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6. 'Feet of white bronze under it  
Glittering through beautiful ages. 1  
Lovely land throughout the world's age,  
On which the many blossoms drop.  
7. 'An ancient tree there is with blossoms,  
On which birds call 2 to the Hours. 3  
'Tis in harmony it is their wont  
To call together every Hour.  
8. 'Splendours of every colour glisten  
Throughout the gentle-voiced plains.  
Joy is known, ranked around music,  
In southern Mag Argatné. 4  
9. 'Unknown is wailing or treachery 5  
In the familiar cultivated land,  
There is nothing rough or harsh, 6  
But sweet music striking on the ear.  
10. 'Without grief, without sorrow, without death,  
Without any sickness, without debility, 7  
That is the sign of Emain 8--  
Uncommon is an equal marvel.

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6. 'Cossa findrune fíe,  
taitni tré bithu gnóe:  
cáin tír tría bithu bátha,  
forsnig inna hilblátha.  
7. 'Fil and bile co m-bláthaib  
forsngairet eóin do thráthaib:  
is tré cocetul is gnáth  
congairet uili cech tráth.  
8. 'Taitnet líga cech dathó  
trésna maige móithgretho,  
is gnáth sube, sreth imm chéul,  
isin maig tess Arggatnéul.  
9. 'Ní gnáth écóiniud na mrath  
hi mruig dénta etargnath,  
ní bíí nach gargg fri crúais,  
acht mad céul m-bind frismben clúais.  
10. 'Cen brón, cen duba, cen bás,  
cen nach n-galar cen indgás,  
is ed etargne n-Emne,  
ní comtig a comamre.

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