

OF THE CRUITHNIANS INCIPI.

The Cruithnians came from the land of Thracia; they are the race of Gueleon, son of Ercal Hercules. Agathyrsi was their name. Six brothers of them came at first, viz., Solen, Ulfa, Nechtan, Drostan, Aengus, Leithenn. The cause of their coming was this, viz, Policornus, king of Thrace, fell in love with their sister, and proposed to take her without giving a dower. They after this passed across the Roman territory into France and built a city there, viz., Pictavis, called a pictis, i. e. from their arms. And the king of France fell in love with their sister. They put to sea after the death of the sixth brother, viz., Leithinn; and in two days after going on the sea their sister died. The Cruithnians landed at Inbher Slaine, in Hy-Ceinnselagh. Cremhthann Sgiathbhel, King of Leinster, said that he would give them welcome on the expulsion of the Tuatha Fidhbha. Drostan, the Druid of the Cruithnians, ordered that the milk of seven score white cows should be spilled in a pit where the next battle should be fought. This was done, and the battle was fought by them, viz., the battle of Ard-leamhnachta, in Hy-Ceinnselagh. Every one of the Picts whom they wounded used to lie down in the new milk, and the poison of the weapons of the Tuatha Fidhbha did not injure any of them. The Tuatha Fidhbha were then slain. Four of the Cruithnians afterwards died; namely, Drostan, Solen, Nechtain, and Ulfa. But Gub, and his son Cathluan, acquired great power in Eri, until Herimon drove them out, and gave them the wives of the men who had been drowned along with Donn, namely, the wife of Bres, the wife of Buas, &c.

Six of them remained as lords over Breagh-mhagh. From them are derived every spell, every charm, every sreodh, and augury by voices of birds, and every omen. Cathluan was monarch over them all, and he was the first king of them that ruled in Alba. Seventy kings of them ruled over Alba, from Cathluan to Constantine, who was the last Cruithnian that reigned. The two sons of Cathluan were Catinolodar and Catinolachan; their two champions were Im, son of Pern, and Cind, the father of Cruithne; Cras, son of Cirech, was their hero; Uaisneimh was their poet; Cruithne their artificer; Domhnall, son of Ailpin, was the first Gadelian king, till he was killed. First, Britus, son of Isacon, possessed Britain. The clan Neimhidh obtained it after Britus, that is after Glun. The Cruithnians possessed it after them, after they had come out of Eri. The Gaedhil possessed it after that, that is, the sons of Erc, son of Eochaidh.

Cruithnechan son of Lochit, son of Ingi, went over from the sons of Mileadh to the Britons of Foirtren, to fight against the Saxons, and he defended the country of Cruithen-tuath for them, and he himself remained with them i. e. with the Britons. But they had no women, for the women of Alba had died. And Cruithnechan went back to the sons of Mileadh, and he swore by heaven and earth, and the sun and the moon, by the dew and elements, by the sea and the land, that the regal succession among them for ever should be on the mother's side; and he took away with him twelve women that were superabundant with the sons of Mileadh, for their husbands had been drowned in the western sea along with Donn; so that the chiefs of the Cruithnians have been of the men of Eri

from that time ever since.

THE CRUITHNIANS who propagated
In the land of noble Alba,

With glorious illustrious might,
From what region did they come?
What cause also moved them
From the countries of war?
To traverse the waves over the floods,
In what number of ships did they embark?
How were they named before they came
To attain their sovereignty?
They were named from their own weapons)—
And what was the name of their country?
Thracia was the name of their country,
(Until they spread their sails,

After they had resolved to emigrate),
In the east of Europe.
Agathysrsi was their name,
In the portion of Ercal-Itbi
From their tattoeing their fair skins
Were they called Picts.
The Picts, the tribe I speak of,
Understood travelling over the sea,
Without mean, unworthy deeds,
The seed of Geleon son of Ercal.
Of them six brothers
With alacrity, unflinching,
For glory's sake set out;
The seventh [gt]was their sister.
Solen, Ulpha, Nechtain,
Drostan the powerful diviner,
Were their names and their order,
Aengus and Leithenn.

The absolute sovereign of populous Thrace
Sought their lovely sister,

(It was the cause of conflict)
Without gift, without dowry.
They came away with her, the good men,
From their lands, from their flocks,

A company of three ships in good order,
Three hundred and nine persons.
They stepped on land from the surrounding sea
Of France,—they cut down woods,
They built a city with their many weapons,
Which was named Pictabis.
Pictabis a Pictis
They named their city;
It remained a good and free name
Afterwards upon the fortress.
The king sought their sister
By battle fiercely,
And in consequence of his anger
They were driven upon the sea.

On the shore of the sea was shattered,
A ship, swift sailing, well manned,
There remained, as we know,
With her the sixth brother.
They were in Pictavia,
With success attaching to them;
Their name was renowned
At the place where Elair was.
They stole away thence together
In haste, under sorrow,
At the end of two tempestuous days,
Their sister died with them.
Passing by Britain in their voyage,
To Eri the delightful
They directed their course,
And reached Inbher Slaine.
They cut down the plundering host of Fea,
Who were aided by poison,
By their fierce deeds,
In the battle of Ard-learnacht.

The heroes valiant and numerous
Cut down knotty woods,
With wonderful arts;
From the Britons was their origin.
Dead was every one they struck,
If but his blood they shed,
So that he wasted away on that account,
Whether he were a dog, or whether he weren a man.
A Cruithnian Druid, of friendship,

Discovered a cure for those thus wounded,
New milk in which were washed
Those who lay wounded on the earth.
The herds of cows of the tribes were brought,
By just Cremhthann the headstrong,
Until the herd was milked
On the green of Ard-leamhnacht.
They cut down the troops of Fea, of sharp weapons,
Leaving them without tillage and without produce,

By their defeat in the battle
Cremhthan Sciathbel of horses was protected.
The Cruithnians settled themselves
On the lands of the three plains,
Until dread of their arms
Had seized the noble Gaels.
Soon after that died
Four of the noble brothers,
Solen, Neachtan, Drostan,
Aengus, the prophetic pillar.
From the south was Ulfa sent
After the decease of his friends;
In Rachrann in Bregia
He was utterly destroyed.
Cathluan was elevated by them,
(No despicable chieftain),

As king over them all,
Before they set out to another country.
For to them spake Erimon
That out of Eri they should go,
Lest they should make battle
For Teainhairm, as a possession.
Three hundred women were given,
To them they were agreeable,
But they were most cunning,
Each woman and her brother.
There were oaths imposed on them,
By the stars, by the earth,
That from the nobility of the mother
Should always be the right to the sovereignty.
They set out from Eri
On their oath-bound expedition,
Without families, without cavalry,
With Cathluan, son of Caitminn.

Catmolodor the hard-knobbed,
And Cathmachan the bright,

Were glorious youths,
The two valiant sons of Cathluan.
His hardy, puissant champions,
Heavy, stern, was their trampling,
Cing, victorious in his victory,
Im, son of Pernn, were their names.
Huasem was the name of his poet,
Who sought out the path of pleasantry.
Ruddy was his hero,
Crus, son of Cirigh Cetlim.
Cruithne, son of just Cing,
Attended to their courtship,
So that he brought a company of fair women,
Over Athmagh, over Athgort.
There remained of them behind in Ealga,
With many artificers and warriors,

Who settled in Breagh-magh,
Six demon-like druids.
Necromancy and idolatry, druidism,
In a fair and well-walled house,
Plundering in ships, bright poems,
By them were taught.
The honoring of sredhs and omens,
Choice of weather, lucky times,
The watching the voices of birds,
They practised without disguise.
Hills and rocks they prepared for the plough,
Among their sons were no thieves,

They prepared their expedition
Here at Inbher Boinne.
They passed away from us
With the splendour of swiftness,
To dwell by valour
In the beautiful land of Ile.

From thence they conquered Alba,
The noble nurse of fruitfulness.

Without destroying the people or their houses,
From the region of Cat to Forcu.
Cathluan gained battles
Without flinching or cowardice,

His onsets were not without fierceness,
Until he had slain the Britons.
Thus did they conquer Alba,
Noble, gentle-hilled, smooth-surfaced,
With many an Amlaff,
Down to Cinaeth mac Alpin,

For plundering known places,
And greens, without remorse,
For not practising inactivity,
For this are they called Cruithnians.
Fifty kings of plundering career,
Every one of them of the race of Eochaidh,
From Fergus, most truly,
To the vigorous Mac Brethach.
Six kings and six times ten
Of them who attended to bloody plunder:
They loved merry forays,
They possessed the sovereignty of the Cruithnians.

The Cruithnians who propagated.

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