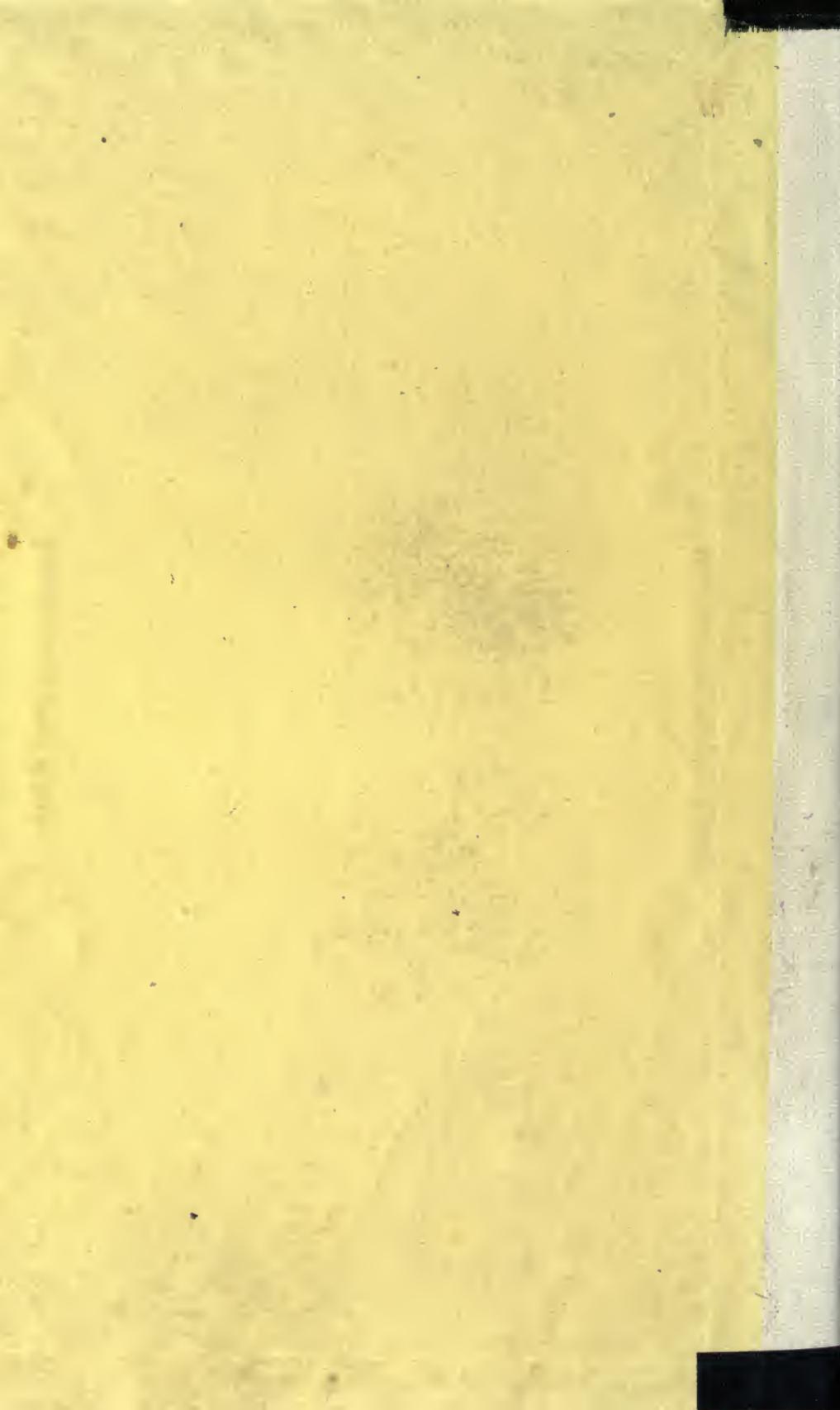


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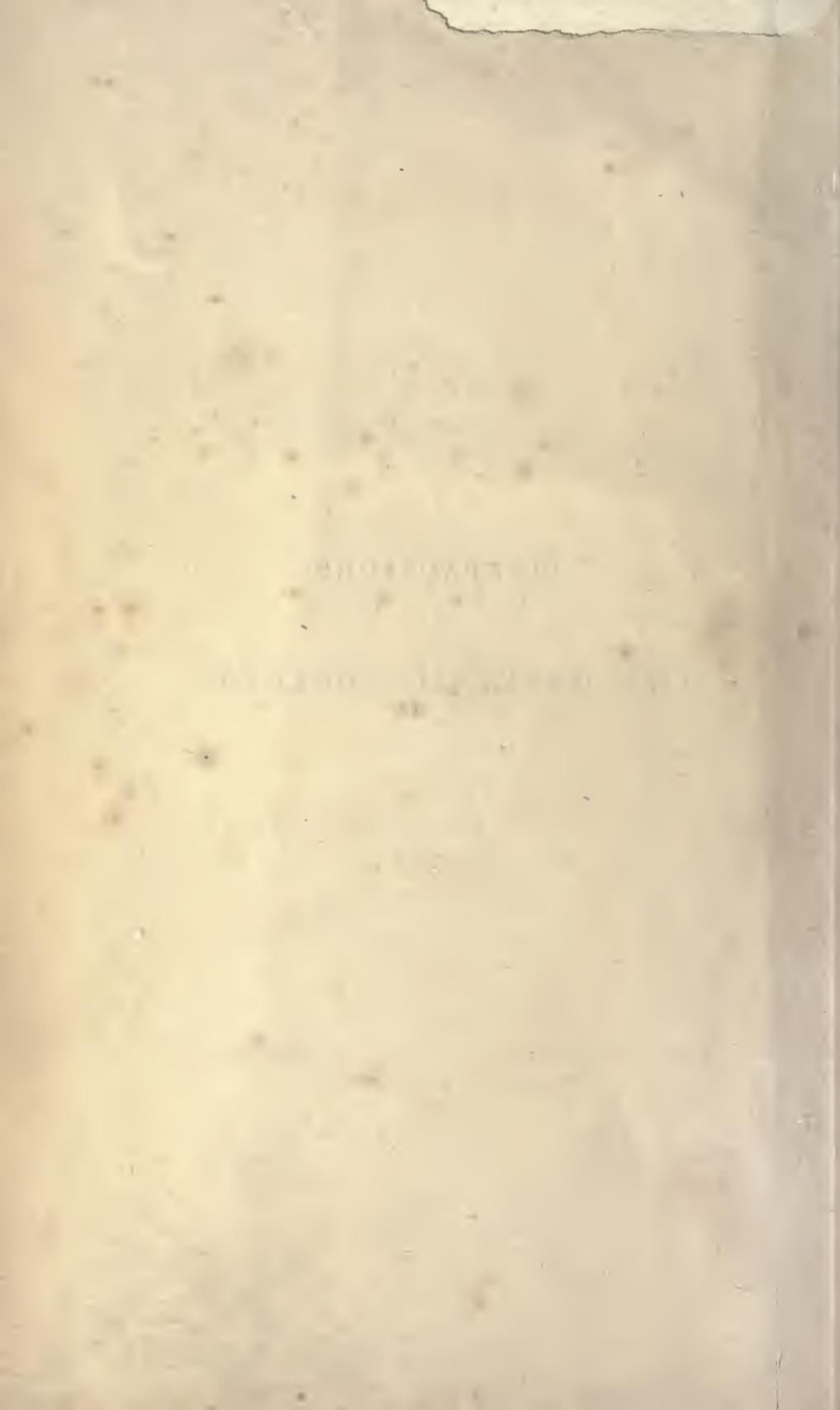
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Reath, 1853.

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,
" "
FOR THE YEAR
1856.

VOL. IV.

1856. JANUARY 5th EACH YEAR.

DUBLIN:
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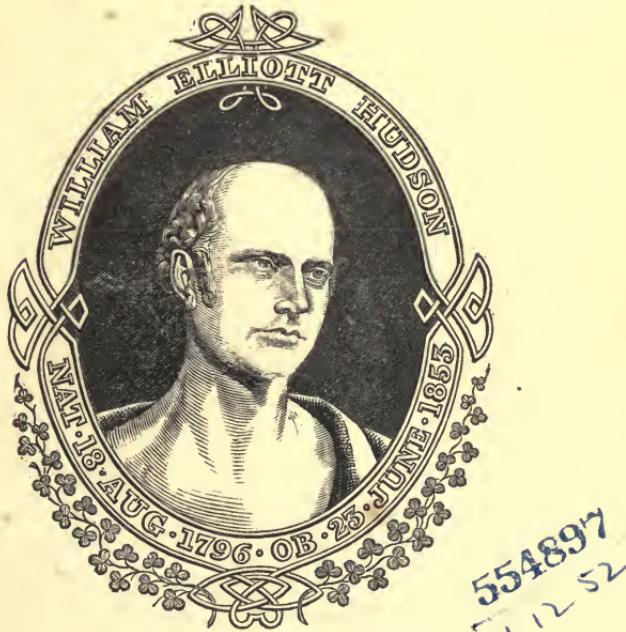
OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

C. V. 12

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.



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DUBLIN :

PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,
By JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEA-STREET.

1859.

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The Ossianic Society,

FOUNDED on St. Patrick's Day, 1853, for the Preservation and Publication of MSS. in the Irish Language, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History, &c., with Literal Translations and Notes.

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THE main object of the Society is to publish manuscripts, consisting of Poems, Tales, and Romances, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History; and other documents illustrative of the Ancient History of Ireland in the Irish language and character, with literal translations, and notes explanatory of the text.

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

GENERAL RULES.

1. That the Society shall be called the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, and that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.
2. That the management of the Society shall be vested in a President, Vice-presidents, and Council, each of whom must necessarily be an Irish scholar. The President, Vice-presidents, and Council of the Society shall be elected annually by the members, at a General Meeting, to be held on the Seventeenth Day of March, the Anniversary of the Society, or on the following Monday, in case St. Patrick's Day shall fall on a Sunday. Notice of such meeting being given by public advertisement, inviting all the members to attend.
3. That the President and Council shall have power to elect a Treasurer and Secretary from the Members of the Council.
4. The receipts and disbursements of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, elected by the Council; and the Auditors' Report shall be published and distributed among the members.
5. In the absence of the President or Vice-President, the Members of Council present shall be at liberty to appoint a Chairman, who will not thereby lose his right to vote. Three members of the Council to form a quorum.
6. The funds of the Society shall be disbursed in payment of expenses incident to discharging the liabilities of the Society, especially in the publication department, and no avoidable expenses shall be incurred.
7. Every member shall be entitled to receive ONE COPY of the Society's Publications; and twenty extra copies of each work shall be printed for contingencies.
8. The funds of the Society shall be lodged in Bank, in the name of the President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Society, or any three members the Council may deem proper to appoint.
9. The Council shall have power to elect additional members, and fill vacancies in its own body.
10. Members of Council residing at an inconvenient distance from Dublin shall be at liberty to vote by proxy at elections.
11. Membership shall be constituted by the annual payment of Five Shillings, which sum shall become due on the 1st of January in each year.
12. The OSSIANIC SOCIETY shall publish every year one volume, or more, if their funds enable them.
13. No change shall be made in these Rules, except at a General Meeting, and at the recommendation of the Council; the proposer and seconder of any motion for such change, shall lodge a notice of their intention in writing, with the Secretary, twenty clear days before the day of General Meeting.
14. That all matters relating to the Religious and Political differences prevailing in this country, be strictly excluded from the meetings and publications of the Society.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

READ ON THE 17th DAY OF MARCH, 1858.

IT is now nearly six years since the Ossianic Society was ushered into existence by a few individuals who saw the neglected and sad state of the MS. literature of their country, and of that portion in particular known as *Ossianic*, which no one seemed to value.

A meeting was held and a committee of gentlemen, Irish scholars, enrolled themselves determined to commence operations in the vast field open before them, and try the experiment as to whether anything could be done in the shape of printing, and preserving from destruction the poetry, and legends ascribed to Oisin and Caoilte, the ancient bards of Fenian history.

The result of their labours is that there are now three handsome volumes of Ossianic Literature rescued from destruction and in the hands of the members, a fourth is just ready for press and will shortly appear.

These volumes have elicited the warm praise of the Irish as well as of the English press; and the result is that there are now on the roll of the society, five hundred and thirty-two members.

The Council have great gratification in announcing that during the past year, one hundred and five members joined the Society; and it is cheering to find that such a spirit exists in behalf of their labours.

The Council deeply regret the unavoidable delay which has occurred in the publication of their recent volume, “*Τόμωζεας Θηληματα Αζυρ Σημανη*,” which could not be well avoided; as the gentleman who undertook the editing of the book was called out of the country on business on various occasions, while the book was going through press; but care shall be taken in future that delays of this sort shall not occur.

The Council feel great pleasure in calling attention to the labours of kindred societies formed in America and Australia. One established in Philadelphia under the careful management of a committee of Irishmen (of which we may name two most indefatigable members, John Burton and Patrick O'Murphy, Esqrs.), has sent the sum of fourteen pounds, the subscription of members for copies of our last volume.

The Australian Celtic Association, established in Sydney, has sent seven pounds ten shillings, and the books are on their way.

It is cheering to find that in these distant regions of the globe, Irishmen do not forget the literature of their native land; and that they exult at the thought of hearing once more the poems and tales so often recited by the *Seannċe*, or story-teller, at their father's firesides.

The mission of the Ossianic Society is a noble one, and the Council hope they will receive that support from their countrymen, which will enable them to preserve every fragment—no matter how small or trivial which may throw light on the past glories of their native land.

With this view they come before you this day; their labour is one of love for the neglected literature of their country, and they sincerely hope that an Irish public will meet them in the same spirit.

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

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

II. **Féir Tíðe Chonáin Chinn Shléibhe** ; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY, (*Out of print.*)

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

III. **Tóiruigheácht Ʒhabhráin Uí Ʒhabhré** aður Ʒhabraíne, iújón Chonáin mheic Ʒairt ; or, an Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace, the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

IV. **Laoche Íanachéachta** ; or, Fenian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, HONORARY SECRETARY.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. **Inseácht na Tíomhdáire** ; or the Departure of the Great Bardic Assembly, being the Introduction to the *Tain Bo Chuailgne*. Edited by Professor Connellan, from the book of Mac Cárthaigh Ríabha : a vellum MS. of the XIV. Century. *In Press.*

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

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

III. **Ágallamh na Seanchúise** ; or, the Dialogue of the Sages: an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eirinn; collated with a copy in the Book of Lismore, a vellum manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. To be edited by JOHN WINDELE.

IV. **Caéð Fhynn Tíraða** ; or, an Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B.

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

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

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

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

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

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

VII. A TRACT ON THE GREAT ACTIONS OF FINN MAC CUMHAILL, copied from the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler. To be edited by the REV. ULLICK J. BOURKE, of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam.*

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

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

IX. *Cúí Cíuadá ná Sgéalaíbhéadá*; or, The Three Sorrows of Story-telling, which relates the tragical fate of the sons of Uisneach, the sons of Tuireann, and the children of Lir, who are represented to have been metamorphosed into swans by their stepmother, Aoife; and in that shape spent seven years on *Sruth na Maoile Ruadh*, supposed to be that portion of the British Channel which separates Ireland and the Isle of Man.

* This tract appears in the present volume, edited by Dr. O'Donovan.

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

1. THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BUCKINGHAM. Rev. A. NEWDIGATE, *Aylesbury*, Honorary Secretary.
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11. THE SURREY ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. GEORGE BISH WEBB, Esq., 6, *Southampton-street. Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretary.

Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society for the Year ending 1855.

Dr.		£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.
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— Balance in hand from Do.	8 7 10	— Postage, &c.	...	7 19 4
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— 17 copies Do. for reviews and exchange	... 4 5 0	— Freight and Duty on Books to Australia	...	1 10 6
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(Signed)

EDWARD WM. O'BRIEN,
Treasurer.

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WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON, the subject of this short sketch, the second son of Edward Hudson, a celebrated dentist of Dublin, was born at his father's country residence, Fields of Odin (now Hermitage), near Rathfarnham, in the county of Dublin, August 18th, 1796. He early displayed those fine qualities which afterwards caused him to be so much courted in society when arrived at man's estate. His superior talents, together with his natural thirst for knowledge, urged him forward, both during his school and collegiate courses, so that each year he distinguished himself by obtaining either premiums or certificates for superior answering. After he was called to the bar in 1818, he went the Munster Circuit, and his abilities, far beyond the ordinary, soon attracted attention, and brought him in brief after brief, so long as he continued to practice as a circuit barrister. So much was he admired in Cork, that such men as the late Recorder Waggett, Rev. Mr. Leslie, Dean Burrowes and others, were accustomed to watch the coaches, when expecting his arrival for the assizes in that city; each endeavouring to anticipate the other in having as their guest, even for a short period, one, whose talents they admired, and whose pleasing and instructive conversation, they so highly appreciated, proceeding as it did from an intellect, well stored with the varied knowledge, which a widely-extended course of reading had supplied to a mind admirably fitted for its reception. In the year 1836, he was appointed Assistant Barrister for the county of Carlow, which post he did not long continue to fill, having

been promoted to the situation of taxing-officer in the common law courts, which office he continued to hold until shortly before his death, when declining health obliged him to retire on a pension, to which he was entitled for his services.

Amongst his other accomplishments, W. E. Hudson early displayed a taste for music, and a musical talent of the highest order. That he had acquired a practical and theoretical knowledge of that science far beyond his compeers, was often tested ; and especially by Dr. Russell a highly-gifted clergyman, and himself a great theorist. This gentleman, aware of the acuteness of W. E. Hudson's ear in distinguishing sound, put him to the severest proofs, without a single instance of failure; this induced him to test through young Hudson the accuracy of a theory which he held, that every natural sound, such as the roaring of a furnace, the howling of the storm, thunder, water falling in unison, &c ; were all one and the same note, the great A of nature. Day after day for nearly three months Hudson accompanied Dr. Russell from place to place, to catch what he called "natural sounds"; and so elated was he with the proofs given of the perfection of his own theory, that it required the utmost vigilance of his physicians to prevent his intellect becoming impaired. In after years William E. Hudson was the composer of a *Te Deum*, and several chants, none of which were ever published ; he likewise composed a variety of songs, some of which he sent to the press ; but his naturally modest and retiring habits prevented him putting himself forward, and thereby caused his fame, either as a literary character or as a musical composer, to have a much more limited circulation than would be expected in the case of a person so highly gifted. When that well known periodical, *The Citizen*, was tottering to its fall, and had well nigh expired, its publishers made a desperate effort to restore its vitality, by bringing it out, in a new form and under a new name, as the *Dublin Monthly Magazine*. In this struggle Mr. Hudson lent the assistance of his purse and talents, and chiefly owing to his exertions, it revived for a while ; besides contributing to it in a literary way, he brought out in it a collection of Irish airs, the finest published since the days of Bunting, and many of them far surpassing that eminent musician's in arrangement. "His affection," said the editor of the *Nation*

newspaper, "for all the remains and witnesses of Celtic civilization, was intensified in this instance by a deep and cultivated feeling of the art." *

Mr. Hudson was a member of the principal literary and scientific societies of Dublin in his day, and a constant attendant at their council meetings: his enthusiastic love for his country led him to be ever forward on these occasions, aiding in whatever could throw light on the history and antiquities of Ireland, in forwarding and advancing the scientific labours and discoveries of our fellow-countrymen; or promoting Irish literature. He was one of the original members of the Irish Archæological Society founded in 1840, in whose publications and proceedings he took a deep interest. The leading object of this society was the publication of such documents as were calculated to increase our knowledge of Irish history, antiquities, and topography. With him, however, its efficiency and utility have all but expired. Its indications of a feeble existence are now but few and far between. In the year 1845, the editor of the present volume, an enthusiastic lover of the language and antiquities of his country, founded the Celtic Society under the auspices of Mr. Hudson, who took a most active part in its organization, and sustentation. The editors of its publications were paid out of his pocket, whilst his mind and pen were incessantly at work in their behalf, to secure a favourable reception from an apathetic public. Mr. Hudson was not himself the editor of any of their books, but still the *onus* of much of the work rested on him, whose judgment and intellect, well stored with historic learning, were ever ready to guide and assist. He revised all their books in their passage through the press, and to him were they indebted for much of the valuable information which the volumes of the Celtic Society contain. The only portion of these works which appeared exclusively from his own pen was the appendix to the *Leabhar na g-Cearbt*; or, Book of Rights, consisting of various readings selected from the Book of *Baile-an-Mhuta* (Ballymote) as compared with the text in the Book of Leacan, and ending with a dissertation on the peculiar sound of

* *The Nation*, July 2nd, 1853.

some of the letters of the Irish alphabet. His purse was ever open to promote the usefulness of the institution; and on one occasion, a short time previous to its amalgamation with the Irish Archaeological Society, at a meeting held at Dr. Wilde's in Westland-row, he discharged a debt incurred by the council, to the amount of over *three hundred pounds!* When Mr. John O'Daly arrived from Kilkenny, for the purpose of establishing the Celtic Society, Mr. Hudson was the first to take him warmly by the hand, and support his efforts. He was, in fact, the main spring of the Society, and owing to his exertions it attained a prominence that gave promise of final success. In the year 1853 Mr. O'Daly conceived the idea of forming an Association for the Preservation and Publication of MSS. in the Irish language illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History, and having consulted Mr. Hudson, then as ever foremost to promote every endeavour to preserve from oblivion, those documents in which our ancestors recorded "all important events connected with their father-land;" he received his warmest encouragement and support. A meeting was called at Anglesea-street on St. Patrick's day, 1853, at which was formed the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, not as a rival but as an auxiliary to other similar institutions. Mr. Hudson took an active and lively interest in fostering it to maturity, and a prominent part in its proceedings during the short period of its existence previous to his decease. His health, however, broken down by frequent paralytic attacks, rendered him incapable of affording the Association that help which the Celtic Society had derived from his extensive knowledge and exertions. His death, which occurred on the 23rd of June, 1853, may be truly regarded as a heavy blow and irreparable loss to the best interests of our Society. His name gave it character, and the interest which he manifested in the undertaking assisted in bringing it into notice.

The success of "The Library of Ireland," and of "The Spirit of the Nation" are in some measure due to Mr. Hudson. Indeed the writer of this paper, has been informed, by Mr. James Duffy, the publisher of these works, that Mr. Hudson advanced *three hundred pounds* towards defraying the expenses incurred in bringing out the quarto edition of the latter publication.

To obviate the difficulties found so seriously to obstruct the translation of the Brehon laws, arising from the imperfect Irish dictionaries extant, Mr. Hudson opened a subscription, to assist in defraying the expense of the compilation of a work, which would facilitate the study of the ancient records of our country. Of this project the Rev. Dr. Todd thus speaks in his opening address as President of the Royal Irish Academy, April 14th, 1856 ; “Our late lamented associate Mr. Hudson, to whose patriotism the library of the Academy owes a valuable addition, deposited in my hands, before his death, the sum of £200 in government securities, as a contribution towards the publication of the Irish Dictionary. This sum with the interest since accruing upon it, which I have added to the principal, is all that is available in the way of funds for carrying out this important national object.” In addition to this sum (we have been informed) he proposed giving a further subscription of £1000 ; but his demise took place before he was able to carry his intention into effect. “It will be one of the many permanent monuments of his career,”—says the *NATION*,* “to write the simple truth of him will sound like the hyperbole of an epitaph. Of all the systematic attempts to encourage the ancient or modern literature of Ireland, made for the last twenty years, or to create a wider interest in our arts, history and antiquities, one thing may always be safely assumed, whoever shines like a dial-plate on the front of the transaction, William Elliott Hudson was hard at work at the rear ; the organizers of it were gathered round his hospitable board ; his pen was slaving in its behalf ; and his purse opened with a princely munificence to pay its way to success. His contributions to several, totally separate objects within the last few years counted to our certain knowledge, by hundreds of pounds in each case. And he had the singular property, in common with Davis, of being totally indifferent to any reputation for his share in the work, if only it were done. Nor was his literary enthusiasm, as it sometimes is in this country, restricted to dead ages and institutions, forswearing the future and the present.”

* Of July 2nd, 1853.

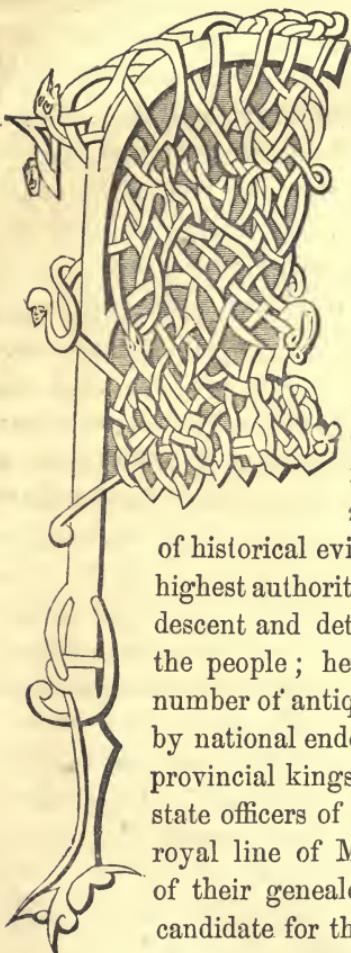
The Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, fully convinced that William Elliott Hudson had done more for Irish literature than Sir James Ware for its antiquities, and being desirous to pay the best tribute of respect in their power to the memory of one who took so deep an interest in their affairs, whilst it pleased a wise Providence to spare him among them, employed Mr. Geary the eminent photographer, whilst residing in Grafton-street in 1857, to take a likeness of his bust by the celebrated sculptor Christopher Moore, which Mr. Hudson's brothers generously presented to the Royal Irish Academy. "It is an admirable piece of sculpture, and having been taken during his lifetime, before struggling with ill health, it conveys much of his character,—the clear brow of silent speculation, and the delicate lip of cultivated taste; the full beaming eye, was beyond all sculpture."*

To the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, the Council of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY owe a debt of gratitude, for their kindness in permitting Mr. Geary to take the photograph, and they avail themselves of this opportunity to return their heartfelt thanks to that learned body. This photograph has been cut in wood by the eminent engraver Mr. William Oldham of Bedford House, Rathgar, and will in future ornament the title pages of the Transactions of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY; it is but a small token of the esteem and regard that they still, and must ever cherish for the memory of the man—WILLIAM ELLIOTT HUDSON.

* *The Nation*, July 2nd, 1853.

Dublin, March 1st, 1859.

INTRODUCTION.



ROM the most reliable and best accredited documents respecting the ancient Irish handed down to us, it appears certain that, not only the monarchy itself but likewise all posts of honor and profit, had become hereditary in different septs and families. Purity of blood was held, of course, a national object of the first importance ; and the *litterati*, therefore, the conservators of historical evidence, were regarded as of the highest authority ; as they alone could prove the descent and determine the rank and station of the people ; hence the necessity of the great number of antiquaries, whom we find supported by national endowments. The monarch and the provincial kings, as well as the nobility and the state officers of the crown, being alike of the royal line of Milesius, great care was taken of their genealogy and descent ; and every candidate for these various offices was obliged to give :—1st. proof of descent ; 2ndly, of his having been a knight, (for in each of the provinces there

was an equestrian order) ; 3rdly, that he had no remarkable deformity or blemish ; so that his person might command respect, suitable to his birth and education. No wonder, then, that the genealogies of the different families of the kingdom, of the Milesian race, were preserved with the utmost care. To secure the *literati* from any temptation to abuse their trust, honorable provision was made for them by the state. From their rank they were presumed to be beyond the reach of corruption ; and the laws secured their persons and properties inviolate ; so that, from the foundation to the overthrow of the monarchy, a single instance does not occur of any violence being offered to this body of men. Abuses, however, gradually crept into the bardic institution, mainly arising from the number of idlers who enlisted themselves under its banner ; during two or three successive reigns the kingdom was found to be greatly impoverished by their exactions, until it was found necessary to reduce the number.

Though the monarchy as well as all other posts of honor, was elective, yet, to prevent as much as possible, any inconveniences which litigated elections might produce, the successor of the monarch was appointed in his lifetime, and was called Righdhomhna, and this, it is observable, is at this day, we believe, the practice in China and other foreign countries. The Ollamhs or Doctors in the various sciences, who were of the most noble families, had also their successors declared in their own lifetime ; and he that was to fill the post of honor, or have command in the state, had his Tan-aiste appointed to succeed him in office. This arrangement prevented the evils of incompetency occasionally arising from direct lineal succession.

The provincial kings in their own position, were equal to the monarch in his exalted station. Each had his order of chivalry, of which he was himself the chief. He had his

Ard-draoi or high priest, to superintend religion, his marshal, standard-bearer, chief-treasurer, &c., all these appointments were hereditary in families, to which the most distinguished alone in each was chosen by election.

The different military forces of the kingdom were the particular guards of each province. They were a species of standing militia, composed of trained bands called Curaidhe (champions), an order of knighthood into which none were admitted without exhibiting unexceptionable proofs of birth, learning, generosity, valour, and activity.

The particular militia or knights of every province held their head-quarters, or were located near the residence of their chiefs: thus the militia, or knights of Ulster, called Curaidhe-na-Craoibhe-Ruaidhe (champions or heroes of the Red Branch), were stationed at the Royal Fort at Eamhuin (Emania), near Armagh. They were of the Rudrician race, and were commanded in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, by the famous champion Cuchullin¹, who, according to the annals of Clonmacnoise, and the *Chronicon Scotorum*, died in the second year of the Christian era; and was succeeded in command by his cousin Conall Cearnach.

Vestiges of the ancient palace of Eamhuin, or Emania,

¹ At the time that Cuchullin was chief of the knights of Ulster, in the reign of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, (a celebrated prince of the Rudrician race, king of Ulster, and monarch of Ireland), Conrigh Mac Daire, a renowned champion, and chief of the Clanna Deaghaidh in Munster, was treacherously slain by Cuchullin, in revenge of an indignity which Conrigh offered him, by cutting off his hair when asleep, and taking from him the object of their contention—the beautiful Blanaid, a lady whom they brought captive from Scotland. She showed greater attachment to Cuchullin than to Conrigh, and consequently contrived for him an opportunity of perpetrating a horrid and treacherous murder in the palace of Caherconry, the ruins of which are still extant on Sliabh Mis in Kerry, near which runs the rivulet called Fionn-Ghlaise. For a fuller account of this transaction, see *Keating's Ireland*, and *Smith's Kerry*, p. 156, &c.

and of the house of Craoibh Ruadh (Red Branch), adjacent to the palace are still extant, two miles to the west of Armagh, the site retaining the name of the fort of Navan.

The militia or knights of Leinster, were called Curaidhe Ghamhanruighe, or the Damnonians of Gailian, seated at Dun Aellinne, about twelve miles south-east of Almhuiin, the place of their head-quarters in that province previous to the time of Fionn's appointment to this post of honour. On his receiving the command, he removed with his force to Almhuiin, a place in the county of Kildare, bordering on Hy-Failghe, now Ophaly, which with the adjoining territory he possesses in right of his mother, Murrain Munchaoimh (the fair haired), daughter of Teige Mac Nuadhat. Here he fixed his seat on the far famed hill of Almhuiin as a more central point; and the knights of Leinster were from thenceforth called Curaidhe na h-Almhuiine, or the heroes of Almhuiin.¹

The militia or knights of Connaught, whose chiefs were the Clanna Morna, of the old Belgian or Firbolg race, have been distinguished by the appellation of Curaidhe Iorrays Dun Domhnainn; a territory in the county of Mayo, their head quarters. The ruins of the Fort of Dun Domhnainn are still extant in Iorrays or Erris, the most western part of that county. Goll Mac Morna, according to O'Flaherty (see *Ogygia*), commanded the Clanna Morna, at the famous battle of Magh Lena, A.D. 192, and was detached by Conn Cedchathach as the most able and expert champion to oppose in person his great competitor Mogh Nuadhat. In that engagement Conan Mac Morna, who is said to have been the grandson of Goll, commanded the Clanna Morna in turn; and ever since the fall of Fionn Ua Baoisene, A.D. 283, at Rath Bre-

¹ *Almhuiin*. The ruins of the fort of Almhuiin are still extant on the west end of the Curragh of Kildare; and what we corruptly call the "Bog of Allen" at this day, was formerly the forest of Almhuiin, in which the knights were accustomed to enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

ogha, near the Boyne, by the treacherous hands of Athlach Mac Duibhdrein, had frequent contentions with the Clanna Baoisene for the captain-generalship of the Fians.

The defection of the Clanna Morna from the rest of their corps at the battle of Gabhra, may be attributed not only to their rivalry for the general command, but also, and more particularly to the murder of Conan, their late captain, by the Clanna Baoisene or Fianna Finn. In many epic poems written by the bards on the achievements of the Fianna Eireann, this Conan is indiscriminately described by the appellations of Conan-Maoil Mallachtach Mac Morna, and Conan Mac Garraidhe, and might have been brother to Aedh the son of Garadh, the son of Neamen, the son of Morna, from whom the Clanna Morna were named. He was then king of Connaught, and the last of the Firbolg race who governed that province.

The militia, or knights of Desmond, or South Munster, were called Curaidhe Clanna Deaghaidh, or Ua Deaghaidh, a tribe of the Ernaidhs, of the Heremonian race, who, on being expelled from Ulster by the Clanna Rughraide, obtained a principality in South Munster.¹ These, some time before the birth of Christ, obtained great power in Munster under their leader Deaghadh, who afterwards became king of that province. His posterity succeeded him in power, in West Munster particularly, and were the champions of Desmond. The territory of Luachair Deaghaidh, in the county of Kerry, was their patrimony. There still remain on the western extremity of Sliabh Mis, the foundations of an enormous cyclopean structure, supposed to be the palace begun by Conrigh Mac Daire, whose history we have briefly glanced at. This part of the mountain commands, perhaps, one of the finest prospects in the world, and still retains the name of Cathair Chonrigh. Fionghlaise, as

¹ Vide O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, vol. II., pp. 142, 143.

already stated, runs down the steep hill on which this ruin is based, and discharges itself into the bay of Tralee, a short distance to the north, corresponding exactly with the description given by history of the fort of Dun Deaghaidh. Mac Luigheach, a famous champion of this sept, commanded the Clanna Deaghaidh at the battle of Gabbra, and was slain in that engagement, according to the annals of Innis-fallen.

The militia, or knights of Thomond or North Munster, were the Clanna Baoisgne,¹ so called from Baoisgne, their principal ancestor, who, according to the Book of Ballimote, now deposited in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, was the second son of Nuada Necht of the royal race of Leinster, and fifth direct ancestor of Fionn the son of Cumhall, the son of Treanmor, the son of Salt, the son of Elton, the son of Baoisgne.

Fionn soon afterwards received the investiture of Formaoil na bh-Fian, a district in Hy-Kinsellagh,² concerning which there has been much conjecture, by the donation of his cousin and relative Fiachadh Baiceadha,³ then king of Leinster and youngest son of Cathaoir Mor. The Clanna Baoisgne were also called Fianna Finn, whilst Fionn Ua Baoisgne was their leader and before he took the general command. Oisin the son of Fionn was their chief at the battle of Gabhra, in which his son Oscur fell in an ambush, laid for him by Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 277.

It is probable that, inasmuch as Ireland was in these early days much exposed to the descents of African and Northern pirates, a strong necessity existed for the formation of these

¹ *Clanna Baoisgne.* For further particulars of this tribe and their territory, see *Leabhar na g-Cearbhaile* (Book of Rights), p. 48, n. g.

² *Hy Kinsellagh.* Ibid, p. 208, n. g.

³ *Fiachadh Baiceadha.* See Book of Rights, pp. 200, 203.

corps of militia—one in each province, which Pinkerton has ingeniously conjectured, may have been modelled on the plan of the Roman legions in Britain. According to the Cath Fhinn-tragha, their stations were distributed along the coasts, in the most elevated and inaccessible positions ; and in distant view of each other—so as to communicate by signals, the approach of an enemy, and thereby enable them to come to the succour and relief of the fort invaded. Thus, the forts of Iorras Dun Domhnainn in Mayo, and of Cahir Conrigh on Sliabh Mis, in Kerry, though the distance cannot be less than 100 miles were made available ; and the one at Eas Aedh Ruaidh mhic Badharn, (now Assaroe), near Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, wherein was always posted a strong detachment of the Ulster militia, was brought in view of that of Iorras Dun Domhnainn. These were the coasts most exposed to the southern and northern invaders. But besides this duty as “coast guards,” these military orders were charged with the preservation of “law and order” in the interior of the country ; they were bound to send certain detachments yearly to protect the persons of their respective kings. Thus, the guards of Eoghan Mor, were called *teaghlaich*, or household troops. Cormac Mac Airt, whose reign shines so resplendent in Irish history, had for his body-guards, one hundred and fifty of the principal knights of the kingdom, besides one thousand household troops to guard his palace. The guards of the kings of Munster, or Leath Mhogha, were the people of Ossory, whose country formed the extreme boundaries of that kingdom ; and according to the Book of Rights, ascribed to St. Benignus, we find the duty imposed on this people, by the king of Munster was to wait on him constantly, with a certain number of armed troops. The guards of the king of Desinond, or South Munster, were the Clanna Deaghaidh, as has been already stated, and those of the kings of Thomond, or

North Munster, were a detachment of the Clanna Baoiscne ; but in latter times for these were substituted the Dal Cais, a most intrepid body of men. The palace of Brian Boroimhe at Killaloe was called Tigh Chinn Coradh, or the house at the head of the weir. It was the duty of the hereditary standard-bearer to preserve the royal banner ; to be amongst the foremost of the troops in action, and in the rear on a retreat—for the troops ever kept their eye on the standard, and when the prince was killed (for he seldom or ever survived a defeat), the standard was struck, which was the signal for a retreat : thus, in the sanguinary battle of Magh Mucruimhe, fought between the monarch Art and Mac Con ; on the death of Art we are told by the poet :—

“ *Do ḡuīt meillige cāča Chuiṇd.* ”

Conn's battle standard fell.

Next to this officer sat the hereditary treasurer, whose duty it was to see the king's contributions and taxes regularly paid ; which was always done on the first of November. These taxes were fixed, and a register kept of them ; so that the particular duties, imposed on the different portions of the kingdom, may be the more easily known.¹

Besides these state officers, there were a chief justice or brehon, to expound the laws, a poet or ollamh, an historian, antiquary, physician, surgeon or liagh, and chief musician ; and three stewards of the household with their attendants constantly residing at court. All these different offices were retained in Ulster, and in parts of Munster and Connaught, until the accession of James I. to the

¹ In the reign of Cuchorb, king of Leinster, in the first century, Laighsech, of the progeny of Conall Cearnach, progenitor of the present O'Moras, or O'Mores, obtained from that king a territory, in Leinster, i.e. Laoighis or Leix, called after him, on account of his personal bravery and services. He was at the same time appointed treasurer of Leinster, and privileged to take the fourth place at the council board.

throne of England : thus, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Anno 1601, O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, visited London, in consequence of a promise made by him the previous year to the Queen ; and Camden tells us that “ he appeared at court with his guards of Gall-oglachs [Gallowglasses] bare-headed, armed with hatchets, their hair flowing in locks on their shoulders, on which were yellow shirts dyed with saffron, with long sleeves, short coats, and thrum jackets ; at which strange sight the Londoners marvelled much.”

The hereditary marshals of Ulster were the O’Gallaghers ; the Mac Cafferies the standard-bearers ; the Mac Sweenys captains of the guards, and the O’Gnives the poets.

The hereditary marshals of Leinster were the O’Connors, princes of Ui Fhailge ; the standard-bearers were the O’Gormans or Mac Gormans, princes of Hy Mairge or Margy ; the O’Dempsys, lords of Clanmalier, were the captains of the guards ; the Mac Keoghs were the historiographers ; the O’Dorans the brehons ; and the O’Mores were the hereditary treasurers.

The hereditary marshals of Connaught were the Mac Dermods ; the O’Flaherties were the standard-bearers ; the O’Kellys of Hy Many were the treasurers ; the Maelconaires the historiographers,¹ &c. We do not find who the other state officers were ; but the Mac Firbises were the physicians.

The hereditary marshals of Desmond, or South Munster, were the O’Keeffes ; the O’Falveys were the admirals ; for we find in “ Toraigheacht Cheallachain Chaisil,” announced for publication by the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, that the fleet was commanded by Failbhe Fionn. We do not find who the standard-bearer and treasurer were ; but the Mac Egans were the hereditary chief

¹ See a paper on the Inauguration of Cathal Crobhdhearg, king of Connaught, A.D. 1244, published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1853, in which all these offices are noticed.

justices or brehons, the O'Daly's the poets, and the O'Cal-lanans the physicians, in which family leechcraft is still a favorite profession.

The hereditary marshals of Thomond, or North Munster, were the Mac Namaras; the standard-bearers the O'Deas, and the O'Gradys were the captains of the guards until about A.D. 1200, at which time they were succeeded in that trust by the O'Gormans or Mac Gormans, who, being compelled by the Danish or English invaders to abandon their principality of Hy-Mairge in Leinster, removed to Owney and Shingal in the county of Limerick, from whence they were invited to Ibh Breacain (now Ibricane), and were granted that lordship under feudal tenure by Donogh Cair-breach O'Brian, king of Thomond, who appointed them captains of his guards, and adopted them as his chief favorites and counsellors, by the style and title of *Fir gnas Uí Bhriain*, by which appellation they are constantly styled in our annals, and in the writings of the Mac Brodins, historiographers of Thomond. Cumheadha (Covey) Mor Mac Gormain was, according to Seaan Mac Rughraide Mac Craith, (see *Caithreim Thoirdhealbhaidh*, or Triumphs of Turlogh), one of Donogh O'Brien's Life Guards in the wars of Thomas de Clare in Thomond, and his son Cumheadha, succeeded him after his death in 1310.

The Mac Clanchies were the hereditary chief justices or brehons of Thomond, the Mac Craiths the historiographers and poets. The O'Nealons and the O'Hickies were the hereditary physicians. All these public officers of the state had sufficient estates allotted to them for their maintenance.

In the Book of Ballimote, it is stated that Nuada Neacht, who reigned monarch of Ireland one year, was the fourth son of Setna Sithbhaic (the peaceable) son of Lughaidh Loithfinn, the progenitor of the royal Lagenian

race, and second son of Breasal Breac, or the speckled. From this Nuada Neacht is descended the stock of the Lagenians ; he was king of Tara : and it was he who slew Eidirsgeoil Mor, or the Great, the son of the descendant of Iarnaillin, which deed he committed in opposition to Lughaidh Riamhdhearg, and thereupon he became king of Ireland. From the aforesaid Nuada Neacht descended Fionn Ua Baoiscne and the celebrated Caoilte Mac Ronain. For Finn's pedigree see page 285.

Some of our Scottish antiquaries have sought from the mere name to represent Fionn as of Scandinavian or rather Finnish origin ! but the attempt is so devoid of proof or evidence, as to be worthy merely of notice as an ingenious paradox. His death occurred, according to the annals of Innisfallen, in A.D. 283, in the fourth year of the reign of Cairbre Liffeachair, when, says our veracious chronicler, fell the celebrated general of the Irish militia, Fionn the son of Cumhall, by the treacherous hand of a fisherman named Athlach, son of Dubhdrenn, who slew him with his fishing spear at Rath Breogha, near the Boyne, whither he had retired in his old age to spend the remainder of his life in tranquillity from the noise and tumult of war.

The collection of poems, which forms the present volume, are taken from copies made by the following scribes :—

The Agallamh is taken from a copy made in 1780 by a Mr. Laurence O'Foran, who kept a village school at Killeen, near Portlaw, in the county of Waterford. It contains besides, many other interesting poems and prose matters relative to the Fenian period of our history.

The battle of Cnoc-an-air, or Hill of Slaughter, was taken from a large volume compiled about the year 1812, by Clare scribes, for the Rev. Thomas Hill, of Cooreclure, a member of our Society ; it now belongs to Mr. Blake Foster of Knockinoy, county of Galway, who kindly lent

it, with permission to make any use the Society required of its contents. Those that follow were taken from a manuscript volume of Fenian poems made in 1844, by Mr. Martin Griffin, an intelligent blacksmith who resides at Kilrush in the county of Clare. The poem entitled *Tir na n-Og*, or Land of Youth, is accounted for by Mr. O'Looney; and Dr. O'Donovan has said all that was necessary regarding the curious and valuable tract which he has, *suo more*, himself so ably edited.

In conclusion, we feel it our duty, ere we close, to tender the warmest thanks of the Society to the President and Council of the Royal Irish Academy, for the facility they have afforded us in collating our proofs with their valuable collection of manuscripts, whilst our book was passing through the press: also to the Committee of Publication, for their kindness in revising the same.

The English reader will excuse the style, consequent upon our being obliged to adhere as closely as the idioms of the English language would admit to our originals; and although the translation may be occasionally a little rugged and uneven—yet, on close comparison with the original, it will, we think, be found a faithful and correct rendering.

JOHN O'DALY.

Dublin, March 17th, 1859.

120 JANUARY 1970

ગાંધીજિ ઓસ્ઝન અંગુસ પ્રાત્રાંજિ.



SJN 1r fada do ſuan,

O. Do ḥēlȝear mo lūc 'r mo neaht,
ō nač mælƿeanh̄ cat̄ aȝ Fjorn;
aŋn̄r an ȝ-cléli n̄j'l mo rpéll,
ceol d̄a eȝr n̄j blynn l̄om.

p. Nj éuala tu cōm-majē do céol,¹
ó tūr aŋ doimailn 'zur aŋluð;
zilb taoi áliræd, aljmžlīc, lhat,
jr majē do jumrfa clær aŋi énac.

0. Φο μαριανηρι ελαρι αη ένος,
α Ρθατριας ιη δοέτ μην;
ιη μαλιτ δαιτ δο έληη μο έμιτ,
α'η ηας ή-κυαριαρ γιετ αη δ-τηηρ.

¹ Ceól, music. The musical instruments peculiar to the ancient Irish were the harp and bagpipes. The *Dord Fiann* was used on hunting excursions, and may be considered the Fenian horn of the chase, like the hunter's horn of our own day; but it must be looked upon as a very simple musical instrument, inasmuch as it was only adapted for the above purpose. But it is believed by Seanchuidhers or reciters

THE DIALOGUE OF OISIN AND PATRICK.



ISIN ! long is thy slumber,
Rise up and hear the psalm ; [thee,
Thy agility and valor have forsaken
Though thou didst engage in battles and
fierce conflicts.

O. I have lost my agility and strength,
Since no battalion survives to Fionn ;
In the clerics is not my pleasure,
Music after him is not sweet to me.

P. Thou hast not heard music equally good,
Since the beginning of the world until this day ;
Tho' thou art aged, silly, and grey [haired],
Well wouldest thou attend a host on a hill.

O. I used to attend a host on a hill,
O Patrick of the morose disposition ;
Ill it becomes thee to traduce my form,
As I have never been aspersed till now.

of Fenian tales that the *Dord* was also used as a war-trumpet to summon the Fenian chiefs to battle. We are not aware that any specimen of it is preserved in our national museums. For a learned dissertation on ancient Irish musical instruments, see *Cambrensis Eversus*, Vol. I., Ch. IV., edited by the Rev. M. Kelly, D.D., for the Celtic Society.

O. Do éualar ceol ba binné na buri 3-ceol,
 3iδ mōri molar tu an cláir;
 r3altairiac loin Leitmeac Laoi,¹
 'r an faois do 3ujs an Doirid Fhíann.

Smólaic mo-binné 3leannha S3al,²
 nō mon3airi na m-bairic a3 buaili ne tráis;
 ba binné liom tliord na 3-con,
 na do r3ol-ra, a cléillidh éal.

Chú³ 3ellieol, Chú mo éuillip,
 an t-abac bea3 do b3i a3 Fionn;
 an uairi do 3einnéad cuij a'r puirt,
 do éuilliead r3in a d-toillíom rualin.

Bla3haild an in3ean 3i,
 na3c d-tu3 mōl d'feairi faoi 'n n-3riéin;
 a3ct amhaild do Chú⁴ 3ellieol,
 o3! a Phátriasc, ba binn a béal!

An da 3a3dair déa3 do b3i a3 Fionn,
 'n uairi do le13et1 iad f3 3leann Ráic;⁴
 ba binné na a3ba cuij,
 'r a n-a3daild ó'n t-Sliuill⁵ amac.

¹ S3altairiac loin leitmeac Laoi, *the song of the blackbird of Letter Lee.* The blackbird, the thrush, the seagull, the eagle and the raven, are the birds most often commemorated by the Fenian muse. The m3ol mui3e (our hare), the r3as r3a3, or red deer, the buck and doe, the t3onc, or wild boar, and the c3u allta, or faol-c3u, the wolf, were the objects of their chase. Letter Lee is not yet identified.

² 3leann an S3al, i.e., *the glen or vale of Scal.* In the *Miscellany of the Celtic Society*, p. 24, the following note appears:—

“ *Scal Balbh*, i.e., Scal the Stammerer. O’Flaherty says that Bania, daughter of Scal Balbh, king of Finland, was the Queen of Tuathal Teachtmhar, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 130. A personage of the same name seems to have flourished in Ireland, from the many places named after him, as Gleann-an-Seail in the county of Antrim, Leac-an-Seail, a great Cromleac in the county of Kilkenny, and Leacht-an-Seail, i.e., Scal’s monument, in the barony of Corcaguiny, county of Kerry.”

There is also 3leann an S3al, and Ab3an3 an S3al, about ten miles west of Dingle. Leacht an S3al is still in existence. By accenting the letter a in the word S3al these localities would mean the glen of the shade or shadow,

O. I have heard music more melodious than your music,
 Tho' greatly thou praisest the clerics ;
 The song of the blackbird of Letter Lee,
 And the melody which the Dord Fiann made.

The very sweet thrush of Gleann-a-sgail,
 Or the dashing of the barks touching the strand ;
 More melodious to me was the cry of the hounds,
 Than of thy schools, O chaste cleric.

Little Cnu, Cnu of my heart,
 The small dwarf who belonged to Fionn ;
 When he chaunted tunes and songs,
 He put us into deep slumbers.

Blathnaid, the youthful maid,
 Who was never betrothed to man under the sun,
 Except to little Cnu alone,
 O, Patrick, sweet was her mouth.

LThe twelve hounds which belonged to Fionn,
 When they were let loose through Glen Rath ;
 Were sweeter than musical instruments,
 And their face outwards from the Suir. **J**

³ Cnu. Dr. O'Donovan says that *Cnu* was taken by Fionn near a *Sith* (a fairy haunt) in Magh Feimhean, an extensive plain situated near Sliabh-na-m-ban in the county of Tipperary, (see *Leabhar Óg-Ó-Cearbhaill, Book of Rights*, p. 18, note b), and that he was scarcely tall enough to reach the strings of the harp. From the frequent allusion made to him in Ossianic Poëtry, in connection with Fionn, he seems to have been his chief musician, by whose soothing strains the Fenians were lulled into deep and heavy slumbers. Cnu or Cnó, also signifies a nut or kernel ; and one of the prettiest ballads ever written by the late Edward Walsh, was entitled “ *Mo Chraoibhin Cno*” (my cluster of nuts) commencing thus :—

“ My heart is far from Liffey's tide,
 And Dublin town ;
 It strays beyond the Southern side
 Of Cnoc Maol Donn :
 Where Ceapa Chuinne hath woodlands green,
 Where Abhuin Mhor's waters flow ;
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
 Mo Chraoibhin Cno.
 Low clustering in her leafy green,
 Mo Chraoibhin Cno.”

O. Ta r̄z̄eal beāz āgam-̄a āi Fh̄ionn,
n̄i ̄abamair āi āct c̄ul̄z f̄ili d̄eaḡ ;
do ̄abamair n̄i ̄ Sāḡrān na b̄-fleas̄,
'r do ̄cūneamair cat̄ āli n̄i ̄ ̄S̄h̄eas̄.

Do ̄abamair āi J̄nd̄la m̄d̄ri,
ba m̄d̄ri āi neart̄ āgur āi d̄-t̄riéan̄ ;
c̄rioc̄ Lōclaīn̄ 'r āi J̄nd̄la f̄ōri,
do t̄i ̄z̄ ā ̄z̄-cūid̄ òli ̄ ̄z̄ teac̄ Fh̄ionn.

Tūz r̄e n̄aoi ̄z̄-cācā r̄an̄ Spáin̄,
'r n̄aoi b̄-f̄īc̄id̄ cat̄ ā n̄-Ēlīn̄ uill̄ ;
n̄i ̄l̄ ó̄n̄ t̄-r̄iūc̄ 'n̄āi bāl̄teas̄ C̄h̄īort̄,
n̄āc̄ d̄-t̄iz̄eas̄ ā ̄z̄-c̄īor̄ ̄z̄ teac̄ Fh̄ionn.

Tūz r̄e ōct̄ ̄z̄-cācā r̄an̄ Spáin̄ ̄tear̄,
'r āl̄īd̄ri ̄z̄ Lōclaīn̄ āli ̄l̄aīn̄ leir̄ ;
ir̄ beāct̄ do b̄j̄ āi domhan̄ r̄ā n̄ā ̄c̄īor̄,
ir̄ ē bā n̄i ̄z̄ āli ̄īn̄ ā n̄-S̄h̄eas̄ b̄i ̄z̄.

⁴ ̄S̄leann̄ R̄at̄, *Glen of the Raths*. Not traceable in the Four Masters, nor in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*.

Lō Siūir, *the river Suir*. This river has its source in *Sliabh Ailduin*, better known as *Greim an Diabhail*, (the Devil's Bit mountain), in the county of Tipperary. It takes a circuitous rout by Thurles, Holy-cross, Caher, Ardfinan, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, and Waterford; and, being joined by the rivers Nore and Barrow, āi Fheōn̄ āgur āi b̄hean̄ib̄a (hence the appellation "Sister Rivers"), at Cheek Point, six miles below Waterford, falls into the British Channel. *Donnchadh Ruadh Mac Connara*, a Munster Poet of great celebrity, describes its waters thus, (see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, p. 48) :—

"Ūir̄ze n̄a Siūir̄ āg b̄n̄úctās̄ 'n̄a f̄l̄óðāl̄ōs̄,
Cōīr̄ bān̄-c̄h̄ōīc̄ Ēlīnean̄ Oīz̄."

While the waves of the Suir, noble river ! ever flow,
Near the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The poet Spenser, in his *Faerie Queen*, describes the scenery of these rivers (with which we happen to be familiarly acquainted), thus. See Book IV., Canto XI., Verse XLIII. :—

"The first, the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterforde ;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray.
By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord ;

O. I have a little story respecting Fionn,
 We were but fifteen men ;
 We took the king of the Saxons, of the feasts,
 And we won a battle against the king of Greece. J

We conquered India, the great,
 Great was our strength and our might ;
 The country of Lochlin and eastern India,
 Their tribute of gold comes to the house of Fionn.

He fought nine battles in Spain,
 And nine score battles in noble Erin ;
 There is no country from the river in which Christ
 was baptised,
 Whose tribute did not come to the house of Fionn.

He fought eight battles in southern Spain,
 And Lochlin's chief king was his captive ;
 Full wholly the world was under tribute to him,
 'T was he was king of Minor Greece.

The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
 Great heapes of salmone in his deepe bosome ;
 All which long sundred, doe at last accord
 To ioine in one, ere to the sea they come.
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

Spenser must be in error when attributing the same source to these rivers; as the Barrow rises in Sliabh Bladhma in the Queen's County. But we must presume he followed Giraldus Cambrensis—he being the only writer on Irish history who fell into this mistake. See Haliday's *Keating*, p. 29, *Dub.* 1809. *Cambrensis Eversus*, Vol. I., p. 123. This river formed a fruitful theme for the Munster Poëts of the last century; and Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilliobhain, a native of Sliabh Luachra in Kerry, who died A.D. 1784, and is buried at Nohoval near Mill-street, wrote a very beautiful Jacobite ballad to the air of *Caiseall Mumhan*, in which he introduces it thus :—

“ Μαλύσιον ομύστα λε ḥ-άγι τα Σμύλη 'τ με ȝο ταμάσ-λαȝ ηαοη.”
 Beside the Suir on a dewy morning I was feebly laid.

and a street ballad, which is very popular in Munster, commencing thus :—

“ The very first day I left Carrick,
 Was the twenty-ninth day of last June.”

describes its scenery most graphically.

O. **Maillig** daimra d'fan da éir,
 'r gan mo rpéir a 3-cluigéce 'na 3-ceol;
 am dónan ériúon d'áilele an t-rluaigé,
 daim ifr tuisce do beit beo!

If tuisce, a Phátriaic, an r3éal,
 me beit tair éir na b-peair go fáin;
 ag éirteacáit ne cláir 'r clo3,
 'r mè am feanóili bocht dall.

Da mairfead Fionn agur an Fhian,
 do éireigfianu1 cláir a' r clo3;
 do leanfainn an fiaid fó'n n-3leann,
 'r ba mian lom bneit ari a coir.

Jair, a Phátriaic, neamh ari Phia,
 d'Fhionn na b-Fhian 'r da clainn;
 déan gualdhe ari an b-plaist,
 'r nac 3-cualaod a comh-maist ied' linn.

P. Ní lannfad-ra neamh d'Fhionn,
 a fír 3úinu1 ní 'r éirigé t'feair3;
 'r gair b' é a mian ne na linn,
 beit a n3úinu1 ag rianfán real3.

O. Da m-beitsead-ra fáinfaic an Fhian,
 a cléimigé na 3-cláir 'r na 3-clo3;
 ní éabairfa t'áille do Phia,
 na do mian cláir agur r3ol.

P. Ní éireigfianu1 mac Phé b'í,
 ari a d-táinigé róir agur t'íar;
 a Oifín, a fíle bia3,
 ifr oile maccar duit díol na 3-cláir.

O. Woe is me that have remained after him,
 My delight not being in games or music ;
 But being a withering wretch after the host,
 To me it is sad to be alive !

O Patrick, sad is the tale,
 To be after the heroes, thus feeble ;
 Listening to clerics and to bells,
 Whilst I am a poor, blind, old man.

If Fionn and the Fenians lived,
 I would abandon the clerics and the bells ;
 I would follow the deer through the glen,
 And would fain lay hold of his leg.

O Patrick, ask heaven of God,
 For Fionn of the Fenians and his clan ;
 Pray for the chief,
 Whose equal has not been heard of in your time.

P. I will not ask heaven for Fionn,
 O subtle man against whom hath risen my ire ;
 Since it was his delight in his time,
 To dwell in glens pursuing the noisy chase.

O. Hadst thou been in company with the Fenians,
 O cleric of the priests and bells ;
 Thou wouldest not give heed to God,
 Or to the attending on clerics and schools.

P. I would not forsake the Son of the living God,
 For all that have been east or west ;
 O Oisin, O soft bard,
 Thou wilt fare ill for depreciating the clerics.

O. Ba m̄lān ne Fionn na b̄-plāc
 r̄ianfān a cōn a b̄-fad aji pl̄āb ;
 cōn allta¹ āz fād̄bāl cuail,
 m̄d̄riðāl ā f̄luāl̄b̄ ba h̄-e a m̄lān.

P. Jr̄ iomða m̄lān do b̄j āz Fionn,
 nāc 3-cuill̄tear̄i r̄uim ān̄ d̄a ēl̄r ;
 n̄i m̄al̄nean̄n Fionn na a cōn,
 'r n̄i m̄al̄nean̄d̄ tur̄a, a Oir̄in f̄ēl̄.

O. Jr̄ m̄d̄ do r̄z̄eal Fionn na r̄uim,
 'r na a d̄-tāl̄n̄ið ne ari l̄im̄ m̄lām̄ ;
 a n̄deac̄āl̄d̄, 'r a b̄-f̄ūl̄ bēd̄,
 b̄-f̄ēāl̄i Fionn f̄aoi òri na l̄ad̄.

P. 3ac̄ ari b̄iorn̄naīr̄ ā'r Fionn d̄'òri,
 'r olc nāc̄ār̄ do '3ur̄ dūt ;
 tā r̄e a n̄-f̄r̄nean̄n a n̄zeall,
 m̄ār̄ do 3ūn̄ðēād̄ f̄eall ā'r b̄iuīd̄.

O. Jr̄ beāz a c̄leid̄im̄-re d̄od̄ 3l̄òri,
 a f̄ili ò'n Rōim̄ na leab̄aī m̄-ban̄ ;
 3o m̄-bēt̄ Fionn, an f̄laj̄t̄ f̄iall,
 āz deām̄an̄ na āz d̄iab̄al̄ aji laj̄m̄.

¹ Cōn allta, i. e., *wild dogs, wolves*. These animals seemingly afforded a vast amount of amusement to the Fenians in their hunting excursions ; and until very recently they were not altogether banished from Ireland. In the *Irish Penny Journal*, there is an article on Natural History by the late H. D. Richardson, a gentleman who devoted much of his time to this pursuit, in which he states that wolves were killed in Wexford in 1730—40 ; and one on the Wicklow mountains so late as 1770. In the *Banquet of Dun na ngedh*, &c. published by the *Irish Archaeological Society*, and edited by Dr. O'Donovan (p. 189), it is stated that the last native wolf seen in Ireland was killed on a mountain in the county of Kerry, in the year 1725 ; and at pp. 64, 65 (*idem*) we are told that when Dubhdiadh, the Druid, foretold the fate of Congal

O. A delight to Fionn of the heroes
 Was the cry of his hounds afar on the mountain ;
 The wolves starting from their dens,
 The exultation of his hosts, that was his delight.

P. Many a desire Fionn had,
 Which are disregarded after him,
 Fionn or his hounds live not,
 Nor shalt thou live, O generous Oisin.

O. A greater loss is Fionn than we,
 And all that have ever lived within our time ;
 All that ever passed away and all that are living,
 Fionn was more liberal of his gold than they.

P. All the gold which Fionn and you bestowed,
 'Tis of no avail to him or thee ;
 He is in hell in bondage,
 Because he committed treachery and oppression.

O. Little do I believe of thy talk,
 O man from Rome of the white books,
 That Fionn, the hospitable chief,
 Could be detained by demon or devil.

Claen, in a most satiric strain, the following reference is made to the wolf :—

“Сујечији осуј бујиће бјиљи,
 Сујићејијеји сјеји бији ј-сујијај,
 Со јујејији јајејеји јијији јијији,
 Ји ѡ-јајејејеји сјеји јијији.”

Wolves and flocks of ravens
 Shall devour the heads of your heroes,
 Until the fine clean sand is reckoned,
 The heads of the Ultonians shall not be reckoned.

The only specimen of the Irish wolf-dog now in Ireland, that we are aware of, is in the possession of Mr Conyngham Moore of Strand-street in this city.

p. Ta Fionn a u-ífriúeann aili láimh,
a u feair fáin do bhrónnadh óir;
a u-éillige eairíonnáma aili Phíla,
ta rē d-teac ná b-riúan faoi bhrón!

O. Da m-beidhír clainne Mhórna airtíz,
nó clainne Baileachne, ná fíri ba ériéan;
do béalfeadachair Fionn amach,
nó do bhlád aih teac aca félí.

p. Cúig cónaíte Eilíneann, ró reacá,
'r ná reacáct g-cáthá bí ran b-Féilín;
ní éisbhráidhír Fionn amach,
zé' ní mór a neairt aghair a d-triéin.

O. Da mairífead Faolan agair Zoll,
Dílairíuaid doinn a' r Órcuiri aiz,
a d-tíz dair cùm deamhain ná Phíla,
ní beidh Fionn ná b-Fíann aili láimh.

p. Da mairífead Faolan agair Zoll,
'r a mairb ainn do'n b-Féilín mhamh;
ní éisbhráidhír Fionn amach,
aif an teac 'ná b-riúil a b-riúan.

O. Círlead do mhuin Fionn aili Phíla,
aict beidh aí mairi cláir a' r ríol;
ghearr mór aí bhrónnadh aih óir,
'r ghearr eile ní meidhír a cón.

p. A ngeall ní meidhír ná g-cón,
'r le mairi ná ríol gáct aon lá;
'r gáct aille aízé aili Phíla,
ata Fionn ná b-Fíann aili láimh.

P. Fionn is in hell in bonds,
 The pleasant man who used to bestow gold ;
 In penalty of his disobedience to God,
 He is now in the house of pain in sorrow.

O. Were the Clanna Morna within,
 Or the Clanna Baoisgne, the mighty men ;
 They would take Fionn out,
 Or would have the house to themselves.

P. The five provinces of Eirin severally,
 And the seven battalions which the Fenians had ;
 They could not deliver Fionn,
 Tho' great might be their prowess and strength.

O. If Faolan and Goll lived,
 Diarmuid the brown-haired and Oscar the noble ;
 In any house that demon or God ever formed,
 Fionn of the Fenians could not be in bondage.

P. If Faolan and Goll lived,
 And all the Fenians that ever were ;
 They would not bring Fionn out,
 From the house where he is in pain.

O. What did Fionn do to God,
 Except to attend on hosts and schools ;¹
 A great while bestowing gold,
 And another while delighting in his hounds.

P. Because of the amusement of the hounds,
 And for attending the schools each day ;
 And because he took no heed of God,
 Fionn of the Fenians is in bonds.

¹ That is to say, bardic schools.

O. A deili turfa, a Phátriajc na manu,
na c d-tuibhras an Fhionn Fionn amach ;
na cùlach cónaighe Eilneanach leod,
ghe' n tóir a neart faoi reac.

Ta rgeal beag agham-ra ari Fhionn,
nì naibháin ari acht cùlach fíli dèag ;
do gáibháin nì Bheataigh na b-fleas,
le neart ari fleag 'sair ari laoç.

Do gáibháin linn Maighnur tóir,
mac nì Leóclainn na long m-bheas ;
tánghamair gáin bhrón, gáin rgeal,
'r do cùilneamair ari g-cíor a b-fad.

A Phátriajc, i' r tuisceadh an rgeal,
an Rí-éileannid beirt faoi gáin ;
eisioide gáin alainnbeast, gáin fuaic,
eisioide cùilidh agh coruam eac.

I' eadgadh nári tóir le Phia,
óri a' r biaid do gáibháit do neac ;
n'giora òultairid Fionn tnean na tuisceadh,
i fheanach fuaic tóir 'r e a tneac !

Mian tigc Chumhaill fa tóir ghaol,
éirteacst ne faoið¹ Óthromha Óellin² ;
codla fa fhuic Eara Ruaidh,³
'r fiaidh Thailline na g-cuan do fíl.

¹ Faoið signifies a voice, hum, or sound.

² Óthrom deaing, literally *the red ridge*. In the *Ulallamh na Seanoillidh*, a very curious tract containing a complete history of the Fionnach Eillionach, it is stated that Óthrom deaing was the ancient name of Drumcliff, a small village in the barony of Carbury, and county of Sligo, remarkable for the remains of an ancient Round Tower. Óthrom deaing was also the ancient name of Dun òa leatðla, now Downpatrick, where a great battle was fought, A.D. 1260, between Brian O'Neill and Hugh mac Felim [O'Conor], and the Galls of the North of Ireland, in which many of the Irish chiefs were slain ; which event formed the subject of a long poem

O. Thou sayest, O Patrick of the psalms,
 That the Fenians could not take Fionn out ;
 Nor the five provinces of Erin with them,
 Tho' great might be their individual strength.

I have a little story respecting Fionn,
 We were but fifteen men in number ;
 We took the king of Britain, of the feasts,
 By the might of our spears and of our heroes.

Magnus the Great was taken by us, [ships ;
 The son of the king of Lochlin of the speckled
 We returned without grief or weariness,
 And extended our tribute afar.

O Patrick, woful is the tale,
 That the Fenian king should be in bonds ;
 A heart devoid of spite or hatred,
 A heart stern in maintaining battles.

It is not just that God should not feel pleased,
 At bestowing gold and food on one ;
 Fionn never refused mighty or wretched,
 Even though cold hell be his doom.

'Twas the desire of the son of Cumhall of noble mien,
 To listen to the sound of Dromderg ;
 To sleep at the stream of Eas Ruaidh,
 And to chase the deer of Galway of the bays.

for the pen of Gilla Brighde Mac Conmidhe, chief poet of Ulster at the time, published in the *Miscellany* of the Celtic Society, p. 146. Fionn had a son named *Dearg*, whose adventures formed a theme for poetic romance, and from whom the place may derive its name.

³ *Car Ruaidh*, or *Eas Aedha Ruaidh, Assaroë*, the Salmon Leap, a cataract on the river Erne, at the town of Ballyshannon in *Tir Chonaill* (Tyrconnell), i.e., the country of Conall, which was nearly co-extensive with the present county of Donegal, and takes its name from Conall Gulban, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages.—*Book of Rights*, p. 34, note p. See also *Oss. Soc. Trans.*, Vol. III., p. 115, note 8.

O. Σζαλταμιας̄ λοιη Λειτηιεας̄ ιαοι,
 τονη Ρυζηιαλδε¹ αζ βιαιη πε τηιαιζ ;
 δοηδαη αη δαιη ο ιηαιζ Μηαοιη,²
 βιητηε αη ιαοιζ ο Ζηλεαη ια ιηαι.³

Φοζαιρι τειλζε ριειβε ζ-Σηιοτ,⁴
 βιαιηη ηα η-ορ υιη ριιαε ζ-Σηια;⁵
 ποηζαιρι βαοιλεαηη Ιοηιιαιρ⁶ ιαιι,
 ζαιρι ηα ιη-βαδε ορ ειοηη αη τ-ριιαζ.

Τηιηιαη εηεατ ηα ιη-βαιρι πε τοηη,
 αη-ιαιηη εοηαιηη δο Φηιιαιη-ιηη;⁷
 βιιιαεηια Βηιιαιη α ζ-Σηιος αη ιηιη,⁸
 'ι ζαιρι ηα ριειε ιηη ριιαε Μηη.⁹

Ζιαοι Οριιιηι αζ διι δο ρειιζ,
 ζοτα ζαδαιι αη Λειηιζ ηα ιη-Φηιιαιη;¹⁰
 βειε ηα ριιδε α ιηειρζ ηα η-δαιη,
 βα ι-ε ριη δο ζηιαε α ιηιαι.

Μηη δο ιηιαιιει Οριιιηι ρειιη,
 βειε αζ ειητεαετ πε βειη ριιιαε;
 βειε α ζ-ιαι εαζ εοηζαιη εηαι,
 βα ι-ε ριη δο ζηιαε α ιηιαι.

¹ Τοηη Ρυζηιαλδε, *the wave of Rughraide*; a loud surge on Traigh Rudhraide, in the Bay of Dundrum in the county of Down, which drowned Rudhraide, the son of Partholan.—*Four Masters*, p. 1189.

² Ζηαζ Μηαοιη, *the plain of Maon*, otherwise called Maonmhagh, a celebrated plain lying around Loughrea, in the county of Galway, the inheritance of the Clanna Moirne.

³ Σιεαηη ια ιηαι, *Glen of the two heroes*.

⁴ Σιιαε ζ-Σηιοτ, *Sliab g-Crot*. Now Mount Grud, in the townland of Mount Uniack, parish of Killarory, barony of Clanwilliam, and county of Tipperary. The fort and castle of Dun-g-Crot are situated at the foot of this mountain, in the Glen of Aherlow [near Bansha].—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1058, note y.

⁵ Σιιαε Σηια, *Sliabh Cua*. Now the parish of Seasgnan in the county of Waterford, situated about midway on the road from Clonmel to Dungarvan; and chiefly inhabited by the middle class of farmers, many of whom have amassed considerable wealth by agricultural pursuits.

O. The warbling of the blackbird of Letter Lee,
 The wave of Rughraighe lashing the shore ;
 The bellowing of the ox of Magh-maoin,
 And the lowing of the calf of Gleann-da-mhail.

The resounding of the chase of Sliabh g-Crot,
 The noise of the fawns round Sliabh Cua ;
 The seagulls' scream on Iorrus yonder,
 Or the screech of the ravens over the battle-field.

The tossing of the hulls of the barks by the wave,
 The yell of the hounds at Drumlish ;
 The cry of Bran at Cnoc-an-air,
 Or the murmur of the streams about Sliabh Mis.

The call of Oscur going to the chase,
 The cries of the hounds at Leirg-na-bh-Fiann ;
 To be sitting amongst the bards,
 That was his desire constantly.

A desire of the desires of the generous Oscur,
 Was to listen to the clashing of shields ;
 To be in battle hacking bones,
 That was his desire constantly.

Mr. James O'Keeffe, of Mountain Castle in the adjoining parish, Modeligo, holds considerable landed property in this parish. One of the five prerogatives of the King of Cashel was to pass over Sliabh g-Cua with [a band of] fifty, after pacifying the south of Eire.—*Book of Rights*, p. 5.

⁶ Ḥóinnur, *Erris*. An extensive and wild barony in the north-west of the county of Mayo.—*Four Masters*.

⁷ Ḥóinnur-Lír. Now Drumlease, an old church in ruins, near the east extremity of Lough Gill, in the barony of Dromahaire, and county of Leitrim.—*Four Masters*, Ed. J. O'D., A.D. 1360, note i.

⁸ Cnoc-Δη-Δall, the *Hill of Slaughter*. A romantic hill in the county of Kerry, situated near Ballybunian, at which there was a great battle fought by the Fenians in the second century.

⁹ Sliab Mhír. Now Slieve mish, a mountain in the barony of Troughanackmy, in the county of Kerry. There is also another mountain of the same name in the barony of Lower Antrim in the county of Antrim.—*Book of Rights*, p. 23, note x.

O. Sé fíji dēag do éuadmarí riain,
 do réilz go Formaoil na b-Fíann;¹
 laimh ne h-éadaí énoic an Scaíl,
 d'fheacailn cead riach ari 3-coilean.

Aimhína an dà oíctairi fíann,
 do bhearradh buírt a Thailtínn;
 beist dà n-déirr iir tmaig an círr,
 moimhri iir mheala an ionchéúir.

Mhé fíji 'r an fílaist Fíonn,
 a'f mo mac Orcuiri na m-béimeann;
 'r an té do buail O Baillíne ar bhuaid,
 an fearr dub O Duibhne, Ólairímuaid.

Táinig linn Faolan fearrha,
 a'f tliuiri moe Aoncheairída Béarla;
 Slar, a'f Seánri, a'f Sóba náin fíann,
 do cleacáit mór-éacáit a 3-coimhleann.

Táinig linn Conán zan mhoiñz,²
 a'f Caol ceadgheaneac ó'n Eamhain;
 moe Luigheal náin bheanda, a'f náin éair,
 a'f Soll moe Mhóirína do'n fíann.

¹ Leinster-nsa-b-Fíann, an eminence or slope on the side of some hill in Leinster, but not identified, where the Fenian hunters were wont to muster preparatory to starting for the chase.

² Formaoil na b-Fíann *Formaoil of the Fenians*. There is a place called Formoyle in the barony of Upper Ossory, in the Queen's County, the estates of William Palliser and Jonah Barrington, Esqrs., also of Mrs. Judith Wheeler, as heirs at law, and Oliver Wheeler, Esq. of Grenane, of which we have a large map on vellum, made in July, 1748, by Thomas Reading. From its contiguity to the Hill of Almuin in Kildare, where Fionn had his palace, it is likely to be the Formaoil referred to in the text; but there is another Formaoil at Brandon bay in the county of Kerry, to the north of Cnoc an Scaíl; and in Professor Connellan's *Dissertation on Irish Grammar* (Dub. 1834), p. 50, mention is made of a place near Cill Easbuig Broin in the county of Sligo, called Formaoil na b-Fíann, by the Irish-speaking people of the district, who allege that the Formaoils were the hospitals of the Fenians.

O. We went westwards sixteen men in number,
To hunt at Formaoil of the Fenians ;
Nigh the face of Cnoc an Scail,
To see the first running of our hounds.

The names of the two mirthful eights
I shall relate, O Tailgin ;
To live after them is a sad fate,
Woe and sorrow are my lot.

Myself, and Fionn, the chief,
And my son Oseur of the blows ;
And he who delivered O'Baoisgne from bondage,
The black-haired O'Duibhne Diarmuid.

There came with us Faolan the manly,
And the three sons of Aonchearda Bearra ;
Glas, and Gearr, and Gobha the generous,
Who were accustomed to great feats in battle.

There came with us Conan without hair,
And Caol, the hundred-wounder, from Eamhuin ;
Mac Lughaidh who was neither effeminate nor weak.
And Goll Mac Morna was of the band.

² *Conan ȝan mowȝ*, i.e., *Conan without hair*. This is the celebrated Conan Maol so often referred to in these poems, and of whom there are many ludicrous stories told. He was called *Maol* from the loss of his hair, being bald-pated ; but the term *Maol* also signifies a person of low stature, or the humblest menial in any employment. Donnchadh Ruadh Mac Connara, a Munster poet of the last century, in his *Eachtra Ghioilla an Amallain*, applies the term thus :—

“ Ήσοι κόπη δαμ γειαδ δειτε ταμαλ παρι ηδαλ δεαδ,
αδ ποταρι, ηδ αδ δηιαδαδ, ηδ αδ εαριαδ ηα εηε γειαλ.”

It was not right for me to be for a while like little Maol,
Digging, or hoeing, or tossing the clay.

There are various families in Ireland who derive their patronymic from this term, viz. Maolruanaidh, Maolbrighde, Maolmhicil, Maoldamhnaidh, Maoilsheachlainn, Maolmuire, &c.

O. Do bī 'nār m-baileadh Líagán luaimheas,
 mar aon a' r Ógáire duanac ;
 Tóba gaoithe a' r Conchábar a n aiz,
 a' r Caolte cranncháir mac Ronain.¹

Do bī Brían aili cionnáill a'z Fionn,
 a' r i'z agamra do bī Sgeolan ;
 Feáin a'z Ógáinuaidh na m-ban,²
 a' r Aodhnaill a'z iarr a'z Orcair.

Eile bheas a'z Faolan mac Fhionn,
 a'z Tlair mac Aoncheanraida Beáirra, Eirtill ;
 a'z Beáirra, a' r a'z Tóba na n-eas níoslan,
 do bī Fead a'zur Fórtailz.

Do bī Seairc a'z Conan maol,
 a' r Eirteacét a'z Caol ne na éasob ;
 a'z Luídale laildil 'r a'z Tóll,
 do bī Fuaim a'zur Fórtlam.

Do bī Luar a'z Líagán luaimheas,
 a' r Daicéadoin a'z Ógáire duanac ;
 Léim a'z Tóba gaoithe an t-sílín,
 a' r Ógáil a'z Caolte mac Ronain.

Sgaoileamh dúninn gádaili iilec Aithíonna,
 r'a iméallaibh cnoc na d-táinigib ;
 r'a cíumháraigib coirpoidh Chonraínn,³
 a' r béal na loimhne a'z rónaile.

Ai rúd roin gaoithe Bócaill,⁵
 linn ba ceadháir ari n-aibairca ;
 ríl Ógáire a' z-coill gaoithe
 a' r iad a'z oirnádail aili éalainib.

¹ Mac Ronain, *Mac Ronain*. The chief occupation of Mac Ronain in the Fenian ranks was to draw lots whenever any spoil was to be divided ; hence the epithet Crannchair, of *the lot*.

² Ógáinuaidh na m-ban. This is *Diarmuid O'Duibhne*, the subject of our

O. There was in our company Liagan the nimble,
 Together with Daire of the duans ;
 Gobha Gaoithe and Connor the valiant,
 And he of the lots, Cailte Mac Ronan.

Fionn held Bran in a slip,
 And 'twas I that held Sgeolann ;
 Diarmuid of the women held Fearan,
 And Oscur held the lucky Adhnuail.

Faolan, the son of Fionn, held the speckled Eile,
 And Glas, the son of Aonchearrda Bearra, held Eitill ;
 'Twas Gearr and Gobha of the pure steeds,
 Who held Fead and Fostuigh.

Conan the bald held Searc,
 And Caol at his side held Eisteacht ;
 Lughaidh the mighty, and Goll,
 Held Fuaim and Fothram.

Liagan, the nimble, held Luadhas,
 And Daire of the duans held Dathchaoin ;
 Gobha Gaoithe, the merry, held Leim,
 And Caoilte Mac Ronan held Daol.

We let loose the hounds of Mac Morna,
 Throughout the borders of hills in numbers ;
 Round the borders of Corann of the rocks,
 While the fawns led down hill.

Thence eastwards to the peak of Bothar,
 Most musical were our horns ;
 The sweet-voiced men of Daire in the wood,
 While shouting at the herds.

third volume, who is said to have had a *ball seirce*, or beauty spot on his left breast, which caused any woman who saw it to fall in love with him.

³ *Cóirann*, now Keash, or Ceis-chorainn, in the county of Roscommon.

⁴ *lomjan*, literally means a lamb, but is here applied to the young deer.

⁵ *beinn bócair*, the peak of Bothar. Not identified.

O. Seacét b-fjéċċid darr allta lajdiji,
ō R̄iññ-paċċaċ¹ zo Fōċaol;²
caoġad faolċon, caoġad mohi-ċonc,
żuġiżi aji u-ñ-ċon a b-Foñmaol.³

Sin aji cēad la do r̄iżaojleas
rujiexiżi d'ajri r̄aġġiċċi con a ȝ-clujiċċe;
a' r̄ u-żajjixx dha jaġb a laċajji
uċ! a Phatħajie, aċċi tixi.

A Phatħajie, ji tħiexiż tixi,
am ɻeħoġolji zo h-attujiżreac;
żan nējix, żan tara, żan tħieolji,
aż-ċijal l-ċum alkrijiż zo h-altolji.

Żan ariθ-ċielaħaċ Luacċajji ॥
żan m̄olta r̄lejbe Cuqlix;⁵
żan duu a u-żgħajnejb le Fjoni,
żan luu r̄żol mali ċleacħta luu.

Żan deabha, żan deħanaji cieħec,
żan luujiż aji ċleaqraji b-luġiċ;
żan duu aż-ruujiż u-ż-żejjel,
ħa cējjid u-jaġb iho ħuġi.

P. Szajji a ɻeħoġolji, lejż dodi b-luolji,
u-żi beaqż duu kiefta a u-deħiżihaolji;
tħiuxiż aji u-ż-żejjel, tħiuxiż aħ-nejha,
d-żiexiż aji Fhlañ u-żu iż-żeoċċajji.

O. Ma luuċiżi, a Phatħajie, u-żi f-żgħaż-żejt ċura,
a f-jiżi aji ċiexiż żo l-żgħid;⁶
dha maliżżeaħ Cieni am ħaġi,
u-żi lejżiż leat do ċlaġiż.

¹ R̄iññ-paċċaċ, a promontary, probably, in *Ibh Rathach*, (Iveragh) county of Kerry. Perhaps Bolus head on Ballinaskellig bay.

² Fōċaol, not identified.

³ Foñmaol, see p. 18, note 7.

⁴ Luacċajji ॥, now *Sliabb Luachra*, sometimes called *Ciarruidha Luachra*, from *Ciar*, one of the ancient kings of Munster, a long range

O. Seven score of strong wild oxen,
 From Rinn-rathach to Fochaoi ;
 Fifty wolves and fifty huge wild boars
 Were the spoils of our young hounds at Formaoil.

This was the first day on which were let loose
 A portion of our noble hounds in the chase ;
 And there lives not of those who were present,
 Alas ! O Patrick, but I.

O Patrick, I am to be pitied,
 Being a broken-hearted old man ;
 Without sway, without agility, without vigor,
 Going to mass at the altar.

Without the great chase of Luachair Dheaghaidh,
 Without the hares of Sliabh Cuilinn ;
 Without going into fights with Fionn,
 Without attending schools as was my custom.

Without conflicts, without taking of preys,
 Without exercising in feats ;
 Without going to woo or to the chase,
 Two amusements which I dearly loved.

P. Cease, old man, let be thy folly, [done :
 Enough for thee henceforth what thou hast already
 Reflect on the pains that are before you,
 The Fenians are departed and thou shalt depart.

O. If I depart, O Patrick, mayest thou not be left,
 O man of the ascetic heart ;
 Were Conan now alive,
 Thy growling would not be long permitted thee.

of mountain which extends from the harbour of Tralee in Kerry, to the mouth of the Shannon.

⁵ Sliabh Cuilinn, now Sliabh Guillinn in the county of Armagh.

⁶ Τοπεμμιργέ, i.e., ascetic, literally of the forbidding heart, because the saint forbade him to enjoy many of his pleasures.

O. **D**á maoð é aŋ lá do b̄j Fionn,
 a ȝ-cæðaþb̄ aylne a' r a n-ȝl̄að ;
 tāl̄iŋc aŋ ȝolany ȝan ȝeaŋy¹
 ȝuȝalny ȝo ȝleany ða ðam.²

Ir ȝuȝad a ȝānȝar óm ȝeað rēl̄iŋ,
 ir b̄neȝȝða ðað aȝur ȝuȝaol ;
 aȝ ȝaȝiað aȝrðe aȝri aŋ b-ȝheley,
 ir rēl̄dli leo ȝin a ȝeill.

Do ȝéaþaþ aȝrȝið, óri, a' r b̄nuȝt ;
 b̄jð ȝin aȝad aȝri do ȝuaȝið ;
 iȝt̄iȝ aȝoȝt, do ȝájð Fionn,
 ir ȝt̄iȝd ȝiȝt tu ȝul uaȝny.

Ni ȝéaþaþ aȝrȝið ȝuȝam ná óri,
 a ȝiȝ-ȝéley, aŋ ȝl̄olri ȝl ;
 aȝt̄ tūr̄a rēl̄iŋ, ȝan ȝeilt aȝri aŋ b-ȝeley,
 do ȝeit̄ aȝam tāri ȝeile r̄iȝ.

Ir b̄n̄aðaþ ðaðiȝa, do ȝájð aŋ ȝiȝ,
 ða m-beiðiȝ-ȝiȝ ȝan ȝnaðiȝ nem ȝae ;
 ná beiðiȝ aȝad-ȝa tāri r̄iȝ,
 aȝri a b-ȝuȝl ð neam̄ ȝo rēl̄iŋ.

O ȝuȝalr̄ do b̄n̄aðaþ aȝri ð-táȝiȝ,
 aȝri Oiȝin, a ȝ-clor do' n ȝhēley ;
 cuiȝiȝre ȝuȝa r̄o ȝeill,
 m̄uȝa n-deiȝiȝr̄ r̄eill ȝiȝom rēl̄iŋ.

Colan ȝan ȝeaŋy, *a headless body, an apparition.* There are several legends current amongst the Irish peasantry, regarding headless apparitions. One of these legends, "The Headless Horseman of Shanacloch," by the late Edward Walsh, appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. ii. No. 57. pp. 33-35. Another legend of the same character is related of a member of the Cosby family, interred in the vault of the ruined church of Noughval, near Stradbally, in the Queen's County. It was said that at stated periods, a black coach, drawn by four *headless*

O. Or had it been on the day in which Fionn
 Was engaged in glorious battles and conflicts ;
 When there appeared to us a headless being,
 At Gleann da dhaimh.

To thee have I come from my own home,
 Of the most brilliant hue and shape ;
 Requesting a gift of the Fenians,
 To which they can give assent.

Thou shalt get silver, gold, and mantles,
 As a reward for thy visit ;
 But depart now, said Fionn,
 We think it time thou shouldst go from us.

Silver or gold I will not take,
 O royal chief of the pleasant speech ; [Fenians,
 But thee thyself without concealing it from the
 To live with me as my spouse.

By my troth, said the king,
 If I were without a wife during my life,
 I would not consent to be thy husband,
 For all that is from the heaven to the grass.

As thou wert the first to plight thy troth,
 Says Oisin, in the hearing of the Fenians ;
 I adjure thee by a bond,
 That thou become my partner.

black horses, with a *headless* coachman, and a *headless* footman, had been seen driving at a furious rate, in the dead hour of mid-night, through the village of Stradbally. The coach itself was said to contain one of Cosbys ; but the writer of this note does not now recollect the particular individual mentioned.

² *Gleann da ñam*, the glen of the two oxen. The *Four Masters* give no account of this locality ; but at A.D. 945, there is a *Gleann Damhain* mentioned situate near *Duir Inis* (the isle of oaks), or Molana, an island

O.

Այ սալի ծո լուսալուսար ալի ոտ լաօց,
էւզսր առ տ-րալո րիս ա շ-սելլ ;
ծո լուջլոր լե ա շ-օրդին,
տալի ծօբ' ի ոտ քայտ ծո լուսաօյ.

Աշ տեաշտ ծօն Ֆհելին շու եպի,
նա ծ-տիսլի, նա շ-սետիլի, նա շ-սնիլի ;
աշ քեաշայ նա տոն ծօբ' ալին,
նյօն շու եպ կե'լի էւլրցե.

Աշ տեաշտ ծօն շու շու շու շու,
ծօ ել րն ՛րան ն-ցլեան ծ'ալի ծ-տեաշտ ;
լր լուսա ծրաօլ ծօ ել բա շնւ,
ծելշ շ-սեած շու ա'ր ծելշ շ-սեած եած.

Ծելշ շ-սեած եած շոնա լիլան,
ծելշ շ-սեած շու շոնա շ-սունյալլ ;
ծելշ շ-սեած շու նայի նեարտ,
ա'ր ծելշ շ-սեած քեալի ծօն լուտեաշտ.

Ծելշ շ-սեած սոլի նա ո-ել օլի,
ծելշ շ-սեած շու շու շու շու շու ;
ծա տած տաօլծտ ծատիրա, ծելշ շ-սեած եօ,
էւզար ծօմ շելլ այ առյօն լած.

Ծօ ելլի քալուն ծ'օլրին քիալլ,
լր ոլուծ կոտ շու ծօմ ծօմ շեած ;
ծօ շեանյած տւ շած ալրց սալծ,
աշտ շան ալրց ծօ եսալի լելր.

Կալուծ քալուն քաօլ այ ե-Ֆելոն,
ծօ լուշ այ քալուն քաօլ այ լոշ ;
ծ'լուտ այ քալուն ծ'քոյ անսար,
շան քիօր և լշել շու անօշտ.

in the river Blackwater, in the barony of Coshmore and Coshbride, in the county of Waterford, near Ballinatray, the seat of the Hon. Mr. Moore, two and a half miles north-west of the town of Youghal. The island is called Molana, from St. Maolanfaidh, its patron saint; and

O. When I reflected on my dear,
 I put this thought in execution ;
 I lay beside her without disguise,
 Because she was meet to be my wife.

As the Fenians reached their houses,
 In groups of threes and fours and fives,
 To behold the most noble woman,
 It was not indifferent to them who should be first.

When the headless being came,
 There was then in the glen ; on our coming,
 Many a druid of high repute,
 Ten hundred hounds and ten hundred steeds.

Ten hundred steeds with their bridles,
 Ten hundred hounds with their leashes ;
 Ten hundred servitors in whom was strength,
 Ten hundred heroes in our ranks.

Ten hundred goblets made of gold,
 Ten hundred excellent swords and shields ;
 Were it a boast for me, [there were] ten hundred
 cows,
 I bestowed them on my love in one day.

She gives a ring to the generous Oisin [and says],
 'Tis time I should depart for my home ; [this,
 Thou wilt obtain every thing thou desirest from
 So that water will not touch it.

A swallow flew among the Fenians,
 And carried off the ring towards a lake ;
 The ring disappeared ever since,
 Without any tidings of it unto this night.

in it are the ruins of an abbey of Regular Canons founded in the ~~sixth~~
 century by that saint, who was its first abbot. Here was buried Ray-
 mond Le Gros, one of the co-adventurers with Strongbow in the invasion
 of Ireland.—Smith's *Waterford*, p. 43.

O. — Εαν μιαδι¹ ηα τζιατζαν μιαβας,
 'τ εαν βεαζ ειλε² ήμαρ ηα βεαλ;
 αζ ζαβαιλ α ζ-ευαηδ ορ αη ζ-σεαηη,
 αζ ρεινηηη ηα β-ροηη ραη αεθεαη.

Φο βαδαρ αζυρ Φιονη ρειν,
 αζ βεαχαηη ηα η-έαη πε τεαλ;
 ζαη φιοη, ζαη τυαληηζ, ηα η-δεαχαηδ αη τ-έαη,
 ηα φιοη τζεαλα ηα ηδεαχαηδ αη βεαιη.

p. Ιτ βεαζ ρηη, α δειχτήης Φηινη,
 ηή παιηδ αζαδ ιηητε αέτ ρεαλ;
 ιτ φεαηηι φαηαηηη παιη α ταιη,
 ηα βειτ αηηηη ηα πεαηζ.

O. Α ιηης Αηηηηηη αη ζιλοηη δηη,
 ιτ παιηηδ βειη ταιη πε κλέηηη ηα κλοζ;
 θο βάδαρ αζυρ Σαοητη, πο ιυαδ,
 αζυρ θο βάδηηαι παιηη ηαηη βοέτ.

Σεόλ πε α ζ-σοδιαδ Φιονη ζαη δοητ,
 λαέηηη διοζ ηα δ-τηηή ζ-Σαοι³;
 τζαλταηηας ιοηη Θηοηη αη έαηηη,⁴
 α'ρ βηηέηηη αη δαιηη διζλεαηη-ηα-ζ-Σαοη⁵.

Θηα λαέηηη διοζ Εηηηηηη,⁶
 δα δοθαιη-έοιηη⁷ διοζ Μηηηζε;⁸
 δα ζεαηηηέηαι δηη Μηηηη έαλλ,⁹
 α'ρ δα ιεαθας ρέηηη ζ-Σοηαιηη.¹⁰

¹ Εαη μιαδι, reddish bird. The cuckoo is the bird referred to here, as hovering over them in the air.

² Εαη βεαζ ειλε, another little bird. This is the μιαθόζ or hedge-sparrow, which pursues the cuckoo in its flight, and is believed to make various attempts to get into its beak when singing.

³ Ιοζ ηα δ-τηηή ζ-Σαοι, the lake of the three Caols. This is the name of a small lough near Kells in the county of Meath.

⁴ Νοηηη αη Χαηηηηηη, Derrycarn. Now Derrycarn in the county of Meath.

O. The reddish bird of the grey wings
 And another small bird in its beak,
 [Were] soaring around over our heads,
 Singing their songs in the air.

Fionn and I together were
 Gazing at the birds for a while ; [flown,
 Without knowing or learning where the bird had
 Or tidings whither the woman had gone.

P. That is nought, O noble son of Fionn,
 Thy possession of her was but for awhile ;
 Better to remain as thou art,
 Than to be again among them.

O. O son of Calphurn of the bland speech,
 Woe to him that confides in clerics or bells ;
 I and Caoilte, my friend,
 And we were for a time and did not want.

The music to which Fionn slept readily,
 Was [the cackling of] the ducks from the lake of
 the three Caols ;
 The singing of the blackbird of Derrycarn,
 And the bellowing of the ox of Gleann-na-g-Caor.

The two ducks of Lough Erne,
 The two otters from Lough Meilghe ;
 The two hares of yon brake,
 And the two hawks of Sliabh g-Conaill.

⁵ Τίλεανη ηα ȝ-Caor, *the glen of the berries*. Not mentioned by the Four Masters; but there is a *Gleann-na-g-Caor* in the county of Cork.

⁶ Λο̄ς Ερνη. Now Lough Erne in the county of Fermanagh. Duald M'Firbis and the *Leabhar Gabhala* agree as to the eruption of this lake. See *Four Masters*, A.M. 3751.

⁷ Σοθαριόη, *the otter*. A remarkable instance of the voracious propensities of this animal occurred lately at the glen of Aherlow near Bansha in the county of Tipperary. A farmer, named Dwyer, found the throats

O. Fead an fíolairn ó Ʒhleann ná m-buað,¹
 nō ó r̄zaílir ेriuaíl Ðhruimh le r̄muic,²
 ceairc fílaosé ó Ch̄ruacán Ch̄ruimh,³
 nō read ðobaircón Ðhruimh ne Coill.

S̄galtairnað loin Ðhoirne an ेairn,⁴
 n̄i ेualað m̄amh, dañi ȝo deimhne,
 ceol ba ხ̄ine l̄om ná e,
 aðt ȝo m̄-belðinn r̄a bun a neid.

of several of his sheep cut after the night, and, determining to watch the thief, took his gun and concealed himself near the flock; when about midnight he observed something in the shape of a large dog attacking the sheep, at which he took deliberate aim and killed him on the spot. On approaching the animal, to his utter surprise it turned out to be a monstrous otter, upwards of four feet long; and although the river Suir, from which it crawled upwards of half a mile by a narrow stream, abounds with salmon and other fish at this season, (June, 1858), yet his propensities for animal food was such that he preferred it to fish, no matter how tender or delicious it tasted.

⁸ loc Meilȝe, *the lake of Meilȝe*. The Four Masters record, under date A.M. 4694, that Meilȝe Molbhthach, son of Cobhthach Caol Breagh, after having been seventeen years in the sovereignty of Ireland, fell in the battle of Claire, by Modhchorb. When his grave was digging, Loch Meilȝe burst forth over the land in Cairbre, so that it was named after him. It is situated on the confines of the counties of Fermanagh, Leitrim, and Donegal. See *Four Masters*, A.M. 4694, note h.

⁹ Muine ेall. This must be some adjacent plain or green.

¹⁰ S̄lab ȝ-Conaill, *the mountain or hill of Conall*. Called after Conall Gulban, who was nursed at the *Beinn* or peak of Gulban, where the hardiest hawks in Ireland were found in the latter end of the fifteenth century.

¹ Ʒleann ná m-buað, *the glen of victories or conquests*. Not mentioned by the *Four Masters*.

² Ðruimh ne r̄muic, *the ridge by the stream*. Unknown.

³ Ch̄ruacán Ch̄ruimh, *the Cruachan of Crom*. Cruachan was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, and was situated near Belanagare, in the county of Roscommon, and is now called Rathcroghan. However, we doubt whether this is the place referred to in the text. Crom was the name of one of the idols of the Pagan Irish, to which, according to Dr. Charles O'Conor (*Prol.* part I. p. 22), the early colonisers up to the time of St. Patrick, offered the firstlings of animals

O. The whistle of the eagle from Gleann na m-buadh,
 Or from the rough thicket of the Ridge by the stream ;
 Or the grouse of Cruachan Chruim,
 Or the whistle of the otter of Drum-re-Coir.

The song of the blackbird of Derrycarn,
 I never heard, by my troth,
 Music more melodious to me than it,
 Were I only beneath his nest.

besides other offerings. Here are his words :—“ *Magh-Sleacht canus ronnim, ar is and ro bai Righ edhal Er. i. in Crom-Cruach, agus da Idhal deg do clochaibh uime, agus adhelbsain door, agus asse ba De do gach lucht ro gabh Eirinn go toracht Padric. Is do do iahbraitis ced gen gacha sotha, agus primighen gacha clainde. As cuige do riacht Tigernmus mc Foll. Ri Er dia Samna, co feraibh agus co mnaibh Eir maille fri Dia adhradh co ro sleacht sat uile idhu coro aemdhetai tuil an edan agus eth a sron, agus fairgledha anglin corra anuillend, conebladar teor cethraimhe fher n Er ac na slechtaibh—unde Magh slecht dr.* ” i.e. Campus stragis ita appellatur, quia ibi fuit præcipuum Idolorum Hiberniæ, nempe *Crom-Cruach*, et duodecim Idola Saxeæ circumstantia, et caput ejus ex auro, et hic Deus fuit omnium populorum quotquot posse erunt Hiberniam, usque ad adventum S. Patricii. Huic sacrificaverunt Primogenita cujusque Sobolis, et primogenita filiorum suorum. Hunc Tigernmasius, filius Foll : Rex Hiberniæ, precatus, est die *Samnii*, cum Viris et mulieribus Hiberniæ, tali adoratione, et ulnas suas rumperent, cadendo et adorando, donec vulneribus infligerent etiam frontes suas, contunderent nasus, et genua, usque ad sanguinem fundendum. Hinc itaque dicitur *Magh-Sleacht*. Campus Stragis.” And O’Flaherty (vide *Ogygia*, part 3, p. 197, 4to. ed., Lond. 1685), says, “ *Cromeruach Idolum, cui Tigernmasius rex, ut supra, cum universo populo suo ex dorante vitam devoverant, totius regni Idolorum omnium princeps ad Idolomania in Hibernia per S. Patricium eversionem in campo Moy-sleuct perstitit; quod reges, et regni proceres summa, stataque sacrorum rituum veneratione colebant; ed quod responsa dare putabatur a populo stulto, et insipiente, cui colebat illud, ut ait Jocelinus.* ” (See Jocelin, *in vita S. Patricii*, c. 56). Dr. O’Donovan says in a note to the *Four Masters* under A.D. 1117, that there was a chieftain, named Cromdubh, in Umhall [in Connaught] who was contemporary with St. Patrick, and, though a powerful opponent of his, was afterwards converted by the Saint to Christianity on the day called *Domhnach Chroim Dhuibh*.

⁴ *Donne an Chaisin, Derrycarn.* In the *Transactions of the Galic*

O. If mailis ðam glac baillteadh ní aith,
 if olc dom ondilí ðaigh lom;
 aigh m-beit ðam ðan biað, ðan deoð,
 að deanaim tliorða a' r' úrmaighe.

P. Ní h-olc, a feanólli, ðaigh lom,
 do gheabaili náoi b-rioscid baillteadh ariam;
 ðona n-anuillan fiona a' r' feolda,
 if olc a n-abaili tu, a feanólli.

Society of Dublin (1880), now a rare book, the following beautiful poem will be found at page 194, addressed to one of these birds which frequented Derrycarn wood in the county of Meath; and which is accompanied by a spirited translation from the pen of Mr. William Leahy:—

“*Úinnt rí, a loin Óairleis a Chailín!*
Ní cuailear, aig aird 't aig m-bié,
Ceol buid bheinne ná do ghué,
Acaír tu fa bhu ñ do ní.

Aen cheol if bheinne fá'n m-bié,
Maillis ná eirdeann ift go fóil,
A mhc. Aripúiln ná cclocc m-bheinn,
'S go m-beití ariar ari do ní.

Aigat, mair t'a aigam fén.
Da m-beit eileinn ríglí aig eoin,
Do dénta dénta go bia,
'S ní bia ñ' aig ari Óia go fóil.

A ccoiríe loclain, ná ríneb goinim,
Fuaill Ómac Cúbal, ná ccoirn níorlín,
Aig c-éin do cícín aigor,
Aig rí a ríel buig go deirb,

Dolair aig cailín aig cíoll úd cíar,
Mair a n-délinbír aig Fhian fóir;

Aig aille 'raif cailín a cnaidh,
'S éid do cuilléad aig aig ion.

Sgoilgairle loin dolair aig Chailín,
búicéine aig ðaigh Fhian ná ccaer,
Ceol le ccoila Óairleis go moé,
Lacair ò loé c'a ccael.

Ceisca fuaileis um Chlumadair cuaile,
Fedgair do bhoirion Óiruim ña loé;
Docha fílairi ghlí ná fíuas,
Ioncholair cuaic chuiric ná fcoé.

Docha ña ñaigil gheinna caeil,
If ñaigil Fhílairi cailé ná rel;
Tairim ná ccoir aig tairil go moé,
Altseac ò círaic ná ccloch n-deir.

Aig tairis do mairi Fhian 't aig Fhian,
Dob aignra leo rílab ná cill,
Fa bheinn leorán fuaigle ion,
Docha ná ccloch leo nír bheinn.”

TRANSLATION.

HAIL tuneful bard of sable wing,
Thou warbler sweet of Carna's grove!
Not lays more charming will I hear
Tho' round th' expansive earth I rove.

O. Alas ! that I ever received baptism,
 It affects my honor, I perceive ;
 In being without food and drink,
 Whilst fasting and praying.

P. Not so, old man, I am sure,
 Thou shalt get nine score cakes of bread ;
 With thy fill of wine and meat,
 Evil thou speakest, old man.

No melody's more soft than thine,
 While perch'd thy mossy nest beneath ;
 How sad to miss thy soothing song !
 When harmony divine you breathe.

O son of Alphron, cease thy bells,
 Cease thy hollow-sounding strain ;
 To Carna's grove thine ear incline,—
 Thou wilt o'ertake thy psalms again.

O didst thou hear its mournful tale !
 Didst thou, as I, its story know !
 Thou wouldest forget thy God awhile,
 And down thy cheeks would torrents flow.

Found was the bird on Lochlin's plains,
 (Where purling flows the azure stream)
 By Comhal's son, for goblets famed,
 Which bright with golden splendor beam.

Yon lofty wood is Carna's grove,
 Which bends to west its awful shade,
 Where pleased with Nature's wild display,
 The Fians—noble race ! delay'd.

In that retir'd and dusky wood,
 The bird of sable wing was lay'd ;
 Where the majestic oak extends,
 His stately boughs in leafy shade.

The sable bird's harmonious note,
 The lowing hind of Cora's steep,
 Were wont, at morning's early dawn,
 To lull the mighty Fionn asleep.

O. Aiu béal ῥo að fliðotal leat,
nári ubaétaþi é ne ræðaþit;
þó m'fæðri lhom bjaðar tíði Fhinn,
ná mo éuð dō' n' cōmþorinu.

p. Dob' é ríi cnuðræs ná b-þorit,¹
aður fiaðað ná nðaðb-čnoc;
lfrneðið fuaði fó ðeigreðað,
aði rðað buri n-ðriðc-čnejdini.

O. Njori ba h-é ríi dýrnu feliu,
aðt aði lsonað d'fjor a' r d'fjorl;
torgað ceiðit a' r coðram flesað,
deoca tylre, a' r cað da n-ðl.

Jr criald lhom Ðialmuð aður Zoll,
aður Feaður ba blyið ȝlðri;
aiu ualji nac lélzðeali dýrnu a luð,
a Phatrlaðc nuað, tálhjáð ó'n Rólm.

p. Ba cead linn tu da luð,
aðt þo d-taðaði d'ajrue aði Ðhla aði d-túr;
ðr aholr jr ðeigre dod' aolr,
rðaði dod' bðaolr, a fíli ȝan lúð.

The noise which haunts the weedy pond,
That into triple straight divides;
Where cooling in the crystal wave,
The bird of silver plumage glides.

The twitt'ring hens on Croan's heath
And from yon water-girded hill,
The deepening voice of gloomy woe,
Sad, pensive, melancholy shrill.

The eagle's scream from Foat's vale,
From the tall pine the cuckoo's song;
The music of the hounds that fly,
The coral-pebbled strand along.

O. This mouth conversing with thee,
 May [it] never to a priest confess ;
 If I would not prefer the crumbs of Fionn's house
 To my share of your entertainments.

P. That was the picking of the banks,
 And the chase of the craggy hills ;
 Hell was his portion at the end,
 Because of your unbelief.

O. Not so to us indeed,
 But our fill of wine and meat ;
 The first of justice and equality at feasts,
 Delicious draughts and all drinking them.

Woe is me Diarmuid and Goll,
 And Fergus of the tuneful voice ;
 Since it is not allowed us to name them,
 O Patrick, lately come from Rome.

P. We would allow thee to name them,
 But only give thy attention to God first ;
 Since now thy life is at its end,
 Leave off thy folly, O feeble man.

When liv'd brave Fionn, and all his chiefs,
 The heath did more the heroes please,
 Than church or bell they'd dearer deem,
 The sable bird's melodious lays.

¹ Cnuairc na b-pont, *picking* or *gleaning of the banks*. Here St. Patrick intimates that Fionn's table was not so plentifully supplied after all. That the viands consisted of berries picked up in the bays, and of wild animals captured on the "craggy hills," which were for that reason in poor condition and not easily eaten.

O. Α Phatnajc լոյլր ծան շիե խնի,
օր աշած առ այ շ-եծլուր լր քեալր;
այ լելցքեալ տօ չածալ դա տօ չն,
լիոտ շո սնլիտ լիճ ու սցրար?

P. Α յըանօլլ առ եաօլր,
ա՛ր սած բաշալու ըլիշ ծօ չսր օրտ;
ոյ լելցքեալ ծօ չածալ դա ծօ չն,
լեատ շո սնլիտ լիճ ու յըած.

O. Ծա տ-եած աշառբա ելած ալշե ար Փիլա,
ա՛ր շո տ-եած տօ չն ծօն' լելլի;
ծօ բալրուտու է ծօն չօլոյ,
շլծ ե՛ ծօ եեալրած ելած ծան քելոյ.

P. Խա ի-աբալլ րիս ա յըանօլլ,
ա՛ր տս ա ս-ծելլու ի-աօլրէ;
ոյ սուրամ, շառ ելրեած, այ ելրելէ,
ծօ ելլլիլ ար տօ լիճ-րի.

O. Գօբ' քեալր աօն չսյած ամայն լալծլլ,
ծօ ել ար Ֆիլանյալի Ելլրանոյ;
դա տլշեալու այ չլածալծ,
աշսր տսրա քելոյ, և Շլելլուծ.

P. Α Օլրոյ ու սցեալ լայոյ,
չայար ու ելլատիա սոյլէ;
ծօբ' քեալր Ոլա ու ի-աօն լօ,
դա Ֆլանյալի Ելլրանոյ սոյլէ.

O. Յիծ տալուր այօլլ շառ բլայշեար,
ա՛ր ուն լայ շ-սալտօն տ' աօլրէ;
ա Phatnajc, ու տաբալլ ալտիր,
ծօ իմալէլի շլանիա Բաօլրուն.

O. O Patrick, tell me in confidence,
 As it is thou that hast the best knowledge;
 Will my dog or my hound be let in
 With me, to the court of the king of grace.

P. O, old man, who art silly,
 And of whom I can get no good ;
 Thy dog or thy hound will not be let in
 With thee, to the court of the king of justice.

O. If it were I that were acquainted with God,
 And that my hound were at hand :
 I would reconcile him with my hound,
 Whoever gave food to myself.

P. Say not so, O old man,
 And thou at the end of thy life ;
 Unjust, without doubt, is the sentence,
 Which thou passest upon my king.

O. Better were any one mighty hero only,
 Who was in the ranks of the Fians of Eire,
 Than the Lord of piety,
 And thou thyself, O Cleric.

P. O Oisin of the sharp blades,
 That speakest words of madness ;
 God is better for one day,
 Than all the Fians of Eire.

O. Though I am now deprived of lordship,
 And am at the close of my life ;
 O Patrick, do not cast reproach,
 Upon the nobles of the Clanna Baoisgne.

O. Փա տ-ելած աշանիր Շոյան,
քար տի-լախիւ ու Ֆելին ;
ծո ելլրեած թէ ծո շեանիր,
արտիչ առեալշ ծո շելլիւ.

P. Եհելշ աշ րյուշիւ ալ այ ե-Ֆելին,
ա յեանոլի, լր եաօշ ծո շոր ;
սոյոնիչ յօ ծ-դալոնիշ ծո յուր,
ա'ր յան առ Փե ալ ծո յոն.

Առա տւ ալրալծ, քոյինծ, կատ,
ծ'յունիչ ծո շելլ ա'ր ծո յուրան ;
լելշ ծյու այ սոյիւ ծյան,
ա'ր ելալծ ծո լեաբած ա ե-քլայշեար շալլ.

O. Ծո շօձար ապալչ քա'ն ւ-րլան,
քաօլ ծիւնիւ կատ ալ եալու շրան ;
ոյոն շեաշտ կյու լեաբած յան ելած,
քած ծո ելած քլած ալ այ յ-շուօ նծ շալլ.

P. Առա տւ ալ տեարսչած ա ս-ծելլիւ հ-աօլլր,
լծիր յլիշե ծյուրած աշար շամ ;
յեաշայ յլիշե շամ ու ե-քլան,
ա'ր տյօշբալծ ալոյչիլ Փե քաօլ ծ' շեան.

O. Փա տ-եւծլոնիր աշար Ֆելոյշար քլալ,
աշար Վյալուսիծ անօլր ալ այ տ-բալլ ;
անյ յած յլիշե ծ'ալր յանամար ուամ,
յան շեած ծօ'ն շելլի ծո յեանամաօլր անյ.

P. Ֆօլ, ա Օլրին, ու մարլալչ այ շելլի,
շանար ելլաշիր Փե այ յած բալլ ;
տսիս լելշբիծ տւ ծյու այ սոյիւ ծյան,
լր տօրի այ բլան առա ած շեան.

¹ Եալու շրան, *tops of trees*, i.e., his bed was made of the tender branches of the trees, and of the foliage. The “grey dew” referred

O. Were Conan with me,
 The reviler of the Fenians ;
 He would break thy head,
 Within among thy clerics.

P. To be ever talking of the Fians,
 O old man, is silly work ;
 Remember that thy hour is come,
 And take the son of God in thy behalf.

Thou art old, withered, and hoary,
 Thy understanding is gone, and mirth ;
 Leave off thy vehement talk,
 And thy bed shall be in heaven beyond.

O. I slept out on the mountain,
 Under grey dew on the tops of trees ;
 I was never used [to go] to bed without food,
 Whilst there was a deer on yonder hill.

P. Thou art astray at the close of thy life,
 Between the straight way and the crooked ;
 Shun the crooked path of pains,
 And God's angels will come under thy head.

O. Were I and Fergus the generous,
 And Diarmuid, now on the spot ;
 In every path that we ever passed,
 Despite the clerics we would pass.

P. Cease Oisin, do not insult the clerics,
 Who proclaim God's word every where ;
 If thou wilt not leave off thy insolent talk,
 Great is the punishment that awaits thee.

to, is the hoar frost so frequent in the months of September and October.

O. Do ხაծაրა აკარ ჭარე უა ხ-წლაუ,
ა' რ თის აკ თართალ უალუ ა უჭლაუ;
ხა მეარა სიო უა ხ-წარა აკ ჭარ,
უა დო ტელარა ხელ ვა ერაუ.

P. ათა თუ ძილარა ვა ტელა,
ირ მეარა ბურ რე უა ხელ ძალ;
და ხ-წულვეა დო უაბარ ართი,
ხა მიტ დო ტელ აკ ჭარეა ტალ.

O. დობ' აქთ სიო ლემ აკ წულ,
უი უაბარ აკ ხიი ლილ ბა ჭლაუ;
უა ა უზეალაუ დო ხეალა ბამ,
ა' რ ა ხ-წულვი დო წულ ა ხ-ჭარეა ტალ.

P. ათა დო მუსე ხაო ვა რელიტ,
ბ' მეტი დო წულ აკარ დო ჭლეაუ;
მუსა უზლადა თუ მო ტომალის ინიტ,
უი ხ-წულვი თუ ხელ ა ხუ უა ტალ.

O. ბა მ-ხელვი აკარ აკ წლაუ აუსაკ,
აკ ხელუ ციი აკ თართალ ლაუ;¹
ბ' ალმეილ ლეაბარ, ტელ, ა' რ ციკ,
ხლად უიზა აკალუ ხელ ა ხუ უა ტალ.²

P. უ უალ იონთა აცტ მარ ჭალ წულ,
უი მარ წულ აკ თეაცტ ბ ჭლაუ;
უი მარ წიოცვალე აკ მაილუ ციი,
ვაც სულ აცალ ბა უალ უამ აუ.

O. დო ხაծარ ა მ-ხელვი აკ ბა ზიოლ,³
ა ხ-წოცალ სულ უა უ-აუმ თეაუ;
დობ' ჭელი სიო ა უ-ალვე აკამ,
უა აკ ტეურ ფო უა მ-ხაცალ ვ-ცამ.

¹ ლაუ, a *blade*, sometimes means the head of a lance or spear. In some copies of the poem the word ხელუ, is incorrectly substituted for ლაუ, by illiterate scribes.

O. The Fenian chief and myself
 Were in quest of a boar, in a glen,
 'Twas worse to me that I saw not the deer,
 Than if thy clerics lost their heads.

P. Thou art piteous and devoid of sense,
 That is worse for thee than being blind ;
 If thou didst get thy sight within,
 Great would be thy attachment to heaven beyond.

O. I would take more delight in the bound of the buck,
 Or in looking at badgers between two glens ;
 Than in all that thy mouth promiseth to me,
 And all the joys I would get in heaven beyond.

P. Thy hope is silly and fruitless,
 Thy joyousness and mirth are gone ;
 If thou this night receivest not my counsel,
 It shall not be granted to thee to be here or there.

O. Were I and the Fenians this day
 On the summit of a hill drawing swords ;
 Despite of books, clerics and bells,
 We would have our choice of being here or there.

P. They were but like the smoke of a wisp,
 Or like a rivulet coming from a glen ;
 Or like a whirlwind, on the peak of a hill,
 Each clan of you that ever lived.

O. I was at Bearrna-an-da-Ghoill,
 By the clans of the stout arms ;
 I would prefer their face again,
 To this troop of the crooked croziers.

² *A bua na tall, on this side or that.* A common Irish phrase for "in this world or the next."

³ *Bearrna an da Ghóill*, i.e., *the gap of the two Golls.* Not identified.

P. If mājē atā a fíor agham,
 ca b-fuīl ari līc a'r coī na ceara;
 rísuilliríde ða muagad le ním,
 a'r ðan luict heilit agh teacáit ða cabaill.

O. Ní bínna lom do ghlór ðan rult,
 cí a tā tu ghlíc ari do riann;
 ní cluainim félír fead aŋ loin,¹
 bheas ari fíuic² ná toic a ngleann.

P. Na mealltaí tu a g-cóimhle aŋ círr,
 if mājē leō ríu teacáit að ceara;
 mājē ná coda mólle ari aŋ g-cuid m-bi,
 ó ná c m-beanuigðtearí lads abair ná cíall.

O. Ða m-biað Sgoibh Sgeine agham,
 nō Órcuiri ghlíc ná g-cáit d-tean;
 ní biaðmair ðan feolmaic ahoic,
 ari cónmáile cloí ná feacáit m-bean.

P. A Oisín, ó d'ímhíð do cíall,
 glac ná biaðmair ro le gmeann;
 if deimhín lom ðo d-théigfír aŋ Fhian,
 a'r ðo ngeabair le Óla ná meann.

¹ Fead aŋ loin. The whistle or song of the blackbird.

² Bheas ari fíuic, a trout in the stream. Aquatic sports formed another of the Fenian amusements, and perhaps Oisin himself was the Izaak Walton of his day. Rowing boats (regattas?) was another custom to which they were much addicted; for at page 49, Vol. I. of the Society's *Transactions*, in a poem of six stanzas copied from the Book of Leinster, a manuscript of the twelfth century, now deposited in Trinity College Library, we find the following passage:—

P. Well am I aware, [in his head,
 Where he is [stretched] on a flag-stone and a twist
 Scourges assailing him with poison.
 And no mighty clans coming to his aid,

O. Not sweet to me [is] thy voice without cheer,
 Tho' thou art clever at thy verses ;
 I hear not the blackbird's song,
 A trout in the rivulet, or a boar in the glen.

P. Be not deceived by the counsel of the flesh,
 They shall be glad to dwell with thee ;
 The happiness of the great be on the few,
 As they are not blessed here or there.

O. Were Scolb Sgeine with me,
 Or the wise Oscur of battles fierce ;
 We should not be without flesh this night,
 At the command of the bells of the seven tolls.

P. Oisin, as thy understanding is gone,
 Accept these tidings with joy ;
 I verily believe thou wilt forsake the Fians,
 And that thou wilt walk with the God of heaven.

“ Απρετενδ σαρβας τοξιμε,
 ιηγηαμη βα πυτ δομηνος ;
 πο ταρβανδ τοις ι εαγιι εαγιο,
 ηο τατιζηνη εη αιε ιπος.”

Music, boating, rewarding,
 The prey most difficult I chose ;
 I would kill a boar in the hard wood,
 I would rob a vengeful bird* of its eggs.

* This bird is supposed to be the eagle.

O. Jr. iongna ljom do comhias dian,
 a cleiliu do chualdair gae ball;
 a has do d-crieisfionn fein an Fhliann,
 diong fial fajurinu nair gao.

p. Da b-faicsfeara muinntir De,
 ag ruidhe go gléartha cum pleas;
 ir fajurinze bhor aca gae ro,
 na ag muinntir Fhliann gois mór a mear.

Jr. reamhr go mor rgealra anoir,
 glórne dhl a'r cup iona ceann;
 glac an aicmeisde cóna anoir,
 déin leoradhom abur a'r na caill tall.

O. Do caill mē mo cíall abur,
 a'r ní ba meara ljom na rí;
 do cailllear Fionn an aic,
 'r na ríi aillne do bhl fial.

p. Ata Fionn a'r an Fhliann anoir,
 go dubhionáe ari lhe na b-riam;
 gairbhre le mac De 'na n-áit,
 a'r ní beidh baoisal oírt beidh gao.

O. Ní eileadh do ghlór anoir,
 a cleiliu na m-baéal g-cam;
 go m-bias Fionn a'r an Fhliann airtí,
 muna b-riabhair rult a beidh aon.

p. Glac an aicmeisde cóna anoir,
 rul a g-cuimhdearí fíor ad cionn;
 gairill do Dhíla, a'r beidh fíor aíad,
 cí a aco airtí ní aitneach tā Fionn.

O. I marvel at thy daring talk,
 O cleric who hast visited every land ;
 To say that I would forsake the Fians,
 An open-hearted hospitable people, who were not
 niggardly.

P. Didst thou see the people of God
 Seated attired at feasts ;
 More plenteous have they of each good cheer,
 Than the people of Fionn, tho' great their considera-
 tion.

Better are my tidings now,
 Glory bright and strive to attain to it,
 Receive true repentance now,
 Make atonement here and don't lose heaven.

O. I have lost my reason here,
 And what I esteemed more than that ;
 I have lost Fionn the noble,
 And the fine men, who were generous.

P. Fionn and the Fenians now are [lying]
 Sorrowful on the flag-stone of pains ;
 Take thou [follow] the son of God in their stead,
 And there is no danger of thy being without sense.

O. I believe not thy talk now,
 O cleric of the crooked staffs ;
 That Fionn and the Fenians should be within,
 Unless they found pleasure in being there.

P. Receive just repentance now,
 Before the summons shall be sent to thee ;
 Believe in God, and thou shalt know
 Whether Fionn is in [hell] or out of it.

O. Da m-blað Fionn a'g mac an Loing,¹
 ðiari na riðiud ó gileod na lanu;
 ð' ailmdeoilu do clíari a'gur a g-clois,
 i'g a'gur do bejdeas an ball.

P. Ni' blað rliu coidcē ari buri g-cuiri,
 i'g feáirri an luict atá a'g;
 mac li'g neimhe ðibneair na h-uile,
 i'g mór a clóir ari buri dail.

O. Ma'g dall atá muinntir Óg,
 a'g gurab iad na dail i'g a'gura leig;
 i'g corraíl na c'g-cuillfeas an Fhionn,
 zo teac' na b-riani d'g r'gillor.

P. Craibteasct ois a g-eanóir,
 éanair na bhuatára buile;
 dob' feáirri Óg na h-aon uairi,
 na Fhionn a gheanach uile.

O. A phatraig na ba'cail cajme,
 do beiji oimh gneadair d'ana;
 do b'lað do ba'cal na bhuigair,
 da m-blað Órcuiri do l'acair.

Da m-bejdeas mo m'ac Órcuiri a'gur Óg,
 laim ari laim ari Chnoc na b-Fhionn;²
 da b-riaiscinnre mo m'ac ari lair,
 d'earraigair gur feair laidir Óg.

Cionnur dob' f'el'dir le Óg,
 na a clíari a beis' ni' buri feáirri;
 na Fionn f'laic, Ríg na b-Fhionn,
 duine f'laic do b'g gan c'aim?

¹ M'ac an Loing, the name of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's spear.

O. Were Fionn and Mac an Loin with me,
 Two who never withdrew from the fight of the spears;
 Despite thy clerics and their bells,
 'Tis we that would hold the place.

P. That would never come to your turn,
 A better tribe dwells there ;
 The Son of the King of heaven, who expels evil,
 Great is his love for a blind man.

O. If the people of God are blind,
 And that the blind are they whom he loves best ;
 'Tis likely, he would not send the Fenians,
 To the house of pain to be exterminated.

P. Misery attend thee, old man,
 Who speakest the words of madness ;
 God is better for one hour,
 Than all the Fians of Eire.

O. O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
 Who makes me that impertinent answer ;
 Thy crozier would be in atoms,
 Were Oscur present.

Were my son Oscur and God
 Hand to hand on Cnoc-na-bh-Fiann,
 If I saw my son down,
 I would say that God was a strong man.

How could it be that God,
 Or his clerics could be better men ;
 Than Fionn the chief king of the Fenians,
 A generous man without a blemish ?

² Cnoc na b-Fiann, i.e., the hill of the Fenians. Probably *Cnoc-an-air*, in the county of Kerry, is the hill referred to.

O. Յած ա-ն-աբալ տւ ա՛ր այ ձկլալ,
do լելլի լլաջլած լիշ նա լեանի ;
do ել բած ա բ-Ֆլանվալի Ֆլին,
ա՛ր բայլ ա բ-պլայտեալ Փե յօ լեանի .

Da m-bejðeað ait að ná fjaðar,
dóð' fægji ná fjaðear Þe;
ír að do jæðað Flóinn,
a'r a jælð aðge do'n Þhéinn.

Α δειπνούσα ηαέ δ-τέλος φιαλ,
ζο διηγείανη ηα διηγείανη ζο διηγατ;
νή ηατός αον ηεαέ τραν δ-θέλην,
ηαέ ηατός φιαλ αμεατζ δάιαέ.

Da b-faileara, a cléinnid éalb,
an Fhlaing la ari an d-érlaing¹ úd ceap;
nó a Nar Laizeann² na ríotáin rílmh,
ari an b-Féilín ba mór do meap.

Α Ρήτηαις Ριακηαις δο Φήλα,
αη ευηήηη λειη αη Φήλαηη δο ɓειे ɓεօ;
νο α ɓ-ρασαլδ թ յօլη νա թլաη,
բլր ծօԵ' բեալլի նա լած ա նշլեօ?

Νό α β-φασαλδ ρέ 'να δύττε φέν,
ζιδ ἀπό ε ὄρ απ ζ-ειον;
α νζαλλ, α ζ-σοζαδ, ηδ α νεατ,
φεατι δο βι κοή-ματε λε Φιον.

¹ Τηλίς, strand. This must refer to the battle of Ventry (*Fionn Traigh*) fought in the third century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the *Fianna Eireann*, now in preparation for the Society, from a manuscript of the fourteenth century.

O.. All that thou and thy clerics tell,
 According to the laws of heaven's king ; [Fionn,
 These [qualities] were possessed by the Fians of
 And they are now powerful in God's kingdom.

Were there a place, above or below,
 Better than heaven ;
 'Tis there Fionn would go,
 And all he had of the Fenians.

Thou sayest that a hospitable man
 Never goes to hell of pain ;
 There was not one among the Fenians,
 That was not hospitable amongst all.

Hadst thou seen, O chaste cleric,
 The Fenians one day on yon southern strand ;
 Or at Naas of Leinster of the gentle streams,
 Then the Fenians thou wouldest greatly have es-
 teemed.

Patrick, enquire of God,
 Whether he recollects when the Fenians were alive ;
 Or hath he seen east or west,
 Men their equal, in the time of fight.

Or, hath he seen in his own country,
 Tho' high it be above our heads ;
 In conflict, in battle, or in might,
 A man who was equal to Fionn.

² Νασ Λαζεαν, now Naas, in the county of Kildare, a noted place in Fenian history.

P. Oifigh iur binnu lom do ghlóin,
a'r beannacháct fóir le h-anuaimh Fhionn;
a léirír dúninn ca mheád fílað,
do mharibéaladh ari Shliab na m-Ban Fhionn.¹

O. Do ríadaileamh aon mheále cù,
dob' feairí lúit a'r do bì gáiní;
do tuigt dà fílað le gáe cù òsob,
a'r aon ollsead leir aon b-Féilinn uile.

Óna cóna d'éag ari Shliab Luacra,²
dà cóna mór a m-Bearaíma an Scail;³
dà cóna a m-íaracháin an Rómáin,⁴
a'r dà cóna aon abaln Bhanna.⁵

Óna cóna ag Calpíní na g-cloé,⁶
a'r dà cóna ari Loche Íire Uí Chúinn;⁷
dà cóna a b-Fhoimhaoil na b-Fian,⁸
a'r dà cóna ari Shliab na m-Ban b-Fhionn.

A Pháthraic, a g-cualas tu aon t-realadh,
a mhe Calpínína na pralm rám;
mári do mighneadh le Fhionn ina aonar,
a'r gáin aon neac aon d'Fhiannaibh Fáil?

¹ Shliab na m-Ban Fhionn, from *shlab*, a mountain, na m-ban, of the women, and *fhionn*, fair-haired; literally, the mountain of the fair-haired women, now *Sliabh-na-man* in the county of Tipperary, which is situated within four miles of the town of Clonmel, and two of Carrick-on-Suir. For the legend of these fair-haired women, see an interesting paper on the Fenian Traditions of Sliabh na m-Ban, in the *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society*, for 1851.

² Shliab Luacra, now Sliabh Luachar, in the counties of Cork and Kerry.

³ Bearaíma an Scail, *Gap of Scail*. See note, p. 4.

⁴ Rómáin, now the Rower, an extensive district in the county of Kilkenny, separated by the river Barrow from the town of New Ross.

⁵ Banna, the river Bann, in the county of Wexford, celebrated by George Ogle in the beautiful song:—

“As down by Banna's banks I stray'd.”

P. Oisin, sweet to me is thy voice,
 And a blessing furthermore, on the soul of Fionn ;
 Relate to us how many deer
 Were slain at Sliabh-na-m-Ban Fionn.

O. We loosened one thousand hounds,
 The swiftest, and the most fierce ;
 There fell by each hound two stags,
 And as many more, by all the Fenians.

Twelve hounds at Sliabh Luachra,
 And two large hounds at Bearrna-an-Scail,
 Two hounds on the west of the Rower,
 And two hounds at the river Bann.

Two hounds at Carrigeen of the rocks,
 And two hounds, at the lake of Inchiquin ;
 Two hounds at Formaoil of the Fians,
 And two hounds at Sliabh-na-m-Ban-Fionn.

O Patrick, hast thou heard of the chase,
 O son of Calphruin of the tuneful psalms ;
 How it was made by Fionn alone,
 And no one with him of the Fians of Fail ?

⁶ Carrigeen ηα ɔ̄-clōc, *Carrigeen of the rocks*. This is the name of a townland, on the Walsh mountains, in the county of Kilkenny ; but whether it is the Carrigeen alluded to in the text we cannot determine.

⁷ Ló̄c In̄re Ūi Ch̄uinn, *the lake of Inchiquin*, literally, *the lough of the Island of O'Quin*. This romantic lake is situated in the parish of Kilnaboy, barony of Inchiquin, county of Clare, and is about two miles and a-half in circumference. It is bounded on its western side, by a range of rugged but richly wooded hills. It is from this lake, that the barony takes its name ; and the chief or head of the O'Briens, the Marquis of Thomond, took his more ancient title of Earl of Inchiquin. For a very interesting account of the connection of the O'Quin family, with this locality, see the *Irish Penny Journal*, No. 16, *Dublin Journal*, &c. Vol. II., pp. 136, 152.

⁸ Formaoil ηα ɔ̄-F̄aon̄. This Formaoil is situated between Miltown and Ennis, in the county of Clare.

P. Nj̄ c̄ualas, a m̄ic aŋ R̄ið,
 a Oiřiŋ žl̄ic na nžv̄jom̄ nžv̄l̄iž;
 ałč̄iřiř d̄am a'ř na c̄an žō,
 c̄loňduř do nžv̄nead̄ l̄ib aŋ t̄-realz?

O. Nj̄ c̄anamalořne aŋ F̄hlan̄ žō,
 a'ř b̄hēad̄ l̄in̄ n̄j̄or̄ r̄am̄laž̄ n̄lam̄;
 le ř̄j̄l̄in̄ a'ř le n̄eajt aŋ lam̄,
 do č̄ižm̄j̄ ř̄lan̄ ař žac̄ žl̄as.

N̄j̄or̄ ſ̄uř cl̄ejneac̄ a ž-c̄ill,
 žiř b̄h̄n̄ l̄ib a c̄anajd̄ p̄r̄alm̄;
 dob̄' ř̄ealjiř focal na aŋ F̄hlan̄,
 ř̄liř n̄ař loc a nžl̄as žařib.

N̄j̄or̄ ſ̄uř cl̄ejneac̄ a ž-c̄ill,
 a Phat̄lajc̄ c̄aořiř iř b̄h̄n̄ žl̄oř;
 dob̄' ř̄ejele na F̄ion̄ ř̄eřiř,
 ř̄eaj̄ n̄ař caol do b̄h̄on̄hađ̄ ōř.

Da m̄ajrifeađ̄ mac M̄oh̄ma meaři,
 n̄o Žoll calma n̄ař c̄ař ř̄ead̄;
 n̄o mac Uj̄ Řhuřb̄ne na m̄-bař,
 aŋ laoč̄ do c̄uiřnead̄ cař̄ ař c̄ead̄.

Da m̄ajrifeađ̄ Řealizur̄ ř̄ile ř̄jal,
 ř̄eaj̄ a ž-c̄an̄ta do ſ̄uňa ař aŋ b̄-F̄eřiř;
 n̄o Řařje do ř̄eřnead̄ žař̄ loč̄,
 a nžuř̄ do c̄lož̄ n̄i b̄lađ̄ mo ř̄p̄eř̄.

Da m̄ajrifeađ̄ mac Žařlajd̄ na laři,
 aŋ ř̄eaj̄ n̄ař žaři ař ſ̄uř aŋ aři;
 Ořc̄uři n̄o mac R̄on̄aj̄ Žl̄iřiř,
 do c̄p̄oňan̄ ř̄an̄ ž-c̄ill n̄j̄or̄ ř̄al̄iř.

P. I have not heard, O son of the king,
 O wise Oisin of the fierce deeds ;
 Relate to me and tell no untruth,
 How the chase was made by ye ?

O. We [the Fenians] never used to tell untruth,
 Falsehood was never attributed to us ;
 By truth and the might of our hands,
 We came safe out of every conflict.

There never sat a cleric in a church,
 Tho' melodiously ye think they chant psalms,
 More true to his word than the Fians,
 Men who never shrunk from fierce conflicts.

A cleric never sat in a church,
 O Patrick mild of the sweet voice ;
 More hospitable than Fionn himself,
 A man who was not niggardly, in bestowing gold.

If Mac Morna the swift were now alive,
 The mighty Goll, who loved not jewels ;
 Or, the son of O'Duibhne of the women,
 The hero who used to engage a hundred in the fight.

If Feargus, the hospitable bard, were alive,
 He who used to bestow their songs on the Fenians ;
 Or Daire who used to sing without fault,
 In the sound of thy bells, I would take no pleasure.

If Mac Garadh of the blades were alive,
 He who was not slow, in making slaughter ;
 Oscur or Mac Ronain the cheerful,
 Your droning in the church would not be pleasant.

O. Da mairfead Aodh Beag mac Fhionn,
 nō Faolán ghrinn uair éalair neacá;
 nō Conan Maol do b'í gáin ghríualáin,
 n' iad d'fáid me faoi ghríualáin le ríal!

Nó an t-ábád beag do b'í aí Fhionn,
 do chuirfead gáidhne na tóiliúilim ríualáin;
 ba bhríne liom ríualáin a mheáir,
 ná a b-ruíl do'n cléilí a g-cill a'ir a d-tuaist.

Or ahocht náicéairfeadh an Fhian,.
 ná Fhionn ríal ná n-duaif;
 do bodaif ríalair ná príalm,
 a'ir ghlórí gáinib ná g-clois mo cluair.

P. Síuili do béal a fheanáilí ríualáic,
 ná b'í fearrda aí luas ná b-Fhian;
 a'ir go n-deacádair éirithe mair an g-cead,
 a'ir go m-béilid go deo a nglair ná b-ríal!

O. Na h-abairí rí, a Phátriaic ghlac,
 a'ir náicéairb ari b'íte ná ari neamh ná ngráif,
 aon laois le a m-béalairfáidé buaid,
 ari cearbh an t-rlíualáin, Fhionn an ait.

Mhína m-béilídeas ná geair a do b'í ari Fhionn,
 a'ir nári m'hían leir bhríualeas tuiid;
 a b-ruíl lóili neamh agusair lair,
 ní claoilbhíidír láim mo ríid.

P. Ír é mo ríid-ge deaibháin neamh,
 ír é do bheirí neairt do laois;
 ír é do chum an bhost-éan,
 ír é do bheirí bláth ná g-craobh.

O. If Aodh Beag the son of Fionn were alive,
 Or Faolan the jovial who never refused any one ;
 Or Conan Maol who was without hair—
 They left me sorrowful for a while !

Or the little dwarf whom Fionn had,
 Who put each man into heavy sleep ;
 More melodious to me was the sound of his fingers,
 Than all the clerics in church and laity.

As tonight the Fenians do not live.
 Or the hospitable Fionn of the gifts ;
 The loud chanting of the psalms, [hearing.
 And the hoarse sound of the bells have deafened my

P. Cease thy talk, pleasant old man,
 Be not henceforth talking about the Fenians ;
 For they have passed thee by like a mist,
 And will be for ever, in the fetters of pain !

O. Say not so, O Patrick the wise,
 For there was not on earth or in heaven of grace,
 Any hero able to gain victory,
 Over the head of our host, Fionn the noble.

Had it not been for the injunctions imposed on Fionn,
 Which he would not break through ;
 All that is between heaven and earth,
 Would not subdue the hand of my king.

L P. It is my king, who formed the heavens,
 It is he, who gives might to the warrior ;
 It is he, that created the universe,
 It is he, that gives the blossom of the trees.

P. If é do sealbhaíocht éairíodha a' r 3úil an,
 If é do bheili tarbha ari linn;
 If é do ériuachairt goirt a' r fheadar,
 Ní h-ionsaithe a' r éalcta Fhionn.

O. Ní ari ériuachairt goirt na féilir,
 Tus mo riacht-re féilir a dhuil;
 Acht ari éorúil ait coirfe laoch,
 Ari éorúamh chlúch, a' r ari éuili a clú.

Ari fuaireadh, ari lomairt, ari fíelid,
 Ari nochtasd meilirise a d-túilir 5leod;
 Ari lomairt fíréidille,¹ a' r ari fuaireann,
 A' r ari fíelteamh cásáid a d-tíid a h-óil.

¹ Fícheall, *Chess*. This was the favorite game of the ancient Irish chieftains; and is frequently referred to in the earliest manuscripts extant. In *Leabhar na g-Céadair* (*Book of Rights*), p. lxi. the following account of this game, copied from *Leabhar na h-Uisíni*, a manuscript of the twelfth century, is given; and it will serve as a curious specimen of the language of that period:—

“Cia e-a linn-réo? ol Cochaidh. Ní ariúlairic ron, ol rē, 3híollí bheoedd leis. Cio d'otuasct? ol Cochaidh? Do lomairt fíréidille fuaireann, ol rē. Amháin te em, ol Cochaidh, fuaireann fíréidille? U fuaireann, ol 3híollí. Ata, ol Cochaidh inndi níosam i n-a coitlúid, if le in tech atá in fíréidille. Atá rúnadh éineadh, ol 3híollí fíréidille nád meirro. Ba fír in onclan náinigte ocuar fír in óili, ocuar fuaireannas [a. lafraid] caéada hainmí fuaireann in élan si luc loighimí, ocuar fír bolc si fír in óili náinigte fuaireannas. Easpaig 3híollí in fíréidille iarr ron. Lomairt, ol 3híollí. Ní linn-réaistí dí gíoll, ol Cochaidh. Cio gíoll bheas aon? ol 3híollí. Cumha linn, ol Cochaidh. Róit bheas linn, ol 3híollí, ná tu beirer mo éocell claeasat 3abu n-áubhílair.”

“‘What is thy name?’ said Eochaidh. ‘It is not illustrious,’ replied the other; ‘Midir of Brigh Leith.’ ‘What brought thee hither?’ said Eochaidh. ‘To play fithcheall with thee,’ replied he. ‘Art thou good at fithcheall?’ said Eochaidh. ‘Let us have the proof of it,’ replied Midir. ‘The queen,’ said Eochaidh, ‘is asleep, and the house in which the fithcheall is belongs to her.’ ‘There is here,’ said Midir, ‘a no

P. It is he, that made the moon and the sun,
 It is, he that brings fish into a lake ;
 It is he, that formed field and grass,
 Not like the deeds of Fionn.

O. 'Twas not in forming fields and grass,
 That my king took delight ;
 But in mangling the bodies of heroes,
 In contesting kingdoms and spreading his fame.

In courting, playing, and hunting,
 And unfolding his banner, in the front of the fight ;
 In playing at chess and swimming,
 And in beholding all in the house of drinking.

worse fithcheall.' This was true, indeed : it was a board of silver and pure gold, and every angle was illuminated with precious stones, and a man-bag of woven brass wire. Midir then arranges the fithcheall. 'Play,' said Midir. 'I will not, except for a wager,' said Eochaidh, 'What wager shall we stake?' said Midir. 'I care not what,' said Eochaidh. 'I shall have for thee,' said Midir, 'fifty dark grey steeds, if thou win the game.'

In Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, Vol. II., p. 372, there is an Irish poem ascribed to Aldfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, and said to have been composed by him, during his exile in Ireland, A.D. 685, in which he describes the Ossorians, as expert hands at the game, in the following stanza : -

"Ro dheat ó aironn coigle,
 A cceili aironn Orraighe,
 Mholla mhileach uall moir rmaccht,
 Flannna fíora fídhchollacht."

I found from Ara to Gle,
 In the rich country of Ossory,
 Sweet fruit, strict jurisdiction,
 Men of truth, chess playing.

O. A Phatnac, ca niaib do Phia,
an tan éalnyc an díar tan lear?
éuig leó bean ní Í Loélanu na iong,
lé' ní éuit ionad ronu tan tmeair?

Nó an tan éalnyc an Deairí Í dían,
mac ní Í Loélanu na rílaet n-óili;
cnead nári fórtairí ní Í na naoim,
dóib ari béaltnaib an fíli i mÓili?

Nó an tan éalnyc Maéduir mÓili,
an feair ba boib a ngleo nári éim;
ír coimhail da mairfead do ní,
go 3-cuildeoead le Fionnaib Fhion.

Nó an tan éalnyc Taile mac Tíeoim,
an feair ari an b-Féini do éuili an t-áir;
ní le Phia do éuit ari cuaib,
aict le h-Orcaib amearg éac.

Ailleann, mac Baothra mÓili,
le miltí Teannálli na rílaig d-tíeain;
níor láim rí, má mairi do ní,
dul da claoib aict Fionn fein.

Ionbha caé, mairb, a' r gáib,
do comóraib níe Fionnaib Fáil;
ní éualaib go n-deairim éacit
ní Í na naoim, na gári ñeairí a láim.

P. Leigimír d'ári 3-comóritar ari gáe taoib,
a fíeanóili ériu atá gan cíll;
tais 30 b-fuji Phia ari neamh na n-oib,
a gáur Fionn a' r a fíolcte uile a b-peini.

O. O Patrick, where was thy God,
 When the two came across the sea ; [the ships,
 Who carried off the queen of the king of Lochlin of
 By whom many fell here in conflict.

Or when the mighty Dearg came,
 The son of the king of Lochlin of the golden shields ;
 Why did not heaven's king protect them,
 From the blows of the great man ?

Or when Maghnus the great landed,
 He who was fierce in dread conflict ;
 'Tis likely, had your king then lived,
 That he would have joined the Fians of Fionn.

Or when Tailc mac Treoin arrived,
 He who on the Fians great slaughter made ;
 'Twas not by God the hero fell,
 But by Oscur in the presence of all.

Ailleann, the son of Badhma the great, [spoiled,
 By whom Temor of the powerful hosts used to be
 There did not dare [even] if thy king lived,
 To go to conquer him but Fionn himself.

Many a battle, victory, and contest,
 Was celebrated by the Fians of Fail ;
 I never heard that any feat was performed
 By the king of saints ; or that he reddened his hand.

P. Let us cease our comparison on both sides,
 Withered old man, who art devoid of sense ;
 Understand that God dwells in heaven of the degrees,
 And Fionn and his hosts are all in pain.

O. Ba mōri aŋ nājne rli do Phjla,
 ڙan ڙlar na b-piay do bualn d'Fhiony;
 aŋur Phla fej, da m-blað' a m-briyð,
 zo d-tliorðfead aŋ flajt tari a ceann.

Njorj ڙulainz Fiony aŋ fead a jae,
 neac do bejt a b-péin na a nžualj;
 ڙan ڙuafzlað aŋ le h-alpzead nō ði,
 le cač nō ڙleō, zo m-bejjiead bual.

Jr mael aŋ teanu ñam aŋ do Phjla,
 bejt amearz a clari, mali talm;
 ڙan bjað, ڙan eadac, ڙan eeoł,
 ڙan bejt až bjuonhað ði aŋ ðalim.

ڙan ڙalji na nžaðari na na rtoc,
 ڙan bejt cojméad rojt na cuan;
 do cliony a b-ڙuafiar d'earbað aŋ bjeðe,
 maelim do jiz nejne am' uačt.

ڙan rnam, ڙan ڙlaðaðeac, ڙan Fiony,
 ڙan rjalzjø ڙal-ban, ڙan rþořt;
 ڙan rjalðead a n-þonad mali ba bual,
 ڙan rózluim cleař lúč na ڙleō.

P. Léjz  ur  do bejt da njoři,
 a mje aŋ Rj  ba mael cl ;
  ell do' n t  do  n   ac mael,
 cneom do ceann a'ř feac do  l .

Bual d'u t a'ř dojrt do  e i,
 cneod do' n t  ta  i do cliony;
  i   an b'þon a leat a lual,
 Jr e do juz bual  aŋ Fhiony.

O. Great would be the shame for God,
 Not to release Fionn, from the shackles of pain ;
 For if God himself were in bonds,
 The chief would fight on his behalf.

Fionn never suffered in his day
 Any one to be in pain or difficulty ;
 Without redeeming him, by silver or gold,
 By battle or fight, till he got the victory.

It is a good claim for me on thy God
 To be among his clerics, as I am ;
 Without food, without clothing or music,
 Without bestowing gold on bards.

Without the cry of the hounds or of the horns,
 Without guarding harbours or coasts ;
 For all that I have suffered for lack of food,
 I forgive heaven's king in my will.

Without bathing, without hunting, without Fionn,
 Without courting generous women, without sport,
 Without sitting in my place, as was due,
 Without learning feats of agility or fighting.

P. Cease recounting them,
 O son of the king whose fame was great ;
 Submit to Him who doeth all good,
 Stoop thy head and bend thy knee.

Strike thy breast and shed thy tear,
 Believe in Him who is above ;
 Though thou art amazed at its being said,
 'Twas he gained victory over Fionn.

O. A Pháthairle, dá m-beolannan fáin céill,
do ríadarfainn leó' cléirí a g-cinn;
níg bláth leabhar ná baile báin,
ná cloz tmaicín ainn do cill.

A dúnbaillit Ollín, mo ríéal tmaicín !
níg binn lomhaí fuaileann do béal;
goilleadair fáin fuaile, acht níg fá Pháthair,
acht fuaile Fhionn ná b-Fhionn fáin béal beo !

P. Phári do gceallair aitníl dúninn,
tréimh, reacúin, fuaist a' r feair;
mári do gceallair iníollr ainoír,
cionalúir do riúchéad líné an t-realt.

O. Níor b' iondha dúninn a béal blianaí,
a' r ceann ari ríóig béal d'ári n-díct;
gíobh b' é do mhaolchead oíseann fáin fáilte,
líné dúninn doibh aibéal béal aon !

¹ An t-realt, *the chase*. This poem, which forms part of the *Uisáill*, and generally comes in here in our Irish manuscripts, is printed in full in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, p. 412, Dub. 1816, with a metrical translation at p. 91, to which we refer the reader. The Rev. Dr. Drummond has also made a highly poetic translation of it, which

O. O Patrick, were I without sense,
 I would take off the heads of thy clerics ;
 There would not be a book or crozier bright,
 Or matin bell left in thy church.

Oisin said, sorrowful is my tale !
 The sound of thy lips is not sweet to me ;
 I will cry my fill, but not for God,
 But for Fionn and the Fians not being alive !

P. As thou hast promised, relate to us—
 Forsake, shun, hatred and anger—
 As thou hast promised, relate to us now,
 How the chase was made by you.

O. No wonder we should be sorrowful,
 Whilst bereft of the head of our host ;
 Whoever may boast over us that we are not joyful,
 'Twas we that had cause to weep !

is published in his *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*. The legend which gave rise to the *Poem of the Chase*, is frequently alluded to in Irish Manuscripts, and is interwoven with the romance, entitled “Féar Tíche Chonailín Chinn Shláibe, which formed the Second Volume of our *Transactions*. The scene is laid at *Sliabh Guillinn*, in the county of Armagh.

CATH CHNOJC AN AJR.

O. Φο βαμαὶ οὐλε ἀη Φήλαι ἀ' τ Φίονη,
α ȝ-εδημήτιονδιλ αηι ἀη ȝ-ενος το ῥιατ;
αȝ ιηλιτ αηι ȝιεαραδικ λιȝ,
α' τ τιη ȝο ȝιύδας αȝ ȝαιτιοη կաȝ.¹

Ծյօծ տրաէտ ծնլիη ամլալծ րիη,
ա ծսիալիտ ծրաօι Տեամիած² ȝո զլիη զլիւ;
լր եազալ կոմ, ա Փիլիη նա ե-Փիլանη,
նած քած աη լիան զսի ծօլիչ ծիծ.

Ծիեած թ ահօլլ, ծո լալծ Փίοնη,
լե ա ծ-ւալցեալ լետ աη ȝ-սնլիր ծօլիօլի;
ա' τ նած ե-բուլ լաօծ քաօι աη նշլելի,
նած ե-բուլ րայ ե-Փհելին բարամ լեօ.

¹ Կայէօմ կաȝ, *throwing or casting stones*. This singular custom was carried on to a great extent in the early part of the present century; and, it is traditionally said that the Ծալլայ or pillar-stones, found in various parts of Ireland, were the “cloða ղեյր,” of the Fenians, and that Fionn Mac Cumhaill himself made no great boast of casting one of these huge rocks from the hill of Almuin (Allen), where his palace stood, across to the hill of Howth, a distance of about twenty miles. In “Ծաւտրա նիշ նա ոյ-շօնյալլե,” or *The Adventures of an Ill-advised Son*, by Carroll O’Daly, better known on account of his rhyming propensities, as—

“ Ծալլալ եսիօ նա ո-ձերայ,
ծո թըլլուած բուլանցան աη չեածած.”
Swarthy Carroll the rhymier,
Who would play a ditty on the harp.

the custom is thus referred to:—

“ Լա նա ե-բուլ ՚սալլի սարած ո՞ւ բայ բ-բիած,
Ա' լա նա ե-բուլ ծո չայէլին կօշ տալ լած.”

On the day that the men were mustered, I met them on the hill,
On the day that the men were mustered I'd cast a stone as well as any
of them.

THE BATTLE OF CNOC AN AIR.

O. WE were all, the Fians and Fionn,
Assembled on this hill to the west ;
Practising feats of agility,
And we so mirthful casting stones.

Not long were we so,
When the Druid of Tara, wisely said ;
I greatly fear, O Fionn of the Fians !
That the time is not far when thou shalt regret. [✓]

What means this, saith Fionn,
That thou foretel our cause of grief ;
There is not a hero under the sun,
Who among the Fians cannot find his match.

Carroll O'Daly was the most celebrated wit of his day, as well as the most eccentric character. He was the first harper of his time, and author of that beautiful and soul-stirring song “*Geblíj a Rúj*,” or, *Ellen, the secret of my heart*, which he composed for the daughter of Kavanagh, the history of which is so well known, that there is no necessity for repeating it here.

² Θραοὶ Τελίητας, the *Druid of Tara*. According to our ancient annalists, Tigearnmas, monarch of Ireland, of the race of Heremon, was the first who introduced the worship of idols into Ireland, about nine centuries before the Christian era ; and it is stated, that while worshipping the *Crom Cruach*, the chief deity of the Irish Druids, along with a vast assemblage of his subjects at *Magh Sleacht* in Breifne, on the feast of *Samhuin*, one of their Deities (the day dedicated to whose rites was the same as the last day of October), he himself, with three-fourths of his people, were struck dead by lightning, as a punishment from heaven for his introduction of idolatry into the kingdom. See Connellan's *Four Masters*, p. 75, note. For a learned Dissertation on Druidism in Ireland, see O'Conor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, Tom. I., *Proleg. Pars. 1.*, pp. xx.—xxxiv.

O. Σπειδ υαμηρε, α Φήινη, να ζ-εμιαδ λαην,
ζο β-μιηλ αη τοηη α νζοιηεαέτ δαοιβ;
ρέας να ηέαλα ρολα¹ ιδ,
αζ βαζαη διιδας ταοιβ αηι ζαοιβ.

Ω'ρέας Φίοηη οη α ζιοηη ρυαη,
α'ρ δο ζοηαηιης τυαηι ρολα ζο τηέαη;
ιη εαζαη ιηοη, δο ιηαδ αη ραοι,
ζο δ-τιοεκαηδ αη-ζιιαηιη αηι αη β-Φήιηη.

Φο ζοηη Φίοηη ζιιζε Ορευη,
α'ρ διιδαηιη, α ζιιιαδ να λαηη ζέαη,
ιη ειηβε διιητ α ζειτε αζ εαοι,
ρέας αηι ζιιδηηβ αηι αεδηηι.

Α ιηδ να β-Φήιηη, δο ιηαδ Ορευη,
να ζιαη βηοδζ να αηβεηη ζηηδ;
ατα ηεαηι α'ρ λιτ αδ ζέαζαηβ,
α'ρ τηιοη-ζιιαηδ τηέαη ηεδ' ζαοιβ.

Φο ζαητεαηαι ιηλε αη Φήιηη,
τεαλαδ αζ ζιηηη-αηηαιη να ηευη;
δο βη δηιεαη αζιηηη ροιληηι, ηύηας.
α'ρ δηιεαη εηλε διιδας να ηζηε.

Φο λαηαι Σοηαη² δο ζιιτ αηιδ,
αζιηι ιη ε δο ιηαδ ζο βοιηβ τηέαη;
ηη β-μιηλ ηεας δ' αηι αζηιαηδ δας,
αθηηηη ρέηη αέτ ηεαηι ηαοη.

¹ Ηέαλα ρολα, *clouds of blood*. The Irish still look upon any changes in the clouds as portentous of some forthcoming event; and here, Fionn foresaw the destruction which awaited the Fenians at Cnoc-an-air.

² Σοηαη was the most noisy person in the Fenian ranks, though, at

O. Believe me, O Fionn of the tempered blades,
 That the foe is nigh at hand ;
 Behold those clouds of blood,
 Threatening gloomily side by side.

Fionn gazed above his head,
 And he beheld a mighty omen of blood.
 I greatly fear, saith the sage,
 That a ruin of slaughter will come upon the Fians.

Fionn called Oscur to him,
 And said, O hero of the sharp blade,
 'Tis likely that thou shalt be mourning ;
 Behold the portents in the heavens.

O king of the Fenians, saith Oscur,
 Be not startled, or depressed by them ;
 There is might and strength in thy arms,
 And a mighty host at thy side.

We, the Fenians, all spent,
 Some time keenly beholding the clouds ;
 Some of us were merry and gladsome,
 And others with gloomy countenances.

Conan spoke with a loud voice,
 Exclaiming haughtily and proudly ;
 There is no one whose colour changed,
 I confess, but a coward.

the same time, the most contemptible. For an account of his enchantment in the *Bruighin Chaorthainn*, and what he suffered there, we would refer the reader to that curious tract, which will hereafter form one of the Society's publications.

O. A Fhionn m̄le Cúmhail, do náid aŋ Órlaois,
 t̄lochól do b̄uildean að' ðāl,
 a' r̄ n̄oln̄nteāl̄ iad leat̄ aŋ leat̄,
 30 n̄-d̄élin̄d̄ fállie aŋ t̄eāct̄ do' n̄ n̄áimaild̄?

Do r̄ēlin̄ Fionn aŋ Dóilid Fhianu,
 a' r̄ d̄-f̄nead̄al̄i r̄l̄ad̄ iha n̄zal̄i;
 35 3āc̄ f̄eal̄i mā l̄uāt̄ að t̄eāct̄,
 ēld̄li f̄l̄al̄ē, t̄l̄īat̄, a' r̄ t̄āl̄i.

Aīt̄h̄eod̄c̄ad̄ aŋōl̄, aŋ Fionn zō f̄j̄or̄,
 3āc̄ n̄eac̄ d̄am̄ b̄uildean̄ le' n̄ b̄-t̄on̄n̄ra m̄ē;
 a' r̄ f̄or̄ 3āc̄ n̄eac̄ dā b̄-f̄ūl̄ dom̄ f̄uac̄,
 mā c̄ūl̄īd̄ f̄ūar̄ ā b̄ēl̄c̄ dom̄' n̄ēl̄i.

O. A Ōrcuili, do náid Fionn aŋ d̄-t̄ūr̄,
 òr̄ t̄ū aŋr̄āl̄ a' r̄ l̄ūt̄, n̄a b̄-Fhianu;
 aŋ b̄-f̄al̄l̄if̄l̄d̄ t̄ū zō lā n̄ē c̄āc̄,
 t̄eāct̄ do' n̄ n̄áimaild̄ t̄ā c̄ūzal̄ū að t̄r̄iall.

Fiāfriāl̄īd̄īm̄ d̄j̄ot̄ aŋōl̄, a Fhionn,
 aŋ dul̄ c̄um̄ f̄ūal̄ī dōb̄' āl̄ leat̄;
 n̄j̄or̄ n̄āl̄rē d̄ūl̄, a' r̄ bā m̄j̄-c̄l̄ū,
 mā' r̄ ēāzal̄ leat̄ n̄áim̄dē t̄eāct̄.

N̄i le h̄-aŋb̄faiū n̄ōlin̄ l̄āj̄ī c̄āc̄,
 do n̄āc̄faiū t̄rāt̄ c̄um̄ f̄ūal̄ī;
 āct̄ 3ūl̄ f̄īor̄ d̄ūl̄ 3ūl̄ 3ūl̄at̄ l̄om̄,
 t̄āl̄r̄b̄ēān̄ād̄ d̄-f̄āzal̄ aŋ 3āc̄ 3ūal̄ī.

N̄i ðj̄últ̄ōl̄īd̄ n̄j̄rē f̄āllie n̄ē c̄āc̄,
 n̄j̄'l̄ m̄ōl̄-r̄zal̄ 'n̄a aŋb̄faiū ōlin̄;
 3l̄dēād̄ l̄r̄ ēāzal̄ l̄om̄, a Fhionn,
 3ūl̄ b̄ēāz dōb̄' b̄ūildean̄ n̄āc̄ ēāzal̄ leó.

¹ *Urra, a pillar, a prop or support, the frame on which a door hangs.*
 Oscar was considered the stoutest and most valiant of the Fenians; hence Fionn designates him as above; but we question whether he bore the

O. O Fionn, son of Cumhall, saith the Druid,
 Call thy forces in thy presence ;
 And divide them into two separate bodies,
 That they may watch the approach of the foe.

Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann,
 And they answered by a shout ;
 Each man vieing to be first,
 Noble, chief, and host.

I shall now truly discern, saith Fionn,
 Such of my followers as are attached to me ;
 And also such as do me hate,
 If they refuse being led by me.

O Oscur, saith Fionn at first,
 As thou art the prop and strength of the Fians,
 Wilt thou with others watch this night [us.
 The approach of the enemy who are making towards

I ask of thee now, O Fionn,
 If it be thy wish to take repose ;
 It would not become thee, but bring ill fame,
 If thou fear that foes may come.

'Tis not through dread of any man's hand,
 That I would awhile go to rest ;
 But thou knowest I am accustomed,
 To have visions of every danger.

I shall not refuse keeping watch with the rest,
 There's neither fear nor terror on me ;
 Though I greatly fear, O Fionn,
 That the most of thy followers are in dread.

palm in heroism from Goll mac Morna ; or even his father the poet Oisin. He was killed by Cairbre Lifeachair at the Battle of Gabhra. Vide *Transactions*, Vol. I., p. 50.

O. Șolmeas Fionn ari Phílaímuil Dónn,
 a' r fílaílaíseas zo ceannra do'n fáilb;
 an b-faillifid tu mali aon le h-Orcuill,
 m'a' r ionáinse leat mè na cás.

Níor é teib mire fóir miamh, a Fhionn,
 a g-cáit na g-coimh-eairízar na d-tiomh-fluaid;
 acht zo m-bias Órcuill iúin mo ériodh,¹
 nómham nóm' Órlaí le teacáit buaid.

A Shóll cálma na g-cruas lann,
 an cumain leat Ríz na b-Fhionn;
 an b-faingfáid tú a b-focaili cás,
 ríb tliupi iusg bairi na ngráid scíad.

Ní h-eagáil lom lám d'a ériuadácht,
 ó ta Órcuill na ngráar a'm' Órlaí;
 a' r Phílaímuil cíobhá na b-Fhionn,
 béalb mire mair iad zo la.

Táinigc Faolain² do labair Fhionn,
 a' r do labair zo fíoscáil, aird;
 a' r dúnbaillit, a m'z na b-Fhionn,
 ní mór liuy duigt do fíuán zo la.

¹ Rún mo ériodh, *the secret of my heart*; or, *my heart's treasure*. This is still a common phrase in Ireland, but applied only as a term of affection.

² Faolain, or *O'Faolain*, now anglicised *Phelan* or *Whelan*. There were many distinguished persons of this name in ancient times who gave names to territories, tribes, and families in Ireland: such as the Uí Faolain of Leinster, a name rather prominent in the county of Kilkenny at the present day. Dr. O'Donovan writes of them (*Vide* 1eabhar na g-Cearb, Book of Rights, pp. 205-6),—"This was the name of a tribe and territory containing about the northern half of the present county of Kildare. It comprised the baronies of "Clane" and "Salt," and the greater part, if not the entire, of those of "Ikeathy," and "Oughteranny." The town of Nas (Naas), and the churches of Cláenadh (Clane), Laithreach Brain (Laraghbrine, near Maynooth), Domhnach Mor Muighe Luadhat (Donaghmore), Cluain Conaire (Cloncurry); and

O. Fionn calls Diarmuid Donn,
 And he asketh calmly of the sage ;
 Wilt thou watch with Oscur,
 If thou art more attached to me than the rest.

I never yet flinched, O Fionn,
 In battle or conflict of mighty hosts,
 So that Oscur the treasure of my heart,
 Were before or behind me in time of victory.

O valiant Goll of the well-tempered swords,
 Dost thou love the king of the Fians ;
 Wilt thou remain with them,
 Ye are the three who gained sway in fierce conflict.

I dread not the hardest hand,
 As Oscur of the feats is with me ;
 And valiant Diarmuid of the Fians,
 I will be with them this night.

Faolan came into the presence of Fionn,
 And exclaimed fiercely and loudly ;
 Saying, O Fenian king,
 We grudge thee not thy repose this night.

Fiodh Chuillinn (Feigheullen), were in it. After the establishment of surnames, [which happened in the reign of Brian Boru, as the name is often for brevity's sake incorrectly written] the chiefs of this territory took that of Mac Faolain, and soon after, that of O'Brain (*Anglice O'Byrne*) ; but they were driven from this level and fertile country, about the year 1202, by Meyler Fitz-Henry and his followers, when they retired into the mountains of Wicklow, where they acquired new settlements for themselves ; and in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, they were possessed of more than the southern half of the county of Wicklow." And at p. 222, note b (*idem*), he says that, " Magh Laighean was another name for the territory of the *Ui Faolain*. O'Faolain was the chief of a tribe, named *Deise*, descended from Fiacha Suighdhe; the elder brother of Conn of the Hun-

O. A Chonáin maoil, do náidé Fionn,
fan a 3-cuaigairbh dúnba Leit-állid;
ó'r tu i'r 3aillibh uail-3álli binn,
éum 13aillta mao'r teacáit do'n náimháid.

Ma'r dul dám féin, a Fhionn, do'n uaimh,
a 3 fáilte ari buaillit, nód ari éan;
am aonair 3an tuile do'n Fhionn,
so nゾolnteari mē tuiem' lári?

Ní cuibhé 3uit, a Chonáin maoil,
dúltas Fhionn, do náidé mac Lúigíil,
atá na níodh ór cloinn na b-Fhionn,
a 3-cormhac, a'r a m-bias, 'ra n-óili.

Ma ta Fionn na níodh ór cloinn na b-Fhionn,
a mhc Lúigíil, do náidé Connáin;
ní corimhul 3uri cuibhé dám,
dul am aonair so h-uaimh Leat-állid.¹

Ní'l rian b-Fhionn uile, ari mac Lúigíil,
feair cormh-m-binn do'd cló-3uit ariid,
a'r cloinnfis an Fhionn uile do 3lóir,
ma'r teacáit do'n tóir a n3aill do'n Ailiid.

Ná b'i fearrda lom dā luas,
a mhc Lúigíil na mhn 3éas;
d'Fhionn na do'n Fhionn ní nácad aini,
cuillim 3uair do le mo náe.

dred Battles, who were expelled from Deece or *Deise Teamhrach*, in the county of Meath, by their relative Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, about, A.D. 254, when they settled in the county of Waterford about half a century back." One of their descendants, the Rev. John Whelan, P.P. of Modeligo, who died in the year 1819, was as fine a specimen of the old Irish race as one could wish to see.

O. O Conan the bald, saith Fionn, [Ard ;
 Remain thou in the dark recesses of the cave of Leath-
 As it is thou who can shout most loudly,
 To warn us of the approach of the enemy.

If to the cave I shall go, O Fionn,
 To watch for troubles, or for hosts
 Alone, without more of the Fians,
 May I be pierced through the middle.

Ill it becometh thee, O Conan the bald,
 To refuse Fionn, saith Mac Lughaidh ;
 Who is king over the Fians,
 In battle, in food, and in gold.

Although Fionn be king over the Fians,
 O son of Lughaidh, saith Conan ;
 'Tis not likely that I must go
 Alone to the cave of Leath-Ard.

There's not among all the Fenians, saith Mac Lughach,
 One who can shout so loudly as thou ;
 And all the Fenians shall hear thy voice,
 If the foe comes near the Ard.

Speak no more of this to me,
 O son of Lughaidh of the smooth limbs ;
 For Fionn or the Fians I shall not go there—
 I refuse it during my life.

¹ Λαρδί λεάχ άρδ, *the cave of Leath Ard* ; or, *Lahard*. Mr. Daniel Sheehan, of Ardagh, Newcastle West, county of Limerick, who has been often on the top of Knockanar, near Ballybunion, says, that there is a cave there, and a spot which to this day is called Lahard ; which circumstance alone is sufficient to identify Σηος-αη-άρη as the scene of the battle.

O. Eillidh a'nu a Chonailn maoil,
 do niald O'regan, a'f beilidh ad daill;
 Aos Beag ciboda mac Fhionn,
 a'f tuille m'a'f ghuail leat d'fhaidhail.

Beili leat Feanag¹ a'f Briach luach,
 Szeolan, Fuaing, a'f Meamhradh;
 Boz-leim a'f Alireas Chluailr,
 a'f ionchidz ghaill, a Chonailn,

 Do ghuailr Conan ari cionnailile O'regan,
 d'ionnraigheadh re doirag na h-uamha;
 na coill agus Aos Beag mac Fhionn,²
 do leanaidh ari tairn cuaillid.

Do cuaill Fionn a'nu riu cium gualu,
 a'f n'g cian do b'g a gualmheas a'nu;
 an tain do ramhluigheas do chuid,
 Aos Beag mac Fhionn a beilidh ghaill.

Do tairbheanadh do mair aonu mif riu,
 go nialb Zoll ciboda a laim gilaod,
 le gairbhdeas fhor-eacsta, calma,
 d'ari b'alnuim Tairc mac Tairc.

Do m'urzail ar a codla go phiar,
 a'f do zoiri cuaige dhuail lea b-Fhionn;
 d'ari ba comh-aonuim do r'fior,
 Dhuail ealaodan,³ no feair fajc-ciall.

¹ Feanag, Szeolan, Briach, &c. These were the names of some of the Fenian hounds; and Briach, which was Fionn's favorite one, was known by the following marks:—

“ Cora buighe b'g ari Bheanag,
 Si da taeib dub 'ra tair gheal;
 Dhuaim gualchuisde oif ceann r'fior,
 L' da ghuail coircia comh-deirid.”

O. Go there, O Conan the bald,
 Saith Oscur, and there will be with thee ;
 Aodh Beag the valiant son of Fionn,
 And more if thou require.

Take with thee Fearan, and Bran the swift,
 Sgeolan, Fuaim, and Mearagan,
 Bog-Leim and Aireach Chluais,
 And depart without sullenness, O Conan.

Conan went by the advice of Oscur,
 And made towards the door of the cave ;
 The hounds and Aodh Beag, son of Fionn,
 Followed in the track of the host.

Fionn, then, retired to rest,
 And not long was he there in repose ;
 When he saw in his sleep,
 That Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn, was beheaded.

He likewise saw,
 That Goll the valiant was engaged in battle,
 With a mighty powerful champion,
 Whose name was Tailc Mac Treoin.

He awoke suddenly from his sleep,
 And called to him the druid of the Fians,
 Whose synonyms always were
 The Druid of art, or man of prescience.

Yellow legs had Bran,
 Both her sides black, and her belly white ;
 A speckled back over her loins,
 And two crimson ears, very red.

* Άοδ̄ βεάδ̄ μας Φίωνη. *Little Aodh the son of Fionn.* This Άοδ̄ was the youngest son of Fionn. He was called “*βεάδ̄*” (*small*) from his diminutive stature.

* Θραοι εαλαδαη, i.e., *the Druid of art*, or one skilled in magic or sorcery. In “*The Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh*,” &c., published by the Irish

O. Θ' ξαλιγέλειρ α πύη ιομλαν δο'η Θηλαοι,
 ανη γαάς ταΐτβεαηαδ δσούς ρύδ;
 δο ηαλδ Φιονη, α ȶ-βαγέ-ϲιαλλ ρην
 ινηιρ ανοιρ γαη τοιλλ δύηηη.

Τιοκρατος πιαταηι αηι αη ȶ-Φέληη,
 α Φηηη, ιη βαοζαλ, δο ηαλδ αη Θηλαοι;
 ȶιδεαδ ηή ȶοιηηεαη αη δήιρ ηα ηζλεις,
 Τοιλλ calma, εηοδα, ηα Αοδ.

Νηοι ȶ-βαδα αηλαιδ ρην δύηηη,
 αη ταη δο ȶιαλαηαι ιαηιλ-ȝαληι,
 δο ιειηη Φιονη αη Φοηδ Φηηηη,
 α'η δ' ȶιεαζαηι διαη-ȝαληιτ Σοηαηι.

Do ȝluaiη Σοηαη ηα ȶιέαη ηηέ,¹
 α'η ηα ηοη αη ιαη λύτ ηα διαιή;
 δ' ȶαη Αοδ Βεαζ αη ȶιηας ηα ȶ-ηαηη,
 ȝηηι cloηηεαδ λειη ȶιηηη ηα ȶιαι.

Archæological Society, p. 46, note b, the following curious recipe is given for transforming a poet into a druid :—

“ This is the way it is to be done: the poet chews a piece of the flesh of a red pig, or of a dog or cat, and he brings it afterwards on a flag behind the door, and chaunts an incantation upon it, and offers it to idol gods; and his idol gods are brought to him, but he finds them not on the morrow. And he pronounces incantations on his two palms; and his idol gods are also brought to him, in order that his sleep may not be interrupted; and he lays his two palms on his two cheeks, and thus falls asleep; and he is watched in order that no one may disturb or interrupt him, until every thing about which he is engaged is revealed to him, which may be a minute, or two, or three, or as long as the ceremony requires; *et ides Imbas discitur*, i.e., one palm over the other across his cheeks.” But it is said (*Idem*) that “ St. Patrick abolished it, and the *Teinn Loeghdha*, and declared that whoever should practise them would enjoy neither heaven nor earth, because it was renouncing baptism.”

¹ Τηέαη ηηέ, *swift running, fleetness of foot*. The Fenians were remarkable for nimbleness of foot; and one of the qualifications necessary for entering the service was that “ the candidate should be a nimble runner; and that in his flight before a chosen body of the Fenians, he should be able not only to outrun them, but even to defend himself intact against their assaults.” Even in modern times the Irish are remarkable

O. He revealeth to the Druid the entire secrets,
 Which he saw in each vision of these ;
 Fionn saith, the meaning of those
 Tell us now without delay.

Slaughter awaits the Fenians,
 O Fionn, I fear, saith the Druid ;
 Yet the twain will not be wounded in the conflict,
 Goll the noble and valiant, nor Aodh.

Not long were we thus,
 When we heard a loud shout ;
 Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann,
 And the fierce yell of Conan replied.

Conan ran with all his might,
 And the hounds in full speed after him ;
 Aodh Beag remained on the brink of the cave,
 'Till he heard the clash of the shields.

for nimbleness of foot; for in a very learned paper on the physical characteristics of the ancient Irish, by Dr. O'Donovan, published in the twenty-third number of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, we find the following allusions to the agility of the Irish quoted from a French author who visited Ireland in Dermot Mac Murrough's reign, and who was eye-witness to the fact:—"They assailed us often both in van and rear, casting their darts with such might, as no habergeon, or coat of mail, were of sufficient proof to resist their force; their darts piercing them through both sides. Our foragers, that strayed from their fellows, were often murdered [killed] by the Irish; for they were nimble and swift of foot, that, like unto stags, they ran over mountains and valleys, whereby we received great annoyance and damage."

And again, quoting Froissart:—"But I shewe you bycause ye should knowe the truth. Ireland is one of the yvele countries of the world to make warre upon, or to bring under subjection, for it is closed strongly and wydely with high forests and great waters, and mareshes, and places [un]inhabytable; it is hard to entre to do them of the countrey anie damage . . . For a man of armes beyng never so well horsed, and ran as fast as he can, the Yrisshemen wyll ryn afote as faste as he, and overtake hym, yea, and leap up upon his horse behynde him, and drawe him from his horse."

O. Do fíelinn Fionn an Dóiliad ariúr,
rul do náinigc iad Conaí maol;
cinead an fáid, do náid Orcuiri,
tá' n tóili¹ éu Údalinn, ca b-fuile Aos?

Do bíg Aos a n-dóiliur na h-uamhá,
an tair do ghluailear mire ari lúic;²
níosí aitharicair ó fionn tair m'ailr,
a'r níosí b'e Aos ba meafra lhom.

Cinead eile do Óileánach, ari Orcuiri,
a Chonáin lhorða, maoil, gáin céill;
cila aco Fionn na b-Fianu, no mire,
no cila an fíar oile do'n Fhélinn.

Ní h-e Fionn, turra, 'na neac do'n Fhélinn,
mo Óileánach a n-am gáid béal;
318' gáin ionáin lhom buri mairé,
ní ríb mo Óileánach, acht mē fílin.

Do ghluailear Orcuiri do lúic tigéan,
go náinigc ríe dóiliur na h-uamhá;
do fuailí Aos Beag mac Fhílinn fíel,
gáin an bhráinn, gáin éad, gáin buaillit.

Cinead an fáid Aos Bhlísc iilec Fhílinn,
ari Orcuiri, fuilneac a n-díalíz an fíri maoil?
a'r náinigc taoibh leat na níe
a leinib, nári éuig gáin beag d'aolír.

Cila bíg an tóili a b-fogair Óili,
a'r mē aonairc ó éabhalír na b-Fianu;
níosí ériu oícheaigc m'linntír na mo ériu Óili,
na mo m'híneac iúair níosí claoildeadh.

¹ Tóili, *pursuit*; one enemy in pursuit of the other.

² Lúic, *nimbleness* or *agility*. This and the two following stanzas show how indifferent Conan was about the difficulties the Fenians had to encounter; so that he himself was able to make good his ground by a speedy retreat, realising the old Irish proverb—

O. Fionn sounded the Dord again,
 Before Conan the bald arrived ;
 What means this, saith Oscur,
 The pursuers are coming, where is Aodh ?

Aodh was at the entrance of the cave,
 When I left in haste ;
 I have not looked behind since,
 'Twas not Aodh that troubled me.

What else thy trouble, saith Oscur,
 O Conan, lazy, bald, and devoid of sense ;
 Whether is it Fionn of the Fians, or I,
 Or what other man among the Fians ?

It is not Fionn, thou, nor any of the Fenians,
 Concerns me at the time of each blow ;
 Though I rejoice in the welfare of you all,
 I care for no one but myself.

Oscur ran with mighty speed,
 Till he reached the entrance of the cave ;
 He found Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn the generous,
 Alive without terror, without trouble.

Why is it, Aodh Beag, son of Fionn,
 Saith Oscur, [thou] remainest after the bald man,
 And the foe nigh thee in full speed,
 O child, who perceivedst not thy tender age.

Though the enemy were nigh me,
 And I beyond any aid from the Fians ;
 My intellect or heart faltered not,
 Nor was my courage ever subdued.

“Ir feallur nioch mairc ‘na bheilc-rieadh.”
 A good run is better than a bad stand.

Or,

He who fights and runs away,
 Will live to fight another day.

O. Μό ζυγιρε ! μο ςηρεάς ! μο ζύμαδ !
 α Ρήτηρας, ή ούμαλ δο Θήλα ;
 δα μαλιρεαδ Αοδ Βεαζ αη' δαλ,
 βα δοικιδ δο ςλαμή¹ να ς-ειαρι !

P. Αιτημηρ δύηη, α Οιρην της Σήλην,
 ειηοές εατα Σήνοις αη' αηρ ;
 νή μαλιρεαην Αοδ Βεαζ αδ δαλ,
 α' τ να ειηρι α ς-εαρ ζυγοη να ς-ειαρι.

O. Σηος αη' αηρ² αη' εηος ρο ριαρι,
 α' τ ρο λα αη' βριατα βιαλδ δα ςλαμη ;
 α Ρήτηρας να μ-βαέαλ μ-βαη,
 νή δαη φατε τυζαδ αη' τ-αηηη.

P. Να ςλας ταοη, α Οιρην ρέηλ,
 αζ ρηαοινεαδ αη' Σήλην να β-Σήλην ;
 ζαδ αη' έαζ α' τ α β-ριη βεδ,
 νειηηηδ λαδ υηε αέδ Θηα.

O. Νηοη νειηηηδ Σήλην να β-Σήλην,
 α' τ νηοη νειηηηδ Θηαηηηδ Ο Θηηθηε ;
 νηοη νειηηηδ Ορευη να λαηη,
 να ηεαδ δο' η β-Σήλην, αέτ Σονη ζηηηη.

P. Φο βηηδ δηηι νειηηηδ³ Σήλην,
 Θηαηηηδ Θονη α' τ Ορευη αιδ ;
 α' τ αη Σήλην υηε μηη λαδ,
 νή μαλιηηδ μηη Θηη να ηζηηαρ.

¹ Σλαμη, a *shout, howl, loud talk, or clamour.*

² Σηος αη' αηρ, *the hill of slaughter or destruction.* Any one visiting Ballybunion in the county of Kerry, noted for its caves, could not better enjoy themselves than by paying a visit to this celebrated hill, which lies quite close to it. The remaining portion of the poem, but somewhat

O. My grief, my ruin, my sadness,
 O Patrick, who art obedient to God ;
 Had Aodh Beag himself lived with me,
 It would be ill for the clerics' clamour.

P. Relate to us, O Oisin, son of Fionn,
 The conclusion of the battle of Cnoc-an-air ;
 Aodh Beag doth not live with thee,
 And question not the clerics' deeds.

O. Cnoc-an-air is this hill to the west,
 And till the day of judgment 'twill be so called ;
 O Patrick of the croziers bright !
 Not without cause did it get the name.

P. Do not become faint, O Oisin, the generous,
 Reflecting on Fionn and the Fians ;
 All that departed and those who live,
 Were as nothing compared to God.

O. Fionn of the Fians was [more than] nothing,
 And so was Diarmuid O Duibhne ;
 Oscur of the spears was [more than] nothing,
 And all the Fians, save Conan, the gay.

P. Because that Fionn was nothing,
 Diarmuid Donn and Oscur the noble ;
 And all the Fenians likewise,
 They live not like the God of grace.

different from our version, will be found in *The Transactions of the Gaelic Society*. Dub. 1808, p. 199.

³ *Neijneñjø, nothing.* Here St. Patrick shows that the Fenian heroes were insignificant beings when compared to the majesty of God.

O. A Phatniale, ní a n-alimrili na b-Fianu,
do bíg aí feairi ríu Óla aini;
ír deairb d'a m-blað fóili nód ríar,
go ríarifad aí Fhianu leír a cearu.¹

P. Do bíg Óla aini a n-alimrili na b-Fianu,
ata riain a'í béal d'riabac;
mairiuin, aizur mairifid d'ri eisíoc,
ní h-íonanu rau Fhianu, a bochtain!²

O. A Phatniale, ma'í fíoli do ríéal,
aí t-éad d'ri b-riuairi aí Fhianu;
na cluignim tu d'a luas,
zuri b'íe riuz buas oíriu Óla.

P. Ba mairé aí Fhianu a'í a n-úinjóni,
a Oirín zíliuin, acht ro amháin;
nári aibhlað leó aí t-aon Óla úd,
aibhlað leain dúin aí Chnoc-aíu-áin.

O. Do ériall aini rúd aí aí b-Féinu,
Órcuiri a'í Aos Beag na dál;
dóib' ionúin le linn teacáit na díre,
na d'a d-tíosead níz na n-úinár.

D'fílaifriaild Fionn d'Órcuiri aíz,
aí b-facaild tálí³ na n-úinid laois,
a dúbailit Órcuiri d'ri b-facaild iad,
a'í d'ri ríal aí n-áraicte aí aí b-Féinu.

¹ A cearu, *his head*. This phrase is very common in Ossianic poetry; and the pagan Oisin, must have been sorely irritated by the mild and convincing arguments of the Saint, when he gave vent to such blasphemous expressions. In Mr. O'Grady's copy of the poem the stanza runs thus:—

“A Phatniale ní a raoíjal na b-Fianu,
ír tuigéid do Óla rí a beigé aini;
ír deairb d'a m-blað na riain,
na beigdeas na Cídearain aí a g-cionu.”

O. O Patrick, 'twas not in the time of the Fians,
 That that man God lived ;
 Certain if he were east or west,
 The Fians would have stricken off his head.

P. God was in the time of the Fians,
 Always was and will be for ever,
 He lives and will live to the end,
 Not so with the Fians, poor creature !

O. O Patrick, if thy tale be true,
 That the Fians are all dead ;
 Let me not hear thee boast,
 That it was God that overcame them.

P. The Fians and their deeds were good,
 Pleasant Oisin, but in this alone,
 They adored not the one true God,
 Now proceed with [the tale of] Cnoc-an-air.

O. There marched towards the Fians
 Oscur and Aodh Beag in his company ;
 More delightful to us was the coming of the two,
 Than had the King of Grace approached.

Fionn inquired of Oscur the noble,
 Had he seen a host of heroes brave ;
 Oscur said that he had seen them,
 And that they were in search of the Fians.

O Patrick, if it were in the time of the Fenians,
 That thy God had been living ;
 Verily, if he were in their way,
 He would not lord it over them.

² *bochtan*, a pauper, a beggar, a miser, &c.

³ *Cail*, signifies a multitude, a host, an array, or any other muster or assemblage.

O. Do cǎl̄eamaři māři r̄in ſo la,
 a'ř n̄jori lāma cāc teac̄t fo'ři n̄-deļiŋ;
 a Phāt̄riajc, mo r̄z̄eal t̄l̄uař!
 n̄jori b̄-k̄ada ſuři c̄l̄uařd aŋ c̄eļiŋ!¹

P. Juři māři ir cūj̄iŋ leat,
 a m̄le Cūj̄ajl, t̄arř² aŋ ſleō;
 ařčn̄iř a'ř mo bean̄hačt ořt,
 r̄z̄eal ſjori, a'ř na cān ſo?

O. Ni cān̄maořiře aŋ Fhlan̄ ſo,
 b̄r̄eaz leō n̄jori r̄am̄lař m̄lāř;
 ačt le ſjiliŋ a'ř neařt aři lāř,
 t̄iř' m̄aol̄ ſlan̄ ař ſoř ſlias.

D'ěl̄iřz̄om̄ař ſo moč ařmač,
 Fhanna Eřieann̄ na n̄-eac̄⁴ reařz;
 aři aŋ ſoř ſo l̄ion aŋ t̄-t̄l̄uař,
 n̄jori b̄-j̄on̄z̄na ſoř ſeačt ſo ſeařy.

¹ C̄eļiŋ, which generally signifies a step, is used here to show the difficulty that awaited the Fenians.

² T̄arř, *fame, report.*

³ ſlias, *battle, strife, contention.*

⁴ Eac̄, *a steed.* The earliest record we have of the Fenians having horses is in *Uzallam̄* na *Sean̄óniř*, or *Dialogue of the Sages*; where it is said, that at a chase at *bej̄n̄ h-Č̄eřiř*, (the Hill of Howth), a chieftain, named *Uzallam̄* mac *bej̄n̄e v̄n̄jor*, son of the king of Britain [England], took away by stealth three hounds belonging to the Fenians, namely—Bran, Sgeolan, and An-uaill; and made for the mountain of *Lodan Mac Lir*, where he made chase on his arrival. As soon as the Fenians missed the hounds, the following chieftains were despatched after the fugitive, viz., *Diarmuid O Duibhne*, *Goll Mac Morna*, *Caol* from *Eamhuin* (Emania), *Oscur* the son of *Oisin*, *Feardubhain* the son of *Bogha-dearg*, *Raighne* of the broad eyes, son of *Fionn*; *Cainche*, son of *Fionn*; *Glas* the son of *Aonchearda Bearra*, and *Mac Lughaidh*.

O. Thus we remained till dawn,
 And none dared to approach us ;
 O Patrick, my woful tale !
 'Twas not long till our case grew perilous !

P. Relate, as thou rememberest,
 O son of Cumhall, an account of the fight ;
 Relate, and my blessing be on thee,
 A true tale, and tell no lie.

O. We, the Fenians, never told a lie,
 Falsehood to them was never known ;
 But by truth and the might of our arms,
 We came unhurt from each conflict.

We went forth early,
 The Fians of Eire, of the slender steeds ;
 Upon this hill the host mustered,
 No wonder for them to come in force.

They landed at Inbhear Geiniath, in Britain ; and proceeded to the mountain of Lodan Mac Lir ; where they were not long when they heard the cry of the hounds, and they surrounded *Artuir*, and slew himself and all his retinue, and rescued their three favorite hounds. Goll Mac Morna, more cunning than the rest, cast a side-look, and beheld a magnanimous steed with reins of gold ; and saw another with a silver bit chased with gold in its mouth ; Goll captured both animals, and handed them over to Oscur, who gave them in charge to Diarmuid O Duibhne. They then returned to Ireland ; and never halted until they reached old Moynalty, where Fionn was staying at the time ; and delivered the two horses to him ; one of which was a stallion, and the other a mare, which gave eight births, and eight foals at each birth ; and until then the Fenians had no horses, and these foals were distributed amongst the most distinguished in rank of the Fenian chieftains. In some copies it is said that *Artuir's* life was saved by Oisin.

O. Bean dob' aylne na'n ȝirian,
éonairic an Fhianu aȝ teacét rau leiriz;¹
ð'Fhionn mac Cúinéall, inírinn ðuirt,
do beanuas ȝisoðaian an bhuirt ðeiriz.

Cia tú ríen, a ȝisoðaian, ari Fionn,
iñ aylne niamh 'ra ríneaztæ dealb,
iñ bhuine lom fuamh do ȝlóin,
'na a b-ruil ne ceol zo deaib?

Niamh-nuað-érioscáe,² iñ é m' alym,
inírion Íhabhrialb, mac Óholaili Déin;
aird-riñð ȝiread, mo mallaect ari!
do nairiz me ne Taile mac Tinein.

O. Círeád do belli ða ȝeacnað tu,
na déin rúin oim ahoir;
aír do ȝoimhle ȝo la an bhuat,
ȝabhaim do lámh tair a érior?

Ní gan fáit do ȝuðar fuat,
ðat an ȝuaíl do bí ari a ȝuñel;
ða ȝluðar, ȝarball, a' r ceann cait,
ta ari an b-keari nað maled ȝzéimh.

Do ȝlúblaig an doimh, fo ȝri,
a' r níor ȝáðbar ayn níð na ȝlait;
noscari ȝíneair acét ríbре, a Fhionn,
a' r níor ȝeall tuiat m' aghacail ari.

Ðionrad tu a inírion óið,
do náid Mac Cúinéall, náli claois' niamh;
nó tuitfis uile ari do ȝzat,
na ȝeacét ȝ-cat atá 'rau b-Fhianu.

¹ leiriz, a plain, a pathway, or place of meeting. See also note 10, p. 18.

² Niamh nuað-érioscáe, i.e., the ray of the newest form. This lady is supposed to be the daughter of Garadh the son of Dolar Dein, or the Fierce;

O. A woman more beauteous than the sun,
 The Fians beheld approaching on the plain ;
 Fionn Mac Cumhaill, I tell thee,
 Was saluted by the queen of the red mantle.

Who art thou, O queen, saith Fionn,
 Of the gentlest mien and loveliest form ;
 Truly more sweet to me is thy voice,
 Than all the strains of music.

Niamh-nuadh-chrothach, is my name,
 Daughter of Garraidh, the son of Dolar Dein ;
 The chief king of Greece, my curse upon him !
 Bound me to Tailc Mac Treoin.

Why is it that thou shunnest him,
 Do not conceal the fact from me now :
 As thy protector till judgment's day,
 I take thy hand against his will.

Not without cause did I hate him,
 Black as the coal was his skin ;
 Two ears, a tail, and the head of a cat,
 Are upon the man of repulsive countenance.

I walked [travelled] the world thrice,
 And did not leave a king or lord,
 That I did not implore, but thou, O Fionn,
 And a chief never promised me protection from him.

I will protect thee, O youthful daughter,
 Saith Mac Cumhaill, who was never conquered ;
 Or all shall fall for thy sake,
 The seven battalions of the Fians.

king of Greece, who forced her to marry Tailc Mac Treoin, against her will, and the tale recorded here is the result of that unhappy union.

O. Φαρι δο λαμή-τι φειν, α Φήινη,
Ιτ-δεαλιθ ληνη, ζο η-δεαλιναιρ βηέαζ;
Α'ρ αη τέ ο'ρι ζειτη με υαζδ α θ-φαδ,
Ζο δ-τυτεανη λειρ οατ α'ρ οέαδ.

Αη φεαρι πόηι α δειπηηη λιθ,
Ιτ ε δ'-φαζ με λε φαδα β-φέινη;
Ρυλ αη ηαρζαδ ηηρε λειρ,
δο ιζηιοραδ λειρ φαοι δδ αη Ζηηέιζ.

Να δέαη ιοματιθαδ ατ α ζαιρζε,
α φοιτ ζαιρ αη θατ αη οηη;
οηη ηή θ-φιηλ λαοέ φαοι αη ηζηέηη,
ναέ θ-φαζαδ ραη β-Φέινη φεαρι α ζλο.

Ιτ ζεάηηι ζο θ-φασαμαιρ αζ τεαέτ,
αη ταοιρεαέ Ταηιε βα ζηιαλδ λαηη,
νηοι ηηλαζ, α'ρ νηοι θεαηηαιζ δ'-Φήιονη,
αέτ ιαηιαη οατ ταη ζεαηη α ιηηά.

Συηηήδ θειέ ζ-οέαδ ηα θαη,
δοβ' φεαηηι λαηη α η-αηηηηηη ζλεοδ;
δηηηε δηοβ ηηοη ηηη ταη οηη,
ζαη ιαηιηη ηε Ταηιε παη Τηεοηη!

Φο ζηηηεαηαιρ αηη, α'ρ βα ζηηηι α ιηαοιθεαηή
ζαη αηηηαιρ, Σαοητε παη Κόηαη;
θειέ ζ-οέαδ ιζηαέ ζηηη ζλαη,
ζηηα φεαηαιθ ηηηδα β'-φεαηη.

θειέ ζ-οέαδ ταοιρεαέ, ηαοι ζ-οέαδ λαοέ,
δο θή ταοδ αη ζαοδ δ'-οηι πηηητηη φειν;
α'ρ α Ρηαηαιη, αη ζηειδηηη ζηιαλδ,
ηηη αη ζεαηταιδ ηαηηη δε'η θ-Φέινη.

O. By thine own hand, O Fionn,
 It is certain thou hast told a lie ;
 For by him from whom I have fled afar,
 Fall a battalion and a hundred.

The great man of whom I speak to you,
 Is he who has left me long in pain ;
 Before I was bound [wedded] to him,
 He ravaged Greece twice.

Do not contend about his valour,
 O curling locks of the color of gold ;
 For there lives not a hero under the sun,
 Who will not find among the Fians a man his match.

Soon we saw coming towards us,
 The chieftain Tailc of the hard spear ;
 He did not salute or pay homage to Fionn,
 But demanded battle on account of his wife.

We sent ten hundred to meet him,
 Strong of hand in time of war ;
 None of them ever returned.
 All fell by Tailc Mac Treoin !

We sent there, and of it we should boast
 Without doubt, Caoilte Mac Ronain,
 Ten hundred shields blue and green,
 With the mightiest and best men.

Ten hundred chieftains, nine hundred heroes,
 Were side by side of our own people ;
 And, O Patrick, of the strict faith,
 All these we lacked of the Fians.

O. **Ja**rrař Ořeřiř ceād aři Šhjony,
 51d dojč lhom ē do luas,
 dul do čonjrac ař říli mōlji,
 ař tan do čonajric dře na rluas.

Do řeabaliř ceād uajm, aři Šjony,
 51d eazal lhom do čułtym čiřd;
 ēljiř! ař bejli mo beaňhačt leat,
 cuřmýlđ do řořl, ař do řuřm.

Šlualřear Ořeřiř, ař řeřiř ařč,
 ař a lajm njoři cuřnead bějř,
 ař laoč calma dob' řeřiři lajm,
 řo nřajnje ře Tařle mac Třeřen.

Tařbaliř ařčař řamřa řeřiř,
 ař Tařle mřc Třeřen, aři Ořeřiř ařč;
 řořiř baiřkeadra řjot do čeřnř,
 ař n-řeřořal ař řeřam řo řořl do lajm.

Daři do lajře, Ořeřiř ařč,
 51d buřdeac řjot břařd¹ ař řeř;
 břař třu ařčamřa nřečt řan čeřnř,
 ař břařd ař řeřiř, Šjony, řo leam.

¹ břařd, *bard or poet*. The Irish bards were always ready to chaunt the deeds of their patrons in the most glowing language imaginable; but had they not been patronised they were equally ready to satirize and decry them. In *The Tribes and Customs of Hy-many*, published by the Irish Archaeological Society at p. 104, we find under date A.D. 1351, that "William Boy O'Kelly, who was celebrated by the Irish bards as a prince of unbounded munificence, invited all the professors of art in Ireland to his house, and entertained them during the Christmas holidays." And in the same year, "William Mac Donough Moynagh O'Kelly, invited all the Irish poets, brehons, bardes, harpers, gamesters, or common kearroghs, jesters, and others of their kind in Ireland, to his house upon Christmas, wherē every one of them was well used during the

O. Oscur asketh leave of Fionn,
 Though I regret to tell it,
 To go to fight the great man,
 When he beheld the loss of the host.

Thou shalt get permission from me, saith Fionn,
 Though I dread thy fall by it ;
 Arise ! and take my blessing with thee,
 Remember thy valour and thy deeds.

Oscur, the noble,
 On whose hand there never was a stain ;
 The mighty hero of the valiant arm,
 Went forth till he reached Tailc Mac Trein.

Encounter me, O Tailc Mac Trein,
 Saith Oscur of the noble deeds ;
 For I shall take off thy head,
 In revenge for those who were wounded by thy hand.

By thy hand, O noble Oscur,
 Though thankful to you are bard and maid ;
 I shall have thee headless this night,
 And the man Fionn shall be mournful.

holidays, and gave contentment to each of them during their departure ; so that every one was well pleased, and extolled William for his bounty : one of which assembly composed certain verses in commendation of William and his house, of which the following is the first line :—

“ Μῆτρες Ερενην 50 ἡ-λοη-τελε.”
 The bards of Erin to one house.”

For an account of the Irish bards, we would refer the reader to O'Reilly's “ Chronological Account of Four Hundred Irish Writers,” “ The Tribes of Ireland,” by Dr. O'Donovan, Walker's “ Memoirs,” Hardiman's “ Irish Minstrelsy,” and the Introduction to the “ *Tain Bo Chualigne*,” which will form a future volume of the Society's *Transactions*.

O. Ար քած էնլ ո-օթե ա'ր էնլ լա,
 Ել այ ծիր նայ էլալշ ա նշկալօ ;
 Տայ ելած, Տայ ծոօծ, այ ծի՛շ րւալո,
 Տայ էսլշ Տայլ իւ եւած տօ միշ.

Ὡς ἔοδος ἡμαῖς, αν Φήλων, οράνδ,
ταὶ εἴρ αν ἐοῖηταις ἔταιρος, γέλεις;
ἔταιρος ἐλοιτε τηε'ν ἐαγγεαῖς δον Φήλων,
α'ρ δα ἔταιρος ταοιδτε τηε'ν εατος Τηαγε.

Ðan do lāmīre, a Thaſlc aſð,
gīð nač buſdeacē dīot bānd na bean;
ta tú aðam̄ra þan cēann,
a' r nī bīlð aŋ feaŋ Flonn, leam̄.

Νιανή-ηναδ-έπιοτας, τόπι αν τρέαλ,
αν ταη σοναλης τέαδ αν ληρ;
ζλασαρ νάλιε αν ζηιαδ δεαριζ,
α' τ τυτεαρ μαζό α μεαριζ έαγ.

Βαρ να πιστηνα, δέιρ γαέ υιλε,
ιρέ πινό δο έυηι αι έαέ,
αι αη γενιος το δέιρ αη γέλιαδ,
δο βαιτα αη Φηλανη Σιος-αη-αηι.

O. For five nights and five days,
 Were the two, who were not feeble, in battle ;
 Without food, without drink, without sleep,
 'Till Tailc fell conquered by my son.

We, the Fenians, raised on high,
 After the fierce and rough conflict ;
 A wailing cry for all we lost of the Fians,
 And two shouts of joy for the death of Tailc.

By thy hand, O noble Tailc,
 Though not thankful to thee are bard or maid ;
 I have thee now beheaded,
 And the man Fionn shall not be mournful.

Niamh-nuadh-chrothach, sad the tale,
 When she beheld the extent of the slaughter ;
 Shame overcame her crimsoned face,
 And she fell lifeless among the slain.

The death of the queen after all ills,
 Was what preyed most upon us all ;
 This hill after the conflict,
 The Fenians named Cnoc-an-air.*

* The Hill of Slaughter.

180JDH 2HHEARZAJCC NA 18NN NZEAR.

O. Njor 6-fada 8n1n, amla1d r1n,
 5l3 n4ri 7nba1c, aolb1n, r1n;
 5uri t1lall 5d'ri n-de1n tari leari,
 5al1r7e1d1c eadta1c ba c1mu1d 5n1om.

Njor bean1n1z r1e do neac,
 a'r njor un1mla1z d'Fh1on1, na do'n Fh1on1;
 a1c d'f1a1f1a1z r1e do 5l0ri bo1b,
 ca n1alb ari 5-cor1n1 a'r ari d-t1l1a1?

C1a tu f1el1 a 5a1r71d1z a1z,
 ari Aod1a Be1d1 n4ri 7ca1n1te1c c1o1d1e;
 no c1re1d1 do t1u3 do'n dul r1o t1u,
 ca f1ad do t1u1a1g n1a1ji r3a1n1f1a1ji l1n1?

Nj 7a1n1f1ad 8u1t r3e1l ari b1c,
 r1mu1n1r1 a le1n1b 5uri be1d1 d'ao1r;
 f1o1r mo n1u1n1 nj 7a1n1f1ad do neac,
 5o 6-fa1z1d1 m1 d1l1 d'az1ll1m Fh1on1.

Do 6e1n1f1ad e1l1a1f1 8u1t, ari Fh1on1,
 a 5a1r71d1z m1l1nt1 na m1n 7e1d1;
 nj 5ada u1t a1t a 6-f1e1l,
 ari a1t 5-c1oc ari le1d1a1 T1l1c m1ac T1l1e1n1.

Do 5l1u1l1r1 Aod1a Be1d1 ari l1c,
 a'r a1t 5a1r7e1d1c 5o d1l1c na 81a1z,
 5o n1a1n1c le1l1r1 a1t a1t,
 'na n1alb ari la1r1 T1l1c m1ac T1l1e1n1.

THE LAY OF MEARGACH OF THE SHARP SPEARS.

O. Not long were we left thus,
Though being not pleasant nor gladsome ;
'Till there approached [us] from afar,
A mighty hero of the sternest deeds.

He did not salute any one,
Neither did he do homage to Fionn or the Fians ;
But he enquired in a most haughty manner,
Where our protector and chief was.

Who art thou thyself, O valiant champion,
Saith Aodh Beag whose heart trembled not ;
Or what brought thee on this errand,
How far is thy journey when thou departest from us ?

I shall not give thee any information at all,
Remember, child, that thou art young ;
Knowledge of my secrets I will not give to man,
'Till I can see Fionn and talk to him.

I shall inform thee about Fionn,
O courteous hero of the smooth arms ;
Not far from thee is the place where he is
On the hill on which Tailc Mac Treoin fell.

Aodh Beag went in haste,
And the champion close behind him,
'Till he reached the field of slaughter,
Where Tailc Mac Treoin was slain.

O. Ահ տա՞ ծոնալլու ա՞ Ֆիոնն,
 ա՞ ծի՞ ա՞ գ տեա՞ ստ ս-ծալ,
 լի բազալ կոտ, ծո լալծ ա՞ Պիաօլ,
 սա՞ բա լի աօլիսն ծո Ֆիհա Շնիալլ.

Ահ տա Ֆիոնն, ծո լալծ ա՞ բալլ սալլա,
 մա՞ ր տա, ո՞ ս սի ծո ծեալի լաօց,
 ալլոյն ծո բանած զո լա ա՞ ելաէա,
 սա՞ տա ծո բալլալ Տալլ մա Շնելն.

Նի ծո եսած ոյ լամա ծո չսլտ,
 ա՞ բալլ ստ ս-ջալլոյնտեալ Տալլ մա Շնելն ;
 ծո ծոմ-ալլոյն բելս լոնլի անօլլ,
 ա՞ ր ծո յանալլ բլոր ըլա լեազ ա՞ լաօց.

Ֆիալլած ըլալծ ստ լան ոցլար ոցեալ,
 ոյ ծոմ-ալլոյն, ա Ֆիոնն մի Շնիալլ ;
 սյօլ ծեալլ ալ ոյ ծորի ալլոյն,
 ա՞ ր սյօլ լսածած լեօ մե չսլի ալ ց-ցւլ.

Ծո ցլսալլ Օրսու բա չսւ ա՞ չլոլի,
 ա՞ ր ծ' բալլալ ալ լեօնայ զա լոցած ;
 սոյն ծո եսած ծո լամա ա՞ ր ծո լան,
 սա՞ ոցօլոյնտեալ սոյն լո լիած ?

Նի ե-բոյլ ալ տալայ ստ ծ-լիոն-քօծ,
 ա ց-ցած ստ ց-ծոմիած զալի չկած ;
 լաօց ծա շնելու ա ոցսյօն զալլշե,
 ծո ծեալլ իւ ի-ալլոյն օրոյ լլամ.

Նի ենջլի տայ լիս, ալ Օրսու ալլ,
 սոյնա տիշեած իւ բալլիտ ծոյտ ծօ՞ն Ֆիանն,
 ա Ֆիհալլալ ստ լան ոցլար ոցեալ,
 զոլոյնբալ լո սոյն լո ի-աօծալի.

O. When the Fians and Fionn beheld
 These two approaching them ;
 I [greatly] fear, saith the Druid, [moured.
 That Mac Cumhaill will not be long so good-hu-

M. Art thou Fionn ? saith the mighty man,
 If thou art it becometh not a great hero,
 Ever to conceal his name ;
 Art not thou [the man] that subdued Tailc mac Treoin.

F. Tell [us] thine own name,
 And thou shalt be told clearly
 That it is not by the might of my hands fell
 The man whose name is Tailc mac Treoin.

Stern Meargach of the sharp tempered green blades,
 Is my name, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
 Arms reddened not on my body,
 And none could boast of my retreat.

Oscur goeth at the sound of the voice,
 And enquireth of the hero, without dread,
 Is it by the victory of thy hand and spear,
 That thou art never wounded.

M. There is not on earth of the heavy sward,
 In battle or conflict fierce and tough,
 A hero stout in feats of valour,
 That ever reddened me by his arms.

Thou shalt not be so, saith the noble Oscur,
 If thy visit to the Fians be not a friendly one,
 O Meargach of the green spears,
 Thou shalt be wounded to the very heart.

2h. A Ֆարշիծէ, ա Ֆ-լօ, լր ծեալի լաօ՛,
ած քլուտալ ո՛յ ծեահալու շար,
ծա մեծ ծօ ծօլէ ար նեալու նա Ե-Ֆիանն,
տուրբլի աշուր լած լում' լախ.

F. Ջիսա Ե-բոյլ աշած աշտ եւած ալլու,
շեազ նեալու շալու սոլլու, ա՛ր շոյօնի ;
ծօ եւլլու տալ ծեալի ծոյտ տօ լախ,
յօ ս-ջօլունքալ ւու շուր լալ ծօ շրօլծե.

2h. Խոյլ ծնլոն, ա Ֆիլս Շնիալլ շալու,
ծօ լոյլի տալ շեալլալ ծամ ար ծ-ւր ;
շա լելլ, ոս շյոնար ծօ շոյտ,
Տալս շուան ան նեյլու, 'րա շեալ լոն.

F. Ծօ շոյտ Տալս տաց Շուոլու մօլի, -
լե եւած նեալու լայնէ Օրշոյլ ալէ ;
ծօ շոյտ լե Տալս, ծօ'ն Ֆիանն ար ծ-ւնր,
լիօն ծելէ Ֆ-շեալալ շալծ.

2h. Նալ մօր ան նայու ծոյտրէ, ա Ֆիանն,
ծ-քուլալոյն ան լիշ-եան ծօբ' քեալի շալ,
ծօ շոյտ շամ եալ լելլ ան Ե-Ֆիանն,
ա տուրբլ լր եազ ծ-Ֆիաննալ Ֆալ.

F. Նի ոլլու նա առ ծօ'ն Ֆիելոն,
շոյտ ալշու ար ան եազ ծօ'ն տիաօլ ;
աշտ ան տայ ծօ շոնալու ծիշ ան տ-րլօլէ,
ան եազալ եալ ծօ շոյտ րի.

Ֆա'ր շոնիաց ատա սայտ, ար Ֆլոնն,
ա ս-էլլու տուրբլ Շալս 'րա միա ;
ծօ շեանձալ է ծօ ծոյտ ծօ'ն Ֆիանն,
ոս լուշ յօ րելոն լե բայլու.

M. O champion, whose appearance is that of a true hero,
 Thy words I but little regard ;
 Though great thy hope in the strength of the Fians,
 Thou and they, by my hand, shall fall.

F. If thou hast but the sway of thine arms,
 Mighty strength of body and action ;
 I give thee my hand in pledge,
 That thou shalt be wounded through thine heart.

M. Relate unto me, O son of mighty Cumhall,
 As thou didst promise at the commencement,
 By whom, or how did fall
 Tailc the strong and powerful and his bright love.

F. Tailc Mac Treoin the great fell,
 By the power of the strong arm of Oscur the noble ;
 There fell by Tailc, at first of the Fians,
 Full ten hundred of spotless men.

M. Was it not shameful to thee, O Fionn,
 To suffer the princess of the loftiest fame,
 To be put to death by the Fians ;
 Her death will bring havoc among the Fians of Fail.

F. Not I nor any of the Fenians
 Ordered the death of the woman,
 But when she beheld the loss of the host,
 Into the pangs of death she fell.

If it be battle thou requirest, saith Fionn,
 For the death of Tailc and his wife ;
 Thou shalt have it from one of the Fians,
 Or depart quietly with good will.

21). Þis zo b-kuil mo f'luailz a b-fozgar ðam,¹
 a'ri ðaoib a'ñ c'hoic éoif na t'ra'z'a ;
 n'j laifrad a 3-congna'm, a Fh'linn,
 a'ñ n'j f'agfrad a'ct d'if a'zai'b beo.

F. C'la h-lad an d'if r'li n'f'agfralji beo,
 a 2h'heal'zalz na f'lóz, ari Fionn ;
 ir ionzha l'om m'aj c'ui'z'ceaj leat,
 bar leo' neairt do' ðab'ailit d'ul'lin.

22). T'ui'z'ceaj l'om b'ur m-ba'f u'le,
 a'ct t'ura a'mh'aj a'ñ do' m'ac Aos ;
 n'j f'agfrad a'ñ choc ro zo b'ra'z'a,
 zo n'jocfrad bar Tha'jlc m'ic T'heol'n.

F. Na'ri leo'ri leat'ra a 2h'heal'zalz na lanu,
 d'if t'ari a'ceanu do' t'ui'z'li'm do'ñ Fh'elin ;
 a'ñ zo'ñ dea'f'z-ári do' ðab'ailit a'ri c'ac,
 a'ñ a'la'z'ac'f' fea'ri c'ajd do' t'ui'z' leir f'eli.

23). N'jor' leo'ri l'omra, a Fh'linn na b-Fh'linn,
 d'if na t'liu'ri a n'ðjol a'ba'f,
 da' m-ba'la'f' a'zad a'ñ o'li'e'ad e'le do'ñ b-Fh'elin
 t'ui'z'f'j'd zo le'li le' mo la'lin.

F. Na'c'ur' a n'ðo'j'c' ðu'it f'eli, ari Fionn,
 zo'ñ b-kuil'li'z l'om d'if na aon,
 a n'ell'li'c' ba'f' Tha'jlc 'ra m'na,
 do' t'ui'z'li'm le' ð' la'lin do'ñ Fh'elin.

24). Da' fea'bar b'ur la'na a'ñ b'ur n'z'n'j'om,
 a'ñ da' m'el'd b'ur l'om d'fe'ari'j'b' c'ajd,
 n'j r'z'an'f'rad l'ib zo la a'ñ b'ra'z'a,
 n'j ðjol na m-ba'f' do' ðe'a'b'ad u'ajb.

¹ In a copy in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy this stanza reads:—

“ C'la t'ajd mo f'luailz'te t'aoib' l'om,
 n'j laifrad a 3-congna'm r'ub, a Fh'linn ;
 n'j m'ian l'om b'f'ag'ba'j beo a'zai'b,
 a'ct d'if o' ð'ol'j' mo t'liom-clo'f'li'j.”

M. Although my hosts are nigh at hand,
 On the side of the hill beside the shore ;
 I shall not ask their aid, O Fionn,
 And I will only leave two of you alive.

F. Who are these two thou wilt leave alive,
 O Meargach of the hosts, saith Fionn ;
 I am astonished that thou shouldst think,
 By thy strength to put us to death.

M. I am determined to kill all,
 But thee only, and thy son Aodh ;
 I shall never leave this hill,
 'Till I repay the death of Tailc mac Treoin.

F. Is it not sufficient for thee, O Meargach of the blades,
 That two for his death should fall ;
 And not deal red slaughter to all the Fians,
 After all the brave men that fell by his hand.

M. They would not suffice, O Fionn of the Fians,
 Two nor three for his death ;
 If thou hadst as many more of the Fians
 They will all fall by my hand.

F. Do not imagine to thyself, saith Fionn,
 That I would suffer two or one
 For the death of Tailc and his wife,
 Of the Fians to fall by thy hand.

M. Though great thine arm and thy deeds,
 And though thick thy ranks of noble men,
 I shall not leave 'till judgment day,
 Or satisfaction for their death I shall have from you.

Although my hosts are nigh at hand,
 I shall not seek their aid, O Fionn ;
 I will only leave of you alive, but two,
 From the venom of my heavy sword.

O. A Pháetnaig! ní cseilfead mo linn,
Gúruí glac aibhrafainn Fionn a' r an Fhíann,
a'ct aitháin Orcuig na m-béimeann,
nári éigéid riomh aon neac híamh.

F. A Mhícheal Íazal ña níglar lann nízéar,
do náid Fionn, do gáibh glór,
do ghealbhair comhriac ad aonarain,
nó dul ad dail do'n Fhéinn go leóri.

20. Ma' r cibhe leatra, a Fhínn mhc Cúmháill,
míre do comhriac do mór fílaigh,
o feairi go feair, nód d'aon béal,
dúlta ní léiri duit d'fílaigh uair.

F. Ma éigeanu tu a' r do ériéan bualdean,
cum cacta linn leat ari leat,
o duithe go cead caisfeilidh an Fhíann,
laimh dílan do comháil leat.

21. Raċadra ahoir, a Fhínn mhc Cúmháill,
mari a b-fuill agam comhriac le fáighail,
d'fíor mo fílaigh, náic fada uair,
a' r bñ ruair go moe am dail.

F. Tabairi do fíolaithe leat lajéneac,
ari maldui mar malé leat, ari Fionn;
ní b-fuill cealz le h-umháit oir,
bílaðmaoirdhe ollamh fá'd éionn.

22. Bíð, ari mo éreacht, do náid eirean,
an laoc is calma ari an b-Féinn;
a u-álin 'ra n-éilde nómham cum cacta,
go b-failead a ghníom a' r a gléic.

O. O Patrick ! I shall not my secret conceal,
 That terror struck Fionn and the Fians,
 Save only Oscur of the blows,
 Who never trembled before any one.

F. O Meargach of the green sharp blades,
 Saith Fionn, in a menacing tone ;
 Thou shalt have single combat,
 Or more of the Fians shouldst thou require them.

M. If it be desirable to thee, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
 That I should fight thy great hosts,
 One by one, or by one great swoop,
 Thy request I cannot refuse.

F. If thou and thy mighty followers
 Come to fight us man for man,
 From one to a hundred of the Fenians shall
 Meet thee with a firm hand.

M. I shall now depart, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
 Since battle I am to have,
 To visit my hosts, which are not far from me,
 And be up early to meet me.

F. Bring thy hosts with thee here,
 In the morning if thou like, saith Fionn ;
 No treachery will be played upon thee,
 We shall be ready on thy arrival.

M. Have, on my arrival, saith he,
 The mightiest hero among the Fians ;
 In shield and armour ready to fight,
 That I may see his prowess in battle.

O. D'ymēið 2healizacē na lann vñclar,
vñori rtad lejjr zo rñajñiz a fñluaz;
do cñiñ Fionn tñonol ari an b-Félin,
a'r d'ynñir dñlb mëad a ñualjr.

Do μην' θεάστε γ-ατά¹ αὐτη τὴν δέοντα,
αὐτὸν γατέ μοιην αὐτονόμονα δυαγίλ;
εἴτε τις, αὐτοῦ τέ, λεμ' χωματίλε πένην,
τι γατίηδα αὐτονόμονα δυαγίλ.

Do labaļji aji d-tūr lejīr aji cēad cāt,
da nzoļiņi cāt ja laoč mļoū ūri;
d-fļaļiņi ž dīob do žut ūrāli,
aji d-tīoļi dībīr do žuāc 'ja cūr.

Ὥ' ἐπειαζησαὶ δ' αον̄ αοητα δ' Φήλονη,
ζο δ-τιοιδειδή ταὶ α ἀειην̄ ζο βρατ̄;
α δυδαλιτ̄ εατ̄ ηα δ-ταοιρεας̄ αημιλ̄,
αέτ̄ ζο λεαηραδαοιη̄ εατ̄ ηα ζ-εαδτα λαη̄.

Α συβαλλιτ εατ ηα β-ρεαρ μεδδ' ηας,
α γ-εατ ηα α γιλεο δα έμεινε γιλαδ;
ηαρ ηαγθαδηι ρειν α μιτ οαιτ,
α' τ ηα τηειζειδηιρ ζο ιηιατ αοη ζειη.

Ա ծւալլիտ շա Ե-քալի Ե-քօրած,
նայ էլլել ծօլի Յօ լա ան ելլի;
ա՞ր շա Մ-ին քալի մար ան Յ-ցեածին,
Յօ լեռի քածայի քելյ է մար էած.

O. Meargach of the green blades departed,
 And stopped not till he reached his hosts ;
 Fionn summoned the Fenians,
 And informed them of his danger.

He then divided them into seven battalions,
 And put each division in its own place ;
 Hearken, saith he, to my counsel,
 Not distant is danger from us.

He first addressed the front battalion, [fresh ;
 Who were named the battalion of heroes smooth and
 He enquired of them in a loud tone,
 Would they fight as usual in his cause ?

They all at once answered Fionn,
 That they for him would ever fight ;
 The battalion of the chieftains said likewise,
 That they would follow the battalion with most hands.

The battalion of the middle-sized men said,
 In battle or conflict however desperate,
 That they never deserted their noble king,
 And would never flinch one step.

The battalion of the middle-aged men said,
 They would not flinch till the day of death ;
 And the battalion of the stout men said also,
 That they would follow him like the rest.

lent terms for the above, it would throw some light upon the military history of the ancient Irish. In the Library of Trinity College, there is a Fenian tract, in which the names of all the generals and officers serving under Fionn is given ; and this, if published, would probably illustrate the above military distinctions. In the British army there are sappers and miners, pioneers, grenadiers, light infantry, sharp shooters, &c., which terms, perhaps, owe their origin to the various ranks in the army of Fionn Mac Chumhaill.

O. A dūbailit cat̄ na b-feeari beāz rōr,
a' r̄ an cat̄ na n-deoīd̄, na h-lamháilai;
go mhabadair̄ rēl̄ d̄il̄or̄ na n̄ḡn̄iom̄,
a' r̄ go leanfadaoir̄ ē m̄ar̄ c̄āc̄.¹

Do ḡoīl̄ Fionn c̄ul̄ze Orcuī,
m̄ar̄ feari tūl̄r̄ ari an d̄-cat̄ m̄ionhúr̄;
a' r̄ d̄-fiāfiaīl̄d̄ de an coimhias aoln̄f̄ir̄,
do M̄hean̄d̄a c̄eal̄f̄að ari d̄-tūr̄.

A dūbailit Orcuī go d̄-tluibhiað rēl̄,
coimhias do t̄aī c̄eann̄ na b-Fh̄ian̄;
a' r̄ m̄a' r̄ tuiḡt̄m̄ d̄am̄, a Fh̄inn̄, ari r̄e,
Ir̄ eaḡal̄ ḡuī baōḡal̄ d̄ib̄ am̄ d̄lāīd̄.

N̄i h-ainḡlað r̄in̄ ir̄ c̄oill̄, ari Fionn̄,
ba d̄ē d̄úl̄in̄ tu ḡuiḡt̄m̄ ḡlīd̄;
ir̄ tu ari d̄-t̄heoill̄, a' r̄ ari d̄-t̄liat̄,
ari d̄-t̄aca, ari m̄ian̄, a' r̄ ari n̄-d̄j̄on̄.

Ir̄ ionhann̄ dūl̄in̄ r̄in̄ n̄o r̄uð, a Fh̄inn̄,
ari Orcuī, na b̄i d̄a luas̄;
m̄a' r̄ tuiḡt̄m̄ d̄'aon̄ neac̄ do' n̄ Fh̄ēlin̄,
n̄i m̄āc̄að leij̄ r̄aoī fā b̄uað.

Do ḡoīl̄ Fionn̄ T̄oll ba c̄alma neairt̄,
a' r̄ ba c̄luas̄ ḡn̄iom̄ r̄leaz̄ a' r̄ cloiðl̄im̄;
a' r̄ d̄-fiāfiaīl̄d̄ a n̄-dean̄f̄að coimhias,
le M̄hean̄d̄a c̄om̄ do leat̄-taoib̄.

A Fh̄inn̄, ari T̄oll, go ḡar̄da ḡl̄c̄,
ir̄ Fionn̄ r̄in̄, n̄i ḡriðað leat̄ m̄e;
ba m̄ian̄ leat̄ me c̄uī a n̄ḡuaiḡ,
a' r̄ Orcuī o' n̄ m̄-buadhaīlt̄ do b̄ēc̄ r̄aoī.

¹ This line reads thus in the Royal Irish Academy's copy:—

“S̄ān̄ leiḡd̄ d̄íneac̄ go la' n̄ b̄aiḡ.”

In the direct path till the day of death.

O. The battalion of the small men said,
 And the battalion behind them, the rear guards,
 That they were faithful in their acts,
 And that they would follow him like the rest.

Fionn called Oscur to him,
 As commander of the battalion of brave heroes,
 And asked him if it was in single combat,
 He would encounter Meargach first.

Oscur saith, that he would himself,
 Give him battle in behalf of the Fians ;
 And if I fall, O Fionn, saith he,
 It is to be feared that you will be danger after me.

It must not be so, saith Fionn,
 We would suffer by thy fall ;
 Thou art our guide, our chief,
 Our prop, our path, and our protector.

'Tis all the same to us, O Fionn,
 Saith Oscur, do not magnify him ;
 If a single man of the Fenians fall,
 He shall not depart victorious.

Fionn sent for Goll, of powerful strength,
 Whose feats of sword and spear were great ;
 And inquired if he would fight
 The great Meargach in single combat.

O Fionn, saith Goll cunningly and wisely,
 'Tis true, thou lovest not me ;
 Thou wouldst wish to put me in danger,
 And Oscur from trouble to be safe.

by which the poet implies that the rear-guards would never desert their colors but fight to the very last.

F. Nári ȝeallair-re leð' ȝoþl ȝaor,
 ȝo ȝ-cuillifead tu ȝéin a ȝusair;
 ari mo ȝonra ȝaor ȝeall cað,
 ȝan ȝearfam ȝr ȝálliead uair!

5. Do ȝeallar, a ȝhinn, ȝo ȝíor,
 ȝo ȝeanfalin do ȝenjom ȝaor cað;
 ní ȝaðad ari ȝ-cúl ð'n ȝ-cað,
 m'a ȝabany ȝað ȝearf e do laim.

F. Do ȝoþl ȝionn ȝlamhaid ȝoþn,
 a' r ȝ-þiafriaiz ȝionn de ȝo ȝaoi;
 añ ȝ-tubhlað ȝomhias ȝaoi ȝíi,
 do ȝhealzad ȝiuaid ȝa ȝon ȝenjom.

Ní ȝaðad a ȝ-cólin-ȝlaid ȝo ȝiað,
 le ȝhealzad ȝa ȝylar ȝan;
 a ȝhinn, m'a' r ȝoltceann añ cað,
 ȝiað ȝomhias ȝa ȝearf añ.

ȝ-þiafriaiz ȝ-ȝhaolan do ȝuð arið,
 a ȝ-deanfrafad ȝomhias ȝa ȝionn;
 a ȝubhairit ȝe le ȝionn ȝa b-ȝian,
 oñit ȝioi ȝiað ȝa ȝ-tuigheann añ.

Do ȝaoilear-ȝra, ari ȝionn, añ ȝlað,
 ȝað añlað ȝiñ do ȝeallair ȝuñn,
 ȝað ari ȝeallar, ari ȝaolan,
 ȝe mo ȝae ní ȝaðad ari ȝ-cúl.

ȝ-þiafriaiz do ȝað ȝearf ȝioð
 añ ȝaðrafad ȝua ȝonhar lej;
 a ȝubhairit ȝað ȝon ȝo'ñ ȝað ȝionn ȝiñ,
 do ȝealimhaoið ȝuñtað ȝuñt.

F Hast not thou promised of thy own free will,
 That thou wouldest place thyself in jeopardy,
 On my account as each has promised ;
 Not to stand [to thy word] is shameful to thee !

G. I did promise, truly, O Fionn,
 That I would follow thy deeds like the rest,
 I shall not flinch from the battle,
 If every man take his part.

F. Fionn called forth Diarmuid Donn,
 And he enquired of him, mildly,
 If he would give single combat
 To stern Meargach of the powerful deeds.

I shall never engage in single conflict,
 With Meargach of the green blades ;
 O Fionn, if the battle be general,
 I shall be as good as any there.

He asked Faolan in a loud voice,
 If he would fight for him ;
 He said to Fionn of the Fians,
 Thou wouldest not be sorry if I fell there.

I imagined, saith Fionn, the chieftain,
 That it was not thus you promised me ;
 All that I promised, saith Faolan,
 During my days I shall fulfil.

He asketh of every man of them,
 If they would singly go with him ;
 Each one of the battalion of the smooth armed men
 We refuse thee. [said,

O. D'fiafrilajz tari an 3-céadha an rialb,
 a 3-cáit na d-taoifreach feair láimh-teanáin ;
 do bhealraíod bualaod láim ari láim,
 do Bhealraíod dáná na nglar láinn.

A dhubhadaí uile béal ari béal,
 na c' rialb feair do láimhfaid ríin do luas ;
 a'ct 3o riacfadaoir le céille,
 a 3-cáit da ériéine tliom-rluaiz.

Do labairi leó d'cait 3o cait,
 a'f ní b-fuaili neac' do'n ionnlain ;
 dul do cormhac Bhealraíod na láinn,
 gur éuit an cinn ari na h-iarainnáin.

Do labairi le taoifreach na n-iarainnáin
 a'f níor loc feair iarrma d'ni nglac ;
 a dúbhaillit gáit aon dhoibh 3o deirre,
 3o leanfadaoir eile Caoln-íat.

Do éad Fionn agur Orcuiri ait,
 uailí 3áillí d'fáid a3 tuiðear ;
 na n-iarainnáin do 3ábaill an caite,
 a'f na reacit d-tliéan caita díultaitz Fhionn.

Do éuadhaillí uile éum rualain,
 a'f níor fáim rualinnear dúninn 3o la ;
 d'éirí 3iomair 3o moé ari maoilin,
 a'f níor b-fada 3o b-facamair an tain.

Do 3lac Caoln-íat éide a'f airm,
 a'f do buail béal 3ácta 3o teanáin ;
 tainz Bhealraíod na láinn nglar
 a'f a rliuaiz 3o phiar ari an in-ball.

O. He likewise enquired if there was [arm,
 Among the battalion of the chieftains, a man of mighty
 Who would give battle hand to hand,
 To fierce Meargach of the green blades.

They all said with one accord, [speak,
 That there was not one who would thus presume to
 But that they all would go in a body,
 In battle, however desperate, of mighty hosts.

He spoke to them from battalion to battalion,
 And he found none of the whole
 That would go fight Meargach of the swords,
 Till the lot fell on the rear guard.

He addressed the chief of the rear guards [who said],
 We never shrank from the fight ;
 They all said from first to last,
 That they would follow Caoin Liath.*

Oscur the noble, and Fionn,
 Raised a loud shout of applause ;
 Boasting that the rear guard engaged in the battle,
 After the seven great battalions had refused Fionn.

We all went to rest,
 And our repose till dawn was not delightful ;
 We arose early in the morn,
 And 'twas not long till we saw a host,

Caoin Liath took his armour and shield,
 And fiercely struck the battle-blow ;
 Meargach of the blue spears came
 With his host immediately to the spot.

* *i. e.* the gentle grey old man.

O. Φιαριαζεαρ Θεαριζαć ηα λαηη ηζλαř,
do Θιհաւ Ընդալլ le τրեայ ջոլին յլօր;
ար ե'ր լու այ լաօć տաջարիւ,
do ել ա ո-ելծ սաւա ար ա շօնդալլ?

F. Ոյ հ-ե յո ծելիլ, ար Ֆյոռ տա՛ Ընդալլ,
աշտ Ծաօլու-լաշ տիլած ոա ո-լարսարան;
ոյօր շալիւ լե հ-աօս ոեաć ելե ծօ՛ Ֆիլան,
տւ շօնդաւ աշտ ե ած տ-աօսարան.

20. Ըլլիքածրա, ա Ֆիլան, ոա շօնդալլ լլսծ,
քեալ ելե ծա տարախուլ քելի?
տիզօր լու շելե ելու ար ելու,
ար Թեարιզաć տրեայ ոա լաηη ոյզեար.

Ծօ յօլի Թեարιզաć քեալ լելր քելի
ծ' ար ե' ալոյլ յնալէ Պոռ Պորւալի;
ծ' լուրալէ այ ծիր ա շելե ասո լլու,
յո շամա յլւ ար Շիու-այ-ձլի.

Յա կյոնիւ, քեարιզաć, բյօշտալի,
ծօ ել Պոռ Պորւալի ա'ր Ծաօլու-լատ;
աշ յօլու ա'ր աշ շիւաշտնչած ա շելե,
յան սեաշտար աշ յելե ար աօս տաօ.

Ծօ ել ար Ֆիլան ար շաօս այ շնոյւ,
աշ ամարիւ ար շնուտ ոա լաօć;
ա'ր Թեարιզաć, ա'ր ա յլսաշ տեան,
աշ քելշեամ լե սեան Շաօլու-լելէ.

Ծօ լանդա Ծոնան յո Յօլիւ տրեան,
յե՛լ ե-քած լլալ ե օ'ն ոյզլելի;
տարալծ ծօ լան յո ծ-լուլծ լետ Պոռ,
ա Շաօլու-լատ շիւալծ ոա լան, ար քե.

O. Meargach of the green blades enquireth
 Of Mac Cumhall in a fierce voice,
 If he were the conceited hero,
 Who was in armour in his presence.

Not I, indeed, saith Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
 But Caoin Liath, the chief of the rear guard,
 No other man of the Fenians but he dare venture
 To fight thee singly.

I'll send, O Fionn, to meet him,
 Another hero like himself ;
 Let them meet face to face,
 Saith fierce Meargach of the sharp blades.

Meargach called forth one of his own men,
 Whose name was Donn Dorcain ;
 Then the two attacked each other,
 Dexterous and stoutly on Cnoc-an-air.

Fierce, angry, and vengeful,
 Were Donn Dorcain and Caoin Liath,
 Wounding and cleaving each other,
 Without giving way at either side.

The Fians were on the side of the hill,
 Beholding the appearance of the heroes ;
 Meargach and his mighty host
 Awaiting the head of Caoin Liath.

Conan spoke haughtily and fiercely,
 Though far back from the battle he stood ;
 Haste thy hand till thou conquer Donn,
 O Caoin Liath, the hardy, of the swords, saith he.

O. Φο δή αη δήρ ηαρι έλαιε ζίλαδ,
αζ ζεαριαδ ζο h-άηι εορρ α'ρ ball;
ο φορζαλ ζηέηηε ζο ηεοηι δόλβ,
ζηηι έηητ Φοηη Φοηιαλη ζαη έεαηη.

Τόζβαμαοιδη εη Φηληη οράηιδ,
ζάηηι ηαοιδηε τηε ηαη έαζ
Φοηη Φοηιαλη Ζηηεαρζαλζ ηα ηαηη,
εηα έληηζ έηζαηη Σαοηη-ηαζ ηαοη.

Α δυδαηιτ Φηοηη αηη ηηη le Σοηη,
ο έληηαλζ βα έηηεαη δο ζιλοη;
ηέαε ηηοηη ηεαηι δο ηαη,
αδ τ-ηαηηι le ηεαη δο'η τ-ηιλοζ.

Νή ηέαεζηαδ ηεαηι δο ηαη ηα ηο ζηηοη,
le h-ηαη ηεαε δηοη ζο ηηαζ;
δα η-ηαδ τηητηη δαη ηηη ζ-ηαε,
ηο έηηηαδ¹ ηηοη ζ-ηαδα οηηηα Φηηη.

Αη τηη έηηηηη Ζηηεαρζαε ηα ηαηη,
ζο δ-ηηζ Σαοηη-ηαζ Φοηη ηο ηαη;
δο ζιλεαη α ηοηη εηηε-ηηηηη, ζηηη,
α η-ηηδε ηαηα ηαδηα α'ρ ηαη.

Φο ζηηηαιη ζο ηηηηη δο ηαηηη Φηηη,
α'ρ α δυδαηιτ leηη δο ηοηη ζιλοη τεαηη,
ε ηεηη δο ζιλεαη α η-ηηδε ηαηα,
ηο 'η ηαηη δο ηηηηη ηηη έ ηηηηη αηη.

¹ Ηο έηηηηη, literally *my grief*. Conan knew very well that the Fenians would not regret his death, but on the contrary that they would regard it a boon to be relieved from one upon whom they looked as their stultified vilifier and defamer. In the romantic tale called the θηηηηη Σηηηηηηη, or the Mansion of the Quicken Tree, it is related that Conan and the Fenians entered the Mansion, which they found most sumptuously supplied with all the delicacies peculiar to such a place; and after regaling themselves most comfortably, wondered why they saw no

O. The twain, who were not feeble in battle,
 Were freely cleaving bodies and limbs,
 From the rising of the sun till evening,
 Till Donn Dorcain fell a headless corpse.

We, the Fenians, raised aloud,
 A cheer of exultation for the death
 Of Meargach's hero, Donn Dorcan,
 Though Caoin Liath came to us feebly.

Fionn then said to Conan,
 Awhile ago thy talk was fierce ;
 Try now the strength of thy hand
 In single combat with one of the host.

I shall not try the valor of my hands or deeds
 With any one of them for ever ;
 If I fell in the battle,
 Lament for me would not be long on thee, O Fionn.

When Meargach of the blades beheld
 That Caoin Liath laid Donn low ;
 He armed his well-proportioned elegant body,
 In battle armour for conflict and death.

He went quickly into the presence of Fionn,
 And said to him in a fierce bold voice,
 To gird himself in battle armour,
 Or to send his bravest hero there.

servants or attendants whatever in the place, but saw that the various splendours, and even the doors were vanishing, until it was finally reduced to a mere bōc, or hut, save one entrance only. One of the Fenian chiefs from this circumstance suspected it to be a place of treachery, and exhorted the Fenians to leave as fast as they could ; but Conan, who remained behind to do more justice to the viands with which the tables were so abundantly supplied, was at length by some spell or other, fastened to the floor where he would have remained had not some of the Fenians

taken compassion on him, returned and pulled him with all their might and succeeded, but not without leaving the most part of the skin of his back stuck to the floor. It is traditionally recorded by the peasantry

O. Fionn replied in a fierce tone, [fallen ?
 And said, art thou not content with all that have
 Meargach answered, and with truth,
 That it was not sufficient for the death of Tailc !

Fionn called Bunanan the melodious,
 And he came without delay in full speed ;
 Great is the affront, saith Meargach,
 To talk of such a man to us.

M. I shall muster all my mighty hosts,
 Saith Meargach angrily, to Fionn ;
 I shall let the heroes loose on each other,
 Of thy Fenian reserves do not speak to me.

O. Not long was it until we beheld approaching
 Exasperated Oscur of the stern blows,
 His polished blade in his right hand he bore,
 O Patrick! sad is the loss of the man of whom I speak.

P. Relate to us, O pleasant Oisin,
 How fared the battle with the two ;
 Or was it with Meargach of the green blades,
 Thy son fell, the heroic Oscur.

O. I tell thee, O Patrick, at first,
 That I regret being as I am,
 After Oscur and the Fenians,
 Among the clerics without much bread.

P. O poor wretch ! it is much to be regretted, [beginning ;
 That it was not among the clerics thou wert from the
 Thou wouldest not now be speaking foolishly,
 And thou wouldest modestly follow the king of the
 elements.

that his comrades ran to a flock of sheep which they saw grazing in a field, skinned a huge black ewe, and fastened the skin tightly to Conan's back, by which mark he was known ever after.

O. Τημαζ̄ ցան տալրէ Շաշած քելս,
աշար ցո քիօր ծաղ ծո ձլար;
ու հ-աբալի կոմ ցո լեռքալին Ուա,
ա՛ր ցո ծ-ուրելցին դիլաւ ու Ե-Ֆլան.

P. Նա ելծ ծա բայց քամ, ա Ուրլու ուլու Ֆիլս,
սոյլ ծնլոյ օլիօց ար ծաւ ծոյօց այ ձլր,
ծո Ելան Ֆիլս ուրեան ցո լեօր,
այօլր լր ծօլի ցո բայն-լաշ ւլալէ.

O. Ա Բհատիալ! մա՛ր է Ուա ու Ելար,
տաշ այ տարշ րլու ար այ Ե-Ֆելս;
ու սոյլ սալծ ծ լո բար,
աօն ոյծ լուալծիծ լետ լու լուա.

Ալժիլր ծամ այօլր ա Բհատիալ,
այ է այ Ուա յուածիար րլու ա ծնելիլտ;
ցո լուշ քելս եւած ար այ Ե-Ֆելս,
ա՛ր լուլ Ե՛ լիւեան բար¹ ա յ-ըլուլ.

P. Խոյլրլու ծայտ, ա՛ր ոյ ելեաշ,
լուր ծեալիւյշ եալ Ուե ծնլոյ;
այ ծոյեամ ուած ո-ծեանքալծ ա լուլ,
լիւեան ծաօլ լուլ Ե՛ ա ո-ծնոյ!

O. Ոյ ծեալիած այ Ֆիլս ա լուլ լուամ,
ու սոյլօրլ Ուա ու բաօն չլոյլ;
լոյլր ծամ մա՛ր է լուշ եւած,
և Ե-բալլի լուալչտե ա յ-սումար ծօլի.

P. Ու է Ուա լուշ եւած ար այ Ե-Ֆելս,
ա՛ր ոյօր լարլ ծա ծեանայ սաւ ու լոջ;
աւտ ա շոյշանի քելս թա շոյշաւտա դիլաւ,
լր լր լուշլուծ ուած բլար ա չլոյլ.

¹ Բար, *cold*. The poet seems to have been acquainted with the opinion of some of the schoolmen, that the damned pass from one extremity of

O. Misery without redress attend thyself,
 And truly thy clerics
 Do not say to me that I would follow God,
 And that I would forsake the chief of the Fians.

P. Do not be arguing, O Oisin son of Fionn,
 Tell us how the battle of Cnoc-an-air ended ;
 The Fians were mighty enough,
 But now they are weak and feeble.

O. O Patrick ! if it be the God of grace
 Who spread that report about the Fians,
 Do not believe from him henceforth
 Anything he tells thee during thy days.

Relate to me now, O Patrick,
 If it be that God of love who said,
 That he himself conquered the Fians,
 And that *cold* hell is their habitation.

P. I tell thee, and 'tis no falsehood,
 God's own mouth hath declared to us,
 That those who will not follow his counsel
 A hell of pains will be their dungeon !

O. The Fenians never followed his counsels,
 Believe not thou God of the feigned speech,
 Tell me if it were H \bar{E} that obtained victory
 Where he found hosts their match.

P. It is God who obtained victory over the Fians,
 And did not ask the aid of battalions or hosts,
 But his own strength and timely power,
 And truly his speech is not feigned.

suffering to another, in the next life—from the most intense flames of fire, to the most intolerable degree of cold.

O. **Na** cneidh n̄sð ari b̄t̄ d̄a l̄uaðanu,
 m̄a dejri zo juað buað ari aŋ b-Feiñu ;
 zan̄ r̄luaz̄ na t̄olri na ðaſl̄,
 na zeall zo b̄rat̄ aðt̄ e feiñ.

P. **J**r̄ e Ðia feiñ aŋ ule r̄lðð ;
 jr̄ e Ðia t̄olri a' r̄ neaſit̄ ðað ;
 jr̄ e Ðia juað buað ari aŋ b-Feiñu,
 a' r̄ n̄i le neaſit̄ laoð na t̄olri ðan̄.

O. **A**ñoſiſ ſaoi b̄l̄ið do leaðaſi b̄aſi,
 a' r̄ do b̄aðaſi ll̄e t̄a le na aſi,
 ſaoi r̄lauñrañ do éloð ðlðri aðd̄,
 aŋ b-ruſi b̄r̄eaz̄ ion̄a na l̄aſteari leat̄ ?

P. **A** Oiſiſ cneidh ual̄t̄ zo ſiſi,
 ðað ſiſotal d̄a n̄-l̄uñriñ duiſt̄ ari Ðia ;
 zo b-ruſiſið zan̄ ðeſið, zan̄ b̄r̄eis̄,
 a' r̄ zan̄ b' e feiñ do ſeðiſ d̄uñuñ lað.

O. **Z**að ſiſotal d̄' ari aſt̄iſiſ ſuſt̄,
 n̄i m̄o mo ðeſiſt̄, aðt̄ aðháſi ;
 ual̄i a dejri leat̄ zan̄ ab ual̄d̄ feiñ,
 juað buað ari aŋ b-Feiñu aŋ aon̄aſiñ.

P. **D**o juað buað ari a ð-taſiñð ſóř,
 ði ðúř aŋ doðaſi n̄oðiſ zo ſiſi ;
 a' r̄ b̄eapraſ ari a ð-tiſocra na n̄-ðiaſið,
 d̄a ðiſel̄ne lað zo dejriſ aŋ t̄-raſoſiſ.

O. **Na** cneidh ſocal d̄a n̄-d̄uðaſiſ ſiſi,
 na ſóř d̄a n̄-deapraſiſ le na ſiſe ;
 ði ſuſat̄ lejri b̄eſt̄ d̄a l̄uað,
 ſuſi b' e juað buað ari aŋ b-Feiñu.

O. Believe nothing that he saith,
 If he say that he obtained sway over the Fians,
 Without hosts—without help at hand,
 Or pledge at all but himself.

P. God himself is all hosts [all powerful],
 God is the might and pursuer of all,
 'Tis God who obtained sway over the Fians
 And not by the strength of heroes or pursuit of hosts.

O. Now, on the virtue of thy white book,
 And thy crozier which lies at its side,
 Under the chiming of thy high-sounding bells,
 Dost thou lie in what thou sayest?

P. O Oisin, believe me truly,
 Every word that I relate to thee of God ;
 Is without guile or falsehood,
 And 'twas himself who taught them to us.

O. Each word that I have related to thee,
 My query is not much, but only,
 Whether he tell thee that it was by himself alone
 He obtained sway over the Fians.

P. He obtained sway over all that have been
 From the beginning of the world surely,
 And he will, over all that will come after,
 Though great their might, till the world's end.

O. Believe not a word he hath ever uttered,
 Nor yet what he may say during his day,
 As he is constantly proclaiming
 That 'twas he who gained victory over the Fians.

P. Իր ծեալի լեալր Յօ ո՞քալր առ Ֆիլան, ո՞ւ ծ-տալով լլան ա՞ր ա ծ-լուրալծ քօր; Իր ծեալի կոմր Յօ ո՞քալր Ուա, ո՞ւ տալր ազար լած, ա քանջոլր!

O. Իր օրինալ ուսէ Ե-քածա ւս Ֆիլան, ո՞ւ ծ-լոյնօլ լլած ա ո-առ լլեօ; Ոյօր օրինալ ու բանքան բրամ, ո՞ւ ու օլով այ օրտալր, ա լ-քեօլ.

Ոյօր օրինալ լե Ուա, ա Բհատրալց, ա իւաձ ոծուծալաւ, ծլրծեալց, բնծ; Ոյ շաւալած տարծ եաշտած լլան, աշտ ա լ-սպալլուր րադ էլիար ծա էլւա.

P. Ոյօր ալէլլիր ոյրե ո՞ւ առ էլիար, օ էնր ծոյտ տիւան ա տալէ շնյօն; տալէ ծօ-էլիօշնալցէ, ա տալէ, ա Օլրին, լր եած Յօ բիօր.

O. Ոյ շելլլուր, ա Բհատրալց, ծօ Ուա, ո՞ւ քօր ծօծ Ելլատր լր լեան լլոր; Հար տալէ է քելու ո՞ւ ա շնյօն, օր ծոյն է ծօ Ելօր շան սաւ, շան րլօշ.

P. Ոյ լարան տօլլի սաւա ո՞ւ րլօշ, ա Օլրին Յօ ծեօ ո՞ւ ծալ; աշտ յոլունեալ սօշիան ծօ լելլի տալլուր, ա՞ր ոյ Ե-քաջան ոյլլեած օ ո՞ւ սամալծ.

Ծոյլծ սալու քօր ա՞ր շելլ Յօ բիօր, ա Օլրին եծոյշ ուսէ ոյլլածան Ուա; ա՞ր տա՞ր տալէ ոս օլց լեան է, լր է ծօլլի լելլուր ո՞ւ Ե-Ֆիլան.

P. Thou imaginest that the Fians were mightier
 Than all who ever came and will come hereafter,
 But I believe that God is stronger
 Than thou and they, O old man !

O. 'Tis likely thou hast not seen the Fians
 Mustered for battle in time of war ;
 Not like the humming of the psalms,
 Or the clangor of bells, was their music.

Not like unto God, O Patrick,
 Were his [Fionn's] proud illustrious hosts,
 I never heard of any great feat [by him, *i.e.* God,]
 But what thou and the clerics spread of his fame.

P. The clerics or I have not told thee
 One-third of his good deeds since the beginning,
 Goodness without end is his goodness,
 O Oisin, it is truly.

O. I do not submit, O Patrick, to God,
 Nor yet to thy words which are foolish,
 That either he himself or his actions were great,
 As he was a man without battalion or hosts.

P. He asketh not for the pursuit of battalions or hosts
 For ever, Oisin, in his presence,
 But distributes equally according to merit,
 And he never gets a hurt from his foe.

Believe me still and truly submit,
 O silly Oisin who lovest not God,
 And whether it seems good or ill to thee,
 'Twas he who checked the career of the Fians.

O. Do ेବାଲି ବିନ୍ଦୁରୁ, ନି ହେ ଦ୍ଵାରା,
ଯିବୁ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ନା ବ୍ୟାକିନ୍ତି, ନା ଏ ମହାର;
ଏହି ଦା ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶିତ୍ରାଳ୍ ଚେତି ନା କୋତିମ ନିମାନ,
ଦୋ ଯୋଗିନ୍ଦ୍ରୀରେ ଦୋ ଫିଲ୍ ଏହି ତାମାନ.

P. କୋତିମରେ ଲେତ ଅମାନ ଏହି ଦୋଚ,
ଦୋ କାଳେ କାଳେ ଦା ବ୍ୟାକିନ୍ତି ଏ କ୍ଲାରି;
ତୁମ୍ଭେଲେ ଲାଗି କାହିଁ ନାହିଁ ଦୁଇ,
ମାରିଲା ଏହି କାହିଁ ଦୋ କୋତିମରେ ଦୋ ଦ୍ଵାରା.

O. କୁହା ଜେବିଲିରେ ଅମାନ ଏହି ଦୋଚ,
ଏହି ରୁକ୍ଷ କାହିଁ କୋତିମରେ ନା କ୍ଲାରି;
ଏ ପହାତିଲେ ! ନି ମୋରାମ ଏହି ଲାଗି ଏହି,
ଦୋ ଦ୍ଵାରା ଦୋ ବ୍ୟାକିନ୍ତି ଏ ନିମାନ.

P. କୋତିମର ଦୋ ଫେରିଲି ଦୋ ଲେତ ନିମାନ,
ଏ ତାହ ଜେବିଲି ବୀଳ ମାରି କାଳେ;
ନି କୋତିମର କାହିଁ ଲେତ-କୁମାଳ ରିହ,
ଏ ଓରିନ, ଏ ଯୋଗି ଦୋ କ୍ଲାରି !

O. ଏ ପହାତିଲେ ! ନି କୋତିମର ଦୋ ଦ୍ଵାରା,
ତରା, ନା 'ନ କ୍ଲାରି ନାହିଁ କାହିଁ;
ମାରି ଏ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶିତ୍ରାଳ୍ ଜେବିଲାଲ ବୀଳ,
କାହିଁ ଅବ ଯୋଗି ଏ ନିମାନ ରା ଯୋଗି.

P. ଏ ଓରିନ ନା କାହିଁ ଏ ରାତ ନି ବୁଝ ମୋ
ଏ ବ୍ୟାକିନ୍ତିର ଦାନ୍ତିରୁ କୋତିମର ନା କ୍ଲାରି;
ଲେତ-କୁମାଳ ନି ଦେଶିତ୍ରାଳ୍ ନିମାନ,
'ର ଏ କୋତିମର ଏ ନାହିଁ ନା ବ୍ୟାକିନ୍ତି.

O. ଓରି ଏହି ଏହି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ,
ଦୋ କୋତିମର ଏ ନାହିଁ ଦୋ କ୍ଲାରି;
ଏହି ନା ନାହିଁ କୋତିମର ରାତ ନା ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ,
ନିରି ନିରି କୋତିମର ରିହ ଲେ ରିଲୁବୁ ନା ବ୍ୟାକିନ୍ତି.

O. Thou hast told a falsehood, 'twas not God [death,
 That obtained sway over the Fians, or caused their
 And if he ever acted justly or evenly,
 He would generously share the bread.

P. Bread and drink is shared with thee,
 Of each meal the clerics get ;
 I perceive it is shameful to thee
 Abuse and scandal to give to God.

O. If I get food and drink,
 And a willing share among the clerics ;
 O Patrick ! I cannot think on any account
 That thy God seeth my share.

P. How is it that thou couldst get but half diet,
 Whilst thou gettest food like the rest ;
 It is not likely that it is injustice
 O Oisin, how constant is thy clamour !

O. O Patrick, I would not believe thy God,
 Thou, nor the clerics, who are not mild,
 If it be together [*i. e.* at one table] we are fed
 That the portion each gets is alike.

P. O Oisin talk no more, [clerics ;
 Of all the hardships thou hast undergone among the
 Injustice they never did, [of the Fians.
 And their worst acts are better than the best deeds

O. Ills and loud contention
 Mayest fall among thy clerics ;
 And may thou not escape their venom,
 For ye are not like the Fenian hosts.

P. Jf olc l̄om a f̄ealn̄ol̄i l̄eit̄,
 n̄a c̄ ion̄imh̄i leat cl̄eit̄ n̄a Ól̄a;
 t̄loct̄f̄a l̄d̄ t̄raj̄t̄ 'n̄a ri d̄jt̄ leat ē,
 go dojl̄b a n̄-d̄aoit̄ z̄l̄ar̄ n̄a b-riamh̄,

O. Jf leóit̄ l̄om do d̄aoit̄ z̄l̄ar̄ riamh̄,
 beit̄ ameal̄t̄ n̄a z̄-cl̄iar̄ t̄ar̄ t̄aum̄;
 āz̄ f̄eileamh̄ ari z̄l̄ar̄aib̄ Ól̄e,
 do n̄ol̄n̄nead̄ go caol āi t̄-ar̄an̄.

N̄i corimh̄il̄ r̄ib̄ n̄a b̄n̄i n̄-Ól̄a,
 le F̄ionn āz̄ t̄ar̄ ā'r̄ āz̄ n̄ol̄n̄ ariamh̄,
 n̄j̄oim̄ t̄uim̄neamh̄i leit̄ r̄iua d̄z̄ n̄a b-riamh̄,
 ā'r̄ ā d̄-t̄iz̄eas̄ n̄a c̄ad̄ n̄a d̄aib̄.

N̄i t̄ar̄ r̄i n̄ duit̄re ā'r̄ d̄od̄ cl̄eit̄,
 n̄a d̄'a b̄n̄i r̄aoit̄-f̄l̄at̄ Jf t̄od̄ri caib̄;
 Jf t̄od̄ri l̄ib̄ t̄riua d̄z̄an̄² bocht̄, ḡan̄ t̄ar̄,
 āi b̄n̄i meal̄t̄ ā c̄um̄pla c̄t̄ āi z̄ol̄aib̄.³

P. Dob' ion̄imh̄i l̄inne ā'r̄ le Ól̄a,
 ā f̄ealn̄ol̄i l̄ia c̄t̄ tu beit̄ d̄'aib̄ n̄eill̄;
 n̄a beit̄ r̄aoib̄-riamh̄d̄teac̄ l̄oict̄a,
 t̄ar̄ Jf ḡn̄a c̄t̄ tur̄a, a Oisín n̄baol̄t̄ !

O. A Ph̄at̄riamh̄ ! do d̄ealn̄f̄a l̄i n̄ do n̄eill̄,
 ā'r̄ dob' ion̄imh̄i l̄om̄ f̄eij̄ do Ól̄a;
 āc̄t̄ ḡuim̄ t̄uim̄c̄ l̄om̄ do l̄ua d̄aib̄,
 go muib̄ buaib̄ ari F̄ionn n̄a b-riamh̄.

¹ *Shuimheas̄, a burthen, a family.* Here Oisin indicates that Fionn would not close his doors or refuse food to any that visited him, no matter how numerous they came.

² *T̄riua d̄z̄an̄.* This word signifies a person in the most abject state of poverty and want.

P. It is grievous to me O hoary old man,
 That thou lovest not the clerics and God ;
 A time will come when thou shalt regret it
 Sorrowful in the bonds of pain.

O. It is enough for me of cruel bonds of pain
 To be with the clerics as I am,
 Awaiting the grace of God,
 Who slenderly shares with me the bread.

Not like are ye or your God,
 To Fionn sharing and giving bread,
 He would feel no burthen in the Fenian hosts,
 Or in all who came in his presence besides them.

Not so with thee and thy clerics,
 Or thy chief though great his fame ;
 Ye grudge a poor feeble wretch
 To dwell among you, O crying horde.

P. We and God would rejoice
 O hoary old man, that thou wert of our way,
 Nor to be vainly garrulous and tedious
 As thou always art, O silly Oisin !

O. O Patrick ! I would do as thou desirest,
 And 'tis I that would love thy God,
 But only that thou too often proclaimest [Fians.
 That 'twas he who obtained sway over Fionn of the

⁸ Ʒolán signifies one that is constantly crying or growling. The poet uses the expression here in reference to the singing of psalms and hymns by St. Patrick and his choir; for while he himself was obliged to fast, the singing of psalms was not very much to his taste; and, therefore, taunted the saint on every possible occasion.

p. Βεληναέτ λε εαταλβ ηα ხ-ჭაνη,
ხα ტηეალმარ լაծ ა'რ ხა მალ ა ვ-ცაլ;
ალელ ბული ანირ გან ხეიო,
ცა լავ ხუაძ ალ ტიო !

O. ცა გურ მუან ხომ ა ბ-ტრაცე რუბ,
ა ხელ ალ რუბალ ლ იორად ჩაქრი :
ლალქად ბულ, თა ჭელელ ულა,
ალ ტიო ბულ ტიო !

დ' იორაჯ მეალჯაც უა ლან უვლარ,
ა'რ ირცუ, ვი თეან, ა ვ-ციმ-ჭლელ ;
ა რატრაჯ ! ბა ხ-ფელცეა ან ძერ,
უ მოლქად გუჯომ აი მუ დე !

დო ხალულ ასე ან ჭანე,
ა ვ-ცეალაბ ბუა რა ხეიო ვი ტლაც ;
ლ ხ-ეაჯალ გურ ტულელ ბ'ალ ლაი,
ლ მეალჯაც ტრეა უა ვ-ცეად ლამ.

დო ხე რუაჯ მეალჯაჯ უა უვლარ ლან,
ვან ციობე, ვან ვეან, ა ვ რე დეორ ;
დ' ეაჯალ მარხაძ ა ვ-ცეან ტულაც,
ლ ხ-ირცუ ბუა უა ლან უვეარ.

ა რატრაჯ ! ბა მ-ხელცეად ა ვ წეაცალი,
ალ ვაც ულ ცულ-ჭელ ცეალ ;
ბა უალ ალ ტიო ბუალ ლაი,
დია უა ' უ ცლელ უ ხელცეა ლაი.

p. ა ირი ! რვაი ტიო ვი რილ,
დო ხელაცრა ხაი ა'რ ლეა ბიძ' ტრაც ;
უ ულ ბული ცა ' კო ბი' ძერ,
დო ხუალ ან გუჯომ ალ ტიო ან ალ !

P. Peace be with the battalions of the Fians,
 They were mighty and their fame was great;
 Relate to us now without grief,
 Who gained the victory at Cnoc-an-air?

O. Though it would be my desire to talk of them,
 And to relate it with much pleasure,
 I shall tell thee if I am served [with food],
 Of the fierce conflict at Cnoc-an-air!

Meargach of the green blades,
 And Oscur, engaged fiercely in single combat,
 O Patrick ! hadst thou seen the two
 Thou wouldst not praise the actions of God's only son.

We, the Fenians, all were
 Trembling intensely, and in heavy grief,
 Apprehensive our hero would fall
 By the mighty Meargach of the stern arms.

The hosts of Meargach of the green blades
 Were spiritless and joyless, shedding tears,
 Fearing for the fall of their head and chief
 By Oscur of the severe arm and sharp blades.

O Patrick ! wert thou a spectator
 Of all the traces of the sharp swords
 Which were on the bodies of the stern warriors,
 Thou wouldst not mention God or the clerics.

P. O Oisin ! leave off a while
 Thy silly words, and pursue the tale ;
 Tell us which of the twain,
 Was victorious in the action at Cnoc-an-air.

O. A ڻhеаlizаlж! аи Оrcuри ծrаliд,
 do ծeаliж mo lаnн aи do ծoрр;
 do ڙeаliraš lhom ծ'feoіl ڙo cnam,
 a' r тa lаliznôs aи bаlг aз teacт oрt!

20. Nl h-eaзal lhom bar oо' lаlн,
 nа cuлi a ڙ-сaг me, Оrcuли ڇeіl;
 ir deaљb lhom do ڇaltlп lин,
 a' r a mаjneanu ծjoб doo' ڙluaз ڇeіl.

O. Ir deaљb lhom a ڻhеаlizаlж ेluaлs,
 nаc ڙaда uaјt ڙoиn aи bаlг,
 a' r ڙo ծ-tuіtfelli-ri a' r do ڇiом-ڙluaз,
 lhomra a' r le ڙluaз Fhiaпna Faіl.¹

Do ڙlаc Оrcuри ڙoиn a' r ڙlaoс,
 a' r do ڙoз a lаnн lаn-buаdаc;
 le mјie meaпmаn a' r neaпt lаm,
 ڙuпi ڇeіlж ڙo lаn ڻhеаlizаc ेluaлs.

Njоn b-ڙaда do' n laoс aи tаlіmаn,
 aи tаn ծ'eпuж ڙaп tlaг aпn;r;
 do ڙaб' nаjne lаn rиn aи ڙeаn,
 a' r do mеadujж a neaпt 'ra ڙnjoиn.

¹ Fhiaпna Faіl, *the Fians of Fail*. Faіl, or Injг Faіl, according to Keating, was one of the ancient names of Ireland. At the Tuatha De Danann invasion the country received this name from a celebrated stone which they brought with them, called the ڙaз Faіl, or Stone of Destiny, and of which the poet writes:—

“O'п ڙ-cloс ڙo тa ڙom' ڙa ڙaіl,
 Ir uaјcе ڙaјbtean Injг Faіl.”

From this stone which is under my two heels,
 The Island of Fail is called.

This stone was considered enchanted and held in great veneration for its supposed power of making a terrible noise resembling thunder, which could be heard at a great distance, when one of the royal race of Scythia sat upon it to be crowned. It was then the custom, upon the decease of the reigning monarch, that his successor should sit upon this stone for

O. O Meargach ! saith Oscur aloud,
 My spear has reddened in thy body ;
 I have cut thy flesh to the bone,
 And the anguish of death cometh upon thee !

M. I dread not death by thy hand,
 Be not concerned for me, generous Oscur ;
 I verily believe thou shalt fall by us,
 And all that survive of thy hosts.

O. I verily believe, O stern Meargach,
 That thy death wound is not far from thee,
 And that thou and thy mighty host will fall,
 By me and the hosts of the Fians of Fail.

Oscur became furious and vehement,
 And he wielded his all-victorious blade,
 With such heroic courage and might of arm,
 That he laid Meargach the hardy low.

Not long was the hero on the ground,
 When he arose without dread again ;
 Shame then seized the man,
 And his strength and valor increased.

coronation ; but if the candidate so sitting was *not* of the royal blood of Scythia, neither motion nor noise of any sort proceeded from the stone. All the monarchs of Ireland upon their succession were crowned upon it ; and from its great fame, Fergus Mac Earca, first king of Scotland, sent to his brother Murtough, who was then king of Ireland, requesting him to send it to Scotland, in order to be crowned thereon king of that country. He believed thereby that the crown would be more firmly possessed by him and his posterity, by its innate extraordinary virtue. The king of Ireland complied ; and about A.D. 513, Fergus received upon it the crown of Scotland. It was preserved with great care at the Abbey of Scone in that country, for the purpose of crowning their kings upon it, until the time of Edward I., king of England, who brought it from Scotland. It is said to be now placed under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, where it has lost all its former virtue and power.

O. Do éalat an dír deacht-laocht glan,
o amhaic maothuig do h-iaru-neoigh ;
gáin ríte, gáin rofach, gáin cálraide,
oé ! a Phátriaic, a n-dian-gleo.

D'fíafraicíth Meairíac d'Orcair ait,
an d-triéigfíth do lá an gleo ;
a duibhleit Orcair do ghealbháil do mhaigh,
a'r do rísuilleadaír iad a piáon.

Táiníadaír an dír láth ari láth,
a'r do gáib an fánuighe a fíuasáit féin,
do fíuailír Orcair do calma, meair,
raib leiríg amach iorain an b-Fhélinn.

Bhí dhream agusin do rúbaíc, rúallach,
a'r dhream eile fa thíuailír na n-úine,
do h-éiríteadh gríleáine ari na máraíc,
suír éisíonol an námaid éusáilin do tréan.

Do éuaísd Orcair a n-éilde catá,
a'r do fílaic a lím 'ra rílaic na dóil ;
do éisíall a g-cóimhídal 'ra g-coinne,
Aithearíacíth mhaire, an tréan leóman.¹

D'ionúraicíth an dír an daingí la,
ari maothuig do láth-éigíod dian ;
a'g gealpíad a'r a'g chéadctúigíad a céile,
a'r níor b-fada suír fíalí² an Fhílinn.

¹ Leóman, a lion. This name is also applied by the poets to a hero, or one who distinguishes himself in battle.

² Fíalí, a shout. The Fenians were wont to shout loudly at any signal victory obtained by them, whether in the field or elsewhere; and Donnchadh Ruadh mhic Conmara, in his *Seáctha Íjholla an Úmhaill*, or, Adventures of a Slave of Adversity, thus describes the shout of Charon, the boatman of the Styx:—

O. The two noble brave heroes spent [the time]
 From morning's dawn till evening,
 Without quarter, without cessation, without delay,
 Alas! O Patrick, in severe conflict.

Meargach asketh of Oscur the noble,
 If he would relinquish the battle for the night ;
 Oscur saith " thou shalt have thy desire,"
 And they both left separated.

The two came hand in hand,
 And the stranger went to his own host ;
 Oscur strode forth bravely and stoutly,
 On the plain before the Fians.

Some of us were merry and humorous,
 And others looked sullen in their countenance ;
 Till the rising of the sun on the morrow,
 When the foe mustered around us powerfully.

Oscur went forth in battle armour,
 And he took his arms and shield in his hand,
 He went onwards to meet
 Angry Meargach, the lion of bravery.

The two attacked each other on the second day,
 In the morning with fierce blows,
 Cleaving and wounding each the other,
 And 'twas not long till the Fians shouted.

" Ωο ηυζ αη πασαή αη θαη μο ηέαηαή,
 Ωο ηη τέ γαηη ογαηη α'τ θέηεαή,
 ιε ηυαηη α γούα Ωο έηηεαη ηα ηρέηηαη,
 Ωο ηυαηη αη ηυαηηη ε α'τ ηυηη ηηηεηη γέηη ατ."

The giant seiz'd my hand with gladden'd soul,
 Then louder roar'd than mightiest thunder's roll ;
 Heaven's high cope trembled at his bellowing shout,
 The round world heard, and hell's black depths cried out.

S. Hayes's Translation.

P. Σηέαδ αι βάτ αι ζάλι αι Φήλανη,
 α Οιρίν ζηινην αιέμιτ δύνην;
 να δεαριναδ, αιτέμ, δο ηάλδ,
 ιτ ηηλιτ¹ δο ιζεόλ αιη ιύδ.

O. Νήοι ζάλι ιθαοιστε, α Ρήατηαις ηύαδ !
 δο ιόδι αι Φήλανη αη τηαέ ιδ;
 αέτ ζάλι έαοιητε α'ρ έηαιδτεαέτ,
 ζάλι ζολαη α'ρ ζάλι έύηαδ !

P. Σηέαδ βάτ αι έαοιηεαδαι αι Φήλανη,
 ιτ βαδα ιηοι ζο ιοέταλι βάτ,
 ιτ εορηηήλ ηαι ιεαηαρ δο ιαοι,
 ζο ηαλβ Οιριη α ιηοι εηιαδ-έαιτ

O. Φοβ' ε βάτ βο'η ζάλι αα Φήλανη,
 α Ρήατηαις ηα ιέληε ζο δεαριβ;
 αη τηεαρ ιεηη έιζ Θηεαηδαέ ηα ιαηη,
 δ'έβαζ Οιριη ζο βαηη βαοι έαλαιη !

Αη ται δο έοηαιηται Οιριη αη ιαη,
 δο ιαοιηεαηαι α'ρ ιαέ ζο ηαλβ ζαι ιηαη,²
 αέτ ηήοι ι-βαδα δο'η ιαοέ εηιδδα,
 αη ται δ'έηηιζ βεο ηα ιεαραιη !

Α Οιριη, αη Φηοη ηα ι-Φήλανη,
 ηή έαηαρ ιηαι δο έοηη αη ιαη;
 αη ιηηι τηιηηαη ζαι ιηη,
 ιζ αοη ζαιτζίδεαέ δα ιηηιβε ιαιη.

Ιτ δεαριβ ιηοηρα αη Θηεαηδαέ ηα ιαη,
 ζο ιη-βιαδ Οιριη ζο βαηη ζαι ιραη;
 ιζαι αη έιηδ εηε δο'η Φήλανη,
 αέτ τιηα ιζαι ιοδ Βεαζ αιηαιη.

¹ Ηηιτ δο ιζεόλ, *sweet thy tale*. The saint here indicates to Oisin that he was well pleased with his narrative; and urged him to proceed, for it is to be supposed that Oisin grew silent for a time, thinking mournfully of the great achievements he had witnessed of old.

P. Why is it that the Fians shouted,
 O pleasant Oisin relate to me ;
 Do not forget, I implore, thy narration,
 Delightful is thy account of it [to me].

O. [arrived !]
 'Twas not a shout of exultation, O Patrick, recently
 That the Fenians raised at that time,
 But a shout of sorrow and misery,
 A shout of lamentations and [deep] woe !

P. Why is it that the Fenians wailed ?
 I long to hear thee reveal the cause ;
 'Tis likely as thy lay goeth on,
 That Oscur was in a perilous position.

O. This was why the Fenians wailed,
 O Patrick of the clerics, truly ;
 The third blow given by Meargach of the blades,
 Left Oscur weak upon the ground.

When we beheld Oscur down,
 We and the rest supposed him dead ;
 But 'twas not long till the valorous hero
 Arose alive and stood up.

O Oscur, saith Fionn of the Fians,
 Thy body was never seen laid
 On the clay of the earth till to-day,
 By any hero however mighty his hand.

I verily believe, saith Meargach of the blades,
 That Oscur will be feeble without delay,
 And the rest of the Fians,
 But thou and Aodh Beag only.

² Σάνη αγάπη, literally *without spirit*, meaning that he was a lifeless corpse.

O. Dub-flan na Féinne fúidat,
a Mhícheal Íochairt élimaist na nglair lann ;
o deaifíad lom ari do cíosip,
ní h-eagáil do'n Fhíann do teann.

Cuimhniú, a Orcuili, ari Conaigh maol,
do éinigim do'n Fhíann gúri díré ;
cuimhniú ari gáe caé cíosip,
do fíearfáinseáil do fíliúaitíb Fhíann.

Do ríreagáil Conaigh Orcuili aifé,
a' r éinig aíochairt go dánha ari Mhícheal Íochairt ;
ní fíacaod fóir, a Phátriaic !
caé dob' fíearfáinseáil díré laoche.

Dob' é rúid ari caé ba ólann,
a Phátriaic ! na g-cláir gáin gád ;
caé gáin roraid, caé gáin páillit,
caé gáin rítaoná a ngráibh gále.

Do bíg ari díré dob' aílne cneair,
Orcuili aíochairt Mheáin Íochairt a deaifí me ;
ari dánla la ari d-teacáit neoir,
a' r níor h-aláine a g-cló na ríseáin.

Ní rialb ball da g-cóirírajé caoin,
gáin níl an cíneáct, na gáin lann ;
o bácair¹ cínn, go bonn tmaíct,²
dúlúne a' r do caé níor gíreann.

A Orcuili ! cuimhniú gúri led' laimh,
do éinig gíriúasach ari Phúil Óir ;³
ma círeáil le Mheáin Íochairt ari g-cul tú.
ní aílínid dúlúne tú, ari Fionn na b-Fhíann.

¹ Bácair. This is the name by which the crown of the head is known ; and it is generally believed that talented men lose the hair off this part of their head at an early age. The celebrated poet Carolan is represented as a bald-pated man in a print prefixed to Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*.

O. The Fenians completely defy thee,
 Stern Meargach of the green blades ;
 As I have reddened thy body,
 The Fians need not dread thy power.

Remember Oscur, saith Conan Maol,
 Thy fall to the Fians will be a loss ;
 Remember every hard battle
 Thou sustained for the hosts of Fionn.

Conan roused the noble Oscur,
 And he boldly faced the powerful Meargach ;
 I have never yet seen, O Patrick,
 A better fought battle between two heroes.

That was the battle that was severe,
 O Patrick ! of the clerics, without doubt ;
 A battle without cessation, a battle without partiality,
 A battle without intermission in fierce conflict.

The two were of the fairest feature,
 Oscur and Meargach I say ;
 On the second day on the approach of evening, [ed.
 That their form or appearance could not be distinguish-

There was not a spot of their smooth bodies
 Without trace of scars and wounds of blades,
 From the top of their heads to the sole of their feet,
 To us and the rest it was not pleasant.

O Oscur ! remember it was by thy hand,
 The wizard of Dunore fell ;
 If by Meargach thou art vanquished,
 We recognise thee not, saith Fionn of the Fians.

² Τράχτ, or βονη τράχτ, used poetically for τροιχός, the foot ; however, βονη τράχτ, or βονη τροιχός, means the sole of the foot.

³ Dún Óili, i.e., *the fortress of gold*. There are three localities in Ireland bearing this name—one of which (Dunore) is situated in the county

O. Ναέ ευηήιν λεατ γυη τεαηη δο ӯη,
Νοιρηηαδ πλαηηδα αη Φάηη Οηη,
ο ηαέ η-αιτηήζεαη Ιηη δο ӯηηηη
cloηηεαη Ιηη γαέ τηαέ δο ӯηηη.

Naċ cunċiñ leat tari ējj an aji,
 zuji leat do ċuċi Taċċe mac Ħreοn?
 a' r 3aċ 3aġiżżeaċ a' r tħiean rluuż,
 do ċuċi a' ċuari' aji an b-Feċċi.

Ba ծալի լիոն սկզ, առ Ֆիլան,
ոյսի ե-քած օն ո-ծիր առ շ-եաց;
ba չեալու շալ ե' աօլիոն ծնլոն,
այ ծ-տւլշլու շալ լուծ ծօն քեալ շիքան.

Ϲια ἐγιτ αρ ταλαή αη λαος,
α ȝ-ερεαταյ եազա օար լիս;
օ' էլլիչօ Յօ calma meար արիր,
ա'ր ծնեալիտ, լր ծիւ Յօ ծո'ն Ֆհելիս.

Φο δή αη ηεόην α δ-ροζαρ δύληη,
α'ρ do ταιζεαδ do'ν Φhēληη α'ρ do θαć;
ζο μο ζυζε αη διρ laoć,
do ržari δ'η ηζleό ζο la.

Do laballí Fionn nír na fíli calma,
a' r dúbhaillit gúri mairre dóibh ariaois;
rtaoína ó'n g-cáe do chosl a céile,
go h-eilimíodh guréime a mairiac lae.

Ա ծնելու Աթարված ու ոչլար լար,
լր սյե րի, և Ֆիլի ու Համալլ,
և ոյօն չափած ու առ կօմ և ոչլել,
լաօց լր տելին ու առ կլւէ.

of Kerry; the *Fort del Or* of the Spaniards near Smerwick; the second is now a castellated rock in the southern shore of Cape Clear in Cork; and the third is in the county of Meath. There is an Ossianic Poem in our collection, entitled Εαστρα ή Απαδάν Ήθόρ, i.e., The Adventures

O. Dost not thou remember how powerful was
 Nosniadh, the flower of Dunore ;
 As we recognise not thy countenance,
 Let us always hear thy voice.

Dost thou not remember after the slaughter,
 That it was by thee Tail Mac Treoin fell ?
 And each hero and mighty host,
 That made a journey towards the Fians.

We, the Fenians all, perceived,
 That death was not far from the two ;
 'Twas not long till we were joyful,
 On the feeble fall of the mighty man.

Though the hero fell to the ground,
 In the spasms of death, as we thought,
 He arose quickly and fiercely again,
 And saith, " this is sad for the Fians."

The evening was nigh at hand,
 And the Fians and all conceived,
 That it was better the two heroes
 Should cease from the conflict for the night.

Fionn spoke to the mighty men,
 And said it would be to the renown of the two,
 To give up the battle of one accord,
 Till the rising sun on the morrow.

Meargach of the green blades said,
 That is but just, O Fionn Mac Cumhaill ;
 And I never yet encountered in battle,
 A hero mightier in strength and vigour.

of the Big Fool, or Simpleton ; in which reference is made to ଁମୁଳାଳେ
 of ଧୂନ ଅନ ଓମ, which may refer to either locality. This poem will
 appear in our Transactions at some future period.

O. Ο νοέτ απασέ, α Θήθεαριζαίζ ζημιαλδ,
ευηγιητ ρυαρ δυττρε, α'ρ δ' Φήλοη;
δο λό νό δ'οιδέε, αζυρ γο θηατ,
νό γυρι βαρ δο ζεασταρι δύληη.

Φο γυλιτι αη δήρ δεαζ-λαοέ δ'η νζλεδ,
αη οιδέε την α'ρ βα ζηεασταέ τηηη;
α ζ-σοιριρ, α β-ρεοίλ, α'ρ α ζ-εηάμα,
ζαη θηήζ, ζαη θλαδ, ζαη ξειδηη.

Αη να θάλιασέ αη αιηαις λαε,
δ' ιονηριαζ α ζέλε αη δήρ γο δηαη;
βα ζαληθε, α'ρ βα ζηέληηε α ηζλεδ;
αη ταλαη δα δ-ταληηζ ηλαη.

Φοβ' ιαδ ρύδ, α Ρθατηιαγ, αη δήρ,
βα ζαληθε, α'ρ βα ζηέληηε α ηζλεδ;
'ρήρ φεαλι δο ζηηιεαδ αρτεαέ γο εηάμη,
λαηη δ'α λαηη¹ δα β-ρασαδ φορ.

Νή φασαρ φορ δήρ ηαηι ιαδ,
α νεαητ, α ηλαη, να δ-τηέαη λύτ;
α ζ-εαληαστ, α ηηηε, α'ρ α ηηηηεασ,
α'ρ α η-ηηηητ αη ηεαηηηηη, δαηι ιοη.

Νή φασαδ α φαηηιλ ρύδ αηιαοη,
αζ φυλαηζ τηοη-θέληηεαηη ζηηιαλδ; -
αζ ζεαηηιαδ φεόλα, α'ρ ζηεαρ ζαοη,
αζ φεαραη ζαη φεαδ, ζαη ρυαη.

Α δ-τηειρε,² α δ-τηέηηε, 'ρα λύτ,
ζαη τεηηιε α β-ροηη 'να ηδαηι;
δο δή αη δήρ ζαη γυλι δ'η νζηηοη,
δο λό νό δ'οιδέε αηι φεαδ δειζ λα.

¹ Λαηη δ'α λαηη, *a sword off their hands*. Specimens of the swords used by the ancient Irish can be seen in the hall of the Mansion-house,

O. From this night forth, O stern Meargach,
 I will not by thee nor by Fionn ;
 Neither by night nor by day, nor for ever,
 Until either of us is dead.

The two brave heroes relinquished the battle
 For that night, and sorely wounded,
 Were their bodies, flesh and bone,
 Without vigor, without fame, without force.

On the morning of the morrow,
 The two encountered each other fiercely ;
 They were the strongest and mightiest of arm,
 That ever came on earth.

These, O Patrick, were twain,
 The roughest and mightiest in battle ;
 The most skilful to strike unto the bone,
 A lance off their hand, that I have seen yet.

Two like them have not yet been seen,
 In strength, in pursuit, or in robust agility ;
 In prowess, in swiftness, and in courage,
 And in feats of dexterity I apprehend.

I have not seen the like of the two,
 In enduring heavy severe blows ;
 In cleaving flesh, and soft skin,
 Or in enduring without food or repose.

In might, in strength, and in agility,
 Without want of feats or deeds ;
 The two gave not up the action,
 For day or night during ten days.

Dawson-street, Dublin, which no man of the present day could wield
 with one arm.

² In other copies Δ Σ π η α τ α β .

O. Ա Ֆիհեարցալէ Շիսալծ նա լան ովլար,
 ար Օրբուր, Յո տեան օրալծ ;
 լր տօր առ ովլու ծնլու արաօն,
 բաժ տա՞ն ցլեօ ալր ար լանա.

Ֆ. Ա Օրբուր ! լր տն ար շիսալծ լան,
 ծ' ար լոյլի առ շօմիծալ լլան ;
 ծօ շոյտյո կօմ լր ե շիյօշ
 ար Ֆիհեարցաւ, ա'ր ծօ կօմ նա Ե-Ֆիհան.

O. Նի ի-է ոյ շիյօշ նա շիյօշ նա Ե-Ֆիհան,
 ա Ֆիհեարցալէ Շիսալծ նա ովլար լան ;
 տոյտյո տար լսածալր լեծ' լայն,
 ար Օրբուր նա լայծե տեան.

Փօ յլաշ Օրբուր նա լան ովեար,
 ուեանտայ, շլա յսր եծած ա դիսած ;
 նյօր Ե-բածա Յո ո-ծնեալլիտ տար էլր,
 առ տեան յլօր Ֆիհեարցաւ, եա ուայ բառ.

Ելած տս ար ծյէ եյծ նա բալոյ,
 ա Ֆիհեարցալէ Շիսալծ ! ար Օրբուր ձիէ ;
 ոծ յսր ծայտ ար ծյէ շլոյ,
 ոծ ծայրա, տար ուսլէլի, ար լար.

Նյօր Ե-բածա ծնլոյ տաօն ար էաօն,
 աշ բեյշեամ ա'ր աշ էլրեաշտ լեօ ;
 Յո լայն Ֆիհեարցաւ ար շւն լշեյչէ,
 աշ Օրբուր նա ո-բեյմեան յ-շիսալծ.

Նի Ե-բալր լշե նա բօրած ծ Օրբուր,
 աշտ յած ենյո սոյլշ ծա լեազած Յո տեան,
 ա Ե-բօլլուշեան առ շօմիլայշ Շիսալծ,
 ծօ Ֆիհեարցաւ, յսր եսալո ա շեան !

O. O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 Saith Oscur, stoutly and aloud,
 Great is the shame to us both,
 That the conflict is on our hands so long.

M. O Oscur ! 'tis thou that hast the hardiest hand,
 That ever played with me ;
 Thy fall by me will be the end,
 Saith Meargach, and the end of all the Fians.

O. It is not my end, nor the end of the Fians,
 O stern Meargach of the green blades,
 To fall, as thou sayest, by thy hand,
 Saith Oscur of the stern words.

Oscur of the sharp blades assumed
 Courage, though weak was his appearance ; [said,
 It was not long afterwards till the boastful Meargach
 It would be well if we took repose.

Thou shalt not take food or repose,
 O stern Meargach ! saith noble Oscur,
 Until thou art beheaded,
 Or that I, as thou boastest, shall have fallen.

Not long were we on both sides,
 Ministering and listening to them ;
 Till Meargach was behind his shield,
 Prepared for Oscur of the severe blows.

Oscur did not give him rest or quarter,
 But severely dealt each fierce blow ;
 At the close of the severe combat,
 Of Meargach he cut his head.

O. Φο ἔστι βασιλική, αν Φηλανη, γάλι τηνδην,
α'ρ εάς γάλι ἔσοιντε γο εμιαλδ;
α δύβαλιτ τας Θηρεατραδις να λανη,
τιζεαδ φεαρ απ ἔσηδαλι ναλε?

Thalvīz na ēoīzījīd, a' r na cōmħaġl,
Lōnġadhaq mac Bjuuadīj na n-eaċ ;
Alyim tħejx 2ħżeaxiż na lann,
Cajriżhaq dob' f-ożżallac a d-teriear.

Σὺν τῷ δ-τιζαμ τῷ τῷ αἱ ἀλτα,²
Ορειν βα τριαζ γαν ειρ α τυτ ;
δο βῇ λιοντα δο ἐλέαταλβ αδβαλ,
ο Μηεαριζας ειδόδα να γ-ειναδ γηγον.

Njorl aontuig Þionn do'n laoč caiš,
dul do cōimhac le Ciaráin meap;
do cuimhead leigear ne a cheadaib,
'r if 5earn do mo dojlíg dúninn an feap.

¹ To show how various copies of the poem differ; as indeed do all our Ossianic and other compositions, when transcribed by illiterate scribes, we quote the following stanzas from Mr. O'Grady's copy, which was written in 1845, by an intelligent blacksmith, named Griffin, in Kilrush, county of Clare:—

“**Ω**ηρ ἐμτῆτην δο **Ω**ιήεαηζάς τεληη,
βα δοηιβ φοζαλλάς α δ-τητ ζιεό ;
α διιδαηιτ α ιηας le ζιοηι ηαηι ζηεαηη,
τιζεας αηη φεαι αη ζοηη.”

Upon the fall of stout Meargach,

Who was fierce and destructive in the beginning of battle ;
His son said in an unpleasant tone,
Let a man meet me here.

O. We, the Fenians, raised a shout of triumph,
 And the foe a bitter wail ;
 The son of Meargach of the spears said,
 Let a man from among you come to meet me ?

There came in his presence to face him,
 Longadan, the son of Brodin, of the steeds ;
 The name of the son of Meargach of the swords,
 [Was] Ciardan, the avenger in battles.

Before I render an account of the battle,*
 Pity that Oscur should not be immortalized,
 He was covered with huge wounds,
 By heroic Meargach of the hard deeds.

We brought the magnanimous hero [with us],
 From the sight of the great mighty men ;
 And he asketh leave of Fionn first
 To go fight Meargach's son.

Fionn would not consent that the noble hero,
 Should go to fight Ciardan the swift ;
 Healing medicine was applied to his wounds,
 And soon to us it was sad.

² Again :—

“ Sul a δ-τιζαδ τιαηιατζβαι αη չաչա,
 Օշւր եա չիսաձ զաη ա չսր ա բսր ;
 ծօ եի տելոյ շրեաշտա՛ բայո,
 զաη տար զաη տեանալո զաη լոյշ !”

* Before I relate the account of the battle,
 Pity that Oscur would not be noticed ;
 He was sick, wounded, and weak,
 Without agility, without sense, without strength !

³ Again :—

“ Յօ շուարձա օ ձոյալո չա՛.”
 Mildly from the gaze of the rest.

O. Αη ται δ'έδειραν αη λαος,
τηντε γο ραον αη λεαδα ρυανο ;
α'ρ λυέτ φιεαρδαλι¹ να σομδαλ,
ταηζαναρι δο λαταιρι αη ζαζα λυαδαρ.

Δ'ιονρατζ Σιαριδαη γο calma,
αζυρ Ληγαδαη βα ζαρβ ζλεοδ ;
α'ρ ηγορι β-ραδα δορβ α ηζλεις,
αη ται ευηρεαδ τας Βημαλδην αη φεοζ² !²

Φο ζιτ, α Ρηατηαλε, δ'αη β-Φηεινη,
λε Σιαριδαη, α η-λοηαρι, αη ζεαδ λα ;
δειζηεαβαη α'ρ ζεαδ δ'φεαραλβ ζημαλδ
βα δαζτηηδ δηηηη υαηη αη η-βλαζ.³

Φο ζιτ λειρ αη δαηια ια,
ζαη δεαηζαδ αη α ζηειρ ζαοιη ;
δα ζεαδ φεαη βα calma λυτ,
α Ρηατηαλε ! βα δηηας αη ζειη.

Αη ται δο ζηηαιης Ζολλ τας Ζηηηηα,
Σιαριδαη αζ ζηοιβαδ να ηηηαζ ;
δο ζηηαιρ φειη να σομδαλ,
α'ρ ηγορι β-ραδα αη λαη γο β-ρηηαιρ.

Ιαη δ-τηητηη δο Σηηαιδαη νε Ζολλ,
δο ζαηηη, δο ζηηαιη, α'ρ δο ζαοιη ζαζ ;
δο ζαηηη λε ληηζηηη αη Φηηηηη,
ζηδ' ηαη ηασηη ιαδ δ δηηηηδαδ.

Ταηηηδ δεαηζηηαταιρι δο Σηηαιδαη,
δ'αη βα ζοη-ληηηη Λιαζαη ηεαη ;
βα ζηηδα calma ε ηαηη λαος,
α'ρ αη φεαβαη να Φηηηηη δ'φοζαηη ζαζ.⁴

¹ Λυέτ φιεαρδαλ, i.e., attendants, or persons to wait upon him, nurses.

² Φεοδ, or φεοδηδ, to fade, wither, or decay.

³ Βλαζ, flower; by which the poet indicates that the flower of the Fenian army were slain in the engagement.

O. When we left our hero,
 Feebly laid upon a bed of repose,
 And attendants with him,
 We made towards the battle I announced.

Ciardan encountered stoutly,
 With Longadan the tough in battle,
 Nor long were they in the conflict,
 When the son of Brodin was put to death !

There fell, O Patrick, of our Fians,
 By Ciardan alone, on the first day,
 One hundred and ten of hardy men,
 Sad to us was the loss of the flower [of our hosts].

There fell by him on the second day,
 Without his smooth skin being reddened,
 Two hundred men with sinews strong,
 O Patrick ! sorrowful was the deed.

When Goll Mac Morna beheld
 Ciardan sweeping away the hosts,
 He himself went forth to meet him,
 And 'twas not long till he laid him low.

On the fall of Ciardan by Goll,
 He shrieked and yelled, and his friends wailed ;
 The Fenians shouted with gladness,
 Though they were not free from sorrow.

A brother of Ciardan arrived,
 Whose name was Liagan the active ;
 He was a hero valorous and stout,
 And the bravest of the Fians he challenged.

⁴ *Di'fóisailn cat*, *he proclaimed battle*, i.e., he challenged the best among the Fians to combat.

O. **T**áinig a ȝ-cómháil leir rúd,
Céiliúin mac Lúcháil bá ȝian lam,
n̄íor b-riada ðolb að ríubal,
nuaillí b̄j Céiliúin mac Lúcháil ari lari.

Táinig feari eile do'n Fhíann,
ð'ari b'ainim ȝhaðnur mac Lobairíau,
do ȝuit feilg a'r cead do'n b-Féinn,
le Líagán cniða an aonairian.

Do ȝluairr Conán nári ȝian a ȝ-cat,¹
a'r nári lari cail ȝairze na ȝním;
a ȝ-cómháil Líagán, ari ȝeaċd do laċair,
l̄r baoċ do ȝuaillid a fíli maoi!

Jar ȝ-ȝeaċt do Chonán a b-riður do,
do ȝóz Líagán ȝo cniða a lajm,
l̄r tħejre oħit an feari ari do ȝul,
na m̄iġre n̄iðħad, ari Conán.

D'fēac Líagán cniða na ȝian,
a'r ba ȝara an lariċt, að Conán;
n̄i ȝáinig leir feacāju tari ari,
an ceann zuji rzaġi ò na m̄iġħeal!

N̄íor fearġajn Conán an ball,
a'r n̄íor lari feari a ȝeaċt a ȝ-aliż;
do ȝluairr do ȝolli neatħa raoi 'n b-Fíann,
a'r do ȝaċt a lani òr a lajm.

D'fiafriajd Faolan do'n b-feari maol,
cn̄ead rāt nári fearġajd an ball,
zuji n̄alireac an ȝníom do m̄iġġ,
a'r zuji le cealz ȝuit Líagán ari.

¹ Nári ȝian a ȝ-cat, *not powerful in battle*. In this stanza Conan is represented as the greatest of cowards. He never sought praise for any feat he performed, and very justly, because he did nothing to boast of, having exhibited the most glaring acts of cowardice on every occasion. On this

O. There arrived in his company,
 Ceirin, the son of Lughaidh, of the vehement hand ;
 Not long were they engaged,
 When Ceirin the son of Lughaidh fell.

Another of the Fianna arrived,
 Whose name was Magnus Mac Lobharain ;
 He with one hundred of our men fell
 By Liagan the heroic alone.

Conan, never potent in battle,
 And who never sought fame for valour or deeds,
 Went to meet Liagan, who when he came in his presence,
 Said, "silly is thy visit, thou bald man!"

When Conan came nigh to him,
 Liagan fiercely raised his hand ;
 More dangerous for thee is the man behind,
 Than I before thee, saith Conan.

Liagan the heroic looked behind,
 And quick was the blow made by Conan ;
 Before he could look forward,
 His head was severed from the neck !

Conan did not maintain his ground,
 Nor did he ask any to take his place ;
 He ran with all haste towards the Fians,
 And flung his blade from his hand.

Faolan enquireth of the bald man,
 Why he did not maintain his ground ;
 That he was guilty of a shameful act,
 And that 'twas by treachery Liagan fell.

occasion, however, he was cunning enough to alarm his antagonist Liagan, falsely telling him of an attack from the rear ; and thus avail himself of the opportunity, whilst he looked backwards, to cut off his head.

O. Da dtiȝeað lhomra le h-aonbēim,
 an rluasȝ tliéan do ȝuñ cùm baȝr;
 le ceilȝ, njori nañ lhom an beaȝit,
 a' r nj ð-kaȝðaolr forȝ ameaȝr na ð-Fianȝ.

Jmetiȝ, ari Faolan, ðrafid,
 a' r ȝlac ad laȝin do lanȝ ariñ;
 a' r ȝðȝalr cað calma clyðða,
 ari feaȝi do' n t-ȝlðȝ mar aȝl, no ari ðiȝr.

Nj ȝeabðad do ȝomhaille, ari Conȝan,
 ȝið b' e aȝuñb le'ri nañ mo ȝnjom;
 ȝðȝrað ȝély cað a' r comhiaç,
 ari feaȝi noð ðð do' n t-rluaȝ-þuȝðiȝ.

Tliall am ðaile, ari Faolan,
 a' r conȝbað lañ lhom auyr a ȝðliad;
 ma' r tuȝtliñ ðam le' n té ȝlocraç,
 ȝaȝin ȝuȝad feaȝi do' n Fhianȝ.

Nj ȝaçad am aonhali auy,
 na ȝor ad ðaile, ari an feaȝi maol;
 'ða mo tuȝtliñ ðamhra a Fhaolanȝ,
 njori b' e am ðam beit aȝ ȝlaosðaç!

Taliñ mañ aon lhom, a ȝiñ maol,
 a' r taþaile leat ariñ do lanȝ;
 na ȝan am ȝoðaile mar aȝl leat,
 mar eaȝal leat cað doð' ȝeauñ!

Do ȝliall Faolan a' r an feaȝi maol,
 ȝo ȝanȝadañ a ȝaon cor ari ȝoij;
 an aȝt 'na ȝaile Llaȝan ari laȝ,
 a Fhaolanȝ! ari Conȝan, bȝ ad ȝorð?

O. If I could by one blow
 Put the mighty host to death,
 By artifice, I would not blush at the deed,
 And they would not be sheltered by the Fians.

Go, saith Faolan, loudly,
 And take thy sword in thy hand again,
 And proclaim battle fiercely and heroically,
 To one of the host if they will, or to two.

I shall not take thy advice, saith Conan,
 Whoever of you is ashamed of my act,
 Let himself proclaim battle and fight,
 Against one or two of the host.

Approach with me, saith Faolan,
 And give me a helping hand in the battle ;
 If I fall by him that comes,
 Call to thy aid one of the Fians.

I shall neither go there alone,
 Nor yet with thee, saith the bald man ;
 Were I to fall, O Faolan,
 Then it would be too late for me to call !

Come along with me, O bald man,
 And bring with thee again thy sword ;
 Stay not with me if thou likest,
 If thou art afraid of losing thy head.

Faolan and the bald man proceeded,
 Till they both reached step by step,
 The place where Liagan lay,
 O Faolan ! saith Conan, be silent ?

O. Do ḥō᷑g aŋ feaři maol a laŋŋ,
 a'ř do n̄ič ȝo teanŋ ſaoř aŋ b-᷑Fēlŋ;
 ḥō᷑gdaři Faołanŋ aŋ cač ȝo h-ahd,
 aři feařař rlo᷑g cāč a ȝ-cōlŋ-ȝlejč.

Do ḥālŋiȝ ȝo h-eařza 'na cōmhdajl,
 laoč ſořiřanča ba ȝařb ȝlōř;
 Daol-člař¹ do ȝnājč a aŋŋiŋ,
 a'ř a laŋŋ 'ra rȝlač 'na ſeař laŋŋ.

Njōři b-řada do'ň ſiř a ȝ-tliŋd 'na laŋŋ,
 ȝo b-řacamajř, a'ř ba ȝrieanŋ ne cāč;
 Faołanŋ cljřde, aři ȝařb laoč,
 aři cūl rȝelče ař Daol-člař aŋ.

Do ḥō᷑gbařaři cāč ȝařča ȝliŋŋ,
 cē'ň ſořiȝ a ȝ-caři třie bāř ɿařaři;
 do ḥō᷑gbařaři ȝařča ȝoř
 třie ȝriéřiři a neřit do Fhaolŋ!

Do ȝuařajš Ořcuiř aři ȝ-uajl ȝaři,
 aři a leařa maři a ſiařb ȝo ſauŋ;
 ta aŋ cač cořtčeauŋ aři ſē,
 a'ř n̄i beřd neač do'ň Fhēlŋ ſořam ſaoř ȝeauŋ.

Njōři b-řada ȝo b-řacamajř ař teac̄t,
 aŋ laoč meaři calma aři třieau lúč;
 njōři b-řeař dūřiř ȝuři ab ē b̄i aŋŋ,
 ȝuři ȝeařuřiȝ ȝo ſeauŋra d-Fhēlŋ.

Do ſaořl mē, a Fhēlŋ! ař ſē,
 aŋ tař ȝuařajš aŋ ȝaři ſobřiři;
 nač ſiařb laoč ořzalib aři aŋ ȝ-ehoc,
 a'ř dūřiře ařuřb 'na ſiařb beř!

¹ i.e., The dark-haired.

O. The bald man raised his sword
 And ran quickly towards the Fians ;
 Faolan loudly proclaimed battle
 To the bravest of the foe single-handed.

There came quickly to meet him,
 A valiant hero with bombastic talk,
 Daolchiabh was his usual name,
 And his shield and spear were in his right hand.

The two were not long fighting with their swords
 Till we saw, and to our foes it was a cause of joy,
 Faolan the active, our brave hero,
 Behind his shield by noble Daolchiabh.

They [the enemy] raised a shout of joy,
 Though sorrowful they wept at the death of Liagan ;
 We raised a shout of wailing
 For the failure of his strength by Faolan !

Oscur heard our loud shout
 In his bed where he was feebly laid ;
 The battle is general, saith he,
 Before I arrive the Fians will be all beheaded !

It was not long till we saw approaching,
 The stout swift hero in full speed ;
 We knew not that 'twas he was there
 Till he courteously saluted Fionn.

I imagined, O Fionn ! saith he,
 When I heard the sorrowful wail,
 That there was not a brave hero left on the hill,
 And that not one of you was left alive !

O. Do b̄i Faolan a' r̄ Faolc̄lab̄,
 a n̄gleō āzur̄ a ̄z-c̄om̄hac̄ c̄l̄uāl̄d̄ ;
 āz ̄zeal̄iād̄ fēd̄lā, cōip̄, a' r̄ ch̄am̄,
 a n̄-āīhāic̄ āiāōn̄ bā c̄l̄uād̄ !

Ð'iāli Ðion̄ āī an̄ laōc̄ calma,
 Ōrc̄ūi āl̄zeānt̄ā ̄r̄ ē luad̄al̄m̄,
 dul̄ ālīr̄ tārī āll̄ dō'n̄ d̄ūn̄,
 a' r̄ ̄z̄an̄ fūl̄neac̄ f̄ō l̄ūc̄ an̄ ̄gleō.

N̄ī nāc̄ad̄ tārī m̄'āīr̄, ā Ðh̄īn̄ c̄āl̄d̄ !
 āī Ōrc̄ūi n̄āl̄ c̄l̄āl̄c̄ ā n̄z̄l̄ād̄ ;
 n̄ō ̄z̄ō b̄-fāl̄c̄fead̄ c̄lā ācō dō'n̄ d̄īr̄,
 dō c̄ūl̄t̄fear̄ r̄an̄ n̄z̄n̄j̄om̄ lē h̄-éāz̄.

Do b̄ī Faolan̄ d̄ā c̄l̄iāōc̄ād̄ ̄z̄ō m̄ōrī,
 āz̄ Faolc̄lab̄ ̄z̄ō c̄l̄ōb̄ā, tēān̄ ;
 ā Ðhaolal̄ī ! āī Ōrc̄ūi n̄ā lān̄ n̄z̄ēār̄,
 tū c̄ūl̄t̄l̄m̄ lē Ðaol̄ l̄om̄ n̄j̄ōī ̄z̄neān̄.

Ð'feac̄ Faolan̄, a' r̄ bā c̄l̄uāl̄d̄ ā c̄ār̄,
 āī Ōrc̄ūi lē ̄d̄iom̄b̄ād̄ n̄ā ̄z̄n̄ūr̄ ;
 ā f̄lāj̄t̄ n̄ā laōc̄ calma, āī r̄ē,
 m̄ā c̄ūl̄t̄l̄m̄ n̄ā t̄r̄éīz̄ mō c̄ūl̄r̄.

Ñha' r̄ tūl̄t̄l̄m̄ ñūt̄ lē Faolc̄lab̄
 ā Ðhaolal̄ī ! c̄lā ñiān̄ ā c̄l̄om̄ f̄l̄ōd̄ ;
 tūl̄t̄fead̄rā āzur̄ f̄luad̄ ñā b̄-Ðian̄n̄,
 n̄ō tūl̄t̄f̄l̄d̄ Ðaolc̄lab̄ ad̄ ðeōl̄d̄.

Cūl̄n̄j̄īd̄, ā Ðhaolal̄ī ! āī Ōrc̄ūi t̄r̄éān̄,
 ̄z̄ūr̄ b̄-iom̄b̄ā laōc̄ dō c̄ūl̄t̄ lēd̄' laj̄m̄ ;
 a' r̄ n̄āc̄ cūl̄b̄ē ñūt̄ ā n̄-āīhāic̄ ñā b̄-Ðian̄n̄,
 ̄z̄ān̄ reāf̄am̄ lē Ðaolc̄lab̄ ā n̄-d̄āj̄l̄.

O. Faolan and Daolchiabh were
 In battle and hard conflict ;
 Cleaving flesh, body and bones,
 To see them both was pitiful !

Fionn asked the chivalrous hero,
 Oscur the magnanimous, I mean,
 To go back again to the Dun,
 And not to remain under the excitement of the fight.

I shall not return, O noble Fionn !
 Saith Oscur who was not feeble in battle,
 Until I see which of the two it is
 That will fall in the action.

Faolan was greatly overpowered
 By Daolchiadh the valiant and stout ;
 O Faolan ! saith Oscur, of the sharp blades,
 Thy fall by Daol would not be pleasant to me.

Faolan gazed, and perilous was his position,
 On Oscur, with grief in his countenance,
 O prince of heroes brave, saith he,
 If I fall, forsake not my cause.

If thou fallest by Daolchiabh,
 O Faolan ! though fierce his great hosts,
 The Fenian hosts and I shall fall,
 Or Daolchiabh shall fall after thee.

Remember, O Faolan ! saith the valiant Oscur,
 That many a hero fell by thy hand,
 And that it ill becomes thee before the Fians
 If thou stand not with Daolchiabh hand to hand.

O. Νήσι ή β-φαδα δύληη ταρι γιν,
ζο β-φασαμαρι α'ρ β'αοιβηνη αι γέαλ;
Φαολέλαβ αζ Φαολαη γαη όεαηη,
α'ρ δο έδοζβαμαρι γαλη γιηνη ταρι δ'έαζ!

Α δύβαλητ Ορευρι δο γιατζ αηδ,
τιγεαδ καζ αγλε δ'αοη ταοιβ;
α'ρ γεαδβαδ κατ κοιτζεαηη γαριβ,
γαη ποιλι λε φεαλιζ γιλαλάτε Φηηνη.

Νι γιαριφαδρα αη Φαολαη να λαηη,
ζο δ-ταιτεριδ ληοη τυηλε δο'η τ-γλόζ;
λεμ' λαηη φεηη να ή-αοηαηαη,
μηνα γ-ευηταηι λε καζ μη αη φεόζ!

p. Ινηιρ, α Οιρήη, α'ρ να καη βηέαζ,
μα'ρ γιβηη, αη Φηηαηη, δοβ' φεαληη λύτ;
εηέαδ ηαζ κατ κοιτζεαηη, τεαηη,
φιαλη Φεαηιζαζ 'ρα γιλαλάζ αη δ-τύρ?

O. Α Ρήατηαιε! ηήσι γηαλάζ λειρ αη β-Φέηηη,
γαη ποδζα γηαδ δο έαθαλητ δο έαζ;
ηήσι γηηήηηη λεό κεαλζ να πεαηζ,
ηεαζ δο'η δηεαηη ηήσι β'έ έαζ.

Νήσι δηύτειαζ αη Φηηαηη πε να ληηη,
α γ-καζ να γ-κοιτζεαργαηι τηειη γιλόζ,
κατ κοιτζεαηη ηό αη αοηαη,
δο έαθαλητ δ'αοη δ'λαριφαδ έ.

p. Φοδ' έυαιηαργβαηι ζο φηοι λεαη,
ζο β-φαδηαοιδ εηηοσηηήδαδ αη έατα έηιαλδ,
ηό αη έηιητ αι φεαηι βοηιδ άδ,
δα ηζοιηίεαηι δο γηαζ λεατ Φαολαη?

O. Not long were we thus [situuated]
 Till we saw, and pleasant was the sight,
 Daolchiabh by Faolan beheaded,
 And we raised for his death a shout of triumph !

Oscur saith in a loud voice,
 Let them all come at once,
 And they shall encounter a fierce general battle
 Without delay from the wrathful Fian-host.

I shall not give up, saith Faolan of the blades,
 Till more of the host shall fall,
 By my own hand in single combat,
 Unless they put me to death.

P. Relate, O Oisin, and tell no lie,
 If ye, the Fenians, were the most expert,
 Why was it that a determined general battle
 Meargach and his hosts did not encounter at first ?

O. O Patrick ! it was not customary with the Fenians
 Not to give choice of the fight to their foes,
 They cherished not treachery nor malice
 'Twas not the fame of any of the tribe.

The Fians refused not to give during their time
 Battle or contest of mighty hosts,
 General battle, or single combat,
 To any one who sought it.

P. Thy narrative follow truly
 Till we find how the hard battle ended,
 Or did that mighty hero fall,
 Whom so often thou calledst Faolan ?

O. Taip éill Óshaolcháin do éup éum báill ;
d'íarann Faolán cead ari Fhionn,
dul do comháscas gáin cálainde ari bhé,
le laocheas do fílúasach éag.

Αοντα να Φείγηε αη ταη φυαλη,
δ' φόζαλη ζο εμιαλδ εατ αη έαε;
ταηνιζ λαος δ' αη βα εδηη-αηνηη,
εηαη μας λαέθηα να έδηηδαη.

Δ' ιονταις αν διτ δεαζ-λαος α οειλε,
ζο τηεαν calma ειμαιδο ;
ηιοι β-ραδα ζυη β' αοιβην δυινη ;
α' τ εας ζο δυβας φαοι λαη-ζημαιη.

Ní éu⁹ Faolán aŋ ðaŋa bēl⁹m,
éum Ch̄iaŋ m̄ic Laétha na ȝ-c̄muad laŋ⁹;
aŋ tan⁹ do éonc̄am⁹ aȝ teac̄t,
n̄ioz̄aŋ ȝáilce ba b̄nead̄a ȝuŋ⁹r.

Do éuit Cian mac Laetha le Faolan,
rul fa d-tainig an níosair éuasainn;
do fhuili an gleo ari gac taoib,
a g feisteanim na dea-ínna úd.

Do tōzbað ne cāc žālīča caoř,
aři ařtne na řijož-řinna dōjč,
do bři an Řhjany na řord dā h-řamhajic,
ař i ař řijon řile deoři!

Álli a ceann do bíg an folt órða,
a Phátriaj! níj zó dam a maoisdeamj;
níj fáca turfa há do Óhla,
a fáinuyl do éjabl ari aon innaosj.

O. After putting Daolchiabh to death,
 Faolan asketh leave of Fionn,
 To go fight without any delay
 Another hero of the host.

When he obtained the consent of the Fians,
 He vehemently proclaimed battle against the foe ;
 A hero, whose name was
 Cian Mac Lachtna, came to meet him.

The two brave heroes attacked each other,
 Mightily, fiercely, and sternly ;
 'Twas not long till we rejoiced,
 And the foe was sorrowful and gloomy.

Faolan had hardly dealt the second blow,
 To Cian Mac Lachtna of the hard blades,
 When we beheld approaching
 A fair princess of noble features.

Cian Mac Lachtna fell by Faolan
 Before the princess arrived ;
 The battle was relinquished on each side,
 Waiting the arrival of that fair lady.

The enemy raised a wail of grief
 On recognising the princess ;
 The Fians were silently gazing at her,
 Whilst she incessantly shed tears !

On her head were the golden locks,
 O Patrick ! it is no falsehood to proclaim,
 Thou nor thy God never saw
 Such hair upon [the head of] any woman.

O. D'fílaírlaist rí do ghlór ba roimhe,
ca níl b Fionn, ní d'na b-Fianann;
nó ari éuit a céile caomh, meapí,
a'ír a dír mac ca' n ghabh ríad.

Cja h-e do c-ele caomh, ari Fionn,
inni r dúninn a' r do dír mac;
má' r tuigteamh dōibh ari chnoic an aill,
do g-eabhaill a d-tarz le briez leat?

Այսու ո՞ւ է յել բա տօնի բած,
Թեարձած ըլուած ո՞ւ լայն ոյզլար;
ա՞ր ո՞ւ ծիր ուս, Ըլուծան բա չի լեան,
այսու լիաջան ծո ել տեսն ա հ-օսաւ.

Ա լիօնցալի էալծ, ծո լալծ Ֆլոն,
 Ըլ յօ լիոնցա, տարա, տիեան;
 ծո էսլեածալ ան տիւսի սծ լսածալլ,
 և յ-ըաւ յա նցկած ծա մելծ և լուշ.

Φο τζιεαδ αζυρ δο ζαΐηι αη πιοζαιη αιδ,
αζυρ δο ζιεαδ ηα βαρα ζο λοη τηιαδ;
δο ηι ζο ζυιηιτ ειαρα δεοη,
α'ρ διύβαληιτ, μο ხηοη! ხα ხ-ειηι მο էιηιη?

Do ghluaill an uisge agus éaglce,
go dtí an t-áit agus éaglce,
go dtí an t-áit agus éaglce,
go dtí an t-áit agus éaglce.

Do ḥionōl an Fhlann ahoili 'ra níar, a'ír do ḥionōl cárthair iad go tlaistí; ór gárc taoibh a'ír aipid do'n éinoc, aír éigseadait le caol-ánuit na mha.

O. She enquireth in a gentle voice,
 Where was Fionn, the king of the Fians,
 Or did her gentle husband fall,
 And where were her two sons ?

Who is thy gentle husband, saith Fionn,
 Relate to us, and thy two sons ;
 If they fell on the Hill of Slaughter,
 You will get their history to bring home.

The name of my husband, whose sway was great,
 [Was] hardy Meargach of the green blades,
 And my two sons were Ciardan the valiant,
 And Liagan, who was stout in battle.

O noble princess, saith Fionn,
 Though accomplished, agile, and mighty,
 The Three thou speakest of fell
 In battle and conflict, though great their agility.

The noble princess cried and wailed,
 And wrung her hands in dismal grief ;
 She shed a bitter flood of tears,
 And exclaimed ! where are my Three ?

The bright princess went forth
 Intensely wailing among the slain,
 Till she reached the spot,
 Where her husband and two sons fell.

The Fians mustered east and west,
 The foe, in like manner, feebly came
 From every side and peak of the hill,
 Listening to the *caoin* of the woman.

O. A Phatnais! ní faca do Dhia,
do cléirí fóir, ná tú féin;
macraimhí ná mha úd,
a b-pealra, a 3-cló, 'ra r3éim.

Ai tair éalnig Ór cionn ná 3-corr,
do rtoch a rolt bíg ari Ólá a Óili;
do fín tairnha ari an d-tuimí,
3an tara, 3an lú, 3an tmeolli!

D'áthairí a h-éadaí mairreac, mhn,
a dearcá 3iúinn 'ra deairí 3iuad;
a leaca, a béal, a' r a cnuic 3o léir,
a rathúil do'n éag ba éliuad!

Níorí b-ruada 3úinn, a Phatnais! marí riu,
3o n-deacail Ór a n-éalaibh baile,
Do 3ózairí ari náimhíl uail-éaoí 3éair,
a' r ari Fhianu féin bíg faoi 3iomhád!

Do 3aoileamhainne a' r fóir cár,
3o b-ruaili bair ari 3an 3álliúim;
do éalnig ná cnuic féin aili,
a' r do 3an a3 caoi ari laoi marí leanaí!

O. O Patrick ! thy God hath not seen,
 Nor yet thy clerics, nor thyself,
 The equal of that woman,
 In figure, form, and countenance.

When she stood over their bodies,
 She tore her hair, which was of the colour of gold,
 She stretched across the Three
 Without movement, energy, or strength !

Her beautiful and smooth forehead changed [colour],
 Her sparkling eyes and crimson face,
 Her cheeks, mouth, and form all over,
 Her equal to face death was woful !

Not long were we, O Patrick ! thus,
 Till she fell into the swoon of death ;
 The foe raised a bitter wail,
 And the Fians themselves were in grief !

We and the foe imagined,
 That she had there died without a moan ;
 But she assumed her own shape again,
 And sung in tears the lay that follows !

L A O I A H N A A H E A R T A J S H,

1. Aillte ríuad-geal, a n-ðialt̄ a fír a ður a ðiar mac
do éuit aji énoc aii aji.

O. A ñhealzal̄ na nglar-lann ngean,¹
dab' ionða zliad a'r tliom-čat;
a d-tliond̄ ríuad a'r aonairiñ,
do éuit led' éruad-lain̄ real.

Njor b-peartac mē zo rialb ña n-ðialt̄,
cneadet̄ ña rían ari do éor;
'r ir deairb̄ lom zuri ceilz, a zliad,
a'r nac neairt lain̄ do buald oir!

Dob' fada do éillall an imcian,
ðð' éir ba élaom zo h-ñijr Fajl;²
d' ionnraizé ñhijn aður ña b-Fianñ,
do cealz mo éillari do'n m-bair!

¹ This is a good specimen of the ancient Irish *caoin* or lament, and is also valuable as embodying and representing the belief in omens by the ancient Irish; and sufficiently bears out the opinion entertained by those who closely study the early history of our country, as to the eastern origin of its first colonisers. A fragment of this curious poem has already appeared in print, having been published by the late Philip F. Barron of Waterford, in his Magazine, entitled *Ancient Ireland*, (See *Lamentation of Ala over Mordhaigh*, p. 105, Dub. 1835); but a comparison between that and the present version will show considerable variance and difference.

² ñijr Fajl, *Island of Fail*. At p. 130, note 1, referring to this term, we stated, on the authority of Keating, one of the most learned antiquaries of his time, that the *Lia Fajl*, from which Ireland received the above name, was removed to Scotland, and thence to Westminster Abbey: where, according to our author, it now lies; but since writing that note, we have consulted Dr. Petrie's *Antiquities of Tara Hill*, where, at page 150, the learned Doctor states that the *Lia Fail* is still at Tara, which important discovery, if we might rely on his arguments, would entitle him to the marked thanks of the Irish nation. He states, that after the eventful year, 1798, it was removed from its antient situation in the Rath, called

THE LAY OF THE WIFE OF MEARGACH,
I.E. OF AILNE, OF THE BRIGHT COUNTENANCE, OVER HER
HUSBAND AND TWO SONS WHO FELL AT CNOC-AN-AIR.

O. O Meargach of the sharp green blades,
Many a conflict and severe fight,
Amidst the hosts and in single combat,
Came off by thy hardy hand in thy time.

I never knew that there remained after them,
A wound or scar upon thy breast,
And I feel assured, that it was treachery, love,
And not the might of arms that overpowered thee !

Long was thy journey afar,
From thine own fair land to Innis Fail ;
To visit Fionn and the Fians,
Who treacherously put my Three to death !

the *Forradh*, to mark the grave of the insurgents, slain at Tara in the outbreak of that year. At p. 162, he gives a woodcut representation of this stone, which he describes as but six feet high above ground, but that its real height is said to be twelve feet. It is a matter of surprise that the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, if they believe this to be the *Lia Fail*, has made no effort to save such a relic, leaving it thus exposed to destruction. Surely when that body makes such strenuous efforts to rescue matters of minor importance as they often do, they should not leave the *Lia Fail* to merely mark the graves of rebels on Tara Hill ! The identification of the existing stone with the *Lia Fail*, requires, however, some further corroboration. Taking it that the *Lia Fail* stood upright originally as at present, and that the monarch inaugurated, stood on the apex of it, while it audibly expressed approbation when the right heir occupied that position, we can hardly conceive that he could have found a *locus standi* on a space so unfitted for an exhibition of the kind as the narrow-rounded summit of this stone presents. The account given by our bardic historians of the *Lia Fail* would lead one to believe that it was a small flat stone, such as the one now under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, and not a pillar-stone six feet above ground, and six more below, as Dr. Petrie's account represents it.

O. Ոլոմեած ! տո շեյլե, տո շեան,
 ծայլլեար լե տեանց նա Ե-Ֆլան ;
 տո ծիր օզլած, տո ծիր տաւ,
 տո ծիր ծ'քեալալե բա ջայի թլած !

Ֆո շնիմա ! տո ելած աշուր տո ծեօծ !
 տո շնիմա ! տո շօրչ ծ յած ալրծ ;
 տո շնիմա ! տո շլալլ ահ լուշլան,
 ա'ր յար շայլլեար տո լաօշիր շալծ !

Ֆո շնիմա ! տո Փհնի ար լայ,
 տո շնիմա ! տո րշաւ ա'ր տո րշլաւ ;
 տո շնիմա ! Ֆեարիցած ա'ր Ծլալծան,
 տո շնիմա Լիազան ! բա ելրաց շլած !

Ֆո շնիմա ! տո շօլմեած ա'ր տո ծյօն,
 տո շնիմա ! տո ելիշ աշուր տո շեան,
 տո շնիմա ! ե' ար ծոլի ծ'ն օլշ,
 տո շնիմա ահօշտ ! լին յօ բան !

Ֆո շնիմա ! տո լուշչալի ա'ր տո յիրան,
 տո շնիմա ! տո շեալլ ան յած ձլտ,²
 տո շնիմա ! տո լուշ ա'ր տո յեալտ,
 տո շնիմա ! օ յօշտ ամած յօ ելած !

Ֆո շնիմա ! տո շիրօլի ա'ր տո շլալլ,
 տո շնիմա ! տո միլան յօ լա'ն եալր,
 տո շնիմա ! տո շալլշե ա'ր տո յելլտ,
 տո շնիմա ! տո լաօշիր բա շալծ !

Ֆո շնիմա ! տո լեաբած ա'ր տո յւան,
 տո շնիմա ! տո շւալլիտ ա'ր տո շեաշտ ;
 տո շնիմա ! մ'օլդե ա'ր տո ելած,
 տո շնիմա շիրայտե ! տո շլյուր քեար !

¹ Շեան means also a head, and in pronunciation and signification strongly resembles the Persian word *khan*.

O. Sorrowful! my husband—my chief,
 I lost by the wiles of the Fians,
 My two youths—my two sons,
 My two men who were fierce in battle!

My grief! my food and my drink!
 My grief! my precept everywhere,
 My grief! my journey afar,
 And that I lost my noble heroes!

My grief! my Dun laid low,
 My grief! my shelter and shield,
 My grief! Meargach and Ciardan,
 My grief Liagan! of the broad chest!

My grief! my ward and defence,
 My grief! my strength and might,
 My grief it is! and gloom from evil,
 My grief this night! to find ye slain!

My grief! my joy and my pleasure,
 My grief! my desire in each place;
 My grief! my agility and my strength [are gone],
 My grief! from this night evermore!

My grief! my guide and my path,
 My grief! my love till the day of my death,
 My grief! my treasure and my sway,
 My grief! my heroes who were noble!

My grief! my bed and my slumbers,
 My grief! my visit and my arrival;
 My grief! my consoler and my renown,
 My sore grief! my three men!

² *Aliter, and, height, everywhere.*

O. 2^{Mo} cūma ! mo mālre a' r mo r̄zēl̄m,
 mo cūma ! mo r̄eada a' r mo ḥaīr̄ze
 mo cūma ! mo c̄l̄r̄de a' r mo māsīn,
 mo cūma ! mo ḥiī cōl̄ndle Ṅaīr̄ze !

2^{Mo} cūma ! mo c̄aīl̄de a' r mo Ṅaol,
 mo cūma ! mo māl̄nt̄li a' r mo c̄aīaīd,
 mo cūma ! m' ačaīli a' r mo māčaīli,
 mo cūma a' r mo c̄ar ! r̄l̄b mār̄b !

2^{Mo} cūma ! mo p̄aīlit a' r m' p̄aīl̄te,
 mo cūma ! mo r̄laīnt̄ze Ṅač am,
 mo cūma ! mo mēl̄dli a' r mo r̄ol̄ar,
 mo dōl̄ič dōl̄aīr ! r̄l̄b Ṅo fān̄ !

2^{Mo} cūma ! do r̄leāč a' r do lān̄,
 mo cūma ! do c̄eān̄yračt a' r do Ṅiād,
 mo cūma ! do ḥiī a' r do Ṅaīle,
 mo cūma ! r̄l̄b do r̄zāl̄pe om' dāj̄ !

2^{Mo} cūma ! mo c̄uañ a' r mo c̄aīaīč,
 mo cūma ! mo ḥaīr̄ze a' r mo r̄eāñ ;
 mo cūma ! mo mōr̄dāčt a' r mo r̄iīzēačt,
 mo cūma a' r mo c̄aol̄ ! r̄l̄b Ṅo h-ēač !

2^{Mo} cūma ! mo r̄ač Ṅo h-jom-Ṅlān̄,
 mo cūma ! r̄l̄b an am Ṅiād ;
 mo cūma ! mo ḥiōn̄ol̄ r̄lōč,
 mo cūma ! mo ḥiīaīl̄ leōīan̄ Ṅiōl̄de !

2^{Mo} cūma ! m' iīl̄lit ažur m' ōl,
 mo cūma ! mo c̄eōl̄ ažur m' aōiħneār ;
 mo cūma ! mo Ṅiīaħan̄¹ a' r mo Ṅaħħiħračt,²
 mo cūma c̄aħħtlač ! r̄l̄b claoħdte !

¹ Ṅiīaħan̄, a *summer house*, such as is found in gentlemen's gardens, where the ladies of the household and their attendants take shelter from the burning heat of the sun in the summer season. *Grianan* also was the

O. My grief! my beauty and my adornment,
 My grief! my jewels and my wealth,
 My grief! my treasures and my chattels,
 My grief! my three valorous torches of chivalry !

My grief! my kindred and my relatives,
 My grief! my people and my friends,
 My grief! my father and my mother,
 My grief and my sorrow! that ye are dead !

My grief! my affection and my welcome,
 My grief! my health at all times,
 My grief! my blitheness and my solace,
 My harsh desolation! that ye are feeble !

My grief! thy spear and thy lance,
 My grief! thy gentleness and love,
 My grief! thy country and thy home,
 My grief! that ye are separated from me !

My grief! my havens and my coasts,
 My grief! my wealth and my prosperity,
 My grief! my greatness and my possessions,
 My grief and my wail! are ye till I die !

My grief! my riches all,
 My grief! your absence in battle time,
 My grief! my muster of hosts,
 My grief! my three heroic lions !

My grief! my games and my festivities,
 My grief! my songs and my pleasures ;
 My grief! my summerhouse and my train,
 My crying grief! that ye are feeble !

name by which that portion of a castle or palace set apart, or appropriated for the use of ladies was called—probably our drawing-room or boudoir.

2 *βανγετράτε*, female attendants, ladies in waiting, &c.

O. 2ho cúnha ! m'fionn aður m'fiaðað,
 mo cúnha ! mo éiglari deaðib laoð ;
 mo cúnha oð ! mo cúnha lað !
 a'f a leaðað an imélan do'n Fhélion !

D'ailéin mē ari an ríuað ríðe¹ t'héan,
 do bī a níleic ór cionn an Dúin ;
 a ȝ-cáð le céile a nílíntríb aelðir,
 zo rialb an léan le buaðt dom' éiglúri !

D'ailéin mē ari an b-rogári-ȝuð ríðe !
 do ríelð zo cíuilinn airtéað am cíuaír ;
 nári b-rogáda ualim zoim nuað ríðel,
 bñri d-tuitim jr é do éuaír !

D'ailéin mē a d-túr an lae,
 do ríari mo éiglúri deað-laoð lhom ;
 ari aímaric deaðia ríola na nílúad,
 nári b-riillead ríaoi buað cúnðam !

D'ailéin mē ari ȝuð na m-baðb,
 anu bñri ȝ-cáðair t'elðir ȝað neoir ;
 ó ríariabair lhom zo cíocáð caomh,
 ȝuð b-rogáur dám léan a'f bñón !

Jr cíulinn lhom a éiglúri ba éigéan !
 • ȝuð m'liðe mē lkb do lúalð ;
 da m'liðeáðt zo h-Éiglúin ȝíb,
 nað b-rielefíu bñri nílúaoi ríaoi buað !

1 Sluað ríðe, *fairy host*. The recital of the long list of omens in the following stanzas is particularly beautiful and characteristic. A belief in omens is of remote antiquity in Ireland, and, prevails in many parts of the country among the people at the present day. In no other poem in the Irish language is such a long list of omens strung together as in the present one. Ailne knew by the legions of fairies she saw in a vision fighting in the air, that her heroes would never return to her alive; also by the hosts in the *glens* of the sky—by the voice

O. My grief! my lands and my chase,
 My grief! my three heroes true;
 My grief alas! O my grief are they!
 Conquered afar by the Fians!

I knew, by the mighty fairy host,
 That were in conflict over the Dun,
 Fighting each other in the chasms of the air,
 That evil would befall my Three!

I knew, by the fairy strain,
 That came direct into mine ear,
 That evil tidings were not far from me,
 Your fall was what it portended!

I knew, on the morn of that day,
 On which my three noble heroes parted me,
 On beholding tears of blood on their cheeks,
 That they would not return victorious to me!

I knew, by the vulture's croak,
 Over your delightful mansion each evening,
 Since ye parted me in strength and beauty,
 That sorrow and gloom were at hand!

Well do I remember, O mighty Three!
 How often I had told to you,
 That if to Eirinn ye did steer,
 I would not see you crowned with victory.

of the sprites of the hill, as it was wafted to her ear on the breeze,—by the mournful cry of the Banshee, which she heard round the *Cathair* each night, since her heroes departed—by the deep croak of the raven each morning—by the foam of the torrent, when it changed to the colour of blood—by the visits of the eagle every evening and wheeling ominous in flight over the Dun—by the withering branches of the trees before the Dun—and by the black raven, which she saw flying before them on the way on the day that they left for Eirin—by her broken rest at

O. Φ' αιτήν τέ αἱρί ζυτὸν φέλε,
ζαὲ ταἰδεαν δὲ τηλαλλήν τινα;
Ζαὶ ταῦτην δῆν, δὲ ταῖρανταντιλέσθιον,
αἵρεται δὲ τηλλεαδὸν δοντήν τηρίνειν τιναδ!

Φ' αιτήν τέ αἱρίντην ταῖραλδόν,
αἱρετονταδὸν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον δῆν;
Ζαὶ δὲ τηλλεαδὸν δῆν αἱρίντην τιναδ,
ζαὶ τεαλδόν τηλλατετιλέσθιον!

Φ' αιτήν τέ αἱρίντην ταῖραλδόν!
Τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον δῆν;
αἱρετονταδὸν δῆν τηλλατετιλέσθιον,
αἱρετονταδὸν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον!

Φ' αιτήν τέ αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον,
ζαὲ νεοῖν αἱρετονταδὸν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον;
Ζαὶ δὲ τηλλατετιλέσθιον δῆν,
ταῖραλδόν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον!

Φ' αιτήν τέ αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον,
δηλιτηλλάλ-έσθιον αἱρετονταδὸν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον,
Ζαὶ δὲ τηλλατετιλέσθιον δῆν τηλλατετιλέσθιον,
οἱ τεαλδαλέσθιον τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον!

Ναὶ μητέλην Φίονη! αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον,¹
ναὶ τοῦ μητέλην αἱρετονταδὸν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον;
ναὶ τοῦ μητέλην αἱρετονταδὸν τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον,
δοτεατεαδαρι αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον!

Ναὶ τοῦ μητέλην αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον,
αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον;
αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον τηντηλλάλ-έσθιον,
δοτεατεαδαρι αἱρετονταδὸν τηλλατετιλέσθιον!

night—by the floods of tears which alarmed her in her sleep—by the mournful cry of the favorite hound of *Ciardan* every evening.—In one dream, she imagines herself to be in the form of a spectre—in another vision, she sees a lake of blood on the site of the Dun ; by all which phenomena she conjectured the fall of her heroes. In the Tale of

O. I knew, by the raven's croaking voice,
 Each morning since ye left me,
 That your fall was true and certain,
 And that ye would not return victorious to your land !

I knew, O noble Three,
 In forgetting the leashes of your hounds ;
 That ye would not again return with victory,
 Without treachery from the hosts of Fionn !

I knew, ye torches of valor !
 By the cascade's stream, near the Dun,
 Having changed into blood at your departure,
 That this guile was ever found in Fionn.

I knew, by the eagle's visit
 Each evening over the Dun,
 That ere long I would hear
 Evil tidings from my Three !

I knew, when the huge tree withered,
 Both branch and leaves before the Dun,
 That victorious you would never return
 From the wiles of Fionn Mac Cumhaill !

Do not decry Fionn, O noble princess (saith Grainne),
 Nor yet decry the Fians ;
 'Twas not by treachery nor craft,
 That thy Three [heroes] fell !

The princess made no reply to Grainne,
 And she heeded not her talk ;
 But continued her *caoine* and her wail,
 Incessantly shedding tears !

Deirdre, published in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society* (Dub. 1808),
 similar visions appear to her, respecting *Naisi*, *Ainle*, and *Ardan*.

¹ ୮ର୍ମାଣ୍ମେ, *Grace*. This lady was the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, who was monarch of Ireland in the Third Century. She was betrothed to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, but her subsequent amours with Diarmuid O'Duibhne, forms the subject of our Third Volume.

Ο. Φ' αιτήη τέ αη αιματις ხնի η-ծլալէ,
αη լա ծ էլլալ րի օ'η η-Փնη;
αη εրտէ աη քելէ րօմալէ այած,
նար էօմալէտա տալէ աη չարա չնշառ?

Φ' αιτήη τέ αη չօլի Շիլարձալո,
աշ շլալո շօլալո շաւ ուօլո;
նար ե-քած զօ ե-քաչալոն, տօ քլառ!
ննի ծ-տարէ, ա էլլար, տօ ծօբլոն!

Φ' αιτήη τέ αη չարեա րաւո,
շաւ օյծէ եսառ բօ րիուալէ ծեօր;
օմ' լորջալէ ծ րշար լի կօմ,
նար չսար չնիմձալէ ծիեր ա քօրտ.

Φ' αιτήη τέ αη աη ալրկոյ երօլո,
ծօ չեարեալո տօ չսալր ծառ քելո;
շար չեարիած տօ չեասո ա'ր տօ լամա ծյօմ,
շար լիեր ծօ ել շան լելո!

Փ' αιտէն տէ ար Աալէնի եին-շլօրած,
շածար եա լօ-քեալս լեմ' Լաշան!
աշ շլամջոլ շաւ տալծոն զօ տօշ,
տօ էլլնի շար չլոյնտ ծօլի աη եար!

Փ' αιտէն տէ աη տան տեարեանած ծառ,
աη լօշ քոլա ար հլտ աη Փնլո;
տօլէալէտա զօ լոյլ տօ էլլնի,
օ'η շ-քելշ նար իօօր լոյտ Ֆլոն!

Նա ել աշ ալէլր Ֆիլո (ար Յրալոնե),
ա եօն, չիա ըրալծե ծօ չլոյծե,
տրելշ քեարծ ելտ աշ լոյկոնե,
նա ե-Ֆլոն տօլիձալած, նա Ֆլոն.

O. I knew, on looking after you,
 The day on which ye left the Dun,
 And on the flight of the raven before you,
 That it was no good omen of your return !

I knew, by the hounds of Ciardan,
 Mournfully howling every evening,
 That ere long, I would hear, my pain !
 Of your fate, O Three, my dark grief !

I knew, by the want of rest,
 Each long night past with tears streaming ;
 Down from my eyes since ye left me,
 That such did not forebode luck to you.

I knew, by the sorrowful vision
 That revealed my doom to me,
 That my head and hands were cut off,
 That it was ye who were bereft of sway !

I knew, by melodious Uaithnin,
 The favorite dog of my Liagan !
 Howling each morning early,
 That death was certain for my Three !

I knew, when in a vision I saw,
 A pool of blood where the Dun stood,
 That my Three were vanquished
 By the wiles from which Fionn was never exempt !

Do not reproach Fionn (saith Grainne),
 O woman, though sorrowful be thy heart,
 Give up henceforth to be speaking ill,
 Of the proud Fians, or of Fionn.

O. Α Ζηραίνη ! αρι ηίοζαη αη δημ-έλαθ,
δα μο leat αη τηιαη ρο αρι λαη;
ιοηέλαη ηο αιέληρ ηίοη leδη leat,
ταιη δηολ ζο δεαηιθ ληα m-baη !

Φα b-φαινδαοιη να ζ-εδηη-έηη φειη,
α ηίοζαη φειη, αρι Ζηραίνη Φηιη;
α' r ζαη τεαέτ δο δηοζαλτ ιηιc Τρεοηη,
δ'η b-φειηη ηίοη δηολ bα δηc !

Φα m-baδ ταιτηη δηολ le coτηιαη λαηη,
ζαη cealz να meanη, α Ζηραίνη έλαιη;
ηή ιηέλαιηφιηηηη αη Φηιηη,
α' r ηή ηηληηδ έηη φιαζαηη ληηη !

Φα ηαιηεαδαοιη, α ηίοζαη αιδ,
ηή ιηέλαιηφιδηη φειη αη Φηιηη :
ηη le εηδηαέτ α' r ηεαηt a ληη,¹
δ'φαζβαδαι αρι λαη δο έηηαι !

Φο έηοεηδ leο, α Ζηραίνη, αη ζηηοη,
α ζ-εηη φδ δηιαιοζεαέτ αη δ-τηη;
'r ηη coηηηηη ζηη b'αηηληδ bη,
ηο ηίοη έηητηη ζο bηαē δοη' έηηηη.²

Σηειδ ηαιη, α ηίοζαη, αρι Ζηραίνη,
ηαc ηαιηb cealz ηαη λαιη, να meanη,
do leaz Φηεαιηδη να λαηη ηηληη,
α' r do έηηlz le ηεαηt δe α έηηηη !

¹ *Aliter* “ Ήαιη ηη φηηηέδ δηηt, δηc α ζ-εηηη,
ηαc le meanη do leaδaδ λαδ.”
As their headless bodies bear thee witness,
That it was not by treachery they fell !

² *Aliter* “ Φο b'φειηη, α Ζηραίνη, α δεηηηη,
a leaδaδ le ceiηz α' r le meanη ;

O. O Grainne ! saith the princess of the golden hair,
 If those Three who have fallen were thine,
 Truly, reproach or shame would not suffice thee,
 As satisfaction for their death !

Had they remained in their own country,
 O mild princess, saith Grainne of Fionn ;
 And not come to be avenged for Mac Treoin,
 From the Fians they would receive no hurt !

Had they fallen in fair battle,
 Without deceit or treachery, O gentle Grainne,
 I would not reproach the Fians,
 But they do not survive to bear me witness !

Had they survived, O noble princess,
 They themselves would not decry the Fians ;
 'Twas by valour and might of arm,
 They laid low thy Three !

They might, O Grainne, the deed perform,
 By putting them under magic spells, at first ;
 And 'tis likely that it was so,
 Or else my Three would never fall.

Believe me, O princess, saith Grainne, [arm
 That there was neither venom nor treachery in the
 By which fell Meargach of the green blades,
 And that by might cut off his head !

Α'γ ά η-ηιαιδ̄ η-βειζ̄ εμαριαιζ̄ε θόιβ,
 ά η-ηιζ̄εαηηαδ̄ le ρόιηηεαηη ιαηη.”

It may be possible, O Grainne, I say,
 To slay them by treachery and malice,
 And after their being decrepid,
 To behead them by the force of swords !

O. Innillim duit fóir gan bheag,
 an dír do leag go faón do élanach;
 náil cùlbe aitír do éaballit dóibh,
 a' r náil b-feasgair a ché dóibh dirlasoidhneáct ná meanach!

Ա Յիշալինե ! ար այ լիօնցալի ալձ,
ծ'ար ե'պիլու Ալին չեալ-ինած ;
ով չըլծիլ սալտ, ով ծ'ն ե-Քելին,
Հայու շալտյու ծամ լաօցիա մայ լւածալլի.

Nā bīr fearða līnū dā luāð,
a' r nā ȝlac trīð ȝrūaljū nā fearlīð;
nī luāb līam cearlī 'ran b-Fēlīn,
a'ct ȝuȝjōthālītā laoðuþr aȝur ȝaþlīz.

Խոյլրու ծոյւր քօր շառ ելելց,
ու տալոյն լլամ լաօց ու տօլլի ու ո-ձայլ,
ծո լլաց ա ո-բաած ա շ-օբալտ ու լան,
և՝ թ յօ ո-բեյծ ամլալծ յօ լա ա ո-բայր !

Δά δ-τιζαδαοιρ σεαρτ νά σόηι,
δομ' έημύηι βα έλιοδα α νηγηοήι ;
α'ρ δά ριυαζ τηέαηηαη εατ-βιαδαέ,
α δ-τιζτηηη ηηοηι οαηηαη ληηη !

Ա Ալիս ! Որ ալոյն բասած ա՞ր շնաօլ,
օ ոած շ-ըլելի լիս ծա լսած ;
լովորու ծոյտ Յօ ծ-ւոյտքծ ւոյլե, ¹
բալ բարբայծ կոյնե ծօ մօր լիսաշ !

Ա Ֆիլադելիա ! ար այ լիօնցալի ալէ,
ար րոն ու Յ-ընած-քեալ ծօ ծու ծ'եալ ;
տա ծեալի ծօնէ աշամբա ար եած,
Յօ Յ-ընլիլի ար ար այ Ե-Քելին .

¹ *Aliter* “leazfald an Fhian ñ ař nř le cealř,
tuille an an leařiř dod c̄nom-řluasř !”

O. I tell thee again without falsehood,
 The two who laid thy children low,
 That reproach was not due to them,
 And that they knew not sorcery nor guile !

O Grainne ! saith the noble princess,
 Whose name was Ailne of the fair form ;
 I believe not thee nor the Fians,
 That my heroes fell as thou sayest.

Do not henceforth to us proclaim,
 And do not be sullen or angry at it ;
 There never was treachery in the Fians,
 But feats of heroism and valor.

I tell thee still, and 'tis no falsehood, [them,
 That there never yet came a hero or pursuit to meet
 That obtained sway [over them] by right of the sword,
 And that they shall be so till their death !

Had they dealt justly or honourably,
 With my Three who were mighty in action ;
 And with their victorious mighty hosts,
 Their fall then would not surprise me !

O Ailne ! of the most elegant shape and form,
 As thou dost not believe what I say,
 I tell thee that more will fall,
 Ere thy great hosts part us !

O Grainne ! saith the noble princess,
 For the sake of the hardy men who have died,
 I have great hopes that my hosts
 Will deal destruction to the Fians !

The Fians will slay, and not by treachery,
 More in the field of thy great troops.

O. A Uilhe ! an Tráinne an tSúilinn,
n' deaibh linn fáid do éilimh ;
tain leomra a'r leir an b-Féilinn,
go t-saigteam le céile deoč a'r biað ?

Do διάλυτος Αἴτης ζεαλ-γηναδ,
αν ευπρεαδ κυαλι δ Ζηριανης Φηνη;
α' τ α δύβαλητ ναρι ζωιβε λει κειν,
πλεαδ να φεαρδα δ λυετ α νηνην!

Το ηγεαριτέαρι το έσηρι πομ' λαρι,
δο παλιδ Σοναν δο χαριδ χλορι;
το ν-ιοκρατιρε, α Αιλη ζεαλ-ιηναδ,
ιημέαηη αηι πλαδ ζαη έσηρι!

Α φη μαοιλ ιι γιαλινη δειλη,
δα β-ρασαδ αη αον λειριζ ρορ;
ιι δεαιλη λιον γαρ ιοσαρ ζο εμιαλδ
α ν-ιηγαλη, α'ι βα εμιαδ αη ιρεολ!

Јосеф је тај љубав, али Сонјан,
алјејр ај љимеји на б-Флаји;
балајреад аи сеани ѕи-који сјојт,
ма џејбји сеад Флаји на б-Флаји.

Ἵδιοι τοι πτεαῖμι λόγοι,
αὐτοὶ γαρ λεαταν, λομ, εποτ δο μαοιλ;
αὐτοὶ τοι πατημ-έναμας, πιστη-φέλτεας, πεαρ,
παρ δε αλβ ηας πατει λαος!!

Do ḋoṄbamari uile an ḡħajnej,
żgħiġi ba ɔġġi żgħiekk a'rif cacc;
an tan d'imbdekkix an bejn,
an fejn maol lemjn a'rif d'imbċa.

¹ *Aliter.* “Зеаламре ηαč тајč аη лаоč.”
I promise that the hero is not brave.

O. O Ailne ! saith the pleasant Grainne,
 I know that thou hast come from afar,
 Come with me and with the Fians,
 Till we together eat and drink ?

Ailne of the bright form declined
 The invitation given her by Grainne of Fionn ;
 And she said it was beneath herself
 To partake of cheer from people of their deeds.

May my body be rent in two,
 Saith Conan, in a surly voice ;
 But thou wilt pay, O Ailne bright,
 For unjustly stigmatising our hosts.

O bald man of the ugliest aspect,
 That I have yet met on any plain ;
 I apprehend I have sorely paid
 For the stigma given, and how sad the tale !

Thou shalt pay more sorely, saith Conan,
 For the scandal thou hast given the Fians,
 I will cut off thy head of the golden locks,
 If I am permitted by Fionn of the Fians.

Though huge and bulky is thy body,
 And though flat and bald is thy skull,
 And tho' thou art thick-boned, tough-sinewed, swift,
 These are marks which ill becomes a hero !

We, the Fenians all, raised
 A shout of joy, and so did the foe,
 When the woman rebuked and reproached
 The silly bald man [Conan].

O. Do ḡlac aŋ fealj maol tóli fealj, a' r̄ do laballj do ḡaʎb ḡuč aʎd, cúlj caol a᷑ur r̄iostá deðri, ḡuʎðl̄m do' n̄ Fhēl̄n̄ a' r̄ do cāc !

Do ḥarriajn̄z a lan̄i ař a ḥmuajl̄ ḥařře,
ař tuž r̄jč ȝar̄b̄ ēum̄ na myā;
do ȝuařl̄ Ořeum̄ aři c̄muajl̄-bēl̄m̄,
do ȝuařn̄ ȝuajm̄ ař bēl̄c̄ ař Chon̄an̄!

Ð'uaill Conaigh, a' r' ð'fēaċ zo tħiex
aji Orcujiha 3-cċiex l-aww u 3-ċeċi,
a dñuba jiddu Conaigh, ujalji an 3-ixxom,
do 3-ixxom mo ċlīċ o tħadob zo tħadob !

Νή ζοιηφήν δο ἐλίσ ηά δο ζοηρ,
αέτ δο ɓ-φασάδ ȝαι ɓ'olc δο ιμέιν,
νήοι ȝαιθε δυτ νοέτα δο ȝεοιδήν,
αη αιθαρις ȝηαοι ηα ηηα ηα ȝεέη.

Նի Ե-ՔՈԼ ԹՈ ՔԱՐ Ա ՐՅԵԼԻ ՆԱ ԹԻԱ,
ՆԱ ՅՆԱՐ ԱԼՍԻԽ, ՆԱ ՆԱ ՅՆԱԾ,
ԱՐ ՄԵԱՐԱ ԼՅՈՄ ԱԼԵՐ ՅԱՆ ԵՎԱԼ,
ԱՅ ԼԻՇԵԼԻ ՆԱ Ե-ՔԱԽԻ ԱՅՍՐ ՔԻԽԻ !

Do ḡluair Fionn 'ra n Fhliann ó'n 3-choc,
a' r Orcuiri aco ná feair cinni níaln;
do ḡhíall caé 'r an níosdál rílmh,
aíl a d-taobh fénig do phiaip man lads.

Ἄη να ἡμίαντε ἔταιντις αν Φήλιαν,
ἄη αν γενος 'να παιδί αν τ-άη ;
ά' τ νιοι β-ραδα γο β-ρασαμαρι αζ τεαέτ,
Ἄηνε ῥημαδ-ζεαλ αζυρ κας.

Aliter. “Το γονιηελμητι διαν ἐν τη θητη.”
With venom severe towards the slaughter.

O. The bald man became very angry,
 And he spoke in a loud rough voice,
 A cause of weeping and floods of tears,
 I pray for the Fians and their foes !

He drew his sword from its costly scabbard,
 And made a fierce dart towards the woman ;
 Oscur gave him a hard blow,
 That made Conan shriek and roar !

Conan howled, and looked piteously,
 On Oscur of the sharp-tempered blades,
 And he said, shameful is the deed,
 Thou hast pierced my breast from side to side !

I would not pierce thy breast nor thy body,
 But that I saw thy bad intent ;
 It was not meet for thee to unsheathe thy sword,
 On seeing the shape and beauty of the woman !

I am regardless of the beauty of the woman,
 Of her fine features or her shape ;
 I think worse of the undeserved reproach
 She has cast on the Fians and Fionn !

Fionn and the Fenians left the hill,
 And Oscur with them as their guide ;
 The gentle princess and her hosts
 Sped their own way in haste like them.

In the morning the Fians came
 On the hill where lay the slain ;
 And 'twas not long till we beheld approaching,
 Ailne of the bright countenance and her hosts.

O. Do ḡluailr ᢑrlainne na ᢑ-cōimhéal,
 a' r do luaid ari laimh ari Ailne ḫeili
 le na cēile ari aon luath ari rinn,
 an dīr rinn tīs a d-túr ari t-ṛluailr.

Fó'n am 'na hancadair rinn,
 do ḫeili Pháinne binn-éad ceoil;
 do ḫeili Fionn ari Bailliu-buað,¹
 a' r do ḡallimh fó luair a ḫiomh-flóð.

A Ailne ḫnuad-ᢑeal! ari ᢑrlainne,
 an aṁlaid ir aīl leat dīr deag-łaoð;
 do dul a ᢑ-cōimh-ᢑlaid na lainn,
 no ead coitceann ari ᢑac taoð.

A ᢑrlainne! ari Ailne ba ḡeal ḫnuad,
 ir aṁlaid ir cuiþe ari ᢑac taoð;
 tlijoðad² do laoðra na b-ᢑlann,
 a' r tlijoðad marí lað a ᢑ-cōimh-ᢑlēic!

ᢑallimh cūzad do tlijoðad laoð (ari ᢑrlainne),
 ari an leilið na n-aonairian;
 a' r ᢑollikeadra tlijoðad na b-ᢑlann,
 go d-tuðaild ead dīan ari cñoc an ari!

¹ Bailliu-buað, sometimes called bailliu buaðaí. This and the dōra Fhíann, were the war-trumpets used by the Fenian chiefs to summon their troops to battle.

² Tlijoðad, *thirty*. Here Ailne proposes to Grainne, that thirty combatants a side should be chosen to decide the conflict, which number they summoned forth in their turn—each calling the bravest hero or combatant in the ranks. Among the names of those so called, the following bear a striking resemblance to some of those of the present day; Thus—Conaill, seems identical with the present Conran; Ruairí, (written Ruairí, in the copy consulted by us in the Royal Irish Academy),

O. Grainne advanced to meet them,
 And took gentle Ailne by the hand ;
 They walked together on the one path,
 And the two approached the front of the hosts.

At the time that they reached us,
 Daire sounded the melodious music of battle ;
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,
 And called in haste his mighty hosts.

O bright Ailne ! saith Grainne,
 Is it thy wish that two heroes,
 Should fight with their blades,
 Or a general battle on each side.

O Grainne ! saith Ailne of the bright countenance,
 It is thus it should be at either side,
 Thirty of the Fenian heroes,
 And thirty their match, to meet !

Call to thee thy thirty heroes (saith Grainne),
 On the plain by themselves,
 And I shall call thirty of the Fians,
 Till they give severe battle on Cnoc-an-air !

would go far to identify the name Renelian or Rooney ; *Corcaillie* or *Cor-
 gairélaí*, now Cosgrave, is a name famous in Irish History (see *Ossianic
 Trans.* Vol. I.). *Carraighe* may be the modern name *Uí-éaglaí* (Hurley) or
Uí-éaglaí, O'Herlihy, whom Dr. O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary, at the end
 of the letter *I*, describes as chiefs of a district in the barony of Muskerry ;
 and also states that they were hereditary wardens of the Church of St.
 Gobnait, at Ballyourney ; and were possessors for many years of the
 large parish of that name. Smith states that they were chiefs near Ma-
 croom. For an interesting account of this family see Connellan's edition
 of the Four Masters, p. 199, *note*.

Ο. Α Τηναριδάη ! αη Αγίης τηναριδ-ζεαλ,
δο ένιτ λεδ' λαζή αη αοη λο,
τηιάνη αζυρ ζέαδ φεαη calma μεαη,
ταζητε αζ ταζηαδ αδ ζεαη γλεο !

Α Ζηιαβάη ! αη Ζηιανης ζηιανηδ,
δο ένιτ λεδ' λαζητε αη αοη ζατ,
τηι ζέαδ αζυρ τε φηη δέαζ,
ρεαρηαδ αη ζαοδ με η' αιρ.

Α Ζηιεαηάη ! αη Ζηιης, τηιαλλ λεατ,
δο ένζεαδ αη φιαδ μεαη δ' η τ-τηιαδ,
λε λυαρ δο δα ζοιρ λύτηηηι εμιαλδ,
ηι μεατα ιη δυαλ δυιτ γληαδ.

Α Ρυατη ! αη Ζηιανης αη γληηη,
ηι βηιρφεαδ φοδ' ζηιοζ αη εηιονηη,
λε δέηηε δο ζόηηι αη λοη λύτ,
βεηηι ζηιρδε δο γύδ α γ-ζοη-δηι.

Α Σηοηαηιη ! ηαη φάζ μηαη
εηάη ηα φιαηιη φληη αζ λαοc,
δ' αη ζοηηιαη λεατ α γ-ζατ ηα ηγλεο,
μεαρηηη γηηι ζοηι τη γλαοδαc.

Α Σηοηζηη ! αη Ζηιανης γο τεαηη,
δο ζηιηηφεαδ αη ζεαηη δ' αοη-βέηη,
ηήλε οη γ-ζοηηηη δ' φεαηιηη ηη,
ζαθηηηη τη α γ-ζοηη-ζηηηc.

Α Σηηηλη ! ηα ηοηι ζηηεαcη,
δο ζηηι αη ζοηηαη λαοc λε ηηή ;
ιη μεαρηη γηηι εηηβε δηητ τηιαλλ,
α' η εηηηηηζ αη τηιάηι δο ένιτ !

O Thuardan ! saith Ailne, of the bright countenance,
 There fell by thy hand in one day,
 One hundred and three mighty swift men,
 Come thou as leader in the fight !

O Giabhan ! saith Grainne aloud,
 There fell by thy hand in one battle,
 Three hundred and sixteen men,
 Stand thou by his side.

O Meanuir ! saith Ailne, go forth,
 Thou that hast brought the swift deer from the hill ;
 By the swiftness of thy two fleet hardy legs,
 Cowardice is not thy character in battle.

O Ruraithne ! saith pleasant Grainne,
 Thou wouldst not crush the withered grass,
 When in pursuit [of the foe] by thy fleetness,
 Thou shalt match him in the conflict.

O Conaran ! who never left
 A bone nor a tooth sound in any hero
 Who engaged thee in battle or conflict,
 I think thou shouldst be called !

O Cosgaire ! saith Grainne firmly,
 Who would send the head by one blow
 From the body a mile of soft ground,
 I will have thee in the combat.

O Earlaire ! who left large scars,
 On the bodies of heroes with venom ;
 'Tis determined that thou shouldst go,
 And remember the Three who fell !

Օ. Փօ ել այ ծիր ծօ ուղայի թելոն,
 Այլու աշուր Յրայուն, եւս Ֆիլոն;
 Աշ շալլու ա'ր աշ տօջա ու ե-քար,
 Տար կոս տիլօշած ծո եւաշտ ար շած տաօյի.

Պ'յոնդրսլշեածար ու տիւն-քլի ա չեյլե,
 Շած ծիր ծյօն ա ց-սօլոն-քլած չլսալծ;
 Ա ե-քոլուշեան այ չաշա ոյօն ուալի ծօ'ն կոս,
 Ա Փհատրալց ! աշտ ծիր ծօ'ն Ֆիլոն !

Պ'յար ծ-տիլօշալուն ծօ ուալի այ ծիր,
 Ա բան տօ չլոյծ ծ ելշ ծա լսած !
 Են տիւնշեար կոս տօ չիաշտ ծո քոլլ,
 Ա Փհատրալց ! ծ'ն Քոլոն, այ չլոյծլոն չլսալծ.

Այ տան ծօ շար այ Ֆիլոն,
 Այ տալտլոն ծո ծյան ար չաշ,
 ծօ էցիշեած տիր շալշա շրուն,
 Եա չլօր ա ոչլոն ա'ր ա ո-այծ.

Ա Այլու չեալ-ինած ! ար Յրայուն,
 Ա տօրի այ սար ար շած տաօն ;
 Ար ու լաօշ եա չլսած շալշե,
 Տիլալ լեատ 'րա տալուշեան ծօծ' նսլծոն.

Են չլուլլիքած քելոն ու լած րնծ,
 Ա Ֆիլոն ! ծ'յար ո-ծնլշչե քելոն,
 Եօ ծո ծ-տալտիլոն լած ծո ծելոն,
 ծո ե-քաշալծ ծին-քելլիշ ար այ ե-քելոն !

Խոյլրլոն ծոյտ, Ա Այլու ! ու ոչեալ չլաշ,
 ծո ո-քեալոն ծին րտած ծօ'ն տօլոն,
 ծո ուշտալոն ենի ծ-տիր ալսիոն քելոն,
 Եօ քար լշել ոյ լածալծ եօ !

O. The two gentle women,
 Ailne and Grainne, the wife of Fionn,
 Were calling and choosing the men,
 Until exactly thirty were mustered at a side.

The mighty men attacked each other,
 Each two of them in hand to hand conflict,
 At the close of the battle there only survived,
 O Patrick ! but two of the Fians !

Of our thirty the two survived,
 My heart is sick from its recital !
 I shall not cease my narrative yet,
 O Patrick ! from Rome, of the harsh faith.

When the Fians beheld
 The foe falling fast,
 They raised three cheerful shouts,
 Which were heard in valleys and on hills.

O Ailne bright ! saith Grainne,
 'Tis a sad case on both sides,
 The slaughter of the valorous heroes,
 Depart with what survives of thy hosts.

Neither they nor I shall go,
 O Grainne ! to our own country ;
 Till they fall to the last man,
 And are avenged of the Fians !

I tell thee, Ailne ! of the fair hands,
 That 'twere better for you to cease the pursuit,
 Till you reached your own fair country,
 Than that no one to bear tidings shall go alive !

0. Nj τημαλλ δύην, δ' αι δ-τήι, αι Αιλη !
ζο ταιτητ δ' ιονταν αι φιασχ ;
ηο ζο ιη-βειηεαη λην α ι-διοζαλ ιαε,
ceann Φηηη φιασδ-λαη α ηζλεο.

Ah tan do éualais fluað na b-Fionn,
glópi an-mhainneadh na mha úd!
do feilinn Fionn an Bapú-buað,
að 55allum a fluað na clúid.

Φο ἡμετηγέαμαν ὁ γαστήρ δούνειος,
αν τῆλε δούνειος ταῦτα πάντα ; .
α δύτης Φίονη δούνειος ταῦτα πάντα,
εοιηγέαλεος αὐτοῦ δούνειος ταῦτα πάντα.

Նի լալի պրայծ ու ծղաւ տեալ,
ծո ժլայշտի շամա շրջան Ֆիլին ;
ու լալ շո բնար ալու ա'ր էլծէ,
ա'ր եւ շան բաօնած տար ընն.

Δο φεινη Φιονη ανη την οφαριδ,
αη Δόριδ λε γαλη-χοιμ έωμ γλεόδ;
δ' ιονηριψεαδαι α έλε δ γαέ ταοδ,
α' τ do φεαριαδ αη τηέαη έατ γο διαι!

Uch, a Phatnais! dob' e p'ud an cas,
ba t'relne a'r ba calma lam z'lajlo;
d' aji tuzað o t'eu'r an domajn,
a'r do'v njozajn zeajn ba dobjon!

O. We shall not proceed to our country, saith Ailne !
 Till all our hosts shall fall ;
 Or that we bring in revenge
 The head of Fionn, the firm hand in battle.

When the Fenian hosts had heard,
 The hostile declaration of that woman,
 Fionn sounded the Barr-buadh,
 To summon his hosts in his presence.

We mustered from all parts of the hill,
 Such of us as were present there ;
 Fionn saith in a loud tone,
 Battle with vengeance now proclaim.

There was not an aged nor an active hero,
 Of the mighty warrior hosts of Fionn,
 Who did not instantly take arms and armour,
 And the foe without faltering did likewise.

O Ailne the bright ! I much regret,
 Saith Fionn of the hardy deeds ;
 I promise thee, and 'tis no falsehood,
 That one shall not be left alive to you !

Fionn then vehemently sounded,
 The Dord with a call for vengeance to the fight ;
 They attacked each other at either side,
 And the battle was fought furiously !

Alas, O Patrick ! that was the battle, [flict,
 The fiercest and the mightiest of hand to hand con-
 That was fought since the beginning of the world,
 And to the stubborn princess 'twas disastrous !

O. Do ḥ̄iūall Ořcuři a d-túlř na b-ř̄iany,
 a'ř a laňy l̄joh̄ta na ծeař ծolđ;
 ڇo րānžadari řeři ažuř cāč,
 aři lejři aň aři aři ծolm̄řuleō,

A Phat̄iaje! n̄i ծan̄aiř ačt ř̄jor,
 c̄la ڇuři c̄muad-lam̄ač ڇȳjomič cāč;
 do ւuլteadari ule lejř aň b-ř̄iany,
 ačt t̄iūnř, a'ř aň սjožaři ařaiř!

Do ւuլt րan ڇ-cač ūd ba ڇařib ծiař,
 do կon ր̄luaz̄ na b-ř̄iany řeři;
 dejčneab̄aři a'ř ře ծeاد řeаři,
 do laočia ba ڇařib ڇl̄ajđ!

D'j̄m̄čiř aň սjožaři 'ř aň t̄iūnř ūd,
 a'ř սjor b-řeаř ūl̄iř řa'ř ڇařbař leō;
 ba ūl̄bač ſad aři a d-t̄iūall,
 c̄e aři սam̄ajđ ſad! ba ծob̄iřoř!

Ař řiř c̄j̄oč aň ծača ծmuad̄,
 A Phat̄iaje սuաd!¹ na m-bačal m-baň;
 ծ řiř ařač do եalřt aň Ֆhiany,
 aři aň ڇ-շnoč ſo ſiři ſhnoč aň aři!

P. J̄n̄iř ūl̄iř, a Ořiř! ڇan ڇo,
 na laočia c̄muad̄ ſo'ř Ֆhiany;
 a ս-եazmaři aň t̄iūočad ſařđ,
 do ւuլt րan aři aři aň ڇ-շnoč ſo ſiři?

O. Tuařiřřbařl do եeařiađ ūl̄t,
 ař ڇač ř̄j̄om̄-šealřt ڇařib laoč;
 do ւuլt aři aň ڇ-շnoč ſe cāč,
 a'ř lejř aň b-řeаř ūl̄a, Tafle mac T̄hēř?

¹ A Phat̄iaje սuաd, *O Patrick newly arrived.* This phrase is very common in Ossianic poetry when St. Patrick's name is introduced, and it goes far to show that these compositions were written immediately on

O. Oscar went forth at the head of the Fians,
 With his polished sword in his right hand,
 Until they and the foe met,
 On the field of slaughter and conflicts.

O Patrick ! I relate but the truth,
 Though the foe were hardy and fierce,
 They all fell by the Fians,
 Except three and the princess herself.

There fell in that severe and fierce battle
 Of the Fenian hosts,
 Six hundred and ten men,
 Heroes who were valiant in fight.

The princess and the three departed,
 And we know not whither they went ;
 Sorrowful they were at parting,
 And, O Patrick of the clerics, 'twas sad !

Thus ended the severe contest
 O Patrick, of the white croziers, lately come ;
 Henceforth the Fians named
 This hill westwards, the hill of slaughter !

P. Relate to us, O Oisin ! without guile,
 The mighty heroes of the Fians,
 Besides the noble thirty [mcn]
 Who fell in the slaughter on the hill of battles !

O. An account I shall give thee
 Of the history of each robust hero,
 That fell on the hill by the foe,
 And by that daring man Tailc mac Treoin.

the Saint's arrival in Ireland, modern as the language and phraseology of
 the compositions may appear to us of the present day.

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AÑGHAÑNA NA B-PRÍOIGH-LAOCRADH DO'N FHÉJNN
Do éuit ari chnoc an aili, le tluasadh Mhícheal Íosaigh.

O. Do éuit ari an g-chnoc ro i láir,
Cionn Cíabhráic ba éanáin gleasáin;
do b'feargair láin a' r neart a n-éigías,
ná casadh Dé cia leat i f-modúr!

Jr agha do éuit 'r i fionnbaidh lom,
Díalláid Flann, ba bhuan a g-casadh;
a' r d'fhearradh ari lúe a láin éigíomh,
le mac Dé b'g a' r ní éibhlíad cead.

Jr agha do éuit 'r i f-tluasadh linn,
Luanan gaoi ná d-tiomáin lann;
do éigíad ari toisc do'n t-riúab,
le riuité lan a gaoibhéal.

Jr agha do éuit Cíabhráin calma,
d'fhearradh ari mairt agha aon phróinnt;
a' r da fíréidé bailltear do'n arián,
a' r da mairreadh ba éigíomh leis cléille!

Jr agha do éuit Caol Luanmhíneadh meair,
ari lúe ba luanmhíneadh ná an gaoit;

Cíabhráin ná g-círeácht lann éigíomh,
da mairreadh, níor fuaillte doibh cléille!

Jr agha do éuit Dóircan meair,
doibh fíréill a g-casadh ná Díla úd;
do éigíomh ná cuillir a' r ná chaitheamh,
a' r do mionmhíneadh ari t-árián go h-úri.

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL FENIAN HEROES
THAT FELL ON CNOC-AN-AIR, BY THE TROOPS OF MEARGACH.

O. There fell on this western hill
Conn Ciabhrach the fierce in battle ;
Of firmer hand and might in conflict,
Than God's hosts of whom thou boastest !

'Twas there fell, and my grief !
Dralladh Flann, who was firm in the fight, [arms,
And who would play in regard of agility and feats of
With the son of the living God, and would not suc-
cumb.

And O my grief ! 'twas there fell,
Luanan, the wise, of the heavy spears ;
Who would bring the wild boar from the hill,
By the great swiftness of his robust limbs.

'Twas there mighty Cruagan fell,
Who would devour a cow at one meal,
With forty cakes of bread,
Had he lived how he would hate the Roman clerics !

'Twas there Caol the swift fell,
Who in swiftness was fleeter than the wind ;
And Ciarnan inflicter of severe wounds ;
Had they lived it would not be pleasant to thy clerics.

'Twas there Dorcan the nimble fell,
Who was stronger in battle than thy God,
Who hacked bodies and bones,
And cheerfully did share the bread.

O. Jr agh do éuit Caoil dhuanaidh meari,
 Bolgairie, Seairic, a'gur Cillagán;¹
 ceatáriar gáilb do laochealb cíuailb,
 mo dhaethaoidh iad uaim ari fán!

Jr agh do éuit Líagán mhn gheas,
 ba clíste a'f ba éirean a g-cáit;
 a'f do b'f a'g fheartal na b-Fíann,
 go fálairín, ní, fíall, na fíal.

Jr agh do éuit Meanáin caomh,
 ba éorúilte béal a d-tiom gheas;
 Meanáin do a'gur Cilladán, calma,
 tuiúr ba mhol maití gán gád!

Jr agh do éuit Lóigairie ba éirean,
 Cilladán dohui ba éneardha mélín;
 Táinín do éorúilteach cinnéad,
 Meanáin a'f Domh-éalaire ba écaomh.

Jr agh do éuit Céiliún² eor éaoil,
 Cilladán a'f Aodh na n-óir meann,
 tuiúr doibh fálairín cail a'f clú,
 a'f ba maití lúc a ngeas do lann.

Jr agh do éuit Follamhán buaðaí
 Biorán, Lualre, Daoire a'f Láis!
 Caillte, Lónán, a'f Táiné fíelín.
 Druilleadh, Blaois, a'gur Ceannaitair.

Jr agh do éuit Cúlínán beóða,
 Roisne, Tlóinne, Cill a'f Biaid;
 Beallairie, Cúlínán, a'f Meanáindán meari,
 Láirne, Fíaois, Níall a'f Tlár.

¹ Cillagán. This name is similar to the present O'Cregan, and probably the Ulster family of that name descended from him.

O. 'Twas there Caol the poetic and swift fell,
 Bolgaire, Searc, and Criagan ;
 Four stout and hardy heroes,
 Alas that they are away from me !

'Twas there fell Liagan of the smooth limbs,
 The active and mighty in battle ;
 He who entertained the Fians,
 Plentifully, freely, and generously, in his time.

'Twas there gentle Meangan fell,
 Whose blow was deadly in fierce battle,
 Meanduire and Cianadan the brave,
 Three of great worth, without exaggeration !

'Twas there the mighty Lorgaire fell,
 Ciardan the brown [haired] of gentlest disposition,
 Gargan the hacker of bones,
 Mianan and Donn-ghlaire the mild.

'Twas there Ceirin, the slender-legged, fell,
 Cruadan and Aedh, of the goldeu diadems
 Three whose fame was wide spread,
 And who were expert in the fight of spears.

'Twas there the victorious Follamhan fell,
 Biosan, Luaise, Daoise, and Laig ;
 Cainte, Lionan, and Gaine the gentle,
 Druilleadh, Blaodh, and Cionntair.

'Twas there fell Curnan the lively,
 Roighne, Gloirne, Ciar and Brad,
 Beallaire, Cuirnin, and Meanndan the swift,
 Laisne, Fraoch, Niall and Glas.

² Céjnij. There are numerous families in Ireland, at the present day bearing this name.

O. Jr ayy do ḥuīt ɻhuālān na n-eāc̄t,¹
 a ɻ-ēlālādž̄oīl na ɻ-cač̄ ba ḥeān̄;
 až̄ur lomad egle, a Phat̄hāl̄c̄ nuaš̄ !
 nač̄ b-ɻuāl̄m dā luād aŋoīr aŋ̄.

P. Jn̄ȳr dām Ojj̄n̄, mā'ř cūl̄m̄l̄n̄ leat,
 cā'ři t̄l̄m̄l̄laš̄ leat a'ř lejj̄ aŋ b-ɻēl̄n̄ ;
 jař̄ b-ɻaž̄bāl̄ aŋ ař-č̄noł̄c̄ ɻ̄b̄,
 leaŋ ɻ̄o ŋ̄iř̄ a'ř na caŋ b̄l̄eāz̄ !

O. Do ɻ̄l̄m̄n̄neamal̄i ař ɻ̄-coŋ̄ 'rař̄ n̄z̄aš̄ař̄i,
 a ɻ̄l̄l̄l̄ič̄ ſ̄o ſ̄eļ̄l̄m̄, a'ř n̄i b̄l̄eāz̄ ;
 do luād̄m̄l̄i uſle ſuł̄ do ſ̄eļ̄z̄,
 ař ɻ̄l̄uāc̄ a'ř ař lejj̄z̄ ɻ̄oč̄a ɻ̄eŋ̄.

Jr ſ̄ada m̄ře, a Phat̄hāl̄c̄ nuaš̄ !
 ɻ̄aŋ̄ beač̄ ař luād ſuł̄ ſ̄eļ̄al̄ ;
 n̄i coř̄m̄n̄l̄ leat na leđ̄ ɻ̄h̄la,
 ɻ̄uř̄ ař lom̄h̄uŋ̄ne l̄b̄ cl̄ař̄ na me !

P. Tař̄bař̄i tual̄uř̄z̄bāl̄ na ſ̄eļ̄z̄e ſ̄aňn̄,
 a Ojj̄n̄ ! a'ř ſ̄uř̄ ſ̄or t̄-l̄m̄č̄ař̄ ;
 Jn̄ȳr ſ̄aňn̄ aŋm̄aňn̄ na ɻ̄-coŋ̄ ſ̄aoř̄te,
 a'ř na n̄z̄aš̄ař̄i ba ɻ̄l̄uŋ̄ ſuč̄ a'ř ɻ̄ař̄i.

O. A Phat̄hāl̄c̄ ! do ſ̄eab̄ař̄i ɻ̄o la aŋ ɻ̄l̄ač̄,
 l̄m̄č̄eāc̄t a'ř t̄lač̄t ař aŋ b-ɻēl̄n̄ ;
 aři ař ɻ̄-coŋ̄ař̄b̄, a'ř ař n̄z̄aš̄ař̄i ſuč̄-b̄l̄n̄,
 uč̄ ! Jr t̄l̄uāz̄ aŋ ɻ̄ič̄ a ɻ̄eř̄t dā n̄-deř̄r !

¹ *Aliter*, na n-eāc̄, of the steeds.

O. 'Twas there fell Mualan of the exploits,
 In the midst of the battle's rage ;
 And many more, O recent Patrick !
 That I cannot now name.

P. Tell me, Oisin, if thou rememberest,
 Where you and the Fenians went ;
 When ye left the slaughter hill,
 Relate truly, and tell no lie !

O. We gathered our hounds and dogs,
 O Cleric in want ! and 'tis no falsehood,
 We all agreed to go and hunt,
 On the banks and plains of Loch Lein.

Long am I, O Patrick, lately arrived !
 Without food, telling thee tales ;
 'Tis not likely that thou and thy God,
 Would be fonder of the clerics than of me.

P. Relate to us an account of the chase,
 O Oisin ! and leave off thy complaining ;
 Tell us the names of the high-bred hounds,
 And the dogs most melodious in voice and cry.

O. O Patrick ! I could till doom's day,
 Go on and tell about the Fians,
 Of our hounds and melodious dogs,
 Alas ! how sorrowful to live after them !

SEJUÍ LOCHÁ LEÍN.

O. Tíuairfeamhaoisíne a n-íon do mhaill,
tar éirí éasá a n-áili do'n b-Féilinn;
go náiníamháillí a n-éalaí-áilíar úd,
ári bhrúas cíúiní-áilíb Lochea Leíin.¹

Ír é ríu a n-loc ír aillne ríseim,
dá b-ruíl ró'n uigléin go beacáit;
ír ionadh ríóir atá ó'n b-Féilinn,
a n-ían bhréig a d-tairiscé a nocht!

P. Inniúr dúninn, a Oírlín féil,
cloghnaíat d'fhan ó'n b-Féilinn rian loc ;
cila aco óri n-ó aillsead é,
a'f cloghnaíat a n-céim do mhuine a ciorc.

O. Atá a n-ían rúd rian taoibh tíuair,
caoíad lúigheasáid goirm glair,
atá a n-ían taoibh ríáir,
caoíad cloghnaíat a n-aon leacáit.

¹ loc leíin, *Loch Lein*. This was the ancient name of the lakes of Killarney in Kerry, retained to the present day. The O'Cearbhaills or O'Carrolls, of the race of Aedh Beannan, king of Munster, were chiefs of this district, and had their residence there; but the O'Donnchadhas, (of the second branch of whom *The O'Donohoe*, M.P., is the present lineal representative); who were originally seated in the plain of Caiseal (Cashell), having settled at Loch Lein, dispossessed and reduced the O'Carrolls, with other families descendants of Conaire Mor, and erected a new territory, to which was given the name Eoganacht Locha Lein; and afterwards Eoganacht Uí Dhonnchadha. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster, was to remain to enjoy the feast of Loch Lein from one Monday to another; and, according to the poet Benean or Benignus, who is said to have been a disciple of St.

THE CHASE OF LOCH LEIN.

O. We proceeded, such of the Fians as survived,
After the battle of the great slaughter,
Till we reached the verdant plain,
On the banks and borders of Loch Lein.

This is the lake—the fairest to be seen,
That is under the sun truly ;
Many treasures belonging to the Fians,
Are in it, doubtless, secured this night.

P. Relate to us, O generous Oisin,
How they were left by the Fians in the lake,
Or whether it be gold or silver,
And what it is that detains it there ?

O. There are there in the northern side [of the lake]
Fifty blue-green coats of mail ;
There are in the western side,
Fifty helmets in one pile !

Patrick, the king of Loch Lein was exempt from paying tribute to the king of Caiseal. Here are his words :—

“ *Éil tair níjá a Mumhaíl níjóir,*
 a (g)caim do Chaisil níj cóna,
 níj Íabhláin níj Gabhrán gélil,
 níj Rathleann, níj Lacha Léin.”

There are three kings in great Mumha,
Whose tribute to Caiseal is not due ;
The king of Gabhran whose hostages are not to be seized on
The king of Rathleann, the king of Loch Lein.

Leabhar ná g-Céasair, pp. 58, 59.

The following stipends were given by the king of Caiseal to the king of Loch Lein :—Seven steeds, seven drinking horns, and seven shields, and seven hounds (*Ib.* pp. 68, 69). And at pp. 256, 257, (*Idem*), we find the

O. Աւա ասի բան տաօն չեար,
 ծեյծ 5-սեած քոլծեան լեռտան յլան,
 ծեյծ 5-սեած բայած ա'ր աս Փործ Ֆիլան,
 ա'ր աս Բարի-բած այ աօն յլան.

Աւա ասի բան տաօն յօլի,
 օր ա'ր եած յօ լեօն, ա'ր յօլ;
 բայի ծօն յուալիւած լե յլած,
 չիշեած ա 5-սելն յած լա տար յուլի.

Ծյա ծօլիշ ծօ յքահօլի իա ս-ծեօյշ,
 ա Փհաւիալ! բաօ ելոն ծա լւած,
 ա յալի աշունն ծօ շոհալի բաօլե,
 ա'ր ծօ չածալի չսէ-ելոն ծօ չեանձլի սալոյ.

Ծօ ելի ասի Տշօլան աշոր Բիան,¹
 Լուալիւ, Բիօ, աշոր Լու-լւէ,
 սնիշ սոնա ա ծ-տնր յըլշե ա'ր յնիօմա,
 իած բարած չօյօշե լե Ֆյոն!

Ծօ ելի աշ Ֆյոն ծօ չածալի ելոնե,
 Սալենյն, Բիյօցիալ, աշոր Սայլլ-եօն;
 Տեալլալիւ Քեաշտալիւ ա'ր Փիան-իար,
 Կալլալիւ, Ֆիածման ա'ր Տշլարլօշ.

Ծօ ելի այշե Ցիանալիւ աշոր Շիեան,
 Լւար, Տաօշար, Տեալս ա'ր Տւալլիծ,
 Բայծուլի, Կաշիւած, աշոր Լիարան,
 Քածալիւ, Ցիլանան, աշոր Մալյոն.

following awards granted by the king of Caiseal to the king of Loch Lein :—

“ Ծօ ոյ լաշա լեյ լեբալի
 ծիշիծ սույան շալլաւեալիալ,
 բիշ բօ աշոր բիշի եած,
 բիշի լոշ ծօ—ոյ ծոյօշ նրեած.”

To the king of extensive Loch Lein,
 Is due a friendly return,
 Twenty cows and twenty steeds,
 Twenty ships to him—no bad award.

See also Windele's *Notices of Cork and Killarney*, and Mrs. Hall's *Hand-book for Killarney*.

O. There are in the southern side

Ten hundred broad and glittering swords ;
 Ten hundred shields and the Dord Fhiann,
 And the Barr-buadh likewise.

There is in the eastern side

Gold and raiment in plenty, and spoils,
 Treasures too many to describe,
 That came afar each day across the sea.

Though [it be] doleful for an old man living after them,
 O Patrick ! to be in sorrow recounting them,
 The names of all our well-bred hounds,
 And melodious dogs you will get from me.

We had there Sgeolan and Bran,
 Lomaire, Brod, and Lom-luth ;
 Five hounds foremost in the chase and actions
 That never parted Fionn !

Fionn had of melodious dogs,
 Uaithnin, Brioghmhar, and Uaill-bheo ;
 Steallaire, Reachtaire, and Dian-ras,
 Callaire, Fiadhman, and Sgiarlog.

He had also Manaire and Trean,
 Luas, Saothar, Searc and Cuaird ;
 Banduir, Cathbuadh, aud Liasan.
 Radaire, Grianan, and Fuaim.

¹ Here Oisin relates to St. Patrick the names of the principal hounds which the Fenians brought from Cnoc-an-air ; and if we are to rely upon the category, many of the names have something significant about them ; —For instance—*Brioghmhar*, signifies the strong or vigorous ; *Uaill-bheo*, a lively howl ; *Steallaire*, spatterer ; *Dian-ras*, swift in the chase ; *Trean*, strong ; *Luas*, swift ; *Saothar*, expeditious ; *Searc*, affection ; *Cuaird*, to go on an errand ; *Cath-bhuadh*, victorious in battle ; *Radaire*, pleasing ; *Grianan*, sunbright ; *Fuaim*, noise ; *Lom-bhall*, bare-limbed : *Monaran* turf-ranger ; *Feargach*, wrathful ; *Ras*, race.

The classical reader will, no doubt, recollect a similar enumeration of

O. Do b̄j aīze Lom-ball aīur M̄onan,
 Feariac, Feariān, Bonn aīur Raī,
 Cnādālīe, Feilīn, aīur Ball-ūn,
 M̄allālīe, Trēan-lūc aīur R̄iññ-bār.

Do b̄j aīze r̄or Muānān meār,
 Suānān, Beārt, aīur Feall,
 Leādālīe, Foirālīe, aīur Sl̄iomān,
 Cn̄iēlīe, Lañbārān, aīur Zeall.

Aīz r̄iñ aīadra a Phat̄raic bālī !
 an l̄ion con aīlīe a' r̄ zādārī trēan ;
 do riñ Fionn ò c̄noc an aīlī,
 zo lellīz a' r̄ zo r̄leārāl̄b̄ Loča Lēlī.

Do b̄j aīz Orcuī do r̄aoiç c̄onāl̄b̄,
 Fead aīur Foirtaiz, Cluān a' r̄ Faobār ;
 Aīlīe, M̄iñe, Faiñe, a' r̄ Luār,
 Daol, Tr̄iuāl̄, Fion a' r̄ Caol.

Do b̄j 'na n̄-dāl̄ do zādāl̄b̄ b̄iñne,
 Clear, Fillead, M̄aiñ, a' r̄ Ruaiñ,
 Aitān, Faiñraile, S̄jē-c̄ruāl̄d̄ a' r̄ Zealīr,
 Tr̄iuāl̄ie, Rēl̄m, Obān a' r̄ Cuān,

Do b̄j aīze Lomzālīe, Feiñeam a' r̄ Bonn,
 Corzālīe, Feam, Bualtān, a' r̄ Fiaod̄c,
 Cealzān, M̄eāñ, P̄reabālīe, a' r̄ P̄lān,
 St̄riacālīe, R̄lān, Tr̄lōrān a' r̄ Caom̄.

Do b̄j aīz Faolan do c̄onāl̄b̄ aīlīe,
 Añ-uaill añmāl̄, Uaill aīur Foirtaiz,
 Bañcan, Feamālīe, Caolan a' r̄ Cuac̄,
 Daolan, Suān, Añri a' r̄ Fóchiam.

the names of Acteon's dogs, that pursued their master, transformed into a stag by the goddess Diana, in punishment for having surprised her whilst bathing with her nymphs (Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iii.) The Latin poet, however, is neither so tedious nor so unvarying in his enumeration, as the Irish bard, in the present instance, for having given distinctive characteristics to his dogs. He breaks off with the words:—

O. He had Lom-bhall, and Monaran,
 Feargach, Fearan, Bonn and Ras,
 Cnagaire, Feirin, and Ball-ur,
 Mallaire, Trean-luth, and Rinn-bhar,

He had likewise Duanan the swift,
 Suanan, Beart, and Feall ;
 Leagaire, Foraire, and Sliomhan,
 Crithire, Larbharan, and Geall.

Here thou hast, O Patrick ! the fair [haired]
 The number of fine hounds and stout dogs,
 Which Fionn brought from Cnoc-an-air,
 To the plains and borders of Loch Lein !

Oscur had of true bred hounds
 Fead and Fostaigh, Cluain and Faobhar,
 Aire, Mire, Faire and Luas,
 Daol, Gruaim, Fior and Caol.

He had along with them of melodious dogs
 Cleas, Filleadh, Maig and Ruaig,
 Altain, Farraire, Sith-chruaidh and Gearr,
 Dranaire, Reim, Obann and Cuan.

He had Lorgaire, Feitheamh and Bonn,
 Cosgaire, Feam, Bualtan and Fraoch,
 Cealgan, Meang, Preabaire and Pian,
 Stracaire, Rian, Gloran and Caomh.

Faolan had of fine hounds
 An-Uaill the lucky, Uaill and Fostaigh,
 Barcan, Feamaire, Caolan and Cuach,
 Daolan, Suan, Arr, and Fothram.

“ Quosque referre mora est.”—*Lib. iii., v. 225.*

In some of our modern Anglo-Irish hunting songs and ballads, the names of the dogs of the chase are likewise given. Can it be that our bards and song-writers followed a classical model, without a consciousness of the fact?

O. Do b' aizé do ḡaḍraibh b'inn-ḍlóraé,
 ḡaṛbán, Fomhózra, Fiarn ażur Teilis,
 Colzán, Farza, Fiñómán a' r Cneac,
 Lejri-żgħiġor, Feall, Uaġġi-b'inn, a' r Lejjż.

Do b' aizé kōr Ẓalixi a' r Beolx,
 Fomhaol, Čaġribán, Ẓluajr a' r Lorż;
 Tħuadha, Čaġriboċt, ażur Čaġ-ċuallid,
 Oċtān, Jolżuajji, Fleaġ, ażur Fortaix.

Do b' aż-żoll do ċonajb rraoġie,
 Ẓluadha, Bjaġza, Čieħaċt a' r Ajjie;
 Čien, Raħarje, Ělfrdeacħt a' r Paġġi,
 Tħieaġ-lużi, Baġże, Ěl-tjoll a' r Fea.

Do b' aizé Fulanji ażur Ċadhom,
 Fuarjan, Ċaġda, ażur Teanjan;
 Ajjid-lejji, Sañi-juże, ażur Imċien,
 Ċaġribán, Fiall, ażur Leħanjan.

Do b' aizé do ḡaḍraibh uajji-b'inn,
 Boż-lejji, Szjé, Ẓolaj ażur Tōjjie,
 Seajribán, Ẓmod-uajji, ażur Seacħjan,
 Fozluajji, Fead-ż-żalji, ażur Rahtōjjie.

Do b' aizé kōr ɬaoġliji b'inn,
 Tuallżaqie, Rinn, ażur Amalaj,
 ɬiaha, Njim-ċiaca, ażur Stiaca,
 Cluana, Tħom-ż-żeġa, ażur Seapjan.

Do b' do ċonajb aż-ɬac Mac Lúigach,¹
 Seabac, Lúigħzeac, ażur Ċipplieac;
 ɬoġi-ċaġi, Cumha, ażur Fuarja,
 Aolan, Szuabha, ażur Faoħba.

¹ ɬac Lúigach. This Fenian chief was son of Daire Dearg, son of Fionn Mac Cumhaill. His mother's name was Luigheach—so called from *luigh*, to swear, because all the females belonging to his household swore that she was a daughter of Fionn. Hence he was called Mac Lu-

O. He had of melodious dogs

Marbhan, Forfhogra, Fiar and Teilig,
 Colgan, Fasga, Finomhan and Creach,
 Leir-sgrios, Feall, Uaill-bhinn and Leirg.

He had also Glaisin and Beolan,

Formaoil, Ciarbhan, Gluais and Lorg,
 Truadhnan, Ciarbhocht and Cian-chuaird,
 Ochtan, Iolghuair, Fleagh and Fostaigh.

Goll had of noble hounds

Gluaire, Bioga, Creacht and Airc,
 Cian, Radharc, Eisdeacht and Pairt,
 Trean-luth, Baire, Eitioll and Feas.

He had also Fulang and Eadrom,

Fuaran, Eaga, and Teanan,
 Ard-leim, Sar-ruith, and Imchian,
 Garbhan, Fiall, and Leanan.

He had of melodious dogs

Bogleim, Sgith, Golan and Toir,
 Searbhan, Grod-uaill, and Seachran,
 Foghluaim, Fead-ghair, and Rantoir.

He had likewise Maoilin the melodious,

Tuargaire, Ring, and Amalan,
 Dranaire, Nimh-fhiacail, and Straca,
 Cluanaire, Trom-ghearr, and Searcan.

Mac Lughach had of hounds

Seabhac, Luingeach, and Eirleach,
 Mor-than, Cuman, and Fuarma,
 Aolan, Sguaba, and Faobhar.

ghach, after his mother's name; because it was considered disgraceful to call him after his father. It was Lughaidh Lamha the Momonian that struck Fionn at the feast in the palace of Tara. Vide *Agallamh na Seanoiridh*, or Dialogue of the Sages.

O. Փո եյ ալշե ծո չածրալի եօծա,
Լուադրան, Տեօլած, աշսր Կածած;
Ըն-րաօս, Թիոն-չալլիս, աշսր Տտալտ,
Վլածան, Ելուածալլի, աշսր Կարած.

Փո եյ ալշե քօր Յոմլան շլամալչ,
Ըօրին, Պուալիս, աշսր Ըպլեօզ,
Արցան, Ելուած-եալլ, աշսր Պոյնլիս,
Թիեար-եալլ, Ֆլոնդնլիս, աշսր Ելսրեօզ.

Փո եյ աշ Թիաս Բոնալի չլիլս,
ծո շոյալի լուալչե աշսր բաօլչե,
Ըսան-շօյմեած, աշսր Թիածալլիս ուալի,
Ծամած, Արլած, աշսր Յաօլչե.

Փո եյ ալշե քօր Իլամիած լուալչ,
Ալյոնիեալ, Տսալլիտ, աշսր Նեալ,
Ըօլած, Լածրան, աշսր Յոլց թեանց,
Թիեանիսան, Ֆեամ, աշսր Ելաօրտ.

Փո եյ ալշե ծո չածրալի քօչլուալոյնեած,
Ըլալքլելլի, Տսան, աշսր Տոլլչ;
Ընլոն, Յուալան, Պուտ, ա'ր Պոլչ,
Յուանան, Ֆոլլի, աշսր Ֆոլլչ.

Փո եյ ալշե Պուալծան աշսր Տնար,
Լոման, Կաչ, աշսր Ըօրշսր;
Կալեն, Յուալան, ա'ր Լուալչ-չլեալ,
Ֆուէլս, Բեար, աշսր Յաօլրե.

Փո եյ ալշե քօր Յալի-սալլ չեար,
Ֆուալէն, Կաուած, աշսր Լուուան,
Ալրսլիս, Յուօծ-չալլի, աշսր Եւալիս,
Ըսանալի, Յոնլալչե, աշսր Սաման.

O. He had of sprightly dogs
 Luadran, Seoladh, and Tacadh,
 Cul-saor, Mion-ghaire, and Stuaim,
 Biadan, Bruachair, and Casadh.

He had likewise Iomlan the hardy,
 Caoran, Duairc, and Cuileog,
 Arguin, Breac-bhall, and Dunuir,
 Mear-bhall, Fionnduir, and Truslog.

Mac Ronain the social had,
 Of swift and noble hounds,
 Cuan-choimead, and Machaire the swift,
 Cnamhach, Urlach, and Gaoithe.

He had also Niamhrach the swift,
 Ainmhear, Tuairt, and Neall,
 Eolach, Ladruin, and Bolg the slender,
 Meanmhuin, Feam, and Traost.

He had of well bred dogs
 Craipleir, Suan, and Toisg,
 Cuinne, Guagan, Docht, and Doith,
 Buanan, Foir, and Foisg.

He had Duardan and Snap,
 Loman, Cath, and Caosgur,
 Caibin, Gealan, and Luaih-ghleas,
 Foithin, Beas, and Baoise.

He had also Garbh-uaill the sharp,
 Fuainthin, Taomadh, and Lorcan,
 Alpuire, Grod-ghair, and Tearc,
 Cuanair, Bonnlaice, and Uamhan.

O. Do bī až Փլարտսլծ Օ՛Փալենէ,
 do շօնալի լաօլչե և լող լուշ,
 Տօլրլի Խօնին աշոր Հեար-լեանա
 Վուլլեօն, Լելութաձ, աշոր Ընկծ.

Do bī ալշե ծո շածրալի թոլշե,
 Կուան, Լոլլցաւ, աշոր Հլայտ,
 Վու-շուելծոն, Ֆոլլալի, աշոր Խարիաշտ,
 Մարիան, Հլամալի, աշոր Ձոհարան.

Do bī ծո շօնալի աշ Հլար օաօնի,
 Շրեաթալի, Տեար, աշոր Ձիոր-ծալի,
 Լսան, Բուրաւ, Տեանցալի, ա՛ր Շրուալ,
 Լոլցան, Տտյալի, աշոր Շրաշտան.

Do bī ծո շածրալի ալշե ու ե-քօշալի,
 Խալան, Կօրցալի, Շրեար աշոր Շրաշտած;
 Շլան, Հալմեն, Ֆալա աշոր Շրեան,
 Բլաման, Տելուշ, Բալու աշոր Ծրու.

Do bī աշ Ֆարւշոր բլե Ֆիլոն,
 ծո շօնալի բա շիյօմաւ, լսալէ;
 Հլօնան, Մասաւ, աշոր Բյու-խալէ,
 Լսածրան, Մոլունեան, Հելեանի աշոր Ծովլ.

Do bī ալշե ծո շածրալի շլամ-ելոնու,
 Մաւան, Ուաշտ, Բյօր աշոր Լոնան;
 Հուարաւ, Ել-ելոն, աշոր Հլսացաւ,
 Ալամաւ, Բլածտ, աշոր Ուաշտան,

Do bī աշամրա քելո, ա Բհատրալու !
 աշոր աշ օւած օ լու լսար;
 ա ո-եաշտալի ու շ-օոյ ա՛ր ու ոշածալ նծ,
 ծելէ շ-օեած ար լուշ ուած ե-քոյլու ծո լսած.

O. Diarmuid O'Duibhne had,
 Of noble, fierce, and swift hounds,
 Coisir, Noinin, and Gear-leana,
 Duilleog, Leim-fhada, and Cluid.

He had of dogs for the chase,
 Cualan, Loirgeach, and Glaimh,
 Dubh-ghreidhim, Follaire, and Iarracht,
 Fuarcan, Glamaire, and Aonaran.

Glas the gentle, had of hounds
 Treabhaire, Seasg, and Mor-dhail,
 Luaban, Bunsach, Seangaire, and Triall,
 Lorgan, Stiallaire, and Trachtan.

He had of dogs along with them,
 Iallan, Cosgair, Treas and Trughadh,
 Cianan, Gaimbin, Falla and Trean,
 Riaman, Seirce, Barc and Cru.

Feargus, Fionn's poet, had,
 Of swift and active hounds ;
 Giodan, Fuadach, and Rin-ruith,
 Luadran, Fuinneamh, Geibheann and Duil.

He had of dogs of the sweetest cry,
 Fuathan, Dlacht, Fior and Lionan,
 Cuasach, Bith-bhinn, and Gruagach,
 Uamach, Bleacht, and Dlachtan.

I had myself, O Patrick !
 And so had all the rest,
 Besides those hounds and dogs,
 Ten hundred more for the chase that I do not name.

P. Juvñir a Oírrín, na n-éadáct élimaileadh !
 laorí 3an bhléileadh na raelge ñálinn ;
 ir iongħha l-hom no ir-geaġġi 3uri ċu ja,
 fjalld lejże aqlo loca u? ¹

O. A Phatnejha ! a 3-cuala tu aq t-rejlz,
 a mjeq Alpjuuqha na pprealm r-ram !
 ma jid do luuġne aq-kean le Fiċċonni,
 a r 3an aqob nead aqha na cōmhaġajl.

P. Njé dōlč 3o 3-cuala a mjeq aq nisjé !
 a Oírrín 3kic, na n-żejjōm n-żalix ;
 aj-żejjur ñálinn 3an tuuġże bnlidu,
 cjonqar do luuġne leō aq t-rejalz ?

C. Njé ċaġħmaoljha aq-Fejjanu 3d,²
 n-żor ċu l-bee ē do jaġħi l-żgħad leō,
 le f-żejju a'ri le neaqit aq-lam,
 do ċiġħmaolj r-rlan oř 3aċ 3leō.

Njorj 3u l-nejad ad-ċill,
 a Phatnejha, ir-biex fuajjix 3lōri !
 dob' f-żejju n-żebiha na-Fejjanu kien,
 aq fuajjix n-żonha ad-żgħid.

Njorj 3u l-nejad a 3-cjill,
 3iġi b-żejj l-kb a-ċaġajd pprealm,
 dob' fuajjix fuċċal na aq-Fejjanu,
 fippi n-żonha lojce a n-żleō 3aġib.

¹ *Aliter*

“ Aq fuad r-riu aq loca u.”

The deer of that lake.

A 3-cuala tu aq t-rejlz ? *Have you heard of the chase ?* The chase referred to here is that of Sliabh Fuaid, (which will be given in a subsequent volume of our *Transactions*), where Ailne transformed herself

P. Relate, O Oisin, of the marvellous deeds !
 Without falsehoods, a lay of the chase ;
 I am mistaken, or you soon slew
 The deer of the plains of that Lake.

O. Patrick ! have you heard of the chase,
 O son of Alpruin of psalms sublime !
 That the woman caused to Fionn,
 And no one present in his company.

P. 'Tis not likely I have heard, O son of the king !
 O Oisin the wise, of terrible deeds,
 Relate to us without the sadness of sorrow,
 How the chase was performed by them ?

O. We, the Fians, told no lies,
 Such should not be laid to our charge ;
 By truth and the strength of our hands,
 We came unhurt from every battle.

A cleric never sat in thy church,
 O Patrick, of the melodious voice !
 More truthful than Fionn himself,
 The man who was not niggardly in bestowing gold.

None sat in a temple,
 Though sweet ye think they chant psalms,
 More strict of their word than the Fians,
 Men who faltered not in fierce conflict.

into a deer in order that the Fenians may give her chase, for the purpose of entrapping them, to be avenged for the death of her husband and sons who fell at Cnoc-an-air.

³ 56, a lie. This expression very frequently occurs in Fenian poetry, because a strict adherence to truth was one of the chief characteristics of the Fians. Even at this day a liar is held in utter contempt by the peasantry.

O. Da mairfeadh Mac Mhórhá meair,
 nō Tóll calma nári cár réad;
 nō Mac Uí Ó hUibhne na m-baigh,
 an laoch do éalúeadh caé ari cead!

Da mairfeadh Feairisair file Fhionn,
 feair a gcealit do níosinn ari an b-Féilinn;
 nō Dáille do fíelmeadh gáin locht,
 a níosú a g-cloch ní bheig mo tréilir!

Da mairfeadh Meairisac na lann,
 an feair nári gáinn aí cair an aíri;
 Orcuig a' r Mac Rónáin ghléinn,
 do chriodhán rán g-cill níosí fáin!

Da mairfeadh Aodh Beag mac Fhionn,
 nō Faolan ghléinn nári éairí neacá,
 nō Conaí maol do b'í gáin ghluaist,
 ní lads d'fáid me faoi ghluaist le fhead!

Nó'n t-aibas beag do b'í aí Fionn,
 do éalúeadh gáid aon a d-toilleáil rúairí!
 ba bhlithe lomh fuaill a mheal,
 ná b-fuil do cléilí a g-cill 'ra d-tuait!

Or aonair náidé mairfeadh an Fhionn,
 ná Fionn fíaláilí ná n-duair;
 do bodaí ríansraí ná príalm,
 a' r gáilí gáib ná g-cloch mo éluair.

P. Síuilí do bheal a fíeanóili rúairí!
 ná b'í feairdá aí lúas ná b-Fhionn;
 go n-deacádair éolit mair an g-cead,
 a' r go m-beidh go deó a níosair ná b-fíand!

O. Had Mac Morna the swift lived,
 Goll the mighty, who loved not gems,
 Or Mac Ui Dhuibhne, the beloved of women,
 The hero who vanquished one hundred [men in battle]!

Had Fergus, Fionn's poet, lived,
 He who distributed justice to the Fians,
 Or Daire, whose music was faultless,
 To the sound of the bells I'd give no heed.

Had Meargach of the spears lived,
 He who was not scanty in dealing slaughter,
 Oscur and Mac Ronain the pleasant,
 Thy humming in the church would not be agreeable.

Had Aodh Beag, the son of Fionn, lived,
 Or Faolan the pleasant, who refused not any one,
 Or Conan the bald, who was without hair,
 'Tis they who have left me in gloom for a time.

Or the small dwarf, who belonged to Fionn,
 Who lulled each one into heavy sleep ;
 The sound of his finger was dearer to me
 Than all thy clerics in church and country.

As it is now that the Fians do not live,
 Or Fionn the generous, the bestower of rewards,
 The hum of the psalms and harsh sound of the bells
 Have deafened my ears.

P. Close thy lips O pleasant old man !
 Henceforth do not name the Fians ;
 They passed off like a mist,
 And shall be for ever in bonds of pain.

O. **Да** мéлð cloiz атa ad cill,
 аз reiñim a'r аз rianfán praislm;
 ní cheoldeflin do briejé ari an b-Félin,
 ná briejé do cléjrie acht aminul.

Jr muijic a codlar amuic ari fliab,
 raoi bláic latac raoi bálin cianu;
 a'r níor cleacat lom leaba gan biað,
 reab biejé fiað¹ ari an g-cnoc úd éall!

P. **Ní** bjeanu azað leaba gan biað,
 do ghealbeanu tú reacat m-baillidh ariáin,
 a'r miosgan mór do'n jm,
 a'r ceatáinad mairit gan aon la.

O. **Do** conairic mē caorí caorúilin,²
 ba mō raoi bō ná do mearzán;
 a'r do conairic mē duilleod eisneain,
 ba mō a'r ba lejte ná do báillidh ariáin !

¹ **Fiað**, deer. The most perfect skeletons of this animal, the *Cervus Giganteus*, as we assume, now known in Ireland, are preserved in the Museums of the Royal Dublin Society, and of Trinity College, where there are three specimens to be seen. There is also a very perfect skeleton in the Belfast Museum, into which we were conducted during a recent visit to that town, by Mr. Robert Mac Adam, a gentleman who takes peculiar interest in matters of archæology; and to whose exertions we believe the Museum of that town is mainly indebted for the vast collection of antiquities therein preserved. This skeleton stands upwards of six feet high, and is perfect in every respect.

² **Caorí** **Caorúilin**, i.e.. *The Berry of the Rowan Tree*. It is traditionally recorded that, in order to defeat the arguments of St. Patrick, respecting the quantity of food given to Oisin, the latter, though aged and blind, set out, attended by a guide, and on arriving at Glenasmoil, which is supposed to be the valley of the Dodder, near Dublin; the guide called his attention to a huge tree bearing fruit of enormous size, of which Oisin, told him to pluck one and preserve it. Proceeding further in the glen, the guide's attention was attracted by the great size of the ivy leaves which covered the rocks, and which from their immense size overshadowed the valley from one end to the other; of these Oisin

O. Though many bells are in thy church,
 Chanting and dolefully humming psalms,
 I would not credit thy judgment respecting the Fians,
 Nor the judgment of thy clerics but regard it alike.

I often slept abroad on the hill,
 Under grey dew, on the foliage of trees,
 And I was not accustomed to a supperless bed
 While there was a stag on yonder hill !

P. Thou hast not a bed without food,
 Thou gettest seven cakes of bread,
 And a large roll of butter,
 And a quarter of beef every day.

O. I saw a berry of the rowan tree
 Twice larger than thy roll ;
 And I saw an ivy leaf
 Larger and wider than thy cake of bread.

also directed him to pull a leaf and preserve it. They then proceeded to the Curragh of Kildare, where Oisin sounded the Dord Fhian, which lay concealed under a Dallan, and a flock of blackbirds answered the call, among which was one of enormous size, at which Oisin let loose a favorite hound that after much wrangling killed the bird. They cut off a leg which they brought home, and laid the rowan berry, the ivy leaf, and leg of the blackbird before St. Patrick, to show that Oisin was right, and the Saint wrong in his notions respecting the dietary of Oisin whilst living with the Fenians. A very curious paper on the Fenian traditions of Sliabh-na-m-ban, where the scene of this legend is laid, by Mr. John Dunne of Garryricken, will be found in the *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society*, for 1851, p. 333.

We are informed that large and luxuriant ivy leaves grow at Chapelizod, county Dublin, and also at Glenasmoil, one of which was procured by an official on the Ordnance Survey, and now preserved as an original illustration of the text, in the manuscript volume of "Letters on the Antiquities of the county Dublin," preserved in the Archives of the Irish Ordnance Survey Office; as a proof that the large ivy of former days had not yet degenerated in Ireland. The largest ivy leaf we have seen, grew on the old walls of St. John's Church, Kilkenny, in July, 1858.

O. Φό οντας τη σεατηαταδ λοη,
ba ηό να δο σεατηαταδ ηατατη,
ηη ε δο λοη μο ηηοιθε λε τηηηε,
ηειτ αδ ηιηηη, α ηοηηηη !

Եր ոլոյց ծօ եածարա յօ բլալ,
և ս-Ծնի առ իլէ նար չառ,
առ քած ոյօր և ց-օլէլոյ ծօ ն ո-ելած,
ծօ ելած ւար ո-ելի յած շյոյն.

Այսա մ-ելէ ու յօրա ել ար Ֆիոն,
ա՞ր նաև ոյս լեյ տուշտ դրիծ,
ա բայի ար նամ թա ե-բայ ար լար,
ով ձլաօլծեածաօյ լամ տո ունց !

Ír é do ðealbhuis éa r̄gá a' r̄ 5ílman,
Ír é do 5eiliu 1ar3 ari l̄inn;
Ír é do 5c̄lumáis 5oile a' r̄ feair,
ní h-1onann a' r̄ éa c̄ta Fhinn!

O. Ή αρι ἐλιτένταδ δομιτ νά φέαη,
τιαζ το ηιζρε φέηη α δηιλ ;
αέτ αζ σορζαηι σοριαλβ λαος,
αζ σοργαηι εηιος α'ρ αζ ευη α ελι !

Ար բարեցի ար լոյլտ, ար քելչ,
ար ոչտած ոյլլից և ծ-դր զլեօ,
ար լոյլտ բլեչիլլե և ՛ ար ինամ,
և ՛ ար ար քեյւամ էակ և ծ-դր այ օլ.

O. I saw a quarter of a blackbird
 Which was larger than thy quarter of beef ;
 'Tis it that fills my soul with sadness,
 To be in thy house thou poor wretch !

I often had pleasant times
 In the Dun of the generous king ;
 What food I [now] use in a month
 I would have left after me at each meal there.

Had it not been for the prohibitions which bound Fionn,
 And that it was not his wish to violate them,
 All that dwell in heaven and earth
 Would not vanquish the hand of my king.

P. 'Tis my king made heaven,
 'Tis he who gave the hero might,
 'Tis he who held eternal life,
 'Tis he who gave blossom to the trees.

'Tis he who made the sun and moon,
 'Tis he who brings fish into the lakes,
 'Tis he who created fields and grass,
 Not such were the deeds of Fionn !

O. 'Tis not the creating of fields and grass
 My king took as his choice,
 But the hacking of bodies of heroes,
 Protecting territories, and spreading his fame.

The wooing, the play, and the chase,
 The unfolding of banners in the battle's front,
 The playing at chess and swimming,
 And the entertainment of all at the festive board.

O. A Phátriaj! ca nialb do Phíla,
an tain éalainz an dír tair leair?
éuiz leó bean níz lochlann na lónz,
le'í éuít ionad laoč rán tmeair?

Nó an tain éalainz Maighuef mór,
an feair ba boib gileó nári éim;
ír coimhíl da mairiffead do Phíla,
go g-cuildeodca le Fiannaib Fhionn.

Nó an tain éalainz Taile mac Tíreoin,
an feair ari an b-Féilinn do éuili ari t-ári!
ní leid' Phíla do éuít an cuimh,
aict le h-Orcuiri a meairz éac.

Alaima,¹ mac Bhaodha mór,
le mhillte Teanáilri na ríodh tréan;
níos leorán ríu má mairi do Phíla,
dul da élaorád aict Fionn féil.

Ír iondá caé, maoim, a'í gálaí,
do comórlaí le Fiannaib Fhionn;
ní éuala go n-deairiúad éac,
níz na naoim na gári deairiz a láim!

p. Léigeanmhaol d'ari g-comórlaí ari gáca taoib,
a feanóili érión atá gan céill;
tuiz go b-fuil Dia ari neamh na n-óird.
a'í Fionn ra ríoláste uile a b-pélin!

O. Ba mór an nállie ríu do Phíla,
gan glair na b-riam do buaile d'Fhionn,
a'í Dia féilí da m-beirte a m-briord,
go d-tlioradhfead an fíalte tair a céair.

¹ *Aliter, Alaimh.*

O. O Patrick ! where was thy God,
 When the two came across the sea ? [the ships,
 Who carried off the wife of the king of Lochlin of
 On whose account many a hero fell in conflict.

Or when Magnus the Great landed,
 He who was in battle fierce,
 'Tis likely if thy God had lived
 That he would have aided the Fians and Fionn !

Or when Tailc Mac Treoin landed,
 He who dealt slaughter to the Fians,
 'Tis not by thy God the hero fell,
 But by Oscur in the midst of the foe !

Or Alama, the son of Badhma the Great,
 By whom Temor of the brave hosts was pillaged,
 Thy God dared not, had he lived,
 Go fight him but Fionn himself.

Many a battle, strife, and conflict,
 Was waged by the Fians of Fionn ;
 I never heard of any deed performed [hand.
 By the king of the saints, or that he reddened his

P. Let us cease our contention on both sides,
 O withered old man devoid of sense !
 Know that God dwells in heaven of the orders,
 And that Fionn and his hosts are in bonds.

O. Great would be the shame of God
 If he did not release Fionn from his bonds,
 And if God himself, were a captive,
 The chief would fight for his sake.

O. Νήσοι ήυλαντζ Φιονη αηι βεαδ α ηαε,
ηεαδ α βειτε α b-ρειηη ηά ηζυαττ,
αη ρυαρζλαδ αηι le αηιζεαδ ηό δη,
α γ-εαδ ηά ηζλεο δο m-βεαηαδ ηιαδ.

Ιη τατέ αη ceaηηαδ δαη αη δο Φηια,
βειτε αηεατζ α cήλαηηη ταηι ταηη;
Ζαη ɓιαδ, Ζαη έαδαδ, Ζαη cēol,
Ζαη βειτ αζ ɓηιοηαδ δηη αη δαηη.

Ζαη ζάηηη ηα ηζαδηηη ηά ηα rtoс,
Ζαη βειτ αζ coηήεαδ ροηη ηά cuaη;
Ζιοη α b-ρυαηηαρ δ'εαρβαδ αη ɓήδ,
ταηέηηη δο ηήζ ηειηηε αη' uδαδη!

Ζαη rηām, Ζαη rιaδζυιδεαδη, Ζαη Φιονη,¹
Ζαη rυιηδήδ rιal-βαη, Ζαη rρόηη;
Ζαη rυιδε αη ιοηαδ ταηι ba δηιαλ,
Ζαη rοζlηηη cleaηa lūt ηά ζleο.

P. Α ήεαηδηη cήηηοη ατα αη bαοιη,
rζυηη α'τ ηα bή αζ rηιηοταλ Ζαη cēll;
ταηέηεαηι le Φηια δηιη α δ-ταηηηζ.
rεαητα ηα' r aη leat α ηέηη.

O. Σαραη δηιη rēηη ηά δοδ' Φηια,
α cήēηηηζ ηα ζ-cήηηηη ηή έαηαηηαδ;
Ζαδ α ηδεαηηαρ δα mή-ηηαη,
ηή ηιηδεαδηη lηom οηιηb α ηαηέηαη!

P. Ιη τηιαδζ lηom δο cήηηη cήηηοη,
α Οιηηη! ηα bή αζ rηιηοταλ Ζαη cēll;
Ιη ηάηη δηιη, δηη lηom δο rήοη,
aηηηηη δο rήοη αη mαc Φe!

¹ *Aliter, Φονη, music, lands, inheritance, &c.*

O. Fionn never suffered, in his day,
 That any should be in pain or bonds ;
 Without his ransom by silver or gold,
 By battle or conflict, till he won success.

It is sufficient punishment for me from thy God,
 To be among his clerics as I am,
 Without food, clothing, or music,
 Without bestowing gold on bards.

Without the cry of the hounds or the sounding horns,
 Without guarding havens and ports,
 For what I suffer for lack of food,
 I forgive heaven's king in my will !

Without swimming, hunting, or Fionn,
 Without wooing modest women, without sports,
 Without being seated in my place as was my due,
 Without learning feats of agility or war.

P. O withered old man who art silly,
 Cease henceforth thy foolish talk ;
 God will forgive thee all that has passed
 If in future thou follow his laws.

O. Satisfaction to thyself or thy God,
 O cleric of the clerks ! I shall not make ;
 All that I have transgressed of his laws,
 I do not thank you to forgive !

P. I pity thy withered form,
 O Oisin ! cease talking such silly words ;
 Shameful it is for thee, I believe truly,
 Thy constant mockery of the son of God !

O. A Phatnac! ða m-beinuŋri ȝan cēll,
do ȝðalifalnu led' cēllri a ȝ-cinn;
nī bejč bačal na leabari bai,
na cloȝ tliatā aŋn do cēll!

P. Lelȝ turfa do bejč baotč,
a mīc aŋ ȝiȝ ba mājč clū;
ȝēll do'n tē do ȝnīð ȝac mājč,
cīomn do cēanu a' r feac do ȝlūn!

Buajl d'uēt a' r dojlit do ȝeōn!
cīelð do'n tē atā ðr do cīonu,
cē ȝuri b' ȝonȝnāð leat a luad,
iř ē do ȝuȝ buad ař Fhionn!

O. A Phatnac! mo ȝzéal tliuad!
nī bīn ȝlom ȝuajm do bēl;
ȝoīkead ȝo ȝliar a' r nī fā Ðhia,
ačt Fhionn, a' r aŋ Fhianu, ȝan bejč beō.

P. Bī ad ȝorð, a ȝeānōlri ȝuajlic,
tlielȝ, ȝeācūn, ȝuad a' r feariȝ;
māj do ȝeallalr, aȝelijr dūnūn,
cīonȝar do ȝiȝne leō aŋ t-ȝealȝ?

O. Njori b' ȝonȝnāð dūnūn a bejč bīdōnac,
a' r cēanu ař ȝlōȝ do bejč d' ař n-ðīč;
cīa ȝuri ȝuajč ȝiwaŋu ȝeān a' r ȝaljue,
iř dūnūn do b' aðbāri bejč aȝ cāo!

O. O Patrick ! were I devoid of sense,
 I would rid thy clerics of their heads ;
 There would not be a crozier or white book,
 Or matins bell in thy church !

P. Cease thou to be silly,
 O son of the king of great fame !
 Submit to Him who doeth all good,
 Stoop thy head and bend thy knee.

Strike thy breast and shed thy tear,
 And believe in Him who is above thy head,
 Though thou art amazed at Him being named,
 'Tis HE who obtained sway over Fionn !

O. O Patrick ! my woful tale !
 The hum of thy lips is not sweet to me,
 I shall bitterly cry, and not for God,
 But that Fionn and the Fians are not alive !

P. Hush ! thou pleasant old man,
 Forsake, shun, hate and anger ;
 As thou hast promised, relate to us
 How they performed the chase ?

O. No wonder that we were sorrowful
 And we bereft of our chief ;
 Though reproached for smiles and laughter,
 'Tis we that had cause to weep !

The following Stanzas were written by Caoilte Mac Ronain, on the occasion of some feud arising between the king of Munster and Fionn Mac Cumhaill :—

C A O I L T E R O C H A N .

Ð' ðóðrað cæða oítrra a Þhínn,
a fír na m-bíllatðar m-bjé-þínn ;
óf tu éalnigð þo Ceann Con
þan aitcœð, þan eitlánðað.

Comhlaic Þhínn a' r níð Almhuiñ,
roðalde ða m-bílað rúðar,
aírðri cæð ðjóð a céile,
ba círiata a 3-cólmhéile.

A deillimre níb náð níglé,
ba fíor ðam an fállróné,
bíalð býrat-þearf a h-Almhuiñ,
do' n cæð ðóðrað oítr a Þhínn.

C A O I L T E S A N G .

Proclaiming war on thee, O Fionn,
O man of the sweet melodious words ;
Because thou hast come to Ceann Con,
Without reproaching, without accusation.

The combat of Fionn with Munster's king,
A meeting that gave occasion to grief,
One of them plundered the other,
Their contention was most heroic.

I say unto thee a plain saying,
That my prediction is true,
There shall be spies at Almhuiñ,
For the war proclaimed on thee O Fionn.

TJR N 2 N-63.

THE LAND OF YOUTH.

EDITED BY

BRYAN O'LOONEY.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

1859.

The Council of the Ossianic Society do not hold themselves responsible for the authenticity or antiquity of the following poem ; but print it as an interesting specimen of the most *recent* of the Fenian Stories. In the tract which follows it will be found one of the most *ancient* of the records that describe the exploits of Finn Mac Cumhaill.

TO

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT OF THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

SIR,—Pursuant to your wishes, and at your very kind suggestion, I have undertaken the following translation of the Ossianic poem, on *Τήν η α η-ός* ("Land of Youth,") in the humble but confident hope that I may, however, unpretending as an Irish scholar, be in some measure instrumental in restoring our *neglected lore* to its former style and standard.

From my knowledge of the Fenian stories, and Ossianic poems which circulate in this country, I would classify them under three different and distinct heads, 1st, Fenian history, which comprises all based upon fact and supported by the ancient records and chronicles of our country, such as *Caéth Íathra*, *Caéth Cnuada* and the like, which it would be absurd to discredit against the forcible evidence of our trustworthy annals. 2nd, inventions and poetic fictions which are entertaining, and intended by the authors more to amuse the reader and to embellish history, than, as some say, to impose on his understanding, and claim the credit of truth. 3rd, the poems and prophecies of *Ériu*, *Coilliball*, *Caoilte*, and others of the *Ériu* *Ériu* (Irish Militia), which are very interesting, and I should think entitled to as much credit as the early traditions of any other nation.

Some assume that the genuine old poems and stories cannot be distinguished from the modern fictions, and consequently that they cannot be credited, but that all must be considered worthless. This is a very unjustifiable assumption. The Irish scholar will at once know the composition of the Fenian period, as the language and style is different from that of latter times. From the fourteenth to the beginning of the

eighteenth century, we have another class of poems and romantic tales, which exhibit a later stage of the language, but which are well worthy of attention. My own conviction is that the Ossianic poem on the "Land of Youth" is of this last class and date, and from the testimony of many corroborating facts supported by the result of an inquiry which I instituted at your suggestion, I believe it to have been written by the learned Michael Comyn, contemporaneously with the romance of *Τορολβ μας Σταρνη, &c.* (Torolv the son of Starn), about the year A.D. 1749. By comparing *Την ηα η-ός* with the occasionally interspersed verses in the romance of Torolv the son of Starn, &c. whose author is universally acknowledged to be Michael Comyn, it will be perceived that there is such a similarity and almost identity of style in them as to leave no doubt that they are both the productions of the same master mind. As further proof of this I may state that an illiterate man of my acquaintance can repeat several verses of it, but knows it under no other name but that of *Λαοι αη Σομηνιδ* (Comyn's Lay), and that his father had it from Comyn's manuscript. Another man states in a letter to me, that his copy of it was written in the year 1762 by a celebrated Irish scholar, who lived in Ruan, County of Clare. In this poem we have an account of *Την ηα η-δαιονη μαζε* (Land of the good people), the elysium of the Pagan Irish as related to St. Patrick by Oisin, when he returned to Erin after a lapse of more than three hundred years, which he spent in the enjoyment of all bliss, with his charming spouse, the golden headed (haired) Niamh. While Oisin sojourned in the paradise of perpetual youth, it was (it seems falsely) said of him that he was dead, but as those who enter the "Land of the Just" can never die, so Oisin lived until he returned to relate the history of his adventures, and of this happy elysium. The inhabitants, of the eastern countries believed that in the west there was a happy final abode for the just which was called *Την ηα η-δαιονη μαζε* (Land of the good people.)

This elysium is supposed to be divided into different states and provinces, each governed by its own king or ruler, such as *Την ηα η-ός* (Land of youth) *Την ηα η-beo* (Land of the Living) *Την ηα η-buaða* (Land of virtues) and several others. According to traditional geography and history the "Land of Youth" is the most charming country to be found or imagined, abounding in all that fancy could suggest or man could desire, and bestowing the peculiar virtue of perpetual youth, and hence the name. In the "Land of Virtues," or as some call it, the Land of Victories," (but the latter name I suppose to be a mis-translation, as I have never heard of a battle or strife in this country); it is all peace, tranquility and happiness. As there is no conflict there can be no victory—and there is no virtue to be desired which is not to be had on entering

this country! The "Land of Life" is supposed to give perpetual life to the departed spirits of the just. These are supposed to be located somewhere about the sun's setting point, and have means of approach, chiefly through the seas, lakes and rivers of this world, also through raths, duns and forts. The seas, lakes and rivers act as cooling atmospheres, while the raths, duns and forts, serve as places of ingress and egress to and from them. There are besides, different grand-gates, as it were, throughout the world, such as *Cill Stuifín* (Kill Stuifin), situate in Liscannor Bay, supposed to be one of the chief entrances into *Tír ná n-óis* ("Land of youth.") This is said to be a beautiful but small city, marked by the white breaking waves between *Leacht* (Lahinch,) and *Lior-Céannúin* (Liscannor). The white breaking waves, which are always seen in this part of the Bay, are said to be caused by the shallowness of the water over this enchanted little city, which is believed to be seen once in seven years, and of which, it is observed, that those who see it shall depart this world before the lapse of seven years to come; but it is not supposed that those persons die, but change their abode, and transmigrate from this world of toil, into the elysium of the just, *i.e.* *Tír ná n-óis* ("Land of Youth,") where they shall, at once, become sportive, young and happy, and continue so for ever. It is also believed, that those who see those enchanted spots, are slightly endowed with the gift of prophecy, from the time they see it till they depart this world, and that they pass through this enchanted passage, so magically shewn them, prior to their departure. For further information on *Cill Stuifín* (Kill Stuifin), read Comyn's Romance, called *Caéctra Tórlóibh mhaic Stáin* a *gára* a *chéara* *mac* (the adventures of Torolv Mac Starn and his three sons). Contiguous to this place is another spot called *Cnoc ná Siobhán* (Fairy Hill), this was the ancient name of Lahinch, before the death of the Chieftain, O'Connor of Dumhach, (the Sand pits), who had been treacherously slain there, and in memory of whom there had been raised a monument called *Leacht uí Conchúra* (O'Connor's monument), which in Irish is the present name of this little town, but in its anglicised form Lahinch, or Lahinchy, it has lost all sight of the old derivation. It was called *Cnoc ná Siobhán* (Fairy Hill), from its being the meeting place of the fairy nobles of this section of the country, who, it seems, lived on terms of intercourse with the nobles of *Tír ná n-óis* ("Land of Youth,") and this hill is traditionally believed to be the place where both tribes met and held their periodical conferences. The nobles of this country are said to live in the great and large duns, fortresses, lisses, and raths, and to act as agents to the nobles of *Tír ná n-óis* ("Land of Youth,") and to those of all the states of the lower paradise. One of the duties of their station is to mark the persons suitable to the lower country, and by their supernatural power they meet or send messengers to

carry off those persons. It is in the shape of a beautiful lady, such as **ᚦ്ലাম** **ᚲিন** **ᚠින**, golden-headed, (haired) Niamh, that this messenger is generally seen. After the human creature whom she has visited has seen her, she vanishes in some magic way, and goes back to her own country. Ere long the person visited will pine away by some formal disease, and will be said to die, but fairy tradition proves that he or she (whichever it may be), does not die, but that they go into this elysium, where they will become young again and live for ever.

There are several such passages in this country, to describe which, would be both needless and endless. Suffice it to mention a few of the greatest celebrity—**ᚠි** or **ᚠි** **ᚠ්‍රේසාල** (O'Breasail's country), **ᚠි** **ලේජින**, (O'Leihin's country), Inchiquin and Lough Gur. The great Earl of Desmond is supposed to have been submerged in the latter, where he is seen once in every seven years, anxiously awaiting the destined hour of return to his country. On reference to the ancient records and Pagan history of different nations, it will be seen that they have their traditions of Pagan elysiums as well as Ireland.

B. O'LOONEY.

Monreel, October 6th, 1858.

Since the above was written, the Honorary Secretary to the Ossianic Society has been furnished with a similar legend.

9, Anglesea-st., Dublin, Jan. 20th, 1859.

“SIR,

“There is a similar legend to that related in the following poem told of Oisin's descent, and living for three hundred years in **ᚢලුත් තා සාව්‍යාස** **ශ්ලාරේ** (the cavern of the grey sheep), a large cave which is situated at Coolagarronroe, Kilbenny, near Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. After the printing of this poem had been decided upon, I wrote to Mr. William Williams of Dungarvan, who is a native of the district, for information respecting any legendary lore connected with this cave, from whom I received the following answer, as being current among the peasantry.”

J. O'D.

LEGEND OF THE GREY SHEEP'S CAVE AT COOLAGAR-
RONROE, NEAR KILBENNY.

"Oisin went into the cave, met a beautiful damsel, after crossing the stream, lived with her for (as he fancied) a few days, wished to revisit the Fenians, obtained consent at last, on condition of not alighting from a *white steed*, with which she furnished him, stating that it was over 300 years since he came to the cave. He proceeded till he met a carrier, whose cart, containing a bag of sand, was upset ; he asked Oisin to help him ; unable to raise the bag with one hand, he alighted, on which the steed fled, leaving him a *withered, decrepid, blind old man.*"

"On a certain May morning long ago, a grey sheep was seen to come out of the cave, and to go to a neighbouring farmer's field, where she remained, until herself and her breed amounted to sixty grey sheep.

"The boy who took care of the sheep, was a widow's only son, a disciple of Pan ; for he played on the bag-pipes.

"His master, the farmer, ordered him one fine day to kill one of the sheep, he proceeded to the field for that purpose ; but the old sheep knowing his intention, and resolving to frustrate it, bleated three times, which instantly brought all the other black sheep around her, when they disappeared altogether into the cave. The boy followed them but having crossed the *enchanted stream* which runs through the cave, he was unable to return ; as no one ever re-crossed it but Oisin. On reflecting on the anguish his loss and absence would cause his mother, he raised a mournful strain which he accompanied by the music of his bag-pipes. On every May day from that day to this, the lamentations of the boy, and the music of his pipes are heard in the cave."

120 JÓPH OJSJN AR THJR NA N-ÓS,

Maill d'aleillir té do Óadhmaill naoimhéa.

p. A Oifín uafail! a mhc an ní? !
do b'fealpí 3níomh 3airge 'r 3láit;
aleill dúninn a noír 3an mairil
cloonuair mairilir tairi éir na b-Fian.

O. Inneórlad ríu 3uit, a Óadhmaill nuað,
3íð doilb lomh a luas ór aibid
taill eír an cásca 3abhráil cnuail,
aith ari mairibað, mo nuað! an t-Oifíar að.

La d'a naibamailine uile an Fian
Fionn fial 'r ari mairi dínn aith,
3íð zo mba doilb, dúnbað ari r3éal,
taill eír ari laoschraild 3eit 3o fann!

A reilz dúninn ari mairidh ceoddac,
a n'iomol bórdailb Loche Léin,²
mairi a mairb cnuailinn cúnhma ba mhillre blað,
'r ceol 3ac tairi 3o binn a3 éin.

Dúlri3eas linn ari eilid maoil,
do b'fealpí lém. maill 'r lúit;
bí ari 3-coin 'r ari n-3aðairi 3o lén
3o dlúit 'na deilid fa lan rjubal.

¹ 3abhrá. Garristown in the county of Dublin. See the Introduction to Vol. I. of the Transactions of the Ossianic Society, also the note from Mr. J. Reid in same book, page 112.

Gabra is not Garristown, but a stream which flows into the Boyne,

LAY OF OISIN ON THE LAND OF YOUTHS;
AS HE RELATED IT TO SAINT PATRICK.

P. O ! Noble Oisin, O ! son of the king !
Of greatest actions, valor, and conflicts,
Relate to us now without despondency,
How thou livedst after the Fians ?

O. I will tell it thee, O Patrick ! lately arrived,
Though mournful to me to say it aloud :—
“ After the hard battle of Gabhra,
In which was killed, alas ! the noble Oscar.

One day we, the Fianna, were all assembled,
Generous Fionn and all of us that lived were there ;
Tho' dark and mournful was our story,
After our heroes being overcome.

We were hunting on a misty morning
Nigh the bordering shores of Loch Léin,
Where thro' fragrant trees of sweetest blossoms,
And the mellow music of birds at all times.

We aroused the hornless deer
Of the best bounding, course, and agility ;
Our hounds and all our dogs
Were close after in full chase.

not far from the hill of Skreen, near Tara, in the County of Meath.—
J. O'D.

² *Loch Lein*, the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney in the county of Kerry.

O. Ոյոլ ե'քած Յօ եքածալի ա ոյար,
 առ ոյարաւ ծյան աշ տեաշտ Շնչալս !
 առ ոյարաւ ոյա ծօ ե'քալլե ծյեաւ,
 ար սաւ-եաւ եան եա ոյլու լոււ.

Փօ յշածալի սյլ ծե'ն տրյլշ,
 ար ամարւ ծյլլե ու լիօժ-ոյնա ;
 ծօ շալի յոնցանտար Ֆլոյն 'ր առ Ֆլայն,
 ուաւ քածալի լիար եան սոմ երեազ !

Ե՛ սոլու լիօժօն ար ա շեանի,
 աշսր երատ ծոնի ծե'ն տ-րյօնա ծաօր ;
 եսալլե ու լեւլալի ծեալի օլլի,
 աշ քոլաւ ա երօնց բյօր Յօ քեար.

Ե՛ քայն օլլի ար շրօշած բյօր,
 ար շաւ ծուալ եսիծ ծ'ա ծլաօլշ ոյր օլլ ;
 ա լորշա յօրմա, յլանա յան լունիծ
 ոյր երաօն ծինւտա ար եալ առ քեօլլի.

Եա ծելլյե ա յլուալծ 'ոն առ լոր,
 'ր եա յլե ա րիօծ 'ոն եալա ար տայն ;
 եա ոյլլի ելար ա բալբամ բօր,
 'ոն ոյլ ա եած լոլ տիւ ծեալիշ-բյօնի.

Ե՛ երատ քայրալոյշ, քած, լելծ,
 աշ քոլաւ առ բելծ-ելւ եալ ;
 ծլալլալծ յլուանտա ծե ծեալիշ-օլլ,
 աշար բյուան եալ-օլլի 'ոն ծեար-լայն.

Ե՛ շելշու շնունծ Յօ շնունծ քաօլ,
 ծե'ն օլլ եսիծ եա յլայն բյալ,
 քլարշ ալլիշ ա յ-ըւլ ա շնուն,
 'ր ոյ լալի բ'րան տ-բաօլիշ-եալ եաւ ծօ ե'քեալլի !

O. 'Twas not long 'till we saw, westwards,
 A fleet rider advancing towards us,
 A young maiden of most beautiful appearance,
 On a slender white steed of swiftest power.

We all ceased from the chase,
 On seeing the form of the royal maid ;
 'Twas a surprise to Fionn and the Fianns,
 They never beheld a woman equal in beauty.

A royal crown was on her head ;
 And a brown mantle of precious silk,
 Spangled with stars of red gold,
 Covering her shoes down to the grass.

A gold ring was hanging down
 From each yellow curl* of her golden hair ;
 Her eyes blue, clear, and cloudless,
 Like a dew drop on the top of the grass.

Redder were her cheeks than the rose,
 Fairer was her visage than the swan upon the wave,
 And more sweet was the taste of her balsam lips
 Than honey mingled thro' red wine.

A garment wide, long, and smooth,
 Covered the white steed ;
 There was a comely saddle of red gold,
 And her right hand held a bridle with a golden bit.

Four shoes well shaped were under him,
 Of the yellow gold of the purest quality ;
 A silver wreath was on the back of his head,
 And there was not in the world a steed better.

* Perhaps figuratively meaning that such curl was like a loop of gold.

O. Ո ԺԱՂՈՅԻ Ի ՃՈ ԼԱԵՂԻ ԲԻՆԻ,
ՃՈ ԼԱԵՂԻ ՅՈ ԾԱԾԻ ԾԵԱՐԾԱ Ա Ե-ՔԱԼՄ ;
ԱԶՄՐ Ա ԾԱԲԱԼՄ Ի Ի, “ Ա ԱՅՅ ԿԱ Ե-Բ-ԲԱՆԻ,
Ի ՔԱԾԱ, ԾԱԿ Ա ԿՈՐ ՄՈ ԾԱՂԱԼՈՒ ”

F. “ ԾԱ ԿՄ ՔԵԼԻ, Ա ԿԻԶԱԼԻ ԾԻՅ,
Ի ՔԵԱՐԻ ԾԼԾ, ՄԱԼՐ Ի ՑԱԽԱԾ,
ԱԼԵՒՐ ԾԱԼԻ ՔԱՇ ՃՈ ՐՅԵՈԼ,
Ե ԱԼԻՄ ՔԵԼԻ ԱՇ ՃՈ ԾԻՐ ? ”

“ Ի ԼԱՄ ԾԻՆ ՕԼԻ, Ի Է Մ' ԱԼԻՄ,
Ա ԲԻՆԻ ՃԱՐԾԱ ԿԱ ԹՈՒ-ՐԼՈՒՅ ;
ՏԱՐ ԹԻՎԱԼԵ ԱԿ ՃՈՒՄԱԼԻ, ՔԱՎԻՆԵԱՐ ՅԱԼԻՄ
Ի ԹԵ ԼԻՋԵԱՆ ԿԱԼԸ ԲԻՇ ԿԱ Ե-ԾՅ ”

“ ԱԼԵՒՐ ԾԱԼԻ, Ա ԿԻԶԱԼԻ ՇԱԼԻ,
ԾԻՎԱԾ ՔԱՇ ՃՈ ԾԵԱԾ ՇԱՐ ԼԵԱՐ Ա Ծ-ԾԵԼԻ,
ԱԿ Է ՃՈ ԾԵԼԵ Ծ' ԼՄԵԼՅ ՍԱԼԵ,
ՆՈ ԿԱԾ Է ԱԿ ԵՎԱԼԾՈՒ ԱՇ ՕՐԻ ՔԵԼԻ ? ”

“ ՆԻ ՀԵ ՄՈ ԾԵԼԵ Ծ' ԼՄԵԼՅ ՍԱԼՄ .
Ի ՔՈՐ ԻՅՈՐ ԼԱԾԱԾ ԹԵ ԼԵ ՀԱԵԿ ՔԵԱՐ,
Ա ԿԻՅ ԿԱ ԲԵԼԻՆ Ի ԱԾՈՒՐԵ ԿԱԼ,
ԱԾ ՔԵԱՐ Ի ՅԱԼԾ ՃՈ ԾԱՅԱՐ ՃՈԾ' ԹԱԾ Լ ”

“ ԾԱ ԱԿԱ ՃՈՒ ԾԼՈՒ, Ա ԼԻՋԵԱՆ ԵԼԱԿԵ,
ԿԱ Ճ-ԾԱՅԱՐ ՅԱԼԾ, ԿՈ ՔՈՐ ՅԵԱԿ,
ԿԱ ԾԵԼ ՕՐԱԼԻ Ա ԿՈՐ ՔԱՇ,
ԱՇ ԱԼԵՒՐ ԾԱԼԻ ՃՈ ԾԱՐ, Ա ԵԱԿ ? ”

“ ԼԻՆԵԾՐԱԾ ՔԵԼԻ Ի ԾԱԿ, Ա ԲԻՆԻ,
ՃՈԾ' ԹԱԾ ՅԱԼԻՆ, ԱԼՄ-ԾՎԱԼՈՅ ;
ՕՐԻՆ ՊԵԱԿԱՄԻԿ ԿԱ Ճ-ԾՐԵԱԿ-ԼԱՄ,
ԱԿ ԼԱԾԵ ԱՇԱԼԻ ԱԿՈՐ ՃՈ ԼԱԼՅ ”

O. She came to the presence of Fionn,
 And spoke with a voice sweet and gentle,
 And she said, "O, king of the Fianna,
 Long and distant is my journey, now."

F. "Who art thou, thyself, O youthful princess !
 Of fairest form, beauty, and countenance,
 Relate to us the cause of thy story,
 Thine own name and thy country."

"Golden-headed Niamh is my name,
 O, sage Fionn of the great hosts,
 Beyond the women of the world I have won esteem,
 I am the fair daughter of the King of Youth."

F. "Relate to us O amiable princess
 What caused thee to come afar across the sea—
 Is it thy consort has forsaken thee,
 Or what is the affliction that is on thyself."

N. "'Tis not my husband that went from me,
 And as yet I have not been spoken of with any man,*
 O ! king of the Fianna of highest repute,
 But affection and love I have given to thy son."

"Which of my children [is he] O blooming daughter,
 To whom thou hast given love, or yet affection—
 Do not conceal from us now the cause,
 And relate to us thy case, O woman."

"I will tell thee that, O Fionn !
 Thy noble son of the well-tempered arms,
 High-spirited Oisin of the powerful hands,
 Is the champion that I am now speaking of."

* i.e., I have not been betrothed to any man.

¶. Κηραδ αη φάτ α δ-τυζαΐρ γηάδ
α γηζεαη αλαηηη αη φηιτηέδ,
δοη ιηας φειη φεαçαρ ιαç
'η α ιαæτ φαιç αηδ φα'η γηζηέιη?"

Նի շահ ածեալ ա լիչ ո ն ե-Քլան,
ծօ էանցար ա յ-ըլան բա ն ե ծեյ
աշտ ւարիթեալ ծ'քաջալ ար ա յալրչե,
քեանս ա քեալրալոն աշուր ա մեյ.”

Ir iomða mac rið aðar aðr-þlajt,
do éuð dom 3ean aður ríði-þnæð,
vþor aðntuðzeað liam d'aen þearf,
5o d-tuðar reaðic d'Orin 4ið!"

O. Φαρι αη λαίμ ρην οστ, α Ράδημιζ!
ζῆδ ναρ νάγκιαεά λιον μαρι τζέαλ,
νή ματζ αεν βαλι διον ναέ ματζ α ν-ζημάδ,
λε ή-ιηζεαν αλαγην αν φιγιτ μέτσ.

Φοινιζαρ αρι α λαλιν απ' δοιδ,
'τ διδηραρ δο ρελοι τυε-ελιν;
Ειοι-ελοιν φαλτε πομηαδ,
α πιοζαιν οιζ δο'η την.

“ Ιτ τι ιτ γιλε, ’τ ιτ φινη, βλαζέ,
ιτ τι δο β’ φελη λομ ταρι ινδαοι;
ιτ τι μο ιοζα ταρι ινδαικ αη δομιλη,
α ιεαλταιη ινδοδαμαιη ιτ δειτε γιαοι.”

“ Τοσα ηας φυλανδαίδ φίοι-λαοις,
και Οιρήν φέλ, ευτυχιη αδ' εόμαλη
τεαςτ λιον φέλι ανοιρ αη τ' εας,
ζο μιζεαμ ταλη αη το Τηρ ηα νός.

O. "What is the reason that thou gavest love,
 O ! beautiful daughter of the glossy hair,
 To my own son beyond all,
 And multitudes of high lords under the sun."

"'Tis not without cause, O, king of the Fianna !
 I came afar for him—
 But reports I heard of his prowess,
 The goodness of his person and his mien."

"Many a son of a king and a high chief
 Gave me affection and perpetual love ;
 I never consented to any man
 'Till I gave love to noble Oisin."

"By that hand on thee, O Patrick,
 Though it is not shameful to me as a story,
 There was not a limb of me but was in love
 With the beautiful daughter of the glossy hair."

I took her hand in mine,
 And said in speech of sweetest tone,
 "A true, gentle, welcome before thee,
 O young princess to this country!"

"'Tis thou that art the brightest and the fairest of form,
 'Tis thee I prefer as wife
 Thou art my choice beyond the women of the world
 O mild star of loveliest countenance!"

"Obligations unresisted by true heroes
 O generous Oisin I put upon thee
 To come with myself now upon my steed
 Till we arrive at the ' Land of Youth.'

“ Si aij tēli ir aoiþne le fáðal, ir mōc cajl ahojir fá' n v-þréleñ; cjaþin að cjaomad le toþræða 'r blað, a' r dujleabari að fáð ari þærhajlþ ȝéuð.

“ Ir fajrriñz iñnte mjl 'r fion, 'r ȝaðc uile nij d'a bfeaca rújl nij riaðajc cajðeatiñ oþit led' rae, báð nð meat' nij fælcfjöld tū.

“ Do ȝeaðajlri flead, iñjint 'r ól, do ȝeaðajlri ceðl blyr aþli ȝéad; do ȝeaðajlri aþrjöld aðað ól, do ȝeaðajlri fóðr jomad ȝéad.

“ Do ȝeaðajlri céad clojðeatiñ ȝan ȝðó, ȝeaðajlri céad blyat rriðl de fjoða ðaori; ȝeaðajlri céad eaðc ir mjjie a v-ȝleð, 'r ȝeaðajlri céad leð de ȝonajlþ ȝéuji.

“ Do ȝeaðajlri mlonu-þjóðða Ríð na v-Óð, nac tuij ȝuam fóðr do neac fá' n v-þréleñ, do ȝeaðajlri díon ȝuwt d'olðe 'r lð, a ȝ-cat, a v-ȝleð 'ra v-ȝaðiþ-ȝléat.

“ Do ȝeaðajlri lúljueac cúnjðaþ, cölli, a' r clojðeatiñ clyn-óli ir clifðe belyr; ná'ri tðaþnajlþ neac ȝuam uað beð, noð ȝonajllic fóðr aij t-ajum ȝéuji.

“ Do ȝeaðajlri céad éiðe 'r lejne rriðl, ȝeaðajlri céad bð, 'r fóðr céad laði; ȝeaðajlri céad caomia, ȝona lomhajlþ óli, ȝeaðajlri céad reðð nað bfuþl 'r aij t-rafðal.

O. " It is the most delightful country to be found,
 Of greatest repute under the sun
 Trees drooping with fruit and blossom
 And foliage growing on the tops of boughs.

" Abundant, there, are honey and wine
 And everything that eye has beheld,
 There will not come decline on thee with lapse of time,
 Death or decay thou wilt not see.

" Thou wilt get feasts, playing, and drink,
 Thou wilt get melodious music on the harp strings,
 Thou wilt get silver and gold,
 Thou wilt get also many jewels.

" Thou wilt get, without falsehood, a hundred swords ;
 Thou wilt get a hundred satin garments of precious
 silk,
 Thou wilt get a hundred horses the swiftest in conflict,
 And thou wilt get a hundred with them of keen hounds.

" Thou wilt get the royal diadem of the ' King of Youth,'
 Which he never yet gave to any person under the sun,
 'Twill protect thee both night and day,
 In battle, in tumult, and in rough conflict.

" Thou wilt get a fitting coat of protecting mail
 And a gold headed sword apt for strokes,
 From which no person ever escaped alive
 Who, once, saw the sharp weapon.

[satin,
 " Thou wilt get a hundred coats of armour and shirts of
 Thou wilt get a hundred cows and, also, an hundred
 calves, [fleeces,
 Thou wilt get a hundred sheep, with their golden
 Thou wilt get a hundred jewels not in this world. •

O. “ Ἰεαβαλή cέαδ ταλζδеан meадиаc, əз,
рoллrеaс, лoннrаc, тaпi aп ү-зrеlи;
иr fеapиl ծeլb, cjuč, aзur րnօb,
'r iр bjynе beojl 'nа ceol nа ү-éaп.

“Seaballí céad laec is tréime a n-gleo,
is clárde fóir a g-clearafáilb lúc;
a linnéa, éidte, or do cónmáil,
a d-Tír ná n-Óg, ma éigil lom.

“ Do žeabali žac n̄ d'a n̄-dušliur leat,
a' r̄ aoišnear r̄or nač lejli daim̄a 'luād,
žeabali mali, neajt a' r̄ bliže,
'r̄ bjadra kējy ažad mali iñhaol.”

“ Ծյուլտած ար ելէ ոյ ենուրիած սայտ,
և լիօզան Ե-րաւալու ու Յ-ւահան ո-օլլի;
լի տւ տո լոշան տալ միայն առ ծօմայն,
և յաշամ լե քոյն Յօ Ելի ու ո-ՕՅ.”

Ἄλι τῷην αι εἰς, ἔναδηλη αἰδοη,
αἱρ̄μο ἀευλα, δο τῷδ αι ὅιζ;
α δύβαλητ, “ α Οἰτίν, φανατ ἵο πέιδ,
ἵο πιζεατ ἀευλ αι ταρι τῷηλι.”

Ան լի ծ'ելլէջ այ տ-եած ար լուշ,
այ տրաէ լիշեամալի Յօ շլոմալր նա տրաջա ;
ծօ շրօյշ է քեն ան լի շում լինեալ,
'ր ծօ լելչ տի չինուլր ար օր այծ.

Αγ τηλάτ έοντας Φίονν' την Φθιάννη,
αγ τ-εας ζο διαν' την τ-ριμύβαλ;
αζ ταβαλίτ αζαλό αρι αν δ-τηέαν-τημήρι,
δο λεγεαδαν τηι δαμητά δυιλ' την εύμηρο!

O. "Thou wilt get a hundred virgin's gay and young
 Bright, resplendent, like the sun,
 Of best form, shape, and appearance,
 Whose voices are sweeter than the music of birds.

"Thou wilt get a hundred heroes most powerful in conflict,
 And also most expert in feats of agility,
 In arms and armour waiting on thee
 In the 'Land of Youth' if thou wilt come with me.

"Thou will get everything I promised thee (†)
 And delights, also, which I may not mention,
 Thou wilt get beauty, strength, and power,
 And I myself will be thy wife."

"No refusal will I give from me,
 O charming queen of the golden curls !
 Thou art my choice above the women of the world,
 And I will go, with willingness, to the 'Land of
 Youth.'"

On the back of the steed we went together,
 Before me sat the virgin ;
 She said: "Oisin let us remain quiet,
 Till we reach the mouth of the great sea."

Then arose the steed swiftly,
 When we arrived on the borders of the strand
 He shook himself then to pace forward,
 And neighed three times aloud.

When Fionn and the Fianna saw,
 The steed travelling swiftly,
 Facing against the great tide,
 They raised three shouts of mourning and grief.

† Every verse with this mark (†) is taken from a MS. which I lately got, and was not in the MS. transcribed for the president or in Mr. Griffin's copy.

O. "A Oirín," ari Flóinn, go meilib, tliethé, "mo cúnhað kelen tu að jumteacátt uaðm; 'r gau rúl aðsuinn ariðr do tteacátt, cúnðam tari arið kadoi lan ńuað!"

Ð' aírturíð a ðeilib aðsarf a rjúeljum, 'r do ríl fírafra dýari aðuarf; gau ríljuð a ńhiofnum, 'r a ðeal-þjé, 'r dúnbaðið, "mo léuñ tu, a Oirín uaðm!"

A Phádraig, ba dúnbað ari rjúeal, ari rjúamáthuinn ne céile ari rúð; rjúamáthuinn ari aðari ne na macc kelen, ír dúnbað, lað, kadoi ńeit d'a lúad!

Do þóðarf-rá m' aðaír go caoln, caorn, 'r ari comalinn céadha, kuaðnearf uað; ð' ðóðarf rílan, aile að ari b-Þélinn, 'r do ríl na dýaria 'nuarf le m' ńjumalð!

Jr jomða lá aðjólbinn, býor-rá 'r Flóinn, 'r ari Þjóann 'nári 3-cionn kadoi lan-riéim; að jumlit fíréðjille aðsarf að ól, 'r að clof ceoil, ari ńuðdean ba tmean.

Að realða lrieacátt a n-ðleannitajb mjin, 'r ari n-ðaðaír býl-binn aðsuinn ari; realad eile dúninn a n-ðaðib ńliat, að tmearfðaír laoð go lan-teaninn.

P. A Oirín ńbaðt, tliethé go kóil, de d' ńaillze mðri ari ari b-Þélinn; cionnur do cuaðaír go Tjri na n-Óð, a' r leau dúninn ńau go ari do rjúeal.

O. "O Oisin!" said Fionn slowly and sorrowfully,
 "Woe it is to me that thou art going from me,
 I have not a hope that thou wilt ever again,
 Come back to me victorious."

His form and beauty changed,
 And showers of tears flowed down,
 Till they wet his breast and his bright visage
 And he said, "My woe art thou, O, Oisin! in going
 from me."

O Patrick, 'twas a melancholy story
 Our parting from each other in that place,
 The parting cf the father from his own son—
 'Tis mournful, weak, and faint to be relating it !

I kissed my father sweetly and gently,
 And the same affection I got from him ;
 I bade adieu to all the Fianna,
 And the Tears flowed down my cheeks.

Many a delightful day had Fionn and I,
 And the Fianna with us in great power,
 Been chess-playing and drinking,
 And hearing music—the host that was powerful !

A hunting in smooth valleys,
 And our sweet-mouthed dogs with us there ;
 At other times, in the rough conflict,
 Slaughtering heroes with great vigour.

P. O ! foolish Oisin, forego a while
 Thy great actions of the Fenians,
 How didst thou go to the "Land of Youth,"
 Proceed, faithfully, with thy tale to us.

Do cōncamailri, fóir iie ari τ-ταεβ,
eilt maoil ari lēim lúc;
a' r 3aðari cluaill-ðeailj, báy,
að taðfainu 3o dáya 'rav τ-τíubal.

Do cōcāmājli fōr, ɔan ɔō,
aŋdil ɔɔ aŋ tēad-eac dōnji,
úball ɔli 'na dear-lajim,
'r i aŋ iŋčeac̄t aŋ bāli na d-tōnji.

Do eōncamallji 'na ðeōñj,
 mařicač ðz aři rtéad bān;
 raoj břiat cořicuři ðeantz rřójl,
 'r clořdeamj clyñ-ōři 'na ðeas-lajñ.

“Cia h̄iad aŋ d̄if̄ úd, do ējðl̄m,
a n̄jōðaŋ ̄cāoŋ, l̄vñr̄ dom r̄at̄;
aŋ bean úd ̄r̄ aſl̄he ȝn̄aoŋ,
’r̄ manicač r̄l̄om aŋ eſc̄ b̄aŋ?”

“Na cujji ružm ’na b-keječeđa tú,
a Orijn umajl, ’na b-keacajl rōr,
vñ b-kužl jomjta uje ačt vejih-vñ
zo mužeam zo Tjir Rij na v-đo.”

O. We turned our backs to the land
 And our faces directly due-west,
 The smooth sea ebbed before us,
 And filled in billows after us.

We saw wonders in our travels,
 Cities, courts and castles,
 Lime-white mansions and fortresses,
 Brilliant summer-houses and palaces.

We saw also, by our sides
 A hornless fawn leaping nimbly,
 And a red-eared white dog,
 Urging it boldly in the chase.

We beheld also, without fiction,
 A young maid on a brown steed,
 A golden apple in her right hand,
 And she going on the top of the waves.

We saw after her,
 A young rider on a white steed,
 Under a purple, crimson mantle of satin,
 And a gold-headed sword in his right hand.

“ Who are yon two whom I see,
 O gentle princess, tell me the meaning,
 That woman of most beautiful countenance,
 And the comely rider of the white steed.”

“ Heed not what thou wilt see,
 O ! gentle Oisin, nor what thou hast yet seen,
 There is in them but nothing,
 Till we reach the land of the ‘ King of Youth.’ ”

O. Do concamalji ualij a ȝ-cianu,
 palar ȝimamhaji, uet-bleit;
 buð bheraðeað deilb aðar ȝne,
 ð'a rialb 'rau t-rafaoðal le rafðal.

“ Cia aŋ dūn ƿjóðða, ƿo-þrēað,
 aðar fōr, ɻ aŋne ð'a b-rafatalð rūl;
 'na b-rafalimjð að tliall 'na ðalj,
 vō cia ɻ aðr-rafalit aŋn rūð ?”

“ Ingveam ƿið Ȑiŋn ƿa m-bēo,
 ɻ bæliŋiððalv fōr aŋnir' aŋ dūn;
 tuð Fomor Bujlleac¹ ðiuijme lōðað,
 lejrf le fólliheajt ȝéað 'r lúlē.

“ Seafra cūlji rj aŋri aŋ d-tliéan,
 ȝan bean do ðeanaði ði ȝo briaðað;
 ȝo b-rafðað rj cūljað vō fjorl-laoð,
 do fægriððað ȝliat lejrf lam aŋri lajri.”

“ Bejjri buað aður beanaðaðt, a Hlām cínu ðír,
 vj cūljar do cēol ƿlam ɻ feaþri;
 'na caoln-ȝuþe blyr do mhlir-béoþ,
 'r ɻ mōri aŋ briðn līn bean ð'a cajl.

“ Tēiððeam aŋoþr ð'a fjor doŋ dūn,
 a'f b-þéldri ȝuri dūnir aða rē a ȝ-dan;
 aŋ tliéan-laoð úð do Ȑuſtjum lom,
 a ȝ-clearaðl blyð, mali bað ȝnað.”

Do cuaðmali aŋn rjv doŋ dūn,
 a'f Ȑaþuð Ȑuþað aŋ ƿjóððan ðð;
 do b'þorauð dealljað ði 'r do'v ȝliélu,
 a'f do cūlji rj cēad rafalte ƿiðmali.

¹ Fomor bujlleac, i.e. *the striking Giant*, was the despotic ruler of the “Land of Virtues,”—a country not mentioned in any other copy of this poem that I have seen.

O. We saw from us afar

A sunny palace of beautiful front,
Its form and appearance were the most beauteous
That were to be found in the world ”

“ What exceeding—fine, royal mansion,
And also, the best that eye hath seen,
Is this, that we are travelling near to,
Or who is high-chief of that place ? ”

“ The daughter of the king of the ‘ Land of Life,’
Is queen, yet, in that fortress
She was taken by Fomhor Builleach, of Dromloghach,
With violent strength of arms and activity.

“ Obligation she put upon the brave,
Never to make her a wife,
Till she got a champion or true hero,
To stand battle with him hand to hand.”

“ Take success and blessings, O golden-headed Niamh,
I have never heard better music
Than the gentle voice of thy sweet mouth,
Great grief to us is a woman of her condition.

“ I will go now to visit her to the fortress.
And it may be for us it is fated
That that great hero should fall by me,
In feats of activity as is wont to me.”

We went then into the fortress,
To us came the youthful queen,
Equal in splendor was she to the sun,
And she bade us a hundred welcomes.

O. **Bi** culalð de rjøða þuððe,
aði að rjøððaln do b'álinne rjøðð;
a cnearf cælce marí aða aði tuññi,
'r aða ȝlmaðð b'í aði ðað aði nörf.

Aði ðað aði ðiði do b'í a folc,
a'r a ȝolm-þorða ȝlana ȝan cœð;
a bælín meala aði ðað na ȝ-caoði,
'r a mala ȝaoð ba ȝlreænta clðð.

Ðo rjúðeamaði aði rli rjor,
ȝlað n-aon díñ aði ȝlaðaði ðiði;
do leaðað ȝuðaði mōlán b'íð,
a'r cneiñi díȝe b'í ljoñta þeoði.¹

Añ tñat ȝældeamaði aði rlið b'íð,
a'r lomad ȝloñta mliði ðiði;
do laðaði að rjøððaln ðið, ȝaoði,
iñ eð ȝuðaði rli, "éiðt ljom ȝo ȝoði."

Ð' iññið ȝuññ rlior a'r fað a rȝéið,
'r do rli ña ȝeðra le ña ȝlmaðð,
a ȝuðaði rli ðið ȝældeamaði, rli,
'r a ȝældeamaði ȝo buan'.

" Bi do ȝorð, a rjøððaln ðið,
rȝuññi ðe'd b'liðñi, a'r ña b'í cæoðð;
a'r do ȝeññið ȝuði mo laññ,
añ t-aðað aði, ȝo ȝ-taðtflð lññ!"

" Nið ȝeuññ laoð ahoñr le ȝaðaði,
ð'a ȝneññið cæl fað'ñ ȝ-ȝneññið,
do ȝeññiðað cõññiað laññ aði laññ,
ðo'ñ aðað ȝaða ña ȝ-ȝlmaðð-ȝeññ."

¹ Although this word resemble the word "beer," the liquors were very different.

O. There was apparel of yellow silk
 On the queen of excelling beauty,
 Her chalk-white skin was like the swan on the wave,
 And her cheeks were of the colour of the rose.

Her hair was of a golden hue,
 Her blue eyes clear and cloudless ;
 Her honey lips of the colour of the berries,
 And her slender brows of loveliest form.

Then we there sat down,
 Each of us on a chair of gold,
 There was laid out for us abundance of food
 And drinking-horns filled with beoir.

When we had taken a sufficiency of food,
 And much sweet drinking wines,
 Then spoke the mild young princess,
 And thus said she, "harken to me awhile."

She told us the knowledge and cause of her tale,
 And the tears flowed down her cheeks ;
 She said, " my return is not to my own country,
 Whilst the great giant shall be alive."

" Be silent, O young princess !
 Give o'er thy grief and do not mourn,
 And I give to thee my hand
 That the giant of slaughter shall fall by me !"

" There's not a champion now to be found
 Of greatest repute under the sun,
 To give battle hand to hand
 To the bold giant of the hard blows."

O. “ Խոյլրլո ծայտ, և լիօժալո ծաօմ,
ուս լշաշտալո լոյտ և տեաշտ առ’ ծայլ,
տոյա ծ-տոյտքիծ լոյտ, ծո ելլիշ ոտ շեալ,
յո ծ-տոյտքած քելո ար ծո լշաշտ.”

Խյօլո ե՛քածա յո ե-քաշալո աշ տեաշտ,
այ շ-աշած շրեան եա ոտ շիլոյ,
եալոտ ար ծո շոյշու բլած,
ա՛ր լորիշ-քեալորած լալալոյ յոյա լալոյ.

Խյօլո եասոյալշ ’ր ոյօլո նմիւլշ ծնիյո,
աշտ ծ’քեած և ո-շնուր ոա ո-ծշ-ոյնա,
ծ’քազալո օաշտ աշար սօմիած շրեան,
ա՛ր շոածար քելո յոյա սօմիծալ.

Ալ քեած շրի ո-օլծու աշոր շրի լա,
ծո եամոյլո ՚րայ ո-շլարշալո տեանո
շիծ յո ո-բա շրեան է այ շ-աշած ալշ,
ծո եալուար յան րբար ծո ա շեան!

Այ շրած շօնիալու այ ծիր եայ ծշ,
այ շ-աշած ոմոյ յո բաօն ար լար;
ծո լելշեածար շրի շալու շիլոյ,
լո ոմոյ-ոմօլթեամ աշար լուշալո!

Ծո շոածոյալո այո րլո ծո’ն ծնոյ,
’ր ծո եյօծ-րա երնլիշտե, լաշ, բաօն;
աշ րլեած քոլա յո լայ-նր
և տեաշտ յո ծլուշ ար ոտ շոյեած!

Ծո շալու ոնշեան լիշ ոա ո-բեօ,
յո բլոլո աշ բոլուշտեն օլոյ քելո;
ծո շոյլո յու ՚ր բալբամ առ’ շոյեածա,
’ր ծօթ յօր քելո րլայ ոա ծելշ.

O. "I tell to thee, O gentle queen,
 I am not daunted at his coming to meet me,
 Unless he fall by me, by the strength of my arms,
 I will fall myself in thy defence."

'Twas not long till we saw approaching
 The powerful giant that was most disgusting,
 A load was on him of the skins of deer,
 And an iron bar in his hand.

He did not salute or bow to us, [maiden,
 But looked into the countenance of the young
 Proclaimed battle and great conflict,
 And I went myself to meet him.

During three nights and three days
 We were in the great contest,
 Though powerful was he, the valiant giant,
 I beheaded him without delay.

When the two young maidens saw
 The great giant, lying motionless, weak and low,
 They uttered three joyful cries,
 With great boasting and merriment.

We then went to the fortress,
 And I was bruised, weak and feeble,
 Shedding blood in great abundance,
 Coming closely out of my wounds.

The daughter of the "King of the Living" came
 In truth to relieve myself;
 She put balm and balsam in my wounds,
 And I was whole after her.

O. Φο ἡλιτασσοιη ἀη b-ρηοιην ζο ῥύθασ, α'τ ba τεαδηασ δύηηη αηη τηη δ'α ειη; do σόηηήζεαδ ρύηηη αηη τα'η δύη, leapτάσα clύηδ de ἡλιηη ηα η-έαη.

Φο ἐψηφεστητηε αη βεαρι ιηρι,
α β-βεατι βοδ-δοιηη, βαηιραηι, ιειδ,
- δο ιδζβαρ α ια δη α leacτ,
α' ι βιηιοβαρ α αηηη α η-οζαη-έηαοβ!

Ար ու մարած, ար ամարտ լաօն,
ծո ծնլրլցուալի ար ար հեալ,
“ լր ոլէծ ծնլիս,” ար լուցեան առ լիշ,
“ ըլուալ հան բայց ծ’ ալ ծ-ըլի բեյն.””

Do ȝlearamalri oiliatuh ȝan rcað,
'r do ȝabamalri ȝir ȝ-cead ȝir an 0ðið,
buð ծubac ծubrðnað ȝiðn 'na ծialð,
'r ȝjor ȝâlne do' n ȝiðan-bean ȝonari ȝ-deoðið!

νή φεαρ δομ φέην, α Ραδηατζ τέλιν,
cad do τάπλα δο'η πήοζαν οιζ;
δ'η λα τζανιαμυζινε αριαον λει,
νό αη φιλ φέην ζο τηι να m-beο.

¶. Նյօր յոյլրի ծնլոն ա Օլրին շրկոն, (†)
ցլա՞ն էլի ՚նա բաել քեն ;
քոյլրիչ ծնլոն անօյր ա հ-ալոն,
ա՞ր լեռ անյր լիս դո բշել.

O. Τίπι ηα η-βιαδ αη τίπι άδ,
α'ρ ζο δειμήιν ηή βιέαζ αη τ-αιημ; (†)
ηα τα ζλόηιε α ή-βιαταρ ταρι ήι αη,
δο δια le ζηεαηη, ταβαηεαηη ζαιηη.

O. We consumed our feast with pleasure,
 And then we were merry after,
 In the fortress were prepared for us,
 Warm beds of the down of birds.

We buried the great man
 In a deep sod-grave, wide and clear,
 I raised his flag and monument,
 And I wrote his name in Ogham Craobh.

On the morrow, at the appearance of day,
 We awoke out of our slumbers,
 "It is time for us," said the daughter of the king,
 "To go without delay to our own land."

We prepared ourselves without a stay,
 And we took our leave of the virgin,
 We were sorrowful and sad after her,
 And not less after us was the resplendent maid.

I do not know, O mild Patrick!
 What occurred to the young princess,
 Since the day we both parted her,
 Or whether she herself returned to the Land of Life.

P. Thou didst not tell us, O pleasant Oisin,
 What country it is in which thou wast thyself;
 Reveal to us now its name,
 And continue again the track of thy story.

O. That country is the "Land of Virtues,"
 And certainly the name is not miscalled,
 If heaven hath glories as were there,
 To God, with love, I would give praise.

O. Do ḥuȝamajji ari ȝ-cūl do'ñ dūñ,
 a'ñ ari ȝtēad ȝūññi ȝaoi lan-ȝējñ;
 'r ȝo mba luajte lejj añ eac bññ,
 'na ȝaoe ȝājta ari ȝmuȝñ ȝlējñ.

Njori b-ȝada ȝuñ ȝoñcāiñ añ ȝpējñ,
 a'ñ ȝuñ eñizlñ ȝaoe aññ' ȝac aijid;
 do laj añ ȝōl-ȝuñ ȝo ȝtēan,
 'r nñ ȝajb añjarc ȝrējne le ȝaȝajl!

Sealad dūññ aȝ añjarc na ȝeull,
 'r ari na ȝeulta bñ ȝa ȝmñd;
 ȝ'irliñ añ ȝ-añka aȝař añ ȝaoe,
 a'ñ do ȝoñllilñ Phoebur ȝr ari c-ceanñ.

Do coñcamajji ne ari ȝ-taojñ,
 tñjñ ȝoñ-ȝoñbean ȝaoi lan-ȝlač,
 a'ñ ȝaȝa ȝalreača, ȝełde ȝññ,
 a'ñ dññ ȝioȝða ba ȝoñ-ȝreazða.

Nñ ȝajb ȝaȝ d'ñ b-ȝeaca ȝuñl,
 de ȝoññ ññ, ȝuaȝtne, 'r bññ;
 de ȝoñcui ȝeajlñ a'ñ de ȝuñðe,
 ȝac ȝajb 'r añ ȝioȝ-ȝhiȝ ȝaojñ do ȝað.

Do bñ ari añ ȝ-taoð egle ȝe'ñ dññ,
 ȝiñanajñ loññiača aȝuř ȝalař;
 ȝeantæ ujle de ȝloča buaða,
 le ȝamha ȝuað' aȝař ȝaoj-ȝeajl.

Njori b-ȝada ȝo b-ȝeacamajji ȝuñȝalññ,
 aȝ tñjall ñ'ñ ȝ-dññ ȝon ari ȝ-cõñðařl,
 tñj ȝaoȝad laeč do b'-ȝeajlñ lñč,
 ȝzéjñ, clñu, a'ñ do b'-ȝoñde cajl.

O. We turned our backs on the fortress,
 And our horse under us in full speed,
 And swifter was the white steed,
 Than March wind on the mountain summit.

Ere long the sky darkened,
 And the wind arose in every point,
 The great sea lit up strongly,
 And sight of the sun was not to be found !

We gazed awhile on the clouds,
 And on the stars that were under gloom
 The tempest abated and the wind,
 And Phoebus brightened o'er our heads.

We beheld by our side,
 A most delightful country under full bloom,
 And plains, beautiful, smooth and fine,
 And a royal fortress of surpassing beauty.

Not a colour that eye has beheld
 Of rich blue, green, and white,
 Of purple, crimson, and of yellow,
 But was in this royal mansion that I am describing.

There were at the other side of the fortress,
 Radiant summer-houses and palaces,
 Made, all of precious stones,
 By the hands of skilful men and great artists.

Ere long we saw approaching
 From the fortress to meet us,
 Three fifties of champions of best agility,
 Appearance, fame and of highest repute,

O. “**Ϲ**ια αν τῇ πιλατην ἵ ρύδ,
 & ιηζέαν ἡιανη^ηνα δ-τηιοπαλ ὅιη,
 ἵτινεαζέα δηιεαέ δ' α δ-ρεασα ρύι,
 ηδ' ἵ ρύδ Τῇ πιλατην ηδ' ὅιζ?”

“JR ī 30 deimhīn, a Ojrīn fēl,
 n̄jorū 1vñlrear bñéaZ ñuit ð'a taoib,
 n̄l' n̄j ð'ap̄ 3eallar-ra ñuit fēlī,
 n̄ac b-kuil royllēli a3ad do f̄jorū.”

Do éalnig cénfálinn ionna deoí, cead bean óig do b'áille ríseim; raoi bhrata ríoda líonta d'óir, aig fáiltíúas d'iomálinn d'a dtíri féin.

Do συγγαματι τιμή αγαπάτ,
buῆδεαν δο ἔλλειπε, ἔλαν ρηματό;
αγαρ ινδο οικδεατις, σοματάτ, τηέαη,
δο δη-ρεατι τρέλη, δειλό, 'ρ ρημαθ.

Βῆ λέιηε ἴουήδε δε τῆσδα τησδολλ,
αζαρ ηλαιη-βηιατ δηδα ὅη α ἔλονν ;
βῆ σοηδη δηιτέλεληαс δε'η ὅη,
ζο τοιττρεαс, λοηηιас αη α ἔελη.

Do éonncamaili a5 teac7 'na ðeol7,
an baini7io7ai7 o7 do b'ailide cal7;
a7r cao7ad bhuilneall m7llir, éon7i,
do b'ale cl7d, ion7a c7mhdai7.

ԱՅ տեաւտ ծօլիս սկզ ար առ եալ,
ծօ լաեալու յօ շեանորա լիչ ու յ'օչ ;
ԱՅս ա ծնեալու, “ լր է թօ Օլրին ուս Քլոն,
շե լու Նլան էլու օլր .”

O. " What beauteous country is that
 O gentle daughter of the golden locks !
 Of best aspect that the eye has seen,
 Or is it the ' Land of Youth ? ' "

" It is, truly, O generous Oisin !
 I have not told a lie to you concerning it,
 There is nothing I promised thyself
 But is manifest to thee for ever."

To us, came after that
 A hundred maids of exquisite beauty,
 Under garments of silk filled with gold,
 Welcoming me to their own country.

We saw again approaching,
 A multitude of glittering bright host,
 And a noble great and powerful king,
 Of matchless grace, form and countenance.

There was a yellow shirt of silken satin
 And a bright golden garment over it,
 There was a sparkling crown of gold,
 Radiant and shining upon his head.

We saw coming after him
 The young queen of highest repute ;
 And fifty virgins sweet and mild,
 Of most beautiful form in her company.

When all arrived in one spot,
 Then courteously spoke the " King of Youth,"
 And said, " This is Oisin the son of Fionn,
 The gentle consort of ' Golden-headed Niamh ! ' "

O. Φο μιζ የ ማም ማን የ ማ ለ ለ ለ,
አጋጥ ወ ልኩ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
“ ወ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
ርዕል ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ .”

“ ወ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
ነ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
ነ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ .”

“ ክ ’ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
ነ ለ ለ ለ ለ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ ለ ለ ;
ዝ ለ ለ ለ ለ .”

“ እ ለ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ ለ ;
ዶ ለ ለ ;
ሙ ለ ለ .”

Φο ተ ለ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ ለ ;
ነ ለ ለ ;
ዝ ለ ለ .”

Φο ተ ለ ;
ነ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ .”

Φο ተ ለ ;
አ ’ ለ ;
ነ ለ ;
ዝ ለ .”

O. He took me then by the hand,
 And said, [aloud to the hearing of] the host,
 "O, brave Oisin ! O, son of the king !
 A hundred thousand welcomes to you !"

"This country into which thou comest,
 I'll not conceal its tidings from you, in truth,
 Long and durable is your life,
 And thou thyself shalt be ever young."

"There's not a delight on which the heart hath mused
 But is in this land awaiting thee ;
 O ! Oisin believe me in truth,
 For I am king of the 'Land of Youth !'"

"This is the gentle Queen,
 And my own daughter the Golden-headed Niamh,
 Who went over the smooth seas for thee
 To be her consort for ever."

I gave thanks to the King,
 And I bowed down to the gentle Queen,
 Nor staid we there, [but proceeded] soon, [Youth.]
 Till we reached the royal mansion of the "King of

There came the nobles of the fine fortress,
 Both men and women to meet us ;
 There was a feast and banquet continuously there,
 For ten nights and ten days.

I espoused "Golden-headed Niamh,"
 O ! Patrick from Rome of white croziers !
 That is how I went to the "Land of Youth,"
 Tho' woeful and grievous to me to relate.

P. Leaŋ dúlhy feaſda aŋi do r̄zeol,
 a Oll̄in ðíliŋ na n-aium n-ðri;
 c̄loŋhyur d'fáſbaſi T̄iŋ na n-ðz,
 iŋ ſada k̄ðiŋ liom zo n̄očtaſi ſat.

Juh̄iŋ dúlhy aŋoŋi le m̄ori ſ̄neanhy,
 aŋ ſiaj̄b aon c̄lany ažad ne N̄iam̄,
 n̄o'ŋ ſada b̄ðiŋ a d-T̄iŋ na n̄-ðz,
 aŋčiŋiŋ zaŋ b̄riŋ dúlhy do r̄zeal

O. Do b̄i ažam̄ ne N̄iam̄ c̄lhy ðíli,
 de c̄loŋhy buð n̄o-þaſi ſ̄naoi a'ř r̄zeal;
 do b'f̄eaſi ſeſl̄b, c̄muč ažuř r̄n̄oð,
 ðíř m̄ac ðz ažuř n̄očeaŋ c̄aoi.

Do čaſtear t̄riéliře ſada c̄laŋ,
 t̄iř čeadi b̄laðaŋ ažař n̄jor m̄o;
 zaři r̄maoŋiř me zo m̄ba b'ě m̄o m̄jan̄,
 F̄iony 'raŋ F̄iany d'f̄aſer̄iŋ beo.

P. A Oll̄in, t̄-ruaſiic leaŋ doð' r̄zeal, (†)
 a'ř n̄uh̄iŋ dúlhy ca b̄-kuſl do c̄lany;
 taſbaſi dúlhy zaŋ m̄oill a n-aium̄,
 a'ř aŋ čiŋc 'na b̄-kuſlið aŋi?

O. B̄i až N̄iam̄ ſa na ſ̄-c̄ořaſi, (†)
 T̄iř' na n̄-ðz, na m̄-beo 'ř na m̄-buad;
 f̄learž iř cořiŋhy de'ň m̄iř-ðiř,
 a'ř ſomad ſeořd nač n̄im̄ do l̄uad.

Tuř N̄iam̄ aŋi m̄o ðíř m̄ac, (†)
 aŋi m̄-ačaři a'ř m̄o ſeřiř-řiř;
 F̄iony ořiřeаiic, ceaŋy na r̄l̄uř,
 'raŋ t̄-Ořzaři ořiř-aium̄-řiřad.

P. Continue for us further thy tale,
 O golden Oisin of the slaying arms !
 How didst thou leave the " Land of youth,"
 I, yet, think it long till you reveal the cause.

Tell to us now with great pleasure,
 Hadst thou any children by Niamh,
 Or how long wert thou in the " Land of Youth,"
 Relate to us, without grief, thy story,

O. I had by Golden-headed Niamh,
 Of children of surpassing beauty and bloom,
 Of best form, shape, and countenance,
 Two young sons and a gentle daughter.

I spent a time protracted in length,
 Three hundred years and more,
 Until I thought 'twould be my desire
 To see Fionn and the Fianna alive.

P. O pleasant Oisin continue thy story,
 And tell us where are thy children ;
 Give us, without delay, their names,
 And the land in which they are.

O. Niamh had awaiting them,
 The Land of Youth—the Land of Life, and the land
 of Virtues :
 A wreath and crown of the kingly gold,
 And many jewels I do not mention.

Niamh gave to my two sons
 The names of my father and of my good son,
 Noble Fionn—head of the hosts—
 And Osgar of the red golden arms.

O. Τυζυρ φέλην δομ οαοή-ηηζην, (†)
με ή-άοητα Νιαην αη οηη-έηηη;
δο θυαδ α ταλρε 'ρα ζηέ-ζεαη,
αη τ-αηημ φηη, πληη να ηηαη."*

Φ' ιαπιαρ φειη cead αη αη Rιζ,
α' αη μο οεγε ιαοιη, Νιαη ιην οηη;
διλ ζο h-Ειηιηη ται αη αηη,
δ' ιεασαιη Φηηη αζαη α ιηοη-ηιοη.

“Do žeabaiji cead uajm,” ari an inžean čaom,
“cjo dojlš aŋ ržeal lom tu bejč d’ā lúaš;
ari eazal uaj ſeačt ſuſt ajiři head ſe,
dom čiři ſeji, a Ojřiŋ buaðaři.”

“Cnead i'r eaghal dûlun, a njoðaþi blæð,
'r an t-eac bæn do þeist fá'm nelli;
mûnufjöld aq t-eolur dûlun zo ræm,
a'r fíllfjöld ræn tari n' aijr cùñad fæjn.”

“Cúlthiż a Ollín, cað tā mē nāð,
mā leažalij tħiáċt aji ċalam nējħi;
nāċ teáċt dujt ċojsċe ajiż żo bixxatāċ,
don tħiġi alaqiyy-reo ‘na b-kuċċiż kien.

“ A dejjum leat-řa aříř Žan žđ,
ma čújjum Žan kříř de'ň eač bāň;
na tlučrají čořče Žo Tří na n-đž,
a Oříň ōři na n-ajum n-říž.

O. I, myself, gave to my gentle daughter,
 By consent of golden-headed Niamh,
 In virtue of her beauty and loving countenance,
 The true name—Plur-na-mban, [the flower of
 women.]

I asked leave of the king,
 And of my kind spouse—golden-headed Niamh,
 To go to Erinn back again,
 To see Fionn and his great host.

“Thou wilt get leave from me,” said the gentle daughter,
 “Though ‘tis a sorrowful tale to me to hear you
 mention it,
 Lest thou mayest not come again in your life
 To my own land, O victorious Oisin !”

“What do we dread, O blooming Queen !
 Whilst the white steed is at my service,
 He’ll teach me the way with ease,
 And will return safe back to thyself.”

“Remember O Oisin ! what I am saying,
 If thou layest foot on level ground,
 Thou shalt not come again for ever
 To this fine land in which I am myself.

“I say to thee again without guile,
 If thou alightest once off the white steed,
 Thou wilt never more come to the ‘Land of Youth,’
 O golden Oisin of the warlike arms !

“I say to thee for the third time,
 If thou alightest off the steed thyself,
 That thou wilt be an old man, withered, and blind,
 Without activity, without pleasure, without run,
 without leap.

O. “JR ծօլիչ կօռ, և Օլրին ժրլոն, (†)
տս ծու յօ հ-Ելլոն ժլար յօ ծօնչ ;
ոյ’ լ ր առօր ամայլ ծօ ել ;
’ր ոյ քելքիլ էօլծէ Բլոն նա րլօնչած.

“Նի’ լ առօր և ո-Ելլոն սլե, (†)
աշտ աշալր սլրծ ’ր րլօնչե Խաօն ;
և Օլրին ժրլոն րօն յօ քօն,
ոյ էարբալր էօլծէ, յօ Շիլ նա ո-օն.”

Պ’քեածւր բար նա ցնայր լե ւլսաչ, (†)
’ր ծօ յլ օմ’ լորչա ծօլտա ծօր ;
և Բածլոյչ եսծ ւլնաչ լետ ի,
և լաօսած քոլտ այ էլոն օլր.

Ծօ շալր յի մէ բաօլ շեարա շլսած, (†)
ծու յր տեաշտ յան եսալուտ լու եան,
և’ ր ծսնալուտ կօռ ծօ եսած և ո-ելիչէ,
ծ’ա ո-ելլորոն յած նա սարբալոն րլան.

Ծօ շեալլար ծի յած ոյ յան ելեաչ,
յօ յ-շօլոկոնքալոն քելոն և ո-ննեալլիտ յի կօռ ;
ծօ շւածար ար տալոն այ ելչ ենայ,
և’ ր ծ’քաշեար րլան աչ լուշտ այ ննոն.

Ծօ քօնչար-րա յօ շելլե շաօլոն,
’ր բա ծնեած րլոն աչ յշալած լել ;
յօ ծիր տաշ, ’ր ո’լոյշեան օն,
ծօ ել բաօլ ելոն աչ րլեած ծեար’ !

Ծօ շեարար օստ շում յլմեալ,
’ր ծօ շւշար յօ շուլ ծօ Շիլ նա ո-օն ;
ծօ յլշտ այ տ-եած յօ հեարշալծ բոմ,
տալ ծօ յլոն կօռ, և’ ր լե Խլամ էլոն օլր.

O. " 'Tis a woe to me, O loving Oisin,
 That thou ever goest to green Erinn ;
 'Tis not now as it has been ;
 And thou never shalt see Fionn of the hosts.

" There is not now in all Erin,
 But a father of orders and hosts of saints ;
 O loving Oisin ! here is my kiss,
 Thou wilt never return to the ' Land of Youth ! ' "

I looked up into her countenance with compassion,
 And streams of tears ran from my eyes,
 O Patrick ! thou wouldest have pitied her
 Tearing the hair off the golden head.

She put me under strict injunctions
 To go and come without touching the lea,
 And said to me by virtue of their power,
 If I broke them that I'd never return safe ;

I promised her each thing, without a lie,
 That I would fulfil what she said to me ;
 I went on the back of the white steed
 And bade farewell to the people of the fortress.

I kissed my gentle consort,
 And sorrowful was I in parting from her,
 My two sons, and my young daughter
 Were under grief, shedding tears.

I prepared myself for travelling,
 And I turned my back on the " Land of Youth,"
 The steed ran swiftly under me,
 As he had done with me and " golden-headed Niamh."

O. Nj h-aj̄iūrtear ari r̄z̄eal zo beac̄t,
ari zoac̄ n̄j d̄a'ri tean̄ḡm̄al̄d̄ h̄om̄ f̄ēl̄;
n̄o zo d̄-t̄al̄n̄iž̄ m̄e ariūr t̄ar̄ n̄'all̄,
zo h-Éiūl̄n̄ ūlar̄ na n̄'lom̄ad̄ r̄ew̄.

Ա Քաջութ նա ս'օրծ աշուր նա նաօմ,
ս'օր լույրեար եղեաց ծաւ լիամ քօր;
բ'ի աշած-րա բա՛տ մո րշել,
'ր մար ծ'բաշեար քելի Տիր նա ս'օշ.

Ð'a mbeisðinn-re félv, a Þadraiz,
aðraiz do býr-va ari la úd félv,
do eulifinn do clælli gó lēlli eum báll,
a'r ceann ari briaðaiz ný beað ari ðeis!

Ð'a þraðaþingi re flúllir eðe' n n-áriðan,
mari ðeiblum gáð tórað o Þjórr;
do ðúlöfum eum líð n a n-þraðar,
tu þeit þo flán ór a eþjórr.

p. Πο χεαβαλη απαν αζαρ δεοć,
ζαη αοη loćt αηοll υαηη fēηη;
ηη bηηη lηom-ηa ζuć do bēōl.
'r leaη dūlηη fōs αη do rζeal.

Нјори б-реада ѕом азар нјори єлан,
зо б-реаца анијар аз теаct рa'т ѕeли;
тaјic'luaz тoли idli јeаlijaх азur тиha,
'r do єanзадaji aм' lačajli keli.

O. Our story is not told in full,
 Of every thing that occurred to myself,
 Until I came again back
 To green Erin of the many jewels.

O Patrick of the orders and of the saints,
 I never yet told you a falsehood,
 There is to thee the reason of my story,
 And how I left the " Land of Youth."

If I myself had been, O Patrick !
 As I was, that self-same day,
 I would put thy clerics all to death,
 And a head on a neck would not be after me.

If I got plenty of the bread
 As I used to get, at all times, from Fionn,
 I would pray to the king of grace
 To have thee safe, over it.

P. Thou wilt get bread and drink,
 Without any fault now from myself,
 Melodious to me is the voice of thy mouth,
 And continue for us still thy story.

O. On my coming, then, into the country,
 I looked closely in every direction,
 I thought then in truth
 That the tidings of Fionn were not to be found.

'Twas not long for me nor tedious,
 Till I saw from the west approaching me,
 A great troop of mounted men and women,
 And they came into my own presence.

O. Do þealinniȝðeadaði ðom ȝo caoði, ȝeliði,
a' r do ȝaſb ȝonȝanþtar ȝaði ȝ-aði ðjorð;
aði ȝaſcrys mēad mo ȝeaſiſan ȝeliði,
mo ðeſlb, mo ȝnē aðar mo ȝnadoi.

Ð' ȝiaſliȝðear ȝeliði ayy ȝiñ ðjorð ȝuð,
añ ȝ-cuaſadaði ȝionñ do ȝeſt beo;
yð aði ȝaſli aði egle de'ñ ȝeſiñ
yð ȝiead ē añ ȝeñi do þaſi ðoði?

“ Do ȝuaſamaiñne t̄laðet aði ȝionñ,
aði ȝeaſit, aði lúði, aður aði ȝieað;
yð ȝaſli ȝiaſli aði ȝamaiſt ȝuð,
a b-ȝeaſiſan, a ȝ-clú, aður a mēiñ.

“ If ȝomða leaðbari ȝiñjorðet ȝjor,
að ȝeſt ȝiñ, ȝiñliȝ ȝaoðal;
yð ȝeñi ȝiñi aði ȝeſt ȝo ȝjor,
aði ȝeac̄tað ȝionñ aður aði b-ȝeſiñ.

“ Do ȝuaſamaiñ ȝo ȝiaſb að ȝionñ,
mac buð ȝonȝiað ȝeſl̄m 'r clōð,
ȝo b-taſiñ ȝiñ-þeaſi ȝaoi ȝa ȝeſiñ,
'r ȝa ȝ-deaðað ȝeñi ȝo ȝeſiñ ȝa ȝ-ði.”

Nuaſli ȝuaſar ȝeliði añ cōm̄iað úð,
yð ȝaſli ȝionñ 'yð ȝeaſi de'ñ ȝeſiñ,
do ȝlacar ȝuſſiſe a' r ȝoði ȝuðað,
'r ba lan-ðuðað mē ȝoða ȝ-deið!

Njorði ȝtadað-ȝa ayy ȝiñ de'ñ ȝeſl̄m,
ȝo ȝuað ȝeaſað ȝaði aði ȝoði;
ȝo b-tuðar ȝaðað ȝo ȝlan ȝeſið,
aði ȝuðað ȝeac̄tað, leaðan ȝaðeas.

O. They saluted me kindly and courteously,
 And surprise seized every one of them,
 On seeing the bulk of my own person,
 My form, my appearance, and my countenance.

I myself asked then of them,
 Did they hear if Fionn was alive,
 Or did any one else of the Fianna live,
 Or what disaster had swept them away ?

“ We have heard tell of Fionn,
 For strength, for activity, and for prowess,
 That there never was an equal for him
 In person, in character, and in mien.

There is many a book written down,
 By the melodious sweet sages of the Gaels,
 Which we in truth, are unable to relate to thee,
 Of the deeds of Fionn and of the Fianna.”

We heard that Fionn had
 A son of brightest beauty and form,
 That there came a young maiden for him
 And that he went with her to the “ Land of Youth.”

When I myself heard that announcement,
 That Fionn did not live or any of the Fianna,
 I was seized with weariness and great sorrow,
 And I was full of melancholy after them !

I did not stop on my course,
 Quick and smart without any delay,
 Till I set my face straightforward
 To Almhuin of great exploits in broad Leinster.

O. Ba mōri e m'ionzantur ayy rūd,
nač reacalč cūlīt Fīn na rłolīč;
vī ralb 'na hjonad ayy zo rjor,
ačt rlaðaļe, rliob ažur neaňntož !

p. 2 Oírlín! r̄gáilí ahoír de'd b̄rión,
r̄il do ðeoír ari Ðhla na n-gráir,
ta Fionn 'ran Fíann tlaitz zo león,
a' r̄ n̄í'l a b̄-fóillí ñéin r̄ud zo b̄riac.

O. Βα πόρι αη τημαζ την, α Ραδηατζ,
Φιονη γο ιηιατ do ɓειτ a b-ρεην;
ηο εηεαδ ε αη τοιηι do ιιιζ αηι buαιδ,
'ρα ιηατ laoc εηηαιδ do έηιηt leit fεηη.

p. Jr ē Ðia do muȝ buað aji Ðionn,
a' r n̄i neaȝt n̄am̄ad 'n̄a t̄hēan-lam̄,
aȝur aji an b-Ðeijn ule m̄ar ē,
a n̄-l̄fleann̄ daor̄ d'a r̄jor̄ c̄rað!

Ωλά' τ αην ατα Ορζαρι μο ιας φέν,
 αη λαος βα τηληε α δ-πιομ-ζλεο ;
 ιησοι ευμαδιη ιη ιηνεανη 'να δ-πλατεαρ Θε,
 βύλθεαη δ' α ιηέδη ηας τηεαρζαροζαδ !

O. Great was my surprise there,
 That I did not see the court of Fionn of the hosts ;
 There was not in its place in truth
 But weeds, chick-weeds, and nettles.

Alas, O Patrick ! and alas, my grief !
 A miserable journey it was to me,
 Without the tidings of Fionn or the Fianna ;
 It left me through life under pain.

P. O Oisin ! now desist from thy grief,
 Shed thy tears to the God of Grace,
 Fionn and the Fianna are weak enough,
 And relief is not theirs for ever.

O. That would be a great pity, O Patrick !
 That Fionn should be in pain, for ever ;
 Or what pursuers gained victory over him,
 Since many a hardy hero fell by himself.

P. It is God who gained victory over Fionn,
 And not the strength of enemy or strong hand,
 And over all the Fianna like him,
 Condemned to hell, they are eternally tormented.

O. O Patrick ! direct me into the place
 In which Fionn is in hands and the Fianna,
 And there is not a hell or a heaven there
 That will put them under subjection.

If Osgar my own son be there,
 The hero that was bravest in heavy conflict,
 There is not created in hell, or in the Heaven of God
 A host tho' great, that he would not destroy.

P. Léigimhíð d'ar n-jomairbáil ari gac taoib,
a'r leaní ded' ríseal, a Oírrín ait;
cad do tárla dujt 'na déilé,
tarí éil' na Féilíne beit ari lair!

O. Inneóirad ríen ríen dujt, a Þadriuiz,
tarí éil' mē fáibáil Almúin Laižeán,
nī ríalb aon altreab 'na ríalb an Fian,.
ná'n éuairiuizear go dian gáin aon moill.

Ari mo gáibáil dom tré gleann aon rímhíl,¹
do conhaicic mē móir-éimílíníúd aon;
trí cíead reari aízar ní ba mò,
do bí nómham aonar' aon n-gleann.

Do labairi dujhé de'n tréad,
aízar a dúnbailit rí de gusé òr ari;
"tarí d'ar g-cáibáil, a níos-laois,
a'r fuaingáil ríon ari aon g-cíuad-éar!"

Táinig mē aon ríen do láthair,
a'r líos mòri mairíuair aíz aon ríod;
bí meádácaí na leice oíche ahuair,
'ra eulí díob fuaí, níor b'félidí leó!

Ai éulí aca bí fá'n líc ríor,
do b'fodair d'a g-claolídean go fainn;
le tríuime aon ualaíz mòr,
do cailí go leóri díob a meádáil!

Do labairi dujhé do na maoillí,
aízar a dúnbailit, "a níos-áilírgeadair' b'it;
fuaingáil reartá ari mo b'fídean,
nó dujhé díob, ní b'fídean!"

¹ Gleann aon rímhíl, *the valley of the thrush*, now anglicized Glenasmole.

P. Let us leave off our controversy on each side
 And continue thy story, O valiant Oisin !
 What occurred to thee after that,
 Subsequently to the Fianna being low.

O. I, myself will tell thee that, O Patrick !—
 After I left Almhuin of Leinster,
 There was not a residence where the Fianna had been,
 But I searched accurately without any delay.

On my passing thro' the glen of the thrushes,
 I saw a great assembly there,
 Three hundred men and more
 Were before me in the glen.

One of the assembly spoke,
 And he said with a loud voice :
 “ Come to our relief, O kingly champion ;
 And deliver us from difficulty !”

I, then came forward,
 And the host had a large flag of marble,
 The weight of the flag was down on them,
 And to uphold it, they were unable !

Those that were under the flag below,
 Were being oppressed, weakly,
 By the weight of the great load
 Many of them lost their senses.

One of the stewards spoke
 And said :—“ O princely young hero !
 Forthwith relieve my host,
 Or not one of them will be alive.”

O. Jf նալլեած ան եալիտ, այօլր լե լած,
ա՛ր ան օլլեած առա ծ'քարալի այս,
ոած տօօքած լե նեալիտ ան տ-թօլիչ,
ան լիօզ-րո էօզբալ յօ լան-թեանն."

Ո' մալլեած Օրզար տաց Օլլին,
ծօ եալիբած ար ան լիօզ-րո նա ծեար-լալին,
ծօ շոյլիբած ծ'պրեալ յ տար ան րլսաչ,
ոյ երեազ յր ծուած ծօմ այօլր ծօ լած.

Ծօ լոյծեար ար տօ շլատան ծեար,
'ր ծօ լուզար ար ան լեյց ամ լալին ;
լե նեալիտ աշուր լե լուտ տօ շեազ,
ծօ շոյլիբար բաշտ բ-բելլիր յ օ նա հայտ.

Լե բելօմ նա լեյց լան-մօլիր,
ծօ երիր յօնուա օլի ան ելէ եալին ;
ծօ շանչար-րա անսար յօ լան-ծօշտ,
ար եօնի տօ ծօր ար ան տ-բան !

Այ տնլրյօ շայոյշ մե անսար,
նա շլաց սամայ ան տ-եած բայ,
ծ'լուշչ ան րլու շում րլսալ,
'ր տլրե բա քնծար յօ լաշ, տլայէ !

Ծօ շայլեար ամայից տօ քնլ,
տօ ծեալի տօ շնոյր 'ր տօ րշալ,
ծօ եյօր ամ' յեանօլի եօշտ ծալ,
յան երիշ, յան մեանալի, յան ալլօ !

Ա Բածրալիշ, րլու աշած տօ րշեալ,
մար շայլա ծօմ քելո յան յօ ;
տօ ծու աշուր տ'յուծեաշտ յօ եօշտ,
ա՛ր տօ շեաշտ տար տ'ալլ օ Շիր նա ն-օշ !

O. 'Tis a shameful deed, that it should now be said,
 And the number of men that is there,
 That the strength of the host is unable
 To lift the flag with great power.

If Oscur the son of Oisin lived,
 He would take this flag in his right hand,
 He would fling it in a throw over the host—
 It is not my custom to speak falsehood.

I lay upon my right breast,
 And I took the flag in my hand,
 With the strength and activity of my limbs
 I sent it seven perches from its place !

With the force of the very large flag,
 The golden girth broke on the white steed ;
 I came down full suddenly,
 On the soles of my two feet on the lea.

No sooner did I come down,
 Than the white steed took fright,
 He went then on his way,
 And I, in sorrow, both weak and feeble.

I lost the sight of my eyes,
 My form, my countenance, and my vigour,
 I was an old man, poor and blind,
 Without strength, understanding, or esteem.

Patrick ! there is to thee my story,
 As it occurred to myself without a lie,
 My going and my adventures in certain,
 And my returning from the " Land of Youth."

The following Prophecy by Caoilte, respecting *Cluain Cheasain*, deserves preservation ; but want of space must excuse our offering a translation :—

CAOILTE RO CHAN.

Cluain Chearaij nō clor amach,
Gur a d-taileadh mac Lúdach,
ba Ror mic Treoin¹ fóri am uisint
- ne maer toisíeadct a n-Taileann.

Aict gis cantair praigheas fó reas,
a 3-Cluain Chearaij na g-cleireas ;
ad coinniasc an Chluain cheileadh,
fa ñaithriaild nuað nō beannas.

Se beirt leisearr i r an laing,
nō b' t' an aon ba h-orsaill ;
ionbaild ba linn riamh an t-riuit,
adbað cinniasc an cluain crotas.

Maile a clúin, a caillina, a h-éin,
maile a meair nialas nō ériéan ;
caomh a h-áilinnisde a' r a h-úbla,
maile a h-úbla fionn-cúbairca.

Taingi an taillinnasairr tailli,
Cluain Ceairaij a ñ Taileannasair,
a dabalairr Fionn fial fáilisearc,
go maile neimhe naomh aignislearc.

Tuir fíoscias níos dál n go neasct,
bádair a ñam i r mór aillineairt ;
go níosd i leara uile,
nóbram cleacstaí cluainisde.

¹ Ros mic Treoin is the old and present Irish name of the town of New Ross in the county of Wexford.

MAC-SNJHARCA FINN MAC CUMHAILL.

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS
OF
FINN MAC CUMHAILL.

EDITED BY

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1859.

1. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

2. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

3. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

4. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

5. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

6. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

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16. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

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19. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

20. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

21. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

22. *On the Nature of the Human Soul* (1800)

*Letter addressed by Dr. John O'Donovan, to the
President of the Ossianic Society.*

Dublin, Dec. 27th, 1858.

DEAR SIR.—Having, at your request, undertaken to translate into English—to lengthen out the abbreviations, and to fix the grammatical endings of the contracted words, in this notice of the boyish exploits of the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, the Fingal of Mac Pherson's Ossian,—I beg to offer you a few observations on the age and importance of the little tract, as well as of the manuscript from which it has been taken. This tract was copied letter for letter, and contraction for contraction from a fragment of the Psalter of Cashel now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (*Laud. 610*), by the Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver, M. A., of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1854, and now curate of S. Barnabas, Pimlico, London, whose progress in the study of the Irish language is truly wonderful, considering the slight advantages of oral instruction which he has possessed. He has copied this little tract so faithfully that I was able to understand it as well as if I had the original manuscript before me. No artist ever copied a portrait or inscription more accurately. This manuscript was examined in the year 1844 by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., who published a full account of its contents in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. 2, p. 336, sq. In 1846 I examined it again with the most anxious care, and published a brief notice of its more important contents in the introduction to *Leabhar na g-Ceart*. It consists of 292 pages folio, vellum, and was transcribed in 1453 by John Boy O'Clery and others at Pottlerath, in the barony of Crannagh, and county of Kilkenny, for Edmund Butler, the head of the sept of Mac Richard, who afterwards became Earls of Ormonde. This manuscript remained in the possession of Mac Richard Butler till the year 1462, when Ormonde and he were defeated in a battle fought at Baile-an-phoill, now Pilltown, in the barony of Iverk, county of Kilkenny, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, to whom he was obliged to give up this very copy of the Psalter of Cashel, together with another manuscript (now unknown),

called the Book of Carrick-on-Suir. This fact appears from a memorandum on fol. 110, p. b, of which the following is a literal translation :—

“ This was the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler, until the defeat at Baile-an-phoill, was given to the Earl of Ormonde, and to Mac Richard by the Earl of Desmond (Thomas), when this book and the book of Carrick, were obtained in the redemption of Mac Richard ; and it was this Mac Richard that had these books transcribed for his own use ; and they remained in his possession until Thomas, Earl of Desmond, wrested them from him.”

The foregoing memorandum was written in the manuscript, while it was in the possession of Thomas, Earl of Desmond, whose name “ Thomas, of Desmond,” appears in English, in his own hand, on fol. 92, a., See *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, Introduction, pp. xxviii—xxx. The publication of this manuscript, as it stands, would be a great desideratum in Irish literature, and I trust that Sir John Romilly will not think it unworthy of his attention.

I am of opinion that this little tract is of great antiquity, and contains, perhaps, the oldest account we have remaining of Finn and his contemporaries. You will observe that the style is extremely simple, and altogether devoid of that redundancy of epithets which characterises the prose compositions of later ages, which are equalled only by those of “ *El famoso Feliciano de Silva.* ”

The celebrated Irish antiquary, Duard Mac Firbis, in his genealogical work, pp. 435, 436, gives various pedigrees of the famous Irish hero, Finn Mac Cumhaill. Some deduce his descent from the Orbhraighe of Druim Imnocht, others from the Corco Oiche, a sept of the Ui-Fidhgeinte, who were seated in the present county of Limerick. Some state that he sprung from the Ui-Tairsigh of Ui-Faileigh, a plebeian sept, while other genealogists maintain that he came of the Ui-Tairsigh of the Luaigni Teamhrach of *Fera-Cul* in Bregia, which was one of the three septs from whom the chief leader of the Fians, or Irish militia, was elected. Mac Firbis, however, states that this discrepancy must have arisen from mistaking one Finn for another ; but that by far the greater number of the authentic Irish authorities agree in deducing the pedigree of the famous Finn Mac Cumhaill from Nuada Neacht, the fourth son of Sedna Sithbhaic, the ancestor of the kings of Leinster.

By the mother's side, Finn Mac Cumhaill was descended from Tadhg, son of Nuadhat, son of Aice, son of Daite, son of Brocan, son of Fintan of Tuath-Daite in Bregia. This Mac Firbis believes to be his true maternal descent, though others state that his mother was Torba, daughter of Echuman of the Ernaans of Dun-Cearmna (the old head of Kinsale, in the county of Cork), and that he had a half-brother by the mother's side, who was called Finn Mac Gleoir.

Mac Firbis adds that Finn Mac Cumhaill possessed, in right of his office of leader of the Fians, seven ballys, or townlands, out of every tricha-ched, or hundred, in Ireland; that he was born in the third year of the reign of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and died in the year 283.

Some genealogical books give the pedigree of our hero thus:—Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Trénmor, son of Subalt, son of Ealtan, son of Baiscne, son of Nuada Necht: others, Finn, son of Cumhall, son of Baiscne, son of Trénmor, son of Ferdarath, son of Goll, son of Forgall, son of Daire, son of Deaghaidh, son of Sin; but of the various pedigrees of our hero which Mac Firbis has copied from Irish authorities, the following is the only one that can be considered authentic:—

1. Nuada Necht,
2. Fergus Failge, ancestor of the Kings of Leinster,
3. Rossa Ruadh,
4. Finn, the poet, king of Leinster,
5. Conchobhar Abhraruadh,
6. Moghcorb, king of Leinster,
7. Cucorb, king of Leinster,
8. Nia Corb,
9. Cormac Gealtagaoith,
10. Feilimidh Firurglais,
11. Cathaeir Mor, monarch of Ireland, A.D., 177.
3. So-alt,
4. Alt,
5. Cairbre Garbhroin,
6. Baeiscne,
7. Modh,
8. Buan,
9. Fergus,
10. Trendorn,
11. Trenmor,
12. Cumhall,
13. Finn Mac Cumhaill, s.l. 284.

He had a sister named *Sidh*, who was proverbial in Ireland for her fleetness of foot, and who was the mother of Caoilte Mac Ronain, also famous in the Fenian tales for his agility. He had another sister, Seogen, who was the mother of Cobhthach, son of Crunnchu.

I have always believed that Finn Mac Cumhaill was a *real historical personage*, and not a myth or god of war, like the Hercules of the Greeks, the Odin of the Scandinavians, or the Siegfried of the Germans. He was the son-in-law of the famous Cormac Mac Airt monarch of Ireland, and the general of his standing army. He was slain in the year A.D., 284, according to the Annals of Tighernach, a period to which our authentic history unquestionably reaches. (See Ogygia, part iii, c. 70).

This celebrated warrior was, as we have seen, of the regal line of the kings of Leinster, of the Milesian or Scotic race (for my ingenious friend Mr. Herbert F. Hore has theorised in vain to prove him of Scandinavian

origin); he had two residences in Leinster, one at Allen (Almhain,) in the present county of Kildare, and the other at Moyelly in the (now) King's County, both of which descended to him from his ancestors. Pinkerton, the most critical and sceptical writer that has ever treated of Irish and Scottish history, has the following remarkable words, in which he expresses his conviction of Finn's undoubted historical existence:—

“He seems,” says he, “to have been a man of great talents for the age, and of celebrity in arms. His formation of a regular standing army, trained to war, in which all the Irish accounts agree, seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman legions in Britain. The idea, though simple enough, shows prudence, for such a force alone, could have coped with the Romans had they invaded Ireland. But this machine, which surprised a rude age, and seems the basis of all Finn's fame, like some other great schemes, only lived in its author, and expired soon after him.”—*Inquiry into the History of Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 77.

Our own poet and historian, Moore, who read all that had been written by the Mac Phersons and the modern critics on the history of Finn, expresses his conviction that he was a real man of flesh and blood, and no god of war or poetical creation. He concludes his account of him in the following poetical strain.

“It has been the fate of this popular Irish hero, after a long course of traditional renown in his country, where his name still lives, not only in legends and songs, but yet in the more indelible record of scenery connected with his memory, to have been all at once transferred by adoption to another country (Scotland), and start under a new but false shape, into a fresh career of fame.”—*History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 133.

The only known descendants of our hero, now known to exist, are the Dal-Cais, i.e. O'Briens of Munster and their correlatives. Cormac Cas, king of Munster, who married Samhair (Samaria), the daughter of Finn by Gráiné, daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, monarch of Ireland, and had by her, according to the Irish genealogists, three sons, Tinné and Connla, of whose race nothing is known, and Fearcorb, the progenitor of the Dal Cais, the hereditary enemies of the race of Conn of the Hundred Battles. After the death of Finn, the monarch Cairbre Liffechair, son of Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, disbanded and outlawed the Clanna Baeiscnè, of whom Finn was then the head, and retained in his service their enemies, the Clanna-Morna, a military tribe of the Firbolgs of Connacht. The Clanna-Baeisenè then repaired to Munster to their relative, Fearcorb, who retained them in his service, contrary to the orders of the Irish monarch. This led to the bloody battle of Gabhra (near the Boyne in Meath), in which the two rival military tribes slaughtered each other almost to extermination. In the heat of the action, Oscar, the grandson of Finn (and son of Oisin,) met the monarch

in single combat ; but fell, and the monarch retiring from the combat, was met by his own relative Semeon, one of the Fotharta, (a tribe that had been expelled into Leinster) who fell upon him after being severely wounded in the dreadful combat with Oscar, and despatched him by a single blow.

Oisin and Caeilte Mac Ronain survived all the followers of our hero, and are fabled to have lived down to the time of St. Patrick (A.D. 432), to whom they related the wonderful exploits of Finn and his cotemporaries. This, however, is incredible ; but it is highly probable that both lived to converse with some Christian missionaries who preceded the great apostle of Ireland, and who found it difficult to convert them from their pagan notions.

There is a very curious dialogue, partly preserved in the book of Lismore, and partly in a MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, said to have been carried on between Caeilte, son of Ronan, and St. Patrick. This dialogue, notwithstanding its anachronism, or perhaps rather misnomer, is of great value to the Irish linguist, topographer, and antiquary, on account of the curious ancient forms of the language which it preserves, and the various forts, mounds, sepulchres, plains, mountains, estuaries and rivers which it mentions by their primitive and mediæval names.

Hoping that this tract will soon see the light under your auspices, as President of our Society,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

To

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, Esq.
President of the Ossianic Society.



O RÁLA comhghaird aig, ocúr imfach deabthá,
 imon fíanaíseáct ocúr im aifidimaeir-
 aigseáct Élienn, i堆积 Cumull mac
 Tírennóirí, ocúr Uírbrienn mac
 Luigech Cuillirí, do Lualghe, a. do
 Coirce Oche Cuile Chontuinn don
 Cumull riu, aigí ba díbhlde h-Uí
 Táinirí a énaítear [a. tuas] Cumull.
 Tóibé, iñgír Eochamáin do Eriuáib,
 iñgí ba ban-cele do Chumull, no co-
 táidh Muirne Muinéam. Tucaidh iarum
 cath Cnucha eatarra a. i堆积 Cumull ocúr Uírbrienn.

Dalri Ó Dearg, mac Echáid Fhinn, mhe Coillipie Ísalach,
 mhe Muirneadair, ocúr a mac, a. Aed, ic tabairt in
 chathá iarrád Muirneam. Aigim náill don Dalri riu
 Muirne Muinéam. Do beirí iarum in cath iar riu;
 do nála iñgí Luicet ocúr Aed, mac Muirne, iñg in chás;
 gónair Lucet Aed, co níor mill a leth-níor, congl de níor lín
 a aigim Íoll ó riu ile e. Do tuist Lucet la Íoll; gónair
 dan feir coiméada coiribhailz a rét feirrín Cumull riu

¹ Chieftainship of the Fians, i.e. the leadership of the Irish militia.

² Cumhall. The best account of this military leader will be found in the battle of Cnucha, preserved in the book of Lismore.

³ Luaigni, a famous military sept in Meath descended from Luaignni, one of the brothers of Conn of the hundred battles. *Ogygia*, part iii. c. 57.

⁴ Cuil Contuinn, a territory situated on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Cavan.

⁵ Cnucha. Connell Magheoghegan states in his translation of the annals of Clonmacnoise, A.D. 726, that this is the place called Castle-knock, [near the river Liffey, county of Dublin.]

THE BOYISH EXPLOITS OF FINN, DOWN HERE.



HERE happened a meeting of valour, and contention of battle, respecting the chieftainship of the Fianns,¹ and the head-stewardship of Erin, between Cumhall,² son of Tréanmór, and Uirgrenn, son of Lughaidh Corr, [one] of the Luaigne,³ i.e. this Cumhall was of the Corca-oiche of Cuil-contuinn,⁴ for of these the Hui-Tairsigh his tribe were [a subsection]. Torba, daughter of Eochaman [one] of the Ernaans, had been the wife of Cumhall, until he married Muireann Munchaemh, [Murinda of the fair neck]. The battle of Cnucha⁵ was afterwards fought between them, i.e. between Cumhall and Uirgrenn.

Daire Dearg, son of Eochaidh Finn, son of Coirpre Galach, son of Muiredhach Muinderg, and his son Aedh, were fighting the battle along with Muirgrenn. Another name for this Daire was Morna Munchaim. The battle was then fought, Luichet and Aedh son of this Morna met together [in single combat] in the battle; Luichet wounded Aedh, and destroyed one of his eyes, so that from this the name of Goll⁶ [Lucus] adhered to him from that time forth. Luichet fell by Goll. The keeper of his own corrbholg⁷ of séds [treasure bag] wounded Cumhall, and

⁶ *Goll* is glossed *Caèch*, and means one-eyed, the same as the Latin *lucus*.

⁷ *Corrbholg*, i.e. a round bag, *sed* means a jewel or any article of value.

caé. Do tuit Cumull la Tóll mac Mórua is in cath,
ocur beillid a foisb ocur a cend leir, conid de riu bui
fich buihad itri Fionn ocur mac Mórua, conid de riu no
cet in reanchaib:—

Tóll mac Daire Óelliz co mblaid,
Mhc Echaid Finn, Finn a gail,
Mhc Caillipie Talaib co nGail,
Mhc Muirneadairz a Finnibhailz.

Ro marib Tóll Luicet na ced,
A cath Chuá, nochá brie,
Luicet Finn in gairced glain
La mac Mórua do rocháir.

Ir leir do tuit Cumull mór,
I cat Chuacha na cath-floz
Ailne tuirat in cath tend,
Im fionnáidecht na h-Éireand.

Batai clanda Mórua i riu cath,
Ocur Luighe na Temrach,
Aili ba leo fionnur fein Fajl,
Fionn laim caé inz co nobaiz.

Buig mac ac Cumull co m-buaib,
In Finn fuislech raebur cnuaid;
Fionn ocur Tóll mór a mblad,
Tréin do ionuigatari cozad.

Jair riu do ionuigatari ríð,
Fionn ocur Tóll na ced nGníom,
Co toirciúi Bánb Síonna de,
Fionn tuig a Temuiri Luighe.

Aed ba hajum do mac Daire,
Cóir gaeid Luicet con ailne,
O ro gáet mac Luighe lond,
Daire conlaitear iur Tóll. 5.

¹ *Finnmhagh*, otherwise *Maghfinn*, a plain in the barony of Athlone, county of Roscommon, at this period possessed by the Firbolgs, of whom the Clanna-Morna were a sept.

Cumhall fell by Goll son of Morna in the battle, and carried off his arms and his head ; and from this there was a fundamental hatred between Finn and the sons of Morna, concerning which the historian sang :—

“ Goll was son of Daire Dearg of fame,
Son of Eochaидh Finn of valiant deeds,
Son of Cairbre Galach of prowess,
Son of Muireadhach of Finnmhagh.¹

This Goll slew Luichet of hundreds,
In the battle of Cnucha, no falsehood,—
Luichet Finn of noble chivalry,
By the son of Morna fell !

It was by him fell Cumhall the Great,
In the battle of Cnucha of embattled hosts
What they fought this stout battle for,
Was for the Fian leadership in Erin.

The Clanna Morna were in the battle,
And the Luaigni of Teamhair
For the Fiannship of the men of Fail was theirs
Under the hand of each valiant king.

The victorious Cumhall had a son ;
The blood shedding Finn of hard weapons,
Finn and Goll of great fame,
Mightily they waged war.

After this they made peace
Finn and Goll, of the hundred deeds,
Until the Banbh Sinna fell
On the plain at Teamhair Luachra,²

Aedh was the name of Daire’s son,
Until Luichet wounded him with dexterity,
But since the stout son of Luaigne wounded him
He was called by the name of Goll.”

¹ *Teamhair Luachra*, a place in Kerry not far from Castle Island, in the district of Sliabhi Luachra.

Τοιησαχ ήο ἀσσαὶ Cumull οι ηναὶ ι. Μυζηνε, ουσι
βελιηδ ῥι μας, ουσι βερα αινη δο, ι. Φεμη. Τις
Flaccasι μας Concinnη ουσι Bodhmall, βανδριας, ουσι ιη
Liat̄h Λιαέηα δο ταιζεδ Μυζηνε, ουσι βελιηδ leo ιη
μας, αιρη ηλι λαμ η ματαλη αιετη. Φιδηρ Μυζηνε λα
Σλεοηι Λαμ-δεηι, λα ιη Λαμιαζε λαρδαμ, σοηι δεηηιδε
ιη πιαδ, Φινη μας Σλεοηι. Λιηδ τηα Bodhmall ουσι
ιη Liat̄h, ουσι ιη μας leo ι ποιτηηιδ Slesbi Bladma. Ρο
χαιλεδ ιη μας ανη ηηη ι ταιδε. Φειηθηηι οη, αηι βα
ηιμδα ζηλα ταιλαζηι τηηηερηας, ουσι laech ηειηηεχ
ναιηηδιζε, ουσι φειηδ φειραχ φιηηηηηαχ δο laecηηδ
Λιαζηε, ουσι δο μασαηι Μορηα φοη τη ιη ηιη ηηη, ουσι
Τυληα ηιη Cumull. Ρο αιηετ λαριη ιη δα βαηφειηηδιζ
ηη φηη ηε φοδα ε φαη ταιλαιδ ηηη.

Τις α ματαιη α εινδ ρε μηλαδαι λαη την δειρ α μης,
αηρι δο ιηνηριδ δι α βετ ιηνη ιηαδ ιη, οευρ δο ιηο βα ιηεαη
λε μας Μοηηα δο. Ειδ τηιαετ ατηιαετ αρ εαεις ιηα
κηλε, εο ιηηηες ιοιτηιης Slebe Bladma; ιοζειη δη φιαν-
βοιθ οευρ ιη μας ιηα codlαd ιηητη, οευρ tocbαιδ ιη αη
μας ιηα hucht λαηιαη, οευρ tηηηαιζε ιηηα he, οευρ ιη
τηιοη λαηιη. Σοηδ αηδ ιηη δο ιηοη ιηα ιηηηα ιε ιηηηηη
ιηη α μας—

Codajl ne ruanán rājme, 7ml.

Τημηαρ αη ιηζηι celebriα do ηα bαηfeηηδέδαιη 1αη
rη, oeuη aetbeηet fηιη uοmζabδαιηr ηη mac comad ιη-

¹ *Muireann*. This was very common as the proper name of a woman among the ancient Irish. It is explained in Cormac's Glossary, as meaning *mor-fhinn*, long-haired.

² *Lamhraighe*, a people of Kerry in the west of Munster.

³ *Slieb Bladhma*, i.e. the mountain of Bladhma, (Ogygia III., 16.) now Slieve Bloom on the confines of the King's and Queen's Counties. It is sometimes called *Sliabh Snoil*. The summit of this mountain is called *Mullach Éireann*, the summit of Erin, and from it, the O'Dunnes have taken the motto of *Mullach Éireann abu!*

Cumhall left his wife pregnant, i. e. Muirenn,¹ and she brought forth a son, and gave him the name of Deimne. Fiacail the son of Cuchenn, and Bodhmall the Druidess and Liath Luachra came to Muirenn and carried away the son, for his mother durst not keep him with her. Muirenn afterwards married Gleoir the Redhanded, king of Lamhraighe,² from which Finn is called the son of Gleoir. However Bodhmall and Liath taking the boy with them went to the forests of Sliabh Bladma,³ where the boy was nursed secretly. This was indeed necessary, for many a sturdy stalworth youth, and many a venomous inimical hero and angry morose champion of the warriors of Luaignni, and of the sons of Morna, were ready to despatch that boy, and [also] Tulcha the son of Cumhall. But however the two heroines nursed him for a long time in this manner.

His mother came at the end of six years after this to visit her son, for it was told to her, that he was at that place, and she feared the sons of Morna for him, i.e. [might kill him.] But however, she passed from one solitude to another, until she reached the forest of Sliabh Bladhma [Slieve Bloom,] and she found the hunting booth [*hut*] and the boy asleep therein, and she afterwards lifted him and pressed him to her bosom, and she then pregnant [from her second husband,] and then she composed these quatrains caressing her son :

“Sleep with gentle pleasant slumber, &c.”⁴

The woman afterwards bids farewell to the heroines, and asked them if they would take charge of him till he

¹ The rest of this Lullaby is lost. Indeed it would appear from the shortness of the sentences, and the abrupt and flighty nature of the composition, that the whole story has been very much condensed, and in some places mutilated.

feinéda é, ocúr nio fóirbað iu mac [altium iu mhc] iar
rín cuij ba hInnrelza é.

Taighic iu mac iha aenúi i mach iu ariaille lá aind, ocúr is
conndallic [iu priař lacha co] na lachair fóir iu loč.
Taighic ainchur fúithiib ocúr nio tērcaili a fionnrað ocúr
a hetedá dī, co tocuillí tamhely fúllipie, ocúr nio gábram
iarum, ocúr nior fuc leif do chum na fianboisthí. Conjl
hí rín ced realz Finn.

Luidhium la aer ceairida iaritair fóir tethed mac Mhori-
na; co mboi fo Crottaib accu. Íte a n-anmanda ríde,
Futh ocúr Ruth ocúr Reagna Mhád-Feda, ocúr Temle,
ocúr Oílpe, ocúr Rozein. Taighic i mbuile taighírion aind
rín, co ndeirína cailliach de, conjl de do gállitea Deimhne
Mhael de. Bí fóiglais a Laizen iu tan rín a. Fiacail
mac Codha eirde. Do nála dīn Fiacail i Fidh 3aible fóir
an aer ceairidai, ocúr nio mairb uíl aict Deimhne a aenúi;
buí rum ac Fiacail mac Codha iari rín iha tís, a rē-
cinn ualibeoil. Teccait iu dā bainfélindis bu dear co
teach Fiacail mac Codha, fóir iaraijal Deimhne, ocúr do
beirír doib é; ocúr do beiríait leo a nder hé iaritam cur
iu iúhad cedha.

Do chuailldrom la aile aind a aenári amach co iúacht
Mhád Líre go ariole dún ainn, conor fáccail iu macraib
óis oc iúairi fóir fáische iu dúnne. Tírghum comlúid nio
comhíairi fúllarum. Tíc iari na báiliach ocúr do beiríat
cethírialme iúna aíjal; tícít aíjir a tuiar iu a aíjal.
Cíd tñáct atnázaat uile iúna aíjal fá deoij, ocúr do
beirid-rum leth cluiche fóiria uíl. Cí a hálum fil fóir,

¹ *At them.* The original Irish is defective here. The words obviously omitted are supplied in brackets. In *Feis tighe Chonain*, p. 129, it is stated that Finn in his first chase killed the *pras-lacha* (widgeon?), and her clutch of twelve young birds.

² *Crotta*, i.e. Crotta Cliach, now the Galty mountains in the south of the county of Tipperary.

³ *Fidh-Gaibhle*, now Feegile, in the parish of Cloonsast, north of

should be of heroic age ; and the son was afterwards reared by them till he was fit for hunting.

The boy came forth alone on a certain day, and saw the [the *pras lacha* with her brood of] ducks upon the lake. He made a shot at them,¹ and cut off her feathers and wings, so that she died, and he afterwards took her to the hunting booth : and this was Finn's first chase.

He afterwards went away with certain poets to flee from the sons of Morna ; and they had him [concealed] about Crotta.² These were their names, Futh and Ruth, and Regna of Mad Feada, and Teimle, and Oilpe, and Rogein. Here he was seized with the scurvy, so that he became a carrach [scald,] and was thence called Deimne Mael. There was a plunderer in Leinster at this time, by name Fiacuil, son of Codhna. Fiacuil came into Fidh Gaibhle³ upon the poets, and killed them all except Deimne alone, who was afterwards with Fiacuil (in his house in a cold sheskin [marsh]). The two heroines came southwards to the house of Fiacuil, son of Codhna, in search of Deimne, and he was given to them ; and they took him from the south to the same place [where they had him previously].

He went forth one day alone [and never halted] till he reached Magh Life,⁴ and on the green of a certain Dun [*fort*] there he saw youths hurling. He went to contend in agility or to hurl along with them. He came with them next day, and they sent the fourth of their number against him. He came again, and they sent the third of their number against him, and finally they went all against him, and he won one game from them all. What is thy name said they ?

Portarlington, in the King's County. This was the name of a famous wood in Leinster, in which St. Berchan, the Irish prophet, erected his church of Cloonsast, the ruins of which still remain.

⁴ *Magh Liffe*, i.e., the plain of the Liffey ; a very level plain in the county of Kildare, through which the river Liffey winds its course.

ol riat, Deimhe, ol re. Inniúid in macraíod díli in dúnáid in ní ri. Maíbáid ride é mad contuisci, mar a cumaíctach é, ol re, ní caemfhamair ní do, ol riat; cuíab Deimhe a ailt. Cíndar a heccor, ol re. Maíacaeum tuctach, fínd, ol riat, ir ailt do Deimhe Fínd amraigd ri, ol réream. Cona de ri in adbeiricir in macraíod fílium Fínn.

Tír um ian ná baileach dia raiigid, ocúr luid cuccu ina cluichí ro ceirtat a loingí failli anaenfheáct. Inarairíum fuileabhríum, ocúr triaíraíod mionrereíri díb. Luid uaistíb a foiltíb Slebe Bladma.

Tír ianum i chinn réctmuine ian ri, ocúr in mbáile céide. Ir amraigd batúri in macraíod is rianáid foili in loch bi ina fáiríad. Tréannaisí in macraíod eiríum imtecht díombadá fíliu. Língíodrin ir in loch cuca ian ri, ocúr badíod hónburi díb fion loch, ocúr téit fén fa Slíab Bladma ian ri. Cia nio baíd in macraíod, ol cach. Fínn, ol riat; conad ar ri nio leanaid Fínn é.

Tír feáct and tair Slíab Bladma amach, ocúr in da bheanfheáidh immaílle fíli; conacair alma imdierfíri d'áigialb alliúid foiliar in rílebe. Maínuair tira oír in da rentuinn, ní tis díng airtuod neach díb rúd accaínn. Tír dímrá, [ol Fínn] ocúr riútháid foili, ocúr airtaíod dá náig díb, ocúr beiríod leir dia fíanáibhorth. Do ghníum relíz co gnáatach dóib ian ri. Eilíod buaigh ferte, a zille, oír ná bheanfheáda fíli, aili ataiti meic Maíriá fion aicill do mairbta.

Do luaidhíum a aenári uadib co riacht Loch Lein¹ [ocúr] or Luachair, cuir aéccíri a amraighe ac riú Béantraighe and ri; ní ná ríoloidhím iiriú innaid ri he, acht cína, ní buí ir in ná ri relízairne a inngamla; ar amraigd iubert in ní

¹ *Loch Lein*, now the Lakes at Killarney in Kerry.

² *Luachra*, i.e., Luachair Deaghaidh, a district in the now county of Kerry, containing the two Pap mountains.

³ *Beantraighe*, a district in South Munster, believed to have been co-extensive with the barony of Bantry in the county of Cork.

Deimne replied he. The youths tell this to the owner of the dun [*fort.*] "Do ye kill him if he comes again, if ye are able," said he. We are not able to do aught unto him, replied they; Deimne is his name. What is his appearance?" said he. He is a well-shaped fair [*finn*] youth, replied they, Deimne shall be named Finn therefore, said he. And hence these young men used to call him Finn,

He came the next day to them, and joined them in their game, they attacked him all together, with their hurlets, but he made at them and prostrated seven of them, and [then] made off from them into the forests of Sliabh Bladhma.

He afterwards returned at the end of a week to the same place. What the youths were at [then] was swimming in the lake which was close by [the dun.] The youths challenged him to swim with them. He plunged into the lake to them, and afterwards drowned nine of them in the lake, and then made to Sliabh Bladhma himself. Who drowned the youths? enquired all. Finn, replied they [i.e. the survivors]. And from this the name of Finn clung to him [among all who heard of this deed of drowning.]

He came forth on one occasion out beyond Sliabh Bladhma, the two heroines being along with him, and they perceived a fleet herd of the wild deer of the forest of the mountain. Alas; said the two old women, that we cannot detain one of these with us. I can, [said Finn] and he ran upon them, and catching two bucks of them, brings them with him to his hunting booth. After this he used to hunt for them constantly. Depart from us now, O young man, said the female warriors to him, for the sons of Morna are watching to kill thee.

He went away from them alone [and halted not,] till he reached Loch Lein¹, and over Luachair,² till he hired in military service, with the king of Bentraighe.³ He did not go by any name here, but there was not at this time a

fnig: dja fáebad Cumull mac, ol re, an dafiat nio bo tura é; acht cena, ní eualamhine mac d'fáebáil do acht Tulca mac Cumáill, ocúr atá riu ac ní Albain in amhráine.

Celeabhráiléirim don ní lari riu, ocúr tét uaigib co Caillibhíze a. Cíarraighe i ndiu, ocúr atáinig ic a níz riu a n-amhráine. Tíe in ní larium ac fíocellaéit in aigiale ló. Tecoillidhírím lair ocúr beirid rect cluichí dhaíz ariole. Cí a tura? ol in ní. Mac aithíz do Luaisighib Temhrach, ol re. Ace, ol in ní; acht ír tú in mac noreas Mac Muire do Cumall, ocúr na bí runn ní ír ria, náriut maibtar fóir menech-ra. Luid ar lari riu co Cuillinn Ó Cuanach, co tec Leócan fíalé zóbañ: inzín nio caem lairrde a. Cíuithine a hainm: adhaisz ríde zírad don zílla. Do bénra mhníz in duir, ol in zóba, cír co fíetar cí a tu. Fáidir in inzín leir in zílla lariúin. Déna rleoga dám, ol in zílla nír in n'zóbañ. Do zír dír Lochan dí rleiz do. Celeabhráiléidh do Leócan ocúr luid nílme. A mhc, ari Leócan, ná heinig ír in rleiz fóir a m-bí an muc dhaíra aínm in Beo; ír rí nio farráid meodon Mumún. Ocúr irred tura do níala don zílla dul fóir in rleiz fóir m-bí in muc. Adhaisz in mucce cuisce lari riu. Focailidhírím dhaí aicíri dí rleiz fúilim, co ní luid tuisce, co nír fáiscaib cén aithíne. Beiridh-rium dhaí cén ná mucce leir don zóbañ a coibche a inzíne. Ír de riu atá Slíab mucce a Mumáin.

Do luid in zílla nílme lari riu i Connachtaib, d'íarraighead Críomhail mhc Tíeneadhóir. Aithíl nio buí fóir a ríod co

¹ Albain, i.e., Scotland.

² Ciarrraighe, now Kerry. The territory so called extended in ancient times only from Tralee to the Shannon. Its more ancient names would appear to have been Cairbrighe, or Corbraighe.

³ Cuilleann O' g-Cuanach. This is the present name of Cullen, in the county of Tipperary, near the borders of the county of Limerick. It originally belonged to the territory of Coonagh, now a barony, in the north-east of the county of Limerick.

hunter like him, and so the king said to him : if Cumhall had left any son, methinks thou art he, but we have not heard of Cumhall having left any son, but Tulcha Mac Cumhaill, but he is in military service with the king of Albain.¹

He afterwards bids farewell to the king, and goes away from him to Cairbrighe, at this day called Ciarraighe² [Kerry], and he staid with this king in military service. The king came one day to play chess. He [Finn] played against him, and won seven games in succession. Who art thou ? said the king. The son of a peasant of the Luaigni of Teamhair, replied he ; Not so, said the king ; but thou art the son whom Muirenn [my present wife] brought forth for Cumhall ; and do not be here any longer, that thou mayest not be killed while under my protection. After this he went to Cuilleann O g-Cuanach³ to the house of Lochan, a chief smith : he had a very comely daughter, Cruithne by name ; she fell in love with the youth. I will give thee my daughter, said the smith, although I know not who thou art. The daughter then cohabited with the unknown youth. Make lances for me, said the youth, to the smith. Lochan then made two spears for him. He then bade farewell to Lochan, and went his way. My son, said Lochan, do not go on the passage on which the boar called Beo is usually [to be] seen ; it has devastated the [whole of] Middle Munster. But the youth happened to go on the very pass where the pig was. The pig afterwards rushed at him ! but he made a thrust of his spear at it, and drove it through it, so that he left it lifeless, and he brought the head of the pig with him to the smith as a dower for his daughter. From this is derived Sliabh muice⁴ in Munster.

The youth then went into Connaught to look for [his uncle] Crimall, son of Trenmor. As he went on his way he heard

¹ *Sliabh Muice*. i.e., the Pig's mountain, now Slieve Muck, situated between the town of Tipperary and the glen of Aherlow.

cuailaigd ȝul na h-én mha. Luid fai co n-acca iu mhaí, ocur ba dēnia fola cech ne fecht, ocur ba rceit fola iu feacht aile, co mba deirz a bél. Irat bél deirz, a ben, ol ré. Ata deirbhili ocur, ol rí; m'oen mac do mairbað d'oen laec fóirzianha mōri do nala cucum. Cia aijim do mje, ol ré. Glonda a aijim, ol rí. Ir de ata Ath n-Glonda ocur Tochar n-Glonda fosi Maenmha¹, ocur iñ ón bél deirzí ríi ata Ath m-Bel Deirzí ó ríi ille. Luid dñi Finn iñdeigd iu laich, ocur feslaist comloinn ocur do fuist laiss é. Ir amraigd imorru buí ríi, ocur coiribolz na réd aizí a. reoild Cumuill. Ir de dñi do niochairi aini ríi a. Ljat Luacra. Ir é céd ȝuln Cumull i cath Chuchá.

Téid i Connachtair iair ríi, ocur fáiseib Chumall iha renóir a n-dlthieib caillle aind, ocur dhem don reiliféin mairle fuij, ocur iñ iad ríi do ȝni relza do. Tocharaig iu coiribolz dñi do ocur atfet a rcela ó túr co deirne, ocur amairl no mairb fesi na réd. Ceilebhaigd Finn do Chumall, ocur luid nioime d'foglaim éicri co Finnécer no boí fosi Boinn. Níji lam imorru beith a n-Ériu cuna no co n-dechaid ne fhldecht, ari eadla mac Uillimhenni ocur mac Móhma.⁴

Secht m-bládhna do Finnécer fosi Boinn oc imailge iach Linné Feic; aili do buí a talimhízliie do eo Féic do tomait, ocur cen ní na aijfir i tlii iairim. Finn iu m-bládhna, ocur no h-eisbád do Deimne imorru iu bliadán

¹ *Maenmhagh*, Moinmoy, a territory lying round Lough Reagh in the present county of Galway; but the situations of *Ath-Glonda*, i. e. the ford of Glonda, and of *Tochar-Glonda*, the causeway of Glonda, are now unknown by these names.

² *Ath-Beldeirg*, i.e., ford of Red mouth, not identified unless it be Ballyderg.

³ *The Boinn*, i.e. the river Boyne in Meath.

⁴ Here ends folio 119 of the original MS. and on the upper margin of folio 120, in the handwriting of the scribe, is the following observation:—

the wail of one [solitary] woman. He went towards her, and viewed the woman: The first tear she shed was a tear of blood, and the other was a gush of blood, so that her mouth was red. "Thy mouth is red, O woman!" said he. I have cause for it, said she: my only son was killed by a huge ugly hero, who came to me. What is thy son's name? said he. Glonda is his name, said she. From him Ath-Glonda and Tochar-Glonda in Maenmhagh¹ are called, and from this Belderg the name Ath-beldeirg² remains ever since. Finn then went in pursuit of the hero, and they fought a combat, in which he fell by him [Finn.] The way he was situated was, he had the treasure bag with him, i.e., the [bag containing the] treasures of Cumhall. The person who fell here was Liath Luachra, he who first wounded Cumhall in the battle of Cnucha.

He now proceeds into Connaught, and finds Crimall, then an old man, in a desert there, and some of the old Fianns along with him, who were wont to chase for him. He gave him the Corrbholg, and told him the news from beginning to end:—how he had killed the possessor of the treasures. He bids farewell to Crimall, and goes forward to *Finéces* [who lived at the Boinn³] to learn poetry. He durst not remain in any part of Ireland until he took to learn poetry, from fear of the sons of Uirgenn, and the sons of Morna.⁴

Seven years Finn-eges remained at the Boinn [Boyne] watching the salmon of Linn-Feic,⁵ for it had been prophesied that he would eat the [sacred] salmon of Fec, and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards! He caught the salmon, and ordered [his pupil] Deimne to roast

"Α μαρινή η φαδα κο τις Εμινη ον σογηε."

O Mary [Virgin] it is long till Edmund comes from the meeting.

This was Edmund Butler for whom the MS. was transcribed.

⁵ *Linn Feic*, i. e. the pool of Fec, a deep pool in the River Boyne, near *Ferta fer fecc*, the ancient name of the village of Slane, on this river.

do fuilne, ocus arþerit að file fíllir sem vði don briaðan do tomálf. Þo beitir in 3illa do að briaðan jári na fuilne, inari tomálf vði don briaðan, a 3illa, ol in file. Þjó, ol in 3illa, aðt mo óföldu do lofrcer, ocus do raudur in beolu jártaln. Þja h-ályr fil oltfa, a 3illa, ol rð. Þejmne, ol in 3illa. Þinn do alyr, ol rð, a 3illa, ocus ír duft tucad in briaðan ója tomálf, ocus ír tu in Þind co fíll. Tómlid in 3illa in briaðan jártaln. Ír rín tra do riat in fír do Þinn 1. að tan do befreð a oþðaln ina beolu, ocus hoðan tólf Teiðmblaða, ocus þo fállirfæda do jártam in vði þo býð 'na alyr.

Ro բօլույթը լի տրեծ ծե հետիւնը բկծ 1. Ելուն
լազա օւր Իսր բոլ Օրիա, օւր Ուշեալ ծշենալի. Ի
ան րի ծո խոյն Բնու լի լալ րի օւ բխոյած ա էլըր :

Сеттємай қай үе ! то ғалл ауд сүчт !
 Санајт үен лайд лайн, діа т-бейті 1а13а13 аүн.
 Ҳаллід қај құмалд deaи, 1і ғоцен ғаш ғалл,
 Құлдыз ғынә ғын, ғынаның ғеіл қалл құмал.
 Сәрібүлд ғаш ғуалл ғұмут, ға1310 ғына13 ғуат ғын,
 1еаталд ғолт ғода ғына13, ғо13бүлд санағ ғаш ғын,
 Ғуабалі ө13зелл ғеілл ғынане, 1и13ид ғеіл ғын ғын
 ғеанға,
 Сүлжітхеан ғал ғуан, ти13тіллі бләт 1и біт.
 Беілд * * *

¹ *Finn is thy name.* It appears that our hero had concealed from his master Finn-Egés that he had been known by the name of Finn, after he had drowned the nine boys in Magh-Liffe. But the poet finding that he had first tasted of the salmon of *Linn Feic* without intending it, saw that the ancient prophecy was fulfilled in him, and that his real name must be Finn. O'Flaherty states that our hero assisted his father-in-law Cormac son of Art, in compiling codes of laws; and the Life of St. Columkille compiled by Manus O'Donnell, states that he possessed the gift of prophecy, and foretold the birth and future greatness of St. Columbkille.

it, and the poet told him not to eat of the salmon. The young man brought him the salmon after cooking it. Hast thou eaten any part of the salmon, O young man? said the poet. "No," replied the young man, but I burned my thumb, and put it into my mouth afterwards. What name is upon thee, O youth? said he. Deimne, replied the youth. "Finn is thy name,¹ O youth," said he, and it was to thee the salmon was [really] given, [in the prophecy] to be eaten [not to me], and thou art the Finn truly. The youth afterwards consumed the salmon, and it was from this the [preternatural] knowledge was given to Finn, i.e., when he used to put his thumb in his mouth, and not through *Teinm Laegha* [poetical incantation,] whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him.

He learned the three compositions which signify the poets, namely the *Teinm Laegha*,² the *Imus for Osna*, and the *Dicedul dicennaib*; and it was then Finn composed this poem to prove his poetry:

May-day³ delightful time! how beautiful the color!⁴
 The blackbirds sing their full lay, would that Laighaig
 were here
 The cuckoos⁵ sing in constant⁶ strains, how welcome is
 the noble
 Brilliance of the seasons ever; on the margin of the
 branchy woods
 The summer suaill⁷ skim the stream, the swift horses
 seek the pool,
 The heath spreads out its long hair, the weak fair bog-
 down grows.
 Sudden consternation attacks the signs, the planets in
 their courses running exert an influence:
 The sea is lulled to rest, flowers cover the earth.

² *Teinm Laegha*. For a curious account of this poetical incantation as given in Cormac's glossary, the reader is referred to the "Battle of Magh Rath," printed for the Archaeological Society, p. 46. It is said that

St. Patrick abolished the *Teinm Laegha* and the *Imbas for Osná*, as being profane rites, and allowed the poets to use another called *Dicedhal do chendaibh*, which was in itself not repugnant to Christianity, as requiring no offering to false gods or demons.

³ *May-day, cettēnājñ, is glossed belltājñe by O'Clery. It signifies the beginning of summer.*

⁴ *Color, cučč, gl. бač, color, gl. cuγηγre, gl. ӡηe, face, countenance, mien.*

⁵ *Caī*, gl. *cuača*, cuckoos.

⁶ Constant, σημαδ, gl. διαη.

⁷ *Summer suaill, gl.* the swallows. The words of this fragment, which was considered to be the first composition of Finn, after having eaten the salmon of the Boyne, is very ancient and exceedingly obscure. The translation is only offered for the consideration of Irish scholars, for it is certain that the meaning of some of the lines are doubtful. The poem obviously wants some lines at the end; and Mr. Cleaver states, that the remaining portion of the manuscript is so defaced as to render it totally illegible.

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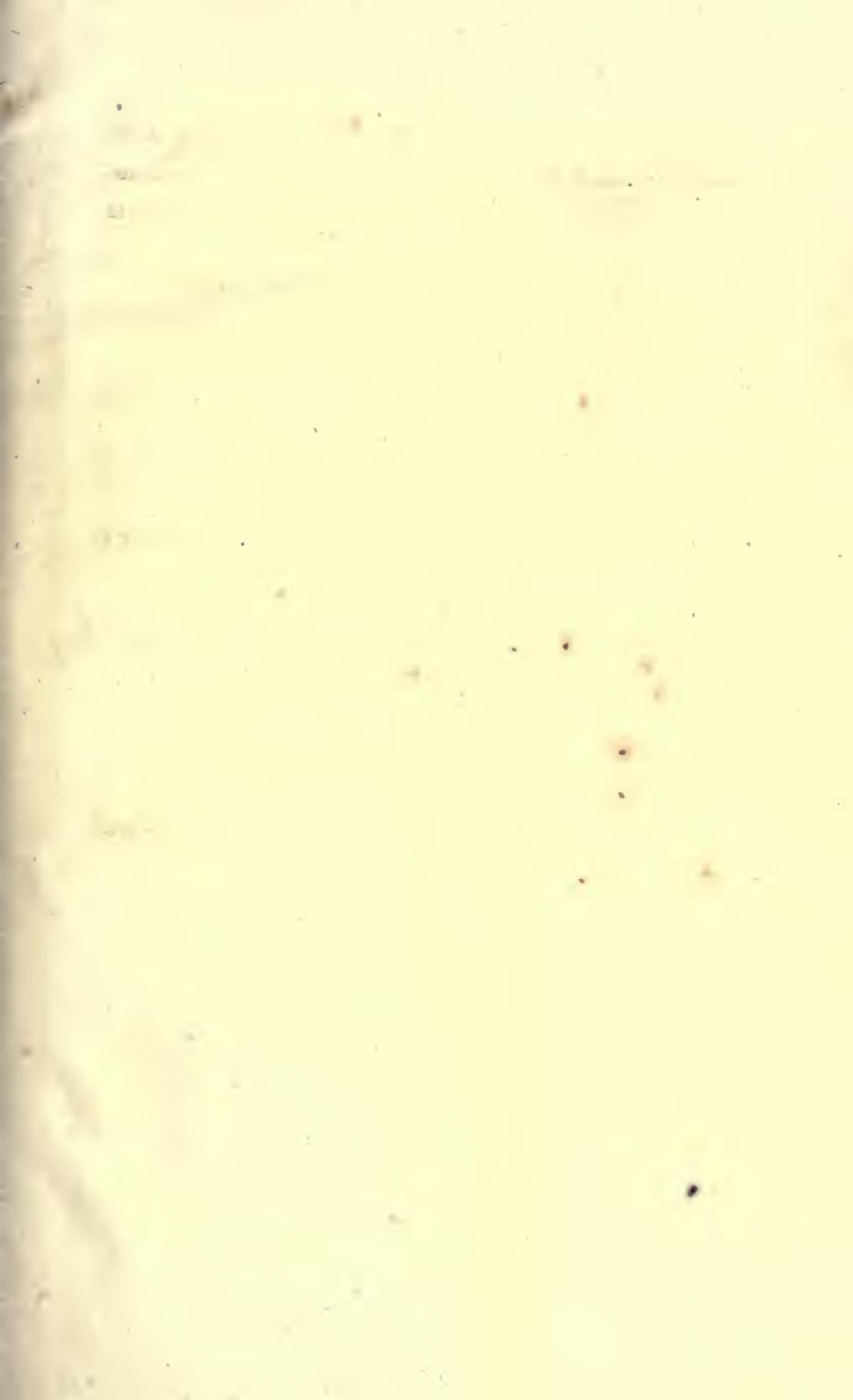
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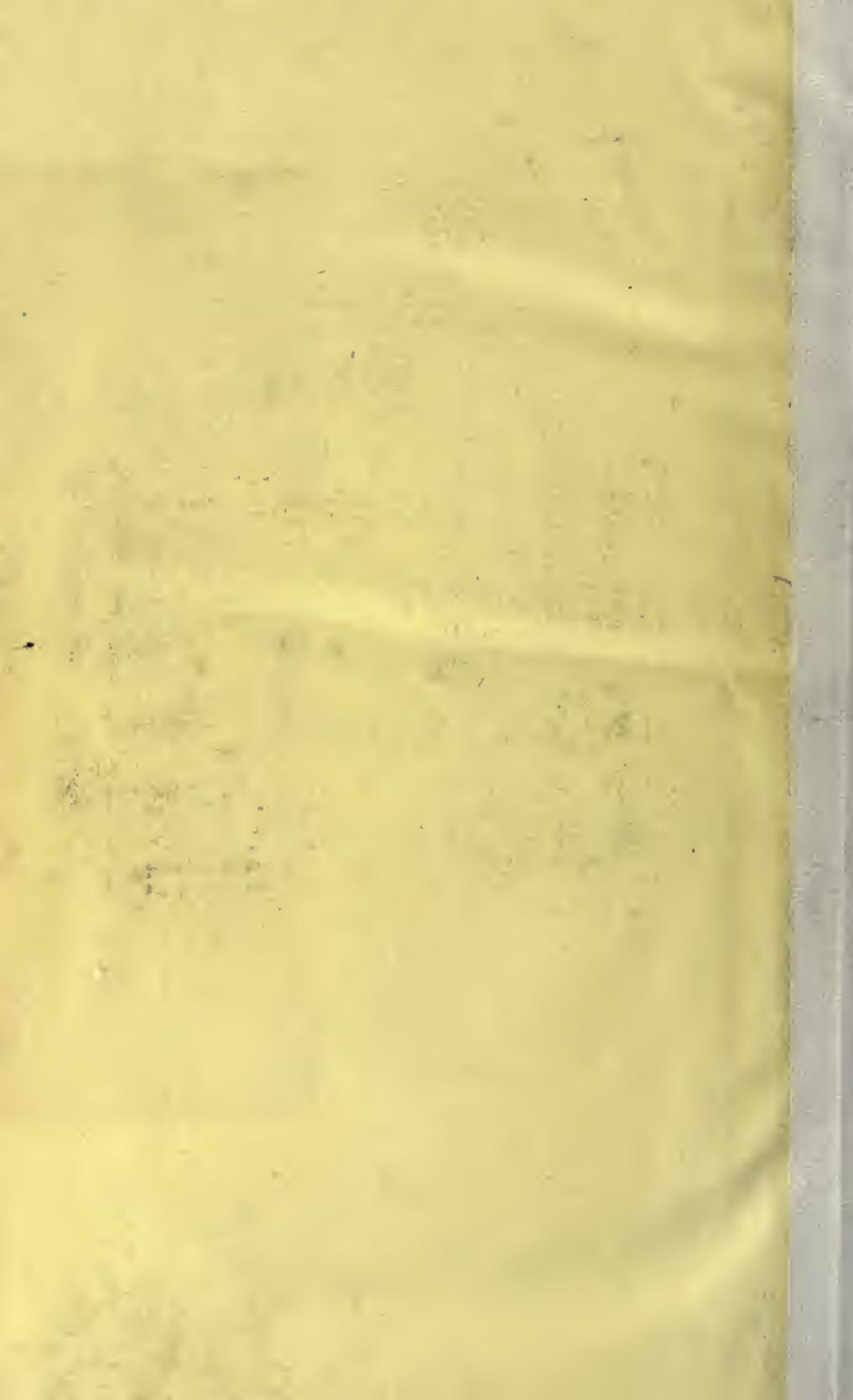
,, 152, stanza 5, line 4, for ceann, read céann.

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