

5ile na 5ile

ΔΟΥΔΗ Ο ΡΑΤΑΙΛΛΕ

Foilsithe ag an gCartlann



Ζίλε να ζίλε το κόνηρε-ρά αιρ ρλίζε Δ η-υαίζνεαρ;
Ώννιορ αν βίννιρ Δ ρμιοταλ νάρ έρίον-ζήματòΔ;
Σριορòαλ αν έριορòαιλ Δ ζορμ-πορζ ρίνη-υαίνε;
Ώειρζε ιρ ρίννε Δζ ριονηòò 'να ζήοιορ-ζήμαòηαιβ.

Σαιρε να σαιρε αν ζαé ρυιβε τó βυιòε-έυαéαιβ;
Ώαίνεαρ αν έρμυιννε τó ρυιéνε Le ρίνη-ρζυαβαιζ;
Ιορρòò βα ζήαινε νά ζήαινε αιρ Δ βρμυιηη βυαéαιζ;
Ώο ζεινεòò αιρ ζεινεαήμαιν τιορ 'ραν τίρ υαéτραιζ.

Ριορ ριορác τóαμ τ'ιηηιρ, ιρ ιρι ζο ρίορ-υαίζνεαé;
Ριορ ριλλεòò τóη τυινε τóη ιοηαòò βα ρίζ-òυαλζαρ;
Ριορ μιλλεòò να τρμυιηζε έυιρ ειριοη αιρ ρίνη-ρμυαζαòò;
'S ριορ ειλε να κυρρεαòò αμ λυιòéιβ Le ρίορ-υαήμαιν.

Λειήνε να λειήνε τóαμ τρμυιòημ 'να έρμυιηη-τυαίρμ!
Αμ έιμε Δζ αν έιμε τóο ρηαιòμεαòò ζο ρίορ-έρμυαìò με;
Αιρ ζοιρμ Μιé Μυιρε τóαμ ρυρταéτ τóò βίοòζ υαίηρε;
'S ληζεαρ αν βρμυιηηζιòλ 'να λυιρνε ζο βρμυιòη λυαéρα.

Ριéιμ Le ηιρε αμ ριéιβ ζο ρριοιòε-λυαίηνεαé;
Τρέ ιμέλλαιβ έυρρμυιζ, τρέ ηòηηζαιβ, τρέ ρλίμ-ρμυαìòéιβ;
Ώοη ρίννε-βρòζ τζιρμ, ηί έυιζιρ éια αν τ-ρλίζε ρυαρμρ,
Ζο η-ιοηαòò να η-ιοηαòò τóο éμυαòò Le τρμυιòεαéτ ζρμυαζαιζ.

Ώρμυιòò ρά ρζιζε ζο ρζιζεαήμαιλ βυιòεαν ζήμαζαé
Ιρ ρυρρεαηηη τóò βρμυιηηζιòλαιβ ριορζαιéε τóλαι-έυαéαé;
Δ ηζειμεαλαιβ ζειμεαλ μέ κυρμυò ζαν ρυιηη ρυαίηηηρ;
'S μο βρμυιηηζιòλ αιρ βρμυιηηιβ Δζ βρμυιηηρε βρμυιηη-ρταυαé.

Ώ'ιηηηρεαρ τιορ, 'ραν β-ρμιοταλ βαò ρίορ υαίη-ρι,
Νάρ έυιβε òι ρηαιòμεαòò Le ρλίβηρε ρλίμ-βυαìòεαρτá;
'S αν τυινε βαò ζίλε αιρ éινε Scuit τρί η-υαίρε,
Δζ ρεìéιοή αιρ ιρι βεìé αιζε μαρ éλοηη-ηυαéαρ.

The Brightness of Brightness I saw in a lonely path,
Melody of melody, her speech not morose with age,
Crystal of crystal, her blue eye tinged with green,
The white and ruddy struggled in her glowing cheeks.

Plaiting of plaiting in every hair of her yellow locks,
That robbed the earth of its dew by their full sweeping,
An ornament brighter than glass on her swelling breast,
Which was fashioned at her creation in the world above.

A tale of knowledge she told me, all lonely as she was,
News of the return of HIM to the place which is his by kingly descent,
News of the destruction of the bands who expelled him,
And other tidings which, through sheer fear, I will not put in my lays.

Oh, folly of follies for me to go up close to her!
By the captive I was bound fast a captive;
As I implored the Son of Mary to aid me, she bounded from me,
And the maiden fled, blushing, to the fairy mansion of Luachair.

I rush in mad race with a bounding heart,
Through margins of morasses, through meads, through barren
moorlands
I reach the fair mansion—the way I came I know not—
That dwelling of dwellings, reared by the sorcery of a wizard.

They burst in laughter, mockingly—a troop of wizards
And a band of maidens, trim, with plaited locks;
In the bondage of fetters they put me without much respite,
While to my maiden clung a clumsy, lubberly clown.

I told her then, in words the sincerest,
How it ill became her to be united to an awkward, sorry churl,
While the fairest thrice over of all the Scotie race
Was waiting to receive her as his beauteous bride.

Διη ελοίρωι μο ζοτὰ ὀι ζοιλεανη ζο φίοη-υαϊβρεδᾶ;
Ριτλεανη αν ρλιε ζο λιρε αρ Δ ζρίοη-ζήμαδῆαιβ
Cυηλεανη λιοη ζιολλα τοη εομαηε ὅη η-βηυιῶη υαίε;
'S ί ζηε ηα ζηε το εοηηαιε-ρα διη ρλιε Δ η-υαηεαρ.

Αη CEΔηΖΔΛ

Μο ερειζῶ! μο ευβαηε! μο εηρηαιηη! μο ἕρῶη! μο ὀίε!
Μο ροιλλρεδᾶ ἠυηηεδᾶ, ἠιοεδαιη-ζεΔΛ, ἕεῶλ-ταιη, εδῶη,
Δζ ἀδαιεδᾶ ρηηηοηη-ουἕ ηιοηζαιηεδᾶ εῶηηεδᾶ βυῶε;
'S ζαν λειζεαρ 'ηα ζοηηε ζο ἕ-ρῆλλῶ ηα λeoζαιη ταιη τυῆηη.

As she hears my voice she weeps through wounded pride,
The streams run down plenteously from her glowing cheeks,
She sends me with a guide for my safe conduct from the mansion,
She is the Brightness of Brightness I saw upon a lonely path.

THE BINDING

O my sickness, my misfortune, my fall, my sorrow, my loss!
My bright, fond, kind, fair, soft-lipped, gentle maiden,
Held by a horned, malicious, croaking, yellow clown, with a black
troop!
While no relief can reach her until the heroes come back across the
main.