

Mac Laig's account of the battle.

Reluctantly unreluctantly we came to
Dublin
To the Dun of Amluff of the golden shields
From Dublin of the swords and graves
Fast and slow is my going out
You citizens of Dublin of the Bells
Including Abbot and Bishop
Close not the earth on Teige here
Until we have done looking at him
You sons of Harold who reddened lances
You remnant of the champion of Loughlin
It was not a Dane who killed O'Maine
Nor was it a base or ignoble land
If he were alive after the slaughter
The ardent youth of Dim Imdain
No Gael would dare to wound him
To look at him would be dangerous to you
Alas that one man was found to desire
The death of Teige after his victory
When he was destroying the Danes and
the Gaels
But we are tired of our compromising
Sad to have gone with Leith Mogha
Into the battles wounding heat
Against the persuasion of Eastern
Malachy
Sad to have gone to gain trophies
Malachy of the spears had offered
To the good son of his own sister
Advantages such as he had from Brian
Without a return of feasting fighting and valour
The richest gifts of Erin from shore to shore
Were offered by the blue eyed Malachy
To the great active honourable chief
And to be king of hosts of Oriel
Teige from round topped Croghan said
Unto the beloved Malachy
Not even for thy noble and beautiful self
Shall I ever abandon my chief?
Brian is not better than me my son
To distribute both gold and silver
Nor is the son of the brave Rock
Better Morogh of the great prowess
More dear to me is the household of Tal
Than all the Gaels together besides
I shall not infringe the battle demands
I shall not be guilty of an unkindly act.
Yet though proudly you thus declare
O brave and valiant Teige O'Kelly
I will O man, survive thee in safety.
Regardless of thy friendship, thou Gael
On that account did worthy Teige receive

The Blessing of Brian Boru
Happy he who received his blessing



A gift which provides richest fruits
I shall not be alive after them
About Erin now great is my carelessness.
Adieu from me to Leith Cuinn my beloved
And to Cashel and Kincora
Adieu from me to the streamy Suck
And to the noble Shannon of many waters
Adieu from me to the plain of Moenmoy
And to Rath Croghan of Connacht
Adieu to hisis' slope over Moy Main
And to Dun na Kee of great wealth
Adieu to Clan Kelly of brave hosts
To the ever ready defenders of Erin
Adieu to the science I myself loved
Since Teige no longer lives in his glory
Adieu from me to all precious gifts
Adieu to flocks adieu to herds
Teige gave into me the day of Loch Riagh
An 100 cows, an 100 swords, an 100 shields
An 100 oxen for the time of ploughing
And an hundred led horses.
He gave me the night of Glen Gerg
An hundred cloaks an 100 Red Coats
Thirty spears with blood red points
Ten rings and ten chesses.
He gave me the night of Buaille Guill
Three hundred drinking horns



Three hundred cups full of ale
 His hound his steed and his gold Cornet
 He gave me at Kincora
 It was magnifying the youthful poet
 A hog out of every herd and the visitation of my
 retinue
 from Kincora to beautiful Grein
 There were at sweet Dun Cathraighe
 The nobles of Erin in one house assembled
 Under Brian under brave Hugh O'Neill
 And under Malachy of Galbraams field
 The charioteer of the renowned Brian met
 The charioteer of Teige O'Kelly
 While burnishing the smooth shields
 Of their respective chiefs and Lords
 To Brian is due the candle first
 Said the Charioteer of Brian Ború
 He has taken the hostages of Conn's race
 To him is due the first horn of drink
 To Teige is due said Teige's charioteer
 The lead in the battle of clashing swords.
 It was he that clove the shields of Bregia's men
 It was he that gained the victory at Tailtean
 It was Brian that permitted him that
 Said the other charioteer
 To him he is hereditary bound
 And to the goodly seed of Kennedy's son
 Teige's charioteer raised the arm
 When the contention grew warm
 And struck him on the jaw which he cleft
 Till his breast became red of his own blood
 The servants all did raise a shout.



MacLiag was the foremost Irish Poet of the time.

Translated from the Gaelic and researched by our Clan historian, Dr Joe M Kelly.

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