Sinann, how is she named?

Six streams from the well, and the seventh was Sinann

She followed the stream of Segais.

A bright-streaming lady, full famous for learning,

The daughter of Lodan, the grandchild of Lír.

The noble pursuer of poetic ardor,

All know her as pleasant and kind,

Yet steadfast her will is, and warlike her purpose,

To conquer the veils of the mind.

Sinann, where is she from?

Six streams from the well, and the seventh was Sinann

She's seeking the well of Segais.

She starts at the sea, sunlight shining on sea-foam,

She swims like a salmon upstream.

From splendid abode, she makes roads of the rivers,

Writes odes and sings spells to impel herself hither,

From shoreline to source, finds her courage in force,

She is setting her course for a dream.

Sinann, how did she come?

Six streams from the well, and the seventh was Sinann

She rains down like a stream on Segais.

She possesses the poet's arts, secret upwellings,

In-dwelling, she's telling the fates.

She waits under mountains from Cuilcagh, then falls,

An underground river, she's rushing, descending,

From caves under Cavan, with water she's bending

Her will to the visions below.

Sinann, where did she go?

Six streams from the well, and the seventh was Sinann

She summons the well of Segais.

Her foot strides the shoreline of wells under water,

Fo-mhuire, under pleasant seas.

She crosses the boundary, upstream like a salmon,

She keenly chased visions and knew what would happen,

Where waves met the lady, and six became seven,

In silver-flash hazelnut dreams.

Sinann, what did she seek?

Six streams from the well, and the seventh was Sinann

She dwells near the well of Segais.

Crowning art of the poets and druids is hers,

And with imbas forosnai she sees.

She prepares, then declares how we fare in our efforts

Aware from the visions laid bare to her dreaming,

The knowledge illumines, flashed past like a salmon

Well fed from the hazelnut trees.

Sinann, what does she know?

Six streams from the well, and the seventh is Sinann

The streams of Segais follow her.

The bright-speckled salmon, like sun on the water,

Jump glinting, they bravely dare air.

The bright-berried rowans, like Lodan's fair daughter,

The broad queenly river, and all who have sought her,

Bold seeker, risk-taker, from mountains to caves,

She is plying her arts on the waves.

Sinann, cén chaoi teideal a chur uirthi?  Ní ansa.

Sé sruthán ó fhoinse, is Sinann an seachtú

Lean sí an sruth Segais.

Bean uasal dallraitheach, an scoláire clúiteach

An iníon le Lodáin, ghariníon le Lír.

Ar thóir uasal le díograis fhilíochta a bhíonn sí i gcónaí

Tá a hainm in airde mar gheall ar a cineáltas

Ach tá a toil dhílis, agus rúndaingne ag brú uirthi

Cloífidh sí an scim rúndachta na haigne.

Sinann, cárb as í?  Ní ansa.

Sé sruthán ó fhoinse, is Sinann an seachtú

Lorgaíonn sí an tobar Segais.

Thosaigh sí san fharraige, solas ag soilsiú ar chúrán

Ba gheall le bradán in uisce í, suas an abhainn.

Ó áit cónaithe aoibhinn go bóithre na habhann.

Cumann sí laoithe a cur faoi dhraíocht sise féin

Ó chladach go foinse, mhúscail sí a misneach

Tá sí ar an gcúrsa ceart chuig fís.

Sinann, cén bealach á tháinig sí?  Ní ansa.

Sé sruthán ó fhoinse, is Sinann an seachtú

Tá sí ag stealladh báistí ar Segais.

Tá bua na filíochta aici, an t-eolas ag cruinniú

Ina croí istigh, déanann sí fios i ndán dúinn

Fágann sí faoi síthe i gCuilceach, titeann sí

Réabann an abhainn faoi thalamh léi, anuas

Ó uaimheanna faoi Chabhán, lúbann sí le huisce

A treoir ar na físeanna taobh thíos.

Sinann, cá ndeachaigh sí féin?  Ní ansa.

Sé sruthán ó fhoinse, is Sinann an seachtú

Gaireann sí an tobar Segais.

Téann a cos thar fóir cladaigh, an tobar faoi uisce,

Fo-mhuire, faoi thoinn go deas.

Sáraíonn sí an fhóir, suas an abhainn cosúil bradán,

Níl a sárú le fáil maidir le heolas, chuaigh sí ar thóir an fhís

An áit a dtéann an bhean i dtonnta, rinneadh sé den seacht

Le brionglóidí collchnónna airgid.

Sinann, cad í a lorg?  Ní ansa.

Sé sruthán ó fhoinse, is Sinann an seachtú

Bíonn sí ina cónaí in aice leis tobar Segais.

Tá buaic an ealaín draoithe aici

Feiceann sí leis imbas forosnai. Réitíonn sí,

Maíonn sí conas a bheidh muid leis ár gcuid iarrachtaí.

Tuigeann sí na tairngreachtaí a fheiceáil í, ag tuar

Soilseoidh an t-eolas, scinnfidh sé cosúil bradán

Dea-chothaithe de choillte cnó coll.

Sinann, cad eolas aici?  Ní ansa.

Sé sruthán ó fhoinse, is Sinann an seachtú

Leanann an sruth Segais ise.

An bradán breac soilseach, cosúil grian ar na tonnta

Léimeann siad, tugann siad dúshlán an t-aer

Na caorthainn gcaor geal, cosúil iníon le Lodáin

An abhainn leathan ríona, agus gach cuardaitheoir

Fáidh dhána, fiontraí, ó shléibhte go huaimheanna

Bíonn sí i mbun a gnó ar na tonnta.