

Guth Gadhair Um Chnoc na Rí (Filíocht Fiannaíochta 1954, 27-28). Tune: Adapted from Laoidh Fhraoich, Uilleam Mac Mhathain (Scéalamhráin Cheilteacha 1985, 34-35). Translation: Lillis Ó Laoire

Guth Gadhair um Chnoc na Rí  
Ionmhain liom an sí fá bhfuil  
Ba mhinic linn fulacht fiann  
Idir an sliabh agus muir

A hound's baying on Cnoc na Rí  
Beloved the hill where it is  
We often made a cooking place  
Between the mountain and the sea

Anso do bhíodh teaghlach Fhinn  
Gasradh lér bhinn gutha téad  
B'ionmhain liomsa an bhuíon mhear  
Do théadh ar feacht mór gcéad

Here Fionn's household once used to be  
A band who found the sound of strings sweet  
Beloved to me was the swift band  
Who used to undertake many raiding expeditions

Dar linn ba shochraidh an tsealg  
Ba mó damh dearg a thit l'ár n-áigh  
Ba mó cú dafallach dian  
Ag tíocht san tsiabh 'nár ndáil.

We believed the hunting to be magnificent  
Many a red stag that fell to our contest  
Many a bold hard hound  
Would accompany us to the mountain

Bran agus Sceolang go scéimh  
A choin féin ar láimh an rí  
Do b'ionmhain le Fionn na coin  
Ba mhaith a ngoil is a ngníomh.

Bran and Sceolang the beautiful  
His own hounds by the king's side  
Fionn loved the hounds  
Good were their courage and their exploits.

Cnú Dhireoil in ucht an rí  
Deamhac Luigheach fá caomh cruth  
Is é ag seinnim croite d'Fhionn  
An fear fionn ba rómhór guth

Cnú Dearóil in the king's lap  
The good son of beautiful Luigheach  
He playing the harp for Fionn  
The great voiced fair haired man.

Gach taoiseach naonúir den Fhéinn  
Do thigeadh féin chun an rí  
Do chomóradh na sealg mór  
Do níodh an sló i nDroim Chaoin

Every commander of nine of the Fianna  
Used to come himself to the king  
To celebrate the great hunts  
The hosts had in Droim Caoin

Caogad damh ba líonmhar beann  
Do thiteadar ann lem rí  
Mar aon le seacht gcaogaid torc  
Gidh atáim anocht gan ní.....

50 many tined stags  
They fell by the hand of my king  
As well as seven times fifty wild boar  
Although I have nothing tonight

Do chuala guth gadhair deirg  
Ar an leirg láimh leis an sruth  
Do mhearaigh cuimhne mo chinn  
Faoidh an ghadhair is binn guth.

I heard the baying of a red hound  
On the slope beside the stream  
It confused the mind in my head  
The sweet voiced baying of the hound

Is mé Oisín mac an rí  
Is fada ó do chríon mo chruth  
Gidh atá mo chroí go tinn  
Nocha linn nach binn an guth.

I am Oisín the king's son  
My beauty is long withered  
Although my heart is sick  
Nevertheless, the baying still sounds sweet