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21. 'There will come happiness with health
To the land against which laughter peals,
Into Imchiuin at every season
Will come everlasting joy.

22. 'It is a day of lasting weather
That showers silver on the lands, 1
A pure-white cliff on the range of the sea,
Which from the sun receives its heat

23. 'The host race along Mag Mon, 2
A beautiful game, not feeble,
In the variegated land over a mass of beauty
They look for neither decay nor death.

24. 'Listening to music at night,
And going into Ildathach, 3
A variegated land. splendour on a diadem of beauty,
Whence the white cloud glistens.

25. 'There are thrice fifty distant isles
In the ocean to the west of us;
Larger than Erin twice
Is each of them, or thrice. 4

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21. 'Dofeith sóire la sláini
don tír frisferat gáiri,
is i n-Imchiúin cach ági
dofeith búaine la háni.

22. 'Is lá suthaine síne
dosnig arggat i tíre,
aill erfind for idna réin
foafeid a gríss a gréin.

23. 'Graibnid in slóg far Maig Mon,
cluche n-álaind, nad indron,
i mruig mreacht úas maisse mét,
ní frescat aithbe ná éc.

24. 'Étsecht fri céul i n-adig,
ocus techt i n-Ildathíg,
mruig mreacht, líg úas maisse mét,
asa taitni in nél find.

25. 'Fil trí cóictea inse cían
isind oceon frinn aníar;
is mó Érin co fa dí
cach ái díib nó fa thrí.

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