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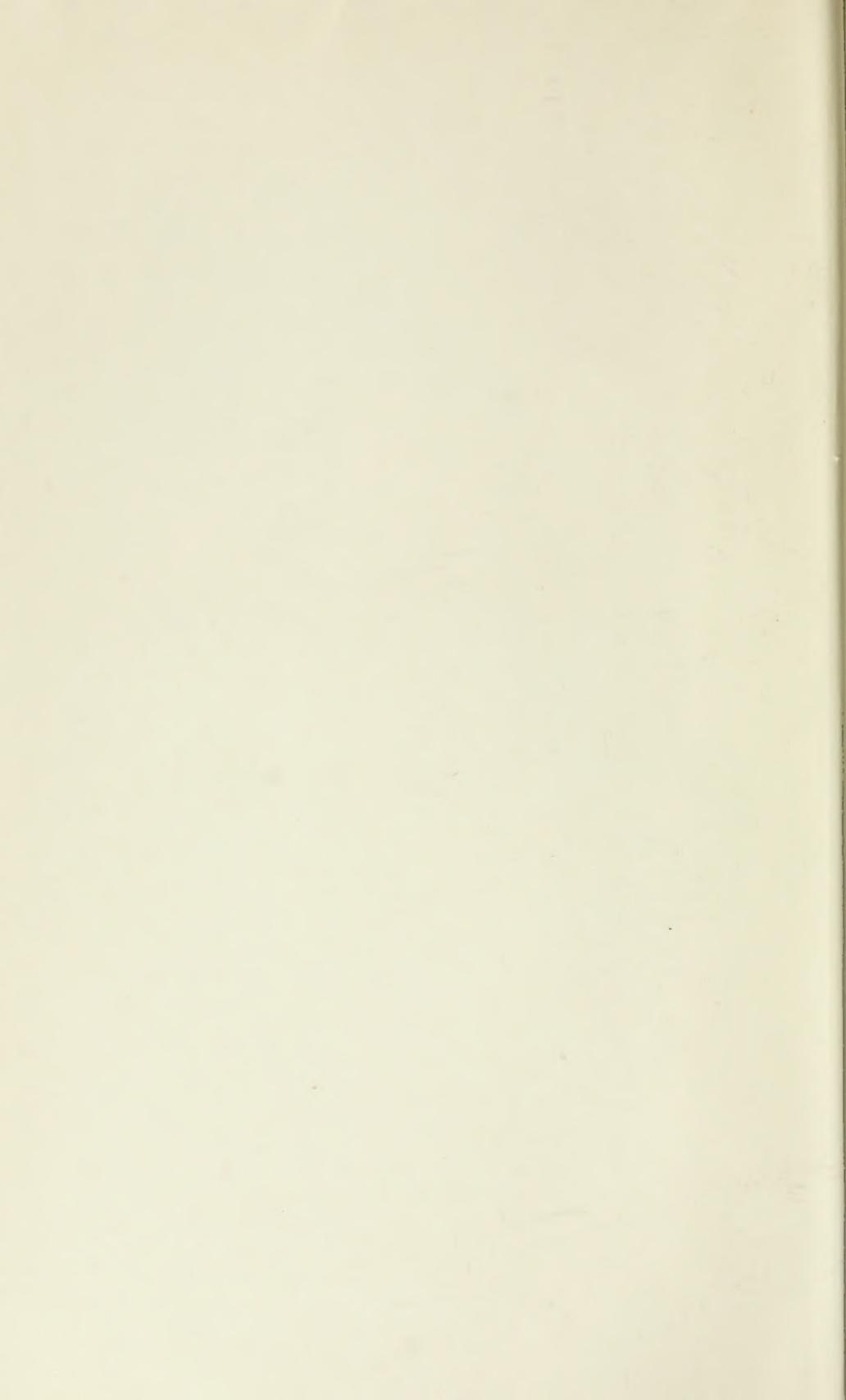












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TÓRUIGHEACHT  
GRUAIDHE GRIANSHOLUS.

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THE PURSUIT  
OF GRUAIDH GHRIANSHOLUS.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY

CECILE O'RAHILLY, M.A.

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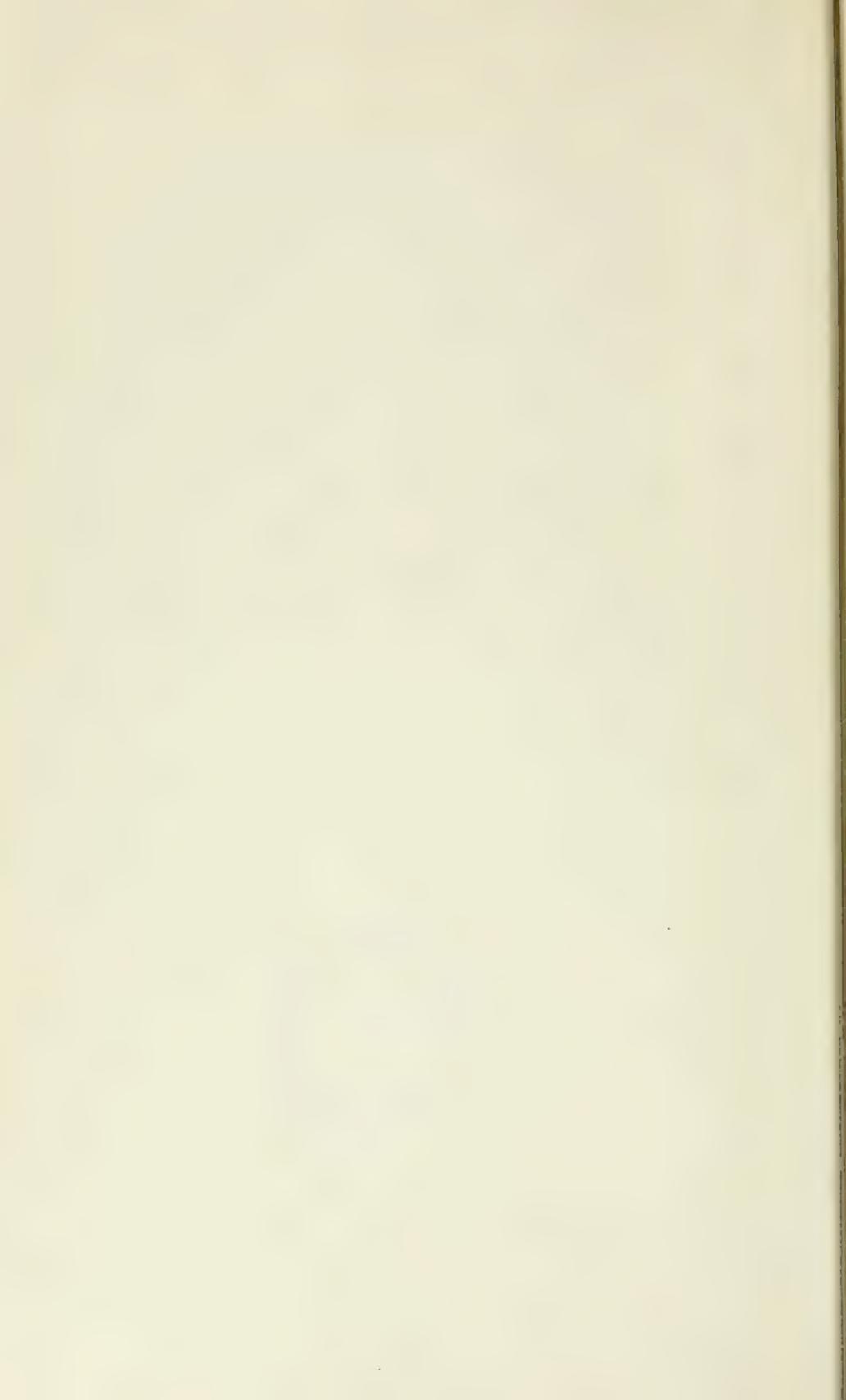
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# INTRODUCTION.

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## I.—THE MANUSCRIPT.

THIS story of the "Pursuit of Gruaidh Ghriansholus, daughter of the King of Antioch," is taken from a paper MS., H.5.28 (fo. 61a—fo. 111b.) in Trinity College, Dublin. O'Donovan in his Grammar (Introduction, p. lxxxviii.) makes some reference to this MS., which he calls "the Irish MS. transcribed in Ulster in 1679, quoted as authority for the Ulster dialect of that period." It had previously been in his own possession, and had been presented by him to the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

The other contents of the MS. consist of prose romances (the Madra Maol, Bruidhean Eochaidh Bhig Dheirg, Eachtra Melóra agus Orlando, The Vision of Merlino, etc.), and some poems, mostly in the classical metres, by such writers as Fearflatha Ó Gnímh, Eochaidh Ó hEoghusa, etc. It is dated 1679 in various colophons, e.g. to the first story, *Ballán Chonghail*, "5, July, 1679"; to *An Madra Maol*, "2, August, 1679"; and to the present tale, "20, September, 1679."

O'Donovan seems to have made a curious mistake with regard to this MS. In MS. H.5.27 he has a note on this "MS. transcribed in Ulster in 1679." "On looking over some papers in the handwriting of Edward O'Reilly, I found the following memorandum, written in bad Irish, which appears to me to prove that he bought the MS. (H.5.28) from John Clery, which the latter denies." In the memorandum referred to, O'Reilly says: "This little book was written by Michael O'Clery or one of his co-labourers (for I know the handwriting) in the house of the friars of St. Francis at Donegal, for it was from a man of the race of this friar O'Clery's family that I bought the book for a pound and a half of money."

There seems, however, nothing to justify O'Donovan's assumption that the book referred to in this memorandum was the MS. H.5.28. It is impossible that O'Reilly should have thought it written by O'Clery, seeing that the date of the MS., 1679, occurs in several places. I think it very probable that O'Reilly was merely referring to the "Life of Hugh Roe" (now in R.I.A.).

Indeed in this same note in H.5.27, O'Donovan goes on to say that "John O'Clery brought three other books with him to this city and sold them. Edward O'Reilly bought one of them, viz., the life of O'Donnell, chief of Donegal; and William Monk Mason bought the two other books."

I think it at least a possible conjecture that H.5.28 was written by Eoghan Ó Donnghaile, an East Ulster poet of the late seventeenth century. Among the paper MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin, "being transcripts of ancient vellum books," O'Curry refers to "a volume written, about the year 1690, by Owen O'Donnelly (an excellent Gaedhlic scholar)" (O'Curry, *MSS. Materials*, p. 195). It is difficult to identify the MS. O'Curry had in mind, but it seems not unlikely that he was referring to the present MS. Two poems in the MS. (viz., fo. 127b, "*Áluinn dún Mic Muire*," fo. 162a, "*Tuirseach dhamh ag éirghe lae*") are definitely ascribed to this "Eoghan Ó Donnhaile." Though this fact, of course, proves nothing as to the scribe, yet it is of interest in connection with the theory that the scribe was Eoghan Ó Donnhaile himself. That the MS. (like the poet in question) is an East Ulster one, is nearly certain.

## II.—OUTLINE OF THE TALE.

The tale is of the knight-errant type of story which relates the adventures of the hero on land and sea. It is akin in spirit to the tale of Conall Gulban, so popular in Gaelic written and oral literature. It will be well to give here a brief outline of the story:

While Cúchulainn is alone and unarmed at Dundalk, he sees a fair damsel landing from a *curach*. She proves to be Gruaidh Ghriansholus, daughter of the King of Antioch, fleeing from a terrible giant, Garuidh Garbhghlúineach, son of Rí na bhFear Mór. She has wandered over the world pursued by this giant, seeking some hero to deliver her from him, and eventually, hearing of Cúchulainn's prowess, she comes to seek his aid. At this juncture, the giant himself arrives, disposes of the unarmed Cúchulainn with a mighty kick, and carries off the maiden. Then begins the tale of Cúchulainn's pursuit. Accompanied only by his faithful charioteer, Laoi mac Riaghabhra, he wanders through various lands, Almayne, Morocco, Sicily, Africa, to avenge the

insult on Garuidh and to rescue the maiden. He is involved in many adventures, and disentangles the complicated love affairs of two unhappy couples. Finally he slays Garuidh, his still more terrible brother, and his father, and receives the homage of all whom he has aided against these enemies.

### III.—PARALLELS.

Many parallels to the central incident of this tale, that of a maiden from oversea appealing to an Irish hero to rescue her from a dreadful giant, are to be found in Irish literature. It is a common theme of the Fianna tales and ballads.

In *Cath Chnuic an Áir* (Ossianic Society, vol. iv., pp. 64ff) a maiden, Niamh Nuadhchrothach, daughter of the King of Greece, comes to solicit the help of the Fianna. Her pursuer, Tailc mac Tréoin, King of the Catheads, comes after her. The Fianna give him combat, and not until he has slain many hundreds of the Fianna is he finally overcome by Oscar. The *dénouement* in this tale is the death of Niamh from shame and remorse at the sight of the carnage.

In the ballad of *Eas Ruadh* (J. G. Campbell, *The Fians*, pp. 87ff.), we get a similar theme. Here a damsel, the daughter of Rí fo Thuinn, comes in a coracle seeking the succour of Fionn and the Fianna. She tells that she is fleeing from the advances of Baoghre Borb, son of the King of Sorcha. He comes in pursuit of her on a horse, and the Fianna valiantly fight and conquer him. The princess remained with Fionn a year and a day. Another version of this same ballad is to be found in the Dean of Lismore's collection.

Still another variant occurs in the Bébind episode in *Agallamh na Seanórach* (Silva Gadelica, pp. 210 ff) Bébind is the daughter of the King of Maidens' Land in the West. Thrice she has been given to the son of the King of the Land of Men, and thrice has run away. Now she comes to place herself under the protection of Fionn. While the Fianna are giving her hospitality, her husband comes in pursuit and slays her. He is pursued by the bravest and fleetest of the Fianna but escapes wounded by a spear-cast of Caoilte. The Fianna beheld the last of him as he entered a great galley with two rowers that bore him out of the West and went off no man knew whither.

*Eachtra Chionne Rígh na h-Ioruaidhe* (Irish Texts Society, i.), which I shall have occasion to compare with the present tale in greater detail later, shows a somewhat similar motif. In this story, a strange lady lands from a ship and lays the three brothers Coel, Ceal and Míchead, under *geasa* to seek her. The object in this case is the disenchantment of the maiden.

This last tale, which shows no trace of the pursuing warrior, suggests that the present tale is an expansion of the older theme of some distressed lady appealing for help of some sort to recognised champions, a theme which we can trace back to the mythic "otherworld" tales of Irish literature.<sup>1</sup> Such a tale as that of *Serglige Chonculainn* (Windisch, *Irische Texte*, i., 197-227), affords us a good instance of the hero's visit to the otherworld to aid a supernatural lady. This tale tells how Liban, the wife of Labraid, comes to Ireland inviting Cúchulainn to the otherworld to overcome the enemies of Labraid. Cúchulainn accompanied by Laeg, goes to the Plain of Delight, an island to which they cross in a boat of bronze, and gives Labraid the desired help.<sup>2</sup>

In one of the many forms of the hero's visit to the otherworld, the object is the release of maidens held captive by an evil power. This old myth is the origin of such themes as that of the magic castle and the imprisoned damsels in the Arthurian legends (*Conte del Graal*, *Diu Cronc*), and of the folk-tale of the Sleeping Beauty type. The old myth itself figures prominently in the hero-tales of the Teutonic race (*Lay of Skirni*, *Lay of Swipday and Menglad*, *Saga of Sigurd and Brunhild*).

With this theme, that of a lady from the oversea otherworld coming to invite the hero there, often because she needs his help,

<sup>1</sup>Cp. Nutt, *The Voyage of Bran*, Grimm Library, and A. C. L. Brown in *Harvard Studies and Notes*, vol. viii. Brown notes that, in the later variants of the Journey to the Otherworld tales, the fairy character of the lady is quite forgotten and she is often represented as coming from Greece or some other remote land (p. 97).

<sup>2</sup>In the tale "*Tóruigheacht Shaidhbhe, inghean Eoghain Óig*," we read how a strange warrior who proves to be Cíothach Cruadharmach, *ard-rí na Dreclunne Móire*, lands unexpectedly and takes Sadhbh, the wife of Glas mac Aoinleárda Bhéarra, captive and bears her off in his vessel. Subsequently he is pursued by a party of the Fianna who, after much fighting and many adventures, recover Sadhbh and restore her to her husband. This theme of a giant landing in Ireland and abducting a lady is closely paralleled by *Eachtra Chonaill Ghulban*, which has for its motif the abduction of Eithne Uchtsholas, daughter of the King of Leinster, by a *teor mór* from overseas and her subsequent pursuit by Conall Gulban.

we may also compare the "Andromeda theme," where a maiden about to be carried off by a giant is rescued by the hero.<sup>1</sup> The latter is one of the most widely-spread *märchen*-incidents as well as one of the oldest, at all events among races of Aryan speech. An example of the Andromeda theme is found in the Irish tale of *Tochmarc Emire* (Hull, *The Cuchullin Saga*, p. 81). Cúchulainn finds Dervorgil, the daughter of Ruadh, lamenting bitterly. She is to be given to the Fomori as tribute. Cúchulainn slays three Fomori in single combat, and the grateful father offers the maiden in marriage to Cúchulainn who, however, refuses her. A similar motif occurs in *Giolla an Fhiugha* (Irish Texts Society, i.), where Murrough, the hero, slays a giant who is about to carry off the daughter of the King of Under-Wave Land.<sup>2</sup>

We may take it, then, that the incident which forms the staple of such tales as *Cath Chnuic an Áir*, *Eas Ruadh*, and *Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus*, is a development of the fusion of these two older themes, viz., (1) the hero's visit to the other-world and (2) the Andromeda myth.

Looked at from another angle, the present tale is an account of the avenging of an insult which has been offered to Cúchulainn by Garuidh. *Mo chéile comhraic uaim-si—Gus an uair si riamh ní dheacha—'Eimhir an chrotha nuadh-ghil—Do bhris, mo nuar! mo gheasa* (fo. 67b). And Laoi, in suggesting the expedition to his master, says: *Sírfe sinne gach rann . . . . nó go bhfagham an Garuidh Garbhghlúineach sin agus go ndiogheóla tusa h' anfhórlann air* (fo. 68a).

"It is a *lieu commun* of Celtic folk-tales," says Nutt in his *Studies in the Legend of the Holy Grail* (p. 155), "that, as a king is sitting at meat, an enemy comes in mounted and offers him an insult the avenging of which forms the staple of the tale." A good instance of this may be found in Campbell's "Knight of the Red Shield" (*West Highland Tales*, lii.), of which many variants are found in Irish and Scotch-Gaelic folklore. With the Gaelic tale we may compare the Welsh story of Peredur, in reference to which Nutt makes the above remark.

<sup>1</sup>Cp. *Legend of Perseus*, Grimm Library.

<sup>2</sup>For the early development of the "combat motive" in the Celtic other-world tales, see Brown, *Harvard Studies and Notes*, viii., p. 46.

## IV.—FOLK-TALE ELEMENTS.

Of real folk-tale elements there are few in the tale. The story of the distressed maiden is, indeed, little more than a peg on which to hang an account of Cúchulainn's feats and prowess. In the "in-tale," the daughter of the King of Africa, is changed into a fiery dragon by her rival Beróna, daughter of the King of Crete, and is destined to remain in that shape until a certain warrior from *Crioch na bhFuineadhach* forces three kisses from her. Obviously this is a variant of the folk-tale of the Sleeping Beauty—a maiden sunk in a death-in-life sleep until she be awakened by the kiss of the destined prince.<sup>1</sup>

Many minor incidents have their counterpart in Gaelic folklore. Such, for instance, are the head-crowned spikes. Heads seem to play as large a part in the older Irish sagas as scalps do in Red Indian stories (cp. O'Curry, *Manners and Customs*, i., cccxxxviii ff.) Examples of this motif have been collected by Schofield (*Harvard Studies and Notes*, iv., 175 ff.) ; a long list of examples from Irish tales is given by A. C. L. Brown (*Harvard Studies and Notes*, viii., 137n).

## V.—CLASSICAL BORROWINGS.

Giants invulnerable save in one spot are commonplaces in Gaelic folklore. The best known example of this is found in the Irish tale of *Tóruigheacht Dhiarmuda agus Ghráinne*. In the present tale, however, this feature would seem to be a reminiscence of the Greek tale. Garuidh's brother, Fearghus Fiodhfhoda, was thrice dipped by his mother, immediately after birth, *a bhfó-dhomhain shrotha Stix*, and henceforth remained invulnerable save on the tip of his nose which was not reached by the water. How this feature alone escaped immersion remains unexplained. We are probably to assume that he was held by it while undergoing the process! This is, undoubtedly, a borrowing direct from the classics. According to post-Homeric legends, Thetis,

<sup>1</sup>Cp. G. H. Maynadier, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, Grimm Library, for a study of the Loathly Hag theme and Irish parallels. The Loathly Hag motif, however, differs from that of the Sleeping Beauty in that the enchantment is voluntary (*ib.* p. 32). For exact parallel of a maiden transformed into a dragon waiting to be disenchanted by the hero's kiss, cp. the Middle English romance *Libeaus Desconus*, and the tale of "Ypocras daughter" in Maundeville's Travels.

the mother of Achilles, dipped the child in the waters of the river Styx, by which his whole body became invulnerable except that part of his heel by which she held him, whence the proverbial heel of Achilles. With this may be compared the similar story told of the Northern hero, Sigurd.

Neachtain Uathmhar, the foster-father of Garuidh, is described as *mac na Talmhna* and said to have been generated as *innighibh na talmhan* (fo. 63a). If, when wounded, he falls to the ground, his strength is immediately restored to him by his mother, the Earth. In his encounter with Cúchulainn, the latter by feigning to flee before the giant gets him into the water and there slays him with the *ga bulga*. The Greek tale tells how Hercules, in search of the Golden Apples of the Hesperides, met in Libya the giant Antaios son of Gaia (the earth). Hercules overcame him by lifting him in the air and strangling him. In this connection it is interesting to note the story of Hercules and Antaeus (*Anteón mac Taerre*) in an Irish poem (ca. 1695), edited from a Copenhagen manuscript by Stern (*Zeit. f. Celt. Phil.* ii., 362).

It might be possible to trace other classical parallels such as that of the oak-armed Cuirrín Craoisfhiacloch and the cannibalistic habits of Neachtain Uathmhar (fo. 63b) with the Cyclops. But these are features to be found also in many other native tales.

## VI.—COMPARISON WITH EACHTRA CHLOINNE RÍGH NA H-IORUAIDHE.

The story of *Eachtra Chloinne Rígh na h-Ioruidhe* has many points in common with the present tale and many remarkable parallels in place and personal names, etc. That the tale was well known to the writer of *Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus* is not to be doubted for a moment.<sup>1</sup>

In the former tale the three brothers Cod, Cead and Míthead are out hunting when they behold a bark "with many and variegated sails" coming to land. A fair maiden disembarks,

<sup>1</sup>The story of *Eachtra Chloinne Rígh na h-Ioruidhe* occurs in a MS. as early as 1658; cp. Dr. Hyde's Introduction to his edition (Irish Texts Society, I., pp. xiii-xiv.), where he states his belief that the story was already a written one in the fourteenth century.

puts the brothers under *geasa* to seek her "in the three divisions of the world," and then sails away again. Whereupon the three brothers are "distorted" and saddened (*op. cit.* pp. 50-54).

(The opening bears much resemblance to that of the present tale. Even the manner in which the three brothers are affected may be compared with Cúchulainn's wrath and distortion).

The brothers refuse their father's offer of a fleet to aid them in their quest, for *ba móide alla agus oirdhearcas dúinn gan do bheith linn acht sinn féin amháin* (*ib.* pp. 54-56).

(With this incident compare Cúchulainn's refusing to take Conall, Fearghus or Laoghaire Buadhach with him, *is eadh adúlhairt, dá éirgheadh ágh nó iorghail leis gurb' air féin ba mhaith leis a h-alla agus a h-árdnós do bheith*, 70a).

The brothers in the course of their wanderings find all alone in a castle, a maiden, step-sister of the heroine, who had been carried off from the midst of an assembly in her father's court by a hideous black giant (*fomhór*). Cod slays the giant and rescues the maiden (*ib.* pp. 64-70).

(In substance this is the story of Gruaidh Ghriansholus).

Later the brothers encounter An Macaomh Mór, mac Rígh na Sorcha, who had a grudge against them, their father having slain his in the battle of Cathair an tSrotha Dheirg (*ib.* 72-74).

(With this incident we may compare Cúchulainn's meeting with Ciabhán Cúilfhionn, mac Rígh na h-Almáine, who purposed to go to Ireland to avenge his uncle's death on Conall Cearnach).

Béthaine, a hideous hag, tells Cod her story. She was the only daughter of the King of Sorcha, and at a great gathering in her father's court, a warrior came demanding the hand of the princess or combat on her behalf. He slew all who went against him, and the daughter escaped by enshrouding herself in a magic mist (*ib.* pp. 102-108).

(This story, again, is somewhat similar to that told Cúchulainn by the daughter of the King of Antioch).

Grian Ghnúis-sholas, daughter of the King of the Forest of Wonders, tells Cod the story of her lover Ciabhán Glúngheal, son of the King of Birds (*var. loc.* of Antioch), and of her rival, the daughter of the King of Greece, who enchanted Ciabhán and transformed him into a hawk. Cod unspells the enchanted lover (*ib.* pp. 114-120).

(This affords a remarkable parallel to the story of the daughter of the King of Africa, lady-love of Buinne Buadhchleasach, son of the King of Antioch, enchanted by her rival, Beróna, in the present tale. Here too the hero unspells the lover).

In names and epithets the similarity between the two tales is very striking. We get (pp. 160 and 176) a description of Cathair an tSrotha Dheirg which plays such an important part in *Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus*. Cod's two brothers are bound and fettered there, and he goes to their rescue. The name Cathair na dTri mBeann occurs (p. 176). Finally I may note in *Eachtra Chloinn Rígh na h-Ioruidhe*, (p. 162), a description of the boat of Buinne Borbthréan which tallies closely with that of Cúchulainn's Breac-bháirc in the present tale. Both vessels are said to have been made from the remains of the Ark (*agus d'fhuigheall na h-airce féin í*), both possess many magical properties.

#### VII.—A MODERN FOLK-VERSION.

In 1906 Mr. J. H. Lloyd published a folk-tale called *Sgéal Chúchulainn ag Cuan Cárn*, "sean-sgéal Conallach, ó bhéalaithris Phádraig uí Bheirn ar Mhín na Gualainne i nGleann Fhinne i dTír Chonaill." (*G. L. Leabhairíní Gaedhilge le h-aghaidh an tShuaigh*, xxv.)<sup>1</sup> This tale is none other than an oral version of *Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus*. Like much of what passes for simple folklore, it reached the people from literary sources. The MSS. transcribed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were read aloud by the scribe or the local schoolmaster by the fireside in winter evenings. Those among the audience, which was for the most part illiterate, who possessed retentive memories retold these tales again and again, often considerably modifying them and corrupting the personal and place names to a great extent.

For purposes of comparison with the folk-tale, it may be well to give here a detailed summary of the MS. tale, together with the folk-version of corresponding incidents.

<sup>1</sup>Lloyd first published his version in 1902 in the *Gaelic Journal*, no. 141, pp. 83ff. He confesses to having occasionally altered the narrator's wording (*cuireadh corr-athrughadh ann*).

## FOLK-TALE.

1.—Cúchulainn at Cuan Cárn, unarmed save for a holly-spit, awaits the arrival of Laoghaire. A fair damsel lands in a little skiff, and tells Cúchulainn her tale. (1).

2.—She is the daughter of Rí na h-Antoile, fleeing from a hideous giant. An Cítheach Árd mac Ríogh na bhFear Borb, and seeking help of the renowned Cúchulainn. (2).

3.—Before Cúchulainn can disclose his identity, the giant follows in pursuit. He kicks Cúchulainn and carries off the maiden. Cúchulainn casts after him his sole remaining holly-spit and breaks three of the giant's ribs. The giant responds with a mocking speech. (3-4).

4.—Cúchulainn rages through the land. He returns home and takes to his bed vowing never to rise again. Laoghaire persuades him to pursue the giant. (5-6).

5.—Cúchulainn and Laoghaire set sail in the Breac-Mharcach. They land in an unknown country and find a large palace. The king of this castle has collected a large army to go to Ireland to avenge on Conall Cearnach the deaths of his father and grand-father. (7-8).

6.—Ambassadors come from the King to take Cúchulainn and Laoghaire prisoners. Laoghaire deals with them while Cúchulainn sleeps. Finally they rout the whole army and take the King prisoner. (9-17).

7.—The King tells Cúchulainn of his daughter who has been enchanted by a giant, and now lies, in the form of a monster, at the bottom of a lake, until the spell shall be broken by a warrior who dives and kisses her thrice. Cúchulainn unspells the maiden and slays the giant (10-24).

## MS. TALE.

1.—Cúchulainn at Dundalk, unarmed save with a holly-spit, awaits the arrival of Laoi with his arms. He sees a boat coming to land from which disembarks a lady who tells Cúchulainn her tale of woe. (61a-62a).

2.—She is the daughter of Rí na h-Antuaithe fleeing from a hideous giant, Garuidh Garbhghlúineach mac Rígh na bhFear Morc, and seeking help of the renowned Cúchulainn. (62b-65a).

3.—Before Cúchulainn can disclose his identity, the giant lands in pursuit. He kicks Cúchulainn, and bears off the maiden. (65a-65b).

4.—Cúchulainn is distorted with anger, and rages through the land. Eimhear plans a device to restore him to his senses. He is reconciled to Laoi, and persuaded by him to follow in pursuit of the giant. (65b-71a).

5.—Cúchulainn and Laoi set sail in the Breac-Bháirc. They land on a pleasant island and find a large army encamped there under Ciabhán Cúilfhionn mac Rígh na h-Almáine, who intends to invade Ireland to avenge his uncle's death on Conall Cearnach. (71a-72a).

6.—Ambassadors come from the camp to take Cúchulainn and Laoi prisoners. They are routed and slain by Laoi who is guarding the tent while Cúchulainn sleeps. Finally Cúchulainn encounters Ciabhán. The latter submits and does homage. (72b-81a).

(7.—Occurs in MS. tale between 9 and 10).

8.—The King endeavours to dissuade Cúchulainn from his quest by telling him of the two brothers of An Cítheach Árd, viz., Garuidh Garbh-ghlúnach mac Ríogh na bhFear Borb and an Dragún Teinntidhe mac Ríogh na bhFear Borb. Cúchulainn challenges the first of the trio. All three have bodies which are invulnerable except in one spot. Cúchulainn is grievously wounded and asks Laogh-aire to cut off his head. (25-29).

9.—He is cured by one Fuidf Faidí from Ireland, who gives him information concerning the vulnerable spots of the giants, and promises that he and the Tuatha Dé Danann will assist Cúchulainn in the encounters. Cúchulainn with this aid slays two of the giants, viz., Garuidh and an Dragún Teinntidhe. (30-36).

10.—Cúchulainn then goes in search of An Cítheach Árd. He finds the lady who had sought his aid at Cuan Cárn amenting and bewailing her fate. The giant is about to take possession of her. Cúchulainn encounters and slays the giant. He restores the lady to her first love in her father's court. (36-42).

8.—Cúchulainn tells of his quest in the court of the King of Almayne. The King endeavours to dissuade him by painting Garuidh's brother, Fearghus Fiodhfhoda, in still blacker colours. Cúchulainn goes to Sicily where he slays the seven giants of Fearghus. Then he encounters Fearghus who is vulnerable in but one spot. He is grievously wounded by Fearghus, and at the evening truce, asks Laoi to behead him to avoid the disgrace of falling by Fearghus. (81a-87a).

9.—In this evil plight he is succoured by Finghín Fáithliagh and his friends from Faery. Next day he slays Fearghus with the Ga Bulga. (87a-92b).

7.—Thence he goes to Morocco where he slaughters the Blacks and the Catheads. Thence to Africa where he unspells Carthann Cúil-fhionn, daughter of the King of Africa, transformed into a dragon by the jealousy of her rival, Beróna. (92b-98b).

10.—Thence Cúchulainn goes to Antioch where he finds the heroine of the tale weeping over the blood-stained accoutrements of her brother, wounded by Garuidh. Cúchulainn tells her who he is. He slays Garuidh after a fierce struggle. He retraces all his steps, reuniting three love-crossed couples, and finally returns in triumph to Ireland. (98b-111b).

1.—In all essentials the folk-tale is in agreement with the MS. tale. Cuan Cárn is a corruption of Cuan Cárlinn (MS. fo. 65b). Lloyd's suggestion, viz., that it stands for Tráigh an Chairn, also called Tráigh na dTréinfhear, at Dundrum, Co. Down, is seen to be incorrect.

2.—Rí na h-Antoile is a corruption of Rí na h-Antuaithe as Lloyd notes. The name "An Cítheach (Árd)" is a common one for giants in Gaelic folklore.

3.—Here we get an incident in the folk-tale which has probably been omitted from the MS. In the MS. tale, Cúchulainn is armed with a handful of holly-spits. He casts all at birds, save one which he retains. (*Gur chaith na beara cuilinn uile acht aon bheor ambáin* (61b), and again (62a) *agus gan d'arm no d'ioithaebhar aige acht aon bhear cinnghear cuilinn*). No further reference is made to this remaining holly-spit. In the folk-tale, on the other hand, there is no such omission; Cúchulainn has one holly-spit and this he casts at the giant as the latter carries off the maiden, wounding him with it (pp.4,21). The folk-tale here preserves an incident which in all probability formed part of the tale when it was first composed, although not found in the only extant MS.

4.—The folk-tale account of Cúchulainn's rage in which he tears off his clothes and returns home naked, seems a confused reminiscence of the device by which Eimhear restored the hero to his senses.

5.—The name of Cúchulainn's ship, the Breac-bháirc, has been corrupted into the Breac-Mharcach.

7.—Here the simplification of the complexities of the MS. tale is apparent. Ciabhán Cúilfhionn mac Rígh na h-Almáine, Rí na h-Almáine, and Rí na h-Aifrice have but one representative in the folk-tale under the vague designation of *an rí*. The jealous rival Beróna becomes a rejected lover, a giant. The fiery dragon is a monster at the bottom of a lake.

8.—The three brother giants, possessing the Achilles invulnerability in common, take in the folk-tale the place of the MS. Garuidh, his brother Fearghus, and his tutor Neachtain Uathmhar. In the MS. tale, Fearghus alone possessed the Achilles trait; the villain of the piece, Garuidh, is killed after a great struggle, but is by no means invulnerable. But it is noteworthy that the folk-tale is here inconsistent. In the opening of the tale, Cúchulainn is made to wound this Achilles in the side by a cast of a holly-spit. Perhaps it was the instinct for triads which tempted the narrator to extend this characteristic invulnerability to two brother giants.

9.—Fuidí Faidí is a corruption of Finghín Fáithliagh. He cures Cúchulainn at once by means of a magic herb. Then he proceeds to give Cúchulainn some useful information concerning

his opponents. One would expect something similar in the MS. tale. I am inclined to think that, in another version, we should find Finghín Fáithliagh disclosing the vulnerable spot of Fearghus to Cúchulainn. As the MS. reads, we are left to infer that the Ga Bulga, by virtue of its magic properties, was able to pick out this spot. The folk-tale incident of the Tuatha Dé Danann beating down the giants with whips as they rose above Cúchulainn to kill him does not occur in the MS.

10.—It is interesting to note here an incident which impressed itself on the folk-mind. Cúchulainn casts a huge stone at the giant and hits him. The giant throws back the same stone at Cúchulainn, but the latter cleverly intercepts it and catches it in his sling. The incident is identical in both folk and MS. version.

The intricate plot of the MS. tale has been considerably simplified in the folk-tale. The bewildering love affairs which Cúchulainn undertakes to smoothen out are altogether discarded. In the MS. version, Cúchulainn travels successively to Almayne, Sicily, Morocco, Africa and Antioch. In the folk-tale, he and Laoghaire land *ins an áit nach rabh siad ariamh aroimhe*, and end their adventures by restoring the maiden to her father, Rí na h-Antoile, *ins an Domhan Thoir*. The lack of a love motive in Cúchulainn's adventures is emphasised in both tales. When the grateful King wishes to bestow on Cúchulainn the hand of his unspelled daughter, the hero politely says: *Go rabh céad maith agat. Níor chuir mé buaidhreachd mná orm ariamh. 'Sé an obair atá agam troid le fathaigh, seasamh ceart do bhaint-reachaibh agus do dhíleachtaibh.*

#### VIII.—THE AUTHOR'S LEARNING.

One of the most striking things about the MS. story and one which proves it to be a conscious literary production on which the folk-tale recorded by Lloyd was based, is the accuracy of names, the account of Cúchulainn's feats, weapons, etc., the many parallels, and even verbal resemblances, to passages in the older Cúchulainn literature which are to be found in it. The author, whoever he was, was evidently well versed in the Cúchulainn saga, and at the same time not unacquainted with Greek and Roman

classical tales, and with Irish stories of the Fianna cycle. Whilst preserving the spirit and colouring of the old mythico-heroic Ulster tales, he has, as we have seen, borrowed skilfully from already-existing stores of literature and folklore.

In the notes appended to the text I shall call attention to the minor points which are probably borrowings from, or reminiscences of, the older literature. One or two such may be instanced here. In the passage 87bff. Finghin Fáithliagh is fetched from Sliabh Fuaid by the Tuatha Dé Danann to heal Cúchulainn. In the passage in the *Táin Bó Cuailgne*, headed *Fudi Cethirn* (ed. Wind. 4289ff.) Cúchulainn sends Laeg to Sliabh Fuaid to fetch Fingin Fáthliagh to cure the wounds of Cethern. Cethern asks the physician to examine his wounds: *Fega latt dam in fuil-seo dana, a mo phopa Fhingin*. Fingin gives a description of those who inflicted the wounds as he examines him. Compare the passage in the present tale, fo. 89a. Again, fo. 88a, there is a modernised paraphrase of the encounter with Fear Dia. In the *Táin* (ed. Wind. 3837ff.) Dolb and Indolb, *a sidh chairdi*, come to the aid of Cúchulainn at the Ford against Ferdiad, who kills both of them (*ib.* 3850–60) and the Morrígan entwines herself in the form of an eel about the feet of Cúchulainn in order to aid his opponent.<sup>1</sup>

#### IX.—THE CÚCHULAINN CYCLE IN ITS LATER PHASES.

Almost every story about Cúchulainn is contained, or alluded to, in our two oldest secular MSS., *Leabhar na hUidhre* transcribed before 1104, and the *Book of Leinster* transcribed before 1154, both of them avowedly transcripts of, or compilations from, older MSS. Ossianic texts in these early MSS. are accorded a very small space in comparison with that assigned to the Ulster cycle of Cúchulainn and Conchobhar. But, turning to MSS. compiled from the twelfth century on, we note a remarkable change. The proportion of Ossianic literature increases steadily whilst the heroic Northern tales fall into the background, so that much of modern Irish prose literature is of Ossianic or pseudo-Ossianic

<sup>1</sup>In the present tale the Morrígan entwines herself about Cúchulainn's feet when he is fighting against Fear Dia, but in the *T.B.C.* this happens when he is fighting against Loch Mor. (ed. Wind. 2298ff.)

nature. A discussion of the various theories which have been put forward to justify this popularity of the Fianna story-cycle on historical and racial grounds does not bear on the present tale. All I need say is that eventually the Fianna cycle did displace, for the most part, the heroic Northern saga, whether this was due to the eleventh century usurpation of the Hy Neill Kingship by Brian of the Dál gCais<sup>1</sup> or whether the Fianna cycle, being the hero tales of a subject population, needed some centuries of racial amalgamation to elapse before it could be received into the official corpus of Irish story-telling.<sup>2</sup>

Nevertheless the Cúchulainn stories did continue to be copied into modern MSS. But only a certain number retained this popularity. The story of the *Táin* occurs in a fair number of eighteenth and nineteenth century MSS., but the language of the old tale, based as it was on a still earlier Old-Irish prototype, tended to discourage the scribes, as it certainly led to corruptions of language and of meaning. More popular than the *Táin* were the *Brisleach Mhór Mhuighe Muirtheimhne*, the account of Cúchulainn's death, and its sequel *Dearg-Ruathar Chonaill Chearnaigh*; *Oileamhain Chúchulainn* giving the hero's training in valour, and its sequel *Oidheadh Chonlaoidh*. Strange that these episodes, the early life and the death of *heros fortissimus Scotorum*, should have proved popular in place of that which was his greatest exploit, his single-handed defence of the Ulster marches against the men of Erin! *Oidheadh Chloinne Uisneach*, which belongs to the Cúchulainn cycle though it has no direct reference to Cúchulainn, is perhaps the most popular of all and in this respect will bear comparison with any tale in the Fianna cycle.

But to mention only those which have survived is to run the risk of losing sight of the fact that very many of the Cúchulainn cycle of tales have disappeared from modern Irish literature. The Boyish Exploits of Cúchulainn, the Feast of Bricriu, the Sickbed of Cúchulainn, the Wooing of Eimhear, all the "Wooings" in fact—these had apparently ceased to circulate in MS. form by the time the Modern Irish period began. The Training of Cúchulainn, the Death of Conlaoidh, the Fate of the Children of

<sup>1</sup>Alfred Nutt, *Ossian and the Ossianic Literature*. (Popular Studies in Romance, Mythology and Folklore, No. 3).

<sup>2</sup>Professor MacNeill, Introduction to *Duanairé Finn* (Irish Texts Society).

Uisneach, seem to me to possess in common a romantic rather than a heroic tendency; I mean just such a character as we find in the popular Fianna tales as opposed to the ruder epic of the North as represented by the *Táin Bó Cuailgne*; and it may be due to this fact that those tales preserved their life and vigour whilst so many others were condemned to comparative oblivion. The wandering of a hero in strange foreign lands to learn magic feats and prowess in arms under a mysterious Amazonian princess; the tragedy of the father who, all unknowing, kills his own son and discovers his crime too late; the banishment and cruel murder of three brave warriors brought about by the beauty of another Helen—these are all incidents of a perennial romance which appeals to all ages. The Cúchulainn cycle dealt mainly in bloodshed and in semi-mythological events. The ruder tales, those which like the Feast of Bricriu are full of barbarity and blood, of the clash of arms and the echo of angry words, or which, like the Wooing of Eimhear, were filled with “kennings” and cleverly allusive in a way which appealed only to a bardic class educated for such things—was it any wonder that these should fail to appeal to a modern audience? We have proof, at any rate, of the popularity of the Fianna cycle which dealt with romantic oversea expeditions, with knightly succouring of distressed damsels, with enchantments and wizardries and love-tales and elopements. But probably the prosaic fact of language, antique or otherwise, had more to do with the survival or disappearance of these Cúchulainn tales than any other circumstance.

Those tales of the Cúchulainn cycle which are common in modern manuscripts are also to be found in the scanty folklore of the same cycle. The *Clann Uisneach* tale is the most popular, especially in the Scottish Highlands. A. Carmichael has published (*Trans. Gaelic Society of Inverness*, xiii., pp. 241–57; afterwards republished in book form) an oral tale, “Deirdire and the Lay of the Children of Uisne,” taken down in the island of Bara. An Irish folk-version of the same tale was published by Dottin in the *Revue Celtique* (xvi., 425ff.)

A degenerated Scotch-Gaelic version of the *Táin* was taken down by Carmichael in Benbecula. The English translation is published in the *Celtic Magazine* (vol. xiii., pp. 319–326, 351–359);

the Gaelic text is printed in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* (vol. ii). In the same volume of the *Celtic Magazine* (xiii., pp. 514-516) is a translation of a version of the *Táin* taken down in the Island of Eigg by Kenneth Macleod.

The story of *Conlaoch*, a common Aryan theme well known in its Persian and Teutonic forms, is found quite commonly among the people. (The folk-versions of this tale are merely traditional recollections of manuscripts). M. Dottin took down a version in Galway which he published in the *Revue Celtique* (xiv). Lloyd has a version taken down in Donegal in his *Cruach Chonail* (pp. 96-8). In the *New Ireland Review* (May, 1906, vol. xxv., pp. 181ff.) an oral version taken down from an old man is published by Dr. Conor Maguire ("Of the many stories I have taken down from him this is the only one concerning Cúchulainn"). Stephen Gwynn published a translation of a folk-version of the Conlaoch ballad in the *Fortnightly Review* (1904, pp. 281ff.) In the Highlands they still preserve an account of "Aoinfhear Aoife." Campbell has a version in his *West Highland Tales* (iii., p. 184) where it is confused to some extent with the Fianna cycle.<sup>1</sup> There is a ballad version in *Leabhar na Feinne* (p. 14), and the Dean of Lismore wrote down a poetical fragment in Scotland in the sixteenth century. It is the poetical version, or the "lay" of Cúchulainn over his son's corpse, which occurs oftenest. Like the Fianna ballads, it probably owes some of its popularity to its metrical form.

<sup>1</sup>In some of these tales we find a confusion of the Fianna and Cúchulainn cycles. In Campbell's version of the Conlaoch tale, alluded to above, Aife is the "fairy sweetheart" of Cúchulainn whom he fell in with while "the rest of the Feinn were in Islay driving out the Lochlanners," and Conán takes the place of Conall Cearnach in the preliminary encounter with Conlaoch. In Curtin's "Cuculin," later referred to, the narrator begins his story with "Fin mac Cumhail" for hero, but later substitutes "Cuculin" for Fin. Later the story degenerates into a version of the *Oidheadh Chonlaoidh* and Fin and his men (including Conán Maol) are again strangely introduced, though only in a subsidiary way.

The wonder is that this confusion and intermingling of the two cycles did not occur oftener. Macpherson has been accused (Windisch *R C.v.* 70-93) of being the first to mix together two separate traditions which were always strictly kept apart. Meyer in his Introduction to *Cath Finntrága* seems to think that in this, at least, Macpherson did not break away from tradition. He thinks that such a confusion was "the natural outcome of centuries of oral tradition in Ireland and Scotland," and instances Campbell's version of the Conlaoch story, which I have mentioned above, to prove his point. That the intermingling did not take place to a greater extent may perhaps be explained by the fact that the Cúchulainn cycle was never in recent times popular in the full sense of the word, which the Fianna cycle undoubtedly was.

Curtin in his *Myths and Folklore of Ireland* (pp. 304-326) has a story entitled "Cuculin," but where it was taken down is not stated. It is a miscellaneous jumble of many tales. The names of some of the personages, Cuculin, Fin mac Cumhail, Lug Long-hand, Conlan (= Conlaoch), Thin-in-Iron (= Caol an Iarainn), etc., will give some idea of its heterogeneous character.

Professor John MacNeill edited a tale entitled "Cnachar Rí Uladh," taken down in Tyrone, in the *Gaelic Journal* (xi., p. 3). This tale deals with Conchubhar, Cúchulainn and Bricín (= Bricne *i.e.* Bricriu). "Cnachar" sends Cúchulainn in pursuit of three Irish princesses, his wards, who have been abducted during the course of a feast. There seems to be some reminiscence of the Feast of Bricriu and the *curad-mír* incident in this tale. A variant of the same tale occurs in *An Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach* (pt. iii., p. 165). Here Bricriu appears as "Bric na Buaire."

Quiggin in his *Dialect of Donegal* published a story about Cúchulainn entitled "Leadairt na bhFear Mór." A Co. Cork version of the same tale, by Conchubhar Ó Deasmhumhna of Ballyvourney, was published some years ago in a Dublin weekly paper.

Séamus Ó Searcaigh has published a tale giving a confused account of Cúchulainn's birth and death in *Cú na gCleas*.<sup>1</sup>

In *Irisleabhar Muighe Nuadh* for 1914 among a group entitled "Trí Sgéalta Gearra ó Chonndae Mhuigheo" is one called "Sgéal Chúchulainn," but beyond the fact that the hero's name is Cúchulainn, it contains nothing of note.

Finally I may note the folk-version of the present tale, "Cúchulainn ag Cuan Cárn," which has already been discussed.

These few tales represent all that remains in our day in popular memory of the enormous Cúchulainn cycle, a MS. literature the remains of which have been roughly reckoned at two thousand 8vo pages.

It has been said that the Cúchulainn cycle did not develop and generate new tales as the Fianna cycle did. The present tale, *Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus*, is, however, an example

<sup>1</sup>It is extremely doubtful whether this can be regarded at all as a folk-tale. It was written by a young man, a school-teacher, who says he "heard it often." Such a source could not be very reliable. The school-teacher had probably heard or read, whether in Irish or in English, some printed version of what he told; and all unconsciously he may have been influenced by it.

of such development. In the Fianna cycle the older tales were being continually developed and remodelled, and fresh invention on the lines of the older legend has been taking place almost down to our own day. But the vitality of the Cúchulainn legend seems to have become exhausted several centuries ago. Perhaps the composition of the present tale was inspired by the provincial patriotism of an Ulsterman anxious to glorify his ancient compatriot. To glorify Fionn would not have been the same, for Fionn, if not exclusively Munster, was, at any rate, not exclusively Ulster.

As an early instance of an "offshoot" of the Cúchulainn cycle and perhaps as a faint foreshadowing of its possible development had the Cúchulainn cycle not had a rival in the Fianna tales, we find a remarkable tale in the Book of Leinster (108a19). Cúchulainn sees a huge curach containing a formidable warrior landing near Emania. He sends Laeg to discover the identity of the stranger. He says that he is "Goll mac Carbad, son of the King of the Germans in the north of the world." There were three brothers, Goll, Cromm and Rig, and they cast lots for the three islands, Britain, Denmark and Ireland. Goll's lot came first and he decided for Ireland. Cúchulainn defies the stranger, who forthwith gives a tremendous stroke to his boat and drives it a long way on to dry land. In the ensuing encounter Cúchulainn gets the better of Goll.

This tale is remarkable when we consider that the Cúchulainn tradition places that hero at the beginning of the Christian period. It is undoubtedly a late story, perhaps as late as the MS. containing it. It was at this period exactly that the Fianna cycle, then in a state of flux, was profoundly modified by the Norse invasions. It would be interesting to speculate on the possible development of the Northern heroic saga if the rival cycle of the Fianna had not existed, and if the themes of the oversea raiders and a band of warriors perpetually on the watch to guard the country had, as in the actual case of the Fianna cycle, become an integral part of it.

A late literary development of the Cúchulainn cycle is the long rambling series of adventures in foreign lands entitled *Eachtra na gCuradh*. This tale is found in many MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy and elsewhere. It gives an account of the wanderings of Cúchulainn, Conall Cearnach, Fear Dia and others of the "heroes" through many lands, Africa, Greece, Italy, Persia, etc.

If we except these three tales, viz., that in the Book of Leinster, *Eachtra na gCuradh* and *Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus*, there would seem to be no later developments in the Cúchulainn cycle, none at all of the variation and elaboration of old themes and invention of new which are so marked a characteristic of the Fianna legend.

#### X.—THE LANGUAGE OF THE TALE.

In the present tale the chief mark of the style is the accumulation of adjectives expressing minute shades of meaning, according to a special system of alliteration and euphony. The collocation of the words depends much more on their sound than on their sense, the manuscripts of such tales being primarily intended for reading aloud, for declamation. An exact English translation will thus read sometimes perilously like nonsense. But in this respect the present tale compares favourably with many of the late Fianna romances, where the stereotyped exaggeration of a hero's prowess is set forth with all the turgid bombast of this alliterative style.

The verses interspersed consist, for the most part, of *résumés* of the preceding narrative. This alternation of prose and verse may perhaps be traced back in the mediæval manuscripts to cases where the scribe wrote the narrative portion as a sort of connecting link between scraps of verse which he had committed to memory. But in the later tales and romances it had become a "stereotype," witness, for instance, *Macaomh an Iolair*, a romance based on French material, in an introductory note to

which the author states that he himself added the verses as a sort of decoration: *Do chuirsim na laoihe beaga so mar chumaoin leis.*<sup>1</sup>

The language of the present tale is Early Modern Irish. There are, however, a few old forms artificially retained. Such for example are:—

- ol* introducing oratio recta ((97a) ;
- fil* in its relative use (71b, 106b, etc.) ;
- coneibeart* introducing verse (108a, etc.) ;
- ní-sum-sáitheach do chath-iorghail* (87) ;
- do'n taoibh ar aill* (91a, etc.) ;
- torchair*, perfect of *tuit* (84b) ;
- survival of *ro-* and *no-* as preverbal particles side by side with modern *do-* ;
- confusion throughout of the prepositions *le* and *re*, *fri* ; *for* and *air* ;
- such spellings as *in* for the article *an*, etc.

The verbal forms such as that of the *ē*-future and the survival of the third sing. absolute s-preterite will be found commented on in the notes to the text.

As O'Donovan has remarked, the manuscript is an Ulster one. The following forms are characteristic of Northern Irish (literary or spoken):—

- raibheadar* (Leath Mogha, *rabhadar*) ;
- athara*, *máthara*, *dearbhráthara*, gens. of *athair*, *máthair*, *dearbhráthair*, (with these we may also compare the gens. *abhanna*, *cathracha*, *talmhna*, which occur in the text) ;
- astur*, *asteach*, *astigh*, (L.M. *aistear*, *isteach*, *istigh*) ;

<sup>1</sup>This peculiarity of Irish romance has been pointed out by Windisch (*Ir. Texte*, III., 2, pp. 447ff), and discussed by Jacobs (*Celtic Fairy Tales*), and by A. H. Leahy (*Courtship of Ferb*, Irish Saga Library, vol. I.). It has often been compared with the *cantefable* of the thirteenth century French romance, "*Aucassin et Nicolette*," and it has even been suggested that the Irish form of the *cantefable* was, in some measure, the direct parent of the French form. Windisch, however, who is surely the highest authority on such a point, maintains that a direct connection between Irish saga and French *cantefable* is unthinkable. If there were a direct connection, direct Irish influence on the matter, as well as on the form, of the French romances would be found, and of such direct influence there is no trace. Windisch regards the alternation of prose and verse as a natural stage in the development of narrative poetry which can be paralleled in various literatures, and maintains that the Irish saga and French *cantefable* assumed their forms independent of one another.

the preference of *a* to *o* in such words as *taisc*, *casgairt*,  
*falláin*, *faigse*, etc. ;  
*aríamh*, side by side with the older and L.M. form *riamh* ;  
*innse*, verbal noun (L.M. *innsin(t)*) ;  
the phrase *i n-arcis* passim for *i-airchis* (obsolete in L.M.) ;  
*urtha*, fem. sing. of pronominal preposition passim ;  
the spelling *geapha* for *geata* (cp. Ulster *sgaifte*, *sgaifta*  
for *sgata*) ;  
the initial *f* in such words as *a bhfeasbhaidh*, *a bhféagmhais* ;  
the use of *dúil* in the sense of *súil*, "hope," (71a, etc.) ;  
the form of the preposition in *ann mo láimh*, *ann do*  
*chrann tábhail*, etc. ;  
the form *taosga* for L.M. *túisge* ;  
the use throughout of *nó* for *ná* in negative sentences.

The contraction *pf* for *pféin* (i.e. *féin* a Northern form of *féin*) occurs frequently in the present text. In the phrase, *do shiafraigh nar bhfeas dóibh cá h-ionadh*, etc. ("he asked did they know where," etc.), the *nar* is not the negative interrogative but rather a common Northern form for *ar*. The use of *cáil* in the sense of "portion, share" (66b) is peculiarly Northern. With this we may compare the use in a similar sense of *taom* (67a).

The occurrence of the following words, borrowings from English, French, etc., is noteworthy: *balsuim* (dat. 101b), "balsam"; *béinnscadha* (n. pl. 72a), "benches"; *cotún* (77a, 79b), "jacket, jerkin"; *compánachaibh*, (dat. pl. 87b), "companions"; *cúirte* (gen. 75b), "court"; *hinnsighibh* (dat. pl. 108b), "hinges"; *máinleadha* (79b), "links or meshes of mail"; *péarlach* (65a), "pearly"; *sgabal* (77b), "shoulder-piece"; *spoisteóracht* (106b), "strolling"; *tápuir* (108b), "taper, candle."

## XI.—HOW THE MANUSCRIPT HAS BEEN DEALT WITH.

The manuscript is highly contracted, but in nearly all cases the contractions are such as to leave no doubt of the reading. I have extended contractions and marked any cases where there could be the slightest doubt as to the correctness of such extensions. In the manuscript large numbers of accents are simply omitted ;

these I have silently inserted. In a few doubtful cases only have I used the makron. On the other hand the long diphthongs *ia*, *ao*, *ua*, etc., are in the manuscript marked by an accent which I have omitted in transcribing. Obvious corrections are made in the text with the manuscript reading at the foot of the page. Where a letter or word has obviously been omitted in the text I have restored it in brackets.

With the object of keeping whatever might prove of use in determining the Northern dialect of the late seventeenth century, I have not aimed at making the spelling uniform throughout, but have retained such variations as *dáibh*, *dóibh*, *casgairt*, *cosgairt*, etc. The variations *-ea-*, *-io-*; *-ur*, *-ar*, I have left unchanged. The unifying tendency which insists on the spelling *rinneas* rather than *rinnios* is a modern growth and has no further authority than that of custom. I have retained the spellings *aig*, *air*, *a n-*, for what are more commonly but not more phonetically written *ag*, *ar*, *i n-*. So too, the use of final *-i* for the more modern *-e* after a slender consonant I have retained as representing equally well the actual sound, e.g. *misi*, *sisi*, *innsi*.

The use of *ph* for *bh* in such words as *cléibh* (g. of *cliabh*) and in the ending of the dative plural (a characteristic, by the way, of the O'Clery school of scribes) occurs a few times. I have changed it to *bh*. Final broad *s* is sometimes double in the manuscript; I have written it single. Where a final tenuis is an artificial Middle-Irish representation of the media, e.g. *carbat*, *droicheat*, *iat*, I have silently changed it to a media.

The simple prepositions *do* and *de* are confused throughout as in the present-day language, a confusion extending back to the Old-Irish period. This I have not changed.

The semi-phonetic spellings *gáifeach* (105a), *slóitibh* (71b), *diuraice* (passim for *diubhraice*), *hana* (100b for *cheana*), *doilfe* (87b, etc.), *cictse* (71a, gen. of *coicthigheas*) may be noted.



TÓRUIGHEACTH GRUAIDHE  
GRIANSHOLUS.

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THE PURSUIT OF GRUAIDH  
GHRIANSHOLUS.

Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus,  
inghean Rígh na h-Antuaithe, annso  
síos, 20 Sep., 1679.

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Lá n-aoen dá roibh Cúchulainn suaithnighe seang séimhghlan mac Subhalltaigh air faithche a dhúine agus a dheaghbhaile féin .i. Dún donnglongach Dealgan, agus do fhéach an ceathairáird uaidhe gacha ndíreach, mar atá siar agus soir, bho dheas agus bho thuaidh, agus do chonnuirc críoch chaomhálúinn Chuailgne uaidhe, agus ba hí sin fonn tíre dob' annsa le Cúcholainn isin domhan, óir is amhlaidh atá an tír soin 'n-a suidhe .i. an ádhbhéis chainteach chubhrach chasaoideach agus an sálmhuir siobhlach sulbhorb air thaoibh dhi agus sléibhte árda aibhseacha úraoibhne lán do shrothaibh fionnchubhracha fíoruisege agus do ghleanntaibh taithneamhacha taobhuaine agus do mhínchoilltibh ciumhsacha comhchomhthroma air an taoibh oile dhi, agus ba mór imorro fiadhach ballacha beannárda, bruic agus tuirc agus totháin na tíre soin agus ba líonmhar a h-iasg agus a h-éigneada [61b] agus a maighreadha taithneamhacha tárrgheala agus éagsamhlacht<sup>1</sup> gacha cinéil fiadhuigh agus iasguidh air cheana ó sin amach. Agus air bhfaicsin na críche do Choingculainn, do ghabh fonn sealga agus fiadhuigh é, agus do aigill a ghiolla, eadhon Laoi mac Rianghabhra, agus is eadh adubhairt :

“Maith, a Laoi,” air sé, “innill agus ionráin m' airm agus mo chleasa diuraice go ndeachainn do thseilg agus d'fhiadhach do chríochuibh cnuastorthach[a] Cuailgne aniudh.”

Gabhas Laoi aig ionráin agus aig inneall na n-arm agus na n-íolshaobhar agus na gcleas lámhuidh air cheana. Agus an feadh ro bhaoi Laoidh aig eagar agus aig órdughadh na n-arm, gabhas Cúchulainn aig taisteal roimhe re ciumhuis an chuain chaintigh chubhairbháin, agus broсна do bhearaibh cinnghéara cuilinn aige re diuraiciugh na n-én agus na n-ealtan n-éagsamhail n-aidhearrdha; uair is leis na birínibh sin fa gnáth le Coingcuailgne gach én agus

<sup>1</sup> examhlacht, so spelt throughout.

## The Pursuit of Gruaidh Ghriansholus, Daughter of the King of Antioch, here below.

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ONE day the renowned, slender, gentle Cúchulainn, son of Subhalltach, was on the green of his own fort and goodly mansion, to wit famous (?) Dundalk, and he examined the four points of the compass, west and east, south and north, and saw the fair, beautiful territory of Cuailgne. And that was the land which Cúchulainn loved best in the world, for thus is it situated: the noisy, foaming, querulous deep and the restless, rough, briny sea on one side of it, and on the other, high, terrible, fresh-green mountains full of white-foaming streams of spring water and of pleasant, green-sided valleys and of bordered, even woods. And numerous too were the spotted, high-antlered deer, the badgers and the boars and the martens (?) of that land, and plentiful were its fish and its pleasant, white-bellied salmon, and a variety of every sort of game and fish besides. And when Cúchulainn saw the land, he was seized with desire to hunt and game, and he addressed his attendant, Laoi mac Riaghabhra, and said:

“Well, Laoi, prepare and arrange my arms and my shooting feats that I may go hunting to-day in the fruitful land of Cuailgne.”

Laoi began to prepare and arrange the arms and the many sharp weapons and the other casting feats. And while Laoi was arranging and ordering the arms, Cúchulainn began to journey forth along the border of the noisy, foam-white harbour with a bundle of sharp-pointed holly spits to shoot the birds and the various fowls of the air; for with these spits was Cúchulainn

#### 4 TÓRUIGHEACHT GRUAIDHE GRIANSHOLUS.

gach eall(a) aidheardba do dhiuraiciugh. Agus tárla do Choing-culainn an uair sin gur chaith na beara cuilinn uile acht aon bhior andam.<sup>1</sup> Óir is í conair i n-ar ghabh Laoi go Sliabh Fidhit agus go Shabh Feáidh. [62a] Óir do shaoil gurbh'í sin conair i n-ar ghabh Cúcholainn, ionnus nach dtárla dhá chéile iad air échor.

Iomthúsa Chongculainn annso, air mbeith 'n-a uath agus 'n-a aonar dhó agus gan d'arm nó d'iolfhaobhar aige acht aon bhear cinghèr cuilinn, do chiudh an curach ceannárd cliabhfhairsing chuge gacha ndíreach fan ábhéis aidhbhseach cochairghuirm, agus trí seoilte áille éagsamhla air, eadhon seol uaine i n-a thosach agus seol dearg i n-a lár agus seol tana taobhghorm i n-a dheireadh. Agus air dteacht a dtír do'n gcurach, an tan do shaoil Cúcholainn iolar curadh nó cathmhíleadh do thoigheacht as, ní táinic as acht aon mhacaomh miadhach maiseach míndhealbhach mná dob'fhearr inneall agus égcosg, dreach agus deilbh agus dénamh do fhearaibh nó mhnáibh na cruinne go comhiomlán. Beannuigheas an inghean dó go mín macánta agus do fhreagair Cúcholainn san gcumaoin chéadna dhi.

"Maith, a óig-mhacaoimh," air an inghean, "déna eolas damh mar a bhfuil an Cúcholainn oirdheirc, agus do bhéara ór agus airgead agus iolmhaoine dhuit dá cheann," air sí.

"Is aithne dhamh-sa an fear sin," air sé, ".i. an Cúcholainn oirdheirc, agus do dhéna eolas duit-si," air sé, "acht go n-innsir dhamh cia thú féin nó cá tír dhuit [62b] nó créad fáth do thurais aig iarraidh an Chúcholainn adeirthaoi, agus ní iarfa me do cheannach ort tar ceann eolas do dhénamh dhuit acht sin," air sé.

"Inneósa me sin duit," air an inghean. "Gruaidh Ghriansholus, inghean Rígh na n-Antuaithe m'ainm," air sí, "agus air mbeith dhamh a ndúnadh agus a ndeaghbhaile m' athara .i. Rí na h-Antuaithe, do chuaidh mo theist agus mo thuarasgbháil fo imlibh iarthair an domhain," air sí, "agus tángadar<sup>2</sup> clanna rígh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain dom' fhéachain agus dom' thsuirghe, agus ameasg gacha dtáinic ann, táinic Iollainn Angghlonnach mac Iarla Cathracha mBlisg dom' fhéachain agus dom' iarraidh mar mhnaoi agus mar bhanchéile dhó féin. Agus is amhlaidh do bhí an fear soin, do bhí sé 'n-a mhacaomh óg amhulchach, agus do rug sé bárr deilbhe agus dénaimh, inneall agus égcuisg, air fhearaibh a chomhaimsire, agus is é dob'fhearr lúth

<sup>1</sup> In MS. sul ráinic Laoi é *has here been deleted.*

<sup>2</sup> tángaid.

went to shoot every bird and fowl of the air. And it befell Cúchulainn, on that occasion, that he cast all the holly spits save one alone; for Laoi took the path to Sliabh Fidhit and to Sliabh Feáidh, thinking that Cúchulainn had gone in that direction, so that they did not chance upon one another at all.

As for Cúchulainn, when he was alone and solitary with no other arm or sharp weapon than one sharp-pointed holly-spear, he saw a high-topped, broad-sided coracle coming straight towards him along the mighty, blue-bordered deep, and three different beautiful sails upon it, namely a green sail at the prow, a red sail in the middle and a thin blue-sided sail at the stern. And when the coracle came to land and when Cúchulainn expected many heroes or battle warriors to emerge, there came forth but one noble, handsome, comely maiden, best in form and appearance, in countenance and shape and make, of any of the men or women of the entire universe. The maiden greeted him gently and courteously and Cúchulainn answered her greeting in the same manner.

"Well, youth," quoth the maiden, "direct me to where the famous Cúchulainn is. And I shall give thee gold and silver and much treasure for so doing," said she.

"I know that man," said he, "to wit, the renowned Cúchulainn, and I will guide thee to him provided that thou tellest me who thou art or from what land or what is the cause of thy journey in search of the Cúchulainn thou mentionest. And I shall ask of thee no payment for guiding thee other than that," said he.

"I will tell thee that," said the maiden. "Gruaidh Ghriansholus, daughter of the King of Antioch, is my name," said she. "And when I was in the court and goodly mansion of my father, the King of Antioch, my fame and reputation spread to the confines of the western world, and the sons of the kings and noble lords of the world came to see me and to woo me. And amongst all who came there, came Iollainn of the Mighty Deeds, son of Iarla Cathracha mBlaisg, to see me and to seek me as wife and spouse for himself. And this is the manner of man he was: a youthful, beardless lad who surpassed all his contemporaries in form and make, in appearance and countenance, best in vigour and dexterity

agus lámhach agus lánchoibhleadh, gal agus gaisgeadh agus gníomheacht, do chlanuibh rígh agus ró-thighearnadh iarthair dhomhain, agus tug tuile tromádhbhal seirce agus síorghráidh dham agus tugas-sa an céadna dhó san. Agus do naisgeadh dhó mé agus do h-órduigheadh lá dháirighe chum ar bpósda, agus do chruinnigheadar clanna rígh agus ró-thighearnadh [63a] iarthair dhomhain air aon láthair go dún agus go deaghbhaile Rígh na h-Antuaithe do chomhmóradh Iollainn Ang-ghlonnaigh agus na mórchorra soin. Agus air ndol dom' theist agus dom' thuarasgháil-si fó iarthar dhomhain amhail adubhramar, tárla go genalaidh Garuidh Garbhghlúineach mac Rígh na bhFear Mór luath agus iomrádh mo sgéimhe agus mo dheaghbhéas, agus níor comhnuigheadh leis nó go ráinic baile Rígh na h-Antuaithe, fear mar chách, agus air dtiacht do'n mbaile dhó, cuireas sgéala d'ionsoighe an rí .i. m'athair-si, misi do chur chuige gan mhoill nó go loisgfeadh agus go n-airgfeadh an chríoch agus an chathair go comhiomlán agus go muirfeadh an rí agus gach a ngeabhadh a pháirt, maille re n-a chloinn agus re n-a theaghlach. Agus is amhlaidh atá an fear soin .i. Garuidh Garbhghlúineach, atá dhá fhichead fíodh air áirde ann agus deich bhfíodha air leathad a chuirp, agus fíor na talmhan do chur air aon mhaighin, ní bhfuilid ionchaitheigh<sup>1</sup> ris air [a] áirde agus air [a] uathmhaire, air a mhéad agus air a mhímhaire, air neart a chuirp agus air líonmhaireacht a cheard agus [a] ealadhan draoidheachta agus diabhlaidheachta, óir is aige do h-oileadh é .i. aige aitheach aibhseach urghrána darb comhainm Neachtain Uathmhar mac na Talmhna; agus is uime goirtheair an t-ainm sin de, do bhrígh go nach feas athair nó máthair dhó acht a gheineamhain as innighibh na talmhan, [63b] agus ní mó beann tscléibhe nó mhaoilinn mórchnuic nó gach alt agus gach áighde do'n aitheach sin, agus fa samhail re fíodh cluthmhar coilleadh an tromfholt diabhlaidhe dathghránda atá fair. Agus ní dhénaid airm náid iolfhaobhair díth nó díoghbháil dhó, óir dá dteagmhadh dhó go nguineadh airm náid iolfhaobhair é, comh luath agus do thuitfeadh chum láir agus láintalmhan do ba sleamhain slánchréachtach é agus do thiucfadh a neart agus a bhrígh féin ann arís iar n-úir, ó n-a bheith air n-a gheineamhain as innighibh na talmhan amhail adubhramar. Agus bíonn an t-aitheach diabhlaidhe dathghrána sin aig ithe feóla curadh agus cathmhíleadh mar phruinn agus mar thom[h]alltas.

<sup>1</sup> ainchaitheigh.

and full-activity, in valour and prowess and mighty deeds, of the sons of kings and princes in the western world. And he gave me an exceedingly great stream of love and lasting affection, and I bestowed the same on him. And I was betrothed to him and a certain day was appointed for our marriage, and the children of the kings and princes of the western world assembled at the fort and goodly mansion of the King of Antioch to honour Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach and that great feast. But when my fame and reputation spread through the western world, as I said, it chanced that Garuidh the Rough-kneed, son of the King of Morocco, heard talk and report of my beauty and goodness, and he delayed not until he reached the court of the King of Antioch like all the others. And on reaching the court, he sent a message to the king, my father, ordering him to send me to him without delay, or that he would burn and devastate the land and the whole city, and slay the king and whomsoever took his part, together with the king's children and his household. And this is the manner of man Garuidh is : he is forty fathoms in height and his body is ten fathoms broad, and were all the men of this earth together in one spot, they would not be fit to combat him because of his height and his frightfulness, his size and his hideousness, his bodily strength and the number of his artifices and skill in magic and devilry. For he was educated by a hideous, terrible giant called Neachtain the Dreadful, Son of the Earth, so called because his father and mother are not known, but he was generated out of the bowels of the earth. And the peak of a mountain or the blunt top of a great hill is not greater than every joint of that giant, and like unto a thickly-growing wood is his devilish, hideous-hued, heavy hair. And arms or sharp weapons do him neither harm nor injury, for if it chanced that they wounded him, as soon as he fell to the ground and earth, he would become supple and free from wounds and his own strength and vigour would return to him forthwith, because, as I said, he was generated in the bowels of the earth. And that devilish, hideous-hued giant is wont to eat the flesh of heroes and battle warriors for a meal and sustenance.

"Dála Rígh na h-Antuaithe agus Iollainn Ang-ghlonnuidh mic Larla Cathreacha mBlaisg, air rochtuin na sgéal soighin ó Gharuidh Garbhghlúineach, do suidheadh comhairle acu agus is é ní air ar cinneadh leó, ó thárla clanna rígh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain air aon láthair aca, cathughadh agus comhrac do thabhairt do Gharuidh suil do fhaomhughdís misi dhó, uair dob' fhearr liom-sa n'íodhlacadh beó a mbruinn na talamhan nó mo thaobh do shíneadh leis aon uair do ló nó d'aoidheche. Acht atá aon [64a] ní cheana do chomhraiceadar clanna rígh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain lámh air lámh re Garuidh, agus an chuid dhíobh nár thuit leis a bhforcheann an chomhraic, do chreapuil agus do chruaidh-chuibhrigh iad agus do chuir ceangailte mar sin iad d'ionnsoigh Neachtain Uathmhair go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe, áit a bhfuilid fa dhaoirsi agus fa dhochar a gcarcuir talmhan aige, agus is é Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach an duine deagnach do chuir sé ann.

"Air n-a fhaicsin damh-sa gur creapladh agus gur ceangladh clanna ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain do bhí aig cathughadh air mo cheann, agus go h-áirithe mo shearc agus mo shiorghrádh d'fhearaibh an bheatha .i. Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach, agus gan súil agam re n-a fhaicsin go bruinne mbrátha agus mbeatha, do bhean mé ciall do chabhair, agus is eadh do rinneas,<sup>1</sup> élodh as dúnadh agus as deaghbhaile m'athara, agus ní taosga d'élodh mé nó fuair Garuidh Garbhghlúineach sgéala uaim, agus do lean mé agus atá air mo lorg ó sin ille, ag fagháil sgéal uaim do dheóin agus air éigin, agus ní fhuair mé rí nó flaith do gheabhadh mo chumairce a n'aghaidh. Agus air mbeith aig taisdeal gach inse agus gach oiléin mar sin, do chuala mé luadh agus iomrádh air Choingcúlainn, gurbh'é an t-aon [64b] nduine d'fhearaibh an bheatha do ba dócha mo chumairce do ghabháil do lámh a n-aghaidh Gharuidh. Agus dá bhrígh sin tánac fa n-a thuairim agus dob'áil eolas d'fhagháil uait-sí, agus aig sin mo sgéala duit," air an inghean. Agus do rinneadar an laoidh eatorra :

Innis dúinn, a mhacaoimh óig,  
Do gheabhair ór is seóid fa seach,  
Cá h-áit a bhfaicfe an curadh cliach,  
Cúcholainn na sgiath mbreac.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> rinnis, probably for rinnios.

<sup>2</sup> mbreac, and the aspirated c is required for the rime, but the word breac, "variegated," seems intended.

“As for the King of Antioch and Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach, son of Iarla Cathracha mBlaisg, when that message from Garuidh reached them, they convened a council, and they decided, since the sons of the kings and princes of the world were assembled on one spot, that they should give battle and combat to Garuidh before they consented to give me to him, for I should prefer to be buried alive in the bosom of the earth than to lie beside him one hour of the day or night. However, the sons of the kings and princes of the world fought hand to hand with Garuidh, and those who had not fallen by him at the end of the battle he bound and tightly-tied, and he sent them thus fettered to Neachtain Uathmhar at the City of the Fiery Stream, where he has them in oppression and misery in an earthy prison. And Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach was the last man he put in there.

“When I saw that the children of the kings and princes of the world who were fighting on my behalf had been bound and fettered, and in particular he who was my love and lasting affection of all the men of the world, Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach, and that I had no hope of seeing him till doom, I despaired of aid and I fled from the fort and goodly mansion of my father. And no sooner had I fled than Garuidh got tidings of me and followed me. And ever since he is pursuing me, getting tidings of me by free will and by force, and I found neither king nor prince to undertake to protect me from him. And as I was wandering thus through every island and isle, I heard report and talk of Cúchulainn and that he was the only one of the men of the world who was likely to undertake my protection against Garuidh, and therefore I have come to him. And I should like to get guidance from thee. And that is my story for thee,” said the maiden, and they made the lay between them :

Tell me, youthful lad—thou shalt get gold and jewels—where I shall see the renowned (?) hero, Cúchulainn of the variegated shields.

Innis dúinn, a mhacaoimh mná,  
 Ná ceil do rún, dáil go bhfeas,  
 H'ainm bunaidh, nó créad dob'áil  
 Leat do rádh re Coin na gCleas.

Gruaidh Ghriansholus m'ainm baisdeadh,  
 Aig taisdeal gach crích[e] go nuaidhe,  
 Inghean fós go fire  
 Mé do Rígh na h-Antuaithe.

Do charas a dtús m'óige  
 Macaomh fa h-eólach teiste,  
 Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach gan diamhair  
 Aon mhac Iarla Caithreacha mBlaisge.

Teist mo dheilbhe nuadh-ghloine  
 Do chualaidh an Garbhghlúineach,  
 Mac Rígh na bhFear Morca,  
 Fa docra an fear 's fa faobhrach.

Dhá fhichid<sup>1</sup> fiodh air áirde,  
 Fa h-ádhbhal an teist air éin-fhear,  
 Is deich bhfiodha 'n-a chompar,  
 Fa glonmhar a dheilbh 's a dhénamh.

Táiníc go crích na h-Antuaithe,  
 Lán da anbhuaín chugainn,  
 'S do iarr misi mar chéile  
 Nó cath air chéadaibh umam.

[65a].

Saor-chlann ríghthe an domhain  
 Do bhádar umam go h-éinfhear,  
 A n-aghaidh an Ghairbh Ghluínigh,  
 'S do chuibrigh iad a n-éinfheacht.

Go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe  
 Air cuimrige Neachtain Uathmhair  
 Do chuir iad-so agus Iollainn,  
 Do bheir sin sinne go h-uaigneach.

<sup>1</sup> fhithchit.

Tell me, O maiden—hide not thy secret, indeed—thy name and what thou seekest to say to the Hound of the Feats.

Gruaidh Sunbright is my name. I journey with my news through every land. Truly am I the daughter of the King of Antioch.

In my early youth I loved a young man of fame, Iollainn of the mighty deeds, without gloom, the only son of Iarla Cathracha mBlaisg.

The fame of my fair form the Rough-kneed, son of Rí na bhFear Morc, heard. Terrible was he and fierce.

Forty fathoms high—a vast account for one man!—and ten fathoms in his body, disgusting his appearance and make.

He came to the land of Antioch, full of violence, and he demanded me as wife, or battle with hundreds for me.

The noble sons of the kings of the world were as one man fighting for me against the Rough-kneed, but he cast them all into bonds.

To the City of the Fiery Stream, at the mercy of Neachtain the Dreadful, he sent those and Iollainn—which left me lonely.

Ó'n ló sin gus an uair si  
 Atá an fear uathmhar aigmhéil  
 Air mo lorg ó'n tír go chéile.  
 Aig sin mo sgéla, a mhacaoimh.

Fa thuairim Chon an Chleasraidh,  
 Táim aig taisteal gach tíre,  
 A mhacaoimh an ruisg phérlaigh,  
 Aig sin mo sgéla fíre.

Cá h-áit a bhfuil a dhúnadh,  
 An Cú nach diúltann duine,  
 A mhacaoimh an chúil dualaigh,  
 Fionnaim uait, is innis.

Innis.

A h-aithle na laoidhe sin, do bheir Cúcholainn silleadh so-dhealbhach dá shúil air an bhfairrge, agus do chí an long luchtmhar lánaibhseach ba mó nó maolchnoc nó mór-shliabh gacha ndíreach chuige, agus air dtiacht a gcomhghar do thír agus do thalamh do'n luíng, do éirigh aon óglach uathmhar aigmhéil dubhghorm diabhlaidhe dathghrána ba mó nó ar bh'fhéidir a thuarasgbháil do thabhairt, a gcurr-thosaigh na luinge, agus fa guirme ná síthán sléibhe é, agus fa báine iná búgh a dhá shúil, agus ba fuide ná seol-chrann luinge móire gach láimh dá lámhaibh dubhghorma [65b] dathghrána. Agus do ghabh lorg-fhearsad imreamhar iarnaidhe air a raibheadar caoga ubhall d'iarann aithleaghtha agus eithre curaidh nó cathmhílidh ionn gach ubhall díobh i n-a láimh, agus tug buille bódhbha borbneartmhar do cheann na luinge do'n gcarruic cheannáird chruaidhghairbh chloiche do bhí air a chomhair agus do chuir as a h-áit agus as a h-ionadh í, agus do rinne cuan cubhrach comhfairsing agus slighe réidh ro-fhosluice do luíng asteach, dá ngoirthear Cuan comhfairsing Cárliinn aniugh. Agus tig a dtír a gcéadóir, agus air dteacht a dtír dhó, tug buille bríoghmar borbneartmhar do bhárr a throighe a gceartlár ochta agus úrbhruinne do Choinculainn, gur cuireadh naoi gcéimionn<sup>1</sup> uadha é. Agus gabhas an inghean air bhárr a bhaisi, agus téid i n-a luíng iaramh, agus tógbhas a sheolta, agus seolas air ais a bhfrithing na conaire céadna.

Dála Chongculainn, air n-éirge as an luidhe sin dó, agus air bhfaicsin gur rugadh an inghean uadha, agus gur imthigh<sup>2</sup> an

<sup>1</sup> gceimhionn.

<sup>2</sup> imd.

From that day till now, the dread, awful man is pursuing me  
from land to land. That is my tale for thee, O youth !

In quest of the Hound of Feats I fare through every land. O  
youth of the pearl-like eye, that is my true story.

Where is the fort of the Hound who refuses none, O youth of the  
plaited locks, let me discover from thee, and do thou tell me.

After this lay, Cúchulainn gave a glance of his shapely eye  
towards the sea and beheld a capacious, full-terrible ship, greater  
than a blunt-topped hill or a mighty mountain, coming straight  
towards him. And as the boat neared the land, there rose in the  
prow of the ship one terrible, vast, blue-black, devilish, hideous-  
hued warrior, greater than could be described. And bluer than  
the foxglove was he, and whiter than a hyacinth his two eyes,  
and longer than the mast of a mighty ship each of his blue-black  
hideous-hued hands. And he took a very thick club of iron on  
which were fifty balls of refined iron, each ball a burden for a  
warrior and battle hero, in his hand, and dealt a hostile, mighty  
blow with the end of the club on the lofty, hard, rough rock of  
stone which was before him, and put it from its place and position,  
and made a foaming, broad harbour and a smooth, open passage  
for a ship into it, which is to-day called the broad Harbour of  
Cárlinn. And forthwith he landed, and on landing, he dealt  
Cúchulainn a vigorous, rough, strong kick with the top of his  
foot right in the centre of the breast, so that Cúchulainn was  
cast nine paces off. And he took the maiden on the top of his  
hand and went into his ship then, and raised his sails and sailed  
back the same way.

As for Cúchulainn, when he rose from his fall and saw that  
the maiden had been carried off from him and that the giant had

fomhóir<sup>1</sup> gan comhrac gan cathiorghail, do mheas go bhfuair féin masla agus mí-chlú agus gur cailleadh a gheasa, óir ba [de] gheasaibh Chongculainn gan a chéile comhraic do dhol falláin uadha. Agus do mheas go bhfuigheadh fir Éireann sgéala ó'n masla sin do fuair, agus go h-áirithe an cathmhíleadh do rug an inghean uadha, [agus] is eadh a thárla dhó gur [66a] mhearúigh a chiall agus a chéadfadh agus gur fhiaradar a shúile agus a bhéal agus gur sgar a chéadfadh dhaonnuidhe leis, ionnus go ndearnadh fombóir<sup>2</sup> fuathmhar fíorghrána dhe, agus tug aghaidh fo'n tír asteach amhlaidh, agus ní thárla duine nó beathach leis nach dénadh míreannadh beaga buanréaptha agus iodhbúirt anabaidh adhmhillte agus cumhthach casgartha cnáimhgheartha dhíobh, ionnus go roibheadar tuatha agus tíortha, cruidh agus ceathra agus daoine, aig teitheadh roimhe.

As í sin uair agus aimsir fa dtárla Eimhear inghean Fhorghuil Manach .i. bean Chongculainn, agus bantracht Dhúine Dhealgan mar aon re macaibh Chonchubhair rí Uladh .i. Cormac Conloingear agus Laoghaire Buadhach agus Dubhach Daol-Uladh agus Furbhaidhe Fearmeann agus Cumhsgraidh Meann-Macha, maille re macraidh s[h]íthe na h-Eamhna uile, aig áineas agus aig cluithche air faithche Dhúine Dealgan. Agus do chonncadar an fomhóir<sup>1</sup> aig díthláithriughadh na tíre amhlaidh sin, agus tug Eimhear aithne fair, gurb'é Cúcholainn ro bhaoi ann, agus adubhairt :

“Truagh sin!” air sí, “is é Cúcholainn súd, agus do imthigh iomlaoid gaisgidh air aniugh, agus do cailleadh a gheasa, agus táinic iorr a shaoghail, agus millfe sé Éire suil fa coisgthe a fhearg agus ba marbh é féin do racht na feirge.”

“Créad is indhénta ann sin?” air Laoghaire Buadhach.

[66b] “Ro-fhidir-se sin,” air Eimhear. “Is geis do Choinculainn,” air sí, “bean do fhaicsin nochtuidh, agus beanuid na mná a n-éadach agus a n-earradh dhíobh, agus tiaghuidh a bhfolach a bhfás-bhruach na h-abhanna, agus mar do chífear Cúcholainn sibh-si, geabhaidh an athghoirid tré dhoimhneach an inbhir do chum bhur marbhtha, agus air mbeith san aibhinn dó, éirghid na mná nochtuidh 'n-a choinne, agus mar chífear seision nochtuidh iad, dúnfaidh a shúile agus do bhéara a chúla leo, agus má chomhnuighéann isin uisge amhlaidh sin, múchfaidhthear a theas agus dásacht na feirge ann agus tiucfaidh cáil dá chéadfadh chuige, agus muna gceansaighthear leis sin é, ní bhfuighthear a chosg

<sup>1</sup> fomóir.

<sup>2</sup> foghmóir.

departed without combat or fight, he thought that he had received an insult and dishonour and that his *geasa* had been violated (for it was one of Cúchulainn's *geasa* that his fellow-combatant should go uninjured from him). And he thought that the men of Ireland would hear of that insult he had received, and in particular the warrior who had carried off the maiden. And it befell him that his senses and reason were set astray, and his eyes and mouth grew crooked, and his human faculties departed from him, so that he became a hateful, truly-hideous giant. And he faced in landwards in this wise, and not a man or beast did he encounter that he did not rend into small pieces and sacrifice destructively and prematurely, and hack and hew slaughterously, so that [the inhabitants of] districts and lands, beasts and cattle and people, were fleeing before him.

At that precise time Eimhear, daughter of Forghal Manach, Cúchulainn's wife, and the women-folk of Dundalk together with the sons of Conchubhar, King of Ulster: Cormac Conloingias and Laoghaire Buadhach and Dubhach Daol-Uladh and Furbhaidhe Fearmeann and Cumhsgraidh Meann-Macha, together with the fairy youths of all Emania, were sporting and playing on the green of Dundalk. And they saw the giant devastating the land in this manner, and Eimhear recognised him as Cúchulainn and said:

"Alas! yon man is Cúchulainn, and he has experienced a reverse in arms to-day, and his *geasa* have been violated, and the end of his life has come; and he will destroy Ireland before his anger be checked, and he himself will die from the frenzy of his rage."

"What is to be done then?" asked Laoghaire Buadhach.

"I know," quoth Eimhear. "It is a *geis* to Cúchulainn," said she, "to see a woman naked. And let the women strip off their garments and accoutrements, and go ye and hide in the growth at the edge of the river. And when Cúchulainn sees you, he will take a short cut through the deep part of the river-mouth to kill you. Then when he is in the river, let the naked women rise up to meet him. And when he sees them naked, he will shut his eyes and turn his back on them. And if he remains thus in the water, his heat and the fierceness of his anger will be quenched by it, and he will regain somewhat of his senses. And unless he be appeased by that means, it will not be possible to check him

nó go millidh Éire agus go sgingidh [a] anam as féin tré dhásacht."

Do ghníthear amhlaidh sin, agus tiaghaid na mná nochtuidh faoi bhrúgh an inbhir, agus tiaghaid Eimhear agus an mhacraidh air úr an inbhir. Agus air bhfaicsin na macraidhe do Choingcualainn, tug ionnsoigh dhian dhásachtach agus réim rachtmhar ró-reatha do chum an inbhir, agus tiaghuidh a ndoimhneach na h-abhanna amach nó go ráinic an t-uisge clár uachtarach ochta agus úrbhruinne. Éirghid na mná as an bhfolach a raibheadar, dísgir dearg nochtuidh 'n-a choinne agus 'n-a chomhdháil. Agus air bhfaicsin na mban nochtuidh, do ghabh gráin agus aithmhéile é, agus dúnas a shúile agus tug a chúla leó, agus do [67a] chomhnuigh isin uisge, agus do ghabh aig ól an uisge i n-a bhéal agus i n-a chuisleannaibh agus i n-a altaibh, ionnus go<sup>1</sup> madh léir an ghaineamh agus an grinneall grianach, go nár léig bann do'n abhainn thairis síos nó suas nár ól agus nár shúgh chuige tré mhéid a theasa agus a theannála, air mhodh gur múchadh agus gur báthadh an déine agus an dásacht do bhaoi ann, agus go dtáinic taom dá chéadfadh chuige agus gur ghabh náire mór agus aithmhéile é agus imthshníomh fo n-a [n]dearna do dhíthláithriughadh seachnóin an laoi roimhe sin. Agus do chí Eimhear amearg na macraidhe, agus tig a dtír chúiche, agus doirteas frasa diandhíochra déar, agus nochtas dáibh go soilléir gach ar éirigh dhó, agus mar do cailleadh a gheasa, agus amhuil do mheall Laoi fon' armaibh é, agus go raibhe a dheimhin aige nárbh'fhada téarma a shaoghail. Agus do ghabh Eimhear aig gabháil sgéal de agus do rinneadar an laoidh eatorra :

A Chú na gCleas suaithnigh,  
 Créad ruaimhnigheas do rosg rinn-ghlan?  
 An dtárla dhuit ní éigin  
 Do bheir do chéadfadh air mearbhall?  
 Tárta dhamh is mé m'aonar  
 Air faobhar an chuain chubhraigh,  
 Aon bhean dob áluinn muilghe  
 Nárbh'áil suirghe an Ghairbh Ghlúinigh.  
 'N-a diaidh fa fheirg air sáile,  
 Do bhí Garuidh nárbh'áloinn snuidhe,  
 Do rinne tré cheartlár cairrge  
 Slighe do lán-bhárc luinge.

<sup>1</sup> Go nár léig bann do'n abhainn thairis síos nó suas ionnus go madh léir an ghaineamh agus an grinneall grianach nár ól agus nár shúgh, etc., where the scribe has evidently confused the order of the two phrases

until he has destroyed Ireland and until his own life has left him through frenzy."

So it is done. And the naked women come to the edge of the river-mouth, and Eimhear and the youths come to the brink. When Cúchulainn saw the youths, he made a fierce, frenzied attack and an angry, swift-running rush towards the river-mouth, and came out into the deep part of the river until the water reached the upper part of his chest and bosom. The women rose stark-naked from their concealment to meet him, and on seeing the naked women, he was seized with disgust and regret, and shut his eyes and turned his back on them and remained in the water. And he began to drink the water into his mouth and pulses and joints, so that the sand and bottom gravel were visible and he did not allow any length of the river past him, up or down, which he did not drink and suck up by reason of the greatness of his heat and fieriness, so that the fierceness and the frenzy which possessed him were quenched and submerged, and some of his senses returned to him. And he was seized with great shame and repentance and anxiety because of all the devastation he had wrought throughout the day, before that, and he spied Eimhear amongst the youths and came to land to her. And he shed fervent showers of tears, and related to them clearly all that had befallen him and how his *geasa* had been broken and how Laoi had tricked him concerning the arms; and he said that he was certain that his term of life was not long. And Eimhear began to ask him for information and they made the lay between them:

O famous Hound of the Feats! What inflames thy star-clear eye?  
Has somewhat befallen thee to set thy senses astray?

There met me, when I was alone by the brink of the foaming harbour,  
a maid of beautiful eyebrows, who liked not the wooing of  
the Rough-kneed.

In pursuit of her over the sea in anger, was Garuidh whose aspect  
was not beautiful, who cut through the centre of a rock, a  
passage for a full barque.

Air dteacht a dtír a gcéadóir  
 Do Gharuidh fa h-éagcóir inneall,  
 Do rug uaim air fhairge,  
 'S mé a bhfeasfaidh m'arm, an inghean.

[67b] Mo chéile comhraic uaim-si,  
 Gus an uair se riamh ní dheacha,  
 'Eimhir an chrotha nuadh-ghil  
 Do bhris, monuar, mo gheasa !  
 Do rug air mearbhall eachtra,  
 Laoi do chleachtadh a n-áireamh,  
 Uaim, monuar, gan fheasa,  
 M'airm 's mo chleasa lámhuigh.

A h-aithle na laoidhe sin do ghabh Eimhear agus Cormac Conloingeas agus Laoghaire Buadhach agus an mhacraidh air cheana, aga chomairliugh agus aga chur a gcéill dó gan acht deimbrigh do dhéanamh dhe, agus do mhealladar leo é go Dún Dealgan, agus do canadh ceol agus oirfide dhó, agus do dháileadar corm agus comhól air. Gidheadh, ní bhfuadarad uadh áine nó aoihbneas do ghlacadh chuige.

Dála Laoidh do bheirtheas ós áird annso : air bhfaicsin dó nach dtárla Cúchulainn leis, do ghabh aig taisteal an tsléibhe seachnóin an laoi, agus mar do rug neóin agus deireadh an laoi air, do thriall air ais go Dún Dealgan, agus air dteacht do'n mbaile dhó, do h-innseadh dhó gach ar éirigh dá thriath agus dá thighearna tré n-a bheith a bhféagmhais arm agus iolfhaobhar ; agus is eadh do rinne, fios do chur air Laoghaire Buadhach a bhfód fo leith agus a ghuidhe<sup>1</sup> agus [a] atach fa shíth d'fhagháil ó Choingculainn dó, uair do bhí lán d'uamhan agus d'imshníomh roimhe.

Téid Laoghaire mar a raibhe Cúchulainn, agus nochtas dó ó thús go deireadh gach ar éirigh do Laoi, agus gur tré iomlaid agus tré ainbhfear tárla dhó [68a] sgaradh ris. Acht cheana air impigh na n-uasal do fhaomh Cúchulainn síth agus so-charthannacht do Laoi, agus tugadh Laoi do láthair iar sin, agus adubhairt Cúchulainn :

"Maith, a Laoi," air sé, "dob'annamh leat-sa riamh roimhe cailleadh orm-sa, agus ba mionca leat mo bhrosnughadh do chum áigh agus iorghaile, agus créad tug dhuit mo ghaisgeadh do sheachna oram ?"

<sup>1</sup> guibhe.

Coming to land at once, Garuidh of treacherous aspect snatched from me over the sea the maiden—from me unarmed.

Never till this hour did my fellow-combatant escape me. O Eimhear of the new-bright form ! Alas ! my *geasa* are broken.

Laoi, who was wont to enumerate my arms and my feats of activity, carried, alas ! unwittingly, those arms from me on an erroneous expedition.

After that lay, Eimhear and Cormac Conloingeas and Laoghaire Buadhach and the other youths began to advise him and to persuade him to make nought of it. And they beguiled him with them to Dundalk, and music and melody was played for him, and they served him with ale and drinking. Yet they could not make him rejoice or be glad.

As regards Laoi is related here. On seeing that he did not meet Cúchulainn, he began to journey over the mountain throughout the day, and when evening and the end of day came upon him, he travelled back to Dundalk. And on reaching the town, he was told all that had befallen his lord and master because of the lack of his arms and sharp weapons. And Laoi sent for Laoghaire Buadhach in a spot apart, and begged and besought him to make peace between him and Cúchulainn, for he was full of fear and anxiety regarding Cúchulainn.

Laoghaire went to Cúchulainn and told him from beginning to end all that had befallen Laoi, and that it was through an accident and in ignorance that Laoi had happened to part from him. However, at the entreaty of the nobles, Cúchulainn consented to make peace and friendship with Laoi, and Laoi was brought into his presence then and Cúchulainn said :

“Well, Laoi, seldom ever before didst thou fail me, and oftener didst thou incite me to valour and combat, and what caused thee to deprive me of my arms ?”

“Ní h-annsóin, a Chúchulainn,” air Laoi, “ní thiucfaidh én ní dot’ aimhleas<sup>1</sup> as ar éirigh duit aniuigh, óir gidh líonmhar do ghaisgeadh agus gidh h-oirdhearc h’alla agus h’árd-nós seachnóin Éireann, ní dheachais amach as Éirinn fós re n-a mbiadh fios agus fíor-eolas aig fearaibh dhombhain ó do mhór-ghníomha guile agus gaisgidh. Agus ní bhiadh tú ní bhus sia<sup>2</sup> mar sin, óir ní bhfuil is ingruinne acht ceithre ranna cudroma ceartchomhthroma, agus sírfe sinne gach rann díobh nó go bhfagham an Garuidh Garbhghluíneach sin agus go ndiogheóla tusa h’anfhorlann air, agus fós go rachaidh do chlú agus h’árd-sgéala air feadh na cruinne ó n-a liacht gal agus gníomhéacht do dhéantar leat aig iarraidh Gharuidh.”

“Beir buaidh agus beannacht, a Laoigh,” air Cúchulainn, “as comhairle deagh-laoich re h-ucht feadhma sin, agus is í do dhéanam,” air sé. “Agus gabh thusa lámh air inneall agus air ionráin m’arm agus mo chleas nimhe, agus ullmhuighthear mo long leat .i. an Bhreac-bháirc.”

Agus is amhlaidh do bhí an Bhreac-bháirc : is í long is fearr do bhí san domhan í, óir is do fhuigheall na h-airce [í] .i. an [68b] long do rinne Naoi mac Lamhíeach re h-ucht na díleanna air impidhe an Dúileamh. Agus is é do rinne an Bhreac-bháirc .i. Fiontain mac Bóchna mac deirbhshiéra Naoi mic Lamhíeach, agus tug leis go h-Éirinn í, óir is é Fiontain an chéad duine táinic go h-Éirinn ariamh. Agus ba do bhuaidhaibh na Breac-bháirce nach luidheadh draoidheacht nó diabhlaidheacht air aon neach inte, agus nach dénadh tonn nó tréan-tuille a h-inghreim, agus gur comh-ionann do shiubhlugh sí muir théacht, muir theintighe, muir n-Iocht agus gach muir shoimtheachta oile ; agus gach cuan no gach caladh rér mhian le Cúchulainn a fagháil aige, do gheibheadh ann í gan fhuireach. Agus is í long fa luaithe fa’n domhan í, agus do bhádar buadha iomdha oile urrtha, agus tárla dhi bheith aig Fionn mac Cubhail a ndiaidh Chongculainn agus na gcuradh.

Acht cheana ro ghabh Eimhear agus an mhacraidh shíthe aig toirmeasg an turais sin uime, agus níor ghabh-san toirmeasg uatha, acht ro ghabh aigneadh agus árd-intinn, uaill agus uabhar agus méad meanman chuige. Do chuir a thuisri agus [a] imth-shníomh air díbeirt uadh agus do fhuráil air Laoi arís na h-airm agus na cleasa nimhe uile do chur a n-eagar agus a n-órdughadh,

<sup>1</sup> dot taimleas.

<sup>2</sup> siath.

"Nay, Cúchulainn," answered Laoi, "nought to thy disadvantage shall result to thee from what has befallen thee to-day. For though numerous thy feats of arms and though remarkable thy fame and reputation throughout Ireland, thou hast never yet gone forth from Ireland that the men of the world might truly know of thy great deeds of valour and arms. Yet no longer shalt thou be thus, for there are in the universe but four even divisions, and we shall search every division of these until we find that Garuidh Garbhghlúineach that thou mayst take vengeance on him for the violence he offered thee, and further that thy fame and renown may spread throughout the universe by reason of the many deeds of valour thou wilt accomplish in seeking Garuidh."

"Take victory and blessing, Laoi," said Cúchulainn, "that is the advice of a goodly hero in face of need. And that is what we shall do," said he. "And do thou start to arrange and settle my arms and my venomous feats, and let my ship, the Speckled Barque, be prepared by thee."

And this was the wise of the Speckled Barque: it was the best ship in the world, for it was made of the remains of the ark, i.e. the ship which Noah the son of Lamech made against the flood at the prayer of the Creator; and it was Fiontain mac Bóchna, the nephew of Noah son of Lamech, who made the Speckled Barque and who brought it to Ireland. For Fiontain was the first person who ever came to Ireland. And it was one of the virtues of the Speckled Barque that neither magic nor devilry harmed anyone in it, and neither wave nor strong flood could seize it, and equally well did it travel through a viscid sea, a fiery sea or the Sea of Wight and any other easily-traversable sea; and whatever harbour or port Cúchulainn wished to find it in, he found it there at once; and it was the swiftest ship in the world. And many other properties it had. And it chanced to be in the possession of Fionn mac Cumhail after Cúchulainn and the Heroes.

Howbeit, Eimhear and the fairy youths began to dissuade him from this journey, yet he heeded not their dissuasion, but summoned up his spirit and courage, his pride and high-mindedness. He banished from him his sorrow and his anxiety, and he ordered Laoi again to arrange and put in order the arms and all

agus a shleagha agus a chraoiseachadh d'fhionnabhuirt re nimh amhail fa gnáth do dhénamh re h-ucht áigh agus iorghaile.

69a] Biodh a fhios agad, a léightheóir, go raibheadar ocht gcleasa dég aig Coingculainn re h-aghaidh diuraice agus lámhuidh, dá ngoirthaon na cleasa nimhe, agus nach frith a n-ionnamhuil aig curadh nó aig cathmhíleadh roimhe nó a ndiaidh Chongculainn achi aige féin amháin. Óir is amhlaidh fuair Cúchulainn na cleasa sin óna ban-ghaisgidheachaibh aig a raibhe air foghlúim .i. Sgathach agus Uathach agus Aoife agus Banríoghan Droichead<sup>1</sup> an Allta, neach do rinne féin a bhfoghlúim a bhforthuaith ifrinn. Agus is amhlaidh ro bhádar na cleasa nimhe<sup>2</sup> so, níor dhídean arm nó éideadh nó daingneach air biorth ortha agus comh luath agus do ghuinidís<sup>3</sup> an duine, do fhíldís<sup>4</sup> arís a lámhuibh Chongculainn uile, acht amháin an Ga Bulga. Agus is amhlaidh mar do bhí an Ga Bulga, is í Aoife tug dhó é. Cé go n-abraid daoine gurb'í Banríoghan Droichead an Allta tug dhó é, ní h-í, acht Aoife. Agus is do chroiceann<sup>5</sup> péisde as ifreann do rinneadh é, agus ní theilgthí an Ga Bulga nó [go] mbíodh uisge go nuige iomlegán air an tí do chaitheadh é, agus is as laghair a choisí deisi do chaitheadh an Ga Bulga agus ní bhíodh acht aon rinn air nó go [69b] gcaiththí<sup>6</sup> é, agus an tan do theilgthí é, do líonadh amhail anál a léas, ionnus go mbíodh deich ranna fíthead<sup>7</sup> air aig dul a gcorp an duine, agus ní ghabhadh luibh nó leigheas nó íce greim do chréacht an Gha Bulga, acht do líonadh an corp do nimh nach frith cabhair nó fóirighin dí, agus dá ndeachaidh an duine san talamh síos nó [sa]n aiér suas ní sheachónadh an Ga Bulga. Agus níor dhídean talamh nó uisge, cloch nó crann, airm nó éideadh air. Agus leis an Gha Bulga do thornnadh agus do theasgadh Cúchulainn gach curadh agus gach cathmhíleadh do bhíodh do-iongabhála air chluithe an átha. Agus dá bhrígh sin, is air chluithe an átha fa doilghe leo coimh-measgadh re Cúchulainn, óir ba feasach iad nár thearnō dhóibh ó Chúchulainn air an gcluithe sin ; agus ní bheanta*oi* an Ga Bulga as dhuine nó go gcasgartha*oi* go méad n-órlaigh chuige é.

Agus fós do bhádar dhá charbud aig Coingculainn nach raibhe a n-ionshamhail aig rí nó aig flaith oile .i. an Carbud Searrda agus an Carbud Séanta. Agus is amhlaidh mar bhí an Carbad Séanta, do bhí sé édtrom eadarbhuaiseach, óir ba lúthmhaire é ná én

<sup>1</sup> droithcheat.    <sup>2</sup> nibhe    <sup>3</sup> do guindís    <sup>4</sup> do filldís.    <sup>5</sup> chroitheann.

<sup>6</sup> go gcaithigh.    <sup>7</sup> deitich ranna fíthead.

the venomous feats, and to temper his spears and javelins with poison as it was customary to do for deeds of valour and combat.

Be it known to you, reader, that Cúchulainn had eighteen feats for shooting and casting, which were called the venomous feats, and that such were never found with any hero or battle warrior before or after Cúchulainn, but only with him. For thus it was that Cúchulainn acquired those feats: from the female warriors with whom he studied, namely Sgathach and Uathach and Aoife and the Queen of Droichead an Allta, who themselves had learned them on the confines of Hell. And thus were those venomous feats, no arms or armour or fortification whatsoever protected against them, and as soon as they wounded a person, they used all to return again into Cúchulainn's hands, save alone the Ga Bulga. And this was the wise of the Ga Bulga: Aoife gave it to him (though folk say that it was the Queen of Droichead an Allta who gave it to him, it was not she but Aoife). And it was made from the skin of a monster out of Hell. And the Ga Bulga used not to be cast until he who cast it was in water up to his middle. And he used to cast it from between the toes of his right foot. And it had but one point until it was cast, and then it used to swell, like air in a bladder, so that it had thirty points when it entered a person's body. And nor herb nor healing nor salve would avail the wound of the Ga Bulga, but it used to fill the body with a poison for which no help or aid was found. And even if one were to go down into the earth or rise up into the air, one could not avoid the Ga Bulga. And neither earth nor water, neither stone nor tree, neither arms nor armour protected against it. And by means of the Ga Bulga Cúchulainn used to overthrow and cut down every invincible warrior and hero at the ford-feat. And therefore they deemed it worst to meet Cúchulainn at the ford-feat, for they knew that they would not escape from Cúchulainn in that feat. And the Ga Bulga could not be removed from a person until he was hacked to the last inch.

And furthermore Cúchulainn had two chariots such as no other king or prince had, to wit the Scythed Chariot and the Enchanted Chariot. And the Enchanted Chariot was light and

adheardha air eitioll, agus d'fhuil[n]geadh gach each é, agus is leis do thimchiolladh agus do chuartoigheadh Cúchulainn faobhar agus ciumhsa na sluagh an tan do bhíodh aig diuraiciugh chleasa an tábhuill, faobhar-chleas, cleitín-chleas, cleas air lúth nó an deil-chleas. Acht cheana ní mar sin do bhaoi an Carbad Searbha, acht do bhí trom tairpeach, agus ní fhuilngeadh eachradh air dhomhan é acht an Dubhshaoileann [70a] agus an Liath Macha .i. dhá each Chongculainn. Agus ní raibhe fonna nó rotha nó fearsad nó clár nó ceangal nó tairne ann nach raibhe lán do nimh agus nach coimhionann do dhénadh marbhadh agus sleagha nó iolfhaobhair eile. Agus is ann do bhíodh Cúchulainn an tan do bheireadh torann-chleas céad, nó torann-chleas cúig gcéad, nó torann-chleas deich gcéad, air mheadhón na sluagh. Agus leis do sgannruigheadh agus do sgaoleadh iad. Agus do bhádar an iomad do ghaisgeadh-aibh oile aige leith amuigh dá ndubhramar, óir léightear air go dtéighdís<sup>1</sup> daoine a néall agus a dtaisibh air bhfaicsin ghráineamhlacht chleas agus arm Chongculainn.

Dála Eimhear annso agus na macraidhe, air n-a fhaicsin dáibh nach raibhe Cúchulainn aig tearnō ó'n turas so, do chuireadar fios go h-Eamhain Macha air cheann Chonchobhair agus Fhearghuis agus Chonuill Chearnaigh, dá dtabhairt do thoirmeasg an turais sin uime, agus tángadar gan mhoill agus do ghabhadar dá atach um fhuireach nó um Chonull agus Fearghus agus Laoghaire Buadhach do léigin leis dá chumhdach agus dá chomhairliugh, óir ní raibhe Cúchulainn acht cúig bliadhna dég d'aois an tan sin. Agus do ém<sup>2</sup> Cúchulainn ceachtar dhíobh, acht is eadh adubhairt, dá n-éirgheadh ágh nó iorghail leis gurb'air féin ba mhaith leis a h-alla agus a h-árd-nós do bheith, agus dá madh duine nach dtearnōbhadh é, go madh lór leis é féin do thuitiom ann agus gan a bheith ciontach re bás na druinge ba hanna leis d'fhearaibh dhomhain. Agus ro fhuagair do Laoi gach én ní do bheith ullamh inimtheachta [70b] aige a mocha na maidne air na mhárach.

“Ni annsa, a Chúchulainn,” air Laoi, “atá do ghaisgeadh uile ullamh mfheadhma air do cheann agus atá do charbad inillte agus do shleagha rinnighthe agus do chleasa cóirighthe, agus ná gabh tearnō ó'n turas,” air sé, agus do rinne an rosg ann :

<sup>1</sup> dtiéghdís.

<sup>2</sup> émh.

airy, for it was swifter than a bird of the air flying, and any horse could endure it, and with it Cúchulainn was wont to encircle and surround the borders and edges of the hosts when he was casting the feats of the sling, the edge-feat, the little-dart-feat, the feat of activity, or the lathe-feat. However, not so was the Scythed Chariot, rather was it heavy and strong, and no horses in the world could endure it save the Dubhshaoileann and the Liath Macha, the two steeds of Cúchulainn. And every axle and wheel, every pole and plank, every band and nail was full of poison and used to slay like spears or other sharp weapons. And in this chariot Cúchulainn used to be, what time he plied his thunder-feat of a hundred or of five hundred or of a thousand in the midst of the host, and with it he used to scatter and disperse them. And many other arms had he besides those we have mentioned, for it is read of him that people used to fall into swoons and trances on beholding the hideousness of the feats and weapons of Cúchulainn.

Tidings of Eimhear and the youths here. On seeing that Cúchulainn was not turning back from this journey, they sent to Emania for Conchubh ar and Fearghus and Conall Cearnach, to bring them to dissuade him from the expedition. And they came forthwith, and took to imploring him to stay or to allow Conall and Fearghus and Laoghaire Buadhach with him to protect and advise him, (for at that time Cúchulainn was but fifteen years of age). But Cúchulainn refused to do either of these things and said that if he were to succeed in valour and combat, he alone would have the fame and glory, and if he were not to escape, he deemed it sufficient that he himself should fall on that expedition without being guilty of the death of those dearest to him on earth. And he ordered Laoi to have everything ready for departure early the next morning.

“Nay, Cúchulainn,” said Laoi, “all thy arms are ready and fit for use for thee, and thy chariot harnessed, thy spears sharpened and thy feats in order. And be not dissuaded from the expedition,” said he. And he made the *ros*g then :

A Chú na gcleas muirneach,  
 Narb' cuimhneach do mhearbhall,  
 Gabh aigneadh is uabhar,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cuir uamhan<sup>2</sup> re t'armaibh.

Do shleaghà go rinne  
 Is do chleasa go ngráin,  
 Táid ullamh is innill  
 Chum beathugh na mbádhbh.

Ná tearnō ó'n turas,  
 A Chú na sleagh tana,  
 Síorfeam an chruinne  
 Go bhfagham an Gara.

Ceithre ranna fó'n spéire,  
 Éirigh d'á dtaisdiol.  
 Bu lom-lán an domhan  
 Ó thormán do ghaisgidh.

Biadh uamhan<sup>2</sup> air ríghthaibh,  
 Biadh draoidhthe fo gheasaibh,  
 Ó n-a liacht do na sluaghaibh  
 Bhias buartha ó do chleasaibh.

Biadh caróin go cíocrach  
 Mar chifid na gona  
 'S biadh gártha na mbádhbha  
 Aig tárfas na fola.

An Garuidh go glonnmhar,  
 Traoighfir a bhurba,  
 Is Neachtáin gé h-uathmhar,  
 Tuairgfe an Ga Bulga.

Conall nó Fearghus  
 Nó Laoghaire na mBéimionn,  
 A Chú na gcleas ndeachair,  
 Ná beir leat as Éirinn.

<sup>1</sup> uadhbhar<sup>2</sup> uathman

O Hound of the lovable feats! Remember not thy straying.  
Take heart and courage; add terror to thy arms.

Thy spears with sharpness, thy feats with terribleness, are ready  
and prepared to provide food for vultures.

Do not quail from the journey, O Hound of the slender spears!  
We shall search the universe until we find Garuidh.

Rise and journey through the four quarters beneath the sky.  
The world shall be completely filled with the clash of thy arms.

Kings shall be terror-stricken, druids shall be bespelled, because  
of the numerous hosts that shall be routed by thy feats.

Carrions shall be voracious when they see the wounds [dealt by  
thee], and the cries of vultures shall foretell the [shedding  
of] blood.

Thou wilt overcome the fierceness of the repulsive Garuidh, and  
Neachtain, though terrible, the Ga Bulga will smite.

Conall or Fearghus or Laoghaire of the blows, O Hound of the  
hard feats, take not with thee from Ireland.

Is lór liom mar dhídean  
 Air chúla do sgéithe,  
 Fir domhain air h'aghaidh  
 Is tú a meadhón an éidigh.

[71a] Do chleasa go nimhe  
 Go n-inneall air lúth,  
 Táid ullamh go cinte,  
 Éirigh iontabh, a Chú.

A Chú.

A h-aithle na laoidhe sin, do ghabh Cúchulainn lámh air imtheacht agus do chuir Conall Cearnach a dhá each féin leis re h-uacht an Charbuid Shéanta .i. an Cróincheann Ceannfhada agus an Deargdhrúchtach. Agus is iad sin dhá each is fearr do chuaidh a gcarbad ariamh, leith amuigh do'n Dubhsbaoileann agus do'n Liath Macha. Agus téid Cúchulainn dá luing, agus do ghlac a chead aig cách, agus ceileabhrais do Eimhear, do Chonchubhar, do Chonall, agus d'Fhearghus, agus do na curadhaibh air cheana, agus ba dubhach dobrónach bhádar cách go coitcheann a n-alt na h-uaire sin, agus go h-áirithe Eimhear, óir ní mó an dúil do bhí acu tearnó dhó nó gan tearnó.

Air ndol ann a luing annso do Choingculainn, do thógbhadar bocánaigh agus bádhbha agus geilte glinne agus deamhain aidhír gárrtha aidhbhle urghránda ós a cheann air gloistin ghlonn-bhéimneach na n-arm agus nuallghrith na gcarbad agus coigeadal na sleagh agus sgread-gháir na gcraoiseach agus deacraidheacht na geleas agus dlúth-chomhrádh an churaidh agus an chathmhílidh re n-a ghiolla, aig órdughadh agus aig eagar na n-arm agus na n-iolfhaobhar. Ciodh tráchta, tugadar tús do mhuir agus deireadh do thír agus do rinneadar iomramh édtrom urmhuisneach, agus ní h-aireistear a bheag dhá sgéalaidheacht [acht] feadh cian cicise ro bhádar air sál agus air fairrge. Agus a gceann<sup>1</sup> na ré agus na h-aimsire sin, do fhéich Laoi as crannóig [71b] a luinge agus do chí fosgadh áluinn oiléin agus taobh taitheamhach tíre uadha agus cuan cubhrach ciumhasghorm, agus feadh radhairc ó'n tír amach a lán do longaibh agus do luathbhárcuibh ar an gcuan sin. Agus innsios Laoi sin do Chúchulainn.

"Seol-sa an long d'ionnsoigh an chuain sin," air Cúchulainn.

Seolas Laoi an long tré cheartlár an chabhlaigh gan tilleadh

<sup>1</sup> a ceann.

Sufficient protection do I deem it to be behind thy shield—the men of the world against thee and thou in the midst of thy armour.

Thy venomous feats, swiftly prepared, are ready, in truth. Take them, O Hound.

After this lay, Cúchulainn set about his departure. And Conall Cearnach sent his two horses with him for the Enchanted Chariot, namely the Cróincheann Ceannfhada and the Deargdhrúchtach, and those were the two best steeds that ever went under a chariot, excepting the Dubhshaoileann and the Liath Macha. And Cúchulainn went to his ship, and took leave of all, and bade farewell to Eimhear, to Conchobhar, to Conall, to Fearghus and to the rest of the heroes. And gloomy and sad were all in general at that moment, especially Eimhear, for their expectation of his return was no greater than their fear of his non-return.

When Cúchulainn embarked in his ship, the sprites and vultures and wild ones of the glen and demons of the air raised dreadful, hideous cries above him on hearing the clash of the arms and the creaking of the chariots, the clashing of the spears and the screaming of the javelins, the terribleness of the feats and the close converse of the hero and battle warrior with his attendant setting the arms and edged weapons in order. However they turned the prow towards the sea and the stern towards the land, and rowed away lightly and courageously, and nought of their adventures is told save that for the long space of a fortnight they were on the briny sea. And at the end of that period, Lao looked out from the crow's nest and saw the fair shelter of an island and the pleasant side of a land in the distance, and a foaming blue-bordered harbour, and as far out from the land as the eye could reach, a great number of ships and swift barques upon that harbour. And Laoi related this to Cúchulainn.

"Do thou sail the ship to that haven," quoth Cúchulainn.

Laoi sailed the ship right through the midst of the fleet,

gan toirmeasg nó gur ghabh leathad a taoibhe do'n trácht gheal ghainimhe. Éirgheas Laoi do léim luchtmhar lánaibhseach do chrannaibh a chraoiseach gur ghabh leathad a dhá bhonn do'n talamh ghlas ghorm-fhéarach, agus tairngeas an long a dtír. Agus tig an cathmhíleadh amach aisde. Agus air dteacht a dtír dháibh, is eadh do chonncadar, na cnuic agus na céideadh agus na moighe réighe ró-fhairsinge lán do shlóitibh agus do shochraidibh agus do bhuidhnibh agus do bhéinneadhaibh armtha éidighthe innillte infheadhma agus do ghreadhaibh glana gníomhéachtacha agus do phuiblibh áillne égsamhla, ionnus go saimheóladh duine go raibheadar ríghthe agus ró-fhlatha an domhain cruinn air an aon láthair soin.

"Ní annsa, a Laoi," air Cúchulainn, "is do na sluaghaibh so fhoghnas an cabhlach fil ar an gcuan, agus cá fios nach é Garuidh Garbhghlúineach fil ann, agus maithe fhear ndomhain uime. Agus, a Laoi," air sé, "tógтар mo phuball re h-ucht na sluagh go bhfeasuim cia<sup>1</sup> h-íad fil ann."

[72a] Tógbhas Laoi puball áloinn iongantach do bhánshról mhaothlag air n-a thuighe agus air n-a thégar do chluimh géise gealochtuidh, agus do thóguibh búird agus beinnseadha ann agus do chuir na h-airm agus na h-iolfhaobhair re sleasaibh an phubaill, agus adubhairt Cúchulainn :

"Maith, a Laoi," air sé, "cóirigh iomhdhadh agus árdleabhadh dhamh go gcodlann támh, óir atáim sgítheach do'n bhfairrge, agus déna-sa faire agus foraire dhamh go nach dtigeadh én ní gan airiugh oruinn."

Acht is iad slóigh agus sochraide ro bhaoi annso .i. Ciabhán Cúilfhionn mac Rígh na h-Almáine agus slóigh na h-Almáine léirthionólte aige re teacht go h-Éirinn, do dhíoghuil Eochaidh Édrocht mic Rígh na h-Almáine .i. dearbhráthair athara do Chiabhán do thuit re Conull Cearnach an tan do bhí aig tabhach árdchíosa an domhain goirid roimhe sin. Agus do bhí an Ciabhán so, an tan do thuit Eochaidh re Conull, aig foghlum gaisgidh<sup>2</sup> aig Abhurtach Thíre Tairngeire. Agus air dteacht do'n mbaile dhó, do h-innseadh bás dhearbráthara athara dhó, agus amhuil mar do rug Conall árdchíos na h-Almáine leis go h-Éirinn, agus do líon fearg agus dásacht ann, agus do thionóil agus do thiomsuigh

<sup>1</sup> cui.<sup>2</sup> gaisguidh.

unerringly and skilfully, until its side ground against the fair sandy beach. Laoi rose with a mighty, powerful leap from the shafts of his javelins and landed with his two soles upon the green-grassed, verdant land, and pulled the ship to shore. And the warrior came forth from it. And when they had landed, they saw the hills and the meadows and the smooth, extensive plains full of hosts and armies and companies and of warriors, armed and equipped and accoutred and ready for action, and of handsome mettlesome steeds, and of beautiful and variegated pavilions, so that one might think that the kings and noble princes of the world were assembled there in that one spot.

“Nay, Laoi,” said Cúchulainn, “it is for these hosts that the fleet in the harbour serves, and who knows but that it is Garuidh Garbhghlúineach who is here, surrounded by the nobles of the world. And Laoi,” quoth he, “let my tent be set up opposite the hosts that I may know who are they that are there.”

Laoi erected a beautiful, wonderful tent of delicately-fine white satin, thatched and covered with the down of a white-breasted swan, and he placed tables and benches therein and put the arms and edged weapons by the sides of the tent. And Cúchulainn said :

“Well, Laoi, prepare a couch and a lofty bed for me that I may sleep a while, for I am wearied from the sea. And do thou watch and guard for me that nought may come upon us unawares.”

But the hosts that were there were no other than Ciabhán Cúilfhionn, the son of the King of Almayne, who had collected the hosts of Almayne for the purpose of coming to Ireland to avenge Eochaidh Éadrocht, the son of the King of Almayne, i.e. the brother of Ciabhán’s father, who had fallen by Conall Cearnach when the latter was levying tribute on the world shortly before. And at the time that Eochaidh fell by Conall, this Ciabhán was learning the art of arms with Abhurtach in the Land of Promise ; and on arriving home he was told of the death of his uncle and how Conall had taken tribute from Almayne with him to Ireland. And he was angered and enraged, and collected and assembled an imposing and very mighty host

sluagh taibhseach tromádhbhal re dteacht go h-Éirinn, agus do bhádar ullamh inim[th]eachta aige air an láthair sin.

Acht cheana, air n-a fhaicsin do Chiabhán agus dá mhuintir an bpubal [72b] anaithnigh iongantach do tógbhadh air a n-ammus agus an bréid suaithnighe snáthrighin<sup>1</sup> sróil do sáitheadh a ndorus an phubail .i. meirge Chongculainn, agus do bhádar trí h-anmanna meitha .i. Múir Manannáin agus Sguab Ghábhaidh agus Bearnadh Buidhne, agus is é Manannán tug an mheirge so as Tír Tairngire chuige, do ghabh iongnadh agus uathbhás<sup>2</sup> iad. Agus cuirios Ciabhán giolla dá mhuintir d'iarraidh sgéal cia ro bhaoi ann. Téid an t-óglach go doras an phubail agus tagbhuidh Laoi dhó agus fiafruigheas de cé ro bhaoi san bpubal.

"Macaomh óg amhulchach," air Laoi, "as Éirinn, atá aig taisdiol na geríoch re foghlaim gaisgidh agus gníomhéacht."

"Muna bheith gurb'as Éirinn dó," air an t-óglach, "do gheabhadh tuillmhe agus tuarasdal óm' thighearna, agus as deimhin liom," air an t-óglach, "gur bás imeóras fair tré bheith as Éirinn dó."

"Créad an mhiosguis sin aige d'Éireannachaibh," air Laoi, "seach drong oile?"

Nochtas an t-óglach do Laoi ádhbhar a mhiosguise d'Éireannachaibh agus tionóil an tsluaigh.

"Maith, a ghiolla," air Laoi, "éirigh-si air h-ais agus innis do mhac Rígh na h-Almáine gach a gcuala tú."

"Cá h-ainm an t-óg-mhacaomh?" air an t-óglach.

"Ní inneósad sin," air Laoi, "nó go madh ceadach é féin díom."

Téid an t-óglach air ais agus fiafruigheas Ciabhán sgéla dhe, cia ro bhaoi ann.

"Macaomh óg amhulchach," air sé, "is áille do'n druing dhaonda [73a] agus is as Éirinn dó, agus dá madh aon rí air an domhan, atá a dhiongmhála do mhac ann, air dheilbh agus air dhénamh, air óige agus air áille, agus fós ní bhfuil ionnamhail na n-arm agus na n-iolfhaobhar atá san bpubal úd aig rí nó aig flaithe fo'n gruinne gceatharrdha," air an t-óglach.

"Tiaghaid amach naonmhar laoch," air Ciabhán, "agus tugthar an macaomh úd creapailte cruadhchuibhrighthe chugam, agus má gheibhmíd uadh seóladh agus eólas do dhénamh dhúinn

<sup>1</sup> snáthrighinn.

<sup>2</sup> uathbhais.

to come to Ireland, and he had them there on that spot prepared and ready to start on the expedition.

However when Ciabhán and his folk saw the strange and wonderful tent that had been erected opposite them, and the decorated, tough-fibred cloth of satin that had been put in the door of the tent, i.e. the ensign of Cúchulainn, (and it had three names, to wit Múir Manannáin and Sguab Ghábhaidh and Bearnadh Buidhne, and it was Manannán who brought him that standard from the Land of Promise), they were seized with wonder and terror. And Ciabhán sent one of his household to find out who was there. The warrior went to the door of the tent and he met Laoi and asked him who was in the tent.

"A young beardless lad from Ireland," said Laoi, "who is faring through the lands to learn arms and valour."

"Were he not from Ireland," said the warrior, "he would get reward and wages from my lord. And I am certain," quoth he, "that he will put him to death because he is from Ireland."

"What grudge does he bear to Irishmen beyond all others?" asked Laoi.

The warrior revealed to Laoi the cause of Ciabhán's ill-will towards Irishmen and the reason for the assembling of the host.

"Well, lad," said Laoi, "do thou go back and tell the son of the King of Almayne all that thou hast heard."

"What is the name of the youth?" asked he.

"I shall not tell that," answered Laoi, "until he himself permit me."

The warrior went back and Ciabhán asked him tidings of who was there.

"A young, beardless lad," said he, "the most beautiful of the human race, and he is from Ireland. And were there but one king over all the world, that youth were a fitting son for him in form and make, in youth and beauty. And furthermore the like of the arms and many-edged weapons that are in the tent no king or prince in the fourfold universe possesseth," quoth the warrior.

"Let nine heroes go forth," said Ciabhán, "and let that youth be brought unto me, bound and cruelly fettered. And if we can

a n-Éirinn, do bhéaram cáirde a anma dhó agus fós do bhéaram tuarasdal dó, agus muna bhföbraidh sin, muirfidhthear linn gan cáirde é."

Tiaghaid amach annsin naonmhar laoch láidir lánchalma agus iad armtha éidighthe innillte, agus tigid chum an phubail. Agus air n-a bhfaicsin do Laoi, téid a n-arm agus a n-éideadh agus gabhas dhá shleigh do shleaghaibh Chongculainn .i. an Chúrsach Dhearg agus Seóladh Rinne, i n-a láimh, agus téid 'n-a gcoinne agus 'n-a gcomhdháil. Fiafruigheas fear dhíobh :

"An tusa an t-óg-mhacaomh as Éirinn?" air sé.

"Ní mé," air Laoi, "acht is mé a ghiolla, agus créad dob'áil libh-si leis?"

"Dob'áil," air an t-óglach, "a bhreith creapailte cruadh-chuibhrighthe a láthair mic Rígh na h-Almáine."

"Ní bhéarair cheana," air Laoi, "óir ní furas a chreapall re beagán buidhne."

"Muna ngéillinn do bheith ad'ghiolla nó at'ara,"<sup>1</sup> air an t-óglach, "do ghuinfinn do chraoidhe tré mhéad h'easurrama."

"Goinfe misi thusa," air Laoi, "óir ní cuibhe le mo thriath arm do thógbháil a n-aghaidh buidhne comh beag ribh-si."

Agus leis sin tug [73b] sáthadh do'n Chúrsaigh Dheirg air an óglach gur chuir feadh láimhe laoiach dhi amach do'n taoibh araill dá dhruim. Agus diuraiceas Seóladh Rinne air an dara fear ionnus gur threaghd<sup>2</sup>a chraoidhe i n-a chliabh. Agus téid fo'n mórshéisear oile le n-a chlaidheamh toirteach trombhuilleach amhail seabhac fo mhion-ealtain, ionnus go ndearna cumhthach cnáimhghearrtha agus míreannadh beaga buanréaptha dhíobh, acht aon duine do chuaidh a raon madhma agus mór-theitheadh uadh agus a leath-lámh agus a leith-shúil d'easbhuidh air. Agus air dteacht do láthair Chiabháin Chúilfhinn do'n óglach, fochtas sgéala dhe.

"Sgéala móra olca agam," air an t-óglach, "óir ní thearnō aon neach do'n fhuirinn úd acht misi ó ghiolla an chathmhílidh fil annsa bpubal, agus má atá an cathmhíleadh comh díbheirgeach ris an ghiolla, ní furáil cath eagair do chur dá ndíthláithriugh."

"Tiaghaid amach céad laoch láidir lánchalma," air Ciabhán "agus tugthar ceann na deise úd chugum muna bhfuilngid a gceangal," air sé.

<sup>1</sup>ad tara.

<sup>2</sup> threadhg.

get him to guide and direct us to Ireland, we shall spare his life and in addition shall give him reward. Otherwise, he shall be killed by us forthwith."

There came forth then nine stout, full-brave warriors, armed and equipped, and they came to the tent. And when Laoi saw them, he donned his arms and armour, and took two of Cúchulainn's spears, namely, the Cúrsach Dhearg and Seóladh Rinne, in his hand and went forth to encounter them. One of them asked him :

"Art thou the youth from Ireland?"

"No," said Laoi, "but I am his attendant. And what would ye with him?"

"We would," quoth the warrior, "bring him bound and cruelly fettered before the son of the King of Almayne."

"Thou wilt not so bring him indeed," said Laoi, "for it is not easy for a small number to bind him."

"Did I not believe that thou wert an attendant or a charioteer," said the warrior, "I would wound thy heart because of thy great disrespect."

"I shall wound thee," said Laoi, "for my lord doth not deem it fitting to take arms against so scanty a host as ye."

And thereupon he made a thrust of the Cúrsach Dhearg at the warrior and put it the length of a hero's hand out through his back. And he cast Seóladh Rinne at the second man and pierced the heart in his breast. And he attacked the remaining seven with his wieldy, heavily-smiting sword, as a hawk attacks little birds, so that he made a hacking slaughter and small everlastingly-scattered bits of them all, save one man alone who fled in rout from him, wanting one hand and one eye. And when this warrior arrived in the presence of Ciabhán, he asked him for news.

"Great and terrible news have I," said the warrior, "for I alone of yon band have escaped from the attendant of the champion who is in the tent. And if the warrior is as violent as the attendant, it will require a battalion to destroy them."

"Let a hundred stout, brave warriors go forth," said Ciabhán, "and let the heads of those two be brought to me if they do not suffer themselves to be bound."

Trialluid an céad laoch sin innillte órduighthe fa thuairim an phubail, agus air n-a bhfuicsin do Laoi, ba leasg leis Cúchulainn do dhúsacht, óir níor mhaisi leis sgéal meathacht nó mí-laochacht do bheith aig Cúchulainn air, do bhrígh gurb fear comhlainn céad Laoi agus gur a gromhrae aoinfhir do chlaoidh Cúchulainn é romhe sin, agus go [74a] dtug bith-mhuintearas air féin do Choingeulainn mar ghrádh air [a] ghaisgeadh agus air a dheagh-bhéasaibh. Agus is eadh do rinne, gluasacht 'n-a gcoinne agus 'n-a geombháil go dána dibheirgeach agus go meardha mearuallach. Agus air dteacht do Laoi a gromfhogus dóibh, do leigeadar uile sgaoithe dá sleaghaibh tana trénfhaobhracha agus dá geraoiseachaibh cadad crófhairsinge air. Acht cheana iomghabhas Laoi na sleagha agus na craoiseachadh uile a gclár na tromsgéithe dualaighe daingne datháillne, agus as a h-aithle sin téid i n-a gceartlár anonn<sup>1</sup> air mheadhón agus gabhas aga leó agus aga leadradh, aga geasguirt agus aga genáimhghearradh, ionnus go ma mó ba samhalla re h-ársaiigh iorghaile nó re cathmhíleadh catha nó le dragún dásacht[ach] é nó re giolla nó re h-ara. Acht cheana ba h-é críoch agus forcheann na h-iorghaile sin gur thuit an céad laoch lán-chalma sin re torann-chleasaibh Laoi air an láthair sin, acht madh duine annamh do chuaidh a raon madhma agus mórtheithheadh uadha.

As í sin uair agus aimsear far dhúisigh Cúchulainn as a chodhladh, agus do chí na cuirp chiorbhuighthe agus na colla cnáimhghearrtha agus na sruthlinte fola fo dhoirsibh an phubail, agus Laoi aig tacar agus aig tiomsughadh a n-arm agus a n-éideadh agus a n-iolfhaobhar.

“Maith, a Laoi,” air Cúchulainn, “cia do rinne an cumhthach cnáimhghearrtha agus an iorghail ainshearcach so do chím?”

“Ní annsa, a Cúchulainn,” air Laoi. “Ciabhán Cúilfhionn mac Rígh na h-Almáine [74b] fil annsúd,” air sé, “go slugh líonmhar maille ris, re h-ucht dul go h-Éirinn do dhíoghuil Eochaidh Édrocht mic Rígh na h-Almáine .i. dearbhráthair athara dhó féin do thuit re Conall Cearnach feacht n-aill air mbeith do Chonall aig tabhach árdchiosa an domhain. Agus air glos do Chiabhán Chúilfhionn gurb as Éirinn duit-si, do chuir naonmhar laoch annso dot'bhreith-si creapuillte cruadhchuibhrighthe i n-a láthair féin. Agus mar nár mhaisi liom-sa thusa do dhúsacht a n-aghaidh

<sup>1</sup> andunn.

The hundred heroes, equipped and accoutred, fared forth to the tent. And when Laoi saw them, he was loth to wake Cúchulainn, for he wished not that Cúchulainn should discover fear or cowardice in him, for Laoi was a champion who could fight a hundred and Cúchulainn had overthrown him in single combat before, and he himself had undertaken perpetual friendship towards Cúchulainn through love of his valour and virtue. And so he went forth to encounter them boldly and fiercely, swiftly and haughtily. And when Laoi came near them, they all cast showers of their thin, strongly-pointed spears and of their hard, broad-socketed javelins at him. But Laoi caught all the spears and javelins on the surface of the heavy, engraved, strong, fair-hued shield. And then he went into their midst and took to wounding and harrying them, to slaughtering and hacking them, so that he was more to be likened to a valourous veteran or a battle champion or a fierce dragon than to an attendant or charioteer. However, the end and conclusion of that combat was that the hundred valourous heroes fell by Laoi's thunder-feats in that spot, all save an odd person who fled in rout from him.

At that precise time Cúchulainn awoke from his sleep and beheld the mangled corpses and hacked bodies and the pools of blood at the entrance to the tent, and Laoi collecting and gathering together their arms and accoutrements and weapons.

"Well Laoi," quoth Cúchulainn, "who has wrought this mangling slaughter and this hostile combat which I behold?"

"Easy to tell, Cúchulainn," answered Laoi. "Ciabhán Cúilfhionn, son of the King of Almayne, is yonder with a numerous host ready to go to Ireland to avenge Eochaidh Éadrocht, son of the King of Almayne, his father's brother, who fell by Conall Cearnach when the latter was exacting tribute from the world. And when Ciabhán heard that thou wert from Ireland, he sent nine heroes here to bring thee bound and fettered to his presence. And as I liked not to wake thee for so small a band, I tried my

buidhne comh beag agus sin, d'fhéachas<sup>1</sup> féin mo lámh orrtha agus do thuiteadar liom acht aon fhear do chuaidh a raon madhma naim agus a leithlámh d'easbhaidh air. Agus as a h-aithle sin, tángadar céad laoch armtha innillte agus ní roibh foill nó uain agam-sa thusa do dhúsacht agus h'airm d'innioll, óir do bhiadh siadsan ort níos taosga nó thiocfadh dhíom do ghaisgeadh d'inneall duit. Agus is eadh do rinneas dul ar cheart-mheadhón chuca agus mo ghaisgeadh d'fhéachain orra, uair do b'fhearr liom mé féin do thuitiom ná thusa do chur a mbaoghal agus tú a n-éagmhais h'arm. Acht a cheana ní dheachaidh a bheag as díobh, agus an méid do chuaidh, ní bhfuilid gan inibh ortha leanfus dóibh go forcheann a saoghail."

"Beir buaidh agus beannacht, a Laoi," air Cúchulainn, "agus is gníomh deagh-laoich re h-ucht anfhórlainn sin, agus mar do rinne tusa faire an laoi aniugh dhamh-sa do dhén-sa faire na h-oidhche 'nocht agus an laoi amárach duit-si [75a] agus, a Laoi," air sé, "innill an Carbad Séanta agus cuir seol édtrom air go dtimchiollainn na sluaigh agus go dtugainn árd-mheas orrtha, agus fós go ndeargaim mo lámh, óir is geis damh-sa bheith aon lá air bhrúgh námhad agus gan fuil do dhortadh, agus ro fheadamar fós nach beag-bhuidhean thiucfas an treas feacht chugainn."

Gabhas Laoi lámh air an gcarbad d'inneall.

Acht cheana air ndol do láthair mic Rígh na h-Almáine do'n thuirinn d'imthigh ó Laoi as an chath-láthair roimhe sin, fochtas sgéala dhíobh.

"Sgéala móra olca aguinn," air siad, "óir ní tearnō aon duine do'n chéad laoch acht sinne nár thuit le h-ara an chathmhílidh atá san bpubal."

"Ro-fheadamar," air Ciabhán, "má atá dá réir sin do mhórghníomhaibh san gcathmhíleadh gur deacair fear choisge a dhíbheirge d'fhagháil, agus gairthear Cuirrín Craoisfhiacloch cugam," air Ciabhán, .i. aitheach aibhseach urghránda do bhí air theaghlach Chiabháin. Agus is amhlaidh ro bhaoi an t-aitheach sin, níor mhó fear do'n Ádhaimh-chloinn ná é, agus ní raibhe aon easna ann acht a chom 'n-a aon chlár dhaingean doibhriste do chnáimh, agus éideadh cadad comhdhaingean do dheargumha uime air nach deargadh airm náid iolfhaobhair, agus cathbhárr cruaidh comhdhaingean do'n mhunadh chéadna, agus níor cheist

<sup>1</sup> dfhéachuis.

own hand at them and they fell by me, all save one man who fled in rout from me after having lost a hand. And then there came a hundred heroes, armed and equipped, and I had no time to wake thee and prepare thy weapons, for they would have been upon thee before I could have arranged thy arms for thee. And so I went into their midst and plied my weapons on them, for I had liefer fall by them than endanger thee unarmed. However, but few of them escaped and those that did are not without blemishes they will bear till the end of their lives."

"Take victory and blessing, Laoi," said Cúchulainn, "and that is the deed of a goodly hero in face of violence. And as thou hast watched to-day for me, so shall I watch to-night and to-morrow for thee. And Laoi," said he, "harness the Enchanted Chariot and guide it lightly, that I may go round the hosts and make estimate of their number, and further that I may redden my hand with them, for it is a *geis* for me to be one day before the enemy without shedding blood. And we know too that it is not a small company which will come the third time to us."

Laoi set about harnessing the chariot.

However when those who had fled from Laoi on the battlefield, before that, came into the presence of the son of the King of Almayne, he asked tidings of them.

"Great and evil tidings have we," said they, "for we alone of the hundred heroes have escaped and have not fallen by the charioteer of the champion who is in the tent."

"We know," said Ciabhán, "if the champion is correspondingly valourous, it will be hard to find a man to withstand his violence. And let Cuirrín Craoisfhiaclach be summoned to me," said Ciabhán. (This was a hideous terrible giant who was in Ciabhán's household. And no man of the race of Adam was huger than this giant, and he had no ribs, but his body was one stout unbreakable sheet of bone, and he was clad in strong, hard armour of red bronze through which arms or many-edged weapons could not wound, and he wore a strong, hard helmet of the same material.

leis gacha lionmhaire do bhiadh aig tuargain a chuirp a n-aoinfheacht tré dhaingne a éididh agus tré neart a chuirp. Agus is é arm ionbhualte do bhí aige re h-ucht áigh agus iorghaile, omna danúhre darach air n-a thrénthairring as a fhréamach agus air n-a [75b] bheó sgathadh da bheangánaibh agus do bharraibh gan smuadhe gan saoirseacht, agus is é bhí re h-aghaidh múir agus balladh cúirte agus cathrachadh agus caisléin do bhriscadh, agus re h-aghaidh slóigh agus sochraide do bhriseadh agus do bhuanréabadh aig Ciabhán Cúilfhionn.

Tugadh an t-aitheach do láthair agus adubhairt Ciabhán :

"Maith, a Chuirín," air sé, "éirigh d'ionnsoigh an phubail úd agus muna bhfuilghe an cathmhíleadh fil ann a chreapall agus a chruadhchuibhriughadh, déna mion-bhrughar dá chnámhaibh mar aon re n-a ghiolla, agus tabhair an dá chionn chugam-sa annso a n-éiric an díthláithriughadh do rónsaid air na sluaghaibh."

Ghnaiseas an t-aitheach agus an t-omna mar arm urdalta aige, do chéimionnaibh troma toirteamhla fa thuairim an phubail, agus airigheas Laoi aig teacht é.

"Maith, a Cúchulainn, atá aitheach aigbhéil uathmhar chuguinn annso is mó agus is gráineamhla do'n druing dhaonda, agus omna mór-ádhbhal air a ghualainn, agus ní h-ionchomhraic curadh nó cathmhíleadh fris, agus créad is ind[h]énta duit, óir ní bhiadh an carbad innillte suil roichfeas sinn?"

"Maith, a Laoi," air Cúchulainn, "ná h-uamhnaighthear thusa dhe sin, acht gabh aig inneall an charbaid agus rachad-sa<sup>1</sup> a gcoinne an aithigh agus dingeobhad dhíot é go madh h-innillte an carbad agus go madh h-ion[fh]eadhma na h-airm."

"Truagh sin!" air Laoi, "do dhéna an t-omna fil aig an aitheach mion-bhrughar dhíot [76a] an tan nach biadh misi aig stiúradh an charbaid umad."

"Nach feasach thusa, a Laoi," air Cúchulainn, "go marbhuisi an énlaithe aidheordha air eitioll agus fiadhach na fiodhbhadh air a rith agus iasg an inbheir air snámh tré mhéid mo lútha agus mo lúthmhaireacht, tré luas mo láimhe agus tré áirde m'aigeanta agus ciodh dhamh nach dingeobhainn an t-aitheach re mo chleasaibh lámhaidh gion go mbeinn taobhtha mar armaibh friú?"

Iar sin téid Cúchulainn a gcoinne agus a gcomhdháil an aithigh, agus gan d'arm leis acht a chladheamh agus dhá shleigh agus

<sup>1</sup> rachaidis.

And he cared not how numerous were those who smote his body together, so safe was his armour, so strong his body. And the smiting weapon that he had was an oak-tree, strongly torn up by the roots and quickly lopped of branches and leaves without filing down, without carpentry-work. And this giant Ciabhán had for the purpose of breaking down the walls and ramparts of courts and cities and castles, and of routing and dispersing hosts and armies).

The giant was brought in and Ciabhán said :

“Well, Cuirrín, go to yon tent, and if the champion there do not suffer himself to be bound and cruelly fettered, grind his bones to powder and his attendant with him, and bring their two heads here to me as a recompense for the devastation they have wrought amongst the hosts.”

Armed with the oak tree, the giant set forth with heavy clumsy steps towards the tent. And Laoi perceived him coming.

“Well, Cúchulainn, there is a fearful, terrible giant coming towards us, the hugest and most hideous of human kind, with a tremendous oak tree on his shoulder, and no warrior or battle hero is fit to combat him. And what art thou to do, for the chariot will not be prepared ere he reach us ?”

“Well Laoi,” said Cúchulainn, “be thou not fearful of him, but start to prepare the chariot, and I shall go to meet the giant and shall ward him off from thee, until the chariot be ready and the arms prepared for use.”

“Alas !” quoth Laoi, “the oak tree which the giant carries will make small bits of thee when I am not guiding the chariot for thee.”

“Dost thou not know, Laoi,” said Cúchulainn, “that I slay the birds of the air as they fly, and the deer of the woods as they run, and the fish in the river as it swims, by reason of the greatness of my vigour and activity, the swiftness of my hand and the highness of my courage? And why should I not ward off the giant with my feats of activity though I were dependent on them for weapons ?”

Then Cúchulainn went to meet the giant with no other weapons than his sword and two spears and two of his venomous

dhá chleas do na cleasaibh nimhe .i. an t-ubhall-chleas agus an cleitín-chleas. Agus air dteacht a gcomhgar a chéile dáibh, adubhairt an t-aitheach :

“Cá leith a dtéighir, ’fhir bhig?” air sé.

“Do ghabháil sgéal díot-sa,” air Cúchulainn.

“Do mhuintir mheic Rígh na h-Almáine misi,” air sé, “agus [aig] dol do dhícheannadh an chathmhílidh atá san bpubal atá mé, muna bhfuilge a bhreith ceangailte do láthair.”

“Ní fhuileóngaidh a cheangal go deimhin,” air Cúchulainn, “d’eagla comhraic, agus do bhéar-sa comhrac dar a cheann duit anso nó go ndeachaidh féin i n-a armaibh,” air sé.

Leis sin maoideas a ghean gáire air an aitheach agus adubhlairt :

“Dar mo bhréithir ámh,” air sé, “ní miadh nó maisi liom do leithid do ghuin, acht dá ngabhthá fosdógh agam, do bhéaruinn tuarasdal duit agus airm agus éideadh an churaidh atá san bpubal acht suil a cheann do bhuaín de, óir measuim gurb aige bhíos tú agus gur tú do dhíláithrigh an bhuidhean laoch ó chianuibh.”

“Aig so cuid dá armaibh,” [76b] air Cúchulainn, “agus ní féidir duit-si a mbronnadh nó go ndícheannair misi air tús.”

Agus leis sin cuireas Cúchulainn a mhéar a samhnuidhibh na sleighe agus do bheir rogha an urchair gan chaime, gan chlaoine, air an aitheach a gceartlár ochta agus éididh, agus ní dhearna do dhíth nó do dhíoghbháil dó ris an urchar sin acht mar do bhuailefeadh a n-éadan cairrge ceann-ghairbhe cloiche í. Air n-a fhaicsin sin do’n aitheach, gabhas an t-omna i n-a dhá láimh ós áird a ghualann agus do bheir buille borbneartmhar d’ionnsoigh Chúchulainn de, agus do bheir Cúchulainn éirghe édtrom énamhail air, do sheachna an omna, ionnus go ndeachaidh an buille fo lár agus go ndearna uaimhchlais is an talamh i n-a mbiadh céad laoch fo n-a n-armaibh a bhfolach.

Air n-a fhaicsin do Choingculainn nach dearna an tsleagh créachtghuin a gcorp an aithigh, innleas an t-ubhall-chleas air a gceartlár aithche agus éadain, ionnus go rug an meall cruadha do bhaoi air cheann an ubhall-chleas a chomhthrom féin d’inchinn an aithigh tar chúl a chinn siar seachtar. Agus níor fhoghain sin dó acht innleas an cleitín-chleas air a gceartlár ochta, ionnus gur bhris an t-éideadh cadad comhdhaingean do’n deargumha bhí air a bhrollach agus gur threaghd fréamhach a chraoidhe agus a

feats, to wit, the apple-feat and the little-dart-feat. And as they neared one another the giant said :

"Whither goest thou, little man ?"

"To seek news of thee," answered Cúchulainn.

"I am of the King of Almayne's men," said he, "and I am going to behead the champion who is in the tent unless he suffer himself to be brought bound."

"He will not suffer himself to be bound, indeed," said Cúchulainn, "through fear of combat, and I will give thee combat here for him that he himself may meanwhile don his arms."

Thereupon the giant gave vent to a laugh and said :

"By my word indeed, I should in no wise like to wound such as thou, but if thou took service with me, I would give thee wages and the arms and equipment of the hero who is in the tent, for I think that thou art with him and that it is thou who hast slaughtered the band of heroes just now."

"Here are some of his arms," said Cúchulainn, "and thou canst not give them away until thou hast beheaded me first."

And thereupon Cúchulainn put his finger on the rivets of the spear and aimed an excellent cast, without crookedness or obliqueness, right in the middle of the giant's chest and armour. But he did no more injury or hurt to him with that cast than if he had struck it against the front of a rough-topped rock of stone. On seeing this, the giant raised the oak tree in his two hands over his shoulder, and aimed a strong and mighty blow at Cúchulainn. And Cúchulainn rose lightly like a bird to avoid the tree, so that the blow descended on the ground and ploughed in the earth a deep ridge in which a hundred armed heroes could have hidden.

When Cúchulainn saw that the spear inflicted no wound on the body of the giant, he aimed the apple-feat right in the centre of his face and forehead, so that the lump of steel which was on the end of the apple-feat carried out beyond the back of the giant's head a portion of brain as large as itself. And that did not satisfy Cúchulainn, but he aimed the little-dart-feat at him right in the centre of the breast, so that he broke the hard, strong armour of red bronze which was upon his breast and pierced the

sgamhain do'n urchar sin, agus guí thuit faon fotharsna marbh, agus go madh samhailta re múr nó re mór-chathair air na thrasguirte re soighmén teintighe an trost agus an torann [77a] do rinne an tomhóir fíorghrána aig dul chum láir agus lántalmhan dó. A h-athle an mhór-éachta sin, iompoideas Cúchulainn mar ar fhaguibh Laoi aig inneall an charbaid, agus do gheibh an carbad nuallte agus na h-airm infheadhma air a cheann aig Laoi.

"Dar leam, a Cúchulainn," air Laoi, "do thuit an t-aitheach do thoradh do luath-lámhaidh."

"Do thuit, go deimhin," air Cúchulainn, "agus atá súil agam go dtuitfe mac Rígh na h-Almáine go n-urmhór a shluaigh liom um thráthnóna, óir is lúgh[a] an dioghbháil d'fhearaibh Éireann a dtuistiom linne annso nó a ndol go h-Éirinn agus mórán díbheirge do dhénamh ann suil do coisfidhe iad."

"Maith, a Cúchulainn," air Laoi, "gabhadh umad do threalamh<sup>1</sup> agh agus iorghaile, óir is innillte infheadhma an carbad agus do ghaisgeadh air cheana."

Leis sin gabhas Cúchulainn a léine shreabhnaidhe do bhánshuí mhaothlag ma a gheilchnios agus gabhas a chotún eangach órchiumhsach do'n tsíoda dearg-bhuidhe air uachtar na léine Gabhas dhá assa édtrom anbhanna do'n tsíoda gorm-uaine ma a cholpthaibh ríogha rómhaiseacha. Gabhas a dhá nuadhbróig ndonnleathair air na gceangal agus air n-a gcórughadh do'n ór aithleaghtha áluinn ma a ghealthroighthibh. Gabhas a sheacht léinte fíthead<sup>2</sup> cíorrtha clártha comhfhuaidhte fa díon air ghuin gaoi agus gealchuilg, air uachtar an chotúin. Gabhas a fhuathróg niomhdhaingean ndonnleathair do chroicnibh seacht ndaimhseach air n-a h-eagar agus ar n-a h-úrchuma do líoguibh lánshoillseacha longmhara, fa díon air bhirínibh agus air bhiorannaibh agus air chréachtghonadh sleagh agus craoiseach, air uachtar na léinteadh sin. [77b] Gabhas an lúireach mhórdhrolach dhualach do'n ór chuanna cheardamhail, dlúith daingean tiughchurrtha fada fosgadhach fáinneadhach air n-a ceangal agus air n-a ceart-chórughadh do lámhaibh suadh agus saor-cheard, fa díon air ghuin gaoi agus claidhimh agus gealchuilg, sleagh agus craoiseach agus géar-rann, air uachtar na fuathróige sin. Gabhas an sgabal eangach órchiumhsach ma a ghealbhraighuid agus an muince cadad cruadhhaingean do'n airgead aithleaghtha air

<sup>1</sup> threalamh.

<sup>2</sup> fíthead.

roots of his heart and lungs with that cast, and the giant fell prostrate and dead ; and like [the sound of] a rampart or a great fort struck down by a thunderbolt was the noise and tumult which the truly hideous giant made in falling to the ground. After this great exploit, Cúchulainn turned to where he had left Laoi harnessing the chariot, and he found that Laoi had the chariot harnessed and the arms ready for use.

"Methinks, Cúchulainn," said Laoi, "the giant fell by thy swift casting."

"He did, in sooth," said Cúchulainn, "and I hope that the son of the King of Almayne together with the greater part of his army will fall by me at evening ; for less hurtful is it for the men of Ireland that these should fall by me here than that they should go to Ireland and do much violence there ere they could be checked."

"Well, Cúchulainn," said Laoi, "don thy valourous apparel, for thy chariot and thy arms are ready and prepared."

Thereupon Cúchulainn put his shining shirt of white, delicately-soft satin next his fair skin and his gold-bordered tunic of orange silk over the shirt. He put two light, weak buskins of blue-green silk on his royal, handsome calves ; he put his two new shoes of brown leather, bound and decorated with beautiful, refined gold, on his fair feet. He put over his tunic his seven and twenty shirts, waxed, board-like, stitched, which were a protection against wound of javelin or bright blade. Over these shirts he put his doublet, bright and strong, of brown leather of skins of seven oxhides, arranged and decorated with brilliant shining gems, which was a protection against darts and sharp points and against the wounding of spears and javelins. Outside that doublet he put the large-hooked, engraved breastplate, with workmanship of noble gold, close, strong, pressed together, long, sheltering, ringed, bound and arranged by the hands of seers and noble artisans, which was a protection against wound of dart, sword and steel blade, spears, javelins and sharp points. He put on the angular shoulder-piece with gold edges, round his fair neck, and the hard, strong collar of refined silver over that shoulder-piece. He put on his

uachtar an sgabail sin. Gabhas an Síth-bhárr Manannáin .i. cathbhárr soillsigh suaithnigh solusmhar tug Manannán as Tír Tairngire chuige, lán do chlochaibh buadha agus bisigh thíre h-Aifrice, mar atá diamond, tofás, berol agus ónix, agus i n-a raibhe dealbh an iomad mbeathach n-égsamhail n-uathmhar, ma a cheann. Agus gabhas a dhá lámhuinn chadad chomhdhaingean do'n chruadh-iarann dhaingean dhoibhriste ma a ghealdhóidibh leabhra lán-láidre. Agus air gceangal a chuirp i n-a chathéideadh amhlaidh sin, éirgheas go h-aigeantach uaibhreach uaillmhear i n-a charbad agus suidhios a gceart-mheadhón na n-arm agus na gcleas agus na n-iolfhaobhar. Agus ní raibhe sin air dhruim domhain curadh nó cathmhíleadh nó ársuigh iorghaile d'fhuileóngadh nó d'fhéadfadh suighe nó seasamh a meadhón na n-arm soin acht Cúchulainn féin amháin, air aidhbhle na nimhe agus air urghráine na gcleas agus air ghéire na sleagh agus na rann agus na gcolg, óir níorbh' eólach neach air talmhain i n-a n-iomlat acht eision [78a] féin amháin.

"Maith, a Laoi," air Cúchulainn, "tabhair an carbad a dtiomcheall na sluagh go mbeirinn árdmheas ortha."

Do rinne Laoi amhlaidh sin, agus tug Cúchulainn tuairim agus árd-mheas air líonmhaireacht a gcuradh agus a gcathmhíleadh, air a n-eagar agus air a n-órdughadh, air inneall a n-arm agus a n-éideadh, agus air dheilbh agus air dhénamh na dtaoiseach agus na gceannphort. Agus as a h-aithle sin fostus an carbad air bhrollach na sluagh.

"Anois, a Laoi," air Cúchulainn, "tabhair taobh clé an charbaid fris na slugaibh nó go n-imrinn mo thoronn-chleas ortha."

Do ní Laoi amhlaidh agus do bheir seol édtrom agus brod forsan n-eachradh, ionnus go madh samhailta le h-iara aig léimnígh idir chrannuibh fiodharda fiodhbhadh an carbad agus an curadh an tan sin. Agus do thógbhadar na bádhbha agus na bocánaigh agus na geilte glinne gártha gránna gráineamhla 'na thimchioll aig súr agus aig fáistine na fola.

Is annsin ro thóguibh Cúchulainn na cleasa ána iolordha anaithnigh neach ro fhoghlum aig Sgathach agus aig Uathach agus aig Aoife, agus air bhfaicsin na gcleas sin dona slóghaibh do ghabh gráin agus uamhan iad, óir ní fhacadar a n-ionnamhail riamh roimhe aig curadh nó aig cathmhíleadh air dhruim domhuin. Agus do bheir Cúchulainn torann-chleas dheich gcéad ós áird

head the Fairy Helmet of Manannán, to wit the shining, splendid, bright helmet which Manannán brought to him from the Land of Promise, full of precious stones and gems [lit. stones of victory and increase] of the land of Africa, namely, diamond, topas, beryl and onyx, and in which were engraved the forms of many various, terrible beasts. And he put his two strong, protective gauntlets of hard iron, strong and unbreakable, on his fair, supple, strong hands. And having encased his body thus in his battle-armour, he went valiantly, proudly, haughtily into his chariot and sat in the midst of the arms and feats and edged weapons. And there was not in the world a hero or warrior or veteran who could have borne, or been able, to sit or stand in the midst of those arms, save alone Cúchulainn, because of the amount of the poison, the hideousness of the feats, and the sharpness of the spears and points and blades, for none on earth save Cúchulainn knew how to wield them.

"Well Laoi," said Cúchulainn, "drive the chariot around the hosts that I may estimate their numbers."

Laoi did so, and Cúchulainn estimated and reckoned the numbers of their heroes and warriors, their disposition and order, the arrangement of their arms and armour, and the appearance and make of the leaders and chiefs. And then he stopped the chariot opposite the hosts.

"Now, Laoi," said Cúchulainn, "turn the left side of the chariot towards the hosts that I may ply my thunderfeat on them."

Laoi did so and lightly drove and urged on the steeds so that the chariot and the hero at that time were like a squirrel leaping amongst the leafy trees of a wood. And the scald-crows and the sprites and the wild things of the glen raised hideous, fearful cries around him, searching for and prophesying the blood to be shed.

Then Cúchulainn started the splendid, numerous, strange feats which he had learned from Sgathach and Uathach and Aoife, and when the hosts beheld those feats, they were seized with horror and fright, for never before had they seen such performed by any warrior in the whole world. And Cúchulainn plied his

ionnus go dtug trí luathchuarta 'na dtimchioll agus gur thuit deich gead i ngach én chearna do cheithre cearnaibh an tsluaigh gach én chuairt do na trí chuartaibh sin leis, óir is amhlaidh ro bhádar aige, amhail bó-callach i ló éibhill a ngardha dhaingean dhobhriste, gan dul as acu do mhuir nó do thír. [78b] Air loit na sluaigh amhlaidh sin, tig air a mbrollach arís agus féachas orra agus adubhairt :

“Maith, a Laoi,” air sé, “ní-sum-sáitheach do chathiorghail fós, agus seol an carbad air mheadhón na sluaigh, óir as a meadhón na sluaigh atáid na h-ársuigheadh iorghaile, agus as mian liom mo dhíbheirg d'imbhirt forra go nach beith dís dom' chomh-thuargain a n-aoinfheacht re mac Rígh na h-Almáine iar n-uair.”

Seolas Laoi an carbad air mheadhón na sluaigh agus gabhas Cúchulainn aig leó agus aig leadradh, aig casgairt agus aig cnáimh-ghearradh na gcuradh agus na gcathmhíleadh fa ceannphuirt air na sluaighaibh, óir do bheireadh aithne forro tré innull a n-arm agus a n-éideadh agus a n-éguisg.

Ciodh trácht, nó go n-áireómhtar duille feadha nó gaineamh mara nó ranna nimhe, ní h-áireómhtar ar thuit le Cúchulainn do'n ruathar sin, óir ní thearnó do na sluaighaibh acht madh beagán do chuaidh a raon madhma agus mór-theitheadh go Cathair na dTrí mBeann .i. baile Rígh na h-Almáine do bhí air chúlaibh na sluaigh, agus ní raibhe én neach dár imthigh dhíobh gan easbhaidh leath-choise nó leath-láimhe nó leath-shúl nó créachtghuin bhásamhail éigin oile air ó Choingculainn.

Air gclos iomorro do Chiabhán Chúilfhionn mac Rígh na h-Almáine, na h-ára agus na h-easbadhadh tugadh air na sluaighaibh, agus díothláithriughadh a mhuintear agus a dheagh-laoch, agus toirmeasg a thurais, gabhas mire agus dásacht, fearg agus forrán, náire agus aithmhéile é, agus ní mór nár óbair bás fóiréigineach do thabhairt dó féin tré racht feirge ó n-a bheith air lear as measg a mhuintear an tan sin. Acht cheana fógras dá ara a charbad d'innioll [79a] gan mhoill, agus do rinne an t-ara amhlaidh sin, agus an tan fa h-innillte an carbad, éirgheas Ciabhán ann. Agus fa díbheirgeach an fear táinic ann, óir fa h-é sin an t-ársuigh iorghaile agus an bráth biodhbhadh agus an t-órd urlaidhe agus an tonn iombáite agus an dragún dian dásachtach agus [an] leomhan léidmheach lánaigeantach .i. Ciabhán Cúilfhionn cosgarthach cathbhudhach mac Árd-rígh na h-Almáine. Ciodh trácht tig amach

thunderfeat of a thousand, so that he made three swift circuits around them and a thousand fell in each corner of the four corners of the hosts at every circuit, for he had them like cattle on a day of gadding in a strong unbreakable enclosure, with no escape by sea or by land. Having thus slaughtered the hosts, he came before them again and looked upon them and said :

“Well, Laoi, I have not yet had my fill of battle. And guide thou the chariot into the midst of the hosts, for in their midst are the veterans of combat, and I wish to wreak my violence upon them so that there may not be two to attack me together with the son of the King of Almayne presently.”

Laoi guided the chariot into the midst of the hosts, and Cúchulainn started to wound and slaughter and mutilate the warriors and champions who were the leaders of the hosts, for he recognised them by their arms and equipment and appearance.

Howbeit, until the leaves of the wood or the sands of the sea or the stars of heaven be numbered, there will not be reckoned all that fell in that onslaught by Cúchulainn. For there escaped not of those hosts save a few who fled routed to the City of the Three Peaks, the stead of the King of Almayne, which was in their rear, and not one of those who fled escaped without lack of a foot or a hand or an eye or bearing some other deadly wound inflicted by Cúchulainn.

When Ciabhán heard of the slaughter and destruction of the hosts and the slaying of his household and heroes, and the stoppage of his expedition, he was filled with fierceness and rage, anger and indignation, shame and reproach, and he almost inflicted a violent death upon himself, so enraged was he at having been on sea and not in the midst of his people on that occasion. However he ordered his charioteer to prepare his chariot forthwith, and the charioteer did so ; and when the chariot was ready Ciabhán went into it. And violent was the man who came in that chariot, for he was the veteran of battle, the doom of enemies, the anvil-sledge, the drowning wave, the fierce dragon, the proud, powerful lion, namely, slaughtering, battle-victorious Ciabhán, son of the King of Almayne. Howbeit, he came forth from the city in this wise,

as an gcathraigh fó'n tuairim sin, agus each léidmheach lán-  
aigeantach cubharbhéalach buacach beannárd bánghléghéal  
uchtleathan inginchruinn árdbhlnach a gcuing thosaigh an  
charbaid agus a h-ionnamhail oile isin gcuing dheiridh dhe.

Agus air bhfaicsin an áir dhó agus Chongculainn aig inneall  
agus aig iomlat na geleas nimhe fa n-a urchomhair, tug<sup>1</sup> brod  
forsan gearbad agus do bheir baorthléim bódhbhdha bárraigeantach  
amhail siothadh gaoithe síorghéire siobhlaighe a gcoinne agus a  
gcomhdháil Chongculainn, agus do bheir Cúchulainn an céadna  
'na choinne-siomh, ionnus go madh samhalta re dhá shoighnén  
thréan theintighe air n-a séideadh re tóirneach tréan-neartmhar  
as fraoichibh na formainte, ionnsoigh agus comharrceis na deise  
curadh sin. Agus air rochtain a chéile dáibh, tugadar sáithte  
santacha sárлуatha dá sleaghaibh sliopa slinnghéara agus dá  
gcraoiseachaibh craosacha crófhairsinge a gcorpaibh agus a  
gceasaibh a chéile, ionnus gur briseadh agus gur brúghadh na  
ceinnbheirte, gur tolladh agus gur [79b] treaghdadh<sup>2</sup> na lúireachadh,  
gur sgoilteadh agus gur sgabadh na sgiatha, gur réabadh agus gur  
briseadh na cotúin agus na máinleadha agus na díonchraosa air  
cheana, agus gur maoluigheadh na sleagha agus na craoiseachadh  
agus na h-airm dhiuraice, agus gur sgaoileadh agus gur sgannruigh-  
eadh a gcorpéideadh cumhdaigh uile agus go ndeachadar na  
cleasa as a n-eagar agus as a n-órdughadh do'n torann-ruathar sin.

Ciodh trácht, is mairg curadh nó cathmhíleadh 'n-a aonar  
nó buidhean anbhann égcruaidh, nó file nó fear dána, do  
thairgfeadh eadrán na deise curadh so do dhénamh a n-alt na  
h-uaire si!

Acht acheana, ria dteacht d'ionnsoigh an chomhraic do  
Chingculainn, adubhairt re Laoi:

"A Laoi," air sé, "má's orm-sa bhus anfhorlann san gcomhrac,  
déna-sa mo ghríosadh agus mo ghlámhadh agus olc do rádha  
liom, ionnus go ngabhaidh náire agus aithmhéile mé; agus má's  
mise chingfeas air Chiabhán, dén moladh agus maith do rádha  
liom, ionnus go madh móide m'uail agus m'árdaigheadh é."

Dála na gcuradh annso, air mbriseadh na sleagh agus na  
gcraoiseach agus na gcathbhárr agus na lúireach agus an chneis-  
éididh air cheana, tiaghaid a muinighin na gcolg agus na gclaidh-  
eamh trom tanafhaobhracha, agus do ghabhadar aig tuargain

<sup>1</sup> dtug.

<sup>2</sup> treadhghadh.

with a steed powerful, proud, froth-mouthed and mettlesome, high-eared, pure-white, broad-chested, round-nailed and high-groined, in the front yoke of his chariot, and in the rear yoke a similar steed.

And when he beheld the slaughter and Cúchulainn arranging and wielding the venomous feats in readiness for him, he spurred on the chariot, and he gave a wild, fierce, proud leap to meet Cúchulainn, like a blast of a very sharp, rushing wind. And Cúchulainn gave the same to meet and encounter him, so that these two warriors were like unto two powerful fiery thunderbolts blown forth from the vaults of the firmament with strong and powerful thunder. And when they reached each other, they made eager, very swift thrusts of their sharpened, keen-edged spears and of their greedy, broad-socketed javelins at one another's bodies, so that the helmets were broken and bruised, and the breastplates were pierced and bored, and the shields were split and scattered, and the tunics and the coats of mail and the gorgets were rent and torn, and the spears and javelins and missive weapons were blunted, and all their protective body-armour was scattered and loosened, and the feats went out of their proper order and arrangement, in that thunderous onslaught.

Yet woe to the single hero or warrior, to the weak, unvaliant band, to the poet or man of verse who should attempt to separate those two heroes at that moment!

However, before going to the conflict, Cúchulainn had said to Laoi:

"Laoi, if it is I who am oppressed in the combat, do thou incite me and satirise me and say evil of me, so that I may be seized with shame and reproachfulness. But if it is I who overcome Ciabhán, do thou praise me and say well of me, so that my pride and my courage may be augmented thereby."

As for the heroes, when the spears and the javelins, the helmets and the breastplates and the other accoutrements were broken, they had recourse to the blades and the heavy, keen-edged swords, and they began to smite and to pierce, to slay and

agus aig treaghdadh,<sup>1</sup> aig tolladh agus aig tairring, aig leó agus aig leadradh, aig snaoidhe agus aig sliosadh, [80a] aig casgairt agus aig enáimhghearradh a chéile, gan taisi gan trócaire, ionnus go mbeireadh cách dhíobh mar thoirt mheic míosa<sup>2</sup> do mheallaibh fola agus feóla agus do chaobaibh cró, do ghuailibh agus do shlinnénaibh agus do shliastaibh a chéile, agus gur tholladar corp agus cneis agus compar [a] chéile, agus go raibhe a bhfuil 'n-a sruthlintibh cubhracha casaoideacha [aig] fágbháil a gcorp agus a gcneas.

Ciodh tráchta, níor mhiadh nó maise le Laoi an t-anfhorlann do chonnuire air a thriath agus air a thighearna, agus adubhairt:

“Dar leam, a Chúchulainn,” air sé, “ní thig dhíot an cathmhíleadh atá at’ aghaidh do dhíláithriughadh, óir do chím gur threaghd<sup>3</sup> agus gur thuaireg thú amhail threaghdas<sup>4</sup> rób omna, agus do thimchill thú amhail thimchiollas féil fíodh, agus do sgaoil h’airm agus h’éideadh amhail sgaoileas grian cith, go nach bhfuil do ghaol re gal nó re gaisgeadh go mbruinne mbrátha agus mbeatha, agus go rachaidh do mhasla agus do mhíchlú fo cheithre h-áirdibh an domhain agus go h-áirithe go Dún Dealgan agus go h-Eamhain Macha, a shiorraide siabhartha siubhlach,” air sé.

Air gclos na mbriathar sin do Choingcúlainn, gabhas náire agus aithmhéile hé, agus éirgheas a luas na h-áinle agus a ndreimhne<sup>5</sup> an dragúin agus a neart an leomhain, agus gabhas an t-ubhall-chleas i n-a láimh dheis agus an tábhull-chleas i n-a láimh chlí, agus innlios iad araon a gcomharrcís a chéile fo dhá thaobh an charbaid, air Chiabhán, ionnus gur bhris agus gur bhuanréab an dá chlár chadad chomhdhaingean do’n deargumha [80b] do bhaoi do’n leith amuigh agus an dá bhuaidhchloich mhór a méid cloiche muilinn do’n chríostal chaoingheal do bhaoi a leith astigh a ndá thaobh an charbaid, agus gur thuit an carbad go lár agus go lántalmhain, agus go dtáinic an chuing dheiridh dhe fo cheann mhullaigh an eich dheaghanaigh. Leis sin léimeas Cúchulainn as a charbad, agus lingios air mhac Rígh na h-Almáine, agus iadhas an dá láimh ríoghda rómhaiseacha ’n-a thimcheall, agus trasgaras go lár agus go lántalmhain é, agus ceanglas go daor docrach agus tógghas ós áird a ghualann as a haithle sin é, agus fágghus air bhéalaibh Laoi air chuing thosaigh an charbaid é,

<sup>1</sup> treadhgadh.

<sup>2</sup> míaoise.

<sup>3</sup> threaghdg.

<sup>4</sup> threaghdgas.

<sup>5</sup> dreimne, so *spelt throughoui*.

to slaughter, to hew and to mutilate each other, pitilessly, mercilessly, so that each of them used to cut lumps of flesh and blood and of clots of gore as large as a month-old child from the shoulders and back and sides of the other, and they pierced the body and skin and chest of each other, and foaming, querulous streams of blood flowed from their bodies.

Howbeit, Laoi liked not the oppression he saw upon his lord and master, and he said :

“Methinks, Cúchulainn, thou art not able to destroy the hero who opposes thee, for I see that he has smitten and pierced thee as a tool pierces an oak tree, and he has encompassed thee as the woodbine the wood, and he has scattered thy arms and equipment as the sun scatters a shower, so that thou hast no longer any claim to valour or knightly deeds, and thy illrepute and dishonour will travel through the four quarters of the world and in particular to Dundalk and to Emania, thou distorted, capricious little sprite !”

When Cúchulainn heard these words he was filled with shame and self-reproach, and he rose with the swiftness of the swallow, the fierceness of the dragon, the strength of the lion, and took the apple-feat in his right hand and the sling-feat in his left and aimed them both opposite each other on both sides of the chariot at Ciabhán, so that he broke and shattered the two hard, strong plates of red bronze which were outside, and the two big precious stones of fair white crystal as large as mill stones which were inside the two sides of the chariot, and the chariot fell to the ground and the rear yoke of it came beneath the head of the rear horse. Thereupon Cúchulainn leaped from his chariot and sprang upon the son of the King of Almayne and closed his two beautiful, royal hands around him and bore him to the ground, and he bound him ignobly and harshly, and raised him on his shoulder then and placed him before Laoi on the front yoke of the chariot, and

agus seolaid d'ionnsoigh an phubail. Agus air dteacht do'n bpubal dáibh, adubhairt Cúchulainn :

"Maith, a Laoi," air sé, "toirling agus díthcheann mac Rígh na h-Almáine."

"Ná déna amhlaidh sin," air Ciabhán, "óir is lór duit buaidh mo chosgair do bhreith agus gan mo dhíthcheannadh. Agus fós do dhéna umhla agus urraim dhuit, agus do bhéra cíos-cháin agus gialla duit, agus coisgfead comhrac curadh agus cathmhíleadh gach áit in budh áil leat ó so amach go bráth, óir ní masla nó míchlú liom orm féin umhla agus urraim do thabhairt dot' chomhmaith do ghaisgidheach."

"Dá dtugthá cuir agus ratha dhamh," air Cúchulainn, "re cóimhlíonadh gach a naisgfinn ort, do bhéaruinn cádhas h'anama dhuit."

Tug seision grian agus éasga agus ranna nimhe agus talmhan do Choingculainn re comhull agus re cóimhlíonadh gach a naisgfeadh air. Leis sin sgaoileas Cúchulainn dó, agus adubhairt :

"As é ní [81a] do naisgim ort," air sé, "dul go h-Éirinn, gan slógh gan sochraide, agus [a] innsin a nDún Dealgan agus a n-Eamhain Macha an toisg agus an turas do bhaoi fúd re dul a n-Éirinn do dhíoghail do bhráthara, agus amhail mar do thoirmisg an Cúchulainn oirdhearc sin umad, agus mar do claoidheadh leis tú; agus h'airm agus h' iolfhaobhair do thoirbheirt dom' oide gaisgidh-si .i. Conull Cearnach mac Aimheirghéin; agus fós trí clocha do bhreith leat as críochaibh na h-Almáine do mhéadughadh an chlocháin atá idir Eamhain Macha agus Árd Soileach atáthar do dhénamh do'n áirdchíos do thabhaigh Conall Cearnach air chríochaibh an domhain an tan do thuit Eochaidh Édrocht .i. do bhráthair-si, leis, darb' ainm Clochán na gCuradh aig Eamhain Macha; agus aig sin na neithe naisgim ort," air Cúchulainn.

Tug Ciabhán cuir agus ratha leis sin do chomhall dó, agus do níd síth agus caradradh re chéile go caoin carthannach annsin, agus gluaisid a n-éinfheacht go dúnadh Rígh na h-Almáine. Agus do fháiltigh an rígh agus a theaghlach roimh Coingculainn, agus fa buidheach dhe iad tré chaomhna do thabhairt do Chiabhán, agus do freasldadh agus do friotheóladh go h-onórach é. Agus nochtas Cúchulainn dáibh gur [aig] lorgaireacht air Gharuidh Gharbhghlúineach, mac Rí na bhFear Morc, agus inghean Rígh na h-Antuaithe do bhí sé [aig] taisdeal an domhain.

they drove towards his tent. And when they reached the tent, Cúchulainn said :

“Well, Laoi, descend and behead the son of the King of Almayne.”

“Do not so,” said Ciabhán, “for it is sufficient for thee to have the glory of my victory without beheading me. And furthermore, I shall do homage and obeisance to thee and give thee tribute and hostages, and I shall encounter warriors and heroes for thee in what place soever thou wishest henceforth for ever, for I deem it no disgrace or reproach to do homage and obeisance to such a warrior as thou.”

“If thou wert to give me guarantees and pledges,” said Cúchulainn, “to fulfil all that I should enjoin on thee, I would spare thy life.”

He pledged the sun and moon and the constellations of heaven and earth to Cúchulainn for the fulfilment of all that he should enjoin on him. Thereupon Cúchulainn unbound him, and said :

“This is what I enjoin on thee, to go to Ireland without army or host, and to tell in Dundalk and Emania of the expedition to Ireland thou hadst planned to avenge thy kinsman, and how the renowned Cúchulainn frustrated that design, and how thou wert overthrown by him ; and to offer thy arms to my tutor in valour, namely Conall Cearnach, son of Aimhirghín ; and further to take with thee three stones from the land of Almayne to add to the stone-heap between Emania and Ardsobleach, which is being made of the tribute which Conall levied on the territories of the world what time Eochaidh Éadrocht, thy kinsman, fell by him, and which is called the Heroes’ Mound at Emania. And that is what I enjoin on thee.”

Ciabhán gave guarantees and pledges to fulfil that, and then they made peace and friendship together kindly and gently, and they set forth together to the encampment of the King of Almayne. And the king and his household welcomed Cúchulainn and were grateful to him for sparing Ciabhán’s life, and he was served and attended with honour. And Cúchulainn disclosed to them that it was in pursuit of Garuidh Garbhghlúineach and of Gruaidh Ghriansholas, daughter of the King of Antioch, that he was faring through the world.

“Truagh an sgéal innsios tú, a mhacaimh óig anaosaigh !” air an rí, “óir is snámh a n-aghaidh easa, agus tuargain darach do dhornaibh, agus cur ghainimh<sup>1</sup> a ngad agus lámh a nead naithreacha neimhneach nimhe, do churadh nó do chathmhíleadh san chruinne cheathardha tóruigheacht nó lorgaireacht [81b] do dhénamh air an bhfear sin nó air a dhearbhráthair oile .i. Fearghus Fiodhárd, mac Rígh na bhFear Morc. Agus gidh h-aidhbhéil tuarasgháil Gharuidh,” air sé, “ní bhfuil acht cluithe agus gáire ann a bhfochair Fhearghuis. Óir is amhlaidh atá Fearghus, an aoidheche do rugadh é, do chuaidh a mháthair go forthuaith ifrinn leis agus tug trí tumtha air a bhfódhomain shrotha Stix, agus ní dheargann airm náid iolfhaobhair air én neach dá dtumthar annsin go bráth, agus ní mó dheargus air Fhearghus acht aon bhall amháin agus ní [fh]idir neach dá mairionn cé hé an áit i n-a chorp i n-a bhfuil an ball sin acht é féin agus a mháthair. Agus fós atá sleagh aige do rinne Balcán Gabha dhó agus do rinneadh a fhabhairt<sup>2</sup> a sruth domhain dubhdhorcha ifrinn, agus ní ghabhann luibh nó leigheas nó íce greim d’én chréacht dá ndénann an tsleagh sin acht risin tsleigh féin do thungadh trí h-uaire ris an gcréacht do ní sí, agus ní bhfuighthear an leigheas sin go bráth Agus mar sin ní thig én neach ó lámhaibh Fhearghuis.”<sup>3</sup>

“Cá h-áit i n-a bhfuil an fear sin anois ?” air Cúchulainn.

“Atá,” air an rí, “a gcathair na Salerna .i. a mbaile Rígh na Sisile, agus é tar éis mac oighreacht Rígh na Sisile do dhíthcheannadh, agus an rí féin agus a mhac óg agus a inghean áluinn darb’ ainm Clephanta a mbruid agus a mbraighdeanas aige. Agus fós atáid [82a] mórsheisear aitheach aibhseach urghrána aige re h-aghaidh deabhtha agus díbheirge agus tabhach cíosa agus cána, agus re h-aghaidh iodhbuir anabaidh anchumach do dhénamh do gach taisdiollach agus do gach taighleóir anaithnidh dá dteagmhann riú. Agus ní h-ionchomhraic duine air dhomhan ris na h-aitheachaibh sin, air a méid agus air a láidre. Agus atá droichead air an gcaolmara atá aig cathair na Salerna, agus ní bhfuil eadh n-órlaigh dhe gan ceann curaidh nó cathmhílidh air do thuit le Fearghus agus ris [na] h-aitheachaibh soin. Agus is eadh do mholuim-si dhuit-si,” air an Rí, “filleadh go h-Éirinn arís, agus cíos-cháin na h-Almáine do bhreith leat

<sup>1</sup> ghainimh.

<sup>2</sup> a fhabhairt.

<sup>3</sup> Fhearghus.

“Sad is the tale thou tellest, O youthful lad!” said the king, “for it is like swimming against a cascade, and smiting an oak with fists, and putting sand in a withy, and thrusting a hand in a nest of venomous adders, for any hero or warrior in the fourfold universe to pursue that man or his brother, Fearghus Fiodhárd, the son of the King of Morocco. And though frightful the account of Garuidh,” quoth he, “he is but [a subject for] play and laughter in comparison with Fearghus. For this is the manner of Fearghus: the night he was born, his mother went with him to the confines of Hell and dipped him thrice in the depths of the River Styx, and arms or weapons never wound anyone who is dipped therein, and neither do they wound Fearghus save in one spot. And none who lives knows in what part of his body is that spot but he himself and his mother. And moreover he has a spear which Vulcan the Smith made him which was tempered in the deep dark-gloomy stream of Hell, and neither herb nor healing nor balsam can avail any wound inflicted by that spear save by smiting the wound thrice by the spear which caused it. And that cure will never be got, and therefore none escapes from the hands of Fearghus.”

“Where is that man now?” asked Cúchulainn.

“He is,” said the king, “in the city of Salerno, the stead of the King of Sicily, where he has just beheaded the son and heir of the king and has cast into captivity and bondage the king himself and his young son and his beautiful daughter called Clephanta. And moreover he has seven frightful, hideous giants for the purpose of combat and violence and levying of tribute and taxes, and for the purpose of making untimely, slaughterous sacrifices of every strange traveller or ambassador that they meet. And no man in the world is fit to fight with these giants because of their size and strength. And there is a bridge on the straits at the city of Salerno, and not an inch length of it but bears the head of a warrior or champion who fell by Fearghus and those giants. And I advise thee,” said the king, “to return again to Ireland and to take with thee the tribute of Almayne and to go no further,

innte, agus gan dol níos sia,<sup>1</sup> óir gidhbé h-acu re n-a dtaigeóbhtha tú, Garuidh nó Fearghus, ní thearnóbhair uadh,” air sé, “acht mar fhear mar chách.”

“Luidhim fom’ armaibh gaisgidh,” air Cúchulainn, “nach geabhainn ríoghacht an domhain, ó luidhe go h-éirge gréine, gan amharc d’fhagháil air an bhfear sin air nach deargann airm, óir atá súil agam go ngoinfid m’airm-si é.”

Cíodh trácht, do chaitheadar a roibh rómpa go maidin re h-ól agus re h-aoibhneas agus re ceangal síodha agus caradraidh, agus air n-a mhárach, éirgheas Cúchulainn a mochdheaghail na maidne, agus fógras do Laoi a long d’ullmhughadh agus na h-airm agus na cleasa do chórughadh. [82b] Do rinne Laoi amhlaidh sin go h-athlamh iméasgaidh.

Dála mic Rígh na h-Almáine, éirgheas mar an gcéadna agus gabhas lámh air dhul go h-Éirinn do chomhall a ghealladh do Choingculainn agus ceileabhras do’n rí agus do Choingculainn. Agus ní h-aithristear a sgéalaidheacht go ráinic Dún Dealgan. Agus do gheibh Conull Cearnach agus Fearghus roimhe ann, agus nochtas a thaisg agus a thuras dáibh, agus toirbheireas airm do Chonall amhail ro naisg Cúchulainn air, agus nochtas dála Chongculainn dóibh ó thús go deireadh, agus amhail ro thriall a ndáil Fhearghuis Fhiodhfhoda. Fa tuirseach iomshníomhthach iad uile um an turas sin, óir do bheanadar ciall dá fhaicsin go bráth, agus dá bhrígh sin ní fhuaradar Eimhear do chosg dá h-eólchaire. Agus rugadar Ciabhán leó go h-Eamhain Macha agus do freastaladh go h-onórach ann é, agus do chuir na trí clocha re n-a lámhaibh péin a gClochán na gCuradh. Agus do fhan seal fada a bhfochair Chonchubhair agus na gcuradh. Agus do imthigh uatha annsin go síthchánta socharrthannach, agus do gheall sgéala Chongculainn do chur chuca, an méid dob’ fhéidir leis.

Dála Chongculainn do bheirtheas ós áird annso: air bhfágbháil baile Rígh na h-Almáine dhó, níor comhnuidheadh leis nó go ráinic baile Rígh na Sisile, agus gur ghabh cuan agus caladhphort air amus an droichid air a roibheadar na cinn anáirde. Agus tig as an luing a gcéadóir agus adubhairt re Laoi:

[83a] “Maith, a Laoi,” air Cúchulainn, “innill an Carbad Seardha gan mhoill, agus tabhair seol díoghalltach draoidheachta fair, óir is deimhin liom go bhfuighe mé tromdheabhadh agus go

<sup>1</sup> siath.

for whichever of them thou didst encounter, Fearghus or Garuidh, thou wouldst not escape from him but fare as all others have done."

"I swear by my weapons of valour," said Cúchulainn, "that I would not accept the kingship of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun and forego a sight of that man whom arms do not wound, for I have a hope that my arms will wound him."

Howbeit, they passed the time till morning in drinking and amusement and in making a compact of peace and friendship, And on the morrow, Cúchulainn rose in the early morn and ordered Laoi to prepare his ship and to arrange his arms and feats. Laoi did so swiftly and readily.

As for the son of the King of Almayne, he, too, rose and started for Ireland to fulfil his promise to Cúchulainn, and he bade farewell to the king and to Cúchulainn. And his adventures are not told until he reached Dundalk. And there he found Conall Cearnach and Fearghus. And he disclosed to them his mission and journey, and he offered his arms to Conall as Cúchulainn had bidden him and he told them the adventures of Cúchulainn from beginning to end and how he had set forth to meet Fearghus Fiodhfhoda. Sad and anxious were they all concerning that expedition, for they despaired of ever seeing him again. And because of that, they could not make Eimhear cease from her lamentation. And they took Ciabhán with them to Emania where he was served with honour, and with his own hands he placed the three stones on the Heroes' Mound. And he remained a long time with Conchubhar and the heroes. And then he departed from them in peace and friendship and promised to send them what news he could of Cúchulainn.

Tidings of Cúchulainn here: on leaving the court of the King of Almayne, he stayed not till he reached the court of the King of Sicily and till he came into harbour and haven opposite the bridge on which were the heads. And he landed at once from the ship and spake to Laoi:

"Well, Laoi, prepare the Scythed Chariot at once and guide it in a magical, vengeful course, for I deem it certain that I shall

ndoirfidhear mo chrú isin gcéir so a dtángamar, óir do chonnuirc mé fis agus aisling aréir do chuir uamhan<sup>1</sup> agus eagla mór orm," air sé.

"Cá h-aisling sin?" air Laoi.

"Tárfas damh," air Cúchulainn," go dtáinic athair nimhneach nimhe chugam, agus gur chréachtnuidh mé a n-iomad d'áitibh, agus go dtángadar buidhean do bhreacaibh geala as Loch na Séad as a h-aithle sin chugam agus bolgum d'uisge Loch na Séad a mbéal gach én bhric dhíobh, agus gur chuireadar an t-uisge sin is na créachtaibh, agus gurbh'[fh]alláin iad a gcéadóir, agus go dtáinic an athair nimhe fa duibhe iná gual gabhann chugam an dara feacht, agus gur sháith a h-earr ann mo thaobh, agus gur ghoin mo chraoidhe do'n tsáthadh sin, agus nachar ghabh an chréacht sin aon bhraon do'n uisge ó na breacaibh, agus an tan do thairginn an athair nimhe d'ionnabadh uaim rem' armaibh, go sleamhnaidís dhi amhail do dhruim easgaine sliopa sleimhne, agus leis sin do dhúisgigh mé, agus atáim lán d'uamhan agus d'imeagla ó sin ille," air sé.

"A Chuagáin," air Laoi, "ná h-uamhnuighthear uime sin thú. Óir ní bhfuil ann a[n] bhfis agus an aisling acht buaidhreadh na leantach agus tábhaiste na ndeamhan eadarbhuaiseacha aidheoiridha," agus do rinne an laoi ann co n-eabairt :

[83b] Aisling atchonnuirc aréir,  
Ní mór, gan bhréig, nár shaobh mo chiall,  
Athair nimhe fa ghéire greim  
Bheith dom' chreim a bhos is thsiar..

A Chúchulainn na sleagh gcruadha,  
Ná h-uamhnaigh re feadh físe.  
Do bheir na leanta buartha  
An iomad uamhain re h-ucht Naoise.

An athair nimhe do chonnacas,<sup>2</sup>  
Aig glomradh mo thaoibh séimhe,  
Ionann, a Laoi, gan spleidhe,  
Is Fearghus na sleighe géire.

<sup>1</sup> uathman.      <sup>2</sup> chonnacais.

get harsh conflict and that my blood will be shed in this land to which we have come. For I had a vision and dream last night which caused me terror and great fear."

"What dream was that?" asked Laoi.

"It seemed to me," quoth Cúchulainn, "that a venomous serpent came unto me and wounded me in many places and that, after, there came a shoal of fair trout out of Loch na Séad to me and a drop of the water of the lake in the mouth of each trout, and that they put that water in my wounds and they were healed forthwith. And the serpent which was blacker than smith's coal came to me a second time, and thrust its tail into my side and wounded my heart with that thrust, and that wound received no drop of the water from the trout. And when I endeavoured to banish the serpent from me with my weapons, they slipped from it as from the back of a smooth and slimy eel. And thereupon I awoke, and ever since," quoth he, "I am full of terror and great fear."

"O Little Cú," said Laci, "be not terrified on that account for this dream and vision is but the disturbance of the [bodily] humours and the apparitions of the soaring demons of the air."

And he made the lay, and said :

A vision I saw last night—truly, it almost perverted my senses—  
a serpent of sharpest bite, gnawing me on all sides.

O Cúchulainn of the hard spears ! Be not terrified because of a  
vision. Disturbing humours assail Naoise with many  
terrors.

The serpent which I saw gnawing my fair side was, O Laoi, in  
truth, Fearghus of the sharp spear.

Fearghus na sleighe géire,  
 A Chú na mbéimeann<sup>1</sup> neartmhar,  
 Do chleasa nimhe go mbuadha,  
 Traoighfid a uail cé deacra.

Óm' chleasaibh nimhe<sup>2</sup> go bhfaobhar,  
 Ní shaorfigh neach air talmhain,  
 Acht Fearghus an chrotha chrosta,  
 Fuair a bhaisdeadh aig deamhnaibh.

Dob' annamh riamh gus an uair si,  
 A gcathaibh fa cruadhach treasa,  
 Thusa aig ceasnuigh re h-armaibh,  
 A Chú nach anbhann cleasa.

An ceasnuigh adeir re h-armaibh,  
 Nó re neach air talmhain uile,  
 Ní dhearna misi 's ní dhénad.<sup>3</sup>  
 Mairfe mo sgéala má thuitim.

A h-aithle na laoidhe sin, gabhas Laoi lámh air an gcarbad d'innull. Agus is í sin uair agus aimsear fá dtárla an mórshéisear aitheach adubhramar 'n-a seasamh air cheann an droichid, aig dénamh aonaigh agus oireachtais fó na ceannaibh agus d'fhéachain an gcluinfidís nó an bhfeicfidís taisdiollach nó taighleóir coigchríche aig teacht do'n gcrích nó do'n gcathair. Agus is eadh do chíid [84a] an meirge suaithnigh snáthrighin<sup>4</sup> sróil dá nochtadh, agus an carbad áluinn oirdhearc dá innill, agus an eachradh léidmheach lánaiqeantach aig briseadh a gcuinge agus a n-aradhnach air [a] fhad leó nach roibheadar dá léigean do dhénamh áigh agus iorghaile, agus na cleasa<sup>5</sup> uathmhara anaithnigh dá dtabhairt ós áird, agus na drithle deirgtheineadh aig éirghe do n[a] craoiseachaibh agus do na sleaghaibh air fhad nach bhfuaradar a múchadh a bhfuil nó a bhfolruachtadh. Ciodh tráchta, fa machtnuigh meanman agus fa h-iongnadh ádhbhalmhór leo cia do churadhaibh nó do chathmhíleadhaibh an domhain do lámh teacht annsin, gan chead d'Fhearghus Fhiodhfhoda, mac Rígh na bhFear Morc.

<sup>1</sup> mbeimheann.    <sup>2</sup> nibhe.    <sup>3</sup> dhénaid.    <sup>4</sup> snáthriginn.    <sup>5</sup> na gcleasa.

O Hound of the mighty blows ! thy victorious venomous feats will overcome the pride of Fearghus of the sharp spear, though it be difficult.

From my sharp venomous feats none on earth could be saved, save only Fearghus of the harsh appearance who was baptised by demons.

Seldom till this hour, in harsh battle-combats wert thou murmuring at thy arms, O Hound whose feats are not weak !

I have never murmured at my arms, as thou sayest, or at anyone on earth, and never shall. My fame will live if I fall in battle.

After that lay, Laoi started to prepare the chariot. At that precise time the seven giants we have mentioned happened to be standing at the end of the bridge, holding a fair and meeting concerning the heads, and to see if perchance they might hear or behold a wanderer or strange ambassador coming to the land or the city. And they saw the beautiful strong-fibred ensign of satin being unfolded, and the beautiful renowned chariot being harnessed, and the strong mettlesome steeds breaking their yoke and their reins in their eagerness to be allowed to perform deeds of valour, and the terrible, strange feats being openly performed, and the sparks of red fire rising from the javelins and spears so long as they were not quenched in blood and gore. Howbeit, they marvelled much and wondered which of the heroes of the world had dared to come there without permission from Fearghus, the son of the King of Morocco.

Tigid amach annsin, go dian díbhriceach, dias do na h-aitheachaibh agus dhá lorg-fhearsad iarúinn air a nguailibh.<sup>1</sup>

“A Chúchulainn,” air Laoi, “tabhair congnamh dhamh an carbad agus na h-airm d’ullmhughadh sul tío faidh an bhuidhion uathmhar úd chugainn agus tú gan arma.”

“Ní thiobhra,” air Cúchulainn, “acht dingeó bhad iad-súd dhíot an feadh bhiadhair-si dá n-ullmhughadh.”

Gluaiseas Cúchulainn ’n-a gcoinne, agus air dteacht a gcomhghar a chéile dháibh, adubhairt fear dhíobh :

“Cia dhá bhfóghnann tú, a óig-mhacaóimh ?” air sé.

“Do’n chathmhíleadh táinic as an luing,” air Cúchulainn.

“Cá h-ainm é ?” air an t-aitheach.

“Cúchulainn oirdhearc mac Subhaltaiigh,” air sé.

“Créad brígh a thurais annso ?” air an t-aitheach.

“Do chomhrac re Fearghus Fiodhárd,” air sé.

Leis sin maoidheas gean gáire air an bhfomhóir, agus adubhairt :

[84b] “Dar mo bhréithir, ámh,” air sé, “is cosmhail nach raibhe sgéala aige ó Fhearghus nó uainne an tan do tógadh amach, óir tuairgfe misi a chnámha leis an loirg-fhearsuid so agus cuirfead a cheann air an droichead, fear mar chách. Agus créad do ní tusa ris na h-armaibh sin ?” air sé.

“Ní bhia tusa a bhfad gan [a] fhios sin agad,” air Cúchulainn.

Agus leis sin innleas Seóladh Rinne air, agus aimsios a gceartlár a chraois-bheóil é, gur theasg an tsleagh a sgamhán agus fréamhach a chraoidhe agus a raibhe roimpe go caol a dhroma, agus téid amach feadh láimhe laoich air chaol a dhroma. Agus innleas an Chúrsach Dhearg mar an gcéadna air an dara fear a n-íochtar a chuim, go ndearna dhá n-ordain chudroma chomhroinnte dhe do’n urchar sin. Air bhfaicsin an mhór-éacht sin do’n gcúigear oile bhaoi air an droichead, rithid a ndáil Chongculainn, agus nior chuma leó cia h-acu no bhéaradh a chosgar.

Acht cheana, tárruigeas Cúchulainn a thsleagha, agus triallas ’n-a gcoinne, agus diuraiceas an dá thsleigh a n-aoinfheacht dá dheis agus dá chlí ortha, gur thorchair dias dhíobh do’n deagh-urchar soin. Agus téid fo’n triúr oile le n-a chladheamh, agus gabhas aig a luathleadradh go ndearna biadh bádhbh agus

<sup>1</sup> air a ghuaillibh.

There came forth then, furiously and swiftly, two of the giants with two clubs of iron on their shoulders.

"Cúchulainn," said Laoi, "aid me to prepare the chariot and weapons before yon frightful band comes to us and thou unarmed."

"I shall not aid thee," answered Cúchulainn, "but I shall ward these off from thee while thou art preparing them."

Cúchulainn went to meet them, and as they approached, one of them spake :

"Whom dost thou serve, lad?" said he.

"The warrior who came from the ship," answered Cúchulainn.

"What is his name?" asked the giant.

"Cúchulainn mac Subhaltaigh," answered he.

"What means his journey hither?" asked the giant.

"To encounter Fearghus," said Cúchulainn.

Thereupon the giant burst into laughter and said :

"By my word, it seems likely that he had not tidings of Fearghus or of us when he came forth. For I shall smite his bones with this club and I shall put his head on the bridge as was done with all others. And what dost thou do with these arms?" asked he.

"Not long shalt thou be in ignorance of that," said Cúchulainn.

And with that he prepared *Seóladh Rinne* and aimed it right at his gaping mouth, so that the spear pierced his lungs and the roots of his heart and all that it met as far as the small of his back, and went the length of a warrior's hand out through his back. And Cúchulainn aimed the *Cúrsach Dhearg* likewise at the second man in the lower part of his body so that he made two equal and evenly-divided pieces of him with that cast. When the other five on the bridge beheld that mighty deed, they ran to meet Cúchulainn, and they were not indifferent as to which of them should slaughter him [i.e. they vied with one another in their efforts to slaughter him].

But Cúchulainn drew his spears, and went against them, and cast the two spears simultaneously to right and left at them, so that two of them fell by that good cast. And he attacked the remaining three with his sword and took to smiting them swiftly so that he converted them into food for vultures and ravens, as

brain-eón díobh, noch fa gnáth leis. Agus filleas air Laoi h-aithle an mhór-éachta sin, agus gabhas a earradh agus a éideadh uime agus téid 'n-a charbad. Agus tiaghaid air an bhfaithch[e] do bhaoi aig ceann an droichid.

Ciodh trácht, ní fada do bhíodar ann an tan do chonnacadar an carbad agus [an] curadh dá ndionnsoigh fa mó agus fa h-aidhbhle do'n druing dhaonda. Agus fa samhalta [85a] le múr nó le mór-chathair aig tuitiom go lár agus go lántalmhain, an torann agus [an] trost do bhí aige an gearbad re bárr déine agus dásachta a n-arrceis Chongculainn do dhícheannadh.

Ciodh tráchta, air bhfaicsin Fhearghuis do Choingculainn, do thóguibh cleasa ána iolarrdha fa n-a urchomhair nár rothóguibh a n-aghaidh curaidh nó cathmhílidh oile riamh roimhe sin. Gidheadh, fa díomhaoin dó, óir air gcaitheamh a shleagh agus a chraoiseach uile do Choingculainn ris, is eadh do nídís, éirghe dhe, gan díth gan deargadh, amhail gurb a n-éadan cairrge cruaidhe ceannghairbhe no bhuailefeadh iad. Agus air n-a fháicsin sin do Chúchulainn, do innill na cleasa nimhe uile a ndiaidh a chéile air, gur bhris agus gur bhrúgh a éideadh agus [a] earradh, cuinge agus córugh agus ceangal a charbaid. Gidheadh, giodh má beag deargadh air, ní dhearna Cúchulainn é fris an ré sin, acht mar do bheith aig tuargain darach dá dhornaibh. Acht cheana, níorbh'é sin an comhrac cudroma nó an imirt chomhthrom, óir do bhí do neartmhaire bhéimeann Fhearghuis, agus fós nach dtug Cúchulainn uidh nó aire do chúmhhdach a chuirp re déine agus re dásacht agus re díbhrice d'ionnsoigh Fhearghuis, gur créachtnadh agus gur gonadh, gur tolladh agus gur treaghdadh,<sup>2</sup> gur ciorbh-uidheadh agus gur gearradh, corp agus cneas agus craoidhe Chongculainn. Óir is eadh do rinne Cúchulainn an fad sin, níorbh'águibh méid n-órlaigh do chorp Fhearghuis, an méid do bhaoi, fa éideadh dhe, nár amuis sé re cleas éigin dá chleasaibh nimhe,<sup>3</sup> aig iarraidh an bhaill do chuala sé do bheith ionghona i n-a chorp. Gidheadh, ní thárla an ball sin air. Agus an feadh do bhí Cúchulainn dá dhénamh sin, do rinne Fearghus guin ghalann [85b] agus lathair leadartha dá chorp, ionnus gurbh'é clártha a charbaid do bhí [aig] congbháil a chuirp agus a bhalla a n-aice a chéile, agus go mbeirdís na brain-eóin aidheardha mealla troma tábhachtacha, a néallaibh nimhe agus a bhfroichibh na firmainte,

<sup>1</sup> treadhgadh.<sup>2</sup> nibhe.

was his wont. And he returned to Laoi after that great feat, and donned his armour and equipment, and went into his chariot. And they went upon the green which was at the end of the bridge.

However, not long were they there when they saw approaching them a chariot and a warrior the greatest and the most terrible of the human kind. And like unto a rampart or a great court crashing to the ground was the noise and sound of the chariot, so great was his swiftness and rage coming to behead Cúchulainn.

But on seeing Fearghus, Cúchulainn raised wonderful, numerous feats such as he had never raised against warrior or hero before. Yet it was vain for him—for when Cúchulainn cast all his spears and his javelins at him, they would glance from him doing him no more damage or wounding than if they had been struck against a hard, rough-topped rock. And Cúchulainn, having perceived this, tried all the venomous feats one after another upon him, so that he broke and rent his equipment and the yokes and arrangement and binding of his chariot. And yet even as little as the drawing of blood Cúchulainn did not accomplish in that time, but it was as if he were smiting an oak with his fists. Yet that was not an even fight or fair combat, for so strong were the blows of Fearghus and further so little the heed that Cúchulainn gave to the protection of his body by reason of his fierceness and rage and violence towards Fearghus, that Cúchulainn's body and flesh and heart were wounded and pierced and hacked and cut. For during that time Cúchulainn had not left an inch of Fearghus's body, as much of it as was covered with armour, that he did not attack with some one of his venomous feats in search of the spot which he had heard was vulnerable. But he did not chance upon that spot. And whilst Cúchulainn was engaged thus, Fearghus made a hostile wound and a lacerated mass of Cúchulainn's body, so that it was the boards of his chariot which were keeping his body and his limbs together, and the ravens of the air were taking large heavy pieces of his flesh and blood up into the clouds

dá chuid fola agus feola. Ciodh tráchta, ro bhádar air an geomhthuargain sin ó úrthosach na maidne go fuineadh néill nóna, ionnus gur bho meirtnigh mílúthmhar a n-eocha, agus gur bho sgítheach sgáthchurtha a n-aradh, agus gur bho briste buanréaptha a n-earradh agus a n-éideadh.

Is annsin adubhairt Fearghus :

“A ghaisgidhigh anaithnidh,” air sé, “dá dtugthá do choinghioll re tagmháil damh annso a mocha na maidne amárach, do sguirfinn do’n chomhrac sa go lá, óir ní thárla curadh nó cathmhíleadh liom ariamh do sheasaimh an fad sin liom, acht thusa amháin.”

“Ní air tí do sheachna tánac annso,” air Cúchulainn, “óir cé nach dtáinic dhíom do dhíthláithriughadh aniugh,” air sé, “suil tiocfas meadhón laoi amárach, cuirfead do cheann isin áit a raibhe súil agad-sa mo cheann-sa do chur .i. air an droichead.”

“Is mór an gealladh sin,” air Fearghus, “má níthear a mhaith dhe.”

Is amhlaidh do bhí Cúchulainn, níor léig mea[th]tacht nó mílaochdhacht dá chóir fris an ré sin.

Dá gcuirthá a n-iongnadh, a léightheóir, cionnus do thuig an dias anaithnidh ain-iúil si teangtha a chéile, bíodh a fhios agad go raibhe teanga air siubhal go coitcheann idir na cineadhachaibh, an uair sin, nach raibhe díleas aig cineadh air bith, darbh’ainm an Bérla Teibhidhe, [86a] amhail mar atá Laidean anois ; agus gan chontabhairt gurb’ í sin teanga i n-ar labhair an dias so re chéile an tan sin.

Acht acheana, tugadar an dá ársaigh iorghaile si a ndá chúla re chéile, agus téid Fearghus gan fhuiiughadh, gan ffordheargadh, do’n gcathraigh, agus téid Cúchulainn go créachtach crólinteach do’n bpubal, agus fa samhalta re sruth garbhghlórach aig dul tar clochaibh átha nó inbheir na sruthlinte fola do bhí [aig] fágbháil a chuirp agus a chléibh. Agus air dteacht do’n bpubal dáibh, adubhairt Cúchulainn re Laoi :

“Maith, a Laoi,” air sé, “gabh mo chlaidheamh agus bean mo cheann díom,” air sé, “óir ní bhíadh mé beó tiacht na maidne air échor, óir do fíoradh an aisling orm anois. Agus éirigh thusa ann do luing, agus beir mo cheann agus mo charbad agus m’airm leat go h-Éirinn, go nach maoidhfear mo chosgar ris an bhfóm[h]óir úd air nach deargaid airm. Agus is deimhin, dá madh duine

of heaven and the vaults of the firmament. Howbeit they were engaged in this mutual smiting from the early dawn of morn till the setting of the evening star, so that their steeds were weary and faint, their charioteers fatigued and tired, their equipment broken and burst asunder.

Then Fearghus spake :

“Unknown warrior,” quoth he, “if thou gave me a pledge to encounter me here early to-morrow morn, I would cease from this combat till the morrow. For never have I encountered warrior or hero who withstood me so long save thee alone.”

“Not with intent to avoid thee did I come here,” answered Cúchulainn, “for though I have not succeeded in destroying thee to-day, before mid-day to-morrow I shall put thy head where thou didst hope to put mine, namely on the bridge.”

“That is a great promise,” said Fearghus, “if it be made good.”

For thus was Cúchulainn, he allowed neither cowardice nor faint-heartedness to approach him during all that time.

(Shouldst thou wonder, O reader, how these two strangers and foreigners understood each other’s language, know that at that time there was in use between nations a common language which was not proper to any one nation and which was called the *Béarla Teibhidhe*, just as Latin is now used ; and without doubt that was the language in which these two spoke to each other on that occasion).

However these two veterans of battle turned their backs on one another, and Fearghus went, unhurt and unwounded, to the city, and Cúchulainn went wounded and gory to the tent. And like a loud-voiced stream dashing over the stones of a ford or river-mouth were the streams of blood leaving his body and his breast. And when they had come to the tent, Cúchulainn spake to Laoi :

“Well Laoi,” said he, “take my sword and cut off my head, for I shall not be alive when morning comes. For now my dream has been verified. And do thou go in thy ship and take my head and my chariot and my weapons with thee to Ireland, so that that invulnerable giant may not boast of my defeat. And sure

air a ndeargfadh airm hé, nach biadh tiacht aige óm'armaibh-si. Agus tabhair mo bheannacht d'Eimhir agus d'Fhearghus agus do Chonall agus dom' cháirdibh air cheana, agus do gheabha tú moirn agus onóir uatha go bráth air son mo sgéala-sa do bhreith cuca," air sé.

"Truagh sin, a Chuagáin!" air Laoi, "luidhim-se fo na déibh adharrdha," air sé, "nach geabhainn-si ríoghacht an domhain d'fhagháil, gan chogadh, gan chathugh, dhamh péin agus a cheann do bhuaín do'n tí rér shiubhail mé muir agus tír, agus is annsa liom d'fhearaibh nó mhnáibh na<sup>1</sup> talmhan. Acht is eadh do dhénad, anmhain go dtí Fearghus amárach do bhuaín do chinn díot-sa, agus go ndéna mé comhrac fris ionnus go mbeanfair mo cheann díom [86b] péin agus go gcuirfidhthear a n-aoinfheaecht re do cheann-sa air an droichead é. Óir is fearr liom sin ná a bheith beó tar h'éis agus<sup>2</sup> go ndáilfidhe maitheas na talmhan dhamh."

"Maith, a Laoi," air sé, "ó nach bhfaomhann tú mo chomhairle do dhénamh ann súd, féch an dtíosadh dhíot stad éigin do bhuaín as na sruthlintibh fola so [aig] dul as mo chréachtaibh, ionnus go mbeinn beó go maidin agus go ndeachainn ann mo charbad amárach, óir dob'fhearr leam nó maitheas na talmhan mo cheann do bhuaín díom a gcathláthair iorghaile a bhfochair a bhuaín díom air mo leabaidh, óir adéradh Fearghus annsin gur do chomhrac aon laoi do thuit mé leis, mar gach neach oile dár thuit leis ariamh."

"Truagh sin, a Chuagáin!" air Laoi, "cionnus do stadfuinn na sruthlinte atá [aig] tiacht as do chréachtaibh amháil eas abhanna, agus go n-áirfinn féar na talmhan tré lár do chuim agus tré san n-áladh atá a seang do thaoibh ó'n tseigh nimhe."

Agus do rinneadar an laoidh eatorra co n-eabairt :

Créachtach anocht do thaobh,  
A Chúcholainn nár fhaomh feall,  
Srotha linteacha is corcra crú,  
Táid go dlúth aig sileadh ann.

Cuir-si luibhe re mo chréacht,  
A Mhic Rianghabhra na n-éacht ndlúth,  
Dom' leigheas ó nimh na n-arm,  
Sul bhus marbh misi is tú.

<sup>1</sup> an.

<sup>2</sup> *am* which seems to be for *ag*.

it is that if he were one whom weapons could wound, he could not escape from my weapons. And give my blessing to Eimhear and to Fearghus and to Conall and to all my friends besides. And thou shalt get affection and honour from them for ever for having brought news of me to them."

"Alas! little Cú," said Laoi, "I swear by the gods of adoration that I could not accept the kingship of the world without battle or fighting and behead him with whom I have travelled over land and sea and whom I hold dearest of all the men and women in the world. But I shall wait till Fearghus comes to-morrow to behead thee and I shall encounter him so that my own head may be cut off and put along with thine on the bridge. For better do I deem that than to be alive after thee though endowed with all the goods of the earth."

"Well, Laoi," quoth Cúchulainn, "since thou consentest not to take my counsel in that, see if thou canst stop in some wise these streams of blood which flow from my wounds, so that I may be alive to-morrow and go in my chariot in the morning. For I prefer to all the goods of the earth that my head should be cut off on the field of battle rather than upon my bed. For then Fearghus would say that I fell by him in one day's combat, as all others who ever fell by him."

"Alas! little Cú," said Laoi, "how could I check those streams which flow from thy wounds like the cataract of a river, seeing that I could count the blades of grass on the earth through the middle of thy body and through the wounds that are in the slender part of thy side from the venomous spear."

And they made the lay between them and said :

Full of wounds to-night is thy side, O Cúchulainn who didst not consent to treachery! Streams of reddest blood are densely pouring from it.

Put thou herbs to my wounds, O son of Rianghabhar of the many valourous deeds, to heal me from the venom of the weapons before I and thou are dead.

Cionnus do dhénainn leigheas do mharbh,  
 A Chúchulainn na n-arm ngér?  
 'S gur léir dham tríd do chom  
 Duille feadha, fonn is fér.

[87a]

Aon chréacht ádhbhal a da chliabh,  
 Ní fhaca ariamh créacht mar í,  
 Mar shruth chubhrach aig dul tar áth,  
 Is eadh atá an tuile tríd.

Créacht oile a seang do chúil,  
 Ní fhaca súil créacht bu mó,  
 Mar bhuinne dhian tar eas árd,  
 Is eadh atá fuil dā fó.

Gabh mo chloidheamh is neartmhar béim  
 Nó an colg déad is cuimseac[h] cuing,  
 Is teasg mo cheann, cé mór an béad,  
 Is iomchuir é leat ad' luing.

Iomchuir leat ann do luing,  
 An ceann, a Laoi, fa h-ionmhain leat,  
 Fearr nó mo chosgar do mhaoidheamh, tráth,  
 Re Fearghus árd is á[dh]bhal neart.

Air maitheas an domhain go léir,  
 A Chúcholainn dár ghéill gach tír,  
 Do cheann ní fhaicfear ann mo láimh  
 Tar éis go bráth<sup>1</sup> a bhuain díot.

Tiucfaidh Fearghus tairptheach teann,  
 Iarrfa ceann nó comhrac dlúth,  
 Misi is Fearghus san treas,  
 Roinnfighear eadruinn cleasa lúth.

Do cheann díot-sa agus díom  
 Beanfaidh Fearghus, brígh mo rúin;  
 Iodhlaicfior misi ionnat' fheart,  
 Bu h-ionann leacht dhuit-si is dúinn.

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<sup>1</sup> go bhráth.

How could I cure thy deadly wounds, O Cúchulainn of the sharp weapons, when I can see through thy body the leaves of the wood, the earth, and the grass.

One terrible wound in thy breast—never saw I greater wound. Like a foaming stream rushing over a ford is the flood [of blood] through it.

Another wound in thy back—never saw eye a greater wound. Like a swift torrent over a cataract is the blood from its edge.

Take my sword of mighty stroke or the ivory-hilted blade of powerful yoke and cut off my head, though great the pity, and take it with thee in thy ship.

Take with thee in thy ship the head that thou lovest, O Laoi. That is better than that at any time tall Fearghus of huge strength should boast my fall.

Not for all the wealth in the world—O Cúchulainn to whom all lands have submitted—shall thy head severed from thy body be seen in my hand.

The stout valiant Fearghus will come, he will demand head or close combat. I and Fearghus in the battle—between us will feats of activity be divided.

Thy head and mine will Fearghus cut off, in very sooth ; I shall be buried in thy grave, one tombstone shall we have.

Acht aheana, haithle an truagh-chomhráidh agus na h-eólechuire sin idir an dias rérbh'annsa a chéile san domhan, gabhas Laoi sgaraoide sgiamhghlana agus bratacha lánleathna lin, agus do ní strócach agus stialla dhíobh, agus do chuir canach agus cneasugh a mbéal na gneadh agus na gcréacht, agus do bhean stad as na sruthlintibh. Agus do chóirigh iomdha agus árdleabadh, agus do chuir bruit thana thaobhéadtroma do'n tsról mhaothlag ortha, agus do chuir an curadh créachtghonach crólinteach urtha, agus tug digh do mhiodh [87b] sho-óla agus d'fhion bhríoghmar bhlasta dhó. Agus do ghabh péin earradh áigh agus iorghaile uime, agus do bhí aig faire agus fuar-choimhead a dtimchioll an phubail, a n-oirchill na maidne, ionnus go ndénadh comhrac agus cathiorghail re Fearghus tar cheann a thriath agus a thighearna.

Ciodh tíachta, ní dóibh leanas an stair seal oile, acht tráchtfum beagán annso air na cáirdibh síthchuireadh do bhaoi aige Coincualainn a n-Éirinn. Óir is amhlaidh ro bhí Cúchulainn, ní raibhe síoguidh nó síthchaire a n-Éirinn, agus go h-áirithe is an gCóige Ulltach, nach roibh 'n-a gcaraid agus 'n-a gcompánachaibh aige, do bhrígh go dtugadar seirc agus síorghrádh dhó air fheabhas a eóluis agus a intleachta a n-ealadhnachaibh doilfe draoidheachta agus a gceardchaibh goile agus gaisgidh, agus air fheabhas a choinghill, agus air a réidhe aig bronnadh óir agus ionnmhuis. Dá bhrígh sin, do bheirdís congnamh agus cuidiugh dhó re h-ucht n-éigin agus gábhaidh, agus do nidheadh seision comhairle agus cuideachta leó, mar is follus isin stair atá firinneach .i. Seisreach Bhreisligh air Thánadh Bhó Cuailgne, mar a raibhe Cúchulainn ó'n Deardaoin roimh Lá Samhna go Céadaoin roimh Fhéil Brighde re h-ucht bhfear n-Éirinn, gan aon néall do chodhladh acht an méid do nidheadh re n-a chionn do léigean air a dhorn agus a dhorn air a ghlún, nó go dtáinic fear dá cháirdibh síthchuireadh chuige, agus gur choisg na sluaigh feadh trí lá agus teóra h-oidhche, ionnus gur chodail Cúchulainn a lór-dhaothain fris an ré sin. Agus fós [88a] do bhí Dolbh agus Onndolbh .i. dhá shíogaidh, aig congnamh re Cúchulainn a n-aghaidh Fhir Dhia ar Áth an Chomhraic, nó gur mharbh Fear Dia iad d'urchar do thsleigh air ghualainn Chongcualainn. Agus mar an gcéadna, an síogaidh do bhaoi aig congnamh re Fear Dia, do shnaidhm í féin a ndeilbh easguinne fa chosaibh Chongcualainn is an áth, nó go dtug Fear

However, after that piteous conversation and lament between the two who held each other dearest of all the world, Laoi took shining, bright sheets and full-wide cloths of linen and he tore them into strips and pieces, and he put lint and healing on the mouths of the wounds which checked the streams of blood. And he arranged a couch and bed, and put thin, light sheets of delicate satin upon it, and he placed the wounded, bloody hero on them, and gave him drinks of pleasant-tasted mead and of invigorating, delicious wine. And he himself donned his suit of battle and combat, and he remained watching and guarding around the tent, waiting for the morn, so that he might do combat with Fearghus on behalf of his lord and master.

However, not with those does the story deal for a while, but we will discourse somewhat here of the Faery friends Cúchulainn had in Ireland. For thus was Cúchulainn, there were no fairies or folk of the mounds in Ireland, and in particular in the province of Ulster, who were not his friends and companions, for they gave him love and lasting affection on account of the excellence of his knowledge and his understanding in magical sciences and in crafts of valour and bravery, and on account of his trustiness, and his lavishness in bestowing gold and wealth. Therefore they used to help and assist him in difficulty and danger, and he used to take their counsel and associate with them, as is evident in the story which is true, namely *Seisreuch Bhréisligh* on the *Táin Bó Cuailgne* where Cúchulainn was facing the men of Ireland from the Thursday before Hallowe'en to the Wednesday before the Feast of Brigid, without getting any sleep save what he got by placing his head on his hand and his hand on his knee, until one of his Faery friends came to him, and kept back the hosts for the space of three days and three nights, so that Cúchulainn slept his fill then. And moreover Dolbh and Onndolbh, two fairies, were helping Cúchulainn against Fear Dia at the Ford of Combat, until Fear Dia slew them on Cúchulainn's shoulder with a spear-cast. And likewise the fairy who was assisting Fear Dia wound herself in the form of an eel beneath Cúchulainn's feet in

Dia teóra tromghon air an feadh do bhaoi aig ionnarbadh na h-easguinne dhe. Agus mar sin níor<sup>1</sup> chóra dháibh cabhair do thabhairt an uair sin dá leannánaibh ghaisgidh ná a thabhairt anois do Choingculainn re linn an mhór-éigin si.

Dála na sí[th]chuireadh annso .i. Sithmhall Síthe Múidhbh, agus Carrthann Chasdhubbh ó Chnoc Meadha a Laoighis, agus Gaire Gréine ó Dhún an Áine idir Eamhain Macha agus Abhann Mhór; Iollainn agus Iollánach ó Dhún Lir; Cuirrín Cosluadh ó Shliabh Fuaid; Dímhall Shléibhe Truim; Saoileanach Locha Saoileann; Sgalghaire Shléibhe Mis; Eibhlinn Bhiorra ó Shliabh Cuillonn, agus dream oile nach iad réirbh'ionmhain Cúchulainn, air bhfeas agus air bhfaisnéis dáibh tré n-a n-ealadhain draoidheachta Cúchulainn do bheith isin n-airc bháis si, do chruinnighdear ar aon láthair aig Fionncharn na Foraíre air Shliabh Fuaid, áit raibhe Finghín Fáidhliagh, eadhon liagh Chongculainn féin agus árd-liagh fhear an domhain. Agus is amhlaidh do bhí Finghín, do aithneadh sé, air bhfaicsin na cneidhe, créad an cinél airm do nidheadh í, mar atá sleagh nó colg nó claidheamh nó craoiseach, nó an duine óg nó ársaidh nó cruadh-laoch do nidheadh í, agus do aithneadh [88b] air an gcéad fhocal do thigeadh air bhéal an othair an dtíosadh nó nach dtíosadh, nó cá fad an ré do bhiadh gan dol.

Acht cheana, air gcruiinniughadh do na síthbhroghaibh air aon maighin, do nochtadar a ndála d'Fhinghín, agus do thógbhadar Finghín leó a néallaibh nimhe a gcuideachta na gaoithe glan-ghéire, agus níor comhnaidheadh leó do'n árdeitioll sin nó gur thoirlingeadar a ndoras an phubail, air mbeith do Laoi aige cur aghartán fir ghonta fri Coingculainn. Agus air dtoirling dáibh, adubhairt Finghín:

"Maith, a Laoi," air sé, "cionnus atáthar agaibh<sup>2</sup>?"

Dearcas Laoi go tuirseach tromaigeantach air an óglach agus adubhairt:

"Dar mo bhréithir ámh," air sé, "dá mbeinn a n-Éirinn, do shaoilfinn gur tú Finghín Fáithliagh."

"Is mé Finghín," air sé, "agus tánacas maille re na cáirdibh síthchuireadh do chabhair Chongcuailgne."

<sup>1</sup> gar, but the sense points to nár or níor.

<sup>2</sup> ag. for agat or agaibh.

the ford, so that Fear Dia inflicted three heavy wounds on Cúchulainn whilst he was casting the eel from him. And therefore it was not more meet for them to aid their beloved heroes on that occasion than to aid Cúchulainn now in this great strait.

Tidings of the Fairies here : Sithmhall Síthe Múidhbh, and Carrthann Chasdubh from Cnoc Meadha in Leix, and Gáire Gréine from Dún an Áine between Eamhain Macha and Abha Mhór, Iollainn and Iollánach from Dún Lir, Cuirrín Cosluadh from Sliabh Fuaid, Dímhall of Sliabh Truim, Saoileanach of Loch Saoileann, Sgalghaire of Sliabh Mis, Eibhlínn Bhiorra from Sliabh Cuillíonn, besides a host of others to whom Cúchulainn was dear, on learning through their magic arts that Cúchulainn was in this deadly strait, assembled together in one spot at Fionncharn na Foraíre on Sliabh Fuaid, where was Finghín the Seer-Physician, to wit the physician of Cúchulainn himself and the chief physician of the men of the world. And such was Finghín that on seeing a wound, he would know what sort of weapon had caused it, namely a spear or a blade or a sword or a javelin, or whether a young man or a veteran or a hard warrior had inflicted it, and he would know by the first word which came from the sick man's lips whether he would recover or not, and how long it would be until he died.

However when these folk of the fairy palaces had been gathered together in one spot, they disclosed the matter to Finghín, and they lifted him with them into the clouds of heaven with the clear sharp wind, and they stayed not in that lofty soaring until they alighted at the entrance to the tent, as Laoi was placing the cushions of a wounded man beneath Cúchulainn. And when they descended, Finghín said :

“Well, Laoi, how are matters with you ?”

Laoi looked sadly and mournfully at the warrior and said :

“By my word, were I in Ireland I should think that thou wert Finghín Fáithliagh.”

“I am Finghín,” answered he, “and I have come with the friends from Faery to aid Cúchulainn.”

Air gcelos na mbriathar sin do Laoi, tuiteas a dtuaisibh agus a dtromméallaibh re bárr luinne agus luathghára. Druideas Finghín fris an iomhdhadh agus suidheas air colbh na cearchuille aig Coingculainn, agus adubhairt :

“Maith, a Chuagáin, a Chúchulainn, cionnus ataoir do’n chur sa?” air sé.

“Dá madh do mo cháirdibh thusa,” air Cúchulainn, “do bhéruinn sgéala dhuit uime sin, agus ó nach eadh, ní cuibhe liom sgéala do thabhairt gan deabhadh dhuit.”

“Dot’ cháirdibh misi,” air Finghín, “eadhon Finghín Fáidhliagh, agus do cháirde sí[th]bhrogha as Éirinn táinic dot’ chabhair,” air sé.

Agus leis sin, luigheas Finghín air agus pógas do dil díochra hé, agus suidhid na síthchuireadh air gach taoibh dhe agus do nid fannghul gearánach géarthuirseach. Éirgheas Laoi as a néall. [89a] agus air n-aithne Fhinghín dó, iadhas<sup>1</sup> a dhá lámh uime, agus toirbheireas teóra póg dhó, agus cíos tromcheatha diandhíochra déar.

Acht cheana, téid Laoi fa shlinnénaibh Chongculainn agus tógbhas ’n-a shuidhe isin iomdha é, agus nochtas Finghín an sgiamhchorp seangchomach agus do ghabh aig féachain na gcréacht.

“Féacha leat an chréacht sin ann mo ghualainn chlí,” air Cúchulainn.

“Créacht sleighe go slis so,” air Finghín, “agus ní bhfuil domhuin agus is ionleighis í.”

“Féach leat an chréacht a n-ubhall mo bhrághad noch atá aig toirmeasg m’anála agus m’ urghill orm,” air sé.

“Créacht gaoi go rinn,” air Finghín, “níor ghoin acht feoil agus féatha agus ionleighis í.”

“Féacha leat an chréacht ann m’asguill,” air sé.

“Créacht cuilg go ngoimh,” air Finghín, “agus ionleighis í.”

“Féacha leat an t-áladh mór a mbéal mo chléibh,” air sé.

“Créacht sleighe nimhe<sup>2</sup> as ifreann so,” air Finghín, “agus do ghoin an sgairt agus [an] sgamhán, agus ní fhóireann luibh ná leigheas í acht ris an tsleigh chéadna do thungadh trí h-uaire ria,” air sé.

“Féacha leat an t-áladh mór a seang mo thaoibh,” air sé.

<sup>1</sup> iathas.

<sup>2</sup> nibhe.

On hearing these words Laoi fell into swoons and heavy trances through excessive joy and gladness. Finghín approached the couch and sat beside Cúchulainn's pillow and said :

"Well, little Cú, how art thou now?"

"If thou wert of my friends," said Cúchulainn, "I would give thee news, and since thou art not, I do not deem it fitting to give thee news without battle."

"I am of thy friends," said Finghín, "to wit Finghín the Seer-Physician, and thy friends from the fairy palaces in Ireland who have come to succour thee."

And with that Finghín bent down to him and kissed him fondly and fervently. And the Faery host sat on every side of him and they wept weakly, plaintively, bitterly. Laoi rose then from his swoon, and on recognising Finghín, he embraced him and gave him three kisses and wept heavy showers of fervent tears.

Howbeit, Laoi took Cúchulainn's shoulders and raised him in the couch, and Finghín bared the fair, slender body and took to examining the wounds.

"Examine that wound in my left shoulder," said Cúchulainn.

"This is the wound of a spear with a thin blade," said Finghín, "and it is not deep and it is curable."

"Examine this wound in the apple of my throat which is hindering my breathing and my speech," said he.

"This is the wound of a dart with a point," said Finghín. "It has wounded but the flesh and sinews and it is curable."

"Examine the great wound in my armpit," said he.

"This is the wound of a blade with venom," said Finghín, "and it is curable."

"Examine the great wound in the middle of my breast," said he.

"This is the wound of a venomous spear from Hell," said Finghín, "and it has pierced the midriff and the lungs, and herb or healing will not avail it save it be smitten thrice with the same spear."

"Examine the great wound in the slender part of my side," said he.

“Créacht na sleighe céadna so,” air Finghín, “.i. sleagh fuair a fabhuirt a bhfódhomhain shrotha Stix a n-ifeann, agus ní tualaing luibh ná íce dá furtacht acht ris an tsleigh chéadna do thungadh trí h-uaire ré. Gidheadh,” air Finghín, “do dhén-sa caoin-chneasugh orrtha go nach béaruid thus[a] go moch, agus do dhéanad<sup>1</sup> glanleigheas dot’ chneadhaibh oile uile, go madh h-ionchomhraic thú arís.”

“Truagh sin!” air Cúchulainn, “ní iarfuinn-si do shaoghal nó do théarma,” air sé. “acht go dtíosadh liom dul ann mo charbad arís agus cathiorghail [89b] do dhéanamh re Fearghus go nach air mo leabaidh beanfaidhe mo cheann díom.”

“Bú h-ionchathaigh,” air Finghín, “gidheadh, is baoghlach cathugh a n-aghaidh an tí air nach deargaid airm.”

As a h-aithle sin, do bheirid na síthbhrogha luibhe bocacha bárrghlasa agus íce agus íoc[sh]láinte air chumas Fhinghín. Agus do chuir Finghín an íoc[sh]láinte agus smeamair agus ollughadh cumhra cneasuidhe ris na cneadhaibh, ionnus go madh sleamhain slánchréachtach iad uile, acht amháin an dá áladh mhóra do rinne an tsleagh nimhe, agus do chuir Finghín cneasugh caoinleighis riú, ionnus gur stad na sruthlinte agus gur thraoithigh a nimh-loit,<sup>2</sup> agus do chuir fleasg daingean deargumha leith amuigh a dtimchioll a gheilchnis ionnus nach dtonnfadh na cneadha re feidhm nó re fóirneart. As a h-aithle sin, dáilid fíon agus miodh agus deocha dianchabharracha air, do neartughadh na fola agus na bríge ann, agus do rugadar as go maidin amhlaidh sin, lán d’urgháirdiugh meanma agus aigeanta.

A mochdheaghail na maidne air na mhárach, éirgheas an curadh cathbhudhach congháireach cathiorghalach créachtghonach .i. Cúchulainn oirdhearc, ioldhealbhach, iolbhudhach mac Subhaltaigh, amhail mar do bhíadh gan ghuin, gan áladh, agus do cheangail a chorp i n-a chathéideadh catha agus cruadhchomhraic, agus do fhuagair do Laoi an carbad d’inneall, ionnus go mbiadh aig áth an chomhraic suil do thiucfadh Fearghus, ionnus nach aitheónadh mea[th]tacht nó mílaochdhas air [90a]. Do ghní Laoi amhlaidh sin, agus téid Cúchulainn is an gcarbad agus adubhairt :

“Maith, a Laoi,” air sé, “dá dtigeadh díot-sa an Ga Bulga d’innull dhamh-sa aniugh suil do goinfidhe ris an tsleigh nimhe

<sup>1</sup> dhéanuid.

<sup>2</sup> nibhloit.

"This is a wound of the same spear," said Finghín, "to wit a spear which has been annealed in the depths of the river Styx in Hell, and herb or salve cannot cure it save by smiting it thrice with the same spear. But I shall make a 'fair healing' [*i.e.* external healing] so that they may not carry thee off soon (?) and I shall cure all thy other wounds completely, so that thou mayst again be fit for combat."

"Alas!" quoth Cúchulainn, "I should not ask for life or length of days but that I should be enabled to go in my chariot once more and do battle with Fearghus, so that I might not be beheaded on my bed."

"Thou wilt be fit to fight," said Finghín, "yet it is perilous to fight against one who is invulnerable."

Then the Faery host put green-topped herbs and salve and balm at Finghín's disposal. And Finghín put the balm and a fragrant, healing anointing and oiling on the wounds, so that they were all supple and sound, save the two great wounds made by the venomous spear. And on these Finghín put an "external healing," so that he stopped the streams of blood and overcame their venomous injury, and he put a strong circlet of red bronze outside around his fair skin, so that the wounds might not break forth with exertion or violence. Then they served him with wine and mead and swift-succouring drinks, to strengthen his blood and to renew his vigour, and thus they spent the time till morning, full of gladness of mind and spirit.

In the early morning on the morrow, the victorious, exultant, valourous, wounded hero, to wit the illustrious, comely, versatile Cúchulainn mac Subhultaigh, rose as if he were without wound or hurt, and he bound his body in his battle-suit of combat and harsh conflict, and he ordered Laoi to prepare the chariot that he might be at the Ford of Combat before Fearghus arrived there, so that Fearghus might not discover cowardice or faintheartedness in him. Laoi did so, and Cúchulainn went into the chariot and said:

"Well, Laoi, if thou couldst prepare the Ga Bulga for me to-day before I am again wounded by the venomous spear, it

mé arís, do ba dhóigh go ngoifidhe Fearghus, gan fhéachain dá chneas-chumhdach."

"Do dhéna mo dhíthcheall," air Laoi, "agus gurb'eadh dhéna tusa." air sé. "béimeanna agus lámhach sleighe Fhearghuis do sheachna agus d'iomghabháil nó go madh h-innillte an Ga Bulga, agus má fhéadum-sí, ní ba fada an mhuill ort é."

Ciodh tráchta, ní cian ro bhádar ann an tan do chonncadar an t-ársuigh iorghaile agus an deabhtach díbheirgeach<sup>1</sup> agus an fom[h]óir dubhghorm dathghránda dá n-ionsoigh .i. Fearghus Fíodhárd mac Rígh na bhFear Mór dá ngoirthear Moróco aniugh. Agus do ghabh do bhéimeannaibh borbneartmhara básamhla agus do sháithtibh síornimhneacha<sup>2</sup> síorluatha sleighe air Choingculainn, óir níor mhiadh nó maisi leis mar do chonnuirc Cúchulainn lán d'uaill agus d'aigneadh [aig] teacht an dara lá a ndáil comhraic chuige, mar nach bhfacaidh curadh nó cathmhíleadh dár chomhraic fris ariamh roimhe sin.

Acht atá aon ní cheana, ro imghabh Cúchulainn a bhorb-bhéimeanna, ionnus nár léig guin gaoi nó claidhimh nó cuilg nó sleighe i n-a chorp nó i n-a chneas, nó go ndeachaidh Laoi agus na síthbhruighe isin gcaolmara air cheann an droichid, agus go ndearnadar cara agus forghabháil ann, agus gur fostadh<sup>3</sup> an sruth agus go raibhe 'n-a dhubhlinn dhorcha dhubhdhomhain, agus gur innill an Ga Bulgæ agus gur fhuagair do Choingculainn a fhreastal, [90b] óir fa geis do'n Gha Bulga roighne robhaidh do thabhairt roimhe, go ndubhairt Laoi :

"Léig dhíot do chleasa lúth agus lámhaidh, a Chúchulainn," air sé, "agus fomna an Ga Bulga. Fomna, fomna an Ga Bulga, a Chúchulainn chleasamhnaigh chathbhuaadhaigh, agus dionguibh dhíot an cathmhíleadh atá at' aghaidh."

Agus adubhairt an laoidh ann :

A Chúchulainn chathbhuaadhaigh,

Dá ngéillionn na tíortha,

Seachain cleas Sgathaighe,

Is fomna cleas Aoife !

Leis sin lingear Cúchulainn as a charbud agus téid gus an linn, agus cuirios na h-asa áluinn órdhuighe dá ghealcholpaibh, agus seamhas a n-ionadh urdalta. Agus air n-a fhaicsin sin d'Fhearghus, do shacil gurb' aig teitheadh roimhe do bhaoi

<sup>1</sup> díbheirgeach.

<sup>2</sup> síornibhneacha.

<sup>3</sup> fostagh, *perhaps for* fhostaigh.

were likely that Fearghus would be wounded, regardless of his protective skin."

"I shall do my best," said Laoi, "and what thou shalt do," said he, "is to avoid and ward off the blows and spear-thrusts of Fearghus until the Ga Bulga be ready, and if I can, thou shalt not be long delayed."

However, not long were they there when they saw the veteran of combat, the violent fighter, the blue-black hideous-hued giant, coming towards them, to wit Fearghus Fiodhárd, son of Rí na bhFear Morc, to-day called Morocco. And he attacked Cúchulainn with rough, strong, deadly blows and very venomous, very swift spear-thrusts, for it liked him not to behold Cúchulainn coming to encounter him the second day full of pride and spirit, as never before had he seen warrior or hero who had once fought with him.

However, Cúchulainn warded off his strong blows, so that he did not suffer wound of javelin or sword or blade or spear in his body or skin, until Laoi and the Faery host went into the straits at the end of the bridge and made a dam and causeway there, and checked the stream until it was a black, dark, deep pool, and prepared the Ga Bulga and called to Cúchulainn to serve it, for it was a *geis* to the Ga Bulga to give a quick word of warning before it. And Laoi said :

"Lay aside thy feats of activity and casting and beware of [i.e. look out for] the Ga Bulga, beware, beware the Ga Bulga, O victorious feat-abounding Cúchulainn."

And he made the lay :

"O victorious Cúchulainn, to whom lands yield, avoid the feat of Sgathach, look out for the feat of Aoife."

Thereupon Cúchulainn sprang from his chariot and went to the pool, and he cast the beautiful gilded hosen from his fair calves and stood in a certain place. And on seeing that, Fearghus

Cúchulainn, agus leanas go bruach an inbheir é agus an tsleagh nimhe air dearglasadh i n-a lámh. Iar sin innleas Cúchulainn an Bán-gha básamhail Bhulga as laghar a choisi deisi<sup>1</sup> a gceartlár [a] aithche agus a éadain air. Agus is amhlaidh ro bhaoi Fearghus, an tan do rugadh é, do tug a mháthair trí tumtha air a bhfódhomain shrotha Stix, ionnus nach raibhe eadh n-órlaigh ann a chorp air a ndeargfadh arm, acht amháin fíor-bhárr a thsróna air nach ráinic an t-uisge an uair sin.

Dála an Gha Bulga, ós air nár dhídean draoidheacht nó diabhlaidheacht nó arm nó éideadh, agus nach gabhadh lus nó leigheas greim dhe, aimsios bior-rinn de bárr sróna Fhearghuis agus téid tríd a mhéidhe siar seachtar, gur tholl agus gur threaghd<sup>2</sup> a chúil-inchinn, [91a] agus tiaghaid rinn-bheara an Gha Bulga dá réir sin tré n-a chorp, ionnus go madh samhalta re fuirinn do bhearaibh cinnghéara cleithe foirsighe, sgatha rann agus rinn-fhaobhar an Ghatha Bulga do'n taoibh araill dá dhruim, ionnus go madh samhalta re colún comhfhuar cloiche air cheann moighe nó mór-mhachaire é, gan chorugh, gan mhothugh a mball coisi nó lámhe dhe, óir do ghlac an bás bán-dhathach seilbh air gach eadh n-órlaigh dá chorp, agus do thuit an tsleagh agus [an t-] arm as a lámhaibh, acht amháin níor sgar urlabhra leis nó go ndubhairt :

“Is glé-bheirteach an lámhach sin, a ghaisgidhigh óig uasail,” air sé, “agus do shaoil misi nach raibhe air tuin<sup>3</sup> talmhan curadh nó cathmhíleadh náid airm nó iolfhaobhair, do dhénadh díth nó díbháil dhamh péin, agus is deimhin liom gur leat-sa árdcheannas an domhuin feasta, óir níl contabhairt agam nó go dtuitfe mo dhearbhráthair, Garuidh Garbhghlúineach, leat, acht go bhfacair é, óir is ionghonta é re h-armaibh, ní h-ionann agus misi.”

Agus air rádh na mbriathar sin, tuiteas marbh chum láir agus lántalmhan. Agus leis sin tig Cúchulainn as an linn agus ritheas Finghín Fáidhliagh go Fearghus, agus gabhas an tsleagh nimhe<sup>4</sup> i n-a lámh, agus nochtas cneas caomháluinn cubharbhán Chongculainn, agus tungas an tsleagh trí h-uaire ris na h-áladhaibh, go madh sleamhain slánchréachtach a gcéadóir iad, mar gach ball oile dá chorp nár goineadh riamh roimhe. [91b] Iadhuid na síthchuireadh uile um Coingculainn annsin, agus do chanadar

<sup>1</sup> a choisi oile, but a similar passage [108a] shows that deisi is the word intended.

<sup>2</sup> threadhg.

<sup>3</sup> So MS. but perhaps intended for tuinn?

<sup>4</sup> ribhe.

thought that Cúchulainn was fleeing before him, and he followed him to the brink of the river-mouth, with the venomous spear blazing in his hand. Then Cúchulainn aimed the fair, deadly Ga Bulga from between the toes of his right foot right in the middle of Fearghus's countenance and face. And thus was Fearghus, when he was born his mother dipped him thrice in the depths of the river Styx, so that not an inch of his body was vulnerable save the very tip of his nose which the water did not reach on that occasion.

As for the Ga Bulga, since magic or devilry, arm or armour was no protection from it and since herb or healing availed not against it, one of its pointed darts aimed at the tip of Fearghus's nose, and it went back out through his neck, so that it pierced and bored the back of his brain, and all the pointed darts of the Ga Bulga accordingly went through his body, so that the crowds of darts and sharp edges on the Ga Bulga on the other side of his back were like a crowd of keen-pointed darts on a harrow, and he was like a cold stone column at the end of a plain or great field with neither life nor motion in hand or foot. For pale-hued Death had taken possession of every inch of his body. And the spear and weapon fell from his hands, yet his power of speech departed not from him till he had said :

“Valiant that casting, O noble young warrior! And I thought that there was not on earth hero or warrior, arm or weapon, to hurt or injure me. And certain am I that thine will be the headship of the world henceforth, for I doubt not but that my brother, Garuidh Garbhghlúineach, will fall by thee if thou see him, for he, unlike me, can be wounded by weapons.”

And having said these words he fell dead to the ground. And thereupon Cúchulainn came forth from the pool, and Finghín ran to Fearghus, and took the venomous spear in his hand, and bared the fair, beautiful, foam-white body of Cúchulainn, and smote the wounds thrice with the spear, so that at once they became supple and sound even as any other part of his body which had never before been wounded. Then the fairy hosts closed in around Cúchulainn, and with excess of joy and

ceól siorrachtach sírbhinn re bárr luathghára agus luinneachais, agus do ghabhadar aga chórughadh agus aga dheasughadh, óir do bheanadar na léinte fuilteacha fordhearga do bhí uime dhe, agus do chuireadar éaduigh líoghdha lánmhaiseacha air, agus do ghabhadar aig ceangal agus [aig] cornadh an fhuilt dhualaigh dhatháluinn do bhaoi fair, agus tugadar breachtradh síthe uime, ionnus go madh samhalta re h-óg-mhacaomh áluinn urmhuisneach aig bréagadh ban agus bantracht é, ná re curadh nó cathmhíleadh aig iomlat arm agus iolfhaobhar.

“Maith, a Laoi,” air Cúchulainn, “cosgair Fearghus agus bean an Ga Bulga as.”

Óir ní beantaioi an Ga Bulga as duine nó go gcasgarthaoi go méad n-órlaigh chuige hé.

Iar sin, gabhas Laoi Gearr na gColann .i. an claidheamh do bhí re h-aghaidh na muintire i n-a dtigheadh an Ga Bulga ionta do chosgairt, agus gabhas aig casgairt agus ag cnáimhghearradh Fearghuis nó gur bhean an Ga Bulga as. Agus adeirid gurb'é Gearr na gColann an claidheamh do bhí aig Fionn mac Cubhail 'n-a dhiaidh sin, re linn a bheith a n-árdcheannas air Fhiannaibh Éireann dó.

Ciodh trácht, air maoidheamh an mhór-éachta sin, tigid muintear chathracha na Salerno do bhí air múraibh agus air mór-árdaibh na cathracha aig feitheamh an chomhraic, amach a gcoinne agus a gcomhdháil Chongculainn, agus beirid leó do'n gcathraigh é, maille re ceól agus re cainticibh, agus do rinneadar umhla agus urraim dhó tré n-a saoradh ó'n daorbhruid i n-a raibheadar aig Fearghus. [92a] Agus annsin iarras Cúchulainn eólas gus an áit i n-a raibhe an rí a ndaorbhruid aig Fearghus, agus do níd eólas dó annsin, gan eagla, gan uamhan, gus an tor i n-a raibhe an rí agus a dhias cloinne .i. a mhac agus a inghean darbh'ainm Clephanta. Agus iar dteacht gus an tor dhó, cuirios cárrtha comhmór cloiche i n-a chranntábhúill, agus innleas air an doras í, go ndearna blogha beaga buanréaptha dhe, agus go ndeachaidh isin gearcair thalmhan a roibh an rí agus a chlann a ndochar agus a ndaorbhruid. Agus briseas Cúchulainn an géibhionn do bhí orrtha, agus tug leis amach iad. Agus ro fháiltigheadar muintear an bhaile roimhe an rí, agus nochtuid dhó mar do thuit Fearghus re buadhchleasaibh Chongculainn. Agus fa h-iongnadh ádhbhalmhór leis an rí an gníomh sin. Agus

delight they sang sweet, melodious music. And they took to arranging and settling him, for they stripped him of his blood-stained, reddened tunics, and they clothed him in shining, full-beautiful garments, and they began to bind and dress his ringleted beautiful-hued hair, and they cast a fairy spell upon him, so that he was more like unto a beautiful, courageous youth beguiling women and maidens than to a hero or warrior wielding arms and weapons.

“Well, Laoi,” said Cúchulainn, “cut open Fearghus and remove the Ga Bulga.”

For the Ga Bulga could not be removed from anyone until every inch of him had been hacked.

Then Laoi took the Body-cutter, to wit the sword for cutting open those whom the Ga Bulga had entered, and he took to hacking and hewing Fearghus until he removed the Ga Bulga. And they say that this Body-cutter was the sword which Fionn mac Cumhaill had afterwards, when he was in authority over the Fianna of Ireland.

However, having exulted in that great exploit, the inhabitants of the city of Salerna, who were on the ramparts and great heights of the city to behold the combat, came forth to meet Cúchulainn, and they took him with them to the city with music and canticles, and they did homage and obeisance to him for having saved them from the dire oppression of Fearghus. And then Cúchulainn asked to be guided to where Fearghus had the king in bondage, and they showed him the way then, without fear or terror, to the tower where were the king and his two children, to wit his son and his daughter, Clephanta. And when he came to the tower, he put a large stone in his sling, and aimed it at the door, so that he burst it into small bits. And he went into the earthy prison where the king and his children were in misery and bondage, and he broke the bonds which were upon them, and brought them out with him. And the people of the city welcomed the king, and they told him how Fearghus had fallen by the victorious feats of Cúchulainn, and greatly did the king marvel at that deed.

téid an rí agus Cúchulainn agus na maithe air cheana do'n ghrianán, agus innseas Cúchulainn dáibh gurb aig tóruigheacht air Gharuidh táinie as Éirinn agus a dhála gach áit go nuige sin. Agus nochtas Clephanta do Choingculainn méid a h-ionmhaine do Ghruagach an Fheadáin Órdha<sup>1</sup> .i. mac Áird-rígh na h-Aifrice, agus amhail mar do chuir Garuidh go Cathair an tSrotha Dheirg é, agus nach raibhe dáil fuasgulta dhó nó d'aon neach oile dár cuireadh ann go bráth.

"Narb' iomthsníomhach thusa uime sin, a ríoghain," air sé, "óir luighim-si fom'armaibh gaisgidh, má chím-si amharc súl air Gharuidh, go ndíogheólfad air gach a [n]dearna d'anfhorlann air chlannaibh ríogh agus ró-thigearnadh an domhain go nuige so ; agus fós nach fillfead um bheatha go bráth nó go bhfaicfead amharc air an muintir sin do chuir Garuidh go Cathair an tSrotha Dheirg nó go dtuitfe mé féin dá cheann."

Fa luathgháireach Clephanta do na briatharaibh sin, [92b] agus adubhairt re Cúchulainn, dá madh toil leis é, go mbiadh 'n-a cumhal agus 'n-a cailín aige air feadh a eachtra agus [a] imtheachta,<sup>2</sup> re córugh a leaptha agus re deasugh bídh agus dighe dhó, óir do thug sí serc a h-anma dhó tré fheabhas a dheilbhe, agus air mhéid [a] alla agus a árd-nóis, agus air a óige agus air [a] áille.

Adubhairt Cúchulainn nárbh' áil leis sin go filleadh dhó arís, agus fós nach fillfeadh go bráth nó go dtugadh Gruagach an Fheadáin<sup>3</sup> Órdha chúicde.

Ciodh trácht, air mbeith tréimhsi agus tamall a gcathair na Salerno do Choingculainn, ráidheas re Finghín Fáidhliagh triall go h-Éirinn agus a sgéala féin do bhreith go Dún Dealgan agus go h-Eamhain Macha, agus a rádha re h-Eimhir gan a bheith tuirseach agus go bhfillfeadh féin fa dheaghbhuaadh go h-aithghearr. Do ní Finghín sin agus tug Rí na Sisile mórán seód agus maoinne d'Fhinghín, agus go h-áirithe cuirios trí clocha leis as cathair na Salerno do chomhmóradh Clocháin na gCuradh. Agus ní h-airistear a sgéaluigheacht go rochtuin go Dún Dealgan dó, agus air rochtuin ann dó, nochtas sgéala agus dála Chongculainn ó thús go deireadh. Agus fa h-ulgháirdeach Ulltaigh uile do na sgéalaibh sin, óir fa deimhin leó Cúchulainn do thearnō, ó do thuit an díbheirgeach, Fearghus, fris.

<sup>1</sup> an fheadán fhordha.

<sup>2</sup> imchieachta.

<sup>3</sup> fheadán.

And the king and Cúchulainn and the rest of the nobles went to the *grianán*, and Cúchulainn told them that it was in pursuit of Garuidh he had come from Ireland, and he related all his adventures up to that time. And Clephanta told Cúchulainn of the great love she bore to the Wizard of the Golden Lute, the son of the King of Africa, and of how Garuidh had sent him to the City of the Fiery Stream, and that he or anyone else who had been sent there had no chance of release.

"Be not uneasy about that, princess," said he, "for I swear by my arms of valour that if I catch sight of Garuidh, I will avenge on him all the violence he has offered to the sons of the kings and nobles of the world hitherto; and further that I shall never return to [everyday] life until I shall have seen those whom Garuidh has sent to the City of the Fiery Stream, or I shall myself fall in the effort."

Joyful was Clephanta because of these words, and she said to Cúchulainn that if he willed it, she would be his handmaid and servant throughout his wanderings and adventures, to arrange his couch and to prepare his food and drink. For she gave him her soul's love because of the excellence of his form, and the greatness of his reputation and renown, and because of his youth and beauty.

But Cúchulainn said that he did not wish that until he should return, and further that he would never return until he brought the Wizard of the Golden Lute to her.

Howbeit, when Cúchulainn had spent some time in the city of Salerno, he told Finghín Fáidhliagh to go to Ireland and take news of him to Dundalk and to Emania, and to tell Eimhear not to be sad, for he himself would shortly return in triumph. Finghín did so. And the King of Sicily gave Finghín much jewels and riches, and in particular he sent three stones by him from the city of Salerno to add to the Heroes' Stone-heap. And his adventures are not told until he reached Dún Dealgan. And when he arrived there, he told the story and adventures of Cúchulainn from beginning to end. And joyful were all the Ultonians at the news, for they thought it certain that Cúchulainn would return since the violent one, Fearghus, had fallen by him.

Dála Chongculainn annso : air n-imtheacht<sup>1</sup> d'Fhinghín agus dá cháirdibh síthchuireadh a gcuideachta na gaoithe glan-ghéire uadha, do fhiafraigh do mhaithibh na Salerna nar bhfeas dhóibh cá h-ionadh i n-a dteabhradh iarraidh air Gharuidh, [93a] nó cá h-áit i n-ar ghnáth leis gnáthchomhnaidhe do dhénamh. Adubhradar-san nár bhfeas dóibh, óir nár ghnáth leis gnáthchomhnaidhe do dhénamh a n-én áit amháin go cinte. Adubhairt fear dhíobh :

“Is baramhail liom-sa,” air sé, “go bhfuil anois a ndúnadh agus a ndeaghbhaile Rígh na bhFear Morc .i. a athair féin, óir atá dáil agus cleamhnas dá dhénamh idir a dheirbhshiúr agus mac Rígh bhFear gCaitcheann as críochaibh iarthair Asié agus dar ndóigh go mbiadh seision ann,” air an t-óglach, “óir atáid maithe críche bhFear gCaitcheann agus bhFear Morc cruinn air aon láthair annsin anois,” air sé, “Daoine iomorro na caitcheannaidh uathmháire aigmhéile fuilteacha cogamhla,<sup>2</sup> air a mbí cionn agus cluasa agus iorball cait air gach aon díobh.”

Air gclos na mbriathar sin do Choingculainn, fuagras do Laoi a long d'ullmhughadh agus a charbad d'innull agus a thsleagha d'fhaobhrughadh agus a chleasa do chórughadh, agus inneall astuir agus imtheachta do chur air. Do ní Laoi amhlaidh sin go h-athlomh iméasgaidh. Agus as a h-aithle sin, gabhas Cúchulainn lámh air chrích na Sisile d'fhágbháil, agus ceileabhrais do'n rí agus do Chlephanta agus do na maithibh air cheana, agus téid air fairrge, agus ní h-aithristear a sgéalaidheacht gur ghabh cuan agus caladhphort a mbaile Rígh na bhFear Morc. Agus air rochtuin a dtír dáibh ann, is eadh do chíid, na cnuic agus na céide agus na moighe réidhe ró-fhairsinge lán do shlóightibh agus do shochraidibh, agus cuid acu 'n-a ndrongaibh daora dubhghorma, agus dronga oile [93b] 'n-a ndaoinibh uathmhara áigmhéile anaithnidhe agus ceann agus cluasa agus iorball cait orrtha, agus iad armtha éidighthe infheadhma.

“Maith, a Laoi,” air Cúchulainn, “innill an Carbad Searधा dhamh, óir atá fuansgar na fola agus fiuchadh fír-fheirge aig comhmeasgadh mo chraoidhe agus mo chléibh,” air sé, “agus fós is deimhin liom nach caruid dhúinn én neach dá bhfuil san gcrích se.”

<sup>1</sup> imchieacht.

<sup>2</sup> fuilteach, cogamhail.

Tidings of Cúchulainn here : when Finghín and the Faery friends had gone away with the clear, sharp wind, he asked the nobles of Salerna if they knew where he should seek Garuidh or in what place he was wont to reside. They answered that they knew not, for Garuidh was not wont to reside in any one certain spot. One of them said :

“It is my opinion that he is now in the court and goodly mansion of the King of Morocco, his own father, for a betrothal and marriage is being arranged between his sister and the son of the King of the Catheads from the western part of Asia. And in all likelihood he would be there,” said the warrior, “for the nobles of the land of Catheads and of Morocco are assembled there now in one spot. Moreover the frightful, terrible, blood-thirsty, warlike Catheads are human beings who have each the head and ears and tail of a cat.”

On hearing these words, Cúchulainn ordered Laoi to prepare his ship and to harness his chariot and to sharpen his spears and to arrange his feats and to prepare for a journey and expedition. Laoi did so, quickly and actively. And then Cúchulainn set forth from the land of Sicily, and he bade farewell to the king and to Clephanta and to the rest of the nobles. And he went on sea, and his adventures are not told until he came into harbour and haven at the court of the King of Morocco. And on landing there, they saw the hills and the plains and the smooth, broad fields full of hosts and multitudes—some of them ignoble, blue-black companies, some of them frightful, horrible, strange people with the head and ears and tail of a cat—and they were armed, equipped and ready for action.

“Well, Laoi,” said Cúchulainn, “prepare the Scythed Chariot for me, for the shuddering of my blood and the seething of great anger are disturbing my heart and breast. And further I deem it certain that any that are in this land are not friendly to us.”

Innleas Laoi an Charbad Seartha, agus do bheir seol díbheirgeach díoghbhálach draoidheachta fair. Agus téid Cúchulainn ann iarann agus tógbhas na cleasa óna iolardha athuathmhara fa lór d'urghráin agus d'uamhan,<sup>1</sup> agus do dhorchaigh an cheathair-dhúil ós a chionn, tré n-a liacht fuath agus aimid agus arracht agus geilte glinne do bhí aig gárthaibh ós a chionn, dá bhrosnugh do dhénamh áigh agus iorghaile. Air n-a fhaicsin sin do na sluaghaibh anaithnidh, do ghabh gráin agus uamhan<sup>2</sup> iad, agus is eadh adubhradar, gur neach éigin do na déibh adharrtha do bhaoi ann, re h-ucht innighthe do dhénamh ortha féin i n-a míghníomhaibh. Acht cheana, ní mór nárbh'fhíor dháibh, óir air ndol do Choingculainn i n-a charbad, téid anunn air mheadhon chuca, agus do ghabh aga n-oirleach amhail faolchoin chíocrach aig dul fa mhionthréadaibh caorach, agus fós ní mó, beagnach, do thuit reis an gcuradh dhíobh, nó do thuit ris an gearbad agus ris na h-eachaibh dhíobh, ionnus nach deachaidh éalaidheach beathadh as díobh, acht amháin mac Rí bhFear gCaitcheann agus beagán oile do chuaidh a raon mádhma [94a] agus mór-theithte go dúnadh Rí bhFear Morc, agus do iadhadar an doras 'n-a ndiaidh. Téid Cúchulainn gus an doras, agus cuireas cártha comhmór cloiche i n-a chrann-tábhuill, agus innleas air an gcomhla í, gur bhris an bhreac-chomhla d'iarunn aithleaghta do bhí do'n leith amuigh agus an chomhla dhaingean dhonndharach do bhí do[n] leith astigh, agus téid asteach agus do gheibh Rí bhFear Morc agus mac Rígh bhFear gCaitcheann air a cheann astigh agus tug béim<sup>3</sup> claidhimh do gach fear acu go ndearna dhá n-orduín chudrama chomhchearta do gach fear dhíobh fo leith an droma, agus téid fo theaghlach an dúnaidh as a h-aithle, agus leanas Laoi asteach é agus Gearr na gColann .i. an claidheamh casgartha, i n-a láimh, agus níor leigeadar éalaidheach beathadh as dá raibhe isin dúnadh d'fhear nó mhnaoi. Agus tugadar roighne seód agus maoinne as, agus do chuireadar tinnte agus teannála isin mbruighin, gur fhágbhadar 'n-a smual donnrúadh dearglasracha í; agus gach ar shiubhladar do chrích bhFear Morc, do rinneadar fásach féar-uaine dá talamh agus ciúch donn-luathraidh dá cathrachaibh. Agus as a h-aithle sin, tiaghuid air fairge, agus gach iath agus gach inse agus gach oiléan i n-a dtigdís, do ghabhadh Cúchulainn

<sup>1</sup> uamhthan.<sup>2</sup> uathman.<sup>3</sup> beidhm.

Laoi prepared the Scythed Chariot, and he directed it in a violent harmful, magical course. And Cúchulainn went into it then, and he began his wonderful, numerous, awful feats which were full terrible and frightful. And the sky (?) darkened over him, so numerous were the phantoms and witches and spectres and mad ones of the glen who were shrieking above him, urging him to do battle and combat. When the strange hosts beheld this, they were filled with horror and disgust, and they said that it was some one of the gods of adoration that was there, to avenge their misdeeds on them. However, it was almost true for them. For when Cúchulainn went into his chariot, he drove into their midst, and began to slaughter them like a ravenous wolf going through little flocks of sheep. And furthermore, scarcely more of them fell by the warrior himself than by the chariot and the steeds, so that not a single fugitive escaped save the son of the King of Catheds and a few others who had fled, routed, to the court of the King of Morocco. And they shut the door behind them. Cúchulainn went to the door, and put a large pillar-stone in his sling, and aimed it at the door, so that he broke the variegated door of refined iron which was outside and the strong door of brown oak which was inside. And he went in, and he found the King of Morocco and the son of the King of the Catheds before him inside, and gave a blow with his sword to each of them and cut each through the back into two equal even pieces. And then he attacked the household of the court, and Laoi followed him in with *Gearr na gColann*, the slaughtering sword, in his hand. And they did not let escape a single fugitive of all that were in the court, man or woman. And they brought choice jewels and riches out of it, and then they put fires and firebrands in the palace, so that they left it a ruddy spark of glowing flames. And all the district of Morocco through which they journeyed, they converted its land into a green-grassed waste and its cities into smoke and red ashes [*lit.* a smoke (?) of red ashes]. And then they went upon the sea, and in every land and isle and island they came to, Cúchulainn used to receive the submission

a ngéilleadh, agus do bheirdís árdchíos dó, ionnus go ndeachaidh [a] alla agus a thuarasgbháil fo'n gcrúinne cheathardha, agus do chreathnuigheadar ríghthe na talmhan uile roimhe.

Acht atá ní cheana, air mbeith seal aimsire aig siubhal mara agus tíre dhóibh mar sin, agus aig gabháil gialla gach críchi i n-a dtigdis, thárla dáibh teacht a dtír [94b] a n-oiléan áluinn úraoibhinn. Agus air dteacht a dtír dáibh ann, do chonncadar palás ríogha ró-mhaiseach agus cathair ghrianach ghréasach ghlanfhuinneógach air a gceann. Agus tiaghuid gus an doras agus do iarradar fhosgladh ann, agus fiafraigheas an doirseóir cé ro bhaoi ann.

“Macaomh óg anársaigh,” air Laoi, “atá aig taistiol an domhain re meabhruhghadh gacha glanghaisgidh.”

“Rachad-sa dá innsi sin dom' thighearna,” air an doirseóir.

Téid asteach iaramh agus innsios do'n rí macaomh óg gan ulcha, gan fésóig, dob' áille do'n druing dhaonna agus dob' iongantaithe innull, do bheith san doras aig iarraidh fhosluigh.

“Léigtear asteach é,” air an rí.

Tig Cúchulainn asteach, agus do gheibh seanóir críonna cian-aosta air gcaitheamh a lúth agus a lámhaigh astigh air a cheann, agus bean ársuigh aimhéasgaidh, agus iad go tuirseach imthsníomhthach. Agus suidheas Cúchulainn 'n-a bhfochair agus air suidhe dhó, sileas an tsean-bhean frasa dian-dhíochra dér agus do chaoi go tuirseach truaghnéimheal. Fiafraigheas Cúchulainn ádhbhar a h-eolchaire agus a h-athtuirsi dhi.

“Fil a mhórádhbhar aice,” air an seanóir, “gé nach mór tábhacht a nochtadh anois,” air sé.

“Ní miste duit,” air Cúchulainn, “a nochtadh dhúinne, ionnus dá dtíosadh dhínn a fhurtacht, [95a] go madh maith linn é.”

“Truagh sin!” air an seanóir, “ní bhfuil air dhruim talmhan duine le n-a dtig a fhurtacht. Gidheadh inneósad-sa duit-si hé. Críoch na h-Aifrice so,” air an seanóir, “agus misi ba rí urrtha, agus aig súd mo bhanchéile,” air sé. “Agus do bhádar dias clainne againn,” air sé, “.i. mac agus inghean, agus Gruagach an Fheadáin Órdha ba h-ainm do'n mhac agus Carthann Chúilfhionn fa h-ainm do'n inghin,” air sé. “Agus do rug an dias sin bárr air chlannaibh ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain go h-uilidh, agus is amhlaidh tárla,” air sé, “go dtug Buinne Buadhchleasach,

[of the inhabitants], and they used to pay him high tribute, so that his fame and renown spread through the fourfold universe, and all the kings of the earth trembled before him.

However, when they had been some time journeying thus over sea and land, and receiving hostages from every territory to which they came, they chanced to land in a beautiful, fresh island. And on landing, they saw a royal, beautiful palace and a sunny, ornamented, clear-windowed court. And they came to the door, and asked for admittance. And the doorkeeper asked who was there.

"A youthful lad," said Laoi, "who is travelling through the world to study all fair valour."

"I shall go and tell that to my lord," said the janitor.

He went in and told the king that a youthful, beardless lad, the most beautiful of the human race and of the most wonderful appearance, was at the door seeking admittance.

"Let him be allowed in," said the king.

Cúchulainn came in, and he found inside a withered, long-lived old man whose strength and activity were spent, and an ancient, inactive old woman, and they were sad and anxious. Cúchulainn sat along with them, and when he sat down, the old woman shed quick, fervent showers of tears and wept piteously and sadly. Cúchulainn asked her the reason of her lament and her sorrow.

"She has much cause," quoth the old man, "though it avails little to relate it now."

"Thou mayst tell it to us," said Cúchulainn, "so that we might be glad to help if help were in our power."

"Alas!" said the old man, "there is none in the world who could help. Yet I shall tell it to thee. This is the land of Africa," said the old man, "and I was king over it, and yonder is my spouse," said he. "And we had two children, to wit a son and a daughter, and the Wizard of the Golden Lute was the name of the son, and Carthann Chúilfhionn the name of the daughter, and that pair surpassed the children of the kings and princes of the whole world. And thus it chanced," said he, "that Buinne of the

mac Rígh na h-Antuaithe, tuile tromghrádha agus sruth síor-ádhbhal seirce do'n inghin, agus tug sisi an céadna dhó-son, agus do rinneadh dáil agus cleamhnas eatorra. Acht aheana, is amhlaidh tárla do Bhuinne Buadhchleasach, go dtug inghean Rígh Inse Crét .i. Beróna, grádh ádhbhal anshearcach dhó, air fheabhas a ghaisgidh agus a ghníomhéacht agus [a] alla agus [a] áird-nóis. Gidheadh, ní raibhe grádh aige-sion di-si. Cidh trácht, air gclos do Bheróna go [n]dearnadh dáil idir Buinne Buadhchleasach agus m' inghean-sa," air sé, "do líon éad agus iomas í agus is eadh do rinne, dúnadh agus deaghbhaile a h-athara d'fhágbháil agus teacht do'n mbaile so, agus air dteacht annso dhi, is eadh adubhairt gurb air luíng do briseadh air fairrge do bhí, agus gur báitheadh a céile agus a caoimh-leannán mar aon re [n-] a roibh isin luíng, acht í féin amháin do tháinic a dtír [95b] air shnámh, air bhfagháil duadh agus dochair agus iomtshníomhtha dhi. Air gclos na sgéal sin dom' inghin-si," air sé, "do ghabh taisi truaighi mhór lé, agus do ghlac chúice féin í mar chumhal agus mar chailín cuimhídeacht, agus do chuir éadach líogha lánmhaiseach urtha, agus tug seóid agus fáinneadh dhi. Is amhlaidh do bhí an bhean sa .i. Beróna, ní raibhe air dhomhan óig-bhean ba mó aidhmhilleadh agus aimsiugh draoidheachta agus diabhloigheachta iná í. Agus lá dháiríthe dá ndeachaidh sí féin agus m'inghean-sa amach do ghlacadh aonaigh agus aidhéir, do bhréag lé í nó go raibheadar aige foraois dhiamhuir chailleadh atá a gcomhfhogus do'n dúnadh so," air sé, "agus air dteacht a ndiamhair na coilleadh dháibh, do chuir a h-ealadhnacha doilfe draoidheachta chum oibrighthe annsin, ionnus go [n]dearna deilbh uathmhar aigmhéil agus dragún taibhseach teintighe dhi, ionnus dá mbeithdís slóighte an bheatha air aon láthair, go rachdís a sgaol agus a ngealtaidheacht,<sup>1</sup> tré uathmhaire agus tré urghráine na deilbhe atá urrtha agus tré aidhbhle na teineadh tig tar a béal amach; agus airm agus iolfhaobhair an domhain, is géire agus is neimhnighe gach én eite do na sgiathánuibh fairsinge fábhar ghéara atá urrtha," air sé. "Agus atá mar sin le cian d'aimsir, aig díbeirt agus aig dian-sgríos na críche go coitcheann, agus aig marbhadh curadh [96a] agus cathmhíleadh do thigeadh dá féachain. Óir is amhlaidh ro fháguibh Beróna na geasa urrtha .i. a bheith

<sup>1</sup> a sgaol agus a ghealtaidheacht.

Victorious Feats, son of the King of Antioch, gave a flood of heavy love and a truly great stream of affection to the daughter, and she gave him the same. And a betrothal and marriage was arranged between them. Howbeit, it happened that the daughter of the King of the Isle of Crete, Beróna, gave great and violent love to Buinne Buadhchleasach because of the excellence of his valour and his deeds, his reputation and his renown. Yet he loved her not. However, when Beróna heard that Buinne Buadhchleasach and my daughter had been betrothed, she was filled with jealousy and envy, and she left her father's court and came to this place. And when she came, she said that she had been on a ship which had been wrecked at sea, and that her spouse and fair lover had been drowned along with all that were in the ship, save herself alone who had swum to land with great difficulty and trouble. When my daughter heard this tale, she was filled with great pity for Beróna, and took her for a handmaid and attendant, and clothed her in shining, beautiful garments, and gave her jewels and rings. And such was this woman, Beróna, there was not in the world a maiden more malicious or more given to the practice of magic and sorcery than she. And one day when she and my daughter went out to take the air, she beguiled her to a dark forest which is near by this court, and when they had come to the darkness of the forest, she put her occult, magical arts into operation, and changed my daughter into the frightful, terrible form of a huge, fiery dragon, so that if the hosts of the world were together in one spot they would all go mad and frenzied, so frightful and so hideous is her form and so terrible the fire which comes from her mouth; and every feather of her broad sharp-edged wings is more venomous and keen than any arm or sharp weapon in the world. And she has been thus for a long time, depopulating and destroying the whole district, and killing heroes and warriors who come to see her. For thus did Beróna leave the spells upon her; namely,

isín deilbh sin go foircheann an bheatha nó [go] dtigeadh ógghaisgidheach as iarthar dhombain, as an gcrích dá ngoirthear Crích na bhFuineadhach, agus go dtugadh trí póga d'aimh-lheóin di : agus go dtiucfadh i n-a deilbh péin ris an bpóig sin. Agus ní feas dúinne cia hí an áird d'áirdibh an domhain i n-a bhfuil an chrích dá ngoirthear Crích na bhFuineadhach, acht amháin go dtángadar an iomad curadh agus cathmhíleadh, d'fhéachuin cia dhíobh re n-a n-éireochadh na geasa sin do chóimhlíonadh, agus do thuit gach aon díobh leis an dragún mar aon le h-urmhór lucht na crích[e]-si féin," air sé.

"Dála Ghruagaigh an Fheadáin Órdha .i. mo mhac oighreacht," air sé, "do bhaoi lán do thuirsi agus d'imshníomh fo mhaluirt a dheirbhshiére amhlaidh sin, agus air bhfeas dó nach dtiucfadh i n-a deilbh féin go bráth acht re trí póga d'fhagháil ó ghaisgidheach as Crích na bhFuineadhach, agus nár bh'fheas dó cá h-áird do'n domhan i n-a raibhe an chrích sin, is eadh do rinne, triall as so go baile Rígh na h-Antuaithe, mar a raibhe clanna ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain iartharaigh cruinn air aon láthair a n-aghaidh Garuidh Ghairbhghlúinigh mic Rígh na bhFear Morc, do chathughadh ris tar cheann inghine Rígh na h-Antuaithe, darb'ainm Gruaidh Ghriansholas, inghean Rígh na h-Antuaithe, d'fhéachain an [96b] bhfuigheadh sgéala ó neach éigin cia hí an chrích dá ngoirthear Crích na bhFuineadhach, ionnus go ndeachaidh inte d'fhios an bhfuigheadh curadh nó cathmhíleadh inte do thiucfadh leis, do chóimhlíonadh na ngeasa<sup>1</sup> sin do chuir inghean Rígh Inse Crét air a dheirbhshiar. Agus air ndol go baile Rígh na h-Antuaithe, do chomhraic, fear mar chách, re Garuidh, agus do claoidheadh leis é agus do chuir ceangailte go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe mar aon re clannuibh ríogh agus ró-fhlatha iarthuir dhombain é, áit nach dáil fuasgail dáibh as. Agus ní raibhe fo'n gcruinne cheathardha neach is cosmhaile dreach agus dénamh, innull agus égcosg riot-sa iná é, agus aig sin ádhbhar eolchaire na ríoghna," air sé.

"Is truagh tuirseach na sgéala innsios tú," air Cúchulainn. "Gidheadh," air sé, "do dhíoghail misi bladhd dá mhór-olcaibh air Gharuidh, óir do thuit a athair agus a mháthair agus a dhearbhráthair liom mar aon re maithibh a chríche, agus atá súil agam go dtuitfe sé féin liom má chím amharc súl air."

<sup>1</sup> na gheasa.

that she should be in that form till the end of the world, or until a youthful warrior from the western world, from the land which is called *Críoch na bhFuineadhach*, should come and force three kisses on her, and that then, with that kiss, she would resume her own shape. And we know not in what region of the world is that land which is called *Críoch na bhFuineadhach*, save that many heroes and warriors have come to try which of them might succeed in fulfilling the *geasa*, and every one of them has fallen by the dragon, as well as most of the folk of this land.

“As for the Wizard of the Golden Lute, my son and heir,” said he, “he was filled with grief and sorrow at the enchantment of his sister. And when he learned that she would never regain her own shape save by three kisses from a warrior from *Críoch na bhFuineadhach*, and not knowing in what region of the world that land was, he travelled hence to the court of the King of Antioch, where the sons of the kings and nobles of the western world were assembled in one spot to fight against Garuidh Garbhghlúineach, son of the King of Morocco, on behalf of the daughter of the King of Antioch, Gruaidh Ghriansholus, to try if he might hear from some one what was the land which was called *Críoch na bhFuineadhach*, that he might go there to seek a warrior or hero to come with him to fulfil the *geasa* which the daughter of the King of Crete had put on his sister. And on arriving at the court of the King of Antioch, he fought like all the rest with Garuidh, and he was overcome by him and Garuidh sent him in bonds, together with the sons of the kings and princes of the western world to the City of the Fiery Stream, whence they have no hope of deliverance. And in the fourfold universe there was not one more like to thee than he, in form and make and appearance. And that is the cause of the queen’s lament,” said he.

“Sad and sorrowful is the tale thou tellest,” said Cúchulainn. “But,” said he, “I have avenged somewhat of his great misdeeds on Garuidh, for his father and his mother and his brother have fallen by me, together with the nobles of his country, and I hope that he himself will fall by me if I catch a glimpse of him.”

Agus innsios Cúchulainn a eachtra agus [a] imtheacht[a] ó thús go deireadh do Rí na h-Aifríce, agus fós gurab as Crích na bhFuineadhach dhó féin, agus go roibh dúil aige go dtiucfadh dhe geasa na h-inghine d'fhurtacht.

Air gcelos na mbriathar sin do Rí na h-Aifríce, ní féidir innse méid na luaghára do ghabh é féin agus an ríoghain, agus méid an iongantais do rinneadar fa [97a] dhuine comh óg anársuigh re Cúchulainn do dhénamh ghníomhéacht do sháruigh air thréinfhearaihb na talmhan. Fiafraigheas Cúchulainn créad fa dtugadh Gruagach an Fheadáin<sup>1</sup> Órdha air mhac Rí na h-Aifríce.

"Inneosad sin," ol an rí. "Seirc agus síorghrádh tug sé do Chlephanta, inghean Rígh na Sisile," air sé, "agus do chuaidh air suirghe dá h-ionnsoigh, agus tug sí séad suirghe dhó .i. feadán airgid aoinghil, agus is é buadha an fheadáin sin," air sé, "nach luidhionn draoidheacht nó diabhlaidheacht air an tí aga mbiadh an feadán sin, agus nach báitheann uisce agus nach loisgeann tine é, agus fós fir ghonta agus aois galuir agus easláinte an domhain, go bhfuighdís suainhneas agus codhladh air gcloistin an cheóil shíorbhinn shíorrachtuigh do níthear ris an bhfeadán sin. Agus ro fháguibh sé an feadán agam-sa agus aig an ríoghain d'ar gcongbháil ó thuisri agus ó dhólás."

Agus éirgheas an rí agus do bheir an feadán leis agus do sh[e]inn ceól sruthbhinn siollanach sáimhchaoin leis.

"Beir buaidh agus beannacht!" air Cúchulainn, "ní chuala ceól nó caince riamh is binne iná an ceól sin."

Acht acheana, do rugadar as an oidhche sin fa cheól agus fa aobhneas go maidin air na mhárach. Agus a mochdheaghail na maidne, éirgheas Cúchulainn agus do ráidh fris an rí eolaidhe do chur leis do mhúnadh na foraoisi i n-a roibh an dragún dó. [97b]

"Truagh sin!" air an rí, "dob'fhearr liom-sa bheith gan mac gan inghean go bráth nó do shamhail-si agus fear do mhórgníomh do thuitiom amhail mar do thuiteadar mórán do dheaghdhaoinibh roimhe so ris an dragún úd."

"Léig seachad," air Cúchulainn, "ní gheabhuinn-si maitheas na talmhan gan amharc d'fhaicsin air an dragún."

Leis sin cuireas an rí giolla dá mhuintir leis, agus do bheir an feadán dó ionnus nach dénadh an tine do thiucfadh as craos an dragúin urchóid dó. Iar sin, gabhas Cúchulainn an t-éideadh

<sup>1</sup> feadán.

And Cúchulainn told his adventures and travels from beginning to end to the King of Africa, and said, moreover, that he himself was from *Críoch na bhFuincadhach*, and that he hoped to succeed in overcoming the maiden's spells.

When the King of Africa heard this, indescribable was the greatness of the delight which filled him and the queen, and their wonder at so youthful a lad as Cúchulainn performing a deed which had proved too great for the champions of the world. Cúchulainn asked why the son of the King of Africa was called the Wizard of the Golden Lute.

"I will tell thee that," said the king. "He gave love and lasting affection to Clephanta, the daughter of the King of Sicily, and he went to woo her, and she gave him a wooing gift, to wit a lute of pure white silver. And the virtue of that lute is that no magic or sorcery affects him who has it, and water does not drown him nor fire burn him; furthermore the wounded and diseased and sick of the world would get ease and sleep on hearing the very sweet, entrancing music which is made by that lute. And he left that lute with the queen and me to keep us from sadness and sorrow."

And the king rose and fetched the lute, and played sweetly-flowing, syllabic (?), pleasant music on it.

"Take victory and blessing," said Cúchulainn, "never heard I music or strain of melody more sweet."

Howbeit, they passed that night with music and pleasure until the following morning. And in the early morn, Cúchulainn rose and asked the king to send a guide with him to show him the forest where the dragon was.

"Alas!" said the king, "I had liefer be without son or daughter for ever than that such as thou and one who has done thy great deeds should fall by that dragon, as many goodly men have fallen hitherto."

"Cease," said Cúchulainn, "I would not forego for the goods of the world a sight of that dragon."

Thereupon the king sent one of his pages with him, and he gave Cúchulainn the lute that the fire which came from the dragon's jaws might not harm him. Then Cúchulainn donned the strong,

cadad cruadhhaingean agus an lúireach leathan liathghlas agus an dá lámhuinn leathan leannghorma do'n iaronn aithleaghtha<sup>1</sup> uime, agus gluaiseas roimhe agus trí sleagha agus a chlaidheamh leis. Agus air dteacht a geomhghar do'n fhoraois dáibh, filleas an t-óglach uadh. Agus tárla an dragún 'n-a suidhe air charraic cheannghairbh chloiche do bhí a leith-imeall na foraoisi. Agus air bhfaicsin Chongculainn agus na n-arm suaithnighe solusmhor dhi, éirgheas d'eiteall eadarbhuaiseach édtrom, agus do bheir siothadh santach sárluath d'ionnsoigh Chongculainn, agus do thoirling air, agus do stiall gialla agus cubhrach na clogaide cuanna ceardamhla dhe, ionnus gur chréachtnaigh go mór é, óir níorbh áil le Cúchulainn airm d'imirt urrtha d'eagla a marbhtha. Acht is eadh do rinne, éirghe a ndreimhne<sup>2</sup> an dragúin agus i luas na h-áinle ós ceann an dragúin, agus iadhas an dá láimh ríogha [98a] ró-mhaiseacha a dtimcheall na sgiathán leathan leadarracha lánghéara, agus dlúitheas le n-a taobhuibh iad, agus tógbhas an dragún idir an dá láimh lánláidre, agus trasgaras go lár agus go lántalmhain í, agus cuireas a druim re lár go h-aimhdheónach. agus do bheir trí póga dá béal agus dá h-aghaidh uathmhair urghránda. Agus as a h-aithle na póige sin, is eadh do gheibh aige, an aonbhean dob'fhearr deilbh agus dénamh, innull agus écosg, dá bhfacaidh súil dhaonda riamh roimhe sin. Éirgheas an inghean go faiteach fiornáireach, agus do leig air a glúinibh í, agus tug teoro póg do throighibh an churaidh, agus adubhairt :

"Gurb'é fíorinne do bheatha agus do shláinte, a mhír chródha na gcuradh agus na gcathmhíleadh, agus 'aon-bhárr áigh agus eagnamha fhear dhomhain ! Is fada mé féin a n-íomthshníomh agus a n-éocruth [aig] feithiomh riot, agus do bheirim biothmhuintearas orm féin duit go síorraithe, agus biad 'mo chumhal agus 'mo chailín agad, agus badh leat ceannas na h-Aifrice ó nach bhfuil oighre oile urrtha, óir ní bhfuil súil agam-sa le mo dhearbhráthair d'fhaicsin go bráth."

"Ní annsa," air Cúchulainn, "masa bheó misi, do bhéara do bhráthair chugad, agus glacfaidh oighreacht na h-Aifrice, óir ní stadfa misi do thaistiol an domhain nó go mbéarad air Gharuidh agus go ndíoghólad air gach a ndearna d'aimhleas chlanna ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain."

<sup>1</sup> aithleadha.

<sup>2</sup> dreimne.

hard accoutrements and the broad, grey-blue breastplate and the two wide gauntlets of blue mail (?) of refined iron, and he fared forth, with three spears and his sword. And when they came near the forest, the youth went from him. And the dragon happened to be sitting on a rough-topped rock which was on the border of the forest, and on seeing Cúchulainn and the wonderful shining weapons, she rose with a light, airy soaring and made an eager, very swift rush upon Cúchulainn, and descended on him, and tore the sides (?) and the binding (?) of the fine skilfully-wrought helmet from him, so that she wounded him sorely. For Cúchulainn liked not to use weapons on her lest he might kill her. But he rose with the fierceness of a dragon and the swiftness of a swallow over her, and closed his two royal, beautiful hands around the broad, lacerating, full-sharp wings and pressed them to her sides. And he lifted the dragon between his two strong hands, and prostrated her on the ground, and forced her back against the ground, and kissed three times her mouth and her hideous, awful face. And after that kiss, he found that he held the woman of best form and make and appearance and countenance that human eye had ever seen. The maiden rose timidly and shyly, and threw herself upon her knees, and kissed the warrior's feet thrice, and said :

“Life and health to thee, thou valiant warrior's portion, thou unique supremacy in valour and combat of the men of the world ! Long have I been in sorrow and in evil shape awaiting thee, and I pledge myself to lasting friendship for thee for ever. And I shall be thy handmaid and servant. And take thou the headship of Africa, for there is no other heir since I do not hope ever to see my brother.”

“Nay,” said Cúchulainn, “if I am alive, I shall bring thee thy brother, and he will take his inheritance of Africa, for I shall not cease from this world-wandering until I come upon Garuidh and avenge on him all the destruction he has wrought upon the children of the kings and princes of the world.”

Agus do h-aithle na mbriathar sin, gluaisid araon do chum an dúnaidh, agus air dteacht air ambarc an dúnaidh dháibh, do bhí [98b] an rí agus an bhainríoghain air taighlibh an dúnaidh, agus do chí an curadh agus an inghean aig teacht a gcuideachta a chéile, agus dlúthchomhrádh caoin carthannach eatorra. Agus air n-a bhfaicsin dáibh, téid 'n-a gcoinne agus 'n-a gcomhdháil, agus ní féidir a fhaisnéis ná [a] innse méid na luathghára agus an ulgháirdis do rinne an rí agus an bhainríoghain roimhe Coingculainn. Agus beirid leó do'n dúnadh é, agus do freasdladh agus do friothóladh go h-onórach é, agus ro fhan seal aimsire 'n-a bhfochair ann. Agus annsin gabhas lámh air imtheacht, agus do iarr comhairle air Rí na h-Aifrice cia hí an chearna do'n domhan i n-a dteabhradh iarraidh air Gharuidh Gharbhghlúineach. Adubhairt an rí nárbh'fheas dó cá h-ionadh i n-a raibh, acht amháin go gcualaidh go raibhe aig tóruigheacht air inghin Rígh na h-Antuaithe, acht amháin go raibhe baramhail aige go bhfuigh-thigh sgéala uadh a mbaile Rígh na h-Antuaithe, agus gurbh' í a chomairle dhó triall go baile Rígh na h-Antuaithe.

Iar sin fuagras Cúchulainn do Laoi a long d'ullmhughadh, agus inneall aistir agus imtheachta do chur air. Do ní Laoi amhlaidh sin agus an tan fa h-ullamh í, ceileabhras Cúchulainn do'n rí agus do'n ríoghain agus do'n inghin, agus fa tuirseach inghean Rígh na h-Aifrice d'éis Chongculainn. Agus téid Cúchulainn air fairrge agus ní h-airistear a sgéalaidheacht gur ghabh cuan agus caladhphort aig dúnadh Rí [na] h-Antuaithe. Agus air dteacht a dtír dáibh ann, do chualaidh Cúchulainn bean aig caoi go tuirseach truaghnéimheal air bhruach an chuain, agus adubhairt :

“Maith, a Laoi,” air sé, “tairring an long [99a] a dtír go ndeachuinn do ghabháil sgéal do'n mbean-chaointe,” air sé.

Gluaiseas Cúchulainn fa thuairim na mná, agus do gheibh inghean áluinn ilchrothach air bhruach an inbhir agus fáidhbh fir ghonta lán d'fhuil agus d'[fh]olruachtadh aice dá nighe, agus í a' gul go truagh tuirseach. Beannuigheas Cúchulainn go caoin carthannach dhi, agus fiafraigheas ádhbhar a h-eolchaire agus a iomtshníomhtha dhi.

“Ní do dhímheas ort-sa é, a óig-mhacaoimh,” air sí, “ní bhfuil brígh liom [a] inse, óir ní gar furtacht dom' ádhbar égcaine.”

And after these words, they set off together towards the court, And when they came in sight of the court, the king and queen were on the ramparts, and they saw the warrior and the maid approaching together, engaged in close, sweet, friendly conversation. And on seeing them, they went to meet them, and it is not possible to describe the joy and delight with which the king and queen received Cúchulainn. And they took him with them to the court, and he was served and attended honourably there. And he tarried some time there with them. And then he proceeded to depart, and sought counsel of the King of Africa as to what region of the world he should seek Garuidh. The king answered that he knew not where Garuidh was, but that he had heard that he was in pursuit of the daughter of the King of Antioch, and that he thought that Cúchulainn would get news of him at the court of the King of Antioch, and that he counselled him to go thither.

Then Cúchulainn ordered Laoi to prepare his ship and to fit it out for a journey and expedition. Laoi did so, and when it was ready, Cúchulainn bade farewell to the king and queen and the maiden, and sad was the daughter of the King of Africa after Cúchulainn. And Cúchulainn set sail, and his adventures are not told until he came into harbour and haven at the court of the King of Antioch. And when they had landed there, Cúchulainn heard a woman lamenting sadly and bitterly by the edge of the harbour.

"Well, Laoi," said he, "draw the ship to land, that I may go to seek tidings from the lamenting woman."

Cúchulainn went towards the woman, and he found a beautiful, shapely maiden on the bank of the river-mouth, washing the blood-stained, gory accoutrements of a wounded man, and she was weeping sadly and piteously. Cúchulainn saluted her gently and kindly, and asked her the reason of her lament and sorrow.

"Not with disrespect to thee do I say it, O youth," said she, "but it avails me not to tell of it, for help is not for my cause of grief."

"Ní dhén dochar duit a innsi," air Cúchulainn, "agus fós do b'fhéidir go dtuafadh dhínn a fhurtacht," air sí.

"Truagh sin!" air an inghean, "is iomdha curadh agus cathmhíleadh agus laoch láidir léidmheach do thairg a fhurtacht, agus is eadh a thárla, iad féin do thuitiom dá cheann. Gidheadh, inneósad dhuit-si damhna mo thuisri agus mo mhóreolchaire," air sí. "Fáidhbh Bhuinne Bhua dhchleasaigh mic Rígh na h-Antuaithe so," air sí, ".i. mo dhearbhráthair féin."

"Cia do ghoin mar sin é?" air Cúchulainn.

"Garuidh Garbhghlúineach mac Rígh bhFear Morc," air sí, ".i. fear is uathmháire agus is aigmhéile agus is mó do'n druing dhaonda agus is mó réir thuit do chlannuibh ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh iarthair dhomhain, óir is amhlaidh mar thárla," air an inghean, "go ndearnadh dáil agus cleamhnas idir misi agus fear mo dhíongmhála .i. Iollainn Anghlonnach mac Iarla Cathracha mBloisg, agus do h-órduigheadh lá dháirithe chum ar bpósta, agus do chruinnigheadar clanna ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain a n-oirchill an lá sin. Agus air gclos do [99b] Gharuidh teist agus tuarascbháil mo sgéimhe-si, táinic do'n mbaile se agus do iarr misi mar mhnaoi agus mar bhainchéile dhó féin. Acht cheana do chomhracadar air mo cheann clanna ríoghthe agus ró-thighearna iarthair dhomhain, agus do cheangail Garuidh uile iad, agus do chuir go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe iad [áit] nach dáil fuasgail dáibh as. Agus air n-a fhaicsin sin damh-sa, éaluidhim as an mbaile si agus ní dhearnas comhnaidhe nó go raibhe mé a n-Éirinn, áit a gcuala gaisgidheach darb'ainm an Cúchulainn oirdheirc do bheith, agus do h-innseadh dhamh dá madh h-ionchomhraic duine air dhomhan fri Gharuidh gurbh' é Cúchulainn an duine sin. Agus air rochtuin a dtír a n-Éirinn damh, do bhí Garuidh air mo lorg ó thír go tír, ionnus suil ráinic liom amharc d'fhaicsin air Choingculainn, go rug Garuidh orm agus go dtug leis i n-a luing mé. Agus annsin do naisg mé athchuinge air .i. gan foiréigean do dhénamh orm nó go mbeinn a ndúnadh agus a ndeaghbhaile m'athara arís agus go bpóstuidh leis mé mar fa ghnáthach do dhénamh re h-ingheanaibh ríogh agus ró-fhlatha an domhain. Do fhaomh Garuidh an athchuinge sin damh, óir ní raibhe sgéala aige ó'n rún do bhaoi romhamh-sa. Óir is é rún do bhaoi romhamh-sa an tan sin, dul do chóimhiarraidh mo dhearbhráthara .i. Buinne [100a] Buadhchleasach, mac Rígh na

"It will not harm thee to tell it," said Cúchulainn, "and further it is possible that I may be able to help thee."

"Alas!" said the maiden, "many a warrior and hero, strong and fierce, volunteered to help me, and they themselves fell as a result. Yet I shall tell thee the reason of my sadness and my great grief. These are the accoutrements of Buinne Buadhchleasach," said she, "to wit, my own brother."

"Who has wounded him thus?" asked Cúchulainn.

"Garuidh Garbhghlúineach," said she, "the most frightful, the most terrible and the hugest of the human race, by whom fell most of the sons of the kings and princes of the western world. For thus it happened," said the maiden, "that I was betrothed to a fitting husband, to wit Iollainn of the Mighty Deeds, and a certain day was fixed for our marriage, and the sons of the kings and princes of the world gathered together for that day. And when Garuidh heard the account of my beauty, he came to this place and demanded me as wife. But the sons of the kings and princes of the world fought on my behalf, and Garuidh cast them all into fetters, and sent them to the City of the Fiery Stream whence they have no hope of deliverance. And when I saw that, I fled from this court and I tarried not until I reached Ireland where I had heard there was a warrior called the famous Cúchulainn, and I was told that if any man on earth could fight Garuidh, Cúchulainn was that man. And when I landed in Ireland, Garuidh was pursuing me from land to land, so that before I caught sight of Cúchulainn, Garuidh seized me and carried me off in his ship. And then I bound him to grant me a request, namely, that he should not offer violence to me until I was again in the court of my father and until I should be married to him in the manner that was customary with the daughters of the kings and princes of the world. Garuidh granted me that request, for he recked not of my intention. And my intention was to seek my brother, Buinne Buadhchleasach, who was learning feats of valour and warfare

h-Antuaithe, do bhí aig foghlaim ceardcha guile agus gaisgidh a rannuibh iartharacha na h-Asiae Móire, agus muna dtíosadh dhe mo dhíidion air, re neart a láimhe, go bhfuigheadh áit éigin uaigneach dhamh i n-a mbiann gan fhios do Gharuidh ann.

“Cíodh trácht, air dteacht a dtír do Gharuidh a gCrích na Dreolainne agus misi leis, air mbeith sgítheach ó shiubhal mara agus tíre dhó, do thuit tromchodladh ádhbhalmhór air. Acht aheana do chuir misi um’ luidhe air bhacán a láimhe d’eagla élodh uadh, óir ní raibhe dóich asum. Agus air dtuitim tromchollata air-sion amhlaidh sin, fuair misi dóigh air sgaradh fris, agus ní dhearnas comhnaidhe go ráinic mé an baile se, agus is eadh do gheibhim romham ann .i. Buinne Buadhchleasach, agus nochtuim mo dhála dhó ó thús go deireadh. Adubhairt Buinne Buadhchleasach liom gan cás do bheith orm, agus go ngeabhadh féin do láimh mé a n-aghaidh fhear dhomhain, agus gur mhaith leis tagmháil re Garuidh do dhíoghail a ndearna d’anfhorlann roimhe sin air. Óir do bhí dóchas mór aig Buinne Buadhchleasach as a neart féin agus as a thréatharaibh gaile agus glanghaisgidh. Gidheadh níor cian dúinn as a h-aithle sin an tan tig Garuidh air mo lorg do’n mbaile si, agus air gclos dó misi do bheith ann, do iarr mo chur chuige nó comhrac tar mo cheann. Leis sin gabhas Buinne Buadhchleasach a earradh áigh agus iorghaile uime, agus téid a láthair cathiorghaile re Garuidh a mochdheaghail na maidne muiche iné, agus do bhádar aig comhthuargain a chéile ó éirghe go luidhe gréine [100b] um thráthnóna aréir, agus do sgar comhdhorcha na h-oidhche iad.’ Gidheadh, níorbh’é sin an sgaradh cudroma, óir is amhlaidh táinic Buinne Buadhchleasach agus é ’n-a chosair chró agus ’n-a ghuin ghalann agus ’n-a lathair leadarrtha haithle an chomhraic sin, agus ní mar sin do Gharuidh, acht do chuaidh dá phubal gan chneidh gan chréacht acht madh beagán. Agus amárach combracfaid re chéile arís, agus muirfidhthear mo dhearbhráthair-si gan chontabhairt, agus muirfe misi féin, óir ní féidir liom fulang beó dhá éis, agus go háirithe is fearr liom bás d’fhulang nó dul air iocht Gharuidh an dara feacht. Agus aig sin ádhbhar m’eolchaire, a mhacaoimh,” air sí.

Agus a h-aithle na mbriathar sin, do shil frasa diandhíochra déar, agus do chaoi Cúchulainn go truagh tuirseach lé mar an geádna. Agus do rinneadar an laoidh eatorra :

in the western regions of Asia, and if he were unable to defend me against Garuidh by the might of his hand, that he should find some lonely spot where I might bide unknown to Garuidh.

“However, when Garuidh landed in Críoch na Dreolainne and I with him, as he was wearied from travelling on land and sea, he fell into a deep, heavy sleep. But he put me lying in the curve of his arm lest I might escape from him, for he trusted me not. And when he had fallen thus into a heavy sleep, I got a chance of parting from him, and I stayed not till I reached this court. And here I found Buinne Buadhchleasach, and I told him my adventures from beginning to end. Buinne Buadhchleasach told me not to be anxious, and that he himself would espouse my cause against the men of the world, and that he would like to encounter Garuidh to avenge on him all the destruction he had wrought hitherto. For Buinne Buadhchleasach had great confidence in his own strength and in his qualities of valour and noble bravery. But not long after that, Garuidh came in pursuit of me to this court, and when he heard that I was here, he demanded that I should be sent to him or that he should get combat for me. Thereupon Buinne Buadhchleasach donned his suit of valour and conflict, and went on the field of combat against Garuidh in the early morn yesterday. And they were smiting each other from the rising of the sun till its setting yester-eve. And the darkness of night separated them. But that was not a fair separation, for Buinne Buadhchleasach returned covered with gore and wounds and sorely lacerated after that encounter. But not so was Garuidh, for he went to his tent without hurt or wound save a little. And to-morrow they will fight again, and my brother will undoubtedly be killed. And I shall kill myself, for I cannot endure to be alive after him, and above all, I prefer to suffer death than to go to Garuidh a second time. And that is the cause of my lament, O youth,” said she.

And after these words she shed quick fervent showers of tears, and Cúchulainn wept sadly and mournfully with her likewise, and between them they made the lay :

Innis dúinn, a inghion óg,  
 Cia hí an fhódbh do nighus tú ?  
 Cia hé an curr go n-iomad n-éacht,  
 Air a bhfuil an chréacht do shil an crú ?

Mac Rígh na h-Antuaithe go fíor,  
 Buinne Buadhchleasach go mbrígh ghlé,  
 'N-a luidhe aniugh a gcosair chró,  
 Ba deirbhshiúr dhó misi ané.

Cia léir chomhraic Buinne Buadh ?  
 'Inghean úr na ngruadh ndearg,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cia léir tolladh a thaobh mar ghéis,  
 An fear ané ba fíochmhar 'fhearg ?

Le Garuidh Garbhghlúineach na n-arm,  
 Mac Rígh bhFear Morc is garbh gné,  
 Tar mo cheann-sa, och mo nuar !  
 Buinne Buadh do throid ané.

Air dtoirling ó'n treas fa teann  
 Do Bhuinne Buadh na lann ngér,  
 Fa h-iomdha créacht i n-a thaobh  
 Ó Gharuidh dhaor is líonmhar lén.

Comhrac oile gan sgís  
 Air mo shon-sa arís dhéana sé,  
 Ina dtuitfe an Buinne go mbuadh.  
 Uch mo nuar do rugadh mé !

[101a] D'éis Bhuinne na dtreas mborb,  
 A mhacaoimh óig na gcolg n[d]éad,  
 Ní bhiadh anam ionnam dá ghrádh,  
 Annsa liom bás nó muirn dá mhéad.

A h-aithle na laoidhe sin adubhairt Cúchulainn :  
 "Maith, a ríoghan," air sé, "an aitheontá an Cúchulainn  
 oirdhearc dá bhfaiceá hé ?"

"Ní aitheónainn," air sí, "óir ní fhacas ariamh é, do bhrígh  
 nach raibhe foill agam rochtuin go nuige é an tan tugas iarraidh  
 go h-Éirinn air."

<sup>1</sup> na ghruadh nearg.

Tell me, O youthful maiden, whose are the arms thou washest ?  
Who is the warrior of many exploits whose wound has shed this  
blood ?

The son of the King of Antioch, truly, Buinne of the Victorious  
Feats, with fair vigour, lying to-day a mass of gore. Yesterday  
I was his sister.

With whom has Buinne of the Victorious Feats fought ?  
O fair maiden of the ruddy cheeks ! By whom has been pierced  
the swan-like side of him who yesterday was fierce in anger ?

By Garuidh Garbhghlúineach of the weapons, son of the  
King of Morocco, of rough aspect. On my behalf, alas ! Buinne  
Buadh fought yesterday.

When Buinne Buadh of the sharp blades came from the  
stout combat, many were the wounds in his side inflicted by  
Garuidh, the ignoble, who has caused much affliction.

Another combat, without cessation, on my behalf he will  
engage, in which the victorious Buinne will fall. Alas ! that I  
was born !

After Buinne of the rough conflicts, O youth of the ivory-  
hilted blades ! for love of him I shall not survive. Dearer to  
me death than affection however great.

After that lay, Cúchulainn said :

“Well, princess, wouldst thou recognise the famous Cúchulainn  
if thou wert to see him ?”

“I would not,” said she, “for I have never seen him, because  
I had no opportunity of reaching him when I went to Ireland in  
search of him.”

“Maiseadh,” air Cúchulainn, “is mise an fear sin do bhí tú d’iarraidh, eadhon an Cúchulainn oirdhearc, agus is díom do bhí tusa [aig] gabháil a sgéal air dteacht a dtír a n-Éirinn duit, agus atáim air lorg Gharuidh agus air do lorg-sa ó sin ille. Agus ná bí[odh] contabhairt agad nó go ndíoghólfé air Gharuidh gach a ndearna d’égcóir ort go nuige so, óir do dhíoghail mé páirt mhaith dhe hana, do bhrígh gur thuit a dhearbhráthair agus a athair agus a mháthair agus maithe a chríche uile liom, agus do dhéna comhrac re Garuidh amárach tar do cheann-sa agus tar ceann do dhearbhráthara.”

“Truagh sin!” air an inghean, “is iongnadh liom-sa duine comh óg anaosach leat-sa do chóimhlíonadh na ngníomh<sup>1</sup> adeir tú, agus a liacht curadh cródha cathbhudhach agus míleadh meardhána do thuit leis an bhfear sin .i. Fearghus Fiodhárd.”

Leis sin tig Laoi chuca, agus tairngios an long a dtír, agus taisbénas sleagh agus séadchomhartha Fhearghuis do’n inghin, agus ní féidir a fhaisnéis méid an iongantais fa óige Chongculainn agus fa fheabhas a mhórghníomh do rinne sí. Cíodh trácht, tiaghaid do’n dúnadh a gcuideachta a chéile, agus innsios an inghean gurbé an Cúchulainn [101b] oirdhearc ro bhaoi ann, agus téid Cúchulainn a gcéadóir mar a raibhe Buinne Buadhchleasach, mac Rígh na h-Antuaithe, agus é cneadhach créachtach anbhann égcruaigh ó bhéimionnaibh borbneartmhara básamhla Gharuidh, agus cuireas Cúchulainn cuid do’n íce agus do’n bhalsuim ro fhágbhadar Tuatha Dé Danann .i. a chárde síothchuire, aige re cneadhaibh agus re créachtaibh Bhuinne Bhuadhchleasaigh, ionnus go madh sleamhan slánchréachtach a gcéadóir é gan ghoin, gan áladh, gan nimh nó nimh-loit do mhothugh.

Cíodh trácht, ní féidir [a] innse nó a fhaisnéis méid na luathghára agus an ulgháirdis do rinneadh a mbaile Rígh na h-Antuaithe re linn Congculainn agus fa Bhuinne Buadhchleasach do bheith slán ó chneadhaibh. Acht aheana, ro innis Cúchulainn do Bhuinne Buadhchleasach agus do chách amhail mar do fhuasgail<sup>2</sup> sé geasa do Charrthainn Chúilfhinn, inghean Rígh na h-Aifrice .i. searc agus síorghrádh Bhuinne Bhuadhchleasaigh. Agus air n-a chlos sin do Bhuinne Buadhchleasach, iadhas a dhá láimh um bhrághaid Chongculainn agus pógas go dil díochra é, agus adubhairt:

<sup>1</sup> na ghníomh.      <sup>2</sup> do fhuasgair.

“Well,” said Cúchulainn, “I am that man whom thou wert seeking, to wit the illustrious Cúchulainn, and of me it was thou wert enquiring news of him when thou didst land in Ireland. And I have been seeking Garuidh and thee ever since. And doubt not but that I shall avenge on Garuidh all the injustice he has done thee hitherto. For already I have avenged a good part of it, for his brother and his father and his mother and all the nobles of his land have fallen by me. And I will fight Garuidh to-morrow for thee and for thy brother.”

“Alas!” said the maiden, “I marvel that one so young as thou should have performed the deeds thou sayest, considering how many valiant, victorious heroes and swift, bold warriors have fallen by that man, Fearghus Fiodhárd.”

Thereupon Laoi came unto them, and drew the ship to land, and showed the spear and relics of Fearghus to the maiden. And it is not possible to describe how she marvelled at the youth of Cúchulainn and at the excellence of his doughty deeds. However they went together to the court, and the maiden told that this was the famous Cúchulainn. And Cúchulainn went at once to where Buinne Buadhchleasach lay, wounded, injured, weak and feeble from the stout, deadly blows of Garuidh. And Cúchulainn put some of the salve and balsam which the Tuatha Dé Danann, his friends from the fairy mounds, had left with him, on the wounds and scars of Buinne Buadhchleasach, so that he became supple and free from wounds at once and felt neither hurt nor injury, poison nor venom.

However it is not possible to tell of the rejoicing and gladness in the court of the King of Antioch because of Cúchulainn and because of Buinne Buadhchleasach’s being cured from his wounds. Howbeit Cúchulainn told Buinne Buadhchleasach and all how he had freed the spells of Carthann Chúilfhionn, daughter of the King of Africa, to wit the love and lasting-affection of Buinne Buadhchleasach. And when Buinne Buadhchleasach heard that, he embraced Cúchulainn and kissed him affectionately, and said:

“Ní chreidim,” air sé, “gurb’ ó dhuine dhaonna do geineadh thú, a Chúchulainn, acht ó neach éigin do na déibh adharrdha, óir níor bh’fheidir go ndénadh duine do’n Ádhuimhchloinn air a mbiadh colann daonna na gníomha do rinneadh leat, agus is deimhin gurb tú bhus áird-rí [102a] air an domhan agus air an gcruinne go cómh-iomlán.”

Acht cheana, air geríochnughadh an chomhráidh sin, adubhairt Cúchulainn re Laoi a charbad d’innioll go ndeachaidh d’fhéachain innill agus égcuisg Gharuidh agus go dtabhradh árdmheas air. Do ní Laoi amhlaidh sin, agus gluaiseas Cúchulainn go pubal Gharuidh, agus do gheibh fear uathmhar aigmheil anchumach dian daoldhathach dubhghorm, ba mó ná ar féidir tuarasgbháil do thabhairt air, ’n-a shuidhe is an bpubal, agus lorg-fhearsad iarúinn ’n-a seasamh re sleas an phubail i n-a raibhe eire chaoga laoch. Agus air dteacht do dhoras an phubail do Choingcúlainn féachas Garuidh air agus adubhairt :

“Cá h-áit a rabhuis, a mhaoth-mhacaoidh ?” air sé.

“Do bhághus<sup>1</sup> a mbaile Rígh na h-Antuaithe,” air Cúchulainn.

“Créad brígh do thurais annso ?” air Garuidh.

“Do thabhairt árdmheasa agus tuarasgbhála ort-sa,” air sé, “óir is mé an chéad duine do thiucfas do chomhrac riot amárach, agus tuitfe tú liom, amhail mar do thuit h’athair agus do dhearbhráthair.”

“Saoilim,” air Garuidh, “gur ban-eachlach nó bean-tsiubhail an bhuime mhúinte do bhaoi agad do bheir do bhriathara comh bárr-bhaoth agus sin. Agus muna ngéillinn do bheith ad’ mhaoth-mhacaomh anbhann anaosach, do chuirfinn a n-áit thú as nach dtiucfá air amharc buime nó máthara go bruinne mbrátha agus mbeatha .i. go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe,” air sé.

“Má tá nach gcreidíonn tú,” air Cúchulainn, [102b] “gur thuit do dhearbhráthair agus h’athair<sup>2</sup> liom, do bhér dearbh duit air” — aig taisbéanadh na sleighe nimhe do bhí aig Fearghus agus séadchomharrtha oile tug as dúnadh Rígh bhFear Morc.

“Is deimhin,” air Garuidh, “gurbí sin an tsleagh do bhaoi aig mo bhráthair Fearghus, agus is iongnadh liom cia d’fhearaibh na talmhan fuair as a láimh í, do dheóin nó air éigin,” air sé.

<sup>1</sup> bághuis.      <sup>2</sup> agus a hathair.

"I do not believe, Cúchulainn, that thou wert born of a human being but of some one of the gods of adoration. For it was not possible that any of the race of Adam, endowed with a human body, could have done the deeds that thou hast done. And it is certain that thou shalt be high-king of the world and the whole universe."

However when that talk was ended, Cúchulainn told Laoi to prepare his chariot, that he might go to see the appearance of Garuidh and to estimate his strength. Laoi did so. And Cúchulainn went to the tent of Garuidh, and found, sitting within the tent, a terrible, huge, misshapen, fierce, chafer-coloured, dark-blue man, larger than could be described, and at the side of the tent, an iron club to carry which were a burden for fifty heroes. And when Cúchulainn came to the entrance of the tent, Garuidh looked upon him and spake :

"Where wast thou, tender youth?" said he.

"I was in the court of the King of Antioch," said Cúchulainn.

"What means thy visit hither?" said Garuidh.

"To get an estimate and description of thee," said Cúchulainn, "for I am the first man who will come to give thee combat to-morrow, and thou wilt fall by me, even as thy father and brother have fallen."

"I think," said Garuidh, "that thy nurse of instruction must have been a female horse-messenger or a wandering woman [beggar-woman?] which causes thy words to be so exceedingly foolish. And did I not grant that thou wert a tender, weak, youthful lad, I would put thee there whence thou shouldst never till doom be seen by nurse or mother, namely, in the City of the Fiery Stream."

"If thou dost not believe," said Cúchulainn, "that thy brother and thy father tell by me, I will give thee proof of it"—showing the venomous spear of Fearghus and other tokens which he had brought from the fortress of the King of Morocco.

"It is certain," said Garuidh, "that that is the spear which my brother Fearghus had, and I marvel what man on earth got it out of his hand, by consent or by force."

“Ní bhiaidh iongnadh ort uime amárach,” air Cúchulainn, “an uair do chíteas do chorp dá tholladh agus dá threaghdadh agam-sa.”

“Cia an chrích as arb’as duit féin, a mhacaoimh ?” air Garuidh.

“As Crích na bhFuineadhach ris a ráidhtear Éire,” air Cúchulainn.

“Do thairngir Neachtain Uathmhar .i. m’oide, dhamh,” air sé, “gurb as Éirinn do thiucfadh an gaisgidheach is mó ó n-a bhfuighinn an airc chomhraic is mó do gheabhainn go bráth. Gidheadh ní shamhluighim sin leat-sa,” air sé, “óir is cosmhaile le macaomh óg anaosach air a chluithche bá[i]re agus baoisi thú nó le curadh nó le cruadh-laoch aig iomlat arm nó iolfhaobhar.”

“Ní fada,” air Cúchulainn, “nó go mbiaidh a fhios agad-sa cionnus do ním airm d’iomlat agus d’iomluaghail.”

Agus a haithle an chomhráidh sin filleas Cúchulainn do’n gcathraigh, agus fa mór iomorro an luathgháir do rinneadh roimhe annsin. Acht aheana, air n-imtheacht do Choingculainn, fa h-iongnadh mór le Garuidh cionnus do thárla an tsleagh air, agus do smuanaigh go minic air an bhfáistine [103a] sin do rinne Neachtain dó, agus táncadar taibhseadha agus taisbéanadha gráineamhla agus físe agus tarfáis agus airgheana báis chuige go minic an oidhche sin, agus ní dhearna suan nó codladh nó comhnaidhe.

Dála Chongculainn annso : air n-éirghe laoi co n-a lán-tsoillsi air na mhárach, éirgheas a mochdheaghail na maidne, agus fuagras do Laoi an Carbad Searrdha d’innull. Do ní Laoi sin go h-athlomh iméasgaidh, agus air mbeith innillte dhó, téid Cúchulainn ann. Agus is mairg iomorro an curadh nó an cathmhíleadh a raibhe a thriall chuige fo’n tuairim sin. Óir fa hé sin an cleasaidhe coimhdheas, agus an seabhac sárlúthmhar, agus an leomhan lonn láinfheargach, agus an dragún dian doichoisge, agus an t-iollánach torannchleasach nach dtáinic curadh nó cathmhíleadh ariamh falláin ó n-a lúthchleasaibh, agus má táinic gach uair, ní hí an uair si.

Ciodh trácht air ndol i n-a charbad dó, téid amach air gheaphta na cathracha, agus téid an rí agus maithe na cathracha air taibhlibh agus air toruibh an dúnaidh d’fhéachain iomthósa na mórdheabhthaiar n-uair.

"Thou wilt not marvel at that to-morrow," said Cúchulainn, "when thy body will be seen being pierced and wounded by me."

"What land dost thou come from, youth?" askæd Garuidh.

"From *Críoch na bhFuineadhach* which is called Ireland," said Cúchulainn.

"Neachtain the Dread, my foster father, prophesied that from Ireland would come the warrior from whom I should get the most deadly combat I should ever sustain. But I do not apply the prophecy to thee, for thou art more like to a youthful lad engaged in a foolish game of ball than to a warrior or battle-hero wielding arms and weapons."

"It will not be long until thou shalt know how I wield arms," said Cúchulainn.

And after that conversation Cúchulainn returned to the city, and great, indeed, was the joy there on his arrival. Howbeit, when Cúchulainn had departed, Garuidh marvelled much how he had chanced upon the spear, and he thought often of that prophecy which Neachtain had made for him. And hideous phantoms and revelations and visions and apparitions and omens of death came frequently unto him that night, and he had no rest or sleep or repose.

As for Cúchulainn, when the day dawned with its full brightness on the morrow, he rose in the early morn, and he ordered Laoi to prepare the Scythed Chariot for him. Laoi did so swiftly and readily, and when it was ready, Cúchulainn went into it. And woe to the hero or warrior against whom he went in that wise, for he was the skilful one of feats, the passing-swift hawk, the fierce, full-furious lion, the vehement, indocile dragon, the versatile one of thunderfeats from whose active feats no hero or warrior ever escaped unhurt, and if one did escape at any time, it was not on this occasion.

However, having gone into his chariot, he went out by the city gate, and the king and nobles of the city went to the ramparts and towers of the court to watch the course of the great battle presently.

Air bhfaicsin annso do Gharuidh an carbad doiligh doilfe draoidheachta air a raibhe nimh agus gráin agus géarghlonn air gach rotha agus air gach fearsaid agus air gach tairne dá raibhe ann, agus na h-airm agus na cleasa gáibhtheacha gráineamhla nach bhfacas a leithid aig aon neach ariamh roimhe, agus na ceatha taibhseach[a] tiughlasracha teineadh agus na drithle [103b] dian-dhearga do bhí aig éirghe as na sleaghaibh agus as na craoiseachaibh, agus an t-each dualach daoldhubh a gcuing thosaigh an charbaid aig briseadh a h-iall agus a h-aradhan air mhoille lé do bhí sí aig dénamh leadartha agus láithreachais, óir do aithneadh an Dubh-shaoileann agus an Liath Macha an uair do bhíodh Cúchulainn aig triall mór-éachta do dhénamh nó an iomad fola do dhortadh, agus air bhfaicsin an óig-mhacacoimh áluinn anársuidh air lúth agus air luadhghail, aig innull agus aig ionráin, aig seoladh agus aig suidhiudh na sleagh nimhneach nimhe agus na g[c]leas ngáiphtheach ngráineamhail n-uathmhar n-anaithnigh, agus aig seachna a bhfaobhar agus a bhforghráine air a chéile, do ghabh iongnadh agus uathbhás hé, agus do bhí brígh na fáistine agus na físe [aig] teacht go mór i n-a chuimhne.

Ciodh trácht, air mbeith do Choingculainn [aig] teacht fa eadh lámhe<sup>1</sup> dhó, tárla cártha comh-mór cloiche sáidhte a dtuinnighibh na talmhan air cheann an mhoighe mhórfhairsing, do bhí ann re cian d'aimsir roimhe sin, nach bhféadfadh curadh<sup>2</sup> nó cathmhíleadh nó duine dhá láidre a h-athaireach nó a h-iomlat. Agus adubhairt Cúchulainn :

“Maith, a Laoi,” air sé, “tabhair an carbad a dtimchioll an chártha d’fhios an roiththeadh dhíom a thabhairt ann mo chrann-tábhaill agus go bhféachuinn mo lámhach cloiche air Gharuidh.”

Do bheir Laoi an carbad a dtimchioll an chártha, agus cuirios Cúchulainn an ghlac gheal ghléleabhar fo chaol an chártha, [104a] agus do bheir feidhm foirtill fiórláidir fair, ionnus gur thairring as innighibh na talmhna trom-fhóidighe é, agus gur eagair i n-a chrann-tábhuill as a h-aithle sin agus go dtug rogha an urchair air Gharuidh, gan chaime gan chlaoine, a gceartlár ochta dhe, gur bhris agus gur mhionbhrúgh an lúireach mhórdhrolach dhualach agus an t-éideadh daingean deargumha a leith astigh do’n lúirigh, agus gur chriothnuigh agus gur chumhsgraidh fréamhach a chraoidhe agus a chléibh ann, ionnus gur chuir Garuidh trí tonna troma do

<sup>1</sup> eadh lámha.<sup>2</sup> curigh.

When Garuidh saw the terrible, magical, enchanted chariot, on every wheel and pole and nail of which was venom and hideousness and sharp-wounding, and the arms and the hideous, perilous feats the like of which were never before seen with anyone, and the showy, thickly-blazing showers of fire and the quick, red sparks which rose from the spears and javelins, and the crispéd-maned, chafer-black steed in the front yoke of the chariot breaking her reins and harness in her eagerness to do destruction and devastation—for the Dubhshaoileann and the Liath Macha used to know when Cúchulainn was going to perform a great exploit or to shed much blood—and when Garuidh saw the beautiful, youthful lad, actively and swiftly arranging and preparing, settling and placing the venomous spears and the hideous, perilous, strange, awful feats and keeping their edges and hideousness from one another, he was seized with wonder and terror, and the meaning of the prophecy and the vision came much into his memory.

However when Cúchulainn came within a hand's breadth of him, there happened to be imbedded in the earth at the end of the wide plain, a large rock which had been there for ages and which no hero or warrior or man, however strong, could move or wield. And Cúchulainn said :

“Well, Laoi, drive the chariot around the pillar-stone that I may see if I can put it in my sling, and that I may try my stone-casting upon Garuidh.”

Laoi drove the chariot around the stone, and Cúchulainn put his supple, white hand round the slender part of the stone and gave it a strong, violent wrench, so that he dragged it from the bowels of the heavy-sodded earth. And he put it in his sling then, and gave a choice cast of it at Garuidh, without crookedness or swerving, right in the middle of the chest, so that he broke and smashed completely the large-hooked engraved breastplate and the strong armour of red bronze within the breastplate, and caused the very roots of his heart to quiver and shake, so that Garuidh cast three heavy waves of dark-blue blood out of his

fhuil<sup>1</sup> dorcha dubhghorm amach air a bhéal agus air a bhrághuid, agus fa h-iongnadh ádhbhalmhór le Garuidh neartmhaire an urchair sin. Agus gabhas Garuidh an cárrtha i n-[a] láimh, agus do bheir urchar ádhbhal anláidir air Cúchulainn de, óir do shaoil an carbad agus an curadh do thrasguirt do'n trénurchar sin. Acht aheana, ní seachna nó saobhadh tug Cúchulainn do'n urchar, acht is eadh do rinne, éirghe a n-áirde isin aiér a n-arrceis an urchair, agus an cárrtha do ghabháil i n-a chranntábhail. Agus innleas an dara feacht air Gharuidh é, gur amuis i n-a ghualainn clí é, agus gur chuir maol na gualonna as a h-áit agus as a h-ionadh aige, agus gur chomhmeasgaigh folmhach uachtair a chléibh agus a chumpair uile do'n toronn sin. Do lonnadh agus do lasadh, do feargadh agus do fíorfhiuchadh Garuidh do'n fhurbhfáilte neamhcharrthannach sin, agus is eadh do rinne, an lorg-fhearsad úr-iarainn do bhí re h-ursainn an phubail do ghabháil [104b] chuige, agus do bheir suinnseadh santach sárneartmhar a gcoinne agus a gcomhdháil Chongculainn, óir do shaoil go ndénadh miongar agus mionbhrughar do'n churadh agus do'n charbad, idir duine agus each agus úmtha, do'n trénbhuille sin. Agus do bheir tréntairring air an luirg ó mhaol ghualann agus ó mhullach an aidheoir fa thuairim Chongculainn. Agus air n-a airiugh sin do'n ghiolla dheas dheaghtapuidh .i. Laoi, do bheir brod far san eachradh, ionnus gur éirgheadar d'eitioll édtrom énamhail, agus gur sheachnadar an buille agus go [n]deachaidh an buille fo thalamh agus go ndearna an luirg uaimhchlais isin talamh i n-a mbiadh cath-eaguir .i. míle go leith fear, fo n-a n-arm agus fo n-a n-éideadh<sup>2</sup> a bhfolach innte, agus suil ráinic leis an luirg do thógbháil arís, tug Cúchulainn urchar do'n tsleigh, darbh'ainm Fuariugh Feirge, fair, agus aimsios a n-ubhall na brághad ós bhrollach na lúirighe é, gur theasg an lúireach agus faobhar an éididh, agus go ndeachaidh an tsleagh go nuige a lonchraois a n-ubhall a bhrághad, go madh samhailta re buinne easa an buinne fola fordhuibhe do bhí aig teacht as compar a chléibh amach. Innleas, an dara feacht, sleagh oile air, darbh'ainm Sgread-go-Nimh, agus aimsios i n-[a] asguill é, idir dhá fhaobhar an éididh chúil agus an éididh ochta, go ndeachaidh an tsleagh feadh láimhe laoi i n-a chliabh asteach, ionnus gur mhothuigh a sgairt [105a] agus a sgamhán air n-a ngéar-nguin do'n urchar sin, agus air n-a mhothughadh sin dó,

<sup>1</sup> do dhfhuil.<sup>2</sup> fo n-arm agus fo n-a n-éidead.

mouth and throat. And Garuidh marvelled much at the strength of that cast. And he took the stone in his hand, and made a very strong, terrible cast of it at Cúchulainn, for he intended to overthrow both the warrior and the chariot with that powerful shot. However Cúchulainn did not avoid, or swerve aside from, the blow, but he rose up in the air to meet the cast, and he caught the stone in his sling, and aimed it a second time at Garuidh, and struck him in his left shoulder and dislocated the shoulder-blade and mangled the whole of the upper part of his body with that thunderous blow. At that hostile welcoming Garuidh was enraged with anger and fury, and he seized the club of iron which stood by the door of the tent, and made a violent, eager thrust at Cúchulainn, intending to grind the hero and the chariot, man and steed and trappings, to atoms and powder, with that mighty blow. And he swung the club strongly from the shoulder-blade, aloft in the air towards Cúchulainn. And when the skilful, nimble attendant, to wit Laoi, perceived that, he plied the goad on the steeds, so that they rose with a light, bird-like soaring and avoided the blow. And the blow came upon the ground, and the club made in the ground a deep furrow in which a battalion, *i.e.* one thousand five hundred men, armed and equipped, might hide. And before he was able to lift the club again, Cúchulainn cast at him the spear called Cooling of Anger, and hit him in the apple of the throat above the breastplate, so that he cut the breastplate and the edge of the armour, and the spear went into the apple of his throat as far as his gullet, and the stream of very black blood which flowed from his breast was like a cataract flood. He aimed at him, a second time, the spear called Shriek with Venom, and hit him in the armpit between the edge of the back-armour and the chest-armour, so that the spear went a hero's hand's breadth into his chest, and he felt his lungs and midriff sorely wounded by that cast. And on feeling this, he

do ghabh mire agus déine agus dásacht, fearg agus fíor-lonnas [é], agus is eadh do rinne, an luirg do theilgin uadha, agus do bheir siothadh santach sulbhorb d'ionnsoigh Chongculainn, agus dob'áil leis an carbad agus an curadh do ghabháil idir a dhá láimh a n-éinfheacht, ionnus go ndéanadh<sup>1</sup> mionbhrughar measgach millte agus míreannadh beaga buanréapha, idir dhuine agus each, dhíobh. Ciodh trácht, air dteacht a gcomhfhogus do'n charbad dó, do bheir an carbad luathchuart 'n-a thimchioll, agus beanas tairne do'n rotha dhraoidheachta dhó, gur theasg an chos dheas ó'n ghlún síos de, agus gur thuit chum láir agus láintalmhan, amhail múr nó mór-chaislén air n-a thrasguirt re soighnén teintighe. Agus air dtuítom dhó amhlaidh sin, innlios Cúchulainn cleas dá chleasaibh nimhe air .i. an cleas gráineamhail gáifeach géareiteach bríoghmhar básamhail borbneartmhar darb'ainm an cleitín-chleas, gur amuis a n-íochtar a chuim é, agus gur bhris an lúireach agus an t-éideadh, agus gur threaghd a abach agus a ionathar a n-íochtar a chuim. Agus gabhas dá chleasaibh nimhe air ó sin amach, dá threaghdadh agus dá tholladh, dá leódh agus dá leadradh agus dá athchuma, ionnus go madh samhailte re sgaoith mhionbheachan<sup>2</sup> a dtimchioll chuaschrainn aig cosnamh a nid agus a n-óig-thoirrchís, sleagha agus cleasa [105b] Chongculainn [aig] dul ann agus as, chuige agus uadha, ionnus go madh samhailte re criathar fo bheachan, a chorp air n-a tholladh agus air n-a threaghdadh do ghnáthlámhach Chongculainn. Agus is amhlaidh do bhí Garuidh, agus mealla troma toirteamhla agus caoba cródhearga cró dá chuid fola agus feóla féin aige dá gcaitheamh re Choingculainn, agus aig mallughadh agus aig mórmhaslughadh na ndée adharrdha d'órduigh mar chinneamhain dó tuitiom re duine comh óg anaosach re Coingculainn. Ciodh trácht air gciorbhughadh chuirp Gharuidh amhlaidh sin, agus air ndíscaoileadh [a] earraidh agus [a] éidigh 'n-a thimchioll, lingear Cúchulainn as an gearbad, agus éirgheas a ndreimhne an dragúin a n-áirde san aieór ós a cheann, agus do bheir béim<sup>3</sup> claidhimh dhó a maol na gualanna, gur sgoilt idir corp agus chnáimh agus earradh agus éideadh go nuige iomlegán é, agus gur leath air gach taoibh dhe.

<sup>1</sup> go ndiognadh.<sup>2</sup> bhionbheachan.<sup>3</sup> béidhm.

was filled with madness and fury and rage and anger and fierceness ; and he cast from him the club, and made an eager, wild rush at Cúchulainn with the desire to take both chariot and hero between his two hands and grind both man and steed into small particles. However, when he approached the chariot, it made a swift circuit round him, and one of the spokes of the magic wheel came in contact with him, and cut off his foot from the knee down. And he fell to the ground like a rampart or a big castle struck down by a fiery thunderbolt. And when he had fallen thus, Cúchulainn aimed one of his venomous feats at him, to wit the hideous, dangerous, sharp-winged, powerful, deadly, violent feat called the Little Dart Feat, and hit him in the lower part of his body, and broke the breastplate and the armour, and pierced his entrails. And he continued to ply his venomous feats on him, piercing, wounding, hacking, lacerating and mutilating him, so that the spears and feats of Cúchulainn going into him and out of him, towards him and from him, were like unto a swarm of little bees about a hollow tree protecting their nest and their young offspring, and his body, pierced and perforated by the continuous casting of Cúchulainn, was like unto a honey-comb. And thus was Garuidh, he was casting at Cúchulainn heavy, large lumps and blood-red, gory clots of his own flesh and blood, and cursing and reviling the gods of adoration who had decreed as fate for him to fall by so youthful a warrior as Cúchulainn. Howbeit, having hacked Garuidh's body thus, and having loosened the armour and equipment round him, Cúchulainn leaped from the chariot, and rose with the violence of the dragon in the air over his head, and struck him with his sword on the flat of his shoulder, and split him, body and bone, armour and equipment, to the navel, and scattered him broadcast.

Is annsin do thionóladar a dtimchioll Chongculainn agus Gharuidh an sluagbhuidhean fa gnáthchuideachta do Choingculainn .i. bádhbha agus bocánaigh agus caróin chíocracha<sup>1</sup> chrobhdhearga, óir is da lámhaibh Chongculainn fa gnáth leó a bhfualachta agus a bhfosda<sup>2</sup> d'fhagháil, agus do thoirlingeadar air Gharuidh, mar thoirt maolchnuic nó mór-thsléibhe dhíobh agus do ghabhadar aig sreangthairring a chuirp agus a chnámh ó chéile, ionnus go madh [106a] fualachta agus fosda<sup>3</sup> dháibh é go feadh cian d'aimsir.

Air maoidheamh an mhór-éachta so re Coingculainn, táinic Rí na h-Antuaithe agus a mhac .i. Buinne Buadhchleasach, agus a inghean, eadhon Gruaidh Ghriansholus, agus maithe agus mór-naisle chríche na h-Antuaithe, amach as an gcathair a gcoinne agus a gcomhdháil Chongculainn, maille re ceól agus re caintice, agus do rugadar leó do'n dúnadh é, agus ní féidir a fhaisnéis nó [a] innse méid na h-onóra agus na pumpe do rinneadar uime, agus do ghabhadar leis mar thriath agus mar áird-thighearna go bruinne mbrátha agus mbeatha. Ciodh trácht, do chaitheadar an oidhche sin re h-ól agus re h-aoibhneas go maidin air na mhárach, agus air n-éirghe gréine air n-a mhárach, ro éirigh Cúchulainn, agus fuagras do Laoi a charbad d'innull, agus ráidheas re Buinne Buadhchleasach eolas do dhéanamh dhó go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe.

"Truagh sin!" air Rí na h-Antuaithe, "cluithche agus gáire gach ní go nuige sin," air sé, "óir is amhlaidh atá an áit sin .i. cathair atá air oiléan mara, agus an fhairge atá 'n-a timchioll, 'n-a h-aon-lasair teintighe, agus ní théid long nó arthurach urtha acht an long i n-a mbiadh Garuidh nó Neachtain Uathmhar, óir do dhéantaí min agus luaith do'n luing oile innte, agus fós ní h-ionchomhraic fir na talmhan fris an aitheach atá dá cumhdach, óir gach uair do goinfidhe re h-arm é, mar as taosga no thuitfeadh air an talamh, do thiucfadh a neart agus a bhrígh féin ann arís, agus ní moitheochadh guin nó [106b] créacht dá mbeith fair, agus gurb'eadh dhéanas tusa," air an rí, "filleadh go h-Éirinn, agus áirdchíos gacha críche do bhreith leat, óir dá madh gníomh dob'fhéidir do dhéanamh, dul go Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe, do dhéntá-sa é, agus ó nach eadh, léig dhíot triall ann."

<sup>1</sup> chíochracha.<sup>2</sup> bf2.<sup>3</sup> f2.

Then it was that there assembled, around Cúchulainn and Garuidh, that band which was wont to accompany Cúchulainn, to wit war-goddesses and sprites and ravenous, red-clawed carrions, for they were wont to get their sustenance from the hands of Cúchulainn. And they alighted on Garuidh, a crowd of them as large as a flat-topped hill or a great mountain, and they fell to tearing his body and bones asunder in shreds so that he was sustenance for them for a long time.

When Cúchulainn had vaunted this great exploit, the King of Antioch and his son, Buinne Buadhchleasach, and his daughter, Gruaidh Ghriansholus, and the nobles and gentry of the land of Antioch, came forth from the city to meet him with music and canticles, and they brought him to the court. And indescribable was the honour and pomp they made for him, and they accepted him as lord and master till the end of the world. However, they spent that night in drinking and pleasure until the following morning. And at sunrise on the morrow, Cúchulainn arose, and ordered Laoi to prepare his chariot, and asked Buinne Buadhchleasach to guide him to the City of the Fiery Stream.

“Alas !” said the King of Antioch, “all hitherto is but a sport and [subject for] laughter [compared to that]. For thus is that place. It is a city in an island, and the sea which surrounds it is one fiery blaze, and ship or vessel cannot sail it save the ship in which is Garuidh or Neachtain the Dread, for all other ships would be burnt to dust and ashes. And moreover the men of the world are not fit to encounter that giant who guards it, for whenever wounded by weapons, as soon as he would fall to the ground, his strength and vigour would return again, and he would feel neither hurt nor wound on him. And what thou wilt do,” said the king, “is to return to Ireland and take with thee the tribute of every land, for if it were a deed which could be accomplished to go to the City of the Fiery Stream, thou wouldst accomplish it, and since it cannot be accomplished, do thou abandon the project of going there.”

“Léig dhíot, a rí,” air Cúchulainn, “óir ní gheabhainn maitheas na talmhan agus gan triall ann, óir is coimhdheas an long fil agamsa air muir dteintighe agus air muir dtéachtuidh .i. an Bhreac-bháirc agus ní luidhionn draoidheacht nó diabhlai gheacht air aoin neach dá mbeith innte.”

Agus iar sin gabhas Cúchulainn lámh air imtheacht, agus téid i n-a luing, agus téid Buinne Buadhchleasach, mac Rígh na h-Antuaithe, leis, agus tiaghuid air fairrge, agus ní h-airistear a sgéalaidheacht nó go rángadar an mhuir theintighe. Agus air dteacht air an muir theintighe do’n Bhreac-bháirc, do stad na tinte agus na teannála agus na lasracha do bhí urrtha, agus do múchadh a h-anfa agus a h-anbhuaín, agus do ghabhadar aig iomramh urrtha mar gach muir oile, nó go rángadar a gcomhghar do’n oiléan. Agus is í sin uair agus aimsear fa dtárla an t-aitheach aibhseach urghránda .i. Neachtain Uathmhar, mac na Talmhan, a’ spoisteóracht air bhruach an chuain, agus go mbíodh comhfhod re h-acra fearuinn idir a dhá chois. Agus air bhfaicsin na luinge dhó, do shaoil gurbh’é Garuidh ro bhaoi ann, acht amháin air bhfaicsin na n-arm n-áluinn [107a] n-iongantach agus an óigmhacacaimh áluinn édrocht dob’fhéarr deilbh agus dénamh, innull agus égcosg do’n druing dhaonda, a meadhón na n-arm sin, dá n-innull agus dá n-órdughadh agus dá n-eagur, agus air bhfaicsin na lasrach agus na dteannál air ndol do’n fhairrge, do ghabh gráin agus uamhan<sup>1</sup> mór é, agus druidios a n-aircis na luinge go bruach an chuain, agus tógbhas an lorg-fhearsad iaruinn do bhaoi air a ghualainn, agus dob’áil leis an long do thrasguirt maille re n-a raibhe innte do’n aon bhéim sin.

Air n-a fhaicsin sin do Choingculainn, gabhas cleas darbh’ainm an faobhar-chleas, agus innleas air an aitheach é, gur amuis idir an dá ghabhail-chois fa h-áirde nó gach seól-chrann luinge, é, agus gur tholl agus gur threaghd a ghairmheanach i n-a chorp, agus gur thuit faon fotharsna fo thalamh. Agus suil ráinic leis éirghe, do chuir Cúchulainn seacht sleagha dá shleaghaibh nimhe ann, agus aig so a n-anmanna .i. an Chúrsach Dhearg agus Seoladh Rinne agus Fuarugh Feirge agus Sgread-go-Neimh agus Gorm na bhFaobhar agus Gorm na gCréacht agus Fásghadh Fola. Agus lingear féin do léim luchtmhar lánaibhseach a dtír do churrt-hosaigh na luinge, a ndóchas a cheann do sgaradh re n-a phéisd-

<sup>1</sup> uathmhan.

“Cease, O king,” said Cúchulainn, “for I would not forego going there for the wealth of the earth. For the ship which I have, to wit the Speckled Barque, can sail alike on a fiery sea or a frozen sea, and no magic or wizardry can affect anyone in it.”

And then Cúchulainn set about his departure, and boarded his ship. And Buinne Buadhchleasach went with him. And they went on the sea, and their adventures are not told until they reached the fiery sea. And when the Speckled Barque came on the fiery sea, the fires and blazings and conflagrations ceased, and its storm and unrest subsided. And they took to rowing upon it as upon any other sea, until they came near the island. And at that precise time, the frightful hideous giant, Neachtain the Dread, son of Earth, happened to be strolling on the edge of the harbour, and [at every step] there was the length of an acre of land between his two feet. And when he saw the ship, he thought that it was Garuidh who was there. But when he saw the beautiful, wonderful weapons and the handsome youth of the best appearance and make and form and countenance of the human race among those arms, preparing them and setting them in order, and when he saw that the flames and fires had gone from the sea, he was seized with hatred and great terror, and approached the ship towards the edge of the harbour. And he raised the iron club which was on his shoulder with intent to overthrow the boat and its occupants with that one blow.

When Cúchulainn saw that, he took the feat called the Edge Feat, and aimed it at the giant, and struck him between the two feet which were higher than the main-mast of a ship, and pierced and penetrated his entrails, so that he fell prostrate to the ground. And before he could rise, Cúchulainn put seven of his venomous spears in him. (And these are their names : An Chúrsach Dhearg, Seoladh Rinne, Fuarugh Feirge, Sgread go Nimh, Gorm na bhFaobhar, Gorm na gCréacht and Fásghadh Fola). And he himself leaped a wide, full-huge leap to land from the prow of the ship, in the hope of parting Neachtain’s head from his loathly

choluinn.<sup>1</sup> Ciodh tráchtá ba faigsi do'n aitheach dianchabhair a mháthara .i. an talamh tromfhóideach, iná sin, óir do éirigh sleamhain slánchréachtach, gan ghuin, gan áladh, gan athloit.

Air n-a fhaicsin sin do Choingculainn, [107b] do lonnadh agus do feargadh uime go mór agus do ghabh mire agus dásacht é, agus éirgheas a n-áirde san aidheor ós ceann an aithigh, dá thuargain leis an gcolg déad, agus do bhean mar chártha comhmór cloiche do throm-mheallaibh fola agus feóla do ghuaillibh agus do thslinnénaibh agus do cheann an aithigh, nó gur thrasguir go lár agus go lántalmhain é, an dara feacht. Gidheadh fa dhímhaoin dó, óir níor thaosga chum talaimh é nó 'n-a sheasamh arís, gan fhéachain do neartbhémionnuibh Chongculainn. Ciodh trácht, air mbeith do Choingculainn air fairrge, adubhairt re Laoi :

"A Laoi," air sé, "má chí tú nach dtig dhíom-sa an t-aitheach do dhílaithriughadh re mo chleasaibh nimhe, gurb'eadh dhénas tusa agus Buinne Buadhchleasach dol romham gus an inbhear atá aig snidhe tré san gcathair, agus forghabháil do dhéanamh ann, agus an Ga Bulga d'innull damh, go bhféachuinn díoghainn mo ghaisgidh air Neachtain, óir ní bhfuil tarbh[th]a dhúinn i n-ndearnamar riamh gus anois muna dtig dinn fuasgladh do thabhairt do chlannaibh ríogh agus ró-thighearnadh an domhain do'n chur sa."

Air bhfaicsin annso do Laoi agus do Bhuinne Buadhchleasach nach raibhe tarbh[th]a i ngach casguirt agus i ngach cnáimhghearradh dá roibh Cúchulainn do thabhairt air an aitheach, do thairringeadar<sup>2</sup> an long a dtír a gcéadóir, agus do ghluaiseadar féin araon gus an inbhear, agus do rinneadar cara agus forghabháil ann, agus do innleadar an Ga Bulga. Agus an feadh ro bhádar-san [108a] aga dhéanamh soin, is eadh do rinne Cúchulainn, leigean air féin bheith aig teitheadh roimhe an aitheach agus a thrombhéimeanna do sheachna, nó gur tharruing mar sin gus an inbhior é. Agus air mbeith innilte do'n Gha Bulga, fuagras Laoi air Choingculainn a fhreastail, coneibeart :

"A ghaisgidhigh Mhuighe Líne,  
A sheabhaic Bhinne Burba,  
A Chú Ghlinne Cumra,  
Fumna an Ga Bulga !

<sup>1</sup> re n-a bpeisdcholuinn.

<sup>2</sup> do thairrngid.

body. But nearer than that to the giant was the help of his mother, the heavy-sodded earth ; for he rose supple and cured of his wounds, without hurt or scar or injury.

And when Cúchulainn saw that, he was much enraged and angered and was seized with frenzy and madness. And he rose up in the air over the giant's head, smiting him with the ivory-hilted blade, and he cut large lumps of flesh and blood, the size of a big standing-stone, from the shoulders and shoulder-blades and head of the giant, until he threw him to the ground a second time. Yet it was vain for Cúchulainn to overthrow him, for no sooner did he touch the ground than he rose again, regardless of Cúchulainn's mighty blows. However, when on the sea, Cúchulainn had said to Laoi :

“Laoi, if thou seest that I do not succeed in slaughtering the giant with my venomous feats, thou and Buinne Buadhchleasach shall go before me to the mouth of the river which flows through the city and make a dam there, and prepare the Ga Bulga for me, that I may try the stoutness of my arms upon Neachtain. For nought avails us what we have done hitherto if we cannot deliver the children of the kings and princes of the world on this occasion.”

On seeing now that all the slaughter and hacking which Cúchulainn inflicted on the giant was of no avail, Laoi and Buinne Buadhchleasach drew the ship to land at once, and went to the river-mouth, and made a causeway and dam there, and they prepared the Ga Bulga. And whilst they were doing that Cúchulainn feigned to flee from the giant and parried his mighty blows, until he brought him thus to the river mouth. And when the Ga Bulga was prepared, Laoi told Cúchulainn to receive it, and said :

“O Warrior of Magh Líne !  
 O Hawk of Beann Burba !  
 O Hound of Gleann Cumra !  
 Look out for the Ga Bulga !

“Fomna, fomna an Ga Bulga, a Chúchulainn chathbhuaidhaigh chleasamhnaigh, is dingibh dhíot an t-aitheach ádhbhul urghránda,” air sé.

Leis sin lingear Cúchulainn isin linn, agus seasmhas aig inull an chleasa, agus tig an t-aitheach 'n-a dhiaidh gus an inbhear, óir do shaoil gan chontabhairt gurb' aig teitheadh roimhe ro bhaoi. Acht atá aon ní cheana, teilgeas Cúchulainn an bán-Gha bríoghmar básamhail Bulga as laghair a choise deise a gceartlár a chuirp agus a chuim air an aitheach, gur threaghd agus gur tholl agus gur theasg a chraoidhe agus a chorp agus a chliabh, agus gur lomlán an t-aitheach ó bhonn go bathuis do nimh nárbh' fhéidir íce nó íocluibh d'fhagháil di go bráth. Agus leis sin tuitios go lár agus go lántalmhain, agus do léig nuallghártha gránda gráineamhla as, agus do ghabh aig mallughadh agus aig imdheargadh na ndée adharrtha, óir fa deimhin leis nach le duine daonda do thuit acht le neach éigin do na déibh, agus do ghabh aig tromghárthaibh air a mháthair gheineamhna .i. an talamh tuinnsigh tromfhóideach, [108b] fa chabhair agus fa chongnamh do thabhairt dó re linn an anfhorluinn táinic air. Acht cheana fa dímhaoín na briathara sin, óir fa lán a chorp do nimh an Gha Bulga. Agus leis sin tig Cúchulainn as an linn, agus gabhas an claidheamh trom toirtbhuilleach darbh'ainm Gearr na gColann, agus do bheir béim bodhbha do'n aitheach a gcaol an mhórmhuinéil, agus do sgar an tromcheann diabhlaidhe dathghránda dá phéist-cholainn, agus tóghbhas leis an ceann gur fháguibh a n-áirde air charraic cheannghairbh chloiche a bhfad ó'n choluinn é.

Agus as a h-aithle sin téid go dorus na cathracha, agus brisios an dorus agus téid asteach inte, agus marbhas gach a bhfuair inte do mhuintir an aithigh, agus iar sin cuartaigheas an dúnadh nó go bhfuair dorus cumhann cruadhghiallach agus comhla d'iarunn úr imreamhar leis, agus do bheir buille borbneartmhar d'iorlainn a shleighe air an gcomhla, gur chuir dá bacánuibh agus dá hinnsighibh í, agus do gheibh slighe chaol chumhang chomhdhorcha roimhe síos, agus is eadh do rinne, filleadh air ais agus tápuir loinneardha lánshoillseach do lasadh. Agus téid síos as a h-aithle isin uaimh uathmhar fhóidhomain thalmhan i n-a raibheadar clanna ríogh agus róthighearnadh an domhain a nglasrach agus a ngéibhionn, fa dhaoirsi agus fa dhochar ann, lán [109a] do ghorta agus do ghéarbhruid, óir ní fhaghdís do

"Look out for the Ga Bulga, O victorious Cúchulainn of the feats! and ward off the frightful, hideous giant," said he.

Thereupon Cúchulainn leaped into the pool, and stood preparing the feat, and the giant came after him to the river-mouth, for he believed without any doubt that Cúchulainn was fleeing from him. Howbeit, Cúchulainn cast the fair, powerful, deadly Ga Bulga from between the toes of his right foot into the middle of the giant's body, and pierced and penetrated his heart and breast, and filled the giant from head to foot with a poison for the cure of which balm or healing herb could never be found. And thereupon he fell down uttering hideous horrid shrieks and fell to cursing and reviling the gods of adoration, for he was certain that he had not fallen by a human being but by some one of the gods. And he began to call loudly upon his mother, the heavy-sodded firm earth, for help and assistance in his great need. But those words were vain, for his body was full of the poison of the Ga Bulga. Then Cúchulainn came out of the pool and took the heavy-smiting, weighty sword called *Gearr na gColann*, and struck the giant a hostile blow on the neck, and parted the heavy, devilish, hideous-hued head from the monstrous body. And he took up the head and put it up on a rough-headed rock far from the body.

And after that he went to the gate of the city, and burst the door, and entering in, killed all of the giant's household that he met there. And then he searched the court till he found a narrow, stout-jambéd doorway and a door of very thick iron in it. And he struck a mighty blow with the shaft of his spear on the door, and tore it from its hooks and hinges. And he found a narrow dark entrance going down, and turning back, he lit a brilliant shining taper. And he went down then into the very deep, dreadful cavern in the earth where the children of the kings and princes of the world were bound and fettered, in misery and slavery, hunger-stricken and sorely oppressed, (for they got no food or

bhiadh nó do dhìgh acht madh beagán do fhréamhach luibhionn gach tráthnóna nó 'chéile. Agus air bhfaicsin an churaidh dá ndíonsoigh agus an claidheamh nochtuidh i n-a lámh, do mheasadar gurb'é Neachtain nó daoine uadha do bhí aig teacht dá ndícheannadh, agus do badh mhaith leó sin a bhfochair a bheith níos faide isin mbruid i n-a raibheadar. Cíodh tráchta, brisios Cúchulainn an glasrach agus an géibhionn do bhaoi orrtha uile, agus do ráidh riú a leanmhain amach agus nár bhaoghal dóibh Neachtain nó Garuidh.

Ro éirigheadar-san go meirtneach mílúthmhar, agus do leanadar é go ndeachadar air an bhfaithche bhfódsholus amach, agus air bhfaicsin Neachtain marbh, do ghabh iongnadh ádhbhal-mhór iad. Agus annsin nochtas Buinne Buadhchleasach, mac Rígh na h-Antuaithe, dála Chongculainn agus a mhaithghníomha dhóibh ó thús go deireadh. Agus air n-a chlos sin dáibh-sion, do leigeadar air a nglúinibh iad agus do shléachtadar do Choinculainn, agus adubhradar muna b'eadh<sup>1</sup> gurb do na déibh adharrdha Cúchulainn nó an t-athair ó ar geineadh é, nach dtiocfadh dhe na gníomha soin do dhénamh go bráth.

Acht acheana ráidheas Cúchulainn re Laoi an t-aitheach do chasguirt agus an Ga Bulga do bhuain as. Iar sin gabhas Laoi agus Buinne Buadhchleasach aig casguirt Neachtain, agus do bhádor trí lá agus teóra h-oidhche dá chasguirt agus dá chnámh-ghearradh nó gur beanadh an Ga Bulga as.

[109b] Agus as a h-aithle sin tiaghaid fo'n gcathraigh agus do chuireadar teinte agus teannála inte agus tugadar roighne seód agus maoine aisde agus fágbhuid an t-oilén iaramh, agus ní dhéanadar comhnuidh nó go rángadar baile Rígh na h-Antuaithe. Agus ní riachtasach a fhoillsiugh annso méid na luaghára do rinneadh rómpa ann, agus go h-áirithe gach a ndearna Gruaidh Ghriansholus, inghean Rígh na h-Antuaithe, air bhfaicsin a céile agus a céad-ghráidh .i. Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach, mac Iarla Chathracha mBloisg. Agus do chomhnuidheadar seal aimsire a bhfochair Rígh na h-Antuaithe nó gur pósadh Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach agus Gruaidh Ghriansholus re chéile.

Agus annsin gabhas Cúchulainn lámh air imtheacht, agus do h-ullmhuigheadh a long dhó, agus do bheir Rí na h-Antuaithe árdchíos dó do chóimhlíonadh Chlocháin na gCuradh, agus do

<sup>1</sup> munabheadh.

drink save a little herb-roots every evening or so). And when they saw the warrior coming to them with a naked sword in his hand, they thought that Neachtain or messengers from him were coming to behead them, and fain would they have it so rather than be longer in their present misery. However, Cúchulainn burst the bonds and fetters which were upon them all, and told them to follow him out and that they need no longer fear Neachtain or Garuidh.

They rose feebly, weakly, and followed him out on to the bright-sodded green ; and when they saw Neachtain dead, they were seized with very great wonder. And then Buinne Buadhchleasach told them Cúchulainn's adventures and exploits from beginning to end. And on hearing them, they cast themselves on their knees and bowed before Cúchulainn, and said that if Cúchulainn or the father from whom he sprung had not been of the gods of adoration, he had not performed those deeds.

But Cúchulainn told Laoi to cut open the giant and remove the Ga Bulga. Then Laoi and Buinne Buadhchleasach took to hacking Neachtain, and three days and three nights were they hacking and hewing him before they extricated the Ga Bulga.

And then they went to the city, and set it on fire, and brought away with them out of it choice jewels and riches. And afterwards they left the island, and stayed not till they reached the court of the King of Antioch. And it is not needful to tell here how joyfully they were received there, especially by Gruaidh Ghriansholus when she saw her spouse and first-love, Iollainn of the Mighty Deeds. And they remained some time along with the King of Antioch, until Gruaidh Ghriansholus and Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach were married.

And then Cúchulainn set about his departure, and his ship was prepared for him, and the King of Antioch gave him tribute to add to the Heroes' Stone-heap, and he bound himself and his

naisg an cíos sin air féin agus air [a] oighreadhaibh 'n-a dhiaidh do Choingculainn. Agus iar sin téid Cúchulainn air fairrge agus a roibh annsin do chlannuibh ríghthe an domhain mar aon fris, agus ní h-airistear [a] sgéalaidheacht nó go rángadar baile Rígh na h-Aifrice. Agus air bhfaicsin a mheic do Rí na h-Aifrice .i. Gruagach an Fheadáin Órdha, do thuit a dtaisibh agus a dtámh-néallaibh re méid luaghára agus lánintinne, agus air n-éirghe as a[n] néall sin dó, gabhas Cúchulainn air bhrághaid agus pógas go dil díochra é, tré aisiuc a mhic agus a inghine air, .i. Carrthann Chúilfhionn do bhí a ndei[l]bh an dragúin [110a] agus Gruagach an Fheadáin Órdha do bhí a gCathair an tSrotha Theintighe mar aon re cách. Agus annsin do pósadh Buinne Buadhchleasach, mac Rígh na h-Antuaithe, agus inghean Rí na h-Aifrice .i. Carrthann Chúilfhionn, re chéile agus tug Rí na h-Aifrice áird-chíos agus bith-umhlocht air féin do Choingculainn. Agus air mbeith seal a bhfochair a chéile dháibh amhlaidh sin, do ghabh Cúchulainn lámh air imtheacht, agus do cheileabhair do'n rí agus do'n ríoghain, agus téid air muir mar aon re clannaibh ríogh an domhain, óir níor sgar an lucht sin tug sé as Cathair an tSrotha Theintighe leis ariamh an feadh do bhaoi gan teacht a n-Éirinn.

Agus air ndol air fairrge dáibh, níor chomhnuidheadar nó go rángadar Cathair na Salerna .i. baile Rí na Sisile, agus fa h-ádhbhal méid na luathghára do rinneadh roimhe Coingculainn agus roimhe clanna ríghthe an domhain, agus go h-áirithe méid na luathghára do rinne Clephanta, inghean Rígh [na] Sisile, roimhe fa mar do thug sé mac Rígh na h-Aifrice .i. a searc agus a síorghrádh d'fhearaibh an bheatha, dá h-ionnsoigh. Agus do pósadh Gruagach an Fheadáin Órdha agus Clephanta re chéile. Agus tug Rí na Sisile áirdchíos agus bioth-umhlocht do Choingculainn.

Agus do thriall as an Sisile as a h-aithle sin, agus níor chomhnuidh go ráinic baile Rí [na] h-Almáine, agus do chomhnuidh seal ann fa mhuirn agus fa mhór-onóir. Agus iar sin do ghabh lámh air thriall go h-Éirinn, agus ní gheabhdís clanna ríogh an domhain gan teacht leis a n-Éirinn, [110b] do dheimhniughadh agus do dhearbhughadh na móréacht agus na maithghníomh do rinneadh le Cúchulainn a geríochaibh imchiana an domhain, agus d'admháil agus d'fhaisnéis a n-umhlachta agus a n-urrama agus a n-áirdchíosa dhó go bruinne mbrátha agus mbeatha.

heirs after him to pay that tribute to Cúchulainn. And then Cúchulainn went upon the sea, and with him all that were there of the sons of kings and princes of the world. And their adventures are not related until they reached the court of the King of Africa. And when the King of Africa saw his son, the Wizard of the Golden Lute, he fell into trances and swoons with excessive joy and delight. And when he recovered from that weakness, he embraced Cúchulainn and kissed him fondly and fervently because he had restored his daughter and his son, Carthann Chúilfhionn who had been in a dragon's form, and the Wizard of the Golden Lute who had been in the City of the Fiery Stream with all the rest. And then Buinne Buadhchleasach and Carthann Chúilfhionn were married, and the King of Africa gave tribute and obeisance to Cúchulainn. And when they had been some time together, Cúchulainn set about his departure, and bade farewell to the king and queen. And he went to sea with the princes of the world (for the folk he had rescued from the City of the Fiery Stream parted not from him until he came to Ireland).

And when they had gone to sea, they stayed not till they reached the city of Salerno, the stead of the King of Sicily. And great was the joy with which Cúchulainn and the princes of the world were received, and especially joyful Cúchulainn's reception by Clephanta, daughter of the King of Sicily, for bringing to her the son of the King of Africa, her love and lasting affection above all the men of the world. And the Wizard of the Golden Lute and Clephanta were married, and the King of Sicily gave tribute and perpetual homage to Cúchulainn.

And then he journeyed from Sicily, and stayed not till he reached the court of the King of Almayne, and he remained some time there, held in affection and in great honour. And then he set out for Ireland. And the princes of the world insisted on accompanying him to Ireland, to prove and confirm the great exploits and valiant deeds of Cúchulainn in the distant lands of the world, and to confess and acknowledge their submission to him and their respect for him and their tributariness to him until the end of the world.

Agus air gcríochnughadh na comhairle sin leó, tiaghaid air muir, agus ní h-airistear a sgéalaidheacht gur ghabhadar cuan agus caladh aig Dún donn-glongach Dealgan. Agus air dteacht a dtír dháibh ann, téid sgéala go Dún Dealgan agus go h-Eamhain Macha, agus do chruinnigheadar maithe agus móruaisle bhfear n-Uladh um Chonchubhar agus um Chonall Chearnach<sup>1</sup> agus um Fhearghus agus tigid uile a gcoinne agus a gcomhdháil Chongculainn. Agus air dteacht a láthair a chéile dháibh, ní féidir [a] innsi nó a fhaisnéis méid an ulgháirdis do rinneadh roimhe Coingculainn agus ris na maithibh air cheana. Agus tigid as sin go Dún Dealgan, agus do nochtadar na h-uaisle anaithnigh sin dála agus eachtra Chongculainn a bhfiaghnaisi bhfear n-Uladh. agus do thaisbéin Cúchulainn sleagh Fhearghuis Fhiodhfhoda agus lorg-fhearsad Gharuidh Ghairbhghlúinigh agus gach séad-chomharrtha oile dá dtug leis do los catha agus cruadhchomhlainn. Agus táinic Finghín Fáidhliagh agus na cáirde síthchuireadh d'fháiltiughadh roimh Coingculainn.

Acht cheana do rugadar as an aoidhche sin re h-ól agus re h-úrgháirdiugh go maidin [111a] air na mhárach. Agus air na mhárach do ghluaiseadar d'én lámh, sluagh taibhseach tromthionóilte, nó go rángadar Eamhain mhínáluinn Macha. Agus ba mór iomorro muirn agus meadhair agus mór-aoibhneas na h-Eamhna an lá sin, óir ní roibh air dhruim dhomhain teaghlach rígh nó ró-fhlatha ba liath curadh agus cathmhíleadh agus ársuigh iorghaile agus tréanlaoch trom-ághach agus bantracht cruthach caomháluinn nó Eamhain Macha an lá soin.

Ciodh trácht, air mbeith cruinn air aon láthair d'fhearaibh Uladh, idir íseal agus uasal, annso, do chuir gach aon do chlannaibh ríogh iarthair domhain dá dtáinic le Coingculainn, trí clocha do chlochaibh a chríche féin le n-a lámhuibh féin a n-eagar agus a n-órdughadh isan gclochán atá air bhéalaibh na h-Eamhna, dá ngoirthear Clochán na gCuradh aniugh, idir Eamhain Macha agus Árd-soileach dá ngoirthear Árd Macha an tan so. Agus do rinneadh an clochán suas annsin go h-iomlán, agus ro anadar clanna ríghthe an domhain seal fada a bhfochair Chongculainn agus na gcuradh, agus do naisgeadar cíos blianamhail orra féin do Choingculainn.

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<sup>1</sup> Chérnach.

And when they had resolved upon this, they went upon the sea, and their adventures are not told until they came into harbour and haven at famous (?) Dundalk. And when they landed there news went to Dundalk and to Emania, and the nobles and princes of the men of Ulster assembled, led by Conchubhar and Conall Cearnach and Fearghus, and all came to meet Cúchulainn. And when they met, their joy in receiving Cúchulainn and the rest of the nobles cannot be told or described. And they went thence to Dundalk, and the foreign nobles related the adventures of Cúchulainn in the presence of the men of Ulster. And Cúchulainn showed the spear of Fearghus Fiodhfhoda and the club of Garuidh Garbhghlúineach and every other trophy that he had brought back by virtue of battle and stout combat. And Finghín Fáidhliagh and the friends from Faery came to welcome Cúchulainn.

Howbeit, they spent that night in drinking and in rejoicing until morning. And on the morrow they fared forth with one accord, a huge assembled host, and reached Emania, the fair and beautiful. And great, indeed, was the joy and mirth and pleasure in Emania that day, for there was not in the world a household of king or prince which could boast of more warriors and heroes and battle-veterans and valiant champions, and comely, fair, gentle women, than Emania on that day.

However, when the men of Ulster, both high and low, were thus assembled together, every one of the princes of the western world who had come with Cúchulainn placed with his own hands three stones from his own land on the Stone-heap which is before Emania, to-day called *Clochán na gCuradh* between Emania and Árd-soileach, now called Armagh. And they built up the mound completely at that time. And the princes of the world remained a long time with Cúchulainn and the heroes. And they pledged themselves to pay yearly tribute to Cúchulainn.

Agus iar sin do ghluaiseadar gach aon díbh dá chrích féin, agus tug Cúchulainn agus Conall agus Conchubhar agus Fearghus mórán seód agus séad-chomhartha dháibh ria n-imtheacht. Agus do bhí an cíos sin agus gach ar ghealladar oile dá dhíol agus dá thabhadh [111b] go blianamhuil, an feadh do mhaireadar uaithneadh cothuighthe agus congbhála iarthair dhomhain, agus tuir chosanta agus chumhdaighthe bhfear n-Éireann, agus lucht bronta agus tiodhlaice séad agus maoinne agus ionnmhuis na cruinne go comhiomlán, .i. fíor-bhárr agus fíor-bhláth fhear na talmhan uile mar atá Cúchulainn mac Subhaltaigh air tús agus oide gaisgidh agus gníomhéacht na cruinne 'n-a dhiaidh sin .i. Conull Cearnach mac Aimhirghín, agus Fearghus mac Rosa mheic Rughraidhe, agus clann Chonchubhair mhic Neasa mar atá Cormac Conloingeas agus Laoghaire Buadhach agus Dubhach Daol-Uladh agus Furbhuidh Fear mBeann agus Cumhsgraidh Meann Macha, agus Laoiseach Ceann-mhór mac Chonuill Chearnaigh. Agus ó do thuiteadar an fhuireann sin, do thuit muirn agus meadhair bhfear n-Uladh, agus do stad tabhadh an chíosa sin agus tabhadh gach sochair oile dá roibh [aig] teacht go h-Éirinn re n-a linn.

Go nadh hí sin Tóruigheacht Gruaidhe Griansholus, inghean Rígh na h-Antuaithe, agus bladhd do mhaithghníomhaibh Chongculainn go nuige sin.



And then they set forth, each to his own country, and Cúchulainn and Conall and Conchubhar and Fearghus gave them many jewels and mementoes when they were going. And that tribute and all else that they had promised was levied and paid yearly as long as there lived the supporting and aiding pillars of the western world, the defending and protecting turrets of the men of Ireland, the bestowers of jewels and riches and wealth of the whole world, to wit the true excellence and the true flower of all the men of the earth, namely, Cúchulainn first, and then the tutor in valour and in arms of the whole universe, Conall Cearnach mac Aimhirghín, and Fearghus mac Rosa mheic Rughraidhe and the sons of Conchubhar mac Neasa, namely, Cormac Conloingeas, Laoghaire Buadhach, Dubhach Daol-Uladh, Furbhuidh Fear mBeann and Cumhsgraidh Meann Macha, and Laoiseach Ceann-mhór the son of Conall Cearnach. And when that band fell, the joy and mirth of the men of Ulster ceased. And the levying of that tribute and of every other profit which was coming to Ireland during their time, ceased also.

And that is the Pursuit of Gruaidh Ghriansholus, daughter of the King of Antioch, and a portion of the valiant deeds of Cúchulainn so far.





# NOTES.

## NOTES TO TEXT.

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- p. 2, l. 23      *gabhas Laoi* : s-preterite of 3rd person absolute, in its later and less correct form with final broad s. The form has been explained as due to analogy with the relative present together with influence of deponents of the same tense like *gabhastair*, *cuireastair*, etc. No distinction is preserved in the text between such forms as *do-chuir* and *cuireas*.
- p. 4, l. 7      *gan d'arm nó d'iolfhaobhar aige*. *Nó* for *ná*, 'nor,' throughout text. The form *nó* occurs in 'Betha Choluimb Chille' (p. 20), *gan sal no dorchadus*.
1. 20      *do bhéara* : 1st sing. future. The form *do bhér* also occurs. *ē*-future. Cp. *do dhénam* (p. 20, l. 14) and the later forms *inneósad*, *aitheónad*, *seachónad*, which occur throughout the text.
- p. 6, l. 29      *ní mó beann tsléibhe nó mhaolinn mórchnuic nó gach alt*. *Nó* for *ná*, 'than,' occurs throughout text. The plural form *náid* also occurs, *ní dhénaid airm náid iolfhaobhair díth dó*, (p. 6, l. 32). *Nó*, 'than,' occurs in Ó Cianáin's 'Flight of the Earls,' pp. 32, 160, etc.
- p. 8, l. 22      *ní taosga d'élodh mé*. The form *taosga* occurs in Ó Cianáin, p. 22.
1. 35      *an curadh cliach*. I have not identified the word *cliach*. *Cliach* occurs as gen. of place-name *Cliu*, a territory around Cnoc Aine in Co. Limerick, but I have never heard of a place *Cliu* associated with the name of Cúchulainn. Is it possible to derive the word from *cliú*, 'fame'?
- p. 10, ll. 14-16      *glúineach* : *faobhrach*. There seems to be some scribal error here, the assonance is wrong.
- ll. 27-28      *gluínigh* : *chuibhrigh*. The *u* of *gluínigh* is short in the MS., and must be so read if we are to preserve the assonance.
- p. 14, ll. 28-29      *is geis do Choingculainn bean do fhaicsin nochtuidh*, etc. Cp. 'Stories from the Táin,' p. 24, where a similar device is planned to soothe Cúchulainn; also *ib.*, p. 25, where he is placed *i ndabaig n-uar-uscí* to quench his ardour.
- p. 18, l. 4      *a bhfeasfaidh m'arm*, l. 25, *a bhféagmhais arm*, peculiarly Northern forms. *A fégmais* already occurs in Maghnus Ó Domhnaill's 'Betha Choluimb Chille,' pp. 72, etc.
- p. 20, l. 1      *Ní h-annsón*, apparently for *ní h-annsa (an-assa) ón*, 'not difficult is that.' Elsewhere in text the contraction *ní* has been expanded *ní h-annsa*.
1. 27      *muir théacht*, *muir theintighe*, *muir n-Iocht*. Cp. p. 126, l. 3, *air muir dteintighe agus air muir dtéachtuidh*. Perhaps for the Arctic Sea (a frozen, congealed, sea), the Red Sea (a fiery sea) and the Ictian Sea.

- p. 22, ll. 3ff. *ocht gcleasa dég.* For an account of Cúchulainn's 'feats' see O'Beirne Crowe, *Kilkenny Arch. Journal*, 1870-72, pp. 432-448.
1. 14 *An Ga Bulga* came from the East and was given by Sgathach to Aoife who gave it to Cúchulainn (cp. O'Curry, *M. & C.* II., p. 311). The *Ga Bulga* is called *gae Aife* in TBC. (ed. Wind. I. 2373). With the account of the *Ga Bulga* in text, cp. the description given in TBC. (ed. Wind. II.3873ff.): *is amlaid ra báí síde [in gae bulga], ra sruth ra indiltea ⁊ illadair ra teilgthea, dlad oengae leis ac techt i nduni ⁊ tricha fairrindi ri taithmech, ⁊ ní gatta a curp duni go coscairthea immi*, which is almost identical word for word. I have not seen elsewhere the statement that the *Ga Bulga* was made 'from the skin of a monster from Hell.' Perhaps the author confounded it with the *Corr Bholg* (cp. 'Duanaire Finn.') Stokes translates *Ga Bulga* 'the gapped spear,' *Bolg*, 'a gap, breach, notch,' (Meyer, *Contribb.*), *W. búlch.* (Cp. the name of Conchubhar's sword, *Caladbolg*, and Arthur's sword, *Caledvwlch*).
- II. 35-36 *an Carbud Searrdha agus an Carbud Séanta.* Cp. 'Tocmarc Emere,' *RC.* XI., and TBC. ed. Wind. I.2627.
- p. 26, l. 17 *uathmhan.* This spelling of *uamhan*, common in the text, is probably the result of contamination with the word *uathbhás*.
- p. 28, ll. 14-15 *do ghlae a chead aig cách* seems to be a literal translation of the English, 'he took his leave of all,' on the analogy of *d'fhág sé slán aig cách*. Keating has the phrase *gabhaim cead aige*.
- 21ff. For sprites, vultures, etc., hovering around Cúchulainn when he went forth to shed blood, cp. TBC. ed. Wind. II.2583-5. With the description of the chariot noises cp. TBC. II.3305ff.
- p. 30, l. 8 *lán . . . do bhéinneadhaibh.* I have not been able to identify this word. The sense suggests 'warriors.' It may perhaps be connected with the word *fénnid*, 'a warrior, a member of a *fian* or war-band.'
- p. 34, l. 33 *annsa bpubal*, a peculiarly Northern form of the preposition.
- l. 34 *fuáil*, later *fuláir*, lit. 'excessive.' Cp. phrase *ní beag dom*, etc. Distinguish *fuáil-im (air)*, 'I order.'
- p. 40, l. 36 *gion go*, here has merely the sense of 'though'; often, however, it has the meaning 'although . . . not,' older *cen co*.
- p. 42, l. 7 *agus dol do dhícheannadh . . . atá mé.* The preposition *aig* is omitted before the verbal noun in many places throughout the text. Cp. p. 54, ll.37-39, *nochtas Cúchulainn dáibh gur lorgaireacht air Gharuidh do bhí sé taisdeal an domhain*. So also pp. 66, 1.36; 68, 1.31; 70, 1.19; 82, 1.14; 102, 1.28; 112, 1.3.
1. 15 *leithid*, Northern form of *leithéid*.
1. 17 *acht suil a cheann do bhuaín de.* *Acht suil* seems to be used in the sense of *acht*, 'provided that.' I have not met it elsewhere. *Suil* is the spelling of *sul*, 'before,' throughout the text. Cp. note of O'Donovan in his *Grammar* (p. 325): '*Sul* is written *soil* by O'Molloy and *suil* by Donlevy

- throughout their catechisms; and it is also written *suil* in a MS. in possession of the Author transcribed in Ulster in 1679 [*i.e.* H.5.28]; but no ancient authority for these forms has been found.'
1. 22 *rogha an urchair*, for older *rogha n-*. So also p. 118, l.33.
- p. 44, ll. 18ff. For an account of Cúchulainn's battle-equipment cp. TBC. ll.2556ff.
- p. 52, l. 14 *gur threaghd agus gur thuairg thú amhail*, etc. Cp. TBC. ll.3790ff.
- p. 56, l. 16 *Balcán Gabha*. With this sword cp. the sword of Turnus, Vergil, Aeneid, xii., 90-1.
- p. 60, ll. 29-30 *Do bheir na leanta buartha. An iomad uamhain re h-ucht Naoise*, (MS. 9c.). 'The disturbed humours [of the body] cause much terror to Naoise' is conjectural and does not seem appropriate. *Re h-ucht n-aoidhche*, 'by night,' would give better sense and the MS. reading might be interpreted thus, but then the rhyme with *físe* is lost. *Re h-ucht n-aoise*, gen. of *aos*, *aois*, 'age,' does not seem to give sense. Perhaps the meaning is that even a warrior as brave as Naoise is subject to discouragement from physiological causes.
- p. 64, l. 2 *air a ghuailibh for air a nguailibh*. *Gh*, scribal error for *ng*, occurs several times in the text Cp. pp. 96, l.30; 98, l.25; 110, l.10; 112, l.12.
- p. 66, l. 6 *an carbad agus curadh*. For the omission of the article before the second noun in such collocations, cp. p. 66, l.8, *an torann agus trost*; p. 78, l.35, *an sgairt agus sgamhán*; p. 84, l.20, *an tsleagh agus arm*.
1. 12 *nár rothóguibh*, with doubling of the particle *ro-*.
- p. 68, l. 24 *An Béarla Teibhidhe* here seems to be a sort of Esperanto. Cp. O'Donovan, *Introd. to Gram.* lxxi. There were supposed to be five dialects in the Irish language according to the ancient traditions of the bards: *Béarla Féine*, *Béarla Fileadh*, *Béarla Eadarscartha*, *Béarla Teibidhe* and *Gnáth-Bhéarla*. 'Keating informs us that there are words from every primitive language in the *Béarla Teibidhe*, from which Vallancey assumes that it is the physician's dialect, because, I suppose, he found that the old medical Irish MSS. contain words taken from various languages such as Latin, Greek, Arabic, etc.' (O'Donovan quoting T. Roddy). Cp. Egerton 158, Glossary ed. by Stokes (*Archiv f. C. Lex.* iii.): '*bearla theibidhe*, (language) of the physicians,' to which Stokes adds the note: '*teibidhe*, said by glossator to mean 'of physicians,' but more likely 'excised, selected,' pret. part. pass. of *-teipim (to-ath-b)*; cp. Sc-G. *teibidh*, 'smart, cutting,' MacBain.'" So Uraicecht, Bk. of Lecan 142a—Bk. of Ballymote 314a: '*Cest, cia tucait ara n-ebarar béarla tebige don gaeidilg? Ní hansa, uair ro teibed as cach béarla.*' So also O'Flaherty, 'Ogygia,' p. 63: '*Beurla Teibidhe* i idioma excerptum, ut quibusdam placet, vocatur, quasi ex omnibus linguis collecta.' Cp. also Lecan Glossary, 309 (ed. Stokes, *Archiv f. C. Lex.* i.)
- p. 70, l. 11 *go dtí Fearghus*, in the original sense, 3rd person sing. subj. of *do-tiag*, 'until F. come.'
- p. 72, l. 12 *is eadh atá fuil dá fó*. I cannot identify the word *fó*. There is a Sc-G. word *fó*, 'brink'; this might suit.

- p. 74, ll. 26-27 *Seisreach Bhreisligh air Thánadh Bhó Cuailgne*. Cp. TBC. 1.2656, *Seisreach Breisligh*, which Windisch translates as 'Great Sixfold Slaughter,' taking *seisreach* as derived from *sesser*. *Breisleach* he derives from *bres* (*breas* *i. mór*, O'Cl.) and *slech* (fr. vb. *sligim*, 'I hew'). In this slaughter *Lug mac Eithlend* comes to relieve *Cúchulainn*. *Issed atberad araile ro fích Lug mac Eithlend la Conculaind sevirg mbresslige* (ll. 2659-60).
1. 28 *ó'n Deardaoin roimh Lá Samhna*, etc. Cp. TBC. ll. 2470ff. : *on luan re samain sainriuth cossin cettin iar bfel Brigde ni ra chotail Cúchulaind risin re sin acht mani chollad fithisin mbic fri a gai iar medon midlá i a chend ar a dorn i a dorn imm a gai i a gai ar a glún, act ic slaidi i ic slechtad*.
- p. 78, l. 5 *cionnus ataoir*, contamination of forms *ataoi* and *atáir*.
- p. 80, l. 5 *caoin-chneasugh* (and l. 19, *cneasugh caoin-leighis*), in the sense of a superficial or temporary healing. Cp. Keating, *cneasughadh thar ghoimh* (Bergin, 'Stories from Keating,' p. 29).
- go nach béaruid thus[a] go moch*, the translation I give is conjectural.
1. 14 *luibhe bocacha*. I have not identified *bocach*. The *o* is short in MS. Perhaps we might read *bócacha* for *buacacha*?
- p. 82, l. 24 *óir fa geis do'n Gha Bulga roighne robhaidh do thabhairt roimhe*. Cp. TBC. ll. 3923ff. : *ro indill [Laeg] in gae bulga i ro fuaccar do Coinculainn a frithoileamh, uair ni tabartha gan recne rabaid roime, conadh aire sin atbert Laogh* :
- Fomhna, fomhna an gae bulga,  
A Chúchulainn cathbuadaigh i r l.*
- translated 'for it was not to be discharged without a quick word of warning.' Cp. O'Cl. *rec i. ní do níthear go h-obann* ; *recne i. reccad ní i. ní doronadh go luath no go h-obann*. Cp. also Meyer, 'Fianaigecht,' *Recne Fothaid Canainne*, pp. 1ff. and Meyer's note : "Original meaning of '*reicne*' seems to be 'speed' as in the phrase '*ni ba fortacht cen reicne*,' LU 125 b12. Here it probably denotes extempore song or poem : '*cachain cenn Fothaid in reicne don mná annsin*.' " In the Story of Ferdiad and Cúchulainn from O'Renehan MS. Maynooth ('Éigse Suadh agus Seanchadh') the phrase *óir ní tabharthaóí gan rógha roimhe é* occurs in a context similar to that of the present text and the editor emends *rógha* to *rabhadh*.
- p. 84, l. 3 *an Bán-gha básamhail Bhulga*. For the epithet *bán* applied to the *Ga Bulga* cp. TBC. l.3934.
1. 19 *an bás bán-dhathach*. Cp. Horace's *Pallida Mors* (Odes, I., iv.)
- p. 86, l. 14 *Gearr na gColann*. Cp. 'Duanaire Finn,' xx., where the long history of *Gearr na gColann*, the sword of Osgar, is related. It first belonged to various personages of Greek mythology and legend, then to heroes of Roman story, then to a number of Irish heroes including Cúchulainn, Fearghus mac Róigh and Osgar, and finally it passed to a cleric of Patrick's following.
- p. 96, l. 27 *go dearna*, either a scribal error for *go ndearna* or the Ulster *go dtearna*. Cp. p. 96, l.8, *go dearnadh*.

- p. 96, l. 37 *is amhlaidh ro fháguibh Beróna na geasa uirthe*, etc. The prophesying of the hero's exploits before he appears is a commonplace in Gaelic folklore. Cp. 'Waifs and Strays,' ii., p. 357, iii. p. 10, and 'West Highland Tales,' ii., Knight of the Red Shield and Conall Gulban.
- p. 100, ll. 14ff. *is é buadha an fheadáin sin*, etc. Cp. *Craobh Chormaic*.
- p. 108, l. 10 *fuair mísi dóigh air sgaradh Iris*, a Northern use of *dóigh* in the sense of *slighe*. Cp. Ulster phrases like *ar an dóigh sin*; *caidé an dóigh atá ort*; *ar dóigh ar bith*, etc.
- p. 122, ll. 19-20 *go madh samhailta re sgaoith mhionbheachan*, etc. The force of the simile is appreciated when we remember that all Cúchulainn's 'feats' (except the *Ga Bulga*) used to return to him after he had cast them. Cp. p. 22.
- p. 124, l. 27 *arthurach*, Northern form of *árth(y)ach*.
- p. 130 The text leaves some doubt as to whether Neachtain was slain by the *Ga Bulga* by virtue of its magical properties or whether Cúchulainn, by inducing the giant to follow him to the river-mouth and into the water, deprived him of the help of his mother, the Earth, and thus slew him. If the latter be the correct interpretation, then the stereotyped phrase *tuitios go lár agus go lántalmhain* is used figuratively, 'he fell down' For if the giant had touched the earth, as distinct from the river-bottom, the strand, he would have been restored to life by his mother, the Earth.
- l. 17 *aig trom-ghárthaibh*. Cp. p. 92, l. 6, *aig gárthaibh*. More usually *aig gárthaigh*, which is evidently dat. of a fem. *gárthach*. Possibly *-aibh* and *-aigh* represented an identical sound to the scribe.



## GLOSSARY.

## A.

- aghartán 76. diminutive of *aghart*, *adhart*, 'a pillow.'
- aigmhéil 12, etc. 'terrible, awful.' Atkinson, *Trí B.G. an Bháis* has *aigmhéil*, 'wretched,' 4 reff. q.v. Meyer, *Contribb.* has *a(i)cbéil*, 'terrible, dangerous,' (numerous reff.) showing that the modern form should be *aigbhéil*. The form *aighmhéil* (Dinneen, *aidhbhéil*, adj. and noun) may have been influenced by *ádhbhal*. *Aidhbhéil* occurs in text, p. 56.
- airc 76, 116. Meyer, *Contribb.*, *airc*, 'a strait, difficulty'; *i n-aircc no i n-écin*, L.B.
- alla 24, etc. 'fame, renown.' Meyer *Contribb.*, *allata*, 'famous,' *allatas*, 'fame, excellence.'
- amhulchach 32, etc. 'beardless.' Negative prefix *amh-*. Cp. *aimh-éasgaidh*, 'inactive.'
- anabaidh 14, etc. Meyer, *Contribb.*, *an-abbaig*, lit. 'unripe.' The development seems to have been: 'premature'; of death, 'untimely'; of a murder, etc., 'cruel, terrible,' etc. Cp. *Seán na Raithíneach*, '*anobadh an iongnadh*.'
- aradhnach 62, aradhan, 118, gen. Meyer, *Contribb.*, *aradnach*, 'the reins'; Dinneen, *aradhain*, 'reins, bridle.'
- assa 44, pl. 'buskins, hosen.' Meyer, *Contribb.* *assa*, 'shoe,' gl. *soccus*, Sg. 22b9. Here something more than 'shoe' for *Cúchulainn* puts them *ma a cholpithaibh*.

## B.

- balsuim 112, 'balsam, balm.' In the older borrowing the *m* was aspirated.
- bann 16. Meyer, *Contribb.*, *band*, 'a distance, extent.'
- béad 72, 'a deed, act'; in context, 'calamity, pity.'
- beangán 40, 'a bough, branch.'
- beinnseadha 30, n. pl. Eng. 'benches.'
- bocánaigh 28, 124. Translated by Meyer, '*Fianaigecht*,' p. 95, as 'buckshaped sprites.'
- braneóin 66, n. pl. Meyer, *Contribb.*, *bran-én*, 'a raven.'
- breachtradh 86, *b. síthe*, 'fairy spell, charm.'
- brosna 2. 'a faggot, bundle.'
- búgh 12. Meyer, *Contribb.*, *buge*, 'a kind of very green herb called bluebell or bluebottle, a cyanus or hyacinth.' O'R': 'Some kind of herb or plant of a blue or green colour.' O'Clery has '*bugha i. bo muc, mar atá luibh gorm no glas risa samhailtear síile bhios gorm no glas*.' With *bo muc* cp. '*buha muck* . . . harebells,' Hogan, '*Luibleabhán*.'

## C.

- cadad 36, etc. Meyer, Contribb., *catut, cotut*; 'hard, severe.'
- cáil 14, 'share, portion' (Northern).
- canach 74, 'lint, cotton, down.'
- car(r)a 82, 128, 'causeway, stepping-stones.'
- caróin 26, pl. 'carrions, vultures.'
- cearchuille 78, gen. of *cearchall*, 'pillow, couch.'
- ceardcha 74, 108, is here used as plural of *ceard*, 'a trade, craft.' W. *cevdá*.
- ceathairdhúil 92. In context seems to mean 'the sky.' Dinneen gives 'the world, the universe, from the idea that the universe consisted of four elements.'
- ciúch 92, seems to be an oblique form of the noun *ceó*, 'mist, smoke,' gen. *ciach*.
- colún 84, more commonly *colomhan*, 'column, pillar.'
- comhól 18, 'carousal, drinking,' Meyer, Contribb., *com-ól*, 'a drinking together.'
- congháireach 80, etc., 'exultant, triumphant' (of a hero). Dinneen, *congháir*, 'uproar, clamour'; O'R., *congaire*, 'acclamation of joy.'
- contabhairt 68, etc., 'doubt.' Does not occur in text in later sense of 'danger.'
- cornadh 86, 'to curl, plait, dress' (of hair). Cp. Meyer, Contribb., *cornigim*, 'I tonsure,' (fr. *corann*).
- cotún 44, 50, given by Meyer, Contribb. as 'a shield gl. *parma*.' But cp. note G.J. xviii., pp. 570-571, xix., p. 96, by T. F. O'Rahilly where he considers 'the equation of the word with *parma* a mere blunder on the part of the transcriber or compiler of the vocabulary in question.' and derives the word from M.E. *cotoun*, O.F. *coton* ('cotton') and the doublets M.E. *aketoun*, O.F. *auqueton, aketon* ('a stuffed jacket, or jerkin, of quilted cotton worn under the mail.') The original significance of the word is quite forgotten in such collocations as *cotún caddis*, *cotún sróil*, etc. Compare the modern Eng. descendant *acton* ('a jacket of leather or other material plated with mail,' N.E.D.) The word occurs frequently in Ir. romances.
- cruadh-ghiallach 130, 'with stout side-posts, jambs' (of a door), *giall an dorais*, 'doorpost.'
- cubhrach 102, 'binding' (of helmet) for *cuibhreach*, *cuimhreach*? Cp. *cobrad*, *comrad*, 'boss of a shield.'
- cumhthach 34, etc., 'slaughter, rout.'
- cumhsgraidh 118. Cp. 'Gadelica,' i., 70-71. Donegal *cosgraim*, 'I terrify; I tremble, quake with fear,' fr. *cumscaigim*, 'I shake, wave.' Epenthetic *r* introduced probably through influence of *cosgraim*, 'I slaughter,' fr. *con-scaraim*.

## D.

- déad 72, etc., applied to swords (*colg*). Cp. Ir. T., iii., 268. O'Curry translates as 'ivory-set sword,' also 'tooth-hilted sword.' Acc. to O'Dav. the hilt was of 'the tooth of a big animal.' (Cp. Wind. Wtb. s.v. *dét*.)

- dioghainn 128. Dinneen gives *dioghainn*, 'steady, firm.' Meyer, *Contribb.*, *digainde*, 'stoutness.' Adj. here used as noun.
- díonchraosa 50 pl. 'gorgets.'
- dísgir 16, *d. dearg lomnocht*, a set phrase, used like 'stark' in Eng. 'stark-naked.' Cp. TBC. II.1358, 4243, etc.
- diuraiciugh 2, etc., 'shooting, casting.' More commonly spelt *diubh-vaiciughadh*. A cpd. of the verb *bíodhgaim*, 'I start,' with prep. *do-*. O. Ir. vn. *díburgun* (TBC. 973).
- dólás 100, 'misery,' formed as a couplet with *sólás* (Eng. 'solace') on analogy of such pairs as *soirbh*; *doirbh*; *saidhbhir*: *daidhbhir*, etc.
- dreimhne 102, etc., 'violence.' TBC. *i ndreimni in dreacain*. Cp. '*dreamhan .i. dásachd, mire, no michiall*,' O'Cl.
- dubh-ghorm 12, etc., 'black' (of negroes). Cp. LL 267a, '*aged ethiopaeda sleman gorm*'; also English *blueman* (obs.), 'a negro'; and Welsh *blowmon*, *blewmon* (fr. Eng.), 'a negro.' Layamon, 25380, 'of Ethiope he brohte tha bleomen.'
- dul 76, in sense of 'death,' (cp. phrase *ag dul d'éag*), lit 'a going.' Cp. 'Dánta Ph. Feiritéir,' l. 732, *Cneadh toile léir dhóigh mo dhul*, 'through which my death is likely to be brought about'; and *ib.* l. 194, *leá óg-dhul*, 'with thy youthful death.'

## E.

- eagnamha 102, gen. of *eagnamh*, 'valour.' Co. 'Gadelica,' I., 297n. where the three meanings: (1) wisdom, (2) bounty, (3) valour, are given for the word *eagnamh*, *eangnamh*, and the editor adds: "The meaning, 'valour,' is confined to *eangnamh*." This example would appear to show otherwise.
- éaláidheach 92, 'a fugitive.'
- eangach 44, epithet of *cotún* and *sgabal*. Translated by Stokes, *Tog. Tr. Glossary*, as 'angular' fr. *eang*, 'a nook, corner, angulus'; translated by O'Grady, *Silva Gad.* ii., 127, as 'resonant.' Neither translation seems to suit here. Meyer ('Fianaigeacht') gives meaning as 'engraved, graven.'
- éibhill 48, gen. 'gadding, frisking.' Cp. Dinneen, *aoibhill* (Don.), 'act of frisking,' and O'R. *aoibhill* (adj.), 'giddy.' Connected with the word *aoibheal*, 'a spark, etc.'

## F.

- fáidhbh 104, 'accoutrements' (of one wounded or dead). Cp. O'Mulc. Gl. (ed. Stokes, *Archiv f.C.L.* i., 566): '*Fodba .i. ondí as fodb .i. ut est isintí is marb*.' Stokes gives '*fodb*, accoutrements (stript off a dead man).'
- fearsad 24, etc., 'chariot-pole.'
- féil 52, 'woodbine, honeysuckle.' Cp. Wind. TBC. p. 881: *rod naisges (amail naisges) féithle fidhe*, etc., and *id.* p. 543: *mar nascas féith fídu*, translated 'bindweed' by Windisch. Dinneen gives *féithle*, 'honeysuckle, woodbine.'
- fíodh 6, etc., 'a fathom, a measure of height.' Cp. Quiggin, *Dial. Don.*, who gives *feadh* and equates it with O. Ir. *ed.*

foimhach	120. Cp. Sc-G. <i>falbhach</i> , 'body, carcase.'
tonna	24, 'wheel of chariot.' In L.U. 63a9, <i>fonnud</i> is gloss on <i>in da roth</i> . Cp. Strachan, Archiv f. C.L. i., 23. O'Cl. ' <i>fonnaid .i. carpat.</i> ' (Case of pars pro toto?) Wind., TBC. p. 878n4, takes it to be 'the under part of the chariot between the wheels which formed or supported the floor of the chariot ( <i>cret</i> ) and the seats of the warrior and his charioteers,' and translates it <i>Wagenhasten</i> , 'axle-tree.'
forghabháil	82, etc., 'a dam, causeway.'
fórrán	48, 'violence, anger, fury.'
fósdógh	42, 'hired service.' <i>Fostuighim</i> , 'I make fast; I hire.' If the <i>f</i> is prothetic, we may connect <i>ad-suidim</i> , <i>-astuim</i> .
fuansgar	90, 'shuddering, terror.' Cp. Donegal word <i>fuaisgneamh</i> , 'a shudder' (Quiggin); and Dinneen, <i>fuascradh</i> , 'fright, terror.'
fuath	92, 'a spectre, phantom.'

## G.

gairmheanach	126, 'entrails.' Dinneen gives <i>meanach</i> , an Ulster word, 'entrails.'
geaphta	116, 'a gate.' The form <i>gepta</i> (i.e. <i>geabhtha</i> ) is used by Tadhg Ó Cianáin ('Flight of the Earls,' p. 32). The present-day Donegal form is <i>geafta</i> . Cp. also Donegal forms <i>rajtán</i> , 'a rat,' for <i>ratán</i> , <i>giobata</i> (G.J. 60, p. 187), 'a bit,' for <i>giota</i> ; and <i>caiftín</i> , 'captain,' with <i>ft</i> from <i>pt</i> .
geilte glinne	28, etc., 'wild ones of the glen.' The <i>geniti glinde</i> , 'spirits of the glen,' are well-known in Irish literature. Cp. L.U. 47a6 (Serglige CC.) <i>genaiti .i. mna</i> ; also <i>genit glinde .i. gen .i. mulier glynoon</i> , <i>ben bid hi nglind</i> . (Phil. Soc. Trans. 1858-9, p. 20).
gialla	102, 'side-pieces' (of helmet)? Cp. <i>giall an dorais</i> .
glonn	118, ( <i>géarghlonn</i> ). Cp. O'Dav. <i>glonn .i. guin duine</i> . Dinneen gives <i>glonn</i> , 'nausea.'
glonnmhar	10, 'disgusting, repellent'?
greadhaibh	30, d. pl. 'steeds, horses.' Cp. B, Rosnaree, <i>gráigib</i> (d. pl.) and <i>greg</i> (g. pl.) of <i>gráig</i> , 'horse-team'; and 'Cath Catharda,' 5638, <i>gráig</i> , 'a stud of horses.' W. <i>gre</i> .

## H.

hinnsighibh	130, d. pl. from Eng. 'hinge.' Cp. <i>beinnseadha</i> .
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## I.

iara	46, 'a weasel, a squirrel.' Dinneen, <i>iara ruadh</i> , 'a weasel'; O'R. <i>iar</i> , 'a weasel; a bird.'
innighthe	92, gen. of <i>inneachadh</i> , 'vengeance; indignation.'
inibh	38, 'blemish, hurt.' Usually spelt <i>ainimh</i> . W. <i>anaf</i> , 'blemish, defect; wound.'
innighibh	6, etc. ( <i>innithibh</i> ) d. pl. 'bowels, entrails.'

iollánach	116 ( <i>iol-dánach</i> ) 'of many gifts, versatile.' Here applied to Cúchulainn; a common epithet for Lugh Lámhfhada.
iomlegán	22, 122, 'navel, centre, middle.' Older Ir. <i>imleacan</i> .
iomus	96, 'jealousy, rivalry.' Probably an abstract noun formed from such words as <i>iomaidh</i> , 'rivalry,' <i>iomaidheacht</i> , 'competition,' etc.
ionráin	2, etc., 'to count, to arrange in order.' Cp. Stokes, <i>Archiv f. C.L.</i> , iii. (Glossary in Egerton, 158): <i>ionráin</i> , 'to tell or number.' O'Br. <i>ionran</i> and <i>ionranadh</i> , 'an account or reckoning.'

## L.

láithreachas	118, 'destruction.' Cp. <i>diláithriughadh</i> .
lán-choibhleadh	6. Cp. Meyer, <i>Contribb. s.v. coibled, lán-c.</i> , 'full activity,' <i>fri coibled fergnim</i> L.U.123b1; and cp. <i>coimh-liong</i> , 'a race, course,' (fr. <i>lingim</i> , 'I leap.')
leanta	60, . pl. ( <i>leantach</i> , g. pl.), 'humours.' Singular form is <i>leann</i> , <i>lionn</i> .
leannghorma	102, epithet of gauntlets. O'R. <i>leann</i> , 'a coat of mail.' Sc-G. <i>leann</i> , 'a coat of mail.'
léas	22, 'bladder.' Stokes, <i>Metr. Gloss.</i> , p. 91 (Bezz. <i>Beitr.</i> xix.), gives <i>lés</i> , 'bladder, blister, sack.'

## M.

máinleadha	50, <i>máille</i> , <i>máinle</i> is used of the links or meshes in mail. Cp. Eng. mail, Fr. <i>maille</i> . For the development - <i>nl</i> - from - <i>ll</i> - cp. <i>mánla</i> : <i>málta</i> ; <i>mionla</i> : <i>miolla</i> . <i>Máinle</i> is still used in S. Kerry ('Beirt Ghaedhilgeóirí,' p. 81).
meirge	32, 'an ensign, standard.'
muilghe	16, seems plural of <i>mala</i> , 'eyebrow,' a dental stem in the older language.

## O.

oirleach	92, 'slaughter.'
omna	40, 'oak-tree.' O'Cl. <i>omna</i> gl. <i>dair</i> .

## R.

rób	52. Cp. Wind, TBC. 1.3790, <i>ro tregdasdar thú amail tregdas rodhb omna</i> , var. le <i>c.fodb</i> . <i>Fodb</i> , <i>fadb</i> , 'axe' (cp. Stokes, RC. xiv., 441); <i>rodhbh</i> (? <i>ro-fhodbh</i> ) means 'saw' according to O'R.
roighne	82, 'a sudden word or act.' See note.
roighne	92, 132, pl. 'choice, selection.' Plur. of <i>rogha</i> .

## S.

samhnuidhibh	42, d. pl. 'rivets'? Cp. Dinneen, <i>sáimhnuighim</i> , 'I yoke or couple; I bind.'
saobhadh	120, 'drawing aside.'

sgabadh	50, past auton, 'was scattered, dispersed.'
sgabal	44, 'shoulder-piece.' Lat. <i>scapula</i> .
sgaol	96, 'madness.' Cp. Northern phrase, <i>dul ar sgaoll</i> .
sgaraoide	74, pl. 'sheets, cloths.' Popular form of <i>sgarlóid</i> , with loss of <i>l</i> , fr. Med. Lat. <i>scarlatum</i> , which, like the Eng. and Fr. derivatives, originally meant a kind of rich cloth, irrespective of colour (T. F. O'Rahilly, G.J. xix.)
siollanach	100, 'syllabic'? (of music).
siorraide	52, 'a sprite.' O. Ir. <i>sirite</i> , a contemptuous epithet often applied to Cúchulainn.
síthán	12, 'foxglove.' O'R. <i>síothán sléibhe</i> , 'foxglove.'
síthchaire	74, etc., 'fairies.' Wind. Wtb. <i>sídchaire</i> , 'die Leute aus dem <i>Síd</i> .'
slinnghéar	50, 'sharp-sided, sharp-bladed.' Cp. Tog. Trói, 1447; 'Cath Catharda,' 1717.
sliopa	50, 'whetted, sharpened' (Cath. Finntr. 251) fr. <i>slipaim</i> , 'I whetten,' a loan-word from A.S. <i>slípan</i> (W. <i>yslípan</i> ). <i>Slíptha</i> , (Cath. Catharda, 1279, 5346, 6017), 'polished, ground sharp.' <i>Sliobtha .i. rinn-ghér</i> , O'Cl.
smearamair	80. Cp. Wind. TBC. 4420, etc., <i>smiramhair</i> , 'a marrow-bath.'
spoisteóracht	126, 'strolling.' An early occurrence of what is generally looked upon as a very modern Irish word. The derivation is rather obscure, but it is connected in some way with such words as Eng. <i>expatiate</i> and German <i>spatzieren</i> .
stíallach, strócach	74. Glossary Eg. 158 (Archiv f. C. L. iii.) has <i>stíall</i> 'strócadh, 'rent.' Stokes translates <i>stíall</i> as 'a strip, piece, from L <i>astilla</i> ?'; <i>strócadh</i> vn. of <i>stróicim</i> , 'I rend, tear,' based on Eng. 'stroke, a blow.'
suinnseadh	120, 'a thrust, attack, onslaught.' Cp. <i>tuinnseadh</i> .
súr	46, 'searching for, seeking.'

## T.

tabhach	30, etc., 'levying' (tribute). O. Ir. <i>tobach</i> . Wrongly given as <i>tabhac</i> , <i>-aic</i> , by Dinneen.
tábhaiste	60, 'apparitions, exhibitions.' Cp. <i>tadhbas</i> , 'a ghost, phantom.'
tápuir	130, fr. Eng. 'taper.'
taighleóir	56, 'a messenger, ambassador.'
tárfais	116, (plural noun) 'apparitions.' Really a verbal form. O. Ir. <i>do-adbat</i> , <i>-tadbat</i> , 'he shows'; pass. perf. <i>do-árbas</i> , <i>-tárbas</i> , 'was shown.' Early Mod. Ir. <i>tárfas</i> occurs in proper sense infra, p. 60, <i>tárfas damh</i> , etc. It is used as a verbal noun, p. 26, <i>aig tárfas na fóla</i> .
téacht, téachtuidh	20, 126, 'curdled, congealed, frozen.'
totháin	2, pl. some sort of animal. Cp. Dinneen, <i>toithín</i> , 'a porpoise'; also <i>toghán</i> , 'pole-cat, marten.'

- tuinnighibh 118, d. pl. 'fastnesses' (of the earth)? O'R. *tuinnidhe*, (noun), 'cave, den,' (adj.) 'firm, steady, immovable.' F.M.: *an chloch chian tuinnighthe*. Life of H. Roe, 156: *trom-chloch tuinnidhe* ('massive, secure'). Cath. M. Léana, 76: *Clár teann tuinnighthe na talmhan*.
- tuinnsigh 130, 'firm, fixed'? Cp. preceding word. Dinneen gives *tuinseamhail*, 'strong, powerful.'
- tungadh 56, etc., 'striking, smiting.' Dinneen, *suncaim, tungcaim*, 'I push, shove, smite.'

## U.

- urmhuisneach 28, etc., 'brave'? Adj. in text, but Dinneen gives only as a noun, 'great courage.' Cp. *ermaisi*, 'hitting, striking' (Tog. Tr. 2. 1099) and O'Don. suppl. s.v. *urmhaister*, 'it is determined.' *Tuc Ciarán urchur adhmhur urmhuisneach* (Oss. Soc. v., p. 84.) *Ro chaith urchar áthusach úirmheisnigh* ('of exceeding courage,') (Tór. Dh., p. 168.)



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- ABHURTACH THÍRE TAIRNGEIRE, 30. *Abhortach mac an Ioldathaigh* one of the chiefs of the Tuatha Dé Danann, an eminent musician. 'Abhurtach, god or genius of music,' (O'Grady, Oss. Soc., iii., 117*n*.) Cp. Keating in poem in praise of Tadhg Ó Cobhthaigh's music:  
*Síodhaidhe préamh-ghlan portach,*  
*Dar leat, is é Adhbhortach.*
- AOIFE, 22. The mother of Conlaoch by Cúchulainn, the daughter of Airdgheimh, or of Sgathach according to another account.
- BALCÁN GABHA, 56. Vulcan the Smith.
- BANRÍOGHAN DROICHEAD AN ALLTA, 22. The 'Queen of the Bridge of the Cliff,' in the present tale a distinct personage from Sgathach, but identical with her in 'Tocmarc Emerc.'
- BERÓNA, 96. Daughter of the King of the Isle of Crete.
- BUINNE BUADHCHEASACH, 94. Son of the King of Antioch, brother to Gruaidh Ghriansholus.
- CARTHANN CHÚILFHIONN, 94. Daughter of the King of Africa.
- CARRTHANN CHASDHUBH, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- CIABHÁN CÚILFHIONN, 30. Son of the King of Almayne.
- CLEPHANTA, 56. Daughter of the King of Sicily.
- CONALL CEARNACH MAC AIMHIRGÍN, 24. One of the principal Ulster heroes, next in point of prowess to Cúchulainn, whose tutor he was.
- CONCHUBHAR, 24. King of Ulster.
- CORMAC CONLOINGEAS, 14. One of the Ulster heroes. Cp. *Cóir Anm.* 275.
- CÚCHULAINN MAC SUBHALLTAIGH. Also called Cú Cuailgne.
- CUIRRÍN COSLUADH, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann. In 'Duanaire Finn,' x., a *Corr Chosluath* is mentioned as one of the heroes in the camp of Fionn: *in Chorr Chosluath ché-dhuinech.*
- CUIRRÍN CRAOISFHIACLACH, 38. A giant in the household of Ciabhán.
- CUMHSGRAIDH MEANN-MACHA, 14. One of the Ulster heroes. Cp. *Cóir Anm.* 279.
- DÍMHALL, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- DOLBH, 74. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Cp. TBC. II.3835ff. for an account of how Dolb and Indolb, *a sídhchairdi*, come to the assistance of Cúchulainn at the Ford against Ferdiad. Ferdiad kills both of them.
- DUBHACH DAOL-ULADH, 14. One of the Ulster heroes. Cp. *Cóir Anm.* 264.
- EIBHLINN BHIORRA, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- EIMHEAR. The wife of Cúchulainn.

- EOCHAIDH ÉADROCHT, 30. Son of the King of Almayne, uncle to Ciabhán Cúilfhionn.
- FEAR DIA, 74. The friend of Cúchulainn, his fellow-student in Alba under Sgathach, whom he slays in the *Táin Bo Cuailgne*.
- FEARGHUS FIODHFHADA, (aliter Fiodhárd), 56. Son of the King of Morocco, brother to Garuidh.
- FEARGHUS MAC ROSA, 24. One of the Ulster heroes. He led the forces of Meadhbh against the Ulstermen in the *Táin*.
- FINGHÍN FÁIDHLIAGH, 76. The chief physician of Ulster. Cp. TBC. II.4299ff.
- FIONTAIN MAC BÓCHNA, 20. The nephew of Noah. According to the legend, there appeared in the days of Dermot mac Fearghusa Cerrbheoil who died at Tara in 558, an ancient sage who had outlived the general Deluge, Fintan mac Bochra, one of three men who had come to Erin along with the lady, Ceasair, a short time before the Deluge. Cp. Keating, 'Forus Feasa,' i., 5; 'Anecdota from Irish MSS.' i., pp. 24ff. and ii., p. 3; also W. Stokes, 'Lives of Saints from Book of Lismore,' xxv.
- FURBHAIÐHE FEARMEANN, 14. One of the Ulster heroes. Cp. *Cóir Anm.* 256.
- GÁIRE GRÉINE, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- GARUIDH GARBHGHHLÚINEACH. Son of the King of Morocco.
- GRUAGACH AN FHEADÁIN ÓRDHA, 88. The son of the King of Africa.
- GRUAIDH GHRIANSHOLUS. Daughter of the King of Antioch.
- IOLLAINN ANG-GHLONNACH. Son of Iarla Cathracha mBlaisg.
- IOLLAINN, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- IOLLÁNACH, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- LAOGHAIRE BUADHACH, 14. One of the chief Ultonian warriors in the Ulster cycle.
- LAOI MAC RIANGHABHRA. Cúchulainn's charioteer.
- LAOISEACH CEANN-MHÓR, 138. One of the Ulster heroes.
- MAC RÍGH BHFEAR GCAITHCHEANN, 90. Son of the King of Catheds.
- MANANNÁN MAC LIR. The Irish Sea-god whose dwelling was in Tír Tairngire, the 'Land of Promise.'
- NAOI MAC LAMHÍEACH, 20. Noah, son of Lamech.
- NEACHTAIN UATHMHAR, 6. Son of the Earth.
- ONNDOLBH, 74. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann. See Dolbh.
- RÍ NA H-AIFRICE. The King of Africa.
- RÍ NA SISILE. The King of Sicily.
- SAOILEANACH, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- SGALGHAIRE, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- SGATHACH, 22. An Amazonian princess who taught Cúchulainn several warlike feats. The island of Skye is said to be named after her. Cp. 'Tochmarc Emere,' RC. xi.
- SÍTHMHALL, 76. One of the Tuatha Dé Danann.
- UATHACH, 22. The daughter of Sgathach.

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- ASIE, 90. Asia.
- CATHAIR AN TSROTHA THEINTIGHE, 8. The City of the Fiery Stream. On p. 88 it occurs twice as Cathair an tSrotha Dheirg.
- CATHAIR NA DTRÍ MBEANN, 48. The City of the Three Peaks, the fortress of the King of Almayne.
- CATHAIR MBL(A)ISG, 4. The fortress of Iollainn Ang-ghlonnach.
- CNOC MEADHA, 76. In Leix. Not identified.
- CRÉT, 96. The island of Crete.
- CRÍOCH NA BHFUINEADHACH, 98. Ireland. Cp. Keating, 'Forus Feasa,' i., where he gives the second name of Ireland as Críoch na bhFuineadhach, '*ó bheith a bhfuiníodh, no a gcrích, na trí rann do'n domhan do bhí ar fagháil an tan soin; ionann, iomorro, fuin agus críoch, o'n fhocol so Laidne, finis.*'
- CUAILGNE, 2. Cooley, Co. Louth.
- CUAN CÁRLINN, 12. Carlingford Harbour, Co. Louth.
- DREOLAINNE, CRÍOCH NA, 108. The name of some indefinite country; common in modern romances. It has been suggested that it may have been borrowed from *Dalarna*, the name of a district in Sweden.
- DÚN AN ÁINE, 76. According to the text situated between Emania and the Blackwater. Not identified.
- DÚN DEALGAN, 2. Dundalk, Co. Louth.
- DÚN LIR, 76. Not identified.
- EAMHAIN MACHA, 14. Navan Fort, near Armagh.
- LOCH NA SÉAD, 60. Loughnashade, near Navan Fort, two miles west of Armagh.
- LOCH SAOILEANN, 76. L. Sheelin, N. of Co. Westmeath.
- MORÓCO, 82. Morocco.
- MUIR N-IOCHT, 20. The Sea of Wight, Ictian Sea.
- SALERNA, 56. Would seem to be a confusion of Salern-um, -o in Italy (S.E. of Naples) and Palermo in Sicily. It is given in the text as the city of the King of Sicily.
- SISILE, 56. Sicily.
- SÍTH MÚIDHBH, 76. Not identified.

SLIABH CUILLIONN, 76. Slieve Gullion, Co. Armagh.

SLIABH FEÁIDH } 4. Mountains, not identified.  
SLIABH FIDHIT }

SLIABH FUAID, 76. The highest of the Fews Mountains, Co. Armagh.

SLIABH MIS, 76. Slemish, Co. Antrim (or Slieve Mis in Ciarraige Luachra).

SLIABH TRUIM, 76. A hill east of Slane on the left bank of the Boyne.

STIX, 56. The River Styx in Hades.

TÍR TAIRNGEIRE, 30. The 'Land of Promise,' the name of the Celtic Otherworld presided over by Manannán mac Lir.



## NAMES OF WEAPONS, &c.

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- AN BHREAC-BHÁIRC, 20. Cúchulainn's ship.
- AN GA BULGA, 22. 'The Gapped Spear.'
- AN DUBHSHAOILEANN, } 24. The two steeds of Cúchulainn. The first  
 AN LIATH MACHA } is called *in Dubh Sainglend* in 'Fled Bricend,'  
 43, and in 'Siaburcharpat Conculaind.' In 'Fled Bricrend,'  
 32 and in 'Cúchulainn's Death' (RC. iii.), the Liath Macha  
 alone is named.
- AN CARBUD SEARRDHA }  
 AN CARBUD SÉANTA } 22, 24. Cúchulainn's two chariots.
- AN CRÓINCHEANN CEANNFHADA } 28. The two steeds of Conall  
 AN DEARGDHRÚCHTACH } Cearnach.
- MÚIR MANANNÁIN }  
 SGUAB GHÁBHAIÐH } 32 Three names for Cúchulainn's ensign,  
 BEARNADH BUIDHNE } brought to him by Mannanán from the  
 'Land of Promise.'
- AN CHÚRSACH DHEARG }  
 SEOLADH RINNE } 34. Two of Cúchulainn's spears.
- AN SÍTH-BHÁRR MANANNÁIN, 46. Cúchulainn's helmet, brought to  
 him by Manannán from the 'Land of Promise.'
- GEARR NA GCOLANN, 86, 92. The sword used to extricate the *Ga  
 Bulga* from the bodies of those it had slain.
- FUARUGH FEIRGE }  
 SGREAD-GO-NIMH }  
 GORM NA BHFAOBHAR } 126 Five of Cúchulainn's spears.  
 GORM NA GCRÉACHT }  
 FÁSGADH FOLA }
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