

J O H N P R O W S E

# Drolllys Iwerdhonek



*Irish Folk Tales*

*Yn Kernewek ha Sowsnek*  
Add a subheading



# **Drollys Iwerdhonek**

## ***Irish Folk Tales***

*Treylyes yn Kernewek gans/Translated into Cornish by*

*John Prowse*

**1<sup>a</sup> dyllans: gwirbryntyans © 2023 John Prowse**



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## Raglavar

An hwedhlow y'n lyver byghan ma yw trelyansow (nebes amendys) a dhrollys dyllys (yn Sowsnek) yn *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland*, 1887, gans Lady Jane Wilde.

## Preface

The stories in this little book are translations (somewhat amended) of folk tales published (in English) in *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland*, 1887, by Lady Jane Wilde.

## An Venyn Bries Dhenledrys

Dell wodhon, yth yw an spyrysyon tennys yn feur gans tekter a venenes denel, hag ytho aga myghtern, Finvarra y hanow, a dhanvon meur a'y servysi rag diskudha ha denladra an tekka mowesi ha benenes pries y'n vro. An re ma yw degys dhe-ves dre bystri dh'y lys yn Knockma, le may hwortons yn-dann hus, yn-dann ankevi aga bewnans denel. Yth yns i hebaskhes gans menestrouthi medhel ha kosel, hag a spavenha an goslowyadesow yn studh a lowena, kepar dell vons yn hunros hweg.

Y'n termyn eus passyes, yth esa y'n ranndir na arlodh, meur y allos, a'n jevo gwreg, Ethna hy hanow, o an tekka benyn bries yn oll an vro. Ha mar wothus anedhi o hy gour, y synsi ev kevewiow rygdhi pub dydh oll. Mo ha myttin, yth o y gastel lenwys gans arlydhi ha gans arlodhesow, ha ny brederi nagonan a dra vyth a-der ilow ha donsya ha kevewya ha helghi ha delit.



**Imach: Julius LeBlanc Stewart, *The Ball*, 1885. Arlotteth boblek.**

Unn gorthugher, ha'n kevewi an moyha meri, Ethna a slynkyas dres an dons yn pows ylyn hag argansek, hy thegennow ow terlenti kepar ha ster yn nev. Mes distowgh hi a asas dhe godha leuv hy hespar ha sedhi dhe'n leur yn unn glamdera.

Y's dug dh'y chambour, may hworwedha hi diswar dres termyn hir. Mes, boragweyth, hi a dhifunas ha disklera hi dhe bassya an nos yn palys teg, le may fia hi mar lowen y yeunis hi koska arta ha mos ena yn hy hunrosow. Ha hy theylu a withas warnedhi dres an jorna, mes pan omguntelas skeusow tewl an gorthugher a-dro dhe'n kastel, y feu ilow isel klewys orth hy fenester, hag Ethna a godhas arta yn kosk — kosk na allas nagonan gul dhedhi difuna anodho.

Ena, magteth koth Ethna a veu erghys may hwittha warnedhi; mes an venyn a dheuth ha bos skwith y'n taw ha koska, ha ny dhifunas bys pan savsa an howl. Ha pan viras hi orth an gweli, hi a welas gans euth re vansa an venyn bries yowynk!

Hware, y feu gelwys an mayni dien, hag y feu hwilys pub le, mes ny veu kevys lergth vyth a Ethna — nag y'n kastel, nag y'n lowarthow, nag y'n park. Hy gour a dhanvonas kanasow dhe bub le, mes heb sewena — ny's gwelsa nagonan; ny ylli sin vyth anedhi bos kevys — byw po marow.

Ytho, an arlodh yowynk a dhibras y uskissa margh ha peswarlemmel porres dhe Knockma, rag govyn orth Finvarra, myghtern an spyrysyon, mara'n jeffa nowodhow a'y venyn bries ha mar kalla ev y gevarwodha dhe'n le may fe hi ynno. Drefen bos ev ha Finvarra kowetha dha: lies balyer a win spaynek da re bia gesys yn-mes fenester a'n kastel, nosweyth, rag konfort an spyrysyon, der arghadow an arlodh yowynk. Mes ny wodhya an arlodh bos Finvarra y honan an traytour. Ytho, ev a beswarlemmis kepar ha muskok bys pan dhrehedhas Knockma, bre an spyrysyon.

Hag ev ow hedhi rag diskwitha y vargh, ev a glewas levow y'n ayr a-ughto. Neb unn a leveris: "Pur lowen yw Finvarra lemmyn, drefen ev dhe gавos an venyn bries teg yn y lys wortiwedh; ha nevra namoy y hwra hi gweles fas hy gour."

"Byttegyns," a worthebis lev aral, "mar palla an gour yn-nans dres an vre dhe gres an bys, ev a gавsa y wreg; mes kales yw an ober ha hir an fordh, ha Finvarra a'n jeves moy nerth es py den marwel pynag."

"Ni a wel," yn-medh an arlodh yowynk dh'y honan. "Na spyrys na malan na Finvarra y honan ny wra ow lettya rag kavos ow gwreg yowynk ha teg." Kettooth h'an ger, ev a dhanvonas messach dh'y servysi may keskorrens oll an weythoryon ha lavurysi a'n powdir oll a-dro, gans palyow ha pigellow, rag palas dres an vre bys pan dheffens dhe lys an spyrysyon.



Ha'n weythoryon devedhys, bush bras anedha, i a balas dres an jorna, bys pan balsens kleudh bras ha down, hag a dhiyskynnas war-nans dhe gres an vre. Dhe howlsedhes, i a bowesas. Mes, ternos vyttin, pan dhehwelons rag pesya aga ober, i a dhiskudhas re bia oll an gweres gorrys arta y'n kleudh, hag yth heveli dhedha na via an vre tochys gans pal vyth. Rag yndella re worhemynsa Finvarra, hag ev a'n jevo gallos dres dor hag ayr ha mor.

Mes kolonnek o an arlodh yowynk, hag ev a worhemynnis dh'y weythoryon may pessyens aga lavur; ha'n kleudh a veu pelys arta, ledan ha down yn kres an vre. Ha homma a besyas dres tri dydh, mes pupprys y hwarva an keth tra — pub nos, an gweres a veu daskorrys arta y'n kleudh ha, dell heveli, yth o an vre kepar dell via kyns. Ha nag esens nessa dhe lys an spyrysyon.

Ena an arlodh yowynk a veu lenwys gans konnar ha galar; mes, distowgh, ev a glewas lev ogas dhodho, kepar ha hanas y'n ayr, hag a leveris:

"Lesewgh holan a-dreus dhe'n gweres re belsowgh, ha gwithys vydh agas lavur."

Yn-dann glewes an geryow ma, an den yowynk a omglewas govenek nowydh ow sevel yn y golon, hag ev a dhanvonas danvonadow dres an powdir oll dhe guntel holan a'n bobel. Ha, gorthugherweyth, kyns an weythoryon dhe asa aga lavur, i a gudhas an gweres gans an holan.

Ternos vyttin, y sevis oll anedha a-varr, meur aga ahwer, rag gweles an pyth re hwarva y'n nos. Meur o aga lowena, pan welons na via an kleudh teveys.

Ena an arlodh yowynk a wodhya ev dhe gavos gallos war Finvarra, hag ev a leveris dh'y weythoryon may pessyens palas gans kolon dha, drefen heb dout aga bos nes dhe lys an spyrysyon lemmyn. Ytho, erbynn hanterdydh kownans meur re bia treghys yn-nans dhe gres an vre. Lemmyn, mar korra nebonan y skovarn dhe'n dor, ev a alsa klewes menestrouthi koynt ha medhel. Ha levow a veu klewys oll a-dro y'n ayr.

"Merkyewgh hemma," a leveris onan, "trist yw Finvarra, drefen ev dhe wodhvos mar frapp onan a'n dus dhenel bomm gans y bal war an palys hudel, ev a wra brewi yn doust, ha voydya kepar ha niwl."

"Ytho, livres Finvarra an venyn bries," a leveris lev aral, "hag ena ni a vydh salow."

Distowgh, y feu klewys lev Finvarra y honan, kler kepar ha'n son a hirgorn arghansek.

"Astelewgh agas lavur!" a leveris ev. "A weythoryon, gesewgh agas pal dhe godha dhe'n dor ha, howlsedhes, y fydh an venyn bries daskorrys dh'y gour. My, Finvarra, re gewsis."

Wosa an geryow Finvarra ma, an arlodh yowynk a erghis dh'y weythoryon mayth astellens aga lavur ha mos tre. Ha'n howlsedhes ogas ha devedhys, ev a elwis y vargh meur, gell kesten y liw, ha marghogeth dhe benn an glynn, ha gortos. Dell liwas an golow rudh an ebron oll, ev a welas y wreg ow tos war an hyns a-hys, yn hy fows a weun arghansek, moy teg es bythkweth kyns. Hag ev a lammas a'y dhiber ha hy drehevel ha peswarlemmel gensi kepar ha'n gwyns dhe'n kastel.

Y'n kastel, y hworwedhas Ethna war hy gweli, mes hi a dhegeas hy dewlagas ha ny leveris mann. Yndelma y passyas an dedhyow, ha ny gewsis hi na vinwerthin hwath, mes kepar ha nebonan yn hunros o.

Hag yth esa galar meur yn kettep penn, drefen bos pubonan ownek re dhyb'sa hi boos an spyrysyon, ha nevra ny vedha an hus terrys. Ytho, pur voredhek o hy gour. Byttegyns, dell esa ow marghogeth tre gorthugherweyth, ev a glewas levow y'n ayr, hag onan anedha a leveris, "Bledhen ha hanter yw lemmyn, a-ban dhros tre an arlodh yowynk y venyn bries teg. Mes py devnydh yw hi dhodho? Avlavar yw hi ha kepar ha korf marow; drefen bos hy enev gans an spyrysyon, kynth usi hy furv ena rybdho."

Ena lev aral a worthebis, "Hag yndelma hi a wra gortos, mar nyns yw terrys an hus. Res yw dhodho livra an grugys (hag yw fastyes gans pynn hudel) a'y kres. Res yw kowlleski an grugys, tewlel y lusu a-dherag an daras, hag ynkledhyas an pynn hudel. Ena y hwra hy enev dehweles a'n spyrysyon, hi a wra kewsel, ha hi a's tevydh bewnans gwir arta."

Yn-dann glewes hemma, an arlodh yowynk a beswarlemmis war-not dh'y gastel ha fistena dhe'n chambour mayth esa Ethna a'y gorwedh, tawesek ha teg, kepar ha popet gwrys a gor. Ena, krev y vynnas dhe brevi gwiryonedh an levow ayrek, ev a dhigolmas an grugys ha, wosa kaletter meur, tenna yn-mes an pynn hudel dhyworto. Mes hwath ny leveris Ethna ger vyth. Ytho, ev a gemeras an grugys hag y gowlleski, ha skattra an lusu a-dherag an daras. Ev a ynkledhyas an pynn hudel yn toll down y'n dor, yn-dann garrek veur, ma na alla nagonan y dhiskudha.

Wosa hemma, ev a dhehwelis dh'y wreg yowynk, neb a viras orto ha minhwerthin, yn-dann ystyn hy leuv. Meur o y lowena, hag ev ow kweles hy enev ow tehweles dh'y furv deg, hag ev a's sevis hag amma dhedhi. An gallos dhe gewsel ha'y hovyow a dhehwelis dhedhi y'n pols na, ha hi a borthas kov a'y bewnans kyns, kepar dell na'n bia goderrys. Dell heveli dhedhi, nyns o an vledhen re spenas hy enev yn bys an spyrysyon marnas hunros nosweyth, may tifunas hi anodho namnygen.

Wosa hemma, bythkweth ny wrug Finvarra assay aral dh'y denladra. Mes an kleudh down y'n vre a dreusvyw bys dh'agan dedhyow ni; henwys *Glynn an Spyrasyon* yw. Ytho, ny yll nagonan doutya gwiryonedh an hwedhel ma, dell yw derivys omma.

## **The Kidnapped Bride**

As we know, the fairies are greatly attracted by the beauty of human women, and so their king, Finvarra, sends many of his servants to discover and kidnap the most beautiful girls and brides in the country. These are carried away by enchantment to his palace in Knockma, where they remain under a spell, forgetting their human life. They are soothed by soft quiet music, that lulls the listeners into a state of bliss, as if they were in a sweet dream.

There was once in that district a powerful lord, who had a wife called Ethna who was the most beautiful bride in all the country. And her husband was so proud of her that he held feasts for her every day. Night and day, his castle was filled with lords and ladies, and no one thought of anything other than music and dancing and feasting and hunting and pleasure.

One evening, while the feast was at its merriest, Ethna slid through the dance in a sheer silvery dress, her jewels sparkling like the stars in heaven. But suddenly she dropped her partner's hand and sank to the floor in a faint.

They carried her to her bedroom, where she lay insensible for a long time. But at dawn she woke and declared that she had passed the night in a beautiful palace, where she had been so happy that she longed to sleep again and go there in her dreams. And her family watched over her throughout the day, but when the dark shadows of evening gathered around the castle, low music was heard at her window and Ethna again fell asleep — a sleep from which no one could awaken her.

Then Ethna's old maid was ordered to watch over her; but the woman became tired in the silence and slept, and didn't wake until the sun had risen. And when she looked at the bed, she saw with horror that the young bride had vanished!

Immediately, the whole household was summoned, and every place was searched, but no trace of Ethna was found — neither in the castle, nor in the gardens, nor in the park. Her husband sent messengers everywhere, but without success — no one had seen her; no sign of her could be found — alive or dead.

So the young lord saddled his fastest horse and galloped urgently to Knockma, to ask Finvarra, the king of the fairies, if he had news of his bride and if he were able to direct him to the place in which she might be. For he and Finvarra were good friends: many barrels of good Spanish wine had been left outside a window of the castle at night, for the comfort of the fairies, on the orders of the young lord.

But the lord didn't know that Finvarra himself was the traitor. So he galloped like a madman until he reached Knockma, the hill of the fairies.

As he was stopping to rest his horse, he heard voices in the air above him. One said, "Finvarra is very happy now, because he finally has the beautiful bride in his palace; and never again will she see the face of her husband."

"However," replied another voice, "if the husband were to dig down through the hill to the centre of the earth, he would find his wife; but the work is hard and the way long, and Finvarra has more power than any mortal man."

"We shall see," said the young lord to himself. "Neither fairy nor devil nor Finvarra himself shall prevent me from having my beautiful young wife." On the instant, he sent a message to his servants that they should gather all the workmen and labourers of the countryside round about, with spades and picks, in order to dig through the hill until they came to the fairies' palace.

The workmen having arrived, a huge crowd of them, they dug throughout the day, until they had dug a large deep trench that descended downwards to the centre of the hill. At sunset they paused. But, the following morning, when they returned to continue their labour, they found that all the soil had been put back again into the trench, and it seemed to them that the hill had not been touched by any spade at all. For thus had Finvarra ordered, and he had power over earth and air and sea.

But the young lord had a brave heart, and he ordered his workmen to continue with their labour; and the trench was dug again, wide and deep into the centre of the hill. And this continued for three days, but always the same thing happened — every night, the soil was put back into the trench again and, seemingly, the hill was as it had been before. And they were no nearer to the fairies' palace.

Then the young lord was filled with rage and grief; but suddenly he heard a voice close to him, like a sigh in the air, which said:

“Spread salt across the soil you have dug, and your work will be protected.”

Hearing these words, the young man felt new hope rising in his heart, and he sent instructions through all the countryside to collect salt from the people. And in the evening, before the workmen left their labour, they covered the soil with the salt.

The following morning, all of them rose early, in great anxiety to see what had happened in the night. Great was their joy when they saw that the trench had not been touched.

Then the young lord knew that he had power over Finvarra, and he said to his workmen that they should continue to dig with a good heart, because without doubt they were near to the fairies' palace now. So by midday a great ravine had been cut down to the centre of the hill. Now, if someone put his ear to the ground he could hear strange soft music. And voices were heard all around in the air.

“Mark this,” said one. “Finvarra is sad, because he knows that if one of the humans strikes a blow with his spade on the magic palace, it will crumble to dust and vanish like mist.”

“Then let Finvarra free the bride,” said another voice, “and then we shall be safe.”

Straight away, the voice of Finvarra himself was heard, clear like the sound of a silver trumpet. “Stop your work!” he said. “O, workmen, let fall your spades to the ground and, at sunset, the bride will be returned to her husband. I, Finvarra, have spoken.”

After these words of Finvarra, the young lord ordered his workmen to cease their labour and to go home. When sunset had nearly arrived, he summoned his great chestnut horse and rode to the head of the glen, and waited. Just as the red light coloured all the sky, he saw his wife coming along the path in her gown of silvery gossamer, more beautiful than ever before. And he leapt from his saddle and raised her up and galloped with her like the wind to the castle.

At the castle, they laid Ethna on her bed, but she shut her eyes and said nothing. Thus the days passed, and still she neither spoke nor smiled, but seemed like someone in a dream.

And everyone felt great sorrow, because they feared she had eaten the fairy food, and that the spell would never be broken. So her husband was very miserable. However, as he was riding home in the evening, he heard voices in the air, and one of them said, “It's now a year and a half since the young lord brought home his beautiful bride. But what use is she to him? She is dumb and like a dead body; for her soul is with the fairies, though her form is there beside him.”

Then another voice answered, "And thus she will remain, if the spell is not broken. He must free the girdle (that is fastened with a magic pin) from her waist. He must burn the girdle, throw its ashes before the door, and bury the magic pin. Then will her soul return from the fairies, she will speak, and she will have true life again."

Hearing this, the young lord galloped at once to his castle and hurried to the bedroom where Ethna was lying, silent and beautiful, like a wax doll. Then, determined to test the truth of the airy voices, he untied the girdle and, after much difficulty, pulled the magic pin out of it. But still Ethna spoke not a word. So he took the girdle and burned it, and scattered the ashes in front of the door. Then he buried the magic pin in a deep hole in the ground, under a great rock, so that no one might discover it.

After this, he returned to his young wife, who looked at him and smiled, holding out her hand. Great was his joy, as he saw her soul returning to her beautiful form, and he raised her up and kissed her. The power of speech and her memories came back to her in that moment, and she remembered her previous life, as if it hadn't been interrupted. It seemed to her that the year her soul had spent in the world of the fairies was no more than a nighttime dream, from which she had just awoken.

After this, Finvarra never made another attempt to kidnap her. But the deep ditch in the hill survives to our own days; it's called *The Fairies' Glen*. So no one can doubt the truth of this story, as reported here.

## An Benenes Kornek



**Benyn Gornek. Imach: arlotteth boblek.**

Benyn wolusek a esedhas yn kres an nos, yn-dann gribya ha pareusi gwlan, ha’y theylu ha’y servysi oll ow koska. Distowgh y feu knouk war an daras, ha lev a grias “Ygerewgh! ygerewgh!”

“Piw eus ena?” a leveris benyn an chi.

“Gwragh an Unn Korn ov,” a dheuth an gorthyp.

An vestres, ow tesevos yth esa onan a’y hentrevogyon, hag edhom a weres dhodho, a ygoras an daras. Benyn a entras, gans kopel a gribyansow gwlan<sup>1</sup> yn hy diwleuv, ha korn war hy thal, kepar dell esa ow tevi ena. Hi a esedhas ryb an tan heb gul son, ha dalleth kribya an gwlan yn unn fyski. Distowgh, hi a hedhis ha leverel yn ughel, “Ple’ma an benenes? I a dhelat dres termyn re hir.”

Ena y feu nessa knouk war an daras, ha lev a grias, kepar ha’n prysweyth kyns, “Ygerewgh! ygerewgh!”

An vestres a omglewas hy bos konstrinys dhe sevel ha dh’ygeri an daras. A-dhesempis yth entras nessa gwragh, gans dew gorn war hy thal, hag yn hy diwleuv ros-nedha.

“Rewgh dhymm spas,” yn-medh hi. “Gwragh an Dhew Gorn ov,” ha hi a dhallathas nedha tooth men.

Yndella, y pesyas an knoukys, ha'n galowyow a veu klewys, ha'n gwraghes a entras, bys pan esedhas wortiwedh dewdhek benyn a-dro dhe'n tan — an kynsa gans unn korn ha'n diwettha gans dewdhek korn.

Hag i a gribyas an neus ha treylya aga ros-nedha, ha stumma ha gwia.

Oll anedha a dhallathas kana war-barth hen rim, mes ny gowssons ger vyth orth mestres an chi. Koynt o an tros hag euthyk an semlant a'n dewdhek benyn ma, gans aga hern ha'ga ros, ha'n vestres a omglewas hy bos yn eneworres. Hi a assayas sevel may halla hi gelwel gweres, mes ny allas hi na gwaya na kewsel, drefen bos hus an gwraghes warnedhi.

Ena onan anedha a elwis dhedhi yn lwerdhonek ha leverel, "Sav, A venyn, ha pob tesen ragon."

Ytho, an vestres a hwilas lester rag dri dowr a'n puth ynno, may halla hi kemyska an bleus ha pobas an desen, mes ny allas hi kavos nagonan. Hag i a leveris dhedhi, "Kemmer rider ha dro dowr ynno."

Ha hi a gemeras an rider ha mos dhe'n puth, mes an dowr a dhinewis yn-mes anodho, ha ny allas hi kerghes dowr vyth rag an desen, ha hi a esedhas ryb an puth ha dagrewi.

Ha'n vestres owth esedha hag ow tagrewi ryb an puth, an gwraghes a wrug tesen a'ga honan, ow kul devnydh a woos an teylu yn kosk, drefen nag esa dowr vyth dhedha.

Distowgh, dhe'n puth, lev y'n ayr ryb an vestres a leveris, "Kemmer pri melyn ha kewni, ha kolm i war-barth, ha plaster an rider may fo ev stanch."

Yndella hi a wrug, may halla an rider synsi an dowr rag an desen. Ha'n lev a leveris arta, "Dehwel, ha pan dheudh jy dhe gornel gledh an chi, kri yn ughel teyrgweyth, ha lavar, 'Gans tan yw Menydh an Benenes Fianna ha'n ebron a-ughto oll.'"

Ha hi a'n gwrug.

Pan glewas an gwraghes a-ji dhe'n chi an galow, y teuth kri meur hag euthyk a'ga diwweus. Oll war-barth, i a fias dhe'n fo dhe Slievenamon (h.y. *menydh an benenes*) le mayth esa aga annedh jif. Mes Spyras an Puth a gussulyas an vestres mayth entres ha pareusi hy thre, rag own an gwraghes dhe dhehweles.

Wortalleth, rag terri husow an gwraghes, an vestres a wolghas treys hy fleghes y'n dowr re dhrosa hi a'n puth. Ena, hi a skollyas an dowr ma (an *dowr treys*) a-ves dhe dharas an chi.



Nessa, hi a gemeras an desen re wrussa an gwraghes a woos, hy therri yn darnow, ha gorra temmik y'n ganow a bub koskador. Ha daswrys veu an goskadoryon dhe yeghes da.

Wortiwedh, hi a dhiogelas an daras gans treuster meur, fastyes y'n kilbostow, ma na ylli an gwraghes entra. An taklow ma ow pos gwrys, yth esedhas an vestres ha gortos.

Nyns o pell kyns an gwraghes dhe dhehweles, meur aga honnar ha'ga kriow rag dial.

“Ygor! Ygor!” a skrijsons, “Ygor, A dhowr treys!”

“Ny allav,” a leveris an dowr treys. “Skettrys a-dreus dhe'n dor ov, ha'm hyns a dhiyskyn dhe'n logh.”

“Ygor! Ygor, A brenn ha gwydh ha keber!” a grisons dhe'n daras.

“Ny allav,” a leveris an daras, “drefen bos an treuster stag y'n kilbostow ha ny'm beus nerth vyth dhe waya.”

“Ygor! Ygor, A desen re wrussyn ni ha kemyska gans goos!” a grisons arta.

“Ny allav,” a leveris an desen, “drefen ow bos terrys ha brew, hag yma ow goos war weusyow an fleghes yn kosk.”

Ena an gwraghes a fyskas dres an ayr gans kriow meur, ha fia dhe'n fo dhe Slievenamon arta, yn-dann leva molothow astranj erbynn Spyrys an Puth, neb re hwansas aga diswrians. Mes an venyn ha'y chi o gesys yn kres.

Ha'n gwraghes ow kildenna, onan anedha a asas dhe godha hy mantel. An vestres a grogas an mantel war hy fos, avel kovro a nos an benenes kornek. Hag y hworta an mantel ma yn perghenogeth an keth teylu dres pypm kans bledhen.

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<sup>1</sup> kribyansow gwlan == wool carders.

## The Horned Women

A wealthy woman sat, in the middle of the night, carding and preparing wool, while her family and servants all slept. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and a voice cried “Open! Open!”

“Who's there?” said the woman of the house.

“I am the Witch of the One Horn,” came the reply.

The mistress, supposing it was one of her neighbours in need of help, opened the door. A woman entered, with a couple of wool carders in her hands, and a horn on her forehead, as if it were growing there. She sat by the fire without making a sound, and started to card the wool hurriedly. Suddenly, she paused and said aloud, "Where are the women? They delay too long."

Then there came a second knock on the door, and a voice cried, like the first time, "Open! Open!"

The mistress felt herself constrained to rise and to open the door. Immediately a second witch entered, with two horns on her forehead, and in her hands a spinning wheel.

"Give me room," she said. "I am the Witch of the Two Horns", and she started to spin at top speed.

And so the knocks continued, and the calls were heard, and the witches entered, until finally twelve women sat around the fire — the first with one horn and the last with twelve horns.

And they carded the thread, and turned their spinning wheels, and wound and wove.

All of them started to sing together an ancient rhyme, but they spoke not a word to the mistress of the house. Strange was the sound and frightful the appearance of these twelve women, with their horns and their wheels, and the mistress felt herself to be near death. She tried to rise that she might call for help, but she could neither move nor speak, because the spell of the witches was upon her.

Then one of them called to her in Irish and said, "Rise, woman, and bake us a cake."

So the mistress searched for a vessel in which to bring water from the well, so that she might mix the flour and bake the cake, but she could find none. And they said to her, "Take a sieve and bring water in it."

And she took the sieve and went to the well, but the water poured out of it, and she couldn't fetch any water for the cake, and she sat by the well and wept.

While the mistress was sitting and weeping by the well, the witches made a cake of their own, using the blood of the sleeping family because they had no water.

Suddenly, at the well, a voice in the air by the mistress said, "Take yellow clay and moss and bind them together, and plaster the sieve so that it will be watertight."

This she did, so that the sieve was able to hold the water for the cake. And the voice spoke again, "Return, and when you come to the north corner of the house, cry aloud three times, and say, "The Mountain of the Fenian Women and all the sky above it is on fire."

And she did it.

When the witches inside the house heard the call, a great and terrible cry came from their lips. All together, they took flight to Slievenamon (i.e. *the mountain of the women*) where was their chief abode. But the Spirit of the Well advised the mistress to enter and prepare her home, in case the witches returned.

First, to break the witches' spells, the mistress washed the feet of her children in the water she had brought from the well. Then she sprinkled this water (the feet-water) outside the door of the house.

Next, she took the cake that the witches had made of blood, broke it into pieces, and put a tiny bit in the mouth of each sleeper. And the sleepers were restored to good health.

Finally, she secured the door with a great crossbeam, fastened in the door-jambs, so that the witches would not be able to enter. These things being done, the mistress sat down and waited.

It wasn't long before the witches returned, in a great rage, crying for vengeance.

"Open! Open!" they screamed, "Open, O feet-water!"

"I cannot," said the feet-water. "I am scattered across the ground, and my path goes down to the loch."

"Open! Open, O wood and trees and beam!" they cried to the door.

"I cannot," said the door, "because the crossbeam is stuck in the jambs and I don't have any power to move."

"Open! Open, O cake that we have made and mixed with blood!" they cried again.

"I cannot," said the cake, "because I am broken and bruised, and my blood is on the lips of the sleeping children."

Then the witches rushed through the air with great cries, and fled to Slievenamon again, uttering strange curses against the Spirit of the Well, who had desired their ruin. But the woman and her house were left in peace.

As the witches were retreating, one of them dropped her mantle. The mistress hung the mantle on her wall, as a memento of the night of the horned women. And this cloak remained in the ownership of the same family for five hundred years.

## An Arlodhes Wragh



Skeusen gans cottonbro yn [Pexels.com](https://www.pexels.com).

Nans yw a-dro dhe dhew kans bledhen, yth esa trigys yn lwerdhon a'n howlsedhes benyn may perthi own anedhi hy hentrevogyon oll. Pub prys, hi a's tevo meur a arghans, kyn na wodhya nagonan fatell wrussa hi y gavos. Nosweyth yn hy manerji, y hwarva keveuiow splann, le may feu servyes an gwella boos ha diwosow — kig ha yer ha gwin spaynek rag pubonan. Ha pan wovynnas tus a ble tothya oll anodho, hi a hwarthas ha leverel, "My re beas ragdho." Mes hi a skonyas derivas moy dhedha.

Ytho, kyhwedhel eth a-dro dhe'n powdir y hwerthsa an arlodhes hy enev dhe'n Jowl ha, rag henna, hi a allsa kavos puptra a vynno, dre hwans hepken. Drefen hy gokusogneth, i a's henwi "An Arlodhes Wragh".

Ny eth hi mes a'n chi marnas nosweyth, hag ena pub prys gans pennfron ha hwypp yn hy diwleuv. Hag yn fenowgh, son a vargh a veu klewys, dhe eur diwedhes nosweyth, ow peswarlemmel a-hys an bownderyow ogas dh'y flas.

Ena y tallathas hwedhel koynt bos hwystrys a-dro dhe'n ranndir. Mars effo den yowynk nebes a'y gwin spaynek dres soper, hag ena kodha yn kosk, an arlodhes a dowlisa an bennfron a-dro dh'y benn hag y dreusfurvya dhe vargh. Hi a'n marghogsa toth men oll a-dro dhe'n powdir, nosweyth, yn-dann hwilas boos a bub sort. Ha pypynag a dochyas hi gans hy hwypp – yer, amany, gwin, tesenow tomm — henna a veu degys gans leuyow anweladow a spyrysyon dh'y chi ha gorrys yn hy spens. Ena, pan veu gorfennys an marghogeth, hag an arlodhes re guntellas lowr a oll a vynna, hi a dhiwiskas an bennfron a-dhiwar benn an margh spenys, hag ev a dheuth ha bos den yowynk arta ha kodha hware yn kosk. Ha pan dhifunas ev, ny berthi kov a dravyth a'n pyth re hwarvsa. Ha'n Arlodhes Wragh a'n gelwis dhe dhos arta dh'y chi ha dhe eva hy gwin spaynek mar venowgh dell vynno.

Yth esa y'n ranndir den yowynk skentel ha brav, hag ev a erviras hwithra gwiryonedh an kyhwedhlow ma. Ytho, ev eth yn fenowgh dhe ji an arlodhes, ha kewsel orti, ha dos ha bos hy howeth, dell heveli. Mes pub prys, yth o ev pur hewoel ha prederus.

Ha'n arlodhes a gara an den yowynk dres eghen. Hi a leveris dhodho: “Y tal dhis dos omma unn nos rag dybri kon. My a wra ri dhis an gwella boos, ha res vydh dhis previ ow gwin spaynek.”

An den yowynk a assentyas dh'y thowl yn lowen, drefen y vos lenwys a dronekter. Pan veu ev dededhys, yth esa soper teg ow kortos, ha meur a win dhe eva. Hag ev a dhybris hag eva, mes bos war a'n gwin — ev a'n skollyas war an leur pan nag esa an arlodhes ow mires orto. Ena ev a omwrug y vos hunyek dres eghen, ha hi a leveris, “Ow mab, skwith osta. Gorwedh war an vynk na ha kosk, drefen bos an eur diwedhes ha ty pell a-dre.”

Ytho, ev a worwedhas kepar dell o marow, ha degea y dhewlagas, mes mires orti yn-dann gel pub termyn.

Ha hi a dhehwelis pols a-wosa ha mires stag orto, mes ny wayas ev hag a anellas yn ughel.

Ena hi eth yn kosel ha kemeres an bennfron a-dhiwar an fos, ha kreupya war-tu ha'n den yowynk arta, yn-dann assaya tewlel an hernes a-dro dh'y benn. Mes a-dhesempis an den a lammas yn-bann, sesya an bennfron, ha hy thewlel dres an venyn. Y'n pols na, y feu hi treusfurvys dhe gasek loos, teg dres eghen, moon hy garrow ha hir hy blew lagas. Bras ha skentel o hy dewlagas ell, ha medhel o hy mong. Ha'n den yowynk a's ledyas mes a'n chi ha lamma war hy heyn ha peswarlemmel mar skav avel an gwyns, bys pan dheuth ev dhe'n wovel.

“A wow!” a grias ev, “Sav ha hernya ow hasek, drefen hy bos skwith wosa an vyaj.”

Ha'n gov a sevis mes a'y weli, ha hernya an gasek, yn fordh dha ha krev, dell veu erghys dhodho.

Ena an den yowynk a yskynnas an gasek arta, ha peswarlemmel toth men oll a-dro dhe'n powdir. Ha ny fyllis ev gul devnydh a'n hwypp. Pan dhehwelsens wor'tiwedh dhe vanerji an arlodhes, yth esa an gasek ow hwysa ha gwyls o hy dewlagas.



***An den yowynk a beswarlemmis toth men oll a-dro dhe'n powdir. Imach: Théodore Géricault, Jockey on a Horse; arlotteth boblek, dre Wikimedia Commons.***

An den yowynk a dhiwiskas pennfron an gasek, hag a-dhistowgh y taskavas an arlodhes hy furv wir arta, ha sedhi yn kosk down.

Mes an hern margh re beu gorrys y'ga le heb an geryow hudel gwiw. Ytho, i a worta war diwleuv ha dewdros an arlodhes, ha nyns esa gallos y'n bys a allsa aga dilea. Wosa hemma, ny sevis arta an arlodhes mes a'y gweli, mes merwel yn skon awos anken ha meth.

Nyns esa nagonan y'n ranndir a vynnas holya geler an arlodhes dhe'n bedh. Leskys veu an bennfron. Kettell veu gwrys hemma, yn kettermyn pyth an bys oll a'n arlodhes, oll hy golusogneth, a dreylyas dhe lusu hag a veu hwythys dhe-ves der an gwyns.

## **The Witch Lady**

About two hundred years ago, there lived in the west of Ireland a woman who was feared by all her neighbours. She always had a lot of money, though no one knew how she had obtained it. At night in her manor house there were splendid parties, at which were served the best food and wine – meat and chicken and Spanish wine for everyone. And when people asked where it all came from, she laughed and said, "I've paid for it." But she refused to tell them any more.

So a rumour went around the countryside that the lady had sold her soul to the Devil and, because of that, could have everything she wanted, simply by wishing. Because of her wealth, they called her "The Witch Lady".

She only went out of the house at night, and then always with a bridle and whip in her hands. And often the sound of a horse was heard, late at night, galloping along the lanes near her mansion.

Then a strange story started to be whispered around the district. If a young man were to drink some of her Spanish wine during supper, and then fall asleep, the lady would throw the bridle over his head and transform him into a horse. She would ride him at top speed all around the countryside at night, seeking food of every sort. And whatever she touched with her whip – fowls, butter, wine, warm cakes – was carried by the invisible hands of spirits to her house and put in her larder. Then, when the ride was over and the lady had collected enough of everything she wanted, she took the bridle from the head of the exhausted horse, and he became a young man again and immediately fell asleep. And when he awoke, he didn't remember anything of what had happened. And the Witch Lady invited him to come again to her house and to drink her Spanish wine as often as he liked.

There was in the district a fine, intelligent young man, and he decided to investigate the truth of these rumours. Therefore, he went often to the lady's house, and talked to her, and became her friend, apparently. But he was always very watchful and careful.

And the lady liked the young man exceedingly. She said to him, "You should come here one night for dinner. I will give you the best food, and you must try my Spanish wine."



The young man happily agreed to her plan, for he was filled with curiosity. When he arrived, there was a beautiful supper waiting, and a lot of wine to drink. And he ate and drank, but was wary of the wine – he spilled it on the floor when the lady wasn't looking at him. Then he pretended that he was extremely sleepy, and she said, "My boy, you're tired. Lie on that bench and sleep, for the hour is late and you're far from home."

So he lay down as if he was dead, and closed his eyes, but secretly watched her all the time.

And she returned a moment later and looked fixedly at him, but he didn't move and breathed loudly.

Then she went quietly and took the bridle from the wall, and crept towards the young man again, trying to throw the harness around his head. But suddenly the man jumped up, seized the bridle, and threw it over the woman. In that moment, she was transformed into an extremely beautiful grey mare, with slim legs and long eyelashes. Her brown eyes were large and intelligent, and her mane was soft. And the young man led her out of the house and jumped on her back and galloped as fast as the wind, until he came to the smithy.

"Ho, smith!" he cried, "Get up and shoe my mare, for she is tired after the journey."

And the smith got up from his bed and shod the mare, well and strong, as he was ordered.

Then the young man mounted the mare again, and galloped at top speed all around the countryside. And he didn't fail to use the whip. When finally they had returned to the lady's manor house, the mare was sweating and her eyes were wild.

The young man took off the mare's bridle, and immediately the lady recovered her true form again, and sank into a deep sleep.

But the horseshoes had been put in place without the proper magic words. Therefore, they remained on the lady's hands and feet, and there was no power in the world that could remove them. After this, the lady never arose out of her bed again, but soon died from grief and shame.

There was no one in the district who wanted to follow the lady's coffin to the grave. The bridle was burned. As soon as this was done, at the same time all the lady's worldly possessions, all her wealth, turned to ashes and were blown away by the wind.

## An Debelwedhwes

Tiek yowynk, onan a'n wesyon vrav ha teg a'n howlsedhes, Hugh Connor y hanow, neb o golusek ha rych, a dhemedhis mowes yowynk ha teg dhyworth an dreveglos leel, Mary hy hanow. Nyns esa mowes well agessi y'n powdir a-derdro, hag yth ens i pur attes ha lowen war-barth.

Mes, kyns y dhemedhyans, y hwrussa Hugh Connor kowethya gans gwedhwes yowynk a'n ranndir. Lenwys a sorr o kolon an wedhwes ma, pan veu Mary dewisys dhe vos gwreg Hugh, yn hy le. Yth esa hwans dhedi a dhial ha hi a dewlis towl fell. Yn kynsa, hi a vovyas bocka-nos may hwrello ev dyski dhedhi nebes kevrinyow ha husow a'n spyrasyon. Ena, dre fayntys meur a gerensa hag a hegaredh war-tu ha Mary Connor, hi a gavas amyttyans menowgh dhe'n chi, yn-dann fekla ha koselhe an wreg yowynk.

Yn arbennek, y to hi dhe ji Mary pan o prys gul amany'n, rag profya hy gweres a-dro dhe'n chi. Mar pe tesennow war an men-pobas, hi a esedha rag gwitha warnedha hag aga threylya. Mes, dre happ, y hwarva pub prys an dydhyow ma, bos an tesennow leskys ha diswrys, hag an amany'n dhe skonya a omsevel y'n churna; po, mar kwrella ev omsevel, y fia trenk ha drog, ma na veu 'vas dhe dra vyth marnas dhe vos tewlys dhe-ves.



**Churna amany'n. Imach: [Лобачев Владимир](#), [Маслобойка](#),  
[CC BY-SA 4.0](#)**

Mes an wedhwes a besyas dos dhe ji Mary, ha fekla an venyn yowynk, ha Mary a dybi hy dhe vos hy howethes wella y'n bys oll. Byttegyns, gwir o, pan dheuth an wedhwes dhe'n chi, pub prys y hwarva neppyth drog. An gwella skudel a godhas a-dhia'n lestrier hag a veu drelys; po an glaw a dhewanas an to, may feu diswrys yn tien pows wlaneck nowydh Mary, hag o ro re dhothya dhyworth Dulynn pell.

Mes y teuth hwarvosow milweth. An vugh a dheuth ha bos klav. Bagas a yer Gyni yowynk ha brav a gerdhas poran y'n lynn hag a veu beudhys. Hag, an gwettha darvos dres oll, lymnans Sen Padryk, esa ow kregi war an fos, a omhwelas hag a veu hwythys y'n tan ha leskys.

Wosa hemma, fatel allsa bos chons da arta y'n chi? Kolon Mary a godhas a-bervedh ynni, ha hi a dorras yn-nans hag ola.

Dre happ, dhe'n pols na yth esa ow tremena benyn goth, estrenes, glas hy mantel, an hod anedhi ow kudha hy fas. An venyn a gerdhas a-bervedh y'n chi ha govyn yn kuv orth Mary an pyth esa ow krevya dhedhi. Ytho, Mary a dherivas dhedhi hy ahweryow oll, ha displegya fatel o puptra y'n chi mollotheck, dell heveli.

“Dar!”, yn-medh an estrenes. “My a wel an mater yn tien, drefen ow bos fur, ha konvedhes tamm a'n rinyow kevrinek. Nebonan, ha dhedhi Lagas Tebel, a dheu dhe'th chi. Res yw dhyn diskudha piw yw an person ma.”

Ena Mary a dherivas dhe'n venyn goth bos hy hwekka kowethes an wedhwes, mes ny allsa nagonan hy gogrysi hi, drefen hy bos mar hweg ha kuv.

“Ni a wel,” yn-medh an estrenes, “mes gwra dell arghav dhis, ha surha bos puptra parys kyns hi dhe dhos.”

“Hi a vydh omma yn skon,” yn-medh Mary. “Dydh rag gul amany yn yw, ha hi a dheu pub prys dhe hanter-dydh poran.”

“Ytho, my a vynn dalleth hware. Lemmyn, dege an daras yn tynn,” a leveris an estrenes.

Ha prest y tewlis hi nebes erbys war an tan, may sevis mog meur. Ena hi a gemeras oll a'n hornellow-tan esa a-dro dhe'n oles. Onan anedha hi a weskis a-bervedh y'n dor ryb an churna, ha gorra kolen vyw rybdho. An re erel hi a boothhas y'n tan, bys pan ens i bros, kogh aga liw. Hi a dewlis erbys byth moy war'n tan, rag gul mog tew; Mary a dybi ev dhe vlasa kepar hag ynkys yn eglos.

Ena, ow kemeres gwelen hornek pooth dhyworth an tan, an estrenes a arwodhas sin an grows war an treudhow, hag onan arall a-ugh an oles.

A-dhesempis, y feu klewys freudh ughel, ha'n wedhwes a fistenas a-bervedh y'n chi, yndann skrija yth esa gwelen pooth ow kwana hy holon ha bos hy horf oll gans tan. Ena hi a godhas dhe'n leur yn unn glamdera. Yth esa hy eseli ow krena ha'y bejeth a dheuth ha bos du yn tien.

"Ytho," yn-medh an estrenes, "ty a wel piw a worras an Lagas Tebel war dha ji, mes terrys yw an hus lemmyn. Argh dhe'th wesyon may fe hi degys dh'y chi hy honan, ha na as hi dhe entra dha ji nevra arta."

Wosa hemma ny veu an estrenes gwelys y'n dreveglos namoy. Ha termyn berr a-wosa an wedhwes a verwis, drefen ponvos hag atti glan. Mes Hugh ha Mary teg a seweni yn taklow oll. Dell heveli, yth esa chons da ha benna'tuw warnedha, ha war aga chi, ha'ga bughes, ha'ga fleghes. Mes, dydhyow churna, ny ankovas Mary gorra horn margh pooth yndann an churna, dell dhys'sa an estrenes dhedhi.

## **The Wicked Widow**

A young farmer, one of the fine handsome fellows of the west, named Hugh Connor, who was prosperous and rich, married a pretty young girl called Mary from the local village. There wasn't a better girl in the countryside all around, and they were very comfortable and happy together.

But, before his marriage, Hugh Connor had kept company with a young widow of the district. This widow's heart was filled with anger when Mary was chosen to be Hugh's wife, instead of herself. She desired revenge and made a cruel plan. First, she persuaded a goblin to teach her some fairy secrets and spells. Then, by great pretence of love and affection towards Mary Connor, she got frequent admittance to the house, flattering and soothing the young wife.

In particular, she came to Mary's house at butter-making times, to offer her help around the house. If there were cakes on the griddle, she would sit down to watch and turn them. But, by chance, always on these days the cakes were burnt and spoilt, and the butter refused to rise in the churn; or, if it did rise, it would be sour and bad, so that it was good for nothing except to be thrown away.

But the widow continued to visit Mary, and flatter the young wife, and Mary thought she was her best friend in the whole world. However, it was true that, when the widow came to the house, always something bad happened. The best dish fell from the dresser and was broken; or the rain got in through the roof, so that Mary's new woollen dress, that was a present that had come from faraway Dublin, was completely ruined.

But far worse things happened. The cow became sick. A group of fine young turkeys walked straight into the lake and were drowned. And, worst of all, a picture of St Patrick, that was hanging on the wall, fell down and was blown into the fire and burnt.

After this, how could there be good luck in the house again? Mary's heart sank within her and she broke down and wept.

By chance, at that moment an old woman in a blue cloak, with the hood covering her face, a stranger, was passing. The woman stepped into the house and asked Mary kindly what was distressing her. So Mary told her all her troubles, and explained how everything in the house seemed to be cursed.

"Aha!" said the stranger. "I see it all, for I am wise and understand a little of the secret mysteries. Someone with the Evil Eye comes to your house. We must discover who this person is."

Then Mary told the old woman that her best friend was the widow, but no one could suspect her, because she was so sweet and kind.

"We'll see," said the stranger, "but do as I tell you, and make sure that everything is ready before she comes."

"She'll be here soon," said Mary. "It's a butter-making day, and she always comes exactly at noon."

"Then I'll start right away. Now, close the door tightly," said the stranger.

And quickly she threw some herbs on the fire, so that a great smoke arose. Then she took all the fire-irons that were around the hearth. One of them she drove into the ground by the churn, and put a live coal beside it. The others she heated in the fire, until they were red hot. She threw still more herbs on the fire, to make a thick smoke; Mary thought it smelt like incense in a church.

Then, taking a hot iron rod from the fire, the stranger made the sign of the cross on the threshold, and another over the hearth.

Suddenly, a loud commotion was heard, and the widow rushed into the house, shrieking that a hot stick was piercing her heart and that all her body was on fire. Then she fell to the floor in a faint. Her limbs were shaking and her face became completely black.

“So”, said the stranger, “you see who put the Evil Eye on your house, but the spell is broken now. Instruct your servants to carry her to her own house, and don’t allow her to enter your house ever again.”

After this the stranger was never seen in the village again. And a short time later the widow died of vexation and pure spite. But Hugh and pretty Mary prospered in all things. Good luck and God’s blessing seemed to be on them, and on their house, and their cattle, and their children. But, on churning days, Mary never forgot to put a hot horse-shoe under the churn, as the stranger had instructed her.

## Marghogeth gans an Spyrasyon

Y'n termyn eus passyes, yth esa den jentyl, Mester Kirwan y hanow, ow marghogeth ryb bre an spyrasyon – le mayth omguntel spyrasyon an howlsedhes rag omgussulya war-barth, yn-dann skoos a Finvarra, aga myghtern – pan omdhiskwedh distowgh marghek koynt, du ha tanek y vargh.

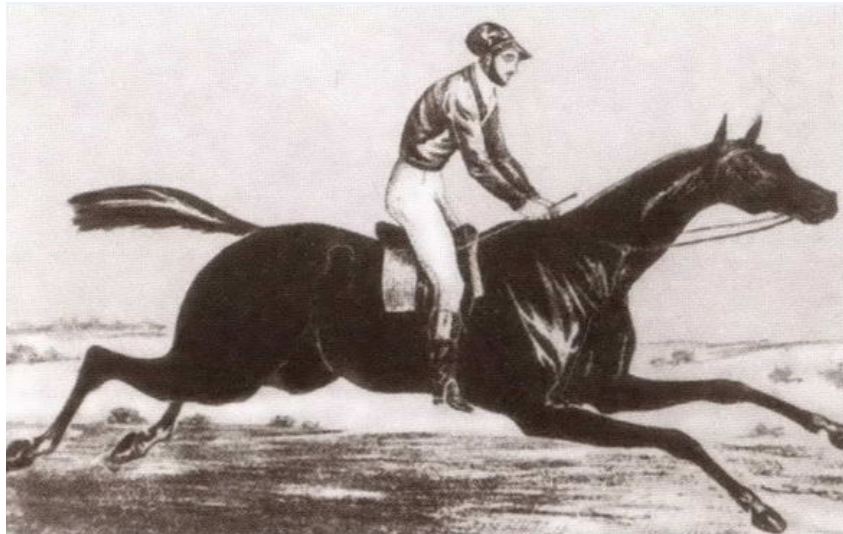
Mes, drefen an estren dh'y dhynerghi yn maner rasek ha fin, Mester Kirwan a worthebis yn kortes, hag i a varghogas war yew war-barth, an eyl ryb y gila, yn-dann geskewsel yn hweg. Dell heveli, yth aswonni an estren pubonan ha puptra, kyn na ylli Mester Kirwan perthi kov a'y weles kyns.

“Wel,” yn-medh an marghek du, “My a wor y fydh'ta dhe'n resegow mergh a-vorow. Ytho, gas vy dhe'th kussulya: mar mynn'ta bos sur ty dhe waynya, gas vy dhe dhanvon dhis ow gwas rag marghogeth dha vargh. Ny fyllis ev bythkweth yn resek hwath.”

Gans henna, dhe stumm a'n fordh an estren eth mes a wel. Yn hwir, ev o Finvarra y honan. Hegar o orth an kordh Kirwan, drefen bos oll a'n wer hel hag oll a'n benenes semli.

Ternos vyttin, gwas Mester Kirwan a dherivas dhodho bos marghek yowynk orth y wortos. Dell dybi Mester Kirwan, yth o an yonker an koyntta bocka byghan re welsa ev yn y vewnans oll. Mes ev a omglewas bos res dhodho gasa an marghek yowynk dhe varghogeth y resekvargh. Pols a-wosa, galsa an yonker kepar ha lughesen.

Wosa henna, ny ylli Mester Kirwan perthi kov a dravyth – dell heveli, yth esa ev ow hunrosa — bys pan veu delivrys dh'y dhiwla an hanaf arghansek rag gwaynyer an resek. Keslowena a dheuth a bub tu . Pubonan a wovynas orto ple kavsa y varghek marthys, neb re gawssa dhe'n margh neyja kepar ha spyrys an gwyns y honan. Mes, erbynn lemmyn, an varghek re voydsa. Byttegyns, yth esa an estren ha'y vargh du ena, hag ev a vovyas Mester Kirwan may hwrello ev kinyewel ganso.



***An varghek marthys, neb re gawssa dhe'n margh neyja kepar ha spyrys an gwyns. Imach: [Sukhovo-Kobylin – an gwella marghek, russek 1842.](#) Arlotteth boblek, awtour ankoth, dre Wikimedia Commons.***

Ytho, an dhew a varghogas yn-rag war-barth, yn-dann geskewsel yn hweg, dell wrussons i kyns, bys pan dheuthons dhe vanerji brav ha teg. Yth esa bush bras a servysi splann ow kortos dehwelyans an arlodh ha'y wester.

Pan entersons an hel-dhybri, golowys yn splann o. Yth esa garlontow a vleujyow ow pletha a-dro dhe golovennow gwyrsek, hanafow owrek afinys gans tegennow, ha lestri arghansek.

Dell heveli, yth o an ost den a'n bys ma pur. Hag ilow medhel, gwrys gans ilewydhyon mes a wel, ow seni, an keskows a frosa yn rydh. Ny ylli Mester Kirwan sevel orth na dekter an stevel na'n gwin rudh splann a dhiveris y ost ragdho y'n hanafow gemweythek.

Ena, pan veu gorfennys an wledh, bush bras a dus jentyl a entras ha donsya dhe ilow hweg ha medhel. I a wayas yn kylgh yn-kerghyn an gwester, owth assaya y denna a-berth y'n dons. Mes pan viras ev orta, dell heveli yth ens i oll an dus varow re aswonsa kyns. Yth esa ena y vroder y honan, re beu beudhys yn lynn warlena; ha den re beu ledhys gans kodh hag ev ow helghya; ha tus erel mayth o aga enebow aswonys yn ta ganso. Hag yth ens i oll mar dhisliw avel Ankow. Mes aga lagasow a leski kepar ha kolenow byw.





***Bush bras a dus jentyl a entras ha donsya dhe ilow hweg. Imach: arlotteth boblek, awtour ankoth, dre Wikimedia Commons.***

Hag ev ow mires hag owth omwovyn, y teuth arlodhes teg nes dhodho, ow kwiska delk a berlys. Hi a dhalghennas y gonna bregh gans hy leuv vyghan, hag assaya y denna a-berth y'n kylgh.

“Dons genev,” hi a hwystras, “dons genev arta. Mir orthiv, drefen ty dhe'm kara kyns.”

Mes, pan viras ev orti yth aswonis hy bos marow, ha dalghen hy leuv o kepar ha kylgh a dan a-dro dh'y gonna bregh. Ev a gildennas rag own, drefen ev dhe weles hy bos mowes teg re garsa ev pan o ev yonker. Ev re ros dhedhi delk a berlys, mes hi re verwis kyns hi dhe dhos ha bos benyn bries.

Ena y golon a sedhas rag own hag euth, hag ev a grias dh'y ost: “Kemmer vy dhyworth an tyller ma! My a aswon an dhonsyoryon; marow yns i oll. Prag re wruss'ta aga dri dhyworth aga bedh?”

Mes ny wrug an ost marnas hwerthin, ha leverel, “Y kodh dhis eva moy gwin, rag gwitha dha golonekter.” Hag ev a dhiveras ragdho gwedrennas a win o ruttha es rubiow.

Pan y'n evas Mester Kirwan, y tisiwas oll a'n displetyans rych, ha'n ilow ha'n routh, hag ev a godhas yn kosk down. Pan dhifunas, yth esa ev tre yn y weli y honan. Y was a dherivas dhodho fatel re'n dros marghek koynt dh'y dharas, dhe hanter-nos. An estren re erghis dhedha gorra aga mester yn y weli, ha na wrellens i y dhifuna kyns hanter-dydh ternos.

Pan dhifunas Mester Kirwan, ny ylli ev perthi kov a dra vyth. Mes yth esa merk a leuv venyn a-dro dh'y gonna bregh, hag o leskys y'n kig, dell heveli. An merk ma a wort a ganso bys dh'y vernans.

Treweythyow, nosweyth, y teuth dhodho gwelesigeth a'n voves yowynk gans hy delk a berlys. Mes ny vettyas ev orth an marghek du nevra namoy. Ow tochya an hanaf arghansek, Mester Kirwan a'n tewlis y'n lynn, drefen ev dhe wogrysi y tothya dhodho dre bystri dyowlek. Ytho, an hanaf a sedhis yn-dann an tonnow ha ny veu gwelys namoy.

## **A Ride With The Fairies**

Once upon a time, a gentleman named Mr Kirwan was riding by the fairy hill – where the fairies of the west gather for their councils, under the auspices of Finvarra, their king – when a strange horseman, on a fiery black steed, suddenly appeared.

But, as the stranger greeted him in a fine, gracious manner, Mr Kirwan replied courteously, and they rode on together side by side, conversing pleasantly. The stranger seemed to know everyone and everything, though Mr Kirwan couldn't remember having seen him before.

“Well,” said the black rider, “I know you'll be at the races tomorrow. So, let me advise you: if you want to be sure of winning, allow me to send you my man to ride your horse. He's never failed in a race yet.”

With that, at a turn of the road the stranger disappeared. Actually, he was Finvarra himself. He was friendly towards the Kirwan tribe, because all the men were generous and all the women were handsome.

Next morning, Mr Kirwan's servant told him that there was a young jockey waiting for him. The young man was the strangest little imp, Mr Kirwan thought, that he had seen in his life. But he felt compelled to allow the young jockey to ride his racehorse. A moment later, the youngster had gone, like a flash of lightning.

After this, Mr Kirwan couldn't remember anything – he seemed to be dreaming – until the silver cup for the winner of the race was placed in his hands. Congratulations came from every side. Everyone asked him where he had found his wonderful jockey, who had made the horse fly like the spirit of the wind itself. But by now the jockey had disappeared. However, the stranger and his black horse were there, and he persuaded Mr Kirwan to dine with him.

So the two rode on together, conversing pleasantly, as before, until they came to a grand, beautiful manor house. A large crowd of gorgeous servants were awaiting the return of the master and his guest.

When they entered the dining hall it was lit up splendidly. There were garlands of flowers twining around crystal columns, golden cups decorated with jewels, and silver dishes.

The host seemed to be an accomplished man of the world. While soft music, made by invisible musicians, played, the conversation flowed freely. Mr Kirwan couldn't resist neither the beauty of the room nor the bright red wine that his host poured for him into bejewelled cups.

Then, when the banquet was over, a large crowd of gentlefolk entered and danced to sweet soft music. They moved in a circle around the guest, trying to draw him into the dance. But, when he looked at them, it seemed that they were all the dead people he had previously known. His own brother was there, who had been drowned in a lake last year; and a man who had been killed by a fall while he was hunting; and other people whose faces he knew well. And they were all pale as death. But their eyes burned like coals of fire.

As he was looking and wondering, a beautiful lady approached him, wearing a necklace of pearls. She clasped his wrist with her little hand, and tried to pull him into the circle.

"Dance with me," she whispered, "dance with me again. Look at me, because you loved me once."

But when he looked at her he knew that she was dead, and the grasp of her hand was like a ring of fire around his wrist. He backed away in fear, for he saw that she was a beautiful girl that he had loved when he was a young man. He had given her a necklace of pearls, but she had died before she became a bride.

Then his heart sank for fear and dread, and he cried to his host: "Take me from this place! I recognise the dancers; they're all dead. Why have you brought them from their graves?"

But the host only laughed and said, "You should drink more wine, to keep up your courage." And he poured him a glass of wine that was redder than rubies.

When Mr Kirwan drank the wine, all the rich display, and the music and the crowd, faded, and he fell into a deep sleep. When he woke, he was at home in his own bed. His servant told him how a strange horseman had brought him to his door at midnight. The stranger had ordered them to put their master to bed, and that they should not wake him before noon the next day.

When Mr Kirwan awoke, he couldn't remember anything. But there was the mark of a woman's hand around his wrist, that seemed to be burnt into the flesh. This mark remained with him until his death.

Sometimes at night, there came to him a vision of the young woman with her necklace of pearls. But he never encountered the black horseman again. As for the silver cup, Mr Kirwan threw it into the lake, for he suspected that it had come to him by devilish sorcery. Thus, the cup sank beneath the waves and was seen no more.

## An Baban Keschanjys

Yth esa benyn a'y gorwedh, difun yn kres an nos, ha'y gour ow koska rybdhi, pan igoras distowgh an daras, ha den hir ha tewal a entras, fell y dremmyn. War y lergth y teuth gwragh goth ow ton flogh yn hy diwvregth – flogh byghan anyagh ha hager, dell heveli.

An dhew a esedhas a-dherag an tan rag omtommhe. Wosa spys, an den a viras orth an kowel lesk esa ryb gweli an vamm, ha'y mab ynno. Ev a viras stag orth an kowel lesk dres nebes mynysennow; ena ev a sevis yn-bann ha kerdhes war tu hag ev. Y'n pols na, an vamm a glamderas.

Pan dhifunas, hi a elwis dh'y gour, ha erghi dhodho mayth enowo kantol. Hemma a wrug, mes an wragh goth y'n gornel a sevis yn-bann a-dhesempis ha hy hwytha yn farow. An gour a enowis an gantol arta, mes arta hi a veu hwythys yn farow. Pan hwarva hemma tressa treveth, klewys veu hwarth meur y'n tewlder.

Ena an gour a dheuth ha bos euthyk serrys. Ow sesya hornelldan, ev a vedras bomm orth penn an wragh, mes hi a slynkyas dhe ves, hag y weskel war y vregth gans hy lorgh. Ena ev a dheuth ha bos moy koneryek, ha hy kronkya war hy fenn bys pan oulyas hi. Wortiwedh, ev a's herdhyas war-ves hag alhwedha an daras.

Wosa hemma ev a enowis an gantol. Mes, pan virsons orth an kowel lesk, ott! Yn le aga maw teg aga honan, yth esa a'y gorwedh kroadur hager byghan, lennys oll y gorf gans milvlew, yn-dann rysla orta. Meur o aga anken ha'ga hynvan, ha'n venyn ha'y gour, an dhew, a olas ha kyni drefen koll aga flogh.



***Yth esa kroadur hager byghan. Imach: arlotteth boblek, awtour ankoth, dre Wikimedia Commons.***

Dhe'n pols na, yth igoras an daras distowgh, ha benyn yowynk, ha lien dorn kogh a-dro dh'y fenn, a entras.

“Prag yth esowgh hwi ow tagrewi,” a wovynnas hi, “yn kres an nos, pan godh dhywgh bos yn kosk?”

“Mirewgh orth an baban ma y’n kowel lesk,” a worthebis an den, “ha hwi a hedh omwovyn prag yth eson ni ow kyni hag owth ola.” Hag ev a dherivas dhedhi an hwedhel oll.

Pan eth an venyn yowynk dhe’n kowel lesk ha mires orth an flogh, hi a hwarthas mes leverel mann.

“Koyntta es agan dagrow yw agas hwarth,” yn-medh an den. “Prag y hwerthowgh orth agan anken?”

“Drefen,” yn-medh hi, “bos hemma ow flogh ow honan, a veu ledrys dhyworthiv haneth. Yth ov vy a agh an spyrysyon, hag ow thus, neb a drig yn-dann an ger war an vronn, a grysi bos dha vab flogh teg. Ytho, i a geschanjyas an babanes y’ga howel lesk. Mes, yn despit dhe oll, gwell yw genev ow baban ow honan, hager dell ywa. Ny vynnav yn y le baban denel vyth.

“Ytho, lemmyn my a dheriv dhywgh fatel yllowgh hwi daskavos agas mab agas honan, ha my a worr dhe-ves an huni dhymm war-not.

“Pan yw leun an loor, kewgh dhe’n ger goth a-wartha dhe’n vre, ha kemerewgh genowgh teyr thysken ys. Gwrewgh aga leski, an eyl wosa hy ben. Ha pan usi an diwettha tysken ow leski, der an mog y hwra dos den koth, yn-dann wovyn orthowgh pandr’a vynnogh.

“Ena, res yw dhywgh derivas dhodho hwi dhe gowlleski an ger yn tien, ha ny vydh gesys annedh vyth rag y dus war an vre, marnas agas flogh bos daskorys dhywgh. Rag ny yll an spyrysyon sevel orth tan, hag i a dhaskor agas flogh a-dhistowgh mar kodrosowgh dhe wul devnydh anodho. Mes kemerewgh with! Gwithewgh an flogh yn ta y’n termyn a dheu. Kelmewgh kenter dhyworth horn margh a-dro dh’y gonna, hag ena ev a vydh salow.”

Kettooth ha’n ger, an venyn yowynk a dhrehevis an bocka hager byghan dhyworth an kowel lesk ha gyllys veu kyns bos an den ha’y wreg war a’y dibarth.

An nessa nos, pan o leun an loor, an gour eth dhe’n ger goth gans an teyr thysken ys, ha’ga leski an eyl wosa hy ben. Ha’n nessa ow kowlleski, y nesas der an mog den koth, ha govyn orto pandr’a hwansa ev.

“Res yw dhymm daskavos ow flogh a veu ledrys,” ev a worthebis, “po my a vynn leski pub gwedhen usi ow tevi war an vre ma. Ha ny asav men vyth a’n ger dhe sevel, ma na yll’ta omglesa omma na fella gans dha neskerens a’n spyrasyon.”

Distowgh, gyllys veu an den koth, hag yth esa taw meur, mes ny wrug nagonan omdhiskwedha.

Wostiwedh, an tas a dheuth ha bos serrys. Ev a armas, ughel y lev, “Yth esov vy ow trehevel an tressa tysken lemmyn, ha my a wra leski ha distrui ha difeythya agas trigva, mar nyns yw ow flogh daskorrys.”

Ena y feu klewys tervans ha hobadolya meur y’n ger. Wortiwedh, y teuth lev: “Res yw dhyn omblegya. Nerth an tan re veur yw ragon. Kerghewgh an flogh.”

Hware, yth omdhiskwedhas an den koth arta, yn-dann dhegi an flogh yn y dhiwvregh.

“Kemmer e,” yn-medh ev. “Drefen nerth an tan ty re dryghis. Mes bydh avisys: pan esosta tre haneth, kemmer kolen vyw ha delin kylgh a dan a-dro dhe’n kowel lesk. Ena ny vydh dhe’m pobel gallos vyth dh’y dava namoy.”

Ytho, an gour a wrug dell leveris an den koth, ha’n flogh a veu sawyes dhyworth drog. Hag ev a adhvesi ha seweni. Hag yma an ger goth ow sevel hwath hedhyw, rag ny assa an gour dhe nagonan na remova men na shyndya gwedhen. Ha’n spyrasyon a dhons ena hwath war an glesin, pan yw leun an loor.



***An spyrysyon a dhons ena hwath war an glesin, pan yw leun an loor. Imach:  
Dancing Fairies gans Malmström, arlotteth boblek dre Wikimedia Commons.***

## **The Changeling**

A woman was lying awake in the middle of the night, with her husband asleep beside her, when suddenly the door opened and a tall, dark, grim-looking man came in. Behind him came an old hag carrying a child in her arms – an unhealthy, ugly little child, it seemed.

The two sat down in front of the fire to warm themselves. After a time, the man looked at the cradle by the mother's bed, with her son in it. He stared at the cradle for some minutes; then he stood up and walked towards it. At that moment, the mother fainted.

When she woke, she called to her husband and told him to light a candle. This he did, but the old hag in the corner immediately stood up and blew it out. The husband lit the candle again, but again it was blown out. When this happened a third time, a great laugh was heard in the darkness.

Then the husband became terribly angry. Seizing a fireiron, he aimed a blow at the hag's head, but she slipped away and struck him on his arm with her stick. Then he became more furious, and beat her on her head until she howled. Finally, he pushed her outside and locked the door.

After this he lit the candle. But, when they looked at the cradle, behold! In place of their own beautiful boy, an ugly little creature, his body covered all in fur, lay grinning at them. Great was their grief and their lamentation, and both the woman and her husband wept and wailed for the loss of their child.

At that moment, suddenly the door opened and a young woman with a scarlet handkerchief around her head came in.

"Why are you weeping," she asked, "in the middle of the night, when you should be asleep?"

"Look at this baby in the cradle," replied the man, "and you will stop wondering why we are lamenting and crying." And he told her all the story.

When the young woman went to the cradle and looked at the child, she laughed but said nothing.

"Your laughter is stranger than our tears," said the man. Why do you laugh at our misery?"



“Because,” said she, “this is my own child, that was stolen from me tonight. I am one of the fairy race, and my people, who live under the fort on the hill, believed your boy to be a beautiful child. So they exchanged the babies in their cradles. But, despite everything, I prefer my own baby, ugly as he is. I don’t want any human baby in his place.

“So, now I’ll tell you how you can recover your own son, and I’ll take away mine at once.

“When the moon is full, go to the old fort at the top of the hill, and take with you three sheaves of corn. Burn them, one after the other. And when the last sheaf is burning, an old man will come through the smoke and ask you what you want.

“Then, you must tell him that you will burn down the fort completely, and there won’t be a single dwelling-place left for his people on the hill, unless your child is restored to you. For the fairies cannot stand against fire, and they will return your child immediately if you threaten to use it. But be careful! Guard the child well in future. Tie a nail from a horseshoe around his neck, and then he’ll be safe.”

In an instant, the young woman took up the ugly little imp from the cradle and was gone before the man and his wife were aware of her departure.

The following night, when the moon was full, the husband went to the old fort with the three sheaves of corn, and burned them one after the other. As the second was burning, an old man approached through the smoke, and asked him what he wanted.

“I must recover my child that was stolen,” he replied, “or I will burn every tree that is growing on this hill. And I won’t leave a single stone of the fort standing, so that you won’t be able to shelter here any longer with your fairy kindred.”

Suddenly the old man was gone, and there was a great silence, but no one appeared.

Finally, the father became angry. He shouted loudly, “I am raising the third sheaf now, and I’ll burn and destroy and make desolate your dwelling-place, if my child is not returned.”

Then a great tumult and clamour was heard in the fort. At last there came a voice: “We must submit. The power of the fire is too strong for us. Fetch the child.”

Presently, the old man appeared again, carrying the child in his arms.

“Take him,” he said. “Due to the power of the fire you have conquered. But be advised: when you are at home tonight, take a live coal and draw a circle of fire around the cradle. Then my people will have no power to touch him any more.”

So the husband did as the old man said, and the child was saved from evil. And he grew and prospered.

And the old fort is standing still today, for the husband would allow no one to move a stone or to harm a tree. And the fairies dance there still on the green, when the moon is full.

## An Medhek ha Pennseviges an Spyrasyon

Medhek, meur y vri, neb a driga ryb Logh Neagh, a veu difunys yn kres an nos gans son a gocha ow pos lewys bys dh'y dharas. Ena y teuth knoukys ughel.

An medhek a omwiskas yn unn fistena ha ponya a-woles. Pan ygoras an daras ev a welas paja byghan a'y sav ryb daras an kocha, ha den jentyl splann a-bervedh ynno.



**An kocha ha'n den jentyl splann. Skeusen: Pixabay.**

“A vedhek, fisten ha deus genev,” a grias an den jentyl. “Arlodhes veur re dheuth ha bos klav, ha ny vynn hi nagonan saw ty dha honan dh'y attendya.”

Ytho, an medhek a bonyas rag kerghes y dhaffar, ha dehweles a-dhistowgh.

“Lemmyn”, yn-medh an den jentyl, “esedh omma rybov, ha na dheus ha bos ownek awos tra vyth a welli.”

Ena i a lewys war yew yn fol. Ha pan dheuthons dhe'n avon, an medhek a dybis y tifunens an trethor ha kemeres an kowbal, mes yn le henna an vergh a lammas dihwans y'n dowr hag yn skon y teuth an kocha dhe lann aral an avon heb banna dowr warnodho.

Lemmyn an medhek a dhallathas dos ha bos gogrysus a-dro dh'y gowetha, mes ny leveris ev mann.

I a lewyas tooth men war-vann bre serth, ha hedhi wortiwedh a-dherag drehevyans isel, hir ha du. I a entras a-ji ha kerdhes war skochfordh ynn ha tewl a-hys, yn-dann balvala aga fordh y'n tewlder, bys pan dheuthons dhe dharas. Distowgh, ha servyades owth ygeri an daras, y feu an fosow golowys gans golow kann.

An medhek a omgavas yn chambour splann, afinys oll a-dro gans owrlin hag owr, ha war worwedhva owrlinnek yth esa arlodhes teg a'y growedh, neb a'n dynerghis yn maner hweg ha hegar: "A dhoktour, pes da dres eghen ov dha weles. Ass osta den mas ow tos omma yn kres an nos."

"Meur ras bras dhis, A Arlodhes" yn-medh an medhek, "yth esov vy omma rag dha servya."

Hag ev a wortas gensi bys pan veu maw genys. Mes pan viras ev oll a-dro, nyns esa na gwelivedhes na klavjiores vyth; ytho, ev a vaylyas an flogh yn lystennow hag y worra ryb an vamm.

"Lemmy'n," yn-medh an arlodhes, "goslow orth an pyth a wrav vy derivas dhis. I a wra assaya dha husa, rag dha synsi omma. Mes kol orthiv: na dheber boos vyth ha nag yv gwinn vyth, ha ty a vydh salow. Hag ynwedh, kemmer with na dhiskwedhydh marth awos neb tra a welli. Ha rag dha wober na gemmer moy es pypm peuns hepken."

"Synsys meur ov, A vadama" yn-medh an medhek. "My a wra obaya dhis yn puptra oll."

Y'n pols na an den jentyl a dheuth y'n stevel, mar vrav ha nobyl es pennsevik y semlant. Ev a sevis an flogh, mires orto, hag y worra war an gweli arta.

Yth esa tan bras y'n stevel, ha'n den jentyl a gemeras hornell dan ha rakhana oll an kolennow byw war-rag, yn-dann wul spas meur a-dhelergh dhe oles. Ena ev a sevis an flogh arta hag y worra a'y worwedh y'n spas a-dhelergh dhe oles, ha rakhanna oll an kolennow byw dresto, bys pan veu kudhys yn tien. Mes an medhek a borthas kov a eryow an arlodhes, ha leverel mann.

Distowgh, y chanjyas an stevel dhe hel worlanwesek le mayth esa gwledh veur ow hwarvos. Yth esa ena kigyow a bub sort, frutys tanow ha liwus, ha gwinn rudh splann yn gwedrennow gwryghonek.



**Yth esa gwledh veur ow hwarvos. Imach: *Fairy Banquet*, gans John Anster Fitzgerald (1823-1906); arlotteth boblek.**

“Ytho, A vedhek,” yn-medh an den jentyl, “esedh genen, mar pleg, ha deber pynag oll yw gwell genes.”

“Sirra,” a worthebis an medhek, “My re lias ma na dheppren nag eva kyns my dhe dhrehedhes ow thre arta. Ytho, gas vy dhe dhehweles heb ardak moy, mar pleg.”

“Yn surredi,” yn-medh an den jentyl, “mes, kyns henna, gas vy dhe’th wobra rag dha lavuryow.” Hag ev a settyas sagh ledhrek war an voos ha diveri bern a vathow owrek.

“Ny wrav vy kemeres marnas ow fe gwiw ha namoy,” yn-medh an medhek, hag ev a gemeras pyp peuns ha’ga gorra yn y bors. “Ha lemmyn, a allav vy kavos an kocha rag ow harya tre, drefen bos diwedhes an eur?”

An den jentyl a hwarthas. “Dell hevel,” a leveris ev, “ty re beu ow tyski kevrinyow gans ow arlodhes. Byttegyns, ty re omdhug yn ta, ha ty a vydh degys tre heb danjer.”

Hag y teuth an kocha, hag y feu an medhek degys tre, kepar ha’n kynsa tro der an avon – mergh, kocha hag oll, heb hedhi – bys pan dheuthons dh’y dharas rag pols kyns tardh dydh.

Mes pan ygoras an medhek y bors rag remova y bymp peuns, ev a welas ynno bysow owrek splann, meur y bris, hag y hanow y honan kervys a-bervedh ynno. Ytho, ev a wodhya bos an bysow ro ragdho dhyworth pennsevik an spyrasyon y honan.

Oll a'n darvosow ma a hwarva nans yw dew kans bledhen, mes an bysow a wort a hwath yn teylu an medhek, transmyttys a-dhia das dhe vab. Ha merkys yw, yma chons da hag enor ha pythow an bys dhe bynag a'n perghen, dres y vewnans oll.

## **The Doctor and the Fairy Princess**

A celebrated doctor who lived by Lough Neagh was woken in the middle of the night by the sound of a carriage being driven up to his door. Then came a loud knocking.

The doctor dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs. When he opened the door he saw a little page standing by the door of the carriage, and a grand gentleman inside.

"Oh, doctor, make haste and come with me," cried the gentleman. "A great lady has fallen ill, and she will have no one but you to attend her."

So the doctor ran to fetch his equipment and returned immediately.

"Now," said the gentleman, "sit here by me, and don't become alarmed by anything you may see."

Then they drove onward madly. And when they came to the river the doctor thought they would wake the ferryman and take the ferry, but instead of that the horses leapt straight into the water and soon the carriage arrived at the other bank of the river without a drop of water on it.

Now the doctor started to become suspicious about his companions, but he said nothing.

They drove at top speed up a steep hill, and stopped at last in front of a long, low black building. They went inside and walked along a narrow, dark passage, groping their way in the darkness, until they came to a door. Suddenly, as a servant opened the door, the walls were lit up by a bright light.

The doctor found himself in a gorgeous chamber, decorated throughout with silk and gold, and on a silken couch lay a beautiful lady, who welcomed him in a sweet and friendly manner: "Ah, doctor, I'm very pleased to see you. How good of you to come here in the middle of the night."

"Thank you very much, my lady," said the doctor, "I am here to serve you."

And he stayed with her until a boy was born. But when he looked around there was no midwife nor nurse; so he wrapped the child in swaddling bands and put it by the mother.

“Now,” said the lady, “listen to what I shall tell you. They will try to put a spell on you, to keep you here. But heed my words: don’t eat any food nor drink any wine, and you will be safe. And also, take care not to show surprise at anything you may see. And for your fee don’t take more than five pounds.”

“I’m greatly obliged, madam,” said the doctor. “I shall obey you in all things.”

At that moment the gentleman came into the room, looking as grand and noble as a prince. He took up the child, looked at it, and put it on the bed again.

There was a large fire in the room, and the gentleman took a fire iron and raked all the live coals forward, making a great space at the back of the grate. Then he took up the child again and laid it in the space at the back of the grate, and raked all of the live coals over it until it was completely covered. But the doctor remembered the lady’s words and said nothing.

Suddenly, the room changed to a luxurious hall where a grand feast was taking place. There were meats of every sort, rare colourful fruits, and bright red wine in sparkling glasses.

“So, doctor,” said the gentleman, “sit down with us, please, and eat whatever you prefer.”

“Sir,” replied the doctor, “I have sworn that I shall not eat nor drink before I return home again. So please allow me to return without further delay.”

“Certainly,” said the gentleman, “but, before that, let me reward you for your labours.” And he placed a leather bag on the table and poured out a heap of golden coins.

“I shall take only my proper fee and no more,” said the doctor, and he took five pounds and put them in his purse. “And now, may I have the carriage to carry me home, as the hour is late.”

The gentleman laughed. “It seems,” he said, “that you’ve been learning secrets from my lady. However, you have behaved well, and you shall be carried home safely.”

And the carriage came and the doctor was carried home, like the first time through the river – horses, carriage and all, without stopping – until they arrived at his front door just before daybreak.

But when the doctor opened his purse to take out his five pounds, he saw in it a splendid, hugely valuable golden ring, with his own name carved within it. So he knew that the ring was a gift to him from the fairy prince himself.

All these events happened two hundred years ago, but the ring remains still in the doctor's family, handed down from father to son. And it's noted that whoever owns it has good luck, honour, and worldly wealth throughout his life.