

AN AGALLAM BÉAS

AN CRAOIBHÍN DO SGRÍOB.

Cualairé gac éinne a bfuil eólas aige ar litriúeact na n-ǵaebeal tráct ar Agallam na Seanórac, aet is beas tuine a bfuil fíos aige go bfuil dá Agallam ann. Tá ceann aca agus curó beas de'n ceann eile le fásail insan Láim-sgríbhinn móir sin, leabhar Mic Cáirtaig Riadaig, air a bfuil mar gnát-ainm, leabhar Liosmór.* Do clóbuail S. Aod O ǵrádaig an Agallam móir in a Silva Gadelica san mbliadain 1892, agus o'at-clóbuail an Stócaiseac é san mbliadain 1900, agus é as cur leis go móir as Láim-sgríbhinn eile, go móir-móir as Laud 610. Níor clóbuailéad riam go dtí anois don curó den Agallam eile. An méir d'atá i leabhar Liosmór ní'l ann aet bloó beas. Tá mé as clóbuailéad ann so beas-nae trian de'n blúire atá i leabhar Liosmór .i. oet scolamna as oet scolamna ficead. Aet fuair mé an Agallam a mbaineann an bloó so leis, agus é beas-nae iomlán, curó de i sgríbhinn tug Mac ǵiolla Pádraig, tigearna Baile-an-Caisteáin i n-Osruide dam, agus 'na d'iairé sin i ǵceann de na Láim-sgríbhinn do bailig an sean-ǵaebeal breas sin Riobard Mac Ádma, nó Mac Adam i mBéarla, an fear céadna air a ǵcuireann Éamonn O Tuathail síos, insan téx leanas é seo. Tar éis báis Mic Ádma do fuair an t-easbog Reeves iad, agus nuair d'éas seisean do ceannuig mo sean-cara Maxwell Close an MS. seo, i meas ǵmórdain eile do bí as an easbog—is truas tar na beartaib nár ceannuigead iad go léir—agus tug sé do'n Acadaim Ríogamail é. Tá níos mó 'na leat de'n Agallam nuair seo, agus ní'l baint ar bit aici leis an téx do cuiread i ǵcló ceana, mar éirfid an léigteoir ó'n nǵiota atá agam-sa ann so, agus, rud eile, bíonn Caoilte i n-áit Oisín agus Oisín i n-áit Caoilte ar fuo an leabair. Do sgríob mé cuntas ar an ǵéal so, mar tá sé i Láim-sgríbhinn Reeves, san Revue Celtique, imleabhar xxxviii. l. 289. Is dóig ǵur tosai ǵ sé i MS. Reeves, beas nae mar tosnuigean sé ann so. Tá tosac Reeves cailte, no dói-léigte, aet insna n-áiteacáib nae bfuil cailte tá sé ar don dul leis an mblúire atá i leabhar Liosmór, aet ní'l sé i ǵcómnuide ar na foclaib céadna, mar táisbeánas mo curó nótaí.

Cuirim amac anois an téx as leabhar Liosmór, beas-nae trian de, agus cuirim nuad-ǵaedil ǵ ar ǵac eile leatanae. Creidim ǵurab i seo an céad-uair do foillsigead ǵéal i n-ǵaedil ǵ ársa nae raib riam i ǵcló roime sin, agus aistriugad nuad-ǵaedil ǵe i n-áit Béarla air. D'forus aistriugad ǵaedil ǵe do cur ar an bprós, aet ní mar sin do'n filideact, ǵan a millead. Insna nótaib is ionann "R" agus Láim-sgríbhinn Reeves.

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* Sgríobann Miceál Óg O Longáin mar sin é. ní sgríobann sé "leabhar an leasa móir."

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Feacht noen do rala Oissín agus Cailti a ndún Clithair oc Sliabh Crott. Isin aimsir thainic Patraicc docum n-Ereann. Is ead do mhair diarsma na Feine .i. Oisín agus Cailti agus tri noenmhúir na bharradh. Bahedh ingnathughadh doghnidis .i. noonmhur ar timcell dibh cacha laithi imach do sheilc. Laithi noen do rala do Chailti mhac Ronain dul amach, ochtar fer mór agus giolla in naomhadh. Ba seadh conuir do chuadur um da Sliabh Eibhlinde agus um chenn senmhuighi Breoghain bhú thuaidh. Ar tarrachtain doibh a sealga la dubhadh deridh laoi, iseadh thancatur a corrfhód cnamh choille atuidh. Is and boi fer gair giolla Chailti agus a ere feinmidha don tseilc fair oir ni bhidh ere for Cailti féin o ró ghabh rath. Tairnis in gilla ar in sruth agus benas cuac Cailti da mhúin agus ibhis dhigh don tsruth. Airet ro bui in gilla ac a hol luidseat in t-ochtur fer mor tar slighidh bhudheas ar fordul¹ conuire, agus ac techt don ghilla in a ndiaigh is ann atcuala mongur in mhorshluaigh. Agus gabhas in gilla ac fégain in tshluaigh, agus craobh etturra agus a chenn. At connairc a remthus in tsluaigh buidhen ingnathach. Samhalta lais .iii. isin buidhin sin. Baseadh a tuarascbail, casla caomha coimgheala lin umpa, cind tolla leó, agus croind chroma in a lámhaibh, agus scéith tiugha ecrutha oir agus argait éinghil for a n-ochtaibh doibh. Aighthe bána attrugha bannda leo agus gotha fearrdha accu agus fothord conuire gach aoinfhir dhibh.

Tainic in gilla i ndeaghaidh a muindtiri agus ni ruc orra co riacht in fhianbhoith agus ro siacht uime dar leis anala na buidhne ingantaighe atconuirc, agus léicis a eri for lár agus loighis ina imdhaigh, agus curas a uille faoi, agus tic a osna os aird ass.

Is ann sin do ráidh Cailti Mac Ronain: Maith a ghilla in ne truma heire thic riut.

¹ Do sgríobhadh "vel fodcrd" os cionn "fordul" 'san MS.

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Ni he ar in gilla, uair is mor n-ere is mo inass doratasa lium ocus nír curset form. Acht sluagh ingantach atchonarc a Cnamhchoill cro. An cét bhuidhen itchonurc don tshluagh ingantach sin romlín treaghait tromghalair re hanalaibh na buidhne sin.

Tabhair a tuarascbháil ar Cailti.

Samhalta lem tri caogaid fer furri ocus casla coimhgheala umpu ocus cind tolla leo, ocus croind croma in a lamhaibh ocus sceith tiugha for a nochtaibh, ocus aighthe bannda leo, ocus gotha fer accu, ocus dord conuire ag gach aoinfhir dhibh.

Ro lín ingantas in tseinfhian re a cloistin. Is iat sut, ar Oisin, na Tailginn ro tharngairseat ar ndraithi ocus Find duind, ocus cid do dhenum friu?

Muna marbtur iat eireochait toraind, ar cach.

Uch, ar Oisin, cid uma mbemais doibh, uair deiridh na feinde sind ocus ni hagaind fein ata righi nEirenn ina hol na a haibhnius acht a sealc agus a dithrubha ocus a droibhela, ocus a nimghabhail as coir, ar sé. Ocus ro bhadur amlaidh sin co tainic la ar na mharach ocus ni bi ni ar a menmuinn an oidhche sin acht iat.

Ro eiridh tra Cailti a remhthús an laoi sin uair isé ba sine acu, ocus thainic ar an dumha oirreachtas imach, ocus do glan grian ceo do mhuighibh ocus do ghabh Cailti ac mordhechain da choicedh Mumhan uadh ar gach leth. Is and sin atconuirc Cailti deatach do Cuillind o Cuanach 7 bhoi ingantus mor lais ocus do buic a rádh in a mhenmuin, Ingnad lem, ar se, in deatach út at chiu i Cuillind uair ni fhuil bruigh nait bailedha ann, ocus ni fhuilet foghlaidh fedha naid dibearcaidh ind Eirind, uair ata Ere in a topur thechtaighi, ocus fuilet da choicedh Mumhan ac Aongus mac Natfraich ocus coicedh Connacht ac Eichen mac Briain meic Eochach Muimhedhoin, ocus coicedh Uladh ac Muireadach Muinderg, ocus coicedh Laigen ac Crimthan mac Etna Ceinnsealaigh ocus braighde Eirenn uile ac Laoghure mac Néil i Temhraigh, ocus¹ conach fuilet dibeargaidh nait anmargaidh nait foghlaidh feadha a nEirinn, ocus ni fhuilet fianna aile a nEirinn, acht sinne,

¹ Saoilim nach ceart an t-"ocus" so do bheith san téx.

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ocus ni sind do ni in tene út, oculus táinic teimhel tar mo rosc ic fégain in detaigh oculus na tenedh sin.

Is and sin tainic in righ fheindigh Oisín amach ar in tulaigh oculus it cualaidh fodord in tsenlaich oculus ro bhui ica fhiarfaidhe, cidh ima dta tfhodhord a ocláidh, ar se Oisín.

Teine fuil i Cuillind .h. Cuanach ar Cailti oculus rucadh uaim mo rosc ica fégain oculus ni fhedur cuich las a ndentar.

Tene na Tailgind¹ sin, ar, Oisín, oculus issí² ruc do rosc uait, oculus atathar ica breith uaim-si, bhar Oisín. Is fír ar Cailti is fada uadh itáthur aca tarrngaire co ticfadais co Cuillind, oculus rob adhbha fhian oculus chon oculus chuanart gus aníú hí. Oculus do roine in lai ann.

Cuillend ba hadhbha fhiadha³
Gus taithaighmís⁴ nar bhfhianaibh,
Tarrnguirset⁵ duind draithe Find
Conosaitreabhdaís Tailgind.

Tarrngairset ic Raith mhaighi⁶
Lonan, Cathmaol, Congaili,
Ticfuit Tailginn tar muir mhenn
Conaitreabhait iath n-Ereann⁷.

Teachtfaid⁸ ar taigheacht anair
Raith Chormaic⁹, raith caomh Cealtchair¹⁰
Raith Maighi, raith gabra glenn,
Leitir cáin, Cuala, Cuilleand.

Osnad cind, os cnoc Daire,¹¹
Ráith Mhedhain raith Dúngaile,
Cathair oirndnighe cen acht,
Lecca¹² Midhi Magh nDurrthacht.

Ro tarrngair Find fein iar sain
Oidhchi Shamhna a sigh Etair,
Com biad iarsma Feinde Find
Re ré thiachtana¹³ in Tailginn.

Co mbemais i Crotuibh Cliach
Ar tri naonmhuir fer findliath,
Com beth scel ann diar scaradh¹⁴
Duind bhidh buan a bithghalur.

¹ ttolcheann Reeves. ² dfhiadhaibh R. ³ cusatticedis R. ⁴ contairngirsiod draoithi Finn R. ⁵ duinn co ngloine R. ⁶ Iath Ereann R. ⁷ deachtfoid R. ⁸ Comhraic R. ⁹ cealttoir R. ¹⁰ ceall osnad is cnoc Doire R. ¹¹ Leaccoin R. ¹² a rétoigheachta R. ¹³ go sgarmis re roile an tan R.

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Ragaidh uaind Oisín mac Fínd
 Naonmhur fo uisci in Tailghinn,¹
 Aodh bec² is Ceallach cen acht³
 Lughaidh Colman caomh comhrac.

Siadal file Fland mac Brain
 Is Aodhan mac Aircheallaigh,
 Biaidh Temhuir⁴ bud beac a neart
 Scéaraidh re neimhibh draidheacht.

Raghaid Dearg siar a sígh mBrain,
 Biaidh Faillean a Fínd abhair,
 Biaidh Conan i Colba duind,
 Biaidh Flaithius i sídh Umuill.

Biaidh Dubh drumán a sígh Buidbh
 Ar deis inghine Modhuirnd,
 Budh iat sin sleachta na bhfear,
 Curus tathchuirthea temheal.⁵

Cormac mac Ruaidh raghaid siar
 Co Cáille co cnoc na bhfian
 Failbe mac Fíndchadh agus Flaind
 Cú an a gcrichaibh Umhuill.

Maine mac Druimdirg is dóigh
 Ocus Dunghal mac Dubh chroin,
 Fergal mac Suabaigh, malle,
 Misi fein is Fer ngaire.

Sinde fa dhitreabhaibh sliabh
 Seachnoin Eirenn, soir is siar,
 Lá uair a mhbera críne⁶
 Ni fhágbhaim ar coimhdhíne.⁷

Ata mo chroidhe ga cháí⁸
 A Oisín ní himarghai,
 Na Tailginn co nilur ceall⁹
 Ic fadógh tene i Cuilleand¹⁰

¹ Ar amhus Tailccind R. ² bán R. ³ cacht R. ⁴ Ceallach is Cormac R.
⁵ [Cea]rthoir R. ⁶ Soir go sídh Broin R. ⁷ Ort a Oisín ní chealeaph R.
⁸ Chrom "Cróin" is dóigh. ⁹ Bett sa agus m'ochtair go fíor R. ¹⁰ Dfhios
 an bhfuighmis ar ccoimhdhion. ¹¹ Chnaoi R. ¹² Anoss od sgaradh-sa leam
 R. ¹³ San iath-sa a ccomhghar Cuilleann R.

In Tailgend tainic anair
 Do dhichur druagh in domhuin,
 Caomh ro tharrngair co ffr Find¹
 In deatach atchí i Cuillind²: Cuillend.

Ocus ar ndenum na laoidhi sin ro gabh ferg an sergach ainmhesurdha in righ fheinnidh .i. Oisin, ar tuideacht teimhil tenedh tar a rosc righdha, ocus is é ro raidh, in dil do berum fa dheoigh ar na Tailgendaibh tabram fa céadóir, ocus lenaidh mhisi a fhiru, ar se, ocus loiscfimit na Tailgind, ocus leicfiter a luaith re sruth, ocus is amhla ro bhoi ic a radha sin, ocus tuc ceim fichdha resna fearuibh isin sliabh, ocus nír len *acht* mad ochtar amain é, ocus é fein in naomhadh.

Is ann sin tra ro scailset na tri noenbhair badur a n-aon inad roimhe sin, .i. noenbur dibh um Chailti, fa fhedhaibh ocus fa droibhelaibh agus aimhreidhibh Erenn, ocus nonbur aile fa tshighaibh Eirenn ar teithedh na Tailgind, ocus in treas nonbur fa Oisin fein .i. Aodh bec ocus Ceallach ocus Lugha Colman cend comramhach Siadail file Flann mac Brain Aodhan mac Aircheallaigh.

Is ann sin do raidh Cailti; in side feirge benes Oisin do marbhadh na Tailchend brécfaidhtear he ocus creidfidh fomam-baistid³ ocus creidme. Gach aon tra do nach áil creidemh doibh, na heirged da nindsaighi, ocus mad (?) misi imorro ní ragh.

[Ro⁴ eirigh Dearg iaromh co n-a ochtar .i. Faoillen a Fionnabhair Conan a cholbha duin ocus Claideas a sidh Umhaill, Diarmuid ocus Iollainn a sidh Maircce, Guaire a Bruigh (?) gairbh Dubhan a sidh Eadoir ocus Dubh Dromach a Sidh Bhuidhbh. Ro cheileabhair Dearg ocus Caoilti dia roile iaromh agus nochar comhraiceatar re cheile as a haithle. Dála Deircc do chuaidh go doras Sidhe Broin ocus ro sgaoileat a ochtar uadha ann, ocus ro chúaidh gach aon díobh d'ionnsoichidh a charad amhuil [ro] tairngir Caoilte doiph isin laoidh romhainn].⁴ Ocus nír comruicset in tseinfhian iarsin acht Cailti ocus Oisin i tigh Diarmada Meic Cerbhuill i Temraigh.⁵ Asahaithle sin ro raidh

¹ Togbhas anoss—ní maith leam R. ² An deatach atchí a cCuilleand R.

³ Fomabaistid, agus líne gearr os cionn an chéad "a," san MS. ní tuigim.

⁴ Na línte seo roir vincula, 86 focal, 15 as R. do báimeas 140.

⁵ Féac Agallam na Senórac, Stokes, líne 2240.

Cailti, ní reacham, ar se, a sidhaibh acht racmait fo fhedhaibh agus fo aimhreachaibh Erenn ar teitheadh na Tailchenn.

Ro facsat tra Dun Clithair a Sliabh Crott agus do lodur siar reompu cacha ndireach ind glenn in-dair,¹ agus i Leitir chain² i cind Fheabhrat agus co madh da mhullach agus co leitir duibh i Luachair,³ agus tainic crich na hoidhici chuchu. Ro bhadar co dubhach domh-enmnach ind oidhchi sin ar scarthain re cairdibh agus re mac in righ fheindigh agus risin righ feindigh fein, .i. re hOisín re a dhalta fein. Agus ní chaith Cailti cona nonbhur biadh ind oidhchi sin, acht ro chotailset co meirtneach isin fhianbhoith deroil do righne Feargair dhoibh.

Ro eirigh Cailti iar sin, agus tainic roimhe imach ar ór in atha agus⁴ do impo aris dochum a aosa cumtha. Maith ar se eirgid do gabhail ind eisc so amuich, agus curidh bhur ndhubhachas dibh; agus ní seachainté in biadh, ar sé gé⁵ seachainté na caruit. Agus ba maith ar conach eisc agus sealga gus trasta. Agus ro bhadur in tochtar sin ic gabhail ind éisc cur éirigh grian. Is ann sin thancatur aodhairidhe na nalmha⁶ agus na nindile co Carnn Leitirí duibhí os cind Chailti, agus é na shuidhe ar or ind atha, agus do ghabhsat na haodhairedha ar ceól⁷ agus ar binneas do dhenumh, agus ba bind le Cailti in ceól sin,⁸ ar ba cosmhuil he resin ndhord fhiannsa, agus do bhi ic a radha re ghilla bheith in a thost, agus a iasc do gabhail, agus do rinde in laoidh

Esteacht becc ón⁹ bím nar dtost
A Fhírgaire geibh do chosc,
Ceol do chluinim dom leith clí,
Do chuir mo neart¹⁰ ar neimhní.

Trom treagdas mo chroidhí cain
Aithris fhiansa¹¹ a fhatharlaigh,
Aindri beca a Portt Ghuaire¹²
Ceol chanuit cach naon uaire.

¹ Gleann anair R. ² Alleitir abrat chaoimh R. ³ Alluachair dheaghaidh R.

⁴ Agus at chonnaire an linn ar snamh fo iascc R. ⁵ Agus as éiccin go seachantar. R.

⁶ Cona ttaintibh agus cona n-innleadh R. ⁷ Cantain duird aodh-earachta R. ⁸ Tucc Caoilti a mheanma go mor ann R. ⁹ Eisti beccan R.

¹⁰ Corp R.

¹¹ Fian R. ¹² Annra bheacca a mboith Ghuaire : An ceol chanaid mo thruaighe R.

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Aedhaire duibhi¹ a druim léis
 An aithris fuabrait² da neis
 Bind ceol³ a mac-samhla sain
 Dordan tri mac ndithreabhaigh.⁴

Cronán Faolchon a fidh garbh,
 Fodhord⁵ Flaind do leirg lathairn
 Abran Faolain fed Laindi,⁶
 Foghur tri mac Conchainde.⁷

Caín ceol do chandais tar lear,
 Cairill is Artt is Eobhran,⁸
 Mongán Maolghas, mor anádh,
 Faolchu, Eoghan Uamhanán.

A leitribh cend rabhnirind
 Daolghus, Dubhachán, Dubhrind,
 Mugslaine, Dubthach mac Brain
 Ocus Findchadh a Formáil.

Dubhróid, Dubhán, Dubdala,
 Dubhdruiman mac Senchadha,
 Conán, Flaitheas, fer daghal,
 Garbh Daire, Daire, Dúngal.

Maol ugra agus Maol Eanaigh,
 Ba bind le cach a meadhair,
 Caince Ferrdoman Find bán
 Oscur, Oisin, Uallachan.

Dercc agus Ruadh agus Goll,
 Lughaid, Lucan, Conghal, Cond,
 Scannal, Uairbhel, Aichel, Ercc,
 Bran, Seghdha, Sealbhach, Saoirearc.

Colla, Corc, Féice, Foill, Fial,
 Fiacha, Conall, Caichear, Cian,
 Garbh Crot caol i Cluain da ros,
 Donndé rath Dubhda Donnghas.

¹ A aodhaire dhuibh R. ² Ar n-aithris fuabraid dar n-éis' R.
³ Nuail R. ⁴ bhFearrdomhain R. ⁵ Fodhord R. ⁶ Loinne R.
⁷ Mic Cochruinne R.
⁸ ΤΑ ΟΑ ΛΕΑΧΑΝΑΚ ΤΟΕ R ΔΣ ΤΕΑΣΤΑΙΛ ΔΑΝΝ ΣΟ.

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Find fein, is Flann mac Eachach
Diarmuid Raighne rosclethan.
Canait in dord fiansa ar fuin
Canaid Cailti Collamair.

Canaid Cailti chnuic da dhamh,
Canaidh Cailti Chnuic aradh,
Canaid Cailti cosluath cain,
Canaid Cailti mac Fidhaigh.

Canaid Uilleand, canaidh Aodh,
Is Druim Derg is Dubh da raon,
Ocus Subhach mac Maol cruim
Ocus Flandchadh a Fordhruim.

Canmais an Alpain re seal
Is a Fornocht Droma dean,
In Aonach Life lith ngal,
Ind Almain cen imarghal.

A n-Aonach Thailten na náth
I Carman i cnucc da ráth
A n-Uisnech a Tailtin tair
A Cnodhbha a Tlachtga a Teamhain.

A Téide a Coran na treabh
Ind aonach Clochair tar lear,
An Aonach Chliach is Luinge
Ind Aonach mhor Mhuchruime.

A n-Aonach Chruachan ro bae
Canmais dord ar ndul ar cae,
Ba bind foghur fiansa ar feacht
Ba maith le cach a éisteacht. E.

Ahaithe na laoidi sin ro badur in tshein-fhian ac tairmesc Cailti da eolchuire ocus do raidset nar choir dho bheith ac cuimhniughadh na Feinde dhoibh. Dentur iascach dindeonadh duind, ar siat: Ni h-inadh dhuind so, ar is imdha a aitrebha in inaid so. A imgabhail is coir dhuind.

Ocus táncatur rompu a clé re leitríbh Duibhi, agus do Themhair Luachra, agus do ghland na cond, agus dáth Lucraidh for Fheil, agus do Bhrosna Droma hiaraind agus tar aibhnibh Feile. Ocus o rancatur tar in Fhéil adubhairt Cailti, is mithid, ar sé, indeonadh do dhenamh acuind. Do rinneadh fon cuma sin a fhulacht, agus mar thairnic dhoibh do eirighset reompu tar ré in chind i Luachair, bhail i rucsat mic Cuilgreand cend .F. hui Bhuiscne, agus a ceand tsleibhe Mis lamh re cathair na claon ratha, agus duisci Labhrainde agus a Traigh fhir grinne mic Dheaghaidh agus do loch daimh dheircc, agus do Dhumha Maissine in glend nandiadh agus amach a comhair Chind tseindtshleibhe. Is inad maith, ar se Cailti agus is diamhair é, agus ní conair athaighthi othír sin minathisat lucht fiadhaigh.

Tainic iarsin Fer gaire .i. gilla Cailti agus do rinde both bronnfhairsing bhélcumang agus tuc flesc tar féice dhi agus dlái dhidin tairsi. Ocus cén ro bui in gilla ic a ndhenamh do chuadar in tochtur aile do thsheilc. Ro burlamh leabaidh cach deissi agus imdaigh cach con agus tri coilceacha cailleadh cach himdhaighi, .i. coilceach craibhigh agus coilceach cendaid agus fir-luachra,¹ agus do churadur a nairidha sealga dibh agus righnedh fulacht leo; agus ro thochaitset biadh agus tomhaltas, agus badur an oidchi sin in a cotladh.

Ro éirgeadur iar sin agus do chuadar ar in tulaigh os cind comair chind tshleibhe agus ro fhechadur uatha for cach leth, agus ba toirseach iatt ac smuaineadh Fhind agus na Feinde. Ocus is iat ba riga ar an crich sin in tan sin .i. Irgal mac Muradhaigh agus Ceallach mhac Sealbhaigh. Ocus do chuaidh Irgal in la sin do sheilc isin crich irradursamh, agus ro dúisceadh muca agus aighe imdha leo, agus ní mharbhsat acht aon agh dibh.

Ro bui Cailti agus Findchadh ac machtnughadh na

¹ Coilceach craobh coilceach chaonnaigh agus coilceach úrluachra leisíomh ar a ccionn, R.

sealga sin. Is olc a Fhindhaidh, ar Caiti rith chon agus dainedh na sealga atchí.

Is fir ón, ar Findchadh, mesa sa mesa *cacha* díne.¹

Tecait iar sin don fhianbhoith in oidhchi sin agus lodur do sheilc ar na mharach *gus* in nglend cetna, agus ro *duisceadh* leo *damhrad* agus *adhrad*² agus ro mharbhsat a lór dhaoithín dibh.

Ocus ar na marach tainic Irgal do thseilc na nglend *cétna*, agus fuair slicht na gcon agus na bhfer mor, agus crithnaight na coin for slicht na con agus *lochta* an fhiadhaigh. Lorc fomhurach don mhuir, nó lorc dainedh nach *coimhdi*[ne]³ dhuind, nó lorc fer mor a *sidhe* so, ar Irgal, agus leantar linde seo co fhesum. Ocus ge adubhairt sium sin ní fhuair neach *no lenfadh* hé *acht* é féin agus cú ar *slabhradh*, in a laimh, agus lenas slicht na con agus na bfer amach a nglend na ndiadh agus a comur chind tsheinshleibhe co fhacaidh in fhianbhoith.

Is and do bhui Fer gaire a ndoras na fianbhoithe co fhaccaidh in macaemh. Slan foraibh a *dheadhlaocha*, bar Irgal, agus téit isin fhianbhoith. Ocus dlomhait na coin mhora da *slabhradhaibh* dochum *chon* in mhacaomh. Coiscidh na coin, bhar Caiti. Suidh acaind, ar Caiti, agus rot bia faoilti agus indis scéla dhuind.

Cora dhaibh-si a indisin damh-sa ce sibh.

In cualais cé in tóclach is oirdarca agus is ferr do bhoi ac Find mac Cumhaill nó an cualais Find *cona* fheind, ar Findchadh.

Ni chuala ic tabhairt a laimhe a laimh⁴ tighearna oclach badh fherr ina Caiti mac Ronáin ro bhui ac Find agus Lughá lága ac Mac Con agus Dubh mac Salmhóir ag Fathadh Canand.

Fir ámh sin, ar siatt. Is sé so Caiti agus cia *thusa* a mhacaomh, ar Findchadh.

Irgal mac *Muradhaigh* do Chorco Dhuibhne mhisi, ar in macaomh, agus is lium leth na criche so i fhuilti.

Masead ar siat athaigh chucainde agus foghebha cáin tshealga agus comuirle uaind.

Fornaidmis cach ar a cheile dhibh, agus imthighes Irgal có a dhun fein; agus do bhadur a mhuindtear ic

¹As amh nearte agus as anfhainne gach líne da dheighioncha inas an líne roimhe R. Do sgríobhadh "d'ne" in ait "líne" ar dtús acht d'athruigh an sgríbhneóir é. ²Iomad faoilbheadhach agus fiadh, R. ³Coimhdi. MS. ⁴A laime a laim a laim. MS.

aithfer imaitheber mar do leicset uaithibh a tighearna. Ocus ro indis doibh cur len in slicht co muir, agus nach bhfuair iat.¹

Ro élo i frithing na conaire cetna a cind tri lá agus tri n-oidhche agus ferthar caoin fhailti fris.

Fan cétna dhaibh-si, ar sé, a dheadhlaochu. In fhilet scela acut, ar Cailti. Eire fo lan gach maitheasa, ar in macaomh, ba hail leamsa sén sealga diarraidh oruibhsi. Tabhur sén dó a Findchaidh ar Cailti. Dobér ar Findchad. Tabradh a coin, agus a dhaine leis dia céadaín tic, agus deanadh sealg, agus cid bé céad fhiadh mharbhas fulachtadh agus tabradh da mhuindtir agus da chonaibh, agus coimledh a fhuil fo lámhaibh agus fo armaibh a mhuindtire agus fo fhiacclaibh a chon, agus biaid conach sealga fair. Téit Irgal da thigh, agus tic dia cédaín do tsheilc, agus duiscighthear damh andreannnda allaidh leo, agus do thuit leo agus do rinde mar adubhairt Findchadh friss. Ocus marbhas fó a chomas na fiadha iar sin.

Tainic a cind tri la agus tri noidhchi connuic in fianbhoith céadna.

In buideach don tsheilcc thú, a mhacaimh, bhar iatsom. Issam amh, bhar eissiumh. Ocus oclaoch maith atá a comhroind fearaind frimsa .i. Ceallach mac Sealba fer beodha, agus ri Mumhan acam cothughadh² in a cheand²; agus ar bportt flatha araon aici agus do báil lemsa sén agus sola dia indarbadh.

Tabhuir an sén út a Fhindchaidh, ar Cailti.

Cuireadh a mhoghudha dardain tic, ar Findchadh, fon coill agus benadh caola in fhedha agus tabhradh dia haine co portt flatha, agus saigh fein cleth gacha hairde and, agus bad leat in baile ó sin amach, agus taoth Ceallach fein leat. Tainic Irgal da thigh agus do righne uile amhail a dubhradh fris. Tainic fein agus do sháigh cleth cacha hairde isin baile. Ocus ro thinoil Ceallach mac Sealba leth rí Chorcodhuibhne agus it connuirc Irgal sin agus curas teachta co Ceallach do thabhairt comad dó co tisadh nert don tshén tucad dó, agus ó thainic medhon laoi do righne Irgal comhrac oinfhir re Ceallach agus do thuit lais a ndorus in bhaile agus ro ghabh braighde Chorco

¹ Tá na ceitire poela so as R.

² Aga mhéadughadh thormsa. R.

Dhuibhne tri shén agus tri shola. Agus do bui isin baile sin co cend tri lá agus tri noidhchi agus no cuimnigh a aos cumtha agus iarsma na feinde. Agus tainic *conuic* in fhianbhoith a roibhe Cailti agus *fertur* faoilti fris.

Agus asi ba ben dó .i. Dubh gréine *inghean* Cathail Cromchind .i. brughhadh dó féin, agus atbertt sí do fhedar is lucht cumacht agus draichta fuilet a caradradh mo cheile ar si, uair ro lín rath é¹ agus atá do mhéd a alla agus a *chonaich* co tithre sé *inghean* righ nó rofhatha, agus ro éirigh agus ro ghabh ar slicht ind óclaigh agus leanas é *conuic* in fhianbhoith, agus itbert, annso atá in lucht dobheir sén do Irgal, agus tuc a cluas risin fhianbhoith agus is é comhrád do rinde Irgal : Maith ar se bur cumain orm-sa, do thuit Ceallach leam agus atá a *fhearann* acum tri *bhur* caradradhsí ; acht atá ní ele acum re ecáine ribh .i. ealtta dhénaibh dubha thic chucum agus in gortt arbha ar a loight ithit hé co mbhui in a *cre* dhirc, agus tabh-*raidh* sén da ndichur sin damh.

Maith ar Findchad in trath tangais uair a fhuil o *turcbail* greine co fuinedh do bethachaibh dfhuagairt isin tsén sin bad marbh fo chend naomhaidhe muna fhácat on tráth co roile. Atcuala ben Irgail sin agus a dubert : oraibh fein ar sí neimh agus áigh bhar sén, agus faoidh in crich, ar si, agus in sén sa oraibh .i. sén na nén dona gortaibh.

Bidgus in tsheinfhian agus in macam agus gabhait a nairm, agus teichidh in ben agus téit a muinidhin a ratha agus roghabh lamh re muir, agus lenaid a fer hí agus ac *silledh* di tar a hais do rorchair docharraic agus fuair bás.

Ro eirigset in tsheinfhiann agus adubhairt Cailti, maith a fhiru, leicidh d Irgal a aonur, ar sé, a lenmhuin agus ar mallacht ar in mnaí, agus itbert :

¹ Cuirim isteach an t "é" seo as R. ruabar é." ruabar=ró-uabhar?

Deir an téx sin " do líon rath agus

Ar mallact ar² mhnai Irgail
 Mallacht cach righ don rigraidh,
 Mallacht Oissín mallacht Fhind
 Ar inghin Chathail chroimchind.

Do fhuagair duind Dubhgréine
 Fágbháil Chomair chind tshleibhe.
 Mallacht ar in mnai ronbrath
 Rob hé a diultadh deighenach.

Bámar sealat sund co slán
 Cian ó fheraibh cian ó mnaibh,
 Cian o thailgennaibh ar teach
 Nír bho *conuir* chomuidhteach.

Annamh lind gus in lá aniu
 Imgabhail ar n aeighidha,
 Bá faelidh cách iar sin feis
 Cen aeighidha no loimngheis.

Bennacht uaim ar Irgal án
 Rium bá cunnail a chomhradh,
 Gairm mna ro bo gairm *conngart*
 Rothuill co mór ar mallacht, . . . Mallacht.

Facam in t-inad so ar Findchad, uair da mbem gus trath *cetna* amarach ann, ni bia fear indisti scel beó acaind. Tancadur rompu iarsin tar glenn Massan agus do loch daim *deirg* agus do *thraigh* fhirgrinne meic Dheghadh agus *dinis* labharthuinde agus co *hindba* buinde agus go *hindba* lemhna agus co loch lein agus co glend mhangart os loch lein agus na *ticedh* *neach* chucaind taréis Irgala. Gabhaitt fón ghleinn agus do gheibhit inadh diamhair for bruind essa agus do rindset both chuanna agus ro chuirset fleisc re feici dhi, agus dlai dhíidin tairsi, agus esrais agus irluachrais Fergaire hé,

Ocus do ní leaba *cacha* deisi agus leapa *cacha* *con*, agus oired ro bhoí in giolla ac denum na fianbhoithi tiagh-aitsim do sheilc. Doghní in gilla tabhochta taobhgrine *talmhan* re hor int *srotha* agus léicis in sruth ann agus adais tor tenedh, agus *dercais* clocha co mboi eallamh ar

¹ Mallacht uainn for. R.

chod a mhuintire. Tancatur suim ón tsheilc agus do righmedh fulacht agus indeonad leó agus do righniset a fothracadh agus do chaithset proinn iar sin agus do chuadar in a nimdhaighibh agus do fearsat tathamh suain agus cotalta agus ro bo scithach iat in oidhcisin.

Batur insin glend sin re bliadain, can neach dferaibh Eireann do urmaisin forro. Maiden aon badur na nimdhaighibh acht Fergaire amhain, co cuala suassán na sealga ós a chind isin tshliabh, agus itconnairc lucht na sealga agus a gcoin ar néirghi fhiadh agus mhil agus agh nallta, agus itbert, eirgidh a Fhianna, ar se, agus atathar mon ngleann, Ro eirigsit agus ro ghabhadur a nairm agus itbert Cailti, ní neach aile atá annso, ar se, acht rí Mumhan, agus fácum in glend. Ocus tancatur rompu iarsin co glend Fleisci do lethuibh locha lein.

Is amhlaidh do boí Cailte agus Findchad ic imtheacht agus lámh chaich dibh ar gualain aroile. Cidh fa ráidter Ráithín na ningnad risin raithin seo, ar Findchad; agus liacan cloichi for a lár? As meabhair lem, ar Cailte. Do bhuí Find in a longphortt annso agus ní rucad tusa isin aimsir sin a Fhinchaidh. Tancatur triar ingan¹ isin nglendsa docum Find agus do rinset a muindterus fris. Aon chú accu gile na sneachta. Cú sealga isin ló hí agus caor thenedh isin noidhchi. Ocus así comha ro iarrsat ar Fhind bheith cach laoi a comhsheilc reisin Fheind agus bheith cach noidhchi for leith. Cid mor no marbhdáis gan a aisc forro agus cid bec gan a aisc. Bá do bhuaiduibh na consain in tuisci a curthea hí ba fín nó mídh dahéisi, agus anmanna in trísín .i. Sela agus Donait agus Domnan. Ocus cuilén tallsatur ó righ na hIruaithi ro bhuí acco, agus do roine in láidh.

Dámh trír thancatur ille
Do chur re Find na Féinde
Sirdis lind cach móin sgach madh
In triar uallach ba hingnad.

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THE LITTLE COLLOQUY¹

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The text of *An Agallamh Bheag* (*The Little Colloquy*) was printed for the first time, with a translation into modern Irish, by Professor Douglas Hyde in *Lia Fáil*, Dublin, I (1927), 79-107. He used the only manuscripts which are known to contain it: *The Book of Lismore* and *The Reeves MS.*

The following translation into English is published with the consent and advice of Dr. Hyde, who is not, however, to be held responsible for possible mistakes by the translators. In *Revue Celtique*, XXXVIII (1920), 289-295, Dr. Hyde has discussed the "Little Colloquy." One of his suggestions is that it may preserve the beginning, hitherto thought lost, of the long story of the "Colloquy with the Ancients."

AN AGALLAMH BHEAG

It happened once that Ossian and Cailte were in Dún Clithair at Sliabh² Crot. It was the time when Patrick came to Ireland. This is all that were left of the Fenians: namely, Ossian and Cailte and [twenty-seven of their followers] three groups of nine each. This was the thing that they usually did: namely, each day by turns, nine of them went out to hunt. One day it happened that Cailte Mac Ronáin went out. He was one of eight grown men and a gillie was the ninth. The road they went led around the two hills of Sliabh Féidhlime and around Sean-Mhagh Breoghain to the northward. At their return from hunting at the dark end of the day, they came to Corr-Fhód Chnámhchoille in the north.

¹ This translation is based upon one made by John C. McGalliard, Knox Wilson, and Walter Pennington, in Dr. Arthur C. L. Brown's class in Irish in 1927-28.

² *Sliabh*, mountain. Sliabh Crot is "not far from Sliabh Muice and the river Suir" [i.e., near the town of Tipperary].—E. Hogan, *Onomasticon*.

Feargaire, Cailte's gillie, was there, with the spoils of the hunt on his back. Cailte carried no burden himself from the time that he took service [with Finn].

The gillie bent down to the stream and took Cailte's cup from his back and drank a draught from the stream. While the gillie was drinking, the eight grown men, wandering from the road, went over a path to the south. While the gillie was following them, he heard the murmur of a great host. And the gillie began looking at the host, keeping a branch between them and his head. He saw the vanguard of the host, a wonderful troop. It seemed to him that there were one hundred fifty in that troop. This was their description: fair, bright cloaks of linen were around them; their heads were pierced;³ they had bent staves in their hands; and thick, variegated shields of bright gold and of silver were upon their breasts. They had the white faces of women, but the voices of men, and a chant of the road was chanted by each single man of them.

The gillie followed after his company and he did not overtake them till he reached the hunting-booth. And it seemed to him that the influence of the wonderful troop he had seen was all about him. He laid his burden on the floor and lay on his couch. He put his elbow under him and groaned aloud.

Then Cailte Mac Ronáin' said to him:

"Well, my gillie, is your burden too heavy?"

"It is not," said the gillie, "because I have borne many a burden greater than this, but none has ever oppressed me. It is not you who have placed this burden on me, but a wonderful host which I saw at Chnámchoill Cró. The first troop that I saw of that wonderful host filled me with the pain of heavy sickness at the breathing of that troop."

"Describe them," said Cailte.

"It seemed to me that there were three fifties of men there, [who had] bright cloaks around them, and pierced heads, [also] crooked sticks in their hands, and thick shields upon their breasts. They had the faces of women and the voices of men; and a chant of the road came from every single man of them."

Wonder filled the old Fenians as they listened.

"Those are," said Ossian, "the Adze-heads that Finn foretold

³ This refers, perhaps, to the tonsure or the mitre; monks are often called adze-heads (*tailghinn*).

would come. And what shall we do to them?"

"Unless they are killed, they will rule over us," said everyone.

"Alas!" said Ossian, "why should we attack them? For we are the last of the Fenians, and it is not ourselves who are in possession of the kingship of Ireland, with its drinking and with its joy; but rather [we have] only its hunting and its wild places and its forests; and it will be better for us to avoid them."

Thus they remained till day came on the morrow; and they thought of nothing that night except them [i.e., the Adze-heads].

Cailte arose at the beginning of the day, for he was the eldest of them, and went out to the hill of assembly. And the sun cleared away the fog from the plains. And Cailte fell to surveying the two provinces of Munster on every side. There Cailte saw smoke rising from Cuillind O'Cuanach,⁴ and he marvelled greatly and said in his heart:

"The smoke which I see yonder on Cuillind is a marvel to me, because there is not a house or a farm in the place, and there are no bandits of the woods or outlaws of Ireland, because Ireland is as quiet as a frozen pool. Besides, the two provinces of Munster are under the rule of Angus Mac Natfreich, and the province of Connaught under the rule of Eochaidh, son of Brian, son of Eochaidh Muigmeathoin, and the province of Ulster under Muiredach Red-Neck, and the province of Leinster under Criomthan, son of Etna Cinnsealach, and the hostages of all Ireland are with Laoghaire, son of Niall, in Tara, so that there is no outlaw or man slayer or forest robber in Ireland, and there are no other Fenian bands in Ireland, except ourselves; and it was not we who made the fire yonder; and there has come a darkness over my eye while watching that smoke and that fire."

It was then that Ossian, the Fenian prince, came out upon the hill and heard the murmur of the old warrior, and he asked him:

"What is thy murmuring about, O chief?" said Ossian.

"About a fire that is in Cuillin O'Cuanach," said Cailte, "and my sight was taken from me as I watched it, and I do not know by whom it was made there."

"That is a fire of the Adze-heads," said Ossian. "And this took thy eyesight from thee and it is taking my eyesight from me," said Ossian.

"It is true," said Cailte, "and long ago it was prophesied that

⁴ Cullen, five miles northwest of Tipperary.

they would come to Cuillin. It was an abode of the Fenians and of dogs and of packs of hounds till today.”

And he made this lay:

Cuillean was the abode of stags
To which we Fenians used to resort.
The druids of Finn promised it to us,
That Adze-heads should inhabit it.

Lonan, Cathmael, Conghaile,
Foretold at Rath Maige:
“The Adze-heads will come over the Irish Sea
To dwell in the land of Ireland.

“They will possess, after coming from the east,
Rath Cormaic, pleasant Rath Celtchar,
Rath Maige, Rath Gabra Gleann,
Leiter Cain, Cuala, Cuillin,

“Osna Cend and Cnoc Dairi
Rath Meadain, Rath Dungaile,
Cathair Oirndige, truly,
Lecca, Midi, and Mag Durracht.”

Finn himself predicted after that
Samhain night,⁵ in Sid Eadair,
That a remnant of the Fenians of Finn would be there
At the time of the coming of the Adze-head;

That we should be in Crota Cliach,
Our three nines of men of the grey-haired Fenians;
That there would arise a matter there to disperse us;
To us its evil would be lasting.

Ossian, son of Finn, shall go from us,
And nine men under the water of Adze-head:⁶
Little Aodh and Ceallach, verily,
Lugaid, fair Colman, Cormac.

Siadal the poet, Flann mac Brainn,
And Aodan mac Airceallaig,
They will be at Tara and little their strength,
Scattered before the poison of magic.

Dearg will go west to the Sidh⁷ of Bran
Failleán will be in Finnabair;
Conan will be in Colba with us;
Flaitios will be at Sid Umail.

Dub Druinnan will be at Sid Baddh
Besides the daughter of Moduirn.
Those will be the names of the men who will be there
.

⁵ Samhain night, Halloween.

⁶ A reference to baptism.

⁷ Sidh, a fairy mound.

Cormac mac Ruaid will go to the west
 With Cailte to the hill of the Fenians,
 Failbe mac Fionncaid and Flainn,
 That splendid dog in the boundaries of Umall.

Maine, son of Druimderg, it is likely,
 And Dunghal mac Dubhcroin,
 Feargal mac Suabaig, with them
 I myself and Feargaire.

We shall be scattered throughout the desolate mountains
 Throughout Ireland, east and west;
 When the withering time shall come,
 We shall find no people who are now alive.

My heart is wasting,
 O Ossian, it is no lie,
 Because Adze-head with his many churches,
 Is kindling a fire in Cuillin.

The Adze-head who has come from the east
 To drive out the druids of the world;
 It was fair and true that Finn prophesied
 The smoke which you see on Cuillin.

And on his making that song, anger and excessive hatred seized Ossian, the Fenian prince, because the smoke of the fire came over his royal eye; and this is what he said:

“The vengeance that we shall take at last upon the Adze-heads, let us take now. Men, follow me,” said he, “and we shall burn the Adze-heads, and their ashes shall be scattered down the stream.” And even as he said it, he made an angry step forward in front of the hill, but there followed him only eight men, and he himself was the ninth.

The three troops of nine, which were in one place before, dispersed at that time: that is, nine men including Cailte went into the woods and thickets and into the wild places of Ireland; and nine others fled to the fairy mounds of Ireland before the Adze-heads; and the third nine [were] under Ossian himself, Aodh the Little, Ceallach, Lugha, Colman Ceann, Comramach, Siadal the poet, Flann mac Briain, and Aodan mac Arceallaig.

This is what Cailte said:

“[Despite] the angry move which Ossian made toward killing the Adze-heads, he will be coaxed or deceived, and he will believe under the yoke of baptism and faith. Anyone who does not desire to believe in them, let him not approach them. As for me, I will not go.”

Dearg arose then with his troop of eight: namely, Faiollen from

Finnabair; Conan from Colba Dun; and Claidias from Sid Umail; Diarmuid and Lollan from Sid Mairge; Guaire from Brugh Gaird; Duban from Sid Eadoir; and Dub Droman from Sid Buidh.

Dearg and Cailte said farewell to the others after that, and they never met again. As for Dearg, he went to the door of Sid Broin, and sent away his eight [men] from there. And each one of them went to his [own] friends as Cailte promised them in the song before. And the old Fenians did not meet after that except Cailte and Ossian at the house of Diarmaid mac Cerbhuill in Tara.⁸

After that, Cailte said:

“We will not go to the fairy mounds, but we will go into the woods and into the wild places of Ireland in order to avoid the Adze-heads.”

They left then Dun Cliatair in Sliab Crott and all went forward westward directly into Glen in dair, and to Leiter Cain, in Cinn Feabrait, and to Mag da Mullach, and to Leiter Dub in Luacair Deagaib; and the end of the night came upon them. They had dreary sadness that night on account of their separation from their friends and from the son of the Fenian prince, and from the Fenian prince himself, that is, from Ossian, [Cailte's] own foster-son. And Cailte and his nine men did not eat food that night, but they slept uncomfortably in the wretched hunting-booth which Feargaire made for them.

Cailte arose after that and went out first to the edge of the ford, and he turned again to his companions:

“It were well,” said he, “to rise up to catch these fish that are out here, and to put your troubles from you. Food is not [to be] shunned,” said he, “although your friends be shunned. Our luck at fishing and hunting has been good up to this time.”

And the eight men kept on fishing till the rising of the sun. Then came herders of sheep and of cattle to Carn Leitri Duibhe, above Cailte, as he sat on the bank of the ford. And the herdsmen began to sing and to make melody, and the song seemed sweet to Cailte, for it was like the chant of the Fenians, the [renowned] *dord fiannsa*. And he began telling the gillie to be silent and to catch his fish; and he made this lay:

⁸ This meeting is related in the “*Acallam na Senórach*,” ed. Stokes, 2345-2360, translation in *Silva Gadelica*, II, 161.

Listen a little; O, let us be in silence;
O Feargaire, be quiet.
The music which I hear on the left
Has brought my strength to naught.

Heavily does it pierce my gentle heart
At a song like that of the Fiana in Fatarlaig;
The little poets from Port Guaire,
A song they sing each hour.

Herdsmen of Duibhe from Druimleis
Try, after us, to imitate us;⁹
Sweet is the music of that imitation of theirs,
The chanting of the three sons of Ditreabach.

The crooning of Faolchú from Fídh Garb,
The murmur of Flann from the side of Latharn,
The song of Faolan, the whistle of Lainn,
The sound of the three sons of Conchainne.

A sweet song they used to sing over the sea,
Cairill and Artt and Eobran,
Mongán Maolghas—great their luck—
Falchú, Eoghan, and Uamhanan.

From the sides of Rabnirin Head,
Daolghus, Dubhachán, Dubhrind,
Mugslaine, Dubthach son of Bran,
And Findchadh from Formall.

Dubhróid, Dubhán, Dubdala,
Dubhdruman son of Senchadh,
Conán, Flaitheas, Fer Daghál,
Garbh Daire, Daire, Dúngal.

Maol Ugra and Maol Eanaigh,
Their song was sweet to everyone,
Caince, Ferrdoman, Find Bán,
Oscur, Ossian, Uallachan.

Dercc and Ruadh and Goll,
Lughaid, Lucan, Conghal, Cond,
Scannal, Uairbhel, Aichel, Erec,
Bran, Seghdha, Sealbhach, Saoirearc.

Colla, Corc, Féice, Foill, Fial,
Fiacha, Conall, Caichear, Cian,
Garbh Crot Caol i Cluain-da-ros,
Donndé Rath Dubhda Donnghas.

Finn himself and Flann son of Eochaidh,
Diarmuit, Raighne Rosclethan,
They sing the song of the Fenians to the end,
Sings Cailte Collamair.

Sings Cailte of Cnoc-da-dhamh,
Sings Cailte of Cnoc-aradh,

⁹ "Try, after us, to imitate us . . ." This is the reading of the Reeves MS., *Lia Fáil*, I (1927), 92.

Sings Cailte Cosluath the Fair,
Sings Cailte the son of Fídhach.

Sings Uilleand, sings Aodh,
And Druim Derg and Dubh-da-raon,
And Subhach son of Maol Cruim,
And Flandchadh of Fordhruim.

We used to sing for a time in Alba
And at Fornocht Droma-dean,
In the assembly of Life,¹⁰
In Almain without a quarrel;

In the assembly of Tailte of the fords
In Carman in Cnoc-da-ráth,
At Uisnech and at Tailte in the east,
At Cnodhbha at Tlachtga at Teamhair.

At Téide at Coran-na-treabh
At the assembly of Clochair-tar-lear,
At the assembly of Chliach and Luinge,
At the great assembly of Mhuchruime.

In the pleasant Cruachan assembly,
We sang the chant as we went to the house.
Sweet were the voices of the Fenians;
Everyone was delighted to listen.

After that song, the old Fenians stopped Cailte's lamenting, and they said that it was wrong of him to remind them of the Fenians.

"Let the fish be broiled for us here," said they.

"This is no place for us," [said Cailte,] "for many are the houses in this place. It is better for us to avoid it."

And they went forward, keeping on their left Leitri Duibhi, to Tara Luachra,¹¹ and to Glenn na Conn, and to Ford Lucraid by the River Féil,¹² and to Brosna Dromha-h-iarainn, and over the streams of the Féil. And when they had gone over the [River] Féil, Cailte said, "It is time for us to broil the fish." They did their cooking there, and when they had finished, they went ahead over Ré-in-Chind in Luachair, the place where the sons of Cuilgreann brought the head of Finn, son of Cumall Ua Baoisgne, and to Sliabh Mis,¹³ hard by Cathair of Claon-Ratha, and to the water of Labrainne, and to Traigh Fhirgrinne mac Deagaid, and to

¹⁰ Li-fe, a place name.

¹¹ Near Castle Island, County Kerry.

¹² The River Feale flows northwest from Kerry through Limerick into the Shannon mouth.

¹³ The Slieve Mish Mountains in Kerry.

Lake Daimh-Dheirg, and to Dumba Maisine in Glenn-na-ndiadh, and out to Comar Cinn Seinntsleibhe.

“This place is good,” said Cailte, “and it is remote; and it is not a road frequented by the country [people], unless huntsmen traverse it.”

After that, Feargaire came, who was Cailte’s gillie, and made a wide hut with a narrow doorway, and put a rod for a ridge-pole over it, and thatched a shelter over it. And while the gillie was building it, the other eight went hunting. [When they returned,] a bed was ready for every two of them, and a bed for every dog, and three coverlets of the wood for every bed: that is, a coverlet of branches, and coverlets of moss, and of fresh rushes. And they put down the spoils of the hunt from their shoulders, and they cooked a meal there, and ate food and provisions, and slept that night.

They rose after that and went to the hill above Comar Cind-tshléibhe, and looked out on each side. And they were sad when they thought of Finn and the Fenians. These were the kings over that territory at that time, namely, Irgal mac Muradhaigh and Ceallach mac Sealbhaigh. And Irgal went on that day to hunt in the land where they were, and a great number of pigs and deer were roused, but they killed only one deer.

Cailte and [Findchad] were watching that hunt.

“Bad, O Findchad,” said Cailte, “is the running of the dogs and men in the hunt which you see.”

“That is true,” said Findchad; “each generation of men is worse than the one before it.”

After that, they came to the hunting-booth that night. And they went to hunt in the morning to the same glen. Deer and other wild animals were roused, and they killed their full sufficiency of them.

On the morrow, Irgal came to hunt in the same glen, and he found the tracks of the dogs and of the huge men. His dogs quivered when they saw the tracks of the [other] dogs and of the huntsmen.

“This is the track of Fomorians from the sea, or the track of people who are not of the same generation with us, or the track of big men from the *sidh*,” said Irgal; “let us follow it and find out.” Though he said that, he did not find one man who would follow him, so that he went on alone with a dog on a chain in his

hand. And he followed the track of the dogs and of the men from Glenn-na-Diadh to Comar Cinn Seinsléibhe, till he saw the hunting-booth.

Feargaire was in the door of the hunting-booth and saw the youth.

"Health to you, O skillful warrior," said Irgal; and he entered the hunting-booth. And the big dogs pulled at their chains toward the youth's dog.

"Restrain the dogs," said Cailte. "You will be welcome," said Cailte; "sit with us, and tell us your news."

"It would be more fitting for you to tell me who you are."

"Have you heard who was the noblest and best warrior that Finn mac Cumhaill had, or have you heard of Finn and his Fenians?" said Findchad.

"I have not heard that a better warrior ever put his hand into the hand of his lord than Cailte mac Ronáin, who was with Finn, and Lugha Lágha, who was with Mac Con, and Dubh mac Sálmhoir, who was with Fathadh Canann."

"That is true, indeed," said they.

"This is Cailte here. And who are you, O youth?" said Findchad.

"Irgal mac Muradhaigh from Chorco Dhuibhne am I," said the youth, "and I rule over half of this land in which you are."

"If it is so," said they, "stay with us and you shall have prosperity in hunting and counsel."

The two men bound themselves [by pledges], and Irgal returned to his own fort. Meanwhile his followers were reproaching each other for deserting their lord. And he told them that he had followed the track to the sea and that he had not found [the intruders].

After three days and three nights he returned by the same road again and a fair welcome was given him.

"The same to you," said he, "O brave warriors."

"Have you any news?" asked Cailte.

"Ireland is full of every kind of prosperity," said the youth, "and I should like to ask a hunting-charm from you."

"Give him a charm, O Findchad," said Cailte.

"I will give it," said Findchad. "Let him take the dogs and the men with him next Wednesday and make a hunt. And the first deer which he kills, let him cook it and give it to his folk and

to his dogs, and smear its blood upon the hands and upon the weapons of his folk and upon the teeth of the dogs, and he shall have the luck of the hunt."

Irgal returned to his house, and Wednesday he went to hunt. And a rough, wild, deer was roused by them and they killed it, and he did as Findchad had told him. And after that he killed as many deer as he wished.

At the end of three days and three nights Irgal came to the same hunting-booth.

"Are you pleased with your hunting, O youth?" said they.

"I am, indeed," said he, "but there is a good warrior sharing the kingdom with me, that is, Ceallach mac Sealba, an active man, and the King of Munster is exalting him above me.¹⁴ The royal city that belongs to us both is in his possession, and I should like a charm and an incantation to expel him."

"Give that charm, O Findchad," said Cailte.

"Let him send out his servants," said Findchad, "through the wood next Thursday, and cut narrow sticks and take them on Friday to the royal city; and do you yourself thrust a pole in every direction there and the place shall be yours from then on, and Ceallach himself shall perish by you."

Irgal came home and did everything they had told him. He came himself and thrust a pole in every direction. And Ceallach mac Sealba, the joint-king of Chorca Dhuibhne, gathered his men. Irgal saw that, and sent messengers to Ceallach to give him a present till strength should come from the charm that had been given him. And as soon as the middle of the day came, Irgal fought a single combat with Ceallach. And [Ceallach] fell by him in front of the town, and [Irgal] took hostages from Chorca Dhuibhne by means of the enchantment and the charm. And he remained in that place three days and three nights, and he remembered his companions and the remnant of the Fenians. Then he came to the hunting-booth in which Cailte was, and a greeting was given him.

Now Irgal's wife was Dubh-Gréine, daughter of Cathal Cromchend, who was one of his rich farmers. And she said:

"I know that the friends of my husband are people of power and of enchantment. For he is full of prosperity," said she, "and

¹⁴ "Is exalting him above me." This is the reading of the Reeves MS., *Lia Fáil*, I, 100, note 2.

it will come about through the greatness of his fame and his riches that he will take [to wife] the daughter of a king or of a great prince." And she arose and went on the track of the youth, and followed it till she came to the hunting-booth. And she said [to herself], "Here are the people who gave the charm to Irgal." And she put her ear to the hunting-booth.

And these are the words that Irgal was saying:

"Your friendship is a good thing for me. Ceallach fell by me and I have his territory through your friendship. There is, however, another thing which I wish to complain of to you: flocks of black-birds which come to me and the cornfield on which they alight. They eat it until it becomes a fallow field. Give me a charm to expel them."

"You have come at a fortunate time," said Findchad, "for all living things which are proclaimed in this charm, from the rising till the setting of the sun, will be dead within nine days unless they depart from this place within a day."

The wife of Irgal heard that and said:

"Upon yourselves be the poison and danger of your charm. Leave the land and let that charm be upon you, that is, the charm of the birds of the fields."

The old Fenians and the lad sprang up and took their arms. The woman fled, putting her trust in running, and ran by the sea. Her husband followed her. As she looked behind her, she fell over the edge of a rock and died.

The old Fenians arose, and Cailte said:

"Well, men, let us leave Irgal alone to follow her, and our curse be on the woman." And he said:

"Our curse on the wife of Irgal,
The curse of each king of the kings,
The curse of Ossian, the curse of Finn,
On the daughter of Cathal Crom-chend.

"Dubh Greine ordered us
To leave Comar Cinntaléibhe.
A curse on the woman who spied on us;
That was her last refusal.

"We were here a while in peace.
Far from men, far from women,
Far from the Adze-heads was our house.
Unfrequented was that path.

"Seldom with us till today
Was the avoiding of visitors.

Each one was joyful after that, to sleep
Without visitors or heavy *geasa*.¹⁵

“A blessing from me for noble Irgal;
In my opinion his speech was discreet.
The order of the woman was an order without cheer;
She merited in full our curse.”

“Let us leave this place,” said F'indchad, “for if we are her till the same hour tomorrow, not a man of us will be alive to tel the tidings.”

They went ahead after that through Glen Massan and to Loc. Daimhdheirg, and to Tráigh F'hirgrinne meic Dheaghadh, and to Inis Labharthuinne, and to Inbhear-Buinne, and to Inbhea Leamhna, and to Loch Léin, and to Glen Mangart above Loc. Léin.¹⁶

“And let not anyone come to us after Irgal,” [they said.]

They went through the glen and found a remote place upon the edge of a waterfall and they made a fine booth, and they put a rod for a ridge-pole over it, and a thatch for protection on it, and Feargaire strewed litter and rushes in it. And he made a bed for each two and a bed for each dog.

While the gillie was making the hunting-booth, they went to the hunt. The gillie made a hole with gravelly sides in the earth by the edge of the stream and let the stream into it, and kindled a big fire and heated stones so that he was ready for his folk. They came then from hunting and cooked and broiled meat there, and washed themselves, and after that ate a meal, and went into their beds and had quiet rest and sleep. And they were weary that night.

They were in that glen for a year, and none of the men of Ireland came upon them. One morning, all except Feargaire were in their beds. He heard the shout of a hunt on the mountain above him and saw hunters and their dogs rousing the deer and the hare and the wild beasts. And he said, “Arise, O Fenians, because there are people throughout the glen.”

They arose and took their weapons. And Cailte said, “This is no other than the King of Munster; let us leave the glen.” And they went forward after that to Glen Fleisge on the shores of Loch Léin.

¹⁵ *Geasa*, tabus.

¹⁶ Loch Léin, Killarney; Glen Mangart, Mangerton Mountain.

Cailte and Findchad walked on, and the hand of each was on the other's shoulder.

"Why is the little fort before us called 'The Little Fort of Wonder,' " said Findchad—" [the one with] a small pillar-stone in the middle of it?"

"I remember," said Cailte. "Finn was encamped here, and you yourself had not been born at that time, O Findchad. Three strangers¹⁷ came to Finn in the glen and formed a friendship with him. They had a dog brighter than snow. It was a hunting-dog in the daytime and a flame of fire at night. This is the privilege they asked of Finn: to go each day to hunt with the Fian and to stay each night apart by themselves. However much or however little they killed, [Finn] was not to question them about it. One of the curious things about that dog was that the water into which he was put became wine or mead. The names of those three were Sela, Donait, and Domnan. The whelp which they had, they had stolen from the King of Norway." And [Cailte] made this song:

A group of men came hither to me
To go with Finn of the Fenians.
They used to search with us each bog, each plain,
The three proud ones. It was wonderful.

¹⁷ Compare another version of this incident in the "Acallam," ed. Stokes, 6146-6189, translation, pp. 239-40.