English translation of a tale "Mae Rí Chruacháin" (The Son of the King of Cruachán), printed in Béaloideas II, pp. 35-46. The tale was recorded by Professor Edmund Curtis from the recital of Seán Ruadh Mac an Bháird of Glassey, Glenties, Co. Donegal, in 1917. The storyteller was about 56 at that time.
In olden times there was a king living
in Bruach a' Chruachain, and he had only
one son. The king's wife died, and
shortly after that the king himself
died. Whilst the king lived he had
much more than enough of worldly goods
but his son was very prodigal, and
it was not long after his father's
death, until his had gone through all
his wealth. When he had the last
of it spent he did not know what
he had better do. He remembered,
one day, that he had often seen his
father going up to the top of the hill,
carrying a book with him. He
thought that he would carry the book
with him, and go up to the top of
the hill, to see if there were any
glows, or magic in the book. He
gave, one day, to the top of the hill,
carrying the book with him. He
was not long reading, when a little
hairy fomor man came up to him.
"Son of the King of Bruchachin," said
he, "would you play a game of
cards"?
"I was never better," said
Mac Ri' Bruchachin.
"Well, we will make a condition,"
said the little hairy fomor man, "whomever
will win two consecutive games, one
after the other, he shall name his
fate."
"All right," said Mac Ri Bhranachain. "Let us begin playing, and Mac Ri Bhranachain won the two games from the little man.

"I see that you defeated me," said Mac Ri Bhranachain. "Well, man, you lost now," said the little man.

"I put you under great penalty, viz. draideachta to take your livelihood away from you, if you do not leave me as rich in cattle and sheep as my father was."

"That is hard enough," said the little man. "But you must give me the space of a month."

At the end of a month it was the herding of the cattle, the weighing of the horses, and the belling of the sheep that awakened Mac Ri Bhranachain.

One morning: "I ask," said Mac Ri Bhranachain. "That my journey was successful, and I shall go up again to the hill to-day." He had not gone far when the little hairy fairy man came up to him and said, "How did you like your stock, Son of the King of Bhranachain?"

He liked it well."

"Will you have a game of cards to-day?"

"I was never, when I understand."

They began playing, and it was not long until the King's Son won two games again.

"I see," said the little man. "That you defeated me again to-day."
"I see that I did."
"Well, name your forfeit!"
"I put you under great solemn me做不到
take your livelihood away from you, if you
do not get the most beautiful girl in the
world for me."
"That's hard enough," said the little man.
"But if you give me the space of a month,
I shall see to its being done."

At the end of a month, when the
king's son awoke, he saw the most
beautiful girl that he had ever laid eyes
on, sitting on a chair, in the room in
which he slept. He arose, and he gave
the most profuse welcome to the young
woman.

One morning: "Are you going to the hill
to-day?" said the young woman.
"I am," said the king's son.

"Each of you will only win, every second
game until nightfall," said she.

The king's son went up the hill, and
he was not long there, when the little
hairy frog man came.

"How did you like the young woman?"

"Well."

"Will you have a game to-day?"

"I was never known to that."

"Each of them only won every second
game, throughout the day. They had to
stop, the same as they began. The king's
son came home.

"How did you get on to-day?" said the
young woman.
We only won every second game, during the day.

"I was thinking that," said she, "you'll be going up to-morrow morning?"

"I will.

"Be sure and awaken me," said she, "if I am not awake before you go."

The next morning, as soon as the day broke, and before that, she was up, and had his breakfast ready.

"Each of you will only win every second game, again," said she.

He went up to the hill, and the little man and himself only won every second game, on that day.

When he came home: "How did you get on to-day?"

We only won every second game during the day.

"I knew that. Will you be going up to-morrow morning?"

"I will.

"Well, be sure and awaken me.

The next day, he got up, and she was asleep. He thought it was a pity to awaken her, and he went up to the hill. He was not long there, when the little man arrived. They commenced the cards, and they were not long playing; then the little man won two games after each other from the King's son.

"I see," said the little hairy foxy man; "that I defeated you at last."

"I see that you did," said Mac Ki O'Kenneth.
"You must name your feast now."
"You will need it in a while. I put you under a spell, to take your livelihood away from you, if you do not get for me, the Sword of Light, that is in the Eastern World, and if you do not find out who killed Jesus Christ."
"That is hard enough," said the king's son, "but you must give me the spice of three months."
"You shall have that," said the little fairy woman.

The king's son came home, and when he sat on the chair, the chair broke.
"I see," said she, "that you are a king's son under a spell. Well! what spell is on you?"

He told her how it was.

"Well! you have enough work, before you now; and, if you had awakened me in the morning, each of you would only win every second game to-day, and he could only carry on playing with you three days, and you would be finished with him."

"Now," said she, "gather together all the masons of the world, and have a tower eighteen feet high, built around this castle. Order iron spikes to be made, and put them on top of the wall, each one a foot apart from the next."

He did this. He sent out a...
proclamation, the masons came together, it was not long until the wall was finished, and the iron spikes on top of it.

"Now," said she, "go down to the tailor, and get a nest made of the very finest material, you can get, and bring it here to me." He did that.

She began to embroider it, with a silver thread, that was of every colour. She worked on one side of it, the image of every fish, that is in the sea; from the whale to the shrimp, and on the other the image of all the birds of the air, from the eagle to the wren.

"Now," said she, "put that nest on you, and do not take it off until you return here again. If you are a good nest rider, you will be able to do the deed. Here is a shaggy pony in the stable. Her bridle and whip are hanging over her. Take the pony, and fast her to the wall, and if you stay on her back until she carries you out and in again, you will be able to do the deed."

The king's son brought the shaggy pony out of the stable, he rode her, and faced her to the staircase. She jumped it out. He turned her in to the gate again. She jumped it in, and he kept on her back."

"And the young woman, that you will do
the deed.

"Now, said she, when you are going, do not pull the reins, I give her her head, and take this whip with you. The shaggy horse will bring you to the eastern field, and the town that you will have to pass is the same height as this one. If the golden gate will not let you in, the shaggy horse will jump the town, and if you succeed in getting in, there is a vicious hound chained inside the town, and when you are passing him, it will attack you. Give him a blow of the whip, and he will run a hound.

My father will hear the hound, and come out, and he will ask you. Who is the brave man, that was bold enough to beat this hound? Say that it was you that will beat him, and that you would beat himself also, if he was not polite. He will be afraid of you then, and you will be taken into the house, and he will tell you the rest. Mac Ri Chinnchasaid said as she asked him. The shaggy pony brought him to the eastern world. When he came to the town of the palace, the golden gate at him would not let him in; he faced the shaggy pony to the hound, and he jumped over it. He was proceeding on his way on the inside, and when he was passing the hound, it attacked him, and he gave him a blow of the whip. The hound howled, and the king came out, and asked who was bold enough to beat his hound. Mac Ri
Krachlein answered that it was he who beat him, and that he would beat himself if he had not good manners.

He [the king] ordered the groom to put the shaggy horse in the stable, and he invited Mac Ki Shuachlaí to go into the house with him. When he went in, the dinner was being prepared.

"Come out with me," said the king, "and you shall see some of my kingdom."

They went down to the seashore, and the king said: "I don't know," said he, "what ships are those coming in."

Mac Ki Shuachlaí looked out to sea, and he could not see any ship, at all. When he looked beside him again, the king was nowhere to be seen, and, unless the ground had swallowed him, he did not know where he had gone.

He walked another bit forward, as far as the verge of a great cliff, and he saw the king waddling along down below, at the bottom of the cliff.

"It is a shame for me," said he, "if I'm not able to jump down this cliff, as well as that old man."

He jumped clean over the cliff, and the old man never felt anything until he was standing beside him.

"You are the best athlete, that I ever saw coming to this country. Many athletes have come here, but none of them had the courage to leap down the cliff."
"I thought nothing of it," said Mac Ri Chruachain. They walked on a bit, and Mac Ri Chruachain saw a woman sitting on a vessel of molten lead. She was down to the waist in it. The king had a stick, and he put his two hands on the stick, and he struck the woman a blow with it, and she gave a scream.

"Maybe Mac Ri Chruachain," the king said, "you are the most hard-hearted man I ever saw."

"Ha!" said the king, "if you knew what that woman did to me, you would not blame me for that blow."

"She must have done something big to you."

"I'll tell you what she did. She was my wedded wife once, and we had a good livelihood. There were twelve maidens waiting on her, and twelve boys waiting on me. I, and my twelve boys went in the habit of going out to the woods often. It was one day, hunting in the woods, and we found a Lochranan. We brought him home with us. We shaved him, and put clothes on him. When he began getting good food in the house, he became strong, and he was very useful waiting on the girls. One day, we were going hunting, and, when I was a little way from the house, I saw that I had forgotten my powder-horn. I did not like to send any of the boys for it, because it was in the room, where my wife and myself used to sleep. I went back..."
myself, and, when I went into the room, 
and the loaf crumpled on the bed with my 
wife. I took the powder horn with me, 
and I didn't let on that I saw them. We 
had a good day's hunting, and, when we 
came home in the evening, I appeared 
as cheerful as any other day. But my 
wife was gloomy and (growing). She said, 
in the end, that I and my servants 
were not as merry in our immortal 
hearts, as we appeared to be. She bought 
out an apple, and she made thirteen 
parts of the apple, and she gave it to 
us to eat. I, myself was the first 
person to eat my piece of the apple, 
and the boys eat their pieces. So 
sooner had we eaten them, than 
we turned into thirteen dogs. She 
drove us forth from the house, and 
we went through the park, killing the 
sheep, and eating them. Then, she 
sent a message to her father, asking 
him and his champions to come, 
saying that, I had died, and that 
a pack of dogs had gathered together 
in the place, and that they were killing 
his sheep. The father came, and he 
shouted us away. Do you see that 
island out there in the sea?

"Yes! I do", said the Ki'kla. "Yes!
Tell! there was nothing for us to 
do, only to look to the sea, and to swim 
out to the island. We would get 
oo food there, only barnacles and"
muscles. We sat there as long as thy lasted us. In the end it became so hard for us, that we drew lots to see, who should be killed, that the rest might eat him. The lot fell to one of the five boys, and we eat him, and we were going on like that until all were killed, except one, and the two most faithful comrades, I had. We cast lots one day, and the lot fell on the most faithful comrade. I was the first to take a bite of his thigh. It will never leave my heart — the pitiful look he cast on me. I resolved that I would not take the second bite out of him; and we decided to go to the shore; and my comrade began to get weak, because he was bleeding. One of us went on either side of him until we, perhaps, began to get weak. We had to leave him out, and he was drowned. But we swam to the beach. We were too weak and exhausted, that we had to lie on a stone, until the heat of the sun warmed us. At nightfall, we went up near the house, and we went into a hole in the earth. A flock of hens went past. I made a grab at one of them. Now, and I got a hold on her. We took her, and that put a little courage into us. It was not long until we killed another one, and that put a little courage into us. We were
getting strong. My wife noticed that she was losing her tone, and we had to make for the park again. We began hiking the sheep again, and she went for her father. He came, with his followers, and his hounds, and my two comrades were killed. I ran, before they got a hold on me, until I came to the father, and I lay down at his feet.

Noble dog! And he no tears will be shed by you, on account of having asked help from me. They were

They went into the house, and I with them, and I was well here, recognized me.

Why do you not kill that dog," said she, "for he was the worst of them.

I shall not kill him, and I shall carry him home, because he has the appearance of being a good clever dog.

The next day, the father went home, and I with him. He had no children, only two sons, and the night they were born, they were carried away by a big giant. I was a long time with the king, and whatever he would ask me to do, I would do it. He would not part with me for all the gold in the world. That was all right, until it happened that his wife was going to have another child, and she sent for her daughter — that was my wife. When she came into the
home she saw me. She said to her father: "Is that dirty dog still alive with you?"
"He is the best dog I ever saw!"
"Well! perhaps, he'll make you sorry yet!"

In the night a young son was born to the King's wife. When the King was going to bed, he said: "The care of my child is yours, O noble dog."

At midnight a flute was played outside, and all the attendant women fell asleep. As the geese were on me already, they could not put them on me again. I saw a big black hand coming down over the fire, and it caught the child, that was in the cradle, and was taking it away with it.

I gave a spring, and I jumped up, and got a grip on the hand. I was, shoving the hand, and cutting until I cut the hand off from the shoulder. At this time, he put down another hand, and he took the child with him. I held the hand under the bit of hay, I was lying on.

My wife was the first person to awake, and she shouted to her father that the dog had the child eaten. I was covered with blood. When the father got up: 'Noble dog,' said he, 'I thought that you would not let my child go; I took a hold of the hand, and I threw it at his feet. I see,' said he, 'if you had got help the
child would not be gone.

I went out then, and I began following the scent of the giant. The king was watching me, and he followed me. I followed the scent as far as the shore of the lake. There was an island in the lake, and the giant was inside in the island. I saw a cable fastened to a rock, under the water. I took up the cable, with my two paws. I began hauling it with my mouth, and I saw a small boat coming to me, from the island. When the king saw this, he began helping to pull the cable, until we brought the ship up to us, and there was another cable inside in it, going out to the island. I jumped into the ship, and I began hauling the cable, until we brought the ship out to the island.

When I landed, I saw two boys, not playing hurley. I thought that they were the king's two sons, that the giant had taken away. I went to where the king was. He was asleep, and he had his shoulder in a vessel of cold water, and the child was behind him. I saw a nice stick in the cave. I knew it was a magic wand. I jumped over it, and I took the child with me in my mouth, and I left it inside in the ship. I returned, and I brought the magic wand with me. I went to
where the boys were lurking, and I began pruning around with them. I coerced them, like that, little by little, until I brought them to the ship. I was a strong dog. I caught a hold of one of the boys, and I put him into the boat. Then I brought in the other. I began hauling the cable again. When the king saw what I was doing, he began hauling the cable, that was on the shore, until he brought the ship in. He caught the child, and he took out the two boys, and he recognized them. He was praising me highly. I brought the magic wand, with me in my mouth. I thought that, if the king beat me with the stick, that I would return to my own form.

I threw the stick. The king took the stick, and I began running to and fro, before him. Whatever I did, he would not beat me. In the end, I raised my two paws to his face, and I scratched him with my nails. Then he gave me a small part of the stick, and said, "Oh, Lord, what are you thinking of doing?"

Then, I arose in my own form, and the king fell in a weakness at the night. When he came out of the faint, I spoke to him. I asked him not to be afraid, and I told him all about it, and about the 'goose' his daughter had put on me.
"She shall pay for that," said he, "and he hit her a blow of the wand that put her under a grass; and he put her into a vessel of molten lead.

"Now, said the King, to Mac Ri Thrench, do you blame me for that blow? We shall go home now. I think the dinner is ready.

They went into the King's house, and when they sat down to table, the King's wife looked at Mac Ri Threnchian, and she began to cry:

"What is the cause of your weeping, noble woman," said he, "indeed, I did nothing to you?"

"You did not," said she, "but a year ago, my daughter was here with us. She was taken away one morning, and we did not see her, dead nor alive, since then, and if she were alive in any part of the world, I'd swear a double oath that that's the sign of her hand on your neck."

"Perhaps it is," said Mac Ri Threnchian.

"And he told them from beginning to end, what was the cause of his journeying, and the grass that the little hairy man put on him.

"You have enough to do, before you," said the King, "but I will inform you as best I can. The Sword of Light belongs to a son of mine; he fought hard for it, and he will not part with it. And that shaggy pony, that you have, it was from me the little hairy man took her, and she got nothing but milk for six
year, and Donal Gorm has a mare
that got milk for seven years, and
she is more agile than the shaggy pony.
He lives in a castle, a little bit west
of this. To morrow morning, take the
shaggy pony with you, and jump
over the gate, and then turn the shaggy
pony, and face her back. It is not
in the power of Donal Gorm to come
inside my gate. Shout into him and
ask him to give you the Sword of
Light, and to tell you, who killed
Anti-Christ. As soon as you say
that, give the spur to the horse.
Mac Ri Chruachain did this.
He shouted to Donal Gorm to give him
the Sword of Light, and to tell him
who killed Anti-Christ.
"Remain standing," said Donal Gorm,
"and you will get it."
But Mac Ri Chruachain gave the
spur to the shaggy pony. He was only
just inside the king's gate, when
Donal Gorm was up to him.
"Now," said the King, "don't go over
until after three days, nor will I
ride on his mare waiting for you."

After three days Mac Ri Chruachain
went over again. He shouted at
Donal Gorm to give him the Sword
of Light, and to tell him who killed
Anti-Christ. As soon as he said
that, he gave the spur to the shaggy
pony; Donal Gorm followed, and ask
was going over the King's gate, Donal Forn cut off the pony's tail with a blow of his sword.

"I see," said the King, "that you only don't just escaped. Now do not go over until after a week, and wait to be waiting for you day and night, and don't take any pony with you, and, perhaps, he will be asleep. Go over to the door quietly, and if you hear him snoring, go in quietly. The Sword of Light will be stretched on the table beside the bed, seize it, and if you succeed in doing so, the sword will give a shout. Donal Forn will awaken then, and he will make an attack on you. Draw the sword, and say that, you will cut the head off of him. He will be frightened by the sword, and, perhaps, he will give you more knowledge, than I can give, and will give you the information."

Mád Ri Úirneachain did as he spoke was asked; he found Donal Forn asleep; he took the sword, and it gave a shout, that he thought the whole world would hear. Donal Forn got up, and he attacked him, but Mád Ri Úirneachain drew the sword, and he told him to stand back, or that he would cut off his head. Donal Forn was frightened and he said, "Sit down and I will tell you. You have my sister, and I recognize the sign of her hand on you.
west, and the little hairy fairy man
he is the son of Anti-Christ, and if
was he put the geasa on you,
and it was I killed his father. If
you get his sword he will kill you, and
he will kill me, because the sword
has that power. But, if you take
my advice, we will be saved.
"I'd take any advice at all, that
you'd give me," said Mac Ri
Chruachain.

When you go home to Truik Beul
the little hairy fairy man will be waiting
for you. Give him the sword, and
then, the geasa will be off you, and
kill him, that it was I killed Anti-
Christ. He will ask you, if you ever
saw a better sword. Say that you did
not, except for the one fault it had.
He will ask you, what is that fault.
Ask him for the sword again, as to
show him the fault, and when you
have the sword in your hand, he
drift, and strike him near his neck
and near his head, and cut off his
head, and stand between the head
and the body, until the body die.
Then, if you succeed in doing that, turn
your face to the Eastern World, as
quickly as you can, fling the sword into
as far as you can throw into the sky,
and the sword will come back here
to me again."

Mac Ri Chruachain did as he was
told, and when he cut off the head of the little hairy fairy man, he stood between the head and the body, and the tongue, that was in the head, said — "If I was on my body again, neither you, nor the Men of Ireland, would take me off it.

"I did the best feat," said Mae flít Brackán.

He came home to the young woman, and she smothered him with kisses, she drowned him with tears, and she dried him with a soft, soft, white mantle of satin. They were married then, and they gave a wedding feast, that lasted seven days and seven nights, and that was better the last day than the first day.