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DEIRDIRE



DEIRDIRE



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DEIRDIRE

AND

THE LAY OF THE CHILDREN OF UISNE

Orally Collected in the Island of Barra, and
Literally Translated by

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL, LL.D.



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1914

Second Edition



DEIRDIRE

AGUS

LAOIDH CHLANN UISNE

Sgrìobhta bho bheulachas ann am Barraidh
agus eadar-theangaichte le

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LUNNAINN (KENSINGTON):
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BAILE ÀTHA CLIATH:
HODGES, FIGGIS & AN CUIDEACHD

LUNNAINN

an dara clò-bhualadh

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DEIRDRE

INTRODUCTORY

THE story of Deirdire was written down on 16th March 1867, from the recital of John Macneill, known as 'Iain Donn,' brown John, cottar at Buaile+nam+
bodach in the island of Barra. The reciter said that he was then eighty-three years of age—'the same age as General Macneill, were he living, the last of the ancient Macneills of Barra.'

John Macneill was rather under than over medium height, wonderfully well featured and well proportioned, and possessed an active perceptive mind. He was not known as a reciter of tales, but his brother Alexander was.

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Alexander Macneill was rather over middle height, well featured and well proportioned, with large, blue, beautiful eyes. He was a famous 'seanchaidh',~~;~~ reciter, and a practised dictater, having dictated many tales to Mr. Iain F. Campbell of Islay, Mr. Hector Maclean, Islay, and the present writer, all of which, however, were but a small part of the wonderful volume of old lore that died with him.

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The following conversation occurred between Alexander Macneill and the writer. 'I have taken down a good tale from John your brother, Alexander.' 'Indeed, with your leave, John my brother never had a tale, unless he might have had a fragment of one. He never could take a tale in, and he never could give a tale out. You never, by your leave, saw a man

going to recite who had less gumption than John my brother. He would not take tales with him, and he would not give forth tales, yet for all that he would be at scraps of lore.' 'This tale that John gave me is very good, but he was not willing to give it to me at all since he did not have it right. He was saying that he had only bits of it.' 'What is the name of the tale, if you please?' 'It is "Deirdire, daughter of Colum Cruitire."' 'There is a good tale there indeed, a beautiful tale. It was with myself that John heard that tale, but he did not have it right at all—he only took bits of it with him. I went one night to "céilidh" to the house of John. He was telling that story to people who were in before I arrived. I listened to him as long and as patiently as I could,

and, Mary Mother! it was not easy for me to listen to my own brother spoiling the good story. There was vexation upon me for the bad treatment of the good tale, but I was keeping check on myself; but at last I could keep check on myself no longer, and I rose softly and dumbly and I left the house and I returned home. The tale of Deirdire is a good tale, and I have the whole of it from beginning to end, and I will give you every word of it if you wish it, and I would like to give it to you before I go.' 'I have no time on this occasion to write the tale of Deirdire, Alexander, but the next time I come to Barra perhaps I will have more time.' 'Your own will, but Deirdire is a good story, and I would like to give you it before I go. There was a lay on Deirdire, too, but I have not the lay. I never

took a lay or a song with me. You will not get the lay now from any one in Barra unless you get it from Donald the smith at Breubhaig; I heard that Donald had it. And you will not get the tale from any one in Barra now but from myself, unless the fragments that you got from John my brother.'

The story of Deirdire and the Children of Uisne belongs to the Cùchulainn cycle of Gaelic sagas. It is one of the 'three sorrows of story-telling,' the other two being the story of the Children of Lir and the story of the Children of Tuirenn.

The people of the Highlands have retained more of the tales of the Fiann cycle, while the people of Ireland have retained more of the tales of the Cùchulainn cycle. The present is, I believe, the only version of this tale

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that has been taken down from oral sources in Scotland. It was printed in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, volumes xiii. and xiv., and has since been translated into French and German. Those who are acquainted with our Gaelic tales will not fail to notice the quiet restraint and freedom from exaggeration of this story. The dignity of all the principal characters, and especially of Deirdire herself, is well matched by the dignified and simple yet highly idiomatic diction of the long-descended tale. In the wording of the tale two things call for special mention. Professor Mackinnon has pointed out that the duplication of 'trì tiùra pòg' (when Deirdire and Naoise meet, p. 56) indicates that when the word 'tiùra,' 'teòra,' was becoming obsolete the reciter added the modern

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INTRODUCTORY 9

i) equivalent 'trì'—three, by way of explanation. Again Professor Mackinnon solves the term 'drochaid shaor' (p. 90), to which neither reciter nor collector could give any clue, as being a corruption of 'tricha cet,' a measure of 'tríocha céad,' land.

The lay which comprises the second part of this volume gives a different version of the story and of the manner of death of Deirdire and of the sons of Uisne from that of the prose tale.

The illustration at the beginning of this volume is the much appreciated gift of Mr. John Duncan, A.R.S.A.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN this edition some slight corrections are made in the text and some additions are made to the notes.

D E I R D I R E

I

BHA fear ann an Éirinn uair ris an canaidhte Colum Cruitire. Bha an duine 'na dhuine còir agus cuid mhath de chuibhrionn an t-saoghail aige. Bha bean aige, ach cha robh duine teaghlach orra. Ràinig am fear agus a' bhean aois mhór, air alt agus nach robh dùil aca ri duine sliochd gu bràth.

Ciod è chuala Colum Cruitire ach gu'n robh fiosaiche air tighinn dachaidh dh'an àite, agus bho'n a bha an duine 'na dhuine còir bha toil aige gu'n tigeadh am fiosaiche faisge daibh. Ge b'eo co dhiù chuireadh fios air no thàinig e leis

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DEIRDIRE

I

THERE was once a man in Eirin of the name of Colum Cruitire—*Colum the Harper*. The man was a worthy man, and he had a goodly portion of worldly means. He had a wife, but the husband and wife had no children. The husband and wife reached a great age, and therefore they had no expectation of children for ever.

What should Colum Cruitire hear but that a soothsayer was come home to the place, and, as the man was a hospitable man, he had a wish that the soothsayer should come near them. Whether it was that he was asked to

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'Am bheil thu a' dèanamh fiosachd?' orsa Colum Cruitire. 'Tha mi a' dèanamh beagan. Am bheil fiosachd 'gad do dhìth?' ors' am fiosaiche. 'An ta, tha mi coma ged a ghabhainn fiosachd uait, na'm bitheadh fiosachd agad domh, agus gu'm b'e do thoil a dèanamh.'

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'Ma ta, nì mise fiosachd duit. Ciod è an seòrsa fiosachd a ta uait?' 'An ta, bha fiosachd uam fhéin thu dh'innseadh domh mo chor, no gu dé bha ri éirigh domh, na'm faodadh tu fiosrachadh a thoirt domh air.' 'An ta, tha mi dol a mach, agus an uair a thilleas mi steach cuiridh mi ceist riut'; agus chaidh am fiosaiche mach as an tigh. è | è | é | é |

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Cha robh am fiosaiche fada mach an uair a thill e steach. 'An robh duine

come, or that he was come of his own accord, the soothsayer came to the house of Colum Cruitire.

‘Art thou making soothsaying?’ said Colum Cruitire. ‘I am making a little; art thou seeking soothsaying?’ said the soothsayer. ‘Well, I do not mind should I take soothsaying from thee if thou hast soothsaying for me, and that thou wouldst be pleased to make it.’ ‘Well, I will make thee soothsaying. What kind of soothsaying dost thou wish to have?’ ‘Well, the soothsaying that I myself would wish to have would be to know my condition, and what was to happen to me, were it permissible for thee to tell me.’ ‘Well, I am going out, and when I come in I will put a question to thee,’ and the soothsayer went out of the house.

The soothsayer was not long out when he returned into the house.

teaghlaich ort riamh?' ors' am fiosaiche ri Colum Cruitire. 'An ta, cha robh,' orsa Colum Cruitire; 'cha robh duine sliochd orm fhéin no air an té ta agam riamh, agus cha'n 'eil duilg' a'm gu'm bi gu bràth. Cha'n 'eil agam ach mi fhéin agus mo bhean.' 'Ma ta,' ors' am fiosaiche, 'tha sin a' cur neònachais orm fhéin, agus mi faicinn anns an dailgneachd agam gur ann mu dheighinn nighinne duit is mutha dhòirtear a dh' fhuil a dhòirt-eadh riamh ann an Éirinn, o chionn ré agus linn. Agus nì na trì òlaich is ainmeile bha riamh ri fhaighinn an cinn a chall air a tàilibh.' 'An e sin fiosachd a tha thu a' dèanamh domh?' orsa Colum Cruitire le feirge, agus e saoil sinn gu'n robh am fiosaiche fanaid air. 'An ta, is e,' ors' am fiosaiche. 'An ta, ma's e sin fiosachd a ta thu dèanamh domh faodaidh tu a cumail agad fhéin; cha mhór is d' fhiach thu

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‘Hadst thou ever any offspring?’ said the soothsayer to Colum Cruitime. ‘Well, no,’ said Colum Cruitime, ‘there has never been offspring upon me or upon her whom I have, nor do I expect there ever shall be. I have only myself and my wife.’ ‘Well,’ said the soothsayer, ‘that surprises me much, and that I see in my augury that it is about a daughter of thine that the greatest amount of blood will be spilt that has been spilt in Eirin for generations and ages past. And the three heroes of the greatest renown in the land shall lose their lives on her account.’ ‘Is that the soothsaying that thou art making me?’ said Colum Cruitime with anger, he thinking that the soothsayer was mocking him. ‘Well, it is,’ said the soothsayer. ‘Well, if that be the soothsaying that thou art making me, thou mayst keep it to thyself, for neither thou thyself

féin no do chuid fiosachd, agus bi gabhail rathaid eile.' 'An ta,' ors' am fiosaiche, 'tha mise 'ga do dhèanamh cinnteach gu leòir as sud; tha mi 'ga fhaicinn sud glé riochdail a' m' inntinn féin.' 'An ta,' orsa Colum Cruitire, 'chan urrainn sin cinneachadh; tha mise agus mo bhean aois mhór, air chor agus nach urrainn gum bi duine sliochd gu bràth oirnn. Chan 'eil mi a' dìteadh d' fhiosachd—chan 'eil còir agam air—ach sud an nì as am bheil mi cinnteach, nach robh agus nach bi duine sliochd orm fhéin no air mo mhnaoi gu bràth. Ach foghnaidh sud; tuilleadh cha sir agus cha ghabh mise bho'n a rinn thu an fhiosachd gun dòigh.' Agus leig Colum Cruitire am fiosaiche air falbh, ma thug no nach ~~d~~ thug e bàidse da.

Dh' fhalbh am fiosaiche. Cha b' e sin ri ailis air an sgeul, ach cha robh am fiosaiche fada air falbh an uair a

nor thy soothsaying is worth much, and be thou taking another road.' 'Well,' said the soothsayer, 'I make thee sure enough of that; I see it in clear form in my own mind. 'Well,' said Colum Cruitire, 'that cannot come to pass; I and my wife are of great age, so that it is not possible that there ever shall be offspring upon us. I do not revile thy soothsaying—I have no right to do that; but that is the thing of which I am sure, that there never has been and that there never shall be offspring upon me or upon my wife. But that will suffice; more of thy soothsaying I will neither seek nor receive, since thou hast made the soothsaying without sense.' And Colum Cruitire allowed the soothsayer to go away, whether he did or did not give him a gift.

The soothsayer went away. That is not deriding the story, but the soothsayer was not long away when the wife

thòisich bean Choluim Chruitire ri fàs trom. Agus mar bha ise fàs leth-tromach bha eise fàs dol-tromach, agus e diumbach, dorrnach deth fhéin nach do rinn e an corr seanchais ris an fhiosaiche ri linn da bhí 'n̂a chainnt. Bha Colum Cruitire fo smuairein là agus fo chnàmhan oidhche nach robh ann fhéin ach duine gun dòigh, gun tuigse, agus e gun chaomh charaid, gun chùl-taic aige ris an t-saoghal, agus nân tigeadh an turlach so air a nis—nì bha coltach gûn tigeadh—agus e fhéin cho fada 'n̂a aghaidh an toiseach. Bha e nis a' creidsinn gûn tigeadh a' h-uile dad gu crìch mar a chunnaic am fiosaiche anns an dailgneachd, agus bha e fo champar agus fo chàs. Cha robh fios aige de aon dòigh an domhan a dhèanadh e gus an dòrtadh fala so a chur seachad air an tìr; agus is e an smaoin a chinnich 'n̂a cheann nân cuireadh Nì₁math an urra bha so air aghaidh thun an t-saoghail—

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of Colum Cruitime began to grow heavy. And as she grew more heavy he grew more dolorous, and vexed at himself that he did not make more conversation with the soothsayer the time he was talking to him. Colum Cruitime was under pain by day and care by night, that he himself was but a man without sense, without knowledge, without trusted friend, without back-support in the world, and should this burden come upon him now, a thing likely to come, and he himself so much against it at first. He now believed that everything would come to pass as the soothsayer saw in his augury, and he was in sore distress and in dismay. He did not know of one way in the wide world that he would do to ward off the spilling of blood from the land, and it was the thought that grew in his head that, should the Good Being send this infant into the world—

nì bha coltach gu'n cuireadh—gur h-ann a dh'fheumadh e a cur air falbh fad as, far nach faiceadh sùil sealladh di, agus far nach cluinneadh cluas gabhadh oirre.

Dhlùthaich an so am a h-asaid air bean Choluim Chruitire, agus thugadh i thun na leaba-làir. Dh'asaideadh am boirionnach agus rug i leanabh nighinne. Cha do leig Colum Cruitire dùil bheò dachaidh thun an tìghe aige a thoirt aire d' a mhnaoi, ach a' bhean-ghlùn i féin. Chuir Colum Cruitire an sin ceist ris a' bhoirionnaich so an gabhadh i féin a mhentil ris an leanabh a thoirt a nìos, agus a cumail am falach fad air falbh far nach faiceadh sùil sealladh di agus far nach cluinneadh cluas guth mu deighinn. Thuir am boirionnach gu'n gabhadh, agus gu'n dèanadh i an dìchioll a b'fhearr a b'urrainn di.

Fhuair an sin Colum Cruitire triuir

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a thing that He was likely to send—that he himself would need to put her away to a far-off place, where no eye would see a sight of her, and where no ear would hear a sound of her.

Now the time of her delivery drew upon the wife of Colum Cruitire, and she was brought to the floor-bed. The woman was delivered, and she brought forth an infant girl. Colum Cruitire did not allow a living creature to come home to his house, to give attendance to his wife, but the knee-woman alone. Colum Cruitire then put a question to this woman if she herself would undertake to bring up the child, and to keep her in hiding far away, where no eye could see sight of her, and where no ear could hear word about her. The woman said she would, and that she would make her utmost efforts.

Then Colum Cruitire got three men,

fhear, agus thug e leis air falbh iad gu monadh mór falachaidh fad o làimh, gun fhios, gun fhàth, gun fhaireachadh do neach air bith. Thug e ma-near ann an sin cnoc cruinn, gorm, a threachailt as a bhroinn, agus an còs a chomhdach gu grinn mu ÷n cuairt, air chor agus gu ÷n dèanadh còisridh bheag cuideachd comhnuidh ann. Rinneadh so.

Chuir Colum Cruitire a' bhean-ghlùn air falbh leis an leanabh gu ruig am bothan beag am measg nam beann móra, fiadhaiche, fàsaiche, fada o làimh, far nach faiceadh sùil sealladh agus far nach cluinneadh cluas guth air Deirdire; oir b' e sin ainm an leinibh. Chuir e h-uile dad dòigheil air an cinn, agus chuir e lòn agus earradh là agus bliadhna leo; agus thuir e ris a' bhean-ghlùn gu ÷n reachadh lòn agus aodach thuca a rithist an ceann na bliadhna, agus mar sin o bhliadhna gu bliadhna am fad a bhith-eadh esan beò. Is ann mar so a thachair.

and he led them to a great hidden mountain far away, without knowledge, without hint, without warning to any person. He there betook him to dig out from the inside of a green conical mound, and to line the hollow thus formed right round, so as to enable a small party to dwell therein comfortably. This was done.

Colum Cruitire then sent the knee-woman away with the infant to this small low sheiling among the great hills in the wild distant desert, where no eye could see and where no ear could hear talk of Deirdire, for that was the name of the child. He put everything in order before them, and he sent food and raiment with them to last them for a year and a day, and he told the knee-woman that food and clothing would be sent to them again at the end of the year, and that way from year to year as long as he was alive. And this was so.

II

Bha Deirdire agus a muime altruim a' tàmh anns a' bhothan am measg nam beann, gun fios, gun fàth aig duine beò mu 'n deighinn no mu dheighinn sian a thachair, gus an robh Deirdire ceithir-bliadhna-diag a dh'aois. Bha Deirdire a' fàs mar am fiùran fionn, agus i dìreach, deas, mar an luachran mòintich. Bha i os cionn coimeas sluagh an t-saoghail, dealbhach 'na pearsa, sgiamhach 'na maise, agus a lì~~th~~ agus a lùth mar eala nan tonn agus mar eilid nam beann. Is i boinne-fala bu chaoine cruth, a b' àillidhe snuadh agus a bu shuairce mèin eadar ùir agus adhar an Éirinn; agus ge b'e air bith dath no dreach a bhiodh oirre roimhe sin, cha robh sùil a shealladh 'na h-aodann nach rachadh ise 'na caoire dearga fala r'a linn.

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II

Deirdire and her nurse-mother were dwelling in the low little bothy among the great high hills, without the knowledge, without the suspicion of any living one about them, or about anything that happened, till Deirdire was fourteen years of age. Deirdire was growing as lithe and fair as the stately sapling, and as straight and symmetrical as the young moorland rush. She was above comparison of the people of the world, shapely in her person, lovely in her beauty, while her skin and her gait were like those of the swan of the lake and of the hind of the hill. She was the blood-drop of finest form, of loveliest complexion, and of gentlest mien between earth and sky in Eirin. And whatever other colour or complexion she should have on before, no eye looked in her face but she instantly went into blushes like glowing fire on the occasion.

Bha am boirionnach a bha 'n^à bun a' toirt a h-uile fiosrachaidh agus eòlais do Dheirdire air an robh fios agus eòlas aice féin. Cha robh fiar a' fàs a friamh, no ian a' seinn a coill, no reul a' soillse a nèamh air nach robh ainm aig Deirdire. Ach aon rud, cha robh am boirionnach air son gum bitheadh cuid no comhradh aig Deirdire ri neach beò do shluagh coitcheann an t-saoghail.

Ach oidhche dhudarra gheamhraidh agus na neòil dhubha fo ghruaim, agus sealgair sìthne siubhail a bha sgìth ri siubhal bheann, 'd^é ach a thàinig seachran-seilg air an duine, agus chaill e a chùrsa agus a chompanaich. Thuit tromaltan cadail air an duine, agus e sgìth a' siubhal sliabh, agus laigh e sìos ri taobh an tolmain bhòidh-ich ghuirm an robh Deirdire a' tàmh agus chaidil e. Bha an duine fann le acras agus allaban, agus 'ga lathadh le

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The nurse-mother was teaching Deirdire all the intelligence and knowledge of which she herself had intelligence and knowledge. There was no plant springing from root, nor bird singing from grove, nor star gleaming from heaven, for which Deirdire had not a name. But one thing, the woman did not wish that Deirdire should have communion or converse with any living one of the general people of the earth.

But on a wild, wintry night and the dark clouds surly, a hunter of wandering game was tired with travelling hills, and what but hunt-wandering came on the man, and he lost his course and his companions. Sleep-drowsiness fell on the man from wandering the hills, and he laid himself down beside the beautiful green knoll in which Deirdire dwelt, and he fell asleep. The man was weak from hunger and fatigue, and benumbed with cold, and deep sleep

fuachd, agus thàinig suain chadail air. An uair a laigh e sìos ri taobh a' ghrianain ghuirm an robh Deirdire tàmh, thàinig bruaillean air an duine agus bha dùil aige gu'n robh e ann am blàths brugh nan sìthichean agus na sìthichean a stìgh ri ceòl. Dh'eubh an sealgair 'n a bhruaillean ma bha duine anns a' bhrugh iad 'ga leigeadh a stìgh air sgàth Nì Maith.

Chuala Deirdire an guth agus thuirt i r' a muime, 'A mhuime, ciod e tha sud?' 'Chà'n 'eil ach rud gun diù—èoin na h-ealtainn air seachran agus iad a' sireadh a chéile; ach siubhladh iad seachad gu doire nan geug.' Thàinig an sin bruaillean eile air an t-sealgair agus dh'eubh e a rithist ma bha duine steach anns a' bhrugh, air sgàth Tì nan dùil iad 'ga leigeadh a stìgh. 'Dé tha sud?' orsa Deirdire. 'Chà'n 'eil ach rud gun dòigh,' ors' a muime—'èoin na coille air chall air a chéile; ach siubhladh iad

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came on him. When he lay down beside the green bower in which Deirdire abode, sleep-wandering came upon the man, and he thought that he was in the warmth of the mound of the fairies, and the fairies making music within. The hunter called in his dreams, if there was any one in the mound that they would let him in for the sake of the Good Being.

Deirdire heard the voice, and she said to her nurse-mother, 'Nurse-mother, what is that?' 'Only a thing of little worth, the birds of the air astray, and seeking one another; but let them hie them away past to the forest of branches.' Another sleep-wandering came upon the hunter, and he called again, if there was any one in the knoll for the sake of the Being of the Elements to let him in. 'What is that?' said Deirdire. 'Only a thing without sense,' said her nurse; 'the birds of the

seachad gu doire nan geug.' Thàinig an sin bruaillean eile air an t-sealgair, agus dh'èubh e mach an treasa turas ma bha duine anns a' bhrugh, air sgàth Dia|nan|dùl a leigeadh a stìgh, gu'n robh e 'g'a lathadh le fuachd agus 'g'a chlaoidh le acras. 'O, ciod e tha sud, a mhuime?' orsa Deirdire. 'Cha ruig thusa leas dùil a bhith agad gu bheil dad an sud gu toileachadh a thoirt duit, a bhuinneag; am bheil an sud ach èoin na h-ealtainn agus iad air call a chéile; ach siubhladh iad seachad gu doire nan geug. Chan 'eil fasnach no fardach an so daibh a nochd.' 'O, mhuime, dh'ìarr an t-ian a stìgh air sgàth Dia|nan|dùl, agus their thu fhéin riumsa nì air bith a dh'ìarrar oirnn 'n'a ainm-san gur còir dhuinn a dhèanadh. Muir leig thu leam an t-ian a tha 'g'a lathadh le fuachd agus 'g'a chlaoidh le acras a leigeil a stìgh cha mhór is diù leam

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woods astray from each other, and seeking one another ; but let them hie them away past to the forest of branches.' Then another sleep-wandering came upon the hunter, and he called out the third time, if there was any one in the knoll for the sake of the God of the Elements to let him in, for he was benumbed with cold and sore with hunger. ' Oh ! what is that, nurse-mother ? ' said Deirdire. ' Thou needst not think there is aught there to give thee gladness, maiden,' said the nurse-mother, ' there is there but the birds of the air and they having lost one another ; but let them hie them away past to the forest of branches. There is neither shelter nor home for them here this night.' ' Oh ! nurse-mother, the bird asked in the name of the God of the Elements, and thou thyself sayest to me that whatever is asked of us in His name that it should be done. If thou wilt not allow me to let

fhéin do chainnt no do chreideamh. Ach o'n a tha mise toirt céill do d' chainnt agus do d' chreideamh a dh' ionnsaich thu domh, leigidh mi fhéin a stigh an t-ian.'

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Agus dh'éirich Deirdire agus thug i an cleite bhar comhla an doruis, agus leig i stigh an sealgair. Chuir i suidheachan an àite suidhe, biadh an àite ithidh, agus deoch an àit' òil, dh'a'n duine thàinig dhachaidh.

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àit' dh'an

'Siuthad agus ith biadh agus tu riatanach air,' orsa Deirdire. 'An ta, bha mise sin, riatanach air biadh, agus air deoch agus air blàths, an tràth thàinig mi dachaidh dh'a'n tulaich so; ach nar a meal mi mo shlàinte mur d'fhalbh iad dìom co loma luath agus a chunna mi thu.' 'O bhith 's aodaich, a dhuine thàinig dhachaidh, nach ann air do theang' tha an ruiteis!' ors' a' chailleach, 'Cha

dh'an

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in the bird benumbed with cold and sore with hunger, I myself will doubt thy speech and thy faith. But, as I believe in thy speech and in thy faith that thou didst teach me, I myself will let in the bird.'

And Deirdire arose, took the bar off the leaf of the door, and she let in the hunter. She placed a seat in a place of sitting, food in a place of eating, and drink in a place of drinking, for the man who came home.

'Go on and eat food, and thou needful of it,' said Deirdire. 'Well, I was that, needful of food, and of drink and of warmth, when I came home to this knoll,' said the hunter; 'but may I never enjoy my health if these are not gone from me as soon as ever I beheld thee, maiden.' 'Oh, food and clothing! thou man who camest home, is it not upon thy tongue the running is?' said the woman. 'It is not

mhór an nì dhuit do bhial a chumail dùinte, agus do theang a chumail balbh ri linn duit tighinn dachaidh agus fasgath na fardaich fhaighinn air oidhche dhudarra gheamhraidh.' 'An ta,' ors' an sealgair, 'faodaidh mise sin a dhèanamh, mo bhial a chumail dùinte agus mo theang a chumail balbh ri linn domh tighinn dachaidh agus aoidheachd fhaighinn uait; ach air làimh d'athar agus do sheanar, agus air do dhà làimh fhéin 'g'an saoradh sin, na'm faiceadh cuid eile de shluagh an t-saoghail am boinne-fala ta agad gu falachaidh an so cha b'fhada sin fhéin, a Rìgh nan dùl 's nan domhan, a dh'fhàgadh iad agadsa i.' 'Dé na daoine tha sin, no có iad?' orsa Deirdire. 'An ta, innsidh mise sin duits', a nighean,' ors' an sealgair, 'tha Naoise mac Uisne, agus Aillean agus Ardan, a dhà bhràthair.' 'Agus 'dé e coltas nam feadhnach sin ri linn am faicinn, na'm faiceamaid iad?'

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a great thing for thee to keep thy mouth shut and thy tongue dumb on coming home here and obtaining the shelter of the dwelling on a cold wintry night.' 'Well,' said the hunter, 'I may do that, keep my mouth closed and keep my tongue dumb, on my coming home and receiving hospitality from thee; but, by thy father's hand, and thy grandfather's, and by thine own two hands to free these, were some others of the world's people to see this blood-drop whom thou hast in hiding here, it is not long, O King of the elements and of the world, that they would leave her with thee.' 'What people are these or who are they?' said Deirdire. 'Well, I will tell thee that, maiden,' said the hunter. 'They are Naoise, the son of Uisne, and Aillean and Ardan, his two brothers.' 'And what is the likeness of these on being seen, should we see them?' said Deirdire. 'Well, those

orsa Deirdire. 'An ta, sud agad an ainm agus an sloinneadh, na chunna agus na chuala mise orra,' ors' an sealg-air, 'agus is e dreach agus dealbh nan daoine ri linn am faicinn, li~~ta~~ an fhithich air an gruag, an cneas mar eala nan tonn, an leac mar fhuil an laoigh bhric dheirg, agus an lùth agus an leum mar bhradan a' bhuinne~~ib~~hrais agus mar fhiadh a bhearraidh bhric, agus tha na bheil os cionn cromadh an dà shlinnein a bharrachd aig Naois air sluagh eile na h-Éirinn.'

#/ 'Dé air bith mar tha iad,' ors' a' bhanaltruim, 'bi thusa a' falbh as a so, agus a' gabhail rathaid eile, agus a Rìgh na gile 's na gréine, gu dearbh agus gu deimhinn is beag mo chomain no mo chiatadh fhéin dhìot fhéin no dhé'n té thug a stìgh thu.'

a/ déidh 'Dh' fhalbh an sealgair. Beagan an déigh da falbh smaointich an duine aige fhéin gu'n robh Conachar, rìgh

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for you are their names and descent, all that I saw and heard of them,' said the hunter; 'and the appearance and form of the men on being seen is—the colour of the raven on their hair, their skin like the swan of the waves, and their cheeks like the blood of the speckled-red fawn, while their strength and their spring are those of the salmon of the rapid stream and the stag of the brindled hill; and Naoise has all above the slope of the two shoulders over the other people of Eirin.'

'However they are,' said the foster-mother, 'be thou going out of here, and taking another road, and O King of the moon, and of the sun, truly and verily small are my own obligations or delight for thyself or for her who let thee in.'

The hunter went his way. Shortly after he left, the man thought to himself that Conachar, the king of Ulster,

Ulla, a' laighe agus ag éirigh leis fhéin, gun chagar comhraidh, gun chéile conalt-raidh; agus na C^m faiceadh e am boinne-fala bha so gur dòcha gu C^n tugadh e dachaidh i d' C^a ionnsaidh fhéin, agus gu C^n dèanadh e gean-math ris-san fhéin ri linn innseadh da gu C^n robh a leithid do rìghinn air bith† braonach an t-saoghail.

Falbhar an sealgair, lom agus dìreach gu pàilios Rìgh Conachar. Chuir e fios a stigh thun an rìgh gu C^m bu toigh leis a bhith a' seachas ris, na C^m b' e chead e. Fhreagair an rìgh an teachdair-eachd agus thàinig e a mach a sheachas ris an duine. 'Gu dé e fàth do thurais riums'?' ors' an rìgh ris an t-sealgair. 'Is e fàth mo thurais fhéin ruibh, a Rìgh,' ors' an sealgair, 'gu C^m faca mi an aona bhoinne-fala is àillidhe a rugadh riamh an Éirinn, agus thàinig mi ga innseadh duibh.' 'Cò i am boinne-fala tha sin, no C^a it am bheil i r' C^a fhaicinn,

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was lying down and rising up alone without a confidential love, without a conversational mate beside him, and that were he to see this blood-drop that was here, he might possibly bring her home to himself, and perhaps do a good deed to him himself for telling him that there was such a damsel on the surface of the living dewy world.

The hunter went straight and direct to the palace of King Conachar. He sent a message in to the king that he would like to be talking to him were it his pleasure. The king answered the message and came out to speak to the man. 'What is the purport of thy errand with me?' said the king to the hunter. 'The cause of my own business with you, King,' said the hunter, 'is that I have seen the loveliest blood-drop that ever was born in Eirin, and I have come to tell you.' 'Who is she, that blood-drop, and where is she to be seen,

an uair nach facas riamh roimhe i gus am fac thusa i, ma chunnaic thu i?' 'An ta, chunnaic mise i,' ors' an sealgair, 'ach ma chunnaic cha'n fhaic fear eile i gu'm faigh e seòladh air an àite am bheil i a' tàmh.' 'Agus an seòl thu domhsa far am bheil i a' tàmh, agus bidh duais do sheòlaidh cho math ri duais do theachdaireachd?' ors' an rìgh. 'An ta, seòlaidh, a Rìgh, ga dòcha nach bithear air a shon,' ors' an sealgair. 'Fuirichidh tu anns an teaghlaich so fhéin a' nochd,' orsa Conachar, 'agus falbhaidh mise agus mo dhaoine leat moch madainn am màireach.' 'Fuirichidh,' ors' an sealgair. Fuirichear an sealgair an oidhche sin an teaghlach Rìgh Conachair.

Chuir Conachar, rìgh Ulla, fios air na daoine bu dìlse da mar bha triùir mhac Fhearchair 'ic Ró, clann bhràthar/athar fhéin, agus leig e a rùn riù. Ge

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when she had not been seen ever before till thou didst see her, if seen her thou hast?' said the king. 'Well, I have seen her,' said the hunter; 'but if I have, no one else can see her till he gets guidance to the place where she dwells.' 'And wilt thou guide me to the place where she dwells, and the reward for thy guidance will be as good as the reward for thy messaging,' said the king. 'Well, I will, O King,' said the hunter, 'though probably my doing so may not be wished.' 'Thou shalt remain in this household itself to-night, and I and my men will go with thee at early morning to-morrow,' said Conachar. 'I will stay,' said the hunter. The hunter remained that night in the household of King Conachar.

Conachar, the king of Ulster, sent word to the men who were nearest of kin to himself, ~~such as~~ the three sons of Fearachar, the son of Ro, the children

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bu mhìn mochaireach ceileireachd ian nan còs agus ceòl ian nan doire, bu mhoiche na sin moch^hfeirigh Chonachair, rìgh Ulla, le a chomhlan chaomh chairdean an caoin chamhanaich a' Chéitein chiùin, ùir, agus brùchd dheⁿ dealt air bharraibh gach dos, is lus agus freumh, a' falbh a thoirt a mach a ghrianain ghuirm an robh Deirdire tàmh. Bha iomadh òg ghaisgeach aig an robh ceum lùthmhor, leumnaidh, luaineach aig am falbh, aig an robh ceum fann, fàilneach, fiaraidh a' ruighinn, aig faidead an astair agus gairbhead na slighe.

‘Sud e a nis shìos air urlar a' ghlinne, am brugh am bheil am boirionnach a' tàmh; ach cha téid mise naⁿ's faisge na so air a' chaillich,' ors' an sealgair. Chaidh Conachar le chòisir chairdean a sìos thun an tolmair an robh Deirdire

of his own father's brother, and he told them his secret intent. Though soft and early was the carolling of the birds of the bush, and the song of the birds of the grove, yet earlier still was the early rising of Conachar, the king of Ulster, and his band of trusted friends in the mild morning dawn of the gentle, fresh May, with an outpouring of dew on the points of sapling, bush, and plant, going in search of the green sunny sheiling in which Deirdire dwelt. There was many a gay gallant of lithe, lively, lightsome step at leaving, who was of weak, wounded, waddled step on reaching there, from the greatness of the distance and the roughness of the way.

'There it is now, down on the floor of the glen, the sheiling in which the woman abides, but I will go no nearer than this to the carlin,' said the hunter. Conachar and his band of trusted friends went down to the knoll wherein

tàmh, agus ghnog e ann an dorus a' bhoth. Thuirt a' bhanaltruim nach tugteadh freagar no fosgladh do neach air bith, agus nach robh i air son neach air bith a chur dragh oirre féin no air a bothan. 'Fosgail thus,' orsa Conachar, 'agus gheibh thu talla is fearr na so ri linn duinn a dhol dachaidh.' 'Chan 'eil mise,' ors' a' bhean bhochd, 'a' sireadh talla no tuam is fearr na mo bhothan féin na m'fàgt' ann mi, agus cead mo laighe's m' éirigh fhàgail agam fhéin. Cha lugha na facal rìgh agus feachd rìoghachd a chuireas mis as mo bhothan fhéin a nochd.' 'Fosgail thus,' agus mur fosgail thu dha do dheòin fosglaidh tu dha d'aindheoin,' ors' an rìgh, agus e fàs feargach. 'An ta bhithinn 'na r comain,' ors' am boirionnach, 'na n tugadh sibh brath dhomh có tha sireadh orm dorus mo bhothain fhosgladh.' 'Tha mise, Conachar, rìgh Ulla, agus na biodh a'

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Deirdire dwelt, and they knocked at the door of the hut. The foster-mother said that no answer or opening would be given to any one, and that she was not for any person to be molesting herself or her home. 'Open thou,' said Conachar, 'and thou shalt get a better hall than this when we get home.' 'I am not wanting a better hall or house than my own little bothy were I left in it,' said the poor woman, 'and permission for my lying down and my rising up left to myself. It is not less than the word of a king and the army of a kingdom that shall drive me from my own little hut this night.' 'Open thou, and if thou wilt not open it with thy will thou shalt open it against thy will,' said the king, and he growing angry. 'Indeed I would be obliged to you,' said the woman, 'were you to tell me who is asking me to open my bothy door?' 'It is I, Conachar, the king

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chùis an dalla-chrannachd ort na[^]s fhaide.' An uair a chuala a' bhean bho chd có bha 's[^]an dorus, dh'[^]éirich i le cabhaig, agus leig i stigh an rìgh agus na thoilleadh a stigh d'[^]a chòisir.

An uair a chunnaic an rìgh am boirionnach a bha air a chionn, agus air an robh e an tòir, bha leis nach fac e riamh ann an cùrs[^] an là no ann an aisling na h-oidhche boinne-fala cho àillidh ri Deirdire, agus thug e cudrom a chridhe de ghaol di. Cha robh manear d'a fhéin agus d'a dhaoine, bho thoiseach gu crìch na cùise, ach Deirdire a spionadh leo air fras-mhullach an guailne, bitheadh nar[^]a bitheadh i deònach Is e so a rinneadh, thogadh Deirdire air fras-mhullach ghuala nan laoch, agus thugadh i fhéin, agus a muim-altruim air falbh gu pàilios Rìgh Conachar, Ulla.

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of Ulster, and let not the matter be in darkness to thee longer.' When the poor woman heard who was at the door she arose with haste and she let in the king and all who could hold within of his band.

When the king saw the damsel who was before him, and of whom he was in search, he thought to himself that never in the course of the day nor in a dream of the night saw he a blood-drop so lovely as Deirdire ; and he gave her the weight of his heart of love. There was nothing in his own mind, or in the minds of his men, from the beginning to the end of the matter, but to snatch Deirdire away on the summit of their shoulders be she or be she not willing. This was what was done, and Deirdire was raised on the summit of the shoulders of the heroes, and she herself and her foster-mother were taken away to the palace of King Conachar of Ulster.

déidh

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Leis an déigh a bha aig Conachar air Deirdire bha e deònach a pòsadh air làrach nam bonn, bitheadh nar'a bitheadh ise deònach es' a phòsadh. An uair a chuireadh a' chùis 'na cead-se, cha dèanadh i idir, idir e, a muigh no mach, agus nach fac i cruitheachd creutair riamh thuige so. Cha robh fios aice air dèanadas mnà no air gnàthachadh maighdinn, agus nach do shuidh i riamh ann an cuideachd no an comhlan thuige so. Cha b'urra dhi urrad agus suidhe air seur le cion nach fac i daoine riamh thuige so. Leis mar bha Conachar a' sparadh pòsaidh air Deirdire thuirte i ris na'n leigeadh e leatha dàil là agus bliadhna gu'm bitheadh i 'na chomain. Thuirte e rithe gu'n tugadh e sud di ge bu chruaidh e, na'n tugadh ise gealladh cinnteach dàsan gu'm pòsadh i e air ceann na bliadhna. Thug i so.

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Fhuair an rìgh bean-ionnsachaidh do

With the fondness that Conachar had for Deirdire he wished to marry her immediately (*lit.* on the track of their soles) whether or not she was willing to marry him. When the matter was placed before her she would not do it at all, at all, and that she never saw the features of living man till now. She had no knowledge of the duties of wife, nor of the manners of maiden, and that she had never sat in gathering or in company before. She could not so much as sit on a chair, because she never saw people till now. From the way that Conachar was thrusting marriage upon Deirdire she said, if he would give her a delay of a year and a day she would be obliged to him. He said he would give her that, though it would be hard, if she would give him a sure promise that she would marry him at the end of the year. She gave this.

The king got a teaching woman for

Dheirdire, agus maighdeannan cridheil, grinn, modhail, mìn, mèinneach a bhith-eadh a' laighe agus ag éirigh, a' cluich agus a' comhradh leatha.

Bha Deirdire dèanadach ann an gnìomh maighdinn agus ann an tuigse mnà; agus bha le Conachar nach fac e fhéin le shùilean corpora riamh boinne-fala cho taitneach rithe.

III

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'Dé ach a bha Deirdire agus na mnathan-coimheadaidh là muigh air a' chnoc cùl an tìghe, a' gabhail seallaidh agus ag òl na gréine. Cò chunnaic iad a tighinn ach gu'm b' e triùir fear air astar. Bha Deirdire dearcadh air na daoine bha tighinn agus i gabhail ioghnaidh diubh. An uair a dhlùthaich na daoine riu chuimhnich Deirdire air cainnt an t-sealgair, agus thuirt i rithe fhéin gu'm b'iad so triùir mhac Uisne

diubh.

Deirdire, and merry, elegant, mannerly, gentle, modest maidens who would be lying down and rising up, and playing and conversing with her.

Deirdire was eident in maidenly acquirements and in womanly knowledge, and Conachar bethought him that he never himself with his bodily eyes saw a blood-drop so pleasing as she.

III

What but Deirdire and her attendant women were one day out on the hill behind the house viewing the scene and drinking the sun. Whom should they see coming their way but three men on a journey. Deirdire was gazing at the men who were coming, and wondering at them. When the men neared them Deirdire remembered the words of the hunter, and she said to herself that these were the three sons of Uisne, and

agus gum b'è so Naois, agus na bha os cionn cromadh an dà shlinnein aige os cionn fir Éireann uile.

Ghabh an triùir bhràithrean seachad gun suim a ghabhail diu, gun sùil a thoirt os an cionn air na h-ainnirean air a' chnoc. 'Dè ach gum do thalantaich gràdh Naois ann an cridhe Deirdire gus nach b'urr* i fuireach gun falbh as a dhéigh. Trusar i a trusgan agus falbhar air deaghaidh nam fear a ghabh seachad bonn a' chnoic, agus fàgar na mnàì-coimheadachd a' sud, biodh iad buidheach no diumbach.

Chual Ailleán agus Ardan mu dheighinn a' bhoirionnaich a bha aig Conachar, rìgh Ulla, agus smaoinich iad na gum faiceadh Naois, am bràthair, i, gur ann a bhitheadh i aige fhéin, seachd àraidh o nach robh i pòst aig an rìgh. Mhothaich iad dhà bhoirionnaich a' tighinn agus dh' iarr iad air càch a' chéile ceum a chumail ann, an t-astar mór aca

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that this was Naoise, and that he had all that was above the slope of the two shoulders over all the men of Eirin.

The three brothers passed them by without heeding them, without looking above them at the maidens on the hill. What but that the love of Naoise became so implanted in the heart of Deirdire that she could not resist without going after him. She gathered up her garments, and she went after the men who had passed by at the base of the hill, and left the attendant women there, be they pleased or annoyed.

Ailleán and Ardan heard of the damsel whom Conachar, king of Ulster, had, and they thought if Naoise, their brother, were to see her he would have her himself, very especially as she was not married to the king. They noticed the damsel coming, and they exhorted one another to walk well, because of the long distance they had to do, and the

r'a dhèanamh, agus ciaradh na h-oidhche a' tighinn. Rinn iad so. Ghlaodh ise, 'A Naoise, mhic Uisne, an ann a' brath m'fhàgail a tha thu?' 'Gu dé an glaodh sud a chuala mo chluas nach 'eil soirbh domh a fhreagairt, agus nach 'eil furasda dhomh a dhiùltadh?' orsa Naois. 'Chan 'eil ach lachraich nan lacha-luin aig Conachar,' ors' a bhràithrean. 'Ach luathaicheamaid ar cas agus graideamaid ar ceum, agus an t-astar mór againn r'a dhèanamh, agus ciaradh an fheasgair a' tuiteam.' Rinn iad so, agus bha iad a' sìneadh an astair eadar iad fhéin agus ise. Ghlaodh an sin Deirdire, 'A Naois! a Naoise, mhic Uisne, an ann a' brath m'fhàgail a tha thu?' 'Dé an glaodh a tha 'na m'chluais agus a bhuaill mo chridhe, nach 'eil soirbh dhomh a fhreagairt agus nach 'eil furasda dhomh a dhiùltadh?' 'Chan 'eil ach glaodh nan gèadh glas aig Conachar,' ors' a bhràithrean. 'Ach

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darkness of night coming on. They did this. She called, 'Naoise, thou son of Uisne, is it intending to leave me thou art?' 'What is that cry mine ear heard that is not easy for me to answer, and that is not easy for me to refuse?' said Naoise. 'It is but the quacking of the lake-ducks of Conachar,' said his brothers. 'But let us hasten our feet and hurry our steps, and the long distance we have to do, and the darkness of night falling.' They did this, and they were stretching the distance between themselves and her. Then Deirdire called again, 'Naoise! Naoise! thou son of Uisne, is it intending to leave me thou art?' 'What cry is in my ear and that struck my heart, that is not easy for me to answer, nor easy for me to refuse.' 'There is but the cry of the grey geese of Conachar,' said his brothers. 'But let us walk well, for we have the walking to do

cumamaid ceum ann agus a' choiseachd againn r'a dhèanamh agus dubhradh na h-oidhche tighinn.' Rinn iad so, agus bha iad a' sìneadh an astair eadar iad fhéin agus ise. Ghlaodh a' sin Deirdire, an treasa turas, 'A Naois! a Naois! a Naoise, mhic Uisne, an ann a' brath m' fhàgail a tha thu?' 'Gu dé an glaodh gointe cruaidh is binne chuala mo chluas agus is cruaidhe bhuaill mo chridhe dhe na h-uile glaodh a ràinig mi riamh?' orsa Naois. 'Am bheil ann ach guileag nan eala-luin aig Conachar,' ors' a bhràithrean. 'Tha treasa glaodh na h-éigin an sud,' orsa Naois, 'agus bóid laoich orm fhéin ma's urrainn domh dol seach a so gus am faic mi co uaith a thàinig an glaodh'; agus thill Naois.

Chomhlaich Naois agus Deirdire ri chéile, agus thug Deirdire na trì tiùra pòg do Naois, agus pòg an aon d'a bhràithre. Leis an nàisneachd a bha air Deirdire bha i dol 'na caoire dearga

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and the blackness of night coming on.' They did this, and they were stretching the distance between themselves and her. Then Deirdire called the third time, 'Naoise! Naoise! Naoise, thou son of Uisne, is it intending to leave me thou art?' 'What is the wounded, hard cry, the sweetest my ear ever heard, and the hardest that ever struck my heart, of all the cries that ever reached me?' said Naoise. 'It is but the wail of the lake-swans of Conachar,' said his brothers. 'There is the third cry of distress there,' said Naoise, 'and with the vow of a hero upon me I can go no further than this till I see whence comes the cry,' and Naoise went back.

Naoise and Deirdire met each other, and Deirdire gave the three kisses to Naoise, and a kiss each to his brothers. From the shame that was upon Deirdire, she was going into red blushes of

teine, agus a' caochladh rugh^{id}a-gruaidhe cho luath ri crithionn nan allt. Bha le Naois nach fac e fhéin anns a' cholainn shaoghailta riamh boinne-fala coltach ris a' bhoinne-fala bha so; agus thug Naois grádh do Dheirdire nach ~~a~~ thug e do nì, no do nial, no do neach riamh ach dhi fhéin.

Chuir Naois Deirdire air fras-mhullach a ghuaille, agus dh'iarr e air a bhràithrean ceum a chumail ann; agus chum a bhràithrean ceum ann.

Smaointich Naois nach robh math dha fuireach an Éirinn leis mar a chuir e Conachar, rìgh Ulla, mac bhràthar athar fhéin, 'na aghaidh a thaobh a' bhoirionnaich, ge nach robh i post aige, agus tillear e air ais a dh'Alba. Ràinig e taobh Loch Naois agus rinn e tighheadas ann. Mharbhadh e bradan a' bhoinne bhrais a mach air an dorus, agus fiadh a' bhearraidh bhric a mach air an uinneig. Bha Naois agus Deirdire agus

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fire, and changing the ruddiness of her cheeks as fast as moves the aspen of the streams. Naoise thought to himself that he himself had never seen in bodily form a blood-drop like the blood-drop that was here; and Naoise gave love to Deirdire that he never gave to thing, nor to vision, nor to person, but to herself alone.

Naoise placed Deirdire on the very summit of his shoulders, and he requested his brothers to walk well now, and his brothers walked well.

Naoise thought that he must not remain in Eirin, as he had put Conachar, king of Ulster, his own father's brother's son, against him, on account of the damsel, though she was not married to him, and he returned back to Albain. He reached the side of Loch Naois, and he made a home there. He could kill the salmon of the rapid stream out at the door, and the deer of the many-coloured hill out at the window. Naoise

bhith ann.

Ailleán agus Ardan a' tàmh ann an tùr, agus bha iad gu sona ri linn a bhith ann.

th! #

Thàinig an so ceann an àm aig an robh aig Deirdire ri Conachar, rìgh Ulla, a phòsadh. Gu dé bha Conachar ach 'na bheachd féin gu'n tugadh e mach Deirdire leis a' chlaidheamh, i bhith pòst aig Naois no gun i bhith. Gu dé an obair a bha aig Conachar ach a' cur a suas cuirm mhóir mheadhraich. Chuir e fios a mach fad agus farsaing feadh Éirinn uile d'a dhàimhich tighinn thun na cuirme. Bha e smaointinn aige fhéin là blàir agus baiteil a thoirt do Naoise, mac Uisne, agus a' bhean a thoirt uaith bitheadh nar a bitheadh i pòst aige. Bha Conachar a' smaointinn aige fhéin nach tigeadh Naois ged a chuireadh e fios air; agus is e an *sgém* a chinnich 'na cheann brath a chur air bràthair athar, Fearchar Mac Ró, agus a chur air theachdaireachd a dh'ionnsaigh Naois. Rinn e so, agus thuirt

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and Deirdire, Aillean and Ardan, were dwelling in a tower, and they were happy during the time they were there.

Then came the end of the time when Deirdire was to marry Conachar, the king of Ulster. What was Conachar in his own mind but meditating to win out Deirdire by the sword, be she married to Naoise or be she not. What work was Conachar engaged upon but preparing a great, merry banquet. He sent a message out far and wide through all Eirin to his kinsmen to come to the feast. He was thinking to himself to give a day of combat and of battle to Naoise, the son of Uisne, and to take the woman from him be she or be she not married to him. Conachar thought to himself that Naoise would not come should he send a message to him, and it was the scheme that grew in his head to send word to his father's brother, Fearachar, the son of Ro, and

Conachar ri Fearchar, ‘Àbair ri Naois, mac Uisne, gu bheil mise cur suas cuirm mhóir, mheadhraich do m’ chairdean agus do m’ dhàimhich fad fin-foinneach fiaraidh na h-Éireann uile agus nach bi fois là, no tàmh oidhche agam, ma bhios esan agus Ailleán agus Ardan as iùnaid na cuirme.’

9 lc/ Falbhar Fearchar Mac Ró agus a thriùir mac air an turus agus ràinigear an tùr an robh Naois a’ tàmh ri taobh Loch Éite. Chuir Clann Uisne fàilte chairdeil, choibhneil air Fearchar Mac Ró agus air a thriùir mac, agus dh’fheòraich iad diubh sgeula na h-Éireann. #
 ‘An sgeul is fearr a th’agam duibh,’ ors’ an curaidh cruaidh, ‘gu bheil Conachar, rìgh Ulla, a’ cur suas cuirm mhóir shòlasaich d’a chairdean agus d’a dhàimhich fad fin-foinneach fiaraidh Éireann uile agus gu’n t’ug e bóid air an talamh a ta fodha, agus air an ard adhar a ta os a chionn, agus air a’ ghréin #

(tug)

to send him on an embassy to Naoise. He did this, and Conachar said to Fearachar, 'Say thou to Naoise, the son of Uisne, that I am preparing a great, joyous feast for my friends and kinsmen throughout the whole length of all Eirin, and that I shall have no day peace nor night rest and he and Ailleán and Ardan absent from the feast.

Fearachar, the son of Ro, and his three sons went on their mission, and reached the tower in which Naoise dwelt by the side of Loch Etive. The sons of Uisne put friendly, kindly welcome on Fearachar, the son of Ro, and on his three sons, and they asked of them the news of Eirin. 'The best tale I myself have for you,' said the hardy hero, 'is that Conachar, the king of Ulster, is preparing a great, joyous banquet for his friends and kinsmen throughout the whole length of all Eirin, and that he has vowed a vow by the earth that is

a tha dol seachad siar nach bitheadh fois latha no tàmh oidhche aige mur tigeadh Clann Uisne, clann bhràthar-athar fhéin, air an aisdothìr andachaidh agus do thalamh an dùthchais, agus a dh'ionnsaidh na cuirme; agus chuir e sinne air theachd-aireachd d'ur n-iarraidh.' 'Théid sinn leat,' orsa Naois. 'Théid,' ors' a bhràithrean. 'Théid,' orsa Fearchar Mac Ró, 'agus bidh mi féin agus mo thriùir mac leibh.' 'Bidh,' ors' am Boinne Borb. 'Bidh,' ors' an Cuilinn Cruaidh. 'Bidh,' ors' am Fillan Fionn. 'Is fearr an tighearnas fhéin an Albainn na an tìgheadas an Éirinn,' orsa Deirdire. 'Is anns' an dùthchas seach an dualchas,' ors' am Fearchar Mac Ró. 'Is mì-aobhinn do neach air feabhas a chuibh-rinn agus a chrannchuir mur faic e dhùthaich fhéin agus a dhachaidh fhéin an àm éirigh anns a' mhadainn agus an àm laighe annoch.' 'Is mì-aobhinn,' orsa Naois; 'is annsa leam fhéin an dùthchas

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beneath him, by the high sky that is above him and by the westward-passing sun, that he would not have day peace nor night rest if the Children of Uisne, his own father's brother's sons, did not return to the land of their home and the country of their inheritance and to the banquet, and he has sent us on embassage to ask you.' 'We will go with you,' said Naoise. 'We will go,' said his brothers. 'You will go,' said Fearachar, the son of Ro; 'I myself and my three sons will be with you.' 'We will be,' said Boinne Borb. 'We will be,' said Cuilionn Cruaidh. 'We will be,' said Fiollan Fionn. 'Better is one's own lording in Albain than householding in Eirin,' said Deirdire. 'Dearer is the hereditary home than the hereditary country,' said Fearachar, the son of Ro. 'Unhappy it is for a man, however good his means and his lot, if he does not see his own country and his own home at the time of rising in the

seach an dualchas, ge mór a gheibhinn
 an so seach an sin.' 'Is neochoireach
 duibh gun dol leam,' ors' am Fearchar.
 'Is neochoireach,' orsa Naois, 'agus
 théid sinn leat.'

lc/ |
 Cha bu deòin le Deirdire falbh le
 Fearchar Mac Ró agus chuir i h-uile
 impidh air Naois gun e dh'fhalbh leis.
 Sheinn i agus thuir i :—

I

‘Tha donnal nan con am chluais,
 Agus bruadal na h-oidhch, am shùil ;
 Chì mi Fearchar an comhlan duais,
 Chì mi Conachar gun truas 'n'a mhùr,
 Chì mi Conachar gun truas 'n'a mhùr.

Duais,

h-oidhch/#

II

‘Chì mi Naois gun ursna-chatha,
 Chì mi Ailde gun am beum-sgéithe,
 Chì mi Ardan gun sgiath, gun chlaidheamb,
 'S tulach Atha gun rath, gun éibhneas,
 'S tulach Atha gun rath, gun éibhneas.

morning and at the time of lying at night.' 'It is unhappy,' said Naoise; 'dearer to myself is the land heredity than the kin heredity; though much more I would get here than there.' 'It is harmless for you to go with me,' said Fearachar. 'It is harmless,' said Naoise; 'and we will go with you.'

Deirdire was not willing to go with Fearachar, the son of Ro, and she put every supplication on Naoise not to go with him. She sang and said:—

I

'The howling of the dogs is in mine ear,
The vision of the night is in mine eye;
I see Fearachar in league with a bribe,
I see Conachar without compassion in his
tower,
I see Conachar without compassion in his
tower.

II

'I see Naoise without supports of battle,
I see Ailleán without sounding shield,
I see Ardan without targe, without sword;
I see the house of Atha without luck, without
joy,
I see the house of Atha without luck, without
joy.

III

‘Chì mi Conachar le ìota fala,
 Chì mi Fearchar le faileas-bréige,
 Chì mi 'n triùir bhràithre 's an cùl ri talamh,
 'S chì mi Deirdire galach, deurach,
 'S chì mi Deirdire galach, deurach.’

(bhurral)

‘Cha bu'chaomh leam fhéin agus cha do ghéill mi riamh do bhur^{al} chon no do bhruadal bhan, a Naois, agus bhoⁿ a chuir Conachar, rìgh Ulla, teachdair-eachd cuirm agus cairdeis thugaibh is niarach neochoireach duibh mur a téid sibh ann, a Naois,’ orsa Fearchar Mac Ró. ‘Is neochoireach,’ orsa Naois, ‘agus théid sinn leat.’ ‘Chunnacas aislig eile, Naois, agus mìnich domh i,’ orsa Deirdire :—

I

‘Chunnas na trì calmana geala,
 Leis na trì balgama meala 'na^m béil^{il};
 'S, O! a Naoise mhic Uisne,
 Sorchair thusa dhomh dubhar mo sge^{il}.’

Naois

‘Am bheil ann ach bruillean pràmh,
 'S lionn-dubh mnà, a Dheirdire.’

'nam béil
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III

‘I see Conachar with a thirst for blood,
 I see Fearachar with the reflection of guile,
 I see the three brothers with their backs to the
 earth,
 And I see Deirdire sorrowful, tearful,
 And I see Deirdire sorrowful, tearful.’

‘I myself never liked and never yielded to the howlings of dogs nor to the dreams of women, Naoise, and as Conachar, the king of Ulster, has sent invitation of feast and of friendship to you, it will be unfriendly deed if you do not come, Naoise,’ said Fearachar, the son of Ro. ‘It will,’ said Naoise, ‘and we will go with you.’ ‘I saw another vision, Naoise, and explain it to me,’ said Deirdire :—

I

‘I saw the three white doves
 With the three sips of honey in their
 mouths ;
 And, oh ! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
 Enlighten thou to me the darkness of my
 tale.’

Naoise

‘It is but the disturbance of sleep,
 And woman’s melancholy, O Deirdire !

II

Deirdire

‘Chunnas na trì seabhaga duaire,
Leis na trì braona fala, fuar-fhuil nan
treun ;

‘S, O ! a Naoise mhic Uisne,
Sorchair thusa dhomh dubhar mo sgeùil.’

Naois

‘Am bheil ann ach bruillean pràmh,
’S lionn-dubh mnà, a Dheirdire.’

III

Deirdire

‘Chunnas na trì fitheacha dubha,
Leis na trì duilleaga dubhach crann-iubhar
an éig,

‘S, O ! a Naoise mhic Uisne,
Sorchair thusa nis turas mo sgeùil.’

Naois

‘Am bheil ann ach bruillean pràmh,
’S lionn-dubh mnà, a Dheirdire.’

‘An là ’s gu’n do chuir Conachar an
teachdaireachd thugainn tighinn thun
na cuirme is niarach duinn mur téid
sinn ann, a Dheirdire.’ ‘Théid sibh

sgeùil)

éig|

sgeùil|

II

Deirdire

‘ I saw the three ungenerous hawks
With the three drops of blood, cold blood
of heroes ;
And, oh ! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
Enlighten thou to me the darkness of my
tale.’

Naoise

‘ It is only the disturbance of sleep,
And woman’s melancholy, O Deirdire !’

III

Deirdire

‘ I saw the three black ravens
With the three sad leaves of the yew tree
of death ;
And, oh ! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
Enlighten thou now the message of my tale.’

Naoise

‘ It is only the disturbance of sleep,
And woman’s melancholy, O Deirdire !’

‘ As Conachar, the king of Ulster,
has sent us the message to come to the
banquet, it will be unfriendly of us if
we do not go, Deirdire.’

lc/

ann,' orsa Fearchar Mac Ró; 'agus ma nochdas Conachar cairdeas ruibh nochdaidh sibh cairdeas ris, agus ma dh'fhiachas e gairge ruibh fiachas sibh gairge ris, agus bi'dh mi fhéin agus mo thriùir mac leibh.' 'Bithidh,' ors' am Boinne Borb. 'Bithidh,' ors' an Cuilinn Cruaidh. 'Bithidh' ors' am Fiollan Fionn. 'Tha triùir mhac agamsa agus iad 'na triùir ghaisgeach, agus beud no baoghal a dh'Éireas duibh, bi'dh iad leibh agus bi'dh mi fhéin comhla riu.'— Agus thug Fearchar Mac Ró bóid agus briathar am fianais arm, beud no baoghal a thigeadh an caraibh Chlann Uisne nach fàgadh esan agus a thriùir mhac ceann air colann bheò an Éirinn, a dh'aindeoin claidheamh no clogad, sleagh no sgiath, lann no lùireach mhàilleach d'am feabhas.

(bith)

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(bith)

o/
feabhas.

Cha bu deòin le Deirdire falbh as

‘You will go,’ said Fearachar, the son of Ro; ‘and if Conachar shows friendship to you, you will show friendship to him; and if he tries fierceness to you, you will try fierceness to him, and I myself and my three sons will be with you.’ ‘We will,’ said Boinne Borb. ‘We will,’ said Cuilionn Cruaidh. ‘We will,’ said Fiollan Fionn. ‘I have three sons and they are three champions, and harm or danger that shall rise to you they will be with you, and I myself will be along with them.’ And Fearachar, the son of Ro, gave his vow and his word in the presence of his arms, that if any harm or danger should come near the Children of Uisne he and his three sons would leave no head on living body in Eirin, despite sword and helmet, spear and shield, blade and shirt of mail at their best.

Deirdire was not willing to leave

bhith 'gad fhàgail,

Alba, ach dh'fhalbh i le Naois. Bha Deirdire fras-shileadh nan deur, agus sheinn i:—

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'Is ionmhàinn an tìr, an tìr ud thall,
Albainn choillteach lingeantach!
Is goirt le m' chridhe ~~bhith~~ d' fhàgail,
Ach tha mi falbh le Naois.'

lc/

Cha do stad Fearchar Mac Ró gus an d'fhuair e Clann Uisne air falbh leis, a dh'aindeoin amharus Dheirdire.

'Cuireadar an curach air sàl,
Càireadar rithise bréid,
Is ruigeadar an dara-mhàireach,
Tràigh bhàn na h-Éireann.'

IV

lc/

Co luath agus a chaidh Clann Uisne air tìr an Éirinn chuir am Fearchar Mac Ró fios thun Chonachair, rìgh Ulla, gu robh na daoine air an robh e an tòir a nis air tighinn, agus feuch a nis an nochdadh e còiread riutha.

Alba, but she went with Naoise. Deirdire was heavy-showering the tears and she sang :—

‘Beloved is the land, that yonder land,
Alba full of woods and full of lakes !
Sore to my heart to be leaving thee,
But I go away with Naoise.’

Fearachar, the son of Ro, did not stop till he got the sons of Uisne away with him, despite the suspicions of Deirdire.

‘They placed their curach on the brine,
They hoisted to her the sails,
And they reached on the second morrow
The fair strand of Eirin.’

IV

As soon as the Children of Uisne went on land in Eirin, Fearachar, the son of Ro, sent information to Con-achar, the king of Ulster, that the men, of whom he was in pursuit, were now come, and to see that he would now act justly towards them.

‘Ma ta,’ orsa Conachar, ‘cha robh dùil a’m gun tigeadh Clann Uisne ged a chuir mi fios thuca, agus cha’n ’eil mi buileach deas air an cinn. Ach tha thigh shìos ud anns an robh mi cumail amhusg, agus rachadh iad a sìos ann an diugh, agus bithidh mo thigh-sa deas air an cinn am màireach.’ Dh’innis am Fearchar Mac Ró an teachdaireachd do Chlann Uisne. ‘An ta,’ orsa Naois, ‘ò’n is e sin àite dh’ordaich an Rìgh dhuinn théid sinn ann, ach is cinnteach mi nach ann air son barrachd gràidh a tha Conachar ’ga’r càradh am measg nan amhusg.’

Chaidh iad a sìos air an leagadh sin agus ràinig iad astail nan amhusg. Bha ann a’ sin coma cearta comhla cóig fichead diag amhusg agus cóig amhusg diag. Cha robh amhusg riamh diubh sin nach do leig an glag mór gàire ri linn nan daoine thighinn dachaidh nam

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‘Well,’ said Conachar, ‘I did not expect that the Children of Uisne would come, though I sent a message to them, and I am not quite prepared for them. But there is a house down yonder where I was keeping mercenaries, and let them go down there to-day, and my house will be ready before them to-morrow.’ Fearachar, the son of Ro, told the message to the Children of Uisne. ‘Well,’ said Naoise, ‘since that is the place which the king has ordered for us, we will go there, but sure am I it is not for too much love of us that Conachar is placing us among the mercenaries.’

They went down on that occasion, and they reached the quarters of the mercenaries. There were there huddled together fifteen twenties of mercenaries, and of mercenaries fifteen. There was not a man among them all who did not give the big shout of laughter on

~~th~~ measg. Agus leig Naois an dà ghlag mór gàire bu mhotha na càch gu léir.

staigh/

An uair a fhuair na h-amhuisg a stigh a/ iad éireadar iad fear mu seach agus cuirear droll am fear air a' chomhla. Éirear Naois an uair a chunnaic e so agus cuirear e fhéin dà dhroll air a' chomhla. 'Có e an t-aon òlach macanta mór a thàinig dachaidh oirnn an so, a rinn an dà ghlag mór gàire agus a chuir an dà dhroll air a' chomhla?' orsa ceannard nan amhusg. 'Innsidh mise sin dusa ma dh'innseas tusa so dhomhsa,' orsa Naois: 'Cìod e an t-aon aibhar mu'n do rinn a h-uile fear agaibh fhéin glag gàire, agus mu'n do chuir sibh droll air a' chomhla?' 'Innsidh mi sin duit, òlach; cha'n fhaca mi fir bhur dealbh no bhur dreach a' tighinn dachaidh dh'a'n fhardaich so riamh, agus cha'n fhaca

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seeing these men coming home among them. And Naoise laughed two big shouts of laughter louder than all the others together.

When the mercenaries got them within they rose one by one, and each placed a bar on the door. Naoise arose when he saw this, and he himself placed two bars on the door. 'Who is he, the great stalwart man who has come home among us here, who has made the two loud shouts of laughter, and who has placed the two bars on the door?' said the commander of the mercenaries. 'I will tell thee that if thou wilt tell me this,' said Naoise: 'What was the cause about which each of you made a loud laugh, and that made each of you to put a bar on the door?' 'I will tell thee that, hero. I have never seen men of your form, and of your colour, coming home to this dwelling, and I have never seen men, a

lc/

mi daoine bu docha leam greim d'am feòil agus stolum d'am fuil na 'ur feòil agus 'ur fuil fhéin,' orsa ceannard nan amhusg. 'Ach innis fhéin a nis, òlaich, 'dé an t-aon a'bhhar mu'n do rinn thu dà ghlag mór gàire, agus mu'n do chàirich thu dà dhroll air a' chomhla?' orsa ceannard nan amhusg. 'An ta, innsidh mi sin duit; chan fhaca mi riamh air talamh nam beò, no 'n comhlan nam marbh, no do shluagh coitcheann an t-saoghail a b' fhearr leam na sibh féin an so, amh-
 huisg, a chur a' chinn dìbh cruinn cearta comhla.' Agus dh'éirich Naois 'na sheasamh mór agus rug e air an amhusg bu mhotha ceann agus bu chaoile casan, agus shlacanaich e orra shìos agus shuas, thall agus a bhos, agus ~~m' an d' thainig~~ móran ùine cha d'fhag e amhusg beò. Ghlan iad an sin an àrach daibh fhéin agus chuir iad a suas an gealbhan greadhnach

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mouthful of whose flesh and a drop of whose blood I would like so well as your own flesh and your own blood,' said the commander of the mercenaries. 'But tell thou now, hero, why laughed thou the two loud laughs, and why placed thou the two bars on the door?' said the head man of the mercenaries. 'Well, I will tell thee that,' said Naoise. 'I have not seen in the land of the living, nor in the company of the dead, nor among the general people of the world, those whom I would prefer to yourselves here, mercenary, to knock off your heads completely, directly, and together.' And Naoise rose in his great standing, and he seized the mercenary of biggest head and of slenderest shanks, and he beat upon them up and down, on this side and on that, and before long he left not a mercenary alive. Then they cleaned the house for themselves, and

a) grìosaich, agus bha iad dòigheil gu leòir ga madainn.

taigh

#

a!

Ach bha am fear a bha shuas a' gabhail fadachd nach robh e faighinn fios a nìos cia mar bha dol daibh sìos an tìgh nan amhusg. 'Falbh thusa sìos, a mhuime,' orsa Conachar, 'agus faic am bheil a dreach agus a tuar fhéin air Deirdire agus feuch am bheil i mar bha i an uair a dh'fhàg i mise. Ma tha, bheir mise mach Deirdire le faobhar lann agus le rinn claidhimh a dh'aindeoin na Féinne d'am feobhas; ach mur a bheil, bitheadh i aig Naois mac Uisne dha fhéin.' Chaidh a' mhuime sìos gu àrach nan amhusg far an robh Clann Uisne agus Deirdire tàmh. Cha robh dòigh no innleachd aice air sealltainn air Deirdire ach troimh tholl bheag a' bhigire a bha air comhla an doruis. Sheall am boirionnach a stìgh troimh tholl a' bhigire agus thill i dachaidh far an robh Conachar. 'Seadh, a mhuime,

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staigh

a!

raised the bright and blazing fire, and they were comfortable enough till morning.

But the man who was up was becoming impatient that he was not getting word up how they were faring down in the house of the mercenaries. 'Go thou down, foster-mother,' said he, 'and see if her own bloom and beauty are still upon Deirdire, and if she is what she was when she went away from me. If so, I will win Deirdire at the edge of the lance and by the point of the sword, despite the Feinne at their best; but if not, be she Naoise's own.' The foster-mother went down to the quarters of the mercenaries, where the Clann Uisne and Deirdire dwelt. She had no way or device of looking at Deirdire but through the small chicken-hole on the door. The woman gazed through the chicken-hole, and she returned home to Conachar. 'Well,

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cia mar tha i coimhead? no bheil a dreach agus a tuar fhéin air Deirdire?' orsa Conachar. 'Tha bhlàth agus a' bhuil gur ann air iomairt agus air anradh a bha gràdh mo chridhe agus sùgh mo chéille bho 'n a dh' fhalbh i; cha mhór a tha d' a dealbh no d' a dreach fhéin air Deirdire a' nochd,' ors' a' mhuime. 'Chan fhuilear leam dearbhadh eile air a sin fhathast m' an téid mi g'a leigeil seachad. Falbh thusa, a Ghealbhan Ghreadhnaich, a mhic rìgh Lochlainn, a sìos, agus thoir brath a nìos thugam-sa (s' am bheil a dreach agus a dealbh fhéin air Deirdire. Ma tha, bheir mise mach i le faobhar lainn agus le rinn claidhimh; agus mur bheil, bitheadh i aig Naois mac Uisne dha fhéin,' orsa Conachar.

Chaidh an Gealbhan Greadhnach, greannar, mac Rìgh Lochlainn, a sìos gu àrach nan amhusg far an robh Clann Uisne agus Deirdire tàmh.

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thugam-sa 's)

foster-mother, and how now does she look? or are her own bloom and beauty still upon Deirdire?' 'It is clear and evident that it is through suffering and sorrow that the love of my heart and the treasure of my reason has been since she went away; there is not much of her own bloom or beauty upon Deirdire this night.' 'I will need another proof than that yet ere I let her pass. Go thou, Gealbhan Greadhnach, thou son of the king of Lochlann, down, and bring me up information as to her own bloom and beauty on Deirdire. If they are, I will win her at the edge of the blade and the point of the sword; and if not, she may be with Naoise, son of Uisne, for himself,' said Conachar.

The gallant Gealbhan Greadhnach, the son of the king of Lochlann, went down to the quarters of the mercenaries where the Clann Uisne and Deirdire

a/ Sheall e stigh air toll a' bhigire a bha air a' chomhla. Am boirionnach sin ris an robh a ghnòthach, b' àbhaist di dol 'na caoire dearga teine ri linn do neach sealltainn oirre. Thug Naois sùil air Deirdire agus dh' aithnich e gu'n robh cuideigin a' coimhead oirre cùl na comhla. Thug e tarrainn air aon de na dìsne geala bha air a' bhord mu choinneamh, agus sadar sud troimh tholl a' bhigire agus cuirear an t-sùil as a' Ghealbhan Ghreadhnach, ghreannar, agus a mach air chùl a chinn. Thill an Gealbhan a suas dachaidh gu pàilios Rìgh Conachair. 'Bha thu greadhnach, greannar, a' falbh, ach chì mi mì-ghreadhnach mì-ghreannar thu a' tilleadh. Gu dé so dh' éirich duit, a Ghealbhan? Ach am fac thus ise, no bheil a dreach agus a tuar fhéin air Deirdire?' orsa Conachar. 'An ta, chunnaic mise Deirdire, agus chunnaic mi gu dearbh i cuideachd, agus ri linn

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abode. He looked in through the chicken-hole which was on the door. That woman with whom his business was, was wont to go into glowing blushes of red fire when a person looked on her. Naoise glanced at Deirdire, and he observed that some one was looking on her from behind the door. He seized one of the white dice on the board before him, and he threw it through the chicken-hole and drove the eye out of the gallant Gealbhan Greadh-nach and out at the back of his head. The Gealbhan went back home to the palace of King Conachar. 'Thou wert cheerful and joyful going, but I see thee cheerless and joyless returning. What is this has happened thee, Gealbhan? But hast thou seen her, or are her own bloom and beauty on Deirdire?' said Conachar. 'Well, I have seen Deirdire, and I have seen her indeed too, and while I was looking

#|'na|
 domh bhith coimhead oirre troimh tholl a' bhigire a bha air a' chomhla, chuir Naois, mac Uisne, an t-sùil asam leis an dìsne bha 'na làimh. Ach gu dearbh agus gu deimhinn ge do chuir e an t-sùil fhéin asam b' e mo mhiann fuireach fathast a' coimhead oirre leis an t-sùil eile mur bhi ~~ch~~ chabhag a chuir sibh orm,' ars' an Gealbhan. 'Is fíor sin,' orsa Conachar. 'Rachadh trì cheud treun ghaisgeach a sìos gu àros nan amhusg agus thugadh iad a nìos thugam|sa Deirdire agus marbhadh iad càch.'

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 'Tha an tòrachd a' tighinn,' orsa Deirdire. 'Théid mi fhéin a mach agus caisgidh mi an tòrachd,' orsa Naois. 'Cha tu théid a mach ach mise,' ors' am Boinne Borb, mac Fhearchair 'ic Ró; 'is ann rium a dh' earb m'athair gun bheud, gun bhaoghal a leigeadh oirbh ri linn dha fhéin a dhol dachaidh.' Agus chaidh am Boinne Borb a mach

fíor

at her through the chicken-hole that was on the door, Naoise, the son of Uisne, put the eye out of me with the dice which was in his hand. But of a truth and verity, though he drove the eye itself out of me, I would fain have continued to gaze at her with the other eye had it not been for the hurry you put on me.' 'That is true,' said Conachar. 'Let three hundred mighty heroes of valour go down to the quarters of the mercenaries, and let them bring me up Deirdire, and kill the others.'

'The pursuit is coming,' said Deirdire. 'I myself will go out and check the pursuit,' said Naoise. 'It is not thou but I who will go out,' said Boinne Borb, the son of Fearachar, the son of Ro. 'It was to me that my father entrusted not to let injury or danger on you when he himself went home.' And the Boinne Borb went out, and

agus mharbh e trian dhe na gaisgich. Thàinig an rìgh a mach agus dh'èubh e shuas, 'Cò sud shìos air a' bhlar, a' dèanamh àr air mo chuid daoine?' 'Tha mise, am Boinne Borb, ciad mhac Fhearchair 'ic Ró.' 'Thug mi drochaid ~~(tricha eet)~~ shaor do d' sheanair, drochaid ~~(tricha eet)~~ shaor do d' athair, agus bheir mi drochaid ~~(tricha eet)~~ shaor duit fhéin cuideachd, agus thig a nall air an làimh so dhìom a' nochd,' ors' an Conachar. 'An ta, gabhaidh mi sin,' agus cuirear am Boinne Borb an car tuathal deth agus rachar a null air làimh an rìgh. 'Chaidh am fear ud a null air làimh an rìgh,' orsa Deirdire. 'Chaidh, ach rinn e feum math mu'n d'fhalbh e,' orsa Naois.

Dh'òrdnich an sin an Conachar trì cheud làn ghaisgeach a sìos gu àros nan amhusg, agus Deirdire thoir a nìos agus càch a mharbhadh. 'Tha an tòrachd a' tighinn,' orsa Deirdire.

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he killed a third of the warriors. The king came out, and he called from above, 'Who is that down on the plain slaying my people?' '~~I am~~ the Boinne Borb, the first son of Fearachar, the son of Ro.' 'I gave a free cantred (of land) to thy grandfather, a free cantred to thy father, and I will give a free cantred to thyself too, and come over on this hand of me to-night,' said the Conachar. 'Well, I will take that from you,' and the Boinne Borb turned wither-shins, and went over to the hand of the king. 'That man is gone over to the hand of the king,' said Deirdire. 'He has gone, but he performed good work before he went,' said Naoise.

Then Conachar ordered three hundred full warriors down to the quarters of the mercenaries to bring up Deirdire, and to kill the others. 'The pursuit is coming,' said Deirdire. 'It is,'

c'g am, /

(c'g am, the Boinne)

‘Tha,’ orsa Naois, ‘ach théid mi fhéin a mach agus caisgidh mi an tòrachd.’
 ‘Cha tu théid a mach ach mise,’ ors’ an Cuilinn Cruaidh, mac Fhearchair ‘ic Ró; ‘is ann rium a dh’earb m’athair gun bheud, gun bhaoghal a leigeadh oirbh an uair a dh’fhalbh e fhéin dachaidh.’ Agus chaidh an Cuilinn Cruaidh a mach agus mharbh e dà thrìan na cuideachd. Thàinig an Conachar a mach agus dh’eubh e shuas, ‘Cò sud shìos air a’ bhlàr a’ dèanamh àr air mo chuid daoine?’ ‘Tha mise an Cuilinn Cruaidh, dara mac Fhearchair ‘ic Ró.’ ‘Thug mi drochaid (~~trìcha cè~~) shaor dha d’ sheanair, drochaid (~~trìcha cè~~) shaor dha d’ athair, drochaid (~~trìcha cè~~) shaor dha d’ bhràthair, agus bheir mi drochaid (~~trìcha cè~~) shaor dhuit fhéin cuideachd agus thig a nall air an làimh so dhìom a nochd,’ ors’ an Conachar. ‘An ta, gabhaidh mi sin,’ ors’ an Cuilinn Cruaidh, agus

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said Naoise, 'but I myself will go out and check the pursuit.' 'It is not thou but I who will go out,' said the Cuilinn Cruaidh, the son of Fearachar, the son of Ro; 'it was to me that my father entrusted to allow no mishap or danger to you when he himself went home.' And the Cuilinn Cruaidh went out and he killed two-thirds of the company. Conachar came out and he called from above, 'Who is that down on the plain slaying my people?' '~~I am~~ the Cuilinn Cruaidh, the second son of Fearachar, the son of Ro.' 'I gave a free cantred to thy grandfather, a free cantred to thy father, a free cantred to thy brother, and I will give a free cantred to thyself too, and come over on this hand of me to-night,' said Conachar. 'Well, I will take that,' said the Cuilinn Cruaidh; and he went over to the hand of the king. 'That man

'I am, /

'I am, the Cuilinn

(gaisgich mun d'fhalbh)

ghabh e null air làimh an rìgh.
'Chaidh am fear ud a null air taobh
an rìgh,' orsa Deirdire. 'Chaidh,' orsa
Naois, 'ach rinn e gnìomh gaisgich ~~an~~ mun
~~an~~ d'fhalbh e.'

a)
Dh'ordaich Conachar an sin trì cheud
lùth ghaisgeach a sìos gu àros nan
amhusg, agus Deirdire thoirt a nìos
agus càch a mharbhadh. 'Tha an
tòrachd a' tighinn,' orsa Deirdire. 'Tha,
ach théid mi fhéin a mach agus caisgidh
mi an tòrachd,' orsa Naois. 'Cha tu
théid a mach ach mise,' ors' am Fiallan
Fionn; 'is ann rium a dh'earb m'athair
gun bheud, gun bhaoghal a leigeil oirbh
an uair a dh'fhalbh e fhéin dachaidh.'
Agus chaidh an t-òg ghallan ùr-allail,
ùr-fhearail, ùr-sgiamhach, le chiabha
leadarra, donn, a mach crioslaichte 'na
arm-chatha chruaidh chomhraig agus
comhdaichte 'na chulaidh chomhraig
chatha chruaidh a bha gu liobha, liobh-
arra, loinnreach, lannrach, leusrach, air

#'na

has gone over to the hand of the king,' said Deirdire. 'He has gone,' said Naoise, 'but he performed gallant deeds before he went.'

Conachar then ordered three hundred strong heroes down to the quarters of the mercenaries to bring up Deirdire and to kill the others. 'The pursuit is coming,' said Deirdire. 'Yes, but I myself will go out and check the pursuit,' said Naoise. 'It is not thou who will go out but I,' said the Fillan Fionn; 'it was to me that my father entrusted to allow no injury or danger to you when he himself went home.' And the young hero, fresh-noble, fresh-manly, fresh-glorious, with his lovely brown locks, went out girded in his war weapons of hard battle, and clothed in his clothing of hard combat and battle, that was polished, gleaming, glitter-

am bu lìonmhor dealbh béist, ian agus biasd shnàgach, leigheann (?), leóghann, tìger, gnìomh-ìneach, iolaire dhonn agus seabhag shiubhlach agus nathair bheurach, agus chasgraich an t-òg ghaisgeach treas trian na cuideachd. Thàinig Conachar a mach an graide agus dh'èubh e le feirg, 'Cò sud shìos air urlar blàir a' dèanamh àr air mo chuid daoine?' 'Tha mise, am Fiallan Fionn, treasa mac Fhearachair 'ic Ró.' 'An ta, ors' an rìgh, 'thug mi drochaid (~~tricha eot~~) shaor do d' sheanair, agus drochaid (~~tricha eot~~) shaor dha d' athair, agus drochaid (~~tricha eot~~) shaor am fear dha do dhà bhràthair, agus bheir mi drochaid (~~tricha eot~~) shaor dhuit fhéin cuideachd agus thig a null air an làimh so dhìom a' nochd.' 'An ta, Chonachair, cha ghabh mi an tairgse sin uait no taing air a son. Is motha gu mór is fearr leam fhéin dol dachaidh agus innseadh an làthaireachd m'athar an treuntas a

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ing, brilliant, flashing, on which were the many figures of beasts, birds, and creeping things—*leigheann* (?) lion, tiger and griffin, brown eagle and swift hawk and deadly serpent—and the young gallant checked the third third (three-thirds?) of the band. Conachar came out in haste, and asked in wrath, 'Who is there down on the floor of the plain making slaughter on my people?' 'I am, the Fillan Fionn, the third son of Fearachar, the son of Ro.' 'Well,' said the king, 'I gave a free cantred to thy grandfather, a free cantred to thy father, and free cantreds to both thy brothers, and I will give thee a free cantred too, and come over on this hand of me to-night.' 'Well, Conachar, I will not accept that offer from thee, nor thank thee for it. Much more do I prefer to go home, and to tell in the presence of my father the heroism I have done, than any one thing which I could

taloned

ga
 rinn mi, seach aon dad a gheibhinn uaitse 'ga chinn anns an dòigh sin. Agus tha Naois mac Uisne, agus Ailleán agus Ardan cho cairdeach duit fhéin agus a tha iad domhsa, ged tha thu co tìtheach air am fuil a dhòrtadh, agus dhòirteadh tu m'fhuil-sa cuideachd, a Chonachair.' Agus thill an t-òg allail, fearail, sgiamhach, le chiabha leadarra, donn, a steach agus tùis dhealtraidh m'an ghnùis àluinn bu ghile 's a bu deirge snuadh. 'Tha mise a nis,' ors' esan, 'a' dol dachaidh a dh'innseadh do m'athair gu bheil sibhse a nis sàbhailt bho làmhan an rìgh.'

Agus dh'fhalbh am fiùran ùr, dìreach, deasarra, donn agus ciatach, dachaidh a dh'innseadh d'a athair gu'n robh Clann Uisne sàbhailte. Bha so ann an dealachadh nan tràth agus ann an dàil na camhanaich, agus thuirt Naois gu'm bu chòir daibh falbh agus astail ud fhàgail agus tilleadh a dh'Albainn.

receive from thee, especially in that manner. And Naoise, the son of Uisne, and Aillean and Ardan are as near of kin to thee as they are to me, though thou art so keen to spill their blood, and thou wouldst spill my blood too, Conachar.' And the proud, manly, handsome youth, with his beautiful brown locks, returned to the house, the dewy incense around the noble countenance of whitest and reddest of hues. 'I am now,' said he, 'going home to tell to my father that you are now safe from the hands of the king.'

And the young, straight, handsome hero, brown and splendid, went away home to tell his father that the Children of Uisne were safe. This was about the parting of night from day, at the delay of the morning dawn, and Naoise said that they should go away, and leave this house and return to Albain.

V

Dh' fhalbh Naois agus Deirdire, Ailleán agus Ardan, chum tilleadh do dh' Albainn. Chaidh brath a suas thun an rìgh gun robh a' bhuidheann air an robh e an tòir air falbh. Chuir an rìgh an sin fios air Duanan Gacha Draogh, druidhiche bha aige fhéin, agus thuir e ris mar so:—' Is mór am beairteas a chosd mise riutsa, a Dhuanain Gacha Draogh, a' toirt sgoil agus foghlum agus dia~~ha~~haireachd druidhiche duit, ged a tha iad sud air falbh uamsa an diugh gun diù, gun dìon, gun suim aca domh, gun chothrom agam air cur riù, gun chomas agam air an tilleadh.' 'Ma ta, tillidh mise iad,' ors' an druidhiche, 'gus an till a' chuideachd a chuir thu air an tòir.' Agus chuir an druidhiche coille rompa troimh nach b' urrainn do dhuine falbh. Ach ghabh Clann Uisne troimh 'n choill gun tilleadh, gun

Draogh d/

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V

Naoise and Deirdire, Aillean and Ardan, left to return to Albain. Word went up to the king that the company, of whom he was in search, had gone away. Then the king sent word to Duanan Gacha Draogh, a druid of his own, and he spoke to him thus: 'Great is the wealth that I have spent upon thee, Duanan Gacha Draogh, giving thee schooling and learning and the secrets of druidism, though those are gone away from me to-day without choice, without heed, without respect for me, without my ability to check them, without power to turn them.' 'Well, I will turn them,' said the druid, 'till those whom you sent in pursuit return.' And the druid placed a wood before them, through which no one could go. But the Children of Uisne went through the wood without turn-



tearbadh, agus bha Deirdire air làimh aig Naoise. 'Dé ga math sud, cha dèan e foghnadh fathast,' orsa Conachar; 'iad a' falbh gun lùbadh air an cas, gun chasadh air an ceum, gun diù aca dìomsa, gun mheas ac' orm, agus gun chomas agams' air cur riù agus mi gun chothrom air an tilleadh an nochd.'

a' #

a nochd

'Fiachaidh mise dòigh eile daibh,' ors' an druidh; agus chuir e fairge ghlas rompa air a' mhachaire ghuirm. Rùisg an triùir òlach iad fhéin agus cheangail iad an cuid aodaich air chùl an cinn agus chuir Naois Deirdire 'n a suidhe air bhac a dhà shlinnein.

'Shin iad an taobh ri sruth,
'S bu cho-ionann leo muir 's tìr,
An fhairge mholach ghlas,
Ris a' mhachaire ghorm mhìn.'

'Ge math sud, a Dhuanain, cha toir e tilleadh air na daoine,' orsa Conachar; 'gun diù aca dìom, gun urram aca

ing, without hindrance, and Naoise had Deirdire by the hand. 'However good that is it will not yet suffice,' said Conachar, 'they going without the bending of foot, without the turning of step, without heed for me, without respect for me, and I without ability to put against them, or power to turn them back this night.'

'I will try another way with them,' said the druid, and he placed a grey sea before them on the green plain. The three brave heroes bared themselves and tied their share of clothing behind their heads, and Naoise placed Deirdire on the bend of his two shoulders.

'They stretched their sides to the stream,
Indifferent to them was sea or land ;
The grey, shaggy sea,
Or the green, smooth machair.'

'Though that is good, Duanan, it does not turn the men,' said Conachar, 'they without heed for me, without respect

a nochd

domh, agus gun chomas agam air cur riù no an tilleadh a' nochd.'

'Fiachaidh sinn dòigh eile riu bho nach do chuir sud stad orra,' ors' an druidhiche. Agus reòdh an druidhiche an fhairge chorrach ghlas 'na cnapan carrach cruaidh, géiread lainn air an dara h-oir agus nimhead nathrach air an oir eile dhi. Dh'eubh an sin Ardan gu robh e fhéin a' fàs sgèith agus an anar toirt fairis. 'Thig thus, Ardan, agus suidh air mo ghuala dheis,' orsa Naois. Agus thàinig Ardan agus shuidh e air guala Naois. Ach cha robh e fada mar sin an uair a fhuair Ardan bàs; ach ged a bha e marbh fhéin cha robh Naois 'ga leigeadh as. Dh'eubh an sin Aillean gu'n robh e fhéin a' fàs fann agus an anar toirt fairis. An uair a chuala Naois an achuinge leig e osna ghoint' a' bhàis as, agus dh'iarr e air Aillean greim a dhèanamh air, agus gu'n toireadh esan gu tìr e. Ach cha robh Aillean fada

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for me, and me without ability to hinder them or to turn them back to-night.'

'We will try another way with them since that did not stop them,' said the druid. And the druid froze the grey, uneven sea into jagged, hard lumps, the sharpness of swords on one side of them and the venom of serpents on the other. Then Ardan called that he himself was becoming tired and nearly giving up. 'Come thou, Ardan, and sit on my right shoulder,' said Naoise. And Ardan came and he sat on the shoulder of Naoise. But he was not long there when Ardan died; but though he was dead, Naoise was not letting him go. Then Ailleán called that he himself was becoming tired and nearly giving up. When Naoise heard the confession he heaved the sore sigh of death, and he desired Ailleán to hold on to him and that he would bring him to land. But Ailleán was not long that

mar sin an uair a thàinig laigse bhàis air agus dh' fhàilnich a ghreim. Sheall Naois uaith agus an tràth chunnaic e gu'n robh a dhà bhràthair a ghràdhaich e cho mór, marbh, bha e coma co dhiùbh bhitheadh e fhéin marbh no beò, agus leig e osna ghoirt a' bhàis agus sgàin a chridhe.

'Tha iad sud seachad,' orsa Duanan Gacha Draogh ris an rìgh, 'agus rinn mise mar a shir thu orm. Tha Clann Uisne nis marbh agus cha chuir iad dragh tuille ort, agus tha a' bhar do mhna agus do leannain agadsa slàn, fallain.'

'A bheannachd sin agadsa agus a' bhuidh agam fhéin, a Dhuanain. Cha chall leamsa sin na chosd mi riutsa a' toirt sgoil agus ionnsachaidh duit. Tiormaich a nis a' bhaile agus feuch am faic mise Deirdire,' orsa Conachar. Agus thiormaich Duanan Gacha Draogh a' bhaile agus bha triuir mhac Uisne

Thiùbh

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way when the weakness of death came upon him, and his hold relaxed. Naoise looked from him, and when he saw that his two brothers whom he loved so greatly were dead, he cared not whether he himself were dead or alive, and he heaved the sore sigh of death, and his heart rent.

‘Those are now past,’ said Duanan Gacha Draogh to the king, ‘and I have done as thou didst seek of me. The Children of Uisne are now dead, and they shall trouble thee no more, while thou hast thy wife-to-be, and thy sweetheart, whole and hale.’

‘The honour of that to thee, and the gain to me, Duanan. I call it no loss all that I spent on thee in giving thee schooling and learning. Dry now the sea, so that I may behold Deirdire,’ said Conachar. And Duanan Gacha Draogh dried the sea, and the three sons of Uisne were lying together dead,

'nan

'na Cn laighe comhla marbh, gun deò,
taobh ri taobh air a' mhachaire mhìn
ghuirm, agus Deirdire crom os an cionn
a' fras-shileadh nan deur.

dh'an

Chruinnich an sin a' chuideachd
cruinn timchioll corp nan laoch, agus
dh' fheòraich iad dha Cn rìgh gu dé
dhèantadh ris na cuirp. Is e an t-òrdan
a thug an rìgh seachad an uair sin
sloc a threachailt agus an triùir
bhràthair a chur comhla, taobh ri taobh
anns an aon uaigh.

#'na

Bha Deirdire 'na suidhe air bruaich
na h-uagha agus i sìor-iarraidh air
luchd-treachailt na h-uaghach an sloc
a chladhach leathann, réidh. An tràth
chuireadh cuirp nam bràithrean anns an
uaigh, thuirt Deirdire:—

' Teann a nall, a Naoise mo ghràidh,
Druideadh Ardan ri Ailleán;
Na Cn robh ciall aig mairbh,
Dhèanadh sibhs' àite dhomhsa.'

Rinn iad sin. Leum ise a sìos an sin

:-/

without life, side by side on the green, smooth machair, and Deirdire bending over their corpses heavy-showering the tears.

Then the people gathered round the corpses of the heroes, and they asked the king what should be done to their bodies. It was the order that the king gave then to dig a pit and to put the three brothers together side by side in the same grave.

Deirdire was sitting on the bank of the grave, and she ever asking the people digging the grave to dig the pit broad and smooth. When the bodies of the brothers were laid in the grave Deirdire said—

‘ Move thou hither, O Naoise of my love ;
Close thou Ardan over to Ailleán ;
If dead had understanding,
Ye would make place for me.’

They did this. Then Deirdire leapt

anns an uaigh agus laigh i sìos ri Naois, agus bha i marbh r' a thaobh.

Dh'orduich an droch rìgh a corp a thogail as an uaigh agus a thiodh-lacadh taobh thall an locha. Rinneadh mar a dh'orduich an rìgh agus dhùineadh an sloc. Chinn an sin gath giubhais as an uaigh aig Deirdire, agus gath giubhais as an uaigh aig Naois, agus chuir an dà ghath snaim diubh os cionn an locha. Dh'orduich an sin an rìgh an dà ghath ghiubhais a ghearradh sìos, agus rinneadh so dà thurus gus an ~~d~~ thug a' bhean a phòs an rìgh air sgur d' an droch obair agus d' a dhioladh air slighe nam marbh.

snaidhm

a)

tug!

dh/

down into the grave, and she lay close to Naoise, and she was dead by his side.

The wicked king ordered her body to be lifted out of the grave and to be buried on the other side of the loch. It was done as the king commanded, and the grave was closed. Then a young pine branch grew from the grave of Deirdire; and a young pine branch from the grave of Naoise, and the two branches twined together over the lake. Then the king commanded that the two young pine branches should be cut down, and this was done twice, till the wife whom the king married made him to cease the bad work and his persecution of the way of the dead.

LAOIDH CHLANN UISNE
(LAY OF THE CHILDREN OF UISNE)

INTRODUCTORY

THE Lay of the Children of Uisne was taken down on 15th March 1867, from 'Domhull gobha'—Donald the smith, otherwise Donald Macphie, smith, Breubhaig, in the island of Barra. Donald Macphie was already an old man when I came to know him in 1865, but he was still a big muscular man of good form and features, and he must have been a handsome, powerful man when young. His nature was calm and kindly, while his memory was full of old lore and old traditions heard in his boyhood.

He had heard this poem from an old

man at Eoligearry, who had died long before I knew Donald Macphie.¹ He had heard it again from an old man who had gone to Cape Breton with his children and his grandchildren when the crofters were evicted from Grinn and Cliat in Barra. Donald Macphie said that many many books could have been filled in his youth with old tales and poems from the old men and women in Barra.

¹ This old man was known throughout the Isles as 'Dall Mor Eoiligearruidh'—the big blind of Eoligearry. He was *ceolaire*—musician to General Roderick Macneill of Barra, the last of a hardy, intrepid race. The man was blind from boyhood, but the loss of sight would seem to have strengthened and intensified the other faculties. The Dall Mor played with equal skill upon several instruments. He had a marvellous ear for old-world music and melodies, and a wonderful memory for old songs and hymns, most of which died with him when he died. The man was unlettered, and knew Gaelic only.

LAOIDH CHLANN UISNE

A Chlann Uisne nan each geala
Is sibh an tir nam fear fuileach,
Gu de e do bhi air 'ur n-eachaibh?
Na 'n cion-fath a ta 'g 'ur cumail?

Ta 'g 'ur cumail fada bhuainn,
'S gur ann leibh a chuirteadh an ruaig,
Do lannan bagairt 'ur namhaid,
Agus amhluadh anns a chumasg.

Ach chuireadh leibh 'ur long a mach
A chaitheadh a chuain gu h-eolach,
Bha Naos bu treise 'g a seoladh,
Agus Aille, maise nan ogan.

Bha Ardan bu deise 'g a stiuireadh,
Air freasdal dithist bhrathar iulmhor—
Tha ghaoth, gun eismeil ri sgeimh
A gleachd ri trillse grinne, reidh.

LAY OF THE CHILDREN OF UISNE

Ye Children of Uisne of the white steeds,
And you in the land of the men of blood,
What is it that ails your horses?
Or what cause does you delay?

That keeps you so long from us,
And that it is you who would force retreat
Upon the threatening arms of our foes,
And cause confusion in the combat.

But you have sent your ship afloat,
To traverse the ocean skilfully,
Naos, most mighty, was sailing her,
And Aille, most beauteous of youths.

Ardan, most deft, was steering her,
To the guidance of the two skilful
brothers—

The wind, which heeds not beauty,
Struggles with her smooth, lovely lines.

Cadal shul is beag a tlachd
 Dha 'n mhnaoi tha aca ri deoireachd,
 Mar tha 'n oidhche falach a boichead
 Tha Dearduil dubhach dubh-bhronach.

Dearduil thug barrachd an ailleachd
 Air mnathan eile na Feinne,
 Cha choimeasar rithse each
 Ach mar bhaideal air sgath na reultaig.

' Gu de fath do thurs' a bhean?
 Agus sinne beo ri do bheatha,
 Is nach aithne duinn neach d'ar buadhachd,
 An ceithir ranna ruadh an domhan.'

' Aisling a chunnacas an raoir
 Oirbhse a thriuir bhraithre bharra-chaoin—
 Bhur cuibhreach agus bhur cur 's an uaigh
 Leis a Chonachar chlaon ruadh.'

' Air chlacha sin, agus air chranna,
 Agus air lacha nan lianta,
 Agus air chuileana fiar an t-sionnaich,

.

Sleep of eyes is but little to the liking
 Of the woman whom they have weeping,
 As night conceals her loveliness
 Dearduil is sad with black sorrow.

Dearduil who excelled in beauty
 All other women of the Feinne,
 With her no other woman compares
 But as a cloud in the shade of the starlet.

‘What is the cause of thy grief, O woman?
 And that we live but for thy sake,
 And that we know none to subdue us,
 Within the four red bounds of the world.’

‘A vision which I saw yestreen,
 Of you, ye three all-excelling brothers—
 That you were gyved and laid in the grave
 By the wily red-haired Conachar.’

‘By these stones, and by the trees,
 And by the ducks upon the meres,
 And by the cunning cubs of the fox,

'Gu de bheireadh sinne 'n dail an laoidh ?
 Agus farsuinneachd fairg' a muigh,
 Agus a liu' cala, caol is cuan
 'S am faodamaid tarruinn gun uamhas.'

Cadal na h-og mhna ni'm bi faoin,
 Is diomhain bhi spairneachd ri gaoith,
 Loch-Eite nan sian bu chian o 'n iul,
 Agus Cona-thuil nan cranna-choill ura.

Cha tig soirbheas a deas, mo nuar !
 Cha 'n islich friodh na gaoithe tuath,
 Cha tig Naos air ais ri a re,
 Cha tog e ri bruthach an fheidh.

Ris tha Coigeamh a dluthadh,
 Is Conachar nan car na mhur ann,
 Agus an tir uile fo a smachd
 Anns na ghabh Dearduil a tlachd.

Bu shoinmheil le Dearduil an t-og,
 Agus aghaidh mar shoillse an lo,
 Air lì an fhithich do bha ghruag,
 Bu deirge na 'n sugh a ghruaidh.

‘What would bring us in the presence of the
hero ?

While wideness of sea lies before us,
And the many havens, straits, and oceans
To which we might draw without dread.’

Nor vain was the sleep of the maiden,
Useless it is to strive with the wind,
Loch Etive of the storms is far from their
course,
And Connel of the fresh forest-trees.

No wind shall come from the south, my grief !
The venom of the north wind shall not cease,
Naos shall never come back in his life,
He shall never ascend the hill of the deer.

To him Coigeamh¹ is nearing,
And Conachar of the wiles in his palace there,
And the country all is under his sway
Wherein Dearduil gave of her love.

Delightful to Dearduil was the youth,
Whose face was the brightness of day,
Of the lustre of the raven were his locks,
Redder than the rasp were his cheeks.

¹ See note.

Bha chneas mar chobhar nan struth,
 Bha mar uisge balbh a ghuth,
 Do bha chridhe fearail, fial,
 Agus aobhach ciuin mar a ghrian.

Ach 'n uair dh' eireadh a fhraoch is fhearg
 Bi' choimeas an fhairge gharg,
 B' ionnan agus neart nan tonn
 Fuaim nan lann aig an t-sonn.

Mar reodhairt a bhuinne bhorb
 Bha e 's an araich ri streup cholg
 Am facas le Dearduil e an tus,
 'S i 'g amhare bho mhullach an duin.

' Ionmhuinn,' ors' an oig thlath,
 ' An t-aineol bho bhlar nam beud,
 Ach is goirt le cridh' a mhathar
 A dhainead ri uchd na streup.'

' A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,'
 Do radh Naois bu tiamhaidh fonn,
 ' Ge fada bhuainn Alba nam Fiann,
 Agus Eite nan ciar aighe donn.'

His skin was like the foam of streams,
Like quiet waters was his voice,
His heart was manly and generous,
And gladsome, gentle as the sun.

But when arose his wrath and his ire
His likeness was the ocean fierce,
Like unto the strength of the waves
Was the sound of the arms of the hero.

Like the springtide's violent flood
Was he in battle at strife of swords
Where Dearduil saw him first,
And she looking from the top of the tower.

'Beloved,' said the lovely maiden,
'Is the stranger from the field of war,
But anguish to the heart of his mother
Is his boldness in the van of the strife.'

'Thou daughter of Coll of the shields,'
Said Naois of most melodious sound,
'Though far from us is Alba of the Fianna,
And Etive of the dark brown hinds.'

.
 ‘ Ach a Dhearduil is grinne nos,
 Tha do chomhradh air fas fann,
 Tha toirm nan stuadh agus na gaoith
 A toir caochladh air d’ uirighleadh ann.’

{ ‘ B’ ioma-ghointe mo chridhe ma m’ athair,
 Agus chrom mi gu talamh ’ga thearnadh,
 Ach chaochail ruthadh a ghruaidh,
 Threig a shnuadh agus a chaileachd.’ }

.
 Chaidh long Chlann Uisne air tir
 Fo bhaile mor Rìgh Conachair.

Thainig Conachar a mach le feachd—
 Fichead laoch ceann uallach—
 ‘ Is dh’ fhiosraich e le briathra bras—
 ‘ Co na sloigh ta air an luing so?’

‘ Clann air seachran a ta sinn ann,
 Triuir sinn a thainig thar tuinn,
 Air einich ’s air comraich an Rìgh,
 Tha gradh dilseachd ar cairdeis.’

.
 ' But Dearduil of kindliest mien,
 Thy speech has become weak,
 The noise of the waves and of the wind
 Is making change upon thine utterance.'

.
 { ' Much grieved was my heart for my father, }¹
 { And I bent to the ground to save him, }
 { But the ruddiness of his cheek changed, }
 { His colour and his feeling forsook him.' }

.
 The ship of Clan Uisne went ashore
 Below the great town of Conachar.

Conachar came out with forces—
 Twenty proud-headed heroes—
 And he demanded in words of wrath—
 ' Who are the people upon this ship ? '

' Children astray are we here,
 Three who came over the waves,
 On the truce and safeguarding of the King,
 Is the faithful affection of our kinship.'

¹ Though the reciter gave this verse as part of the story it seems probable that it belongs to another poem.

‘Cha chlann air seachran liomsa sibh,
 Cha bheirt saoidh a rinn sibh orm,
 Thug sibh uam a bhean am braid—
 Dearduil dhonn-shuileach, ghle-gheal.’

‘Eirich a Naois agus glac do chlaidheamh,
 A dheagh mhic rìgh, is glan coimhead,
 Ge nach faigheadh a cholunn shuairc
 Ach a mhain aon chuairt dhe ’n anam.’

Chuir Naois a shailtean ri bord,
 Agus ghlac e a chlaidheamh ’na dhorn,
 Bu gharg deannal nan deagh laoch,
 A tuiteam air gach taobh d’ a bord.

Thorachadh mic Uisne ’s a ghreis,
 Mar thri ghallain a dh’ fhas gu deas
 Air an sgrios le doinionn eitigh—
 Cha d’ fhagadh meangan, meur no geug
 dhiubh.

‘Gluais, a Dhearduil, as do luing,
 A gheug ur an abhra dhuinn,
 Agus cha ’n eagal dha do ghnuis ghlain,
 Fuath, no eud, no achmhasan.

‘ Not children astray are ye to me,
 No act of hero to me have you done,
 You took from me the woman in abduction—
 Dearduil the brown eyed, the surpassing fair.’

‘ Arise thou Naois and grasp thy glave,
 Thou good son of a king, goodly to see,
 Though thy comely body should get
 But only one round of the soul.’ [?]

Naois placed his heels to the deck,
 And he seized his sword in his grasp,
 Fierce was the struggle of the bold warriors
 As they fall on each side of her deck.

Overpowered were the sons of Uisne in the
 strife,
 Like three saplings that grew beauteously
 Destroyed by the blasting storm—
 Nor branch, nor bough, nor twig of them is
 left.

‘ Move thou, Dearduil, from thy ship,
 Thou fairest branch of the brown eyebrows,
 And naught to fear has thy pure face
 Of hatred, or jealousy, or reproach.’

'Cha teid mi mach as mo luing
 Gu'm faigh mi mo rogha athchuinge.

.

'Cha tir, cha talamh, cha tuar,
 Cha triuir bhraithre bu ghlain snuadh,
 Cha 'n or, cha 'n airgiod, 's cha 'n eich,
 Cha mho is bean uaibhreach mise.

'Ach mo chead a dhol dha 'n traigh,
 Far am bheil Clann Uisne 'n an tamh,
 Agus gu'n tiubhrainn na tri poga mine,
 meala
 Dha 'n tri corpa caomha, caona, geala.'

Ghluais Dearduil a' sin dha 'n traigh,
 Agus fhuair i saor a snaitheadh ramh,
 A sgian aige na leth-laimh,
 A thuagh aige na laimh eile.

'A shaoir is fearr ga 'm facas riamh
 Gu de air an toireadh tu an sgian ?
 Is e bheirinnse duit ga cionn
 Aon fhainne buadhach na h-Eireann.'

' I will not go out of my ship
Till I obtain my choice petition.

.

' Nor land, nor country, nor riches,
Nor three brothers of fairest countenance,
Nor gold, nor silver, nor horses,
Neither, or am I a proud woman.

' But my leave to go to the strand,
Where the Children of Uisne lie in their
stillness,
That I may print the three kisses smooth,
honeyed
Upon their three dear, beautiful, fair corpses.

Then moved Dearduil to the strand,
And there found a wright trimming oars,
His knife he had in his one hand,
His axe he had in his other hand.

' Thou wright, the best that ever was seen,
For what wouldst thou give thy knife?
What I would give thee in return
Is the one precious ring of Erin.'

Shanntaich an saor am fainne
 Air a ghrinnead, air a dheisead, air aillead.
 Agus thug e do Dhearduil an sgian,
 Rainig i leatha ionad a miann—

‘ Cha ghairdeachas gun Chlann Uisne
 O ! is tursach gun bhi ’n ar cuallachd,
 Tri mic rìgh le ’n diolta deoire,
 An diugh gun chomhradh ri uchd uagha.

‘ Triuir màghamhan Innse Breatuinn,
 Triuir sheobhag shliabh a Chuillinn
 Triuir da ’n geilleadh gaisgich,
 Triuir da ’n tiubhradh amhuis urram.

‘ Na tri eoin a b’ aillidh snuadh
 A thainig thar chuan nam bare,
 Triuir mhac Uisne an liuin ghrinn,
 Mar thriuir eal’ air tuinn a snamh.

‘ Theid mise gu aobhach, uallach,
 Do ’n triuir uasal a b’ annsa,
 Mo shaoghal ’n an deigh cha ’n fhada,
 ’S cha ’n eug fear-abhuilt domhsa.

The wright coveted the ring
 For its fineness, its beauty, its loveliness,
 And he gave to Dearduil the knife,
 She reached with it the place of her desire—

‘ There is no joy without the Children of
 Uisne,

Oh! grievous not to be in your company,
 Three sons of a king who helped the helpless,
 To-day without speech on the bank of the
 grave.

‘ Three bears of the Isles of Britain,
 Three hawks of the hill of Cuillinn,¹
 Three to whom heroes would yield,
 Three to whom hirelings would pay homage.

‘ The three birds of loveliest hues
 That came over the ocean of billows,
 The three sons of Uisne of pleasant mood,
 Like three swans on the waves floating.

‘ I will go joyfully, proudly,
 To the three nobles most beloved,
 My time behind them is not long,
 Nor coward’s death is mine.

¹ See note.

‘ Tri iallan nan tri con sin
 Do bhuaib osna ghoint’ o m’ chridhe,
 Is ann agam fein a (nach?) bhi’dh an
 tasgaidh
 Mur faicinn an saor caomha.

‘ A Chlann Uisne tha sud thall,
 Sibh ’n ar laighe bonn ri bonn,
 Na ’n sunhlaicheadh mairbh roimh bheo
 Shumhlaicheadh sibhse romhamsa.

‘ Teann a nall a Naoise mo ghraidh,
 Druideadh Ardan ri Aillein,
 Na ’n robh ciall aig mairbh
 Dheanadh sibhse aite dhomhsa.’

LAY OF CHILDREN OF UISNE 133

‘ The three leashes of these three hounds
Have drawn sore sighs from my heart,
It is I who would (not ?) have the treasure
Had I not seen the kindly wright.

‘ Ye Children of Uisne over there,
Ye lying together sole to sole,
If dead could lie closer for living
Ye would lie closer for me.

‘ Move hither, O Naoise of my love !
Let Ardan draw near to Aillein,
If dead had understanding
Ye would make room for me.’

NOTES

THE name Deirdire is variously given as Deirdre, Deiridire, Dearduil, Deurduil, Dearshuil, Diarshula, Deurthula. The form Deirdire seems to be confined to the tale, and the form Dearduil to the poems on the lady. In one form or another the name is impressed upon localities throughout a great length of country, from south Argyll to north Inverness, and probably even beyond this. Uisne takes the forms of Usna, Uisneach, Uisneachan, Snitheachan, and Sniothachan. Naois is spoken of as Naos, Naosna, Naosnach, Naoisne, Naoisneach with an open sound, and as Nīs, Nīse, and Nīs with a close sound. Aillein varies as Aille, Ainle, Aluinn. Ardan is not liable to much change. Lochness and the neighbourhood of Inverness are identified with Deirdire and the sons of Uisne. It is thought by some that they lived on the site of 'Caisteil Urchadain'—Castle Urquhart, at the mouth of Glen Urquhart, on Lochness.

The story speaks of Clann Uisne being able to kill the deer out of the window, and the salmon out

of the door of their dwelling. Castle Urquhart is one of several places connected with the tale in which this could be done. The old reciters spoke irregularly—some said 'Loch Naois' with an open sound, and some said 'Loch Nīs, Nīs' with a close sound.

Slightly south of Inverness was a small lake, which is now drained, called 'Loch Dhearduil,' while south-west of Inverness is a hill fort called 'Dun Dearduil.'

Loch Etive is in Argyll, a land greatly studded with fresh-water lakes, and as greatly severed with salt-water lochs. Loch Etive runs in from the sea for twenty-four miles, lying between hills all the way. It is supposititiously divided into two equal parts, called 'Loch Eite Iochdrach,' Lower Loch Etive, and 'Loch Eite Uachdrach,' Upper Loch Etive.

It is the most varied, the most storied, the most stormy, and the most beautiful loch in Scotland. Its two divisions differ greatly. Lower Loch Etive is wider and more varied, expanding here and there into broad bays, and projected into here and there by long peninsulas. On each side, between the edge of the water and the base of the mountains, runs a belt of arable land, irregularly broad, studded with trees and fields, houses and churches. In Upper Loch Etive the bases of the towering mountains on each side descend immediately down to the water. They continue thus for twelve miles to the head of Loch Etive, and for six miles more to the head of Glen Etive. Loch and glen resemble a

huge, deep railway cutting, through which the winds blow up or down during the years and the ages.

Loch Etive, Gaelic 'Eite,' 'Eitigh,' means wild, stormy, raging, and no name could be more appropriate here, for Loch Etive is the dread of men who have to navigate its dark waters in sailing vessels, from the suddenness, fierceness, and contrariness with which the whirling winds come down through the glens and ravines, and from the scarred mountain summits, moving everything that is movable in their path.

The district of Loch Etive is deeply identified with Deirdire and the sons of Uisne. The old people who lived on the sides and at the head of Loch Etive, in the glens which run back, some of them for miles, among the mountains, spoke much of Deirdire. I know of this from Duncan Macniven, who spent his long life as an itinerant teacher among these almost inaccessible glens, which were tenanted by strong, robust people of clear, retentive memories. Alas, hardly one of these native people is now left on the land—all having been cleared away.

Duncan Macniven said that when he was sent, while still a youth, to teach there, 'the people were big, powerfully built people of bone and muscle. The old people were full of old stories, and of old rhymes, many of them scarcely Christian, but very grand all the same. The stories and poems were about everything—the sun and moon and stars,

the beasts and birds and fishes, old feuds and battles and old cattle-raids. I was instructed to unteach these, and to teach the Bible and the Catechism. The people were most kind and most civil to me, and striving who would show me most hospitality. They listened politely to my Bible stories, but when I condemned their Pagan stories and poems about Ossian, and Oscar, and Fionn, and Cumhal, and Cuchulain, and their wild beliefs in the miracles of Calumcille and the other saints, the old people hardly disguised their impatience and resentment. I suppose, like most men who have, or think they have, a mission, I was more earnest than discreet, full of my own beliefs and importance, and intolerant of the beliefs of others. But the old people of those remote glens were grand people, with all their old faults and wild beliefs.'

They had many stories and poems about Deirdire, but they did not speak of her by that name, but as 'Dearduil,' or, more commonly, 'Dearshūla' or 'Dearthūla': 'Dearshulanighean Choluim Chruitire,' Dearshula, daughter of Colum the harper; 'Dearthula nan cneasa geala bu bhuidhe loinn na oir soir ghrein an t-samhraidh,' Dearthula of the fair skin, whose locks were more yellow than the western gold of the summer sun.

Dearshula was much mixed up with 'Clann Uisne nan each geala,' Uisne's Children of the white horses; 'Clann Uisne nam miol donna,' Uisne's Children of the brown hounds; 'Clann Uisne nam bogha brasa, bu leithne cleibhe na comhla dhoruis,'

Clann Uisne of the quick bows, whose chests were broader than door-leaves.

At the head of Glen Etive is a plain called 'Dail-an-eas,' dale of the waterfall. The waterfall is not much for the Highlands, the cascade being only a few feet high. From the foot of the fall the water flows a long distance upon a bottom of small boulders, bordered on one side by a perpendicular wall of rock, and on the other side by a natural bank of stones. A gentle declivity looks down on the waterfall, and on the clear crystalline water running on the boulders, and away down between the mountains and down the course of the loch. A spot upon this declivity is called 'Grianan Dearduil,' 'Grianan Dearshula'—the sunny bower of Dearshula. The remains of some building are indicated in the green grass of the slope. The old people of the place had a tradition—'gu'n robh grianan Dearshula air a thubhadh a mach le reang-roinneach nan glac agus le ruadh chriadh nam poll, agus air a linseadh a steach le giubhas nam beann agus le cloimh-iteach nan ian'—that the sunny bower of Dearshula was thatched without with the long-stalked fern (royal fern) of the dells and the red clay of the pools, and lined within with the pine of the mountains and the down feathers of birds. Here the deer of the hill could be shot from the window and the salmon of the stream could be fished from the door of the bower. The spot is most beautiful and the prospect most magnificent. The whole of this district was a royal forest, at

least as early as the days of the early Stewart kings, and there is reason to think that it was so even before their time. Dail-an-eas, Dalness, was the residence of the hereditary keepers of the royal forest and is still held by their descendant. Two Gaelic poets are intimately connected with Dalness—Alexander Macdonald, the greatest of Gaelic poets, is connected with it through his wife, who was daughter of Macdonald of Dalness. The Macdonalds of Dalness were known as ‘Clann Reamhair,’ ‘Clann Domhnuil Reamhair’—the fat clan, the clan of Donald the fat. They were a sept of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. Duncan Ban Macintyre, who excels all British poets, Gaelic or English, as the poet of nature, lived for some years at Dalness and within a few yards of Grianan Dearshula.

Near the middle of Upper Loch Etive and on the west side is a small bay called ‘Caitirle,’ and near it is a small island variously called ‘Eilean Uisne,’ ‘Eilean Uisneachan,’ the isle of Uisne, the isle of Uisneachan, and ‘Eilean Chlann Uisne,’ the isle of the Children of Uisne. Though these names still remain, the island is better known now as ‘Eilean nan ron,’ the isle of seals, because when a seal strays up here this isle is the only place in this part of the loch whereon he can rest and sleep. In this sunny bay of Caitirle there was an orchard famous from early times. It was known as ‘Garadh ubhal Chlann Uisne,’ the apple garden of Clann Uisne. Special trees in the orchard were known as ‘Craobh-ubhal Dhearduil,’ the apple-tree of

Dearduil ; 'Craobh-ubhal Naoise,' the apple-tree of Naoise ; 'Craobh-ubhal Ardan,' the apple-tree of Ardan ; and 'Craobh-ubhal Aillein,' the apple-tree of Aillein. The last of these trees became known as 'Craobh-ubhal Chlann Uisne,' the apple-tree of the Children of Uisne.

In Christian times the place became the property of the Church and of the priory of Airdchattan. In the time of the last prior of Airdchattan a violent storm occurred, driving the waters of the sea into Loch Etive, and raising the water of the loch to such an abnormal height that it overflowed the ancient orchard of Caitirle and the violence of the sea destroyed the ancient tree. 'Rob Pritheir'—Prior Robert, sent skilled men to prop up the tree, and brought a cargo of rich soil from Ireland to replace that which had been washed away by the sea. All efforts to revive the tree were unavailing, however, to the great regret of the whole surrounding district. 'Lann ubhal Chaitirle,' 'Craobh-ubhal Dhearshula,' and 'Craobh Chlann Uisne'—the apple-enclosure of Caitirle, the apple-tree of Dearshula, and the tree of Clann Uisne—entered largely into the old lore of the people of the place.

A little beyond the entrance to Upper Loch Etive on the west side are the remains of an ancient keep variously called 'Dun Bhanr'inn Eireann,' the dun of the queen of Ireland ; 'Caisteal Nighean Righ Eireann,' the castle of the Daughter of the King of Ireland. No personal name is now attached to these old ruins.

At the mouth of Upper Loch Etive, and on a point jutting well into the loch where the river Awe joins Loch Etive, is a height known to the old people as 'Dun Dearduil' and 'Dun Uisne.' No remains are visible now, though there are indications of a building having been there. The situation here is wonderfully fine, the point forming an extended spur of Ben Cruachan, which rises up behind. To the right is a long view of Upper Loch Etive running up between its mountain barriers. To the left is the river Awe, leaving Loch Awe through the dark haunted Pass of Brander. Right across the Awe at the foot is the land of North Lorn, with 'Coille Naois,' the wood of Naois, just in front, with 'Beinn Ardain,' 'Cruach Ardain,' the hill of Ardain, in the distance, and the farm of Ardanaidh to the left. Between Coille Naois and Beinn Ardain is a glen called 'Gleann Aluinn,' the glen of Aillein, and 'Tulach Aluinn,' the knoll of Aillein.

The ridge of mountains running between Loch Etive and Loch Crearan ends in 'Beinn Laoire,' and 'Beinn Laoire' ends in a precipice called 'Creag-an-iuchd,' corrupted Creagniuc, Creagneuk, rock of the angle, and 'Creag Bhail-an-righ,' rock of the town of the king, perhaps more correctly Bhalaire. On the summit of this precipice was a fort called 'Dun Bhail-an-righ,' the dun of the town of the king, perhaps more correctly Dun Bhalaire. Nothing now remains of this fort, the stones having been hurled over the precipice for the purpose of

building down below. In the neighbourhood of Dun Bhail-an-righ is Bail-an-righ, the town of the king, or Dun Bhalaire, the famed 'Barragobhan,' 'Barr-nan-gobhan,' the ridge of the smiths or armourers. George Buchanan, the greatest Latinist of his day, and a Gaelic-speaking man, Latinised many of the Gaelic names of the country, to the confusion of investigators, and he converted 'Barr-nan-gobhan' into 'Beregonium.' This place was known by many names—'Barr-an-righ,' the ridge of the king; 'Dun Uisne,' 'Dun Uisneachan,' 'Dun mhic Uisneachan,' and corrupted 'Dun mhic Smitheachan,' the dun of the sons of Uisneachan, Dun Dearduil; Dun Loisge, 'Dun Loisgte,' the burnt dun; 'Dun nan seachd Dun,' the dun of the seven duns; 'Dun Fhinn,' the dun of Fionn; 'Dun Banruinn Fhinn,' the dun of the queen of Fionn, corrupted by Hogg and other writers into 'Queen Hynde.' This place of many names is an isolated ridge on a wide plain by the edge of the sea. One end of the ridge abuts on a long strand called 'Traigh-li,' the strand of water, fresh water, from the wells and pools of fresh water immediately behind.

One of the two or three passes to the summit of the ridge of Barragobhan is called 'Bealach na Banruinn,' 'Bealach Banruinn Fhinn,' 'Bealach Banruinn Fhionnghail'—the pass of the queen, the pass of the queen of Fionn, the pass of the queen of Fingal.

Tradition says that Barragobhan was the seat of the Pictish monarchy of the west, and that it was

destroyed by fire from heaven because of its wickedness, and that hence the burnt stones on the ridge. Barragobhan was a vitrified fort, of which there were many throughout the Highlands, and of which there are still many remains. It is said that there were seven duns or forts on this ridge. Some of these are still traceable and their vitrified walls still visible.

The whole surrounding country is full of place-names of suggestive and reminiscent interest. There are still two tall monoliths and two huge cairns left untouched, but other pillared stones and other large cairns are known to have been carried away and used for building houses, dykes, culverts, and road embankments, purposes which have been fatal to antiquarian objects of all kinds, including churches, oratories, sculptured crosses, and sculptured tombstones.

Upon the southern slope of Beinn Laoire, near the ridge of the hill and near the site of Dun Bhallaire, is a green grassy spot—the site of an ancient burying-place. Nothing now indicates the place or the purpose of this spot. A lonely willow tree bent with the load of age and the wind of years grows solitary there. The last burial here took place about the middle of last century.

The situation of the burial-place resembles that of Cill Choirill, Lochaber; Cladh Chuirill, Cill Choirirlein, Glencreeran; Cladh Choirill, Muckairn; Cill Choirill, Lochawe, all dedications to St. Cyril of Alexandria.

The beauty of the situation on Beinn Laoire, its scenery, the variety of its associations, are probably unsurpassed in Scotland. Facing south and towards the left are Achnacrithe Beag and Achnacrithe Mor, the hereditary home of Clann an Leighe, keepers of the royal forest of Dail-an-eas, Dalness. This branch of the Livingstones were of the same family as those of Bachuil in Lismore, the hereditary keepers of the Staff of St. Moluag.

Adjoining Achnacrithe Mor is Achnamba, once the property of the Rev. Colin Campbell, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and to whom Newton offered a Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge.

Writing to Professor Gregory, St. Andrews, Newton said, 'If Colin Campbell comes to Cambridge he will make children of us all.'

Colin Campbell did not reside at Acha-nam-ba, but at Fearnach, across Loch Etive, where he had some charge of a collegiate school famous in its day. Beyond Achnamba is the priory of Aird-chattan, in the burying-ground of which is buried Bishop Carswell. The bishop is buried in a stone coffin outside what is now the kitchen fireplace of the Priory. Some years ago, while doing some repairs to the fireplace, a mason uncovered the sarcophagus. The skeleton of the bishop was whole, with all the joints in their places, and measured full seven feet. He is still remembered as 'Carsallach Mor Charn-asaraidh Tha coig cart na chasan.'

The big Carswell of Carnassary,
There are five quarters in his legs.

Upon a high ridge behind the Priory are the church and burying-ground of St. Baodan, the patron saint of the parish. A short distance away in Glen-Salach was a big ice-carried boulder known as 'Suidhe Bhaodain'—Baodan's Seat. The boulder was broken up and carried across the loch to build a house.

At the foot of Glen-Salach, by the edge of Loch Etive, is Inver-easragan, the birthplace of Margaret Campbell, wife of the Rev. John Macaulay and grandmother of Lord Macaulay, the hater of the Celt, but the intense Celt withal.

Across Loch Etive stands 'Cruachan Beann,' the mount of peaks. The names of the separate peaks are 'Meall nan Each,' 'Meall Copagach,' 'An Stob,' 'An Stob Dearg,' 'Meall a' Choire Ghlais,' and 'Beinn Bhuiridh.' 'Meall Cuanail' and 'Meall Tionail' are alternatives on the third, fourth, and fifth of these.

Upon the western base of Cruachan, Robert the Bruce and Macdougall of Lorn fought a battle. Macdougall was a friend, probably a relative, of Baliol, and admiral of the western fleet of England. The battle between Bruce and Macdougall was fierce and deadly. A part of Bruce's army took Macdougall in the rear. The Macdougalls gave way and fled across the bridge over the Awe. After crossing they tried to cut down the bridge, but failed, being too hotly pursued. They got to their ships, however, and sailed away to England. In passing Galloway some of the Macdougalls and their fol-

lowers landed there, and their descendants are still there under names more or less modified by time. After the battle Bruce went across to the Priory of Airdchattan, which had been built and endowed by Macdougall of Lorn. Here he and his followers held a council, the proceedings being in Gaelic.

West of the River Awe is Muckairn, a name generally supposed to mean the cairn of the boar or pig, but which is perhaps from *magh*, a plain, and *arn*, *airn*, a steep rocky projection rising from a plain or from water. A high rough wooded peninsula of this nature juts into Loch Etive, and is called *Rudha na h-airde*, but the older people call it *Rudha na h-airne*.

Muckairn is fine fertile land, gently sloping from the hills to the sea loch.

In the bay of Bunawe is a big ice boulder situated near low water. It is called *Clach mo Neasag*, the stone of my Nesag, and probably got its name from St. Nessag rather than from Nessa, the mother of Conachar, king of Ireland.

Westward from Muckairn is Fearnach, the seat of the collegiate school already mentioned, while still westward is *Cill-ma-Ruibhe*, an ancient burying-ground called after St. Maolruba. There are many places named after this saint, one of them being in Skye. An old man and an old woman from Skye happened to meet in New York. 'What place in Skye are you from?' asked the woman. 'From Cill ma Ruibhe; were you ever there?' said the man. The woman promptly replied:

'Cill ma Ruibhe mu'n iadh an cuan
 Camus-fionnairidh fuar nam beannd
 Robastan a choirc uaine
 Is truagh an nochd nach robh mi annt.'

Cill ma Ree, round which ocean curves,
 Camus fionnary cold of the mountains,
 Robastan of the green oats,
 Sad that I to-night am not there.

The two old people had been playmates before their fathers and mothers, with many more fathers and mothers, had been evicted and transported across the Atlantic Ocean.

Another saint—Ronan—is commemorated in Cill-mo-Rònaig before we come to Connel—Conghail—raging flood. Other names for Connel are 'Struth Laoire' and 'Luath shruth,' swift current. The name is applied to the rapids or sea waterfall caused by a reef of rocks lying in mid-channel between Benderloch and Lorn. The strait is narrow and is bounded upon either side by rocks. The water rushing from and to the open sea through this constricted passage causes a dangerous fall.

'Conghail nan cranna-choill ura.'

Connel of the forest of fresh trees.

Old men in the place said that there was a great forest of trees on either side of Connel, where now there are only great peat mosses. They said that *mòinteach mòr Acha na crithe* was once a great

forest of trees, and that the forest was burnt by foreign invaders. That the peat moss of Acha-na-crithe was once a forest is evident from the remains of trees underlying the peat. Moreover, the trees and moss are alike modern peat moss, the fibre of the moss being still flaky, undigested and unassimilated, and of poor quality as fuel.

A story is told in Lewis that a prince of Lewis was to marry a princess of Norway. Instead, he married a crofter girl of Barra. To revenge this slight the princess sent her witch to burn the woods of Lewis. This is the reason why there are no trees in Lewis, while remains of trees underlying assimilated peat are found all over Lewis.

West from Connel is Dunstaffnage, where once the Lia Fail had its resting-place. A local rhyme says :

‘Dun stuadh Sta’inis
An taobh tuath Lathurna
Bearnaraidh an iubhair uasail
An taobh iar Lios-moire.’

The gabled Dun of Staffnage,
Upon the north side of Lorn
Berneray of the noble yew
Upon the west side of Lismore.

The island of Berneray, with a tidal isthmus, stands upon the west side of Lismore. On the island was a great yew tree capable of sheltering, it is said, a thousand people. It stood upon the edge of a rock overhanging the sea. It is said that

Calumcille used to preach below the widely spreading branches of this noble tree. Calumcille said that whosoever injured the tree which sheltered him and his people would not be long lived, nor would his inheritance be lasting. When Campbell of Lochnell removed his residence from Lochnell, behind Oban, to Ardmucnis, the island of Berneray belonged to him, and he caused the yew tree of Columba to be made into a stair in his new dwelling. The new residence was burnt down twice—some say three times. The builder was not long lived, nor have his inheritors been prosperous.

The Pictish royal family of Beregonium were buried in the neighbouring island of Lismore. The place is known as 'Cladh nan rìgh,' 'Cladh nan rìghrean,' the burial-place of the kings, and 'Cill an t-suidhe,' 'Cill an t-suidhean.' There are many place-names throughout the country in which the word 'suidh' occurs.

A deep, wide ditch and a broad, high mound surrounded this circular burying-place. Somewhere in the earlier part of the eighteenth century a lady of the name of Macalpine died on the side of Loch Awe, Argyll. She was very aged and very greatly honoured throughout the country, and was said to be descended from the ancient Alpin kings of Albain—

'Sliochd nan rìghrìbh duthchasach,
Bha shìos an Dun Sta'inis,
Aig an robh crun na h-Alb' o thus,
'S aig am bheil duthchas fhathasd ris.'

Children of the native kings,
Who were down at Dunstaffnage,
Who first the crown of Alban owned,
And still have native right to it.

When this lady died, people came from Perth and Cowal, from Lochaber and from the Isles of the West to the funeral, travelling over roadless, mountainous land and over steamless, boisterous sea to do honour to the memory of the lady and of her race. The body was carried overland to the old castle of Dunstaffnage, and rested there, and then across the sea to ancient Barragobhan, and there rested again, and then over the sea to the rush- and fern- and thistle-covered 'Cladh nan righrean' standing within its mound and moat. Tradition describes the funeral as a wonderful sight from the great number of persons assembled. With the exception of an unbaptized infant, this lady was the last person buried in the place. Some sixty or seventy years ago the farmer who rented the land—described as 'duine burachail dona, gun churam Dhe, gun eagal dhaoine,' an ill, burrowing man without the care of God or the fear of men—removed the mound, filled in the ditch, tilled the place, and planted potatoes in the burial-place of the kings.

Eiteag is the titular divinity of Loch Etive, and her appearance is said to presage storm and disaster. When Eiteag is seen playing or heard shrieking no one will remain afloat—boats make for the comparative safety of the dry land. She is said to live in

Glen-Salach, a glen running up from the loch near Beinn Diurinish.

In Uist the Milky Way is called :—

‘Slighe Chlann Uisne.’

The way of the Clan Uisne.

‘Sliabh Chlann Uisne.’

Declivity of the Clan Uisne.

‘Sliabh Chlann Uisne

Nan cursair geala,

Is caoine beus

Na gleus na h-eala.’

Declivity of the Clan Uisne

Of the white coursers,

Of fairer carriage

Than the graceful swan.

In the Lay of Deirdire the Children of Uisne are called :—

‘Chlann Uisne nan each geala.’

Clan Uisne of the white steeds.

Tricha cét: the territory of a *tuath* or tribe. It was divided into thirty ‘hundreds’ (whence the name), and is represented in Ireland by the modern ‘barony.’¹ Otherwise, the *tricha cét* consisted of 30 *baile biataigh*'s (victualler's town), and each baile biataigh of 12 *seisreach*'s, a *seisreach* being the land laboured by a team of six. Thus the *tricha cét* contained 360 *seisreach*'s. In all Ireland

¹ So O'Curry, but according to Dr. Joyce there are 325 baronies, while there were only 185 *tricha cét*'s.

there were 185 tricha cét's, and as Ireland contains 20,819,928 acres, the average size of a tricha cét (including moor, etc.) would be 112,540 acres.

'Coigeamh, the Fifth' (of Ireland), here Ulster.

'The hill of Cuillinn,' mentioned in the Lay, evidently refers to the same place as 'Inis Cuilenn,' the island of Cuilenn, of which Professor Mackinnon says, 'An Irish variant gives *Rachlainn*, "Rathlin," for *Inis Cuilenn*, an island not otherwise identified' (Glenmasan MS. in the *Celtic Review*, vol. i. p. 113).

I have asked Dr. W. J. Watson to write down some things which he had told me, and he supplies the following notes:—

P. 136. The river Ness appears in Adamnan's *Life of Columba* (written about 700 A.D.) as flumen Nesa. The present-day Gaelic in Inverness-shire is *Abhainn Nis*. Nesa, the mother of King Concobar, was a water-goddess. Her name and that of the river have been referred to a root, *nad*, 'to be wet,' whence Sk. *nadi*, 'stream,' German, *netzen*. Dr. MacBain compares the river Neda in Greece, and Nestos in Thrace.¹

P. 136. 'Loch Dhearduil': the reference here is apparently to Loch Ardle, an old name revived by Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, and applied to his property on the outskirts of Inverness. It appears

¹ *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, xxv., p. 62.

frequently on record as the name of a barony. There is still a small loch.

P. 136. 'Dun Dearduil' is about seventeen miles south-west of Inverness, at the mouth of the Pass of Inverfarigaig close to Loch Ness. It is one of the most remarkable hill forts in Scotland, consisting of a small inner fort which is vitrified, and a large outer fort. It is perched on a lofty rock, with a sheer drop of about 100 feet on three sides. To connect this romantic spot with the heroine is but natural, yet it should be remembered that *deardail* signifies 'storm' (glossed *onfad*, *onfhadh*), and in view of the extremely exposed situation, the prosaic explanation 'Fort of Storm' is worthy of consideration. 'Deardail' is a variant of 'deardan,' storm (cf. Scots *dir-dum*?) It may be added that the old Irish tale derives Deirdre pointedly from the root of this word.¹

P. 136. 'Loch Etive' has been equated with 'Itis' of the geographer Ptolemy (c. 120 A.D.). The modern Gaelic is Loch-éite, older forms being Eitci and Eitche.²

P. 139. 'Grianan Dearduil': 'A rocky cone or end of a high hill commanding a romantic prospect in the farm of Dalness, Glen Etive, Argyle'—(MS. of James Macintyre, c. 1830). The 'grianan' or sunny spot may be the part of the peak last bathed in the sun's rays, in which case 'Dearduil' may mean 'storm,' as suggested for Dun Dearduil. In

¹ Windisch, *Irische Texte*, i. p. 68.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 2, p. 128.

Macfarlane's Geographical Collections, vol. ii. p. 563, a writer of the first half of the seventeenth century notes: 'upon the northsyd of Glenlyon, Grinendair-dyr, a hie steep hill.' The name survives as 'an Grianan' the beautiful pointed hill behind Cashlie.

P. 143. 'Dun Valarie': in current Gaelic *Dun Bhalaire*.



