



Táin bó Cúalnge

The Cattle-Raid of Cooley (Táin Bó Cúalnge) is the central epic of the Ulster cycle. Queen Medb of Connaught gathers an army in order to gain possession of the most famous bull in Ireland, which is the property of Daire, a chieftain of Ulster. Because the men of Ulster are afflicted by a debilitating curse, the seventeen-year-old Cuchulain must defend Ulster single-handedly. The [battle between Cuchulain and his friend Ferdiad](#) is one of the most famous passages in early Irish literature.

This HTML edition pairs an adaptation of the **English translation of Joseph Dunn** (1914) with the **Irish transcription of Ernst Windisch** (1905.) You may be interested in:

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- a [facsimile of the manuscript](#) from the Book of Leinster
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20. The Combat of Ferdiad and Cuchulain

Comrac Fir dead inso.

Then the men of Erin took counsel who would be fit to send to the ford to fight and do battle with Cuchulain, to drive him off from them at the morning hour early on the morrow. With one accord they declared that it should be Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè, the great and valiant warrior of the men of Dornnann. And fitting it was for him to go thither, for well-matched and alike was their manner of fight and of combat. Under the same instructresses had they done skillful deeds of valour and arms, when learning the art with Scathach ('the Modest') and with Uathach ('the Dreadful') and with Aifè ('the Handsome'). And neither of them overmatched the other, save in the feat of the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed Spear') which Cuchulain possessed. Howbeit, against this, Ferdiad was horn-skinned when fighting and in combat with a warrior on the ford.

Is and-sin ra imraided oc feraib hErend cia bad chóir do chomlond & do chomrac ra Coinculaind ra húair na maitni muchi arna bárach. Issed ra raidsetar uile co m-bad é Fer diad mac Damain meic Dáre, in mílid mórchalma d'feraib Domnand. Daig bha cosmail & bha comadas a comlond & a comrac. Ac oenmummib daronsat ceirdgnimrada gaile & gascid dar a foglaim, ac Scáthaig & ac Uathaig & ac Áife. Ocus ní báí immarcraid neich díb ac áraile, acht cless in gae bulga ac Coinculaind. Cid ed ón ba conganchnessach Fer diad ac comlund & ac comrac ra láech ar áth na agid-side.

Then were messengers and envoys sent to Ferdiad. Ferdiad denied them their will, and sent back the messengers, and he went not with them, for he knew wherefore they would have him, to fight and combat with his friend, with his comrade and foster-brother, Cuchulain. Then did Medb despatch the druids and the poets of the camp, the lampoonists and hard-attackers, for Ferdiad, to the end that they might make three satires to stay him and three scoffing speeches against him, that they might raise three blisters on his face, Blame, Blemish and Disgrace, if he came not with them.

Ferdiad came with them for the sake of his own honour, forasmuch as he deemed it better to fall by the shafts of valour and bravery and skill, than to fall by the shafts of satire, abuse and reproach. And when Ferdiad was come into the camp, he was honoured and waited on, and choice, well-flavoured strong liquor was poured out for him till he became drunken and merry. Great rewards were promised him if he would make the fight and combat, namely a chariot worth four times seven bondmaids, and the apparel of two men and ten men, of cloth of every colour, and the equivalent of the Plain of Murthemne of the rich Plain of Ai, free of tribute, without duress for his son, or for his grandson, or for his great-grandson, till the end of time and existence.

Is and-sin ra fáittea fessa & techtaireda ar cend Fir diad. Ra érastar & ra eittchestar & ra repestar Fer diad na techta sin, agus ní thánic leo, dáig ra fitir aní ma-ra-batar dó, do chomlond & do chomrac re charait, re chocle & re chomalta, [re Fer n-diad mac n-Damáin meic Dáire, & ní thanic leo]. Is and-sin fáittea Medb na drúith & na glámma & na crúadgressa ar cend Fir diad, ar con derntáis téor(a) aéra fossaigthe dó, & teora glamma dícend, go tócbaitís teora bolga bar a agid, ail & anim & athis [mur bud marb a chetóir co m-bad marb re cind nomaide], munu thísed.

Tanic Fer diad leo dar cend a enig, daig ba hussu lessium a thuttim do gaib gaile & gascid & engnama ná a thuttim de gaaib áire & écnaig & imdergtha. Agus a daríacht, ra fíadaiged & ra fritháled é, agus ra dáled lind soóla socháin somesc fair, gor bo mesc medarcháin é, & ra gelta comada móra dó ar in comlond & ar in comrac do denam, i. carpat cethri secht cumal & timthacht da fer déc d'etgud cacha datha, & comméit a feraind de mín maige hÁi, gan cháin, (gan chobach, gan dunad, gan sluagad) gan ecendáil da mac & dá ua & da iarmua go brunni m-brátha & betha, & Findabair d'óenmnái, & in t-éo óir bae i m-brutt Medba fair anúas.

Such were the words of Medb, and she
spoke them here and Ferdiad responded:

Medb: "Great rewards in arm-
rings,
Share of plain and forest
Freedom of thy children
From this day till doom!
Ferdiaid son of Daman,
More than thou couldst hope
for,
Why shouldst thou refuse it,
That which all would take?"

Ferdiaid: "Naught I'll take
without bond--
No ill spearman am I--
Hard on me to-morrow:
Great will be the strife!
Hound that's hight of Culann,
How his thrust is grievous!
No soft thing to stand him;
Rude will be the wound!"

Medb: "Champions will be
surety,
Thou needst not keep
hostings.
Reins and splendid horses
Shall be given as pledge!
Ferdiaid, good, of battle,
For that thou art dauntless,
Thou shalt be my lover,
Past all, free of cain !"

Ferdiaid: "Without bond I'll go
not
To engage in ford-feats;
It will live till doomsday
In full strength and force.
Ne'er I'll yield-- who hears

Is amlaid ra báí Medb gá rada, & ra bert na
briathra and & ra recair Fer diad:

M.Rat fia lúach mór m-buinne
ra[t] chuit maige is chaille,
ra sáire do chlainne
andiu co tí bráth.
A Fir diad meic Damáin
[eirggi guin is gabail]
attetha as cech anáil.
Cid dait gan a gabáil
aní gabas cách.

F. d. Ni géb-sa gan árach,
dáig nim láech gan lámach,
bhud tromm form imbárach
bud fortrén in feidm.
Cú dán comainm Culand,
is amnas inn urrand,
ní furusa a fulang,
bud tairpech in teidm.

M. Rat fíat láich rat láma,
no co raga ar dála,
sréin ocus eich ána
ra bhertar rit láim.
A Fir-diad inn ága,
dáig isat duni dána,
dam-sa bat fer gráda,
sech cách gan nach cáin.

F. d. Ni rag-sa gan rátha
do chluchi na n-átha,
meraid collá m-brátha,
go bruth is co m-bríg.
Noco géb, ge ésti,
ge ra beth dom rescí,
gan gréin ocus ésci
la muir ocus tír.

M.Ga chan duit a fuirech

me,
Whoe'er counts upon me--
Without sun- and moon-oath,
Without sea and land!"

Medb: "Why then dost delay
it?

Bind it as it please thee,
By kings' hands and princes',
Who will stand for thee!
Lo, I will repay thee,
Thou shalt have thine asking,
For I know thou'lt slaughter
Man that meeteth thee!"

Ferdiad: "Nay, without six
sureties--

It shall not be fewer--
Ere I do my exploits
There where hosts will be!
Should my will be granted,
I swear, though unequal,
That I'll meet in combat
Cuchulain the brave!"

Medb: "Domnall, then, or
Carbrè,
Niaman famed for slaughter,
Or e'en folk of barddom,
Natheless, thou shalt have.
Bind thyself on Morann,
Wouldst thou its fulfilment
Bind on smooth Man's
Carbrè,
And our two sons, bind!"

Ferdiad: "Medb, with wealth
of cunning,
Whom no spouse can bridle,
Thou it is that herdest
Cruachan of the mounds!
High thy fame and wild

naisc-siu, gor bat búidech,
for deiss rig is ruirech,
doragat rat láim.

Fuil sund nachat tuilfea,
rat fía cach ní chungfea,
dáig ra fess co mairbfea
in fer thic it dáil.

F. d. Ni géb gan sé curu,
ní ba ní bas lugu,
sul donéor mo mudu
i m-bail i m-biat sluáig.
Danam thorr sed m'ardarc
cinnfet, cun cup comnart,
co n-dernur in comrac
ra Coinculaind crúaid.

M. Cid Domnall na Charpre
na Níamán án airgne
gid íat lucht na bairddne,
rot fíat-su gid acht.
Fonasc latt ar Morand,
mad aill latt a chomall,
naisc Carpre mín Manand
is naisc ar da macc.

F. d. A Medb co mét m-
buafaid,
nít chredb cáine nuachair,
is derb is tú is buachail
ar Cruachain na clad.
Ard glór is art gargnert,
dom-roiched sról santbrecc,
tuc dam th'ór is t'arget,
daig ro fairgged dam.

M. Nach tussu in caur
codnach
da tiber delgg n-drolmach
óndiu cotí domnach,
ní ba dál bha sía.
A laich blatnig bhladmair,

power!
Mine the fine pied satin;
Give thy gold and silver,
Which were proffered me!"

Medb: "To thee, foremost
champion,
I will give my ringed brooch.
From this day till Sunday,
Shall thy respite be!
Warrior, mighty, famous,
All the earth's fair treasures
Shall to thee be given;
Everything be thine!

"Finnabair of the champions
(?),
Queen of western Erin,
When thou'st slain the Smith's
Hound,
Ferdiaid, she's thine!"

Then said they, one and all, those gifts were great. "'Tis true, they are great. But though they are," said Ferdiaid, "with Medb herself I will leave them, and I will not accept them if it be to do battle or combat with my foster-brother, the man of my alliance and affection, and my equal in skill of arms, namely, with Cuchulain." And he said:

cach sét cáem ar talmain
dabérthar duit amlaid,
is uili rot fia.

Finnabair na fergga
rígan iarthair Elgga
ar n-díth chon na cerdda
a Fir diad rot fia.

Is ann sin ro raidhsit cách uile i coitcinne
gur mor na comadha sin. Cidh mor
immorro, ar Fer diad, is ac Meidhbh fen beit
uaim-si agus ní ba hagam-sa doip ar comrac
no ar comhlonn do ghenamh rem chombalta
& rem fear cadaigh agus cumainn .i.
Cuchulainn. Agus itbert:

"Greatest toil, this, greatest
toil,
Battle with the Hound of
gore!
Liefer would I battle twice
With two hundred men of Fal!

"Sad the fight, and sad the
fight,
I and Hound of feats shall
wage!
We shall hack both flesh and
blood;
Skin and body we shall hew!

"Sad, O god, yea, sad, O god,
That a woman should us part!
My heart's half, the blameless
Hound;
Half the brave Hound's heart
am I!

"By my shield, O by my
shield,
If Ath Cliath's brave Hound
should fall,
I will drive my slender glaive
Through my heart, my side,
my breast!

"By my sword, O by my
sword,
If the Hound of Glen Bolg
fall!
No man after him I'll slay,
Till I o'er the world's brink
spring!

"By my hand, O, by my hand!
Falls the Hound of Glen in
Sgail,

Feidbm as mo
comrac re Coinculainn cró,
trúag nach da cet d'fearaib Fail
dus-ficfedh im dail fa dhó.

Truagh an tres
beras mé as Cú na ccleas,
tescfamáit feoil agus fuil,
gearrfamait corp agus cnes.

Truag a Dhé
teacht do mhnaoi eadrom as é,
leth mo croidhi in Cú cen col,
agus leth croidhi na Con mé.

Dar mo sgiath,
da marbhar Cú Atha cliath,
saithfidh mé mo cloidebh caol
trem croidhi trem taobh trem
chliabh.

Dar mo colg,
da marbhar Cú Glinne bolg,
ní mnirbhf(eat) duine dhá és,
nocha d-tiobar lem tar bor(d).

Dar mo laim,
da marbhar Cú Glinne in
sgail,
muirbhf(idh) mé Meidhbh
cona sluagh
agus nís mo d'fearaibh Fail.

Dar mo gó,
da marbhar Cú Atha cró,
adlaicthear misi ina fert,
bidh ionann leact damh is dó.

Abair ris,
risin cCoin go ccaimhi cnis,
gur tairngir Sgáthach gan

Medb with all her host I'll kill
And then no more men of Fal!

"By my spear, O, by my
spear!
Should Ath Cro's brave
Hound be slain,
I'll be buried in his grave;
May one grave hide me and
him!

"Tell him this, O tell him this,
To the Hound of beautiful
hue
Fearless Scathach hath
foretold
My fall on a ford through
him!

"Woe to Medb, yea, woe to
Medb,
Who hath used her guile on
us;
She hath set me face to face
'Gainst Cuchulain-- hard the
toil!"

"Ye men," spake Medb, in the wonted fashion of stirring up disunion and dissension, "true is the word Cuchulain speaks." "What word is that?" asked Ferdiad. "He said, then," replied Medb, "he would not think it too much if thou shouldst fall by his hands in the choicest feat of his skill in arms, in the land whereto he should come." "It was not just for him to speak so," quoth Ferdiad; "for it is not cowardice or lack of boldness that he hath ever seen in me. And I swear by my arms of valour, if it be true that he spoke so, I will be the first man of the men of Erin to contend with him

sgáth,
misi ar áth do tuitim ris.

Mairg do Meidb,
ro imbir oruinn a delm,
misi do cur cenn i ccenn
as Cuchulainn as tenn feidm.

A fíora, ar Medbh tre cóir n-iondlaigh & n-íomchosaidi, as fíor in briathar itbert Cc. Crét an briathar sin, ar Fer diad. Adubairt immorro, ar Medhbh, na badh furáil les do tuitim-si les in airigidh gaisgidh isin tír a racadh. Níor coir do-som sin do radha, ar Fer diad, uair ní hé mo metacht-so nó mo mílaochdacht ro fíor-siom form-sa riamh. Agus luighim-si fóm armaibh, mas fíor a rádha sin dó-somh, comadh misi cefear comhraicfes fris amárach d'fearib Erenn. Bendacht fort-sa dá cionn sin, ar Medhbh, ferr liom-sa sin ina time agus mílaochas do dhenamh duit, uair as badhach nech imá tír

on the morrow!" "A blessing and victory upon thee for that!" said Medb; "it pleaseth me more than for thee to show fear and lack of boldness. For every man loves his own land, and how is it better for him to seek the welfare of Ulster, than for thee to seek the welfare of Connacht?"

Then it was that Medb obtained from Ferdiad the easy surety of a covenant to fight and contend on the morrow with six warriors of the champions of Erin, or to fight and contend with Cuchulain alone, if to him this last seemed lighter. Ferdiad obtained of Medb the easy surety, as he thought, to send the aforesaid six men for the fulfilment of the terms which had been promised him, should Cuchulain fall at his hands.

Then were Fergus' horses fetched for him and his chariot was yoked, and he came forward to the place of combat where Cuchulain was, to inform him of the challenge. Cuchulain bade him welcome. "Welcome is thy coming, O my master Fergus!" cried Cuchulain. "Truly intended, methinks, the welcome, O fosterling," said Fergus. "But, it is for this I am here, to inform thee who comes to fight and contend with thee at the morning hour early on the morrow." "E'en so will we hear it from thee," said Cuchulain. "Thine own friend and comrade and foster-brother, the man thine equal in feats and in skill of arms and in deeds, Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè, the great and mighty warrior of the men of Domnann."

fén agus cia cora dosan sochar Uladh do dhénamh ina duit-si sochar Connacht.

Is andsain ra siacht Medb maéth n-áraig bar Fer n-diad im chomlond & im chomrac ra sessiur curad arna bárach, ná im chomlond & im chomrac ra Coinculaind a oenur, da m-bad assu leiss. Ra siacht Fer diad maéth n-araig furrisi [no andar leis] im chur in t-sessir chétna im na comadaib ra gellad do do chomallud riss, mad da toetsad Cuchulaind leiss.

Andsain ra gabait a eich d'Fergus & ra hindled a charpat, oculus tánic reme co airm (a m-boi Cuchulainn da innisin) do sain. Firiss Cuchulaind falti riss. Mochen do thíchtu a mo phopa Fergus, bar Cuchulaind. Tarissi lim inní inn fálti a daltáin, bar Fergus. Acht is do ra dechad-sa, da innisin duit intí ro thaét do chomlond & do chomruc rutt ra húair na maitne muche imbárach. Clunemni latt didiu, bar Cuchulaind. Do chara féin & do chocle & do chomalta, th'fer comchliss & comgascid & comgníma, Fer diad mac Damain meic Dáre, in milid mórchalma d'feraib Domnand.

"As my soul liveth," replied Cuchulain, "it is not to an encounter we wish our friend to come." "It is even for that," answered Fergus, "thou shouldst be on thy guard and prepared. For unlike all to whom it fell to fight and contend with thee on the Cualnge Cattle-raid on this occasion is Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè." "Truly am I here," said Cuchulain, "checking and staying four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of spring. And in all this time, I have not put foot in retreat before any one man nor before a multitude, and methinks just as little will I turn foot in flight before him."

So spake Fergus, putting him on his guard, and he said these words and Cuchulain responded:

Fergus: "O Cuchulain--
splendid deed--
Lo, 'tis time for thee to rise.
Here in rage against thee
comes
Ferdiad, red-faced Daman's
son!"

Cuchulain: "Here am I-- no
easy task--
Holding Erin's men at bay;
Foot I've never turned in
flight
In my fight with single foe!"

Fergus: "Dour the man when
anger moves,
Owing to his gore-red glaive;
Ferdiad wears a skin of horn,
'Gainst which fight nor might
prevails!"

Attear ar cobais, bar Cuchulaind, ní na dáil duthracmar ar cara do thuidecht. Is aire sein iarum ale, bar Fergus, ara n-airichlea & ara n-airelma, dáig ní mar chach conarnecar comlund & comrac riut for tain bó Cualnge don chur sa, Fer diad mac Damain meic Dare. Attúsa sund ám, bar Cuchulaind, ac fostud & ac imfurech cethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend o lúan taite samna co tate imbuilg, acus ní rucus traig techid re n-oenfer risin re sin, & is dóig lim ní mó bérat remi-sium.

Acus iss amlaid ra bai Fergus ga rád ga baéglugud & rabert na briathra & ra recair Cuchulaind:

F.: A Chuculaind, comal n-
gle,
atchiu is mithig duit éirge,
atá sund chucut ra feirg
Fer diad mac Damáin
drehdeirg.

Cc.: Atú-sa sund, ní seól
saeng,
ac trenastud fer n-hErend,
ní rucus for teched traig
ar apa chomlond oenfir.

F.: Amnas in fer dalae feirg
as luss a chlaidib cródeirg,
cnes congna im Fer n-diad na
n-drong,
ris ní geib cath na comlund.

Cc.: Bí tost, na tacair do scél,
a Ferguis na n-arm n-imthréin,

Cuchulain: "Be thou still urge
not thy tale,
Fergus of the mighty arms.
On no land and on no ground,
For me is there aught defeat!"

Fergus: "Fierce the man with
scores of deeds;
No light thing, him to subdue.
Strong as hundreds-- brave
his mien--
Point pricks not, edge cuts
him not!"

Cuchulain: "If we clash upon
the ford,
I and Ferdiad of known skill,
We'll not part without we
know:
Fierce will be our weapon
fight!"

Fergus: "More I'd wish it than
reward,
O Cuchulain of red sword,
Thou shouldst be the one to
bring
Eastward haughty Ferdiad's
spoils!"

Cuchulain: "Now I give my
word and vow,
Though unskilled in strife of
words,
It is I will conquer this
Son of Daman macDarè!"

Fergus: It is I brought east the
host,
Thus requiting Ulster's wrong.
With me came they from their
lands,

dar cach ferand dar each fond
dam-sa nochon ecomlond.

F.: Amnas in fer fichtib gal,
nochon furusa a thróethad,
nert cé na churp, calma in
mod,
nin geib rind nin tesc faebor.

Cc.: Mad dia comairsem bar
áth,
missi is Fer diad gascid
ghnáth,
ni ba é in scarad gan sceo,
bud ferggach ar faebargleo.

F.: Ra pad ferr lem anda lúag,
a Chuchulaind chlaidebrúad,
co m-bad tu ra berad sair
coscur Fir diad diummasaig.

Cc.: Atiur-sa brethir co m-
báig,
gon com maith-se oc
immarbáig,
is missi bnadaigfes de
bar mac n-Damain meic Dáre.

F.: Is me targlaim na sluagu
sair,
lúag mo saraigthe d'Ultaib,
lim thancatar á tirib
a curaid a cathmilid.

Cc.: Mun bud Chonchobar na
chess,
rá pad chrúaid in comadchess,
ni thánic Medb Maige in Scáil
turus bad mó con-gáir.

F.: Ra fail gním is mó bard
láim,

With their heroes and their
chiefs!"

Cuchulain: "Were not
Conchobar in the 'Pains,'
Hard 'twould be to come near
us.
Never Medb of Mag in Scail
On more tearful march had
come!"

Fergus: "Greatest deed awaits
thy hand:
Fight with Ferdiad, Daman's
son.
Hard stern arms with stubborn
edge,
Shalt thou have, thou Culann's
Hound!"

gleo ra Fer n-diad mac
Damain,
arm crúaid catut cardda raind
bid acut a Chuculaind.

After that, Fergus returned to the camp and halting-place. As for Ferdiad, he betook himself to his tent and to his people, and imparted to them the easy surety which Medb had obtained from him to do combat and battle with six warriors on the morrow, or to do combat and battle with Cuchulain alone, if he thought it a lighter task. He made known to them also the fair terms he had obtained from Medb of sending the same six warriors for the fulfilment of the covenant she had made with him, should Cuchulain fall by his hands. The folk of Ferdiad were not joyful, blithe, cheerful or merry that night, but they were sad, sorrowful and downcast, for they knew that where the two champions and the two bulwarks in a gap for a hundred met in combat, one or other of them would fall there or both would fall, and if it should be one of them, they believed it would be their

Tanic Fergus reme dochum n-dunaid & longphuirt. Luid Fer diad dochum a pupla & a muntiri, agus rachúaid dóib maéth n-áraig do tharrachtain do Meidb fair im chomlond & im chomrac ra sessiur curad arna barach, ná im chomlund & im chomrac ra Coinculaind a oenur, dia m-bad assu leiss. Dachuid dóib no máeth n-áraig do tharrachtain do- som for Meidb im chuir in t-seisir churad chetna im na comadaib ra gellad do do chomallad riss, mad da taétsad Cuchulaind leiss. Nirdar subaig sámaig sobb ronaig somenmnaig lucht puible Fir diad inn aidchi sin), acht rapsat dubaig dobbrónaig domenmnaig, dóig ra fetatar airm condricfaitis na da curaid & na da chliathbernaid chet co taetsad cehtar díb and nó co taetsaítis a n-dís, agus dam nechtar díb, dóig léo-som go m-bad é a tigerna féin, dáig ni ba reid comlond na comrac ra Coinculaind for tain bo Cualnge.

king and their own lord that would fall there, for it was not easy to contend and do battle with Cuchulain on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge.

Ferdiad slept right heavily the first part of the night, but when the end of the night was come, his sleep and his heaviness left him. And the anxiousness of the combat and the battle came upon him. And he charged his charioteer to take his horses and to yoke his chariot. The charioteer sought to dissuade him from that journey. "By our word," said the gilla, "'twould be better for thee to remain than to go thither," said he. And in this manner he spake, and he uttered these words, and the henchman responded:

Ferdiad: "Let's haste to th'
encounter,
To battle with this man;
The ford we will come to,
O'er which Badb will shriek!
To meet with Cuchulain,
To wound his slight body,
To thrust the spear through
him
So that he may die!"

The Henchman: "To stay it
were better;
Your threats are not gentle
Death's sickness will one
have,
And sad will ye part!
To meet Ulster's noblest
To meet whence ill cometh;
Long will men speak of it.
Alas, for your course!"

Ferdiad: "Not fair what thou
speakest;

Ra chotail Fer diad tossach na haidchi co rothromm, agus á thanic deired na haidchi ra chúaid a chotlud úad & ra luid a mesci de. Acus da báí ceist in chomlaind & in chomraic fair, agus ra gab láim ar a araid ara n-gabad a eochó & ara n-indled a charpat. Ra gab in t-ara ga imthairmesc imme. Ra pad ferr dúib, ar se, ingilla. Bi tost dín, a gillai, ar Fer diad. Acus issamlaid ra bóí ga rád & rabert na briathra and & ra frecair in gilla.

Tiagam issin dail-sea
do chosnam ind fir-sea,
gorrísem in n-áth-sa,
áth fors n-gera in badb,
i comdáil Conculaind
da guin tre chreitt cumainhg,
gorruca thrít urraind,
corop de bus marb.

Ra pad ferr dúib anad,
ní ba mín far magar,
biaid nech dia m-ba galar,
bar scarad bud snéid.
Techt in-dáil ailt Ulad
is dál dia m-bia pudar,
is fata bas chuman,
mairg ragas in réim.

Ni cóir ana rádi,
ni hopair niad náre,
ni dlegar dín ale,
ni anfam fad dáig.
Bi tost dín a gillai,
bid calma ár síst sinni,

No fear hath the warrior;
We owe no one meekness;
We stay not for thee!
Hush, gilla, about us!
The time will bring strong
hearts;
More meet strength than
weakness;
Let's on to the tryst!"

ferr teinni na timmi,
(tiagam isin dáil.)

Ferdiad's horses were now brought forth and his chariot was hitched, and he set out from the camp for the ford of battle when yet day with its full light had not come there for him. "Come, gilla," said Ferdiad, "spread for me the cushions and skins of my chariot under me here, so that I sleep off my heavy fit of sleep and slumber here, for I slept not the last part of the night with the anxiousness of the battle and combat." The gilla unharnessed the horses; he unfastened the chariot under him. He slept off the heavy fit of sleep that was on him.

Ra gabait a eich Fir diad & ra indled a charpat acus tanic reme co áth in chomraic, agus ní thánic lá cona lánsoilsi dó and itir. Maith a gillai, bar Fer diad, scar dam fortcha & forgemen mo charpait fóm and-so coro tholiur mo thromthairthim súain & chotulta and-so, dáig ní ra chotlus deired na haidchi ra ceist in chomlaind & in chomraic. Ra scoir in gilla na eich, ra discuir in carpat fóe. Toilis a thromthairthim cotulta fair.

Now how Cuchulain fared is related here: He arose not till the day with its bright light had come to him, lest the men of Erin might say it was fear or fright of the champion he had, if he should arise early. And when day with its full light had come, he passed his hand over his face and bade his charioteer take his horses and yoke them to his chariot. "Come, gilla," said Cuchulain, "take out our horses for us and harness our chariot, for an early riser is the warrior appointed to meet us, Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè. "The horses are taken out," said the gilla; "the chariot is harnessed. Mount, and be it no shame to thy valour to go thither!"

Imthusa Conculaind sunnda innossa. Ni erracht side itir, co tánic laa cona lánsoilse dó, dáig na hapraitis fir hErend is ecla no is uamun dobérad fair, mad da n-eirged. Acus ó thanic laa cona lansolsi, ra gab láim ar araid, ara n-gabad a eocho & ara n-indled a charpat. Maith a gillai, bar Cuchulaind, geib ar n-eich dún & innill ar carpat, dáig is mochergech in laech ra dáil nar n-dáil, Fer diad mac Damain meic Dare. Is gabtha na eich, iss innilti in carpat. Cind-siu and, & ní tár dot gasciud.

Then it was that the cutting, feat-performing, battle-winning, red-sworded hero, Cuchulain son of Sualtaim, mounted his chariot, so that there shrieked around him the goblins and fiends and the sprites of the glens and the demons of the air; for the Tuatha De Danann ('the Folk of the Goddess Danu') were wont to set up their cries around him, to the end that the dread and the fear and the fright and the terror of him might be so much the greater in every battle and on every field, in every fight and in every combat wherein he went.

Not long had Ferdiad's charioteer waited when he heard something: A rush and a crash and a hurtling sound, and a din and a thunder, and a clatter and a clash, namely, the shield-cry of feat-shields, and the jangle of javelins, and the deed-striking of swords, and the thud of the helmet, and the ring of spears, and the striking of arms, the fury of feats, the straining of ropes, and the whirr of wheels, and the creaking of the chariot, and the trampling of horses' hoofs, and the deep voice of the hero and battle-warrior on his way to the ford to attack his opponent. The servant came and touched his master with his hand. "Ferdiad, master," said the youth, "rise up! They are here to meet thee at the ford." And the gilla spake these words:

Is and-sin cinnis in cur cetach clessamnach cathbuadach claidebderg, Cuchulaind mac Sualtaim, ina charpat, gu ra gairsetar imme boccanaig & bánanaig & geniti glinne & demna aeóir, daig dabertis Tuatha De Danand a n-gariud immi-sium, co m-bad móti a gráin & a ecla & a urúad & a uruamain in cach cath & in cach cathrói, in cach comlund & in cach comruc i teiged.

Nir bo chian d'araid Fir diad, co cuala inní: (in fuaim & an fothram agus in fidren & in toirm & in torann &) in sestanib & in sésilbi, .i. sceldgur na scíath cliss & slicrech na sleg & glondbéimnech na claideb & bressimnech in chathbarr & drongar na lurigi & imchommilt na n-arm, dechraidecht na cless, teteimnech na tét, & nuallgrith na roth & culgaire in charpait & basschaire na n-ech & trommchoblach in churad & in chathmiled dochum inn átha dá saigid. Tanic in gilla & forromair a láim for a thigerna. Maith a Fir diad, bar in gilla, comerig & atáthar sund chucut dochum inn atha. Acus rabert in gilla na briathra and:

"The roll of a chariot,
Its fair yoke of silver;
A man great and stalwart
O'ertops the strong car!
O'er Bri Ross, o'er Branè
Their swift path they hasten;
Past Old-tree Town's tree-
stump,
Victorious they speed!

"A sly Hound that driveth,
A fair chief that urgeth,
A free hawk that speedeth
His steeds towards the south!
Gore-coloured, the Cua,
'Tis sure he will take us
We know-- vain to hide it--
He brings us defeat!

Woe him on the hillock,
The brave Hound before him;
Last year I foretold it,
That some time he'd come!
Hound from Emain Macha,
Hound formed of all colours,
The Border-hound War-
hound,
I hear what I've heard!"

"Come, gilla," said Ferdiad; "for what reason laudest thou this man ever since I am come from my house? And it is almost a cause for strife with thee that thou hast praised him thus highly. But, Ailill and Medb have prophesied to me that this man will fall by my hand. And since it is for a reward, he shall quickly be torn asunder by me, but it is time to fetch help." And he spake these words, and the henchman responded:

Atchlunim cul carpait
ra cuing n-alaind n-argait,
is fuath fir co forbairt
as droich carpait chruaid.
Dar Breg Ross dar Braine
fochengat in slige,
sech bun Baile in bile,
is buadach a m-búaid.

Is cú airgdech aiges,
is carptech glan geibes,
is seboc saér slaidess
a eocho fa dess.
Is cródatta in cua,
is demin don-rua,
ra fess, ni ba tua,
dobeir dún in tress.

Mairg bhías isin tulaig
ar cind in chon cubaid,
barrarnkert-sa án uraid
ticfad giped chuin.
Cú na hEmna Macha,
cú co n-deilb cach datha,
cú chrichi, cú catha,
dochlunim rar cluin.

Maith a gillaa, bar Fer diad, ga fáth ma ra molais in fer sain ó thanac ótig, & is suail nach fatha conais dait a romét ros molais, & barairngert Ailill & Medb dam-sa go taetsad in fer sain lemm. Acus dáig is dar cend lúage locherthair lem-sa colluath é. Acus is mithig in chobair. Acus rabert na briathra and & ra recair in gilla:

Ferdiad: "'Tis time now to
help me;
Be silent! cease praising!
'Twas no deed of friendship,
No doom o'er the brink(?)
The Champion of Cualnge,
Thou seest 'midst proud feats,
For that it's for guerdon,
Shall quickly be slain!"

The Henchman: "I see
Cualnge's hero,
With feats overweening,
Not fleeing he flees us,
But towards us he comes.
He runneth-- not slowly--
Though cunning-- not sparing-

-
Like water down high cliff
Or thunderbolt quick!"

Ferdiad: "'Tis cause of a
quarrel,
So much thou hast praised
him;
And why hast thou chose him,
Since I am from home?
And now they extol him,
They fall to proclaim him;
None come to attack him,
But soft simple men(?)."

Is mithig in chabair,
bí tost dín nach m-bladaig,
nar bhu gním ar codail,
dáig ni bráth dar brúach.
Matchí churaid Cualnge
co n-adabraib ualle,
daig is dar cend luage,
locherthair collúath.

Máthím curaid Cualnhge
co n-adabraib ualle,
nir teiched teít uánne,
act is cucaind tic.
Rethid is ní romáall,
gid rogaéth ni rogand,
mar dusci dforall]
ná mar thoraind tricc.

Suail nach fotha (conais)
aromét ras molaiss,
ga fáth ma ra thogais,
ó thánac ótig.
Issinnossa thócbhait,
atát ac a fuacairt,
ni thecat da fuapairt
acht athig mith.

Here followeth the Description of
Cuchulain's chariot, one of the three chief
Chariots of the Tale of the Foray of
Cualnge.

It was not long that Ferdiad's charioteer remained there when he saw something: a beautiful, five-pointed chariot, approaching with swiftness, with speed, with perfect skill; with a green shade, with a thin-framed, dry-bodied (?) box surmounted with feats of cunning, straight-poled, as long as a warrior's sword. On this was room for a hero's seven arms, the fair seat for its lord; behind two fleet steeds, large-eared, gaily prancing, with inflated nostrils, broad-chested, quick-hearted, high-flanked, broad-hoofed, slender-limbed, overpowering and resolute. A grey, broad-hipped, small-stepping, long-maned horse was under one of the yokes of the chariot; a black, crisped-maned, swift-moving, broad-backed horse under the other. Like unto a hawk after its prey on a sharp tempestuous day, or to a tearing blast of wind of Spring on a March day over the back of a plain, or unto a startled stag when first roused by the hounds in the first of the chase, were Cuchulain's two horses before the chariot, as if they were on glowing, fiery flags, so that they shook the earth and made it tremble with the fleetness of their course.

And Cuchulain reached the ford. Ferdiad waited on the south side of the ford; Cuchulain stood on the north side. Ferdiad bade welcome to Cuchulain. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulain!" said Ferdiad. "Truly spoken meseemed thy welcome till now," answered Cuchulain; "but to-day I put no more trust in it. And, O Ferdiad," said Cuchulain, "it were fitter for me to bid thee welcome than that thou should'st welcome me; for it is thou that art come to the land and province wherein I dwell, and it is not fitting for thee to come to contend and do battle with me but it were fitter for me to go

Nir bho chian d'araid Fir diad, dia m-bóí and, co facca ní: in carpat cáin cúicrind, gollúth gollúais go lánliccus, go pupaill uanide, go creit chraestana chraestírim, chlessaird cholgfata churata, ar da n-echaib lúatha lemnecha, ómair bulid bedgaig, bolgróin, uchtlethna, beochridi, blenarda basslethna cosschaela, forttréna, forráncha fua. Ech líath leslethan, lugleimnech lebormonhgach, fán dara chuing don charpait, ech dub dúalach dulbrass druimlethan fán chuing araill. Ba samalta ra seabacc da chlaiss illó chruadgáithi, ná ra sídi répgaithi erraig illo mártai dar muni machairi, na ra tetag n-allaid arna chetgluasacht do chonaib do chétróí da ech Conculaind immon carpat, mar bad ar licc áin tentidi, con crothsat & con bertsat in talmain, ra tricci na díрма.

Acus dariacht Cuchulaind dochum inn átha. Tarrasair Fer diad barsan leith descertach ind átha. Dessid Cuchulaind barsan leith túascertach. Firis Fer diad failte fri Coinculaind. Mochen do thictu a Chuchulaind, bar Fer diad. Tarissi lim ní ind falti mad cos trath sa, bar Cuchulaind, & indiu ni denaim tarissi de chena. Acus a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind, ra po chóru dam-sa fálti d'ferthain frit-su na dait-siu a ferthain rum-sa, dáig is tu dariacht in crích & in coiced itú-sa. Acus ní rachoír duit-siu tíchtain do chomlund & do chomrac rim-sa & ra pa choru dam-sa dol do chomlund &

to contend and do battle with thee. For before thee in flight are my women and my boys and my youths, my steeds and my troops of horses, my droves, my flocks and my herds of cattle."

"Good, O Cuchulain," spake Ferdiad; "what has ever brought thee out to contend and do battle with me? For when we were together with Scathach and with Uathach and with Aifè, thou wast my serving-man, even for arming my spear and dressing my bed."
"That was indeed true," answered Cuchulain; "because of my youth and my littleness did I so much for thee, but this is by no means my mood this day. For there is not a warrior in the world I would not drive off this day."

And then it was that each of them cast sharp-cutting reproaches at the other, renouncing his friendship. And Ferdiad spake these words there, and Cuchulain responded:

Ferdiad: "What led thee, O
Cua,
To fight a strong champion?
Thy flesh will be gore-red
O'er smoke of thy steeds!
Alas for thy journey,
A kindling of firebrands;
In sore need of healing,
If home thou shouldst reach!"

Cuchulain: "I'm come before
warriors
Around the herd's wild Boar,
Before troops and hundreds,
To drown thee in deep
In anger, to prove thee
In hundred-fold battle,
Till on thee come havoc,

do chomrac rut-su, daíg is romut-su atát mo mna-sa & mo meic & mo maccáemi, m'eich & m'echrada, m'albi & m'éiti & m'indili.

Maith a Chuchulaind, bar Fer diad, cid rot tuc-su do chomlund & do chomrac rim-sa itir, daíg dá m-bammar ac Scáthaig & ac Uathaig & ac Áifi, is tussu ba forbhfer frithalma damsa, .i. ra armad mo slega & ra déirged mo lepaid. Is fír ám sain ale, bar Cuchulaind, ar óice & ar óitidchi donin-sea duit-siu, acus ní hí sin tuarascbáil bha tú-sa indiu itir, acht ní fil barsin bith laech nach dingeb-sa indiu.

Acus iss and-sin feráis cechtar n-ái díb athcossan n-athgér n-athcharatraid ráraile. Acus rabert Fer diad na briathra and & ra recair Cuchulaind:

F. d.: Cid ratuc a chua
do throit ra níaid nua,
bud croderg da chrua
as analaib th'ech.
Mairg (tanic) do thurus,
bhud atód ra haires,
ricfa a less do legess,
mad da ris do thech.

Cc.: Dodechad ré n-ócaib
im torc trethan trétaig
re cathaib re cétaib
dot chur-su fan lind
d'feirg rut is dot romad
bar comrac cét conar,
co rop dait bas fogal
do chosnom do chind.

Defending thy head!"

Ferdiad: "Here stands one to
crush thee,
'Tis I will destroy thee,

.....

From me there shall come
The flight of their warriors
In presence of Ulster,
That long they'll remember
The loss that was theirs!"

Cuchulain: "How then shall
we combat?

For wrongs shall we heave
sighs?
Despite all, we'll go there,
To fight on the ford!
Or is it with hard swords,
Or e'en with red spear-points,
Before hosts to slay thee,
If thy hour hath come?"

Ferdiad: "'Fore sunset, 'fore
nightfall--
If need be, then guard thee--
I'll fight thee at Bairchè,
Not bloodlessly fight!
The Ulstermen call thee,
'He has him!' Oh, hearken!
The sight will distress them
That through them will pass!"

Cuchulain: "In danger's gap
fallen,
At hand is thy life's term;
On thee plied be weapons,
Not gentle the skill!
One champion will slay thee;
We both will encounter;
No more shalt lead forays,
From this day till Doom!"

F. d.: Fai sund nech rat méla,
is missi rat géna

.....

daíg is dím facrith (.i. tic)
conugud a cura
i fiadnassi Ulad,
go rop cian bas chuman
go rop dóib bus díth.

Cc.: Car cinnas condricfam,
in ar collaib cneittfem.
gid leind rarrficfam
do chomrac ar áth.
inn ar claidbib crúadaib
ná nar rennaib rúadaib
dot slaidi rít sluagaib
ma thánic a thráth.

F. d.: Re funiud re n-aidchi,
madit eicen airrthe,
comrac dait re Bairche (.i.
sliab)
ní ba bán in gléo.
Ulaid acot gairm-siu
rangabastar aillsiu,
bud olc dóib in taidbsiu,
rachthair thairsiu is tréo.

Cc.: Dat rála i m-beirn m-
baegail,
tanic cend do saegail,
imbérthair fort fáebair,
ní ba fóill in fáth.
Bud morglonnach bias,
condricfa cach diás,
ni ba toesech triás
tú andiu go ti bráth.

F. d.: Beir ass dín do robhud,
is tu is brassi for domon,
nít fíá luag na logud,
ni dat doss ós duss.

Ferdiad: "Avaunt with thy
warnings,
Thou world's greatest
braggart;
Nor guerdon nor pardon,
Low warrior for thee!
'Tis I that well know thee,
Thou heart of a cageling--
This lad merely tickles--
Without skill or force!"

Cuchulain: "When we were
with Scathach,
For wanted arms' training,
Together we'd fare forth,
To seek every fight.
Thou wast my heart's
comrade,
My clan and my kinsman;
Ne'er found I one dearer;
Thy loss would be sad!"

Ferdiad: "Thou wager'st thine
honour
Unless we do battle;
Before the cock croweth,
Thy head on a spit!
Cuchulain of Cualnge,
Mad frenzy hath seized thee
All ill we'll wreak on thee,
For thine is the sin!"

Is missi rat fitir
a chride ind eoin ittig,
at gilla co n-gicgil
gan gasced gan gus.

Cc.: Da m-bammar ac
Scathaig
allus gascid gnathaig,
is aróen imreidmís,
imthéigmís cach fích.
Tu mo chocne cride,
tu m'aiccme, tu m'fine,
ni fuar riam bad dile,
badursan do díth.

F. d.: Romór fácbai th'einech
conna dernam deibech,
siul gairmes in cailech,
biaid do chend ar bir.
A Chuchulaind Cualnge,
rot gab baile is búadre,
rot fía cach olc uanne,
dáig is dait a chin.

"Come now, O Ferdiad," cried Cuchulain,
"not meet was it for thee to come to contend
and do battle with me, because of the
instigation and intermeddling of Ailill and
Medb. And all that came because of those
promises of deceit, neither profit nor success
did it bring them, and they have fallen by
me. And none the more, Ferdiad, shall it win
victory or increase of fame for thee; and,
shalt thou too fall by my hand!" Thus he
spake, and he further uttered these words
and Ferdiad hearkened to him:--

"Come not nigh me, noble
chief,
Ferdiad, comrade, Daman's
son.
Worse for thee than 'tis for
me;
Thou'lt bring sorrow to a host!

"Come not nigh me 'gainst all
right;
Thy last bed is made by me.
Why shouldst thou alone
escape
From the prowess of my
arms?

"Shall not great feats thee
undo,
Though thou'rt purple, horny-
skinned?
And the maid thou boastest
of,
Shall not, Daman's son, be
thine!

"Finnabair, Medb's daughter
fair,
Great her charms though they

Maith a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind, nir chóir
duit-siu tiachtain do chomlund & do
chomrac rum-sa trí indlach & etarchossáit
Ailella & Medba, & cach oen tanic ni ruc
buaid na bissech dóib, & darochratar limm-
sa, & ní mó béras búaid na bissech duit-siu
& ra fáethaisiu limm. Is amlaid ra báí gá rád
& rabert na briathra, & ra gab Fer diad
clostecht fris.

Na tair chucum a láich lán
a Fir diad, a meic Damain,
is messu duit nam-bia de,
contirfe brón sochaide.

Na tair chucum dar fircert,
is lim-sa atá do thigleacht,
cid nabreth and dait nammá
mo gleo-sa ramileda.

Nachat mucled ilar cless,
girsat corcra conhganchness,
inn ingen asatái oc báig,
ni ba lett a meic Damáin.

Findabair ingea Medba,
ge beith d'febas a delba,
in ingen gid cáem a cruth,
nochos tibreá re cétluth.

Findabair ingen in rí,
ind ráth atberar a fír,
sochaide mattart bréic
acus do loitt do letheit.

Na briss form lugi gan fess,
na bris chí,
na briss cairdess,
na briss brethir báig,

may be,
Fair as is the damsel's form,
She's for thee not to enjoy!

"Finnabair, the king's own
child,
Is the lure, if truth be told;
Many they whom she's
deceived
And undone as she has thee!

"Break not, weetless, oath
with me;
Break not friendship, break
not bond;
Break not promise, break not
word;
Come not nigh me, noble
chief!

"Fifty chiefs obtained in
plight
This same maid, a proffer
vain.
Through me went they to their
graves;
Spear-right all they had from
me!

"Though for brave was held
Ferbaeth,
With whom was a warriors'
train,
In short space I quelled his
rage;
Him I slew with one sole
blow!

"Srubdarè-- sore sank his
might--
Darling of the noblest dames,
Time there was when great

na tair chucum a laich láin.

Ra dáled do choicait laéach
in ingen, ní dal dimbaeth,
is limm-sa ra fáid allecht,
ní rucsat uaim acht
crandchert.

Gia ramaess menmnach Fer
báeth
aca m-bái teglach daglaech,
gar úar gur furmius a bruth,
ra marbus din oen urchur.

Srubdaire serb seirge a gal,
ba rúnbale na cét m-ban,
mór a bladalt ra báí than,
ní ranacht ór na etgad.

Da m-bad dam ra naidmthea
in bein,
ris tib cend na coiced cain,
nocho dergfaind-se do chlíab
tess na tuaid na thiar na thair.

his fame--
Gold nor raiment saved him
not!

"Were she mine affianced
wife,
Smiled on me this fair land's
head,
I would not thy body hurt,
Right nor left, in front,
behind!"

"Good, O Ferdiad!" cried Cuchulain. "It is not right for thee to come to fight and combat with me; for when we were with Scathach and with Uathach and with Aifè, and it was together we were used to seek out every battle and every battle-field, every combat and every contest, every wood and every desert, every covert and every recess." And thus he spake and he uttered these words:

Cuchulain: "We were heart-companions once;
We were comrades in the woods;
We were men that shared a bed,
When we slept the heavy sleep,
After hard and weary fights.
Into many lands, so strange,
Side by side we sallied forth,
And we ranged the woodlands through,
When with Scathach we learned arms!"

Ferdiad: "O Cuchulain, rich in feats,

Maith a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind, is aire-sin na rachóir duit-siu tiachtain do chomlund & do chomruc rim-sa, dáig da m-bammar ac Scathaig & ac Uathaig & ac Aife, is aroén imthéigmís cach cath & cach cathrói, cach comlund & cach comrac, cach fid & cach fásach, cach dorcha & cach diamair. Acus is amlaid ra báí gá rada & rábert na briathra and:

Ropdhar cocle cridi,
ropdhar caemthe caille,
ropdhar fir chomdeirgide,
contulmis tromchotlud
ar trommníthaib
i críchaib ilib echtrannaib.
aroen imreidmís
imtheigmís cach fid
forcetul fri Scathaig.

A Chuchulaind
chaemchlessach, bar Fer diad,
ra chindsem ceird comdana,
ra chlóisét cuir caratraid,
bocritha do chetguine.
na cumnig in comaltus,
a chua nachat chobradar.

Hard the trade we both have
learned;
Treason hath o'ercome our
love;
Thy first wounding hath been
bought;
Think not of our friendship
more,
Cua, it avails thee not!"

"Too long are we now in this way," quoth Ferdiad; "and what arms shall we resort to to-day, O Cuchulain?" "With thee is thy choice of weapons this day," answered Cuchulain, "for thou art he that first didst reach the ford." "Rememberest thou at all," asked Ferdiad "the choice deeds of arms we were wont to practise with Scathach and with Uathach and with Aifè?" "Indeed, and I do remember," answered Cuchulain. "If thou rememberest, let us begin with them."

They betook them to their choicest deeds of arms. They took upon them two equally-matched shields for feats, and their eight-edged targes for feats, and their eight small darts, and their eight straight swords with ornaments of walrus-tooth and their eight lesser, ivoried spears which flew from them and to them like bees on a day of fine weather. They cast no weapon that struck not. Each of them was busy casting at the other with those missiles from morning's early twilight till noon at mid-day, the while they overcame their various feats with the bosses and hollows of their feat-shields. However great the excellence of the throwing on either side, equally great was the excellence of the defence, so that during all that time neither of them bled or reddened the other. "Let us cease now from

Rofata atám amlaid-seo bhadesta, bar Fer diad, acus ga gasced ar a ragam indiu, a Chuchulaind. Lat-su do roga gascid chaidchi indiu, bar Cuchulaind, daig is tú dariacht in n-áth ar tus. Indat mebhair-siu itir, bar Fer diad, isna airigthib gascid danímmís ac Scathaig & ac Uathaig & ac Aife. Isamm mebhair ám écin, bar Cuchulaind. Masa mebair, tecam.

Dachuatarbar a n-airigthib gascid. Ra gabsatar dá sciath chliss chómdathacha forro & an-ochtn-ocharchliss, an-ocht clettíni & a n-ocht cuilg n-dét & a n-ocht n-gothonnata neít, imreitís úathu & chuccu mar beocho aínle (no aille), ni thelgtis nad amsitis. Ra gab cách díb ac diburgun araile dina clesradaib sin á dorblas na matne muche go mide medoin láí, go ra chloesetar a n-ilchlessarda ra tilib & chobradaib na scíath cliss. Gia ra bai d'febas in imdíburcthi, ra bóí d'febas na himdegla nára fulig & nara forderg cách dib bar araile risin ré sin. Scurem din gaisced sa fodesta a Chuchulaind, bar Fer diad, dáig ni de-seo tic ar n-etergléod. Scurem ám écin, ma thanic a thrath, bar Cuchulaind. Ra scoirsetar. Focherdsetar a clesrada uathaib illamaib a n-arad.

this bout of arms, O Cuchulain," said Ferdiad; "for it is not by such our decision will come." "Yea, surely, let us cease, if the time hath come," answered Cuchulain. Then they ceased. They threw their feat-tackle from them into the hands of their charioteers.

"To what weapons shall we resort next, O Cuchulain?" asked Ferdiad. "Thine is the choice of weapons till nightfall," replied Cuchulain; "for thou art he that didst first reach the ford." "Let us begin, then," said Ferdiad, "with our straight-cut, smooth-hardened throwing-spears, with cords of full-hard flax on them." "Aye, let us begin then," assented Cuchulain. Then they took on them two hard shields, equally strong. They fell to their straight-cut, smooth-hardened spears with cords of full-hard flax on them. Each of them was engaged in casting at the other with the spears from the middle of noon till the hour of evening's sundown. However great the excellence of the defence, equally great was the excellence of the throwing on either side, so that each of them bled and reddened and wounded the other during that time. "Let us leave off from this now, O Cuchulain," said Ferdiad. "Aye, let us leave off, if the time hath come," answered Cuchulain. So they ceased. They threw their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers.

Ga gasced irragam ifesta, a Chuchulaind, bar Fer diad. Let-su do roga gaiscid chaidche, bar Cuchulaind, daíg is tú doríacht in n-áth ar tús. Tiagam iarum, bar Fer diad, bar ar slegaib sneitti snasta slemunchrúadi go suanemnaib lín lanchatut indi. Tecam ám écin, bar Cuchulaind. Is and-sin ra gabsatar da chotutscíath chomdaingni forro. Dachuatar bar a slegaib snaitti snasta slemunchrúadi, go suanemnaib lín lanchotut indi. Ra gab cách díb ac diburgun araile dina slegaib á mide medoin lai go tráth funid nóna. Gia ra báí d'febas na himdegla, ra búi d'febas ind indibairgthi, go ro fuilig & go ro forderg & go ra chréchtnaig cach díb bar araile risin ré sin. Scurem de sodain badesta, a Chuchulaind, bar Fer diad. Scurem ám écin, ma thanic a thrath, bar Cuchulaind. Ra scoirsetar. Bhacheirdset a n-airm uathu illámaib a n-arad.

Thereupon each of them went toward the other in the middle of the ford, and each of them put his hand on the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in one and the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at one and the same fire; and their charioteers made ready a litter-bed of fresh rushes for them with pillows for wounded men on them. Then came healing and curing folk to heal and to cure them, and they laid healing herbs and grasses and a curing charm on their cuts and stabs, their gashes and many wounds. Of every healing herb and grass and curing charm that was brought and was applied to the cuts and stabs, to the gashes and many wounds of Cuchulain, a like portion thereof he sent across the ford westward to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin should not have it to say, should Ferdiad fall at his hands, it was more than his share of care had been given to him.

Of every food and of every savoury, soothing and strong drink that was brought by the men of Erin to Ferdiad, a like portion thereof he sent over the ford northwards to Cuchulain; for the purveyors of Ferdiad were more numerous than the purveyors of Cuchulain. All the men of Erin were purveyors to Ferdiad, to the end that he might keep Cuchulain off from them. But only the inhabitants of Mag Breg ('the Plain of Breg') were purveyors to Cuchulain. They were wont to come daily, that is, every night, to converse with him.

Tanic cach díb d'indsaigid araile assa aithle & rabert cách díb lám dar bragit araile & ra thairbir teora póc. Ra batar a n-eich i n-oenscur inn aidchi sin & a n-araid ic oentenid, acus bognisetar a n-araid cossair leptha úrluachra dóib go frithadartaib fer n-gona friu. Tancatar fiallach ícci & legis da n-ícc & da leiges, acus foherdetar lubi & lossa icci & slánsén ra cnedaib & ra crechtaib, rá n-áltaib & ra n-ilgonaib. Cach lúib & cach lossa ícci & slánsen ra berthea ra cnedaib & crechtaib, altaib & ilgonaib Conculaind, ra idnaicthea comraind úad díb dar ath siar d'Fir diad, nar abbraitis fir hErend, da tuitted Fer diad lessium, ba himmarcraid legis daberad fair.

Cach biad & cach lind soóla socharcháin somesc daberthea o feraib hErend d'Fir diad, da idnaicthea comraind uad díb dar áth fa thuaith do Choinchulaind, daig raptar lia biattaig Fir diad andá bíattaig Conculaind. Raptar biattaig fir hErend uli d'Fir diad ar Choinculaind do dingbáil díb. Raptar biattaig Brega dana do Choinculaind. Tictis da acaldaim fri dé .i. cach n-aidche.

They bided there that night. Early on the morrow they arose and went their ways to the ford of combat. "To what weapons shall we resort on this day, O Ferdiad?" asked Cuchulain. "Thine is the choosing of weapons," Ferdiad made answer, "because it was I had my choice of weapons on the day aforegone." "Let us take, then," said Cuchulain, "to our great, well-tempered lances to-day, for we think that the thrusting will bring nearer the decisive battle to-day than did the casting of yesterday. Let our horses be brought to us and our chariots yoked, to the end that we engage in combat over our horses and chariots on this day." "Aye, let us go so," Ferdiad assented.

Thereupon they girded two full-firm broadshields on them for that day. They took to their great, well-tempered lances on that day. Either of them began to pierce and to drive, to throw and to press down the other, from early morning's twilight till the hour of evening's close. If it were the wont for birds in flight to fly through the bodies of men, they could have passed through their bodies on that day and carried away pieces of blood and flesh through their wounds and their sores into the clouds and the air all around. And when the hour of evening's close was come, their horses were spent and their drivers were wearied, and they themselves, the heroes and warriors of valour, were exhausted. "Let us give over now, O Ferdiad," said Cuchulain, "for our horses are spent and our drivers tired, and when they are exhausted, why should we too not be exhausted?" And in this wise he spake, and he uttered these words at that place:

Dessetar and inn aidchi sin. Atráchtatar go moch arna barach, & táncatar rompu co áth in chomraic. Ga gasced ara ragam indiu a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind. Lett-su do roga n-gascid chaidchi, bar Fer diad, daíg is missi barroega mo roga n-gascid isind lathi luid. Tiagam iarum, bar Cuchulaind, bar ar mánaísib móra murniucha indiu, daíg is foicsiu lind don ág in t-imrubad indiu anda dond imdiburgun inné. Gabtar ar n-eich dún & indlitter ar carpait, co n-dernam cathugud dar n-echaib & dar carptib indiu. Tecam ám écin, bar Fer diad.

Is and-sin ra gabsatar dá lethanscíath landangni forro in lá sin. Dachuatar bar a manáísib móra murnecha in lá sin. Ra gab cách díb bar tollad & bar tregdad, bar ruth & bar regtad araile, á dorblas na matne muchi go tráth funid nóna. Da m-bad bés éoin ar luamain do thecht tri chorpaib dóene, doragtaís tri na corpaib in lá sin, go m-bérait na tochta fola & féola tri na cnedaib & tri na crechtaib innélaib & i n-aeraib sechtair. Acus a thánic trath funid nóna, raptar scítha a n-eich & raptar mertnig a n-araid & raptar scítha-som fadessin na curaid & na láith gaile. Scurem de sodain badesta a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind, daíg isat scítha ar n-eich & it mertnig ar n-araid, agus in tráth ata scítha iat, cid dúnni na bad scítha sind dana. Acus is amlaid ra búi gá rád & rabert na briathra and:

"We need not our chariots
break--
This, a struggle fit for giants.
Place the hobbles on the
steeds,
Now that din of arms is o'er!"

Ni dlegar dín cuclaigi, bar
ésiun,
ra fomorchaib feidm.
curther fóthu a n-urchomail,
a ro scáich a n-deilm.

"Yea, we will cease, if the time hath come,"
replied Ferdiad. They ceased then. They
threw their arms away from them into the
hands of their charioteers. Each of them
came towards his fellow. Each laid his hand
on the other's neck and gave him three
kisses. Their horses were in the one pen that
night, and their charioteers at the one fire.
Their charioteers prepared two litter-beds of
fresh rushes for them with pillows for
wounded men on them. The curing and
healing men came to attend and watch and
mark them that night; for naught else could
they do, because of the direfulness of their
cuts and their stabs, their gashes and their
numerous wounds, but apply to them
philtres and spells and charms, to staunch
their blood and their bleeding and their
deadly pains. Of every magic potion and
every spell and every charm that was
applied to the cuts and stabs of Cuchulain,
their like share he sent over the ford
westwards to Ferdiad. Of every food and
every savoury, soothing and strong drink
that was brought by the men of Erin to
Ferdiaid, an equal portion he sent over the
ford northwards to Cuchulain, for the
victuallers of Ferdiad were more numerous
than the victuallers of Cuchulain. For all the
men of Erin were Ferdiad's nourishers, to
the end that he might ward off Cuchulain
from them. But the indwellers of the Plain
of Breg alone were Cuchulain's nourishers.
They were wont to come daily, that is, every

Scoirem ám écin, má tháinic a thráth, bar Fer
diad. Ra scorsetar. Facheirdset a n-airm
uathu illámaib a n-arad. Tanic cách díb
d'innagid a cheile. Ra bert cach lam dar
brágit araile, & ra thairbir teora póc. Ra
bátar a n-eich i n-oenscur in aidchi sin, & a
n-araid oc oentenid. Bógniset a n-araid
cossair leptha úrluachra dóib go
frithadartaib fer n-gona friu. Tancatar
fialach icci & leigis da fethium & da fégad
& dá forcomét inn aidchi sin, daíg ní ní aile
ra chumgetar dóib, ra hacbeile a cned & a
crechta, a n-álta & a n-ilgona, acht iptha &
éle & arthana do chur riu, do thairmesc a
fola & a fulliugu & a n-gae cró. Cach iptha
& gach éle & gach orthana doberthea ra
cneidaib & ra crechtaib Conculaind, ra
idnaicthea comraind uad díb dar áth siar
d'Fir diad. Cach biad & cach lind soóla
socharchain somesc ra berthea o feraib
hErend do Fir diad, ra hidnaicthea comraind
úad díb dar áth fothuaith do Choinchulaind,
daig raptar lia biataig Fir diad anda biataig
Conculaind, daig raptar biattaig fir hErend
uile d'Fir diad ar dingbhail Conculaind díb.
Raptar biataig Brega no do Choinchulaind.
Tictis da acallaim fri dé .i. cach n-aidche.

night, to converse with him.

They abode there that night. Early on the morrow they arose and repaired to the ford of combat. Cuchulain marked an evil mien and a dark mood that day on Ferdiad. "It is evil thou appearest to-day, O Ferdiad," spake Cuchulain; "thy hair has become dark to-day, and thine eye has grown drowsy, and thine upright form and thy features and thy gait have gone from thee!" "Truly not for fear nor for dread of thee is that happened to me to-day," answered Ferdiad; "for there is not in Erin this day a warrior I could not repel!" And Cuchulain lamented and moaned, and he spake these words and Ferdiad responded:

Cuchulain: "Ferdiaid, ah, if it
be thou,
Well I know thou'rt doomed
to die!
To have gone at woman's
hest,
Forced to fight thy comrade
sworn!"

Ferdiaid: "O Cuchulain-- wise
decree--
Loyal champion, hero true,
Each man is constrained to go
'Neath the sod that hides his
grave!"

Cuchulain: "Finnabair,
Medb's daughter fair,
Stately maiden though she be,
Not for love they'll give to
thee,
But to prove thy kingly
might!"

Dessetar inn aidchi sin and. Atroachtatar co moch arna barach, & táncatar rempo co áth in chomraic. Ra chondaic Cuchulaind mídelb & míthemel mór in la sin bar Fer diad. Is olc atai-siu indiu a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind. Ra dorchaig th'folt indiú & ra suanmig do rosc & dachuaid do chruth & do delb & do denam dí. Nir th'ecla-su na ar th'uamain form-sa sain indiu ám, bar Fer diad, dáig ni fuil i n-hErind indiu laech na dingeb-sa. Acus ra búí Cuchulaind ac écáini & ac airchisecht & rabert na briathra and & ra recair Fer diad:

Cc.: A Fir diad masa thú,
demin limm isat lomthru
tidaeht ar comairli mná
do chomlund rit chomalta.

F.: A Chuchulaind, comall n-
gáith,
a fíránraith, a firlaich,
is eicen do neoch a thecht
cosin fót forsa m-bí a
thiglecht.

Cc.: Findabair ingea Medba,
gia beith d'febas a delba,
a tabairt dait ní ar do sheirc
act do romad do rigneirt.

F.: Fromtha mo nert a
chánaib,
a Chú cosin caemriagail,
nech bad chalmu noco closs,
cosindiu no con fuaross.

Cc.: Tu fodera a fail de

Ferdiad: "Provèd was my
might long since,
Cu of gentle spirit thou.
Of one braver I've not heard;
Till to-day I have not found!"

Cuchulain: "Thou art he
provoked this fight,
Son of Daman, Darè's son,
To have gone at woman's
word,
Swords to cross with thine old
friend!"

Ferdiad: "Should we then
unfought depart,
Brothers though we are, bold
Hound,
Ill would be my word and
fame
With Ailill and Cruachan's
Medb!"

Cuchulain: "Food has not yet
passed his lips,
Nay nor has he yet been born,
Son of king or blameless
queen,
For whom I would work thee
harm!"

Ferdiad: "Culann's Hound,
with floods of deeds,
Medb, not thou, hath us
betrayed;
Fame and victory thou shalt
have;
Not on thee we lay our fault!"

Cuchulain: "Clotted gore is
my brave heart,
Near I'm parted from my soul;

a meic Damain meic Dáre
tiachtain ar comairle mná
d'imchlaibed rit chomalta.

F.: Da scaraind gan troit is tú,
gidar comaltai a chaemchú,
bud olc mo briathar is mo
blad
ie Ailill is ac Meidb
Chruachan.

Cc.: Noco tard bíad da bélaib
is noco móo ro genair,
do rí na rígain can chess,
bhar a n-dernairíd-sea
th'amles.

F.: A Chuchulaind tólaib gal,
ní tu acht Medb rar marnestar,
béra-su buaid agus blaid,
ní fort atát ar cinaid.

Cc.: Is caép cró ino chride
cain,
bec nach rascloss ram anmain,
ní connairt limin línib gal
comrac rit a Fir diad.

Wrongful 'tis-- with hosts of
deeds--
Ferdiad, dear, to fight with
thee!"

"How much soever thou findest fault with me to-day," said Ferdiad, "it will be as an offset to my prowess." And he said, "To what weapons shall we resort to-day?" "With thyself is the choice of weapons to-day," replied Cuchulain, "for it is I that chose on the day gone by." "Let us resort, then," said Ferdiad, "to our heavy, hard-smiting swords this day, for we trow that the smiting each other will bring us nearer to the decision of battle to-day than was our piercing each other on yesterday." "Let us go then, by all means," responded Cuchulain.

Then they took two full-great long-shields upon them for that day. They turned to their heavy, hard-smiting swords. Each of them fell to strike and to hew, to lay low and cut down, to slay and undo his fellow, till as large as the head of a month-old child was each lump and each cut, that each of them took from the shoulders and thighs and shoulder-blades of the other.

Each of them was engaged in smiting the other in this way from the twilight of early morning till the hour of evening's close. "Let us leave off from this now, O Cuchulain!" cried Ferdiad. "Aye, let us leave off, if the hour has come," said Cuchulain. They parted then, and threw their arms away from them into the hands of their charioteers. Though it had been the meeting of two happy, blithe, cheerful, joyful men, their parting that night was of two that were sad,

Meid atái-siu ac cessacht form-sa indiu, bar Fer diad, ga gasced for a ragam indiu. Lett-su do roga gascid chaidchi indiu, bar Cuchulaind, dáig is missi barróega in lathe luid. Tiagam iaram, bar Fer diad, bar ar claidbib tromma tortbullecha indiu, dáig is facsiu lind dond ág inn imslaidi indiu andá dond imrubad indé. Tecam ám écin, bar Cuchulaind.

Is and-sain ra gabsatar dá leborsciath lánmóra forro in lá sain. Dochuatar bar a claidbib tromma tortbullecha. Ra gab cách díb bar slaide & bar slechtad, bar airlech & bar slechtad, bar airlech & bar essorgain, go m-ba metithir ri cend meic mís cach thothocht & gach thinmi dobeired cách díb de gúallib & de slíastaib & de slinnéocaib araile.

Ra gab cách díb ac slaide araile mán cóir sin a dorblath na matni muchi co tráth funid nóna. Scurem do sodain badesta a Chuchulaind, bar Fer diad. Scorem ám écin, ma thanic a thráth, bar Cuchulaind. Ra scorsetar, facheirdsetar a n-airm úadaib illamaib a n-arad. Girbho chomraicthi da subach sámach sobbrónach somenmnach, ra pa da scarthain da n-dubach n-dobbrónach n-domenmnach a scarthain inn aidchi sin. Ni ra batar a n-eich i n-oenscur inn aidchi sin.

sorrowful and full of suffering. Their horses were not in the same paddock that night. Their charioteers were not at the same fire.

They passed there that night. It was then that Ferdiad arose early on the morrow and went alone to the ford of combat. For he knew that that would be the decisive day of the battle and combat; and he knew that one or other of them would fall there that day, or that they both would fall. It was then he donned his battle-weed of battle and fight and combat, or ever Cuchulain came to meet him. And thus was the manner of this harness of battle and fight and combat: He put his silken, glossy trews with its border of speckled gold, next to his white skin. Over this, outside, he put his brown-leathern, well-sewed kilt. Outside of this he put a huge, goodly flag, the size of a millstone. He put his solid, very deep, iron kilt of twice molten iron over the huge, goodly flag as large as a millstone, through fear and dread of the Gae Bulga on that day.

About his head he put his crested war-cap of battle and fight and combat, whereon were forty carbuncle-gems beautifully adorning it and studded with red-enamel and crystal and rubies and with shining stones of the Eastern world. His angry, fierce-striking spear he seized in his right hand. On his left side he hung his curved battle-falchion, with its golden pommel and its rounded hilt of red gold. On the arch-slope of his back he slung his massive, fine-buffalo shield of a warrior, whereon were fifty bosses, wherein a boar could be shown in each of its bosses, apart from the great central boss of red gold. Ferdiad performed diverse, brilliant, manifold, marvellous feats on high that day, unlearned from any one before, neither from

Ni ra batar a n-araid ac oentenid.

Dessetar inn aidchi sin and. Is and-sin atruacht Fer diad go moch arna barach agus tanic reme a oenur co ath in chomraic, daíg ra fitir rap é-sin la etergleóid in chomlaind & in chomraic & ra fitir co taetsad nechtar de díb in la sain and, no co taetsaitis a n-dís. Is and-sin ra gabastar-som a chatherriud catha & comlaind & comraic immi re tiachtain do Choinchulaind dá saigid. Agus bha don chatherriud chatha & chomlaind & comraic: Ra gabastar a fuathbróic srebnáide sróil cona cimais d'ór bricc fa fri gelchness. Ra gabastar a fuathbróic n-dondlethair n-degshuata tairrsíde immaich anechtair. Ra gabastar muadhloich móir méti clochi mulind tarrsí-side immuich anechtair. Ra gabastar a fuathbróic n-imdanhgin n-imdomain n-iarnaide do iurn athlegtha dar in muadhloich móir méti clochi mulind ar ecla & ar uamun in gae bulga in la sin.

Ra gabastar a chírchathbarr catha & comlaind & comraic imma chend, barsa m-batar cethracha gemm carrmocaíl acá chaénchumtuch, arna ecur de chruan & christaill & carrmocul & de lubib soillsi airthir bethad. Ra gabastar a sleig m-barnig m-bairendbailc ina desláim. Ra gabastar a chlaideb camthuagach catha bar a chlú cona urdorn óir & cona muleltaib de dergór. Ra gabastar a scíath mór m-buabalcháin bar a tuagleirg a dromma, barsa m-batar cóica cobrad, bar a táillfed torc taisse(1)btha bar cach comraid díb, cenmotha in comraid móir medonaig do dergór. Bacheird Fer diad clesrada ána ilerda ingantacha imda bar aird in lá sain, nad roeglaind ac nech aile ríam, ac mumme na ac aite, na ac Scáthaig nach

foster-mother nor from foster-father, neither from Scathach nor from Uathach nor from Aifè, but he found them of himself that day in the face of Cuchulain.

Cuchulain likewise came to the ford, and he beheld the various, brilliant, manifold, wonderful feats that Ferdiad performed on high. "Thou seest yonder, O Laeg my master, the divers, bright, numerous, marvellous feats that Ferdiad performs on high, and I shall receive yon feats one after the other. And, therefore, if defeat be my lot this day, do thou prick me on and taunt me and speak evil to me, so that the more my spirit and anger shall rise in me. If, however, before me his defeat takes place, say thou so to me and praise me and speak me fair, to the end that the greater may be my courage!" "It shall surely be done so, if need be, O Cucuc," Laeg answered.

Then Cuchulain, too, girded his war-harness of battle and fight and combat about him, and performed all kinds of splendid, manifold, marvellous feats on high that day which he had not learned from any one before, neither with Scathach nor with Uathach nor with Aifè.

Ferdiad observed those feats, and he knew they would be plied against him in turn. "To what weapons shall we resort to-day, Ferdiad?" asked Cuchulain. "With thee is thy choice of weapons," Ferdiad responded. "Let us go to the 'Feat of the Ford,' then," said Cuchulain. "Aye, let us do so," answered Ferdiad. Albeit Ferdiad spoke that, he deemed it the most grievous thing whereto he could go, for he knew that in that sort Cuchulain used to destroy every hero and every battle-soldier who fought

ac Uathaig na ac Aife, acht a n-denum uad féin in la sain i n-agid Conculainn.

Dariacht Cuchulaind dochum inn atha no, acus ra chonnaic na clesrada ána ilerda ingantacha imda bacheird Fer diad bar aird. Atchi-siu sút, a mo phopa Laig, na clesrada ána ilerda ingantacha imda focheird Fer diad bar aird, & bocotáidfer dam-sa ar n-uair innossa na clesrada út, & is aire-sin, mad forum-sa bus róen indiu, ara n-derna-su mo grísad & mo glámad & olc do rada rim, go rop móite eír m'fír & m'fergg foromm. Mad romum bus róen no, ara n-derna-su mo múnod & mo molod & maithius do rád frim, go rop móti lim mo menma. Dagentar ám écin a Chucuc, bar Laeg.

Is and-sin ra gabastar Cuchulaind dno a chatherriud chatha & chomlaine & comraic imbi acus focheird clesrada ána ilerda ingantacha imda bar aird in lá sain nad roeglaine ac neoch aile ríam, ac Scáthaig na ac Uathaig na ac Aife.

Atchondairc Fer diad na clesrada sain & ra fitir go fuigbithea dó arn-uáir iat. Ga gasced ar a ragam a Fir diad, bar Cuchulaind. Lettsu do roga gascid chaidchi, bar Fer diad. Tiagam far cluchi inn átha iarum, bar Cuchulaind. Tecam ám, bar Fer diad. Gitubairt Fer diad inní sein, is air is doilgiu leis daragad, dáig ra fitir iss ass ra forraged Cuchulaind cach caur & cach cathmilid condriced friss bar cluch (i) inn átha.

with him in the 'Feat of the Ford.'

Great indeed was the deed that was done on the ford that day. The two heroes, the two champions, the two chariot-fighters of the west of Europe, the two bright torches of valour of the Gael, the two hands of dispensing favour and of giving rewards in the west of the northern world, the two veterans of skill and the two keys of bravery of the Gael, to be brought together in encounter as from afar, through the sowing of dissension and the incitement of Ailill and Medb. Each of them was busy hurling at the other in those deeds of arms from early morning's gloaming till the middle of noon. When mid-day came, the rage of the men became wild, and each drew nearer to the other.

Thereupon Cuchulain gave one spring once from the bank of the ford till he stood upon the boss of Ferdiad macDaman's shield, seeking to reach his head and to strike it from above over the rim of the shield. Straightway Ferdiad gave the shield a blow with his left elbow, so that Cuchulain went from him like a bird onto the brink of the ford. Again Cuchulain sprang from the brink of the ford, so that he alighted upon the boss of Ferdiad macDaman's shield, that he might reach his head and strike it over the rim of the shield from above. Ferdiad gave the shield a thrust with his left knee, so that Cuchulain went from him like an infant onto the bank of the ford.

Ba mór in gním ám daringned barsind ath in lá sain. Na da niad, na da anruith, da eirrgi iarthair Eorpa, da anchaindil gascid Gaedel, da láim thidnaicthi ratha & tairberta [&] tuarastail iarthair thuascirt in domain, da áchaindil gascid Gaedel & da eochair gascid Gaedel, a comraicthi do chéin máir tri indlach & etarchossáit Ailella & Medba. Da gab cách díb ac díburgun araile do na clesraidib sin a dorbblass na matni muchi go midí medoin láí and. Óthánic medón láí, ra feochraigesetar fergga na fer & ra chomfaicsigestar cach díb d'araile.

Is andsin cindis Cuchulaind fecht n-oen and do ur inn atha go m-bái far cobraid sceith Fir diad meic Damáin do thetractain a chind do bualad dar bil in scéith ar n-uachtur. Is and-sin ra bert Fer diad beím da ullind clé sin scíath, com-das-rala Cuchulaind úad mar én bar ur inn átha. Cindis Cuchulaind d'ur inn átha arís, co m-bái far cobraid scéith Fir diad meic Damáin do thetarrachtain a chind do bualad dar bil in scéith ar n-uachtur. Ra bert Fer diad beím da glún chlé sin sciath, gom-das-rala Cuchulaind uad mar inac m-bec bar ur inn átha.

Laeg espied that. "Woe then, Cuchulain!" cried Laeg; "meseems the battle-warrior that is against thee hath shaken thee as a fond woman shakes her child. He hath washed thee as a cup is washed in a tub. He hath ground thee as a mill grinds soft malt. He hath pierced thee as a tool bores through an oak. He hath bound thee as the bindweed binds the trees. He hath pounced on thee as a hawk pounces on little birds, so that no more hast thou right or title or claim to valour or skill in arms till the very day of doom and of life, thou little imp of an elf-man!" cried Laeg.

Thereat for the third time, Cuchulain arose with the speed of the wind, and the swiftness of a swallow, and the dash of a dragon, and the strength (of a lion) into the clouds of the air, til he alighted on the boss of the shield of Ferdiad son of Daman, so as to reach his head that he might strike it from above over the rim of his shield. Then it was that the battle-warrior gave the shield a violent and powerful shake, so that Cuchulain flew from it into the middle of the ford, the same as if he had not sprung at all.

It was then the first twisting-fit of Cuchulain took place, so that a swelling and inflation filled him like breath in a bladder, until he made a dreadful, terrible, many-coloured, wonderful bow of himself, so that as big as a giant or a man of the sea was the hugely-brave warrior towering directly over Ferdiad.

Arigis Laeg inní sein. Amac ale, bar Laég, rat chur in cathmilid fail itt agid mar chúras ben báid a mac. Rot snigestar mar negair cuip a lundu. Rat melestar mar miles mulend muadbraich. Ratregdastar mar thregdas fodb omnaid. Rat nascestar mar nasces feíth fidu. Ras leic fort feib ras leíc seíg for mintu, connach fail do dluig na dó dúal na do díl ri gail na ra gaisced go brunni m-bratha & betha badesta, a siriti siabarthe bic, bar Lóeg.

Is and-sain atraacht Cuchulaind illúas na gaithi & i n-athlaimi na fandli & i n-dremni in dreacain & innirt inn aeóir in tresfecht, go m-bái far comraid scéith Fir diad meic Damain do thetarrachtain a chind da bualad dar bil a scéith ar n-uachtur. Is and-sin ra bert in cathmilid crothad barsin scíath, comdas-rala Cuchulaind úad bar lár inn átha, mar bad é nacharlebhad ríam itir.

Is and-sin ra chétriastrad im Choinculaind, go ros lín att & infithsi mar anáil illés, co n-derna thúais n-uathmar n-acbéil n-ildathaig n-ingantaig de, go m-ba metithir ra fomóir na ra fer mara in milid mórchalma os chind Fir diad i certairddi.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that their heads encountered above and their feet below and their hands in the middle over the rims and bosses of the shields. Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that their shields burst and split from their rims to their centres. Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that their spears bent and turned and shivered from their tips to their rivets.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that the boccanach and the bananach and the sprites of the glens and the eldritch beings of the air screamed from the rims of their shields and from the guards of their swords and from the tips of their spears.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that they forced the river out of its bed and out of its course, so that there might have been a reclining place for a king or a queen in the middle of the ford, and not a drop of water was in it but what fell there with the trampling and slipping which the two heroes and the two battle-warriors made in the middle of the ford.

Such was the closeness of the combat they made, that the steeds of the Gael broke loose affrighted and plunging with madness and fury, so that their chains and their shackles, their traces and tethers snapped, and the women and children and pygmy-folk, the weak and the madmen among the men of Erin broke out through the camp southwestward.

Ba se dlus n-imairic daronsatar, go ra chomraicsetar a cind ar n-uactur & a cossa ar n-íctur & alláma ar n-irmedón dar bilib & chobradaib na sciath. Ba sé dlus n-imaric daronsatar, go ro dluigset & go ro dloingset a sceith a m-bile go a m-bróntib. Ba sé dlus n-imaric daronsatar, go ro fillsetar & go ro lúpsatar & go ro guasaigsetar a slega a rennad go a semannaib.

Ba sé dlús n-imaric daronsatar, go ra gársetar boccanaig & bananaig & geniti glinni & demna aeóir do bhilib a sciath & d'indornaib a claideb & d'erlonnaib a slega.

Ba se dlús n-imaric daronsatar, go ra lasetar in n-ab-(aind assa) curp & assa cumacta go (m-)ba (hionadh iondlaicthi) do rí g nó rí gain ar lár inn átha, connach báí banna dh'usci and acht muni siled ind, risin suathfadaig & risin sloetradaig daringsetar na da curaid & na da cathmilid bar lár in átha.

Ba sé dlús n-imaric daronsatar, go ro memaid do graigib Gaedel scréoin & sceinmnig, diallaib & dásacht, go ro maidset a n-idi & a n-erchomail, allomna & allethrenna, go ro memaid de mnáib & maccaemaib & mindoenib, midlaigib & meraigib fer n-hErend trisin dunud siar-dess.

At that time they were at the edge-feat of swords. It was then Ferdiad caught Cuchulain in an unguarded moment, and he gave him a thrust with his tusk-hilted blade, so that he buried it in his breast, and his blood fell into his belt, till the ford became crimsoned with the clotted blood from the battle-warrior's body. Cuchulain endured it not under Ferdiad's attack, with his death-bringing, heavy blows, and his long strokes and his mighty, middle slashes at him.

Then Cuchulain bethought him of his friends from the Faery land and of his mighty folk who would come to defend him and of his scholars to protect him, what time he would be hard pressed in the combat. It was then that Dolb and Indolb arrived to help and to succour their friend, namely Cuchulain. Then it was that Ferdiad felt the onset of the three together smiting his shield against him, and he gave all his care and attention thereto, and thence he called to mind that, when they were with Scathach and with Uathach [learning together, Dolb and Indolb used to come to help Cuchulain out of every stress wherein he was.]

Ferdiad spake: "Not alike are our foster-brotherhood and our comradeship O Cuchulain," quoth he. "How so, then?" asked Cuchulain. "Thy friends of the Fairy-folk have succoured thee, and thou didst not disclose them to me before," said Ferdiad. "Not easy for me were that," answered Cuchulain; "for if the magic veil be once revealed to one of the sons of Mile, none of the Tuatha De Danann will have power to practise concealment or magic. And why complainest thou here, Ferdiad?" said Cuchulain. "Thou hast a horn skin whereby to multiply feats and deeds of arms on me,

Batar sun ar faebarchless claideb risin ré sin. Is and-sin ra síacht Fer diad uair baeguill and fecht far Coincúlaínd, & ra bert béim din chulg déit dó, go ra folaig na chlíab, go torchair a chrú na chriss, corbh forruammanda in t-áth do chrú a chuirp in chathmíled. Ni faerlangair Cuchúlaínd aní sein, a ra gab Fer diad bar a bráthbalcbemmennaib & fótalbemmennaib & múadalbemmennaib móra fair.

Ro smuainestar Cuchulainn a sídhchairdi agus a cumachtaib do tocht da chosnamh agus a descibail dá ditin, an tan badh airc dó isin comlunn. Is ann sin do riacht Dolb & Indolb d'furtacht & d'foirithin a ccarat .i. Concúlaínn. Is ann sin do mothaig Fer diad tinsaitin an trír an aoinfeacht ac tuarcain a sceith fair, agus do rat da uidh agus da aire é, agus as as ro fitir .i. an tan ro batar ic Scáthaigh agus ic Uathaigh.

Adubairt Fer diad: Ni cuttrama ar ccomaltus no ar ccompántus a Cuchulainn, ar sé. Cidh esen itir, ar Cuchulainn. Do carait sídhchairesi gut thathaigi & nior taispenais damsa riam iet, ar Fer diad. Ni fuil urusa damsa ann sin, ar Cuchulainn, uair dá ttaisbentar in féth fiadha aoinfeacht do nech do macaibh Míledh, nocha bia gabail re diamair no re draideacht ic nech do Tuathaib De Danann, & cid tusa ann, ata congancnes agat d'iomarcadh cles agus gaisgidh toramsa, et nior taispenais damhsa a iadhadh no a foslaccadh, gurab ann sin do taispensit a n-uile gliocas agus derridacht da chéle, conach

and thou hast not shown me how it is closed or how it is opened." Then it was they displayed all their skill and secret cunning to one another, so that there was not a secret of either of them kept from the other except the Gae Bulga, which was Cuchulain's.

Howbeit, when the Fairy friends found Cuchulain had been wounded, each of them inflicted three great, heavy wounds on him, on Ferdiad, to wit. It was then that Ferdiad made a cast to the right, so that he slew Dolb with that goodly cast. Then followed the two woundings and the two throws that overcame him, till Ferdiad made a second throw towards Cuchulain's left, and with that throw he stretched low and killed Indolb dead on the floor of the ford. Hence it is that the story-teller sang the rann:

"Why is this called Ferdiad's
Ford,
E'en though three men on it
fell?
None the less it washed their
spoils--
It is Dolb's and Indolb's
Ford!"

When the devoted equally great sires and champions, and the hard, battle-victorious wild beasts that fought for Cuchulain had fallen, it greatly strengthened the courage of Ferdiad, so that he gave two blows for every blow of Cuchulain's. When Laeg son of Riangabair saw his lord being overcome by the crushing blows of the champion who oppressed him, Laeg began to stir up and rebuke Cuchulain, in such a way that a swelling and an inflation filled Cuchulain from top to ground, as the wind fills a

raibhi diamair caic diob ag aroile acht mad in gae bulga ic Coinchulainn.

Cidh tra acht o fuaratar na sidhcairi Coinchulainn arná chreachtnughudh, tugatar tri tromgona mora fair-siom o gach fer diob .i. for Fir n-diadh. Is ann sin do rat Fer diad ercar da dhes, gur marp Dolp don degerchar sin. Ro batar in da ghuin agus in da ercar ica forrach iersin, co d-tard Fer diad an dara hercar for cle Conculainn, cur trascar & cur tren-marbh Indolb ar lar an átha don ercur sin, gurab do sin ro chan an seanchaidh an rann:

Cret fá n-abar Ath Fir diad
frisin ath gar thuit an triar.
Ni lugha rus nigh a fuidb
Áth Duilb agus Áth Induilb.

Cidh tra acht o do roctatar na hetrecha caomha commora agus na beitrecha cruaidi cathbhuadacha batar iom Coinchulainn, do nertaigh sin go mór menma Fir diad, go ttugadh da beim im gach m-bem do Coinchulainn. Ot connairc Laogh mac Riangabra a tigherna aga traothadh do beimendaibh tuindsemacha in trenfir ro-das-timairc, ro gab Laogh ag griosadh agus ag glámadh Conculainn samlaidh, co ro lion att agus infisi Coinchulainn amail linas gaoth onchú óbhél oslaicthi, go n-derna sduaigh n-

spread, open banner, so that he made a dreadful, wonderful bow of himself like a skybow in a shower of rain, and he made for Ferdiad with the violence of a dragon or the strength of a blood-hound.

And Cuchulain called for the Gae Bulga from Laeg son of Rianganabair. This was its nature: With the stream it was made ready, and from between the fork of the foot it was cast; the wound of a single spear it gave when entering the body, and thirty barbs had it when it opened and it could not be drawn out of a man's flesh till the flesh had been cut about it.

Thereupon Laeg came forward to the brink of the river and to the place where the fresh water was dammed, and the Gae Bulga was sharpened and set in position. He filled the pool and stopped the stream and checked the tide of the ford. Ferdiad's charioteer watched the work, for Ferdiad had said to him early in the morning: "Now gilla, do thou hold back Laeg from me to-day, and I will hold back Cuchulain from thee." "This is a pity," quoth the henchman; "no match for him am I; for a man to combat a hundred is he, and that am I not. Still; however slight his help, it shall not come to his lord past me."

He was then watching his brother thus making the dam till he filled the pools and went to set the Gae Bulga downwards. It was then that Id went up and released the stream and opened the dam and undid the fixing of the Gae Bulga. Cuchulain became deep purple and red all over when he saw the setting undone on the Gae Bulga. He sprang from the top of the ground so that he alighted light and quick on the rim of Ferdiad's shield. Ferdiad gave a strong shake

uathbásaigh n-anaithnidh dhe amail sduaigh nimhi re frais fearthana, agus ro iondsaigh docum Fir diad mar dremne dreaccan no mar nert n-árcon.

Acus conattacht in n-gae m-bulga bar Laeg mac Rianganabra. Is amlaid ra báí side, ra sruth ra indiltea & illadair ra teilgthea, álad oengae leis ac techt i n-duni & tríchu farrindi ri taithmech, & ni gatta a curp duni go coscairthea immi.

As annsin rainic Laogh roimhi go heochair-imlibh na habonn & co hionadh na forgabala ar in bh-fioruisgi agus geraighther agus indillter in gae bulga. Ro lion in lind agus ro fost in sruth agus ro coisc eascal in átha. Ro fechastar ara Fir diad in saothar sin, uair it bert Fer diad mochthraht ris: Maith a giolla, ar sé, dingaib-si Láogh díom-sa aniú agus dingepat-sa Coinculainn dit-sa. Truag sin, ar in gilla, ni fer dingbala dhó misi, uair is fer comlainn cet esiomh, agus nocha n-edh misi. Gidhedh chena nocha ria a beag da congnam-somh gó thigerna tarorsa.

Boi-siomh in tráth sin ic fechadh a bhráthar no, gur linastair na linti agus go n-dechaidh d'indioll an gae bulga síos. As ann sin do choidh Idh suás, agus do sgaoil ar in sruth agus ro foscail an forgabail agus do leg indioll an gae builg. Do ruamhnaigedh agus do roderccadh iom Coinculainn, ót connairc a indioll ar n-dul ón gae bulga. Ro lingestair do maoilind talman, go raibhi ar bile sgeith Fir diad go hurettrom athlamh. Do rat Fer diad crothadh ar in sgeith, gur thelg

to the shield, so that he hurled Cuchulain the measure of nine paces out to the westward over the ford.

Then Cuchulain called and shouted to Laeg to set about preparing the Gae Bulga for him. Laeg hastened to the pool and began the work. Id ran and opened the dam and released it before the stream. Laeg sprang at his brother and they grappled on the spot. Laeg threw Id and handled him sorely, for he was loath to use weapons upon him. Ferdiad pursued Cuchulain westwards over the ford. Cuchulain sprang on the rim of the shield. Ferdiad shook the shield, so that he sent Cuchulain the space of nine paces eastwards over the ford.

Cuchulain called and shouted to Laeg. Laeg attempted to come, but Ferdiad's charioteer let him not, so that Laeg turned on him and left him on the sedgy bottom of the ford. He gave him many a heavy blow with clenched fist on the face and countenance, so that he broke his mouth and his nose and put out his eyes and his sight. And forthwith Laeg left him and filled the pool and checked the stream and stilled the noise of the river's voice, and set in position the Gae Bulga. After some time Ferdiad's charioteer arose from his death-cloud, and set his hand on his face and countenance, and he looked away towards the ford of combat and saw Laeg fixing the Gae Bulga. He ran again to the pool and made a breach in the dike quickly and speedily, so that the river burst out in its booming, bounding, bellying, bank-breaking billows making its own wild course. Cuchulain became purple and red all over when he saw the setting of the Gae Bulga had been disturbed, and for the third time he sprang from the top of the ground and

Coinculainn modh noi cceimenn tar in áth síar sechtair.

Is ann sin garthais agus gréchais Cuchulainn ar Laogh ag gabail laimhe fair iman gae bulga d'innioll dó. Reathais Laogh gus an linn agus rus gabh fuirre. Rethais Idh agus ro foslaic riasan sruth, agus ro sgail in cora. Scindis Laogh gó bhráthair, & ro comruicsit ar in lathair sin. Leagais Laogh Idh, agns easonoraighis co mor é, óir nior bh'áil les airm d'imbirt fair. Lenais Fer diad Coinculainn tar áth siar. Linccis Cuchulainn tar bile in sgeth. Crothais Fer diad in sgiath, gur cuir Coinculain mod noi cemend tar áth soir.

Garthais agus grechais Cuchulainn ar Laogh. Fúabrais Laogh a iondsaigne agus nior leic ara Fir diad dhó cur ro iompódh fris agus cur ro leacc é for osarlar an átha. Toirbiris moeldorna mora mionea tar a gnúis agus tar a aghaidh, cur bris a bél agus a srón, agus cur saobh a rosc agus a radharc, agus toed uadha asa haithle agus ro líon an lind agus ro fost an sruth agus ro choisc glorghrith na habond agus ro indill an gae bulga. Íarsin ergis ara Fir diad asa thaimhnéll agus tuc lamh tar a gnúis agus tar a aghaidh, agus ro féch úadha ar áth in comlainn agus it connairc Laogh [uadha] ag indell an gae builg. Rethais iaromh cus in lind, cur ro bearn an cloidhe co tric tinesnach, cur meabaidh don abhainn ina buindeadhaibh borbghloracha bedccarda bangdlúithi bruachbristeacha ar amus a baoithreme bunaidh. Do rúaimnigedh agus do rotherccadh iom Coinculainn, ot condairc a indell ar n-dul ón gae bulga, cur lingeastar do maoilinn talman an tres feact co raibhi ar bile sceth Fir diad dia bualadh

alighted on the edge of Ferdiad's shield, so as to strike him over the shield from above. Ferdiad gave a blow with his left knee against the leather of the bare shield, so that Cuchulain was thrown into the waves of the ford.

Thereupon Ferdiad gave three severe woundings to Cuchulain. Cuchulain cried and shouted loudly to Laeg to make ready the Gae Bulga for him. Laeg attempted to get near it, but Ferdiad's charioteer prevented him. Then Laeg grew very wroth at his brother and he made a spring at him, and he closed his long, full-valiant hands over him, so that he quickly threw him to the ground and straightway bound him. And then he went from him quickly and courageously, so that he filled the pool and stayed the stream and set the Gae Bulga. And he cried out to Cuchulain that it was served, for it was not to be discharged without a quick word of warning before it. Hence it is that Laeg cried out:--

"Ware! beware the Gae
Bulga,
Battle-winning Culann's
hound!" [et reliqua]

Then it was that Cuchulain let fly the white Gae Bulga from the fork of his irresistible right foot. Ferdiad prepared for the feat according to the testimony thereof. He lowered his shield, so that the spear went over its edge into the watery, water-cold river. And he looked at Cuchulain, and he saw all his various, venomous feats made ready, and he knew not to which of them he should first give answer, whether to the 'Fist's breast-spear,' or to the 'Wild shield's

tar in sgieth anúas. Do rat Fer diad buille dá glún clé i leathair an loimscéth go ttarla Cuchulainn fo lintip an atha.

Is ann sin do rat Fer diad teora tromghonta for Coinculainn. Garthais agus gréchais Cuchulainn ar Laogh ag gabail lama fair iman gae bulga do inneall dó. Fuabrais Laogh a iondsaighe, agus nir lécc ara Fir diad dó. Ferccaighther Laogh fris ann sin agus beris sidhe da iondsaighe agus iadhais a lamha leabra langasda tairis, gur ro trascar co athlamh agus ro trascar fo cetóir. Agus taot uadha co solamh sarcalma, cur ro líon an lind agus ro fost in sruth agus ro indill in gae bulga, agus ro fuaccar do Coinculainn a frithoileamh, uair ni tabhartha gan recne rabaid roimi, conadh aire sin atbert Laogh:

Fomhna fomhna an gae bulga
a Cuchulainn cathbhúadaigh
& rl.

Is ann sin ro frithoileastar Cuchulainn an bangae bulca tre ladhair a choisi díghraisi deisi. Frithóilis Fer diad in cles do rer a testa. Do rat in sgiath sios, co tainic tar bile in sgeith isin sruth linnide liondfhúar. Agus sillis ar Coinculainn agus at connairc a ilcleasa neme uile ar indell aicci, agus ni raibhi a fios aige, cia dhíobh dho frecceoradh ar tus, ane in cliabgae glaici nó iné an leathangae loindsgéth no an certgae do lar a bhoisi no ané an bangae bulga

broad-spear,' or to the 'Short spear from the middle of the palm,' or to the white Gae Bulga over the fair, watery river.

Ferdiad heard the Gae Bulga called for. He thrust his shield down to protect the lower part of his body. Cuchulain gripped the short spear, cast it off the palm of his hand over the rim of the shield and over the edge of the corselet and horn-skin, so that its farther half was visible after piercing his heart in his bosom. Ferdiad gave a thrust of his shield upwards to protect the upper part of his body, though it was help that came too late. The gilla set the Gae Bulga down the stream, and Cuchulain caught it in the fork of his foot, and threw the Gae Bulga as far as he could cast underneath at Ferdiad, so that it passed through the strong, thick, iron apron of wrought iron, and broke in three parts the huge, goodly stone the size of a millstone, so that it cut its way through the body's protection into him, till every joint and every limb was filled with its barbs.

"Ah, that now sufficeth," sighed Ferdiad: "I am fallen of that! But, yet one thing more: mightily didst thou drive with thy right foot. And 'twas not fair of thee for me to fall by thy hand." And he yet spake and uttered these words:

tresan sruth n-alainn n-uiseidhi.

Acus atchuala Fer diad in n-gae m-bolga d'imrád. Ra bert béim din scíath síis d'anacul íchtair a chuirp. Boruaraid Cuchulaind in certgae, delgthi do lár a dernainni dar bil in sceíth & dar brollach in chonganchnis, gor bo róen in leth n-alltarach de ar tregtad a chride na chlíab. Ra bert Fer diad béim din scíath súas d'anacul uactair a chuirp, giarb í in chobair iar n-assu. Da indill in gilla in n-gae m-bolga risin sruth, & ra ritháil Cuchulaind illadair a chossi & tarlaic rout n-urchoir de bar Fer nh-diad, co n-dechaid trisin fuathbhróic n-imdanhgin n-imdomain n-iarnaide do iurn athlegtha, gorróebris in muadchloich máir méiti clochi mulind i trí, co n-dechaid dar timthirecht a chuirp and, gor bho lán cach n-alt & cach n-áge de, dá forrindib.

Leor sain bhadesta ale, bar Fer diad, darochar-sa de sein. Acht atá ní chena, is t(r)én unnsi as do deiss, agus nír bo chóir dait mo thuttimsea dot láim. Is amlaid ra bóiga rád & ra bert na briathra:

"O Cu of grand feats,
Unfairly I'm slain!
Thy guilt clings to me;
My blood falls on thee!

"No need for the wretch
Who treads treason's gap.
Now weak is my voice;
Ah, gone is my bloom!

"My ribs' armour bursts,
My heart is all gore;
I battled not well;
I'm smitten, O Cu!

A Chú na cless cain,
nír dess dait mo guin,
lett in locht rom len,
is fort ra fer mh'fuil.

Ni lossat na troich
recait bernaid m-braith,
as galar mo guth,
uch doscarad scaith.

Mebait mh'asnae fuidb,
mo chride-se is crú,
nimath d'ferus baíg,
darochar a Chú.

Thereupon Cuchulain hastened towards Ferdiad and clasped his two arms about him, and bore him with all his arms and his armour and his dress northwards over the ford, that so it should be with his face to the north of the ford the triumph took place and not to the south of the ford with the men of Erin. Cuchulain laid Ferdiad there on the ground, and a cloud and a faint and a swoon came over Cuchulain there by the head of Ferdiad. Laeg espied it, and the men of Erin all arose for the attack upon him. "Come, O Cucuc," cried Laeg; "arise now from thy trance, for the men of Erin will come to attack us, and it is not single combat they will allow us, now that Ferdiad son of Daman son of Darè is fallen by thee." "What availeth it me to arise, O gilla," moaned Cuchulain, "now that this one is fallen by my hand?" In this wise the gilla spake and he uttered these words and Cuchulain responded:

Ra bert Cuchulaind sidi da saigid assa aithle & ra iad a da láim tharis & tuargaib leiss cona arm & cona erriud & cona étgud dar áth fa thuaid é, go m-bad ra áth a tuáid ra beth in coscur & na bad ra áth aníar ac feraib hErend. Daleíc Cuchulaind ar lár Fer n-diad and & darochair nél & tam & tassi bar Coinculaind as chind Fir diad and. Atchonnaic Láeg anísín, acus atráigestar fir hErend uile do thichtain dá saigid. Maith a Chucuc, bar Laég, comerig bhadesta & daroisset fir hErend dar saigid & ni ba cumland oenfir démait dúinn, a darochair Fer diad mac Damain meic Dare latsú. Can dam-sa éirgi, a gillai, bar é-sium, & intí darochair limm. Is amlaid ra báí in gilla ga rád & ra bert na briathra and & ra recair Cuchulaind:

Laeg: "Now arise, O Emain's
Hound;
Now most fits thee courage
high.
Ferdiaid hast thou thrown-- of
hosts--
God's fate! How thy fight was
hard!"

Cuchulain: What avails me
courage now?
I'm oppressed with rage and
grief,
For the deed that I have don
On his body sworded sore!"

Laeg: It becomes thee not to
weep;
Fitter for thee to exult!
Yon red-speared one thee
hath left
Plaintful, wounded, steeped in
gore!"

Cuchulain: "Even had he
cleaved my leg,
And one hand had severed
too;
Woe, that Ferdiaid-- who rode
steeds--
Shall not ever be in life!"

Laeg: "Liefer far what's come
to pass,
To the maidens of Red
Branch;
He to die, thou to remain;
They grudge not that ye
should part!"

Cuchulain: "From the day I

Erig a árchu Emna,
córu a chach duit mormenma,
ra láis dít Fer n-diad na n-
drong,
debrad is cruaid do chomlond.

Ga chana dam menma mór,
ram immart baeis acus brón
ithle inn echta doringnius
issin chuirp ra
chruadchlaidbius.

Ni ra chóir dait a chaíniud,
coru dait a chommaidium,
rat rácaib in rúadrinnech
cáintech crechtach crolindech.

Da m-benad mo lethchoiss
sláin
dím is cor benad mo lethláim,
truág nach Fer diad bóí ar
echaib
tri bithu na bithbethaid.

Ferr leo-som na n-dernad de
ra ingenaib Craebruade,
sessium d'éc tussu dh'anad,
leo ní bec bar m-bithscarad.

Án ló thanac a Cualnge
i n-diaid Medba mórglúare,
is ar dainí le co m-blaid
ra marbais da miledaib.

Ni ra chotlais issáma
i n-degaid da móorthana,
giar b'uathad do dám malle,
mór maitne ba moch th'eirge.

Cualnge left,
Seeking high and splendid
Medb,
Carnage has she had-- with
fame--
Of her warriors whom I've
slain!"

Laeg: "Thou hast had no sleep
in peace,
In pursuit of thy great Táin;
Though thy troop was few
and small,
Oft thou wouldst rise at early
morn!"

Cuchulain began to lament and bemoan
Ferdiaid, and he spake the words:

"Alas, O Ferdiaid," spake he, "'twas thine ill
fortune thou didst not take counsel with any
of those that knew my real deeds of valour
and arms, before we met in clash of battle!
Unhappy for thee that Laeg son of
Riangabair did not make thee blush in
regard to our comradeship! Unhappy for
thee that the truly faithful warning of Fergus
thou didst not take! Unhappy for thee that
dear, trophied, triumphant, battle-victorious
Conall counselled thee not in regard to our
comradeship! For those men would not have
spoken in obedience to the messages or
desires or orders or false words of promise
of the fair-haired women of Connacht. For
well do those men know that there will not
be born a being that will perform deeds so
tremendous and so great among the
Connachtmen as I, till the very day of doom
and of everlasting life, whether at plying of
spear and sword, at playing at draughts and
chess, at driving of steeds and chariots."

Ra gab Cuchulaind ac écáine & ac
airchisecht Fir diad and & ra bert na
briathra:

Maith, a Fir diad, bá dursan dait nach nech
dind fiallaig ra fitir mo chertgnímrada-sa
gaile & gascid ra acallais re comriactain
dúin comrac n-immairic. Ba dirsan dait nach
Laeg mac Riangabra rúamnastar comairle ar
comaltais. Ba dirsan duit nách athesc fírglan
Fergusa foremais. Ba dirsan duit nach
Conall caem coscarach commáidmech
cathbuadach cobrastar comairle ar
comaltais. Daíg ra fetatar in fir sin, na gigne
gein gabas gnimrada cutrumma commóra
Connachtaig (?) rut-sa go brunni m-brátha
& betha. Daíg ni adiartáis ind fir sein de
fessaib na dúlib na dálaib ná briathraib brec-
ingill ban cendfind Connacht. eter imbeirt
scell & scíath, eter imbeirt gae & chlaideb,
eter imbeirt m-brandub & fidchell, eter
imbeirt ech & charpat.

"There shall not be found the hand of a hero that will wound warrior's flesh, like cloud-coloured Ferdiad! There shall not be heard from the gap the cry of red-mouthed Badb to the winged, shade-speckled flocks! There shall not be one that will contend for Cruachan that will obtain covenants equal to thine, till the very day of doom and of life henceforward, O red-cheeked son of Daman!" said Cuchulain. Then it was that Cuchulain arose and stood over Ferdiad: "Ah, Ferdiad," spake Cuchulain, "greatly have the men of Erin deceived and abandoned thee, to bring thee to contend and do battle with me. For no easy thing is it to contend and do battle with me on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge! Thus he spake, and he uttered these words:

"Ah, Ferdiad, betrayed to death.
Our last meeting, oh, how sad!
Thou to die I to remain.
Ever sad our long farewell!

"When we over yonder dwelt
With our Scathach, steadfast,
true,
This we thought till end of
time,
That our friendship ne'er
would end!

"Dear to me thy noble blush;
Dear thy comely, perfect
form;
Dear thine eye, blue-grey and
clear;
Dear thy wisdom and thy
speech!

Ní bha lam laich lethas cárna caurad mar
Fer n-diad né n-datha. Ní bha buriud berna
baidbhi belderg do scoraib sciathcha
scáthbricci. Ni bha Cruachain cossenas,
gebas curu cutrumma rut-su, go brunni m-
bratha & bhetha badesta, a meic drechdeirg
Damáin, bar Cuchulaind. Is and-sin ra erig
Cuchulaind as chind Fir diad. Maith a Fir
diad, bar Cuchulaind, is mór in bráth & in
trecun dabertatar fir hErend fort do thabairt
do chomlund & do chomruc rim-sa, dáig ni
réid comlund na comrac rim-sa bar tain bo
Cualnhge. Is amlaid ra báí gá rád & rabert
na briathra:

A Fir diad ar dot chlóe brath,
dursan do dál dedenach,
tussu d'éc missi d'anad,
sirdursan ar sírscarad.

Mad dammamar alla anall
ac Scáthaig Bhuadaig
Bhuanand,
dar lind go bruthe bras
nocho biad ar n-athchardes.

Inmain lemm do ruidiud rán,
inmain do chruth caem
comlán,
inmain do rosc glass glanba
(no gregda),
inmain t'álaig (no t'áille) is
t'irlabra.

Nír ching din tress tinbhi
chness,
nir gab feirg ra ferachas,

"Never strode to rending
fight,
Never wrath and manhood
held,
Nor slung shield across broad
back,
One like thee, Daman's red
son!

Never have I met till now,
Since I Oenfer Aifè slew,
One thy peer in deeds of
arms,
Never have I found, Ferdiad!

Finnabair, Medb's daughter
fair,
Beauteous, lovely though she
be,
As a gad round sand or
stones,
She was shown to thee,
Ferdiad!"

Then Cuchulain turned to gaze on Ferdiad.
"Ah, my master Laeg," cried Cuchulain,
"now strip Ferdiad and take his armour and
garments off him, that I may see the brooch
for the sake of which he entered on the
combat and fight with me." Laeg came up
and stripped Ferdiad. He took his armour
and garments off him and he saw the brooch
and he began to lament and complain over
Ferdiad, and he spake these words:

ni ra chongaib scíath as leirg
láin
th'aidgin-siu a meic deirg
Damain.

Ni tharla rumm sund cose,
a bhacear Oenfer Aife,
da mac samla galaib gliad,
ni fuarus sund a Fir diad.

Findabair ingea Medba,
gé beith d'febas a delba,
is gat im ganem ná im grían
a taidbsiu duit-siu a Fir diad.

Ra gab Cuchulaind ac fegad Fir diad and.
Maith a mo phopa Laig, bar Cuchulaind,
fadbaig Fer n-diad bhadesta, & ben a erriud
& a étgud de, go faccur-sa in delg ara n-
derna in comlund & in comrac. Tanic Laeg
& ra fadbaig Fer n-diad. Ra ben a erriud & a
étgud de, & ra chonnaic in delg, & ra gab ga
écaine & ga airchisecht & ra bert na
briathra:

"Alas, golden brooch;
Ferdiad of the hosts,
O good smiter, strong,
Victorious thy hand!

"Thy hair blond and curled,
A wealth fair and grand.
Thy soft, leaf-shaped belt
Around thee till death!

"Our comradeship dear;
Thy noble eye's gleam;
Thy golden-rimmed shield;
Thy sword, treasures worth!

"Thy white-silver torque
Thy noble arm binds.
Thy chess-board worth
wealth;
Thy fair, ruddy cheek!

"To fall by my hand,
I own was not just!
'Twas no noble fight.
Alas, golden brooch!

Dursan a eo oir,
a Fir diad aam (?),
a bailcbemng chain,
bá buadach do lam.

Do barr buide chas,
ba bras ba cain set,
do cris duillech maeth,
no bith imod thoeb.

Ar comaltus coem,
a airer nasul [sic],
do sciath co m-bil oir,
do cloidem ba coem.

T'ornasc arcait bain
immo do laim soir,
t'fhithchell ba fiu moir [sic],
do gruadh corcra choin.

Do thuittim dom láim,
tucim narbé chóir,
nir bha chomsund cháin,
dursan a eó óir.

"Come, O Laeg my master," cried Cuchulain; "now cut open Ferdiad and take the Gae Bulga out, because I may not be without my weapons." Laeg came and cut open Ferdiad and he took the Gae Bulga out of him. And Cuchulain saw his weapons bloody and red-stained by the side of Ferdiad, and he uttered these words:--

Maith a mo phopa Laíg, bar Cuchulaind, coscair Fer n-diad fadesta & ben in n-gae m-bolga ass, daíg ni fetaim-se beith i n-écmais m'airm. Tanic Laeg, & ra choscair Fer n-diad agus ra ben in n-gae m-bolga ass. Acus ra chonnaic-sium a arm fuilech forderg ra taeb Fir diad & ra bert na briathra:

"O Ferdiad, in gloom we
meet.
Thee I see both red and pale.
I myself with unwashed arms;
Thou liest in thy bed of gore!

"Were we yonder in the East,
Scathach and our Uathach
near,
There would not be pallid lips
Twixt us two, and arms of
strife!

"Thus spake Scathach
trenchantly (?),
Words of warning, strong and
stern.
'Go ye all to furious fight;
German, blue-eyed, fierce
will come!'

"Unto Ferdiad then I spake,
And to Lugaid generous,
To the son of fair Baetan,
German we would go to meet!

"We came to the battle-rock,
Over Lake Linn Formait's
shore.
And four hundred men we
brought
From the Isles of the
Athissech!

"As I stood and Ferdiad brave
At the gate of German's fort,
I slew Rinn the son of Nel;
He slew Ruad son of Fornel!

Ferdiad slew upon the slope
Blath, of Colba 'Red-sword'

A Fir diad is truag in dál,
t'acsin dam go ruad robán,
missi gan m'arm do nigi,
tussu it chossair chroligi.

Mád dammamar allá anair
ac Scathaig is ac Uathaig,
nocho betis beóil bána
etraind is airm ilága.

Atubairt Scáthach go scenb
a athesc ruanaid roderb:
Ergid uli don chath chass,
bar-ficfa German Garbglass.

Atubart-sa ra Fer n-diad
acus ra Lugaid lánfíal
acus ra mac m-Baetain m-
báin
techt dún i n-agid Germa(i)n.

Lodmar go haille in chomraic
ás leirg Locha Lind Formait,
tucsam chethri chét immach
a indsib na n-athissech.

Da m-ba-sa is Fer diad inn áig
i n-dorus dúne Germain,
ro marbusa Rind mae Níuil,
ro marb-som Ruad mac
Forníuil.

Ra marb Fer baeth ar in leirg
Bláth mac Colbai
chlaidebdeirg,
ro marb Lugaid fer duairc
dían
Mugairne mara Torrian.

Ra marbusa ar n-dula innund
cethri choicait férn ferglond,

son.
Lugaid, fierce and swift, then
slew
Mugairne of the Tyrrhene
Sea!

"I slew, after going in,
Four times fifty grim, wild
men.
Ferdiad killed-- a furious
horde--
Dam Dremenn and Dam
Dilenn!

"We laid waste shrewd
German's fort
O'er the broad, bespangled
sea.
German we brought home
alive
To our Scathach of broad
shield!

"Then our famous nurse made
fast
Our blood-pact of amity,
That our angers should not
rise
'Mongst the tribes of noble
Elg!

"Sad the morn, a day in
March,
Which struck down weak
Daman's son.
Woe is me, the friend is fall'n
Whom I pledged in red
blood's draught!

"Were it there I saw thy death,
Midst the great Greeks'
warrior-bands,

ro marb Fer diad, duairc in
drem,
Dam n-dreimed is Dam n-
dilend.

Ra airgsem dún n-Germáin n-
glicc
ás fargi lethan lindbricc,
tucsam Germán i m-bethaid
lind go Scáthaig sciathlethain.

Da naisc ar mummi go m-blad
ar cró cotaig is óentad,
conna betis ar ferga
eter fini find-Elga.

Truág in maten maten máirt,
ros bí mac Damáin dithraicht,
uchan dochara in cara
dara daluis dig n-dergfala.

Da m-bad and atcheind-sea
th'éc
eter miledaib mór-Gréc,
ní beind-se i m-bethaid dar
th'eis,
go m-bad aroen atbháilmeis.

Is trúag aní narta de
nar n-daltanaib Scathche,
missi crechtach bha chru rúad,
tussu gan charptiu d'imluád.

Is trúag aní narta de
nar n-daltanaib Scáthaiche,
missi crechtach bha chrú garb
acus tussu ulimarb.

Is truag aní narta de
nar n-daltanaib Scathaige,
tussu dh'éc, missi beó brass,
is gleo ferge in ferachas.

I'd not live on after thee,
But together we would die!

"Woe, what us befel
therefrom,
Us, dear Scathach's
fosterlings,
Me sore wounded, red with
blood,
Thee no more to drive thy
car!

"Woe, what us befel
therefrom,
Us, dear Scathach's
fosterlings,
Me sore wounded, stiff with
gore,
Thee to die the death for aye!

"Woe, what us befel
therefrom,
Us, dear Scathach's
fosterlings,
Thee in death, me, strong,
alive.
Valour is an angry strife!"

"Good, O Cucuc," spake Laeg, "let us leave this ford now; too long are we here!" "Aye, let us leave it, O my master Laeg," replied Cuchulain. "But every combat and battle I have fought seems a game and a sport to me compared with the combat and battle of Ferdiad." Thus he spake, and he uttered these words:

Maith a Chucuc, bar Laeg, fácbam in n-áth sa fadesta. Is rofata atám and. Faicfimmít ám écin, a mo phopa Láig, bar Cuchulaind. Acht is cluchi & is gáini lem-sa cach comlond & cach comrac darónus i farrad chomlaid & comraic Fir diad. Acus is amlaid ra báí ga rád & rabert na briathra:

All was play, all was sport,
Till came Ferdiad to the ford!
One task for both of us,
Equal our reward.
Our kind, gentle nurse
Chose him over all!

All was play, all was sport,
Till came Ferdiad to the ford!
One our life, one our fear,
One our skill in arms.
Shields gave Scathach twain
To Ferdiad and me!

All was play, all was sport,
Till came Ferdiad to the ford!
Dear the shaft of gold
I smote on the ford.
Bull-chief of the tribes,
Braver he than all!

Only games and only sport,
Till came Ferdiad to the ford!
Lion furious, flaming, fierce;
Swollen wave that wrecks
like doom!

Only games and only sport,
Till came Ferdiad to the ford!
Loved Ferdiad seemed to me
After me would live for aye!
Yesterday, a mountain's size--
He is but a shade to-day!

Three things countless on the
Táin
Which have fallen by my
hand:
Hosts of cattle, men and
steeds
I have slaughtered on all

Cluchi cach gáine cach
go roich Fer[n]diad issin n-
áth.
Inund foglaim fríth dúinn,
innund rograim ráth,
inund mummi maeth,
ras slainni sech cách.

Cluchi cach gaine cach
go roich Fer diad issin n-ath.
Inund aisti aruáth dúinn,
inund gasced gnath.
Scathach tuc da sciath
dam-sa is Fer diad tráth.

Cluchi cach gaine cach
go roich Fer diad issin n-áth.
Inmain uatni óir
ra furmius ar áth,
a tarbga na tuath
ba calma na cách.

Cluchi cach gaine cach
go roich Fer diad issin n-áth,
in leoman lassamain lond,
in tond baeth bhorr immar
brath.

Cluchi cach gaine cach
go roich Fer diad issin n-áth.
Indar lim-sa Fer dil diad
is am diaid ra biad go brath.
Indé ba metithir sliab,
indiu ní fuil de acht a scath.

Tri díríme na tana
darochratar dom lama,
formna bó fer acus ech,
ro-da-slaidius ar cach leth.

Gir bat linmara na sluaig

sides!

Though the hosts were e'er so
great,
That came out of Cruachan
wild,
More than third and less than
half,
Slew I in my direful sport!

Never trod in battle's ring;
Banba nursed not on her
breast;
Never sprang from sea or
land,
King's son that had larger
fame!"

tancatar a Chruachain
chruaid,
mo trín is lugu lethi
ro marbus dom garbchluchi.

Nocho tarla co cath cró,
ní ra alt Banba da brú,
nir rachind de muir na thir
de maccaib rí g bhud ferr clú.

Thus far the Death of Ferdiad.

Aided Fir diad gonnici sin.



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About the Preparation of these WWW Pages

First and foremost, I must confess that I am not fluent in the Irish language. I'm fascinated by the ancient tales and thought it would be interesting, and maybe useful to some, to show an Irish along with an English version of this story on the web. I have, no doubt, made many errors in aligning the two texts.

The English translation is from The Ancient Irish Epic Tale Táin Bó Cúalnge (1914) by Joseph Dunn, London: David Nutt. The Irish transcription is from Die Altirische Heldensage Táin Bó Cúalnge (1905) by Ernst Windisch, Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel.

Dunn's English translation includes many passages that are not part of Windisch's transcription. For the most part, I've deleted these from the English translation, except where it was a complete piece, or where it was needed to understand the subsequent story.

There are a few different manuscripts on which the transcriptions are based. Generally, Windisch gives a single transcription, but in some cases-- primarily the poetic segments-- the manuscripts differ enough that he has included more than one version. I've mixed pieces from different sources, in an attempt to match the English translation as well as possible.

There are a few technical obstacles to portraying the Irish language in HTML. One of these involves the dotted consonants, for which there are no HTML entities. For the time being, I've left those letters undotted. I have, however, marked them with hidden tags, in case HTML and personal computers ever support them.

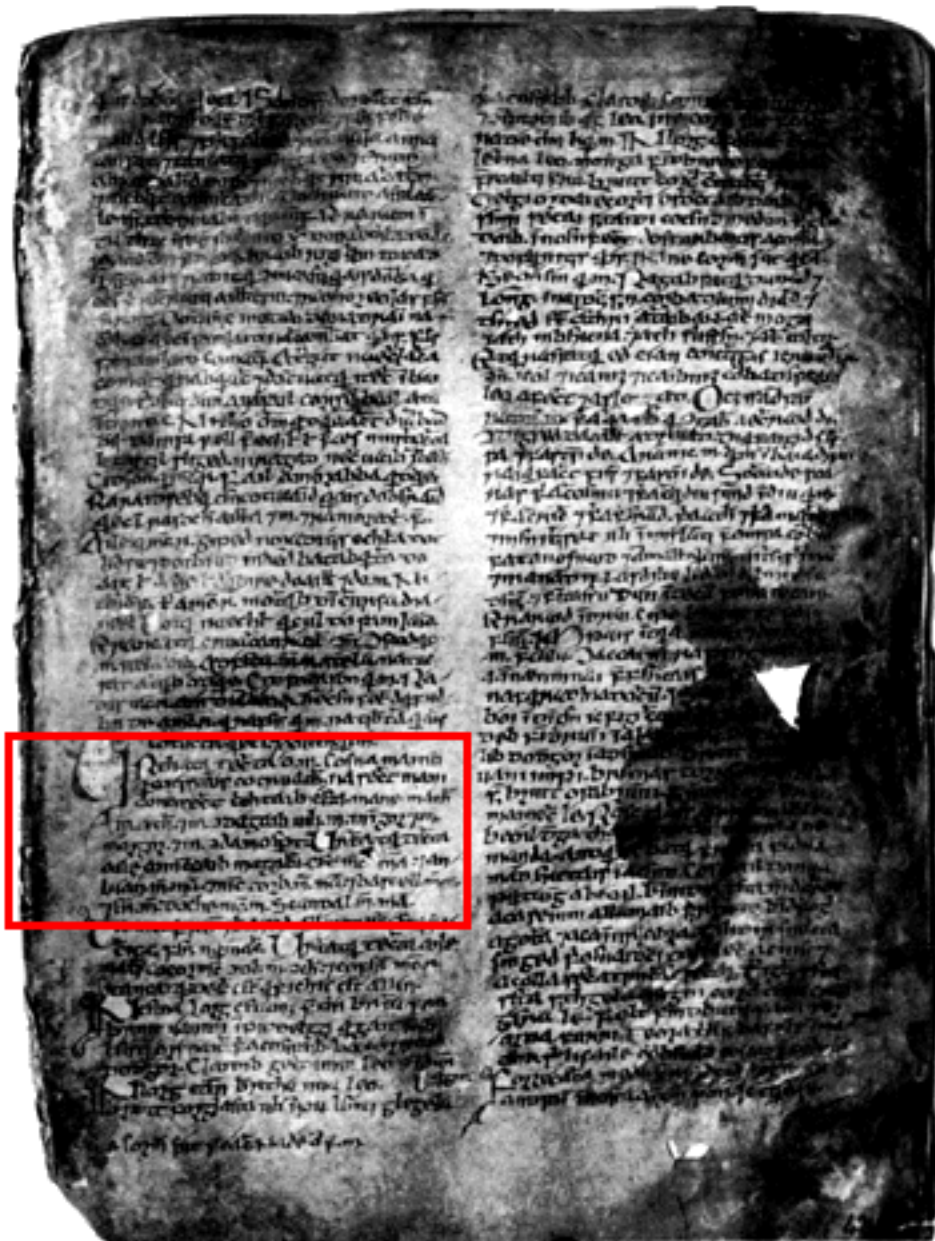
The other difficulty is the character "7" which I've replaced with "&." I think this is a reasonable compromise, given that the character more or less means "and."

I am not a scholar of Irish, just a descendent of famine emigrants. So please be kind if you [send me your comments](#).

Steve Taylor
Vassar College



[Táin Bó Cúalnge home page](#)



Page 55 of the Book of Leinster. See [enlarged detail](#).

Index and Pronunciation of the More Frequently Occurring Place and Personal-Names.

(See also the general [Guide to Pronunciation](#).)

(From Joseph Dunn, The Ancient Irish Epic Tale Táin Bó Cúalnge, 1914.)

A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-Y-Z

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| Aed: | to rhyme with Day |
| Aed Ernmas: | the father of the Morrigan |
| Ai: | see Mag Ai |
| Aidne: | a district comprising the barony of Kiltartan, in the south-west of the County Galway |
| Aifè: | one of the three women-teachers of Cuchulain and Ferdiad (pronounced Eefe) |
| Ailè: | north-east of Baile, on Medb's march from Cruachan into Ulster |
| Ailill: | king-consort of Queen Medb, dwelling in Cruachan Ai (pronounced Ayeleel) |
| Ailill Find Miltenga: | one of the chief heroes of Ulster |
| Ailill macMailchlo: | father of Sencha |
| Ainè: | see Cnoc Ainè |
| Airnè: | north-east of Assè |

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| Alba: | Scotland |
| Amargin Iarngiunnach: | a leading Ulster hero; father of Conall Cernach and brother of Iliach (pronounced Avergin) |
| Ane: | a district in which is Knockaney in the County Limerick |
| Ardachad: | north of Druim Liccè |
| Ard Ciannachta: | a place in the barony of Ferrard, in the County Louth |
| Ard Cuillenn: | in Ulster, east of Moin Coltna |
| Ard Macha: | Armagh |
| Assail: | a place in Meath |
| Assè: | north of Finnabair (Fennor), on Medb's march out of Connacht into Ulster |
| Ath: | 'a ford' (pronounced Ah) |
| Ath Aladh Ind: | a ford in the Plain of Murthemne |
| Ath Berchna: | in Connacht, north-west of Croohan, near Bellanagare; it may be for Ath Bercha, in East Roscommon, and on or near the Shannon |
| Ath Buide: | the village of Athboy, in the territory of Ross, County Meath |
| Ath Carpat: | a ford on the river Nith (now the Dee), in the County Louth |
| Ath Ceit Chule: | a ford on the river Glais, in Ulster |

| | |
|---------------|---|
| Ath Cliath: | Dublin |
| Ath Coltna: | in Connacht, south-west of Ath Moga and southeast of Cruachan |
| Ath Cro: | a ford in Murthemne |
| Ath da Fert: | a ford in Sliab Fuait, probably in the south of the barony of Upper Fews, County Armagh |
| Ath Darteisc: | a ford in Murthemne |
| Ath Feidli: | a ford in Ulster |
| Ath Fene: | see Ath Irmidi |
| Ath Firdead: | Ardee, a ford and a small town on the river Dee, in the County Louth |
| Ath Gabla: | a ford on the Boyne, north of Knowth, in the County Meath (pronounced Ah gowla) |
| Ath Grenca: | the same as Ath Gabla |
| Ath Irmidi: | the older name of Ath Fene, south of Iraird Cuillinn |
| Ath Lethain: | a ford on the Nith, in Conalle Murthemni |
| Ath Luain: | Athlone, on the Shannon, on the borders of Connacht and Meath |
| Ath Meislir: | a ford in Sliab Fuait, in Ulster |

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Ath Moga: | the present Ballymoe, on the river Suck, about ten miles to the southwest of Cruachan, County Galway |
| Ath Mor: | the old name for Ath Luain |
| Ath na Foraire: | on the road between Emain and Loch Echtrann |
| Ath Slissen: | Bellaslishen Bridge; a ford on the Owenure River, near Elphin, in Connacht |
| Ath Solomshet: | a ford, probably in Ulster |
| Ath Srethe: | a ford in Conalle Murthemni |
| Ath Tamuin: | a ford, somewhere in Ulster |
| Ath Traged: | at the extremity of Tir Mor, in Murthemne |
| Ath Truim: | Trim, on the river Boyne, in the County Meath |
| Aue: | a slave in the household of King Conchobar |
| Aurthuile: | north-east of Airne |
| Bacca: | in Corcumruad |
| Bacc Draigin: | a place in Ulster |
| Badb: | the war-fury, or goddess of war and carnage; she was wont to appear in the form of a carrion-crow. Sometimes she is the sister of the Morrigan, and, as in the Tain Bó Cúalnge, is even identified with her (pronounced Bive) |

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Badbgna: | now Slieve Bawne, a mountainous range, in the barony of Ballintubber, in the east of County Roscommon |
| Baile: | north-east of Meide ind Eoin, on Medb's march from Connacht into Ulster |
| Baile in Bile: | on the way to Ardee |
| Bairche: | Benna Bairche, the Mourne Mountains, north of Dundalk, in Ulster |
| Ball Scena: | north-east of Dall Scena |
| Banba: | an old name for Ireland |
| Banna: | now the Bann, a river in Ulster |
| Becaltach: | grandfather of Cuchulain |
| Bedg: | a river in Murthemne |
| Belat Aileain: | probably between Cualnge and Conalle Murthemni |
| Belach Caille More: | north of Cnogba |
| Benna Bairche: | see Bairche |
| Berba: | the Barrow, a river in Leinster |
| Bercha: | on or near the Shannon, near Bellanagare, in East Roscommon |
| Berchna: | probably for Bercha |

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|---------------|--|
| Bernas: | the pass cut by Medb from Louth into Armagh; probably the "Windy Gap" across the Carlingford Peninsula |
| Betha: | see Sliab Betha |
| Bir: | the name of several rivers probably Moyola Water, a river flowing into Lough Neagh |
| Bithslan: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Blai: | a rich Ulster noble and hospitaUer |
| Boann: | the River Boyne |
| Bodb: | the father of Badb |
| Boirenn: | Burren, in the County Clare |
| Branè: | probably a hill not far from Ardee, in the County Louth |
| Breslech Mor: | a fort in Murthemne |
| Brecc: | a place in Ulster |
| Brega: | the eastern part of Meath |
| Brenide: | a river in Conalle Murthemni, near Strangford Lough |
| Bricriu: | son of Carbad, and the evil adviser of the Ulstermen |
| Bri Ertgi: | stronghold of Ertge Echbel, in the County Down |
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|---|---|
| Brigantia: | Betanzos, in Galicia, on the north coast of Spain |
| Bri Ross: | a hill to the north of Ardee, in the County Louth |
| Brug Meic ind Oc, or, as it is also called, Brug na Boinde: | Brugh on the Boyne, near Stackallen Bridge, County Meath, one of the chief burial-places of the pagan Irish |
| Buagnech: | probably in Leinster and near the river Liffey |
| Buan: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Buas: | the river Bush, in the County Antrim |
| Burach: | a place in Ulster |
| Callann: | the Callan, a river near Emain Macha |
| Canann Gall: | a place in Ulster |
| Carn: | north of Inneoin; probably Carn Fiachach, in the parish of Conry, barony of Rathconrath, Westmeath |
| Carn macBuachalla: | at Dunseverick, in Ulster |
| Carbre: | stepson of Conchobar and brother of Ailill |
| Cartloeg: | a place in Ulster |
| Casruba: | father of Lugaid and grandfather of Dubthach |

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|------------------|--|
| Cathba: | north-east of Ochoinn, in Meath; or a river flowing into the Boyne, some distance to the west of Slane |
| Cathba: | a druid of Conchobar's court; according to some accounts, the natural father of King Conchobar (pronounced Cahvah) |
| Celtchar: | son of Uthechar, an Ulster warrior |
| Cenannas na rig: | Kells, in the County Meath |
| Cenn Abrat: | a range of hills on the borders of the Counties Cork and Limerick |
| Cet macMagach: | a Connacht warrior |
| Cinn Tire: | a place in Ulster |
| Clann Dedad: | one of the three warrior-clans of Erin: a sept occupying the territory around Castleisland, County Kerry |
| Clann Rudraige: | the warriors of King Conchobar: one of the three heroic tribes of Ireland |
| Clartha: | Clara, near the present town of Mullingar, in the County Westmeath |
| Cletech: | a residence of the kings of Ireland in Mag Breg, near Stackallan Bridge, on the banks of the Boyne |
| Clidna: | see sub Tonn |
| Clithar Bo Ulad: | probably in the centre of the County Louth |
| Cliu: | an extensive territory in the county Limerick |

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|--------------------|---|
| Clothru: | sister of Medb: Medb slew her while her son Firbaide, was still unborn |
| Cluain Cain: | now Clonkeen, in the west of County Louth |
| Cluain Carpat: | a meadow at the river Cruinn in Cualnge |
| Cluain maccuNois: | Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon, about nine miles below Athlone |
| Cnoc Aine: | Knockany, a hill and plain in the County Limerick |
| Cnogba: | Knowth, on the Boyne, near Drogheda, a couple of miles east of Slane, in the County Meath |
| Colbtha: | the mouth of the Boyne at Drogheda, or some place near the Boyne |
| Collamair: | between Gormanstown and Turvey, in the County Dublin |
| Coltain: | south of Cruachan Ai |
| Conall: | probably Tyrconnel, in the County Donegal |
| Conall Cernach: | one of the chief warriors of Ulster: foster-brother of Cuchulain and next to him in point of prowess |
| Conalle Murthemni: | a level plain in the County Louth extending from the Cooley Mountains, or Carlingford, to the Boyne |
| Conchobar: | son of Cathba the druid, and of Ness, and foster-son of Fachtna Fatach (variously pronounced Cruhóorr, Connahóor) |
| Conlaech: | son of Cuchulain and Aifè |

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|---------------------------------------|---|
| Corcumruad: | the present barony of Corcomroe, in the County Clare |
| Cormac Conlongas: | King Conchobar's eldest son; called "the Intelligent Exile," because of the part he took as surety for the safety of the exiled sons of Usnech |
| Coronn: | the barony of Corran, in the County Sligo |
| Corp Cliath: | a place in Ulster |
| Craeb ruad: | ordinarily Englished "Red Branch"; better, perhaps, "Nobles' Branch:" King Conchobar's banqueting-hall, at Emain Macha |
| Crannach: | at Faughart, northeast of Fid Mor |
| Cromma: | a river flowing into the Boyne not far from Slane |
| Cronn hi Cualngi: | probably a hill or river of this name near Cualnge |
| Cruachan Ai: | the ancient seat and royal burial-place of the kings of Connacht, ten miles north-east of the modern Rathcroghan, near Belanagare, in the County Roscommon (pronounced Croohan) |
| Cruinn: | a river in Cualnge: probably the stream now called the Piedmont River, emptying into Dundalk Bay |
| Cruthnech: | the land of the Irish Picts; the northern part of the County Down and the southern part of the County Antrim |
| Cu, Cucuc, Cuacain, Cucucan, Cucucuc: | diminutives of the name Cuchulain |

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|---------------------|---|
| Cualnge: | Cooley, a mountainous district between Dundalk Bay and Drogheda, in the barony of Lower Dundalk, in the County Louth. It originally extended to the County Down, and the name is now applied to the southern side of the Carlingford Mountains (pronounced Culn'ya) |
| Cualu: | a district in the County Wicklow |
| Cuchulain: | the usual name of the hero Setanta; son of the god Lug and of Dechtire, and foster-son of Sualtair (pronounced Cuhulin) |
| Cuib: | on the road to Midluachair |
| Cuilenn: | the Cully Waters flowing southward from County Armagh into County Louth |
| Cul Sibliinne: | now Kells in East Meath |
| Cul Silinne: | Kilcooley, a few miles to the south-east of Cruachan, in the County Roscommon |
| Culenn: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Cuillenn: | see Ard Cuillenn |
| Cuillenn Cinn Duni: | a hill in Ulster |
| Cuince: | a mountain in Cualnge |
| Cumung: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Curoi: | son of Darè and king of South Munster |
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| Cuscraid Menn Macha: | son of Conchobar |
| Dall Scena: | now "the Route," a territory north of Slieve Mish, in the north of the County Antrim |
| Darè: | chieftain of the cantred of Cualnge and owner of the Brown Bull of Cualnge |
| Dechtire: | sister of King Conchobar and mother of Cuchulain |
| Delga: | see Dun Delga |
| Delga Murthemni: | Dundalk |
| Delinn: | a place or river near Kells between Duelt and Selaig, on Medb's march from Cruachan into Ulster |
| Delt: | a place north of Drong, on Medb's march from Cruachan into Ulster |
| Delt: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Dergderc: | Lough Derg, an expansion of the Shannon near Killaloe |
| Dichaem: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Domnann: | see Irrus Domnann |
| Drong: | a river in the land of the men of Assail, in Meath |
| Druim Caimthechta: | north-east of Druim Cain |

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|--------------------------------|---|
| Druim Cain: | possibly an older name for Temair (Tara) |
| Druim En: | in South Armagh probably a wooded height, near Ballymascanlan, in the County Louth |
| Drclim Fornoct: | near Newry, in the County Down |
| Druim Liccè: | north-east of Gort Slane, on Medb's march from Connacht into Ulster |
| Druim Salfinn: | now Drumshallon, a townland in the County Louth, six miles north of Drogheda |
| Dub: | the Blackwater, on the confines of Ulster and Connacht; or the confluence of the Rivers Boyne and Blackwater at Navan |
| Dubh Sithleann (or Sainglenn): | the name of one of Cuchulain's two horses |
| Dubloch: | a lake between Kilcooley and Slieve Bawne, in the County Roscommon, on Medb's march from Cruachan into Ulster |
| Dubthach Doel Ulad: | the Ulster noble who shares with Bricriu the place as prime mover of evil among the Ulstermen (pronounced Duffach) |
| Duelt: | north or north-west of Delt, on Medb's march from Cruachan into Ulster |
| Dun da Benn: | Mount Sandle, on the Bann, near Coleraine in the County Derry |
| Dun Delga: | Dundalk, or the moat of Castletown, on the east coast near Dundalk; Cuchulain's home town |
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| Dun macNehtain Scenè: | a fort in Mag Breg, at the place where the Mattock falls into the Boyne, about three miles above Drogheda |
| Dun Sobairche: | Dunseverick, about three miles from the Giants' Causeway, in the County Antrim |
| Elg: | an old name for Ireland |
| Ellne: | probably east of the River Bann, near Coleraine |
| Ellonn: | a place in Ulster |
| Emain Macha: | the Navan Fort, or Hill, two miles west of Armagh; King Conchobar's capital and the chief town of Ulster (pronounced Evvin Maha) |
| Emer Foltchain: | wife of Cuchulain (pronounced Evver) |
| Enna Agnech: | according to the Annals of the Four Masters, he was High King of Ireland from 312 to 293 B.C. |
| Eo Donn Mor: | north-east of Eo Donn Bec, in the County Louth |
| Eocho Fedlech: | father of Medb according to the Four Masters, he reigned as monarch of Ireland from 142 to 131 B.C. (pronounced Yuhho) |
| Eocho Salbuide: | King of Ulster and father of Cethern's wife, Inna |
| Eogan macDurthachta: | a chief warrior of Ulster and Prince of Fernmag |
| Erc macFedilmithi: | an Ulster hero, son of Fedlimid and grandson of Conchobar |
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| Erna: | a sept of Munstermen who later settled about Lough Erne, in Connacht |
| Ess Ruaid: | Assaroe, a cataract on the River Erne near Ballyshannon, in the south of the County Donegal. It constituted part of the old boundary between Ulster and Connacht |
| Etarbane: | one of the "seats" of the king of Cashel, in Tipperary |
| Ethliu: | father of Lug |
| Ethne: | sister of Medb (pronounced Ehnna) |
| Fachtna Fathach: | king of Ulster and later of all Ireland; adoptive father of Conchobar and husband of Ness, Conchobar's mother |
| Fal (or Inisfail): | one of the bardic names for Ireland, Medb is called "of Fal," as daughter of the High King of Ireland (pronounced Fawl) |
| Fan na Coba: | a territory in the baronies of Upper and Lower Iveagh, in the County Down |
| Fedain Cualngi: | a place in Ulster |
| Fedlimid Nocruthach: | daughter of King Conchobar, wife of Loegaire Buadach, mother of Fiachna and cousin-german of Cuchulain (pronounced Falemid) |
| Femen: | a territory at Slieve-na-man, extending perhaps from Cashel to Clonmel, in the southern part of the County Tipperary |
| Fenè: | the old tribal name of the Gaels; the "King of the Fenè " is Conchobar, King of Ulster |

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|-------------------|--|
| Feorainn: | a place near Ardachad, on Medb's march into Ulster |
| Fercerdne: | chief poet of the men of Ulster |
| Ferdiad: | (pronounced Fair-dee-ah) |
| Fergus macRoig: | one time king of Ulster; in voluntary exile in Connacht after the treacherous putting to death of the sons of Usnech by Conchobar. He became the chief director of the Táin under Medb |
| Ferloga: | Ailill's charioteer |
| Fernmag: | Farney, a barony in the County Monaghan |
| Ferta Fingin: | at Sliab Fuait |
| Fiachu macFiraba: | one of the exiles of Ulster in the camp of Medb |
| Fian: | the warrior-class |
| Fid Dub: | a wood, north of Cul Silinne, on Medb's march into Ulster |
| Fid Mor: | a wood, north of Dundalk and between it and Sliab Fuait |
| Fingabair: | probably in the Fews Mountains |
| Finnabair: | daughter to Ailill and Medb (pronounced Fín-nu-ur) |
| Finnabair: | Fennor, on the banks of the Boyne, near Slane, in Meath |
| Finnabair Slebe: | near Imlech Glendamrach |

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|-----------------------------|---|
| Finncharn Slebe Moduirn: | a height in the Mourne Mountains |
| Finnglas: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Finnglassa Asail: | a river southeast of Cruachan |
| Fir Assail: | a district containing the barony of Farbill, in Westmeath |
| Flidais Foltchain: | wife of Ailill Finn, a Connacht chieftain; after her husband's violent death she became the wife of Fergus, and accompanied him on the Táin |
| Fochain: | near Cuchulain's abode |
| Fochard Murthemni: | Faughart two miles north-west of Dumdalk, in the County Louth |
| Fodromma: | a river flowing into the Boyne near Slane |
| Fuil Iairn: | the name of a ford west of Ardee |
| Gabal: | the Feeguile, a river in the King's County |
| Gabar: | a place near Donaghmore, perhaps to, the west of Lough Neagh in the County Tyrone |
| Galian: | a name the Leinstermen bore. They were Allill's countrymen |
| Gainemain: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Garech: | the name of the hill where the final battle of the Táin was fought, some distance south-east of Athlone and near Mullingar, in Westmeath |

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|------------------------------|--|
| Gegg: | a woman's name |
| Genonn Gruadsolus: | a druid and poet of Ulster; son of Cathba |
| Glaiss Colptha: | the river Boyne |
| Glaiss Gatlaig: | a river in Ulster |
| Glenamain: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Glenn Fochain: | probably a valley east of Bellurgan Station |
| Glenn Gatt: | a valley in Ulster |
| Glennamain: | in Murthemne |
| Glenn in Scail: | a place in Dalaraide, East Ulster |
| Glenn na Samaisce: | in Slieve Gullion, in the County Armagh |
| Glenn Tail: | another name for Belat Aleain |
| Gleoir: | the Gloire, a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Gluine Gabur: | east of the Shannon, in the County Longford |
| Gort Slane: | north of Slane and south-west of Druim Liccè |
| Grellach Bobulge: | at Dunseverick, in Ulster |
| Grellach Dolar (or Dolluid): | Girley, near Kells, in the County Meath |

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| Gualu Mulchi: | the town-land of Drumgoolestown on the river Dee, in the County Louth |
| Ialla Ilgremma: | near Sliab Betha and Mag Dula |
| Ibar macRiangabra: | Conchobar's charioteer |
| Id macRiangabra: | Ferdiad's charioteer, brother to Laeg |
| Ilgarech: | a hill near Garech, q.v. |
| Iliach: | grandfather to Conall Cernach |
| Illann Ilarchless: | an Ulster warrior, son to Fergus |
| Imchad: | son to Fiachna |
| Imchlar: | near Donaghmore, west of Dungannon, in the County Tyrone |
| Immail: | a place in the Mourne Mountains, in Ulster |
| Imrinn: | a druid, son to Cathba |
| Inis Cuscraid: | Inch, near Downpatrick |
| Inis Clothrann: | Inishcloghran in Loch Ree, County Longford |
| InnbirScene: | the mouth of Waterford Harbour near Tramore; or the mouth of Kenmare Bay, in the County Kerry |

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| Inneoin: | the Dungolman, a river into which the Inny flows and which divides the barony of Kilkenny West from Rathconrath, in the County Westmeath |
| Iraird Cuillinn: | a height south of Emain Macha, in Ulster |
| Irrus Domnann: | the barony of Erris, in County Mayo: the clan which bore this name and to which Ferdiad belonged was one of the three heroic races of ancient Ireland |
| Laeg: | son of Rianganabair and Cuchulain's faithful charioteer (pronounced Lay) |
| Latharne: | Lame, in the County Antrim |
| Lebarcham: | a sorceress |
| Leire: | in the territory of the Fir Roiss, in the south of the County Antrim |
| Ler: | the Irish sea-god |
| Lethglas: | Dun Lethglaisse, now Downpatrick, in Ulster |
| Lette Luasce: | between Cualnge and Conalle |
| Lia Mor: | in Conalle Murthemni |
| Liath Mache: | 'the Roan,' one of Cuchulain's two horses. |
| Lia Ualann: | in Cualnge |
| Linè (or Mag Linè): | Moylinne, in the County Antrim |

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| Loch Ce: | Lough Key, in the County Roscommon |
| Loch Echtrann: | Muckno Lake, south of Sliab Fuait, in the County Monaghan |
| Loch Erne: | Lough Erne, in the County Fermanagh |
| Loch Ri: | Lough Ree, on the Shannon, in the County Galway |
| Loegaire Buadach: | son to Connad Buide and husband of Fedlimid Nocruthach; one of the chief warriors of Ulster (pronounced Layeray) |
| Lothor: | a place in Ulster |
| Luachair: | probably Slieve Lougher, or the plain in which lay Temair Luachra, a fort somewhere near the town of Castleisland, in the County Kerry |
| Lug: | the divine father of Cuchulain |
| Lugaid: | father of Dubthach |
| Lugmud: | Louth, in the County of that name |
| Luibnech: | possibly a place now called Limerick, in the County Wexford |
| MacMagach: | relatives of Ailill |
| MacRoth: | Medb's chief messenger |
| Mag: | 'a plain' (pronounced moy) |

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| Mag Ai: | the great plain in the County Roscommon, extending from Ballymore to Elphin, and from Bellanagare to Strokestown (pronounced Moy wee) |
| Mag Breg: | the plain along and south of the lower Boyne, comprising the east of County Meath and the north of County Dublin (pronounced Moy bray) |
| Mag Cruimm: | south-east of Cruachan, in Connacht |
| Mag Dea: | a plain in Ulster |
| Mag Dula: | a plain through which the Do flows by Castledawson into Lough Neagh |
| Mag Eola: | a plain in Ulster |
| Mag Inis: | the plain comprising the baronies of Lecale and Upper Castlereagh, in the County Down |
| Mag Linè: | Moylinne, a plain to the north-east of Lough Neagh, in the barony of Upper Antrim |
| Mag Mucceda: | a plain near Emain Macha |
| Mag Trega: | Moytra, in the County Longford |
| Mag Tuaga: | a plain in Mayo |
| Maic Miled: | the Milesians |
| Mairg: | a district in which is Slievemargie, in the Queen's County and the County Kilkenny |

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| Manannan: | son of Ler, a fairy god |
| Margine: | a place in Cualnge |
| Mas na Righna: | Massareene, in the County Antrim |
| Mata Murisc: | mother of Ailill |
| Medb: | queen of Connacht and wife of Ailill (pronounced Mave; in modern Connacht Irish Mow, to rhyme with cow) |
| Meide ind Eoin, and Meide in Togmail: | places in or near the Boyne, in the County Louth |
| Midluachair: | Slige Midluachra, the name of the highroad east of Armagh, leading north from Tara to Emain and into the north of Ireland |
| Mil: | the legendary progenitor of the Milesians (see Maic Miled) |
| Miliuc: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Moduirn: | see Sliab Moduirn |
| Moin Coltna: | a bog between Slieve Bawne and the Shannon |
| Moraltach: | great-grandfather of Cuchulain |
| Morann: | a famous judge |
| Morrigan: | the war-goddess of the ancient Irish, "monstrum in feminae figura" (pronounced More-reegan) |

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| Mossa: | a territory, the southern part of which must have been in the barony of Eliogarty, not far from Cashel, in the County Tipperary |
| Muach: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Muresc: | the land of Ailill's mother; Muresk Hamlet, between Clew Bay and Croagh Patrick, in the County Mayo |
| Murthemne: | a great plain along the northern coast of the County Louth between the river Boyne and the Cooley Mountains; now belonging to Leinster, but, at the time of the Táin, to Ulster (pronounced Murhev-ny) |
| Nemain: | the Badb |
| Ness: | mother of King Conchobar by Cathba; she afterwards married Fachtna Fathach and subsequently Fergus macRoig |
| Nith: | the river Dee which flows by Ardee, in the County Louth |
| Ochain: | the name of Conchobar's shield |
| Ochonn Midi: | a place near the Blackwater at Navan |
| Ochtrach: | near Finnglassa Asail in Meath |
| Oenfer Aifè: | another name for Conlaech |
| Oengus Turbech: | according to the Annals of Ireland, he reigned as High King from 384 to 326 B.C. |
| Ord: | south-east of Cruachan and north of Tiarthechta |

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| Partraige beca: | Partry in Slechta south-west of Kells, in Meath |
| Port Largè: | Waterford |
| Rath Airthir: | a place in Connacht |
| Rath Cruachan: | Rathcroghan between Belanagare and Elphin, in the County Roscommon |
| Rede Loche: | a place in Cualnge |
| Renna: | the mouth of the Boyne |
| Riangabair: | father of the charioteers, Laeg and Id |
| Rigdonn: | a place in the north |
| Rinn: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Rogne: | a territory between the rivers Suir and Barrow, in the barony of Kells, the County Kildare or Kilkenny |
| Ross: | a district in the south of the County Monaghan |
| Ross Mor: | probably Ross na Rig, near Ball Scena |
| Sas: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Scathach: | the Amazon dwelling in Alba who taught Cuchulain and Ferdiad their warlike feats (pronounced Scaw-ha) |
| Selaig: | Sheelagh, a townland in the barony of Upper Dundalk |

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| Semne: | Island Magee, northeast of Carricklergus, in the County Antrim |
| Senbothae: | Templeshanbo, at the foot of Mount Leinster, in the County Wexford |
| Sencha macAilella: | the wise counsellor and judge of the Ulstermen |
| Sered: | a plain in the north of the barony of Tirhugh, County Donegal |
| Setanta: | the real name of Cuchulain |
| Sid: | the terrene gods (pronounced She) |
| Sil: | in Lecale, in the County Down |
| Sinann: | the river Shannon |
| Siuir: | the Suir, a river in Munster, forming the northern boundary of the County Waterford |
| Slabra: | a place north of Selaig, near Kells, in Meath |
| Slaiss: | south-east of Cruachan, between Ord and Inneoin |
| Slane: | a town on the Boyne, in Meath |
| Slechta: | south-west of Kells, in Meath |
| Slemain Mide: | "Slane of Meath," Slewem, three miles to the west of Mullingar, in Westmeath |

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| Sliab Betha: | Slieve Beagh, a mountain whereon the Counties of Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Monaghan meet |
| Sliab Culinn: | Slieve Gullion, in the County Armagh |
| Sliab Fuait: | the Fews Mountains, near Newtown-Hamilton, to the west and northwest of Slieve Gullion, in the southern part of the County Armagh |
| Sliab Mis: | Slieve Mish, a mountain in the County Kerry, extending eastwards from Tralee |
| Sliab Moduirn: | the Mourne Range, in the County Monaghan, partly in Cavan and partly in Meath |
| Sruthair Finnlethe: | a river west of Athlone |
| Sualtaim (or, Sualtach) Sidech: | the human father of Cuchulain |
| Suide Lagen: | Mount Leinster, in the County Wexford |
| Tadg: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |
| Taidle: | near Cuib |
| Taltiu: | Teltown, in the County Meath, on or near the Blackwater, between Navan and Kells; one of the chief places of assembly and burial of the Ulstermen |
| Taul Tairb: | in Cualnge |
| Telamet: | a river in Conalle Murthemni |

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| Temair: | Tara, the seat of the High King of Ireland, near Navan, in the County Meath (pronounced Tavoir) |
| Tethba descirt: | South Teffia, a territory about and south of the river Inny, in the County Longford |
| Tethba tuascirt: | south-east of Cruachan, in Teffia, County Longford |
| Tir Mor: | in Murthemne |
| Tir na Sorcha: | a fabled land ruled over by Manannan |
| Tir Tairngire: | "the Land of Promise" |
| Tonn Clidna: | a loud surge in the Bay of Glandore |
| Tonn Rudraige: | a huge wave in the Bay of Dundrum, in the County Cork |
| Tonn Tuage Inbir: | "the Tuns," near the mouth of the river Bann on the north coast of Antrim |
| Tor Breogain: | "Bregon's Tower," in Spain |
| Tromma: | south-east of Cruachan; also the name of a river flowing into the Boyne near Slane |
| Tuaim Mona: | Tumona, a townland in the parish of Ogulla, near Tulsk, south of Cruachan Ai, County Roscommon |
| Tuatha Bressi: | a name for the people of Connacht |
| Tuatha De Danann: | "the Tribes divine of Danu," the gods of the Irish Olympus |

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| Turloch teora Crich: | north of Tuaim Mona |
| Uachtur Lua: | in the land of Ross |
| Uarba: | a place in Ulster |
| Uathach: | one of the three women-teachers of Cuchulain and Ferdiad |
| Uathu: | north of Ochain |
| Ui Echach: | the barony of Iveagh, in the County Down |
| Umansruth: | a stream in Murthemne |
| Usnech: | father of Noisi, Annle and Ardan |
| Uthechar: | father of Celtchar and of Menn |



Pronunciation Guide

(From Joseph Dunn, *The Ancient Irish Epic Tale Táin Bó Cúalnge*, 1914.)

It will simplify matters for the English reader if the following points respecting the pronunciation of proper names in medieval Irish, are borne in mind: Each simple word is accented on the first syllable.

Pronounce:

á (long), as in "aught;" **a** (short), as in "hot."

c with slender vowels (e, i), as in "king;" never as s.

c with broad vowels (a, o, u), as in "car;" never as s.

ch with slender vowels (e, i), as in German "Ich;" never as in "church."

ch with broad vowels (a, o, u), as in German "Buch;" never as in "church."

d with slender vowels (e, i), as in French "dieu."

d with broad vowels (a, o, u), as in "thy."

é (long), as in ale; **e** (short), as in "bet."

g with slender vowels (e, i), as in "give;" never as j.

g with broad vowels (a, o, u), as in "go;" never as j.

gh with slender vowels (e, i) is slender ch voiced.

gh with broad vowels (a, o, u) is broad ch voiced.

í (long), as in "feel;" **i** (short), as in it.

mh and **bh** intervocalic with slender vowels, as v.

mh and **bh** intervocalic with broad vowels, as w.

ó (long), as in "note;" **o** (short), as in "done."

s with slender vowels (e, i), as in "shine," never as z.

s with broad vowels (a, o, u), as s.

t with slender vowels (e, i), as in "tin."

t with broad vowels (a, o, u), as in "threw."

th, like h.

ú (long), as in "pool;" **u** (short), as in "full."

The remaining consonants are pronounced almost as in English.





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1. Here Beginneth The Cualnge Cattle-raid

Incipit Táin Bó Cualnge

ONCE of a time, that Ailill and Medb had spread their royal bed in Cruachan, the stronghold of Connacht, such was the pillow-talk that befell betwixt them:

Fect n-oen do Ailill & do Meidb iar n-dergud a rígleptha dóib i Cruachanráith Chonnacht, arream comrad chindcherchailli eturru.

Quoth Ailill: "True is the saying, lady, 'She is a well-off woman that is a rich man's wife.'" "Aye, that she is," answered the wife; "but wherefore opin'st thou so?" "For this," Ailill replied, "that thou art this day better off than the day that first I took thee." Then answered Medb: "As well-off was I before I ever saw thee." "It was a wealth, forsooth, we never heard nor knew of," Ailill said; "but a woman's wealth was all thou hadst, and foes from lands next thine were used to carry off the spoil and booty that they took from thee."

Fírbriathar, a ingen, bar Ailill, is maith ben ben dagfir. Maith omm, bar ind ingen. Cid diatá latsu ón. Is de atá lim, bar Ailill, ar it ferr-su indiu indá in lá thucus-sa thu. Bamaith-se remut, ar Medb. Is maith nach cualammar & nach fetammar, ar Ailill, acht do bithsiu ar bantincur mnaa & bidba na crich ba nessim duit oc breith do slait & do chrech i fúatach úait.

"Not so was I," quoth Medb; "the High King of Erin himself was my sire, Eocho Fedlech ('the Enduring') son of Finn, by name, who was son of Findoman, son of Finden, son of Findguin, son of Rogen Ruad ('the Red'), son of Rigen, son of Blathacht, son of Beothacht, son of Enna Agnech, son of Oengus Turbech. Of daughters, had he six: Derbriu, Ethne and Ele, Clothru, Mugain and Medb, myself, that was the noblest and seemliest of them.

'Twas I was the goodliest of them in bounty and gift-giving, in riches and treasures. 'Twas I was best of them in battle and strife and combat. 'Twas I that had fifteen hundred royal mercenaries of the sons of aliens exiled from their own land, and as many more of the sons of freemen of the land. And there were ten men with every one of these hirelings, and nine men with every hireling, and eight men with every hireling, and seven men with every hireling, and six men with every hireling, and five men with every hireling, and four men with every hireling, and three men with every hireling, and two men with every hireling, and one hireling with every hireling. These were as a standing household-guard," continued Medb; "hence hath my father bestowed one of the five provinces of Erin upon me, even the province of Cruachan; wherefore 'Medb of Cruachan' am I called.

Ni samlaid bása, ar Medb, acht m'athair i n-ardrigi hErenn .i. Eocho Feidlech mac Find meic Findomain meic Findeoin meic Findguni meic Rogein Rúaid meic Rigéoin meic Blathachta meic Beothechta meic Enna Agnig meic Oengusa Turbig. Batar aice se ingena d'ingenaib: Derbriu, Ethi & Éle, Clothru, Mugain, Medb, messi ba uasliu & ba urraitiu díb.

Bam-sa ferr im rath & tidnacul díb, bam-sa ferr im chath & comrac & comlund díb. Is acum batar cóic cét déc rígamus do maccaib deórad echartar tir & a chommeit n-aill dó maccaib aurrad ar medón, & dechenbur cach amuis díb-side & ochtur ri cach n-amus & morfessiur cach amuis & sessiur cach amais & cóicfiur cach amuis & triur ri cach n-amus & dias cach amuis, amus cach amuis. Batar sain ri gnath-teglach, ar Medb, conid aire dobert m'athair cuiced de choicedaib hErenn dam, .i. coiced Cruachna, conid de asberar Medb Chruachna frim.

Men came from Finn son of Ross Ruad ('the Red'), king of Leinster, to seek me for a wife, and I refused him; and from Carbre Niafer ('the Champion') son of Ross Ruad ('the Red'), king of Temair, to woo me, and I refused him; and they came from Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach ('the Mighty'), king of Ulster, and I refused him in like wise. They came from Eocho Bec ('the Small'), and I went not; for 'tis I that exacted a singular bride-gift, such as no woman before me had ever required of a man of the men of Erin, namely, a husband without avarice, without jealousy, without fear.

For should he be mean, the man with whom I should live, we were ill-matched together, inasmuch as I am great in largess and gift-giving, and it would be a disgrace for my husband if I should be better at spending than he, and for it to be said that I was superior in wealth and treasures to him, while no disgrace would it be were one as great as the other. Were my husband a coward, 'twere as unfit for us to be mated, for I by myself and alone break battles and fights and combats, and 'twould be a reproach for my husband should his wife be more full of life than himself, and no reproach our being equally bold. Should he be jealous, the husband with whom I should live, that too would not suit me, for there never was a time that I had not my paramour.

Tancas o Find mac Rosa Ruaid rig Lagen dom chungid-sa & ó Chairpri Nia fer mac Rosa Rúaid rig Temrach & tancas o Chonchobur mac Fachtna Fáthaig rí Ulad, tancas o Eochaid Bic, & ni dechad-sa, dáig is me ra chunnig in ciobchi n-ingnaid na ra chunnig ben riam remom ar fer d'feraib hErenn .i. fer cen neóit cen ét cen omon.

Dia m-bad neóit in fer ga m-beind ni bad chomadas dún beith maróen, fo bíth ammaith-sea im rath & tidnacul, & bad cháined dom fir co m-bad im ferr-sa im rath secha, & ni bad cháined immorro co m-bar commaithe, acht co m-badar maithe díblínaib. Dia m-bad úamain m' fer, ní mó bad chomdas dún beith maróen, uair brissim-sea catha & cumlenhga & congala m'oenuir, & bad cháined dom fir co m-bad beodu a ben indá, & ní cáined a m-beith combéoda, acht con bat beoda díblínaib. Da m-bad étaid in fer ca m-beind, ni bad chomdas béus, dáig ni raba-sa riam can fer ar scáth araile ocum.

Howbeit, such a husband have I found, namely in thee thyself, Ailill son of Ross Ruad ('the Red') of Leinster. Thou wast not churlish; thou wast not jealous; thou wast not a sluggard. It was I plighted thee, and gave purchase-price to thee, which of right belongs to the bride-- of clothing, namely, the raiment of twelve men, a chariot worth thrice seven bondmaids, the breadth of thy face of red gold, the weight of thy left forearm of silvered bronze. Whoso brings shame and sorrow and madness upon thee, no claim for compensation nor satisfaction hast thou therefor that I myself have not, but it is to me the compensation belongs," said Medb, "for a man dependent upon a woman's maintenance is what thou art."

"Nay, not such was my state," said Ailill; "but two brothers had I; one of them over Temair, the other over Leinster; namely, Finn, over Leinster, and Carbre, over Temair. I left the kingship to them because they were older but not superior to me in largess and bounty. Nor heard I of province in Erin under woman's keeping but this province alone. And for this I came and assumed the kingship here as my mother's successor; for Mata of Muresc, daughter of Magach of Connacht, was my mother. And who could there be for me to have as my queen better than thyself, being, as thou wert, daughter of the High King of Erin?" "Yet so it is," pursued Medb, "my fortune is greater than thine." "I marvel at that," Ailill made answer, "for there is none that hath greater treasures and riches and wealth than I: yea, to my knowledge there is not."

Fuarusa dana in fer sain .i. tussu .i. Ailill mac Rosa Ruaid do Lagnib: nirsat neóit, nirsat étaid, nirsat deáith. Tucusa cor & coibchi duit, amail as dech téit do mnái, .i. timthach da fer déc d'étach, carpat tri secht cumal, comlethet t'aighi do dergór, comthrom do rigned clí do finddruini. Cip é imress mela & mertain & meraigeacht fort, ní fuil díri no eneclann duit-siu ind, acht na fil dam-sa, ar Medb, dáig fer ar tincur mná atatchomnaic.

Ni amlaid sin ba-sa, ar Ailill, acht da brathair limm, fer díb for Temraig & fer for Lagnib, .i. Find for Lagnib & Carpre for Temraig. Léicsius rígi dóib ar a sinsirecht, & nip ferra im rath no thidnacul andúsa, & ni chuala chuiced i n-hErinn ar bantinchur acht in cuiced sa a oenur. Tanac-sa dana, gabsus rígi sund i tanachus mo mathar, dáig ar bith Máta Murisc ingen Magach mo mathair, ocus gia ferr dam-sa rigan no biad ocum andaisiu, dáig ingen ardríg hErenn atatchomnaic. Atá dana, ar Medb, is lia mo maith-sea indá do maith-siu. Is ingnad linni aní sin, ar Ailill, ar ni fil nech is lia seóit & móine & indmassa andú-sa & ra fetar na fail.



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2. The Occasion of the Táin

Adbar na Tána

Then were brought to them the least precious of their possessions, that they might know which of them had the more treasures, riches and wealth. Their pails and their cauldrons and their iron-wrought vessels, their jugs and their keeves and their eared pitchers were fetched to them.

Likewise, their rings and their bracelets and their thumbings and their golden treasures were fetched to them, and their apparel, both purple and blue and black and green, yellow, vari-coloured and gray, dun, mottled and brindled.

Their numerous flocks of sheep were led in from fields and meeds and plains. These were counted and compared, and found to be equal, of like size, of like number; however, there was an uncommonly fine ram over Medb's sheep, and he was equal in worth to a bondmaid, but a corresponding ram was over the ewes of Ailill.

Their horses and steeds and studs were brought from pastures and paddocks. There was a noteworthy horse in Medb's herd and he was of the value of a bondmaid; a horse to match was found among Ailill's.

Tucad dóib an ba táriu da sétaib, co festais cia díb da m-bad lia séoit & móine & indmassa. Tucad chucu a n-ena & a n-dabcha & a n-iarnlestair, a mílain & a lóthommair & a n-drolmacha.

Tucait dana cucu a Fánne & a falge & a fornasca & a n-órdúse & a n-étguda, eter chorcair & gorm & dub & úaine, buide & brecc & lachtna, odor, alad & riabach.

Tucait a murthréta cáirech d'aicthib & d'urlannaib & redib. Ra rímit & ra harmit & ra achnít cor batar cutrjmma comméti comlínmair, acht báí raithi sainenail for cáirchaib Medba & ba gabalta i cumail é & bóí rethi a recartha for cáirchaib Ailella.

Tucait a n-eich & a n-echrada & a n-grega d'fergeltaib & scoraib. Báí ech sainemail ar graig Medba & ba gabalta i cumail, báí ech a recartha oc Ailill.

Then were their numerous droves of swine driven from woods and shelving glens and wolds. These were numbered and counted and claimed. There was a noteworthy boar with Medb, and yet another with Ailill.

Next they brought before them their droves of cattle and their herds and their roaming flocks from the brakes and wastes of the province.

These were counted and numbered and claimed, and were the same for both, equal in size, equal in number, except only there was an especial bull of the bawn of Ailill, and he was a calf of one of Medb's cows, and Finnbennach ('the Whitehorned') was his name. But he, deeming it no honour to be in a woman's possession, had left and gone over to the kine of the king. And it was the same to Medb as if she owned not a pennyworth, forasmuch as she had not a bull of his size amongst her cattle.

Then it was that macRoth the messenger was summoned to Medb, and Medb strictly bade macRoth to learn where there might be found a bull of that likeness in any of the provinces of Erin. "Verily," said macRoth, "I know where the bull is that is best and better again, in the province of Ulster, in the hundred of Cualnge, in the house of Darè son of Fiachna; even Donn Cualnge ('the Brown Bull of Cualnge') he is called."

Tuait dana a murthréta mucc a fedaib & fanglentaib & diamairib. Ra rímit & ra hármít & ra hachnít. Bóí torc sainemail oc Meidb & araile dana la hAilill.

Tuait dana a m-bóthainte bó & a n-alma & a n-immirge dóib a fedaib & fasaigib in chuicid.

Ra rimit & ra hármít & ra hacnit, & roptar cutrumma commeti comlinmair dóib, acht bóí tarb sainemail ar búuib Ailella & ba loég bó do Meidb atacomnaic & Findbennach a ainm, acht nír bo miad leis beith for bantinchur acht dochuaid co m-bóí for buaib in rig. Ocus ba samalta re Meidb na beth penning a selba lé, ar na báí tarb a chonméit () lé for a buaib.

Is andsain conacrad Mac Róth ind echlach co Meidb & conscomarc Meidb de, ar co fessed Mac Roth airm i m-biad tarb a samla sút i cuiciud de chuicedaib hErenn. Ro fetar omm, bar Mac Roth, airm i fail tarb as dech & is ferr dorísi, i cuiciud Ulad, i trichait cet Cualnge. i tig Dáre meic Fachtnai, .i. Dond Cualnge a ainm.

"Go thou to him, macRoth, and ask for me of Darè the loan for a year of the Brown Bull of Cualnge, and at the year's end he shall have the meed of the loan, to wit, fifty heifers and the Donn Cualnge himself. And bear thou a further boon with thee, macRoth. Should the borderfolk and those of the country grudge the loan of that rare jewel that is the Brown Bull of Cualnge, let Darè himself come with his bull, and he shall get a measure equalling his own land of the smooth Plain of Aí and a chariot of the worth of thrice seven bondmaids and he shall enjoy my own close friendship."

Thereupon the messengers fared forth to the house of Darè son of Fiachna. This was the number wherewith macRoth went, namely, nine couriers. Anon welcome was lavished on macRoth in Darè's house-- fitting welcome it was-- chief messenger of all was macRoth. Darè asked of macRoth what had brought him upon the journey and why he was come.

The messenger announced the cause for which he was come and related the contention between Medb and Ailill. "And it is to beg the loan of the Brown Bull of Cualnge to match the Whitehorned that I am come," said he; "and thou shalt receive the hire of his loan, even fifty heifers and the Brown of Cualnge himself. And yet more I may add: Come thyself with thy bull and thou shalt have of the land of the smooth soil of Mag Aí as much as thou ownest here, and a chariot of the worth of thrice seven bondmaids and enjoy Medb's friendship to boot."

Tó duit-siu connici sain, a Meic Roth, & cunnig dam-sa for Dáre íasacht m-bliadna do Dund Cualnge, & ragaid lóg a íasachta do i cind bliadna .i. cóica samaisci & Dond Cualnge fadessin. Ocus ber-siu comaid aile latt, a Meic Roth, mad olc ra lucht na críchi & ind feraind in sét sainemail sin (||) do thabairt, .i. Dond Cualnge, táit-sum féin ra tharb, ragaid comméit a feraind féin do mín Maige Ái dó, & carpat tri secht cumal, & ragaid cardes mo liasta-sa fessin.

Lotar iarsain na echlacha dó co tech Dare meic Fiachnai. Is é lín luid Mac Roth nónbór echlach. Ra ferad falti iar tain fri Mac Roth i tig Dáre. Deithbir sin, primechlach uile Mac Roth. Ra iarfach Dáre do Mac Roth, cid dobretha imthecht fair & cid ma tanic.

Innisid ind echlach inní imma tanic & innisid immarbaig eter Meidb & Ailill, & is do chungid íasachta don Dund Cualnge i n-agid ind Findbennaig tanac, ar se, & atetha lóg a íasachta .i. cóica samasci & Dond Cualnge fessin, ocus araill aile dana béus, tair-siu féin lat tarb & fogéba comméit th' feraind féin de mín Maige Ái & carpat tri secht cumal & cardes (||) sliasta Medba airsin anechtair.

At these words Darè was well pleased, and he leaped for joy so that the seams of his flock-bed rent in twain beneath him. "By the truth of our conscience," said he; "however the Ulstermen take it, whether ill or well, this time this jewel shall be delivered to Ailill and to Medb, the Brown of Cualnge to wit, into the land of Connacht." Well pleased was macRoth at the words of the son of Fiachna.

Thereupon they were served, and straw and fresh rushes were spread under them. The choicest of food was brought to them and a feast was served to them and soon they were noisy and drunken. And a discourse took place between two of the messengers." "Tis true what I say," spoke the one; "good is the man in whose house we are." "Of a truth, he is good." "Nay, is there one among all the men of Ulster better than he?" persisted the first. "In sooth, there is," answered the second messenger. "Better is Conchobar whose man he is, Conchobar who holds the kingship of the province. And though all the Ulstermen gathered around him, it were no shame for them. Yet is it passing good of Darè, that what had been a task for the four mighty provinces of Erin to bear away from the land of Ulster, even the Brown Bull of Cualnge, is surrendered so freely to us nine footmen."

Ba aitt la Dáire anisin, & ram-bertaig co raimdetar úammand a cholcthech fáí, agus atrubairt: Dar fír ar cubais, cid anní ra Ultaib, berthair in sét sa in cur sa do Ailill & do Meidb .i. Dond Cualnge i crích Connacht. Ba maith dana la Mac Roth ra rade Fiachna.

Ra frithalit iarsain & ra hecrait áine & urluachra fóthib. Tucad cáine bíd dóib & ra fordaled fled forro co m-báatar búadirmesca. Ocus dorécaim comrád eter da echlaig díb. Fírbriathar, ar indara echlach, is maith fer intaige itám. Maith omm, bar araile. In fuil cid (d') Ultaib nech is ferr andás, ar ind echlach taisech béus. Atá omm, bar ind echlach tanaise, ferr Conchobar catá, & cid immi gabtais Ulaid uile ane, ní bad nár dóib. Mór in maith dó, aní i m-biad opair cethri n-ollchoiced n-hErenn do brith a crích Ulad, .i. Dond Cualnge, do thabairt dúnni nónbur echlach.

Hereupon a third runner had his say: "What is this ye dispute about?" he asked. "Yon runner says, 'A good man is the man in whose house we are.'" "Yea, he is good," saith the other. "Is there among all the Ulstermen any that is better than he?" demanded the first runner further. "Aye, there is," answered the second runner; "better is Conchobar whose man he is; and though all the Ulstermen gathered around him, it were no shame for them. Yet, truly good it is of Darè, that what had been a task for four of the grand provinces of Erin to bear away out of the borders of Ulster is handed over even unto us nine footmen." "I would not grudge to see a retch of blood and gore in the mouth whereout that was said; for, were the bull not given willingly, yet should he be taken by force!"

At that moment it was that Darè macFiachna's chief steward came into the house and with him a man with drink and another with food, and he heard the foolish words of the runners; and anger came upon him, and he set down their food and drink for them and he neither said to them, "Eat," nor did he say, "Eat not."

Straightway he went into the house where was Darè macFiachna and said: "Was it thou that hast given that notable jewel to the messengers, the Brown Bull of Cualnge?" "Yea, it was I," Darè made answer. "Verily, it was not the part of a king to give him. For it is true what they say: Unless thou hadst bestowed him of thine own free will, so wouldst thou yield him in despite of thee by the host of Ailill and Medb and by the great cunning of Fergus macRoig." "I swear by the gods whom I worship," spoke Darè, "they shall in no wise take by foul means

Andsain dana conarraid in tresechlach comrád forru. Ocus cid ráter lib-si, ar si. Ind echlach út atbeir: is maith fer fer in taige itaam. Maith omm, bar araile. In fail cid d'Ultaib nech is ferr andá, ar ind echlach thaisech béus. Atá cmm, ar ind echlach tanaise. Ferr Conchobar catá, & gid imme gabtais Ulaid uili ane, ní bad nár dóib. Mór in maith do, aní i m-biad opair cethri n-ollchoiced (N-hErrenn) do brith a crích Ulad do thabairt dúnni nónbor echlach. Nirb'urail limm sceith cró & fola sin m-bél assa tic sain, daig cen co tucthá ar áis dobértha (||) ar écin.

Is andsin doruacht fer uird rainne Dáre meic Fiachnai sin tech & fer fo lind leis & fer fó bíud, & atchuala an ra chansat, & táncatar fergga dó & turnaid a biad & a lind dóib & ní ebairt riu a chathim & ní ebairt a nemchathim.

Dochúaid assa aithle issin tech irrabi Dáre mac Fiachnai ocus ra rádi: In tú thuc in sét suachnid út dona hechlachaib .i. dond Cualnge. Is me omm, for Dáre. Ni raib rigi (||) airm i tucad, ar is fír aní radit, ar con tuca-su ar áis dom-béra ar écin fri sochraití Ailella & Medba ocus ra móreolas Fergusa meic Róig. Dothunhg mo deo da n-adraim, na co m-bérat ar écin samlaid nacha m-bérat ar áis.

what they cannot take by fair!"

There they abide till morning. Betimes on the morrow the runners arise and proceed to the house where is Darè. "Acquaint us, lord, how we may reach the place where the Brown Bull of Cualnge is kept." "Nay then," saith Darè; "but were it my wont to deal foully with messengers or with travelling folk or with them that go by the road, not one of you would depart alive!" "How sayest thou?" quoth macRoth. "Great cause there is," replied Darè; "ye said, unless I yielded in good sort, I should yield to the might of Ailill's host and Medb's and the great cunning of Fergus."

"Even so," said macRoth, "whatever the runners drunken with thine ale and thy viands have said, 'tis not for thee to heed nor mind, nor yet to be charged on Ailill and on Medb." "For all that, macRoth, this time I will not give my bull, if ever I can help it!"

Back then the messengers go till they arrive at Cruachan, the stronghold of Connacht. Medb asks their tidings, and macRoth makes known the same: that they had not brought his bull from Darè. "And the reason?" demanded Medb. MacRoth recounts to her how the dispute arose. "There is no need to polish knots over such affairs as that, macRoth; for it was known," said Medb, "if the Brown Bull of Cualnge would not be given with their will, he would be taken in their despite, and taken he shall be!"

Fessit samlaid co matin. Atragat na echlacha co moch arnabárach & dochúatar i tech i m-bái Dáire. Eolas dún, a úasail, co rísem bail atá in Dond Cualnge. Ni thó omm, ar Dáire, acht dia m-bad bés dam-sa fell for echlacha no for aes n-emptehta no tastil sliged, ni ragad nech uaib i m-bethaid. Cid són, ar Mac Roth. Fail a mórabba, ar Dáire. Ra raidsebair, cen co tucaind ar áis, doberaind ar écin ra sochraití Ailella & Medba & ra móreolas Fergususa.

Aile, ar Mac Roth, gip ed no raditís echlacha dot lind-su & dot biud, ni hed ba tabartha do áig no do aire no d'airbire do Ailill & do Meidb. Ní thibér-sa trá, a Meic Roth, mo tharb din chur sa dian-etur.

Lotar na echlacha ar cúl dó samlaid ocus rancatar Cruachanráith Connacht. Consodarc Medb scéla dib Adféta Mac Roth scéla, na tucsat a tharb ó Dáire. Cid fotera són, ar Medb. Rádis Mac Roth aní dia m-bái. Ní hécen féth dar fudbu de, a Meic Roth, ar ra fess, ar Medb, na tibertha ar áis co tuctha ar écin, & doberthar ón.



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3. The Rising-Out of the Men of Connacht at Cruachan Ai

Tochostul fer Connacht co Cruachain Ai.

A mighty host was now assembled by the men of Connacht, that is, by Ailill and Medb, and they sent word to the three other provinces, and messengers were despatched from Medb to the Manè that they should gather in Cruachan, the seven Manè with their seven divisions; to wit: Manè "Motherlike," Manè "Fatherlike," and Manè "All-comprehending"; 'twas he that possessed the form of his mother and of his father and the dignity of them both; Manè "Mildly-submissive," and Manè "Greatly-submissive," Manè "Boastful " and Manè "the Dumb."

Urthatar techta ó Meidb cosna Manib ar co tístaís co Cruachain, na secht Mani cona secht trichtaib cé, .i. Mane Mathremail Mane Athremail & Mane Conda-gaib uili, Mane Mingor & Mane Mórgor & Mane Conda-mo-epert.

Other messengers were despatched by Ailill to the sons of Maga; to wit: to Cet ('the First') son of Magar Anluan ('the Brilliant Light ') son of Maga, and Maccorb ('Chariot-child') son of Maga, and Bascell ('the Lunatic') son of Maga, and En ('the Bird') son of Maga, Dochè son of Maga; and Scandal ('Insult') son of Maga.

Urthatar techta aile co maccaib Magach .i. Cet mac Magach & Anlúan mac Magach & Maccorb mac Magach & Bascell mac Magach & Én mac Magach, Dóche mac Magach, Scandal mac Magach.

These came, and this was their muster, thirty hundred armed men. Other messengers were despatched from them to Cormac Conlongas ('the Exile') son of Conchobar and to Fergus macRoig, and they also came, thirty hundred their number.

Now Cormac had three companies which came to Cruachan. Before all, the first company. A covering of close-shorn black hair upon them. Green mantles and many-coloured cloaks wound about them; therein, silvern brooches. Tunics of thread of gold next to their skin, reaching down to their knees, with interweaving of red gold. Bright-handled swords they bore, with guards of silver. Long shields they bore, and there was a broad, grey spearhead on a slender shaft in the hand of each man. "Is that Cormac, yonder?" all and every one asked. "Not he, indeed," Medb made answer.

The second troop. Newly shorn hair they wore and manes on the back of their heads, fair, comely indeed. Dark-blue cloaks they all had about them. Next to their skin, gleaming-white tunics, with red ornamentation, reaching down to their calves. Swords they had with round hilts of gold and silvern fist-guards, and shining shields upon them and five-pronged spears in their hands. "Is yonder man Cormac?" all the people asked. "Nay, verily, that is not he," Medb made answer.

Tancatar sain & ba sed allín deich cét ar fichit cét fer n-armach. Urthatar techta aile uathib co Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair, & co Fergus mac Roig, & tancatar, deich cét ar fichit cét allín.

In cetna lorg cetamus: forthí berrtha forro, bruit úanidi impu, delggi argait intib, lénti órshnaithe fria cnessaib, ba tórniud do dergór. Claidib gelduirn léo co n-imdurn argit. Inn é Cormac sút, for cách. Nad é om, for Medb.

In lorg tanaise: berrtha nua leo, bruite forglassa uli impu, lénti glegela fria cnessaib. Claidib co muletaib óir & co n-imdurnib argait leo. Inn é Cormac sút, for cách. Nad é omm, bar Medb.

Then came the last troop. Hair cut broad they wore; fair-yellow, deep-golden, loose-flowing back hair down to their shoulders upon them. Purple cloaks, fairly bedizened, about them; golden, embellished brooches over their breasts; and they had curved shields with sharp, chiselled edges around them and spears as long as the pillars of a king's house in the hand of each man. Fine, long, silken tunics with hoods they wore to the very instep. Together they raised their feet, and together they set them down again. "Is that Cormac, yonder?" asked all. "Aye, it is he, this time," Medb made answer.

Thus the four provinces of Erin gathered in Cruachan Ai. They pitched their camp and quarters that night, so that a thick cloud of smoke and fire rose between the four fords of Ai, which are, Ath Moga, Ath Bercna, Ath Slissen and Ath Coltna. And they tarried for the full space of a fortnight in Cruachan, the hostel of Connacht, in wassail and drink and every disport, to the end that their march and muster might be easier.

And their poets and druids would not let them depart from thence till the end of a fortnight while awaiting good omen. And then it was that Medb bade her charioteer to harness her horses for her, that she might go to address herself to her druid, to seek for light and for augury from him.

In lorg dedenach: berrtha lethna leo, monga findbuide forórda forscailti forru, brúitt chorera cumtaichthi impu, delgi órdai ecorthi ós ochtaib dóib, lénti sémi setai sítaidi co tendmedón traiged dóib. Inn oenfecht dos torbaitis a cossa & dofairnitis arís. Inn é Cormac sút, ar cách. Is é ón ém, ar Medb.

Ra gabsatar dunad & longphort inn aidchi sin, cor ba dlúim diad & tened eter chethri áthaib Ái, .i. Áth Moga (||) & Áth m-Bercna & Ath Slissen & Áth Coltna. Ocus tarrassatar ed cían cóichthigis i Cruachanraith Connacht ic ól & ic ánius & ic áibnius, co m-bad esaiti leo a fecht & a slogad.

Ocus is andsain rádis Medb fria haraid, ar co n-gabad a echraid di, co n-digsed d'acallaim a druad d'iarfaigid fessa & fástini de.





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4. The Foretelling

Remfastine

When Medb was come to the place where her druid was, she craved light and augury of him. "Many there be," saith Medb, "who do part with their kinsmen and friends here to-day, and from their homes and their lands, from father and from mother; and unless unscathed every one shall return, upon me will they cast their sighs and their ban, for it is I that have assembled this levy. Yet there goeth not forth nor stayeth there at home any dearer to me than are we to ourselves. And do thou discover for us whether we ourselves shall return, or whether we shall never return."

And the druid made answer, "Whoever comes not, thou thyself shalt come." "Wait, then," spake the charioteer, "let me wheel the chariot by the right, that thus the power of a good omen may arise that we return again." Then the charioteer wheeled his chariot round and Medb went back again, when she espied a thing that surprised her: A lone virgin of marriageable age standing on the hindpole of a chariot a little way off drawing nigh her. And thus the maiden appeared:

A ráic Medb airm i m-bai a drui, ra iarfacht físs & fastini de. Sochaide scaras fria choemu & fria chairdiu sund indiu, ar Medb, & fria chrích & fria ferand, fria athair & fria mathair, & meni thíset uli i n-imslánti, foromsa co m-benfat a n-osnaid & ammallachtain, arái sin ní théit immach & ní anand i fus as díliu lind oldammit fadessin, & fintassu dún, in tecam fo na tecam.

Ocus ra ráid in drúi: Cip é no na tic, ticfa-su fessin. Impáis in t-ara in carpat & dothaét Medb for cúlu, co n-accai ní rap ingnad lé, .i. in n-aenmnái for fertais in charpait na farrad ina dochum. Is amlaid bóí ind ingen:

Weaving lace was she, and in her right hand was a bordering rod of silvered bronze with its seven strips of red gold at the sides. A many-spotted green mantle around her; a bulging, strong-headed pin of gold in the mantle over her bosom; a hooded tunic, with red interweaving, about her. A ruddy, fair-faced countenance she had, narrow below and broad above. She had a blue-grey and laughing eye; each eye had three pupils. Dark and black were her eyebrows; the soft, black lashes threw a shadow to the middle of her cheeks. Red and thin were her lips. Shiny and pearly were her teeth; thou wouldst believe they were showers of white pearls that had rained into her head. Like to fresh Parthian crimson were her lips. As sweet as the strings of lutes when long sustained they are played by master players' hands was the melodious sound of her voice and her fair speech. As white as snow in one night fallen was the sheen of her skin and her body that shone outside of her dress. Slender and very white were her feet; rosy, even, sharp-round nails she had; two sandals with golden buckles about them. Fair-yellow, long, golden hair she wore; three braids of hair she wore; two tresses were wound around her head; the other tress from behind threw a shadow down on her calves.

ic figi corrthairi & claideb findruini ina láim deiss cona secht n-aslib do dergór ina dessaib; bratt ballabrecc uani impi; bretnas torrach trencend sin brutt osa brunni; gnúis chorcra chrumainech lé; rosc glass gairectach le; beóil derga thanaide; dét niamda nemanda, andar let batar frossa findnémand erctais ina cend; cosmail do nuapartaing a beóil; binnidir téta mendchrot aca seinm allámaib sirshúad bindfogur a gotha & a cáinurlabra; gilidir snechta sniged fri oenaidchi taidlech a cniss & a colla sech a timthach sechtair; traigthi seta sithgela, ingni corcra córi cruindgéra lé; folt findbudi fata forórda furri; teora trillsi da fult imma cend, trilis aile co m-benad foscad fri colptha.

Medb gazed at her. "And what doest thou here now, O maiden?" asked Medb. "I impart to thee thine advantage and good fortune in thy gathering and muster of the four mighty provinces of Erin against the land of Ulster on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge." "Wherefore doest thou this for me?" asked Medb. "Much cause have I. A bondmaid 'mid thy people am I." "Who of my people art thou and what is thy name?" asked Medb. "Not hard, in sooth, to say. The prophetess Fedelm, from the Sid ('the Fairy Mound') of Cruachan, a poetess of Connacht am I."

"Whence comest thou?" asked Medb. "From Alba, after learning prophetic skill," the maiden made answer. "Hast thou the form of divination?" "Verily, have I," the maiden said. "Look, then, for me, how will my undertaking be." The maiden looked. Then spake Medb:--

"Good now,

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-
maid
How beholdest thou our
host?"

Fedelm answered and spoke:

"Crimson-red from blood
they are;
I behold them bathed in red!"

Forrécacha Medb furri. Ocus cid dogní-siu andsain innossa a ingen, for Medb. Ic tairdeilb do lessasu & do lítha ic teclaim & ic tinól cethri n-ollchóiced n-hErenn lat-su i crích n-Ulad ar cend tana bó Cualnge. Cid má n-dénai-siu dam-sa sain, ar Medb. Fail a morabba dam, banchumal dit muntir atamchomnaic. Cóich dom muntir-sea tussu, ar Medb. Ni hinsa ém, Feidelm banfáid a síd Chruachna atamchomnaic-se.

Maith andsin,

a Feidelm banfáid,
cia facci ar slúag.

Atchiu forderg forro,
atchiu ruad.

"That is no true augury," said Medb.
"Verily, Conchobar with the Ulstermen is
in his 'Pains' in Emain; thither fared my
messengers Sand brought me true tidings ;
naught is there that we need dread from
Ulster's men. But speak truth, O Fedelm:--

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-
maid
How beholdest thou our
host?"

"Crimson-red from blood
they are;
I behold them bathed in red!"

"That is no true augury. Cuscraid Mend
(the Stammerer) of Macha, Conchobar's
son, is in Inis Cuscraid ('Cuscraid's Isle') in
his ' Pains.' Thither fared my messengers;
naught need we fear from Ulster's men. But
speak truth, O Fedelm:--

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-
maid
How beholdest thou our
host?"

"Crimson-red from blood
they are;
I behold them bathed in red!"

"Eogan, Durthacht's son, is in Rath Airthir
(the Eastern Rath) in his ' Pains.' Thither
went my messengers. Naught need we
dread from Ulster's men. But speak truth,
O Fedelm:--

Atá Conchobar na chess noinden i n-Emain
ém, ar Medb, rancatar m'echl(ach)a-sa
connice, ní fail ní itagammar-ne la Ultu. Acht
abbair a fír, a Feidelm.

Feidelm banfáid,
cia facci ar slúag.

Atchiu forderg forro,
atchiu ruad.

Ata Cuscraid Mend Macha mac Conchobair i
n-Inis Cuscraid ina chess. Rancatar
m'echlacha (connice), ni fhail ní itagammar-
ne la Ultu. Acht abbair-siu fír, a Fheidelm.

Feidelm banhfáid,
cia fhacci ar slúag.

Atchiu forderg forro,
atchiu ruad.

Ata Eogan mae Durthacht ic Ráith Airthir na
chess. Rancatar m'echlacha connice, ni fuil ní
itagammar-ne la Ultu. Acht abbair-siu fír
rind, a Feidelm.

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-
maid
How beholdest thou our
host?"

"Crimson-red from blood
they are;
I behold them bathed in red!"

"Celtchar, Uthechar's son, is in his fort at
Lethglas in his 'Pains,' and a third of the
Ulstermen with him. Thither fared my
messengers. Naught have we to fear from
Ulster's men. And Fergus son of Roig son
of Eochaid is with us here in exile, and
thirty hundred with him. But speak truth, O
Fedelm:--

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-
maid
How beholdest thou our
host?"

"Crimson-red from blood
they are;
I behold them bathed in red!"

"Meseemeth this not as it seemeth to thee,"
quoth Medb, "for when Erin's men shall
assemble in one place, there quarrels will
arise and broils, contentions and disputes
amongst them about the ordering of
themselves in the van or rear, at ford or
river, over who shall be first at killing a
boar or a stag or a deer or a hare. But, look
now again for us and speak truth, O
Fedelm:--

Feidelm banfáid,
cia facci ar slúag.

Atchiu forderg forro,
atchiu ruad.

Atá Celichair macc Uthechair ina dún na
chess. Rancatar m'echlacha connice, ní fuil ní
itagammar-ne la Ultu. Act abbair fír, a
Feidelm.

Feidelm banfáid,
cia facci ar slúag.

Atchiu forderg forro,
atchiu ruad.

Ni bá lim-sa aní datá lat-su sain, dáig o
condricfat fir hErend oenbaile, betit debtha &
irgala & scandlacha & scandrecha eturru im
chomríctain tossaig no derid no átha no
aband, im chetguine muicce no aige no fíada
no fiadmíla. Acht abbair fír rind, a Feidelm.

"Tell, O Fedelm, prophet-
maid
How beholdest thou our
host?"

"Crimson-red from blood
they are;
I behold them bathed in red!"

Therewith she began to prophesy and to
foretell the coming of Cuchulain to the
men of Erin, and she chanted a lay:--

"Fair, of deeds, the man I
see;
Wounded sore is his fair
skin;
On his brow shines hero's
light;
Victory's seat is in his face!

"Seven gems of champions
brave
Deck the centre of his orbs;
Naked are the spears he
bears,
And he hooks a red cloak
round!

Noblest face is his, I see;
He respects all womankind.
Young the lad and fresh his
hue,
With a dragon's form in
fight!

I know not who is the
Hound,
Culann's hight, of fairest
fame;

Feidelm banfáid,
cia facci ar slúag.

Atchiu forderg forro,
atchiu ruad.

[Atehiu fer find firfes chless] & ro gab ic
tairngiri & remfastine Conculaind d'feraib
hErend, & doringni láid:

Atchiu fer find firfes chless
co lín chret ina chaemcnes,
lond láith i n-airthiur a chind,
oenach buada ina thilchind.

Fail secht gemma láth n-gaile
ar lar a dá imcaisne,
fail fuidrech for a rinne,
fail laéind deirg drolaig imme.

Ro fail gnúis is grátam dó,
dober mod don banchuireo,
gilla óc is delbdu dath
tadbait delb drecoin don chath.

Nocon fetar cóich in cú
Culaind asa Murthemniu,
acht ra fetar-sa tra imne
bid forderg in sluag sa de.

Cethri claidbíni cress n-án
ra fail cechtar a da lám,
condricfa a n-imbirt for slúag,
isaingnám ris téit cech n-ai úad.

A gae bulgae mar-domber
cenmothá a chlaideb sa sleg,

But I know full well this host
Will be smitten red by him!

Four small swords--a
brilliant feat--
He supports in either hand;
These he'll ply upon the host,
Each to do its special deed!

His Gae Bulga, too, he
wields,
With his sword and javelin.
Lo, the man in red cloak girt
Sets his foot on every hill!

Two spears from the
chariot's left
He casts forth in orgy wild.
And his form I saw till now
Well I know will change its
guise!

On to battle now he comes;
If ye watch not, ye are
doomed.
This is he seeks ye in fight
Brave Cuchulain, Sualtair's
son!

All your host he'll smite in
twain,
Till he works your utter ruin.
All your heads ye'll leave
with him.
Fedelm, prophet-maid, hides
not!

"Gore shall flow from
warriors' wounds;
Long 'twill live in memory.
Bodies hacked and wives in
tears,

fer i furchrus bruitt deirg
dobeir a choiss for each leirg.

A da sleig dar fonnad n-gle
ar-dá-sgail in ríastarde,
cruth dom-arfáit air cose
derb limm no chloemchlaifed
gnee.

Ro gab tascugud don chath,
meni faichlither bid brath,
don chomlund isé far-saig
Cuchulainn mac Sualtaig.

Slaidfid far sluagu slana,
con curfe far tiugára,
faicebthai leis óg far cend,
ní cheil in banfaid Feidelm.

Silfid crú a cnessaib curad,
bud fata bas chian chuman,
beit cuirp cerbtha, cáinfit mná
ó Choin na cerdda atchiu-sa.

Through the Smith's Hound
whom I see!"

Thus far the Augury and the Prophecy and the Preface of the Tale, and the Occasion of its invention and conception, and the Pillow-talk which Ailill and Medb had in Cruachan. Next follows the Body of the Tale itself.

Tairngire & remfastini, & cendphairt in sceóil, & fotha a fagbala & a denma, & comrád chind cherchaille doringni Ailill & Medb i Cruachain connice sain.



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5. This is the Route of the Táin

Sligi na Tana inso

and the Beginning of the Expedition and the Names of the Roads which the hosts of the four of the five grand provinces of Erin took into the land of Ulster. On Monday after Summer's end they set forth and proceeded:

& tossach in t-slúagid & anmand na sliged dochuatar ollchoiced hErend i crích Ulad,

South-east from Cruachan Ai, by Mag Cruimm,
over Tuaim Mona ('the Hill of Turf'),
by Turloch Teora Crich ('the Creek of three Lands'),
by Cul ('the Nook') of Silinne,
by Dubloch ('Black Lough'),
by Fid Dubh ('Black Woods'),
by Badbgna,
by Coltain,
by the Shannon,
by Glune Gabur,

.i. i Mag Cruinn,
for Tóim Mona,
for Turloch teóra Crích,
for Cul Sílinni,
for Dubloch,

for Badbgna,
for Coltain,
for Sinaind,
for Gluine Gabur,

by Mag Trega,
by Tethba in the north,
by Tethba in the south,
by Cul ('the Nook'),
by Ochain,
northwards by Uatu,
eastwards by Tiarthechta,
by Ord ('the Hammer'),
by Slaiss ('the Strokes'), southwards,
by Indeoin ('the Anvil'),

for Mag Trega,
for Tethba Tuascirt,
for Tethba [in] Descirt,
for Cuil,
for Ochain,
for Uatu fothúaid,
for Tiarthechta sair,
for Ord,
for Slaiss,
for Indeóin,

by Carn,
by Meath,
by Ortrach,
by Findglassa Assail, ('White Stream of
Assail'),
by Drong,
by Delt,
by Duelt,
by Delinn,
by Selaig,
by Slabra,

by Slechta, where swords hewed out roads
before Medb and Ailill,
by Cul ('the Nook') of Siblinne,
by Dub ('the Blackwater'),
by Ochonn southwards,
by Catha,
by Cromma southwards,
by Tromma,
eastwards by Fodromma,
by Slane,
by Gort Slane,

to the south of Druim Licce,
by Ath Gabla,
by Ardachad ('Highfield'),
northwards by Feorainn,
by Finnabair ('White Plain'),
by Assa southwards,
by Airne,
by Aurthuile,
by Druim Salfind ('Salfind Ridge'),
by Druim Cain,

for Carn,
for Mide,
for Ortrach,
for Dindglassa Asail,
for Druing,
for Delt,
for Duelt,
for Delaind,
for Selaig,
for Slabra,

for Slechta con selgatar dlaidib ria Meidb &
Ailill,
for Cúil Siblinni,
for Dub,
for Ochun
for Catha,
for Cromma
for Tromma,
for Fodromma,
for Sláne,
for Gort Sláne,

for Druimm Licci,
for Áth n-Gabla,
for Ardachad,
for Feoraind,
for Findabair,
for Assi,
for Airne,
for Aurthuile,
for Druim Salaind,
for Druim Cáin,

by Druim Caimthechta,
by Druim macDega,
by the little Eo Dond ('Brown Tree'),
by the great Eo Dond,
by Meide in Togmaill ('Ferret's Neck'),
by Meide in Eoin, ('Bird's Neck'),
by Baille ('the Town'),
by Aile,
by Dall Scena,
by Ball Scena,

by Ross Mor ('Great Point'),
by Scuap ('the Broom'),
by Imscuap,
by Cenn Ferna,
by Anmag,
by Fid Mor ('Great Wood') in Crannach of Cualnge,
by Colbtha,
by Crond in Cualnge,
by Druim Cain on the road to Midluachar,
from Finnabair of Cualnge.

It is at that point that the hosts of Erin divided over the province in pursuit of the bull. For it was by way of those places they went until they reached Finnabair. Here endeth the Title. The Story begineth in order.

for Druim Cáimthechta,
for Druim Mac n-Dega,
for Eo dond m-bec,
for Eo dond mór,
for Méide in togmaill,
for Méide ind eoin,
for Baile,
for Aile,
for Dall Scena,
for Ball Scena,

for Ros Mór,
for Scúaip,
for Timscúaib,
for Cend Ferna,
for Ammag,
for Fid Mór i Crannaig Cualngi,

for Druim Cáin i Sligid Midluachra.





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6. The March Of The Host

On the first stage the hosts went from Cruachan, they slept the night at Cul Silinne, where to-day is Cargin's Lough. And in that place was fixed the tent of Ailill son of Ross, and the trappings were arranged, both bedding and bed-clothes. The tent of Fergus macRoig was on his right hand; Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, was beside him; Ith macEtgaith next to that; Fiachu macFiraba, the son of Conchobar's daughter, at its side; Conall Cernach at its side, Gobnenn macLurnig at the side of that. The place of Ailill's tent was on the right on the march, and thirty hundred men of Ulster beside him. And the thirty hundred men of Ulster on his right hand had he to the end that the whispered talk and conversation and the choice supplies of food and of drink might be the nearer to them.

Imthechta in t-shluaig

Cetna uidi dochúatar na slóig, co faitar inn aidchi sin for Cúil Silinni. Ocus focress a phupall do Ailill mac Rosa inn aidchi sin, pupall Fergus meic Roich dia láim deiss, Cormac Conlonges mac Conchobair for a lamide, Íth mac Étgáith for a lamide, Fiachu mac Firaba for a lamide, Gobnend mac Lurnig for a lamide. Suidigud pupaill Ailella dia laim deiss ar in t-sluagud insin, ocus tricha cét fer n-Ulad dia láim insin. Ocus ba aire dobered tricha cét fer n-Ulad dia láim deiss, co m-bad facsiti in cocur & comrád & na hairigthi bíd & lenna doib-sium.

Medb of Cruachan, daughter of Eocho Fedlech, moreover, was at Ailill's left. Finnabair ('Fairbrow'), daughter of Ailill and Medb, at her side, besides servants and henchmen. Next, Flidais Foltchain ('of the Lovely Hair'), wife first of Ailill Finn ('the Fair'). She took part in the Cow-spoil of Cualnge after she had slept with Fergus; and she it was that every seventh night brought sustenance in milk to the men of Erin on the march, for king and queen and prince and poet and pupil.

Medb remained in the rear of the host that day in quest of tidings and augury and knowledge. She called to her charioteer to get ready her nine chariots for her, to make a circuit of the camp that she might learn who was loath and who eager to take part in the hosting. With nine chariots she was wont to travel, that the dust of the great host might not soil her. Medb suffered not her chariot to be let down nor her horses unyoked until she had made a circuit of the camp.

Then, when she had reviewed the host, were Medb's horses unyoked and her chariots let down, and she took her place beside Ailill macMata. And Ailill asked tidings of Medb: who was eager and who was loath for the warfare. "Futile for all is the emprise but for one troop only, namely the division of the Galian ('of Leinster')," quoth Medb. "Why blamest thou these men?" queried Ailill. "It is not that we blame them," Medb made answer. "What good service then have these done that they are praised above all?" asked Ailill. "There is reason to praise them," said Medb. "Splendid are the warriors. When the others begin making their pens and pitching their

Medb Chruachan immorro do chlí Ailella, Findabair for a lamide, Flidais Foltchain, ben side Ailella Find arna feis la Fergus ar Táin bó Cúalnge, ocus issí no bered in sechtmad n-aidchi ingalad d'feraib hErend for in t-sluagad do lacht eter rí & rígain & rigdomna & filid & foglaimthid.

Medb ba dedenach dona sluagaib in lá sain ic iarfaigid fessa & fastini & eolais, ar co fessed cia lasbad lesc & lasbad laind in sluagad do thecht. Ni arlacair Medb ara turnta a carpat nó ara scorthea a eich, co rálad cor di sin dunad.

Andsain ra díchurit eich Medba & ra turnait a carpait, & dessid ar laim Ailella meic Mata. Ocus confóchta Ailill scéla di Meidb [ar co fessed Medb], cia lasmad laind no nemlaind [no lasmad lesc] in slúagad. hEspach do neoch a thríall acht dond oen fialluch, ar Medb. Cia maith fogniat, in tan moltair sech cách, ar Ailill. Fail slug molta forro, ar Medb. Tráth ro gab cách dunad & longphort do denam, ro scáich doib-sium botha & bélsalain do denam. Tráth ro scáich ra cách botha & bélsalain (do denam), ro scáich dóib-sium urgnam bid & lenna. Tráth tarnaic do chach urgnom bíd & lenna, scaich doib-sium praind & tomait. Trath ro scaich praind & tomait, batar-som na cotlud andsaide.

camp, these have finished building their bothies and huts. When the rest are building their bothies and huts, these have finished preparing their food and drink. When the rest are preparing their food and drink, these have finished eating and feasting, and their harps are playing for them. When all the others have finished eating and feasting, these are by that time asleep.

And even as their servants and thralls are distinguished above the servants and thralls of the men of Erin, so shall their heroes and champions be distinguished beyond the heroes and champions of the men of Erin this time on this hosting. It is folly then for these to go, since it is those others will enjoy the victory of the host!" "So much the better, I bow," replied Ailill; "for it is with us they go and it is for us they fight." "They shall not go with us nor shall they fight for us," cried Medb. Let them stay at home then," said Ailill. "Stay they shall not," answered Medb. "They will fall on us in the rear and will seize our land against us." "What shall they do then," Finnabair asked, "if they go not out nor yet remain at home?" "Death and destruction and slaughter is what I desire for them," answered Medb. "For shame then on thy speech," spake Ailill; "'tis a woman's advice, for that they pitch their tents and make their pens so promptly and unwearily."

Feib ra deligetar a n-daér & a mogaid de doeraib & mogadaib fer n-hErend, deligfit a n-degláich & a n-degóic do deglaichaib & de degócaib fer n-hErend in chur sa for in t-sluagad. Ferr-de linni sain, bar Ailill, dáig is lind imthiagat & is erund conbágfat. Anat i fos didiu, bar Ailill. Ni anfat, bar Medb. Cid dogenat didiu, bar Findabair, meni digset ammach & nad anat i fos. Bás & aided & airlech is accobor lem-sa dóib, bar Medb. Mairg atber ón omm, bar Ailill, ar abba dunad & longphort do gabáil dóib co hellom & co héscaid.

"By the truth of my conscience," cried Fergus, "not thus shall it happen, for they are allies of us men of Ulster. No one shall do them to death but he that does death to myself along with them!" "Not to me oughtest thou thus to speak, O Fergus," then cried Medb, "for I have hosts enough to slay and slaughter thee with the division of Leinstermen round thee. For there are the seven Mane, that is, my seven sons with their seven divisions, and the sons of Maga with their seven divisions, and Ailill with his division, and I myself with my own body-guard besides. We are strong enough here to kill and slaughter thee with thy cantred of the Leinstermen round thee!"

"It befits thee not thus to speak to me," said Fergus, "for I have with me here in alliance with us Ulstermen, the seven Under-kings of Munster, with their seven cantreds. Here we have what is best of the youths of Ulster, even the division of the Black Banishment. Here we have what is best of the noble youths of Ulster, even the division of the Galian ('of Leinster'). Furthermore, I myself am bond and surety and guarantee for them, since ever they left their own native land. I will give thee battle in the midst of the camp, and to me will they hold steadfast on the day of battle.

Dar fír ar cubais, ar Fergus, ní dingnea bás dóib-siút acht intí dogena bás dam-sa. Ní rim-sa is ráite duit-siu sain, a Fergus, ar Medb, dáig itó-sa lín do gona & t'airlig co trichait cét Galian immut, dáig atat na secht Mani cona secht trichtaib cét & Meic Magach cona trichait cét & Ailill cona trichait cét & atúsa com thegluch no. Atam and sain lín do gona-su & t'airlig cot trichait cét Galian immut.

Ní comadas a rád frim-sa sain, ar Fergus, dáig atát lim-sa sund na secht n-airrig do Mumnechaib cona secht trichtaib cét. Faillet sund tricha cét anas dech di ócaib Ulad, fail sund anas dech dagóc fer n-hErend tricha cét Galian. Messi dana as chor & as glinni & trebairi friú, o thancatar o críchaib dilsib fadesin, & lim congébat sind ló бага sa.

More than all that," added Fergus, "these men shall be no subject of dispute. By that I mean I will never forsake them. For the rest, we will care for these warriors, to the end that they get not the upper hand of the host. "The number of our force is seventeen cantreds, besides our rabble and our women-folk-- for with each king was his queen in Medb's company-- and our striplings; the eighteenth division is namely the cantred of the Galian. This division of Leinstermen I will distribute among all the host of the men of Erin in such wise that no five men of them shall be in any one place." "That pleaseth me well," said Medb: "let them be as they may, if only they be not in the battle-order of the ranks where they now are in such great force." Forthwith Fergus distributed the cantred of the Galian among the men of Erin in such wise that there were not five men of them in any one place.

Thereupon, the troops set out on their way and march. It was no easy thing for their kings and their leaders to attend to that mighty host. They took part in the expedition according to the several tribes and according to the several stems and the several districts wherewith they had come, to the end that they might see one other and know one other, that each man might be with his comrades and with his friends and with his kinsfolk on the march. They declared that in such wise they should go.

Atá ní, ar Fergus, ní batecra ind fir sin, is inund ón & ní deceltar dam. Discáilfet-sa úaim in trichait cet Galian út fo firu hErend, conna bia coiciur díb i n-oenbale. Fó lim-sa ón, ar Medb, case chruth i m-bet acht nad bet sin cháir chomraic itát amháin. Is andsain ra díscáil Fergus in trichait cet sain fo feraib hErend, nad bóí coiciur díb i n-oenbaile.

Lotar na slóig iarsodain i cend séta & imthechta. Fa dolig dóib frithairle in t-sluaig romóir. Lotar forsin fecht frisna iltuathaib & frisna ilmacnib & frisna ilmílib dos-bertatar leo, comman-actís & comma-fessaitis, con bad chách cona cháemaib & cona chairdib & cona chomdúalus for in t-sluagad. Atbertatar dana ba samlaid bad chóir a thecht.

They also took counsel in what manner they should proceed on their hosting. Thus they declared they should proceed: Each host with its king, each troop with its lord, and each band with its captain; each king and each prince of the men of Erin by a separate route on his halting height apart. They took counsel who was most proper to seek tidings in advance of the host between the two provinces. And they said it was Fergus, inasmuch as the expedition was an obligatory one with him, for it was he that had been seven years in the kingship of Ulster. And after Conchobar had usurped the kingship and after the murder of the sons of Usnech who were under his protection and surety, Fergus left the Ultonians, and for seventeen years he was away from Ulster in exile and in enmity. For that reason it was fitting that he above all should go after tidings.

So the lead of the way was entrusted to Fergus. Fergus before all fared forth to seek tidings, and a feeling of love and affection for his kindred of the men of Ulster came over him, and he led the troops astray in a great circuit to the north and the south. And he despatched messengers with warnings to the Ulstermen. And he began to detain and delay the host.

Atbertatar dana beus cinnas bad chomdas in sluagad do thecht: Cach drong imma rí, cach réim imma muirech & cach buiden imma tuissech, cach rí & cach ríghdomna d'feraib hErend ina thulaig fo leith. Ro raidset béus cia bad chóir do eolus rempu eter na da chuiced. Ocus atbertsat co m-bad é Fergus ar bith ba slúagad бага dó in sluagad, dáig is é bóí secht m-bliadna irrígu Ulad, & iar marbad mac n-Usnig fora faisam & for a chomhairgi tanic estib, & atá sect m-bliadna déc fri Ultu ammuig ar longais & bidbanas. Is aire sin bad chomadas a dul ria cách do eolas.

Luid iarum assa aithli sin Fergus ria cách do eolas. Ocus tanic ell condailbi im Ultaib dó & dobretha cor n-imruill fothuaid & fodess dona sluagaib. Ocus urthatar techta úad corrobthaib do Ultaib. Ocus ro gab ic fostud & oc imfuiriuich in t-sluaig.

Medb perceived this and she upbraided him for it, and chanted the lay:--

Medb: "Fergus, speak, what shall we say?
What may mean this devious way?
For we wander north and south;
Over other lands we stray!"

Fergus: "Medb, why art thou so perturbed?
There's no treacherous purpose here.
Ulster's land it is, O queen,
Over which I've led thy host!"

Medb: "Ailill, splendid with his hosts,
Fears thee lest thou should'st betray.
Thou hast not bent all thy mind
To direct us on our way!"

Fergus: "Not to bring the host to harm
Make these changing circuits I.
Haply could I now avoid
Sualtach's son, the
Blacksmith's Hound!"

Medb: "Ill of thee to wrong our host,
Fergus, son of Ross the Red;
Much good hast thou found with us,
Fergus, in thy banishment!"

Rathaigis Medb anísin & benais Medb béim n-aisce fair & ro chan in láid:

M: A Ferguis ca radem de,
cinnas conaire amse,
fordul fodess is fothúaid
berma dar cech n-aile thuaith.

F: A Medb cid not medra-su,
ni cosmail fri brath inso,
is for Ultu a ben tra
in tir darsa tiagusa.

M: Ardatt-ágadar co n-gail
Ailill án cona sluagaib,
ni tharddais menmain, comal n-
gle,
fri imthus na comaire.

F: Ni for amlesaib in t-slúraig
ber-sa cach fordul ar n-úair,
dús inn imgabaind iar tain
Coinculaind mac Sualtaig.

M: Ecóir duit amles ar slúraig,
a Ferguis meic Rosa Ruaid,
mór de maith fuarais i fus
ar do lonhgais a Fergus.

"I will be in the van of the troops no longer," cried Fergus; "but do thou find another to go before them." For all that, Fergus kept his place in the van of the troops.

The four mighty provinces of Erin passed that night on Cul Silinne. The sharp, keen-edged anxiety for Cuchulain came upon Fergus and he warned the men of Erin to be on their guard, because there would come upon them the rapacious lion, and the doom of foes, the vanquisher of multitudes, and the chief of retainers, the mangler of great hosts, the hand that dispenseth treasures, and the flaming torch, even Cuchulain son of Sualtair. And thus he foreshadowed him and chanted a lay, and Medb responded :

Fergus: "Well for ye to heed
and watch,
With array of arms and men.
He will come, the one we
fear,
Murthemne's great, deedful
youth!"

Medb: "How so dear, this
battle-rede,
Comes from thee, Roig's son
most bold.
Men and arms have I enough
To attend Cuchulain here!"

Fergus: "Thou shalt need
them, Medb of Ai,
Men and arms for battle hard,
With the grey steed's
horseman brave,
All the night and all the day!"

Nad biu-sa resna sluagaib ní ba siriu, bar Fergus, acht iarra-su nech n-aill ríam [reman] rempo. Dessid Fergus riasna sluagaib arái.

Batar cethri ollchoicid hErend bar Cuil Silinni inn aidchi sin. Tanic gérlenma géribrach Conculaind do Fergus, ocus ra raid ra firu hErend fatchius do denam, daig das-ficfad in leom letarthach & in bráth bidbad & in bidba sochaide & in cend costuda & in cirriud mórshluaig & in lám tidnaicthi & in chaindel adanta .i. Cuchulaind mac Sualtaig. Ocus ro boi ica thairngire samlaid & doringni in laid, & ro recair Medb:

F: Fó dúib fatchius ocus fót
co n-ilur arm ocus óc,
ticfa intí tagammar de,
morglonnach (mor)
Murthemne.

M: Condalb sain, condelg n-
ága,
duit-siu a meic Roig rodána,
óic ocus airm limm forlaind
do rithalim conculaind.

F: Rochatir a Medb don Maig
óic is airm don immargail
for cind marcaig Léith Mache
cach aidche is cach óen lathe.

M: Atat acum sund for leith
curaid ri cath is ri creich,
trícha cét di dhodnaib gíall
do láthaib gaile Galian.

Medb: "I have kept here in
reserve
Heroes fit for fight and spoil;
Thirty hundred hostage-
chiefs,
Leinster's bravest champions
they.

Fighting men from Cruachan
fair,
Braves from clear-streamed
Luachair,
Four full realms of goodly
Gaels
Will defend me from this
man!"

Fergus: "Rich in troops from
Mourne and Bann,
Blood he'll draw o'er shafts
of spears;
He will cast to mire and sand
These three thousand
Leinstermen.

With the swallow's swiftest
speed,
With the rush of biting wind,
So bounds on my dear brave
Hound,
Breathing slaughter on his
foes!"

Medb: "Fergus, should he
come 'tween us,
To Cuchulain bear this word:
He were prudent to stay still;
Cruachan holds a check in
store."

Fergus: "Valiant will the
slaughter be

Na curaid a Cruachain chain,
na laeich a Luachair lendglain,
cethri choicid Gaedel n-gel
dingebait dím in oenfer.

F: Buidnech Bairrche & Banna
con srenhgfa crú dar cranna,
con cicher ar múr is ar n-grian
in trícha sin fer Galian.

I n-athlaime na fandle,
illúais na gáithe gairbe,
is amlaid bís mo chú cháem
chain
oc imguin ós analaib.

M: A Ferguis dorochet raind,
roiched úait do Choinchulaind,
rab é a thuachail beith na thost,
atetha a Cruachain crúadchosc.

F: Bid ferda fírfítir fuidb
i n-airiur ingine Buidb,
cú na cerda crithrib cró
snigfid fairne ferga fó.

Badb's wild daughter gloats
upon.
For the Blacksmith's Hound
will spill
Showers of blood on hosts of
men!"

After this lay the men of the four grand provinces of Erin marched on the morrow over Moin Coltna ('the Marsh of Coltain') eastwards that day; and there met them eight score deer in a single herd. The troops spread out and surrounded and killed them so that none of them escaped. But there is one event to add: Although the division of the Galian had been dispersed among the men of Erin, wherever there was a man of the Galian, it was he that got them, except five deer only which was the men of Erin's share thereof, so that one division took all the eight score deer.

It was on that same day, after the coming of the warning from Fergus to the Ulstermen, that Cuchulain son of Sualtaim, and Sualtaim Sidech ('of the Fairy Mound'), his father, when they had received the warning from Fergus, came so near on their watch for the host that their horses grazed in pasture round the pillarstone on Ard Cuillenn ('the Height of Cuillenn'). Sualtaim's horses cropped the grass north of the pillarstone close to the ground; Cuchulain's cropped the grass south of the pillar-stone even to the ground and the bare stones.

A (h)aithle na láide sin: Tancatar cethri ollchoiceda hErend dar Móin Coltna sair in lá sain & damarallsatar dóib ocht fichtiu oss n-allta. Sernsat & immsit na slóig impu & ros gonsat conna batar élódaig díb. Acht atá ní: garbat discailtig tricha cet Galían, cóic aige in amáin ba hé cuit fer (nh-)hErend díb, ro das-fuc in t-oen tricha cet uli na hocht fichtiu oss.

Is hé in lá cetna tánic Cuchulaind mac Sualtaig & Sualtach Sídech a athair, con geltatar a n-eich geilt immon corrthe ic Ard Chuillend. Con geltat eich Sualtaig fri coirthi a túaid fér co húir, fogeltat eich Conculaind fri corthi aness fér co húir & connici na lecca lomma.

"Well, O master Sualtaim," said Cuchulain; "the thought of the host is fixed sharp upon me to-night, so do thou depart for us with warnings to the men of Ulster, that they remain not in the smooth plains but that they betake themselves to the woods and wastes and steep glens of the province, if so they may keep out of the way of the men of Erin." "And thou, lad, what wilt thou do?" "I must go southwards to Temair to keep tryst with the maid of Fedlimid Nocruthach ('of the Nine Forms') Conchobar's daughter, according to my own agreement, till morning." "Alas, that one should go on such a journey," said Sualtaim, "and leave the Ulstermen under the feet of their foes and their enemies for the sake of a tryst with a woman!" "For all that, I needs must go. For, an I go not, the troth of men will be held for false and the promises of women held for true."

Sualtaim departed with warnings to the men of Ulster. Cuchulain strode into the wood, and there, with a single blow, he lopped the prime sapling of an oak, root and top, and with only one foot and one hand and one eye he exerted himself; and he made a twig-ring thereof and set an ogam script on the plug of the ring, and set the ring round the narrow part of the pillar-stone on Ard ('the Height') of Cuillenn. He forced the ring till it reached the thick of the pillar-stone. Thereafter Cuchulain went his way to his tryst with the woman.

Maith a phopa Sualtaig, ar Cuchulaind, (atá) gérlenma in t-slóig form-sa, & urthaq-su dún corrobtha do Ultaib, ar nad bet ar maigib rédib, co n-digset n-hErend. Ocus tussu a daltáin, cid am gena dana. Am écen-sa tocht i n-herus inalta Feidilmthi Nóichruthaige fo dess co Temraig ram glinni fodessin co matin. Mairgg théit ón ám, ar Sualtach, & Ulaid do lecad fo chossaib annamat & a n-échtand ar thecht i comdáil n'óenmná. Amm ecen-sa tra techt. Dáig meni digius, guigfitir dala fer & fírfaitir briathra ban.

Urtha Sualtach co robthaib do Ultaib. Luid Cuchulaind fon fid & tópatch and cétbunni darach d'oenbéim bun barr, & ro sniastar ar oenchois & ar oenláim & oensúil & doringni id de, & tuc ainm n-oguim na menuc inn eda & n-id co ranic remur in chorthe. Luid Cuchulaind na bandáil asa aithle sin.

Touching the men of Erin, the account follows here: They came up to the pillar-stone at Ard Cuillenn, which is called Crossa Coil to-day, and they began looking out upon the province that was unknown to them, the province of Ulster. And two of Medb's people went always before them in the van of the host, at every camp and on every march, at every ford and every river and every gap. They were wont to do so that they might save the brooches and cushions and cloaks of the host, so that the dust of the multitude might not soil them and that no stain might come on the princes' raiment in the crowd or the crush of the hosts or the throng: these were the two sons of Nera, who was the son of Nuathar, son of Tacan, two sons of the house-stewards of Cruachan, Err and Innell, to wit. Fraech and Fochnam were the names of their charioteers.

The nobles of Erin arrived at the pillar-stone and they there beheld the signs of the browsing of the horses, cropping around the pillar, and they looked close at the rude hoop which the royal hero had left behind about the pillar-stone. And Ailill took the withy in his hand and placed it in Fergus' hand, and Fergus read the ogam script graven on the plug of the withy, and made known to the men of Erin what was the meaning of the ogam writing that was on it.

Imthusa fer n-hErend imrater sund iar tain.
Tancatar saide connici in corthe ic Árd
Cullend, ocus gabsad oc fégad in chuicid
aneóil uadib, cúicid Ulad. Ocus dias de
muntir Medba no bid rempo dogres i tossuch
cach dúnaid & cach slugaid, cach átha &
cach (ab)and & cach bernad ----- 'saire
dognísum sain, arna tísad diamrugud dia
timthaigib na rígmac i n-eturturtugud na
n-imchummung slúag na sochaide -----, .i. da
mac Nera meic Nuatair meic Tacain, .i. da
mac rechtairi na Cruachan, Err & Innell.
Fráech & Fochnam anmand a n-arad.

Tancatar mathi hErend connici in corthi, &
gabsat oc fégad ingelta ro geltsat na eich
immon corthi, & gabsat oc fegad ind idi
barbarda forácaib in rígnia immun corthi.
Ocus gebid Ailill in n-id inna láim [in n-id],
& atuc illiam Fergusa & airlegais Fergus in n-
ainm n-ogaim báí na menuc ind eda & innisis
Fergus d'feraib hErend inní ro chan in t-ainm
ogaim bai sin menuc, & is amlaid ro gab ica
innisin & doringni laid:

When Medb came, she asked, "Why wait ye here?" "Because of yonder withy we wait," Fergus made answer; "there is an ogam writing on its binding and this is what it saith: ' Let no one go past here till a man be found to throw a withy like unto this, using only one hand and made of a single branch, and I except my master Fergus.' Truly," Fergus added, "it was Cuchulain threw it, and it was his steeds that grazed this plain." And he placed the hoop in the hands of the druids, and it is thus he began to recite and he pronounced a lay:--

"What bespeaks this withe to us,
What purports its secret rede?
And what number cast it here,
Was it one man or a host?

"If ye go past here this night,
And bide not a one night in camp
On ye'll come the tear-flesh Hound;
Yours the blame, if ye it scorn!

"Evil on the host he'll bring,
If ye go your way past this.
Find, ye druids, find out here,
For what cause this withe was made!"

A druid speaks: "Cut by hero,
cast by chief,
As a perfect trap for foes.
Stayer of lords--with hosts of men--

Id inso cid sluinnes dún,
in t-id cid immatá a rún,
is ca lín ra lád cose,
inn uathad no in sochaide.

Mad dia tistai secha innocht
can anad aice illongphort,
da-bar-ró in Cú cirres cach nom,
táir foraib a sárugod.

Con tabair irchoit don t-slúag
mad dian bérthai uide uad,
finnaid a drúide andsain
cid imma n-dernad in t-id.

Crefnas curad cur ro la,
lán-aircess fri ecrata,
costud ruirech fer co n-dáil,
ras cuir oenfer dá oenláim.

Fuopair fir ra feirg fúair
con na cerdda sin Chraebruaid,
iss naidm níad ninasc fir nir,
is é ainm fil isinn id.

Do chur chesta cetaib drend

One man cast it with one
hand!

"With fierce rage the battle
'gins
Of the Smith's Hound of Red
Branch.
Bound to meet this madman's
rage;
This the name that's on the
withe!

"Woes to bring with hundred
fights
On four realms of Erin's
land;
Naught I know 'less it be this
For what cause the withe was
made!"

for cethri coiceda hErend,
no con fetar-sa act mad sin
cid imma n-dernad in t-id.

After that lay: "I pledge you my word," said Fergus, "if so ye set at naught yon withy and the royal hero that made it, and if ye go beyond without passing a night's camp and quarterage here, or until a man of you make a withy of like kind, using but one foot and one eye and one hand, even as he made it, certain it is, whether ye be under the ground or in a tight-shut house, the man that wrote the ogam hereon will bring slaughter and bloodshed upon ye before the hour of rising on the morrow, if ye make light of him!"

Aithli na laide sin: Atbiur-sa mo brethir frib, ar Fergus, mad dia sárgid in n-id sin & in rignia doringni can aidchi n-dúnaid & longphuirt sund, na con derna fer úaib id a macsamla sút ar oenchois & óensuil & oenláim, feib doringni-sium, cid airchind bes-sum fó thalmain no i tig fó dúnud, conairgife guin & fuligud dúib ria tráth éirge immbarach, diana sárgid.

"That, surely, would not be pleasing to us," quoth Medb, "that any one should straightway spill our blood or besmirch us red, now that we are come to this unknown province, even to the province of Ulster. More pleasing would it be to us, to spill another's blood and redden him." "Far be it from us to set this withy at naught," said Ailill, "nor shall we make little of the royal hero that wrought it, rather will we resort to the shelter of this great wood, that is, Fidduin, ('the Wood of the Dun') southwards till morning. There will we pitch our camp and quarters."

Thereupon the hosts advanced, and as they went they felled the wood with their swords before their chariots, so that Slechta ('the Hewn Road') is still the by-name of that place where is Partraige Beca ('the Lesser Partry') south-west of Cenannas na Rig ('Kells of the Kings') near Cul Sibrille.

According to other books, it is told as follows: After they had come to Fidduin they saw a chariot and therein a beautiful maiden. It is there that the conversation between Medb and Fedelm the seeress took place that we spoke of before, and it is after the answer she made to Medb that the wood was cut down: "Look for me," said Medb, "how my journey will be." "It is hard for me," the maiden made answer, "for no glance of eye can I cast upon them in the wood." "Then it is plough-land this shall be," quoth Medb; "we will cut down the wood." Now, this was done, so that this is the name of the place, Slechta, to wit. They slept in Cul Sibrille, which is Cenannas.

Ni hed-sain ba háil linni ém, ar Medb, nech d'fuligud no d'fordergad foirn ar tíchtain isin cóiced n-aneóil se .i. i cuiced Ulad. Alcu dún fuligud & fordergad for nech. Ni sariagum itir in n-id se, bar Ailill, & ní sáriagum in rignia dan-ringni, acht ragma im-munigin ind feda móir se tess co matin. Gebthar dunad & longphort acund and.

Lotar na slóig iarum & baslechtat rempu in fid dia claidbib riana carptib, conid Slechta comainm ind inaid sin beus, airm itaat Partraigi beca ra Cenannas na ríg an-iardess amne, bar Cuil Sibrilli.

A heavy snow fell on them that night, and so great it was that it reached to the shoulders of the men and to the flanks of the horses and to the poles of the chariots, so that all the provinces of Erin were one level plane from the snow. But no huts nor bothies nor tents did they set up that night, nor did they prepare food nor drink, nor made they a meal nor repast. None of the men of Erin wot whether friend or foe was next him until the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow.

Certain it is that the men of Erin experienced not a night of encampment or of station that held more discomfort or hardship for them than that night with the snow at Cul Sibrille. The four grand provinces of Erin moved out early on the morrow with the rising of the bright-shining sun glistening on the snow and marched on from that part into another.

Now, as regards Cuchulain: It was far from being early when he arose from his tryst. And then he ate a meal and took a repast, and he remained until he had washed himself and bathed on that day. He called to his charioteer to lead out the horses and yoke the chariot. The charioteer led out the horses and yoked the chariot, and Cuchulain mounted his chariot. And they came on the track of the army. They found the trail of the men of Erin leading past them from that part into another.

Ferais tromsnechta dóib inn aidchi sin, & báí da mét co roiched co formnaib fer & co slessaib ech & co fertsib carpat, co m-batar clarenig uile coiceda hErend din t-snechtu. Acht ní ra sádit sosta no botha no pupla inn aidchi sin, ní dernad urgnam bíd no lenna, ní dernad praind no tomaltus. Ní fitir nech d'feraib hErend in cara fa náma ba nessam dó co solustráth éirge arnabárach.

Is comtig conná fuaratar fir hErend aidchi n-dunaid no longphuirt bad mó dód no doccair dóib ar inn aidchi seo bar Cuil Sibrilli. Tancatar cethri ollchóiceda hErend co moch arnabárach la turcbáil n-gréne dar taitnem in t-snechtai & lotar reppo assin chrích i n-araile.

Imthúsa Conculaind immorro, ní érracht saide mochthrad eter, co tormalt feiss & dithait, co foilc & co ro fothraic in lá sain. Radis fria araid, ar con ragbad in n-echrad & ar con indled in carpat. Gebis in t-ara in n-echraid & indlis in carpat, oculus luid Cuchulaind ina charpat. Oculus tancatar for slichtlorg in t-sluaig. Fuaratar lorgfuilliucht fer n-hErend seccu assin chrích i n-araile.

"Alas, O master Laeg," cried Cuchulain, "by no good luck went we to our tryst with the woman last night. Would that we had not gone thither nor betrayed the Ultonians. This is the least that might be looked for from him that keeps guard on the marches, a cry, or a shout, or an alarm, or to call, 'Who goes the road?' This it fell not unto us to say. The men of Erin have gone past us, without warning, without complaint, into the land of Ulster." "I foretold thee that, O Cuchulain," said Laeg. "Even though thou wentest to thy woman-tryst last night, such a disgrace would come upon thee." "Good now, O Laeg, go thou for us on the trail of the host and make an estimate of them, and discover for us in what number the men of Erin went by us."

Laeg came on the track of the host, and he went to the front of the trail and he came on its sides and he went to the back of it. "Thou art confused in thy counting, O Laeg, my master," quoth Cuchulain. "Confused I must be," Laeg replied. "Come into the chariot then, and I will make a reckoning of them." The charioteer mounted the chariot and Cuchulain went on the trail of the hosts and after a long while he made a reckoning of them. "Even thou, it is not easy for thee. Thou art perplexed in thy counting, my little Cuchulain," quoth Laeg. "Not perplexed," answered Cuchulain; "it is easier for me than for thee. For I know the number wherewith the hosts went past us, namely, eighteen cantreds. Nay more: the eighteenth cantred has been distributed among the entire host of the men of Erin.

Amae a phopa Laeig, ar Cuchulaind, ní ma lodmar dar m-bandáil arráir. Issed is lugu condric o neoch bís i cocrích, éгим no iachtad no urfocra no a rád cia thic sin sligid, ní tharnic úan do rád. Lodatar fir hErend sechund i crích n-Ulad. Forairngert-sa duit-siu a Chuchulaind sain, ar Laeig, cia dochúadais it bandáil co ragad méla a macsamla fort. Maith a Laeig, eirgg dún for slichtlurg in t-slúraig & tabair airdmes forro, & finta dún ca lín dochuatar sechund fir hErend.

Tanic Laeg i slicht in t-slúraig & baluid dia lethagid in luirg, & tanic dia lettáib & luid adar a esi. Mesc for airm fort a mo phopa Láig, ar Cuchulaind. Is mesc écin, for Laeg. Tair isin carpat didiu, & dobér-sa ardmes forro. Tanic in t-ara sin carpat Luid Cuchulaind i slichtlurg in t-slúraig & dobretha airdmes forro. [Ocus tanic dia lettaéb & luid adar éssi]. Is mesc for árim fort a Chucuc, bar Laeg. Ni mesc, bar Cuchuhlaind, daig forfetar-sa in lín dochuatar sechund na sluáig, .i. ocht trichait chet déc, & ra fodlad dana in t-ochtmad tricha chét déc fo firu hErend.

Now, many and divers were the magic virtues that were in Cuchulain that were in no one else in his day. Excellence of form, excellence of shape, excellence of build, excellence in swimming, excellence in horsemanship, excellence in chess and in draughts, excellence in battle, excellence in contest, excellence in single combat, excellence in reckoning, excellence in speech, excellence in counsel, excellence in bearing, excellence in laying waste and in plundering from the neighbouring border.

"Good, my friend Laeg. Brace the horses for us to the chariot; lay on the goad for us on the horses; drive on the chariot for us and give thy left board to the hosts, to see can we overtake the van or the rear or the midst of the hosts, for I will cease to live unless there fall by my hand this night a friend or foe of the men of Erin."

Then it was that the charioteer gave the prick to the steeds. He turned his left board to the hosts till he arrived at Turloch Caille More ('the Creek of the Great Wood') northwards of Cnogba na Rig ('Knowth of the Kings') which is called Ath Gabla ('the Ford of the Fork'). Thereupon Cuchulain went round the host till he came to Ath Grenca. He went into the wood at that place and sprang out of his chariot, and he lopped off a four-pronged fork, root and top, with a single stroke of his sword. He pointed and charred it and put a writing in ogam on its side, and he gave it a long throw from the hinder part of his chariot with the tip of a single hand, in such wise that two-thirds of it sank into the ground and only one-third was above it in the mid part of the stream, so that no chariot could go thereby on this side or that.

Ra bátar tra ilbuada ilarda imda for Coinculaind: buaid crotha, buaid delba, buaid n-denma, buaid snáma, buaid marcachais, buaid fidchilli & branduib, buaid catha, buaid comraic, buaid comluind, buaid farcsena, buaid n-urlabra, buaid comairle, buaid foraim, buaid m-banaig, buaid crichi a crích comaitig.

Maith a mo phopa Láig, [innill dún in carpat &] saig brot dun ar in n-echraid. Cuindsle dún in carpat & tabair do chlár clé frisna sluagu dús in tarsimmís tossach nó deired nó medón dona sluagaib, dáig ni bam béo meni thaeth cara nó náma limm d'feraib hErend innocht.

'Sand saigthis in t-ara brot for in n-echraid. Dobretha a chlár cle frisna sluagaib, co tarlaic i Taurloch Caille móre fri Cnogba narríg atúaid frisi rater Áth n-Gabla. Luid Cúchulaind fon fid andsain & tarmlaing asa charput & topacht gabail cethri m-bend bun barr d'oenbéim. Ros fuacha & ros fallsce & dobreth ainm n-oguim na taeb & dobretha roth n-urchair di a iarthur a charpait do ind a oenláime, co n-dechaid da trian i talmain, connach bóí acht oentrían uasa.

Then it was that the same two striplings surprised him, namely, the two sons of Nera son of Nuathar son of Tacan, while engaged in that feat. And they vied which of the twain would be the first to fight and contend with Cuchulain, which of them would inflict the first wound upon him and be the first to behead him. Cuchulain turned on them, and straightway he struck off their four heads from themselves Eirr and Indell and from Foich and Fochlam, their drivers, and he fixed a head of each man of them on each of the prongs of the pole.

And Cuchulain let the horses of the party go back in the direction of the men of Erin, to return by the same road, their reins loose around their ears and their bellies red and the bodies of the warriors dripping their blood down outside on the ribs of the chariots. Thus he did, for he deemed it no honour nor deemed he it fair to take horses or garments or arms from corpses or from the dead. And then the troops saw the horses of the party that had gone out in advance before them, and the headless bodies of the warriors oozing their blood down on the ribs of the chariots (and their crimsoned trappings upon them). The van of the army waited for the rear to come up, and all were thrown into confusion of striking, that is as much as to say, into a tumult of arms.

Is andsin tarthatar in da gilla chétna, .i. da mac Nera meic Uatair meic Tacáin é, icond auropair sin. Ocus ba tetarrachtain dóib, cia díb no bérad a chétguine fair & no benfad a chend de artús. Impádar Cúchulaind friu & topacht a cethri cinnu dib colléic & tuc cend cech fir díb ar a beind do bennaib na gabla.

Ocus leicis Cúchulaind eoho in fiallaig sin i n-agid fer n-hErend i frithdruing na sliged cetna & a n-ésse airslaicthi & a meide forderga & cuirp na curad ic tindsaitin a fola sell síis for crettaib na carpat. Dáig ni bá miad nó ni ba maiss leiss echrad nó fuidb nó airm do brith ona corpaib no marbaib.

Atchondcatar na sluaig dana eich ind fiallaig batar ríam [remán] rempu & na cuirp i n-ecmais a cend & cuirp na curad ic tindsaitin a fola sell síis for crettaib na carpat. Anais tossach in t-sluaig fria deired, & focuirethar in artbe cumma & in armgrith uile.

Medb and Fergus and the Manè and the sons of Maga drew near. For in this wise was Medb wont to travel, and nine chariots with her alone; two of these chariots before her, and two chariots behind, and two chariots at either side, and her own chariot in the middle between them. This is why Medb did so, that the turves from the horses' hoofs, or the flakes of foam from the bridle-bits, or the dust of the mighty host or of the numerous throng might not reach the queen's diadem of gold which she wore round her head.

"What have we here?" queried Medb. "Not hard to say," each and all made answer; "the horses of the band that went out before us are here and their bodies lacking their heads in their chariots." They held a council and they felt certain it was the sign of a multitude and of the approach of a mighty host, and that it was the Ulstermen that had come and that it was a battle that had taken place before them on the ford. And this was the counsel they took to despatch Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, from them to learn what was at the ford; because, even though the Ulstermen might be there, they would not kill the son of their own king.

Thereupon Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, set forth and this was the complement with which he went, ten hundred in addition to twenty hundred armed men, to ascertain what was at the ford. And when he was come, he saw naught save the fork in the middle of the ford, with four heads upon it dripping their blood down along the stem of the fork into the stream of the river, and a writing in ogam on the side, and the signs of the two horses and the track of a single chariot-

Doroacht Medb & Fergus & na Mane & Meic Magach. Daig ar bith is amlaid no imthiged Medb & nóí carpait fóthi a oenur, dá charpat rempe dí & da charpat na diaid & da charpat cehtar a da taeb & (a) carpat eturru ar medon cadessin. Is aire fogníd Medb sin, ar na ristais fótbaige a cruib graig, nó uanfad a glomraib srían nó dendgur mórsluaig nó morbuiden [ar na tisd diamrugud] don mind óir na ríгна.

Cid inso, for Medb. Ni ansa, ar cach, eich ind fiailaig ro bátar rím remán sund, & a cuirp ina carptib i n-écmais a cend. Ra cruthaiged comairle occu & ba demin leo combad slicht sochaide sut & gomba tadall mórslúaig & gondat Ulaid ar-das-tánic, & ba sed a comairle ra cruthaiged leo: Cormac Condlonges mac Conchobair do lecuad uadib, & da fiss cid báí sind áth, ar bith cia no betis Ulaid and ní gonfais mac arríg dílis fodessin.

Tanic assa aithli Cormac Condlonges mac Conchobair, & bá sed a lín tanic, deich cét ar fichit cheét fer n-armach, dia fis cid báí issind áth, & a ránic ní facca ní act in n-gabail ar lár ind átha co cethri cennaib forri ic tinnsaitin a fola sell síis fri creitt na gabla i sruthair na haband, ocus glethe (.i. slicht) na da ech & fuilliucht ind óencharptig & slicht inn oenláich assind áth sair sechtair. Tancatar mathi hErend connici in n-ath & gabsat oc fégad na gabla uili. Ba machtad & ba ingnad leo cia ro chuir in coscur.

driver and the marks of a single warrior leading out of the ford going therefrom to the eastward. By that time, the nobles of Erin had drawn nigh to the ford and they all began to look closely at the fork. They marvelled and wondered who had set up the trophy.

One of their men deciphered the ogam-writing that was on the side of the fork, to wit: 'A single man cast this fork with but a single hand; and go ye not past it till one man of you throw it with one hand, excepting Fergus.'

"What name have ye men of Ulster for this ford till now, Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Ath Grenca," answered Fergus; "and Ath Gabla ('Ford of the Fork') shall now be its name forever from this fork," said Fergus. And he recited the lay:--

"Grenca's ford shall change
its name,
From the strong and fierce
Hound's deed.
Here we see a four-pronged
fork,
Set to prove all Erin's men!

"On two points-- as sign of
war--
Are Fraech's head and
Fochnam's head;
On its other points are thrust
Err's head and Innell's withal!

"And yon ogam on its side,
Find, ye druids, in due form,
Who has set it upright there?
What host drove it in the
ground?"

Ca ainm ind átha sa acaib-si gus trath sa a Fergus, ar Ailill. Ath n-Grena, bar Fergus, & bid Áth n-Gabla a ainm co bráth din gabuil se i fect sa, ar Fergus, agus ra raid in laid:

Áth n-Grena claimchlaifid
ainm
do gním chon ruanaid rogarb
fail sund gabuil cethri mh-
bend
do cheist for feraib hErend.

Fai ar da m-beind mana n-áig
cend Fraéach & cend Fochnáim
fail araile ar da m-beind
cend Eirre & cend Innill.

Gá ogum sút ina taeb,
finaid a druide co n-aéb,
is cia dorat inti sain,
giá lin ros cland i talmain.

In gabul út co n-gráin guiss
atchi-siu sund a F ros tesc
oenfer ar mochin

(A druid:) "Yon forked pole--
with fearful strength--
Which thou seest, Fergus,
there,
One man cut, to welcome us,
With one perfect stroke of
sword!

"Pointed it and shouldered it--
Though this was no light
exploit--
After that he flung it down,
To uproot for one of you!

"Grenca was its name till
now--
All will keep its memory--
Fork-ford be its name for
aye,
From the fork that's in the
ford!"

After the lay, spake Ailill: "I marvel and wonder, O Fergus, who could have sharpened the fork and slain with such speed the four that had gone out before us." "Fitter it were to marvel and wonder at him who with a single stroke lopped the fork which thou seest, root and top, pointed and charred it and flung it the length of a throw from the hinder part of his chariot, from the tip of a single hand, so that it sank over two-thirds into the ground and that naught save one-third is above; nor was a hole first dug with his sword, but through a grey stone's flag it was thrust, and thus it is geis for the men of Erin to proceed to the bed of this ford till one of ye pull out the fork with the tip of one hand, even as he erewhile drove it down."

de bulli chrichid chlaidib.

Ros fúach is ras fuc fria aiss,
gided ni hengnam imthaiss,
is dass-arlaic síis ar sain
da gait d'fir uaib-si as talmain.

Ath n-Grena a ainm mad cose,
méraid ra cách a chumne,
bid Ath n-Gabla a ainm co
bráth
din gabail atchi sind áth.

Aithli na laidi: Machdath & ingnad lim-sa a Fergus, bar Ailill, cia no thescfad in n-gabail & bífed in cethrur búí remoind i traiti se. Ba córu machtad & inhgantus dontí ro tesc in nh-gabail atchí d'óenbéim bun barr, ros fuach & ros faillsce, & tarlaic rofut n-urchair dia íarthur a charpait d'ind a óenlaime, co n-dechaid dar a da trían i talmain, connach fil acht a óentrían uasom, & nach class cona chlaideb rempe, acht is tria glaslec clochi co n-indsmad, & conid geiss d'feraib hErend techt do lár ind atha sa, na co tuca nech díb hí anís do indla oenláime, feib dos-farlaic-sium síis ó chianaib.

"Thou art of our hosts, O Fergus," said Medb; "avert this necessity from us, and do thou draw the fork for us from the bed of the ford." "Let a chariot be brought me," cried Fergus, "till I draw it out, that it may be seen that its butt is of one hewing." And a chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus laid hold with a truly mighty grip on the fork, and he made splinters and scraps of the chariot. "Let another chariot be brought me," cried Fergus. Another chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus made a tug at the fork and again made fragments and splinters of the chariot, both its box and its yoke and its wheels. "Again let a chariot be brought me," cried Fergus. And Fergus exerted his strength on the fork, and made pieces and bits of the chariot.

There where the seventeen chariots of the Connachtmen's chariots were, Fergus made pieces and bits of them all, and yet he failed to draw the fork from the bed of the ford. "Come now, let it be, O Fergus," cried Medb; "break our people's chariots no more. For hadst thou not been now engaged on this hosting, by this time should we have come to Ulster, driving divers spoils and cattleherds with us. We wot wherefore thou workest all this, to delay and detain the host till the Ulstermen rise from their 'Pains' and offer us battle, the battle of the Táin."

Is dár sluagaib duit-siu a Fergus, ar Medb, & tabair in n-gabail dún do lár ind átha. Dom-roched carpat, ar Fergus. Ocus dobretha carpat do Fergus, ocus dobretha Fergus frosse forsin n-gabail & doringni minbruan & minscomart din charput. Dom-roiched carpat, ar Fergus. Dobretha carpat do Fergus, ocus dobretha Fergus feirtche forsin n-gabail & doringni briscbruan & minscomartach din charput. Dom-roched carpat, ar Fergus. Ocus dobretha Fergus nertad forsin nh-gabail & dorinhgni briscbruan & minscomart din charput.

Airm i m-bátar na secht carpait déc do charptib Connacht, doringni Fergus díb uile briscbruan & minscomart & ní chaemnaic in n-gabail do gait do lár ind átha. Ale leic ass a Fergus, ar Medb, na bris dúin cairptiu ar túath ní as siriu. Dáig ar bith meni bethe ar in t-sluagud sa a chur sa, doraismis Ultu co n-airnelaib braití & bóthánti lind. Ra fetamarni aní dia n-denai-siu sain, d'fostud & d'immfuiríuch in t-slúraig, co n-érsat Ulaid assa cess & co tucat cath dun, cath na tána.

"Bring me a swift chariot," cried Fergus. And his own chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus gave a tug at the fork, and nor wheel nor floor nor one of the chariot-poles creaked nor cracked. Even though it was with his strength and prowess that the one had driven it down, with his might and doughtiness the other drew it out,-- the battle-champion, the gap-breaker of hundreds, the crushing sledge, the stone-of-battle for enemies, the head of retainers, the foe of hosts, the hacking of masses, the flaming torch and the leader of mighty combat.

He drew it up with the tip of one hand till it reached the slope of his shoulder, and he placed the fork in Ailill's hand. Ailill scanned it; he regarded it near. "The fork, meseems, is all the more perfect," quoth Ailill; "for a single stroke I see on it from butt to top." "Aye, all the more perfect," Fergus replied. And Fergus began to sing praise of Cuchulain, and he made a lay thereon:--

"Here behold the famous
fork,
By which cruel Cuchulain
stood.
Here he left, for hurt to all,
Four heads of his border-
foes!

"Surely he'd not flee
therefrom,
'Fore aught man, how brave
or bold.
Though the scatheless Hound
this left,
On its hard rind there is gore!

Dom-roiched crim carpat, ar Fergus. Ocus dobretha a charpat fadessin do Fergus, agus dobretha Fergus tepe forsin n-gabail, & ni ro gnuisistar & ni ro gesistar roth nó fonnud nó fertas d'fertsib in charpait. Cia bai dia chalmacht & dia churatacht dos-farlaic intí dos-farlaic síis, báí dia nertmaire & dá óclachas das-fucastar in cathmilid & in chliathbern chét & (in t-) ord essorgni & in brathlecc bidbad & in cend costuda & in bidba sochaide & in cirriud morslúraig & in chaindel adantai & in toisech morchatha.

Dos-fuc anís do ind a oenláime co ránic aidlend a gualand, & dobretha in n-gabail illáim Ailella. Ocus tincais Ailill furri .i. nos féigand. Crichiditi lim-sa in gabul, ar Ailill, daig is oentescad atchíusa bun barr furri. Crichiditi omm, bar Fergus. Ocus ro gab Fergus ar admolad & dobretha laid furri:

Atá sund in gabul gluair
co arabi Cúchulaind chrúaid,
gá farcgaib ar ulc ri nech
cethri cinnu comaithech.

Is derb ní theichted úadi
ria n-oenfer calma cruadi,
gia ras facaib cú gan chess,
arthá crá ma chaladchness.

Mairg ragas in sluagad sair
ar cend Duind Cuailnge
chruadaig,
betit curaid arna raind
fa neim claidib Conculaind.

"To its hurt the host goes
east,
Seeking Cualnge's wild
Brown bull.
Warriors' cleaving there shall
be,
'Neath Cuchulain's baneful
sword!

"No gain will their stout bull
be,
For which sharp-armed war
will rage;
At the fall of each head's
skull
Erin's every tribe shall weep!

"I have nothing to relate
As regards Dechtirè's son.
Men and women hear the tale
Of this fork, how it came
here!"

After this lay: "Let us pitch our booths and tents," said Ailill, "and let us make ready food and drink, and let us sing songs and strike up harps, and let us eat and regale ourselves, for, of a truth, never before nor since knew the men of Erin a night of encampment or of entrenchment that held sorer discomfort or distress for them than yesternight. Let us give heed to the manner of folk to whom we go and let us hear somewhat of their deeds and famous tales." They raised their booths and pitched their tents. They got ready their food and drink, and songs were sung and harping intoned by them, and feasting and eating indulged in.

Ní ba hascid a tharb trén
mo am-bia comrac arm n-gér,
ar crád chloicgne cach cind
gol cach aicmi i n-hErind.

Nuchum tha ní radim de
im dala meicc Deictire,
con cechlafat fir is mná
din gabuil-sea mar atá.

Aithli na laidi sin: Saditer sosta & pupaill
lind, ar Ailill (no Fergus), & dentar urgnam
bid & lenna lind & cantar ceoil & airfíti lind,
& (dentar) praind & tomaltus, daig is comtig
ara fagbaitis fir hErind ríam no iarom aidchi
n-dunaid no longphoirt mad mó dód no
doccair dóib andás ind aidchi se arráir. Ra
sádit a sosta & ra suidigit a pupla. Darónad
urgnam bíd & lenna leo, ocus ra canait ceoil
& airfíti leo, & darónad praind & tomaltus.

And Ailill inquired of Fergus: "I marvel and wonder who could have come to us to our lands and slain so quickly the four that had gone out before us. Is it likely that Conchobar son of Fachtna Fatach ('the Mighty'), High King of Ulster, has come to us?" "It is never likely that he has," Fergus answered; "for a shame it would be to speak ill of him in his absence. There is nothing he would not stake for the sake of his honour. For if he had come hither to the border of the land, there would have come armies and troops and the pick of the men of Erin that are with him. And even though against him in one and the same place, and in one mass and one march and one camp, and on one and the same hill were the men of Erin and Alba, Britons and Saxons, he would give them battle, before him they would break and it is not he that would be routed."

"A question, then: Who would be like to have come to us? Is it like that Cuscraid Mend ('the Stammerer') of Macha would have come, Conchobar's son, from Inis Cuscraid?" "Nay then, it is not; he, the son of the High King," Fergus answered. "There is nothing he would not hazard for the sake of his honour. For were it he that had come hither, there would have come the sons of kings and the royal leaders of Ulster and Erin that are serving as hirelings with him. And though there might be against him in one and the same place, in one mass and one march and one camp, and on one and the same hill the men of Erin and Alba, Britons and Saxons, he would give them battle, before him they would break and it is not he that would be routed."

Ocus ra iarfacht Ailill do Fergus: Is machtad & iss ingantus lim, cia ticfadt cucaind co hor críchi & no bífed in cethrur búí remaind i trairi se. In dóig inar, tísed Conchobar mac Fachtna Fathaig ardrí Ulad. Nad dóig ém, ar Fergus, dáig líach a écnach na écmais. Ní fil ní nad gellfad dar cend a enig, dáig da m-bad é sin tísad and, ticfaitis sluaig & sochaide & forgla fer n-hErend filet maroen ris, & gia da betis for a cind i n-oenbaile & i n-oendáil & i n-oentochim & i n-oenlongphort & i n-oentulaig fir hErend & Alban, Britain & Saxain, cath doberad dóib, reme no maissed, & ní fair no ráinfithé.

Ceist didiu cia bad dóig diar tiachtain. Dóig innar tised Cúscraid Mend Machae mac Conchobair o Inis Cuscraid. Nir dóig, ar Fergus, mac ind ardrí. Ni fil ni nad gellfad dar cend a enig, daig da m-bad é no thiasad and, ticfaitis meic ríig & righthusech failet maróen riss ic reicc a n-amsa, & gana betís ar a cind i n-óenbaile & i n-oendáil & i n-oentochim & i n-oenlongphort & i n-oentulaig fir hErend & fir Alban, Britain & Saxain, cath doberad dóib, reime no maissed, & ni fair ro rainfide.

"I ask, then, whether Eogan son of Durthacht, King of Fernmag, would have come?" "In sooth, it is not likely. For, had he come hither, the pick of the men of Fernmag would have come with him, battle he would give them, before him they would break, and it is not he that would be routed."

"I ask, then: Who would be likely to have come to us? Is it likely that he would have come, Celtchai son of Uthechar?" "No more is it likely that it was he. A shame it would be to make light of him in his absence, him the battle-stone for the foes of the province, the head of all the retainers and the gate-of-battle of Ulster. And even should there be against him in one place and one mass and one march and one camp, and on one and the same hill all the men of Erin from the west to the east, from the south to the north, battle he would give them, before him they would break and it is not he that would be routed."

"I ask, then: Who would be like to have come to us?" asked Ailill. "I know not," Fergus replied, "unless it be the little lad, my nursling and Conchobar's. Cuchulain ('the Wolf-dog of Culann the Smith') he is called.

He is the one who could have done the deed," answered Fergus. "He it is who could have lopped the tree with one blow from its root, could have killed the four with the quickness wherewith they were killed and could have come to the border with his charioteer."

Ceist didiu inar tísad Eogan mac Durthachta rí Fernmaige. Nar dóig omm, ár dia m-bad é sin tísad and, ticfais fosta fer Fernmaige leiss, & catht dobérad dóib, reme no maissed, & ní fair no ráinfithe.

Ceist didiu cia bad dóig dar tíchtain. Dóig arnar tísad Celtchair mac Uthechair. Nar dóig omm. Liach a écnach na eécmais, brathlecc bidbad in choicid & cend a costuda uili, & comla chatha Ulad, & gana betís for a chind i noenbaile & i n-oendáil & i n-oentochim & i n-oenlongphort & i n-oentulaig [&] fir hErend uile o iarthur co airthiur, o descirt co tuascert, cath dobérad dóib, reme no maidsed, & ni fair no ráinfide.

Ceist didiu cia bad dóig diar tiachtain. Inge ém meni thised in gilla bec mo delta sa & delta Conchobair, Cu Chulaind na cerdda atberar friss.

"Of a truth," spake Ailill, "I heard from ye of this little boy once on a time in Cruachan. What might be the age of this little boy now?" "It is by no means his age that is most formidable in him," answered Fergus. "Because, manful were his deeds, those of that lad, at a time when he was younger than he now is.

In his fifth year he went in quest of warlike deeds among the lads of Emain Macha. In his sixth a year he went to learn skill in arms and feats with Scathac, and he went to woo Emer; in his seventh year he took arms; in his seventeenth year he is at this time."

"How so!" exclaimed Medb. "Is there even now amongst the Ulstermen one his equal in age that is more redoubtable than he?" "We have not found there a man-at-arms that is harder, nor a point that is keener, more terrible nor quicker, nor a more bloodthirsty wolf, nor a raven more flesh-loving, nor a wilder warrior, nor a match of his age that would reach to a third or a fourth the likes of Cuchulain. Thou findest not there," Fergus went on, "a hero his peer, nor a lion that is fiercer, nor a plank of battle, nor a sledge of destruction, nor a gate of combat, nor a doom of hosts, nor a contest of valour that would be of more worth than Cuchulain.

Ia omm ale, bar Ailill. Atchuala lib in mac m-
bec sain fecht n-aill i Cruachain. Ced ón
cinnas a aesa-sum in meic bic sin innossa. Ni
hí a aés is dulgium dó eter, ar Fergus. Daig
ba ferda a gníma in meic sin inbaid ba só
andaás in inbaid inan fail.

Ced ón, ar Medb, in fail cid d'Ultaib innossa
comlonnaid a aesa is duilgium andá-sum. Ni
airgem and fál bad fuilchuiriu, no láth bad
luinniu, no comlannaid a aesa ra seised co
trian no go cethramad comluind Conculaind.
Ni airge and, ar Fergus, caur a chomluind no
ord essorgni no bráth for borrbuidni no
combág urgaile basad inraicciu andá
Cuchulaind.

Thou findest not there one that could equal his age and his growth, his dress and his terror, his size and his splendour, his fame and his voice, his shape and his power, his form and his speech, his strength and his feats and his valour, his smiting, his heat and his anger, his dash, his assault and attack, his dealing of doom and affliction, his roar, his speed, his fury, his rage, and his quick triumph with the feat of nine men on each sword's point above him, like unto Cuchulain."

"We make not much import of him," quoth Medb. "It is but a single body he has; he shuns being wounded; he avoids being taken. They do say his age is but that of a girl to be wed. His deeds of manhood have not yet come, nor will he hold out against tried men, this young, beardless elf-man of whom thou spoked." "We say not so," replied Fergus, "for manful were the deeds of the lad at a time when he was younger than he now is."

Ni airge and con messed a aés & a ás & a forbairt & a ánius & a urfúath & a urlabra, a chrúas & a chless & a gasced, a forom & a amus & a ammsigi, a brath & a buadri & a buadirsi, a deini & a dehrad & a tharpige & a díanchoscur co cliss nónbair ar cach find úasu mar Choinculaind.

Ni denam robríg de, ar Medb, i n-oenchurp ata, imgeib guin immo-angeib gabáil. Is aes ingini macdacht ármthir leis, agus ní géba fri feta in serrite óc amulchach atberthe. Ní focclam-ne ón, ar Fergus, daig ba ferda a gníma in meicc sin inbaid bad sóo andas inbaid inad fail.



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7. The Youthful Exploits Of Cuchulain

"Now this lad was reared in the house of his father and mother at Dairgthech ('the Oak House' (?)), namely, in the plain of Murthemne, and the tales of the youths of Emain were told to him. Forasmuch as in this wise Conchobar passed his reign ever since he, the king, assumed his sovereignty, to wit: As soon as he arose, forthwith in settling the cares and affairs of the province; thereafter, the day he divided in three: first, the first third he spent a-watching the youths play games of skill and of hurling; the next third of the day, a-playing draughts and chess, and the last third a-feasting on meat and a-quaffing ale, till sleep possessed them all, the while minstrels and harpers lulled him to sleep. For all that I am a long time in banishment because of him, I give my word," said Fergus, "there is not in Erin nor in Alba a warrior the like of Conchobar."

Incipiunt Macgnimrada Conculaind

"Dáig alta in mac sin i tig a athar & a mathar icon airdig i m-Maig Muirthemne, ocus adfeta dó scéla na maccaemi i n-Emain. Dáig is amlaid domeill Conchobar in rigi, o ro gab rígi in rí, .i. mar atraig fóchetóir césta & cangni in choicid d'ordugud. In lá do raind i trí asa athlil: cetna trian de fóchetóir ic fegad na maccaem ic imbirt chless cluchi & immanae, in trian tanaise dond ló ic imbirt brandub & fidchell, & in trian dedenach ic tochathim bíd & lenna, con-dageib cotlud for cách, aes cíuil & airfitid dia thalgud fri sodain. Ciataim ane ar longais riam reme dabiur bréthir, ar Fergus, na fuil in hErind no i n-Albain óclach macsamla Conchobair.

"And the lad was told the tales of the boys and the boy-troop in Emain; and the child said to his mother, he would go to have part in the games on the play-field of Emain. "It is too soon for thee, little son," said his mother; "wait till there go with thee a champion of the champions of Ulster, or some of the attendants of Conchobar to enjoin thy protection and thy safety on the boy-troop." "I think it too long for that, my mother," the little lad answered, "I will not wait for it. But do thou show me what place lies Emain Macha." "Northwards, there; it is far away from thee," said his mother, "the place wherein it lies, and the way is hard. Sliab Fuait lies between thee and Emain." "At all hazards, I will essay it," he answered.

"The boy fared forth and took his playthings with him. His little lath-shield he took, and his hurley of bronze and his ball of silver; and he took his little javelin for throwing; and his toy-staff he took with its fire-hardened butt-end, and he began to shorten the length of his journey with them. He would give the ball a stroke with the hurl-bat, so that he sent it a long distance from him. Then with a second throw he would cast his hurley so that it went a distance no shorter than the first throw. He would hurl his little darts, and let fly his toy-staff, and make a wild chase after them. Then he would catch up his hurl-bat and pick up the ball and snatch up the dart, and the stock of the toy-staff had not touched the ground when he caught its tip which was in the air.

Ocus adfeta don mac sin scéla na maceáem & na macraide i n-Emain, & radis in mac bec ria mathair ar co n-digsed dá chluchi do chluchemaig na Emna. Romoch duitsiu sain a meic bic, ar a mathair, co n-deoch anruth do anrothaib. Ulad lett no choimthecht ecin do chaimthechtaib Conchobair, do chor th' aesma & t'imdegla for in macraid. Cían lim-sa di sodain a mathair, ar in mac bec, & ni biu-sa oca idnaide acht tecoisc-siu dam-sa cia airm itá Emain. Is cían uait, ar a mathair, airm in-das-fil. Sliab Fúait etrut & Emain. Dobér-sa ardmes furri amne, ar esium.

Luid in mac remi & gebid a adbena ániusa. Gebid a chammán creduma & a liathroit n-argdide & gebid a chlettini diburgthi & gebid a bunsaig m-báisi m-bunloscthi & fogab ic athgardigud a sliged díb. Dobered béim din chammán da liathróit, co m-bered band fota úad. No teilg dana a chammán arís d'athbéim, cona berad ní ba lugu anda in cetband. No thelged a chlettini & no sneded a bunsaig & no bered rith báise na n-diaid. No gebed dana a chammán & no geibed a liathróit & no geibed a chlettine, & ní roiched bun a bunsaige lár, trath co n-gebed a barr etarla etarbuas.

"He went his way to the mound-seat of Emain, where was the boy-troop. Thrice fifty youths were with Folloman, Conchobar's son, at their games on the fair-green of Emain. "The little lad went on to the play-field into the midst of the boys, and he whipped the ball between his two legs away from them, nor did he suffer it to travel higher up than the top of his knee, nor did he let it lower down than his ankle, and he drove it and held it between his two legs and not one of the boys was able to get a prod nor a stroke nor a blow nor a shot at it, so that he carried it over the brink of the goal away from them.

Then he goes to the youths without binding them to protect him. For no one used to approach them on their play-field without first securing from them a pledge of protection. He was weetless thereof.

"Then they all gazed upon him. They wondered and marvelled. "Come, boys!" cried Folloman, Conchobar's son," the urchin insults us. Throw yourselves all on yon fellow, and his death shall come at my hands; for it is geis among you for any youth to come into your game, without first entrusting his safety to you. And do you all attack him together, for we know that yon wight is some one of the heroes of Ulster; and they shall not make it their wont to break into your sports without first entrusting their safety and protection to you."

Luid reme co forodmag na hEmna, airm i m-bátar in maccrad. Tri coicait maccaem im Folloman mac Conchobair ic a clessaib for faidche na Emna. Luid in mac bec issin cluchimag etorru ar medón, & ecrais cid in liathróit in dib cossaib uadib & nis arlaic sech ard a glúne súas & nis arlaic sech a adbrond sis, & ris eturturthig & ros comdluthaig in dib cossaib, & ni rocht nech dib bir no bulle no béim no fargum furri, oculus ros fuc dar brúach m-baire uadib.

Nad fegat uili in oenfecht amaide. Ba machtad & ba ingantus leo. Maith a maccu, ar Folloman mac Conchobair, no-bar-beraid uili fóe sút, & táet a bás lim, daig is geiss dúib maccaém do thichtain in far cluchi can chur a faisma foraib, & no-bar-beraid uile fóe inn oenfecht, ar ro fetammar is do maccaib anroth Ulad sút, & na dernat bés tuidecht in far cluchi can chur a fáisma foraib no a commairge.

"Thereupon they all set upon him together. They cast their thrice fifty hurl-bats at the poll of the boy's head. He raises his single toy-staff and wards off the thrice fifty hurries. Then they throw their thrice fifty balls at the lad. He raises his upper arm and his forearm and the palms of his hands against them and parries the thrice fifty balls. They throw at him the thrice fifty play-spears charred at the end. The boy raises his little lath-shield against them and fends off the thrice fifty play-staffs, and they all remain stuck in his lath-shield.

Thereupon contortions took hold of him. Thou wouldst have weened it was a hammering wherewith each hair was hammered into his head, with such an uprising it rose. Thou wouldst have weened it was a spark of fire that was on every single hair there. He closed one of his eyes so that it was no wider than the eye of a needle. He opened the other wide so that it was as big as the mouth of a mead-cup. He stretched his mouth from his jaw-bones to his ears; he opened his mouth wide to his jaw so that his gullet was seen. The champion's light rose up from his crown.

"It was then he ran in among them. He scattered fifty king's sons of them over the ground underneath him before they got to the gate of Emain. Five of them," Fergus continued, "dashed headlong between me and Conchobar, where we were playing chess, even on Cennchaem ('Fairhead') the chessboard of Conchobar, on the mound-seat of Emain. The little boy pursued them to cut them off.

Is andsin ros bertsat uile fóe in oenfecht. Tarlaicset a trí cóictu camman ar ammus a chendmullaig in meicc. Turcbaid-sium a oenluirg n-ániusa & dícuris na trí coicait lorg. Tarlacait dana na trí cóicait liathróiti ar ammus in meic bic. Turcbaid-sium a dóti & a rigthi & a dernanna & dichuris na trí cóictu líathroiti. Tarlacit dó na trí coicait bunsach báisi bunloscthi. Turcbais in mac a scethini slissen & dichuris na trí coicait bunsach. Is andsain imsáisium fothib-sium.

Scarais coica rígmac im thalmain díb foe. Luid coiciur díb, ar Fergus, etrum-sa is Chonchobar sin magin i m-bammar ic imbirt fidchilli, .i. na cendchaeme, for forodmaig na hEmna. Luid in mac bec na n-díaid dia[n] n-imdibe.

Conchobar seized the little lad by the wrists. "Hold, little boy. I see 'tis not gently thou dealest with the boy-band." "Good reason I have," quoth the little lad. "I had not a guest's honour at the hands of the boy-troop on my arrival, for all that I came from far-away lands." "How is that? Who art thou, and what is thy name?" asked Conchobar. "Little Setanta am I, son of Sualtaim. Son am I to Dechtire, thine own sister; and not through thee did I expect to be thus aggrieved." "How so, little one?" said Conchobar. "Knewest thou not that it is forbidden among the boy-troop, that it is geis for them for any boy to approach them in their land without first claiming his protection from them?" "I knew it not," said the lad. "Had I known it, I would have been on my guard against them." "Good, now, ye boys," Conchobar cried; "take ye upon you the protection of the little lad." "We grant it, indeed," they made answer.

"The little lad went into the game again under the protection of the boy-troop. Thereupon they loosed hands from him, and once more he rushed amongst them throughout the house. He laid low fifty of their princes on the ground under him. Their fathers thought it was death he had given them. That was it not, but stunned they were with front-blows and mid-blows and long-blows." Hold! "cried Conchobar." Why art thou yet at them?" "I swear by my gods whom I worship" (said the boy) "they shall all come under my protection and shielding, as I have put myself under their protection and shielding. Otherwise I shall not lighten my hands off them until I have brought

Gebid Conchobar a ríglama in meic bic. Ale atchíu ní fóil amberai-siu a meic bic in macrad. Fail a mór dam-sa, ar in mac bec. Ni fuarusa fiad n-óiged, ga thanac a tírib imciana, ican maccraid iar torachtain. Ced són, cia tussu, for Conchobar. Setanta bec missi mac Sualdaim, mac-sa Dechtiri do derbsethar-su, & ni lat-su fo doíg lim-sa mo chrád d'fagbáil samlaid. Ced ón a meic bic, for Conchobar, nad fetar armirt fil do macraid, conid geiss dóib mac dar tír cuccu can chur a faisma furro. Ni fetar, bar in mac bec. Dia fessaind, con beind na fatchius. Maith a maccu, bar Conchobar, geibid foraib faisam in meic bic. Ataimem omm bar siat.

Luid in mac bec for fáisam na maccraidi. Sand-sain scailset láma de-sium, & amsóí fothu arís. Scarais coica rígmac i talmáin díb foe. Fá dóig la n-athreachaib is bás dobretha dóib. Ní ba sed ón, acht uathbas bretha impaib do thulbemmennaib & muadbemmennaib & fotalbemmennaib móra. Aile, for Conchobar, cid atái dóib sin béus. Dothongu-sa mo dee dia n-adraim, co n-digset-som uili ar m'o(e)samsa & ar m'imdegail, feib dochuadusa ar a faesam sun & ar a n-imdegail, conna get-sa láma dib, conas-tarddur uile fo thalmáin. Maith a meic bic, geib-siu fort faesam na maccraide. Ataimim omm, ar in mac bec. And-sain dochuatar in macrad for a faesam & for a imdegail.

them all to earth." "Well, little lad, take thou upon thee the protection of the boy-troop." "I grant it, indeed," said the lad. Thereupon the boy-troop went under his protection and shielding.

"A youngster did that deed," Fergus continued, "at the dose of five years after his birth, when he overthrew the sons of champions and warriors at the very door of their liss and dûn. No need is there of wonder or surprise, if he should do great deeds, if he should come to the confines of the land, if he should cut off the four-pronged fork, if he should slay one man or two men or three men or four men, when there are seventeen full years of him now on the Cattle-lifting of Cualnge."

"In sooth, then, we know that youth," spoke out Conall Cernach ('the Victorious'), "and it is all the better we should know him, for he is a fosterling of our own."

Mac bec doringni in gním sain, ar Fergus, i cind chóic m-bliadan iar n-a brith, co ro scart maccu na curad & na cathmiled ar dorus allis & a n-dúnaid fadessin, nocorb éicen machta no ingantus de, cia no thísed co hor cocrichi, gana thescad gabail cethri m-bend, gana marbad fer no dís no triur no cethrur, in am i n-dat slána secht m-bliadna déc de for tain bó Cualnge.





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7a. The Slaying Of The Smith's Hound By Cuchulain, And The Reason He Is Called Cuchulain

Then it was that Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar spake: "Again that little lad performed a second deed in the following year." "What deed was that?" asked Ailill.

"A goodly smith there was in the land of Ulster, Culann the Smith, by name. He made ready a feast for Conchobar and set out for Emain to invite him. He made known to him that only a few should come with him, that he should bring none but a true guest along, forasmuch as it was not a domain or lands of his own that he had, but the fruit of his two hands, his sledges and anvils, his fists and his tongs. Conchobar replied that only a few would go to him.

"Culann went back to the smithy to prepare and make ready meat and drink in readiness for the king. Conchobar sat in Emain till it was time to set out for the feast, till came the close of the day. The king put his fine, light travelling apparel about him. Conchobar came on to the fair-green, and he saw a thing that astounded him: Thrice fifty boys at one end of the green and a single boy at the other, and the single boy won the victory at the goal and at hurling from the thrice fifty boys. When it was at hole-play they were-- a game of hole that

Aided con na cerda inso la Coinculaind & aní día fil Cúchulaind fair-seom

Is and-sin atubairt Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair. Doringni in mac bec sin gním tanaise sin bliadain ar cind doridisi. Cia so gním, bar Ailill.

Culand cerd búí i crích Ulad, ro urngastar fleidt do Conchobar & dochuaid dá thocuriud co Emain. Radis friss, ara tised uathad leis, meni thucad fíraigid leiss, ár nach crích no ferand báí aice acht a uird & a indeona & a duirn & a thendchore. Atbert Conchobar, con ticfad uathad a dóchum.

Tanic Culand connice a dún reme do frestul & frithalim lenna & bíd. Dessid Conchobar i n-Emain cor bo amm scailti, co tanic deired dond ló. Gebid in rí a fiallgud n-imétrom n-imthechta immi, & luid do chelebrad don maccraid. Luid Conchobar ar in faidchi, co n-acca ní ba ingnad leiss: tri cóicait mac sindara china dind faichthi & oenmac bar in chind aile di, dobered in t-oenmac búaid m-báire & immana ona tri cóictaib maccaem. Trath ba cluchi puill doib. Cluichi puill fognithi

used to be played on the fair-green of Emain-- and it was their turn to drive and his to keep guard, he would catch the thrice fifty balls just outside of the hole, and not one went by him into the hole. When it was their turn to keep guard and his to drive, he would send the thrice fifty balls into the hole without fail, and the boys were unable to ward them off. When it was at tearing off each other's garments they played, he would strip off them their thrice fifty suits so that they were quite naked, and they were not able all of them to take as much as the brooch from his mantle. When it was at wrestling they were, he would throw those same thrice fifty boys to the ground under him, and they did not succeed all of them around him in lifting him up.

Conchobar looked with wonder at the little lad. "O, ye youths," cried Conchobar. "Hail to the land whence cometh the lad ye see, if the deeds of his manhood shall be such as are those of his boyhood! " "'Tis not just to speak thus," exclaimed Fergus; "e'en as the little lad grows, so will his deeds of manhood grow with him." "The little lad shall be called to us, that he may come with us to enjoy the feast to which we go." The little lad was summoned to Conchobar." Good, my lad," said Conchobar." Come thou with us to enjoy the feast whereto we go, for thou art a guest." "Nay, but I will not go," the little boy answered." How so?" asked Conchobar." Forasmuch as the boys have not yet had their fill of games and of sport, and I will not leave them till they have had enough play." "It is too long for us to await thee till then, little boy, and by no means shall we wait." "Go then before us," said the little boy," and I will follow after ye." "Thou knowest naught of the way, little boy," said Conchobar. "I will follow the trail of the company and of the horses and chariots."

for faichthi na Emna. Ocus trath ba leosom diburgun & ba lesium imdegail, co n-geibed na tri cóicait liathróit fri poll immuich, & ni roiched ní secha sin poll. Tráth ba leo-som imdegail & ba léisium diburgun, no chuiread na trí cóicait liathróit sin poll can imroll. Trath fo imtharrunhg n-étaig doib, no benad-som a trí choicait nh-dechelt díb, & ní chumgaitis uili a delg do béim assa brut-som. Trath ba imtrasrad doib, con cured-som na trí coicait cétna i talmain fóí, & ni roichtisium uili immisium lín a urgabala.

Arropart Conchobar ic forsin in meic bic: Amae a ócu, bar Conchobar, mochin tír asa tánic in mac bec atchíd, da m-betis na gníma óclachais aice, feib atát na macgníma. Ni comdas a rád, ar Fergus, feib atré in mac bec, atresat a gníma óclachais leis. Congarar in mac bec dún, co n-dig lind do ól na fledi dia tiagam. Conágart in mac bec do Conchobar. Maith a meic bic, ar Conchobar, tair-siu linni d'ól na fledi dia tiagam. Ni rag omm, bar in mac bec. Ced són, bar Conchobar. Ar ni doethanaig in maccrad do chlessaib cluchi no ániusa, & ni rag-sa uadib corbat dóithanaig cluchi. Is cían dúni beith acot irnaidi rísín a meic bic, & ni con biam itir. Tait-si round, ar in mac bec, ocus rag-sa far n-diaid. Ni dat eolach eter a meic bic, bar Conchobar. Geb-sa slichtlorg in t-sluaig & na n-ech & na carpat.

"Thereafter Conchobar came to the house of Culann the Smith. The king was waited upon and all were shown honour, as befitted their rank and calling and privileges, nobility and gentle accomplishment. Straw and fresh rushes were spread out under them. They commenced to carouse and make merry. Culann inquired of Conchobar: "Hast thou, O king, appointed any to come after thee this night to this dún?" "No, I appointed no one," replied Conchobar, for he had forgotten the little lad whom he had charged to come after him. "Why so?" asked Conchobar. "An excellent bloodhound have I, that was brought from Spain. When his dog-chain is loosed from him, no one dares approach the same cantred with him to make a course or a circuit, and he knows no one but myself. The power of hundreds is in him for strength."

Then spake Conchobar, "Let the dún be opened for the ban-dog, that he may guard the cantred." The dog-chain is taken off the ban-dog, and he makes a swift round of the cantred. And he comes to the mound whereon he was wont to keep guard of the stead, and there he was, his head couched on his paws, and wild untameable, furious, savage, ferocious, ready for fight was the dog that was there.

"As for the boys: They were in Emain until the time came for them to disperse. Each of them went to the house of his father and mother, of his foster-mother and foster-father. Then the little lad went on the trail of the party, till he reached the house of Culann the Smith. He began to shorten the way as he went with his play-things. When he was nigh to the green of the fort wherein were Culann and Conchobar, he threw all his play-things before him except only the ball.

Ocus tanic Conchobar iarsin co tech Culaind cerdda. Ro fritháiled in rí & ro fiadaiged ar grádaib & dánaib & dligedaib & uaslect & cáinbesaib. Ro hecrait áine & urluaechair fóthu. Gabsat for ól & for aibnius. Ro iarfachta Culand do Chonchobar: Maith a rí, in ra dális nech innocht itiaid don dun sa. Ní ra dalíus omm, bar Conchobar. Dáig ni ba cuman dó in mac bec dalastar na diaid. Cid són, bar Conchobar. Árchú maith fil ocom, á fuaslaicthir a chonarach de, ni laimthe nech tasciud do oentrichait chét fris do (chur) firchuardda no imdhechta, & ni aichne nech acht missi fodessin. Feidm cet and do nirt.

Andsin atbert Conchobar: Oslaicther dún dond archoin, co ro imdegla in trichait cét. Ra fuaslaiced dind archoin a chonarach, & fochuir luathchuaire in trichait cét. Ocus tanic cornice in forud i m-bíd ic comét na cathrach, & báí andsain & a chend ar a mácaib, & ba borb barbarda bruthmar bachlachda mucna matnamail cach báí andsain.

Imthúsa na macraide batar i n-Emain, cor bo amm scailti dóib. Luid cách díb da thig a athar & a mathar, a mumme & a aite. Luid dana in mac bec i slichtlurg na slúag, co ranic tech Culaind cerda. Gab icc athgarddigud na sliged reme da adbenaib ániusa. O ranic co faidche in dunaid i m-báí Culand & Conchobar, focheird a adbena uile riam acht a liathroit nammá.

The watch-dog descried the lad and bayed at him, so that in all the countryside was heard the howl of the watch-hound. And not a division of feasting was what he was inclined to make of him, but to swallow him down at one gulp past the cavity of his chest and the width of his throat and the pipe of his breast. And the lad had not with him any means of defence, but he hurled an unerring cast of the ball, so that it passed through the gullet of the watch-dog's neck and carried the guts within him out through his back door, and he laid hold of the hound by the two legs and dashed him against a pillar-stone that was near him, so that every limb of him sprang apart, so that he broke into bits all over the ground.

Conchobar heard the yelp of the ban-dog. "Alas, O warriors" cried Conchobar; "in no good luck have we come to enjoy this feast." "How so?" asked all. "The little lad who has come to meet me, my sister's son, Setanta son of Sualtaim, is undone through the hound." As one man, arose all the renowned men of Ulster. Though a door of the hostel was thrown wide open, they all rushed in the other direction out over the palings of the fortress. But fast as they all got there, faster than all arrived Fergus, and he lifted the little lad from the ground on the slope of his shoulder and bore him into the presence of Conchobar.

Rathaigidl in t-archu in mac m-bec, ocus glomais fair, co clos fosnaib tuathaib uili gloimm inn archon. Ocus ni raind fri fés ba háil dó acht a slucud in oenfecht dar compur a chléib & dar farsiung a bragat & dar loing a ochta. Ocus ní báí lasin mac cóir n-imdegla reme acht focheird rout n-urchair din liathróit, conastarla dar ginchráes a bragat dond archoin, con ruc a m-bóí di fobaig inathair and dar iarcomlai, & gebis i(n) dib cossaib é & tuc béim de immun corthe, co tarla na gabtib rointi im thalmain.

Atchuala Conchobar gloimm inn archon. Amae a ócu, bar Conchobar, ní matancamar d'ól na fledi se. Cid són, bar cách. In gilla bec ra dál im diaid, mac mo sethar, Setanta mac Sualtaim, dorochair lasin coin. Atragatar inn oenfecht uli Ulaid ollbladacha. Ciar bo oebela oslaicthi dorus na cathrach, dochuaid cách na irchomair dar sond abdain in dunaid immach. Cid ellom condranic cách, luathium con arnic Fergus, & gebis in mac m-bec do lár thalman fri aidleind a gualand & dobretha i fiadnaisi Conchobair.

And Culann came out, and he saw his slaughter-hound in many pieces. He felt his heart beating against his breast. Whereupon he went into the dún. "Welcome thy coming, little lad," said Culann, "because of thy mother and father, but not welcome is thy coming for thine own sake. Yet would that I had not made a feast." "What hast thou against the lad?" queried Conchobar. "Not luckily for me hast thou come to quaff my ale and to eat my food; for my substance is now a wealth gone to waste, and my livelihood is a livelihood lost now after my dog. Good was the friend thou hast robbed me of, even my dog, in that he tended my herder and flocks and stock for me.

"Be not angered thereat, O Culann my master," said the little boy." It is no great matter, for I will pass a just judgement upon it." "What judgement thereon wilt thou pass, lad?" Conchobar asked. "If there is a whelp of the breed of that dog in Erin, he shall be reared by me till he be fit to do business as was his sire. Till then myself will be the hound to protect his flocks and his cattle and his land and even himself in the meanwhile.

"Well hast thou given judgement, little lad," said Conchobar. "In sooth, we ourselves could not give one that would be better," said Cathba. "Why should it not be from this that thou shouldst take the name Cuchulain, ('Wolfhound of Culann')?" "Nay, then," answered the lad; "dearer to me mine own name, Setanta son of Sualtaim." "Say not so, lad," Cathba continued; "for the men of Erin and Alba shall hear that name and the mouths of the men of Erin and Alba shall be full of that name!" "It pleaseth me so, whatever the name that is given me," quoth the little lad. Hence the famous name that stuck to him, namely Cuchulain, after he had killed the

Ocus tanic Culand immach & atchondairc a archoin na gabtib rointi. Ba béim cride fri cliab leis. Dochuaid innund isin dún asa aithle. Mochen do thíchtu a meic bic, bar Culand, ar bith do mathar & t'athar, & ni mochen do thictu fort féin. Cid tai-siu don mac, ar Conchobar. Ní matanac-su dam-sa do chostud mo lenna & do chathim mo bíd, dáig is maith immudu i fecht sa mo maith-se & is bethu immuig mo bethu. Maith in fer muntiri rucais úaim, con cométad éite & alma & indili dam.

Nad bad lond-so etir a mo phopa Culand, ar in mac bec, dáig berat-sa a firbreth sin. Ca breth no berthas-su fair a meic, for Conchobar. Matá culén do síl in chon út in hErind, ailebthair lim-sa, go rop inengnama mar a athair. Bam cú-sa imdegla a almaí & a indili & a feraind inn ed sam.

Maith rucais do breth a meic bic, for Conchobar. Nís bermáís ém, ar Cathbath, ní bad ferr. Cid arnach Cú Chulaind bias fort-su de suidiu. Ni thó, bar in mac bec. Ferr lim mo ainm fodéin, Setanta mac Sualtaim. Nad raid-siu sin a meic bic, ar Cathbath, daig con cechlabat fir hErend & Alban inn ainm sin, & bat lana beóil fer n-hErend & Alban din annum sin. Fó limm didiu, cid sed bess form, ar in mac bec. Conid de sodain ro lil in t-ainm aurdairc fair, .i. Cuchulaind, o ro marb in coin bóí ic Culaind cherd.

hound that was Culann's the Smith's.

"A little lad did that deed," added Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar, "when he had completed six years after his birth, when he slew the watch-dog that hosts nor companies dared not approach in the same cantred. No need would there be of wonder or of surprise if he should come to the edge of the marches, if he should cut off the four-pronged fork, if he should slay one man or two men or three men or four men, now when his seventeen years are completed on the Cattle-driving of Cualnge!"

Mac bec doringni in gním sin, ar Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair, i cind se mbliadan arna brith, ro marb in n-archoin na laimtís slúraig no sochaide tascud i noen trichait cét fris, nirb écen machtad no ingantus de, gana thised co hor cocríchi, gia no tescad gabul cethri m-bend, ga no marbad fer no dís no triur no chethrur, in am inat slána secht mh-bliadna déc de for tain bó Cualnge.



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7b. (The Taking Of Arms By Cuchulain And) The Slaying Of The Three Sons Of Necht Scenè Is Now Told Here

Aided tri Mac Nehta Sceni inso síis

"The little lad performed a third deed in the following year," said Fiachu son of Firaba." What deed performed he?" asked Ailill.

Doringni in mac bec in tres gním isin bliadain ar cind dorís, ar Fiachu mac Firaba. Ga gním doringni, bar Ailill.

"Cathba the druid was with his son, namely Conchobar son of Ness, imparting learning to his pupils in the north-east of Emain, and eight eager pupils in the class of druidic cunning were with him. That is the number that Cathba instructed. One of them questioned his teacher, what fortune and presage might there be for the day they were in, whether it was good or whether it was ill. Then spake Cathba: "The little boy that takes arms-- this day shall be splendid and renowned for deeds of arms above the youths of Erin land the tales of his high deeds shall be told forever, but he shall be short-lived and fleeting."

Cathbad drúí búi oc tabairt da daltaib fri hEmain anairtúiaith, & ocht n-dalta do aes in dána druidechta na farrad. Iarfacht dia aiti, cia so sén & solud búi for in ló i m-báatar, in ba maith fá in ba saich. And atbert Cathbad, mac bec con gebad gasced bad án & ra bad irdairc, ra bad duthain & dimbúan.

Cuchulainn overheard what he said, though far off at his play-feats south-west of Emain; and he threw away all his play-things and hastened to Conchobar's sleep-room to ask for arms. "All good attend thee, O king of the Fene!" cried the little lad. "This greeting is the speech of one soliciting something of some one. What wouldst thou, lad?" said Conchobar. "To take arms," the lad made answer. "Who hath advised thee, little boy?" asked Conchobar. "Cathba the druid," said the lad. "He would not deceive thee, little boy," said Conchobar.

Conchobar gave him two spears and a sword and a shield. The little boy shook and brandished the arms in the middle of the house so that he made small pieces and fragments of them. Conchobar gave him two other spears and a shield and a sword. He shook and brandished, flourished and poised them, so that he shivered them into small pieces and fragments. There where were the fourteen a suits of arms which Conchobar had in Emain, in reserve in case of breaking of weapons or for equipping the youths and the boys-- to the end that whatever boy assumed arms, it might be Conchobar that gave him the equipment of battle, and the victory of cunning would be his thenceforward-- even so, this little boy made splinters and fragments of them all.

Ra chúala-som aní sin & sé fria chlessaib chluchi fri hEmain aniardes, & focheird a adbena ániusa uli úad & dochuaid i cotultech Conchobair. Cach maith duit a rí fene, bar in mac bec. Aithesc dana cungeda neich o neoch in t-athesc sain. Cid connaige a meic bic, ar Conchobar. Airm do gabail, ar in mac bec. Cia dot-recoisc a meic bic, bar, Conchobar. Cathbad drúí, ar in mac bec. Nit merad-su (.i. nít mairnfed) sain a meic bic, ar Conchobar.

Tobert Conchobar da sleig & claideb & scíath dó. Bogais & bertnaigis in mac bec na harmu, (co n-derna) minbruan & minscomairt díb. Tuc Conchobar dá sleig aile dó & sciath & claideb. Bocais & bertnaigis, crothais & certaigis, co n-derna minbruan & minscomairt. Airm i m-batar na cethri airm déc batar ic Conchobur i n-Emain ic frithalim na maccaém & na maccraide, ciped mac díb no gabad gasced, co m-bad Conchobar doberad trelam fuaparta dó, buaid n-engnama leis assa aithle, cid trá doringni in mac bec sin minbruan & minscomairt dib uili.

"Truly these arms here are not good, O Conchobar my master," the stripling cried. "Herefrom cometh not what is worthy of me." Conchobar gave him his own two spears and his shield and his sword. He shook and he brandished, he bent and he poised them so that tip touched butt, and he broke not the arms and they bore up against him, and he saluted the king whose arms they were. "Truly, these arms are good," said the little boy; "they are suited to me. Hail to the king whose arms and equipment these are. Hail to the land whereout he is come!"

"Then Cathba the druid chanced to come into the tent, and what he said was, "Hath he yonder taken arms?" Cathba asked. "Aye, then, it must be," Conchobar answered. "Not by his mother's son would I wish them to be taken this day," said Cathba. "How so? Was it not thyself advised him?" Conchobar asked. "Not I, in faith," replied Cathba. "What mean'st thou, bewitched elf-man?" cried Conchobar to Cuchulain. "Is it a lie thou hast told us?" "But be not wroth thereat, O my master Conchobar," said the little boy. "No lie have I told; for yet is it he that advised me, when he taught his other pupils this morning. For his pupil asked him what luck might lie in the day, and he said: The youth that took arms on this day would be illustrious and famous, except that he would be fleeting and short-lived." "That I avow to be true," spake Cathba. "Good indeed is the day, glorious and renowned shalt thou be, the one that taketh arms, yet passing and short lived!" "Noble the gift!" cried Cuchulain." Little it recks me, though I should be but one day and one night in the world, if only the fame of me and of my deeds live after me!"

Ni maith ám and na airm se a mo phopa Conchobair, ar in mac bec. Ni thic mo dingbail-se di sodain. Tuc Conchobar a da sleig fodessin & a sciath & a chlaideb dó. Bocais & bertnaigis, crothais & certaigis, co n-arnic a fográin aice fri a n-irlaind, & ni ras-robrís na harmu, & ros fulgetar dó. Maithi na hairm se omm, bar in mac bec, is é so mo chomadas. Mochin in rí asa gasced & trelam so. Mochin tír asa tánic.

Sandsin tanic Cathbad drúí sin pupull & atbert: Airm cone-gab sút, ar Cathbad. Sed écin omm, bar Conchobar. Ni do mac do mathar bad áil dam a n-gabáil sind ló sa, ar Cathbad. Cid són, nach tussu darrecoisc, ar Conchobar. Nad me omm, bar Cathbad. Cid la a siriti síabairthi, ar Conchobar, in bréc dobertais immund. Na badat lond-su immorro ammo phopa Conchobair, ar in mac bec, dáig ar bith is esium dom-recuisc-se arái, ár iarfoacht a dalta dó, cia so sén báí for in ló, & atbert-som, mac bec no gébad gasced and, bad án & bad urdairc, baduthain & dimbuán immorro. Fír dam-sa ón, bar Cathbad, bat ánsu & bat urdairc, baduthain & dimbuán. Amra bríg can co ra bur acht oenlá & oenadaig ar bith, acht co marat m'airscéla & m'imthechta dimm esi. Maith a meic bic, airg i carpat, ar isced na cétna dait.

"Another day one of them asked of the druids for what that day would be propitious. "The one that mounts a chariot to-day," Cathba answered, "his name will be renowned over Erin for ever."

"He mounted the chariot. He put his hands between the two poles of the chariot, and the first chariot he mounted withal he shook and tossed about him till he reduced it to splinters and fragments. He mounted the second chariot, so that he made small pieces and fragments of it in like manner. Further he made pieces of the third chariot. There where were the seventeen a chariots which Conchobar kept for the boy-troop and youths in Emain, the lad made small pieces and fragments of them and they did not withstand him. "These chariots here are not good, O my master Conchobar," said the little boy; "my merit cometh not from them."

"Where is Ibar son of Rianganabair?" asked Conchobar. "Here, in sooth, am I," Ibar answered. "Take with thee mine own two steeds for him yonder, and yoke my chariot." Thereupon the charioteer took the horses and yoked the chariot. Then the little boy mounted the chariot. He shook the chariot about him, and it withstood him, and he broke it not. "Truly this chariot is good," cried the lad, "and this chariot is suited to me."

Dothaet i carpat. Ocus in cetna carpat i táníc beus dana, bocais & bertnaigis imme, co n-derna minbruan & minscomairt de. Luid issin carpat tanaise, co n-derna minbruan & minscomairt de fon cumma cetna. Doringni minbruar don trescarpat beus. Airm i m-batar na sect carpait déc batar oc frithalim na maccraide & na maccaem ic Conchobur i n-Emain, doringni in mac bec minbruan & minscomairt díb uile, & ni ro fulngetar dó. Nit maithe and na carpait so a phopa Chonchobair, ar in mac bec. Ni thaet mo dingbail-se dib-so.

Cia airm ita Ibar mac Rianganabra, ar Conchobar. Sund ém, ar Ibar. Geib lat mo da ech féin sút' & inill mo charpat. Gebid iarum in t-ara in n-echraid & indliss in carpat. Luid in mac bec sin carpat iarum. Bocais in carpat imme & ro fulngestar dó & ní ro briss. Maith in carpat sa omm, ar in mac bec, & iss ed and-so mo charpat comadas.

"Prithee, little boy," said Ibar, "come out of the chariot now and let the horses out on their pasture." "It is yet too soon, O Ibar," the lad answered. "Only let us go on a circuit of Emain to-day and thou shalt have a reward therefor, to-day being my first day of taking arms, to the end that it be a victory of cunning for me."

"Thrice they made the circuit of Emain. "Leave the horses now to their grazing, O little boy," said Ibar. "It is yet too soon, O Ibar," the little lad answered; "let us keep on, that the boys may give me a blessing to-day the first day of my taking arms." They kept their course to the place where the boys were. "Is it arms he yonder has taken?" each one asked. "Of a truth, are they." "May it be for victory, for first wounding and triumph. But we deem it too soon for thee to take arms, because thou departest from us at the game-feats." "By no means will I leave ye, but for luck I took arms this day."

"Now, little boy, leave the horses to their grazing," said Ibar. "It is still too soon for that, O Ibar," the lad answered. "And this great road winding by us, what way leads it?" the lad asked. "What is that to thee?" Ibar answered. "But thou art a pleasant wight, I bow, little lad," quoth Ibar. "I wish, fellow, to inquire about the high-road of the province, what stretch it goes?" "To Ath na Foraire ('the Ford of Watching') in Sliab Fuait it goes," Ibar answered. "Wherefore is it called 'the Ford of Watching,' knowest thou?"

Maith a meic bic, bar Ibar, léic na eochu ar a fergeilt ifechtsa. Romoch sin beus a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Tair round timchull na Emna indiu, indiu mo chetla-sa do gabail arm, co robúaid enhgnama dam.

Tancatar fothrí timchull na Emna. Léic na eochu ar féргеilt ifechtsa a meic bic, ar Ibar. Romoch sin beus a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Tair round ar co m-bennachat in maccrad dam-sa, indiu mo chétla do gabail arm. Lotar rempu don magin i m-bátar in maccrad. Airm co n-gab sút, ar cách. Sed écin són. Rob do búaid & cétguine & choscur sin, acht ba romoch lind co n-gabais armu, fobíth do deligthi ruind oc na clessaib cluchi. Ni scér-sa frib-si etir, acht do seon co n-gabsa armu indiu.

Léic a meic bic na eochu ar fergeilt ifechtsa, ar Ibar. Romoch sin beus a Ibair, bar in mac bec Ocus in t-sligi mór sa imthéit sechond gia leth imthéit, ar in mac bec. Cid tai-siu di, ar Ibar. Aile it fer saignéch-su atchíu a meic bic, bar Ibar. Maith lim a maccain primsligeda in choicid d'iarfaigid, cia airet imthéit. Téit co Áth na Foraire i Sleib Fúait, ar Ibar. Cid ma n-apar Áth na Foraire fris, in fetar-su.

"Yea, I know it well," Ibar made answer. "A stout warrior of Ulster is on watch and on guard there every day, so that there come no strange youths into Ulster to challenge them to battle, and he is a champion to give battle in behalf of the whole province. Likewise if men of song leave the Ulstermen and the province in dudgeon, he is there to soothe them by proffering treasures and valuables, and so to save the honour of the province. Again, if men of song enter the land, he is the man that is their surety that they win the favour of Conchobar, so that songs and lays made for him will be the first to be sung after their arrival in Emain." "Knowest thou who is at the ford to-day?" "Yea, I know," Ibar answered; " Conall Cernach (' the Triumphant'), the heroic, warlike son of Amargin, royal champion of Erin," Ibar answered." Thither guide us, fellow, that so we reach the ford."

"Onwards they drove into sight of the ford where was Conall. "Are those arms he yonder has taken?" asked Conall. "Of a truth, are they," Ibar made answer. "May it be for victory and for triumph and first wounding," said Conall; "but we think it too soon for thee to take arms, because thou art not yet capable of deeds. Were it surety he needed, he that should come hither," he continued, "so wouldst thou furnish a perfect warrant amongst the Ulstermen, and the nobles of the province would rise up to support thee in the contest." "What cost thou here, O Conall my master?" asked the lad. "Watch and ward of the province, lad, I keep here," Conall made answer.

Ra fetar-sa omm, bar Ibar. Daglaech de Ultaib bís ic foraire & ic forcomét and ar na tíset óic no echtranna i n-Ultu do fuacra comraic forru, co rop é in laech conairr comrac dar cend in choicid uli. Da n-dig dana aés dána fo dímaig a Ultaib & assin choiciud, co rop é conairr séta & máine dar cend aenig in choicid dóib. Da tí dana aes dána sin crích, co rop é in fer bas chomhairge dóib corrosset colbo Conchobair, co rop siat a duana sain & a drécta gabtair ar tús i n-Emain ar richtain. In fetar-su cia fil icond áth sain indiu. Ro fetar omm, bar Ibar, Conall Cernach curata comramach mac Amargin rí-laech hErend, bar Ibar. To round duit-siu a maccáin, ar con rísem in n-áth.

Lotar rempu co dreich inn atha i m-bái Conall. Airm co n-gab sút, ar Conall. Sed écin, bar Ibar. Rop da buaid & choscur & cetguine sin, ar Conall, acht bad romoch lind ra gabais armu, daig ar bith nít ingnima-su beus. Da m-bad chomhairgi ricfad a less intí ticfad sund, ar biadat slanchomhairgi-siu bar Ultaib, uli n-óg, & atrestáis mathi in choicid rit báig. Cid dogní andsin, a phopa Chonaill, ar in mac bec. Foraire & forcomét in choicid sund a meic bic, bar Conall.

"Do thou go home now, O master Conall," said the lad, "and leave me the watch and guard of the province to keep here." "Say not so, little son," replied Conall; "thou art not yet able to cope with a goodly warrior." "Then, will I keep on to the south," said the little boy, "to Fertas ('the Bank') of Loch Echtrann for a while; champions are wont to take stand there; perchance I may redden my hands on friend or on foe this day." "I will go, little boy," said Conall, "to save thee, that thou go not alone into peril on the border." "Not so," said the lad. "But I will go," said Conall; "for the men of Ulster will blame me for leaving thee to go alone on the border."

"Conall's horses were caught for him and his chariot was yoked and he set out to protect the little boy. When Conall came up abreast of him, Cuchulain felt certain that, even though a chance came to him, Conall would not permit him to use it. He picked up a hand-stone from the ground which was the full of his grasp. He hurled it from him from his sling the length of a stone-shot at the yoke of Conall's chariot, so that he broke the chariot-collar in two and thereby Conall fell to the ground, so that the nape of his neck went out from his shoulder." "What have we here, boy?" asked Conall; "why threwest thou the stone?" "It is I threw it to see if my cast be straight, or how I cast at all, or if I have the stuff of a warrior in me." "A bane on thy cast and a bane on thyself as well. E'en though thou leavest thy head this time with thine enemies, I will go no further to protect thee." "'Twas what I craved of thee," answered he; "for it is geis amongst you men of Ulster to proceed, after a mishap has befallen your chariots." Conall turned back northwards again to the Ford of Watching.

Eirgg-siu dot tig ifechtsa a phopa Chonaill, ar in mac bec, & no léicfe dam-sa foraire & forcomét in choicid do denam sund. Ni thó a meic bic, ar Conall. Ni dat tualaing comrac ri deglaéch cose. Ragat-sa sechum fo des didiu, ar in mac bec, co Fertais Locha Echtrand colléic, dús in fagbaind mo lama do fuligud for carait no namait indiu. Rag-sa a meic bic, ar Conall, dot imdegail, ar na tiasair th'oenuir in cochrích. Ni thó, ar in mac bec. Rachat omm, bar Conall, dáig benfait Ulaid form do leclud th'oenuir sin cochrích.

Gabtair a eich do Chonall & ro indled a charpat. Ocus dochuaid d'imdegail in meic bic. O ra siacht Conall ard fri aird fris, demin leis, gia no thachrad écht dó, na lécfad Conall dó a denam. Gebid lamchloich do lár thalman dar bo lán a glacc. Fochaird rout n-urchoir uad ar ammus cungi carpait Conaill, co ro bris cuing in charpait ar dó, co torchair Conall trít go talmain, co n-dechaid a maél asa gualaind. Cid and-so a meic, ar Conall. Messi tarlaic dia fis dús in dí-riuch m'urchor no cinnas dibairgim etir no ammadbar gascedaig atam-chomnaic. Neim ar th'urchur & neim fort féin. Cid do chend facba lat namtiu ifesta, ni con tias dot imdegail ní ba siriu. Sed sin conattech-sa foraib, ar esium. Dáig is geis dúib in far n-Ultaib techt dar éclind in far carptaib. Tanic Conall fo thúaid arís co Áth na Foraire ar culu.

"As for the little boy, he fared southwards to Fertas Locha Echtrann. He remained there till the end of the day and they found no one there before them. "If we dared tell thee, little boy," spoke Ibar, "it were time for us to return to Emain now; for dealing and carving and dispensing of food is long since begun in Emain, and there is a place assigned for thee there. Every day it is appointed thee to sit between Conchobar's feet, while for me there is naught but to tarry among the hostlers and tumblers of Conchobar's household. For that reason, methinks it is time to have a scramble among them." "Fetch then the horses for us."

The charioteer fetched the horses and the lad mounted the chariot. "But, O Ibar, what hill is that there now, the hill to the north?" the lad asked." Now, that is Sliab Moduirn," Ibar answered. "Let us go and get there," siad Cuchulain. Then they go on till they reach it. When they reached the mountain, Cuchulain asked, "And what is that white cairn yonder on the height of the mountain?" "And that is Finncharn ('the White Cairn') of Sliab Moduirn," Ibar answered. "But yonder cairn is beautiful," exclaimed the lad. "It surely is beautiful," Ibar answered. "Lead on, fellow, till we reach yonder cairn." "Well, but thou art both a pleasant and tedious inquisitor, I see," exclaimed Ibar; " but this is my first journey and my first time with thee. It shall be my last time till the very day of doom, if once I get back to Emain."

Imthúsa in meic bic dochuaid se fo des co Fertais Locha Echtrand. Báí and co tanic deired dond ló. Da laimmais a rád frit a meic bic, ar Ibar, ro pa mithig lind techt co hEmain ifechtsa, dáig ro gabad dáil & raind & fodail i n-Emain a chianaib, & fail inad urdalta lat-su and di cach lou rod-icfa bith etir da choiss Conchobair, & ni fail limsa acht bith etir echlachu & oblóire tigi Conchobair. Mithig lim-sa techt do imscrípgail friu. Geib lat dún ind echrad didiu.

Gebid in t-ara in n-echraid & luid in mac issin carpat. Aile a Ibair, ga tulach and in tulach sa thúas innossa, ar in mac bec. Sliab Moduirn sin innossa, ar Ibar. Ocus gia findcharn sút immullaig in t-slebe. Findcharn dana Slebe Moduirn, ar Ibar. Aile is áibind in carn út, ar in mac bec. Oebind omm, bar Ibar. Tair roind a maccain, corrisam in cárn út. Aile at fer saignesach-su lista atchiu, for Ibar. Acht is é-seo mo chétfecht-sa lat-su. Bud é mo fecht dedenach co brunni m-brátha, mad daríus Emain oenfect.

"Howbeit they went to the top of the hill. "It is pleasant here, O Ibar," the little boy exclaimed. "Point out to me Ulster on every side, for I am no wise acquainted with the land of my master Conchobar." The horseman pointed him out Ulster all around him. He pointed him out the hills and the fields and the mounts of the province on every side. He pointed him out the plains and the dûns and the strongholds of the province. "'Tis a goodly sight, O Ibar," exclaimed the little lad. "What is that indented, angular, bordered and glenny plain to the south of us?" "Mag Breg," replied Ibar. "Tell thou to me the buildings and forts of that plain." The gilla taught him the name of every chief dûn between Temair and Cenannas, Temair and Taltiu, Cletech and Cnogba and Brug ('the Fort') of Mac Oc. He pointed out to him then the dûn of the three sons of Necht Scenè ('the Fierce'):

Foill and Fandall and Tuachall, their names; Fer Ulli son of Lugaid was their father, and Necht from the mouth of the Scenè was their mother. Now the Ulstermen had slain their father; it was for that reason they were at war with Ulster."

But are those not Necht's sons, that boast that not more of the Ulstermen are alive than have fallen at their hands?" "The same, in sooth," answered the gilla. "On with us to the dûn of the macNechta," cried the little boy. "Alas, in truth, that thou sayest so," quoth Ibar; "'tis a peril for us." "Truly, not to avoid it do we go," answered Cuchulain. "We know it is an act of great folly for us to say so, but whoever may go," said Ibar, "it will not be myself." "Living or dead, go there thou shalt," the little boy cried. "'Tis alive I shall go to the south," answered

Lotar co mullach na taulcha arái. Maith and a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Tecois-siu dam-sa Ultu ar cach leth, dáig nim eolach-sa i crích mo phopa Conchobair etir. Tecoscis in gilla dó Ulaid ar cach leth úad. Tecoisicis dó cnuicc & céti & tulcha in choicid ar cach leth. Tecoscis dó maigi & dune & dindgnai in coicid. Maith and-sin a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Gia mag and in cúlach cernach ochrach glennach sa ruind aness. Mag m-Breg, bar Ibar. Tecois-siu dam-sa déntai & dindgnai in maige sin. Tecoscais in gilla dó: Temair & Taltiu, Cleitech & Cnogba & Brug Meic inn Óóc ocus Dún Mac Nechtain Scene.

Aile nach siat na Meic Nectain sin máides nach mó fail na m-bethaid d'Ultaib anda a torchair leo-som díb. Siat omm, bar in gilla. Tair romuind co Dún Mac Nectain, ar in gilla bec. Mairg atbir ón omm, bar Ibar. Is fis dún conid mór in bert báisi a rád. Gib é dig, bar Ibar, ní ba missi. Ragaid do beo no do marb, ar in mac bec. Is mo beo ragas fades, ar Ibar, & mo marb fócebthar icon dún ro fetar, .i. oc Dún Mac Nectain.

Ibar," and dead I shall be left at the dún, I know, even at the dún of the macNechta."

"They push on to the dún. And the little boy sprang out of the chariot onto the green. Thus was the green of the dún, with a pillar-stone upon it and an iron band around that, and a band for prowess it was, and there was a writing in ogam at its joint, and this is the writing it bore: 'Whoever should come to the green, if he be a champion, it is geis for him to depart from the green without giving challenge to single combat.' The lad deciphered the writing and put his two arms around the pillar-stone. Just as the pillar-stone was with its ring, he flung it with a cast of his hand into the moat, so that a wave passed over it.

"Methinks," spake Ibar, "it is no better now than to be where it was. And we know thou shalt now get on this green the thing thou desires", even the token of death, yea, of doom and destruction!" "Good, O Ibar, spread the chariot-coverings and its skins for me that I may snatch a little sleep." "Woe is me, that thou sayest so," answered the gilla; "for a foeman's land is this and not a green for diversion." The gilla arranged the chariot-coverings and its skins under Cuchulain, and the lad fell asleep on the green.

Lotar rempo cornice in dún. Ocus tarmlaing in mac assin charput for ind faichthe. Amlaid bóí faichthi in dunaid & corthi furri & id iarnaidi na thimchiull & id niachais éside & ainm n-oguim na menoc, & is é ainm bóí and: Gip e tised in faidche, dia m-ba gascedach, geis fair ar thecht dind faidchi cen chomrac n-oenfir do fuacra. Airlegais in mac bec in n-ainm & tuc a da rigid mun coirthi. Mar bóí in coirthi cona id, tarlaic sin linnid, con toracht tond taris.

Andar lind, ar Ibar, ní ferr sin na a bith i fail irraba. Ocus ro fetamar, fogéba for in faidchi se aní co atái iarair don chur sa, .i. airdena báis & éca & aideda. Maith a Ibair, córaig fortcha in charpait & a fortgemni dam co ro thurthaind cotlud bicán. Mairg atbir ón ám, ar in gilla, dáig is crích bidbad so & ni faidchi airurais. Coraigis in gilla fortcha in charpait & a fortgemne. Taurthais in gilla bec cotlud for ind faidche.

"Then came one of the macNechta onto the fair-green, to wit, Foill son of Necht. "Unyoke not the horses, gilla," cried Foill. "I am not fain to, at all," answered Ibar; "the reins and the lines are still in my hand." "Whose horses are those, then?" Foill asked. "Two of Conchobar's horses," answered the gilla; "the two of the dappled heads." "That is the knowledge I have of them. And what hath brought these steeds here to the borders?" "A tender youth that has assumed arms amongst us to-day for luck and good omen," the horseboy answered, "is come to the edges of the marshes to display his comeliness." "May it not be for victory nor for triumph, his first-taking of arms," exclaimed Foill. "If I knew he was fit for deeds, it is dead he should go back northwards to Emain and not alive!" "In good sooth, he is not fit for deeds," Ibar answered; "it is by no means right to say it of him; it is the seventh year since he was taken from the crib. "

"The little lad raised his face from the ground and drew his hand over his face, and he became as one crimson wheelball from his crown to the ground. "Aye, but I am fit for deeds!" the lad cried. "That pleaseth me well," said the champion; "but more like than what thou sayest, meseemeth, thou art not fit for deeds." "Thou wilt know that better if we go to the ford. But, go fetch thy weapons, for I see it is in the guise of a churl thou art come, and I slay nor charioteers nor grooms nor folk without arms."

And-sain tanic mac do maccaib Nechtain for in faidchi .i. Fóill mac Nechtain. Na scuir na eochu itir a gillai, ar Fóill. Ní triallaim itir, ar Ibar. Atát a n-ési & a n-aradna im láim béus. Coichi na eich sin etir, for Foill. Da ech Conchobair, ar in gilla, na da chendbricc. Sí sin aichni dobiur-sa forru. Ocus cid tuc na eochu sund co hor cocríchi. Maéthmaccaém co n-gab armu lind, ar in gilla, tanic co hor cocríchi do thasselbad a delba. Ní rop do búaid no choscur ón, ar Fóill. Dia fessaind co m-bad ingníma, is a marb ricfad fathúaid arís co hEmain & ní bad a béo. Ní ingníma omm, bar Ibar, ní comad aid a rád ris etir, is in t-sechtmad bliadain arna breith don fail.

Conúargaib in mac bec a gnúis ó thalmain & tuc a láim dar a gnúis & doringni rothmol corcarda del o mulluch co talmain. Isam ingníma omm, ar in mac bec. Docho lim na rada duit, ní dat ingníma. Bid docho duit, acht condrísem forsind áth, acht eirgsiu ar cend t'arm, daig atchiu is midlachda tanac, ar ní gonaim aradu no echlacha no aes cen armu.

The man went apace after his arms. "Now thou shouldst have a care for us against yonder man that comes to meet thee, little lad," said Ibar. "And why so?" asked the lad. "Foill son of Necht is the man thou seest. Neither points nor edges of weapons can harm him." "Not before me shouldst thou say that, O Ibar," quoth the lad. "I will put my hand to the lath-trick for him, namely, to the apple of twice-melted iron, and it will light upon the disc of his shield and on the flat of his forehead, and it will carry away the size of an apple of his brain out through the back of his head, so that it will make a sieve-hole outside of his head, till the light of the sky will be visible through his head."

"Foill son of Necht came forth. Cuchulain took the lath-trick in hand for him and threw it from him the length of his cast, so that it lighted on the flat of his shield and on the front of his forehead and carried away the bulk of an apple of his brain out through the back of his head, so that it made a sieve-hole thereof outside of his head, till the light of the sky might be seen through his head. He went to him then and struck off the head from the trunk. Thereafter he bore away his spoils and his head with him.

"Then came the second son out on the green, his name Tuachall ('the Cunning') son of Necht. "Aha, I see thou wouldst boast of this deed," quoth Tuachall. "In the first place I deem it no cause to boast for slaying one champion," said Cuchulain; "thou shalt not boast of it this time, for thou shalt fall by my hand." "Off with thee for thine arms, then, for 'tis not as a warrior thou art come." The man rushed after his arms. "Thou shouldst have a care for us against yon man, lad," said Ibar. "How so?" the lad asked.

Bidcais in fer sain ar cend a airm. Cóir duit arechus dúin fris sút a meic bic, ar Ibar. Ced ón ecín, ar in mac bec. Fóill mac Nechtain in fer atchí, nín gabat renna no airm no faebair itir. Ní rum-sa is chóir duit-siu sain do rád a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Dobér-sa mo láim fon deil cliss dó, .i. fon n-ubull n-athlegtha n-íarnaide, & tecema illaind a scéith & illaind a étain & béraid comthrom inn ubaill da inchind tria chuladaig co n-dingne retherderg de fria chend anechtair, co m-bat léiri lesbaire aeóir triana chend.

Tánic immach Foill mac Nechtain. Tuc-som a láim fon deil cliss dó & focheird rout n-urchair úad, co tarla illaind a scéith & illaind a étain & berid comthrom inn ubaill da inchind tria chuladaig co n-derna rechderg de fria chend anechtair, co m-ba léir lésbaire aeóir triana chend. Ocus tópatch som a chend dia mede.

Tánic in mac tanaise immach ar in faidchi, Tuachall mac Nechtain. Aile atchiu commaidfide lat sain, ar Tuachall. Ni máidim limm chetus oenláech dommarbad. Ni maidfesu ón a fecht sa, dáig dofáithaisiu limm-sa. Tó duit-siu ar cend t'arm, dáig is midlachda tánac. Bidgais in fer sain ar cend a arm. Cóir duit arechus dúin risiút a meic bic, bar Ibar. Cid són, ar in mac bec. Tuachail mac Nechtain in fer atchí. Meni arrais din chébulli no din chéturchur no din chéttadall, ní arrais etir chaidche (ar) a

"Tuachall son of Necht is the man thou beholdest. And he is nowise misnamed, for he falls not by arms at all. Unless thou worstest him with the first blow or with the first shot or with the first touch, thou wilt not worst him ever, because of his craftiness and the skill wherewith he plays round the points of the weapons."

"That should not be said before me, O Ibar," cried the lad. "I will put my hand on Conchobar's well-tempered lance, on the Craisech Neme ('the Venomous Lance'). It will light on the shield over his belly, and it will crush through his ribs on the farther side after piercing his heart in his breast. That would be the smiting cast of an enemy and not the friendliness of a fellow countryman! From me he shall not get sick-nursing or care till the brink of doom."

"Tuachall son of Necht came forth on the green, and the lad laid his hand on Conchobar's lance against him, and it struck the shield above his belly and broke through the ribs on the farther side after piercing his heart within his breast. He struck off his head or ever it reached the ground.

"Then came the youngest of the sons forth on the green, namely, Fandall son of Necht. "Fools were the folk who fought with thee here," cried Fandall. "How, now!" cried the lad. "Come down to the pool, where thy foot findeth not bottom." Fandall rushed on to the pool. "Thou shouldst be wary for us of him, little boy," said Ibar. "Why should I then?" asked the lad. "Fandall son of Necht is the man whom thou seest. For this he bears the name Fandall ('the Swallow'): like a swallow or weasel he courseth the sea; the swimmers of the world cannot reach him."

amansi & a airgigi non imrend im rennaib na n-arm.

Ni rim-sa is rátti sin a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Dober-sa mo láim fón manáis murnig Conchobair, fon crúisig neme, tecema sin sciath os a broind & brúifet tria asna a thaéib bas siriu uaím ar tregdad a chridi na chliab. Bud aurchur deoraid sin & ni ba hicht urraid. Ni ba teg legis no othrais uaím-se dó co bruinne m-bratha.

Tanic Tuachall mac Nechtain immach ar in faidchi, & focheird in mac bec a láim fón manáis Conchobair dó, & dorecgmaing sin scíath os a broind & bruis sin asna ina tháib aile ba siriu úad ar tregdad a chridi na chliab. Benaíd-sium a chend, ria siu sessed dochum talman.

And-sin tanic immach sósar na clainde forsin faidchi .i. Faindle mac Nechtain. Is baeth in lucht condránic frit and-sin, ar Fandle. Cid ón, ar in mac bec. Tair sechut síis ar in lind bail ná ró do choss lár. Bidgais Fandle reme for in lind. Coír duit arechus dúin risiút a meic bic, bar Ibar. Cid ón écin, ar in mac bec. Fandle mac Nechtain in fer atchí. Is de diatá in t-ainm fair mar fandaill no mar íaraind imtheít muir. Ni chumgat snámaigi in talman ní dó.

"Thou shouldst not speak thus before me, O Ibar," said the lad. "Thou knowest the river that is in our land, in Emain, the Callann. When the boys frequent it with their games of sport and when the water is not beneath them, if the surface is not reached by them all, I do carry a boy over it on either of my palms and a boy on either of my shoulders, and I myself do not even wet my ankles under the weight of them."

"They met upon the water and they engaged in wrestling upon it, and the little boy closed his arms over Fandall, so that the sea came up even with him, and he gave him a deft blow with Conchobar's sword and chopped off his head from the trunk, and left the body to go down with the stream, and he carried off the head and the spoils with him.

"Thereupon Cuchulain went into the dún and pillaged the place and burned it so that its buildings were no higher than its walls. And they turned on the way to Sliab Fuait and carried the three heads of Necht's sons with them.

"When they came to Sliab Fuait they espied a herd of wild deer before them. "What are those many cattle, O Ibar, those nimble ones yonder?" asked the lad; "are they tame or are they other deer?" "They are real wild deer, indeed," Ibar answered; "herds of wild deer that haunt the wastes of Sliab Fuait." "Ply the goad for us on the horses into the bog, to see can we take some of them." The charioteer drove a goad into the horses. It was beyond the power of the king's overfat steeds to keep up with the deer. The lad got down from the chariot and as the fruit of his run and his race, in the morass which was around him, he caught two of the swift,

Ní rim-sa is chóir sin do rád a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Saichnid duit-siu ind aband fil ocuind i n-Emain, Kalland. Tráth nos immet in macrad do chlessaib cluchi furri, & úair nach fóisam in lind, berim-se maccaém cehtar mo da dernand tarsi and-sin & maccaém cehtar mo da gúaland, & ní fliuchaim fadesin gid mo adbrunnu fóthu.

Condránic dóib for ind lind, & furmid in mac bec a rigthi tharis, co tarla in muir aird fri aird fris, & dobretha tathulbéim do chlaidiub Conchobair dó, & tóipacht a chend dá méidiu & leicis in colaind lasin sruth & dobretha a cend leis.

Lotar isin dún far tain & ra airg(set) in cathraig & ra loiscset connarbdar airdiu a déntai andat a immélaig. Ocus imsóiset rempu i Sliab Fúait & dobrethsat tri cind Mae Nechtain leo.

Con faccatar in n-alma do aigib alta rempu. Cochit na inili imda imdaiscaire a Ibair, ar in mac bec, pettai sút no inn aigi chena. Aige chena omm, bar Ibar. Almai d'aigib alta sain bít i n-diamraib Sleibi Fúait. Saig brot dún forsin n-echraid, dús ar connársimmís ní díb. Saigis in t-ara brot for in n-echraid. Ní chaemnectar eich roremra ind rí in damrad do chomaitecht. Luid in mac bec assin charput & gebis da n-ag lúatha látiri díb. Cenhlais d'fertsib & d'ithisib & d'iallaib in charpait.

stout deer. He fastened them to the back poles and the bows and the thongs of the chariot.

"They continued their way to the mound-seat of Emain, where they saw flocks of white swans flying by them. "What are those birds there, O Ibar?" the lad asked; "are yonder birds tame or are they other birds?" "Indeed, they are real wild birds," Ibar answered; "flocks of swans are they that come from the rocks and crags and islands of the great sea without, to feed on the plains and smooth spots of Erin." "Which would be stranger to the Ulstermen, O Ibar, for them to be fetched alive to Emain or dead?" asked the lad." Stranger far, alive," Ibar answered "for not every one succeeds in taking the birds alive, while they are many that take them dead." Then did the lad perform one of his lesser feats upon them: he put a small stone in his sling, so that he brought down eight of the birds; and then he performed a greater feat: he threw a large stone at them and he brought down sixteen of their number. With his return stroke all that was done. He fastened them to the hind poles and the bows and the thongs and the ropes and the traces of the chariot.

"Take the birds along with thee, O Ibar," cried the lad to his charioteer. "I am in sore straits," answered Ibar; "I find it not easy to go." "What may it be?" asked the lad. "Great cause have I. The horses have become wild, so that I cannot go by them. If I stir at all from where I am, the chariot's iron wheels will cut me down because of their sharpness and because of the strength and the power and the might of the career of the horses. If I make any move, the horns of the deer will

Lotar rempu co forodmag na hEmna, con mafaccatar in n-elta do gésib gela seccu. Cóiichi and na eóin sin a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Indat pettai sút no indat éoin chena. Eoin chena omm, bar Ibar, elta do gésib sin tecait di chlochaib & carrgib & ailénaib in mara móir immuich, do geilt for maigib & rédib hErend. Cia bad irdarcu, a m-béo sút do rochtain Emna no ammarb a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Airdarcu a m-béo omm, bar Ibar, dáig ni cách conairg na eoin beoa do gabail. And-sain dobretha in mac ceird m-bic forru, fostaid ocht n-eono díb, & dobretha ceird máir iar sain, & fastaid sé eóin déc díb. Cenglais do fertsib & d'fithisib & iallaib & d'folomnaib & tetaib in carpait.

Tuc lat na eonu a Ibair, ar in mac bec. Túsa i n-dulig, ar Ibar. Cid són écin, ar in mac bec. Fai a mórabba dam. Dianom gluasiur itir assin magin itú, nom thescfat roith iarnaide in charpait (re) feramla & fertsigi & fortressi ceimmi inna hechraide. Danam luur itir dana, nom thollfat & nom thregtaifet benna na n-aigi.

pierce and gore me.

"Ah, no true champion art thou any longer, O Ibar," said the lad; "because of the look I shall give at the horses they will not depart from the straight way; at the look I shall give at the deer they will bend their heads in fear and awe of me; they will not dare move, and it will be safe for thee e'en though thou goest in front of their horns."

"Thereupon they went on till they reached the fair plain of Emain. It was then Lebarcham, the watch in Emain Macha, came forth and discerned them, she, the daughter of Aue ('Ear') and of Adarc ('Horn.') "A single chariot-fighter is here, coming towards Emain Macha," cried Lebarcham, "and his coming is fearful. The heads of his foes all red in his chariot with him. Beautiful, all-white birds he has hovering around in the chariot. With him are wild, untamed deer, bound and fettered, shackled and pinioned. And I give my word, if he be not attended to this night, brood will flow over Conchobar's province by him and the youths of Ulster will fall by his hand." "We know him, that chariot-fighter," spake Conchobar; "belike it is the little gilla, my sister's son, who went to the edge of the marches at the beginning of the day, who has reddened his hands and is still unsated of combat, and unless he be attended to, all the youths of Emain will fall by his hand."

Aile nit fírlaec(h)-su béus a Ibair [iarutn], dáig in fégad fégfat-sa for na echaib, ni ragat assa certimthecht. In tincud tincfat forsna haigib, cromfait a cinnu ar m'ecla & ar m'uamain, & fó duit-siu gid die m-bendaib no chingthé.

Lotar rempo, co rancatar Emain. Is and-sin rathaigis in Leborcham íat, ingen saide Ái & Adairce. Oencharptech sund, for Leborcham, & is uathmar thic. Cind a bidbad fordergga sin charput aice. Eóin áille oengela ic imuarad aice sin charput. Aige altamla anríata i cengul & chrapull & chuibrech & charcair aice, & meni frithalter innocht é, dos-fáithsat óic Ulad leis. Ro-da-fetammar in carptech sin, ar Conchobar, in gilla bec mac mo sethar dochoid co hor cocríche, ro derg a láma & ni dóithanach comraic, & meni frithalter dana dofáithsat óic Emna uili leis.

"And this was the counsel they agreed to follow: to let out the womenfolk to meet the youth, namely, thrice fifty women, even ten and seven-score bold, stark-naked women, at one and the same time, and their chieftainess, Scannlach ('the Wanton') before them, to discover their persons and their shame to him." Thereupon the young women all arose and marched out, and they discovered their nakedness and all their shame to him. The lad hid his face from them and turned his gaze on the chariot, that he might not see the nakedness or the shame of the women.

Then the lad was lifted out of the chariot. He was placed in three vats of cold water to extinguish his wrath; and the first vat into which he was put burst its staves and its hoops like the cracking of nuts around him. The next vat into which he went boiled with bubbles as big as fists therefrom. The third vat into which he went, some men might endure it and others might not. Then the boy's wrath went down. "Thereupon he came out, and his festive garments were put on him.

His comeliness appeared on him and he made a crimson wheel-ball of himself from his crown to the ground. Seven toes he had to each of his two feet, and seven fingers to each of his two hands, and seven pupils to each of his two kingly eyes, and seven gems of the brilliance of the eye was each separate pupil. Four spots of down on either of his two cheeks: a blue spot, a purple spot, a green spot, a yellow spot. Fifty strands of bright-yellow hair from one ear to the other, like to a comb of birch twigs or like to a brooch of pale gold in the face of the sun. A clear, white, shorn spot was upon him, as if

Ocus ba sed in chomairle ra cruthaiged leo: in bantocht da le cud immaeh do saigid in meic, .i. tri coicait ban .i. deich mnaa & secht fichit díscir derglomnocht i n-oenfecht uili, & a m-bantoesech rempo, Scandlach, do thócbai annochta & annáre dó. Tancatar immach in banmaccrad uile, & tuargbatar annochta & annáre uile dó. Foilgid in mac a gnúis forru & dobretha a dreich frisin carpat, ar na acced nochta no náre na m-ban.

And-sain ro irgabad in mac bec isin charput. Tucad i trí dabchaib uaruscib é do díbdúd a ferge, & in chetna dabach i tucad in mac bec ro díscáil da cláraib & da circlaib amal chnómaidm imbi. In dabach tanaise con figfed durnu di. In tres dabach fer fos-foilnged & fer ní foilnged etir. And-sain fergga in meic for cúlu, & conácbad a thimthach immi.

Tancatar a delba dó ocus doringni rothmól corcra de ó mulluch co talmáin. Secht meóir cehtar a dá choss & secht meóir cehtar a dá lám, & secht meic imlessan cehtar a dá rigrosc iarum, & secht n-gemma de ruthin ruisc foleith cech mac imlesan díb. Cethri tibri díb cehtar a dá grúad: tibri gorm tibri corcra tibri úane tibri buide. Cóica urla fegbuide ón chluaís go cheile dó, amal chir m-bethi no amal brethnasa bánóir fri taul n-grene. Maél gle find fair mar bo atas-lilad. Brat uanide imme, delg n-argait indi. Léni orsnáith immi. Ocus ra sudiged in mac etir da choiss Conchobair. Ocus ro gab in rí ic

a cow had licked it. A fair, laced green mantle about him; a silver pin therein over his white breast. A hooded tunic of thread of gold about him. And the lad was seated between the two feet of Conchobar, and that was his couch ever after, and the king began to stroke his close-shorn hair.

"A mere lad accomplished these deeds at the end of seven years after his birth," continued Fiachu son of Fiarba; "for he overcame heroes and battle-champions at whose hands two-thirds of the men of Ulster had fallen, and these had not got the revenge on them until that scion rose up for them. No need then is there of wonder or of surprise, though he came to the border, though he slew one man or two men or three men or four men when now are fulfilled his seventeen years at the time of the Táin Bó Cúalnge."

Albeit gladness, joy and happiness was the part of the men of Ulster for that, sorrow, grief and unhappiness was the part of the men of Erin, for they knew that the little lad that had done those deeds in the time of his boyhood, it would be no wonder if he should do great deeds of valour in the time of his manhood.

These, accordingly, are some of the youthful exploits of Cuchulain on the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge, and the Prologue of the Tale, and the Names of the Roads and the March of the Host up to this Point.

The Story proper is this which follows now.

sliachtad a máile.

Mac bec doringni na gníma sin i cind a secht m-bliadan arna breith, bar ro scart na curaid & na cathmilid, ris torcratar da trian fer n-Ulad, & na fuaratar a dígail forro na con érracht in gein sin chucu, no corb eicen machtad no ingantus de, giano thised co hor críche, gana marbad fer no dís no triur no chethrur, in aim i n-at slana secht m-bliadna déc for Tain bó Cualnge.

Conid innisin do macgnímaib Conculaind sin for Tain bo Cualnge ocus remthús in sceóil & na sliged & imthechta in t-slúai g connici sin.

In scel fodessin isní and fodechtsa.



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8. The Slaying Of Orlam

Aided Orlaim.

The four grand provinces of Erin set forth on the morrow eastwards over Cronn ('the Round'), which is a mountain. Cuchulain had gone out before them, till he came upon the charioteer of Orlam son of Aililla and of Medb. This was at Tamlacht Orlaim ('Orlam's Gravestone') a little to the north of Disert Lochaid ('Lochat's Hermitage'). The charioteer was engaged in cutting chariot-poles from a holly-tree in the wood.

"Behold, O Laeg," cried Cuchulain; How bold are the ways of the Ulstermen, if it be they that cut down the woods in this fashion in the face of the men of Erin. Tarry thou here a little, till I know who cuts down the woods in this manner." Then Cuchulain went on till he came up to Orlam's charioteer, to stop him; he thought he was one of the men of Ulster. "What dost thou here, gilla?" asked Cuchulain; "Indeed, then," answered the gilla, "I cut chariot poles from this holm, because our chariots were broken yesterday in pursuit of that famous wildling, namely Cuchulain. And for thy manhood's sake, young warrior, pray come to my aid, so that that famous Cuchulain come not upon me." "Take thy choice, gilla," said Cuchulain, "to gather or to trim them, either." "I will see to gathering them, for it is easier," the gilla answered.

Tancatar cethri ollchoicid hErend arnabarach dar Cruind (.i. sliab) sair. Luid Cuchulaind ríam remain rempu, con arnaic fri araid Órláim meic Ailella & Medba. Ro báí oc Tamlactain Órlaib fri Disert Lochad atuaid. Bui ic buing na fertas carpait culind issin fid.

Amae a Láeig, ar Cuchulaind, is tarpech in mod do Ultaib, mas iat benas in fid fon samlaid se ar cind fer n-hErend, ocus airisiu sund bic, co fessur-sa cia benas in fid fon samlaid se. Luid Cuchulaind iarum, con arnaic frisin n-araid. Cid dogni-siu sund a gillai, ar Cuchuhlaind. Itúsa ém, ar in gilla, oc boing na fertas carpait culind sund, daig ar bith ro mebtatar ar carpait inné ic taffund na hailiti urdairce út .i. Conculaind, ocus ar bith t'óclachaisiu a óeclaich conhgain lim-sa, nacham thair in Cuchulaind urdaire sin. Roga duit a gillai, ar Cuchulaind, a n-imtheclamad no a n-imscothad nechtar-de. Dogén a n-imtheclamad, daig is assu.

Cuchulain started to cut the poles and he drew them between the forks of his feet and his hands against their bends and their knots, so that he made them smooth and straight and slippery and trimmed; he polished them so that not even a midge could find footing thereon when he had passed them away from him. Then full sure the gilla gazed upon him. "Far then, meseems, from fitting is the task I put on thee. And for love of thy valour, who art thou, say, O warrior?" the gilla asked, for he was sore affrighted. "That same renowned Cuchulain am I of whom thou spakest a while ago in the morning." "Woe is me then, by reason of this," cried the gilla, "for this am I lost forever."

"Fear nothing; I will not slay thee at all, boy," said Cuchulain; "for I slay nor charioteers nor horseboys nor persons unarmed. But, prithee, where is thy master, gilla?" "Over yonder by the trench, with his back to the pillar-stone," answered the gilla. "Off with thee thither to him and bear him a warning that he be on his guard. For if we meet he shall fall by my hand." Thereupon the charioteer repaired by one way to his master, and Cuchulain went by another, and fast as the gilla sped to Orlam, faster still Cuchulain did reach him and offered him combat and he struck off his head, and raising it aloft displayed it to the men of Erin.

Forrópart Cuchulaind for a n-imscothad & nos tairnged tria ladraib a choss & a lám i n-agid a fíar & a fadb, con denad a féth & a snass & a slemnugud & a cernad, nos blathiged conna tairised cuil forru, tráth nos leiced úad. And-sin nod fégand dana in gilla. Dar lim ám ale, ní hopair chóir dombiurt-sa fort-su itir. Cóich thussu itir, bar in gilla. Is missi in Cuchulaind airdairc atbertaisiu imbuaruch. Romairc se ón ém, ar in gilla, darochar de-side co bruinni m-bratha.

Nad bia etir a gillai, ar Cuchulaind, ar ní gonaim aradu no echlachu no aes gan armu. Is cia airm itá do thigernasu chena ale. Aracút tall for in fertai, ar in gilla. Dó duit-siu connice & urtha robud dó & ar dogné fatchius. Daig dia condrísam, dofaeth lem-sa. Luid iarsain in t-ara do saigid a thigerna, & cid lúath condránic in gilla, luathiu con arnic Cuchulaind, & topacht a chend de Orláb, oculus turcbais & tasbenais do feraib hErend in cend.



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8a. The Slaying Of The Three Macarach

Then came the three macArach on to the ford at Ard Ciannacht to encounter Cuchulain: Lon ('Ousel'), Uala ('Pride'), and Diliu ('Deluge');-- Meslir ('Lir's Fosterling'), and Meslaoc ('Hero's Fosterling'), and Meslethain ('Lethan's Fosterling') were the names of their charioteers. This is why they came to engage with Cuchulain, for the deed he had done the day before they deemed past bearing, when the two sons of Nera son of Nuatar, son of Tacan, were slain at Ath Gabla ('Fork-ford'), and Orlam, Ailill's son and Medb's, was slain withal and his head displayed to the men of Erin, so that their desire was to kill Cuchulain in the same manner in revenge for him, and that they should be the ones to rid the host of that pest and bring his head with them to set it aloft.

They went into the wood and cut off three great white-hazelwood-strips (and put them) into the hands of their charioteers, so that the six of them might engage in battle at one and the same time with Cuchulain. Cuchulain turned on them and smote their six heads from them. Thus fell the macArach at the hands of Cuchulain

Aided tri Mac n-Árach

Sand-sin tancatar tri meic Árach barsin n-áth ic Ard Chiannacht i n-herus Conculaind, Lon & Ual & Diliu, Maslir & Maslaig & Maslethair anmand a n-arad. Is aire con deochatar sin i comdail Conculaind, dáig ba innarcraid gním leo doringni in lathe reme forro .i. da mac Nera meic Nuatair meic Thacain do marbad ic Áth Gabla, Orláb mac Ailella & Medba do guin dana & a chend do thaiselbad d'feraib hErend, co ro gontaisium Coinculaind fon samlaid sin & go ructáis a chend leo i taiselbad.

Lotar fon fid & ro bensat tri fidslatta findchuill illamaib a n-arad, condrístais a sessiur i n-oenfecht gliaid fri Coinculaind. Impádar Cuchulaind friu & benais a se cinnu díb. Torchrtar meic Árach samlaid la Coinculaind.



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8b. The Combat Of Lethan And Cuchulain

There came also Lethan ('the Broad') to his ford on the Nith in the land of Conalle Murthemni, to fight with Cuchulain. He came upon him at the ford. Ath Carpait ('Chariot-ford') is the name of the ford where they fought, for their chariots were broken in the combat on the ford.

It is there that Mulcha, Lethan's charioteer, fell on the shoulder of the hill between the two fords. Hence it is called Guala Mulchi ('Mulcha's Shoulder') ever since. It is there, too, that Cuchulain and Lethan met, and Lethan fell at Cuchulain's hands and he smote his head from his neck on the ford and left it therewith, that is, he left the head with the trunk. Wherefore the name of the ford of the Nith was called Ath Lethain ('Lethain's Ford') ever since in the district of Conalle Murthemni.

Comrac Leathain fri Coinculainn

Táinic dana Lethan for a áth for Nith i crích Conailli Murthetune do chomruc fri Coinculaind. Barrópart forsin n-áth. Áth Carpait a chomainm inn atha áit mal connairnechtatar, daig con mebdatar a carpait ic imthrutt isin n-áth.

Is and-sin focera Mulchi forsin taulaig etir na da n-áth, conid de datá Gualu Mulchi dana béus. Is andsin dana condranic Cuchulaind & Letha(n), ocus dofuit Lethan fri Coinculaind, & tóipacht a chen(n) die méde forsin áth & nadn - ácaib leis .i. fácbais a chend la cholaind, conid de atá in t-ainm forsin n-áth o sain .i. Áth Lethan i crích Conailli Murthemne.

Then came unto them the Crutti Cainbili ('the Tuneful Harpers'), from Ess Ruaid in the north to amuse them. They opined it was to spy upon them they were come from Ulster. When they came within sight of the camp of the men of Erin, fear, terror, and dread possessed them, and the hosts pursued them as never men pursued, far and wide, till they escaped them in the shapes of deer near the standing stones at Lia Mor ('Great Stone') in the north. For though they were known as the 'Mellifluous Harpers' they were druids, men of great cunning and great power of augury and magic.

Andsain tancatar .i. crutti cáinbili o Ess Rúaid, da n-airfítíud. Indar leo-som rapo da tascelad o Ultaib, & rucsat in t-shluaig tafond direcra i fat forro con dechatar i n-delbaib oss n-alta uadib ic na corthib ic Líc Móir, ar giarsa chruitti cainbili atberthea friu, batir fir co morfhis & go mórfhastine & druidect iat.



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8c. The Killing of The Squirrel And of The Tame Bird

Then Cuchulain made a threat in Methe that wherever he saw Medb he would cast a stone at her and that it would not go far from the side of her head. That he also fulfilled. In the place where he saw Medb west of the ford he cast a stone from his sling at her, so that it killed the pet bird that was on her shoulder.

Medb passed over the ford eastwards, and again he cast a stone from his sling at her east of the ford, so that it killed the tame squirrel that was on her shoulder. Hence the names of those places are still, Meide in Togmail ('Squirrel's Neck') and Meide ind Eoin ('Bird's Neck'). And Ath Srethe ('Ford of the Throw') is the name of the ford over which Cuchulain cast the stone from his sling.

Then did the men of Erin deliberate about going to ravage and lay waste Mag Breg and Meath and the plain of Conall and the land of Cuchulain; and it was in the presence of Fergus macRoig they discussed it.

Aided in togmaill & in pheta eóin

Andsain bágaís Cuchulaind, port i faicied Meidb dobérad chloich furri, & ní bad chían o lethchind. Fír do-som, port indas-facca Meidb focheird chloich assa thabail furri, co ros ort in petta n-eoin búí for a gualaind fri áth aniar.

Luid Medb dar áth sair, & dobretha cloich assa thabail béus furri, go ro ort in petta togmallain bá for a gualaind fri ath anair, conid Meide in Togmaill & Mede ind Eoin a n-anmand na n-inad sin beus, & conid Ath Srethe comainm ind atha dar a sredestar Cuchulaind in cloich assa thabail.

The four grand provinces of Erin moved out on the morrow, and began to harry the plains of Breg and Murthemne. And the sharp, keen-edged anxiety for Cuchulain came over his fosterer Fergus. And he bade the men of Erin be on their guard that night, for that Cuchulain would come upon them. And here again he sang in his praise, as we wrote it before, and he uttered the lay:--

"If Cuchulain, Cualnge's
Hound,
And Red Branch chiefs on
you come,
Men will welter in their
blood,
Laying waste Murthemne's
plain!

"Far away he held his course,
Till he reached Armenia's
heights;
Battle dared he, past his wont,
And the Burnt-breasts put to
death!

Hardest for him was to drive
Necht's sons from their
chieftest haunts;
And the smith's hound--
mighty deed--
Hath he slain with single
hand!

"More than this I've naught to
say,
As concerns Dechtird's son;
My belief, in troth, is this:
Ye will now meet with your
fate."

Tancatar cethri ollchoiceda hErend
arnabarach, gabsatar argain Maigi Breg &
Maigi Murthemne. Ocus tanic gérlenma
géribrach Conculaind da aiti, do Fergus.
Ocus atrubairt fri firu hErend faitchius inn
aidchi sin, daíg ar bíth dos-ficfad
Cuchulaind, & a formolad i fus doridisi
amal ra scribsam remaind, & doringni laid:

Damb-ró Cuchulaind
Cualnhge
ria curadaib Craebruade,
beti fir i fuilib de
d'argain Maige Murthemne.

Dochuaid-sium turus bad sía,
go ranic Slebi Armenia,
rala ág dar (a) aiste,
ra chuir ár [ar] na cichloiste

Ba handsu dó meic Nectain
do chur assa prímlépthaib,
cu na cerda, ba mod n-áig,
do marbad cona oenláim.

Nochomtha ní radim de
im dála meic Deictire,
issí mo chobais, ni gó,
con corrossid dobanró.

After this lay, that was the day that Donn ('the Brown Bull') of Cualnge came into the land of Marginè to Sliab Culinn and with him fifty heifers of the heifers of Ulster; and there he was pawing and digging up the earth in that place, in the land of Marginè, in Cualnge; that is, he flung the turf over him with his heels.

It was on the same day that the Morrigan, daughter of Ernmas, the prophetess of the fairy-folk, came in the form of a bird, and she perched on the standing-stone in Temair of Cualnge giving the Brown Bull of Cualnge warning and lamentations before the men of Erin. Then she began to address him and what she said was this: "Good, now, O luckless one, thou Brown Bull of Cualnge," so spake the Morrigan; "take heed; for the men of Erin are on thy track and seeking thee and they will come upon thee, and if thou art taken they will carry thee away to their camp like any ox on a raid, unless thou art on thy guard." And she commenced to give warning to him in this fashion, and she delivered this judgement and spake these words aloud:--

"Knows not the restless
Brown of the truly deadly
fray that is not uncertain?-- A
raven's croak-- The raven that
doth not conceal-- Foes range
your checkered plain-- Troops
on raids-- I have a secret-- Ye
shall know. . . The waving
fields-- The deep-green grass
. . . and rich, soft plain--
Wealth of flowers' splendour--
Badb's cow-lowing-- Wild the
raven-- Dead the men-- A tale
of woe-- Battle-storm on

Aithle na laide sin. Is hé in lá cétna tanic in Dond Cualnge co crích Margíni, agus cóica samseisci immi de samascib. Ocus foclass a búrach dó, is inund sòn & focheird úir da luib taris.

Is é in lá cetna tanic in Mórrigu ingen Ernmais a sídib co m-bói for in chorthi i Temair Chualnge, ic brith robuid don Dund Chualnge ria feraib hErend, & ro gab aca acallam & (is edh adubairt:) Maith a thruaíg a Duind Cualnge, ar in Mórrigu, déni fatchius daig ar-dot-roset fir hErend & not berat dochum longphoirt, meni dena fatchius. Ocus ro gab ic breith robuid dó samlaid & dos-bert na briathra sa ar aird:

In fitir in dub dusáim can eirc
n-echdaig dál désnad fiacht
fíach nadeól ceurtid namaib ar
tuáith brega bíth indáinib
tathum rún ro fíastar dub
díanísa maí muin tonna fér
forglass forlaich lilestai aéd
ág asamag meldait slóig
scoith nía boidb bó geimnech
feochair fíach fir mairm rád n-
ingir cluiph Cualngi coigde
día bas mórmacni . . . iar féic
muintire do écaib.

Cualnge evermore, to the
death of mighty sons-- Kith
looking on the death of kin!"

When the Brown Bull of Cualnge heard those words he moved on to Glenn na Samaisce ('Heifers' Glen') in Sliab Culinn ('Hollymount'), and fifty of his heifers with him.

This was one of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge: Fifty heifers he would cover every day. These calved before that same hour on the next day and such of them that calved not at the due time burst with the calves, because they could not suffer the begetting of the Brown Bull of Cualnge. One of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge were the fifty grown youths who engaged in games, who on his fine back found room every evening to play. Another of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was the hundred warriors he screened from the heat and the cold under his shadow and shelter.

Another of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was that no goblin nor boggart nor sprite of the glen dared come into one and the same cantred with him. Another of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge was his musical lowing every evening as he returned to his haggard, his shed and his byre. It was music enough and delight for a man in the north and in the south, in the east and the west, and in the middle of the cantred of Cualnge, the lowing he made at even as he came to his haggard, his shed, and his byre. These, then, are some of the magic virtues of the Brown Bull of Cualnge.

Tanic iarum Dond Cualnge. Urtha reme go Glend na Samaisce i Sléib Chulind & coica samaisce leis dia shamascib.

Aill do buadaib Duind Cualnge and-so: .i. Cóica samaisce no daired cach láí. Bertís laegu riasin trath arnabarach, ocus do neoch no bered lóegu dib, no scáiltis imma loegu, dáig ní fhulngitis compert Duind Cualnge accu. Ba do buadaib Duind Cualnge cóica do maccaemaib no bitis ic clessaib cluchi cachá nóna ar a chaemdrúim. Ba do buadaib Duind Cualnge cét laech no dítnead ar thess & ar uacht ba foscud & ba imdegail.

Ba do buadaib Duind Cualnge, na laimed bánanach no bócanach no genit glinni tascud d'oentrichait chet friss. Ba do buadaib Duind Cualnge crandord dogníd cachá nóna ic tiachtain ar ammus a liss & a léis & a machaid. Ba leór ceúil & airfítí dond fir i tuasciurd & i n-desciurd & i n-etermedón trichait chét Cualnge uili in crandord dogníd cachá nóna ic tiachtain do ar ammus a liss & a léis & a machaid. Conid ní de buadaib Duind Cualnge insin.

Thereupon on the morrow the hosts proceeded among the rocks and dunes of the land of Conalle Murthemni. And Medb ordered a canopy of shields to be held over her head in order that Cuchulain might not strike her from the hills or hillocks or heights. Howbeit on that day, no killing nor attack came from Cuchulain upon the men of Erin, in the land of Murthemne among the rocks and dunes of Conalle Murthemni.

Dollotar na slúaig iarum im ailib & im airtraigib críchi Conaille Murthemne arnabárach. Ocus radis Medb ara tarta amdabach do sciathaib os a cind nachas diburged Cuchulaind de chnoccaib no chétib no thulchaib. Ocus trá ni roacht Cuchulaind guin no athforgab for feraib hErend im chríchaib Murthemne im ailib im artraigib Conaille Murthemne in lá sain.



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8d. The Slaying Of Lochè

Aided Locha inso

The warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin bided their time in Rede Lochè in Cualnge and pitched camp and took quarters therein for that night. Medb bade her fair handmaiden from amongst her attendants to go for her to the river for water for drinking and washing. Lochè was the name of the maiden. Thereupon Lochè went, and fifty women in her train and the queen's diadem of gold on her head.

And Cuchulain espied them and he put a stone on his sling and cast a stone from his staff-sling at her, so that he broke the diadem of gold in three pieces and killed the maiden on her plain. Thence is Redè Lochè ('the Plain of Lochè') in Cualnge. For Cuchulain had thought, for want of acquaintance and knowledge, that it was Medb that was there.

Co foitar cethri ollchoiceda hErend ir-Réde Loche i Cualngi & co ragbatar dunad & longphort and inn aidchi sin. Radis Medb fria caeminailt comaitechta da muntir tect ar cend usci oóil & innalta dochum na haba di. Loche comainm na hingene. Ocus dothæaet iarum Loche & coica ban impi & mind n-óir na ríгна os a cind.

Ocus foceird Cuchulaind cloich assa thabaill furri, corróebriss in mind n-óir i trí & co ro marb in n-ingin inna réid. Conid de atá Réde Loche i Cualngi. Ba dóig tra la Coinculaind, i n-ecmais a fessa & a eolusa, ba hí Medb bóí and.



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8e. The Killing Of Uala

Early on the morrow the hosts continued their way to Glaiss Cruinn ('Cronn's Stream'). And they attempted the stream and failed to cross it. And Cluain Carpat ('Chariot-meadow') is the name of the first place where they reached it. This is why Cluain Carpat is the name of that place, because of the hundred chariots which the river carried away from them to the sea.

Medb ordered her people that one of the warriors should go try the river. And on the morrow there arose a great, stout, wonderful warrior of the particular people of Medb and Ailill, Uala by name, and he took on his back a massy rock, to the end that Glaiss Cruinn might not carry him back. And he went to essay the stream, and the stream threw him back dead, lifeless, with his stone on his back and so he was drowned. Medb ordered that he be lifted out of the river and his grave dug and his stone raised over his grave, so that it is thence Lia Ualann ('Uala's Stone') on the road near the stream in the land of Cualnge.

Cuchulain clung close to the hosts that day provoking them to encounter and combat. And he slew a hundred of their armed, kinglike warriors around Roen and Roi, the two chroniclers of the Táin.

Aided Ualand

Lotar na sloig arnabarach go rancatar Glaiss Crund. Ocus barrobratar in n-Glassi & forfemdetar a techt. Ocus Cluain Carpat comainm in chetinaid áit mal connarnectar. Is de dietá Cluain Carpat forsin dú sin, ar bith cet carpat ruc in Glassi díb co muir.

Radis Medb fria muntir ar eo n-digsed láech dib dó fromad na haba. Ocus atraacht oenlaéach prosta mór di muntir Medba, hUal a chomainm, & gebis nertlia cloche fria ais & dothaét-aide dia fromad na Glassi, & focheird in Glaiss for culu é marb cen anmain, a lia for druim. Rádis Medb ar co tucthá anís & ar a claitte a fert & ara tuargabtha a lía, conid de atá Lia Ualand i crich Cualnge.

Lilis Cuchulaind co mór de na sluagaib in lá sain ic iarair comraic & comluind forru, & marbais cét laéach díb, im Róen & im Rói, im dá senchaid na tána.

Medb called upon her people to go meet Cuchulain in encounter and combat for the sake of the hosts. "It will not be I," and "It will not be I," spake each and every one from his place. "No caitiff is due from my people. Even though one should be due, it is not I would go to oppose Cuchulain, for no easy thing is it to do battle with him."

The hosts kept their way along the river, being unable to cross it, till they reached the place where the river rises out of the mountains, and, had they wished it, they would have gone between the river and the mountain, but Medb would not allow it, so they had to dig and hollow out the mountain before her in order that their trace might remain there forever and that it might be for a shame and reproach to Ulster. And Bernais ('the Gap') of the Foray of Cualnge is another name for the place ever since, for it is through it the drove afterwards passed.

The warriors of the four grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and took quarters that night at Belat Aileain ('the Island's Crossway'). Belat Aileain was its name up to then, but Glenn Tail ('Glen of Shedding') is henceforth its name because of the abundance of curds and of milk and of new warm milk which the droves of cattle and the flocks yielded there that night for the men of Erin. And Liasa Liac ('Stone Sheds') is another name for it to this day, and it is for this it bears that name, for it is there that the men of Erin raised cattle-stalls and byres for their herds and droves

Radis Medb fria muntir ara tiastais i comruc & i comlund fri Coinculaind. Ní ba meisi, & ní ba me, ar cách assa magin. Ní dlegar cimmid dom muntir. Gia no dlestea, ní me no ragad i n-agid Conculaind, dáig ní reid comrac ris.

Tancatar na sluaig fri taeb na Glassi, dáig fos-remdetar a techt, go rancatar airm i taét in Glassi assin t-sliab, & da m-bad áil dóib, bacóistís etir in Glassi & in sliab, acht ní arlacair Medb, acht in sliab do chlaidi & do letrad rempi, co m-bad ail & co m-bad athis for Ultaib. Ocus conic Bernais Tana bo Cualnge ainm inn inaid o sain, dáig taris rucad in tain iartain.

Gabsat cethri ollchoiceda hErend dunad & longhort inn aidchi sin ic Belut Aileáin. Belat Aileain a ainm connici sain, Glend Táil immorro a ainm o sain, ar a mét ra thálsat na halma & na immirgi a loim & a lacht and do feraib hErend. Ocus Liasa Liac ainm aile dó, ar is de atá in t-ainm fair, ar is and ro sáidset fir hErend less & machad dia n-almaib & dia n-immirgib.

The four of the five grand provinces of Erin took up the march until they reached the Sechair in the west on the morrow. Sechair was the name of the river hitherto; Glaiss Gatlaig ('Osier-water') is its name henceforward. Now this is the reason it had that name, for it was in osiers and ropes that the men of Erin brought their flocks and droves over across it, and the entire host let the osiers and ropes drift with the stream after crossing. Hence the name, Glaiss Gatlaig.

Tancatar cethri ollchoiceda hErend co rancatar inní co Sechair. Sechair a ainm na aband cosin. Glass Gatlaig a ainm o sain. Is de dana atá in t-ainm furri, i n-gataib & rooib tucsat fir hErend a n-alma & a n-immirgi tarsi, & leicset na slúaig uile a n-gait & a roe lasin n-glais, iar tiachtain tarsi. Is assain ainm Glaiss Gatlaig.



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8f. The Harrying Of Cualnge Followeth Here Below (No transcription by Windisch.)

After every one had come with their spoils and they were all gathered in Finnabair of Cualnge, Medb spake: "Let the camp be divided here," said Medb; "the foray cannot be carried on by a single road. Let Ailill with half his force go by Midluachair. We and Fergus will go by Bernas Bo Ulad ('the Pass of the Cattle of Ulster')." "Not fair is the part that has fallen to us of the force," said Fergus; "the cattle cannot be driven over the mountain without dividing." This then is done. Hence cometh Bernas Bo Ulad ('the Pass of the Cattle of Ulster').

Then spake Ailill to his charioteer Cuillius: "Find out for me to-day Medb and Fergus. I wot not what hath led them to keep thus together. I would fain have a token from thee." Cuillius went where Medb and Fergus wanted. The pair dallied behind while the warriors continued their march. Cuillius stole near them and they perceived not the spy. It happened that Fergus' sword lay close by him. Cuillius drew it from its sheath and left the sheath empty. Then Cuillius betook himself to Ailill. "Well?" said Ailill. "Well, then," replied Cuillius; "thou knowest the signification of this token. As thou hast thought," continued Cuillius, "it is thus I discovered them, lying together." "It is so, then." Each of them laughs at the other. "It is well so," said Ailill; "she had no choice; to win his help on the Táin she hath done it. Keep the sword carefully by thee," said Ailill; "put it beneath thy seat in the chariot and a linen cloth wrapped round it."

When Fergus got up to take his sword, "Alas!" cried he. "What aileth thee?" Medb asked. "An ill deed have I done Ailill," said he. "Wait thou here till I come out of the wood," said Fergus, "and wonder not though it be long till I come." It happened that Medb knew not of the loss of the sword. Fergus went out taking his charioteer's sword with him in his hand, and he fashioned a sword from a tree in the wood. Hence is Fid Mor Thruailli ('Great Scabbard-Wood') in Ulster.

"Let us hasten after our comrades," said Fergus. "The forces of all came together in the plain. They raised their tents. Fergus was summoned to Ailill for a game of chess. When Fergus entered the tent Ailill laughed at him.

Cuchulain came so that he was before Ath Cruinn ('the Ford of the Cronn'). "O master Laeg," he cried to his driver, "here are the hosts for us." "I swear by the gods," said the charioteer, "I will do a mighty feat in the eyes of chariot-fighters, in quick spurring-on of the slender steeds; with yokes of silver and golden wheels shall they be urged on (?) in triumph. Thou shalt ride before heads of kings. The steeds I guide will bring victory with their bounding." "Take heed, O Laeg," said Cuchulain; "hold the reins for the great triumph of Macha, that the horses drag thee not over the mass at the . . . (?) of a woman. Let us go over the straight plain of these . . . (?). I call on the waters to help me," cried Cuchulain. "I beseech heaven and earth and the Cronn above all."

Then the Cronn opposes them,
Holds them back from Murthemne
Till the heroes' work is done
On the mount of Ocaine!

Therewith the water rose up till it was in the tops of the trees.

Manè son of Ailill and Medb marched in advance of the rest. Cuchulain slew him on the ford and thirty horsemen of his people were drowned. Again Cuchulain laid low twice sixteen warriors of theirs near the stream. The warriors of Erin pitched their tents near the ford. Lugaid son of Nos grandson of Lomarc Allcomach went to parley with Cuchulain. Thirty horsemen were with him. "Welcome to thee, O Lugaid," cried Cuchulain. "Should a flock of birds graze upon the plain of Murthemne, thou shalt have a wild goose with half the other. Should fish come to the falls or to the bays, thou shalt have a salmon with as much again. Thou shalt have the three sprigs, even a sprig of cresses, a sprig of laver, and a sprig of sea-grass; there will be a man to take thy place at the ford."

"This welcome is truly meant," replied Lugaid; "the choice of people for the youth whom I desire!" "Splendid are your hosts," said Cuchulain. "It will be no misfortune," said Lugaid, "for thee to stand up alone before them." "True courage and valour have I," Cuchulain made answer. "Lugaid, my master," said Cuchulain, "do the hosts fear me?" "By the god," Lugaid made answer, "I swear that no one man of them nor two men dares make water outside the camp unless twenty or thirty go with him." "It will be something for them," said Cuchulain, "if I begin to cast from my sling. He will be fit for thee, O Lugaid, this companion thou hast in Ulster, if the men oppose me one by one. Say, then, what wouldst thou?" asked Cuchulain. "A truce with my host." "Thou shalt have it, provided there be a token therefor. And tell my master Fergus that there shall be a token on the host. Tell the leeches that there shall be a token on the host, and let them swear to preserve my life and let them provide me each night with provision."

Lugaid went from him. It happened that Fergus was in the tent with Ailill. Lugaid called him out and reported that (proposal of Cuchulain's) to him. Then Ailill was heard:

"I swear by the god, I cannot," said Fergus, "unless I ask the lad. Help me, O Lugaid," said Fergus. "Do thou go to him, to see whether Ailill with a division may come to me to my company. Take him an ox with salt pork and a keg of wine." Thereupon Lugaid goes to Cuchulain and tells him that. "'Tis the same to me whether he go," said Cuchulain. Then the two hosts unite. They remain there till night, or until they spend thirty nights there.

Cuchulain destroyed thirty of their warriors with his sling. "Your journeyings will be ill-starred," said Fergus (to Medb and Ailill); "the men of Ulster will come out of their 'Pains' and will grind you down to the earth and the gravel. Evil is the battle-corner wherein we are." He proceeds to Cul Airthir ('the Eastern Nook'). Cuchulain slays thirty of their heroes on Ath Duirn ('Ford of the Fist'). Now they could not reach Cul Airthir till night.

Cuchulain killed thirty of their men there and they raised their tents in that place. In the morning Ailill's charioteer, Cuillius to wit, was washing the wheel-bands in the ford. Cuchulain struck him with a stone so that he killed him. Hence is Ath Cuillne ('Ford of Destruction') in Cul Airthir.'



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9. The Proposals

Na coma

The four grand provinces of Erin proceeded till they pitched camp and took quarters in Druim En ('Birds' Ridge') in the land of Conalle Murthemni, and they slept there that night, and Cuchulain held himself at Ferta Illergaib ('the Burial-mound on the Slopes') hard by them that night, and he, Cuchulain, shook, brandished and flourished his weapons that night, so that one hundred warriors of the host perished of fright and fear and dread of Cuchulain.

Medb called upon Fiachu son of Ferfebè of the Ulstermen to go parley with Cuchulain, to come to some terms with him. "What terms shall be given him?" asked Fiachu son of Ferfebè. "Not hard to answer," Medb replied: "He shall be recompensed for the loss of his lands and estates, for whosoever has been slain of the Ulstermen, so that it be paid to him as the men of Erin adjudge. Entertainment shall be his at all times in Cruachan; wine and mead shall be poured out for him. And he shall come into my service and Ailill's, for that is more seemly for him than to be in the service of the lordling with whom he is.

Tancatar cethri ollchoiceda hErend co ragbatar dunad & longphort i n-Druim En i crich Conaille Murthemne inn aidchi sin. Ocus gabais Cuchulaind acond Ferta illergga na fírfocus inn aidchi sin, ocus cutlaigis, & bertaigis & crothais Cuchulaind a armu inn aidchi sin, co n-ebailt cé t laé ch din t-sluág ar gráin & ar ecla & ar úamun Conculaind.

Radis Medb fri Fiachu mac Firaba di Ultaib ar co n-digsed d'acallam Conculaind do brith choma dó. Ciarso choma no bértha dó, for Fiachu mac Firaba. Ni insa, ar Medb. Imdentar leis do neoch ro milled d'Ultaib, co ro icthar friss feib as dech atbera(t) fir hErend. Feiss i Cruachain dogrés dó, fín & mid do dáil fair, & tíchtain im géilsine-se & i n-gelsine Ailella, dáig is sochru dó ar beith i n-gelsine ind óthigerna icatá.

Accordingly this was the greatest word of scorn and insult spoken on the Cow-Raid of Cualnge, to make a lordling of the best king of a province in Erin, even of Conchobar.

Then came Fiachu son of Ferfebè to converse with Cuchulain. Cuchulain bade him welcome. "I regard that welcome as truly meant," said Fiachu. "It is truly meant for thee," replied Cuchulain. "Not for hospitality am I come, but to parley with thee am I come from Medb, and to bring thee terms." "What hast thou brought with thee?"

"Thou shalt be recompensed for whatsoever was destroyed of Ulster which shall be paid thee as best the men of Erin adjudge. Entertainment shalt thou enjoy in Cruachan; wine and mead shall be poured out for thee and thou shalt enter the service of Ailill and Medb, for that is more seemly for thee than to be in the service of the lordling with whom thou art." "Nay, of a truth," answered Cuchulain, "I would not sell my mother's brother for any other king!" "Further," continued Fiachu, "that thou comest tomorrow to a tryst with Medb and Fergus in Glenn Fochaine.

Accordingly, early on the morrow, Cuchulain set forth for Glenn Fochaine. Likewise Medb and Fergus went to meet him. And Medb looked narrowly at Cuchulain, and her spirit chafed her at him that day, for no bigger than the bulk of a stripling did he seem to her. "Is that yonder the renowned Cuchulain thou speakest of, O Fergus?" asked Medb. And Medb began to address Fergus and she made this lay:--

Conid sí briathar is mó gén & tarcassul ro ráided for Táin bo Cualnge,.i. ócthigern do denam din chuicedach is dech búi i n-hErind, .i. di Chonchobur.

Tanic iarum Fiachu mac Firaba do acallam Conculaind. Ferais Cuchulaind failti fris. Tarissi limm. Tairisi duit-siu ón. Dot acallam tanae ó Meidb. Cid dobertais latt.

Imdenta latt an ro milled d'Ultaib, co ro icthar frit feib as dech atberat fir hErend. Feiss i Cruachain dait, fín & mid do dáil fort, ocus tíctain i n-gelsine Ailella & Medba, daig isochru dait andas bith i n-gelsine ind octhigern icatái. Ni thó omm, ar Cuchulaind. Ní recfaind-se brathair mo mathar bar rí g n-aile. Ocus ar co tís co moch imbarach i n-erus Medba & Fergusa co Glend Focháine.

Luid iarum Cuchulaind co moch arnabarach co Glend Focháine. Dothaét dana Medb & Fergus na chomdáil. Ocus tincais Medb ar Coinculaind & ceisis a menma fair in la sain, dáig ar bith ní mó na mod maccáim lee atacaemnaic. Inné sút in Cuchulaind airdaire atberi-siu a Ferguis, ar Medb. Ocus ra gab Medb ar acallam Fergusa & dorigni laid:

M: "If that be the noble
Hound,
Of whom ye of Ulster boast,
What man e'er stout foe hath
faced
Will fend him from Erin's
men!"

F: "Howe'er young the Hound
thou seest
That Murthemne's Plain cloth
course,
That man hath not stood on
earth
Whom he'd crush not with his
might!"

M: "We will bring this
warrior terms;
If he slight them, he is mad:
Half his cows, his women,
half.
He shall change his way of
fight! "

F: "My wish, that ye'll not
o'ercome
This Hound from proud
Murthemne!
Deeds he fears not-- fierce
and bright--
This I know, if it be he!"

Mas é ucain in Cu cain
itirid-si in far n-Ultaib,
ní thabair a thraigid fri tend
na dinhgaib d'feraib hErend.

Cid óc in Cú sin atchí,
imriada Mag Murthemni,
ní thabair fri talmain traig
na dinhgba ar galaib oenfhir.

Berar coma úan don laech,
mad dia ti taris is baéth,
leth a bó dó is leth a ban
is clóechlád sé a gasced.

Fó lim gan a chlothar úaib
in Cú din Murthemni muaid,
ní hecal ria n-gním n-garb n-
glé
ra fetar mas e side.

"Accost Cuchulain, O Fergus," said Medb.
"Nay, then," quoth Fergus, "but do thou
accost him thyself, for ye are not asunder
here in the valley, in Glenn Fochaine." And
Medb began to address Cuchulain and she
made a lay, to which he responded:

Acaltar uáit Cuchulaind a Fergus, ar Medb.
Ni thó, ar Fergus, acht acall-su fessin é, for
Fergus, dáig ni cían etruib immun glend
sund, im Glend Fochaine. Ocus forfopart
Medb for acallam Conculaind & dorigni
laid:

M: "Culann's Hound, whom
quatrains praise,
Keep thy staff-sling far from
us;
Thy fierce, famed fight hath
us ruined,
Hath us broken and
confused!"

C: "Medb of Mur, he, Maga's
son,
No base arrant wight am I.
While I live I'll never cease
Cualnge's raid to harass sore!"

M: "If thou wilt take this from
us,
Valiant chief, thou Cualnge's
Hound;
Half thy cows; thy women,
half,
Thou shalt have through fear
of thee!"

C: "As by right of thrusts am I
Ulster's champion and
defence,
Naught I'll yield till I retrieve
Cow and woman ta'en from
Gael! "

M: "What thou askest is too
much,
After slaughtering our fair
troops,
That we keep but steeds and
gauds,
All because of one sole man!
"

C: "Eocho's daughter, fair, of

A Chuchulaind cardda raind,
dingaib dín do chrantabaill,
ron baid-ne [nór forraig] do
gleó garb gle,
ror briss is ror buaidre.

A Medb do Múr mac Magach,
ni dam drochlaech
dimbagach,
noco terciub duit frim ré
immain tana bó Cualnge.

Mad dia n-gabtha-su úanni,
a Chú chomramach Cualnge,
leth da bó & leth do ban
rot biad, daig is ecengal.

Daig is mi ra recht rubad
ársid imdeglá Ulad,
noco géb, co tartar dam
cach bó blicht cach teen
Gaedel.

Is romór a n-admaide
ar cur ár ar n-degdaine,
formna ar n-ech is formna ar
sét
ar ái oenfer d'imchoméit.

A ingen Echach Find Fáil
ni dam maith-se oc
immarbaig,
cid am laech-sa, lith n-gle,
att uaitte mo chomairle.

Ni athis duit natbere
a meic dronhgaig Dechtere
is robladach duit-siu in raind
a Chu chomramach Culaind.

Fal,
I'm not good at wars of words;
Though a warrior-- fair the
cheer--
Counsel mine is little worth! "

M: "Shame thou hast none for
what thou sayest
O Dechtire's lordly son!
Famous are the terms for thee,
O thou battling Culann's
Hound!"

When this lay was finished, Cuchulain accepted none of the terms which she had offered. In such wise they parted in the valley and withdrew in equal anger on the one side and on the other.

The warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and took quarters for three days and three nights at Druim En ('Birds' Ridge') in Conalle Murthemni, but neither huts nor tents did they set up, nor did they engage in feasts or repasts, nor sang they songs nor carols those three nights. And Cuchulain destroyed a hundred of their warriors every night ere the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow.

Aithle na laide sin. Ni ra gab Cuchulaind nach comai conaittecht fair. Ra díscailset immon-glend fón samlaid sin. Ocus balotar ass tria chomfeirg di leith for leth.

Gabait cethri ollchoiceda hErend dunad & longphort tri la & tri aidche ic Druim En i Conaillib Murthemne, acht ni ro sadit sosta no pupla & ni dernad praind no tomaltus leo & ni ra canait ceoil na arfiti leo, na trí aidchi sin. Ocus no marbad Cuchulaind cet laéch cach n-aidchi díb co solustrath n-ergí arna barach.

"Our hosts will not last long in this fashion," said Medb, "if Cuchulain slays a hundred of our warriors every night. Wherefore is a proposal not made to him and do we not parley with him?" "What might the proposal be?" asked Ailill. "Let the cattle that have milk be given to him and the captive women from amongst our booty. And he on his side shall check his staff-sling from the men of Erin and give leave to the hosts to sleep, even though he slay them by day."

"Who shall go with that proposal?" Ailill asked. "Who," answered Medb, "but macRoth the chief runner!" "Nay, but I will not go," said macRoth, "for I am in no way experienced and know not where Cuchulain may be, and even though I should meet him, I should not know him." "Ask Fergus," quoth Medb; "like enough he knows where he is." "Nay, then, I know it not," answered Fergus; "but I trow he is in the snow between Fochain and the sea, taking the wind and the sun after his sleeplessness last night, killing and slaughtering the host single handed." And so it truly was.

Then on that errand to Delga macRoth set forth, the messenger of Ailill and Medb. He it is that circles Erin in one day. There it is that Fergus opined that Cuchulain would be, in Delga.

Ní bat buana ar slúraig fon samlaid-seo, ar Medb, diammarbad Cuchulaind céit laech cach n-aidche úan. Cid na berar coma do & nach acaltar úaind é. Ciarso chóma sain, ar Ailill. Berar nas blichta dond alaid dó & nas daér na braití. Ocus cosced a chrantabaill d'fearib hErend, agus leiced écin cotlud dona sluagaib.

Cia ragas frisin coma sin, ar Ailill. Cia, bar Medb, acht Mac Roth ind echlach. Ní rag omm, bar Mac Roth, dáig nirsa eolach etir & ní fetar gia airm inda fil Cuchulaind. Iarfaig do Fergus, ar Medb, is dóig a fiss lais. Ní fetar-sa ém, ar Fergus, act oen ba dóig lem a bith etir Fochain & muir, ic lécud gáithi & grene fóe ar nemchotlud na aidchi arráir ic slaide & áirdbe in t-sluaig a oenur. Fír dó-som sain.

Heavy snow fell that night so that all the five provinces of Erin were a white plane with the snow. And Cuchulain doffed the seven-score waxed, boardlike tunics which were used to be held under cords and strings next his skin, in order that his sense might not be deranged when the fit of his fury came on him. And the snow melted for thirty feet all around him, because of the intensity of the warrior's heat and the warmth of Cuchulain's body. And the gilla remained a good distance from him for he could not endure to remain near him because of the might of his rage and the warrior's fury and the heat of his body.

"A single warrior approacheth, O Cuchulain," cried Laeg to Cuchulain. "What manner of warrior is he?" asked Cuchulain. "A brown, broad-faced, handsome fellow; a splendid, brown, hooded cloak, about him; a fine, bronze pin in his cloak; a leathern three-striped doublet next his skin; two gapped shoes between his two feet and the ground; a white-hazel dog-staff in one of his hands; a single-edged sword with ornaments of walrus-tooth on its hilt in the other. "Good, O gilla," quoth Cuchulain, "these be the tokens of a herald. One of the heralds of Erin is he to bring me message and offer of parley."

Ferais tromsnechta inn aidchi sin, cor bo chlarfínd uili coiceda hErend don t-snechtú. Ocus focheird Cuchulaind de na sect cneslénti fichet ciardai clardai bítis fo thétaib & rifetaib fria chnes, arnachandechrad a chond ceille, tráth doficfad a lúth lathair. Ocus legais in snechta tricha traiged ar cach leth uad, ra méit brotha in míled & ra tessaidecht cuirp Conculaind. Ocus ní chaemnaic in gilla bith i comfocus dó itir ra mét na feirge & bruthmaire in míled & ra tessaidecht in chuirp.

Oenláech cucaind a Chucucain, for Láeg. Cinnas láech, ar Cuchulaind. Gilla dond drechlethan álaind, bratt dond derscaigthech immi, bruthgae umaidi na brut, tarbléni trebraid fria chness, da bernbróic etir a da choiss is talmain, matádlorg findchuill issindara láim, claideb lethféabair co n-eltaib déit sind láim anaill dó. Aile a gillai, ar Cuchulaind, comartha n-echlaige sin. Cia d'echlachaib hErend sin do imluad athisc & irlabra frim-sa.

Now was macRoth arrived at the place where Laeg was. "How now! What is thy title as vassal, O gilla?" macRoth asked. "Vassal am I to the youth up yonder," the gilla made answer. MacRoth came to the place where Cuchulain was. "How now! What is thy name as vassal, O warrior?" asked macRoth. "Vassal am I to Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach, son of the High King of this province." "Hast not something, a name more special than that?" "'Tis enough for the nonce," answered Cuchulain.

"Haply, thou knowest where I might find that famous Cuchulain of whom the men of Erin clamour now on this foray?" "What wouldst thou say to him that thou wouldst not to me?" asked Cuchulain. "To parley with him am I come on the part of Ailill and Medb, with terms and friendly intercourse for him." "What terms hast thou brought with thee for him?" "The milch-kine and the bondwomen of the booty he shall have, and for him to hold back his staff-sling from the hosts, for not pleasant is the thunder-feat he works every evening upon them."

"Even though the one thou seekest were really at hand, he would not accept the proposals thou askest." "For the Ulstermen, in reprisal for injuries and satires and hindrances, will kill for meat in the winter the milch-cows ye have captured, should they happen to have no yeld cattle. And, what is more, they will bring their bondwomen to bed to them, and thus will grow up a base progeny on the side of the mothers in the land of Ulster.

Doroacht Mac Roth iarum co ranic airm i m-bae Laeg. Ciarsat comainm celi-siu a gillai, ar Mac Roth. Am chéli-se ind óclaig út tuas, ar in gilla. Tanic Mac Roth cosin magin i m-bai Cuchulaind. Ciarso comainm celi-siu a óclaig, ar Mac Roth. Am cele-se Conchobair meic Fachtnai Fathaig. In fail ní as derbiu latt na sain. Lór sain i trath sa, ar Cuchulaind.

Ar co festa-su dam-sa, cia airm i faigbind in Coinculaind airdirc-seo, imman-egat fir hErend in cur sa bar in t-sluagud sa. Cid atbertha-su friss nad ebertha frim-sa, ar Cuchulaind. Da acallam tanac o Ailill & o Meidb, ra coma & ra caincomrac dó. Cid dobertaisiu latt dó. Anas blicht dond alaid dó & anas daér don brait, & coisced a chrantabaill dona sluagaib, daig ní súairc in torandchless dogni-sium forro cach nóna.

Cid airchind beth inti connaigi-siu i comfocus, ni gebad na comai conattgi-siu, daig mairfit Ulaid a m-blechtach do gressaib & glammaib [& géssaib] dar cend a n-enig, mani bé sescach occu. Ocus dana dobérat a mná daera bar lepthaib dóib, & asfaid dáermacne i crích Ulad alleth o mathreachaib samlaid.

MacRoth went his way back. "What! Didst thou not find him?" Medb asked. "Verily, I know not, but I found a surly, angry, hateful, wrathful gilla in the snow betwixt Fochain and the sea. Sooth to say, I know not if he were Cuchulain." "Hath he accepted these proposals from thee?" "Nay then, he hath not." And macRoth related unto them all his answer, the reason why he did not accept them. "It was he himself with whom thou spakest," said Fergus.

"Another offer shall be made him," said Medb. "What is the offer?" asked Ailill. "There shall be given to him the yeld cattle and the noblest of the captive women of the booty, and his sling shall be checked from the hosts, for not pleasant is the thunder-feat he works on them every evening." "Who should go make this covenant?" said they. "Who but macRoth the king's envoy," said every one. "Yea, I will go," said macRoth, "because this time I know him."

Thereupon macRoth arose and came to parley with Cuchulain. "To parley with thee am I come this time with other terms, for I wis it is thou art the renowned Cuchulain." "What hast thou brought with thee now?" Cuchulain asked. "What is dry of the kine and what is noblest of the captives shalt thou get, and hold thy staff-sling from the men of Erin and suffer the men of Erin to go to sleep, for not pleasant is the thunder-feat thou workest upon them every evening."

Luid Mac Roth ar cúl. Nad fuarais aile, ar Medb. Fuar-sa ém gilla gruamda ferggach n-uathmar n-anniaraid eter Fochain & muir. Ni fetar ém, inné in Cuchulaind. In ra gaib na comai sin. Nad ra gaib écin. Ocus innisis Mac Roth inní dona ra gaib. Is é-slum ra acallais, ar Fergus.

Berar coma aile dó, ar Medb. Ciarso choma, bar Ailill. Berar naseisc ind alaid dó & nasaér na braití, & (coisced) a chrantabaill dona sluagaib, dáig ni suairc in torandchles dogní forro cach nóna. Cia ragas frisin coma sin. Cia acht Mac Roth. Ragad omm, ar Mac Roth, dáig amm eolach don chur sa.

Táinic Mac Roth d'acallam Conculaind. Dot acallaim tanac don chur sa, dáig ra fetar is tu in Cuchulaind airdairc. Cid dobertais latt samlaid. Naseisc ind alaid & nasaer na braití, & coisc do cranntabaill do feraib hErend & léic cotlud d'feraib hErend, dáig ni suáirc in torandchless dogní-siu forro cach nóna.

"I accept not that offer, because, as amends for their honour, the Ulstermen will kill the dry cattle. For the men of Ulster are honourable men and they would remain wholly without dry kine and milch-kine. They would bring their free women ye have captured to the querns and to the kneading-troughs and into bondage and other serfdom besides. This would be a disgrace. Loath I should be to leave after me this shame in Ulster, that slave-girls and handmaids should be made of the daughters of kings and princes of Ulster."

"Is there any offer at all thou wilt accept this time?" "Aye, but there is," answered Cuchulain. "Then wilt thou tell me the offer?" asked macRoth. "By my word," Cuchulain made answer, "'tis not I that will tell you." "It is a question, then," said macRoth. "If there be among you in the camp," said Cuchulain, "one that knows the terms I demand, let him inform you, and I will abide thereby." "If there be not," said Cuchulain, "let no one come near me any more with offers or with friendly intercourse or concerning aught other injunction, for, whosoever may come, it will be the term of his life! "

MacRoth came back, and Medb asked his tidings. "Didst thou find him?" Medb asked. "In truth, I found him," macRoth replied. "Hath he accepted the terms?" "He hath not accepted," replied macRoth. "Is there an offer he will accept?" "There is one, he said," answered macRoth. "Hath he made known to thee this offer?" "This is his word," said macRoth, "that he himself would not disclose it to ye." "'Tis a question, then," said Medb.

Nad géb-sa na coma sain, daig mairfit Ulaid a sescach dar cend a n-aenig, ar it fíala Ulaid, agus beit Ulaid can sescach & can blechtach itir. Doberat a mnaa saera ar brontib & lostib, & mugsaine & daeropair dóib. Ní maith lim-sa ind áil sin d'ácbail i n-Ultaib dar m'éis, cumala & banmogaid do denam d'ingenaib rí & rí-thoisech Ulad.

In fail coma gaba-su itir i fecht sa. Fail écin, ar Cuchulaind. Inn eipirssu frim-sa in coma amlaid, ar Mac Roth. Dar brethir, ar Cuchulaind, ní me adféta dúib. Ceist didiu, ar Mac Roth. Matá ocaib sin dún ar medón, ar Cuchulaind, ro fessad na coma fail ocomsa, ráded frib, & mani fail, na tecar dom innaigid-se ní bas mó im chomá no im chaenchomrac, ar cip é tí, bid se fot a saeguil.

Luid Mac Roth ar cúl. Agus imfacht Medb scéla de. I(n) fuarais, ar Medb. Fuar omm écin, ar Mac Roth. In ra gab, ar Medb. Nad ra gab, ar Mac Roth. I(n) fail coma gabas. Fail dana atbert. Inn ébairt-sium frit-su in chóma sain. Is hí em a briathar, ar Mac Roth, na ba é dos-féta duib. Ceist didiu, ar Medb.

"But" (macRoth continued), "should there be one in our midst that knows his terms, that one would tell it to me." "And if there be not, let no one go seek him any more. But, there is one thing I promise thee," said macRoth; "even though the kingdom of Erin were given me for it, I for one would not go on these same legs to that place to parley with him again."

Therewith Medb looked at Fergus. "What are the terms yonder man demands, O Fergus?" Medb asked. "I know what the man meant to disclose. I see no advantage at all for ye in the terms he demands," Fergus replied. "But what are those terms?" asked Medb. "That a single champion of the men of Erin be sent to fight and contend with him every day. The while he slayeth that man, the army will be permitted to continue its march. Then, when he will have slain that man, another warrior shall be sent to meet him on the ford. Either that, or the men of Erin shall halt and camp there till sunrise's bright hour in the morning. And further, Cuchulain's food and clothing shall be provided by you, so long as he will be on this expedition."

"By our conscience," said Ailill, "this is a grievous proposal." "What he asks is good," replied Medb; "and he shall obtain those terms, for we deem it easier to bear that he should have one of our warriors every day than a hundred every night." "Who will go and make known those terms to Cuchulain?" "Who, then, but Fergus?" replied Medb.

Acht matá lind ar medón ro fessed na coma fail laisium, asberad frim & meni fail na tecar da indsaigid ní bad siriú no bas mó. Acht is éiseo óenni moedim-se chena, ar Mac Roth. Cid rígi hErend dó, na rag-sa fessin da máidib fris.

Is and-sin tincais Medb for Fergus. Ciarso choma connaig sút a Fergus, ar Medb. Ni accim maith dúib itir din chomai connaig, ar Fergus. Ciarso choma sin, ar Medb. Oenfer do feraib hErend do chomruc fris cach dia. I(n) fat bethir ic a marbad ind fir sin, imthecht do lecad don t-sluag frissin. Mar thairc dana in fer sin do marbad, láech aile for áth do-som no nechtar de longphort & dunad do gabail d'feraib hErend and-sin co solustrath éрге arnabárach, & a biathad & a étiud Conculaind for in tanaid se beus uaib-si.

Isí ar cubais, ar Ailill, is coma dímaig. Is maith an condnaig, ar Medb, ocus atetha-som na comai sin, dáig ar bith iss assu lind oenláech uaind cach láí dó-som oldas cet laech cach n-aidchi. Cia rages frisnaib comai sin dia innisin do Coinculaind. Cia dana acht Fergus, ar Medb.

"Nevermore!" said Fergus. "Why not?" asked Ailill. "Bonds and covenants, pledges and bail shall be given for abiding by those terms and for their fulfillment towards Cuchulain." "I abide by it," said Medb, and she fast bound Fergus to them in like manner.

Ni tho, for Fergus. Cid s3n, for Ailill. Co tartar cuir & glinni, ratha & trebairi imm airisium ar na comai sin & ma tabairt di Choinculaind. Ataimim-si 3m, ar Medb, & aurnaidmis Fergus f3n samlaid cetna foraib.



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10. The Violent Death Of Etarcumul

Aided Etarcumail

Fergus' horses were brought and his chariot was hitched and two horses were brought for Etarcumul son of Fid and of Lethrinn, a soft youth of the people of Medb and of Ailill. "Whither goest thou?" Fergus demanded. "We go with thee," Etarcumul made answer. "To behold the form and appearance of Cuchulain, and to gaze upon him, for he is unknown to me." "Wilt thou do my bidding," said Fergus, "thou wilt in no wise go thither." "Why shall I not, pray?"

Thy light-heartedness, thy haughtiness (I know), but (I also know) the fierceness and valour and hostility of the youth against whom thou goest. And methinks ye will have contention before ye part." "Art thou not able to come between us to protect me?" "I am, to be sure," Fergus answered, "provided thou thyself seek not the combat." "I will not seek it," said Etarcumul, "till the very day of doom!"

Ro gabad echrad Fergus & ra indled a charpat & ro gabait a dá ech do Etarcumul mac Feda & Lethrinni, máethmaccaem di muntir Medba & Ailella. Cid imluid-siu, ar Fergus. Lodma lat-su, ar Etarcumul, d'fegad chrotha & delba Conculaind & do thaidbriud fair. Díanernta-su form-sa, ar Fergus, ní targtha manetir. Cid son amai.

Do sobcha & do saisillecht, a lunni immorro & a ágmairi & a anerci in meic da tegi innaigid. Ocus is doig lim-sa debaid (d)uib ria n-imscar. Nach fetfa-su ar n-etráin, ar Etarcumul. Ra fetad, for Fergus, nad chunnis fodessin. Nad chunnius ón co brunni m-bratha.

Then they went their ways to come up to Cuchulain where Cuchulain was between Fochain and the sea. There it is that he was that day, playing draughts with Laeg. And not a living thing entered the entire plain without Laeg perceiving it and, notwithstanding, he continued to win every other game of draughts from Cuchulain. "A lone warrior cometh towards us over the plain, my master Cucuc," spake Laeg. "What manner of warrior?" queried Cuchulain.

"As large as one of the chief mountains that are highest on a great plain appears to me the chariot that is under the warrior; as large as one of the noble trees on a main fort's green meseems the curly, tressed, fair-yellow, all-golden hair hanging loose around the man's head; a purple mantle fringed with thread of gold wrapped around him; a broad and gray-shafted lance, perforated from mimasc to horn, flaming red in his hand; over him, a bossed, plaited shield, curved, with applied ornaments of red gold thereon; a lengthy sword, as long as the oar of a huge currach on a wild, stormy night, resting on the two thighs of the great haughty warrior that is within the chariot."

"Holla! Welcome the coming of this guest to us!" cried Cuchulain. "We know the man; it is my master Fergus that cometh hither." "Yet another single chariot-fighter I see coming towards us. With fulness of skill and beauty and splendour his horses speed." "One of the youths of the men of Erin is he, O my master Laeg," responded Cuchulain. "To scan my appearance and form is that man come, for I am renowned amongst them in the midst of their camp, and they know me not at all."

Lotar iarum rempu far tain do shaigid Conculaind, a m-bóí Cuchulaind etir Fochain & muir, oc imbirt buanbaig & Laegh & ní theiged isin mag can arigud do Laég, & no bered cach-ra-cluchi for Coinculaind asin buanbaig beus ar apa. Oenlaech cucund a Chucúc, ar Laeg. Cinnas laeich, ar Cuchulaind.

Metithir lim óen na primsliaib is mó bís for mórmachairi in carpat fil fón d ócláig, metithir lim óen na primbili bís for faidchi primdúni in folt cráibach dualach findbudi fororda forscáilti fail immo chend. Fuan corcra corrtharach inaithi immi. Delg n-órda n-ecortha sin brut. Manais lethanglas ar derglassad na láim. Sciath cobradach condualach co cobraid óir deirg uasu. Claideb fata sithláí co n-ecrasaib serrda for dib sliastaib sudigthi dondócláig móir borrfaid fail isin carput ar medon.

Ale mochen a thichtu inar n-dochum-ni ind óiged sin, ar Cuchulaind. Ra fetamar-ni in fer sin, mo phopa-sa Fergus dothaet andsin. Atchíu-sa oencharpdech aile nar n-dochum-ne beus. Is lór n-argigi & n-óebinniusa & n-ániusa amthiagat a eich. Cia do maccaemaib fer hErend sin a mo phopa Laig, ar Cuchulaind, d'fegad mo chrotha-sa & mo delba dothaet in fer sain, daig am urdaire-sea leo-som na n-dún ar medón.

Fergus came up to where Cuchulain was and he sprang from the chariot, and Cuchulain bade him a hearty welcome. "Thy welcome I take for true," Fergus responded.

"Verily, it is truly meant for thee," said Cuchulain; "for comes there a brace of birds into the plain, thou shalt have a wild goose with half the other. If fish rise to the river-mouths, to the stones or waterfalls, thou shalt have a salmon with as much again. Thou shalt have a handful of watercress and a handful of sea-grass and a handful of laver. If thou hast a fight or combat with warrior before thee, I myself will go in thy stead to the ford. And I will watch and guard thee as long as thou sleepest."

"Well, then," said Fergus. "We know of what sort is thy hospitality on this occasion, on the Cow-spoil of Cualnge. But, as for this compact which thou hast asked of the men of Erin, single-handed combat with one man, thou shalt have it. It is for that I am come, to bind thee thereto, and do thou take it upon thee." "I pledge myself truly," said Cuchulain, "oh, my master Fergus." And no longer than that did he remain in parley, lest the men of Erin should say they were betrayed or deserted by Fergus for his disciple. Fergus' two horses were brought and his chariot was harnessed and he went back.

Doriacht Fergus & tarblaing assin charput & ferais Cuchulaind failti fris. Tarisi lim, ar Fergus.

Tarisi duit-siu ón om, ar Cuchulaind, dáig dia tóichle inn iall én sin mag, rot bia cadan colleith araile. Dia toichle iasc i n-inberaib, rot bia éicni co leith araile. Rot bia dorn birair & dorn femmaig & dorn fothlochta. Damsat [éicni] comrac no chomlund, missi ragas dit raid for áth, ocus rot bia foraire & forcomet co táthais do suan & do chotlud.

Maith amin, ro fetamar mar atá th'oegedchaire in chur sa for táin bo Cualnge. Acht in cor sa conattecht for firu hErend, comlund oenfir atetha. Is dó thanacsa, dia naidm fort, ocus geib-siu fort. Ataimim omm, bar Cuchulaind, a mo phopa Fergus. Ocus ní báí ní ba siriú ná sain ac comlabra, ar na raditis fir hErend a m-brath no a trecun do Fergus fria dalta. Ro gabad a da ech do Fergus & ro indled a charpat & luid for culu.

Etarcumul tarried behind gazing for a long time at Cuchulain. "At what starest thou, gilla?" asked Cuchulain. "I look at thee," said Etarcumul. "In truth then, thou hast not far to look," said Cuchulain. "There is no need of straining thine eye for that. If thou but knewest how angered is the little creature thou regardest, myself, to wit! And how then do I appear unto thee gazing upon me?" "Thou pleases me as thou art; a comely, shapely, wonderful, beautiful youth thou art, with brilliant, striking, various feats. Yet as for rating thee where goodly warriors are or forward youths or heroes of bravery or sledges of destruction, we count thee not nor consider thee at all.

"Though thou reviles me," said Cuchulain, "it is a surety for thee that thou camest from the camp under the protection of Fergus, as thou well knowest. For the rest, I swear by my gods whom I worship, were it not for the honour of Fergus, it would be only bits of thy bones and shreds of thy limbs that would be brought back to the camp!" "But threaten me no longer in this wise, Cuchulain!" cried Etarcumul; "for the wonderful terms thou didst exact of the men of Erin, that fair play and combat with one man should be granted thee, none other of the men of Erin but mine own self will come to-morrow at morn's early hour." "Come out, then," said Cuchulain, "and how so early thou comest, thou wilt find me here. I will not fly before thee. "

Dessid Etarcumul dia éis ic fegad Conculaind fri ed cián. Cid fégai-siu a gillai, for Cuchulaind. Fegaim-se tussu, for Etarcumul. Ni fota in rodarc ém duit-siu ón, ar Cuchulaind, immonderca súil i sodain duit, acht [is] dia festa-su is andíaraid in míl bec fegai-siu, missi. Ocus cinnas atú-sa acut frim fegad didiu. Is maith lim atái immorro, maccáem tucta amra alaind tu co clessaib ana imfacsi ilarda; mad t'árim immorro bail i m-biat dagláich no dagóic no láith gaile no ord essoirgne, nít ármem itir & nít imradem.

Ro fetar-sa is commairgi dait, immar thanac assin longphort ar einech mo phopa Fergusa. Tong-sa mo dee da n-adraim chena, men bad bíth einig Fergusa, ní ricfad acht do chnámi mintai & t'áigi fodailti arís dochum longphuirt. Aile nacham thoma-sa itir ní ba siriu de sodain, dáig in cor sa ra chungis for firu hErend comlund oenfir, ni fil d'feraib hErend ti imbarach dit fópairt acht missi. Tair-siu ass ón, & gid moch thís, fogeaba-su missi sund, ni thechiub-sa riam remut.

Etarcumul returned and began to talk with his driver. "I must needs fight with Cuchulain to-morrow, gilla," said Etarcumul. "'Tis true," quoth the charioteer. "Howbeit, I know not wilt thou fulfil it." "But what is better for us, to fulfil it to-morrow or forthwith tonight?" "To our thinking," said the gilla, "albeit no victory is to be won by fighting to-morrow, there is still less to be gained by fighting to-night, for thy combat and hurt is the nearer." "Be that as it may," said he ; "turn the horses and chariot back again from the hill for us, gilla, till we go to the ford of combat, for I swear by the gods whom I worship, I will not return to the camp till the end of life and time, till I bring with me the head of that young wildling, even the head of Cuchulain, for a trophy!"

The charioteer wheeled the chariot again towards the ford. They brought the left board to face the pair in a line with the ford. Laeg marked this and he cried to Cuchulain: ("Wist thou) the last chariot-fighter that was here a while ago, O Cucuc?" "What of him?" asked Cuchulain. "He has brought his left board towards us in the direction of the ford." "It is Etarcumul, O gilla, who seeks me in combat. And unwelcome is his coming, because of the honour of my foster-father Fergus under whom he came forth from the camp, of the men of Erin. But not that I would protect him do I thus. Fetch me my arms, gilla, to the ford. I deem it no honour for myself if the fellow reaches the ford before me." And straightway Cuchulain betook himself to the ford, and he bared his sword over his fair, well-knit spalls and he was ready on the ford to await Etarcumul.

Luid Etarcumul ar culu & ro gab ar chomrad fria araid. Isam ecen-sa tra imbarach comrac fri Coinculaind a gillai, bar Etarcumul. Ra gellais tra, ar in t-ara, ní fetar-sa chena in comella. Ocus cia ferr a denam imbarach no innocht fochétóir. Isí ar cubus, ar in gilla, acht ní buaid a denam imbárach is mó is dimbúaid a denam innocht, [ar is] dáig is nessu do urgail. Impa dún in carpat a gillai arís for culu, dáig ar bith tongu-sa na dé da n-adraim, ni rag-sa ar cú1 co brunni m-bratha, co rucur cend na herre út lim i tasselbad, cend Conculaind.

Imsó1 in t-ara in carpat arís dochum inn átha. Tucsat a clár clé fri airecht ar ammus ind átha. Rathaigis Laég. In carpdech dedenach bá1 sund o chíanaib a Chucuc, ar Laég. Cid de-side, ar Cuchulaind. Dobretha a chlár clé riund ar ammus ind atha. Etarcumul sain a gillai, condaig comrac cucum-sa. Ocus ni ramaith lim-sa dó, ar bith ainig m'aiti artanic assind longphurt & nír bith a imdegla-som atús itir. Tuc-su latt a gillai m'arm dam-sa connici in n-áth. Ní miad lim-sa, diam túscu dó icond áth ná dam-sa. Ocus luid iarum Cuchulaind connice in n-áth, & nochtais a chlaideb os a gelgualandchor, & bá1 urlam forsin n-áth for cind Etarcomla.

Then, too, came Etarcumul. "What seekest thou, gilla?" demanded Cuchulain. "Battle with thee I seek," replied Etarcumul. "Hadst thou been advised by me," said Cuchulain, "thou wouldst never have come. Because of the honour of Fergus under whom thou camest out of the camp, and not because I would spare thee, do I behave thus."

Thereupon Cuchulain gave him a long-blow whereby he cut away the sod that was under the soles of his feet, so that he was stretched out like a sack on his back, and his limbs in the air and the sod on his belly. Had Cuchulain wished it, it is two pieces he might have made of him. "Hold, fellow. Off with thee now, for I have given thee warning." "I will not go. We will fight on," said Etarcumul.

Cuchulain dealt him a well-aimed edge-stroke. With the edge of his sword he sheared the hair from him from poll to forehead, from one ear to the other, as if it were with a light, keen razor he had been shorn. Not a scratch of his skin gave blood. "Hold, fellow. Get thee home now," said Cuchulain, "for a laughing-stock I have made of thee." "I go not," rejoined Etarcumul. "We will fight to the end, till I take thy head and thy spoils and boast over thee, or till thou takest my head and my spoils and boastest over me!" "So let it be, what thou saidst last, that it shall be. I will take thy head and thy spoils and boast over thee!"

Dorocht dana Etarcumul. Cid iarrai a gillai, ar Cuchulaind. Comrac frit-su iarrait-se, bar Etarcumul. Na dernta form ni thargtha itir, ar Cuchulaind, ar bith ainig Fergusara tanac assin longphurt & ní ar bith t'imdeglasu itir itú-sa.

Tuc tra Cuchulaind fotalbéim dó, go ro these in fót bóí fo bund a chossi, conid tarla bolgfaén isa fót for a broind. Da m-bad áil dó, is da orddain dogenad de. Do duit i fecht sa, ar dobert-sa robud dait. Ni rag-sa condrísam beus, bar Etarcumul.

Tuc Cuchulaind faebarbéim co commus dó. Topach a folt o chúil có étan de, on chluais co araile, mar bad do altain áith étruim nad berrtha. Ni ro fulig tractad fola fair. Dó duit i fecht sa, for Cuchulaind, ar dobert-sa gén fort. Ni rag-sa, condrisam beus ón, co rucur-sa do chend-su & do choscur & do chommaidim no co rucassu mo chend-sa & mo choscur & mo choinmaidim. Séd tra bias de a n-atberi-siu fo déoid, missi beras do chend-su & do choscur & do chommaidim.

Cuchulain dealt him a cleaving blow on the crown of the head, so that it drove to his navel. He dealt him a second crosswise stroke, so that at the one time the three portions of his body came to the ground. Thus fell Etarcumul son of Fid and of Lethrinn.

And Fergus knew not that the combat had been. For thus was his wont: he never for aught looked back, whether at sitting or at rising or when travelling or walking, in battle or fight or combat, lest some one might say it was out of fear he looked back, but ever he looked at the thing that was before and beside him.

And when Etarcumul's squire came up abreast of Fergus, Fergus asked, "But, where is thy lord, gilla?" "He fell a while since at the ford by the hand of Cuchulain," the gilla made answer. "That indeed was not fair!" exclaimed Fergus, "for that elf-like sprite to wrong me in him that came under my safeguard and protection. Turn the chariot for us, gilla," cried Fergus, "that we may go to the ford of fight and combat for a parley with Cuchulain."

Thereupon the driver wheeled the chariot. They fared thither towards the ford. "How darest thou offend me, thou wild, perverse, little elf-man," cried Fergus, "in him that came under my safeguard and protection? "After the nurture and care thou didst bestow on me, which wouldst thou hold better, for him to triumph and boast over me, or for me to triumph and boast over him? And yet morel. Ask his own gilla which of us was in fault in respect of the other." Then Etarcumul's gilla related to Fergus how it all befel. Fergus replied, "Liefer to me what

Tucastar Cuchulaind muadalbéim dó i comard a chind co rocht a imlind. Tucastar béim tanaise dó urtharsna conid in oenfecht rángatar a tri gaibti rainti co talmain uad. Dorochair Etarcomul mac Feda & Lethrinne samlaid.

Ocus ni fitir Fergus in comrac do denam. Dáig ba deithbir són, ar ni ró feg Fergus dar a ais riam ic suidi no ic ergi no ic astar no ic imthecht & chléith & chath no chomlund, ar nad ráided nech, ba fatchius dó fégad dar a eiss, acht nambíd ríam remi & aird fri haird friss.

Ra siacht gilla Etarcumla aird i n-aird fri Fergus. Ca airm inda fil do thigerna-su immanitir a gillai, ar Fergus. Dorochair ó chianaib forsin n-áth la Coinculaind, ar in gilla. Nir bu chóir ém, ar Fergus, don serriti siabarda mo sargud immontí thanic for m'óisam. Impá dún in carpat a gillai, ar Fergus, ar condrisam immacallam fri Coinculaind.

Imsóí iarum in t-ara in carpat. Lotar dó rempo a dochum ind átha. Cid latt mo sargud a serriti síabarda, ar Fergus, immontí tanic for m'óisam & for mo chommairgi. Dond altram & dond iarfaigid dobertaisiu form-sa raid dam, cia de bad ferr lat-su, mo choscur-sa & mo chommaidim-se dó-som oldás a choscur-som & a chommaidim-sium dam-sa. Ocus anaill béus iarfaig-siu a gilla-som, cia bad chintach úan fri arail(e). Ferr lemm na n-dernais. Bendacht for láim do-fárraill.

thou hast done, fosterling," said Fergus, "and a blessing on the hand that smote him."

So then they bound two spancels about the ankle-joints of Etarcumul's feet and he was dragged along behind his horses and chariot. At every rock that was rough for him, his lungs and his liver were left on the stones and the rugged places. At every place that was smooth for him, his skilfully severed limbs came together again round the horses. In this wise he was dragged through the camp to the door of the tent of Ailill and Medb.

"There's your young warrior for you," cried Fergus, "for 'Every restoration together with its restitution' is what the law saith." Medb came forth to the door of her tent and she raised her quick, splitting, loud voice of a warrior. Quoth Medb: "Truly, methought that great was the heat and the wrath of this young hound on leaving us awhile since at the beginning of the day as he went from the camp. We had thought that the honour under which he went was not the honour of a dastard, even the honour of Fergus!"

"What hath crazed the virago and wench?" cried Fergus. "Good lack, is it fitting for the mongrel to seek the Hound of battle whom the warriors and champions of four of the five grand provinces of Erin dare not approach nor withstand? What, I myself was glad to escape whole from him!" In this manner fell Etarcumul and such was the combat of Etarcumul with Cuchulain.

And-sin tra ra cenglait da n-id im chailaib choss Etarcumla & ra srengad i n-degaid a ech & a charpait. Cach all ba amréid dó, no fácbaitis a scaim & a thrommai im ailib & imm airdrochib. Cach bali ba réid dó, na chomraictis a gabti cliss rainti mon echraid. Ra srengad samlaid dar fiartharsna longphuirt co dorus pupla Ailella & Medba.

Fail and-sain tra, bar Fergus, far maccáim dúib, ar cach assec cona thasséc is techta. Dothaet Medb immach co dorus a pupla & dobreth a hardguth for aird. Dar lind ém, bar Medb, ba mór bruth & barand in chulúin se tús láí, dia n-dechaid assin longphurt. Andar lind ní ainech athfir in t-ainech forsa n-dechaid, ainech Fergusa.

Cid ra mer in cali & in banaccaid, bar Fergus. Cid ón, ciarso dúal don athiuch matud saigid forsin n-árchoin na lamat cethri ollchoiceda hErend tascud no tairisin dó. Cid mi fadéin ba maith limm tíchtain imslán úad. Torchair tra Etarcumul fon samlaid sin. Conid comrac Etarcumla fri Coinculaind sin.



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11. The Slaying Of Nathcrantail

Aided Nathcrantail

Then arose a huge warrior of Medb's people, Nathcrantail by name, and he came to attack Cuchulain. He did not deign to bring along arms but thrice nine spits of holly after being sharpened, burnt and hardened in fire. And there before him on the pond was Cuchulain, and there was no shelter whatever.

[And there were nine darts, and none of them was to miss Cuchulain.] And he straightway cast [the first] dart at Cuchulain. Cuchulain sprang from the middle of the ground till he came on the tip of the dart. And again Nathcrantail threw a second dart. Nathcrantail threw a third dart and Cuchulain sprang on the point of the second dart and so on till he was on the point of the last dart.

It was then that the flock of birds which Cuchulain pursued on the plain flew away. Cuchulain chased them even as any bird of the air, pursuing the birds that they might not escape him but that they might leave behind a portion of food for the night. For this is what sustained and served Cuchulain, fish and fowl and game on the Cualnge Cow-spoil.

Andsin atraacht laech prosta mór do muntir Medba, Nathcrantail a chomainm. Ocus tanic do fuapairt Conculaind. Nír fiu leis airm do thabairt leis itir, acht tri nóí bera culind, até fuachda follscaide forloiscthi. Ocus and bóí Cuchulaind forsín lind for a chind & ní ba faesam cid sí.

Ocus batar noi m-bera trethi, ní bíd esbaid Conculaind for óen nach bir díb. And-sain focheird-sium bir for Coinculaind. Cingis Cuchulaind co m-bái for ind uachtarach in bera. [con tarlaic] Ocus tarlaic Nathcrantail béus in bir tanaise. Tarlaic Nathcrantail in tres m-bir. Ocus cingis Cuchulaind do ind in bera tanaise, co m-bái for ind in bera dedenaig.

Is and-sin inn íall éin sin mag. Luid Cuchulaind na n-díaid mar cach n-én, conna ragtáis úad, co fargdais cuit na aidchi d-ádaig. Daig issed arfurad & arfognad Cuchulaind, iascach & enach & osfeóil for Tain bo Cualnge.

Something more remains to be told:
Nathcrantail deemed full surely that
Cuchulain went from him in rout of defeat
and flight. And he went his way till he came
to the door of the tent of Ailill and Medb
and he lifted up his loud voice of a warrior:
"That famous Cuchulain that ye so talk of
ran and fled in defeat before me when he
came to me in the morning." "We knew,"
spake Medb, "it would be even so when able
warriors and goodly youths met him, that
this beardless imp would not hold out; for
when a mighty warrior, Nathcrantail to wit,
came upon him, he withstood him not but
before him he ran away!"

And Fergus heard that, and Fergus was sore
angered that any one should boast that
Cuchulain had fled. And Fergus addressed
himself to Fiachu, Feraba's son, that he
should go to rebuke Cuchulain. "And tell
him it is an honour for him to oppose the
hosts for as long or as short a space as he
does deeds of valour upon them, but that it
were fitter for him to hide himself than to
fly before any one of their warriors."

Thereupon Fiachu went to address
Cuchulain. Cuchulain bade him welcome. "I
trow that welcome to be truly meant, but it
is for counsel with thee I am come from thy
fosterer Fergus. And he has said, 'It would
be a glory for thee to oppose the hosts for as
long or as short a space as thou doest
valiantly with them; but it would be fitter
for thee to hide thyself than to fly before any
one of their warriors!'"

Act atá ní: fo glé ra Nathcrantail iss i róí
madma & techid dochuaid Cuchulaind uad.
Ocus luid reme co dorus pupla Ailella &
Medba & dobreth a ardguth ar aird: In
Cuchulaind airdaire se atberthai-si dochuaid
irróí (m)adma & techid riam reime
ambuaruch. (Ro) fetammar, ar Medb, ra pad
fír acht conaristaís dagláich & dagóic ni
gébad fri feta in serriti óc amulchach sain, ár
in am dos-farraid daglaech, ni riss ra
gabastar, acht is riam remi ro madmastar.

Ocus ra chuala Fergus aní sin, & ba níth
mór la Fergus oén do máidim thechid fri
Coinculaind. Ocus radis Fergus fri Fiachu
mac Firaba, ár co n-digsed do acallaim
Conculaind. Ocus raid-siu friss, fial do bith
forsna sluagaib cian gar dorigéni gnimrada
gaile forro, ocus ba féile dó a immfolach
oldás teched ria n-oenlaech díb.

Dothaet iarum Fiachu do acallaim
Conculaind. Ferais Cuchalaind fáilte fris.
Tarissi lim-sa ind falti sin, act dot acallaim
tanac ót aiti, ó Fergus. Ocus atbert: Fíal duit
bith forsna sluagaib cian gar doringnis
gnímrada gaile, ocus ba féliu duit
th'immfoluch oldás teched ria n-oenlaech
díb.

"How now, who makes that boast among ye?" Cuchulain asked. "Nathcrantail, of a surety," Fiachu answered. "How may this be? Dost not know, thou and Fergus and the nobles of Ulster, that I slay no charioteers nor heralds nor unarmed people? And he bore no arms but a spit of wood. And I would not slay Nathcrantail until he had arms. And do thou tell him, let him come here early in the morning, and I will not fly before him!"

And it seemed long to Nathcrantail till day with its light came for him to attack Cuchulain. He set out early on the morrow to attack Cuchulain. Cuchulain arose early and came to his place of meeting and his wrath bided with him on that day. And he threw his cloak around him, so that it passed over the pillar-stone near by, and snapped the pillar-stone off from the ground between himself and his cloak. And he was aware of naught because of the measure of anger that had come on and rage in him.

Then, too, came Nathcrantail, and he spake, "Where is this Cuchulain?" shouted Nathcrantail. "Why, over yonder near the pillar-stone before thee," answered Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar. "Not such was the shape wherein he appeared to me yesterday," said Nathcrantail. "Repel yon warrior," quoth Cormac, "and it will be the same for thee as if thou repellst Cuchulain!"

Cid ón, cia nod máid acaib-si sin, bar Cuchulaind. Nathcrantail ém, bar Fiachu. Cid ón, na fetar-su & Fergus & mathi Ulad, na gonaim-se aradu no echlacha no aes gan armu. Ocus ní airm báí laisium acht bir craind. Ocus ní gonfaind-se Nathcrantail co m-beth arm leiss. Ocus ráid-siu friss, ar com-thé co moch imbárach sund, ocus ní thechiub-sa riam reme.

Ocus ba fata ra Nathcrantail, cor bo lá cona sollsi dó do fuapairt Conculaind. Tanic co moch arnabarach do fopairt Conculaind. Atraig Cuchulaind co moch, & dofancatar a ferga laiss in lá sain. Ocus focheird fáthi ferge dia brutt taris, co tarla dar in corthi clochi & con tópatch in corthe clochi a talmain etorru sa bratt. Ocus ní fitir sin itir ar méit na ferggi defánic ocus ra siabrad immi.

And-sain tra dothaet Nathcrantail ocus atbert: Cia airm itá in Cuchulaind se, for Nathcrantail. Aracut tall aile, ar Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair. Ní hé sút cruth ar-dom-farfaid se indé, ar Nathcrantail. Dingaib-siu trá in laéch út, bar Cormac, & is samalta duit & feib no dingebtha Coinculaind.

Soon came Nathcrantail to seek Cuchulain and he made a wide sweep with his sword at Cuchulain. The sword encountered the pillar of stone that was between Cuchulain and his cloak, and the sword broke atwain on the pillar-stone. Then Cuchulain sprang from the ground and alighted on the top of the boss of Nathcrantail's shield and dealt him a side stroke over the upper edge of the shield, so that he struck off his head from his trunk. He raised his hand quickly again and gave him another blow on the top of the trunk so that he cleft him in twain down to the ground. Thus fell Nathcrantail slain by Cuchulain. Whereupon Cuchulain spoke the verse:

"Now that Nathcrantail has
fallen,
There will be increase of
strife!
Would that Medb had battle
now
And the third part of the
host!"

Tanic iarum Nathcrantail & focheird r6t n-
urchair dia chlaidiub 6ad for Coinculaind.
Cona tarla immun corthi b6i etir
Coinculaind & a bratt, con r6ebriss in
claideb immon chorthi. Cinhgid Cuchulaind
do l6r thalman, co m-b6ai for uachtar
cobraidi sc6ith Nathcrantail, & dobretha
t6thb6im d6 sech barr-uachtar in sceith, co
t6pacht a chend dia m6di. T6argab a lam co
immathlam dar6s & do thuc bulli n-aill
immulluch in medi co n-dergeni da gabait
rainti co talmain. Torchair Nathcrantail fon
samlaid sin la Coinculaind. Atbert
Cuchulaind assa aithle:

Ma dorochair Nathcrantail
(bid formach dond imargail)
apraind can chath (isin 6air)
do Meidb co triun in t-sl6aig.





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12. The Finding of The Bull

Fagbáil in tairb

Thereafter on the morrow Medb proceeded with a third of the host of the men of Erin about her, till she reached Dun Sobairche in the north. And Cuchulain pressed heavily on Medb that day. [Medb went on to Cuib to seek the bull and Cuchulain pursued her.] There it is that Cuchulain slew all those we have mentioned in Cuib. Cuchulain killed Fer Taidle, whence cometh Taidle; and as they went northwards he killed the macBuachalla ('the Herdsman's sons') at their cairn, whence cometh Carn macBuachalla; and he killed Luasce on the slopes, whence Lettre Luasc ('the Watery Slopes of Luasc'); and he slew Bobulge in his marsh, whence Grellach ('the Trampled Place') of Bubulge; and he slew Murthemne on his hill, whence Delga ('the Points') of Murthemne.

It was afterwards then that Cuchulain turned back from the north to Mag Murthemni, to protect and defend his own borders and land, for dearer to him was his own land and inheritance and belongings than the land and territory and belongings of another.

Dolluid iarum Medb co triun in t-sluaig fer n-hErend impi, co ranic inní co Dun Sobairci fa thuaid. Ocus lilis Cuchulaind co mór do Meidb in la sain, co. . . i n-Guiph riam Cuchulaind comdar techt fa thuaith. Marbais Cuchulaind Fer Taidle, diatat Taidle. Ocus marbais Maccu Buachalla, diata Carn Mac m-Buachalla. Ocus marbais Luasce illettri, diatat Lettre Luasce. Ocus marbais Bobulge ina grellaig, diata Grellach Bobulge. Ocus Murthemne for a dind, diata Delga Murthemne.

Conid iar-sain do tarraid Cuchulaind atuid dorisi do imdegail & do imditin a crích & a feraind fodessin, daig ba handsa lais anda crich & ferand neich n-aile.

It was then too that he came upon the Fir Crandce ('the men of Crannach'); to wit, the two Artinne and the two sons of Lecc, the two sons of Durcride, the two sons of Gabul, and Drucht and Delt and Dathen, Tae and Tualang and Turscur, and Torc Glaisse and Glass and Glassne, which are the same as the twenty men of Fochard. Cuchulain surprised them as they were pitching camp in advance of all other, so that they fell by his hand.

Then it was that Buide ('the Yellow') son of Ban Thai ('the White') from the country of Ailill and Medb, and belonging to the special followers of Medb, met Cuchulain. Four and twenty a warriors [was their strength.] A blue mantle enwrapping each man, the Brown Bull of Cualnge plunging and careering before them after he had been brought from Glenn na Samaisce ('Heifers' Glen') to Sliab Culinn, and fifty of his heifers with him.

"Whence bring ye the drove, ye men?" Cuchulain asks. "From yonder mountain," Buide answers. "What is thine own name?" said Cuchulain. "One that neither loves thee nor fears thee," Buide made answer; "Buide son of Ban Thai am I, from the country of Ailill and Medb." "Lo, here for thee this short spear," said Cuchulain, and he casts the spear at him. It struck the shield over his belly, so that it shattered three ribs in his farther side after piercing his heart in his bosom. And Buide son of Ban Thai fell on the ford. So that thence is Ath Buidi ('Athboy') in Crich Roiss ('the land of Ross').

Is and-sin tra forecmangaid Fíru Crandce, .i. da Artinne & da Mac Licce, da Mac Durcridi, da Mac Gabla, & Drucht & Delt & Dathen, Te & Tualang & Turscur & Torc Glaisse & Glass & Glassne, [inund sain] inund sain & fiche Fer Fochard. Basn-etarraid Cuchulaid ic gabail longphuirt ria cách, co torchratar lais.

Is and-sin dorecmaing do Choinchulaind Buide mac Báin Blai de chrích Ailella & Medba & do sainmuntir Medba. Cethror ar fichet laech. Bratt i filliud im cach fer. Dond Cualnge irrithur & i fuatuch rempu, iarna thabairt a Glind na samaisci i Sléib Chulind, & cóica samaisci dia samascib imme.

Can doberid in n-alaid, for Cuchulaind. As t-sléib út amne, ar Buide. Ca do chomainm-siu badessin, bar Cuchulaind. Nít charadar nít tágedar, ar Buide, Buide mac Báin Thai missi do chrích Ailella & Medba. Asso fort in certgae so didiu, bar Cuchulaind, & focheird in sleig fair. Forecmainhg sin scíath os a broind, co ro brúí tri asna sin taéba siriú úd iar tregtad a chridi na chlíab. Ocus dorochair Buidi mac Báin Blai. Conid de ata Áth mh-Buide i crích Ross ó sain.

For as long or as short a space as they were engaged in this work of exchanging their two short spears--for it was not in a moment they had accomplished it--the Brown Bull of Cualnge was carried away in quick course and career to the camp as swiftly as any bull can be brought to a camp. From this accordingly came the greatest shame and grief and madness that was brought on Cuchulain on that hosting.

As regards Medb: every ford whereon she stopped, Ath Medba ('Medb's Ford') is its name. Every place wherein she pitched her tent, Pupall Medba ('Medb's Tent') is its name. Every spot she rested her horselash, Bili Medba ('Medb's Tree') is its name.

On this circuit Medb offered battle one night to Findmor ('the Fair-large') wife of Celtchar at the gate of Dun Sobairche; and she slew Findmor and laid waste Dun Sobairche.

Then came the warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin at the end of a long fortnight to camp and station, together with Medb and Ailill and the company that were bringing the bull.

Cián gar ro batar for inn-uopair sin ic cloechlód na da chertgae, dáig ni fochetóir co n-arnic úadib, rucad in Dond Cualnge irrithur & i fúatach úadib dochum longphoirt [uadib], amail as dech berair mart longphoirt. Conid é sin méla & mertain & meraigecht is mó tucad for Coinculaind forsín t-sluagud sa.

Imthusa Medbi, cach áth forsa m-bái Áth Medbi a chomainm. Cach bail ro sáid a pupaill is Pupall Medba a ainm. Cach bail ro sáid a echlaisc is Bili Medba a chomainm.

Ra chuir trá Medb dín chuaird sin cath fri Findmóir mnái Celtchair for dorus Dúni Sobairchi, & ro marb Findmóir & ra airg Dún Sobairchi.

Tancatar tra cethri ollchoiceda hErend i cind chíanchóicthigis ar mís dunad & longphort eter Meidb & Ailill & fialach tabartha in tairb.





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12a. The Death Of Forgemen

Bás Forgaimin

And the bull's cowherd would not allow them to carry off the Brown Bull of Cualnge, so that they urged on the bull, beating shafts on shields, till they drove him into a narrow gap, and the herd trampled the cowherd's body thirty feet into the ground, so that they made fragments and shreds of his body. Forgemén was his name. This then is the Death of Forgemén on the Cattle-prey of Cualnge.

Ocus ní arlaic a búachaill dóibide Dond Cualnge, co n-das-rimmartatar co cruind for scíath fair, co n-dam-bertatar i m-bernaid chumaing, co n-da-ralastar na halma i talmain a chorp trichait traiged, co n-dernsat minscomartaig & minbruan dia churp. Forgemén a chomainm. Conid bás Forgaimin sin for Táin bo Cualnge.



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12b. Here Is Narrated The Slaying of Redg The Satirist

Aided Redg Cáinte inso

When the men of Erin had come together in one place, both Medb and Ailill and the force that was bringing the bull to the camp and enclosure, they all declared Cuchulain would be no more valiant than another, were it not for the wonderful little trick he possessed, the spearlet of Cuchulain. Accordingly the men of Erin despatched from them Redg, Medb's satirist, to demand the spearlet.

So Redg came forward to where Cuchulain was and asked for the spearlet, but Cuchulain did not give him the spearlet at once; he did not deem it good and proper to yield it. Redg declared he would deprive Cuchulain of his honour unless he got the spearlet. Thereupon Cuchulain hurled the spearlet at him, so that it struck him in the nape of the neck and fell out through his mouth on the ground. And the only words Redg uttered were these, "This precious gift is readily ours," and his soul separated from his body at the ford. Therefrom that ford is ever since called Ath Solom Shet ('Ford of the Ready Treasure'). And the copper of the spearlet was thrown into the river. Hence is Uman-Sruth ('Copperstream') ever after.

O dariachtatar fir hErend go oenbaile eter Meidb & Ailill & fialach tabarta in tairb dochum in dunaid & longphoirt, atbertatar uili na bud chalmu chach Cuchulaind, mend beth in clessín ingantach báí aice, clettin Conculaind. Conid andsin fóidset fir hErend uadib Redg cánti Medbi do chungid in clettin.

Co n-attecht Redg in clettín, agus nad tarddait Cuchulaind in clettín dó. Ní sáin & na descaid (?) laiss a tabairt. Rádis Redg, no bérad ainech Conculaind. Andsin tarlaic Cuchulaind in clettin dó na díaid, conic tharlathar i classaib a da chulad, co n-dechaid dar a bél a dochum talman. Ocus ní tharnaic úad acht a rád: Is solom dún in sét sa tráth, con ro scar a anim fria chorp forsín áth. Conid de asberar in t-áth sin o sin Áth Sólomsét. Ocus fochuridar a úma don chlettin forsín sruth. Conid de atá Uman-sruth o sin.

"Let us ask for a sword-truce from Cuchulain," says Ailill. "Let Lugaid go to him," one and all answer. Then Lugaid goes to parley with him. "How now do I stand with the host?" Cuchulain asks. "Disgraceful indeed is the thing thou hast demanded of them," Lugaid answers, "even this, that thou shouldst have thy women and maidens and half of thy kine. But more grievous than all do they hold it that they themselves should be killed and thou provisioned."

Every day there fell a man by Cuchulain till the end of a week. Then faith is broken with Cuchulain. Twenty are despatched at one time to attack him and he destroys them all. "Go to him, O Fergus," says Ailill, "that he may vouchsafe us a change of place." A while after this they proceed to Cronech. These are they that fell in single combat with him in that place, to wit: the two Roth, the two Luan, two women-thieves, ten fools, ten cup-bearers, the ten Fergus, the six Fedelm, the six Fiachu. Now these were all killed by him in single combat.

When their tents were pitched by them in Cronech they discussed what they had best do with Cuchulain. "I know," quoth Medb, "what is best here. Let someone go to him from us for a swordpact from him in respect of the host, and he shall have half the cattle that are here." This message they bring to him. "I will do it," said Cuchulain, "provided the bond is not broken by you tomorrow."



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12c. Here Is Told The Meeting of Cuchulain And Finnabair

(No transcription by Windisch.)

"Let a message be sent to him," said Ailill, "that Finnabair my daughter will be bestowed on him, and for him to keep away from the hosts." Manè Athramail ('Fatherlike') goes to him. But first he addresses himself to Laeg. "Whose man art thou?" spake Manè. Now Laeg made no answer. Thrice Manè addressed him in this same wise. "Cuchulain's man," Laeg answers, "and provoke me not, lest it happen I strike thy head off thee!" "This man is mad," quoth Manè as he leaves him.

Then he goes to accost Cuchulain. It was there Cuchulain had doffed his tunic, and the deep snow was around him where he sat, up to his belt, and the snow had melted a cubit around him for the greatness of the heat of the hero. And Manè addressed him three times in like manner, whose man he was?" Conchobar's man, and do not provoke me. For if thou provokes me any longer I will strike thy head off thee as one strikes off the head of a blackbird!" "No easy thing," quoth Manè, "to speak to these two." Thereupon Manè leaves them and tells his tale to Ailill and Medb.

"Let Lugaid go to him," said Ailill, "and offer him the girl." Thereupon Lugaid goes and repeats this to Cuchulain. "O master Lugaid," quoth Cuchulain, "it is a snare!" "It is the word of a king; he hath said it," Lugaid answered; "there can be no snare in it." "So be it," said Cuchulain. Forthwith Lugaid leaves him and takes that answer to Ailill and Medb. "Let the fool go forth in my form," said Ailill, "and the king's crown on his head, and let him stand some way off from Cuchulain lest he know him; and let the girl go with him and let the fool promise her to him, and let them depart quickly in this wise. And methinks ye will play a trick on him thus, so that he will not stop you any further till he comes with the Ulstermen to the battle."

Then the fool goes to him and the girl along with him, and from afar he addresses Cuchulain. The Hound comes to meet him. It happened he knew by the man's speech that he was a fool. A clingstone that was in his hand he threw at him so that it entered his head and bore out his brains. He comes up to the maiden, cuts off her two tresses and thrusts a stone through her cloak and her tunic, and plants a standing-stone through the middle of the fool. Their two pillar-stones are there, even the pillar-stone of Finnabair and the pillar-stone of the fool.

Cuchulain left them in this plight. A party was sent out from Ailill and Medb to search for their people, for it was long they thought they were gone, when they saw them in this wise. This thing was noised abroad by all the host in the camp. Thereafter there was no truce for them with Cuchulain.





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12d. Here The Combat of Munremar and Curoi

(No transcription by Windisch.)

While the hosts were there in the evening they perceived that one stone fell on them coming from the east and another from the west to meet it. The stones met one another in the air and kept falling between Fergus' camp, the camp of Ailill and the camp of Nera. This sport and play continued from that hour till the same hour on the next day, and the hosts spent the time sitting down, with their shields over their heads to protect them from the blocks of stones, till the plain was full of the boulders, whence cometh Mag Clochair ('the Stony Plain').

Now it happened it was Curoi macDarè did this. He had come to bring help to his people and had taken his stand in Cotal to fight against Munremar son of Gercend. The latter had come from Emain Macha to succour Cuchulain and had taken his stand on Ard ('the Height') of Roch. Curoi knew there was not in the host a man to compete with Munremar. These then it was who carried on this sport between them. The army prayed them to cease. Whereupon Munremar and Curoi made peace, and Curoi withdrew to his house and Munremar to Emain Macha and Munremar came not again till the day of the battle. As for Curoi, he came not till the combat of Ferdiad.

"Pray Cuchulain," said Medb and Ailill, "that he suffer us to change our place." This then was granted to them and the change was made.

The 'Pains' of the Ulstermen left them then. When now they awoke from their 'Pains,' bands of them came continually upon the host to restrain it again.



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12e. The Slaughter of The Boy-Troop

(No transcription by Windisch.)

Now the youths of Ulster discussed the matter among themselves in Emain Macha. "Alas for us," said they, "that our friend Cuchulain has no one to succour him!" "I would ask then," spake Fiachu Fulech ('the Bloody') son of Ferfebè and own brother to Fiachu Fialdana ('the Generous-daring') son of Ferfebè, "shall I have a company from you to go to him with help?"

Thrice fifty youths accompany him with their play-clubs, and that was a third of the boy-troop of Ulster. The army saw them drawing near them over the plain. "A great army approaches us over the plain," spake Ailill. Fergus goes to espy them. "Some of the youths of Ulster are they," said he, "and it is to succour Cuchulain they come." "Let a troop go to meet them," said Ailill, "unknown to Cuchulain; for if they unite with him ye will never overcome them." Thrice fifty warriors went out to meet them. They fell at one another's hands, so that not one of them got off alive of the number of the youths of Lia Toll. Hence is Lia ('the Stone') of Fiachu son of Ferfebè, for it is there that he fell.

"Take counsel," quoth Ailill; "inquire of Cuchulain about letting you go from hence, for ye will not go past him by force, now that his flame of valour has risen." For it was usual with him, when his hero's flame arose in him, that his feet would turn back on him and his buttocks before him, and the knobs of his calves would come on his shins, and one eye would be in his head and the other one out of his head. A man's head would have gone into his mouth. There was not a hair on him that was not as sharp as the thorn of the hew, and a drop of blood was on each single hair. He would recognize neither comrades nor friends. Alike he would strike them before and behind. Therefrom it was that the men of Connacht gave Cuchulain the name Riastartha ('the Contorted One').



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12f. The Slaughter of The King's Bodyguard

(No transcription by Windisch.)

"Let us ask for a sword-truce from Cuchulain," said Ailill and Medb. Lugaid goes to him and Cuchulain accords the truce. "Put a man for me on the ford to-morrow," said Cuchulain. There happened to be with Medb six royal hirelings, to wit: six princes of the Gans of Deda, the three Dubs ('the Blacks') of Imlech, and the three Dergs ('the Reds') of Sruthair, by name. "Why should it not be for us," quoth they, "to go and attack Cuchulain?" So the next day they went and Cuchulain put an end to the six of them.



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13. The Combat Of Cûr With Cuchulain

Aided Caúir

The men of Erin discussed among themselves who of them would be fit to attack Cuchulain. And what they all said was that Cûr ('the Hero') son of Da Loth should be the one to attack him. For thus it stood with Cûr: No joy was it to be his bedfellow or to live with him. And they said: "Even should it be Cûr that falls, a trouble and care would be removed from the hosts. Should it be Cuchulain, it would be so much the better."

Cûr was summoned to Medb's tent. "For what do they want me?" Cûr asked. "To engage with Cuchulain," replied Medb. "Little ye rate our worth. Nay, but it is wonderful how ye regard it. Too tender is the youth with whom ye compare me. Had I known I was sent against him I would not have come myself. I would have lads enough of his age from amongst my people to go meet him on a ford."

Atrubratár fir hErend, cia bad chóir da fúapairt Conculaind accu. Ocus atbertatar uile, co m-bad e Cúr mac Da Lóth bad chóir da fuapairt. Dáig amlaid búí Cúr: ní ba suair(c) comlepaid no comaentu frissi, ocus atbertatar, cid se Cúr taétsad, badingbail trommad dona sluagaib, dia m-bad é Cuchulaind, bád ferr són.

Conácart Cúr i pupaill Medba. Cid tathar dam-sa, ar Cúr. Do fuapairt Conculaind, ar Medb. Is cert ar buaid lib, is amra lib tráth, is romaeth maccaem a samla sain nom samlaid. Dia fessaind-se fessin ní thicfaind lasodain, bad lim gilla a chomais dim muntir do thecht na agid for áth.

"Indeed, it is easy to talk so," quoth Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar. "It would be well worth while for thyself if by thee fell Cuchulain." "Howbeit," said Cûr, "since on myself it falls, make ye ready a journey for me at morn's early hour on the morrow, for a pleasure I will make of the way to this fight, a-going to meet Cuchulain. It is not this will detain you, namely the killing of yonder wildling, Cuchulain!"

Then early on the morrow morn arose Cûr macDa Loth. A cart-load of arms was taken along with him wherewith to engage with Cuchulain, and he began to ply his weapons, seeking to kill Cuchulain. Now Cuchulain had gone early that day to practice his feats of valour and prowess. These are the names of them all:

the Apple-feat,
and the Edge-feat,
and the Level Shield-feat,
and the Little Dart-feat,
and the Rope-feat,
and the Body-feat,
and the Feat of Catt,
and the Hero's Salmon-leap,
and the Pole-cast,
and the Leap over a Blow (?),
and the Folding of a noble Chariot-fighter,
and the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed Spear')
and the Vantage (?) of Swiftmess,
and the Wheel-feat,
and the Rimfeat,
and the Over-Breath-feat,
and the Breaking of a Sword,
and the Champion's Cry,
and the Measured Stroke,
and the Side Stroke,
and the Running up a Lance and Standing
Erect on its Point, and Binding of the Noble

Ale is acca a rad samlaid sin, ar Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair. Ra bad amra bríg duit fadessin, mad dia tóetsad latt Cuchulaind. Denaíd-si arrgraiige n-imthechta fri uare na matne immucha imbarach, dáig suba sliged dogniu-sa de. Ni hed no-bar-furgfesib guin na hailiti út Conculaind.

Andsin atraacht co moch arnabarach Cûr mac Da Lóth. Tucad aire feóin leis do threlam gascid do fopairt Conculaind, ocus barópairt ac folmasi a gona. Dochúaid Cuchulaind trá for a chlessaib commoch in lá sain. Ateat a n-uli anmand.

in t-ubullchless
& faeborless
& faéncless
& cless cletenach
& tétcless
& corpcless
& cless caitt
& ích n-erred
& cor n-deled
& leim dar néib
& filliud erred nair
& gai bolga
& bai brasse
& rothchless
& ot(h)ar(chless)
& cless for análaib
& bruud gine
& sian caurad
& beim co commus no co fomus
& táithbéim
& dréim fri fogaist co n-dirgiud crette for a rind co fornadmáim niad náir.

Hero (around spear points).

Now this is the reason Cuchulain was wont to practice early every morning each of those feats with the agility of a single hand, as best a wild-cat may, in order that they might not depart from him through forgetfulness or lack of remembrance.

And macDa Loth waited beside his shield until the third part of the day, plying his weapons, seeking the chance to kill Cuchulain. It was then Laeg spake to Cuchulain, "Hark! Cucuc. Attend to the warrior that seeks to kill thee."

Then it was that Cuchulain glanced at him and then it was that he raised and threw the eight apples on high and cast the ninth apple a throw's length from him at Cûr macDa Loth, so that it struck on the disk of his shield between the edge and the body of the shield, so that it carried the size of an apple of his brains out through the back of his head. Thus fell Cûr macDa Loth also at the hand of Cuchulain.

"If your engagements and pledges bind you now," said Fergus, "another warrior ye must send to him yonder on the ford; else, do ye keep to your camp and your quarters here till the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow, for Cûr son of Da Loth is fallen." "Considering why we have come," said Medb, "it is the same to us even though we remain in those same tents."

Ar is aire dogníd Cuchulaind cacha maitne ar mucha cach cless díb [ar lus na lethláim amail as dech téit catt croich], na digsitís ar dermat no dichumni úad.

Ocus tarrasair mac Da Lóth co trián in láí i túaim a sceith ic folmaisse gona Conculaind. Is and-sain radestar Laeg fri Coinculaind: Maith a Chúcuc, frithalti in laéch fail ic folmaisi do gona.

Is and-sin tincais Cuchulaind fair [is inund ón & no féigand]. Ocus is and-sain torgaib & tarlaic na hocht n-ubla i n-airddi root n-urchair úad do Chûr mac Da Lóth, co tarla illaind a scéith & a etain, co ruc comthromm inn ubaill dia inchind triana chuladaib. Co torchair dana Cûr mac Da Lóth fon samlaid sin ra Coinculaind.

Dan-far-gabat far cuir & far rátha i fecht sa, bar Fergus, laech aile for áth dó sût no gabaid dunad & longphort sund co solustráth n-eirge imbáarach, dáig darochair Cûr mac Da Loth. Arapa a fath tancammar, ar Medb, is cubes dun cid isna puplaib cetnaib bemmit.

They remained in that camp till Cûr son of Da Loth had fallen, and Loth son of Da Bro and Srub Darè son of Feradach [and Morc] son of Tri Aigneach. These then fell in single combat with Cuchulain. But it is tedious to recount one by one the cunning and valour of each man of them.

Dessid doib issin longhort sain, co torchair Cûr mac Da Loth agus Lath mac Da Bro agus Srub Dare mac Fedaig .i. mac Teora Maignech. Torcratar sain tra ra Coinculaind ar galaib oenfir. Acht is emilt engram cach f ir fo leith dib d'innisin.



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14. The Slaying Of Ferbaeth ('The Witless')

Aided Fir báith inso.

Then it was that Cuchulain said to his charioteer, namely to Laeg: "Betake thee thither, O master Laeg," said Cuchulain, "to the camp of the men of Erin, and bear a greeting from me to my comrades and foster-brothers and age-mates. Bear a greeting to Ferdiad son of Daman, and to Ferdet son of Daman, and to Brass son of Ferb, and to Lugaid son of Nos, and to Lugaid son of Solamach, to Ferbaeth son of Baetan, and to Ferbaeth son of Ferbend, and a particular greeting withal to mine own foster-brother, to Lugaid son of Nos, for that he is the one man that still has friendliness and friendship with me now on the hosting. And bear him a blessing. Let it be asked diligently of him that he may tell thee who will come to attack me on the morrow."

Then Laeg went his way to the camp of the men of Erin and brought the aforementioned greetings to the comrades and foster-brothers of Cuchulain. And he also went into the tent of Lugaid son of Nos. Lugaid bade him welcome. "I take that welcome to be truly meant," said Laeg. "'Tis truly meant for thee," replied Lugaid. "To converse with thee am I come from Cuchulain," said Laeg, "and I bring these greetings truly and earnestly from him to the end that thou tell me who comes to fight with Cuchulain to-day."

Is and-sin radis Cuchulaind fria araid, fri Laeg: Do duit a phopa Laig, ar Cuchulaind, illongphort fer n-Erend, & beir a n-imcomarc uaim-se dom aés chomtha & dom chomaltaib & dom chomdinib, beir a imchomarc do Fir diad mac Damain ocus do Fir dét mac Damain ocus do Bress mac Firb, do Lugaid mac Nois ocus do Lugaid mac Solamaig, do Fir baeth mac Baetan ocus do Fir báeth mac Fir bend, ocus a imchomarc féin béus dom derbchomalta, do Lugaid mac Nóis, dáig is é oenfer congeib commond & caratrad frim-sa don chur sa for in t-sluagad, ocus beir bennachtain, ar co n-eperta-som frit-su, cia dothaét dom fuapairt-se imbarach.

Luid iarum Laeg reme illongphort fer n-hErend & ruc a n-imchomarc d'aes chumtha & do chomaltaib Conculaind. Ocus dana dochuaid i pupaill Lugdach meic Nois. Ferais Lugaid fálte fris. Tarissi lim, ar Lóeg. Tarissi duit-siu ón, bar Lugaid. Dot acallalin tánac ó Coinchulaind, ar Laég, ocus tucad t'imchomarc do glaine & do leire uad duit, ocus ar co n-eperta-sa frim-sa, cia dothaét dá fúapairt Conculaind indiu.

"The curse of his fellowship and brotherhood and of his friendship and affection be upon that man," said Laeg. "Even his own real foster-brother himself, Ferbaeth son of Ferbend. He was invited into the tent of Medb a while since. The daughter Finnabair was set by his side. It is she who fills up the drinking-horns for him; it is she who gives him a kiss with every drink that he takes; it is she who serveth the food to him. Not for every one with Medb is the ale that is poured out for Ferbaeth till he is drunk. Only fifty wagon-loads of it have been brought to the camp."

Then Laeg retraced his steps to Cuchulain, with heavy head, sorrowful, downcast, heaving sighs. "With heavy head, sorrowful, downcast and sighing, my master Laeg comes to meet me," said Cuchulain. "It must be that one of my brothers-in-arms comes to attack me." For he regarded as worse a man of the same training in arms as himself than aught other warrior. "Hail now, O Laeg my friend," cried Cuchulain; "who comes to attack me to-day?"

"The curse of his fellowship and brotherhood, of his friendship and affection be upon him; even thine own real foster-brother himself, namely Ferbaeth son of Ferbend. A while ago he was summoned into the tent of Medb. The maiden was set by his side; it is she who fills up the drinking-horns for him; it is she who gives him a kiss with every drink; it is she who serveth his food. Not for every one with Medb is the ale that is poured out for Ferbaeth. Only fifty wagon-loads of it have been brought to the camp."

Mallach(t) a chommaind & a chomaltais & a charatraid & a chardessa fair, a derbchomalta díless dúthaig fadessin, .i. Fer baeth mac Fir bend. Rucad i pupaill Medba o chianaib. Tucad ind ingen Findabair ar a lethláim. Isí doirtes curnu fair, isí dobeir phóic la cech n-oendig dó, isí gaibes laim for a chuit. Ni do chach la Meidb in lind dálder for Fer m-báeth. Ni thucad acht aire cóicat fén de dochum longphuirt.

Luid iarum Laeg ar cúil do saigid Conculaind co cendtromm n-imthursech n-anfáid n-osnadach. Is cendtromm n-imthursech n-anfáid n-osnadach dothaet mo phopa Laeg dom indsaigid-se, bar Cuchulaind. Is nech tra ecin dom chomaltaib dothaét dom fuapairt, ar ba messu lais-sium fer a chomgascid anda láech anaill. Maith and a mo phopa Laig, ar Cuchulaind, cia dothaét dom fuapairt-se indiu.

Mallacht a chommaind & a chomaltais & a charatraid & a chardessa fair, do chomalta díles dúthaig fadessin .i. Fer baeth mac Fir bend. Rucad i pupaill Medba ó chianaib. Tucad ind ingen for a lethláim, issí doirtes curnu fair, sí dobeir phóic la cech n-oendig dó, isí geibes láim for a chuit. Ni do chach la Meidb in lind dailter for Fer m-baeth. Ni tucad acht aire cóicat fen de dochum longphuirt.

Ferbaeth by no means waited till morn but he went straightway to the glen that night to recant his friendship with Cuchulain. And Cuchulain called to mind the friendship and fellowship and brotherhood that had been between them; and Ferbaeth would not consent to forego the fight.

Then in anger, Cuchulain left him and drove the sole of his foot against a holly-spit, so that it pierced through flesh and bone and skin. Thereat Cuchulain gave a strong tug and drew the spit out from its roots. And Cuchulain threw the holly-spit over his shoulder after Ferbaeth, and he would care as much that it reached him or that it reached him not. The spit struck Ferbaeth in the nape of the neck, so that it passed out through his mouth in front and fell to the ground, and thus Ferbaeth fell.

"Now that was a good throw, Cucuc!" cried Fiachu son of Ferfebè, who was on the mound between the two camps, for he considered it a good throw to kill that warrior with a spit of holly. Hence it is that Focherd Murthemni ('the good Cast of Murthemne') is the name of the place where they were.

Ni tharrasair Fer baeth commatin itir acht luid fochetoir d'athchur a charatraid for Conculaind. Ocus conattech Cuchulaind in charatrad & in commund & in comaltus friss, & nír facmastar Fer baeth in comrac do denam.

Luid Cuchulaind tria feirg uad & fosnessa sleig culind ina bond traiged, co ras fothraic eter feoil & chnam & chroicend. Tarnigid Cuchulaind in sleig arís ar culu assa fremaib & dos-farlaic dar a gualaind i n-degaid Fir baith, & fo leis gid no rissed & ba fo leis gin co rissed. Dotarla in sleg i classaib a chulaid, con n-dechaid trina bel docum talman, co torchair Fer baeth amlaid.

Maith tra in focheird a Chucuc, bar Fiacha mac Fir aba, ar ba focheird maith leis in cathmilid do marbad den bir culind. Conid de ata Focheird Murthemne beus ar in inad i m-batar.





16a. The Healing Of The Morrigan

Then it was that the Morrigan, daughter of Ernmas, came from the fairy dwellings, in the guise of an old hag, engaged in milking a tawny, three-teated milch cow. And for this reason she came in this fashion, that she might have redress from Cuchulain. For none whom Cuchulain ever wounded recovered there from without himself aided in the healing.

Cuchulain, maddened with thirst, begged her for a milking. She gave him a milking of one of the teats. "May this be a cure in time for me, old crone," quoth Cuchulain, and one of the queen's eyes became whole thereby. He begged the milking of another teat. She milked the cow's second teat and gave it to him and he said, "May she straightway be sound that gave it." [Then her head was healed so that it was whole.] He begged a third drink of the hag. She gave him the milking of the teat. "A blessing on thee of gods and of non-gods, O woman!" [And her leg was made whole thereby.] Now these were their gods, the mighty folk: and these were their non-gods, the folk of husbandry. And the queen was healed forthwith.

Slánugud na Mórrigna

And-sin tánic in Mórrígu ingen Ernmais a Síidib irricht sentainne, corraibí ic blegu(n) bó trí sine na fiadnaisse. Is immi tanic-si (mar) sin, ar bith a forithen do Choinchulaind. Dáig ní gonad Cuchulaind nech ar a térnád, co m-beth cuít dó féin na legis.

Conattech Cuchulaind blegon furri, iarna dechrad d'íttaid. Dobretha-si blegon sini dó. Rop slán aneim dam-sa so. Ba slán a lethrosc na rigna. Conattech-som blegon sini furri. Dobreth si dó. Inéim rop slán intí doridnacht. Conaittecht-som in tres n-dig & dobretha-si blegon sine dó. Bendacht dee & andee fort, a ingen. Batar é a n-dee in t-aés cumachta, agus andee in t-aés trebairé. Ocus ba slán ind rígan.

Then Medb ordered out the hundred armed warriors of her body-guard at one and the same time to assail Cuchulain. Cuchulain attacked them all, so that they fell by his hand. "It is a dishonour for us that our people are slaughtered in this wise," quoth Medb. "It is not the first destruction that has befallen us from that same man," replied Ailill. Hence Cuillenn Cind Duni ('The Destruction of the Head of the Dûn') is henceforth the name of the place where they were. Hence Ath Cro ('Gory Ford') is the name of the ford where they were. And fittingly, too, because of the abundance of gore and blood that went with the flow of the river.

Andsain fáitte Medb in cet laech in oenfecht do fuapairt Conculaind. Bas-ropart Cuchulaind siat uili, co torchratar leiss. Is cuillend dúin guin ar muntiri samlaid, ar Medb. Nip se sút a chétchuillend dúin ind fir chetna, bar Ailill. Conid Cuillend cind dúni comainm béus ind inaid i m-batar ó sin. Ocus conid Áth Cró ainm ind átha forsbatar. Dethbir ar a méit da crú & da fuil dochúaid fo sruthair na haband.



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17. The Great Rout on The Plain of Murthemne

The warriors of four of the five grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and made their station in the place called Breslech Mor ('the Great Rout ') in the Plain of Murthemne. Their portion of cattle and spoils they sent on before them to the south to the cow-stalls of Ulster. Cuchulain took station at Ferta ('the (gravemound') at Lerga ('the Slopes') hard by them.

Cuchulain saw far away in the distance the fiery glitter of the bright-golden arms over the heads of four of the five grand provinces of Erin, in the setting of the sun in the clouds of evening. Great anger and rage possessed him at their sight, because of the multitude of his foes, because of the number of his enemies.

Then Cuchulain arose and he grasped his two spears and his shield and his sword. He shook his shield and brandished his spears and wielded his sword and sent out the hero's shout from his throat, so that the fiends and goblins and sprites of the glens and demons of the air gave answer for the fearfulness of the shout that he lifted on high, until Nemain, which is Badb, brought confusion on the host. The four provinces of Erin made such a clangour of arms with

Breslech Maige Murthemne so síis.

Ro gabsad cethri choicid hErend dunad & longphort isin Breslig móir hi Maig Murthemne. Ro laiset a n-ernail buair & braite secco fodes i Clithar bó Ulad. Gabais Cuchulaind icon Fert illerggaib i comfocus & i comfochraib dóib. Ocus atais a ara tenid dó trath nóna na haidchi sin, .i. Lóeg mac Riangaabra.

Atchonnairc-seom úad grístaitnem na n-arm n-glanórda úas chind chethri n-ollchoiced nErend re fuiniud nell na nóna. Dofanic ferg & luinni mór ica n-aiscin, re ilar a bidbad, re immad a námat.

Ro gab a da sleig & a scíath & a chlaideb. Crothais a scíath & cressaigis a slega & bertnaigis a chlaidem, & dobert rém curad asa bragit, co ro reccatar bánanaig & boccanaig & geniti glinni & demna aeoír re úathgráin na gáre dos-bertatar ar aird. Co ro mesc ind Neamain (.i. in Badb) forsin t-slóg. Dollotar in-armgrith cethri choicid hErend, im rennaib a sleg & a n-arm fadessin, co n-erbaltatar cet laéch díb di uathbás & chridemnas ar lár in dúnaid & in longphairt

the points of their spears and their weapons that an hundred warriors of them fell dead that night of fright and of heartbreak in the middle of the camp and quarters.

As Laeg stood there he descried something: A single man coming from the north-eastern quarter athwart the camp of the four grand provinces of Erin making directly for him. "A single man here cometh towards us now, Cucucan," cried Laeg. "But what manner of man is he?" Cuchulain asked. "Not hard to say. A great, well-favoured man, then. Broad, close-shorn hair upon him, and yellow and curly his back hair. A green mantle wrapped around him. A brooch of white silver in the mantle over his breast. A kirtle of silk fit for a king, with red interweaving of ruddy gold he wears trussed up on his fair skin and reaching down to his knees. A black shield with hard rim of silvered bronze thereon. A five-barbed spear in his hand. A pronged byespear beside it. Marvellous, in sooth, the feats and the sport and the play that he makes. But him no one heeds, nor gives he heed to any one. No one shows him courtesy nor does he show courtesy to any one, like as if none saw him in the camp of the four grand provinces of Erin."

"In sooth, O fosterling," answered Cuchulain, "it is one of my friends of fairy kin that comes to take pity upon me, because they know the great distress wherein I am now all alone against the four grand provinces of Erin on the Plunder of the Kine of Cualnge." Now in this, Cuchulain spoke truth. When the young warrior was come up to Cuchulain he bespoke him and condoled with him. "Sleep then awhile, O Cuchulain," said the young

in n-aidchi sin.

Dia m-bái Lóeg and, co n-acca ní: in n-oenfer dar fiartharsna in dunaid cethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend anairtuáith cach n-díriuch ina dochum. Oenfer sund chucund innossa a Chucucán, ar Loég. Cinnas fir and-sin ale, or Cuchulaind. Ni ansa. Fer mór cáin dana, berrad lethan lais, folt casbuide fair. Bratt uanide i forcipul imme. Cassan gelargit isin brutt uas a bruinne. Léne de sról ríig fo derggindliud do derggór i custul fri gelchness co glúnib dó. Dubscíath co calathbuali finndruini fair. Sleg cóicrind ina láim. Foga fogablaigi ina farrad. Ingnad ém reb & ábairt & adabair dogní. Acht ni saig nech (fair) & ní saig-som dana for nech, feib nacha n-aicced nech issin dúnud chethri n-ollchóiced hErend.

Is fír aní sin a daltán, for se. Cia dom chardib Síidchaire-sa sein dom airchisecht-sa, dáig ar bíth foretatar-som in t-imned mór anam-uil-sea m'oenurán i n-agid chethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend ar táin bó Cualnhgi don chur sa. Ba fír ém do Choinculaind aní sin. Anad-ranic in t-oclách airm i m-bói Cuchulaind, argladais & airchisis de. Cotail-siu ém bic a Chuchulaind, or in t-oclaéech, do thromthoirthim chotulta icon Ferta Lergga co cend tri laa & teora n-aidchi, & firbat-sa

warrior, "thy heavy fit of sleep by Ferta in Lerga ('the Gravemound on the Slopes') till the end of three days and three nights and I will oppose the hosts during that time."

Accordingly Cuchulain slept his heavy fit of sleep at 'the Gravemound on the Slopes' till the end of three days and three nights. And well he might sleep. Yet as great as was his sleep, even so great was his weariness. For from the Monday before Samain ('Summer-end') even to the Wednesday after Spring-beginning, Cuchulain slept not for all that space, except for a brief snatch after midday, leaning against his spear, and his head on his fist, and his fist clasping his spear, and his spear on his knee, but hewing and cutting, slaying and destroying four of the five grand provinces of Erin during that time.

Then it was that the warrior from Faery laid plants from the fairy-rath and healing herbs and put a healing charm into the cuts and stabs, into the sores and gaping wounds of Cuchulain, so that Cuchulain recovered during his sleep without ever perceiving it.

for na slogaib in n-airet sin.

Is and-sin cotlais Cuchulaind a thromthairthim cotulta icond Ferta illergaib co cend teora laa & (teora n-)aidche. Bá deithbir són, ce ro bóí do mét in chotulta bóí do met na athscisi, on lúan re samain sáinriuth cossin cetáin iar n-imbulc ní ra chotail Cuchulaind risin re sin acht mani chotlad fithisin mh-bic fri a gai iar medon midláí, & a chend ar a dorn (& a dorn) imm a gai & a gai ar a glún, ic slaidi & ic slechtad, ic airlech & ic essorggain chethri n-ollchóiced n-hErend frisin re (sin).

Is and-sin focheird in laéch lossa síde & lubi ícci & slansén i cnedaib & i crechtaib, i n-áladaib & i n-ilgonaib Chonculaind, co terno Cuchulaind ina chotlud cen rathugud do etir.





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17a. The Slaughter of The Youths of Ulster

That was the time the youths came out of the north from Emain Macha. Thrice fifty boys of the sons of the kings of Ulster, accompanying Follomain, Conchobar's son, and three battles they offered to the hosts, so that thrice their number fell and the youths also fell, save Conchobar's son Follomain.

Follomain vowed that never till the very day of doom and of life would he return to Emain unless he should bring Ailill's head with him together with the diadem of gold that was on it. That was no easy thing for him to achieve, for the two sons of Bethè son of Ban-- the two sons of Ailill's foster-mother and foster-father-- attacked and wounded Follomain, so that he fell by their hands. This then is the Massacre of the youths of Ulster and of Follomain son of Conchobar.

Aided na maccraide Ulad

Is hí sin amser dollotar in maccrad atuid o hEmain Macha, tri choicait mac do maccaib ríg Ulad im Follomain mac Conchobair, & dos-bertsat teora catha dona slúagaib, co torchratar a trí comlín & torchratar in macrad dana acht Follomain mac Conchobair.

Bagais Follomain, na ragad ar culu co hEmain co brunni m-brátha & betha, co mberad cend Ailella leis cosin mind óir bóí uaso. Nir bo reid dó-som aní sin, uair dofárthetar da mac Beithe meic Báin da mac mumme & aite do Ailill & rod gonat, co torchair leo. Conid aided na maccraide Ulad insin & Follomna meic Conchobair.

Touching Cuchulain, he remained in his sound, heavy sleep till the end of three days and three nights at the 'Gravemound on the Slopes.' Thereafter Cuchulain arose from his sleep. He passed his hand over his face and he became as a wild wheel-thunder (?) from his crown to the ground, and he felt his courage strengthened, and he would have been able to go into an assembly or on a march or to a tryst with a woman or to an ale-house or into one of the chief assemblies of Erin.

"How long am I asleep now, young warrior?" Cuchulain asked. "Three days and three nights," the young warrior made answer. "Woe is me for that!" quoth Cuchulain. "Why so?" asked the young warrior. "For that the hosts have not been attacked in that time," answered Cuchulain. "Nay, not so were they spared," the young warrior made answer. "I would fain inquire who then attacked them?" Cuchulain asked.

"The youths came hither out of the north from Emain Macha, thrice fifty boys accompanying Follomain, Conchobar's son, and they the sons of the kings of Ulster. And three battles they offered the hosts in the space of the three days and three nights wherein thou wast till now asleep, and thrice their number are fallen at their hands and the youths themselves are fallen except Follomain alone, Conchobar's son.

Cuchulaind immorro búi ina súanthairthim cotulta co cend teora laa & t(e)ora (n-)aidche icon Ferta illerggaib. Itraacht Cuchulaind iarsin assa chotlud & dobert lám dar a agid & doringni rothnúall corcra o mulluch co talmáin, & ba nert leis a menma, & tiasad i n-oenach no i toichim no i m-bandáil no i coirmthech no i primóenach do primoenaigib hErend.

Cia fot itú-sa isin chotlud sa innoisi, a ócláich, ar Cuchulaind. Tri láa & tri aidche, for in t-oclách. Ron-marg-sa de-side, or Cuchulaind. Cide ón, or in t-óclaeach. Na slóig cen fopairt frisín ré sin, ar Cuchulaind. Ni filet-som ón etir, or in t-óclach. Ceist cia ro-das-fopair, ar Cuchulaind.

Lotar in macrad atúaid o Emain Macha, tri choicait mac im Follomain mac Conchobair do macaib ríg Ulad, & dobertsat teora catha dona sluagaib ri hed na tri láa & na trí n-aidche, itai-siu it chotlud innoisa, & torchratar a tri comlín leo & torchratar in macrad acht Follomain mac Conchobair.

And Follomain vowed that never till the very day of doom and of life would he return to Emain unless he should bring Ailill's head with him together with the diadem of gold that was on it. That was no easy thing for him to achieve, for the two sons of Bethè son of Ban-- the two sons of Ailill's foster-mother and foster-father-- attacked and wounded Follomain, so that he fell by their hands.

"Alas, that I was not there in my strength!" cried Cuchulain; "for had I been in my strength the youths would not have fallen, as now they have, and Follomain would not have perished." "But this avow, O Cucan," said the young warrior; "it is no reproach to thine honour and no disgrace to thy valour."

"Bide here this night with us, young warrior," said Cuchulain, "that together we avenge the youths on the hosts." "Nay then, I may not tarry," answered the young warrior, "for however prodigious the deeds of valour and skill in arms one may perform in thy company, not on him will fall the glory nor the honour nor the fame but on thyself. For this reason will I not tarry with thee, but do thou thyself try thy feats of arms and the strength of thy hands alone on the hosts, for not with them is the power over thy life on this occasion."

Then the young warrior from Faery went from him and they knew not what way he had gone. "Good, O my master Laeg," said Cuchulain; "together we will go to avenge the youths on the hosts." "I will go with thee," Laeg made answer.

Bagais Follomain, na ragad ar culu co hEmain co brunni m-brátha & betha, co m-berad cend Ailella leis cosin mind óir bóí uaso. Nir bo reid dó-som aní sin, uair dofárthetar da mac Beithe meic Báin da mac mumme & aite do Ailill & rod gonat, co torchair leo.

Apraind na bá-sa for mo nirt deside, uair dia m-bend-sea for mo nirt, ni thóethsaitis in macrad feib dorochratar & ni thoethsad Fallamain. Cosain archena a Chucan, ni haisc dot inchaib & ni táir dot gaisciud.

Airisiu sund inocht dún a óclaig, ar Cuchulaind, ar co n-diglom malle in macraid forsna sluagaib. Nad anaeb ém ale, ol in t-óclach, uair cid mor do chomramaib gaile & gaiscid dogné nech it arrad-su, ni fair bias a nós nach a allud nach a airdercus acht is fort-so. Is aire-sin nad anub-sa, acht fech féin do gnim gaisciud th'oenuir forsna sluagaib, uair ni leó ata commus t'anma don chur so.

"And the scythed chariot, my friend Laeg," said Cuchulain. "Canst thou get it ready? If thou canst get it ready and hast its equipment, make it ready, and if its equipment is not at hand, make it not ready."

Ocus in carpat serda, a mo phopa Loeg, ar Cuchulaind, in coemnacar a innell. (Má) cotuici a innell & ma dota a trelom (non-innill), & mani fil a trelom nacha innill.



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17b. The Scythed Chariot

In carpat serda.

Thereupon the charioteer arose and donned his yeoman's suit for charioteering. Of this yeoman's suit for charioteering, this is what he put on him: His soft kirtle of skin which was light and airy, which was smooth and sparkling, which was stitched and of buckskin, so that it hindered not the movements of his arms outside. Over that he put outside an over-mantle of raven's feathers, which Simon Magus had made as a gift for Darius Nero, king of the Romans. Darius bestowed it upon Conchobar; Conchobar gave it to Cuchulain; Cuchulain presented it to his charioteer.

The same charioteer took the crested, plated, four-bordered battle-cap with variety of every colour and every figure, reaching down over the middle of his shoulders behind. It was an adornment for him and not an encumbrance. With his hand he placed the red-yellow frontlet--like one red-golden strip of glowing gold smelted over the edge of an anvil-- on his forehead as a token of charioteering, to distinguish him from his master. He opened the hobbles that fastened his steeds and grasped his gold-mounted goad in his right hand. In his left hand he seized the lines, that is, the bridle-reins of his horses for restraining his steeds before performing his charioteering.

Is and-sin atracht in t-ara & ro gab a fianeirred araidechta immi. Ba dond ian-eirriud aradachta sin ro gabastar-som imbi: a inar bláith biannaide, isé étrom áerda, isé súata srebnáide, isé uaigthe osslethair, conna gebethar ar luamairecht lám dó anechtair. Ro gabastar-som forbratt fainhg taris sein anechtair doringni Simón drúi (do Dair) do ríg Román, conatarad Dair do Chonchobur, conatarat Conchobar do Choinchulaind, co tarat Cuchulaind da araid.

Ro gabastar in t-ara cétna a chathbarr cirach clarach cetharchoir co n-ilur cech datha & cach delba dar a midguallib sechtair. Ba somaissi dó-som sin & nir bo thortrommad. Tarraill a lám leis in gipni n-dergbuide mar bad land dergóir do bronnór bruthi dar or n-indeóna re étan do ind[o]chomartha a[i]raidechta sech a thigerna. Ro gab idata aurslaicthi a ech & a del intlaisi ina dessa. Ro gabastar a éssi astuda ech ina thuasri, .i. aradna a ech ina laím chlí, re imchommus a araidechta.

He next threw the iron-sheathed gold-bedecked coats of mail over his horses, so that they covered them from forehead to forehead. The chariot was studded with dartlets, lancelets, spearlets, and hardened spits, so that every portion of the frame bristled with points in that chariot and every corner and end and point and face of that chariot was a passage of laceration.

Then cast he a spell of concealment over his horses and over his fellow, so that they were not visible to any one in the camp, while all in the camp were visible to them. Well indeed was it that he cast that charm, for on that day the charioteer had to perform the three gifts of charioteership, namely leaping over a cleft in the ranks, unerring driving, and the handling of the goad.

Then arose the champion and battle-warrior and the instrument of Badd's corpse-fold among the men of the earth, Cuchulain son of Sualtaim, and he donned his war-dress of battle and fight and combat. To that wardress of battle and fight and combat which he put about him belonged seven and twenty waxed, board-like, equally close skin-tunics which were girded by cords and swathings and ropes on his fair skin, to the end that his wit and reason might not become deranged when the violence of his nature came over him.

Is and-sin focheird a lurecha iarnaídi intlaissi immo echraid, con-gebethar dóib o thaul co aurdorn do gaínib & birínib & slegínib & birchruadib, cor bo birfocus cach fonnud issin charput sin, cor bo chonair letartha cach n-uill & cach n-ind & cach n-aird & cach n-airchind don charput sin.

Is and-sin focheird bricht comga tar a echraid & tar a chomalta, connar bo léir do neoch issin dunud íat, & cor bo leir dóib-sium cách issin dunud sin. Ba deithbir ém ce focheirded-som inní sin, daíg ar bíth batar teora búada araidechta for ind araid in la sin, .i. leím dar boilg & foscul n-diriuch & immorchor n-delind.

Is and-sin ro gab in caur & in cathmilid & in t-innell chró Bodba fer talman Cuchulaind mac Sualtaim, ro gab a chatheirred catha & comraic & comlaind imbi. Ba don chatheirred catha sin & comraic & comlaind ro gab-som imbi secht cneslénti fichet ciartha clarda comdlúta bitis ba thétaib & rothaib & refedaib i custul ri gelchnes dó, ar nacha n-dechrad a chond nach a chiall, o doficed a luth láthair.

Over him he put on the outside his battle-girdle of a champion, of tough, tanned, stout leather cut from the forequarters of seven ox-hides of yearlings, so that it reached from the slender parts of his waist to the stout part under his arm-pits. He was used to wear it to keep off spears and points and irons and lances and arrows. For in like manner they would bound back from it as if from stone or rock or horn they rebounded. Then he took his silken, glossy trews with their band of spotted pale-gold against the soft lower parts of his loins. His brown, well-sewn kilt of brown leather from the shoulders of four ox-hides of yearlings with his battle-girdle of cow-skins, he put underneath over the shining silken trews on the outside.

Then the king-warrior seized his battle-arms of battle and fight and combat. This is what belonged to those warlike weapons of battle: He took his eight little swords together with the bright-faced, tusk-hilted straight-sword; he took his eight little spears besides his five-pronged spear, he took his eight little darts together with his javelin with its walrus-tooth ornaments; he took his eight little shafts along with his play-staff; he took his eight shields for feats together with his dark-red bent-shield, whereon a show-boar could lie in its hollow boss, with its very sharp razor-like, keen-cutting, hard iron rim all around it, so that it would cut a hair against the stream because of its sharpness and fineness and keenness. When the young warrior would perform the edge-feat withal, it was the same whether he cut with his shield or his spear or his sword.

Ro gabastar a chathchriss curad taris anechtair do chotutlethar cruaid coirtchide do formna secht n-damseiched n-dartada con-gabad do o thana thaib co tiug a oxaille. Ro bíth imbi ic dichur gai & rend & iaernn & slég & saiget. Daig is cumma focherdditis de & mar bad de chloich no charraic no chongna ro chiulaitis. Is and-sin ro gabastar a úathbróic srebnaide sróil cona cimais de banór bricc friá fri moethichtur a medoin. Ro gabastar (a dond-) uathbróic n-dondlethair n-degsúata do formna cethri n-damseiched n-dartada, cona chathchris do cholomnaib ferb fua dar a fuathróic srebnaide sróil sechtair.

Iss andsin ro gabastar in rigniath: a chatharm catha & comraic & comlaind. Ba don chatharm chatha sin: Ro gabastar a ocht claidbini im cholg n-dét n-drechsolus. Ro gabastar a ocht sleigini imma sleig cóicrind. Ro gabastar a ocht gothnata ma goth n-dét. Ro gabastar a ocht cleittini ma deil chniss. Ro gabastar a ocht sciathu cliss imma chrommscíath n-dubderg ina teiged torc taisalbtha ina thaul tárta, cona bil aithgéir ailtnidi imgeír ina urthimchiull, con tescfad finna i n-agid srotha ar aithi & ailtnidecht & imgéiri. Inbaid fogníth in t-oclach faeorchless di, is cumma imthescad dia sciath & dia sleig & da chlaideb.

Next he put round his head his crested war-helm of battle and fight and combat, whereout was uttered the cry of an hundred young warriors with the long-drawn wail from each of its angles and corners. For this was the way that the fiends, the goblins and the sprites of the glens and the demons of the air screamed before and above and around him, what time he went forth for the shedding of blood of heroes and champions, exulting in the mighty deeds wrought underneath it.

His veil of concealment was thrown over him then, of raiment from Tir Tairngirè ('the Land of Promise') which had been brought to him as a gift by Manannan son of Ler ('the Sea') from the king of Tir na Sorcha ('the Land of Light.')

Then took place the first twisting-fit and rage of the royal hero Cuchulain, so that he made a terrible, many-shaped, wonderful, unheard of thing of himself. His flesh trembled about him like a pole against the torrent or like a bulrush against the stream, every member and every joint and every point and every knuckle of him from crown to ground. He made a mad whirling-feat of his body within his hide. His feet and his shins and his knees slid so that they came behind him. His heels and his calves and his hams shifted so that they passed to the front. The muscles of his calves moved so that they came to the front of his shins, so that each huge knot was the size of a soldier's balled fist. He stretched the sinews of his head so that they stood out on the nape of his neck, hill-like lumps, huge, incalculable, vast, immeasurable and as large as the head of a month-old child.

Is and-sin ro gab a chirchathbarr catha & comlaind & comraic imma chend asngaired gair cet n-óclach do síreigim cecha cúli & cecha cerna de. Daig is cumma co n-gairitis de bánanaig & bocanaig & geiniti glinni & demna aeóir ríam & úasu & ina thimchiull cach ed imma-teiged re testin fola na míled & na n-anglond sechclair.

Ro chres a cheltar chomga tharis don tlacht dillat Tire Tairnhgire dobretha dó ó Manannán mac Lir, o ríog Thire na Sorcha.

Is and-sin cét-riastarda im Choiculaind, co n-derna úathbásach n-ilrechtach n-ingantach n-anachnid de. Crithnaigset a chairíni imbi immar chrand re sruth no immar bocsimind ri sruth cach ball & cach n-alt & cach n-inn & cach n-áge de o mulluch co talmain. Ro lá saebchless díbirge dia churp immedón a chracaind. Tánacatar a thraigthe & a luirgne & a glúne, co m-báatar dá éis. Tancatar a sala & a orccni & a escata, co m-batar riam remi. Tancatar tullféthi a orcan co m-batar for tul a lurggan, co m-ba meitithir muldorn míled cech mecon dermár díb-ide. Srengtha tollféithe a mullaig, co m-batar for cóich a munéoil, co m-bá mei(ti)thir cend meic mís cach mulchnoc dímór dírim direcra dimesraigthe dib-ide.

He next made a ruddy bowl of his face and his countenance. He gulped down one eye into his head so that it would be hard work if a wild crane succeeded in drawing it out on to the middle of his cheek from the rear of his skull. Its mate sprang forth till it came out on his cheek. His mouth was distorted monstrously. He drew the cheek from the jaw-bone so that the interior of his throat was to be seen. His lungs and his lights stood out so that they fluttered in his mouth and his gullet. He struck a mad lion's blow with the upper jaw on its fellow so that as large as a wether's fleece of a three year old was each red, fiery flake which his teeth forced into his mouth from his gullet.

There was heard the loud clap of his heart against his breast like the yelp of a howling bloodhound or like a lion going among bears. There were seen the torches of the Badb, and the rain clouds of poison, and the sparks of glowing-red fire, blazing and flashing in hazes and mists over his head with the seething of the truly wild wrath that rose up above him. His hair bristled all over his head like branches of a redthorn thrust into a gap in a great hedge. Had a king's apple-tree laden with royal fruit been shaken around him, scarce an apple of them all would have passed over him to the ground, but rather would an apple have stayed stuck on each single hair there, for the twisting of the anger which met it as it rose from his hair above him.

And-sin doringni cuach cera dia gnúis & da agaid fair. Imsloic indara súil dó ina chend, ised mod danastarsed fiadchorr tagraim do lár a gruade a iarthor a chlocaind, sesceing a seitig co m-bói for a grúad sechtair. Riastarda a bél co urthrachda. Srengais in n-ól don fidba chnáma, comtar inecnáig a inchroes. Tancatar a scoim & a thromma, co m-batar ar eittelaig ina bél & ina bragit. Benais béim n-ulgaib leomain don charput uachtarach for a forcli, co m-ba metithir moltcraccand teora m-bliadan cech slamsruam teined doniged ina bél asa brágit.

Ro clos bloscbeimnech a chride re chlíab imar glimnaig árchon i fotha, no mar leoman ic techta fo mathgamnaib. Atchessa na caindle (?) bodba & na cidnélla nime & na haible teined trichemrúaid innéllaib & i n-aeaib uas a chind re fiuchud na fergge firgairbe itrácht úaso. Racanig a folt imma chend imar craibred n-dercscíath im bernaid athálta. Ce ro craiteá rígaball fo ríghthorud immi, ised mod da risad utull díb dochum talman taris, acht ro sesed ubull for cach n-oenfinna and re frithchassad na ferge atracht da felt uaso.

The Lon Laith ('Champion's Light') stood out of his forehead, so that it was as long and as thick as a warrior's whetstone. As high, as thick, as strong, as steady, as long as the sail-tree of some huge prime ship was the straight spout of dark blood which arose right on high from the very ridge-pole of his crown, so that a black fog of witchery was made thereof like to the smoke from a king's hostel what time the king comes to be ministered to at nightfall of a winter's day.

When now this contortion had been completed in Cuchulain, then it was that the hero of valour sprang into his scythed war-chariot, with its iron sickles, its thin blades, its hooks and its hard spikes, with its hero's fore-prongs, with its opening fixtures, with its stinging nails that were fastened to the poles and thongs and bows and lines of the chariot.

It was then he delivered over his chariot the thunder-feat of a hundred and the thunder-feat of two hundred and the thunder-feat of three hundred and the thunder-feat of four hundred, and he ceased at the thunder-feat of five hundred. For he did not deem it too much that such a great number should fall by his hand at his first onset and first battle-assault on four of the five grand provinces of Erin. In such wise fared he forth for to seek his foes, and he drove his chariot in a wide circuit round about the hosts of the four grand provinces of Erin. And he led his chariot a heavy way.

Atrácht in lond láith asa etun, co m-ba sithe remithir áirnem n-ocláig. Airdithir remithir tailcithir tressithir sithithir séolchrand prímlunhgi móre in bunne diriuch dondfola atrácht a fírchleithe a chendmullaig i certairddi, co n-derna dubcháich n-druidechta de amail chiaich de rígbuidin, in tan tic rí dia tenecur hi fescur lathi gemreta

Iarsin riasrad sin riastarda im Choinculaind, iss andsin dorroebiaing ind err gaiscid ina chathcharpat serda cona erraib íarnaidib, cona faebraib tanaidib, cona baccanaib & cona birchruadib, cona thairbirib níath, cona glés aursloicthi, cona tharngib gaithe bítis ar fertsib & iallaib & fithisib & folomnaib dun charput sin.

Is and-sin focheirt torandchless ceit & torandchless dá cet & torandchless tri cét & torandchless cethri cet & tarrasair aice for torandchless cóic cet, úair nír bo furail leis in comlín sin do thuitim leis ina chétchumscli & ina chétchomlinhg catha for cethri choicedaib hErend, & dothaet ass fon cumma sin do innsaigid a námat & dobreth a charpat morthimchell cethri n-ollchóiced n-hErend amaig anechtair.

The chariot's iron wheels sank into the ground so that the earth dug up by the iron wheels might have served for a dún and a fortress, so did the chariot's iron wheels cut into the ground. For in like manner the clods and boulders and rocks and the clumps and the shingle of the earth arose up outside on a height with the iron wheels. It was for this cause he made this circling hedge of the Badb round about the hosts of four of the five grand provinces of Erin, that they might not escape him nor get away before he would come on them to press a reprisal for the boys. And he went into the midst of the ranks and mowed down huge walls of the corpses of his foes and enemies and opponents in a great circle round about the host.

And he made the onslaught of a foe amongst foes upon them, so that they fell sole to sole, neck to neck, such was the closeness of their bodies. Thrice again in this manner he circled them round, so that he left them in beds of six in a great ring around them, even the soles of three to the backs of three men in a circle around the camp. Hence Sessrech Bresligè ('Great sixfold Slaughter') is the name of this event on the Tain, and it is one of the three unreckonable events of the Tain, which were, to wit, Sessrech Bresligè, Immsligè Glennamnach ('the Mutual Slaying at Glennamain') and the battle of Garech and Ilgarech; only that here, hound and horse and man were one to him.

What others say is that Lug son of Ethliu fought on Cuchulain's side at the Sessrech Bresligè.

Ocus dos-bert séol trom for a charpat.
Dollotar rotha iarnaidi in carpait hi talmain,
cor bo leór do dún & do daingen, feib
dollotar rotha iarnaide in charpait i talmain,
uair is cumma atraachtatar cluid & coirthe &
carrge & táthlecca & murgrian in talman aird
i n-aird frisna rothaib iarnaidib súas sell
sechtair. Is airi focheird in circul m-bodba sin
morthimchell chethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend
ammaig anechtair, ar na teichtis úad & ar ná
scáiltís immi, co tórsed re tenta fritharggain
na macraide forro, & dothaét issin cath
innond ar medón & falgis falbaigi móra de
chollaib a bidbad mórthimchell in t-slóig
ammaig anechtair.

Ocus dobert fobairt bidbad fo bidbadaib
forro, co torcratar bond fri bond & meide fri
meide, ba sé tiget a colla. Dos-rimchel aridisi
fathrí in chruth sin, co farggaib cossair sessir
impu fa mórthimchell .i. bonn tríir fri meide
triir fóchuairt timchell immon dunad. Conid
Seisrech bresslige a ainm issin táin, & issed
tres n-dírime na tána, .i. Sesrech breslige, &
Imslige Glennamnach, & in Cath for Gáric &
Irgáirich, acht bá cumma cú & ech & duine
and.

Issed atberat araile, ro fích Lug mac Eithlend
la Coinculaind sesrig m-bresslige.

Their number is not known and it cannot be reckoned how many fell there of the rabble rout, but only their chiefs have been counted. Here below are their names to wit:

The two Crnad, two Calad, two Cir, two Ciar, two Ecell, three Cromm, three Cur, three Combirgè, four Feochar four Furachar, four Cassè, four Fota, five Caur, five Cerman, five Coblach, six Saxan, six Duach, six Darè, [six Dunchadh, six Daimiach,] seven Rochad, seven Ronan, seven Rurthech, eight Rochlad, eight Rochtad, eight Rindach, eight Corprè, eight Malach, nine Daigith, nine Darè, nine Damach, ten Fiach, ten Fiacach, ten Fedlimid.

Ten and six-score kings, leaders and men of the land, Cuchulain laid low in the great slaughter on the Plain of Murthemne, besides a countless horde of dogs and horses and women and boys and children and common folk; for there escaped not a third man of the men of Erin without a lump or without having half his skull or an eye hurt, or without an enduring mark for the course of his life.

Ni con fess a árim & ní chumangar a rím cia lín dorochair and do daescarslóg, acht ro rímthé a tigerna nammá. It é inso síis a n-anmand side .i.

da Chrúaid, da Chalad, da Chír, dá Chíar, da Ecell, tri Cruim, tri Caurith, tri Combirgi, cetri Feochar, cetri Furachair, cetri Caiss, cetri Fotai, V Caurith, V Cerman, V Cobthaig, VI Saxain, VI Dáich, VI Dári, VII Rocháid, VII Ronáin, VII Rurthig, VIII Roclaid, ocht Rochtaid, ocht Rindaich, ocht Corpri, ocht Mulaich, IX n-Daigith, IX n-Dári, IX n-Dámaig, X Féic, X Fiacaich, X Fedelmid.

Deich ríig ar sé fichtib rig ro bí Cuchulaind issin Bresslig móir Maige Murthemne. Díríme immorro archena di chonaib & echaib & mnáib & maccaib & mindoenib & drabarslóg, ar nir érna in tres fer do feraib hErend cen chnáim leissi no lethchind no lethsúil do brissiud, no cen bithanim tria bithu betha.





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17c. The Account Of The Appearance Of Cuchulain

Early the next morning Cuchulain came to observe the host and to display his comely, beautiful form to the matrons and dames and girls and maidens and poets and men of art, for he did not consider it an honour nor becoming, the wild, proud shape of magic which had been manifested to them the night before. It was for that then that he came to exhibit his comely, beautiful form on that day.

Truly fair was the youth that came there to display his form to the hosts, Cuchulain, to wit son of Sualtaim. Three heads of hair he wore; brown at the skin, blood-red in the middle, a golden-yellow crown what thatched it. Beautiful was the arrangement of the hair, with three coils of hair wound round the nape of his neck, so that like to a strand of thread of gold was each thread-like, loose-flowing, deep-golden, magnificent, long-tressed, splendid, beauteous-hued hair as it fell down over his shoulders. A hundred bright-purple windings of gold-flaming red gold at his neck.

Tuarascbail delba Conculaind so.

Dothaét Cuchulaind arnabárach do thaidbriud in t-slóig & do thasbénad a chrotha álgín alaind do mnaib & bantrochtaib & andrib & ingenaib & filedaib & aes dána, uair nír miad ná mais leis ind úaburdelb drúidechta tárfás dóib in adaig sin riam reme. Is aire-sin dana tánic do thasselbad a chrotha algín álaind in la sin.

Alaind ém in mac tanic and-sin do thaiselbad a chrotha dona slúagaib .i. Cuchulaind mac Sualtaim. Tri fuilt bátar fair: dond fri toinn, cróderg ar medón, mind órbuide ar-da-tuigethar. Cáin cocáirsi ind fuilt sin, con cuirend teora imsrotha im chlais a chulaid, co m-bo samalta & snáth órsnáith cach finna faithmainech forscáilte fordórda digrais dualfota derscaigthech dathálaind dar a as formna síar sell sechiar. Cét cairches corcorglan do derggor órlasrach imma braigit.

A hundred salmon-coloured (?) cords strung with carbuncles as a covering round his head. Four spots on either of his two cheeks, even a yellow spot, and a green spot, and a blue spot, and a purple spot. Seven jewels of the eye's brilliance was either of his kingly eyes. Seven toes to either of his two feet. Seven fingers to either of his two hands, with the clutch of hawk's claw, with the grip of hedgehog's talon in every separate one of them.

He also put on him that day his fair-day dress. To this apparel about him belonged, namely, a beautiful, well-fitting, purple, fringed, five-folded mantle. A white brooch of silvered bronze or of white silver incrustated with burnished gold over his fair white breast, as if it were a full-fulgent lantern that eyes of men could not behold for its resplendence and crystal shining. A striped chest-jacket of silk on his skin, fairly adorned with borders and braidings and trimmings of gold and silver and silvered bronze; it reached to the upper hem of his dark, brown-red warlike breeches of royal silk.

A magnificent, brown-purple buckler he bore, with five wheels of gold on it, with a rim of pure white silver around it. A gold-hilted hammered sword at his left side. A long grey-edged spear together with a trenchant bye-spear for defence, with thongs for throwing and with rivets of whitened bronze, alongside him in the chariot. Nine heads he bore in one of his hands and ten in the other, and these he brandished before the hosts in token of his prowess and cunning. Medb hid her face beneath a shelter of shields lest Cuchulain should cast at her that day.

Cét snáthéicne do charrmocul chummascda i timthacht fria chend. Cethri tibri cehtar a da grúad, .i. tibre buide & tibre úane & tibre gorm & tibre corcra. Secht n-gemma de ruithin ruisc cehtar a da rígrosc. Secht meóir cehtar a da choss, secht méoir cehtar a da lám, co n-gabail ingni sebaicc co forgabáil ingne griúin ar cach n-ái fo leith díb.

Gabaid-som dana a dillut oenaig immi in láa sin. Báí da etgud immi. i. fúan cain coir corcra cortharach cóicdiabuil. Delgg find findarggait arna ecor d'ór intlaise úas a banbruinni gel, immar bad locharnn lánsolusta nad chumgaitis súli dóeni déscin ar gleordacht & ar glainidecht. Cliabinar siric fri chness arna imthacmanhg massi de chimsaib & chressaib & chorrtharaib óir & argit & findruni, condriced go barr uachtur a dondfúathbróci donderggi míleta imme de sról rig.

Scíath digrais dondchorcra fair, co m-bil argit oengil ina imthimchiull. Claideb órduirn intlasi bar a chlíu. Gae fata faeburglass re faga feig fobarta co suanemnaib loga co semmannaib findruine issin charput ina farrad. Nói cind isindara láim dó & deich cind isin láim anail, ocus ros croth úad risna sluagaib do chomartha a gascid & a engnama. Laigis Medb a heinech fa damdabaich scíath, ar na ras dibainged Cuchulaind in lá sin.

Then it was that the maidens of Connacht besought the men of Erin to lift them up on the flat of the shields above the warriors' shoulders, to behold the aspect of Cuchulain. For they marvelled at the beautiful, comely appearance he showed them that day compared with the low, arrogant shape of magic in which they had seen him the night before.

Is and-sin ra atthetar in ingenrad firu hErend
ma tocbáil bar lebennaib scíath as guallib
feróclách do thaidbriud chrotha Conculaind.
Ár rap ingnad léo -som in delb álaind algen
atdhondcatar in la sin fair, ic athfescain
na[d]uabordelbi doescairi druidechta ra
condcas fair inn adaig ríam reme.



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17d. Dubthach's Jealousy

Then it was that jealousy, ill-will and envy possessed Dubthach Doel ('the Black-tongue') of Ulster because of his wife in regard to Cuchulain; and he counselled the hosts to act treacherously towards Cuchulain and to entrap him, even to lay up an ambush around him on all sides to the end that he might fall by them. And he spake these words:

"If this be the Twisted one,
By him shall men's bodies fall
Shrieks there shall be round
the liss;
Deeds to tell of shall be
wrought!

"Stones shall be on graves
from him;
Kingly martyrs shall increase.
Not well have ye battle found
On the slopes with this wild
Hound!

"Now the Wildman's form I
see,
Nine o heads dangling by his
side;
Shattered spoils he has,
behold;
Ten heads as his treasure

Is and-sin ra gab ét & elcmaire &
immfarmat Dubthach Dael Ulad imma mnái
& dabert comairle braith & trécthi
Conculaind dona sluagaib .i. cath etarnaíd
imme far cach leth, ar co taetsad leo. Ocus
rabert na briathra sa:

Masu é in riastarde,
betit colla dóene de,
betit eigme de im lissu,
betit buind ri harissu. [betit
brain ri brainessu]

Betit corrthe de im lechta,
bud fórmach do rigmartra.
Ni maith far-arlith in cath
ar leirg risin foendelach.

Atchiu chruth inn foendelaich
nóe cind leis i foendelaib,
atchiu fadb leis na bretaig,
deich cind ina rosetaib.

Atchiu forthocbat far mná
a n-aidche os na urgála,
atchius(a) far rigain máir
na hérig dond imferrain.

great!

"And your women, too, I see,
Raise their heads above the
lines
I behold your puissant queen
Makes no move t'engage in
fight!

"Were it mine to give advice,
Men would be on every side,
That they soon might end his
life
If this be the Twisted one!"

Fergus macRoig heard this and he deemed it an outrage that Dubthach should counsel how to betray Cuchulain to the hosts. And he reached him a strong, sharp kick with his foot away from him, so that Dubthach struck with his mouth against the group outside. And Fergus reproached him for all the wrongs and iniquities and treachery and shameful deeds he had ever done to the Ulstermen of old and anew. And then he spake these words:

"If this 'Black-tongue'
Dubthach be,
Let him skulk behind the
hosts
No good hath he ever wrought
Since he slew the princesses!

"Base and foul, the deed he
wrought:
Fiachu, Conchobar's son, he
slow.
No more fair was heard of
him:
Carbrè's death, Fedilmid's

Da m-bad me bad chomarlid,
da betís óic di cach leith,
co ro gartigtis a ré,
masa é in riastarde. M.

Atchuala Fergus mac Roig aní sein & ba dimbág leis comairle braith Conculaind do thabairt do Dubthach dona sluagaib. Ocus ra bretha trénlua tarpech da choiss úad riss co tarla darráib ra budin anechtair. Ocus ra faismis fair na huli ulcu & écora & fell & mebol doringni ríam & iaram ra Ultaib. Ocus rabert na briathra and:

Mas é Dubthach Dóeltenham,
ar cúl na sluag bosrenga,
nocho dergena nach maith,
ó geguin inn ingenraid.

Ferais echt n-dochla n-dogair
guin Fiachach meic
Conchobair,
nocho caeme ra chlas dó
guin Charpri meic
Fedilmtheo.

Ni flaith Ulad nod chosna
mac Lugdach meic Casruba,

son!

"Ne'er for Ulster's weal doth
aim
Lugaid's son, Casruba's scion
Such is how he acts to men:
Whom he stabs not he incites!

"Ulster's exiles it would
grieve
If their beardless boy should
fall.
If on you come Ulster's troops
They will make your herds
their spoil!

"Strown afar your herds will
be
By the rising Ulstermen.
Tales there'll be of mighty
deeds
That will tell of far-famed
queens!

"Corpses will be under foot
Food there'll be at ravens
rests;
Bucklers lying on the slopes;
Wild and furious deeds
increase!

"I behold just now your wives
Raise their heads above the
ranks.
I behold your puissant queen
Moves not to engage in war!

"Valour none nor generous
deed
Comes from Lugaid's craven
son
Nor will kings see lances red,

issued ra gní ra dóenib
cachnasruba risfaidib.

Ní maith ra longis Ulad
guin a meic nachallulach,
costud Ulad dan-for-tí,
con saifet far n-immirgi.

Scérdait far n-óendili i fat
re n-Ultaib, acht co n-eirset,
betit echta sceoil mára
betit ríгна dermára.

. . .
betit buind fri brannusa,
betít faenscéith fri lerga,
bid tór(mach) na n-diberga

Atchiu ras furctat far mná
a n-gnúis ás na hirgala,
atchiu bhar rigain inmáir,
ní érig don immfórrain.

Ni dergían gaisced no gart
mac Lugdach gan nach
laechdacht.
ría ríг ní rúamnat renna,
mas e Dubthach Doeltenhga.
M.

If this 'Blacktongue' Dubthach
be!"

Thus far 'The Scythed Chariot.'

Carpat serda connice sin.



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18. The Slaying Of Oengus Son Of Oenlam

Oided Óengussa maic Óenlama.

Then it was that a very bold young warrior of the Ulstermen came nigh the hosts; his bye-name was Oengus son of Oenlam Gabè ('the One-handed Smith'). And he drove the hosts before him from Moda Loga, which at that time was called Lugmud, to Ath da Fert ('the Ford of the Two Gravemounds') in Sliab Fuait.

Is and-sin ras fárraid óclach rodána do Ultu na sluagu dar bo chomainm Oengus mac Óenláime Gábe. Ocus imsoe reme na sluagu a Modha bí Loga, risi ráter Lugmud in tan sa, co Ath da Fert i Sleib Fúait.

What scholars say is: If Oengus son of Oenlam Gabè had fought them in single combat, two-thirds of the host would have fallen before that by him in single battle. Howbeit it was by no means so that they acted, but they attacked him from ambush on every side, till he fell at their hands in unequal fight at Ath da Fert in Sliab Fuait.

Issed marimat eolaig, dammad ar galaib óenfir dos-fistá Oengus mac Oenlaime Gaibhe, ar co taetsaitis leis riam remain reime ar galaib oenfer. Ni hed ón dogniset-som itir, acht dognít(h) cathetarnaid imbe bar cach leth, go torchair accu ac Áth da Fert i Sléib Fúait.



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18a. The Misthrow At Belach Eoin.

Then came to them Fiacha Fialdana ('the Generous and Intrepid') of the Ulstermen to speak with the son of his mother's sister, namely with Manè Andoè ('the Unslow') of the Connachtmen. And thus he came, and Dubthach Doel ('the Black Tongue') of Ulster with him. It was in this wise that Manè Andoè came, and Dochè son of Maga along with him.

When now Dochè macMagach espied Fiacha Fialdana, he straightway hurled a spear at him, but so that it went through his own friend, through Dubthach Doel of Ulster. Then Fiacha Fialdana hurled a spear at Dochè macMagach, so that it went through his own friend, through Manè Andoè of Connacht. Thereupon said the men of Erin: "A mishap in throwing," they said, "is what hath happened to the men, for each of them to kill his friend and nearest relation."

Hence this is entitled Imroll Belaig Eoin ('the Misthrow at Bird-pass'). And 'the Other Misthrow at Bird-pass' is another name for it.

Imrol Belaig Eoin and-so insiossa.

Is and-sin ra dechaid chucu-som Fiacha Fialdána do Ultaib d'acallaim meic sethar a mathar, (.i.) Mane Andóe de Chonnachtaib. Ocus is amlaid tánic som & Dubthach Dóel Ulad mar oen riss. Is amlaid tánic in Mane Andóe no & Doche mac Mágach ar oen riss.

Adhan-accaig in Dóche mac Magach in Fiacha Fíaldána, tarlaic sleig fair fá chetóir , co m-bóí triana charait fadessin, tri Dubthach Dael Ulad. Tarlaic in Fiacha Fíaldána sleig for Dóche mac Magach, co m-bái tri(a)na charait bhadessin, tri Mane Andóe de Chonnachtaib. And-sin atrubratat fir hErend: Is imroll díbairgthi, bar iat-som, atarla dona feraib, cách díb do guin a charat & a choibnesaim badessin.

Conid Imroll Belaig Eoin and-sin. Ocus Imroll aile Belaig Eoin ainm aile do no.



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18b. The Disguising Of Tamon

Then said the men of Erin to Tamon the fool that he should don the garments of Ailill and the king's golden shawl, and go to the ford under their eyes. So he put the garments and golden shawl of Ailill upon him [and he went on to the ford under their eyes.] The men of Erin began to scoff and to shout and jeer at him. "It is a disguising of Tamon ('Stump') for thee, O Tamon the fool" they cried, "with the dress and the golden shawl of Ailill upon thee!"

When Cuchulain saw him, it seemed to him in his ignorance and lack of knowledge that it was Ailill himself that was there. And he slung a stone from his staff-sling at him so that Tamon the fool was smitten lifeless where he was on the ford. Hence Ath Tamuin ('the Ford of a Stump') is the name of that ford ever since and 'the Disguising of Tamon' is the name of the tale.

Tuige im Thamon and-so innossa

And-sin ra raidsetar fir hErend ri Tamun drúth etgud Ailella & a imscimm n-órda do gabail immi, & techt far in n-áth bad fiadnaissi dóib. Ra gabastar-som no etgud n-Ailella & a immscimm órda immi, & tanic bar in n-ath bhad fiadnaisi dóib. Ra gabsat fir hErend ac cluchi & ac gredan is ac fochuitbiudimme. Is tuige im Thamon duit-siu ám, a Thamuin drúith, bar iat-som, étgud n-Ailella & a imscim n-órda immut. Corop tuigi im Thamon andsain.

Dachonnaic Cuchulaind é & indar leis i n-écmais a fessa & a eolais ba sé Ailill báí and fadessin. Ocus bosréthi cloich assa crantabail uad fair, co n-art Tamun Drúth can anmain bar sin n-áth irrabi. Co rop Áth Thamuin and-sin & tugi im Thamon.



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19. The Battle Of Fergus And Cuchulain

Comrac Ferguso

The hosts of the four grand provinces of Erin pitched camp and entrenched themselves for that night at the pillar-stone in Crich Roiss ('the Borders of Ross'). Then Medb called upon the men of Erin for one of them to contend and do battle with Cuchulain on the morrow. And every one of them spake thus: "It shall not be I! it shall not be I!" cried each from his place. "No victim is owing from my people."

Thereupon Medb summoned Fergus to go forth and contend and fight with Cuchulain, for that the men of Erin had failed. "Ill would it befit me," quoth Fergus, "to fight with a callow young lad without any beard, and mine own disciple." Howbeit Medb murmured sore that Fergus foreswore her combat and battle. They bode the night in that place. Early on the morrow Fergus arose, and he fared forth to the place of combat where Cuchulain was.

Ra gabsat cethri ollchoicid hErend dunad & longphort acon chorthé i Crích Ross inn aidchi sin. And-sin conattech Medb firu hErend im nech díb do chomlond & do chomrac ra Coinculaind arna barach. Issed atdeired cach fer: Ní ba missi & ní ba me as mo magin, ní dlegar cimbíd dom chenél.

And-sin conattech Medb Fergus do chomlond & do chomrac ra Coinculaind, ar ros femmid firu hErend. Nír bo chomadas dam-sa sain, bar Fergus, comrac ra gilla n-óc n-amulchach gan ulcha itir, & ram dalta badessin. Cid trá acht afaessa Medb Fergus co tromm da femmid gan a comrac & gan a comlund do gabail do láim. Dessetar inn aidchi sin and. Atraacht Fergus co moch arna barach, agus tánic reme co áth in chomraic co airm i m-bae Cuchulaind.

Cuchulain saw him coming nigh. "A vain surety is the one wherewith my master Fergus comes to me, for no sword is in the sheath of the great staff he bears." It was true what he said. A year before this tale, Ailill had found Fergus going to a tryst with Medb on the hillside in Cruachan and his sword on a branch near by him. And Ailill had torn the sword from its sheath and put a wooden sword in its stead and vowed he would not restore him the sword till came the day of the great battle.

"It matters not to me, O fosterling," replied Fergus; "for had I a sword in this, it never would cut thee nor be plied on thee. But, by the honour and training I bestowed upon thee and the Ulstermen and Conchobar bestowed, give way before me this day in the presence of the men of Erin!" "Truly I am loath to do that," answered Cuchulain, "to flee before any one man on the Cattle-spoil of Cualnge." "Nay then it is not a thing to be taken amiss by thee," said Fergus; "for I in my turn will retreat before thee when thou wilt be covered with wounds and dripping with gore and pierced with holes in the battle of the Táin. And when I alone shall turn in flight before thee, so will all the men of Erin also flee before thee in like manner."

Atchonnairc Cuchulaind dá saigid é. Is fóenglinne dothaet mo phopa Fergus dom saigid-se, ní fuil claideb i n-intiuch na lue móre leis. Fír do-som. Bliadain riasin sceol sa tarraid Ailill Fergus ic techt i n-oentaid Medba arsind lettir i Crúachain & a chlaideb arsind lettir na farrad. Ocus tópatcht Ailill in claideb assa intig, & dobretha claideb craind dia inud, & dobert a brethir na tibred dó co tucad lá in chatha móir.

Cumma limm itir, a daltáin, bar Fergus, dáig gia na beth claideb and-so, nit ricfad-su, & ní himmertha fort. Acht ar inn airer & ar inn altrom ra bertus-sa fort & ra bertatar Ulaid & Conchobar, teich romum-sa indiu i fiadnaisi fer n-hErend. Is lesc lim-sa inní sin ám, bar Cuchulaind, teiched ria n-oenfer for tain bo Cualnge. Ni lesc ám duit-siu ón, bar Fergus, dáig techfetsa remut-su inbaid bus chrechtach crólinnech tretholl tú bar cath na Tána. Ocus á theichfet-sa m'oenuir teichfit fir hErend uile.

So zealous was Cuchulain to do whatever made for Ulster's weal that he had his chariot brought to him, and he mounted his chariot and he went in confusion and flight from Fergus in the presence of the men of Erin. The men of Erin saw that. "He is fled from thee! He is fled from thee, O Fergus!" cried all. "Pursue him, pursue him quickly, Fergus," Medb cried, "that he do not escape thee."

"Nay then," said Fergus, "I will pursue him no further. For however little ye may make of the flight I have put him to, none of the men of Erin could have obtained so much as that of him on the Cow-creagh of Cualnge. For this cause, till the men of Erin take turns in single combat, I will not engage again with this same man." Hence here we have the '[White] Battle' of Fergus; [and it is for this cause it is called the 'White Battle,' because no blood on weapons resulted therefrom.]

Da báí da mét rap ail do Choinchulaind less Ulad do denam, co tucad a charpat chuire d'indsaigid Conculaind & colluid na charpat, ocus tanic immadmaim & i teiched o feraib hErend. Atchondcatar fir hErend aní sin. Ra theich romut, ra theich remut, a Fergus, bar cach. A lenmain, a lenmain, a Fergus, bar Medb, na taét dít.

Aicce ón omm, bar Fergus, nachas linub-sa secha so. Daíg cid bec lib-si in cutrumma techid út ra bertus-sa fair, ní thuc oenfer do feraib hErend inneoch conarneocar ris ar tain bo Cualnge. Is aire sin, na co risat fir hErend timchell ar galaib oenfir, ní ricub-sa arís in fer cetna. Conid comrac Ferguso and-sin.



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19a. Here Now Cometh The Head-Place Of Ferchu

Ferchu Longsech (the Exile), although of the Connachtmen, was engaged in battle and plunder with Ailill and Medb. From the day these came to the kingship, there never was a time that he fared to their camp or took part in their expeditions or shared in their straits or their needs or their hardships, but he was ever at their heels, pillaging and plundering their borders and land.

At that time he sojourned in the eastern part of Mag Ai. Twelve men was his muster. He learned that a single man checked and stopped four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring, slaying a man on the ford every one of those days and a hundred warriors every night. He weighed his plan privily with his people. "What better plan could we devise?" quoth he, "than to go and attack yonder man that checketh and stoppeth four of the five grand provinces of Erin, and bring his head and his weapons with us to Ailill and Medb? However great the injuries and wrongs we have done to Ailill and Medb, we shall obtain our peace therefor, if only that man fall by our hand."

Cinnit Ferchon and-so innossa

Ferchu Lonhgsech ésen de Connachtaib, báí side bar gail & bar fogail Ailella & Medba. An ló ra gabsatar ríge, ní thanic fecht nan dunud na sluagad, na hairc na écen na écendál, acht ac argain & ac indred a crichi & a feraind dia n-éis.

Is and barrecaib-sium i n-airthiur Ái in tan sain. Da fer déc bássed a lín. Racuas dó-som oenfer ac fostúd & ac immfuireach cethri n-ollchoiced hErend ó luan taite samna co taite n-imbuilc, ac marbad fir ar áth cach láí dib, & cét laech cach n-aidchi. Da mídair-sium a chomairle aice ra muntir. Cid bad ferr dún in chomairle dagénmais, bar é-sium, na dul d'fópairt ind fir út fail ic fostúd & ac imfuireach cethri n-ollchoiced hErend, a chend & a choscor do breith lind d' indsaigid Ailella & Medba. Cid mór dh'olcaib & d'écóraib daringsem ri hAilill & ra Meidb, da gébam ar síd fair, acht co táeth in fer sain lind.

Now this was the resolve they took, and they proceeded to where Cuchulain was. And when they came, it was not fair fight nor combat with one they vouchsafed him, but at one and the same time the twelve men fell upon him. Cuchulain turned on them, and straightway he smote off their twelve heads. And he set up twelve stones in the earth for them, and he put the head of each one of them on its stone and he likewise put Ferchu Longsech's head on its stone. Hence Cinnit Ferchon Longsig is henceforth the name of the place where Ferchu Longsech left his head, to wit, Cenn-aítt Ferchon ('the Head-place of Ferchu').

Is hí sein comairle ba nirt leo-son. Ocus táncatar rempo go airm i m-bái Cuchulaind, & and uair thancatar ní fir fer na comlond oenfir ra damsatar dó, acht imsáiset na da feraib déc fóe fa chetóir. Imsoe Cuchulaind friu-som no & eiscis a da cend déc díb fá chetóir. Ocus sádis da lia déc leo i talmain acus atbert cend cach fir dib bar a líic acus atbert cend Ferchon Longsig no bar líic. Conid Cinnit Ferchon Longsig áit i fargab [Cinnit] Longsech a chend, .i. cenn-áitt Ferchon!



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19b. Mann's Fight

(No transcription by Windisch.)

Medb despatched Mann son of Muresc son of Darè, of the Dommandach, to fight with Cuchulain. Own brothers were he and Daman, Ferdiad's father. A man, rough, inordinate in eating and sleeping was this Mann. An ill-tongued foul-mouthed man like Dubthach Doel ('Black-tongue') of Ulster. A man, stout, mighty, with strength of limb like Munremur ('Thick-neck') son of Gerrcend ('Short-head'). A fiery champion like Triscoth, the strong man of Conchobar's household. "I will go," said he "and unarmed, and I will grind him between my hands, for I consider it no honour nor credit to use arms against a beardless madcap such as he."

Therewith he went to attack Cuchulain. There he was, himself and his charioteer on the ford watching the host. "A lone warrior approacheth us here," cried Laeg to Cuchulain. "What manner of man?" asked Cuchulain. "A dark, black man, strong, bull-like, and he unarmed." "Let him go by thee," said Cuchulain. At that he comes nigh them. "To fight with thee am I come," Mann announced. Therewith they fell to wrestling for a long time, and thrice Mann threw Cuchulain, till the charioteer incited Cuchulain. "Were it the champion's portion thou wast contending for in Emain," spake Laeg, "thou wouldst be all powerful over the young bloods in Emain!" At these words the hero's wrath and warrior's rage returned to Cuchulain, so that he overcame Mann at the pillar-stone and he fell to pieces in morsels. Hence cometh Mandachta ('the Plain of Mann's death').



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19c. The Combat of Calatin's Children

Comrac Clainne Calatín.

Then was it debated by the men of Erin who would be fit to contend and cope with Cuchulain at the morning hour early on the next day. What they all said was, that Calatin Dana ('the Bold') would be the one, with his seven and twenty sons and his grandsons Glass macDelga. Thus were they: Poison was on every man of them and poison on every weapon of their arms; and not one of them missed his throw, and there was no one on whom one of them drew blood that, if he succumbed not on the spot, would not be dead before the end of the ninth day.

Great gifts were promised to them for engaging to do battle and to contend with Cuchulain. And they took the matter in hand, and it should be in the presence of Fergus that the covenant would be made. But Fergus refused to have part therein, for what they all contended was that they would hold it as a single combat, a combat, to wit, of Calatin Dana and his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga; for their contention was that his son was a limb of his limbs and a part of his parts, and that to Calatin Dana belonged all that proceeded from his body.

Is and-sin ra himraided ac feraib hErend, cia bad chóir do chomruc & do chomlund ra Coinculaind, ra huair na maitne muche arna barach. Issed ra raidsetar uile co m-bad é Calatín Dana cona secht maccaib fichet & a ua Glass mac Delga. Is amlaid ra bátar saide: neim ar cach fir díb & neim ar cach arm da n-armaib, & ni theilged nech díb urchor n-imraill, & ni fuil bar a fuliged nech díb, man bad marb a chetóir, ra bhad marb ria cind nomaide.

Do-ra-gelta comada móra dóib ar in comlund & ar in comruc do denam. Acus ra gabsat do láim a denam, & bad fiadnaisi d' Fergus ra naidmthea sain. Acus ra femmid tiachtain taris, dáig issued ra raidsetar, cor bho chomlund oenfir léo, Calatin Dána cona secht maccaib fichet & a úa Glass mac Delga, dáig issued ra raidset, cor bo ball da ballaib a mac & cor bo irrاند da irrandaib, & co m-bad ra Calatin Dána sochraití a chuirp fadessin.

Fergus betook himself to his tent and to his people and he breathed his sigh of weariness aloud. "Grievous it seems to us, the deed to be done here on the morrow," quoth Fergus. "What deed may that be?" asked his people. "The slaying of Cuchulain," answered Fergus. "Alas," said they, "who should kill him?"

"Calatin Dana," he replied, "with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga. For this is their nature: Poison is on every man of them and poison on every weapon of their arms; and there is no one on whom one of them draws blood, that, if he succumb not on the spot, will not be dead before the end of the ninth day. And there is no one of you that would go and learn for me and be witness of the battle and fight and bring me news how Cuchulain died on whom I would not bestow my blessing and armour." "I will go thither," spake Fiachu son of Ferfebè.

They abode so that night. Early on the morrow Calatin Dana arose with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga, and they went forward to where Cuchulain was. And there went also Fiachu son of Ferfebè. And when Calatin arrived at the place where Cuchulain was, they forthwith hurled their nine and twenty spears, and not one of them went past him by a misthrow. Cuchulain played the edge-feat with his shield, so that all the spears sank up to their middles into the shield. But for all that, theirs was no erring cast, not one of the spears was blooded or

Tanic Fergus reme dochum a phupla & a muntiri & rabert a osnad scísi bar aird. Is trúag lind in gním doníther imbarach and, bar Fergus. Garsa gním sain, bar a munter. Cuchulaind do marbad, bar é-sium. Uch, bar íat-som, cia marbas.

Calatin Dana, bar e-sium, cona secht maccaib fichet & a úa Glass mac Delga. Is amlaid atát, neim ar cach fir díb & neim ar cach arm da n-armaib, & ni fuil bar a fuliged nech díb, munub marb a chetóir, na ba marb ria cind nómaide. Acus ni fuil digsed da fiss dam-sa bhad fiaduaisi don chomlund & don chomroc, & daberad a fiss dam mar da mairbfíthea Cuchulaind, ná tibrind mo bennactain & mh'eirred. Rachat-sa and, bar Fiachu mac Firaba.

Dessetar and inn aidchi sin. Atraacht Calatin Dána co moch arna bárach cona secht maccaib fichet & a úa Glass mac Delga. Acus tancatar rempo co hairm i m-bae Cuchulaind, agus tanic no Fiacho mac Firaba. Acus án úair ranic Calatin co airm i m-bae Cuchulaind, tarlaicset annóe n-gae fichet fair a chetóir, & ní dechaid urchur n-imruill díb secha. Doringni Cuchulaind faebarchless don scíath, com-das-ralatar uile co a m-bolganaib sin scíath. Act nirb urchur n-imruill dóib-sium sain, nir fulig & nir forderg gae díb fair-sium.

reddened upon him.

Thereupon Cuchulain drew his sword from the sheath of the Badb, to cut away the weapons and lighten the shield that was on him. While thus engaged, they rushed in upon him and delivered their nine and twenty right fists at the same time on his head. They smote him and curbed him withal, till his face and his countenance and visage met the sand and gravel of the ford. Cuchulain raised his warrior's shout aloud and his cry of unequal combat, so that there was not an Ulsterman alive in the camp of those that were not asleep but heard it.

Then came Fiachu son of Ferfebè after them and he saw what they did and a qualm of love came over him, and he drew his sword from the sheath of the Badb and dealt them a blow, so that he cut off their nine and twenty right fists from them at one stroke, and they all fell backwards from the intensity of the exertion and hold which they had.

Cuchulain raised his head and drew breath and gave a sigh of weariness and perceived who it was that had come to his aid. "A ready relief, O foster-brother, what thou hast done," said Cuchulain. "Although for thee a ready relief," said Fiachu, "yet is it not so for us. Even though we are the best division of three thousand of the Clann Rudraige in the camp and station of the men of Erin, we shall all be brought under the mouth of spear and of sword, however feeble thou mayst deem the blow I struck, if this treason be found in us."

Is andsain barróisc Cuchulaind in claidiub assa intiuch Bhodbha, d'imscothad na n-arm & d'immrommugud in scéith fair. I céin ra búi seom aice-sain, raethsat-som chuce & ra sáidsetar na nóe n-desndurnu fichet inn oenfecht ina chend. Da chursatar sun & ra chrommsatar leó é, co tarla a gnúis & a aged & a einech ra grian & ra ganem inn átha. Ra bert-sun a rucht míled bar aird & a iachtad n-écomlaind, connach báí d'Ultaib i m-bethaid do neoch do nar bo chotlud na cuala.

Andsaic [sic] dariacht Fiacha mac Firaba da saigid & atconnaire aní sin. Acus tánic a ell chondailbi fair agus barróisc in claideb asa intiuch bhodbha & ra bert béim dóib, co ro scoth a nóe n-desndurnu fichet d'oenbulli díb, & co torchratar uile dar a n-aiss ra dichracht ind fedma & in gremma irra batar.

Tuargaib Cuchulaind a chend & ra theilg a anail & ra bert a osnaid scísi fair anechtair & ra chonnaic intí ra fóir é. Is téoir ineim a derbchomalta, bar Cuchulaind. Cid teoir ineim duit-siu é, ní ba téoir anéim dúnni. Doig ra fuilemm trichait chet inas dech clainne Rudraige i n-dúnad & illongphort fer n-hErend, rar-berthar uile fa gin gae & chloidib, cid bec lat-su in béim ra benas-sa, mad dia festar forand é.

"I give my word," quoth Cuchulain; "so soon as I raise my head and draw breath, and unless thou thyself tellest the tale, not one of these ever will tell it, not a man of them shall reach the camp alive!" With that, Cuchulain turned on them, and he fell to smiting and hewing them, so that he sent them from him in small disjointed pieces and divided quarters eastwards and westwards along the ford. A single man got away from him, trusting to his speed while Cuchulain was busied beheading the rest; it was Glass macDelga. And Cuchulain raced after him like a blast of wind, and Glass ran on round the tent of Ailil and Medb, and all he could pant out was, "Fiach! Fiach!" when Cuchulain fetched him a stroke that cut off his head.

"'Tis quick work was made of that man," quoth Medb. "What debt (fíach) was that he spoke of, O Fergus?" "I know not," Fergus answered, "unless it be some one in the camp and quarters that owed him a debt. It is that which troubled his mind. But be that as it may," continued Fergus, "it is a debt of blood and flesh for him. And upon my word," Fergus added, "now are his debts paid to him for good and all!"

Tiur-sa brethir, bar Cuchulaind, o thuargabusa mo chend & ara thelgius m'anal, acht mana derna bhadessin scél fort nach nech dib-siút dagna fadesta. Is and-sin imsóe Cuchulaind friu & ra gab bar a slaide & bar a slechtad co ros cuir úad na n-ágib minta & na cethramthanaib fodalta ar fut inn atha sair & síar. Ra évla óenfer díb úad immunigin a retha, icéin ra búí-sium ar díchennad cháich, .i. Glas mac Delga. Acus ra bert Cuchulaind sidi friss, & tanic reme timchell pupla Ailella & Medba & ni arnecair úad a ráda acht Fiach Fiach trath ra bert Cuchulaind béim dó co tópaht a chend de.

Is throit (.i. is opund) ra bass risin fer út, bar Medb, ga fíach sút ra imráid a Ferguis. Nad fetar, bar Fergus, acht meni dlessad fiachu do neoch sin dúnud & sin longphurt. Is íat ra bóí arari. Acht atá ni chena, bar Fergus, is fiach fola & feola dó-som é. Atiar-sa brethir chena, bar Fergus, is innossa ra ictha a féich uile in oenfecht riss.

In this wise fell Calatin Dana ('the Bold') at the hands of Cuchulain, together with his seven and twenty sons and his grandson Glass macDelga. So that for evermore in the bed of the ford is still the rock whereabout they had their strife and struggle; and the mark of their sword-hilts is in it and of their knees and their elbows and of their spears. Hence Fuil Iairn ('Blood of Iron') to the west of Ath Firdead ('Ferdia's Ford') is the name of the ford. It is for this it is called Fuil Iairn, because of the 'blood over weapons' that was there.

Thus then the Combat of the Clann Calatin.

Darochair Calatin Dana bán coir sin ra Coincúlaínd, cona secht maccaib fichet & a ua Glass mac Delga. Conid marthanach ar lár inn atha fos in chloch ma n-dernsat a sroengal & a n-imreson, inad elta a claideb inti & a n-gluni & a n-ullend & erlanna a sleg. Conid Fuil iairn ra Ath Fir dead aníar ainm inn átha. Is aire atberar Fuil ris, dáig bae fuil dar faebor and.

Conid comrac clainne Calatin connice sin.



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21. Cuchulain and the Rivers

Then came certain men of the Ulstermen thither to help and succour Cuchulain. Before all, Senoll Uathach and the two sons of Gegè: Muridach and Cotreb, to wit. And they bore him to the streams and rivers of Conalle Murthemni, to rub and to wash his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his many wounds in the face of these streams and rivers. For the Tuatha De Danann were wont to put herbs and plants of healing and a curing charm in the waters and rivers of the territory of Conalle Murthemni, to help and to succour Cuchulain, so that the streams were speckled and green-topped therewith.

Accordingly these are the names of the healing rivers of Cuchulain:

Sas, Buan, Buas, Bithslan, Findglas ('Whitewater'), Gleoir, Glenamain, Bedg, Tadg, Telameit, Rind, Bir, Brenidè, Dichaem, Muach, Miliuc, Cumung, Cuilind, Gainemain, Drong, Delt, Dubglas ('Blackwater').

And-sain dariachtatar óendóene d'Ultaib and-so innossa d'fortacht & d'forithin Conculaind, .i. Senal Uathach & da mac Gégge .i. Muridach & Cotreb. Acus rucsatar leo é go glassib & go aibnib Conaille Murthemne, do thuargain & do nige a chneda & a chreachta, (a) alaid & a ilgona i n-agthib na srotha sain & na n-aband. Daíg dabertis Tuatha De Danand lubi & lossa ícce & slansen for glassib & aibnib crichi Conailli Murthemne, do fortacht & do forithin Conculaind, comtís brecca barruani na srotha díb.

Conid ed and-so anmanda na n-aband legis sain Conculaind:

Sáis, Buáin, Buas, Bithlain, Findglais, Gleóir, Glenamain, Bedg, Tadg, Telaméit, Rind, Bir, Brenide, Dichaem, Muach, Miliuc, Cumung, Cuilend, Gáinemain, Drong, Delt, Dubglass.



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22. Cethern's Strait Fight

Then said the men of Erin to macRoth the chief runner, to go watch and keep guard for them at Sliab Fuait, to the end that the Ulstermen might not come upon them without warning and unobserved.

Thereupon macRoth went southwards as far as Sliab Fuait. MacRoth was not long there when he saw something: a lone chariot on Sliab Fuait making from the north straight towards him. A fierce man, stark-naked, in that chariot coming towards him, without arms, without armour at all save an iron spit in his hand. In equal manner he goaded his driver and his horses. And it seemed to him that he would never in his life come up to the hosts.

And macRoth hastened to tell this news at the fort where Ailill and Medb and Fergus were and the nobles of the men of Erin. Ailill asked tidings of him on his arrival. "Aye, macRoth," inquired Ailill; "hast thou seen any of the Ulstermen on the track of the host this day?" "That, truly, I know not," answered macRoth; "but I saw something: a lone chariot coming over Sliab Fuait straight towards us. A wild, stark-naked man in the chariot, without arms or armour at all, except for an iron spit in his hand. In equal manner he prodded his driver and his steeds. It seemed to him he would never in his life come up to the host."

Caladgleo Cethirn & fule Cethirn.

Is and-sain ra raidset fir hErend ri Mac Roth risin primechlaig tecta d'foraire agus do reccomét dóib go Sliab Fuait, arna tiastais Ulaid gen robud gen rathugud da saigid. Tanaic Mac Roth reme no go Slíab Fuait. Nir bo chían do Mac Roth dia m-bái and, con facca ní in oencharpat i Sliab n-Fúait atúaid cach n-díriuch da saigid. Fer discir derglomnocht isin charput dá saigid, gan nach n-arm gan nach n-etgud itir, acht bir iairn ina láim. Is cumma co n-gonad a araid & a eocho. Agus indar leis ní hé ra fársed na sluago na m-bethaid itir.

Acus tanice Mace Roth co n-innisiin in sceoil sin go airm i m-bae Ailill & Medb & Fergus & mathe fer n-hErend. Atfócht Ailill scela de ar rochtain. Maith a Meic Roth, bar Ailill, in facca-sa nech d'Ultaib ar slicht in t-slúraig-seo indiu. Nad fetar-sa ém, ar Mac Roth, acht atchonnac ní oéncharptech dar Sliab n-Fuait cach n-diriuch, fer díscir derglomnocht isin charput, gan nach n-arm gan nach n-etgud itir, acht bir iairn ina láim. Is cumma co n-gonand a araid & a eocho. Dar leis ní hé da-fársed in slúag sa na m-bethaid itir.

"Who, thinkest thou, might it be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Meseems," Fergus answered, "it is Cethern son of Fintan that came there. Fergus indeed spoke true, that it was Fintan's son Cethern that was come there. And so Cethern son of Fintan came on them, and the camp and the garrison were confounded and he wounded all around him in every direction and on all sides and they wounded him in every direction and on all sides.

And then he left them, and his entrails and vitals were outside of him. He came to the place where was Cuchulain, to be healed and cured, and he demanded a physician of Cuchulain to heal and to cure him. "Come, master Laeg!" cried Cuchulain. "Arise, away with thee to the garrison and camp of the men of Erin and summon the physicians to come out to cure Cethern macFintain. I give my word, e'en though it be under the ground or in a well-shut house they are, I myself will bring death and destruction and slaughter upon them before this hour tomorrow, if they come not to minister to Cethern."

Laeg went his way to the quarters and camp of the men of Erin, and he called upon the physicians of the men of Erin to go forth to cure Cethern son of Fintan. Truth to tell, the physicians of the men of Erin were unwilling to go cure their adversary, their enemy and their stranger-foe. But they feared Cuchulain would work death and destruction and slaughter upon them if they went not. And so they went. As one man of them after the other came to him, Cethern son of Fintan showed him his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his bloody wounds. Each

Cia bad dóig lat-su and sút a Fergus, bar Ailill. Is dóig lim-sa ém, bar Fergus, co m-bad é Cethern mac Fintain darossed and. Bá fir ám d'Fergus aní sin, go m-bad é Cethern mac Fintain darossed and. Acus doriacht Cethern mac Fintain da saigid no. Acus focress in dunad & in longphort foraib & non-gonand cach imme, do cach aird & do cach airchind. Ran-gontar-som dana do cech aird & do cech airchind.

Acus tanic uadib assa aithle, a fobach & a inathar fair anechtair, go hairm i m-bai Cuchulaind da ícc & da leges. Acus conattacht liaig bar Coinculaind da ícc & da leges. Maith a phopa Laig, bar Cuchulaind, dó dait-siu i n-dunad & longphort fer n-hErend. Acus ráid ri legib techt ass do legess Chethirn meic Fintain. Natiur-sa brethir, [manu thísat] gid fó thalmain beit no i tig fo íadad, is missi conairgeba bás & éc & aided forro sulbustrasta imbarach, manu thisat.

Tanic Laeg reme i n-dunad & i longphort fer n-hErend & ra raid ri legib fer n-hErend tiachtain ass do legess Chethirn meic Fintain. Nir bo réid ám la legib fer n-hErend aní sin, techta do leges a m-bidbad & a namat & a n-echtrand. Acht atraigsetar Coinculaind d'imbirt báis & éca & aideda forro, monu thiaistáis. Dothaegat-som dana. Cach fer díb mar dos-roched, barasfenad Cethern mac Fintain a chneda & a chrechta, a alta & a fuli dó. Cach fer díb atdered ní ba beo, ní ba hindlega, da benad Cethern mac Fintain béim da durn dess i tulchlar a etain

man of them that said he would not live and could not be healed, Cethern son of Fintan struck him a blow with his right fist in the front of his forehead, so that he drove the brains out through the windows of his ears and the seams of his skull. Howbeit Cethern son of Fintan killed them till there had come fifteen physicians of the physicians of the men of Erin.

The historian hath declared in proof thereof:

"These the physicians of the Táin,
Who by Cethern--bane--did fall.
No light thing, in floods of tribes,
That their names are known to me:

"Littè, Luaidren, known o'er sea,
Lot and Luaimnech, 'White-hand' Lonn,
Lathairne skilful, also Lonn,
Laisrè, Slanoll 'That cures all.'

"Dubthach, Fintan's blameless son
Fintan, master Firfial, too,
Mainè, Boethan 'Gives not pain,'
Eke his pupil, Boethan's son.

"These the physicians, five and ten,
Struck to death by Cethern, true;
I recall them in my day;
They are in the physicians' roll!"

Yea, even the fifteenth physician, it was but the tip of a blow that reached him. Yet he fell lifeless of the great stun between the bodies of the other physicians and lay there for a long space and time. Ithall, physician of Ailill and Medb, was his name.

dó, go tabrad a inchind dar senistrib a chluas & dar comfuammannaib a chind dó. Cid trá acht marbais Cethern mac Fintain go ráncatar cóic lega déc leis do legib fer n-hErend.

Acus gid in coiced liaíg déc iss ind m-bemmi ris ranic. Act doralá sáin marb di muaid móir eter collaib na lega aile ri ré cían & ri remes fata. Ithall liaig Ailella & Medba ba sed a chomainm.

Thereafter Cethern son of Fintan asked another physician of Cuchulain to heal and to cure him. "Come, master Laeg," quoth Cuchulain, "go for me to Fingin the seer-physician, at 'Fingin's Grave-mound' at Leccan ('the Brow') of Sliab Fuait, him that is physician to Conchobar. Bid him come to heal Cethern son of Fintan."

Laeg hastened to Fingin the seer-physician at 'Fingin's Grave-mound' at Leccan of Sliab Fuait, to the physician of Conchobar. And he told him to go cure Cethern son of Fintan. Thereupon Fingin the prophet-physician came. As soon as he was come, Cethern son of Fintan showed him his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his bloody wounds.

And-sain conattacht Cethern mac Fintain liaig aile bar Coinculaind, da ícc & (d)a leges. Maith a phopa Láig, bar Cuchulaind, do dam-sa go Fíngin fáthliaig go Ferta Fingin, go Leccain Slebe Fuaít co liaig Conchobair.

Ticed ass do leiges Chethirn meic Fintain. Tanic Laeg reme go Fingin Fathliaig, go Ferta Fingin go Lecain Sleibi Fúait go liaig Conchobair. Acus ra raid ris taidecht do leiges Chethirn meic Fintain. Tanic dana Fingin Fathliaig. Acus and úair doriacht, barasfen Cethern mac Fintain a chneda & a chrechta, a alta & a fule dó.



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22a. Cethern's Bloody Wounds

Fuli Cethirn.

["Look at this bloody wound for me, O Fingin," said Cethern.] Fingin looked at the bloody wound. "Why, it is a slight, unwillingly given wound we behold here," said the physician. "A lone man came upon me there; bushy hair on him; a blue mantle wrapped around him; a silver brooch in the mantle over his breast; an oval shield with plaited rim he bore; a five-pointed spear in his hand; a pronged spare spear at his side. He gave this bloody wound. He bore away a slight wound from me too." "Why, we know that man!" cried Cuchulain; "'twas Illann Ilarchless ('Illann of many feats') son of Fergus macRoig. And he would not wish that thou shouldst fall by his hand, but he gave thee this mock-blow that the men of Erin might not have it to say it was to betray them or to forsake them if he gave it not."

"Now look at this bloody wound for me, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked closely into the bloody wound. "Why, 'tis a woman's wanton deed of arms we behold here," said the physician. "Aye, that is true then," quoth Cethern; "a woman came upon me there by herself. A woman, beautiful, fair-faced, long-cheeked, tall; a golden-yellow head of hair, down to the top of her two shoulder-blades she wore; a smock of royal sammet next to her white skin; two birds of gold on her shoulders; a

1. Fegais Fingin in fuil sin. Fingal étrom induthrachtach and-so ale, bar in liaig, & nít berad immuchu. Is fír ám ale, bar Cethern. Dom-riaeht-sa oenfer and. Tuidmáile fair, bratt gorm i fillind imme, delg n-argit isin brutt asa bruinne. Crommscíath go faébur chondualach fair. Sleg cuícrind inna láim, faga faegablaige na farrad. Dobert in fuil sain. Ruc-som fuil m-bic uaim-se no. Ra-ta-fetammar in fer sain ale, bar Cuchulaind, Illand Ilarchless mac Fergus a sain. Acus ní ba dúthracht leis do thuttim-siu da láim, act rabert in n-gufargam sain fort, ar na hapraitis fir h-Erend ra pad (d)a m-brath no da trecun, muni thardad.

2. Fega latt dam in fuil-seo dana ammo phopa Fingin, bar Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sin. Bangala banuallach and-so ale, bar in liaig. Is fír ám ale, bar Cethern. Domriacht-sa oenben and. Ben chain bánaineach leccan-fata mór. Mong órbuide furri. Bratt corcra gen dáithi impi, eo oir isin brutt os a brunni. Sleg diriuch drumnech ar derglassad na láim. Rabert in fuil sin form-sa. Ruc-si fuil m-bic uaim-se nó. Ra-ta-fetammar in mnai sin ale, bar Cuchulaind, Medb ingen Echach Feidlig ingen ardrig

purple cloak without other colour she had around her; a brooch of gold in the cloak over her bosom; a straight, ridged spear, red-flaming in her hand. She it was that gave me this bloody wound. She bore away a slight wound from me too." "Ah, but we know that woman," cried Cuchulain; "Medb daughter of Eocho Fedlech, daughter of the High King of Erin; it is she that came unto us in that dress. A victory and triumph and trophy she had considered it hadst thou fallen at her hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked at the bloody wound. "Why, the feat of arms of two warriors is this," said the physician. "Yea, that is true," answered Cethern. "There came two men-at-arms upon me in that place; two, with bushy hair on them; two blue cloaks wrapped around them; brooches of silver in the cloaks over their breasts; a necklace of all-white silver around the neck of each of them." "Indeed we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Oll and Othinè they, of the bodyguard of Ailill and Medb; they never go to a hosting, to battle or combat, but when the wounding of a man is certain. They would have held it for victory and triumph and a boast hadst thou fallen at their hands."

hErend, asi dan-ríacht fan congrammum sin. Ba búaid & choscor & commaidium le, gia dofaithesté-su da lámaib.

3. Fecha latt dam in fuil se no a mo phopa Fingen, bar Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sein. Galach da fenned and-so ale, bar in liaig. Is fír ám, bar Cethern. Dam-riachtatar-sa dias and. Da thodmaile foraib. Da bratt gorma i filliud impu, delgi argait isna brattaib os a m-brunnib. Munchobrach argit oengil im bragit chechtar n-ái díb. Ro-da-fetammar in díis sein ale, bar Cuchulaind. Oll & Othine sain do sainmuntir Ailella & Medba. Ni thecat sain in-noenden acht ra hirdalta gona duine dogrés. Ba buaid & coscur & commaidium leo, gea dofaethaisté-su da lamaib.

"Look on this bloody wound also for me, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked closely at the bloody wound. "There came upon me a pair of young warriors of the Fian," said Cethern; "a splendid, manly appearance they had. Each of them cast a spear at me. I crave this spear through the one of them." Fingin looked into the bloody wound. "Why, this blood is all black," quoth the physician; "through thy heart those spears passed so that they formed a cross of themselves through thy heart; and I prophesy no cure here, but I would get thee some healing plants and curing charms that they destroy thee not forthwith." "Ah, but we know them, that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Bun and Meconn ('Stump' and 'Root') are they, of the bodyguard of Ailill and Medb. It was their hope that thou shouldst fall at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me, too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin examined the bloody wound "Why, it is the red rush of the two sons of Ri Cailè ('the King of the Woods') that is here," said the physician. "Aye 'tis so," replied Cethern; "there attacked me there two fair-faced, dark-browed youths, huge, with diadems of gold on their heads. Two green mantles folded about them; two pins of bright silver on the mantles over their breasts; two five-pronged spears in their hands." "Why, near each other are the bloody wounds they gave thee," said the physician; "into thy gullet they went, so that the points of the spears struck one another within thee, and none the easier is it to work thy cure here." "We know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "noble youths of Medb's great household, Broen and Brudni, are they, two sons of Ri teora Soillse ('the King of the three Lights'), that

4. Fecha latt dam in fuil-seo no, a mo phopa Fingin, for Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sain. Dom-riachtatar-sa dias oacféinne and. Congrám n-án ferdaide forro. Cumaing bir innium-sa cehtar n-ái díb. Cumang-sa in m-bir sa trisindara n-ai dib-sium. Fechais Fingin in fuil sin. Dub ule in fuil-seo ale, ar in liaig. Trí(t) chride dochuatar dait, co n-derna chrois díb trít chride, & ní furchanaim-sea ícc and-so, acht dogebaind-se dait-seo do lossaib ícci & slánsen ní, nachat bertais immucha. Ra-ta-fetammar in dís sain ale, bar Cuchulaind. Bun & Meconn sain do sainmuntir Ailella & Medba. Ba duthracht leo, gea dofaethaisté-su (d)a lámaib.

5. Fecha lat dam in fuil-sea no a mo phopa Fingin, ar Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sain. Dergruathur da ríg Caille and-so ale, ar in liaig. Is fír ám, bar Cethern. Domriachtatar-sa da óclach aigfinna abratgorma móra and, go mindaib óir úasu. Da bratt uane i forcipul impu, da chassán gelargit isna brattaib ás a m-brunnib. Da sleig cúicrinni inna lámaib. It immaicsi na fuli dobertatar fort ale, bar in liaig. It chraes dachuatar dait, co comarnegatar renna na n-gae inniut. Acus ni hassu a ícc and-so. Ra-ta-fetammar in dís sain, bar Cuchulaind, Brón & Brudni sain mac theora soillsi, da mac rig Caille. Bá buaid & choscur & chommaidib leo gia dofáethaiste-su leo.

is, the two sons of the King of the Woods. It had been victory and triumph and a boast for them, hadst thou fallen at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me, too, my good Fingin," said Cethern. Fingin looked into the bloody wound. "The joint deed of two brothers is here," said the physician. "'Tis indeed true," replied Cethern. "There came upon me two leading, king's warriors. Yellow hair upon them; dark-grey mantles with fringes, wrapped around them; leaf-shaped brooches of silvered bronze in the mantles over their breasts; broad, grey lances in their hands." "Ah, but we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Cormac Colomon rig ('King's pillar') is the one, and Cormac son of Mael Foga, of the bodyguard of Ailill and Medb (the other). What they sought was that thou shouldst fall at their hands."

"Look at this bloody wound for me too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. Fingin looked into that bloody wound. "The assault of two brothers is here," said the physician. "Aye then, 'tis true," answered Cethern. "There came upon me two tender youths there; very much alike were they; curly dark hair on the one of them; curly yellow hair on the other; two green cloaks wrapped around them; two bright-silver brooches in the cloaks over their breasts; two tunics of smooth yellow silk next their skin; two white-hilted swords at their belts; two bright shields having the likenesses of beasts in white silver they bore; two five-pronged spears with veins of all-white silver in their hands." "Ah, but we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Manè 'Like to his mother' and Manè 'Like to his father,' two sons of Ailill and Medb; and it would be matter of

6. Fecha latt dam in fuil-sea no a mo phopa Fingin ar Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sain. Congas da m-brathar and-so ale, ar in liaig. Is fír ám, bar Cethern. Domriachtatar-sa dias cétriglach and. Fuilt buide forro. Bruitt dubglassa fá loss i forcipul impu, delgi duillecha do findruinu isna brattaib ós a m-brunnib. Mánaisi lethanglassa na lamaib. Ra-ta-fetammar in dís sain ale, bar Cuchulaind. Cormac Coloma rí g sain & Cormac mac Maele foga do sainmuntir Ailella & Medba. Ba duthracht leo, gea dofaethaiste-su da lamaib.

7. Fecha latt dam in fuil so no a mo phopa Fingin, ar Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sain. Attach da n-derbrathar and-so, ar in liaig. Is fír am ale, ar Cethern. Domriachtatar-sa dias maethóclach and, it iat comcosmaile diblinaib. Folt cass bar indara n-ai díb, folt cassbuide bar aile. Da bratt uanide i forcipul impu, da chassan gelargit isna brattaib as a m-bru(n)nib. Da leni di slemainsita buide fria cnessaib. Claidbi gelduirm ar a cressaib. Da gelsciath co túagmilaib argit findi foraib. Da sleig cúicrind go fethanaib argit oengil ina lámaib. Ro-ta-fetamar in dis sain ale, bar Cuchulaind, Mane Mathremail sain & Mane Athremail, da mac Ailella & Medba, & ba buaid & coscur & commaidium leo, ge ro faethaiste-su dá lámaib.

victory, triumph and boasting to them, hadst thou fallen at their hands.

"Look at this bloody wound for me, too, O Fingin my master," said Cethern. "There came upon me a pair of young warriors there. A brilliant appearance, stately-tall and manlike, they had; wonderful garments from far-away countries upon them. Each of them thrust the spear he had at me. Then I thrust this spear through each of them." Fingin looked into the bloody wound. "Cunning are the bloody wounds they inflicted upon thee," said the physician; "they have severed the strings of thy heart within thee, so that thy heart rolls about in thy breast like an apple in motion or like a ball of yarn in an empty bag, and there is no string at all to support it, and no healing can I effect here." "Ah, but we know those twain," quoth Cuchulain; "a pair of champions from Norway who have been sent particularly by Ailill and Medb to slay thee; for not often does one ever issue alive from their combats, and it would be their will that thou shouldst fall at their hands."

"Look upon this bloody wound for me too, my good Fingin," said Cethern. Fingin looked at that bloody wound. "Why, the alternate woundings of a son and his father we behold here," answered the physician. "Yea it is so," quoth Cethern; "two tall men, red as torches, came upon me there, with diadems of burnished gold upon them; kingly garments they wore; gold-hilted, hammered swords at their girdles, with scabbards of pure-white silver, with supports of mottled gold outside upon them. "Ah but we know that pair," quoth Cuchulain; "Ailill and his son are they, Manè 'That embraces the traits of them all.'

8. Fecha lat dam in fuil-sea a mo phopa Fingin, bar Cethern. Dom-riachtatar dias oacféinne and. Congraim n-écside, ite erarda, ferdaide forro. Étaige allmarda ingantacha impo. Cumaing bir innium-sa cechtar n-ái díb. Cumanhg-sa trí chechtar n-ái díb-sium. Féchais Fingin in fuil sain. At amainsi na fuili ra bertatar fort ale, ar in liaig, go n-darubdatar féithe do chride inniut, co n-da n-imbir do chride it chliab immar ubull i fabull, ná mar chertli i fásbulg, connach fail féith itir icá immulunhg, acus ní dergenaim-se ícc and-so. Ra-ta-fetamar in dís sain ale, bar Cuchulaind, dias sain d(e fennedaib) na hIruáde forroeglass d'óentoisc o Ailill & o Meidb ar daíg do gona-su, daíg ni comtig beó da m-bágaib dogrés, daíg ba duthracht leo, ge dofaethaiste-su dá lamaib.

9. Fecha latt dam in fuil-se no a mo phopa Fingin, bar Cethern. Fechais Fingin in fuil sain no. Imrubad meic & athar and-so ale, ar in liaig. Is fir ám, bar Cethern. Dom-riachtatar-sa da fer móra gaindelderca and, go mindaib óir órlasraig uasu. Erriud rígdaidi impu, claidbi órduirn intlassi bar a cressaib, go ferbolgaib argit oengil, go frithathartaib óir bricc friu anechtair. Ra-ta-fetamar in dís sain ale, bar Cuchulaind. Ailill & a mac sain, Mane Condasgeib-ule. Ba buaid & coscur & commaidium leo, gea ro faethaiste-su dia lámaib.

They would deem it victory and triumph and a boast shouldst thou fall at their hands."

Thus far the "Bloody Wounds" of the Táin.

"Speak, O Fingin prophetic physician," spake Cethern son of Fintan; "what verdict and what counsel givest me now?" "This verily is what I say to thee," replied Fingin the prophetic physician: "Count not on thy big cows for yearlings this year; for if thou dost, it is not thou that will enjoy them, and no profit will they bring thee." "This is the judgement and counsel the other surgeons did give me, and certain it is it brought them neither advantage nor profit, and they fell at my hands; and none the more will it bring thee advantage or profit, and thou shalt fall at my hands!" And he gave Fingin a strong, stiff kick with his foot, and sent him between the chariot's two wheels. "Oh, but vicious is the kick from the old warrior," cried Cuchulain. Hence, from this saying, is the name Uachtar Lua ('the Height of the Kick') in the land of Ross from then until this day.

Nevertheless Fingin the prophet-physician gave his choice to Cethern son of Fintan: A long illness for him and afterwards to obtain help and succour, or a red healing for the space of three days and three nights, so that he might then employ his strength on his enemies. What Cethern son of Fintan chose was a red healing for the space of three days and three nights, to the end that he might then vent his anger and strength on his enemies. For what he said was that there would not be found after him any one he would rather have vindicate or avenge him than himself.

Fuli tana connici sein.

Maith a Fíngin a fathliaig, bar Cethern mac Fintain, ga cumcaisi & ga comairli doberi form-sa fadesta. Is sed atderim-sea rit árn, bar Fingin Fathliaig, ní rarmea do bú móra bar dartib issin bliadain se, daig gia dosrine, ní tu ros mela, & ní tharmnaigfet dait. Isí sein cumcaisin & comairli dobertatar na lega aile form-sa, agus is airchind ni ruc bnáid na bissech doib, & darochratar lim-sa, & ní mó béras buaid na bissech dait-siu, & dofaitaisiu limm. Acus dabretha trenlua tarpech da choiss úad riss, go tarla eter dib rothaib in charpait. Is duáig in lua sengrintid sin ale, bar Cuchulaind. Go rop de atá Uachtur Lua i Crích Roiss ó sein anall gosindiu.

Aráí sein barroega Fingin Fathliaig a roga do Chetharn mac Fintain, sergleghi fada fair & fortachtt & forithin d'fagbail assa athli, na dergleges téora lá & teora n-aidchi, go n-imre féin a nert for a námtib. Is ed ón barróega Cethern mac Fintain, dergleges téora lá & teora n-aidchi, go n-imred fein a nert for a námtib, dáig issed ra ráidestarsom, na faigbed dá éis nech bud ferr leis dá athe nó da dígail andás badessin.

Thereupon Fingin the prophetic physician asked of Cuchulain a vat of marrow wherewith to heal and to cure Cethern son of Fintan. Cuchulain proceeded to the camp and entrenchment of the men of Erin, and whatsoever he found of herds and flocks and droves there he took away with him. And he made a marrow-mesh of their flesh and their bones and their skins; and Cethern son of Fintan was placed in the marrow-bath till the end of three days and three nights. And his flesh began to drink in the marrow-bath about him and the marrow-bath entered in within his stabs and his cuts, his sores and his many wounds. Thereafter he arose from the marrow-bath at the end of three days and three nights. It was thus Cethern arose, with a slab of the chariot pressed to his belly so that his entrails and bowels would not drop out of him.

That was the time when his wife came from the north, from Dûn da Benn ('Fort of the two Gables'), and she brought his sword with her, even Finna daughter of Eocho. Cethern son of Fintan seized his arms and proceeded to attack the men of Erin. But this is to be added: They sent a warning before him; Ithall, physician of Ailill and Medb, had remained as one dead of the great stun from the blow of Gethern among the bodies of the other physicians for a long space and time [and he, the physician that had alone escaped from Cethern, brought the alarm to the camp.]

Is and-sin conattacht Fingin Fathliaig smiramair for Coinculaind do ícc & do leigess Chethirn meic Fintain. Tanic Cuchulaind reme i n-dúnud & illongphort fer n-hErend, & na fúair d'almaib & d'éitib & d'indilib and, tuc leis ass íat. Acus dogní smiramair díb eter feóil & chnámaib & lethar, agus tucad Cethern mac Fintain sin smiramair, co cend teora lá & teora n-aidche. Acus ra gab ac ól na smiramrach imme. Acus ra luid in smiramair and eter a chnedaib & eter a chreachtaib, dar a áltaib & dar a ilgonaib. And-sin atracht-som assin smiramair i cind teora lá & teora n-aidche. Acus issamlaid attracht & clár a charpait re broind, ar ná tuitted a fobach & a inathar ass.

Isí sain amser luid a bancheile atuáid a Dún da Bend, & a chlaideb lee dó, .i. Finda ingen Echlach. Tanic Cethern mac Fintain d'indsaigid fer n-hErend. Acht ata ní chena. Bertis robod reme-seom. Dítholl liaig Ailella & Medba, doralá saide marb de muaid móir eter chollaib nallega aile ra re cían & ra remis fata.

"Hark, ye men of Erin," shouted the physician; "Cethern son of Fintan comes to attack you, now that he has been healed and cured by Fingin the prophetic physician, and take ye heed of him!" Thereat the men of Erin in fear put Ailill's dress and his golden shawl and his regal diadem on the pillar-stone in Crích Ross, that it might be thereon that Cethern son of Fintan should first give vent to his anger on his arrival.

Soon Cethern saw those things, namely Ailill's dress and his golden shawl around the standing-stone in Crích Ross, and he, being unaware and witless, conceived it to be Ailill himself that was in it. And he made a rush at it like a blast of wind and crave the sword through the stone pillar till it went up to its pommel. "Deceit is here," cried Cethern son of Fintan, "and on me have ye worked this deceit. And I swear an oath, till there be found among ye of the men of Erin one that will put yon royal dress about him and the golden shawl, I will not stay my hand from them, slaughtering and destroying withal!"

Manè Andoe son of Ailill and Medb heard that, and he put his father's royal raiment about him and the golden shawl and the diadem on his head, and he dashed off through the midst of the men of Erin. Cethern son of Fintan pursued him closely and hurled his shield, so that the chiselled rim of the shield crave him to the ground, with chariot, driver, and horses. When the men of Erin saw that, they surrounded Cethern on every side, so that he fell at their hands in the strait wherein he was. Wherefore 'Cethern's Strait-Fight and the Bloody Wounds of Cethern' is the name of this tale.

Maith a firu hErend, bar in liaig, daria Cethern mac Fintain da bar saigid arna ícc & arna leges do Fíngin Fathliaig, acus frithalter acaib é. Is and-sain faítsetar fir hErend étgad Ailella & a imscing n-orða immon corthe i Crích Ross, co m-bad fair no imbred Cethern mac Fintain a feirg ar tús ar torachtain.

Atchondairc Cethern mac Fintain ani sin, etgud Ailella & a imscinhg n-órda immun corthe i Crích Ross, & andar leiss i n-ecmaiss a fessa & a eolais, bá se Ailill bóe and fodessin. Acus rabert side da saigid & ra sáid in claideb tresin corthe co ránic gonnice a irdorn. Bréc and-so, bar Cethern mac Fintain, & immum-sa ra bertad in bréc sa. Acus atiur-sa brethir, na co fagaither acaib-si nech gabas in n-erriud rigdaide útimme & in n-imscinhg n-órda, na scér-sa lama riu, ca slaide & ic a n-essargain.

Ra chuala sain Mane Andoe mac Ailella & Medba, acus ra gab in n-erriud rígdáideimme & in n-imscing n-órda, acus tanic reme tri lár fer n-hErend. Lilis Cethern mac Fintain co mór de, acus tarlaic rót n-urchair da scíath fair, co ro raind bil chondúail in scéith i trí co talmain hé eter charpat & araid & eocho. And-sain ra theigsetar na sluaigimme da dib lethib, co torchair accu issin chalad irrabe. Conid Caladgleo Cethirn and-sin, & fule Cethirn.

His wife, Finna daughter of Eocho Salbuidê ('Yellow-heel') stood over him and she was in great sorrow, and she made the funeral-song below:

"I care for naught, care for
naught;
Ne'er more man's hand 'neath
my head,
Since was dug the earthy bed,
Cethern's bold, of Dun da
Benn!

"Kingly Cethern, Fintan's son;
Few were with him on the
ford.
Connacht's men with all their
host,
For nine hours he left them
not!

"Arms he bore not--this an art-
-
But a red, two-headed pike;
With it slaughtered he the
host,
While his anger still was
fresh!

"Felled by double-headed
pike,
Cethern's hand held, with
their crimes,.
Seven times fifty of the hosts,
Fintan's son brought to their
graves!

"Willa-loo, oh, witla-loo!
Woman's d wandering
through the mist.
Worse it is for him that's

Tainic a bainchele .i. Innda ingen Eachach
Salbuidhi os a chiond agus do bi ic toirsi
mhóir, agus do rinne in marbnadh so síos:

Cuma leam ón, cuma lem,
cin co n-dec(h) lamh fir fo mo
cenn,
ó do claidhedh cladh úire
ar Ceithern Duine dá beann.

Ceithern mac Fiontain fiú
righ,
ba huathadh a líon ar áth,
fir Olnecmacht cona sluagh
nior leicc úadh co cend naoi
ttráth.

Gan arm cerd ón, cen arm
cerd,
na laimh acht bior decen
dercc,
is de ro cuir ar na sluagh
an g-cein ro badh buan a
fearg.

Do rocair don bior decen
do laimh Cethirn go
cciontaibh
sect ccaoga dona sluagaibh
tuc i n-uagaibh mac
Fiondtaibh.

Aille leo on, aille leó,
imtheacht samuisci tre chéó.
as misti do neoch is marb,
do gep tarb in nech is beo.

Misi noca n-fulgebh tarb
do sluagaibh in betha báoi,
nocha n-faidiubh-sa le fer,

dead.

She that lives may find a
man!

"Never I shall take a man
Of the hosts of this good
world;
Never shall I sleep with man;
Never shall my man with
wife!

Dear the homestead, 'Horse-
head's Dûn,'
Where our hosts were wont to
go.
Dear the water, soft and
sweet;
Dear the isle, 'Isle of the Red!'

Sad the care, oh, sad the care,
Cualnge's Cow-raid brought
on me:
Cethern, Fintan's son, to keen.
Oh that he had shunned his
woe!

Great the doings, these, oh,
great,
And the deed that here was
done:
I bewailing him till death,
Him that has been smitten
down!

Finna, Eocho's daughter, I,
Found a fight of circling
spears.
Had my champion had his
arms:
By his side a slaughtered
heap!"

noco fáidhi m'fer le mnái.

Ionmain dunan Dún cindech
arm attathigidis ar sluaigh,
ionmain uisgi milis mín,
ionmain innis Innis ruaidh.

Truagh buaidredh ón, truagh
buaidredh,
tuc orm-sa Tain bo Cualnge,
cáinedh Cethirn mic Fiontain,
foirir nior imgaib truaighi.

Mor n-glonna on, mor n-
glonna,
in gnim dorindedh sunnae,
mesi cá cháinedh com éc,
e-sim ar na cet-cuma.

Mé Inda ingen Echach
fuarus gleo cletach crundae,
da m-betís a airm com laoch,
re taob ro bad carn cuma.



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23. Here Followeth the Tooth-Fight of Fintan

Fintan, himself the son of Niall Niamglonnach ('of the brilliant Exploits') from Dûn da Benn, was father of Cethern son of Fintan. And he came to save the honour of Ulster and to avenge his son upon the hosts. Thrice fifty was his number. And thus it was they came, and two spear-heads on each shaft with them, a spear-head on the top and a spear-head at the butt, so that it made no difference whether they wounded the hosts with the points or with the butts. They offered three battles to the hosts. And thrice their own number fell at their hands, and there fell also the people of Fintan son of Niall, all excepting Fintan's son Crimthann alone. This one was saved under a canopy of shields by Ailill and Medb.

Then said the men of Erin, it would be no disgrace for Fintan son of Niall to withdraw from the camp and quarters, and they would give up Crimthann son of Fintan to him, and then the hosts would fall back a day's march to the north again; and that he should cease from his deeds of arms against the hosts till he would come to encounter them on the day of the great battle at the place where the four grand provinces of Erin would clash at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Cattle-reaving of Cualnge, as was foretold by the druids of the men of Erin. Fintan son

Fiacalgleo Fintain and-so innoosa.

Fintan e-sede mac Neill Niamglonnaig a Dún da bend. Athair side Cethirn meic Fintain. Acus ra deochaid side do tharrachtain ainigh Ulad & do dígail a meic bar na slúagaib. Trí chóicait bá sed allín. Acus issamlaid tancatar saide & da gae for cach n-oencrand leo, gae for renn & gae for erlond, go m-bad chumma ro gontais do rennaib & d'erlonnaib na sluagu. Dobertatar teora catha dona sluagaib. Acus dorochratar a trí comlín leo & torchratar no munter Fintain meic Neill acht Crimthann (mac Fintain. Ro hainced) saide fo amdabaig sc(iath la hAilill & la Meidb).

Is and-sain ra raidsetar fir hErend, (nar bad athis) d'Fintan mac Neill dunad & longphort d'falmugud do, & a mac do lecad do (ass .i. Crimthann) mac Fintain, agus na sluaig do thigecht uidi láí for culu fa thuaid doridisi, & a gnima gascid do scur dona slúagaib, ar co tised chucu do ló in mórchatha airm condricfaitis cethri ollchóicid hErend for Gárig & Ilgarig i cath Tána bó Cualnge feib ra tharngirset druidi fer n-hErend. Fáimais Fintan mac Neill ani sin & ra leiced a mac dó ass. Ra falmaiged dunad & longphort dó, agus lotar na sluaig ude lá for cúlu fa thúaid

of Niall consented to that, and they gave over his son to him. He withdrew from the camp and station, and the host marched a day's journey back to the north again, to stop and cease their advance.

In this manner they found each man of the people of Fintan son of Niall Niamglonnach and each man of the men of Erin, with the lips and the nose of each of them in the teeth and tusks of the other. The men of Erin gave thought to that: "This is a tooth-fight for us," said they; "the tooth-fight of Fintan's people and of Fintan himself." So this is the 'Tooth-fight' of Fintan.

doridisi da fastúd & da n-imfuirech.

Is amlaid ra geibthe in fer de muntir Fintain meic Neill Niamplonnaig & in fer d'feraib hErend & beoil & sróna cáich díb i n-détaib & i fiaclaib a cheile. Atchondcatar fir hErend aní sein. Is é in fiacalgleo dún so, bar iatsom, fiacalgleo muntiri Fintain & Fintain badesin. Conid Fiacalgleo Fintain and-sain.



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23a. The Red-Shame of Menn Followeth Here

It was then came to them great Menn son of Salcholga, he from Renna ('the Waterways') of the Boyne in the north. Twelve men with many-pointed weapons, that was his number. It was thus they came, and two spearheads on each shaft with them, a spearhead on the top and a spearhead at the butt, so that it made no difference whether they wounded the hosts with the points or with the butts.

They offered three attacks upon the hosts. Three times their own number fell at their hands and there fell twelve men of the people of Menn. But Menn himself was sorely wounded in the strait, so that blood ran crimson on him. Then said the men of Erin: "Red is this shame," said they, "for Menn son of Salcholga, that his people, should be slain and destroyed and he himself wounded till blood ran crimson red upon him." Hence here is the 'Reddening Shame of Menn.'

Ruadruce Mind and-so innossa.

Mend mac Salcholgan é-side o Rénaib na Bóinne. Da fer déc ba sed a lín-saide. Is armlaid tancatar saide & da gae for cach óen crand leo, gae for rend & gae for erlond, co m-bad chumma dagontais do rennaib & do erlonnaib na sluagu.

Ra bertsatar teora fuaparta dona sluagaib. Torchratar a trí comlín leo, acus torcratar da fer déc muntiri Mind. Act ra gaet Mend féin calad , gor rusti rúad derg fair. And-sain ra ráidsetar fir hErend: Is ruád in rucce se, bar iat-sum, do Mend mac Salcholgan, a munter do marbad & do mudugud & a guin féin , co rop rusti rúad derg fair. Corop ruadruce Mind and-so.

Then said the men of Erin, it would be no dishonour for Menn son of Salcholga to leave the camp and quarters, and that the hosts would go a day's journey back to the north again, and that Menn should cease his weapon-feats on the hosts till Conchobar arose out of his 'Pains' and battle would be offered them at Garech and Ilgarech, as the druids and soothsayers and the knowers of the men of Erin had foretold it.

Menn son of Salcholga agreed to that, to leave the camp and halting-place. And the hosts fell back a day's march for to rest and wait, and Menn went his way to his own land.

Is and-sain ra raidsetar fir hErend, nar bad athis do Mend mac Salcholgan dunad & longphort d'fhalmugud dó & na slúaig do thecht uide lá for culu fa thúaid daridisi & a guin gascid do scor do na sluagaib go neirsed Conchobar assa chess noenden, co tucad cath dóib for Gárig & Ilgarig, feib ra tharngirsetar drúidi & fádi & fissidi fer n-Erend.

Faemais Mend mac Sálcholgan aní sein, dunad & longphort d'falmugud do. Acus lotar na slúaig uide lá for culu doridi(si) da fostud & da immfuireach.



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23b. Here Followeth the Accoutrement of the Charioteers

Airecur n-arad and innoosa.

Then came the charioteers of the Ulstermen to them. Thrice fifty was their number. They offered three battles to the hosts. Thrice their number fell at their hands, and the charioteers themselves fell on the field whereon they stood. Hence this here is called the 'Accoutrement of the Charioteers [with stones.]'

Is and-sain dariachtatar cucu-som araid
Ulad. Tri chóicait ba séd allín. Rabersatar
teora catha dona sluagaib. Darochratar a
tri comlín leo, & torchratar na haraid
barsin róe irrabatar. Co rop airecor n-arad
and-sain.



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23c. The White-Fight of Rochad Now Followeth

Rochad Rigderg ('Red-king') son of Fathemon, was of Ulster. Thrice fifty warriors was his number, and he took possession of a hill fronting the hosts. Finnabair, daughter of Ailill and Medb, perceived that and she went to speak to her mother thereof, even to Medb. "Truly have I loved yonder warrior for a long time," said she; "and it is he is my sweetheart, and mine own choice one in wooing." "An thou hast so loved him, daughter," quoth Ailill and Medb, "sleep with him this night and crave for us a truce of him for the hosts, until he encounters us on the day of the great battle when four of the grand provinces of Erin will meet at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Foray of Cualnge." Rochad son of Fathemon accepted the offer and that night the damsel slept with him.

Bángleo Rochada and-so innoosa.

Reochaid mac Fathemain é-side d'Ultaib. Tri choicait laech ba sed a lín. Acus ra gab tilaig agid i n-agid dona sluagaib. Atchondaic Findabair ingen Ailella & Medba aní sein. Acus ra báí si ga rád ra máthair ri Meidb. Ra charusa in laech út uair chéin ám, bar si, & issé mo lennán é & mo roga tochmairc. Ma ra charais a ingen, faé leis d-ádaig, & guid fossad dún fair dona sluagaib, go tí chucaind do ló in mórchatha airm condricfat cethri ollchoicid hErend for Gárgi & Ilgarig i cath Tana bó Cualnge. Faemais Reochaid mac Fathemain aní sein, & faeiss ind ingen d-ádaig leis.

An Under-king of Munster that was in the camp heard the tale. He went to his people to speak of it. "Yonder maiden was plighted to me on fifteen hostages once long ago," said he; "and it is for this I have now come on this hosting." Now wherever it happened that the seven Under-kings of Munster were, what they all said was that it was for this they were come. "Why," said they, "should we not go to avenge our wife and our honour on the Manè, who are watching and guarding the rear of the army at Imlech in Glendamrach ('Kettle-glen's navel')?"

This was the course they resolved upon. And with their seven divisions of thirty hundreds they arose. Ailill arose with thirty hundred after them. Medb arose with her thirty hundred. The sons of Maga with theirs and the Leinstermen and the Munstermen and the people of Tara. And a mediation was made between them so that each of them sat down near the other and hard by his arms.

Howbeit before the intervention took place, eight hundred very valiant warriors of them had fallen. Finnabair, daughter of Ailill and Medb, had tidings that so great a number of the men of Erin had fallen for her sake and on account of her. And her heart broke in her breast even as a nut, through shame and disgrace, so that Finnabair Slebe ('Finnabair of the Mount') is the name of the place where she fell, died and was buried.

Ra chuala sein airri de Mumnechaib ra bóí sin longphort. Bae-sium gá rád ria muntir: Banassa dam-sa ind ingen út uair chéin ám, bar é-sium. Acus is aire thanac-sa in sluaged sa don chur sa. Cid trá acht airm i m-batar na secht n-airríg de Mumnechaib, iss ed ra raidsetar uile, conid aire-sin tancatar. Cid dúnni no, bar iat-som, na ragmais-ni do digail ar mná & ar n-ainig arna Manib fuil ac foraire dar eis in t-sluaig ic Imlig in Glendamrach.

Is hí sin comairle ba nirt leo-som . Acus atractatar-som cona secht trichtaib cét. Atracht Ailill dóib cona trichait chét. Atraacht Medb cona trichait chét. Atraachtatar meic Mágach cona trichtaib chét. Atraacht in Galéoin & in Munnig & popul na Temrach , & fognitheá etargaire eturru, co n-dessid cach díb i fail araile & i fail a arm.

Cid trá acht sul tarraid a n-etráin, torchratar ocht cét (láech) lanchalma díb. Atchuala sain Findabair ingen Ailella & Medba in comlín sain d'feraib hErend do thuttim, trena ág & trena accais, & ro maid cnómaidm da cride na clíab ar féile & náre, conid Findabair Slebe comainm ind inaid i torchair.

Then said the men of Erin, "White is this battle," said they, "for Rochad son of Fathemon, in that eight hundred exceeding brave warriors fell for his sake and on his account and he himself goes safe and whole to his country and land without bloodshedding or reddening on him." Hence this is the 'White-fight' of Rochad.

Is and-sain ra ráidsetar fir hErend: Is bán in gleó sa, bar iat-som, do Reochaid mac Fathemain ocht cét laech lánchalma do thuttim trina ág & trina accais & a dul fein cen fuligud gen fordergad fair. Conid bángleo Roehada and-sain.



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23d. Here Followeth Iliach's Clump-Fight

Then came to them Iliach son of Cass son of Bacc son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige. It was told him that the four grand provinces of Erin even then laid waste and invaded the lands of Ulster and of the Picts and of Cualnge from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring. He then conceived a plan in his mind and he made perfect his plan privily with his people. "What counsel were better for me to make than to go and attack the men of Erin and to have my victory over them, and thus avenge the honour of Ulster. And I care not though I should fall myself there thereafter."

And this is the counsel he followed. His two withered, mangy, sorrel nags that were upon the strand hard by the fort were led to him. Thus he mounted his chariot, without either covers or cushions. His big, rough, pale-grey shield of iron he carried upon him, with its rim of hard silver around it. He wore his rough, grey-hilted, huge smiting sword at his left side. He placed his two rickety-headed, nicked, blunt, rusted spears by his side in the chariot. His folk furnished his chariot around him with cobbles and boulders and huge clumps.

Mellgleo n-Íliach and-so innessa.

Iliach é-side mac Caiss meic (Baicc) meic Rosa Ruaid meic Rudraige. Racuas dó-saide cethri ollchoiceda hErend oc argain & oc indred Ulad & Chruthni o luan taite samna co taite n-imbuilc. Acus ra mídair-sium a chomairle aice re a muntir: Cid bad ferr damsa in chomairle dogenaind na techta d'fuapairt fer n-hErend & mo choscur do chur díb remum & ainech Ulad do tharrachtain , & is cumma gea ra foethus féin assa aithle.

Acus issí sin comairle ba nirt leiseom. Acus ra gabait dó-som a dá sengabair chrína chremmanncha batar for traíg do thaeib in dúnaid. Acus ra indled a sencharpat forro cen fortga cen forgemne itir. Ra gabastar-som a garbscíath odor iarnaide fair, co m-bil chaladargit ina imthimchiull. Ra gabastar a chlaideb n-garb n-glasseltach n-glondbemnech bar a chliu. Ra gabastar a da sleig chendchritháncha bennacha isin charpat ina farrad. Ra ecratar a munter in carpat imme do chlochaib & chorthib & tathleccaib móra.

In such wise he fared forth to assail the men of Erin. And thus he came, and the spittle from his gaping mouth trickling down through the chariot under him. "Truly it would be well for us," said the men of Erin, "if this were the manner in which all the Ulstermen came to us on the plain."

Dochè son of Maga met him and bade him welcome. "Welcome is thy coming, O Iliach," spake Dochè son of Maga. "Truly spoken I esteem that welcome," answered Iliach; "but do thou for the sake of that welcome come to me when now, alas, my deeds of arms will be over and my warlike vigour will have vanished, so that thou be the one to cut off my head and none other of the men of Erin. However, my sword shall remain with thee for thine own friend, even for Loegaire Buadach!

He assailed the men of Erin with his weapons till he had made an end of them. And when weapons failed he assailed the men of Erin with cobbles and boulders and huge clumps of earth. And when these weapons failed him he spent his rage on the man that was nearest him of the men of Erin, and bruised him grievously between his fore-arms and his sides and the palms of his hands, till he made a marrow-mass of him, of flesh and bones and sinews and skin.

Tanic reime fan cóir sin d'indsaigid fer n-hErend. Acus is amlaid tanic & lebar- thrintall a chlaip triana charpat síis dó. Ra pad maith lind ám, ar fir hErend, co m-bad hí sein tuarascbail fa tístais Ulaid uile dar saigid.

Barrecgaib Doche mac Magach dó-som, agus firis failte friseom. Mochen do thichtu a Ílíaich, bar Dóche mac Magach. Tarissi limm inní inn fálte, bar Ílííach. Acht tair chucum mánuair innossa, in tráth scáigfit mo gala & sergfait mo gala, co rop tú benas mo chend dím & na rop nech aile d'feraib hErend. Acht maired mo chlaideb acut chena da Láigaire.

Ra gab-som da armaib for feraib hErend co ro scáigsetar dó. Acus a ro scaigset a airm dó, ra gabastar de chlochaib & chorthib & tathleccaib móra bar feraib hErend co ro scaigsetar dó. Acus a ro scáigsetar dó airm imbered far in fer d'feraib hErend, dabered dianchommilt fair eter a rigthib & a dernannaib, co n-denad smiramair de, eter féoil & chnámib & féthib & lethar.

Hence in memory thereof, these two masses of marrow still live on side by side, the marrow-mass that Cuchulain made of the bones of the Ulstermen's cattle for the healing of Cethern son of Fintan, and the marrow-mass that Iliach made of the bones of the men of Erin. Wherefore this was one of the three innumerable things of the Tain, the number of them that fell at the hands of Iliach. So that this is the 'Clumpfight' of Iliach. It is for this reason it is called the 'Clump-fight' of Iliach, because with cobbles and boulders and messy clumps he made his fight.

Thereafter Dochè son of Maga met him. "Is not this Iliach?" asked Dochè son of Maga. "It is truly I," Iliach gave answer; "and come to me now and cut off my head and let my sword remain with thee for thy friend, for Loegaire Buadach ('the Victorious')." Dochè came near him and gave him a blow with the sword so that he severed his head. Thus to this point, the 'Clump-fight' of Iliach.

Corod marthanach taéb ri taéb fós in dá smiramair, smiramair fogni Cuchulaind do chnamib chethra Ulad do leges Chethirn meic Fintain, agus smiramair bhogní Iliach do chnamib fer n-hErend. Go rop hí tres dírim na tána na torchair leis díb. Go rop mellgleo n-Íliach and-sain. Is aire atberar mellgleo n-Íliach ris, dáig de chlochaib & chorthib & táthleccaib móra fogni-seom a gléo.

Barrecaib Doche mac Mágach dó-som. Nach é Iliach, bar Dóche mac Magach. Is me ám écin, bar Íliach. Acht tair chucum fodechtsa & ben mo chend dím, agus maired mo chlaideb acut chena dot charait do Loegaire. Tanic Dóche da saigid, agus tuc béim claidib dó co topacht a chend de. Conid Mellgleo Íliach gonici-sein.





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23e. Here Now The Deer-Stalking of Amargin in Taltiu

This Amargin was the son of Cass who was son of Bacc who was son of Ross Ruad ('the Red') who was son of Rudraige. He came upon the warriors going over Taltiu westward, and he made them turn before him over Taltiu northwards. And he put his left elbow under him in Taltiu. And his people furnished him with rocks and boulders and great clumps of earth, and he began to pelt the men of Erin till the end of three days and three nights.

The adventures of Curoi son of Darè follow now.

He was told that a single man was checking and stopping four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring. And he felt it unworthy of himself and he deemed it too long that his people were without him. And it was then he set out to the host to fight and contend with Cuchulain. And when he was come to the place where Cuchulain was, he saw Cuchulain there moaning, full of wounds and pierced through with holes, and he felt it would not be honourable nor fair to fight and contend with him after the

Oisligi Amargin i Taltin and-so annossa.

Amairgin é-side mac Caiss meic Baicc meic Rosa Ruaid meic Rudraigi. Ruc-saide bar na sluagaib ac techt dar Taltin síar, agus imsóe reme dar Taltin sathuáid íat. Acus tuc a ulli chlé faé i Taltin. Acus ra ecratar amunter é de chlochaib & chorthib & táthleccaib móra. Acus ra gab ac diburgun fer n-hErend co cend teora lá & teora n-aidche.

Imthúsa Chonruí meic Dáire sund innossa.

Racuas dó-saide oenfer ac fostod & ac immfuireach chethri n-ollchuiced hErend o luán taite samna co taite n-imboilg. Acus ba dimbág laisium anísein & ba rochían leis batar a munter na écmais, & tanic reme do chomlund & do chomruc ra Coinculaind. Acus and úair ránic-sium go airm i m-bái Cuchulaind, ra chonnaic-sium Coinculaind and cáintech crechtach treachta, & niromiad & niro maiss leisium comlund na chomrac do dénam riss, aithle chomraic Fir diad, ar bith ar na bad mó bud marb Cuchulaind dina cnedaib & dina créchtaib dorat Fer diad fair inn uair reime. Acus gided tarcid Cuchulaind do-som comrac

combat with Ferdiad. Because it would be said it was not that Cuchulain died of the sores and wounds which he would give him so much as of the wounds which Ferdiad had inflicted on him in the conflict before. Be that as it might, Cuchulain offered to engage with him in battle and combat.

Thereupon Curoi set forth for to seek the men of Erin and, when he was near at hand, he espied Amargin there and his left elbow under him to the west of Taltiu. Curoi reached the men of Erin from the north. His people equipped him with rocks and boulders and great clumps, and he began to hurl them right over against Amargin, so that Badb's battle-stones collided in the clouds and in the air high above them, and every rock of them was shivered into an hundred stones.

"By the truth of thy valour, O Curoi," cried Medb, "desist from thy throwing, for no real succour nor help comes to us therefrom, but ill is the succour and help that thence come to us." "I pledge my word," cried Curoi, "I will not cease till the very day of doom and of life, till first Amargin cease!" "I will cease," said Amargin; "and do thou engage that thou wilt no more come to succour or give aid to the men of Erin." Curoi consented to that and went his way to return to his land and people.

& comlund do denam ris-seom.

Táinic Cúruí reime assa aithle d'indsaigid fer n-hErend , agus and úair ráinic-sium atchondairc-sium Amairgin and & a uille chlé faé ri Taltin aníar. Tanic Cu rúi ri feraib hErend atúaid. Ra ecratar a munter é de chlochaib & chorthib &tathleccaib móra. Acus ra gab ac díburgun [i n-]agid i n-agid, .i. i n-agid Amargin combofrecaitis na bairendlecca bodba innélaib & i n-áeraib úasu, co n-denad chét cloch di cach oen chloich díb.

Ar fír do gascid fritt a Chú rúi, ar Medb, scuir dún diburgun, dáig ni furtacht ná fóirithin tic dún de acht is mífurtacht tic dún de. Tiur-sa bréthir, bar Cú rúi, na scuriub-sa co brunni brátha & betha, co ro scuirea Amargin. Scoirfet-sa , bar Amargin, & geib-siu fort na ticfa d'fortacht na d'fóirithin fer n-hErend ní bas mó. Faemais Cú rúi aní sein. Acus táinic Cú rúi reme d'indsaigid a chríche & a muntire.

About this time the hosts went past Taltiu westwards. "It is not this was enjoined upon me," quoth Amargin: "never again to cast at the hosts." And he went to the west of them and he turned them before him north-eastwards past Taltiu. And he began to pelt them for a long while and time.

Then it was also that the men of Erin said it would be no disgrace for Amargin to leave the camp and quarters, and that the hosts would retire a day's march back to the north again, there to stop and stay, and for him to quit his feats of arms upon the hosts until such time as he would meet them on the day of the great battle when the four grand provinces of Erin would encounter at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge. Amargin accepted that offer, and the hosts proceeded a day's march back to the northwards again. Wherefore the 'Deer-stalking' of Amargin in Taltiu the name of this tale.

Rancatar dar Taltin siar risin re sin. Ni hed ra nasced, bar Amargin, itir gan na sluaig do diburgun aris. Acus tánic riu aniar & imsoe reme dar Taltin sairtúaid iat. Acus ra gab gá n-díburgun ra ré cían & ra reimes fata .

Is and-sain dana ra ráidsetar fir hErend na bad athis d'Amargin dunad & longphort d'falmugud dó & na slúaig do thecht uide 1á for cúlu fa thuaid doridisi da fostud & da n-imfuireach & a gním gascid do scur dona sluagaib, ar co tised chuccu do ló in mórchatha airm condricfaitis cethri ollchoiceda hErend for Gárig & Ilgarig i cath tanad bó Cualnge. Faemais Amargin aní sin. Acus lotar na slúaig uide 1á for cúlu fa thúaid doridisi. Conid Ossligi Amargin i Taltin and-sain.



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24. The Repeated Warning of Sualtaim

Now while the deeds we have told here were being done, Sualtaim ('Goodly fosterer') son of Becaltach ('of Small belongings') son of Moraltach ('of Great belongings'), the same the father of Cuchulain macSualtaim, was told of the distress of his son contending in unequal combat on the Cualnge Cattle-spoil, even against Calatin Dana ('the Bold') with his seven and twenty sons, and against Glass son of Delga, his grandson.

"Whate'er it be, this that I hear from afar," quoth Sualtaim, "it is the sky that bursts or the sea that ebbs or the earth that quakes, or is it the distress of my son overmatched in the strife on the Driving of the Kine of Cualnge?" In that, indeed, Sualtaim spoke true. And he went to learn all after a while, without hastening on his way. And when Sualtaim was come to where his son Cuchulain was, Sualtaim began to moan and lament for Cuchulain.

Sírrobud Sualtaim and-so innossa.

Sualtaim e-side mac Becaltaig meic Móraltaig, athair side Conculaind meic Sualtaim. Rachuas do-saide buadrugud a meic ac comrac ra écomlund for táin bó Cualnge, .i. ri Calatín n-dána cona secht maccaib fichet & rá hua ra Glass mac n-Delga.

Is do chéin gid so, bar Sualtaim, in nem maides ná in muir thráges ná in talam condascara ná inné búadrugud mo meic-sea so ac comrac ra écomlund for Táin bó Cualnge. Ba fír ám do Sualtam aní sein. Acus ra luid da fis ár tain, cen co dechaid a chetóir. Acus and úair ránic Sualtam go airm i m-bae Cuchulaind, ra gab Sualtam ac écgaine & ac airchisecht de.

Forsooth Cuchulain deemed it neither an honour nor glory that Sualtaim should bemoan and lament him, for Cuchulain knew that, wounded and injured though he was, Sualtaim would not be the man to avenge his wrong. For such was Sualtaim: He was no mean warrior and he was no mighty warrior, but only a good, worthy man was he. "Come, my father Sualtaim," said Cuchulain, "do thou go to Emain Macha to the men of Ulster and tell them to come now to have a care for their droves, for no longer am I able to protect them in the gaps and passes of the land of Conalle Murthemni. All alone am I against four of the five grand provinces of Erin from Monday at Summer's end till the beginning of Spring, every day slaying a man on a ford and a hundred warriors every night. Fair fight is not granted me nor single combat, and no one comes to aid me nor to succour. Spancel-hoops hold my cloak over me. Dry tufts of grass are stuffed in my wounds. There is not a single hair on my body from my crown to my sole whereon the point of a needle could stand, without a drop of deep-red blood on the top of each hair, save the left hand alone which is holding my shield, and even there thrice fifty bloody wounds are upon it. And let them straightway give battle to the warriors, and unless they avenge this anon, they will never avenge it till the very day of doom and of life!"

Sualtaim set out on Liath ('the Roan') of Macha as his only horse, with warning to the men of Ulster. And when he was come alongside of Emain, he shouted these words there: "Men are slain, women stolen, cattle lifted, ye men of Ulster!" cried Sualtaim.

Nir bo míad & nír bo maiss ám ra Coinculaind aní sin, Sualtam do écgáine no d'airchisecht de, daíg ra fitir Cuchulaind gea ra gonta & gea ra crechtnaigthe é, na bad gress da dígail Sualtam. Ór is amlaid ra bóí Sualtam acht nír bo drochlaech é & nír bo deglaech, acht muadóclach maith rita-caemnacair. Maith a mo phopa Sualtaim bar Cuchulaind, dó duit-síu go hElmain go Ultu , acus raid ríu techt i n-díaid a tána fadeictsa , daíg ní dam tualaing-sea a n-imdecgail ní as mó for bernadaib & belgib criche Conaille Murthemne. Atu-sa m-oenur i n-agid chethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend o lúan tate samna co taithe n-imboilg, ic marbad fir ar áth cach láí & cét laech cach n-aidchi. Ní damar fír fer dam na comlond óenfír, & ní thic nech dom fortacht ná dom forithin. Is stúaga urchuill congabat mo bratt torom. Is suipp sesca fuilet im áltaib. Ní fuil finna fora tairised rind snáthaite adám berrad gom bonnaib gan drúcht fola forrderge ar barruachtur cach findae, acht in lám chlé fail ac congáil mo scéith, acus cid hí-side filet teora cóica fuile fuirri, & munu diglat-som a chetóir sein, ní digélat co brunni m-bratha & betha.

Tanic Sualtam reime for in Líath Macha d'óeneoch, go robtaib leis do Ultaib. Acus and uair ránic do thaeib na hEmna, rabert na briathra sa and: Fir gontair, mna berdair, bae aegdair, a Ultu, bar Sualtam.

He had not the answer that served him from the Ulstermen, and forasmuch as he had it not he went on further to the rampart of Emain. And he cried out the same words there: "Men are slain, women stolen, cattle lifted, ye men of Ulster!" cried Sualtaim.

Again he had not the response that served him from the men of Ulster. Thus stood it among the Ulstermen: It was geis for the Ulstermen to speak before their king, geis for the king to speak before his druids. Thereafter Sualtaim drove on to the 'Flagstone of the hostages' in Emain Macha. He shouted the same words there: "Men are slain, women stolen, cows carried off!"

"But who has slain them, and who has stolen them, and who has carried them off?" asked Cathba the druid. "Ailill and Medb have overwhelmed you," said Sualtaim. "Your wives and your sons and your children, your steeds and your stock of horses, your herds and your flocks and your droves of cattle have been carried away. Cuchulain all alone is checking and staying the hosts of the four great provinces of Erin at the gaps and passes of the land of Conalle Murthemni. Fair fight is refused him, nor is he granted single combat, nor comes any one to succour or aid him. The youth is wounded, his limbs are out of joint. Spancel-hoops hold his cloak over him. There is not a hair from his crown to his sole whereon the point of a needle could stand, without a drop of deep-red blood on the top of each hair, except his left hand alone which is holding his shield, and even there thrice fifty bloody wounds are upon it. And unless ye avenge this betimes, ye will never avenge it till the end of time and of life."

Ni fuair ba leór leis ó Ultaib, & dáig na fuair [ná fúair] tanic reme fa fordreich na hEmna. Acus rabert na briathra cetna and: Fir gontair, mna bertair, bae aegtair, a Ultu, bar Sualtam.

Ni fuair in frecra ra bu leor leis ó Ultaib. Is amlaid ra batar Ulaid: geiss d'Ultaib labrad rena rí, geis don rí labrad rena druidib. Tanic reme assa aithle for licc na n-gíall i n-Emain Macha. Rabert na briathra cetna and: Fir gondair, mná berdair, bae aegtair.

Cia ro-das-gon & cia ro-tas-brat & cia ro-das-beir ale, for Cathbath drúí. Ra-bar n-airg Ailill & Medb, bar Sualtam, tuctha far mna & far meic & far maccaemu, far n-eich & far n-echrada, far n-albi & far n-etti & far nh-innili. Ata Cuchulaind a oenur ac fostud & ac imfuirech cethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend for bernaib & belgib criche Conaille Murthemne. Ní damar fír fer dó na chomlund oenfir, ni thic nech da fortacht na da fóritin. Ra gaét in mac, ra luid a haltaib. Is stuaga urchuill congabat a bratt taris. Ni fuil finna ara tairissed rind snathaite oda berrad co a bonnaib can a drucht fola forrderge co barruachtur cach oenfindae dó, acht in lám chlé faíl ac congbháil a scéith fair, agus gid hi-side fuilet teora coica fuili fuirri. Acus manu digailti-si a chetóir sein, ní digeltai go bru(n)ni m-bratha & betha.

"Fitter is death and doom and destruction for the man that so incites the king!" quoth Cathba the druid. "In good sooth, it is true!" said the Ulstermen all together. Thereupon Sualtaim went his way from them, indignant and angry because from the men of Ulster he had not had the answer that served him.

Then reared Liath ('the Roan') of Macha under Sualtaim and dashed on to the ramparts of Emain. Thereat Sualtaim fell under his own shield, so that the edge of the shield severed Sualtaim's head. The horse himself turned back again to Emain, and the shield on the horse and the head on the shield. And Sualtaim's head uttered the same words: "Men are slain women stolen, cattle lifted, ye men of Ulster!" spake the head of Sualtaim.

"Some deal too great is that cry," quoth Conchobar; "for yet is the sky above us, the earth underneath and the sea round about us. And unless the heavens shall fall with their showers of stars on the man-like face of the world, or unless the ground burst open in quakes beneath our feet, or unless the furrowed, blue-bordered ocean break o'er the tufted brow of the earth, will I restore to her byre and her stall, to her abode and her dwelling-place, each and every cow and woman of them with victory of battle and contest and combat!"

Is uissiu a bás & a éc & a aided ind fir congreiss in rig samlaid, for Cathbath drúí. Is fír ám uile annaide. Tanic Sualtam reme tria lunne & anseirc, dáig na fuair in recra ba leor leis ó Ultaib.

Andsein driuctrais in Liath Macha ba Sualtam, acus tanic reme fa urdreich na hEmna. Is and-sain imsóí a scíath fein bar Sualtam, co topacht bil a scéith féin a chend de Sualtam. Luid in t-ech féin bar cúlu arís in Emain, & in sciath barsin n-eoch , & in cend barsin sciath. Acus rabert cend Sualtam na briathra cetna: Fir gondair, mná berdair, bae aegdar, a Ultu, bar cend Sualtaim.

Romór bic in nuall sa, bar Conchobar, dáig nem uasaind & talam ísaind & muir immaind immá cuard. Acht munu thaéth in firmiment cona frossaib retland bar dunadgnuis in talman, ná mono mae in talam assa thalamchumscugud, ná mono thí inn fairge eithrech ochorgorm for tulmoing in bethad, dober-sa cach bó & cach ben díb ca lias & ca machad, co aitte & co adbái fadessin ar m-buaid chatha & chomlaind & chomraic.

Thereupon a runner of his people was summoned to Conchobar, Findchad Ferbenduma ('he of the copper Horn') to wit, son of Fraech Lethan ('the Broad'), and he bade him go assemble and muster the men of Ulster. And in like manner, Conchobar enumerated to him their quick and their dead, in the drunkenness of sleep and of his 'Pains,' and he uttered these words: The Order of the men of Ulster.

"Arise, O Findchad!
I Thee I send forth:
A negligence not to be
wished (?);
Proclaim it to the chiefs of
Ulster!

Acus iss and-sain barregaim echlach da muntir fadessin do Chonchobur, Findchad Fer bend uma mac Fraechlethain, agus ra ráid riss techt do thinol & do thochostul Ulad. Acus is cumma barrurim biu & marbu dó trí mesci a chotulta & a chessa noenden. Acus rabert na briathra:

Ardotrái a Findchaid,
ardotfaedim,
ní hadlicgi ássidi,
a fasnís ócaib Ulad.



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24a. The Order of the Men of Ulster

"Arise, O Findchad!" [said
Conchobar,]
I Thee I send forth:
A negligence not to be wished
(?);
Proclaim it to the chiefs of
Ulster!

Tochestol Ulad inso.

Ardotrái a Findchaid,
ardotfaedim,
ní hadlicgi álsidi,
a fasnís do ócaib Ulad.

Go thou forward to Derg, to Deda at his bay, to Lemain, to Follach, to Illann son of Fergus at Gabar, to Dornaiill Feic at Imchlar, to Derg Indirg, to Fedilmid son of Ilar Cetach of Cualnge at Ellonn, to Reochad son of Fathemon at Rigdonn, to Lug, to Lugaid, to Cathba at his bay, to Carfre at Ellne, to Laeg at his causeway, to Gemen in his valley, to Senoll Uathach at Diabul Ard, to Cethern son of Fintan at Carrloig, to Cethern at Eillne, to Tarothor, to Mulach at his fort, to the royal poet Amargin, to Uathach Bodba, to the Morrigan at Dûn Sobairche, to Eit, to Roth, to Fiachna at his mound, to Dam drend, to Andiaraid, to Manè Macbriathrach, to Dam Derg, to Mod, to Mothus, to Iarmothus at Corp Cliath, to Gabarlaig in Linè, to Eocho Semnech in Semne, to Eochaid Laithrech at Latharne, to Celtchar son of Uthecar in Lethglas, to Errgè Echbel at Bri Errgi, to Uma son of Remarfessach at Fedain in Cualnge, to

Erc uaim co Derg co Dedad co imber, co Leamain, co Fallach, co hIllan mac Fergossa go Gabair, co Dornaiill Féic co Imlár, co Derg indirg, co Feidlimidh mac Ilair cetaig Cualnge go hEllond, co Rochaid mac Faitemon co Rigdond, co Lug, co Lugdaig, co Cathbath co a inber, co Carpre, co hEllne, co Laeg co a thocur, co Geimen co a glend, co Senal Uathach, co Diabul n-Ard. Co Cethern mac Fintain, go Carrlóig, co Cethern co Eillne, co Tarothor, co Mulaig co a dún, cosin rígfílid co Amargin, cosin n-Uathaig m-Bodba, cosin Morrigin do Dún Sobairche, co hEit, co Roth, co Fiachna có fert, co Dam n-drend, co Andiaraid, co Mane Macbriathrach, co Dam n-derg, co Mod, co Mothus, co Iarmothus, co Corp Cliath co Garbarlaig iLline, co Eocho Semnech i Semne, co hEchdaich Lathach co Latharnu, co Celtchair mac Cuthechair iLethglais, co hErrgi Echbél co Brí Errgi, co hUma mac Remarfessaig co Fedain

Munremur son of Gerrcend at Moduirn, to Senlabair at Canann Gall, to Fallomain, to Lugaid, king of the Fir Bolg, to Lugaid of Linè, to Buadgalach, to Abach, to Fergna at Barrene, to Anè, to Aniach, to Abra, to Loegaire Milbel, at his fire (?), to the three sons of Trosgal at Bacc Draigin, to Drend, to Drenda, to Drendus, to Cimb, to Cimbil, to Cimbin at Fan na Coba, to Fachtna son of Sencha at his rash, to Sencha, to Senchainte, to Bricriu, to Briccirne son of Bricriu, to Brecc, to Buan, to Barach, to Oengus of the Fir Bolg, to Oengus son of Letè, to Fergus son of Letè, to . . . (?), to Bruachar, to Slangè, to Conall Cernach son of Amargin at Midluachar, to Cuchulain son of Sualtaim at Murthemne, to Menn son of Salcholga at Rena, to the three sons of Fiachna, Ross, Darè and Imchad at Cualnge, to Connud macMorna at the Callann, to Condra son of Amargin at his rash, to Amargin at Ess Ruaid, to Laeg at Leirè, to Oengus Ferbenduma, to Ogma Grianaineach at Brecc, to Eo macFornè, to Tollcend, to Sudè at Mag Eol in Mag Dea, to Conla Saeb at Uarba, to Loegaire Buadach at Immail, to Amargin Iarngiunnach at Taltiu, to Furbaide Ferbenn son-of Conchobar at Sil in Mag Inis, to Cuscraid Menn of Macha son of Conchobar at Macha, to Fingin at Fingabair, to Blae 'the Hospitaller of a score,' to Blae 'the Hospitaller of six men,' to Eogan son of Durthacht at Fernmag, to Ord at Mag Sered, to Oblan, to Obail at Culenn, to Curethar, to Liana at Ethbenna, to Fernel, to Finnchad of Sliab Betha, to Talgoba at Bernas, to Menn son of the Fir Cualann at Mag Dula, to Iroll at Blarinè, to Tobraidè son of Ailcoth, to Ialla Ilgremma, to Ross son of Ulchrothach at Mag Dobra, to Ailill Finn, to Fethen Bec, to Fethan Mor, to Fergus son of Finnchoem at Burach, to Olchar, to Ebadchar, to Uathchar, to Etachar, to Oengus son of

Cualnge, co Munremur mac Gerrcind co Moduirn, co Senlabair co Canaind n-Gall, co Follomain, co Lugdaig co rig m-Builg, co Lugdaig Line, co Buadgalach, co hAbach, co Fergna co Barrene, co hÁniach, co hAbra, co Loegaire Milbél co a breo, co tri maccaib Trosgail co Bacc n-Draigin, co Drend, co Drenda, co Drendus, co Cimm, co Cimbil, co Cimmin co Fán na Coba, co Fachtna mac Sencha co a ráith, co Sencha, co Senchainte, co Briceni, co Briccirni (i. fillius Bricni), co Brecc, co Buán, co Barach, co hOengus m-Bolg, co hOengus mac Lethi, co Fergus mac Leiti, co Mall arfiach arfénned, co Brúachar, co Slánge, co Conall Cernach mac Amargin co Midluachair, co Coinculaind mac Sualtaim co Murthemne, co Mend mac Salcholcan co a Rénaib, co tri maccaib Fiachnai co Ross, co Dáre, co Imchaid co Cualnge, co Connud mac Mornai co Callaind, co Condraid mac Amargin co a ráith, co Amargin co Ess Ruaid, co ILaég co ILéire, co Oengus Fer bend uma, co hOmgma n-Grianaineach, co Brecc, co hEo mac Forne, co Tollcend, co Súde, co Mag néola co Mag n-Dea, co Conla Saéb, co hÚarba, co Laegairi m-Buagach co hImpail, co hAmargin Iarngiunnaig co Taltin, co Furbaide Fer bend mac Conchobair co Síil co Mag n-Inis, co Cuscraid Mend Macha mac Conchobair co Macha, co Fíngin co Fíngabair, co blae Fichet, co Blai m-Briuga co Fésser, co Eogan mac n-Durthachta co Fernmag, co hOrd co Serthig, co hOblán, co hObail co Culend, co Curethar, co Liana, co hEthbenna, co Fernéll, co Findchad Slebe Betha, co Talgobaind co Bernd, co Mend mac Fir Chualand co Maigi Dula, co hÍroll co Blárine, co Tobradi mac n-Ailcotha, co hÍalla n-Ilgremma, co Ros mac n-Ulchrothaig co Mag nobla, co Ailill Find, co Fethen m-Bec, co Fethen Mór, co Fergna

Oenlam Gabè, to Ruadri at Mag Tail, to Manè son of Crom, to Nindech son of Cronn, to . . . (?), to Mal macRochraid, to Beothach, to Briathrach at his rash, to Narithla at Lothor, to the two sons of Feic, Muridach and Cotreb, to Fintan son of Niamglonnach at Dun da Benn, to Feradach Finn Fechnach at Nemed of Sliab Fuait, to Amargin son of Ecetsalach at the Buas, to Bunnè son of Munremar, to Fidach son of Dorarè, to Muirnè Menn.

It was nowise a heavy task for Finnchad to gather this assembly and muster which Conchobar had enjoined upon him. For all there were of Ulstermen to the east of Emain and to the west of Emain and to the north of Emain set out at once for the field of Emain in the service of their king, and at the word of their lord, and to await the recovery of Conchobar. Such as were from the south of Emain waited not for Conchobar, but set out directly on the trail of the host and on the hoof-prints of the Táin.

The first stage the men of Ulster marched under Conchobar was from Emain to the green in Iraid Cuillinn that night. "Why now delay we, ye men?" Conchobar asked. "We await thy sons," they answered; "Fiacha and Fiachna who have gone with a division from us to Tara to fetch Erc son of thy daughter Fedlimid Nocruthach ('Nine-shaped'), son also of Carbre Niafer king of Tara, to the end that he should come with the number of his muster and his troops, his levy and his forces to our host at this time." "By my word," exclaimed Conchobar; "I will delay here no longer for them, lest the

mac Findchona co Búrach, co hOlchar, co hEbadchar, co Uathchar, co hEtachar, co Oengus mac Oenláme Gábe, co Mane mac Cruim, co Nindich mac Cruind, co dipsemilid, co Mal mac Rochraid, co Beothaig, co Briathraig co a ráith, co Náirithlaind co Lothor, co da mac Feicge, co Muridach co Cótreib, co Fintan mac Neill Niamglonnaig co Dún da bend co Feradach Find Fechnach co Neimed Slebe Fúait, co hAmargin mac Ecelsalaig Goband co Búais, co Bunni mac Munremair, co Fidach mac Doraire, co Muirne Mend.

Nira dulig ám do Findchad in tinól & in tóchostul sain rabert Conchobar riss do denam. Dáig inneoch ra bóí ó Emain sair & ó Emain síar & ó Emain sathúaid, ra thoegat-side ass a chetóir co fáitche i n-Emain ra costud a ríge ra bréthir a flatha & ra frithalim comergi Conchobar, inneoch ra bóí ó Emain sadess no ra thaegat-side ass a chetóir ar slicht in t-sluaig & in ingenbothur na tánad.

In cétna uide bachomluisetar Ulaid im Conchobar: co fáitche i n-Iraid Chullend inn aidchi sin. Cid risan-idnaidem-ni so iter a firo, bar Conchobar. Anmáit-ni rit maccaib-siu, bar íat-som, ri Fiachaig & ra Fiachna lotar úain ar cend Eirc meic Feidilmthe Nóchruthaige meic th'ingini-siu, mac saide Carpri Nia fer, ar co tí collín a sluaig & a sochraite, a thinóil & a thochostail nar sochraiti-ni din chur sa. Tiursa brethir, bar Conchobar, nachas-idnaidiub-sa and-so ní bas mó, ná co clórat fir hErend mo chomergisea assin deón & assin chess irra ba. Dáig ní fetatar fir hErend inad béo-sa mad cose iter.

men of Erin hear of my rising from the weakness and 'Pains' wherein I was. For the men of Erin know not even if I am still alive!"

Thereupon Conchobar and Celtchar proceeded with thirty hundred spear-bristling chariot-fighters to Ath Irmidi ('the Ford of Spear-points'). And there met them eight-score huge men of the body-guard of Ailill and Medb, with eight-score women as their spoils. Thus was their portion of the plunder of Ulster: A woman-captive in the hand of each man of them. Conchobar and Celtchar struck off their eight-score heads and released their eight-score captive-women. Ath Irmidi ('the Ford of Spear-points') was the name of the place till that time; Ath Fenè is its name ever since. It is for this it is called Ath Fenè, because the warriors of the Fenè from the east and the warriors of the Fenè from the west encountered one another in battle and contest man for man on the brink of the ford.

Conchobar and Celtchar returned that night to the green in Iraid Cuillinn hard by the men of Ulster. Thereupon Celtchar aroused the men of Ulster.

And-sain ra luid Conchobar & Celtchair trichu cét carpdech n-imrindi co hÁth n-Irmidi. Acus baralsat dóib and ocht fichti fer mór do shainmuntir Ailella & Medba, & ocht fichti fer mór do sainmuntir Ailella & Medba, & ocht fichti ban braití accu. Básed a n-ernail do braití Ulad: ben braití illáim cach fir díb. Éscis Conchobar & Celtchair a n-ocht fichti cend díb & a n-ocht fichti ban m-braití. Áth n-Írmidi a ainm mad cosin, Áth Féinne a ainm o sain ille. Is aire atberar Áth Feinne riss, daíg con comairnectar inn óic féinne anair & inn óic féinne aníar cathugud & imbualad im urbrunni inn átha.

Tanic Conchobar & Celtchair for culu co fáitche i n-Irard Chullend inn aidchi sin i farrad Ulad.





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24b. The Agitation of Celtchar

Búadris Celtchair and-so innossa.

It was then that Celtchar in his sleep uttered these words in the midst of the men of Ulster in Iraid Cuillinn that night:

Is and-sain rabert Celtchair na briathra sa inossa ac Ultaib i n-Iraid Chullend inn aidchi sin:

"Thirty hundred chariot-men;
An hundred horse-companions
stout;
An hundred with an hundred
druids!
To lead us will not fail
The hero of the land,
Conchobar with hosts around
him!
Let the battle line be formed!
Gather now, ye warriors!
Battle shall be fought
At Garech and Ilgarech
On aftermorrow's morn!"

trícha chet n-arad.
cét crúaid n-echdámach
cét im chét drúad
dar tus imdesfiaid
fer feraind
im dremnib Conchobar
faichlethar cath
claidid a féinne
gongáinethar cath
for Gárich & Ilgarich
issin matin-sea mon airther.

On that same night Cormac Conlongas, Conchobar's son, spake these words to the men of Erin at Slemain Mide that night:

Isí inn adaig cétna rabert Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair na briathra sa ac feraib hErend, ac Slemain Mide inn aidchi sin:

"A wonder of a morning,
A wondrous I time!
When hosts will be confused,
Kings turned back in flight!
Necks will be broken,
The sand made red,
When forth breaks the battle,
the seven chieftains before,
Of Ulster's host round
Conchobar!
Their women will they
defend,
For their herds will they fight
At Garech and Ilgarech,
On the morning after the
morrow! "

Amra maitne
amra mithisi
mescfaither sloig
soithfider rig
memsite muineoil
ruidfes grian
commae re secht cléithe
slúaig Ulad im Chonchobar.
Cossénait a mná.
rasesset a n-éite
for Gárig & Ilgarig
isin matin-sea mon airther.

On that same night, Dubthach Doel ('the Scorpion') of Ulster uttered these words in his sleep among the men of Erin at Slemain Mide that night:

Is hí inn adaig cétna rabert Dubthach Dael
Ulad na briathra sa oc feraib hErend, i
Slemain Mide inn aidchi sin:

"Great be the morn,
The morn of Meath!
Great be the truce
The truce of Culenn!

Móra maitne.
maitne Mide.
móra ossud
[ossud] Cullend.

"Great be the fight,
The fight Of Clartha!
Great, too, the steeds,
The steeds of Assal!

móra cundscliu.
cundscliu Chlathra.
móra echrad.
echrad Assail.

"Great be the plague,
The plague of Tuath-Bressi!
Great be the storm,
Ulster's battle-storm round
Conchobar!

móra tedmand.
tedmand tuath Bressi.
móra in chlóe
clóe Ulad im Chonchobar

"Their women will they
defend,

Cossénait a mná.
ra seisset a n-éiti
for Garig & Ilgarig

For their herds will they fight
At Garech and Ilgarech,
On the morning after the
morrow!"

isin matin se mon airther.

Dubthach was awakened from his sleep, so that Nemain brought confusion on the host and they fell trembling in their arms under the points of their spears and weapons, so that an hundred warriors of them fell dead in the midst of their camp and quarters at the fearfulness of the shout they heard on high. Be that as it would, that night was not the calmest for the men of Erin that they passed before or since, because of the forebodings and predictions and because of the spectres and visions that were revealed to them.

And-sain confuchtaithe Dubthach trina chotlud, co ro mesc ind Neamain bar sin slóg, collotar i n-armgrith bha rennaib a sleg & a faebor, co n-ébailt cét láech díb ar lar a n-dúnaid & allongphuir re úathgráin na gáre ra bertatar ar aird. Cid trá acht ní hí sin aidche bá sáime d'fearaib hErend fúaratar ríam na híaram risin tairchetul & risin tarngiri, risna fuathaib & risna haslingib facessa dóib.



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25. Here Followeth The Array of The Host

Said Ailill: "Truly have I succeeded," said he, "in laying waste Ulster and the land of the Picts from Monday at Summer's end till Spring's beginning. We have taken their women and the sons and their children, their steeds and their troops of horses, their herds and their flocks and their droves. We have laid level their hills after them, so that they have become lowlands and are all one height. For this cause, will I await them no longer here, but let them offer me battle on Mag Ai, if so it please them. But, say here what we will, some one shall go forth from us to watch the great, wide plain of Meath, to know if the men of Ulster come hither. And, should the men of Ulster come hither, I will in no wise be the first to retreat till battle be given them, for it was never the wont of a good king to retreat." "Who should fitly go thither?" asked all. "Who but macRoth our chief runner yonder?"

Toichim na m-buiden ann-so.

And-sain atbert Ailill: Ras-etarrad-sa ám, bar Ailill, arggain Ulad & Cruthni o lúan tati samna co tate n-imbuilg. Tucsam a mnaa & a meic & a maccaémi, a n-eich & a n-echrada, a n-albi & a n-eiti & a n-indili. Barrallsam a tilcha dá n-éis, co failet ina fántaib, comtís comarda síat. Is aire nachass-idnaidib-sa and-so ní bas mó, acht tabrat chath dam-sa ar Maig Ae madi tecra leo. Act ciatberam-ni and-so no taéit nech d'farsin maigi mórarsing Mide da fiss in tecat Ulaid ind. Acus ma thecait Ulaid ind, ní thechíub-sa da ráith itir, daíg ni robés rí rotheched dogrés itir. Cia bhad chóir do thecht and, bar cách. Cia acht Mac Roth in rímechlach and-sút.

MacRoth went his way to survey the great wide-spreading plain of Meath. Not long was macRoth there when he heard something: A rush and a crash and a clatter and a clash. Not slight the thing he judged it to be, but as though it was the firmament itself that fell on the man-like face of the world, or as though it was the furrowed, blue-bordered ocean that broke o'er the tufted brow of the earth, or as though the ground had gone asunder in quakes, or as though the forest fell, each of the trees in the crotches and forks and branches of the other. But why give further accounts! The wood's wild beasts were hunted out on the plain, so that beneath them the grassy forelocks of the plain of Meath were not to be seen.

MacRoth hastened to tell this tale at the place where were Ailill and Medb and Fergus and the nobles of the men of Erin. MacRoth related the whole matter to them.

"What was that there, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Not hard to say," said Fergus. "It was the rush and tramp and clatter that he heard," said Fergus, "the din and thunder, the tumult and turmoil of the Ulstermen, who have come into the woods, the throng of champions and battle-heroes cutting down with their swords the woods in the way of their chariots. This it was that hath put the wild animals to flight on the plain, so that the grassy forelocks of the field of Meath are hidden beneath them!"

Tanic Mac Roth reime d'farsai maigi morfarsing Mide. Nir bo chían do Mac Roth da m-bae and, co cuala inní: in fúaim & in fothrom, in sestan & in sesilbi. Nír súail ní ris bud samalta leiss, acht mar bad hí in firmiment dothuitted bar dunegnuis in talman, ná mar bad hí ind fairgce eithrech ochargorm tísad for tulmoing in bethad, na mar bad é in talam barrálad assa thalamchumscugud, ná mar bad hí ind fidbad rathuitted cách dib i n-glaccaib & gablaib & géascaib araile. Cid trá acht barrafnit na fíadmíla barsin mag, connar bo réil tulmonga maige Mide fóthib.

Tanic Mac Roth co n-innisin sceóil sein co airm i m-baé Ailill & Medb & Fergus & mathi fer n-Erend. Dochúaid Mac Roth dóib aní sin.

Cid and sút a Fergais, bar Ailill. Ni hinsa, bar Fergus. Is é fúaim & fothromm & fidréan atchúalansom, bar Fergus, toirm & torand, sestainib & sesilbi, at Ulaid barfópartatar in fid, imdrong na curad & na cathmíled, ac slaide ind feda cona claidbib rena carpdib. Iss ed ón barraffind na fíadmíla barsin mag, connach réil tulmonga maige Mide fóthib.

Another time macRoth surveyed the plain and he saw something: a heavy, grey mist that filled the space between the heavens and earth. It seemed to him that the hills were islands in lakes that he saw rising up out of the sloping valleys of mist. It seemed to him they were wide-yawning caverns that he saw there leading into that mist. It seemed to him it was all-white, flaxy sheets of linen, or sifted snow a-falling that he saw there through a rift in the mist. It seemed to him it was a flight of many, varied, wonderful, numerous birds, or the constant sparkling of shining stars on a bright, clear night of hoar-frost, or sparks of red-flaming fire. He heard something: A rush and a din and a hurtling sound, a noise and a thunder, a tumult and a turmoil. He hastened on to impart these tidings at the place where were Ailill and Medb and Fergus and the nobles of the men of Erin. He reported the matter to them.

"But what was that, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "Not hard to say," Fergus made answer. "This was the great, grey mist that he saw which filled the space between the heavens and earth, namely, the streaming breath both of horses and men, the smoke of the earth and the dust of the roads as it rose over them with the driving of the wind, so that it made a heavy, deep-grey misty vapour thereof in the clouds and the air.

Fecht n-aill forréccaig Mac Roth in mag, con facca ní: in n-glaschéo mór ra ercc in comás eter nem & talmain. Andar leiss bátar indsi ás lochaib atchondaic ás fanglentaib na cíach. Andar leis bátar úama ursloicthi atchonnaic and irremthus na ciach cetna. Andar leis balínanarta lín lánghela ná bá snechta sithalta ac snigi, ra ta-farfait and tri urdiuich na cíach cetna. Nandar leis ba eochain de ilénaib ilerda ingantacha imda, ná ba hilibrectnugud retland roglan i n-aidchi réoid rosolais, nó ba háible teined trichemrúaid. Atchuala ní: in fúaim & in fothrom, & in fidreán, in toirm & in torand, in sestainib & in sesilbi. Tanic remi co n-innisin in scéoil sin co hairm i m-bái Ailill & Medb & Fergus & mathi fer n-hErend. Dachuaid dóib aní sein.

Cid and-sút ale a Fergais, bar Ailill. Ni in sa, bar Fergus. Is é glaschéo mór atchondaic-sium ra erc in comás eter nem & talmain: imthinnsaitin anála na n-ech & na curad, smútgur in láir & luathred na conar conasecgaib ri séol n-gáithe uasu, co n-derna tromchiaich treglaiss de in-nélaib & i n-aéraib.

"These were the islands over lakes that he saw there, and the tops of hills and of heights over the sloping valleys of mist, even the heads of the champions and battle-heroes over the chariots and the chariots withal. These were the wide-yawning caverns that he saw there leading into that mist, even the mouths and the nostrils of the horses and champions exhaling and inhaling the sun and the wind with the speed of the host.

These were the all-white, flax-like cloths that he saw there or the streaming snow a-falling, to wit the foam and the froth that the bridles of the reins flung from the bits of strong, stout steeds with the stress, with the swiftness and strength and speed of the host.

"These were the flights of many, various, wonderful, numerous birds that he saw there, even the dust of the ground and the top of the earth and the sods which the horses flung from their feet and their hoofs and arose over the heads of the host with the driving of the wind.

"This was the rush and the crash and the hurtling sound, the din and the thunder, the clatter and clash that he heard there, to wit the shield-shock of shields and the jangle of javelins and the hard-smiting of swords and the ring of helmets, the clangour of breast-plates and the rattle of arms and the fury of feats, the straining of ropes and the whirr of wheels and the trampling of horses' hoofs and the creaking of chariots, and the deep voices of heroes and battle-warriors coming hither towards us.

Batar iat indsi ás lochaib atchonnaic-sium and, cind na cnocc & na tilach ás fánglentaib na cíach: cind na curad & na cathmíled os na carptib & na carpait archena. Batar íat úama urslocthi atchondaic-sium and irremthús na cíach cétna: beóil & sróna na n-ech & na curad, ac súgud grene & gáithe uathu & chuccu, ra tricci na díрма.

Bátar íat línanarta lín lánghela atchondairc-sium and, na snechta sithalta ac snigi: in t-úanbach & in chubrach curit glomraigi na srían a belbaigib na n-ech rúanaid rothend ri dremna n-dírma.

Ba hí eóchain de ilenaib ilerda ingantacha imda atchondaic-sium and: gand in lair & ad(u)actur in talman curit na eich assa cossaib & assa cruib conasecgaib ra seól n-gaithi úasa.

Is é in fuáim & fothrom & fidreán, toirm & torand, sestainib & sesilbi atchuala-som and: Scellgur na scíath & ficgrech na sleg, agus glondbéimnech na claideb & bressimnech na cathbarr, drongáir na lúrech, & immchommilt na n-arm, & dechairdecht na cless, tetimnech na tét, & nuallgrith na roth & baschaire na n-ech, & culgaire na carpat & tromchoblach na curad & na cathmíled sund chucaind.

"This was the constant sparkling of shining stars on a bright, clear night that he saw there and the sparks of red-flaming fire, even the bloodthirsty, terrible eyes of the champions and battle-warriors from under beautiful, well-shaped, finely-adorned battle-helmets; eyes full of the fury and rage they brought with them, against the which neither before nor since has equal combat nor overwhelming force of battle prevailed, and against which it will never prevail till the very day of doom and of life!"

"We make not much of that," quoth Medb. "For there are goodly warriors and goodly fighting-men with us to cope with them." "Thou shalt have need of them," answered Fergus. "Truly, I count not on that, O Medb. For I give my word, thou shalt find no host in all Erin, nor in Alba, to cope with the men of Ulster when once their anger comes on them!"

Then did the four grand provinces of Erin pitch camp and make lodgment at Clartha for that night. They sent forth folk to keep watch and guard against Ulster, to the end that the Ulstermen might not come upon them without warning, without notice.

Then it was that Conchobar and Celtchar with thirty hundred bristling chariot-fighters set forth, till they halted at Slemain Mide ('Slane of Meath') in the rear of the host. But, though 'halted' we have said, a very brief halt made they there, but proceeded for a favourable sign to the quarters of Ailill and Medb, so they might be the first of all to redden their hands.

Ba hé ilbrechnugud retland roglan i n-aidche rosolais ro ta-fárfáid-sium and, na haible tened trichemrúaid: súli cichurda adúathmara na curad & na cathmíled ás na cathbarraib caíni cummaidi cumtachglana, lán din feirg & din baraind ra bertatar leo, risna ragbad ríam na hiaram fír catha na fornirt comlaind & risna gebthar co brunni bhratha & betha.

Ni denam robríg de, bar Medb. Atethatar dagláich & degóic acainni da n-acallaim Ni armim-sea ón om a Medb, bar Fergus, daig atíur-sa brethir nach raichnea i n-hErind nach i n-Alpain sluag acallma Ulad a ras-fecgat a fergga dogrés.

Is and-sain ra gabsatar c[h]ethri ollchoiceda hErind dunad & longphort ac Cláthra inn aidchi sin. Ra facsatar fiallach foraire & freccometa úathu ra hágid n-Ulad, na tistais Ulaíd gan robud gan rathugud da saigid.

Is and-sain ra luid Conchobar & Celtchair tricha chét carptech n-imrindi, co n-dessetar i Slemain Mide dar éis na slúag. Acht ciatberam-ni and-so, ni dessetar daráith iter, acht ra thaegat ass d'etarphurt do dunud Ailella & Medba do thetarractain allama d'furdergad re cach.

It was not long macRoth had been there when he saw something: An incomparable, immense troop of horsemen in Slane of Meath coming straight from the northeast. He hastened forward to where were Ailill and Medb and Fergus and the chiefs of the men of Erin. Ailill asked tidings of him on his arrival: "Say, mac Roth," queried Ailill; "sawest thou aught of the men of Ulster on the trail of the host this day?" "Truly I know not," answered macRoth; "but I saw an incomparable, immense troop of horsemen in Slane of Meath coming straight from the north-east." "But how many numbered the horse-troop?" asked Ailill. "Not fewer, meseemed, than thirty hundred fully armed chariot-fighters were they, even ten hundred and twenty hundred fully armed chariot-fighters," macRoth made answer.

"So, O Fergus," quoth Ailill. "How thinkest thou to terrify us till now with the smoke and dust and the breath of a mighty host, while all the battle-force thou hast is that we see yonder!" "A little too soon belittles thou them," Fergus retorted; "for mayhap the bands are more numerous than is said they are."

"Let us take good, swift counsel on the matter," said Medb; "for yon huge, most fierce, most furious man will attack us we ween, Conchobar, to wit, son of Fachtna Fathach ('the Giant') son of Ross Ruad ('the Red') son of Rudraige, himself High King of Ulster and son of the High King of Erin. Let there be a hollow array of the men of Erin before Conchobar and a force of thirty hundred ready to close in from behind, and the men shall be taken and in no wise wounded; for, no more than is a caitiff's lot

Nir bo chían do Mac Roth da m-bae and, co faccae ní: inn echrad n-direcra n-dermór i Slemain Mide an-airtúaid cach nh-díriuch. Tanic reme go airm i m-bae Ailill & Medb & Fergus & mathi fer n-hErend. Atfócht Ailill scéla de ar róchtain. Maith a Meic Roth, bar Ailill, in facca-su nech d'Ultaib bar slicht in t-slúraig-seo indiu. Nad fetar-sa ém, ar Mac Roth. Act adchonnac-sa ecrait n-dírecra n-dermóir i Slemain Mide an-airtúaid cach n-díriuch Garsa lín na echraidi ale, bar Ailill. Nad uatti lim tricho chet carpdech n-imrindi indi, .i. deich cét ar fichit chet carpdech n-imrindi, ar Mac Roth.

Maith a Fergais, bar Ailill, cid latt-su ar m-búbthad-ni de smútgur na do dendgur, na d'análfadaig mórsluaig mad gustráthsa, acus na faillatt lín catha dúnni acht sund. Rolúath bic narchessi forro, bar Fergus, daíg ro bífad co m-betis na sluaíg ní bad liriú ná mar rádit-sium.

Dentar comairle forbthe athgarit acainni de-side, for Medb, daíg ro fess rar-fúaberad-ni in fer romór rogarg robruthmar út, Conchobar mac Fachtna Fathaig meic Rosa Rúaid meic Rudraigi ardrí Ulad & mac ardríg hErend. Dentar dunibuali urslocthi do feraib hErend ar cind Conchobair, & buiden tricho chét ac a hiadad da éis, & gabtar na fir & na gondar iter, daíg nimmó na dán cimbeda ro thoegat. Conid hí-sin in tress briathar is génnu ra ráded bar táin bó Cualnge, Conchobar gan a guin do gabail &

is this whereto they are come!" Wherefore this is the third most derisive word that was spoken on the Cattle-lifting of Cualnge, even to take Conchobar prisoner without wounding, and to inflict a caitiff's lot on the ten hundred and twenty hundred who accompanied the kings of Ulster.

And Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar heard that, and he knew that unless he took vengeance at once upon Medb for her great boast, he would not avenge it till the very day of doom and of life.

It was then that Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar arose with his troop of thirty hundred to inflict the revenge of battle and prowess upon Ailill and Medb. Ailill arose with his thirty hundred to meet him. Medb arose with her thirty hundred. The Manè arose with their thirty hundred. The sons of Maga arose with their thirty hundred. The Leinstermen and the Munstermen and the people of Temair arose and made interposition between them, so that on both sides each warrior sat down near to the other and near by his arms.

Meanwhile a hollow array of men was made by Medb to face Conchobar and a warlike band of thirty hundred ready to close in from behind. Conchobar proceeded to attack the circle of men. And he was far from seeking any particular breach, but he worked a small gap, broad enough for a man-at-arms, right in front over against him in the circle of combatants, and effected a breach of an hundred on his right side, and a breach of an hundred on his left, and he turned in on them, and mingled among them on their ground, and there fell of them eight hundred fully brave warriors at his

dán cimbeda do denam dona deich cét ar fichit cét batar na farrad de rigraid Ulad.

Acus atchuala Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair aní sin, & ra fitir mani díglad a chetóir a mórbrethir bar Meidb na digelad go brunni m-bratha & betha.

Acus is and-sin atraacht Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobair cona budin trichat cét d'forddiglammad aíg & urgaili for Ailill & for Meidb. Atraacht Ailill cona trichait chet dó-som. Atraacht Medb cona trichait cet. Atraachtatar na Mani cona trichtaib cet. Atraachtatar Meic Magach cona trichtaib cet. Atraacht in Galeoin & in Munnig & popul na Temrach, & fognithea etargaire eturru, co n-dessid cach díb irail araile & i fail a arm.

Araisein ra gniad ra Meidb dunibuali ursloicthi ar cind Conchobair & buden tricho chét ac a íadad dia éis. Dariacht Conchobar d'indsaigid na dunibualed aursloicthi, & ni rabi ic íarraid a dorais don t-sainruth iter, acht ra minaig beirn inaid míled ar urchomair a gnúsi & a agthi isin chath & bern chet da leith deiss & bern cét da leith chlí, & imsóí chuccu innond & ras mesc thall for a lar & torchratar ocht cét laech lánchalma lais díb. Acus tanic uadib assa athli gan fuligud gan fordergad fair, co n-dessid i Slemain Midi bar cind n-Ulad.

hands. And thereafter he left them without blood or bleeding from himself and took his station in Slane of Meath at the head of the men of Ulster.

"Come, ye men of Erin!" cried Ailill. "Let some one go hence to scan the wide-stretching plain of Meath, to know in what guise the men of Ulster come to the height in Slane of Meath, to bring us an account of their arms and the gear and their trappings, their kings and their royal readers, their champions and battle-warriors and gapbreakers of hundreds and their yeomen, to which to listen will shorten the time for us." "Who should go thither?" asked all. "Who but macRoth the chief runner," Ailill made answer.

MacRoth went his way till he took his station in Slane of Meath, awaiting the men of Ulster. The Ulstermen were busied in marching to that hill from gloaming of early morn till sunset hour in the evening. In such manner the earth was never left naked under them during all that time, every division of them under its king, and every band under its leader, and every king and every leader and every lord with the number of his force and his muster, his gathering and his levy apart. Howbeit, by sunset hour in the evening all the men of Ulster had taken position on that height in Slane of Meath.

Maith a firu hErend, bar Ailill, taét nech úan d'farcsi maige mórfarsinhg Mide, dá fis cindas na hacgmi ba tecat Ulaid isin tulaig i Slemuin Mide, da innisin dún tuarascbail a n-arm & a n-erriuda, a curad & a cathmiled & a cliathbernadach cé & a fíallach feraind. Gardditi lind eistecht riss mad colléic. Cia doragad and, bar cách. Cia acht Mac Roth in rímechlach, bar Ailill.

Tanic Mac Roth reme co n-dessid i Slemain Mide bar cind Ulad. Ra gabsat Ulaid ac tachim isin tulaig sin a dorbblais na matni muchi co tráth funid na nona. Iss ed mod nar bo thornocht in talam fótho risin ré sin: cach drong díb imma rí & cach buiden imma tóesech. Cach rí & cach tóisech & cach tigerna go lín a slúag & a sochraite, a thinóil & a thochostail fa leith. Cid trá acht doriachtatar Ulaid uile re trath funid nóna isin tulaig sin i Slemuin Mide.

MacRoth came forward with the account of their first company to the place where Ailill and Medb and Fergus were and the nobles of the men of Erin. Ailill and Medb asked tidings of him when he arrived. "Come, macRoth," quoth Ailill, "tell us in what manner of array do the Ulstermen advance to the hill of Slane in Meath?"

"Truly, I know not," answered macRoth, "except this alone: There came a fiery, powerful, most well-favoured company upon the hill of Slane in Meath," said macRoth. "It seemed, on scanning and spying, that a thrice thirty hundred warriors were in it. Anon they all doffed their garments and threw up a turfy mound for their leader to sit on. A youth, slender, long, exceeding great of stature, fair to behold, proud of mien, in the van of the troop. Fairest of the princes of the world was he in the midst of his warriors, as well in fearsomeness and in awe, in courage and command; fair-yellow hair, curled, delicately arranged in ridges and bushy had he; a comely, clear-rosy countenance he had; a deep-blue-gray, angry eye, devouring and fear-inspiring, in his head; a two-forked beard, yellow, fairly curled, on his chin; a purple mantle with fringes and five-folded wrapped around him; a brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast; a shining-white, hooded shirt under red interweaving of red gold he wore next his white skin; a bright-white shield with figures of beasts of red gold thereon; a gold-hilted, hammered sword in one of his hands; a broad and gray-green lance in the other. That warrior took his station on the top of the mound, so that each one came up to him and his company took their places

Tánic Mac Roth reme go tuarascbáil in chetna braini dib leis, [tuarascbáil a n-airm & a n-erriuda, a curad & a cathmiled & a cliathbernada cét & a-fiallach feraind] go airm i m-bói Ailill & Medb & Fergus & mathi fer n-hErend. Atfócht Ailill & Medb scéla de ar rochtain. Maith a Meic Roth, bar Ailill, cindas na hecgmi na taicgme bhá tecat Ulaid isin tulaig i Slemain Mide.

1. Nad fetar-sa ám, bar Mac Roth, act tanic buden bruthmar brígach mórcháin isin tulaig sin i Slemuin Mide, bar Mac Roth. Dóig ri farcsin & ri fegad tri trichu cét indi. Barallsat a n-etaigi díb uile, concechlatar firt fódbaig ba suide a tóisig. Óclach seta fata [n]airard [n]jardmín foruallach i n-airinuch na budni sin. Cáiniu di flaithib in domuin rita-coemnacair, eter a sluagaib, eter urud & gráin & báig & chostud. Folt findbuide issé cass dess drumnech tóbach far-ide. Cuindsiu chaem chorcarglan leis. Rosc roglass gossarda, issé cicharda aduathmar ina chind. Ulcha degablach issí buide úrchass bha smeoh. Fúan corcra corrtharach caéicdiabuil imbi. Eó óir isin brutt os a bruinne. Léine gléigel chulpatach bha dergintlind do dergór fria gelchness. Gelscíath go tuagmilaib dergoir fair. Claideb órduirn intlaisi isindara láim dó, mánaís lethanglass isin láim anaill. Dessid in laech sin i n-urard na tulcha, go toracht cach cuce, & dessetar a buden imbe.

around him.

"There came also another company to the same height in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Second of the two divisions of thirty hundred it was. A well-favoured warrior was there likewise at the head of that company; fair-yellow hair he wore; a bright, curly beard about his chin; a green mantle wrapped around him; a bright-silver pin in the mantle at his breast; a brown-red, soldier's tunic under red interweaving of red gold trussed up against his fair skin down to his knees; a candle of a king's house in his hand, with windings of silver and bands of gold; wonderful the feats and games performed with the spear in the hand of the youth; the windings of silver ran round it by the side of the bands of gold, now from the butt to the socket, while at other times it was the bands of gold that circled by the side of the windings of silver from socket to spear-end; a smiting shield with plaited edge he bore; a sword with hilt-pieces of ivory, and ornamented with thread of gold on his left side. This warrior took his station on the left of the leader of the first company who had come to the mound, and his followers got them seated around him. But, though we have said they sat, they did not verily seat themselves at once, but they sat thus, with their knees on the ground and the rims of their shields against their chins, so long it seemed to them till they should be let at us. But, one thing yet: Meseemed that the great, fierce youth who led the troop stammered grievously in his speech.

2. Tanic buiden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, far Mac Roth. Tanaise dá trichtaib cet ata-caemnacair. Fer cáin and dana i n-airinuch na budni sin caedessin. Folt findbuide fair. Ulcha éicsi imchass imma smech. Bratt uanide i forcipul imme. Cassán gelargit isin brut ós a brunni. Léni donderg míleta bha dergindliud do dergór frí gelchnes i caustul go glunib dó. Caidell ríghaige na láim go féthanaib argait & co fonascaib óir. Is ingnad reba & abarta dogní in t-sleg fil na láim na óclaige: immireithet impe na fethana argit sech na fonascaib óir cachla céin o erlond gó indsma, iceind aill dana it íat na fónasca óir immireithet sech na fethanaib argit ó indsma go hirill. Scíath bemmendach go faebor chonduala fair. Claideb co n-eltaib déit & co n-imdenam snaith óir bar a chliu. Dessid in laéch sain for láim[m] chlí ind óclaig thoesig tanic issin tulaig & dessetar a buiden imbe. Act ciatberam-ni and-so, ni destetar de ráith itir, acht a n-glúini fri lár doib & imbel a scíath ac a smechaib doib a fat leo go lectar chucaind. Acht ata ní chena, dom-farfáit formindi mór issin óclach mór borrfadach is toesech don budin sin.

"Still another battalion there came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Second to its fellow in number and followers and apparel. A handsome, broad-headed warrior at the head of that troop; dark-yellow hair in tresses he wore; an eager, dark-blue eye rolling restlessly in his head; a bright, curled beard, forked and tapering, at his chin; a dark-grey cloak with fringes, folded around him; a leaf-shaped brooch of silvered bronze in the mantle over his breast; a white-hooded shirt reaching to his knees was girded next to his skin; a bright shield with raised devices of beasts thereon he bore; a sword with white silver hilt in battle-scabbard at his waist; the pillar of a king's palace he bore on his back. This warrior took his station on the hill of turf facing the warrior who first came to the hill, and his company took their places around him. But sweet as the tone of lutes in masters' hands when long sustained, so seemed to me the melodious sound of the voice and the speech of the youth conversing with the warrior who first came to the hill and offering him every counsel."

"But who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Truly, we know him well," Fergus made answer. "This, to wit, is the first hero for whom they threw up the mound of turf on the height of the hill and whom all approached, namely, Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige, High King of Ulster, and son of the High King of Erin. This, to wit, is the stammering, great warrior who took station on his father Conchobar's left, namely, Cuscraid Menn ('the Stammerer') of Macha, Conchobar's son, with the sons of the king of Ulster and the sons of the princes of the

3. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cétna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth, tanaise da séitche eter lín & chostud & timthaige. Laech caem cendlethan i n-airinuch na buidni sin. Folt dualach dondbuide fair. Rosc duillech dubgorm for foluamain ina chind. Ulcha eícsi imchass issí degablach imchaél imma smech. Bratt dubglass bhaloss i forcipul imme. Delg duillech de findruine sin brutt ós a bruinne. Léne gelchulpatach frí chness. Gelscíath co túagmílaib argait inti fair. Maeldorn findargait i n-intiuch bodba fa choimm. Ture ríghthige fria aiss. Dessid in laech sain issind firt fotbaig bhad fiadnaisi dond óclach thóesech thanic isin tulaig, & destetar a buiden imme. Acht ba binnithir lim ra fogor mendchrott illámaib súad ica sirshennim bindfogrugud a gotha & a irlabra inn óclaíig ac acallaim in óclaíig thoesig thanic issin tulaig, & ac tabairt cacha comairle dó.

Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Is hé cétna laech cét-ra-chlass in fert fótbaig i n-urard na tulcha, go toracht cách cuce: Conchobar mac Fachtna Fathaig meic Rosa Ruaid meic Rudraigi ardrí Ulad & mac ardríg hErend. Is é laech formend mór dessid for a láim chlí Conchobair: Causcraid Mend Macha mac Conchobair, co maccaib rig Ulad imme, & co maccaib ríig hErend ra failet ina farrad. Is hí in t-sleg atchondaic ina láim: in Chaindel Chuscraid sein, co fethanaib argit & go fonascaib óir. Is bés don t-sleig sin nachis-imrethet impe ríam na híaram na fethana

men of Erin close by him. This is the spear he saw in his hand, even the 'Torch of Cuscraid,' with its windings of silver and bands of gold. It is the wont of that spear that neither before nor after, but only on the eve of a triumph, do the silver windings run round it by the side of the bands of gold. Belike, it is almost before a triumph they course round it now.

"The well-favoured, broad-headed warrior who seated himself on the hill in the presence of the youth who first came on the mound, namely is Sencha son of Ailill son of Maelcho 'the Eloquent' of Ulster, he that is wont to appease the hosts of the men of Erin. But, yet a word more I say: It is not the counsel of cowardice nor of fear that he gives his lord this day on the day of strife, but counsel to act with valour and courage and wisdom and cunning. But, again one word further I say," added Fergus: "It is a goodly people for performing great deeds that has risen there early this day around Conchobar!" "We make not much of them," quoth Medb; "we have goodly warriors and stout youths to deal with them." "I count not that for much," answered Fergus again; "but I say this word: Thou wilt not find in Erin nor in Alba a host to be a match for the men of Ulster when once their anger comes upon them."

argait sech na fonasca óir acht gar ré coscur écin. Acus is doig go m-bad gar re coscur ros-imreittís impe and-so innossa.

Is hé laech caém cendlethan dessid issind firt bhad fiadnaissi don óclách thoesech thanic issin tulaig, Sencha mac Ailella meic Máilchló soirlabraid Ulad & fer sidaigthe slóig fer n-hErend. Acht atiuur-sa brethir chena, ni comairle mettachta na midlaigechta rabeir dá thigerna issin ló bhaga sa indiu, acht is comairle gaile & gascid & engnama & mathiusa do dénam. Acht atiuur-sa bhrethir chena, bar Fergus, is togaes denma opre atraactatar im Chonchobar immucha lá indiu and-sain. Ni denam robríg díb, bar Medb. Attethatar deglaich & dagóic acainni da n-acallaim. Ni ármim-sea ón omm, bar Fergus. Acht atiuur-sa bhrethir nach raichnea i n-hErind nach i n-Alpáin slúag acallma Ulad aras-fecat a fergga do (grés).

"Yet another company there came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "A fair, tall, great warrior in the van of that battalion, and he of fiery spirit, with noble countenance. Brown, dark-coloured hair he wore, smooth and thin on his forehead; a dull-grey cloak girt around him; a silver pin in the cloak over his breast; a bright, sleeved tunic next to his skin; a curved shield with sharp, plaited rim he bore; a five-pronged spear in his hand; a straight sword with ornaments of walrus-tooth in its place." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "In very sooth, we know him," Fergus made answer. "The putting of hands on strife is he; a battle-warrior for combat and destruction on foes is the one who is come there, even Eogan son of Durthacht, king of the Fernmag in the north, is the one yonder."

"Another battalion there came thither to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "It is surely no false word that boldly they took the hill. Deep the terror, great the fear they brought with them. Their raiment all thrown back behind them. A great-headed, warlike warrior in the forefront of the company, and he eager for blood, dreadful to look upon. Spare, grizzly hair had he; huge, yellow eyes in his head; a yellow, close-napped (?) cloak around him; a pin of yellow gold in the cloak over his breast; a yellow tunic with lace next his skin; in his hand a nailed, broad-plated, long-shafted spear with a drop of blood on its edge." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "In truth then, we know him, that warrior," Fergus gave answer. "Neither battle nor battlefield nor combat nor contest shuns he, the one who is come thither. Loegaire Buadach ('the Victorious')

4. Tanic buden aile dana isin tulaig cétna i Slemuin Mide, bar Mac Roth. Fer find fata mór i n-airinuch na budni sin, is é grísta gormaineach. Folt dond temin fair, is é slimthanaide bar a étun. Bratt forglass i filliudimme. Delg argit isin brutt os a brunni. Leni gel manáisech fri chness. Cromsciath comfaebur chondualach fair. Sleg cuicrinni na láim. Colg déit iarna innud. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetamar ám, bar Fergus. Is cur lám for debaid sin, is cathmílid bhar níth, is brath bar bidbadu cach tanic and. Eogan mac Durthachta a fosta Fernmaige atúaid and-sin.

5. Tanic buden aile and isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Ní gó ám is borrfadach forfópartatar in tulaig sin. Is tromm in gráin, is mór in t-urud ra bertatar leo. A n-étaige uile dar a n-aiss. Laech cendmar curata i n-airinuch na budni sin, is e cicharda uathmar. Folt n-etrom n-grelliath fair. Súle bude móra na chind. Bratt buide caiclámachimme. Delg óir buide sin brutt os a bruinne. Léne bude chorrtharach frí chness. Gae semnech slindlethan slegfota co m-bráen (fola) dar a faebor ina láim. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetamar ám ale in laech sain, bar Fergus. Ní imgab cath na cathróe na comlund na comrac cách thánic and. Loegaire Buadach mac Connaid Buide meic Iliach ó Immail atúaid and-sain.

son of Connad Buide ('the Yellow') son of Iliach, from Immail in the north, is the one yonder."

"Another company there came there too to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A thick-necked, burly warrior at the head of that troop; black, bushy hair he had; a scarred, crimsoned face he had; a deep-blue-gray, blazing eye in his head; a spear set with eyes of glass, casting shadows over him; a black shield with a hard rim of silvered bronze upon him, a dun-coloured cloak of curly wool about him; a brooch of pale gold in the cloak over his breast; a three-striped tunic of silk next to his skin; a sword with ivory hilt and with ornamentation of thread of gold over his dress on the outside. ""But, who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "We know him full well," Fergus made answer. "He is the putting of hand on strife; a wave of the high sea that drowneth; he is the man of three shouts; the sea over walls; the man who comes thither.

Muremur ('Thick-neck') son of Gercend ('Short-head') from Moduiri in the north is the one yonder."

"Still another company there came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A broad-headed, stout warrior, pleasantly found of limb, in the front of that troop; he is dried and sallow; he is wild and bull-like; a dun, round eye, proud in his head; yellow, very curly is his hair; a red, round shield with hardsilver rim about it he bore; a broad-plated, long-shafted spear in his hand; a streaked-gray cloak around him; a brooch of copper in the cloak over his breast; a hooded kirtle girded around him reaching down to his calves; a

6. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Laech munremur collach i n-airinuch na buidni sin. Folt dub tóbach fair. Gnuis chnedach chorcarda fua. Rosc roglass lainnerda na chind. Gae súlech go foscadaib uasu. Dubscíath co caladbualid findruini fair. Brat odorda bhachuaslae imme. Bretnas banóir isin brut os a bruinne. Léine threbraid síte fria chnes. Claideb co n-eltaib dét & co n-imdenam órsnáith ar a etaig immaig anechtair. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Is cur lam for ugra sain, is tond romra bhádes, is fer tri n-greth, is muir dar múru cách thanic and. Munremur mac Gercind a Moduiri atúaid and-sain.

7. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Laech cetherlethan comremar i n-airinuch na buidni sin. Is é anisc odorda. Is é derisc tarbda. Crundrosc odorda n-adardd ina chind. Folt bude rochass fair. Crundscíath derg co m-bil chaladargait ina imthimchiull úasu. Gae slindlethan slegfota na láim. Bratt riabach imme. Eó uma isin brutt as a brunni. Léni chulpatach i caustul ga forenib dó. Colg dét iarna chossliasait chlí. Cia sút ale, ar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Is sond catha sain, is buáid cacha irgaile. Is

straightsword with ornaments of walrus-tooth on his left thigh." "But who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "I know him indeed," Fergus made answer. "He is the prop of battle; he is the triumph of every combat; he is the tool that pierces, is the man who comes thither. Connud macMorna, from the Callann in the north, is the man yonder."

"There came still another company to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "It is indeed no lying word, it is with might and storm they gained the hill, so that with the clash of arms they made at the approach of that company they startled the hosts that had arrived there before them. A man, comely and noble, in advance of that band; most well-favoured to see of the men of the world, whether in shape or form or frame; whether in arms or apparel; whether in size or worth or beauty; whether in figure or valour or conduct." "Then it is surely no lying word," Fergus said: "A fitting saying is this, 'No fool 'mongst the naked is he who comes thither.' He is the foe of all others; he is a power irresistible; the storm-wave that drowneth, the glitter of ice is that well-favoured man. Fedilmid son of Ilar Cetach of Cualnge, from Ellonn in the north, is he yonder."

fodb trescada cáich thanic and. Connud mac Morna ó Challaind atúaid and-sain.

8. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Ní gó ám, is tailc & is tarbech forrópartatar in tulaig sin, con ro chrothsatar na sluáig conarnecar indi for a cind. Fer caém grata i n-airinuch na budni sin. Áldem de dáinib in domuin eter chruth & deilb & denam, eter arm & erriud, eter mét & míad & masse, eter chreitt & gasced & chóra. Ni gó ám ale, bar Fergus. Is hí epert chomadas-som sain. Ni dúí forlomma cach thanic and. Is bidba cáich, is gus nad fulangar. Is tond anbthena bádes. Is luchair n-aga in fer álaind. Feidilmid Chilair chetail ó Elland atúaid and-sain.

"Still another battalion came thither to the same hill in Slane of Meath," macRoth proceeded. "Not often is a warrior seen more handsome than the warrior that is in the front rank of that company. Bushy, red-yellow hair he wore; his face slender below, broad above; a deep-blue-gray, beaming eye, and it flashing and laughing in his head; a well-set, shapely man, tall, slender below and broad above; red, thin lips he had; teeth shining and pearl-like; a white-skinned body; a purple cloak wrapped around him; a brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast; a hooded tunic of royal silk with a red hem of red gold he wore next to his white skin; a bright, curved shield with figures of beasts in red gold thereon; a gold-hilted, inlaid sword at his left side; a long, gray-edged spear along with a cutting bye-spear of attack, with thongs for throwing, with fastenings of silvered bronze, in his hand." "But who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "We know him full well," Fergus made answer. "He is half of a battle; he is the dividing of combat; he is the wild rage of a watchhound, the man who is come thither; Rochad son of Fatheman, from Rigdonn in the north, is he yonder."

"Another battalion there came to the same hill in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A stalwart, thick-calved warrior at the head of that company; little but every limb of him as stout as a man. Verily it is no lying word, he is a man down to the ground," said he. "Brown, bushy hair upon his head; a ruddy countenance covered with scars he had; a flashing, proud eye in his head; a splendid, dexterous man was there, in this wise: Accompanied by black-haired, black-eyed youths; with a red, flaming

9. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Ni comtig laech is chaemiu ná in laech fail i n-airinuch na buidni sin. Folt tóbach derguide fair. Aiged focháin forlethan laiss. Rosc roglass gossarda, is é cainelda gárechtach na chind. Fer cóir cutrumma, is é fata fochael foilethan. Beóil deirg thanaide leiss. Deoit niamda némanda. Corp gelcnesta. Cassán gelderg i fadi uasu. Eó óir isin brutt os a brunni. Léne de sról rí ma dergfhilliud de dergór fri gelchness. Gelscíath co tuagmílaib dergóir fair. Claideb órduirn intllassi for a chliu. Gae fata faeborglass re faga feig fobarta, co suanemnaib loga, co semmannaib findruine ina laim. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Rata-fetammar am ale, bar Fergus. Is leth n-glíad sain, is galiud comlaind, is londbruth n-archon cách tanic and. Reochaid mac Fathemain o Rígdond atuid and-sain.

10. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Laech braineach remursliastach i n-airinuch na budni sin, bec nach remithir fer cach n-oenball de. Ni gó ám, is fer co talmain, all se. Folt dond tóbach fair. Gnúis chorera chrundaineach fúa. Rosc m-brecht n-urard ina chind. Fer án athlam and samlaid, co n-ócaib dubartacha dobsuilb, co n-idna ruad lassamain, co n-ábairt imtholta, co saigit secht comlond do brissiud ar forlond, co tuidmech fóbarta fair, can chomhairge Conchobair aca itir. Cia sut

banner; with wilful rashness, so that they seek to rout overwhelming numbers outside of equal combat, with the violence of assault upon them, without having aught assistance from Conchobar." "But, who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Aye then we know him," Fergus made answer. "A thirst for valour and prowess is he that came thither; a thirst for madness and fury. The welding of hosts and of arms; the point of battle and of slaughter of the men of the north of Erin, mine own real foster-brother himself, Fergus son of Lete, the king from Line in the north, is the man yonder!"

"Still another company came to the same hill in Slane of Meath," macRoth continued, "steadfast, without equal. A handsome, untiring warrior in the van of this company. A blue, narrow-bordered cloth next to his skin, with strong, woven and twisted hoops of silvered bronze, with becoming, sharp-fashioned buttons of red gold on its slashes and breastborders; a green mantle, pieced together with the choicest of all colours, folded about him; five circles of gold, that is, his shield, he bore on him; a tough, obdurate, straight-bladed sword for a hero's handling hung high on his left side. A straight, fluted spear, flaming red and venomous in his hand." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Truly, we know him well," Fergus made answer. "The choice flower of royal poets is he. He is the rush on the rash; he is the way to the goal, fierce is his valour, the man that came thither; Amargin son of the smith Ecetsalach ('the Grimy'), the noble poet from the Buas in the north, is he."

ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, ar Fergus. Bá hitte di gail & di gasciud cách thanic and. Bae itte di drúis & tarpige. Táthud do slugaib & d'armaib, rind aig & imгона fer n-hErend ar túarsciurt. Mo derbchomalta-sa fadessin, Fergus mac Leit[h]e o Líne atuaid and-sain.

11. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth, is hí fossaid écsamail. Laech alaind escaid i n-airiniuch n a budni sin. Gorm nart cáel corrrtharach, go stuagaib fíthi figthi féta findruini, go cnappib dilsí deligthi derggóir for bernadaib & brollaig dó (fri cness). Bratt bommannach co m-búaid cach datha thariss. Caechruth óir fair, .i. a scíath fair. Claideb crúaid catut colgdiríuch i n-ardgabail churad bar a chlíu. Sleg díriuch drumnech ar derglassad na láim. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Is roga rígfíled sain. Is ruathur ratha, is rót do báre. Is tarbbech a gal cách thanic and. Amargin mac Ecelsalaig Goband in file maith o Búais atúaid.

"There came yet another company there to the same hill in Slane of Meath, continued macRoth. "A yellow-haired hero in the front rank of that band. Fair was the man, both in hair and eye and beard and eyebrows and apparel; a rimmed shield he bore; a gold-hilted, overlaid sword on his left side; a five-pointed spear that reflected its glare over the entire host in his hand." "But who was that man?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "In sooth, we know him well, Fergus made answer. "Cherished, in truth, is that warrior by the people, he that to us is come thither; cherished, the stout-brow-dealing beast; cherished, the bear of great deeds against foes, with the violence of his attack. Feradach Finn Fectnach ('the Fair and Righteous') from Nemed ('the Grove') in Sliab Fuait in the north, is the one that is come there."

"Another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "Three bold, high-spirited youths of noble countenance in the front rank of that company. Three cloaks of the one colour they wore folded upon them; three shields wholly alike they bore; three five-pointed, spears in their hands." "Who were those men there, Fergus?" Ailill asked. "I know," Fergus answered; "the three princes of Ilath, the three champions of Colph, the three of Midluachair great in achievements, three seasoned warriors of the east of Erin, to wit, the three sons of Fiachna in quest of their bull are there, even Ros and Darè and Imchad, for theirs was the possession of the Brown Bull of Cualnge. Even had they come alone, they would have offered you battle in defence of their bull and their drove, even though before them the enemy should not be routed."

12. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for mac Roth. Laech find buide i n-airinuch na budni sin. Find uile in fer sain eter folt & rosc & ulcha & abratchur & dechelt. Sciath bualedach fair. Claideb órduirn intlassi bar a chliu. Sleg cuicrind confaitnedar dar in slúag uile ina láim. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Inmain ám laech síde far tuáith rar-fanic and, inmain bethir balcbéimnech, inmain mathgamain mórglonnach fri hecratu cuncan ferglond fóparta. Feradach Find Fechnach a Nemud Slebe Fúait atuid and-sain.

13. Tainic buiden ele isin tulaigh i Sleamain Midhi, ar Mac Roth. Tri hoclaigh gasta griosta gormoinecha i n-aire-nach na buidne sin. Tri bruit comdatha forra. Tri sgeit(h) comcosmaile forra. Tri sleaga coicrinde ina laimibh. Cia sut a Fergais, ar Oilill. Ro fetar-sa sin, ar Fergus, tri ruirigh roth, tri cuingidh Cophu, tri morglondaigh Midhluacra, tri hairsigh airthir Erenn, .i. tri mic Fiacna i n-deghaidh a tairb ann sin, .i. Ros agus Daire & Iomchadh, ar is doip ro badh selb in Dond Cuailnge. Cid ina n-aonar tistais, is cath do berdaois daib-si ic cosnamh a ttairbh & a ttana, cin cob rempa con srainfithi edir.

"Yet another company there came thither to the same hill in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Two fair, tender, young warriors at the head of that company; two green cloaks wrapped about them; two bright-silver brooches in the cloaks over the breasts; two tunics of smooth yellow silk next to their skin; bright-hilted swords on the belts; two five-pronged spears with windings of pure bright silver in the hands. Moreover, their years were nigh the same." "But, who might they be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Well do we know them," Fergus made answer. "Two single, strong-necked champions are they; two united flames; two united torches; two heroes; two ridge-poles of hosts; two dragons; two thunderbolts; two destroyers (?); two boars; two bold ones; two mad ones; the two loved ones of Ulster around the king; namely Fiacha and Fiachna have come thither, two sons of Conchobar son of Fachtna son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige."

"There came also another company to that same mound," said macRoth. "'Tis the engulfing of the sea for size; red-flaming fire for splendour; a legion for number; a rock for strength; annihilation for battle; thunder for might. A wrathful, terrible, ill-favoured one at the head of that band, and he was big-nosed, large-eared, apple-eyed. Coarse, grizzly hair he wore; a streaked-gray cloak about him; a skewer of iron in the cloak over his breast, so that it reached from one of his shoulders to the other; a rough, three-striped tunic next to his skin; a sword of seven charges of remelted iron he bore on his rump; a brown hillock he bore, namely his shield; a great, grey spear with thirty nails driven through its socket he had

14. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Días maéth-oclách i n-airinuch na budni sin. Da bratt úanide i forcipul impu. Da chassan gelargait isna brattaib ás a m-brunnib. Dá léne di slemun-sítu buide fria enessaib. Claidbi gelduirn for a cressaib. Da sleig cuicrind co fethanaib argait oengil ina lámaib. Immaés bec eturru de sodain. Cía sut ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Dá óenrath sain, dá oenmuntind, da óenlosnaid, da óenchaidill, dá ching, da churaid, da chlethbriugaid, da dreicg, da thenid, da thuidmechtaid, da deil, da dana, da dásachtach, da threittell Ulad imma rig. Fiachaig & Fiachna and-sain, da mac Conchobair meic Fachtna meic Rossa Ruaid meic Rudraigi and-sain.

15. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna, for Mac Roth. Is bádud ar méit, is tene ruadlossi, is cath ar lín, is ald ar nirt, is bráth ar bláriud, is torand ar tharpigi. Fer ferggach uathmar irggráin i n-airinuch na buidni sin, is é srónmar, ómar, ubullruisc. Folt n-garb n-grelíath. Bratt ríbháin imme. Cualli iairn isin brutt os a brunni co n-geib on gualaind go araile dó. Léne garb threbnaid fri chness. Claideb secht m-brattomon do iurn athlegtha iarna thaebdruimm. Tilach dond fair .i. a scíath. Líathga mór co trichait semmand trina cró na láim. Cid trá acht ro lá dírna dina cathaib & dina sluagaib ac déscid in láich sin, & a buden immi oc tiachtain sin tulaig i Slemuin Mide. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus.

in his hand. The lines and battalions were thrown into disorder at the sight of that warrior, as he came surrounded by his company to the hill, in Slane of Meath." "But who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Ah, but we know him well," Fergus made answer. "He is the half of the battle; he is the head of strife; he is the head of combat in valour; he is the sea overbounds, the man that is come thither; the mighty Celtchar son of Uthechar, from Lethglass in the north, is the man there!"

"There came yet another company thither to the same hill in Slane of Meath," said macRoth; "one that is firm and furious; one that is ugly and fearful. A great-bellied, big-mouthed champion in the van of that troop; with but one clear eye, and half-brained, long-handed. Brown, very curly hair he wore; a black, flowing mantle around him; a wheel-shaped brooch of tin in the mantle over his breast; a cunningly wrought tunic next to his skin; a great long sword under his waist; a well-tempered lance in his right hand; a grey buckler he bore on him, that is, his shield." "Pray, who might that man be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Indeed, but we know him," Fergus made answer; "the wild, red-handed, rendng lion; the fierce, fearful bear that overcometh valour. Errge Echbel ('Horse-mouth'), from Bri Errgi ('Errge's Mound') in the north, is the one there."

Is leth catha sain, is cend n-imresna, is cend ar gail, is muir dar crichu cách thanic and. Celtchair mór mac Uthechair a Lethglaiss atúaid and-sain.

16. Tanic buden aile and dana isin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth, is hí bailc bruthmar, is í éitig uathmar. Laech bruasach bélmar i n-airinuch na budni sin, is hé lethgleóir leithincehind lamfota. Folt dond rochass fair. Bratt dub luascach imme. Roth creda sin brutt ás a brunni. Léni derscaighthi fri cness. Claideb urfota fa choim. Mánais murnech ina deiss. Líathboccóit fair, .i. a sciath. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetam(ar) ám, bar Fergus. Is hé in leo lond lámderg sain, is é in t-art amnas agsidi forrges gail. Eirrges Echbé1 o Brí Errgi atuaid and-sain.

"Yet another company there came to the same hill in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "A large, fiery man at the head of that company; foxy-red hair he had; huge, crimson-red eyes in his head; bulging as far as the bend of a warrior's finger is either of the very large crimson, kingly eyes he had; a many-coloured cloak about him; a grey shield he bore; a slender, blue lance above him; a blood-smear, becrimsoned company around him; himself covered with wounds and blood in their midst." "Now who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Well do we know him," Fergus made answer. "He is the bold, the ruthless, the swift-moving eagle; the eager lance; the goring beast; the torrent of the Colbtha; the triumphant hero from Bailer he is the shaft(?); he is the bellowing hero from Bernas ('the Gap'); the furious bull; Menn son of Salcholga, from Rena ('the Waterways') of the Boyne."

"Yet another company came thither to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A long-jawed, sallow-faced warrior at the head of that company; black hair on his head; long limbs are his legs; a cloak of red curly wool about him; a brooch of white silver in the cloak over his breast; a linen shirt next to his skin; a gory-red shield with a boss of gold he bore; a sword with hilt of white silver on his left side; a sharp-cornered, gold-socketed spear he held over him." "But, who might he be?" Ailill asked of Fergus. "Truly, we know him," Fergus made answer. The man of three stout blows has come; the man of three highways is he; the man of three roads, the man of three paths, the man of three ways; the man of three triumphs; Fergna son of Findchoem, king of Burach, from Ulster in

17. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna i Sleniuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Fer mór bresta i n-airinuch na budni sin. Folt ruaddeirg fair. Súle ruaddeirga móra na chind. Sithithir ri cruimmthir meóir míled cehtar n-ái diná rigrosc rúad romóra failet laiss. Bratt brecc imme. Scíath glass fair. Gae gorm tanaide uasa. Buiden fuilech fordeirg imme. Sessium féin créchtach fuilech eturru ar medón fadessin. Cia sut ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Is é in dána dichondircil, is é inn acci lómnach, is é in lumne léitmenach, is é in robb rigthi, is é in Cholptha, is é in buadgalach Bale, is hé luirg, is é in búridach Berna, is é in tarb dasachtach. Mend mac Salcholgan o Rénaib na Boinne.

18. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Laech leconfota odorda i n-airinuch na budni sin. Folt dub fair. Sithballrád (.i. cossa). Bratt deirg fachaslái imme. Brettas bánargait isin brutt os a brunni. Léni linidi frí chness. Sciath chrodeirg co comraid fair. Claideb co n-irdurn argait bar a chliu. Sleg uillech órchrúi uasu. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetamar ám ale, bar Fergus. Fer tri ruitte sin, fer trí raitti, fer tri ramata, fer tri m-bristi, fer tri m-búada, fer tri mh-bága. Fergna mac Findchonna rí Búraig Ulad atúaid and-sain.

the north, has come thither."

"Even another company came there to the same mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A large, well-favoured man in the van of that company. Like to Ailill yonder, with his pointed weapons, the restrainer, both in features and noble bearing and fairness, both in arms and apparel, in valour and bravery and fame and deeds. A blue shield with boss of gold was upon him. A gold-hilted sword on his left side; a five-pronged spear with gold, in his hand; a golden crown on his head." "But, who might that be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Ah, but we know him well," Fergus made answer. "The root of all manhood; the assault of overwhelming power; the annihilation of men is he that is come thither. Furbaide Ferbenn son of Conchobar, from Sil in Mag Inis in the north, is there."

"Yet another company came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A sharp, proud folk; a stately, royal company, with their apparel of many colours, as well white and blue and black and purple, so that to a king could be likened each spirited, chosen man in the noble, most wonderful troop. A feast for the eyes of a host, to gaze on their comeliness and their garb, as if it was going forth to some great surpassing assembly was each single man of that company. A trine of noble, distinguished men were in the front rank of that company. The first man of them with a dark-grey mantle fringed with gold thread about him; a brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast, a tunic of rare silk next to his skin; sandals of lamb's skin he wore. Not many men in the world are better-favoured than is

19. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth. Fer cáin mór i n-airinuch na budni sin. Cosmail ra Ailill n-ucud n-adrind n-inchoisc eter chruth & ergnus & gili, eter arm & erriud & gail & gasciud & gart & gnímrada. Sciath go(rm) co cobraid óir. Claideb órduirnd bar a (chlú). Sleg coicrind co n-ór ina láim. Mind (n-óir) úasu. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. Is f(orus fer)dhaide sain, fuaparta forlaind, (is forbrisiud) fer cách thanic and. Furbaidi (Fer)bend mac Conchobair á Sil im-Maig Inis atúaid and-sain.

20. Tainic buiden ele isin telaigh i Slemain Midi, ar Mac Roth, aes fegh foruallach, cuire ruithech rioghdaidhi co timtacht n-examail itir gel agus gorm & dub agus corcair, conadh fri righ samailter cach fer fegh foirglidhi isin druinc aird olladbail. Ingelt sula sochaidhi feccain a sgemhe agus a n-ecuisc, mur badh teact i n-aonach ard olladbul da cech aonduine don cuiri sin. Triar uasal oireaghdha i n-airenach na buidne sin. An cetna fer diob, brat dubglas go ccorthoraibh orsnath imbe, eo oir isin brat os a bruinde, lene do sioda soinemáil fria cnes, iallacranda uainecda les. Ni hiomda d'feraibh in betha nech is aille inás. Monc fionnbuidhi fair, cloidemh dét drechsolus co n-ecairsi d'orsnáth ina deaslaimh. Fo cheird in colcc n-dét sin a n-airde, co tuit for cenn ind fir medhonaigh, comrac nat comraic fris. Atetha

he. A light-yellow head of hair he has; a bright-faced sword with ivory hilt and with coils of gold thread, in his right hand. He flings on high the tooth-hilted sword, so that it falls on the head of the middle man but it simply grazes it. He catches it up in the air again, so that it falls on the head of the other man, and the first man catches it in his hand, and it divided not a ringlet nor the skin of the head of either of them, and these two men did not perceive it.

Two brown, rich-hued, bright-faced youths; reddish-gray mantles around them; white-silver brooches in their mantles over their breasts; a bright-hilted sword under their waists; purple sandals they wore; as sweet as strings of lutes when long sustained in players' hands was the voice and song of one of the men, so that enough of delight it was to the host to listen to the sound of his voice. Worthy of a king or of a prince was each man in that company as regards apparel and appearance; thou wouldst think, at the sight of them, they were all kings. Neither spears nor swords do they bear, but their servants bear them."

"An over-proud body is that," quoth Ailill; "and who may they be, O Fergus?" he asked. "I know full well," replied Fergus; "the poets of Ulster are they, with Fercerdne. The fair, much-gifted, whom thou sawest, even the learned master of Ulster, Fercerdne. 'Tis before him that the lakes and rivers sink when he upbraids, and they swell up high when he applauds. The two others thou sawest are Athirne the chief poet, whom none can deny, and Ailill Miltenga ('Honey-tongue') son of Carba; and he is called Ailill 'Honey-tongue' for that as sweet as honey are the words of

suas doridhisi, co tuit for cend ind fir oile, agus atetha an fer oile ina laimh, agus ni faosglann faol no tuinn for cenn ceachtair de diob, agus nís n-facatar in dias sin.

Da oclach donna dathaille drechsoillsi. Bruit dercclietha iompa. Delc fionnairccit isna brataibh os a m-bruindibh. Cloidme gealduirn fo a coim. Iallacranna corcra leó. Bindithir teta mendcrot illamaibh suadh ica siorsenm guth agus amar in dara fir, conadh lor do airpeted don t-sluagh coisdeacht fria fogur a gotha. Fiú righ no rigdamna cech fer isin buidin sin itir timtacht agus eccasg, dar lat ica fairccsin batar rig ule iet. Ni fuilit gái no cloidme aca acht atat aga n-giollaibh.

Aos foruallach sin, ar Oilill, agus cia hiet a Fergais, ar se. Ro fetar-sa émh, ar Fergus, oes dana Uladh im Fercertne sin, an fear fionn iolchlesach at connarcas .i. ollamh Uladh Fercertne sin. As roimhe thraight na locha agus na haibhne an tan aoras, & con tocbann i n-airdi in tan molas. An dias oile at condarcas .i. Athairne an t-airdfilidh, as fair nach fetaid daine era do tabairt, agus Oilill Miltenga mac Carbadh, agus is uime aderar Oilill Milteng(a) fris, millsigthir mil sgotha na hexe uadh.

wisdom that fall from him."

"There came yet another company to the mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "A most terrible, dreadful sight to behold them. Blue and pied and green, purple, grey and white and black mantles; a kingly, white-gray, broad-eyed hero in the van of that company; wavy, grizzled hair upon him; a blue-purple cloak about him; a leaf-shaped brooch with ornamentation of gold in the cloak over his breast; a shield, stoutly braced with buckles of red copper; yellow sandals he wore; a large, strange-fashioned sword along his shoulder. Two curly-haired, white-faced youths close by him, wearing green cloaks and purple sandals and blue tunics, and with brown shields fitted with hooks, in their hands; white-hilted swords with silvered bronze ornaments they bore; a broad, somewhat light countenance had one of them. One of these cunning men raises his glance to heaven and scans the clouds of the sky and bears their answer to the marvellous troop that is with him. They all lift their eyes on high and watch the clouds and work their spells against the elements, so that the elements fall to warring with each other, till they discharge rain-clouds of fire downwards on the camp and entrenchments of the men of Erin."

21. Tainic buiden ele isin telaigh i Sleamain Midhi, ar Mac Roth, fargsi forgranda adhuathmhar re fegad forra. Aráidi gorma agus breaca agus uaine, corcra, glasa agus fionda & dubha. Riglach fionnliath roisglethan i n-airenach na buidne sin. Folt craobhach finnlieth fair. Araid gormcorcra ime. Delcc duillech co n-ecor oir isin brat ós a bruindi. Scieth morglindidhe co m-bocoidibh derccuma. Iallacranna buidhi les. Cloidemh mor gaillecasgda ierna imdhae. Dá óclach forcasa aighfionna iccomfocraibh dhó. Aráidi uaine agus iallchrainn corcra agus ionair gorma agus sgeth donna delgnacha ina lamaib. Cloidmi gealduirn co n-eaccor fiondrúine forraibh. Drech leathan lethgabar lasan dara fer diobh. Tocbaidh in dara fer foirbhthi díbh a imcaisi co nem agus fethaidh niulla nime agus do ber freacra don buidin amra fil uime. Tocbuit uile a rosca a n-airdi agus fethit naniulla, agus luait breachta a n-agaidh na n-dúl co m-bít na duilé ic cathughudh eatorrae, co luait cithnella tenedh cum dúnaidh & loncphuir fer n-Erenn.

"Who might that be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "I know him," replied Fergus; "the foundation of knowledge; the master of the elements; the heaven-soaring one; he that blindeth the eyes; that depriveth his foe of his strength through incantations of druids, namely Cathba the friendly druid, with the druids of Ulster about him. And to this end he makes augury when judging the elements, in order to ascertain therefrom how the great battle on Garech and Ilgarech will end. The two youths that are about him, they are his own two sons, to wit Imrim son of Cathba and Genonn Gruadsolus ('Bright-cheek') son of Cathba, he that has the somewhat light countenance. Howbeit it will be hard for the men of Erin to withstand the spells of the druids."

"Yet another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A numberless, bright-faced band; unwonted garments they wore; a little bag at the waist of each man of them. A white-haired, bull-faced man in the front of that company; an eager, dragon-like eye in his head; a black, flowing robe with edges of purple around him; a many coloured, leaf-shaped brooch with gems, in the robe over his breast; a ribbed tunic of thread of gold around him; a short sword, keen and hard, with plates of gold, in his hand; they all came to show him their stabs and their sores, their wounds and their ills, and he told each one his sickness, and he gave each a cure, and what at last happened to each was even the ill he foretold him." "He is the power of leechcraft; he is the healing of wounds; he is the thwarting of death; he is the absence of every weakness, is that man," said Fergus, "namely Fingin the prophet mediciner, the physician of

Cia sud a Ferghais, ar Oilill. Ro fetar-sa sin, ar Ferghus, forus fesa, coimsig dul, ascnamh nime, dallaid (?) rosca, gebaidh (?) luth n-echtrand tria indtleacthaibh drúadh, .i. Cathbadh caomdhraói co n-draoithibh Uladh uime, agus isedh do ber airdcenn é ic midemuin na n-dúl do taisgeladh forra cionnas bias iardraighi in catha moir si for Gairighi agus Iolgáirighi. An dá óclach fileat uime, at iat a da mac .i. Imrim mac Cathbhadh agus Genonn Gruadsolus mac Cathbadh, as aigi-siomh fil in drec(h) lethgabur. Cidh tra acht bidh trom le feralb Erenn beith ac fulang dichelta na n-drúadh.

22. Tainic buiden ele isin telaigh i Slemuin Midhi, ar Mac Roth, buiden dírimh drechsolus. Timtacht dearsgaightheacha leo. Ferbolg fo coim gach fir diop. Fer fiondgruaccach tarbdha i n-airenach na buidne sin. Rosc duillech draganta ina chionn. Brat dubluascach fo oraib corcra uime. duillech breacht co n-geamaibh for cleth a octa isin brat. Lene asnadach orsnath uime. Gercloidem áith amhnas co n-eclandaibh oir ina laim. Ticedh cach d'fechain a cnedh agus a creacht, a n-gon agus a n-galar cuici-siomh agus no innisedh a galar da cach aón agus do beredh freapaidh íca dá cach aón, agus isedh tic fri cach aon an galar indisios doibh. As nert liaig-gaoisi, as slanugudh cnedh, as díchur euga, as esbaidh cach enirt in fer sin, ar Fergus, .i. Fingin fathliaigh liaig Concobair co leaghaibh Uladh uime. As é sin do ber aithne ar galar in duine tre diaig in tigi imbí d'faicsin no tre na cnet do closs(tin). A coimeta leghis, as iat na ferbolga do

Conchobar, with the physicians of Ulster around him. It is he that knoweth the sickness of a man by the smoke of the house wherein he lies, or by hearing his groans. Their medicine bags are the sacks which thou sawest with them."

"Another company came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A powerful, heavy, turbulent company; they caused uproar in their deeds of arms for the accomplishment of brilliant feats; they tore up the sad-sodded earth with the strength of their bitter rage, for the mighty princes of the proud province of Conchobar would not allow them to proceed to the great camp till all should be arrived. Two youths, swarthy and huge, in the front of that company; soft, playful eyes in their heads; about them, dark-grey tunics with silver pins set with stones; great, horn-topped swords with sheaths they bore; strong, stout shields they bore; lances with rows of rivets, in their hands; glossy tunics next to their skin." "We know well that company," quoth Fergus; "the household of Conchobar and his vassals are those; their two leaders, Glasne and Menn, two sons of Uthechar."

"There came yet another band to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth; "to wit, a band of a numerous body of henchmen. A black, hasty, swarthy, ---- man in the front rank of that band; seven chains around his neck; seven men at the end of each chain; he drags along these seven groups of men, so that their faces strike against the ground, and they revile him until he desists. Another terrible man is there, and the ponderous stone which powerful men could not raise, he sets on his palm and flings on high to the height a lark

connarcais aca.

23. Tainic buiden ele isin telaigh i Sleamuin Midhi, ar Mac Roth, sluagh tren trom ainbhtenach. Cuirit gretha im nithgalaibh ar con ferait finnclesa. . . . no soicdis na n-iorcomhair. Tochlait in talamh tromfóidech fri nert fercci faobhraighe, ar na leicit tromfhlaithi coicidh cennaird Concobair tiactain don mordhúnadh, no co d-tí cách. Dá óclach donna mora i n-airenach na buidne sin. Muadhruisc medharda ina ccendaibh. Lenda dubglasa go n-geamdhelccaibh arcait iompa. Cloidhmhe mora benndornear co b-ferbolccaibh leó. Sc(éith) tailcti treabarda aca. Mana(isi) brefecha co sreathaibh semann ina (lámaibh). Lénti ligda fria cnesaibh. Ro fetamar emh an buidin sin, ar Fergus. Teglach Concobair agus a amhuis ann sin, as iet a dhá thaoisech .i. Glaisne & Mend da mac Uithechair.

24. Tainic buiden ele isin telaigh i Sleamain Midhi, ar Mac Roth, .i. buiden giollanraidhe moire. Fer dub dian temhnighe temerdha i n-airenach na buidhne sin. Seacd slabhradha ima braghait, moirseser i ccinn cacha slabhraidh. Do srenga-som na secht moirseser sin co m-benann a srubha fri talmain, co tabrait athais fair, co fostann. Ata fer uathmar oile ann, & in nertlíá na tocbait na tréfnfir, cuirid-siomh for a bhois & curid i n-airdi uiret téid uiseog illó ainle. Fertaslорcc iaraind for a chríos. Ro fetar-sa na fir sin, ar Fergus, Trioscatal trenfer tigi Concobair, is é

flies on a day of fine weather; a club of iron at his belt." "I know those men," quoth Fergus: "Triscoth the strong man of Conchobar's house; it is he that flings the stone on high. Ercenn son of the three stewards, he it is in the chains."

"There came another large, stately company to the mound in Slane of Meath," macRoth went on. "Three, very curly-headed, white-faced youths in the van of that troop; three curly-red kirtles with brooches of silvered bronze was the apparel they wore about them; three sparkling tunics of silk with golden seams tucked up about them; three studded shields with images of beasts for emblems in silvered bronze upon them and with bosses of red gold; three very keen swords with guards adorned with gold thread along their shoulders; broad-bladed javelin-heads on ashen shafts in their hands." "Who might that be there, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "That I know," answered Fergus: "the three venoms of serpents; three cutting ones; three edges; three watchful ones; three points of combat; three pillars of the borders; three powerful companies of Ulster; three wardens of Erin; three triumph-singers of a mighty host are there," said Fergus, "the three sons of Conchobar, namely Glas and Manè and Conaing."

cuireas an líg a n-airdi, Ercenn tri m-brugaid is é fil is na slabradaibh.

25. Tainic buiden mhór ruithech isin tealaigh i Sleamain Midhi, ar Mac Roth. Tri hoclaich forcassa oigfionna i n-airenach na buidni sin. Tri lenna casdercca co m-bretnasaibh fiondrúini i timthacht iompa. Tri srepanclenti síoda co n-iomuaim órdha i custul iompa. Tri sceith engacha co d-tuágmhilaibh fiondrúine forra, agus go ccobradhaibh derccoír. Tri fetha fogera co n-iomdorn orsnath iarna formna. Slegha slindlethna for crandaibh midhsenga ina lamaibh. Cia badh doich annsúd a Fergais, ar Oilill. Ro fetar-sa sin, ar Fergus, tri neme nathrach, trí fégh, tri faobra, tri fuirecra, tri rainn agha, tri uaithe coicrichi, tri daimthinn Uladh, tri urbadha Erenn, tri buadhroscaigh morsluaigh ann-sin, ar Fergus, tri mic Concobair .i. Glas agus Maine agus Conaing.

"Yet another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Stately, in beautiful colours, gleaming-bright they came to the mound. Not fewer than an army-division, as a glance might judge them A bold, fair-cheeked youth in the van of that troop; light-yellow hair has he; though a bag of red-shelled nuts were spilled on his crown, not a nut of them would fall to the ground because of the twisted, curly locks of his head. Bluish-grey as harebell is one of his eyes; as black as beetle's back is the other; the one brow black, the other white; a forked, light-yellow beard has he; a magnificent red-brown mantle about him; a round brooch adorned with gems of precious stones fastening it in his mantle over his right shoulder; a striped tunic of silk with a golden hem next to his skin; an ever-bright shield he bore; a hard-smiting, threatening spear he held over him; a very keen sword with hilt-piece of red gold on his thigh." "Who might that be, O Fergus?" asked Ailill. "I know, then," replied Fergus: "it is battle against foes; it is the inciting of strife; it is the rage of a monster; it is the madness of a lion; it is the cunning of a snake; it is the rock of the Badb; it is the sea over dikes; it is the shaking of rocks; it is the stirring of a wild host, namely Conall Cernach ('the Victorious'), the high-glorious son of Amargin, that is come hither."

26. Tainic buiden ele isin tealaigh i Sleamain Midhi, ar Mac Roth, pa digrais dathalainn étrochtglan fo ciochlatair isin tulaigh. Nior bo huaiti trichait cet a b-fairesi. Oclach gasta graduhalainn i n-airenach na buidhni (sin.) Folt fionnbuidhi fair. Cia fo cerd(tha) miach do chnoibh derccfuiscthi for a mullach, (ni) roichfedh cnú for lar dioph tria cleactaibh camchasa a chinn. An dara suil do as glaisithir bugha, duibithir druimne daoil an t-suil oile. An dara habra dubh, aroile fionn. Ulcha degablanach fiondbuidhi fair. Fuan diograis doindercc ina thimthacht. Eo croind coimheccar co n-gem do licc logmar ig a foriadadh ina brut os a desrigh. Ionar srethach sroill co m-bil órda fria cnes. Scieth bithghel fair. Gae bailcbémnech bhuaadhnasach uása. Cloidemh aithger co n-imaltaibh óir deircc for a sliasait. Cia sud a Fergais, ar Oilill. Ro fetar-sa émh, ar Fergus, as nith for naimhdibh, as uathugudh iorghaile, as bruth biasta, as fercc leomain, as tuachles naithrech, as all Bodhba, as muir dar mura, as cumsgugudh cairge, as buaidhredh borbshloig .i. Conall Cernach mac ardallata Aimirgin fil ann sin.

"Yet another company came to the same mound in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Steady and dissimilar to the other companies. Some wore red cloaks, others light-blue cloaks, others dark blue cloaks, others green cloaks, white and yellow jerking, beautiful and shiny, were over them. Behold the little, red-faced lad with purple mantle about him in their midst. A brooch of gold in the mantle over his breast; a tunic of royal silk with red trimming of red gold next to his white skin, a bright shield with intricate figures of beasts in red gold upon it; a boss of gold on the shield; an edge of gold around it; a small, gold-hilted sword at his waist; a sharp, light lance cast its shadow over him."

"But, who might he be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Truly, I know not," Fergus made answer, "that I left behind me in Ulster the like of that company nor of the little lad that is in it. But, one thing I think likely, that they are the men of Temair with Erc son of Fedilmid Nocruthach and of Carbre Niafer. And if it be they, they are not more friends than their leaders here. Mayhap despite his father has this lad come to succour his grandfather at this time. And if these they be, a sea that drowneth shall this company be to ye, and the little lad that is in it that the battle shall this time be won against ye." "How through him?" asked Ailill. "Not hard to tell," Fergus responded: "for this little lad will know neither fear nor dread when slaying and slaughtering, until at length he comes into the midst of your battalion. Then shall be heard the whirr of Conchobar's sword like the yelp of a howling war-hound, or like a lion rushing among bears, while the boy will be saved.

27. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tilaig cetna i Slemain Mide, for Mac Roth. Is hi fossud écsamail risna budnib aile. Aill bruitt deirg. Aill bruitt glaiss. Aill bruitt guirm. Aill bruitt úane. Blae bána bhuide it íat álle etrocta uasu. Undseo mac m-bec m-breclerg co m-brutt chorcra eturru bar medón bhadessin. Eó óir isin brutt os a brunni. Lene de sról ríg bha derggintliud de dergór fri gelchness. Gelsciat(h) go tuagmílaib dergóir fair. Taul óir barsin sciath, bil óir ina imthimchiull. Claideb órduirn bec ba choimm aice. Gae aith etromm go foscaithaib uasu.

Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Nad fetar-sa ám ale, bar Fergus, innass na budni sin, ná in mac bec fil inti d'facáil ri Ultaib dar m'éis. Acht oen bad doig lim-sa and, comtis iat fir Themra im Ercc mac Fedilmithi Nóchruthaigi, mac side Carpri Nia fer. Acus mas iat nímo carat anairich and-so. Dóig sa dichmairc a athar dodechaid in mac bec sain, d'forithin a senathar din chur sa, & mad siat, bud muir con baidfea duib-si in buden sain, daíg is tria gin na buidni sin & in meic bic ra fail inti con mae foraib-si in cath sa don chur sa. Cid de-side, bar Ailill. Ni insa, bar Fergus. Dóig ní faccéga in mac bec sain uath na húamain ga bhar slaidi-si & ga bhar n-essarggain, co tora lár far catha chucaib. Con cechlastar rucht claidib Conchobair mar glimmaig n-archon i fathad na mar leoman oc tech(t) fo mathgamnaib, con cichre Cuchulaind cethri múru móra de chollaib doene immon cath sechtair. Bát bágaig, bat condalbaig con fuarcfet flaithe fer n-Ulad ar n-úair. Is ferda con burfet in damrad dermór

Then outside around the battle lines will [Conchobar] pile up huge walls of men's bodies. In turn, filled with love and devotion, the princes of the men of Ulster will hew the enemy to pieces. Boldly will those powerful bulls bellow as the calf of their cow is rescued in the battle on the morn of the morrow."

"Then came there three huge (?), strong, well-braced, cunningly-built castles; three mighty, wheeled-towers like unto mountains, in this wise placed in position: Three royal castles with their thirty fully armed battalions, swarming with evil-tongued warriors and with thirty round-shielded heroes. A bright, beautiful, glistening shield-guard was on each of the three strong, stout battle castles, with black, deadly armament of huge, high, blue, sharp pine-lances, such that one's bent knee would fit in the socket of each smooth, polished, even and hard spearhead that is on each huge, terrible, strange shaft of the terrible, awful, heavy, monstrous, indescribable armament that I saw. A third part of each shaft was contained in the socket of the riveted, very long, securely placed spears; as high as two cubits was each citadel from the ground; as long as a warrior's spear was the height of each battle hurdle; as sharp as charmed sword was the blade of each sickle on the sides and the flanks of each of Badb's hurdles; on each of the three stout and hard battle-hurdles they are to be found. Four dark, yet gleaming, well-adorned doors were on each battle-wheeled tower of the three royal wheeled-towers which were displayed and spread over the plain, with ivory door-posts, with lintels of cypress, with stately thresholds set of speckled, beautiful, strong pine, with

oc tessargain láig a m-bó issi(n) chath issin matin se imbarach.

28. Tanccatar ann teora dúí dana trethnasa trena trenaigthe, tri rúada rot(h)a fo cotat-cosmailios samlaidh suidighthe, teora righcaistel cona trichait cath m-baitel m-birdha merblichthe milabartacha co d-tricha(i)tt curadh cruinnsgieith. Sciethergal n-etrocht n-ailenda niemdha for ceactar na teora ruadchaistel calma cathaigthech cona n-idna n-dubh n-duaibsech d'omnadaibh aidble ardaibh gormaib geraib giusdaib, cosmail condiosadh (?) glun diabalta iniondsma cach sleghi slemne sliptha sleman-cruaide fil for cach n-omna n-adbail n-edigh n-ingnathaigh don iodhna eidigh aithighe andsa uathmar anaithnidh ar ro dercus. Trian da cach cronn dib an congebadh iniondsma na sleagh semnech sithfoda so ráthaighthe. Airdighther dn (?) cubhat cach caistel on talmhain. Sithither slegh laich airde cach cathbuailedh. Geraitheir cloidem senta sothinmiche cech serra da b-fuil i toebaib & i slesaibh cach buailedh bodhba. Do ceactar na teora catad-caladh cathbhuailedh atacomnaic. Cetheora doirsi dorblasta dronecairthi ar cach roth nét dona teoraibh rothaibh rigdaibh ro taisbenta, ro serntar in magh, co n-ersandaibh ebherneadaibh, co fordoirsibh cuiprisibh, co d-tairsightibh segdha suidighthe do bín bric bhuilidh brighmhair, cona comladaibh gorma gloinidhi, co m-breacradh do gemaibh criostail im cech n-imdorus, co m-ba samalta fria reltanaibh rosolasta a n-incisin do chén.

their blue, glass door-leaves, with the glitter of crystal gems around each door-frame, so that its appearance from afar was like that of bright shining stars.

"As loud as the crash of a mighty wave at the great spring-tide, or of a huge heavy fleet upon the sea when toiling with the oars along the shore, was the similitude of the din and the clamour and the shouts and the tumult of the multitude and the to-and-fro of the thirty champions with their thirty heavy, iron clubs that they bear in their hands. And when the wheeled-towers advance massively and boldly against the line of heroes, these almost leave behind their arms at the fierce charge of the outland battalions. Then spring the three hundred champions with a shout of vengeful anger over the sides and over the front of the huge iron towers on wheels, so that this it was that checked the swift course and the great, hasty onslaught of the well-grounded, swiftly-moving, mighty chariots. The three stout, strong, battle-proof towers on wheels careered over rough places and over obstacles, over rocks and over heights.

"There coursed the thirty entire chargers, powerful, four abreast, the equal of ninety entire chargers, with manes more than big, bold and leaping, with sack-like, distended nostrils, high-headed, towering, overpowering, wonderful, so that they shook with their ramping the thick shell of the sad-sodded earth. They flecked the plain behind them with the foam dripping from the swift Danish steeds, from the bits and bridles, from the traces and tracks of the huge, maned, mighty steeds, greater than can be told! They excited strife with their din of

Metighter tairm tuinni treni i n-aimsir robarta no tromcoblai gh moir muiridhi re himarbaigh n-imraba sec taob tire cosmaile na muirne & in griocas agus in greadhan agus seselbe na sochaidhe agus aimh tháimh in trichat curadh cona trichait susti n-imtrom n-iarnaidhe filit ina lamaibh. & in tan fo cinget in roth co hanbhail imdiscir i ccend catha na ccuradh, suaill nach facbat a n-inna la himforran na ccath n-almuirech. Is ann forlengat na tri cet curadh for siangles n-dibherge dar slesaibh agus dar brainibh na roth n-adbal n-iarnaidhi, conidh eadh do thairmisc dianimrim agus dianbruthghail mor na ffondadh fotamail foluaimnech fortamail. Nos foghluaisiond na teora calma-caladh-roth ruadhcaithaigtech dar dendaibh agus dar droibelaibh, dar allaibh & dar ardaibh.

Do riadatar in trentricha culcalma ceithirrieta for nochait miodhach mongach mos(?) -adbal brairech(?) bedccach balcsroin ardcenna ardmora aidble iongantacha, co ro focroitsitar ar asoilecthi troimceltar in talman tromfoidigh. Ro aladh-breccatar in magh dia n-es do uanfadaigh na n-ech n-danarda ag snige a glomraibh & a sriannmirendaibh, a lorccaibh agus a hesaibh na marc mor mongach mosach (?) mo aisnedter. Ro drendaigetar ar armgrithghair. Ro dianaigheatar ar dreman-denmnetne. Atgrainitar ar erradh ar armnertmaire, ar

arms. They plunged headlong in their swift impatience. They aroused great terror at their accoutrement, at their armour, at their cunning, at their power, at their hugeness, at their destructive, terrible, hostile vengeance on the four grand, proud provinces of Erin. Amazing to me was their appearance because of the unwontedness of their trappings both in form and in garb. Three wonderful flights of birds with variety of appearance hovered over them. The first flock was all red, the second flock was white as swans, the third flock as black as ravens. Three red-mouthed demons sped around them as swift as hares, circling the three wheeled towers, and this is what they prophesied:

"Sheaves of battle,
Might of quelling,
Ill of war-deeds,
Sating of foul ravens!
Sodden ground, blood-red;
Men low in dust;
Sheaves on sword-blades!"

"They wheeled about and brought them twelve battle-pillars of thick, huge, iron pillars. As thick as the middle of a warrior's thigh, as tall as a champion's spear was each battle-fork of them, and they placed four forks under each wheeled-tower. And their horses all ran from them and grazed upon the plain. And those forty that had gone in advance descend clad in armour on the plain, and the garrison of the three battle-wheeled towers falls to attacking and harassing them, and is attacked and harassed in turn by those forty champions, so that there was heard the breaking of shields and the loud blows of hard iron

tangnacht ar thresi ar tairptighi, ar diantarractain fuacdha anacardha anserga for cetri coicctibh aidblich air(egdaibh) Erenn. Machtad liom a n-imcha(isi) re hiongantacht a n-escrime (itir deilbh) agus deceltaibh. Teora hialla ingnathacha go ro-examlacht ecaisc uasta. An cetna hialla dercc uile, an iall thanaise it gilithar gési, an tres iall duibhither fiaich. Teora badba beldercca impu luaitither fiamhain timcioll na teora roth, agus iseadh forcanaid:

Cisel catha
aidble n-dinge
ainble angluinne
rastair brain brocaig
treth flannruadh fond
daine in-úir
for cissi cisél.

Turtoiset agus tucsat da cathuaithe dec cuctha do uaitnedaibh mora aidble iarnaidhi. Remither medhon lon laich. Airdither slegh curadh cach cathgabail diobh agus ro suidigsetar cetheora gabla fo cech roth. Agus ro tetlaidhsid a n-gabhra uile uaidhibh con geltatar in magh. Agus desitar in cetracha remtechtach út fon arm-gaiscidh ar in magh, & nus gabat forenn na tri cathrothcaistéil in imairec agus in imghiaidh frisin cetrachait laoch ud, co ccluinter brioscbuar na m-bocoidech & muadhbemnech na loircfersatt nuiriarainn fri sgiethaibh agus fri cathbarraibh, fri luirechaibh agus fri slendaibh slegh sleamancruaid n-gorm [n-

poles on bucklers and battle-helmets, on coats of mail and on the iron plates of smooth, hard, blue-black, sharp-beaked, forked spears. And in the whole camp there is none but is on the watch for their fierceness and their wrath and their cunning and their strangeness, for their fury, their achievements and the excellence of the guard. And in the place where the forty champions are and the thousand armed men contending with them, not one of the thousand had a wounding stroke nor a blow on his opponent because of the might of their skill in arms and the excellence of their defence withal!"

"They are hard to contend with for all such as are unfamiliar with them, is the opinion held of them," spake Fergus, "but they are readily to be dealt with for such as do know them. These are three battle-wheeled towers," Fergus continued, "as I perceive from their account. Once I saw their like, namely when as prentice I accompanied Darè to Spain, so that we entered the service of the king of Spain, Esorb to wit, and we afterwards made an expedition to Soda, that is, to the king of Africa, and we gave battle to the Carthaginians. There came their like upon us against the battle-line wherein we were, an hundred battalions and three score hundred in each battalion. One of the wheeled-towers won victory over us all, for we were not on our guard against them. And this is the way to defeat them: To mine a hole broader than the tower in the ground in the front thereof and cover over the pitfall; and for the battle-line to be drawn up over against it and not to advance to attack, so that it is the towers that advance and fall into the pit.

gob] n-dub n-gobger n-gabaltach. Agus ní fuil san dúnadh uile na fuil na foimdin ar a m-buirbi & ar a n-aniardacht agus ar a n-amhainsi & ar a n-ingnathaighi, ar a n-gaircce, ar a n-gniomaighi agus ar a febas a n-ersclaighi. Agus in bail itát in cetracha curadh & in míle fer n-armach iccennairec friú, ní fagadh nech don míle imforgamh gona no buille ar a chele dioph la fortamlacht a n-eangnama & la feabas na hersclaighi ar sodain.

At annsa dia n-eccmaltaibh baramhail forra, ar Fergus, agus it use dia n-gnaitheibh. Teora rotha net sin, ar Fergus, tuicim-si as a tuarascbail. Aenfeacht at connarc-sa a samail sin, ar Fergus, .i. dia n-dechadh (-sa ar) aon re Daire iom giolla fo(glamma) i n-Espain, co ra bamar ic Esorb (.i. ic rig E)spaine, co n-dechamar socraidi (sloig co So)da .i. co rig n-Affraicthe, co tucsamh cath dona Cartagentsdaibh. Tainic samail doib-sin cucainn iccend in catha bail irra bamarne cet cath, agus tri fichit cet cecha catha. Rucastar an t-aonroth ar ccoscar uile, uair nach ra bamar ina n-oirchill. Agus as i a oircill poll talman bas lethne inás do denamh ara chionn & braflang fair & in cath alla cionn comar fris agus gan dula dia iondsaighe-siomh, conidh ietsom tuitis isin braflaing.

"Lebarcham told me, as I passed over Taltiu, that the Ulstermen brought these towers from Germany, and the towers held a third of the exiles of Ulster among them as their only dwelling; and Cualgae ('a Heap of Spears') is their name, namely battle-penolds. And herein have ye the sorest of all hardships, for although all the men of Erin are drawn up against them, it is the men of Erin that will be defeated. When they take it upon them to engage in battle they cannot hold out without a combat. Thus will they remain now till morning, every forty men of them contending with the others. And this is my advice to you," said Fergus: "permit me with my division to withstand them, and do ye betake yourselves to the woods and wilds of Erin, and the Ulstermen shall not find ye in any place, and I will proceed as an example, depending on my own men-of-war." "There are men here for ye!" cried Medb. "That will be a force for yourselves," Fergus made answer.

"Yet another company came there to the same height in Slane of Meath," said macRoth. "Not fewer than a division was in it; wild, dark-red, warrior-bands; bright, clear, blue-purple men; long, fair-yellow heads of hair they wore; handsome, shining countenances they had; clear, kingly eyes; magnificent vesture with beautiful mantles; conspicuous, golden brooches along their bright-coloured sleeves; silken, glossy tunics; blue, glassy spears; yellow shields for striking withal; gold-hilted, inlaid swords set on their thighs; loud-tongued care has beset them; sorrowful are they all, and mournful; sad are the royal leaders; orphaned the brilliant company without their protecting lord who was wont to guard

Rod fét Lebarcam dam-sa ic teacd tar Tailtín Ulaidh dia tabairt leo as an n-Germáin & trian loingsi Uladh fótha inenadbaidh, agus cualgae a n-anmann .i. cathbuailti, agus is andsom cach dodhaing daib-si sin, uair ce beth fir Erenn uile iccend catha friú, as ar feraib Erenn con maidfidhi. Otn-ocbat forra fri hairtriall catha no ca n-fuilgit gan iorgail. Is amlaidh beide co maidin anosa agus cach cetracha fer diobh timchiol i n-gliaidh fria aroile. Agus isí mo comairle-si daoibh-si, ar Fergus, leccidh dam-sa com trichait cet congail friu, agus edlaigh-si as fo fedhaibh agus fo diamraibh na hErenn, agus na faghaid Ulaidh ibh i n-oenbhaile, agus regat-sa fom rémim i n-esimel. Atat fir doibh sunn, ar Medb. Bid tacair dib-si ón, ar Fearghus.

29. Tanic buden aile and dana sin tulaig cetna i Slemuin Mide, for Mac Roth, nad uatti tricho chét indi. Fianna feochra forderga. Fir gil glain guirm chorcarda. Monhga fata findbuidi. Gnúsi alle etroctai. Ruisc reilli rígdaidi. Étaige lígda lendmassa. Deilge órda airegda iar n-dótib dendglana. Lénti síti srebnáide. Slega gorma glainidi. Sceith buide bemnecha. Claidbi órduirn intlassi iarna sliastaib sudigthir. Ra-tas-triall brón buridach. Brónaig uile eochraidi. Torrsig rurig rígdáide. Dillechta in slóg sorchaide gan a comsid costadaig. imdíched a n-irúatha. Cia sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetammar ám ale, bar Fergus. At leomain londa sain, at glonna catha, tricha cét Maige Murthemne andsain. Is ed dos-gní

their lands." "But, who may they be?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Indeed, we know them well," Fergus made answer. "Furious lions are they; deeds of battle; the division from the field of Murthemne are they. It is this that makes them cast-down, sorrowful, joyless as they are, because that their own divisional king himself is not amongst them, even Cuchulain, the restraining, victorious, red-sworded one that triumpheth in battle!"

"Good reason, in truth, there is for them to be so," quoth Medb, "if they are dejected, mournful and joyless. There is no evil we have not worked on them. We have harassed and we have assailed them, their territory and their land, from Monday at the beginning of Samaintide till the beginning of Spring. We have taken their women and their sons and their youths, their steeds and the troops of horses, their herds and their flocks and their droves. We have razed their hills after them till they are become lowlands, so that they are level with the plain."

"There is naught thou canst boast over them, O Medb!" cried Fergus. For thou didst them no hurt nor harm that yon fine company's leader avenged not on thee. For every mound and every grave, every stone and every tomb that is from hence to the east of Erin is the mound and the grave, the stone and the tomb of some goodly warrior and goodly youth, fallen at the hands of the noble chieftain of yonder company. Happy he to whom they hold! Woe to him whom they oppose! It will be enough, even as much as half a battle, for the men of Erin, when these defend their lord in the battle on the morning of the morrow."

cendcrom torsech n-anfálid can a rí n-aurraindi eturru bhadessin, can Chainculaind costadaig coscaraig claidebdeirg cathbhudaig.

Fail a mórabba ám dóib-sium sain, ar Medb, ciarsat cendchroimm torsig n-anfálid, ní fuil olc nar dernsamar riu. Ra-tas-airgsemar & ra-tas-indrisem o lúan tate samna co taite n-imboilg. Tucsam a mná & a meicc & a maccaémi, a n-eich & a n-echrada, a n-ailbi & a n-éiti & a n-indili. Barraeilseam a tailcha da n-éis go failet ina fántaib comtís comartai siat.

Ni thá ní nod máitte forro a Medb, bar Fergus. Daig ní dernais d'olcaib na dh'écoraib friu ní nar [dh]úrfuaith (.i. nar digail) toesech na degbhuidne ut fort, dáig atbhíth cach fert & cach lecht, cach lia & cach ligi fuil adú go airther n-hErend, is fert & is lecht, is lia & is ligi do deglaech & do degóc arna tuttim ra degthoesech na buidne út. Bo chinmaír rissa n-gebat. Is mairg ar a tocherat. Bud leór leth catha do feraib hErend siat ac cosnam a tigerna isin chath sin matin-sea imbarach.

"I heard a great uproar there, west of the battle or to its east," said macRoth. "Say, what noise was it?" asked Ailill of Fergus. "Ah, but we know it well," Fergus made answer: "Cuchulain it was, straining to go to battle, wearied at the length of his lying sick on Fert Sciach ('Thorn-mound') under hoops and clasps and ropes, and the men of Ulster do not permit him to go because of his sores and his wounds, inasmuch as he is not fit for battle and is powerless for combat after his encounter with Ferdiad."

True indeed spake Fergus. Cuchulain it was, wearied at the length of his lying supine on Fert Sciach under hoops and clasps and ropes.

Then came two women lampoonists from the camp and quarters of the men of Erin; their names, Fethan and Collach, to wit; and they stood with a feint of weeping and wailing over Cuchulain, telling him of the defeat of Ulster and the death of Conchobar and the fall of Fergus in combat.

Atchuala-sa nuall mór and, for Mac Roth, risin cath aníar no risin cath anair. Garsa nuall sút ale, bar Ailill ri Fergus. Ra-ta-fetamar ám ale, bar Fergus. Cuchulaind sain ac tríall tiachtain docairt dochum in chatha, ga furmiáil ri fót foenlaige i Fiurt Sciach fa thuagaib & bhaccaib & réfedaib, & ni lecgat Ulaid ind é, arbíth a chned & a chreachta, daig ní hinchomlaind & ní hinchomraic aithle chomraic Fir diad.

Ba fír ám do Fergus aní sin. Ba se Cuchulaind sain ga furmíail ri fáet foenlige i Firt Sciath bha thuagaib & bhaccaib & réfedaib.

And-sain ra dechatar na da bhanchanti a dunud & longphurt fer n-hErend .i. Fethan & Collach, co m-báatar oc fáschúi & oc fásguba as chind Conculaind, ica innisin dó madma bar Ultaib & marbtha Conchobair & tuittmi Fergus a i frithguin.



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26. The Decision of the Battle

Gleoud in chatha.

It was on that night that the Morrigan, daughter of Ernmas, came, and she was engaged in fomenting strife and sowing dissension between the two camps on either side, and she spoke these words:

Is hí inn aidchi sin ra dechaid in Morrígu ingen Ernmaiss, go m-bái oc indloch & oc etarchossait eter na da dúnad chechtarda. Acus rabert-si na briathra sa:

"Ravens shall pick
The necks of men!
Blood shall gush
In combat wild!
Skins shall be hacked
Crazed with spoils!
Men's sides pierced
In battle brave,
Luibnech near!
Warriors' storm;
Mien of braves;
Cruachan's men!
Upon them comes
Ruin complete!
Lines shall be strewn
Under foot;
Their race die out!
Then Ulster hail:
To Erna woe!
To Ulster woe:
Then Erna hail!
(This she said in Erna's ear.)
Naught inglorious shall they
do
Who them await!"

Crennait brain
braigte fer
brunnid [fer] fuil.
feochair cath
mescthair tuind.
fadbaib luind.
taib imthuill
nithgalaib
luibnig
lúth fiansa
fethal ferda
fir Chruachna
scritha
minardini
Cuirther cath
bha chossaib aráile.
ebhlatt ar réim.
Bochin Ultu
bhómair Érno.
bhochin Ulto.
.....
Issed dobert i cluáis n-Erand
Ni firfet anghlé
fail for a cind.

It was then that Cuchulain spoke to Laeg son of Riagabair. "It would surely be unworthy of thee, O Laeg my master," said Cuchulain, "if between the two battle-lines there should happen anything to-day whereof thou hadst no tidings for me." "Whatsoever I shall learn, O Cucucuc," answered Laeg, "will be told thee. But, see yonder a little flock coming forth on the plain from the western camp and station now. Behold a band of henchmen after them to check and to stay them. Behold also a company of henchmen emerging from the eastern camp and station to seize them." "Surely, that is so!" exclaimed Cuchulain. "That bodes a mighty combat and is the occasion of a grand battle. The little flock will come over the plain and the bands of henchmen will encounter the little flock on the great field of battle." There, indeed, Cuchulain spoke true. And the little flock came forth upon the plain, and the companies of henchmen met in fray.

"Who gives the battle now, O Laeg my master," Cuchulain asked. "The folk of Ulster," Laeg answered: "that is the same as the young warriors of Ulster." "But how fight they?" Cuchulain asked. "Like men they fight," Laeg answered. "There where are the heroes of valour from the east in battle, they force a breach through the ranks to the west. There where are the heroes from the west, they lay a breach through the ranks to the eastward."

Is and-sain rabert Cuchulaind ra Laeg mac Raingabra. Bá líag ám dait-siu ammo phopa Láig, bar Cuchulaind, na dernhtá eter na da chath cechtarda indiu ní na beth a fis acut dam-sa. Cacha finnub-sa de aní a Chucucuc, bar Laeg, innisfithir duit-siu. Acht undsea albhín assin dunud & assin longphurt aníar innossa barsin mag. Undsea chethirn n-gilla na n-diaid dá fostud & dá n-imfuirech. Undsea chethirn n-gilla no assin dunud & assin longphurt anair da tetarrachtain. Is fír ám sain ale, bar Cuchulaind. Is mana morglíad sain & is adbar n-degdebtha. Ragaid in t-albhín borsin mag & condricfat in gillanraid. A condricfat ind róe mór bha chetóir. Ba fír ám do Choinculaind anísín. Acus lotar in t-albhín bharsan mag. Acus conráncatar in gillanrad.

Cia con firend in cath innossa a mo phopa Laig, bar Cuchulaind. Áes Uladh, bar Laech, inund & aés ócbad. Cindas con feagat ale, bar Cuchulaind. Is ferda con fegat, bar Laég. Airm itát na láith gaile anair isin cath, berait toilg trisin cath síar. Airm itát na laith aníar, bérait toilg trisin cath sair.

"I grieve that I am not yet strong enough to be on my feet amongst them. For, were I able to be on my feet amongst them, my breach would be manifest there to-day like that of another!" "But, this avow, O Cucuc," said Laeg: "it is no reproach to thy valour; it is no disgrace to thine honour. Thou hast done bravely in time before now and thou wilt do bravely hereafter."

"Come, O my master Laeg!" cried Cuchulain; "rouse the men of Ulster to the battle now, for it is time that they come." Laeg came and roused the men of Ulster to battle, and he uttered these words there:

"Arise, ye kings of Macha,
Valiant in your deeds!
The Badb doth covet
Imbel's kine.
Blood of hearts pours out!
Goodly heroes' battle rushes
in
With deeds of valour!
Hearts all red with gore:
Brows turned in flight.
Dismay of battle riseth.
For there was never found
One like unto Cuchulain,
Hound that Macha's weal
doth work!
Quickly,
If it is for Cualnge's kine,
Let them now arise!

Appraind nacham-fuil-sea do nirt beith eturru dom choiss de-side, daíg da m-beind-sea do nirt beith dom choiss rapad réil mo thoilg-sea and-sain indiu i cumma cháich. Cossan archena a Chucuc, bar Laech. Ni tár dot gasciud, ní haisc dot inchaib, doringnis maith reme sút & dogéna na díaid.

Maith a mo phopa Laíg, bar Cuchulaind. Todúsig do Ultaib dochum in chatha fodesta, daíg is mithig dóib a thechta. Tanic Laeg & todúscis de Ultaib dochum in chatha & rabert na briathra and:

R. Comeirget ríg Macha
mórglonnaig.
míannaigther Badbh
bó Immail.
insernd cru cridi
inreith nith niaba
bar nertaib gal.
bar cridib crú.
bar tilaib téici.
Turcbhaid
in sním nítha.
daíg ni fríth ra Coinculaind
comchosmail.
Cu gonben mían Macha.
mochtraide.
mas ar búaiB Cualnhge
coméirget. Com.



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27. Now of The Battle of Garech

Thereupon arose all the men of Ulster at the one time in the train of their king, and at the word of their prince, and to prepare for the uprising in response to the call of Laeg son of Riangabair. And in this wise they arose: stark-naked all of them, only their weapons in their hands. Each one whose tent door looked to the east, through the tent westwards he went, for that he deemed it too long to go round about it.

"How arise the Ulstermen now to the battle, Laeg my master?" asked Cuchulain. "Manfully they rise," said Laeg: "stark-naked all of them. Every man whose tent-door faces the east, through the tent westwards he goes, for he deems it too long to go round about it." "I pledge my word!" cried Cuchulain: "at a fitting hour have they now in the early day risen around Conchobar!"

Do Cath Gairighi badhdesta.

Is and-sain atraachtatar Ulaid uile in oenfecht ra costud arríg & ra bréthir a flatha & ra frithalim coméirgi bréithri Laíg meic Riangabra. Acus is amlaid atrachtatar: lomthornocht uile act a n-airm nallámaib. Cach óen da m-bíd dorus a phupla sair díb, is triana phupaill síar theiged ar a fat leis tiachtain timchell.

Cinnas con coméirget Ulaid dochum (in chatha) innossa a mo phopa Laéig, bar Cuchulaind. Is ferda con coméirget, bar Laég. Lomthornocht uile, bar Laeg. Cach óen dá tá dorus a phupla sair díb, is triana phupaill síar teiged ar a fat leis tíchtain timchell. Atiur-sa bréthir, bar Cuchulaind, is degóir éigmi atrachtatar im Chonchobar immucha lae i trath sa and-sain.

Then spake Conchobar to Sencha son of Ailill: "Come, O Sencha my master," said Conchobar; "stay the men of Ulster, and let them not go to the battle til there come the strength of a good omen and favourable portent, till the sun mounts to the roof-tree of heaven and sunshine fills the glens and lowlands and hills and watch-towers of Erin." They tarried there till the strength of a good omen came and a favourable portent, till sunshine filled the glens and slopes and heights and watch-towers of the province.

"Come, O Sencha my master," said Conchobar; "rouse the men of Ulster to battle, for it is time for them to proceed thither." Sencha roused the men of Ulster to battle, and he spake these words:

"Now shall Macha's kings
arise,
Large-hearted folk!
Weapons let them shatter:
Let them fight the battle:
Let them plow the earth in
anger:
Let them strike on shields!
Wearied all the hands;
Herds loud bellowing:
Steadfast the resistance:
Furious the retainers:
Battle-lines shall prostrate
fall
'Neath the feet of others!
Prince and lord prepare
for battle.
Perish shall their race!
Manful contest there shall
be;

And-sain atbert Conchobar ra Sencha mac Ailella. Maith a mo phopa Sencha, bar Conchobar. Fostá Ulaid & na leíc (dochum) in chatha, co tí nert don t-seón & don t-solud, co ro eirgea grían i cleithib nimi, go ro lina grían glenta & fanta & tulcha & tuaidibrecha na hErend. Tarrasatar and co tanic nert don t-seón & don t-solud, go ro lín grían glenta & fánta & tulcha & tuadebrecha in choicid.

Maith a mo phopa Sencha, bar Conchobar. Todiusig de Ultaib dochum in chatha, daíg is mithig dóib a thechta. Todúscais Sencha d'Ultaib dochum in chatha. Rabert na briathra and:

Coméirget ríg Macha.
munter fíal.
melat fáebair.
fégat cath.
claidet búrach.
benat scíathu.
Scítha labrai.
abra éiti.
éicni fastuda.
feochra costoda.
Curther cath
ba chossaib araile
. . . .
eblait a réim.
bid ferrda fid
Bar-da-nessat.
& bar-da-lessat indiu.
Ibait deoga duirbbi fola.
línfaid cuma cridi rígan.
tuidicfaid eblaid a samgubae.

Their foes they lie in wait
for
And slay them all to-day!
Deep draughts of blood
they drink:
Grief fills the hearts of
queens:
Tender lamentations
follow:
Till soaked in blood shall
be the grassy sod
On which they're slain,
To which they come.
If for Cualnge's kine it be,
Let Macha's kings! Let
them arise!

commed fuleach ferach fot
forsalestais forsasestais
. . . .
Mas ar búuib Cualngi
comergid rig Macha.

Not long was Laeg there when he witnessed something: the men of Erin all arising at one time, taking their shields and their spears and their swords and their helmets, and urging the men-of-war before them to the battle. The men of Erin, every single man of them, fell to smite and to batter, to cut and to hew, to slay and to destroy the others for a long space and while.

Nír bo chían do Laég da m-baé and, go facca inní: fir hErend uile ac comeirge i n-óenfecht ac gabail a scíath & a n-gae & a claideb & a cathbarr, & ac tu[1]argain na m-buden rompu dochum in chatha. Da gabsat fir hErend cách díb bar slaide & bar slechtad, for tóchtad, & bar tinmi, for airlech & for essargain araile ri ré cían & ra reimes fata.

Thereupon Cuchulain asked of his charioteer, of Laeg son of Rianganabair, at the time that a bright cloud came over the sun: "Look for us! How fight the Ulstermen the battle now, O my master Laeg?" "Like men they fight," Laeg answered. "Should I mount my chariot, and En, Conal Cernach's ('the Victorious') charioteer, his chariot, and should we go in two chariots from one wing to the other on the points of the weapons, neither hoof nor wheel nor axle-tree nor chariot-pole would touch

Is and-sain ra iarfaig Cuchulaind da araid do Laég mac Rianganabra, in tan ón bai nél solus bharsin gréin. Cinnas con feagar in cath innossa, a mo phopa Laeig. Is ferda con feagar, bar Laeg. Cid condruaind-sea mo charpat, & Én ara Conaill a charpat & gia ra thiasmáis i n-dib carptib ánd itte co araile iar n-idnaib na n-arm, ní rossed crú na roth na fonnud na fertas díb ar a dlús & ar a deínme & ar a daingne congbaither a n-airm illámaib nammíled i trath sa.

the ground for the denseness and closeness and firmness with which their arms are held in the hands of the men-at-arms at this time."

"Alas, that I am not yet strong enough to be amongst them now!" cried Cuchulain; "for, were I able, my breach would be manifest there to-day like that of another," spake Cuchulain. "But this avow, O Cucuc," said Laeg: "'tis no reproach to thy valour; 'tis no disgrace to thine honour. Thou hast wrought great deeds before now and thou wilt work great deeds hereafter."

Then began the men of Erin to smite and to batter, to cut and to hew, to slay and to destroy the others for a long space and while. Next came to them the nine chariot-fighters of the champions from Norseland, and the three foot-warriors along with them, and no swifter were the nine chariot-men than the three men on foot.

Then came to them also the governors of the men of Erin. And this was their sole office with Medb in the battle: to smite to death Conchobar if it were he that suffered defeat, and to rescue Ailil and Medb if it should be they were defeated. And these are the names of the governors:

Appraind nacham fuil-sea do nirt beith etorru de-side, bar Cuchulaind. Daíg da m-beind-se de nirt, ra pad réil mo thoilg-sea and-sain indiu i cumma cháich, bar Cuchulaind. Cossan ar chena a Chucuc, bar Laég. Ni tár dot gasciud, ni haisc dot inchaib, doringnis maith reme sút, dagéna na diaid.

And-sain ra gabsat fir hErend fós bar slaide & bar slechtad, for tochtad & for tinme, far airlech & for essargain araile (fri) ré cían & fri reimes fata. And-sain dariachtatar cuccusom na noecharptig de fénnedaib na hIruade, agus in triar dechoiss maroen riu, & ni ra lúathiu na nóecharptig anda in triar dechoiss.

And-sain dariachtatar chucu-som no ferchutredaig fer n-hErend. Acus ba hed a n-gním [sin] uile sin chath ar bhíth gona Conchobair dia m-bad fair bhad róen, & ar bíth anthe Ailella & Medba da m-bad forro con mebsad. Acus ba sed and-so anmand na ferchutredach:



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27a. Here Followeth The Muster of The Men of Erin

The three Conarè from Sliab Mis, the three Lussen from Luachair, the three Niadchorb from Tilach Loiscthe, the three Doelfer from Deill, the three Damaltach from Dergderc, the three Buder from the Buas, the three Baeth from Buagnige, the three Buageltach from Mag Breg, the three Suibnè from the Siuir, the three Eochaid from Anè, the three Malleth from Loch Erne, the three Abatruad from Loch Ri, the three macAmra from Ess Ruaid, the three Fiacha from Fid Nemain, the three Manè from Muresc, the three Muredach from Mairg, the three Loegaire from Lecc Derg, the three Broduinde from the Berba, the three Bruchnech, from Cenn Abrat, the three Descertach from Druim Fornacht, the three Finn from Finnabair, the three Conall from Collamair, the three Carbre from Cliu, the three Manè from Mossa, the three Scathglan from Scairè, the three Echtath from Ercè, the three Trenfer from Taitè, the three Fintan from Femen, the three Rotanach from Rognè, the three Sarchorach from Suidè Lagen, the three Etarscel from Etarbane, the three Aed from Aidnè, the three Guarè from Gabal.

Trí Conaire Slebe Miss, tri Lussin Luachra, tri Niadchoirbb Tilcha Loiscthe, tri Dóelfir Dheille, tri Dámaltaig Dercderce, tri Buidir Bhúase, tri Baeith Bhuagnige, tri Búageltaig Breg, tri Suibne Siúre, tri Echdaig Áne, tri Malleith Locha Erne, trí Abratrúaid Locha Rí, tri Meic amra Essa Rúaid, tri Fiachaig Feda Némain, trí Mane Murisce, tri Muridaig Mairge, trí Loegaire Licci Derge, trí Broduindi Berba, tri Brúchnig Cind abrat, tri Descertaig Dromma Fornocta, tri Find Findabrach, tri Conaill Collomrach, tri Carpri Cliach, tri Mane Mossud, tri Scáthglain Scaire, tri Échtaig hErcce, tri Trénfir Táite, tri Fintain Femin, tri Rótanaig Raigne, tri Sarchoraig Suidè Lagen, tri Etarsceoil Etarbane, tri hAeda Aidne, tri Guare Gabla.

Then said Medb to Fergus: "It were truly a thing to boast of for thee, werest thou to use thy mightiness of battle without stint amongst us to-day, forasmuch as thou hast been driven out of thine own land and out of thine inheritance; amongst us hast thou found land and domain and inheritance, and much good-will hath been shown thee!"

Thereupon Fergus uttered this oath: "I swear," [et reliqua,] "necks of men I would break from necks of men, arms of men from arms of men, scalps of men from scalps of men, so that heads of men over shields would be as numerous with me as bits of ice on the miry stamping-ground between two dry fields that a king's horses would course on. Every limb of the Ulstermen would I send flying through the air before and behind me this day, if only I had my sword!"

At that Ailill spoke to his own charioteer, Ferloga, to wit: "Fetch me a quick sword that wounds the skin, O gilla," said Ailill. "I give my word, if its bloom and condition be the worse at thy hands this day than the day I gave it thee on the hillside of Cruachan Ai, though thou hadst the men of Erin and of Alba to rescue thee from me to-day, they would not all save thee!"

Is and-sain atbert Medb ri Fergus: Ba bág ám dait-siu, ga dobertha do greimm catha gan díchill lind i(n)diu, daid rindarbbad as da chrích & as t'orbba, is acainne fuarais crích & ferand & forbba, & mormathius mor do denam fort.

Danam beth-sa mo chlaideb indiu ám, bar Fergus, ra tescfaitis lim-sa braigte fer for braigte fer, acus dóte fer for dote fer & forcléithe fer for forcleithe fer & cindu fer for óeib scíath, con bús lir bommanna ega eter dá ráeib tírib imríadat echraide rí. Cach m-ball sair & siar acum-sa de Ultaib indiu, dhanam beth-sa mo chlaideb.

Is and atbert Ailill rá araid bhadessin .i. ra Fer loga: Dom-raiched craum-claideb choilles toind a gillai, bar Ailill. Nátiur-sa bhrethir, mad messu a bhláth na lessugud lett indiu é andá in lá tucus bar in littir i Cruachnaib Ái, da m-bet fir hErend & Alban acot t'anacul forom indiu, nít ainset uile.

Ferloga went his way, and he brought the sword with him in the flower of its safe-keeping, and fair flaming as a candle. And the sword was placed in Ailill's hand, and Ailill put it in Fergus' hand, and Fergus offered welcome to the sword: "Welcome, O Calad Colg ('Hardblade') Letè's sword!" said he. "Weary, O champion of Badb! On whom shall I ply this weapon?" Fergus asked. "On the men-of-war around thee," Medb answered. "No one shall find indulgence nor quarter from thee to-day, unless some friend of thy bosom find it!"

Whereupon, Fergus took his arms and went forward to the battle. Ailill seized his weapons. Medb seized her weapons and entered the battle, so that thrice the Ulstermen were routed before them from the north, till Cualgae and sword drove them back again.

Conchobar heard that from his place in the line of battle, that the battle had gone against him thrice from the north. Then he addressed his bodyguard, even the inner circle of the Red Branch: "Hold ye here a while, ye men!" cried he; "even in the line of battle where I am, that I may go and learn by whom the battle has been thus forced against us thrice from the north." Then said his household: "We will hold out," said they, "for the sky is above us and the earth underneath and the sea round about us, and unless the heavens shall fall with their showers of stars on the man-face of the world, or unless the furrowed, blue-bordered ocean break o'er the tufted brow of the earth, or unless the ground yawns open, will we not move a thumb's breadth backward from here till the very day of doom and of everlasting life, till thou come back to us!"

Tanic Ferloga reime & tuc in claideb laiss bha búaid caintaisceda, & fo chaindilcháin-lassamain. Acus tucad in claideb illáim Ailella, agus tuc Ailill illáim Fergusa, agus firis Fergus fálte risin claideb: Mochen caladbolg claideb Leite, bar e-sium. Scíth á áí oenfir Bhodbha. Cia farsa n-immér-sa so, bar Fergus. Ar na slúagaib immut immacuaird, bar Medb. Na bered nech mathim na hanacul inniu uáit, mani bera firchara.

And-sain gebis Fergus a gasced & tanic reime don chath. Gebis Ailill a gasced. Gebis Medb a gaisced, agus tanic don chath. Co ro maid in cath fo thrí ríam rompo fathuaid, con dan-immart cualgae & claideb for culu doridisi.

Ra chuala Conchobar aní sin, airm i m-bae na inad chatha, in cath do maidm fo thrí ris atúaid. And-sain atbert-sium ra theglach bhadessin .i. ra crislach na Craebruade: Gebid-si seo bhic a firo, bar é-seom, .i. in tinad ató-sa go tiasur-sa da fiss cia riasa maidend in cath fa thrí ruind atuáid bhán coir seo. And-sain atbert a theglach-sum: Gebmait-ni seo, bar iat-sum, daíg nem úasaind & talam ísaind & muir immuind immacuairt, mono thaéth in firmimint[ni] cona frossaib rétlend for dunignúis in talman, nó mani thí in farggi eithrech ochargorm for tulmoing in bethad, nó ma(ni) mae in talam, ní béram-ni mod n-ordlaig secha so bar culu go brunni m-bratha & bhetha, go tisiu bar culu dorís chucaind.

Conchobar went his way to the place where he heard the battle had gone three times against him from the north, and he lifted shield against shield there, namely against Fergus mac Roig, even Ochain ('the Fair-ear') of Conchobar with its four ears of gold and its four bracings of red gold. Therewith Fergus gave three stout blows of Badb on the Ochain of Conchobar, so that Conchobar's shield cried aloud. Whenever Conchobar's shield cried out, the shields of all the Ulstermen cried out. However great the strength and power with which Fergus smote Conchobar on the shield, so great also was the might and valour wherewith Conchobar held the shield, so that the ear of the shield did not even touch the ear of Conchobar.

"Hearken, ye men of Erin!" cried Fergus; "who opposes a shield to me to-day on this day of battle when four of the five grand provinces of Erin come together on Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Cattle-raid of Cualnge?" "A gilla that is younger and mightier than thyself is here," [Conchobar answered,] "and whose mother and father were better! The man that hath driven thee out of thy borders, thy land and thine inheritance; the man that hath driven thee into the lairs of the deer and the wild hare and the foxes; the man that hath not granted thee to take the breadth of thy foot of thine own domain or land; the man that hath made thee dependent upon the bounty of a woman; the man that of a time disgraced thee by slaying the three sons of Usnech that were under thy safeguard; the man that will repel thee this day in the presence of the men of Erin; Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige, High King of Ulster and son of the High

Tanic Conchobar reme go airm i cuala in cath do maidm ba trí ris atúaid. Acus gebid scíath ra sciath and, .i. ra Fergus mac Róig, .i. in n-óchain Conchobair cona cethri óeib óir & cona cethri sethrachaib [do] derggóir. And-sain rabert Fergus tri balcbemmenda Bodba issin n-óchain Conchobair, go ro geis a sciath for Conchobar. A ra géised scíath Conchobair, ra géistis sceith Ulad uile. Gia ro bóí da threisi & da tharpigi ra búail Fergus a sciath bar Conchobar, ra bóí da chalmacht & da churatacht ra chongaib Conchobar in sciath, conna ra chomraic ó in scéith ra hó Conchobair cid itir.

Amae a firu, bar Fergus. Cia con congathar scíath rim-sa indiu silló bhága sa, airm condrecgat cethri ollchoiceda hErend, bar Gárig & Ilgarig i cath tana bó Cualngi. Gilla iss ó & iss imláne and-so andae ale, & rap ferr mathair & athair, fer rat indarb át chrích & at ferand & at forbba, fer rat chuir i n-adba oss & fíadmíl & sinnach, fer na ra leic leithet da gabail bhadéin dit chrich na dit ferand dait, fer ratt chuir ar bantidnacul mna, fer rat sáraig im trib maccaib Usnig do marbad far th'einech fecht n-aill, fer rat dingébhá indiu i fiadnaisi fer n-hErend, Conchobar mac Fachtna Fathaig meic Rossa Ruaid meic Rudraigi ardrí Ulad & mac ardríg hErend.

King of Erin!"

"Truly hath this happened to me," Fergus responded. And Fergus placed his two hands on Calad Colg, and he heaved a blow with it backwards behind him, so that its point touched the ground, and he thought to strike his three fateful blows of Badb on the men of Ulster, so that their dead would be more in number than their living. Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar saw that and he rushed to Fergus and he closed his two royal hands over him. "Full of hate, not of friendship is this, O Fergus my master! Ungentle, not heedful is this, O Fergus my master! Let not the Ulstermen be slain and destroyed by thee through thy destructive blows, but take thou thought for their honour to-day on this day of battle!" "Get thee away from me, boy!" exclaimed Fergus; "for I will not remain alive unless I deliver my three fateful strokes of Badb on the men of Ulster this day, till their dead be more in number than their living."

"Then turn thy hand slantwise," said Cormac Conlongas, "and slice off the hill-tops over the heads of the hosts on every side and this will be an appeasing of thine anger." "Tell Conchobar also to fall back again to his place in the battle," [said Fergus.] So Conchobar went to his place in the battle.

Immáinic-sea ón omm, bar Fergus. Acus tuc Fergus a da láim ar in caladbolg & rabert béim de dar aiss síar go ró chomraic a fograin ri talmáin, agus da mídhair a thrí bráthbemmenda Bodba da béim bar Ultaib, comtís lir ammairb anda a m-bí. Dachonnaic Cormac Conlonges mac Conchobair é-side. Acus rabert side d'findsaigid Fergusa & ra iad a dá láim thariss. Aicclech nad aicclech sain, a mo phopa Ferguis, naímdemail nad charddemail sain a mo phopa Ferguis. Anchellach nad anchellach sain a mo phopa Ferguis. Na marbhtar & na mudaigter lett Ulaid trí bhíthin do bráthbémmend[a], acht imráid a n-einech silló bága sa indiu. Scuich bhius (.i. uaim) a meic, bar Fergus. Dáig ní da beo-sa meni benur mo thrí brathbemmenda Bodba bar Ultaib indiu, gorsat lir ammairb andas a m-bí.

Tái do lám go faen ale, bhar Cormac Conlonges, & tesc na tilcha dar cendaib na slúag, & bud didnad dit feirg. Ráid ra Conchobar taét na inad catha dídu. Tanic Conchobar na inad catha.

Thus it was with that sword, which was the sword of Fergus: The sword of Fergus, the sword of Letè from Faery: Whenever he desired to strike with it, it became the size of a rainbow in the air. Thereupon Fergus turned his hand slantwise over the heads of the hosts, so that he smote the three tops of the three hills, so that they are still visible on the moor, and these are the three Maels ('the Balds') of Meath.

Now as regards Cuchulain. He heard the Ochain of Conchobar smitten by Fergus macRoig. "Come, O Laeg my master," cried Cuchulain: "who dares thus smite with those strong blows, mighty and far-away, the Ochain of Conchobar, and I alive?" [Then Laeg made answer, saying: "The choice of men, Fergus macRoig, the very bold, smites it:]

"Blood he sheds, increase of
slaughter," said Laeg;
"Splendid the hero, Fergus
macRoig!
Hidden had Iain Fairyland's
chariot-sword!
Battle now hath reached the
shield,
Shield of my master
Conchobar!"

Is amlaid ra bóí (in) claideb sain, claideb Fergusa: Claideb Fergusa, claideb Leiti a sídib é: inn úair bha haill bhualad de no, ba metithir ra stúraig nímí i n-aéor é. Is and-sain taeiss Fergus a láim go fáen dar cendaib na sluag go ro thesc a trí cindu dina trí tulchaib, go failet sin ríasc bhad fiadnaisi, go rop íat na trí Maela Mide and-sain.

Imthusa Conculaind and-so innossa. Ra chuala saide in n-óchain Conchobair gá bualad d'Fergus ma Roig. Maith a mo phopa Laíg, bar Cuchulaind, cia con lindfadar in n-óchain mo phopa Chonchobair do thuarggain amlaid-seo & messi im bethaid.

Telggai boga fuile formach n-
air ale, bar Laeg,
an fer Fergus mac Roig.
bacleth claideb carpait
assídib.
Ra siacht eochraide mo phopa
Conchobair cath.

"Quickly unloose the bands, gilla!" cried Cuchulain. Then Cuchulain gave a mighty spring, so that the bindings of his wounds flew from him to Mag Tuag ('the Plain of the Bows') in Connacht. His bracings went from him to Bacca ('the Props') in Corcomruad. The dry wisps that were stuffed in his wounds rose to the roof of the air and the sky as highest larks fly on a day of sunshine when there is no wind. Thereupon, his bloody wounds got the better of him, so that the ditches and furrows of the earth were full of streams of blood and torrents of gore.

This was the first exploit of valour that Cuchulain performed on rising out of his weakness: The two women lampoonists that made a feint of weeping and wailing over his head, Fethan and Collach to wit, he smote each of them against the head of the other, so that he was red with their blood and grey with their brains. His arms had not been left near him, except his chariot only. And he took his chariot on his back, and he set out to attack the men of Erin, and he smote them with the chariot, until he reached the place where Fergus macRoig was.

"Turn hither, O Fergus my master!" he cried. Fergus did not answer, for he heard not. He spoke again, "Turn hither, Fergus my master!" he cried; "and if thou turn not, I will grind thee as a mill grinds fresh grain; I will wash thee as a cup is washed in a tub; I will bind thee as the woodbine binds the trees; I will pounce on thee as hawk pounces on fledglings!" "Truly this is my lot!" spake Fergus. "Who of the men of Erin dares to address these stiff, vengeful words to me, where now the four grand provinces of Erin

Oslaic go troit tuaga a gillai, bar cuchulaind. And-sain focheird Cuchulaind moroscur de, collotar a thúaga de go Mag Túaga i Connactaib. Lotar a bhacca de go Bacca i Corcomrúad. Lotar na suipp sesca bátar na áлтаib i cléthib aeóir & firmiminti feib issía thiagait uiss illó áille nad bhí gaéth. Ra gabsat a fuli ilgremma de, gor bo lána tairchlassa & eittrigi in talman da fulib & da gáeib cró.

Is é céternmas n-gascid daringni-sium ár n-érgi: na bhanchanti bátar ac fashúí & ac fásguba, .i. Fethan & Cholla, barressairg cách díb da chind araile, gor bho derg dá fuil & gor bo liath dá n-inchind. Ni fargbhad a arm na farrad-sum itir, acht a charpat ammain. Acus ra gab-sum a charpat re aiss & tanic reme d-indsaigid fer n-hErend, & ra gab da charpat forro, gorranic go airm i m-bái Fergus mac Róig.

Tae ille a mo phopa Ferguis, bar é-sium. Ni ra recair Fergus, ór ni chuala. Atubairt-sium arís. Tae ille a mo phopa Ferguis, bhar é-sium, ná mani thae ille, rat beliub mar meles muilend múadbhraich. Rat niguib mar negair coipp a lundu (.i. lind usci). Rat nasciub mar nasces féith fidu. Ras lecub fort feib ras léic seig far mintu. Romm-ánic-sea ón omm, bar Fergus. Cia con linfadhar na balcbriathra Bodba so do ráda frim-sa airm condrecgat cethri coolchoiceda hErend for Gárig & Ilgarig i cath tanad bó Cualngi.

are met on Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the Raid for the Kine of Cualnge?"

"Thy fosterling is before thee," he replied, "and fosterling of the men of Ulster and of Conchobar as well, Cuchulain son of Sualtair. And thou didst promise to flee before me what time I should be wounded, in pools of gore and riddled in the battle of the Tain. For, I did flee before thee in thine own combat on the Tain."

Fergus gave ear to that, and he turned and made his three great strides of a hero back. And as he turned, there turned all the men of Erin. Then the men of Erin broke their ranks westwards over the hill. The battle raged around the men of Connacht. At midday Cuchulain came to the battle. At the time of sunset at the ninth hour, the last company of the men of Connacht fled in rout westwards over the hill. At that time there did not remain in Cuchulain's hand of the chariot but a handful of its spokes around the wheel, and a handbreadth of its poles around the shell, with the slaying and slaughtering of the four grand provinces of Erin during all that time.

Then Medb betook her to a shield-shelter in the rear of the men of Erin. Thereafter Medb sent off the Brown Bull of Cualnge along with fifty of his heifers and eight of her runners with him around to Cruachan, to the end that whoso might and whoso might not escape, the Brown Bull of Cualnge should get away safely, even as she had promised.

Do dalta-su and-so, bar é-sium, & dalta Ulad & Chochobair bhar chena, Cuchulaind mac Sualtair. Acus ra gellaisiu teighed remum-sa inbaid bhad chrechtach crólinnech tretholl mhe for cath na tána, daíg ra thechiusa romut-sa ar do chomlond féin for tánaid.

Atchuala Fergus sain & ra impá, & tucastar a thrí coscommenda laechda lánmóra. Acus ó ra impa-sum ra impátar fir hErend uile. Da maid d'feraib hErend dar tilaig síar. Tarrasaid inn irgal im chend Connacht. Immedon lá tánic Cuchulaind dochum in chatha. Trath funid nóna da maid din bhudin dedenaig de Chonnactaib, dar tilaig síar. Nir dirúais dar charpat illáim Conculaind risin ráe sin, acht dorn dina bassaib immon roth & bass dina fertsib immon creitt, acht ic airlech & ic essargain cethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend risin ré sin.

And-sain geibis Medb scíath díten dar éis fer n-hErend. And-sain fáitte Medb in dond Cualngu co cóica dá thsamascib imbe agus ochtor da hechlachaib leiss timchell co Cruachain. Gipe ra sossed gipé na rossed, go rossed in Dond Cualngi, feib ra gell si.

Then it was that the issue of blood came upon Medb, [and she said: "Do thou, Fergus, undertake] a shield-shelter in the rear of the men of Erin till I let my water flow from me." "By my troth," replied Fergus, "'tis an ill hour for thee to be taken so." "Howbeit there is no help for me," Medb answered; "for I shall not live if I do not void water!" Fergus accordingly came and raised a shield-shelter in the rear of the men of Erin. Medb voided her water, so that it made three large dikes, so that a [mill] could find room in each dike. Hence the place is known as Fual Medbha ('Medb's Water').

Cuchulain came upon her as she was thus engaged, on his way to the battle, and he did not attack her. He would not strike her a blow from behind. "I crave a boon of thee this day, O Cuchulain," spake Medb. "What boon cravest thou of me?" asked Cuchulain. "That this host be under thine honour and thy protection till they pass westwards over Ath Mor ('the Great Ford')." "Yea, I promise that," said Cuchulain. Then went Cuchulain around the men of Erin, and he undertook a shield-defence on one side of them, in order to protect the men of Erin. On the other side went the governors of the men of Erin. Medb went to her own place and assumed a shield-defence in the rear of the men of Erin, and in this manner they convoyed the men of Erin over Ath Mor westwards.

Then Cuchulain took his sword in his hand and gave a blow to the three bald-topped hills of Ath Luain over against the three Maela ('the Bald Tops') of Meath, so that he struck their three heads off them.

Is and drecgais a fúal fola for Meidb, .i. sciath díten dar éis fer n-hErend, go ro síblur-sa mh'fual úaim. Dar ar cubus, ar Fergus is olc in tráth & ní cóir a denam. Gided ní étaim-sea chena, bar Medb, daíg ní dha bheo-sa mení siblur-sa m-fúal uáim. Tanic Fergus & gebid sciath dítem dar éis fer n-hErend. Siblais Medb a fual uathi, co n-derna tri tulchlassa mora de, co taille munter in cach thurchlaiss, conid Fúal Medba atberar friss.

Ruc Cuchulaind furri ac dénam na huropra sain, & nirra gonastar-sum ní athgonad-sum na diaid hí. Ascaid dam-sa úait indiu a chuchulaind, bar Medb. Gia ascaid connaige, bar Cuchulaind. In slúag sa bar th-einech & ar do chomhairgi gorrosset dar Áth mor síar. Gondnoim-sea ón omm, bar Cuchulaind. Tánic Cuchulaind i timchell fer n-hErend & gebis sciath ditin din dara leith díb d'Imdegail fer n-hErend. Tancatar ferchutredaig fer n-hErend din leith aile. Tanic Bedb na hinad féin & gebis sciath ditin dar éis fer n-hErend, & rucsat leo bhan coir sin fir hErend dar Áth mór siar.

And-sain diriacht a chlaideb d'indsaigid Conculaind, & rabert béim dona trib máelanaib Átha lúain i n-agid na trí Maela Mide, go ro ben a tri cindu díb.

Then Fergus began to view the host as it went westwards of Ath Mor. "It was thus indeed it behoved this day to prove, for following in the lead of a woman." "Faults and feuds have met here to-day," said Medb to Fergus. "Betrayed and sold is this host to-day," [Fergus answered.] "And even as a brood-mare leads her foals into a land unknown, without a head to advise or give counsel before them, such is the plight of this host to-day."

Then Cuchulain turned to where Conchobar was with the nobles of Ulster before him. Conchobar bewailed and lamented Cuchulain, and then he uttered this lay:

"How is this, O Cualnge's
Hound
Hero of the Red Branch, thou:
Great woe, champion, hast
thou borne
Battling in thy land's defence!

"Every morn a hundred slain,
Every eve a hundred more
While the host purveyed thy
fare
Feeding thee with cooling
food!

"Five-score heroes of the
hosts,
These I reckon are in graves.
While their women-- fair their
hue--
Spend the night bewailing
them!"

And-sain ra gab Fergus ac tachim in t-slúraig ac dula a Áth Mór síar. Rapa chomadas in lá sa indiu ám i n-diaid mná. Conrecat lochta ra fulachta and-so indiu ra Fergus. Ra gattá & ra brattá in slúag sa indiu. Feib théit echrad láir rena serrgraig i crích n-anéoil, gan chend cundraid na comairle rempo, is amlaid testa in sluag sa indiu.

Iarsin impais Cuchulainn go hairm aroibhe Conchubhar agus maithe Uladh ar a chenn. Ro bhi Conchubhar ag egáine & ag airciseacht Concculainn ann-sin, & itbert an láoidh ann:

Cinnus sin a Chú Chúailgne,
a churaidh na Craoibhruaidhe,
fuarais mor d'ulc fir
ag imdheagail an chuigidh.

Ro mharbhais céit gach
maidne
is céit im thrath teirte,
ré taoibh ambitha don t-
sluagh
do bhíudh is déit fionnfiar.

Cuicc fichit dona sluaghaibh
do bheirim iatt anuaghadh,
ré taoibh amban, caomh a lí,
do beith gach n-oidhche ga
caoi.



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28. The Battle of The Bulls

Damgal na tarb

As regards Medb, it is related here: She gathered the men of Erin and led them forth to Cruachan to behold the battle of the bulls. As regards the Brown Bull of Cualnge, it is now recounted in this place: When he saw the beautiful, strange land, he sent forth his three bellowing calls aloud. And Finnbennach Ai ('the Whitehorned of Ai') heard him. Now no male beast durst send forth a low that was louder than a moo in compare with him within the four fords of all Ai, Ath Moga and Ath Coltna, Ath Slissen and Ath Bercha. And he lifted his head and he hastened to Cruachan to look for the Brown Bull of Cualnge.

It was then the men of Erin debated who would be fitted to witness the fight of the bulls. They all agreed that it should be Bricriu son of Carbad that were fitted for that office. For, a year before this tale of the Cualnge Cattle-raid, Bricriu had gone from the one province into the other to make a request of Fergus. And Fergus had retained him with him waiting for his treasures and goods. And a quarrel arose between him and Fergus at a game of chess. And he spake evil words to Fergus. Fergus smote him with his fist and with the chessman that was in his hand, so that he craved the chessman into his head and broke a bone in his head. Whilst the men of Erin were on the foray of the

Imthúsa Medbha sunna innossa. Ra timsaigit & ra timmairgit fir hErend lé-si go Cruachain go factis gleicc na tarb. Imthúsa in Duind Chualngi sunnda innossa. Atchonnaic sén in tír n-álaind n-aneóil, rabert a thrí resse gémmend bar aird. Atchuala in Findbennach Aí e-side. Ni lamad míl firend géisecht bud airdde na gúasacht aci-side eter cethraib átha Aí uile, Ath Moga & Ath Coltna, Ath Slissen & Ath m-Bercha. Acus tuargab a chend go díng & tanic reme go Cruachain d'indsaigit in Duind Chualngi.

Is and-sain ra raidsetar fir hErend, cia bhud fiadnaisi dona tarbaib. Is sed ra raidset uile go m-bad é Bricriu mac Garbada. Daig bliadain resin scel sa tanad bó Cualngi, tanic Bricri d'faigde Fergusa assin chociud i n-araile. Acus ra fost Fergus ace é ic irnaide ra sétaib & ra máinib. Acus darala eturru ic imbirt fidchilli & Fergus. Acus atrubairt-sium aithis móir ra Fergus. Dabert Fergus béim da durn dí-som, & dind fir báí na láim, go ro thoilg in fer na chind & go róebriss cnáim ina chind. In fat ra bátar fir hErend i sluagud na tána, é-sium ga leiges i Cruachain risin ré sin. Acus in lá thancatar din t-sluagud, is é sin lá ra érig-sium. Daig ni ra choitchinniu Briccni da charait andá

Tain, all that time Bricriu was being cured at Cruachan. And the day they returned from the expedition was the day Bricriu rose. And this is why they selected Bricriu, for that Bricriu was no fairer to his friend than to his foe. And he was brought before the men of Erin to a gap whence to view the bulls.

Each of the bulls sighted the other and there was a pawing and digging up of the ground in their frenzy there, and they tossed the earth over them. They threw up the earth over their withers and shoulders, and their eyes blazed red in their heads like firm balls of fire. Their cheeks and their nostrils swelled like smith's bellows in a forge. And each of them gave a resounding, deadly blow to the other. Each of them began to hole and to gore, to endeavour to slaughter and demolish the other. Then the Whitehorned of Ai visited his wrath upon the Brown Bull of Cualnge for the evil of his ways and his doings, and he craved a horn into his side and visited his angry rage upon him. Then they directed their headlong course to where Bricriu was, so that the hoofs of the bulls drove him a man's cubit deep into the ground after his destruction. Hence, this is the Tragical Death of Bricriu son of Carbad.

Cormac Conlongas son of Conchobar saw that, and he laid hold of a spearshaft that filled his grasp, and gave three blows to the Brown Bull of Cualnge from ear to tail, so that it broke on his thick hide from ear to rump. "No wonderful, lasting treasure was this precious prize for us," said Cormac, "that cannot defend himself against a stirk of his own age!" The Brown Bull of Cualnge heard this-- for he had human understanding-- and he turned upon the Whitehorned. Thereupon he he rushed at him, so that they

da namait. Acus tucad far bernaid i fiadnaisi na n-dam é.

Atchonnaic cách a cheile dina tarbaib & foclassa búrach dóib and, & fócerddetar in n-úir thairsiu. Ra chlaitar in talmain dar a formnaib & dar a slinneócaib & ra ruamnaigsetar arruisc ina cendaib dóib immar chaera tenda tentide. Ra bulgsetar a n-óli & a sróna mar bulgu goband i certchai. Acus rabert cách díb blasbeim brátha d'indsaigid a cheile. Ra gab cách díb bar tollad & bar trégdad & bhar airlech & bar essorgain araile. And-sain ra immir in Findbennach Ái meirbfelech a astair & a imthechta & na sliged bar in Dond Cualngi & ra sáid adairc ina thaeb & brissis búrach fair. Is sed rucsat arruathur, go hairm i m-bae Bricni, go ro bertsatar ingni na tarb ferchubad fir i talmain é arna bás, conid aided Bricni and-sain.

Atchonnaic Cormac Condlonges mac Conchobair aní sin. Acus ro gabastar fogeist dar bo lán a glacc & ra bert tri beimmenna don Dond Chualngi ó ó go erboll. Ni rap sét suthain suachnid dún in sét sa, bar Cormac, daíg na tic de laég a chomáisi bhadéin do dingbail. Atchuala Dond Cualngi anní sein, agus bae cíall dunetta aice, & ra impa risin Findbennach. Acus gommarálaid dóib assa aithle d'imbualad ri ré cían & ri remis fota, go ro laig inn adaig bar feraib hErend. Acus a ra

continued to strike at each other for a long while and great space of time, till night fell on the men of Erin. And when night had fallen, all that the men of Erin could hear was the bellowing and roaring. That night the bulls coursed over the greater part of all Erin.

laig inn adaig, ní fabi ac feraib hErend acht estecht re fúaim & re fothrom. Ra sirset na daim hErind uili inn aidchi sin.



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29. The Account of The Brown Bull of Cualnge

It was not long before the men of Erin, as they were there early on the morrow, saw coming over Cruachan from the west the Brown Bull of Cualnge with the Whitehorned of Ai in torn fragments hanging about his ears and horns. The men of Erin arose, and they knew not which of the bulls it was. "Come, ye men!" cried Fergus "leave him alone if it be the Whitehorned that is there and if it be the Brown of Cualnge, leave him his trophy with him!"

Then it was that the seven Manè arose to take vengeance on the Brown Bull of Cualnge for his violence and his valour. "Whither go yonder men?" asked Fergus. "They go to kill the Brown of Cualnge," said all, "because of his evil deeds." "I pledge my word," shouted Fergus: "what has already been done in regard to the bulls is a small thing in compare with that which will now take place."

Then the Brown Bull of Cualnge gave forth the three chiefest bellowings of his throat in boast of his triumph and fear of Fergus held back the men of Erin from attacking the Brown Bull of Cualnge.

Aus in Duib Cualngni

Nir bho chían d'feraib hErend da m-báatar and mochrád arna báarach, go faccatar in Dond Cualngi dar Cruachain aníar & in Findbennach Ái ina ascarraig ar a bhennaib & ar a adarcaib. Ra éirgetar fir hErend & ní fetatar chia dina tarbaib ra bae and. Maith a firu, bhar Fergus, leicid a oenur mase in Findbennach Ái fail and, acus mas é in Dond Cualngi, léicid a choscor leis.

As annsin ro ergetar na (seacht) Maine do diogail a aigh et a (irgla) ar in donn Duailgne. Caít i tiagait na fir (úd), ar Fergus. Tiagait do marbadh in Duinn Cuailgne, (ar cách,) accionaidh a mhígníomha. Natiur-sa brethir is bec in-dernad im na taraib i farrad na n-dingentar innoosa.

Is ann sin do léig in donn Chúailgne a thri príomhghheimenna gotha dá chomhmaoidhemh a choscair agus ní léic eagla Fergus d'feruibh Erionn in Donn Cuailgne d'ionnsaighidh.

Then went the Brown Bull of Cualnge. He turned his right side towards Cruachan, and he left there a heap (crúach) of the liver of the Whitehorned, so that thence is named Cruachan Ai.

Next he came to the river Finnglas ('Whitewater'), and he drank a draught from the river, and, so long as he drank the draught he let not one drop of the river flow by him. Then he raised his head, and the shoulder-blades (lethe) of the Whitehorned fell from him in that place. Hence, Sruthair Finnlethe is the name given to it.

He pursued his way to the brink of Ath Mor ('the Great Ford'); and he left behind the loin (lúan) of the Whitehorned in that place, so that thence cometh Athione.

He continued eastwards into the land of Meath to Ath Truim. And he left behind there the liver (tromm) of the Whitehorned.

He raised his head haughtily and shook the remains of the Whitehorned from him over Erin. He sent its hind leg (lárac) away from him to Port Large. He sent its ribs (clíathac) from him to Dublin, which is called Ath Cliath.

Tanic in Dond Cualngi. Tuc a dess ri Cruachain. Acus ra facaib crúach da óeib and, go rop de atá Cruachna Ae.

(Tainic) roime iersin co sruthair Fionnglaisi (& ro) ibh digh asin sruth agus an ccom(airet) boi ac ibe na dighe, nir leg (ban)da don t-sruth thairis. Ro tocaibh a cend (iar sin), cur tuitetar slindena in Finnbea(nnaigh) uadha ann sin, conidh Sruthair in lethe (aderar) fría.

Tanic reme go himmárgain Átha móir, agus ra fácaib a lón in Findbennaig and, go rop de dátá Áth luain.

Tanic sair reme i crích Mide co Ath troim, go ro facaib a thromm ind Findbennaig and.

Tuargaib a chend go diing & ra chroth in Findbennach de fo hErind. Ra chuir a láraic de co Port large. Ra chuir a chliathaig uad go Dublind rissa raiter Ath clíath.

He turned his face northwards then, and he knew the land of Cualnge, and he went his way towards it. In that place were women and youths and children lamenting the Brown Bull of Cualnge. They saw the Brown of Cualnge's forehead approaching them. "The forehead (taul) of a bull cometh towards us!" they shouted. Hence is Taul Tairb ever since.

Then turned the Brown of Cualnge on the women and youths and children of the land of Cualnge, and he effected a great slaughter amongst them. He turned his back to the hill then and his heart broke in his breast, even as a nut breaks. Such, then, is the account and the fate of the Brown Bull of Cualnge and the end of the Tain.

A blessing be upon all such as shall faithfully keep the Táin in memory as it stands here and shall not add any other form to it.

I, however, who have copied this history, or more truly legend, give no credence to various incidents narrated in this history or legend. For, some things herein are the feats of jugglery of demons, sundry others poetic figments, a few are probable, others improbable, and even more invented for the delectation of fools.

Tuc a aged fa thuaíd fair assa aithle, agus tuc aichni far tír Cualngi, agus tanic da hindsaigid. Is and ra batar mnaa & meicc & mindóene ac cóiniud in Duínd Chualngi. Atchondcatar-som a thaul in Duind Chualngi dá saigid. Taul tairb chucaind, bar iat-som. Conid de ata Taul Tairb ó sein anall.

And-sain imsóe in Dond Cualngi fa mnáib, & maccaib & minddoenib tíri Cualngi, agus curis ár mór furri. Tuc a druim risin tilaig assa aithle, agus ro maid cnomaidm da chride na chliab. Go roib a hús & a imthusa & a deired na tanad gonici sein.

Bendacht ar cech óen mebraigfes go hindraic taín amlaidseo & na tuillfe cruth aile furri.

Sed ego qui scripsi hanc historiam aut uerius fabulam, quibusdam fidem in hac historia aut fabula non accommo. Quaedam enim ibi sunt praestrigia demonum, quaedam autem figmenta poetica, quaedam similia uéro, quaedam non, quaedam ad delectationem stultorum.



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14a. The Combat Of Larinè MacNois

Comrac Lairine

"Good, my master Laeg," said Cuchulain, "go for me to the camp of the men of Erin to hold converse with Lugaid and inquire for me if the cast I made a while ago reached Ferbaeth or did not reach, and if it did reach him, ask who comes to meet me to fight and do battle with me on the morrow."

Laeg proceeds to Lugaid's tent. Lugaid bids him welcome. "I take that welcome as truly meant," Laeg replied. "It is truly meant for thee," quoth Lugaid, "to hold converse with thee am I come from thine own foster-brother, that thou mayest tell me whether Ferbaeth was smitten." "He was," answered Lugaid, "and a blessing on the hand that smote him, for he fell dead in the glen a while ago."

"Tell me who comes to-morrow to combat Cuchulain?" "They are persuading a brother of mine own to go meet him, a foolish, haughty arrogant youth, yet dealing stout blows and stubborn. And it is to this end that he may fall at his hands, so that I myself must then go to avenge him. But I will not go there till the very day of doom. Larinè great-grandson of Blathmac is that brother. And I will go thither to speak with Cuchulain about him," said Lugaid.

Airg-siu damm-sa a mo phopa Laéig d'acallaim Lugdach illongphort fer n-hErend & finta latt in ranic ní Fer baeth fo na ranic, et fiarfaid de cia tig im aghaidh-si amarach.

Tet Laog roime go pupaill Lughdach. Ferais Lughaidh failte fris. Tairisi liom in failte sin, ar Laog. Tairisi duit on, ar Lugaidh. Dot hagallaimh tancusa ót comalta, conn-innisi dam in rainic Ferbaoth. Rainic on, ar Lughaidh, & bendacht ar in laim dus-faraill, uair torchair marb isin gleand ó chianaibh.

Indis dam-sa cia tic imaraeh i n-aghaidh Conculainn do comrac. Atáthar ag a rádha fri brathair fil agam-sa toidheacht ina agaidh, druthoglach sotal soisil & e bailcbemnech buanaisech, & as uime curtha do comrac fris é, da tuitim les, co n-dechaind-si da dhioghail fair-siomh, & ni rach-sa ann go bruinde in bratha, Lairine mac í Blaithmic in brathair sin. Rachat-sa d'agallaimh Conculainn uime-sin, ar Lughaidh.

Lugaid's two horses were taken and his chariot was yoked to them and he came to his tryst with Cuchulain, so that a parley was had between them. Then it was that Lugaid spake. "They are persuading a brother of mine to come fight thee on the morrow, to-wit, a foolish, dull, uncouth youth, dealing stout blows. And it is for this reason they are to send him to fight thee, that he may fall at thy hands, and to see if I myself will come to avenge him upon thee. But I will not, till the very day of doom. And by the fellowship that is between us. Slay not my brother."

"By my conscience, truly," cried Cuchulain, "the next thing to death will I inflict on him. "I give thee leave," said Lugaid; "it would please me well shouldst thou beat him sorely, for to my dishonour he comes to attack thee." Thereupon Cuchulain went back and Lugaid returned to the camp.

Then on the next day it was that Larinè son of Nos was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Medb, and Finnabair was placed by his side. It was she that filled up the drinking horns for him and gave him a kiss with each draught that he took and served him his food. "Not to every one with Medb is given the drink that is poured out for Ferbaeth or for Larinè," quoth Finnabair; "only the load of fifty wagons of it was brought to the camp."

Ro gapadh a dhá each do Lughaidh & ro hindledh a carpat forra. Tainic iccomdail Conculainn, co rainic imagallamh eatorra. Is ann-sin itbert Lughaidh: Atáthar og a rádha re brathair fil agam-sa techt do comrac frit-sa, .i. druthoclach borb barbarada, bailc buadnaisech é, agus as uime curthar do chomrac frit-sa é, dá thuitim-sion leat agus da fechain an racainn-si da dioghail fort, agus ní rac-sa ann-sin go bruinne m-bratha agus ar in ccompantas fil edrainn ar oen, na marb-sa mo bráthair-si.

Dar ar ccubus amh, ar se, cid tanaise de bais dus-béra do. As ced liom, uair dar mo sarugudh teid ithagaidh-si. Luid iarum Cuchulainn ar cul agus tet Lugaidh don longphurt.

Is ann-sin do goiredh Lairine mac Nois i pupaill Oilella agus Medba agus tucadh Fionnabair for a laim. As í no dailedh corna fair agus doberedh póic la gac n-aondig dó agus do gabhadh lámh for a cuid. Ní do cac berar la Meidb an lionn dailter for Fer m-baot no for Lairine, ar Fionnabair. Ní tucc act eri caoga fen de do cum an loncphuir.

["Yonder pair rejoiceth my heart," said Medb.] "Whom wouldst thou say?" [asked Ailill.] "The man yonder, in truth," said she. "What of him?" asked Ailill. "It is thy wont to set the mind on that which is far from the purpose (Medb answered). It were more becoming for thee to bestow thy thought on the couple in whom are united the greatest distinction and beauty to be found on any road in Erin, namely Finnabair and Larinè macNois." "I regard them as thou dost," answered Ailill. It was then that Larinè shook and tossed himself with joy, so that the sewings of the flock bed burst under him and the mead of the camp was speckled with its feathers.

Larinè longed for day with its full light to go to attack Cuchulain. At the early day-dawn on the morrow he came, and he brought a wagon-load of arms with him, and he came on to the ford to encounter Cuchulain. The mighty warriors of the camp and station considered it not a goodly enough sight to view the combat of Larinè; only the women and boys and girls went to scoff and to jeer at his battle.

Cuchulain went to meet him at the ford and he deemed it unbecoming to bring along arm, so he came to the encounter unarmed. Cuchulain knocked all of Larinè's weapons out of his hand as one might knock toys out of the hand of an infant. Cuchulain ground and bruised him between his arms, he lashed him and clasped him, he squeezed him and shook him, so that he spilled all the dirt out of him, so that an unclean, filthy wrack of cloud arose in the four airts wherein he was.

Cia raidhi, ar Medb. An fer ut thall, ar sí. Cidh eside, ar Oilill. Minic lat h'aire do tabairt do ni na badh coimdig. Ba cora duit h'aire do tabairt don laneamain as mo maith, mied ocus maisi da b-fuil ar enslige i n-Erinn, .i. Fionnabair ocus Lairine mac Nois. Do cim-si iat mar sin, ar Oilill. Is ann sin tuc Lairine bogadh ocus bertnugadh fair, gur maidedar uamanna na ccoilcedh batar faoi, cur bo brec faithci an longphuirt dia cclúmaibh.

Fada les gur bo la cona lansoillsi ann do cum Conculainn d'fuabairt. Tainic imucha na maidne ar na marach ocus tuc eri feoin do trealmaibh gaiscidh les ocus tainic forsa n-ath iccomdail Conculainn. Ni ba fiu la daglaochaibh in dunaidh no an longphuirt tect d'fechain comraic Lairini act mna agus giollauradh agus ingena d'fochaidbiudh agus d'fanamad ima comrac.

Tainic Cuchulainn ina comdail conici in áth, agus nior bfiu les airm do tabairt les, acht tainic diairm ina dháil. Benais Cuchulainn a airm uile asa laimh, mar benas neach a aidme aineasa a laimh bhic mhic. Ro mel agus ro cumail Cuchulainn itir a lamhaibh é, non curond agus non ceanclonn, non carcronn agus nos crotonn, co seabaind a caindeabar uile as, gur bo ceó aerda an ceataraird i m-boi.

Then from the middle of the ford Cuchulain hurled Larinè far from him across through the camp till he fell at the door of the tent of his brother. Howbeit from that time forth he never stood up without a moan and as long as he lived s he never ate a meal without plaint, and never thenceforward was he free from weakness of the loins and oppression of the chest and without cramps and the frequent need which obliged him to go out. Still he is the only man that made escape after combat with Cuchulain on the Cualnge Cattle-raid. Nevertheless that maiming took effect upon him, so that it afterwards brought him his death. Such then is the Combat of Larinè on the Táin Bó Cúalnge.

Telgis uada é iarsin do lar in át(h)a fiartarsna in longphuirt go dorus puible a bratar. Cid tra acht nior erig riam gan eccaine agus ni ro loing gan airciseacht agus ni raibi riamh ó sin amac gan máithi meidin agus gan cumga cleb agus gan bronngalar & gan tataige amac ar mince. Is e sin tra aoinfer terna iar ccomrac fri Coinculainn ar Tain bo Cuailnge, agus tainic ris fós iersma an galair sin, conadh é bas ruc iersin. Conadh comrac Lairine ann sin for Tain bo Cuailnge.



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15. The Slaying of Loch Son of Mofemis

It was then that Loch Mor son of Mofemis was summoned to the pavilion of Ailill and Medb. "What would ye of me?" asked Loch. "To have fight with Cuchulainn," replied Medb. "I will not go on that errand, for I esteem it no honour nor becoming to attack a tender, young, smooth-chinned, beardless boy. And not to belittle him do I say it, but I have a doughty brother, the match of himself," said Loch, "a man to confront him, Long macEmonis, to wit, and he will rejoice to accept an offer from you."

Thereupon Long was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Medb, and Medb promised him great gifts, even livery for twelve men of cloth of every colour, and a chariot worth four a times seven bondmaids, and Finnabair to wife for him alone, and at all times entertainment in Cruachan, and that wine would be poured out for him. Long went to seek Cuchulainn, and Cuchulainn slew him.

Aided Lóich maic Mofemis

Is ann sin do goireadh Lóich Mor mac Mofebhais i b-pubail Oilella & Medhpa. Cid fa b-fuilter dam-sa lib, ar Lóich. Do comrac duit fri Coinculainn, ar Medhb. Ni rac-sa don turas sin, uair ni miedh no maisi liom moethmaccoemh og gan ulchain gan fésoig d'ionnsaige. Agus ni do bém aisege fair, acht ata agam fer a ionnsaighthe .i. Long mac Emónis agus gebaidh coma uaib-si.

Do gaireadh Loncc i b-pubail Oilella agus Medba agus geallais Medb morcomadha dhó .i. timtacht dá fer dec d'eudgudh gocha datha agus carpat ceitri seacht cumal agus Finnabair d'oenmnaoi, agus fes i cCruachain do gres, agus fion do dhail fair. Tainic ierum Long d'ionnsaige Conculainn, agus marbais Cuchulainn é.

Then Medb called upon her woman-bands to go speak with Cuchulain and to charge him to put a false beard on. The woman-troop went their way to Cuchulain and told him to put a false beard on: "For no brave warrior in the camp thinks it seemly to come fight with thee, and thou beardless," said they. Thereupon Cuchulain bedaubed himself a beard. And he came onto the knoll overlooking the men of Erin and made that beard manifest to them all.

Loch son of Mofemis saw it, and what he said was, "Why, that is a beard on Cuchulain!" "It is what I perceive," Medb answered. Medb promised the same great terms to Loch to put a check to Cuchulain.

"I will go forth and attack him," cried Loch. Loch went to attack Cuchulain; so they met on the ford where Long had fallen. "Let us move to the upper ford," said Loch, "for I will not fight on this ford," since he held it defiled, cursed and unclean, the ford whereon his brother had fallen. Thereafter they fought on the upper ford.

Then it was that the Morrigan daughter of Aed Ernmas came from the fairy dwellings to destroy Cuchulain. For she had threatened on the Cattle-raid of Regomaina that she would come to undo Cuchulain what time he would be in sore distress when engaged in battle and combat with a goodly warrior, with Loch, in the course of the Cattle-spoil of Cualnge. Thither then the Morrigan came in the shape of a white, hornless, red-eared heifer, with fifty heifers about her and a chain of silvered bronze between each two of the heifers. The women came with their strange sorcery, and constrained Cuchulain by geasa and by inviolable bonds to check

Raidis Medb fria banchuire teacht do agallaimh Conculainn da rada fris ulca smertha do denam fair. Tangatar in bantract rempa ar amus Conculainn, co n-ebertitar fris ulcha smertha do gabail fair, uair ni fiú la daglaoch isin loncphort techt do comrac frit agus tú gan ulchain. Do cuir ieramh Cúculainn ulcha smertha fair, agus tainic ar in tulaigh ós cionn b-fer n-Erenn. Agus taisbenais in ulcha sin doib uile iccoitoinne.

Atchonnaire Lóch mac Mofebhais sin agus is edh adubairt: Ulcha sut ar Coinchulainn. As edh on at chiu, ar Medp. Geallais Medb na morcomadha cetna dho Lóch ar cosc Conculainn.

Rachat-sa da ionnsaighe, ar Lóch. Tic Lóch d'ionnsaighe Conculainn, go d-tarla da cele iet ic in áth inar thuit Long. Tair romainn ar in áth n-uactarac, ar Lóch, uair ni comraicfem ar in áth so, ar ba háth heascoman lesiom in t-ath for a d-torcair a bhrathair. Iar sin ro comraicsit forsa n-áth uachtarach.

Is ann sin tainic in Morrigan ingen Ernmuis a Siodaibh do aidmilliudh Conculainn, ar ro gellastar for Tain bó Regamna, go d-tiocfadh do aidhmilliudh Conculainn, in trath do beith ig comrac fri deglaoc for Tain bo Cualnge. Tainic ieramh in Morrigan ann sin irriocht samhaisci finne óderge co coecait samasc uimpi, agus ronn fiondrúine itir gach da samaisc dioph. Do bertsat in bantract gesa agus airmberta for Coincculainn, da ttísadh úadh gan aidmilliudh furre. Do bert Cuchulainn rot n-urcuir di, gur bris letrosc na Morrigna.

the heifer for them lest she should escape from him without harm. Cuchulain made an unerring cast from his sling-stick at her, so that he shattered one of the Morrigan's eyes.

Then the Morrigan came thither in the shape of a slippery, black eel down the stream. Then she came on the linn and she coiled around the two feet of Cuchulain. While Cuchulain was busied freeing himself, Loch wounded him crosswise through the breast. [Then at this incitation Cuchulain arose, and with his left heel he smote the eel on the head, so that its ribs broke within it and he destroyed one half of its brains after smashing half of its head.]

The Morrigan next came in the form of a rough, grey-red bitch-wolf [and she bit Cuchulain in the arm and drove the cattle against him westwards, and Cuchulain made a cast of his little javelin at her, strongly, vehemently, so that it shattered one eye in her head.] During this space of time, whether long or short, while Cuchulain was engaged in freeing himself, Loch wounded him through the loins. Thereupon Cuchulain's anger arose within him and he wounded Loch with the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed-spear'), so that it passed through his heart in his breast.

Tainic dno in Morrighan ann sin irriocht
escuinge slemne duibi las an srut. Tet
ieramh forsan lind, gur rus iomnaisg fo
chosaibh Conculainn. An fad bóí
Cuchulainn ag a dichur de, ro ghon Lóch
urtarsna é tre compur a cleb.

Tainic ieramh in Morrigan i riocht saidhi
gairbi glasruaidhi. Cien goirit boi
Cuchulainn ig a díchur dhe, ro ghon Loch é.
Iar sin ro erigh fercc Conculainn ris, gur rus
gon don gae bulga é, gur ro tregd a croidi
ina cliab.

"Grant me a boon now, O Cuchulain," said Loch. "What boon askest thou?" "'Tis no boon of quarter nor a prayer of cowardice that I make of thee," said Loch. "But fall back a step from me and permit me to rise, that it be on my face to the east I fall and not on my back to the west toward the warriors of Erin, to the end that no man of them shall say, if I fall on my back, it was in retreat or in flight I was before thee, for fallen I have by the Gae Bulga!" "That will I do," answered Cuchulain, "for 'tis a true warrior's prayer that thou makest." And Cuchulain stepped back. Hence cometh the name the ford bears ever since, namely Ath Traged ('Foot-ford ') in Cenn Tire Moir ('Great Headland').

And deep distress possessed Cuchulain that day more than any other day for his being all alone on the Táin. Thereupon Cuchulain enjoined upon Laeg his charioteer to go to the men of Ulster, that they should come to defend their drove. And weariness of heart and weakness overcame him, and he gave utterance to a lay:--

Rise, O Laeg, arouse the
hosts,
Say for me in Emain strong:
I am worn each day in fight,
Full of wounds, and bathed in
gore!

My right side and eke my left:
Hard to say which suffers
worse;
Fingin's hand hath touched
them not,
Stanching blood with strips of
wood!

Ascid dam i fecht sa a Cuchulaind, bar Lóch. Gia ascid connaiige. Ni ascid anacail no midlachais iarraim-se fort, bar Loch. Teilg traigid dam, co rop ar m'agid sair toethus, & na rap dar m-aiss síar co firu hErend, ar na radea nech díb is róí madma no techid dam remut-su, dáig torchar din gae bulga. Teilcfet, bar Cuchulaind, daig is laechda ind ascid connaiigi. Ocus teilgis Cuchulaind traigid ar cul dó, conid de fil in t-ainm forsind áth ó sin, .i. Áth Traiged i Cind Tíri Móir.

Ocus gebis athrechus mór Coinculaind in lá sin .i. bith for in táin itir a oenur. Ocus radis Cuchulaind fria araid fri Laeg techt do innaigid Ulad, ar con tístais do chosnam a tana. Ocus ro-gab-sum merten & athscís forru,ocus doringni rand:

Airg uaim a Láig, laider
sluaig,
cain dam i n-Emain adruáid
am tursech cach dia sin chath,
co n-dam crechtach
crólinnech.

Mo thaeb dess is mo thaéb
clé,
andsa mess for cechtar de,
ní lam Fingin ro da-slaid
dirgid fola fidfaetraib.

Apair fri Conchobar caém,
atú tursech tiacharthaeb,

Bring this word to Conchobar
dear,
I am weak, with wounded
sides.
Greatly has he changed in
mien,
Dechtirè's fond, rich-trooped
son!

I alone these cattle guard,
Leave them not, yet hold them
not.
Ill my plight, no hope for me,
Thus alone on many fords!

Showers of blood rain on my
arms,
Full of hateful wounds am I.
No friend comes to help me
here
Save my charioteer alone!

Few make music here for me,
Joy I've none in single horn.
When the mingled trumpets
sound,
This is sweetest from the
drone!

This old saying, ages old:--
Single log gives forth no
flame;
Let there be a two or three,
Up the firebrands all will
blaze!

One sole log burns not so well
As when one burns by its side.
Guile can be employed on
one;
Single mill-stone doth not
grind!

trén ra chloechla chruth amne
mac dil drongach Dechtire.

M'oenuarán dam ar eitib
acht nis leicim nis étaim,
atu im ulc, nim fuil im maith,
m'oenuir dam ar ilathaib.

Feraid bróen fola for m'arm,
go n-dam-rala crechtach n-
garb,
nim thic cara ar baig no ar
blait
acht mad ara oencharpait.

Mad uathad dochanat form,
ní airfítuid nach n-oenchorn,
mad ilar corn a cornaib,
issued is binniu din choblaig.

Senfocul so srethaib cland,
ní lassamain cech n-
oenchrann,
da m-betis a dó no a trí,
lasfaitis a n-athinni.

In t-oenchrann ní hassu a
chlód,
meni fagba a rithadód,
ar uathad imrather go,
noco modmar cach n-oenbro.

Nach cuala tu in cach tan,
cloentar go ar uathad, fir dam,
issued na fulangar de
turscolbad na sochaide.

Gíd úathad lín in chaire,
dochaitter menma aire,
cuit in t-slóig ise a samail,
ní berbther é ar oengabail.

Hast not heard at every time,
One is duped?-- 'tis true of
me.
That is why I cannot last
These long battles of the
hosts!

However small a host may be,
It receives some thought and
pains;
Take but this: its daily meat
On one fork is never cooked!

Thus alone I've faced the host
By the ford in broad Cantire;
Many came, both Loch and
Badb,
As foretold in 'Regomain!'

Loch has mangled my two
thighs;
Me the grey-red wolf hath bit;
Loch my sides has wounded
sore
And the eel has dragged me
down!

With my spear I kept her off;
I put out the she-wolf's eye;
and I broke her lower leg,
At the outset of the strife!

Then when Laeg sent Aifè's
spear,
Down the stream-- like swarm
of bees--
That sharp deadly spear I
hurled,
Loch, Mobebuis' son, fell
there!

M'oenuir dam i cind in t-sloig
gund ath i Cind Tiri moir,
ba lia Loch colleith Bodba
go remfoclaib Regomna.

Ra lettair Lóch mo da lon,
rom tesc in t-sódh garb
glasrod,
ro geguin Lóch mo thromma,
rom tresgair in esconga.

Is rem chlettin-se a chosc,
an t-sodh, o ro mill a rosc,
ro brisses a gerr gara
do thosuch na hegrada.

O indill Laeg in gae Aife
lesin t-sruth, ba seol faethe,
ro theilgesa in n-gae n-ger n-
guis,
dar thoeth Lóch mac Eogain
riss.

Cid d'Ultaib nach fevat cath
d'Ailill is d'ingin Echach,
trath atusa sund inach
is me crechtach crolinnech.

Apair ri Ultu ána
tecat i n-diaid a tána,
rucsat meic Mágach a m-bu
is ros raindset eturru.

Bágim-se báig aird-gella
is ra comall chena,
bágim-se a heniuch chaem
chon,
nachantairse óen m'oenor.

Act is falid brain berna
illongphort Ailella is Medba,

Will not Ulster battle give
To Ailill and Eocho's lass,
While I linger here in pain,
Full of wounds and bathed in
blood?

Tell the splendid Ulster chiefs
They shall come to guard their
drove.

Maga's sons have seized their
kine
And have portioned them all
out!

Fight on fight-- though much I
vowed,
I have kept my word in all.
For pure honour's sake I fight;
'Tis too much to fight alone!

Vultures joyful at the breach
In Ailill's and in Medb's
camp.
Mournful cries of woe are
heard;
On Murthemne's plain is
grief!

Conchobar comes not out
with help;
In the fight, no troops of his.
Should one leave him thus
alone,
Hard 'twould be his rage to
tell

Men have almost worn me out
In these single-handed fights;
Warrior's deeds I cannot do,
Now that I must fight alone!

tursig nuallana reme
rena n-gair immaig
Murthemne.

Conchobar ní thic immach,
na co raib a lín sin chath,
tráth nach fábdáe amne,
ansu arim a fergge. Airg.

This then is the Combat of Loch Mor ('the Great') son of Mofemis against Cuchulain on the Driving of the Kine of Cualnge.

Conid comrac Lóich Mir meic Mafemis fri
Coinculaind sin Tain bó Cualnge.



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16. The Violation of the Agreement

Then it was that Medb despatched six men at one and the same time to attack Cuchulain, to wit: Traig ('Foot') and Dorn ('Fist') and Dernu ('Palm'), Col ('Sin') and Accuis ('Curse') and Erasè ('Heresy'), three druid-men and three druid-women. Cuchulain attacked them, so that they fell at his hands.

Forasmuch as covenant and terms of single combat had been broken with Cuchulain, Cuchulain took his sling in hand that day and began to shoot at the host from Delga ('the Little Dart') in the south. Though numerous were the men of Erin on that day, not one of them durst turn his face southwards towards Cuchulain, whether dog, or horse, or man.

And-sain fáitti Medb in seisiur uadi in oenfecht do fuapairt Conculaincl, .i. Traig & Dorn & Dernu, Col & Accuis & Erasí, trí ferdruid & trí bandrúid. Bas-rópart Cuchulaind síat co torchratar lais.

Ara brissed fírbreth for Coinculaind & comlund oenfir, gebis Cuchulaind a chrantabaill & bas-rópart in slúag [in sluag] do diburgun a Delggain andess in la-sain. Giambtar líri fir hErend in lá sin, barémid nech díb a aged do soud fodess in lá sin do choin no ech no duine.

