

English:

Oisín in Tír na nÓg

One misty, summer morning near Loch Léin, Oisín was out hunting with his father Fionn MacCumhail and his friends in the Fianna. Oisín was a great warrior and loved to hunt, but he was also a poet and a sweet singer. He used to sit on the hills overlooking Loch Léin, day-dreaming of mystical creatures and singing of faraway lands. On this day, something caught his attention.

A figure on a great white horse appeared on the horizon. As it grew closer, Oisín saw that the rider was a beautiful young woman. She was dressed like a queen and her soft golden hair glowed in the sun like a crown. Oisín thought that she had the deepest emerald-coloured eyes he had ever seen. It was love at first sight. She smiled at Oisín and said to him:

“My name is Niamh Cinn Óir and I am the princess of Tír na n-Óg, the Land of the Young. I have ridden all the way from my home because I have fallen in love with you Oisín. Come back with me to Tír na n-Óg and we will be the happiest couple alive.”

Oisín thought that he must be dreaming, but Niamh held out her hand to him:

“Climb up on my horse and we will ride to Tír na n-Óg together.”

Oisín mounted the great white horse and held Niamh safely in his arms. They galloped away leaving Fionn and the Fianna with their mouths wide open in wonder.

Oisín and Niamh held on as the horse guided them back to Tír na n-Óg. He galloped across the waves of the ocean, hardly touching the water at all. Soon the deep green valleys and mountains of Ireland disappeared behind them, and they were surrounded by a thick ocean mist. Suddenly, Oisín found himself in Niamh’s homeland.

Oisín settled well in Tír na n-Óg. The people were always happy and friendly towards him. Niamh was very kind to him but as time went by, he began to miss Ireland. He became very homesick and longer to see his family and friends again. Niamh saw the sadness in his eyes and asked him what was wrong.

“I miss my friends and family in Ireland. Why don’t we both visit them and I can introduce you to everyone?”

But Niamh could not leave Tír na n-Óg and she begged Oisín not to go either. In her heart, she knew that he had already made up his mind and said to him.

“Take my horse with you to Ireland and he will keep you safe. But you must promise me one thing – you must not touch Irish land.”

Oisín promised her he would stay on the horse. He kissed Niamh goodbye and promised he would come home to her soon. She wept as she watched her horse carry Oisín across the hills and over the ocean back to Ireland.

At first Oisín didn’t recognize the land at all. Where were the great feasting halls? Why were the people so much smaller and weaker than he remembered? He went to the place where his father’s great hall had been. All he found was a rocky mound overgrown with weeds and

wild brambles. He called out for Brann and Sceolaing, his father's hounds, but they were not there.

He saw some men struggling to move a big rock from a tilled field and nudged the horse towards them.

"My name is Oisín, son of Fionn MacCumhail. Where can I find his and his warriors, the Fianna?" he asked.

The men stared at him. He was the biggest man they had ever seen. One of the older men answered Oisín:

"I have heard of Fionn MacCumhail and the Fianna. They were giant warriors that lived on this land 300 years ago."

Oisín couldn't believe what he heard. All of his friends and family were gone. What had seemed like three years in Tír na nÓg was three hundred years in Ireland! The men returned to their work and Oisín felt sorry for them. They were too weak to move such a big rock. He leaned down from the horse and pushed the rock away with his mighty strength.

Just as the rock rolled away down the hill, Oisín heard a SNAP! The saddle on the horse broke and Oisín fell to the ground. Suddenly, all the weight of the 300 years fell on his shoulders. In an instant, Oisín was transformed from a great warrior into a feeble old man. The horse reared up high and ran away with such speed that he seemed to vanish. Oisín wept because he knew that he would never see Niamh or Tír na nÓg again.

The men took pity on him and brought him to their home. Even though he was very sad, he enjoyed the company of his new friends. Most of the people of Ireland had never heard of Fionn MacCumhail or the Fianna. Oisín was soon telling them stories and poems of all the great heroes he had known, and entertaining everyone with his sweet singing voice.

It is thanks to Oisín, son of Fionn MacCumhail, that we know of the heroes of Old Ireland.

Simplified Chinese

Tír na nÓg 的奥辛

莱恩湖附近一个雾蒙蒙的夏日早晨，奥辛和他的父亲芬恩·麦克康海尔以及菲安娜的朋友们外出打猎。奥辛是一位伟大的战士，喜欢打猎，但他也是一位诗人和一位甜美的歌手。他曾经坐在山上俯瞰莱恩湖，做着神秘生物的白日梦，歌唱着远方的土地。这一天，有一件事引起了他的注意。

天边出现了一个骑着大白马的身影。随着距离越来越近，奥辛看到骑手是一位美丽的年轻女子。她穿得像个女王，一头柔软的金色长发在阳光下像皇冠一样闪闪发光。奥辛认为她的眼睛是他见过的最深的翡翠色眼睛。那是一见钟情。她对奥辛微笑着对他说：

“我的名字是尼亚姆·辛恩·奥尔，我是年轻之地 Tír na n-Óg 的公主。我从家里一路骑行，因为我爱上了你，奥辛。跟我一起回到 Tír na n-Óg，我们将成为世上最幸福的一对。”

奥辛以为他一定是在做梦，但尼亚姆向他伸出了手：

“骑上我的马，我们将一起骑马去 Tír na n-Óg。”

奥辛骑上大白马，将尼亚姆安全地抱在怀里。他们疾驰而去，留下芬恩和菲亚娜惊讶地张大嘴巴。

奥辛和尼亚姆扶着马，马引导他们回到 Tír na n-Óg。他在海浪中疾驰而过，几乎没有碰到水。很快，爱尔兰深绿色的山谷和山脉消失在他们身后，被浓浓的海雾所包围。突然，奥辛发现自己来到了尼亚姆的故乡。

奥辛在 Tír na n-Óg 安顿下来。人们对他总是很高兴和友好。尼亚姆对他很好，但随着时间的推移，他开始想念爱尔兰。他非常想家，并且很长时间才能再次见到他的家人和朋友。尼亚姆看到他眼中的悲伤，问他怎么了。

“我想念我在爱尔兰的朋友和家人。不如我们一起去看看，我可以把你介绍给大家认识？”

但是尼亚姆不能离开 Tír na n-Óg，她请求奥辛也不要离开。在她心里，她知道，他已经打定主意，对他说。

“带着我的马去爱尔兰，他会保护你的。但你必须答应我一件事——你不能碰爱尔兰的土地。”

奥辛向她保证他会继续骑马。他与尼亚姆吻别，并承诺他很快就会回到她身边。当她看着她的马带着奥辛越过山丘，越过海洋回到爱尔兰时，她哭了。

起初，奥辛根本不认识这片土地。大宴会厅在哪里？为什么这些人比他记忆中的要渺小和虚弱得多？他去了他父亲大殿所在的地方。他发现的只是一个长满杂草和野荆棘的石丘。他呼唤他父亲的猎犬布兰和斯考林，但他们都不在。

他看到一些人正在努力从耕地里搬出一块大石头，就把马引领向他们。

“我的名字是奥辛，芬恩·麦克库海尔的儿子。我在哪里可以找到他和他的战士，菲安娜？”他问。

男人们盯着他。他们是他们见过的最魁梧的男人。一位年长的人回答奥辛：

“我听说过芬恩·麦克库海尔和菲安娜。他们是三百年前生活在这片土地上的巨人战士。”

奥辛简直不敢相信他所听到的。他失去了所有的朋友和家人。Tír na n-Óg 的三年是爱尔兰的三百年！男人们重新回到自己的工作，奥辛为他们感到难过。他们太虚弱了，无法移动这么大的石头。他从马背上俯下身子，用他强大的力量将岩石推开。

就在岩石滚下山坡时，奥辛听到了一声“啪”的一声！马鞍断了，奥辛倒在了地上。突然间，三百年的重担全部落在了他的肩上。一瞬间，奥辛从一个伟大的战士变成了一个虚弱的老人。那匹马高高地站起来，跑得飞快，似乎一瞬间消失了。奥辛哭了，因为他知道他再也见不到尼亚姆或 Tír na n-Óg。

男人们可怜他，把他带回了家。尽管他很伤心，但新朋友的陪伴给予他很大的安慰。大多数爱尔兰人从未听说过芬恩·麦克库海尔或菲安娜。奥辛很快就向他们讲述了他所认识的所有伟大英雄的故事和诗歌，并用他甜美的歌声来娱乐每个人。

多亏了芬恩·麦克库海尔的儿子奥辛，我们才知道爱尔兰以往的英雄们。

Traditional Chinese

Tír na nÓg 的奥辛

萊恩湖附近一個霧濛濛的夏日早晨，奧辛和他的父親芬恩·麥克康海爾以及菲安娜的朋友們外出打獵。奧辛是一位偉大的戰士，喜歡打獵，但他也是一位詩人和一位甜美的歌手。他曾經坐在山上俯瞰萊恩湖，做著神秘生物的白日夢，歌唱著遠方的土地。這一天，有一件事引起了他的注意。

天邊出現了一個騎著大白馬的身影。隨著距離越來越近，奧辛看到騎手是一位美麗的年輕女子。她穿得像個女王，一頭柔軟的金色長發在陽光下像皇冠一樣閃閃發光。奧辛認為她的眼睛是他見過的最深的翡翠色眼睛。那是一見鍾情。她對奧辛微笑著對他說：

“我的名字是尼亞姆·辛恩·奧爾，我是年輕之地 Tír na n-Óg 的公主。我從家裡一路騎行，因為我愛上了你，奧辛。跟我一起回到 Tír na n-Óg，我們將成為世上最幸福的一對。”

奧辛以為他一定是在做夢，但尼亞姆向他伸出了手：

“騎上我的馬，我們將一起騎馬去 Tír na n-Óg。”

奧辛騎上大白馬，將尼亞姆安全地抱在懷裡。他們疾馳而去，留下芬恩和菲亞娜驚訝地張大嘴巴。

奧辛和尼亞姆扶著馬，馬引導他們回到 Tír na n-Óg。他在海浪中疾馳而過，幾乎沒有碰到水。很快，愛爾蘭深綠色的山谷和山脈消失在他們身後，被濃濃的海霧所包圍。突然，奧辛發現自己來到了尼亞姆的故鄉。

奧辛在 Tír na n-Óg 安頓下來。人們對他總是很高興和友好。尼亞姆對他很好，但隨著時間的推移，他開始想念愛爾蘭。他非常想家，並且很長時間才能再次見到他的家人和朋友。尼亞姆看到他眼中的悲傷，問他怎麼了。

“我想念我在愛爾蘭的朋友和家人。不如我們一起去看看，我可以把你介紹給大家認識？”

但是尼亞姆不能離開 Tír na n-Óg，她請求奧辛也不要離開。在她心裡，她知道，他已經打定主意，對他說。

“帶著我的馬去愛爾蘭，他會保護你的。但你必須答應我一件事——你不能碰愛爾蘭的土地。”

奧辛向她保證他會繼續騎馬。他與尼亞姆吻別，並承諾他很快就會回到她身邊。當她看著她的馬帶著奧辛越過山丘，越過海洋回到愛爾蘭時，她哭了。

起初，奧辛根本不認識這片土地。大宴會廳在哪裡？為什麼這些人比他記憶中的要渺小和虛弱得多？他去了他父親大殿所在的地方。他發現的只是一個長滿雜草和野荊棘的石丘。他呼喚他父親的獵犬布蘭和斯考林，但他們都不在。

他看到一些人正在努力從耕地裡搬出一塊大石頭，就把馬引領向他們。

“我的名字是奧辛，芬恩·麥克庫海爾的兒子。我在哪裡可以找到他和他的戰士，菲安娜？”他問。

男人們盯著他。他是他們見過的最魁梧的男人。一位年長的人回答奧辛：

“我聽說過芬恩·麥克庫海爾和菲安娜。他們是三百年前生活在這片土地上的巨人戰士。”

奧辛簡直不敢相信他所聽到的。他失去了所有的朋友和家人。Tír na nÓg 的三年是愛爾蘭的三百年！男人們重新回到自己的工作，奧辛為他們感到難過。他們太虛弱了，無法移動這麼大的石頭。他從馬背上俯下身子，用他強大的力量將岩石推開。

就在岩石滾下山坡時，奧辛聽到了一聲“啪”的一聲！馬鞍斷了，奧辛倒在了地上。突然間，三百年的重擔全部落在了他的肩上。一瞬間，奧辛從一個偉大的戰士變成了一個虛弱的老人。那匹馬高高地站起來，跑得飛快，似乎一瞬間消失了。奧辛哭了，因為他知道他再也見不到尼亞姆或 Tír na nÓg。

男人們可憐他，把他帶回了家。儘管他很傷心，但新朋友的陪伴給予他很大的安慰。大多數愛爾蘭人從未聽說過芬恩·麥克庫海爾或菲安娜。奧辛很快就向他們講述了他所認識的所有偉大英雄的故事和詩歌，並用他甜美的歌聲來娛樂每個人。

多虧了芬恩·麥克庫海爾的兒子奧辛，我們才知道愛爾蘭以往的英雄們。