

## PAÍDÍN O'CEALLAIG AGUS AN EASÓG.

A b'fad ó soin bí fear d'ar' b'ainm Páidín O'Ceallaig 'nna cóimnuide i ngar do Tuaim i gcondaé na Gaillimhe.

Aon maidin amáin d'éirig sé go moç agus ní raib fíos aige cia an t-am a bi sé, mar bí solas breág ó'n ngealaig. Bí dúil aige le dul go h-aonaç Cáfair-na-mart le storc asail do díol.

Ní raib sé níos mó 'na trí míle air an mbótar go dtáinig dorçadas mór air, agus tosuig cít trom ag tuitim.

Connairc sé teac mór amearg crann timcioll cúig ceud slat ó'n mbótar agus dubairt sé leis féin, "raçfaid mé cum an tíge sin, go dtéid an cít tart."

Nuair çuaid sé cum an tíge, bí an doras foscailte, agus asteac leis. Connairc sé seomra mór air taoib a láime çlé, agus teine breág 'san ngráta.

Suid sé síos air stol le cois an balla, agus níor bfada gur tosuig sé ag tuitim 'nna çodlad, nuair çonnairc sé easóg mór ag teact cum na teinead agus leag si ginið air leic an teaglaig agus d'imtig.

Níor bfada go dtáinig sí air ais le ginið eile agus leag air leic an teaglaig é, agus d'imtig.

Bí sí ag imteact agus ag teact go raib cárnán mór ginið air an teaglac.

## PAUDYEEN O'KELLY AND THE WEASEL.

A long time ago there was once a man of the name of Paudyeen O'Kelly, living near Tuam, in the county Galway.

He rose up one morning early, and he did not know what time of day it was, for there was fine light coming from the moon. He wanted to go to the fair of Cahauher-na-mart to sell a *sturk* of an ass that he had.

He had not gone more than three miles of the road when a great darkness came on, and a shower began falling.

He saw a large house among trees about five hundred yards in from the road, and he said to himself that he would go to that house till the shower would be over.

When he got to the house he found the door open before him, and in with him. He saw a large room to his left, and a fine fire in the grate.

He sat down on a stool that was beside the wall, and began falling asleep, when he saw a big weasel coming to the fire with something yellow in its mouth, which it dropped on the hearth-stone, and then it went away.

She soon came back again with the same thing in her mouth, and he saw that it was a guinea she had. She dropped it on the hearth-stone, and went away again.

She was coming and going, until there was a great heap of guineas on the hearth.

Act faoi deiread nuair d'imtig sí d'éirig Páidín, agus cuir sé an méad óir a bí cruinnigte aici ann a póca, agus amac leis.

Ní raib sé a b-fad imtigte gur cualaid sé an easóg ag teact 'nna diaig agus í ag sgreadaoil com h-árd le píobaib.

Cuid sí roim Páidín air an mbótar agus í ag lubarnuig anonn 's anall agus ag iarraid greim sgornaig d'fágail air.

Bí maide maif daraç ag Páidín agus congbuig sé í uaid go dtáinig beirt fear suas. Bí madaid maif ag fear aca, agus ruaig sé asteac i bpoll 'san mballa í.

Cuid Páidín cum an aonaig, agus ann áit é beif tígeact a baile leis an airgiod a fuair sé air a sean-asal, mar saoil sé air maidin go mbeidead sé ag deanam,

ceannuig sé capall le cuid de'n airgiod a bain sé de'n easóg, agus táinig sé a baile agus é ag marcuiigeact.

Nuair táinig sé com fada leis an áit ar cuir an madaid an easóg ann san bpoll, táinig sí amac roime, tug léim suas, agus fuair greim sgornaig air an g-capall.

Tosuig an capall ag rit, agus níor feud Páidín a ceapad, no go dtug sé léim asteac i g-clais móir a bí líonta d'uisge agus de múlac.

Bí sé 'gá bátaid agus 'gá factaid go luat, go dtáinig fir suas a bí teact as Gaillim agus díbir siad an easóg.

But at last, when he got her gone, Paudyeen rose up, thrust all the gold she had gathered into his pockets, and out with him.

He was not gone far, till he heard the weasel coming after him, and she screeching as loud as a bag-pipes.

She went before Paudyeen and got on the road, and she was twisting herself back and forwards, and trying to get a hold of his throat.

Paudyeen had a good oak stick, and he kept her from him, until two men came up who were going to the same fair, and one of them had a good dog, and it routed the weasel into a hole in the wall.

Paudyeen went to the fair, and instead of coming home with the money he got for his old ass, as he thought would be the way with him in the morning,

he went and bought a horse with some of the money he took from the weasel, and he came home and he riding.

When he came to the place where the dog had routed the weasel into the hole in the wall, she came out before him, gave a leap up and caught the horse by the throat.

The horse made off, and Paudyeen could not stop him, till at last he gave a leap into a big drain that was full up of water and black mud.

He was drowning and choking as fast as he could, until men who were coming from Galway came up and banished the weasel.

Tug Páidín an capall a baile leis, agus cuir sé asteac i dteac na mbó é, agus tuit sé 'nna codlad.

Air maidin, lá air na márac, d'éirig Páidín go moc, agus cuaid sé amac le uisge agus féar tabairt do'n capall.

Nuair cuaid sé amac connairc sé an easóg ag teact amac as teac na mbó, agus í foluigte le fuil.

“Mo seact míle mallaçt ort,” ar Páidín, “tá faitcíos orm go bfuil anaçain déanta agad.”

Cuaid sé asteac, agus fuair sé an capall, péire bó-bainne, agus dá laog marb

Táinig sé amac agus cuir sé madaç a bí aige andiaig na h-easóige. Fuair an madaç greim uirri agus fuair sise greim air an madaç.

Bud madaç maif é, açt b'éigin dó a greim sgaoilead sul táinig Páidín suas; açt congbuig sé a súil uirri go bfaceid sé í ag dul asteac i mbotán beag a bí air bruaç loça.

Táinig Páidín ag rit, agus nuair bí sé ag an mbotáinín beag tug sé crataç do'n madaç agus cuir sé fearg air, agus cuir sé asteac roime é.

Nuair cuaid an madaç asteac fosuig sé ag tafant. Cuaid Páidín asteac agus connairc sé sean-çailleac ann san g-coirnéul. D'fiaufruig sé dí an bfaceid sí easóg ag teact asteac.

“Ní faceid mé,” ar san çailleac, “tá mé breoidte le galar millteac agus muna dtéid tu amac go tapa glacfaid tu uaim é.”

Paudyeen brought the horse home with him, and put him into the cows' byre and fell asleep.

Next morning, the day on the morrow, Paudyeen rose up early and went out to give his horse hay and oats.

When he got to the door he saw the weasel coming out of the byre and she covered with blood.

“My seven thousand curses on you,” said Paudyeen, “but I'm afraid you've harm done.”

He went in and found the horse, a pair of milch cows, and two calves dead.

He came out and set a dog he had after the weasel. The dog got a hold of her, and she got a hold of the dog.

The dog was a good one, but he was forced to loose his hold of her before Paudyeen could come up. He kept his eye on her, however, all through, until he saw her creeping into a little hovel that was on the brink of a lake.

Paudyeen came running, and when he got to the little hut, he gave the dog a shake to rouse him up and put anger on him, and then he sent him in before himself.

When the dog went in, he began barking. Paudyeen went in after him, and saw an old hag in the corner. He asked her if she saw a weasel coming in there.

“I did not,” said she; “I'm all destroyed with a plague of sickness, and if you don't go out quick you'll catch it from me.”

Com fad agus bí Páidín agus an cailleac, ag caint, bí an madaí ag teannaí asteac, no go dtug sé léim suas faoi deiread, agus rug sé greim sgornaig air an g-caillig.

Sgread síse, agus dubairt, “tóg díom do madaí a Páidín Uí Ceallaig, agus deunfaid mé fear saidbir díot.”

Chuir Páidín iac (d’fíacaib) air an madaí a greim sgaoilead, agus dubairt sé, “Innis dam cia tú, no cad fát ar marb tu mo capall agus mo ba?”

“Agus cad fát dtug tusa leat an t-ór a raib mé cúig ceud bliadain ’gá cruinniugaí ameasg cnoc agus gleann an domain.”

“Saoil mé gur easóg a bí ionnad,” ar Páidín, “no ní bainfinn le do cuid óir; agus ní eile, má tá tu cúig ceud bliadain air an tsaogal so tá sé i n-am duit imteact cum suaimnis.”

“Rinne mé coir mór i m’óige, agus táim le beit sgaoilte óm’ fúlaing má tig leat fice púnta íoc air son ceud agus trí ficid aifrionn dam.”

“Cá bfuil an t-airgiod?” ar Páidín.

“Éirig agus rómar faoi sgeic atá os cionn tobair big i g-coirneul na páirce sin amuig, agus geobaíd tu pota líonta d’ór. Íoc an fice púnta air son na n-aifrionn agus béid an cuid eile agad féin.

While Paudyeen and the hag were talking, the dog kept moving in all the time, till at last he gave a leap up and caught the hag by the throat. She screeched, and said:

“Paddy Kelly, take off your dog, and I’ll make you a rich man.”

Paudyeen made the dog loose his hold, and said: “Tell me who are you, or why did you kill my horse and my cows?”

“And why did you bring away my gold that I was for five hundred years gathering throughout the hills and hollows of the world?”

“I thought you were a weasel,” said Paudyeen, “or I wouldn’t touch your gold; and another thing,” says he, “if you’re for five hundred years in this world, it’s time for you to go to rest now.”

“I committed a great crime in my youth,” said the hag, “and now I am to be released from my sufferings if you can pay twenty pounds for a hundred and three score masses for me.”

“Where’s the money?” says Paudyeen.

“Go and dig under a bush that’s over a little well in the corner of that field there without, and you’ll get a pot filled with gold. Pay the twenty pounds for the masses, and yourself shall have the rest.

Nuair a bainfeas tu an leac de'n pota feicfid tu madaid mór dub ag teacht amach, acht ná bíod aon faitcíos ort; is mac damsa é.

Nuair a geobas tu an t-ór, ceannuig an teac ann a bfaceid tu mise i dtosac, geobaid tu saor é, mar tá sé faoi cáil go bfuil taidbse ann.

Béid mo mac-sa síos ann san tsoiléar, ní déanfaid sé aon dochar duit, acht béid sé 'nna caraid maí duit.

Béid mise marb mí ó'n lá so, agus nuair geobas tu marb mé cuir splanc faoi an mboián agus dóig é. Ná h-innis d'aon neac beó aon níd air bit de m'faoib-se, agus béid an t-ád ort."

"Cad é an t-ainm atá ort?" ar Páidín.

"Máire ni Ciarbáin," ar san cailleac.

Cuaid Páidín a baile agus nuair táinig dorcadas na h-oidce tug sé láide leis agus cuaid sé cum na sgeice a bí i g-coirneul na páirce agus tosuiú sé ag rómar.

Níor bfada go bfuair sé an pota agus nuair bain sé an leac dé léim an madaid mór dub amach, agus as go brát leis, agus madaid Páidín 'nn a diaig.

Tug Páidín an t-ór a baile agus cuir sé i bfolac i dteac na mbó é. Timcioll mí 'nna diaig sin, cuaid sé go h-aonac i nGaillim agus ceannuig sé péire bó, capall[80] agus duisín caora.

When you'll lift the flag off the pot, you'll see a big black dog coming out; but don't be afraid before him; he is a son of mine.

When you get the gold, buy the house in which you saw me at first. You'll get it cheap, for it has the name of there being a ghost in it.

My son will be down in the cellar. He'll do you no harm, but he'll be a good friend to you.

I shall be dead a month from this day, and when you get me dead put a coal under this little hut and burn it. Don't tell a living soul anything about me—and the luck will be on you."

"What is your name?" said Paudyeen.

"Mary Kerwin, said the hag.

Paudyeen went home, and when the darkness of the night came on he took with him a loy, and went to the bush that was in the corner of the field, and began digging.

It was not long till he found the pot, and when he took the flag off it a big black dog leaped out, and off and away with him, and Paudyeen's dog after him.

Paudyeen brought home the gold, and hid it in the cow-house. About a month after that he went to the fair of Galway, and bought a pair of cows, a horse, and a dozen sheep.

Ní raib fíos ag na cómarsannaib cia an áit a bfuair sé an t-airgiod. Dubairt cuid aca go raib roinn aige leis na daonib maite.

Aon lá amáin gleus Páidín é féin agus cuaid sé cum an duine-uasail ar leis an teac mór, agus d' iarr air, an teac agus an talaín do bí 'nna timcioll, do díol leis.

“Tig leat an teac beit agad gan cíos, aít ta taidbse ann, agus níor maít liom tu dul do cómnuiđe ann, gan a innsint, aít ní sgarfainn leis an talaín gan ceud púnta níos mó 'ná tá agad-sa le tairgsint dam.”

“B'éidir go bfuil an oiread agam-sa 's atá agad féin,” ar Páidín, “béid mé ann so amáraç leis an airgiod má tá tusa réid le seilb do tabairt dam.”

“Béid mé réid,” ar san duine-uasal.

Cuaid Páidín abaile agus d'innis d'á rínaoi go raib teac mór agus gabáltas talman ceannuigte aige.

“Cia an áit a bfuair tu an t-airgiod?” ar san bean.

“Nac cuma duit?” ar Páidín.

Lá air na máraç, cuaid Páidín cum an duine-uasail, tug ceud púnta dó, agus fuair seilb an tige agus an talman,

agus d'fág an duine-uasal an truscán aige asteac leis an margad.

The neighbours did not know where he was getting all the money; they said that he had a share with the good people.

One day Paudyeen dressed himself, and went to the gentleman who owned the large house where he first saw the weasel, and asked to buy the house of him, and the land that was round about.

“You can have the house without paying any rent at all; but there is a ghost in it, and I wouldn't like you to go to live in it without my telling you, but I couldn't part with the land without getting a hundred pounds more than you have to offer me.”

“Perhaps I have as much as you have yourself,” said Paudyeen. “I'll be here tomorrow with the money, if you're ready to give me possession.”

“I'll be ready,” said the gentleman.

Paudyeen went home and told his wife that he had bought a large house and a holding of land.

“Where did you get the money?” says the wife.

“Isn't it all one to you where I got it,” says Paudyeen.

The day on the morrow Paudyeen went to the gentleman, gave him the money, and got possession of the house and land;

and the gentleman left him the furniture and everything that was in the house, in with the bargain.

D'fán Páidín ann san teac an oidce sin, agus nuair táinig an dorcadás cuaid sé síos ann san tsoiléar, agus connairc sé fear beag le na dá chois sgartha air báirille.

“Ní Dia duit, a duine cóir,” ar san fear beag.

“Go mbuđ h-é duit,” ar Páidín.

“Ná bíod aon faitcíos ort rómam-sa,” ar san fear beag,[82] “béid mé mo charaid maí duit-se má tá tu ionnán run do congbaíl.”

“Táim go deimin. Congbuiğ mé rún do mátar, agus congboçaid mé do rún-sa mar an gceudna.”

“B'éidir go bfuil tart ort,” ar san fear beag.

“Ní'l mé saor uaíd,” air Páidín.

Ćuir an fear beag lám ann a brollac, agus tarraing sé corn óir amac, agus tug do Páidín é, agus dubairt leis, “tarraing fion as an mbáirille sin fúm.”

Tarraing Páidín lán coirn agus seacaid do'n fear beag é. “Ól, tu féin, i dtosaç,” ar seisean. D'ól Páidín, tarraing corn eile agus tug dón fear beag é, agus d'ól sé é.

“Líon suas agus ól arís,” ar san fear beag, “is mian liom-sa beit go sugac anoct.”

Paudyeen remained in the house that night, and when darkness came, he went down to the cellar, and he saw a little man with his two legs spread on a barrel.

“God save you, honest man,” says he to Paudyeen.

“The same to you,” says Paudyeen.

“Don't be afraid of me at all,” says the little man. “I'll be a friend to you, if you are able to keep a secret.”

“I am able, indeed; I kept your mother's secret, and I'll keep yours as well.”

“May-be you're thirsty?” says the little man.

“I'm not free from it,” said Paudyeen.

The little man put a hand in his bosom and drew out a gold goblet. He gave it to Paudyeen, and said: “Draw wine out of that barrel under me.”

Paudyeen drew the full up of the goblet, and handed it to the little man. “Drink yourself first,” says he. Paudyeen drank, drew another goblet, and handed it to the little man, and he drank it.

“Fill up and drink again,” said the little man. “I have a mind to be merry to-night.”

Bí an beirt ag ól gó rabadar leat air meisge. Ann sin tug an fear beag léim anuas air an urlár agus dubairt le Páidín,

“naç bfuil dúil agad i g-ceól?”

“Tá go deimin,” ar Páidín, “agus is mait an damsóir mé.”

“Tóg suas an leac mór atá ’san g-coirneul úd, agus geobaid tu mo píobaid fúiti.”

Tóg Páidín an leac, fuair na píobaid, agus tug do ’n fear beag iad. D’fáisc sé na píobaid air, agus tosuiç sé ag seinm ceoil binn.

Tosuiç Páidín ag damsa go raib sé tuirseac. Ann sin bí deoc eile aca, agus dubairt an fear beag:

“Deun mar dubairt mo máfair leat, agus taisbéanfaid mise saidbreas mór duit.

Tig leat do bean tabairt ann so, açt ná h-innis dí go bfuil mise ann, agus ní feicfid fi mé. Am air bit a béideas lionn nó fion ag teastáil uait tar ann so agus tarraing é.

Slán leat anois, agus téid ann do çodlad, agus tar çugam-sa an oidçe amárac.”

Cuaid Páidín ’nna leabuid, agus níor bfada go raib sé ’nna çodlad.

The pair of them sat there drinking until they were half drunk. Then the little man gave a leap down to the floor, and said to Paudyeen:

“Don’t you like music?”

“I do surely,” says Paudyeen, “and I’m a good dancer, too.”

“Lift up the big flag over there in the corner, and you’ll get my pipes under it.”

Paudyeen lifted the flag, got the pipes, and gave them to the little man. He squeezed the pipes on him and began playing melodious music.

Paudyeen began dancing till he was tired. Then they had another drink, and the little man said:

“Do as my mother told you, and I’ll show you great riches.

You can bring your wife in here, but don’t tell her that I’m there, and she won’t see me. Any time at all that ale or wine are wanting, come here and draw.

Farewell now; go to sleep, and come again to me to-morrow night.”

Paudyeen went to bed, and it wasn’t long till he fell asleep.



Air maidin, lá air na márac, chuaid Páidín a baile agus tug a bean agus a clann go dtí an teac mór, agus bíodar go sona.

An oidce sin chuaid Páidín síos ann san tsoiléar. Cuir an fear beag fáilte roime, agus d'iarr air "raib fonn damsa air?"

"Ní'l go b'fág' mé deoc," ar Páidín.

"Ól do sait," ar san fear beag, "ní béid an báirille sin folam fad do beata."

D'ól Páidín lán an coirn agus tug deoc do 'n fear beag; ann sin dubairt an fear beag leis:

"Táim ag dul go Dún-na-síd anoct, le ceól do seinm do na daoine maite, agus má tagann tu liom feicfid tu greann breág.

Bearfaid mé capall duit na b'facaid tu a leiteid asiam roime."

"Racfad agus fáilte," ar Páidín, "act cia an leis-sgeul a deunfas mé le mo innaoi?"

"Teid do codlad léite, agus bearfaid mise amac ó n-a taoib tu, a gan fios dí, agus bearfaid mé air ais tu an caoi ceudna," ar san fear beag.

"Táim úmal," ar Páidín, "béid deoc eile agam sul a dtéid mé as do látair."

On the morning of the day of the morrow, Paudyeen went home, and brought his wife and children to the big house, and they were comfortable.

That night Paudyeen went down to the cellar; the little man welcomed him and asked him did he wish to dance?

"Not till I get a drink," said Paudyeen.

"Drink your 'nough," said the little man; "that barrel will never be empty as long as you live."

Paudyeen drank the full of the goblet, and gave a drink to the little man. Then the little man said to him:

"I am going to the fortress of the fairies to-night, to play music for the good people, and if you come with me you'll see fine fun.

I'll give you a horse that you never saw the like of him before."

"I'll go with you, and welcome," said Paudyeen; "but what excuse will I make to my wife?"

"I'll bring you away from her side without her knowing it, when you are both asleep together, and I'll bring you back to her the same way," said the little man.

"I'm obedient," says Paudyeen; "we'll have another drink before I leave you."

D'ól sé deoch andiaig díge, go raib sé leat air meisge agus cuaid sé 'nn a leabuid ann sin le na mnaoi.

Nuair dúisiú sé fuair sé é féin ag marcúigeacht air sguuib i ngar do Dún-na-síd, agus an fear beag ag marcúigeacht air sguuib eile le na taoib.

Nuair táinig siad com fada le cnoc glas an Dúin, labair an fear beag cúpla focal nár tuig Páidín;

d'fógail an cnoc glas, agus cuaid Páidín asteac i seomra breág.

Ní faicid Páidín aon cruinniúgað ariam mar bí ann san dún. Bí an áit líonta de daoine beaga, bí fir agus mná ann, sean agus óg.

Chuireadar uile fáilte roim Dórnal agus roim Páidín O Ceallaig. B'é Dórnal ainm an píobaire big.

Táinig rí agus bainríogán na síd 'nna látair agus dubairt siad:

“Támaoid uile ag dul go Cnoc Mata anoct, air cuairt go h-árd-rí agus go bainríogain ár ndaoine.”

D'éirig an t-iomlán aca, agus cuaid siad amac. Bí capaill réid ag gaic aon aca, agus an Cóiste Boðar le h-agaic an rí agus an bainríogna.

He drank drink after drink, till he was half drunk, and he went to bed with his wife.

When he awoke he found himself riding on a besom near Doon-na-shee, and the little man riding on another besom by his side.

When they came as far as the green hill of the Doon, the little man said a couple of words that Paudyeen did not understand.

The green hill opened, and the pair went into a fine chamber.

Paudyeen never saw before a gathering like that which was in the Doon. The whole place was full up of little people, men and women, young and old.

They all welcomed little Donal—that was the name of the piper—and Paudyeen O'Kelly.

The king and queen of the fairies came up to them, and said:

“We are all going on a visit to-night to Cnoc Matha, to the high king and queen of our people.”

They all rose up then and went out. There were horses ready for each one of them and the *coash-t'ya bower* for the king and the queen.

Ćuadar asteac ’san g-cóiste. Léim gać duine air a ćapall féin, agus bí cinnte nać raić Páidín air deiread.

Ćuaid an píobaire amac rompa, agus tosuić ag seinm ceóil dóib, agus as go brát leó. Níor ćfada go dtángadar go Cnoc Mata.

D’fógail an cnoc agus ćuaid an sluać síd asteac.

Bí Finbeara agus Nuala ann sin, árd-ríć agus bainríćan Śluaić-síd Ćonnacć, agus míle de ćaoinić beaga.

Táinig Finbeara a látair agus dubairt:

“Támaoid dul báire bualać ann aćaid sluaić-síd Múman anoćć, agus muna mbuailfimíd iad tá ár g-clú imćiće go deó.

Tá an báire le beit buailte air Máić-Túra faoi śliab Belgadain.”

“Támaoid uile réid,” ar sluać-síd Ćonnacć, “agus ní’l amras againn nać mbuailfimíd iad.”

“Amać lib uile,” ar san t-árd-ríć, “béid fir Ćnuic Néifin air an talam rómainn.”

D’imćićeadar uile amac, agus Dórnal beag agus dá ’r deug píobaire eile rómpa ag seinm ceóil binn.

The king and queen got into the coach, each man leaped on his own horse, and be certain that Paudyeen was not behind.

The piper went out before them and began playing them music, and then off and away with them. It was not long till they came to Cnoc Matha.

The hill opened and the king of the fairy host passed in.

Finvara and Nuala were there, the arch-king and queen of the fairy host of Connacht, and thousands of little persons.

Finvara came up and said:

“We are going to play a hurling match tonight against the fairy host of Munster, and unless we beat them our fame is gone for ever.

The match is to be fought out on Moytura, under Slieve Belgadaun.”

The Connacht host cried out: “We are all ready, and we have no doubt but we’ll beat them.”

“Out with ye all,” cried the high king; “the men of the hill of Nephin will be on the ground before us.”

They all went out, and little Donal and twelve pipers more before them, playing melodious music.

Nuair tángadar go Mág-Túra bí sluaḡ-síd Múman agus sídfir Ćnuic Néifin rompa.

Anois, is éigin do'n tsluaḡ-síd beirt fear beó do beit i láfair nuair a bíonn siad ag troid no ag bualad báire, agus sin é an fáit rug Dómnal beag Páidín O Ceallaig leis.

Bí fear dar ab ainm an Stangaire Buide ó Innis i g-condaé an Chláir le sluaḡ-síd Múman.

Níor bfada gur ḡlac an dá sluaḡ taoba, caitead suas an liatróid agus tosuiḡ an greann ná rírib.

Bí siad ag bualad báire agus na píobairide ag seinm ceóil, go bfacaíd Páidín O Ceallaig sluaḡ Múman ag fágail na láime láidre, agus tosuiḡ sé ag cuideactain le sluaḡ-síd Ćonnaċt.

Táinig an Stangaire i láfair agus d'ionnsuiḡ sé Páidín O Ceallaig, aċt níor bfada gur cuir Páidín an Stangaire Buide air a far-an-áirde.

Ó bualad-báire, tosuiḡ an dá sluaḡ ag troid, aċt níor bfada gur buail sluaḡ Ćonnaċt an sluaḡ eile.

Ann sin rinne sluaḡ Múman priompolláin díob féin, agus tosuiḡ siad ag ite uile níđ glas d'á dtáinig siad suas leis.

When they came to Moytura, the fairy host of Munster and the fairy men of the hill of Nephin were there before them.

Now, it is necessary for the fairy host to have two live men beside them when they are fighting or at a hurling-match, and that was the reason that little Donal took Paddy O'Kelly with him.

There was a man they called the "*Yellow Stongirya*," with the fairy host of Munster, from Ennis, in the County Clare.

It was not long till the two hosts took sides; the ball was thrown up between them, and the fun began in earnest.

They were hurling away, and the pipers playing music, until Paudyeen O'Kelly saw the host of Munster getting the strong hand, and he began helping the fairy host of Connacht.

The *Stongirya* came up and he made at Paudyeen O'Kelly, but Paudyeen turned him head over heels.

From hurling the two hosts began at fighting, but it was not long until the host of Connacht beat the other host.

Then the host of Munster made flying beetles of themselves, and they began eating every green thing that they came up to.

Bíodar ag sgrios na tíre rompa, go dtangadar  
còmhada le Conga, nuair d'éirigh na mílte  
colam as Poll-mór agus slúig siad na  
priompolláin.

Ní'l aon ainm air an bpoll go dtí an lá so aet  
Poll-na-gcolam.

Nuair gnótuigh sluaġ Connacht an caí, tángadar  
air ais go Cnoc Mata, lutgáireac go leór, agus  
tug an ríġ Finbeara sporán óir do Páidín O  
Ceallaig,

agus tug an píobaire beag a baile é, agus cuir  
sé 'nna còdlaġ le na mnaoi é.

Cuaid mí tart ann sin, agus ní tárla aon níġ  
do b'fiú a innsint; aet aon oidce amáin cuaid  
Páidín síos 'san tsoiléar agus dubairt an fear  
beag leis,

“Tá mo mátair marb, agus dóġ an boġán os a  
cionn.”

“Is fíor duit,” ar Páidín, “dubairt sí naġ raib  
sí le beit air an t-saogal so aet mí, agus tá an mí  
suas andé.”

Air maidin, an lá air na márac, cuaid Páidín  
cum an boġáin agus fuair sé an cailleac marb.

Chuir sé splanc faoi an mboġán agus dóig sé  
é Táinig sé a baile ann sin, agus d'innis sé do'n  
fear beag go raib an boġán dóigte.

They were destroying the country before  
them until they came as far as Cong. Then there  
rose up thousands of doves out of the hole, and  
they swallowed down the beetles.

That hole has no other name until this day  
but Pull-na-gullam, the dove's hole.

When the fairy host of Connacht won their  
battle, they came back to Cnoc Matha joyous  
enough, and the king Finvara gave Paudyeen  
O'Kelly a purse of gold,

and the little piper brought him home, and  
put him into bed beside his wife, and left him  
sleeping there.

A month went by after that without anything  
worth mentioning, until one night, Paudyeen  
went down to the cellar, and the little man said  
to him:

“My mother is dead; burn the house over  
her.”

“It is true for you,” said Paudyeen. “She told  
me that she hadn't but a month to be on the  
world, and the month was up yesterday.”

On the morning of the next day Paudyeen  
went to the hut and he found the hag dead.

He put a coal under the hut and burned it. He  
came home and told the little man that the hut  
was burnt.

Tug an fear beag sporán dó agus dubairt,

“Ní béid an sporán sin folamh comh fad agus béideas tu beo. Slán leat anois.

Ní feicfid tu mé níos mó, acht bíod cuimne grádaic agad air an easóg.

B’ise tosaic agus príomh-ádbar do saibbris.” Ansin d’imigh sé agus ní fhaca Paudyeen arís é.

Mair Páidín agus a bean bliadanta an diaig seó, ann san teac mór, agus nuair fuair sé bas d’fág sé saibreas mór ’nna diaig, agus muirigín mór le na caiaid.

Sin cugaib mo sgeul anois ó tús go deire, mar cualaid mise ó mo mátair móir é.

The little man gave him a purse and said to him;

“This purse will never be empty as long as you are alive. Goodbye to you now.

Now, you will never see me more; but have a loving remembrance of the weasel.

She was the beginning and the prime cause of your riches.” Then he went away and Paudyeen never saw him again.

Paudyeen O’Kelly and his wife lived for years after this in the large house, and when he died he left great wealth behind him, and a large family to spend it.

There now is the story for you, from the first word to the last, as I heard it from my grandmother.

