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buile suibne

(THE FRENZY OF SUIBHNE)

BEING

The Adventures of Suibhne Geilt

A MIDDLE-IRISH ROMANCE

EDITED

With Translation, Introduction, Notes, and Glossary

BY

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INTRODUCTION

I.—SUMMARY

THE tale here edited and translated for the first time deals with the adventures of Suibhne, surnamed Geilt, and described as king of the Irish territory of Dal Araidhe, after his flight from the battle of Magh Rath. Before proceeding to discuss a number of important points arising out of this strange and in many respects unique literary document, which has come down to us from medieval Ireland, it will be convenient to summarize it briefly.

§ 1-6.—St. Ronan Finn (the Fair), Abbot of Druim Ineasclainn (Drumiskin, Co. Louth), proceeds to mark out the site of a church in Dal Araidhe. Suibhne, the king of the territory, is angry thereat, and despite the efforts of his wife Eorann—who in trying to hold him drags the cloak off him leaving him naked—he sets off to expel the cleric. Ronan is discovered chanting his psalms. Suibhne seizes the psalter and flings it into a lake. Just as Suibhne is dragging the cleric away, a messenger arrives from Congal Claen, described as king of Ulaidh, bidding Suibhne join him at Magh Rath. Leaving the cleric behind, Suibhne proceeds to Magh Rath. In the meantime an otter brings the psalter uninjured out of the lake to Ronan. The latter curses Suibhne, praying that he be ever wandering and flying stark-naked throughout the world, that his death

INTRODUCTION

be from a spear, and that destruction be the lot of the race of Colman—Suibhne's race—the day they set eyes on Ronan's psalter.

§ 7-10.—Ronan intervenes at Magh Rath to make peace between Domhnall, the High King, and Congal Claen, but Suibhne thwarts his efforts. Moreover, Suibhne slays one of Ronan's psalmists, and even attempts to slay the cleric himself. Ronan again curses Suibhne, praying that he ascend into the air, and that his manner of death be that which had been meted out to the psalmist.

§ 11-19.—The battle of Magh Rath follows; so dreadful is the din that Suibhne literally flies, a stark madman, out of the battle-field. He wanders throughout Ireland and, after many adventures, arrives at Glen Bolcain, a place sacred to the madmen of Ireland. It is there—so the tale runs—the madmen of Ireland went ‘when their year of madness was complete.’ Glen Bolcain is described, also Suibhne's sufferings and privations during his first year of madness.

§ 20-34.—He sets out again on his wanderings; he recounts his miseries, and tells how he lives on watercress and water, and sleeps in ivy-bushes. For seven years he wanders thus, and at the end of that time a kinsman named Loingseachan, a miller, goes in search of him. Loingseachan's care for Suibhne is exemplified by the fact that he had already rescued Suibhne three times from madness. Suibhne is angry at being discovered; he tells Loingseachan that it was Ronan's curses that drove him to madness. Suibhne promises to go to his wife. Eorann in the meantime appears to have taken another mate, namely Guaire, Suibhne's successor in the kingship of Dal Araidhe. Eorann receives Suibhne in a friendly way; she even longs to share his strange life; but their discourse is interrupted by the appearance of

Guaire's followers, and Suibhne flies off to Ros Ercain, where the erenagh's wife tries to tempt him.

§ 35-45.—His hiding-place is discovered by the nobles of Dal Araide, who send Loingseachan to seize him. Suibhne asks for news of his country, whereupon Loingseachan tells him that his father, mother, brother, wife, son, and daughter are dead. So moved is Suibhne at the tidings that his senses come to him, and he consents to go with Loingseachan. The latter then tells him that his folk are still alive. Suibhne is taken in charge by the nobles of Dal Araide, and his senses are restored to him. He is entrusted to the care of Loingseachan, but one day when Loingseachan has to go out to reap, he is left in the charge of the woman who looks after Loingseachan's mill. She is warned that she must not speak to him, but speak she does, and she goads him into talking of his wild life; he mentions his feats of flying, and she urges him to fly. He does so, and the woman flies after him, pursuing him from place to place. Then follows (§ 40) the longest and, in many respects, the most interesting poem in the story; it opens with a description of the trees of Ireland, after which Suibhne recounts his own sorrows and sufferings. He resumes his flight, but the hag still clings to him; she is killed, however, in trying to leap from the summit of Dun Sobairce (Dunseverick). Then he leaves Dal Araide, for he is afraid lest Loingseachan should kill him to avenge the mill-hag. He goes to Ros Comain, where he endures more hardships.

§ 46-58.—After further wanderings in Ireland he proceeds to Britain, where he falls in with another madman, Ealadhan. They interchange their histories and enter into a compact of friendship. They spend a year together and then part. Suibhne returns to Ireland and goes to Magh Line, thence to Glen Bolcain,

where he encounters a mad woman. Then he goes to his wife Eorann, who, seeing he is still mad, orders him away, whereupon he indulges in further melancholy reminiscences. He goes to Benn Boirche and describes his life there.

§ 59-67.—He resolves to return to Dal Araidhe and entrust himself to his people. His reason is returning, but Ronan again curses him, with the result that Suibhne encounters goblins on Sliabh Fuaid at midnight. Madness seizes him once more and he flies away in terror. The pursuit of Suibhne by the goblins is described ; he escapes from them. Again he recounts his woes, harking back to the mill-hag and to the spectres on Sliabh Fuaid.

§ 68-76.—After further wanderings, Suibhne goes (§ 74) to Tech Moling, where he encounters Saint Moling, who was reading the psalter of Caoimhghin (St. Kevin) at the time to students. Moling welcomes Suibhne and tells him that not only was his coming there prophesied, but also the fact that he would die there. He binds Suibhne that, however much he may wander during the day, he is to return each night so that Moling may record his life-story.

§ 77-78.—For a year Suibhne continues visiting Moling, who has given orders to his cook that she is to leave milk ready for him each evening. The cook was Muirghil, wife of Moling's swineherd Mongan. Muirghil used to dig her heel in the cowdung and leave the full of the hole of new milk for Suibhne to drink. Muirghil and another woman have a dispute ; the latter charges Muirghil with preferring Suibhne to her husband. The herd's sister, who was listening, tells Mongan, who promptly thrusts a spear in Suibhne.

§ 79-83.—One of Moling's community, who witnessed the deed and prophesied that evil would ensue from it,

reports the news to Moling. Moling gives Suibhne the sacraments and both of them remonstrate with the herd. Moling promises Suibhne that he will be in heaven as long as himself.

§ 84-86.—A death-swoon comes on Suibhne. Moling and his clerics each place a stone on Suibhne's tomb. Moling delivers a funeral oration in prose and verse. Suibhne rises out of the swoon, and Moling takes him to church, where he dies. The tale ends: 'so far some of the adventures of Suibhne son of Colman Cuar king of Dal Araidhe.'

II.—THE MANUSCRIPTS

The *Buile Suibhne* occurs in one form or another, so far as I am aware, in three manuscripts, viz. :—

B—B IV 1. fo. 82a to 95b.

K—23 K 44, p. 131 to 180.

L—Brussels, 3410, fo. 59a to 61b.¹

B.—This is one of the most valuable MSS. of the famous Stowe collection in the Royal Irish Academy. It is a paper folio, and was written between the years 1671 and 1674 at Sean Cua, Co. Sligo, by Daniel O'Duigenan,² who was one of the best of the later Irish scribes. The MS. contains, in addition to the present text, the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, the *Battle of Magh Rath*, the *Adventures of the Two Idiot Saints*, and a considerable number of other pieces in prose and verse. The whole is written in a clear flowing hand. I have made this MS. the basis of my text; I have but rarely

¹ See Vol. v. of Rev. J. Van Den Gheyn's Catalogue of MSS. in the Royal Library, Brussels. This MS. was formerly numbered 2324-2340.

² The dates are given in footnotes at folios 97a, 192a, and 197b.

departed from its readings, and where I have done so the fact will be found indicated in the footnotes.¹

K.—This is a quarto paper MS., also in the Royal Irish Academy. It contains only the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, the *Battle of Magh Rath*, and the present text. It was written in 1721-2 by Tomaltach Mac Muirghiosa for Seumas Tiriall. This MS. was used by O'Donovan in his edition of the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh* and *Battle of Magh Rath*, published for the Irish Archaeological Society in 1842; he refers to it throughout as Mac Morisey's copy. On the whole, I consider that the readings of **K** are better than those of **B**, and I would have made it the basis of my text were it not that in the poems many stanzas which occur in **B** are absent from **K**. The stanzas which have been omitted will be found enumerated in the Notes.²

L.—This MS. is in the Royal Library, Brussels. I have worked on it partly from a photograph and partly from a partial transcript for which I am indebted to Professor Kuno Meyer. The MS. was written by Michael O'Clery, one of the Four Masters, in 1629. Michael O'Clery seems to have handled the material before him very freely. Assuming that he worked from an original as full as **B** or **K**, he condensed the prose narratives very much and he omitted all the poetry except occasional first lines. In fact he has omitted everything

¹ The scribe has employed contractions very freely; some of these I have expanded silently, but wherever there appeared to me to be any doubt I have indicated the expansions in italics.

² I do not think that these omissions point to any special significance, although it is somewhat curious that, except for a passage near the beginning, there are no omissions from the prose. Some of the stanzas were possibly omitted accidentally, some may have been omitted because they appeared obscure to the scribe; but I should say that most of them are traceable to a MS. in which the particular stanzas were illegible. The omission of some final stanzas and half stanzas seems to point clearly to an illegible MS. No scribe of any merit would deliberately omit a final stanza; one of the most stringent rules of Irish verse required that the concluding word of a poem should repeat the whole or part of the first word of the poem.

from § 13 to § 62 inclusive, merely explaining that Suibhne spent his life in madness through Ireland and Britain 'as the book written about himself, entitled the *Buile Suibhne*, affirms.'¹ **L** therefore stands by itself, and I have only made use of it in the edition here published in a few instances in which it supplied an interesting reading or assisted in clearing up difficult passages. As the summary is brief and may possess interest for students, I have thought it well to print it in full. It will be found at the close of the Notes. So far as the present tale is concerned, all three MSS. seem to me to be immediately independent of each other. On score of date alone, **L** stands by itself, and, being only a summary, neither **B** nor **K** can have been taken from it. **K**, the latest MS. in the matter of date, might have been copied from **B**, but on internal evidence this is, I think, out of the question. The verbal differences, though rarely of importance, are too numerous to admit of the possibility of its being a copy. Moreover, on linguistic grounds, **K** seems to me to be nearer the archetype than **B**. For this same reason, and especially in view of the omissions from **K** already referred to, I do not think it is even likely that both texts were taken from the same parent; it is much more probable that both, perhaps all three, go back two or three generations to a common ancestor.

III.—DATE OF TALE

The dates of the MSS. afford no criterion as to the probable date of the tale. From a linguistic point of view the text belongs to that indefinite period which covers late Middle-Irish and early Modern-Irish. Until the history of Middle-Irish has been thoroughly investigated from dated texts it will be impossible to establish on linguistic grounds with any degree

¹ See footnote 1, § 12.

of approximation the age of undated Middle-Irish texts. An odd archaic word or form occurs here and there in our text, but that proves nothing. Neither does the existence, which is fairly common, of the infixd pronouns of the first and second persons singular. These were freely employed down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On linguistic grounds it may be safely said, I think, that the text might have been composed at any time between the years 1200 and 1500. Further on I endeavour to show that the three tales, the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, the *Battle of Magh Rath*, and the *Buile Suibhne*, are closely related; they form in themselves a small story-cycle, and all the evidence points to the fact that they have come down, generally speaking, from the same period. O'Donovan, in the introduction to his edition of the *Battle of Magh Rath*, discussing the question of the age of the tale, observes that it was 'unquestionably intended to flatter the descendants of its hero, king Domhnal, grandson of Ainmire, while his race were in full power in the north of Ireland; and, therefore, that its author must have lived before the year 1197, when Flaithbhertach O'Muldory, the last chief of Tirconnell of this monarch's family, died. How long before that year the date of this composition should be placed cannot now be well ascertained, but when the whole case is duly weighed, it will be seen that it could never have been written after the extinction of the race of the monarch on whom the exploits described reflect so much glory.'

Of more importance, however, in this connexion is the following reference to Suibhne Geilt in the early Irish law tract entitled the *Book of Aicill*. 'Three were the triumphs (*buadha*) of that battle (i.e. the battle of Magh Rath): the defeat of Congal Claen in his falsehood by Domhnall in his truth, and Suibhne Geilt having become mad, and Cennfaeladh's brain of forgetfulness having been taken from his head. And Suibhne Geilt having become mad is not

a reason why the battle is a triumph, but it is because of the stories and poems he left after him in Ireland.¹

If, as I think would be generally accepted, the Book of Aicill took shape in the ninth or, at the latest, tenth century, it is evident that the tradition which associated the madness of Suibhne—as well as his poems and the stories respecting him—with the battle of Magh Rath was ripe at an earlier date. Of some importance too in this connexion is the curious riddling poem, ascribed to Suibhne Geilt, which exists in an Irish ms. in the monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia.²

M 'airiuclán hi Túaim Inbir
 ni lántechdais bes sestu
 cona retglannaib a réir
 cona gréin cona escu.

Gobban durigni insin
 conecestar duib astoir
 mu chridecan dia du nim
 is hé tugatoir rodtoig.

Tech inna fera flechod
 maigen na áigder rindi
 soilsidir bid hi lugburt
 ose cen udnucht nimbi.

My little oratory in Tuaim Inbir,
 it is not a full house that is
 with its stars last night,
 with its sun, with its moon.

¹ *Ancient Laws of Ireland*, Vol. III., p. 89; this is given, though with some differences, in the Banquet of Dun na nGedh, ed. O'Donovan, p. 84.

² See Thes. Palæohib, Vol. II., pp. xxxii, 294; also Thurneysen, *Handbuch des Alt-Irischen*, Vol. II., p. 39.

Gobban hath built that—
 that its story may be told to you—
 my heartlet, God from heaven,
 He is the thatcher who hath thatched it.

A house wherein wet rain pours not,
 a place wherein thou fearest not spear-points,
 bright as though in a garden
 and it without a fence around it.

This poem has been variously assigned to the eighth and ninth centuries. It is worthy of note in passing that, of the four poems which make up the contents of the St. Paul MS., one is ascribed to St. Moling, †697, the friend of Suibhne. Of this poem the editors of the *Thesaurus Palæohibernicus* say, with certain reservations, that it may have actually been composed by St. Moling himself.

The association of the two names, Suibhne and St. Moling, in these two poems occurring together in the same MS. is not without significance when we consider the friendship between the two as shown in the *Buile Suibhne*. Both names are found further associated in the interesting collection of poems ascribed to St. Moling published in *Anecdota from Irish MSS.*¹ In a note referring to the first three poems in that collection it is suggested that it was Suibhne who composed them, though it was Moling who put them in the 'old book,' viz.: the Book of Murchadh, son of Brian.² Before passing from these poems it may be remarked that they bear striking resemblance in many respects to the poetry in the *Buile Suibhne*, the same phrases occurring in some cases in both.

¹ Vol II., p. 20.

² Murchadh, son of Brian (Boruma), fell in the battle of Clontarf, 1014. Can it be that Murchadh son of Bran, king of Leinster, ob. 727, is meant? He must have been a contemporary of Moling.

The evidence so far would seem to point to the fact that the tradition of Suibhne's madness and of his poems and of the stories about him goes back to the time of Suibhne himself, and that Moling may have had a share in the actual moulding of the tradition.

IV.—THE BATTLE OF MAGH RATH

The battle of Magh Rath was fought in the year A.D. 637. That the battle was an historical event and one of considerable significance is without doubt. It is recorded in the Annals of Ulster, the *Chronicon Scotorum*, and the Annals of Tigernach. It is only in the last-named that mention is made of Suibhne, and there it is recorded that he fell in the battle. Adhamnan, who was thirteen years old when it was fought, mentions it in his Life of Colum Cille,¹ and his words place beyond a doubt any question as to the authenticity of the event. The significance in Irish history of the battle may be inferred from the fact that it gave rise not only to the present tale but also to two long romantic accounts of the battle known as the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh* and the *Battle of Magh Rath*.

Amid the bewildering tangle of events in Ireland in the sixth and seventh centuries it is not easy to determine with any degree of certainty what this significance was. Apart from Adhamnan's Life of Colum Cille,² the Irish annals, particularly the Annals of Ulster and the Annals of Tigernach, constitute almost the only available sources of information. Nothing, however, could well be more laconic than the records

¹ Life of St. Columba, ed. Reeves, p. 200.

² Nobody can touch this period of Ulidian history without acknowledging his indebtedness to Reeves's splendid edition of Adhamnan's great work. The same scholar's work on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore is almost equally valuable to the historian and topographer.

in the annals of the period ; events are chronicled, but one looks in vain for a clue to the political forces or motives at work. Whether a certain battle, for instance, was prompted by deliberate state policy or was merely the outcome of racial, tribal, or even personal rivalry or rancour it is scarcely ever possible to say.¹

One fact, however, stands out clearly in the records of the century immediately preceding the battle of Magh Rath : it was the remarkable growth in power and dominion which the Scottish portion of the kingdom of Dal Riada attained during the sixth and seventh centuries. If, as seems probable, the battle was in a large measure² the outcome of this growth, the significance in Irish history of the event will be manifest.

The Irish state of Dal Riada comprised roughly the northern half of Antrim. At an early period in its history —possibly in the fourth century³—some of its people passed over to the neighbouring shores of Scotland and established there in the course of the next two or three centuries the Scottish kingdom of Dal Riada, an event of great importance in the history of Scotland. Both the Irish and Scottish Dal Riada were under one ruler, who appears to have been subject to the High King of Ireland,⁴

¹ The systematic study of the genealogies, carried out on the lines of Mac Neill's *Early Irish Population-Groups*, will help to clear up much of this.

² No doubt, other circumstances contributed, such as the rivalry between the Ulaidh and the Picts of Dal Araidhe.

³ There are many evidences against Tigernach who gives 502 as the date of the migration. For one thing, it is scarcely possible that the Scottish Dal Riada could have achieved in seventy years the position of importance it had attained under Aedhan son of Gabhran. Furthermore, the migration must have taken place at a time when the Irish Dal Riada was a much larger territory than it was in 502. A line drawn from the village of Glynn, a little to the south of Larne, to the northern slopes of Slemish, thence—keeping to the west of the mountains —to the source of the Bush, and following that river to the sea, would probably give the boundary between Dal Araidhe and Dal Riada.

⁴ The accounts of the Convention of Druim Ceata seem to point to the fact that the questions at issue lay between the High King of Ireland and the king of Dal Riada. The king of Ulaidh does not figure in the accounts of the Convention.

at least as far as the Irish Dal Riada was concerned. The Dalriadic dynasty may be said to have been firmly established in Scotland by Aedhan, son of Gabhran, who is reckoned as its seventh king. Aedhan was solemnly inaugurated by Colum Cille, Abbot of Iona, in 575. Immediately after his accession to the throne he appears to have set himself to the task of making the Scottish portion of his kingdom, if not indeed the whole of it, independent. There can be no doubt that it was largely to settle the dispute between Aedhan and the Irish monarch respecting the tributes of Dal Riada that the Convention of Druim Ceata was held in 575. Colum Cille, who was present¹ at the Convention, pleaded the cause of Dal Riada. The result of the Convention is not very clear, but it would seem that Aedhan succeeded in obtaining some measure of independence. 'Their expeditions and their hosting with the men of Ireland—for hosting is always with the founders—and their tribute with the men of Scotland'; such is one version of the judgment given.² His action in this respect was in keeping with the activity displayed by him in other directions. The annals record that he made an expedition

¹ It is unlikely that Aedhan was present, although Keating in his account of the Convention states that it is recorded in the Book of Glendalough that he was present.

² *Lismore Lives*, ed. Stokes, page 314. I am indebted to Professor John Mac Neill for the following note on the import of this judgment:—'This law cannot refer to Fir Alban (which name was appropriated to the Dal Riada of Scotland). Their hostings were not with Ireland, and such a judgment in their case would have been, not a compromise, but an open mockery of the Irish king. But the import of the law becomes clear and reasonable if we understand it to apply to the Irish Dal Riada. In their case, to have to attend the Scottish king in war would have been a grievous burden to themselves, and a breach of the Irish monarchical theory. Therefore, so far as they were obliged to aid a suzerain in war, their aid was due to the Irish king only. But since the Scottish dynasty was their dynasty too, their tributes, i.e. the rents paid to their kings and nobility by the vassal population of Irish Dal Riada continued to be paid, or at all events payable, to the king and his nobles, though these were resident in Scotland. When Irish writers lost touch with the early conditions of eastern Ulster, they must have failed to understand the treaty of Druim Ceata.'

to the Orkneys in 581, that he was victor in the battle of Mano in the following year, and in the battle of Lethreid in 590, and that he was defeated a year or two later in a battle against the Saxons.¹ At his death in 606 he was succeeded by his son Eochaidh Buidhe, whom the annals, in recording his death in 629, style king of the Picts. His son Conadh Cerr followed in the kingship of Dal Riada. Conadh was slain at the battle of Fidheoin in 629, and was succeeded by his brother Domhnall Brecc, who reigned until 642, and was thus king of Dal Riada at the date of the battle of Magh Rath, in which, as we shall see later, he took a prominent part.

So far as Dal Riada is concerned, the records of the sixth century go to show that, side by side with the growth of the Scottish state, the parent kingdom was steadily waning in power and importance, until it eventually ceased to be more than a name. It is certain that at an early date—possibly by the close of the sixth century—the native dynasty became merged in that of Argyle; and, with the transfer of the dynasty, the nobles of the Irish Dal Riada passed over to Scotland.² No doubt, the new country across the narrow

¹ In the story of the birth of Brandubh (Zeit. C.P. II, 134) it is stated that Aedhan went on a hosting to Ireland to contest the kingship of Ireland, taking with him men of Scotland, Britons, and Saxons. The Irish annals have no record of such expedition. It is recorded also (see Reeves, *Adhamnan*, p. 373) that Aedhan submitted to Baedan, king of Ulaidh, at Rossnaree in Seimhne.

Giallastar do Baetan ban
arddri na hAlban Aedan
ic Ross na rig, rad nìglan ñgle,
in airthiur tuaisciurt Semne.

Rawl. B 502, Fo. 156b.

² The genealogies under the heading of Dal Riada ('race of Conaire Mor' contain no pedigrees, no kindreds or septs, but those of Fir Alban (i.e. the Dal Riada of Scotland). This indicates that by the time when the corpus genealogical began to be assembled, the nobles of the Irish Dal Riada were no longer known to exist, or at all events had fallen into obscurity. This must have been the case when the Laud 610 tract was compiled, i.e. about 1050, for

strip of sea offered a wider field for enterprise and adventure than they could find at home. Moreover, the Irish Dal Riada must have constantly suffered from the pressure of its neighbours, the warlike Picts of Dal Araide on the west and the equally warlike Ulaidh to the south. Ever since the fall of Emain in the fourth century—when the power of Ulaidh was well-nigh crippled—the Picts of Dal Araide had been rising into prominence. They who had once been subjects of the Ulaidh were now their rivals, and the history of the two states from the fifth to the eighth century is one long struggle for supremacy. Within so circumscribed an area it was inevitable that Dal Riada should be brought into the conflict. During the decade immediately preceding the battle of Magh Rath there is evidence of the struggle between them. The battle of Lethet Midind was fought in 626 between Ulaidh and Dal Araide. A year later Ulaidh was defeated by Dal Riada in the battle of Ard Corainn. Dal Riada, on the other hand, suffered severely at the hands of Cruithni in the battle of Fidheoin,¹ fought in 629.

that tract gives special prominence to the genealogies of East Ulster; it was compiled in or near Armagh, and is the source of the material for that region in LL., BB., and Rawl. B. 502. But it ignores the Irish Dal Riada. Again, the Laud tract draws on eighth-century sources, and would have copied any Dal Riada pedigrees found in them. Hence we may infer that even in the eighth century, the nobles of Dal Riada had probably ceased to be of account in Ireland. Their disappearance is easily explained once we grasp the fact that the Irish Dal Riada maintained to the full their political and social unity with the 'Fir Alban,' living even under the same government. In Ireland their territory was narrow and unfertile, and they were hemmed in by the warlike Picts and Ulaidh. In Scotland their kings kept gaining ground steadily until the final conquest of the Picts, Britons, and Angles by Cinaeth Mac Ailpin in the ninth century. The topography of the Scottish Lowlands proves that that region, including even the Anglian territory of Bernicia (the Lothians), was extensively colonized by the Irish (Scots) after they conquered it. We can imagine that the people of the Antrim Glens were glad to leave those cramped and wooded fastnesses to become possessors of wide domains in various parts of Scotland, and that they carried off with them the genealogical traditions which find no place in the very copious Irish record. [Note by Prof. John MacNeill.]

¹ The battle of Fidheoin seems to have been a most important event. Unfortunately the place has not been identified; it cannot even be said that it is

Let us now turn to Congal Clæn and the events leading up to the battle of Magh Rath. Congal was a prince of the great Ulidian race of Rudraige Mor. From an early age he had been fostered by Domhnall, who succeeded his father Aedh, son of Ainmire, as High King of Ireland in 598. The romantic accounts of the battle of Magh Rath dwell at considerable length on the causes which led to a quarrel between Congal and his foster-father, but these may for the most part be dismissed as bardic fictions. There is one passage, however, in the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*¹ which is worth quoting here, as it may well represent the traditional view of the relations of Congal and Domhnall. Congal in a moment of anger, through being, as he thinks, slighted at the famous banquet, says to the king :

‘ I will now state, before all, the injuries thou hast done to me. The king who preceded thee over Erin was Suibhne Menn . . . thou wert not obedient to that king, and thou didst go to make a treaty with the Ultonians, and I was given in fosterage to thee by my father and my own tribe; a woman of my own tribe was sent with me to nurse me with thee, but when she reached thy house thou didst send the Ultonian woman back to her own country, and thou didst place a woman of thine own tribe to nurse me in the garden of the fort in which thou dwellest. It happened on a certain day that I was left in the garden without anyone to take care of me, and the little bees of the garden rose up with the heat of the sun, and one of them put its venom in one of my eyes, so that my eye became awry, from which I have been named Congal Clæn. I was nursed by thee until thou wast expelled

in Ireland. Moreover, it is doubtful that Maelcaich (or Maelcaith) was king of the Cruithni, as he is described, at the time. Tigernach gives the fullest record of the battle. There fell in the battle Conadh Cerr, king of Dal Riada, Dicull mac Eachach, who is described as king of the kindred of the Picts, two grandsons of Aedhan as well as Oisiric mac Albruit, crown prince of England (rigdomna Saxon).

¹ ed. O'Donovan, p. 33.

by the king of Erin, Suibhne Menn . . . and then thou didst repair to the king of Alba, taking me along with thee in that exile ; and thou didst receive great honour from him, and you formed a treaty, thou and the king of Alba, and he protested to thee that he would not oppose thee as long as the sea should surround Erin. Thou didst afterwards return to Erin, and I returned along with thee, for I was in exile along with thee. We put into port at Traigh Rudhraighe, and here we held a short consultation. And what thou didst say was, that whoever thou shouldst get to betray the king of Erin, thou wouldst be bound to restore his territory to him whenever thou shouldst become king of Erin. I went on the enterprise, O king, for a promise that my patrimony should be wholly restored to me, whenever thou shouldst become monarch of Erin ; and I delayed not until I reached Aileach Neid, where the king held his residence at the time. The king came out upon the green surrounded by a great concourse of the men of Erin, and he was playing chess amidst the hosts, and I came into the assembly, passing without the permission of anyone through the crowds and made a thrust of my spear, Gearr Congail, which I held in my hand, at the breast of the king, and the stone which was at his back responded to the thrust, his heart's blood was on the head of the javelin, so that he fell dead. But as the king was tasting of death he flung a chess-man which was in his hand at me, so that he broke the crooked eye in my head. I was squint-eyed before, I have been blind-eyed since. The host and people of the king fled, thinking that thou and the men of Alba were with me, as I had killed Suibhne Menn, the king. I then returned to thee, and thou didst, after this, assume the sovereignty of Erin. My father, Scannall of the Broad Shield, died soon after, and I came to thee to be made king as thou hadst promised me. Thou didst not perform thy promise except to a small extent, for thou didst deprive me of Cenel Conaill and Cenel Eoghain and also of the nine

cantreds of Oirghiall, the land of Maelodhar Macha, who now sits at my shoulder, and whom thou hast seated in the place of a king, in preference to me, this night, in thine own house, O king, said he. And a goose egg was placed before him on a silver dish, while a hen egg was placed on a wooden dish before me. And I will give battle to thee and the men of Erin in consequence, as thou hast them assembled around thee to-night, said Congal. And he went out of the house and the Ultonians followed him.'

What are the facts as recorded in the annals? Suibhne Menn, son of Fiachna, became High King in 615 in succession to Maelchoba, son of Aedh, whom he dethroned. He defeated Domhnall, son of Aedh, at Both in 628, but was slain the same year by Congal Claen on the shores of Lough Swilly near Aileach. He was succeeded by Domhnall, brother of Maelchoba and son of Aedh. As to the kingship of Ulaidh, the annals record that Fiachna, son of Demman, was killed in the battle of Ard Corainn in 627. Congal appears as next king of Ulaidh¹; he also figures as king of Dal Araidhe.

The battle of Dun Cethirn, which was fought in 629 between Congal Claen and the High King, Domhnall, son of Aedh, marks the next stage. The annals merely record that Domhnall was victor and that Congal fled, but Adhamnan in his Life of Colum Cille² records the fulfilment of one of the saint's prophecies to the effect that Ui Neill and Cruithni would wage war fighting in the vicinity of the fortress of Cethern.

Dun Cethirn lies some five miles to the west of the Bann in territory which had long been a source of strife,³ but which

¹ See LL. fo. 41; also the 'Comaimserad righ nErenn,' Book of Lecan, fo. 23a1.

² ed. Reeves, p. 93.

³ One of the *geasa* or 'prohibitions' of the king of Eogain was 'to make peace with Dal Araidhe ever'; *Book of Rights*, p. 267.

had been ceded by the Cruithni to the Cenel Eogain as a result of the battle of Moin Daire Lothair in 563. This was Congal's first move against the High King. After his defeat he fled to Scotland. The annals are silent about him until the battle of Magh Rath; but if the account given in the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh* can be accepted, he spent the interval in collecting an army among the Scots of Dal Riada, the Picts and Strathclyde Britons, with a view to avenging his defeat at Dun Cethirn and establishing himself again in Ireland. Domhnall Brecc was king of Dal Riada at the time; he was Congal's uncle, and, judging by subsequent events, appears to have lent a willing ear to the designs of Congal. There is some slight evidence that both Domhnall and his father Eochaidh Buidhe had acquired influence, if not actual dominion, over a section of their Pictish neighbours. In the annals of Ulster at the year 629, Eochaidh is called king of the Picts, and an earlier entry in the same year records the death of Conadh Cerr, king of Dal Riada, in the battle of Fidheoin. Tigernach records that Conadh Cerr, king of Dal Riada, defeated Fiachna, son of Demman, king of Ulaidh, in the battle of Ard Corainn (A.U. 627). These entries go to show that Conadh was regarded as king of Dal Riada during the lifetime of Eochaidh Buidhe. The explanation may be, as Skene points out,¹ that Eochaidh had acquired some measure of authority over the Picts of Galloway, and had placed his son Conadh Cerr on the throne of Dal Riada. Domhnall Brecc succeeded his brother on the throne of Dal Riada in 629. He is nowhere styled king of the Picts; it is probable

¹ *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. I., p. 241. Skene's transcription of Tigernach's record of the battle of Fidheoin is erroneous in one important point. He has "Eochaidh Buidhe mac Aidan victor erat," whereas it should be: "mors E.B. maic Aidan," an event which appears to have no connection with the battle of Fidheoin. This disposes of Skene's ingenious theory about Eochaidh fighting on the side of the Picts of Dal Araidhe while his son Conadh was fighting on the side of Dal Riada.

that the Pictish law of succession in the female line was followed. Nevertheless Domhnall's activities were by no means confined to his own dominions of Argyle. The period was one of considerable ferment in north Britain amongst the Picts, Scots, and Britons; and Domhnall, no doubt, took advantage of this ferment to extend his oversea dominions, to the neglect of his Irish territory. We find him fighting at Calathros in 634—in the land of the Picts or Britons it is surmised—where he suffered defeat. His incursions into Pictish or British territory subsequent to Magh Rath were not more successful.

We come now to the battle of Magh Rath. The Irish annals have very little to say about it. The Annals of Ulster barely mentions it. Tigernach says that it was fought by Domhnall, son of Aedh, and by the sons of Aedh Slane; that Congal Caech (Cael), king of Ulaidh and Faelan, as well as many other nobles, and Suibhne, son of Colman Cuar, fell in it. No mention is made of Domhnall Brecc, king of Dal Riada. Let us see, however, what Adhamnan has to say about it. Adhamnan was thirteen years old when the battle was fought, and must have had memories of it when he wrote some fifty years later. Speaking of the prophecy of Colum Cille uttered on the occasion of the inauguration of Aedhan as king of Dal Riada, he says:—"Now this prophecy has been fulfilled in our times in the battle of Roth, when Domhnall Brecc, grandson of Aedhan, devastated without cause the province of Domhnall, grandson of Ainmire. And from that day to this they (i.e. the descendants of Aedhan) are in decadence¹ through pressure from without, a thing which convulses one's breast, and moves one to painful sighs."² In face of so positive a statement, coming from such a source, the silence of the Irish annals is strange. Adhamnan must here

¹ This, no doubt, refers to their power in Ireland, as there is no evidence that they were in decay in Scotland in the time of Adhamnan.

² The Life of St. Columba, ed. Reeves, p. 200.

be taken as the soundest authority, and he makes it sufficiently clear that Domhnall Brecc took a prominent part in the battle.

According to the traditional accounts of the battle, the invading army was composed of the Scots of Dal Riada assisted by the Picts and Britons. It is not necessary here to inquire what forces the High King had behind him. The romantic accounts tell us that the whole of Ireland rallied to him.¹ Whatever the facts, it is evident that the battle was a desperate one. It is said to have lasted several days, victory ultimately falling to the High King, Domhnall, son of Aedh. Congal fell fighting, and Domhnall Brecc escaped to Scotland with a remnant of his army.

Magh Rath (Moira) is situated on the Lagan, some five miles to the east of the south-eastern angle of Lough Neagh. It was within the territory of Dal Araide, the Bann which separated it from Airghialla (Oriel) being only some ten miles to the west. In one of the romantic accounts of the battle it is stated that the Scots arrived a fortnight before the battle, and that they were quartered out every night for a week. The Ulaidh, however, thought this nightly quartering oppressive, so the army set out to Magh Glass, to Domhnall's mother, and they left "not a cow or an ox, or a woman or a boy in the place."² The precise situation of Magh Glass has not been ascertained, but it seems clear from the reference to it in the *Circuit of Ireland*³ that it was somewhere in the vicinity of Raphoe, that is, in Tir Conaill. Adhamnan says that Domhnall Brecc devastated the province of the High King, Domhnall, son of Aedh; and as Tir Conaill was the High King's domestic state, the remarks of Adhamnan are probably literally correct. It may be that Domhnall Brecc invaded Airghialla and penetrated as far as Tir Conaill, and that when Domhnall, son of Aedh, took the field, the Scots

¹ But see note below on the battle of Saltire.

² *Ériu* v, p. 237.

³ ed. Hogan, p. 32.

retreated across the Bann and were overtaken and defeated at Magh Rath.¹

The victory of the High King saved perhaps Ireland or at least the great dynasty of the Ui Neill, which had controlled the destinies of a large portion of Ireland for many centuries. Whatever may have been the immediate intentions of the invaders, it is sufficiently clear that a most determined effort was made by them to obtain a footing in the government of Ireland. Herein I venture to think lies the significance which native writers attached to the battle of Magh Rath.

As a consequence of the battle, the Argyle dynasty appear to have relaxed their interest in the Irish Dal Riada. A century and a half later (792) kings of the territory cease to be mentioned in the Annals of Ulster. Certainly after the eighth century Dal Riada in Ireland was hardly more than a geographical term in the annals.²

V.—SUIBHNE GEILT.

When we consider the prominent part assigned to Suibhne in the present tale, it is singular that so little is known of him. It is true that his connection with the battle of Magh Rath is mentioned in that early Irish law tract the *Book of Aicill*. He is also named in the Annals of Tigernach,³ where it is stated

1 It is worthy of note that the battle of Saltire was won by Conall Coel, "socius Domnaill," over the Cenel Eoghain on *the same day* as the battle of Magh Rath. It is significant that at the moment when Domhnall mac Aedha was engaged in crushing the Scots and their allies in the east, his "socius" and nephew was also overcoming the resistance of the Cenel Eoghain. It is possible that the latter were acting in consort with the eastern confederates.

2 See Mac Neill's *Early Irish Population-Groups*, § 114; the general description therein given of the ruling races of northern Ireland makes no mention of Dal Riada.

3 The reference to him in the Martyrology of Donegal is evidently taken from the *Buile Suibhne*.

that he fell in the battle. He is mentioned in the *Acallamh na Senórach*¹ in connection with St. Moling and Ros Brocc. He peers now and again, a dim, mysterious figure, out of the pages of one² of the romantic accounts of the battle, and at least two Irish poems, both of considerable antiquity, are attributed to him.³ He is described in the present tale and in the *Battle of Magh Rath* (ed. O'Donovan) as king of Dal Araidhe, but his name does not appear, so far as I am aware, in any of the lists⁴ of kings of that territory. In fact, if we are to trust the list given in the Book of Leinster, Congal Claen was king both of Dal Araidhe and Ulaidh at the time of the battle. Congal fled from Ireland after the battle of Dun Cethirn in 629, and appears to have remained in exile until he returned to Ireland to fight at Magh Rath in 637. After the defeat of Congal at Dun Cethirn, Domhnall, the High King, may have taken under his immediate control the affairs of Ulaidh. The kingdom of Dal Araidhe, however, was peopled by Cruithni or Irish Picts, and it is not improbable that these people may have chosen Suibhne to act as regent during the absence of Congal. Suibhne is called king, but the word is used loosely in the annals; the designation of lord may have more closely represented the position.

In one of the Moling poems, to which reference has already been made, there occurs a stanza⁵ in which Suibhne is called 'the Albanach':

1 ed. Stokes, *Irische Texte* IV (1), p. 75. Stokes shows (Notes, p. 273) that the *Acallamh* cannot have been compiled earlier than the latter half of the twelfth century.

2 He is not mentioned in the shorter account edited by Prof. Carl Marstrander and published in *Ériu* v, p. 226.

3 One is the Old-Irish poem beginning M' airioclán hi Túaim Inbir, see above, p. xvii; the other is given in *Ériu* II, p. 95.

4 e.g., B. of Leinster, B. of Ballymote, B. of Lecan, Rawlinson B 502, MacFirbis, &c. Any close investigation shows that these lists require to be handled with caution.

5 *Anecdota* ii, p. 22, § 17.

‘Suibhne, is é an fer fartaalach,
 aife tri immain cen luge,
 is inmain an t-Albanach,
 na tabair taobh re duine.’

In the present tale he is described as son of Colman Cuar, and in the *Battle of Magh Rath* as son of Colman Cuar, son of Cobhthach. But the names of father and grandfather—if they may be accepted at all—carry us no further. The Annals of Ulster states that Colman, son of Cobhthach, was slain in the battle of Cenbuigh in 622. The Annals of the Four Masters, recording the same event under the year 617, mentions in addition that Cobhthach was father of Guaire Aidhne. It is possible that there is some confusion due to the fact that the names Suibhne and Colman are very common in the sixth and seventh centuries. It is a well-known fact that this confusion arising from a general use of certain names is one of the most persistent sources of error in early Irish history.¹ In the case of Suibhne and his father Colman Cuar, for example, the two names are associated in the case of Suibhne who was slain in 600, and whose father was Colman Mor. It is probably due to the same cause that he is referred to in our tale as son of Colman Cas and descendant of Eochaидh Salbuidhe.

VI.—ORIGIN.

On the interesting question of the origin of the *Buile Suibhne* I do not feel entitled to speak with any authority. I shall therefore confine myself to setting down a number of points which have occurred to me in this connection in the course of my work. At the outset it seems

¹ See Plummer’s *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae* I, p. xc, and Kuno Meyer’s *Betha Colmáin Maic Luacháin*, p. xiii.

clear that the origin of the *Buile Suibhne* cannot be settled without taking into account the other extant tales which treat of the battle of Magh Rath, more especially as Suibhne's madness occupies a prominent place in one of the tales. Two more or less distinct versions of the tale known as the *Battle of Magh Rath* are extant; one a long and highly coloured version,¹ the other a brief and comparatively sober account. Professor Carl Marstrander, in his edition of the latter,² shows that the sources of both versions were partly or wholly different, that the shorter version appears to be an abridgment of several older and varying sources, and that the longer version has obviously been drawn from different sources. The shorter version stands alone; it bears no special relation either to the longer version or to the *Buile Suibhne*. On the other hand, the longer version has some points in common with the *Buile Suibhne* to which it is necessary to draw attention. The two single stanzas, one at p. 234, beginning :

Ba he guth cach aenduine,

and the other at 236 beginning :

Rop e sin mo ced-rithsa,

are introduced by the words 'as Suibhne said in another place.' The other place is evidently the *Buile Suibhne* as both stanzas occur in it.³ From this it would appear that the *Buile Suibhne*, in one shape or another, was in existence before the long version of the *Battle of Magh Rath* was composed. On the other hand, five stanzas out of the whole poem at § 16 of the *Buile Suibhne*⁴ occur in the long poem,

¹ *Banquet of Dun na nGedh and Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan.

² *Ériu*, Vol. v., p. 226.

³ See Notes, pp. 168 and 169.

⁴ The poem in the *Buile Suibhne* in which the stanzas occur seems somewhat out of place; it is possibly a later interpolation.

which extends from p. 126 to p. 141 of O'Donovan's edition. Again, the description of Suibhne's madness, with all its wealth of detail, corresponds so closely in both texts¹ that it is scarcely possible for one to have been written independently of the other.

Apart from the foregoing, there are other evidences that the tale in its present form is a composite one. It is possible to trace the interweaving of two versions differing in many details. At the outset of the tale we are presented with two different accounts of the manner in which Suibhne offended St. Ronan, one by drowning his psaltair, the other by slaying one of his followers. We find also two 'lucid intervals' in the tale of Suibhne's madness of which the second seems to know nothing of the first. In a general way, too, it may be said that the distinctly Christian passages could be omitted without any serious distortion of the tale. In this connection and in view of the reference in the *Book of Aicill* to Suibhne's madness, I venture to suggest that the original story attributed the madness to the horrors which he witnessed in the battle of Magh Rath, and that the introduction of St. Ronan and St. Moling may be a later interpolation. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that 'levitation' plays a considerable part in the development of the tale, and levitation—or, at least, extraordinary bodily agility—was not an uncommon phenomenon of religious mysticism in the Middle Ages. It is only necessary to cite the case of St. Joseph of Cupertino, whose feats of flying are recorded in the *Proces*s of the saint. I know of no instance of similar levitation in Irish literature,²

¹ Cf. pp. 231-237 of *Battle of Magh Rath* (ed. O'Donovan) with § 11 of the *Buile Suibhne*.

² Prof. Kuno Meyer has drawn my attention to the following passage from the Irish mirabilia in the 'Speculum Regale,' an old Norse book written about 1250 A.D., *Ériu*, iv, p. 11, § 18 :—'There is also one thing which will seem very wonderful about men who are called *gelt*. It happens that when two hosts meet and are arrayed in battle-array, and when the battle-cry is raised loudly on both sides, that cowardly men run wild and lose their wits from the dread and

and of course the bodily agility of Suibhne is to be distinguished from such phenomena as the flight of the soul described in a number of Irish 'Visions,' as, for example, the Vision of Fursa. In the *Buile Suibhne* the levitation element is curious. It takes the form of Suibhne imagining himself as flying about from place to place, imagining, too, that feathers have grown on him. It may be observed that until quite recent times it was the general belief in Ireland that madmen were as light as feathers and could climb steeps and precipices.¹

The account of Suibhne's madness seems to bear some resemblance to the widely dispersed story of the Wild Man of the Woods,² of which the Merlin legend is perhaps the most conspicuous offshoot. The story on the whole seems to be made up of a small folk element, probably deriving from the same source as the Merlin legends, and a historical element, with the battle of Magh Rath for a background. Beyond the curious notion of levitation, the tale may be said to be devoid of conventional folk elements or episodes. The theme is treated throughout in so unconventional and natural a way, that it may well owe nothing more to legend than the central idea.

fear which seize them. And then they run into a wood away from other men, and live there like wild beasts, and shun the meeting of men like wild beasts. And it is said of these men that when they have lived in the woods in that condition for twenty years, then feathers grow on their bodies as on birds, whereby their bodies are protected against frost and cold, but the feathers are not so large that they may fly like birds. Yet their swiftness is said to be so great that other men cannot approach them, and greyhounds just as little as men. For these people run along the trees almost as swiftly as monkeys or squirrels.' (From this it would seem probable that the Norsemen had heard of the story of Suibhne.)

¹ See note on page 234, *Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan; cf. in this connection the gloss—*gealta*—to the word *volatiles* in the *Chronicon Scotorum*, p. 122.

² See e.g., *The Story of Grisandole, a Study in the Legend of Merlin*, by Lucy Allen Paton, in the publications of the Modern Language Association of America, xxii. 2 (1907).

VII.—THE COMPOSITION.

The present tale, like many early Irish compositions, consists of alternate prose and verse, the latter constituting by far the greater part of the work. The events making up the somewhat slender framework of the tale are, as a rule, recorded in both the prose and verse, but the latter is devoted in the main to recounting the changing moods and manifold sorrows of the madman.

As a work of art it must be admitted that the *Buile Suibhne* is marred by a certain lack of unity. In the matter of the general framework, the story as a whole is intelligible enough, and proceeds smoothly and naturally from stage to stage, but occasionally in the verse one is brought face to face with sudden and violent changes of subject. The long poem (§ 40) which opens with a description of the trees of Ireland furnishes a good instance of this lack of artistic coherence. It is possible that this may be due to an incomplete text, or it may be the author's way of representing the incoherent mind of the madman.² In the verse portions, too, one feels that matter has to some extent been subordinated to form. It is some compensation that the verse forms throughout are excellent. In many of the poems difficult metres are handled with remarkable skill.³ On the other hand, the whole is not lacking in imaginative

1 The *Book of Rights* is a good example. For references to other examples, see Rev. Celt., vol. xii., p. 319.

2 On the other hand, this lack of coherence and restraint is a characteristic of many medieval compositions; see, for example, the remarks at p. xv of the Introduction to the *Vision of MacConglinne*.

3 I have indicated in the Notes the metres of the poems. For descriptions of the various metres, readers are referred to Professor Kuno Meyer's *Primer of Irish Metrics*.

power, and there is genuine pathos displayed in recounting the madman's sufferings.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the composition is the extraordinary love of place which it reveals. I venture to say that this is one of the most distinctive features of early Irish literature. It is only necessary to recall in this connection the vast number of compositions which have for subject the origin of place-names.¹ Nor was this love of place a mere convention; I believe it sprang from a very intimate knowledge of the actual place or of the spirit of the place; and I suggest that it will be found on investigation that the descriptions of places given in early Irish literature are in the main accurate.

In one respect the *Buile Suibhne* possesses special interest. Unlike the large mass of early Irish literary remains, it seems to owe but little to traditional lore. Whatever folk-beliefs and superstitions it may enshrine, the tale in its broad outline seems to be largely independent of floating myth, and the theme is treated in a way that is free from the literary conventions of the time. In a word, the *Buile Suibhne*, like the Vision of MacConglinne—to cite a well-known example—is a sustained literary *tour de force*, and, as such, furnishes an interesting example of the medieval attitude of mind towards literary creation.

In conclusion, I desire to express my gratitude to those who have assisted me in various ways in the preparation of this book. I am in a very special way indebted to Professor Kuno Meyer for constant encouragement and assistance, and I offer him my most sincere thanks. To Professor Osborn Bergin and the Rev. Charles Plummer, I am also deeply

¹ The numerous 'Dinnsenchus' poems and prose tales form the most important portion of these compositions, but, in addition, the 'Dinnsenchus' motive plays an important part in early Irish literature in general.

indebted for considerable help. I have to thank Professor John MacNeill for his kindness in placing at my disposal a mass of valuable historical notes, bearing specially on the battle of Magh Rath. Lastly, I desire to thank Miss Eleanor Knott for her assistance in collating a portion of the text with the manuscripts.

J. G. O'KEEFFE

DUBLIN, *December 1912.*

BUILE SUIBHNE

BUILE ŠUIBHNE ANNSO SÍOS

1 DÁLA SHUIBHNE mhic Colmáin Chúair, rígh Dál Araidhe, roaisneidhsem remhainn do dhul ar fainneal 7 ar folúamain a cath. Ba *hedh* ann fochann 7 tucaitt tresa ttangattar na hairrdhena 7 na habarta fúalaing 7 foluaimhnighe sin faoi-siumh tar chách a ccoitchinne 7 febh tecómhaccair dhó iaromh.

2 Baói aroile naoimh-erlumh uasal oirdnidhe hi tir nErenn .i. Ronán Fionn, mac Beraigh, mic Criodáin,¹ mic Earclogha, mic Érnainne, mic Urene, mic Seachnusaigh, mic Coluim Chúile, mic Muiredhaigh, mic Laogaire, mic Néill, .i. fer comhailte tiomna Dé 7 congmalá cuinge crabuidh 7 fuilngthe ingreama ar sgáth an Choimdedh an fer sin. Ba mogh-sén diles² diongmalá do Dhia, ar no bhiodh ag crochadh a chuirp ar grádh Dé 7 do tuilledh fochraicciu dia anmain. Ba sgíath dhidin fri drochaimsibh diabhail 7 doailc[h]ibh an fer mín muinterrdha mormhonarach sin.

3 Robaoi-sidhe fecht ann ag torainn chille i nDál Araidhe .i. Ceall Luinni¹ a comhainm. As é robadh rígh ar Dhál Araidhe an ionbaidh sin .i. an Suibhne, mac Colmáin, adru[b]rumar. Rocuala 'diu² Suibhne airm a raibhi gut[h] chluig Rónáin ag tórainn na cille, go rofhíarfacht dia muintir cidh adchualadar.³ 'Rónán Fionn mac Bearaigh,' ar síad, 'ata ag tórainn chille it chrích-si 7 it fheronn 7 as é guth a chluig itchluini-si anosa.' Rolonnaigedh 7 rofergaigedh

2—1 Criothainn, altered later to Criomthainn K Criomthainn L 2 sén diles BK; naoimhdiles L

3—1 Lainni L 2 dia K 3 *sic* L; adchuala B; atchual K

THE FRENZY OF SUIBHNE HERE

1 As to Suibhne, son of Colman Cuar, king of Dal Araidhe, we have already told¹ how he went wandering and flying out of battle. Here are set forth the cause and occasion whereby these symptoms and fits of frenzy and flightiness came upon him beyond all others, likewise what befell him thereafter.

2 There was a certain noble, distinguished holy patron in Ireland, even Ronan Finn, son of Bearach, son of Criodhan, son of Earclugh, son of Ernainne, son of Urene, son of Seachnusach, son of Colum Cúile, son of Mureadhach, son of Laoghaire, son of Niall ; a man who fulfilled God's command and bore the yoke of piety, and endured persecutions for the Lord's sake. He was God's own worthy servant, for it was his wont to crucify his body for love of God and to win a reward for his soul. A sheltering shield against evil attacks of the devil and against vices was that gentle, friendly, active man.

3 On one occasion he was marking out a church named Cell Luinne in Dal Araidhe. (At that time Suibhne, son of Colman, of whom we have spoken, was king of Dal Araidhe.) Now, in the place where he was, Suibhne heard the sound of Ronan's bell as he was marking out the church, and he asked his people what it was they heard. 'It is Ronan Finn, son of Bearach,' said they, 'who is marking out a church in your territory and land, and it is the sound of his bell you

1—1 In mss. B and K this tale follows that entitled the Battle of Magh Rath, in which reference is made to the frenzy of Suibhne. See the *Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan, p. 231.

go mor antí Suibhne 7 roeirigh go dian deinmneadhach do dhiochar an chleirigh on chill. *Tarraidh* a bhainc[h]eile .i. Eorann ingen Chuinn Chiannachta eiti³ an bhrait chortharaigh chorcra robhúime dia fhosdudh, go rosging fón teach an sioball⁴ airgid aeinghil co míneagur⁵ óir robháoi san brat os a bruinne. Lasodhain fágbaidh a bhrat ag an riogain 7 dothaod roimhi lomnocht ina reim roiretha do dhíochar an chleirigh on chill co riacht áit ina raibhe Ronán.

4 As amhlaidh robhúime an cléirech ar cionn Suibhne an ionbaidh sin, ag moladh righ nimhe [7] talman .i. ag solusghabáil a psalm 7 a¹ psaltair líneach lánáluinn ina fhiadhnuisi. Dosfuairgaibh² Suibhne an psaltair go rotheilg a bfudhomhuin an locha lionnaifair robhaoi 'na sharradh go robáidedh ann í. Rogabh Suibhne lamh Ronáin iarsin co rotharraing ina dhiaigh é tar an ccill amach 7 nior leicc láimh an chlerigh úaidh fós no go ccúala³ an eighemh. As e dorinne an eighemh sin .i. giolla Congáil Chlaoín mic Sgannláin, arna thecht ar cenn Suibhne o Chongal fe[i]n do chur chatha Mhuighe Rat[h]. O rainic an giolla co hait n-iomagallmha fri Suibhne adféd sgéla dhó o thús go deredh. Téit tra Suibhne lasan ngiolla 7 fágbaidh⁴ an cléirech go dubhach dobronach ar mbádudh a psaltrach 7 iar ndénamh a dhimigni 7 a esonora.

5 Diuidh laoi co n-oidhche iarsin doriacht dobarchú robui isin loch dochum Ronáin 7 a psaltair leis gan milledh líne na litri inte. Dobert Ronán altugudh buidi do Dia tresan mirbuile sin 7 mallachais Suibhne iaromh, conadh edh roraidh: 'Mo ched-sa fri ced an Choimdedh chumachdaigh,' ar sáé, 'amail tainic-siomh dom dhiochur-sa 7 é lomnocht, gurab amhlaidh sin bhías [82 b] doghrés lomnocht ar faoinnel 7 ar folúamhain sechnóin an domhain,

3—3 err L 4 i. dealg add. L 5 sic B mioneccur K

4—1 psaltrach 7 a add. B 2 tuargaib .i. do thogaibh L 3 From this point to the word *da* in line 4 § 9 is omitted from K 4 fagbais L

now hear.' Suibhne was greatly angered and enraged, and he set out with the utmost haste to drive the cleric from the church. His wife Eorann, daughter of Conn of Ciannacht, in order to hold him, seized the wing of the fringed, crimson cloak which was around him, so that the fibula of pure white silver, neatly inlaid with gold, which was on his cloak over his breast, sprang through the house. Therewith, leaving his cloak with the queen, he set out stark-naked in his swift career to expel the cleric from the church, until he reached the place where Ronan was.

4 He found the cleric at the time glorifying the King of heaven and earth by blithely chanting his psalms with his lined, right-beautiful psalter in front of him. Suibhne took up the psalter and cast it into the depths of the cold-water lake which was near him, so that it was drowned therein. Then he seized Ronan's hand and dragged him out through the church after him, nor did he let go the cleric's hand until he heard a cry of alarm. It was a serving-man of Congal Claon, son of Scannlan, who uttered that cry; he had come from Congal himself to Suibhne in order that he (Suibhne) might engage in battle at Magh Rath. When the serving-man reached the place of parley with Suibhne, he related the news to him from beginning to end. Suibhne then went with the serving-man and left the cleric sad and sorrowful over the loss of his psalter and the contempt and dishonour which had been inflicted on him.

5 Thereafter, at the end of a day and a night, an otter that was in the lake came to Ronan with the psalter, and neither line nor letter of it was injured. Ronan gave thanks to God for that miracle, and then cursed Suibhne, saying: 'Be it my will, together with the will of the mighty Lord, that even as he came stark-naked to expel me, may it be thus that he will ever be, naked, wandering and flying throughout the world; may it be death from a spear-point

gurab bás do rinn nosbéra.¹ Mo mallacht-sa for Suibhne bheós 7 mo bhennacht for Eorainn rothriall a' fhostudh 7 'fós fágbhaim-si do chloinn Cholmáin an lá atchíft an psaltair si [robaidedh] la Suibhne gurab díth 7 dilghenn doibh';² 7 a[t]bert in laid :

6 ' Suibniu mac Colmáin romchráidh,
romt[h]arraing leis ar leathláimh,
d' fhágbháil Chille Luinne lais
dom beith athaigh 'na héginais.

Tainig chugum 'na rith rod
amail rochóala mo chlog,
tug leis feirg n-adhbhal n-anba
dom athchar, dom ionnarba.

Leasg lem-sa mh'athchar abhus
ón bhaile céda rabhus,
gerbo lium-sa robadh lesg
do Dhía táinic a thoirmesg.

Nior leig mo lámh as a láimh
co ccóalaidh an eighemh n-áin,
go n-ébreadh ris : 'tair don chath,
doriacht Domhnall Magh rán-Rath.'

Dodheachaidh maith dhamh-sa dhe,
ni ris rugus a bhuidhe,
o doriacht fios àn chatha
do soighidh an ardflat[h]a.

Ro-ionnsaigh an cath go cían
dar chláon a chonn [i]s a chíall,
sirfidh Éirinn 'na¹ gheilt għlas
agus bidh do rinn ragħas.

5—1 notbéra B; bhéras K 2—2 an la adcíset clanna Colmain an tsaltair robaidedh gurab díth 7 dílgenn doibh L

6—1 Eire an B

that will carry him off. My curse once more on Suibhne, and my blessing on Eorann who strove to hold him ; and furthermore, I bequeath to the race of Colman that destruction and extinction may be their lot the day they shall behold this psalter which was cast into the water by Suibhne' ; and he uttered this lay :

6 ' Suibhne, son of Colman, has outraged me,
he has dragged me with him by the hand,
to leave Cell Luinne with him,
that I should be for a time absent from it.

He came to me in his swift course
on hearing my bell ;
he brought with him vast, awful wrath
to drive me out, to banish me.

Loth was I to be banished here
from the place where I first settled ;
though loth was I,
God has been able to prevent it.

He let not my hand out of his
until he heard the loud cry
which said¹ to him : ' Come to the battle,
Domnall has reached famous Magh Rath.'

Good has come to me therefrom,
not to him did I give thanks for it
when tidings of the battle came
for him to join the high prince.

From afar he approached the battle
whereby were deranged his sense and reason,
he will roam through Erin as a stark madman,
and it shall be by a spear-point he will die.

6—1 lit. 'so that it was said.'

Mo p̄saltair doghabh 'na láimh
dusfarlaic² fon linn láin,
dorad Críst chugum gan chair
conar bhó misdi an p̄saltair.

Lá co n-oidhche fán loch lán
is nir mhisdi an breac-bán,
dobhrán do dheóin Mic Dé dhe
doroidhnacht damh dorisse.

An p̄saltair doghabh 'na láimh
fágbuim-[se] do chloinn Cholmháin,
bidh [olc] do chloinn Cholmáin chain
an lá dochífed^{2a} an p̄saltair.

Lomnocht dodheachaíd sé sonn
dom thochradh is dom thafonn,
as *edh* doghéra³ Día dhe,
bidh lomnocht dogres Suibhne.

Rogabh ga astadh a brat
Eorann, ingen Chuinn Chiannacht,
mo bhennacht ar Eorainn de
is mo mallacht ar Šuibhne.' S.

7 Dodheachaíd¹ Rónán iarsin go Magh Rath do denamh
síodha eitir Dhomhnall mac Aodha 7 Congal Claon mac
Sgannláin 7 nior fhéd a siodhugudh. Doberthaoi immorro
an cléreach i ccomairci eaturra gach laói go nach marbhtha
neach and² on³ uair rotoirmisgthi an cathugudh⁴ go ccead-
aighthi doibh doridhisi. Nomhilledh tra Suibhne cumairce
an chleirigh,⁴ uair gach sidh 7 gach osadh fogníodh Rónán
robrisédh Suibhne, ar nomharbadh fer re trath an chomhlaínn
gach laoi 7 fer eile re sgur an chomhlaínn gacha nóna. An

6—2 leg. dadasfarlaic?

2a leg. dochífe

3 dodhéra B

7—1 dochuaíd L

2 marbhthaoi neach ettorra L

3 sic L om. B

4—4 no

He seized my psalter in his hand,
he cast it into the full lake,
Christ brought it to me without a blemish,
so that no worse was the psalter.

A day and a night in the full lake,
nor was the speckled-white [book] the worse ;
through the will of God's Son
an otter gave it to me again.

As for the psalter that he seized in his hand,
I bequeath to the race of Colman
that it will be bad for the race of fair Colman
the day they shall behold the psalter.

Stark-naked he has come here
to wring my heart, to chase me ;
on that account God will cause
that Suibhne shall ever naked be.

Eorann, daughter of Conn of Ciannacht,
strove to hold him by his cloak ;
my blessing on Eorann therefor,
and my curse on Suibhne.'

7 Thereupon Ronan came to Magh Rath to make peace between Domnall son of Aodh, and Congal Claon son of Scannlan, but he did not succeed. Howbeit, the cleric used to be taken each day as a guarantee between them that nobody would be slain from the time the fighting was stopped until it would be again permitted. Suibhne, however, used to violate the cleric's guarantee of protection inasmuch as every peace and truce which Ronan would make Suibhne would break, for he used to slay a man before the hour fixed for combat each day, and another each evening when

lá dono rocinneadh an cath mor do thabairt tainic Suibhne ria gcách dochum an chatha.

8 As amhlaidh robaoi 7 leine sreabhnaidhe síodae i cusdul fri gheilchnes dó 7 fúathróig do šrol righ uime 7 an t-ionar tuc Congal dó an lá romarbh Oilill Cédach rí Úa bFaoláin for Magh Rath, ionar corcra comhdatha esein co cciumhius dluith deghfhighthi d'ór aluinn órloisgħthi ris, co sreithegar gem ccaomh ccarrmhogail on chionn góra araill don chiumhais sin, go stúagħlúbaibh sioda dar cnaipidħibh caoimettrochta re hiadhadh 7 re hosgladh and, [83 a] go bfoirbreachtadh airgid aóingil gacha cáoi 7 gacha conaire imtheighedh; crúaidhrinn chaoišnáithaide don ionar sin. Dhá šlejħ šithħfoda slinnejħatha ina lámhaibh, sgħiath breacbħuidhe bhúabhallda for a muin, claideamh órdhoirn for a chlúi.

9 Tainic roimhe fón toichim sin co ttarla Rónán dó 7 ochtar psa[l]mchetlaidh da mūntir ina fharradh 7 iad ag crothadh uisge coisreagħha dar na slúagħuibh 7 roscroithset ar Šuibhne hi ccuma cháich. Agus andar leis-siomh bá da fochuidmedh rocroithedh an t-uisge fair, 7 dorad a mhér a suainemh¹ na sleiħe seimnidhe^{1a} robhúi ina laimh 7 rosdieu-bhraic do pħalme[h]eadlaidh do mūntir Rónáin go romarbh don oenorchar sin é. Dorad andara hurchar don fhogħa faobrach uillenngér dochum an chlérigh budhdhén go rosben isin chlog robħáoi for a ucht, go rosging a crānn as a n-airde isin aer, co n-ébairt an cléireach: ‘Guidhim-si an Coimde² cumachtach,’ ar sé, ‘an ccomħairde dochúaidh crann an fhogħa isin aer 7 a nellaibh nimhe co ndeachair-si³ amail gach n-ethaid 7 an bás roimris-[s]i⁴ for mo dhalta-sa, gurab eadh notbéra⁵ .i. bas do rinn⁶, 7 mo mhallacht-sa fort 7 mo bhennacht for Eorainn, Uradhrán⁷ 7 Telli⁸ uaim i n-agħaidh do šil⁹ 7 chloinnej Colmain Chuair,’ 7 itbert:

9—1 sioda add. K 1a sic K seimħnidhe B 2 sic K om. B 3 sī B ar gealtacht add. L 4 roimbreisi K 5 nosberai-si L 6 fodhein add. B
 7 Furadhrán L 8 Teilli K 9 siola L

the combat ceased. Then on the day fixed for the great battle Suibhne came to battle before the rest.

8 In this wise did he appear. A filmy shirt of silk was next his white skin, around him was a girdle of royal satin, likewise the tunic which Congal had given him the day he slew Oilill Cedach, king of the *Ui Faolain*, at Magh Rath; a crimson tunic of one colour was it with a close, well-woven border of beautiful, refined gold set with rows of fair gems of carbuncle from one end to the other of the border, having in it silken loops over beautiful, shining buttons for fastening and opening it, with variegation of pure white silver each way and each path he would go;¹ there was a slender-threaded hard fringe² to that tunic. In his hands were two spears very long and (shod) with broad iron, a yellow-speckled, horny shield was on his back, a gold-hilted sword at his left side.

9 He marched on thus until he encountered Ronan with eight psalmists of his community sprinkling holy water on the hosts, and they sprinkled it on Suibhne as they did on the others. Thinking it was to mock him that the water was sprinkled on him, he placed his finger on the string of the riveted spear that was in his hand, and hurling it at one of Ronan's psalmists slew him with that single cast. He made another cast with the edged, sharp-angled dart at the cleric himself, so that it pierced the bell which was on his breast and the shaft sprang off it up in the air, whereupon the cleric said: 'I pray the mighty Lord that high as went the spear-shaft into the air and among the clouds of Heaven may you go likewise even as any bird, and may the death which you have inflicted on my foster-child be that which will carry you off, to wit, death from a spear-point; and my curse on you, and my blessing on Eorann; (I invoke) Uradhran¹ and Telle on my behalf against your seed and the descendants of Colman Cuar'; and he said:

8—1 i.e. it flashed as he went.

2 lit. hard-point.

9—1 *Furadhrán L*

10 ' Mo mallacht for Šuibhne,
 rium is mor a chionaidh,
 a fhogha blaith builidh
 doſaith trem c[h]log creadhail.

An clog sin roghonais
 notchurfi-si ar cráobhaibh
 gurbat¹ aon re henaibh,
 an clog náomh re náomhaibh.

Mar dochuaidh i céidóir
 crann an fhogha a n-airde
 co ndeachair-si, a Šuibhne,
 re² gealtacht gan chairde.

Roghonais mo dhalta,
 rodergais as t'fhogha,
 bíaidh dhuit ann do chomha
 gurab do rinn ragha.

Madh dá ttísat riom-sa
 siol nEoghain go tteinne,
 noscuirfet a ccran[n]acht
 Uradhran is Teille.

Uradhran is Teille
 roscursiod³ i ccran[n]acht,
 an ced-sa, tre chorracht,
 as let-sa mo mhallacht.

Bennacht uaim for Eorainn,
 Eorann chaemh gan crannacht,
 tre dhuilghe gan domacht
 for Šuibhne mo mhallacht.' Mallacht.

10 ' My curse on Suibhne !
 great is his guilt against me,
 his smooth, vigorous dart
 he thrust through my holy bell.

That bell which thou hast wounded
 will send thee among branches,
 so that thou shalt be one with the birds—
 the bell of saints before saints.

Even as in an instant went
 the spear-shaft on high,
 mayst thou go, O Suibhne,
 in madness, without respite !

Thou hast slain my foster-child,
 thou hast reddened thy spear in him,
 thou shalt have in return for it
 that with a spear-point thou shalt die.

If there should oppose me
 the progeny of Eoghan with stoutness
 Uradhran and Telle
 will send them into decay.

Uradhran and Telle
 have sent them into decay,
 this is my wish for all time :¹
 my curse with thee !

My blessing on Eorann !
 Eorann fair without decay :
 through suffering without stint
 my curse on Suibhne !'

10—1 lit. 'through restlessness'.

11 O rochomhracsiot iarom na catha cechtarrdha robhúirset an damhradh dermhair adiu 7 anall amail dámha damhgoire co ttuargaibhset tri tromghaire os aird. O'dchúala thrá Suibhne na gaire mora sin 7 a fhuamanna 7 a freagartha i nellaibh nimhe 7 i freightibh na firmaminnte rofhéch Suibhne suas iarum co rolion nemhain 7 dobhar 7 dásacht 7 fáoinnle 7 fúalang 7 foluamain 7 udmhaille, anbsaidhe 7 anfhoistine, miosgais¹ gach ionaidh ina mbiodh 7 serc gach ionaidh noco roichedh ; romheirbhlighset a meoir, rocriothnaighsiont a chosa, roluathadh a chroidhe, roclódhadh a chedfadha, rosaobadh a radharc, rotuitset a aimr urnocht asa lámhuibh co ndeachaidh la breithir Rónáin ar gealtacht 7 ar geinidecht amail gach n-ethaid n-æerdha.

12 An tan immorro doriacht asin ccath amach ba hainminic nothaidhledh a c[h]ossa lár ar lúas a réime 7 an tan nothaidhledh ni bhienfadh a drucht do bharrúachtar an fheóir ar ettroma 7 ar aerrdhacht an chéme nochingedh. Ni roan don reim roiretha sin co nár fág magh na machairi na maolshliabh, móin na muine na mothar, cnoc na cabhán, na coill chlithardhlúith a nEirinn gan taisdeal an lá sin¹, go rainig co Ros Beraigh² i nGlenn Earcáin co ndeachaidh isin iobhar robhaoi isin glinn.

13 Romheabhaidh an cath re nDomhnall mac Aodha an lá sin amail adru[bru]mar 7 rohaisnéidhsem remhainn. Robhaoi éimhí clíamuin do Suibhne isin chath .i. Aonghus Remhar mac Ardghail mic Macníadh [83 b] mic Ninnedha do thoathaibh Úa Ninnedha do Dhál Aruidhe. Tainic sidhe

11—1 Ciodh trá acht ó rochomraicsiot na catha fochedóir robhúirsett 7 rogarset na sluaigh da gach leith. O'dchúala Suibhne na gáire mora sin 7 a bfreccartha 7 a bfuaim 7 a macalla a nellaibh nimhe 7 a bfroighthibh na firmiminnte rofsech súas 7 rolion némhain 7 dásacht 7 faindeal 7 fualang 7 foluamhain é 7 miosgais L

12—1 For the portion of the tale from this point to the commencement of § 63 the following is all that occurs in L:—Agus rochaith a aois 7 a aimser ar gealtacht in Eirinn 7 a mBretain an ccein romair gan furtacht gan fóiridhín gan taobh do tabairt le daoinibh amhail dherbas an leabhar sgríobháilthair air fein darab ainm *Buile Suibhne* Ró Meraigh B Ros mBeraigh K .

11 Thereafter, when both battle-hosts had met, the vast army on both sides roared in the manner of a herd of stags so that they raised on high three mighty shouts. Now, when Suibhne heard these great cries together with their sounds and reverberations in the clouds of Heaven and in the vault of the firmament, he looked up, whereupon turbulence (?), and darkness, and fury, and giddiness, and frenzy, and flight, unsteadiness, restlessness, and unquiet filled him, likewise disgust with every place in which he used to be and desire for every place which he had not reached. His fingers were palsied, his feet trembled, his heart beat quick, his senses were overcome, his sight was distorted, his weapons fell naked from his hands, so that through Ronan's curse he went, like any bird of the air, in madness and imbecility.¹

12 Now, however, when he arrived out of the battle, it was seldom that his feet would touch the ground because of the swiftness of his course, and when he did touch it he would not shake the dew from the top of the grass for the lightness and the nimbleness of his step. He halted not from that headlong course until he left neither plain, nor field, nor bare mountain, nor bog, nor thicket, nor marsh, nor hill, nor hollow, nor dense-sheltering wood in Ireland that he did not travel that day,¹ until he reached Ros Bearaigh, in Glenn Earcain, where he went into the yew-tree that was in the glen.

13 Domnall, son of Aedh, won the battle that day, as we have already narrated.¹ Suibhne had a kinsman in the battle, to wit, Aongus the Stout, son of Ardgall, son of Macnia, son of Ninnidh, of the tribes of *Ui Ninnedha* of *Dal Araidhe*; he

11—1 perhaps ‘goblin-like’.

12—1 see note 1, § 12, on opposite page; ‘and he spent his life and his time in madness in Ireland and Britain while he lived, without aid, without succour, without trusting people, as the book which is written on himself, called *Buile Suibhne*, proves.’

13—1 i.e. in the *Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan; see note 1 p. 3, supra.

a ráon madhma asin ccath go mbuidhin¹ dia muintir imalle fris 7 as í conair tainic a nGlionn [E]arcáin. Baoi siumh tra cona muintir ag iomradh ar Suibhne ara iongantaoi leo gan a bheo no a mharbh d'fhaicsin o rochomraicset na catha, acht chena ba derbh leó gurab tre esgcáoine Rónáin fodrúair gan fios a oidheda. Rochualaidh éimh Suibhne ar chansat 7 e isin iobar osa ccionn, 7 itbert²:

14 'A óga, tigidh a lle,
a fhiora Dhál Araidhe,
foghebhthaoi isin bheile a bfuil
an fer forsatáoi iarraighe.

Dodheónaidh Dia dhamh-sa sunn
betha iomnocht iomchumhang,
gan ceól is gan codladh sáim,
gan banchuire, cen bandáil.

Misi sunn ag Ros mBearaigh,
domrad Ronán fo mheabhall,
romsgar Dia rem dheilbh nad ró,
sgaraidh re mh'eoil, a ogó.' A óga.

15 O'dchualadar na fir Suibhne ag gabáil na rann tugsat aithne¹ fair 7 roráidhset fris taobh do thabairt friu. Adbert-som nach ttiubradh tre bhith sior. O robhádar-somh iarumh ag iadhad im an mbile rotogaibh Suibhne uime co háithéstrom æerda othá sin co Cill Ríagain i tTir Chonuill 7 rothoirinn iarumh a mbile na cille. As ag an mbile sin dorala do Dhomhnall mac Aodha cona šluagaibh do ueith a haithle an chatha 7 o'dchonncadar an gheilt ag dol isin mbile tangadar drong dona slóghaibh go roiadhsat ina iomthac-mhang ima ccuairt ; gabhaid iarumh ag tabairt túarusgbála na geilti os aird, adberedh fer ann ba ben, adberedh fer eile ba fer robhúi ann, go ttarad² Domhnall fé[i]n aithne¹ fair,

13—1 sic K mbuighin B 2 go nebhairt an laoidh go truagh K

15—1 aithghni K 2 tard K

came in flight with a number of his people out of the battle, and the route he took was through Glenn Earcain. Now he and his people were conversing about Suibhne (saying) how strange it was that they had not seen him alive or dead after the battle-hosts had met. Howbeit, they felt certain it was because of Ronan's curse that there were no tidings of his fate. Suibhne in the yew-tree above them heard what they spoke, and he said :

14 'O warriors, come hither,
O men of Dal Araide,
you will find in the tree in which he is
the man whom you seek.'

God has vouchsafed me here
life very bare, very narrow,
without music and without restful sleep,
without womenfolk, without a woman-tryst.

Here at Ros Bearaigh am I,
Ronan has put me under disgrace,
God has severed me from my form,¹
know me no more, O warriors.'

15 When the men heard Suibhne reciting the verses, they recognized him, and urged him to trust them. He said that he would never do so. Then, as they were closing round the tree, Suibhne rose out of it very lightly and nimbly (and went) to Cell Riagain in Tir Conaill where he perched on the old tree of the church. It chanced that it was at that tree Domnall, son of Aedh, and his army were after the battle, and when they saw the madman going into the tree, a portion of the army came and closed in all round it. Thereupon they began describing aloud the madman; one man would say that it was a woman, another that it was a man, until Domnall himself recognized him, whereupon he said : ' It is

14—1 lit. 'from my form which is not too much'.

conadh ann abbert: 'As é Suibhne fil ann,' ar sé, 'i.e. righ Dal Araidhe roesgcáoin Rón[án] an lá tugadh an cath. Maith éimh an fer fil ann,' ar sé, '7 da madh áil leis seóide³ 7 máoini d'fhagbail fogebadh úainne da ttugadh taobh frinn. Truag lem,' ar sé, 'iarsma muintire Congail amlaigh sin, ar rohtar maith 7 rohtar mora mo chomhada-sa⁴ do Chongal,' ar se, 're ccur an chatha, et robadh maith dono comairle Choluim Chille don ghille úd fe[i]n da ndeachaidh le Congal do chuingidh sochraidhe co righ Alban im aghaidh-si'; conadh ann abbert Domhnall an laid:

16 'Cionnus sin, a Šuibhne šeing?
robadh¹ tóiseuch mór ndíreim²
an la tugadh an cath cloén,
ar Macc Rath robadh¹ rochoemh.

Cosmhuiil do ghnúis ergna iar n-ól
re corcair no re coemhor,
cosmhuiil do chúl gan chaire
re cluimh no re casnaidhe.

Cosmhuiil gne³ do chuirp choidche
re sneachta n-úar n-áenoidhche,
do rosg rogormadh mar ghloin,
mar oighreadh seimh snúadhamail.

Aluinn cuma do da chos,
dar liom ni trén th'urradhus,
t'airm rathmara, ruictis⁴ ful,
robsat athlumha i n-iomghuin. [84a]

Targaidh Colaim Cille dheit
nemh agus righe, a romheic,
diogháir tangais isin magh
o priomh[ñ]áidh nimhe is talmhan.

15—3 seoid K

4 sic K comhadhsa B

16—1 robat K

2 ineirinn K

3 sic K; om. B

4 ruictis K

Suibhne, king of Dal Araidhe, whom Ronan cursed the day the battle was fought. Good in sooth is the man who is there,' said he, ' and if he wished for treasures and wealth he would obtain them from us if only he would trust us. Sad is it to me,' said he, ' that the remnant of Congal's people are thus, for both good and great were the ties that bound me to Congal before undertaking the battle, and good moreover was the counsel of Colum Cille to that youth himself when he went with Congal to ask an army from the king of Alba against me'; whereupon Domnall uttered the lay :

16 ' How is that, O slender Suibhne ?
 thou wert leader of many hosts ;
 the day the iniquitous battle was fought
 at Magh Rath thou wert most comely.

Like crimson or like beautiful gold
 was thy noble countenance after feasting,
 like down or like shavings
 was the faultless hair of thy head.

Like cold snow of a single night
 was the aspect of thy body ever ;
 blue-hued was thine eye, like crystal,
 like smooth, beautiful ice.

Delightful the shape of thy feet,
 not powerful methinks was thy chieftainship ;
 thy fortunate weapons—they could draw blood—
 were swift in wounding.

Colum Cille offered thee
 Heaven and kingship, O splendid youth,
 eagerly (?) thou hast come into the plain
 from the chief prophet of Heaven and earth.

Adubairt Colum Cille,
 fáidh fosaidh na firinne,
 lion ticcthi tar tuile theinn
 ni riccthi uile a hEirinn.

Targus-sa do Chongal Chlaon
 tan robamar imaráon
 bennacht fer nErenn uile,
 ba mor an t-ioc enuige.⁴

Muna gabha uaim-si sin,
 a Chonghail chaoimh mic Sgannail,
 ga breith bheire, mor an modh,
 orm-sa, más eadh, it aonor?

[Congal:] Gébhád-sa úait madh maith lat,
 tabhair dhamh-sa do dhá mac,
 do lámh dhiot⁵ is do bhen mhas,
 t'ingen is do rosg rinnglas.

[Domnall:] Nocha béra acht rinn fri rind,
 béd-sa choidche in bhar n-oirchill,
 as e ar ccomhradh iman ccacht,
 beir-si lomnán mo mallacht.

Bidh cuid do chuifir⁶ do chorp,
 beittid fiaich ar do t[h]romthocht,
 nodgonfa ga dremhan dubh
 agus beir-si faon folumh.

Atáoi it áonar seach gach righ
 gum aimhles o thír do⁷ thír,
 rodlesaighes thairis sin
 on lo rondug do mháthair.

Said Colum Cille,
 steadfast prophet of truth,
 'as many of you as come over the strong flood
 will not all return from Erin.'¹

I offered Congal Claon
 when we were together
 the blessing of all the men of Erin ;
 great was the mulct for one egg.²

If thou wilt not accept that from me,
 O fair Congal, son of Scannal,
 what judgment then—deed of great moment—
 wilt thou pass upon me ?

Congal : (These) will I accept from thee if thou deemest it
 well :
 give me thy two sons,
 thy hand from thee, likewise thy stately wife,
 thy daughter and thy eye blue-starred.

Domnall : Thou shalt not have but spear to spear,
 I shall be evermore lying in wait for you,
 this is our speech about the bondage ;
 take thou the full of my curse !

Thy body will be a feast for birds of prey,
 ravens will be on thy heavy silence,
 a fierce, black spear shall wound thee,
 and thou shalt be laid on thy back, destitute.

My bane from land to land
 art thou alone beyond each king,
 yet I have befriended thee
 since the day thy mother brought thee forth.

16—¹ lit. 'the number ye come over the strong flood ye do not all return from Erin'.

² see Notes.

As ann fós tugadh an cath
 ar an maighin a Muigh Rath,
 robhúi bráon dar cláideamh nglas,
 torc[h]air Congal Cláon cionnus.' Cionnus.

17 Ó'dchuala tra Suibhne sésdan na sochaidhe 7 muirn an morslúaigh nostogbaidh uime asin mbile re fraisnellaibh na firmaiminti ós mullaighibh gacha maighni 7 os fheigi gacha ferainn. Baoi fri re chein iarsin seachnoin Eirenn ag tadhall 7 ag turrag a sgalpaibh cruadhcharrag 7 a ndosaibh crann urard eidhneach 7 i ccuasaibh caolchumhguibh cloch o inber do inber 7 o binn do binnd 7 o glinn do glionn go rainic Glenn mbit[h]aluinn mBolcáin. Ann nothaigtais¹ gealta Eirenn o robadh slán a mbliadhain ar gealtacht, ar as ionadh aoibhnesa móir an glenn sin do gheltaibh dogrés. Uair as amlaigh ata Glenn mBolcáin 7 ceithre doirsi ag an ngaoith ann 7 roschoill roaluinn rocháoin ann bheós 7 tio-brada táobhghlana 7 uarána ionnfhuara 7 glaisi gainmidhe glanuisgidhe 7 biorar barrghlas 7 fothlocht fann foda for a láir. Iomda fhos a šamha² 7 a šiomsáin 7 a lus-bían³ 7 a biorragáin,⁴ a chaora 7 a chreamh, a mhelle 7 a miodhgbhun 7 airnidhe⁵ dubha 7 a dercain donna. Nobidh dono gach æ dona gealtaibh ag tuargain a chéile im thogha biorair an ghlennta sin 7 im roignibh a leptach.

18 Robúi dono Suibne athaigh fhoda isin ghlennta sin conustarla aen na n-oidhche ann a mullach sgíach urairde eidhnidhe robhaoi isin glinn.¹ Roba deacair do-sumh ium-fhulang na leaptha sin, uair gach cor 7 gach iompodh nochuiredh dhe nothegmadh frais do dhealgaibh sgiach ann, co mbittis ag tolladh 7 ag treagh dadh a thaoibh 7 ag comh-ghuin a c[h]nis. Roaitherraigh Suibne iarum asin leabaidh sin dochum ionaidh ele. As amhlaidh eimh robhúi an

17—1 sic K; nothiadhtais B 2 šamadh K 3 luis-bian K 4 biorragain K 5 sic K; airne B

18—1 add. é B

'Tis there the battle was fought—
at the stead in Magh Rath—
there was a drop on a gleaming sword ;
so fell Congal Claon.'

17 Now when Suibhne heard the shout of the multitude and the tumult of the great army, he ascended from the tree towards the rain-clouds of the firmament, over the summits of every place and over the ridge-pole of every land. For a long time thereafter he was (faring) throughout Ireland, visiting and searching in hard, rocky clefts and in bushy branches of tall ivy-trees, in narrow cavities of stones, from estuary to estuary, from peak to peak, and from glen to glen, till he reached ever-delightful Glen Bolcain. It is there the madmen of Ireland used to go when their year in madness was complete, that glen being ever a place of great delight for madmen. For it is thus Glen Bolcain is : it has four gaps to the wind, likewise a wood very beautiful, very pleasant, and clean-banked wells and cool springs, and sandy, clear-water streams, and green-topped watercress and brooklime bent and long on their surface. Many likewise are its sorrels, its wood-sorrels, its *lus-bian* and its *biorragan*, its berries, and its wild garlic, its *melle* and its *miodhbbun*,¹ its black sloes and its brown acorns. The madmen moreover used to smite each other for the pick of watercress of that glen and for the choice of its couches.

18 Suibhne also remained for a long time in that glen until he happened one night to be on the top of a tall ivy-clad hawthorn tree which was in the glen. It was hard for him to endure that bed, for at every twist and turn he would give, a shower of thorns off the hawthorn would stick in him, so that they were piercing and rending his side and wounding his skin. Suibhne thereupon changed from that bed to another

17—1 *Melle* (*melne*) is atriplex or golden herb ; what the other plants are I cannot ascertain.

t-ionadh sin 7 motharmhuine móirdreasa mindeilgneach ann 7 áonc[h]raobh dhioghainn droighin ar na hionfhás [84 b] na hénur tresan muine suas. *Tairisedh* Suibhne for barr na *craobhe* sin, sdúaghais 7 lúbais an *craobh* chomhcháol robháoi faoi go ttarla beim n-asglainn de tresan muine go *ttorchair* go lár talman, co nach raibhe méd n-*orlaigh* ann o a bhonn go a bhathais gan *shuiliúgudh*, gan forrdergudh fair. Adráigh iaromh go heneirt anfann 7 dothoed tresan muine amach, co n-ébairt: 'Mo chubhais eimh,' ar sé, 'as deacair an bheatha so d'fhulang tar éis deghbhethad 7 bliadhain gus aréir damh-sa forsan mbethaidh-si'; conadh ann adbert an laoi[dh]:

19 'Bliadhain gus aréir
dhamh fo chiamhair chraobh¹
eitir tuile is traigh
gan tuighe fom tháobh.

Gan cerchaill fom chionn
eitir ferchloinn fhinn,
baeghal, a Dhé, dhuinn,
gan fhaobar, gan rinn.

Gan comhthocht fri mnáibh,
acht madh fothlacht fían,
as cuid iodhan óg,
biolar, as é ar mían.

Gan rúathar co righ
am úathadh im eól,
gan airgni go hán,
gan chairde, gan cheol.

Gan chodladh, monúar,
go n-abrar a fhíor,
gan chobhair co cían,
as doraidh mo dhíol.

place, where there was a dense thicket of great briars with fine thorns and a single protruding branch of blackthorn growing alone up through the thicket. Suibhne settled on the top of that tree, but so slender was it that it bowed and bent under him, so that he fell heavily through the thicket to the ground, and there was not as much as an inch from his sole to the crown of his head that was not wounded and reddened. He then rose up, strengthless and feeble, and came out through the thicket, whereupon he said: 'My conscience!' said he, 'it is hard to endure this life after a pleasant one, and a year to last night I have been leading this life,' whereupon he uttered the lay:

19 'A year to last night
 have I been among the gloom of branches,
 between flood and ebb,
 without covering around me.

Without a pillow beneath my head,
 among the fair children of men ;
 there is peril to us, O God,
 without sword, without spear.

Without the company of women ;
 save brooklime of warrior-bands—
 a pure fresh meal—
 watercress is our desire.

Without a foray with a king,
 I am alone in my home,
 without glorious reavings,¹
 without friends, without music.

Without sleep, alas !
 let the truth be told,
 without aid for a long time,
 hard is my lot.

19—1 perhaps 'spoils.'

Gan tegh lomnán lán,
 gan comhrádh bfher bfhíal,
 gan rígh riom da rádh,
 gan lionn is gan bíadh.

Trúagh romt[h]earbadh sunn
 rem slúagh trealmach trom,
 im geilt gé[i]r tar gleann
 gan chéill is gan chonn.

Gan bheth ar cuairt rígh
 acht rúraig ar gach ráon
 as í an mhire mhór,
 a rí nimhe naomh.

Gan áos comhlán ciúil,
 gan comhrádh fri mnáibh,
 gan tiodhnacal séid,
 tuc mh'ég, a Chríst cháidh.

Robadhus-sa feacht,
 ge béo mar 'tú anocht,
 ba neamhfhann mo nert
 ar ferann nár bh olc.

Ar eachaibh co hán
 i mbeathaid can bhrón,
 ar mo righe raith²
 robsam³ rígh maith móir.

Beith mar 'tu 'na dhíaid
 dot chreic, a Chríst cáidh,
 im⁴ bhochtán gan brígh
 a nGlionn Bolcáin báin.

² sic K, ríghi (?) raith B

³ robam K

⁴ am K

Without a house right full,
without the converse of generous men,
without the title of king,
without drink, without food.

Alas that I have been parted here
from my mighty, armed host,
a bitter madman in the glen,
bereft of sense and reason.

Without being on a kingly circuit,
but rushing along every path ;
that is the great madness,
O King of Heaven of saints.

Without accomplished musicians,
without the converse of women,
without bestowing treasures ;
it has caused my death, O revered Christ.

Though I be as I am to-night,
there was a time
when my strength was not feeble
over a land that was not bad.

On splendid steeds,
in life without sorrow,
in my auspicious kingship
I was a good, great king.

After that, to be as I am
through selling Thee, O revered Christ !
a poor wretch am I, without power,
in the Glen of bright Bolcan.

An scé nach máoth bárr⁶
romthraoth is romt[h]oll,
súaill nach ttuc mh' oididh,
an craobh droighin dhonn.

Cath Congail co cclú,
ba liach dhún fo dhí,
ba díá maírt an maidhm,
líá ar mairbh 'naid⁶ ar mbi.

Ar fæinnel go fíor
gerbham sáeirfher séimh,
isam triamhain trógh
bliadhain gus aréir.' Bliadhain.

20 Robháoi-siumh amlaídhe sin a nGlinn Bolcán go rostógaibh uime feacht ann co ráinic *Clúain Cilli* a ccoiccrich Thíre Chonaill γ Thire Bóghain[e].¹ Dochuaidh iarumh forsraith na tiopraidi² gur chaith biorar γ uisce ann an oidhche sin. Téit iarumh a mbile na cilli. As é ba hoirchinneach isin chill sin Fáibhilen do muintir *Brughaigh* mic Deaghaidh γ tainic doinenn mór dermhair ann an oidhche sin gur rochuir ar Suibhne go mor méd ansoídh na hoidhchi sin γ adbert-somh: ‘Trúagh ámh,’ ar sé, ‘nach air Muigh Rath rommhar-badh-sa resíu nobheinn isin deacair-si’; go n-ébairt an lao[dh] annso siosana go leig³:

21 ' Anocht is fúar an snechta,
fodeachta is búan mo bhochta,
nidom neirt isin deabuidh
im¹ geilt romgeoghuin gorta.

19-5 *sic* B barr K.

6 nait K

20—Theoguine K

2 tiopratt K

3 an laoidh go truagh annso sios K

21—I am K.

The hawthorn that is not soft-topped
has subdued me, has pierced me ;
the brown thorn-bush
has nigh caused my death.

The battle of Congal with fame,
to us it was doubly piteous ;
on Tuesday was the rout ;
more numerous were our dead than our living.

A-wandering in truth,
though I was noble and gentle,
I have been sad and wretched
a year to last night.'

20 In that wise he remained in Glen Bolcain until at a certain time he raised himself up (into the air) and went to Cluain Cille on the border of Tir Conaill and Tir Boghaine. He went then to the brink of the well where he had for food that night watercress and water. Thereafter he went into the old tree of the church. The erenach of the church was Faibhlen of the family of Brughach, son of Deaghadh. That night there came an exceeding great storm so that the extent of the night's misery affected Suibhne greatly, and he said: 'Sad indeed is it that I was not slain at Magh Rath rather than that I should encounter this hardship'; whereupon he uttered this lay :

21 'Cold is the snow to-night,
lasting now is my poverty,
there is no strength in me for fight,
famine has wounded me, madman as I am.'

Atchid cach nidom chuchtach,
 as lom i snáth mo cheirteach,
 Suibhne mh'ainm o Ros Ercain,
 as misi an gealtán gealtach.

Nidom fois o thig aghaidh,²
 ni thaidlenn³ mo chois conair,
 nocha bíu sonna a ccíana,
 domeccad ialla omhain.⁴

Mo bháire tar muir mbarcláin⁵
 ar ndol tar sáile soclán,⁶
 'rogab time⁷ mo nertan,
 as me gealtán Ghlinne Bolcáin.

Gaoth an reoidh ag mo rébadh,
 sneachta romleón⁸ go leige,
 an tsíon dom breith a n-éccuibh
 do géccuibh gacha geicce. [85a]

Romgonsat géga glasa
 co rorébsat mo bossa,
 ni fargaibhset na dreasa
 damna creasa dom chossa.

Ata crioth ar mo lámha
 tar gach mbiot fatha mbúaidre,
 do Ślíabh Mis ar Sliabh Cuillenn,
 do Śléibh Cuillenn co Cuailgne.

As trúagh mo nuallán⁹ choidhche
 i mullach Cruachán Oighle,
 do Ghlinn Bolcain for Íle,
 do C[h]inn Tíre for Boirche.

21—2 adhaigh K 3 *sic* K; is ni thaighlenn B 4 domeccadh ialla
 omhain B; domechad ialla omhon K, but domfhochaid has been written in
 the margin by Peter O'Connell, who used the K text for his Dictionary
 5 barcglan K 6 *sic* K; sochlán B 7-7 *sic* K; rotimi B 8 romlean K
 9 nual K

All men see that I am not shapely,
bare of thread is my tattered garment,
Suibhne of Ros Earcain is my name,
the crazy madman am I.

I rest not when night comes,
my foot frequents no trodden way,
I bide not here for long,
the bonds of terror come upon me.

My goal lies beyond the teeming main,
voyaging the prow-abounding sea ;
fear has laid hold of my poor strength,
I am the crazy one of Glen Bolcain.

Frosty wind tearing me,
already snow has wounded me,
the storm bearing me to death
from the branches of each tree.

Grey branches have wounded me,
they have torn my hands ;
the briars have not left
the making of a girdle for my feet.

There is a palsy on my hands,
everywhere there is cause of confusion,
from Sliabh Mis to Sliabh Cuillenn,
from Sliabh Cuillenn to Cuailgne.

Sad forever is my cry
on the summit of Cruachan Aighle,
from Glen Bolcain to Islay,
from Cenn Tire to Boirche.

Beg mo chuid o thig laa,
 ni tháet ar scath la noa,
 barr biorair Chluana Cille
 la gleorán Chille Cua.¹⁰

An gen¹¹ fil ag Ros Earcach
 ni thair imnedh na olcach,
 as edh dombeir gan nertach¹²
 beith re sneachta go nochtach.'

Anocht.

22 Tainic Suibhne roimhe iarumh co riacht an chill ag Snamh dha Én for Sionainn, dían comainm¹ Cluain Boirenn an tan sa ; diá na haoine dídine an tsainridh rainic-siúmh annsin. As ann iarumh bádar cleirigh na cille ag dénamh an uird nóna 7 mná ag túargain lín 7 ben ag breth² leinb. 'Nior bhó coir eimh,' ar Suibhne, 'don mhnáoi aoine an Choimdedh do mhilleadh. Feibh thúairges an ben an lón,' ar sé, 'as amhlaidh sin rotúairgeadh³ mo muinter-sa isin chath a Maigh Rath.' Rochúalaidh-sion iarum clog an esparta⁴ aga bhúain, conadh ann adbert : ' Ba binne lem-sa éimh,' ar sé, 'guth na ccúach do chloinsin ar⁵ bruach na Banna do gach leith inás grig-gráig an chluig si atchluiúnim anocht,' co n-ebert an laoidh :

23 ' Binne lem im na tonna
 mh' ingne anocht cidh it cranna
 na gricc-graicc chlogáin chille
 an chú do[gní] cúi Banna.¹

21—10 gleour Glinne Coa K

11 gein K

12 *leg. nerta*

22—1 dia na hainm K

2 toirbert K

3 rothuairgitt K

4 *sic* BK.

5 chloisteacht um K

23—1 For this stanza and the following K has :

Binni leam im na tonna
 m' adhbha anocht ciodhat crannda,
 la nach loingenn Suibhne Geilt
 ar seirc righ na firinde.

Small is my portion when day comes,
it comes not as a new day's right (?),
a tuft of watercress of Cluain Cille
with Cell Cua's cuckoo flower.

He who is at Ros Earcach,
neither trouble nor evil shall come to him ;
that which makes me strengthless
is being in snow in nakedness.'

22 So Suibhne fared forth until he reached the church at Snamh dha En on the Shannon, which is now called Cluain Boirenn ; he arrived there on a Friday, to speak precisely. The clerics of the church were then fulfilling the office of nones ; women were beating flax, and one was giving birth to a child. 'It is not meet, in sooth,' said Suibhne, 'for the women to violate the Lord's fast-day ; even as the woman beats the flax,' said he, 'so were my folk beaten in the battle of Magh Rath.' He heard then the vesper-bell pealing, whereupon he said : 'Sweeter indeed were it to me to hear the voices of the cuckoos on the banks of the Bann from every side than the *grig-graig* of this bell which I hear to-night'; and he uttered the lay :

23 'Sweeter to me about the waves—
though my talons to-night are feeble¹—
than the *grig-graig* of the church-bell,
is the cooing of the cuckoo of the Bann.

A bhen na tairbhír do mhac
dia na haeini didine
na gricc gracc chlogáin cille
an cù doghni cui banna.

23—1 throughout the story he speaks as though he imagined himself a bird ; see the Notes as to this stanza.

A bhen, na tairbhir do mac
díá na háoine dídine,
lá nach luingenn³ Suibhne Geilt
ar⁴ seirc⁵ rígh na firinne.

A mail tuaigitt⁶ na mna an líon,
is fior ge nomc[h]luinter-sa,
amlaidh rothuairgit 'san chath
for Maigh Rath mo mhuiinter-sa.

O Loch Diolair an aille
go Doire Coluim Chille
nocha deabaidh rochúalaí
ó ealaib búadha binne.

Dord daimh dhíthreibhe ós aille
bios a Siodhmuine Glinne,
noc[h]an suil ceol ar talmain
im anmuin acht a bhinne.

A Chriost, a Chriost romc[h]luine,
a Chriost, a Chriost gan bine,
a Chriost, a Chriost romc[h]ara,
na romscara red binne.' Binne.

24 Roisiecht immorro Suibhne arnabhárách go [Cill] Derfile¹ gur chaith biorar na tiobraidi² 7 an t-uisge robhúi isin chill 7 tainic doinenn dermhair isin oidchi go rosgab atthuirsi adhbhalmor 7 snímhche Suibhne tria olcus a beathad 7 bheós rob imsiomhach atthuirseach leis bheith a n-égmuis Dhál Araidhe ; conadh ann adbert na randa sae :

25 ' Mh'aghaidh a cCill Der ffile
as í robris mo chroidhe,
dursan damh, a mic mo Dhé,
sgaradh re Dal nAraidhé.

23-3 loingenn K 4 sic K a B 5 shearc B; sc K 6 sic K;
 rothurgid B 7 rocuale K
 24-1 go derbhfil ϖ B; go derffil ϖ K 2 tioprat K
 25-1 sic K; derffil ϖ B.

O woman, do not bring forth thy son
on a Friday,
the day whereon Suibhne Geilt eats not
out of love for the King of righteousness.

As the women scutch the flax—
'tis true though 'tis I be heard—
even so were beaten my folk
in the battle of Magh Rath.

From Loch Diolair of the cliff
to Derry Coluim Cille
it was not strife that I heard
from splendid, melodious swans.

The belling of the stag of the desert above the cliffs
in Siodhmuine Glinne—
there is no music on earth
in my soul but its sweetness.

O Christ, O Christ, hear me !
O Christ, O Christ, without sin !
O Christ, O Christ, love me !
sever me not from thy sweetness !'

24 On the morrow Suibhne went to Cell Derfile where he fared on watercress of the well and the water which was in the church ; there came a great storm in the night, and exceeding sorrow and grief took hold of Suibhne because of the wretchedness of his life ; and moreover it was a cause of grief and sorrow to him to be absent from Dal Araide, whereupon he uttered these staves :

25 'My night in Cell Derfile
'tis it has broken my heart ;
sad for me, O Son of my God,
is parting from Dal Araide.

Deichneamhar is deich cet láoch
rob é mo šlúagh ag Druim Fraoch,
ge beó gan treisi, a mic Dé,
ba misi a ccenn comairlé.

Muichnidhe mh'aghaidh anocht
gan giolla is gan longphort,
niorbh í mh'aghaidh ag Druim Damh,
meisi is Faolchú is Conghal. [85b]

Mairg ro[m]fuirgedh risin dál,
a mo ruire an ríchid² ráin,
gen go bfhaghainn-si d'ulc dhe
go brath acht an oidhchi-se.' M'aghaidh.

26 Seacht mbliadhna comhlána do Suibhne ar fud Erenn
as gach aird go aroile go ttoiracht¹ aon na oidhche² ann
co Glenn Bolcáin, fobith is ann robhaoi a dhaingen 7 a
dhunárus comhnaidhe-siumh 7 ba haoibhne leis oirisiumh
7 aittreabadh ann inás i ngach ionadh a nErinn ina égmuis,
úair došoichedh³ chuige as gach aird d'Eirinn 7 ni theighadh
úadh acht re huaman 7 re huiregla mhóir. Roairbhir bhith
Suibhne ann an aghaidh sin co ttoirracht Loingseachán fora
iarrайдh isin maidin arnamhárach. Adberat furenn ann
gurbho mac mathar dho-sumh Loingseachán, adberat furenn
eile ba comhalta, acht cena cibe dhibh sin é roba mór a
dheithidin uime-siumh, uair dochuaidh-siumh fo thrí for
gealtacht 7 dusfug-sumh fo thrí for cculaibh. Robhaoi
Loingseachán aga iarrайдh-siomh don dul sin isin ghlionn, co
bfuair sliocht bharr a throighedh a mbruach na glaisi isa biorar
noithedh 7 fos fuair na craobha nomheabhtaís fó a chosaibh
ag aitherrach do bharr an c[h]roind for aroile. Ni bfuair-
siumh dono an gheilt an lá sin co ndeachaидh a faisteach
folamh isin glinn gur tuit a šúan toirrchim codalta fair ann

25—2 richith K; righthigh B.

26—1 ttoracht K 2 noihche K 3 nosoichedh K

Ten hundred and ten warriors,
that was my host at Druim Fraoch,
though I am without strength, O Son of God,
'twas I who was their leader in counsel.

Gloomy is my night to-night
without serving-man, without camp ;
not so was my night at Druim Damh,
I and Faolchu and Congal.

Alas ! that I was detained for the tryst,
O my Prince of the glorious Kingdom !
though I should not get any harm therefrom
forever except this night.'

26 For seven whole years Suibhne wandered over Ireland from one point to another until one night he arrived at Glen Bolcain ; for it is there stood his fortress and his dwelling-place, and more delightful was it to him to tarry and abide there than in any other place in Ireland ; for thither would he go from every part of Ireland, nor would he leave it except through fear and terror. Suibhne dwelt there that night, and on the morrow morning Loingseachan came seeking him. Some say that Loingseachan was Suibhne's mother's son, others that he was a foster-brother, but, whichever he was, his concern for Suibhne was great, for he (Suibhne) went off three times in madness and thrice he brought him back. This time Loingseachan was seeking him in the glen, and he found the track of his feet by the brink of the stream of which he was wont to eat the watercress. He found also the branches that used to break under his feet as he changed from the top of one tree to another. That day, however, he did not find the madman, so he went into a deserted house in the glen, and there he fell into deep sleep after the great labour of the

iar morsaothar luirg Suibhni forsa raibhe³ iarair. Doluidh iaromh Suibhne fora šliocht-somh go mbúi forsan teach co ccúalaidh iarum straينn Loingseacháin ann ; conadh iarsin adbert an láoidh-si :

27 ‘ An fer ag froig fochedr straينn,
súan mar soin nocha lamhaim,
seacht m bliadhna on mhairt a Muigh Rath
nochar chotlus tinneabradh.

Do chath rod,
a Dhé [nime], ni ma lott,
ba Suibhne Geilt m’ainm iar sin,
mh’ aonar dhamh a mbarr eidhin.¹

Biorar thiobrad Droma Cirb,
as e mo šásadh im theirt,
as aithnidh orm² gnúis a ghné,
as fíor is mé Suibhne Geilt.

Dearbh as misi³ Suibhne Geilt
fer contuil fo choemhna⁴ ceirt,
im Šlíabh Líag ma do cló
domseannad⁵ na fiora so.

Antan ba-sum Suibhne sruith
arbhírinn bith a n-úarbhuit
i seisg, a sesgonn,⁶ i sléibh :
rór m’ eol ar⁷ eidirchéin.

Atloc[h]ar don righ-si thúas
las nach gnáth an t-iomarchrúas,
as edh romucc as mo ríocht
a mhéid robhá for ecciort.

26—3 ca added above B

27—1 K has :

Do chath rot a Dhe nimhe
ni ma lott ba Suibhne
geilt m’ainm iarsin
m’ aonar i mbarraibh eidhinn.

pursuit of Suibhne whom he was seeking. Then Suibhne came upon his track so that he reached the house, and there he heard Loingseachan's snore ; whereupon he uttered this lay :

27 'The man by the wall snores,
slumber like that I dare not ;
for seven years from the Tuesday at Magh Rath
I have not slept a wink.

O God of Heaven ! would that I had not gone
to the fierce battle !
thereafter Suibhne Geilt was my name,
alone in the top of the ivy.

Watercress of the well of Druim Crib
is my meal at terce ;
on my face may be recognized its hue,
'tis true I am Suibhne Geilt.

For certain am I Suibhne Geilt,
one who sleeps under shelter of a rag,
about Sliabh Liag if . . .
these men pursue me.

When I was Suibhne the sage,
I used to dwell in a lonely shieling,
on sedgy land, on a morass, on a mountain-side ;
I have bartered my home for a far-off land.

I give thanks to the King above
with whom great harshness is not usual ;
'tis the extent of my injustice
that has changed my guise.

2 as suaithnedh form K
6 i seiscc i seascond K

3 *sic* K mé B
7 *sic* K ; *om.* B

4 caomhna K

5 domsennat K

As fuit, fuit dath o nach mair
 mo chollan i n-eidhnechaibh,
 feraidh mor do šionaibh air
 agus mor do thoirneachaibh.

Gidh im beó o gach dinn do dhinn
 isin sliobh os iubairghlinn,
 ait i fargbadh Congal Cláon
 monúar na romfar[g]badh faon.⁸

Meinic m' ong
 cian om relic mo theach toll,
 nidom nía acht im geilt ghann,
 Dia romc[h]lann i cceirt gan chonn.

As mor báos
 a Glinn Bolcain acht ce tás,
 fil mor do abhlaibh a nGlinn
 Bolcáin do éimheda (?)⁹ mo chinn.

Biorar glas
 agus deogh d'uisge glair,
 nosibhim, ni thibim gen,
 ni hionann sa[n] fer ag froigh.

Eidir corraibh Cúailghne saimh,¹⁰
 eitir chúanaibh¹¹ o thig gaimh,
 fo chéibh chaille gach re seal,
 ni hionann sa[n] fer ag fraigh. [86a]

Glenn mBolcáin mbil bél re gáioith
 ima ngairid geilte¹² glinne,
 ni chodlaim ann, monuar dhamh,
 am trúraighe na an fer a[g] fraigh.¹³ An fer.

27—8 fhargbad i cein K

9 eimh ♀ K

10 saimh B; isnam K

11 conaiph K

12 sic B; geilt ♀ K

13 strainn K

Cold, cold for me is it
since my body lives not in the ivy-bushes,
much rain comes upon it
and much thunder.

Though I live from hill to hill
in the mountain above the yew glen ;
in the place where Congal Claon was left
alas that I was not left there on my back !

Frequent is my groan,
far from my churchyard is my gaping house ;
I am no champion but a needy madman,
God has thrust me in rags, without sense.

'Tis great folly
for me to come out of Glen Bolcain,
there are many apple-trees in Glen Bolcain
for . . . of my head.

Green watercress
and a draft of pure water,
I fare on them, I smile not,
not so the man by the wall.

In summer amid the herons of Cuailgne,
among packs of wolves when winter comes,
at other times under the crown of a wood ;
not so the man by the wall.

Happy Glen Bolcain, fronting the wind,
around which madmen of the glen call,
woe is me ! I sleep not there ;
more wretched am I than the man by the wall.'

28 A haithle na laidhe sin doluidh-siumh isin oidhche ar ccionn co mulenn Loingseacháin ; aonc[h]ailleach ag a choimhéd-sidhi .i. Lonnog inghenDui bh Dhit[h]ribh mathair mhná Loingseacháin. Tainic Suibhne isin teach cuice 7 tuc si mírenna beca dhó 7 robhúi fri re chían ag aithighidh an mhuilinn amhlaidh sin. Luid Loingseachán for a šliocht-somh lá n-ann conusfaca for taidhin an mhuilinn é 7 téit d'agallamh na caillighi .i. co Lonnóig mathair a mhná. ‘An ttainic Suibhne ‘san mulenn, a chaillech?’ ar Loingseachán. ‘Robúi areir co déidhenach sunn,’ ar an chaillech. Rogabh iarum Loingseachán ceirt na caillighe uime 7 roan isin mulenn tar éis na caillighe 7 tainic Suibhne an oidhche sin don mhuilinn co ttug aithne ar Loingseachán. O’dchonnarc a šúile co ling¹ úadha foceadóir dar forlés an tighe amach 7 adbert : ‘A Loingseacháin,’ ar sé, ‘as trúagh th’amus orm-sa arim thafann as mh’ionadh 7 as gach ionadh² is diule³ lium i nErinn 7 o nach leig Rón[án] damh-sa taobh do thabhairt friot as liosda lenamhnach dhuit ueith dom lenmuin’ ; 7 dorinne an laoidh so ann :

29 ‘A Loingseacháin, liosda sin,
nochan úain damh t’agalloimh,
ni léig dhamh Rónán taobh friot,
as e domrad a n-ainriocht.

Doradus urchar gan ágh
a lar an chatha ar Ronán,
co robhen isin chlog chain
robhaoi for ucht an chléirigh.

Mar dotheilgius urchar n-án
do lár an chatha ar Ronán,
‘ced duit,’ ar an cleireach cain,
‘dul aráen risna hénaibh.’

28—1 roling K
3 diliu K

2 as truag thangus agam thofann as gach ionad K

28 After that lay he came the next night to Loingseachan's mill which was being watched over by one old woman, Lonnog, daughter of Dubh Dithribh, mother of Loingseachan's wife. Suibhne went into the house to her and she gave him small morsels, and for a long time in that manner he kept visiting the mill. One day Loingseachan set out after him, when he saw him by the mill-stream, and he went to speak to the old woman, that is, his wife's mother, Lonnog. 'Has Suibhne come to the mill, woman?' said Loingseachan. 'He was last here last night,' said the woman. Loingseachan then put on the woman's garment and remained in the mill after her; that night Suibhne came to the mill and he recognised Loingseachan. When he saw his eyes, he sprang away from him at once out through the skylight of the house, saying: 'Pitiful is your pursuit of me, Loingseachan, chasing me from my place and from each spot dearest to me in Ireland; and as Ronan does not allow me to trust you, it is tiresome and importunate of you to be following me'; and he made this lay:

29 'O Loingseachan, thou art irksome,
I have not leisure to speak with thee,
Ronan does not let me trust thee;
'tis he who has put me in a sorry plight.

I made the luckless cast
from the midst of the battle at Ronan;
it pierced the precious bell
which was on the cleric's breast.

As I hurled the splendid cast
from the midst of the battle at Ronan,
said the fair cleric: 'Thou hast leave
to go with the birds.'

Iarsin rolinges-[s]a súas
 isin æér eadarbhúas,
 ni rolinges o 'tú¹ beó
 æinleim badh hettromó.

Da madh isin maidin múaidh,
 isin Mairt a haithle an Lúain,
 nochar úallcha neach anu²
 a leith re hóglách m' aosú.

As iongnadh lem inní atchiú,
 a fhir rodhealbh an lá aniu,
 ceirt na caillighi ar an clár,
 dá síul lúatha Loingsecháin.' A.

30 'As trúagh an mheabail rob áil duit do dhénamh
 orm-sa, a Loingsecháin,' ar sé '7 na bí ag mo t[h]oc[h]rádh
 ni as sía, acht eirg dot thoigh 7 raghat-sa róm¹ gonige an
 baile itá Eorann.

31 As amhlaidh éimh robhúi Eorann an tan sin ar ffeis
 le Guaire mac Congail mic Sgannláin, ar rob i Eorann fa
 ben do Suibhne, uair robhattar dá bhrathair isin tír 7
 ba comhdhúthaigh dhoibh an righe rofagaibh Suibhne .i.
 Guaire mac Congail, mic Sgannnláin, 7 Eochaíd mac
Condlo,¹ mic Sgannláin. Rosiacht tra Suibhne gonige an
 baile ina^{1a} raibhe Eorann. Dodheachaidh Gúaire do séilg an
 lá sin 7 ba sí conair dochúaidh co muinchinn Sleibe Fuaid²
 7 im Sgirig Chinn Ghlinne 7 im Ettan Tairb. As ann robaoi³
 a longport im Glenn Bolcáin risa raiter Glenn Chíach aniu
 i machaire chineoil Ainmirech. Deisidh iarumh an gheilt
 for fordhorus na boithe i raibhe Eorann, conadh ann itbert:
 'An cumhain let a ingen,' ar sé, 'an grádh romor dorad
 cach uainn dá chéle an ionbaidh robhámar imaraón?' Agus

29—I taoi K 2 aniu K

30—I om. K

31—I *condlo* K 1^a i K 2 *sic* K om. B, but there is a blank space
 following *sleibe*. 3 *sic* K; *roúi* (?) B

Thereafter I sprang up
into the air above ;
in life I have never leaped
a single leap that was lighter.

Were it in the glorious morning,
on the Tuesday following the Monday,
none would be prouder than I am
by the side of a warrior of my folk.

A marvel to me is that which I see,
O Thou that hast shaped this day ;
the woman's garment on the floor,
two piercing¹ eyes of Loingseachan.'

30 ' Sad is the disgrace you would fain put upon me, Loingseachan,' said he ; ' and do not continue annoying me further, but go to your house and I will go on to where Eorann is.'

31 Now, Eorann at the time was dwelling with Guaire, son of Congal, son of Scannlan, for it was Eorann who was Suibhne's wife, for there were two kinsmen in the country, and they had equal title to the sovereignty which Suibhne had abandoned, viz.: Guaire, son of Congal, son of Scannlan, and Eochaidh, son of Condlo, son of Scannlan. Suibhne proceeded to the place in which Eorann was. Guaire had gone to the chase that day, and the route he took was to the pass of Sliabh Fuaid and by Sgirig Cinn Glinne and Ettan Tairbh. His camp was beside Glen Bolcain — which is called Glenn Chiach to-day—in the plain of Cinel Aitmirech. Then the madman sat down upon the lintel of the hut in which Eorann was, whereupon he said : ' Do you remember, lady, the great love we gave to each other what time we were together ? Easy and pleasant it is for you now,

29—1 lit. ' swift ', perhaps ' furtive '.

is suanach sadail duit-si,' ar sé, '7 ni headh dhamh-sa'; conadh an adbert Suibhne 7 rofhregair Eorann é: [86b]

32 [Suibhne:] 'Súanach sin, a Eorann án,
i leith leaptha red lennán,
ni hionann is misi ibhus,
cian o atu-sa ar anbfhorus.

Roraidhis, a Eorann oll,
ait[h]esg *alainn* iméttrom
co na beitheá it bheathaidh dhe
sgaradh énla re Suibhne.

Aniú is suaithnidh co prab,
beg let brigh do sencharad,
te duit ar chluimh cholcaidh cain,
úar damh-sa amuigh co madain.

[Eorann :] As mochen duit, a gheilt ghlan,
tú is tocha d' feruibh talman,
gidh súanach is suail mo chlí
on la itcuala tú¹ ar neimhni.²

[Suibhne:] As tocha let mac in righ,
*berius*³ tú d'ól gan imšníomh,
as é do thochmarc togha,
ní íarr sibh bhar senchara.

[Eorann:] Ce nomberadh mac an righ
do t[h]oigibh oil gan imšníomh,
ferr liom feis i ccuas cháol *chroinn*
let, a *fhir*, díá notcaomhsoinn.

Dá ttuctha mo rogha dhamh
d' feruibh Eirenn is Alban,
ferr lem it chomair⁴ gan chol
ar uisce *agus* ar bhiorar.

but not so for me ;' whereupon Suibhne said, and Eorann answered him (as follows) :

32 Suibhne : ' At ease art thou, bright Eorann,
at the bedside with thy lover ;
not so with me here,
long have I been restless.

Once thou didst utter, O great Eorann,
a saying pleasing and light,
that thou wouldest not survive
parted one day from Suibhne.

To-day, it is readily manifest,
thou thinkest little of thy old friend ;
warm for thee on the down of a pleasant bed,
cold for me abroad till morn.

Eorann : Welcome to thee, thou guileless mad one !
thou art most welcome of the men of the earth ;
though at ease am I, my body is wasted
since the day I heard of thy ruin.

Suibhne : More welcome to thee is the king's son
who takes thee to feast without sorrow ;
he is thy chosen wooer ;
you seek not your old friend.

Eorann : Though the king's son were to lead me
to blithe banqueting-halls,
I had liefer sleep in a tree's narrow hollow
beside thee, my husband, could I do so.

If my choice were given me
of the men of Erin and Alba,
I had liefer bide sinless with thee
on water and on watercress.

[Suibhne:] Ni conair do⁵ *deghmhnáoi* dhil,
Suibhne sunn ar sliocht imnidh
 fuar mo leaptha ag Ard Abhla,
 nidot⁶ terctha⁷ m' fhúaradh bha.

Córa duit serc *agus* gradh
 don fhíor 'gá taoi th'áenaran
 ina do gheilt ghairbh *ghortaigh*
uathaigh, omhnaigh, urnochtaigh.

[Eorann:] Monúar amh, a gheilt ghniomhach,
 do ueth eittigh imšniomhach,
 saoth lem do chnes rochlói *dath*,
 dreasa is droighin gut⁸ rébadh.

[Suibhne:] Ni *dá* chairiughadh dhamh ort,
 a mháothainder mháothéttrocht,
 Críst mac Muire, mor da cacht,
 é domrad a n-éccomhnart.

[Eorann:] Robadh maith lem ar mbeth aráen
 co ttigeadh clumh ar ar ttaobh,
 co sirfinn soirchi is doirchi
 let gach lá is gach énoidhche.

[Suibhne:] Adaigh dhamh-sa a mBoirchi bhinn,
 ranac Túath Inbhir aloinn,
 rosirius Magh Fáil co fraigh,
 taírlius do Cill Ui Súanaigh.' S.

33 Ni thairnic dhó acht sin do radh an uair rolion¹ an
 slúagh an longphort as gach aird. Téid-siumh iarumh ina reim
 romhadhma for teicedh amail ba² minic leis. Ni roan-somh
 don reim sin co rainic ría n-oidhchi co Ros mBeraigh .i. an
 cét-cill ag ar oiris a haithle catha Muighe Rath 7 dochóidh
 isin iobar robhúidh³ isin chill. Muireadach mac Earca dano,

32—5 *sic* K; dho B 6 nidat K 7 terca K *sic leg.* 8 dot K
 33—1 *sic* K; dolion B 2 *sic* K; *om.* B 3 robhaoi K

Suibhne : No path for a beloved lady
 is that of Suibhne here on the track of care ;
 cold are my beds at Ard Abhla,
 my cold dwellings are not few.

More meet for thee to bestow love and affection
 on the man with whom thou art alone
 than on an uncouth and famished madman,
 horrible, fearful, stark-naked.

Eorann : O toiling madman, 'tis my grief
 that thou art uncomely and dejected ;
 I sorrow that thy skin has lost its colour,
 briars and thorns rending thee.

Suibhne : I blame thee not for it,
 thou gentle, radiant woman ;
 Christ, Son of Mary—great bondage—
 He has caused my feebleness.

Eorann : I would fain that we were together,
 and that feathers might grow on our bodies ;¹
 in light and darkness I wou'd wander
 with thee each day and night.

Suibhne : One night I was in pleasant Boirche,
 I have reached lovely Tuath Inbhir,
 I have wandered throughout Magh Fail,
 I have happened on Cell Ui Suanaigh.'

33 No sooner had he finished than the army swarmed into the camp from every quarter, whereupon he set off in his headlong flight, as he had often done. He halted not in his career until before the fall of night he arrived at Ros Bearaigh—the first church at which he tarried after the battle of Magh Rath—and he went into the yew-tree which was in the church.

32—1 i.e. that they might become birds.

as e ba hairchinneach isin cill an tan sin. Dorala iarum ben an oirchinnigh ag gabáil secha⁴ an iubhar co bfaca⁵ an gheilt ann 7 tuc aithne fair guruó é Suibhne robhúi ann, co n-ébert sí fris: 'Táir asin iubhar, a rí Dhál Araidhe,' ar sí, 'ata baeghal áonmhná sunna agad.' Do ghabáil na geilti 7 dá bréagadh 7 cealgadh atrubhaint si ind sin. 'Nocha ragha eimh,' ar Suibhne, 'ar nachamtáir Loingseachán 7 a bhen, ar robhúi tan ba husa dhuit aithni form-sa inás aniu'; conadh ann atbert na runna sa sios ann :

34 'A bhen dobheir¹ aithne² form
do rennuibh do rosg roghorm,
robhúi tan ba ferr mo gné
i n-airecht Dal Araidhé.

Rochláochaighes dealbh is dath
on úair tanag asin chath,
robo misi an Suibhne seng
atchúaladar fir Eireand.

Bí-si gut fhior is gut thoigh,
nocha biu-sa a Ros mBeraigh,
ni chomhracfem go bráth mbán,
misi agus tusa, a bhenaccan.' A bhen.

35 Doluidh-siomh iarumh asin iubhar co hettrrom æerdha 7 tóet roimhe co rainic isin mbile ag Ros Earcáin, úair dobhadar tri dúnáruis aigi-siumh ina cclechtadh comnaidhe do dhenamh ina thír feisin i. Teach mic Ninnedha 7 Cluain Creamha 7 Ros Earcáin. Robháoi-siumh iarum co cenn cáocáoisí ar mhís isin iubhar sin gan airiughudh, co frith ann a ionadh 7 a adhbha [87a] fo dheóidh, co ndernadh comairle ag maithibh Dhál Araidhe cia dorachadh da gabáil co nderbertatar uili ba hé Loingseachán robadh cóir do chur¹

33—4 seach K 5 bfac B

34—1 sic K; na ber B 2 aithggni K

35—1 dul K

Muireadach mac Earca was erenach of the church at the time, and his wife happened to be going past the yew when she saw the madman in it; she recognized that it was Suibhne was there and said to him: 'Come out of the yew, king of Dal Araidhe; there is but one woman before you here.' She said so in order to seize the madman, and to deceive and beguile him. 'I will not go indeed,' said Suibhne, 'lest Loingseachan and his wife come to me, for there was a time when it would have been easier for you to recognize me than it is to-day'; whereupon he uttered these staves:

34 'O woman, who dost recognize me
with the points of thy blue eyes,
there was a time when my aspect was better
in the assembly of Dal Araidhe.

I have changed in shape and hue
since the hour I came out of the battle;
I was the slender Suibhne
of whom the men of Erin had heard.

Bide thou with thy husband and in thy house,
I shall not tarry in Ros Bearaigh;
until holy Judgment we shall not foregather,
I and thou, O woman.'

35 He emerged then from the tree lightly and nimbly, and went on his way until he reached the old tree at Ros Earcain. (For he had three dwellings in his own country in which he was wont to reside, viz.: Teach mic Ninnedha, Cluain Creamha, and Ros Earcain). Thereafter for a fortnight and a month he tarried in the yew-tree without being perceived; but at length his place and dwelling were discovered, and the nobles of Dal Araidhe took counsel as to who should go to seize him. Everyone said that it was Loingseachan who

ann. Rogab Loingseachán *immorro* do laimh teacht frisin toisg sin 7 luidh roimhe co ttainic dochum an iubhair ina mbáoi Suibhne, conusfacaidh² an gheilt ar an ccráobh úasa. ‘Truagh sin, a Suibhne,’ ar sé, ‘conadh é th’erdraighe bheith amhlaidh sin gan bhíadh, gan dígh, gan edach amail gach n-ethaid n-áerdha, ier mbeith a n-éettaighibh sroldae³ siregdha ar eachaibh ana⁴ allmurdha co sríanaibh soinemhla dhuit, 7 mná málá maisecha let 7 iomad macaomh 7 miolchon 7 degháos gacha dana, iomad slúagh, iomdha iolarrdha d’urradhuibh 7 do tháoisechuibh 7 d’óighighernaiddhibh, do brughadhuibh 7 do bhiatachaibh dot réir. Iomad cúach 7 copán 7 benn mbreacegair mbúabhaill im lennuibh somblasda so-ola let bhéos. Dursan duit bheith fon ionnus sin amail gach n-en *ttruag*⁵ ttarimtheachtach ó dhithribh do dhithribh.’ ‘Leig as a le, a Loingseacháin,’ ar Suibhne, ‘as *edh* sin robhú i ttoici dhuinn, 7 in bfhuilid sgéla mo thíri leat-sa dhamh?’ ‘Atád eimh,’ ar Loingseachan, ‘anuair’ roég th’athair.’ ‘Domgaibh dom fhormadh on,’ ar sé. ‘Do máthair dono dh’ ég,’ ar an giolla. ‘Rohanadh dom oirchisecht a ufecht sa,’ ar se. ‘Marbh do bráthair,’ ar Loingseachán. ‘Toll mo thaobh don leith sin,’ ar Suibhne. ‘Marbh th’ingen,’ ar Loingseachán. ‘Snáthad chroidhe dano einingen,’ ar Suibhne. ‘Marbh do mac atbeiredh a phopa friot,’ ar Loingseachán. ‘Fíor ón,’ ar sé, ‘as é sin an banna dobheir an fer co lár’; conadh ann atbertsat an laoidh etarra .i. Loingseachán 7 Suibhne :

36 [Loingseachán:] ‘A Suibhne¹ a Sleibh na nEach n-ard,
 robsat fuileach faobharghargc,
 ar Chriost rodchuir a ccarcra
 dámh comhradh red chomhalta.

34—2 *sic* B; -faca K 3 sioldaibh K 4 anaibh K 5 ttairisi (?)
 add. B 6 ale add. K 7 uair K
 36—1 Suibhniu K

should be sent. Loingseachan undertook the task, and he went along until he came to the yew in which Suibhne was, whereupon he beheld the madman on the branch above him. 'Sad is it, Suibhne,' said he, 'that your last plight should be thus, without food, without drink, without raiment, like any bird of the air, after having been in garments of silk and satin on splendid steeds from foreign lands with matchless bridles ; with you were women gentle and comely, likewise many youths and hounds and goodly folk of every art ; many hosts, many and diverse nobles and chiefs, and young lords, and landholders and hospitallers were at your command. Many cups and goblets and carved buffalo horns for pleasant-flavoured and enjoyable liquors were yours also. Sad is it for you to be in that wise like unto any miserable bird going from wilderness to wilderness.' 'Cease now, Loingseachan,' said Suibhne ; 'that is what was destined for us ; but have you tidings for me of my country ?' 'I have in sooth,' said Loingseachan, 'for your father is dead.' 'That has seized me . . . , said he. 'Your mother is also dead,' said the young man. 'Now all pity for me is at an end,' said he. 'Dead is your brother,' said Loingseachan. 'Gaping is my side on that account,' said Suibhne. 'Dead is your daughter,' said Loingseachan. 'The heart's needle is an only daughter,' said Suibhne. 'Dead is your son who used to call you 'daddy',' said Loingseachan. 'True,' said he, 'that is the drop (?) which brings a man to the ground ;' whereupon they, even Loingseachan and Suibhne, uttered this lay between them :

36 Loingseachan: 'O Suibhne from lofty Sliabh na nEach,
thou of the rough blade wert given to
wounding ;
for Christ's sake, who hath put thee in
bondage,
grant converse with thy foster-brother.

Eist rium-sa ma romc[h]luini,
 a rí rán, a righ-ruire,
 co n-innisinn tre mhíne
 sgéla dhuit do dheightire.

Ni marthain at thír tar th'eis,
 as dó tánag² da aisneis,
 marbh do bhrathair ann co mblaidh,
 marbh th'athair is do mhathair.

[Suibhne :] Mása mharbh mo mháthair mhín
 deacraidi damh dol dom thir,
 cían o rochair si mo chorp
 roscair si friom oirchisecht.

Baoth comairle gach mic mhir
 ag nach mairid a šinnsir,
 amail as crom craobh fo chnoibh,
 toll taobh o bheith gan bhráthair.

[Loingseachán :] Ata urbaidh³ oilé ann
 cáointer ag feruibh Eireann
 cidh garbh do thaobh is do throigh,
 marbh do bhen chaomh dót chumaidh.

[Suibhne :] Tigidhus do bheith gan mnáoi,
 as iomramh luinge gan láoi,
 as cadaidh clúimhe re cnés,
 as adudh re hénoires.⁴

[Loingseachán:] Atchúala sgél n-uathmar n-ard
 ima raibhe gul gléagharg,
 as dorn im⁵ dhíaidh cia bé dhe,
 atáoi gan tsiair, a Suibhne.

Hearken to me if thou hearest me,
 O splendid king, O great prince,
 so that I may relate gently
 to thee tidings of thy good land.

There is life for none in thy land after thee ;
 it is to tell of it that I have come ;
 dead is thy renowned brother there,
 dead thy father and thy mother.

Suibhne: If my gentle mother be dead,
 harder is it for me to go to my land ;
 'tis long since she has loved my body ;
 she has ceased to pity me.

Foolish the counsel of each wild youth
 whose elders live not ;
 like unto a branch bowed under nuts ;
 whoso is brotherless has a gaping side.

Loingseachan: There is another calamity there
 which is bewailed by the men of Erin,
 though uncouth be thy side and thy foot,
 dead is thy fair wife of grief for thee.

Suibhne: For a household to be without a wife
 is rowing a rudderless boat,
 'tis a garb of feathers to the skin,
 'tis kindling a single fire.

Loingseachan: I have heard a fearful and loud tale
 around which was a clear, fierce wail,
 'tis a fist round smoke, however,
 thou art without sister, O Suibhne.

[Suibhne :] Seinbhríathar so, serb an snomh,⁶
nocha lium-sa as airfidiudh,⁷
anaidh grian chiúin in gach cladh,
caraidh siúr cen co ccarthar.

[Loingseachán :] Nocha legar laoigh co búaibh
agoinn i nAruidhe uair,
os marbh th'ingen chaomh rodch[h]ar
maráon is mac do⁸ šeathar.

[Suibhne :] Mac mo šethar is mo chú,
nocham ttreigfittís ar bhú,
as táthacht⁹ uilc re himnedh,
snáthad chroidhe éninghen.

[Loingseachán :] Ata sgél eile co mbloidh,
as leasg lem a innisin,
fir Aradh go ngaoineimh¹⁰ nglic
atád ag cáineadh th'énmhic. [87 b]

[Suibhne :] As e sin an banna¹¹ co mbloidh
dobheir an fer co talmain,
mac beg adberedh popa¹²
do ueith oga gan anmain.

Romfrithail chugad don chraoibh,
súaill nacha nderna annáoin,¹³
nocha nfuil[n]ghim¹⁴ thúas don beirt
o rochuala tásg mh¹⁵ éinmhic.

[Loingseachán :] O doriachtais, a laoich láin,
eidir di láimh Loingseacháin
mairidh do mhuintir uile
a Ua¹⁶ Eachach Sálhuidhe.

36—6 an snomh B; asnomh altered later to asniomh K 7 airfidedh B;
no airfithiodh K 8 sic K; mo B 9 táthacht B; tathacht K, *an leg.*
táthad? 10 ngaoineimh altered later to ngaoineamh K 11 ase
sin bannae K 12 popae K; papa B 13 nacham derna annmein K
14 nfuilingim K 15 sic K; om. B 16 sic K; uadh B

Suibhne : A proverb this, bitter the . . . —
 it has no delight for me—
 the mild sun rests on every ditch,
 a sister loves though she be not loved.

Loingseachan: Calves are not let to cows
 amongst us in cold Araidhe
 since thy gentle daughter, who has loved thee
 died,
 likewise thy sister's son.

Suibhne : My sister's son and my hound,
 they would not forsake me for wealth,
 'tis adding loss to sorrow ;
 the heart's needle is an only daughter.

Loingseachan: There is another famous story—
 loth am I to tell it—
 meetly² are the men of the Arada
 bewailing thy only son.

Suibhne : That is the renowned drop (?)
 which brings a man to the ground,³
 that his little son who used to say 'daddy'
 should be without life.

 It has called me to thee from the tree,
 scarce have I caused enmity,
 I cannot bear up against the blow
 since I heard the tidings of my only son.

Loingseachan: Since thou hast come, O splendid warrior,
 within Loingseachan's hands,
 all thy folk are alive,
 O scion of Eochu Salbuidhe.

36—1 lit. 'kine.' 2 lit. 'with clever fancy' (?)

3 see p. 52 l. 24 and Notes.

Bi it *tocht*, tigeadh do chiall,
 thoir ata do theach is ni thiar,
 fada od thír tangais a lle,
 as é so a fhíor, a Suibhne.

Aoibhne leat eitir dhamaibh
 i feadhuibh i fidbhadaibh,
 ina codladh it dhún thoir,
 ar c[h]luimh¹⁷ 7 ar cholcaidh.

Ferr let bheth ar chraóibh chuilinn
 i ttaoibh linni an lúathmhuiillin
 ina bheith a ngrinne għlan,
 is gille óga it fharradh.

Da ccodailteá i ccigibh cnoc
 re tédaibh míne mennchrot,
 binni leat fo bharr doiri
 cronán dhaimh dhuinn¹⁸ dhamhghoiri.

At lúaithe na¹⁹ gaoth tar glenn,
 as tú éingheilt na hEirenn,
 glédonn th' aobh,²⁰ tasci a lle,
 bat²¹ ségonn²² saor, a Suibhne.' A.S.

37 Atróchair eimh Suibhni asin iubhar o rochuala tasg a éinmhic, gur ró-iadh Loingseachán a dhá láimh thairis 7 rochuir cuibhreach fora lámhaibh. Ro-innis dó iaromh a muinter do mharthain uile 7 rug leis é gusin ionadh i rabhadar maithe Dhál Araidhe. Tuaid dono¹ glais 7

36—17 chlum K 18 *om.* K 19 luaithi ina K 20 gledonn do thaob K 21 *sic* K; b² B 22 séguinn B; segonn K
 37—1 *om.* K

Be still, let thy sense come,
in the east is thy house, not in the west,
far from thy land thou hast come hither,
this is the truth, O Suibhne.

More delightful deemest thou to be amongst deer
in woods and forests
than sleeping in thy stronghold in the east
on a bed of down.

Better deemest thou to be on a holly-branch
beside the swift mill's pond
than to be in choice company
with young fellows about thee.

If thou wert to sleep in the bosom of hills
to the soft strings of lutes,
more sweet wouldest thou deem under the oak-wood
the belling of the brown stag of the herd.

Thou art fleeter than the wind across the valley,
thou art the famous madman of Erin,
brilliant in thy beauty, come hither,
O Suibhne, thou wast a noble champion.'

37 When Suibhne heard tidings of his only son, he fell from the yew, whereupon Loingseachan closed his arms around him and put manacles on him. He then told him that all his people lived ; and he took him to the place in which the nobles of Dal Araidhe were. They brought with them locks and fetters

gebhenna eaturra² aca-somh faoi Suibhne² 7 roherbadh do Loingseachan a breith leis co cenn caocaoisi ar mhís. Ruc-sumh iarum Suibhne leis 7 robhadar maithe an chuigedh chuigi 7 úadha frisin re sin. Tainic trá a chiall 7 a chuimhne dhó a ffoircenn na ree sin. Tainic bheos a chruth 7 a dhealbh budhdhein dó. Robhenaid a chuibhbrighe de 7 rosamhlaidhedh^{2a} [a ríghe]³ fris. Tainic ionbaidh fhoghamhair ann fáoi sin 7 luidh Loingseachán cona muinter [do bhuan]³ lá n-ann. Rocuiredh eision a ttuig Loingseacháin iar mbéin a glais de 7 ar ttecht a cheille dhó. Rohádhadh an tuilg fair 7 nior fágbadh neach ina fharradh acht an⁴ chailleach namá .i. cailleach an mhuilinn 7 rohaithnidhedh dhi gan comhradh do šoighin ar Suibhne. Ara áoi sin rošoigh sí cóir chomhraidh air-siomh co rofhiatraighe ní diá imthechtuibh dhe oiread robhaoi ar gealtacht. ‘Mallacht for do bhél, a chaillech, ar Suibhne, ‘as olc a n-abra,⁵ ni léigfi Día mo bheith-si for gealtacht doridhisi.’ ‘Maith a fios agum-sa,’ ar an c[h]ailleach, ‘gurab é sárugudh Rónáin fodera duit dul for gealtacht.’ ‘A bhen,’ ar sé, ‘is granna duit beth gom brath 7 gom bíathadh.’ ‘Nocha brat[h] edir,’ ar sí, ‘acht fírinne’ ; 7 adubairt Suibhne :

38 [Suibhne :] ‘A chaillech¹ an mhuilinn thall,
cid duit mo chor ar imrall ?
nach meabhair deit tre bháigh² mban
mo brath agus mo biathadh ?

[An chailleach :] Nocha misi dobhraith thú,³
a Šuiune, cidh caomh do chlú,
acht ferta Ronáin do nimh
rolá it gheilt eidir ghealtuibh.

37—2 om. K 2a rosaml⁴ K 3 sic K; om. B 4 en K 5 nabrae K

38—1 chailliuch K 2 sic K; bháidh B 3 robhraith tu K

to put on Suibhne, and he was entrusted to Loingseachan to take him with him for a fortnight and a month. He took Suibhne away, and the nobles of the province were coming and going during that time; and at the end of it his sense and memory came to him, likewise his own shape and guise. They took his bonds off him, and his kingship was manifest.¹ Harvest-time came then, and one day Loingseachan went with his people to reap. Suibhne was put in Loingseachan's bed-room after his bonds were taken off him, and his sense had come back to him. The bed-room was shut on him and nobody was left with him but the mill-hag, and she was enjoined not to attempt to speak to him. Nevertheless she spoke to him, asking him to tell some of his adventures while he was in a state of madness. 'A curse on your mouth, hag!' said Suibhne; 'ill is what you say; God will not suffer me to go mad again.' 'I know well,' said the hag, 'that it was the outrage done to Ronan that drove you to madness.' 'O woman,' said he, 'it is hateful that you should be betraying and luring me.' 'It is not betrayal at all but truth'; and Suibhne said :

38 Suibhne : 'O hag of yonder mill,
 why shouldst thou set me astray ?
 is it not deceitful of thee that, through
 women,
 I should be betrayed and lured ?

The hag : 'Tis not I who betrayed thee,
 O Suibhne, though fair thy fame,
 but the miracles of Ronan from Heaven
 which drove thee to madness among mad-
 men.

37—1 lit. 'his kingship was likened to him.' (?)

[Suibhne :] Da madh misi is go madh mé
 badh righ ar Dhál Araidhé,
 robudh mana duirn tar smeich,⁴
 nochatfia cuirm, a chaillech.⁵ A chaillech.

39 A chaillech,' ar sé, 'is mor do dheacraibh fuarus-sa dá ufestá-sa é, mor leim ndoiligh rolinges-[s]a o gach diongna 7 o gach dionn, o gach fuitheir 7 o gach fáinghenn di aroile.' 'Ar Día friot,' ar an chaillech, 'ling duinn leim dona leimennuibh sin anois rolingthea it ghealtacht.' Rolincc-siomh iarumh leim tar colbha na tuilgi co rainic cenn na hairidhni síos. 'Mo chubhuis éimh,' ar an chaillech, 'rolingfinn-si féin an léim sin.' Roling sí ón fón ccuma cedna.¹ [88 a] Roling-siomh leim eile dar forles na bruighniu amach. 'Rolin[g]finn-si dono sin,' ar an chaillech, 7 roling fo cedóir. Acht chena ba *sedh* a chumair. Roisir Suibhne cuig triocha ched Dhal Araidhe roimpe an lá sin co rainic Glenn na nEachtach i Fidh Gaibhle 7 rolen sí é frisin ré sin. O rothairis Suibhne ar barr *craobhe* urairde eidhnighe annsin, rothairis an chaillech ar *crann* eile ina fharradh ; a nderedh an fhoghamhair do sunnradh ind sin, conadh ann atchuala Suibhne gair sealga na sochaidhe ind-imeal an fheadha. 'Gair moršluraig so,' ar sé, '7 as iad Úi Faeláin failte ann ag techt dom mharbadh-sa a ndioghail Oiliolla Cédaigh i. righ Ua bFaeláin romharbhus-[s]a i ccath Muighe Rath.' Atchúalaidh-siomh búiriudh an doimh alla, 7 dorinni an laoidh 7 tuc testmolta² *crann* Eirenn ós aird innte 7 ag foraithmheadh araill dia dheacruibh 7 dia imšniomh budhdhéin ; go ndébairt annso :

40 'A bhennáin, a bhuireadháin,
 a bhéiceadháin bintt,
 is binn linn an cuicherán
 do[g]ni tú 'san ghlintt.

38—4 *sic* K; smeich B 5 chailliuch K

39—1 The following note occurs here in B :—' Ar mo Dhia go mbrister cosa na caillighe ' ; 'by my God, may the hag's feet be broken.' 2 tesmholta K

Suibhne : Were it myself, and would it were I,
 that were king of Dal Araidhe
 it were a reason for a blow across a chin ;
 thou shalt not have a feast, O hag.'

39 'O hag,' said he, 'great are the hardships I have encountered if you but knew ; many a dreadful leap have I leaped from hill to hill, from fortress to fortress, from land to land, from valley to valley.' 'For God's sake,' said the hag, 'leap for us now one of the leaps you used to leap when you were mad.' Thereupon he bounded over the bed-rail so that he reached the end of the bench. 'My conscience!' said the hag, 'I could leap that myself,' and in the same manner she did so. He took another leap out through the skylight of the hostel. 'I could leap that too,' said the hag, and straightway she leaped. This, however, is a summary of it: Suibhne travelled through five cantreds of Dal Araidhe that day until he arrived at Glenn na nEachtach in Fiadh Gaibhle, and she followed him all that time. When Suibhne rested there on the summit of a tall ivy-branch, the hag rested on another tree beside him. It was then the end of harvest-time precisely. Thereupon Suibhne heard a hunting-call of a multitude in the verge of the wood. 'This,' said he, 'is the cry of a great host, and they are the Ui Faelain coming to kill me to avenge Oilill Cedach, king of the Ui Faelain, whom I slew in the battle of Magh Rath.' He heard the bellowing of the stag, and he made a lay wherein he eulogized aloud the trees of Ireland, and, recalling some of his own hardships and sorrows, he said :

40 'O little stag, thou little bleating one,
 O melodious little clamourer,
 sweet to us is the music
 thou makest in the glen.'

Eolchaire mo mhendatain
dorala ar mo chéill,
na lois isin machaire,
na hois isin tسلéibh.

A dhair dhosach dhuilleadhach,
at ard os cionn croinn ;
a c[h]olláin, a chraobhacháin,
a chomhra cnó cuill.

A fhern, nidot naimhdidhe,
as aloinn do lí,
nidat cuma sceó sceanbaidhí
ar an mbeirn a mbí.

A dhróighnéin, a dhealgnacháin,
a áirneacháin duibh,
a bhiorair, a bharrghlasáin,
do bhrú thobair luin.

A mhinen¹ na conaire
at millsi gach luibh,
a ghlásáin, a adhghlasáin,
a lus forsa mbi in t-šuibh.

A abhall, a abhlachóg,
tren rotchraithenn cách,
a chaerthainn, a chaeirecháin,
as aloinn do bhláth.

A dhriseog, a dhruimnechog,
ni damha cert cuir,
ni ana gum leadradh-sa
gúrsat lomlán d'fuil.

Longing for my little home
has come on my senses—
the flocks in the plain,
the deer on the mountain.

Thou oak, bushy, leafy,
thou art high beyond trees ;
O hazlet, little branching one,
O fragrance of hazel-nuts.

O alder, thou art not hostile,
delightful is thy hue,
thou art not rending and prickling
in the gap wherein thou art.

O little blackthorn, little thorny one ;
O little black sloe-tree ;
O watercress, little green-topped one,
from the brink of the ousel (?) spring.

O *minen* of the pathway,
thou art sweet beyond herbs,
O little green one,¹ very green one,
O herb on which grows the strawberry.

O apple-tree, little apple-tree,
much art thou shaken ;
O quicken, little berried one,
delightful is thy bloom.

O briar, little arched one,
thou grantest no fair terms,
thou ceasest not to tear me,
till thou hast thy fill of blood.

40—1 Perhaps *glasán* is the name of a plant ; see Dinneen, ‘watercress, salad, oyster-grass.’

A iubhair, a iubhracháin,
 i rei[l]gibh² bat reil,
 a eadhinn, a eadhneacháin,
 at gnáth a ccoill cheir.

A chuilinn, a chlithmharáin,
 a c[h]omhla re gáith,
 a uinnes, a urbhadach,
 a arm láimha láoich.

A bheithi blaith bennachtach,
 a bhorradaigh bhinn,
 aluinn gach craobh cengailteach
 i mullach do chinn.

Crithach ara *criothugudh*,
 atchlunim ma seach
 a duille for *riothugudh*,
 dar leam as í an chreach.

Mo mhioscais i fidhbadhuibh,
 ni cheilim ar chách,
 gamhnach dharach *duilleadhach*
 ar siubal go gnáth.

As olc sén ar mhillies-[s]a
 oineach Rónáin Fhinn,
 a fherta rombúaidhretar,
 a chlogáin ón chill.

As olc sén a fúarus-sa
 earradh *Conghail* chóir,
 a ionar caomh cumhdachtghlan
 co ccortharaibh óir.

O yew-tree, little yew-tree,
in churchyards thou art conspicuous ;
O ivy, little ivy,
thou art familiar in the dusky wood.

O holly, little sheltering one,
thou door against the wind ;
O ash-tree, thou baleful one,
hand-weapon of a warrior.

O birch, smooth and blessed,
thou melodious, proud one,
delightful each entwining branch
in the top of thy crown.

The aspen a-trembling ;
by turns I hear
its leaves a-racing—
meseems 'tis the foray !

My aversion in woods—
I conceal it not from anyone—
is the leafy stirk of an oak
swaying evermore. (?)

Ill-hap by which I outraged
the honour of Ronan Finn,
his miracles have troubled me,
his little bells from the church.

Ill-omened I found
the armour of upright Congai,
his sheltering, bright tunic
with selvages of gold.

Rob é guth gach aenduine
 don t-ślóg dhédla daith,
 na tegh uaibh fán ccaelmhuine
 fer an ionair mhaith.

Gonaidh, marbaidh, airligidh,
 gabhaid uile a eill,³
cuiridh é, cidh lór do chion,
 ar bior is ar beinn.⁴

Na marcaigh dom tharrachtain
 dar Magh Cobha *cruinn*,
 ní roich úaidhibh *aenurchar*
 dhamh-sa dar mo *d̄hruim*.

Ag dula dar eidhneachuibh,
 ni cheilim, a láoich,
 degurchar na gothnaide
 dhamh-sa resan ngáioith.

A ellteóg, a luirgnechóg,
 fuarus-[s]a do *ghreim*,
 misi ort ag marcaighecht
 as gach beinn a mbeinn.

O Chárn Cornáin comhramhach
 co beinn Slébhe Níadh,
 o bheinn Slebhi Uillinne⁵
 rigim Crota Clíach.

O Chrotaibh Clíach comhdhála
 co Carn Lifthi Luirc
 rigim re trath iarnóna
 co Beinn Ghulbain ghuirt.

It was a saying of each one
of the valiant, active host :

‘Let not escape from you through the narrow copse
the man of the goodly tunic.’

‘Wound, kill, slaughter,
let all of you take advantage of him ;
put him, though it is great guilt,
on spit and on spike.’

The horsemen pursuing me
across round Magh Cobha,
no cast from them reaches
me through my back.

Going through the ivy-trees—
I conceal it not, O warrior—
like good cast of a spear
I went with the wind.

O little fawn, O little long-legged one,
I was able to catch thee
riding upon thee
from one peak to another.

From Carn Cornan of the contests
to the summit of Sliabh Niadh,
from the summit of Sliabh Uillinne
I reach Crota Cliach.

From Crota Cliach of assemblies
to Carn Liffi of Leinster,
I arrive before eventide
in bitter Benn Gulbain.

M'adhaigh⁶ ría ccath *Conghaile*,
 roba siorsan⁷ lem,
 síu nobheinn for udmhaille
 ag siredh na mbenn.

Glenn mBolcáin mo bhithárus,
 fior fuarus a greim,
 mor n-oidhchi rofriothálus
 rioth roithrén re beinn.

Da sirinn am aonaidhe⁸
 sléibhti domhain duinn,
 ferr liom ionadh aonboithe
 i nGlionn Bolcain buirr.

Maith a uisci iodhanghlas,
 maith a ghaoth ghlan gharg,
 maith a bhiorar biorurglass,⁹
 ferr a fhothlacht ard.

Maith a eidhnech iodhnaidhe,
 maith a soil ghlan grinn,
 maith a iubhar iubraidhe,
 ferr a bheithe binnd.

Da ttiesta-sa, a Loingseacháin,
 chugum in gach riocht,
 gach n-oidhche dom agallaimh
 bes ni anfainn friot.

Ni anfainn re t' agallaimh
 munbadh sgél romgett,
 athair, máthair, ingen, mhac,
 bráthair, ben balc d'écc. [88 b]

40—6 adh^u MSS 7 saorsan K 8 aonuidhe K 9 sic K
 B has: maith a iobhar iubraighe, as in the third line of the following stanza.

My night before the battle of Congal,
I deemed it fortunate,
before I restlessly
wandered over the mountain-peaks.

Glen Bolcain, my constant abode,
'twas a boon to me,
many a night have I attempted
a stern race against the peak.

If I were to wander alone
the mountains of the brown world,
better would I deem the site of a single hut
in the Glen of mighty Bolcan.

Good its water pure-green,
good its clean, fierce wind,
good its cress-green watercress,
best its tall brooklime.

Good its enduring ivy-trees,
good its bright, cheerful sallow,
good its yewy yews,
best its melodious birch.

If thou shouldst come, O Loingseachan,
to me in every guise,
each night to talk to me,
perchance I would not tarry for thee.

I would not have tarried to speak to thee
were it not for the tale which has wounded me—
father, mother, daughter, son,
brother, strong wife dead.

Da ttístea dom agallaimh
ni budh fer[r]de leam,
rosirfinn ria madanraidh
sleibhti Boirchi benn.

Do mhuilenn an mheanmaráin
domheilte do thúaith,
a thrúagháin, a thuirseacháin,
a Luingseacháin lúaith.

A chailleach an mhuilinn-si,
cíd 'mongeibhe mh' eill ?
mh' égnach duit itchluinim-si,
is tú amuigh ar an mbeinn.

A chailleach, a chuirrchennach,
an ragha for each ?

[An chailleach:] Noraghainn, a thuirrchennach,
munam faicinn neach.

Dá ndeachar, a Suibhneacháin,
rob soraidh mo léim.

[Suibhne :] Da ttora-sa, a chaillcheacháin,^{10a}
ní ris sis slán céill.

[An chailleach:] Ni cóir éimh a n-abraidh-si,¹⁰
a mhic Colmáin Chais,
nach ferrdi mo mharcachus¹¹
gan tuitim tar mh'ais ?

[Suibhne :] As cóir eimh a n-abraim-si,
a chailleach gan chéill,
demhan agat th'aidhmilliudh,
romillis¹² fadhéin.

If thou shouldst come to speak to me,
 no better would I deem it ;
 I would wander before morn
 the mountains of Boirche of peaks.

By the mill of the little floury one (?)
 thy folk has been ground, (?)
 O wretched one, O weary one,
 O swift Loingseachan.

O hag of this mill,
 why dost thou take advantage of me ?
 I hear thee revile me
 even when thou art out on the mountain.

O hag, O round-headed one, (?)
 wilt thou go on a steed ?'

The hag : ' I would go, O fool-head (?)
 if no one were to see me.

O Suibhne, if I go,
 may my leap be successful.'

Suibhne : ' If thou shouldst come, O hag,
 mayst thou not dismount full of sense ! ' (?)

The hag : ' In sooth, not just is what thou sayest,
 thou son of Colman Cas ;
 is not my riding better
 without falling back ? '

Suibhne : ' Just, in sooth, is what I say,
 O hag without sense ;
 a demon is ruining thee,
 thou hast ruined thyself.'

[An chailleach:] Nach ferrde let mh' ealadhain,
 a ghelt ſaerrdha ſeng,
 mo beth agat lenamain¹³
 a mullaighibh na¹⁴ mbenn ?

[Suibhne:] Dosán eidhinn iomúallach
 fasas tre chrann chas,
 da mbeinn-si 'na certmhullach
 noaghſainn techt ass.

Teichim riasna huiseóga,
 as é an trenrioth tenn,
 lingim tar na guiseóga
 a mullaighibh benn.

Fer[a]n eidhinn iomuallach
 an tan eirghius duinn,
 goirid bhim da ttarrachtain
 o rofas mo chluimh.

Creabhar oscár antuiccseach
 an tan eirghius damh,
 indar liom as dergnamha
 an lon do[g]ní an sgal.¹⁵

Gach áonúair rolinginn-si
 co mbinn ar an lár,
 co fhaicinn an creamhthannán
 thios¹⁶ ag creim na gcnámh.

Seach gach coin a n-aidhnechuibh
 luath nogheibhēd̄h m'eill,
 as é luas nolinginn-si
 co mbinn ar an mbeinn.

40—13 re anmhain K
 om. B

14 om. K

15 sgál K

16 sic K;

The hag : 'Dost thou not deem my arts better,
thou noble, slender madman,
that I should be following thee
from the tops of the mountains ?'

Suibhne : 'A proud ivy-bush
which grows through a twisted tree—
if I were right on its summit,
I would fear to come out.

I flee before the skylarks—
'tis a stern, great race—
I leap over the stumps
on the tops of the mountains.

When the proud turtle-dove
rises for us,
quickly do I overtake it
since my feathers have grown.

The silly, foolish woodcock
when it rises for me
methinks 'tis a bitter foe,
the blackbird (too) that gives the cry of alarm.

Every time I would bound
till I was on the ground
so that I might see the little fox
below a-gnawing the bones.

Beyond every wolf (?) among the ivy-trees
swiftly would he get the advantage of me,
so nimbly would I leap
till I was on the mountain-peak.

Sionnaigh beca ag bregairecht
chugum agus úaim,
mic thíri ara legairecht (?),^{16a}
teichim-si re a ffúaim.

Rothriallsat mo tharrachtain
ag tocht 'na rioth thenn,
gur teiches-[s]a reampa-somh
a mullaighibh beann.

Tainic friom mo thairmthechta
gibé conair théis,
as leir dhamh ar mh'a[i]rchisecht
am caora gan léis.

Bile Chille Lughaidhe
i tuilim súan sáimh,
ba haoibne i ré Chongaile
aenach¹⁷ Line láin.

Doraghae an reodh realtánach
ferfas ar gach linn,
asam suairreach, seachránach,
misi fáoi ar an mbinn.

Na corra go ccorrghaire
i nGlionn Aighle úair,
ealta d'énuibh¹⁸ iomlúatha
chugum agus úaim.

Ni charaim an sibheanradh
do[g]niad fir is mna,
binne liom a ceileabradh
luin 'san aird ittá.

40—16^a legēs B; legēs K, ? leg. ledairecht, which has been translated
17 sic K; aena B 18 dena K

Little foxes yelping
to me and from me,
wolves at their rending,
I flee at their sound.

They have striven to reach me,
coming in their swift course,
so that I fled before them
to the tops of the mountains.

My transgression has come against me
whatsoever way I flee ;
'tis manifest to me from the pity shown me
that I am a sheep without a fold.

The old tree of Cell Lughaidhe
wherein I sleep a sound sleep ;
more delightful in the time of Congal
was the fair of plenteous Line.

There will come the starry frost
which will fall on every pool ;
I am wretched, straying
exposed to it on the mountain-peak.

The herons a-calling
in chilly Glenn Aighle,
swift flocks of birds
coming and going.

I love not the merry prattle
that men and women make :
sweeter to me is the warbling
of the blackbirds in the quarter in which it is.

Ni charaim in stocairecht
atcluinim go moch,
binne lium a crocairecht¹⁹
bruic a mBennuibh Broc.

Ni charuim an chornairecht
atchluinim go tenn,
binni lium ag damhghairecht
damh dá fhiched benn.

Ata adhbur seisrighe
as gach glionn i nglenn,
gach damh ina freislighe
a mullach na mbenn.

Cidh iomdha dom dhamraighe-si
as gach glinn i nglenn,
ni minic lámh oiremhán
ag dúnadh a²⁰ mbenn.

Damh Sléibhi aird Eibhlinne,
damh Sléibhe Fúaid feigh,
damh Ella, damh Orbhraidhe,
damh lonn Locha Léin.

Damh Seimhne, damh Latharna,
damh Line na lenn,
damh Cúailgħni, damh Conachla,
damh Bairni dá bhenn.

A mathair na groidhi-si
rolíathadh do lenn,
ni fhuil damh at dheagaidh-si
gan dá fhichead benn.

I love not the trumpeting
I hear at early morn :
sweeter to me the squeal
of the badgers in Benna Broc.

I love not the horn-blowing
so boldly I hear :
sweeter to me the belling of a stag
of twice twenty peaks.

There is the material of a plough-team
from glen to glen :
each stag at rest
on the summit of the peaks.

Though many are my stags
from glen to glen,
not often is a ploughman's hand
closing round their horns. (?)

The stag of lofty Sliabh Eibhlinne,
the stag of sharp Sliabh Fuaid,
the stag of Ealla, the stag of Orrery,
the fierce stag of Loch Lein.

The stag of Seimhne, Larne's stag,
the stag of Line of the mantles,
the stag of Cuailgne, the stag of Conachail,
the stag of Bairenn of two peaks.

O mother of this herd,
thy coat has become grey,
there is no stag after thee
without two score antler-points.

Mó ná²¹ adhbhur leinnine
 roliathadh dot chenn,²²
 da mbeinn ar gach beinnine
 beinnini ar gach mbenn.

A dhoimh do[g]ni an fogharán
 chugum tar an nglenn,
 maith an t-ionadh foradhán (?)
 i mullach do bhenn.

As mé Suibhni sirtheachán,
 luath reithim tar glenn,
 nocha n-é mh'ainm dliughtheachán,
 mó is²³ ainm damh fer benn.

Tioprata is ferr fúarus-sa,
 tiopra Leithid Láin,
 tiopra is aille ionnuaire,
 úarán Dhúine Máil.

Gidhat iomdha mh'imeirce
 mh'édach aníú is gerr,
 me féin do[g]ní m'forfaire²⁴
 i mullach na mbend.

A raithnech, a rúadhfhada,
 rorúadhadh do lenn,
 ní hosair fir fuagarta
 a ngabhláibh do bhenn.²⁵

Bidh ann bhias mo bhithlighi
 tes ag Tuidhin tenn,²⁶
 ag Tegh Moling biothainglighi
 taotus²⁷ do bheind.

40—21 mo ma K 22 do leann K 23 as mo as K 24 foraire K
 25 bhennd B 26 teinn K 27 thaethusa K

Greater than the material for a little cloak
thy head has turned grey ;
if I were on each little point,
there would be a pointlet on every point.

Thou stag that comest lowing
to me across the glen,
pleasant is the place for seats
on the top of thy antler-points.

I am Suibhne, a poor suppliant,
swiftly do I race across the glen ;
that is not my lawful name,
rather is it Fer benn.¹

The springs I found best :
the well of Leithead Lan,
the well most beautiful and cool,
the fountain of Dun Mail.

Though many are my wanderings,
my raiment to-day is scanty ;
I myself keep my watch
on the top of the mountains.

O tall, russet fern,
thy mantle has been made red ;
there is no bed for an outlaw
in the branches of thy crests.

At ever-angelic Tech Moling,
at puissant Toidhen in the south,
'tis there my eternal resting-place will be,
I shall fall by a [spear]-point.

Dorad misi it chumann-sa
 mallacht Ronáin Finn,
 a bhennáin, a bhúireadháin
 a bhéiceadáin binn.' A beannain.

41 [89 a] A haithle na laidhe sin tainic Suibhne a Fidh Gaibhle co Beinn mBóghaine, assein co Beind Fhaibhne, aisséin co Raith Murbuilg γ ni ffuair a dhíon ar an ccailligh co rainig co Dun Sobairce i nUltáibh. Roling Suibhne iarumh do bheinn an dúine síos cach ndíriuch riasan ccailligh. Roling sí co hiomhathlomh ina dheaghaidh co ttorchair do aill Dhúine Sobharci co ndernadh mionbhrúar γ minchomairt di ann co ttorchair isin bhfairrge, conadh amhlaidh sin fúair bás i ndedhaidh Suibhne.

42 Atbert Suibhne iarsin: 'Ni bhíu-sa i nDal Araidhe fesda úair nommhuirfeda Loingseachán i ndiogail a chaillighi mé díá mbeinn ara chumus.' Luid Suibhne iarumh co Ros Chcmáin i Connachtuibh γ rothoirinn for *sraith* an topuir co rochaith biorar γ uisgi ann. Tainic ben a tigh an oircinnigh dochum an tobair. *Forbhasach* mac Fordhalaigh an t-oirchinneach sin. Rob í an bhean tainic ann, Finnseeng ingen Fhíndealaigh. Rotheich iarumh an gheilt reimpe γ tuc sisi lamh tar an mbiorar báoi for an *sruth*. As ann robhúi Suibhne forsan mbili ina fiadhnuisi γ robhúi ag eccáoine moir fa na chuid biorair do bhréith uadha conadh *edh* atbert: 'A bhen,' ar sé, 'as trúagh duit mo bhiorar do ureith¹ úaim γ da festá mar atú úair ni dhénann fer túaithe na fine mh'oirchisecht; ni theighim for aeidhídeacht do thigh duine ar druim dhomain. As é mo búar mo bhiorar, as e mo mhiodh mh'uisci, as iad mo chairde mo chroinn crúadhloma cliothardhlúithe γ cén co mberthá-sa mo biorar,' ar sé, 'as derb nocha beitheá gan ní anocht mar atú-sa tar éis mo bhicrair do breith úaim'; γ dorinne a[n] laoidh so :

The curse of Ronan Finn
has thrown me in thy company,
O little stag, little bleating one,
O melodious little clamourer.'

41 After that lay Suibhne came from Fiodh Gaibhle to Benn Boghaine, thence to Benn Faibhne, thence to Rath Murbuilg, but he found no refuge from the hag until he reached Dun Sobairce in Ulster. Suibhne leaped from the summit of the fort sheer down in front of the hag. She leaped quickly after him, but dropped on the cliff of Dun Sobairce, where she was broken to pieces, and fell into the sea. In that manner she found death in the wake of Suibhne.

42 Thereafter Suibhne said: 'Henceforth I shall not be in Dal Araide, for Loingseachan, to avenge his hag, would kill me if I were in his power.' Suibhne then went to Ros Comain in Connacht, and he alighted at the brink of the well, where he fared on watercress and water. A woman came from the erenach's house to the well; Forbhasach son of Fordhalach was the erenach. Finnsheng daughter of Findealach (?) was the name of the woman who came. The madman fled from her and she laid hold of the watercress which was in the stream. Suibhne on the tree in front of her was bemoaning greatly that his portion of watercress was taken away. Whereupon he said: 'O woman,' said he, 'sad is it that you should take my watercress from me, if you but knew the plight in which I am, for neither tribesman nor kinsman pities me, nor do I visit as a guest the house of anyone on the ridge of the world. For kine I have my watercress, my water is my mead, my trees hard and bare or close-sheltering are my friends. And even if you did not take away my watercress,' said he, 'certain is it that you would not be without something else to-night as I am after my watercress has been taken from me': and he made this lay :

43 'A bhen bhenus an biorar
 agus bheriūs in uisci,
 nocha betheá gan ní anocht
 gén co mbertheá mo chuid-si.

Monúaran, a bhenagán,
 nocha ragha an leth raghad,
 misi amuigh a mbarraibh *crann*,
 tusa tall a tigh charad.

Monúarán, a bhenagán,
 as fúar an ghaeth domanuig,
 nimoirchis mathair na mac,
 ni fuil brat ar mo braghuid.

Da festá-sa, a bhenagan,¹
 mar atá² sunna Suibhne,
 seach ni fhagaidh cuibhdhe neich,
 ni fhagaidh nech³ a⁴ chuibhdhe.

Ni theighim a n-oirechtus
 edir oguibh mo thíre,
 ni déntar dam oinechtreas,⁵
 ni théít mh'aire re righe.

Ni theighim ar aeidhidheacht
 do thigh mic duine a nÉire,
 fa meince liom báithgeltacht
 ar bennuibh corra slébhe.

Ni tegar dom airfidedh
 athaigh re ndul im lighi,
 nocha nfhaghuiim oirchisecht
 o fer túaithe na fini.

43--1 *sic* K; bhenagain B 2 *sic* K; tá B 3 *sic* K neich B 4 *om.* K
 5 an. leg. enechras, which has been translated.

43 'O woman who pluckest the watercress
 and takest the water,
 thou wouldst not be without something to-night
 even though thou didst not take my portion.'

Alas, O woman !
 thou wilt not go the way that I shall go ;
 I abroad in the tree-tops,
 thou yonder in a friend's house.

Alas, O woman !
 cold is the wind that has come to me ;
 nor mother nor son has pity on me,
 no cloak is on my breast.

If thou but knewst, O woman,
 how Suibhne here is :
 he does not get friendship from anyone,
 nor does anyone get his friendship.

I go not to a gathering
 among warriors of my country,
 no safeguard is granted me,
 my thought is not on kingship

I go not as a guest
 to the house of any man's son in Erin,
 more often am I straying madly
 on the pointed mountain-peaks.

None cometh to make music to me
 for a while before going to rest,
 no pity do I get
 from tribesman or kinsman.

Antan robsom Suibhni-si
 agus théighinn ar eachaibh,
 antan tig im c[h]uimh[n]i-si⁵
 maирg⁶ romfuirgedh a mbethaidh.

As mé Suibhne sáirchendaidh,
 as úar anaoibinn mh'ionadh,
 ge béo anocht ar bhaithbendaibh
 a bhen bhenus mo bhiorar.

As é mo mhiodh mh'uisci fúar,
 as é mo bhúar mo bhiorar,
 as íad mo charaid mo chroinn,
 ge 'tú gan leann, gan ionar.

As úar anocht an adhaigh,
 gidh im⁷ bhocht ar áoi mbiorair,
 atchúala guth an ghioghruinn
 ós Imligh iomluim Iobhair.

Atú gan brat, gan ionar,
 fada a ulc úair romleanadh,
 teichim re guth na cuirre
 mar budh buille rombenadh.

Rigim co⁸ Dairbre ndaingen
 isna láibh aidhbhlibh earraigh,
 agus teichim re n-oidhche
 síar co Boirche⁹ mbennaigh.

Diamsat eolach, a fionnghág,
 mo ghort ni treorach tenngharg,
 ata nech dianad sgeile
 an t-eiri beri, a bhengág.

When I was Suibhne indeed
and used to go on steeds—
when that comes to my memory
alas that I was detained in life !

I am Suibhne, noble leader (?),
cold and joyless is my abode,
though I be to-night on wild peaks,
O woman who pluckest my watercress.

My mead is my cold water,
my kine are my cresses,
my friends are my trees,
though I am without mantle or smock.

Cold is the night to-night,
though I am poor as regards watercress,
I have heard the cry of the wild-goose
over bare Imlech Iobhair.

I am without mantle or smock,
the evil hour has long clung to me (?),
I flee at the cry of the heron
as though it were a blow that struck me.

I reach firm Dairbre
in the wondrous days of Spring,
and before night I flee
westward to Benn Boirche.

If thou art learned, O fair, crabbed one,
my field . . .
there is one to whom the burden thou takest
is a grievous matter, O hag.

At úara dotachuisin
 ar brú tobair ghlaís greanaigh,
 deogh ghleórdha d'uisci iodhan
 agus an biorar bhenaidh.

Mo chuid-si an¹⁰ biorar bheanaidh,
 cuid gheilte sáoire singi,¹¹
 sgingidh gáeth úar mam reandaibh
 do bendaibh gacha binni.

As úar gáeth an mhadanraidh,
 doicc etrom is mh'ionar,
 nacha nfhétoim t'agalloimh,
 a bhen bhenus an mbiorar.

[An bhean:] Fágaibh mo chuid don Choimdhí,
 rium-sa na déna duilghe,
 móide foghebha cennacht,
 is beir bennacht, a Suibhne.

[Suibhne :] Denam cennach cert cubhaidh
 ge 'tú a mullach an iubhair,
 beir mh'ionar is mo chertín,
 fágaibh an mbertín mbiorair.

As terc nech las am ionmuin,
 ni fhuil mo theach ar talmain,
 uaim o bhere¹² mo bhiorar
 mo chuid chionadh ar th'anmain.

Ni ris a¹³ nech rocharuis,
 meisdi don^{13a} tí rolenuis,
 rofhághbhus neach co daidbhír
 imon airbir robhenaí.

It is cold they are
 at the brink of a clear, pebbly spring—
 a bright quaff of pure water
 and the watercress you pluck.

My meal is the watercress you pluck,
 the meal of a noble, emaciated madman ;
 cold wind springs around my loins
 from the peaks of each mountain.

Chilly is the wind of morn,
 It comes between me and my smock,
 I am unable to speak to thee,
 O woman who pluckest the watercress.

The woman : Leave my portion to the Lord,
 be not harsh to me ;
 the more wilt thou attain supremacy,
 and take a blessing, O Suibhne.

Suibhne : Let us make a bargain just and fitting
 though I am on the top of the yew ;
 take thou my smock and my tatters,
 leave the little bunch of cress.

There is scarce one by whom I am beloved,
 I have no house on earth ;
 since thou takest from me my watercress
 my sins to be on thy soul !

Mayest thou not reach him whom thou hast
 loved,
 the worse for him whom thou hast followed ;
 thou hast left one in poverty
 because of the bunch thou hast plucked.

Creach na nGall ngorm dot gabháil,
 orm nocha dernais deghdháil,
 co bfaghbha on Choimdhé a chionaidh
 mo chuid biorair do bhenail.¹⁴ [89 b]

A bhen, chugud da ttóra
 Loingseachan ata rún¹⁵ reabha
 tabhair-si dhó trem chionaidh
 a leth an bhiorair bhena.' A bhen.

44 Robáoi-siomh i Ros Chomáin an oidhche sin, luid
 aissein arnamhárach co Slíabh n-uráoibhinn nEachtghe,
 aissein co Slíabh mínuinn Mis, aissein co Slíabh bennard
 Bladhma, aissein co hInis Mureadháigh ; coecáois ar mhís do
 inti-sein i n-uaimh Dhonnáin Eghæ, aissidhein co Carraic
 Alustair.¹ Gabhaidh aite 7 ionadh ainsidhe 7 báoi cácaois
 ar mhís eile innti. Fagbhais i iarsin agus ceileabhaird dhi ;
 gonadh ann adbert ag tabhairt a dhocra fein os aird annso :

45 ‘Duairc an bhetha-sa
 bheith gan maeithleaptha,¹
 adhbha úairšeaca,
 garbha gáothsnechta.

Gaoth uar oighreata,
 sgáth fann fainnghréine,
 fosgadh einbheile,
 a mullach maighsléibhe.

Fulang fraissíne,
 ceim dar aisseola,
 imthecht glaismhíne,
 madain ghlaisreódhá.

43—14 The following note occurs at the foot of the page in B do choimh-lionadh an bháinn ‘to fill up the blank space’. **15** run K

44—1 *sic* K ; *om.* B

45—1 *sic* K ; *maithleaptha* B

May a raid of the blue-coated Norsemen take thee !
 thine has not been a fortunate meeting for me,
 mayest thou get from the Lord the blame
 for cutting my portion of watercress.

O woman, if there should come to thee
 Loingseachan whose delight is sport,
 do thou give him on my behalf
 half the watercress thou pluckest.'

44 That night he remained in Ros Comain and went thence on the morrow to delightful Sliabh Aughty, thence to smooth, beautiful Sliabh Mis, thence to lofty-peaked Sliabh Bloom, thence to Inis Murray. For a fortnight and a month he tarried in the cave of Donnan of Eig, and went thence to Carrick Alastair where he took up his abode and remained another fortnight and a month. He left it afterwards and bade it farewell, and, proclaiming aloud his own woes, said :

45 'Gloomy this life,
 to be without a soft bed,
 abode of cold frost,
 roughness of wind-driven snow.

Cold, icy wind,
 faint shadow of a feeble sun,
 shelter of a single tree,
 on the summit of a table-land.

Enduring the rain-storm,
 stepping over deer-paths, (?)
 faring through greensward
 on a morn of grey frost.

Gair na damhraidhe
ar fhud fidhbhuidhe,
dreim re hoisbherna,
fogar fionnmhuire.

Maith, a mor Choimdhé,
mor an meirbhneáll-sa,²
duilghe an duibhlén-sa,
Suibhne an³ seingbhlén-sa.

Rith dar breicbhernaibh
Boirche boithleaptha,
osnadh geamhoidhche,
coss i ccloichsneachta.

Luighe⁴ fliuchleapthaigh
learga LoichÉirne,
menma ar mhuichimthecht
madan mhuicheirghe.

Rith tar tuinnbennaibh
Duine Sobhairce,
clúas re tromthonnaibh
Dhúine Rodairce.⁵

Rith on rathuinn-si
co tuinn mbéithBerbha,
feis ar crúadhcholbha
Dhúine cáimhC[h]ermna.

O Dhún caoimhChearmna
co Beinn mbláthmBoirne,
clúas re clochadhart
Crúacháin ghargOighle.

45—2 *sic* K; meirbhneálla B
5 sobairce K

3 *om.* K

4 *sic* K: luidhe B

The bellowing of the stags
throughout the wood,
the climb to the deer-pass,
the voice of white seas.

Yea, O great Lord,
great this weakness,
more grievous this black sorrow,
Suibhne the slender-groined.

Racing over many-hued gaps
of Boirche of hut couches,
the sough of the winter night,
footing it in hailstones.

Lying on a wet bed
on the slopes of Loch Erne,
mind on early departure,
morn of early rising.

Racing over the wave-tops
of Dun Sobairce,
ear to the billows
of Dun Rodairce.

Running from this great wave
to the wave of the rushing Barrow,
sleeping on a hard couch
of fair Dun Cermna.

From fair Dun Cermna
to flowery Benn Boirne,
ear against a stone pillow
of rough Cruachan Oighle.

Utmhall mh'imirce
 a muigh na Bóruime,
 o Bheinn Iughoine⁶
 go Beinn mBóghoine.⁷

Tainic chugum-sa
 neach romlámhaigh-si,
 ní romsiodhaigh-si
 bean romsáraigh-si.

Rug mo chuidigh-si
 d'eis na cionadh-sa,
 truagh an monar-sa,
 adúas mo bhiorar-sa.

Biorar bhuingim-si,
 biadha fionndlochtán,
 ceithre *cronnghlacáin*
 Glinne fionnBholcáin.

Sásadh saicchim-si,
 suairc an monarán,
 deoch don uisgi-si,
 thiobrad fhionnRonán.

Corra mh'ingni-si,
 maeth mo chreasa-sa,
 toll mo chosa-sa,
 lom mo leasa-sa.

Béraitt orain-sa
 fian co talchuraibh,
 cían o Ultachaibh,
 triall a nAlbanc̄aibh.

Restless my wandering
in the plain of the Boroma,
from Benn Iughoine
to Benn Boghaine.

There has come to me
one who has laid hands on me,
she has brought no peace to me,
the woman who has dishonoured me.

She has taken my portion
on account of my sins,
wretched the work—
my watercress has been eaten.

Watercress I pluck,
food in a fair bunch,
four round handfuls
of fair Glen Bolcain.

A meal I seek—
pleasant the bogberry,
a drink of water here
from the well of Ronan Finn.

Bent are my nails,
feeble my loins,
pierced my feet,
bare my thighs.

There will overtake me
a warrior-band stubbornly,
far from Ulster,
faring in Alba.

D'éis an astair-si
 truagh mo šanuslaidh,
 bith a ccrúadadhchomaidh
 Chairrge Alastoir.

Carraig Alastair,
 adhbha d' fáoilennaibh,
 truagh a Dhúilemhain,
 uar dha háoidheadhaibh.

Carraig Alastair,
 cloc na cruthailde,
 lór a leathairde,
 srón re sruthfáirrge.

Truagh ar ccomhraic-ne,
 días chorru crúadhluirgnech,
 misi crúaidhleadhbach,
 sisi crúaidhghuilbnech.

Fliuch na leaptha-sa
 itá mh'áras-[s]a,
 beg došaoiles-[s]a
 gur chreg chádhasa.

Olc do chláonChongal
 cath do thárrachtain,
 mar chuing n-imeachtair
 rothuill mallachtain.

A cath RathMuighe
 tráth do rúachtas-[s]a
 re nguin mh'échta-sa
 nimduiugh dúarcus-[s]a. D.

After this journey—
sad is my secret song—
to be in the hard company
of Carraig Alastair.

Carraig Alastair,
abode of sea-gulls,
sad, O Creator,
chilly for its guests.

Carraig Alastair,
bell-shaped rock,¹
sufficient were it half the height,
nose to the main.

Sad our meeting ;
a couple of cranes hard-shanked—
I hard and ragged,
she hard-beaked.

Wet these beds
wherein is my dwelling,
little did I think
it was a rock of holiness.

Bad was it for Congal Claon
that he arrived at the battle ;
like an outer yoke²
he has earned a curse.

When I fled
from the battle of Magh Rath
before my undoing,
I deserved not harshness.

Truagh an turus-[s]a,
 ni ma tnag-sa,
 can om elus-sa,
 crioch gusa rnag-sa.⁸

Tiucfaidh Loingseachn,
 truagh a thurusa,
 ge romlena-sa
 ni ba hurusa.

Caille comhfhada,
 cladh na carta-sa,
 tr gus rnag-sa,
 ni gniomh darcusa. D.

Duibhlinn dnBhoirche,
 tren romfasnaidh-si,
 aidhbhle a hiochtair-si,
 daingne a huachtair-si.

As ferr farus-[s]a
 coillte cosmhuite,
 roighni ruisMhidhe,
 aidhbhle Osraighe.

Ulaidh fhoghamhair
 im Loch Can crithelaigh,
 tadhall samhrata
 Cheineil mbithEghain.

Imthecht lughnasaidh
 Taillten tiobraidhe,
 iasgach earrchaidhe
 Sionna siobhlaighe.

Sad this expedition;
would that I had not come!
far from my home
is the country I have reached.

Loingseachan will come,
sad his journeys;
though he follow me,
it will not be easy.

Far-stretching woods
are the rampart of this circuit—
the land to which I have come—
not a deed of sadness.

The black lake of fortressed Boirche
greatly has it perturbed me;
the vastness of its depths,
the strength of its wave-crests.

Better found I
pleasant woods,
choice places of wooded Meath,
the vastness of Ossory.

Ulaidh in harvest-time
about quivering Loch Cuan,
a summer visit
to the race of enduring Eoghan.

A journey at Lammastide
to Taillten of fountains,
fishing in springtime
the meandering Shannon.

Minig riccim-si
 tír conúachtus-[s]a,
 buidhni bar[r]chasa,
 druimni dúarcusa.' Dúairc.

46 [90 a] Rosfhágaibh Suibhne an charraicc iarsin 7 dochúaidh tar an muir ccráosfhairsing, ccithainbhthenaigh co ráinic Crioch Bhreatan. Dorad a láimh¹ ndeis re dúnadh righ Bretan co ttarla dochum feadha moir é 7 an chonair tainic fon fidh atchualaidh² an uchbhadach³ 7 an eccaoini 7 an mhairgneach mor 7 an osnadhach éccalma. As edh robhui annsin, geilt eile robhoi ar fhud an fhedha. Tainic-siomh iaromh dha ionnsaighe. 'Cía thu? a dhuine,' ar Suibhne. 'Geilt misi,' ar sé. 'Másat⁴ geilt,' ar Suibhne, 'tair ale co n[d]ernom comann, ar isam⁵ geilt-si bheos.' 'Doragáinn,' ar an gheilt oily, 'muna bheith egla thighe no theglaigh an righ dom tharrachtain 7 ni fhetar nach diobh duit-si.' 'Ni diobh éiccín,' ar Suibhne, '7 sloinn-si t'ainm bunaidh dhamh o nac[h] diobh.' 'Fer Cailli mh'ainm,' ar an gheilt; conadh ann itbert Suibhne an rann sa 7 rofreagair Fear Caille é, mar so síos:

47 [Suibhne :] 'A *Fhir* Chaille, cidh dotharraidh ?
 truagh do ghuth,
 abair damh-sa cidh rodmannair¹
 ceil no² cruth ?

[Fer Caille :] Ro-innisfinn duit mo sgéla,
 sceo mo ghniomh,
 muna bheith eaglach inn slúagh seghdha³
 thoighe an righ.

46—1 lámh K
 5 sic K; isim B

2 atchualala K

3 uchtbadhach K

4 masae K

Often do I reach
 the land I have set in order,
 curly-haired hosts,
 stern ridges.'

46 Suibhne then left Carraig Alastair and went over the wide-mouthed, storm-swept sea until he reached the land of the Britons. He left the fortress of the king of the Britons on his right hand and came on a great wood. As he passed along the wood he heard lamenting and wailing, a great moan of anguish and feeble sighing. It was another madman who was wandering through the wood. Suibhne went up to him. 'Who are you, my man?' said Suibhne. 'I am a madman,' said he. 'If you are a madman,' said Suibhne, 'come hither so that we may be friends, for I too am a madman.' 'I would,' said the other, 'were it not for fear of the king's house or household seizing me, and I do not know that you are not one of them.' 'I am not indeed,' said Suibhne, 'and since I am not, tell me your family name.' 'Fer Caille (Man of the Wood) is my name,' said the madman; whereupon Suibhne uttered this stave and Fer Caille answered him as follows :

47 Suibhne : 'O Fer Cailli, what has befallen thee ?
 sad is thy voice ;
 tell me what has marred thee
 in sense or form.

Fer Caille: I would tell thee my story,
 likewise my deeds,
 were it not for fear of the proud host
 of the king's household.

As mé Ealadhan⁴ noroicchedh
 iolar ndreann,
 as diom-sa la cách dogoirtidhi
 lúam⁵-gheilt ghленn.

[Suibhne ·] As misi Suibhne mac Colmáin
 o Bhúais bhil,
 as usaidi dhuinn ar ccomhradh
 sunn, a fhir.' A fhir.

48 Tug cách dhiobh taobh re 'roile iersin gur fhiafraigh-eddar fe[i]n sgéla da chéle. Atbert Suibhne risin ngeilt: 'Dén-sa do slondadh dhamh-sa,' ar sé. 'Mac brughaidh mé,' ar an gheilt Breathnach, '7 is don tíg-si ittám mo bhunadhus 7 Alladhán mh'ainm.' 'Innis dam,' ar Suibhne, 'cidh rottuc ar gealtacht thú.' 'Ni hansa. Dhá righ robhádar ag imchosnamh im righe na críche-si fecht n-aill .i. Eochaídh Aincheas mac Guaire Mathra (?) 7 Cúgúa mac Gúaire; ba do muintir Eachaídh damh-sa,' ar sé, 'uair as é do budh ferr don días sin. Dorónadh iarumh moirthionól do chur chatha fria aroile imon tíg-si. Rocuires-[s]a gesa ar gach aon do muintir mo thigherna cona tig sedh neach dhiobh gan édach sroil uime dochum an chatha ar go mbudh suaithenta seach cách íet la huaill 7 diumus. Tucsat immorro na slúaigh tri gairthi mallacht form-sa, co ttucsat-sidhe misi ar fáineal 7 ar foluamhuin amail atchíthi-si.'

49 Rofhiarfaidh-siomh mar an cetna do Suibhne cidh dusfug for gealtacht. 'Briathra Rónáin,' ar Suibhne, 'uair roesccáoin-siomh misi re hucht cætha Muighe Rath, co roeirghes a n-airde asin ccath sin co usuilim ar faoinneal 7 ar foluamain osin ale.' 'A Šuiune,' ar Alladhán, 'coimhedaadh cach uainn a chéile co maith o doratsom taobh¹ fria aroile .i. antí úain as luaithe chluinfes glædh cuirre do loch linnglas linnúaine no guth gléghlan gaircce, no leim creabhair do

47—4 Alladhán K, and so throughout. 5 lúath K

49—1 sic K; om. B

Ealadhan am I
 who used to go to many combats,
 I am known to all
 as the leading¹ madman of the glens.

Suibhne : Suibhne son of Colman am I
 from the pleasant Bush;
 the easier for us is converse
 here, O man.'

48 After that each confided in the other and they asked tidings of each other. Said Suibhne to the madman : ' Give an account of yourself.' ' I am son of a landholder,' said the madman of Britain, ' and I am a native of this country in which we are, and Ealladhan is my name.' ' Tell me,' said Suibhne, ' what caused your madness.' ' Not difficult to say. Once upon a time two kings were contending for the sovereignty of this country, viz., Eochaiddh Aincheas, son of Guaire Mathra, and Cugua, son of Guaire. Of the people of Eochaiddh am I,' said he, ' for he was the better of the two. There was then convened a great assembly to give battle to each other concerning the country. I put *geasa* on each one of my lord's people that none of them should come to the battle except they were clothed in silk, so that they might be conspicuous beyond all for pomp and pride. The hosts gave three shouts of malediction on me, which sent me wandering and fleeing as you see.'

49 In the same way he asked Suibhne what drove him to madness. ' The words of Ronan,' said Suibhne, ' for he cursed me in front of the battle of Magh Rath, so that I rose on high out of the battle, and I have been wandering and fleeing ever since.' ' O Suibhne,' said Ealladhan, ' let each of us keep good watch over the other since we have placed trust in each other; that is, he who shall soonest hear the cry of a heron from a blue-watered, green-watered lough or the clear

chraoibh, fedghaire no guth feadóige ar na fiordhúsgadh no fuaim crionaigh aga choimhbrisédh, no fosgadh eóin ós fiodhbaidh, erfhúagradh 7 innisedh antí atchluinfe é ar túis don fior oile, biodh ead dhá cránn² eastrainn 7 da ráthaighedh neach uainn ní dona neithibh réimráitiu sin no a n-ionnsamail oile dentar teicedh maith linn iaromh.'

50 Dogniat samhlaidh 7 badar bliadhain lán i ufarradh aroili. Hi cinn na bliadhna sin adbert Alladhan fri Suibhne: 'As mithidh duinn sgaradh aniú,' ar sé, 'uair tainic forcheann mo šoeghail-si 7 nocha nfhéduim gan dul gusin ionadh in rocinneadh dhamh ég d'fhagháil.' 'Cidh ón, gá bás fogébha?' ar Suibhne. 'Ní hansa,' ar Alladhán, '.i. rachad anois go hEs nDubhthaigh 7 cuirfidhther athach gaeithe fum ann 7 romc[h]uirther¹ 'san es mé² go rombaiter ann 7 nomadhnaither iarsin i relic fhíreóin 7 foghebh nemh, conadh í sin crioch mo bheathadh-sa, 7, a Suiune,' ar Alladhán, 'innis damh-sa cia haidhedh notbéra fadhéin?' Ro-innis Suibhne dhó iarum febh atféd an sgél síosana. Rosgarsat lasodhain 7 rotríall an Breathnach go hEs nDubhthaigh 7 o rainic an t-es robaidedh ann é.

51 [90 b] Tainic iarumh Suibhne reimhe dochum nErenn co ttarla i ndíuidh laoi é go Magh Line i nUltaibh 7 o tuc aithne ar an magh atbert: Maith éimh cách aga rabhadus-[s]a ar an magh sa,' ar sé, '.i. Congal Cláon mac Sgannláin 7 fos,' ar se, 'ropudh maith an magh sa ina rabhamar ann. Robhadhus-[s]a 7 Congal la forsan magh sa; co n-ébart-sa fris: 'Rob áil damh dol dochum tigerna eile,' ar laghad mo thuarastail aigi-siomh, conadh annsin dorad-som dhamh-sa ar oirisiumh aicci tri choega each n-aluinn n-allmharda imon each donn robhói aigi budhdhein 7 tri chaoga calg ndéd ndreachsólos, caoca fermhogh 7 caoca banmhogh 7 ionar go n-or 7 fúathrog bhuilidh bhreacsról.' Conadh ann atbert Suibhne an dán so ann go léig :

note of a cormorant, or the flight of a woodcock from a branch, the whistle or sound of a plover on being woke from its sleep, or the sound of withered branches being broken, or shall see the shadow of a bird above the wood, let him who shall first hear warn and tell the other; let there be the distance of two trees between us; and if one of us should hear any of the before-mentioned things or anything resembling them, let us fly quickly away thereafter.'

50 They do so, and they were a whole year together. At the end of the year Ealladhan said to Suibhne: 'It is time that we part to-day, for the end of my life has come, and I must go to the place where it has been destined for me to die.' 'What death shall you die?' said Suibhne. 'Not difficult to say,' said Ealladhan; 'I go now to Eas Dubhthaigh, and a blast of wind will get under me and cast me into the waterfall so that I shall be drowned, and I shall be buried afterwards in a churchyard of a saint, and I shall obtain Heaven; and that is the end of my life. And, O Suibhne,' said Ealladhan, 'tell me what your own fate will be.' Suibhne then told him as the story relates below. At that they parted and the Briton set out for Eas Dubhthaigh, and when he reached the waterfall he was drowned in it.

51 Suibhne then came to Ireland and at the close of day he arrived at Magh Line in Ulster. When he recognized the plain he said: 'Good in sooth was he with whom I sojourned on the plain, even Congal Claon, son of Scannlan, and good moreover was the plain on which we were. One day Congal and I were there and I said to him: 'I would fain go to another master,' because of the meagre recompense I received from him. Whereat, in order that I might stay with him, he gave me thrice fifty beautiful, foreign steeds together with his own brown steed, and thrice fifty gleaming, tusk-hilted swords, fifty bondsmen, and fifty bondsmaids, a tunic with gold and a splendid girdle of chequered silk. Thereupon Suibhne recited this poem :

52 'I Muigh Line itu-sa anocht,
 atgeóghuinn¹ mo chroidhe taobhnocht,
 is atgeoin misi an magh
 i mbidh mo šeisi Conghal.

Feacht rombá-sa² is Congal Claon
 sunn ar an muigh-si maráon,
 ag dul a nDruim Lorgan láin
 doronsamar sist chomhráidh.

Adubhart-sa ris an righ,
 ba talach (?) ar thairisi,³
 as ail damh dul ar astar,
 as beg lem mo thúarastal.

Rugus-[s]a úadh mar asgaidh
 tri cháoga each n-adhastair,
 tri chaoga claireamh tren tailc,
 caoga gall, caoga ionnaitl.

Rugus-[s]a úadh an t-each donn
 as ferr dosir fér is fonn,
 rucus a ionar go n-ór
 is a fuathrog do breacsról.

Ga magh is fiú Magh Lini
 acht in magh ata i Midhe,
 no Magh Femhin co lion cros,
 no an mag itá i nAirgeadros ?

No Magh Feadha, no Magh Luirg,
 no Magh nAoi co n-áille uird,
 no Magh Life, no Magh Lí,
 no an magh ita i Muirtheimhní ?

52 'In Magh Line I am to-night,
my bare breast knows it ;
I know too the plain
wherein dwelt my mate Congal.'

Once upon a time Congal Claon and I
were here in the plain together ;
as we were going to plenteous Druim Lurgain,
we made converse for a while.

Said I to the king—

—
'I am fain to depart
too little do I deem my recompense.'

I got from him as a gift
thrice fifty bridled steeds,
thrice fifty strong swords,
fifty foreigners and fifty handmaidens.

I got from him the brown steed,
the best that sped over meadow and sward ;
I got his golden tunic
and his girdle of chequered silk.

What plain is a match for Magh Line,
unless it be the plain that is in Meath,
or Magh Femin of many crosses,
or the plain that is in Airgeadros ?

Or Magh Feadha, or Magh Luirg,
or Magh Aei with beauty of rank,
or Magh Life, or Magh Li,
or the plain that is in Murthemne ?

Do neoch atchonnarc-sa riamh
 edir thúaidh, thes is thíar,
 nocha nfaca-sa⁴ go se
 a macsamlha an muigi-se.' A magh.

53 A haithle na laoidhi sin tainic Suibhne roime co Glenn mBolcáin 7 robhúi aga chúartugudh co ttarla bengheilt dó ann. Teichidh-siumh roimpi 7 ara áoi sin tuigedh gurab ar gealtacht robháoi an bhen 7 iompaighis ría. Teichidh sisi reimhi-sium ainnsein. 'Uchán a Dhé' ar Suibhne, 'as trúagh an bhetha sa .i. misi ag teichedh ríasan ngealtóig 7 sisi ag teichedh róm-sa ar lar Ghlinne Bolcáin ; 'is ionmuin eim an t-ionad eisidhen';¹ co n-ebairt :

54 ' Misgais, maig duine dobheir,
 ni má cin 's ni má roghain,
 cidh ben dobéra, cidh fer,
 ni roiset an dís naoimhneamh.

Ni minic bhíos cumann trír
 gan duine fo¹ fhodhord dibh,
 droigni is drisi romc[h]oirb
 conadh misi an fer fodhoird.

Gealtóig ar² teichedh a fir,
 gidhedh as sgél n-anaithnidh,
 fer gan meither is gan bhróig
 ag teichedh ríasan ngealtóig.

Ar mían o thigid cadhain
 gusan mbealltine ar samhuin,
 in gach coill cheir gan tacha
 bheith i ccrannuibh eadhneacha.

52—4 nfaca K

53—1—1 sic K ; 7 is ionmuin eimh eisidhén 7 in t-ionad gealtachta B

Of all that I have ever seen
 both north and south and west,
 I have not yet beheld
 the peer of this plain.'

53 After that lay Suibhne came on to Glen Bolcain, and he was wandering through it when he encountered a mad woman. He fled before her and yet he divined that she was in a state of madness, and he turned towards her. At that she fled before him. 'Alas, O God!' said Suibhne, 'wretched is this life; here am I fleeing from the crazy woman and she fleeing from me in the midst of Glen Bolcain; dear in sooth is that place'; whereupon he said :

54 'Woe to him who bears enmity,
 would that he had not been born or brought forth!
 whether it be a woman or a man that bear it,
 may the two not reach holy Heaven !

Seldom is there a league of three
 without one of them murmuring;
 blackthorns and briars have torn me
 so that I am the murmurer.

A crazy woman fleeing from her man—
 however, it is a strange tale—
 a man without clothes, without shoes,
 fleeing before the woman.

Our desire when the wild ducks come
 at Samhuin, up to May-day,
 in each brown wood without scarcity
 to be in ivy-branches.

Uisce Ghlinne Bolcáin báin,
 éisteacht re a énlaith n-iomláin,
 a šrotha millsi nach mall,³
 a innsi agus a abhann.

A chuilenn cliuthar 's a choill,
 a duille, a dreasa, a dercoinn,
 a sméra áille uagha,
 a chna, a airne ionnúara.

Iomad a chúan fo *chrannuibh*,
 búireadhach a dhamh n-allaidh,⁴
 a uisci iodhan gan gheis,
 ni liom-sa roba miosgais.' M.

55 Luidh iarum Suibhne gusin bhail ina raibhi Eorann
 co rothoiris ar fordhorus in tighe i mbói an riogan cona
 banntracht, conadh ann adbert: 'Sádhail sin, a Eorann,' ar
 sé, 'cidh anšádhail damh-sa.' 'As fíor,' ar Eorann, '7 táir-si'
 asteach, ar sí. 'Ni raghadt éimh,' ar Suibhne, 'ar nach gabat²
 in sluagh imchumhang an toighi form.' 'Dar liom,' ar an
 inghen, 'nocha nferr do chiall [91 a] ar gach ló da ttig dhuit 7
 ó nach áil duit anadh aguinn,' ar sí, 'dena imtecht 7 na háitigh
 chugainn idir, doigh is nar³ linn t'fhaicsin fon deilbh sin dona
 dáoinibh atchonncatar thú fod dheilbh fé[i]n.' 'Truagh éimh
 sin,' air Suibhne, 'as maирg dobheir taobh re mnáoi tar eis
 na mbriathar sin. Uair ba maith mo chummaoin-si ar an
 mnáoi romfúagránn samhlaidh, dóigh tucus inn-aonló dhi tri
 chaoga bó 7 caoga each, 7 da madh é an la romharbhus
 Oilill Cédach, rí Ua fFhaoláin, robadh maith lé mh'fhaicsin-si';
 gonadh ann adbert annso síos :

Water of bright Glen Bolcain,
 listening to its many birds ;
 its melodious, rushing streams,
 its islands and its rivers.

Its sheltering holly and its hazels,
 its leaves, its brambles, its acorns,
 its delicious, fresh berries,
 its nuts, its refreshing sloes.

The number of its packs of hounds in woods,
 the bellowing of its stags,
 its pure water without prohibition ;
 'tis not I that hated it.'

55 Thereafter Suibhne went to the place where Eorann was and stood at the outer door of the house wherein were the queen and her womenfolk, and then he said : 'At ease art thou, Eorann, though ease is not for me.' 'True,' said Eorann, 'but come in,' said she. 'In sooth I will not,' said Suibhne, 'lest the army pen me in the house.' 'Methinks,' said the woman, 'no better is your reason from day to day, and since you do not wish to stay with us,' said she, 'go away and do not visit us at all, for we are ashamed that you should be seen in that guise by people who have seen you in your true guise.' 'Wretched in sooth is that,' said Suibhne, 'woe to him who trusts a woman after these words. For great was my kindness to the woman who dismisses me thus, seeing that on one day I gave her thrice fifty cows and fifty steeds ; and if it were the day I slew Oilill Cedach, king of the Ui Faolain, she would have been glad to see me' ; whereupon he said :

56 ' Maирg fa ttabhraid mna menma
cia bheith d'feabhus a ndealbha,
an tan as e Suibne Geilt
na fuair cuibhdhe dá cheidseirc.

As maирg dobheir taobh re mnáibh
cidh a n-oidhchibh, cidh i lláibh,
cidh bed bhes ina n-inne
d'aithle meabhla Eorainne.¹

Maith mo chummáoin ar an mnáoi,
gan fordal, gan iomargháoi,
tarraidh diom tri cháoga bó
la cáoga each a n-áonló.

Antan dobhinn isin bfeidhm
nocha n-iomghabhainn ceitheirn,
ait ina mbiodh treas no troid
robsam comhlann do thriochaid.

Rofhíarfaidh Congal, céim nglan,
din inar n-óccaibh Uladh,
cuich úaibh dhiongbhus isin chath
Oilill Cédach comhromhach ?

Allata, fergach an fer,
adhbháil a sgíath is a šleagh,
dorat i socht seal an slógh,
an fer difreagra, dímhór.

Adubhart-sa ar láimh *Chongail*,
noc[h]arbh áithesg fir omhnaigh,
dingébhád-sa Oilill oll
gidh tren tar chách a chomhlonn.

56—1 This stanza is taken from K, it does not occur in B

2 ngal K

56 'Woe to those who strike women's fancy,
however excellent their form,
since Suibhne Geilt
has got no sympathy from his first love.'

And woe to him who trusts in women
whether by night or by day,
whatever be in their minds,
after the treachery of Eorann.

Good was my kindness to the woman—
without guile, without deceit—
she got from me thrice fifty cows
and fifty steeds in one day.

When I was in the conflict
I would not avoid an armed band ;
where there was a fight or a tussle
I was a match for thirty.

Rightly did Congal ask
of us Ulster warriors :
'which of you will repel in battle
Oilill Cedach the combative ?'

Wild and angry the man,
huge his shield and his spear,
he stilled for a time the host,
the matchless, huge man.

Said I at Congal's side—
it was not the response of a timid man—
'I will ward off mighty Oilill,
though hard beyond all is it to encounter him.'

Rofhágbhus Oilill gan chenn
 agus robudh lánmhaith leam,
 torchradar leam imalle
 cuig mic rígh Muige Mairge.' Mairg.

57 Rothógaibh Suibhne uimi lasodhain co hétrom imísiol
 æerdha do¹ ind gach aird 7 do tulmhoing gacha tulchi for
 araill co riacht Benna Boirche fodhes. Roghabh fós isin
 maighin sin, co n-ebairt: ' Maith in t-ionadh geilte so,' ar
 sé, 'acht namá ni hionadh eatha, blechta no bídh é, acht is
 ionadh anforusta anšocair 7 ni díon ar dhoininn na ar
 dherthan bheith ann, gidh ionadh urartt aoibhinn é'; gonadh
 and adbert na briathra so sios cco léig :

58 ' Fuar anocht Benna Boirche,
 as ionadh flir anfhoirfe,
 ni hionadh bidh na blechta,
 re sín is re sírsnechta.

As fuar mo leabaidh oidche
 a mullach Bheinne Boirche,
 am fann, nimfulaing édach
 ar chrann chuilinn crúaidhghéagach.

O romgeibh fúacht isind aigh¹
 tigim go háith 'na aghaidh,
 beirim daiger don gháith ghle
 dar leirg Laigen Laogha[i]re.

Glenn Bolcáin an tobair gloin,
 as e mh'árus re hanmoin,
 o thicc lá Samhna, o teid sam,
 as é mh'árus re hanadh.

57—1 *sic* K dhó B

58—1 aig B

Headless I left Oilill,
and right glad was I thereat ;
by me also there fell
five sons of the king of Magh Mairge.'

57 Thereupon Suibhne rose lightly, stealthily, airily, from the point of every height and from the summit of one hill to another until he reached Benn Boirche in the south. In that place he rested saying : ' This is a spot for a madman, but yet no place is it for corn or milk or food ; it is an uncomfortable, unquiet place, nor has it shelter against storm or shower, though it is a lofty, beautiful place,' whereupon he uttered these words :

58 ' Cold to-night is Benn Boirche,
'tis the abode of a blighted man ;
no place is it for food or milk,
nor in storm and endless snow.

Cold is my bed at night
on the summit of Benn Boirche ;
I am weak, no raiment covers me
on a sharp-branching holly-tree.

When cold has gripped me in the ice
I move sharply against it,
I give fire to the glinting wind
blowing over the plain of Laoghaire's Leinster.

Glen Bolcain of the clear spring,
it is my dwelling to abide in ;
when Samhuin comes, when summer goes,
it is my dwelling where I abide.

Gacha sirinn thíar is toir
 seachnóin ghlenntadh *Glanamhraigh*,
 bidh sion cruidhsechta im cheann,
 i ndion úairghealta Eirenn.

As é sin mo ghleann grádha,
 as é m'ferann comhdhála,
 as é mo dún riogh re roinn,
 as é mo dion ar dhoininn.

As é sin m'fulang oidhche :
 cnúasach mo da *chrobb* choidhche,
 benoim a ndoiribh doirchibh
 do luibibh, do lántoirthibh.

Mian lium na mó[n]ainn co mbloidh,
 at millsi na maothnatoin
 fothlac[h]t, femar, as mían damh,
 an lus bian is an biorar.

Ubhla, caora, cna cuill chain,
 sméra, dercain do dharaigh,
 subha craobh, is fíach féile,
 sgeachóra scíach scenbhgére.

Siomsán, samhadh, creamhlus cain
 agus bior[o]ráin bharrghlain,
 benuidh dhiom géire malle,
 dercain sléibhe, bun melle.

Meisi i ferann għlas *nach* glenn,
 a Christ, ni rochomhraceam,
 ni fhuil mo dual-sa re a dul
 acht² gidhim fúar-sa, is fúar-sum.' Fuar anocht.

Wheresoever I might wander west and east
 throughout Glanamhrach's glens
 the biting snowstorm is in my face,
 for shelter of the chilly madman of Erin.

That is my beloved glen,
 my land of foregathering,
 my royal fortress that has fallen to my share,
 my shelter against storm.

For my sustenance at night
 I have all that my hands glean
 in dark oak-woods
 of herbs and plenteous fruit.

I love the precious bog-berries,
 they are sweeter than . . .
 brooklime, sea-weed, they are my desire,
 the *lus bian* and the watercress.

Apples, berries, beautiful hazel-nuts,
 blackberries, acorns from the oak-tree,
 raspberries, they are the due of generosity,
 haws of the prickly-sharp hawthorn.

wood-sorrels, goodly wild garlic,
 and clean-topped cress,
 together they drive hunger from me,
 mountain acorns, *melle* root.

I in a green land that is not a glen,
 O Christ, may I never reach it !
 it is not my due to be there ;
 but though I am cold, it also is cold.¹

¹ See Notes.

59 [91 b] Tainic-siumh roimhe isin maidin arnamhárach co Magh Feimin, luid aisséin co Sionainn *sruthghlain* sriobhúaine, asséin co hEchtge n-aird n-uraoibhinn, aisséin co feronn mionghlas móirédrocht Maenmhúighe, aisséin co *sruth* sáoraluinn Suca, aissein go himlibh Locha soileathain Ríbh. *Gabhaidh* iaromh fos 7 comhnaidhe i nglaic Bhile Tiobradáin¹ i cCrích Gháille i n-oirther Connacht in oidhche sin. Dá mhennataibh disli-siom i nErinn an t-ionadh sin. Rogabh tuisri mor 7 muichneachus é, conadh ann adbert : 'As mor eimh,' ar sé, 'do imnedh 7 do dhocomhul rochésus conuige so, ba fúar mh'ionadh aréir. i. i mullach Bheinne Boirche 7 ní nemhfhuaire mh'ionadh anocht a nglaic Bhile Tiobradáin.'

60 Úair is amhlaidh robhói an oidhchi sin, ag *cur* śnechta 7 an mhéd nocuredh noreodadh *fachetoir* a haithli a chuir, conadh ann adbert-somh : 'Mo chubhais éimh,' ar sé, 'as mor do dhocruibh rofhuilnges-[s]a, o rofhás mo chluimh gus anocht. Rofheadar,' ar sé, 'cidh bás foghebhainn de, robadh ferr dhamh taobh do thabhairt re dáoinibh ina na docra-sa do fhulang do ghrés ;' gonadh ann adbert an laoidh ag tabairt a dhocra os áird :

61 'Mor múich attú-sa anocht,
rotreaghd mo chorp an gháoth ghlan,
toll mo throighthiu, glas mo ghrúadh,
a Dhé mhóir, atá a dhúal damh.

I mBeinn Bhoirche dhamh aréir,
romt[h]uaирg bráoin in Echtga úair,
anocht robhreatait¹ mo bhoill
i nglaic chroinn i nGaille ghlúair.

Rofhuilnges mor ttreas gan tlás
o rofhás clúmh ar mo chorp,
ar gach n-oidhche is ar gach ló
as mó sa mhó fhuilghim d'olc.

59 On the morning of the morrow Suibhne came on to Magh Femhin, thence he fared to the limpid, green-streamed Shannon, thence to lofty, beautiful Aughtry, thence to the smooth-green, bright land of Maenmagh, thence to the noble and delightful river Suck, thence to the shores of spreading Lough Ree. That night he made his resting-place in the fork of Bile Tiobradain in Crich Gaille in the east of Connaught. That was one of his beloved places in Ireland. Great sorrow and misery came upon him, whereupon he said : 'Great in sooth is the trouble and anxiety I have suffered hitherto ; cold was my dwelling-place last night on the summit of Benn Boirche, nor less cold is my dwelling-place to-night in the fork of Bile Tiobradain.'

60 For it was snowing that night and as fast as the snow fell it was frozen, whereupon he said : 'My conscience ! great is the suffering I have endured from the time my feathers have grown until to-night. I know,' said he, 'that though I might meet my death therefrom, it were better that I should trust people than suffer these woes forever.' Thereupon he recited the poem proclaiming aloud his woes :

61 'I am in great grief to-night,
the pure wind has pierced my body ;
wounded are my feet, my cheek is wan,
O great God ! it is my due.'

Last night I was in Benn Boirche,
the rain of chilly Aughtry beat on me ;
to-night my limbs are racked
in the fork of a tree in pleasant Gaille.

I have borne many a fight without cowardice
since feathers have grown on my body ;
each night and each day
more and more do I endure ill.'

Romc[h]raidh sioc, sion nach súairc,
 romt[h]uaирг snechta ar Sleibh mhic Sin,
 anocht romgeoghain an gháeth
 gan *fraech* Ghlenна Bolcáin bil.

Utmhall mh'imirce in gach íath,
 domráacht bheith gan chéill gan chonn,
 do Muigh Line for Muigh Lí,
 do Muigh Lí for Life lonn

Saighim dar seghais Sleibhi Fúaid,
 rigim im rúaig co Raith Móir,
 dar Magh nAoi, dar Magh Luirc luinn
 rigim co cuirr *Chruacháin* chóir.

O Sliabh Cúa, ni turus tais,
 riccim go Glais Gháille ghrinn,
 o Ghais Gháille, gidh céim cían,
 riccim soir go Slíabh mBreagh mbinn.

Dúairc an bhetha bheith gan teach,
 as truagh an bhetha, a Chriosd chain,
 sásadh biorair bairrghlais búain,
 deogh uisce fhúair a glais ghlain.

Tuisledh do bharraibh chraobh ccrion,
 imthecht aitin, gniom gan gháoi,
 seachna daoine, *cumann* cúan,
 coimhrith re damh rúadh dar raei.

Feis oidhche gan chluimh a ccoill
 i mullach croinn dosaigh dhlúith,
 gan coisteacht re guth ná glór,
 a mhic Dé, is mór an mhúich.

Frost and foul storm have wrung my heart,
snow has beaten on me on Sliabh mic Sin;
to-night the wind has wounded me,
without the heather of happy Glen Bolcain.

Unsettled is my faring through each land,
it has befallen me that I am without sense or reason,
from Magh Line to Magh Li,
from Magh Li to the impetuous Liffey.

I pass over the wooded brow of Sliabh Fuaid,
in my flight I reach Rathmor,
across Magh Aoi, across bright Magh Luirg,
I reach the border of fair Cruachan.

From Sliabh Cua—no easy expedition—
I reach pleasant Glais Gaille;
from Glais Gaille, though a long step,
I arrive at sweet Sliabh Breagh to the east.

Wretched is the life of one homeless,
sad is the life, O fair Christ!
a meal of fresh, green-tufted watercress,
a drink of cold water from a clear stream.

Stumbling from withered tree-tops,
faring through furze—deed without falsehood—
shunning mankind, keeping company with wolves,
racing with the red stag over the field.

Sleeping of nights without covering in a wood
in the top of a thick, bushy tree,
without hearing voice or speech;
O Son of God, great is the misery!

Reithim rúaig re beinn co báoth,
uathadh rotráoth a los lu,²
dosgarus rem c[h]ruth gan clodh,
a mhic Dé, is móir an mhúich.' Mór.

62 'Cidh fil ann atrá,'¹ ar sé, 'acht cidh é Domhnall mac Aodha nommhuirfedh raghad dochum Dál Araidhe 7 dobhér taobh rem dháoinibh fodhéin 7 mun beith² cailleach an mhuilinn d'attach Christ frim im šist leimenndaigh do dhenumh dhi [92 a] ni rachainn ar an aithghealtacht.'

63 Tainic taom da cheill do annsin 7 doluidh roime ar amus a thíre do thabairt taobha re a muintir 7 do anmhuin aca. Rofoillsigedh do Ronán an tan sin a chiall do tuidhecht do Suibhne 7 a bheith ag dul chum a thíre d'anadh eiter a mhuintir, co n-ebairt Ronán: 'Aitchim-si an Righ uasal uilechumhachtach nar fféde¹ se an t-ingrinntidh sin do ionnsaighe na heagailsi dia hingreim doridhisi amail dorighni fecht n-aill 7 an t-inneachadh tuc Día fair a ndiogail a dhimhiadha-somh for a mhuintir na raibe furtacht na fóiridhin dhó dhe co roscara a anam fri a chorp, ar dháigh na tiobhra a aithghin oilé do ingrinntidh dia éis sár no dimigin for an ccoimdigh nach for a mhuintir itir.'

64 Roéisd Dia itchi Rónáin, uair antan táic Suibhne co medhón Sléibhe Fúaid rochobhsaidh a cheim annsin co ttárfás taidhbhsí n-iongnadh dhó annsin a medhónoidhchi i. méidhedha maoilderga 7 cinn gan cholla 7 cúig cinn gaoisidecha, gairbhlíatha, gan chorp, gan cholainn etarra, ag sianghail 7 ag leimnigh¹ imon sligidh anond 7 anall. Antan rosiacht-somh etarra rochúalaidh ag comhradh iad 7 is edh adberdís: 'Geilt é,' ar an céitíenn. 'Gelt Ultach,' ar an dara cenn. 'A lenmhain co maith,' ar an treas cenn. 'Gurab fada an lenmhain,' ar an cethramadh cenn. 'Nogo ría

61—2 leg. lúith

62—1 tra acht K

2 muna mbeith K

63—1 leigedh K

64—1 grechaigh L

Foolishly I race up a mountain-peak
alone, exhausted by dint of vigour;
I have parted from my faultless shape;
O Son of God, great is the misery !

62 'Howbeit,' said he, 'even if Domhnall son of Aodh were to slay me, I will go to Dal Araide and I will entrust myself to my own people, and if the mill-hag had not invoked Christ against me so that I might perform leaps for her awhile, I would not have gone again into madness.'

63 A gleam of reason came to him then, and he set out towards his country to entrust himself to his people and abide with them. At that time it was revealed to Ronan that Suibhne had recovered his reason and that he was going to his country to abide among his folk; whereupon Ronan said: 'I entreat the noble, almighty King that that persecutor may not be able to approach the church to persecute it again as he once did, and, until his soul has parted from his body, may there be no help or relief to him from the vengeance which God inflicted on him in revenge for the dishonour done to His people, so that no other like tyrant after him may inflict outrage or dishonour on the Lord or on His people.'

64 God heard Ronan's prayer, for when Suibhne came to the centre of Sliabh Fuaid he stopped still there, and a strange apparition appeared to him at midnight; even trunks, headless and red, and heads without bodies, and five bristling, rough-grey heads without body or trunk among them, screaming and leaping this way and that about the road. When he came among them he heard them talking to each other, and this is what they were saying: 'He is a madman, said the first head; 'a madman of Ulster,' said the second head; 'follow him well,' said the third head; 'may the pursuit be long,' said the fourth head; 'until he reaches the

fairrge,' ar an cuigedh cenn. Noseirgheatt a n-áoinfeacht chuige. Rostógaibh-siumh uime rempa tar gach muine díá aroile 7 geruó mor an glenn nobhiodh roimhe ni thaidhledh-somh é, acht nolingedh don bhord co aroile de 7 do bheinn na tulchi for araill.

65 Ba lór immorro d'úathbhás, do grec[h]ach 7 golfortach, sianghal 7 sioréighemh, sestán 7 seiseilbhe na ccenn ina dhiaidh-siumh ga tharrachtain 7 ga threntogram. Ba hé treisi 7 tinnesnaighe na tograma sin co lingdís na cinn da oircnibh 7 da iosgadaibh 7 da lesrach 7 da slinnénibh 7 do chlais a chuil, co mba samhalta leisiumh 7 bloisgbheim buinne¹ dilionn do ucht airdsléibhe seisbheimneach gach cinn for aroile dhiobh 7 comhthuairgnech uile fri sleasaibh crann 7 fria cennuibh carrag le lar 7 re lántalmain, co nár ansat de co ndeachaidh re néllaibh uretroma áeoir uatha.²

66 Roscarsat ris iarsin edir chenn ghabhair 7 cenn *chon*, uair andar lais bádar sidhe a ttréchumusc na ccenn n-oile ina lenmuin. Ba neimhthni¹ faoinneal no folúamhuin da raibhi fair-siumh ina haithfheghadh riamh roimhe sin, uair ni thairisedh eadh lasa n-ioihadh digh co cenn trí choicthidhisi ina dhíaidh sin, go ttarla aen na n-oidhche² é i mullach Sléibhe Eidhneach,³ *gur* ro-oiris i mbárr chroinn ann eadh na hoidhche sin co madain. Roghabh ag eccacine móir annsin ; conadh *edh* roráidh : 'Olc eimh atáthar agom anocht a haithle na caillighe 7 na ccenn ar Slíabh Fúaid,' ar se, 'acht chena as cóir mo ueth amail atú, uair sochaidhe risa ndernus fe[i]n olc ;' conadh ann adbert :

67 'Eccáointeach atú-sa anocht,
am tuirseach truagh, am taobhnocht,
da bfesdáois form na dáoine
fil damh damhna eccáoine.

65—1 baindi K 2 uathadh BK

66—1 tra add. K 2 aen do n-oidchibh K 3 Aidneach K

sea,' said the fifth head. They rose forth together towards him. He soared aloft in front of them (passing) from thicket to thicket, and no matter how vast was the glen before him he would not touch it, but would leap from one edge of it to another, and from the summit of one hill to the summit of another.

65 Great in sooth was the terror, the crying and wailing, the screaming and crying aloud, the din and tumult of the heads after him as they were clutching and eagerly pursuing him. Such were the force and swiftness of that pursuit that the heads leaped on his calves, his houghs, his thighs, his shoulders, and the nape of his neck, so that the impact of head against head, and the clashing of all against the sides of trees and the heads of rocks, against the surface and the earth, seemed to him like the rush of a wild torrent from the breast of a high mountain ; nor did they cease until he escaped from them into the filmy clouds of the sky.

66 Then they parted from him, both goat-heads and dog-heads—for it seemed to him that these were all intermingled with the other heads pursuing him. The wandering and flying which he had ever before done were as nothing in comparison with this, for he would not rest long enough to take a drink to the end of three fortnights after that until he came one night to the summit of Sliabh Eidhneach ; that night he rested there on the top of a tree until morning. He then began lamenting grievously; whereupon he said : 'Wretched indeed is it with me to-night after the hag and the heads on Sliabh Fuaid, and yet it is right that I should be as I am, because of the many to whom I myself have done harm'; whereupon he said :

67 'Mournful am I to-night,
I am sad and wretched, my side is naked,
if folk but knew me
I have cause for lament.

Reod, sioc, sneachta agus síon
agum thíúargain tre bhith síor,
mo beith gan teini, gan tech
a mullach Sléibhe Eidhneach.

Teach móir agum is ben mhaith,
adeireadh cách robsum flaith,
as é a[s] ruire 'sas rí
antí domrad¹ i neimhthní. [92 b]

Cidh 'ma ttuc Dia me asan ccath
nach bfrith ann neach dom mharbadh,
suil dobheinn eing a n-eing
agus cailleach an mhuilinn ?

Cailleach an mhuilinn 'ga toigh,
mallacht Crist ar a hanmoin,
mairg dorad taobh risin ccrín,
mairg da ttaratt a choinmhír.

Robhaoi Loingseachán ar m'eing
tre gach díthreabh² a nÉirinn,
go romchealg chuigi don chraobh
tan adfett ég mo macáoinmh.

Domrad-sa leis 'san teach mor,
ait a mbáoi an slúagh ac comhól,
as romc[h]engal thiar 'san tseit
aghaidh d'aghaidh rem chétseirc.

Sluagh an toighe gan táire
ag cluithe is ag gáire,
meisi com muintir is toigh
ag surdlaigh, ag lemendoigh.

Frost, ice, snow, and storm,
forever scourging me,
I without fire, without house,
on the summit of Sliabh Eidhneach.

I have a mansion and a good wife,
everyone would say that I was a prince ;
'tis He who is Lord and King
has wrought my downfall.

Wherefore did God rescue me from the battle
that no one was found there to slay me,
rather than that I should go step by step
with the hag of the mill ?

The hag of the mill at her house,
Christ's curse on her soul !
woe whosoever has trusted the hag !
woe to whom she has given his dog's portion !

Loingseachan was on my track
throughout every wilderness in Erin,
until he lured me from the tree
what time he related my son's death.

He carried me into the great house
wherein the host was feasting,
and bound me behind in the house (?)
face to face with my first love.

The people of the house without reproach
playing games and laughing ;
I and my folk in the house
leaping and jumping.

Munbadh cailleach in tighi
 ni rachainn ar aithmhire,
 ro-ataigh rium³ Crist do nimh
 ar síst mbig do léimeandaigh.

Rolingius leim no dhá leim
 ar an athair nemhdha féin,
 adbert an chailleach 'ga toigh
 co lingfedh fé[i]n léim amhlaidh.

Rolinges leim oilé amach
 dar fíormhullach na cathrach,
 lúaithi ina deathach tre theach
 an teathadh rug an chailleach.

Rosirsium Éire uile
 o Thigh Duinn co Tráigh Ruire,
 otá an Traig co Benna mBrain,
 nir chuires diom an chailleach.

Eiter mhagh is mhóin is leirg
 dhiom nír chuires an crúaidhleidhb,
 gur lingedh lem an leim ngle
 do bheinn Dúine Sobhairce.

Ar sin rolinges fon dún
 agus nochar ceim ar ccúl,
 rugus isin bfairrge amach,
 rosfágbhus thall an chailleach.

Iarsin tangadar 'san tráigh
 muinter dhiabhairl 'na comhdháil
 agus roluaidhset a corp,
 maírg thír nErenn 'nar hadnocht.

Were it not for the hag of the house,
I would not have gone again into madness ;
she besought me by Christ of Heaven
to leap for her a little while.

I leaped a leap or two
for the sake of the Heavenly Father Himself ;
the hag at her house said
that even so could she herself leap.

Once more I leaped out
over the top of the fortress ;
swifter than smoke through a house
was the flight of the hag.

We wandered through all Erin,
from Teach Duinn to Traigh Ruire,
from Traigh Ruire to Benna Brain,
but the hag I did not elude.

Through plain and bog and hillside
I escaped not from the slattern
until she leaped with me the famous leap
to the summit of Dun Sobairce.

Thereafter I leaped down the *dun*,
nor did I step back,
I went out into the sea,
yonder I left the hag.

There came then to the strand
the devil's crew to meet her,
and they bore away her body ;
woe to the land of Erin in which it was buried !

Feacht roluighes arⁱ Slíabh Fúaid
i n-oidhchi duib dhorchi dhuairc,
co bfaca coig cinn 'san ccnoc
arna n-oirleach inn-áonport.⁵

Adubhairt cenn dibh 'na ruth,
rium-sa roba garb an guth,
'geilt Ultach, lendar libh dhe,
co ría romhaibh i bfairrge.'

Rorethus rompa an ród
is nír fuirmhess troig ar fód,⁶
eiter chenn gabhair is con,
ann roghabhsat malloghadh.

Cóir cíá rogheibhinn-si olc,
mor n-oidhchi rolinges loch,
móir do rosgaibh ban mbáidhe
doradus fo eccaoine.' Ecc.

68 Aroile aimsir do Suibhne i Luachair Dheadhadh for a bhaeithreimennaibh baoisi ; luid assidhén ina réimimh roi ghealtachta go ranic Fiodh glansrot[h]ach gégalloinn Gaible. Báoi bliadhain an du sin 7 as edh fa bíadh dhó frisin mbliadhoin sin .i. caor[a] croiderga crúandatha cuilinn 7 dercoin darach dubhdhuinne 7 deogh d'uisci na Gabhla, .i. an abhann on ainmnighthir an fiadh, conadh ann roghabh tuisri trom 7 dobrón derbháir antí Suibhni i bforcenn na ré sin tre olcus a bhethadh, conadh ann adbert an laoidh mbig si :

69 'Ochán, as meisi Suibhne,
mo chorpań as lor mairbhe,
gan ceol, gan codladh choidhche
acht osnadh ghaoit[h]e gairbe.

Once as I passed over Sliabh Fuaid
on a dark, black, gloomy night,
on the hill I beheld five heads,
having been cut off in one place.

Said one of them of a sudden—
harsh was the voice to me—
'a madman of Ulster, follow him
so that you drive him before you to the sea.'

I sped before them along the path
and I set not foot on ground ;
both goat-head and dog-head
then began to curse.

'Tis right that I should get harm ;
many a night have I leaped a lake,
many eyes of fond women
have I made weep.'

68 On a certain occasion Suibhne happened to be in Luachair Deaghaidh on his wild career of folly ; he went thence in his course of madness until he reached Fiadh Gaibhle of clear streams and beautiful branches. In that place he remained a year and during that year his food consisted of blood-red, saffron holly-berries and dark-brown acorns, and a drink of water from the Gabhal, that is, the river from which the wood is named. At the end of that time deep grief and heavy sorrow took hold of Suibhne there because of the wretchedness of his life ; whereupon he uttered this little poem :

69 'I am Suibhne, alas !
my wretched body is utterly dead,
evermore without music, without sleep,
save the soughing of the rude gale.

Tanacc o Luachair Dheaghadh
co bruachaibh Feadha Gaibhle,
as í mo chuid, ni cheilim,
caora eidhinn, mes dairbhre.

Bliadhain dhamh isin mbeinn-si
isin deilbh-si ina bfuilim
gan biadh do dhul 'san corp-sa
acht caora corcra cuilinn.

As me geilt Glinni Bolcáin,
ni bhíu-sa ag ceilt mo dhochnáidh,¹
tairnicc anocht mo láthar,
ni 'damh nach ádhbhar ocháin. Ochán.

70 [93 a] Dorala dho-somh laithe n-áon techt co Druim Iaroinn i Connachtaibh co rochaith biorar barrghlas na cilli ar brú na tiobratta tonnghlaisi 7 ro-ibh ni dia huisge ina dheghaidh. Ro-eirigh cleirech amach asin ecclais 7 roghabh tnúth 7 trenformud frisin ngeilt é im thomhailt an tuara rothoimhleadh feisin 7 adbert gurbho socair sadal robhaoi Suibhne isin iubardhos íar mbuing¹ a phroinne de budhdhéin. 'Truagh eimh sin, a chléirigh,' ar Suibhne, 'uair as meisi dúil as ansádhaile 7 ansocra dogheibh a betha isin domun daigh ni thig tinneabhradh na toirrchim ar mo šuilibh ar úaman mo mharbhtha ; deithbhír són, dáigh is cuma noraghainn ar gealtacht ría slógaib na cruinne d'fhaicsin dom fhobairt a n-aoinfecht 7 re folúamain an dreolláin a áonar ; et a Dhé neimhe, a chléirigh,' ar Suibhne, 'nach bfuili-si im riocht-sa 7 meisi isin chongaibh crábaidh ittáoi-si, noco n-aithnicchedh th'aigneadh 7 th'inntinn nach gnáth dom aithghin-si no dom ionnshamail bheith co soinmech febh adbeiri-si' ; conadh annsin roghabh an cléirech tosach na laoidhe 7 rofshreagair Suibhne a deiredh, mar so :

69—1 dhochnaidh, altered later to dochráidh K

70—1 muing K

I have come from Luachair Deaghaidh
to the border of Fiodh Gaibhle,
this is my fare—I hide it not—
ivy-berries, oak-mast.

A year have I been on the mountain
in this form in which I am,
without food going into my body
save crimson holly-berries.

The madman of Glen Bolcain am I,
I shall not hide my gnawing grief ;
to-night my vigour has come to an end,
not to me is there no cause for grief.'

70 One day it happened that he went to Druim Iarainn in Connacht where he eat green-topped watercress of the church by the brink of the green-flecked well and he drank some of its water after. A cleric came out of the church and he was indignant and resentful towards the madman for eating the food which he himself used to eat, and he said that it was happy and contented Suibhne was in the yew-tree after taking his meal from himself. 'Sad in sooth is that (saying), O cleric,' said Suibhne, 'for I am the most discontented and unhappy creature in the world, for neither rest nor slumber comes on my eyes for fear of my being slain. That is natural, because I would equally go into madness at seeing the united hosts of the universe threatening me as at the flight of a single wren ; and, O God of Heaven ! cleric,' said Suibhne, 'that you are not in my place and I in the state of devotion in which you are, so that your mind and understanding might recognise that it is not usual for the like of me or for my counterpart to be happy as you say' ; whereupon the cleric recited the beginning of the poem and Suibhne responded (by reciting) the end, as follows :

71 [An clerech:] 'Sadha[i]l sin, a gealtagáin,
a mbarr na geige iubair
do leathtáobh mo mennatáin,
docait[h]is mo c[h]uid biolair.

[Suibhne:] Ni sadha[i]l mo bhetha-sa,
a chléirigh Droma hIaroind,
ata do mhéd m'eagla-sa
suil dom súilibh nach íadhaim.

Fir² domhain da bfaicinn-si
chugum, a fhir an cheóláin,
is comhmór dotheithfinn-si³
ríu is re heitil an dreolláin.

Truagh gan tusa im inmhe-si,
is meisi im chléirech chrábaidh,
no co ttuigedh th'inntinn-si
nach cerd geilte beith sáda[i]l.' Sádail.

72 Aroile laithe do Suibhne ag cúartugudh criche Connacht go hudmhall anbhsaidh go ttarla é fo dheoidh go hAll [Fh]arannáin a tTír Fhíachrach Mhúaidhe; glenn aloinn eisdhén, sruth aloinn sriobhúaine ag teibersain¹ co tinnesnach frisin all² anúas 7 bennachadh ann ina rabadar sénadh náomh 7 fíreó[i]n co hiomdha iolarrda, et ba hiomdha ann ámh crann caomhaloinn co ttoirthibh troma tóthachtacha isin all hisin. Ba hiomda ann eimh eidheann fiorchluthmar 7 aball cenntröm ag cromadh co talmain le troma a toraidh, ba cuma nobhíttis isin allt sin ois allta 7 miola muighe 7 muca móirthroma, ba hiomdha immorro rón roiremhar rochodladh ann tar éis techt o muir móir anall isin all² sin. Rosanntaigh Suibhne co mor an t-ionadh sin, go roghabh for adhmoladh 7 ag tabhairt a thúarusgbhála os aird; go ndébairt an laoidh-si:

71—1 bennatáin BK

2 an add K

3 doteichfinn-si K

72—1 tepersin K

2 aill K

71 The cleric: 'Thou art at ease, madman,
on the top of the yew-branch
beside my little abode,
thou hast eaten my watercress.'

Suibhne : My life is not one of ease,
O cleric of Druim Iarainn,
such is my fear
that I do not close an eye.

If I were to see the men of the world
coming to me, O man of the bell,
I would flee from them as fast
as at the flight of a wren.

Alas ! that thou art not in my place
and I a devout cleric,
so that thy mind might grasp
that it is not the accomplishment of a madman
to be at ease.'

72 One day as Suibhne was wandering aimlessly and restlessly through Connacht he came at last to All Fharannain in Tir Fhiachrach Mhuaide ; a delightful valley with a beautiful green-streamed river dropping swiftly down the cliff and a blessed place there wherein was a synod of saints and multitudes of righteous folk. Numerous too on that cliff were the beautiful trees, heavy and rich with fruits ; numerous also the well-sheltered ivy-trees and heavy-topped apple-trees bending to the ground with the weight of their fruit ; wild deer and hares and great, heavy swine were there also, likewise many fat seals that used to sleep on that cliff, after coming from the main beyond. Suibhne greatly coveted that place and he began praising and describing it aloud ; whereupon he uttered this lay :

73 'All [Fh]arannain, adhbha náomh,
co n-iomad call¹ caomh is cnúas,
uisge tinnesnach can tess
ag snige² re a chness anúas.

As iomdha ann eadhnech ghlass
agus meass re mberar³ geall
agus abhall chenntrom chaomh
ag filliudh a craobh fa cheann.

Imdha broc ag dol fa a dhíon,
ann is miol muighe nach mall,
is édan rionntanach⁴ róin
ag techt on muir moir anall.

Me Suibhne mac Colmáin chóir,
mor n-oidhchi reoidh bhim co fann,
romthruaill Rónán do Druim Gess,⁵
codlaim fa chraobh 'san ess tall.' All.

74 Tainic Suibhne roime fo dheóidh conuige an baile i
raibhe Moling i. Teach Moling. Ba hisin tan sin roboi
psaltair Chaoimhghin i ffiadnuise Moling aga dénamh do
lucht an aiceapta. [93 b] Tainic iarumh Suibhne for sraith
na tioprat¹ i fiadhnuisi an chléirigh 7 rogab ag ithe biorair.
'As moch-longadh sin, a ghealtagáin,' ar an cléirech ; conadh
ann adbert Moling 7 rofreagair Suibhne é :

75 [Moling:] Mochthráth¹ sin, a ghealtagáin,
re ceileabhradh cóir.

[Suibhne:] Gidh moch² leat-sa, a chlérecháin,³
tanic tert ag Róimh.

73—1 crann K 2 snaoidhe K 3 le a mberar K 4 roinnteach K
5 do Druim Gess K ; domhuiin B

73 'Cliff of Farannan, abode of saints,
with many fair hazels and nuts,
swift cold water
rushing down its side.'

Many green ivy-trees are there
and mast such as is prized,
and fair, heavy-topped apple-trees
bending their branches.

Many badgers going under its shelter
and fleet hares too,
and . . . brows of seals
coming hither from the main.

I am Suibhne son of upright Colman,
many a frosty night have I been feeble ;
Ronan of Druim Gess has outraged me,
I sleep 'neath a tree at yonder waterfall.'

74 At length Suibhne came along to the place where Moling was, even Teach Moling. The psalter of Kevin was at the time in front of Moling as he was reading it to the students. In the cleric's presence Suibhne then came to the brink of the fountain and began to eat watercress. 'O mad one, that is eating early,' said the cleric ; whereupon Moling spoke and Suibhne answered him :

75 Moling : 'An early hour is it, thou madman,
for due celebration.'

Suibhne : Though to thee, cleric, it may seem early,
terce has come in Rome.'

74—1 *sic* K ; *tioprait* B

75—1 *sic* K ; *Muchthrath* B

2 *sic* K ; *much* B

3 *cleirigain* K

[Moling :] Ga fios duit-si, a ghealtagáin,
cuin tig tert ag Róimh ?

[Suibhne :] Fios tig dhamh om Thigerna
gach madain 's gach nóin.

[Moling :] Innis tre rún ráitsighe
sgela Fíadhat finn.

[Suibhne :] Agut-sa ata an fháitsine
masa thí Moling.

[Moling :] Cidh tuc duit-si mh'aithni-si,
a gheilt ghníomach ghér ?

[Suibhne:] Minic me ar an fhaith[*ch*]i⁴-si
o rosaoi mo chéill.

[Moling :] Cidh na tairni a n-aonbhailli,
a mhic Colmáin Chúair ?

[Suibhne:] Ferr leam bheith a n-áonshuidhe
isin mbeathaidh bhúain.

[Moling :] A *thruaigh*, an ría t'anam-sa
ifrinn aidhbhle dos ?

[Suibhne :] Ni thabhair Día orum-sa
píán acht bheith gan fhos.

[Moling :] Glúais alle go ttormalla
cuid bhus milis lat.

[Suibhne :] Dá fhestá-sa, a chléirecháin,
doilghe bheith gan bhrat.

[Moling :] Béra-sa mo chochlán-sa
no béra mo leann.

[Suibhne :] Aniú gidh im c[*h*]rochbán⁵-sa
robá uair budh ferr.

Moling : How dost thou know, mad one,
when terce comes in Rome ?

Suibhne : Knowledge comes to me from my Lord
each morn and each eve.

Moling : Relate through the mystery of speech
tidings of the fair Lord.

Suibhne : With thee is the (gift of) prophecy
if thou art Moling.

Moling : How dost thou know me,
thou toiling, cunning madman ?

Suibhne : Often have I been upon this green
since my reason was overthrown.

Moling : Why dost thou not settle in one place,
thou son of Colman Cuar ?

Suibhne : I had rather be in one seat
in life everlasting.

Moling : Miserable one, will thy soul reach
hell with vastness of slime ?

Suibhne : God inflicts no pain on me
save being without rest.

Moling : Move hither that thou mayest eat
what thou deemest sweet.

Suibhne : If you but knew, cleric,
more grievous is it to be without a cloak.

Moling : Thou shalt take my cowl
or thou shalt take my smock.

Suibhne : Though to-day I am ghastly,
there was a time when it was better.

[Moling :] An tú an Suibhne sgáthaithe
tainic a cath Roth?

[Suibhne :] Mása mé, ní ráthaithe
cidh nomheilinn⁶ moch.

[Moling :] Canas tárla mh'aithni-si
duit, a ghealtáin ghéir?

[Suibhne :] Meinic mé ar an fhaithchi-si⁷
got fheithemh⁸ do chéin.

[Moling :] Aluinn duille an liubhair-si,
psaltair Cháoimhghin cháidh.

[Suibhne :] Aille duille mh'iubhair-si
i nGlinn Bolcáin báin.

[Moling :] Nach suairc leat-sa an relec-sa
ba scoil scíomhda dath?

[Suibhne :] Nirbh an síúarca mh'oirecht-sa
madain ar Muigh Rath.

[Moling :] Ragat-sa do cheileabhradh
go Glais Chille Cró.

[Suibhne :] Lingfet-sa crann eidhinngelan,
lem ard, is badh mó.

[Moling :] Saothrach dhamh 'san eglais-[s]i
ar cinn tren is trúagh.

[Suibhne :] Saothraighe mo leabaidh-si
i mBeinn Fhaibhni fhúar.

[Moling :] Cáit i ttig do⁹ šaogal-sa,
in a ccill no i loch?

[Suibhne :] Aeghaire dot æghairibh¹⁰
nommharbhann go moch.' Muchthrath.

75-6 nomelinn K 7 sic K; faithi-si B 8 go teithemh B; got
sheithiomh K 9 sic K; mo B 10 sic K; aedhaire dot aedhairibh B

Moling: Art thou the dreaded Suibhne
who came from the battle of Rath?

Suibhne: If I am, 'tis not to be guaranteed
what I might eat at early morn.

Moling: Whence has come my recognition,
cunning madman, to thee?

Suibhne: Often am I upon this green
watching thee from afar.

Moling: Delightful is the leaf of this book,
the psalter of holy Kevin.

Suibhne: More delightful is a leaf of my yew
in happy Glen Bolcain.

Moling: Dost thou not deem this churchyard pleasant
with its school of beautiful colours?

Suibhne: Not more unpleasant was my muster
the morning at Magh Rath.

Moling: I will go for celebration
to Glais Cille Cro.

Suibhne: I will leap a fresh ivy-bush
a high leap, and it will be a greater feat.

Moling: Wearisome is it to me in this church
waiting on the strong and weak.

Suibhne: More wearisome is my couch
in chilly Benn Faibhni.

Moling: Where comes thy life's end,
in church or lake?

Suibhne: A herd of thine
will slay me at early morn.'

76 'As mochen éimh do t[h]echt sonn, a Šuibhne,' ar Moling, 'ar atá a ndán duit bheith annso 7 do sáogal do thecht ann, do sgéla 7 th' imthechta d' fhágbáil sunn 7 th' adhnacal¹ i reilicc fíreóin, 7 naisgim-si fort,' ar Moling, 'gidh mor ſire² gach láoi d' Érinn techt gacha hespurtan³ chugum-sa go rosgriobhthar do sgéla lium.'

77 Iomthúsa na geilte iarsin ; robhaoi risin mbliadhain sin ag tathaighidh Moling. Roſoighedh lá n-ann co hInnis Bó Finni i n-iarthar Chonnacht, lá oilé co hEss rocháoin Rúaidh, lá oilé co Slábh mínláuinn Mis, lá oilé go Bendá biothfhúara Boirche ; gidbé diobh sin doſoighedh gach láoi noſritháiledh a n-espurtain gach n-oidhche co Teach Moling. Ro-ordaigh Moling proinn mbig dhó frisin ré sin, doigh adubairt re bhanchoig ni do bhleaghan na mbó do thabairt dó. Muirghil a hainm-sidhe, as í ba ben do Mhungán do mhuicidhi Moling. Ba hí méd na proinni sin¹ dobheiredh an bhen dó i. nodhingedh a sáil conuige a hadhbronn isin mbualtrach fa coimhnesa dhi 7 noságbadh a lán lemacha ann do Suibhne. Dothigedh-somh co faiteach furechair i n-eatarfhásach na búailedh do ibhe an bhainne sin.¹

78 Tarla iomchaineadh adhaigh [94 a] ann eitir Muirghil 7 mhnáoi oilé isin mbúailidh, co n-ebert an bhen eile : 'As mesa duit-si,' ar sí, 'nach tocha leat 'fer eile 7 fós nach ferr let¹ th' fer féin dot ríachtain ina an gheilt ata got thathigedh risin mbliaduinsi anall.'² Atchúala siúr an bhúachalla anní sin 7 gidhedh ní ro-innis ní dhe co bfacaidh Muirghil isin madain arnabhárách ag dul d' iodnacal an bhainne go Suibhne conuige an mbúaltrach ba comhfhogus don fhál i raibhe. O'dchonnairc siúr an bhúachalla sin tainic asteach 7 atbert re a bráthair : 'Atá do bhen isin ffál sin thoir ag fer oilé, a mheathaigh mhiodhlaochda,' ar sí. Roghabh éd an búachaill ag a chloistecht sin, 7 roeirigh go hobonn inníreach 7 tarraidh a láimh leathga robói for alchuing astigh 7 téit for amus na

76—1 tiodnacal K 2 sifisi (i. do ſiubhal) L 3 tair gach esparta L

77—1 sic K; isin B

78—1—1 om. K 2 all K

76 'Welcome in sooth is your coming here, Suibhne,' said Moling, 'for it is destined for you to be here and to end your life here; to leave here your history and adventures, and to be buried in a churchyard of righteous folk; and I bind you,' said Moling, 'that however much of Ireland you may travel each day, you will come to me each evening so that I may write your history.'

77 Thereafter during that year the madman was visiting Moling. One day he would go to Innis Bo Finne in west Connacht, another day to delightful Eas Ruaidh, another day to smooth, beautiful Sliabh Mis, another day to ever-chilly Benn Boirche, but go where he would each day, he would attend at vespers each night at Teach Moling. Moling ordered a collation for him for that hour, for he told his cook to give him some of each day's milking. Muirghil was her name; she was wife of Mongan, swineherd to Moling. This was the extent of the meal the woman used to give him: she used to thrust her heel up to her ankle in the cowdung nearest her and leave the full of it of new milk there for Suibhne. He used to come cautiously and carefully into the vacant portion of the milking yard to drink the milk.

78 One night a dispute arose between Muirgil and another woman in the milking enclosure, whereupon the latter said: 'the worse is it for you,' said she, 'that another man is not more welcome to you, and yet that you do not prefer your own husband to come to you than the madman who is visiting you for the past year.' The herd's sister hearkened to that; nevertheless she mentioned nothing about it until she saw Muirgil on the morrow morning going to leave the milk for Suibhne in the cowdung near the hedge at which he was. The herd's sister seeing that, came in and said to her brother: 'You cowardly creature, your wife is in yonder hedge with another man,' said she. The herd hearing that became jealous, and he rose suddenly and angrily and seized a spear that was within on a rack and made for the

geilte. As amhlaidh robhúi an geilt 7 a tháobh ris 7 é 'na luidhe ag caithemh a phroinne asin mbúaltrach. Tuc *dono* an buachaill *sadhudh* don leathgha asa láimh fair, gur rosgon³ a n-odhar a chighe clé antí Suibhne, gur gabh urrainn trid ar mbrisédh a droma ar dhó ann. *Adberat*⁴ foirenn conadh benn chongna fíadha ro-innell an búachaill fáoi, áit a n-ibhedd a dhígh⁵ asan mbúaltrach, co tæth-somh furri, conadh amhlaidh fuair bás.

79 As annsin robhaoi Énna mac Bracáin¹ ag búain chluig na prímhí i ndorus na reilge² co bfaca an t-eacht dorinnedh³ ann ; go n-ébairt an laoidh :

80 'Truagh sin, a mucaidh Moling,
dorighnis gniomh talchair¹ tinn,
mairg domharb a los a neirt
an rígh, an [n]áomh, an náomhgheilt.

Bidh olc dígeann bhías duit de,
tocht fo dheóidh gan aithrighe,
²biaidh th' anam ar seilbh deamhain,
biadh do chorp inn-ethannaidh.²

Bidh ionann ionadh ar nimh
dhamh-sa is do-somh, a fhir,³
gebhthar psalm ag lucht áoine
for anmain an fhíoraoidhe.

Robadh righ, robadh geilt glan,
rop fher oirníghe úasal,
ag sin a lighe, líth ngle,
dobhris mo chroidhe a thrúraighe.' Trúagh.

78—3 rosguinn

4 atberat K

5 *sic* K ; dhi B

79—1 Breacain K

2 reilicce K

3 *sic* K ; *techt* mor (?) *bocht* do

dorinnedh B

madman. The madman's side was towards him as he was lying down eating his meal out of the cowdung. The herd made a thrust of the spear out of his hand at Suibhne and wounded him in the nipple of his left breast, so that the point went through him, breaking his back in two. (Some say that it is the point of a deer's horn the herd had placed under him in the spot where he used to take his drink out of the cowdung, that he fell on it and so met his death.)

79 Enna Mac Bracain was then sounding the bell for prime at the door of the churchyard and he saw the deed that was done there ; whereupon he uttered the lay :

80 ' Sad is that, O swineherd of Moling,
thou hast wrought a wilful, sorry deed,
woe to him who has slain by dint of his strength
the king, the saint, the saintly madman.

Evil to thee will be the outcome therefrom—
going at last without repentance—
thy soul will be in the devil's keeping,
thy body will be

In Heaven the same will be the place
for me and for him, O man,
psalms will be sung by fasting folk
for the soul of the true guest.

He was a king, he was a madman,
a man illustrious, noble, was he ;
there is his grave—bright festival—
pity for him has rent my heart.'

80—1 *sic* K ; tulchair B 2-2 *sic* K ; *om.* B, the ms. has ethannaitan[•]
but this would be a syllable too long, ? *leg.* ethannaidh or etarnaigh. 3 *sic* K ;
ar nimh B

81 Ro-iompo Énna anonn go ro-innis do Mholing Suibhne do mharbadh do Mhongán mucaidhe Moling. Ro-eirigh Moling fo chétóir1 cona c[h]leirchibh imalle fris co hairm ina raibhe Suibhne 7 ro-adaimh Suibhne a choire 7 a choibhsena2 do Mholing 7 rothóchaith corp Crist 7 rofaltigh fri Día a airittin 7 rohongadh iarum lasna cléirchibh.3

82 Tainic an búachaill dia shaigid. ‘As dúairc an gniomh dorighnis, a bhúachaill,’ ar Suibhne, ‘i. mo mharbadh-sa gan chionaidh, úair ní fhéadaim-si festa teicedh fon ffál dobhithin na gona doradais form.’ ‘Da ffeasainn-si co mbadh tú nobheth ann,’ ar an búachaill, ‘nitgonfuinn itir gidh mor dom aimhles doghénta.’¹ ‘Dar Criod, a dhuine,’ ar sé, ‘ni dhernus-sa th’ aimhlessa ²ar áonchor ar bioth² amail saoile ina aimhles duine eile ar druim dhomhain o dochuir Día ar gealtacht mé 7 robadh beg a dhioghbhail duit-si mo bheth a ffal annso 7 bainne beg d’faghail ar Dia dhamh³ on mnaoi ucchat, et ni thiubhrainn taobh frit mnáoi-si ina fri mnáoi n-oile ar talmhain gona thoirthaibh.’ [94 b] ‘Mallacht Crist ort, a bhúachaill,’ ar Moling, ‘as olc an gniomh dorighnis, goirde shaogail duit abhus 7 ifrenn thall ar dhenamh an gniomha dorónais.’⁴ ‘Ni bfuil bá do sódhain damh-sa,’ ar Suibhne, ‘uair tangadar bur ccealga im thimchell 7 bidh im marb-sa don guin doradadh form.’ ‘Ragaidh éric duit ann,’ ar Moling, ‘i. comhaitte⁵ frium-sa for nimh dhuit,’ 7 roráidhset⁶ an laoidh-si eatura ina ttriur i. Suibhne, Mongán 7 Moling:

83 [Suibhne :] ‘Dorignis gniom, nach súairc sin,
a bhúachaill Moling Lúochair,
nocha nfédoim dul fon fhál
don guin romgon do dhubhlámh.

81—1 fochethair B; focietoir K

2 chomheiccno K

3 é add. B

82—1 sic K; dodhéntá B

2—2 om. K

3 om. K

4 dorighnis K

5 comfhaide K

6 doraidhset K

81 Enna turned back and told Moling that Suibhne had been slain by his swineherd Mongan. Moling at once set out accompanied by his clerics to the place where Suibhne was, and Suibhne acknowledged his faults and (made) his confession to Moling and he partook of Christ's body and thanked God for having received it, and he was anointed afterwards by the clerics.

82 The herd came up to him. 'Dour is the deed you have done, O herd,' said Suibhne, 'even to slay me, guiltless, for henceforth I cannot escape through the hedge because of the wound you have dealt me.' 'If I had known that it was you were there,' said the herd, 'I would not have wounded you however much you may have injured me.' 'By Christ, man!' said he, 'I have done you no injury whatever as you think, nor injury to anyone else on the ridge of the world since God sent me to madness, and of small account should be the harm to you through my being in the hedge here and getting a little milk for God's sake from yonder woman. And I would not trust myself with your wife nor with any other woman for the earth and its fruits.' 'Christ's curse on you, O herd!' said Moling. 'Evil is the deed you have done, short be your span of life here and hell beyond, because of the deed you have done.' 'There is no good to me therefrom,' said Suibhne, 'for your wiles have compassed me and I shall be dead from the wound that has been dealt me.' 'You will get an *eric* for it,' said Moling, 'even that you be in Heaven as long as I shall be'; and the three uttered this lay between them, that is, Suibhne, Mongan, and Moling:

83 Suibhne: 'Not pleasant is the deed thou hast done,
 O herd of Moling Luachair,
 I cannot go through the hedge
 for the wound thy black hand has dealt me.

[Mongan :] Abair frium már cluine, a fhir,
cuich thú, a duine, go deimhin?

[Suibhne :] As mé Suibhne Geilt gan oil,
a buac[h]aill Moling Lúachair.

[Mongan :] Da bfessain, a Suibhne séing,
a dhuine, dia nadaithninn¹
nocha ttiubrainn gáí red² chnes
ge atchifinn thú dom aimhleas.³

[Suibhne :] Nocha dernus thiar na thoir
aimhleas duine ar druim dhomhain
o domrad Crist om thír theinn
ar gealtacht ar fhud Eirinn.

[Mongan :] Ro-innis, nocha beug dhamh,
inghean mh'athar 'smo mháthar
th' fághbháil isin fhál sin thoir
ag mo mhnáoi fein ar madain.

[Suibhne :] Nír chóir dhuit a chreidemh sin
co bfonnta fein a dheimhin,
mairg tainig dom ghuin-si a le
nogo bhfaictís do súile.

Ge nobheinn a fál i ffál,
robadh beag dhuit a dhioghbal
ge dobhéradh ben damh digh
do bainne bhiucc a n-almsoin.

[Mongan :] Da ffesainn-si 'na bhfuil de,
do ghuin tréd chích, tret chroidhe,
go bráth nitgonfadh mo láimh,
a Suibhne Ghleanna Bolcáin.

Mongan: Speak to me if thou hearest,
who art thou in truth, man?

Suibhne: Suibhne Geilt without reproach am I,
O herd of Moling Luachair.

Mongan: If I but knew, O slender Suibhne,
O man, if I could have recognised thee,
I would not have thrust a spear against thy
skin
though I had seen thee harm me.

Suibhne: East or west I have not done
harm to one on the world's ridge
since Christ has brought me from my valiant
land
in madness throughout Erin.

Mongan: The daughter of my father and my mother
related—'twas no trifle to me—
how she found thee in yonder hedge
with my own wife at morn.

Suibhne: It was not right of thee to credit that
until thou hadst learnt its certainty,
alas that thou shouldst come hither to slay me
until thine eyes had seen!

Though I should be from hedge to hedge,
its harm were a trifle to thee,
though a woman should give me to drink
a little milk as alms.

Mongan: If I but knew what comes of it,
from wounding thee through breast and heart,
till Doom my hand would not wound thee,
O Suibhne of Glen Bolcain.

[Suibhne :] Ge romgonais isin fhál
 nocha ndernus do thochrádh,
 ni thiubhainn taobh rét mhnáoi ndil
 ar talmain gona thorthaibh.

Mairg tainic at[h]aidh o t[h]oigh
 chuccatt, a Mholing Lúachair,
 nocha leicc dhamh dol fon choill
 an guin romgon do bhúachoill.

[Moling :] Mallacht Crist docum gach cloinn
 ort, ar Moling re a bhúachoil,
 tre ed⁴ i ccridhe do chnis,
 as trúagh an gniomh dorighnis.

O dorighnis gniomh n-úathmar,
 atbert Moling re a bhúachuil,
 raghaidh dhuit-si dar a chenn
 goirde shaoghail is ifreann.

[Suibhne :] Ge dognéi-si dioghal⁵ dhe
 a Mholing, ni beó meisí,
 nochan fhuil mo chabair ann,
 tainig bar ccealg im t[h]imcheall.

[Moling :] Raghaidh éruic dhuit-si ind,
 ar Moling Lúachra, lúaidhim,
 comhaitte⁶ friom-sa for nimh
 dhuit-si, a Suibhne, on Ardchoimdidh. [95a]

[Mongan :] Bidh maith dhuit-si, a Suibhne séing,
 thusa ar nemh, ar an búacheill,
 ni hionann as meisí sunn,
 gan nemh, gan soeghal agum.

Suibhne: Though thou hast wounded me in the hedge,
 I have not done thee ill ;
 I would not trust in thine own wife
 for the earth and its fruits.

Alas for him who has come for a while from
 home
 to thee, O Moling Luachair,
 the wound thy herd has dealt me
 stays me from wandering through the woods.

Moling: The curse of Christ who hath created everyone
 on thee, said Moling to his herd,
 sorry is the deed thou hast done
 through envy in thine heart.

Since thou hast done a dread deed,
 said Moling to his herd,
 thou wilt get in return for it
 a short span of life and hell.

Suibhne: Though thou mayest avenge it,
 O Moling, I shall be no more ;
 no relief for me is it,
 your treachery has compassed me.

Moling: Thou shalt get an *eric* for it,
 said Moling Luachair, I avow ;
 thou shalt be in Heaven as long as I shall be
 by the will of the great Lord, O Suibhne.

Mongan: It will be well with thee, O slender Suibhne,
 thou in Heaven, said the herd,
 not so with me here,
 without Heaven, without my life's span.

[Suibhne:] Ba binne lium robháoi tan
 na comhradh ciúin na muintear,
 bheith icc luthmhairecht im linn
 cuchairecht fhéráinn⁷-eindhinn.

Ba binne lium robháoi tan
 na gut[h] cluigín im fharradh,
 ceileabhradh an luin don bheinn
 is dordán doimh ar doininn.

Ba binne lium robháoi⁸ tan
 na guth mná aille im fharradh,
 guth circe fráoch an tsléibhe
 do cluinsin im iarmhéirghe.

Ba binne lium robháoi tan
 donálach na gcon alla,
 ina guth cléirigh astoigh
 ag meiligh is ag meigeallaigh.

Gidh maith libh-si i ttighibh óil
 bhar ccuirm leanna go n-onóir,
 ferr lium-sa deogh d'uisge i ngoid
 d'ol dom bais asin tiopraid.

Gidh binn libh thall in bhar ccill
 comhradh mín bar mac leighinn,
 binne lium^{8a} ceileabhradh án
 doghníad coin Ghlinne Bolcáin.

Gidh maith libh-si an tsailí 's an fheóil
 caithter a ttighibh comhóil,
 ferr lium-sa gas biorair ghloin
 d' ithe i n-ionadh gan chumaidh.

Suibhne: There was a time when I deemed more melodious
than the quiet converse of people,
the cooing of the turtle-dove
flitting about a pool.

There was a time when I deemed more melodious
than the sound of a little bell beside me
the warbling of the blackbird to the mountain
and the belling of the stag in a storm.

There was a time when I deemed more melodious
than the voice of a beautiful woman beside me,
to hear at dawn
the cry of the mountain-grouse.

There was a time when I deemed more melodious
the yelping of the wolves
than the voice of a cleric within
a-baaing and a-bleating.

Though goodly you deem in taverns
your ale-feasts with honour,
I had liefer drink a quaff of water in thest
from the palm of my hand out of a well.

Though yonderin your church you deem melodious
the soft converse of your students,
more melodious to me is the splendid chant
of the hounds of Glen Bolcain.

Though goodly ye deem the salt meat and the fresh
that are eaten in banqueting-houses,
I had liefer eat a tuft of fresh watercress
in some place without sorrow.

Romgon an *cruadhmhuaidhe* corr⁹
 go ndeachaidh trem¹⁰ chorp comhtrom,
 truag, a Christ rolamh gach breth,
 nach ar Mhagh Rath rommarbhadh.

Gidh maith gach leaba gan fheall
 dorighnes seachnóin Eirenn,
 ferr lem leabaidh ós an loch
 i mBeinn Bhoirche gan shloch.

Gidh maith gach leaba gan fheall
 dorighnes sechnoin Eireand,
 ferr [lem] leabaidh os an ross
 i nGlenn Bolcáin doronoss.

Beirim a bhuidhe friot sin
 do chorp, a Christ, do chaithimh,
 aithrighe iodhan abhus
 in gach olc riagh doronus.' Do.

84 Tainic iaromh taimhnell do Suibhne γ ro-eirigh Moling gona c[h]leirchibh mar áon fris γ tugsat cloch gach fir i leachtt Suibhne. 'Ionmhain eimh an fer isa leacht so,' ar Moling, 'meinic bámar inar ndís slán síst ag comhradh fri aroile seachnóin na conaire so. Rob aobhinn lem faicsin Suibhne .i. antí isa leachtt so ar an tioprait ud thall .i. Tiupra¹ na Gealta a hainm, úair is meinic notoimhledh ní dia biorar γ diá huisci γ úadha² ainminighter an tioprat. Ionmuin bheós gach ionadh eile no-iomaithighedh antí Suibhne'; conadh ann adbert Moling:

83—9 romghuin an ceer (?) *cruadh* muic² corr K 10 tre mo K
 84—1 tioprat K 2 is uaidhi K

The herd's sharp spear has wounded me,
so that it has passed clean through my body ;
alas, O Christ, who hast launched every judgment,
that I was not slain at Magh Rath !

Though goodly each bed without guile
I have made throughout Erin,
I had liefer a couch above the lake
in Benn Boirche, without concealment.

Though goodly each bed without guile
I have made throughout Erin,
I had liefer the couch above the wood
I have made in Glen Bolcain.

To Thee, O Christ, I give thanks
for partaking of Thy Body ;
sincere repentance in this world
for each evil I have ever done.'

84 A death-swoon came on Suibhne then, and Moling, attended by his clerics, rose, and each man placed a stone on Suibhne's tomb. 'Dear in sooth is he whose tomb this is,' said Moling ; 'often were we two—happy time !—conversing one with the other along this pathway. Delightful to me was it to behold Suibhne—he whose tomb this is—at yonder well. The Madman's Well is its name, for often would he eat of its watercress and drink its water, and (so) the well is named after him. Dear, too, every other place that Suibhne used to frequent'; whereupon Moling said :

85 ' Leachtán Suibhne sunn imne,
 rocráidh mo chroidhe a chuimhne,
 ionmuin lium bhós¹ ar a šeirc
 gach airm i mbiodh an náoimhgheilt.

Ionmuin lium Glenn mBolcáin mbán
 ar a šerc ag Suibhne slán,
 ionmuin gach sruth do-icc ass,
 ionmhuin [a] bhior[ar] barrghlass. [95b].

Tiubra na Gealta² súd thall,
 ionmuin cách dar bíadh a barr,
 ionmuin lium a gainemh glan,
 ionmuin a huisge iodhan.

Orm-sa doghnídh a haicill,
 fada lium go nosfaicinn,
 rothiomghair³ a breith dom thigh,
 ba hionmhuin an eadarnaigh.⁴

Ionmhuin gach sruth go bhfúaire
 fors' mbíodh⁵ biorar barrúaine,
 is⁶ gach tobar uisge ghil,
 ar Suibhne ag a aithighidh.

Masa chead le⁷ Righ na reann
 eirigh agus imthigh leam,
 tucc dhamh, a c[h]ridhe,⁸ do lámh
 on lighe agus on leachtán.

Ba binn lium comhrádh Suibhne,
 cían bhérus im chlí a chuimhne :
 aitchim mo Righ nimhe nár
 os a lighe is ar a leachtán.' Leachtan.

85—1 bheos K 2 Tioprat na gealta K; Tiubra na nGealt B
 3 rothiomghair K 4 etharnaigh K 5 forsa imbíodh B; forsmbi an K
 6 in K 7 re K 8 chridhe K

85 ' The tomb of Suibhne here !
remembrance of him has wrung my heart !
dear to me too, out of love for him,
each place in which the holy madman used to be.

Dear to me is fair Glen Bolcain
because of perfect Suibhne's love of it ;
dear each stream that flows out of it,
dear its green-topped watercress.

Yonder is the Well of the Madman,
dear was he to whom it gave food,
dear to me its clear sand,
dear its pure water.

On me was imposed his preparation,
it seemed long until I should see him,
he asked that he be taken to my house,
dear was the lying in wait.

Dear each cool stream
wherein the green-topped watercress grew,
each well of bright water too,
because Suibhne used to visit it.

If it be the will of the King of the stars,
arise and come with me,
give me, O heart, thy hand
from the grave and from the tomb !

Melodious to me was the converse of Suibhne,
long shall I keep his memory in my breast :
I entreat my noble King of Heaven
above his grave and on his tomb !'

86 Ro eirigh Suibhne asa niull iarsin 7 roghabh Moling ar laim é, go rangadar rempa ina ndís co dorus na heglaisi 7 o dorad Suibhne a ghúala risin ursoinn tug a osnadh mór ós aird co rofháoidh a spiorad doc[h]um nimhe 7 rohadhnacht¹ go n-onóir ag Moling é.

87 Gonadh ní do sgéalaibh 7 do imthechtaibh Suibhne mic Colmáin Chuair rígh Dhál Aruidhe gonusige sin. Finis.

86 Thereafter, Suibhne rose out of his swoon and Moling taking him by the hand the two proceeded to the door of the church. When Suibhne placed his shoulders against the door-post he breathed a loud sigh and his spirit fled to Heaven, and he was buried honourably by Moling.

87 So far, some of the tales and adventures of Suibhne son of Colman Cuar, king of Dal Araidhe. *Finis.*

NOTES

§ 1, p. 3. **Rónán Finn.** St. Ronán, son of Bearach, &c., was abbot of Druim Ineascluinn (Drumiskin) in Co. Louth. His death from the plague known as *buidhe conaill* is recorded in the Ann. Four Mast. at the year 664. He is mentioned in the Féilire of Aengus at 18 November, where (in the notes) his pedigree is given. A Rónán Finn (son of Saran, son of Colchu, &c.) is mentioned in the Féilire of Aengus at 22 May; he was of Lann Rónáin Finn in Húi Echach of Ulster. It is possible that the two saints are confused in our tale, just as they are in the Martyrology of Donegal. Lann Rónáin Finn was in Magh Rath; see Hogan's *Onomasticon*.

§ 3, p. 3. **Cell Lainne (Luinne);** in Dal Araidhe. I have not succeeded in identifying this place. There are two townlands named Killaney in Co. Down. One of these is in the parish of Killaney, a little to the N. of Lough Henney, and about three miles W. of Saintfield; it contained an ancient church, see Reeves, *Eccl. Antiq.*, p. 217. The other is in the parish of Garvaghy to the S. of Dromore. It is possible that Cell Lainne may be identical with Lann Rónáin Finn; see foregoing note.

§ 5, p. 5. **an Otter . . . came to Rónán with the psalter.** A similar miracle is recorded in the Irish Lives of St. Kevin; see Plummer's *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, Vol. I, p. cxliv, note 5.

§ 5, p. 5. **may it be thus that he will ever be.** Curses of this kind as a result of which the offending person (with his descendants) is always to remain in the state in which he is when cursed are common; see Plummer's *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, p. clxxvii. I am indebted to Mr. Plummer for a reference to a very curious case of children cursed always remaining the size of children; *Le Grand Vie des Saints de la Bretagne Armorigue*, ed. 1835, p. 315 b.

§ 5, p. 5. **death from a spear-point;** i.e. a violent death as opposed to *éc fri adart* (Plummer); cf. *bás re hadart*, Acall. na Senórach, ed. Stokes, 3590.

§ 6, p. 6. The metre of this poem is *debita*.¹

§ 6, p. 8. **is nir mhisdi an breac-bán;** or should we read *breac bán*, 'white trout,' i.e. the psalter which the otter rescued? I think it more likely that it means 'the speckled-white (i.e. variegated, ornamented) book'; cf. such titles as *Lebor Brec*, *Lebor na hUidhre*, &c.

¹ For a description of Irish metres see Professor Kuno Meyer's *Primer of Irish Metrics*, Dublin, School of Irish Learning, 1909.

§ 8, p. 11. likewise the tunic which Congal had given him ; cf. *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, p. 39 : ' And they [the saints of Ireland] also cursed Suibhne, the son of Colmán Cuar, son of Cobthach, king of Dál Araidhe, for it was he that had carried away from them by force the many-coloured tunic which Domhnall had given into the hand of St. Rónán Finn, the son of Berach, to be presented to Congal ; but as Congal had refused to accept of the King's tunic, Suibhne took it from the cleric's hand in despite of him.' See also *Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan, p. 235.

§ 9, p. 11. the bell which was on his breast. The ancient Irish bell was a small hand-bell ; how small may be inferred from this passage. A great deal of interesting lore about ancient Irish bells is given by Mr. Plummer in the Introduction to his *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*.

§ 9, p. 11. **Uradhran (Furadhran) and Telle.** A Furudrán is mentioned in the Féilire of Aengus at 18 June ; son of Moenán of Land Luachar in Bregia. A Telle is mentioned there also, at 25 June ; of Tech Telli near Durrow in Westmeath.

§ 10, p. 12. The metre of this poem is *rindaird*.

§ 11, p. 14. With the description of Suibhne's madness given here cf. *Battle of Magh Rath*, pp. 230-235.

§ 12, p. 15. **Ros Bearaigh in Glenn Earcáin (Arcain).** I have not been able to identify this place. Hogan (*Onomasticon*) has 'Glenn Archain in Scotland.' It may be that the Gl. Earcáin of our text was situated in the vicinity of Ros Ercain, with which place Suibhne is associated, see p. 31, l. 3. O'Donovan (Four Mast.) identifies Ros Ercain as Rasharkin, a townland and parish in Co. Antrim, about 8 miles S. of Ballymoney ; cf. also Reeves, *Eccl. Ant.*, p. 340.

§ 14, p. 16. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 15, p. 17. **Cell Riagain in Tir Conaill** ; Kilrean in p. of Killybega Lr., Co. Donegal. Whatever we may think of Suibhne, it is scarcely likely that Domnall and his army went so far afield after the battle.

§ 16, p. 18. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 16, p. 20. **Targus-sa do Chongal Chlaon.** With this and the following stanzas cf. *Battle of Magh Rath* :—

(p. 130)

' Targasa do Congal Claen
in tan ro bi ag Dun na naem,
bennacht fear n-Erend uile,
ba momor in t-íc aen uige.

(p. 136)

La na gabai uaim-si sin
a mic Scannlain Sciath-lethain
ca breth beire, mor in modh,
orm-sa, masead, at aenor ?

Gebasa uait, mad maith lat ;
 tabair dam-sa, do dag mac,
 do lam dit, is do bean maith,
 t'ingean is do rosc ro-glas.

Nocha beri acht rind re rind ;
 bid me do teine timcill,
 not gonfa in gai dreman dubh ;
 nocho dlig deman dilgud.

Atai a t'aenar seach cach rig
 'gom aimleas o thir do tir,
 rod leasaigius tairis sin,
 o'n lo rod n-uc do mathair.'

' I offered to Congal Clæn,
 when he was at Dun na naemh,
 the blessing of the men of Erin all,
 it was a great mulct for one egg.

When thou wouldst not accept these from me,
 O son of Broadshielded Scamlan,
 what sentence dost thou pass—it is of great moment—
 on me from thyself alone, if so be thou wilt not accept my offers ?

These will I accept from thee if thou wilt ;
 give me thy good son,
 thy hand from off thee, and thy good wife,
 thy daughter and thy very blue eye.

I will not give thee but spear for spear ;
 I will be thy surrounding fire ;
 the terrific black javelin shall wound thee ;
 a demon is entitled to no forgiveness.

Thou art singular beyond every king,
 planning my misfortune from country to country,
 notwithstanding that I reared thee
 from the day thy mother bore thee.'

§ 16, p. 21. **great was the mulct for one egg.** See the first stanza in the preceding note ; according to the account given in the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, one of Congal's grievances was that, on the occasion of a banquet given by Domnall, son of Aedh, whereas a goose-egg was placed on a silver dish

before every king at the board except Congal, a hen-egg on a wooden dish was given him. This incident is given at tedious length in the *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, see pp. 15-39; see also *Battle of Magh Rath*, pp. 111, 129-131.

§ 16, p. 21. *yet I have befriended thee.* Congal was given in fosterage to Domnall; see *Banquet of Dun na nGedh*, p. 35.

§ 17, p. 23. **Glenn Bolcáin.** This place, which I cannot identify, figures prominently in our story. Hogan, *Onomasticon*, quoting H. 4. 21, fo. 47a, has: 'Tanaic Conall go hAth Muilt, alias Athfhirdiadh 7 a nGleann Mór, alias Gleann mBolcan,' and adds 'near Ardee.' Under Glenn Mór, quoting the same authority, he has 'alias G. mBolcan ag Athfhirdiadh.' The only Glenn Mór that I can trace in Co. Louth or the vicinity is Glanmore in the parish of Carlingford, in the ancient district of Cuailgne. This, however, can scarcely be the place referred to in our text, for at § 31 we have 'Glen Bolcain, which is called Glen Chiach to-day, in the plain of Cinel Ainmirech.' Hogan (*Onomasticon*) has Cenél Ainmire 'in Armagh or adjoining regions.' It seems to me, however, that it is more likely to be in N. Antrim; see Reeves, *Eccles. Antiq.*, p. 324. Reeves, *ib.* p. 90, states that there is a ridge called Dunbolcain (or Drumbolcain) about a furlong N. of Rasharkin. He adds that the place derives its name from St. Olcan, 'who is called Bolcan by some writers and in vulgar parlance.' We should possibly look to the same district for Glen Bolcáin: cf. p. 31, l. 3, 'Suibhne of Ros Earcain (Rasharkin) is my name.'

The only other reference that I can find to Glen Bolcáin is in the *Battle of Ventry*, ed. K. Meyer, p. 18. The king of France, literally flying before Oscar, 'went with the wind, and with madness before the eyes of the hosts of the world, and did not stop in his mad flight till he came to Glen Bolcain in the east of that territory.' It is not clear what territory is intended, though it seems likely that it was in Kerry. Perhaps we have here some confusion between Gleann na nGealt in Kerry and Glenn Bolcáin. There is a Glenn Bolg; see *Táin*, ed. Windisch, p. 457.

§ 19, p. 24. The metre of this poem is *lethrannaigecht mór*.

§ 21, p. 28. The metre of this poem is *rannaigecht bec*. (In the ninth stanza the words *laa*, *noa*, and *cua* are disyllables.)

§ 19, p. 28. *lia ar mairbh naid ar mbí*; cf. *Fled Bricrend*, ed. Windisch, § 5, *ni ragam ar bit lia ar mairb oldáte ar mbí*.

§ 19, p. 29. *on Tuesday was the rout*; see also p. 45, l. 5. The romantic accounts of the battle agree that the conflict was decided on a Tuesday; see *Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 111, and *Ériu* v, p. 247.

§ 20, p. 29. *The erenach of the church was Faibhlen.* It will be seen that the erenach (*airchinnech*) is almost invariably referred to—and his name given—whenever Suibhne comes to a church; see, for example, pp. 51 and 83. It was the erenach who dispensed alms and hospitality, and Suibhne's business as a mendicant would be with him. An interesting late account of the office of erenach is given in a letter from Sir John Davies to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, on the state of Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Cavan, 1607.

‘. . . For the herinach there are few parishes of any compass in extent where there is not an herinach, which, being an officer of the church, took beginning in this manner: when any lord or gentleman had a direction to build a church, he did first dedicate some good portion of land to some saint or other whom he chose to be his patron; then he founded the church, and called it by the name of that saint, and then gave the land to some clerk not being in orders and to his heirs forever with this intent, that he should keep the church clean and well repaired, keep hospitality, and give alms to the poor for the soul’s health of the founder. This man and his heirs had the name of errenagh. The errenagh was also to make a weekly commemoration of the founder of the church. He had always *primam tonsuram*, but took no orders; he had a voice in the chapter, when they consulted about their revenues and paid a certain yearly rent to the Bishop. Besides a fine upon marriage of every one of his daughters, which they call a loughimpy, he gave a subsidy to the Bishop at his first entrance into his bishopric.’

§ 21, p. 30. **Nidom fois**, ‘I rest not,’ lit. ‘I am not of rest’; note the use of the gen. here; also *chois* for *chos* in the next line, giving the necessary internal rhyme. Note also *nidom neirt*, p. 28, l. 26.

§ 21, p. 31. **the bonds of terror come upon me**; or should we render, ‘the bird-flocks of terror &c.’, associating the birds with his madness, and with Ronán’s curses? See p. 43, ‘thou hast leave to go with the birds.’ See also pp. 75, 87, 133.

§ 21, p. 32. **Beg mo chuid o thig laa, ni tháet ar scath la noa.** If the text is sound—and both MSS. agree in this reading—the phrase *ar scath la noa* is obscure to me.

§ 21, p. 32. **An gen fil ag Ros Ereach**, ‘He who is at Ros Earcach’; who is meant I cannot say; perhaps we should read *An gcéin* (gein K), and translate ‘As long as he is at R. E.’

§ 22, p. 32. **eleg an esparta**; *esparta* here g. s.; cf. ó tráth esputra, *Ériu*, II, p. 194, l. 10; see also p. 142, supra, ll. 5 and 12.

§ 22, p. 33. **Snamh dha Én** on the Shannon, which is now called Cluain Boirenn. Cluain Boirenn is Cloonburren, in the parish of Moore, Co. Roscommon, opposite Clonmacnois. Snámh dá Én would seem accordingly to have been applied to a territory on right bank of the Shannon opposite Clonmacnois; cf. *Book of Armagh*, 11b 1: *Venit ergo Patricius sanctus per alueum fluminis Sinnae per Vadum Duorum Auium (Snám Dd Én) in Campum Ai.* For a poem on the place see *Ériu* V, p. 221.

§ 23, p. 32. The metre of this poem is *rannaigecht bec*, except the second and third stanzas, which are *dian airséng* (see Meyer’s *Primer of Irish Metrics*, p. 21).

§ 23, p. 33. **Though my talons to-night are feeble.** I can only conjecture the meaning of this stanza. For *ingne* of B, K has *adhbhá*, ‘joints’ (?); cf., however, the whole of the first and second stanzas in K; the last line, too, should have an internal rhyme for *cille*. It is probable that the stanza is corrupt.

§ 23, p. 34. **Siodhmuine Glinne**; perhaps not a proper name at all, but 'the peaceful brake of the glen.'

§ 24, p. 35. **Cell Derfile**; St. Dervilla's church in the W. of Erris, Co. Mayo; *v.* Hogan *Onom.*, s.v. Cell Dairbhile; now Kildervila or Termon Dervila, *vide* F.M. 1248.

§ 25, p. 34. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 25, p. 36. **Muichnidhe mh' aghaidh anocht**, 'gloomy is my night to-night'; or perhaps we should render, 'gloomy is my face to-night'; similarly in the third line of the same stanza; cf., however, the opening line of the poem, § 25, p. 34.

§ 25, p. 36. **Mairg romfuirgedh risin dál**; cf. p. 86, l. 4. The 'tryst' was probably the battle of Magh Rath.

§ 25, p. 36. **Faochú**. According to the *Chron. Scotorum* Faoilchu, son of Airmeadhach, king of Meath, fell in 'the battle of Magh Rath together with Congal and many other nobles. But see *Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 305, where a Faelchu, son of Congal, is mentioned.

§ 26, p. 37. **and he found the track of his feet**; lit. the track of the points of his feet'; cf. *barrchos*, 'the toes and instep.'

§ 27, p. 38. The metre of this poem is as follows: stanzas 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10 *debide*; 2 *debide gairit*; 3, 12 *rannaigecht mór*; 9, 11 *rannaigecht gairit*. The metre of the last stanza is doubtful. The 9th stanza of this poem is not in K.

§ 27, p. 38. **mhaonar dhamh a mbarr eidhin**; cf. *barr edin*, which occurs over the words *Tuaim Inbir* (or are they meant to be the title of the poem?) in the poem attributed to Suibhne Geilt, quoted in the Introduction. See Thurneysen's *Handbuch des Alt-Irischen*, II, p. 39.

§ 27, p. 39. **The man by the wall**. The place of the serf was by the wall, that is, farthest away from the fire.

§ 27, p. 40. **mo chollan i n-eidhnechaibh**. My translation rests on the very doubtful conjecture that *collan* is intended for *colainn* 'body'; K has clearly *collan*, but in B there seems to be a faint mark of length over the *a*.

§ 27, p. 40. **imma ngairid geilte glinne**. It is possible that *geilt glinne* is meant for some bird or animal; see that curious poem, or extract from a poem—enumerating various birds and animals—in Vol. VII of the Proceedings of the R.I.A., p. 190; *Dí gheilt glinne Ghleanna Smóil*.

§ 29, p. 42. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 29, p. 44. **nochar úallcha neach anu**. I take *anu* to be for *indu* (O.I. *oldáu*), 'than I am.' The context would seem to require this rather than the *aniu*, 'to-day,' of K.

§ 31, p. 45. **Ettan Tairb**; cf. *Táin Bo Cúailnge*, YBL., 53 a, Dolluid do Etan Tairb, dobert a etan frisin tealaig oc Ath Da Ferta, is de ata Etan Tairb i Muig Muirthemni. This is probably Edenterriff in par. of Annagh, Co. Cavan; it must have been the western limit of the plain of Muirthemne.

§ 32, p. 46. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 32, p. 46. *te duit ar chluimh cholcaidh cain*; apparently the feathers (*cluimh*) were put into the *colcaid*; see p. 58 *ar chluimh 7 ar cholcaidh*.

§ 32, p. 46. *ní farr sibh bhar senchara*, 'you seek not your old friend,' or rather, 'ye seek not yeer old friend,' as it would be expressed in some Anglo-Irish dialects.

§ 34, p. 50. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 35, p. 51. *For he had three dwellings in his own country . . . viz.* *Teach Mic Ninnedha*, *Cluain Creamha*, and *Ros Earcain*. All three would therefore appear to have been in the territory of Dal Araidhe. As to *Ros Earcain* (Rasharkin, Co. Antrim), see notes to § 12 and § 17. I have not succeeded in identifying the other two places. Hogan (*Onomasticon*) gives references to a number of places bearing the name *Cluain Crema*, but none to the C. *Crema* of our tale.

§ 35, p. 52. *Domgaibh dom formadh on*. The meaning of this curious phrase seems to be that the news of his father's death struck him with horror. O'R. has *formadh*, 'fear, apprehension,' and in this sense it is perhaps intended here.

§ 35, p. 52. *as é sin an banna dobheir an fer co lar*; cf. the metrical version on p. 56 (fifth stanza): *as e sin an banna . . . dobheir an fer co talmain*. For *banna* (*banne*), 'a drop,' 'a tear,' see Meyer's Contributions. I have not met the phrase elsewhere: the meaning seems to be that the blow (his son's death) is a 'last straw.'

§ 36, p. 52. The metre of this poem is *debide*. The latter half of the 4th stanza is not in K.

§ 36, p. 54. *Tigedhus do bheith gan mnaoi*. With this line and the following one cf. *Vision of Mac Conglinne*, p. 73, ll. 17 and 20.

The remainder of the stanza presents many difficulties. B has *cad*  i.e. *cadach*, while K has *cad* . In the absence of a word rhyming with *adúidh* in the next line—which does not appear to be absolutely essential—I have chosen to read *cadach*, 'tartan, a kind of cloth, a coat of spotted tartan, formerly steel, mail, greaves, defensive armour'; W., *cadach*, 'a rag, a clout,' Dictionary of Highland Society. Cf. *Fer beg truag irrusc olla nobid dogres dia chadud ar a thruaigi*, Anecdota from Irish MSS., I, p. 7. I take *adudh* (= *adúidh*) to be inf. of *adóim*, 'I kindle.' For *henoires* read *aenaires* of K, 'one fire'; *aires* 'a firebrand.'

§ 36, p. 54. *As dorm im dhíaidh*, cf. O'Dav, 1586, *Tor* i. *imat, ut est, is dorm im diaid tor mbríathar*; *tor*, i.e. 'plenty,' *ut est*, a fist around smoke is a multitude of words (RC. XXVII, p. 88); cf. also *King and Hermit*, p. 29, *na seóid dochí as dorm im ceo*, the wealth thou seest is like a hand round mist.

§ 36, p. 55. *There is another calamity there, &c.* The inference seems to be that if he had not been a prince but some serf, scarred and in rags—as Suibhne was—the loss would not be mourned.

§ 36, p. 56. *Seinbhriathar so, serb an snomh, &c.* See the variant readings as given in the footnotes; the stanza is possibly defective. The alteration of *snomh* to *sniomh* is not altogether convincing. P. O'C. has *snomh* i. *soiniamh*,

new, fresh, blooming, freshness, &c. Cf. Tibigh grian da gach tir | dedl lim fri sil snom, *no* son, C III 2 (R.I.A.), fo. 10^a. (This is given in Four Old Irish Songs, ed. Meyer, p. 26: Tibid grían dar gach tír | dedlaid lim fri sil snon.) Cf. *snob*, SG. 64a10. The meaning would seem to be that the point of the proverb was bitter. The whole of the stanza, however, is vague.

§ 36, p. 56. *nochan fuilinghim thúas don beirt*, lit. 'I cannot endure to be up from the deed.' With *thúas* here, cf. the use of *suis* in a number of examples given by Mr. T. O'Rahilly in *Gadelica* I, p. 65.

§ 36, p. 57. *all thy folk are alive*; see also § 37, p. 59: the dramatic account given by Loingseachan of the death of Suibhne's father, mother, &c. (pp. 53-57), was evidently a ruse, intended to move Suibhne to such an extent that he might recover his senses.

§ 36, p. 57. **Eochu Salbuidhe.** He was one of the early kings of Emania; see Rawl. B. 502, p. 157, l. 3.

§ 37, p. 61. **The mill-hag was enjoined not to speak to him**, that is, lest he should talk about his madness and, by dwelling on it, lapse back into his old life.

§ 38, p. 60. The metre of this poem is *debide*.

§ 39, p. 63. **Oilill Cédach, king of the Ui Faeláin.** An Ailill appears in the Hui Faelain genealogies in Rawl. B 502, 117d, as son of Dunlaing and fifth in descent from Cathair Mór; but he appears to have been slain in 495. In the Book of Rights (p. 200) Ailill Cédach is called son of Cathair. Neither record fits in with our tale. See *Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 245, 'By Suibhne the populous in strife Ailill Cedach was slain.'

§ 40, p. 62. The metre of this poem is *cró cummaisc etir casbairdne agus lethrannaigecht*, except the last stanza, the metre of which is doubtful.

The stanzas not found in K are: 22, 30, 31, 43, 46, 48, 61.

§ 40, p. 65. **Thou oak, bushy, leafy, &c.** With this stanza and the ten stanzas that follow cf. the poem at p. 245 of *Silva Gadelica* I (translation at p. 278, Vol. II), which contains some curious lore concerning trees.

§ 40, p. 68. **Rob é guth gach aenduine**; cf. *Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 234.

Ba h-e guth cach aen duine
do'n t-sluag détla daith,
na teit uaibh fa'n cael-muine,
fear in inair maith.

It was the saying of every one
of the valiant, beauteous host,
permit not to go from you to the dense shrubbery
the man of the goodly tunic.

§ 40, p. 68. **A**g dula dar eadhneachuibh; with this stanza cf. *Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 236.

Rop é sin mo céd rith-sa,
ro pa luath an rith,
d'eag urchar na gothnaidhe
dam-sa res in cith.

This was my first run—
rapid was the flight—
the shot of the javelin expired
for me with the shower.

§ 40, p. 72. **D**o mhuilenn an mheanmaráin domheilte do thúaith. My rendering of this half-stanza is most doubtful; as to *meanmarán*, see the gl.; *domheilte* (the aspiration is curious), judging from the context, seems to be *melim*, 'I grind.' The stanza is not in K.

§ 40, p. 72. **d**emhan agat th' aidmilliudh, 'a demon is ruining thee'; here, as in many instances of the use of the word, *admilliud* seems to be used of persons 'bewitched,' 'possessed,' or under the influence of the evil eye; cf. *Roboi admilliud furri i tossaig*, said of Mór of Munster; see Proceed. of R.I.A., XXX., 1912; see also Cormac's Glossary, s.v. *milled*, i.e. *mí shilledh*, 'a mislook,' i.e. an evil eyeing, O'Cl. *droch amharc*. See also B. Da Derga 62, 71; Cór Anm. § 54; Ac. Senórach (Stokes) 1638, 6355.

§ 40, p. 78. **d**amh dá fhiched benn, 'the stag of twice twenty peaks'; or better, perhaps, 'twice twenty antler-points,' as in the last stanza on the same page. Note the constant use of *benn* in most of the stanzas that follow; there is evidently a play intended on the word. I find it difficult to grasp the significance of many of the stanzas between p. 74 and p. 80; no doubt some curious folk-lore is embedded in them.

§ 40, p. 81. **a**t puissant Toidiu in the south. In the Latin and Irish Lives of St. Moling Tóidiu (also Táiden) is mentioned as the watercourse which the saint made to his monastery. 'In digging the Táiden great tribulation had he from devils and packs of wolves and evil men crossing him'; Félice of Aengus, June 17 (notes). For an account of the work see the Latin Life of St. Moling in Plummer's *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, II, p. 193. There are frequent references to it in the Moling poems in *Anecdota from Irish MSS.*, II, p. 20. The Tóidiu is said to have possessed many virtues for those who went into it or who drank of it; see *Birth and Life of Moling*, ed. Stokes, p. 55.

§ 40, p. 81. **p**leasant is the place for seats on the top of thy antler-points. A stock miracle in Irish hagiology is that of making a living stag's antlers serve as a bookstand; see *Lismore Lives*, pp. 268, 274, and 357. As to stags being yoked to draw loads see also *Lismore Lives*, p. 223; for other instances see Plummer's *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, vol. I, p. cxliii.

§ 43, p. 84. The metre of this poem is as follows: *ae freslige*, stanzas 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 17; *ae freslige*, but with the third line ending in a monosyllable, 2, 3, 4; *rannagecht bec*, stanzas 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. The metre of stanzas 1 and 10 is doubtful.

Stanzas 5, 6, 7, 12, 14, 15, 17, 19 are not in K.

§ 43, p. 84. *seach ni fhagaidh cuibhdhe neich, &c.* It is difficult to translate *cuibhdhe* here; the usual meaning is 'harmony,' 'concord'; in this half-stanza it seems to mean 'companionship.'

§ 43, p. 86. *Diamsat eolach, a fionnghág.* This stanza (which is not in K) is obscure to me as it stands.

§ 43, p. 88. *At uara dotachuisin*, 'it is cold they are,' lit. 'they are cold which exist.' For *dotachuisin* see Glossary to the Laws; also Wb. 17b10, 21a3, Ml. 108d14.

§ 43, p. 90. *Creach na nGall ngorm dot gabháil*, 'may a raid of the blue(-coated) Norsemen take thee.' Or should we render 'swarthy Norsemen'? Cf. *Tugas di gallochal gorm*, 'I gave her a blue Norse hood'; Bergin in Miscellany to Kuno Meyer; Halle, 1912, p. 364, l. 10.

§ 44, p. 91. **Donnán of Eig.** He was an Irishman and a disciple of St. Columba; he founded a monastery in the island of Eig. He and his community of fifty-one persons were put to death by a band of pirates in 617; see Reeves, *Adamnan*, pp. 223 and 303-309. His martyrdom is mentioned in the *Féilire* of Aengus at 17 April.

§ 45, p. 90. The metre of this poem is *blogbairdne* (see Meyer's *Primer of Irish Metrics*, p. 16).

Stanzas 2 (latter half), 9, 10, 12, 14, 17, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27, 30, 31, 32 are not in K.

§ 45, p. 92. *mbláthmBoirne*; as the rhyme here is faulty (*gargOighle*), perhaps we should read *blatt* 'strong.' The stanza does not occur in K.

§ 45, p. 93. **Dún Rodairce.** Is this intended for Dun Rudraige at Dundrum, Co. Down?

§ 45, p. 96. **cloc na cruthailde.** My translation here is a mere guess; unfortunately the stanza is not in K. Both *cloc* and *cruthailde* present difficulties. Can *cloc* here be used in the sense of 'a blister, a bubble, or blob in the water,' as given by P. O'C.? On the other hand, it may stand for *cloc-thech*, 'a bell-tower, belfry, round tower.' As to *cruthailde*, see Meyer's Contributions, s.v. *alt* and *ailt* 'a house.' I have not succeeded in identifying Carraic Alastair.

§ 45, p. 97. **a rock of holiness.** The reference seems to be to Carraic Alastair; but why 'a rock of holiness' I cannot say, unless it was associated with St. Donnán of Eig.

§ 45, p. 96. *mar cuing n-imeachtair*, 'like an outer yoke'; Mr. Plummer suggests that it may mean the yoke of the outside ox; cf. *remithir cuing n-imechtraid* (v.l. *imechtair*) a crand fil indi 'as thick as an outer yoke is the shaft that is in it,' *Togail Bruidne dá Derga*, p. 87. In the *Féilire* of Aengus

(p. 72) Stokes renders imechtraid 'outer ox,' quoting (in the gl.) O'Cl. i. dam imil na seisrighe. I take it that 'outer yoke' here stands for 'outer ox,' but what that actually signified I cannot say; it seems clear, however, that the 'outer ox' had to bear the brunt of the work and of the blows. For other instances of the use of the phrase see *Acallamh na Senórach* (Stokes), 1300, 5943.

§ 45, p. 96. *re nguin mh' échta-sa*; lit. 'before the blow (causing) my destruction.'

§ 45, p. 100. *tír conúachtus-sa*, lit. 'the land I have sewn together'; I take *conúachtus* to be the pret. of *conúaigim* 'I sew together'; see Meyer's Contributions (Addenda).

§ 47, p. 100. The metre of this poem is *sétrad ngarit*.

§ 47, p. 102. *Suibhne . . . ó Bhuais bhil*. Suibhne was of Dal Araidhe; but it is probable that the river Bush was the dividing line between Dal Araidhe and Dal Riada.

§ 48, p. 103. *Eochaidh Aincheas, son of Guaire*. A king of the Britons named Eochaidh Aingces is mentioned in the *Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan; see pp. 44, 45, 64, 65. O'Donovan regards him as a fictitious personage. As to Guaire, Sir John Rhys has suggested to me that he may be the Goreus whose name is found inscribed on a stone at Yealmpton, S. Devon; see Hübner's *Christian Inscriptions of Britain*, No. 23. This stone is situated in the district where ogams of the Déssi occur in S. Devon. It would be interesting to know whether the Goreus stone has an ogam.

§ 50, p. 105. *Eas Dubhthaigh*. From the context one would expect this place to be in Britain, but Hogan (*Onomasticon*) gives Es Dubhthaigh—which is certainly in Ireland (the reference is to Gwynn's *Dinnsh. VIII*, 42)—but does not identify it.

§ 52, p. 106. The metre of this poem is *debide*. Stanzas 6 and 7 are not in K.

Ba talach(?)ar thairisi. This is quite obscure to me. O'R. has *talach*, 'dispraise, reproach,' &c.

§ 54, p. 108. The metre of this poem is *debide*. Stanzas 4 and 6 are not in K.

§ 54, p. 108. *Ni minic bhíos cumann trír gan duine fo fhodhord dibh.* Cf. *ní gnáth comann comáentadach la triur iter*, 'rare is accordant union with a trio,' *Cath Catharda*, p. 10.

§ 54, p. 108. *Ar mian o thigid cadhain gusan mbealltine ar samhuin*, '... when the wild ducks come'; cf. *gigraind*, *cadhoin*, *gair re samuin*, King and Hermit, ed. Meyer, p. 18.

§ 56, p. 112. The metre of this poem is *debide*. Stanzas 6 and 7 are not in K.

§ 56, p. 112. *Allata, fergach an fer*, 'Wild and angry the man'; *allata* is usually rendered 'famous,' from *allud* 'fame,' but it seems doubtful if the epithet is appropriate here. Should we not rather render 'wild,' 'unbridled,'

regarding it as a parallel form to *allaidh*? See the many examples of the word in the gl. to *Cath Catharda*.

§ 58, p. 114. The metre of this poem is *debide*. Stanzas 3, 8, 10 are not in K.

§ 58, p. 116. **Meisi i ferann ghlás nach glenn**, &c. Suibhne can endure the wild and lonely glens, but is afraid of the fertile and populous plains. He is cold in glens, but he would be cold also in the plains.

§ 61, p. 118. The metre of this poem is *rannaigecht móir*. Stanzas 10 and 11 are not in K.

§ 60, p. 119. **from the time my feathers have grown**, i.e. since, through Rónán's curses, he became as a bird; see Introduction, p. xxxiv, footnote 2; see also pp. 33 and 49. Cf. *Lismore Lives*, pp. 260 and 354, where a holy man is described as being 'without any human raiment, but all his body was full of bright white feathers like a dove or sea-mew.' See also *Acallam na Senórach*, ed. Stokes, p. 325 (note to lines 6017 and 6018), *tuignech firclúime*, 'dress of veritable feathers.'

§ 61, p. 121. **Rathmor**; in Magh Line. It is situated about two miles to the N.E. of the town of Antrim. It seems to have been the principal seat of the kings of Dal Araidhe down to the sixth or seventh century. For a number of references to it see Reeves' *Eccles. Antiq.*, pp. 69 and 280.

§ 61, p. 122. **dosgarus rem chruth gan clodh**: *clodh* here appears to go with *chruth*, 'my unsurpassed shape.'

§ 64, p. 123. **Spectres on Sliabh Fuaid**. Is this weird episode an echo of the tale of Orestes and the Furies?

§ 67, p. 124. The metre of this poem is *debide*. Stanzas 4, 7, 8, 10, 14, 18 (latter half), 19 are not in K.

§ 69, p. 130. The metre is *rannaigecht bec*.

§ 71, p. 134. The metre is *ae freslige*.

§ 72, p. 134. **All Fharannáin**. See *Tribes and Customs of Hy Fiachrach*. The place referred to is Alternan, close to Skreen (Scrin Adhamnain) in the diocese of Killala, barony of Tireragh, Co. Sligo. It is associated with Colum Cille, Farannan, and Adhamnan. See also Betha Farannain in *Anecdota from Irish MSS.*, III, pp. 4 and 7.

§ 73, p. 136. The metre is *rannaigecht móir*.

§ 73, 136. **i édán rionntanach róin**; *riontanach* (*riontánach*?) is quite unknown to me. The variant *riointeach* is to be noted. P. O'C. has *róinteach* 'of or belonging to sea-hogs'; cf., however, 'ag eisteacht le riontach na rón 7 le fogar na ffaoileann,' Betha Farannáin, *Anecdota*, III, p. 5, l. 4. It is somewhat curious that the poem in which the above line occurs is one describing Farannán's Cliff.

§ 75, p. 136. The metre of this poem is *cró cummaisc etir casbairdne 7 lethrannaigecht*. Stanzas 3, 5, 7, 8, 13 are not in K.

§ 77, p. 143. The description of the meal which the cook prepared for Suibhne is a strangely primitive touch. If it has any special significance, I do not know what it is.

§ 78, p. 144. **gur gabh urrainn trid ar mbrisedh a droma ar dhó ann**, My rendering of this curious expression is but a conjecture. L has simply: tuc sathadh don lethgha fair as a láimh gur cuir trid.

§ 78, p. 145. **The herd made a thrust of the spear**, &c. In the *Birth and Life of St. Moling*, ed. Stokes, it is stated (p. 57) that a cowherd killed Suibhne.

§ 79, p. 145. **Énna mac Bracáin**. According to the Brussels version he was a member of Moling's community.

§ 80, p. 144. The metre is *debide*.

§ 80, p. 144. **biad do chorp inn-ethannaídh**. See the footnote in the text; it is strange to find that the half-stanza is in K but not in B; *ethannaídh*, if it be the word intended, is obscure to me. Should we read *etarnaídh* 'ambuscade,' 'lying in wait'?

§ 83, p. 146. The metre is *debide*.

Stanzas 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 22, 24 are not in K.

§ 83, p. 152. **bheith icc luthmhairecht im linn**. The construction is peculiar; perhaps we should read *beich*, 'bees,' for *bheith*, and translate: 'bees buzzing about a pool and the cooing of the turtle-dove.'

§ 83, p. 153. **more melodious to me is the glorious chant**, &c. Suibhne contrasts the *ceileabrad* ('service,' or should we say 'mass'?) of the hounds with the *comhradh* of the students. See also p. 141, where he contrasts a leaf of the yew-tree with a leaf of St. Kevin's psalter.

§ 83, p. 154. **Romgon an cruadhmucaidhe corr**. It may be that *cruadh* is a subs. here, and that *corr* goes with it, 'the pointed steel, or spear.'

§ 84, p. 155. **each man placed a stone on Suibhne's tomb**. As to this custom see Plummer's *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, vol. I, p. cix (note 7).

§ 85, p. 156. The metre is *debide*.

§ 85, p. 156. **Tucc dhamh, a chridhe, do lamh**, 'give me, O heart, thy hand,' but cf. *críde láime*, 'palm of the hand'; see Meyer's *Contributions*, s.v. *críde*.

§ 85, p. 157. **On me was imposed his preparation**, &c. See § 76 (p. 143), where Moling says that it was destined that Suibhne would come to Tech Moling, and ultimately die there.

BRUSSELS MS. 3410

FO. 59a TO 61b

DE S. RONANO MAC BERUIGH AS ECHTRA ŠUIBHNE

[Cap. I.]

Naomh uasal oirdnidhe robaoi sunn a ttír nEirenn .i. Ronán Fionn mhac Beraigh mhic Criomhthainn mhic Coluim Cúile mic Eirc Logha mic Laoghaire mhic Neill Naoighiallaigh. Fer chomhailte tiomna 7 conghala cuinge an Choimdedh 7 fuilngthi inghrema 7 treabhlaide ar gradh Dé. Ba mogh naoimhdhiles da anmain 7 ba crochaidh a chuirp 7 ba seciath sídín ríá drochaim-sibh diabail an fer min moronórach sin. Ro tórainnedh ceall lais feacht n-áon .i. ceall Lainni a nDail Araidhe a ccoiccedh Uladh. As aicce robaoi ferannus 7 forlamhus Dháil Araidhe .i. ag Suibhne mhac Colmáin Chuair mhic Cobthaigh. Rochuala sein guth cluig Ronáin aít a raibhe ag tórainn a chille 7 roifíarsaigh dia muinntir ciodh adchúaladar. Ronán Fionn mhac Beraigh atá ag tóruinn a chille ad chrích-si 7 at ferann. As e guth a chluig adchluini-si anosa. (As follus de sin nar chedaigh an naomh do Šuibhne an ecclás do thionnsgana.)¹ Et rolonnaigedh 7 ro fergaighedh go mór imón rígh 7 ro éirigh go dían deinmnédach do díchur an chleirigh on chill. Roglac a bhen .i. Eórann ingen Chuinn Chíannachta err an bhruit robhaoi uime 7 ro triall a fosdadh gur sgeinn fon teach an tsibhall (.i. dealg) argaítt robaoi isin brut 7 fágbhais a bhrat agan rioghaíne 7 dochuaidh lomnocht do dhíochur an chleirigh on chill go riacht airm (.i. áit) a raibhe ina réim roretha go ffarnaic (.i. go bfuir) antí Ronán ar a chionn. Is amhlaidh robaoi an cléireach ag moladh Rí nimhe et talman 7 ag solasghabháil a šalm 7 a šaltair líneach lánáláinn ina fiadhnaisi. Tuargaibh (.i. do thógaibh) Suibhne an tsaltair 7 teilgis uadha í a bfúdomhain an locha lindfuair robáoi ina bfíadhnaisi gur baidhedh an tsaltair ann. Gabhais láimh Ronáin íaromh 7 tairrngis na dhiaigh tar an ccill amach é et nir léicc lamh an chléirigh fós uaidh go ccúala an t-éighemh. As é dorinne an t-éighemh sin giolla Chonghail Claoin mhic Secannláin rí Uladh arna thoideacht ar cenn Suibhne o Chongal Claon do cath Muighe Rath.

1 in brackets in ms.

[Cap. II.]

Doruacht an giolla go Suibhne 7 adfed (i. roinnis) sccela dhó o thús go deiredh. Téid Suibhne lais 7 fagbais Ronán go dubhach dobrónach ar mbáthadh a šaltrach 7 ar ndénamh a dhímgine 7 a easonóra. Día mbói ló go n-oidche iarsin doriacht dobharchú asin loch go Rónán 7 a šaltair lais gan milledh líne nó litre innte. Doroine Rónan altugadh buidhe do Dhia do chenn na míorbuile sin 7 mallaighis Suibhne iarsin. Mo ched-sa for ced an Choimhde chumhachtaigh ar sé amhail tainic Suibhne dom dhíochur-sa 7 sé lomnocht gurab amhlaidh bhias doghrés (i. do ghnáth) lomnocht ar fáoindeil 7 ar foluamhain seachnóní an domhain 7 gurab bás do rinn bhéras fo dhéough 7 mo mallacht fair 7 mo bennacht for Eórainn rothríall a fasadh 7 an la adcfíft clanna Colmain an tsaltair robáidheds gurab díth 7 dílgenn dóibh 7 dorinne an laoidh :

Suibhne mac Colmain romcráidh,
romtarraig leis ar lethláimh,
d'fágbháil Cille Lainne lais,
dom beith athaigh na heccmais. 7 rl.

Dochúaidh Ronán iaramh go Magh Rath do dhénamh síthe idir Dhomhnall mhac Aodha mhic Ainmireach i. rí Erenn et Congal Claon mhac Scannláin rí Uladh 7 nir fét a siodhughud. Dobeirtí *immorro* an cleirech a ccomairce etorra gach laoi go nách marbhthaoi neach etorra on uair rotoirmesgtha an cathughud no go ngabhabha doridhisi. Ticcedh thrá Suibhne tar lamha an chleirigh gacha tráthá oir gach sídh 7 gach osadh doniod Ronan idir Fiora Erenn gach n-oidhce nomhilledh Suibhne ria ttráth éirghe gach laoi oir no marbhadh fer ria ttráth an chomhlainn gach laoi 7 fer eile ar secur an chomhlainn gach n-oidche. An lá *immorro* *rocinnedh* an cath móir do thabairt tainic Suibhne re ccách dochum an catha 7 tarla Rónan dó 7 ocht sailmchedlaigh dia muinnitir ina farradh 7 iad ag cur uisce coisrectha tar na sluagháibh 7 rochuirset tar Šuibhne a ccuma cháich. Dar laisiumh bá dá fochuidbhed rociuredh an t-uisge fair 7 dorad a mher a šúainemh na sleighe robháoi ina laimh 7 rodiubhraic do šailmceadlaidh diobh go romarbh. Dorad an t-urchar tanaisi do chum an cleirigh féin gur bhen isin clocc báoi for a ucht go roscceind a chrann as a n-airde isin aiér. Gonadh ann adbert an cleirech : Guidim-si an Choimhde, ar sé, i n-airde dochoidh an crann isin aiér 7 a nellaibh nimhe go ndechair-si ar gealtacht amhail gach n-eathaidh 7 an bás roimris for mo dalta-sa, ar se, gurab edh nosbériai-se fa deoigh i. bas do rinn 7 mo mallacht fort 7 mo bhennacht for Eórainn 7 Furadhrán 7 Teille uaim n aghaidh do siola uile 7 chloinne Colmáin cúair, 7 dorinne an laoidh :

Mo mhallacht for Suibhne, 7 rl.

[Cap. III.]

Ciodh trá acht ó rochomraicsiot na catha fochedóir robhúirsett 7 rogairset na sluaigh da gach leith ; ódchualas Suibhne na gáire mora sin 7 a bfreccartha 7 a bfuaim 7 a macalla a néllaibh nimhe 7 a bfroighthibh na firmintte rofesch súas 7 rolion némhain 7 dásacht 7 fáindeal 7 fualang 7 foluamhain é 7 miosgais gach ionaidh a mbiodh 7 serc gach ionaidh nogo roichedh. Romheirbhaghsett a mheoir 7 rochrithnaighset a chosa, roluathadh a chridhe, roclaochlá a chédfadha, rosáobadh a radharc, rothuitset a aimr as a lamhaibh go ndeachaidh la breithir Rónain ar gealtacht amhail gach n-eathaid 7 gach n-én bfoluaimhneach 7 antan ráinic as in cath amach ba hainminic notaithdledh a chosa an talamh ara lúas tainic 7 an trath dotaidhledh an chos an talamh as conntabairt go mbenfadha a dhrucht don fhér ar a ettroma 7 ar a aierdacht an cheime rocingedh 7 nir fhan don reim roretha sin gu nar fhagaibh magh no machaire nó coill nó moin no mothar i nEirinn gan taisteal an lá sin 7 rochaith a aois 7 a aimsir ar gealtacht i nEirinn 7 a mBretain an ccein romair, gan furtacht gan fóiridhín gan taobh do tabairt le dáoinibh amhail dherbas an leabhar sgríobhthar air fein darab ainm Buile Suibhne. Oir a n-aon uair tainic taom ceille chuiice 7 dosanntaigh taobh do tabairt le dáoinibh tre mhed gach bochtachta da bfúair an fedh dobaoi ar gealtacht 7 docuaidh roimhe d' ionnsuidhe a tire ; dochuaidh ar an aithgealtacht doridhisi oir dofoillsighedh do Ronán táomh ceille do techt cuige 7 a bheith ag dol d' ionnsuidhi a thíre dúthraighe 7 d' fanamhain aca 7 adubhairt Ronán : Aitchim-si (i. guidhim-si) an ri uasal uilecumhachtach nár léiccther an t-ingreinnigh 7 an sgristoir sin na heclai si da hingreim no da sgríos doridhisi amhail dorinne (i. dotriall) roimhe. Et an tinneachadh tuccadh fair na raibhe furtacht na fóiridhín dó dhe nogo scara a ainm re a chorp. Roeist Dia an itche sin Ronain óir antan tainic Suibhne go medhon Sleibhe Fúaid tarfás taidbsi iongantach dó a medhonoidhce i. méidheadha maolderga 7 cinn gan colla 7 síad ag síangal 7 ag gréchaigh imón slighidh anonn 7 anall et antan rainic-siumh etorra a medhón atcualaidh ag comhradh iad dar lais 7 asedh roraídhsett : Geilt é, ar an céidchenn ; geilt Ultach, ar an dara cenn ; a lenmhain, ar an tres cenn ; gurab fada an lenmain, ar an cetramhadh cenn ; nógó ría an fhairrge, ar an cúcchedh cenn. Rosfersat an guth a n-aoinfeacht chuige uile. Rothóguibh rompa da gach muine for a chéile 7 gerbó mor an glenn nothegmadh fris ni siubhladh-somh é acht nolingedh do bheinn na tolcha for a céile. Acht ata ní cena rocaith-siumh a aimser an ccein romhair ar buile 7 ar gealtacht tré easgaoine Ronain, 7 fuair bás do rinn (amhail innises a stair séin)¹ amail dosir Ronán ar Dhía gonadh é sin adhbar bhuile Suibhne tre easonoir an chléirigh.

[Cap. IV.]

As amhlaidh so fuair Suibhne bás do rinn. Feacht n-aon dia ndeachaideh Suibhne 7 sé for a gealtacht gonicce an áit a bfuil Tech Moling mar a raibhe Moling. Is annsin robhaoi Moling ag teccuscc luchta an léighinn 7 tainicc an gheilt for strath na tioprad 7 robaoi ag ithe bioruir. As mochlongadh sin, a ghealtacáin, ar Moling, 7 doronsatt an láoidh :

Moling cc. : Mochtráth sin a ghealtacáin
ré cceileabhradh cóir.

Suibhne : cidh moch lat-sa a chleirecáin
tainicc teirt ag Roimh. 7 rl.

Et doraidh Moling ris:¹ Ca fios duitsi cá cuin (i. uair no aimser) tig teirt ag Roimh. Fios dogeibhim om tigerna, ar se, gacha maidne 7 gacha noín. Innis duinn sgela do Día, ar Moling. Ata fios aguibh fein, a Moling, ar sé. Cred fodera duitsi mh'aithne? ar Moling. As meinic me ar an bfaithche-si, ar Suibhne, 7 ni deinim comnaidhe i n-áonáit. Cionnus eile, ar Moling, a bfuighe tú trocaire? Dogébh, ar Suibhne, óir ni thabhair pein form acht beith gan fos nó comhnaidhe. Dia tteghá asteach dogebhtha proinn aguinn. As doilghe lem a bheith gan brat, ar eisiumh. Dogebhair-si mo chochall-sa nó mo bhrat, ar Moling, madh áil let. Doronsat tres iomagallma 7 chainnte re ceile mar sin 7 dofharsaidh Moling de: cait a ttig do shaoghal? ar se. Aodhaire dod muinntir-si maribus mé, ar Suibhne.² As fochen do thoidheacht, ar Moling, óir atá a ndán duit bheith annso 7 do sgela 7 th' imtheachta d'fagbáil ann, 7 th' adhnacal a reilicc fíreoin 7 cid mór sírfi-si (i. do síubhal) gach láoi, ar se, tair gach easparta chuccam-sa go sgríobhthar do sgéla lem. Robaoi Suibhne ré bliadhna for samhla sin 7 gibe haird d'áirdibh na hErenn a ttéigedh gach laoi nobíodh um easpurga gacha nóna ag Moling.

Roordaigh Moling don bhanreachtaire proinn bhecc do thabairt dó risin ré sin 7 as amhlaidh doniodh an bhanaigheach, dozáitedh a cos a mbualtrach do leith imeal na búailedh 7 dodhoirtedh bainne a n-ionaidh a coise 7 dothigedh Suibhne dia caithemh sin go faiteach fuireachair, go ttárla lá airithi síarsin iomcháinedh idir mhnaoi an bhuchalla 7 ben eile go roraidh an bhen eile fria-si gurab olc an gniomh doghniadh narbh annsa le a fer séin iná an gheilt dobaoi aga tahaidh risan mbliadhain sin. Co rochuala siur an bhuchalla sin roinnis dó amhail adchuala 7 san laithe arnamarach táinic Suibhne amhail dognathaigedh 7 baoi ag ól bainne 7 innisidh a síur don bhuchalla anní cedna amhail roinnis roimhe et tig an buachaill amach 7 lethgha lais 7 fuair Suibhne ina luighe 7 sé ag caithemh a phroinne 7 tucc sathadh don lethgha fair as a láimh

1-2 This is a close paraphrase of the metrical version, see p. 138 supra.

gur cuir trid. Adchonnairc cleirech do muinntir Moling dobi ag búain cluig primhe anni sin 7 dorinne an laoidh :

Truagh sin a mucaidh Moling
 dorignis gniomh talcair tiinn
 maирg do marbh a los a neirt
 an rí, an naomh, an naomhgeilt. 7 rl.

Dochuaidh an cléirech mar a raibhe Moling 7 roinnis dó amhail rogonadh Suibhne. Tainicc Moling guna chleirchibh gus an ait a raibhe Suibhne 7 rohongadh leo é 7 tuccadh corp Christ dó 7 roaltaigh-siumh a caithemh. Tainicc an buachaill cuca 7 adubairt Suibne fris gurab olc an gniomh dorinne a marbadh gan adbar. Da flesainn-si go madh tu nobheith ann ní ghonfainn tú, ar an buachaill. Mallacht Chriost ort, ar Moling ris an mbuachaill, as olc an gniomh doronais 7 gairde saoghail duit 7 ifrenn fa deoigh. Ni fhuil tarbha damsá dhesin, ar Suibhne. Dogebhair-si éraic mhait, ar Moling .i. beith i nimh maille frímm-sa duit. Tainicc nell do Suibhne iarsin 7 rotoccbadh a leacht le Moling 7 leis na cléircibh. Eirgis Suibhne as a nell 7 rogabh Moling a lámh ina laimh 7 rangattar rompa go dorus na cille 7 tucc Suibne a guala re dorus na cille 7 roleicc osna mór as 7 dochuaidh a ainim dochum nimhe 7 rohadhlaicedh a chorp go n-onóir 7 go n-airmhidin ag Moling, gurab amlaidh sin fuair bás do rinu tre mallacht Ronáin.

GLOSSARY OF THE RARER WORDS

[The references are to the pages]

abairt *afeat*, n. pl. abarta 2.
 ablachóg dim. of ablach, *belonging to the apple-tree* 64.
 adhbha *habitation* 50.
 adhbronn *ankle* 142.
 adiú *hence* 14.
 adúas *has been eaten* 94; see Wind. Wörterb. s.v. dúad.
 adúdh 54; see Notes, p. .
 áeghaire *a herdsman* 140.
 áenoires? 54; see Notes, p. 167.
 áerdha *aereal* 50, 52.
 aiccept *instruction, a lesson*; g.s. aiccepta 136.
 aicill *preparation, lying in wait* 156.
 aidhbhle *vastness* 98.
 aidmilliudh 72, v.n. of admillim *I destroy*; see Notes, p. 169.
 aigh *ice* 114.
 aimhles *disadvantage, hurt* 146, 148.
 ainriocht (anricht) *evil plight* 42.
 airchinnech 28, 50, 82; see Notes, p. 164.
 archissecht, see oirchissecht.
 airdhena *signs, tokens* 2.
 aire *heed, attention* 84.
 airfidiudh *music, minstrelsy* 56.
 airide *high seat, dais*; g.s. airidhni 62.
 airittiu *reception, airittin* 146.
 airiugudh *perception* 50.

airlech *slaughter*, inf. of air-sligim
 oirlech 130, airligidh 68.
 áirne *a sloe* 110, n. pl. airnidhe 22.
 áirnechán *little sloe-tree* 64.
 aisseola for ois-seola? *deer-tracks* 90; cf. oisbherna 92.
 aitchim *I entreat* 122, 156.
 áith *sharp, keen* 114.
 áithéstrom *keen and light (footed), very light* 16.
 aithféghadh 124 v.n. of ath-fégaim *I regard*.
 aithgein *counterpart, equivalent* 122, 132.
 aithghealtacht *re-madness* 122.
 aithigidh *act of visiting* 42, v.n. of aithigim.
 aithmire *re-madness* 128.
 aitten *furze*, g.s. aitin 120.
 alchuing *a rack or shelf for arms* 142.
 allata 112; see Notes, p. 171.
 allmurdha *foreign* 52, 104.
 ammus *an attempt* 42.
 án *splendid* 6, 152.
 anaithnid (anaichnid) *unknown* 108.
 anall *hither* 14.
 anba *huge, terrible* 6.
 anforbthe *imperfect* 114.
 anforus *unsteadiness, restlessness* 46.
 anmaoin i. mioscais *hatred, pique* P. O'C. 56.

ansádhal *unsettled, uncertain* 110;
ansádhaile 132.
ansochair *unquiet, comp. ansochra* 132.
ansódh *unhappiness, g.s. ansóidh* 28.
antuiccseach *not understanding* 74,
 from *tuigse* *understanding*.
anú 44; see Notes, p. 166.
aobh *beauty, form* 58.
aonaidhe? 70, P. O'C., citing this tale,
 has *aonaidhe* i.e. *aonar* *one person,*
alone.
arberim *bith I partake of, I use,*
airbhírinn b. 38, *roairbir* b. 36.
argain *plundering, reaving, n. pl.*
airgni 24.
arim *for ar mo* 42.
asglann *a load borne on the shoulder* 24.
astadh *v.n. of adsuidim I hold fast, I*
bind 8.
athach gáeithe *a blast of wind* 104.
athaigh *a space of time* 6.
atchar *expulsion* 6; *v.n. of atcuirim.*
athghlasán *very green one?* 64; see
 foot-note, p. 65.
athlam *active, n. pl. athlumha* 18.
athtuirseach *very weary* 34.
athtuirsi *great weariness* 34.
atrochair *he fell* 58; cf. *dorochair*,
 used as perf. of *dotuitim* *I fall.*

báeghaldanger, hazard; atab. aonmhna
 sunna agad *there is but one woman*
here before you 50; cf. *baegul échta*,
 gl. to *Acallamh na Senórach*, ed.
 Stokes.
báeithgeltacht *furious madness* 84.
báethbenn *a wild mountain-peak,*
baithbendaib 86.
báethréim *a wild course, baeithrei-*
mennaibh 130.
báigh *contention* 60.
báire *a goal* 30.

balc *strong* 70.
banchoig *a woman-cook* 142.
banchuire *a band of women* 16.
bandál *a tryst with a woman, an*
assembly of women 16.
banna *a drop* 52, 56; see Notes,
 p. 167.
bantracht *a band of women* 110.
barclán *quite full, crowded* 30; *barc*
 i.e. *iomad* O'Cl., see also gl. to *Cath*
Catharda.
barrchas *curly-haired* 100.
bathais *the crown of the head* 24.
béiceadhán *little screaming one* 62, 82,
 from *bécam* *I roar.*
beittid 20, 3 *pl. 1 fut. of subs. verb; for*
instances of this form see Strachan's
Subs. Verb, p. 61.
benaccán 50, 84 *a calf (Contributions),*
*here apparently used as a dim. of *ben**
a woman.
benáil *act of cutting* 90.
bendachad *a benediction* 134; *here a*
blessed site, i.e. a place that had been
blessed through a saint dwelling
there.
benghág *a wrinkled, haggard woman?*
 86.
benn *a peak, antler-point* 78; see
 Notes, p. 169.
bennachtach *blessed?* 66.
bennán *a young buck, a calf* 62, 82.
bennín *a little peak or point, n. pl.*
beinníni 80.
bern *a gap* 64.
bert *effort, deed* 56.
bertín *a little bundle* 88.
bethe *the birch-tree* 66, 70.
bíatach *a victualler, biatachaibh* 52.
bíathadh *act of feeding* 60.
bil *good, blessed* 40, 102, 120.
bine *crime, sin?* 34.

biororán dim. of bioror *watercress* 116.

biorragán? a plant name 22; Cameron (Gaelic Names of Plants) has *biorrag*, *equisetum hiemale*, *dutch rush* or *shave-grass*.

bioth in phr. tar gach mb. *everywhere* 30; cf. tria bithu and tria bithu sír.

blicht *milk*, g.s. *blechta* 114.

bloisgbéim a *resounding blow* 124.

borr *vast, mighty* g.s. *buirr* 70.

borrfadach *swollen, elated, proud* 66.

bothleaptha a *hut-couch?* 92.

breac-bán *speckled-white*; see Notes, p. 161.

breacegair *variegated* 52, from *breac* *speckled* and *eagar* *arrangement* 52.

breacsról *variegated silk* 104, 106.

brecbhern a *gap with many tints* 92.

brégairecht *barking, yelping* 76.

brétaim I *break up*, 3 pl. perf. ind. *robhretait* 118.

brugaid a *land-holder, a hospitaller* 52, 102.

bruiden a *hostel* g.s. *bruighniu* 62.

búabhall a *buffalo, wild ox* 52.

búabhallda *made of buffalo horn* 10.

búaidre *deafness, confusion* 30.

búaile a *milking yard, cattle fold* 142.

búain *act of reaping* 60.

búaltrach *cowdung* 142, 144.

búar *kine* 82, 86.

buile *frenzy, ecstasy, madness, vision*, 2.

builidh *flourishing, joyous* 104.

buinne a *torrent, a wave* 124.

búiredhach *roaring, bellowing* 110.

búiredhán *little bellowing one* 62, 82.

búrim I *roar*; 3 pl. perf. ind. *robhúir-set* 14, v.n. *búriudh* 62.

cabhán a *cavity, a hollow* 14.

cacht (1) *bondage, constraint*, (2) *a fast, hunger* 20, 48.

cadadh 54; see Notes, p. 167.

cadhan *barnacle goose, wild goose* 108.

cádus *veneration, g.s. cadhasa* 96.

cáeirechán dim. of *cáerech* *consisting of berries* 64.

cáelmuine *narrow copse, shrubbery*, 68.

cáera a *sheep* 76, 116.

cáerthann *rowan-tree* 64.

cáidh *revered, holy* 26, 140.

cair a *fault* 8.

calg-dét a *tusk-hilted sword* 104.

caoilsnáithaide *slender-threaded* 10.

carrmhogal *carbuncle* 10.

casnad a *particle*; n.pl. *casnайдhe shavings, chips* 18.

ceirteach a *ragged garment* 30.

cennach *buying, a bargain* 88.

cennacht *headship* 88.

ceólán a *little bell* 134.

cerc-fráech a *grouse* 132.

cert a *rag* 38, dim. *certín* 88.

cethern *kerne, foot-soldiers* 112.

cíamhair *gloom, sadness* 24.

cíar *brown, dark* 66, 108.

cích a *pac, a teat* d.pl. *cigibh* 58.

cith-ainbthenach a *shower with storm* 100.

cladh a *ditch, rampart* 56, 98.

clannaim I *plant*, 3 s. perf. with infix. pron. of 1 s. *romchlann* 40.

class a *hollow*; do chlais chúil to the *hollow of the poll*, i.e. *nape of neck* 124, cf. im chlaiss a chúlaid, Contributions s.v. class.

clithar *shelter, cliuðar* 110.

clithardhlúith a *close shelter* 14, 82.

clithmharán dim. of *clithmar* *sheltered, snug* 66.

cliú *the left, left side* 10.

cloc 96; see Notes, p. 170.

clochadart a *stone pillow* 92.

clochſnechta *hail* 92.
 clúmh *down, plumage* 18, 46, 48, 118.
 cnaipe *a button, cnaipidhibh* 10.
 eness *skin, surface* 136.
 cnú *a nut* n. pl. cná 110, 116.
 cnúas *nuts* 136.
 cochlán *a little hood* 138.
 cōemhna *protection* 38.
 coill *in phr. dul fon ch. to go as an outlaw* 150; see Contributions s.v. caill.
 colbha *a post, pillar, doorpost, bedpost, bedside* 62.
 colcaid 46, 58; see Notes, p. 167.
 coll *hazeltree, hazelnut, call* 136, dim. collán 64.
 collan 40, ? for colainn *body*; see Notes, p. 166.
 comha *a condition* 12, n. pl. comhada 18.
 comairce *protection* 8.
 comhaitte (comshaide) *equal length* 146, 150.
 comól *a drinking together* 152.
 comramach *combative, triumphant* 112.
 comthocht *companionship* 24.
 congab *state, condition, acc. s. congaib* 132.
 congna *horn, antler* 144.
 conmír *a dog's meal* 126.
 conúachtus 100; see Notes, p. 171.
 corbaim *I defile, maim, romchoirb* 108.
 cornairecht *horn-blowing* 78.
 corr (1) *a heron* g.s. cuirre 86, 102; n. pl. corra 76; g. pl. corr 96; d. pl. corraibh 40; (2) *pointed, round*, n. pl. corra 84, 154.
 corracht *unsteadiness* 12.
 corrchennach ? 72.
 corrghaire *the cry of a heron* 76.
 corthar *a fringe, cortharaibh* 66.
 cortharach *fringed* 4.
 crádim *I torment, romchráidh* 6.
 cráesfhairsing *jaws wide open* 100.
 crannacht *crepitude* 12.
 creabhar *a woodcock* 74, 102.
 creamh *wild garlic* 22.
 creamhlus *wild garlic* 116.
 creamthanán dim. of cremhann *a fox* 74.
 creg *a rock* 96.
 creic *a selling* 26.
 creim *a gnawing* 74.
 críonach *dry sticks, faggots* 104.
 eriothugud *trembling* 66.
 criss *a girdle, g.s. creasa* 30 (but see Dinneen s.v. creas), n. pl. creasa *loins* 94.
 crithach *the aspen-tree* 66.
 critheólach *trembling?* 98; cf. crithánach and crithoman, gl. to Cath Catharda.
 crocairecht (crochairecht?) *the cry of the badger?* 78.
 crochbán *deathly pallor?* 138; the ms. has cróchban, but the metre requires crochbán; see cróch and cróchderg, Contributions.
 cróderg *blood-red* 130.
 crónán *a humming* 58.
 cronnglachán *a round little handful* 94.
 crúadhchomaidh *hard company?* 96.
 crúadhlm *hard and bare* 82.
 crúadhluirgnech *hard-shanked* 96.
 crúadhmucaidhe 154; see Notes, p. 173.
 crúaidhghuilbnech *having a hard beak* 96.
 crúaidhleadhbach *hard and ragged* 96.
 crúaidhleidhb *a hard slattern* 128, ledb *an untidy person.*
 crúaidhrinn *a hard point* 10.

crúandatha *saffron colour* 130.
 cruthailde 96; see Notes, p. 170.
 cúach *a bowl, a cup* 52.
 cúairt f. *a circuit, g.s. cuarta* 98.
 cúan *a pack of wolves* 110, cuanaibh 40.
 cúartugudh *wandering round, searching* 134.
 cubar *a bird of prey, n. pl. cuifir* 20.
 cúchairecht *cooing* 152.
 cuchtach *shapely* 30.
 cufr see cubar.
 cúi *a cuckoo* 32.
 cuibhdhe *agreement, sympathy, companionship* 84, 112; see Notes, p. 170.
 cúicherán P. O'C. has *singing of cuckoos, cooing of doves, lowing of kine, &c.* 62.
 cuilenn *holly* 66, 110.
 cuin *when?* i. úair no aimser L, 138.
 cuing *a yoke* 2, 96, cuing n-imeachtair, see Notes, p. 170.
 cuirm *ale* 62.
 cumaim *I form, dochum* 150.
 cumair *brief, here a summary* 62.
 cumann *companionship* 108.
 cumma for cumbe *cutting* 64, *shape, fashion* 18.
 cumus *power, control* 82.
 custul *next to, close to* 10.
 daiger *a blast of fire, a furnace* 114.
 daith *swift, eager* 68.
 damghaire *a herd of stags?* 58.
 damhghairecht *the belling of stags* 78.
 damim *I grant, I yield* 2 s. pres. ind. dámha 64.
 damhradh *stags* 14, coll. of dam.
 dé *smoke, acc. s. díaidh* 54, see Notes, p. 167.
 deacar *hardship, deacraibh* 62.
 dédla *bold, valiant* 68.
 deinmneadach *hasty* 4.
 deithidin *care, anxiety* 36.
 dercon *an acorn, n. pl. dercoin* 110, 116, 130.
 dergnáma *an implacable foe* 74.
 derthan *a shower, a storm* 114.
 díidine in phr. dia na haoine d. 32, 34, g.s. of díden *last*.
 difreagra *unanswerable* 112.
 dígeann *outcome, end?* 144; see Magh Rath, p. 216 and Laws Gl. s.v. dicend.
 dílgheann *extinction* 6.
 dímhíad *dishonour, g.s. dímhíadha* 122.
 dímigin *contempt, reproach* 122, g.s. dímigní 4.
 dingim *I force, I crush, nodhingedh* 142.
 dioghainn *protruding, defensive* 24; cf. tres in ndeirg ndruimníg, Battle of Magh Rath, p. 152; see gl. to Cath Catharda, *copious, abundant*.
 diogháir *fervent, zealous* 18, i. dían P. O'C.
 díol *disposal* 24.
 díth *destruction, ruin* 6.
 díthreb *a desert* 34.
 diubhracaim (díbairgim) *I cast, I throw, rosdiubhrac* 10.
 diule (diliu) comp. of dil *dear, beloved* 42.
 dligtheachán dim. of dligtheach *lxwful* 80.
 dobhar *darkness, gloom* 14.
 dobrán *an otter* 8.
 dochnáidh? 132; cnáidh *I take to be from cnáim, I gnaw, fret, pine, Contributions.*
 docomhul *a difficulty* 118.

-dom for -dam, for O.I. -ta or -da, 1 s. pres. ind. (neg.) of the copula nidom 28, 30, 40; cf. nidat 2 s. 64, nidot 3 pl. 48.

domacht 12, P. O'C. quoting the stanza in which it occurs here has *scarcity. fewness, my curse on Suibhne a full reward.*

dománuig 3 s. pret. and perf. of do-icc *comes*, with infix. pron. of 1 s.

domeccad 30; this seems to be 3 pl. pres. ind. of do-icc *comes*, with infix. pron. of 1 s., do-m-eccad.

domelim *I eat*, 2 s. pres. subj. tormalla 138, notoimledh 154.

domheilte 72?

donálach *yelping* 152.

dord *bellng* 34, dordán 152.

doroidnacht 3 s. perf. ind. of doindnacim *I bestow* 8.

dos *froth, scum* O'R. 138; O'Dav. has dos *i.e.* doinnim *unfortunate.*

dotachuisin 88, see Notes, p. 170.

dreachsolus *with bright face* 104.

dreann *a fight* 102.

dréim *an attempt* 92.

dremhan *fierce, angry* 20.

dreollán *a wren* 132, 134.

dris *a bramble, a briar*, n. pl. dreasa 30, 110, drisi 108, driseóg 64.

drochammus *a wicked attack, drochaim-sibh* 2.

droigen *blackthorn*, n. pl. droigni 108; droighnéin 64.

druimnechóg 64 dim. of druimnech *arched, curved, undulating (or perhaps with knots or knobs)*; see S. na Rann, 4516, 5388; see also Gael. Journal 1909, p. 169.

dualaig *vice, sin, doalcibh* 2.

dúarcus *sternness* 100.

dubhlén *black (intense) woe* 92.

dúil *an element* 132.

dúnárus *a dwelling* 36 n. pl. dúnáruis 50.

dursan (dirsan) *sorrowful, alas!* 34.

eadarbhúas *hovering* 42.

eadarnaigh (etarnaid) *an ambuscade, a lying in wait* 156; ethannaид for etarnaид? 144; see Notes, p. 173.

eala *a swan*, ealaib 34.

earrchaidhe *vernal* 98.

eatarfhásach *an interspace* 142; for other instances of the word see gl. to Cath Catharda.

éċ *death, éccuibh* 30.

écalma *feeble* 100.

éccaoínteach *mournful, plaintive* 124.

écht *heroic exploit, murder* 144, g.s. échta 96.

écert *injustice* 38.

écomhnart *unequal strength, feebleness* 48.

égemh *an outcry, an alarm* 4, 6.

eindhinn *ivy* 66.

eidhneachán dim. of eidneach *full of ivy* 66.

éimh? 40.

eing (eng) *track, footstep* 126.

eire (ere) *a burden* 86.

eite *a wing, e. an bhrait* 4.

etil *flight* 134.

ell *advantage, opportunity*; with gabaim; gabhaid uile a eill 68, cidh 'mongeibhe mh'e. 72, luath nogheibheda m'e. 74; cf. cona ragbat demhnu m'ell, Birth and Life of Moling, ed. Stokes, p. 52; Imraidi iarum Cuirrech modh nodgabad eill for Find, Rennes Dinds. p. 49.

ellteóg *a small hind or young doe*, P. O'C. 68; from elilit.

enechrus see oinechtreas.

énlaith coll. *birds* (*énflaith*) 110.
eól *home* 16, 24.
eólach *knowing* 86.
eólchaire *a longing for home, home sickness* 64; see *Voyage of Bran*, I, p. 41.
érgna *noble, famous* 18.
éric *a fine, satisfaction, blood fine* 146, 150.
érlumh *a patron* 2.
esparta *vesper-time*; see Notes, p. 165.
étagh *clothes, ettaighibh* 52.
ethaid *a bird* 10, 52; P. O'C., citing the present tale, has *a wild beast or fowl*.
ethannaith; see *eadarnaigh*.
étrom *light of weight, compar. ettromó* 44.

faitech *cautious* 142.
fál *a wall, fence, hedge* 142.
fán-glenn *a sloping valley* 62.
faóinnel (*fóindel*) *a straying* 4, 14, 28, 102, 124.
fáon *supine* 20.
feadóig *a plover* g.s. *feadóige* 104.
fedghaire *a shrill cry* 104.
feithemh *watching* 140.
femar *some kind of waterplant* 116.
ferán-eidhinn *a turtle-dove* 74, *frérann-e.* 152.
fern *the alder tree* 64.
fian *warrior bands* 24, 94.
finndlochtán *a fair little bunch* 94.
fionnghág *fair and wrinkled?* 86.
fionnmhuir *white sea* 92.
firmaint *firmament, g.s. firmaminnte* 14, *firmainti* 22.
fochann *cause* 2.
fochraic *a reward, fochraigciu* 2.
fochuidmedh *mocking, flouting* 10.

fodhord *a murmuring, conspiracy* 108.
fogha *a short spear* 10, 12.
fogharán dim. of *foghur* *sound* 80.
folach *concealed* 154.
folúamain *flight* 2, 4, 14, 102, 124; *folúaimhnech* 2.
foradhán dim. of *foradh* *shelf, seat* 80.
forbrechtrad *variegation* 10.
fordorus *lintel, outer door* 44, 110.
fordul *error* 112.
forfaire *watching* 80.
forlés *a skylight* 42, 62.
formadh? 52; see Notes, p. 167.
fosaidh *steadfast* 20.
fotha *a foundation* 30.
fothlocht *some kind of waterplant, perhaps brooklime* 22, 24, 70, 116; see *Stories from the Táin*, ed. Strachan, s.v. *fochlocht*.
fraisnéll *a showery cloud* 22.
fraissíne *a storm with rain* 90; from *frass* *a shower* and *sín* *storm*.
freislighe *a lying down with* 78.
fritháilim *I attend, I wait on*; perf. ind. 1 s. *rofriothálus* 70, 3 s. *romfritháil* 56.
fúaim *noise* n. pl. *fuamanna* 14.
fúalang *frenzy, giddiness?* 2, 14; P. O'C. citing the *Buile Suibhne* has *distraction, derangement, madness*; see also *Fled Bricrind* (Windisch), p. 263, l. 18, and *Battle of Magh Rath*, 230, 232.
fúathróg *a girdle* 10, 104, 106; see gl. to *Táin*, ed. Windisch.
fuilech *bloody* 52.
fuirgim (*fuirgim*) *I delay; romfuirgedh* 36, 86.
fuit *cold* 40.
fuithir *land* 62.
furechair *watchful* 142.

gainemh *sand* 156.
 gáisidech *hairy* 122.
 gamhnach *darach?* 66.
 gaoinemh? 56; cf. gáine = gaoine *a prank*, Duanaire Finn, p. 25; also gáine *i. maith*, O'Cl.
 gaoithsnechta *wind-driven snow* 90.
 gealtagán dim. from gealt 108, 134, 136.
 gealtóig dim. from gealt 108.
 géé *a branch, a bough*, g.s. géicce 30, n. pl. géga 30.
 géibenn *a gyve* 60.
 geilt f. *a madman* 26, 30, 40, &c.; the word seems to have been applied specially to a crazy person living in woods, a 'wild man of the woods'; also endowed with the power of flying; see Introduction, p. xxxiv, footnote 2. Cf. volatiles *i. gealta*, Chron. Scotorum, p. 122; see also Machain's Dictionary, geilt *i. folúamhain*.
 geilt glinne; see Notes, p. 166.
 géire *sharpness, harshness* 116.
 geis *a prohibition* 110; acc. pl. gesa 102.
 gen *a smile* 40.
 genidecht *goblin-like* 14, from genit *a goblin, a sprite*.
 gerc *a cormorant*, g.s. gaircce 104.
 gioghrann *the barnacle duck* 86.
 gláedh *a shout, call* 102; see Saltair na Rann 1290, 6554, 6794.
 glaismhín *green-mead* 90.
 glaisreóðha *shining with frost* 90.
 glansrotach *abounding in clear streams* 130.
 glas *green, grey, the sheen of reflected light, as applied to a sword, &c.*, 22, 30.
 glasán see foot-note, p. 65.
 glédenn *bright-coloured* 58.

gleóráin *cuckoo-flower* 32.
 gleórdha *luminous, bright* 88.
 golfortach *lamentation* 124, cf. golfa-dach, *Lis. Lives*, torannfadach, Ériu II, pp. 157, 161.
 gonim *I wound*, 3 s. perf. ind. with infix. pron. of 1 s. romgett 70.
 gorm *blue, swarthy* 90; see Notes, p. 170.
 gort *a field* 86.
 gothnaide from gothnat *a little dart* 68.
 graigh *a herd, a stud*, g.s. groidhi 78.
 greann *gravel* 88.
 grechach *screams* 144.
 greim, fuaras do gh. *I was able to catch thee* 68.
 grinne *a crowd of people* 58.
 guirt *bitter* 68.
 guiseóig *a stalk, a straw* 74.

íall (1) *a flock, a herd, (2) a thong, a bond*; n. pl. íalla 30; see Notes, p. 165.
 iardraighe *remnants, vestiges, after effects* 52; also iardaige, see gl. to Lismore Lives.
 iarmerge *nocturn* 152.
 imchumang (1) *very narrow* 16, (2) *close confinement* 110; see Cath Catharda 5154.
 imeachtair *outer* 96; cuing n-i.; see Notes, p. 170.
 imrall (imroll) *mistake, error* 60.
 imšionmh *great trouble* 62.
 imthaemang *act of surrounding* 16.
 ind *end, point* 114.
 inga *a talon, nail*, n. pl. ingne 32, ingni 94.
 ingreim *persecution* 122, ingreama 2.
 ingrintidh *a persecutor* 122.
 inmhe *position, rank* 134.
 inne *sensus* 112.

inneachadh *vengeance* 122.

inníreach *angrily* 142.

iodhnaidhe *awaiting, enduring* 70.

iomarchrúas *great rigour* 38.

iomargho *deceit* 112.

iomcháineadh *a disputing* 142.

iomchumang *see imchumang*.

iomlán *very full, numerous* 110.

iomram *a rowing* 54.

ionfhúar *cool, refreshing* 80, 110.

ionnailt *a handmaid* 106.

iosgad *the hough or hollow at the back of the knee* 124.

ith *corn, g.s. eatha* 114.

iubrachán *dim. of iubar yew* 66.

iubraidhe *of the nature of yew?* 70;
but see iubrach in gl. to Acallamh na Senórach (Stokes).

laghad *smallness* 104.

lámhaim *I handle, I touch, romlamh-aigh* 94.

laoi *steering oar, rudder* 54.

láthar *vigour, influence* 132.

leacht *tomb, 154, leachtnán 156.*

learg *a slope, a plain* 92.

leathgha *lit. half-spear* 144, but cf. líathga *Táin*, ed. Windisch 5930.

legairecht *for ledairecht (?) rendering* 76.

léige *go l. in the meantime; O. I. colléice, colléic* 28, 30.

léimnech *act of jumping* 122.

lenamhnach *persevering, stubborn, obstinate* 42, from lenamhain to pursue.

lenn *a mantle, a cloak, coat of an animal, 78, lennín 80.*

lennán *a lover* 46.

leptach *bedding* 22.

lesrach *the thighs* 124.

less *a fold, an enclosure, acc. s. léis* 76.

less *a thigh, n. pl. leasa* 94.

leth *in phr. i l. re by the side of, helping?* 44.

lí *splendour, colour, beauty* 64.

láach *sad, piteous* 28.

línéach *lined* 4.

linnghlas *grey (shining) water* 102.

linnúaine *green-watered* 102.

liosda *importunate, irksome* 42.

lomlán *quite full, lomnán* 20, 26.

lomnocht *stark-naked* 8.

lon *a blackbird, g.s. luin* 64, 76.

lonn *strong, fierce* 120.

los *herds, produce generally?* see Gl. to Laws, n. pl. lois 64.

los a l. *owing to, by dint of* 122, 144.

lúaidhim *I mention* 150.

lúamgheilt *leading madman?* 102; lúam *a pilot*.

lúirgnechóig *little long-legged one?* 68.

lus bian? 22, 116; P. O'C., citing the Buile Suibhne, has *herbage, herb viands*.

lúth *vigour, strength, g. s. líuth* 122.

lúthmhairecht 152, from lúthmar *active, vigorous*.

ma 38, for mad *good* in composition with following verb; see *Stories from the Táin* s.v. mad.

mac tíre *a wolf* 76.

máelderg *bare and red, n. pl. maoil-derga* 122.

máethaínder *a tender maiden* 48, from máeth *soft, tender* and ainder *a young woman*.

máethéttrocht *tender and bright* 48.

máethnatoin 116 *some kind of plant?* cf. maothán *a twig, an osier, a bud* O'R.

mairgnech *sorrowful* 100.

mál *noble n. pl. málla* 52.

malloghadh *cursing* 130.

mana *a presage, an omen* 62.

mannraim *I destroy*, 3 s. perf. ind. with infix. pron. of 2 s. rodmannair 100.

marthain *remaining, existence, life* 54, 58.

mas (mass) *beautiful, elegant* 20.

meabhail *treachery*, g. s. meabhla 112.

meanmarán 72 *little floury one?*, men meal, flour, but cf. menmar cach cáinte, *Instructions of Cormac*, ed. Meyer, p. 22.

meathach *a weakling* 142.

méide *neck, trunk*, n. pl. méidhedha 122.

meigeallaigh *bleating (of a goat)* 152.

méiligh *bleating (of a sheep)* 152.

meirbhénéll from meirb *weak* and nell *a swoon* 92.

melle (melde) *triplex, golden herb* 22, 116.

menic *often, compar. meince* 84.

mennat *a little dwelling, mennataibh* 118.

mennatán dim. of mennat 64, 134.

mennchrot *a lute, a lyre* 58.

mes *acorns, fruit* 132, 136.

mether *clothes* 108.

mín *gentle* 54; tre míne *gently* 54.

minchomairt *a broken mass* 82, comairt *pounding, a mash*.

mínén? 64; the name of some plant, m. muire occurs in the Metr. Gl. (Archiv für C. P., I) and in Hogan's Luibhleabhrán as *parsley pierc, meadow saxifrage*.

míodh *mead* 82, 86.

miodhbhun 22 *a plant-name?*, see Dinneen s.v. miodhbhán.

miodlaochda *effeminate, timid* 142.

míol muighe *a hare* 134, 136.

mionbhrúar *little bits* 82.

mír *a bit, n. pl.* mírenna 42.

mochlongadh *early eating* 136.

mochthráth *dawn, early hour* 136.

móirédrocht *very bright* 118.

mónann *a whortleberry, cranberry* 116.

mónarán *a bogberry, O'R.* 94.

monúaráin *woe is me!* 84.

mórmhonorach *greatly toiling* 2, monar work.

mothar *a woody swamp* 14.

mothar-mhuine *a dense thicket* 24.

múaidh *noble, glorious* 44.

múich *sadness* 119, 120, 122.

múichneachus *gloominess, misery* 118.

múichnidhe *gloomy* 36.

muincinn *a strait, a pass* 44.

muinterrdha *friendly, familiar* 2.

muirn *clamour* 22.

naid (nait) for ináid *than are* 28, O. Ir. indáte, oldáte.

náimhdidhe *hostile* 64.

nár *noble, modest* 156.

neamhfann *not weak* 26.

néll *a faint, a swoon* 158.

nemhain 14, P. O'C., citing the Buile Suibhne, has i. dasacht no mire frenzy, madness, distraction; see Táin, ed. Windisch, p. 339.

nía *a champion* 40.

nochatfia for nachatb[h]ia 62, here fia (bia) 3 s. fut. of subs. verb.

nothaidhledh 3 s. imperf. ind. of doaidlim (to-ad-ella) *I visit* 14, taid-lenn 30.

nothaigtais for O. I. notéigts, 3 pl. imperf. ind. of tíagu *I go* 22.

núallan *a wail* 30.

odhar *dun colour, but here the nipple of the breast* 144; cf. odar cíche, Acall. na Senórach (Stokes), 3314.

óg *young, fresh, n. pl.* úagha 110.

oighreadh *ice* 18; see aigh.

oigreata *icy, frozen* 90.

oil *reproach* 148.

oinech *honour, mercy, generosity* 66.

oinechtreas *apparently for enechrus safeguard* 84.

oirchill *lying in wait* 20.

oirchissecht *compassion* 54, 76, 82, 84.

oireamh *a ploughman, g.s. oiremhan* 78.

oisbhern *a deer-pass?* 92.

ong *a groan, lament* 40.

orc (?orca) *the calf of the leg, oircníbh* 124.

ord *ordo, sacred office* 32, g.s. uird 106.

os *a deer, n. pl. ois* 64; ois allta *wild deer* 134.

osair *a bed, a litter* 80.

osgur *ignorant* 74.

osnadach *sighing* 100.

prab *sudden* 46.

prímh *the canonical hour of prime, g. s. prímhí* 144.

ráe *a field, plain* 120.

raithnech *a fern* 80.

rátsech *words, speech* 138.

ráthraighe *guaranteed* 140.

rathmar *fortunate, gracious* 18.

rathonn *a great wave* 92.

realtánach *starry* 76.

reb *sport, g. s. reabha* 90.

rébaim *I tear, 3 pl. perf. ind. rorébsat* 30, v.n. rébad 30, 48.

renga *the reins of the back, the loins, reandaibh* 88.

reód *hoar-frost, g. s. reóidh* 30, 76, 118, 126.

rinnglas *blue-starred* 20.

riocht *shape* 38, 132.

riontanach 136; see Notes, p. 172.

riothugud *racing* 66.

rod *violent, fierce* 38.

roga *choice, roignibh* 22.

romhac *great son* 18.

rón *a seal* 134.

rorer 38; this seems to be intended for I s. perf. ind. of renim *I sell.*

rúathar *onrush* 24.

ruire *a prince, chieftain* 36.

sádhala *comfortable, easy* 46, 110, 134.

sádhudh *a thrust* 144.

sáeirchendaidh *a noble leader?* 86.

sál *heel* 142.

samhad *wood-sorrel* 22, 116.

samhlaim *I liken; rosamhlaidheda* a righe fris 60.

sanusláidh *a secret song?* 96.

scáth ar s. *for the sake of* 2, 32 (?).

scé *hawthorn* 28, g.s. sgíach 22.

seanbaidhe *prickly, thorny, from scenb a thorn* 64.

scenbhágér *prickly and sharp* 116.

scendim *I spring, rosing,* 4, 10.

sceo and 64.

scíamdhá *beautiful* 140.

seach in phr. ma s. = fa s. *in turn* 66.

sead *a nest acc. s. seit* 126; see Dinneen s.v.

seghais *a wood* 120.

ségda *stately* 102.

ségonn *an accomplished person, a champion* 58.

séimh *thin, smooth* 18.

seimnech *riveted* 10.

seisbhéimnech *resounding blow* 124.
seisi *a mate, companion* 106.
seisreach *a plough-team* 78.
sén hap, *chance, luck* 66.
seng *slender, emaciated* 50, g.s. *singi* 88.
sengbhlén *slender groin* 92.
sesc *sedgy land* 38; see *Laws IV*, p. 144, 7.
sescenn *a moor, fen, morass* 38.
sésdán *a shout, din, clatter* 22, 124.
séselbe *a tumult* 124.
sét *wealth, a treasure* 26, n. pl. *seóide* 118.
sgailp *a cleft* 22.
sgal *cry, shriek* 74, cf. *léicid fead* no scal as, *Oss. Soc. v*, p. 30. See also *Dinneen* s.v. scal and scol.
sgáthraighe *shunned, dreaded* 140.
sgeachóir *a hawk*, n. pl. *sgeachóra* 116.
sgeile *pitiful, grievous* 86.
siangal *hootings, croakings* 122, 124.
sibheanradh 76 *mirth, laughter, jollity*, P. O'C.; see *Ann. Four Mast.* 1638.
sioball *fibula, pin* 4; in L it is glossed dealg.
sioc *ice* 126.
siomsán *wood-sorrel* 22, 116.
sionnach *a fox* 76.
síor-éighemh *a prolonged cry* 124.
siorsan *fortunate* 70.
siregdha *made of silk or serge*, from *siric* *silk, serge* 52.
sirtheachán dim. of *sirthech* *begging?* (see gl. to *Lismore Lives*) 80.
síst *a while* 106, 122, 128.
slinnén *a shoulderblade* *slinnenibh* 124.
slinnlethan *with broad blade* 10.
smech *a chin* 62.
smér *a blackberry* 110.
snáth *a thread* 30.
snáthad *a needle* 52, 56.
snige *trickling* 136.
snímche *grief, sorrow* 34.
snomh 56; see *Notes*, p. 167.
snúadhamail *having colour, beautiful* 18.
socht *silence*, 112.
soclán *full of prows*, from *soc* *a prow* 30.
soil *(sail) the willow* 70.
soinmech *prosperous* 132.
solusghábáil *blithely chanting* 4.
so-mblas *sweet-tasting* 52.
so-óla *good to drink* 52.
soraidh *happy, successful* 72.
srann *a snore* 38.
srath *a brink* 28, 82, 136.
sreabnaidhe *filmy, membranaceous* 10.
sreithegar 10, from *sreth* *row, rank, and egar* *order, array*.
sriobhúaine *green-streamed*, from *srib* *a stream* and *úaine* *green* 118, 134.
srólda *consisting of satin* 52.
sruthfhairrge *the main, the sea* 96.
stocairecht *trumpeting* 78.
stúagaim *1 bend* 24.
stúaglúb *a bow-loop* 110.
súairreach *trivial, mean, weak* 76.
su-aithnidh *easily known* 46.
su-aithenta (*súaichenta*) *well known* 102.
súanach *sleepy* 46.
subh *a berry* 64, *subha craobh raspberries* 116.
surdlaigh *leaping wildly* 126; cf. *nobid* ic *surdraig* *ina fiadhnaise* *Rev. Celt.* ix, 464.

tacha *scarcity* 108.
tadhall *visit, approach* 22, v.n. of *to-ad-ellim*.

tāebh, with dobeir . . . fri *he trusts in* 16, 18, 42, 102, 110, 122.
 tāes 1 s. pres. subj. prototonic of dotiag *I come* 40.
 tāeth 3 s. pres. subj. used as pret. of tuitim *I fall* 144; tāethus (taotus) 80 seems to be 1 s. fut. pres. of the same verb.
 tafonn *act of hunting, chasing* 8, 42.
 tāimhnél *a faint, a swoon* 154.
 tairber 2 s. impv. of tairbrim (do-air-berim) *I bring forth* 34.
 tāire *reproach* 126.
 tairisi *trust, loyalty* 106.
 tairnic 3 s. perf. ind. of tar-iccim *I end* 48.
 tais *soft, easy* 120.
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 talchair *stubborn* 144, talchaire *self-will* 94.
 taom *a particle, a scrap* 122.
 targaid *he offered* 18, 3 s. imperf. of do-aircim.
 tarrachtain *act of overtaking* 100.
 tasci *come!* 58.
 tásig *news, report* 56, 58.
 tāthad *union, addition* 56.
 tearbaim *I sever, romtheardadh* 26.
 tecómhaccair *evenit* 2.
 teibersin *spurting* 134.
 tenn *strong* 78, 80; go teinne *stoutly* 12.
 tenngarg *strong and fierce* 86.
 terc *scarce*, n. pl. tercta for terca 48.
 temholta *characteristics, habits* 62; see Passions and Hom. p. 29; note the variant testmolta.
 tibim *I smile* 40.
 tigedhus *housekeeping, husbandry* 54.
 time *fear* 30.
 tinnebradh *sleep* 38, 132.
 tinnenach *hasty* 124, 134, 136.
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 tlás *weakness, cowardice* 118.
 tochrádh *tormenting* 8, 44.
 tocht *act of going* 144.
 tocht *silence, stillness* 58.
 toich *acceptable, compar.* tocha 46, 142.
 toici *fortune* 52.
 toichim *a course* 10.
 toirnech *thunder, toirneachaibh* 40.
 toirrchim *drowsiness* 132.
 toisg *an errand, business* 52.
 tolg *a bed* 60, 62.
 toll *gaping, leaking* 40, 52, 54.
 tollaim *I pierce, romtholl* 28, tolladh 22.
 tórainn *act of marking out, measuring* 2.
 torrchenach? 72.
 tothachtach *wealthy* 134.
 trealmach *equipped, armed* 26, from trelam *military weapons, equipment*.
 tregdaim *I pierce, I transfix, rotreghd* 118, treaghdaadh 22.
 tréntógraim *a close pursuit* 124.
 treórách *strong* 86.
 triámhain *sad* 28.
 troig *a foot, n. pl. troighthiu* 118.
 tromthocht *heavy (oppressive) silence* 20.
 túairgim *I beat* 34.
 tucaitt *cause* 2.
 tuce 156, used here as 2 s. imperv. from dobiur *I give*, cf. Wb. 10^a30.
 tuilleadh or tuillemh, inf. of tuillim *I earn, deserve* 2.
 tulmhong *the surface, top* 114, cf. condechaid i tulmuing in talman, *Magh Rath*, p. 152.

turrag *act of searching* 22, from túrim
I search.

úallach *proud* 44.

úarán *a well, a pool* 80, n. pl. úaránnna
22.

úarsioc *cold frost*, g.s. úairseaca 90.

úathbás *mortal terror* 124.

ucinbhadach *groaning, sighing* 100.

udmhaille *unsteadiness, motion* 14.

uilléngér *having a sharp angle or point* 10.

uinnes *the ash-tree* 66.

uiseóg *a skylark* 74.

urbhadach *baleful* 66.

urbaid *bale* 54.

urradhus 18 *chieftainship, authority* ;
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urrainn *a point* 144.

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THE MOST REV. DR. O'DONNELL, Bishop of Raphoe.

THE VERY REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.

REV. PROFESSOR EDMUND HOGAN, S.J., D.LITT.

Executive Council

Out-going Chairman—JAMES BUCKLEY, M.R.I.A.

In-coming Chairman—THOMAS A. ENGLAND, LL.D.

MRS. BANKS.

FRANK MACDONAGH.

EDWARD COLLINS, LL.D.

MRS. NUTT (*ex-officio.*)

R. FLOWER.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

ARTHUR W. K. MILLER, M.A.

PROFESSOR E. QUIGGIN, F.G.C.C.

ERNEST RHYS.

CAMB.

Hon. Gen. Sec.—ELEANOR HULL.

Assist. Sec.—J. CAMPBELL.

Hon. Treas.—SAMUEL BOYLE, 20 Hanover Square, London, W.

Publishers to the Society.—DAVID NUTT, 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.

Consultative Committee

PROFESSOR SIR E. ANWYL.

J. H. LLOYD.

PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN.

PROFESSOR MACKINNON.

T. J. FLANNERY (T. O FLANNCHAILE).

PROFESSOR JOHN MACNEILL, B.A.

PROFESSOR HENRI GHAIDOURI.

DR. MARSTRANDER.

EDWARD GWYNN, F.T.C.D.

REV. CANON PETER O'LEARY, P.P.

REV. PROF. RICHARD HENEERRY.

DR. HOLGER PEDERSEN.

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.,

M.R.I.A.

PROFESSOR SIR JOHN RHYS, P.C.

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

PROF. F. N. ROBINSON.

PROF. DR. RUDOLF THURNEYSSEN.

Reports from Editors.

Besides Father MacErlean's and Mr. O'Keeffe's volumes going through the Press the following reports have been received:—

Mr. J. H. Lloyd reports that he has compared his copies of the poems from the book of the O'Brynes from the T.C.D. manuscript, with the photographs of the same poems from the excellent Harvard manuscript generously supplied by Professor F. N. Robinson, of Harvard University. This manuscript contains three additional poems to those in the T.C.D. copy, and completes one poem incomplete in the Dublin copy.

Miss Eleanor Knott reports that she has copied and collated most of the available copies of the Poems of Teigue "Dall" O'Higgin to be found in Dublin, but has not yet begun to edit or translate them.

Mr. Thomas O'Nowlan reports that he has collated many of the poems for his edition of the "Contention of the Bards," and hopes to proceed upon the work with vigour in the autumn. He is founding his edition on a good text by Bernard Na Cuirnin (1712), in the Maynooth Collection, but the large number of manuscripts to be collated makes his work unusually laborious.

A report has also been received from Rev. George Calder, M.A., Ph.D., saying that he had now cleared the way to proceed continuously with his work on his proposed edition of the Irish version of the *Thebaid* of Statius.

Final Volume of Keating's History.

The Council have been much encouraged by the recent offer from one of their members of a generous donation of £125 towards the production of the long-desired final volume of Keating's *History of Ireland*. This volume, to complete their edition, will contain indices of names of places mentioned in the body of the History, with, so far as is possible, identifications of place-names and the modern equivalents of personal names; also a map of early Ireland, and the genealogies with which Keating concludes his work.

The editor of Volumes II. and III., Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., has undertaken this work; and it is hoped that members who already possess the three volumes of the History of Ireland will have the satisfaction of receiving this further volume without loss of time.

Dictionaries.

The sale of the larger Dictionary has not been quite up to the average of former years. This decrease is largely owing to the production of the second and smaller Dictionary, which is having a satisfactory sale.

The Council have to report, with special satisfaction, the voluntary formation in America of a strong Branch Council of influential Irish-American citizens and Celtic Professors at the various Universities to assist the work of the Society by bringing it to the notice of Irishmen and women in the States. This useful project owes its inception to the kind energy of Professor A. C. L. Brown, of North-Western University, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A., who is himself acting as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer to the American Branch. The Branch Council, as at present constituted, includes the names of:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Wm. J. Onahan (Chairman). | Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. |
| Very Rev. John Cavanaugh. | John Quinn. |
| Professor T. Peete Cross. | Professor F. N. Robinson. |
| Wm. Dillon. | Very Rev. Thomas Shahan, D.D. |
| Professor Joseph Dunn. | D. Ryan Twomey. |
| Professor Ch. Mills Gayley. | Professor A. C. L. Brown |
| Professor W. A. Nitze. | (Hon. Sec. and Treas.). |
| Michael O'Gallagher. | |

The immediate result of the formation of this Branch Council has been the influx of a large number of new American subscribers to the Society, particularly in and about Chicago, where Professor Brown's influence has been especially exerted; we have no doubt that this influence will radiate outwards into other parts of the States as the several members of the new Branch Council are able to bring the Society before the notice of their Universities and friends. The following is an extract from a Chicago paper of 24th January, 1912:—

THE IRISH TEXT SOCIETY.

The addresses of Dr. Dillon, Assistant Corporation Counsel for Chicago, and Professor Brown, of the North-Western University, at the Irish Fellowship Club luncheon last Saturday, should aid a good deal the project to establish a Council of the Irish Text Society here in Chicago.

Dr. Dillon outlined clearly in his talk the three periods in the literary history of Ireland, emphasizing the fact that there are many valuable Irish manuscripts in Dublin, in Brussels, and at Louvain University that are awaiting the hand of the skilled and scholarly translator in order that they may be done into English.

Professor Brown, who has made a close and special study of Celtic at the Sorbonne, Paris, told how the Irish Text Society was first founded and what its aim and purpose is. He declared that it rested with the Irish people to make the wealth of Irish literature known—that by aiding the Irish Text Society movement they would be doing a patriotic thing—something which would reflect credit on the Irish race because of the literary worth concealed from the world in these rare Irish manuscripts. It may be well to state here that subscribers to the Irish Text Society can do so by forwarding their names with two dollars to Professor Brown, 625 Calfax Street, Evanston, Ill.

The best thanks of the Council are due to Professor A. C. L. Brown for his energy and interest, and to the other members of the American Branch-Council for their readiness to support his efforts.

It is hoped that this Branch-Council will from time to time aid the Council at home by advising as to the selection of books for publication which will meet the needs of Irish men and women in America.

The number of effectual members on the register is 632.

Seven members have resigned during the year, and one, Mrs. E. Lecky, is deceased.

Fifty-five new members have joined the Society in the course of the year.

- *1. J. F. Bowers, Esq.
- *2. W. F. Brenuan, Esq.
- 3. Gustav Burchardi, ph.D.
- 4. Gerald P. Byrne, Esq. (Shanghai).
- *5. Very Rev. John Cavanagh, c.s.c.
- *6. Richard F. Condon, Esq.
- *7. Hon. John D. Crimmins.
- 8. Dr. J. S. Crone, J.P.
- *9. Professor Tom Peete Cross.
- *10. Alfred T. De Lury, Esq. (Canada).
- *11. William Dillon, Esq.
- *12. Professor Joseph Dunn.
- 13. M. Johannes Enschedé.
- 14. P. J. Fleming, Esq.
- 15. Daniel Fraher, Esq.
- 16. Gaelic League, Limerick.
- *17. Professor Charles Mills Gayley.
- 18. Neville P. Godrill, Esq.
- *19. Dr. P. B. Hayes.
- 20. Miss Mary A. Hollingworth.
- 21. Irish Club, Johannesburg.
- 22. Rev. Thomas Keappock.
- *23. John J. Kinsella, Esq.
- 24. E. W. Lynam, Esq.
- 25. Rev. P. D. McCaul.
- *26. Hon. John P. McGoorty.
- 27. Miss Ada McNeill.
- 28. Mrs. Maude.

- 29. Rev. Dr. Molloy.
- 30. William Murphy, Esq., N.T.
- *31. Dr. Thomas O'Hagan.
- 32. P. O'Moore, Esq.
- *33. William J. Onahan, Esq.
- 34. William O'Rinn.
- 35. John Phillips, Esq., M.P.
- *36. John J. Poulton, Esq.
- 37. D. Stack, Esq.
- *38. Dohmnall Mac Suibhne.
- *39. John Treacy, Esq.
- 40. Miss M. Chenevix Trench.
- *41. D. Ryan Twomey, Esq.
- 42. D. F. Walsh, Esq.
- *43. Woodstock College, S.J.
- *44. P. H. O'Donnell, Esq.
- *45. Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell (Bishop of Omaha).
- *46. Rev. James Aherne.
- *47. Rev. T. O'Callaghan.
- *48. Rev. D. P. Harrington.
- *49. Rev. John Maher.
- *50. Chicago Public Library (per Stevens and Brown).
- *51. Miss Ruth Cady.
- *52. Clifford A. Rohe, Esq.
- *53. John A. McGarry, Esq.
- *54. William C. McKenna, Esq.
- 55. Messrs. Slatter & Rose, Oxford.

(Those marked * are U.S.A. Subscribers.)

Ten further members have joined since the Annual Meeting; their names will appear in next year's Report.

The adoption of the Report was moved by Mr. T. W. Rolleston. He said that the Report was a most encouraging one, and it was particularly pleasant that their American Branch had made so successful a start, and he believed they had by no means reached the limit of help they would get from that quarter.

Mr. Charles R. Arlen, who is on a visit from the United States, in seconding the motion, spoke very hopefully of the prospects in America for the wide diffusion of the Society's publications.

The Chairman, in putting the vote to the meeting, referred to the very generous and patriotic action of the donor of the large contribution mentioned in the Report, towards the production of the fourth and final volume of Keating's "History of Ireland." He said that they looked forward to a great development in the work of the Society during the coming year.

The Report was unanimously adopted.

The Hon. Treasurer then submitted the Annual Financial Statement.

THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY—FINANCIAL STATEMENT,

Year ended 31st March, 1912.

THE SOCIETY'S ORDINARY PUBLICATIONS.

RECEIPTS.

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------|-----|----|----|-------------------------------------|------|----|----|
| To Balance from previous year, .. | 192 | 18 | 8 | By Editing, .. | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| ,, Subscriptions, .. | 207 | 18 | 5 | ,, Postage and Stationery, .. | 4 | 7 | 0 |
| ,, Donations, .. | 27 | 15 | 7 | ,, Printing, .. | 11 | 17 | 6 |
| Interest on Deposit 6 2 1 | | | | ,, Publishers, .. | 101 | 4 | 3 |
| | | | | ,, Salary (Assistant-Secretary), .. | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | ,, Sundries, .. | 1 | 15 | 6 |
| | | | | ,, Balance, .. | 260 | 10 | 6 |
| | | | | | £434 | 14 | 9 |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | £434 | 14 | 9 |

BALANCE ACCOUNT.

ASSETS.

LIABILITIES.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|-----|----|----|--|-----|----|----|
| To Balance down :— | | | | By Balance (including subscriptions for vols. not yet published), .. | 260 | 10 | 6 |
| Cash in Bank 254 10 6 | | | | | | | |
| Cash on hand 6 0 0 | | | | | | | |
| ,, Society's Share of Stock, | 260 | 10 | 6 | | | | |

THE SOCIETY'S IRISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

RECEIPTS.

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------|-----|----|----|------------------------------------|-------|----|-----|
| To Receipts already published, .. | 260 | 1 | 7 | By Payments already published, .. | 230 | 9 | 7 6 |
| Sales (net), .. | 127 | 9 | 3 | ,, Printing and Binding | 13 | 1 | 2 |
| | | | | ,, Postage and Stationery, .. | 3 | 6 | 10 |
| | | | | ,, Sundries, .. | 6 | 8 | 9 |
| | | | | ,, Salary (Assistant-Secretary) .. | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | ,, Balance, .. | 382 | 1 | 7 |
| | | | | | £2729 | 5 | 10 |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | £2729 | 5 | 10 |

BALANCE ACCOUNT.

ASSETS.

LIABILITIES.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------|-----|----|----|----------------|-----|----|----|
| To Balance down :— | | | | By Balance, .. | 382 | 1 | 7 |
| Cash in Bank, .. | 382 | 1 | 7 | | | | |
| ,, Stock in hand, .. | | | | | | | |

SAM BOYLE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

Examined and found correct.

E. W. LYNAM, }
TOMAS D. MAC GEARAILT, } *Auditors.*
May 23rd, 1912.

The principal figures in the "ordinary volumes" account were—Balance from last year, £192 18s. 8d.; subscriptions, £207 18s. 5d.; donations, £27 15s. 7d.; interest, £6 2s. 1d.; total, £434 14s. 9d. Editing and other expenses, £134 4s. 3d.; balance of cash on hand and in bank, £260 10s. 6d. Against this very considerable balance it has to be stated that it includes about 750 annual subscriptions for volumes not yet issued. The dictionary statement showed—Balance from last year (receipts already published), £2,601 15s. 7d.; sales, net, £127 9s. 3d.; total receipts, £2,729 5s. 10d.; payments already published, £2,509 7s. 6d.; printing and other expenses, £37 15s. 9d.; balance cash in bank, £382 1s. 7d., making a total of £642 12s. 1d. in bank. Mr. Boyle gave some very interesting statistics of the work of the Society, which showed forcibly the very wonderful success that the Society has attained in the fourteen years of its existence. In that period, he said, the Society had sold and delivered to persons and institutions all over the world over seven thousand volumes of old Gaelic literature from ancient manuscripts never previously printed, edited by eminent Gaelic scholars of the present day with English translations. In addition to this wide distribution of Gaelic literature, the Society sold eight thousand copies of their Irish-English Dictionaries, which had gone to all the important libraries of Great Britain and Ireland, the Continents of Europe, America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Africa. Last year was the most successful year in point of members' subscriptions paid, new members joined, and editorial preparation for new volumes. It was hoped that with the issue of the completing volume of Keating the four volumes of Keating would form so attractive a possession that the whole 1,400 sets of volumes now in the Society's stock would find a rapid sale (especially in America) not only for private libraries, but for University and other public libraries, and as prizes for competition at Feiseanna. The Society had altogether received from members' subscriptions about £2,000, and for donations to Editorial Fund, £128 9s. 5d.; while they have paid for editing, altogether, for their annual volumes, £300. They had on hand a stock of about 8,000 ordinary volumes and 2,000 Dictionaries. Mr. Boyle added that the work of the Irish Texts Society was, therefore, a very important part of the Gaelic movement.

Mr. A. P. Graves seconded the adoption of the financial report.

The financial report and balance-sheet were passed.

Election of Officers.

The officers were re-elected as follows:—Dr. Douglas Hyde (President), Miss Eleanor Hull (Hon. Secretary), Mr. Samuel Boyle (Hon. Treasurer), and Messrs. E. W. Lynam and Thomas D. Fitzgerald, Auditors.

In moving the re-election of the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Rolleston and the Chairman spoke in very appreciative terms of the unwearying services of Miss Hull and Mr. Boyle.

The retiring members of the Council, Dr. England and Dr. E. Collins, were re-elected, and Mr. Robert Flower (British Museum) was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Hon. Mary Spring Rice, who was unable to attend.

This concluded the business of the meeting.

GENERAL RULES.

OBJECTS.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

CONSTITUTION.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Executive Council, a Consultative Committee, and Ordinary Members.

OFFICERS.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretary, and the Honorary Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Council, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Council, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Council shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Council shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up casual vacancies occurring throughout the year. Any Member of Council who is absent from five consecutive Ordinary Meetings of the Council to which he (or she) has been duly summoned, shall be considered as having vacated his (or her) place on the Council.

CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Council, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

MEMBERS.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Council.

SUBSCRIPTION.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum (American subscribers, two dollars), entitling the Members to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and *retains* any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to the Honorary Secretary, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so: otherwise they will be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

EDITORIAL FUND.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Council shall determine, when the Council shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Council shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting transacted.

AUDIT.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

CHANGES IN THESE RULES.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Council shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to the Honorary Secretary seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

(Members are earnestly requested to send Notice of Changes of Address to the Hon. Sec., 20 Hanover Square, London, W., to avoid mis-postage of Books and Notices.)

| NAMES. | ADDRESSES. |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Aherne, Rev. James | St. Agnes Church, South Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A. |
| Anderson, J. Norrie, J.P. | Provost of Stornoway, Lewis, Scotland. |
| Anwyl, Prof. Sir E., M.A. | 62 Marine Terrace, Aberystwyth. |
| Arlen, Charles R. | Chichester House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. |
| Assessors, Board of | per J. J. Keane, Secretary, Room 10, City Hall, Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A. |
| Banks, Mrs. M. M. | 7 Wadham Gardens, London, N.W. |
| Barrett, Rev. Dr. | St. Colman's College, Fermoy, Co. Cork. |
| Barron, E. W. | Woodstown, Co. Waterford. |
| Barry, Thomas | Woodview, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford. |
| Bartholomew, J. | 56 India Street, Edinburgh. |
| Beary, Michael, C.E. | Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford. |
| Begley, Rev. John | St. Munchin's, Limerick. |
| Bell, H. Idris | British Museum, London, W.C. |
| Bergin, Prof. Osborn J. | National University, Dublin. |
| Berkeley, George F. H. | Hanwell Castle, nr. Banbury, Oxfordshire. |
| Berry, Major, A.S.C., M.R.I.A. | The Castle, Rich Hill, Co. Armagh. |
| Bewerunge, Rev. H. | St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. |
| Bigger, F. J., M.R.I.A. | Ardrie, Antrim Road, Belfast. |
| Blaikie, W. B. | c/o Messrs. Constable & Co., University Press, 11 Thistle Street, Edinburgh. |
| Bligh, Andrew | Camden House, Leighton Buzzard, Beds. |
| Boddy, J. K. | 5 Apsley Villas, Clapham Rise, London, S.W. |
| Boland, J. P., M.P. | 40 St. George's Square, S.W. |
| Boland, P. J. | Glenarde, Galway. |
| Borthwick, Miss N. | c/o Irish Book Co., 6 D'Olier Street, Dublin. |
| Boswell, C. S. | Fairseat, Totnes. |
| Bowers, James F. | 2048 Howe St., Chicago, Ills., U.S.A. |
| Boyd, J. St. Clair, M.D., | Chatsworth House, Malone Road, Belfast. |
| Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C. | Omeath, Co. Louth. |
| Boyle, Samuel | 48 Trouville Rd., Clapham Park, London, S.W. |
| Brannick, Laurence | Station K, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A. |
| Brennan, William F. | 11 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ills., U.S.A. |
| Brennan, Rev. C. | St. John's, Tralee, Co. Kerry. |
| Brett, Sir Charles | Gretton, Malone, Belfast. |

| | | |
|---|-----|--|
| Brodrick, Hon. Albinia | ... | Ballincoona, Caherdaniel, Co. Kerry. |
| Brooks, Rev. Stopford A., M.A. | ... | c/o J. Bain, 14 Charles St., Haymarket, London, W.C. |
| Brophy, Michael M. | ... | 48 Gordon Square, London, W.C. |
| Brown, Professor A. C. L. | ... | Northwestern University, Evanstown, Ills., U.S.A. |
| Bryant, Mrs., D.Sc. | ... | North London Collegiate School, Sandall Road, London, N.W. |
| Brünnow, Prof. Dr. R. | ... | Vevey, Switzerland. |
| Buckley, James, M.R.I.A. | ... | 11 Homefield Road, Wimbledon, Surrey. |
| Buckley, Rev. Brendan, O.S.F. | ... | Franciscan Monastery, Mount Partry, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo |
| Buckley, John J. | ... | National Museum, Dublin. |
| Buckley, Michael J. | ... | 5 Iona Drive, Dublin. |
| Buckley, C. P. | ... | Kilcock, Co. Kildare. |
| Buckley, Daniel | ... | Maynooth, Co. Kildare. |
| Burchardi, Gustav, PH.D. | ... | 18 Honor Oak Park, London, S.E. |
| Burnside, W. | ... | The Croft, 28 Bromley Rd., Catford, London, S.E. |
| Byrne, G. P. | ... | H.B.M. Consulate General, Shanghai, China. |
| Cady, Miss Ruth | ... | 447 West 120th St., West Pullman, Ills., U.S.A. |
| Cahill, Vincent | ... | 7 Lavagh Villas, Ashfield Rd., Ranelagh, Dublin. |
| Calder, Rev. George, B.D. | ... | Strathfillan Manse, Tyndrum, Perthshire. |
| Campbell, Lord A. | ... | Inverary, Argyll, N.B. |
| Carbray, Felix, M.R.I.A. | ... | c/o Carbray, Routh & Co., P.O., Drawer 1068, Quebec, Canada. |
| Carey, Rev. Thomas M. R. | ... | Presbytery, Edeu Grove, Holloway, London, N. |
| Carey, J. | ... | Clohanbeg N.S., Cooraclare, Co. Clare. |
| Carrigan, Very Rev. Wm. Canon, D.D., P.P., M.R.I.A. | ... | Durrow, Queen's Co. |
| Casey, Rev. Patrick, C.C. | ... | Ballymacoda, Castlemartyr, Co. Cork. |
| Cassedy, James, B.A. | ... | 6 Berkeley Street, Dublin. |
| Castletown, Rt. Hon. Lord | ... | 52 Green St., Park Lane, London, W. |
| Cavanaugh, Very Rev. John, C.S.C. | ... | Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A. |
| Chinnéide, Maire ní | ... | Seanaid, Carlingford Terrace, Drumcondra, Dublin. |
| Christian Brothers' School | ... | per Rev. Brother P. L. Lanigan, Westport, Co. Mayo. |
| Clongowes Wood College | ... | per Rev. J. V. Nolan, S.J., Rector, Sallins, Co. Kildare. |
| Cochrane, Robert, LL.D., F.S.A. | ... | 17 Highfield Road, Rathgar, Dublin. |
| Coffey, George, B.A., M.R.I.A. | ... | 5 Harcourt Terrace, Dublin. |
| Coghlan, Rev. G. P. | ... | 2141 Broad Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A. |
| Cohalan, Very Rev. J. Canon, P.P., V.F. | ... | The Presbytery, Bantry, Co. Cork. |
| Colgan, Nathaniel | ... | 15 Breffni Terrace, Sandy Cove, Co. Dublin |
| Colgan, Rev. Wm. | ... | Ballinlough, Co. Roscommon. |
| Collins, Edward, LL.D. | ... | E.D.O., Somerset House, London, W.C. |

| | | |
|--|-----|---|
| Collins, Jeremiah | ... | 29 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A. |
| Concannon, Thomas | ... | Clones, Co. Monaghan. |
| Condon, Richard F. | ... | 22 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ills., U.S.A. |
| Condon, Rev. R. | ... | Noorebar, Cottage, Park St., Campsie, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. |
| Connradh Chuilm Naomha | ... | (St. Columba's League), St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. |
| Considine, Rev. M., c.c. | ... | Kildysart, Co. Clare. |
| Convent of Our Lady of Mercy | | St. Peter's, Derry. |
| Cooke, John, M.A., M.R.I.A. | ... | 66 Morehampton Road, Dublin. |
| Corkerry, Patrick | ... | Bridge Street, Dingle, Co. Kerry. |
| Costello, Thomas, M.D. | ... | Bishop Street, Tuam, Co. Galway. |
| Costello, Rev. John | ... | 7 Lower Exchange Street, Dublin. |
| Courtauld, G. | ... | Waver Farm, Wethersfield, Braintree. |
| Cox, Rt. Hon. Michael, M.D., P.C., M.R.I.A. | ... | 26 Merrion Square, Dublin. |
| Crawford, W. R. | ... | Croghan, 3 Salisbury Rd., Wealdstone, Harrow. |
| Crehan, Rev. B., c.c. | ... | An Gleann, Baile-ideir-dha-abhainn, Co. Sligo. |
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