

## MAC RÍG ÉIREANN

Bí mac ríog i n-Éirinn, fad ó shin, agus chuaid sé amach agus tug sé a gunna 's a madaid leis. Bí sneachta amuig.

Marb sé fiach dub. Tuit an fiach dub air an tsneachta. Ní facaid sé aon rud buidh gile 'ná an sneachta,

ná buidh dhuibhe 'ná cloigíonn an fiach dhuibh, ná buidh deirge 'ná a cuid fola bí 'gá dórtad amach.

Cuir sé faoi geasaib agus deimúg (*sic*) na bliadna na n-íosad sé dá biaid i n-aon bord, ná dá oidche do coidlad ann aon teac,

go bhfágad sé bean a raib a cloigíonn com dub leis an bhfiach dub, agus a croicíonn com geal leis an tsneachta, agus a dá gruaid com dearg le fuil.

Ni raib aon bean ann san domhan mar sin, aet aon bean amain a bí ann san domhan soir.

Lá air na marac gab sé amach, agus ní raib airgid fairsing, aet tug sé leis fiche púnta. Ní fada chuaid sé gur casaid socraoid dó,

agus dubairt sé go raib sé com mait dó trí coiscéim dul leis an g-corpán.

## THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON

There was a king's son in Ireland long ago, and he went out and took with him his gun and his dog.

There was snow out. He killed a raven. The raven fell on the snow. He never saw anything whiter than the snow,

or blacker than the raven's skull, or redder than its share of blood, that was a pouring out.

He put himself under *gassa* and obligations of the year, that he would not eat two meals at one table, or sleep two nights in one house,

until he should find a woman whose hair was as black as the raven's head, and her skin as white as the snow, and her two cheeks as red as the blood.

There was no woman in the world like that; but one woman only, and she was in the eastern world.

The day on the morrow he set out, and money was not plenty, but he took with him twenty pounds. It was not far he went until he met a funeral,

and he said that it was as good for him to go three steps with the corpse.

Ní raib na trí choiscéim siúbalta aige go dtáinig fear agus leag sé a reasta air an g-corp air cúig púnta.

Bí dlígead i n-Eirinn an t-am sin, duinea ir bit a raib fiaça aige air fear eile,

naç dtiucfað le muinntir an fír sin a çur, dá mbeideað sé marb, gan na fiaça d'íoc, no gan cead ó'n duine a raib na fiaça sin aige air an bfear marb.

Nuair çonnairc Mac Ríg Éireann mic agus ingeana an duine mairb ag caoinead, agus iad gan an t-airgiod aca le tabairt do 'n fear,

dubairt sé leis fein, "is mór an trúag é naç bfuil an t-airgiod ag na daoinib boçta."

agus cuir sé a lám ann a pòca agus d'íoc sé féin na cúig púnta, air son an çuirp.

Dubairt sé go raçfað sé çum an teampoill ann sin, go bfeicfead sé curta é.

Táinig fear eile ann sin, agus leag sé a reasta air an g-corp air son cúig púnta eile.

"Mar tug mé na ceud cúig púnta," ar Mac Ríg Éireann leis féin, "tá sé com mait ðam cúig púnta eile tabairt anois, agus an fear boçt do leigean dul 'san uaiç."

He had not the three steps walked until there came a man and left his writ down on the corpse for five pounds.

There was a law in Ireland at that time that any man who had a debt upon another person (*i.e.*, to whom another person owed a debt)

that person's people could not bury him, should he be dead, without paying his debts, or without the leave of the person to whom the dead man owed the debts.

When the king of Ireland's son saw the sons and daughters of the dead crying, and they without money to give the man,

he said to himself: "It's a great pity that these poor people have not the money,"

and he put his hand in his pocket and paid the five pounds himself for the corpse.

After that, he said he would go as far as the church to see it buried.

Then there came another man, and left his writ on the body for five pounds more.

"As I gave the first five pounds," said the king of Erin's son to himself, "it's as good for me to give the other five, and to let the poor man go to the grave."

D'íoc sé na cúig púnta eile. Ní raib aige ann sin aòt deic bpúnta.

Níor bfada cuaid sé gur casað fear gearr glas dó agus d'fíafriúg sé dé cá raib sé dul. Dubairt sé go raib sé dul ag iarraid mná 'san domán soir.

D'fíafriúg an fear gearr glas dé, an raib buacaill teastál uaid, agus dubairt sé go raib, agus cad é an páide beidead sé ag iarraid.

Dubairt seisean “an ceud póg air a mínaoi, dá bfágað sé í.”

Dubairt Mac Ríg Éireann go g-caitfead sé sin fágail.

Níor bfada cuaid siad gur casað fear eile dóib agus a gunna ann a láim, agus é ag

“leibléaraçt” air an londuð a bí tall 'san domán soir, go mbeidead sé aige le n-aðaíd a ðinéir.

Dubairt an fear gearr glas le Mac Ríg Éireann gó raib sé com mait dó an fear sin glacað air aimsir,

da raçfað sé air aimsir leis. D'fíafriúg Mac Ríg Eireann an dtiucfað sé air aimsir leis.

“Raçfad,” ar san fear, “má bfág' mé mo tuarastal.”

“Agus cad é an tuarastal béideas tu 'g iarraid?”

“Áit tíge agus garða.”

He paid the other five pounds. He had only ten pounds then.

Not far did he go until he met a short green man, and he asked him where was he going. He said that he was going looking for a woman in the eastern world.

The short green man asked him did he want a boy (servant), and he said he did, and [asked] what would be the wages he would be looking for?

He said: “The first kiss of his wife if he should get her.”

The king of Ireland's son said that he must get that.

Not far did they go until they met another man and his gun in his hand, and he

a'levelling it at the blackbird that was in the eastern world, that he might have it for his dinner.

The short green man said to him that it was as good for him to take that man into his service if he would go on service with him.

The son of the king of Ireland asked him if he would come on service with him.

“I will,” said the man, “if I get my wages.”

“And what is the wages you'll be looking for?”

“The place of a house and garden.”

“Geobaid tu sin uaim, má éirigeann mo turas liom.”

D’imtiú Mac Rí Eireann leis an bfeallach agus leis an ngunnaire, agus ní fada óuaid siad gur casad fear dóib,

agus a cluas leagta air an talam, agus é ag éisteact leis an bfeallach ag fás.

“Tá sé com maith duit an fear sin glacad air aimsir,” ar san fear gearr glas.

D’fíafraí Mac Rí Eireann de ’n fear an dtiucfad sé leis air aimsir.

“Tiucfad má bfaig mé áit tige agus garda.”

“Geobaid tu sin uaim má éirigeann an rud atá ann mo ceann liom.”

Óuaid Mac Rí Eireann, an fear gearr glas, an gunnaire, agus an cluasaire,

agus ní fada óuaid siad gur casad fear eile dóib agus a leat-óos air a gualainn,

agus é ag congbáil páirce geirrfiad gan aon geirrfiad leigeann asteaic ná amac.

Bí iongantas air Mac Rí Eireann agus d’fíafraí sé cad é an ciall a raib a leat-óos air a gualainn mar sin.

“O,” ar seisean, “dá mbeidead mo dá óois agam air an talam beidinn com luat sin go raifainn as amarc.”

“You’ll get that if my journey succeeds with me.”

The king of Ireland’s son went forward with the short green man and the gunner, and it was not far they went until a man met them,

and his ear left to the ground, and he listening to the grass growing.

“It’s as good for you to take that man into your service,” said the short green man.

The king’s son asked the man whether he would come with him on service.

“I’ll come if I get the place of a house and garden.”

“You will get that from me if the thing I have in my head succeeds with me.”

The son of the king of Ireland, the short green man, the gunman, and the earman, went forward,

and it was not far they went until they met another man, and his one foot on his shoulder,

and he keeping a field of hares, without letting one hare in or out of the field.

There was wonder on the king’s son, and he asked him “What was the sense of his having one foot on his shoulder like that.”

“Oh,” says he, “if I had my two feet on the ground I should be so swift that I would go out of sight.”

“An dtiucfaid tu air aimsir liom,” ar san Mac Rí.

“Tiucfad, má bfág’ mé áit tíge agus garda.”

“Geobaid tu sin uaim,” ar Mac Ríg Éireann, “má éirigeann an rud atá ann mo ceann, liom.”

Cuaid Mac Ríg Éireann, an fear gearr glas, an gunnaire, an cluasaire, agus an coisire air aghaid,

agus níor bfada go dtáncadar go fear agus é ag cur muilinn gaoite tart le na leatpolláire,

agus a meur leagta aige air a srón ag druidim na polláire eile.

“Cad cúige bfuil do meur agad air do srón?” ar Mac Ríg Éireann leis.

“O,” ar seisean, “dá séidfinn as mo dá polláire do sguabfainn an muileann amach as sin suas ’san aer.”

“An dtiucfaid tu air aimsir?”

“Tiucfad, má bfág’ mé áit tíge agus garda.”

“Geobaid tu sin, má éirigeann an rud atá ann mo ceann liom.”

Cuaid Mac Ríg Éireann, an fear gearr glas, an gunnaire, an cluasaire, an coisire,

“Will you come on service with me?” said the king’s son.

“I’ll come if I get the place of a house and garden.”

“You’ll get that if the thing I have in my head succeeds with me.”

The son of the king of Ireland, the short green man, the gunman, the earman, and the footman, went forward,

and it was not far they went till they came to a man and he turning round a wind-mill with one nostril,

and his finger left on his nose shutting the other nostril.

“Why have you your finger on your nose?” said the king of Ireland’s son.

“Oh,” says he, “if I were to blow with the two nostrils I would sweep the mill altogether out of that up into the air.”

“Will you come on hire with me?”

“I will if I get the place of a house and garden.”

“You’ll get that if the thing I have in my head succeeds with me.”

The son of the king of Ireland, the short green man, the gunman, the earman, the footman,

agus an séidire, agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna agus beurfaid siad air an ngaoit Márta a bí rompa

agus an gaoit Márta a bí 'nna n-diaig ní beurfaid sí orra-san go dtáinig trathóna agus deiread an laé.

Dearc Mac Ríg Éireann uaid agus ní fácaid sé aon teac a mbeidead sé ann an oidche sin.

Dearc an fear gearr glas uaid agus connairc sé teac nac raib bonn cleite amac air,

na barr cleite asteac air, aot aon cleite amain a bí ag congbail didinn agus fasaig air.

Dubairt mac ríe Éireann nac raib fios aige cá caitfead siad an oidche sin,

agus dubairt an fear gearr glas go mbeidead siad i dteac an fataig tall an oidche sin.

Táinig siad cum an tige, agus tarraing an fear gearr glas an cuaille comraic

agus níor fág sé leanb i mnaoi searraic i g-capall, pigín i muic, na broc i ngleann nar iompuié sé tart trí uaire iad

le méad an torain do bain sé as an g-cuaille comraic.

the blowman, and the man that broke stones with the side of his thigh, and they would overtake the March wind that was before them,

and the March wind that was behind them would not overtake them, until the evening came and the end of the day.

The king of Ireland's son looked from him, and he did not see any house in which he might be that night.

The short green man looked from him, and he saw a house, and there was not the top of a quill outside of it,

nor the bottom of a quill inside of it, but only one quill alone, which was keeping shelter and protection on it.

The king's son said that he did not know where he should pass that night,

and the short green man said that they would be in the house of the giant over there that night.

They came to the house, and the short green man drew the *coolaya-coric* (pole of combat),

and he did not leave child with woman, foal with mare, pigeon with pig, or badger in glen, that he did not turn over three times with

the quantity of sound he knocked out of the *coolaya-coric*.

Táinig an fatac amac agus dubairt sé  
“mothuim bolad an Éireannaig binn breugaig  
faoi m’fóidín dútaig.”

“Ní Éireannaic binn breugaic mise,” ar san  
fear gearr glas,

“act tá mo máigistir amuig ann sin ag ceann  
an bótair agus má tagann sé bainfid sé an ceann  
díot.”

Bí an fear gearr glas ag meuduagad, agus ag  
meuduagad go raib sé faoi deiread com mór leis  
an g-caisleán.

Bí faitcios air an bfatac agus dubairt sé,  
“Bfuil do máigistir com mór leat féin?”

“Tá,” ar san fear gearr glas, “agus níos mó.”

“Cuir i bfolac mé go maidin go n-imtugeann  
do máigistir,” ar san fatac.

Cuir sé an fatac faoi glas, ann sin, agus cuaid  
sé cum a máigistir.

Táinig mac rí Éireann, an fear gearr glas, an  
gunnaire, an cluasaire, an séidire, an coisire,  
agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna,  
asteac ’san g-caisleán,

agus caif siad an oidce sin, trian dí le  
fiannaigeact agus trian le sgeuluigeact,

agus trian le soirm (*sic*) saim suain agus fíor-  
codalta.

The giant came out, and he said: “I feel the  
smell of the melodious lying Irishman under  
(*i.e.*, in) my little sod of country.”

“I’m no melodious lying Irishman,” said the  
short green man;

“but my master is out there at the head of the  
avenue, and if he comes he will whip the head  
off you.”

The short green man was growing big,  
growing big, until at last he looked as big as the  
castle.

There came fear on the giant, and he said: “Is  
your master as big as you?”

“He is,” says the short green man, “and  
bigger.”

“Put me in hiding till morning, until your  
master goes,” said the giant.

Then he put the giant under lock and key, and  
went out to the king’s son.

Then the king of Ireland’s son, the gunman,  
the earman, the footman, the blowman,  
and the man who broke stones with the side  
of his thigh, came into the castle,

and they spent that night, a third of it a’story-  
telling, a third of it with Fenian tales,

and a third of it in mild enjoyment of slumber  
and of true sleep.

Nuair d' éirig an lá air na máraç tug sé leis a máigistir agus an gunnaire,

agus an cluasaire, agus an coisire, agus an séidire, agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna,

agus d'fág sé amuig ag ceann an bótair iad, agus táinig sé féin air ais agus bain sé an glas de 'n fataç.

Dubairt sé leis an bfataç gur cuir a máigistir air ais é i g-coinne an birréid ùuib a bí faoi còlba a leabuid.

Dubairt an fataç go dtiubrað sé hata dó nár caif sé féin ariam, açt go raib náire air, an sean-birreud do tabairt dó.

Dubairt an fear gearr glas muna dtiubrað sé an birreud dó go dtiucfað a máigistir air ais, agus go mbainfeað sé an ceann dé.

“Is fearr dam a tabairt duit,” ar san fataç,

“agus uair air bit a cuirfeas tu air do ceann é, feicfid tu uile ùuine agus ni feicfid ùuine air bit tu.”

Tug sé dó an birreud ann sin, agus çuaid an fear gearr glas agus tug sé do maç ríç Éireann é.

Bí siad ag imteact ann sin. Do béarfad siad air an ngaoif Márta do bí rómpa,

agus an gaof Márta do bí 'nna ndiaig ní béarfad sí orra-san, ag dul do'n doman soir.

When the day on the morrow arose, the short green man brought with him his master, the gunman,

the earman, the footman, the blowman, and the man who broke stones with the side of his thigh,

and he left them outside at the head of the avenue, and he came back himself and took the lock off the giant.

He told the giant that his master sent him back for the black cap that was under the head of his bed.

The giant said that he would give him a hat that he never wore himself, but that he was ashamed to give him the old cap.

The short green man said that unless he gave him the cap his master would come back and strike the head off him.

“It's best for me to give it to you,” said the giant;

“and any time at all you will put it on your head you will see everybody and nobody will see you.”

He gave him the cap then, and the short green man came and gave it to the king of Ireland's son.

They were a'going then. They would overtake the March wind that was before them,

and the March wind that was behind them would not overtake them, going to the eastern world.



Nuair táinig trathnóna agus deireadh an lae  
dearc mac ríge Éireann uaid agus ní facaí sé  
aon áit a mbeid sé ann an oidche sin.

Dearc an fear gearr glas uaid, agus connaire  
sé caisleán, agus dubairt sé,

“an fatac atá ann san g-caisleán sin, is  
dearbrátair do’n fatac a rabamar aréir aige,  
agus beidmíd ann san g-caisleán sin anocht.”

Táinig siad, agus d’fág sé mac ríge Éireann  
agus a muinntir ag ceann an bótair

agus cuaid sé cum an caisleáin, agus tarraing  
sé an cuaille cómraic,

agus níor fág sé leanb i mnaoi ná searraic i g-  
capall ná pigín i muic ná broc i ngleann,

i bfoigse seacht míle dó, nár bain sé trí iompód  
asta leis an méad torain a tug sé as an g-cuaille  
cómraic.

Táinig an fatac amac, agus dubairt sé,  
“Motuigim boladh an Éireannaig binn breugaig  
faoi m’fóidín dútaig.”

“Ní Éireannaic binn breugaic mise,” ar san  
fear gearr glas,

“act tá mo máigistir amuig ann sin ag ceann  
an bótair, agus má tagann sé bainfid sé an  
ceann díot.”

“Is mór líom de greim tú, agus is beag liom  
de dá greim tú,” ar san fatac.

When evening and the end of the day came,  
the king of Ireland’s son looked from him, and  
he did not see any house in which he might be  
that night.

The short green man looked from him, and  
he saw a castle, and he said:

“The giant that is in that castle is the brother  
of the giant with whom we were last night, and  
we shall be in this castle to-night.”

They came to the castle, and he left the  
king’s son

and his people at the head of the avenue, and  
he went to the door and pulled the *coolaya-*  
*coric*,

and he did not leave child with woman, foal  
with mare, pigeon with pig, or badger in glen,

within seven miles of him, that he did not  
knock three turns out of them with all the sound  
he knocked out of the *coolaya-coric*.

The giant came out, and he said, “I feel the  
smell of a melodious lying Irishman under my  
sod of country.”

“No melodious lying Irishman am I,” says  
the short green man;

“but my master is outside at the head of the  
avenue, and if he comes he will whip the head  
off you.”

“I think you large of one mouthful, and I  
think you small of two mouthfuls,” said the  
giant.

“Ní bfuigfid tu mé de greim air bit,” ar san fear gearr glas,

agus toisig sé ag meuduğað go raib sé còm mór leis an g-caisleán.

Táinig faitcíos air an bfatac agus dubairt sé,

“bful do máigistir còm mór leat-sa?”

“Tá agus níos mó,” ar san fear beag glas.

“Cuir i bfolac mé go maidin go n-imtigeann do máigistir,” ar san fatac, “agus rud air bit atá tu ag iarraid caifid tu a fágail.”

Tug sé an fatac leis, agus cait sé faoi beul dabaic é.

Cuaid se amac agus tug sé asteac mac ríğ Eireann, an gunnaire, an cluasaire, an séidire, an coisire, agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna,

agus cait siad an oidce ann sin, trian le fiannuigeact trian le sgeulaiğeaçt agus trian le soirm sám suain agus fíor-codalta, go dti an maidin.

Air maidin, lá air na márac, tug an fear gearr glas mac ríğ Eireann agus a muinntir amac as an g-caisleán agus d’fág sé ag ceann an bótair iad,

agus táinig sé féin air ais agus d’iarr sé na sean-slipéaraid a bi faoi colba an leabuid, air an bfatac.

Dubairt an fatac go dtiúbrað sé péire bútais còm maif agus caif sé ariam d’a máigistir,

“You won’t get me of a mouthful at all,” said the short green man,

and he began swelling until he was as big as the castle.

There came fear on the giant, and he said:

“Is your master as big as you?”

“He is, and bigger.”

“Hide me,” said the giant, “till morning, until your master goes, and anything you will be wanting you must get it.”

He brought the giant with him, and he put him under the mouth of a *douac* (great vessel of some sort).

He went out and brought in the son of the king of Ireland, the gunman, the earman, the footman, the blowman, and the man who broke stones with the side of his thigh,

and they spent that night, one-third of it telling Fenian stories, one-third telling tales, and one-third in the mild enjoyment of slumber and of true sleep until morning.

In the morning, the day on the morrow, the short green man brought the king’s son and his people out of the castle, and left them at the head of the avenue,

and he went back himself and asked the giant for the old slippers that were left under the head of his bed.

The giant said that he would give his master a pair of boots as good as ever he wore;

agus cad é an mait a bí ann sna sean-slipéaraib!

Dubairt an fear gearr glas muna b'fágad sé na slipeuraid go ra'fadh sé i g-coinne a máigistir, leis an ceann do baint dé.

Dubairt an fatac ann sin go dtiúbraid sé do iad, agus tug.

“Am air bit,” ar seisean, “a cuirfeas tu na slipeuraid sin ort,

agus 'haig óibir' do rád, áit air bit a bfuil súil agad do dul ann, béid tu innti.”

D'imtig mac rí Eireann agus an fear gearr glas, agus an gunnaire, agus an cluasaire,

agus an coisire, agus an séidire, agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna,

go dtáinig tra'nóna agus deiread an lae; agus go raib an capall ag dul faoi sgát na copóige agus ní fanfad an copóg leis.

D'fíafriug mac rí Eireann de'n fear gearr glas ann sin, cá beidead siad an oidce sin,

agus dubairt an fear gearr glas go mbeidead siad i dteac dearbrátar an fataig ag a raib siad areir.

Dearc mac rí Eireann uaid agus ní fácaid sé dadarín. Dearc an fear gearr glas uaid agus connairc sé caisleán mór.

and what good was there in the old slippers?

The short green man said that unless he got the slippers he would go for his master to whip the head off him.

Then the giant said that he would give them to him, and he gave them.

“Any time,” said he, “that you will put those slippers on you,

and say ‘high-over!’ any place you have a mind to go to, you will be in it.”

The son of the king of Ireland, the short green man, the gunman, the earman,

And the footman, the blowman, and the man who broke stones with the side of his thigh, went forward

until evening came, and the end of the day, until the horse would be going under the shade of the docking, and the docking would not wait for him.

The king's son asked the short green man where should they be that night,

and the short green man said that they would be in the house of the brother of the giant with whom they spent the night before.

The king's son looked from him and he saw nothing. The short green man looked from him and he saw a great castle.

D'fágbaig sé mac rí Eireann agus a mhuinntir ann sin agus cuaid sé cum an caisleán leis féin,

agus tarraing sé an cuaille cómraic, agus níor fágbaig sé leanb i mnaoi, searraic i láir, pigín i muic, na broc i ngleann,

nár tionntuig sé tart trí uaire leis an méad torain a bain sé as an g-cuaille cómraic.

Táinig an fatac amaic agus dubairt sé,

“motuigim bolad an Éireannaig binn breugaig faoi m'fóidín dútaig.”

“Ní Éireannaic binn breugaic mise,” ar san fear gearr glas,

“act tá mo máigistir 'nna seasam ann sin, ag ceann an bótair, agus má tagann sé bainfid sé an ceann díot.”

Agus leis sin tosuiú an fear gearr glas ag méaduúad go raib sé com mór leis an g-caisleán faoi deiread.

Táinig faitcíos air an bfatac, agus dubairt sé,

“bfuil do máigistir com mór leat féin?”

“Tá,” ar san fear gearr glas, “agus níos mó.”

“O cuir mé a bfolac, cuir me i bfolac,” ar san fatac,

“go n-ímtigeann do máigistir, agus rud air bit a béideas tu ag iarraid caifid tu a fágail.”

He left the king's son and his people there, and he went to the castle by himself,

and he drew the *coolaya-coric*, and he did not leave child with woman, foal with mare, pigeon with pig, or badger in glen,

but he turned them over three times with all the sound he struck out of the *coolaya-coric*.

The giant came out, and he said:

“I feel the smell of a melodious lying Irishman under my sod of country.”

“No melodious lying Irishman am I,” said the short green man;

“but my master is standing at the head of the avenue, and if he comes he shall strike the head off you.”

And with that the short green man began swelling until he was the size of the castle at last.

There came fear on the giant, and he said:

“Is your master as big as yourself?”

“He is,” said the short green man, “and bigger.”

“Oh! put me in hiding; put me in hiding,” said the giant,

“until your master goes; and anything you will be asking you must get it.”

Tug sé an fatac leis agus cuir sé faoi beul  
dabaiç é, agus glas air.

Táinig sé air ais agus tug sé mac ríç Éireann,

an gunnaire, an cluasaire, an coisire, an  
séidire, agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna  
asteac leis,

agus caif siad an oidçe sin go rúgaç, trian dí  
le fiannuigeaçt,

agus trian dí le sgeuluigeaçt, agus trian dí le  
soirm sám suain agus fíor çodalta.

Air maidin, lá air na máraç, tug sé mac ríç  
Éireann agus a múinntir amaç

agus d'fág buig sé ag ceann an bófair iad agus  
táinig sé féin air ais,

agus leig sé amaç an fatac, agus dubairt se  
leis an bfatac an cloideam meirgeaç a bí faoi  
çolba a leabuid do tabairt dó.

Dubairt an fatac naç dtiúbraç sé an sean-  
çloideam sin d' aon duine,

açt go dtiúbraç sé dó cloideam na trí faobar,  
nár fág fuigeal buille 'na diaig,

agus dá bfág-fað sé go dtiúbraç sé leis an  
dara buille é.

“Ní glacfaid mé sin,” ar san fear gearr glas,

He took the giant with him, and he put him  
under the mouth of a *douac*, and a lock on him.

He came back, and he brought the king of  
Ireland's son,

the gunman, the earman, the footman, the  
blowman, and the man who broke stones with  
the side of his thigh, into the castle with him,

and they spent that night merrily—a third of  
it with Fenian tales,

a third of it with telling stories, and a third of  
it with the mild enjoyment of slumber and of  
true sleep.

In the morning, the day on the morrow, he  
brought the son of the king of Ireland out,

and his people with him, and left them at the  
head of the avenue, and he came back himself

and loosed out the giant, and said to him, that  
he must give him the rusty sword that was  
under the corner of his bed.

The giant said that he would not give that old  
sword to anyone,

but that he would give him the sword of the  
three edges that never left the leavings of a  
blow behind it,

or if it did, it would take it with the second  
blow.

“I won't have that,” said the short green man,

“caitfid mé an cloideam meirgeac fágail, agus muna bfág’ mé é raçfaid me i g-coinne mo máigistir agus bainfid sé an ceann díot.”

“Is fearr dam a tabairt duit,” ar san fatac,

“agus cia bé áit a bualfeas tu buille leis an g-cloideam sin raçfaid sé go dtí an gaineam dá mbuð iarann a bí roime.”

Tug sé an cloideam meirgeac dó ann sin.

Cuaid mac ríç Eireann agus an fear gearr glas, agus an gunnaire, agus an cluasaire,

agus an coisire, agus an séidire, agus fear briste na g-cloc le taoib a tóna ann sin,

go dtáinig traínóna agus deiread an laé, go raib an capall ag dul faoi sgát na copóige agus ní fanfad an copóg leis.

Ní béarfad an gaot Márta a bí rompa orra agus an gaot Márta a bí ’nna ndiaig ní rug sí orra-san,

agus bí siad an oidce sin ann san domán soir, an áit a raib an bean-uasal.

D’ fiafruig an bean de mac ríç Eireann creud do bí sé ag iarraid agus dubairt seisean go raib sé ag iarraid íféin mar mnaoi.

“Caitfid tu m’fágail,” ar sise, “má fuasglann tu mo geasa díom.”

“I must get the rusty sword; and if I don’t get that, I must go for my master, and he shall strike the head off you.”

“It is better for me to give it to you,” said the giant,

“and whatever place you will strike a blow with that sword, it will go to the sand (*i.e.*, cut to the earth) though it were iron were before it.”

Then he gave him the rusty sword.

The son of the king of Ireland, the gunman, the earman,

and the footman, the blowman, and the man who broke stones with the side of his thigh, went forward after that,

until evening came, and the end of the day, until the horse was going under the shade of the docking, and the docking would not wait for him.

The March wind that was behind them would not overtake them, and they would overtake the wind of March that was before them,

and they were that night (arrived) in the eastern world, where was the lady.

The lady asked the king of Ireland’s son what it was he wanted, and he said that he was looking for herself as wife.

“You must get me,” said she, “if you loose my geasa off me.”

Fuair sé a lóistín le na cúid buacaill ann san g-caisleán an oidche sin,

agus ann san oidche táinig sise agus dubairt leis,

“seó siosúr agad, agus muna bfuil an siosúr sin agad air maidin amárach bainfigear an ceann díot.”

Cuir sí biorán-suain faoi na ceann, agus tuit sé ’nna codladh,

agus comh luath a’s tuit sé ’nna codladh rug sí an siosúr uaid agus d’fág buig sí é.

Tug sí an siosúr do’n rígh nime, agus dubairt sí leis an rígh, an siosúr do beith aige air maidin dí.

D’imigh sí ann sin.

Nuair bí sí imighie tuit an rígh nime ’nna codladh

agus nuair a bí sé ’nna codladh táinig an fear gearr glas agus na sean-slipéaraid air,

agus an birreud air a ceann, agus an cloideam meirgeach ann a lámh,

agus cia bé áit a d’fág buig an rígh an siosúr fuair seisean é.

Tug sé do mac rígh Eireann é, agus nuair táinig sise air maidin d’fíafruig sí,

“a mic rígh Eireann bfuil an siosúr agad?”

He got lodging with all his servants in the castle that evening,

and in the night she came and said to him,

“Here is a scissors for you, and unless you have that scissors for me to-morrow morning, the head will be struck off you.”

She placed a pin of slumber under his head, and he fell into his sleep,

and as soon as he did, she came and took the scissors from him and left him there.

She gave the scissors to the King of Poison, and she desired the king to have the scissors for her in the morning.

Then she went away.

When she was gone the King of Poison fell into his sleep;

and when he was in his sleep the short green man came, and the old slippers on him,

and the cap on his head, and the rusty sword in his hand,

and wherever it was the king had left the scissors out of his hand, he found it.

He gave it to the king of Ireland’s son, and when she (the lady) came in the morning, she asked;

“Son of the king of Ireland, have you the scissors?”

“Tá,” ar seisean.

Bí tri fíce cloigíonn na ndaoine a táinig ’gá h-íarraid air spícíb timcioll an caisleáin

agus saoil sí go mbeideadh a cloigíonn air spíce aici i g-cuideacht leó.

An oidche, an lá air na máraç, táinig sí agus tug sí cíar dó,

agus dubairt sí leis muna mbeideadh an cíar aige air maidin nuair a tiucfaid sí go mbeideadh an ceann bainte dé.

Cuir sí biorán-suain faoi na ceann agus tuit sé ’nna çodlad mar tuit sé an oidche roime, agus goid sise an cíar léite.

Tug sí an cíar do’n ríç nime agus dubairt sí leis gan an cíar do çailleadh mar çaill sé an siosúr.

Táinig an fear gearr glas agus na sean-sléiparaid air a çosaib, an sean-birreud air a ceann

agus an cloideam meirgeach ann a láim, agus ní facaid an ríç é go dtáinig se taob siar dé agus tug sé an cíar leis uaid.

Nuair táinig an maidin, dúisigh mac ríç Eireann

agus íosuigh sé ag caoineadh na ciaire a bí imtighthe uaid.

“I have,” said he.

There were three scores of skulls of the people that went to look for her set on spikes round about the castle,

and she thought that she would have his head on a spike along with them.

On the night of the next day she came and gave him a comb,

and said to him unless he had that comb for her next morning when she would come, that the head should be struck off him.

She placed a pin of slumber under his head, and he fell into his sleep as he fell the night before, and she stole the comb with her.

She gave the comb to the King of Poison, and said to him not to lose the comb as he lost the scissors.

The short green man came with the old slippers on his feet, the old cap on his head,

and the rusty sword in his hand; and the king did not see him until he came behind him and took away the comb with him.

When the king of Ireland’s son rose up the next morning

he began crying for the comb, which was gone from him.



“Ná bac leis sin,” ar san fear gearr glas,  
“tá sé agam-sa.”

Nuair táinig sise tug sé an cíar dí, agus bí iongantas uirri.

Táinig sí an tríomadh oidche,  
agus dubairt sí le mac rí Eireann an ceann do cíaradh leis an g-cíair sin do beith aige dí, air maidin amárach.

“Nois,” ar sise, “ní raib baogal ort go dtí aonocht, agus má cailleann tu an t-am so í, tá do cloigíonn imitigte.”

Bí an biorán-suain faoi na ceann, agus tuit sé ’nna còdla.

Táinig sise agus goid sí an cíar uaid. Tug sí do’n rí nime í,

agus dubairt sí leis nár feud an cíar imteacht uaid no go mbainfide an ceann dé.

Tug an rí nime an cíar leis, agus cuir sé asteach í i g-carraig cloiche,

agus trí ficte glas uirri, agus suid an rí taoib amuig de na glasaib uile ag doras na carraige, ’gá faire.

Táinig an fear gearr glas, agus na slipeuraid agus an birreud air,

agus an cloideam meirgeach ann a lámh, agus

buail sé buille air an g-carraig cloiche agus d’fosgail suas í,

“Don’t mind that,” said the short green man:  
“I have it.”

When she came he gave her the comb, and there was wonder on her.

She came the third night, and said to the son of the king of Ireland to have for her the head of him who was combed with that comb, on the morrow morning.

“Now,” said she, “there was no fear of you until this night; but if you lose it this time, your head is gone.”

The pin of slumber was under his head, and he fell into his sleep.

She came and stole the comb from him. She gave it to the King of Poison,

and she said to him that he could not lose it unless the head should be struck off himself.

The King of Poison took the comb with him, and he put it into a rock of stone

and three score of locks on it, and the king sat down himself outside of the locks all, at the door of the rock, guarding it.

The short green man came, and the slippers and the cap on him,

and the rusty sword in his hand,

and he struck a stroke on the stone rock and he opened it up,

agus buail sé an dara buille air an ríḡ nime,  
agus bain sé an ceann dé.

Tug sé leis an cīar cūig (do) mac ríḡ Eireann  
ann sin, agus fuair sé é ann a dūiseaċt, agus é  
ag caoineaċ na cīaire.

“Súd í do cīar duit,” ar seisean, “tiucfaid sise  
air ball, agus fiafrōcaid sí dīot an bfuil an cīar  
agad,

agus abair léite go bfuil, agus an ceann do  
cīaraċ léite, agus cait cūici an cloigionn.”

Nuair táinig sise ag fiafruig an raib an cīar  
aige, dubairt sé go raib,

agus an ceann do cīaraċ léite, agus cait sé  
ceann an ríḡ nime cūici.

Nuair cōnnaire sí an cloigionn bí fearḡ mōr  
uirri, agus dubairt sí leis

naċ bfuigfead sé í le pōsaċ go bfāgaċ sé  
coisire a šiūbalfad le na coisire féin i g-coinne  
trī buideul na h-īoċsláinte

as tobar an domain soir, agus dá mbuċ luaite  
a táinig a coisire féin ’ná an coisire aige-sean,  
go raib a ceann imtiḡte.

Fuair sí sean-cailleaċ (buitse éigin) agus tug  
sí trī buideula dī.

Dubairt an fear gearr glas trī buideula do  
tabairt do’n fear a bí ag congbaíl páirce na  
ngeirrfiāċ, agus tugaċ dó iad.

and he struck the second stroke on the King  
of Poison, and he struck the head off him.

He brought back with him then the comb to  
the king’s son, and he found him awake, and  
weeping after the comb.

“There is your comb for you,” said he; “she  
will come this now and she will ask you have  
you the comb,

and tell her that you have, and the head that  
was combed with it, and throw her the skull.”

When she came asking if he had the comb,  
he said he had,

and the head that was combed with it, and he  
threw her the head of the King of Poison.

When she saw the head there was great anger  
on her, and she told him

he never would get her to marry until he got  
a footman (runner) to travel with her runner for  
three bottles of the healing-balm

out of the well of the western world; and if  
her own runner should come back more  
quickly than his runner, she said his head was  
gone.

She got an old hag—some witch—and she  
gave her three bottles.

The short green man bade them give three  
bottles to the man who was keeping the field of  
hares, and they were given to him.

D'imtióg an cáilleac agus an fear, agus trí buidéala ag gaó aon aca,

agus bí coisire mic ríóg Éireann ag tígeacó leat-bealaióg air ais, sul a bí an cáilleac imtióg leat-bealaióg ag dul ann.

“Suid síos,” ar san cáilleac leis an g-coisire, “agus leig do sgít,

tá an beirt aca pósta anois, agus ná bí brisead do croide ag rit.”

Tug sí léite cloigionn capaill agus cúir sí faoi na ceann é,

agus biorán-suain ann, agus nuair leag sé a ceann air, tuit sé 'nna códlaó.

Dóirt sise an t-uisge a bí aige amaó, agus d'imtióg sí.

B'fada leis an bfear gearr glas go raib siad ag tígeacó, agus dubairt sé leis an g-cluasaire,

“leag do cluas air an talaó, agus feuc an bfuil siad ag teacó.”

“Cluinim,” ar seiseann, “an cáilleac ag teacó, agus tá an coisire 'nna códlaó,

agus é ag srannfartuióg.”

“Dearc uait,” ar san fear gearr glas leis an ngunnaire “go bfeicfid tu ca bfuil an coisire.”

The hag and the man started, and three bottles with each of them;

and the runner of the king's son was coming back half way on the road home, while the hag had only gone half way to the well.

“Sit down,” said the hag to the foot-runner, when they met,

“and take your rest, for the pair of them are married now, and don't be breaking your heart running.”

She brought over a horse's head and a slumber-pin in it,

and laid it under his head, and when he laid down his head on it he fell asleep.

She spilt out the water he had and she went.

The short green man thought it long until they were coming, and he said to the earman,

“Lay your ear to the ground and try are they coming.”

“I hear the hag a'coming,” said he; “but the footman is in his sleep,

and I hear him a'snoring.”

“Look from you,” said the short green man to the gunman, “till you see where the foot-runner is.”

Dubairt an gunnaire go raib sé ann a leitid sin d'áit,

agus cloigionn capaill faoi na céann, agus é 'nna còdlað.

“Cuir do gunna le do súil,” ar san fear garr glas, “agus cuir an cloigionn ó na céann.”

Ĉuir sé an gunna le na súil agus sguaið sé an cloigionn ó na céann.

Dúisið an coisire, agus fuair sé na buideula a bí aige folam,

agus b'éigin dó filleað cum an tobair arís.

Bí an cailleac ag teact ann sin agus ní raib an coisire le feiceál (feicsint).

Ar san fear gearr glas ann sin, leis an bfear a bí ag cur an múilinn-gaoite tart le na polláire,

“éirið suas agus feuc an g-cuirfeá an cailleac air a h-ais.”

Ĉuir sé a meur air a srón agus nuair bí an cailleac ag teact cuir sé séideóg gaoite fúiti a sguaið air a h-ais í.

Bí sí teact arís agus rinne sé an rud ceudna léite.

Gac am a bídeað sise ag teact a bfogas dóið do bídeað seisean dá cur air a h-ais arís leis an gaoit do séideað sé as a polláire.

The gunman looked, and he said that the footman was in such

and such a place, and a horse's skull under his head, and he in his sleeping.

“Lay your gun to your eye,” said the short green man, “and put the skull away from under his head.”

He put the gun to his eye and he swept the skull from under his head.

The footman woke up, and he found that the bottles which he had were empty,

and it was necessary for him to return to the well again.

The hag was coming then, and the foot-runner was not to be seen.

Says the short green man to the man who was sending round the windmill with his nostril:

“Rise up and try would you put back that hag.”

He put his finger to his nose, and when the hag was coming he put a blast of wind under her that swept her back again.

She was coming again, and he did the same thing to her.

Every time she used to be coming near them he would be sending her back with the wind he would blow out of his nostril.

Air deireadh séid se leis an dá polláire agus  
suaib sé an cailleac cum an domain soir arís.

Táinig coisire mic rí Eireann ann sin, agus  
bí an lá sin gnótuigte.

Bí fearg mór air an mnaoi nuair connairc sí  
na dtáinig a coisire féin air ais i dtosaic, agus  
dubairt sí le mac rí Eireann,

“ní bfuigfid tu mise anois no go siúbailfid tu  
trí míle gan bróig gan stoca, air snátaidib  
cruaide.”

Bí bótar aici trí míle air fad, agus snátaide  
geura cruaide craitte air, com tiug leis an bfeur.

Ar san fear gearr glas le fear-briste na g-cloc  
le na leat-tóin,

“téid agus maol iad sin.”

Cuaid an fear sin orra le na leat-tóin agus  
rinne sé stumpaid díob.

Cuaid sé orra ann sin le na tóin dúbalta, agus  
rinne sé púgdar agus praiseac díob.

Táinig mac rí Eireann agus siúbail sé na trí  
míle, agus bí a bean gnótuigte aige.

Pósad an beirt ann sin, agus bí an céud póg  
le fágail ag an bfeur gearr glas.

At last he blew with the two nostrils and  
swept the hag back to the western world again.

Then the foot-runner of the king of Ireland's  
son came, and that day was won.

There was great anger on the woman when  
she saw that her own foot-runner did not arrive  
first, and she said to the king's son:

“You won't get me now till you have walked  
three miles, without shoes or stockings, on  
steel needles.”

She had a road three miles long, and sharp  
needles of steel shaken on it as thick as the  
grass, and their points up.

Said the short green man to the man who  
broke stones with the side of his thigh:

“Go and blunt those.”

That man went on them with one thigh, and  
he made stumps of them.

He went on them with the double thigh, and  
he made powder and *prashuch* of them.

The king of Ireland's son came and walked  
the three miles, and then he had his wife  
gained.

The couple were married then, and the short  
green man was to have the first kiss.

Rug an fear gearr glas an bean leis féin asteac i seomra, agus tosuiġ sé uirri.

Bí sí lán de naitreaçaib nime, agus beideaġ mac ríġ Éireann marb aca,

nuair a raċfaġ sé 'nna ċodlaġ, aċt gur piuc an fear gearr glas aisti iad.

Tainig sé go mac ríġ Eireann ann sin, agus dubairt sé leis,

“Tig leat dul le do mnaoi anois. Is mise an fear a bí ann san g-ċómra an lá sin,

a d'íoc tu na deic bpúnata air a šon, agus an muinntir seó a bí leat is seirbísige iad do ċuir Dia ċugad-sa.”

D'imtiġ an fear gearr glas agus a muinntir ann sin agus ní faċaġ mac ríġ Éireann arís é.

Rug sé a bean abaile leis, agus ċait siad beata šona le céile.

The short green man took the wife with him into a chamber, and he began on her.

She was full up of serpents, and the king's son would have been killed with them

when he went to sleep, but that the short green man picked them out of her.

He came then to the son of the king of Ireland, and he told him:

“You can go with your wife now. I am the man who was in the coffin that day,

for whom you paid the ten pounds; and these people who are with you, they are servants whom God has sent to you.”

The short green man and his people went away then, and the king of Ireland's son never saw them again.

He brought his wife home with him, and they spent a happy life with one another.

