

Scéal 1: Teach Pobail an Spáinnigh

Inste ag Eoghan Ó Curraighín

Seo scéal faoi eachtra a tharla ag tús an ochtú aois déag, faoi mhairnéalach a chuaigh ar bord loinge nuair a bhí sé óg. Thug a mháthair chomhairle dó paidir a rá gach lá go mbeadh sagart aige nuair a gheobhadh sé bhás.

Chaith sé a shaol ar bord loinge. Ar an aistear deireanach a rinne sé d'fhág siad na hIndiacha agus bhí siad ag tabhairt a n-aghaidh ar chósta na hÉireann.

Bhí an mairnéalach anois sean agus a shaol caite aige. Bhuail tinneas mór é agus bhí a fhios aige nach mbeadh sé rófhada beo.

Agus é ar leaba a bháis bhí aisling aige. San aisling seo labhair a mháthair leis agus dúirt sí go dtiocfadh siad ar thalamh tirim go luath. Gan mhoill chonaic siad sliabh mór. Thug an fear ordú do na mairnéalaigh eile é a chur i dtír, rud a rinne siad.

Ag an am céanna bhí sagart i gCill Chartha darbh ainm an Sagart Mac Giolla Cearra, a fuair oiliúint sa Spáinn. Bhí sé an oíche sin i Málainn Bhig ar cuairt ag fear a raibh tinneas air. Ar maidin thug sé aghaidh ar Theileann. Agus é ar an bhealach go Teileann lena ghiolla, Mac Suibhne, chuala siad torann ó bhruach na haille. D'amharc sé síos agus chonaic sé an mairnéalach bocht. Chuaigh siad síos chuige agus bhí iontas ar an mhairnéalach nuair a labhair an sagart leis ina theanga féin, an Spáinnis.

Thóg siad suas é go dtí Mín na Giorra, agus chuir an sagart an ola dhéanach air. Bhí crios thart ar an mhairnéalach le mórán óir inti. D'iarr sé ar an sagart an t-ór a thógáil agus teach pobail a thógáil, rud a rinne sé. Fuar an Spáinneach bás ina dhiaidh sin.

An lá arna mhárach tugadh fhad leis go Fochair, áit ina raibh clochán agus scáthlán. Cuireadh é ansin agus thóg siad dhá theach pobail le ina chuimhne, ceann i bhFochair agus ceann i gCill Chartha. Thug siad Teach Pobail Bhun na dTrí Shruthán ar an cheann i gCill Chartha.

Story 1: The Spaniard's Church

Told by Eoghan Ó Curraighín

This is a story about an event that happened at the start of the 18th century, regarding a young sailor who went on board a ship when he was young. His mother advised him to say a prayer every day that he would have a priest at the hour of his death.

He spent his life at sea. On his final journey they left the Indies, heading for the coast of Ireland.

The sailor was now old and his life spent. He became ill on the voyage and knew he was not long for this world. On his deathbed he had a vision, in which his mother told him he would soon reach dry land. It wasn't long before they spotted a great mountain. He asked the other sailors to leave him on dry land there, and they did as he asked.

At this time there was a priest called Father Mac Giolla Cearra in Kilcar, who had been educated in Spain. That night he was in Malinbeg attending to a sick man. The next morning he set out for Teelin with his servant, Mac Suibhne. On their way, they heard a sound from the edge of the cliff. They looked down and saw the poor sailor on a small strand below. They went down to him and the sailor was astonished when the priest spoke with him in his own language. They brought him to Mín na Giorra, where the priest blessed him with the holy oil.

Around his body, the sailor wore a belt which was filled with gold. He asked the priest to take the gold and build a church. They did so. The sailor died on that day.

The next day, they took the sailor's body to Fochair, a place where there was an old pagan monument, as well as a mass rock. They buried him there and built the two churches in his memory, one in Fochair and one in Kilcar. The church in Kilcar was known as Teach Pobail Bhun na dTrí Shruthán, or the church at the bottom of three streams.

Scéal 2: Cath Fionn Trá - Cuid 1

Inste ag Eoghan Ó Curraighín

Tá scéal eile a bhfuil baint aige leis an Fhothair (Fochair), scéal faoin am a bhí na Fianna in Éirinn. Tá baint ag an scéal seo le cath Fionn Trá, idir Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Rí na Spáinne agus Rí an Domhain.

Lá dá raibh Fionn Mac Cumhaill agus na Fianna ag seilg in Iardheisceart Thír Chonaill, thug siad aghaidh ar Theileann. I Mín na bhFiann a bhí na Fianna ag déanamh lúthchleasaíochta agus ag oiliúint a saighdiúirí fá choinne cogaidh ag an am sin.

An lá seo chuaigh Fionn agus na Fianna sa tóir ar eilit mhaol. Seo an eilit chéanna a bhí siad sa tóir uirthi blianta roimhe sin idir Srath Laoill agus Mín an Aoire, ar an lá a thrasnaigh sí an sruthán isteach sa Sean-Ghleann, agus tháinig ceo draíochta síos. Sin an lá a chuir Fionn a ordóg ina bhéal agus rinne tairngreacht go raibh fear ag teacht a bheadh ábalta dul isteach sa Ghleann. Dhiúltaigh Bran agus Sceólang an eilit a leanstan, agus sin an fáth a raibh Fionn sa tóir uirthi arís an lá seo.

Bhí arracht fiáin ina chónaí i bhFochair lena mhac. Dreamhain an t-ainm a bhí air. Chuir sé conairt na Fianna ar strae agus d'éalaigh an eilit léi. Bhí Fionn ar mire agus d'fhógair sé cogadh ar Dhreamhain. Bhí a fhios ag Dreamhain nach mbeadh an lámh in uachtar aige in aghaidh na bhFiann. Dúirt sé le Fionn nach eisean a bhí ciontach, ach a mhac Glas, nach raibh smacht ar bith aige air. ‘Cuirfidh mise smacht air’ arsa Fionn. ‘Cá bhfuil sé?’ ‘Thiocfadh leis a bheith áit ar bith’ arsa Deamhain.

Sa deireadh chuaigh siad suas ar chnoc agus chonaic siad bád ag teacht isteach i mbéal Phoirt, agus Glas ar an bhád. Dúirt Fionn leis gan cos a chur ar an talamh, nó go mbainfeadh sé an ceann dó. “Cén fáth a bhfuil tú ag bagairt sin orm?” arsa Glas. “Mar gheall ar a ndearna tú ar mo chonairt” arsa Fionn. Dhíbir sé Glas agus gheall sé leis dá gcuirfeadh sé cos ar thalamh na hÉireann riamh arís go mbainfeadh sé an ceann dó. D'imigh Glas leis go hÁrainn Mhór.

Story 2. The Battle of Fintra - Part 1

Told by Eoghan Ó Curraighín

There is another story about Faugher (An Fhothair/Fochair), from the time when the Fianna were in Ireland. This is the story of the battle of Fintra, between Fionn Mac Cumhaill, the King of Spain and the King of the World.

One day Fionn and the Fianna were out hunting in South-West Donegal, heading for Teelin. At that time Mín na bhFiann was the place where the Fianna practiced feats and trained their soldiers for battle.

On this day Fionn and the Fianna were hunting a doe. This was the same doe they had hunted years ago between Srath Laoill and Mín an Aoire, when she crossed the stream into the Old Glen and a magical mist came down. That was the day Fionn put his thumb in his mouth and prophesied the coming of a better man than him, who would be able to enter the Old Glen. Sceólang and Bran refused to follow the doe across and that was why Fionn was so determined to catch her that day.

There was a wild old chieftain living in Fochair with his son. His name was Dreamhain. He put the Fianna's hounds astray and the doe escaped. Fionn was irate and declared war on Dreamhain. Dreamhain knew well that he could never best the Fianna. He told Fionn that it was not he who had put the hounds astray, but his son Glas whom he could not control. “I'll soon control him” said Fionn. “Where is he?” “He could be anywhere” answered Dreamhain.

They went up a hill and saw a boat coming into Port with Glas on board. Fionn told Glas not to put a foot on land, or he would cut off his head. “Why do you threaten me with that?” asked Glas. “Because of what you did to my pack of hounds” said Fionn. He exiled Glas, and promised him that if he ever put a foot on the land of Ireland again, he would have the head from his shoulders. Glas went off to the island of Arranmore.

Scéal 3: Cath Fionn Trá - Cuid 2

Inste ag Eoghan Ó Curraighín

Blianta ina dhiaidh sin bhí na Fianna fostaithe ag arm na Spáinne. Bhí iníon ag Rí na Spáinne, agus ba í an cailín ba dheise ar an domhan. Bhí go leor fear ag iarraidh í a phósadh ach ní raibh duine ar bith acu maith go leor do Rí na Spáinne. Tháinig scéal ó mhac Rí na Gréige go raibh sé ag teacht le harm mór le troid ar son an chailín seo. An t-ainm a bhí uirthi ná an Eala Bhán.

Le cuidiú na bhFiann fuair arm na Spáinne an lámh in uachtar ar arm na Gréige. Ba iad an bheirt saighdiúirí a bhí fágtha ag deireadh an chatha ná mac Rí na Gréige agus an laoch is fearr a bhí ag Fionn Mac Cumhaill, fear darbh ainm Caol Cleasach. Nuair a bhí an cluiche thart bhí an bua ag Caol Cleasach agus mharaigh sé mac Rí na Gréige.

Thit an Eala Bhán i ngrá le Caol Cleasach, agus d'éalaigh sí leis ar ais go hÉirinn. Tháinig cumha ar mháthair s'aici, agus d'éalaigh sí féin le Fionn. Anois bhí iníon Rí na Spáinne imithe le Caol agus bhí bean s'aige imithe le Fionn. Rinne sé teagmháil le Rí an Domhain agus d'iarr sé air arm a thabhairt le cuidiú leis cogadh a dhéanamh ar na Fianna agus na mná a fháil ar ais. Agus cé a bhí ag tabhairt an eolais dóibh conas teacht go hÉirinn ach Glas; an fear céanna a dhíbir Finn blianta roimhe sin.

Bhí fear faire ag Fionn ar Shliabh Liag darbh ainm Cúig Céadfa.

Tháinig Glas agus saighdiúirí Rí an Domhain isteach go Bá Dhún na nGall. Bhí draíocht ag Glas, agus chuir sé ceo draíochta ar Bhá Dhún na nGall, go raibh siad ábalta teacht chomh fada le Fionn Trá. Nuair a chonaic Cúig Céadfa seo, bhí a fhios aige go ndéanfadh siad ionsaí ar na Fianna. Chuaigh sé i mbun comhraic aonair leis an saighdiúir ab fhéarr de chuid Rí na Spáinne. Níor mhair an troid rófhada go dtí gur bhain Cúig Céadfa an ceann dó. Ansin rinne saighdiúirí na bhFiann ionsaí ar arm Rí an Domhain, agus bhí troid mhór ar thrá Fionn Trá. An saighdiúir ab fhéarr a bhí ag Rí an Domhain, thug siad Dolair Dalba air. Chuaigh an scéal suas agus síos an tír go raibh Dolair Dalba ag marú roinnt mhaith de shaighdiúirí na bhFiann, agus ag déanamh creach mhór i nDún na nGall. Chuala Rí Uladh an scéal seo.

Story 3. The Battle of Fintra - Part 2

Told by Eoghan Ó Curraighín

Years after that the Fianna were working for the Spanish army. The King of Spain had a daughter and she was the most beautiful girl in the world. Many men wanted to marry her, but none was good enough for the King of Spain. Word came from the King of Greece's son that he was on his way with a great army to fight for the girl. Her name was The White Swan.

With the help of the Fianna the Spanish army got the upper hand over the Greek army. The last two soldiers left in the fight were the King of Greece's son and the greatest hero of the Fianna, whose name was Caol Cleasach. When the fight was over, Caol Cleasach had killed the son of the King of Greece.

The White Swan fell in love with Caol Cleasach and ran away with him to Ireland. Her mother then became lonely and ran away with Fionn. Now the King of Spain's daughter and wife had both gone with the Fianna. He got in touch with the King of the World and asked for the help of his army to go to war with the Fianna and win them back. Who helped guide the army to Ireland but Glas, the man Fionn had exiled years before.

Fionn had a man keeping watch on Sliabh Liag, who was called Cúig Céadfa. Glas and the soldiers of the King of the World came into Donegal Bay. Glas had magic, and he called a magical mist which allowed them to get as far as Fintra undetected.

When Cúig Céadfa spotted them he knew that they were coming to attack the Fianna. He fought in single combat with the best soldier of the King of Spain. The fight didn't last long before Cúig Céadfa took the head from his shoulders. At that the men of the Fianna attacked the army of the King of the World and battle was joined on Fintra strand.

The best soldier of the King of the World was a man called Dolair Dalba. The news went up and down the country that Dolair Dalba was killing many men of the Fianna and wreaking destruction on them at Fintra. The King of Ulster heard this news. His son, and his son's

Bhí mac óg agus saighdiúirí óga aige, ach bhí eagla air go rachadh siad go Fionn Trá agus go marófaí iad. Chuir sé iad faoi ghlas, ach bhris siad amach agus chuaigh siad le cuidiú le Fionn agus leis na Fianna.

Nuair a chonaic Fionn iad ag teacht chuir sé an-fháilte rompu. Níor lig sé do mhac Rí Uladh dul ag troid, mar bhí a fhios aige nach raibh ach mac amháin aige. Chuir sé a chomrádaithe i dtreo Dolair Dalba, throid siad leis, agus mharaigh sé achan cheann acu.

Tháinig an-fhearg ar mhac Rí Uladh nuair a chonaic sé seo. Chuaigh sé suas chomh fada le Dolair Dalba, agus chuir sé a mhiodóg fríd a shúil. Mhair an bheirt acu ag troid ar feadh an lae ar thrá Fionn Trá, go titim na hoíche, agus iad ag tochailt sa ghaineamh. Tháinig lán mara isteach agus báitheadh an bheirt acu agus iad i ngreim a chéile. Nuair a bhí Dolair Dalba marbh, tháinig an chuid eile d'arm Rí an Domhain agus Rí na Spáinne i dtír agus d'ionsaigh na Fianna iad. Bhí cath ar thrá Fionn Trá go dtí nach raibh fear fágtha.

Cé a bhí ag féachaint air seo ar fad ach Glas, an fear a dhíbir Fionn blianta roimhe, agus thug sé aghaidh ansin ar Inis Dubh. D'iarr Fionn ar Chaol Cleasach dul ina dhiaidh. Bhí Caol Cleasach gortaithe go maith, ach fuair sé greim ar Ghlas agus é ag dul i dtír agus thacht sé é. Fuair Glas greim sciatháin ar Chaol Cleasach agus báitheadh an bheirt acu.

Bhí an Eala Bhán ag fanacht ar imeall na trá agus bhí a fhios aici go maith go raibh Caol Cleasach báite. Shiúil sí anonn is anall ar feadh ocht lae, go dtiocfadh corp a fear isteach. Ar mhaidin an naoú lá tháinig corp s'aige i dtír. Shuigh sí síos ag a thaobh go bhfuair sí bás, ach sula bhfuair sí bás chum sí dán caointe. Tháinig an dán seo anuas ó ghlúin go glúin agus ó bhéal go béal, agus tá cuid mhór cailte. Ach seo an mhéid atá ar eolas agam.

companions, were brave young men and strong fighters. He was worried that they would go to Fintra and be killed. He locked them up, but they broke out and went to Fintra to help Fionn and the Fianna. When Fionn saw them coming he put a great welcome before them. He wouldn't let the King of Ulster's son fight, as he knew the King had only one son. He sent his companions to face Dolair Dalba, they fought him, and Dolair Dalba killed every one.

A great anger came on the King of Ulster's son when he saw this. He broke out and went to meet Dolair Dalba with his sword and dagger. The first thing he did was to put his dagger through Dolair's eye. The two fought until nightfall on Fintra strand, digging a great hole in the ground. In the dark of the night the tide came in, and they were drowned in each other's grip.

When they saw Dolair Dalba dead, the remainder of the armies of the King of Spain and the King of the World landed and attacked the Fianna. There was a great battle on Fintra until there was hardly a man left.

Who was watching all this destruction but Glas, who tried to flee to Inisduff. Fionn charged his best hero, Caol Cleasach, to pursue him. Caol Cleasach was badly wounded, but managed to grab hold of Glas as he was landing and choked him. Glas got a hold of Caol's arm, pulled him over, and the two were drowned.

The White Swan was waiting by the edge of the sea, and she knew well that her man was drowned. She walked up and down the strand for eight days waiting for his body to come in. On the morning of the ninth day Caol Cleasach's body washed up on the beach. She sat by his side to die with him, but before she died she wrote a lament. This poem has been handed down through the generations and much of it is lost. But here is what I know.

Búireann cuan ó buaireann cuan fá oidhre crodha Rinn-dá-bhárc;
Báthadh laoi ch Locha Dhá Chonn, is é a chaoineas tonn ag ionsaí trá.

Is binn an chorr ó is binn an chorr i seasgainn Dhroma Dhá Thréan;
Ní féidir léi a hál a shábhail slán tá'n cú dá dathach a dréim a bhfáil.

Éagnach leanmhar, ó éagnach leanmhar a ghní an smaol i nDruim Caoin;
Ní háthasaí é an greadhnadh géar a ghní an lon i Leitir Laoi.

Géimneach léanúr ó géimneach léanúr a ghní an dam hi nDroim dá Leis;
Sínte marbh atá eitilt Dhroma Síleann. Géimeann damh díleann ina diaidh.

Dóghrainn ghéar agus gear an dóghrainn bás an laoi ch a luigheadh liom;
Mac na mná as Doire Dhá Dhos a bheith fa shos is a chloigeann tinn.

Dóghrainn ghéar sin domhsa Caol bheith sínte marbh ag mo thaoibh;
Gur scuab an tonn thar a chorp 's a chom, is é a mhearaigh mé mead a aoibh.

Is léanmhar gloim, ó is léanmhar gloim a ghní an tonn i n-imeall trá;
Ó bháidh sé fear a bhí saor gan bhrais, brónach mé Caol dul ina dáil.

Léanmhar fuaim ó Léanmhar tuaim a ghní an tonn ar an tráigh thuaidh
Ag cnagadh in éadán na carriage slíochta ag caoineadh Chaoil atá imithe uainn.

Troid léanmhar is is leanmhar troid a ghní an tonn leis an tráigh ó dheas;
Mise a bhfuil mo ré caite, is measa mo ghné de bharr an fheasa.

Fonn léanmhar, is léanmhar fonn do ghní tonn throm Thulach Léis
Domhsa atá scriosta ag an léirscios níl rath i ndán arís

Ó báitheadh Caol annsacht mo chroí mo ghrása níl ag neach 'na dhiaidh,
Is iomaidh traith a thuit lena láimh; níor ghéis a sciath lá an áir.

The harbour roars, O the harbour roars over the brave heir of Rinn-dá-bhárc;
The hero of Locha Dhá Chonn was drowned, it is he the wave keens as it attacks the strand.

Sweet is the crane, O sweet is the crane in the marshlands of Dhroma Dhá Thréan;
She cannot save her brood -the two-toned hound is looking forward to getting them.

Aggrieved mourning, O aggrieved mourning is what the thrush in Druim Caoin does:
The rattling of the blackbird in Leitir Laoi is no happier.

Agonizing bellowing, O agonizing bellowing is what the stag of Droim dá Leis does:
Stretched out dead is the doe of Dhroma Síleann. The stag bellows a flood after her.

O sharp affliction and it's sharp the affliction, the death of the hero who lay with me;
That the son of the woman from Doire Dhá Dhos should be silenced and his head sorely hurt.

That's a sharp affliction to me that Caol should be stretched dead at my side;
The wave swept over his body and waist, and what dizzied me was his pleasant his expression

Agonized is the shout, O agonized is the shout, that the wave makes on the edge of the strand.
O she drowned a man that was free from blemish, I'm sad that Caol gets into her company.

Agonized is the sound, O agonized is the sound that the wave makes on the Northern strand,
Knocking against the sleek rock, keening Caol who is gone from us.

An agonized fight and it's an agonized fight the wave makes with the Southern strand,
I, who's race is run, it's worse my appearance is because of the knowledge.

An agonized tune, O it's an agonized tune, that the heavy wave of Tulach Léis makes
For me who is destroyed by the total destruction, there will never be prosperity again

Since Caol, beloved of my heart was drowned, my love is not available to anyone after him.
Many's the warrior fell by his hand, his shield did not cry out on the day of slaughter.

