, *n.*
 Leacht-an-Scail, 4, *n.*
 Leahy, Mr. William, 32, *n.*
 Leath Ard, 72, 73, 73, *n.*
 Leirg-na-bh-Fian, 16, 17, 18, *n.*
 Leitrim, 17, *n.*, 30, *n.*
 Leinster, 18, *n.*, 70, *n.*, 285, 286, 287, 295, *n.* Ancestors of the kings of, 284.
 Letter Lec, 4, 4, *n.*, 5. Blackbird of, 16, 17.
 Liars, held in contempt by the Irish peasantry, 213, *n.*
 Liffey, plain of, 295, *n.*
 Limerick, 73, *n.*, 284., 298, *n.*
 Linn Feic, 300, 301, 301, *n.*
 Lismore, book of, 287, 288, *n.*
 Loch Lein, 200, *n.*, 201, *n.*
 Loch Meilghe, 29, 29, overflowing of, 30, *n.*
 Lodan, Mac Lir, 85, *n.*
 Lough Erne, 28, 29. The ducks of, 28, 29. Where situated, 29, *n.*
 Lough Gill, 17, *n.*
 Lough Gur, 232.
 Loughrea, 16, *n.*
 Lough Reagh, 300, *n.*
 Luachair Dheaghaidh 22, 22, *n.*, 23. where situated, 226, *n.*
 Luaghni, their history, 288, *n.*
 Luaghni Teamhrach, 284.
 Lumlán, meaning of the term, 21, *n.*

M.

Mac Adam, Robert, 216, *n.*
 Mac Airt, Cormac, 286.
 Mac Cumhaill, Fionn, 284.
 Mac Conmara, 19, *n.*
 Mac Faolain, 71, *n.*
 Macroom, 185, *n.*
 Mac Lughach, why so called, 206, *n.*
 Mac Fírbis, Duaid, quoted, 29, *n.*, 284.
 Mac Murrrough's reign, 76, *n.*
 Mac Ronain, Caoilte. How occupied, 20, *n.*, his agility, 285.
 Mac-an-Loin, 42, 42, *n.*, 43, 46, 47,
 Maonmhaigh, its present name, 300, *n.*
 Magh Feimheann, 4, *n.*

Magh Finn, 290, *n.*
 Magh Laighean, 71, *n.*
 Magh Life, its present name, 295, *n.*,
 drowning of nine youths in, 302,
 302, *n.*, 303.
 Magh-Maoin, 16, *n.*, bellowing of
 the ox of, 16, 17.
 Magh Sleacht, 31, *n.*, 65, *n.*
 Maon, plain of, 16, *n.*
 Maonmhaigh, 16, *n.*
 Maynooth, 71, *n.*
 Mayo, 17, *n.*
 Meath, 28, *n.* 32, *n.*, 72, *n.*, 138, *n.*,
 235, *n.*, 286, 288, *n.*, 300, *n.*
 Meilghe, lake of, 30, *n.*
 Miol muighe, (the hare), 4, *n.*
 Mitchelstown, 232.
 Modhchorb, 30, *n.*
 Modeligo, 72, *n.*, parish of, 17, *n.*
 Molana, 24, *n.*, 25, *n.*
 Molbhthach, Meilghe, 30, *n.*
 Moore, quoted, 286.
 Moore, the Hon. Mr. 24, *n.*
 Mount Grud, 16, *n.*
 Mount Uniacke, 16, *n.*
 Mountain Castle, 17, *n.*
 Moyelly, 286.
 Muirenn, her pregnancy, 292, 293.
 Muireann, a general name for wo-
 men among the ancient Irish,
 292, *n.*
 Munster, 286, 296, *n.* King of,
 200, *n.*
 Musical Instruments peculiar to
 the Ancient Irish, 2, *n.*

N.

Naas, 48, 49, 49, *n.*, 70, *n.*
 Newhall, 31, *n.*
 New Ross, 50, *n.*, ancient name of,
 280.
 Niall of the Nine Hostages, 15, *n.*

O.

O'Brain, (O'Byrne,) 71, *n.*
 O'Breasail's country, 232.
 O'Briens, 51, *n.*
 O'Ceirbhail's (O'Carroll's), 200, *n.*
 O'Connor, 231.
 O'Connor, Dr. Charles, quoted 30, *n.*
 O'Clery, John Boy, 283, 304, *n.*
 O'Connor, Hugh Mac Felim, 14, *n.*
 O'Cregan, 196, *n.*
 O'Daly, Carroll, anecdotes of, 64, *n.*,
 65, *n.*

O'Donchadhas, 200, *n.*
 O'Donnell, Manus, 302, *n.*
 O'Donohoe, M.P., The, his descent, 200, *n.*
 O'Donovan, Dr., 31, *n.*, 76, *n.*
 O'Duibhne, Diarmuid, his *ball scarce*, or beauty spot, 20, *n.*
 O'Dunnes, how they got their motto, 292, *n.*
 O'Flaherty, quoted, 4, *n.*, 31, *n.*
 Ogle, George, 50, *n.*
 O'Grady, 82, *n.*, 140, *n.*
 O'Herlily, 185, *n.*
 Oisin, legend of, 233.
 O'Keeffe, Mr. James, 17, *n.*
 O'Kelly, William Boy, his hospitality to bards, 99, *n.*
 O'Leihin's country, 232.
 Omens, belief in, by the ancient Irish, 170, *n.*
 O'Neill, Brian, 14, *n.*
 O'Quin, family of, 51, *n.*
 Ormonde, 283, 284.
 Oseur, great call of, 16, 17.
 Ossory, Upper, barony of, 18, *n.*
 Ossorians, expert chess-players, 57, *n.*
 Otter, remarkable instance of the voracity of, 29, *n.*
 Otters, 28, 19.
 Oughteranny, 70, *n.*

P.

Pagan worship, 65, *n.*
 Palliser, William, estates of, 18, *n.*
 Pap mountains, 296, *n.*
 Petrie, Dr., quoted, 164, *n.*
 Piltown, 283.
 Pinkerton, quoted, 286.
 Portarlinton, 294, *n.*
 Pottlesrath, 283.

Q.

Queen's County, 18, *n.*, 292, *n.*

R.

Ratheroghan, 30, *n.*
 Raymond le Gros, his place of interment, 25, *n.*
 Reading, Thomas, 18, *n.*
 Remarkable headstone for rebels, 165, *n.*
 Ridge by the stream, 30, 31.

Rinn-rathach, 22, 22, *n.*, 23.
 Riofog, English name of, 21, *n.*
 River Erne, *n.*
 Roscommon, 21, *n.*, 30, *n.*, 290, *n.*
 Round Towers, 14, *n.*
 Rower, 59, 50, *n.*, 51.
 Ruan, 230.
 21, *n.*
 Rudhraidge, son of Partholan, where drowned, 16, *n.*
 Rughraida, wave of, 16, 16, *n.*, 17.

S.

Salmon of Fee, 300, 301.
 Salmon Leap, 15, *n.*
 Salt, barony of, 70, *n.*
 Seasgnan, (now Slievegoe), parish of, 16, *n.*
 Scal Balbh, (the Stammerer), 4, *n.*
 His monument, 4, *n.*
 Scotland, 164, *n.*
 Shannon, river, 298, *n.*
 Sheahan, Daniel, 73, *n.*
 Sheep, slaughter of, by an otter, 30, *n.*
 Sidh, Fionn's sister, her fleetness of foot 285.
 Skreen, hill of, 234, *n.*
 Slane, ancient name of, 301, *n.*
 Sliabh Bladhma, 292, 292, *n.*, 293.
 Sliabh g-Crot, 16, *n.* Chace of, 16, 17.
 Sliabh Cua, 16, *n.*, 17, *n.* Fawns of 16, 17.
 Sliabh g-Conaill, from whom called, 30, *n.* The hawks of, 28, 29.
 Sliabh Cuilinn, 22, 23.
 Sliabh Guillinn, 23, *n.*, 63, *n.*
 Sliabh Luachra, 22, *n.*, 50, 50, *n.*, 51, 291, *n.*
 Sliabh Mis, (now Slieve Mish), where situated, 17, *n.* Murmur of the streams of, 16, 17.
 Sliabh Muice (the Pig's Mountain), 299, *n.*
 Sliabh-na-m-ban 5, *n.*, 50, 50, *n.*, 51. Fenian, traditions of, 217, *n.*
 Slieve Bloom, 292, *n.*
 Slieve Muck, where situated, 299, *n.*
 Sligo, 18, *n.*
 Smith, quoted, 25, *n.*
 Smerwick, 138, *n.*
 Specimen of an ancient Irish Lullaby, 292, 293.
 Stone of destiny, 130, *n.*
 Stone-throwing, antiquity of, 64, *n.*

Strongbow, 25, *n.*
 S. Barnabas, 283.
 St. Berchan, 295, *n.*
 St. Columbkil quoted, 302, *n.*
 St. Gobnait, church of, 185, *n.*
 St. Molanfaidh, 25, *n.*
 St. Patrick, 31, *n.*, 81, *n.*, 201, *n.*,
 203, *n.*, 216, *n.*, 287, 304, *n.*
 Suir (the river), 4, 4, *n.*, 5, 30, *n.*
 Surnames, 71, *n*
 Swallows, 26, 27

T.

Tara, 234, *n.* Druid of, 65, *n.*
 Hill of, 164, *n.*
 Teamhair Luachra, where situated,
 291, *n.*
 Thomond, Marquis of, 51, *n.*
 Thrush, 4, 4, *n.*, 5.
 Tipperary, 5, *n.*, 16, *n.*, 29, *n.*,
 50, *n.*, 294, *n.*, 298, *n.*, 299, *n.*
 Tir Chonaill, (Tir Connell), 15, *n.*
 Tobar Glonda, 300, *n.*
 Todd, Rev. Dr., 283.
 Traigh Rudhraighe, 16, *n.*
 Tralee, 298, *n.*, harbour of, 23, *n.*
 Troughanackmy, barony of, 17, *n.*
 Tuathal Teachtmhar, 4, *n.*

U.

Ui Faelain, 70, *n.*
 Ui Failghe, 284.
 Ui Fidhgeinte, 284.
 Ui Tairsigh, 284.
 Ulster Journal, quoted, 76, *n.*
 Ulster families, their descent, 196, *n.*
 Umhall, 31, *n.*

W.

Walsh mountains, 50, *n.*
 Walsh, the late Edward, quoted,
 5, *n.*
 Waterford, 16, *n.*, 24, *n.*, 72, *n.*,
 164, *n.*
 Westminster Abbey, 164, *n.*
 Wexford, 50, *n.*, 280.
 Wheeler, Mrs. Judith, 18, *n.*
 Wheeler, Oliver, 18, *n.*
 Whelan, Rev. John, P. P., 72, *n.*
 Wicklow, 71, *n.*
 Williams, W., 232.
 Windele, quoted, 202, *n.*
 Wolves, 22, 23.

V.

Youghal, 25, *n.*

MEMBERS.

A.

Adamson, Arthur, Esq., Court Lodge, Rathkeale.
 Ahern, Rev. Maurice, P.P., Castle-mahon.
 Anster, John, Esq., LL.D., Barrister, Regius Professor of Civil Law, T.C.D., 5, Lower Gloucester-street, Dublin.
 Appleyard, Rev. E. S., M.A., Tilgate Cottage, Crawley, Sussex
 Armstrong, Adam, Esq., Ballygawley, Co. Tyrone.
 Asher, Messrs. A. and Co., Publishers, Berlin.
 Atkinson, Edward, Esq., M.D., Drogheda.

B.

Broderick, the Hon. Miss Charlotte, Bath.
 Barron, Mrs., Bonn, Germany.
 Burton, Mrs., Burton Hall, county Carlow.
 Baldwin, Thomas, Esq., Professor of Agriculture, Board of Education, Glasnevin, Dublin.
 Ball, Captain, Adare.
 Barry, Rev. Edward, P.P. Miltown, Miltownmalbay.
 Bell, Rev. Edward, A.B., Ennis-kean, Co. Cork.
 Black, Rev. Wm., M.A., Raheny.
 Blacker, Rev. B. H., M.A., Rokeby, South-hill Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
 Bourke, Rev. Ulick J., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Humanity, and Irish, St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.
 Bourke, Thomas, Esq., C.E., Railway Department, Melbourne.
 Bourke, John, Esq., 42, Marlborough-street, Dublin.
 Bourke, Thos., Esq., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth
 Bradshaw, Henry, Esq., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.
 Brady, Mr. J., Glasnevin, Dublin.

Brash, Richard Robert, Esq., Sunday's Well, Cork.
 Breen, John, Esq., A.B., C.E., Kilmacduane, Kilrush.
 Breen, Simon, Esq., Kilrush.
 Browne, Edward George Kirwan, Esq., Moate, Westmeath.
 Buckley, Rev. Jeremiah, P.P., 17, Great Hamilton-street, Glasgow.
 Bunton, John, Esq. Solicitor, Ennis,
 Burke, Joseph, Esq., Barrister, 17, Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin.
 Burke, Rev. Michael, P.P., Kilchreest, Diocese of Kilmacduagh.
 Burke, Joseph, Esq., Bray.
 Burton, John, Esq., Assembly Buildings, cor. 10th, and Chestnut-streets, Philadelphia.
 Butler, James John, Esq., 23, Ellys-quay, Dublin.
 Byrne, Rev. P., P.P., Castletown-Geoghegan, Westmeath.
 Byrne, Myles, Esq., Ovoca.

C.

Cleaver, Miss Fanny A., St. Leonard's on Sea.
 Cahalan, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Kiltulla, Athenry, Co. Galway.
 Campbell, John, Esq., Auckland, New Zealand.
 Carey, Joseph, Esq., Rathkeale.
 Carr, Rev. John, Carmelite Church, Aungier street, Dublin.
 Carroll, Peter, Esq., 54, Rathmines Road, Dublin.
 Casey, Rev. John, P.P., Kilrosenty, Lamybrien, Co. Waterford.
 Casey, Rev. James, C.C., Kilonan, Co. Galway.
 Casey, Rev. John, P.P., Killarney,
 Casey, Rev. Michael, C.C., Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir.
 Casey, Kennedy, Esq., Rathkeale.
 Cavenagh, Mr. Francis, 92, Capel-street, Dublin.
 Clarke, Rev. John, C.C., Louth.
 Cleaver, Rev. E. D., M.A., S. Barnabas, Pimlico, London.

- Clelland, James, Esq., Irish-street, Downpatrick.
- Cole, W. L., Esq., Proprietor of the *Irish American*, New York.
- Coleman, Rev. Wm., C.C., Glauntane, Mallow.
- Coleman, Everard Home, Esq., F.R.A.S., F.R.C.S., General Register and Record Office of Seamen, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, London, E.C.
- Collins, Rev. J., C.C., Innishannon, Bandon.
- Collins, Edward F., Esq., *Hull Advertiser*, Hull.
- Collis, Capt., City-quay, Dublin.
- Comyn, Francis Lorenzo, Esq. Lissinard, Ballyvaughan, Burren, Co. Clare.
- Condon, Pierse, Esq., Brooklyn, New York.
- Condon, James, Esq., Ardreagh, Rathkeale.
- Connellan, Professor, Queen's College, Cork, and Dublin.
- Considine, Mr. Donald, Jail-street, Ennis.
- Conway, M. E., Esq., General Post Office, Dublin.
- Cooper, Rev. Leonard Leader, A.B., The Castle, Antrim.
- Cooté, Henry C., Esq., Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.
- Cosgrave, Michael, Esq., Ballagherreen, Mayo.
- Costello, John, Esq., Galway.
- Cousins, Rev. Sidney Leslie, A.B., Banteer, Co. Cork.
- Creagh, Pierse, Esq., J.P., Barrister, Mount Elva, Co. Clare, and Mountjoy-square, Dublin.
- Crean, Thomas J., Esq., Dungarvan
- Cronnelly, Mr. Richard, Kilcolgan, Co. Galway.
- Crowe, Thomas, Esq., J.P., D.L., Dromore, Ruan, Co. Clare.
- Crowley, Cornelius, Esq., Bandon, Culbert, Robt., Esq., Stanus-place, Lisburn.
- Culhane, James, Esq., Ballysteen, Askeaton.
- Cullen, Luke, Esq., Mount St. Joseph, Clondalkin.
- Cullinan, Ralph, Esq., Malgowna, Ennis.
- Cuming, George, Esq., Markethill,
- Cummins, Rev. Jeremiah, C.C., South Presbytery, Cork.
- Cunningham, D. P., Esq., Crohane, Killenaule, Co. Tipperary.
- Cussen, Very Rev. Robert, D.D., P.P., V.G., Bruff.

D.

- Dunraven, The Rt. Hon. the Earl of, Adare Manor, Adare.
- Daly, John, Esq., Charleville, Enniskerry.
- Daly, R. B., Esq., West-street, Drogheda.
- D'Alton, Henry, Esq., Ballagherreen, Co. Mayo.
- Dalton, Mr. Patrick, Dungeehy, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.
- Davenport, Tyrrell, Esq., Ballynacourty, Co. Clare.
- Dee, Jeremiah, Esq., Newtown-Sandes, Co. Kerry.
- Delany, George, Esq., Longford Terrace, Kingstown.
- Delany, Mr. Hugh, Glandore, Roscarberry, Co. Cork.
- De Vere, Aubrey, Esq., Curra-chase, Adare.
- De Vere, Stephen, Esq., M.P., Curra-chase, Adare.
- Dinan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Clondagad and Ballynacally Co. Clare.
- Doherty, Rev. Philip Vincent, O.P., Chapel House, Denmark-street, Dublin.
- Doherty, John Izod, Esq., Bloomwood, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.
- Doherty, William Izod, Esq., 21, Westland-row, Dublin.
- Dolphin, Mrs., Corr-House, county Galway.
- Donegan, John, Esq., Dame-street, Dublin.
- Dowden, Richard (R.), Esq., Rath-Lee, Sunday's Well, Cork.
- Dowling, Robert, Esq., 107, Great Howard-street, Liverpool.
- Drummond, Rev. Wm. Hamilton, D.D., M.R.I.A., 27, Lower Gardiner-street, Dublin.
- Drummond, William, Esq., Rockvale Castle, Stirling.

E.

- Eassie, William, Jun., Esq., Gloucester.

Egan, George William, Esq., M.D.,
Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
Ellis, Richard, Esq., Glenasrone,
Abbeysfeale.
Enright, Timothy, Esq., Castle-
martin, Rathkeale.

F.

Fairholme, Mrs., Comragh House,
Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford.
Faughncy, James, Esq., Castlebar.
Ferguson, Samuel, Esq., Barrister,
20, N. Gt. George's-st., Dublin.
Field, John, Esq., Blackrock, Co.
Dublin.
Finn, Jeremiah, Esq., 114, Patrick-
street, Cork.
Finn, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Ard-
fian, Clonmel.
Fisher, Rev. Wm. Allen, Kilmoe,
Schull, Skibbereen.
Fitzgerald, Edward, Esq., A.B.,
Nelson Terrace, Youghal.
Fitzgerald, Robert, Esq., Geraldine
Place, Kilkee.
Fitzgerald, Gamaliel, Esq., George's-
street, Limerick.
Fitzgerald, John Lloyd, Esq., Gle-
nastar House, Newcastle West,
Co. Limerick.
Fitzgerald, Rev. F., Donnybrook.
Fitzgerald, Very Rev. Archdeacon,
P.P., Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.
Fitzgibbon, Danl., Esq., Rathkeale.
Fitzpatrick, W. A., Esq., Kilma-
cud Manor, Stillorgan.
Fleming, John, Esq., Clonea, Car-
rick-on-Suir.
Foley, Rev. Daniel T., D.D., Pro-
fessor of Irish, Trinity College,
Dublin.
Foley, Mr. John, Royal Marine Ar-
tillery, The Fort, Cumberland,
Portsmouth.
Foley, John W., Esq., 19, Shepper-
ton Cottages, New North Road,
Islington, London.
Forrest, Rev. John, C.C., D.D.,
Kingstown.
Foster, Capt. Francis Blake, J.P.,
H.C., T.C., Forster Park, Galway.
Fowler, Thomas Kirwan, Esq.,
Alexandria, Egypt.
Franks, Rev. James S., Reens,
Rathkeale.

Frazer, Rev. D., Manse of Fearn
by Tain, Scotland.
Frost, John, Esq., Solicitor, Ennis.

G.

Gabbett, Lieut.-Colonel, Madras
Artillery, India.
Gabbett, Rev. Robt., M.A., Glebe,
Foynes, Co. Limerick.
Gauge, —, Esq., Museum of Irish
Industry, Dublin.
Geoghegan, J. C., Esq., Surveyor-
General of Excise, London, Ennis.
Geoghegan, Henry, Esq., M.A.,
C.E., Calcutta.
Gibson, John, Esq., Kilrush, Co.
Clare.
Gilligan, Rev. P. J., C.C., 61,
James's-street, Dublin.
Glennon, T. P., Esq., Coventry.
Goff, Michael, Esq., 4, Barker-st.,
Waterford.
Good, Rev. John, C.C., Galway.
Goodman, Rev. James, A.B., Ard-
groom, Castletown, Berehaven.
Graves, Rev. Chas., D.D., F.T.C.D.,
M.R.I.A., Dublin.
Graves, Rev. Jas., A.B., Kilkenny.
Grealy, Rev. Thos., P.P., Kiltio-
mas, Diocese of Kilmacduagh.
Greaven, Anthony, Esq., Grand
Parade, Cork.
Green, Thomas, Esq., Ennis.
Griffin, Mr. Martin, Kilrush.

H.

Hill, Lord George Augusta, Ramel-
ton, Co. Donegal.
Hackett, Wm., Esq., Midleton.
Hallinan, Mr. John, Ballinakilbeg,
Castlemahon.
Hammond, Thos., Esq., Drogheda.
Hanley, Joseph, Esq., Barrister,
25, Lr. Gardiner-street, Dublin.
Hanley, Wm. Francis, Esq., M.D.,
Holycross, Thurles.
Hanna, J. W., Esq., Saul-street,
Downpatrick.
Harold, Charles, Esq., Curah,
Crookstown, Co. Cork.
Harpur, Geo., Esq., Sheep House,
Drogheda.
Hartigan, Patrick, Esq., Cloonagh,
Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.

Hart, James Charles, Esq., B.A., Clifden, Connamara.
 Hartney, Rev. Murtough, P.P., Corofin, Co. Clare.
 Haverty, Patrick M., Esq., 112, Fulton-street, New York.
 Haverty, M., Esq., Askeaton.
 Hawkes, Z., Esq., Moneens, Bandon.
 Hayes, Cornelius, Esq., Rathkeale.
 Hayes, Edward, Esq., Melbourne, Australia.
 Hayes, Mr. Nicholas, Cahir-Guil-lamore, Bruff.
 Hayman, Rev. Samuel, A.B., Nelson Place, Youghal.
 Healy, William, Esq., Castlebar.
 Hegarty, Jeremiah, Esq., 2, St. David-street, Cardiff.
 Henegan, D., Esq., Bantry.
 Hennessy, Maurice, W., Esq., Albert Road, Kingstown.
 Hester, Rev. Bartholomew, P.P., Ardcarne, Boyle.
 Hewitt, Thomas, Esq., Barrister, Cork.
 Hickey, Rev. James, C.C., Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street, Dublin.
 Hickey, Cornelius, Esq., Abbey-view, Rathkeale.
 Hickey, Wm. R., Esq., Surveying General Examiner of Excise, Somerset House, London.
 Hill, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Cooreclare, Ennis, Co. Clare.
 Hodges, Smith, and Co., Messrs., 104, Grafton-street, Dublin.
 Hodges, John, Esq., M.D., Belfast.
 Hodnett, Jeremiah, Esq., Solicitor and Town Clerk, Youghal.
 Hooper, Charles T., Esq., A.M., 23, Mary-street, Dublin.
 Hore, Herbert F., Esq., Pole-Hore, Wexford.
 Humphries, Thomas, Esq., Kilmacow, Waterford.
 Hynes, Patrick, Esq., 83, Fontenoy-street, Liverpool.

I.

Inchiquin, The Lady, Dromoland, Newmarket-on-Fergus.
 Inchiquin, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Dromoland, Newmarket-on-Fergus.

Irwin, Rev. Wm., C.C., Metropolitan Church, Marlborough-street, Dublin.

J.

Joly, J. R., Esq., LL.D., Barrister, 38, Rathmines Mall, Dublin.
 Jordan, Mr. Patrick, 32, Wardour-street, Oxford-street London.
 Jottrand, Mons., Rue Royale, Extérieure, Bruxelles.

K.

Keane, The Right Rev. Wm., D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, Fermoy.
 Kildare, The Most Noble the Marquis of, Carton, Maynooth.
 Kavanagh, Miss Julia, 21, Gloucester-st., Queen's-sq., London.
 Kavanagh, James, Esq., Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan.
 Kane, Thos., Esq., M.D., Limerick.
 Keane, Rev. —, C.C., St. Ligouri's, Great Hamilton-street, Glasgow.
 Kean, Francis N., Esq., Hermitage, Ennis.
 Kearney, Matthew, Esq., Catholic University, Dublin.
 Keating, M. J., Esq., Butter Exchange, Cork.
 Keegan, Francis Miehle, Esq., 20, Crown-st., Soho-sq., London.
 Keightley, Thomas, Esq., Fairfax House, Chiswick.
 Kiersey, Michael, Esq., The Mills, Kilmaethomas, Co. Waterford.
 Kelly, Denis Henry, Esq., D.L., J. P., M. R. I. A., Castlekelly, Mount Talbot.
 Kelly, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Tonha, and Tonaharna, Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare.
 Kelly, Hugh, Esq., T.C., Great Brunswick-street, Dublin.
 Kelly, Wm. B., Esq., 8, Grafton-street, Dublin.
 Kelly, John W., Esq., C.E., Ennis.
 Kelly, Stephen, Esq., Galway.
 Kelly, Thos. Esq., Wilkinstown, Navan.
 Kenedy, Patrick, Esq., 6, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
 Kenedy, William, Esq., I. N. S., Rathkeale.

Kennifeck, Rev. Maurice, P.P., Rathcormack, Co. Cork.
 Kenny, James C. F., Esq., A.B., J.P., M.R.I.A., Barrister, Kilmoghler, Monivea, Co. Galway, and 2, Merrion-sq., S., Dublin.
 Kerin, Michael, Esq., Church-st., Ennis.
 Kilroy, Andrew, Esq., 24, Templebar, and Anglesea-st., Dublin.
 King's Inns, The Hon. Society of, Dublin.
 Kirwan, John Stratford, Esq., Moyné, Dangan, Co. Galway.
 Kirwan, Patrick, Esq., Graigavalla, Carrick-on-Suir.
 Knox, J. B., Esq., Proprietor of the *Clare Journal*, Ennis.

L.

Leahy, The Most Rev. Patrick, D.D., Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, Thurles.
 Lamb, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Newtownhamilton, Co. Armagh.
 Lanphier, Somerville, Esq., 61, George's-street, Cork.
 Lane, Rev. M., P.P., Donoughmore, Coachford, Co. Cork.
 Langan, Patrick, Esq., Batramstown, Dulceek.
 Lawler, James, Esq., 17, Water-street, Liverpool.
 Lawler, Patrick, Esq., Liverpool.
 Leader, Rev. T., C.C., Youghal.
 Leahy, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street, Dublin.
 Leech, G. Wm., Esq., Rathkeale Abbey, Rathkeale.
 Lemane, James, Esq., Irish Revenue Department, Custom House, Dublin.
 Lewis, H., Esq., Literary Sale Rooms, 31, Anglesea-st., Dublin.
 Littledale, Rev. Richard Frederick, A.B., T.C.D., 10, Crown-street, Soho, London.
 Logie, Daniel W., Esq., Portland Terrace, Park Road, Oldford Bow, London.
 Lynch, Mr. Patrick, Knock Firenu, Ballingarry, Co. Limerick.

Lyons, Michael, Esq., Rathkeale.
 Lysaght, Michael, Esq., Ennis.

M.

Manchester, His Grace the Duke of, Tanderagee Castle, County of Antrim.
 Mac Adam, Robert, Esq., 18, College-square, East, Belfast.
 Mac Cartie, Daniel, Esq., Skibbercen, Co., Cork.
 Mac Carthy, Rev. Justin, P.P., Mallow.
 Mac Carthy, Rev. J., C.C., Mallow.
 Mac Carthy, John George, Esq., South Mall, Cork.
 Mac Carthy, Wm., Esq., Derrynanoul, Mitchelstown.
 Mac Carthy, Michael Felix, Esq., A.M., Dublin.
 Mac Carthy, Daniel, Esq., 2, Portland place, Bath.
 Mac Dermott, Joseph, Esq., 1, Cowley-place, Dublin.
 Mac Douall, Professor Charles, Queen's College, Belfast.
 Mac Dowell, Patrick, Esq., R.A., 74, Margaret-street East, Cavendish-square, London.
 Mac Kenzie, John Whitefoord, Esq., F.S.A.S., 16, Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
 Mac Lauchlan, Rev. T., M.A., F.S.A.S., Free Gaelic Church, and 4, Viewforth, Edinburgh.
 Mac Loughlin, Very Rev. Francis, O. S. F., Willowbank Convent, Ennis.
 Mac Mahon, Rev. John, P.P., Kilfarboy and Miltownmalbay.
 Mac Mahon, Rev. James, C.C., Ennis.
 Macmahon, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Mountshannon Daly, Whitegate, Co. Galway.
 Mac Namara, Daniel, Esq., Tullig, Abbeyfeale, Co. Limerick.
 Mackesy, Mrs. Margaret E., Castletown-Kilpatrick, Navan, Meath.
 Mac Namara, Michael, Esq., Solicitor, Green Park, Ennis.
 Macray, Rev. W. D., M.A., 69, Holywell, Oxford.
 M'Carthy, Rev. John, C.C., Mallow.

M'Carthy, T., Esq., Bandon.
 M'Cullagh, Niall, Esq., Buenos Ayres.
 M'Devitt, Rev. James, C.C., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.
 M'Evoy, D., Esq., Urlingford, Co. Kilkenny.
 M'Gauran, John, Esq., Westland-row, Dublin.
 M'Ginty, M., Esq., Bray.
 Madden, Rev. John, C.C., Gort, Co. Galway.
 Madigan, Thomas, Esq., Kilrush.
 Madigan, Andrew, Esq., Kilrush.
 Magauran, Patrick, Esq., Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim.
 Magennis, Edward Augustus, Esq., 8, North-street, Newry.
 Maguire, Edward, Esq., J.P., Barrister, Gortoral House, Swanlinbar, Co. Cavan.
 Maguire, Nathaniel, Esq., Bonebrook, Bawnboy.
 Mahony, Rev. Laurence, Buttevant, Co. Cork.
 Mahony, Richard, Esq., Dromore Castle, Kenmare.
 Marnel, Mr. John, Pallas, Maryborough.
 Martin, John, Esq., 26, Rue Lacedepede, Paris.
 Meagher, Very Rev. Monsignore, William, D.D., V.G., P.P., Rathmines, Dublin.
 Meagher, Rev. John, C.C., Lorrha, Borrisokane.
 Meany, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Ballyknoek, Carrick-on-Suir.
 Meany, Rev. G., C.C., St. James's Church, Blackburne Lancashire.
 Moloney, Rev. Michael, C.C., Kilbride, Wicklow.
 Moloney, Rev. Thomas, C.C., Mullough, Miltownmalbay.
 Moloney, Rev. E., P.P., Cloughjordan & Monsea, Co. Tipperary.
 Moloney, P., Esq., Jail-st., Ennis.
 Monsell, Rt. Hon. William, M.P., Tervoe, Co. Limerick.
 Moore, John, Esq., Solicitor, Middleton, Co. Cork.
 Moore, Rev. Philip, C.C., Piltown, Co. Kilkenny.
 Moore, Mr. Wm. E., N.T., Castlemahon.
 Moran, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Kilkec.

Moran, Michael, Esq., Drumgragh, Ennis.
 Moriarty, M., Esq., St. Mary's Cottage, Dumfries.
 Moroney, Jeremiah, Esq., Philadelphia.
 Morris, Henry, Esq., 4, Little Shipstreet, Dublin.
 Moxon, Wm. Milson, Esq., Surveying General Examiner of Excise, Somerset House, London.
 Moylan, John, Esq., Rathkeale.
 Moynahan, Mortimer, Esq., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
 Mulcahy, Rev. E., P.P., Timoleague, Bandon.
 Mullane, Mr. Michl., Castlemahon.
 Murray, Rev. Thomas L., P.P., Kileolman, Mallow.
 Murphy, Rev. Dominick, South Presbytery, Cork.
 Murphy, Rev. Wm., C.C., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
 Murphy, James, Esq., 1, Lombardstreet, Dublin.
 Murphy, M. A., Esq., 7, James's-street, Liverpool.
 Murphy, Rev. T., P.P., Youghal.

N.

Nash, David William, Esq., Barrister, 9, Vyvyan Terrace, Clifton, Bristol.
 Nash, Rev. A., Rathkeale.
 Nealon, Jas., Esq., Toonagh, Ennis.
 Newell, Rev. T., C.C., Ennistymon.
 Newport, Rev. Andw., C.C., Ennis.
 Nicholson, John Armitage, Esq., Belrath, Kells, Co. Meath.

O.

O'Brien, Rt. Rev. Dominick, D.D., Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Waterford.
 O'Hea, Most Rev. Michael, D.D., Bishop of Ross, Skibbereen.
 O'Brien, William Smith, Esq., M.R.I.A., Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick (4 copies).
 O'Brien, Edward W., Esq., Sch., 40, Trinity College, Dublin, and Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

- O'Brien O'Fiely, T., Esq., A.B., LL.B., Ruby Lodge, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
- O'Beirne-Crowe, John, A.B., Professor of Celtic Languages, Queen's College, Galway.
- O'Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C., South Gloucester, County of Carleton, Canada West, North America.
- O'Brickley, Mr. David, 27, Hatton Garden, London.
- O'Brien, Patrick, Jun., Esq., Clare Castle, Co. Clare.
- O'Brien, Richard, Esq., 56, Camden-street, Dublin.
- O'Brien, Robert, Esq., Old Church, Limerick.
- O'Brien, Mr. Daniel, St. David-street, Cardiff.
- O'Brien, Rev. William, C.C., Kilmihil, Kilrush, Co. Clare.
- O'Brien, Mr. John, Ballycullen, Ashford, Co. Wicklow.
- O'Byrne, John, Esq., 7, Jardin Royal, Toulouse.
- O'Byrne, Messrs. P. & Co., Aston's-quay, Dublin.
- O'Callaghan, Eugene, Esq., Limerick.
- O'Carroll, Rev. Vincent, O.P., St. Saviour's Priory, Limerick.
- O'Carroll, Rev. Christopher, C.C., Rue Castle, Craughwell.
- O'Cavenagh, John Eugene, Esq., 6, Essex-street, Islington, London.
- O'Connell, D., Esq., M. D., Flintfield, Mill-street, Co. Cork.
- O'Connor-Kerry, Rev. Chas. James, C.C., Sandiford, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
- O'Connor, Michael, Esq., Glengary, Kingstown.
- O'Connor, Mr. Thomas, 19, Shepherd-street, Oxford st., London.
- O'Connor, Mr. Michael, 97, St. Martin's Lane, London.
- O'Connor, Patrick, Esq., Secretary, Scientific and Literary Society, Kilrush.
- O'Daly, John, Esq., O'Daly's Bridge, Kells.
- O'Daly, Mr. John, 9, Anglesea-st., Dublin.
- O'Donnell, Michael, Esq., Solicitor, Charleville.
- O'Donnell, Rev. Patrick, C.C., Carrick-on-Suir.
- O'Donoghue, Rev. Edmund, C.C., Shannon-view, Shanagolden.
- O'Donoghue, Rev. Philip, C.C., New York.
- O'Donohue, Francis, Esq., Ballygurreen, Newmarket-on-Fergus.
- O'Donovan, John, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Barrister, 36, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin.
- O'Donovan, Mr. J., Lisbehoge, Desert Serges, Bandon.
- O'Donovan-Rossa, Jeremiah, Esq., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
- O'Duffy, John, Esq., 75, Dame-street, Dublin (4 copies.)
- O'Driscoll, Denis Florence, Esq., A.B., Senior Scholar in Natural Philosophy, Queen's Coll., Cork.
- O'Driscoll, John, Esq., 10, Anglesea-street, Dublin.
- O'Driscoll, Patk., Esq., C.E., Ennis.
- O'Farrell, James, Esq., 1, Bevois Cottages, Bevois Valley, Southampton.
- O'Farrell, Rev. Mark, P.P., Ferbane, Diocese of Ardagh.
- O'Farrell, M. R., Esq., 28, Upper Pembroke-street, Dublin.
- O'Flaherty, Martin, Esq., Galway.
- O'Flanagan, Mr. John, Wellbrook, Corofin, Co. Clare.
- O'Flynn, Rev. John L., O.S.F.C., Church-street Friary, Dublin.
- O'Gorman, Thos., Esq., 28, Heytesbury-street, Dublin.
- O'Grady, Admiral, Erinagh House, Castleconnell.
- O'Grady, Standish Hayes, Esq., Erinagh House, Castleconnell.
- O'Grady, Rev. Thomas, Berehaven.
- O'Grady, Rev. Thomas Standish, P.P., Adare.
- O'Grady, Mr. Stephen, Kilar Reidy.
- O'Grady, Edwd., Esq., Rathkeale.
- O'Hagan, John, Esq., Barrister, 20, Kildare-street, Dublin.
- O'Hanlon, Rev. John, C.C., 17, James'-street, Dublin.
- O'Hanlon, David, Esq., M.D., Rathkeale.
- O'Hannigan, John, Esq., Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.
- O'Hara, Randall, Esq., 2, John-street, Cardiff.

O'Hara, John, Esq., Curlough, Bawnboy.
 O'Hea, Patrick, Esq., Bandon.
 O'Herlihy, P., Esq., 33, Ebenezer Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork.
 O'Higgin, Rev. R. J., Limerick.
 O'Horgan, Rev. —, C.C., St. Laurence O'Toole's, Dublin.
 O'Kelly, Wm, Esq., 32, Chestnut-street, Liverpool.
 O'Keeffe, Connor, Esq., Queen's College, Cork, and Abbeyview, Kilcrea.
 O'Kennedy-Morris, Michael, Esq., A.B., M.D., Queen's University, Boulie, Kilcooley Co. Tipperary.
 O'Laverty, Rev. James, C.C., Diocesan Seminary, Belfast.
 O'Loghlen, Sir Colman M., Bart., 20, Merriou-sq., South, Dublin.
 O'Loghlen, Bryan, Esq., Rockview, Ennis.
 O'Looney, Brian, Moureel, Ennistymon.
 O'Mahony, Rev. Thomas, P.P., Crusheen and Rath, Co. Clare.
 O'Mahony, Rev. Thaddeus A.B., 24, Trinity College, Dublin.
 O'Mahony, James, Esq., Bandon.
 O'Mahony, James, Esq., Ballivil-lone, Bandon.
 O'Meara, John, Esq., Birr.
 O'Neill, Geo. F., Esq., B.A., Newry.
 O'Neill, Neal John, Esq., Marino Crescent, Clontarf, and 82, Marlborough-street, Dublin.
 O'Neill, Rev. James, C.C., Rath-cormick, Co. Cork.
 O'Regan, Mr.,—N.T., Ballyvohan.
 Ormond, Robert, Esq., Mulgrave-street, Cork.
 O'Rourke, Rev. John, C.C., Kingstown, Co. Dublin.
 Orr, Samuel, Esq., Flower Field, Coleraine.
 O'Sullivan, Denis, Esq., Bantry.
 O'Sullivan, Mr. James, 2, Cowanestreet, Stirling, Scotland.

P.

Parker, John H., Esq., Shamrock Lodge, Harold's Cross, Dublin.
 Parkhouse, Thos., Esq., Tiverton, Devon.
 Petty, John, Esq., C.E., Ennis.

Phayer, William, Esq., Limerick.
 Phelan, Mr. William, Walshestown.
 Pierce, Richard, Esq., Waterloo Place, Wexford.
 Pigott, John Edw., Esq., M.R.I.A., Barrister, 96, Lr. Leeson-street, Dublin.
 Pontet, Marc, Esq., 8, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin.
 Power, Rev. Joseph, M.A., University Library, Cambridge.
 Power, William, Esq., 116, Barrack-street, Waterford.
 Power, Patrick James, Esq., Coolagh, Dungarvan.
 Prim, John G. A., Esq., Proprietor of the *Moderator*, Kilkenny.

Q.

Quaid, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Dromcollogher, and Broadford, Charleville, Co. Limerick.
 Quin, Very Rev. Andrew, P.P., V.G., Killfenora and Kiltoraght, Co. Clare.
 Quinlivan, Rev. Michael, P.P., Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare.

R.

Raleigh, F. Gibbon, Esq., Castlemahon.
 Reade, Rev. Geo. Fortescue, A.B., Inniskeen Rectory, Dundalk.
 Reeves, Rev. William, D.D. Lusk, Co. Dublin.
 Reeves, Rev. John, C.C., Kilmeady.
 Reynolds, Thomas, Esq., City Marshall, Dublin.
 Roche, Lewey, Esq., 49, Patrick-st., Cork.
 Roche, Mr. Michael, Castlemahon.
 Rooney, M. W., Esq., 26, Anglesa-street, Dublin.
 Rowan, Very Rev. Archdeacon, D.D., M.R.I.A., Tralee.
 Rowland, John T., Esq., Solicitor, Drogheda.
 Royal Dublin Society, Library of, Kildare-street, Dublin.
 Russell, Thomas O'Neill, Esq., 103, Grafton-street, Dublin.
 Ryan, Andrew, Esq., Gortkelly Castle, Borrisoleigh.
 Ryan, Patrick, Esq., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

S.

- Scott, William, Esq., Ranelagh, Co. Dublin.
 Shairp, John Campbell, Esq., the University, St. Andrews, Scotland.
 Shaw, Mrs., Monkstown, Cork.
 Sheahan, Michael, Esq., Buttevant.
 Sheahan, Mr. Daniel, Ardagh, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.
 Sheahan, Mr. Michael, Newcastle West Post Office, Co. Limerick.
 Sheehan, Daniel, Esq., 115, Patrick-street, Cork.
 Sheehy, Geo., Esq., Castlemahon.
 Sheehy, Henry, Esq., Fort William, Ballingarry, Co. Limerick.
 Siegfried, Rudolf Thomas, Ph. D., Trinity College, Dublin.
 Sigerson, Geo., Esq., A.B., Queen's College, Cork.
 Skene, William F., Esq., 20, Inverleith-row, Edinburgh.
 Smiddy, Rev. Richd., C.C., Mallow.
 Soanes, Robert L., Esq., 2, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill, London.
 Stack, Rev. John, C.C., Tomgeany, Scariff, Co. Limerick.
 Stackpoole, Capt. W., J.P., Ballyalla, Ennis.
 Stamer, Wm., Esq., M.D., Ennis.
 Stephens, Professor George, Copenhagen.
 Stephens, Thomas, Esq., Merthyr Tydfil, Wales.
 Sullivan, W. K., Ph. D., Museum of Industry, Stephen's Green, Dublin.
 Sweeny, Mr. William, Tanlehane.
 Synan, Very Rev. Dr., P.P., Shanagolden, Co. Limerick.

T.

- Talbot de Malahide, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Malahide Castle, Malahide.
 Talbot, Marcus, Esq., Ennis.
 Thomson, Miss M. M., Ravensdale, Flurry Bridge, Co. Louth.
 Tierney, Daniel, Esq., A.B., C.E., Queen's University, Blackwater Lodge, Shannon Bridge, King's County.

- Tighe, Robert, Esq., Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin.
 Todd, Rev. James Henthorn, D.D., S.F.T.C.D., F.S.A., President of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.
 Todd, Burns, and Co., Messrs. (per Librarian), Mary-street, Dublin.
 Tracy, Rev. John, C.C., Ballyneill, Carrick-on-Suir.
 Trevor, Rev. James, C.C., Bray.
 Troy, John, Esq., Fermoy.
 Tully, Rev. Patrick, P.P., Gort, Co. Galway.

V

- Vandermaérén, Mons. Corr, Bruxelles.
 Varian, Ralph, Esq., 105, Patrick-street, Cork.
 Vaughan, Rev. Jeremiah, P.P., Kilraghtis and Doora, Co. Clare.
 Veale, James, Esq., Cappoquin.

W.

- Walsh, Michael, Esq., Labasheeda, Kildysart, Co. Clare.
 Walsh, Robert P. C., Esq., 34, Ebenezer Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork.
 Ward, John, Esq., Endowed School, Back-lane, Dublin.
 Ward, Rev. Peter, P.P., Turlough, Castlebar.
 Ward, Mr. Luke, Castlebar.
 Westropp, Ralph M., Esq., Ravensdale, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.
 White, John Davis, Esq., Deputy Registrar, Diocese of Cashel, Cashel.
 Wheeler, Rev. Robert, C.C., Celbridge.
 Whitestone, John, Esq., Clondagad and Ballinacally.
 Wilde, William Robt., Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S.I., M.R.I.A., 1, Merion-square, North, Dublin.
 Williams, Wm., Esq., Dungarvan.
 Williams, Patrick, Esq., Dungarvan.
 Wilson, Andrew, Esq., Surveying General of Excise, Somerset House, London.
 Windele, John, Esq., Blair's Castle, Cork.

| | |
|--|--|
| Woodlock, Mr. John, South Mall, Thurles. | Wynne, Mr. Michael, Lough Allen, Drumshambo, Co. Leitrim. |
| Wright, Charles H. H., Esq., A.B., 19, Trinity College, Dublin. | Wynne, Rev. —, D.D., Dundrum, Co. Dublin. |
| Wright, Edward P., Esq., LL D., 5, Trinity College, Dublin. | Wyse, Capt. Bonaparte, Waterford Artillery, Waterford. |

AUSTRALIAN CELTIC ASSOCIATION, SYDNEY.

Treasurer—JEREMIAH MOORE, Esq.

Secretary—W. DAVIS, Esq.

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| M'Encroe, The Venerable Arch- deacon, Sydney. | Hilbert, Mr. J. |
| Plunkett, The Hon. John Hubert, Q. C., M.L.A., Sydney. | Kearney, Mr. Denis. |
| M'Carthy, Rev. Timothy, Armi- dale. | Lennan, Mr. James. |
| Corish, Rev. M. A., O.S.B. | M'Cormac, The Widow. |
| Beart, Mr. Bryan. | Mac Donnell, Mr. Randall. |
| Brien Mr. James. | M'Evilly, Mr. Walter. |
| Caraher, Mr. Owen Joseph. | Moore, Mr. Jeremiah. |
| Cleary, Mr. James, (Maryborough.) | O'Dwyer, Mr. John. |
| Cleary, Mr. Richard. | O'Molony, Mr. P. O'D. (Secretary.) |
| Covernny, Mr. Robert. | O'Neil, Mr. Thomas. |
| Crane, Mrs. Patrick. | O'Neil, Mr. Morgan. |
| Cunningham, Mr. Edward. | O'Neill, Mr. James. |
| Davis, Mr. Wm. M. | O'Neill, Mr. Cornelius. |
| Davis, Mr. John. | O'Reilly, Mr. Robert M. |
| | Reidy, Mr. P. |
| | Smith, Mr. James. |
| | Stevenson, Mr. John. |

LONDON, CANADA WEST, ASSOCIATION.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Downes, Henry, Esq. | O'Mara, Patrick, Esq. |
| Irwin, William, Esq. | Robinson, William, Esq. |
| M'Cann, Philip, Esq. | Shanly James, Esq., Barrister. |
| Norris, Patrick G., Esq., Solicitor. | Tierney, John M., Esq., (Law Stu- dent,) Secretary. |
| Oliver, D. Noble, Esq. | |

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*,



