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I. The Conception of Mongán.

Fiachna Lurga, the father of Mongán, was sole king of the province. ¹ He had a friend in Scotland, to wit, Aedán, ² the son of Gabrán. A message went from him to Aedán. A [5] message went from Aedán to him that he would come to his aid. He was in warfare against Saxons. ³ A terrible warrior was brought by them for the death of Aedán in the battle. Then Fiachna went across. He left his queen at home.

While the hosts were fighting in Scotland, a noble-looking [10] man went to his wife in his stronghold in Rathmore of Moylinny. At the time he went there were not many in the stronghold. He asked the woman to arrange a place of meeting. The woman said there were not in the world possessions or treasures, for which she would do anything to disgrace her [15] husband's honour. He asked her whether she would do it to save her husband's life. She said that if she were to see him in danger and difficulty, ⁴ she would help him with all that lay in her might. ⁵ He said she should do it then, ⁶ 'for thy husband is in great danger. A terrible man has been brought against [20] him on whom they cannot . . . , and he will die by his hand. If we, I and thou, make love, thou wilt bear a son thereof. That son will be famous; he will be Mongán. I shall go to the battle which will be fought to-morrow at the third hour, so that I shall save him, and I shall vanquish ⁷ the warrior before the

eyes of the men of Scotland. And I shall tell thy husband our adventures, and that it is thou that hast sent me to his help.'

It was done thus. When army was drawn up against army, the hosts saw something---a noble-looking man before the army of Aedán and Fiachna. He went towards Fiachna in [5] particular, and told him the conversation with his wife the day before, and that he had promised to come to his help at that hour. Thereupon he went before the army towards the other, and vanquished the soldier. And the battle was routed before Aedán and Fiachna. [10]

And Fiachna returned to his country. And the woman was pregnant and bore a son, even Mongán son of Fiachna. And he thanked his wife for what she had done for him, and she confessed all her adventures. So that this Mongán is a son of Manannán mac Lir, though he is called Mongán son of [15] Fiachna. For when he went from her in the rooming he left a quatrain with Mongán's mother, saying:

'I go home, ¹
The pale pure morning draws near: ²
Moninnán son of Ler [20]
Is the name of him who came to thee.'

Footnotes

44:1 As such he is enumerated in the list of the kings of Ulster in LL. p. 41 C.

44:2 King of the Scotch Dalriada (574-606).

44:3 As to Aedin's wars with the Saxons, see Reeves' *Adamnan*, p. 36, and Bede, *Hist. Eccl.* i. 34.

44:4 Lit 'if he were to see in danger anything that were difficult.'

44:5 Lit. 'with anything she were able.'

44:6 I read *dagné*, 3rd sg. of the present subjunctive with infixed pronoun.

44:7 *fes*, 1st sg. of the s-fut. of *fichim*, Lat. *vinco*. Cf. *fessaiter* .i. *fichfitir*, LL. 188 b, 6.

45:1 I take *daim* to stand for *doim*, date sg. of *dom*. f. = Lat. *domus* (gen. *na domo*, Rev. C. xiv. p. 454, l. 15). Or should we compare *dia daim i. dia deoin*, which occurs in Torhmarc Emire, Rev. C xi. p. 444, l. 38: *luid Cúchulind dia daim huadaib*, 'C. went of his (own) will from them'?

45:2 As to the construction of *dofil* with following acc., see Glossary.

II. A Story from which it is inferred that Mongán was Find mac Cumail, and the cause of the death of Fothad Airgdech.

1

Mongán was in Rathmore of Moylinny in his kingship. To him went Forgoll the poet. Through him many a married [5] couple was complaining to Mongán. 2 Every night the poet would recite a story to Mongán. So great was his lore that they were thus from Halloween to May-day. He had gifts and food from Mongán.

One day Mongán asked his poet what was the death of [10] Fothad Airgdech. Forgoll said he was slain at Duffry in Leinster. 3' Mongán said it was false. The poet said he would satirise him with his lampoons, and he would satirise his father and his mother and his grandfather, and he would sing (spells) upon their waters, so that fish should not be caught in their [15] river-mouths. He would sing upon their woods, so that they should not give fruit, upon their plains, so that they should be barren for ever of any produce. Mongán promised him his will of precious things as far as (the value of) seven handmaids, or twice seven handmaids, or three times seven. At last he offers [20] him one-third, or one-half of his land, or his whole land; at last (anything) save only his own liberty with (that of) his wife Breóthigernd, unless he were redeemed before the end of three days. The poet refused all except as regards the woman. For the sake of his honour Mongán consented. Thereat the [25]

woman was sorrowful. The tear was not taken from her cheek. Mongán told her not to be sorrowful, help would certainly come to them.

So it came to the third day. The poet began to enforce his [5] bond. Mongán told him to wait till evening. He and his wife were in their bower. The woman weeps as her surrender drew near and she saw no help. Mongán said: 'Be not sorrowful, woman. He who is even now coming to our help, I hear his feet in the Labrinne.' ¹

[10] They wait a while. Again the woman wept. 'Weep not, woman ' He who is now coming to our help, I hear his feet in the Máin.' ²

Thus they were waiting between every two watches of the day. She would weep, he would still say: 'Weep not, woman, [15] He who is now coming to our help, I hear his feet in the Laune, in Lough Leane, ³ in the Morning-star River between the Úi Fidgente and the Arada, ⁴ in the Suir on Moy-Fevin ⁵ in

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[paragraph continues] Munster, in the Echair, ¹ in the Barrow, in the Liffey, ² in the Boyne, in the Dee, ³ in the Tuarthesc, ⁴ in Carlingford Lough, in the Nid, ⁵ in the Newry river, in the Larne Water in front of Rathmore.'

When night came to them, Mongán was, on his couch in his palace, and his wife at his right hand, and she sorrowful. The [5] poet was summoning them by their sureties and their bonds. While they were there, a man is announced approaching the rath from the south. His cloak was in a fold around him, and in his hand a headless spear-shaft that was not very small. By that shaft he leapt across the three ramparts, so that he was in [10] the middle of the garth, thence into the middle of the palace, thence between Mongán and the wall at his pillow. The poet was in the back of the house behind the king. The question is argued in the house before the warrior that had come. 'What is the matter here?' said he. 'I and the poet yonder,' said [15] Mongán, 'have made a wager about the death of Fothad Airgdech. He said it was at Duffry in Leinster. I said that was false.' The warrior said the poet was wrong. 'It will be . . .,' said Forgoll, '. . .' ⁶ 'That were not good,' said the warrior. 'It shall be proved. 'We were with thee, with Find,' said the [20] warrior. 'Hush!' said Mongán, 'that is not fair.' 'We were with Find, then,' said he. 'We came from Scotland. We met with Fothad Airgdech here yonder on the Larne river. There we fought a battle. I made a cast at him, so that it passed

through him and went into the earth beyond him and left its iron head in the earth. This here is the shaft that was in that spear. The bare stone from which I made that cast will be found, and the iron head will be found in the earth, and the [5] tomb of Fothad Airgdech will be found a little to the east of it. A stone chest is about him there in the earth. There, upon the chest, are his two bracelets of silver, and his two arm-rings, and his neck-torque of silver. And by his tomb there is a stone pillar. And on the end of the pillar that is in the earth [10] there is Ogam. This is what it says: "This is Eochaid Airgdech. Cáilte slew me in an encounter against Find."

They went with the warrior. Everything was found thus. It was Cáilte, Find's foster-son, that had come to them. Mongán, however, was Find, though he would not let it be told.

Footnotes

49:1 Fothad Airgdech, also called Oendé, was one of the three Fothads, brothers, who reigned together over Ireland for one year (A.D. 284): see LL. 24 a, 29, 190 b, 10.

49:2 Forgoll seems to have been an overbearing and exacting *fili* of the type of Athirne and Dallán Forgaill.

49:3 In the barony of Scarawalsh, co. Wexford. Forgoll's statement perhaps rests on a confusion of this Leinster Dubthar with another Dubthar in Dál Aráide, mentioned in *Silva Gadelica*, i. p. 118, 30.

50:1 According to Hennessy (Jubainville, *Le Cycle Mythologique*, p. 339) the river Caragh, which flows into Dingle Bay, co. Kerry. O'Donovan, who gives a wrong nominative, Labhrann instead of Labrainne (F.M., A.M., 3751), supposed it to be the Cashen in the north of co. Kerry; but that would not suit. Cf. *tomaidm Fleisce 7 Mane 7 Labrainne*, LL. 17 b, 45.

50:2 This must be the name of some small stream between the Caragh and the Laune. It cannot be the Maine, the Irish name of which is Maing, gen. Mainge. If Máin stands for an older Móin, we have

here the Irish equivalent of the Gaulish Moinos, the German Main.

50:3 The great Lake of Killarney.

50:4 'The Ui-Fidhgeinte and the Aradha were seated in the present county of Limerick, and their territories were divided from each other by the river Maigge and the stream now called the Morning-star River.' O'Don. F. M., A.D. 666, note. Samáir has been corrupted into Camáir, now Camhairs, which means 'daybreak.' Hence the English name.

50:5 A plain in the present barony of Iffa and Offa East, south of Slievenaman, co. Tipperary.

51:1 Not identified. It should be in co. Kilkenny. One would expect the Nore to have been mentioned, which Cálite had to cross. Perhaps Echuir is an old name for the Nore.

51:2 Ruirthech, for *ro-rethech*, 'the strong running,' an old name for the Liffey. Badly spelt Ruirech by O'Reilly.

51:3 Níth, now the Dee in the bar. of Ardee, co. Louth. Cf. the river-name Nith in Dumfries.

51:4 Not identified. Perhaps the Glyde or Fane in co. Louth.

51:5 Not identified. Some river or stream in co. Down. Cf. Nid-nari, the name of a Pictish tribe in Galloway (Bede, *Vit. Cuthb.* c. xi.), and the Greek river-name Neda.

51:6 I cannot translate this passage.

III. A Story of Mongán.

Now once upon a time when Forgoll the poet was with Mongán, the latter at a certain hour of the day went before his [10] stronghold, where he found a bardic scholar ¹ learning his lesson. ² Said Mongán:

'All is lasting
In a cloak of sackcloth; ³
In due course thou shalt attain
The end of thy studies.' ⁴ [15]

[paragraph continues] Mongán then took pity on the scholar, who was in the cloak of sackcloth. He had little of any substance. In order to know whether he would be a truthful and good messenger, ⁵ he said to hint, promising him . . .: 'Go now,' said Mongán, 'until

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thou reach the fairy knoll of Lethet Oidni, ¹ and bring a precious stone which I have there, and for thyself take a pound of white silver, in which are twelve ounces. Thou shalt have help from them. ² This is thy journey ³ from here, to Cnocc Bane. ⁴ Thou wilt find welcome in the fairy knoll of Cnocc [5] Bane for my sake. Thence to Duma Granerit. ⁵ Thence to the fairy knoll of Lethet Oidni. Take the stone for me, and go to the stream of Lethet Oidni, where thou wilt find a pound of gold, in which are nine ounces. Take that with thee for me.'

The man went on his journey. In the fairy knoll of Cnocc [10] Bane he found a noble-looking couple ⁶ to meet him. They gave great welcome to a messenger of Mongán's. It was his due. He went further. He found another couple in Durna Granerit, where he had the same welcome. He went to the fairy knoll of Lethet Oidni, where again he found another couple. [15] They gave great welcome to a man of Mongán's. He was most hospitably entertained, as on the other nights. There was a marvellous chamber ⁷ at the side of the couple's house. Mongán had told him that he should ask

for its key. He did so. ⁸ The key was brought to him. He opens it. He had been told [20] not to take anything out of the house except what he had been sent for. He does so. The key he gave back to the couple;

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his stone, however, and his pound of silver he took with him. Thereupon he went to the stream of Lethet Oidni, out of which he took his pound of gold. He went back to Mongán, to whom he gave his stone and his gold. He himself takes his silver. [5] These were his wanderings.

Footnotes

54:1 *i.e.* one of Forgoll's pupils.

54:2 *Aiciucht*, from Lat. *acceptum*. Perhaps this refers to the tract called *Uraicept ma n-écsine*, which formed part of the first year's studies of the aspiring poet. See Thurneysen, *Mittelir. Versl.*, p. 115.

54:3 *i.e.* to a beginner it seems as if he would never reach the end of his studies. The cloak of sackcloth was probably the professional garb of the bardic student.

54:4 Lit. 'thou wilt reach according to proper order the sections (*dréchtu*) concerning *druimmne*.' The course of study was divided into *dréicht* or portions (see Thurneysen, *l.c.*, p. 115). According to one authority this course extended over 12 years, and in the last year certain metres were taught, which were called *druimmne súithe*, 'height (lit. ridge) of wisdom.' (See Thurneysen, *l.c.*, p. 119.)

54:5 *lit.* whether his journey would be truthful and good.

55:1 Not identified, so far as I know.

55:2 *i.e.* from the people of the *síd*, the fairies.

55:3 lit. these are thy journeys, the stages of thy journey.

55:4 'The name of a hill situated in the plain of Magh-Leamhna, otherwise called Clossach, in Tyrone,' O'Don. F.M., A.D. 111, note. Cf. Cnoc Báne la Airgiallu, LL. 24 a, S.

55:5 Not identified, so far as I know; but see Trip. Life; p. 311.

55:6 *sainredach* lit. special, seems sometimes, like *sain* itself, to have the meaning of 'specially fine, distinguished, excellent,' as in *inna cáine sainredchæ* 'of singular beauty,' Ml. 37 b, to. Or does it here mean 'a special couple,' *i.e.* separate, by themselves?

55:7 *airecol* n., borrowed from Lat. *oraculum*, has come to mean any detached house of one chamber; here it is a treasure-house.

55:8 Lit. it was done so.

IV. These are the events that brought about the telling of 'Mongan's Frenzy.'

1

Findtigernd, 2 Mongán's wife, besought Mongán to tell her the simple truth of his adventures. He asked of her a respite of seven years. It was granted. Then that period arrived. The [15] men of Ireland had a great gathering at Usnech in Meath, the year of the death of Ciarán the son of the Carpenter, and of the slaying of Túathal Maelgarb, 3 and of the taking of the kingship by Diarmait. 4 The hosts were on (the hill of) Usnech. A great hail-storm came upon them there. Such was its greatness [20] that the one shower left twelve chief streams in Ireland for ever. Mongán with seven men arose and went from the cairn aside, and his queen and his shanachie Cairthide, son of Marcán. Then they saw something, a prominent stronghold

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with a frontage of ancient trees. They go to it. They went into the enclosure. They go into a marvellous house there. A covering of bronze was on the house, a pleasant bower over its windows. Seven conspicuous men were there. Within [5] the house there was a marvellous spread of quilts and covers, and of wonderful jewels. Seven vats of wine there were. Mongán was made welcome in the house. He stayed there. He became intoxicated. It was then and there that Mongán sang the 'Frenzy' to his wife, since he had [10] promised he would tell her something of his adventures. It seemed to them it was not very long they were in that house. They deemed it to be no more but one night. However, they were there a full year. When they awoke, they saw it was Rathmore 1 of Moy-Linny in which they were.

Footnotes

57:1 lit. The occasion of Mongán's 'Frenzy' this here. *Baile Mangáin* or Mongán's 'Frenzy ' or 'Vision' was the title of a tale which is now lost; though one MS. (*H*) gives this title to the present tale. As to other tales called *Baile*, see O'Curry, MS. Materials, F. 385.

57:2 *i.e.* 'Fair Lady.' In the tale printed above, p. 46, 14, she is called *Breótigernd* 'Flame-Lady.'

57:3 According to the Four Masters these two events happened A-D. 538.

57:4 Diarmait, the son of Cerball or Cerrbél, became king of Ireland A.D. 539 (F.M).

58:1 Monggán's own palace in co. Antrim.

[The Conception of Mongán and Dub-Lacha's Love for Mongán.]

[Compert Mongáin ocus Serc Duibe-Lacha do Mongán.]

Cf. D'Arbois de Jubainville, *Catalogue*, p. 206. MS. Book of Fermoy, p. 131 a.

[25] 1. Once upon a time Fiachna Finn, son of Baetán, son of Murchertach, son of Muredach, son of Eogan, son of Niall, went forth from Ireland, until he came to Lochlann, over which Eolgarg Mór, son of Magar, was at that time king. There he found great respect and love and honour. And he

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was not long there, when a disease seized the king of Lochlann, who asked of his leeches and physicians what would help him. And they told him there was in the world nothing that would help him, save a red-eared shining-white cow, which was to be boiled for him. And the people of Lochlann [5] searched for the cow, and there was found the single cow of Caillech Dub (Black Hag). Another cow was offered to her in its stead, but the hag refused. Then four were offered to her, viz., one cow for every foot, and the hag would not accept any other condition but that Fiachna should become [10] security. Now this was the hour and the time that messengers came for Fiachna Finn, the son of Baetán, and he went with those messengers, and took the kingship of Ulster, and was king for one year.

2. One day at the end of a year he heard cries of distress in [15] front of the fort, and he told (his men) to go and see who made those cries, and to let the person that made them into the house. And there was the hag from Lochlann come to demand her security. Fiachna knew her and bade her welcome and asked tidings of her. 'Evil tidings I have,' said the hag. 'The king [20] of Lochlann has deceived me in the matter of the four kine that were promised to me for my cow' 'I will give thee four kine on his behalf, O hag,' said Fiachna. But the hag said she would not take them. 'I will give twenty kine on his behalf' said Fiachna. 'I shall not take them,' said the hag. 'I will give [25] four times twenty kine,' said Fiachna, 'twenty kine for each cow' 'By my word,' said the hag, 'if all the kine of the province of Ulster were given to me, I should not take them, until thou come thyself

to make war upon the king of Lochlann. As I have come to thee from the east, so do thou come on [30] a journey with me.'

3. Then Fiachna assembled the nobles of Ulster until he had ten equally large battalions, and went and announced battle to the men of Lochlann. And they were three days a-gathering unto the battle. And combat was made by the king of Lochlann [35] on the men of Ireland. And three hundred warriors fell

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by Fiachna in the fight. And venomous sheep were let out of the king of Lochlann's tent against them, and on that day three hundred warriors fell by the sheep, and three hundred warriors fell on the second day. and three hundred on the third [5] day. That was grievous to Fiachna, and he said: 'Sad is the journey on which we have come, for the purpose of having our people killed by the sheep. For if they had fallen in battle or in combat by the host of Lochlann, we should not deem their fall a disgrace, for they would avenge themselves. Give me,' saith [10] he, 'my arms and my dress that I may myself go to fight against the sheep.' 'Do not say that, O King,' said they, for it is not meet that thou shouldst go to fight against them.' 'By my word,' said Fiachna, no more of the men of Ireland shall fall by them, till I myself go to fight against the sheep; and if I [15] am destined to find death there, I shall find it, for it is impossible to avoid fate; and if not, the sheep will fall by me.'

4. As they were thus conversing, they saw a single tall warlike man coming towards them. He wore a green cloak of one [20] colour, and a brooch of white silver in the cloak over his breast, and a satin shirt next his white skin. A circlet of gold around his hair, and two sandals of gold under his feet. And the warrior said: 'What reward wouldst thou give to him who would keep the sheep from thee?' 'By my word' said Fiachna, '[whatever [25] thou ask], provided I have it, I should give it' 'Thou shalt have it (to give),' said the warrior, and I will tell thee the reward.' 'Say the sentence,' said Fiachna. 'I shall say it,' said he; 'give me that ring of gold on thy finger as a token for me, when I go to Ireland to thy wife to sleep with her.' 'By my word,' [30] said Fiachna, 'I would not let one man of the men of Ireland fall on account of that condition.' 'It shall be none the worse for thee; for a glorious child shall be begotten by me there, and from thee he shall be named, even Mongan the Fair (Finn), son of Fiachna the Fair. And I shall go there in thy shape, so [35] that thy wife shall not be defiled by it. And I am Manannan, son of Ler, and thou shalt seize the kingship of Lochlann and of

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the Saxons and Britons.' Then the warrior took a venomous hound ¹ out of his cloak, and a chain upon it, and said: 'By my word, not a single sheep shall carry its head from her to the fortress of the king of Lochlann, and she will kill three hundred of the hosts of Lochlann, and thou shalt have what will come of [5] it.' The warrior went to Ireland, and in the shape of Fiachna himself he slept with Fiachna's wife, and in that night she became pregnant. On that day the sheep and three hundred of the nobles of Lochlann fell by the dog, and Fiachna seized the kingship of Lochlann and of the Saxons and Britons. [10]

5. Now, as to the Cailleach Dubh, Fiachna gave her her due, viz., seven castles with their territory and land, and a hundred of every cattle. And then he went into Ireland and found his wife big-bellied and pregnant, and when her time came, she bore a son. Now Fiachna the Fair had an attendant, whose [15] name was An Damh, and in that (same) night his wife brought forth a son, and they were christened together, and the son of Fiachna was named Mongan, and the son of the attendant was named Mac an Daimh. And there was another warrior reigning together with Fiachna the Fair, to wit Fiachna the Black, [20] son of Deman, ² who lay heavily on his ³ rule. And to him in the same night a daughter was born, to whom the name Dubh-Lacha (Black Duck) White-hand was given, and Mongan and Dubh-Lacha were affianced to each other. When Mongan was three nights old, Manannan came for him and took him [25] with him to bring him up in the Land of Promise, and vowed that he would not let him back into Ireland before he were twelve years of age.

6. Now as to Fiachna the Black, son of Demsm, he watched his opportunity, and when he found that Fiachna the Fair, son [30] of Baedan, had with him but a small host and force, he went up to his stronghold, and burnt and destroyed it, and killed

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Fiachna himself, and seized the kingship of Ulster by force. ¹ And all the men of Ulster desired Mongan to be brought to them when he was six years old, but Manannan did not bring him to Ulster till he had completed sixteen years. And then [5] he came to Ulster, and the men of Ulster made peace between themselves and Fiachna the Black, to wit, one-half of Ulster to Mongan, and Dubh-Lacha to be his wife and consort in retaliation for his father. And it was done so.

7. One day while Mongan and his wife were playing *fidchell*, [10] they saw a dark black-tufted little cleric at the door-post, who said: 'This inactivity ² in which thou art, O Mongan, is not an inactivity becoming a king of Ulster, not to go to avenge thy father on Fiachna the Black, son of Deman, though Dubh-Lacha may think it wrong to tell thee so. For he has now but [15] a small host and force with him; and come with me thither, and let us burn the fortress, and let us kill Fiachna.' 'There is no knowing what luck ³ there may be on that saying, O cleric,' said Mongan, 'and we shall go with thee.' And thus it was done, for Fiachna the Black was killed by them. ⁴ Mongan seized [20] the kingship of Ulster, and the little cleric who had done the treason was Manannan the great and mighty.

8. And the nobles of Ulster were gathered to Mongan, and he said to them: 'I desire to go to seek boons ⁵ from the provincial kings of Ireland, that I may get gold and silver and [25] wealth to give away.' 'That is a good plan,' said they. And he went forth into the provinces of Ireland, until he came to Leinster. And the king of Leinster at that time was Brandubh

mac Echach. And he gave a hearty welcome to the king of Ulster, and they slept that night in the place, and when Mongan awoke on the morrow, he saw the fifty white red-eared kine, and a white calf by the side of each cow, and as soon as he saw them he was in love with them. And the king of [5] Leinster observed him and said to him: 'Thou art in love with the kine, O king,' saith he. 'By my word,' said Mongan, 'save the kingdom of Ulster, I never saw anything that I would rather have than them.' 'By my word,' said the king of Leinster, 'they are a match for Dubh-Lacha, for she is the one [10] woman that is most beautiful in Ireland, and those kine are the most beautiful cattle in Ireland, and on no condition in the world would I give them except on our making friendship without refusal.'

9. They did so, and each bound the other. And Mongan [15] went home and took his thrice (*sic*) fifty white kine with him. And Dubh-Lacha asked: 'What are the cattle that are the most beautiful that I ever saw? and he who got them,' saith she, '. . . , for no man got them except for' And Mangan told her how he had obtained the kine. And they [20] were not long there when they saw hosts approaching the place, and he that was there, even the king of Leinster. 'What hast thou come to seek?' said Mongan. 'For, by my word, if what thou seekest be in the province of Ulster, thou shalt have it.' 'It is, then,' said the king of Leinster. 'To seek Dubh-Lacha [25] have I come.'

10. Silence fell upon Mangan. And he said: 'I have never heard of any one giving away his wife.' 'Though thou hast not heard of it,' said Dubh-Lacha, 'give her, for honour is more lasting than life.' Anger seized Mangan, and he allowed the king of [30] Leinster to take her with him. Dubh-Lacha called the king of Leinster aside and said to him: 'Dost thou know, O king of Leinster, that the men and one half of Ulster would fall for my sake, except I had already given love to thee? And by my word! I shall not go with thee until thou grant me the sentence of my [35] own lips.' 'What is the sentence?' said the king of Leinster.

[paragraph continues] 'Thy word to fulfil it!' saith she. The king of Leinster gave his word, with the exception of his being left . . . 1 'Then, said Dubh-Lacha, 'I desire that until the end of one year we be not brought for one night into the same house, and if in the [5] course of a day thou comest into the same house with me, that thou shouldst not sit in the same chair with me, but sit in a chair over against me, for I fear the exceeding great love which I have bestowed upon thee, that thou mayst hate me, and that I may not again be acceptable to my own husband; for if we [10] are a-courting each other during this coming year, our love will not recede.'

11. And the king of Leinster granted her that condition, and he took her to his house, and there she was for a while. And for that while Mongan was in a wasting sickness continually. [15] And in the night in which Mongan had taken Duhh-Lacha, Mac an Daimh had taken her foster-sister, who was her trusty attendant, and who had gone into Leinster with Dubh-Lacha. So one day Mac an Daimh came into the house where Mongan was, and said: 'Things are in a [20] bad way with thee, 2 O Mongan,' saith he, 'and evil was thy journey into the Land of Promise to the house of Manannan, since thou hast learnt nothing there, except consuming food and practising foolish things, and it is hard on me that my wife has been taken into Leinster, since I have not made [25] "friendship without refusal" with the king of Leinster's attendant, as thou didst with the king of Leinster, thus being unable to follow thy wife.' 'No one deems that worse than I myself,' said Mongan.

12. And Mongan said to Mac an Daimh: 'Go,' saith he, [30] 'to the cave of the door, in which we left the basket of . . ., 3 and a sod from Ireland and another from Scotland in it, that I may go with thee on thy back; for the king of Leinster will

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ask of his wizards news of me, and they will say that I am with one foot in Ireland, and with the other in Scotland, and he will say that as long as I am like that he need not fear me.'

13. And in that way they set out. And that was the hour and time in which the feast of Moy-Liffey was held in Leinster, [5] and they came to the Plain of Cell Chamain in Leinster, and there beheld the hosts and multitudes and the king of Leinster going [10] past them to the feast, and they recognised him. 'That is sad, O Mac an Daimh,' said Mongan, 'evil is the journey on which we have come.' And they saw the holy cleric going so past them, even Tibraide, the priest of Cell Charnain, with his four gospels in his own hand, and the . . . 1 upon the back of a cleric by his side, and they reading their offices. And wonder seized Mac an Daimh as to what the cleric said, and he kept asking Mongan: 'What did he say?' Mongan said [15] it was reading, and he asked Mac an Daimh whether he understood a little of it. 'I do not understand,' said Mac an Daimh, 'except that the man at his back says "Amen, amen."'

14. Thereupon Mongan shaped a large river through the midst of the plain in front of Tibraide, and a large bridge eo across it. And Tibraide marvelled at that and began to bless himself 'Tis here,' he said, 'my father was born and my grandfather, and never did I see a river here. But as the river has got there, it is well there is a bridge across it.' They proceeded to the bridge, and when they had reached [25] its middle, it fell under them, and Mongan snatched the gospels out of Tibraide's hand, and sent them 2 down the river. And he asked Mac an Daimh whether he should drown them. 'Certainly, let them be drowned!' said Mac an Daimh 'We will not do it,' said Mangan. 'We will let them down the [30] river the length of a mile, till we have done our task in the fortress.'

15. Mongan took on himself the shape of Tibraide, and gave Mac an Daimh the shape of the cleric, with a large

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tonsure on his head, and the . . . on his back. And they go onward before the king of Leinster, who welcomed Tibraide and gave him a kiss, and "Tis long that I have not seen thee, O Tibraide," he said, 'and read the gospel to us and [5] proceed before us to the fortress. And let Ceibhin Cochlach, the attendant of my chariot, go with thee. And the queen, the wife of the king of Ulster, is there and would like to confess to thee.' And while Mongan was reading the gospel, Mac an Daimh would say 'Amen, amen! The hosts said they [10] had never seen a priest who had but one word except that cleric; for he said nothing but 'amen.'

16. And Mongan went onward to the front of the fortress in which Dubh-Lacha was. And she recognised him. And Mac an Daimh said: 'Leave the house all of ye, so that [15] the queen may make her confession.' And her nurse or foster sister ventured out of boldness to stay there. Mac an Daimh closed his arms around her and put her out, and said that no one should be with the queen except the woman that had come with her. And he closed the bower after them [20] and put the glazen door to it, and opened the window of glass. And he lifted his own wife into bed with him, but no sooner than Mongan had taken Dubh-Lacha with him. And Mongan sat down by her shoulder and gave her three kisses, and carried her into bed with him, and had his will and pleasure [25] of her. And when that had been done, the hag who guarded the jewels, who was in the corner, began to speak; for they had not noticed her until then. And Mongan sent a swift magical breath at her, so that what she had seen was no longer clear to her. 'That is sad,' said the hag, 'do not rob [30] me of Heaven, O holy cleric! For the thought that I have uttered is wrong, and accept my repentance, for a lying vision has appeared to me, and I dearly love my foster-child.' 'Come hither to me, hag!' said Mongan, 'and confess to me.' The hag arose, and Mongan shaped a sharp spike in the chair, [35] and the hag fell upon the spike, and found death. 'A blessing on thee, O Mongan,' said the queen, 'it is a good thing for us

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to have killed the woman, for she would have told what we have done.'

17. Then they heard a knocking at the door, and 'tis he that was there, even Tibraide, and three times nine men with him. The doorkeepers said: 'We never saw a year in [5] which Tibraides were more plentiful than this year. Ye have a Tibraide within and a Tibraide without' 'Tis true,' said Mongan. ¹ 'Mongan has come in my shape. Come out,' said he, 'and I will reward you, and let yonder clerics be killed, for they are noblemen of Mongan's that have been [10] put into the shape of clerics.' And the men of the household came out and killed the clerics, and twice nine of them fell. And the king of Leinster came to them and asked them what course they were on. 'Mongan,' said they, 'has come in Tibraide's shape, and Tibraide is in the place.' And the king [15] of Leinster charged them, and Tibraide reached the church of Cell Chamain, and none of the remaining nine

escaped without a wound.

18. And the king of Leinster came to his house, and then Mongan departed. And the king asked: 'Where is Tibraide?' [20] saith he. 'It was not Tibraide that was here,' said the woman, 'but Mongan, since you will hear it.' 'Were you with Mongan, girl?' said he. 'I was,' said she, 'for he has the greatest claim on me.' 'Send for Tibraide,' said the king, 'for . . . 2 we have chanced to kill his people.' And Tibraide was brought to them, and Mongan went home and did not come again until the end of a quarter, and during that time he was in a wasting sickness.

19. And Mac an Daimh came to him and said to him: 'Tis wearisome to me,' said he, 'to be without my wife through a clown like myself, since I have not made "friendship without [30] refusal" with the king of Leinster's attendant.' 'Go thou for me,' said Mongan, 'to get news to Ráith Descirt of Bregia, where Dubh-Lacha of the White Hand is, for I am not myself

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able to go.' 1 Thereafter Dubh-Lacha said: 'Let Mongan come to me,' said she, 'for the king of Leinster is on a journey around Leinster, and Ceibhin Cochlach, the attendant of the king's chariot, is with me and keeps telling me to escape, and [5] that he himself would come with me. And Mongan behaves in a weak manner,' 2 said she. And Mac an Daimh went to incite Mongan.

20. Thereupon Mongan set out to Raith Descirt of Bregia, and he sat down at the shoulder of the girl, and a gilded chess-board [10] was brought to them, and they played. And Dubh-Lacha bared her breasts to Mangan, and as he looked upon them, he beheld the great paps, which were soft and white, and the middle small and shining-white. And desire of the girl came upon him. And Dubh-Lacha observed it. Just then the [15] king of Leinster with his hosts was drawing near the fortress, and the fortress was opened before him. And the king of Leinster asked of the girl whether Mongan had been in the house. She said he had been. 'I wish to obtain a request of thee, girl,' said the king of Leinster. 'It shall be granted. [20] Except thy being with me till the year is ended, there is nothing that thou mayst ask which I will not grant thee.' 'If that be so,' said the king, 'tell me when thou longest for Mongan son of Fiachna; for when Mangan has gone, thou wilt long for him.'

[25] 21. At the end of a quarter Mongan returned, and he was longing for her; and all the hosts of the place were there at the time. Then the hosts of the place came out, and Mongan turned back from the fortress and went home. And that quarter he was in a wasting sickness. And the nobles of Ulster [30] assembled into one place and offered Mongan to go with him to make battle for the sake of his wife. 'By my word,' said Mongan, the woman that has been taken from me through my own folly, no woman's son of the men of Ulster shall fall for

her sake in bringing her out, until, through my own craftiness, I myself bring her with me.'

22. And in that way the year passed by, and Mongan and Mac an Daimb set out to the king of Leinster's house. There were the nobles of Leinster going into the place. and a great [5] feast was being prepared towards the marriage of Dubh-Lacha. And he ¹ vowed he would marry her. And they came to the green outside. 'O Mongan,' said Mac an Daimh, 'in what shape shall we go?' And as they were there, they see the hag of the mill, to wit, Cuimne. And she was a hag as tall as a [10] weaver's beam, ² and a large chain-dog with her licking the mill-stones, with a twisted rope around his neck, and Brothar was his name. And they saw a hack mare with an old pack-saddle upon her, carrying corn and flour from the mill.

23. And when Mongan saw them, he said to Mac an Daimh: [15] 'I have the shape in which we will go,' said he, 'and if I am destined ever to obtain my wife, I shall do so this time.' 'That becomes thee, O noble prince,' [said Mac an Daimh]. 'And come, O Mac an Daimh, and call Cuimne of the mill out to me to converse with me.' 'It is three score years [said Cuimne] [20] since any one has asked me to converse with him.' And she came out, the dog following her, and when Mongan saw them, he laughed and said to her: 'If thou wouldst take my advice, I would put thee into the shape of a young girl, and thou shouldst be as a wife with me or with the King of Leinster.' 'I [25] will do that certainly,' said Cuimne. And with the magic wand he gave a stroke to the dog, which became a sleek white lap-dog, the fairest that was in the world, with a silver chain around its neck and a little bell of gold on it, so that it ³ would have fitted into the palm of a man. And he gave a stroke to [30] the hag, who became a young girl, the fairest of form and make of the daughters of the world, to wit, Ibbell of the Shining Cheeks,

daughter of the king of Munster. And he himself assumed the shape of Aedh, son of the king of Connaught, and Mac an Daimh he put into the shape of his attendant. And he made a shining-white palfrey with crimson hair, and of the pack-saddle [5] he made a gilded saddle with variegated gold and precious stones. And they mounted two other mares in the shape of steeds, and in that way they reached the fortress.

24. And the door-keepers saw them and told the king of Leinster that it was Aed the Beautiful, son of the king of [10] Connaught. and his attendant, and his wife Ibbell of the Shining Cheek. daughter of the king of Munster, exiled and banished from Connaught. that had come under the protection of the king of Leinster, and he did not wish to come with a greater host or multitude. And the door-keeper made the announcement, [15] and the king came to meet them, and welcomed them. And the king of Leinster called the son of the king of Connaught to his shoulder. 'That is not the custom with us' said the son of the king of Connaught, 'but that *he* should sit by the side of the king who is

the second best man in the palace, and [20] next to thee I am the second best in the house, and by the side of the king I will be.'

25. And the drinking-house was put in order. And Mongan put a love-charm 1 into the cheeks of the hag, and from the look which the king of Leinster cast on her he was filled with her [25] love, so that there was not a bone of his of the size of an inch, but was filled with love of the girl. And he called his attendant to him and said to him: 'Go to where the wife of the king of Connaught's son is, and say to her "the king of Leinster has bestowed great love upon thee, and that a king is better than [30] a king's heir."' And Mongan understood the whispering, and said to Cuimne: 'There is an attendant coming from the king of Leinster with a message to thee, and I know the secret message which he brings, and if thou wouldst take my advice, thou wouldst not be with a worse man than myself or the king

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of Leinster.' 'I have no choice 1 of bridegroom, whichever of you will be husband to me.' 'If that be so,' said Morgan, 'when he comes to thee, say that by his gifts and precious things thou wilt know him who loves thee, and ask him, for the drinking-horn which he brings thee.' [5]

26. And the king of Leinster s attendant came to converse with her, and said: 'Here is a noble horn brought to thee.' We should know him who loves us by gifts and precious things.' And the king of Leinster said to the attendant: 'Give her my horn.' But the kings household said: 'Do not [10] give thy treasures to the wife of the King of Connaught's son.' 'I will give them,' said the king of Leinster, 'for the woman and my treasures will come to me.' And Mac an Daimh takes the horn from her and whatever else she got of treasures till the morning. [15]

27. And Mongan said to Cuimne: 'Ask the king of Leinster for his girdle.' And the girdle was of such a nature that neither sickness nor trouble would seize the side on which it was. And she demanded the girdle, and the king of Leinster gave it her, and Mac an Daimh forthwith took it from her. [20] 'And now say to the king of Leinster's attendant, if the (whole) world were given thee, thou wouldst not leave thy own husband for him.' And the attendant told that to the king of Leinster, who said: 'What is it you notice?' 'Are you in the house . . .?' said they. 'You know this woman by my side, to wit, [25] Dubh-Lacba of the White Hands, daughter of Fiachna Dubh son of Deman. I took her from him on terms of "friendship without refusal," and if thou like, I would exchange with thee.' And great anger and ferocity seized him, 2 and he said: 'If I had brought steeds and studs with me, it would be right to ask [30] them of me. However, it is not right to refuse a lord . . ., though I am loath it should be so, take her to thee.' And as they made the exchange, Mongan gave three kisses to the girl,

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and said: 'Every one would say that we did not make the exchange from our hearts, if I did not give these kisses.' And they indulged themselves until they were drunk and hilarious.

28. And Mac an Daimh arose and said: 'It is a great shame [5] that no one puts drink into the hand of the king of Connaught's son.' And as no one answered him, he took the two best steeds that were in the fortress, and Mongan put swiftness of wind into them. And Mongan placed Dubh-Lacha behind him, and Mac an Daimh his own wife, and they set forth. And when on [10] the morrow the household of the king of Leinster arose, they saw the cloak of the hag, and the grey tall hag on the bed of the king of Leinster. And they saw the dog with a twisted halter round his neck, and they saw the hack mare and the pack-saddle. . . . And the people laughed and awoke the king [15] of Leinster, who saw the hag by his side and said: 'Art thou the grey-backed hag of the mill?' 'I am,' said she. 'Pity that I should have slept with thee, O Cuimne!'

Footnotes

73:1 *brot-chú*, perhaps a mastiff. See Glossary.

73:2 He was ruler of the *Dál Fiatach*. See the Four Masters, A.D. 597 and 622.

73:3 *i.e.* Fiachna Finn's.

74:1 I can make nothing of *ulagh* in the phrase *don ulagh sin*. As to this final battle between the two Fíachnas, see the Four Masters, A.D. 622.

74:2 lit. silence (*tocht*).

74:3 I read *ca sén*.

74:4 According to the Four Masters Fiachna the Black was slain A.D. 624 by Condad Cerr, lord of the Scotch Dál Riada in the battle of Ard Corainn.

74:5 *faighdhe*, O. Ir. *foigde* ex *fo-guide.

76:1 I doubt whether to read *co tibhradh* or *co tí bráth* 'till judgment.'

76:2 Cf. '*Cindus atáthar annsin indiú?*' 'How are things with thee (lit. over there) to-day?' Aislinge MeicConglinne, p. 61, 1.

76:3 *gualaigh*, perhaps from *gúala*, a shoulder-basket?

77:1 I cannot translate *sceota na n-aidhbheagh* or *aidhbheadh*.

77:2 *i.e.* Tibraide and his attendant.

79:1 The MS. has Tibraide.

79:2 I do not understand *mur aith*.

80:1 The MS. has *siṅsiubhail*, the dot over the first *s* being a punctum delens.

80:2 *lit.* it is weak what M. does.

81:1 *i.e.* the king of Leinster.

81:2 *lit.* a weaver's beam (*garmnach*) of a tall hag.

81:3 viz. the dog.

82:1 Instead of *blicht* I read *bricht*.

83:1 For *túgha* Father Henebry conjectures *togha*.

83:2 viz. Mongan.

VI. From the Annals

Mongán mac Fíachna Lurgan ab Artur filio Bicoir Pretene lapide percussus interit, unde dictum est--
Bec Boirche [20] dixit:

'Is fúar in gáeth dar 'Ile,
dosfuil ócu Cind-Tíre:
dogénat gním n-amnas de,
mairbfit Mongán mac Fíachnæ.

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Land Chlúana Airthir indíu,
amra in cethrar forsriada:
Cormac Cáem fri imfochid,
ocus Illand mac Fiachach.

Ocus in dias ele [5]
dia fognad mór de thúathaib:
Mongán mac Fiachnai Lurgan,
ocus Rónán mac Túatheil.'

(b)

From the Annals of Clonmacnois.

Quoted by O'Donovan, FM. vol. i. p. 243, note z.

A.D. 624. Mangan mac Fiaghna, a very well-spoken man, and much given to the wooing of women, was killed by one ??? [Arthur ap] Bicoir, a Welshman, with a stone. [15]

VII Irische Texte iii. page 89.

'A Mongáin, a Manandáin,
ni minec bar merugud
isin brug co m-beócraidi
ó Tuind Clidna comfada
is torachta in tebugud [20]
co Trácht n-álaind n-Eóthaili.'

'O Monagán, O Manannán,
Your wandering is not frequent
In the land with living heart
From Tonn Clidna of even length [25]
The . . . is winding
To the beautiful strand of Eothaile.'

Quoted as an example of the metre called Casbairdne seisedach (šedradhach). Tonn Clidna (Toun Cleena) is a loud surge in the bay of Glandore, co. Cork. See its dinnshenchas, Rev. [30]

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[paragraph continues] Celt. xv. p. 437. Tracht Eóthaili (Trawohelly) is on the coast of Sligo.

VIII Irische Texte iii. p. 87.

[5] 'I m-Bendchur
atá Mongán mac Fíachna:
is le[is] atá Conchobur
ar grafaind scáilte scíathcba.'

'In Bangor
[10] Is Mongán son of Fiachna:
With him is Conchobur
At the contest of shield-splitting.'

Quoted as an example of the metre called *ae freslíge becc*. *Is leis* is Stokes' conjecture for *isle* of the *isle* of the MS.

IX From Gilla Modutu's poem Senchas Ban, written A.D. 1141, Book of Leinster, p. 140 a, 29.

'Ingen do Chammáin Dub-Lacha,
lennán Mongáin, maith a ciand,
[20] Colgo, Conall, ba lucht láthair,
Cáintigern a máthair mall:
ingen maic Demmáin Dub-Lacha
na n-gellám cen tacha thall.'

Cammán's daughter was Dub-Lacha,
[25] The beloved of Mongán, their offspring was good,
Colgo, Conall, that were folk of strength,
Cáintigern was his gentle mother.
Daughter of Demmán's son was Dub-Lacha
Of the white arms, without fault, of yore.'

[30] Cammán Dub, the daughter of Furudrán mac Bécce, of the royal race of the Ui Turtri, was the wife of Fiachna Dub mac Demmáin (LL: 140 a, 27).

Unless *máthair mall* may mean 'grandmother,' we must translate as I have done, and refer the *a* 'his' to Mongán.

[35] As to Dub-Lacha being called 'of the white arms,' cf. her by-name Láimhghel, p. 61, 10 above.

X From Ms. Laud 613, p. 21.

Mura cecinit.

'Coinne Mongain is Coluim caim
maic Feidlimthe an ardnaoim [5]
a Carraic Eolairg co m-bloidth
canuid eoiaigh a leabruib.

.

De dardain tainic gan mairg
Mongan co Carruic Eolairg
d' acallaim Coluim Cille [10]
a Tir tredaig Tairngaire.

Ni fuair Mongan do tognam
ag techt do d' *féchain* nime
acht a cenn--mor in soc[h]ar--
fa cochall Coluim Cille.' [15]

Muru (of Fothain 1) cecinit

The meeting of Mongan and beloved Colum
The son of Fedlimid, the noble saint,
At Carraic Eolairg 2 with fame
Wise men sing in books. [20]

On a Thursday without woe
Mongan came to Carrait Eolairg
To converse with Comm Cille,
From the flock-abounding Land of Promise.

Mongan found not any help [25]
When he went to see Heaven,

But his head--great the profit!
Under Cohan Cille's cowl.'

Footnotes

87:1 Now Fahan, co. Donegal. Muru died about 650.

87:2 On Lough Foyle.

From MS. Laud 615, p. 18.

Mongan cecinitdo Colum Cille.

Caomh-Colum cáidh ciuin cubaid cobsaid comdalach com ramach cumachtach Cille mirbuilech,

[5] ag nach fail gradh ilselba,
cabras da mainib gan dimda
gach dam imda ilarda,
nach fail *tarut* na 1 fich na ferg,
gnais derg lethan lainnerdha,
[10] corp gel ar n-derbad a rúin,
ocus clú gan imharbus,
rosg glas gan locht is gan lasg
ocus folt cas coinnelda. 2

Foghar gotha Coluim Cille,
[15] lor a binne os gach cleir,
co tend cuig *fichet déc* ceimenn,
aidble remenn, sedh ba reil.

Mac Eit[h]ni is Fei[d]limid finn
cuigi romcinn Dia do cein
a Tir Tarrngaire na finn,
[20] mar a cantar fír gan bréig.

Tri caoguit inis rea rim
ma docuired on rig *réd*, 3
in gach innsi dar mo leighend
tri coibheis Eirenn fodein.

[25] Mar domsdíur mac De gu haghmar,
om tir fein tang ane
gu Carraig Eolairg gan mebail,
cu bord Locha Febail fein. [p. 89](#)
Loch Febail fial nocho míbladh
ag dílad aidhed [1](#) o Néill.

Colum Cille cáin gan gó,
briathra an laoi ch gersat ra ló,
anté nach cabair na fainn [5]
noca carann [2](#) caom-Choluim.
Caomh-Cholum caidh.

Beloved, chaste, gentle, just, firm, disputant, combative, [powerful](#), miraculous Colum Cille,

'Who loveth not many possessions, [10]
Who with his gifts without displeasure
Helpeth every numerous multitudinous band.
Over thee there is neither wrath nor anger.
Red broad radiant face,
White body that hath proved mysteries, [15]
And fame without sin,
Grey eye without fault and without . . . ,
And curly luminous hair.

The sound of Colum Cille's voice--
Abundant its sweetness above every train, [20]
To the end of fifteen score paces,
Vastness of courses! it was clear. [3](#)

The son of Ethne and of Fedlimid the Fair,
To him God sent me from afar,
From the Land of Promise of the blessed, [25]
Where truth is sung without falsehood.

Thrice fifty isles are counted,
As they were set by the bright King;
In every isle, by my lore!

There is three times the size of Erin herself. [30]

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As the Son of God directed me prosperously,
From my own land I have come yesterday
To Carraic Eolairg without disgrace,
To the edge of Lough Foyle itself.
[5] Loch Foyle, hospitable without ill-fame,
Contenting the guests of the Ui Néill.

Colum Cille, fair without falsehood,
Though the words of the warrior were . . .
He that doth not help the weak,
[10] He is no friend of beloved Colum.'

Footnotes

88:1 This *na* is superfluous; it spoils the metre.

88:2 [30] In the notes on Féline Oengusso, p. ci., these lines are as follows:

"Colam cáincruth cumachtach,
drech derg lethan lainderda,
corp geal, clú cen imarba,
folt cass, suil glas chaindelta.

88:3 Read *réil*.

89:1 Read *áighadh*.

89:2 Read *cara*.

89:3 This quatrain is also found in Three Middle-Irish Homilies, p. 102, in Féilire Oengusso, p. ci, and in Goidelica, p. 163. Instead of *cóic fichet déc* read *cóic cét déac*. *Déac* having become a monosyllable, *cét* was changed into *fichet* to make up the seven syllables.