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34. 'What is a clear sea
For the prowed skiff in which Bran is,
That is a happy plain 1 with profusion of flowers
To me from the chariot of two wheels.
15. 'Bran sees
The number of waves beating 2 across the clear sea:
I myself see in Mag Mon 3
Red-headed flowers without fault.
36. 'Sea-horses glisten in summer
As far as Bran has stretched his glance:
Rivers pour forth a stream of honey
In the land of Manannan son of Ler.
37. 'The sheen of the main, on which thou art,
The white hue of the sea on which thou rowest about,
Yellow and azure are spread out,
It is land, and is not rough. 4
38. 'Speckled salmon leap from the womb
Of the white sea, on which thou lookest:
They are calves, they are coloured lambs
With friendliness, without mutual slaughter. 5

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34. 'A n-as muir glan
don nóí broinig itá Bran,
is mag meld co n-immut scoth
dam-sa a carput dá roth.
35. 'Atchí Bran
lín tond tibri tar muir glan:
atchíu cadéin i Maig Mon
scotha cennderga cen on.
36. 'Taitnet gabra lir i sam
sella roisc rosíri Bran,
bruindit srotha srúaim de mil,
i crích Manannáin maic Lir.
17. 'Lí na fairgge foratái,
geldod mora immerái,
rasert bude ocus glass,
is talam, nad écomrass.
38. 'Lingit ich bricc ass de brú
a muir find forsnaicci-siu
it lóig, it úain co n-dath,
co cairddi, cen immarbad.

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