

Ridire an Chlóca¹ Uaithne

Nuair a phós sé ní raibh dhe² chomhluadar in³ a theach ach é fhéin agus a dheirbhshiúir. Well phós sé an bhean seo agus bhí éad aice leis an ngrádh bhí aige dh'á dheirbhshiúir. Sul má chainntítheadh sé le n-a bhean -

"Godé mar atá tú, a dheirbhshiúir, ó d'imthigh mé indiu?"

Bheadh sé as sin ag cur a bhean ag éad. Ba dhóigh léithe go raibh níos mó grádha aige dh'á dheirbhshiúir ná dhí féin. Fuaidh⁴ sé amach lá ag fiadhach agus an am bhí sé ar easbadh chuir sí teine le n-a lán cruit/meachta 7 coirce 7 eorna 7 féir bhí aige a thóg sé isteach agus sul má tháinig sé abhaile chuir a bhean faoi mhionn an leabhair a dheirbhshiúir gan a innseacht dho aon dhuine fuair baisteadh na h-eaglaise riamh.

Nuair a tháinig sé abhaile d'fhiafruigh sé dhi:

"Céard mar atá tú, a dheirbhshiúir, ó d'imthigh mé indiu?"

"O tá mé go maith," adúbhairt sí, "go raibh maith agat."

Agus d'innis a bhean dó gurb í a dheirbhshiúir a chuir teine insan agard nuair a bhí sé amuigh.

"Well" dubhairt sé "is fearr deirbhshiúir ná é sin féin."

(p. ii)

Well, fuaidh sé amach ag fiadhach lá ar n-a bhárach agus nuair a bhí sé amuigh -- bhí each geal dubh aige nach bhféadfadh rud ar bith bhualadh, bhí sé chómh mear i gcúrsa⁵ an rása - thóg sí an a chladheamh amach ins an stábla agus ghearr sí an ceann dhen each gheal dubh 7 chuir sí faoi mhionna an leabhair a dheirbhshiúir gan innseacht dho h-aoinne a fuair baisteadh na heaglaise riamh.

"Well," dúbhairt sé, nuair a tháinig sé abhaile, "Cé mar atá tú, a dheirbhshiúir?"

"Tá mé go maith, go raibh maith agat."

D'innis a bhean dhó gur ghearr a dheirbhshiúir an ceann dhen each geal dubh agus dúbhairt sé léithe:

"Is fearr deirbhshiúir ná é sin féin."

Well, fuaidh sé amach an tríomhadh lá agus mhairbh a bhean an páiste bhí aice agus chuir sí faoi mhionn an leabhair a dheirbhshiúir gan é innseacht dho aoinne fuair baiste⁶ na h-eaglaise riamh.

Well, nuair a tháinig sé abhaile d'innis sí dhó gur mhairbh a dheirbhshiúir an páiste an lá sin.

Well, lá ar n-a bhárach thóg sé a dheirbhshiúir leis agus bhíodar ag dul frí an choill mhór dúnta rug sé uirthe agus bhí ghruag bhreágh shaidhbhir fhada uirthe, 7 cheangail sé a lámhe agus a dá chois agus cheangail sé a gruag dhe chrann agus (p. iii) thóg sé a sgian fiadhaigh agus ghearr sé an dá lámh dí agus dúbhairt léithe:

"Sin," adúbhairt sé léithe, "mar gheall ar mo agard-sa nuair a bhí mé as baile."⁷

Agus rug sé ar sgian agus ghearr sé an dá chois dhí agus dúbhairt sé léithe:

"Sin mar gheall ar an gceann a ghearr tú dhe m'each gheal dhubh."

Annsin rug sé ar a sgian agus ghearr sé an dá chíoch as a brollach.

¹ *clócha*, with lenited *c*, appears in the title as well as in the last sentence. In the title the final *a* has been crossed out in pencil and *ín* written in above.

² aon crossed out, dhe written in ink above.

³ *ín* written in pencil, above crossed out *ís*.

⁴ The note *fuaidh = chuaidh passim* appears in pencil on the top of the page.

⁵ Pencil correction over original *i n chúrsa*.

⁶ *-adh* pencilled in after *baiste*.

⁷ *easbadh* written in ink above *as baile*, as if as an alternate possibility.

"Sin mar gheall ar mo pháiste-se a mhairbh tu. Anois," dúbhairt sé, "fan annsin go dtiocfaidh bás chúghat mar gheall ar an rud a rinne tú."

D'imthigh leis annsin uaithe agus d'fhág sé ceangailte í le n-a gruaig i gcrann nach bhféadfadh duine le siubhlóchadh an bóthar í fheiceáilt.

Well, nuair a bhí sé ag imtheacht ar siúbhal bhí a dá shúil⁸ sáidhte dearga ag breathnúghadh 'na dhiaidh.

Agus nuair a bhí sé ag siúbhal ní raibh aon bhróga air agus fuaidh dealg ó sgeich suas 'na chois agus chrom sé síos le n-a tharraing amach agus dúbhairt sí:

"Tarraim-se athchuinge ar Dhia nach bhféagfaidh an dealg sin do chos nó go mbainfidh an dá lámh a ghearr tú dhe mo ghualainn-se amach í."

(iv)

Well, thosnuigh sí ag rádh a h-úrnaighe annsin ag Dia agus ag Muire agus a mac, agus ní fada a bhí sí annsin nuair a tháinig an Mhaighdean agus chimilt sí a dá lámh, dá *chois*, dá *chíoch* agus ní túsge rinne sí é ná bhí siad chomh slán agus bhíodar ariamh 'na brollach. Rinne sí an cleas chéadna le n-a dá lámh mar rinne sí le n-a dá chois 7 a cíocha agus sgaoil sí a gruaig agus -

"Téanam liom-sa anois!" adúbhairt sí.

Well, thóg sí léithe í a' teach an duine uasail⁹ agus bhí sé an-shaidhbhir, agus bhí mac óg aige; agus dúbhairt sí léithe:

"Téirigh isteach annsin, iarr aimsearacht agus gheobhaidh tú é."

Agus fuaidh sí agus nuair a d'iarr sí:

"An dteastuigheann bean uathaibh."¹⁰

Nuair ní raibh sí i bhfad annsin nó gur thuit an fear óg i ngrádh léithe agus d'fhiafruigh sé dhi an bpósfadh sí é.

"Níl ionnaim ach sarabhanta"¹¹ adúbhairt sí "agus ní'l mo dhóithin spré agam."

"Well, tá mo dhóithin agam-sa," adúbhairt an mac óg ag an duine uasal léithe.

(v)

"Well," adúbhairt sí, "má iarrann tú toil t'athar 7 do mháthar, má thugann siad a dtoil dúinn, tá mé sásta tú a phósadh; agus ní phósfaidh mé thú gan cead ó t'athair agus do mháthair."

"O más mar sin é, rachaidh mise ag cainnt le m' athair agus mo mháthair."

D'innis sé an sgéal dóibh agus bhí an oiread sin meas uirthé ins an teach go ndúbhairt an bheirt aca leis go mb'í a rogha dhe mhnaoi á bhfeacadar.

Nuair a bhí sí pósta aige, d'innis an bheirt aca - an t-athair agus an mháthair - an meas mór a bhí aca uirthé.

Shul má pósadh iad, ní fhéadh siad níos mó a dhéanadh dh'á n-inghean féin. Well, bhíodar pósta tuairim le trí bliadhna agus bhí triúr clann,¹² triúr mac, aice.

"Well," adúbhairt sí le n-a fear, "tá dearbhráthair agam agus ní fhaca mé é os cionn trí bliadhna agus mara bhfuil aon locht agat le fághail, b'ait liom a dhul ar chuairt aige¹³."

D'iarr sí air athchuinghe roimhe sin annsin gan a pháistí baistiúghadh nó go dtugfadh sí a toil air.

⁸ *a dhá súil* pencilled in above.

⁹ *-il* almost wholly cut off at margin.

¹⁰ *uaibh* pencilled in above the line.

¹¹ *Or searbhfoghanta* pencilled in above line.

¹² *clainne* pencilled in above line.

¹³ = *chuige* pencilled in above *aige*.

"Well", adúbhairt sé léithe, "is maith¹⁴ liom-sa tú dhul ar c/uairt ag do dhearbhráthair." "B'áil liom na páistí thógailt liom-sa ar an gcuairt sin."

"Do thoil leat féin," dúbhairt sé.¹⁵

(vi)

Thóg sí léithe a trí mac agus nuair¹⁶ a bhí sí ag teacht ag an teach, is mór an t-iongnadh a bhí aice go bhfaca sí sgeach láidir aoibhinn áluinn amach thrí thaoibh an tíghe. Nuair a fuaidh sí isteach:

"Cé mar atá tú, a dhearbhráthair?" adúbhairt sí.

"O, tá mé," adúbhairt sé, "i ngéibheann annso."

"Céard atá ort?" dúbhairt sí.

"O," dúbhairt sé, "ní liach¹⁷ an díoghaltais orm. Mhairbh mé mo dheirbhshiúir," adúbhairt sé, "an deirbhshiúir¹⁸ is fearr a bhí ag fear riamh."

"Cén nós a mhairbh tú í?"

"Well, mhairbh mé í," adúbhairt sé, "le gearradh a dá lámh agus a dá chos agus a dá chíoch a ghearradh as a colainn; agus chroch mé í le n-a gruaig fionn¹⁹ ceangailte²⁰ de chrann mar sin agus d'fhág mé ins an nós sin í agus nuair a bhí mé ag imtheacht uaithe, fuaidh an dealg so suas in mo chos agus ní fhéadadh²¹ mé a thabhairt amach leis an bpian agus an teas²² in mo cholainn. Ní fhéadann dochtúir ná duine ar bith eile a bhaint amach, agus d'fhás sé, agus sin an sgeach a chonnaic tú amach faoi thaoibh an tíghe."

"O" dúbhairt sí, "is mise an deirbhshiúir sin," agus chimilt sí an dá láimh dh'á chois. Bhí an chos mór aige.

(vii)

"Well," adúbhairt sí, "mise an deirbhshiúir, agus ní mé a dhóigh do agard ná do chruithneacht ná do choirce ná téorna ná d'fhéar ach do bhean féin agus chuir sí mionna an leabhair liom-sa gan a innseacht dho aoinne a fuair baiste na heaglaise riamh, agus ní dhuit-se atá mé 'á innseacht ach dho mo mhac is sine nach fuair baiste na h-eaglaise riamh. Agus ní mé a mhairbh t'each geal dubh, agus ní dhuit-se atá mé 'á innseacht ach dho mo dharna mhac, é sin nach fuair baisteadh na h-eaglaise riamh. Ach ní mé a mhairbh do mhac ach do bhean féin a bhíodh éad (uirthe)²³ liom-sa mar gheall ar chómh cineálta agus bhí tú liom, ach ní duit-se atá mé dhá innseacht ach dho mo thríomhadh mac ná fuair baisteadh na h-eaglaise riamh.

"Mise an deirbhshiúir sin, agus le cómhachta Mhic Dé agus an congnadh thug Sé dómh-sa in mo thrioblóid agus mo bhrón, agus leighis sí mé (Máthair Dé).²⁴ Díarr mise²⁵ an athchuinge uirthe gan

¹⁴ *b'ait* pencilled in above *is maith*, but scratched out again in pencil.

¹⁵ In the MS the exchange between husband and wife is not punctuated by an quotation marks, and the scribe may have thought that the sentences between "Well," *adúbhairt sé léithe...* and *... dúbhairt sé* were spoken by the husband, but the passage makes more sense if the middle sentence is attributed to the heroine, and I have inserted quotation marks accordingly.

¹⁶ *agus nuair* written again & crossed out.

¹⁷ The MS has *ní liach*, with the final *c* crossed out and a *th* pencilled above the line. Neither reading makes much sense here (*ní liach* `it is not sad'; *ní liath* `it is not grey'). Did the exemplar have *ní l'ach*?

¹⁸ There is a punctum over the *d*, presumably a mistake.

¹⁹ The scribe wrote *féin* first, but crossed it out and wrote *fionn* instead.

²⁰ *ceangailte* written in pencil, correcting *cian geal* written in ink.

²¹ sic for *ní sheadfadh*.

²² *teas* written in pencil, the scribe presumably having omitted it accidentally at first.

²³ *uirthe* is in parentheses in MS.

²⁴ *Máthair Dé* is in parentheses in MS.

²⁵ *Iarr mise* in MS; the scribe later pencilled *aim-se* (without crossing out *mise*).

an dealg sin bheith bainte amach go bráth nó go mbainfeadh an dá lámh a ghearr tusa liom-sa é. (viii) Fuair mé an t-athchuinge sin agus iarrfaidh mé ar Dhia an cómhacht a thabhairt dhom tusa a leigheas anois."

Chimilt²⁶ sí a dá lámh dhe'n chois agus thuit an sgeach bhí glas agus blátha air, thuit sé²⁷ 'na bhrosna chríon liath anuas insa seomra. Bhí a chos leighiste.

Fuaidh sí abhaile. Chuir sí fios ar an sagart agus baistíghtheadh an²⁸ trí mac leis.

Sin deire sgéil "Ridire an Chlócha Uaithne."

The Knight of the Green Cloak

Before he got married there was only his sister living in the house with him. Well, he married this woman, and she became jealous of the affection he had for his sister. Before going to speak to his wife -

"How have you been today, dear sister, while I've been away?"

He would carry on like that, making his wife jealous. She felt that he had more love for his sister than for herself.

One day he went out hunting, and while he was away she set fire to his entire stock of wheat and oat and barley and hay which he had harvested. And before he got home his wife forced the sister to swear she would not tell anyone ever baptised.

When he came home he asked her:

"How have you been, dear sister, while I've been away?"

"Thank you, I am well," she answered.

Then his wife told him that his sister had set fire to the haggard while he was out.

"Well," he said, "a sister is worth even more than that."

(p.ii)

Well, the next day he went out hunting, and while he was out — he owned a fine black horse that no one could beat, it was so swift on the race course — she took his sword outside to the stable and she cut the fine black horse's head off, and she forced the sister to swear she wouldn't tell anyone ever baptised.

"Well," he asked her when he got home, "and how are you, dear sister?"

"I am well, thank you."

His wife told him that his sister had cut the fine black horse's head off, and he said to her,

"A sister is worth even more than that."

Well, the third day he went out, his wife killed her own child, and she made his sister swear she wouldn't tell anyone ever baptised.

Well, when he came home, she told him that his sister had killed their child that day.

So the next day he took his sister with him, and when they were going through a great dense wood he took hold of her. She had beautiful luscious long hair, and he tied her hands and her two feet and he tied her hair to a tree, (p. iii) and he took his hunting knife and cut off her two hands and said to her,

²⁶ Final t crossed out in pencil.

²⁷ In his pencil corrections, the scribe turned sé into sí, without however changing air and ina bhrosna to their feminine equivalents. It appears that sgeach is treated as a masculine noun in the exemplar, just as dealg appears to be treated as a masculine noun at least on some occasions.

²⁸ an crossed out in pencil, a written above.

"That, " he said, "is for the haggard, when I was away."

And he took his knife and he cut off her two feet and he said to her,

"That is for cutting off the horse's head when I was away."

Then he took his knife and he cut off the two breasts in her bosom.

"That is for killing my child," he said. "Now you can stay there until you die because of what you have done."

He went away then, and left her tied from the tree so that she couldn't be seen from the road by someone passing by.

Well, as he walked away from her, she fixed him with her two burning eyes. He wasn't wearing shoes, and a thorn from a bush went right up into his foot, and when he bent down to pull it out, she cried,

"I pray to God that this thorn will stay in your foot until it is pulled out by those very hands you have just cut off."

(iv)

Well, she began to pray then to God and to Mary and her Son, and she wasn't there long before the Virgin came to her. She touched her two hands and her two feet and her two breasts, and no sooner did she touch them that they were restored to her and were as sound as they had ever been. She did the same thing to her two hands that she did to her two feet and to her breasts, and she untied her hair and -

"Come along with me now," she said.

Well, she took her with her to the house of a nobleman; he was very rich, and he had a son, a young man. She told her,

"Go inside and ask for work there; you will get it."

She went inside and asked,

"Do you need a servant?"

She had only been there for a short time when the young man started to fall in love with her, and he asked her would she marry him.

"I'm only a servant woman," she replied, "and I have no wealth to give you."

"Well, I have wealth enough for both of us," said the nobleman's son.

(v)

"Well," she said, "if you ask your father's and your mother's permission, and if they give you their permission, I will marry you gladly; but I won't marry you against their wishes."

"If that's your decision, I will go and talk to my mother and father."

He told them everything, and the girl was so highly thought of in the place that both of them said that she would have been their choice of a wife for him. When they got married, both of them — both his father and his mother — told her how much they thought of her. And even before they married, they treated her like they would have treated their own daughter.

Well, they were married for three years, and she had three children, three boys.

She spoke to her husband then, and said, "I have a brother whom I haven't seen for three years, and if you have no objection, I should like to go and visit him."

She had asked previously for his permission not to baptize their children until she asked for it.

"Well," he told her, "I'm happy for you to visit your brother."

"I want to take the children with me on the visit."

"As you wish," he replied.

(vi)

She took her three sons with her and when she came to the house she saw an amazing sight: a beautiful strong fair thornbush was growing out of the side of the house. When she went inside, she said -

"How are you, dear brother?"

"Oh I am in dire straits here."

"What is wrong with you?" she asked him.

"Oh," he replied, "I got my just deserts. I killed my sister," he said, "the best sister any man ever had."

"How did you kill her?"

"I killed her," he said, "by cutting off her two hands and her two feet and by cutting off the two breasts in her bosom; and I hung her tied by her hair from a tree, and I left her like that. And as I walked away from her, this thorn went straight into my foot, and I haven't been able to get it out, for all the pain and the fever in my body. No doctor can get it out, nor can anyone else. It grew into a bush, and that is the thornbush you saw coming out of the side of the house."

"I am that sister," she said, and she touched his foot with her two hands. His foot had swelled up.

(vii)

"I am that sister," she said, "and it wasn't me who burned your haggard and your wheat and your oats and your barley and your hay: it was your own wife who did that. She made me swear not to tell anyone ever baptised, and I'm not telling this to you now but to my eldest son, who was never yet baptised. And it wasn't me who killed your fine black horse — and I'm not telling this to you but to my second son, who has never yet received baptism. And it wasn't me who killed your son, but your own wife who was jealous of me because you were so fond of me — and I'm not telling this to you but to my third son, who was never yet baptized.

"I am that sister, and by the power of God, and with the help he gave me in my sorrow and my anguish, she healed me (the Mother of God).

I had prayed to her asking that this thorn should never be pulled out except by the two hands you had cut off. (viii) She heard my prayer, and now I shall ask God to grant me the power to heal you."

She touched his foot with her two hands, and the thornbush that had been so green and fresh fell down a dry shrivelled-up stick, and his foot was completely healed.

She went home then. She sent for the priest to baptize her three sons.

And that is the end of the story of "The Knight of the Green Cloak."

(Edited and translated by Barbara Hillers)