Irish Fairy Tales
by James Stephens
Translation and analysis
Bachelor Thesis

Brno 2012

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Written by: Ing. Jarmila Nečasová
Declaration

I declare that I worked on this bachelor thesis on my own and that I used only the sources listed in the bibliography. I also agree that one copy of this thesis will be placed in the library of the Faculty of Education at the Masaryk University and accessed for academic purposes.

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Brno, 4th December 2012

Ing. Jarmila Nečasová
Acknowledgement

I would like to thank my supervisor, Mgr. Martin Němec, for her help and valuable advice.
1 Introduction

Although I have never visited Ireland I have always admired this harsh country, its history and culture. During Mr. Němec’s translation seminars we read one Irish fairy tale that I found very interesting and that brought me to the idea of translating some Irish legends. I searched and eventually James Stephens’ work called *Irish Fairy Tales* caught my attention. The book is full of old Irish legends of the Fenian cycle and I thought it would be a very interesting book for translation. I selected two tales that are totally opposite in style. *The enchanted cave of Cesh Corran* is a classic fairy tale with a clear distinction between good and evil and with good eventually winning out. There is a good hero on one side and on the other side stands a bad king with four daughters; the ugly witches. The second tale, *Little brawl at Allen*, sounds to me more like a legend for adults or older children, having neither a happy nor unhappy ending and a sort of the moral.

My thesis consists of two parts, practical and theoretical. The practical part deals with the translation of two chosen Irish tales. The theoretical part contains the analysis of my translation that I based on Dagmar Knittlová’s book *K teorii I praxi překladu*. I found this book extremely helpful as it is very clearly organized and comprehensible for students interested in translating. Also it includes many useful examples because it deals with translation from English to Czech.

The only thing that I regret is that *Irish Fairy Tales* has never been translated into Czech, therefore I had no chance to compare my translation with someone else's, but still it didn’t discourage me from the idea of translation.
2 About the author and the book

2.1 James Stephens

James Stephens was born on Feb. 2, 1882 (the same day James Joyce was born), to a poor family living in a slum area of Dublin. He was largely self-educated and was working in a solicitor’s office when the poet George Russell (known as AE) discovered him. In physical appearance he resembled a leprechaun, less than 5 feet in height, with a droll face and dark complexion, a prototype of the comic Irishman. Married and with two children, he divided his time between Dublin and Paris until the outbreak of World War II. He made his debut as a successful broadcaster for the BBC in 1928 with a personal reminiscence of John Millington Synge. Although he disassociated himself from Irish neutrality during the 1940s, declaring himself “an Irishman who wished to elect himself an Englishman for the duration,” he was honored for his service to the cause of Irish independence and was active in the Sinn Fein movement from its beginnings. Until his death on Dec. 26, 1950, he was assistant curator of the Dublin National Gallery.

Stephens’s proficiency in the Gaelic language and his extensive collection of Irish folklore and legends made him a master of the Irish oral tradition. His fables and tales are a blend of philosophy and nonsense, aimed at creating for Ireland “a new mythology to take the place of the threadbare mythology of Greece and Rome.” His masterpiece, The Crock of Gold (1912), a modern fable, employs leprechauns and spirits in a half-concealed burlesque of Irish philosophy that derides the imprisonment of the human intellect by doctors, lawyers, priests, professors, and merchants; at the same time, it presents a humorous commentary on the Irish battle of the sexes. This work won the Polignac Prize for fiction in 1912. The Charwoman’s Daughter (1912) enjoyed great success in America under the title Mary, Mary.(ibid)

1 http://biography.yourdictionary.com/james-stephens, see Bibliography
2.2 About the book Irish Fairy Tales

Irish Fairy Tales is a retelling of ten Irish folktales by the Irish author James Stephens. The stories are set in a wooded, Medieval Ireland filled with larger-than-life hunters, warriors, kings, and fairies. Many stories concern the Fianna and their captain, Fionn mac Uail, from the Fenian Cycle of Irish mythology. The book was first published by Macmillan and Company in 1920. It is one of Stephens' better-known works.²

Legend about Finn (or Fionn) has survived in Gaelic environment till today. Verbal sources take the topic mostly from 6th and 7th century AD. The first written records come from 10th century. This Fenian Cycle contains many topics and their variations. Seemingly historical events mix with fantastic stories about supernatural world. The main hero is Fionn MacCumhaill, who fluctuates among soothsayer God from ancient times, poet, king of Leinster, and bright, always young general, that lives in constant conflict with king of the country. The name Fionn is taken from the Gaelic word that translates as ‘fair’ likely referring to lightly coloured hair. Fionn was the son of Cumhaill who was the leader of the ancient Fianna, a band of mercenary warriors who lived apart from the rest of Gaelic society. (Clarus 137)

Fionn has two enemies, that are described as one-eyed. The first one, Aillén, belongs to the world of ghosts, the second one is called Goll mac Morna. Goll killed Fionn´s father and taken over the leadership of the Fianna, but when Fionn grew up and proved himself Goll stepped aside in his favour. Goll´s name was Aedh mac Morna, but he gained the name Goll (one-eyed) when he lost an eye in his battle with Fionn´s father. The relationship between Fionn and Goll is very controversial, something between friendship and enmity. Fionn eventually conquers the ghost Aillén, but never conquers Goll.

² “Irish Fairy Tales.” Wikipedia, see Bibliography
<table>
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<th>The Enchanted Cave of Cesh Corran</th>
<th>Kouzelná jeskyně Cesh Corran</th>
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<td><strong>Chapter 1</strong></td>
<td><strong>Kapitola 1</strong></td>
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<td>Fionn mac Uail was the most prudent chief of an army in the world, but he was not always prudent on his own account. Discipline sometimes irked him, and he would then take any opportunity that presented for an adventure; for he was not only a soldier, he was a poet also, that is, a man of science, and whatever was strange or unusual had an irresistible attraction for him. Such a soldier was he that, single-handed, he could take the Fianna out of any hole they got into, but such an inveterate poet was he that all the Fianna together could scarcely retrieve him from the abysses into which he tumbled. It took him to keep the Fianna safe, but it took all the Fianna to keep their captain out of danger. They did not complain of this, for they loved every hair of Fionn's head more than they loved their wives and children, and that was reasonable for there was never in the world a person more worthy of love than Fionn was.</td>
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<td>Fionn mac Uail byl pravděpodobně nejopatrnějším velitelem armády na světě, jen nebyl vždy opatrný sám na sebe. Disciplína jej někdy nudila a tak se snažil chodit každé příležitosti vedoucí k dobrodružství. Byl nejen bojovníkem, ale i poetou, vědcem, a cokoliv podivného nebo nezvyklého ho neodolatelně přitaňovalo. Byl tak skvělý voják, že ač jednoruký, dokázal dostat Fiannu z jakýchkoliv potíží. Bohužel byl zároveň tak nepoučitelný poeta, že ho pořád musel někdo zachraňovat z nesnází.</td>
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<td>I když zvládal sám skvěle ochránit celou Fiannu, měla Fianna co dělat, aby zvládla ochránit svého velitele. Ale lidé si nestěžovali, protože jejich lásku i k poslednímu chlupu na jeho těle byla větší než lásku k vlastním ženám a dětem. Zdá se to podivné, ale jen do té doby, než zjistíte, že nikdy na světě nežil člověk, který by byl více hošen vši této lásky než Fionn.</td>
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8
Goll mac Morna did not admit so much in words, but he admitted it in all his actions, for although he never lost an opportunity of killing a member of Fionn's family (there was deadly feud between clann-Baiscne and clann-Morna), yet a call from Fionn brought Goll raging to his assistance like a lion that rages tenderly by his mate. Not even a call was necessary, for Goll felt in his heart when Fionn was threatened, and he would leave Fionn's own brother only half-killed to fly where his arm was wanted. He was never thanked, of course, for although Fionn loved Goll he did not like him, and that was how Goll felt towards Fionn.

Fionn, with Cona'n the Swearer and the dogs Bran and Sceo'lan, was sitting on the hunting-mound at the top of Cesh Corran. Below and around on every side the Fianna were beating the coverts in Legney and Brefny, ranging the fastnesses of Glen Dallan, creeping in the nut and beech forests of Carbury, spying among the woods of Kyle Conor, and ranging the wide plain of Moy Conal.

The great captain was happy: his eyes were resting on the sights he liked best—the sunlight of a clear day, the waving trees, the pure sky, and the lovely movement of the earth; and his ears were filled with delectable sounds—the baying of eager dogs, the clear calling of young
men, the shrill whistling that came from every side, and each sound of which told a definite thing about the hunt. There was also the plunge and scurry of the deer, the yapping of badgers, and the whirr of birds driven into reluctant flight.

Chapter 2

Now the king of the Shi' of Cesh Corran, Conaran, son of Imidel, was also watching the hunt, but Fionn did not see him, for we cannot see the people of Faery until we enter their realm, and Fionn was not thinking of Faery at that moment. Conaran did not like Fionn, and, seeing that the great champion was alone, save for Cona'n and the two hounds Bran and Sceo'lan, he thought the time had come to get Fionn into his power. We do not know what Fionn had done to Conaran, but it must have been bad enough, for the king of the Shi' of Cesh Cotran was filled with joy at the sight of Fionn thus close to him, thus unprotected, thus unsuspicious.

This Conaran had four daughters. He was fond of them and proud of them, but if one were to search the Shi's of Ireland or the land of Ireland, the equal of these four would not be found for ugliness and bad humour and twisted temperaments.

Kapitola 2

Vládce hrabství Cesh Corran zvaný Conaran, syn Imidel, také sledoval honitbu. Ale zůstal nepovšimnut, Fionn ho neviděl, protože nemůžeme vidět pohádkové bytosti, dokud sami do pohádky nevstoupíme a Fionn na to zrovna neměl myšlenky. Conaran Fionna neměl rád a když viděl, že kromě Conana a dvou psů kolem něho nikdo není, pomyslel si, že přišel správný čas získat Fionna do své moci. Nevíme, co mu Fionn vlastně provedl, ale muselo to být hodně zlé, protože vidina Fionna tak blízko, tak nechráněného a bez podezření naplnila krále Conarana nadšením.

Conaran měl čtyři dcery. Měl je velmi rád a byl na ně velmi hrdý, ale kdybyste prohledali celé hrabství nebo dokonce celé Irsko, nenašli byste nikoho stejně ošklivého, stejně hloupého a stejně zvrácené nárazy jako měly tyto čtyři dívky.
Their hair was black as ink and tough as wire: it stuck up and poked out and hung down about their heads in bushes and spikes and tangles. Their eyes were bleary and red. Their mouths were black and twisted, and in each of these mouths there was a hedge of curved yellow fangs. They had long scraggy necks that could turn all the way round like the neck of a hen. Their arms were long and skinny and muscular, and at the end of each finger they had a spiked nail that was as hard as horn and as sharp as a briar. Their bodies were covered with a bristle of hair and fur and fluff, so that they looked like dogs in some parts and like cats in others, and in other parts again they looked like chickens. They had moustaches poking under their noses and woolly wads growing out of their ears, so that when you looked at them the first time you never wanted to look at them again, and if you had to look at them a second time you were likely to die of the sight.

They were called Caevog, Cuillen, and Iaran. The fourth daughter, Iarnach, was not present at that moment, so nothing need be said of her yet.

Conaran called these three to him.

"Fionn is alone," said he. "Fionn is alone, my treasures."

"Ah!" said Caevog, and her jaw crunched upwards and stuck outwards, as was usual...
with her when she was satisfied.

"When the chance comes take it," Conaran continued, and he smiled a black, beetle-browed, unbenevolent smile.

"It's a good word," quoth Cuillen, and she swung her jaw loose and made it waggle up and down, for that was the way she smiled.

"And here is the chance," her father added.

"The chance is here," Iaran echoed, with a smile that was very like her sister's, only that it was worse, and the wen that grew on her nose joggled to and fro and did not get its balance again for a long time.

Then they smiled a smile that was agreeable to their own eyes, but which would have been a deadly thing for anybody else to see.

"But Fionn cannot see us," Caevog objected, and her brow set downwards and her chin set upwards and her mouth squeezed sidewards, so that her face looked like a badly disappointed nut.

"And we are worth seeing," Cuillen continued, and the disappointment that was set in her sister's face got carved and twisted into hers, but it was worse in her case.

"That is the truth," said Iaran in a voice of lamentation, and her face took on a gnarl s křupnutím vyjela nahoru a ven z pantů, což byla obvyklá známka její spokojenosti.

„Využijte příležitosti, když budete moci,“ pokračoval Conaran a nakrabatil velké černé obočí do nepříjemného šklebu.

„To je skvělá zpráva,“ pravila Cuillen, uvolnila svou čelist a nechala ji volně kývat nahoru a dolů, což znamenalo, že se usmívá.

„A skvělá příležitost,“ dodal jejich otec.

„Skvělá příležitost,“ opakovala Iaran a usmívala se podobně jako její sestra, jen hrozivěji: boule, která jí přitom rostla na nose, se začala třepat a trvalo dlouho, než se zastavila.

Usmívaly se a ten úsměv, který byl jim příjemný, by byl smrtelnou podívanou pro kohokoliv jiného.

„Ale Fionn nás nemůže vidět,“ námítl Caevog a její obočí sjelo dolů, čelist jí povyskočila nahoru a ústa se přitlačila na stranu, takže ve výsledku vypadal její obličej jako velmi znepokojený ořech.

„To je škoda, protože stojíme za zhlédnutí,“ pokračovala Cuillen a znepokojení přeskočilo ze sestřina obličeje na ní, což ji udělalo ještě ošklivější.

„To je pravda,“ nařikala Iaran, její obličej se scvrkl a zkroutil a byl ještě ošklivější než obličeje sester, což už přivedlo v úžas i
and a writhe and a solidity of ugly woe
that beat the other two and made even her
father marvel.

"He cannot see us now," Conaran replied,
"but he will see us in a minute."

"Won't Fionn be glad when he sees us!" said the three sisters.

And then they joined hands and danced
joyfully around their father, and they sang
a song, the first line of which is:

"Fionn thinks he is safe. But who
knows when the sky will fall?"

Lots of the people in the Shi' learned that
song by heart, and they applied it to every
kind of circumstance.

By his arts Conaran changed the sight of
Fionn's eyes, and he did the same for
Cona'n.

In a few minutes Fionn stood up from his
place on the mound. Everything was about
him as before, and he did not know that he
had gone into Faery. He walked for a
minute up and down the hillock. Then, as
by chance, he stepped down the sloping
end of the mound and stood with his
mouth open, staring. He cried out: "Come
down here, Cona'n, my darling."

Cona'n stepped down to him.

Chapter 3

Pomocí svých kouzel očaroval Conaran Fionnovy a Conanovy oči.

Za pár minut si Fionn stoupl. Všechno
kolem bylo stejné jako předtím, a tak
vůbec nevěděl, že právě vstoupil do
pohádky. Chvili chodil nahoru a dolů. Pak
znenadání z kopečku seběhl a zůstal stát v
údivu s otevřenými ústy. Zakřičel: "Drahý
příteli, pojď prosím za mnou!"

Conan k němu seběhl.

"Je to jen sen?" zeptal se Fionn a ukázal
"Am I dreaming?" Fionn demanded, and he stretched out his finger before him.

"If you are dreaming," said Conan, "I'm dreaming too. They weren't here a minute ago," he stammered.

Fionn looked up at the sky and found that it was still there. He stared to one side and saw the trees of Kyle Conor waving in the distance. He bent his ear to the wind and heard the shouting of hunters, the yapping of dogs, and the clear whistles, which told how the hunt was going.

"Well!" said Fionn to himself.

"By my hand!" quoth Cona'n to his own soul.

And the two men stared into the hillside as though what they were looking at was too wonderful to be looked away from.

"Who are they?" said Fionn.

"What are they?" Cona'n gasped. And they stared again.

For there was a great hole like a doorway in the side of the mound, and in that doorway the daughters of Conaran sat spinning. They had three crooked sticks of holly set up before the cave, and they were reeling yarn off these. But it was enchantment they were weaving.

"One could not call them handsome," said Cona'n.

"One could," Fionn replied, "but it would
"I cannot see them properly," Fionn complained. "They are hiding behind the holly."

"I would be contented if I could not see them at all," his companion grumbled.

But the Chief insisted.

"I want to make sure that it is whiskers they are wearing."

"Let them wear whiskers or not wear them," Cona'n counselled. "But let us have nothing to do with them."

"One must not be frightened of anything," Fionn stated.

"I am not frightened," Cona'n explained. "I only want to keep my good opinion of women, and if the three yonder are women, then I feel sure I shall begin to dislike females from this minute out."

"Come on, my love," said Fionn, "for I must find out if these whiskers are true."

He strode resolutely into the cave. He pushed the branches of holly aside and marched up to Conaran's daughters, with Cona'n behind him.
The instant they passed the holly a strange weakness came over the heroes. Their fists seemed to grow heavy as lead, and went dingle-dangle at the ends of their arms; their legs became as light as straws and began to bend in and out; their necks became too delicate to hold anything up, so that their heads wobbled and wobbled from side to side.

"What's wrong at all?" said Cona'n, as he tumbled to the ground.

"Everything is," Fionn replied, and he tumbled beside him.

The three sisters then tied the heroes with every kind of loop and twist and knot that could be thought of.

"Those are whiskers!" said Fionn.

"Alas!" said Conan.

But Fionn was thinking of other things.

"If there was any way of warning the Fianna not to come here," Fionn murmured.

"There is no way, my darling," said Caevog, and she smiled a smile that would have killed Fionn, only that he shut his eyes in time.

After a moment he murmured again:

"Cona'n, my dear love, give the warning whistle so that the Fianna will keep out of this place."

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Ve chvíli, kdy překročili cesmínou, přišla na naše hrdiny podivná slabost. Jejich ruce jim ztěžkly, jako by byly z olova, a začaly se houpat ze strany na stranu. Nohy byly najednou lehké jako pírka a ohýbaly se všemi směry. Krky měli tak křehké, že neunesly jejich hlavy, které se jim houpaly zleva doprava.

„Něco je špatně,“ řekl Conan váleje se po zemi.

„Všechno je špatně,“ odpověděl Fionn kouleje se vedle něj.

Tři sestry naše hrdiny spoutaly všemi možnými smyčkami, suky a uzly, které znaly.

„To jsou ty vousy!“ vykřikl Fionn.

„Bože můj!“ hlesl Conan.

Ale Fionn už přemýšlel o něčem jiném.

„Kdybychom tak mohli varovat všechny z Fianny, aby sem nechodili,“ mumlal Fionn.

„Drahoušku, to se vám nepovede,“ řekla Caevog a usmála se tak, že kdyby Fionn včas nezavřel oči, tak by ho ten pohled zabil.

Za chvíli Fionn znovu zamumlal: „Conane, příteli drahý, zapískej a varuj ostatní, aby sem nechodili.“

Ale z Conana vyšlo jen slabé ofdouknutí, jako dělá spící dítě.
A little whoof, like the sound that would be made by a baby and it asleep, came from Cona'n.

"Fionn," said he, "there isn't a whistle in me. We are done for," said he.

"You are done for, indeed," said Cuillen, and she smiled a hairy and twisty and fangy smile that almost finished Cona'n.

By that time some of the Fianna had returned to the mound to see why Bran and Sceolan were barking so outrageously. They saw the cave and went into it, but no sooner had they passed the holly branches than their strength went from them, and they were seized and bound by the vicious hags. Little by little all the members of the Fianna returned to the hill, and each of them was drawn into the cave, and each was bound by the sisters.

Oisi'n and Oscar and mac Lugac came, with the nobles of clann-Baiscne, and with those of clann-Corcoran and clann-Smo'l; they all came, and they were all bound.

It was a wonderful sight and a great deed this binding of the Fianna, and the three sisters laughed with a joy that was terrible to hear and was almost death to see. As the men were captured they were carried by the hags into dark mysterious holes and black perplexing labyrinths.

"Here is another one," cried Caevog as she bundled a trussed champion along.

"Fionne," řekl, „nemohu pískat. Jsme ztracení.“

„Máte pravdu, jste ztracení,“ řekla Cuillen a usmála se svým chlupatým, zkrouceným a jedovatým úsměvem, který Conana téměř zničil.

V tu dobu se na kopec vrátila část obyvatel Fianny, aby zjistila, proč Bran a Sceolan tak zuřivě štěkají. Uviděli jeskyni a vešli dovnitř, bohužel překročili větve cesmíny a jejich síla byla tata, byli lapeni a svázáni zlomyslnými čarodějnicemi. Postupně se na kopec vrátil celý zbytek Fianny a všichni byli odtáhnuti do jeskyně a svázaní.

Přišli Oisin, Oscar, i mac Lugac, šlechtici z rodu Baiscne, také z rodu Corcoran a rodu Smol; všichni přišli a všichni byli chyceni.

Ten pohled na celou svázanou Fiannu byl nádherný a tři sestry se smály tak radostně, že se to skoro nedalo poslouchat a už vůbec se na to nedalo koukat. Jakmile byli muži zajati, byli čarodějnicemi přeneseni do tajných temných děr a bludišť.

„Tady máme dalšího,“ volala Caevog, zatímco poutala a obmotávala další oběť.

„Tento je tlustoučký,“ hlásila Cuillen a kutálela vypaseného Feniana před sebou.
"This one is fat," said Cuillen, and she rolled a bulky Fenian along like a wheel.

"Here," said Iaran, "is a love of a man. One could eat this kind of man," she murmured, and she licked a lip that had whiskers growing inside as well as out.

And the corded champion whimpered in her arms, for he did not know but eating might indeed be his fate, and he would have preferred to be coffined anywhere in the world rather than to be coffined inside of that face. So far for them.

<table>
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<th>Chapter 5</th>
<th>Kapitola 5</th>
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<td>Within the cave there was silence except for the voices of the hags and the scarcely audible moaning of the Fianna-Finn, but without there was a dreadful uproar, for as each man returned from the chase his dogs came with him, and although the men went into the cave the dogs did not. They were too wise. They stood outside, filled with savagery and terror, for they could scent their masters and their masters' danger, and perhaps they could get from the cave smells till then unknown and full of alarm. From the troop of dogs there arose a baying and barking, a snarling and howling and growling, a yelping and squealing and bawling for which no words can be found. Now and again a dog nosed.</td>
<td>Jeskyně ztichla, nebylo slyšet nic kromě hlasů čarodějnic a skoro neslyšného sténání mužů Fianny. Venku byl naopak velký rozruch, protože s příchodem bojovníků se s nimi vraceli i psi. Ale když muži vcházeli do jeskyně, psi s nimi nešli a zůstali raději venku. Byli totiž moudří. Stáli venku, plni zuřivosti a hrůzy, protože cítili své pány i jejich nebezpečí a navíc cítili i něco neznámého, znepokojivého.</td>
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</table>
among a thousand smells and scented his master; the ruff of his neck stood up like a hog's bristles and a netty ridge pricked along his spine. Then with red eyes, with bared fangs, with a hoarse, deep snort and growl he rushed at the cave, and then he halted and sneaked back again with all his ruffles smoothed, his tail between his legs, his eyes screwed sideways in miserable apology and alarm, and a long thin whine of woe dribbling out of his nose.

The three sisters took their wide-channelled, hard-tempered swords in their hands, and prepared to slay the Fianna, but before doing so they gave one more look from the door of the cave to see if there might be a straggler of the Fianna who was escaping death by straggling, and they saw one coming towards them with Bran and Sceolana leaping beside him, while all the other dogs began to burst their throats with barks and split their noses with snorts and wag their tails off at sight of the tall, valiant, white-toothed champion, Goll mor mac Morna. "We will kill that one first," said Caevog.

"There is only one of him," said Cuillen.

"And each of us three is the match for an hundred," said Iaran.

The uncanny, misbehaved, and outrageous harridans advanced then to meet the son of Morna, and when he saw these three Goll chlupy na krku se mu postavily jako štětinky a ostnatý obojek ho bodal do páteře. Pak s rudýma očima, vyceněnými tesáky a s hlubokým chraplavým funěním vyrazil směrem k jeskyni, kde se zastavil a odplížil se zpět, s ocasem mezi nohama, srstí úplně hladkou, hledící do strany, jako by se poníženě omlouval nebo bál, a z mordy se mu ozývalo utrápené kňučení.

Sestry vytásily své široké tvrzené meče, přiráveny zabít celou Fiannu. Než to mohly udělat, naposled se podívaly směrem ke vchodu do jeskyně, jestli tam není ještě nějaký opozdilec z Fianny, který by rád unikl smrti. A opravdu jednoho uviděly, přicházel a po boku měl Brana a Sceolana, zamísto ostatních psi začali zuřivě štěkat, frkat a vrtět ocasy na přivitanou toho vysokého, statečného hrdiny, Golla mac Morny.

„Tento zemře jako první,“ řekla Caevog.

„Je sám,“ přitakala Cuillen.

„A každá z nás by pobila sto takových,“ pravila Iaran.

Podivné, sprosté a odpudivé babizny vykročily, aby pozdravily syna Morny.
whipped the sword from his thigh, swung his buckler round, and got to them in ten great leaps.

Silence fell on the world during that conflict. The wind went down; the clouds stood still; the old hill itself held its breath; the warriors within ceased to be men and became each an ear; and the dogs sat in a vast circle round the combatants, with their heads all to one side, their noses poked forward, their mouths half open, and their tails forgotten. Now and again a dog whined in a whisper and snapped a little snap on the air, but except for that there was neither sound nor movement.

It was a long fight. It was a hard and a tricky fight, and Goll won it by bravery and strategy and great good luck; for with one shrewd slice of his blade he carved two of these mighty termagants into equal halves, so that there were noses and whiskers to his right hand and knees and toes to his left: and that stroke was known afterwards as one of the three great sword-strokes of Ireland. The third hag, however, had managed to get behind Goll, and she leaped on to his back with the bound of a panther, and hung here with the skilful, many-legged, tight-twisted clutching of a spider. But the great champion gave a twist of his hips and a swing of his shoulders that whirled her around him like a sack. He got her on the ground and tied

Jakmile je Goll spatřil, vytasil svůj meč, zamával štítem a v deseti velkých skocích se dostal přímo před ně.

Celý svět najednou pohltilo ticho. Vítr se utíšil, mraky se zastavily, stará hora zapomněla dýchat, bojovníci Fianny najednou přestali být muži a stali se jedním velkým uchem. A psi seděli ve velkém kruhu kolem bojujících, hlavy otočené na stranu, čenichy namířené kupředu, mordy napůl otevřené a ocasy nehybné. Sem tam nějaký pes tiše zakňučel nebo máchal tlapou ve vzduchu, ale kromě toho nebyl slyšet jediný zvuk ani pohyb.

Souboj byl dlouhý, těžký a záludný a Goll ho vyhrál nejen svou statečnosti a chytrostí, ale měl i velkou dávku štěstí. Jedním seknutím svého meče přepůlil dvě z fúrií na polovinu, takže naprosto ležely jejich nosy a vousy a nalevo údy a prsty. Tento úder byl poté po celém Irsku znám jako jeden ze tří nejlepších zásahů mečem v historii. Bohužel třetí babizně se podařilo dostat se zezadu ke Gollovi, vyskočila mu na záda hbitě jako kočka a držela se pevně, obmotaná kolem jeho těla jako had. Ale statečný bojovník zavnil boky, trhnul rameny a babizna odletěla do dáli. Přitiskl ji k zemi, svázal jí ruce řemeny svého štítu a byl připraven ji uštědřit poslední ránu, když se najednou začala dovolávat jeho cti
her hands with the straps of a shield, and he was going to give her the last blow when she appealed to his honour and bravery.

"I put my life under your protection," said she. "And if you let me go free I will lift the enchantment from the Fianna-Finn and will give them all back to you again."

"I agree to that," said Goll, and he untied her straps. The harridan did as she had promised, and in a short time Fionn and Oisi'n and Oscar and Cona'n were released, and after that all the Fianna were released.

As each man came out of the cave he gave a jump and a shout; the courage of the world went into him and he felt that he could fight twenty. But while they were talking over the adventure and explaining how it had happened, a vast figure strode over the side of the hill and descended among them. It was Conaran's fourth daughter.

If the other three had been terrible to look on, this one was more terrible than the three together. She was clad in iron plate, and she had a wicked sword by her side.
and a knobby club in her hand. She halted by the bodies of her sisters, and bitter tears streamed down into her beard.

"Alas, my sweet ones," said she, "I am too late."

And then she stared fiercely at Fionn.

"I demand a combat," she roared.

"It is your right," said Fionn. He turned to his son.

"Oisi'n, my heart, kill me this honourable hag." But for the only time in his life Oisi'n shrank from a combat.

"I cannot do it," he said, "I feel too weak."

Fionn was astounded. "Oscar," he said, "will you kill me this great hag?"

Oscar stammered miserably. "I would not be able to," he said.

Cona'n also refused, and so did Caelte mac Rona'n and mac Lugac, for there was no man there but was terrified by the sight of that mighty and valiant harridan.

Fionn rose to his feet. "I will take this combat myself," he said sternly.

And he swung his buckler forward and stretched his right hand to the sword. But at that terrible sight Goll mae Morna blushed deeply and leaped from the ground.

"No, no," he cried; "no, my soul, Fionn, this would not be a proper combat for you."

ahavný meč a v ruce dřímala kyj. Zastavila se u těl sester a do vousů jí začaly padat hořké slzy.

„Ach běda, mé sestřičky, přišla jsem příliš pozdě,“ bědovala.

A pak se zuřivě zadívala na Fionna.

„Požaduji boj,“ zaburácela.

„Je to tvé právo,“ souhlasil Fionn. Obrátil se na syna.

„Oisine, můj drahý synu, zabij pro mě tuto ctihodnou čarodějnicí.“ Ale poprvé a naposledy ve svém životě Oisin vycouval z boje.

„Já nemohu,“ řekl, „jsem příliš slabý.“

Fionn byl ohromený. „Oscare,“ řekl, „zabiješ pro mne tuto velkou čarodějnicí?“

Oskar se zajíkal. „Nemohu,“ odpověděl.

Conan také Fionna odmítl, těž Caelte mac Ronan a mac Lugac, takže nakonec nezbyl nikdo, kdo by neměl hrůzu z té velké a udatné babizny. Fionn povstal. „Budu bojovat sám,“ řekl přikře.

Nadhodil svůj štít a natáhl se po meči. Když tuto hroznou podívanou viděl Goll mac Morna, hluboce se zastyděl a vyskočil na nohy.

„Ne, to nesmíš!“ vykřikl. „Ne, můj nejdražší Fionne, tento zápas tě není
I take this fight."

"You have done your share, Goll," said the

"I should finish the fight I began," Goll
continued, "for it was I who killed the two

sisters of this valiant hag, and it is against

me the feud lies."

"That will do for me," said the horrible
daughter of Conaran. "I will kill Goll mor
mac Morna first, and after that I will kill

Fionn, and after that I will kill every

Fenian of the Fianna-Finn."

"You may begin, Goll," said Fionn, "and I

give you my blessing."

Goll then strode forward to the fight, and
the hag moved against him with equal

alacrity. In a moment the heavens rang to

the clash of swords on bucklers. It was

hard to with-stand the terrific blows of that

mighty female, for her sword played with

the quickness of lightning and smote like

the heavy crashing of a storm. But into that

din and encirclement Goll pressed and

ventured, steady as a rock in water, agile

as a creature of the sea, and when one of

the combatants retreated it was the hag that

gave backwards. As her foot moved a

great shout of joy rose from the Fianna. A

snarl went over the huge face of the

monster and she leaped forward again, but

she met Goll's point in the road; it went

through her, and in another moment Goll

hoden. Já budu bojovat."

"Ty už jsi svým dílem přispěl, Golle,“ odvětil velitel.

"Musím dokončit, co jsem začal,“ pokračoval Goll, „protože to já jsem zabil ty dvě babizny, sestry této obryně, a mě se má týkat i pomsta.“

"Mně to nevadí,“ řekla ta strašná Conaranova dcera. „První zabiji Golla mac Morna, potom Fionna a nakonec každého člena Fianny.

"Může začít, Golle,“ řekl Fionn, „Bůh ti žehnej.“

A tak Goll vykročil do boje a stejně horlivě vyrazila i babízna. Za chvíli už nebesa duněla ozvěnou mečů dopadajících na štíty. Bylo přetěžké vydržet strašné rány té obrovské ženštiny, její meč se mihal rychlostí blesku a dopadal jak velký balvan. Ale i v tomto běsnění byl Goll schopen dorážet a riskovat, pevný jako skála, mrštý jako kočka, a když se jeden z nich dal na ústup, nebyl to Goll. Jak babízna couvala, vypukla Fianna v jásot. Obryně zavrčela a znovu skočila dopředu, ale přímo na Gollovu čepel, která ji projela a za chvíli už ukazoval Goll její hlavu Fionnovi.
took her head from its shoulders and swung it on high before Fionn.

As the Fianna turned homewards Fionn spoke to his great champion and enemy. "Goll," he said, "I have a daughter."

"A lovely girl, a blossom of the dawn," said Goll.

"Would she please you as a wife?" the chief demanded. "She would please me," said Goll.

"She is your wife," said Fionn.

But that did not prevent Goll from killing Fionn's brother Cairell later on, nor did it prevent Fionn from killing Goll later on again, and the last did not prevent Goll from rescuing Fionn out of hell when the Fianna-Finn were sent there under the new God. Nor is there any reason to complain or to be astonished at these things, for it is a mutual world we live in, a give-and-take world, and there is no great harm in it.

"I think," said Cairell Whiteskin, "that although judgement was given against..."
Fionn, it was Fionn had the rights of it."
"He had eleven hundred killed," said Cona'n amiably, "and you may call that the rights of it if you like."
"All the same—" Cairell began argumentatively.
"And it was you that commenced it," Cona'n continued.
"Ho! Ho!" Cairell cried. "Why, you are as much to blame as I am."
"No," said Cona'n, "for you hit me first."

"And if we had not been separated—" the other growled.
"Separated!" said Cona'n, with a grin that made his beard poke all around his face.
"Yes, separated. If they had not come between us I still think—"
"Don't think out loud, dear heart, for you and I are at peace by law."

"That is true," said Cairell, "and a man must stick by a judgement. Come with me, my dear, and let us see how the youngsters are shaping in the school. One of them has rather a way with him as a swordsman."

"No youngster is any good with a sword," Conan replied.
"You are right there," said Cairell. "It takes a good ripe man for that weapon."
"Boys are good enough with slings," Condro continued, "but except for eating their fill and running away from a fight, you can't count on boys."

The two bulky men turned towards the school of the Fianna.

It happened that Fionn mac Uail had summoned the gentlemen of the Fianna and their wives to a banquet.

Everybody came, for a banquet given by Fionn was not a thing to be missed. There was Goll mor mac Morna and his people; Fionn's son Oisi'n and his grandson Oscar. There was Dermod of the Gay Face, Caelte mac Ronan—but indeed there were too many to be told of, for all the pillars of war and battle-torches of the Gael were there.

The banquet began.

Fionn sat in the Chief Captain's seat in the middle of the fort; and facing him, in the place of honour, he placed the mirthful Goll mac Morna; and from these, ranging on either side, the nobles of the Fianna took each the place that fitted his degree and patrimony.

After good eating, good conversation; and after good conversation, sleep—that is the order of a banquet: so when each person had been served with food to the limit of desire the butlers carried in shining, and jewelled drinking-horns, each having its
tide of smooth, heady liquor. Then the young heroes grew merry and audacious, the ladies became gentle and kind, and the poets became wonders of knowledge and prophecy. Every eye beamed in that assembly, and on Fionn every eye was turned continually in the hope of a glance from the great, mild hero.

Goll spoke to him across the table enthusiastically.

"There is nothing wanting to this banquet, O Chief," said he.

And Fionn smiled back into that eye which seemed a well of tenderness and friendship.

"Nothing is wanting," he replied, "but a well-shaped poem." A crier stood up then, holding in one hand a length of coarse iron links and in the other a chain of delicate, antique silver. He shook the iron chain so that the servants and followers of the household should be silent, and he shook the silver one so that the nobles and poets should hearken also.

Fergus, called True-Lips, the poet of the Fianna-Finn, then sang of Fionn and his ancestors and their deeds. When he had finished Fionn and Oisi'n and Oscar and mac Lugac of the Terrible Hand gave him rare and costly presents, so that every
person wondered at their munificence, and
even the poet, accustomed to the liberality
of kings and princes, was astonished at his
gifts.

Fergus then turned to the side of Goll mac
Morna, and he sang of the Forts, the
Destructions, the Raids, and the Wooings
of clann-Morna; and as the poems
succeeded each other, Goll grew more and
more jovial and contented.

When the songs were finished Goll turned
in his seat.

"Where is my runner?" he cried.

He had a woman runner, a marvel for
swiftness and trust. She stepped forward.

"I am here, royal captain."

"Have you collected my tribute from
Denmark?"

"It is here."

And, with help, she laid beside him the
load of three men of doubly refined gold.
Out of this treasure, and from the treasure
of rings and bracelets and torques that
were with him, Goll mac Morna paid
Fergus for his songs, and, much as Fionn
had given, Goll gave twice as much.

But, as the banquet proceeded, Goll gave,
whether it was to harpers or prophets or
jugglers, more than any one else gave, so
that Fionn became displeased, and as the
banquet proceeded he grew stern and

vzácné a drahé dary, že se každý podívoval
nad jejich štědrostí a dokonce i samotný
básník, zvyklý na velkorysost králů a
princů, byl ohromený.

Fergus se pak otočil na Golla mac Mornu a
zazpíval píseň o pevnostech klanu Morny a
jejich ničení, přepadání a vábení. Jedna
píseň byla lepší než druhá a Goll byl čím
dál veselejší a spokojenější.

Když písně skončily, Goll se otočil na
židli.

„Kde je můj poslíček?“

Jeho poslíčkem byla dívka, důvěryhodná a
obdivuhodně rychlá.

Vstala a přistoupila ke Gollovi. „Jsem zde,
královský veliteli.“

„Máš s sebou příspěvky z Dánska?“

„Jsou zde.“

Potřebovala pomoci, aby vedle něj položila
takové množství dvakrát vybroušeného
zlata, se kterým by měli co dělat tři muži.
Z tohoto pokladu, a z množství prstenů,
náramků a řetízků, které bylo také součástí,
zaplatil Goll mac Morna Fergusonovi za jeho
písně. A i když dal Fionn předtím mnoho,
Goll dal ještě dvakrát tolik.

Ale jak hostina pokračovala, Goll rozdával
harfistům, věštčům nebo žongléřům
mnohem více než kdokoliv jiný, což
Fionna popudilo a byl čím dál nevlídnější a
The wonderful gift-giving of Goll continued, and an uneasiness and embarrassment began to creep through the great banquet hall.

Gentlemen looked at each other questioningly, and then spoke again on indifferent matters, but only with half of their minds. The singers, the harpers, and jugglers submitted to that constraint, so that every person felt awkward and no one knew what should be done or what would happen, and from that doubt dulness came, with silence following on its heels.

There is nothing more terrible than silence. Shame grows in that blank, or anger gathers there, and we must choose which of these is to be our master.

That choice lay before Fionn, who never knew shame.

"Goll," said he, "how long have you been taking tribute from the people of Lochlann?"

"A long time now," said Goll.

[Tato verze smrti Fionnova otce není správná. Také Cnocha není v Lochlannu, ale v Irsku].

Velké obdarovávání pokračovalo a celým sálem se začal šířit neklid a rozpaky.

Muži se na sebe začali tázavě dívat a pak sice pokračovali v načaté konverzaci, ale jejich mysl se toulala jinde. I zpěváci, harfisti a žongléři se poddali všeobecné atmosféře, takže se všichni přítomní cítili nepříjemně a nikdo nevěděl, co má dělat nebo co se bude dít. Tak nastala celková otupělost, následovaná velkým tichem.

Není nic horšího než ticho. V tom tichu narůstá pocit hanby nebo zlosti a každý si musí vybrat, který z těchto pocitů ho ovládne.

Také Fionn si musel vybrat a on se nikdy necítil zahanbený.

„Golle,“ otázal se, „jak dlouho jsi vybral přispěvky od Lochlannského lidu?“

„Dlouho,“ odpověděl Goll.

Fionn se zadíval do Gollova oka, které
And he looked into an eye that was stern and unfriendly.

"I thought that my rent was the only one those people had to pay," Fionn continued.

"Your memory is at fault," said Goll.

"Let it be so," said Fionn. "How did your tribute arise?"

"Long ago, Fionn, in the days when your father forced war on me."

"Ah!" said Fionn.

"When he raised the High King against me and banished me from Ireland."

"Continue," said Fionn.

"I went into Britain," said Goll, "and your father followed me there. I went into White Lochlann (Norway) and took it. Your father banished me thence also."

"I know it," said Fionn.

"I went into the land of the Saxons and your father chased me out of that land. And then, in Lochlann, at the battle of Cnocha your father and I met at last, foot to foot, eye to eye, and there, Fionn!"

"And there, Goll?"

"And there I killed your father."

Fionn sat rigid and unmoving, his face stony and terrible as the face of a monument carved on the side of a cliff.

"Tell all your tale," said he.
"At that battle I beat the Lochlannachs. I penetrated to the hold of the Danish king, and I took out of his dungeon the men who had lain there for a year and were awaiting their deaths. I liberated fifteen prisoners, and one of them was Fionn."

"It is true," said Fionn.

Goll's anger fled at the word.

"Do not be jealous of me, dear heart, for if I had twice the tribute I would give it to you and to Ireland."

But at the word jealous the Chief's anger revived.

"It is an impertinence," he cried, "to boast at this table that you killed my father."

"By my hand," Goll replied, "if Fionn were to treat me as his father did I would treat Fionn the way I treated Fionn's father."

Fionn closed his eyes and beat away the anger that was rising within him. He smiled grimly.

"If I were so minded, I would not let that last word go with you, Goll, for I have here an hundred men for every man of yours."

Goll laughed aloud. "So had your father," he said.

Fionn's brother, Cairell Whiteskin, broke into the conversation with a harsh laugh.

"How many of Fionn's household has the
wonderful Goll put down?" he cried.

But Goll's brother, bald Cona'n the Swearer, turned a savage eye on Cairell.

"By my weapons," said he, "there were never less than an hundred-and-one men with Goll, and the least of them could have put you down easily enough."

"Ah?" cried Cairell. "And are you one of the hundred-and-one, old scaldhead?"

"One indeed, my thick-witted, thin-livered Cairell, and I undertake to prove on your hide that what my brother said was true and that what your brother said was false."

"You undertake that," growled Cairell, and on the word he loosed a furious buffet at Con'an, which Cona'n returned with a fist so big that every part of Cairell's face was hit with the one blow. The two then fell into grips, and went lurching and punching about the great hall. Two of Oscar's sons could not bear to see their uncle being worsted, and they leaped at Cona'n, and two of Goll's sons rushed at them. Then Oscar himself leaped up, and with a hammer in either hand he went battering into the melee.

"I thank the gods," said Cona'n, "for the chance of killing yourself, Oscar."

These two encountered then, and Oscar knocked a groan of distress out of Cona'n. He looked appealingly at his brother Art og mac Morna, and that powerful Zaklínáč, se na Cairella hrubě obořil.

„Přísahám,“ řekl, „že nikdy kolem Golla nebylo méně než sto a jeden muž a kterýkoliv z nich by tě lehce přemohl.“

„Cože?“ vykřikl Cairell. „A jsi jedním z těchto jedna můžů, spařená hlav?“

„Jistě ano, můj hloupý a zpitý Cairelle, a velmi rád ti dokáži, že můj bratr měl pravdu a tvůj se mylil. „Už se těší,“ zavrčel Cairell a při těch slovech dal Conanovi ránu. Conan mu ji hned vrátil tak silně, že každý kousek Cairellova obličeje měl pocit, že byl udeřen zvlášť. Ti dva se pak na sebe vrhli a potáceli se halou. Dva z Oskarových synů nemohli vidět, jak někdo bije jejich strýce, vyrázili směrem k Conanovi a dva Gollovi synové spěchali za nimi. I sám Oskar vyskočil a s kladivem v každé ruce se vrhl do pranice.

„Děkuji bohům za šanci tě zabít, Oscare,“ řekl Conan.

Ti dva se srazili a Conan ze sebe vyrazil bolestné zaúpění. Podíval se prosebně na bratra Art og mac Morna a ten velký hrůzina vyrazil na pomoc a zranil Oscara. Oskarův otec Oisin to nemohl strpět; přispěchal a zneškodnil Art Oga. Pak
champion flew to his aid and wounded Oscar. Oisi'n, Oscar's father, could not abide that; he dashed in and quelled Art Og. Then Rough Hair mac Morna wounded Oisin and was himself tumbled by mac Lugac, who was again wounded by Gara mac Morna.

The banquetting hall was in tumult. In every part of it men were giving and taking blows. Here two champions with their arms round each other's necks were stamping round and round in a slow, sad dance. Here were two crouching against each other, looking for a soft place to hit. Yonder a big-shouldered person lifted another man in his arms and threw him at a small group that charged him. In a retired corner a gentleman stood in a thoughtful attitude while he tried to pull out a tooth that had been knocked loose.

"You can't fight," he mumbled, "with a loose shoe or a loose tooth."

"Hurry up with that tooth," the man in front of him grumbled, "for I want to knock out another one."

Pressed against the wall was a bevy of ladies, some of whom were screaming and some laughing and all of whom were calling on the men to go back to their seats.

Divoký vlas mac Morna zranil Oisina a byl sám povalen mac Lugacem, který byl pak zraněn Garou mac Mornem.

Celá síň byla vzhůru nohama. V každém rohu se někdo bil. Tady jsme mohli vidět dva muže, kteří se drželi za krk a dupali dokola v pomalém, smutném tanečku. Táhle se krčili další dva a hledali na soupeři měkké místo vhodné k úderu.

Onde zase jeden se širokými rameny zvedl jiného a hodil ho do hloučku těch, kteří ho rozčilovali. V odlehlém koutě stál zamyšleně jeden muž a snažil se vytáhnout si zub, který mu někdo vyrazil.

Mumlal si: „Nemůžeš bojovat s rozvázanou botou nebo uvolněným zubem.“

„Pohni si s tím zubem,“ bručel muž stojící před ním, „protože mám chuť ti vyrazit další.“

U zdi se krčil houf žen, některé křičely, některé se smály a všechny volaly na muže, ať se vrátili zpátky ke stolům.

Jenom dva muži zůstali sedět na svých
Only two people remained seated in the hall. Goll sat twisted round watching the progress of the brawl critically, and Fionn, sitting opposite, watched Goll.

Just then Faelan, another of Fionn's sons, stormed the hall with three hundred of the Fianna, and by this force all Goll's people were put out of doors, where the fight continued.

Goll looked then calmly on Fionn.

"Your people are using their weapons," said he.

"Are they?" Fionn inquired as calmly, and as though addressing the air.

"In the matter of weapons—!" said Goll.

And the hard-fighting pillar of battle turned to where his arms hung on the wall behind him.

He took his solid, well-balanced sword in his fist, over his left arm his ample, bossy shield, and, with another side-look at Fionn, he left the hall and charged irresistibly into the fray.

Fionn then arose. He took his accoutrements from the wall also and strode out. Then he raised the triumphant Fenian shout and went into the combat.

That was no place for a sick person to be. It was not the corner which a slender-fingered woman would choose to do up her hair; nor was it the spot an ancient man
would select to think quietly in, for the
tumult of sword on sword, of axe on
shield, the roar of the contending parties,
the crying of wounded men, and the
screaming of frightened women destroyed
peace, and over all was the rallying cry of
Goll mac Morna and the great shout of
Fionn.

Then Fergus True-Lips gathered about him
all the poets of the Fianna, and they
surrounded the combatants. They began to
chant and intone long, heavy rhymes and
incantations, until the rhythmic beating of
their voices covered even the noise of war,
so that the men stopped hacking and
hewing, and let their weapons drop from
their hands.

These were picked up by the poets and a
reconciliation was effected between the
two parties.

But Fionn affirmed that he would make no
peace with clann-Morna until the matter
had been judged by the king, Cormac mac
Art, and by his daughter Ailve, and by his
son Cairbre of Ana Life' and by Fintan the
chief poet. Goll agreed that the affair
should be submitted to that court, and a
day was appointed, a fortnight from that
date, to meet at Tara of the Kings for
judgement. Then the hall was cleansed and
the banquet recommenced.

Of Fionn's people eleven hundred of men

Pak Fergus Pravdomluvný shromáždil
kolem sebe všechny básníky Fianny a
společně obklopili bojující. Začali zpívat a
skandovat dlouhé těžké verše a zaklínadla,
dokud rytmický tlukot jejich hlasů
přehlušil i hluk války, takže muži přestali
sekat a bušit a nechali zbraně vyklouznout
ze svých rukou.

Ty pak básníci posbírali a tím bylo
nastoleno usmíření mezi stranami.

Ale Fionn prohlásil, že nebude mezi ním a
klanem Morna mír dokud je nerozsoudí
král, Cormac mac Art, jeho dcera Ailve,
jeho syn Cairbre a hlavní básník Fintan.
Goll souhlasil, a stanovili datum, ode
dneška za čtrnáct dní, kdy se sejdou u
královského dvora a vyslechnou rozsudek.
Pak síň uklidili a hostina pokračovala.

Tisíc sto Fionnových mužů a žen ten večer
zemřelo, zatímco Goll ztratil jen jedenáct
mužů a padesát žen. Ale ty ženy zemřely
jen strachem, ani jedna neměla zranění,
and women were dead, while of Goll's people eleven men and fifty women were
dead. But it was through fright the women died, for not one of them had a wound or a
bruise or a mark.

Chapter 3

At the end of a fortnight Fionn and Goll and the chief men of the Fianna attended at
Tara. The king, his son and daughter, with Flahri, Feehal, and Fintan mac Bocna sat
in the place of judgement, and Cormac called on the witnesses for evidence.

Fionn stood up, but the moment he did so Goll mac Morna arose also.

"I object to Fionn giving evidence," said he.

"Why so?" the king asked.

"Because in any matter that concerned me Fionn would turn a lie into truth and the
truth into a lie."

"I do not think that is so," said Fionn.

"You see, he has already commenced it," cried Goll.

"If you object to the testimony of the chief person present, in what way are we to
obtain evidence?" the king demanded.

"I," said Goll, "will trust to the evidence of Fergus True-Lips. He is Fionn's poet, and
will tell no lie against his master; he is a poet, and will tell no lie against any one."
"I agree to that," said Fionn.

"I require, nevertheless," Goll continued, "that Fergus should swear before the Court, by his gods, that he will do justice between us."

Fergus was accordingly sworn, and gave his evidence. He stated that Fionn's brother Cairell struck Cona'n mac Morna, that Goll's two sons came to help Cona'n, that Oscar went to help Cairell, and with that Fionn's people and the clann-Morna rose at each other, and what had started as a brawl ended as a battle with eleven hundred of Fionn's people and sixty-one of Goll's people dead.

"I marvel," said the king in a discontented voice, "that, considering the numbers against them, the losses of clann-Morna should be so small."

Fionn blushed when he heard that.

Fergus replied: "Goll mac Morna covered his people with his shield. All that slaughter was done by him."

"The press was too great," Fionn grumbled. "I could not get at him in time or—"

"Or what?" said Goll with a great laugh.

Fionn shook his head sternly and said no more.

"What is your judgement?" Cormac asked.

"S tím souhlasím," řekl Fionn.

"Přesto požaduji," pokračoval Goll,"aby Fergus přísahal před soudem na své bohy, že nás bude soudit spravedlivě."

Fergus přísahal a vypověděl své svědectví. Řekl, že Fionnův bratr Cairell udeřil Conana mac Mornu, že Gollovi dva synové přišli Conanovi na pomoc a Oscar přispěchal na pomoc Cairellovi, a tím že začala bitka mezi Fionnovými muži a klanem Morna, a co začalo jako malá potyčka skončilo jako bitva s tisíci sto mrtvými Fionnovými a šedesáti jedna Gollovými muži a ženami.

„Udivuje mě,“ řekl král znepokojeným hlasem, „že, bereme-li v úvahu počet bojujících, jsou ztráty klanu Morna tak malé.“

Fionn se při těch slovech začervenal.

Fergus odpověděl: „Goll mac Morna své lidi ochránil svým štítem. Všechen ten masakr udělal sám.“

„Ten stisk byl příliš silný,“ bručel Fionn. „Nemohl jsem se k němu dostat nebo…“

„Nebo co?“ zaburácel Goll smíchem.

Fionn stroze zavrtěl hlavou a odmlčel se.

„Jaký je váš rozsudek?“ zeptal se Cormac.
demanded of his fellow-judges. Flahri pronounced first. "I give damages to clann-Morna."

"Why?" said Cormac.

"Because they were attacked first."

Cormac looked at him stubbornly.

"I do not agree with your judgement," he said.

"What is there faulty in it?" Flahri asked.

"You have not considered," the king replied, "that a soldier owes obedience to his captain, and that, given the time and the place, Fionn was the captain and Goll was only a simple soldier."

Flahri considered the king's suggestion.

"That," he said, "would hold good for the white-striking or blows of fists, but not for the red-striking or sword-strokes."

"What is your judgement?" the king asked Feehal. Feehal then pronounced:

"I hold that clann-Morna were attacked first, and that they are to be free from payment of damages."

"And as regards Fionn?" said Cormac.

"I hold that on account of his great losses Fionn is to be exempt from payment of damages, and that his losses are to be considered as damages."

"I agree in that judgement," said Fintan.

The king and his son also agreed, and the
decision was imparted to the Fianna.

"One must abide by a judgement," said Fionn.

"Do you abide by it?" Goll demanded.

"I do," said Fionn.

Goll and Fionn then kissed each other, and thus peace was made. For, notwithstanding the endless bicker of these two heroes, they loved each other well.

Yet, now that the years have gone by, I think the fault lay with Goll and not with Fionn, and that the judgement given did not consider everything. For at that table Goll should not have given greater gifts than his master and host did. And it was not right of Goll to take by force the position of greatest gift-giver of the Fianna, for there was never in the world one greater at giving gifts, or giving battle, or making poems than Fionn was.

That side of the affair was not brought before the Court. But perhaps it was suppressed out of delicacy for Fionn, for if Goll could be accused of ostentation, Fionn was open to the uglier charge of jealousy. It was, nevertheless, Goll's forward and impish temper which commenced the brawl, and the verdict of time must be to exonerate Fionn and to let the blame go where it is merited.

There is, however, this to be added and remembered, that whenever Fionn was in a
tight corner it was Goll that plucked him out of it; and, later on, when time did his worst on them all and the Fianna were sent to hell as unbelievers, it was Goll mac Morna who assaulted hell, with a chain in his great fist and three iron balls swinging from it, and it was he who attacked the hosts of great devils and brought Fionn and the Fianna-Finn out with him.

Goll, kdo napadl peklo s řetězem v dlaní, ze kterého se houpaly tři železné koule, vrhl se na armádu hrozných děáblů a vysvobodil Fionna a celou Fiannu ze zajetí.

4 Theoretical part

In the theoretical part of my thesis I concentrated on the analysis of my translation. I followed Dagmar Knittlová’s *K teorii I praxi překladu* as I find this book very clearly organized and comprehensible to students of translation. I concentrated on the issues I found particularly difficult or interesting.

The theoretical part is divided into several chapters. In the first chapter I described the beginning of my translation, what I had to think through before I even started translating. The second chapter deals with the first issue I encountered when translating – the translation of the title of the book. The next chapter, that is also the most extensive one, deals with lexical, grammatical and textual equivalents.

4.1 Way to begin - Reading and Understanding
According to Newmark (11), the translator begins to read the original text for two reasons: to understand what it is about and to analyse it from translator’s point of view, which means he or she needs to determine the author’s intention and the way the text is written for the purpose of selecting a suitable translation method and identifying particular problems.

“Understanding the text requires both general and close reading. General reading to get the gist; here you may have to read encyclopaedias, textbooks, or specialist papers to understand the subject and the concepts. Close reading is required, in any challenging text, of the words both out of and in context. In principle, everything has to be looked up that does not make good sense in its context.” (Newmark 11)

Before I started translating I had to do lots of reading to be able to understand the text I was about to translate. I searched Internet for information about Irish legends, read about the main characters that appear in the book and basically tried to understand the atmosphere of these times.

Knowing the background helped me to find the most appropriate terms and expressions that would suit the Czech reader. One example: in the story The little brawl at Allen you can read a few times that the main character Fionn looked into Goll’s eye. I wondered if this was a mistake, a collocation or if he really looked into just one eye. When reading the description of Goll mac Morna I found out that he had just one eye as he lost the second one in a battle. So when translating this part I added to my translation that Goll had just one eye because otherwise the sentence “díval se mu do oka” would sound inappropriate.

While reading the text I tried to find the right approach to the translation, e.g. I had to decide who would be the reader of my translation, would it be a child or adult? I think that the readers of legends are older children, teenagers and adults, so I didn’t need to adjust the language for young children (e.g. simplify the language, translate all the proper names, etc.)

I also had to think about the narrator of these stories: Who is he? He is a third person who tells stories from old times, using contemporary language. I was surprised that he not only tells stories that he heard, but also gives us his opinion on the events as we can read at the end of the story The Little brawl at Allen.

4.2 Translation of book title – fairy tale or legend?

The first issue I encountered when translating was the translation of book title. Newmark (56) says if the title adequately describes the content, we should leave it.
According to Levý (153-154) there might be a distinction between two types of book titles:

1) Descriptive, purely informative titles, naming the protagonist and as a rule thereby indicating the theme of the book and often also the literary form (e.g. Poema del Cid, Cantar de Rodrigo, The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus). The relationship between the informative component and its aesthetic transformation is here unequivocally resolved in favour of the former, and it is therefore kept intact in translation.

2) Symbolic, concise titles indicate the theme of the work, the issues treated or the atmosphere. The standardised symbolic representation avoids description, presenting the theme as a figurative transposition. The evolution of this type is associated with the development of capitalism, when literature becomes a commodity, and book titles serve to advertise it.

The title of this book could be translated as “Irské pohádky“, but I don´t believe that this would really represent the content of the book. The Cambridge Advanced Learners Dictionary defines the word fairy tale as a traditional story written for children which usually involves imaginary creatures and magic. The word legend is defined as a very old story or set of stories from ancient times, or the stories, not always true, that people tell about a famous event or person. I found the word “pověsti” more suitable for the title, therefore my translation of the title would be “Irské pověsti“.

4.3 Searching for equivalents

There are several basic translation methods that different theorists label and describe differently, but all of them basically lead to the same solution. The aim is to find the appropriate equivalent in target language so that the content and stylistic integrity of the source text are preserved. (Knitllová 19)

According to Jiří Levý (115), the three basic translation methods are translation, substitution and transcription. The translation in the real sense of the word is possible only in the translation from the common area. In the special area, where the language material of the text depends on the national or period settings, the translator needs to use unusual translation methods, which are substitution or transcription.

The translator uses substitution in cases when the expression is formally or semantically unusual and carries general meaning that cannot be preserved, but can be
conveyed. But the translator should be very careful in using substitution as it can modify or update the text. Transcription is used in cases when the expression does not carry any general meaning. We can preserve it, but not convey. Only when the expression carries general meaning that can be both preserved and conveyed we are talking about the translation in the real sense of the word. (Levý 115)

The mentioned theoretical methods are focused on finding the equivalents in the target language.

4.3.1 Lexical equivalence

According to Knittlová (33), we can define cases when the lexical equivalent exists, doesn’t exist and when we need to understand the equivalent in the broader context.

4.3.1.1 Absolute Equivalence

Among absolute equivalents belong expressions from the centre of every language, e.g. body parts, animals, time, family members. Lexical units in both languages need to be in harmony in connotative, denotative and stylistic meaning. (Knittlová 33)

4.3.1.2 Partial Equivalence

Only a few equivalents between the Czech and English language are absolute. More often we can find partial equivalents as both languages are distant culturally, historically, socially and geographically. They have different traditions, rules, collocations and phraseology. (Knittlová 34)

Partial equivalence is determined by formal, connotative, denotative and pragmatic language differences. When searching for equivalents in translation we rarely find the clear type as the differences often combine.

- Formal
- Connotative
- Denotative
- Pragmatic
4.3.1.2.1 Formal differences

Formal differences in particular equivalents in English and Czech are caused mainly by different typological characteristics of both languages (Knittlová 35).

**More words – one word**

English as an isolational analytic language has more multiple-words expressions which are also often more explicit than Czech language. Multi-word expressions very often contain semantically poor main constituent and an addition that is the bearer of information. The core of the phrase is usually a noun as a man, place, thing, time, etc. (Knittlová 36)

*Example:*

The two **bulky men** turned towards the school of the Fianna.

Ti dva **břicháči** se otočili směrem k Fiannské škole.

… for he was not only a soldier, he was a poet also, that is, a **man of science**, and whatever was strange or unusual had an irresistible attraction for him.

Byl nejen bojovníkem, ale i poetou, **vědcem**, a cokoliv podivného nebo nezvyklého ho neodolatelně přitahovalo.

"There is no way, my darling," said Caev'o'g, and she smiled a smile that would have killed Fionn, only that he shut his eyes **in time**.

„Drahoušku, to se vám nepovede,“ řekla Caevog a usmála se tak, že kdyby Fionn **včas** nezavřel oči, tak by ho ten pohled zabil.

"**A long time** now," said Goll.

„**Dlouho,**“ odpověděl Goll.

"All the same—" Cairell **began argumentatively.**

„No ale…“ Cairell **dostal chut’ se hádat.**

But I also found the opposite example that demonstrates the analytic approach in the
Czech language.

Example:

At the end of a fortnight Fionn and Goll and the chief men of the Fianna attended at Tara.

Za dva týdny přišli Fionn, Goll a nejvyšší muži Fianny ke králi.

…the sunlight of a clear day
…slunečních paprscích třpytících se na bezmračné obloze

Explicitness vs. Implicitness

The explicitness of a lexical unit is represented by a larger amount of expressed information. Multi-word lexical units are usually more explicit (Knittlová 38).

Example:
…and jewelled drinking-horns, each having its tide of smooth, heady liquor.
…zářivé a ozdobné poháry z rohoviny plné jemného, omamného likéru.

4.3.1.2.2 Denotative differences

The expression in the source text can semantically differ from the expression in the target text. The extra-lingual reality is in both cases the same, which means that the denotation stays without any change.

We can distinguish two situations: specification and generalization

Specification

Specification means that the Czech translation of the English lexical unit has some extra semantic component. Specification is used frequently when translating English verbs. English verbs usually connect nouns that carry the meaning while Czech verbs are themselves the carriers of meaning (Knittlová 41-42).

The most used reporting verb in English is the verb “say”. Although it is not a problem in English, in Czech we try to avoid repetition of this verb and use more expressive words.

“Většině profesionálních překladatelů je dnes již jasné, že v angličtině je stereotypní opakování slovesa „said“ v uvozovacích větách dáno tím, že anglická literatura tu prostě má jinou konvenci, a zpravidla v tomto případě sloveso uvozovací věty různě obměňují.” (Levý 144)
I searched for the word “say” in the translated text and found it mentioned 77 times in the English text and 20 different Czech expressions in my translation.

Generalization

Generalization happens less often than specification and it affects mostly nouns. Levý (140) claims that the translators should be very careful when using generalization as the translated text becomes less artistically impressive.

„Nesouměřitelnost slov dvou jazyků mnohdy nutí překladatele, aby užil pojmu širšího, abstrakce vyššího stupně, než je v originálu; např. spodní část okončetin musíme označovat obecným označením „ruka“, „noha“, kdežto jiné jazyky mají možnost odlišit foot od leg a hand od arm.“ (Levý 141)
Example:

Their fists seemed to grow heavy as lead...
Jejich ruce jim ztěžkly, jako by byly z olova...

Although Czech language knows the word “fist” and has an absolute equivalent to it, it wouldn’t sound appropriate in Czech if I said “pěsti jim ztěžkly”. Therefore I used the more general word “ruce”, which seems more natural.

4.3.1.2.3 Differences in connotation

According to Encyclopedia Britanica the word connotation expresses the associated or secondary meaning of a word or expression in addition to its explicit or primary meaning: A possible connotation of “home” is “a place of warmth, comfort, and affection.”

Expressive connotations

In English, most of expressions have neutral meaning, but we can translate them using Czech emotionally coloured expression in the form of dimminutive (Knittlová 58-60):

Example:

"This one is fat," said Cuillen, and she rolled a bulky Fenian along like a wheel.
„Tento je tlusťoučký,“ hlásila Cuillen a kutálela vypaseného Feniana před sebou jako obruč.

"Here," said Iaran, "is a love of a man".
„Tady,“ řekla Iaran, „jsou naše zlatíčka“.

In this case I chose the expressions „tlusťoučký“ and „zlatíčka“ as I wanted to stress the fact, that the witches were playing with their victims, they saw them as toys.

Addressing

When using addressing, the speaker expresses his or her relationship to the recipient.

Example:
"Come down here, Cona'n, my darling."

„Drahý příteli, pojď prosím za mnou!“

"Come on, my love," said Fionn, "for I must find out if these whiskers are true."

„Pojď, příteli,“ vyzval Conana Fionn,…

In the story *The enchanted cave of Cesh Corran* the main character Fionn addresses Conan using very expressive words, e.g. dear, my darling, my love. Literal translation to Czech would sound inappropriate therefore I used expression “příteli”, which also expresses a positive relationship, but is not as emotional.

*Example:*

"No, no," he cried; "no, my soul, Fionn, this would not be a proper combat for you.

„Ne, to nesmíš!“ vykřikl. „Ne, můj nejdražší Fionne, tento zápas tě není hoden.

In this example, words “my soul, Fionn” express how much Conan admired and loved his chief therefore I used “můj nejdražší”

*Example:*

"And are you one of the hundred-and-one, old scaldhead?"

„A jsi jedním z těch sto jedna můžů, spařená hlavo?“

This example shows negative addressing. The two men are trying to provoke each other to fight therefore using derogatory addressing.

*Example:*

"There is no way, my darling," said Caevog, and she smiled a smile that would have killed Fionn, only that he shut his eyes in time.

„Drahoušku, to se vám nepovede,“ řekla Caevog a usmála se tak, že kdyby zrovna Fionn nezavřel oči, tak by ho ten pohled zabil.

In this example the addressing is used in an ironic way, the witch wanted to show her dominance to her captives.

**4.3.1.2.4 Pragmatic differences**
Other differences between the two languages, that do not enable us to find the absolute equivalent, are pragmatic differences. The translator needs to take into consideration the different language and non-language experiences of the speakers (Knittlová 81).

Adding information

In cases when the English term is unfamiliar to the Czech reader, the translator usually adds some explanatory information (Knitllová 82).

Example:
Below and around on every side the Fianna were beating the coverts in Legney and Brefny, …

Kolem dokola se táhlo houští hrabství Legney a Brefny, …

As names of Irish counties are not familiar to the Czech reader I felt that I should add this to my translation.

Omission of information

The result of omission is usually generalization or a substitution for a more general term. The specific component is omitted (Knittlová 82).

Example:
Fionn, with Cona’n the Swearer and the dogs Bran and Sceo’lan, was sitting on the hunting-mound at the top of Cesh Corran.

Fionn, společně s Conanem Zaklínačem a psy Branem a Sceolanem, seděl na vršku jeskyně Cesh Corran.

In this example I completely omitted the compound „hunting mound“ as there is no Czech short description of this expression and the information that it conveys is to me not that important.

Example:
...save for Cona’n and the two hounds Bran and Sceo’lan...
…a když viděl, že kromě Conana a dvou psů kolem něho nikdo není,...
The word "hound" means "hunting dog", but I found this information redundant and I didn’t want to prolong the text, so I just translated it as "pes", not "lovecký pes". The sentence is quite long even without it so I had to be careful with any additional prolongation and decide if the additional information would be truly useful to the reader or not.

**Analogy**

The most used method is analogy. It is substitution of the term in source language for another term used in target language. We can substitute some social cliché, phrases, greetings, addressing, etc. (Knittlová 84)

**Example:**

"That is true," said Cairell, "and a man must **stick by a judgement**.

„Pravda,“ řekl Cairell,“ a správný muž musí **ctit zákon**.

The expression that was the most problematic for me to translate was "by my hand" or "by my weapons".

When I read it the first time I didn’t understand what it meant. But as this expression was mentioned three times in these two stories I understood from the context that it means something similar to "I swear on …", so I translated it as "Přísahám" and "U všech svatých".

**Example:**

"**By my hand,**" Goll replied, "if Fionn were to treat me as his father did I would treat Fionn the way I treated Fionn’s father."

„**Přísahám,**“ odpověděl Goll, „že pokud by se ke mně Fionn choval tak jako jeho otec, choval bych se k němu jako k jeho otcí.“

"**By my weapons,**" said he, "there were never less than an hundred-and-one men with Goll, and the least of them could have put you down easily enough."

„**Přísahám,**“ řekl, „že nikdy kolem Golla nebylo méně než sto a jeden muž a kterýkoliv z nich by tě lehce přemohl.“

50
"By my hand!" quoth Cona’n to his own soul.

„U všech svatých!“ zašeptal Conan sám pro sebe.

I used a different expression this time as Conan was just talking to himself in astonishment and I needed to find the expression that would mean something like "I never seen anything like this before", so I used "u všech svatých".

4.3.1.3 No equivalence – proper nouns

In my translated text I found many words that have no equivalence in Czech. Many of them were proper nouns therefore I would like to dedicate this chapter to them, although they cover only a part of the no equivalence issue.

„Proper names in fairy stories, folk tales and children´s literature are often translated, on the ground that children and fairies are the same the world over. The names of heroes of folk tales are not translated if they represent national qualities“ (Newmark 71)

According to Aguilera (3) there are several ways of transferring proper names from one language into another. They can be

• copied, i.e. reproduced in the target text exactly as they were in the source text
• transcribed, which means that they can be adapted to the level of spelling, phonology, etc.
• substituted
• translated

Combinations of these four modes of transfer are possible, as a proper name may, for example, be copied or transcribed and in addition translated in a footnote.

In my translation I mostly copied or transcribed the proper nouns.

Example:

They were called Caevog, Cuillen, and Iaran.

Jmenovaly se Caevog, Cuillen a Iaran.

Some of the names include a modifier, which I decided to translate as it expresses the
person’s character or appearance.

Example:
"I think," said Cairell Whiteskin, "that although judgement was given against Fionn, it was Fionn had the rights of it."

„Myslím,“ řekl Cairell Bledolic, „že ačkoliv rozsudek mluví proti Fionnovi, pravda je na jeho straně.“

When he had finished Fionn and Oisi’n and Oscar and mac Lugac of the Terrible Hand gave him rare and costly presents,…

Když dozpíval, dostal od Fionna, Oisona, Oskara a Lugaca zvaného Drtipěst tak vzácné a drahé dary,…

Fergus, called True-Lips, the poet of the Fianna-Finn, then sang of Fionn and his ancestors and their deeds.

Básník Fianny Fergus, zvaný Pravdomluvný, pak zazpíval píseň o Fionnovi, jeho předcích a jejich činech.

4.3.2 Gramatical equivalence

Lexical resources are not the only factor which influence the way in which we analyse and report experience. Another powerful factor which determines the kind of distinctions we regularly make in reporting experience is the grammatical system of our language. (Baker 82)

There are lots of grammar differences between Czech and English. Because of the limited extent of my thesis I would like to focus on tenses and passive voice.

4.3.2.1 Tense and aspect

Tense and aspect are grammatical categories in a large number of languages. The form of the verb in languages which have these categories usually indicates two main types of information: time relations and aspectual differences. Time relations have to do with locating an event in time. The usual distinction is between past, present and future. Aspectual
differences have to do with the temporal distribution of an event, for instance its completion or non-completion, continuation, or momentariness. (Baker 98)

English has tense and aspect system which is highly developed. Czech uses only one present tense, one past and one future. English uses e.g. six different past tenses which can be sometimes difficult to translate to Czech.

Example:
But Fionn affirmed that he would make no peace with clann-Morna until the matter had been judged by the king, Cormac mac Art, and by his daughter Ailve, and by his son Cairbre of Ana Life' and by Fintan the chief poet. Goll agreed that the affair should be submitted to that court, and a day was appointed, a fortnight from that date, to meet at Tara of the Kings for judgement.

Ale Fionn prohlásil, že nebude mezi ním a klanem Morna mír dokud je nerozsoudí král, Cormac mac Art, jeho dcera Ailve, jeho syn Cairbre a hlavní básník Fintan. Goll souhlasil, a stanovili datum, ode dneška za čtrnáct dní, kdy se sejdou u královského dvora a vyslechnou rozsudek.

In this example the past perfect is used to emphasise completion of a past action. So the king has to judge them and only after that will Fionn make peace with clann-Morna. In Czech we have a very limited range of tenses so we need to use future tense to specify the sequence of actions.

4.3.2.2 Passive voice

Voice is a grammatical category which defines the relationship between a verb and its subject. In active clauses, the subject is the agent responsible for performing the action. In passive clauses, the subject is the affected entity, and the agent may or may not be specified, depending on the structures available in each language. (Baker 102)

The use of the passive voice is extremely common in many varieties of written English and can pose various problems in translation, depending on the availability of similar structures in the target language. (Baker 102)

When translating passive voice into Czech we can also use passive, but we need to be careful about it. More often we use the pronoun "oni". So rather than "síň byla uklizen" I used "síň uklidili".
Example:

Then the hall was cleansed and the banquet recommenced.

Pak síň uklidili a hostina pokračovala.

He was never thanked

Nikdy se mu nedostalo díků.

"I think," said Cairell Whiteskin, "that although judgement was given against Fionn, it was Fionn had the rights of it."

„Myslím,“ řekl Cairell Bledolíc, „že ačkoliv rozsudek mluví proti Fionnovi, pravda je na jeho straně.“

4.3.3. Textual equivalence

Textual equivalence is as significant as the lexical and grammatical equivalence and relates to the appropriate structure of the text, its information correctness, coherence and cohesion.(Knittlová 96)

Cohesion is the network of lexical, grammatical and other relations which provide links between various parts of a text. Cohesion is a surface relation; it connects together the actual words and expressions that we can see or hear. There are five main cohesive devices in English: reference, substitution, ellipsis, conjunction and lexical cohesion.(Baker 180)

Coherence is also a network of relations which organize and create a text, but it is subjective and judgements converting it may vary from reader to reader.
4 Conclusion

This bachelor thesis deals with the translation and analysis of two tales in James Stephens’ *Irish Fairy Tales*. It consists of two parts: the practical part and the theoretical part. The practical part includes the translation of the two tales: *The enchanted cave of Cesh Corran* and *Little Brawl at Allen* and is preceded by an introduction and some facts about the author and the book. The theoretical part deals with the translation analysis. This part was built mainly on the book *K teorii I praxi překladu* by Dagmar Knittlová, but I also found valuable ideas in books by Peter Newmark: *A Textbook of Translation* (1988) and Mona Baker: *In Other Words* (1992)

This was not my first translation as a few years ago I helped my friend with a translation of several books. I had had no previous theoretical knowledge of translation and I believed that my knowledge of English and ownership of a good dictionary would be sufficient. Very soon I realized how wrong I was; my friend found many mistakes and said that she had had to correct almost each second sentence. The reason was that I stuck to the English word order and also I translated the text word by word so the Czech translation sounded very unnatural. I learned from my mistakes and next time I helped my friend my work was much better. This was the beginning of my interest in translating and the reason I enrolled in several translation courses taught by Mgr. Němec. I became aware of
differences between English and Czech and also learned that knowing the theoretical background is very important.

There was also another important thing I learned during my translation. As Peter Newmark states in his book *A Textbook of Translation*: “A satisfactory translation is always possible, but a good translator is never satisfied with it. It can usually be improved. There is no such thing as a perfect, ideal or 'correct' translation. A translator is always trying to extend his knowledge and improve his means of expression; he is always pursuing facts and words.” (Newmark 6).

5 Summary

The bachelor thesis deals with the translation and analysis of two tales of James Stephens’ *Irish Fairy Tales*. It consists of two parts: the practical part and the theoretical part. The practical part includes the translation of two tales: *The enchanted cave of Cesh Corran* and *Little brawl at Allen* and is preceded by an introduction and some facts about the author and the book. The theoretical part deals with the translation analysis.

Předmětem mé bakalářské práce je překlad a rozbor dvou Irských legend z knihy Irish Fairy Tales autora Jamese Stephense. Práce je rozdělená do dvou částí: praktické a teoretické. Praktická část se zabývá překladem dvou legend: Kouzelné jeskyně Cesh Corran a Potyčky v Allenu a předchází jí úvod a představení autora a knihy. Teoretická část se zabývá analýzou překladu.
6 Bibliography

Printed Sources


Internet Sources


