

The Land of Errion

An authentic history of Ireland

John J. O'Carroll

1903

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English Translation of Gaelic History.

THE PREFACE.

I have edited this history to bring to mind the esteem and honor due my race : The Gaal Scioth Iber, the mighty children of Er, who from of old have borne unconquered arms !

AS THE POET SAITH :

God shield you, champions of the Gael,
Never may your foes prevail ;
Never were ye known to yield,
Basely in the embattled field.

Generous youths, in glittering arms,
Rouse at glory's shrill alarms ;
Fight for your green native hills !

And to enkindle patriotic devotion and an enduring love for the land of their Forefathers, in the hearts of our kindred, though they be distantly scattered as exiles from the Land of Erin.

JOHN J. O'CARROLL.
CHICAGO, 1903.

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The First Book and the First Chapter, of the

HISTORY OF ERIN

Treating of the Valiant Men of Fodla and Danba.

Bartalman was the first ruler of the tribes of wooded Fodla, he is also named Partalman.

According to some authors Bartalman and his hosts, came to the land of Fodla, A. M. 1969.

Others, however, place the date of his landing A. C. 1769. In those days it is related : That the Island was in the possession of a copper-colored race of savages, a tribe of the Turanians, wild and exceedingly fierce.

Bartalman was therefore the first prince of the Celtic race who trod the soil of Fodla. He crossed the ocean from Ceiltag, that is from the southwest of Europe, for that portion of Europe was in the possession of the Celts at that time.

Bartalman found a fair entrance and ship-harbor near a Headland covered with stately oaks.

Upon this promontory he built a citadel, and founded a walled town. He called the place : Binn-na-dair, on account of the oak forest which crowned its brow.

In after times the place was called : Bendar, and the hill of Howth, near the present city of Dublin. These are the four sons of Bartalman : Lir the first born, Orba, Fearan, and Feargna. Each son founded for himself a city along the sea coast, and became a ruler over it, and over as many of the population as chose to follow him from the older settlement.

The copper-colored savages issued from their forest coverts, warring constantly with them, they skulked along the forest margin, and any person they surprised, without regard to sex or age, they tortured and put to death without mercy.

On a certain day when Bartalman made a sortie on them, to drive them back, he was mortally wounded in the fray. His followers buried him at the foot of Binnadair.

During the course of three hundred years, the new colony had no abler ruler, nor more magnificent prince than Bartalman. After his demise his people dwelt in the Island about three hundred years, indeed until pestilence and misfortune, together with the wars of the savages, swept every vestige of them from the land of Fodla.

The Second Chapter, First Book. Nebog, A New Ruler, A.C. 1469.

Nebog heard in Ceiltag the ruin that befell his kindred in the Island Elga. Thereupon he fitted out a fleet of thirty-four ships, carrying a force of one thousand and twenty armed warriors, besides his queen Maca, and his four sons : Starn, Iarbaneal, Annin, and Phyrus. They landed on the north of the Island. They fought a pitched battle with the emboldened savages, and by desperate valor, and superior discipline, gained the victory. When they had retained possession of the land for twelve years, queen Maca died, they buried her on a certain highland, which is called Ard-maca (Armagh) to this day in her honor. Again war broke out, and the copper hued savages fought fiercely, but Nebog and his forces routed them in a first battle fought at the foot of mount Blaoime. A second battle at Rosfraocan in the west was fought where Gan and Ganan, the principal chiefs of the savages, fell by the hand of Nebog. In the third encounter, Nebog suffered a reverse, for Starn, his oldest son, was slain. In the fourth battle on Murbuilg Nebog's forces were nearly annihilated, and Ard, his youngest son, and Joban the son of Starn, were slain, and Nebog himself mortally wounded. After the disaster, the remnant under the leadership of Jobat returned to Airmuirce (Armorica).

In the lapse of time the fir-builg (called firgneath by the Gaal) came from Bruitan. They numbered about five thousand and were under the command of five chieftains : Ruidruide, Gan, Ganan, Seangean, and Slaigne. Slaigne was seated king of the Island. They held the sway of the country for eighty years under the governance of nine kings : Slaigne, Ruidruide, Gan, Ganan, Seangean, Fiaca, Ronall, Fiobgein, and Eoga. In the days of the reign of Eoga, it transpired that the Thuatha Danaan, came from Armorica under Nuagad. On the field of Magtura, near Lough Masg they met in battle, the Firbuilgs under Eoga and the Danaan forces marshalled by Nuagad. The battle raged in doubtful turn, until the fall of eventide when Eoga fell, whereupon the Firbuilgs turned and fled. In the battle Nuagad lost his hand,

he commanded his chief artisans to forge him one of silver, which he wore. On this account he was surnamed Nuagad Airgeadlam, Nuagad the silver-handed. The Danaan, not only defeated the Firbuilgs, but what was worse, reduced them to the condition of wretched slaves. The Danaan held sway over the Island for sixty years, under seven kings : Nuagad Airgeadlam, Lugad Lamfada, son of Cian, the son of Cainte surnamed the “ Ilodanac,” because of his proficiency in every strategy and knowledge. He united the Danaan and combined into drilled companies even the firneath who rather than be subject to the Danaan fled to the deep forests, and the wild deserts, and the heath-covered mountains, and because at his command they came to him from forest, mountain and fastness, strenuous men in battle and warfare, they styled him chief of the “ Marcra Side,” i. e., of the knights of the hill. In the battle of Mag Turead of the sea giants (pirates), Lugad broke the power and supremacy of the Sea-giants, and liberated the Danaan from their tax and tribute forever ! After this he became king over the Danaan. It was this Lugad who established the funeral-games of Tailtean to honor his mother, Tailte, and because they were celebrated on the first day of the month of August. The first day of the month August even to our own times is called the : “ La-Lugad-Nasa,” the “ day of Lugad’s games.” Luagad Lamfada, Dagad, Delbiot, Fiaga, Breas, and the three sons of Cearmada together : Eathur, Teathur, and Ceathur, for a period of twenty-three years, each in turn reigned his year.

The three brothers married three sisters, Eathur married Beanba, Teathur, Fodla, and Ceathur, Eire. Eathur worshipped his gods in the sylvan glades and was surnamed Mac-Coill ; Teathur paid homage to the plow, and was surnamed MacCeuct ; Seathur adored the sun and was called MacGreine.

The knowledge and fame of these events, have been handed down to us solely by tradition, or as is said from mouth to ear ; for there was no knowledge of the art of writing in that remote age. These are the names which the happy Island bore at different periods : Fodla, Innis Elca, Innis Fail, Danba or Banba, Eire, Errion, Ibernia.

We have now arrived at the period in the Island’s history when a new people became dominant, introducing letters and the art of writing. Amongst them there was a caste titled, “ Ollams,” whose office it was to chronicle accurately public events as they transpired

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Herewith are given the names of the ancestors of the mighty race of Er : Ardfear, who came a fugitive from Seanatar (Sennar) to Ermioniat (Armenia), he was called Naoi (Noe), the protoparent of the Naoimadeis (Nomads), he was likewise called Er. Macer, the son of Er, called Japhet. Og, who conquered Magog, called Erogulis. Jaban, who colonized Greece, Ogageis, the father of the Ogagites, Dorca, Glas, File, Daire, Cealgac, Calma, Ronard, Eolus, the king of Gaalag, a famous scholar, it was he who wrote the book of Chronicles of Gaalag. Don, Lugad, Ceanmor, Ceanard, Marcac, Cuir, Aod, Iber, Maoil, Ibermaoil, Marcac the son of Ibermaoil, Noid, Og the son of Marcac, Ardfear, Bille the son of Engsac, and Eocaid, this was the ruler whom Sruamac defeated. According to some authorities this Sruamac is identical with Sesar or Sesostris, son of Ammon, ruler of Egypt, while others claim Sesar to be identical with Melcart, king of the Fenians of Phoenicia.

The five sons of Eocaid survived the national disaster : Marcac, Iolar, Daire, Blat, and Colba, they were swept from the field by the retreating hosts. After the havoc wrought by Sruamac, the prince Ith arose in the midst of the assembled survivors, and addressed them : O Gaal Scioth Iber awake ! What matters it to me if the waters of abyss and the great pit are terrible ? Is destruction by water, air or earth, or even by fire itself as terrifying to the Gaal Scioth of Iber as the gyves of slavery ? Baal himself can destroy but once ? And so ends the

pain of body and mind, the spirit is free. But the body of the captive enslaved languishes continually, the soul becomes oppressed with the shrivelled body. As the bow that is constantly strung loses its power so with the spirit that submits to slavery ?——

I have frequently sailed my ship across the world of waters to Bruitan. On one occasion after adjusting a controversy of the Gaal, when returning to Gaalag my ship was driven from her course to the westward by the force of current and tempest, we scudded before the gale until we came to a wooded country, a land of rugged aspect. We were but a small band, nevertheless the natives fled at our approach, we drank the sweet waters of the land ! Ith will again sail thither and return in season to pilot the way to all who prefer danger to bondage. As for Ith. if he lives at all he desires to live free ! The import of Ith's discourse seemed good to both chiefs and Gaal. They made ready three staunch ships of single-tier oars, and picked up a hundred and twenty valiant men who had not yet entered wedlock. As the wind arose they set sail steering westward, following the going of Baal. The misfortunes and afflictions of the Gaal increased daily, Famine and Pestilence were on foot, Misery brooded over Gaalag, the hill of counsel was lonely, the Asti without the holy fire. Only the priests remain in the Rathes which guard the highways of the land, the rest are busily employed, that all things may be ready against the return of Ith. They work in relays at ship-building for the fleet, from the first light until darkness falls, the hum of industry ceases not. Marcac and the chieftains have their tents pitched around Astiereis. Lo ! the beacon light burns day and night on Breocean of Gaalag to guide Ith and his companions on their homeward course. Now when Baal was in the first division of his house Tionnsnad (March), the coast-watch saw a ship making toward land. All Gaalag came down to the port to behold the prince returning. As the ship drew within the harbor, the allhail of the Gaal resounded : through the air. When they cast anchor, Lugad the son of Ith, stood in the presence of Marcac, and I Ordac, the Ardollam, stood by ; Marcac inquired. Why do not I behold Ith ? Has he remained behind ? How fares it with Ith ? Lugad placed his hand on his bosom, and lowering his eyes sadly, pointed to the ship, saying in answer to Marcac : Ith is no more, my father that was, lies in the ship rotting ! When the sorrowful news was heard, a cry went up from the Gaal that pierced the sky, the body of Ith was carried ashore, a circle of fires kindled and a guard set. In the morning they bore the body to the Carn, and I Ordac intoned the death chant, and the women and maidens took up the refrain, after that Cier, the son of Eocaid, surnamed the Gollam, raised the battle song over the prince.

As soon as they had rolled the stone against the door of the house of darkness (sepulchre), Marcac unsheathed his sword, and holding it aloft swore by the spirit of Baal, and the chieftains likewise, and the Gaal lifting up their hands swore by Baal, and the matrons and the maidens lifting up their hands swore by Re (Moon), and Tarsnasc (Hosts of Heaven), that they would go to the land where Ith was wounded, and avenge his death. On the day subsequent to the burial, Marcac prepared the death feast, and invited the nobles and chieftains to hear the story of Ith.

After they had partaken of the banquet, Lugad sat on an elevated rostrum near the king. Marcac thus addressed him : If it pleaseth Lugad, we would listen to the story of Ith ? Then Lugad arose and in a clear voice spoke as follows : When Ith beheld the sorrows that befell Gaalag, he preferred danger to tribute, death to slavery, he sailed to a strange land to discover a new abode for the Gaal, where they might dwell without hearing the voice of a master. We sailed westerly, we sighted Britain, and avoided Scaoilead and Cosantiridir (Cassitiridae). On the eighth day out from Dunmianac, we hailed the land we sought, we coasted along it for four days and four nights, until the waters of a river offered a favorable harbor. Ith divided his force into three parts, one he stationed to guard the ships, the other two to accompany him into the interior. Two races inhabit the land, we discovered the more numerous race was vanquished and held in servitude by the lesser ; but the victors are hated by the vanquished.

They rejoiced at our advent for they drag out an existence in cruel bondage. Ith inquired for the chief of the country, after two days had elapsed messengers came to guide us to his presence. Ith called a council of the captains of his bands. Some of them proposed : Why should we march further into the interior, have we not seen enough ? Let us return home, and come in force and conquer this land. But to this counsel Ith objected : By no means, the natives would then interpret our action as fear. Let Gol remain here to guard the ships with one-third of the force and should our expedition prove unfortunate let him return with haste to Gaalag and relate to Marcac this commission from Ith : O Marcac, conduct hither the children of Iber, here pitch the tents of the Gaal. Gol sought earnestly to accompany us on the march but without avail.

The first day we marched with great circumspection, passing the night under armed watch. The following morning Ith commanded the guides into his presence and said : We will proceed no further, but will await your ruler here another day if he desires to see us. When half the second day was spent, we saw a multitude advancing, as they approached we discerned that they held huge bludgeons in their hands ; but they had neither cran-tubal (sling), bow nor quiver, nor the sharp lances of battle. They were tall, large-limbed, fair-complected men. Although it was a large, forbidding host, nevertheless we closed up to them. They often repeated, “ Danbaa, and Danaan,” and beat their servants in our presence, calling them “ Cloden.”

Without delay we observed, that they began to throw companies to our rear, as if to cut off our return to the ships.

Then Ith gave order: Keep your rear passage open at all hazard, for we are but few.

The encounter began by the natives giving a wild shout, and hurling large stones at us with much force, thereupon we bent the bow and swung the crantubal. Thus was our little company of Gaal hard pressed for three days, though by discipline and superiority of arms we held them at bay until Gol with the third division all but nine whom he left as guards for the ships, came with reinforcements, clearing the way for an orderly retreat. During the three terrible days, every Gaal fought like a hero, or if perchance he fell, died with his face to the enemy. My father, Ith, was mortally wounded but he did not expire on the field, we bore him off to the ships. I Lugad did not ascend my own ship, but remained with my father, a short time before his death he called me and said : Marcac may with safety conduct the Gaal to this land of forests. The serfs will aid him in the conquest. Do not prolong a second day of the Gaal Scioth Iber’s sorrow in Gaalag——. Such was the last words of Ith the famous, the son of Bille, the brother of Eocaid, who was surnamed Gollam.

Now the day that Baal crossed the threshold of Baalteine (May) all preparations were completed, and the children of the Gaal Scioth Iber, Naoimadeis, and Ogageis, the remnant surviving the invasion of Sruamac, were aboard, ready to weigh anchor, and leave Gaalag (Iberiat or Spain) after a sojourn of four hundred and eighty-four years in that land. Baal favored until we hove in sight of the desired land. Then a tempest blew and scattered the fleet in all directions. Twelve ships were wrecked. That day Colba and his crew went down at the mouth of the river of the land (Ionbior Colba). Cier and his crew foundered at Benntirion an domain. The remainder of the fleet landed with Marcac, Iolar, and Blath, the sons of Gollam the hero, and with Lugad, the son of Ith.

Er, the son of Cier, was saved, for he had remained with the sons of Marcac, his play-mates, in Gaalag.

After the landing, Marcac issued command : We will each leave three armed men, and all the women and children in the ships, while we take up the march to avenge the blood of Ith and subdue the country. They had spread the cloth to see to whose lot it would fall to remain with the ships, when both men. and women cried out as with one voice : Leave none behind, let all die together or together share the glory of avenging the blood of Ith. The Gaal then armed ; the forces were ordered for battle, the men of the land also gathered together, they were far more numerous than the Gaal, perchance twenty to one. The engagement had not lasted long when company after company of the “ Cloden” began to desert to us. Forthwith the masters fled from the thick of the fight. The following day the conflict was renewed, the men of the land were defeated. Their bludgeons did not prevail, even the serfs when armed with our superior weapons, wounded them sorely.

On the third day the chieftain of the land sent an embassy to Marcac, having their bludgeons slung to their backs, and their arms crossed on their breasts in sign of peace.

Now it so happened that eight years previously a ship manned by the Gaal, in coming from Britain, was wrecked on the breakers of this coast. They had become conversant with the language of the Danaan. The Danaan sent them to Marcac with the embassy as interpreters.

After attesting their joy at seeing their kindred, they spoke now in the tongue of the Gaal, now in the tongue of the Danaan. Thus was a treaty made and ratified between the chiefs of Iber and the Danaan.

The Danaan added : You have indeed wrested the victory from us owing to the treachery of the Cloden. The Danaan will not therefore submit to your rule, nor give tribute. We will cross to the far side of the Seanaman (Shannon) and we will dwell there between it and the great sea in the land of Ultonmact (plain of mighty waves). We will not trespass on your side, nor you on our side of the river. Furthermore as the Cloden is on your hands do with them as you will, but remember if you show them kindness, or place trust in them they will betray it.

On that day the second day of the entrance of Baal into his Division Sgith (June 2) the covenant was ratified.

The Danaan raised a great stone where the treaty was struck, while I Ordac, the Ardollam, inscribed the words of the covenant in the Chronicles of the Gaal, as a perpetual memory of the transaction.

Then Marcac said : Let this place be called : Magmortiomna (Field-of-the-great-testament), and all the assembly answered : Yea. Peace ensued.

The Danaan set out for the territory allotted him by the treaty, the Firgneath remain with the Gaal. Marcac has pitched his tents on Magmortiomna, and the tents of all Iber are arranged in proximity, for Marcac said : It behooves us to remain encamped until the Danaan shall have crossed the river to provide against possible treachery.

The Firgneath render us acceptable service, the Gaal also who shipwrecked on the coast in the days of Eocaid Gollam, abide with us.

They relate of Cloden that is the Cegaal Firgneath (aborigines), that they were created from the elements of the soil. That the Danaan came from Armorica, vanquished the Firgneath and reduced them to servitude. That neither of the races had heard of Baal. After an

encampment of three months on Magmortiomna, Marcac summoned the chieftains of the Gaal Scioth Iber to a council in the presence of the assembled Gaal, he arose in their midst and said : O chiefs, the land is accessible to the foot of the children of Iber, what if we should make a tour of inspection ? No one knoweth its boundary ? How shall we proceed ? Perchance the Danaan might revolt ? Shall we spread out, or remain massed in force, what is your will ? Our fighting force is small, decimated by the destruction of Baal. For in truth, Sruamac, the drought, the pestilence, and famine, were but his instruments, hence our phalanx is short-numbered. Colba lies tombless under the waves. Cier cannot hear any more the voice of Marcac—alas, the pity of it ! Cier lieth under his Carn, his death-cry chanted, and his battle-song sung, and Marcac cried bitterly, and the assembled host lifting up their voice wept.

After a short interval Marcac proposed : What if Blath should speak ?

Blath answered : What if we march massed together ? Then Marcac asked what saith Iolar ? Iolar answered : What if the Gaal be divided into three columns, the first column to march within trumpet call of the second, and the second to march within trumpet call of the third, all to march in line at the same rate of progress ? Now on the threshold of Tirim, that is first day of October, Marcac at the head of his column took up the march to the North. To the right of Marcac, Blath marched his column, and to the right of Blath, Iolar marched his detachment. The Ollams, bards, cromfears (priests) and poets, were divided amongst the chieftains, but the women and children marched with the tribe to which they belonged, and the Firgneath pointed out the highways and byways, and the trails through the land.

Now Er, the son of Cier, marched alongside Marcac, holding his hand ; indeed, the hero shortened his strides to correspond to the steps of the stripling. As we marched we came upon the waters of an unfordable river, where the construction corps and the carpenters made a pontoon bridge, for Marcac had burned the ships in which he had voyaged from Gaalag. After we crossed the bridge of boats, he continued the march, until we saw the peak of a mountain which is the extremity of the world, thence we deflected our course, and descended to the plain, and marched until we came to the place where the mighty warrior Cier was drowned.

Marcac desired to visit the Carn, where lay the beloved brother of his heart.

As we marched through the land we found some Gaal of the stock of Iber, we heard them frequently speaking the language of the Gaal, still they had no knowledge of Iber nor Dunmianac, they freely proffered us provision from their produce. We stood on the shore only a short distance from the Carn of Cier, yet Marcac could not cross on account of the roughness of the waves, but with uplifted eyes and outstretched hands he besought : May the spirit of Cier be immortal ! Henceforth we will call this river “ Iber,” in memory of the hero, the son of Iber, the glory of the race ! When we returned to our brethren they too wished to behold the tomb of Cier, but Marcac forbade it.

We proceeded on the march until we touched the waters of the Seanaman (Shannon) beyond which stretches away the land of the Danaan. Keeping the Seanaman on our left we marched until we reached the source of that stream. Thence we proceeded westward until we stood above the waters of the great deep. What we heard was true : That the great waves of the sea break on the strand not far distant from the source of the Seanaman. We journeyed northward keeping the ocean to our left-hand, until we again confronted the world of water. Following the margin of the land until we again came to the end, we turned to the south, and marched, until on the threshold of Baalteine (May), the whole force entered the plains of Magmortiomna, as was appointed before the enterprise was begun. Now we were certain : That the waters of the ocean surround the land, that it is an island.

After their fatiguing journey the Gaal rested nine days. Marcac then convoked an assembly, and standing in their midst addressed them : When the Gaal migrated from Iber to a strange land, did they not give names to houses, hills, plains, rivers, yea even to the waves of the sea, in order to remind them of the name of Er forever ? What if this land standing apart be called : “ER-RION” (portion of Er)? We are, and will be, the Gaal Scioth Iber, Naoimadeis, Ogageis for ever !

This territory is too extensive for a single ruler. The nobles elected me king in Gaalag, but Errion is not Gaalag ? What saith the princes and chiefs in these public concerns ? If not prepared to deliver an opinion, what if we defer the question nine days, and at the expiration of that time hold another assembly ? It was so agreed.

At this time the priests also came together, and elected Blath, the son of Gollam Ardromfear to replace Fionar who remained in Gaalag because he was sick and broken with age.

After the nine days had elapsed, the assembly met, and Iber (Marcac) addressed them : As was said, the land is extensive, the Gaal required six months to march around their portion of it. What eye can see, what voice can be heard, what hand reach so far ? Three descendants of the hero survive, what saith the chiefs ? Now Blath presided on the mount as Ardromfear, Iber was as gentle as the summer zephyr, the princes all were silent. After a while Blath arose and said : Three of the race survive, let the land be divided between Iber and Iolar. It is my part, and my glory, that I am one of the race, but my portion will be Baal !

When Blath had finished speaking the chiefs struck their shields, and the surrounding Gaal raised a great shout, calling the name of Cier. After a little Aongais (Aeneas), a chief of the Gaal said : Is Cier so soon forgotten ? Cier lieth under his carn but his spirit lives. Going to the side of Iber, where little Er stood, he took the boy’s hand and said: The spirit of Cier still lives in his son?

Will the land be portioned and the child of Cier despoiled of the share which would have belonged to his father ?

When Aongais finished the Gaal shouted, invoking the spirit of Cier on his son.

Blath replied to this address by stating : That he had given his opinion in the manner he had, because it was well known to the nobles and the Gaal that Er was not of the proper age to rule ? To which Aongais made answer : When Enar, the father of Eolus, the wise, was an orphan, and the only survivor of the race, nine chiefs of the Gaal, acted regents for twenty years and four. Cannot the portion of Er in Errion be so governed, during the thirteen years of his minority ? Then the Gaal called loudly for Iber to protect the orphan boy.

Iber therefore arose and proposed : What if the territory be divided into three kingdoms, and by the cast of the die Er, the son of Cier, and Iolar and Iber will assume their allotted portions ? But all the assembly answered : Not so, let Iber choose his kingdom first. But Iber dissented, saying : Spread the cloth for the cast, for Iber will accept only by his lot like the others. So the land of Errion was parcelled into three kingdoms. Deas, the south kingdom, fell to Iber, the most southern province of which was assigned to Lugad, the son of Ith, the first bard of Erin, who pitched his tents (i. e., made a settlement), looking out on the great sea. The north boundary of Iber’s kingdom formed the southern terminus of Iolar’s. Er’s kingdom stretched from the north of Iolar’s to the extremity of the island, and the Cegaal Firgneath occupied a reservation between the Kingdom of Er and the territory of the Danaan. Nine chieftains of the Gaal reigned for Er, until he should attain his majority. Blath held the office

of Ardromfear (high-priest). Their portions were also assigned to the chieftains, Ollams, Cromfears, poets, bards, and to all the Gaal. Up to the present, however, no one had leisure to listen to the prelections of the Ollams.

After the lapse of a year a contention arose between Iber and Iolar regarding territorial boundaries, but Iber related to me, Ordac, the Ardollam, that Blath was the real cause of the disturbance.

Now for the first time the Gaal unsheathed the sword in internecine strife, and alas ! Iber fell by the hand of Iolar.

They constructed Iber's Carn on the spot where he fell. After they had chanted the death-cry, and sung the battle song, Lugad said : Let this mound be called Ce-iosiol (Cashel) forever !

Note :—I will write down here the “ Eugcaoin” (death-cry), or elegy, which Lugad, the son of Ith, composed, and sang over his wife, Fial :

Suideam sonn for san tract
Ainbteac fuact,
Criot for mo ded admal eact
Eact dom ruact.
Ais neidim duib ad bat bean,
Brogais blath.
Fial a ainm fris mad neam ;
As Baal glan.
Adbal ecc ecc dom ruact,
Cruad rom claid.
Noct a fir ar ro sil,
Siu ro suide.

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After the battle in which Iber met his death, I Ordac, the Ardollam, did not return to Deas, but set out for the kingdom of Er, the son of Cier. I carried with me the writings of Eolus, and the Chronicles of the Gaal, which Marcac entrusted into my hands and keeping before our migration from Gaalag, for the successive kings had preserved these writings from the days of Ardromfear, or Naoi, the protoparent of the race.

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