

Campbell i.c. 10

J. Campbell
No. 12, 1/2, Lodge
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London W.

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

LAOJTE FJANNUJTHEACTA;

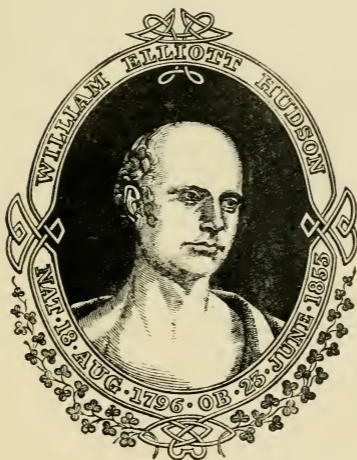
OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

Second Series,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



DUBLIN:

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

1861

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

GENERAL RULES.

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that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT,

READ ON THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1861.

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

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

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

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

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

This fact will account for delays in our yearly publications.

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

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

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

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

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. **Caé Zhábhra**; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D., 283, between Cairbre Liffeachair, king of Leinster, and the Fenian Forces of Ireland, in which the latter were conquered, and their ranks finally broken up. Edited by NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY. (*Out of print.*)*

II. **Feir Tíze Chonadh Chionn Shléibé**; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Cenn Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY. (*Out of print.*)

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

III. **Tónuigeáct Dhiarmuda Uí Dhuibhe agus Zhiadaigne iníon Chonmuc meic Airt**; or, An Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhail, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

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

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

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

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **Tábh b6 Chuailgne**; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne (Cooley) in the county of Louth, being a History of the Seven Year's War between Ulster and Connaught; in the reign of Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught, and Conchobhar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, on account of the famous bull called *Donn Chuailgne*; and which terminated, according to Roderick O'Flaherty, the Irish chronologist, one year before the Christian era. To be edited by WILLIAM HACKETT.

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

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

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

III. *Caḡ Fhionn Triaḡa*; or, An Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B.

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

IV. *Caḡ Chnocḡa*; or, The Battle of Castleknock in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 273, between Conn Ceadchathach, i.e., Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the Clanna Morna; by his victory, in which Conn obtained the Sovereignty of three Provinces in Ireland, viz. Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster. To be edited by PROFESSOR O'MAHONY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

	Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions received for 1855	...	2 15 0	...
— Do. 1856	...	3 10 0	...
— Do. 1857	...	91 15 0	...
— Balance in Treasurer's hands	...	0 13 11	...
Books on hands:—			
203 copies of Vol. III.	... £50 15 0		...
259 do. do. IV.	... 64 15 0		...
310 do. do. V.	... 77 10 0		...
772 copies, value	... £193 0 0		...
Amount of Printer's Bill for Vol. V.	... £84 3 10		...
Paid on account 60 0 0		...
	£24 3 10		...
			£98 13 11
By Cash on account paid Printer
— Paid Binder for binding 750 copies of Volume for 1857
— Wood Engraving
— Stationery
— Postage, Porterage, &c.
— Editor's Stationery
— Rent for the year ending March, 1860
— Balance in hands
			£98 13 11

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

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

1780

1844

1812

1855

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN O'DALY.

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

ԼՁՕՂԻԵ ԲՂԱՆՆԱՅԻԵՁԿԻՄ.

ՏԵՂԵՏ ՏԻԼԷՅԻԿԵ Յ-ՇԱՅԼՈՒՆՆ.¹

ԼՁ ճա մայն Բյոնն աղ բլայտ,
ար աղ Ե-բայտե աղ Անիայն² սր ;
ճո ճոնար ճայտե աղ ըստ մոծ,
բլիտ ճՅ ար ճայն ճաւ.

Ճո ճլաճայտ ար Տճեճլան 'ր ար Բիլան,
ար ճո ճայտ բաճ օրնա արան ;
ճոն բյոր ճո ճաճ ըստ Ե-բլայն,
ճո ճան ճո ճան աղ բլիտ մաճ.

Նյ մայն ճՅ Բյոնն աճտ ա ճա ճոն,
Ձաճ աղ Լոն³ ճՅսր Ե բայն ;
ա ճ-ճոնճայն նա Ե-բլիտե ճո ճան,
ճո բլայն Յայնն նա ման մայն.

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

THE CHASE OF SLIABH GUILLEANN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

21 u-dul do'η eilic fo'η t-rlab,
 a' r Fionn 'na diaiḡ 'ra ḡa ḡoiη;
 ηjoi b-fear do ḡoiη feac ḡiar,
 cār' ḡab aη fjad ran ḡ-cnoc!

Do ḡab Fionn rōiη ḡo diaη,
 'ra ḡa ḡoiη riar aη lúē;
 'ra Phādruuḡ, nār ḡruaḡ le Dia!
 mar ḡuḡadar aη rriar a ḡ-cúl.

Do cualaiḡ Fionn, 'rηj a ḡ-claη,
 beaη aη bhuac aη loēa aḡ caoi;
 jr aηη do bḡ aη macaōiη mha,
 dob' feārri_cāil ḡa b-facaḡ, 'r ḡuaoi.

Ba deirḡe a ḡruaḡ nā aη rōr,
 do bḡ a beḡl aη ḡac' nā ḡ-caoi;
 a cnear cāilce mar aη m-blac,
 'ra leaca bāη mar aη aol.

21 ḡac' aη ḡri do bḡ a folc,
 mar rēalta feaca a moḡḡ do bḡ;
 'ra Phādruuḡ! ḡa b-faicfeac' a dmeac,
 do bēarfeac' do fearc do'η mhuoi.

Druidear Fionn aḡ iarriaiḡ rḡēal,
 aη mhuoi rēiη nā ḡ-cuac u-ōri;
 d'fīarfriaiḡ mo riḡ do'η ḡuúir ḡloiη,
 aη b-facaḡ tū mo ḡoiη ran tōri.

21η do feilḡ ηj' l mo rpeir,
 a' r ηj facaḡ mē do ḡa ḡoiη;
 a Riḡ nā Fēinne, ḡaη clar,
 jr meara liom fāc mo ḡoil.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Այ է զօ շնի զօ բարի բար,
 Ե-յոջեան ճարէ ո՞՞ զօ միս ;
 ո՞՞ շնիս ա թա՛ս ա ի-բար զա շար,
 Ե զարի զարի ի միս զար :

Ո՞՞ շնիս ա ի-բար զօ իս,
 Ե զարի զօ ի-բար միս ?
 ո՞՞ ի-բարի զարիս, ա ի-բարի,
 ի զարիս ի զարիս ի զարիս :

Բար զօ ի-բար զօ ի-բար,
 զօ ի-բար զօ ի-բար ;
 զօ ի-բար զօ ի-բար,
 Ե զօ ի-բար զօ ի-բար !

Զարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս ;
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս :

Ո՞՞ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս ;
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 ա ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս :

Զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 ա ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս ;
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս :

Այ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս ;
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս,
 զօ ի-բարիս զօ ի-բարիս :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do bámaíu uilí fíanna Fhíuú,
 a n-Allmáiu doibíuú na b-fleáð fúad ;
 a3 ímíre fíccille' a' r a3 ól,
 a3 clor ceóil an buídean ba éneau.

A dúbaíre Caoilte mac Ronáiu,
 a 3-clor-áid do 3ac fear ;
 cáir' 3ab Mac Cúmaíll féil,
 na 3-caoimí meáct féim' rna fleaz.

A dúbaíre Conán mac Mhóirne,
 uí éualaíð riam ceól dob' doib'ne
 Mac Cumáill, má tá ar íarraigíð,
 3o maib a m-bliadhad, a Chaoilte !

Mac Cúmaíll má éarraigíð uair,
 a Chaoilte éruaíð na 3-cof 3-caol ;
 3lacaim éúgam ar mo laim,
 óf cionn éaíé 3ur ní3 me féiu.

Do bámaíu an Fhían fá bídín,
 fá éeaní ar fló3 a beicé d'ár u-díé;
 3íð' 3ur máoíð oruúuú 3ean 3áirne,
 íf dúíuú dob' adbaí beicé a3 caoí.

3luairfeamáoíðne ar Allmáiu amác,
 buídean éalma na 3-caé 3-cruaíð ;
 ar loir3 a dá éoíu a' r Fhíuú,
 cruíur 3ríuú do beirneáð buaíð.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

20ire 'r Caoilte bġ ar d-túr,
 'ran Fhianh uile nár n-darl zo dlút ;
 fō fliab z-Cuilinn o tuald,
 zo ruzamair buad an t-riubail.

Féacair dā d-tuzamair tōruinn,
 an rā lorz do bġ dġan ;
 do cōnarcamair ar bmuac an loca,
 reanōir cġōn azur ē liac.

Do cūadair uile 'na dail,
 a' r cūirfead zriān ar zac fear ;
 cġānā lomā do bġ cġōn,
 le ar ceilead a zġāoi 'ra zean.

Do řilear fēn zriab earbad bġd,
 tuz ar an laoc a beir zān cġruē ;
 nō zur an iarzānie do bġ rē,
 tānġ a z-cēn rġr an rruē.

D'řiafġāzear fēn do' n b-fear cġōn,
 an b-facaō laoc ba zēal cġruē ;
 az reirz rōime ran rōd,
 eirē ož azur dā cōn.

Nġ tuz řēirean rreazra dūinn,
 do luiz taom ar flairē na b-Fianh ;
 do bġ rē ēazcaoirēac, dūbac,
 zān lēim, zān lūt, zān rġt, zān rġān.

Do nōctara mo cōrdean zēar,
 ir rriap 'rġr rreān do nōct an Fhianh ;
 ir zēārim zo b-fazāim aġne an bair,
 muā d-tuzāim uair tārz an rriāim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Njoi mear rē a iuhriū dūiū,
 zui ab ē fēiū do bī aū;
 nō zui lēiŷ a rūn le Caoiŷte,
 fear a uŷuŷoiūaiŷ do bī teauū.

Au tau fuarimari deariŷ au rŷēiŷ,
 zuiab ē Fioūū fēiū do bī aū;
 do lēiŷeamariū tui ŷāiŷā ŷoiŷ,
 do cūiŷfead brioic ar ŷac ŷleauū.

Auū ŷiū labriar Coūāū ŷo boiŷ,
 a'ŷ uoētāŷ a cōlŷ ŷo diaū;
 malluŷgear Fioūū ŷo beacēt,
 a'ŷ malluŷgear, fo feac, au Fhiauū !

Dair do laiŷŷe fēiū, a Fhioū,
 baiŷfeadŷa dŷot do cēauū;
 ōŷ tū ŷāiŷ ŷāoiŷiŷ ŷo ŷuŷoiū,
 ŷā ŷo ŷāiŷŷe ŷiaiū a ŷ-am.

Jŷ ē m'au-loēt ar do cūiŷ,
 ŷau au Fhiau ŷle beŷēt mari tāiū;
 ŷo ŷ-deariŷaiūū ŷo ŷleacŷ, ŷmo lauū,
 ŷo d-tiŷead liom do leacēt ŷdo la.

O'ū la cūiŷ Cūiŷall ŷa ŷ-cliaiū,
 le claiūū ŷōriū ŷa rŷiāc ŷ-ōiū;
 ŷŷoi rŷariar ŷ ŷoiū acēt ar ar d-tī,
 ŷau mēiŷ do ŷāiū dīūū ŷī dod deoiū ?

Orŷ. ŷūūū m-bead au ŷioēt ŷā b-fuŷl Fioūū,
 ŷŷui doŷiŷ liūū a beŷēt mari tā;
 a Chouāūū ŷāoiŷ, acā ŷau cēiŷl,
 do bŷiŷŷiūū do bēal ŷo cūāiū.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nuairi ná maítheadu Soll an dár,
 fear zán ríad az comhac crioic ;
 féadám aiaon óf cónaíri éaic,
 uairt ár lán a zúr ár n zhoíon.

Coy. Sínne féin do zhoíó zác zhoíon,
 'rúí h-íad Clanna Baoirzue boz ;
 a Orzuir léiz doo' náidcib baoir,
 n zlóir dearbui zear, acé zhoíon zmoó

Einní zear Orzuir an aízue níir,
 a' r ní zear Conán amearz éaic ;
 cuírear comairc ar an b-íéin,
 furcaéc ar ó féin an báir.

D'éinní zeadmaíri ule do níreíb,
 az corz Orzuir ná n-áim n-áiz ;
 idir Chonán maol 'rmo mác,
 do éan zlamairi ríé a' r páir.

Dar mo láim, a Chléimí z, zo fíoir,
 dar do láimre 'rúí dolaid oim ;
 n zead cloz¹ ad éill ná clíar,
 dá m-beid' Orzuir ná b-íar an fócaíir

Zeallair doo' fáob éléimí b,
 dá maíthead ré an éomháil ;
 ná cluínfidír le ná maé,
 práim fáoir ná cloiz az zláim.

An tan d'áicín Conán é,
 dá m-beid' Día féin ar a dear láim ;
 a Phádruí z an éreidíin éruaid,
 doo' eazal do zuar an báir !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- P. ʒac baor̥r dá luar̥ðtear̥ leac,
 a Or̥r̥ñ na ʒ-cneac̥, ba cead̥ l̥ññ;
 ac̥t am̥añ t-ñm̥c̥añ ar̥ ʒh̥l̥a,
 le'ñ euj̥teadar̥ r̥lan̥ya ʒh̥l̥ññ.
- O. Jr̥ ruac̥ l̥ñm̥ra tur̥a 'r̥do ð̥ja,
 jr̥ ruac̥ l̥ñm̥ do e̥l̥ar̥ aʒ ʒl̥añ;
 ñj̥ eabar̥ruññ a cead̥ duj̥c n̥a ð̥ñb̥,
 bej̥t ʒo ðeð dá ñm̥c̥añ.
- P. Leañ ar̥ ð̥ñññ añor̥r̥ mar̥ e̥r̥eij̥ʒir̥,
 ar̥ ar̥eñr̥ eac̥eñar̥ r̥eij̥ʒ ʒh̥l̥ññ;
 ac̥á Or̥ʒur̥ r̥aññ r̥ð ʒñuaññ,
 c̥l̥a ʒur̥ e̥ruar̥ð a ñear̥c 'ra ʒñññ.
- O. ʒ̥ar̥ruj̥ʒear̥ Caor̥l̥te ʒañ r̥r̥eij̥r̥,
 do ñac̥ Cúñañll̥ na ñ-ar̥ññ ñ-aññ;
 c̥l̥a e̥ur̥ ar̥ do ʒñac̥-e̥ruac̥ e̥ú,
 ñð b̥-ruj̥ l̥eij̥ʒear̥ do ʒear̥ le r̥aʒañl̥?
- Jñʒear̥ Chur̥l̥ññ, do ñar̥ð ʒñññ,
 do e̥ur̥ñ ʒear̥a ñññða am̥ ceaññ;
 dul ʒo b̥ruac̥ añ loca do r̥ñaññ,
 aʒ ñar̥ruar̥ð r̥añññe do e̥añll̥ r̥j̥,
- Ñar̥ ba r̥l̥añ r̥ñññe ð'ñ ʒ-cñoc̥,
 do ñar̥ð Con̥añ ba olc̥ m̥eñññ;
 ʒo ñ-ñoc̥r̥ar̥ð ʒur̥leaññ ʒañ ñññll̥,
 mar̥ a ʒ-cur̥ññð ʒñññ 'na e̥ruar̥t̥ r̥eññ.
- C̥ruñññʒear̥maor̥ð a ññññ 'ra ñar̥ñ,
 a' r̥ cur̥ñear̥maor̥ð añ r̥ʒl̥ac̥a r̥aor̥ ʒo ðear̥;
 ʒo r̥l̥añ C̥ur̥l̥ññ ba e̥uar̥ð,
 do ñuzam̥aññ ar̥ añ ñʒuar̥ll̥e añ r̥ear̥ñ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. 2u feað cúg ʒ-oidðe a' r cúg la,
do bĭ 'n Fhĭann az toðuĭte na h-uann;
no zu eĭruĭð iuĭean Chuĭĭnu,
ar an uann do þneĭb anĭor.

2u d-teaðt d'iuĭĭu Chuĭĭnu cõru,
a' r coru dearuĭð-õru ĭona lann;
ðarlear deoð do iĭĭ na b-Fĭann,
le zuað 'rle man do'n Orzuu aĭĭ.

Þear Fĭonu an deoð zuu iuolĭ,
ar an 3-coru rĭte do bĭ 'na lann;
zo d-tannuĭ a cõuð 'ra ðeĭlb-ĭuðarĭ,
do iĭĭ na Fĕĭnu, aðt an lĕĭte anĭann.

Ba ðarĭneað ĭomra a' r leĭr an Fhĭann,
an ðat ĭar do beĭt an folc;
a' r dũbann Fĭonu iur an annõru ðaõru,
zuu man leĭr fĕĭu a beĭt ann.

2 Phadruuĭ na m-baðal m-ban,
ðar do lann nĭ ðannann breaz;
do b'feann ĭnu na flarĭear d'faĭarĭ,
Fĭonu na flarĭte beĭt 'rua ĭne.

Uch! ĭr dũbað me n-darĭĭ mo iĭĭ,
'ra n-darĭĭ na laoð do bĭ zuu;
a Phadruuĭ ĭr zuu fõ'n m-bað
rĭn man ĭnuneað leð an t-fealĭ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEJLՅ ՏԻԼԵՅԲԻԵ ԲԱՂԻԺՄԻ.

ԽՈՒԱ Ե-ԵՐԱՇՏԱՐ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ՃԼԱՅԻՐ ՁԻՂԵ, ԵԱՅ ՁԻԿԱՐՅԱՅ, ԱՅ ԵՃԱՊԱՅ
ԼԵՅԻՐՅԻՐ ԱՐ ԱՊ Ե-ԲԵՅԻՊ; ԱՅՍԻ ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ՃԼԱՅ ԱՐՇԵ ԵՅԼԵ ԲԻԱԾ, ՊՕ ՅՍԻ
ՇԱՐԻԱՅՅ ԲՅՈՊ ՇՄԱՆ ԵԱՐՇԱՐ, ԱՅՍԻ ԲԻԱՊԱ ՇՅՍՅՈՅ ՄԱՐ ԱՊ Յ-ՇԵԱԾՊԱ;
ԱՅՍԻ ՄԱՐ Ե՛ՐՅՐԱ ԵՈՊԱՊ ԲԱ ԵՅՅՅՅ ՅԱԾ.

O. ԼՁ ԾԱ ՄԱՅԻ ԲՅՈՊ ՚ՐԱ ԲԼՅՅՅԵ,
ՅՈ ԼՅՈՊՄԱՐ, ԵՐՈՃԱ, ՇԱՄԱ, ՄԵԱՐ;
ԱՅ ԲԵՅԼՅ ԱՐ ՄՈՒԼԼԱՇ ՏԻԼԵՅԲԵ ԲԱՂԻԺՄԻ,
ԱՊ ԲԻԱԾ ՅՍԻ ՃԼԱՅԻՐ Ա Ե-ՇՄՐ ՊԱ Ե-ԲԵԱՐԱ.

ՊՈ ԼԵԱՊԱԾ ԼԵՇ ԲԱ ԼՅՇ ԱՊ ԲԻԱԾ,
ՅԱՇ ԼԱՕՇ ՅՈ ԵՅԱՊ ՊԱ ԲՅԱՐ ՄԻՇ;
ԾՈ ԵՅ ԱՊ ԲԻԱԾ ՅՈ ԵԱՊՊԱՇ ԵՅՍԻԵ,
ԱՅ ԲԵԱՐԱՅ ԲԱՊ ԼԵՅՅՅ ՅՈ ԵՃԱՊԱ ՅԼԻԵ.

ՊՅՈՐ ԲՇԱԾ ԱՊ ԲԻԱԾ ԲՕ ԵՐՅՈՐ ՅՅԱՐԵ.
ՅՍԻ ԲՅՅ ՅՈ ԵԱՐԵ ԱՄԱՇ ԱՊ ԲԼԻԱԵ;
ԾՈ ԼԵԱՊ ԱՊ ԲՅԻԱՊՊ Ե ԲՈ ԼՈՄ ԼՅՇ,
ՅՈ ՄՅՇԵԱԾԱՐ ԱՐ-ՇՊՈՇ ԼԻԱԾԱՐ.

ՊՈ ԵՐԻԱԼ ՅՈ ԵՐԵԱՊ Օ ԵՊՈՇ ԼԻԱԾԱՐ,²
ՅԱՊ ԼԱՅՇ Ա ՄԻԱՊ ՊԱ Ա ԼԵՅՄ;
Օ ԲՅՈ ԱՐԻՐ ՅՈ ԵԱՐՅՅՅՅ³ ԵՐԱՅԻԾ,
ԾՈ ԼԵԱՊԱԾԱՐ Ա ԼԱԾԱՐ ՚ՐԱ ԲԵՅՄ.

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

THE CHASE OF SLIABH FUAID.

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

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

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

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

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

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

² *Сног Ыаг*. Not identified.

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

O. Fð' y auy 'ya d-táuyz ay fjad,
 zo Caurzjy ény-tyázá ya z-cloc ;
 nyoy b-feaf dób' éoyr feac éyay,
 cá' y záb ay beay-fjad ray z-cyoc.

'Do éyall dyeam azuyy roy,
 a' r dyeam ryay azur ó éuyð ;
 dyeam ayf' fð' y ány ba éeaf,
 a' r áy z-coy zo ppar 'ray z-cuaynð.

'Do éðz Szeóláy ay fjad,
 a' r do leayamay zo dyay ay t-relyz ;
 zo d-táuyz tay y-ayr fð' y rlyab,
 zo byuac rlyab Fuayð 'ray teytead.

'Do leayamayr ray leyuz ay fjad,
 zo d-táuyzaday tay y-ayr fð' y rlyab
 do zlac follac omyy ayf',
 a' r nyoy b-feaf dúny a ényoc ya éyall.

'Do rzar Fyoy a' r Dayne byy,
 fealad ó rlyze ya b-Fyayn ;
 nyoy b-fada may ry dób',
 uayr yáy b-feaf dób' roy feac ryay.

Ay tay d'ayéy Fyoy a' r Dayne,
 zo may ay feacráy ya rlyze ;
 do feyneyad le Dayne tyuaz éúnyad,
 a' r do feyneyad le Fyoy ay Doyð Fhyayn.

'Do éualamay ule ay Fhyayn,
 'Dayne a' r áy d-tyuac az ceól ;
 ay uayr meafuyze lyy ó éuyð,
 dob' fada uayn fðzar ay zlóy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do ljon ceô doylbte draoizæacta,
 tymceall Fhlyu azur Dharme;
 ufyu b-fear dōyb fan domay mōr,
 cā rarb ay ceôl, a Phætmarc!

Do zluar Flyu azur Darme rompa,
 zan fyof dōyb cpead ay t-ard;
 rlyu ar a loyz ar lom lút,
 a'f nar b-fear dūlyu cā rarb a uzaru.

Do badar ay dîr az tyrall,
 zo ranyadar fan t-rlhab zo fanu,
 ay macaom mya dob' alle rhuad,
 com-pāyrc zan zluarm azur zmeany.

D'farfarid Flyu na b-Flyu,
 do'ny znyr ba rzyarhac rhuad;
 cpead do beyr tú ad t-aonar,
 ay imeal cyrc rleibe Fuarð.

Ne Feyu azur mo cēle fyof,
 do bî az tyrall tpe ay leyrz;
 do cuala rē zoeta zadar blyu,
 do rzaru ljom, a'f leay ay t-rylzy.

Cpead ay t-alyu cā ort Feyu,
 a deiz-beay Feyu na uzyuad mōr;
 azur fōr coiy-alyu t-fyr zlyu,
 uô cā'p zab laoz na rylze ar rēôl?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Lobaíán, cōih-aiñim mo cēsle,
 mo cōih-aiñim fēñ ʒlan-luað ;
 uʒ fear dam ca'ri tñmall rúð,
 uð ay t-feilʒ fo lúē ca'ri ʒluaif ?

Jr corñúil ned' ʒñúif áluññ,
 ʒur ab laoc tú atá ar cuaññð ;
 if dearb, mar an ʒ-céadña, liom,
 ʒurab tú Fionñ mac Cúñaiñll cñuaifð.

Liomra, ar Fionñ, an t-feilʒ,
 a nʒoʒañ cāilce na u-ðri cñuac ;
 uʒ fear dam añoir roññ feac rñar,
 ca'ri ʒab ay Fhianñ uá'ñ fñað uaññ.

Cionnar do rʒarñair ñif ay b-Fēññ,
 a Fhionñ na u-éacēta ba cñuaifð ?
 if ionʒña liom uac b-fñil ad ðáil,
 ñeam uð táññ ðoð' fñuaʒ ?

Do ʒluaifear fēññ a'f ðañne,
 ʒo lom, feac cāc, a u-ðiaʒ ay fñað ;
 uʒ fear dúññ, a nʒoʒañ, añoir.
 ca'ri ʒabad liññ roññ uá rñar.

Tñmallra liññ, a ʒhlanluað, ar Fionñ,
 a'f ʒibē taob na uʒluaiftear liññ ;
 hēaññam tñra 'uáñ ʒ-cōihðáil,
 uʒ tñéiʒfeam ʒo bñac do ʒñaoi.

Da mo ðoic liomra, a Fhionñ na b-Fianñ,
 ar ay leññ ʒʒ tñmall ʒo bñil ay t-feilʒ ;
 do tñmallfeñññ bñri u-ðáil ʒañ cāññðe,
 a'f do cōihaññle, a Fhionñ ʒñaðñaññ, do ʒlacfeñññ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Նյօր շիւղի ծօյն աշ լաճարս շօ շօյն,
 աղ տղ շւալաճար ընտ-շօճ ըսալն ;
 ծա ընտնաճ շօ շիւղ ըն նա ծ-տաօյն,
 ծօ շիւարս ըտնար նա ծիւշ ա'ր ըսալն.

Ձն լատրա աղ շօճրա, ա ընտն շօյն,
 ծա ընտնաճ ըն նար ծ-տաօն շօ ըտնար շիւղ,
 ըյօր ծ-բաճա ըյօն շիւղ աճ ծալ,
 ա ընտնարս ընտ ! աճ աղ Քիւղարս աղ ծիւ.

Նյ ծ-բար շօճ աղ շիւղ աղ ծալ,
 աճ տրա աշար Քարս շօ ըյօր ;
 նա ընտն ընտ ըսալ աղ ընտն,
 աճ ընտն ընտնարս ընտ ընտն ընտն ընտն.

Քօ ընտնարս աղ շօճ 'րաղ ըսալն,
 ա ծ-տալարս նա շ-տալարս աղ աղ ընտն ;
 ծօ ծաճարս աղ ծալ ա ծ-տնարս-նալարս,
 շօ ընտնարս աճ ընտն աղ ընտն ընտն.

Ձ Քիւղարս ընտն Քիւղարս ! ծօ ընտն աղ ընտնարս ընտն,
 աճարս աղ ընտն-նալարս շօ ընտն ;
 ընտնարս ընտնարս, աղ Քիւղարս, ա ծալն ընտն,
 ընտնարս աճարս, աղ Քարս ընտն.

Նյօր շիւղի ծօյն ընտնարս ընտն,
 շարս ընտնարս ընտն ընտնարս ;
 ծօ ընտնարս աղ ընտնարս ծալն,
 ա Քիւղարս ! ա ծ-տնարս-նալարս ծալն.

Ձն ծ-տաճ աղ նա ընտնարս ծօյն,
 ա շ-տնարս, ա շ-տնարս, ա ընտն, 'րա ընտն ;
 ծօ ընտնարս ընտնարս ընտնարս,
 Քիւղարս ընտնարս ընտնարս ընտնարս.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. 21) ʙ-ʙeɪʙeavɪ tʰú av ʙúɪv ɔɪʙa¹ ud,
 a ʙhɪvɪv ɪɪc Cúɪavɪll! av ʙáɪɪe ʙéɪv?
 do éɪʙɪv ʙo ʙoɪléɪv ʙlav, a ʙhávɪe,
 a ʙhɪvɪv! av av ʙáɪʙ-ʙeav, do éɪʙɪvɪe ʙéɪv.

ʙo éɔɪavcavav ʙóɪ ɪa ʙ-ɪɪɪeall,
 ʙavɪʙe eóávɪ-ʙoɪv ɪɔɪv-éɪeav;
 do ʙlavɪɪ avac ó'ɪ ɪ-ʙúɪv ʙa ɪ-ɪvávɪ,
 lavó cɔɪɪavɪa a'ɪ ʙeav ʙa ʙéɪv.

ɪɪ ʙavɪal ɪɔɪɪa, a ʙhɪvɪv! av ʙáɪɪe,
 a'ɪ av av ɪvóʙavɪ avɪvɪv, ʙlavlaváʙ;
 av óɪɪ ʙav ɪ-ɪvávɪ av ɪɪavɪll ɔɪɪavɪv,
 ʙav ʙúɪvɪv ɪɪ ʙoɪlɪʙ a'ɪ ɪac ɪéɪv ʙaváʙ.

ʙo ʙɪeavɪvɪʙ av lavó 'ɪav ʙeav úʙ,
 a ʙhávɪavɪʙ! ʙav ɪúé av ɪɪavɪ;
 ʙo ɪvʙavav ɪeó ɪav ɪa ɪ-ʙeovɪʙ,
 ʙo'ɪ ʙúɪv óɪʙa 'ɪav ɪ-ɪvávɪv ʙo ʙlav.

ɪɪ ʙavá ɪɪe, a ʙhɪvɪv ɪa ɪeavɪʙ,
 av ɪeavɪvɪvɪv av ɪ-av ɔɪɪ ʙ'ʙáʙavɪ;
 avovɪɪ a ɪavɪ ʙom' ʙlavɪɪaváʙɪɪ,
 a'ɪ ɪɪ ʙul avac ʙavɪ ʙo ɪa'ɪ ʙɪavé!

Cɪa tʰú ʙéɪv, a ʙávɪʙɪʙɪʙ ɪvóɪɪ,
 ɪa 'ɪ ɪɪéɪav, ʙav éóɪɪ, ʙo ʙeavɪʙ?
 ɪɪ ɪávɪeac av ʙavavɪ do lavó,
 ʙav ɪɪɪɪe a ɪéɪvɪv 'ɪa ʙ-clóʙ éavɪe.

ɪac avɪvɪv ɪeav, a ʙhɪvɪv, av ʙeall,
 av ʙhɪeavɪʙac ɪa ɪavɪ do ɪvɪvɪɪ ɪɪavé,
 a'ɪ av ɪvó óɪɪ do ɪvavavɪ ɪavɪv,
 ɪavɪc ɪav ɪɪéɪv a'ɪ a ɪavɪv ɪa ʙávɪ.

¹ ʙúɪv óɪʙa. This may be Donore in the county of Meath. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. IV., p. 137, n. 3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O Jf cuimh lhom, aμ Fionn aig,
 zuri tuitadar le laim na b-Fianu ;
 n̄ le cealg ná f̄or meanz,
 ac̄t le cruaid̄ lann a' r c̄oim-ḡlad̄.

Jf le cealg, a Fhionn na z-clear,
 do tuḡad̄ l̄b̄ cāt̄ Chhoc̄ an̄ Āim,²
 ionar̄ tuit̄ ne h-ḡmad̄ búr̄ meanz,
 Mearzac̄ na lann a' r a maib̄ na d̄ail̄.

Dob' f̄ior̄ d̄oib̄ a f̄ir̄ m̄oim̄,
 da m-beid̄ir̄ beō zuri near̄t̄ l̄an̄,
 t̄uz̄ d̄oib̄ āit̄ne aμ an̄ éaḡ,
 a' r nāc̄ cealḡ d' n̄ b-F̄éion̄ aμ Chhoc̄ an̄ Āim.

Jf leōr̄ l̄ion̄ mar̄ élad̄hair̄e f̄ior̄,
 Āilne an̄ ḡm̄ion̄ do bēit̄ mar̄ tá ;
 dob' ion̄da cāt̄ a' r tim̄-rl̄oḡ,
 ahoir̄ f̄a b̄ion̄ na d̄ialḡ zo cl̄āt̄.

Créad̄ do ḡaol̄ra ne Āilne an̄ ḡm̄ion̄,
 a f̄ir̄ m̄oim̄ l̄ion̄t̄ā i r zair̄b̄ ḡl̄ōr̄ ;
 m̄ire a dearb̄r̄á̄t̄air̄ zo f̄ior̄,
 mō c̄oim̄-āim̄ f̄éion̄ M̄raoiz̄eair̄t̄oim̄.

Do cean̄ḡlad̄ Fionn, D̄air̄ne, a' r ḡlan̄luad̄,
 a z-cuib̄neac̄ c̄ruaid̄ le M̄raoiz̄eair̄t̄oim̄,
 do c̄uir̄ a z-car̄cair̄ iad̄ zo doim̄ion̄,
 z̄an̄ cean̄hr̄ac̄t̄, z̄an̄ m̄an̄, z̄an̄ treoim̄ !

Do b̄adar̄ an̄ tim̄ur̄ zo d̄úbāc̄,
 a' r an̄ Fhianu f̄ō p̄údar̄ a v-deoiz̄ a m̄iḡ ;
 aμ an̄ loiz̄ ahoir̄ na c̄ēit̄ne h-āoim̄d̄,
 aμ l̄ú̄t̄ a' r aμ m̄ire do ḡnāc̄ f̄ior̄.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do bġ an ttrijar an feaḍ ćųġ la,
 azur ćųġ n-ojḍće jomlan zan zḍ;
 ran z-carcajn dojnġn meamġajḍte ւd,
 zan bġaḍ fḍ pւḍar, zan deoć zan ceḍl.
- 2 2ġne řnuajḍ-żeal, an Fġonn aġż,
 an Chnoc an 2ġn ř ćurġġn leat,
 zo b-řuajġġ curneāḍ řġal na b-Fġann,
 ćġa lom an ttrijar řo 'noġġ fḍḍ' řmaćt.
- 2 Fġġn, do řajḍ 2ġne, do žġḍ řnuāż,
 nġ zḍ zo b-řuajġ me coġne řġal;
 ḍḍ' mġaoġ ćęġle, Žġajġne an žġġn,
 dul do ćajćeamġ bġḍ na b-Fġann!
- Nġ cġbe ḍuręe a mġożajġ řuajġc,
 řāḍ' řmaćt ḍ řuajġġ zo doćt řġn;
 an z-cġn zan ćajġde ćum baġġ,
 na bġaḍ žāć trāć do moġġn ġġn.
- Dob' řeāġġ ġom, a Fġġn, zan bġeāż,
 an Fġġn me ćęġle zo m-beġġġ clāć,
 ran z-carcajn řġn a z-cġbġeāć ćnuajḍ,
 āḍ ḍajġ, a'ř nġoġ ćnuāż ġom a z-ćāġ!
- O noćġġġ do řġn, a bean, ḍġġn,
 ćġa doġż an b-pւḍar a'ř an z-ćnuāḍ-ćāġ,
 azur řġn zo ḍġan fḍḍ' řmaćt,
 an řġān fḍḍ' žeāġa mun m-beġḍ aġġġn.
- Ćġeāḍ amġġn řġn, a Fġġn na n-ḍuar,
 leat ḍā ġuāḍ, an 2ġne an žġġn?
 nġ ćġoćřāḍ leat zo ġā an bġāć,
 leḍ' ćealżajb žġāć na žeāġa ćġaoġḍ.

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

), Ailne, of the bright countenance, saith thenoble Fionn,
 “ Cnoc-an-air thou must remember ;
 Where thou wert hospitably received by the Fianna,
 Tho’ feeble those three now under thy control.”

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

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

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

[towards us,

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

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

O. D'fíafmáid Ailhe do Shlanluað,
 créad fáct ar zluair le h-ímtéadct Fhionn;
 a' r a bean céile éadom a z féin,
 dod' fámuil n'í féin an zúom!

Do noct Shlanluað z an bhréiz,
 a tuirur féin d-taob Fhionn zo zlic;
 nár b-fearaç í roir feac ríar,
 zo b-facað ríar é moime ríu.

Jr corínúil, ar Ailhe, má' r fíor,
 a Shlanluað mar ionnir rzéal dúinn;
 nac cúibe dúinn tu beic fò rmaçt,
 ran z-carcair reo a nglar z an cúir.

Do noct Ailhe an luað zo fíor,
 a' r a rzéal a m-bríç do Dhraoizéantóir,
 ar mod zo d-tairiz do' h carcair,
 a' r Shlanluað'ó na zeara zur fóir.

An tan fuair Shlanluað a réim,
 ba doilz leí a nzeibeanh Fionn;
 d'fáz rlan aize a' r a z Dáire bion,
 a' r ba doilz leí a nzeibeanh a zéal zúir.

An tan d'fáz Shlanluað an carcair,
 do fuair b'ad le caicéarí ó Ailhe;
 do cuir rí zo beac a néalairb,
 a' r ba éruaç, a Chléiriz, bean a caile.

An tan éarháid ar na néalairb,
 tu z an deiz-bean di z an rpar;
 deoc ar ballan zeara ríçe,
 nó clea r coríu do b'í 'na láir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Այ տայ ծ'ի՛ն Յիսկուած աղ ծեօ՛՛,
 տայնչ Յօ Յիոճ 'նա Յնա՛՛ Յնաօի ;
 յոյա թէլմ ա'ր նա լծօ՛՛-րչէլմ ճարւ,
 ա՛՛՛՛ Քիօնն ա նշլար յր քիւ՛՛ ծօ ճաօն !

Եր ծարն Յար ալէնիճ աճ Յնաօի,
 ա Յիսկուած, Յօ քիօր, ար Փրաօլչեանտօլլ ;
 նա՛՛ յօնիսն լատ Քիօնն ա'ր Փայրե,
 ա նշէլծեանն մար տայճ ա իւլէ Յան քօլլ .

Ոյ Յաօլ ծամ Քիօնն նա Փայրե,
 ար Յիսկուած, նա տայն նա ի Քիանն ;
 'րր շիւաճ իօն Յօ քիօր ա իսիսլ,
 ծօ իւլէ ա Յ-արւարի Յան ծեօ՛՛ Յան իլաճ

Չա'ր յօնիսն լատրա, ա Յիսկուած,
 իլաճ Յա՛՛ սարի ծօ ճաճարւ ծօ'ն ծիբ ;
 ծօ ճաճարճ է, ար Փրաօլչեանտօլլ,
 ա'ր իւլէ ա նշարա Յան քօլլ ա յ-արիճ .

Ոյ յարիսնն ա Յ-արւարի ար աղ ճաճ,
 նա ծ'ն Յ-արւարի ա թէլմ ծօ լուճ ;
 ա՛՛՛՛ ծիսայն Յօ ի-արաճարն աղ իլաճ,
 ա Ալիւն քիլ, ծօ իլաճ Յիսկուած .

Ոյ ճարիւրաճրա Քիօնն 'նա Փայրե,
 Յօ Յիոճ ճար իսի, ար Փրաօլչեանտօլլ ;
 ծ'քաճարն աղ ի-արաճարն աղ Քիանն սլե ;
 Յօ շիւաճ ա նշէլծեանն մար աղ լեօ .

Չա՛՛ աղ Քիանն սլե Յան իւրաճ,
 ար լու՛՛ Յօ լիլ ար լօրչ Քիանն ;
 յր ծարն իօնրա քիլն Յօ իւլէ,
 Յօ ի-արաճարն քօ ճար-րա՛՛՛՛՛՛՛ ա իօն .

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

O. Do zoyr Aylhe ar Zhlanluad,
 az zabadyl cuayrd an Dúyn óyr ;
 ny maib reoyd angh da aylhe,
 nár teaybdáyn trác do'gh ríozáyn óiz.

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

Do muz Aylhe a'r Zhlanluad,
 bjad fó luadar do lácayr Fhionn ;
 zur an z-caricayr iona maib féiy,
 a'r Dháine faon zan brijz.

Ay ran éonarc Fhionn a'r Dháine,
 an dír myá aylhe úd az teaét ;
 do'fpleadar fmará deóy zo dian,
 az caoyne ná b-Fianh do beic tar leay.

Do beannuz Zhlanluad d'Fhionn,
 do zoyl zo dúbac ar amarc a zghaoi ;
 nyoy labayr Aylhe focal ar bje,
 nyoy émuaz léi a n-doóay mo ríiz !

Do cáitead le Fhionn a'r le Dháine,
 angh riy, a Phádmuz, deoc a'r bjad ;
 do zluayr an dír ban ar lúé,
 a'r d'fázbadar dúbac Fhionn ná b-Fianh !

D'fíafmaid díob Dhaoizéanhdóyr,
 cá mabaday ar cuayrd an dír ;
 do noctadary do zur a b-focayr Fhionn,
 a'r Dháine an zmyyn le deoc a'r bjad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Nj éioçfad hóm reiohym zo bmad,
 ari fajeriy Fhionn a nglarab daori,
 ir doilze hóm é féin ran Fhianu,
 ba pleadaç fjal, ná mé féin !

Tóçfadra buad ná nzeapa d'Fhionn,
 a'f reioh dúioh a Dháine an ziumu,
 má'f bionn hóm fuaim do mhéar,
 ir amlaib ir rózaille fearra a m-briçz.

Do çuiri Dhaoiçeanróiri a neam-m-briçz,
 zeapa Fhionn a'f Dháine fuaime ;
 do çuz dóib bhad zur deoç,
 a'f do féioh Dháine zan loçt, bionn fuaim.

Do çairéiçz le Dhaoiçeanróiri zo móri,
 mar do feiohead an ceól le Dháine,
 do çairim do'h çaircairi Zlanluad,
 az éirteaçt le fuaircear ceóil Dháine !

Do çairéiçz le Zlanluad a'f le Zilhe,
 an ceól do feioh Dháine zo bionn ;
 ba çmeahh adbal le Zlanluad,
 nac b-facað a nçmuaim mar bi.

Ba lúçzáiri hóm ari Dhaoiçeanróiri,
 Fionn zo fóil fóm' rmaçt ó ta ;
 çia b'é arið do'h doimah a b-fuilið,
 a flóizte uile do beit ná dáil.

Zaç çriçóç, zaç arið, a'f zaç iaç,
 zaç tuaiç d'ári çriçall do'h Fhéioh ;
 ari loiz Fhionn azur Dháine,
 ir an leimz feo çahzadair taob me taob.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Njorí fáz fear ar lúc díob,
 nárí ceanḡarí fō cúibneac éruaríð ;
 do cúirí ran ḡ-caricairí iad ḡan cáiríde,
 a b-foćairí Dháiríe a' r Fhíonh na n-duairí.
- Ah ran do cōnharíic Fíonh a' r Dháiríe,
 an Fhíaríh aḡ teaćt lairíneac do' h ḡ-caricairí ;
 do íleadarí ḡo dían feara deoirí,
 ' ran Fhíaríh le céile dá b-fíeazairí.
- D' fáz Dhíaríḡearítorí ríonh uile,
 fearí ḡeararíb na d-tuirle 'nárí n-dáil ;
 ran ḡ-caricairí doiríonh úd fō rúdarí,
 ba fearlad dúionh a ḡ-círuad-cár.
- A Dhíaríḡearítorí, arí ḡlanluad,
 ó' r dam féin a nḡuarí fō rmaćt ;
 má ćairíhḡ leat ceól Dháiríe,
 a íeionhíonh dúionh tríać ba íarć.
- Ah a' r mian leatra, a ḡhlanluad,
 ceól bhíonh ruaríic, arí Dhíaríḡearítorí ;
 ír éirḡean do Dháiríe a íeionhíonh dúionh ;
 a' r fōr d' Fhíonh, a' r dá íluaz.
- Tháiríhḡ Dhíaríḡearítorí do' h ćaricairí,
 Aílíe ćaoíonh ćnearda a' r ḡlanluad ;
 ríonhe fō ḡeararíb a' r fō cúibneac,
 ír doiríḡ líonh a beirć dá luad.
- Seíonh dam ḡo bhíonh, arí Dhíaríḡearítorí,
 a Dháiríe, do ceól ruaríic na b-Fíaríh ;
 ír íonhíonh le ḡlanluad ćaoíonh,
 a' r le Aílíe an ḡíonh íeionhíonh ḡlíad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Jf heam-fualluc atáimfe, ar Dáimne,
 cum feimim an trác ro me zneann;
 a'f Fionn 'ra flóizte zo dualluc,
 fð zearaib a'f cruad-rmacét teann!

Cuimfead mo zeara a heim m-brið,
 ód' dáimfe aif ar Dmaoizgeantóir;
 nð zo feimtear leat zo binn dúim,
 do ceól cúma a'f do éairmme zleó!

Njor feimhear him ceól binn,
 ar Dáimne me Dmaoizgeantóir;
 an tan jf doiliz do'g Fhéim;
 jf zrác him féim beic doiliz leó.

Cuimfeadra a heim m-brið zeara Fhim,
 zo feimtear leat zo binn dúim ceól;
 fuizfead caeta na b-Fhian,
 'rha zearaib zo dian fa doimón!

Nj féadfaimfe, do mað Dáimne,
 feimim zo bmac téad binn fualluc;
 a Dhmaoizgeantóir, tuiz zo foiléim,
 dá m-beid aon fear do'g Fhéim reo dualluc.

Do éim Dmaoizgeantóir a heim m-brið,
 na zeara ó dáil Fhim a'f a fluað;
 nð zum feimnead le Dáimne an zrim,
 zué téad binn a'f záim fuaim.

Do éairmme me Dmaoizgeantóir,
 fðzair binn an ceól rih Dháimne;
 do feim an rih a cúmad féim,
 a'f cúmad na Féimne dá laetair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do fêiṇṇ Ɔaṇne aṛ cōm̄aṇle Fhēiṇṇ,
 aṇ ceōl zo tēad-bṇiṇṇ do'ṇ Fhēiṇṇ;
 do žab feaṛž Ɔṛaoižeaṇtōṇi,
 iṛ žaṇiṇṇ žuṛ bṛōṇ dṇb aṛ re.

Do dūṇad iṇṇ aṇ cāṛcaṇi žeaṛa,
 zo lom daṇžeaṇ aṇ aṇ b-Fhēiṇṇ;
 a'ṛ tāṇiž taṇ ṇ-aṇ aṇ cuaṇiṇṇ,
 maṇ a maṇb žlaṇluad a'ṛ Ɔṇle fēiṇṇ,

Nṇ maṇb Lobarāṇ ṇa ž-cōm̄ḍaṇl,
 d'f̄iaf̄maṇb zo h-aṇṇ cāṇ' žab fē,
 d'ṇṇiṇṇ žlaṇluad a'ṛ Ɔṇle do,
 ṇāṇ b-feaṛ dōṇb cāṇ žab aṇ laoc.

Do fžaiṇṇ zo boṇb ōṛāṇṇ,
 aṇ Lobarāṇ a ž-clor do'ṇ Fhēiṇṇ,
 d'f̄ṇeažaiṇṇ fē a ž-clūṇṇ do'ṇ Ɔūṇ,
 do žluaiṇṇ aṇ lūc zo ṇaiṇiž é.

Ca ṇabaṇṇ, a Lobarāṇ, aṇ cuaṇiṇṇ,
 aṇ Ɔṛaoižeaṇtōṇi zo žṇuaṇa teaṇṇ;
 iṛ deaṇb ḥom ōd' cṇiṇṇl fō leiṇ,
 žuṇ ṇiṇṇ leaṇ mē do beṇc zo faṇṇ!

Do cṇiṇṇl leiṇ Lobarāṇ žaṇ fṇāṇ,
 maṇ a maṇb cāc a ṇžlaṇaṇb cṇuaṇṇ;
 do cūṇi ṇa cōm̄ḍaṇl bṇiž a žeaṛa,
 a'ṛ d'f̄āž fāṇ ž-caṛcaṇi é faoi žṇuaṇiṇṇ!

Do bṇ ṇoiṇṇe a ṇ-bṇuṇṇiṇṇb baṇṇ,
 a cṇi ažur cēad fāṇ feaṇ do'ṇ Fhēiṇṇ;
 do beaṇad ṇe Ɔṛaoižeaṇtōṇi dṇob,
 zo taṇa ṇa cṇṇ žaṇ aoy bṇēiž,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bġ aʒ teaċt ċum Chonaġn maol,
 a' r a lanġ lġonġta ġa dōġd ʒo teanġ;
 cā b-fuġl do ċriġall, a Dħmaoġʒeanġōġri,
 fan ʒo fōġl, ġā dēan oġm feall?

Do bġ Dħmaoġʒeanġōġri faoġ ʒarġ ċmoġt,
 a' r a lanġ ʒan ċoġʒ oġ ċioġn Chonaġn,
 d'ēriġʒ an fean maol do pħeab,
 a' r ġall ġġon fan an a ġuġdeacān.

Coġʒ do lāġm? an Coġān ʒo tħuaʒ,
 ġr leōri dūġt mo ʒuaġr maġ tāġm;
 ġġ b-fuġl dul aʒam d'ġ ēaʒ,
 ġā cuġriġ tħuaġʒmēġl ċum ʒħod bāġr?

Do ċriġall Dħmaoġʒeanġōġri uaġn,
 fan ʒ-carġcaġri fā ʒuaġr d'fāʒ ġġuġ;
 doġġʒ doġħōġac lan-dūbāc,
 ʒan ġēġm, ʒan lūc, an earġaġd ʒħuġn.

Do labāġri Loġarān le Fġoġn,
 a' r dūbāġri ʒo ċġuġn, ʒan fġoġ do cāc;
 acā fan Dūġ lēġʒear an ġʒeara,
 dā d-tġʒeac ġġn teaċt an fāʒaġl.

Crēac ē ġġn? an Fġoġn ġa b-Fġaġn,
 do bēarġac ġġan d an ġʒeara dūġn;
 ġr tħuaʒ ʒan ē anoġr an fāʒaġl,
 a Loġarāġn mā tā an buġ fan Dūġ.

Acā ballān,¹ a Fħġn, fan Dūġ,
 do bēarġac dūġn lūc aʒur ġġan;
 dā ġ-bġac ġē aʒuġn anoġr,
 ġġon b-fada an ʒoġm ġāri b-ġġan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Añ b-ƿacaþ ðú, añ ƿionñ,
 añ ballañ úð, a Lobaraññ çaoim?
 ð'fðirƿeað ƿimñ ahoir ð çuar, ð
 nð ç-cualañ ðú ða luað a bñç?

Do çualañ mē aç ðlanluað,
 çur fðir ð fēñ añ çuar añ bair;
 a'ƿ ð'ionñir ðúimñ ƿðr tpe ðún,
 ço leiçirƿeað çac ƿúðar ða ðañ ðar ñ-ðañ.

Njor b-ƿada ðúimñ añuñ ƿim,
 Ðmaoizçeanðim ço ð-tiç ðo'ñ çarçarim;
 a lanñ ña ððð ço liomta ðian,
 çum ña ƿēimñe uñle ðo ðjççeanñað.

A fñm ñaol, ðo ðañ Ðmaoizçeanðim,
 çlear ðo ñðim-çeanñ a'ƿ çab mo bēim?
 ñi ƿuizƿeað ñeac ðç ña arƿañð,
 ñac çuñeað çum bair ahoir ðo'ñ ƿhēimñ!

Taimre añ çmuaz-lððar boçt,
 añ Conañ, ço ðoñliç lan-ðúðac;
 ña çuñ çoiðçe mē çum bair,
 ço leiçearçar leat mo çneaða añ ð-túr?

Do çoim Ðmaoizçeanðim añ Añne,
 a'ƿ çañiç ƿi lajçneac çúçaimñ;
 ð'fēac ƿi ƿð çmuaim ço ƿjor,
 añ ƿluaç ña b-ƿianñ, a'ƿ añ ƿhionñ!

Taðar ðam, añ Ðmaoizçeanðim,
 añ ballañ ðrða ña ñçear çmuañð;
 ñð ço leiçirƿeað çoim tðña,
 añ fñm ñaol ñðim úð ƿð çmuaim?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Na leižir an fear maol úd, ar Ailhe,
 nī púdar linn a éruad-cár,
 nā tabair do cairde ar bje,
 nā do'n Fhéilinn ac̄t a ġ-cun cum bair?

Nī iarriam air mo cun ó'n m-bár,
 a ġeal Ailhe, do raib̄ Conán maol;
 ac̄t amáin nā bead am lobair,
 ar d-teac̄t dam éruac̄ad do'n éaġ.

D'ím̄eġ Ailhe do ġarb̄ émor̄t,
 a'ṛ d'féac̄ ġo doct̄ nā diaġ ar Fhionn;
 n̄jor̄ b-fada ġo d-cáinġ am̄ir,
 a'ṛ cmoiceann̄ do b̄i aġce lan̄ do élúin̄.

Ceanġail ē reo, a Dhruoġean̄t̄oir!
 do t̄óin̄ an f̄in̄ máoil̄ úd;
 leižirfead̄ ġan̄ rpar̄ ġoin̄ a énéac̄t,
 a'ṛ tabair an t-éaġ d̄óib̄ a'ṛ d'Fhionn̄.

Do ġlac̄ Dhruoġean̄t̄oir̄ ġan̄ rpar̄,
 an cmoiceann̄, a'ṛ do céap̄ do Chonán;
 do lean̄ do ó'n lá rin̄ ġun̄ éinall,
 a'ṛ n̄j raib̄ rin̄ ġan̄ for̄-ain̄m̄ nā dáil!

Na cuir̄re m̄ire anoir̄ cum bair̄,
 ar Conán ġo clac̄, a Dhruoġean̄t̄oir̄;
 fan̄fad̄ ad dáil̄ ó fo ruar̄,
 mo d̄ic̄ceann̄ad̄ ba éruac̄ġ ġan̄ c̄óin̄!

A Dhruoġean̄t̄oir̄, ar Lobair̄an̄,
 má'ṛ m̄ian̄ leac̄ ár̄ m-bár̄ ġo léin̄,
 ir̄ leór̄ leac̄ rin̄, mo rġeal̄ truaġ,
 a'ṛ an fear̄ maol̄ duain̄ic̄ do fáom̄ad̄ ó'n éaġ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Nj ðearmar cealz ná meanz,
 zarze 'há teann hj maib am ðafl,
 ða brijz rjn, a Dhraoizeanthóir,
 hj éuibé ður leð anoir mo ðar!

Nj éurfeaðra cum baif tú,
 a Chonán, do máib Dhraoizeanthóir;
 a' r beib' tú am éomðafl fêrn,
 ar feað do rae zan éeab ðóib'?

Do zluair Conán le Dhraoizeanthóir,
 ór an z-carrair ar feól lom lúé;
 hjor rtaðað do émorz zarb leð,
 zo máhzadar cóir zeara an Dúir.

Do zóir Dhraoizeanthóir órárd
 ar Zhlanluad a' r ar Ailhe an zmirn;
 tarhiz Zlanluad fó lom lúé,
 a' r Ailhe do' h éur 'há maib an ðir.

D'iruir Dhraoizeanthóir do na mháib,
 zo d-tuz leif Conán ó fluaž ná b-Fianh;
 zo d-tóizfeað brijz a zear ó ná ðafl,
 a' r zo m-beib ná éomðafl a' r ná rian.

Jr eazal liomra, a Dhraoizeanthóir,
 ar Ailhe, zur ab dobrón a' r zuair;
 ðurte a' r ðairra zo lá an b-rát,
 Conán ad éomðafl do beifé buan.

Créað jr eazal dúirh a Ailhe, ar fê,
 ó' h b-fear maol do beifé náir h-ðafl;
 ar eazla ná meanz ar jre,
 beifé buan ná zóile mar éac'?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Nj tjubradra cáinne do'η Fhétin,
 3an aiténe ar an éag do éabairt dóib,
 ar Driaoi3eanadóir le Ailne féin,
 a' r ηj féidoir le Conán a b-fóir.

Njor labairt Conán focal riú,
 3o d-tuz Driaoi3eanadóir ηa deap láir;
 an ballán úd ηa η3eap a élaoid,
 3ur éó3 a m-bri3 3o ppar ar a dáil!

Fó'η am rir do éualadar 3o birr,
 ceól cúma do féirir dóib Dáire;
 do 3léap Driaoi3eanadóir éuzairr,
 do'η cárcairr fó lút 3o dána.

Nj raib laoc do éacairb Fhírr,
 ηac raib lom críon a 3-cruc 3hé;
 3an lút, 3an tapra, 3an treoirr,
 ó 3eapa ηa 3-clóduid ba éirean.

Do deairmad Driaoi3eanadóir,
 an ballán órda a3 Conán;
 do ériall féir η3ur 3lanluad,
 do'η cárcairr 3o luairt a 3-comháil,

Créad dó éor3, a fíir máoir,
 fó'η leairr rir, ar 3lanluad?
 3o b-fa3airr amair ar an b-Fétin,
 le lir ηa η-éag a' r a d-erriall uairr.

Ca b-fuil an ballán, ar Driaoi3eanadóir?
 éuzar duir d'fóir do 3eapa cruarb;
 d'fá3bar é ar Conán lan máol,
 mar a b-fuarar é rlan fó buad!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do žluair Dmaoižeantóiri uairn,
 Do žarb émort cnuaid fō lan lúit;
 nōir rcaadā leir zo mairiſ,
 an cori na mairb žmēitne an Dúin.
- D'fōiri Conān Orzuri a' r Fjonn,
 ō na zearairb dlúit do bī 'na n-dāil;
 rui fō d-tairiſ Dmaoižeantóiri,
 tar air fō feōl žan rior an ballair.
- Do žab Orzuri an ballan do laim,
 a' r a lann lioimta zo dāna na dōid;
 a' r nōir fulairiſ a teact do' n cārcair,
 an Fhianh ō na nzeara žuri fōiri.
- Do fejnn Fjonn an Dorid Fhianh zo birn,
 a' r Dāine ne na tāob fō žneann;
 do žairreadar an Fhianh uile ōrāid,
 do borib žuē ba mairōte teann,
- Do žluair Ailne a' r Žlanluad,
 do žarb émort cnuaid do' n cārcair;
 tā mēim aſ an b-Fēinn zo rior,
 a Ailne, ar Dmaoižeantóiri, zo deairb.
- Do buair Ailne na bāra zo lom,
 a' r do labairi a b-fožar nāri cāoir;
 adúbairt Conān mē ōrāid,
 cúir cnuad-cāir cúžad ažur caoi!
- A Dhmaoižeantóiri, do mairb Orzuri,
 nī b-fuil do cumar fearca ar an b-Fēinn,
 do žab eazla ažur uairn Ailne,
 a' r do cúit žan rpar mīr an éaſ!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Ta cumar na Fhéinne zān zō,
 ar Driaoiḡeanṭóiri, orim ir fíor;
 a n-éiriic mo ḡeara a' r a m-buaḍ,
 cúir ó'n b-feair n-duairic a' r a ueim-mbriḡ

Ní b-fuil aḡad dul ó'n éaḡ ahoir,
 a Dhriaoi ba ḡlic ar Orḡuir aḡḡ,
 do ḡeabairi cōimiac aon laimā,
 zān ceilḡ ad ḡair ó ḡluaiḡcib Fhíinn?

Níor labair le h-Orḡuir tréan,
 do ḡlac a laim ḡear na deair ḡóid;
 zuir fiafriaḡ Orḡuir do'n daia feaḡt,
 aḡ aihuil ir maic leat, a Dhriaoiḡeanṭóiri.

Ir aihlaḡ, zō deairib, ar aḡ Dhriaoi,
 béairra criuaḡ-ḡhóim ḡlac laim;
 do zāc aon feair do'n Fhéinn,
 zuir tuicim dam féin no ḡóib na d-tāim.

Do ḡluair aḡ Fhíann amāc,
 ar aḡ z-carcairi 'nar feal ḡóib dúbaḡ;
 do bí Ailhe zān aḡam na rliḡe,
 aḡur ḡlanluaḡ aḡ caoi fō púdar!

Crēad ro do tārlaḡ d'Ailhe aḡ ḡrimm,
 ar Orḡuir do ḡlóir caoim lān m-buaḡ;
 do fuair rí aicne ar aḡ éaḡ,
 ar Conān, a' r nḡ rḡéal criuaḡ!

Do bí a laim lioimta na ḡóid,
 aḡ Dhriaoiḡeanṭóiri ar aḡ n-doirur;
 aḡ feicēam ar Chonān amearḡ cāc,
 cum a cúir cum bair a zān fíor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* i.e. Single combat.

O. Գո շողայրց Օրշար Փրօզեանտօրի,
 ա՛ր ա լայր նա ծօլծ ա բայրլ շա՛տա ;
 Բժնայրց իր նա ի՛նչ ծա լա՛ծ,
 Յօ իօլճեամաօլծ շարի՛ծ աղ շա՛տա.

Ոյօր լաճար լեյր Փրօզեանտօրի,
 ա՛ր ոյօր բնչ աղ բծ՝ նա իայն նա իճարայր,
 Յօ Բ-բայր աղարց ար Շողան ինաօլ,
 Յօ Ծ-տչ ամար-Բեյր ար ա ճիճեանդա՛ծ.

Ոյ իայրչ աղ լայր աղ իճար ինաօլ,
 Ծօ իճարց Յօ ինճար ար Օրշար Բիչ ;
 Ծ՛լօղբայր Օրշար Փրօզեանտօրի,
 ա՛ր տչ Յան Յօ ծօ Բիճե աղ Բար.

Գո շարճեամար իլե աղ Բիլայր,
 Ծօճ ա՛ր Բիճ ին Փնչ Յօ ինճա՛ծ ;
 ար նա ինճա՛ծ շար Բիճ ար ինայր,
 ոյ իայն Բչարի շարարչնայր աղ Փնչ.

Գո ին շար ծօ Բիչ նա իճարա նծ,
 ա Փնճարիչ ! ծար իլօղ, ա ի-ճայր նա Բ-Բիլայր ;
 Ծ՛ղ լա նծ Յօ լա ա ի-Բար,
 իր լեյր շարճեար ինճա՛ծ ա՛ր ոյ լե Փնճ !

P. Ոնճ Բար ին Յօ ինճար Բեճ,
 շար Բիճ իլօղ նա իճարա նծ ;
 ծա Բիչ իլօղ իր շարճա աղ ինճարիճե,
 Յար շարճար լե Փնճ նա ի-ճայր !

O. Եր Բ ա ծար ին լեճ, ա Փնճարիչ,
 նա ինճար Ծ՛ղ Ծ-Բար ին շարճար ;
 ա Յ-ճա՛ծ նա իլօղի նա լայր,
 իր Բ շար ծօ Ծ-ճար ա՛ր ոյ ի-Բ ին յաճ Փնճ.

O. Osgur saw Draoigheantoir

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

Draoigheantoir did not speak to him,

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

The sword did not reach the bald man,

He called loudly to noble Osgur ;
Osgur attacked Draoigheantoir,
And without doubt made him taste of death.

We, the Fenians, all partook

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

There were some on account of those spells,

O Patrick, I apprehend, among the Fianna ;
From that day till the day of their death
Who fell by him, and not by God.

P. Hast not thou said that they were alive

After those magic spells ;
Therefore the evidence is conclusive
That they fell by God [the ruler] of the firmaments !

O. What I say to thee, O Patrick is,

That they were not from that time forth
Strong in battle, or in feats of arms, [Son of God.
And 'twas it that enfeebled their might, and not the

- P. Nā bī fearṭa aʒ luad̄ na b-Ḥīan̄,
 ačt ʒoīr̄ ar̄ Ḥhīa, a čm̄jon t-ḥeand̄oīr̄;
 'noīr̄ mā'ṛ mjan̄ leat dul dā Ḥhūn̄,
 ʒoīr̄ ar̄ čúʒad̄ ʒac̄ am̄ do'ŋ lō.
- O. ʒha ʒeallan̄ tū dam̄ ʒan̄ ʒō, '
 tīall̄ ljom̄ ʒo fōl̄ dā Ḥhūn̄ rūd̄;
 ŋī beīd̄ mē a luad̄ ar̄ an̄ b-Ḥēīn̄,
 ʒo d-tīʒeam̄ a maon̄ tar̄ ar̄ fō lūč.
- P. ʒha'ṛ tīall̄ do'ŋ Ḥūn̄ ūd̄ dūīn̄,
 aʒ am̄ar̄c ar̄ ʒhūīr̄ mīʒ̄ na nʒm̄ar̄;
 a Oīr̄īn̄! īn̄n̄r̄īm̄ d̄ur̄ ʒo h-ar̄t,
 nač̄ fīllḥeam̄ tar̄ ar̄ ʒo bīac̄.
- O. ʒh̄ tan̄ do čīallḥam̄ an̄ rūd̄,
 a Phad̄m̄īʒ̄! fūīʒ̄re a bur̄ an̄ čīar̄;
 a'ṛ īar̄ī ar̄ Ḥhīa na mōr̄ ḥear̄t,
 fīor̄ do čūīr̄ ar̄ čeačt̄ na b-Ḥīan̄.
- P. Nā clūīn̄īm̄ tū fearṭa dā luad̄,
 ar̄ īm̄čeačt̄ar̄īb̄ fīluar̄ʒte Ḥhīn̄;
 na aʒ īm̄čāīn̄ ar̄ Ḥhīa na nʒm̄ar̄,
 a'ṛ ēīr̄tḥīd̄ rē tīar̄īč̄ ned' ʒūīde.
- O. ʒ ŋ-ēīr̄tḥīd̄ rē nem' ʒūīde ʒlōr̄.
 Ḥīon̄n̄ a'ṛ a fīlōīʒ̄te čeačt̄ dā Ḥhūn̄;
 mā dēan̄tar̄ ljom̄ a mēīr̄ fēīn̄,
 a'ṛ do mēīr̄, mar̄ an̄ ʒ-cēad̄na, ʒo tīall̄ dūīn̄.
- P. Eīr̄tḥīd̄ rē leat ar̄ dēan̄ad̄ a mēīr̄,
 a'ṛ molḥad̄ tū fēīn̄ ʒur̄ bī an̄ čīall̄ īr̄ ḥear̄īr̄;
 ŋī beīd̄ or̄t earḥad̄ na bīd̄n̄,
 aʒ car̄čean̄ na ʒlōīr̄e a ŋ-Ḥūn̄ Ḥhē.

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

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

THE CHASE OF GLEANN AN SMOIL,

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GIANTESS WHO CROSSED THE SEA.

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bġ Szeōlan a' r Brian ar ēll,
 aʒ Fġonh rēið iona dōið ;
 do bġ a cū aʒ ʒaċ h-duihne do' h Fhēihh,
 a' r ar hʒaðar hēil-bġonh aʒ dēahad cēðil.

Do ʒluarreamar cūm tulċa¹ ðr cġonh ʒleanha,
 mar ar b'arobġonh duſlleabar ar cmaronh aʒ fār ;
 bġ ēahlarġ ruarġc aʒ ceſleabar ahn,
 'ran cūaċ ʒo cēðl-bġonh ahn ʒaċ arð.

Do lēiʒ a rabadamar ahn do' h Fhēihh,
 ar ʒ-conarġc luarġ lēimheac faoi' h hʒleanh
 do rʒaoil Fġonh a ða ʒaðar dēaʒ,
 a' r ba bġonh lġonh hā tēada a hʒlam.

Dúrtear leð ah eilġ m̄aol,
 ba ʒġle a taob hā eala ar lġonh ;
 ah taob eilġ ðġ ar ðaċ ah ʒuarġ,
 a' r ba luarġe ġ hā reabac ar coġll !

Do rʒaoil ʒaċ h-duihne 'ʒuġonh a cū ða h-ēll,
 a' r do rʒaoil Fġonh fēġon Brian ;
 d'ġmġġeabar ar ar h-aharġc ʒo lēġm,
 a' r ba beaʒ ar hʒaorġ teacġt hā hʒarġ !

ġr m̄ðm ah t-ġonʒhad do rġonh ah rġġ,
 do' h eilġ m̄aolġ fā hā luarġ ;
 le harġ fārġuġġ marġtear con hā ʒ-cm̄ġōċ,
 a' r Brian, rġam hārġ lēiʒ reġġ uarġð.

O m̄ōċ marġðne ba m̄ðm ah fġaðaċ,
 do leah ʒo ðġah ah eilġ luarġġ ;
 ʒo d-tārġġġ orġuġonh duð hā h-orġōċe,
 a' r hāċ facamar ʒaðarġ hā cū.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Chujr Fionn a dhóðz 'na béal,
 a' r do cózayn í fá na déad zo cnuaid ;
 any rin, d' éiafriaid Conán maol,
 cár záb ar nzaðair béil-bhinn uairn ?

Dar do laimrí, a Chonán maol,
 do maíd Fionn zmoide an flaid ;
 ní éillfid tar n-air oiruirn arír,
 d' ár lean an eilc maol áct Brián.

Do éur an Fhianh zo mór a m-bhón,
 a' r njoir b' ionznad dóib do dhé a z-con ;
 ir é a dubradar, nac reilz cóir,
 do éarlad dóib 'ran ngleann zo moó.

Njoir b-fada zo b-facamar cúzairn ran ngleann,
 Brián a' r í ruaidte ráruizíte fluc ;
 a' r ar d-teact di d' ár láair,
 dar do laim ba éruaz a cnué.

Do luíd rí rjoir a b-fiaðairre Fhinn,
 do zóil zo fuizéac, a' r do rzmead zo cnuaid ;
 ir corínúil a cóileain, do maíd Fionn,
 zo b-fuil ar z-cinn a z-contabairre éruaid !

Neimh-ní linné, do maíd an Fhianh,
 laoc dá éreine do éiz tar muir ;
 ir meara linn a beir d' ár n-dhé,
 ar nzaðair béil bhinn a' r ar z-conn.

Ar maíd na b-focal rin dóib,
 eilz dá láair beann dob' áilne rnuad ;
 bí folc óir-buidé léite az far,
 zo moótain a rála rjoir zo dhúct.

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

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

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

[glen,

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

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

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

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

O. Do bġ a žruad ar dač an mōr,
 a' r a bnaoġte mōdōmair ba bneāž zeal ūr;
 a mōrža žlarā, žlanā, žan čeō,
 a' r a bēlġn bġn do labair žo cġuġ.

Jr e adūbair, tā coġne 'žam duġ, a Fhġn,
 a' r dā b-fuġl ažuġb an do' n b-fēġn;
 žo teažlac ġnžġne ām-ġġž Šrēāž,
 tā le tġġ ġġ a n-ġġġn žan fġoġ dġb!

Ž n-Oġleān nā h-ġnġe tā cēad bair,
 tuž a h-āčair fēġn mān fēġġġn dġ;
 ġr ġmōdā ōġž-beān ġairēāč blāč,
 do čāġnž lēġ tar fāġl anġġ.

Jr ġmōdā ġnžear ġnġta d'ōm,
 d'airzead, do fġōll, a' r do fġōdā bān;
 čāġnž ġnġ anġġ fān mōd,
 a' r žo leōm eġle nāč b-fuġl mē mād.

Jr ġmōdā oġžrēad lān do bēoġn,
 ġr ġmōdā bġoġ fā fēōġl dā žġġoġ,
 ažuġ coġn nġžte, a' r ōm-čēāġd,
 tā mēġd fād' čōmair, a Fhġn?

Jr ġmōdā ġnžear āčā ar mġġn,
 ažuġ pālār zeal ar tġġ;
 tġġllrēāġn fōġllrēāč ar larād,
 tā āġce fād' čōmair žo fġoġ.

Đar do lāġġe, ar Coġān māol,
 nġ b-fuāġar ām' fāožal cuġne ġr fēāġm;
 ġr mōm m'ōmāġ ažuġ m'ġota,
 ġr ē mo dġč žān mē fān āġ!

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

O. Բլլեար աղ եան ծոծ՝ արև լշին,
 լայ մոծ շեանա՝ յա ծ-տայլի՜ յար յշար,
 ա՛ր ծո լեարամար ի ջօ լուսի,
 ջօ հ-Օլեան Եղբ լուսի՜ յա մ-բան.

Չօ բալլիշեաճ ոտմարս աշ Եանդուաճ Եղբաշ,
 լսիճեար նիլիճ ա՛ր ջլեարտար Ելաճ ;
 Եսլլեաճ օրմա լիօն ա՛ր Եօլլի,
 մար Եա շօլլի ծօ լի՛շ ա՛ր ծօ շիլաճ.

Աղ տաղ շօրշարիլ ար յ-օրար ծօ Ելաճ,
 ա՛ր ար յ-լօտա ծ՛լիօն ա՛ր ծօ Եօլլի,
 ծօ լաԵար Բլօնս աղ լալիճ լիալ,
 ա՛ր ծնալլի ջօ լաճաճ շոմ լուսի ջօ լօլ.

Ար մաճ յա Ե-բօլալ լիլ լի՛ ծա լաճար,
 Եան Եա ջիմարս ար Եիճ լիճօճ ;
 ա շօլիլ ծիլ ար ա շեան,
 ա՛ր լօլ ծն լիլ լե լիլ ջօ ծիլաճ.

Չօ Եի ա՛շարալ լաօճ արսի՛ ծա Եալ,
 աշ աղ Ե-բիլլի յար Ե՛ալիլիլ Ելաճ ;
 ա ծեաճ լիլալ Եարմա ջեար,
 ա՛ր մեարմա լիլ լիլ յա լիլաճ.

Չօ Եի ջարմեաճ լաճա ծն,
 մար լիլիլա լիլ լաշ աշ լալ՝ յա Ելիլ ;¹
 աշ լիլ լիլ լե ջօ հ-ալ,
 մար Եիճ Ելալ լե լիլլեան լեաճ.

Չօ Եի Ելալ լիլլիլ լաճա լիլլիլ,
 ծա լօլաճ ջօ Եիլլի ա՛ր լաօճ ծե Եան ;
 աղ լաօճ լիլ ար ծաճ աղ ջարլ,
 ՛լիլ մար Եան լայ լ-լիլաճ Եա լիճ ջիլիլ.

¹ Plica Polonica ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Fálte moíat a níċ na b-Fíahy,
 1r íad na bhíacéira do cáin rí ;
 1r leat ionlath mo éuid bairc,
 mo bhanntraét áluigh a' r mé mar mhaoi.

Jr mé iugéan árd níċ Śréaċ,
 na deapna cumann le céile rí !
 3o d-táinig mé ahoir fód' d'éin,
 a níċ na Féinne tar mór mhair.

Do zéabair ainnzead azur ór,
 do zéabair uiriam fód a' r buad ;
 tar a b-fuil do laocra laidne cróda,
 ran domhan mhór o éar 3o tuaid.

Dar do laimrí, a iugéan an níċ,
 do íad Fíohy, croide nar méirb ;
 ní zéabad féin leat mar mhaoi,
 a' r zur tú bí moíam a nru 'ran t-reilċ.

Aicéijim ar do bnat fairrigh ríóll,
 zur tú bí ugleann an ríóil moíahy 3o moé ;
 a' r fíafraidim díot a maireann beó,
 ar nzaðair beal-bíoh a' r ar z-coih.

Dar do laimrí féin, a Fhíohy,
 zé' r mhór é fíoc búir z-conaill z'arċ,
 táid ríad uile marb zan bríċ,
 aét Bíah an níċ iuz buad z'ac realċ.

Jr ionda laoc, laidir, luaé,
 a' r zairzideac cruid a z-caé ;
 do éuit liofra a d-tofac rluaċ,
 a' r ar mo buad ní beinnead hearc.

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

O. Jf nī mō, nī fīllfead taru tuuū,
 ʒo m-beiſfead buad liom ō'ū b-ſēiū;
 rʒačfead būri ʒ-ciuū ō būri ʒ-coiū,
 cia mōri būri uearič a'f būri d-tréiū.

Do ſeiūū rī ceōlta mō bīūū rīčē,
 le'ri čaīll ʒač laoč aʒuiūū a uearič;
 do ceauʒlad riuū le h-iuʒean aū mīʒ,
 cé'ri mōri ari uʒuſom aūū ʒač cač.

Do čariariūʒ a laūū fuiſtead liomčē,
 ir ī lan d'fīoč, ioua laiūū deir;
 ʒuri rʒoč ſa ciūū do čēad laoč,
 a'f ba mōri aū t-uaiūū dīč ſa b-feari.

Nī riab beō ſaū Jūūre ačē mē,
 Coūū māol, a'f ōiariūū d ōouū;
 ſeariʒur ſile a'f Ōrʒuri tréan,
 aū tan do labari m'ačari ſiūū.

ʒabari do čoiūūic a iuʒean aū mīʒ,
 ſa cuiū do'ū t-ſaoiʒēal aou ſeari nī bui mō;
 a'f ʒo uʒēabariūū ſēiū leat mari iūūoi,
 mūūa m-beič ʒoll caoč ſa uʒuſom čiuaič.

Da ſ-dēanſariūū malarič ari mo iūūoi,
 do čuiūfead mē do'ū t-ſaoiʒēal čum bāir,
 a'f aū bean do ʒabar a d-tūr mo ſaoiʒil,
 leiſ aū b-feari caoč ʒo b-fui a ſarič,

ōari do laiūūre ſēiū, a ſhiūū,
 bariſeadra a čeanū de ʒoll mōri;
 a'f dā uʒabariūū leiſ do'ū ſhēiūū,
 mari a uʒlacarič mē mari banūiſoʒarič dōib,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. 'Do tóg rí léi a cablaic mhódbriac,
 a' r a cianhaib reóil zo h-áird le zaoicé;
 zuir záb talain a m-Beinne Eadair¹ na ríóz,
 mar a riab Zoll cróda na lann caoju.

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

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

ḡOIAḂH BHÉINNE H-EADAIR LE TRÍUR FIDHGE.

AN CHÉAD FHILE.

I r doibhne beic a m-Beinne Eadair,
 Fír-bhne beic ó r a ban mhír;
 Cnoc lanmáir lonzmáir lioimáir,
 Beinne fíonmáir fionmáir fázmáir,

Beinne iona m-bíod Fionn a' r Fíanna,
 Beinne iona m-bíod cuirnne a' r eada,
 Beinne da b-cuz O'Duibhe daña
 Leir Tríbhne do dhruim ruaza.

Beinne togh-zlar feac zác talac,
 'Sa mullac cianne-zlar corriac;
 Cnoc lannac cneamác cianneac,
 Beinne ballac beanneac mozác.

Beinne ir aine ó r iac Eirnean,
 Zle beinne ó r fairze faoilean;
 Zl tréizean ir céim éruab lion,
 Beinne aluine Eadair doibhne.

- O. She sailed forth with her proud fleet,
 And her sail masts high before the breeze,
 Till she landed in Beinn h-Edair of the hosts,
 Where the heroic Goll of the sharp blades was.

ԱՌ ԾԱԿԱ ՔԻԼԵ.

Պրոյս բօ'ղ յաօլկոյն յոնջալոյ,
 Լաօլժ Գ'ր ԼաօլԵանոյ շան Լալոյ Է ;
 Շօ Լօմար ՆժրՆԱ Լալոյ Լօրոյ Է,
 Թե ԵօնդալՆ ըրՆԱ ճրՆ Բալլե.

Ձևարդ Վ յաճ 'րՆ յժր-Եանոյ,
 'ՏՎ Բեարանոյ ժր Եարդ Ե-Բեճարդ ;
 Շօ ըժ ԵԼԱրդ ըճարդ ըճարդ Բիլդոյ,
 Օ Երուճ Եօլկոյն ճրՆ Եճճարդ.

ԱՌ ԵՐԵԱՏ ՔԻԼԵ.

Եանոյ ճր Եօլկոյն 'րՆ շճժ ԵԼԱժ,
 շճժ յԼԱժ Եօն-ՃԼԱր Եօրճճժ ;
 Եանոյ յնլեճժ յոնոյճճժ յոնոյճճժ,
 Ձ'ր Եոյո Երանոյճճ Երեանոյճճ Եօրճճժ.

Շօ ըլժԵԵԱր Շօ յաօլկոյն Շօ յոնոյճճ,
 Լոնոյ ճճճ ԼաօճրՆ Նճ Լեճճճ ;
 ԵարճԵԱր ԵԼԱր ժր Եճժ Լօրոյ Է,
 Շօ Երլճ Եարլլե ճրՆ ճրլլե.

Իր յալոյճ ճր Եանոյ ԵրլլԵԱր
 Լե Բաժճար Բարդոյն Նր Ն-Եարլլել ;
 'ՏՅօ յ-ԵրլլԵԱրդ Եօնոյ Լե Երոյ-Օրոյճճ,
 Ձրոյճճ Իր յճ Լոնոյճճ Լճրճճ.

THE PRAISE OF BEINN EADAIR (HOWTH) BY THREE BARDS.

THE FIRST BARD.

Delightful it is to be at Benn Eadair,
 Truly-melodious it is to be upon its white fortress ;
 A hill ample, shipful, populous,
 A peak, in wine, in *carns*, in feasts abounding.

A hill on which Fionn and the Fianna used to meet,
 A hill where horns and cups overflow ;
 A hill to which O'Duibhne the dauntless,
 Brought Grainne from her close pursuers.

Ἀν ταν δο ἄσημαρτ Soll τρέαν,
 αν ἄβλαῖ ἕλεαρτα αἕ τεαῖτ ἄμμ κυαιυ ;
 ιρ ἔ δὺβαιρε ἡάρι ἡαίτ αν ρἕαλ,
 αν ἡέιδ δο'η Φήεινυ ἕεαρδαίῆ υαιδ.

Ἀνη ριν δ'ἑίαρφαιδ Soll τρέαν,
 ρια ἕδαιρφαδ ρἕαλα ἄμυῆε ο'η ἕ-κυαν ;
 ἀδὺβαιρε Ἐαοίτε ἕυι β'ἔ ρέιν,
 δο ἕδαιρφαδ τυαιαρἕββαιλ ὄ'η τ-ρλουαῆ.

Ἐλουίρεαρ αν λαοῖ λαίδηι λυαῖ,
 μελημηναῖ, βυαν, λαν δο βηίῆ ;
 ἕο ἡάιυῆῆ ρέ κορη αν τ-ρλουαῆ,
 ἀ'ρ δο βῆ αν βεαν ἡὄρι μοίμε α ο-τῆι.

Ἀμ β-φαίρρην ἡῆ-ρἕἔιῆ ἡα ἡηά,
 ἡέαδ α κυάηα ἀ'ρ α φαοβαιρι ;
 δο ἄμμοῖηυῆ ρέ ὄ βοηη ἕο βάρι,
 ἕἔ δ'ἑίαρφαιδ ἕο ἡ-ἀηδ ἕαι β'αρ δο'η ἡηλοί ?

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

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

THE SECOND BARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE THIRD BARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *i.e.* Ransom.

O. Ծօ Եամայրե, ա թալԵ Գան Խորե Ծօ'ն Բհելոն,
 ա'ր Ըօհան թաօլ նա թալԵ Զան Զրալոն ;
 Ծ'ար Զ-ԸօլթեաԾ աՅ ԸաօՅաԾ Եան,
 Զօ ն-ԵեաԸաԾար ալե Ըւոյ Գալոն.

ԼաԵար ՓլարոսոյԾ ԵեաԾ-ճեալ Զրոնոյ,
 Ծօ ԸօրոթաԾ Ըաօլոյ թր աո ՕլՅ ;
 թ'աոճար ԸրօլԵ ! ա ԳթելԵԵան ոճոյ,
 Զան թե 'Յար Ըւ Բաօլ ԵրաԸալԵ Բօր.

Եր Ըւ Եր ալոե ոլաո ոար ոնոթլԵ,
 'րր Զլալրե, թօԾոնալրե, ԲլեաԾ Գւլ ;
 ա ճրաԾ ոար ոնոթլԵ աո Ծօրոյոյ,
 ԵալօԾ Լեա Եր Ե թօ Եւլ.

Ծար Զօ Եելոնոյ թա'ր Բլօր Ծօ ԳՅեալ,
 Ծօ թալԾ աո ՕլՅ Ծօ ԸօրոթաԾ Ըաօլոյ ;
 ԲարՅլօԸաԾ Ըւ Օր Ծօ ոնօր Բելոն,
 ա'ր ա Ե-Բալ Ծօ'ն Բհելոն աոորօ ալ Ծօ Գլճե.

ԲարՅալ Գոոե ալ ալ Ե-Բելոն,
 Եր Լեա Զօ Եելոնոյ ոլ Եեաոբալոն ԵրեաՅ ;
 ա'ր Զօ յ-ԵլաԾ Ըւ աՅաոթա թար ոնոթլօ.
 աո ԲեաԾ ոնալրեաԾ ալ աո Ե-Բելոն.

ԸօՅԵար ալ ն-ԵրաօլճեաԸ Ելոն Զան ոնօլլ,
 Ծօ ԸւՅ Եւոնոյ ալ ԼւԸ ա'ր ալ ոեար ;
 ԸօլԵԵրար ՓլարոսոյԾ Ըեօրա ԲօՅ,
 Ծօ'ն թաԸաօոն ոնոն ԾօԵ' ալոե ԵրեաԸ.

Ծօ Եալոյ Ըօհան, աո Ըեաոն Զան ոնօլլ,
 Լե ոա Լաոն Ծօ'ն ոնաԸաօոն ալ ;
 Ծ'բարՅալ Ե Օ ոա ճԸար Բելոն,
 ա'ր ա թալԵ Ծօ'ն Բհելոն աոն Բա ԲւԾար.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Tuż Diarmuid ruma buile ar an b-Féilinn,
 a' r ar Chonán máol bí maíh zo h-olc ;
 muna m-beit Orzuir do córṡ a laim,
 do rtróicfead rē an ceann dá cóirp.

Labhair Diarmuid zo maéctáir fíocháir,
 laim d'féilnṡ a' r d'fíoc na máilinn ;
 créad an fáct ar baillir an ceann,
 do' n máol d'fuarṡaíl ríinn ó péilinn ?

Dá m'ínṡean dáimra í, ar Conán,
 nó fōr an mátaír do muṡ me féiln ;
 do baillirinn a ceann dá zeal bráṡaíd,
 a d-teab me fáṡbaíl éom fáda a b-péilinn ?

Do ṡluairreamar zan rēad, zan rṡiē,
 mar ar tnearfṡiad an Fhianh mṡr an máol,
 a' r ar d-teacēt dúinn trācēt cum látaír,
 do cóiricamar ar a' r earbad laoiē !

Do bí Soll faoi élogad a' r faoi rṡiaē,
 aṡ ríor tneara comraic le h-ínṡean an máṡ ;
 a' r í dá zoín le mōr iomad créacēt,
 d'fáṡ an laoc zan neart, zan bríṡ.

Jairmar Orzuir cead ar Zholl,
 dul do cóimrac leir an máol ;
 a' r dúbaíre zur doilb leir a cār,
 beit faoi éneáda a' r fá má-ṡmaol.

Ní b-fuil aon laoc ran domán beō,
 ná a n-Éilinn dá doirde cáil ;
 do léiṡfíunre a cóimrac leir an máol,
 zo n-iocad líom ar ion an áir !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. ԼաԲԻԱՐ ՔԵԱՐՅԱՐ ԿԱ Մ-ԵՐԿԱՇՏԻԱ ՇԵԱՐԷ,
 ժՐ Է ԵՐՈՍԿԱԾ ԱՅ Ե-ՕՐԻ ԱՐ ԾՐԱՅԻ ;
 ՅՕ Ե-ՔԱՅԻՆ ԾՕՐՅԱՐ ՇԵԱԾ Օ ՇԿՈԼԼ,
 dul cum comhrajc lejr an myaoy.

ՇԼՅԱՐՄ ՕՐՅԱՐ Ա ՇԼՈՒԾԵԱՅ Ա՛Ր Ա ՐՅԿԱՇ,
 Ա ՔԼԵԱՅ ՅՇԵԱՐ Ա՛Ր Ա ՇԼՅԱԾ ՇՐԱՅԻԾ ;
 ՈՅ ԻԱԻԵ ԻԱՅ Յ-ՇՐԱՅԻՍԿԵ ԵԵՕ ԿԱ ԵԵԱՇԱ,
 աօյ դեաճ ծօ շաԲարբաԾ սրիայիս սայԾ.

ՓՕ ԵՅ ԱՅ ԾՅՐ ԼԱՅԻՆ ԷԱՐԱ ԼՄՇ,
 ՇԱՐԿԻՐ ՇԵԱՇԱ ՔԱՅ ԿԵԱԼԱԻԵ ;
 ԼԵ ԿԵԱՐԷ ԵՐՈԾԱ ԱՅԱՐ ՇՈՒՐԱԻԸ,
 աՅ ՔԵՕԼ-ՇՕՐՅԱՐ Ա ՇՅԻԼԵ.

ԼԱԲԻԱՐ ՔԵԱՐՅԱՐ ԵԵԱԼ-ԵՅԻՍ ՔԱՅԻՆԸ,
 Ա՛Ր ՇՈՒԱՅ ԿԱՅԼ ԾՕ ԵՅ ԵՐԵԱՅ ԱՐ ԱՐԿ ;
 Ա ԿՅԸ ՕՐՅԻՍ ՇԱՐԿԻՍՅՅՅ ԱՅ ԱՅԻՆ,
 ԵՅ ԵՍ Յ-ՇԱՅՆ ԿԱ Կ-ՅԻՍԿԵ Ա Յ-ՇԵԱՅՅԱԼ ՅԱՐԵ.

ՇԱՐՇԵԱՐ ՕՐՅԱՐ ԼԵՐԿ ԼԵՕՅԱՐՆ,
 ԵԱՐ ԇՕՐՔ ԱՅ Ե-ՐԼՕՅ ԱՄԱՇ ;
 ՅԱՐ ՇԱՐԿ ԱՅ Ե-ՔԼԵԱՅ ԼԵ ԿԵԱՐԷ Ա ԾՕՐԾ,
 ԵՐԵ ՇՐՈՒԾԵ ԿԱ ԿՅԱ ԿՕՐԿԵ ԱՐՇԵԱՇ.

ՓՕ ՇՕՅԾԱՄԱՐԿԵ ԵՐԿ ՅԱՐՇԱ ԻԱՅ Ե-ՔԵՐԿ,
 Ա՛Ր ԿՅՐԻ ԿԱՅԷ ԼԵ ՇՈԼԼ ԵՐԵԱՅ-ԵՍԼԼԵԱՇ ՔԻՆ ;
 ԿԱՐ ԷՍԷ ԱՅ ԵԵԱՅ ԼԵ Կ-ՕՐՅԱՐ ԱՅՅ,
 ԾՕ ԵՅ ԼՄՇԿԱՐ, ԱՅԿԱՄԱԾ, ՇԱԿԱ, ՅԼԸ.

ՁԻ ԷՍԷՐԿ ՇԱՄ ՇԱԿԱՅ ԾՕ՛Ն ԿՅԱՅԻ,
 ԿՕ ԿԱԼԼԱՇԷ, ԱՐ ՔԻ, ԾԱՄ՝ ԱՇԱՐԿ ՔԵՐԿ ;
 ԾՕ ԵՅ ԵԱՕԵ ԼՅՈՒՔԱ ԿԱՐ ԿՅՅԵԱՅ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՕ ՇԱՐԿ, ԿՕ ԾԻՇ ! ՔՕ ՅԵԱՐԱԻԵ ԿԵ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Na dpaoiçe do deapbuiž fâirtine do,
 (mo mallaçt dôib zo bpaç apîr ;)
 zo m-bëapfaiññ mac do rziropfad an Žhriçiz,
 a' r do bapñfad, de fëiñ, a çeanñ žan ržič!

Da b-fažaiññre žabañ liom mañ mñhaoi,
 ô çeanñporet hō o çeanñ rlož ;
 do bëapfaiññ mac da hžëllfëad an doñan,
 a' r do beidññ fëiñ apîr an çlōd.

Do badapa la, cja dúbac mo ržéal,
 ap aññeacçt mñā až fillead rúl,
 le dpaoižeacçt cporða m'acap fëiñ,
 do çañleap mo ržëiñ a' r mo řñuad.

An la řiñ do mñapbad an beañ mōri,
 a' r do rziropfad fōr a cablac ban,
 až řiñ ažadpa, a Chléiñiz çōiñ,
 eacçma na mñā mōiñe tap leap!

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

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

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

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

FJADHACH FHIANNÁ EJRÉANN AR SHLIABH
TRUJÓ.

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

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

Do rreacúuḡ rionn ar zac ḡleann,
fá maic ar d-teann a ḡ-ceann cnoc;
rionn zán deirfad ar aon bhóin,
ar d-tréire fá h-ad zán loct.

Dúirḡceair linn ór baip beann,
fadaac na uḡleann a' r na d-top;
ar zac taob dínn ran leirḡ,
dob' iomda eilic aḡar bnoc.

Dob' iomda laoc ann aḡar coiu,
aḡ éirḡ ar an maic zó luac;
do deannan reirze ar zac ḡleann,
d'éirḡ Fhionn cilic na d-tuac.

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

THE FINNIAN HUNT OF SLIABH TRUIM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Φhá çοιη α λαιή ζαé ριη,
 δ'άρι éιριζή ανη ριη δο'η Φήéιυυ ;
 ιρ αζαη ρéιη ατά éιορ,
 οó ! çια τάιη ανθιυ ζαν ééιλλ.

Α δέαρι ζαν δεαριηαδ çυιδ,
 δ'αηηαηηαηβ çοη αν τεαηη ίλυαίζ ;
 ηγοι λéιζεαδ çú διοβ δα η-éιλλ,
 ηάρι βα η-αιéηε δαη ρéιη α βυαδ.

Do léιζ O'Βαοιρζηε Βιαν θιαν,
 α'ρ Σζεóλαν ρά θιαν ηιé ;
 δο léιζ Oιρίη Βυαδαé Μόθι,
 α'ρ Αβλαé Oζ δά η-δέιρ ριη.

Οδ' çοηηαιηç Μαç Βιεαφαίλ ραοι,
 çοιη αν ηίζή αζ dul ηε τεαηη ;
 δο léιζ α δά çοιη ρéιη ρó ζαηζ,
 Uéç Αι, αζαρ Αιιδ αν Φήειυβ ρεανζ.

Do léιζ Oρζυι ηεαρι ηάρι éιη,
 Μαç αν Τιυιη çοηα ίλεαβα θιη ;
 δο léιζ Çαοι çιόδα ζο ηζιαδ,
 Léιη αι Lúç α'ρ αν çοιη éιόθιη.

Do léιζ Ζαηηαιδ, ηα η-αιη ηζλαν,
 Φεαριηαν α'ρ Φοζαρι α'ρ Μαοιη ;
 δο léιζ O'Δυιβηε ζο δεαρ,
 Eαéταé ηα ζ-clear α'ρ Φαοιι.

Do léιζ Μαç αν Σηóιι, Çοιηζιολ α'ρ Ζιυαιη ζιιυυ,
 αζαρ Αιιçιρ α'ρ Ραοη α η-θιαίζ éác ;
 δο léιζ O'Çοηβιόη ζο βεαéç,
 Çοιι Dub 'ηα η-θιαίζ, α'ρ Dealb Βαι.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. Do léiꝛ Conán zo uꝝuꝝom̃ uꝝuꝝod,
 Ríé, Rod, a' r Ríé ne h-Árd;
 do léiꝛ Faolan carrað con,
 Carraíꝛíu a' r Súé Záꝛꝛ.
- Do léiꝛ Mac Eadaoinne iar riu,
 Cor-luairé caoin, a' r Fuac-lám̃ uꝝéar;
 do léiꝛ Mac Mórna an úriu, u,
 Áran aꝝar Árd na Seánꝛ.
- Do léiꝛ Fearndubain mac Fhíu,
 Ciar-éóill do éiu an ꝛac cón;
 do léiꝛ Reíꝛe zo rún,
 Jorꝛad Ur ir luairé na lon.
- Do léiꝛ Caoilte Fuac zo m-buað,
 aꝝar Cúillreac fá cnuairð tnear;
 do léiꝛ Dáinne fear na u-duan,
 Sínead, aꝝar Bíoé ba dear.
- Do léiꝛ Cairneall, an laoc móru,
 Záiréleann, a' r Súainne, a' r Sal;
 do léiꝛ Mac Dubain, an fear eial,
 Rian 'na u-diaíꝛ aꝝar Scal.
- Do léiꝛ Dáinne Dearꝛ mac Fhíu,
 Árd na Sealꝛ aꝝar Rann Cnuairð;
 do léiꝛ Mac Luíꝛeac mear,
 Cioéac Seál ir fearu buairð.
- Do léiꝛ Áod Beáꝛ, fear ba priar,
 Márib na ꝛ-Cac aꝝar Taom;
 do léiꝛ Conán Mac an Leíé,
 Liaꝛán da h-eill aꝝar Laom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Léiʒteari a' r ʒarua ʒarb dá coih,
 Jollan arid, a' r ʒac an Smóil;
 Orʒur mac Cmoihhʒeac an hár doihb,
 do léiʒ ré Soihb azar Nóih.

Do léiʒ Fearʒur file, ʒan dearmad,
 Sʒiamhad azar Faoiðmeari caol;
 Tolla ʒac Caoilte an fearn fil,
 de léiʒ ré Rian azar Laoð.

Do léiʒ Dáire azar ʒac Ronáih,
 Dʒémeihh a' r Dohión ʒo dian;
 do léiʒ Uaihne ʒan táire ʒo luaié,
 coih áihne ná b-Fianh.

Do léiʒ rjad clanna Cearba,
 a ʒ-conaite le ʒáir bhóih;
 Cor azar Dearh a' r Dhíelihh,
 Cóihbeahh a' r Roie, Teahh a' r Tmeoih.

Do léiʒ Chú Dheariól, Eolla Aihneoih,
 azar Ceóla fá méih,
 Uaiʒ ná rleaz hár beaz-lanhad,
 do léiʒead Sʒmead, ʒoba, a' r Béih.

Cmoihéahh ná m-beahh, a' r Coih,
 dá mac do Bheazall an áiʒ;
 do léiʒ rjad Doóari a' r Doih,
 do léiʒ rjad Cioih azar ʒáih.

Do léiʒ rjad teaʒlac ná flaca,
 ʒo h-eólac ʒan taca rtaide;
 ná u-diaʒ do bhíʒ ná reʒe,
 do bádar uile lan d'fáʒail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Ɔob' ɨomɔa cêad az ɨiç aɨ fɨad,
 'ɨaɨ ɔ-tɨmçeeall ɨaɨ ɨɨab ba ðear ;
 báðaaɨ ɨa caçaa aɨ a ɨomç,
 ðá b-feɨçeeamɨ fá boɨb a ɔ-tɨear.

Ɔob' ɨomɔa çuç fɨad azaaɨ toɨc,
 aɨ aɨ ɨɨab ðaa çuɨc aɨ ç-feɨç ;
 aɨ ɨ-ɔul ɔo'ɨ çomaaɨɨc ɨð çaaɨçɨb,
 ba ɨðɨ çáɨçaa toɨc azaaɨ fɨad.

ɨɨ ðeaçaaɨ fɨad ɨomɨ ɨa ɨɨaaɨ,
 ɨa toɨc ɨð ɨɨab ðá ɨaaɨ beð ;
 ðɨob ɨaɨ uɨe ɨaç ɨaaɨ ɨaaɨb,
 o'ɨ ç-comaaɨɨc ɨɨɨ ɨð çaaɨb çleð.

Ɔo ɨaaɨbamaɨ ðeɨç ç-cêad fɨad aɨ aɨ ɨɨab,
 azaaɨ ðeɨç ç-cêad toɨc ;
 aɨ ç-comaaɨɨc aɨ ɨéad a b-feɨççee,
 ð'fáçbadaɨ ðeaɨç çaaç çomç.

ɨɨomɨ h-aɨɨmɨð eɨççee ɨa bɨomç,
 'ɨa ɨɨolçaa ð'aɨ çuɨc ɨaɨ ɨeɨçç ;
 çɨom çuɨ h-aɨɨmçeead ɨad az ɨɨomɨ,
 mðɨ, ðaaɨ ɨom, aɨ çuɨð ð'aɨ ɨeɨçç.

ɨɨaaðaaç ɨaomɨ ɨɨ mð ð'aɨ ɨaaɨbbað,
 a ç-cɨmçoç Banba aɨɨ çaaç çɨaaç ;
 a'ɨ ɨɨ ɨeaaɨ ɔo bɨ ɨem' ɨɨom,
 aɨ ç-feɨçç ɔo ɨçççee ɨɨomɨ aɨ ɨa.

Ɔaaɨ ɔo ɨomɨçeeamaɨ aɨ ç-feɨçç,
 çaaɨçamaɨ aɨ aaɨb ðá ɨomɨ ;
 çɨaaɨçççeeamɨ aɨ ç-ɨaaç çaaɨ ɨoçç.
 ð çaaç çomç a ɔ-tɨmçeeall ɨɨomɨ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do bĭ moĭny azar mōza az Soll,
 zĕ'ri b'ioh̄da laoc lohy ran b-Fĕhyh;
 o'ny t-rluaž ačt zĕ'ri mōri a nyol,
 ruari rĕ rĭh ar eažla fĕhy.

Roihytear ah t-reiž me Soll mear,
 nyori fāzbad fĕar dĭob žah dĭol;
 nyori dearmad duhye do'ny Fhĕhyh,
 ačt ě fĕhy a'ŕ myre dĭob.

Do čahar me Soll nari čim,
 a'ŕ ba aĭreac liom a riad;
 ah fač fō dearia, a Šhoil,
 mo dearmad fō moĭny tari čac.

Nyori čuĭbe do heac fō'ny nyriĕny,
 aĭŕŕ orim fĕhy fā'ny moĭny;
 ſr tmuaz ĩac b-fuilyh ad žari;
 a fĭri čōžbar ah fala nyhy.

D'fĕreazari Šobany mo čolž,
 tazma bohib ođ' bĭ az Soll;
 ah laoc fa maĭč riĕny a'ŕ čaĭl,
 do čuadbar ĩa dāĭl žo lohy.

Do tōžarĭ Fĭonyh mac ah loiy
 a dā ſleaž žo nyh azar ržiac;
 tĭž žo člyŕte tpe lāh ah t-rlōž,
 žuri žab mĕ žo luac ĩa lāim.

Čoiŕžead le Fĭonyh žo luac ar b-fearuž,
 do žab mo čuĭd do'ny t-realž ar fĕhy;
 nyori lāmyar fačla ĩa fĭoc,
 do čuĭri ſdri dĭŕ do'ny Fhĕhyh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do m^h r^had t^hinn^hte z^han lo^hct,
 zo c^hinn^hte a^h z^hac^h c^hnoc do^h'n t^h-r^hl^hab;
 a d^h-t^him^hceall F^hh^hinn ba c^hao^hm^h co^hip,
 d^h'fo^hlac^h r^had^h¹ a^hz^har t^horic.

Ma^h do c^hac^hama^h a^h t^h-r^heal^hz,
 na ca^hca^hib^h f^ho^h dea^hr^hz r^hnu^had;
 do t^hr^hiall^hama^h r^hanna F^hinn,
 o r^hl^hab T^hruim^h zo lo^hc^h C^huan.²

F^hua^hama^h r^har^h³ a^h a^h lo^hc,
 n^ho^hi r^ho^hca^hr^h d^hu^hinn^h a^h be^hic^h a^hnn;
 a^hz f^hea^hca^hinn^h d^hu^hinn^h 'na^h d^h-to^hct,
 ba m^ho^h 'na^h c^hnoc a^h c^hean^h.

A^h t^hua^hr^hz^hba^hl^h m^he a^h m^hola^hd,
 zo m^h-be^hic^h na z^hloim^hu^hr^h z^han d^hu^h;
 do t^holl^hfa^hd, z^he^h'm^h m^ho^hi a^h b^h-f^hrao^hc^h,
 ce^had lao^hc^h a^h la^hz a^h da^h r^hul.

F^ha m^ho^h na z^hac^h c^hma^hnn a^h z^h-co^hll,
 a f^hra^hcla do t^ho^hll z^hac^h z^hma^hnn;
 fa^h m^ho^h na co^hm^hla ca^ht^hru^hiz,
 clua^hra a^h a^hma^hic^h n^h'a^h n^h-da^hl.

J^hr r^had na o^hca^hr^h z^han ea^hr^hba^hid,
 a h^h-ra^hib^holl r^hea^hr^hna^hc^h m^he a^h d^hrom;
 ba ma^hna^hne a^h cu^hid ba c^hao^hle,
 na da^hnn d^hleann, no coll.

Ma^h do c^honna^hnn^h u^ha^hic^he a^h t^h-r^hlo^hz,
 d^h'ea^hr^h, a^h'r^h ba m^ho^hi a^h f^hrao^hc^h;
 b^hlad a^h m^hac^h M^ho^hna z^han o^hnn,
 n^ho^h co^hm^hna^hc^h co^hn a^hz^har lao^hc^h.

¹ Fo^hlac^h r^had, Fenian cooking pits according to Keating. When discovered they contain half-burnt stones and small bones.

² lo^hc^h C^huan, now the Lough of Strangford in the county of Down.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- O. **Փ' քաջքար արքա ար չա՛ն շին,**
 Արժ րա Յ-Կա՛տ՝ չօ ծայրն ր' արար ;
 և Բիլոն՝ ր արժ շարժ արժ քա՛ն,
 ոյ շար կրոն ծօ քա՛ն յ' րա ր-արար.
- Այ րոն ար քա՛ն ծ' քա՛ն արժ արժ,**
 և Բիլոն՝ ր արժ շարժ արժ շարժ ;
 շարժ արժ արժ շարժ շօ արժ,
 շին՝ կրոնար ծ' Բիլոն արժ ծօ քա՛ն.
- Պօ արժ Բիլոն, շին՝ քա՛ն արժ արժ,**
 րոն արժ քա՛ն արժ արժ արժ,
 ծօ արժ ծօ քա՛ն արժ արժ,
 արժ քա՛ն արժ արժ արժ.
- Շարժ արժ արժ արժ արժ,**
 րոն արժ արժ արժ արժ ;
 քա՛ն արժ արժ արժ արժ և արժ արժ,
 արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ.
- Շարժ արժ արժ արժ արժ,**
 արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ ;
 ծօ արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ ;
 արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ.
- Պօ արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ,**
 արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ ;
 ծօ արժ, շին՝ արժ արժ արժ արժ,
 արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ.
- Պօ արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ,**
 արժ արժ արժ արժ արժ ;
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1 Արժ րա Յ-Կա՛տ, i.e. the chief or king of the cats.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Doimur ar zác taob dá cóirp
do mhuicéad Fíonny 'nár b'ole méiuy;
zuir léiz amac zay fuiricéac,
zác ueac do fíoiuzeac do'ny F'héiuy.

Fíonny eial, ó'ny z-coimiac do mu,
d'fóir ahy ár na ríóž;
zuir fuarzaíl le tmeay a laime,
riuy le béim a žaie zo m-buad.

Do cóimiac ay F'hiany a'f é me céile,
móir ay tmeue dul dá córž;
do cóimlany, zé'u émuaró ay céim,
a'f n'joi fáoy zuir ržar a aham me cóirp !

Am éuyt do píarčiaib me Fíonny,
ny éuyrfeair a ruim zo b'iac;
a n-deairuad d'ázaró azar d'éacé,
a n-airuaim' hóc ar féad cáé.

Do máirib píart Loća Cuilny,¹
do éuyt le Mac Cúimáill zo mac;
a'f íl'píart Bheinye h-Éadaim,
a córž n'joi féadaó a z-caé.

Píart eyle Loća Cuilny,
do éuyt le Mac Cúimáill ay óir;
do máirib píart Loća Neacac,²
a'f Airiac Žhleayya ay Smóil.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

waters for a certain period, when it becomes a stone, and is used as such to sharpen razors therewith. An ancient tract on the wonders of Ireland, published by the Rev. Dr. Todd in his edition of the Irish version of Nennius's *Historia Britonum*, printed for the Irish Archæological Society, (pp. 194-95), verifies this opinion. It says: — “Loch n-Echach, 177 Δ Δ1781, c1782 Cui1783 do be1784 1785 1786 1787 1788 1789 1790 1791 1792 1793 1794 1795 1796 1797 1798 1799 1800 1801 1802 1803 1804 1805 1806 1807 1808 1809 1810 1811 1812 1813 1814 1815 1816 1817 1818 1819 1820 1821 1822 1823 1824 1825 1826 1827 1828 1829 1830 1831 1832 1833 1834 1835 1836 1837 1838 1839 1840 1841 1842 1843 1844 1845 1846 1847 1848 1849 1850 1851 1852 1853 1854 1855 1856 1857 1858 1859 1860 1861 1862 1863 1864 1865 1866 1867 1868 1869 1870 1871 1872 1873 1874 1875 1876 1877 1878 1879 1880 1881 1882 1883 1884 1885 1886 1887 1888 1889 1890 1891 1892 1893 1894 1895 1896 1897 1898 1899 1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929 1930 1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947 1948 1949 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958 1959 1960 1961 1962 1963 1964 1965 1966 1967 1968 1969 1970 1971 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O. The serpent of Eirne, though a blue one, fell by him,
 And the furious serpent of Lough Rea ;
 He slew, though stout their hearts,
 A serpent and cat in Ath Cliath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Do m̄aib, fá m̄or a tolad,
 Fuad íléibe Cuilinn¹ zé'ri borib;
 a' r̄ da péirt Zhilinne h-Ihnead,²
 do cúiteadair rin me a cól̄z.

Do m̄aib p̄iart Loča M̄eilze,³
 l̄or a ériene do l̄aim̄ Fhinn,
 a' r̄ íl̄p̄iart Loča Carr̄a,⁴
 a' r̄ Airm̄ac Loča Tnuim̄.

Do b̄j p̄iart ar̄ Loč M̄earza,⁵
 m̄or a éreaf ar̄ féar̄aib F̄ail;
 m̄aib é me a cól̄z buadac,
 zé'ri borib an t-ualach do các.

Ai Loč Laozairne⁶ zo cinn̄te,
 p̄iart do z̄h̄id̄ teine do b̄j;
 d'aim̄deoim̄ a b̄-fuaim̄ do fála,
 do d̄j̄c̄ceann̄ le a aim̄ í,

Fuad Dhim̄baoir⁷ l̄or a ériene,
 azaf Airm̄id⁸ íléibe an Chl̄aim̄;
 do m̄aib F̄ionn̄le M̄ac an Loim̄;
 zé'ri borib a h̄z̄oil a' r̄ a h̄z̄leó.

¹ Shab Cuilinn, *vide* p. 2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Fuač Loča Luřān¹ ʒīđ' dīān,
 le Fīonh² nā b-Fīān² do ēuř fē ;
 nī h-īnġřear ʒo bīoč buān ;
 ʒāč ar ēuř d'ān ar řluāʒ.

Do ēuř řīāř ar Bān² bīn,
 le lāīn Fhīn nā ʒ-coīlān ʒ-cīuāīđ,
 dob' īomđā ān n-đīč o nā ēřear,
 ʒuř clāoīđ ē le Fīonh řēīn.

SEJL ʒ SHLEJBĥE NA Ž-BAN.

Oīř. Lā dā n-deāčāīđ Fīonh nā b-Fīān,
 do řel ʒ ar řlāb nā m-bān řionh,³
 řīř mīle do māčīb nā b-Fīān,
 řul n-deāčāīđ ʒīān đř ar ʒ-cīonh.

Řāč. Oīřīn īř bīn hīom do ʒlōn,
 ā'ř beānāčř řōř le h-ānūūīn Fhīn ;
 īūūīř dūīn cā mēīđ řīāđ,
 do ēuř ar řlāb nā m-bān řīn.

¹ Loč Luřān, an old name for the bay of Galway.

² Bānā, a celebrated lake in the barony of Half-fore, county of Westmeath. There is also a river of that name in the county of Antrim, once celebrated for its salmon and eel fisheries ; it falls into Lough Neagh ; and another river in the barony of Scarawalsh, county of Wexford, celebrated by Mr. Ogle, about 1770, in the much admired song :—

“As down by Banna's banks I strayed,” &c.

³ Slāb nā m-bān řionh, literally, the mountain of the fair-haired women, a lofty mountain situate about four miles north east of the town of Clonmel in

O. The oppressive Spectre of Lough Lurgan,
 By Fionn of the Fianna it fell,
 It cannot be told till the day of doom
 The destruction it dealt among our hosts.

The serpent of the murmuring Bann fell,
 By the hand of Fionn of the stern conflicts,
 Great was our loss by its battles,
 Till he was vanquished by Fionn himself.

THE CHASE OF SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

OIS. ONE day that Fionn of the Fianna went
 To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
 With three thousand of his nobles,
 Before the sun shone above our head.

PAT. Oisin, melodious is thy voice to me,
 And a blessing attend the soul of Fionn,
 Tell us how many deer
 Fell on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn.

the county of Tipperary. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note appended to a very curious paper on the Fenian Traditions of this mountain, by Mr. John Dunne, the rural poet of Garryricken, and published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society for 1851, (p. 339), controverts the popular meaning of the term, and says that the name should be *ṛlṁḁḁ ḁḁ Ṽṁḁḁḁḁḁ*, or simply *ṛlṁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁ*; because *Ṽḁḁḁ Ṽṁḁḁḁḁḁ* (the plain of Feimheann) was co-extensive with the barony of Iffa and Offa East, which forms its northern boundary. The term "*Ṽṁḁḁḁḁḁ*" may very easily be corrupted, or changed into "*Ṽḁḁḁḁ*," (*fair*), but the popular and established name cannot be now easily eradicated.

P. Juhur dam moim̄ zác ržéal,
 a' r beahnac̄t ar do béal zay zō ;
 a m-bjod̄ éide oruib̄ ná arim̄,
 az dul do řelz zác aoy lō.

O. Do bj éide ormuuñ a' r arim̄,
 az dul do řelz luy mar̄ riy ;
 a' r nj bj řéyue djob dam dōjē,
 zay léyue řmōll a' r dá cōiy.

 Zay cozún a' r řjoda řéim̄,
 a' r lúmeac̄ b̄ar-žéar žloiy ;
 a' r cyyñ-bjue cloč-ōr̄da cōim̄,
 a' r dá řleaž a ŋ-dōjō zác řim̄.

 Zay ržjac̄ uajēne ar a m-bjod̄ buad̄,
 a' r lanñ c̄muajō ne ržojēžē c̄iy ;
 dá řjorēujē añ doñan̄ řō řeac̄,
 nj majb̄ neac̄ dob' řéarim̄ ná řiyñ.

 Jr é dob' oñjōe a' r dob' ajž,
 nj deac̄ajō laim̄ ōr a c̄iyñ ;
 az dul do čajr̄d̄jōl na ž-cuan̄ ŋžeal,
 zay řajc̄řyue ar řéarim̄ mar̄ řh̄iyñ.

 Cona de azarim̄ do čuad̄mar̄ řjarim̄,
 do řelz ar řljab̄ na m-ban̄ řiyñ,
 a řh̄adr̄ujz ! a čean̄ na ž-cljarim̄,
 dob' aluyñ žrijan̄_ōr ar ž-ciyñ.

 An̄ uarim̄ do řujžeal̄ řiyñ ar ž-cōiy,
 dob' jom̄da añojim̄ azur̄ a ŋjarim̄ ;
 žuē žad̄ar az dul řō'ñ ž-cñoc̄,
 az dúřeac̄t tořc̄ azur̄ řjad̄.

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

Without a *cotan*,¹ and fine silk,
 And a sharp-pointed polished spear,
 A golden-diademed helmet truly,
 And a pair of javelins in each man's hand.

Without a green shield endowed with powers,
 And a tempered lance to sever heads,
 If the whole world had been searched over,
 A better man than Fionn could not be found.

He was most liberal and valiant,
 No other man exceeded him ;
 In visiting the bright harbours,
 A man like Fionn was not to be found.

By his desire we went westward,
 To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
 O Patrick! Chief of Clerics,
 The sun shone brightly over our heads.

When Fionn arranged our hounds,
 Many came from the east and west to hear,
 The cry of dogs on entering the hill,
 Starting the wild boar and deer.

¹ *Cotan*, i.e., a little coat. The original was by mistake printed "cotúu."

O. Do bĭ Fĭonh fĕh azur Bĭan,
 na ruĭde real ar an rĭab;
 ʒac fear dĭob a h-ĭonad a rĕlʒ,
 ʒur ĕĭrĭʒ cealʒ na b-fĭad.

Do lĕʒeamar tĭĭ ĩĭle cú,
 do b'fearu lúĕ a' r do bĭ ʒaruʒ,
 do ĩaruʒ ʒac cú dĭob da fĭad,
 rul do curĭead ĭall na h-arʒ.

Do ĩaruʒamari rĕ ĩĭle fĭad,
 ĭr an hʒleann do bĭ ran t-rĭab;
 a h-ĕazmarĭ aĭʒ azur fearuʒ,
 hĭ dearuʒad realʒ mar ĭru ĩaru!

Dob' ĕ deĭread ar rĕlʒe fĭar,
 a Chlĕĭrĭʒ na ʒ-clĭar a' r na ʒ-cloʒ,
 deĭĕ ʒ-cĕad cú ʒona rĭabĭad dĭr,
 do ĕurĕ ĭh hĕoĭh ĩe cĕad torĕ.

Do ĕurĕadar ĭhĭh na torĭc,
 do ĩurĭna h-urĕ ar an leĭrʒ,
 ĩuna ĩ-beĭĕ ar ĭanna a' r ar ĭanna,
 do ĕurĕdĭr ar ar an b-fĕĭhĭh.

A Phadrĭuʒ na ĩ-bacal fĭar,
 hĭ faca ĩĕ fĭar na fĕĭr;
 rĕlʒ az fĭannarĭb Fĭhĭh,
 ĩe ĩo ĭhĭh ba ĩd na ĭru.

Aʒ ĭru rĕlʒ do ĩurĭ Fĭonh,
 a ĩĭc Alĭruĭhĭh na ĩ-bacal ĩ-blac;
 ʒaru ar ʒ-coĭleann 'ran hʒleann,
 Uĕ, a Phadrĭuʒ! ba ĩhĭh an ĭa!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEJLŶ ʒHUCʒ ʒRʒOJŶHEʒCHTʒ ʒONŶHUIS
ʒN BʒROŶHʒ.

O. EJSTĴDĴ! ʒʒrle b-feʒʒ b-Fʒʒl,
ʒʒ ćŴr dʒ d-tʒrʒʒʒ Ŷomʒbʒʒ;
Ŷo rʒoʒʒʒ dĴb Ŷʒʒ bʒʒʒ,
tʒćʒʒ Fhʒʒʒ ʒŶʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ.

Fleʒ dʒ comōʒʒ Ŷʒʒ ćʒʒʒ,
le ʒʒʒ ʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒ¹ dʒʒć-dʒʒʒ;
bʒʒćʒʒʒ rʒʒʒ dʒ h-ōl rʒʒʒ,
Ŷo bʒʒʒʒʒʒ ʒōʒʒ-Ŷʒʒʒ ʒʒ Bōʒʒʒʒ.²

Jr ē lʒʒ dʒ ćʒʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒ,
d'fʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒ-Ŷʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ;
ʒ ʒ-ēʒʒʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒ ʒ'ʒ ʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ,
dʒć dʒ-ćʒʒʒ tʒʒʒʒʒʒ d'Fhēʒʒʒʒʒ.

Bʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ b-Fhēʒʒʒʒ Ŷo ʒʒʒ,
bʒʒʒʒ ćʒʒʒ ćʒʒʒʒʒ dʒ Ŷ-ćŴʒʒʒʒ;
rʒōll dʒʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ Ŷʒʒ Ŷ-ćʒʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒ,
ʒŶ tʒʒʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ.

¹ ʒʒʒ ʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒ. This was Aenghus Og, a prince of the Tuatha de Danann race, and a reputed magician, who had his palace at ʒʒʒʒ ʒʒ ʒōʒʒʒʒʒ; and of whom the poet said:

‘ʒʒʒʒʒ ʒŶ ʒʒ ʒōʒʒʒʒ ʒʒʒʒʒʒʒ.’

Aenghus Og of the gentle Boyne.

THE CHASE OF THE ENCHANTED PIGS OF
AENGHUS AN BHROGHA.

O. HEARKEN ! ye nobles of the men of Fail,
To the cause from which arose the strife ;
Until I relate to you without falsehood,
The battle of Fionn and Aenghus.

A feast was prepared without guile,
By Mac-an-Dagha, of the red countenance ;
We were invited to partake of it,
To the bright mansion of the Boinn.

'Twas the number that went there
Of Erinn's Fianna of the polished arms ;
Besides Goll and Conan,
Ten hundred Finnian chieftains.

Green mantles the Fianna wore,
With fine purple cloaks protecting them ;
Scarlet satin the troops wore,
In the beautiful mansion of Aenghus.

* *Ḃriúg na Ḃóinne*, i.e., The Fortress of the Boyne ; now Stackallen, in the county of Meath ; here was the cemetery of the pagan kings of Ireland, and, it was here that Aenghus Og Mac an Dagha had his court.

O. Suidear Fionn 'ran m-bruijín m-brair,
 taobh ne taobh zlan Aonzair;
 rlán zo b-faca rúil mar riu,
 dír cómh maic leó ar talimuih.

Mar do suidead leó 'ran teac,
 dob' ionghad le coimhíctead,
 coimhíh óir ó lámh zo lámh,
 az luadaill na h-aonarán.

Do maic Aonzur do zuit mhóir arciú,
 do cúir riu tocb ar na fíir;
 ir fearir ah beata ro na reilz,
 ar Mac ah Daída dheicé-deimz.

Ir meara ah beata ro na reilz,
 do maic Mac Cúmaill lan d'feimz;
 zán cóir ahn na eic áilhe,
 zán cata, zán cómh záire.

Na coir riu a deimuir Fhionn,
 do beic azad féir zo zriuh;
 cmead fá h-abair tu ah zuit,
 a' r nac muirfidír aon mhuc.

Ní'l azadra féir, ar Fionn,
 na az rluaz Thuata Danann;
 muc dar iméiz ar talimuih eruih,
 nac muirfead Brian a' r Szeólaíuh.

Cuirfead cúzaibre muc mhóir,
 mairibeócar búir z-coir a z-céadóir;
 macar uair féir ar ah maiz,
 ó' h b-Féiruh azur ó na z-cohaib.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Ածնալիւ ըս շնն յորս արելչ,
 բաւտարիւ՝ աղ քրոջն իստալչ ;
 բլ ելիւ բլն ար քրոջն յորս,
 քրոջն յորս իստալչ ըս յորսն .

Ածնալիւ Բրոյն իս յա Բրոյնիս,
 ճառն իստալչ յորս քրոջն ;
 նի քրոջն յորս իստալչ ըս,
 նիս Բրոյն ըս Բրոյնիս,

Յարեալիս ար բլն բլն,
 քրոջն յորս իստալչ ըս յորսն ;
 նիս ըս յորս յորսն յորս յորսն,
 ար Յարեալիս յորսն յորսն .

Երկուսն ըստ յորս յորսն,
 քրոջն յորս ըս Բրոյնիս յորսն ;
 նիս ըս յորս յորսն յորս յորսն,
 նիս ըս յորսն յորսն յորսն .

Ար յորս ըս յորսն յորսն,
 և Յարեալիս ըս յորսն յորսն, [Երկուսն,⁵
 Յարեալիս ըս, Յարեալիս ըս, յորսն ըս յորսն
 նիս յորսն յորսն յորսն յորսն .

Յորսն յորսն յորսն յորսն,
 և Յարեալիս ըս յորսն յորսն ;
 նիս Յարեալիս ըս յորսն յորսն,
 նիս Յարեալիս ըս յորսն յորսն .

¹ Բաւտարիւ, a regulator, a steward, and in the modern acceptation of the term, a dairyman.

² Յարեալիս, see pp. 20-21.

³ Յարեալիս ըս or Երկուսն, a large tract of a well-cultivated district, lying about midway between the town of Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, and Clonmel in the county of Tipperary; and comprising the ancient parish of Sessanean, and formerly embracing the mountain of Knockmellown, on the summit of, the eccentric Eeles of Lismore, with his dogs and gun are interred. In the *Book of Rights*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan for the Celtic Society in 1847, (see p. 5), it is stated that one of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster was, "to pass over Sliabh Cua with [a band] of fifty, after pacifying the South of Eire."

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁴ СЛІАБЪ Ǿ-СРОТЪ, or more correctly Sliabh Crot, Mount Grud, principally lying in the Galtee Mountains, in the barony of Clanwilliam, county of Tipperary, having the name still preserved. There was a battle fought here in the year 1058 between Diarmuid Mac Mael-na-m-bo, and Donchadh the son of Brian. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. III., p. 148, n.

⁵ СЛІАБЪ СUIЛІНН, see pp. 2-3.

⁶ ЗИДЪ СОБА, i.e. the plain of Eochaidh Cobha, the ancestor of the tribe called Ui Eathach Cobha, who were settled in the present baronies of “ Upper and Lower Iveagh,” in the county of Down. See O’Flaherty’s *Ogygia*, part III. c. 78. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Ulster was :—“ To go into

O. An t-reilg do miznead an n-foin,
 le Bhac Cúmhall a h-Álmuin;
 do ba d'íteac Anzúr di,
 a' r do ba earbadaic rinne.

Cuirdear Anzúr teacra 'nár z-cionn,
 zo h-ard-flaic na b-*Fianh* b-foile-*fionn*;
 Bhac Cúmhall cé zuri n'óru moð,
 a z iarrmaid breicme do c'ómall.

Suiddear *Fionh* flaic na *Féinne*,
 ar an z-cnoc ór cionn an t-rléibe;
 ruidear an *Fhianh* azur a z-coin,
 ar an rliab an lá foin.

Suidimri féin ar an rliab,
 mar a maib *Fionh* flaic na b-*Fianh*;
 zac neac beic ar an rliab an aonar,
 flaic na b-*Fianh* zan n'ó baoszal.

Áhmonna con na *Féinne*,
 rloinnead d'ib zan élaon a z-céille;
 n'ó beaz dá z-conaib, dar liom,
 c'a a'ibbreac l'ib a n-áinnean.

Ádhuall am laimri féin,
 Bran a laim an f'ir zo r'zéim;
 azur *Szeólan* ran laim eile,
 a z Bhac Cúmhall *Álmuine*.

Magh Cobha in the month of March, (which probably was considered lucky), and drink of the water of Bo Neimhidh between two darknesses (twilight)."
 —*Book of Rights*, p. 7.

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

O. The chase which was then performed
 By Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin,
 Aenghus was beggared by,
 And we, too, suffered.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
 To the fair-haired chief of the Fianna ;
 Mac Cumhaill, though great his respect,
 Asking him to fulfil his pledge.

Fionn, the Finnian chieftain, rested
 On the hill above the mountain ;
 The Fianna and their hounds rested
 On the mountain on that day.

I myself on the mountain sat
 With Fionn, the chief of the Fianna ;
 Each person was on the mountain alone,
 The Fianna's chief was not in danger.

The names of the Finnian hounds
 I will relate to you without guile ;
 Too few were their hounds I say,
 Tho' alarming to you to count them.

Adhnuair was in my own hand,
 Bran was held by the graceful man,
 And Sgeolan in the other hand
 By Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin.

Mac Fearghusa Ceirbheoil (according to Keating), originally formed part of Connaught.—*Book of Rights*, pp. 20, 21, *n*.

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

⁹ Φιοηηαιρ. The editor cannot trace or identify this locality.

O. Abhlac a3 Oiriy mac Fhionn,
 a3ur Lonh a laim Bhrain b13 30 n3mhu;
 S3al caoile a3ur Luar 3an ahhoin,
 ar e3uar 1 laim Fhiodubain.

 Aimc3r teann a laim mh3 Sm3il,
 an Chordub a3 Ua Coimbinh;
 Meadair a'r Mearann a'r Mhaoih,
 a laim 3haira3 o Fhormaoil.

 Dordan Du3ac dob' ion3had,
 a laim Bh3inne na m-b3od3ad;
 Mac an Sm3il a'r Mro3lad teann,
 a laim Dh3ca3 3ac-3luinn.

 Eac3ac, a3 Diaimuid Donn,
 Mac an Tmuid a3 Or3ur oll;
 R3e Fada a3 Con3an 3o 3-ca3l;
 a3ur 3airmaid a3 Faolan.

 3airuid d3inne an tan roih,
 a3 cur 3e3ll ar an 3-cona3b;
 3o b-facama3i 'ran ma3 3hoih,
 t3e3d mh3-uac3m3i do mhca3b.

 Dob' ion3had ne F3oinh na b-F3ianh,
 3ac muc an doihde f3ad;
 aon mhuc mh3pa 3airb a l3e,
 f3a du3e 3 na 3ual 3abann.

 Fa doihde na fe3l-3m3h ruar,
 f3oinh3ad a leacan 'ra cluar;
 f3a ramuil ne mh3e a 3ac,
 f3oinh3ad a r3l 'ra fean mhala.

O. Ablach was held by Oisín the son of Fionn,
 And Lonn was held by Bran Beag the pleasant ;
 Sgal the slender and Luas without dread,
 Were firmly held by Feardubhan.

Airchis the stout in Mac Smoil's hand,
 And Cordubh was held by O'Corbhinn ;
 Meadhair and Mearan and Maoin
 In the hand of Garraidh from Formaoil.

Dordan Duthach the wonderful,
 In the hand of Beinne the spiteful ;
 Mac-an-Smoil and Drothladh the strong
 In the hand of Duthaigh the well-looking.

Eachtach was held by Diarmuid Donn,
 Mac-an-Truim was held by the great Osgur ;
 Rith Fada was held by hungry Conan,
 And Garraidh was held by Faolan.

Not long were we then,
 Betting on our hounds,
 Until we saw on the eastern plain
 A large herd of horrible pigs.

Fionn of the Fianna was amazed
 At seeing each pig as tall as a deer ;
 One pig before them of boisterous mien,
 Blacker was she than smith's coals.

Longer than an erect mast,
 Were the bristles of her face and ears ;
 Like that of a brake was the colour
 Of the hair of her eyelids and old brow.

O. Lēizimre a d-taob̄ na leimze,
 Aðhuaill a d-túr̄ na reilze ;
 do m̄arb̄ aḡ c̄eab̄ m̄uc̄ zaȳ c̄lejet̄,
 zē'ri l̄ionm̄ar̄ coyn̄ na F̄eivne.

Aðhuaill do m̄arb̄ aḡ m̄uc̄ m̄ōir̄,
 do c̄rēab̄ Aon̄z̄uir̄ a z̄-cēab̄dōir̄ ;
 ó royn̄ ir̄ tuiz̄tē duir̄ a lejet̄,
 at̄a Z̄leann̄ na c̄eab̄ m̄uc̄e.¹

B̄uir̄ear̄ B̄ran̄ a h̄-iall̄ zō f̄ior̄,
 r̄íublar̄ r̄í ar̄ laim̄ aḡ r̄í̄z̄ ;
 na m̄ucā f̄ā m̄ōir̄ m̄ime,
 do z̄ab̄rad̄ d̄ā c̄ōim̄z̄lejet̄e.

Aen. T̄ruaz̄ royn̄, a B̄h̄raim̄ buad̄aiz̄ b̄iyn̄,
 a m̄ic̄ F̄hearr̄z̄urā f̄oilē f̄iyn̄ ;
 duir̄r̄ī nōc̄ā z̄h̄jōm̄ f̄ear̄b̄ā,
 mō m̄acr̄ā dō lan̄-m̄ar̄b̄ad̄.

O. M̄ar̄ dō c̄ualaj̄d̄ B̄ran̄ aḡ z̄uē,
 dō c̄laōc̄lad̄ ā c̄iall̄ 'rā cr̄uē ;
 z̄ab̄ad̄ r̄í ar̄ b̄r̄á̄z̄aj̄d̄ aḡ m̄uc̄,
 az̄ur̄ t̄ōz̄bar̄ aḡ c̄ruaj̄d̄ c̄uj̄d̄.

Z̄abur̄ r̄í aḡ m̄uc̄ ar̄ b̄r̄á̄z̄aj̄d̄,
 aḡ z̄r̄eim̄ r̄iȳ bā z̄r̄eim̄ n̄ám̄aj̄d̄ ;
 n̄jōr̄ l̄ēiz̄ aḡ m̄uc̄ ā z̄ab̄āil̄,
 a' r̄ dō c̄oim̄z̄ib̄ ā z̄ear̄m̄ aḡāil̄.

M̄unā n̄-dēar̄mā B̄ran̄ zō b̄r̄á̄j̄t̄,
 dō z̄h̄jōm̄ n̄ō̄ z̄āir̄zē nā dēad̄aiz̄ ;
 āc̄t̄ aḡ m̄uc̄ r̄iȳ ar̄ aḡ m̄aiz̄,
 dō nā F̄ian̄n̄aj̄b̄ dō c̄oim̄z̄m̄āil̄.

¹ Z̄leann̄ nā C̄eab̄ M̄h̄uc̄e, *The Valley of the First Pig*. This must be the celebrated valley of the Black Pig in Ulster, concerning which there are so many curious old legends current among the peasantry.

O. I sent forth to one side of the plain
 Adhnuaille in front of the chase ;
 She killed the first pig without doubt,
 Though numerous were the hounds of the Fianna.

Adhnuaille killed the first pig,
 Of the herd of Aenghus instantly ;
 From this fact you must know,
 That Gleann-na-cead-mhuice is so called.

Bran broke forth from her leash,
 And left the hands of the king ;
 The pigs, though great their speed,
 Were captured in the conflict.

ABN. Woe it is, O victorious sweet Bran¹,
 O son of Fergus the fair-haired ;
 To you it is not a manly deed
 To kill my own son.

O. As Bran heard the voice,
 Her sagacity and appearance changed ;
 She takes the pig by the neck,
 And assumes the difficult task.

She takes the pig by the neck,
 That hold was the hold of a foe ;
 She did not suffer the pig to escape,
 And never became breathless.

If Bran never performed
 A feat of valour after that,
 But that pig upon the plain,
 To hold for the Fianna.

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

O. Ḷḑ'ṛ ṛḑṛ ṛḑ ḑḑ-Ḷḑḑḑṛ ḑḑ ṛḑḑḑḑ,¹
 ḑḑ ṛḑḑ ḑḑḑ ṛḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ;
 ḑḑ ṛḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑṛ ṛḑḑ ḑ'ṛ ḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ.

Ḷḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ṛḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ;
 ḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ,²
 ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

ḑḑ ṛḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑ ṛḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑ Ḷḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑ'ṛ ḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ;
 ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

Ba ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑ ṛḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ṛḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ;
 ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ṛḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑ'ṛ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ;
 ḑ'ṛ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑ'ṛ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑ'ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ;
 ṛḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.

¹ In a copy in the Rev. James Goodman's extensive collection of Irish MSS., this stanza runs thus:—

“Ḷḑ'ṛ ṛḑṛ ṛḑ ḑḑ-Ḷḑḑḑṛ ḑ ḑḑḑḑḑ
 ḑḑḑ ṛḑḑḑ ṛḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ;
 ḑḑ ṛḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ṛḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ,
 ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑ ḑḑḑḑḑḑḑḑ.”

O. Though the herd appeared large to Aenghus,
 There was not one pig escaped unhurt ;
 There were but a hundred and one pigs there
 Towards evening without being dead.

The Fianna were then counted,
 All that came from the east and west ;
 Besides guides and hounds,
 There were ten hundred chieftains wanting.

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

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

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

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

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

² In the Goodman collection—

" 21 η-6α5μ117 5ηο11 Δ'7 CηοηΔ1η,"
 In the absence of Goll and Conan.

O. ՏԵՂԵՑ Ծ-ՏԵՂԵՑ ԶԱՇ ԿԱՇԱ ԾՅՈՅ,
 յԱՐ ԾՈ ԾՐԾԱՅԶ ԾՆՅՆՆ ԱՆ ՐԻԶ ;
 ԾԱ Ն-ԱՅՐՈՅՆՆ ՅԱԾ ԱՅԼԵ ԾԱՐԵ,
 յՈՇ ԱՐ ԼՈՅՐՇԵԱՄԱՐ ԼՈՆ ՆՅԱՇ.

ԵՄԵՅԶԵԱՐ ԵՐԱՆ ԱՅՆՆ ԱՄԱՇ,
 ՅՈ Կ-ԱՇԼԱՆՆ Ա՛Ր ՅՈ Կ-ԵՇԼԱՇ ;
 ԾՈ ԵՅՐԻ ԵՐԻ ԵՐԱՅՆ ՆԵ ՆԱ ԵՐՈՅ,
 ՆԻ ԲԵԱՐ ԵԱ ԿՈՅԼԼ_Ո Ծ-ԵՅՅԱԾ.

ԾՈ ԿՅՐԵԱԾ ՆԱ ԵՐԱՅՆ ԲԱՆ ԵՂԵՆԵ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԼԱՐ ԲԻԱԾ յԱՐ ԱՆ Յ-ԵՐԱՆՅՅԼԼ ;
 ԾՈ ԼՈՅՐՇԵԱԾ ՆԱ յՄԱՇԱ ԾԵ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ԿՅՐԵԱԾ Ա ԼԱՅԻՇ ՆԵ ԲԱՅՐՅԵ.

ԾՈ ՐԱԻԾ ՕՐՐԻՆ ԾՈ ԶՅԵՆ ՆՈՐ,
 ՆԵ ՊԻԱՇ ԿՆՆԱՅԼԼ Ա՛Ր ՆԵ ՆԱ ԻՆՈՅ ;
 ԾԵԱՆԱԻԾ ԵՇԼԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՆ յ-ԵՐՈՅ,
 Ա՛Ր ԾՅՈԼԱՆՆ ԱՐ ԱՐ յԱՅՆԵՐԵ.

ԶԱՇ ԲՈՅՅԵ ԾԱ Ն-ԾԵԱՇԱՄԱՅՐ ԾՈՅԻՆ,
 ԾԱ Ե-ԲԵԱՐԱՅԻՆ յՈՐԱ Ա՛Ր ԾԱ յՆԱՅԻՆ ;
 ԾՈ ԵՐՐԵՅԶԵ ՅԱԾ ՅՈ ԵՅՆԵ,
 Ա Ե-ԲՐՈՅՅԵՆՆ ՆԱ ԲՅՈՐՍԱՄԵՅՆԵ.

ԶԱՅՐ ԿՈՆ Ա՛Ր_ԵԻԱՆ Ա՛Ր_ԾԱՅՐԵ,
 Ա՛Ր յԱՇԱՅՆՆ ԱՅ ԵԱՅՇԱՅՐԵ ;
 ՆԻ ԿԱԼԱՅԾ_ԵԱՆ ԵՄԱՅԻ ՆԱ ԵԱՐ,
 ԼՈՆ ԼԱ ԵԱ ԲԱՅՆՆԵ յՄԵՆԵԱՇԸ.

ԿՅՐԵԱՐ ՊՈՅՅՐ ԵԱՇԸԱ ՆԱՐ Յ-ԵՅՆՆ,
 յԱՐ Ա ՐԱՅԻ ԱՆ ԲԼԱՅԻ ԲԵՅՆՆԵ ԲՅՈՆՆ ;
 Ծ՛ԲՅՐԱՅԼ ԼՈՆ ՆԻ ԱՐ ԲԼԱՅԻ ԲԱՅԼ,
 ՆԱՇ յՅԼԼԲԵԱԾ Ա յՅԱՅՆԵՐԻ Ա Յ-ԵԱԾԱՅԻ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. Noča ԴԱՐՅՈՒ ԲՈՅ ՆՅ ՕՐԵ,
 Ե ԱՅՆՅԱՐ ԻՐ ԸՈՐՈՒՆԵ ԸՈՐԻ ;
 ԲԵԱԾ ԵԿԻՐ ԲՈՅ ԵՂՅ ԷԻՐԱ ՆԱ ԷՈՐԻ,
 ԱԾ ԵՐՈՅՆ ՊՈՐԻ ՇԱՆ ԼՈՐՇԱԾ.

ՇՅՈԾ Կ-ՕԼԸ ԼԵԱՏ ԾՈ ՊԱՅՆԵՐԻ ՊՅՆ,
 Ե ՔԻՅՆՆ ! Ե ԱԷԱՐԻ ՕՐԻՂՆ ;
 ԸՈՆՇԵԱԻԾ ԾՈ ԸԵԵԱԻԾ Ա՛Ր ԾՈ ՐՄԱԸՏ,
 ԾՈՂՇԵ ԾԱՊՐԱ ՄՈ ԾԵԱՇ-ՊԱԸ.

ԱՆ ՊԱԸ ՊՈՐԻ ԾՈ ԵՂ ԲԱՆ ՄԱՇ,
 ՊՈՊԱԾՐԱ ՇԱՆ ԻՄԱՐ ԶՆԱԷ ;
 ԾՈ ԵՐՊՄ ԵՐԱԷԱՐ ԱՅՈՐ,
 ՇԱՐԱԵ Ե ԾԵԱՇ-ՊԱԸ ԱՅՆՅԱՐ.

ԾՈ ԵՐՊՄ ԵՐԱԷԱՐ ԵՂԸ,
 Ե ԱՅԻԸ ԸՆՊԱՂԼ ԱԼՊԱՅՆԵ ;
 ՆԱԸ ԵԾՈ ԱՅՈՇՏ ԾՈ՛Ն ԸՅՆԵ,
 ՆԵԱԸ ԾԱՐ ԱԵ ԷՍ ԱՐԾ ՊՅՅ.

ԾՈ ԷՍԻՐ ՄԱԸ ՊՅՅ ՄԱՐԱ ԲԵԱՆՇ,
 Ա՛Ր ՄԱԸ ՊՅՅ ՄԱՐԱ ԲԱՅԼԵԱՆՆ ;
 ԼԵԱՏ Ա՛Ր ՄԱԸ ԱՅՆՅԱՐԱ ԱՅՆ,
 Ա՛Ր ԱՅԱԸ ԵԼԵՐԸ ՊԵՐԸ ԱՅԱՆԱՆՆԱՅՆ.

ՏԵԱԸՏ Ե-ԲԻԷՇԻԾ ՄԱԸ ԲԱ ՇՆԱՅԻ,
 ԾՈ ՊՅՆՆ ՄԱԸ ՊՅՅ ԼԵ ՊՅՅՅ-ՊՆԱՅԻ ;
 ԾՈ ԷՍԻՐ ԼԵԱՏ Ա՛Ր ԼԵԾ՝ ՔԵՅՅՆՆ ԸԱԼՄԱ,
 ԱՐ ԱՆ ԲԼԱԵ ԶՈ Կ-ԱԼԼՊՆՆԻԾԱ.

ԱՅՊԱՆԵՐԻ ՇԼԱՆ ՄՈ ԵՐՈՇԱ ԵՅՆՆ,
 ԵՂ ՊՅՐՊՆ ԾՈ ԸՈՆԱԻԵ ԲԱ՛Ն ՆՇԼՅՆՆ ;
 ԾՈ ՊՂԼ ՄՈ ԵՐՅՅ Ա՛Ր ՄՈ ՊՈԾ,
 Ե Շ-ԸԵՅՆ ԾՈՅԵ ԲԵՅՆ ԾԱ ԼՈՐՇԱԾ.

- O. "I require no presents from thee,
O Aenghus of the slender body,
Whilst there is a room north or east
In thy great mansion without being burned."
- "Though much thou think of thy gentle people,
O Fionn! father of Oisin,
Maintain thy sway and thy rule,
Sorrowful to me is my good son."
- "The large pig which was on the plain
Before thee as was unusual,
I now pledge my word
That it was the good son of Aenghus."
- "I make another vow
To Mac Cumhail of Almhuin;
That this night there will not be alive
One over whom you are chief king."
- "The son of the king of the narrow sea,
And the son of the king of the sea of gulls,
Fell by you with the son of noble Aenghus,
And the son of Ilbhric the son of Manannan."
- "Seven score well-featured sons
The offering of a prince and princess,
Fell by you and your mighty Fianna
On the mountain barbarously."
- "The fine people of my sweet mansion
Were before thy hounds in the glen;
My strength decayed and my honour,
They being burned far away."

O. Seac̄t m-bliad̄na a m-briuj̄n b̄n̄n,
 tu am̄ t̄iǰ̄r̄i ad aler̄uim̄ ;
 n̄j̄om̄ ř̄aōleara ř̄or̄ zo beac̄t,
 zo muir̄b̄reara mo deaǰ̄-n̄ac.

Truaǰ̄ duir̄, a Bhr̄ain̄ buadaǰ̄ b̄n̄n,
 a n̄ic̄ ř̄hearǰ̄ura ř̄oile ř̄n̄n ;
 na dear̄n̄ar̄ ħ̄n̄j̄om̄ molta,
 nar̄ do n̄ar̄bar̄ do c̄om̄-dalta.

Tr̄iuc̄a c̄eac̄ d̄ur̄c̄e az̄ t-ac̄air̄,
 īoir̄ c̄oill̄ az̄ar̄ ac̄air̄d̄ ;
 ba cur̄n̄ne med'̄ nae duir̄,
 tu beir̄ ad c̄ean̄n ar̄ c̄on̄air̄t.

Ū̄alleōcam̄ t̄ura, a Bhr̄ain̄,
 reaćā ħ̄ac̄ c̄oin̄ ar̄ tal̄n̄ain̄ ;
 con̄ nac̄ ř̄air̄ceac̄ do ř̄ú̄l̄ de,
 aon̄ ř̄iac̄ n̄uir̄cear̄ tu c̄oir̄c̄e.

Da mall̄uǰ̄id̄-r̄i ř̄ein̄ B̄rain̄,
 mo c̄oilean̄ ħ̄ar̄da ħ̄lan̄ ;
 n̄j̄ beir̄ ř̄iar̄ na ř̄oim̄ aon̄ t̄iǰ̄,
 ad b̄riuj̄n̄ n̄ōim̄ ħ̄an̄ lor̄ħ̄ad̄.

Cuir̄ceac̄ c̄rain̄n̄ a'ř̄ cloća,
 ad h-ac̄air̄d̄ a d-túr̄ ħ̄ac̄ caćā ;
 a'ř̄ muir̄ce m̄e t-ř̄ain̄n̄ uile,
 o n̄ac̄ ř̄iǰ̄ zo mō̄ duir̄ne.

ř̄eac̄ac̄ad̄ or̄uib̄ t̄r̄e m'ř̄ain̄ne,
 ar̄ Ū̄nac̄ C̄ú̄n̄air̄ll̄ zo n-ain̄ne ;
 a'ř̄ b̄iac̄ a ř̄ior̄ az̄am̄ a ř̄ir̄,
 c̄a l̄ion̄nar̄ do b̄ur̄ ħ̄-caćāib̄.

- O. "Seven years in a sweet mansion
 Thou wert in my house nursing ;
 I never yet imagined
 That thou wouldst kill my good son."
- "Sad it is to thee, sweet, victorious Bran,
 O son of Fergus of the fair hair,
 That thou didst not perform some praiseworthy deed
 Before thou slew thy foster-brother."
- "Thirty territories thy father has
 Between woods and plains ;
 Thou shalt remember for thy day
 Being chief over hounds."
- "I will curse thee, Bran,
 Above all hounds in the land ;
 So that thine eye shall not see
 Any deer thou shalt ever kill."
- "If thou curse Bran,
 My active, intelligent dog,
 There will not be east or west a room left
 In thy large mansion without being burned."
- "I will place trees and stones
 Before thee in each battle ;
 And I will slay all thy Fianna,
 Down from the king's son to the humblest man."
- "I will gaze at ye through my ring,
 On Mac Cumhail the excellent ;
 And I shall know, O man,
 The strength of thy battalions."

O. Cōma dīb mairēam eadmaib fēn,
do māb Oirīn, fear zo z-céll ;
déanaib altram zac fīr an,
a' r iocad ar n-eineaclann.¹

Rōjne zeal an zoēa žriņn,
dob' ē rīn deaz-mac Fhīn ;
dob' ē túr a rīte an,
a ēabairt d'Alonžur ar altram.

Deazmac Alonžur zo m-brīz,
tuzad rīn ar lāim an rīz ;
ō foīn a lejt dōib abur,
atā an t-altram falcannur.

Truaž lom Eocāib na h-Aoibe ;
do ēurim a d-tiž Fhormaoile ;
zo nac biad aca cabairt Eocāda,
až rluaž āžmar Alonžura.

Jr mē Caoilte mac Ronaīn ruad,
truaž m'fuirneac d'ēir an t-rluaž ;
a' r nac mairneac fīanna Fhīn,
dam dā n-dēir nī h-aoibīn.

Jr mē Caoilte mac Ronaīn cōim,
truaž m'fuirneac tairēir an t-rlōiž ;
tēanna mo lūt a' r mo neart,
fada lom bejt dā n-ēirteact.

- O. " Better for you settle among yourselves,"
 Said Oisin, a wise man ;
 " Let each perform mutual fosterage,
 And pay our honor-fines."

Bright Roighne of the agreeable voice,
 He was the good son of Fionn ;
 The commencement of peace was,
 To give him to Aenghus.

The good lively son of Aenghus
 Was given in charge to the Finnian king ;
 From that time until now
 The enmity has ceased.

Sad it is to me that Eochaidh of Aoibh
 Fell in the house of Formaoil ;
 That they may not have the aid of Eochaidh,
 The happy hosts of Aenghus.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the red,
 Painful is my staying after the hosts ;
 And that the Fianna of Fionn don't live,
 After them to me it is not joyful.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the Just,
 Pity I remained after the host ;
 My strength and agility have failed,
 Long time it is to me to be hearing of them.

SEJL3 NA FÉJNNE OS CJONN LOCHA DEJR3.

Orr. **A PHÁDRUJ3** mhóir, a mhic Caláruir,
 an z-cualaid tú fíanna Fhionn ;
 a3 éiríze ór cionn loca Deiriz,¹
 mar aon a' r cac a z-cóir-féilz ?

Piart do bí ar loc an t-rléibe,
 le'ru cuimead ar na Féinne ;
 ríche céad nō nī bur mō,
 dá d-tuz bār an aon lō.

Ozlae marc do bí a3 Fionn,
 Jurrim duit a Thailzionn ;²
 Ablach an Orr, mac rí3 Tréaz,
 do tuizead zlóir ó zac péirt.

A d-tuizéide an nī deir an péirt,
 do maí3 Ablach, rir an b-Féinn ;
 caozad eac nō nī bur mō,
 do cúir cúzai3e zac aon lō.

¹ Loc Deiriz, *Lough Derg*. This celebrated lake is situated in the parish of Templecarne, in the barony of Tirhugh, county of Donegal, and province of Ulster. It is studded with picturesque Islands, of which the chief are, Saint's Island, or St. Fintan's Island, named from the founder of a monastery erected there ; of which some remains are still to be seen ; Turrus, or Station Island, so called from its being the resort of pilgrims.

THE FINNIAN HUNT ON THE BORDERS OF
LOUGH DERG.

OIS. O MIGHTY Patrick, the son of Calphruinn,
Hast thou heard of the Fianna of Fionn ;
Mustering over Lough Derg,
And myself with them in the chase?

A serpent there was in the Lough of the mountain,
Which caused the slaughter of the Fianna ;
Twenty hundred or more
It put to death in one day.

A valiant youth who lived with Fionn,
I tell thee, O Tailgin ;
Ablach the Golden, the son of the king of Greece,
Who understood every serpent's speech.

“ Know ye what the serpent saith,”
Ablach said to the Fianna ;
“ Fifty steeds or more,
To send to it [to eat] every day.”

² *Ṭaḡlṡṡṡṡ*, i.e. *The Tonsured*, translated by Colgan, *circulo tonsus in capite* ; but Dr. O'Brien (see *Irish Dictionary*, voce *TAILGEAN*, *Paris ed.*, 1768), erroneously supposes the term to mean a holy offspring, a name, he believes, to have been given to St Patrick by the Druids before his arrival in Ireland. The term is sometimes met in Ossianic Poetry, when St. Patrick's name is introduced, which fact would lead one to suppose that these compositions in their original form were coeval with St. Patrick's arrival, or immediately after.

- O. **J**uuyr di zo b-faʒaɪð rí rɪn,
 a Ablajch an énoča ʒɪl ;
 ɪr feáɪrɪ rɪn nà aon laoç lonn,
 do cúɪɪm leɪr a ʒ-comlonn.
- A**n þíarɪ an oɪðce rɪn ʒan bɪað,
 codla nʒon éɪonɪʒaɪn an Fhɪanɪn ;
 an d-teaçt nà maɪðne zo moç,
 do cúɪɪ anfeað nʒon an an loç.
- D**o bʒoðʒ an þíarɪ an an d-ɪnàɪʒ,
 do léɪʒeadaɪn an Fhɪanɪn ɪrom-ʒaɪɪ ;
 dob' ɪomða feaɪ aʒ bɪɪfeað a cɪnn,
 ne h-ɪomað laoçɪnà nà ɪɪmçeall.
- S**ul do éaɪnɪʒ meððan do'ɪ ló,
 ba lɪa an maɪɪnð nà an m-beoç ;
 ba ɪaɪnɪl le ɪluaʒ Cɪlle,¹
 uɪɪfearbad an nʒlan laoçɪnàɪð.
- D**o ɪloɪʒeað léɪ mac nɪʒ ʒɪeáʒ,
 aʒur Oɪɪɪn cɪa mʒon an béað ;
 do ɪloɪʒeað léɪ zo beaçt,
 fean aʒur céað a n-aonɪfeaçt.
- N**ʒon ɪloɪʒeað ʒac Cúmaɪll léɪ,
 'nà an nʒeɪð bɪ 'muɪʒ da Fhèɪnn ;
 a'ɪ nɪ nàɪð dʒob ʒan dul éarɪ,
 açt beaʒan ne h-uçt ɪmçeaçt.
- D**o ɪloɪʒeað Daolʒur a'ɪ ʒoll,
 a'ɪ Fɪonɪ nɪc Roɪa nà ʒ-comlonn,
 a'ɪ Conán maol, ɪʒéal nàɪ nʒarɪ,
 Déɪð ʒheal, a'ɪ ɪɪeáɪn ʒʒon.

¹ Sluaʒ Cɪlle, i.e. a fairy host, or aerial beings, who are generally supposed to be sometimes visible. In our Second Vol. (see pp. 95-96, 97-98), will be found a very curious poem addressed to these gentry by William Cotter the

- O. "Tell her she will get that,
 O Ablach of the fair skin ;
 'Tis better do so than that one hero
 Should fall by it in conflict."

That night the serpent had no food,
 The Fianna dare not take repose ;
 On the approach of early dawn
 It sent a terrible storm on the lake.

The serpent sprang upon the strand,
 And the Fianna gave a tremendous shout ;
 Many a man advanced to break its head
 From among those that did surround it.

Before it reached midday
 Our dead were more than our living ;
 More numerous than the host of a churchyard
 Was the loss of our fine heroes.

It swallowed the king of Greece's son,
 And Oisin, though great the deed ;
 It swallowed most certainly
 A hundred and one [men] at once.

Mac Cumhail was not swallowed by it,
 Nor all that were abroad of his Fianna ;
 And there was not of them besides
 But few left to depart.

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

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

O. Tuḡ Fionn an ríe ppar,¹
 zabar an péirte ar alt ;
 azur tuḡ cori zo dian di,
 zuri cúiri a cliaḃ a nárude.

Ḃarí cónnarc Dáire mac Fhionn,
 an ríḡ-féinne cionn a z-cionn,
 tuḡ léim a m-béal na péirte,
 dob' é ríu an ríe áizméile.

Ar u-dul do Dháire na cliaḃ,
 ir anu do cúimne ar a rḡian ;²
 do ríu ríḡ do féin amac,
 dob' é ríu an corḡairi ionḡanac.

Do cúiri fé airde do'n b-Féinn,
 Oirín azur mac ríḡ Ḣréas ;
 zḡion ba beḡ na ríu,
 anan duine do cúalaḡ.

Ar dá céad táirḡ amac,
 do bádar zay folc³ zay éadac ;
 maḡe do céannarḡ na Féinne,⁴
 a b-fuarri ríad a rían a u-Éiríu.

Turur Chonáir marí nárí cḡiri,
 a m-brioinn an beacádaḡ nḡ nḡiri,
 marí nac maḡ zruaḡ ar a céann,
 nḡori fáu leazab⁵ ar a cloḡeann.⁶

¹ Síc ppar, i.e. a sudden jerk, a nimble bound, a spring, &c.

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

³ Folc, i.e. locks of hair.

⁴ Maḡe do céannarḡ. Here Oisín intimates that all the favours obtained by the Fianna from the Irish princes were dearly purchased by their blood.

O. Fionn made a sudden spring,
 And took the serpent by the neck ;
 And he gave it a violent twist.
 Till he turned its belly upwards.

As Daire the son of Fionn saw
 The Finnian king thus engaged,
 He sprang into the monster's mouth—
 That was the noble bound.

On Daire's entering its body,
 'Twas then he bethought of his *sgian* ;
 He opened a passage for himself out—
 That was the wonderful cleaving.

He rescued from her of the Fianna,
 Oisin and the king of Greece's son ;
 A more heroic deed than that
 Seldom men have heard.

The two hundred who came out,
 Were bald and naked ;
 Dearly did the Fianna purchase
 All they ever received in Eirinn.

The visit of Conan which was not just,
 Into the body of the great monster ;
 Because there was no hair on his head,
 A patch of skin remained not on his skull.

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

⁶ *Clotgeann*, i.e. a skull or human head ; from *clot*, a bell, and *ceann*, a head ; viz. *clot-ceann*, or *cloigeann*.

O. Բլօղղ-լօճա Փայլոց բա հ-ալոյմ,
 Ծօ'ղ Լօճ ար Ծ-ւր, Ե ճօրն Շիկիլլիւ;
 Ծ'բան Լօճ Փարոց ար մե՛ ԵԵԾ,
 Օ ար յա Բէրոյն ան ան Լօ,

Երի Լա, Ե'ր մի, Ե'ր Ելիճարո,
 Ծօ Եի Լօճ Փարոց բօ ճիւղարո,
 Օ Լօ մարեճա Բէրոյն Բիլոյն,
 Ե Ելլոյմ յոտ, Ե Եիւլիլլո.

Եր մե՛ ԵՅ Եանլան Ե յ-ճիւլիլ յա Ե-Բլանո,
 Ե Քիւրիւլլոց! ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ Երիւլլո;
 ան բՅԵԵԵ Երո ճ'րոյրոյն ճիլ,
 յոյնճա ԵԵԵԵԵ Ծօ ԵԵԵԵԵԵ.

Ե Ա Շ Ե Ր Ա Ղ Ա Ն Ա Պ Ա Փ Ա Յ Ն Ա Յ Ի Ր .

ՓՕ ԵԵԵԵԵ ԵՅԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ Երիւլլո,
 ար ճիւղիլլո¹ ԵԵ ԵՅԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ;
 ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ,
 Ծ'ար ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ ան Ե-ԱԵԵԵԵԵ ԱԵԵԵ.²

ԵրիւլլոճԵԵԵ ան ճօրարո Ծօ ճԵԵ ԵԵ,
 ան ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵԵ Երիւլլոճ Ե'ր Ծօ Եի ԵԵԵԵ;
 յի ԼԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ Ե ԵՅԵԵԵԵ 'ԵԵ Լանո,
 ԵԵԵ ԼԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ Ե ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵԵ ԵԵ ԵԵԵԵԵ.

¹ Օրոյն, an oaf.

² ԱԵԵԵԵԵ ԱԵԵԵ, *literally*, a big fool, an oaf. a simpleton, an idiot, or one

O. Fionn-loch Dearg was the name
 Of this Lake, in the beginning, O Just Cleric ;
 But Lough Dearg remained since that time,
 From the slaughter of the Fianna on that day.

Three days, a month, and a year
 Lough Dearg was covered with mists ;
 Since the day of the slaughter of the Fianna of Fionn,
 I tell thee, O Tailgin.

I am pining after the Fianna,
 O Patrick ! who formed every sun ;
 This tale which I relate to thee
 Was heard by many a man.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AMADAN MOR.

I HEARD a dreadful tale, no doubt,
 Regarding a Simpleton whom hosts obeyed ;
 A courageous man, on whom arms did not redden,
 Whose name was the Amadan Mor.

The kingdoms of the world he subdued,
 He who was not weak but fierce ;
 Not by the might of his shield or lance,
 But by the strength of his limbs and hands.

incapable of managing his affairs. The poem is not strictly speaking Ossianic, but belongs to the ballad class, and is very popular among the peasantry.

ԼՈՒ ԵՎ ՅՈՒՆԻՍԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԵՆԻՆԻ ՊՈՒՐ,
 ՅՈ ՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԼՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻ;
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 ԵՎ ՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ:

ՏՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ,
 ՅՈ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ;
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 ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ;
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ՏՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ՈՒՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ,
 ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ;
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 ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ:

ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ,
 ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ;
 ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ,
 ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ ԵՎ ԵՎԻՆԻՆԻ:

One day the Amadan Mor was told,
 That the king of Lochlin had awaiting him,
 A lady of the fairest shape and form,
 That the world ever beheld.

Onwards he goes in quick motion,
 To the plain of Beirbe in haste ;
 To get a glance at a woman,
 The fairest, he was about to obtain.

He met a fair-haired, rough hero,
 Wandering by the shore ;
 He inquired of him the way
 To where he could see the princely woman.

He informed him that she was in a palace,
 Firm and strong near the shore ;
 And that there were seven-score heroes
 As a standing guard protecting her.

The huge man proceeded in haste,
 Till he went cunningly in their midst ;
 He enquireth of them calmly
 What palace did the woman dwell in ?

The great Fergus loudly asked ;
 " What is the cause of thy silly question ?
 For all the gold and silver in the world
 You could not speak to, nor approach her."

"If I knew where the woman is,
 Of the fairest skin, colour and shape ;
 Without thy leave or that of you all,
 It is not long till I would be in her presence."

“By thy hand, O great hero,
 Though thy talk is fierce and stout,
 If thou attempt to go in her presence
 Thou soon wouldst lose thy head.”

The huge man became angry,
 And caught Fergus in his arms ;
 He asked him to tell where the woman was,
 Or he would break his bones.

They all arose fierce and stout,
 And laid hold of the huge man ;
 But it was not long until all
 Were heart-wounded and left feeble.

Seven score hardy, valiant heroes,
 Came to fight the big man ;
 And, though great his pains and dangers,
 Little cared he about them.

Each of them as he approached him,
 He threw like a carcass on the ground ;
 Till he laid low all of them with a vengeance,
 Vanquished, in the pangs of death.

He then entered the mansion
 Where the handsome woman dwelt ;
 He carried her off fearlessly and quickly,
 And a man to outstrip him could not be found.

The Amadan Mor then makes his way
 Through Lochlin's land of delightful songs ;
 Himself and the young woman,
 Two their equal were never seen.

Տօ շարևա շլեան ծխմար ծծի՛ն,
 Կա՛ն ռաճարս ան յօրի՛ն յարն ;
 Եւ Երեւոյն իրեւ, ԲոճԵ՛ճ, ա՛ր Բօրն,
 ա՛ր Բարս Կա ծ-տօն լե ղեարս ի Կաճ.

Տօ շարեւարս շու՛ճա ար ան ծ-տրա՛յն,
 Շարշեւաճ՛ն Եւ յօ ձւարն Երա՛տ ;
 Բօյնճեւաճ՛ն ծր-շլօն յօնա լարն,
 ա ղարս լ Երա՛տն Կա յ-Եր ծեօ՛ճ.

Տան ղն ածուարս ան շ-Տարան Տօ՛ր,
 Կի ղարս Բօր ար Բեւ՛ն յօ ղա՛ն ;
 Երա՛տն արս ղն ղն ղօ ղօ շարս,
 ղն ղարս Կօրն ա շեւ՛տ շլծԵ՛ն.

Տարս օրս, ար ան շարշլօն ծ՛ն,
 Կա յ-Երն ա ծեօ՛ճ ա՛ր Կա Երա՛տն ա Երաճ,
 Կօ շօ Ե-Բարս Երա՛տն ան շլեան,
 Կա՛ն ղարս ան յօրի՛ն յարն.

Երա՛տն ղար շարաճ՛ն ան Երա՛տն ծր,
 ծօ՛ն Տարան Տօ՛րն ա՛ր ծա ղարս ;
 Եր շօ ղեւաճ՛ն ա ծղարս ղարս,
 Կա Եր ծեւաճ՛ն ա՛ր ծլ ծեօ՛ճ.

Տան ղն Երա՛տն ան Բարս ղօր,
 շօ Երն Երաճ՛ն ար ա յ-Երն ;
 Եր ղօ Երա՛տն Բարն շ-Երա՛տն ծր,
 ա՛ր Երն Բարն ան Երն Երն ղն.

Կարն ղար շարաճ՛ն ան Երա՛տն շարս,
 Երն Երն Կա ղարն Երա՛տն ծ՛լ ;
 ա ծա Երն ծ Կա ղարն ղարն,
 ծօ Երն ծօ ղարն ան Երն ղարն.

¹ Տարաճ՛ն, a wizard, sorcerer, or magician.

They entered a solitary valley,
 Where they never had been before ;
 Of purest streams, woods and soil,
 And the roar of the waves on rocky cliffs.

They beheld approaching them on the shore
 A champion clothed with costliest mantle ;
 A vessel of chaste wrought gold in his hand,
 In the shape of a goblet, containing drink.

Then the Amadan Mor saith,
 " I have not been during my life,
 At any time so greatly a thirst,
 I am glad he comes, whoever he be."

" I entreat of thee," saith the youthful maid,
 " Not to drink his drink or taste his food,
 Until we learn what vale is this,
 In which we have never been before."

The Gruagach of the golden cup salutes
 The Amadan Mor and his wife ;
 " Be merry, O great hero,
 Do not be sad, and take a drink."

Then the big man takes
 Courageously and daringly the drink ;
 He puts his palm under the golden vessel,
 And a drop he left not that he did not swallow.

The Gruagach with the smooth mantle departs
 After he had taken the drink ;
 And his two legs, from the knees,
 Were wanting to the big man.

Then the young maiden said,
 "Hard is thy case just now ;
 Few are my friends in the world wide,
 Or thou shalt again get thy limbs."

Then the gentle maiden said,
 "O man, the stoutest of all that are,
 I travelled the world over thrice,
 And met no place like this valley."

To the place in which they stood
 A deer approaches with antlers fierce ;
 And a red-eared white hound
 Barking loudly in his track.

The Amadan Mor makes a cast
 With judgment and a true aim ;
 And sent the spear which he held in his hand
 Through the heart of the deer.

He then lays hold of the white hound,
 And ties him gently with a thong ;
 I shall keep thee to amuse me,
 Until pursuers, or some one follow thee.

'Twas not long till they saw approach them in the valley,
 The proud champion of the golden mantle,
 His sharp-pointed tempered sword on his left side,
 And his spear and shield in his hand.

The Gruagach of the golden mantle
 Salutes the Amadan Mor and his wife,
 And the big man asks of him positively,
 What land or country he inherited.

- Իծրիւ ան Երուսաղէմի,
 օ չա՛ն արտ շիշիմ ըլան,
 չօ Երմիայ ծաղիք, և օճալօճ ինծի,
 իր յիշե Յիսաչա՛ն ան չաճարի Եան:
- Չ չարչիծիչ նո իր անիւն Երեմ,
 Եօ Երմիայ ընդ Եօ Եարեմա ծաղիք ;
 Են Երեմ Յիսաչա՛ն ան չաճարի Եան,
 չօ Լա՛ն Երա՛ն Են Են Են Երեմ:
- Նա՛ն Լեօն ծաղիք, և օճալօճ ինծի,
 Են Երեմ Եօն անիւն ան յօնի ;
 ան Երեմ չօ Երեմ ան Եօ Լան,
 ան յօ չաճար Եան Եօ Լան Եան յօն ?
- Չիշե ընդ Եօ յօն ան Երեմ,
 Եօ ինձ ան Են Են Եօ չարի Եան ;
 ան չիշե անիւն իր Երեմ Լան,
 Են ան յիշե ան չաճար Եան ըն Եան:
- Օ Են Եան յօ չաճար Եան ան Եօ Լան,
 ան չօ Են Եօն Եօ Եօն Եօն ;
 Են ան յիշե Եօն Եօն յան,
 չլան ծաղիք ընդ անիւն Եօն:
- Չիշե ընդ, անիւն ան յան Եան,
 Են Եան ան չաճար Եան Եան ?
 Եօ Եան Եան յիշե ան չաճար Եան,
 ան Են յօ ան յիշե ան յիշե Եան:
- Չիշե ընդ Եօ յիշե Եան ան յան,
 ան Եան յան Եան յան Յիսաչա՛ն օն ;
 Եօ Եան ան յան յան ան ան յան ան յան,
 և Եօն Եան, և յիշե, անիւն և Եան:

The Knight of the Mantle is my name,
 From all arms I come whole ;
 To you I tell, O great young man, that
 I am the Gruagach who owns the white hound."

"O thou hero of the fairest form,
 I do pledge myself to thee,
 That the Gruagach of the white hound
 Till the day of judgment thou shalt not be called."

"Is it not enough for thee, O great hero,
 To be just in the division ;
 To keep the deer to thyself,
 And leave my white hound to me?"

"'Twas I that slew the deer,"
 Saith the Amadan in firm tone,
 "And whoever of us has the stoutest arm,
 Let him have the deer and white hound."

[hands,

"As it happens that my white hound came into thy
 And that thou art in want of thy feet ;
 Food and drink during thy life,
 Take for thyself and thy wife."

Then the gentle young woman said,
 "Give to me the white hound ;"
 "I would, and the speckled hound,
 And if thou desirest more."

Then went forth the three,
 The woman, the hero, and the young Gruagach ;
 The big man put the deer on his back,
 His helmet, his shield, and his wife.

Nj fada zo b-facadar ran hgleany,
 cačari do bj a h-dealrañ ðri ;
 nj rajb dač da b-faca řül,
 na rajb ran z-cúrit a'ř nj ba ñđ.

Ahu řiy adúbarit ah macaonñ mñá,
 cja ah čačari ðriđa úd ;
 ři breážča řyuad 'řř řilhe ðreac,
 hđ ah řěřiri a bmač na řřúbal.

Dún-ah-Oiri ři é a h-aiyim,
 Dún žarib Šhleahya ah Smđil ;
 nj b-řul ahori da řuiriy ah řážarł,
 ačt mije řěy, a'ř mo beah.

Ah žleany řiy ionari žabar řiđ,
 lan do ðmaoižeačt do bjony do žyáč ;
 ři beaž ah řđžyahñ do žyřđim řěy,
 ačt až cojměad mějhe mo ññá.

Fuaradar aony beah ran Dún,
 nj rajb mññ mađaric do b'řeari,
 ba žile na ah řueáčta a corř,
 a řoriž žorim řa dead bñh.

Ahu řiy adúbarit ah macaonñ mñá,
 cja ř ah dead-žeal aluyy ðž ;
 hđ ah řeari mđri borib žrioiđe,
 ři řilhe žyaoi, ðreac, a'ř clđđ.

Beah ah řiri ñđiri úd do čřđiri,
 řyžion řiž čřie ah ðri ;
 ažur é řěy ah řeari meahmyac,
 d'ar ba aiyim ah t-Amaday Wđri.

'Twas not long till they saw in the valley
 A city that shone like unto gold ;
 There was no colour which eye had seen
 That was not in the mansion, and many more.

'Twas then the young maiden asked,
 " What golden city is that
 Of the finest appearance and hue,
 Or could it be betrayed or traversed ?"

" *Dun an Oir* (Fort of the Gold) is its name,
 The strong Dun of Glen an Smoil,
 There is not now of its inhabitants alive
 But myself and my wife.

" The glen through which thou hadst passed
 Is always full of witchcraft ;
 Little good I do myself
 But satisfying the wishes of my wife."

They found a woman in the Dun,
 A sight like it was never seen ;
 Her person was fairer than the snow,
 Blue her eyes and bright her teeth.

Then the youthful woman asked,
 " Who is the bright-toothed, fair, and young ;
 Or the stout, brave, big man
 Of the fairest countenance, colour and shape ?"

" The wife of that big man whom you see,
 Is the daughter of the king of the Golden Land ;
 And he himself is the vigorous man,
 Whose name is the Amadan Mor.

Եր թ րբ քարս լու՛տ ա՛ր թե՛յմ,
 անոր ան տ-բաօջալ ծա՛ Բ-բաճա բօր ;
 քրթօճա ան ծոման քա՛ նա Բե՛յմ,
 ա՛ր միք քե՛յն շար շե՛լլ ծօ.

Եր յոյշնա իյոմ ա Բ-բալ տւ՛ թած,
 թիօջաճէ ան ծոման քօ՛ նա Բե՛յմ ;
 ա՛ր մար լե՛յշ քե՛ ա ճօրա լեօ,
 ա՛ր մե՛րծ շաճ թլօջ ծար Բան քե՛ շե՛լլ.

Երբ քարս ծար շար քիօր շան շօ,
 թիօջաճէ ան ծոման շար շա՛ծ ծօ լան ;
 ա՛ր նաճ Բ-բալ թիջ՛ նա քլայէ քան տ-բաօջալ,
 նաճ տւ՛ջ շե՛լլե ծօ նարտ ա լան.

Եր շար Բաջ էանիշ ծա՛ քաօջալ,
 ծօ Բի անոր ան յՅրե՛յշ նա շամալ ծջ ;
 Բա շե՛արս ան ինօլլ ար միլե լաօճ,
 ծօ էրարշարած քե՛ ար սարս ծօ լօ.

Ո՛ր թարձ ծօջած, ծօլծեան, նա քշաճ,
 նա արս շե՛արս աջ ան Բ-բարս ծջ ;
 աճէ Բե՛լէ ծա՛ շ-Բարձեան ծօ քլեքտ սարծ,
 մարձ, քարս, շան ծա՛է, շան քնօջ.

Ո՛ր Բ-բալ թիօջաճէ ար Բիէ քան ծոման,
 նա տւ՛ջ շօ լոմ Բա՛է ար շաճ տօր !
 յի թարձ նաճ էսրս ար լե քաօԲար,
 նար շե՛արս ա թե՛յմ ալշօ Բեօ.

Ծօ էանիշ Բօլշաճ նա շ-քարս լան,
 ան քարս շան քշաճ ծ՛ն Արթա ինօրս,
 րբ յիօր Բարշ արս ար ա էլի,
 քրա շա՛ծ քե՛ քրթ ան յ-ծոման ինօր !

- “ He is possessed of the greatest agility and power
In the world that I have yet seen ;
The kingdoms of the earth are under his control,
And I myself submitted to him.”
- “ I wonder much at what you say,
The kingdoms of the earth to be under his control ;
How he suffered them to take his limbs,
And the number of hosts he hath subdued.”
- “ I tell you that it is so,
The kingdoms of the earth he has conquered ;
And that there is not a king or chief on earth
Who did not submit to the might of his hand.
- “ Though but few of his days have yet come,
He was in Greece a youthful oaf ;
Without much delay a thousand heroes
He would lay low in one hour.
- “ Neither helmet, sword, nor shield,
Or sharp arms had the youthful man ;
But casting them out of his way
Dead, cold, pale, and wan.
- “ There is not a kingdom in the world
That he did not give battle to their force ;
There was no man who dared him to fight
Whose career he did not shorten.
- “ Colgach of the tempered blades arrived,
The undaunted man from broad Asia ;
Arms never reddened on his breast,
Though he travelled the whole world.

Գո ըսր ար չօ ո՞՞ տարած,
 և ըստէ արտ չօ շիրքե շօրն ;
 և՛ր ճնծարտ չօ բաճած ծօնիակ շիր,
 րսար ըստած շիրք ար քիրն ինծիրն .

Գ՛րբարած ծօն ընչ րս ծարտ,
 և շօրած, և ընտէ, րս և շօրծարն շօրն ;
 և ճնծարտ ընտար ըօր րսն ընտ,
 ծօն արտն ընտն ըտ և ծն ծօն .

Ձ ճնծարտ Շօրած շիրն ծօն ար ընտ,
 շար արտն ծնարած ընտ ծն և ընտ ;
 և՛ր ծարտարտ ընտ րսն արտն,
 ընտ ծօն ընտարտն ար շ-Ձնածար Ձն .

Կարտն ընտ ծօն ընտ շօր ընտար,
 ընտած ընտար ծօն ընտար ընտ ;
 շիր ընտար չօ ընտն և՛ր ծօն ընտն ընտ,
 ար ընտն ար ընտարն ընտ .

Երտար չօ ընտն և ծն ընտ,
 ար Շօրած ընտար րս շ-ընտն ընտ ;
 շիր ընտն ընտար ընտ ընտն րսն,
 ընտն ընտն շար ընտն ընտար .

Եր ընտար ընտն, և ընտն ընտն .
 ընտնածն ար ընտն ընտն և ընտն և ընտն,
 ընտն ընտն ընտն ընտն ար ընտն ընտն,
 ընտն ընտն ընտն և ընտն ընտն .

Բաճարտ արտն ծօն ընտն ընտն,
 ար ար ընտն ընտն ար ընտն ընտն ;
 ընտնածն ար ընտն ընտն ընտն,
 ընտն ընտն, ընտն ընտն, և՛ր ընտն ընտն .

- “ He quickly arrayed himself
 In his fighting garments, active and right ;
 And said he would go fight him,
 When he heard the fame of the big man.
- “ He enquired of him where he had left
 His helmet, shield, and trusty sword ;
 He said in reply that he never asked
 Any arms but his two fists.
- “ Colgach said that it was unwise,
 Not to ask for arms when going to fight ;
 ‘ And I now christen thee for a name
 Whilst thou livest, the Amadan Mor.’
- “ After speaking thus he gave
 A heavy severe blow to the big man ;
 Till he cut him to the bones, and made him roar ;
 Through the effect of this mighty blow.
- “ He takes him tightly under the arms,
 The valiant Colgach of the tempered blades,
 Till he drove his entrails by a venomous squeeze
 Down through his body without delay.
- “ By my word, O youthful maid,
 The kings of the world, though great their hosts,
 But for the spells of the magic cup,
 He would not suffer them to take his legs.
- “ I shall go again to hunt in the glen,”
 Saith the wizard to the big man ;
 “ Protect in my absence in good faith
 My wife, my palace, and all my gold.

Պա՛ր քաճա չալլի՞ծ ծօ Երժ մե՛ ամալ՛ճ,
 նա ծեյն զօճա ա՛ր նա քրօմ ծօ շեան,
 նա լեյճ աօն ծայրե՛ արեաճ,
 նա ծայրե՛ ամաճ ծա՛ Ե-բալլ ան.

Ան Շիւաշաճ, ան շու, ա՛ր ան չաճար Եան,
 ծ՛լմե՛լճեաճար ան շրիւն ծօ իլլիճ ;
 ան ծիր Եան իր շ-Ամաճան Պօր,
 ծ՛բանաճար իր շ-շաճար ծիր-Եիրիճ.

Ածնալլու ան շ-Ամաճան Պօր,
 ա ճալլիլոն ծճ շար քալլիմ՛ շեան ;
 աճա՛ ան շօճա ան Եան շօ շրօմ,
 ա՛ր նիօր Եա՛ ան ծան իւան իր նշլեան.

Շայրիճ ան ճալլիլոն քալլ նա շեան,
 Եա իրիւլ ա ծեալլաճ լիր ան նշլիլն ;
 ա՛ր ծնալլու լիր ան Ամաճան Պօր,
 նաճ շրաճ իւան ծօ ծեանի՛ն Ե.

Նիօր Ե-քաճա իրիլն ծօ իաճ ծօլն,
 շօ ծ-շայրիճ ճալլճեաճաճ ծճ արեաճ ;
 ծօ Եան ան Շիւաշալլ ծօ Եան թօլլ,
 ա՛ր ծօ նիար ծլլ արի՛ր ամաճ.

Ան իլլիլն իր ծօ՛ն ճալլիլոն ծճ,
 ծօ շօճ ան իար նիօր ա շեան ;
 ա՛ր ծնալլու իլլ լիր ան Ամաճան Պօր,
 ծօ իրիլ իւան ա՛ր նիօր Ե՛ն ան.

Եր ծլլ ան շ-ան, ան իլլ, իճ շար,
 ՛րիլ իօրիաճաճ ծօ իրիլ շու իւան,
 աճաճար ան ծօ շի՛ ա՛րլլիճ,
 ՛րիլ Եաճալ ծլլ շու շիլմ շիւան.

“ Be it long or short that I am abroad,
 Do not sleep or bend thy head ;
 Let nobody in,
 Or one out of all that is here.”

The Gruagach, the hound, and the white dog,
 The three went to the chase ;
 The two women and the Amadan Mor
 Remained in the golden coloured fortress.

The Amadan Mor said,
 “ O youthful maid, raise my head ;
 Sleep is overcoming me greatly,
 And this is no time to sleep in the glen.”

The maiden came to raise his head ;
 Her appearance was like unto the sun ;
 And she said to the Amadan Mor,
 “ This is no time to take repose.”

They were not long after saying these words
 Until a young champion came in ;
 From the Gruagach's wife he snatched a kiss,
 And then attempted to depart.

On the young maiden beholding this
 The big man raised his head ;
 And she said to the Amadan Mor,
 “ You have slept, but 'twas not the time.

“ 'Tis a bad time,” said she, in grief,
 “ And 'tis untimely thou tookest repose ;
 There are some on thy track in the house,
 And thou mayest fear a hard contest.”

Պսոս տ-բելծիոյ ամ էրոտ իսան,
 ոյ լէյՅբիոյ ծօ տեւտ արտեւտ ;
 ոծ Յօ Ծ-ԵլՅիծ ՅիսաՅաւ Փհնոս-սո-Օլլի,
 ոյ իւււսիծ իծ ծօտ ծօօլոյ սոսւտ .

Ար լար սո ծօրսլր ծօ իսիծ իծ,
 սր ս իՅլուտ ծօ իսՅ ոս ծօլծ ;
 ոյօր լստ Յօն, իսօր, ոս լօսր,
 լօնլուտ Բս ծօրՅոյ ոս'ո իօսր ոծր .

ԵլլիՅար սո ՅիսաՅաւ ծօսր ծօոյ,
 սր ս իՅլուտ ծօ իսՅ ոս ծօլծ ;
 իսՅ սո ծօրսլր ս'ր իծիծ ոս իլիՅ,
 ոծ իր Յիսօ իօսօսլր ս իլլ ոծր .

Աոյ իսո սծնարսլր սո Ե-Ասոսոս Պծր,
 ս ՅարՅօսոսիծ ծՅ սոն Բօրն, տօոյ ;
 ոծ Յօ Ծ-ԵլՅիծ սո ՅիսաՅաւ սոն իսլիՅ,
 Բօրն իօ արիՅ ոծ ծօ լօսոյ .

Ծօ Յօսոս տն, ս իսսոսոյն ոծր,
 լոյ իլլ ո-Ծոսոս ծ'օր Յլոյ ;
 սՅսլր իօստ Յ-լօս իօսոսլր իսօր,
 ս'ր լօլՅ ոծ իօլոյ սրլր սոսւտ .

Ծօ Բօրն ոս Բիսոսլր ծսլր Յոյ Յծ,
 Յիծ ոծր իօր ս Բ-Բսլ տն իսծ ;
 ստ Յօ Ծ-ԵլՅիծ ՅիսաՅաւ Փհնոս-սո-Օլլի,
 Յօ ո-իօսոս տն սր իօլՅ ս ինոս .

Ծօ Բսլոյն ոծ ծօ'ո ՅիսաՅաւ սո լօոյն,
 սՅ ծսլ ծօ իս'ո լօլլր արտեւտ ;
 ծօ Յօսոս տն լօստ-լօլր իսօրն' լօլոյ,
 ս'ր լօլՅ ոս սոյր սո իօս սոսւտ .

“ Had I not been in heavy sleep,
 I would not suffer him to come in ;
 Until the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives
 Nor would he depart without my leave.”

In the centre of the door he sat,
 He takes his shield in his hand ;
 A smith, carpenter, or artist never formed
 A firmer pillar than the big man.

The comely, brown-haired Gruagach, arose,
 And in his hand he grasps his shield ;
 “ Leave the door and clear my way,
 Or soon thou wilt suffer, O big man.”

Then the Amadan Mor said,
 “ O young hero who art fierce and stout,
 Until the Gruagach who is outside comes in
 Thou shalt remain, or thy head.”

“ Thou shalt get, O youthful hero,
 Three cauldrons full of pure gold ;
 And seven hundred townlands free,
 And permit me to depart again.”

“ I pledge thee my word truly,
 Tho’ great are all thou sayest,
 When the wizard of Dun-an-Oir arrives
 Thou shalt pay for kissing his wife.”

“ I took from the Gruagach the cup,
 And he approaching from the plain ;
 Thou wilt get one leg under thy seat,
 And let me out the way I came.”

Αδύβαητε ἀη ζαίτλιοηη ὄζ,
 λέιζ ἀη ζαιρζεαδαὸ ἐπὶδὰ ἀμαὸ ;
 κυρρεαδ ἀη λεατ-ῶοιρ φύζαη,
 ἀ'ρ ἡμῆίζεαδ ἀη ρύβαλ ζαη ρταδ.

Κυρρεαρ ἀη ζαιρζεαδαὸ φαοι λε θηαιοίζεαδτ,
 ἀη λεατ-ῶοιρ μαη δο βί ηιαη ;
 δο ηαῖδ ἀη Ξηιαζαὸ ζλιε,
 βιαδμαοιθ ἀηοιρ ἀζ τηηαλλ.

Αδύβαητε ἀη τ-Αηαδάν Αἰδῆ,
 φαηφα τύ φῶρ ζο ηαλλ ;
 ἀη λεατ-ῶοιρ εἰλε 'ρα κυρ ρυαρ,
 δο βῆαρφαηη ηαιε ηῶ δο ῶεαηη.

Δο βί ἀη Ξηιαζαὸ ἀ ζ-εαρ ῶηιαῖδ,
 δο ῶυζ λέηη λιατ ἀ η-υῶτ ηα ηηά ;
 ζαδ μο ῶοηαηηε, ἀ βεαη,
 ἀ'ρ μο δῖοη ζο βεαῶτ ὀ'η η-βάρ.

Ηῖοη βαοζλαὸ δυηρε ἀη βάρ,
 δο ηαῖδ ἀη βεαη δοβ' ἀηηε δεαλβ ;
 ταβαηη ἀη λεατ-ῶοιρ εἰλε ηαιε,
 ἀ'ρ δῖοη ὀ'η ηζυαηη ρεο ταηαη.

Ηῖοη λέιζ εαζλα ηὰ βῖοδζα δο,
 δο βί ἀη ρεαρ ηῶοη ὀρ ἀ ῶοηηη ;
 τυζ ἀη λεατ-ῶοιρ εἰλε δο,
 ρζῆαλ ζαη ζῶ μαη δεηη ἀη ρεαηη.

Αηοιρ ὀ τὰηδ δο ῶορα φύζατ,
 ηρ ηῶ ηῆαηῆ δο λύε ἀ'ρ δο ηέηη,
 τηηαλλαηαοιθ ἀ δ-τηηύη ἀμαὸ,
 ζο ηζάβαηη ηεαηε ἀηη ζαὸ ῶῖηη.

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

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

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

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

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

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

" Now that thou hast thy legs,
 And thy agility and sway is good,
 Let us three go forth,
 Till we obtain victory in each conflict."

290 cōra do bairir djom,
 nī lēizfead leat arīr nā leō;
 a' r nī mō mačad tu dom deoyn amac,
 zo d-eizfead Ɔruazac Ɔhūna-ah-Oir,

Ir baot do cōirz, a mīacaoin mōir,
 do cūneaf tu a z-cōir lūt a' r mīan;
 ba cōir dā m-beit ar cūmuf duit,
 nār mīan leat mo mī-mīan.

Ɔa d-tuzēa dānra tūllead cōr,
 a' r zac māit dā b-Ɔaca rūt;
 nī ērēizfīyn ar rīn ule mo mūn,
 nā mo cūman d'fear ah Ɔūyn.

Fear ah Ɔūyn nī ērocra arīr,
 tūall do flīze a' r nā bī 'nā cōir;
 bēarīra lom ah bean dam fēyn,
 a' r nī rzarfad lēi zo lā ah bair.

212 ah Ɔruazac fōr le teačt,
 cīa nāc māit leatīra ah tīāčt;
 iocfad tū a n-dearīnar arī,
 zeallam duit cīa teahh do māđ!

Le nā teačt nō nā dul ar ceal,
 zlac zac māit atām do māđ;
 tūallfām fēyn a' r ar n-dīr ban,
 a' r zeabam neart ahh zac arđ.

Bean ah Ɔhrūazaiž nī leat zo bīāč,
 le neart lām nā le cōl;
 tūallfad rī am dāirī fēyn,
 mūna teačt dā cēle a' r bī ad cōrt!

“ My legs thou tookest from me,
 I will not leave with thee or them again ;
 And neither shalt thou pass out without my leave
 Till the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives.”

“ Silly is thy report, O great hero ;
 I put thee in the way of thy limbs ;
 ’Twould be but due if in thy power,
 That thou shouldst not let me go astray.”

“ If thou gavest me more legs,
 And all good things that eye hath seen,
 I would not for them all forsake my love
 Or my affection to the man of the Dun.”

“ The man of the Dun will not come again ;
 Go thy way, and do not meet him ;
 I will take the woman to myself,
 And I will not part her till my death.”

“ The Gruagach is yet to come,
 Although it is not pleasing to you ;
 Thou shalt repay thy harm to him,
 I promise thee, though stiff thy speech.”

“ Whether he cometh or goeth elsewhere
 Be counselled by what I say ;
 We will go forth with our two wives,
 And we will obtain sway in every land.”

“ The Gruagach’s wife thou shalt never have
 By might of hand or consent ;
 She will come along with myself
 Unless her husband arrive, so hold thy tongue.”

Naç b-fuyl beaη eyle azad fêy,
 yr maic mēiηη, zuaoi azur norz ;
 yr nāiueac̄ duic, a mācaoiη̄ m̄ōiη,
 mīre fa bīōη aηoiη do cōr̄z.

Nī ēaiηiz mīam̄, a' r̄ nī ēiocfa fōr,
 zaiηzeadac̄ cīōða nā teaηη laōc̄ ;
 do zēabac̄ beaη aη Zhiuaazaīz̄ ōiη,
 zo d-cizid̄ fōr faoi nā dēiη.

Jr olc do ηadūiη a' r̄ do mūη,
 ' r̄iη mōi do ēlū a z-cīōc̄aīb̄ cīaη ;
 do ēuzar̄ duic r̄iūbal a' r̄ lūc̄,
 ' r̄iη māiηz̄ duic mo mī-ηiari.

Do ēuzaiη dam r̄iūbal a' r̄ lūc̄,
 a' r̄ zur̄ le mī-ηūy do ēaīllear̄ iad ;
 dā m-beiōiηη nā η-eaηbaid̄ zo lā aη bīac̄,
 ō' η ηZhiuaazac̄ nī b-fažaiη̄rī cīīall.

Do bēari zac̄ aiηze, ōi a' r̄ māoiη,
 do bēari zac̄ nī duic yr mīaη,
 nī dēaηfad̄ feaηta olc nā dīc̄,
 a' r̄ fuilliz̄ r̄iηη aηoiη da ēīīall.

Olc nā dīc̄ nī zēabaiηη uaiη,
 nā fōr̄ duaiη aη cōiη r̄aη t-ηaožal,
 beaη aη Zhiuaazaīz̄ nā cead̄ mīaη,
 nī b-fažaiη̄ iad zo teaçt̄ do fēiη.

Jh̄iη̄riη̄ duic, a mācaoiη̄ m̄ōiη,
 cīeīd̄ zaȳ žō mo bīiaçarī f̄iōi,
 nā cīocfa Zhiuaazac̄ Vhūna-aη-Ōiη,
 a' r̄ zo m-beiηiηe fōr̄ aiç̄ueac̄ cīīd̄.

- “ Hast not thou another wife,
Of the gentlest mind, eye, and features?
It becometh thee not, O portly youth,
To upbraid me now and I in grief.”
- “ There never came, nor never will
A valiant champion or hero stout,
Who will take the Gruagach’s wife by force,
Till he himself comes to her.”
- “ Thy disposition and affections are evil,
Though great thy fame in distant lands;
I restored to thee thy missing limbs,
And ’tis not thus I should be served.”
- “ Thou didst restore to me my limbs,
And it was by betrayal that I lost them;
If I were without them till the day of judgment
From the Gruagach thou shalt not escape.”
- “ I will give thee presents of gold and wealth,
I will give thee whatever thou desirest;
I will never more do thee harm or ill,
But hide us now from his approach.”
- “ Ill nor harm I accept not at thy hands,
Nor yet presents for the world;
The wife of the Gruagach, nor leave to depart,
Thou shalt not get till he arrives.”
- “ I tell thee, O valiant youth,
And believe truly what I say,
That the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir will not come,
And that thou shalt yet regret.”

Dob' aicneac hóm an Sruazac caomh,
 ma'r é rin ruim a b-fuil tú mað ;
 a'r da m-beið zan teacé n'í raom do zuaif,
 zo n-íocfaim cruaid a b-póiz a mhá.

Ir briaáar daíra, a mhacaomh mhóir,
 zo b-fuilið flóizte azam am dáil ;
 do béarfar bean an Shtuazaitz óir,
 zan cead dóib ná duic ná n-dáil.

Síð táimre ahoir, a'r an dír ban,
 zan Sruazac deat ná flóiz ;
 n'í léizfead zo briaé tú dul amaé,
 zo d-tizid arteaé ma tá beó.

Ní h-eazal hóm do fluaiz tréan,
 do dhaoizéacé féin ná do neart ;
 íocfaim hómra nó leir rúð,
 do teacé do'n Dún zan a cead.

Ma túzar póiz do'n mhaoi caomh,
 a'r zui maic lé féin mo teacé,
 nac lóir leatra mar díol uaim,
 í da luad mé dul amaé.

Ní zlacfuinn mar íoc í da luad,
 a'r n'í maire an tuaim zazaime léi ;
 ná bí az tuar do éimall amaé,
 n'í rzarfad leat zo d-tizid fé.

Da m-beanaimh uair do cora aifir,
 ba mhóir do díé a'r ba leam do zreann ;
 ná corz me fearra ar éimall amaé,
 nó beir ná n-earbaid, a'r fóir do ceann !

- “ I would regret the gentle Gruagach,
 If this be the gist of what thou sayest ;
 And should he not arrive, thou shalt not escape
 Till thou sorely payest for kissing his wife.”
- “ Take my word, O stalworth youth,
 That I have hosts at my command,
 Who will take away the wife of the Gruagach,
 Without his leave, or thine.”
- “ Though I am now, and the two women,
 Away from the gentle Gruagach of the hosts,
 I'll never suffer thee to pass out
 Till he return, if he be alive.
- “ I dread not thy stout hosts,
 Thy own sorcery or thy might ;
 Thou shalt satisfy me or him
 For visiting this Dun without his leave.”
- “ If I kissed the gentle woman,
 And that she wished I did so again ;
 Is it not sufficient ransom from me,
 That if it were her wish I should depart ?”
- “ I would not take her word for it,
 And 'tis not right to ask her now ;
 Do not anticipate thy departure,
 Thou shalt not go till he arrives.”
- “ If I deprived thee of thy limbs again,
 Great would be thy loss and slow thy mirth ;
 Keep me no longer from going off,
 Or thou wilt lose them and perhaps thy head !”

2) Եւ զո շնորհ զո բնի զո շնորհ,
 ար աղ բար մօր ա՛ր օ ար աղ զ-ծորս ;
 բնածարար զո զո լե շնորհ,
 զո զարար զո զնորհ զո զո .

2) Եւ զո զարար աղ զարար զո,
 ար բն զո զո զարար ա՛ր զո զո ;
 զո զարար զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո ա՛ր զո զո զո .

2) Եւ զո զո զո զո ա՛ր զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո, զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո .

Եւ զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո, զո զո, ա՛ր զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո .

Եւ զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո ա՛ր զո զո զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո .

2) զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո ա՛ր զո զո ;
 զո զո զո ա՛ր զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո .

Եւ զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո, զո, ա՛ր զո ;
 զո զո զո զո զո զո,
 զո զո զո զո զո զո .

“ If thy actions are equal to thy speech,”
 Saith the big man, guarding the door,”
 “ Let us both try our hands,
 And see who is the stronger of head and limb.”

It was then the youthful maiden said,
 “ O hero most victorious in feats of arms,
 The loss of thy limbs again
 Would be a deformity and severe want.”

“ O woman of the fairest shape and form,
 Fear not that ever more
 By sorcery or the might of hands
 A limb or arm I shall lose.

Thou canst not discern their power yet, [shape ;
 That I was not deprived of my form, beauty, and
 By the spells of the magic cup,
 He will leave thee awhile without thy limbs.

“ As I got my limbs again all right,
 My strength and my form truly,
 Thou needest not dread till judgment day
 That thy hand shall be afflicted.

“ Thou valiant champion of the stout speech
 That threatenest to rid me of head and limb,
 Go thy way and shun the deed ;
 But if you do, 'tis a cowardly act.”

“ Art not thou afraid of losing thy limbs again,
 Want of vigour or power to walk ;
 The same spells are ready now
 To be played upon thee if thou deservest them.”

Na bi fearra baot zay c  ll
 led'   l  r raob do   ahairi luy ;
 n   zo d-tiz' ay   ruazac ceahya, teahy,
 do faozal n   rzarfar luy.

Creidri, a macaoim, rzeal zay   d,
 ay   ruazac c  ri zo b-fuil zay brijz,
 da brijz ruy feac ort feiy,
 n   ir duic ir baozal zealluy djb.

Do beari duic cumur neaic ay doimay,
 buad azur moza ar muir a' r ar tiri ;
 do teact rlan      ladajb cruad,
 a' r zay beim na zuair do namajd ad   laoi.

Do beari duic coruy buaid,
    zac zeara deahfar dion ;
 clod na h-oiye beid azad feiy,
 fair moir faozail az ad imhaoi.

Ir maic zac zuair da b-fuil t   mad,
 a' r da feabar a z-cail, a maic, 'ra hzyioim ;
 tuiall amac n   b-fazairi zo briae.
 a b-pois na mna zo d-tuzairi diol.

Ni cuibe duice, a macaoim moim,
 mo corz a h-doit zo hzeabaiuy dit ;
 n   feicri   ruazac Dh  na-ah-Oiri,
 az teact ad c  ri zo briae airi.

Da m-biaid zay teact zo deime ay doimay,
 n   b-fazairi feoi ar bi   d' feiy,
 n   b-fuil do tuiall zo briae amac,
 zo d-tuzairi diol zo beact ra b-pois.

- “ Be no longer simple and senseless,
 In thy silly talk to us ;
 Until the gentle valiant Gruagach arrives,
 Thou shalt not part from us alive.
- “ Believest thou, O youth, indeed
 That the just Gruagach is devoid of power ?
 Therefore, look to thyself,
 For danger awaits thee I promise you.”
- “ I will give thee sway over all the earth,
 Victory and position over seas and lands ;
 Thy coming safe out of severe battles,
 And to be so, that the foe cannot maim thee.
- “ I shall give thee a magic cup
 That will protect thee from all spells ;
 A youthful form shalt thou bear,
 A long life for thy wife.”
- “ All the gifts thou offerest are good, [value,
 And though excellent their fame, and great their
 Thou shalt never depart
 Until thou atone for kissing the woman.”
- “ ’Tis not becoming of thee, O noble youth,
 To detain me for a more cruel fate ;
 Thou shalt not see the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir again
 Visiting thee for evermore.”
- “ Did he not come till the world’s end,
 Thou shalt not be released from thy pains ;
 Thou shalt not be suffered to depart
 Till thou certainly atonest for the kiss.”

Nj le zorn do tuzar di pðiz,
 aæt le mð-fejnc cumajnc dā zhaol ;
 a'z zur caillead Truazac Dhúna-an-Óir,
 nj fulair zo d-tiocfaid linc fêic j.

Ma caillead Truazac Dhúna-an-Óir,
 jr zearr an brðh 'rir doilb linc ;
 jr è beic marb hð beð,
 beirri fðr zan cead na rlið.

Adúbairr an zājclinc hð.
 do ržéal nj dðiz zo b-fuil fjoir,
 tiocfað an Truazac tar air fðr,
 a'z anhr an b-pðiz do béairr djoil.

Adúbairr an t-Amadan Mðr,
 nj fulair zo fðil zo h-déairr moill,
 ma'z zan teacæt do'nc Shruazac Óir,
 mife do cum reairr boill.

Nj tuztear linc zur biracær cðir,
 a maccorñ mðir do çanair linc ;
 an tð tuz ort cabair a'z fðir,
 zur mjan leat brðh do na dñt.

Da b-fazairrre ceair na linc,
 cor na ceanc nj léizfinc leat ;
 na le laocraid zairze an doirar,
 le dmaržacæt zo lom do mncir beair.

Nac tuztear leatra, a maccorñ mðir,
 zo b-fuil an çoracæta zeara airr ;
 tura beic zan çora ad çðir,
 dñt ba mð na pðz ð mhaol.

“ ’Twas not through malice I kissed her face,
 But from pure affection ;
 And that when the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir is dead,
 She should not hesitate to come with me.”

“ If the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir were dead,
 Our grief would be short, and our tears dry ;
 But whether he be dead or alive,
 Thou shalt still be detained here.”

The youthful maiden said,
 “ Thy story must not be true ;
 The Gruagach will return yet,
 And for that kiss thou must pay.”

The Amadan Mor said,
 “ Thou shalt yet wait awhile ;
 If the Gruagach doth not return,
 I am the man to take his place.”

“ I cannot perceive that there is truth,
 O noble youth, in what thou sayest ;
 That to him who gave thee help and aid,
 Thou shouldst wish sorrow or grief.”

“ If I got a trial by the sword
 A limb or head I would not lose by thee,
 Nor with all the valiant heroes the earth produced ;
 Through wicked sorcery you have done the deed.”

“ Dost thou not know, O valiant youth,
 That it is in my power to use spells again ;
 To leave thee without thy limbs
 Would be a greater evil than a kiss from a woman.”

“ If I were to lose both legs and head,
 The agility of my limbs and my heart's blood,
 I would not let the woman go with thee ;
 Thy speech, though boastful, I dread not.”

“ I beseech thee, O valiant youth,”
 Saith the Gruagach's gentle young wife,
 “ As he hath not done us more harm,
 Let him go off quietly.”

“ Though difficult to me, O golden-haired,
 And thou in grief, to refuse thy request,
 For all the gold the earth ever bore
 I would not yet let him depart.”

“ That is not right, O noble youth ;
 Hurt nor harm he hath not done to us ;
 I should regret thee, moreover,
 To be prostrated before me by magic spells.”

“ O woman of fairest form and feature,
 Do not grieve or fret for me ;
 I heed not hence his spells,
 He shall never have me by them in bonds.”

The mild and gentle young woman spoke,
 And said, “ O youth, of the powerful blades ;
 'Tis not worth while for the champion's crime,
 And be obedient to him now.”

“ I would permit him to depart,
 If he went to where the young Gruagach is ,
 Until he comes he shall not part us
 Through the persuasions of man or woman.”

The champion spoke in fierce tones,
 "Thy head and feet thou shalt lose ;
 The two women I will carry off ;
 Submit quietly, or thou shalt regret it."

The stalworth youth then gave
 A light heroic bound the length of the Dun ;
 Till he took his lance and spear
 In his two hands firm and fast.

" Now, try the power of thy spells,
 To see if thou wilt make me retract,
 By the sorcery of the magic horn,
 Or by the valour of thy strength and might."

Saith the women of loveliest form,
 " O youth, calm thy anger now,
 Or we certainly will be put to death ;
 Commit no act that would degrade us.

" As thou hast got the use of thy limbs,
 Speed and agility, strength and might,
 'Twas not becoming thee for a kiss
 To be in grief and sorrow like them."

" If I were in the want of my limbs,
 Which occurred by hard spells,
 They are now under me right,
 And with you or them I will not let them go."

" Thy intention is good, O valiant youth,
 And thy mind is pure and chaste ;
 I am the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir
 That restored to thee thy limbs.

Ar mé Truaḡac an ḡadairn báin,
 do ḡlac ar laim̄ zo dearb̄ tú;
 ir mé do buairn do cora díot,
 d'féadairn do ḡhíot̄ a' r do mún.

Ir mé do dearb̄raḡairn caoir̄,
 ir fada^{mo} méim̄ ar do loim̄;
 anoir̄ ó c̄airlamar le c̄eile,
 c̄airre raor̄ ar dhaoiḡeact̄ an c̄oirn.

Do ruḡad̄ rrad̄ laim̄ ar laim̄,
 ḡrad̄ ar ḡrad̄, méim̄ ar méim̄,
 do róḡadar̄ a c̄eile le cumann̄ c̄roid̄e,
 a' r n̄ h-íonḡad̄ linn̄ rinn̄ mar̄ rḡeal.

Ir ionda ruair̄cear̄ a' r coim̄rad̄ caoir̄,
 do c̄an̄ an d̄ír rinn̄ zo la;
 d'inn̄ir̄ Truaḡac̄ Dhúna-an-Óir̄,
 zurr̄ ḡair̄id̄ d̄óib̄ zo maib̄ an n̄aim̄ad.

An̄n rinn̄ d'féarf̄raib̄ an fear̄ m̄oir̄,
 c̄r̄eab̄ an m̄od̄ iona maib̄ an n̄aim̄air̄;
 díult̄uir̄im̄ r̄eas̄nad̄ durr̄ n̄a d̄óib̄,
 zo b-faḡad̄ c̄óir̄ ar̄ dul̄ na n-d̄air̄l.

Truair̄id̄ nom̄pa iad̄ air̄as̄on̄,
 an Truaḡac̄ c̄r̄eas̄n̄ a' r an fear̄ m̄oir̄;
 n̄i maib̄ an d̄ír rinn̄ fo' n̄ n̄z̄r̄eim̄;
 ba c̄r̄eirē méim̄, neair̄e, a' r cl̄od̄.

D'inn̄ir̄ an Truaḡac̄ do zo maib̄,
 cúir̄e z̄an loct̄ a b-fozurr̄ d̄óib̄,
 a' r cúir̄ear̄ aḡac̄ ar̄ a n-deair̄aim̄,
 zurr̄ m̄oir̄ an r̄z̄ann̄iad̄ dul̄ na z-c̄óir̄.

“ I am the Gruagach of the white hound,
 That took thee truly in hands ;
 ’Twas I that deprived thee of thy limbs,
 To test thy valour and thy worth.

“ I am thine own gentle brother,
 Long am I in search of thee ;
 Now that we have met together
 I am released from sorcery.”

They clasped each other by the hand,
 Love for love, and soul for soul ;
 They kissed each other from their hearts,
 And no wonder to us the tale.

Much the cheerful pleasant converse,
 The two had for the long night ;
 The Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir said,
 That the foe was nigh at hand.

Then the big man enquired
 What way were the foe approaching ;
 “ I will not yield to thee nor to them
 Till I can go before them.”

The two went straight onward,
 The stout Gruagach and the big man ;
 There were no two [men] under the sun
 Who excelled them in sway and aspect.

The Gruagach informed him
 That there was a fair mansion close at hand,
 With five giants guarding it,
 And that it was dangerous to approach them.

Njor b-fada euadar anur an uzleanh,
 a'r iad zo teann mearad dōib;
 zo z-cluighd foernam, tiorc, a'r fuaim,
 az aēac zruama an buille mōir.

Do conarcadar euzēa az teact zo dian,
 azur rar-lūirz iarmāirh iona dōib;
 ba leite a fūil nā an rae,
 a'ri ba mō a plaoz nā bolz bō.

Njor labairi focal leō nā zjōz,
 act teact le fjoē-nirh iona n-deoiz;
 do'n rar-lūirz iarmāirh zur buail bēim,
 anuar a b-plaoz an Amadān Mhōir.

Do tuir an t-Amadān ar a dā zlūirh,
 anr rirh le pūdarh an buille cōir;
 do p'reab, a'r da z'reamaiz le farza nīrhe,
 fā buh a dā c'jē an t-aēac mōir.

Tuzadar cuir zo teann t'rean,
 zoir a'r baogal ir dāraoid bīōirh,
 nī rairb rairhul dōib arāon,
 le neair a n-aon ball do'n domān mōir.

Do cuiridīr cnoic ar cūit zo mōir,
 le neair dōide, cuirp, a'r clēib;
 do z'iridīr tobarh do talairh c'ruairb,
 a'r do bairidīr fuairh a'r cloca rlēib.

Dob' ionzha leir an Amadān Mhōir,
 an t-aēac c'pōda neair a'z'ēaz;
 zo b-fēadfad fearairh leir cōir fada,
 nā fear rān domān le neair a bēim.

They did not proceed far in the valley,
 And they imagined themselves so stout,
 Till they heard a noise, tumult, and uproar,
 From the surly giant of the huge blow.

They saw him approach in great haste,
 With an iron club in his hand ;
 His eye was larger than the moon,
 And his head than the belly of a cow.

He spoke not a word nor tittle to them,
 But came with venom on their track ;
 He gave a blow of the iron club
 On the skull to the big man.

The Amadan fell on his two knees,
 From the effects of the sure blow ;
 He suddenly arose, and with a determined grasp,
 Under both breasts he held the huge giant.

They gave twists and turns so stout and strong,
 Wounds, injuries, and cause of grief ;
 There were none like the two
 For strength of limbs in the world wide.

They violently shook the hills
 By the strength of their hands, bodies, and chests ;
 They made springs in the hard ground,
 And they produced echoes from the mountain rocks.

The Amadan Mor was much amazed
 At the strength of the giant's arms ;
 How he withstood him so long,
 Or a man on earth from the might of his blow.

Կո ճլաճ քարոյն աղ-Չարածայն Պծօր,
 ա՛ր տոյն Յօ քրծձա Յօյն Յօ հ-աւի՛ն ;
 ար աղ Ե-բաճաճ ԼԵ քարձաճ յիմե,
 Յար Եսայն ար Եիծձա ա՛ր քրեաճ Եւի՛ն .

Կո յօճ քժ աղ Ե-աճաճ ար ա յօրք,
 ա՛ր Կօ Եսայն Ե ար Ելօյճ յա քլօյր ար Լար ;
 Կօ Եարք ա յօրք ՛քա Երօյճե յա Ելիաճ,
 Յօ արի՛ն յա Լիարիա յարի՛ն Երաճ .

Չղ սարք քարք աղ քար-Լարոյն յա յօյն,
 քարք ա Ելօճ յի արի՛ն ԼԵ քարձալ ;
 յի արի՛ն աղ Լաօճ քրք քա՛ն յՅրի՛ն,
 արք ա Ե-քարձաճ Եիմ յա արի՛ն ար Լար .

Երիալարք աղ քրք արքաճ Կօ՛ն Եարք,
 աղ Յրաձաճ քրք, ա՛ր աղ քարք մօր ;
 ա՛ր Կօ քարք քրք Եաճար Եաճաճ աղ,
 Կօ Եի քարք ա քարք ՛քա յՅլօր .

Կօրիալք ԼԵ քարք Կօ՛ն ք-Եարք,
 ա Յրաձաձաճ Եաօյն Փիւնա-ար-Օրք ;
 ա՛ր քարձար քրք Եալաճ աղ քրք,
 ա՛ր յի քարք Կօն յա Ելլե յօյն .

Եր Լար Կօ Եսայն Յաճ յ-աօն Կօ՛ն քրք,
 Ելլե Ելի՛ն ար աղ Ե-քարք մօր ;
 ՛քրք Յարք քարք Եարք ա Յ-քրք Եա Յ-Ելիաճ,
 ԼԵ քար-Լարոյն քրք Եաճաճ յօյն .

Չղ Ե-աճաճ յօ Կօ Յօ Եսայն,
 աճ Կօրիալք Յրաձաձաճ Փիւնա-ար-Օրք,
 Կօ քրք Կօ Լար ա՛ր Յօ Լար,
 ա՛ր Կօ քարք Եալար ար աղ Ե-քարք մօր .

The Amadan Mor became angry,
 And most valorously he wounded him to the liver ;
 From the giant, by a tremendous squeeze,
 He took a groan and mournful sigh.

He raised the giant on his body,
 And flung him down upon a rock ;
 He broke his body and the heart in his chest,
 So that he became a motionless mass.

When he got the great club in his hand,
 No man like him could be found ;
 There was not that hero under the sun
 On whom he got a blow that he did not fall.

They then got into the mansion,
 The fair Gruagach and the big man ;
 And they found four giants there,
 Who were stout in strength and speech.

“ Do thou fight one of them,
 O gentle Gruagach from Dun-an-Oir ;
 And leave me to thrash the other three,
 I will not yield a foot or blow to them.”

Quickly did the three strike
 Heavy blows on the big man ;
 And soon he broke their hearts in their bodies
 With the great iron club of the big giant.

The young giant who was engaged
 In conflict with the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir,
 He vehemently and piteously roared,
 And asked for quarters from the big man.

Գո չեճճալի բից սալմբե չօ հ-ւնիճալ,
 մճ ճիօցի շի ճիլեար ճամ չօ ճեօ ;
 ճօ չեճլլ բիլբեան ճի բեճճ ճ իճօճալ,
 չօ ի-ճեճիբճճ իճիլլ ճի բիլլ իճօլլ.

Գո չիճ բեյլճ ճից չճճ ճաճ ճալլ,
 'իճ իճիճ ճիօլլ ճ ճիլլ ճ ճօլլ ;
 իլ իճիճ իճիլլ ճօլլ ճ ճիլլ իճ ճալլ,
 իճ իճիլլ ճ իլ-ճալլ իճի ճօլլ ճի իճիլլ.

“ I will willingly concede thee that request,
If thou wilt be faithful to me for evermore ;”
He promised that during his whole life,
He would obey the big man.

He took possession of each room,
Wherein were all their wealth ;
Their equal was not here or there
For strength of arms in the wide world.

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F.

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Hennesy, Maurice W., Esq., Albert Road, Kingstown.

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Hickey, William R., Esq., Surveying General Examiner of Excise, Somerset House, London.

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I.

Inchiquin, The Lady, Dromoland, Newmarket-on-Fergus.

Inchiquin, The Rt. Hon. Lord, Dromoland, Newmarket-on-Fergus.

Irwin, Rev. Wm., C.C., Metropolitan Church, Marlborough-st., Dublin.

J.

Jennings, James, Esq., Kingstown Avenue, Kingstown.

Joly, J. R., Esq., LL.D., Barrister, 38, Rathmines Mall, Dublin.

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Kavanagh, Miss Julia, 7, Allason Terrace, Church Lane, Kensington, London.

Kane, Thos., Esq., M.D., 90, George's street, Limerick.

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 Sullivan, John D., Esq., 12, Essex-street, N. Y.
 Walsh, P. W., Esq., Ichoupelonlas-street, New Orleans.

LONDON, CANADA WEST, ASSOCIATION.

- Downes, Henry, Esq.
 Irwin, William, Esq.
 M'Cann, Philip, Esq.
 Norris, Patrick G., Esq., Solicitor.
 Oliver, D. Noble, Esq.
 O'Mara, Patrick, Esq.
 Robinson, William, Esq., C.E.
 Shanly, James, Esq., Barrister.
 Tierney, John M., Esq., (Law Student), Secretary.

THE END.

