APPENDIX.

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I. OF THE MIRACLES OF CAIRNECH HERE.

SARRAN assumed the sovereignty of Britain after this, and established his power over the Saxons and Cruithnians. And he took to wife the daughter of the king of Alban, viz., Babona, daughter of Loarn, son of Erc. And it was not she that was married to him, but her sister, viz., Erc, daughter of Loarn, until she eloped with Muiredhach, son of Eoghan, son of Niall, to Eri, and she bore him four sons, viz. Muircheartach Mac Erca, and Fearadhach, and Tighearnach, and Maian.

And Sarran had issue by Babona; and there were begotten by them five sons, viz., Luirig, and Cairnech, and Bishop Dallain, and Caemlach; and he i.e. Sarran died after victory and after triumph in the house of Martin.

Luirig then succeeded to the throne, and he extended his power over the Saxons, and he forcibly built a fort within the precincts of the monastery of Cairnech his brother. Muircheartach Mac Erca happened to be at that time with the king of Britain, learning military science, after he was expelled from Ireland for having killed the Crossans, and after having been subsequently expelled from Alba, for having killed his grandfather, Loarn, king of Alba. It happened that he was at that time getting his arms consecrated by Cairnech, the son of his mother's sister; then Cairnech said to him, ‘Thou shalt be king of Eri and of Britain for ever, and shalt go to heaven after, provided thou canst but prevent Luirig from exercising his power against the Church.’ Then Mac Erca went to the king, and after he came he told his message, viz.: ‘Build not thy city’ (said he) ‘in the precincts of Cairnech the bishop.’ ‘As God is my judge,’ says Luirig, ‘I think more of the power of the pet wild fawn he has, than of his own power, or of the power of the Lord God whom he adores.’ Mac Erca returned to Cairnech, and told him the result. Great wrath suddenly seized Cairnech, et dixit, ‘My prayer to my Lord, to my God, is, that that very fawn may be the cause of his death, and by thy hand, O Mac Erca!’ Cairnech then commanded Mac Erca to go forth and destroy his brother, and he Mac Erca immediately took upon himself to fight him; and he went forth at the command of Cairnech to destroy the king. And God worked a great miracle there for Cairnech, viz. he sent a wild fawn out of the mountain into the king's assembly, and the host all went in pursuit of it except the king himself and his women. Et dixit Mac Erca, ‘If you had been just, my Lord, towards your cleric, it is certain that it would give increased happiness to have the royal robe on Luirig.’ Then Mac Erca thrust his battle staff into the king's side, so that it was balanced: and he returned to his cleric, and the head of the king with him, as a token; et dixit, ‘Lo, here is thy brother's head for thee, O Cairnech.’ Et dixit Cairnech, ‘Leave me the bone, and eat thou the marrow, and every third coarb shall be thine for ever, here and in Eri.’

Then he (Mac Erca) took the hostages and the power of the district into his own hands, conjointly with Cairnech, for seven years, as also the supreme sovereignty of Britain, and Cat, and Orc, and Saxonland.

And Mac Erca then committed an additional sin, that is, he took to himself the wife of Luirig, after many battles and conflicts with the king of France, to take his daughter from him, until at last the daughter fell into Mac Erca's hands, and she bare him four sons, viz. Constantine, and Gaedhal-Ficht (from whom descend the kings of Britain, and the kings of Britain-Cornn); Nellenn (a quo gens Nellan), and Scannal, the other son, a quo gens Scannail; i. e. it is in Eri the descendants of the two last are.

Now a great synod of the clergy of Europe was made at Tours of Martin, viz., three hundred and thirty-seven bishops, with the coarb of Peter, to meet Cairnech, Bishop of Tours and Britain-Cornn, and of all the British, to cast out every heresy, and to reduce every country to the discipline of the Church. And the chieftainship of the martyrs of the world was given to Cairnech, because martyrdom was his own choice. And Cairnech found thrice fifty bishops who made it also their choice to accompany Cairnech in pilgrimage, and that number went to Lien in pilgrimage for the sake of Mac Erca and Muiredhach.

Cairnech then set out to the Britons of Cornn or Carnticeon, and a city was built by him under ground, in order that he might not see the earth, nor the country, nor the sky; and he increased the strength and sovereignty of Mac Erca for a year, and he (i.e. Cairnech) came to Eri before him, so that he was the first bishop of the Clann-Niall and of Temhar (Tara), and he was the first martyr and the first monk of Eri, and the first Brehon of the men of Eri also. Now, after this the Franks and the Saxons made war against Mac Erca, and he destroyed their country and their cities after a long contest; and the country and the power of the territories adjacent to him were also destroyed by the greatness of his power and of his strength; and after this he came with a large fleet to take the sovereignty of Eri. He landed at Fan-na-long on the Boyne, where he burned his ships, from which circumstance comes the name of Fan-na-long; and he killed the provincial kings of Ireland afterwards, and took their sovereignty by right for ever, for himself and for his descendants. And then the power and strength of Britain was destroyed after him.

II. OF THE WONDERS OF ERI HERE ACCORDING TO THE BOOK OF GLEN-DA-LOCHA.

i. Inis-Gluair in Irrus Domhnann; this is its property, that the corpses that are carried into it do not rot at all, but their nails and hair grow, and every one in it recognises his father and grandfather for a long period after their death. Neither does the meat unsalted rot in it.

ii. Loch n-Echach; its property is: a holly tree that is placed in it for seven years, the part of it that sinks into earth will be stone, the part that remains in the water will be iron, and the part that remains above water will be wood.

iii. The well of Loch Con in Connaught; its property is, with regard to the lake that is near it, there are five feet in difference of height between them at all times. Whether the lake swells or shrinks the well imitates it in each change continually.

iv. The well of Gabhal Liuin in Oirghialla; its property is, that human hair upon which it is poured will become immediately grey.

v. The well of Sliabh Bladhma: its property is, if any one gazes on it, or touches it, its sky will not cease to pour down rain until mass and sacrifice are made at it.

vi. The well of Rath Both in Tir-Conaill: its property to every one who seeks it is, that if his life is to be long it rises up against him, and salutes him with a great murmur of waves. If his life is to be short it sinks down suddenly to the bottom.

vii. A well of sweet water in the side of the Corann; the property of that well is, it fills and ebbs like the sea, though it is far from the sea too.

viii. The carn of the strand of Eothail. It is not the less seen when the tide is full than when it is at low ebb, and notwithstanding that the tide rises over the large rocks on the beach around it to and fro.

ix. A stone in Loch na n-Onchon, in a mountain near Glenn-da-Loch; its property is, if it be struck with a wand by way of assault, rain will ensue, and sunshine after.

x. These are the three wonders of Teamhar, viz.: a youth of seven years of age begetting children;

and the grave of the dwarf which measured five feet for every one, whether small or large; and the Lia Fail, i.e. the stone which shouted under every king whom it recognised in the sovereignty of Teamhar.

xi. There is a mill-pond at Cluain-fearta Molua; its property is, the people who bathe in it at the neck of the pond become lepers: it injures not if entered in any other place.

xii. The grave of Mac Rustaing at Rus-Ech, in Cailli Follamhain, in Meath, no woman has power to look at without an involuntary shriek, or a loud, foolish laugh.

xiii. The children of Cailli Fochladh, viz., two daughters, Crebra and Lesra were their names; they spoke from the wombs of their mothers, and what they said was, ‘Come, O Saint Patrick! and save us.’

xiv. The descendants of the wolf are in Ossory. They have a wonderful property. They transform themselves into wolves, and go forth in the form of wolves, and if they happen to be killed with flesh in their mouths, it is in the same condition that the bodies out of which they have come will be found; and they command their families not to remove their bodies, because if they were moved, they could never come into them again.

xv. Great thunder happened in the time of Donogh, son of Donall, son of Murrough, king of Ireland, which killed one thousand and ten persons in the territory of Corco Baiscinn, and divided Inis-Fithi into three parts.

xvi. Three wonders at Clonmacnois. A man without a head during the space of seven years. Inte Bucuc was his name, i.e. Maltamain. The blind man who used to dive into the Shannon and bring forth an eel in each of the forks of his hands and feet. The grave which was dug in Cluain, and it was not known or heard that there was an interment there, and there was a great-bearded man found in it, covered with drops of red blood, and a covering of green birch brooms about him. Fifteen feet long was he, and there were thirty feet of earth over him.

xvii. Loch Laigh, in the territory of Umaile, in Connaght, ran off into the sea, so that nothing of it remained but its place.

xviii. Loch Leibinn changed into blood during nine days, so that it became sods of blood like unto parboiled entrails.

xix. A shower of blood was shed in the time of Hugh, son of Niall, so that sods of blood were found about Cianacht, at Dumha Dessa.

xx. The infant boy who spoke at Craebh Lasre in a month after his birth, and who disclosed many tidings.

xxi. On a certain day the poet Mac Coisi was at the Boyne, where he perceived a flock of swans; whereupon he threw a stone at them, and it struck one of the swans on the wing. He quickly ran to catch it, and perceived that it was a woman. He inquired tidings from her, and what had happened

unto her, and what it was that sent her thus forth. And she answered him: ‘In sickness I was’, said she, ‘and it appeared to my friends that I died, but really it was demons that spirited me away with them’. And the poet restored her to her people.

xxii. There are two wells in Airthera, to the eastward of Ardmacha. He who tastes of the one of them is immediately dead. If the other well is gazed upon three times, it immediately swells, and drowns the person who so gazes. Hence it is that people dare not touch them, except wretches i. e. the desperate alone.

xxiii. Congalacha, son of Mailmithigh, was at the fair of Taillten on a certain day, and he perceived a ship in the air. He saw one of them the crew cast a dart at a salmon. The dart fell down in the presence of the fair, and a man came out of the ship after it. When his head came down it was caught by a man from below. Upon which the man from above said, ‘I am being drowned’, said he. ‘Let him go’, said Congalach; and he was allowed to come up, and he went away from them, swimming in the air, afterwards.

xxiv. A certain pilgrim of the Gaedhelians happened to arrive at Torinis of Martin, on his way from Rome. There he saw his mother distributing milk and flesh meat to the poor of the Lord. He took away from her the cover of the muidh vessel which contained the milk, and she was looking for it in his presence. And the mother had not gone thither at all, but it was in Ros Ailither she made her distribution at home. And it was in honour of Martin she made it. And it was Cantighern, mother of Ua Dangal, son of Baethamhnas, that made the distribution. And he shewed the cover of the vessel to his mother in a year after his coming home, and she recognised it, and it fitted exactly her own muidh. So that it is manifest from this that every distribution of alms that is made in Martin's Cave is as effectual as if distributed at Toirinis of Martin.

xxv. The couple man and wife who are alive to the east of Clonard. Bablu and Biblu are their names.

xxvi. There is a stone in a church in Ulster whose practice it is to shed blood three days previous to a plunder of the church.

xxvii. The lake of Suidhe Odhrain, in Sliabh Guaire, migrated and went into the Fabhal.

xxviii. A great stone cross which was on the green of Slaine, in Bregia, was taken up into the air, and was shattered in the air, so that its shreds and fragments were carried to Tailten, to Tara, and to Finnabhair abha.

xxix. The well of Maell-Gobhann, in Leinster. The Deach-Fleseach the wand transformer is its name. Over the River Liffey it is. Its property is: the ash wand that is put into it is immediately made into a wand of hazle; and if it be hazle that is thrown into it, it will be ash at coming out of it.

xxx. A belfry of fire which was seen at Ross Dela, during the space of nine hours, and black birds, without number, coming out and going into it. One great bird was among them, and the smaller birds used to nestle in his feathers when they went into the belfry. And they all came out together. And they took up dogs with them in their talons, and they let them drop down to earth and they

dead. The birds flew away from that place afterwards, and the wood upon which they perched bent under them to the ground. And the oak upon which the said great bird perched was carried by him by the roots out of the earth, and where they went to is not known.

xxxi. The island of Loch Cre, in the territory of Eile. No female bird, or female animal, whether beast or man, dare enter upon it. And no sinner can die on it, and no power can bury him on it.

xxxii. The mill of Cille Cess in Osraighibh. It will not grind on the Lord's day, except for guests. And it will not grind even a handfull that has been stolen. And women dare not come into it.

xxxiii. The ducks of the pond of Seanboth of Colman. Though they were put by mistake of night, with the water of the pond, into a pot upon a fire, and although all the woods of the earth were burned under that pot, they would not be injured, nor would the water become hot.

xxxiv. There live not then, toads nor serpents in all Eri, and even though they be brought from other places unto it they die immediately; and this has been tested. Except the mouse, the wolf and the fox, there has not been, and there shall not be, any noxious animal in it. And it is temperate of heat and cold. The sea will come over it seven years before the day of Judgment. Finit. Amen. Finit.

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, Glendamain,
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.

IV. DUAN ALBANACH.

Of the Dalriadans, of whom we have lately spoken, we have no doubt of the truth of the little we have attempted of their origin and genealogy in this book. We set down, however, here an ancient poem of the history of the Kings of Scotland.

Thus it speaks, although it is defective in counting the kings in the last quatrain, and according to other accounts:

O all ye learned of Alba!
Ye well skilled host of yellow hair!
What was the first invasion — is it known to you?
Which took the land of Alba?
Albanus possessed it, numerous his hosts;
He was the illustrious son of Isacon,
He and Briutus were brothers without deceit,
From him Alba of ships has its name.
Briutus banished his active brother
Across the stormy sea of Icht.
Briutus possessed the noble Alba,
As far as the conspicuous promontory of Fothudan.
Long after Briutus the prosperous, the good,
The race of Nemhidh took it,
Erglan, after having disembarked from his ships,
After the destruction of Conaing's tower.
The Cruithnians seized it afterwards,
After they had come from the plain of Eri,
Seventy noble kings of them
Possessed the Cruithnian plain.
Cathluan was the first king of them,
(I tell unto you briefly),
The last king of them was
The brave hero Cusaintin.
The children of Eochadh after them
Seized upon Alba, after great wars;
The children of Conaire, the comely man,
Chosen men were the mighty Gaedhil.
The three sons of Erc, son of Eochadh the valiant,
Three who obtained the blessing of Patrick,
Seized upon Alba, exalted was their courage,
Loarn, Feargus, and Aongus.
Ten years was Loarn (it is known to fame)

In the government of the bounds of Alba,
After the generous, courageous Loarn,
Seven and twenty years reigned Fergus.
Domhangart, the son of noble Fergus,
Numbered for five turbulent years;
Twenty-four without a battle
Are assigned to Comhghall, son of Domhangart.
Two prosperous years without contempt,
After Comhghall, are assigned to Gabhran,
Three years five times without interruption,
Was Conall, son of Comhghall, king.
Four years and twenty in possession,
Was Aodhan, king of many provinces;
Ten years seven times, a glorious career,
Was the sovereignty of Eochadh Buidhe,
Connchad Cearr reigned a quarter, renowned in fame,
Sixteen years his son Fearchar,
After Fearchar (inspect the poems),
The fourteen years of Domhnall.
After Domhnall Breac, of the towns,
Conall and Dungall, ten years,
The thirteen years of Domhnall Dunn,
After Dungall and Conall.
Maeldun, son of Conall, of forays,
Reigned seventeen years legitimately,
Fearchair the Long, behold thou
Passed one year over twenty.
The two years of Eochadh of steeds,
He was the brave king of royal mansions;
For one year was king afterwards
Aincheallach the Good, son of Fearchair.
The seven years of Dungal the impetuous,
And four to Alpin,
The three years of Muireadhach the good,
Thirty to Aodh, as supreme king.
Four and a score, not imbecile,
Of years Domhnall spent;
The two years of Conall of glorious career,
And the four of another Conall.
The nine years of Cusaintin the fair;
The nine of Aongus over Alban;
The four years of Aodh the noble;
And the thirteen of Eoghanan.
The thirty years of Cionaoith the hardy,
Four Domhnall of the ruddy countenance,
Thirty years, with his vigour,
To the hero, to Cusaintin.

Two years (hard was his complexion)
To his brother, to Aodh, of the white flowers;
Domhnal, son of Cusaintin the fair,
Reigned a year four times.
Cusaintin, brave was his combat,
Reigned six and two score years;
Maolcoluim four years;
Indolph eight, of supreme sovereignty.
The seven years of Dubhoda the vehement,
And four of Cuilen,
Twenty-seven over every clan,
To Cionoath, son of Maoilcholuim.
Seven years to Cusaintin, listen!
And four to Mac Duibh,
Thirty years (as verses mark)
Was Maelcolaim king of Monaidh.
The six years of Donnchad the wise,
Seventeen years the son of Fionnlaoich;
After Mac Beathaidh, the renowned,
Seven months was Lughlaigh in the sovereignty.
Maelcoluim is now the king,
Son of Donnchad the florid, of lively visage,
His duration knoweth no man
But the Wise One, the Most Wise. O ye learned.
Two kings over fifty, listen!
To the son of Donnchadh of royal countenance,
Of the race of Erc, the noble, in the east,
Obtained Alba, O ye learned.