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16. At sunrise there will come
A fair man illumining level lands;
He rides upon the fair sea-washed 1 plain,
He stirs the ocean till it is blood.
17. 'A host will come across the clear sea,
To the land they show their rowing;
Then they row to the conspicuous stone,
From which arise a hundred strains.
18. 'It sings a strain unto the host
Through long ages, it is not sad,
Its music swells 2 with choruses of hundreds--
They look for neither decay nor death.
19. 'Many-shaped Emne 3 by the sea,
Whether it be near, whether it be far,
In which are many thousands of motley 4 women,
Which the clear sea encircles.
20. 'If he has heard the voice of the music,
The chorus of the little birds from Imchiuin, 5
A small band of women will come from a height
To the plain of sport in which he is.

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16. 'Dofeith la turcbáil n-gréne
fer find forosna réde,
rédid mag find frismbein muir,
mescid fairggi co m-bí fuíl.
17. 'Dofeith in slúag tar muir glan,
don tír donaidbri imram,
imráid íarum dond licc léur
asa comérig cét céul.
18. 'Canid airbitiud dont slóg
tré bithu sír, nat bí tróg,
tormaig céul co córib cét,
ní frescet aithbe ná éc.
19. 'Emne ildelbach fri ríán,
bésu oculus, bésu chíán,
i fil ilmíli m-brec m-ban,
immustimerchel muir glan.
20. 'Má ruchúala lúad in chiúil,
esnach énan a hlmchiúin,
dofeith banchorén di haa
cusa cluchemag itaa.

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