

# SGOIL ÉANNA,

Τελετὴ φεαῖα CUILINN, ΡΑΤ Ὁ ΜΑΙΝΕ.

ΔΙΑ ΜΑΪΟΥ, 22 ΜΙ ΔΗ ΜΕΙΤΙΜ, 1909,

ΑΗ Α 3.30 Α ἑως τελέτησιν,

ΛΕΙΠΕΘΑΙΘ ΜΙC ΛΕΙΣΙΜΗ ΝΑ ΣΣΟΙΛΕ

ΜΑC-ΣΗΘΙΟΜΑΡΤΑ CÚCULAIH,

.i. ΓΑΙΘΗΘΙΜ ΤΗΙ-ΡΑΗΝΑC ΔΗ Η-Α ΤΑΗΗΑΙΗC ΑΡ ΤΑΙΗ ΘΟ CΥΑΙΛΣΗC  
ΘΟ ΠΑΘΡΑΙC ΜΑC ΠΙΑΡΑΙC.

ΑΗ ΦΥΗΘΕΑΗ ΑΗΗΡΟ ΡΙΘΡ:

ΑΗ CΘΗ .i. ΘΥΙΘΕΑΗ ΘΑΗΘ ΑΣΥΡ ΜΑΗΑC.  
(Chorus: Bards and Monks).

CONCUBAR MAC NEASA, RI ULAD  
(Conchubhar son of Neasa, King of Ulster)

Donncaó Mac Finn.  
(Denis Gwynn).

FEARGUS MAC ROIS }  
(Feargus son of Roigh)

CONALL CEARNAC }  
(Conall the Triumphant)

LAOGHAIRE BUADAC }  
(Laoghaire the Victorious)

.i. ΛΑΘΗΡΑΘ ΘΕ'Η  
CΡΑΘΙΘ ΡΥΑΙΘ  
(Heroes of the Red Branch)

Peadar Ó Conchubair  
(Peter O'Connor).

Eoghan Mac Carrtaig  
(Eugene MacCarthy).

Micéal Ó Conchubair  
(Michael O'Connor).

LAOGRAD EILE ΘΕ'Η CΡΑΘΙΘ ΡΥΑΙΘ  
(Other Heroes of the Red Branch)

Alfred Mac Loelaim  
(Alfred McGloughlin).

Donnall Ó Conchubair  
(Donal O'Connor).

Patrick Tuohy  
(Patrick Tuohy).

Joseph Stone  
(Joseph Stone)

CATHHADH DRUID  
(Cathbhadh the Druid)

Eamonn Bulfin  
(Eamonn Bulfin).

FOLLAMHAN MAC CONCUBAIR,

.i. ΤΑΘΙΡΕΑC ΝΑ ΜΑCΡΙΑΘΕ  
(Follamhan son of Conchubhar, Chief of the Boy-Corps)

Eunan Mac Ginley  
(Eunan MacGinley).

AN MÁCRAÓ AR CEANA, MAR AUA:

(The Boy-Corps, as follows:)

EOŠAN (Eoghan)		Seasán Paor (John Power).	
NAOISE (Naiose)	} .i. Clann Uisneig (The Children of Uisneach)	} Noisbeart Ó Buacalla (Herbert Buckley).	
Ainnle (Ainnle)			Mathew Ó Ceallaig (Mathew O'Kelly).
ÁRDÁN (Arđan)			Seorán Ó Buacalla (Joseph Buckley).
IOLLANN FIONN (Iollann the Fair)	} .i. Clann Feargus mic Róig (The Children of Feargus son of Roigh)	} Seorán Mac Maoláin (Joseph McMullan).	
BUNNE RUAD (Buinne the Red)			Fearfórcá Purcell (Frederick Purcell).
AOD CROM, .i. mac Conaill Ceannais (Aodh the Comely, son of Conaill the Triumphant)		Tomár Ó Cearbhalláin (Thomas Carleton).	
MALL (Niall)		Niall Mac Néill (Niall MacNeill).	
BUAÓAC (Buadhach)		Buaóac Ó Faoláin (Victor Whelan).	
DIARMAID (Diarmaid)		Diarmaid Mac Carréig (Dermot MacCarthy).	
FARGUS (Feargus)		Pádraic Mac Cárthaigh (Patrick Campbell).	
CATAL (Cathal)		Catal Mac Lochlainn (Charles McGloughlin).	
CONCUBAR (Conchubhar)		Peadar Mac Fionnbaire (P. J. Gaynor).	
CONN (Conn)		Lugairt Mac Maoláin (Louis McMullan).	
CAIRBRE (Cairbre)		Concubair Mac Fionnlaoid (Conor MacGinley).	
COIREALL (Coireall)		Coireall Ó Dhoim (Cyril Byrne).	
CONALL (Conall)		Tomár Paor (Thomas Power).	
CORMAC (Cormac)		Seasán Ó Cahill (John Cahill).	
BRIAN (Brian)		Brian Mac Néill (Brian MacNeill).	
RUADHRI (Ruaidhri)		Horace Mac Eoinín (Horace Jennings).	

ART (Art)	Dearmuidha Mac Giolla Dubh (Desmond Black).
matghamhain (Mathghamhain)	Uaitéar Ó Curraín (Walter Curran).
flann (Flann)	Seán Mac Maoláin (John McMullan).
fiacha (Fiacha)	Seorán Ó hEidín (Joseph Hynes).
Seatanta mac Sualtamh, .i. CúCulainn (Seatanta son of Sualtamh, afterwards called CUCHULAINN)	Frionnriar Ó Dúnlainn (Frank Dowling).
Culann Ceárd, .i. ceárd uasal Uí Ultaib (CULANN the Smith, a noble smith of Ulster)	Pádraic Ó Conaire (Patrick Conroy).
CÉIRD EILE (Other Smiths)	Muiris Ó Fearadair (Maurice Fraher).
	Colm Ó Neachtáin (Colm Naughton).
	Eoin Mac Gaoibhéid (Eoin MacGavock).
Iubhar mac Riagabhra, .i. ara Conchubair (IUBHAR son of Riagabhra, Conchubhar's Charioteer)	Frionnriar Ó Conaite (Frank Connolly).
GIOLLARNAÓ EAC AGUS SAÓAR (Horse and Dog Gillies)	Riobárd Ó Ruairín (Robert Ryan).
	Uilleac Ó Mórda (Ulick Moore).
	Antoine Mac Eoinín (Anthony Jennings).
FEAR IOMCURTA SLEIGE CONCHUBAIR (Conchubhar's Spear-Bearer)	Breannán Ó Séagda (Brendan O'Shea).
FEAR IOMCURTA SGEITE CONCHUBAIR (Conchubhar's Shield-Bearer)	Seorán Ó Nualláin (Joseph Nolan).
GIOLLÁI BEAGA (Pages)	Seán Ó Luáca (John Loughrey).
	Domnall Mac Carrigáin (Donal Mac Carthy).
	Antoine Mac Concoille (Anthony Woods).
FEAR FAIRE (A Watcher)	Dearmuidha Ó Rian (Desmond Ryan).

ÓGLAIC  
(Soldiers)

BANTRAÉT  
(Women)

ÁOS CEOL AGUS OIRIÓIRÍ  
(Musicians)

ÁIT DO'N ÉARHÉIM REO, EAMHAIN MACHA.  
AIMIRIK BÍ, AN CÉAD AOIR

(Place: Eamhain Macha.  
Time: The First Century).

Colm Mac Donnall  
(Colm MacDonnell).

Ripteáir Dairéar  
(Richard Barrett).

Maolmhuire Mac Shearraig  
(Milo MacGarry).

Seafóir Mac Eoáda  
(Gerald Keogh).

Dearmuid Mac Dairí  
(Desmond Devitt).

Mícheál Ó Ceallaig  
(Michael O'Kelly).

Máire Nic Maoláin  
(May McMullan).

Máire Úreathac  
(May Walsh).

Suibhán Nic Colum  
(Susan Colum).

Eibhlin Ní Úrion  
(Eileen Byrne).

Múriel Ní Luáera  
(Muriel Loughrey).

Iur Ní Eirín  
(Iris Hynes).

Eoghan Laoide  
(Owen Lloyd).

Tomár Mac Donnall  
(Thomas MacDonnell).

William Mac Ainriar  
(William Andrews).

Seagán Ó Deoráin  
(John Doran)

Seagán Ó Maonair  
(John Mooney).

Séamur Mac Énrí  
(James Henry).

## THE STORY.

I. On a day that Conchubhar son of Neasa rose in Eamhain Macha of Ulster, he sat with Feargus son of Roigh on the grass-green *faithche* of the royal town, and his chess-board with its company of chess-warriors was brought to him, and he and Feargus played. On to the green, around Follamhan son of Conchubhar, came the Boy Corps of Eamhain, who straightway fell to hurling. As they hurled, a little strange lad appeared on the verge of the green, issuing from the fringing wood. He was clad in a crimson white-hooded tunic, with a white *laine* next his skin, and a purple mantle wrapping him about. On his shoulder he bore his hurley of fair white ash. The ball chanced towards the spot where, beneath a tree, the little stranger stood looking at the play of the Boy-Corps. "The ball is with thee, O lad!" quoth Follamhan: "drive it towards us!" "On your guard, O youths of Ulster!" replied the little lad, and into their midst with swift stroke he drove the ball, following it down the field until he had carried it into the goal on the opposite side; nor could the Boy-Troop stay his course. "Good now, O lads!" cried Follamhan, "answer this stripling together!" "We will answer" cried they all, and stood on their defence before him; but again in their despite he carried the ball into the opposing goal. A third time they leagued against him, and a third time down the field he carried the ball and into the far goal. Then, shouldering his hurley, he turned to leave the green; but "Good now, O lads!" cried Follamhan, "let us attack him together and avenge on him the violation of our *geasa*; for it is *geasa* to us to allow any youth to intrude into our games until he hath first placed himself under our protection. Fall on him!" And forthwith down they came upon him, striking at him with their hurleys; but he, turning on his heel, defended himself gallantly, prostrating them to his right hand and to his left. The din of which affray reaching the king where he sat at chess, up he rose and, striding across the lawn, placed himself between the combatants. "Hold," he cried, "O boys! and do thou, little fellow, hold too. I see it is no gentle game thou playest with the Boy-Corps." "It is no gentle welcome I received from them," replied the little lad, "after faring towards them from far countries." "Knewest thou not, child, the *geasa* of the Boy-Corps, namely, that every little lad that cometh to them must place himself under their protection?" "I knew it not," replied the boy, "had I known, I should have done so." "Good now, O lads!" said the king, "take this boy under your protection." "We do," said the Boy-Corps. "But I accept it not," cried the little stranger; "by the gods that I adore I swear that unless they come under *my* protection I will not stay my hand from them!" Then "We accept thy protection," quoth the Boy-Corps with one voice, and straightway hailed him their leader. "Tell me now, little lad," said the king, "whence art thou come towards us, and by what path, and what thy name and lineage?" "Across Sliabh Fuaid I have come, from the Plain of Muirtheimhne, and Seatanta son of Sualtamh is my name, and Dechtire, thine own sister, is my mother, O king of Ulster! "Dear to me is thy coming, O little lad!" quoth Conchubhar. "Dear to me is she who is thy mother. Dear to me thy comely head and thy strong swift-wounding hand!" And then, with tumult of welcome, they carried him into the Dún.

II. On a day that Conchubhar went to drink an ale-feast in the house of Culann, the noble smith, all the guests being seated, Culann addressed the king and said: "Doth there remain anyone else of thy train to come to-night, O king of Ulster?" "None," replied the king; "wherefore dost thou ask?" "A gallant but ravenous hound I have, and it is in that hound's charge my house is every night, and woe to anyone who might seek to come into the dwelling in his despite." "Let the door be shut and the hound let loose," said the king. Now Conchubhar did not remember that he had asked the little lad, his sister's son, to accompany him to the feast, and that the boy

had lingered behind to finish his game; having finished which, he set out in the wake of the heroes, shortening his road with his hurley and his ball. And now as the heroes sat feasting they heard without the dwelling the ringing cry of a boy's voice and a horrid din of combat. "Alas that we have come to drink this feast to-night!" cried Conchubhar, starting from his seat. "Your meaning, O king?" queried the others. "The little lad, my sister's son, must have perished by the hound." Up the men of Ulster sprang from their seats and burst through the door with Feargus at their head; who presently re-appeared with the little lad on his shoulder, unwounded, for he had slain the hound. "Welcome thy coming, O little boy!" cried Conchubhar. But Culann, the noble smith, stood sorrowful on the threshold. "Welcome thy coming for thy mother's sake and for thy father's sake," he said, "but not welcome thy coming for thine own sake." "Why, what hast thou against the child?" asked Conchubhar. "Woe is me that I made this feast for thee to-night, O Conchubhar, for henceforward my substance is substance wasted, and my life life wasted. Good was the member of my family thou hast taken from me, O little boy!—the guardian of my raiment and my cattle and my dwelling." "Be not wroth with me, O my master, Culann," quoth the little lad, "for in this matter I will myself pronounce a just award." "What award wilt thou pronounce?" queried Conchubhar. "If in all Ireland there be a whelp of that dog's breed, he shall be nurtured by me until he be fit for action like his sire. In the meantime, O Culann, I myself will do thee a ban-dog's office, in guarding thy cattle and thy substance and thy dwelling." "That is a good award," said Conchubhar. "Not I myself," added Cathbhadh the Druid, "could have made a better; and by reason of it thou shalt be known henceforth, O boy, as Cu-Chulainn, that is, Culann's Hound." "Not so," objected the youngster, "I prefer my own name, Seatanta son of Sualtamh." "Say not so," said Cathbhadh, "for the men of Eire and of Alba will hear that name and the mouths of the men of Eire and of Alba will be full of that name." "Then that name shall be mine," replied the boy; and the name clave to him thenceforward.

III. On a day that Cathbhadh with his pupils was walking on the green of Eamhain, one of them asked him what particular luck or fortune appertained to that day above all others. "This," said Cathbhadh, "the youth that taketh arms to-day will be famous above all the heroes of Eire but his life will be short and fleeting." Now that prophecy was overheard by Cuchulainn, and, the king chancing to pass out of the Dún on his way to the chase, the boy went straight towards him. "Every good to thee, O King of Ulster!" was his greeting. "That speech is the speech of one who asketh a favour," replied Conchubhar. "What seeketh thou, little boy?" "To take arms." "Who prompted thee to that?" "Cathbhadh the Druid." "Then thou shalt not be denied. Give arms to this boy!" But the arms, when brought, Cuchulainn in testing them reduced to splinters. And so with every other set of arms that the heroes offered him. "These weapons are not good, O king!" he cried. "Let me be given fitting weapons." "I will give thee my own weapons, little Hound," said Conchubhar. And Conchubhar's weapons endured every test to which Cuchulainn subjected them. "These arms are good," he cried; "these are arms worthy of me. Fair fall the king whose arms and armature are these! Fair fall the land from which he sprang." Just then it was that Cathbhadh came on the green. "Is it arms yon boy hath taken?" he asked. "It is, indeed," said the king. "It is not thy sister's son I should like to see assuming them to-day," said the Druid. "How now," said Conchubhar, "was it not thyself that prompted him?" "It was not, indeed." "What meaneth this, thou mysterious elf?" demanded the king of Cuchulainn. "Is it a lie thou hast told me?" "Be not wroth with me, O my master, Conchubhar," pleaded the child, "it is he, indeed, that prompted me to it, for I heard him say that the

youth who should take arms to-day would top Erin's heroes in fame, but that his life would be short and and fleeting." "True for me it is," said Cathbhadh. "O little Hound, thou shalt be noble and famed, indeed, but thy life shall pass and fleet quickly." "I care not," replied Cuchulainn, "though I were to live but one day and one night, if only my deeds and my story live after me." "Good now, O boy," said Conchubhar, "mount thy chariot." "Let thine own chariot be brought to me, O Conchubhar, for none other is worthy of me." "Where is Iubhar son of Riagabhra?" asked Conchubhar. "I am here, king," spoke Iubhar from among the charioteers and attendants. "Capture my two horses and yoke my chariot," commanded Conchubhar. Away went Iubhar, returning presently with the chariot yoked. "Mount the chariot, boy," said Conchubhar. So Cuchulainn mounted, and the chariot performed the circuit of the royal green. Conchubhar and the Red Branch fared forth to their hunting. "Good now, O boy," said Iubhar, "let me unyoke the horses." "I deem it too soon to unyoke them yet. Drive forward that the Boy-Corps may salute me on my taking arms." So they drove to where the Boy-Corps were at play. "Is it arms thou hast taken?" queried Follamhan. "It is, indeed." "May victory attend thee in battle, O Hound of the Forge!" cried the boys saluting him. "Good now, O lad!" spoke Iubhar again, "let me now unyoke the horses." "I deem it too soon to unyoke them yet. Where leadeth yon road?" "To the Watcher's Ford in Sliabh Fuaid on the frontiers of the province," replied Iubhar. "Drive forward then to that Ford, for I swear by the gods my people adore that I will not return to Eamhain Macha until I have seen that Ford and reddened my weapons on the enemies of Ulster." Away then they careered to the frontiers of the province and the Watcher's Ford. The day passed and Conchubhar had returned from his hunting. Towards evening he sat at chess with Feargus on the green of Eamhain. A watchman stood on a little hillock. "Seest thou anything?" asked Conchubhar. "Nought, O king!" "Seest thou anything?" queried the king again, after they had played a space. "Nought I see, but I hear the noise of a chariot approaching us." "Seest thou anything now?" asked Conchubhar the third time. "I see a solitary chariot-hero drawing towards us, and terrifically he cometh. Under him a fair firm-boarded chariot. Two swift very handsome steeds beneath the chariot. Their pace is as the pace of the pure cold wind. The chariot is filled with the swords and spears and shields of warriors." "Describe the chariot-hero," commanded Conchubhar. "A small, dark, sad boy, comeliest of the boys of Eire." "I know that chariot-hero," cried Conchubhar. "It is the little lad that took arms to-day, returning from the frontiers of the province. I trow that he hath reddened his weapons, and, O chiefs of Ulster, unless we appease his battle-fury he will slay all that are in the Dún to-night!" "What must we do, O Conchubhar?" questioned Feargus. "Let the women of Eamhain come before him on the green to welcome him" (for Cuchulainn was ever shy and modest in company of women-folk). Out then came the women of the Dún, and after them the heroes and soldiery and Boy-Corps. And the women received Cuchulainn gently, kindly, and led him to Conchubhar. "The swords and the spears and the shields of the enemies of Ulster I bring thee here, O Conchubhar!" cried Cuchulainn, and displayed his trophies. "Dear to me thy coming, O Hound of Ulster!" quoth Conchubhar. "Dear to me thy coming, O Hound of the Forge!" said Feargus. And "Dear to me thy coming, O Cuchulainn," said Cathbhadh; in which cry of welcome the Red Branch and all Ulster joined. Thus then did Cuchulainn take arms.

Note: The events narrated in each of the paragraphs above occupy an Act of the Pageant. Each Act is introduced by the Chorus, whose song recounts the incidents that are to follow.

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