

Gearr-Abhaun was thy name of old,
In the reign of the kings,
Until Corc of Munster came over the sea
With waving hair above his eyes.

When came Fearadahach Fiorm,
Son of the King of Alban of the Carpets of Gold,
When he made with Corc alliance.
Upon coming into his lordship

Fearadach gave—to me it seems well
His daughter to the fair-haired Corc
Full of his renown is Tara of Meath,
Leamhain was the name of the daughter.

A queenly birth brought forth Leamhan,
Maine, son of Corc of the long hair.
She cherished in her bosom the bird
For Corc of Cashel of the hounds.

One day that Leamhain was
(The mother of Maine of the slender fingers)
With fifty maidens of white soles,
Swimming in the river's mouth.

She is drowned in the bosom of the port,
Leamhain, the daughter of Fearadhad,
Thou art named Leamhain after that,
A remembrance not bad to be related.

Seldom was the tramp of a Gall battalion
Upon thy green borders, O river!
Often with thee, O Leamhain!
The son of a hind above thy Innbhears.

There has grown up to thee Alun Oge,
Son of Muredhach of the smooth roads,
Splendid the color of his pure fresh hands,
A scion of the wood of the first Alun.

Not alone drinking ale
Is Alun Oge, descendant of Oilcall.
The branch of the race of Alun sits
With an hundred to drink from the same gallon.