

III. DUAN EIREANNACH.

Maelmura of Othain cecinit.

Let us sing the origin of the Gaedhel,
Of high renown in stiff battles,
Whence did the mighty stream of ocean
Waft them to Eri?
What was the land in which they originally lived,
Lordly men, Fenians?
What brought them, for want of land,
To the setting of the sun?
What was the cause that sent them forth
Upon their wanderings?
Was it in flight, or for commerce,
Or from valour?
What is the proper name for them,
As a nation,
By which they were called in their own country?
Scuit or Gaedhil?
Why was Fene said to be
A name for them?
And Gaedhil — which is the better,
Whence was it derived?
Although thou revealest it not to me,
But leavest me ignorant,
For thou art learned in the stream of history
Of the sons of Miledh,
Yet if God be willing, thou shalt have to-day,
Not to-morrow,
The order of the history of the sons of Miledh,
As it happened.
The royal son of righteous Noah, Japheth,
From him is our descent,
Of the Greeks are we, in our origin,
In our laws.
Of the most illustrious people that enjoyed
A bloody sovereignty
In this world of woe; from the rising of the sun
To its setting.
A valiant prince took dominion over the world,
The wide-spread, noisy world;
Nembroth his name, a man by whom was built

The very great tower.
Fenius came unto him out of Scythia,
Upon an expedition,
A man illustrious, wise, learned,
Ardent, warlike.
There was but one language in the world
When they met,
Twelve languages and three score
When they parted.
A great school was founded by Fenius, to instruct
In all knowledge,
A man deeply learned, who excelled
In every language.
A son was born to Faenius Farsaidh,
Who separated from him for ever,
On the building of the tower by the men of the world,
Nel, whom he loved.
News came to Forann
With great eclat,
Of Nel, son of Fenius, who knew
All languages of the world.
Nel was carried southwards to Egypt,
Heroes of dark blue weapons,
The daughter of Forann was given
Unto him afterwards.
The beauteous Scota bare a son to Nel,
After his arrival in Egypt,
A hero of a hundred fights, Gaedhal Glass,
Endowed with sovereign righteousness.
The Feni from Faenius are named,
Not small their renown.
The Gaedhil from Gaedhuil Glass are called,
The Scots from Scota.
In great peace were they with Forann,
And in great pride;
They recited poems in their assemblies,
They recited battles.
The hosts of the people of God Forann permitted
To go forth from him through fear,
He followed in their track fiercely
To the sea Romhuir.
Forann was drowned with all his multitude
Of mighty chariots
The people of God reached their own country,
The sea did not drown them.
The children of Nel raised Forann's ire,
So that they were sorrowful,

Because they joined not in revenge
Along with the champion.
But when Forann returned not
From his onward journey,
The people of Egypt were dreaded by the sons of Nel
Lest they should enslave them.
They seized the ships of Forann,
They deserted their country
And in the night time over the track
Of the Red Sea they passed.
They passed by India, by Asia,
The way they knew;
To Scithia, with noble might,
Their own country.
Over the surface of the Caspian sea they passed,
A faithful band,
They left Glas in Coronis,
On the Sea of Libis.
Sru, son of Esru, went afterwards,
He was without dejection,
Round by the gloomy north rapidly
To Slieve Riffi.
He settled in fiery Golgatha,
A noble deed;
There dwelt his descendants without disgrace
Two hundred years.
Brath, son of Deagath, performed
A royal journey,
From thence with great speed northwards,
To the north of the world.
It was then he passed from Gaethligh
To the islands;
Royal his fleet, ploughing the sea
Of sparkling Tarrian.
By Creid, by Sicil, they sailed
In their course,
By the columns of the mighty Hercules,
To Espain the peninsular.
The grandson of the red Deatha of the royal line,
Royal his companions,
Took Espain, the very great man,
The man Bregond.
Brigantia was the name of the city
Of an hundred chieftains;
The tower of Breogan, his delightful seat
On which he sat.
North-east from the tower was seen Eri,

As far as the land of Luimnech;
On a winter's evening was it discovered by Ith,
Son of Breogan, ruler of troops.
It was at Brentracht he landed
With the people of his household,
He was the first of his conquering tribe who died,
He died at Slemnaibh.
South-eastwards Ith is carried to Spain,
His strength being gone,
With might the sons of brave Miledh returned
To revenge him.
Donn, Colptha, Amergin of the white knee,
A hero mighty, wide-ruling;
Ir and Eber, Herimon,
The six sons of Miledh.
The son of Ith, Lugaid, the fair, the plundering,
Victorious, warlike,
Over the wide sea passed
To avenge his father.
The descendants of Breogan, ardent, vigorous,
As we enumerated them,
Blod, Corp, Cualgne, Righbhard,
Tighern, son of Brig.
There were also four and twenty plebeians,
Who were not proud,
To attend on the chiefs without fail
In the expedition.
I shall recite unto you all their names,
As I have received them,
After their enumeration; there were two of them
In attendance on each chieftain.
Aidhne, Aile, Assal, Mitte,
Morba, Mide,
Cuib, Cliu, Cera, Sair, Slan, Lighe,
Life, Line.
Ligean, Traig, Dollotar, Aire,
Nai, Dess, Aine,
Fea, who obtained a fertile territory,
Femin, Fera.
The sons of the fruitful Breogan decided,
It was done without deceit,
That these stout yeomen should be attendants
Upon the kings.
Cruithne, son of Cing, took their women from them,
It is directly stated,
Except Tea, wife of Herimon,
Son of Miledh.

Great labour did they all undergo
In every tumult,
With the wife of Bress, the wife of Bass,
And the wife of Buaighne.
They fought Banba at Sliebh Mis with her hosts,
Faint, wearied;
They fought Fothla at Ebhlinne, murmuring,
Eire at Uisneach.
The Tuatha Dea sent them forth,
According to the laws of war
From the firm land over nine waves
Of the broad sea.
Herimon went forth with half the host
In proud array,
Round the north (it was without sorrow),
To Inbher Colptha.
Donn went with the other half
In progressive order,
He died as he was sailing, without strength,
At the south of Irrus.
There was raised for him a cairn with the stone of his race,
Over the broad sea,
An ancient stormy dwelling; and Tech Duinn,
It is called.
This was his great testament
To his numerous children,
'To me, to my house, come ye all
After your deaths.'
At Inbher Scene they landed,
The story is not concealed,
The rapid great stream in which bathed
Fial, wife of Lughadh.
They spread themselves through Eri, to her coasts,
As is recorded,
They made an alliance with the Firbolg,
And with the sons of Nemhedh.
There were no charming, noble wives
For their young men;
Their women having been stolen, they made alliance
With the Tuatha Dea.
Unto them was given the half of all the land,
To the boisterous sea,
After this just and judicious league,
And after this alliance.
Herimon took the north
As the inheritance of his race,
With their antiquity, with their prosperity,

With their rights;
With its fortresses, with its troops,
Fierce, active;
With their rash fights,
With their cattle.
Eber took the south of Eri,
The order was so agreed on,
With its activity, with its power,
With its harmony;
With its victories, with its grandeur,
With its hospitality,
With its vivacity combined with hardiness
With its loveliness, with its purity.
Of the race of Herimon are the Lagenians,
Of fame renowned,
Leth-Cuinn, Conacht, Niall of the south,
Niall of the North.
The Fotharts, the Deisi, Mogh Lamha's race,
With the warrior of Cualgne,
The men of Dalriada, Corco-Rinne,
And Corco-Roeda.
The kings of the race of Eochaidh Doimhlen,
The pillars of his houses,
And the kings of Argiall, from Buichne
To Loch Febhail.
Fir da Ghiall, who dwell from Grian to Coradh,
Without contempt,
The good sons of Maine, Breasail, Fiachra, Dallan,
And Domhlen the faithfull.
Blackness, darkness, dimness, greyness,
The Fothads, the plunderers
Aendia, Trennia,
Coennia of chariots.
Corpre Arad, Arad Tire,
Arad Cliathach,
Latharn, Benntraighe, Ionmanaich,
Dal Finn Fiatach.
The families of Corpraighe and of Dartruighe,
Fertile is their territory,
A mighty host, victorious, the race of Herimon,
Son of Miledh.
The descendants of Eber are the Eoghanachts
In every place,
At Ani, Loch Lein, Caisel, Glendamaing,
And Ros-argaid.
Eochaidh of Raithlinne, without oppression,
Magnificent their apparel,

The Eoghanachts wherever they are found
In the lands of Mumhan.
The nobles of Dal Cais, Dal Cein the numerous,
Of illustrious valour,
Dal Mogha, Dal Corc, Dal Ceata,
The Galengs, the Delbhna.
The Tratraighe wherever they are found,
The Luighni are of the same race,
Lugaid-Lage, Liguirne,
And Mogh-Nuadhait.
The fame of the race of Lugaidh son of Ith,
As a great straight rolling wave,
The Ernai, Arbhraighe, Musca, Bascan,
Are the sons of Lugaidh.
Lughaid-Orcthe, Lughaid Gala,
Derga, Oen-aibhle
The King of Dun-Kermna, Berre,
Lughaid Laighde.
Eri is full of the race of Ir,
Son of Miledh,
Midir, Rudhraighe, King Fachtna Fathach,
With their warlike kinsmen.
Ciar with his foot-soldiers, Conmac with his
[...]

Of great wealth,
The Corca-Dallan, the Corca-Eoluim,
The Corcumruaidh.
Dal mBuain, Confinn, of powerful deeds,
Of fierce valour,
Mogh Roith, the protector, are all of the race of Fergus
The son of Ross.
The kings of the race of Fachtna, the Dal n-Araidhe,
Warlike, fierce,
The seven Laigse of Leinster the wealthy,
The seven Soghans.
The race of Conall Glas, son of Ech,
Spread themselves listlessly
To Magh Fothaid, to Magh Uisnigh,
To Magh Moghna,
To Magh Sulidhe, to Fernmaigh,
To Magh Macha,
To Inbher Buais, of bursting torrents,
To the land of Aiche.
Eocho Mairedha, the rebellious son,
Of wonderful adventure,
Who was overwhelmed in lucid Linnmhuine,

With the clear lake over him.
The heroes of the race of Righbard, son of Brige,
Of valour undaunted,
Corc-Oiche, humblers of the proud, without fear,
The noble Dal Selle.
Six tribes who are not of Breoghan's people,
Who hold lands:
The Gabraighe Succa, Ui Tairsigh,
Galeons of Leinster.
Fully have we made our Chronicle,
Who will criticise it?
It has its middle, and its beginning,
And its end.
It is certain to me that whatsoever I have related,
Since the first invasion of Eri,
There will be found to be nothing more true
Or more plain.
Sufficiently have we followed their true history,
Much more do we know.
The race of Bregon, as it is handed down,
From whence is their origin.

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