

Chapter 1 : Full text of "The cattle-raid of Cualnge (Tain bo Cuailgne) an old Irish prose-epic;"

Tain Bo Cuailnge 7 placed in LL: e.g. the Rochad story (an entirely different account), the fight of Amairgen and Curoi with stones, and the warning to Conchobar, all follow the fight with Fer Diad.

It is at that point that the hosts of Erin divided over the province in pursuit of the bull. For it was by way of those places they went until they reached Finnabair. Here endeth the Title. The Story begineth in order. And in that place was fixed the tent of Ailill son of Ross, and the trappings were arranged, both bedding and bed-clothes. And the thirty hundred men of Ulster on his right hand had he to the end that the whispered talk and conversation and the choice supplies of food and of drink might be the nearer to them. She took part in the Cow-spoil of Cualnge after she had slept with Fergus; and she it was that every seventh night brought sustenance in milk to the men of Erin on the march, for king and queen and prince and poet and pupil. Medb remained in the rear of the host that day in quest of tidings and augury and knowledge. She called to her charioteer to get ready her nine chariots for her, to make a circuit of the camp that she might learn who was loath and who eager to take part in the hosting. With nine chariots she was wont to travel, that the dust of the great host might not soil her. Medb suffered not her chariot to be let down nor her horses unyoked until she had made a circuit of the camp. And Ailill asked tidings of Medb: When the others begin making their pens and pitching their camp, these have finished building their bothies and huts. When the rest are building their bothies and huts, these have finished preparing their food and drink. When the rest are preparing their food and drink, these have finished eating and feasting, and their harps are playing for them. When all the others have finished eating and feasting, these are by that time asleep. And even as their servants and thralls are distinguished above the servants and thralls of the men of Erin, so shall their heroes and champions be distinguished beyond the heroes and champions of the men of Erin this time on this hosting. It is folly then for these to go, since it is those others will enjoy the victory of the host! Let them stay at home then," said Ailill. No one shall do them to death but he that does death to myself along with them! For there are the seven Mane, that is, my seven sons with their seven divisions, and the sons of Maga with their seven divisions, and Ailill with his division, and I myself with my own body-guard besides. We are strong enough here to kill and slaughter thee with thy cantred of the Leinstermen round thee! Here we have what is best of the youths of Ulster, even the division of the Black Banishment. Furthermore, I myself am bond and surety and guarantee for them, since ever they left their own native land. I will give thee battle in the midst of the camp, and to me will they hold steadfast on the day of battle. More than all that," added Fergus, "these men shall be no subject of dispute. By that I mean I will never forsake them. For the rest, we will care for these warriors, to the end that they get not the upper hand of the host. This division of Leinstermen I will distribute among all the host of the men of Erin in such wise that no five men of them shall be in any one place. Thereupon, the troops set out on their way and march. It was no easy thing for their kings and their leaders to attend to that mighty host. They took part in the expedition according to the several tribes and according to the several stems and the several districts wherewith they had come, to the end that they might see one other and know one other, that each man might be with his comrades and with his friends and with his kinsfolk on the march. They declared that in such wise they should go. They also took counsel in what manner they should proceed on their hosting. Thus they declared they should proceed: Each host with its king, each troop with its lord, and each band with its captain; each king and each prince of the men of Erin by a separate route on his halting height apart. They took counsel who was most proper to seek tidings in advance of the host between the two provinces. And they said it was Fergus, inasmuch as the expedition was an obligatory one with him, for it was he that had been seven years in the kingship of Ulster. And after Conchobar had usurped the kingship and after the murder of the sons of Usnech who were under his protection and surety, Fergus left the Ultonians, and for seventeen years he was away from Ulster in exile and in enmity. For that reason it was fitting that he above all should go after tidings. So the lead of the way was entrusted to Fergus. Fergus before all fared forth to seek tidings, and a feeling of love and affection for his kindred of the men of Ulster came over him, and he led the troops astray in a great circuit to the north and the south. And he despatched messengers with warnings to the Ulstermen.

And he began to detain and delay the host. Medb perceived this and she upbraided him for it, and chanted the lay: What may mean this devious way? For we wander north and south; Over other lands we stray! Thou hast not bent all thy mind To direct us on our way! The four mighty provinces of Erin passed that night on Cul Silinne. The sharp, keen-edged anxiety for Cuchulain came upon Fergus and he warned the men of Erin to be on their guard, because there would come upon them the rapacious lion, and the doom of foes, the vanquisher of multitudes, and the chief of retainers, the mangler of great hosts, the hand that dispenseth treasures, and the flaming torch, even Cuchulain son of Sualtaim. And thus he foreshowed him and chanted a lay, and Medb responded: Men and arms have I enough To attend Cuchulain here! He were prudent to stay still; Cruachan holds a check in store. The troops spread out and surrounded and killed them so that none of them escaped. But there is one event to add: For, an I go not, the troth of men will be held for false and the promises of women held for true. He forced the ring till it reached the thick of the pillar-stone. Thereafter Cuchulain went his way to his tryst with the woman. Touching the men of Erin, the account follows here: They came up to the pillar-stone at Ard Cuillenn, which is called Crossa Coil to-day, and they began looking out upon the province that was unknown to them, the province of Ulster. Fraech and Fochnam were the names of their charioteers. The nobles of Erin arrived at the pillar-stone and they there beheld the signs of the browsing of the horses, cropping around the pillar, and they looked close at the rude hoop which the royal hero had left behind about the pillar-stone. When Medb came, she asked, "Why wait ye here? And what number cast it here, Was it one man or a host? Find, ye druids, find out here, For what cause this withe was made! Stayer of lords--with hosts of men-- One man cast it with one hand! There will we pitch our camp and quarters. According to other books, it is told as follows: After they had come to Fidduin they saw a chariot and therein a beautiful maiden. It is there that the conversation between Medb and Fedelm the seeress took place that we spoke of before, and it is after the answer she made to Medb that the wood was cut down: They slept in Cul Sibrille, which is Cenannas. A heavy snow fell on them that night, and so great it was that it reached to the shoulders of the men and to the flanks of the horses and to the poles of the chariots, so that all the provinces of Erin were one level plane from the snow. But no huts nor bothies nor tents did they set up that night, nor did they prepare food nor drink, nor made they a meal nor repast. None of the men of Erin wot whether friend or foe was next him until the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow. Certain it is that the men of Erin experienced not a night of encampment or of station that held more discomfort or hardship for them than that night with the snow at Cul Sibrille. The four grand provinces of Erin moved out early on the morrow with the rising of the bright-shining sun glistening on the snow and marched on from that part into another. Now, as regards Cuchulain: It was far from being early when he arose from his tryst. And then he ate a meal and took a repast, and he remained until he had washed himself and bathed on that day. He called to his charioteer to lead out the horses and yoke the chariot. The charioteer led out the horses and yoked the chariot, and Cuchulain mounted his chariot. And they came on the track of the army. They found the trail of the men of Erin leading past them from that part into another. Would that we had not gone thither nor betrayed the Ultonians. The men of Erin have gone past us, without warning, without complaint, into the land of Ulster. Thou art perplexed in thy counting, my little Cuchulain," quoth Laeg. For I know the number wherewith the hosts went past us, namely, eighteen cantreds. Now, many and divers were the magic virtues that were in Cuchulain that were in no one else in his day. Excellence of form, excellence of shape, excellence of build, excellence in swimming, excellence in horsemanship, excellence in chess and in draughts, excellence in battle, excellence in contest, excellence in single combat, excellence in reckoning, excellence in speech, excellence in counsel, excellence in bearing, excellence in laying waste and in plundering from the neighbouring border. Brace the horses for us to the chariot; lay on the goad for us on the horses; drive on the chariot for us and give thy left board to the hosts, to see can we overtake the van or the rear or the midst of the hosts, for I will cease to live unless there fall by my hand this night a friend or foe of the men of Erin. Thereupon Cuchulain went round the host till he came to Ath Grenca. He went into the wood at that place and sprang out of his chariot, and he lopped off a four-pronged fork, root and top, with a single stroke of his sword. He pointed and charred it and put a writing in ogam on its side, and he gave it a long throw from the hinder part of his chariot with the tip of a single hand, in such wise that two-thirds of it sank into the ground and only one-third was above it in the mid part of the stream, so that no chariot could go

thereby on this side or that. Then it was that the same two striplings surprised him, namely, the two sons of Nera son of Nuathar son of Tacan, while engaged in that feat. And they vied which of the twain would be the first to fight and contend with Cuchulain, which of them would inflict the first wound upon him and be the first to behead him. Cuchulain turned on them, and straightway he struck off their four heads from themselves Eirr and Indell and from Foich and Fochlam, their drivers, and he fixed a head of each man of them on each of the prongs of the pole. And Cuchulain let the horses of the party go back in the direction of the men of Erin, to return by the same road, their reins loose around their ears and their bellies red and the bodies of the warriors dripping their blood down outside on the ribs of the chariots. Thus he did, for he deemed it no honour nor deemed he it fair to take horses or garments or arms from corpses or from the dead. And then the troops saw the horses of the party that had gone out in advance before them, and the headless bodies of the warriors oozing their blood down on the ribs of the chariots and their crimsoned trappings upon them.

Chapter 2 : L. Winifred Faraday: The Cattle-Raid of Cualnge (Tain Bo Cuailnge) (PDF) - ebook download -

Táin Bó Cúailnge (Irish pronunciation: [tʲiːn̪ˠ aːn̪ˠ boː ˈkʷeːt̪ˠiːn̪ˠ]; "the driving-off of cows of Cooley", commonly known as *The Cattle Raid of Cooley* or *The Táin*) is a legendary tale from early Irish literature which is often considered an epic, although it is written primarily in prose rather than verse.

The first recension begins with Ailill and Medb assembling their army in Cruachan, the purpose of this military build-up taken for granted. Medb determines to get the equally potent Donn Cuailnge from Cooley to equal her wealth with her husband. A separate tale explains this as the curse of the goddess Macha, who imposed it after being forced by the king of Ulster to race against a chariot while heavily pregnant. However, he is unable to prevent Medb from capturing the bull. She then reveals herself and threatens to interfere in his next fight. She offers him three drinks of milk. With each drink he blesses her, and the blessings heal her wounds. He makes a bloody assault on the Connacht camp and avenges the youth corps sixfold. After this extraordinary incident, the sequence of single combats resumes, although on several occasions Medb breaks the agreement by sending several men against him at once. Finally there is a physically and emotionally gruelling three-day duel between the hero and his foster-brother and best friend, Ferdiad. Eventually the debilitated Ulstermen start to rouse, one by one at first, then en masse, and the final battle begins. She does, however, manage to bring Donn Cuailnge back to Connacht, where the bull fights Finnbhennach, kills him, but is mortally wounded, and wanders around Ireland creating placenames before finally returning home to die of exhaustion. These two sources overlap, and a complete text can be reconstructed by combining them. This recension is a compilation of two or more earlier versions, indicated by the number of duplicated episodes and references to "other versions" in the text. Parts of this recension can be dated from linguistic evidence to the 8th century, and some of the verse passages may be even older. The second recension is found in the 12th-century manuscript known as the Book of Leinster. This appears to have been a syncretic exercise by a scribe who brought together the Lebor na hUidre materials and unknown sources for the Yellow Book of Lecan materials to create a coherent version of the epic. While the result is a satisfactory narrative whole, the language has been modernised into a much more florid style, with all of the spareness of expression of the earlier recension lost in the process. The Book of Leinster version ends with a colophon in Latin which says: But I who have written this story, or rather this fable, give no credence to the various incidents related in it. For some things in it are the deceptions of demons, other poetic figments; some are probable, others improbable; while still others are intended for the delectation of foolish men. Two further seventh-century poems also allude to elements of the story: Eleanor Hull, , as well as extracts, and introductory text. Tempest, ; Cuchulain of Muirtheimhne A. Skelly, ; The Coming of Cuculain S. As of [update] two translations by Irish poets are available in mass market editions: Both are based primarily on the first recension with passages added from the second, although they differ slightly in their selection and arrangement of material. Victorian era adapters omitted some aspects of the tale, either for political reasons relating to Irish Nationalism, or to avoid offending the sensibilities of their readers with bodily functions or sex. Not only was sex, and bodily functions removed, but also humor. According to the story, this is why he helped them in their cattle-raid.

Chapter 3 : The Cattle Raid of Cualnge Index

The Cattle-Raid of Cooley (Tájin Bā³ CĀ²alnge) is the central epic of the Ulster cycle. Queen Medb of Connaught gathers an army in order to gain possession of the most famous bull in Ireland, which is the property of Daire, a chieftain of Ulster.

The Cattle Raid of Cooley Pronunciation: It is the oldest vernacular epic in European literature; i. The story of Deirdre -- one of the Three Sorrowful Tales of Ireland -- has been called the most beautiful love story in all of European literature. She then married Eochaid Dala, but she fell in love with her grand-nephew Aillil. Aillil killed Eochaid and replaced him as her consort. The plot in a nutshell: Maeve invaded Ulster to steal the Brown Bull of Cooley so she would be equal in wealth with her husband, Aillil, who owned the White-horned Bull. Maeve brought the Brown back to Connacht. When the White-horned Bull saw the Brown, they fought and killed each other. Back to the beginning. Conor and Fergus Nessa was a head-strong and ambitious young woman living at Emain Macha [ow-en makha], the royal seat of Ulster, near the present city of Armagh. One day, she asked the druid Cathbad [cahvah], "What is today a good day for? Nessa wanted him to be king. Fergus mac Roich ["manly force, son of big horse"] was king of Ulster. It would be said of him later that it took 30 men a day to satisfy Maeve -- or Fergus once. During the year, Nessa and Conor gave all the Ulster nobles great gifts, both from their own wealth and from the royal treasury. You thought so little of the kingship, that you let Conor take it for a year. WB Yeats, in a play about this story, comments that a man who does another man wrong holds a grudge against him, because he was the cause of the wrong-doing. Keep this in mind. On the wedding night, Dechtire was visited by a mysterious man, who told her she would bear his son. St Patrick founded a church there, and a heavy Christian presence was maintained at least until the 16th century. Ruins of churches abound. Dechtire and her 50 maid-servants disappeared for 9 months. Suaitim more or less drops out of the story at this point. Forgetting about Setanta, Conor said that no one else was expected. The dog was let loose. Setanta finally arrived, batting the sliotar [ball] into the air with his hurley [stick], throwing the hurley after it, and catching them both before they fell to the ground. The dog attacked him. Conor and the rest of the men were relieved that Setanta was safe, but Culain complained about the loss of his guard dog. What was the reason for this? Crunniuc was a wealthy land owner in Ulster. He was sitting in front of his house one day, and he saw a beautiful woman walking down the road toward him. He had never seen her before, and it was a sad thing for him to think of all the time he had wasted in not being able to look at her, because she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. To his surprise, she turned in at his gate and walked up to the door as if she lived there. She walked past Crunniuc without a word, into the house and into the kitchen, where she began preparing dinner. In time, he learned that her name was Macha. Macha was strange, and one of the strangest things about her was that she could run faster than any animal Crunniuc had ever seen. He knew by this that she was not from this world. Macha became pregnant, and Crunniuc went to a fair to celebrate. Macha turned to the warriors and said, "Men of Ulster, persuade Conor to change his mind. Macha ran the race and won, but she fell down dying at the finish, as she gave birth to twins. As she died, she cursed the men of Ulster: He was only Meath, to try to delay their march to Ulster. The tomb of Ollamh Fodhla [ullav foe-la], poet-king of Ireland who instituted the tri-ennial feis at Tara in BC, stands out on the skyline. He left an ogham inscription describing what he had done and placing geis taboo on the army to not pass that point unless one man from among them could duplicate the feat. Of course, no one could. Fergus, who was with Maeve, explained the geis. The warriors stood up and reached for their swords. The druid Cathbad said: There will be rivers of red blood from the Red Branch. Deirdre was raised in the forest by the nurse Levorcham. One night, Deirdre was awakened by a vivid dream, and in that dream she saw a vision of a young man. She had never seen a man before, except Conor. She went to her window and looked out. A raven was eating a freshly killed rabbit in the snow. Naoise was awakened by a dream, and in that dream he saw a vision of a young woman, and he fell in love with her. The next day, Deirdre happened to be walking in the forest, and Naoise also happened to be walking in the forest. They saw each other and recognised the vision of their dreams. But they were shy, not knowing that the other had a similar vision. Women in those days were

even more strong-willed and independent than they are now. They could put geis an injunction, in this case on a man and bind him by his honour to do something. Deirdre went up to Naoise and grabbed him by his two ears and said, "I put geis on you to take me away with you. When the king of Scotland saw Deirdre, they had to run again. Eventually, they settled on an island in the west of Scotland, where they lived rough for 10 years. The Red Branch warriors missed Naoise and his brothers and persuaded Conor -- or so they thought -- to forgive them. I had a dream last night, and all I saw was blood. Deirdre sang a farewell song to Scotland, "Ardi Cuan". This song is still popular in Ireland in its Irish version. They arrived back at Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland, where a rock on the beach is still pointed out as their landing place. Fergus was greeted by a messenger from the local king, inviting him to an ale-feast. It was geis taboo on Fergus to refuse an invitation to an ale-feast. Who ordered the local king to issue the invitation? Do you remember what Yeats said in his play? Deirdre and Naoise and the brothers went into the house of the Red Branch. Emain Macha can be seen now as a high, grassy mound about a mile outside Armagh City. A smaller mound nearby was the house of the Red Branch. The townland is called Craobh Rua -- Red Branch. He climbed up a ladder to a window of the Red Branch house and looked in. Deirdre and Naoise were playing fidchell like chess, but a hunting game, not war. Naoise saw him and threw a fidchell piece at him and took out an eye. The servant scrambled down the ladder and reported to Conor: Deirdre in the full bloom of womanhood is even more beautiful than before. Some of the Red Branch remained loyal to Conor, others revolted. The other was killed. Naoise was killed by Eoghan [owen] Dubhtach. Conor took Deirdre to live with him. At the end of a year, with never a smile from Deirdre or an upward turn of her eyes, Conor said, "Who do you hate most in the world besides me? As they were driving along a narrow road next to a cliff, Deirdre saw a rock projecting from the cliff ahead. She put her head out of the chariot and the rock dashed against her head and killed her. And that is why Fergus was with Maeve when she invaded Ulster. Later, he was involved in an invasion of Ulster. Archaeologists have learned that Emain Macha was rebuilt about years ago, then filled with stones, burned, and covered over with earth. At the same time, the Dorsey Entrenchment locally called The Ramparts , a defensive earthwork on one of the roads to Emain Macha, was reinforced with oak stakes and then thoroughly burned. When Conor heard that Christ had been crucified, he went mad and tried to cut down trees with his sword. The exertion killed him. Winifred Faraday, ; plus facimile of a page from the Book of Leinster.

Chapter 4 : Táin Bã³ Cã°alnge from the Book of Leinster

The Cattle-Raid of Cooley - complete Irish with side-by-side English translation by L. Winifred Faraday, ; plus facimile of a page from the Book of Leinster Back to Louth and Armagh page Go to Main Page.

Chapter 5 : Mythical Ireland | Myths & Legends | The Cattle-Raid of Cooley (Part 1)

This version of Tain Bo Cualnge or the Cattle-Raid of Cualnge is from , and is apparently the first English translation (by L. Winifred Faraday). It is, however, exactly the same as The Cattle-Raid of Cualnge (Tain Bo Cualnge): An Old Irish Prose-Epic, save that this version has a few formatting errors--italics appear as an underscore.

Chapter 6 : Táin Bã³ Cã°alnge. English by Unknown

*The Cattle-Raid of Cualnge (Tain Bo Cuailnge): An Old Irish Prose-Epic Translated for the First Time From Leabhar Na H-Uidhri and the Yellow Book of Lecan, by L. Winifred Faraday () [No Author] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Chapter 7 : Táin Bã³ Cuailnge - The Cattle Raid of Cooley

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Chapter 8 : Táin Bó Cúailnge Recension 1

The Táin Bó Cúailnge, or 'Cattle Raid of Cooley', is the most famous tale in Irish mythology. It is at the centre of the Ulster Cycle of mythological sagas, known as the Ráthraíocht in Irish. The tales in the Ulster Cycle are the most heroic of all the Irish myths that have been recorded in writing, and also the most renowned.

Chapter 9 : Complete Cattle Raid of Cooley, Irish and English

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