

IRISH MINSTRELSY;

OR

BARDIC REMAINS OF IRELAND.

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WITH

ENGLISH POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

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“Bíonn grádh agam ar dhántaigh is ar cheoltaigh.”

“ I will give thee a book—it containeth the Songs of the bards of ERIN, of
the bards of the days that are gone.”

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

V O L II.

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PART III.

JACOBITE RELICS.



“ Quæ quidem Cantilena ita scite facta, ita concinnis rhythmis modulisque suis est attemperata, ut plebis animos mire ad Principis, Libertatisque Patriæ amorem excitaverit.”—“ That song was so artfully contrived, and so well composed in its rhimes and notes, that it stirred up in the minds of the people a wonderful affection for the prince, and the liberty of their native country.”

VERHEIDEN, *in elogius*, quoted by Bayle, V. 20, a.



JACOBITE RELICS.

The publication of the popular songs of the modern Greeks,* is considered as one of the most remarkable events which have taken place in the literature of our days. The Border and Jacobite ballads of Scotland are long before the world, and have been received with deserved approbation, but the political songs of Ireland, *more patrio*, have hitherto remained unnoticed and unknown. That these effusions are not, however, inferior to those either of the Scots or Greeks, and particularly in strong expression of national feeling, will it is rather confidently anticipated, appear from the few specimens, now for the first time, laid before the public.

The political situation of the Irish with respect to England, has been frequently compared with that of the Greeks in their

* Chants populaires de la Grèce Moderne.—8vo. Paris, 1824.—See the New Monthly Magazine, vol. xi. p. 139.

relation to Turkey. Lord Byron emphatically called the Greeks, "A kind of Eastern Irish Papists," thereby intending to convey in the strongest possible manner to an European mind, the idea of Turkish despotism and Grecian slavery.* The bards of these devoted nations have nearly in the same manner embodied in their songs the feelings of the conquered

* The present prime minister of England, Mr. Canning, in a poem entitled *The Slavery of Greece*, feelingly describes the condition of that suffering country. May the highly gifted author now turn his attention to the oppressed "land of his fathers;" and, as he possesses the power, talents, and disposition, so may he, by one decisive blow, extend civil liberty to Ireland. The bigot may oppose, but every bigot is a coward. Though he talk loud, he trembles and withers before the high resolve of fortitude and virtue. The following passage in Mr. Canning's poem, by mere change of scene, is but too applicable to the state of Ireland.—

"Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh;
Unpitied toil and unlamented die.
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,
Has awed their servile spirits into fear,
Spurned by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of labour, night's sad, sleepless hour,
Th' inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowstring, or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.
Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame."

and oppressed people of both countries; but the cry of suffering humanity is the same in every age and clime. Whoever shall take the trouble of comparing the histories of Greece and of Ireland, and of observing the systematic conduct of their respective rulers, will find, the difference of condition between the “ Eastern Irish Papists,” and the Western Greek Helots, not so great as may at first view appear. The former were oppressed by Turks, the latter by Christians, and to the shame of these English Christians be it recorded, that in the exercise of their tyrannic sway in Ireland, they have excelled the most furious followers of Mahomet in Greece. Circumstances may arise, when the infliction of death becomes an act of mercy, and the preservation of life a refined cruelty, by reserving the victim for more exquisite torture. Adrian, the Pope, “ let slip the dogs of war.” *Debilitentur—Deleantur*, weaken—exterminate, became, for centuries, the war cry in Ireland. From Henry the Second, to Henry the Eighth, the land was deluged with the blood of the natives. Elizabeth depopulated Munster. James the First depopulated Ulster. Cromwell cut off thousands of the Irish, and treated the survivors with more than Turkish cruelty. William closed the sanguinary scene, and the genius of England, satiated with blood, amused itself under Anne, and her successors, to George the Third, in erecting the most hideous monument of legal persecution ever exhibited to the view of an astonished world. During these horrible scenes, a priest, a bard, and a wolf, were alike objects of state vengeance in Ireland. The same reward was proclaimed for

the head of each. The bards have been exterminated; but the priests, sustained by a higher power, survive, for what end yet remains to be developed.

The persecuted bards of Ireland, like their brethren of ancient Wales, had long, and assiduously laboured in the service of their country. They sung of its ancient glories, they mourned over its woes, and lamented its downfall. They incessantly exerted themselves to rouse their fellow countrymen to resist the invader, and stimulated them to almost incredible deeds of heroism and romantic valour.* Hence they became particularly obnoxious to the English, by whom they were invariably proscribed and persecuted. This extraordinary succession of men, has, notwithstanding, left behind imperishable memorials

* The following eloquent passage, from Remarks on the Speeches of our famous countryman, Grattan, in a modern periodical, presents a true picture of Irish warfare, for centuries after the invasion :—

“ What Ireland might have been with her great original qualities of war and peace, cultivated and guided to her true interests, is now beyond conjecture. In the recent struggles of the empire, she has not fallen behind any of its kingdoms in the vigour of her genius, or the valour of her soldiers. It cannot be doubted, that, in her historic darkness, many a bold hand and mighty intellect arose and perished. Men fought from the rage of appetite, from the madness of faction, from the impulse of gallant blood; without direction and without reward. History recoils from this furious gladiatorship, and leaves the heroic slaves without a name. Yet, in a nobler cause, and in a later time, those men might have stood among the glorious of the earth. If, in the spirit of the Homeric prayer, the light had been let in upon the conflict round that trampled and defaced corpse, their native sovereignty, the world would have seen, grappling hand to hand, many a form worthy of kings and chieftains, many a noble courage and superb mind, stamped by nature to have led armies to battle, and guided the councils of empires.”—*New Edinburgh Review*, vol. iii. p. 554.

of patriotism and genius. Many of these remnants have escaped the destroying hand of time, and the yet more destructive rage of the relentless persecutor. Some will be found in these volumes, but several are still scattered through the country, which it is hoped may yet be wrested from oblivion.

The few contained in this work, relate chiefly to the times of the second James, and his descendants. Although the Irish fought for that monarch, it was more from a principle of allegiance, with, perhaps, a vain hope of regaining their freedom and confiscated estates, than from any particular attachment to him, or his ungrateful race. With characteristic bravery, they resolved to conquer or perish in his cause; but, the pusillanimous king betrayed them on the very verge of victory by his dastardly conduct. This sunk deep in their hearts. For his descendants there was but little sympathy in Ireland. The attempts of 1715 and 1745 in Scotland, excited no correspondent sensation or movement here; neither "tongue, pen, or sword," was moved in their favour.

For a long period, however, after the revolution, the last of the race of our bards, indignant at the national oppressions, and disregarding the terrors of death or exile, which inevitably followed detection, poured forth their feelings of political hope, enmity, revenge, or despair, in strains, which roused and strengthened those passions in the breasts of their desponding countrymen. These "heart home lays" of their venerated bards, the people treasured up in their memories;

and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by the cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings little short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations which afterwards entailed so much misery on the country. The effect the government could punish, but it could not prevent the cause. Perhaps, if a remedy were sought, the best would have been to give publicity to those proscribed stanzas. The spell of secrecy would thus be broken, and the charm from which they derived their principal influence dissolved. Time, however, has rendered them harmless. They are now remembered, merely for some favorite expression or poetic beauty ; and sung, more for the sake of the charming airs with which they are associated, than for any political sentiments which they may contain. The claims of the ill-fated Stuarts are forgotten. These once national hymns can, therefore, at the present day, be considered only as curious literary fragments ; and, as such, they are now laid before the public.

Although the present part of this work is entitled “ Jacobite Relics,” yet some poems of an earlier date have been admitted. The “ Lament of the Gael,” in the time of Elizabeth ; “ John O’Dwyer of the Glen,” in the days of Cromwell ; and perhaps, one or two others. The greater number, however, were composed at, and since the period of the Revolution of 1688. Of the authors but little is known. In a country groaning under the inflictions of penal laws, and the influence of a

system of universal espionage, the utmost caution was necessary to avoid detection. Many of these pieces were, therefore, composed under circumstances of impenetrable secrecy. The few particulars, however, that could be gleaned, will be found in the notes.

eipe a3uγ m3h γευμαγ.

Εἶπε.—Cia γιν άmunch?—(Γέαμαγ) τά γευμαγ φαόι
γhoc,

3an éάάch nά cuid nά h-óidheche.

Εἶπε.—Mo léun-3hoipt-γi γin! ά chéάd-γheάpe 3an γibh,
ά píem-cheipt ά3 γepioγ do nάímhde;—

άehte δάopάdh nά Γcoit^e 'γ mάp tπάochάdh ά δ-tpaip,
ά'γ 3up céuyάdh άn φαipeάnn díliγ,
δ'φú3 mé 'noiγ 3an γuile, 3an chléipch, 3an chloiz,
φάά eάomh-chpait ά3 γeinneάdh lάóiche.

Γέαm.—ά cheíle 3an bhíuib, budh éizeάn δάmh mch

3o h-éάγ3ά ó iomάd bíodhbhάdh;—

Mάp do chléonάάp cuid, 'γ do thpéizeάάp mé,
'γ άm áepάp 3an φαipeάnn bhídheάγ-γά.—

3ídh phéniγ tu bh-φαipm, 3lé3heάl mάp lil,

'γ do bhéul-γά mάp mhuil nά bh-φίp m-bheάch

φί'l éipeάehte άnn γin, 'γ ά'tpéud-γo τά γτι3h

φíoγ tpeíme 'nά γinne ά eóómhéάγeάp.

IRELAND. AND KING JAMES.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN, ESQ.

Ireland.—What stranger turns for refuge to my hall,
Whose gate still opens wide to misery's call?—

James.—Thy James alas! in want and woe I come
To seek the shelter of thy friendly home.

Ireland.—Woe! that the sanction of thy sacred name,
Should come to deepen destitution's claim;
When foes discomfited should trembling flee
Before thy reeking blade!—but woe is me!
Gazing upon his baffled brand, the Gael
Curses the hordes that warp the eternal scale;
And rend with ruffian hand the trembling string,
That waked the heart to rapture's fervid spring;
Or at the shrine its deep devotion poured,
When Christ looked down where Christian priests adored.

Ṫire.—Ṫi tḡréun-dáir 'r á chumáinn, ná tréiz-ri do mheir-
neách,

Ṽídh ṡhéunádhair euid de'd bhuídhéann thú,
beidh án t-é rinne án chruinne, tábh leáτ á'd choimire
ó bháezháil á'r ó bhroíd do náimhde ;—

beidh fáebhair ázair fuid, beidh éirleách á'r teimdh,
áir chraoimhuir áz teácht á'd choímhdeácht
áz Clément 'r áz Philib á'r Ṽárples zán time
á'd chomhnaidh 'r á'd choimire choídhche.

Ṽeáim.—Ṽéilim zair tú, mo chéile á'r mo chuid,
'Ṽ á'd éuzmáir zo bh-fuilm cláóidhte
'Ṽ zách tréun-churádh á n-zoil, do tráochádh áir muir,
'Ṽ do céurádh le cománn díleáir,
Chum mé ázair tú, áir z-cléir á'r áir z-cloiz,
'Ṽ zách láoch méir de chineádh Mhíleádh,
bheith 'n-á n-áol-bhroiz zán time, áz pléireácht 'r áz
reinneádh,
Cáol-chruic le milir láóithe.

Ṫire.—Ṽí'le báezháil oir ánoir, tá áon-mháe ná cruinne
'Ṽ áir náomh-bhroimzeáil mhilir táuibh leáτ ;

James.—Spouse of my soul ! I was constrained to flee—
The minions I dared trust abandoned me ;—
Out on the false ones ! thousand foes pressed on—
Betrayed—deserted—could I stand alone ?—
Thy Phoenix form ! thy cheek's fresh lily hue !
Thy fragrant lips distilling honied dew !
Dear victim ! what are these, when churls prevail,
And thy sons curse the brand that thus could fail ?

Ireland.—Bend not, my stately oak ! nor let dismay
Blench thy bold brow ! the craven may betray—
Desert thee—foes assail thee—but in vain !
God is with thee to shelter and sustain.
Gleams the bright blade ! the ocean from afar
Wafts to thy aid all circumstance of war—
With Clement's—Philip's banner streaming high,
Naples shall shade thee, and thy foes defy.

James.—My spouse ! my portion ! in thy changeless faith
Is all my pride—my hope of glory's wreath—
Count o'er the valiant hearts—the true—the brave,
Whose truth, by sea or land, has earned a grave.

Πείδηϊδ ζάχh broid, á' r ζείbheánn ionn á bh-ruil,

Á' r zléurfáid áir muir ná mílte ;

beidh ráer-chlánná Ycoit,—ζάoidhil bhoche áir inneál

ζο φαebhírách, ruilteách, ríochmhár,

ζο ρείδϋιδ τάρ rruith, ná bréán-toipe le broid,

ζάν éádách ná euid ná h-oídhche.

In loyal strife, to bid our holy fane
Pour to approving heaven its welcome strain—
And lofty spirits of Milesian line,³
Freely in their white, happy homes entwine—
Proud and unfettered, from all controul,
Save the bright spell that binds them soul to soul—

Ireland.—But rest thee now ! a firmer hope remains !—
A hand divine prepares to rend thy chains !
The Mother of the Man-God shall invoke,
The Eternal deal the liberating stroke.
The Scot—the Gael—the rallying thousands come ;
The reeking sword half chokes the ravening tomb ;
And o'er the deep the festering boars⁴ shall flee,
Racked with “ the want, the woe,” they wrought for thee.

τ u i p e a δ η α ι η υ η α γ μ η η α α η
δ α η α η ι ζ η e γ e u μ α ι γ .

Ο' η e λ c h τ α ι η ² η δ c h α η .

~ Ψάτῃ εὐζυγάτῃ μο δῆόρ, δ' ἔκινζ ζάοδῃ λαιβῃ ἔκ cheóidh,
θεάν μαρτῃά νά n-ιάρπτῃάτῃ, ἔκτῃ δῃιάδῃά, cheárτ,
chóir,

Ψλάτῃ ἑιάλμῃάρι νά ἔεód, cpeάτῃ ἑῃιάνάτῃ νά n-όζ,
ζάν bῃiódῃ ζάδῃ ἔκ λioζάδῃ, m' ἑῃάτῃ cάóinte ζo deóizh !

~ Αἱ η λi ζῃλάν άη óir, τά ά δlάóíδῃ τάιγ, cάγ cόir,
α bῃcάóíδῃtῃe ζo δiῃeάτῃ, άir άon δάτῃ 'ἔά ηόγ,
bῃiídῃ cάop άnn ά beól, ζάν cῃlάonάδῃ άnn ά clóδῃ,
Acht níne άζuγ cάóíne, ζάν γtάonάδῃ do γtῃóδῃ.

~ α ἑéimῃ-chopp βά τάιγ, mάρι ζῃéιγ άir ά' n-cάγ,
βά ζῃléiγziol ά ζéuζά, ά méur ά'γ ά bάγ,
ζάν bῃéim άir ά ηνάγ, ά h-éάδάν nά'ῃ cῃάγ,
ζuῃ γῃάῃuιγzh ά γάλá, 'γ ά tῃάcῃt do βά deάγ.

LAMENT FOR THE QUEEN OF KING
JAMES II.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Dark source of my anguish ! deep wound of a land,
Whose young and defenceless the loss will deplore ;
The munificent spirit, the liberal hand,
Still stretched, the full bounty it prompted to pour.

The stone is laid o'er thee ! the fair glossy braid,
The high brow, the light cheek with its roseate glow ;
The bright form, and the berry that dwelt, and could fade,
On these lips, thou sage giver, all, all are laid low.

Like a swan on the billows she moved in her grace,
Snow white were her limbs, and with beauty replete ;
And time on that pure brow had left no more trace,
Than if he had sped with her own fairy feet.

'Yó an Mháire bá mhó, d'á d-táinig h zó fáil,
 Gleht Máire á' r Máire, ázuy Máire nó dhó ;—
 'Yó an Mháire zán zhó, rinne bá r do ná beódháibh,
 An nízh-bheán mair d'íoc-rúd, á chíos leir an z-epó.

Fháech Yhéumáir bá mhó 'n á Céfar ná rlózh,
 An nízh-fhláith bá náomhach, ír budh díre do'n
 Plóimh.—

'Meá r náomh ázuy ózh, t'á'n dí r go budh znódh,
 Ylioht Mháleadh zó h-írioll, fá dháóirre 'n á n-deóirh.

Bíodh fáach ázuy á r, zán fáacháilc 'n á n-dáil,
 An z dián-rerioir ná n-dáóine, d'á r mhíonzár á m-bár
 An d-tuáirir z ' r á z-cáil, t'á, luaidhte ánn zách árd,
 An z-cáóimeár, á z-eríonácht, ' r á n-dáon dhácht do
 dháimh.

Ffí' l táláimh, ní' l tír, d'á r tháiridíol an zhuán,
 Ffách líontá zán fáizheallách, d'á d-teárdár áráon ;
 Mo mhállácht do rhuíor, ázuy mállácht ná náomh,
 Do'n díne do dhíbir, á' bh-fláitheár an dí r !

Whatever of purity, glory, hath ever
 Been linked with the name, lovely Mary was thine;
Woe! woe, that the tomb, ruthless tyrant, should sever,
 The ties which our spirits half broken resign.

Than Cæsar of hosts²—the true darling of Rome,
 Far prouder was James—where pure spirits are met;
The virgin, the saint—though heaven's radiance illumine
 Their brows—Erin's wrongs can o'ershadow them yet.

And rank be the poison—the plagues that distil,
 Through the heart of the spoiler that laid them in dust;
The rapt bard with their glory the nations shall fill,
 With the fame of his patrons, the generous, the just.

Wherever the beam of the morning is shed,
 With its light the full fame of our loved ones hath shone;
The deep curse of our sorrow shall burst on his head
 That hath hurled them—the pride of our hearts! from
 their throne—

ʒá cheimhioll, ʒá cheóidh, t́á áh ŕpéir áhoh ʒán ló,
 Mhák-ʒízhe áttá eáóineádh, ʒán ʒʒíth áir á m-brón,
 T́á áh t-áorá t́á áh t-óʒ, ʒá chláóidhteáche á
 nʒleóidh,

Ó d'íoc-ʒud áh ʒlízhe-bheáh, á chíor leir áh ʒ-epódh !

'ʒláz ʒéimneáche ná m-bó, áir léáhá ní'l ʒéor,
 ʒhák h-éim áir ná ʒéuzáibh, t́á n-éuzmáir á ʒ-ceóil,
 ʒhí'l éirʒ áir áh ló, ní'l léim áʒ áh eó,
 Ó d'íoc-ʒúd áh ʒlízhe-bheáh, á chíor leir áh ʒ-epódh !

T́áid ʒáodhláibh ʒán tpeóir, do'n t́áobh-ʒo de'n ʒhó,
 Áhoh ʒíor-bhroid, á n-dáóirʒi, mo chnálóidhteáche, mo
 ʒeleóidh !

T́á t́áochádh áir mo ʒhóʒh, t́á ʒʒíor áir mo ʒceódh,
 Áhoh ʒhák eíáhtáibh máir á chídhcheár, áir díbhir áh ʒó !

Ir t́áre ádhbhár ir mó, 'nák ádhbhár ná n-ʒleóidh,
 ʒʒéul epáidhte do thárláizh, 'r áh áit-ʒo ʒo nuádh
 T́á ʒárrthá áhoh ʒáche ó, t́á á ʒ-eáirdeáʒ do'n ʒlóimh,
 ʒhák ʒŕáinne máir ʒáʒbhádh, léir-bháidhte, mo dhóitth !

The mid-day is dark with unnatural gloom—

And a spectral lament wildly shrieked in the air,
Tells all hearts that our princess lies cold in the
tomb—

Bids the old and the young bend in agony there!

Faint the lowing of kine o'er the seared yellow lawn!

And tuneless the warbler that droops on the spray!
The bright tenants that flashed through the current are
gone!

For the princess we honoured is laid in the clay.—

Darkly brooding alone o'er his bondage and shame,

By the shore, in mute agony, wander the Gael—
And sad is my spirit—and clouded my dream,

For my king—for the star my devotion would hail—

What woe, beyond this, hath dark fortune to wreak?

What wrath o'er the land yet remains to be hurled?
They turn them to Rome! but despairing they shriek,
For Spain's flag, in defeat, and defection is furled—

4fí' l tádhbhac̃ht ann mo bhlór, 'r ní fháizfead̃ mo dhóich,
 4a zrára taid̃ l̃aidir, á' r an t-ár̃d-áthair beóidh,
 léir-bhaidhte ann ra n-zó, neart phárádh ná m-bró,
 'Y muz Máóire zán díth leir, 'r á dháóine zán clódhadh !

2a ríozh-fhlait̃ cheirt, chóir, muz Máóire ar á' d-tóir,
 4a zódhail á t̃á t̃áóibh leat, tr̃áth dídeann ar r̃óir,
 Yc̃air díom̃ar ar rpleóid, luchd chraóir̃ach ná m-bód,
 Do dhíbir zo mí-cheart, ár n-dháóine 'r ár nóith !

Though our sorrows avail not—our hope is not lost—

For the Father is mighty!—the Highest remains!—

The loosed waters rushed down upon Pharoah's wide
host—

But the billows crouch back from the foot He sustains—

Just power! that for Moses the wave didst divide,

Look down on the land where thy followers pine ;

Look down upon Erin ! and crush the dark pride

Of the scourge of thy people—the foes of thy shrine.

CUIODH NA NA CARPAISE.

Uilleam d'Alb' ró chán.

Uir zhuth Ytáca an Mhárzáidh.

Yéklad a péir a z-céin choir léará dhámh,

Uz déakadh léanna-duibh fáen air eargáidh neire,

O ró! fáoi rzamalláidh bróin!

Do dhearcáir le'm tháobh cé eáech zán ámháire me,

Ybéir-bheán mheárárdh, bhéul-táir, bhánámhair,

O ró! budh tháitneámhách rnodh!

Budh dháitche, tiuzh, óréimreách, néamhrách, cámar-
rách,

báchálách, rléedách, péurilách, cátháireách,

Cráébhách, cártá, dubh, zán chéim a cáinn-phoilc

léi 'n a m-beáiréidh áz téáche air báille-chrioch

O ró! zo tálámh 'n a deóizh!

CLIONA OF THE ROCK.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.



The night clouds gathered o'er me ; anguish preyed
Upon my sinking spirit—forth I strayed,
'Till by a lonely fort I came—and there
Stood darkly brooding o'er my soul's despair ;
When lo ! revealed before my dazzled eyes,
Girt with the gushing radiance of the skies,
A nymph appeared ;—exuberant and bright,
In sable lustre, o'er her brow of light
Fell the dark tresses, whose descending flow
Mantled the maiden's steps with tremulous glow.
She touched the harp—and, oh ! the answering sound
That floated from the throbbing chord around !
Oh never yet could earthly feeling win
From harp such voice to pour its fervor in,
As trembled to that touch :—the song had ceased,
And scarce the etherial beam those fingers graced,

Do b'inniolta, r'éabh-zhlán, réidh ó pháilipir,
 Y'éer ó phád-thuirge air theúd do rpreázadh doirte,

O ró ! me zliocár & meór !

Do r'píobhíradh le c'éel-pheánn néata air mheámpáim
 Lóithe bláirdá ázuy dréuchdá reáneháir,

O ró ! zo roilbhur, rózhaeh !

U binne-zhuth e'éemh, 'r & béul zán deápmád,
 U n-dlizhthibh ná n-éizir 'r í léuzhádth ná r'táirthá ruit
 Z'éedhailze áz áirhirir r'zéul ná bh-feráir-chon
 Uir thízheácht ná n-drázán fáoi réim zo b'ámbá,

O ró ! & m-báreáibh ná r'lózh !

bhídh lárádth ná z-c'éer 'n & znéidh máir eálá air rruith,
 Y'z'éethe áh t-rneáchtá zo treúin & n-deáirzán,

O ró ! 'n & leácláim zán cheódh

'Y & mála budh ch'éel air & h-eácláim leámbáeh,
 léir-zhlán, zheánámhuil, mh'éeridh, mháiréámhuil,

O ró ! budh chálma clódh !

budh cheálzách, fáebhíráeh, z'éethe & pámháir-roiz,
 Áz eáirheáimh ná r'áirzheád tre'm th'éebh & n-eáehpánn,
 le ná h-áel-chíobh leábháir r' néata tháirpáimzféadh,
 Fáel-chom, máreáich, & r' l'éeh-meáir fáirze

O ró ! air leáthán-bhíráe r'róil !

While o'er the snowy page she poured along
The silent burthen of that wondrous song.
It was a glorious record—in those lays
Burned the bright memory of other days ;
Meanwhile, with glowing lip, and voice that rolled
Symphonious to their theme, the maiden told,
In language of the Gael, the sage's lore—
The virtue—the emprise—in days of yore
That Banba nurtured³—and across the brine
She traced the prows of the Milesian line.
The berry's glow, the swan's unsullied plume,
Her cheek of softness blended to illumine—
Her forehead—oh ! t'was smooth as infancy
Exhibits, ere the soul forget the sky,
Its bright eternal home ; ere mortal care
Hath left its shadow or its impress there.—
And, o'er its soft expanse, so brightly meek,
Her sable brow was arched with slenderest streak.
Her eyes with light, with lambent glory fraught,
Flashed deep into my soul—the maiden wrought
On satin garments, next, the mingling chase ;
Wolves—hunters—hounds, were there in headlong race ;
There too, the broidery portrayed the brave
Who gathered laurels o'er the bounding wave.
With faltering tongue, I said, celestial fair !
Vouchsafe a gracious answer to my prayer.

Aitchim dāmh féin, le d'áén-toil Aitchim oir,
 Creád é an fearán n-á' n-zríen ar zhabhail chéadainn,
 O mó ! no ar eáradh tú am chóir ?

Hó an tu-rá an bheán ghéimh an Tráédh le'r treáirzradh
 Fáén ná feará-choin éuchtmar', ácmhainzeádh,
 O mó ! do cáilleádh 'r an n-zleóidh ?

Hó an bhrainzeál d'á n-zlédhthar Déirdre mháireámhail,
 le'r cáilleádh á z-céim ná tréun-ghir eálmá ?
 Hó Céirnic mheáiridh á tré n-ar ceáradh
 le céill air zheálá-ghruith, iar d-téacht ó Albáin,
 O mó ! chuair muilte air geól ?

Budh bhánámhail, míonla, eáoin, táir, eáirthánnádh,
 A láóithe cneárdá, zán mháill áz ffeáirzair dāmh,
 O mó ! le lábháirtháibh á beóil :

Ir deárbh ar rí nádh díobh rúd d'fhiogair,
 Fíor zíd mheáiráim zur brígh do zheáneháir,
 O mó ! air zháirze ná d-treón :

Ache ir me-rí Clíodhna ó tháóibh ná eáirráize,
 Do eáradh ád líon áz ínnirín rárthá dhíat ;—
 Líontar beáthá-uirze, díozáidh bárráille,
 An phíob le meánnáin bíodh ád zhlácaibh-rí,
 O mó ! d'á rpreáradh zán cheóidh !

From some high region—thy resplendent home,
To mortal converse, since thou deign'st to come;
Say, art thou she, for whom the compassed towers
Of Ilium toppled o'er her failing powers?
Or Deirdre, lovely nymph, for whom the glave
Was purpled in the bosoms of the brave?
Or Ceirnit, sage inventress, she who taught
Our land the lesson she from Alba brought;
And bade the crystal current of the stream
Heave into life the mill's mechanic frame?
In accents calm and sweet as ever filled
Man's ear and heart, from honied lips distilled,
The maiden answered,—doubtless true the fame
Which you recount to grace each storied name;
But mine is Cliona—the beetling side
Of the tall rock my home; to pour the tide
Of coming things before you I am here—
Bright be the revel, let no envious tear
Dash the deep current of the mantling bowl,
In tones of rapture pour the joyous soul:
Exulting fiercely, Martin's followers rave,
Your Charles, they say, lies mould'ring in the grave;
But heed them not, for in the forts of hills
A prouder theme the pealing anthem fills;
When bards with loftiest strains indignant vie,
Proclaiming that false broods mendacity.

Uí fídh murtárách, árd ríochd Mháirtín mháluighche,
 'S á rádh le feálád zup fázbhádh Cároluif

O ró! fáoi leacáibh áz dpreóghádh!

'Y é chluinn áz dáimh á'r áz fáizhibh áir leacáibh enoie
 An tráth do zairmtheáir rpráir chum feálád ruile

O ró! zup chánádar zó:

Iy cumarách, cáizeamhuil áir ráib d'ruil Cháiril cheirt,
 Áz dpuideád dhách lá le clár zeál bánbán

Iy feárr mair mhearáim 'ná Ytáca an Máirtáidh,
 Iy cláith bheidh Zálá-phoie Yheázgháim cheálzách,

O ró! d'á leázád dh'á an n-zleóidh!

Bíád dháithrimonn árd de zhináith áz eázláir

Cháidh, an t-feáncháir, zhiráidhmháir, zheánmnaích

O ró! do leánbh ná h-óz!

Uí rárthá zán cháimh 'ná dheázgh rin ázáibh-ri,

Áir chlár an tábháirne, áz trázghád dhách bárráille,

O ró! le fáirrimze ceóil!

Yennidh zo ráimh, zán rzáth roimh Zhálá-phoie,

Áz yenneád dhách dáim, fídh cláith le feálád ribh,

Tá bhur b-rátent le fázháil zán deárimád,

Iy feárr le táirzidh zán rzáth zán eázlá,

O ró! rin deireád dhá le'm rzeól!

Truth beams upon the crest of Cashell's son;
Hosts gird him round; our own, our righteous one;
Banba's warm heart with him no despot shares,
The slumbering blade, lo! tardy justice bares;
Down with the spoiler! till no English tread
May pause in anguish o'er the countless dead.
From every shrine redeemed, in choral swell
God's chosen priests his mighty works shall tell;
Our pastors, meek, and continent, and true—
And they shall register the deeds you do
To be a beacon light to other days—
Then crown the goblet—and exulting raise
The festive measure—let no abject sense
Depress your spirits; heaven is your defence;
Even now the impress of the eternal seal
Is on your freedom's fiat—fare thee well.

DUAN 41 42 YN OIRYE.

Uindriar Mac Craith 'ró chán.

Uir zhuch “Eire mo mháirín ríán leat zo bráth.”

Ir fáda mé a z-cúmhaidh zán tnúch le téarma,
 Zo dúbh-choídhach, tréith-láz, tláith, zán treóir;
 U'm bhárcadh az búir 'r a'm bhrúghadh az báothlach,
 U lúib lom rleibhe fáoi bhrácaadh an bhróim;
 Zán charaid a'm chabhair aeth Donn 'r a zhiáolta,
 Do bheartuigh air d-túir dáimh túrling tlebh leir,
 Zo n-aithriughadh dúinn zách rúim budh léir do,
 le dúil zréinn, rzléipe a'r záirdear ceóil,

D' aithriug air d-túir dúinn cúir ná ríor-philáith,
 Zán ríu rúim znéidh 'zuir fáth a n-zleóidh
 U'r zuir záirid beidh búir a n-dúthear Fhéidhlim,
 U'r crú chaoim Eibhir táir zán treóir.—

CANTICLE OF DELIVERANCE.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Too long have the churls² in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom ;
Yet hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home :
Save Donn and his kindred,³ my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

He told how the heroes were fall'n and degraded,
And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim !
But Phelim and Heber,⁴ whose children betrayed it,
The land shall relume with the light of their fame !
The fleet is prepared, and proud Charles is commanding,
And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing—
The Gael, like a tempest, shall burst on the foe !—

Τά Cáruluy lonn 'r á chábhláich zléurtá

Uz tárráinḡ tár ábháinn le cábháir d'ár rárádh,
'Y ní mháithfidh ye bonn do chláinn lúteruiy,
'Y beidh foghá Záoídhul tréun zán tláir 'r áh tóir.

Feárdá beidh zpeáinn le fonn áz éizribh,

U'r tíun bhínn zléurtá áz dáinnh áh cheóil,
beidh cántáin á d-Teámháir fá rhamháin áz rár-rhláich,
U'r foghá rlighe áz cléir le fázháil ó'm leózhán,
beidh ceállá ázur úrd zán chúinre áz páriyey,
beidh eárbáire diá-domhnáich á d-teámpoill Eipeán,
beidh reáireádh ázur reánnrádh áir chomplucht éizín,
'Y ár rúbháich, rícheáich záoídhul zo bráich 'n á dheóizh.

Ym ázad ó chíny zách rún bá mhéinn liom,

U'r meámhruizh féin do chách mo reóil,
Tizeádh zách epobháire á z-cobháir le Feárláir
Cuímhuizh áh conrádh réub zo cláon ár námháid
Ym ázáibh áh tán á'r zábhláidh le chéile,
Rpeábláidh le fonn á'r pleánnecáidh méith-phoie,
leánnáidh áh foghá áir dhriomḡ áh éitich,
'Y ná h-íompoízheádh áén le reáich, ó'n n-zleóidh.

The bards shall exult, and the harp string shall tremble,
And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
Ere “ Samhain ”³ our chiefs shall in Temor assemble—
The “ Lion ” protect our own pastors again :
The Gael shall redeem every shrine’s desecration ;
In song shall exhale our warm hearts adoration ;
Confusion shall light on the foes usurpation,
And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell,
Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o’er you !
The treaty they broke,⁴ your deep vengeance shall swell :
The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
Surround him ! sustain ! shall the gorged goat⁵ descending
Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending—
Rush on like a tempest, and scatter the foe !

YUILL CABHRIACH EIREANN.

Uir mairidín záchá luáin, bídhim áir meárbháil ruáin,

'Y mé áz ámháire uáim áir ná mál-chnoic,

Máir nách elúimín áh uáill, áz tárráin z chum euáin,

Qá lámhách zunnáidhe-mór á m-bínn Eadáir ;—

Muná d-tázad fíbh zó luáth, beidh áir námhuid-ne zó
buáin,

U n-zrádam ró mhór á' n-Éirínn,

'Y beidh elánná fíir zó ruáir, fliuch, áz obáir fálá
dhuálzár,

'Y á Mhuire nách truaí z fúd z áodháil bhocht'.

Iz fálá rínn áz fúil libh, 'n áir z-codlá 'y 'n áir n-dúr z ádh,

Fíbh-rí theácht chúzáinn zó h-Éirínn,

U z hárráidh lúchmháir, do zhlánpádh áh rínné dhínn,

U'z áh t-reán-chuláith chúmháidh tál áir z áedhúil
bhocht' ;—

THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

I turn to the hills, with the dawn as I waken,
And sickens my soul o'er its promise deferred;
The wave with no hearts exultation is shaken,
No cannon's deep voice o'er Ben-Edar ' is heard.
Oh speed to sustain us! oh leave not the crown
Of green Erin the brow of her tyrant to press!
On her names of renown,
Her invaders look down,
And the Gael's aching heart sinks with shame and distress.

The hope of your coming o'er Erin has brightened,
In wakefulness present—in vision displayed—
Until in your promise her shackles seem lightened,
And rent from her bosom the shroud that arrayed.

Ḑá bh-feiceadmáid bhur z-conznádh, áz treáreádh ná
z-eúl-rhoc,

Uzur Cárólur á d-túr ná releipe;

bhiádh álámháir trúpmháir, áz reinneádh zálltrómpá

Uir ghliabh ná m-bán bh-fiomm 'r áir chnoc zreíne,

'Y ḑá d-tázádh ribh-re chúzáinne, ní theibyeádh áir
z-eónznádh,

bhiádh reáir ná dúitche ánn á léine;

bh-fuil o dháinzeán uí Chúir, zō eilláráich án chúrḡá,

bhiádh Conácht ázur cóize Uládh áz éiliomh ;—

bhiádh tuilleádh ḡór nách dúbhráir, áz tárráinz táir
trúch chuzháinn,

zō lannámháir, lúthmháir, éuderm,

buáin áláir áir án z-euáirhuir, ḑō lázáidh áir
z-conznádh,

'Y beidh Donchádh ázur Uná áz á cheíle.

Ḑá n-zábhádh elánná ḡéill, á reáth á' r á z-elóidheámh,

Uzur ppionnḡá ná n-záo dhál Máe Cártháich,

bhiádh O'Ywiliobháin bhéáir, áz tárráinz zō tréun
chúzáinn,

Uzur Máe-con-Máir ná' r threíz mámh á cháirde ;—

Oh gleam but your swords on the goats to advance !
Bid our Charles in the front his position to take,
And at liberty's glance,
A wide host from their trance,
Over bright Sliev-na-mon and Knock-Greny will wake.²

Oh fly to our shores, and should weapons be wanted,
Our hands in the blood of the despot we'll dye ;
They'll come from Kildare, and from Dingle undaunted,
For Conaught with Ulster in Glory will vie :
Every spot of the land burning spirits will send,
And oh, when regenerate they leap from the chain,
What shield may defend
Those who taught them to bend,
When with Una her Donald's united again.³

The clan of O'Neill with the sword redly gleaming,⁴
Will come with Mac Carthy the prince of the Gael—
And O'Sullivan's banner from Bear-haven streaming—
Mac Mahon our strong one, that never could fail—
On Mac Morogh of Leinster the scourge shall be laid ;
Blarney's lord his disgrace with Mac Awliffe will share—
When her ranks are arrayed,
With the pole and the blade,
Then shall Sabia⁵ rejoice and her tyrants despair.

beidh O'Murcheáidh lúgheán, d'á zhireádh do binn,

Máe Almháilzha ázúr oízhre ná bláirne,

beidh an chleach áz Yádhbh, á'r ann á bárr á bheidheár

ráizhiott,

beidh ar námháid ázúr ázháidh á b-róill á n-áirde.

Fóillreócháidh Zeárróitt, ázúr déanfaidh re cullóid,

Zídh zur fada é á b-riollóir ná druídheáchtá ;—

bíadh ar réul-ne coréoir, 'n Eirinn áz boicht fód,

Ázúr crochfaidheár á bh-fuil beódh dhe'n t-ríol úd ;—

Zheábháidh riad lom-zhleódh, 'n íochdár zán fonn rróirt,

'Qí ionád zách ródh do bhídh áca,

Zán chóirte, zán chroíóiz, zán fhíon, zán mháirt-fhéil,

Ázúr zúidhídh le'm réol zabháil thímchioll.

The magical pillar where Garret lies sleeping,⁶
Shall thrill to the war-cry—his spirit shall come ;
The day spring whose radiance illumines our weeping,
Will glare like a sun stroke on them to consume ;
In their darkness of soul they shall turn from the ray
That arises, their dream of despondence to break,
When the pageant display,
And the banquet decay,
Oh swift be the bolt Erin's vengeance to wreak !

U A I L L - C H U M H A I D H Φ I A Φ I - Ξ A E D H A I.

Ὁρόνδεχ γαιρεάνη ερίεε Chuinn !

Δεάζηλκδὴ ἀν φhuinn mhín, ζλάιν, μηάέτῃ :—

Μὰρ τκίδ τρέυνκίbh le τρυκίδῃ,

Ἀτῃρῳίγῃe uκinn δλίγῃe Δέ.

le plánteáron τρυκίλλκίδῃ γκίδ,

Ζυιδῃmuid Διὰ dhuinn zo δ-τί,

Μὰρ thuζ le míoibhκíle móρ,

Íonκγ beódῃ κγ bhroínn ἀν mhíl.

Φκκóídh 'γ κ chlκnn ó'n n-δίλκnn n-δοίmhκnn,

Ὁ tῃóκnn zo τóκnn blκδῃκκκιν beódῃ ;—

Ὁ'n phlκnteáron γκέρφκκίδῃ γέ,

Ἀ n-ζυίδῃe Δέ κ τκ κρ n-δοίκῃ.

LAMENT OF THE GAEL.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Woe to the land of Con,² for o'er the plains
The bounteous soil his sons in freedom trod ;
With blind and fierce misrule, the spoiler reigns,
And mocks and mars the eternal laws of God.

Outcast in climes remote, his children weep,
Conjuring Him to be our safety's tower ;
Who from the writhing monster of the deep
Redeemed the trembling prophet of his power—

Stretched forth his hand to Noah's faithful race ;
And bade them o'er the waves securely ride,
That veiled a slumbering world—He can release
Our sinking land—in Him our hopes abide.

Clánn h-Irráeil líon & rluáigh,
 Zán zhiráin zán zhuáir do thuз ré,
 O'n mair pobháirtáich, ruáidh ;
 Déarráim-ne buádh de dheóin Dé.

Creideáimh dáinzeánn, dóthchuз &'r зрádh,
 Léan do zhnáith zuídhe an rúzhe,
 Iób air rhdóighid iу ré ruáir
 Fuirteácht do zhluaíу ó rhláitheáу Dé.

Ruáir lonzínuз 'з & mhó mairз,
 Agháidh do cháilз epóidhe an rúzhe,
 Le hiomád зрáу &'r déur
 Do ruáir réim ar ron & zhníomh.

Do zheábháim zo bríozhmháir, buán
 O rúzh ná n-dúl do cheáinnáigh chlánn,
 Féaránn ráidhbhir, ruátháin, ráer,
 Zán chíor dháor ná ríneádh rreánnз.

Rádh rin rómpá 'n & rún,
 Báзár bhuán d'ár з-cur ó ar bh-ród ;
 Máir lúizheáу láráruз zán léun,
 Ycáóilruidh zo réidh rinn ó bhríon.

His arm upheld the host of Israel safe,
When countless perils round their path were poured—
Weak in His grasp they saw the billows chafe—
The mightiest shall be His people's sword!

Faith, Hope, and Charity—confiding pray'r—
Breathed to the King of kings, in anguish deep,
The mercy won for Job's un murmuring care,
That o'er the mourner's trust will never sleep.

Longinus too, with gathering ills opprest,
That solace earned, with tears and holy deeds,
Which heav'n exults to pour upon the breast
That loves, and bows confiding while it bleeds.

And He, the Holy One, whose gushing veins
Spilled their redeeming current for our weal—
He shall be with us—and shall rend our chains,
Our burthens lighten, and our freedom seal.

The extinction of our race—our country's shame,
The tyrant threatens—but the power that shed
Through Lazarus' cold lips the vital flame,
A shield of safety for the Gael shall spread.

ταπηζαυρεαχητ δηοιηη φηιπιηηιζη.

Αλοζαν Ο'Παζαλλαιζη ᾽ πό χαν.

Αν τραζη λιη να φάελχοιη αν έιτχιζη ᾽ αν φηιλλ δαιβη,

Αζ μυαζάιητ να ελέιηε α᾽ αν δ'ά λέιη χυι φά δηλόιηι ?

Μο πυρι-γά ! ζο τρέιτχ-λάζ μαε Υθέαριυιτ βά ρίζη
 άζυιηη,

Αηη υάιζη ευιτχά α η-άοηάρι ᾽ α ρηάέρι-δηάιτá άιι
 δίβιητ !

Ιη τραίλλιζτχε, εάοηηηάρι ᾽ ιη τρέαρον δο'η δροιηζ οίε,

Ορυάδη-ηηιοηηά βρέιζε φά ρηέυλά α᾽ αν φά ρερίβηιηη,

'ζ ά η-βυάλάδη ηε βέυλάιβη άιι ζ-ελέιηε α᾽ αν άιι ράόιτχ,

'Υ ηά'η δηυάι δο χηάιηη Υθέαριυιτ ε'ρόιηη ρηάοι να δ-τρί
 ηοζηάχτá.

THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Does thy spirit despond that these wolves² perfidious,
forsworn,

Should banish God's priests, and laugh his religion to
scorn ;

Feeble, exiled, is Charles, the son of the monarch we
loved,

Far, far from the hearts, that would bleed to sustain him,
removed.

Oh foul is the treason, that bids us our truth abjure,
Our faith to our own regal race—oh ! dark and impure
The breast that devised, and the traitor lip that proclaims
Our throne and our truth to belong to any but James.

Υτὰδῦαίδη ἄν τῶρνεᾷχ ἰε φῶρνεᾷρε πᾶ ζρέιμε,
 Ὡρ γεᾷρριδὴ ἄν ceodh-γo δε phór-γhλεᾷchtáibh Eibhir ;
 Ἄν τ-Imprhe beidh deῶράχ ἄ'γ Φλόndpuy φᾶοί dháor-
 γmᾷcht,

'Υ ἄν bṛícléir zo móbráχ ἄnn γεῶmpᾶ rízh Yémuy.

beidh Eire zo rúzáχ 'γ ἄ dúntᾶ zo h-ᾷédh'ráχ,
 Ὡρ ζᾷédheilz 'ζ ἄ γepúδᾷdh 'n ἄ mύrᾷibh ᾷζ éizribh ;—
 bḗuplᾶ πᾶ m-búir n-dubh zo cúthᾷil φᾶοί néullᾷibh,
 Ὡρ Yéᾷmᾶγ 'n ἄ chuyre zṁil ᾷζ τᾷbhᾷire cúnzᾷntᾶ do
 Zhᾷodhlᾷibh.

beidh ἄν bíoblᾶ γṁn lúiteir 'γ ἄ dhúibh-theᾷzᾷγz éitṁhzh,
 'Υ ἄν bhúídheᾷn γo τᾷ cionntᾷch πᾷch úmṁhlúízhᾷnn do'n
 z-cléir chuyre,

'ζ ἄ n-díbirṁ τᾷr τmúchᾷibh zo Yjeuu-lᾷnd ó Eirynn ;
 Ἄν lᾷóíreᾷch 'γ ἄ pṁionnṁγᾶ beidh cúirṁ ᾷcᾶ ἄ'γ ᾷénᾷch !

The sun shall burst forth, and the clouds shall melt in his
sight,

And Heber's proud race shall awake in their native
might ;

And the emperor shall weep, and Flanders writhe in the
chain,

And the "Brickler"⁴ exult in king James's chambers
again.

Erin's soul shall be glad in the hall, at the festive board—
And in science and song her sweet language o'er earth
be poured ;

And the tongue of the churl shall in darkness and shame
go down,

And James shall return, the full joy of our hearts to
crown.

And the fables of Luther, that darken the holy word,
And the false ones that knelt not where God's own priests
adored ;

That hour's retribution shall scatter from Erin's shore,
And Louis shall see what hearts our own prince adore.

γ ε α ζ η α ς β υ ι δ η ε.

Μ' ἤλδθυιγε τηρόχδᾱ νᾱ ῥεᾱῖᾱ-choim ᾱοῖδᾱ,
 Ἀιι ἰᾱηᾱῖβη budh ἰεῖρ ᾱ' ῥ ᾱιι ἰᾱηᾱᾱch ῥᾱῖζηιοττ,
 Δο ζηἰᾱηῥᾱδῃ ᾱῥ Εῖρηηη ῡᾱῖ Δηᾱῖηῥηι νᾱ ῡεῖρῖῖch,
 ' ῥ ᾱιι ῡ-βᾱῖῖτε δο ῥηᾱοῖᾱδῃ ὁ ᾱῖδ-ᾱῖοῖῥ :
 Δᾱ ῡᾱῖῥεᾱδῃ νᾱ ῥεῖηηηε ' ῥ ᾱιι η-ᾱῖηη βηεῖῖ ῥεῖηηηῃᾱῖ,
 Ἀιι ηζᾱῖηη budh τῥεῖηηηῃᾱῖ ᾱζ τῥᾱᾱῖῖ ῥῖοῖῥ,
 ' ῥ ᾱῥ ῡᾱῖηηζ δο βῃεῖῥῥᾱδῃ ἰεᾱῥ-ᾱῖηη ᾱιι ῖῃεῖῥῖᾱῥ
 Ζο ῡ-βᾱῖηῥεᾱδῃ ᾱ ῡεῖηη ᾱεᾱῖῥ δε ῖῃεᾱῖζηᾱη βηῖδῃε.

Δο ᾱῖἰἰεᾱδῃ ἰε τῥεῖηηῃῥε ᾱῖ ζ-ᾱεᾱἰᾱ ἰε ᾱεῖῖῖε,
 Ο δ' εᾱῥζᾱῖ νᾱ ῥᾱοῖ-choim ᾱ βῃ-ῥᾱῖῖῖ-ᾱῖῥῖοᾱ,—
 Δο ἰεᾱζᾱδᾱῖ ἰᾱοᾱῖᾱ ᾱηηη ᾱᾱῖᾱ budh τηῥεῖηηε,—
 ᾱῖ' ἰ ᾱᾱῖ ᾱεᾱᾱᾱδῃ ᾱζῖῥ ᾱεῖῥᾱδῃ ᾱζῖῥ ᾱῖᾱδῃ ᾱῖοῖδῃε :
 ἰῥ ᾱῖδ ᾱῖᾱ ᾱη βεῖῥῖᾱ ' ῥ ζᾱη τᾱῥᾱῖδῃ ' ῥ ᾱη η-Ζᾱοδῃᾱῖῖζε,
 ἰῥ βᾱἰβῃ ᾱῖ η-Εῖζηῖ ᾱζ ζῡᾱῖῖῖ-ᾱᾱοῖδῃ,
 Ζο δ-τᾱζᾱδῃ ἰᾱ εῖζῖη τᾱῖ ῥᾱῖηζε ῖῃεῖῥῖᾱῥ,
 Δο βῃᾱῖηῥεᾱῥ ᾱ ῡεῖηη-ᾱεᾱῖῥ δε ῖῃεᾱῖζηᾱη βῃηῖδῃε.

SHANE BUI.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Oh where are the heroes—the lights of our story,
Our land from the Dane that defended?
Could death yield them back, with their bright wreath
of glory,
One more living leaf might be blended;
Could our pray'rs the proud Finians recall from their
slumber,
Oh the pride of the world we'd again be!
Not a foe to our prince Erin's soil should encumber,
And woe to the power of *Shane Bui*.

The shrines of our faith are destroyed and polluted,
By treacherous wolves that assailed us;
The race of our mighty is fall'n and uprooted—
Oh weep, for our high hope has failed us.

Μάρ theánnmháidh ír méálá, τάρ cáláich zup bh'éizeán

Do'n b-φháráire threízhtheách-ro ráthádh á mír,

le ceálz 'r le cláonádh ná h-áime nách déarφάδ.

Thuз bhánbhá déurách már τά rí :

Altehim á' r éizhmhim áir átháir áh áén-mheie,

Ζίδh átháir zách áen-neich áh τ-Árδ-ρίzh,

Ζο z-εάγádh ái γέυrlár 'r áh bhánbhá zo zléuydá,

Do bháinφeár á réim-cheápe de γheázhán bhuídhe.

Rude jargon our sweet native language supplanting ;
Mute, mute, shall the harp's thrilling strain be ;
Till Charles, with his flag on the ocean breeze flaunting,
Shall humble the power of *Shane Bui*.

Oh sad is my heart, that for exile and danger,
Our generous prince should have left us ;
But Banba's wild curse shall alight on the stranger,
Whose perfidy thus hath bereft us :
Dread Avenger Supreme ! hear my soul's supplication !
Swift, swift, let his course o'er the main be !
Our Charles shall bind up the deep wounds of the nation,
And Erin exult over *Shane Bui*.

YILE 41-UI 'ZHA DHUA.

'Y é deiri dómhnaill O'Mórdha, a' r é air árd leáir-zéine,

Zur fáda tá an óig-bheán, zán póradh le Yéuríar,

O milleadh, ó leónadh, ó reóladh, tair tréun-mhair,

41a feara-choin chriódhá, dhe chóir-ghiochd Mhiléiriar,

Lárfamáid tóirfeadhá, a dhóizhfeár an ríozhál !

Uzur báirfeamáid tóirneach, ár chroin-phoic le

ríobháir ;

Zláirám Clár Fódhlá, ó ná Cóbáich zo léir,

Beidh ríozhite air ná bóithribh, zo módhmháirach,

meádháirach,

Uz triall chum do phóiréa-rá, a Yhíle n-í Zhádháir.

SHEELA NA GUIRE.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

On the height of Lisgreny² cried Daniel O'More,³

“ Oh, Erin ! dear maiden, how long shall it be,

Ere thy bridesman in triumph will come to thy shore ?—

But ruin has fallen on thy warriors—and thee !

Yet the torch, that must kindle a world in thy cause,

May haply the zeal of our cannons inspire,

Against those who would trample thy freedom and laws,

And flout at the wedding of *Sheela na Guire*.

Ym teachtáire triáchamhail, zán rár chum an Máistir,
 Zo reíobhfarad zo fáith-zhlic, chum árdáibh ná h-Éireán;
 Zách fílidh, zách fáizh zlic, zách rár-φheár d'á thréim-
 eacht,

bheith báilighthe an lá úd, air árd léará-zréime ;—
 Punch is fíon croidheárz, d'á tháogadh mair ríáizhuot,
 Drumadh d'á b-pleúgadh, d'á n-zréaradh chum ríeze;
 Yéiríar ceannféadhna bh-φear Éireán zán mháill,
 Máe Uí'bhiráin Uirá, zo cálmá meadhárách
 Uz triall chum do phórdá-rá, á Yhíle n-í Zhádhirá.

Uir luachánn á zrádh-zeál, zo h-áluinn le Yíle,
 Chuáladh á záire, air árd ná d-trí ríozháeta ;—
 Chuáladh 'r an Yráinn í, le h-áthar d'á ínnirín,
 Chuáladh rán iotáil í, 'zur air árd bháilte láoirich,
 Chuáladh í n-Éirínn, le féile d'á mhúidheámh,
 Zo z-eirfidhe ná Zádhaíl bhocht', 'ná réim-cheárc
 árí,
 φách biadh Yí ná rtráédh bhocht, idir mhéirlich mair
 bhídh,

Zo d-tráechadh rí Zállá, an áime zán bhéurá,
 'Y zo b-pórgadh rí á cára, le dlígh cheárc ná Cléire.

“ These vallies shall ring with the triumph of hosts !

The signals shall flash—and the thousands obey !

Bards, Heroes, they hear me—they flow from their
coasts—

Proud hill of Lisgreny ! thou’lt triumph that day.

Echo will forward the beat of our drum,

What chiefs in the hearts of our mountains ’twill fire !

O’Brien of Ara, ‘ exulting will come,

And Charles the bridesman bless—*Sheela na Guire*.

“ When to Erin was whispered the name of her spouse,

The laugh of her heart ‘ over Europe was heard ;

In Spain ’twas received with a kindred carouse,

And in France and in Italy gladly declared.

The homes, that our fathers—our childhood endeared,

That our memories cling to with pining desire,

Shall be ours—ours again—and the brave will be heard,

The long exiled brave—cheering *Sheela na Guire*.

Cíá b'é chídhpheádh an rár-φheár, breágh, áluinn, an Máior,
 An zhuilín áz ceáppádh, zo rárítmheár chum rcléipe,
 le n-á chloídhéamh leáthán, láidir, 'n á láimh-dheár á'r
 φáobhár áir,

An φuáφeáilt ná mná úd, 'r dá zpádhchánn le Yéupláφ.
 Cá bh-φuail tú á Yheupláφ? ná deán-φi áén mháíll!

Díbir tár tréun-mhuir, zo h-éáφeáidh ná Záíll,
 báin φuáim áφ zách breán-φhoc, á'r φéid φuáφ an ádháφe;
 Yuáφ leir ná ceóltáibh, zo módhmháφách meádhφách,
 An triáil chum do φhóφdá-φá, á Yhile n-í Zhádhφá!

Tá φáφách 'n á ríáodáibh, áir rhléibhctibh 'φáir mháóílinz,
 Anzup bínn-zhuch ná n-éunláith, áir zhéuzáibh 'r á,
 n-óidheche:

le díán-theár ná zpéime, bídh' an chφáobh zláφ 'r an
 nzeítmheádh ánn,
 'Y nách breágh deár tá φhoébuφ, áz φéideádh chund
 róíllφe.

φpeábháidh á n-áéimφheácht, an méud-φi Yhíol m-φpáin!
 leánáidh á chéile, ázup φéucháidh bhup d-φpáth!
 Máchtφnáigh áir zhéup-zhoim, bhup z-céupádh le cíán!
 Yhíol ná bh-φeár z-cálmá, leánáigh bhup léid-φheár!
 An φeóil-choyeáirt bodáich, áφ φódhlá-chláφ Eibhup!

“ And will not our heart’s pulse triumphantly dance,
When the Major, the gallant, the graceful, the brave,
With his chivalrous comrades shall fearless advance
A tyrant to crush—and a country to save !—
Where art thou our Charles! ah, linger no more,
One flash of thy sword—and our foes shall retire ;
A clang of thy trumpet once heard on our shore,—
And we’ll start to thy wedding with *Sheela na Guire*.

“ The spring flowers are budding—the blossoms look gay
But the winter of tyranny never departs ;
The birds warble sweet from each feathery spray,
But ’tis night—starless night, o’er our hopes and our
hearts.

All nature’s awake !—and will not the fame
Of heroes, your fathers—O’Brien your sire,
Arouse you to glory—to vengeance—or shame ?
Shall the base churls still mock your own *Sheela na
Guire* ?

Ua Yhíle ná z-cománn ná pulláing mé b-rián,

Fóir áir mo zhláiribh 'r áir mo dhánaid m'á fhéudáir,
 Níá fóizhdiogh me áir i-trácaidh eádar zhláiríidh diábhál,
 Mo yhíul leir á z-comhnudhe, 'r zán znodh dhámh d'á
 iáiríidh.

Tá mo dhóich-rá le Beáttár zo reárríár áir bháb

leir áir léidhe-rí, á dheáibh nách áir leir ná mnáibh;
 Má luádhaidh leir m'áir chéile í ní'r réidhíogh ré á eár,
 An zálá-phoc málluzhthe i-tráceáimáid á ádháreá,
 U'r eárríár bodáich eum rodáir áir Yhíle n-í zhládhíár.

Ir mór áir chúir éad' domh, zách l'á 'n-uáir á ymuáim

Uir zhláiríach neáimh-bhéiríach, neáimh-áiríach,
 neáimh-áiríbhinn,

Zán yhubháilce, zán threíghthe, zán fhéile zán chlóimeár,

Ucht áz fuádhach' mo chéile 'zuir d'á h-éiríeáir áir
 chóilltibh :

'Y me áir dhuáidhe ir óize 'r ir reime 'r áir d-tíir,

'Y mé phóiríár áir óiz-bheáir ázuir tiocfáidh rí linn,
 'Y í thóiríár áir ymóir-rí 'r áir tuirre dhe'm chroíidhe,

An óizh mhíir, chíim, táir m'áir á luáidhíeáir áz
 l'áiríeáir,

Uzuir póiríad mo chálín le eátháirí zán áirímhíeáir.'

“ Her vallies but echo the voice of her woe,

In the fears of her people I hear her upbraid,

How long shall I bleed to a merciless foe ?

How long shall my heart's secret wish be delayed ?

But Saint Peter will sanction the welcome divorce,

From him who would ne'er be our maiden's desire ;

A monster whose bonds are the fetters of force,

Ne'er by heaven designed for our *Sheela na Guire*.

“ My heart, how it pines when I think of the wretch,”

Without honour or principle, virtue, or truth ;

Whose guilt could design, and whose power could

reach

To assail our beloved in the hills of her youth.

I'm the oldest—the last of her sages confest,

And she, dearest maid, can alone still inspire

A joy and content o'er the gloom of my breast,

When Charles shall espouse her, my *Sheela na Guire* !

'Y é Cachtadóir do b'féarr liom a thíríocht liom 'y an níd
úid,

Uair rígh zeal ná Yráinne a'y a zharbá bheith a'm
chímhíoll,

'Y é bhuaidhfeay zán duálzay le h-uairibh ná tíre,

Uair rinne, lá dúbhach é! az búiribh d'ár z-coímheay-
zár :

Troidigh-yi an mhéirleach nách féidir do chláidheadh,

Zo d-tiocfaidh an Yráinneach 'y a bhánntráchd thár
tóinn,

'Yé d'fázfay zán amharay iad zo fánn-laz zán bhrígh,

'Y uair a thiocfaidh an dreachm úd zo teann le n-a
chéile

Beidh aithfeánn caintíreacht a d-teampall ná
h-Éireán.

“Speak only to me of the days when ere long,
Proud Spain and his guards in transplendent array,
Shall environ our cause—when our chiefs shall be strong,
And no tribute or fealty to tyranny pay.
When France and his hosts shall horse the broad main,
And the Despot shall crumble—while nations in choir
Awake the glad heavens with liberty’s strain,
And light up the churches of *Sheela na Guire*.”

G R A N A W E A L.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

O thou that art sprung from the flow'r of the land,
Whose virtues endear and whose talents command ;
When our foemen are banished, how then wilt thou feel,
That the king of the right shall espouse *Grana Weal*.

O'er the high hills of Erin what bonfires shall blaze,
What libations be pour'd forth !—what festival days !—
While minstrels and monks with one heart-pulse of zeal,
Sing and pray for the king and his own *Grana Weal* !

The monarch of millions is riding the sea,
His revenge cannot sleep, and his guards will not flee ;
No cloud shall the pride of our nobles conceal,
When the foes are dispersed that benight *Grana Weal*.

Chídhfeáir ná mílte ó'n Yráinn zo tréun,
 Fíor-Ycoit ná tíre do eirídhadh le pléid,
 Fíllfid zán mháill chúzáinn tair rál' zán bhréiz,
 Uí cóimhdeácht an Ísigh cheirt á'r Zhíáinne Mháol.

Yrreáz d'íntinn, bíodh meádhair ort zo láidir, léir;
 Zúac clóidheámh chúzad á'r éirzhidh, á zhráidh mo
 chléibh !

Yzínnpid ó hízhláindr luchd bláth-bhóinéatt,
 Uí zúar fínfid an Ísigh ceáirt le Zhíáinne Mháol.

Tá an t-impire ázuar láóireách ázuar pára dé,
 Uí tízheácht chúzháinn zo buídhéannmháir 'r an
 Yráinneách réimh;
 Beidhid rítheách fearúda, muintearúda, páirteách réidh,
 leir an Ytíobháirt-ro áir ríisigh chúzáinn 'r le Zhíáinne
 Mháol.

Beidh fíor-zhul á'r eáóidh zúairt á'r zárthá cléibh,
 Uí fíor-bhodáich chóidheche, 'zuar ní eáir liom é;
 Ytríocfáid zo h-íriol, zo cláith 'r zo fáon,
 Do'n Ytíobháirt do díbreádh 'r do Zhíáinne Mháol.

The mighty in thousands are pouring from Spain,
The Scots—the true Scots ‘ shall come back again ;
To far distant exile no more shall they steal,
But waft the right king to his fond *Grana Weal*.

Raise your hearts and exult, my beloved ! at my words,
Your eyes to your king, and your hands to your swords !—
The Highlands shall send forth the bonnetted Gael,
To grace the glad nuptials of *Grana Weal*.

And Louis, and Charles, and the heaven-guided Pope,
And the king of the Spaniards shall strengthen our hope ;
One religion—one kindred—one soul shall they feel,
For our heart enthroned Exile and *Grana Weal*.

With weeping and wailing, and sorrow and shame—
And anguish of heart that no pity dare claim ;
The craven English churls shall all powerless kneel
To the home-restor’d Stuart and *Grana Weal*!

biaðhmáóid-ne zo fíontach á' r zo fáilteach, ráor,
 U' r ár muinntir zo h-áóibhinn zán cháin, 'ran t-ráozhál ;
 beidhid záoídhil bhocht zo h-íntinneach lán de rgléir,
 'Y an Yzáoirthi clámh díbhortha ó Zhráinne Mháol.

A dhálta dhil, chálma, zhrádhmháir, rhéimh,
 Mo chearúar ár mhargalach bhláith, zán bhéim,
 Óá rracadh le reallad az námhuid zo cláon,
 Fá rzamail az azállamh Zhráinne Mháol.

beidh ceartar, beidh áitear, beidh dáin, beidh rgléir,
 Az rlátháibh az rreartáil do'n n-árd-ríz thréun,
 beidhid zállá 'n á z-ceartháibh d'á leázadh le pilléir,
 U' r beidh reáibh az Cárólur ár Zhráinne Mháol.

Our halls will rejoice with friendship and cheer,
And our hearts be as free from reproach—as from fear ;
The hungry adventurer shall pine for the meal,
He long lapped from the life stream of *Grana Weal* !

Ah ! know'st thou the maiden all beauteous and fair,
Whom her merciless foes have left plunder'd and bare ?—
The force of my emblem too well canst thou feel,
For that suffering lorn one is our *Grana Weal* !

But the nobles shall bring back the true king again,
And justice long slighted will come in his train ;
The bullets shall fly—and the cannons shall peal—
And our Charles victorious espouse *Grana Weal* !

U A I L L - C H U M H A I D H Y H E A Z H A I Q

C H I A P A I C H.

Bídhim-ge buán air buaidhipe zách ló,
 Az eáidh zo cruaidh 'r áz tuar ná n-deór,
 Mar díbreádh uáim an buachail beódh,
 'Y nách ríomhthar tuairighz uáidh, mo bhrón !
 'Y é mo lóch, mo zhile meár,
 'Y é mo Cháear tozhaadh ná bh-fer ;
 Qí bh-fuárag fém áen e-ruán air féun
 O d'imthigh á z-céim mo zhile meár.

Qí h-áibhinn eúach budh rhuáire air nóim,
 Táid fíri-chínn uáirle air uáirh an rróir,
 Táid ráóithe ruádh á m-buaidhipe 'r á m-brón
 O díbreádh uáinn an buachail beódh.

'Yé mo lóch, &c.

CLARAGH'S LAMENT.¹BY JOHN D'ALTON.

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed and my thoughts are sad ;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

Chorus—My heart—it danced when he was near,
My hero ! my Cæsar !—my Chevalier !
But while he wanders o'er the sea,
Joy can never be joy to me.

Silent and sad pines the lone cuckoo,
Our chieftains hang o'er the grave of joy ;
Their tears fall heavy as the summer's dew,
For the Lord of their hearts—the banished boy.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Φι'λ γέιτ ζο γυάιρε αἰρ chruádh-chruite ceóil,
 Τά'ν εἰζγί ἅ nγρυάιτ 'γ ζάη uáιτ nά m-beól,
 Τάιδ βέιthe buάη αἰρ buάιδhιrε ζάch ló
 Ο δῖbhpeάdh uάιττ αἷ buάchάιll beódh.

'Υ é mά lάoch, &c.

Φι'ρ εἰρζhιdh Πhoébuγ γέιτ mάρ ιγ εόιρ,
 'Υ αἰρ ἅ chάóη-chneάγ pείdh τά δάél-bhιάτ bρíoη,
 Τά γάébη αἰρ γpείρ ἅ'γ γpείpλιηζ mήóρ,
 Γάóι chóιllτε ἅ ζ-céιτ mάρ δ'έάλοιγh αἷ leózhάη.

'Υ é mo lάoch, &c.

Ἀη mάpεάch uάγáι, uάιbhpeάch, óζ,
 Cpóidhe ζάη ζhρυάιτ ιγ γυάιpce γπόdh
 Cpobhάιpe λάιττneάch, λάτch ἅ nγleóidh
 Ἀζ tpeάγγpάdh γλυάzh 'γ ἅζ pυάζάdh tpeóη.

'Υ é mo lάoch, &c.

Ὁά zhιάγ ἅ γhíηl mheάρ, mήúττneάch, mήódh'áιl,
 Μάρ leάζάητ δpύchdά αἰρ chíúmηάιγ αἷ póιγ;
 Μάpγ ἅ'γ Cíúγid ζο δλίτch ἅ ζ-cómhάρ,
 Ἀ b-peάpγάιττ ὡρ 'γ ἅ n-γpῑúγ mo γτόρ.

'Υ é mo lάoch, &c.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him,
The harp forgets its thrilling tone ;
The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
For the pride of their aching sight is gone !

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

The sun refused to lend his light,
And clouds obscured the face of day ;
The tiger's whelps prey'd day and night,^s
For the lion of the forest was far away.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

The gallant—graceful—young Chevalier,
Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay ;
His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
While he hews through falling foes his way.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

O'er his blushing cheeks his blue eyes shine,
Like dew drops glitt'ring on the rose's leaf ;
Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Iy eay a chúl 'r iy eúrghach eóir,
 Iy dláoidheach, dlúit, 'r iy búclach bóir,
 Iy réucach, rionn, air ionnraídh an óir,
 O bháthay úr zo eúm mo rtor,
 'Y é mo lach, &c.

Iy cor'mhul é le Uenzyr óz,
 le lúghaídh mheic Céin ná m-béimeánn mór,
 le curádháibh áirda mheic Dáire an óir,
 Táoireach Eireán tréun air tóir,
 'Y é mo lach, &c.

le Connall Ceárnach do bheárnádh póir,
 le Féarzyr ríúdhántach, rionn mheic Plóigh,
 le conchubhar eáidh mheic Fháir ná nóir,
 Táoireach áóibhinn chraóibhe an cheóil,
 'Y é mo lach, &c.

Fhí'r labhair an chuach zo ruáire um nóin,
 'Y ní bínn zuth zádhar a z-coílltibh enóir,
 Air máidín rámhraídh a ngleánnatáibh ceóidh,
 O d'mteigh uáinn an buacháill beóidh.
 'Y é mo lach, &c.

His curling locks in wavy grace,
Like beams on youthful Phœbus' brow;
Flit wild and golden o'er his speaking face,
And down his ivory shoulders flow.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Like *Engus*² is he in his youthful days,
Or *Mac Cein* whose deeds all Erin knows;
Mac Dary's chiefs of deathless praise,
Who hung like fate on their routed foes.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Like *Connall* the beseiger, pride of his race!
Or *Fergus* son of a glorious sire;
Or blameless *Connor* son of courteous *Nais*,
The chief of the Red Branch—Lord of the Lyre.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

The cuckoo's voice is not heard on the gale,
Nor the cry of the hounds in the nutty grove;
Nor the hunter's cheering through the dewy vale,
Since far—far away is the Youth of our love.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Ήϊ ιννεόγλδ γέιν εϊά h-έ μο γδόρ,
Deidh ínnγm γέιλ τάρ είγ ζο leór ;
Ucht zúidhim-γi áen-mhác Dé ná z-cómháchte
Zo bh-γillidh mo láoch zán bháézal beódh,

'Υ é mo láoch mo zhile meár !

'Υ é cuir mo léin mo zhile meár !

Mo nuár zo h-éuz 'γmo ruáthár léin,

Már do ruáizeádh á z-céin mo zhile meár !

The name of my darling none must declare,

Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore ;

But, oh, may Heaven—Heaven hear my prayer,

And waft the Hero to my arms once more !

Chorus—My heart—it danced when he was near,

Ah ! now my woe is the young Chevalier ;

'Tis a pang that solace ne'er can know,

That he should be banish'd by a rightless foe.



b a q - C h q o i C e i p e a q o z h.

Uir zhuich “ Uileacán dhuibh O ! ”

I fálairinn ’r i fálteach an áit do bheith á ’n-Éirinn ;

Uileacán dubh O !

Mhár á m-bídhéann torradh ná rláinte á m-bárr ná
déire ánn,

Uileacán dubh O !

Bídhéann an mhíl áir an z-eránn ánn á ngleánnatáibh
ceóidh,

’Y ná rruacháibh i an t-rámhár ánn á z-ciumháir zách
nóid,

Bídhéann uirze ’n á rhráil ánn á’r drúchd um nóin,

Uir bhán-chnoic Éireán ózh.

I báchallach, buácach, Duálach, Dréimneach,

Uileacán dubh O !

Zách fáraire á zhlúaireár ó chuánnatáibh ná h-Éireán,

Uileacán dubh O !

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Erin's the land of hospitable cheer,
The day I left her was a day of woe;
There golden plenty crowns the labourer's year,²
And shadowy glens with balmy honey flow.
Fair are her wood-land paths and murmuring rills,
Sweet is the stream that from each rock distils,
Bright are the dew-drops glistening on her hills,
Land of my heart ! *O Uileacan Dubh O !*

Mark her throng'd exiles lingering on their decks,
Their eyes still kindling with the hero's glow;
The glossy ringlets curling down their necks,
Have wrung reluctant praises from the foe.³

Blachra-d-rá Air cuaird, m'á' r buán mo rhaodhál bheidheá,
 Zriuz talámh an t-ruaircig mair ar duál do rhaodhail
 bheith,

Do b'feárr liom 'nár bhuir n-duálzár zidh mór le muidh-
 eámh, bheith

Uir bhán-chnoic Eireán ógh.

Ir tairbheách 'r ir mór iad cruacháibh ná h-Eireán,
 Uileácn dubh O !

Bidheánn an t-íom á' r an t-uachdár áz zluairéacht 'n á
 rlaodá ann,

Uileácn Dubh O !

Bidheánn an biollár Air an d-tóinn ann á' r rámhádh boz
 ródh'ail,

U' r ná eacchá áz labhairt ann ó ló zo ló,

'Y an rmoilín uaráil ir ruáim-bhinne ceól,

Uir bhán-chnoic Eireán ógh.

Land of Gadelians ! Region of delight !
Years shall not hold me from thy genial sight ;
Though rich and great the country of my flight,
I sigh for Erin, *Uileacan Dubh O !*

Sweetly her new-mown meadows scent the gales,
Large are the corn-ricks her full bawns can show ;
Happy the herds that through her dewy vales,
And clover pastures linger blithe and slow.
Sorrel and cresses each fond stream delay,
Cuckoos their notes of love speak all the day,
While thrushes pour forth from each quivering spray,
Their warbling songs, *O Uileacan Dubh O !*

THE EXPULSION OF SHANE BUI!

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Ye daughters of loveliness ! dim not your eyes,
By sorrow unclouded too seldom ;
The days are at hand when your heroes shall rise,
And your foes be in trouble and thralldom.

No *Sassanach* band
Shall fling o'er the land
All the sufferings and sorrows that can be ;
The chains of a slave
Shall not fetter the brave,—
With a blessing we'll fit them on *Shane Bui* !

Though spoiled of the land where our fathers have reigned ;
Though bound to the plough and the harrow ;
Though goaded to life we feebly sustained
The tasks of a hard-hearted Pharaoh ;

beidh zairm az zaothlaibh, zo fairrimz 'n a dheigh rin,

uzur zalllaibh d'a d-traochadh, mar tathaoi

beidh preabaire zaothlach, 'n a rzaaire meara.

'Y an chathair faoi fein, a'r ní eár linn ;

beidh aithrimonn naomhtha a z-cealllaibh ná h-Cireán,

'Y beidh cantain az Cuiribh, zo h-árd-bhínn

U'r air mh'fállainz zo m-beidhead-ra a'r céud aithir

mar don liom,

Az mazadh zan traochadh faoi Theázhan bhuíthe.

Yet when Charles shall come,
At the beat of his drum
No Williamite more shall a man be !
When the Stuarts draw nigh,
The long pampered shall fly,
And Erin be lightened of *Shane Bui* !

Gadelians my boys ! shall then rule o'er the land,
And the churls shall be slaves as you now are ;
Our armies will thrive under native command,
And our cities exult in their power.

The mass shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,
• And bards to each Tanist and Clan be ;
Fear and shame shall unite
To drive from our sight
Our heaven-cursed oppressors, and—*Shane Bui* !

γeαζhαqι o' d u i b h i p. αqι ζ h l e α q ι q ι α.

Αιp m' e i p ζ h i d h d h α m h α i p m α i d i n,

Ζp α n α n τ-γ α m h i p α α ζ τ α i t h n e α d h,

C h u α l α i d h m é α n u α i l l δ' α c α γ α d h

Α ζ u γ c e ó l b i n n n α n-é α n,

h p o i c α' γ m i o l t α ζ e α r p α,

C p e α b h α i p n α n-ζ o b b h-φ α d α,

Φ u α i m α ζ α n m α c α l l α,

Α' γ l α m h α c h ζ u n n α i d h e τ p i é u n ;

Α n γ i o n n α c h p u α i d h α i p α n ζ-ε α r p α i ζ,

M i l e l i ú ζ h α ζ m α p e α i c h,

Α' γ b e α n ζ o d ú b h α c h ' γ α n m-b e α l α c h

Α ζ á i p e α m h α c u i d ζ e i d h ;

' q i o i γ τ á α n c h o i l l δ' α ζ e α r p α d h,

τ p i α l l φ α i d γ ú d τ α p c α l l α i t h

' γ á γ h e á ζ h α i n u í d h u í b h i p α n ζ h l e α n n α,

τ á t ú ζ α n ζ á m e.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.¹BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Blithe the bright dawn found me,

Rest with strength had crown'd me,

Sweet the birds sung round me,

Sport was all their toil.

The horn its clang was keeping,

Forth the fox was creeping,

Round each dame stood weeping,

O'er that prowler's spoil.

Hark, the foe is calling,

Fast the woods are falling,

Scenes and sights appalling

Mark the wasted soil.

'Y é rin m'uaizneáir fáda,
 Ycáth mo chluáir d'á zheárrádh,
 An zháoth á d-tuáith á'm leáthádh,
 Aizur an báir ánn rán rpreir,
 Mo zhábháirín ruáire d'á cheáhzál,
 Zan ceád lúithe 'nák aigdízheácht',
 Do bháirneádh zruáim de'n leánbh,
 A meádhon zhíl an léé;—
 Croidhe ná h-uáirle áir an z-cárráiz,
 Zo ceáthfirách, buácach beánnách,
 Do thiofádh ruáir áir áiteánn,
 Zo lá dheire an t-ráozháil,
 'Y dá bh-fázháinn-ri ruáimhneáir táimáil,
 O dháóimibh uáirle an bháile,
 Do Thimáilfáinn féin áir Zháillibh,
 A' r d'fházfáinn an rgléir.

Táid fearáinn zhleánná an t-rpuchá,
 Zan ceánn ná teánn áir luchdáibh,
 A ríáid ná á z-euách ní h-óltáir,
 A rláinte ná á ráozháil,

War and confiscation

Curse the fallen nation ;

Gloom and desolation

Shade the lost land o'er.

Chill the winds are blowing,

Death aloft is going ;

Peace or hope seems growing

For our race no more.

Hark the foe is calling,

Fast the woods are falling,

Scenes and sights appalling

Throng our blood-stained shore.

Where's my goat to cheer me,

Now it plays not near me ;

Friends no more can hear me ;

Strangers round me stand.

Mo lomá luáin ! zán fáizáth
 O Chluáin zo rtaíe-na-z-Coláin,
 'Y an zeárrrphúádh air bhrúádh an poiré,
 An fáin le ná ráé,
 Cad í an ruáiz ro air Zháláibh,
 buáladh, buáin á'r cáirtádh,
 An rmoilín bhíonn 'r an lon,
 Zán fáir-zhuch air zhéiz ;
 'Y zur móir an tuáir chum cozáidh,
 Cléir zo buáidheáirtea á'r pobáil.
 Dá réóladh á z-euáirtáibh lomá,
 Anon fáir zhleánná an t-rleibh'.

'Y é mo cheádh mháidne !
 Fádh bh-fuáir mé báir zán pheáceádh,
 Yul á bh-fuáir mé rzhánnáil
 Fá mo chuid féin !
 'Y á liádháche fá bpeázh fádh,
 D-tiz úbhla cúmhra air cheánnáibh,
 Duilleábhair air an n-dáir,
 Azur drúchd air an bh-féur ;

Nobles once high-hearted,
From their homes have parted,
Scatter'd, scar'd, and started
By a base-born band.

Hark the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling ;
Scenes and sights appalling
Thicken round the land.

Oh ! that death had found me
And in darkness bound me,
Ere each object round me
Grew so sweet, so dear.

Spots that once were cheering,
Girls beloved endearing,
Friends from whom I'm steering,
Take this parting tear.

'Fhoir t'áirim-ri ruáizthe ó'm pheáránn,
 U 'n uáizneáir bh-φάδ ó'm cháráδ,
 Am láidhe zo duáire φάδ ízártaibh,
 U'í á z-cuáráibh áh t-íleibh',
 'Í muná bh-φázh me ruáimhneáir φeáíτá,
 O dháóimibh uáirle áh bháile,
 Tríizídh me mo pheáibh,
 Ázay φáizídh me áh íáoíhál.

Hark, the foe is calling,

Fast the woods are falling ;

Scenes and sights appalling

Plague and haunt me here.

le h-aig aia yuire.

Eoghán ruadh O'Gúilleobháin ró chán.

Maídim drúchda le h-aig ná Yuire, 'r mé tálmhach, lán,
rón,

Do dheáreáir Cúil-ghionn mháireach, mhúinte, zhrádmháir
rheimh,

'Aí á raibh án lile áz rúzradh tre luigne ionnraich, mair
rzáil ná z-cáor,

Zán time á n-znúir zhil án leimbh ionnraic, do b'áluinn
rzéimh.

Iy blárdá, búndheach, beácht do bheánuigh dúinne, 'r iy
páirteach, réimh,

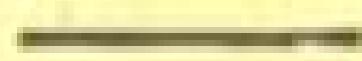
Iy táráidh d'úmhluíghéar le'm h-áta cúmzeach, á'm
láimh zo féur ;

Air ámháire zhnúire á'r pheárrán chúmtha ná báibe iy
léir,

Zur cheáiz Cúirid le dáirtáibh tíúghá mé, tré lár mo
chléibh.

BESIDE THE SUIR.¹

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.



Despondent and sad by the Suir as I strayed,
I met a fair nymph in bright beauty arrayed ;
Fair flowing her tresses and radiant her cheek
As the berries ripe bloom, and her looks mild and meek.

Benignant she hailed me, with rev'ence profound,
My bonnet I vailed, and bowed low to the ground ;
Emotions of wonder and joy filled my breast,
And, with rapture inspired, thus the nymph I address'd.

Ó' fíorruígeáir-rá zo mílir, muínteáirdh, de zhrádh mo
chléibh,

Ua bh'irí an áóil-ehneir le'r tuzádh líonnuith, á'r áir ná
Tráodh ?

Q' an Mhíocháir, mhín, mháireach chuair ná mílte, le
ráir an t-ráozháil,

Ua zálkálb coimhídhtheach ná'r cheánnuigh íorá, 'n á
rtaic ráóí réim ?

Freázáir rínn, á zheán mo eiríidhe, an tú an bháb do
thréir,

Ua fear do bhídh áic á z-ceánzál éinne, le zrádh do'n
bh-réim ;—

Q' an Zhálkán zhrínn do bháiligh Q'áóire, tar ráile á
z-céin,

Thu zreáirzairt láóich á z-cáth ná eiríidhe, á'r áir ná
z-céud ?

Q' an bheán do línz mair cheáráid dnuídhthe, ráigh á'r
éirí,

le h-áir an Flíor thu zráta láóich, tar ráil do'n
n-zréir ?

Q' an tú do dlígeádh le cumánn díozráir, ráir á'r
zéill,

le Connál míozhdh á z-cumáir míozháchtá, zhabháil 'n á
dhéir ?

“ Oh ! art thou that fair one whose dear fatal charms,
To the walls of old Troy led the Greeks in bright
arms ?

Or she who our princes has exiled afar,

And brought in the aliens, with rapine and war ?

“ Or that dame, most unhappy, whose love passing
fond,

For the *Finians*, dissolved the dear conjugal bond ?

Or she who afar o’er the seas sped her flight

With *Naoise* renowned in the Red-Branches’ fight ?

“ Or she that of old with the heroes of Greece,

Theme of many a song, brought the rich golden fleece ?

Or the queen of king Connor deemed worthy alone,

When he lay in the tomb, to be placed on his throne ?”

D'fheallair rí zo bláir dá rínn, á' r í tál ná n-déar,
 Ní ceallach d'íobh d'ár áinmníghir, á' d ríidhtibh mé ;
 Ucht beán do bhídh fá zhirádam ríozháchd, tráth dhe'm
 ríozhál,

U z-ceannair eíiche reán á' r reirreár, Urd-reoir
 zádhal.

Un tán reáirídh linn, eia an bheán do bhídh liom, tráth
 az pléidh,

Do zhlacár báoir, air mháchtanámh ínnirte, dáta an reil,
 Zur labhair rí, zo bláir dá, bínn, zán tál á n-záodhailz ;
 “ Yealláin eallídh, azur zhlacáidh íntinn, árd á' r réim.

“ Ir zéarr an mháil, zo bh-reirir buídhéan, tár ríle
 az téacht,

Zo lannach, líonmhair, á mairéibh dídhéannmhair, zán
 ríáth roimh philléir,

Uz zlanádh eíoch chlánná zádídhéal, le h-árd-mhac
 tréim,

O'n áime chláoin ná' r zheannuirgh Críort, 'r beidh an
 lá az mo léech.”

Air áithir ríime, zách áirte reiríobhair, do'n m-bán-
 chneir t-réimh,

budh cneáir dá zhlacáidh, budh bláir dá lácídh, á' r do b'áilne
 ríéimh ;

Then she answered me sweet, with a tear and a smile,

“None of these greets thee now—but the Queen of the
Isle,

That once reigned thrice happy o’er mountain and vale,

The genius of Erin, the pride of the *Gael*.”

To see Erin’s genius what joy thrilled my frame !

But grief for her wrongs soon my spirit o’ercame ;

Till she cried in sweet accents allaying my smart,

“My son cease to grieve, and with strength arm thy heart.

“For swift o’er the seas come armed ranks in their might,

Well trapped are their horses, their swords gleaming

bright ;

Led on by a hero, to sweep from the coast

The ruthless, false-hearted, heretical host.”

Ír táráidh ígíor, chum meácha árú, á' r d'fáiz mé á
b-péim,

Án tán beáruígzheádh úinn, zup bh'áirlinz druídheáchea,
á ráidhte béil.

Áitheim íorá, do cheánnuizh úinn, á' r fuáir páir á' r
péim,

Zo d-tizidh áh nídh á z-ceáir chum eíiche, á d-tráth zán
bháezhál,

Zo bh-řeiceáim díbir, rceáreádh á' r ízéimhle, á' r áir le
rcebhár,

Áir áicme áh rheíll, tár n-áir á úir, rin eíioch mo
ízéil.

In her own native strains, and with looks passing fair,

She accosted me thus, and then vanished in air.—

I grieved lest my vision too soon I might deem

The work of enchantment—a flattering dream.

Thou, who man hast redeemed by dire suffering and toil,

This redemption, oh ! grant to my dear native soil ;

May the woes that o'er Erin her foemen would spread,

With vengeance alight on their own guilty head !

ΑΙΡ CΗΕΙΜΥΙΟΥ ΗΑ Η-ΖΑΟΔΗΑΙ.

ΨΑΡΨΑΤΗΑ Ο'ΖΗΜΗ ' Ρ' ΕΛΑΝ.

Μο τηρυαίγῃ ! μάρι τάλιδ Ζαοιδηί !

Αηηάμη ίντινη φορηβηράοίλιδῃ,

Αιρ Α'η-υάιρ-γί Αζ δαυτε δηοβῃ ;—

Α η-υάιρλε υιλε Αιρ ηειμηηίδῃ !

ΒάραμηΑίλ δο βλειρθεΑρι δόιβῃ ;

ΨαίγθεΑλλ τΑρι είρ Α η-δίογῃβῃοιγῃ,

Αζ Α ηήομηΑδῃ ό 'εριοίγῃε Α ζ-επεΑδῃ ;

Ηό ιγ λιοη τορριΑιμηε Αιρ δ-τιλλεΑδῃ :—

Ηό ιγ λυχδ βάιρσε ρά'η βηρύχετ μυιρ ;

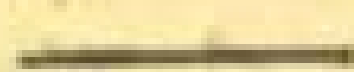
Ηό ιγ δροηζ ρυΑιρ ριογ Α γλέζῃΑίλ ;

Ηό ιγ ζείλλ Α η-ζείβῃεΑηηΑίβῃ ΖΑλλ,

ΕιρεΑηηΑίχ ρά ρῃέΑιμη εΑχδριΑηη !

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THE GAEL.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.



Weep ! weep ! for agony and shame
With deepening gloom the Gael invest ;
Fall'n is each proud and patriot name,
On which a nation's hope might rest.

What are they now ?—a remnant spared,
Writhing from desolation's tread—
Pale pilgrims, who the deep have dared,
And traced the sterile waste outspread.

A shattered bark's disheartened crew
O'er-gazing from the crowded deck ;
The sheeted wave that flashes through,
Or bursts above the labouring wreck.

Victims of every changing fate,
These shadows of the Gael of yore,
Whose bonds with worse corrosion eat,
Through breasts that panted free before.

Their power is feebleness—their worth,
Their manly worth, a rankling stain ;
Once heroes ! now, disastrous dearth,
Their hearts have shriveled to the chain.

Dark shadows round the Gael arise,
Veiling the light of other days ;
Like clouds that gathering in the skies,
Obscure the sun's meridian blaze.

The word went forth²—from *Boyne* to *Lein*
Echoed the impious sounds away ;
But *Fians* yet in *Fail* disdain
To bend or brook an alien sway.

The scions of a race of kings
No more the glittering barb may grace ;
Bid the swift hawk unfurl his wings,
Or wake the mountain with the chase.

Τρέοιδ ζάλλ α ζ-cluáintibh α ζ-ceánn,
 Τώρ κέλτá ánn áic α bh-foirgneádh ;
 Μάρζάιδhe uádhethá ánn ζάch oipeáir;
 Cpúáchά áir áirdáibh áenáízhéádh.

Ψί áicthnízheánn Iniy lózhá,
 Ψídh δ'ά fάicthchibh fonn mhórá ;
 Cnoic dláóí-ρέidhe α n-dicáizh áh áir ;
 Bicáidh γάér-Θipe 'n α γάerám !

Ψί áicthníd áicme ζάείdheál,
 Dánbá, buime α mácáomh ;
 'Υ ní áicthnídheánn Θipe iád-γim
 Téidhid pe chéile áγ α ζ-cpuetháibh.

Iγ γί áh dromz dhéízhéáγ δ'áicthne,
 D' Iniy Chóinn iy cómhethácthuizhthe ;
 Ψί ζάλλ iy áóidheádhá ácá,
 Ζάóidhil 'n α n-dromz n-deóráτá !

Do léiz Θipe áh tonn tríthi,
 D'iomchur fóirne coizepíche,
 Ápethách Dhácthí do tolládh,
 Iγ γί áh-chpueth δ'féáδάmáir !

But, while our hearts indignant bleed,
An hour may come,³ o'er Erin's plain,
To bid the inert and drooping steed
Bound with a warrior's weight again.

Our halls the stranger's tread resound,
Or glare white towers upon their site ;
The plough hath past each hallowed mound,
Where sages weighed a nation's right.⁴

Proud *Logha's* isle no longer now—
'Tis England all⁵—each taint and blot,
Her plains, her own free mountain's brow,
All blighted, sullied, and forgot.

The *Gael* no more their native place
Discern, in this degraded land ;
Banba no more her sons can trace,⁶
In failing heart and feeble hand.

An alien race o'erruns her breast,
Endenized by strange controul ;
The stranger is no more her guest,
While exile wrings her children's soul.

Μάρ τήιμχεάλλάρ τονν άηγάιδη
 le γτοιρν ιάοί luchd εάοίλ άρηάιχ ;
 Υάιθε ζάλλ άρ τί ά ά τίμχίλλ,
 Μυνά δ-τί άη δ'Ειρεάηηεάιβη.

Όρνιδ βηάάιρ εονά βηράιτηριβη,
 Τυάτχά δέ δο δήιότχίάιτηριζη
 Δάρ ιεάτ ιγ νειμητχρειγε, ά η-διυμη
 Φά βειτχρε-γί, μειε Μήιλεάδη.

Μάρ luchd ηά τρώιδηε άιρ ηά τοζήάιλ,
 Δ'ά η-δίτχ-χλειτχ ά η-δίότχηράμηάιβη ;
 Ριάνη Τεάμηράχ τάιδ ό Τηάιτεάηη,
 Ά βη-ράιδ γεάιβηά γεάχάιντεάρ !

Σόμηγάμηάιλ με εάιηη ιγρίάειλ
 Τ-γοιρ 'γ άη Ειζιρε άιρ έττρίειν',
 Μιε Μιλεάδη υμ βηόιηη ά βηυγ,
 Άζ γίηεάδη δηόιβη ό ά η-δύτχέχάγ.

Μάρ δο βηίδη Μάζη Τωιρεάδη ά δ-τυάιδη,
 Ά η-ζεάλλ Μηειε Σέάιη άη χέάδ υάιρ,
 Ιά ά γεάρηάμηηά με τέιδηη τίηη,
 Ρέιδηη ά η-άτχλόζχά άιρ Ειρηνη.

See how the spoilers' stem the surge !

O'er *Dath's* bark the winds prevail,

She hangs upon the billow's verge,

With groaning plank and shivered sail.

The tempest howls—the writhing wave

Surrounds her, yawning to devour ;

Will not her sons unite to save ?

Oh ! shield her in this perilous hour !

Why, tame ones ! can ye not resign

The blood of kings, that through you runs ?

Who broke the rule of Balar's line ?

Say—are not ye Milesius' sons ?

Like those redeemed from *Ilium's* fall,

To wander o'er the pathless main ;

Proud *Temor*, *Tailltean*, we recall,

But ne'er shall see their pomp again.

As rose the voice of Israel's wail,

From Egypt breathing to her God ;

By dark *Bovinda's* wave the Gael,

Weep for the fields their fathers' trod.

Այ լնջի Երեւոյն ան քեզի շիւտ
 Երաւի ! չան յոռհամիւն հ-Եւստի
 Մի Բրնի ք բոն Մեհի,
 Եւստի ծիւն չո ո-ճիւնիւնի-հան !

Երաւի ! ծո իւն քեւն ունի,
 Ին ծ-եւստ ճիւն ծ'ք ո-ճիւնի-ք
 Ան ծ-Աւի-Միւնի ուն քիւնի քան
 Եւստ ան քեւ-քիւնի Եւստիւն.

Ա Եւստիւն 'չ ին ան քեւստ
 Ան ո-քիւն ան ճիւն-հ քիւնի ան ճիւն-
 ճիւն ?
 Ին ին ուն ծ քեւն-քիւն Եւստ
 Ին ան ո-քիւն ան ծ-Աւ-Աւիւնիւն ան ճիւն ?
 Ին ան ծ-քիւնի քեւն ան քեւնի
 Ծո իւնի ճիւն ո-քիւն-Աւիւնի
 Իւնի-քիւնի ճիւն Ինի ծ-Եւստ,
 Ան քիւն-Եւստի քիւն Եւստ !

Ին քիւն ան ճիւնիւնի ճիւն,
 Իւն ուն ծ'ք քիւն Եւստ ;
 քիւն ք ան քիւն-ք ան քիւն քիւնի,
 Ծո ո-քիւն ին քիւն քիւնիւնի !

Maytuire her wakening might arrayed,
And crushed the power of fierce *M'Kein* ;
And he who blessed her reeking blade,
May rend the links of Erin's chain.

Oh for the arm of Priam's son !
Oh for a Hector's patriot ire !
To wave the Gael to glory on,
To wake their hearts to freedom's fire.

Or would the eternal to our aid
Vouchsafe a Moses' guiding hand,
To liberty our steps to lead,
And marshal *Criffan's* warrior band.

Dread sov'reign hear, oh hear our cries !
The land thou gav'st—this bright domain
Is ours—those shining walls that rise,
When shall they be our home again ?

Or wilt thou in thy wrath fulfil,
The fate *O'Cuin's* pure prophet spoke ;
When through the shades of coming ill,
Columba saw the stranger's yoke ?

MunA 3-cuimh d'óigh a n-Dia

Yíol Eibhir-Yeot o'n Yéithia

U 3-clár fóinne '3 á tálaimh dho

Yí clár d'óighie d'á diormá.

If God has willed it—and the land
That gave us Irish name and heart,
The Saxon now can bind and brand,
Oh! let us from the shore depart!

But still, oh still one hope remains!
Let's bend before the throne of grace;
The blood that burned in *Heber's* veins,
May yet approve his *Scythian* race.

NOTES
TO THE
JACOBITE RELICS.

NOTES.

¹ IRELAND AND KING JAMES.

This poem opens in an awful manner. The ruler of a great empire appears in a state of utter destitution. Driven from his throne for proclaiming liberty of conscience throughout his dominions, he flies for shelter and succour to a part of those dominions, from which he rather deserved "curses loud and deep," than any assistance; to a land, over which his grandfather, father, and brother, ruled more like scourges of God than paternal kings. But the brave and generous, though persecuted people, "whose foible was loyalty," forgot all their wrongs in the contemplation of the sufferings of their monarch. They immediately flew to arms, rallied round his standard, fought his battles, and but for the dastard himself, would have conquered in his cause. Well would it have been for their posterity, if they had bartered him, as the Scotch did his father; but Irish honour forbade the deed. Of the national sentiments towards James and his descendants, no better proofs can be adduced, than the poems and songs in which these sentiments are so forcibly expressed. History has recorded the struggles of this devoted people, and the chivalrous loyalty and patriotism by which they were actuated, are described in these Jacobite productions, with all the characteristic warmth of national feeling.

² Ἀχτ δῶρᾶδῃ νᾶ γκοτ—

This expression should have been in the plural, Ἀχτ δῶρᾶδῃ νᾶ γκοτ. Every reader is now aware that the ancient inhabitants of Ireland were called Scots, and the island Scotia. In succeeding ages, the term was exclusively applied to the Albanian Colonists from Ireland. Hence originated the name of Scotland.

³ “ *Lofty spirits of Milesian line.*”

The ancient Milesian families of Ireland, after braving the storms of thousands of years, began to yield in the sixteenth century. The disastrous warfare of the succeeding age, and the perfidy of the Milesian Stuart, hastened their political downfall, which was finally completed by their ill-fated endeavours to restore the second James. A Milesian of the present day looking back on his long line of ancestry and subdued country, may justly exclaim with the Trojan hero:—

———— Fuimus Troes : fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum, ferus omnia Juppiter Argos
Transtulit : incensâ Danai dominantur in urbe.

But, though the inheritances of Ireland were seised by the adventurer and soldier, the Milesian families retained, even in their decline, a high sense of the dignity of their descent. On this subject, it seems, our English neighbours have been much amused by the following anecdote, which Dr. Johnson was fond of relating as a curious sample of Milesian pride:—
“The few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining, have the highest pride of family; Mr. Sandford, a friend of the Doctor’s, whose mother was Irish, told him, that O’Hara, who was true Irish both by father and mother, and he, and Mr. Ponsonby, son to the earl of Besborough, *the greatest man of the three*, but of an English family, went to see *one of those ancient Irish*, and that he distinguished them thus, O’Hara, you are welcome!

Mr. Sandford, your mother's son is welcome ! Mr. Ponsonby, you may sit down." Doubtless, this story might have afforded merriment to the Doctor and his literary friends, at a time when it was fashionable, as well with the rich vulgar, as the low ignorant in England, to deride every thing Irish, even their misfortunes. But that time is now gone by. America has since triumphed, and Ireland, at the present crisis, seems destined to take her place among the nations, or English policy towards her must speedily change. But to our anecdote. The "one of those ancient Irish" alluded to, was the Mac Dermott, usually stiled Prince of Coolavin, (a district in the county of Sligo,) whose direct ancestor invited over Bruce, to rescue Ireland from English tyranny, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. For the meaning of Johnson's words, "the greatest man of the three," I am wholly at a loss, though well aware that the son of the earl of Besborough, whom he mentions as that personage, was descended from one of those rapacious revolutionary adventurers of Cromwell's training; who on 29th May, 21st Charles II. obtained a grant of lands, iniquitously declared forfeited, in the county of Kilkenny. This man's descendants, with those of an obscure London trader, Tristram Beresford, (whose *original* proposal to the fishmongers of that city, in the reign of James I. for a lease of their escheat of Ballykelly, in Ulster, I have read,) became the Protestant ascendancy rulers of Ireland, where, during the last baleful century, they literally exercised the powers of king, lords, and commons. In this sense, undoubtedly the individual alluded to, was "the greatest man of the three," and perhaps therefore, was honored with leave to sit down in the presence of Mac Dermott.

* " *And o'er the deep the festering boars shall flee.*"

The contempt and hatred which the Irish entertained for the English in former times, are expressed without reserve throughout these poems and songs. In the present, they are scornfully

called “festering boars,” ὀρέαν-τοῖρε, and in others they are designated fetid goats, wolves, churls, &c. Similar feelings, have given birth to similar expressions amongst the modern Greeks, towards their Turkish oppressors. Accordingly, in their popular songs, we find the Turks called wild rams, wolves, and other opprobrious names. From among many bitter and sarcastic stanzas, current in Ireland, the following epigram is selected, as a striking proof of the national hatred here alluded to. One of our bards seeing an Englishman hanging on a tree, exclaimed extempore :—

Ἰ γὰρ μάτῃ δὸ τοῖράδῃ ἅ χηράιν,
 Πάτῃ δὸ τοῖράδῃ ἅπῃ ζάχῃ ἅεν ῥεράοιβῃ,
 Μὸ λέων ζάπῃ κοίλῃτε ἰνῃ γὰρ
 Ἰάπῃ δὲ δὸ τοῖράδῃ ζάχῃ ἅεν ἰά.

Pass on—’tis cheering from yon stately tree,
 A foe’s vile form suspended thus to see ;
 Oh ! may each tree that shades our soil, appear
 Thick with such fruit throughout the lengthen’d year.

James the Second, has been accused, not only of overlooking, but even of encouraging the excesses of his soldiery, against the protestants in Ireland; but, whatever were his faults, and they were not few, this was not among the number. The following letter, which I transcribe from the original, is of itself, sufficient to acquit him of that opprobrious charge.—

“James R.

“Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith repaire to our Towne of Cavan where you are during our pleasure to command in chiefe all our fforces in the said Towne and in our County of Cavan. You are likewise to take care that noe disorder be comitted by any of our Army within the said Towne or County of Cavan. And that you from time to time informe

us of all accidents that shall happen there or thereabouts relating to our affaires And herein you are not to faile. Given at our Court at Dublin Castle the 30th day of April 1690 and in the Sixth yeare of our Reign.

“ By his Majesty’s Command

“ To our Trusty and well beloved

“ R^I. NAGLE.

“ Coll. Denis Mc. Gillecuddy.”

With respect to this period of Irish history, whoever would be misled, may consult Archbishop King’s “State of the Protestants in Ireland,” an appalling monument of a christian bishop’s breach of the commandment, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.” If truth, however, be sought after, it will be found in the Answer to that book, by Leslie, a protestant gentleman, which proves, that when a divine descends to misrepresentation, he generally deals by wholesale. Yet King’s production has been quoted by Harris, Leland, et hoc genus omne, as authority, in their “Histories” of Irish affairs!

LAMENT FOR THE QUEEN OF KING JAMES II.

While the Irish soldiery spilled their blood in the field, the bards exerted their genius in the closet, to forward the interest of the royal fugitives, and by their songs and poems, proved no mean auxiliaries to the cause in which the nation had embarked. They roused the people to arms, in defence of the legitimate monarch, and excited the utmost enthusiasm for the professor of the ancient faith, and the descendant of the renowned Milesian race of Ireland. But the present beautiful elegy, was produced under very different circumstances; and, is therefore, entitled to particular consideration. It was com-

posed at a time, when all hopes of the royal restoration were at an end; and may, therefore, be taken as a proof of the unfeigned sympathy and sorrow of the Irish nation, for the exiled family of England.

Mary D'Este, who survived her royal consort many years, appears to have been every way worthy, as a wife, a mother, and a queen, of the praises so lavishly bestowed on her by the Irish poet. Though a long time in England, even before her accession to the throne, she was never popular, in consequence of her being a catholic, and warmly attached to her religion; but, for the same reasons, she was an especial favorite with the Irish. She died at St. Germaine, April 26th, 1718. Her son, James Francis Edward, called by his followers James the Third, and, by others, the Chevalier de St. George, is frequently alluded to in these Jacobite Relics.

² John O'Neachtan, the author of this poem, (and of *Maggy Laider*, printed in the first volume,) lived in the early part of the last century, in the county of Meath. He was a learned man, and an ingenious poet, and enriched his native language with many original compositions and translations. Several of these are in the possession of the writer; and among others, a copious Treatise, in Irish, on General Geography, extending to nearly five hundred closely written pages, and containing many interesting particulars concerning this country; also, curious annals of Ireland, from A. D. 1167, to the beginning of the last century. These works, if they belonged to any other nation of Europe, even to the island of Iceland, would long since have been deemed worthy of publication; but alas! the literature, language, and native genius of unhappy Ireland, have hitherto experienced unmeritted neglect. As a poet and miscellaneous writer, O'Neachtan holds the same rank in Irish literature, that Doctor Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, occupies in English. With equal genius and learning, the Irish bard's compositions are more equal and

correct, and his style less diffuse than those of the favored English author. Yet, what a different fate has attended these men. The works of the one, are read and admired wherever the language in which they are written extends, the name and writings of the other are wholly unknown, except to the solitary Irish scholar, who may happen to pore over the mouldering manuscripts in which these *disjecta membra* are preserved. But such has been the fate of Ireland. Its native genius, learning, and talents, have been doomed to languish in obscurity. Truly have they “wasted their sweetness on the desert air.”—For with us, since England established its dominion here, it could never be said:—

Ingeniis patuit campus : certusque merenti
Stat favor : ornatur propriis industria donis.

3 “*Than Cæsar of Hosts.*”—

That James II. (even though somewhat addicted to swearing,) was a more devoted catholic than any of the Cæsars, has never been doubted, and this I take to be the poet's meaning in this passage; but, that he was greater, as a statesman or general, even with all his naval character, is rather questionable. While William, who deserved the crown he bravely won, was crossing the ensanguined Boyne, amidst the thickest fire of his foes, James, from the church-yard on the hill of Donore, stood a tame spectator of the battle, which decided the fate of his kingdoms. Thence he fled panic-struck towards Dublin, where he was sarcastically complimented by the Lady Tyrconnell, on his superior speed from the field of battle. So dastardly was his conduct on this momentous occasion, that old Sir Teige O'Regan cried out to King William's officers, “Let us change commanders, and we will fight the battle over again.” But the fatal blow was struck, and James, of whom some one tauntingly said, that he lost three kingdoms for a mass, fled to France to count over his “*Paidereen*” for the remainder of his days, after entailing upon Ireland a century of

worse than Egyptian bondage. With respect to the memories of James and William, remove the penal code, and it may be fearlessly predicted, that the Irish catholics will unhesitatingly, join their protestant friends in commemorating the latter. In Ireland, bravery covers a multitude of sins.

¹ CLIONA OF THE ROCK.

Cliona is one of those fabled beings of the fairy tribe, called Benshees, so celebrated in Ireland. With these “pale aerial demons,” “*Le Deamnuib odhra aieor*,” the *bards* and *scealuidhes* enriched their poems and tales. The rock, “*Carraig Cliodhna*,” lies within five miles of Mallow, on the right to the Cross of Donochmore, in a wild mountainous tract, supposed to be the head quarters of all the Munster fairies. It is a large grey stone, surrounded by a number of smaller ones, and is supposed to be the principal residence of *Cliona*, their queen.

Owen O’Rahally, a well known Irish bard, (who resided at Sliabh Luachra, in Kerry, about the beginning of the last century,) in a spirited poem on the misfortunes of Ireland, addressed to one of the Mac Carthy family, enumerates some of these “shadowy forms,” in the following lines, beginning with *Cliona*.—

Do zhuil Cliodhna tuid na rzeuláibh,
Do zhuil Ughna & n-dúrluigh Eile,
Do zhuil Aoiŕe & ríozhbhiríoz Fheidhlinn,
U’r do zhuil Aoihbhil rízhbheán leith-chríoz !

Do zhuil, zo tríúrízh, & n-ſluáchtách cáille,
Do zhuil Aine & nárár zréime,
Do zhuileádar Ocht nochtar ár áonloch,
Do zhuileádar ámhre & n-cháirnn rán t-ſléibhe.

Cliona appears to have had another establishment on the mountain of Carrigalea, in the county of Clare. She was, however, but a provincial ruler, for "the paramount fairy queen of Ireland, was Maidib, that is, mortifying the d, Maib, pronounced Meiv, by a common metathesis of v for b in Irish. From this country the appellation was conveyed to Scotland, and thence to the north of England. There Shakspeare found our Maib, and espoused her, Mab, to Oberon, as his Fairy Queen." This has escaped the poet's *learned* commentators.

² William dall (or the blind) O'Heffernan, the author of this allegorical poem, was a native of the county of Tipperary, and appears to have been living, an old man, within the last fifty years. He composed many poetical pieces which are deservedly popular, but, if he had left no other than the present, it would in itself, be sufficient to rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp him with the name of poet. The original is adapted and sung to the Irish air, "Staca an Mhargaidh," or the "Market Stake," (which may be seen in Bunting's collection of Irish Music, p. 69,) but, in the translation, it was found impracticable to retain the air without falling short of the beauty of the original.

The machinery (if the term be allowable,) of this ode, or the vision introduced by the poet, has been a favorite form of composition with our later bards. They delighted in decorating these visionary beings with all the charms of celestial beauty; and in this respect, our author appears to have been no mean proficient. His description is heightened with all the glow and warmth of the richest oriental colouring, and the sentiments and language are every way worthy of the subject. "Nothing," observes the ingenious and learned Arthur Browne, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, "marks more strongly the apathy of some musicians, than their perfect indifference about the words that accompany music. We have had all the polite world lately singing infantine words to the finest music.—To me, sublimity of words adds infinitely to

sublimity of music, by infinite associations of idea ; so in the pathetic ; can it be otherwise where there is any soul.”—*Sketches*, vol. ii. *London*, 1798.—That a similar opinion was entertained and acted upon by our bards, all their compositions afford abundant evidence.

“ *The virtue—the emprise—in days of yore
That Banba nurtured.*” —

Banba—one of the early names of Ireland—*Imr bÁnbá ná m-bán*—Banba, isle of beauteous women.—The book of *Drom-sneachta*, followed by the *leÁbhár Ábhbála* or *Chronicle of Invasions*, two ancient historical works in Irish, give the particulars of these primitive names. These venerable volumes lie, however, unheeded among the mass of our unknown unpublished manuscripts.

“ *Or Ceirnit———who———
——bade the crystal current of the stream
Heave into life the mill’s mechanic frame.*”

Ceirnit, one of the mistresses of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, about the beginning of the third century, induced that prince to send to Scotland for a skilful mechanic, by whom she caused to be built the first mill erected in Ireland. The circumstance is fully detailed in Keating ; and it calls to our recollection, that the old Irish manuscripts contain many creditable notices of the early state and history of Scotland, not elsewhere to be found. With one in particular, I shall take the liberty of troubling the reader. In the “sealed” MS. library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a copy, (written on vellum, at least six hundred years,) of a yet more ancient tract, entitled “*ÁzÁllámh Án dá YhuÁdh*,”—*The Dialogue of the Two Sages*, a correct transcript of which, (formerly the property of my lamented friend John Mac Namara, of the county of Clare, an excellent Irish antiquary and linguist,) is now in my possession. It is written in a language or dialect as old as that used in our Brehon laws, with an interlined gloss ; and

records a contest which took place, about the time of the birth of our Redeemer, between *Neide* the son of *Adhna*, and *Ferceirtne*, *file*, or the poet, for the *Ollamh's* (or chief professor's) chair of Ireland. In the *Reimsgeul*, or Preface, we are informed that the former went to *Albain* (Scotland) to learn wisdom,—“*Do luidh íarámh an mac im do fhozhlám eizre i n-Álbáin* ;” but the word *eizre*, may be also rendered, knowledge, philosophy, or poetry. Here then are two Irish fragments of early date, which shew that Scotland was anciently, as it is at the present day, distinguished for poetry and philosophy; but it is feared that this notable discovery will be lost on the present professors of the “modern Athens,” who, with philosophic pride, proclaim the barbarity of their own Gaelic ancestors, and reject the authority of our Celtic manuscripts.

“ *My name is Cliona, the beetling side*

Of the tall rock my home.”

“ *Is me-ri Clíodhna ó tháobh na cárraig.*”

Cliona had two habitations, but which of them she alludes to here is doubtful. In this respect, her answers somewhat resembled those of the famous pagan oracles of olden time, and indeed, the whole of her revelation seems cast in the same mould. Even to this day, England's fiat for Irish freedom seems as hopeless as ever.

“ *Martin's followers rave.*”

“ *Yliochd Mháirtín mháluighthe.*”

The Devil and Doctor Martin are generally associated in our native proverbs. Henry the 8th, is sometimes added to make a trio. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which of the three is most generally detested in Ireland, but some are of opinion, that Henry and his immediate descendants, having inflicted more evils on the country than both the others, he seems entitled by way of pre-eminence to the distinguished association which has been rather gratuitously conferred on the great reformer.

CANTICLE OF DELIVERANCE.

¹ This spirited Jacobite song was composed by Andrew Magrath, the witty and eccentric *Mangaire Sugach*, as were also the drinking stanzas, p. 192, first vol. of this work. He was a native of Limerick, and author of numerous poems and songs of a jovial, amatory, and political nature, which are current and popular, chiefly in the Province of Munster. As a poet, he not only excelled the mob of English gentlemen who formerly wrote with ease, but also many of those whom Doctor Johnson has designated English poets. He led a wandering sort of life, and was much dreaded for the caustic severity of his wit. His habits and writings closely resembled those of Prior. Like him, the *Mangaire* “delighted in mean company. His life was irregular, negligent, and sensual. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace.”—*Johnson*. Our bard was living within the last 40 years, and died at an advanced age.

² “*Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me.*”

We have already noticed p. 119, the expressions of derision used by the Irish towards their unwelcome visitors, the English invaders, whom they contemptuously called the impure refuse of the ocean, “*Impurum maris ejectamentum*”—*Rutgeri Herman, Brit. Mag. p. 379*.—“*Bos ubi Scotus erat*,” was likewise a common phrase among them. Some curious instances of the use of the term “Churl,” are recorded. When Athenry, in the County of Galway, was burned in 1596, by *Hugh ruadh O'Donnell*, one of the Irish leaders who was requested to spare the church as it contained the bones of his mother, replied, “I care not even were she alive in it, I would sooner burn them both together, than that any *English churl* should fortify there.” O’Nial, Earl of Tyrone, when marching by Castlemore in the County of Cork, in the year 1600, on his way to Kinsale

to support the Spaniards, enquired who lived in a certain Castle? Being told that it belonged to Barrett, a good Catholic, whose family had been possessed of the Estate for above 400 years; O'Nial exclaimed, "No matter, I hate the *English churl* as if he landed only yesterday."—No one can be surprised at these strong expressions of National animosity, who is at all acquainted with our history since the arrival of the English.

² " *Save Donn and his kindred.*"—

Donn, one of the sons of Mile, or Milesius, according to *Eochy ua Floinn*, a poet and historian, who died A.D. 984, (and of whose compositions there are several still remaining of great value,) was cast away with his companions on the *Duchains*, to this day called *Teach Duin*, or Donn's Mansion, in the West of Munster. In succeeding ages, Donn was exalted by our bards to the rulership of the Fairies of that district, and in that capacity he appears to have taken a particular interest in the subsequent affairs of Ireland. As he defied the vigilance of the priest and bard hunters, several prophetico-political songs have been attributed to him, or rather to his inspiration or revelation communicated to our poets. The present song is one of this character.

⁴ " *But Phelim and Heber whose children betrayed it.*"

This alludes to the renegade Irish who joined the common foe, and of that class, from the days of the infamous Mac Morrough, who invited over the Anglo-Norman auxiliaries to his aid, our Annals have damned many to everlasting fame. Indeed, so effectually did the settlers pursue the Machiavelian policy, "divide and govern," that it gave rise to the disgraceful adage, "put an Irishman on the spit and you will find another to turn him;" but, be it remembered, that the son of the settler was generally the turnspit. Espionage and deceit were the invariable rule of English conduct towards the unfor-

fortunate Irish. The last, and it is hoped it will be the last, signal act of treachery in Ireland was committed by the descendant of a settler, Colonel Henry Luttrell, who “sold the pass” at Limerick to King William’s forces. Lord Westmeath afterwards endeavoured, but ineffectually, to acquit this unhappy man of the charge; see Ferrar’s *History of Limerick*, 354. He survived, an object of general execration, until the year 1717, when he was shot in a sedan chair in Stafford-street, Dublin. The following Epigram was composed on his death—

If heaven be pleased when mortals cease to sin,
And hell be pleased when villains enter in,
If earth be pleased when it entombs a knave,
All must be pleased, now Luttrell’s in his grave.

^b *Samhain*, the 1st of November. “The festival of *Samen*, or *Baal-samen* is called the *Oiche-samhin* by the ancient Irish. Pliny remarks, that the Druids counted their years not by days, but nights. The Irish word *Coigtighois*, meaning a fortnight in modern acceptation, means really *Coig-deagoiche*, or fifteen nights, shewing that the Pagan Irish counted lunations of thirty days, and divided them into two periods of fifteen nights each.”—*O’Conor Cat. Stow MSS.* p. 25.

^c “*The treaty they broke.*”

This alludes to the treaty of Limerick. So much has been said and written about this celebrated breach of military honor and political faith, that it only remains here to observe, that no single circumstance connected with the affairs of these Islands tended so much as this to estrange the minds of the Irish people from the English government, particularly during the last century. Even the massacres at Mullamast, the carnage at Drogheda, and the murders of the Scotch at Glenco have been forgotten, but this unparalleled dereliction of all principle is still remembered with horror.

’ “ *Shall the gorged Goat.*”

This is one of the contemptuous epithets before alluded to. The following Epigrammatic stanza is expressive of the feelings conveyed in the text.—

Dóibíre aзуr diannу́or aи aзуr áи,
 Píantá zán íce aи Fheith á’r aи á chnámh,
 Aи an té úd le’и mhíann lucht beárlá bheith rlán,
 Do dhíbir ríocht Iи aзуr Eipeámháin.

May banishment and desolation light on him, may the plague
 and pains without remedy seize his veins and bones,
 Who would wish well to the English race,
 They who exiled the offspring of Ir and Heremon.

THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

¹ Ben-Edar. The ancient name of the hill of Howth.—The English, although as a Nation they might truly say with reference to Ireland,

“ *Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te.*”

I cannot with thee live nor yet without thee.

have ever been more ready to censure than to praise both ourselves and our country. This is a deplorable national failing, and one which a high minded and “thinking” people should be ashamed of, for to say the least, it is somewhat ungrateful. But it is hoped, that time may, in its own good season, overcome this rather ungenerous propensity. Our “Bulls” and “Brogue” have always proved inexhaustible sources of merriment to our English friends, and even the simple sounds of our old language have been particularly obnoxious to their “ears polite.” Of

this a memorable instance remains on record.—“ His Majestie (Charles II.) taking notice of the *barbarous* and *uncouth* names by which most of the townes and places in his Kingdom of Ireland are called, which hath occasioned much damage to divers of his good subjects, and are very troublesome in the use thereof, and much retards the reformation of that Kingdome. For remedy thereof is pleased that it be enacted that the Ld. Lt. and Councell shall and may, advise of settle and direct, in the passing of all letters pattents in that Kingdome for the future, have *new* and *proper* names more suitable to the English tongue may be inserted with an alias for all Townes, Lands, and places, in that Kingdome, that shall be granted by letters pattents, which new names shall thenceforth bee the only names to be used.”—This notable plan, however, failed, and the patentee regicides objected not to the Irish lands, because of their “ barbarous and uncouth names.” On the contrary, they resorted to every species of force, fraud, and perjury, to wrest them from the ancient possessors. On this subject the strange and unexpected avowals of the late Earl of Clare,* who was Chancellor of Ireland when he made them, deserve particular attention.

His lordship was descended from the old sept of the *Clan-Gibbons'*, and was the best friend to the English interest in Ireland, that these latter times have produced. Against this clan our Irish bards have been bitterly invective. The following stanza is taken from a satirical poem written by Angus O'Daly, called *Ulnzuγ nā nāon*, or the *bārd rúadh*, about the year 1600.

ʒí ʔhuil ʔeáɾɿ nāch d-téid áir ɿ-cul,
 ʒleht ʔeáɾɿ Chríóɾt le clomn ʒhiobúin ;
 beáɿ an díth á m-beith mār tá,
 ʒ ʔáɾ áir olc ɿách áonlá.

The sternest pulse that heaves the heart to hate,
 Will sink o'erlaboured or with time abate ;
 But on the clan Fitz-Gibbon Christ looks down
 For ever with unmitigated frown—
 Did mercy shine ! their hearts envenomed slime,
 Even in *her* beam, would quicken to new crime.

“It is impossible,” says he, “to defend the acts of settlement and explanation. Seven millions, eight hundred thousand acres of land were set out under the authority of this Act, to a motley crew of English adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the Island; many of whom, *who were innocent of the rebellion*, lost their inheritance. A new colony of new settlers, composed of all the various sects which then infested England, Independents, Anabaptists, Seceders, Brownists, Socinians, Millenarians, and Dissenters of every description, many of them infected with the leaven of democracy, poured into Ireland, and were put into possession of the ancient inheritance of its inhabitants: and I speak with great personal respect of the men, when I state that a very considerable portion of the opulence and power of the Kingdom of Ireland, centers at this day in the descendants of this motley collection of English adventurers. The whole island has been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six old families of English blood. No inconsiderable portion has been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century. The situation therefore of the Irish nation at the Revolution stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world.” Such were the novel statements made by this noble Earl, in the Irish House of Lords, on the 10th Feb. 1800, to induce a Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. They are here introduced as forming a tolerable comment on our Jacobite Relics. After

The following well known epigram is added, to enable the classical reader to judge between it and the foregoing production of the Irish bard :

Vipera Cappadocem nocitura momordit, at illa
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.

A viper bit a Cappadocian—fain
Her curdling poison through him to distil,
But the foiled reptile died—her victim's vein
Had poison subtler than her own to kill.

their perusal, the most prejudiced must hesitate, and, perhaps, even excuse the feelings so warmly expressed throughout these National effusions by our indignant bards.

² “ *O'er bright Sliev-na-mon and Knock Greny will wake.*”

Two well known hills in Tipperary and Limerick.

³ “ *When with Una her Donald's united again.*”

By Una (Winifred) and Donald, were meant Ireland and the exiled Prince.

⁴ But the four great septs mentioned here, the bard intended to represent the whole body of the ancient Irish, who were ready to espouse the cause of “The King.”—*Mac-con-Mac* in the original, should be *Mac Mac-thghámhna*. The particular acts of delinquency of the other personages named in this stanza, have not been ascertained.

⁵ “ *Then shall Sabia rejoice.*”

By Sabia is meant Ireland. Our patriotic monarch Brian Boroimhe, had a daughter of that name.

⁶ “ *The magical pillar where Garret lies sleeping.*”

Garret Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Desmond, killed in 1582. He is supposed by the country people, even to this day, to be bound to an enchanted pillar in Lough Gur, a lake nine miles south of Limerick. They report, that at the end of every seven years he may be seen riding on the lake, mounted on an enchanted charger, and that when his horse's shoes, which are made of silver, shall be worn out, he will return to life, and destroy the enemies of Ireland. The story of this powerful Earl and his tragical end may be seen at large in our History. It may here be added, that Daniel Kelly, Queen Elizabeth's “well beloved subject and soldier,” who cut off his head, was rewarded with a pension of £20. a year for that

service; but he was soon after hanged at Tyburn. For such or the like services as those of Kelly, some few of the bribed and renegade Irish were graciously called the Queen's "loving subjects," but such or the like fate as that which he deservedly met with, generally terminated their labours and their lives.

LAMENT OF THE GAEL.

¹ The Gael—the ancient Irish.—In this fine ode the Bard has, with a master hand, introduced the most signal interventions of the Divine Power and Mercy, as examples to support his countrymen in their afflictions, and to inspire them with a hope of future deliverance. With these views he points out the preservation of *Noah* in the deluge; and of the Prophet *Jonah* in the deep; the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea; the patience and Divine approval of holy *Job*; the penitence and pardon of *Longinus*; the great atonement of our Divine Redeemer, and the miraculous raising of *Lazarus* from the dead. This is one of the noblest purposes to which poetry can be applied, and is in perfect accordance with the inspired effusions of holy writ. It is much to be regretted that the name of the bard has not survived, if it were only to lead to the recovery of any more of his compositions.

² " *The Land of Con.*"

This may either allude to the whole of Ireland, from the Monarch *Con*, who ruled early in the second century; or to the northern half, called *Leath Cuinn*, from the division of the island between that Monarch and *Eugenius* king of Munster, which will be found fully detailed in our Histories.

¹ THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.

Donn has already been introduced to the reader, p. 129. Here he again appears in the character of a Prophet, with the title of *Firinneach*, or the truth teller, annexed to his name; but if his claim to that character may be judged of from the result of his predictions in the present ode, it rests on very slender foundations. Not one of them has been fulfilled, although it must be confessed, that they have been conceived in a lofty and poetic strain, and delivered with a tone and decision not unworthy of one inspired. Of a far different nature was the following Prophecy of Breacan, one of our ancient saints, a venerable body of men, whom in this age of philosophy and refinement it is unfashionable to mention, except to deride their virtue and piety under the names of weakness and superstition. This prediction has been fulfilled in every point, centuries after it was delivered.

Tizfáid zeintí tár muir meán,
 Meárfáid ár fearáibh Éireánn,
 budh uachtáibh áb ár zách cill,
 budh uachtáibh Íí fear Éirínn.

Erin's white crested billow shall sleep on the shore,
 And it's voice shall be mute, while the spoilers glide o'er;
 And the stranger shall give a new priest to each shrine,
 And the sceptre shall wrest from her own regal line.

² Owen O'Rahally the author of this ode has been already noticed in page, 124.

³ “—— *these wolves perfidious, forsworn.*”

Here again are meant the English adventurers. A bard

describing one of them, who seems to have been a scourge in the country, has the following stanza.—

Չն մհծրհ հլահ չիծի մօր հ նհլլ,
 Գի Բիծի հիշե հեհտ հեն շուհն ;
 Գի շիշ հեհտ հեն Բիհհտ հի հն ծիւր,
 Չիշիւր սհլմ ծօ Լեհտ հն հմԲիւր.

The wolf howls savagely, but seek his lair,
 One cub and one alone is nurtured there;
 The choaking bramble one lone blossom bears,
 Tell it abroad and let him hope who hears.

The meaning is, that the individual in question, whom the bard has designated as a wolf, from his rapacity and cruelty, had but one son. Hence a hope is held out that the future ravages of the family would not be so great as if there was a numerous brood.

* By the “Brickler” was meant Prince James Francis Edward, son of James II. He was so called by the Irish bards, from the many reports industriously spread throughout England at the time of his birth, that he was a supposititious child, and amongst others that he was the son of a *Brick-layer*.

⁵ “ *And the false ones that knelt not where God’s own priests adored.*”

With every respect for the Protestant Church of Ireland and its ministers, it has been doubted, whether the latter, as a body, really believed the doctrine which they professed. The best proof of conviction in religious opinions is an earnest endeavour to disseminate those opinions in order to bring people over to the truth. This has never been attempted by the Protestant divines in Ireland. On the contrary, every measure which could

render their doctrine odious, seems to have been studiously resorted to. Hence the words of our text. It may therefore be concluded, that as England is now a Protestant, and Scotland a Presbyterian, country, so Ireland is, and ever will continue to be, pre-eminently Catholic. If space permit, some curious illustrations of the facts here stated may be given.

SHANE BUI.

The air of this song is more generally known than the origin of its name. Shane Bui, means, literally, Yellow or Orange Jack, (the John Bull of former days,) there being no other word in Irish to express the latter colour. It was an appellation given by the Irish to the English followers of William III. in Ireland. Hence the term Orangemen.

¹ SHEELA NA GUIRE.

By the rhetorical figure Metonymy, this name is here put for Ireland. It has before appeared that *Grana Uile, Roisin Dubh*, and several others have been similarly used by the Irish Bards. The orthography, Sheela na Guire, is retained because it is better known than the literal translation of the original name, viz. Sheela (or Cecilia) O'Gara, and the poetical reader will immediately perceive the necessity in this instance for adopting the common orthography and general mode of pronunciation. Sheela has been always esteemed one of our best political songs, and may be pronounced at least equal to Colonel Mac Gillarry, which Mr. Hogg, no bad authority, considered as the best Jacobite song of Scotland. It seems to have been a favorite with the exiled Irish. The printed copy has been taken from one transcribed in France in the last century. The tune is lively and popular.

² “ *On the height of Lisgreny, cried Daniel O’More.*” ³

Lisgreny is a well-known hill in the South of Ireland. Of the individual O’More, here named, I have not been able to trace any particulars. This distinguished Irish family has been already alluded to.— *Vol. I, p. 114.*

⁴ “ *O’Brien of Ara———*”

A branch of the great family of that name, descended from *Brian Ruadh O’Brien* prince of Thomond, who was expelled from his Territory in the early part of the fourteenth century, and settled in the district of Ara, in the N. W. part of the present County of Tipperary. This circumstance is fully detailed in the *Cáthréim Toirdeálbháigh*, or “Catalogue of the battles of Turlough, being valuable annals compiled in Irish by John Mac Craith, in 1459, containing an account of the wars of Thomond, from the landing of Henry II. to the year 1319. A fine copy of this scarce and curious work in the possession of the writer, will, he hopes, be published by a patriotic member of the O’Brien family, as an honorable record of the bravery of his countrymen and ancestors.

⁵ “ *The laugh of her heart.*”

This is literal, and according to the usual meaning of the word *ḡáir*; but it might also be rendered, a shout, rejoicing, burst of joy.

⁶ “ *When the Major, the gallant, the graceful, the brave.*”

The person here alluded to, and so highly extolled, is supposed to have been a member of the O’More family.

⁷ *ḡóimhpeáir*, more correctly *ḡmhpéáir*.

⁸ “ —— *when I think of the wretch.*”

Either Cromwell, or William III. The original, *ḡruáḡáir*, however, seems to indicate the latter, as bearing on his per-



sonal deformity. The affair of Glenco in Scotland, and the subsequent violation of the articles of Limerick, rendered him an object of aversion to the Irish.

¹ GRANA WEAL.

Or more correctly *Graine Uile*. Grace O'Maley, mother of Theobald, the first Viscount Mayo. Lodge, in his Irish peerage, informs us, that "Mac William" (whom Sir Henry Sidney, on 28 April, 1576, informed Queen Elizabeth he "found verie sensible, though wanting the *Englishe* tongue, yet understanding the *Lattin*,") married *Grana-na-Male* daughter of *Owen O'Maley* of the *Oules*, an ancient Irish Chief, and widow of *O'Flaherty*. A lady much renowned among the natives of Conaught, who relate many adventures and remarkable actions of her courage and undaunted spirit, which she frequently performed on the sea."—*vol. iv. p. 235.*—For a curious account of this famous Heroine, and her visit to Queen Elizabeth, see the *Anthologia Hibernica*, *vol. ii. p. 1, and iii. p. 340.*—Her name has been frequently used by our Bards, to designate Ireland. Hence our Countrymen have been often called "Sons of old Grana Weal."

² This fine Jacobite relic was composed by John Mac Donnell, one of the most eminent of our modern Bards. He was born in the year 1691, in O'Keefe's Country, near Charleville, in the County of Cork, and was known by the name of "*Claragh*," from the residence of his family, which was situate at the foot of a mountain of that name, between Charleville and Mallow. The following account of this Bard is taken from O'Halloran's introduction to his History of Ireland.—"Mr. Mac Donnell, a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet, whose death I sensibly feel, and

from whom, when a boy, I learned the rudiments of our language, constantly kept up this custom, (*i. e.* public sessions of the poets, at stated times, to exercise their genius.) He had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a history of Ireland; but a long sickness prevented his finishing this work. He proposed to some gentlemen in the County of Clare, to translate Homer into Irish; and, from the specimen he gave, it would seem, that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gathelian as a Greek dress. But the death of the late Mac Namara put a stop to this attempt. This learned and worthy man died in the year 1751, near Charleville, and I have never since been able to find how his papers were disposed of, though I am told he left them to me."—Though grateful to Mr. O'Halloran for preserving even these few particulars, yet the feeling would be greater, had he saved the papers to which he has alluded. They could not have been confided to better hands, and there can be no doubt, but they were well worthy of preservation.

The Bard was interred at the old church yard of Ballyslough, near Charleville, where the following inscription may be read on the humble flag that covers his remains.—

†
IHS

Johannes Mc. Donald, cognominatus
Clárach, vir vere Catholicus, et quibus
linguis ornatus, nempe Græca, Latina et
Hybernica: non Vulgaris Ingenii poeta,
tumulatur ad hunc Cippum. obiit Ætatis
Anno 63, Salutis 1754.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

In a subsequent part of this volume will be found an Elegy written on his death. Many excellent productions of his, are

extant, composed in his native language, which prove him to have been a man of genius and a poet. Although it may be considered presumptuous to compare an unknown Irish Bard, with the celebrated English poet of Twickenham, yet the comparison might be hazarded without much apprehension for the result. In point of learning Mac Donnell was equal, and neither in genius, judgment, nor power of exquisite versification, was he inferior to Pope. If the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine, which would be entitled to the prize. But fortunately for his genius and his fame, Pope was born at the right side of the channel. Here, he would have been doomed, like our neglected Bard, to languish in obscurity, and perhaps never be heard of. That a translation of Homer into Irish was a bold undertaking, must be confessed, particularly when we consider the then political and literary state of the country. Such a work would have considerably enriched our national poetry, but the attempt proved, as might be expected, abortive; while the English poet happily succeeded, even beyond his most sanguine expectations. If any part of the Irish version could now be recovered, it would at once enable us to judge of the merits of the translators, and the powers of their respective languages. The following description of a hero, taken from one of the political poems of our Bard, beginning — “*Εἰσιζὴν ἑμὴν γλῶσσησίβη ἄ μὴοι-ρῆλιοετ Μίλεριον,*” is not inferior, in the original, to any passage of the Iliad. —

Τᾶ Conn δᾶν μεᾶρ μόρδῃᾶ, ζο τορὲχάτῃᾶ, ζο τρεᾶν-
μῃᾶρ,

ζο lionnmῃᾶρ, ζο lonnmῃᾶρ, ζο leózhánnmῃᾶρ, lárrᾶρ,
le teimtibh, le tóinneᾶch, le tóimᾶch, le tréime,
le rᾶóitibh, le rᾶóizhtibh, le ceoltᾶibh cᾶtῃᾶ.

To crush the strong—the resolute to quell,
*Daun** sweeps the battle-field, a deadly spell;
Begirt with hosts, a terrible array;
Blood paints his track—and havock strews his way—
The Lion's courage, and the Light'ning's speed,
His might combines—from each adventurous deed,
With haughtier swell dilates the Conqueror's soul;
Like volum'd thunders deep'ning as they roll—
Bards from his prowess learn a loftier song—
And glory lights him through the ranks along.

In politics, Mac Donnell was a “rank” Jacobite, and on more occasions than one he saved his life by hasty retreats from his enemies, the Bard-hunters. He moreover inherited all the hatred of his race for the “Saxon Churls.” The treatment of the brave Irish General, Mac Donnell, better known by the name of *Mac Allistrum*, (whose *march* is yet remembered in Munster,) of our poet's name and family, who was basely murdered in 1647, at Knockrinoss, near Mallow, by the troops of the brutal renegade, Inchiquin, helped to embitter the poet's mind against the English. His muse never seemed so delighted as when holding them up to the scorn and derision of his Countrymen. His poem on James Dawson is a *chef d'œuvre* in the bitter and sarcastic style. Among other productions, the present verses to the air of *Grana Uile*, and the “Lament,” which follows, have been always admired. It may be necessary here to observe, that a custom prevailed among our modern bards, to supply stanzas, particularly of a political nature, for the finest national tunes; and these compositions, in general, supplanted the older words, which fell into disuse and were soon forgotten. This was the case with respect to *Grana Uile*. The original words of this far-famed song I have, however, recovered, and here present them to the Irish reader.

* Leopold Count Daun, Field Marshal. This was written before he was appointed to the command of the Austrian Armies.

DHOIMIN DHUIBH DHÍLÍ, A REOITH RHÍODÁ NÁ MÓN',

A Dhoimín dhuibh dhíli, a reoith rhíodá ná món',
 Cá bh-fuil do mhuintir, nó an máireánn riad beódh ?
 Tá riad ann rna dízibh rínte fáoi an bh-fód
 Uí le h-ígh Yéamár do thízheacht ann rá' z-coróinn.
 Dá bh-fázháinn-rí cead áóibhniy no rádhápe áir an
 z-coróinn.
 Thrialláinn zo Yáerán d'óidheche á' r do lo,
 Uí riúbhál bozár á' r curráizhte ázuí rleibhte dubhá
 ceóidh,
 Qo zo rínnfear áir dhumáibh an Dhoimín dhuibh ó !
 Dia do bheáthá do'n m-báile a Dhoimín dhuibh ó !
 Bádh mháith do chuid báinne á' r bá mhíli le h-ól,
 Do chlóinínn do leáca á' r do chúm cáilce mair rór,
 U' r do mháláirt ní dhéanfar a Dhoimín dhuibh ó !

In Conaught, the following inferior fragment is sometimes heard. We cannot add, *cætera deflenda sunt*.

D'éirigh me féin áir máidin dé Dómhnaich,
 U' r fuair me mo dhoimín dubh báidhte i b-poll móná,
 Zhreád me ná bárá á' r chuair me ná zártha,
 Fáoi mo dhoimín dhuibh dhíli, zán a leázáint rlán dáim,
 Oró a dhoimín dubh, oró,
 U' r a dhoimín dubh dhíli zo m-bí tú rlán.

³ “ *His revenge cannot sleep and his guards will not flee.*”

The original does not, perhaps, warrant the above expression, which might be considered an invidious allusion to the desertion of General Hamilton’s infantry, at the Boyne.

⁴ “ *The Scots, the true Scots*” —

This may allude to the ancient name of the Irish, or more likely to their fidelity to James, in opposition to the treachery of the Scots to his father.

⁵ “ The Irish scholar who thinks this version over wrought, may be better satisfied with—

“ *The long-gorg’d adventurer shall pine for a meal,
Driven hungry and houseless from Grana Weal.*” — T.

¹ CLARACH’S LAMENT.

This excellent Jacobite song has been alluded to in the notes to the last. It was written to the popular air of “The white Cockade,” but the reader, or rather the singer, will easily perceive that the time must be slow, and the expression, almost throughout, pathetic. The Scotch claim the air, as “My gallant braw John Highlandman.”

² This was an epithet of opprobrium in frequent use with the Jacobites, and applied by them to the House of Hanover, by a mal-pronunciation of the family name of that Royal stock.

³ This comparison of the youthful chevalier to the renowned heroes of Irish lore, from whom he was descended, is peculiarly happy, and was well calculated to excite feelings of sympathy in his favour. A French writer, describing the prince and his sister, after alluding to the opinion of Plato, that “the soul

frames its own habitation, and that beautiful souls make to themselves beautiful bodies," says, "on both their countenances were divinely mingled the noble features and lineaments of the Stuart's and the D'Este's, and beauty triumphed over both, with this only difference, that in him it was more strong and masculine, as becoming his sex; in her more soft and tender, as suiting with hers; in both excellent and alike." Our bard's description of the young Prince has been much admired.

' THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

"Sure," says Spenser, "it is a most beautiful and sweet Country as any under Heaven." "Once," adds Johnson, "the seat of sanctity and learning." "A land," says our illustrious Grattan, "for which God has done so much, and man so little."

"This indeed is a Country worth fighting for," exclaimed William III. when the beauties of the Golden Vale, in Kilkenny, burst on his astonished view; "and worth defending," replied one of his veteran opposers, who happened to be present. Yet, with a pusillanimity wholly incompatible with the character of the brave, William poured down his weightiest vengeance on the heroic defenders of that very Country, for no other crime than acting on the principle, that it was worth fighting for. This was the grand political error which intailed incalculable evils on these Islands for more than half a century after. It strengthened Catholic France, and enervated Protestant England, the latter expending millions to uphold a tribe of reformed ascendancy men in Ireland to *oppress* the defenceless Catholics. With reference to William, I will not stain my page by noticing the *secret* services for the profligate grants of this land "worth fighting for," made by him to his Dutch favourites, although on that *dark* subject, some documents

might be adduced, as curious as any that Burnet had recourse to, when he wrote the suppressed passages of his history.—*See Routh's genuine Edition, Oxf. 1823.*

³ “ *Have wrung reluctant praises from the foe.*”

“ Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects,” cried George II. when he heard of the bravery of the Irish Catholic exiles at Fontenoy. This and a few other indications of humane feeling in that Monarch for the political degradation of the Catholics of Ireland, induced one of their bards to attempt his praise in English, as follows.—

3pádh m^o chpoidhe my own King George,
I'll toss off his health in a bumper at large,
By the Cross of Saint Patrick he's so very civil,
That the French and the Spaniards may go to the Devil.

However ludicrous this Irish attempt at English versification may appear, yet the sentiment which it endeavours to convey is one that deserves the serious attention of our rulers.

¹ THE EXPULSION OF SHANE BUI.

A sensible Scotch writer used to say, that if the composition of the songs of a country were left to him, he cared not who made its laws. Hence Lord Wharton boasted, that he rhymed King James out of Ireland by the old Williamite ballad *Lilliburlero*: and Bishop Percy noticing that song in his *Reliques* of ancient English poetry, (where, by the bye, within the compass of a few lines, this Christian Divine found room for the hacknied terms “ furious papist, bigotted master, violence of his administration,” &c.) quotes his brother prelate, Bishop King, to shew that it “ contributed not a little to the great revolution of 1688!” The effects, real or fancied, thus

ascribed to these droggrel rhymes, (which were written by the author of the “ Irish Hudibras,”) may enable the reader to form an idea of the influence which our Jacobite songs must have had on the people of Ireland. Clothed in the language of the Country, which was always regarded and still is cherished with national enthusiasm, and addressed to the religious and political feelings of the multitude, these songs helped, in no small degree, to counteract the effects even of the penal laws. They were transmitted from sire to son, and imprinted on the memory with nearly the same degree of reverence as the doctrines of Christianity. Hence the Catholics and Protestants were as much separated and prejudiced against each other in Ireland, as were the Israelites and Egyptians in Egypt, under the rule of Pharoah.

The present song, which promised the expulsion of the *sas-anagh* Shane Bui, was, for that reason, a general favourite. It is said to have been composed by Ellen Quilty, a fair Munster Lady, but this was probably a *nom-de-guerre*, assumed by some bard to avoid detection.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

Josephus, in the seventh book of the Jewish war, relates, that after the profanation of the Temple of Jerusalem by the Romans, the voices of Guardian Angels were heard in the dead of the night, crying out through its inmost recesses, *Μεταβαίνετε Ερτινθιν* “ let us depart hence.”—So, in the seventeenth century, when Ireland was subdued, more by clerical cabal and treachery, than by the arms of Cromwell, a similar cry was heard throughout the devoted land, from the brave, betrayed, and deserted Irish leaders, who until then had been the guardian spirits of the country. One of these was Colonel John O'Dwyer, a distinguished officer who commanded in the Counties of Waterford and Tipperary, in 1651, and soon after

embarked at the former port with 500 of his faithful followers for Spain.—*Original Irish Privy Council Book*, 1651—4. On the occasion of his departure the present fine ode was composed, and it has ever since continued a general favourite, being well known in every part of Ireland. The air is an excellent specimen of our plaintive music. The opening of the first stanza describes the peaceable state of the country before the troubles, when a portentous calm prevailed, like the silence of death, or the awful stillness which generally precedes a hurricane, or the bursting of a volcano. The remainder of the stanza alludes to the ravages of the war. By the woman mourning over her geese, was meant Ireland lamenting her exiles, who were called γεῖδη γιᾶδῆκιν “wild geese,” because, like these birds “they flocked together in concert,” and made their annual emigration for foreign shores. The cutting down of the woods indicated the downfall of the ancient families. By the playful goat, mentioned in the second stanza, I should suppose was meant some Irish nobleman or leader, or probably, the lascivious exiled King himself, Charles II.

The description of the havoc by the enemy, and the desolation of the country, is throughout conceived in a high strain of poetical feeling.

At the period to which this poem relates, the animosity of the English against their Irish fellow subjects had reached its greatest height. Before this time horrible acts of atrocity are, no doubt, recorded, but they were in general local, or confined for the most part to individual tyranny; but never until now was the whole population of England simultaneously arrayed in deadly enmity against the Irish. A plan was proposed in the English Cabinet, dooming “the entire Irish race to exile or death, and Colonizing the Country with Jews. It was not humanity which checked this plan, but an apprehension that the chosen people of God would rival in commerce their Christian colleagues.”—*Russell's Letters by Dukigg*. This national frenzy was gradually and artfully excited by a few

designing men, who afterwards richly profitted by this madness of the many. Amongst other matters they represented the Irish as not entitled to the common rights of humanity; that, in fact, like Nebuchodonozor, they partook of the nature of the beasts of the field, having natural hoofs and horns like their master, the devil; and that a tail was no uncommon appendage to an Irishman's breech. The present generation will hardly believe, that stories like these were then received with implicit credit in England. In the poem of Hudibras we are told that

———tails by nature sure were meant
As well as beards, for ornament.

To this passage there occurs, in Nash's edition of that poem, the following note. "At Cashel, in the County of Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, (the cathedral on the rock of Cashel,) stormed by Lord Inchiquin in the civil wars, there were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the Mayor's wife and his son. Among the slain of the Irish were found, when stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon their oaths."—It is to be regretted that the names of these forty eye-witnesses were not given, as it is not unlikely but some of them might be traced among the famous ghost depositions of 1641, now carefully preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. Their evidence, however, with respect to the tails had all the effect that was proposed. It was as firmly believed by the vulgar English of that day, as Johanna Southcot's Shiloh is expected by many of the same class at the present. Accordingly in the very year (1647) in which Cashel was stormed, a book was published in London, which ran through several editions, recommending the indiscriminate murder of the Irish, without mercy. The following extract from this horrid book has few parellels among the most sanguinary records of mankind. — "These *Irish*, anciently called *Anthropophagi*,

man-eaters: have a tradition among them, that when the Devill shewed our Saviour all the Kingdomes of the Earth and their glory, that he would not shew him *Ireland*, but reserved it for himself: it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox foresaw that it would eclipse the glory of all the rest: he thought it wisdom to keep it for a Boggards for himself, and all his unclean spirits employed in this Hemisphere, and the people, to doe his son and heire, I mean the Pope, that service for which *Lewis* the eleventh kept his barber *Oliver*, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are the very offall of men, Dregges of mankind, reproache of Christendome, the Bots that crawle on the Beasts taile. I wonder *Rome* itself is not ashamed of them.

“ I begge upon my hands and knees, that the expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soul-diery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us: and cursed be he that shall doe that work of the Lord negligently! *Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood!!! yea, Cursed be he that maketh not his sword starke drunk with Irish blood!!!* that doth not recompense them double for their hellish treachery to the English! *that maketh them not heaps upon heaps!! and their Country a dwelling-place for Dragons, an astonishment to Nations!* Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them! and let him be accursed, that curseth them not bitterly!!!”

Within less than two years after this worse than Turkish manifesto, Cromwell landed in Ireland, with 10,000 men, all breathing slaughter. They soon made their swords “starke drunk with Irish blood,” and the awful results have been well described by our Bards.

As a relief from this appalling subject, I turn to our poem, of which I present the Irish reader with an additional stanza. There are many inferior verses current as part of it, but the following are, perhaps, among the best.—

D'óláinn-rí zaimidhe, le mnáibh breágh 'nád yinne,
 'Y ní fearr 'nád mór do yhuirinn, le bárraibh mo méar,
 Coróinn árámh ná ríllinn, ní dheárraídh me dhe chruim-
 neár,

Acht léigeann do rilleadh mór dhruchd ár an bh-féur.—
 'Foir ó ták mé áz imtheacht, 'r zán n-dán dámhra rilleadh,
 Mo dhá zhádhaínn oimh, fárraídh me á'm dheígh,
 Yúd mnáibh ázuy leimbh áz éud ázuy ánn iomadh,
 Fárraídh me-rí an t-reilz ár an áit áca féin.

1 BESIDE THE SUIR.

This fine River has been the theme of many a song. In the present allegorical poem the genius of Ireland appears on its banks, predicting "in sweet accents" the coming of the

——"hero, to sweep from the coast
 The ruthless, false-hearted heretical host."

No liberal, or well informed Protestant of the present day can be surprised at these strong expressions of the past, if he call to his recollection the cruel persecutions which the Irish suffered, and the sweeping confiscations of their estates since the days of Elizabeth. Until a recent period, arms and penal laws were the principal instruments of the Reformation in Ireland. With us it literally became the "holy faith of Pike and Gun." Is it then to be wondered at that this faith made no progress in Ireland, or that the people have expressed themselves of it and its professors in the language of our poem? Respect for the sacred name of religion and its ministers, of whatever denomination, here prevents serious developements,

from original documents, on this subject, which would fully justify these expressions, and shew that they were not the result of bigotry, but were wrung from an oppressed and persecuted people. No such feeling, however, exists towards the unprincipled legislature that left these defenceless victims bound and prostrate at the mercy of their fanatical foes. The “ferocious” laws against the Catholics of Ireland, so strikingly resemble those imposed by the Mahomedan Caliph Omar, on the Christians of Jerusalem, when he captured that city in 637, that, if the spirit of persecution were not always the same, it might be supposed that the Irish Parliament had the Moslem restrictions in view, when framing those laws.—See the History of the Turks for the following Articles, and the History of the Irish penal laws for more copious comments.

1st. “That the *Christians* (Hibernicè *Catholics*) shall build no new churches, and that *Moslems* (Hib. *Protestants*) shall be admitted into them at all times.”

[See the Irish Statute Book for similar restrictions.—The writer has frequently conversed with old people who attended the celebration of Divine Service, amid the ruins of monasteries and in lonely vallies and subterraneous caverns; and during its performance, it was usual to place a watch on the next adjoining eminence, to give warning of the approach of the Priest and Mass-hunters.]

2nd. “They shall not prevent their children or friends from professing *Islamism* (Hib. *Protestantism*) or read the *Koran* (Hib. *Bible*) themselves.”

[Even in the present year, 1827, a hot persecution is being carried on by high church landlords in many parts of Ireland, against the poor tenants, for not sending their *children* to Protestant schools.—As to *reading* in any shape, the Catholics were effectually deprived of that advantage, for all education was denied them.—See the several Acts against Popish schoolmasters.]

3rd. “They shall erect no crosses on their *churches* (Hib. *chapels*) and only toll, not ring their bells.”

[See the Irish Statute Book.—Crosses erected on Catholic chapels in Ireland have been repeatedly prostrated according to law.—As to *ringing* or *tolling* bells, either was early prohibited, and wholly unknown until of late years.]

4th. “They shall not wear the Arab-dress, ride upon saddles, &c.”

[The *dress* (Hib. *rags*) of the lower orders, (or according to their own phrase “the poor slaves”) in Ireland, has become proverbial for its wretchedness. Their motly, and miserable appearance in this respect, once induced a witty foreigner to ask, if the English had not sent over all their old clothes to be worn by the Irish.—No Catholic dare ride a horse worth £5., and as for a *saddle*, that luxury was so rarely enjoyed, that its prohibition was considered altogether useless.]

5th. “They shall pay the highest deference to the *Mussulmans* (Hib. *Protestants*) and entertain all travellers for three days gratis.”

[As for Catholic *deference* to Protestants generally, from a single example *disce omnia*.—In the town of Galway, the great majority of the Inhabitants was always Catholic, yet not one of them durst enter an open public building there, called the Exchange, with his hat on; nay more, while in it, he should remain uncovered, in the presence of his bonneted Protestant neighbour, as an acknowledgment of his *deference* to him, and of his respect for the “glorious” constitution. This degrading observance was strictly enforced, until James Daly (the grandfather of the present member of the name for that county, and who was himself a Protestant gentleman of considerable influence in the town,) put an end to it, about the commencement of the last reign. He walked arm in arm,

through the forbidden building, with a Catholic, who he insisted should be covered, at the same time declaring his determination to punish any insolent bigot, who, for the future, should attempt to enforce the above humiliating mark of distinction. The spirited conduct of that gentleman, on this occasion, secured for him and his descendants the corporate influence in the town, and the parliamentary representation of the county; and even to this day it is remembered by the Catholics with feelings of gratitude. — The remainder of the Moslem article is inapplicable, for it was never necessary to enforce *hospitality* in Ireland, where even the poorest of the poor willingly share their little store with the travelling stranger and the distressed. But the tyranny exercised in this respect over such Catholics as were *suffered* to reside in corporate towns, is worthy of remark. They were almost exclusively forced, under the *bilitting* regulations, to *entertain* the military, and it may be added *gratis*, for the pretended remuneration allowed them, generally proved nominal.]

6th. “They shall not sell wine or any intoxicating liquor.”—

7th. “They shall pay a capitation tax, of two dinars each, submit to an annual tribute, and become subjects of the caliph.”

Comment on these last, and only remaining articles, is omitted, to introduce the concessions made by the Mahomedan Chief, in return for the above restrictions.—“The Christians shall be protected and secured both in their laws and fortunes; and their churches shall neither be pulled down or made use of by any but themselves.”—In vain do we seek for concessions like these to the unfortunate Irish Catholics. Such lenity was too much for them even to expect at the hands of their fellow Christians, and they were content, if barely suffered to exist. May it not therefore be asserted, that the Moslem rulers of the seventh century, have been more observant of the

dictates of justice and humanity, and approached nearer in their practice to the divine maxims of the Christian faith, than the Irish Parliament of the eighteenth. The remainder of this appalling picture is left to the imagination of the reader :—but it should never be forgotten that the Christian of Jerusalem, in imitation of his Divine Master, freely forgave his enemies and prayed for them. To the Irish Catholic we would say, “Go thou and do likewise.”—The day of persecution has gone by, and a hope remains (notwithstanding some *chimerical* reformation endeavours now in progress,) that the mild spirit of the gospel may at length revisit this island, and that the people of all religious denominations, without distinction of sect or party, may finally forget their differences, and cordially unite in promoting the prosperity of the Country, and upholding the glory of the Empire.

To return to our poem, I find it was composed by Owen O’Sullivan, a Munster bard, who died at Knockanure, in the County of Kerry, about the year 1784. He has indulged much in compound epithets of which the Irish language is so capable, but of which it was found impossible to convey any idea in an English version. This may account to the reader for the apparent disproportion in length between the translation and the original.

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THE GAEL.

¹ Fearflatha O’Gnive, the author of this ode, was family *Ollamh*, or poet laureat of the O’Nials of Claneboy, and he formed one of the train of the celebrated Shane a Diomas, (or the proud) O’Nial, prince of Ulster, who visited the court of Elizabeth, in 1562. Camden describes O’Nial’s appearance on that occasion, and tells us, “the Londoners marvelled much at the strange sight.” He was attended by Mac Sweeny the

Captain of his guard, Mac Caffry his hereditary standard bearer, O'Gallagher his Marshal, O'Gnive his poet, and several other officers. The O'Gnives continued hereditary poets of Tyrone for a long period. In 1679, Lhuyd mentions the then bard of the name, from whom he informs us, he acquired an ancient Irish writing.—*Stowe Cat. Vol. 1, p. 39.*—In O'Connor's Dissertations will be found an English prose translation of part of the present poem. The original was addressed principally to the Native Chieftains, whose tottering and degraded state, and horrible persecutions during the reign of Elizabeth, are so powerfully portrayed. O'Gnive may be considered as the Tyrtæus not only of Ulster, but of Ireland. His poems, particularly the present, had no small influence in exciting O'Nial to carry fire and sword through the North, and rousing the ancient Irish nobility to arms against their oppressors in the other parts of the kingdom.

2 “ *The word went forth.*”——

The proclamations of the Lord Justice Sussex, in 1563, against the Catholic Clergy, and to compel the people, under heavy fines, to frequent the new reformation service, are here alluded to. Of all the measures ever adopted, and there were many, to alienate the minds of the Irish from the English government, this pious solicitude for the safety of their souls, always proved the most effectual. Our ancestors, it seems, wished to go to heaven their own way, but that would not be permitted. The queen declared herself paramount over the souls of the Irish as well as their bodies, and this prerogative has been since stiffly maintained, formerly by the sword, and afterwards by penal laws, even to the present day. In the commencement of the reign of James the first, the principal charge brought against a refractory Irishman in Cork was, that “ he swore an othe not to be governed by any Kinge, but such as should give him the libertie of his conscience.”—*Orig. MS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.*

3 “ *An hour may come.*”——

So odious did the settlers render themselves on every occasion to the Irish, that, in process of time, all distinction was lost between an Englishman and an enemy. In fact the terms became synonymous. The people exulted in the misfortunes of England, and its destruction, or downfall, was always looked forward to with a hope which consoled them under every affliction. This forced, but justifiable feeling, was carefully kept alive by the bards. The following stanza, is one out of thousands which might be produced to that effect.—

Do threáirzair an rúezhál is rheid an zóoth mair imál,
 Uairdriann, Yeáirair, 'r an mhéd rin á bhídh ná b-páirt;
 Tá an teámhair ná féir, á'r feuch an troidhe mair tá,
 U'r ná Yáeránáizh fén do b-feidir zo ffuizhdir báir.

The world subdued—like chaff before the blast
 The host of Cæsar—Alexander—past,—
 Proud Tarah's site is green—and Troy's in dust,
 And England's hour may come—remembering, trust.

4 “ *The plough hath passed each hallowed mound,
 Where sages weighed a nation's right.*”

This passage is explained by the following extract, taken from an Irish Privy Council Book of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in Dublin Castle.—“ Articles betwixt the Counsell of Ireland and Sir John O'Reyley, knt. of the co. of Cavan, commonly called the Breney, alias O'Reilie's cuntrye, the 28th of Aug. in the 25th year of the Queen's reign.—Item, he shall not assemble the Queen's people upon hills, or use any Iraghtes or parles upon hills.—He shall not keepe any Irish Brahons, or suffer the Irish Brahon's lawes to be used within his cuntrye.—He shall not take Earyckes or recompences for murther or killinge, or suffer any other under him to take the like.—He

shall not give comberick to any gent. or Lordes' men, children or brethern that shall happen to offend against the Queen's lawes.—He shall not levy any black rent.—He shall not use, ne keepe within his house, any Irishe Barde, Carroghe or Rymor, but to the uttermost of his power help to remove them from his countrie."—*From the orig. MS. A. D. 1584.*

⁵ " *Tis England all.*"——

A century after this period, Lawrence boasted, that Ireland might be called west England. The statement was, however, fallacious. It is not so yet, and unless the policy materially change, ages may roll round before it can be so. Ireland has been rendered a paralyzed limb on the empire, but sufficient nerve remains, by which, in some frenzied or convulsive moment, it may inflict a sudden and deadly wound on the body which it ought to protect, support, and adorn. May this awful truth sink deep in the minds of those who have it yet in their power to avert so dreadful a retribution.

⁶ " *Banba no more her sons can trace
In failing heart and feeble hand.*"

The atrocities committed by the English in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, are frequently alluded to by our bards and historians, but the descriptions in most are too general, because the acts were too numerous to admit of particular detail. "When," says our distinguished countryman, Curran, (whose talented Son's translations enrich these volumes,) "you endeavour to convey an idea of a great number of barbarians, practising a great variety of cruelties upon an incalculable multitude of sufferers, nothing defined or specific finds its way to the heart, nor is any sentiment excited save that of a general erratic unappropriated commiseration." For the purpose therefore of conveying a definite idea of the actions, described in general terms in our poem, a single instance out of many which might be collected, may suffice.—

Francis Cosby, a person of slender fortune in England, betook himself to Ireland as an adventurer, in the reign of Queen Mary. He directed his course to the territory of Leix, recently converted into Shire-ground by the name of the Queen's County, and the scene of the horrid massacre of Mullamast. Having recommended himself to the attention of the chief governor, he was, by patent dated 10 Sept. 1558, appointed "general" of the "Kerne," as the then police was called, after the ancient Irish foot-soldiers. Of these, "General" Cosby had 32 under his immediate command, and with their assistance, he performed prodigies of valour against the defenceless natives, on whom he was authorized to exercise Martial law, and inflict capital punishment, at pleasure. The gallows became his favourite implement of death, as the cheapest mode of despatching the surrounding proprietary, and he, accordingly, had one erected near his house in the neighbourhood of Stradbally Abbey, upon a spot, to this day called Gallows-hill. Here he kept up a continual scene of execution for many years, hanging the people in numbers, and not unfrequently suspending them alive in chains, with loaves of bread placed before them, in order to render their death more painful. These necessary severities, as they were called, became a sure passport to the further favourable notice of government; and Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy, in his State papers, reported, that it was needless to make Leix Shire-ground, so great and successful was the care of Francis Cosby and some others, in preserving the public tranquillity; but the Deputy might have added, in the quaint pedantry of his day, *ubi solitudinem faciunt tranquillitatem appellant*. The tranquillizer, however, was richly rewarded for his "zeal and services against the Irish," by several grants of lands in the new Shire-ground, made to him and his wife, Elizabeth Palmes, by the Queen. Having reached the age of 70 years, he was at length slain by the natives, in a battle of which Camden gives the following account, in his life of Queen Elizabeth.—"When Arthur,

Lord Grey, landed in Ireland to take possession of the lieutenancy, before he received the sword and other insignia of his office, hearing that some rebels, under the command of Fitz-Eustace and Phelim Mac Hugh, prince of the numerous family of the O'Birnes, were committing great outrages and had their retreat at Glandillough, 25 miles south of Dublin, to strike greater terror by a vigorous beginning, he commanded the leaders of the band, who came from every quarter to salute him on his arrival, to collect a body of troops, and go along with him against the rebels, who immediately retreated into Glandillough. Glandillough is a grassy valley, fit for feeding sheep, but a great part of it marshy, with many rocky precipices and surrounded with thick shrubby woods, so that the paths and passes are scarce known even to the inhabitants. When the army came to this place, Cosby, general of the light Irish foot, which are called Kernes, who was thoroughly acquainted with the place, apprised the rest of the leaders how very dangerous it would be to attack them in that valley, so fit for ambuscades; nevertheless he expected them with the most manly courage to dare the danger, and immediately, although he was above 70 years old, rushed forward with the rest of them. The instant they entered the valley they were overwhelmed with a shower of arrows like hail, from the rebels, who were hid in every side among the thickets, so that they could not even see them. The greater part fell, and the remainder struggling through the most difficult paths on the precipices, with difficulty escaped to the Lord-lieutenant, who waited for the event on the top of the hill, together with the Earl of Kildare, and Wingfield, engineer general, who, well knowing the danger, kept one of his nephews, George Carew with him, against his will, reserving him for still greater honors. There were lost in this attack, Peter Carew the younger, George Moore, Audley, and Cosby himself, a man flourishing in military glory."

Francis Cosby left three sons, Henry who died in England,

Arnold who was executed in 1590, for killing Lord Bourke of Castleconnell, and Alexander* who succeeded his father and trod in his footsteps, but particularly in his mode of tranquillizing the Irish. Tradition relates, that he used to hang them in groups, on a large willow tree, near the Abbey of Stradbally; and he is said to have had a common expression, that his Sallow appeared melancholy and unfurnished, whenever it was without one or more of the Irish hanging on its boughs. This circumstance gave rise to the surname *Soileioge*, or, of the Sallow, which the country, through reproach, bestowed on him and his descendants. For these and other acts of “necessary severity,” he was at length obliged to sue out a pardon, or patent of Indemnity, which is dated the 6th of Dec. 1593. This was one of the legal indulgences for crime, which were readily obtained, at small pecuniary fines, for the most atrocious acts against the Irish; but for offences, even of a trivial nature against the English, it was both difficult and expensive to procure them. Not long after, however, Alexander Cosby fell in battle, and like his father was suddenly summoned to account before another tribunal. In the year 1596, Owny Mac Rory O'More, Chieftain of Leix, demanded a passage for his men over Stradbally bridge, and the request, being considered as a formal challenge to fight, was refused. On the 19th of May, Cosby hearing that the O'Mores were on the march, headed his kerne, and proceeded to defend the bridge, taking with him his eldest son Francis, who was married a year before to Helena Harpole of Shrile, by whom he had a son, William, born but nine weeks before this fatal battle of the bridge. Dorcas Sydney, (for she would never allow herself to be called Cosby,) and her daughter-in-law, placed themselves at a

* He married Dorcas Sydney, a relation of the Lord Deputy, and so numerous were the grants of land obtained by him and his Father, from the 28th of Feb. 1562, when the latter got the suppressed religious house of Stradballye, that they at one time possessed half the Queen's County and a Township over.—*This narrative is taken from an orig. MS. of the late Admiral Cosby.*

window of the abbey to see the fight, and for some time beheld their husbands bravely maintaining their ground. At length Alexander Cosby, as he was pressing forward, was shot, and dropped-down dead. Upon this his kerne with melancholy and mournful outcries began to give way; and Francis Cosby the son, apprehensive of being abandoned, endeavoured to save himself by leaping over the bridge, but the moment he cleared the battlements he was also shot, and fell dead into the river. This, as might be supposed, must have been a shocking scene to the widowed ladies, who beheld the entire from the Abbey; yet it is recorded, that Helena Cosby, with the coolest presence of mind, addressed herself to Dorcas Sydney, saying, "Remember, mother, that my father was shot before my husband, and therefore the latter was the legal possessor of the estate, and consequently I am entitled to my thirds or dowry." The Cosby party being entirely routed, O'More ransacked the Abbey, but conveyed the infant and widows to a place of safety. Queen Elizabeth granted pensions to the latter in consequence of their husband's laudable services, and the O'Mores having been declared traitors, their estates were confiscated. The feuds, however, between them and the Cosbies still raged with violence. The infant having died, Richard Cosby succeeded to the Estate, and became leader of the kerne. Eager to revenge the deaths of his father and brother, he challenged the O'Mores to fight a pitched battle. They met in 1606, in the glen of Aghnahely, under the rock of Dunamase, and the engagement was the most bloody ever fought between these rivals. After a long and doubtful conflict, fortune declared in favor of Cosby. The O'Mores were defeated with considerable loss, and seventeen of the principal of the clan lay dead on the field. The revolutions of the seventeenth century completed the destruction of the O'Mores, but confirmed the Cosby family in its possessions.

The foregoing is a single picture, intended to convey an idea of the general practices of the English in Ireland, and of the

sanguinary struggles which subsisted between them and the natives, in every part of the Island, for centuries. The Cosbies fought bravely in defence of the possessions they acquired, and, so far, they deserved them; but other settlers resorted to very different modes of aggrandizement, in this ill-fated land of adventure. Amongst these, Richard Boyle, better known by the name of the "great earl of Cork," stands eminently conspicuous. From an obscure adventurer, this man gradually became the most powerful individual in Ireland, and it is related, that Cromwell, a kindred spirit, when he visited Munster, declared that if there had been an earl of Cork in each of the provinces, there would have been no rebellion; perhaps, it might be added, because there would have been but few or none left to complain. The world is already acquainted with Boyle's story, or with such parts of it as his partial biographers, or eulogists rather, thought proper to communicate; but his true character has been studiously concealed. The following extract from a letter* written by him from his mansion at Youghal, to the Earl of Warwick, on 25th Feb. 1641, may serve, for so much, to shew him in his true colours.—“ But to return to Ireland wherein my fortune lyes, and wherein *I have eaten the most parte of my bread for these last 54 years*, and have made it a great parte of my study to understand this kingdome and people, in their owne true essence and natures; I doe beseech your lordshipp, beleieve this great truth from me, that there is not many, (nay I may more truely say,) very few or none, that is a native of Ireland, and of the Romish religion, but he is either publicuely in this action, or privately in his heart, an assistant or welwisher unto it, for this rebellion hath infected all of them, and the contagion, thereof, is dispersed throughout the kingdome, and as the poyson is generall, soe hath his majesty and the parliament a fitt opportunitie offered them, for these their treasons *to roote the popish partie of the natives out*

* Preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

of the kingdome, and to plant it with English protestants, for soe long as English and Irish Protestants and Papists live heer, intermingled together, wee can never have firme and assured peace, and his Majestie may now justly interest himselfe in all their lands and confiscations, and have roome enough to plant this kingdome with new English, which will raise him a great revenue, and secure the kingdome to the crowne of England, which it will never be so long as these Irish papists have any land here, or are suffered to live therein. For admitt, there be but now 200,000 Irish papists in actual rebellion, which I conceive to be the least number that they are, it must not be the worke of a second conquest, to proceed slowly and sparingly, but roundly and really with plentiful provisions of all kynde to support a warre, I assure your lordship it infinitely comforts all us good subjects, that his Majesty hath been graciously pleased, now at the last, to issue proclamations from thence, whereby the rebells, with their abbettors, adherents and releivers, are proclaimed Traytors; and yf it would please his Majesty, with assent of parliament, to cause an Act presently to be passed there, *to attainte them all of high treason and to confiscate their lands and estates, to the Crowne, it would utterly dishearten them, and encourage the English to serve couragiously against them, in hope to be settled in the lands of them they shall kill or otherwise destroy.* Yf your lordshipp thinke it fitt to communicate this, my undigested proposition, to Mr. Pym, Mr. Hambden, Mr. Strowde, and such other prime and active men of the house of Commons as you shall thinke fittest, and that your lordshipp and they doe relish it, I would gladly upon notice thereof, yf soe required, reduce my conceipts herein, to a more perfect declaration and exacter method.”—Such was the horrible proposition of this hoary monster, not the destruction of a single clan or district, as was afterwards carried into execution in Scotland, but the indiscriminate extirpation of an entire people, among whom he “had eaten the most part of his

bread for 54 years!" Oh! calumniated Prince of Orange, comparatively pusillanimous exterminator, who, after this, will think thee worth noticing as the pigmy murderer of Glenco? It is time that posterity should do justice, and that the memory of this infamous earl should, at length, be consigned to the eternal immitigable execration of mankind. It avails but little as to his exculpation, that the hideous project was not then realized. In England it was unattended to, because there they were otherwise employed. In Ireland, however, he pressed it on the Lord's justices, and they, particularly, the notorious Parsons, proceeded far towards carrying it into execution. This appears from a letter of the latter to the execrable proposer, dated, Dublin, 20th June, 1643, wherein he tells him, "*I am of your mind that a thorow destruction must be made, before we can settle upon a safe peace. I pray you spare none, but indict all of quality or estate. We have done so hereabouts to many thousands, and have already executed some.*" *—I shall add no more. The soul sickens at these dreadful recitals, which not even the sanguinary archives of the Turk can equal. Sufficient, however, has been given to shew, that there was abundant cause for the feelings and expressions of the Minstrels, who mourned over the afflictions of their native land.

The Reformation, and its offspring, the Gunpowder Plot, were sources of innumerable evils to Ireland. The latter, particularly, arrayed the people against each other, and originated those violent feelings of hatred and animosity in the Protestant mind, against the Catholics, which, even yet, are not entirely allayed. But that this was a Protestant and not a Popish plot, few well informed persons of the present day entertain the slightest doubt. From a careful inspection of *all the original documents* connected with this dark transaction, preserved in the State Paper Office, London, and without reference to any

* This Letter is also preserved in the same Library.

other source or circumstance whatever, I do declare it to be my solemn conviction that the entire was planned and conducted, from beginning to end, by Cecil, Secretary of State to James the first. I do not intend here to enter into the particulars which led me to this conclusion, nor, indeed, is this the place for so doing. One only document, therefore, I shall notice, and that is the official report drawn up by Levinus Moncke, and throughout corrected by his master the Secretary, in his own hand-writing.* When perusing this elaborate statement, it appeared to me, that certain passages could not have been expunged, or particular interlined amendments made by Cecil, if he had not been well acquainted with the plot before the delivery of the letter to Lord Monteagle. If Doctor Lingard, perhaps the ablest of England's Historians, had personally inspected these papers, he probably would have been more decided in his account of this horrid Anti-Catholic conspiracy.

In concluding the few desultory observations, which have been considered necessary to explain some passages in the present part of this collection, I may be permitted to add, that they were undertaken with reluctance, and are ended without regret. Ungrateful, indeed, must have been the task, to turn over the crimsoned annals of a people, whose calamities have classed them amongst the most persecuted of mankind. One great consolation, however, was afforded, by the reflection that the day of persecution has passed away; that the children of the tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, now mingle, without distinction, in the great mass of society; and

* Another paper, in the hand-writing of the King, (directing certain queries to be put to John Johnson, alias Guy Fawkes,) deserves attention, as a curious record of the cruelty and pedantry of that weak and worthless Monarch. It thus concludes, "If he will not otherwise confesse, the gentler tortures are to be first applied unto him, et sic, per gradus, ad ima tenditur, and so God speed your good work.!"—*From the orig. MS.*

that the angry passions which formerly raged with violence, are generally and rapidly declining. May no untoward circumstance occur to interrupt this happy procedure; and, in the language of one of our modern bards,—

“ May Erin’s sons, of every caste,
Be Irishmen, from first to last,
Nor name or creed divide them.”

PART IV.

ODES, ELEGIES, &c.

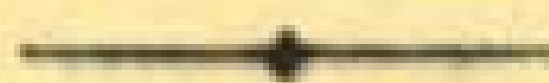
The Bards of Ireland have displayed a genius worthy of any age or nation.

James Macpherson.

Dissertation concerning the Poems of Ossian.



ODES, ELEGIES, &c.



—————" paulò majora canamus."

None of the Northern Nations of Europe can produce such ancient, authentic and valuable poetic remains, as Ireland. The influence which this divine art has ever exercised over the human mind, hath been early felt and long acknowledged in this Island, and even at the present day its force is far from being extinguished. Though the preceding parts of our collection have been chiefly confined to lyric song, particularly of the class usually adapted to music, yet it will be found that the Irish language abounds with productions of native genius, and is rich in every department of poetry, from the pointed epigram, to the majestic epic. That the ancient Irish possessed several heroic poems, before the incursions of the Danes, is manifest from many fragments yet remaining; and, that they had Homer's works, or at least the Books of the Iliad, translated, there is

reason to conclude from extracts, still extant.* This class, however, does not fall within the scope of these few preliminary remarks, as no specimen of that higher order of national poetry is given; but having been incidentally mentioned, it may be permitted to observe, that the best informed and most liberal Scottish writers, seem at length inclined to admit, that Macpherson's long contested "*Poems of Ossian*," are principally founded on Irish metrical remains, which, like our music, had long been common to both countries, until exclusively claimed by Scotland in the last century. The names of the persons and places contained in these elegant productions, and the scenery which they throughout describe, clearly indicate the country of their origin. In Ireland they have been recited and sung for centuries, under the general name of *Finian* poems, *Fin*, (father of the bard *Oisín*, the *Fingal* of Macpherson's *Ossian*,) being the principal hero; and not only are they repeated, from memory,

* Our countryman, Scotus, translated Dionysius the Areopagite from Greek, in the eighth century.—*Usher, Sylloge*.—In a large Irish Medical treatise, written on vellum, and bearing the date, 1303, in the writer's collection of Irish MSS. Homer's beautiful description of the rising morn, Ἡμὸς δ' ἐξηγύμια Φαῖη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς, is thus translated—*Uir chéad-bhlóizádh ná comháoirádh mzhéán rór-mhéarádh ná máidne*.—I have somewhere found the well known line, Βῆ δ' ἀκίων παρὰ Σῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης, not inadequately rendered—*Yhiúbhail ré zo eíuin áir chíumháir ná fáirze torrándádh trom*.—There is also in the same collection an old mutilated copy of a translation of the works of Theocritus, with the exception of a few of the latter Idylliums, into Irish verse. The curious medical volume alluded to, was purchased by Garret earl of Kildare, in 1500, he being then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for 20 live cows.—*Memorand. in libro*.

by the people in various parts of the country, but they are also found in numerous manuscripts of considerable antiquity.

But the honorable task of illustrating these national poems, and of developing their beauties, seems reserved for some favoured individual in whom the genius of the Poet shall be combined with a knowledge of the antiquities and languages of these islands. From one possessing those requisites much may be anticipated. He will be enabled to dispel the mist in which these relics have been so long enveloped, and point out the native country of the Bard of the West, to the satisfaction of the world. It is not improbable but he may also discover, that the narrative pieces, which resemble so many separate episodes, are but scattered fragments of a regular Epic, which at some remote period was perfect and entire.—In any event, it must be conceded that these heroic remains, stamp a high poetic character on the ancient muse of Ireland.

Her claim, however, to that character does not depend on these alone, nor on any single class of poetical composition. In that, for example, of Historical poetry, which I rank next to the Epic, there are several valuable specimens,* on the more ancient of

* Mr. Pinkerton, in his *History of Scotland*, Vol. ii. p. 92, bears ample testimony to their high authority. In a letter written by him to the late Bishop Percy, in 1786, (the original now lies before me,) after alluding to the Irish poem, afterwards mentioned in his work, he says, “of all *our* (i. e. the Scotch,) historical monuments, this is the most ancient, and of the first importance to our early history; and it would be a high favour to the whole Scottish nation if any

which, our early history mainly depends. With this fact before us, what opinion must we form of those writers of the last century, *Harris, Beauford, Campbell, Ledwich*, and others, to whom the language of these poems was unknown, and yet who dogmatized so magisterially on our national history? It is remarkable that the last of these, in his sceptical volume, never even alludes to Irish poetry. Many fine historical poems have been composed since the Anglo-Norman Invasion, but they are mostly descriptive of the disasters and oppressions of the country, or contain constant allusions to the manifold afflictions, with which it has been visited, since that memorable period. Hence they are generally of a melancholy cast, and present a mixture of Historic truth and elegiac woe, perhaps peculiar to the poetry of this ill-treated land. Several of these poems, which might,

copy of that chronicle," (i. e. the poem,) "could be procured, for O'Flaherty speaks as if different copies were extant. I cannot too earnestly entreat your lordship to use every application to procure so valuable a national record, which all our antiquaries so earnestly wish to see."—These were the "antiquaries," who after impugning every point of Irish History, were at length obliged to resort to Ireland, for documents to support their own.—Pinkerton proceeds. "Depend on it, my Lord, that I am a stranger to *that little invidious spirit, which animates most Scottish antiquaries* against the antiquities of that noble island, and worthy sister of Britain, in which you now dwell."—*Orig. Letter*.—It were to be wished that this creditable feeling had been more general; but our countrymen may be assured that their early history, poetry and antiquities, have suffered no injury from that "little invidious spirit which animated," not only Scottish but also English writers of almost every class, during the last century, even from the elegant but unfaithful historian, Hume, down to the wretched tourist, Twiss. They were too firmly fixed on the immutable basis of truth to be shaken by assailants whose works are now almost entirely forgotten; while the *vestigia veritatis* which they assailed, will remain to the end of time, imperishable monuments of the character, genius and learning of ancient Ireland.

with propriety, be termed Political or Historical elegies, are extant. One of the most popular concludes this volume.

Allied to the heroic poem is the *Rosg Catha* or ancient War ode, and of this species of Bardic composition, there are several remnants of uncommon spirit and beauty interspersed throughout our mouldering manuscripts. The sublime, and also what may be termed the lesser, ode, frequently occur; and the names of *Amergin*, *Ferceirtne*, *Torna*, *Dallan*, *Maolmore* and other bards, who flourished long anterior to the tenth century, are found in our neglected volumes, prefixed to lyrical pieces which would do honor to the literary character of any country. In the department of divine poetry, there are numerous authors, but the sacred odes and hymns of *Donogh O'Daly*, abbot of Boyle in the thirteenth century, merit especial notice. He was the most distinguished Irish poet from the arrival of the English to his own time, and was called the Ovid of Ireland, from the sweetly flowing melody of his verse. Like Prudentius, to whom, however, he was much superior, he confined his muse to sacred subjects, and conveyed the sublime truths and moral maxims of Religion in the fascinating language of poetry.—Many of his hymns, are, to this day, repeated from memory, in several parts of Ireland. Were a comparison to be instituted between him and any English poet, it should be with the celebrated author of the “Night Thoughts,” whom, in piety, genius and learning, he appears to have resembled. The publication of the poems of our venerable abbot, would prove an acceptable and valuable present to the Irish people.

In the rich, but imperfectly explored, mine of Irish poetry, which teems with brilliant gems of national genius, the elegiac vein is that most likely to attract and reward attention. The mildly chastened and exquisitely tender specimens of this captivating species of poetry are innumerable. The feelings of a people, broken down by long ages of oppression, and the sweetly expressive language of the land, were alike favourable to the elegiac muse. Hence the manifold compositions of this class, which are met with, in every variety of form, and on every subject, from the melting strains of disappointed love, to the mournful plaint of the patriot bard, lamenting, like Jeremiah, over the fallen fortunes of his country. In tender expression of natural feeling, Irish elegy stands unrivalled. The soliloquy of *Drilrosg*, over the grave of his brother, *Argmhor*, beginning—

Yéaric reirce mo chroidhe fuidh liáz thu Argmhor !
Ceó gleódhách mo roiz thu, & dheárbhíráthair.

conveys to my mind an idea of desolating grief, which I never felt from any composition, in any other language with which I am acquainted. The exquisite touches of nature in these elegies forcibly display the poetic genius of those noble old bards, whose names are now wrapped up in eternal oblivion. Their language was favourable to their conceptions. It enabled them to pour forth the feelings of their souls, with all the delicacy of pathetic expression, which so peculiarly marks these compositions. Among the elegies contained in the present collection, those of the bard *Mac Liag*, after the fall of his Royal Master,

will be read, with some degree of interest, at least in Ireland. Many of the others will be found to contain no small share of poetic excellence. The soliloquy of *Collins* amid the ruins of Timoleague abbey, has been deservedly admired. It is one of the most pathetic pieces in our language, on the solemn subject which it so feelingly describes; and, in the opinion of some competent judges, is not unworthy of a place near Gray's well known Elegy. The genius of Collins bears a strong resemblance to that of his celebrated English namesake. The Historical elegy, also, with which this volume terminates, contains many beauties, but the author I have not been able to discover. It is entitled "The Vision," and is supposed to have been delivered over the graves of the celebrated O'Nial of Tyrone, and O'Donnell of Tyrconnell, who rendered themselves so formidable to the English Government in the reign of Elizabeth. After a short view of the oppressions which the Irish suffered from the commencement of the Reformation, in the time of Henry the eighth, to the breaking out of the civil commotions in 1641, the poet proceeds more minutely to detail the gallant exploits of his countrymen, and the disastrous occurrences which took place in Ireland after that eventful period. A production so curious and so interesting cannot but command the attention, and awaken the sympathies of the descendants of those whose actions are so well described, and whose fall is so eloquently mourned. The translation of this poem by my gifted young friend Mr. Curran,* will be found true to the spirit and

* The readiness with which this gentleman has contributed his talents to forward

meaning of the original. It is pervaded by the same fervency of national feeling which animated and distinguished the patriot bard.

In the pastoral walk, the remains of our ancient rural poets have been already noticed. In these compositions nature alone was studied, and in her simple and unaffected language they spoke directly to the heart. Some sweet passages of this description will be found throughout these volumes. Here it may be observed that in general these poems abound more in the districts where pastoral life lingered longest, than in the other parts of the Island. With respect to the satiric muse, it is, on the other hand, remarkable that it prevailed chiefly in those parts, which were most exposed to the visitations of the English, or which lay contiguous to the places where they originally settled. *Angus na naor*, or the satirist, and *Teige dall*, cotemporary bards, in the time of Elizabeth, have acquired much celebrity among their countrymen for their talents in this line; and their works,

this work, is entitled to my most grateful acknowledgments. As far as these unassuming pages shall reach, they may connect his name with our native literature, but that name requires not their feeble aid to extend or perpetuate its honors. It is already interwoven with the brightest recollections of Ireland—with those memorable scenes in which his illustrious parent, surrounded by the other bright spirits of the age, contended in the glorious struggle for National independence, and succeeded in restoring their native country to that rank among Nations, from which it had been so long, and so unjustly degraded. The simple expression, therefore, of thanks is the best return in my power to make to Mr. Curran for his generous co-operation, and it may be the most acceptable, when he is assured, that my only inducement for undertaking this work was to rescue even a few of the remnants of our neglected poetry from oblivion.

yet remaining, contain ample proof of their abilities. So bitter were the invectives of the latter bard, that they cost him his life; and the former is said to have been employed by the Queen's agents here, to satirize the principal Irish families, and sow dissensions among them, an unworthy task, to which he prostituted his genius, in an able poem still extant. And here, in conclusion, I cannot but regret, that want of room, and other circumstances, have obliged me to omit not only this, but other excellent poems, originally intended for this publication. Yet I venture to hope, that even the few specimens given, may meet or deserve a favourable reception from the admirer of simple, unaffected nature, and genuine poetical feeling. They will, at least, serve to shew that our neglected bards deserved a better fate than that which they have hitherto experienced; and may, also, perchance, have the effect of stimulating others, to collect and publish their venerable remains, which, if adequately performed, cannot fail to shed a lustre on the literary character of Ireland.

ΦΙΛΛΙ - ΣΗΛΛΗΑ ΤΗΟΡΗΑ,

ΑΞ ΕΛΘΙΝΕΑΔΗ Α ΘΗΛΕΑ.

Μο δὴ δὴλῶν νῖρ Ἰὰδ λῖν
 Φιλλί Θεάμηρ, Κορε Κάιρλ εῖν,
 Ὡς Εὐζήλιν μῆοιρ μὸρ αὖ ράτῃ,
 Ὡς Chuinn μάρ Chonn cheád-cháthach.
 Σάβηγὰτ Εἰρῖν, μὸρ αὖ m-brúgh,
 Ἰὰ εἰομηχογμηάιλ αὖ e-comh-zhíomh,
 Ζέρι γὰτ τενν Φιλλί νεπτ n-zoile,
 Φῖορ φάομη Κορε αὖ ιονηγόιγχε.
 Ζε δὸ chuaidh zo h-Álbáin áin,
 Φιλλί μάε Εάχάχ Μύιγμῃεάδῃν ;
 Δὸ ράχάδῃ Κορε γάχά γοιρ
 Μυνά bheith Φιλλί ρε αὖ Ázhaidh.
 Φιοχά bh-φάεά φεάρ Ámhuil Φῆιλ,
 Ἄξ ιονηγόιγχε εάχετράνν αὖ e-céin ;
 Φιοεά n' φάεά φεάρ μάρ Κορε
 Δάρ λάτῃ Áim τάνά τάοbh-nocht.

TORNA'S LAMENT FOR CORC AND NIAL,

A. D. 423.¹BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Oh ! let me think in age
Of years rolled by,
When in the peace of infancy,
Mid all the ties of holy fosterage,²
The future lords of Erin's doom,
With smiles of innocence and unambitious play,
Passed the rapid hours away :
The royal children of my heart and home,
Nial, the heir of hundred-battled Con,
And Corc, of Eogan-more, the not less glorious son.

Years passed, my plummy eaglets grew,
Their deeds were blazoned far :
O'er many a land with Nial victory flew,
But Corc he never met in war.—

Φιοχά n'φάεά διάρ do b'φάρρ
 Άι τ-τιρ do χήριυbh Ειρινονν,
 bά ζέιρε ζάιρζε ζονά
 Clearráizh áizh eáznomhá.

Iy me Tórná á páidhioy páinn,
 Mo dá dhálcán áh diár páidhim,
 Dom péir thizdiy zách lá
 Mo dhá mháe mo dhá dhálcán.
 Do b'áuibhinn dhámh do bheith reál
 Idir Theámháir iy Cháiríol,
 O Theámhiráizh zo Cáríol eáin,
 O áth Cháiríil zo Teámháir.
 Tán do bhinn már áon iy Φιάλλ
 Mé do bhíodh áz ynáidhim ná n-zíáll,
 Tán do bhíinn már áon iy Core,
 Fá mé á chomháirleách comhnóit.
 Iy uime do chuipinn Φιάλλ
 Dom' leith dheir fá chlóimh áh chíáll,
 Áir uáirle áh leithe dheir, dhíil,
 Do mháe Ílizh Ειρινονν eáchtáizh.
 Iy uime do chuipinn Core
 Dom' leith clé níoir chlóimhchách docht,

Albania bowed to Nial's bands,¹
His sword has waved o'er foreign lands ;
Yet great as all his glories were,
They had been Corc's—had he been there :—
The eye of heaven ne'er looked on one
 So godlike in the field as Tara's lord,
Save him, the comrade of his youth, alone—
 Brave Corc, terrific wielder of the sword.

Twin children of my love ! my memory dwells
 On Erin's proudest deeds and days ;
On all that history tells
And senachies have wove ;
 Yet meet I none who boast your meed of praise,
Twin children of my love.

It is your Torna speaks, how blest was he,
When babes you lisped affection at his knee ;
How yet more blest when in your noon of power,
He shared the splendors of your social hour ;
When fain would Cashel's Corc his steps detain,
And Tarah's Nial wooed him back again.

Yes, it was mine, 'twas Torna's envied lot,
To share the inmost secrets of their thought,

Uir fhoizir & chuip dom' chroíidhe
 Do bheith Chuip 'n & chómhnuíizhe.
 Ueh ! zán Core uá Eózháin áin,
 Ueh ! zán Fíall uá Cuínn cómhleáin,
 Ueh ! zán Fíall Theámlirá thóir,
 Ueh ! zán Core ceánn-áird Cháiril ! !
 Do bhuir mo chonn, ir mo chíall,
 O náeh máir áin ríizh mo Fíall ;
 Do bhuir mo chroíidhe ir mo choirp,
 O náeh máir áin ríizh mo Core.
 Leith Chuínn fá chíor ir fá chíin,
 Déir mhie Echéáich Mhuídhmheádháin ;
 Déir mhie luízhdeáeh náir luáidh zó,
 Do chuáidh leáth Mózha & múzha.

To sit between them.—At one side,
My right, was Nial throned, the seat of pride ;
Nor less my left by Cashel's king was graced,
Pulse of my heart ! well wert thou next it placed.

Sons of the brave our day is gone,
Our destiny is spoken,
A stranger rules on Cashel's rock,
Another sits on Tara's throne ;
Leath Cuin—Leath Mogha pour the funeral strain,
And I a weary hour of woe remain.
In Nial's fall my reason felt the shock,
But oh ! when Corc expired—my heart was broken.



ΔΟ ΑΟΔΗ ΜΑC ΔΥΑCΗ.

ΔΑΛΛΑΝ ΦΟΡΤΑΙΛ ΡΟ ΕΛΑΝ.

Αοδὴ γυντcheάριη γελ γείζη,
 Con γελζά & γειάτη ;
 Πελbηthonn & μεάν μελbceάν
 Αι δ-τρεάbh 'γ &ι ττριάτη ;

Δειράμwine & χιγυτὴ δειν
 Τάρι ζάχ &φιονη-γρυτὴ bh-φιάλ ;
 Μο cheάν, τνύτὴ ζάχ τριάτὴ,
 Μο γζιάτὴ γζεό γειάτὴ.

Υζιάτὴ bhρεάc, bhυάριτὴά, bhρεόν ;
 Ζειρεάδὴ βίοδὴbhά & bρυάχ ;
 Υγειάτὴ chómhδάίγhe chάóimh
 Ατá &ζ Αοδὴ mάc Δυάχ.

Δέάριμ &ιρ Μhάc Δυάχ
 Πe n-δολ φορ chάóí,
 Υγειάτὴ chomhδάίche chάóimh,
 Δεοim &ι mάζh Αοδὴ.

DALLAN FORGAILL'S ODE TO AODH,
SON OF DUACH.

A. D. 580.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Bounteous and mighty Aodh ! whose potent shield
Glares likes a fatal star upon the field—
Fierce as the stooping hawk or following hound,
Resistless as the ocean billows bound—
'Thy shield I sing—the warrior's best relief—
Avenger of the fall of sept and chief ;
Brighter than foam that shrouds the bursting wave,
That glorious shield, that heroes, monarchs crave,
Renowned o'er all that warlike arm may wield
Amid the failing ranks ! dread, speckled shield ;
That guardian shield where Duach's son uprears,
Awe struck, the daring heart no longer dares.
Oh, would the prince our bardic spell requite
With that proud shield—dread portent of the fight ;
Aodh's glorious name through Erin's plains should ring,
While Dallan's hand could wake the trembling string.

DO DHUIBH ZHIOLLA, YCIAZ H AODA.

ΔΑΛΛΑΝ ΦΟΡΖΑΙΛ ΡÓ CHÁN.

Δαυβηζχιολλά δο μηάιρε έο φράιρε,
 Πιν γλοιζhe γηάιρε ;
 Δο δhéαν δυάιν δ'φιορά άζάινne,
 Δ'Αλοδh δο χιονn λάιμη zλάιρε.

Λάν ηάχh ιονηάν άζ διαβηλέφάδh,
 Άn bioφ culάιnn δάιφ χηφάοβhάιbh ;
 Beid uile φοφ luάιnnneάδh,
 Φράιζ ά z-comά φοφ φάοβhιφάζ.

Εάδάχh ζηάιτh άιφ ά χοφφ, nί zηάιbh,
 Γηάτhάδ no γηάιτhe τφom,
 Τιάζh μάφ τηάφbh άιφ φοιτh bφάιτ,
 Άιφ ηά γλάιτ άιφ ηά φάιτhe.

Ζάν ζάιφm ά z-ceill δο φίζhe,
 Ζάν χηλόιδheάmη ζάν φuinne,
 Ογνά ζάοίτhe zo n-δaυbhe bφuinne,
 Buime bάφ γεiochzηάφ Άλοδh duille δaυbhe.

DALLAN'S ODE TO DUBH-GHIOLLA, THE SHIELD OF AODH.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Bright as the speckled salmon of the wave !
Dubh-Ghiolla ! panic of the banded brave ;
With thee would I combine in deathless praise,
Proud Aodh, whose arm of might thy burthen sways.
Fenced with its thorny mail the holly stands—
So round the prince the guardian shield expands :
The bull's strong hide the needle's point defies—
Thus vainly round him baffled ranks arise :
That shield at once his panoply and blade,
He scorns the spear, the falchion's feeble aid.
As chafing storms too long in durance pent
Sweep through the forest, finding sudden vent ;
Such is the voice of Aodh, when with his shield
Compassed, he stands bright terror of the field.

τῆ ἀμῆνῃ γῆεα γῆαίῃ οὔ εἰσῆλθῇ
 χοίρῳ μῆαίῃ δῆαίῃ.

Ionmhain & choirp torcháir ánn ;

Ze'ir fear trom, budh fear éudtrom ;

Eadtrom corp, budh trom fear dhúál,

Mor zhiáir d'áir bhudh tizheáir.

Tu eóga dháinn máir áon fear,

D'eáiríbh fear bhúál, fear fáir ;

D'á m-beimíir lón budh lá,

Fozhlaim nuádh-dháinn zách díá.

Uáim dílón, ná fóirícheit glóirí ;

Duine fáirá nuádh ró mhóir ;

Tuille máirá ró mhóir ráinn

Yámháil íntleáchtá dháááinn.

SEANCHAN'S LAMENT OVER THE DEAD
BODY OF DALLAN.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

The soul is fled, but still that brow, tho' cold, its
transcript wears ;

And the hearts that loved him ache above each record
that it bears.

Of mighty mould, yet courteous—henceforth who the
bards shall lead,

That honoured him, their gifted chief, for whom our
bosoms bleed ?

Thrice fifty bards of passing skill attended in his train—
But the fleetest hand that swept the harp would pause
amid the strain ;

And slumber on the silent chord beneath the wakening
swell

Of Dallan's harp—a thousand more had owned the
potent spell !

Ἵο μῆτε ἀρ τὰρ ἄη η-ζῆεη η-ζῖλ,
δο δὲ ἀλβηυῖη διὰ ὅγ ηἶ δύνιβη,
ἦς μὲν ἀλδὴ ρῖλε τυκῖη ηὸ θεῶγ
τὰρ εὐχάλδὴ ρείδὴ ρῖζὴ εἰκῖηγ.

βἶ η-εἰζῆα, ἶ δὲ ηῖμῃ,
βἶ η-υἰγῖλ, βἶ η-ἄρδ-ῥῖλε,
Ἵο τεῖζμῆαδὴ τὸηη δ'ἶ βῆῖγ βυλ,
Ὀχ ! βἶ η-ἄλμῖη, βἶ η-ἰὸημῖη.

As wintry torrents when along their channelled depths
they rave,

Was Dallan's song—'twas as the strength of Easroe's
bounding wave :

His wit was as the winged shaft as rapid—and as deep
As ocean where, beneath the tide, the silent waters sleep.

From chaos as the sun appeared through clouds asunder
riven,

When the mighty one's behest had marked his path-way
in the heaven ;

The stars grew feeble in his light, transcendant as he
shone—

So Dallan, mid surrounding bards, stood glorious and
alone.

His glowing lip, oh king supreme ! thy power with
wisdom blessed,

And the minstrels hailed him for their chief—the brightest
and the best ;

Our reverence, our love were his—but death the arrow
sped,

And wounded through his comely side each heart that
mourns him dead.

C I O F I F I - C H O M M A I D H.

Máe liáz ró chán.

U Chinn-chorriáidh ! cáidhí bfuáin ?

Fhó cáidhí áh rziámh do bhídh oir ?

Cáidhe máithe ná máe ríogh

Fá me n-ibheámaóir fíon á'd phoir ?

Cáidhe uile áh lachra lonn ?

U Chinn-chorriáidh ná bh-fonn !

Cáidhe óáil-ecáir ná ecolz n-óir ?

Cáidhe ná ríogh bhídh um bhuáin ?

Cáidhe Murchádh máe áh ríogh,

Fear nách d-tiubhairádh bríogh á réud ?

Cáidhe ríámhuidhe ná ríeábh ?

Cáidhe fear áh chómhláinn céud ?

KINCORA, OR MAC LIAG'S LAMENT.¹

A. D. 1015.

BY JOHN D'ALTON.



Kincora, where is thy lord?

Ah where is thy verdure of spring?

Where the nobles, and minstrels, and sons of the sword,

With whom we have feasted and drank at thy board?

Kincora! where is thy king?

Where are thy heroed bands,

Thou queen of the Emerald plain?

Where are the golden-hilted brands,

That gleam'd in the gallant Dalcassian's hands,²

And Brian's kingly train?

Where is the son of Borù,³

Who ne'er valued the presents he gave?

A hundred in battle victorious he slew,

And the rivers of Erin exultingly knew

When he breasted their foamy wave.

Cáidhe Donnchadh déagh-mhac bhráin ?

Cáidhe 'n a dhiaidh Conaing eómh ?

O n-ach máireann Cian ná Corc !

Cia anocht me d-tiúbhrad mo tháobh ?

Cáidhe mac Eamhín an áizh ?

Cáidh a lán d'á raibh ag bhráin ?

Cáidh rígh éagánacht a uill ?

Cáidhe báireionn o'n d-tóinn t-ríar ?

Cáidhe Dúbhlaínn ná n-each n-dian ?

Uó cáidhe Cian mac Máelmuaidh ?

Uó Conn Ionu, arzdha, lán,

Feir do chuimeadh air zách rluagh ?

Cáidhe zollá do b'feárr méid,

Mac Rígh Albán ná 'r threíg rínn ?

Zídh zur mháich a zhal a' r a zhiómh,

Do bheimeadh dhámh eíor, a Chinn !

Do chuaidheadar rúd leáth air leáth,

Ua meic ríogh ná 'r chreách eíll,

Uí bhíadh air domhán d'á nóir,

Teaghdá rin de'm chéill, a Chinn !

And Donogh the good is gone,
And Conaing of the comely brow !
I feel—oh !—I feel as I stood alone,
Neither Cian, nor Corc, can hear my moan,
Where—where, is my refuge now ?

The fortune that Eavin crown'd,
Alas, to his son was denied !
And where is the king of Eugenia, renown'd,
And the myriads that rose at the gathering sound,
And the chief of the western tide ?

Dulaing, shall I never enjoy
The sight of his swift-footed steeds ;
Nor my Cian, the invincible son of Molloy,
Nor Con, who his foes by a look could destroy ?
But who can record their deeds ?

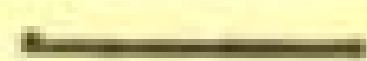
Where is he of gigantic mien,
Who ne'er from our standard would flee ?
All great as his prowess and actions have been,
Yet thou my Kincora ! wert ever the queen,
And he but a vassal to thee.*

Where is their silent abode,
Who once were the flower of Temora,
Fearless and fierce through the battle they strode,
But their hands never rifled the altars of God—
Oh, their loss has derang'd me—Kincora !

Meic míozh do leánfadh & loiz,
 Láochra óáil-ccáir ná ccolz t-rlím,
 Zo bh-fázhálann-rí rhoir nó rhiár,
 Och ! do b' ole an chiall, & Chinn !

Brián bórdimhe bínn me rídh,
 Ionmhann lámh do bheireadh rínn ;
 Túr & chupán 'r & choirnn m-breáe,
 Iy máirz dámh do chleácht, & Chinn !

Iy máirz tál beódh zán Brián !
 Iy mé Máe líáz ó'n linn,
 Do'm chozairnn zo tizh ná réud
 Do thuzaadh ró chéud, & Chinn !



Sons of a royal race,
Dalgais of the far gleaming sword!
Who could emulate deeds that the bard cannot trace?
Ah, could I on earth find your dwelling place!—
Alas, 'tis a senseless word!

But sweet is the theme to our souls,
And welcome the praise of Borù!
With silent enjoyment my memory rolls,
To the times when he gave me the first of the bowls—
Alas, that such honours I knew!

But all my hopes deceived me,
Yet I love thee for sorrow's sake;
In thy palace of jewels how oft he received me,
But, Kincora! the fate that of Brian bereav'd thee,
Hath orphan'd Mac Liag of the lake.

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Uáchtmhár an sídheche á noch,

U chundeachd bhocht, zán bhréiz !

Cródh ní ráilte dhíbh air dhúain

Uir an t-ádhbhí thuáidh do'n n-3ríiz.

U ré Dia fá deárá dhúinn

3án ár rúil re dúair ná ráinn ;—

Íó mhóir fuairéamair d'á cheáinn,

báozhál liom á áithfíir thál.

Uzháidh dhámh-rá do fhuir bhinnáin,

Ír é áz fleadhachur áz Cíán,

Máe Máelmuádh fá fáda láir

Uir m-beith ázháidh 'n á éázmair.

MAC LIAG MOURNFULLY REMEMBERS
BRIAN AND HIS NOBLES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

In a far foreign land, on a pilgrimage wending,¹
A bard of green Erin passed cheerless along ;
On the dark barren heath gloomy night was descending,
He thought on past pleasures, and thus grieved in song :
“ Sad and gloomy the night that now gathers around ;
No door opens friendly with sweet welcome sound ;
For poesy here no calm shelter is found ;
No repose for the bard these wild regions among.

“ Since heaven so wills, be its ordinance blest,
That verse in this land no reward shall enjoy :
Once with gifts it was honoured—the bard was caress’d
With a love that hereafter his peace may annoy.

Ah ! well I remember—to Brian, of old,
When foamed the red wine in the goblet of gold,
As with Cian he feasted, the hours slowly rolled,
If he heard not the songs of the son of Molloy.”

Διά bháir m-beátha á bhua, Ár Cíán,

Ua ehláir thig ó thigh uí Fhéil !

“ Ua éirir,” á deir do bheán,

“ Yuaill ná’r threírir do theáich féin.

“ Ua tásí trí ráithe ámoirh.

Uacht á bh-fuil ó niozh zo né ; ”

“ Ir ré rin,” ár Fhureadh, máe bhráin,

“ Teachtáireacht an fhiáich ó’n n-áire.”

Innir dúinn th-éadál á thuáidh,

Ua Urd-rízh rhluaizh Cháirnn í ’Fhéid,

Innir do mháithibh ffeár ffeál,

Luadh fá’m láimh nách déanair bréiz.

Óar an rízh fil ór mo chionn,

Ua ré thuazár liom á thuáidh,

Fiche eáich, deich n-uinze d’ór,

Ua’r deich ffeichid bó do bhuaibh.

Do bhéaraim-ne an diár ro dho

Ffi rá mhó d’eáicháibh ’r de bhuaibh,

Ua n-éuzmáir á ttiubhíradh bhráin,

Ua dubháir Cíán Máe Máelmhuáidh.

“Welcome, bard,” said the monarch, his face beaming
gladness,

When he saw me return from the hall of O'Neill :

“Thy consort is pining, forlorn, and in sadness,

To think thou hast left her for ever to wail.

Bard, long was thy absence—what tidings of worth

Dost thou bring from the black cloudy lands of the
north ?”

“As the raven’s”—cried Morrogh—“what time she flew
forth

From the ark, well I wot, is our wanderer’s tale.”

“But come, tell what gifts and rare treasures you bring,

From him who bears sway o’er the Carn-i-neid host ;

To Innisfail’s nobles, and first to our king,

Swear true, by this hand, not to flatter or boast.”

“By heaven”—I cried—“all the truth I’ll unfold.

Twice ten gallant steeds—ten rich ounces of gold ;

And of kine, ten the choicest, twice ten times well
told ;

Such the treasures I bring from the fair northern
coast.”

Δάρ αν ρίγῃ, δο ράδῃ μέ ἅ ροετ,
 'Υ δο διορχαίδῃ ἅ ποετ μο νιάμῃ,
 Ξαρκῶ ἅ δειεῖχ n-uiriod γιν
 Άν αν bh-ϕλεάδῃ γυλ δο λυδῃ θμακν.

Υέρετ m-báile ἅ'm chómhár d'ἅ chriáóibh,
 Πίγῃ nḁ ρίογῃ δο ράδῃ μέ n-iar,
 Άγυρ λεάτῃ bháile γο ϕίορ
 Άnn γάεῃ πορε ἅ m-bíodῃ θμακν.

Δο ράδῃ Μυρχάδῃ, δεάγῃ-mhḁc θhmaκν,
 “Άν nḁ mháráeḁ,” 'γ ρίορ chiall uáidḁ,
 “ Uiriod ἅ bh-ϕαárny ἅ ρείρ
 Δο zheabhár uáim ϕείn 'γ ní ár tḁ'ϕhuáeḁ.”



“With presents,” said Cian of generous deeds,

“More noble, O Morrogh, his song we’ll reward
With more numerous kine, and more swift-footed steeds,
Beside what the Monarch shall give to the bard.”

And true, (to remember—my griefs fresh arise)
Ere the banquet was finished—or sleep closed the eyes
Of munificent Brian, I shared a rich prize,

E’en ten times more worthy the poet’s regard.

Seven herd-covered plains spreading fertile and wide,

Gift worthy a monarch—the king gave to me ;
And a district, for aye, where his court loves to bide,
In sweet summer sojourn, by mountain or sea.

Said Morrogh the pious, nor spake he in vain,
“Whate’er the rich gifts thou, to night shalt obtain ;
To-morrow, their equal from me shalt thou gain,

With the love of a prince, bard, devoted to thee.”

CUIR HÍ UZ HADH MHEIC UAIZ AIR
BHUIAÍ BOIRIMHE.

ԴԱԾԱ ԲԵԻՇ ԶԱՆ ԱՅԻՆԵԱՐ,

ՄԱՐ ՈՐ ԴԻՔԻԼԵԱՐ ՅՈ ԲՐԱՇ ԲԵԻՇ ;—

ՄԱՐ ԾՈ ԲԻՃԻՍԻ Ա Յ-ՇԵՆՆ-ՇՈՐԱԾԻ ՇԱՅԻՆԻ,

ՊԻՐ ԲԻ՛ԱՄԻԱՆ ԼԻՄ ԱՅՆ ԾՈ՛Մ ՇՐԵԻՇ.

ԾԱ ՄԱՐԵԱԾԻ ԾՐԱՆ ԾԵՄՆԵ-ԲԱՆԶ !

Չ՛Ի ՄԱՐԵԱԾԻ Ա ԼԱՐԶ ՈՐ ԼՈՆԶ !

ՊԻ ԲԵԻԾԻՄՆ-Ի Ա Ն-ԼՈՐԵ ԱՆ ՇԻԱՆ-ԾԱԻՆ,

ՄԱՐ Ա Ե՛ՐՈՆՆԻԱՅԻ ԵԱԼԵ Ա՛Ր ԵՈՆՆ.

ԾԱ ՄԱՐԵԱԾԻ ՇՈՐԱՆԶ ՈՐ Յ-ՇԱՆ !

ՕՐՄԻԱՆ ԴԼԱՅԻ, ԼԱՇ ՈՐ ԼԱՅ !

ԴԵԱՐ ՄԱՐ Է ՇԱՇԵՐՈՐ ՈՐ ԴԼԱՅԻ,

ՊԻ ԼԵՅԴԵԱԾԻ ՄԷ ԱՆԻԾ Ա ԲԻ-ԴԱԾ.

MAC LIAG, IN EXILE, REMEMBERS
BRIAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.

Tedious and sad lag on the joyless hours,

Ah! ne'er did fancy bode a change so dire!

What time I dwelt in sweet Kincora's bowers,

I little feared the barbarous spoiler's ire.

Had Brian lived, munificent and good;

Or Morrogh, in his stately mansions fair;

Ne'er in the isle of strangers black and rude,

Whelmed had I sunk beneath a flood of care.

If Conaing lived, the guardian of our coasts,

The chief of thousands, hero great in might

As dauntless Hector, of the Trojan hosts;

Long had I ne'er been exiled from his sight.

Do bheir me duibh, doirbh,

Uochá z-cluinn tairm ná d-tráth,

Uíor bh'ionnann á' r an ríubhál fuair,

Dá ráinig ar eairte zo Cíán.

Do chuadháir zo Cíán an Cháirnn,

Uíor thráth zán tairm an tír theánn,

Uí ríubh, ácht brian ná m-bráit ríóil,

Tráth budh choir do chur 'n á cheánn.

Grief and despair my anxious bosom fill,
To hear my prince's joyous voice no more ;
Oh ! how unlike this journey drear and chill,
Was that to Cian, in the days of yore !

To Cian of the Cairn—to Cian, high
In wealth and power, I went with bounding speed :
With him could none but royal Brian vie,
In every generous thought and glorious deed.

ceapbhall o'daia ajuγ aγ
MaCaia.

Ceapbhall mō chān.

Ceapbhall.—A Mhac-ála dheár,

O'γ duit iγ fear á lán,

Cread, á zhlóráich zhrínn,

Do bheir γinn d'ár z-crádh ?—

Mácaia—zhrádh.

C.—Zhrádh ! ní h-eádh d'ár n-dóich,

Aithnídh dhámh-γá án zéán,

Mo chéudcrádh do chlódháizh,

Uch ! d'ár n-dóich ní h-eádh !—

M.—ní h-eádh.

C.—Muná b'éád á tá,

Do thuáitibh Dé minne crádh,

Láizheár á n-dán dámh,

Inniγ dámh má tá ?—

M.—á tá.

CARROLL O'DALY ' AND ECHO.

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Carroll—Speak, playful echo, speak me well,
For thou know'st all our care ;
Thou sweet responding sybil, tell,
Who works this strange affair?—

Echo—A—fair !

A fair—no, no, I've felt the pain,
That but from love can flow ;
And never can my heart again
That magic thraldom know.—

Echo—No.

Ah then, if envy's eye has ceased
To mar my earthly bliss ;
Speak consolation to my breast,
If remedy there is.—

Echo—There is.

C.—A ríogáidhe zhlie, zhrínn,

Fuotál linn zo réidh,

Chead ir lúizheár dámh ?

Uíor fhionnár ort bréag.—

M.—éag.

C.—Má 'r é an t-éag, zo deimhin,

Ir foirchionn tíre ár b-rián,

Do dhruidesdh liom,

Do'b áit liom, ár riadh !—

M.—ár riadh !

C.—Ár riadh féin do'b áit !

A zhlach zhlán zán zho ;

Zídesdh, ár do bhár !

Uá cluinesdh Cáit ro.—

M.—Cáid ro ?

C.—Cáid ro, an diabhal ort !

A thriúgh ná'r loc bréag !

Fáth do mhasáidh ná cán,

Faoí Cháit ir zeál déad.—

M.—éad.

Gay witty spirit of the air,
If such relief be nigh;
At once the secret spell declare,
To lull my wasted eye.—

Echo—To die.

'To die ! and if it be my lot,
It comes in hour of need ;
Death wears no terror but in thought,
'Tis innocent in deed.—

Echo, (surprised)—Indeed !

Indeed, 'tis welcome to my woes,
Thou airy voice of fate ;
But ah ! to none on earth disclose
What you prognosticate.—

Echo, (playfully)—To Kate.

To Kate, the devil's on your tongue,
To scare me with such thoughts ;
To her, oh could I hazard wrong,
Who never knew her faults.—

Echo—You are false.

C.—Má' r tré Fharcuiry tréan,

U tásí az éad peat ole,

Deaz an ditch, dar Duach !

U dhul uáit 'r an lech.—

M.—Och !

C.—Míle och a' r mairz,

Do chluinn azáibh zách ló ;—

Cread a tál libh 'z á luadh

U thriúáigh chorrietha an chásídh ?—

M.—Cásídh !

C.—Do chásídh Fharcuiry,

Do muz bárr zách zriásídh ;

Yzuir a' r zo muz a áit,

Uln bárr-ro má' r ríor.—

M.—I r ríor.

C.—Deandacht ár do bheál,

Fhár chán bréaz a n-diúmh,

O tásí az dul a bh-íad,

Cuirim leat adieú.—

M.—Udieú.

If thy Narcissus could awake

Such doubts, he were an ass,

If he did not prefer the lake,

To humouring such a lass.—

Echo—Alas !

A thousand sighs and rites of woe

Attend thee in the air ;

What mighty grief can feed thee so

In weariless despair ?—

Echo—Despair.

Despair—not for Narcissus' lot,

Who once was thy delight ;

Another in his place you've got,

If our report is right.—

Echo—'Tis right.

Dear little sorceress, farewell,

I feel thou told'st me true ;

But as thou'st many a tale to tell,

I bid thee now adieu.—

Echo—Adieu !

γλῶττῃ ἡ-εἰρητῇ.

Dochtuir Céitinn ró chán.

Mo bheánáche leat á reábhinn !

Ḷo h-inn áóibhinn eálzā ;

Iy truaázh ! nách léur dámh á beánnā,

Ḷídh zháth á d-teánnā deárzā !

Ḷlān d'á h-uáirle á'ḡ d'á h-oireáche ;

Ḷlān Ḷo ró bheáche d'á cleír'chibh ;

Ḷlān d'á bánntrácheatáibh eáóine ;

Ḷlān d'á ráóitibh le h-éiribh !

Mo rhlān d'á mázháibh mine,

Ḷlān rā mhíle d'á enocáibh !

Mo chion do'n t-é ták ínnit ;

Ḷlān d'á línntibh á'ḡ d'á lecháibh !

DOCTOR KEATING' TO HIS LETTER.

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

For the sake of the dear little isle where I send you,
For those who will welcome, and speed, and befriend
you ;

For the green hills of Erin that still hold my heart there,
Though stain'd with the blood of the patriot and martyr,

My blessing attend you !

My blessing attend you !

Adieu to her nobles, may honor ne'er fail them !
To her clergy adieu, may no false ones assail them !
Adieu to her people, adieu to her sages,
Her historians, and all that illumine their pages !

In distance I hail them,

More fondly I hail them !

Υἱάη δ' ἄ εἰλλεῖβη ῥά εχορθεῖβη ;

Υἱάη ῥόγ δ' ἄ εορράδηβη ἰάρεάχ' ;

Υἱάη δ' ἄ μῶιμτῖβη ἄ' γ δ' ἄ βάνετῖβη ;

Υἱάη ῥόγ δ' ἄ ῤάτῃβη ἄ' γ δ' ἄ ῤάγζῖβη !

Υἱάη ὄ' μ εηρῶίδηε δ' ἄ ευάνετῖβη ;

Υἱάη ῥόγ δ' ἄ τυάρτῃβη ερῶμᾶ ;

Υορῖδ δ' ἄ τυλῃβη ἄονάιχ ;

Υἱάη υἷμ δ' ἄ ερᾶοβῃβη ερῶμᾶ !

Ζῖδῃ ζῆάτῃ ἄ ῥόγμῃε ῥῤάοχδᾶ.

Ἄηη μῖγ ἡἄομῃτῃᾶ, ἡἄμβοχδ ;

Υῖᾶρ τᾶρ δῃρῶμῃῃἄδῃμῖβη ἡἄ δῖλεᾶη,

βῃρ ἄ ῥεῤῖβῃηη μῶ βῃἄηδῶχδ.

Adieu to her plains, all enamell'd with flowers !
A thousand adieus to her hills and her bowers !
Adieu to the friendships and hearts long devoted !
Adieu to the lakes on whose bosom I've floated !

In youth's happy hours,

In youth's happy hours !

Adieu to her fish-rivers murmuring through rushes !
Adieu to her meadows, her fields, wells, and bushes !
Adieu to her lawns, her moors, and her harbours ;
Adieu, from my heart, to her forests and arbours,

All vocal with thrushes,

All vocal with thrushes !

Adieu to her harvests, for ever increasing !
And her hills of assemblies, all wisdom possessing !
And her people—oh ! where is there braver or better ?
Then go to the island of saints, my dear letter !

And bring her my blessing !

And bring her my blessing !

b e a q q e a d a i n.

Ír áóibhinn & bheith & m-béinn-Éadair ;

Ír fíor-bhínn & bheith ór bán-mhuir ;

Cnoc lonnmháir, lonnmháir, líonnmháir

beánn fhíonnmháir fhionnmháir, áznmháir.

beánn & m-bíodh Fíonn á' r fíánná ;

beánn & m-bíodh coirinn ázuí eadách ;

beánn & ruí O'Duibhne dána

Uídhé Zhíáinne de ríonn ruázádh.

beánn ír tom-zhlán zách tulách,

á' r zách mullách cómhzhilár, coirrách ;

beánn bhileách, mhozách, bheánnách ;

Cnoc epeámmách, enódhách, eáánnách.

ODE TO THE HILL OF HOWTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

How sweet from proud Ben-Edir's height,
To see the ocean roll in light ;
And fleets swift-bounding in the gale,
With warriors' clothed in shining mail.

Fair hill, on thee, great Finn of old,
Was wont his counsels sage to hold ;
On thee, rich bowls the Fenians crowned,
And passed the foaming beverage round.*

'Twas thine within a sea-washed cave,
To hide and shelter Duivne brave ;
When snared by Grace's charms divine,
He bore her o'er the raging brine.*

Do chídhteáir uáinn de'n mháóil mhonzáeh,

lánná á'í lóechra d'á leádrádh ;

brioteáir clár-bhóird tóibhe loingze

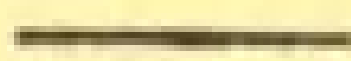
le fáóidh zhonádh an dóird álla.

beánn í'í áuibhne d'áir Éireánn,

zídih léibheánn ó'í fáirze fáóileánn ;—

Mo chion d'á triádh zán dozhráinn,

Móir-bheánn ná bh-íáinn n-áóibhíinn.



Fair hill thy slopes are ever seen,
Bedecked with flowers or robed in green ;
Thy nut-groves rustle o'er the deep,
And forests crown thy cliff-girt steep.'

High from thy russet peaks 'tis sweet
To see th' embattled war-ships meet;
To hear the crash—the shout—the roar
Of cannon, through the cavern'd shore.

Most beauteous hill, around whose head,
Ten thousand sea-birds' pinions spread ;
May joy thy lord's true bosom thrill,
Chief of the Fenians' happy hill.

3eapnoib quiqyioqy,

Uir bh-ḟázbháil Eireán do.

Diombuádha tuiáil ó thulcháibh ḟáil !

Diombuádha iáth Eireánn d'ḟázbháil !

Iáth mhíliḟ ná m-beánn m-beáchách,

Iuḟ ná n-eánn n-óiz-eáchách.

Cídh éá mo thuiáil éár ḟáil ḟoir,

Uir d-tábháirte eínl d'íáth ḟhiontáin,

Do ḟeáir eiróidhe ḟá'n móδ munn ;

Ḟí éár ḟóδ áile ácht Eireán.

ḟóδ iḟ tuiame tuiádh eiránn,

ḟóδ iḟ ḟéur-uáithne ḟeáránn,

Ḟeán-chláir Iḟ bhrénae, báirteách,

Uí tḟir eiráébách, eiruitehneách.

ODE BY GERALD NUGENT, ON LEAVING
IRELAND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,

To flee from Inisfail !

Oh ! anguish from her scenes to part,

Of mountain, wood, and vale !

Vales that the hum of bees resound,

And plains where generous steeds abound.

While wafted by the breeze's wing,

I see fair Fintan's shore recede ;

More poignant griefs my bosom wring,

The farther eastward still I speed.

With Erin's love my bosom warms,

No soil but her's for me has charms.

A soil enriched with verdant bowers,

And groves with mellow fruits that teem ;

A soil of fair and fragrant flowers,

Of verdant turf and crystal stream :

Rich plains of Ir,⁴ that bearded corn,

And balmy herbs, and shrubs adorn.

Τίρ νά ζ-εurrάdh 'γ νά ζ-ελάρ,
 bánbá νά n-áinḡhur n-óir-ehiábh,
 Τίρ νά rreábh n-ζοrrm-άιτách, n-ζlán,
 'γ νά bh-ḡeár n-óir-bheárrtách, n-ázhmhár.

Δά nάomhádhi Δiá dhámh tár m'áir,
 rlochtaim do'm dhomháim dhúthcháir,
 O zhálláibh ní zhéábháimh dul
 ζo elánnáibh ḡeuzhum ḡáeḡán.

Δά m-biádh nά'ri bháézhál márá,
 ḡázhbháil leáḡá láozháiré,
 Mo mheánnmhá ríáir ní ḡeun,
 Tmáil ó dheáibhnhá ir do-dhéuntá.

ḡlán do'n bhuidhim ḡhéuzháim-ri tár n-déir
 Máerá dúná doirbhzhéir
 Δáim á'γ eáóinche chláir Mídhe
 Cláir ir ḡáéiré ḡocháídhé.

A land that boasts a pious race,
A land of heroes brave and bold ;
Enriched with every female grace
Are Banba's maids with locks of gold.
Of men, none with her sons compare ;
No maidens with her daughters fair.

If heaven propitious to my vow,
Grant the desire with which I burn ;
Again the foamy deep to plow,
And to my native shores return ;
"Speed on," I'll cry, "my galley fleet,
Nor e'er the crafty Saxon greet."*

No perils of the stormy deep
I dread—yet sorrow wounds my heart ;
To leave thee, Loegaire's fort, I weep ;
From thee sweet Delvin must I part ! *
Oh ! hard the task—oh ! lot severe,
To flee from all my soul holds dear.

Farewell, ye kind and generous bands,
Bound to my soul by friendship strong ;
And ye Dundargveis' happy lands,
Ye festive halls—ye sons of song ;
Ye generous friends in Meath who dwell,
Beloved, adored, farewell, farewell !

ΜΙΛΗΛΙΑ ΠΑΤΡΙΩΤΕΣ ΟΙ ΕΛΛΗΝΕΣ.

ΔΑ ΒΗ-ΡΑΖΗΛΙΝΗ-ΡΙ ΜΟ ΜΗΛΑΝΝΑ ΔΟ ΜΑΡΙ,
 Α'Υ ΕΕΛΔ ΕΛΙΡΤΕ ΜΟ ΓΗΛΕΖΑΙΛ ΔΟ ΓΗΛΩΔΗΛΜΗ,
 ΔΟ ΒΗΕΙΔΙΝΝ ΜΑΡΙ ΑΝ Δ-ΤΡΙΑΤΗ ΓΗΕΛΑΝΑΙΔΗΕ, ΛΑΤΗ,
 ΖΑΝ ΕΗΕΛΝΖΑΙ ΛΕ Η-ΛΕΝ ΔΙΝΝΕ ΛΕΧΤ ΓΙΤΗ :
 ΔΗΕΛΝΡΑΔΗ ΑΕΡΑ ΒΕΛΖ ΡΕΑΡΑΙΝΝ ΝΟ ΔΗΟ,
 ΜΟ ΡΕΙΝ Α Ζ-ΕΕΙΝ ΜΑΡΙ ΒΥΔΗ ΕΗΥΗΛΑΙΔΗ ;
 ΔΟ ΜΗΕΛΡΑΙΝΝ ΜΟ ΡΗΛΑΙΤΗΕΛΥ ΖΥΡ ΜΗΟΡΙ,
 'Υ ΒΥΔΗ ΕΗΛΑΝ ΛΙΟΜ ΒΗΕΙΤΗ ΑΖ ΖΕΙΛΛΕΑΔΗ ΔΟ'Ν ΡΙΖΗ.
 ΜΟ ΡΗΛΙΡΤΕ ΒΕΛΖ ΡΕΑΡΑΙΝΝ ΒΑ ΜΗΕΙΤΗ,
 ΛΕ ΡΑΙΝΝ ΔΕ ΖΑΧ ΡΗΙΟΜΗ-ΕΘΟΡΤΗΑ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ,
 ΖΑΝ ΤΕΛΕΧΤ ΑΙΡ ΡΕΑΡΤΗΑΙΝΝ ΝΑ ΖΑΟΤΗ,
 ΑΛΕΧΤ ΕΙΜΡΕΛΕΧΤ ΖΑΧ ΓΙΝΕ 'Ν Α Η-ΛΑΜ :
 ΒΥΔΗ ΛΙΟΝΜΗΑΡ Α'Μ ΒΗΡΩΙΖΗΝ ΒΗΕΛΖ ΖΑΧ ΝΙΔΗ,
 ΒΑ ΤΑΙΡΒΗΕΛΕΧ ΑΝ ΤΑΙΤΗΝΕΛΜΗ 'Ν Α Μ-ΒΕΙΔΗΕΛΔΗ ;
 ΔΟ Β'ΛΟΙΒΗΙΝΝ ΕΛΟΥ ΡΩΙΖΗΛΕ ΜΟ ΕΗΙΖΗΕ,
 'Υ ΝΑ ΛΕΑΒΗΑΙΡ Α ΕΕΟΜΗΑΙΤΙΟΥ ΖΑΧ ΛΑΕ.

PATRICK HEALY'S WISHES.¹BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Oh ! could I acquire my fullest desire,
To mould my own life, were it given ;
I would be like the sage, who in happy old age,
Disowns every link—but with heaven.

An acre or two, as my wants would be few,
Could supply quite enough for my welfare ;
In that scope I would deem my power supreme,
And acknowledge no king but—myself there.

The soil of this spot, the best to be got,
Should furnish me fruit—and a choice store ;
Be sheltered and warm from rain and from storm,
And favoured with sun-shine and moisture.

My home should abound, and my table be crowned
With comfort, but not ostentation ;
The music of mirth should hum round my hearth,
And books be my night's recreation.

Do b'áedheárách le féucháin mo bhoith,
 le tóobh coille á' r fíor-thobáir úir ;
 Fhá h-énla an uáir d'éirgheóchuinn zo moch
 Zo h-áóibhinn az fíor-rheimneadh eíuil ;
 Yruth ríormach, eíumháir-zláir, iomád-bhláich,
 Cráinn trom-thoradh á' r zeámháiradh le n'áir,
 budh clirte iád ná breic ánn á láir,
 le ronn ruile az léimneadh zo ríar.

Do chrióchnúzhadh ná n-áóibhneár ro rómháin,
 Auzur compóird ná h-óize mhéudúzhadh,
 Fíi rmuáinrinn zán eáóin-bheán do thózhadh
 Máir nuadhacháir, 'r í óizeáir, búidheach ;
 Ánn áóir á náóí-déaz zo h-iomláin,
 Á' r ceátháir-áir-rhithchid dámh féin,
 bhuadh náóidheán áir á eíocháirbh zách eáirz,
 Á' r bhuadh rí leir rin do'm chomhréir.

Delightful retreat, in simplicity sweet !

A wood and a streamlet should bound it ;
And the birds when I wake, from each bower and brake,
Should pour their wild melodies round it.

This streamlet midst flowers, and murmuring bowers,
In the shade of rich fruits should meander ;
While the brisk finny race, o'er its sun-shiny face,
Should leap—flit—and sportively wander.

These joys—yet one more might enliven my store,
Redouble each comfort and pleasure ;
A wife, of such truth, such virtue and youth,
That her smiles would be more than a treasure.

Let nineteen, and no more, to my twenty-four,
Be the scale of her years to a letter ;
Then a babe every Easter, I think wo'nt molest her,
No—I warrant she'll like me the better.

ΜΑCΤΗΑΔΗ ΑΗ ΔΥΙΗΕ ΔΗΟΙΛΖΗΙΟΥΑΙΗ.

ΥεΆζηΑη Ο'CoileΆη ' πό χΑη.

Οίδηχη δηΆμη ζο δοιλζ, δύνηΆχη,

Choir φήΑιρζε ηΆ δ-τοηη δ-τρέυν,

Αζ λέωημυάμεΆδη Α'γ Αζ Ιυάδη,

Αη χοηρΑιβη χηρυάδηΑ Αη τ-γΆοζηΑι,

Βήίδη Αη πέ 'γ ηΆ πέυλτΑ γυΆγ,

Ψίοη χηογ φυάηη τοηηη ηΆ τρΆιζη.

'Υ ηί μΑιβη ζΆλ Αηη δε'η η-ζΆοιτχ

Δο χηροιτχρεΆδη βΆηη ερΆιηη ηΆ βλΆιτχ.

Δο ζηλυάιγεΆγ Αζ μάχητηΆμη Α'η Αοη,

ΖΑη Αιρε ΑζΆη Αιη μΑοη ηο γηύβηΑι,

Δορυγ εille ζυη δηεΆρε μέ,

'Υ Αη ζ-οηΑιη πέιδη Αιη ηο χηοηηη.

THE MOURNER'S SOLILOQUY IN THE
RUINED ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.¹

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Abroad one night in loneliness I stroll'd,
Along the wave-worn beach my footpath lay;
Struggling the while with sorrows yet untold,
Yielding to cares that wore my strength away:
On as I mov'd, my wayward musings ran
O'er the strange turns that mark the fleeting life of man.
The little stars shone sweetly in the sky;
Not one faint murmur rose from sea or shore;
The wind with silent wing went slowly by,
As tho' some secret on its path it bore:
All, all was calm—tree, flower, and shrub stood still,
And the soft moonlight slept on valley and on hill.

Do γτάδ μέ 'γ άν η-δορυ τ-ρεάν,

'Ῥι άρ γηηάιτη άιηγάνηά ά'γ άοίδηέέετ,

Δ'ά η-δάιλ δό'η λοβήάιη άζυγ δό'η λάζ,

Άη τράττ ηηάιη λυχδ άη τίγχε.

Βηίδη γορράδη γιάρ άιη ά τηάοβη,

Ιγ ειάη ό ευρεάδη ά εηλόδη,

Άιη ά γιιγχεάδη γάοίττε ά'γ ειάρ,

Ά'γ τάιγτιολλάιττ τηηάιιττ άη ηοίδ.

Υ'ηιιδη μέ γίογ λε μάεητηάηη λάν,

Δο λέιγέάγ ηο λάηη γάοί η' γηυάδη,

Ζυη τηιιτ γράγ άιάηά δέυη,

Ό'η δηέάρεάιβη άιη άη βη-γέύη άηυάγ.

Άι δύβηάιητ μέ άηη γηη γά δηίττ,

Ά'γ μέ άζ εάοίδη ζο εύηηάεη,

Δο βηίδη άίηγιη άηη 'η ά ηάιβη,

Άη τεάεη-γο ζο γοιιβη, γύβηάεη.

Ιγ άηη δο βηίοδη ελοιγ ά'γ ειάρ,

Δρέυεηδά ά'γ διαδηάεηδ δ'ά λέυγχεάδη,

Όόηάίδηε, εεάτάι άζυγ εεόι,

Άζ ηοιάδη ηόηδηάεηδά Δέ.

Sadly and slowly on my path of pain

I wander'd, idly brooding o'er my woes ;

Till full before me on the far-stretched plain,

The ruin'd abbey's mouldering walls arose ;

Where far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,

The sons of virtue dwelt, the boast of better times.

I paused—I stood beneath the lofty door,

Where once the friendless and the poor were fed ;

That hallow'd entrance, that in days of yore

Still open'd wide to shield the wanderer's head ;

The saint, the pilgrim, and the book-learn'd sage,

The knight, the travelling one, and the worn man of age.

I sat me down in melancholy mood,

My furrow'd cheek was resting on my hand ;

I gazed upon that scene of solitude,

The wreck of all that piety had plann'd :

To my aged eyes the tears unbidden came,

Tracing in that sad spot our glory and our shame.

Ψοθάραχh πολάmh, ζάη άιρδ,

Άιρur γο η άέρδα túr,

Ιγ ιοmhά έάγζάι άζur ζάοth,

Δο bhuaíl ρά mháol δο mhúr.

Ιγ ιοmhά ρεάρεthάιηη άζur ρυάche,

Άζur γτοιρη euáη δο chuirur dhíot,

Ο τίοdhλáiceάdh thú áιρ δ-túr,

Δο ρίzh ná η-δύι máp thízheáγ.

Ά mhur náomhethά ná m-beáηη η-ζλάγ,

Δο b'óρhάid δο'η tíρ-γo tράth,

Ιγ diombáidh diáη liom δο γερoγ,

Άζur eup δο náóιmh áιρ ράη !

Ιγ uáιzheách á tάóιρ á noιγ !

Ψί ρhuil ionnuε εόράidhe ná ceól,

Άche γzρέuchάdh ná z-ceáηη-eάe

Άηη ιοηάδ ná pγáιm γόzh'áil !

Εídhεάηη άz έάρεάι όγ δο γτυάιzh,

Ψεάηητόz ρυάdh á'δ úρlάιρ úρ,

Τάbhetháηη eáol ná γεάηηάch γεάηz,

Ά'γ epónáη ná η-eάγ á'δ chlúnd,

“ And oh !” cried I, as from my breast the while,
The struggling sigh of soul-felt anguish broke ;
“ A time there was, when through this storm-touch’d pile,
In other tones the voice of echo spoke ;
Here other sounds and sights were heard and seen—
How alter’d is the place from what it once hath been !
“ Here in soft strains the solemn Mass was sung ;
Through these long aisles the brethren bent their way ;
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,
To prompt the lukewarm loitering one to pray ;
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,
And the rais’d censer flung rich fragrance far around.”
How chang’d the scene !—how lonely now appears
The wasted aisle, wide arch, and lofty wall ;
The sculptur’d shape—the pride of other years,
Now darken’d, shaded, sunk and broken all :
The hail, the rain, the sea-blown gales have done
Their worst, to crown the wreck by impious man begun.

Thro' the rent roof the aged ivy creeps ;
Stretch'd on the floor the skulking fox is found ;
The drowsy owl beneath the altar sleeps,
And the pert daws keep chattering all around ;
The hissing weasel lurks apart unseen,
And slimy reptiles crawl where holy heads have been.

In the refectory, now no food remains ;
The dormitory boasts not of a bed ;
Here rite or sacrifice no longer reigns ;
Prior—brethren—prayers—and fasts and forms are
fled :
Of each—of all, here rests not now a trace,
Save in these time-bleach'd bones that whiten o'er the
place.

Oh ! that such power to baseness was decreed ;
Oh ! that mischance such triumphs should supply ;
That righteous heaven should let the vile succeed,
And leave the lonely virtuous one to die !

D'imchigh mo luadháil ar mo lúth,
 Pladháire mo rhuil ázuy mo threóir,—
 Táid mo chárde ázuy mo chlann,
 'Y an z-eill-rí zo fáinn az d'réoghádh !

Tá duáirece ar mo dheách !
 Tá mo chroíde 'n a chroíde enódh !
 Dá bh-fóirfeádh oim an báir,
 Budh dheárbh m'fáilte fá n-a chómháir !

Oh ! justice in the struggle where wert thou ?

Thy foes have left this scene chang'd as we see it now.

I too have chang'd—my days of joy are done,

My limbs grow weak, and dimness shades mine eye ;

Friends—kindred—children, dropping one by one,

Beneath these walls now mouldering round me lie.

My look is sad, my heart has shrunk in grief,

Oh ! death when wilt thou come and lend a wretch
relief.



ΜΑΡΤΗ 412 ΟΙΛΙΥΕΙΡ ΖΗΑΥ.

Υέζηκν Μάε βηάιτέιρ βρεάτηνάχε μὶό χήκν.³

Τά κεόδη δúbhάχε άιρ ζάχε γιάβη,

Κεόδη νάχε δ-τάιμιζή μοιμηε μιάμη ;

Τά εῖυμεάγ δυάιρε άηη άμ νόιη,

Άεχε άμηάιη τρομ-ζήυτχ άη βηρόιη.

Τά ελινζ³ ηά μάρβη λειγ άη η-ζάόίτχ,

Μο ηυάρι ! ιγ τεάχετχ βρόιη δύννη ί !

Τά άη γιάχε dubh le ζλόρ ζάρβη

Άζ φόζμáδη υάιρε άη δυιηε μηάριβη.

Άη δυε, ά υάγáιλ όιζ, μο χηροΐδχε !

Δο γερεάδ ζο δúbhάχε άη βηέκη-γίζχε,

Ά μεόδχάη χηύιη-υάιζνεάχε όίδηχε,

Ιγ εύμηάχε δο βηίδη γί άζ έυζεάόίηεάδχ.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER
GRACE.¹

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

Dark, round the mountain tops, the vapours lower,
And in unwonted gloom their beauty shroud ;
Silent the noon, as midnight's solemn hour,
Save when the voice of sorrow mourns aloud.

The sound of death is floating on the gale,
Oh ! luckless hour ! oh ! tidings full of dread :
The hoarse-voiced raven tells a mournful tale,
And sad proclaims the season of the dead.

Was it for thee, O youth, in love allied,
Close to my bosom as the spirit there ;
The Banshee, on the lonely mountain's side,
Poured her long wailings thro' the midnight air ?

Do fheallair í zách mair á' r bálá,
 Zo dúbhach duairc le macálá;
 Fhior zhláoidh coilleach mair budh zhnáth,
 'Y nior fhózair dúinn am ná tráth.

Uch ! á 'liféir óiz, mo chroídhche !
 Iy é do bháir á tál rí chroídhcheadh !
 Iy é do bheir an lál 'n á oídhche !
 Iy é do bheir an cúmháidh air dháóimibh !

Fhí' l ázuinn anoir, mo bhrón !
 Annn áit an t-Yáoi ácht cálóidh á' r deór',
 Yilleadh deór, á' r zul, á' r cálóidh,
 Feárdá dhúinn á' r bhuirleadh croídhche.

Uch ! á bháir, do leáz tú choídhche,
 Bláith á' r rceimh air n-zéize iy áirde,
 Mo nuair ! nior rtháramh air do bhuadh.
 Zán ceap ár n-dáóine dhul 'r an uáizh.

Al rpreirinz lánn bá teánn á lámh,
 Alz coráint ceirt á zhláóil 'r á dháimh,
 Fáoi mheirze á áthair uáráil féin,
 Iy Urmhúmhán do fuair elú á z-céin.

The seas and shores around each cavern'd bay,
Sullen and sad re-echoed to her wail ;
The shrill-voiced cock, loud herald of the day,
Forgot his task, the coming day to hail.

Yes, youth beloved ! her sorrows dark and deep
She poured for thee—my soul's supreme delight ;
For thee, what crowds in bitter anguish weep !
Crowds whose clear day thy death has changed to night.

Since thou art gone, what voice our hearts shall cheer ?
What now is left but grief's incessant flow ?
The long and loud lament, the scalding tear,
And all the agonies of hopeless wo ?

Death, thy cold tempest, of its fairest bloom,
And proudest, loftiest branch has disarrayed ;
Thou deem'dst no triumph great till in the tomb,
Oh ! luckless hour, our people's chief was laid.

When sword met sword, to guard his country's right,
Amongst her foes what terrors dealt he round !
Beneath his sire's victorious banners bright,
Or Ormond's, far in foreign lands renowned.

Φί bhíodh báile ná Cuípte áir áon chor,
 Faoi cheóidh bróin ná'r ffeidir meidhteach,
 U rheáibhthóir dhíliγ, 'r á chroíidhe céurda,
 Tré bháγ an óig-γhir budh mhór á d-τρέιδhibh.

Óighre ceáir áinne, á zhirádam, 'r á réime,
 U'γ óighre á γάιτε ann zách árd d'Éirinn,
 Már chriann ná dáire budh máireach á γhéucháin,
 Do zheáll zo leáthγádh zo leáthán á zhéuzá.

Φί már γo do bhídh á n-dán do'n τ-γείmh-γheár,
 Ucht dul 'r an n-uáizh zo h-uáizneach 'n á áonár;
 Uch! ιγ cpeách γhádá é le ná ló!
 Ιγ brón croíidhe d'á chéili zo deóizh!

Ιγ mácháir í ιγ trom γά chúmháidh,
 Uir n-dul zo luáth d'á céile á n-úir,
 Utháir á eláinne, 'r á céad zhirádh,
 Och! ιγ í do γuáir á cγádh!

Φί leáthγáidh γé an γiách zo deóizh,
 Faoi zhleánnatá dúbhá ná γleibhte ceóidh,
 Φί chlunγeár ádháre zo bínn áz γéideádh,
 Φά zuch á zhádhar áir bheínn an τ-γleibhe.

Not wont was Courtown ' to be wrapped in clouds,
Dense clouds of sorrow which no light can chase;
But now its faithful lord affliction shrouds,
Reft of the heir and glory of his race.

Heir of his name, his dignity and power,
Heir of demesnes afar thro' Erin spread;
Like the strong oak majestic did he tower,
And promised high to rear his branchy head.

Far other lot his destinies ordain;
To feel the force of death's untimely dart.
For him, his widowed partner mourns in vain;
No balm, for aye, shall heal her wounded heart.

A mother she, in deepest wo opprest,
Weeps for her first, sole love, her children's sire
Snatched prematurely from her faithful breast:
'Tis she, that feels affliction's fiercest ire.

Ne'er in the chase, shall he with early morn,
Sweep o'er the mist-clad hills by moor or lake;
Ne'er hear the stirring music of the horn,
Nor sweet-voiced hound the mountain echoes wake.

Ήϊ ρηειρεάρ é áηι ιυάιτη-εάχη όζ,
 Τάρ ελάνθα ά'γ ράλ άζ δέάνάδη ροίδ,
 Τά ελάνελόδη άηι ά μηάιγε ζο δέοίγη,
 Άηι ά μηόρδηάχετ δο τηυε τρομ-χεόδη.

Ά λάνη βηρονητάχη ζο ράηη 'η ά λυίδηε,
 Ά χηροίδηε μεάνηηνάχη μάριβη ζάη βηρίγη,
 Υιόι ηά εεuryάδη, άζuy εάριά ηά η-βάριδ,
 Υεάριε ηά ζ-εεόλιράδηά χήάηάγ ζο η-άριδ.

Υολuy άη δάηη ηί ρηάιηηη δο'δ χηλύ,
 Άχετ εόμηριέλριδη ζο η-άριδ ηο χύμηάιδη,
 Άηι γιλλεάδη δήύηηη δέορι ράοί δηειρε ζάχη ιάοί,
 Άηι Τηυάηβά άη Χηυηιάιδη δο χηιάδη ηο χηροίδηε.

Nor fly impetuous on the fleet young steed,
O'er fence or fosse, with many a rapid bound ;
Marred is his beauty—checked the hunter's speed,
And all his glory wrapt in shades profound.

Cold is the hand that bounty opened wide ;
Relaxed the heart with manly spirit strong :
Fallen the hero's son, the minstrel's pride,
The friend and guardian of the sons of song !

Tho' for no poet's lay his virtues call,
Yet shall the muse my grief aloud proclaim ;
With every closing day my tears shall fall,
And on the tomb bedew my hero's name.

τοῖρεαδῆ αἰρ βῆαγ γῆεαζῆαη cḡaḡaich.

le γεαζῆαν ο' Tuama.²

Ἵο δέιγῆεαῖε α' γ ρῥοέβυρ φάοι neóll, αζ γαῖδῆε dhomh
αἰρ mhóir-γλεαγáibh Máizh,

Ἵαν áen de'n tpeibh dháonδhα α'm chóir, α' γ mo γmuáinte
δ'α γεόλαδῆ chum φάιν :

Τάοβῆ leir án δ-τρέυν-άmḡáin mhóir, do δ'άοίbhinn α zlóir
α' γ α záir,

Ἀ' γ cé'p bh'άέδḡrαch mo pém-γe 'γmo cheól, tiz γzeímhle
de'n bḡrón dubh α'm dháal !

Ἀ n-émφḡeάchδ tiz tρέυν-γτοῖpm mhóir, α'm thímchíoll αἰρ
bhóirdáibh nά tπáizh,

ἦα h-ém bheάzα αζ tπéιzeάnn α z-ceól, α' γ γlím-chpánnα
α n-zleóidh-bḡruid nά m-báirp ;

Τιζ néull-dubh α' γ γpéirlinz τάp cóir, tiz cάor-λαγάδῆ α' γ
τόῖrneάch óγ ápδ,

ἦα γpéurτḡα αζ δάor-γḡuleάδῆ deór, le'p líon tuile móir-
γḡructh nά Máizh !

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN
CLARAGH MAC DONNELL.¹

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.

As lonely, erst, on Maig's green banks reclined,²
I gave my thoughts to fancy's bland controul;
The stream's soft murmurs mingling with the wind,
Made music sweet and soothing to my soul.

Soon changed the scene—the birds forgot to sing,
Cow'ring and trembling in their leafy bowers;
Night robed the sun, blue flashed the lightning's wing,
Swell'd the brown flood, for heaven wept copious
showers.

Τις γζάέτχ νά m-bάν n-άέδheάpδhά όγ mo chómhάip, nάí
 γóillγe á'γ nάóí lóchpάinn 'n á lάmh' ;

Ά'γ do'm léipmhεάγ bά chάomh-chloy γά n'dheóizh nά nάóí
 n-zuth' budh zhlóp-zhontά eάil,

Ά n-éipγheάchd do léizεάδάp γεόin, zo neimhneάch
 άmhnoγmhάp άz pάdh ;

“ Ά ch-γέάzhάin dhil, άn léun leάt άp γzeόl, mάp do
 γkαoδάdh Mάc δómhnaill chum bάip.”

Ip γέ deip άn γpéip-bhpuingεάl mhόp, le píoimh Cάlliópé nά
 z-eέάpδ ;

“ Φίí dhó άon duine á 'n-Éipinn ip eόip, á chάóineάdh de
 zhlóp-zhuth όγ άpδ,

Φάά ά thpéizhthe do γhάop-chup á z-elódh, ácht dhάóibh-γi
 άzup dhάmh-γά, á γheάzhάin ;

Deip éipim mo γzeíl leάt άip δ-tύγ, á'γ eάóin-γi zo déupάch
 ά'm dheάizh !

“ γzeúl déupάch puз eéim tάp zάch γzeόl, γzeúl ppiómh-
 zhontά, epóidhe-lάz άn eάγ ;

γzeúl d'éipzhudh tpe zhéup-nimh άn bhpóin, le'p γíneάdh
 άp leόzάn άip lάp !

Άn t-άén de thpreibh Zhάoδhάil-zhikáγ do dheόl, mo
 chάomh-bhpollάch eólzhάch zάchlά,

Thuz péitch άzup péim άnn zάch pód, tάp γhάeitchibh nά
 h-Éóppά zo lάn.

Nine nymphs, and in their hands nine tapers flamed,
Came nigh, with shrieks that filled the concave sphere,
And thus, in voice immortal, loud exclaimed :
“ Weep, Bard, with us, o’er Donald’s lowly bier.”

Then thus Calliope—“ In mournful lays,
To none but thee of Erin’s bards belong,
With us to feel and weep—to sing the praise,
And laud the virtues of the son of song.

“ Dire is the tale—our lion sinks to rest—
For him let sorrow pour the tearful stream ;
Of all the Gaël now I loved him best,
Him of all bards that Europe boasts supreme.

“ Lovely he bloomed, e’en as the oak exceeds
The lowly shrub, all bards he passed afar ;
Sweet was his song of high heroic deeds ;
The minstrel’s pride, the poet’s polar star !

“ Zlé-bhile aonra mo rtor, do b'aoirde a mór-mur Fál,
 Do rhaothruigh na béura gan cheoidh, 'r na'm rtríobh
 acht ar mhórdhachd gan mál ;
 Ua chéimibh ann rna tréigheibh budh threán, a bh-fíodh-
 mur Fhódhla mu bair,
 Ba zheur-thuagheach, áedhearách 'r an z-ceól, 'r ba
 phríomh-choinzeál éalair do'n n-dáimh !

“ Eizear a'r céir-bheach na n-eól, ar bh-príomh-fhilibh
 áirbhreachach árd,
 Do réidhfeadh gan dháir-cheirt gan tódhbhacht, d'ár
 rtríobhadh a' n-eólar na bh-fáizh !
 Fear zlé-zheál, ba tréigheach, ceart, cóir, ba díle
 do'n ch'róinn cheirt gan lál ;
 'Foir éizhmhim-rí ort, a Uen-mheic na z-cómhacht do'd
 náomh-bhroiz zo reólar ar n-dáimh ! ”

Ua Fear-laoídh.

Uadh chlúnd a tál, a lán-leac, 'r ir brón do'n t-rualz,
 Fear ruzach, rámh, ráir-oilte az reóladh ruadh,
 Budh chlú do'n n-dáimh árd-mur Fhódhla, ruar,
 Ua rionn-fhilibh Yeázhan Clárach Mac Dómhnaill uair !

“ A druid, in whose mind her honey-dew,
As in a comb, did science richly store ;
Kind was his heart, brave, generous, loyal, true,
Great King of Heaven reward him evermore.”

EPITAPH.

'Tis thine, broad stone, the relics dear to guard,
Of one deplored, who cold beneath thee lies ;
The gentle Donald, Clare's illustrious bard,
The prince of poets, generous, good, and wise.

τῶν περὶ αὐτὴν εἰρηνηστικῶν ἀποστολῶν.

Ῥάτταυνεε Ó Conchubháin ró chán.

Mo chúmháidh! mo chreách! mo chneád! mo bheódh-íos!

Mo threighid-nímhε tre'm chroídhε zó d'réidhín!

Mo zhuin zhoitá á'γ mo thuirge áir féothchánn,

Mo chéile chneárbá á'γ mo bhánáitir chórách!

Creách do leáibh zán zháitácht le h-óige,

Zán phuinz zaitáil 'n á z-eitεán chum ríoir dhóibh,

Zán áirí, zán bhuime, áir uireárbáidh treórách,

Ucht me-γi tá málh á n-diaighín án óil-γi.

Zídh zuir mhinchuiz mé áir mhe á d-tighín án óitá,

U'γ nách mábháir eirde áz cur iomáirε á z-óir dhuit,

Uom 'γ le'd leinbh bá mhilir do chómháirle,

'γ níoir lábháir féarzách áir máidm 'n á áir nóim liom.

ELLEN HARTNAN,

A MONODY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

Oh wo ! oh sorrow ! thro' my heart have sped
Grief's rankling barbs, and left their poison there ;
Spouse of my soul ! now mouldering with the dead ;
Nurse of my babes ! oh gentle, kind, and fair !

Ah ! hapless babes, now left forlorn to weep ;
Them fortune cheers not—no kind friend receives ;
No guardian teaches wisdom's paths to keep—
No, none but me whom grief of sense bereaves.

Though oft from home and thee, perverse and blind !
Neglecting all, I drank the maddening bowl ;
To me thy looks and voice were ever kind,
Kind thy advice and balmy to my soul.

Ψί ρheacáγ tú áir mairé áz tabhairte mionná 'ná móide,
 U'γ ní chuáladh tú áz labhairte zó trom áir chómhairgáin;
 le rháint ní'p chuairt rinziun 'ná feóirliuz,
 Plámh chum ruime, zúidhim Muire zó deóizh leát !

An lá do cuiréadh, mo thuirge ! tú áir feóchánn,
 'γ an óidheche roimhe, 'n uáir chonáirceáγ tu á'd thórámh,
 Tháinigz dhá d-trián m'áoiré d'áén-t-ruim, iγ dóizh liom,
 Do mheáth mo chroídhé, mo bhrízh 'zuir m'óize !

Zábháim le h-áir ó mháe ná h-óizhe n-diudh,
 Zuir mair oim beáit le ceáit ná córách,
 Iγ tú bhréith uáim zó luáth áir feóthchánn,
 Máir ná'p thuilleáγ do mháith bheith bh-γád á z-cómhair
 liom.

Ne'er did I see thee wound a neighbour's fame,
Ne'er heard thee raise a rough and clamorous voice;
Ne'er wert thou slow to grant the sufferer's claim,
For which, in heaven, oh may'st thou aye rejoice !

Alas ! the day that saw thy beauties fade,
Ere the last night had stretched thee in the tomb ;
Age came upon me, all my strength decayed,
Grief froze my heart and withered all my bloom.

Though dire the blow, I vow before high heaven
'Twas just, and revered be its just decree ;
Just, to resume the blessing it had given,
Too great such blessing for a wretch like me !

Yet must I mourn, since death, that tyrant dread !
Still ruthless, stern, inexorable found,
Such tragic horrors has around me spread,
And left my soul in deep affliction drowned.

EDMOND WALSH,

A PASTORAL DIRGE.

Oh Edmond ! choice and portion of my heart,
Wert thou but with me on the mountain's height ;
Could soft endearments life again impart,
I'd clasp thy death-cold form with fond delight.

Ah ! shall we ne'er again together trace
The mountain of cuckoos' soft, grassy steep ;
In Dinan's depth is found thy dwelling place ;
How light all other woes, when this I weep !

For thy pure soul ascends my ceaseless pray'r,
A fearful vision tells me thou art gone ;
In Loughree's tide thy corse the fishes share,
And feast upon that form where beauty shone.

Ailínz bhréige chonáire ná céudtha duine, má'g ríor,
 Zo raibh Eadhmond breágh, réimh-zhlán 'n á rheáramh
 Air an t-rlíge;

Bponnam réim d'ánam zléigeál do Mhuire 'zuy do Chríost,
 'Y do chollann chámh d'á polladh áz Eirz Air lár lochá-
 llígh.

Tá cúmhaidh 'zuy dáille Air zhléann 'r Air thoinne, á'r
 ceódh Air zách árd,

Tá céudtha duine áz cúmhaidh 'r áz iomadh áz ríor-zhul
 zách lá,

Trí Eadhmond mhílir, áen-mheic Mhuire, creád do
 dhéanraadh eách?

O d'éuz tu-rá an chraobh-mhulláich bhídh Air tháobh an
 t-rléibhe bhám!

In mist the mount is clothed, the vallies mourn,
The poor bewail thy loss, their hope is fled ;
Ah ! who shall now relieve their state forlorn,
The topmost branch of Slieve bawn's side is dead.

b a 1 4 1 7 1 3 h e a n 4 2 1 b h e a d h a c h.

Ír fáda me ari buaidhneámh 'r zán ruairceáir am dháil,
 Anon árráin zán ruairceáir le móir-cheánzhál zrádh,
 Tríe tháithneámh a thábháir do ruairce ná ruab-
 fhoilte breázh,

budh thriopállach, dúlách ari luáth-chrioth zo ráil.
 'Y í plúr ná m-bán dhún-ná-m-báire, dhe chrú ná bh-
 fear n-euchtách í,

Yiúr zhar do'n n-diúic-fhear bhídh z-eruaadh-cháth ná
 b-milléur í,

Uairle dhe 'n tír í ó Chill-cháire an rúit,

A eruaadh-chairle dhíreách ták z-eróidhe mháith zán
 cháim.

Ír breázh, deár a féucháin, 'r a h-éudán zán téimhioll,

'Y a dá mhálá chálá mair chéén-tárráin z rínn ;—

A deáreádh bhreázh, réultách mair cháomh-eálá ari linn,

A bálgam-zhob chroidheáir z a déad cháilce cháóil ;

Ír eáóin, ceáir é eróidhe zeál, zán mhuidheámh á'r ir
 déareách í,

Rríomh-cheáir zách ríor-fhláith á'r d'fhíor-reoith ná
 n-zreuzách í,

THE LADY IVEAGH,¹

AN ODE.

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

Bereft of repose, I am destined to languish
In hopeless desire and incurable anguish,
For the maid of fair tresses, whose ringlets of gold,
Her fine figure with graceful profusion enfold.

The flower of her sex, of heroical line,
Kin to Desmond and Ormond in battle divine ;
Her pure noble blood from a heart without stain,
Swells with generous emotions the pulse of each vein.

In her forehead of snow o'er her star-sparkling eyes,
Arch'd brows like fine hair-strokes with dignity rise ;
From her soft ruby lips and small ivory teeth,
The blithe air is embalm'd by her delicate breath.

Íleiltionn ná z-éúizeadhá, 'r í ir múnnte 'r ir breázh,
 Réurá zán rionntá í ázuí colúr cáilce í d'fár.

Tá rbeir-bheán bhréazh bheúrach air an d-táobh-ro dhe
 'n d-tír,

'Y í plúr ná m-bán mórúdhá ázuí céir ná m-beach mún,
 D'ár thúrlin z an náomh-ríorad le dáonacht 'n á eiríidhe,
 'Y í colúr cáilce an tréan-ghuile á' r zán áen chozál tríd:
 'Y de rhréamh-cheáir ná n-zríidhe-rheár ó rhríor-Cháiríol-
 héabhení,

Yéimh-bheán ná n-déizh-bheáir de threán-ghuile ná
 láoch meár í,

Rhemey táir tríúch zur thúrlin z 'n á láimh,

D'á áiteamh máir rthómplá, zur dh'fúiz áicí an bháir.

A láimh mhín zhréanra, néata air áel-bhíat á rperíobháir,
 loimzeáir air tréun-mhuir ázuí éunláir air eiríóibh;
 Fíil cúir múnthimh áz déitubh, rzur léi le ceáir an rríor
 Thu z lárón mac Uéron 'n á chál-bháire thár tóinn:—

'Y í lonnirádh ceuiz z-éúizeadh í, 'r í ir múnnte 'r ir breázh,
 Yúir-zháir do'n díne-rheár 'r do Yhúliobháan bheáirach í
 Lárlá cheáir dheármhúmhán á dheármhúd budh cháim,
 'Y zách eláir áz teácht chúichí ó zhlár-Yhúir zo Ffár.

Tá dhá mhámá néata air á h-áel-bréazháid bhréazh,
 mhún,

'Y á ríob leabáir, zhléizeál, máir chéud-thoradh an
 droíghin;

Kind, cheerful, and bounteous, without ostentation,
The light of the province, the pride of the nation ;
A pearl without flaw, a meek innocent dove,
Her enchanting politeness compels us to love.

Pure as virginal honey ; the spirit divine,
Descending, her heart made humanity's shrine ;
And such her perfection, that none of the fair
To vie with my Phoenix of beauty must dare.

On the smooth snowy silk her light fingers portray,
Ships that sail thro' rich landscapes, and birds on the spray;
She eclipses the goddesses vaunted of old,
And would win Jason's fleece, and the apple of gold.

Her round polish'd neck, and her soft heaving bosom,
Are white as the hawthorn's delight-breathing blossom ;
Unaffected and affable, witty and wise,
Both Helen and Deirdre must yield her the prize.

Say, glory of bards ! to whose judgment I bow,³
Have I hazarded ought that truth must not avow ;
How could I from praising this angel refrain,
Of the right royal lineage descended from Spain.

Ṭre bhinneácht & béilín do threíiz Ṗán & phíob,

Uzuy Ṗáuy d'á m-budh-leiz í níor bháézhál cáth ná
Ṭróídhe :—

'Y í óizh-mhín ná n-ózh-chaóin d'fóipeáir aip ehléir zách
ácht

D'óird Chríord ; zán mhóirphóimr, thraóich zách láoch
tár leár,

Déirdre áh déid-zhíil zur zhéill dhiri áh báir,

U n-záodhail-cheirt, & n-dáéndhácht, & bh-féile 'r &
ceáil.

Ṭá mo litir áz dul chúzát-rá, & úzhdáir zách fáizh,

'Y mál'r tréuránn le reriúdadh í, noir úmhluízhim fáóí
d'láimh ;—

Ucht zur áz tráchdadh aip áh rúit-bheán, bhreázh,
mhánla, budh mhéinn leám & bheith,

'Qj & móir-chuirleádháibh dhíreácha mair & rerióbhtchar
'r eádh léizhtchar & z-ceáir,

Fizhte ceáir-fhuáidhte ánn rán mhóir-fhuil do b'pheáir,
De threábh cheáir ná ríozh í do rhiolruizh o'n Yráinn.

U m-bíodh teázhlách chum ruidhte ázuy ríizhe ánn zách
áird chuirge,

Uz írioll áz uáral áz zruázáibh 'r áz fáizhibh ruile ;
Ṭáichízh e áz záirzeádháibh bheith áz zleáccáidheácht le
mnáibh,

Uzuy fileádhá zlána líomhtchá ánn d'á z-cuimhdeácht
zách tráth.

To whose splendid abodes hospitality's hand,
Was open alike to the good and the grand;
Where plenty presided, and champions renown'd,
Presenting their trophies by beauty were crown'd.

While sweet fluent poets with rapture inspir'd—
Symphonious to melody chaunted untir'd—
Applauded their actions and those of their line,
And inflam'd them the deeds of their sires' to outshine.

ΜΑΥΡΟΒΗΓΑ ΔΗΘΑΓΑΓΗΑΙΔΗ Μ'ΕΑΥΡΗΤΗΑΙΟ.

le Tadhg Zaothlach. *

Ογνάδη Αζυρ είζημθεάχετ νά h-Είρεάν τρῖδ ἅ δ-τρεοίρ,
 Αίρεχορ δάέρι Αζυρ ερέιττ δο'ν Μήιλ'-φhιul mhór,
 Ψεάρι γuιlbhιr γείμh ἅ ζ-ερέ νά luídhe φάοί 'n bh-φód,
 'Υ é Donnchάδh τρέάν, bháile-Áodhά, mo mhíle bhrón !

Brón Αζυρ cúmháidh tpe Μhúγεράíδhe τάρηνά ζο πρέιμh,
 Τρέοιρ νά n-δúithecεάδhά ἅ ζ-elúid φάοί leAcáibh ζο φάον
 Cóip νά b-ppuonhγάδhά δ'úr-ehpáóibh Cháirill νά πείετ,
 'Υ ἅ n-ζleóidh νά δ-τεάnn-ζhníomh δ'ionnhóízheάδh
 námháiδ le φάobhár.

Ψάο'p, φuinnεάmh, ἅτ φulláinζ, ἅ'τ éuchετ nά'p thlÁitεh,
 Α'τ τρεάν-φheári cuγleán bά mhirε, nά'p elAcóíδheάδh
 ζο bÁr,
 Ψéile, cománn-γeάpε, ἅ'τ tuizp le linn ἅn ζhábháiδh,
 Υin τρέízhtεh ἅn bhíle, 'τ mo thuppáinn ! 'τ ἅn n-úr
 φάοι lÁp !

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DENIS
MAC CARTHY.¹

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

The sigh and wail of Inisfail ! her hero is no more,
In the cold clay, the good, the great, lies weltering in
his gore ;

Ah fatal shot ! each noble stem with him is now laid low,
The lord of vast and rich domains—unutterable *woe* !

Woe wide and wild through Muskry's vales ! beneath the
moss-grey stone,

The prince of Cashel's regal branch lies powerless and
alone ;

His keen-edg'd blade in battle's front flash'd withering
lightnings round,

His matchless might and hardihood be ever more
renown'd !

Ἰάρ ἂ μάιτιογᾶ, ἢ μάιγᾶ ἂ γ-εἰλλ γο τρέιτ !

Ἰάιῃ ἡ ἡ-γᾶιγᾶδῆδῆ ἂ ἢ ἂν ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ-
ᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶ,

ἡᾶᾶ ἡ ἡᾶᾶ ἂ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ,
ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἂ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶ ἂ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ
ἡᾶᾶ.

ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἂ ἢ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ,

ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ,

ᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ ἢ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ,

ἡᾶ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ
ἡᾶᾶᾶ.

ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶ,

ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ

ᾶᾶ ἂ ἡ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ,

ἡᾶ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ, ἂ ἡ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ, ἂ ἡ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ

ᾶ ἂ ἡ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶ ;

ᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ ἡ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἂ

ἡ-ἡᾶᾶ.

ᾶ ἂ ἡ ἡᾶ ᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ ἡ-ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ,

ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶᾶ, ἡᾶᾶ ;

ἂ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ ἢ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶᾶ

ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ

ᾶᾶ ἂ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ᾶ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶ ἡᾶ ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἂ ἢ

ἡᾶᾶᾶᾶ.

Renown'd, conspicuous in the van, while trumpets peal'd
to arms,

Wav'd his bright crest, till death's sad hour invincible in
arms ;

Yet mercy stay'd his conquering hand, still generous
and just,—

Alas, our stately pine lies stretch'd in ruin on the *dust*.

Dust bides the comeliest of mankind, munificent and
brave,

Who never fail'd his friends from foes and dungeons drear
to save ;

The great and learn'd he entertained, and all their worth
combin'd,—

'Neath yon grey stone that marks his grave each virtue
lies *enshrined*.

Enshrined with this illustrious branch of Carthy's
vigorous tree,

Our prop, our spear and shield, from wrong and want
who kept us free ;

A foaming torrent, when arous'd he swept the embattled
plains ;

The country's desolate !—not one of all his race *remains*.

laidhreach d'ainzeán fáoi zhláiribh a z cúmhánzrach
b'ézhaíl,

Ir m'ádh 'r ir d'ádh do chlánnáibh cheirte Fhúmhán
fáiríor,

Do zách bíadhach f'áitheámhail, fáiríntz ó chúmhaí
n'á l'áoi,

De'n triáthi-fhail Cháirteámhail Cháirill do bhrúzadh
lucht téin.

b'á theánn le tréán, 'r budh r'heinn le d'rázám bhíodh l'á,
Zídh zup leábháir a réim ní'r dháer fáir deáibh n'á
reácht!—

Cám n'á cláén 'n a mhéinn ní'r tuizeádh a'm mheá,
'Y zup d'áil ár z-cléir, mo léun! ó cáilleádh an fáir!

Fáir áóibhinn, fáinza-choirp, zléizeál, úr,
budh r'huídhte reáirí, b'á tháitheámháiche zéuz á'r
cúm,

budh dhíreádh fáiríamh, budh tháirídh, deá, éudriom
ríubhál,

A'r lí an t-réáchtá 'n a leácaibh, tre láirídh n'á z-áor
'n a z'hnáir.

Znáir z'hrádhmháir, ir áilne d'á bh-féácaidh-rá fáir,
Rúdháir ch'ráidhte áir an m-b'áir nádh d-tuz urríam
do'd r'hnódh!

Remains ? ah yes ! immured for life in solitude they pine,
The last of Munster's genuine stock, Mac Carthy's royal
line ;

Dissimulation and deceit were odious in his sight,
Oh ! with his funeral torch is quench'd our clergy's holy
light.

Light, vigorous and erect his form, of symmetry the
mould,

Created to command and charm the beauteous and the
bold ;

The berries' glow through new-fallen snow was blended
in his cheek,

His gracious smile proclaimed his soul benevolent and
meek.

Meek but majestic in his mien ! oh death ! thou, only
thou,

Durst unabashed, unawed, confront that calm command-
ing brow ;

Grim spoiler hence, who Erin plunged in deep and
cureless anguish,

The last of our Iberian line alas ! in bondage *languish.*

Thiúigh zhiránda ná záize, ná'r phillir zo deoigh !

D'fúiz zár-zhul á z-elár-loipe, le h-ionáireáidh bróin.

Brón deacraich ! nách máireánn ácht fíor-bheáizán !

Dhe ná leógháin ehlma, dhe zhlán-phuil ná fíógh o'n

Ypáinn,

buidh theinneáirnáich á lár mácháire no á z-eoréar

námháid,

luchd táirgthe ná h-eázluir, lucht zreinn á'r rár.

Ytáir dhoilbh mair do ehlóiréánn ribh eláóidhte fánn

Zun b'é'n báir choizleáir zách polláidh 'cá n-dáirbhíroid

tháil,

Mair bháir dáir áir áir m-bochtáineácht, do eláóidh-

eáidh 'n á z-eionn,

Áir rziáth-choirnáimh, áir n-uirá, áir n-dídeán, 'r áir

z-ceánn.

Ceánn-treóráich ná fódla, ázur pulláinz ná n-záodháil.

Ceánn-eóize áir leógháin, do uirá ánn zách céim,

Ceánn d'fóireáidh do ró-bhoicht, á'r d'eázluir de,

Do cheánn eóirgthe á z-eómhíráinn eúir oirná ázur

éirhmheácht.

Languish! oh melancholy tale ! defeated, in disgrace,
In dens and chains the last remains of lordly lion race ;
And worst of woes, our spear and shield, prime leader
of the Gaël,
Mac Carthy More is lost, and long we're doom'd to *sigh*
and wail.

ÓID DO CHLAQHAI BH MILEADH.

Alonzhuy mac Doirghá Uí Dháiláizh ró chán.'

—

DIA libh a lachraídh Zháoidhiol,
 Qa cluanteár cláóidhteácht orraibh,
 Bliámh níor' thuilleábhár máládh,
 A n-am cátha ná cozáidh.
 Déuntár libh coinghlic cálmá
 A bhuidheán armzhián fáoilteádh,
 Fá cheánn bhur bh-fearáinn dúthcháir
 Buirte úr-zhoirte inye Zháoidhiol.
 Mádh áil libh ázrádh Eireánn,
 A zharraídh céimeánn z-eródhā,
 Qa fáchnuídh éucht ná íorzhuil,
 Qa cátha mioncá mórá.
 Féarr bheith a m-bárraibh fuair-bheánn,
 A bh-féitheámh yhuán zheárr zhrínnmhéar,
 Aiz feilz troda ár féáin eáchteánn,
 'Za bh-fuail fearánn bhur yínféar.
 Mó ár máll zur h-ázádh libh-fe,
 Mázh uffe no uor Téámhírá,

ODE TO THE MILESIAHS.

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

God shield you, champions of the Gaël,
Never may your foes prevail ;
Never were ye known to yield,
Basely in the embattled field.

Generous youths, in glittering arms,
Rouse at glory's shrill alarms ;
Fight for your green native hills,
And flowery banks of flowing rills.

Ireland, to avenge or save,
Many a conflict you must brave ;
And on rough crags in storms and snows,
Snatch a short though sound repose.

410 Cártaíl ná rreámh nuádh-zhlán,
 410 mín-chláir Cruáchna Meádhbhá !
 17 dith cúmhne, á chlanna Míleádh,
 Fonn réidh ná rígh-lior n-dáith-zheál,
 Tu3 orraibh zán ázraadh Táilteán
 410 táth eíoch Máizhíreách máirdeán.
 41 tacha luidh ná lámháizh,
 Tu3 orraibh, á ózbháidh bhánbhá,
 bheith dhíbh uprámaech úmhál
 Do mheár-ghluázh zúrmháir zálldá.
 Ache nách deóm le díá, á Eire,
 Yibh lé chéile do chonznámh,
 41 bheidh bhur m-buáid á n-áénpheáche
 A3 glúázh eíoch léidmheách Ionáin.
 Crádh liom eácheiríonn dá bh-íózhírádh
 Ííózhíráidh fodhlá 'y á n-oirpeáche,
 'Y nách zóirtheáir díobh 'n á n-dúthieháir
 Ache ceitheirín euthál coille !
 'Y iad féin á n-zleánnatáibh záribhá
 Láoiach bhánbhá beáz d'á leácheiríom,
 A3ur fonn mín áh chláir-geo Chríomhtháin,
 A3 feádháin phiochmháir Eácheiríonn.

Slow to wrest your father's land
Frohe foreign spoiler's hand ;
You forget its fields of flowers,
Its stately palaces and towers.

Not for lack of heart or nerve,
Bloated foreigners we serve ;
Would to heaven, united all,
We resolved to stand or fall.

Oh grief of heart ! proscribed at home,
Dispersed, our chiefs and princes roam
Through gloomy glens and forests wild,
Hunted like wolves—banditti stiled.

While a rude remorseless horde,
O'er our lovely vallies lord ;
Their vengeful hosts, who round us close,
Rob my long nights of sweet repose.

Nor till you prostrate them in gore,
Can rapture thrill my bosom's core ;
Empurpled squadrons bright in arms,
Your perils rack me with alarms.

Ξάχ ρύν ρελλ δά bh-ρυνl chuζτhά,
 buidheán ρhιάλ chuράδh ζ-coζτhά,
 'Υ á liάch nάmηά áρ tí á n-ζonάδh,
 Do bheir opάm codhlά coppάch.
 Άn τράιτh bheir't láoiч lάizheán
 Cínn deάizh-ρheár elάip nά ζ-eupάδh,
 buaidh Eάchτpάnn άn chpάoi Chuínn ρi
 bí m' áizne ρoilbhip ρubhάch.
 Dúbhάch bhím-ρe uάip oile
 Mάp beipud bhuάidh nά ράoiρρheár,
 Hά ζoilpι τάp tonn-mhup
 Do chomhlóτh ζάpράδh ζάóidhioi.
 Uíon ζleóidh do láochpάidh lánn-ζhuipm,
 ζάbhal Πάzhnάill Dιά δά n-dídeán,
 Méud á n-ζuάipe 'Υ á' n-ζleánn ρo
 Do chuip mo mheánnmά á míneáip.
 Dιά leó áζ lúidhe 'Υ áζ eipzhe,
 Tpéin-ρhip ip tpeipe á d-τάchάp,
 Dιά 'nά ρeάpάmη 'Υ nά lúidhe,
 leo 'Υ á d-τράτh eupτhά άn chάτhά.

No less will glut their savage hate,
Than root and branch to extirpate :
God guide and guard you day and night,
And chiefly in the dreadful fight.

Forth warriors, forth, with heaven to speed,
Proud in your country's cause to bleed ;
They best may hope the victor's wreath,
Whose watch word's " liberty or death."

δαιη δὸ βηριαιη ηηα μυριτηα ο'ηυαιηε.

Υεαν Μας Τόμας Ο Μάοιλεχονάιηε πό χάν. ^ε

Ύαρι βρείηηε α δίοι δὸ ηγέσζηλονδ, ^α

Ταρι ζάχ αον φηονη διάττ Εάλεα; ^β

Ύεαρι αζ α ττάτ ^ε ζήοιμηα φέιηηιδη, ^δ

Ια τάορη εάιμηφηη ^ε ηά γεάζγα. ^ε

Αι τά τριάττ ^ε ογ ειοηη ηυάριεάε

ηεαρι εόιη Ερυάχηα ^β δὸ τηυιδημηε; ^ι

Ογ ελάνηάιβη βριάιη ηηειε Εάχηάχη

Ιγ έ ελεάττορι ^κ ιγ εαιβηδηε. ^ι

ΖΙΥΑΙΥ.

^α γάέζηλάνη (εάδηον) βπειτθεάμη ηὸ τιζηεάριηα.—^β ταρι φηεάριάνη αρι βιττ α η έιρηηηη.—^ε αζα βηφαι.—^δ ζάιηζίδηε.—^ε αλλάμη φιογέυζάιζη.—^ε τοβαρι Υεάζγα (εάδηον) βόιηη.

ODE TO BRIAN NA MURTHA O'ROURKE.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

O'er heaven-favoured Breifny a chieftain commands,
 In whom all endowments of excellence join ;
 There is not a hero in Erin's green lands,
 Equals Bryan who dwells on the science-loved Boyne.

A Tanist presides o'er the race of Hy Brun,
 The worthy descendant of Eochy the king :
 O'Rourke and O'Conor shall grow into one,
 And the hills of each Croghian with happiness ring.

ΣΤΟΙΧΕΙΑ

¹ τῆς θεῶν — ² Κρυάχῃς Χονάχτ. — ³ κομῆς θεῶν —

⁴ ἐκ τῆς τῆς θεῶν οἱ (ἐκ τῆς) τῆς θεῶν τοῦ Π. — ⁵ οἱ
 μετὰ ἐκ τῆς μετὰ.

Do ní bhrán a pé^m eáthá

béur an dáicéⁿ bhí az bodhmáind ;

Agí thuaz ó ro zhabh a iodhna^o

lomdhá^p dia chéile comhláind.

Og a bhforidhorcha ríleádh

Olzhtheáir moládh eech^q ríáthá ;

Do dhen m beárlá ruadáce^r

Do bhrán mo dhutiráche náthá.^s

Agí hál do bheárlá ruadáce

In úrghlá do rhréamh rhréarzná ;

O ruáir eól air ná colluibh

Ril air bhu thobáir ríázhíá.

Cumá eirhíre^t ír áicee

Do bhrán zán áizneádh meábhíá ;^u

Agí zúáth zeálládh zán comháil

Do clotháind^v chineoil rhréarzná.

^m an am.—ⁿ Fionn Mac Cúmháil.—^o áimá.—^p a rhlunneán.—^q zách.—^r ní beárlá bodách.—^s áirde no eáladhna móla.—^t ionánn árádha do a bheith áiz dume

Sincere are our praises of Breifny's great lord,
 Like the father of Oisín in story renown'd;
 Since the hour when a stripling he first drew the sword,
 Where the foe dar'd to meet him he never gave ground.

But what were the sword, if the harp should be mute,
 Or the deeds of the hero if silent the Bard;
 Be mine the proud strains that his dignity suit,
 And I'll offer to Bryan a minstrel's reward.

Old Boyne ! from the days I have wandered thy streams,
 Or mused in the forests that shadow thy face;
 'Twas the theme of my wishes, the thought of my dreams,
 To sing the green scion of Feargna's famed race !

Well is the rapture of eulogy due,
 To him in whom treachery never could lurk;
 Whose promise is sacred, whose friendship is true,
 The glory of Feargna, the gallant O'Rourke.

Don ní eibhir (eadhon) mádh no tuáirghebháil.—"feille.—
 'onn (eadhon) cloch, clóth (eadhon) clú, clóthonn (eadhon)
 cárthach, cluuthech cómhnuigheach go buán.

In náth fhoirtceádha^w chéim^x

Do bhrán nár fhozhlaim ámbhle; ^y

Ag bí na neac ácht dá mholadh

Ceán mothá ogeur ámbhag.

Ar á mhéad do nise^z chuice

'Ynách diult duine ar druim thálmhán;

Cé á ták mór tuáth dia thurgnámh^a

Iy inz úrtnámh dia thártnámh.^b

Ag thuill mánh áet duar^c toladh

Ar chéann toráidh ní bpeirne:

Mo cheán tiri dar ab codnach^d

Ar té nár thollreáigh^e féile.

Tréidhe Chonáire Cuálann

Ar m-brán dán buánann^f buime;

Ar eárlabhra^g iy ar áoide^h

Iy ar zheall záoireⁱ o zách duine.

^w ánaíde dhorcha.—^x chumaim.—^y ámhnaíre, áin-
fhéile no oleár.—^z do thuir.—^a tozbháil no ullmhuzhádha.
—^b Iy inznámh ní d'fázhaíl dá cháchámh.—^c mán no
rocal.—^d Nígh no tízheárna.—^e nár loit.—^f buánann

In verses of mystery weave I the song,

For one who was ever a stranger to guile ;

To whom all the hearts of the people belong,

Save the joyless who never have basked in his smile.

To him as a shield although numbers have fled,

Yet under his shadow they never knew fear ;

And still with profusion his tables are spread,

Though thousands have feasted there all the long year.

The fruit-bearing tree, the chief beyond praise,

Though like instinct his eulogy flows from our hearts ;

But he, he alone, all deaf to our lays,

Would fain secret the fame of the good he imparts.

The glory of Conary shines in his face ;

Sure the breast of his nurse own'd a warrior's fire ;

Of youth is his bloom, and of manhood his grace,

While his wisdom surpasses what age could inspire.

munne ná bh-riánn (eádhon) bé ánnánn ámháil roib
mátháir deá án tí ánná, sic buánnánn mátháir ná bhriánn on
ní ir bánná. Buánnánn dínn deázhmháttáir áz foireeáddáil
záirceidh do fhiánnáibh.—^s oíneách.—^h oize.— zliocáir.—

Φεάχ άρ bich ináτh eάλζά ^k

Φί bh-φuίl duά Φεάpζnά ά choibhéir ; ^l

Άετ mάp ά τά muip ιf mionghpuath ^m

Φo ionbάτh ⁿ άζuγ oiecéh ^o

Coimdhé ^p do thír muip puipé, ^q

Φi mάc muine ^r no pléirce,

Άετ coimpeipt ^s pízh pe pízhán

Φάχ άρ thuill mipeάιτh ^t éizri.

Φpuath don iollánάch áιthzin, ^u

Opán nách άρ tháirizh iontleάmh ; ^v

Deάcmhάicc ^w φpeάγdol ά φhéile

Ze ueith ^x Eipe δά thinnpeάmh. ^y

Cáin ná eάipde δά nglee, ^z

Φip Opéirne ní conbάchάτ ; ^a

Cipri ^b mbíth δάil φοp conzpiά ^c

Cumά topά διά náφeάdh. ^d

^k Φί bhφuίl duine άp bich in Eipunn.—^l ionchomάpδáir pe Opán ná Muipthά O'fluáipe. — ^m φάipze pe rpuath bheάζ.—ⁿ Tάnάάάch no muip bheάζ.—^o doimhne no muip mop. — ^p ιf ceάipt no diazhtheάch. — ^q tizeάpínά, pe

Name your chieftain in Erin, all proud as it teems
 With heroes, I care not whoever he be;
 O'Rourke in the glorious comparison seems
 As the sea to a river, or ocean to sea!

And who is the Tanist dare stand in his place,
 So firm in the fight, so majestic in mien;
 Not sprung from a lawless or lowly embrace,
 But the spotless descent of a king and a queen.

There love of the sciences finds a compeer,
 But who can the bounty describe of O'Rourke?
 All the pens of the land in a rival career,
 Would be worn to the core, yet not master the work.

oiriúgh no ro thigheárna. — ^r rtriárach no beán coitcheonn.
 — ^s comhigheinn. — ^t málalach. — ^u ioldánach (eádho) duine
 lán deáladhnaíbh (eádho) luighídh lámhfhada (rámháil)
 — ^v náir tháirigh ionnmháir. — ^w doilghidh no docámhilach.
 — ^x bheith. — ^y fhrithcheolámh. — ^z *aliter* cáim (eádho)
 comhlánn; cáirde (eádho) rith; nglee no ngleipe
 (eádho) ¹ dá ² n-íomád. — ^a ní obaid. — ^b zidh b'e áir bith
 modh. — ^c fear áir íarphánn. — ^d ionánn ázair uiríadh dá
 náireadh no dá cceánzál.

Σιά μόρι ngleo^e & mbí lí bpréirne,

Υζοth ná rénni^f o ur rinni,

¶i cloir fóir fáir zo ruimhídh,^g

¶i znáth díá thuidhim^h time.

Τωριⁱ eháthá mári Coim ceuloimn,

Ζάbháil fhuloinz máe Míleádh,

Υέat^k Chorbmáie máe Airt áoirfhur,

Áizhepréire^l áz breith fírbhíreáth.

Áit eodá^m mián mná teáthiráth,ⁿ

Υloizhe^o γεáthnáth^p & nithibh,^q

báil ádácht^r zleó díá mádhoibh,^s

Coirle^t fíámoim^u fōir riothloibh.^v

Δά τεάzmihádh Míáth no Áirimheádh^w

leir ní fuizhbheádh & chobháir,^x

¶í bhi déir zleó don fluáreáth

Τάρbhá & mbuáladh^y fir otháir.

^e eátháibh.—^f máe ná mná ó imeál ná rinne ábhánn
& tíri Chonáill.—^g zur bhuíreádh no zur h-imdheárizádh.
—^h ní znáth eázlá δά tháobhádh. —ⁱ tizheáirná no
táoiréáth eáthá.—^k rliizhe Chorbmáie,—^l áizhe (eádhon)

In peace, the young hero is gallant and gay ;

In war, like a whirlwind uprooting his foes :

'Tis he whom all Breifny is proud to obey,

The bond of their union wherever he goes.

The son of the fair one who dwells on the Boyne,

Is never o'ercome by a foe or a fear ;

In the field where the deadliest combatants join,

In the vanward of danger, O'Rourke will be there.

Like a tower, in the battle, is he whom we sing,

To whose shelter the race of Milesius retreat ;

Like Cormac, the son of the Eremite king,

His judgments are justice—his sanction is fate.

ῥαῖλ no ῥάbhál ; ῥέιρε (eádhon) áorðá (eádhon) ῥαῖλ
 ῥheánoirde me breitheálmhár. — ^m áta leir. — ⁿ inná
 teáthrách (eádhon) bádhbhá. — ^o zeárrádh. — ^p corp. —
^q á ceátháibh no á coitoibh. — ^r áh áit á ceomhráeáid. —
^s tpeiríur. — ^t riubhál. — ^u riomnách no máe tíre. — ^v cor-
 ráibh. — ^w dá líáizh tuáth de-dánánn d'áitbhheódhádh
 dáime. — ^x ní leizheárláidí áon neách dá loitpeádh brian
 O'Fluáirc. — ^y leizheár.

Cpeád nách ceurtheár & ceumhne ^a

Iáτ már umche ^a bpi tuireádh, ^b

In té iγ τριάτη ár φhail Ξεάρζnά, ^c

Μόρ & ceárnά ^d φmά tuireámh ?

Άr & zháoíγ ^e ár & eárζnά, ^f

Άr & tednuγ ^g φmí oleuibh,

Άr & cloth, ^h ár & chonnlá, ⁱ

Τuάτη iγ tomhιrά ^k díá thoζhάe.

Ά bhéuγά eíá nách molunn ? ^l

Ψί dhíomhánn ^m iγ ní thimzháir, ⁿ

Iuizhι ^o néitħizh ní thoimzeánn,

Do zhní boipeill ^p díe bhídhbhádh ^q.

Ψί bhí eíáon mά φhuizheáll, ^r

Άcht φo zhní eumhánz peáipe, ^s

Ψί bhí láobh ^t mά leáitħbhe ^u

’Υan bhpeáth bheáirnuγ Πίzh bħpéirne.

^a Cpeád nách ceurthár & zhníomhárthá & leábħiráibh.
—^a eáth.—^b mázħ τi ιpeádh.—^c γimnγeár ui Πuáipe, ui
Πázħálláizħ, &c.—^d ábhuaádhá.—^e zhíocár—^f mntleácht.
—^g & bhupbá no mħeárrpδħácht áz eoγz ole.—^h—eíú.—
, eφíonnácht no eíáll.—^k teárrmonn.—^l Cíá áñ ðume lep

Where'er thro' the legions of battle he goes,

Vistas of victory break in his path ;

Like a wolf in the midst of his awe-stricken foes,

He battens on carnage, he riots in death.

Even Miach and Arvey, renown'd as they were,

The wounds of his sword would their science defy ;

To all who oppose it is left but—despair,

And the tenderest pity consigns them—to die.

Proud chief, son of Feargna ! oh ! why not proclaim

Thy deeds, while the voice of the Bard shall endure ?

For thine are achievements more worthy of fame,

Than the long vaunted glories that hallow Moy Tuire.

The faith of his friends and the fears of his foes,

His far-searching eye at a glance can command ;

In his prudence and courage his people repose,

The lord and the guardian of Breifny's blest land.

féidir zán a bhéir do mholadh. — ^m ní dhultánn.—

ⁿ iarránn.—^o mionn b'éirze ní thuzánn.—^p báor céille

(eádhan) zeilt. — ^q do námhaid. — ^r breitheámhánar.—

^s cruair forpe ná bhreitheámhánar.—^t cláon.—^u leátróm

no cláon.

Cáth áodhál fínn ^v ní fillteár

Cirri innteádh ^w imtheárátt,^x

Ḷnáth Ḷá noipeádhuibh ^y tuiri ^z

Ḷlenámh ^a duiiri ^b iníáth ^c eáepát.^d

Ḷí ráim eáimpeáir ^e ir imire,^f

Ḷí ráim irir ^g ir ároirt,^h

Ḷí ráim foilmeán ⁱ ir brothriuch,^k

Ḷí ráim bloádh ^l ir mázhar.^m

Ḷí ráim eáir ⁿ ázuir á ráé,^o

Ḷí ráim támhoir ir tréineáí,^p

Ḷí ráim triáth ázuir teámoir,^q

Ḷí ráim eámhoir ir áon nídh.^r

^v O'Fluáire, O'Plázháláizh, &c.—^w rliizhe.—^x á tteíd.
—^y uádháir áin no táoirizhe.—^z Ḷáe uáir (eádhon) reáir
uáráil.—^a ázh.—^b reoid.—^c reáráinn.—^d eáreáirde no
námháid.—^e eáimpeáir (eádhon) reáir mor-chomhláinn.
—^f imire (eádhon) duine láz (eádhon) ní hionáinn reáir
mor-chomhláinn ázuir duine neámhneáirtmháir.—^g irir
(eádhon) umhá.—^h ároirt (eádhon) óir (eádhon) ní h-ionáinn
umhá ázuir óir.—ⁱ foilmeán (eádhon) brochbhrát no ceirt.
—^k brothriúdh (eádhon) brát míožh (eádhon) ní hionáinn
ceirt ir brát míožh.—^l bloádh (eádhon) míol móir.—

Oh ! who in the theme of his praise can forbear,
 The chief who ne'er sought nor refused a request ?
 An oath, nay a promise, he would not forswear,
 And his prowess strikes fear in the manliest breast.

From the fountain of justice that heaven has fixed
 In the breast of the righteous, his laws purely spring ;
 Nor favor, nor prejudice ever are mixed,
 With the judgments that glorify Briefny's good king.

His battle, a victory—his field, a campaign ;
 No hope can encourage his once vanquished foes ;
 The great are more glorious when joined in his train,
 And trophies reward him wherever he goes.

^m málghár (eádhon) miníar (eádhon) ní hionánn bleidh-
 mhíol márá ázuur libin deámháin no minbhreáe.—ⁿ zár-
 zidheáeh.—^o zíollá.—^p támhon zách ní dá mbeántár á
 cheánn, eí (eádhon) cleáth (eádhon) ní hionánn euid do
 eiránn no do ehleith, ázuur tréán eiránn no trénehleáth
 ro ná hionghléime.—^q triáth (eádhon) tuláeh ánn ro
 (eádhon) ní hionánn áon tuláeh á n-Eirínn ír Teámháir
 ná ríozh.—^r Eámhoim (eádhon) ámháon (eádhon) dá ní
 (eádhon) ní hionánn áon ní ázuur moirán.

Aln Eirinn éidh bé ir feile ^a

He rígh bpreíne ní meárdáe, ^t

¶Í rám ór ázuir mol, ^u

¶Í rám méadhól ir deárcáe. ^v

Már feucháid ^w or ná rleibhíuibh

Yliabh Armenia, rliabh Olimp;

Ym, rim, An t-O'Fluáire-rion

Céim ir uáirle rá choinneilz. ^x

Már nách conchlánn dák chéile,

¶Á déidhe á tu do choinneilz, ^y

¶i conchlánn do rígh bpreíne,

In ti ir feile á máth Oillill. ^z

^a Cé bé dume ir feile á n-Eirinn.—^t ní hionchomortáir.
—^u ór (eádhon) rí: mol (eádhon) zpreáruizhe no fear
deánta buidéál leátháir.—^v ní hionánn ól meádhá ázuir
ól deárcádh.—^w Y'eucháid (eádhon) chéimnizhíd no éirizhíd
or cionn zách rleibhe rliabh Armenia (eádhon) Arárat,
áinn áir cheánn rleibhe Tauru 'r An Ará or coinne
Armenia or muir Cárp: ir áir do ríad An Áire táreír
dilíonn; ázuir rliabh Olmup rán Tefáille: á deirid re
áirde zur ab é An ceáthrámhádh porá no zabhál don
domháin é: Acláir, Ará herculeir, ázuir láctmor ná trí
zabhla oile.—^x rim, rim, (eádhon) ir ámhlaídh rim: rá

More unlike are the hearts of the coward and brave,

Than the dull worthless brass and the pure virgin gold :

Than the pitiful sprat, and the lord of the wave ;

Or the rag, and the vesture round royalty rolled.

The freeman and slave are less like at the core,

Than the stump, and the tree with its foliage unfurled ;

Than the indolent mole-hill, and royal Temor ;

Than a closed heart, and that which embraces the world.

Our chiefs, the most generous, valiant and tried,

Can less be compared with the light of his soul ;

Than the poor artizan to the king in his pride,

Or the lees of the feast to the first of the bowl.

choinneilz (eádhon) γὰρ chompráid no tázra : á ceompráid
máir cheimniúgheár ná rléibhte rin ór zách rliábh rán
domháin *in superlativo gradu* ; máir rin ir é O'Fluáire
céim ir uáirle á ccéimibh áh chomórtáir (eádhon) *super-*
lativus gradus coimneilz (eádhon) comortár.—⁷ máir
nách compráid dá chéile ná deidhe (eádhon) dhá ní, dá
n-dúbhrár ár ród á nuár.—⁸ Fíí hionchompráid do ríúgh
briúne áh dume ir féile á bhreáráinn ríúghe Conácht
(eádhon) Oillill Máe Mághách (eádhon) miáth Oillliollá
(eádhon) á Conácht

As that hill of Armenia, where Noah found rest,
 And Olympus exceed every other in height;
 Such pre-eminent glory is Briefny's behest,
 And all other splendors are lost in his light.

Uncongenial, unkin, as are all we have named,
 The pride of O'Rourke is more peerless by far;
 In the land of Oilill is no hero so famed,
 As the guardian of Briefny—our western star.

The slander that envy despairingly throws,
 From the shield of his virtues innoxiously falls;
 At the gates of his dwelling the wearied repose,
 And the hungry rejoice in his plentiful halls.

—^h zo deireadh an domhain.—ⁱ do bheannaisgh páirtice
 —^k ar ar chum an t-Árd-Iodhail Crom Cru.—^l po-
 rtheadhach.—^m po-ghleibhteach, poibhe (eadhon) gleibhte.
 —ⁿ ann ar thárbhach loilzheach no mairt bhainne.—
 ° & mázha.—^p doimonn.—^q zárbhethálámh no & heath-
 ámh (eadhon).—^r roimonn.

Φήν bhí ár eáiríor^a co ruáinídh,^t
 bí ár chuáinídh^u go feithmheádh,^u
 Φήν chozuir^v neimheádh^w dárcioll,
 Φήν thuill ándreán^x diá oimeádh.

Υζάτ^h imdheázl^a y ná dáimhe,
 Máe Zríanne^z znúir^y ir péidhe,
 Cíán uaidh^h mo roich^h á phoircéadh,^a
 bile toirtán^h pheár^h m-breirne.

Aitchim^b Muire γά háonmháe,
 Diá choγáim^h ár zách^h zuáγácht,^c
 In té^h ir rízh^d ár áh mbládh^h thálmhum
 O ttiγ γláphrádh^h Chon Φuáδάτ.^e—Fuáir, &c.

^a Eirreácht (eádhon) dílleácht^a.—^t go tréin no láidir.—
^u ár bhuidhneibh go coimheádh^a.—^v ní dubháir^h.—^w neáimh
 iáth (eádhon) táláimh eázluir^h dphiorcháoládh no lázh-
 duzhádh.—^x áoir dá ázháidh áizneádh.—^y ánáclá.—
^z Zríanne Inghinn Dhómhnaíll mátháir bhríam.—^a Ir
 páda uaidh do theid^h á ríáile^h re máith^h ár zách^h áon.—
^b zaidhim.—^c ár áh uile conábháir^h ázuir^h ole.—^d brian

There's good fortune for Breifny, which ever shall last,
 By the feet of the saint 'twas in holiness trod ;
 The idol of guilt from its presence he cast,
 And breathed o'er its people the blessing of God.

Oh Breifny, dear land of the mountain and vale,
 Where the heifers stray cheerily all the long year :
 How fragrant thy moorlands in summer's fresh gale,
 How green in its showers thy meadows appear.

Here the orphan may rest as secure in his smile,
 As if steeled in his strength :—O'Rourke's gallant band
 Would not war with the helpless, nor think to despoil
 The shrine of its gold, or the church of its land.

na Murthá O'Fluáine is rígh ár an m-breifne ár á dtí
 ár t-Íonáinn.—^e ár t-Íonáinn o mór dá zhoibhál ámach
 ár fáid.

αη γιοζαιδε πομαηαχη.

Innrim fíor á' r ní fíor bréize,
 le ár rúilbh dhúinne bá léur é,
 le mo chluárbh chluáir fém é,
 An nídh á deirim ní cheilim ár áen chor.

Íá d'á rabháir ár máidín á' m'áonáir
 Ir án Íóimh ár ór-chnoc Chérbáir,
 Yínte ár leic áz rilleadh déurá,
 Íán de zhrúaim ár uáizh ná n-íáédhál-rheáir.

Íá roibh díár do b'fhál íá rhéudáibh,
 le ná'r zhrádhmhár ádhbhár m'éuznáich,
 Íarfháláich mór Thíre-Éógháin Héill-mhíir,
 Á' r Ó'Ómhánáill ná n-ór-lánn bh-íáébhiráich.

THE ROMAN VISION.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.



No idle fiction this ! too sadly true,
Upon my wasting eyes the vision grew ;
Too well my ears drank in the heavy sound,
Give it ye winds swift proclamation round.

Lonely I strayed on Cephass' golden hill,
And memory came my heart and eyes to fill ;
While o'er the stone that shrouds the Gaël in dust,
Bending I mourned their country's fallen trust.
There slept the hand of bounty—there the tear
Prompt to respond the patriot's sinking cheer ;
Tyrone, proud scion of the O'Niall race ;
There too O'Donnell was thy resting place,
Thou of the glittering blade ! I brushed away
The mournful tribute to a better day ;
When lo ! a nymph, whose brow, whose bosom's sheen,
Might shame the grace of beauty's fabled queen,

2n tráth do rhaóileas ríth do dhéanadh,
 Cíá do chídhyinn de mháóilinn an t-rléibhe,
 2leht máizhdean bhráizhid-zheál phéurilach,
 Do bháin bárr zo bráth de bhénuir.

'Y de Mhineibhál a n-deilbh 'r a' n-déanadh,
 Iy máith do rhníomhádha a bráóidhte eáelá,
 Do bhídh an t-ór a' meódhán a céibhe,
 'Y do bhídh an rneáchte 'r a láráir 'n a h-éudáin.

2i dúbháirte rí leám 'r an m-báll z-céadna,
 De zhlór mhulir bá bhinne 'n á téudáibh,
 Druideadh rhuas ó uáizh ná d-tréun-rheár,
 Bá radda a eáóidh 'r a epióidhe 'z á réubadh.

Fál dheireadh rhuas a n-diaidh a ráétháir,
 Do thóiz rí uáill budh truaizh le h-éirdeáchte,
 Do bháinreadh deóir zo leór ar chléir'cháibh,
 2izuir oiríadh ar ná clocháibh dá m-b'fhéidir.

Leir an mháóidheadh rin do rhín rí a zéuzá,
 'Y a deáreá ruas zo cruadh áir néulláibh,
 Do labháir rí le ríizh ná rpréire,
 Lán de chánntclámh ánn rál' réim ro.

Came o'er the hill—her towering forehead bore
The impress of high thought—like molten ore,
Gushed the gold ringlets o'er its polished plane ;
Her cheek of snow confessed one rose's stain—
She spoke, and vain, in sooth, were minstrel skill,
To bid the chord such liquid sweets distill.

When from that grave I turned me to depart,
A wild emotion shook the maiden's heart :
It passed at length ; that agony : and then,
What human heart might brook her melting strain !
The rifted rock, in sternest solitude,
Had poured its echoes in a tone subdued ;
Her hands uplift to heaven, her streaming eyes,
Raised with her fervid accents to the skies ;
In words half broken by the labouring groan,
She poured her sorrows to the Eternal throne.

Say thou Supreme ! in pity dost thou deign
To bend thine ear while abject I complain ?
Or darkeneth thy brow ? since mortals still
Should hail, nor dare to scrutinize thy will.
But deep and darkling doubts beset my soul ;
For, if one primal taint pervade the whole
Of the first parents blighted race, and all
Are fall'n alike with the first woman's fall,

“ Ua dhé mhóir an deóin libh m'éirteachd,
 Fhó an mairde ceirt bheas éigin,
 Do chuaidh a n-dáinzeán air mhacháib léighinn,
 D'fárraídhe dhíbh ó' r díbh i r leup í.

“ O taim air mearbhall i n-áinbhíor i zéala,
 Oir m'á' r ionáon do thuill zách áen neach,
 Coir ná Yéinnreár do rinne an chéad-phéar,
 Aldhámh ár n-áitáir do mealladh le h-Eubhá.

“ Cread fá n-díoltáir mán ná péine,
 Ais áen phór níos mó 'n á chéile,
 Creud fá rártháir zách dáer éizceáir,
 A' r nách m-bídhéann rár nách dáertháir é reál.

“ Cread fá z-eroichteáir boicht zán áen choir,
 Aisur rliocht ná locht á d-toice an t-ráezháil-rí ?
 Cread é an tóbhácht nách rermordáir eirizh,
 'Y zur buán á d-tóir á n-deóizh ná z-creidmhéach ?

“ Cread nách b-réannatáir elánn lúteruir,
 A' r elánn Chríoirt 'z á z-elaoídhéadh zo n-éázaid ?
 Cread nách truaizh ná h-uáin 'z á z-creúchtádh,
 'Y ná meictíreádhá áz inzhiréim' an tréudá ?

Dread ruler ! why doth the tremendous meed
Crush with unequal force the doomed seed ?
Why doth the sinless bosom tinge the dart,
That should have quivered to the guilty heart ?
Why groan the lowly poor, while wealth and pride
Triumphant o'er the waves of fortune ride ?
Shall they, whose hearts confess thee "holy," weep
Outcast, proscribed ? and shall thy vengeance sleep ?
'Gainst Luther's brood why rages not thy breath,
When Christ's pure creed is made a spell of death ?
Do the lambs vainly in thy shadow rest ?
How long shall ravening wolves the fold infest ?
Say, why doth Erin weep ? what crime incurs
Thine ear averted ?—Lord, that voice is hers,
That calls, implores, with wild and tireless breath :
Doth not thy faith exalt ?—she sinks in death !

And yet, since erst thy pure Apostle came,
And brought to Ealga's isle thy holy name ;
Tho' flaunted 'mid our homes strange flags unfurled,
Nay, tho' the sun grew dark, the floating world,
That shut from us the brightness of the day,
Veiled not thy glory, whose effulgent ray
Illumed our hearts, by faith's seraphic wing
Guided to thee, the days eternal spring.
My God ! my God ! Milesius' life blood runs
In Fodhla's race, these are Milesius' sons !

“ Creadh an ceart fá leasachar Eire,
 ‘Y le na zleoidh nach mór zo n-éiridheach ?
 Creadh an chóir nach d-tózachar zlédhála,
 DREAM ná’r dhiúlt’ do’n n-Dúileamh zéilleadh ?

“ Oir ó tháinig Ráttarice náémhach
 leir an z-creideamh zo h inir Eilze,
 ‘Fí’r bháin tráechadh, zách na rpreilinz,
 Foirneart eadhóran na leach-triom d’á m-b’fhéidir.

“ Creidimh Chríost ar chroidhe na n-Zodhál-fheach;
 Do bhídh a z-coingéal mar loinneach na zréine,—
 Do bhídh an t áichinne mar áingéal áz rbréuchadh,
 Zuir nír thuic ríál, na cáidh, ná áen rbot —

“ Feadh na Fodhla air Phór Mhuléirigh,
 Uch ! a Chríost ir fíor an méid rin !
 Creadh tá uáit, nó an rún leat m’éirteacht ?
 ‘Fó an é ir áill leat zo bráth zán féucháin ?

“ Zuir an z-cuáine ir buán do d’ rhléachtam,
 Fá zhalálaibh ‘z á bh-feannadh le h-éizceart,
 ‘Y zur b’é an t-álmhach zláfarinách, béarilách,
 luchd an fheill do thuill a d-tréizeann.

Wilt thou look down in mercy?—say! oh say!
Or is thine eye for ever turned away?
And, while the trusting spirit bends to thee,
Shall ruthless tyrants bow the neck—the knee?
Still wilt thou smile on England's traitor horde,
Whose lips unhallowed scoff thy sacred word?
Thy church's law their rebel hearts have spurned—
'Gainst "her," the "undefiled," their wrath has burned:
Their own dark heresies they rear elate,—
Thy faith, the faith divine, they execrate.

Why need I mention? thou, dread power! hast seen
The apostate Henry spurn his spotless queen,
For Anna's fresher beauties—thou hast cursed
That traitor to thy faith, the boldest, worst—
Need I name her, whose heritage of shame
Grew darker, murkier, in the wanton flame
That all could kindle, and that none could claim?
Can we forget Elizabeth?—oh never,
In Heber's heart she'll rankling live for ever;
The land grew waste beneath her—sex or age
Yielded no shelter from her bigot rage,
Till, bloodiest consummation! Mary fell
To close her long account, but not the spell
That claimed her ruthless ministry—her sway
Devolved on James—and Phelim's land can say

“ Do chuir droim le cúing ná cléire,
 Do zhuídh enáid fáoi Mháthair an Aén-mheic,
 'Y le nóch míann do dhíá reál zéilleadh,
 Acht an eirideáimh do reuor le nimh éirceácht'.

“ Fí áimhíghim hántrúdh an chéud pheár
 Do chuir uaidh zo truaillizhte & chéile,
 Air Anna boilen, & inghin chéadna,
 U'Y d'imthigh ó'n n-Eazluy air theazáiz lúteruy.

“ Cuirim leis Eirabéata,
 Fí'p phór fear 'Y ná'p rtao ó Aén neach,
 Is iomdha dreaam air ar pheall an Mhéirdreáich,
 Do mune sí fáraich de Chláir Eibhir.

“ A mná 'Y & bh-fer do rzuorádh léithi,
 Do thuiz sí báy do Mháire Ytéabhaid,
 A n-diaizh ná mná-ro tháimigh Yéumár
 Máir thuair fáraich do chlár Fhéidhlim.

“ An fear do leaz & b-pór á'Y & bh-fréumha,
 U'Y d'órdugh & d-tálaimh do thomhár le téudáibh,
 Do chuir Yacrahaich á' n-ionad ná n-Zaodhál-peár.
 U'Y eirideáimh cam & d-teampaláibh Cléire.

How well the tyrant's sceptre graced his hand—
The "measuring chain" he cast upon the land—
Her nobles plundered for an alien race,
And with unhallowed rites defiled thy holy place.
Lo next—his father's every taint and crime
Expanded in his soul's congenial clime,
His son succeeded, to embalm his fame
By deeds, which, let Leith Moath, Leith Cuin proclaim.
Spoiled of the rights long held from sire to son,
Their arms, and every glorious meed they won ;
Of rank, of wealth, and damned foul decree !
Spurned from the shrines where they had knelt to Thee :
The very tongue, thy gift, in which they poured
Their souls, while at thy altars they adored,
Condemned to rudest jargon to give place.
For every woe he wrought upon her race,
The bitterness of Erin's heart ran o'er
In curses on the despot ; and he wore
No amulet against the bolt that sped
Retributive to his devoted head.
'Twas a divine behest ! high justice spoke,
And the pale tyrant's wily minions broke
Their hollow fealty ; and the block and blade
Brought the stern quittance of man's rights betray'd.

Yet ere it fell, to blast his glazing eye,
Maguire had tossed his banner to the sky—

Iy zeárru ná dhúaidh zup thiontzáin Yéurilár,
 Aip nóy á Aethár le ceálz 'r le bréázáibh,
 Aip leáth Coínn áh chuuz do b'éizceáirt,
 A'r áip leáth Mózhá 'z á bh-fozháirt zo h-áén-Phéár.

Do bháin ré dhíobh á z-éioy 'r á m-bhéuyá,
 A máóin 'r á z-elánn á n-áipm 'r á n-éudách,
 Tríán á bh-φeáránn 'r á n-záipme n-éimφheácht,
 Leiy do h-íárrádh Dia do thréizeánn.

Fáirche máireánn zán áithφuonn d'éiydeácht
 'Y zán úrlabhíá á' d-teánnzán ná z-áédhilze,
 'Y zán ná h-áit áz eách ácht béárlá,
 Oíod á'r áithφuonn do báeádh leiy d'éiydeácht.

Tré zách zráin d'á n-deárrnáidh áip Eirínn
 Iy buán mállácht áz φeárádh zo h-éáz áip,
 Ymál á n-deárrnáidh iy leóir mál léun áip,
 Munáb é iy eionutách m h-áithne dháimh φéim rúd.

Creád φá eúy áip d-túy d'á b-φéimbhíuá,
 Fá'p dheóin Dia áh Tríáth ro r héunádh,
 Leiy áh luchd do thuuz do zéilleádh,
 Ráplementáirídhe ná d-táip-m-báothlách.

Freedom's high priest ; and kindling Ulster saw
Mc. Mahon soon assert her bounteous law :
Last of the Finians—in whose ample mind,
The gifts of his long lineage shone combined ;
Of gentlest nature both, yet thus pursued,
Two lions chafing in their might they stood ;
Nor lured by conquest—nor athirst for fame,
Their rallying word was the Eternal name :
The stranger's false embrace their hearts disdained,
Save when in deadliest fold in battle strained—
In life united ; on the scaffold floor,
Those dauntless bosoms poured their mingling gore ;
A crimson attestation of that faith,
That sheds a halo round the brow of death.
Nor yet unmarked by glory, Phelim's claim,
Proud soul, and fitly shrined in such a frame !
Who taught the stranger's lip the craven cry,
And tamed the Scot, that subtlest enemy.

But see ! what steadier lustre wins her gaze,
Where from Hispania's coast, O'Neill displays
His standard wide ; and, eager to sustain,
Pours his proud chivalry athwart the main.
“ Eogan the Red ! ”—to freedom's strife he flies,
To veil the lustre of his past emprise
With deeds of higher prowess—Cormac's blood
Bounds in the hero's heart—a tameless flood ;

le'p báimeadh á chionn le lán n-áébhíoch,
 D'an fíogh bháimghin cheánn-ghionn chéadna,
 Is le ná linn do mhúscail Eipe,
 'Y á' z-eóizeadh Uilaidh do thionnigháim an chéud pheár.

Máe Uídhir fuígheall ná Féinne,
 U'Y Máe Máthghámhna ámhail bá béur do,
 An dá leómháin epódha, méinn-mháith,
 Hák'p chuip Yúim á' maoín an t-áézháil-rí.

'Y nách n-deáirnáidh ceánzál le Dáimpheáraitibh áébhá
 Hó zup doritadh leó á' n-éimpheácht
 An z-euid folá, 'n á lochánná epóidheáirz',
 De zhirádh an chreidmhe bá leirze leó thpéirzeánn.

Hí le fuáth nách luadháim Féidhlím
 An t-óz uárl, muádh-zheál, péucach,
 Pheár le'p báimeadh áy eáchtpránnáibh méileach,
 U'Y lán ná z-eáirtach áy Albánnáibh báothlach'.

An go an uáir do zhluaíy an trénn-peár
 An an Yráinn fáoi lán éáirnáidh,
 Eózan muádh-zhlán ná rluázh m-báézhilach,
 Láech ná z-epéach máe Annt éuchtáich.

And all his grandsire's soul of flame he bears—
Attest it many a trophy that he wears,
The harvest of his hand in many a strife,
Waged in the tender spring-time of his life;
And, when the greenness of his age went by,
The deeds he did are registered on high;
Those, rife with living proofs, let Spain avow,
Almania, richest wreath on Caesar's brow;
Let France, the weeping Netherlands, attest:
And oh! beyond them all, the brightest, best,
Let the Milesian race his glories tell;
Let Erin's voice the volumed record swell.
Could fame unlearn, can words of mine portray
How Ulster spurned the cowering stranger's sway?
How Leslie fled, and the pale Saxons' fright
Confessed no leader in their panic flight?
Montgomery's shackled limbs we still descry,
Lo, where the routed Scotch bewildered fly;
Blindly they rush—but hark, that jarring sound,
With thundering crash their bulwarks strew the ground:
Scarce the proud capital his course arrests,
While her high walls the girding fire invests—
Meath mourns the slaughter of her changling race;
Portlester's thousands, where is now their place?
In Birr, in Nenagh, rose the suppliant hand;
Heberian Thomond, through her tainted land,

Máe meic oirdheire Chormáic Fhéilinnháir,
 Lámh zhaiuzeadhach ná'p fáruízheadh á' n-áén-zhoil,
 Biodh áir mh'fhálláintz zup deárbhach áh tzeál rim
 Iomdhá zúair áh á bh-fuair fé fhéucháin.

O'n lá bá eól do á rhrón do rhrón do rheidéadh
 Fhó zup chríochnuigh Críort á théurimá
 Cuirim á fhiadháin áir dhá nách bréaz rim,
 U'r áir áh Y'háinn tál lán d'á zhéur-zhoil.

U'r áir áh Uimáinn, leánán Y'háiráir,
 U'r áir áh bh-Fráinne bá teánn áz dréim leir,
 U'r áir Thír-fó-thóinn tál tínn d'á éuzmáir,
 U'r áir Chlánnáibh Máleadh á' ríozhacht Eireán.

Leáth á zhníomh do ríomhach ná féadháin,
 Do chóizeadh Uláidh thuiz fupácht íar n-éizeán,
 Do chuip fé Záill de dhróim á z-céille,
 U'r leylie áir teitheadh zo h-éurzáidh.

Do chuip áir choiráibh Mhontzomáráidhe zéimhleach,
 Chuip fé meáchtacht áir Albán'áibh máolá,
 Do chuip fé á n-dáóine tré n-á chéile,
 Y' do bhuir fé brúzh áh Mhúráich bhréuzáich.

The Saxon saw, endenizened in vain,
Disgorge the spoils of rapine's broken reign—
The echoing hills proclaimed to Inis-Con
His spreading conquests; Waterford o'erthrown;
Duncannon's waters in his course were dyed;
Wexford's keen blade hung useless by her side;
Nor Ross Mc. Truin, Ben Edar stayed his tread;
Kilkenny bowed to him—his myriads spread
By Shannon's ample tide their long array;
The Avonmore was chequered with the play
Of their broad banners—by the Nore they stood,
And by the sedgy Barrow's headlong flood—
The Suir ran purpled with the stream of life;
Lough Erne rolled back proud tidings of the strife:
From Meave's high dome triumphant strains arose,
And Erin's centre caught the exulting close;
Thence to Bearhaven rolled the whelming tide,
And well might Sligo's unsupported pride
Droop at the sound of Jamestown's shattered wall,
Whose circling echoes thundered to appal.

So sped the victor still where freedom urged,
Till the base Saxon clanked the chain he forged:
Oh son of Duach, what a loud acclaim
Burst through the land o'erburthened with his fame,

báile-áith-clíach dh'icdhadh an tréan-φheár,
 U' r leir do rziúradh an chúndáé chéadna,
 I r an Mhídhé mheábhíach, Zhálda, Zháédhlíach,
 U b-Port-leatáir do threáirzair ré céudá.

bháin ré ziodáir ár bhíorá 'r ár Áonách,
 Ázair ár rúd ruár zo Tuáth-Mhúmháin Eibhir,
 Do ruiz ré creách zán cheád do'n m-béarlá
 O Inir-Cóinn tair bheínn an t-rléibhe.

Thuz Portláirze á' Láimh zo léir leir,
 U' r Dún-Cánáin ná z-cánál d-táéirzách,
 Loch-Zármánn ná n-airm b-φáébhirách,
 Port-Mheic-Tríúnn á' r Dún-bheinne-Eadair.

'Y de Cheill-Cháinnich bháin uiráim d'φhoiréirzeán,
 Choir ná Yionnábhá bá neáirtmhár á zhéuzá,
 Choir Ábhán-móiré á' r φéorách á' n-éinφheácht,
 Choir ná beárbhá meárdhá méirizníche.

Choir ná Yíúiré á thríúr bá ráéthirách,
 U' r ó rin ríór á ríir zo h-Eirne,
 Do rinne ré áthár á' ráth Méidhbhe,
 'Y ó bháile Áthá-luáin do ruáir ré zéilleádh.

When hope, that many a year had trembling hung
O'er the rich presage, with exulting tongue
Heard Truth and Freedom hail the auspicious ray
That rose above the Saxon's tottering sway !
Hail to the conqueror, by the Gaël upborne,
(Bound these high hearts from shackles lately worn ?)
Mark, the proud flame his martial deeds avow
Burns in his breast, irradiates his brow ;
Nor only battle's sterner lights illumine,
There mercy smiles away impending doom
From vanquished valour—and the warrior's eye,
As fixed dominion calm, hath ne'er been dry
O'er others' woe ; and wise, albeit not yet
On his young brow hath thought her impress set,
He weighs mankind, and, learning to appraise,
Hath learned to feel for frailty while it strays.
Strong as its iron mail, that kindling breast
To meek eyed ruth affords a shrine of rest ;
Nor swifter speeds his blade, at freedom's call,
To the false Saxon's heart, when round him fall
Their gathering numbers, by his might o'erthrown,
Than misery's claim finds access to his own—
In council sage ; in battle's fiery glow
Like the launched thunder 'mid the astonished foe.
And oh ! when peace her gentle plume hath spread,
Mild as the melting tear that mourns the dead ;

A' r' ó rin riár zo h-íachdár bhéarí,
 Do bhuir ré an bálk az báile Yhéumáir,
 Chuir ré Yúzeach air cuitheadh le n' pheucháin,
 Is leir do ceánzladh Zálkúibh lé chéile.

Dár mac Duach bá ruáire an rzéal rin,
 Aír zách euan de chuántáibh Eireán,
 'Z á rídh, 'Z á luadhádh, 'Z á thuár, 'Z á léuzhád,

 Zuir cuiradh ruár air uachdár an bhéarí.

Eozán ruadh air zhuáilmbh Zédhál-pheár,
 An t-Óz-uárl uánach, áedheárlach,
 Brárlach, buadhach, buánach, béimneach,
 Creachach, eárlach, eárlach, eárlach.

Dreachach, dúrlach, dúánach, déirceach,
 Férlach, ruárlach, ruárlach, férlach,
 Zúirzeadhach zluárla, zruárlach zlérla,
 Lárlach, luárlach, luárlach, léimneach.

Márlach mórlach, muárlach-zhlán, málach,
 Yérlach, nuárlach, n-uárlach, n-éideach,
 Plachach, ruárlach-chreách, ruárlach, réim-
 eárlach,
 Yérlach, ruárlach, ruárlach, réimach.

Witness High Heaven, if yet his eagle gaze
Glared out to blast—no raven brood would raise
A wing the sky-built Eyry to invade :
Nor thus had cold succumbency betrayed
The land to Cromwell's sanguinary sway—
Woe is my heart that such could pass away ;
And yet, Eternal Justice, while I grieve,
My bleeding heart's full gratitude receive.
No Saxon blade in freedom's cause unblest
Quaffed the deep current of his free-born breast ;
For thou did'st shield him from the dire disgrace ;
And when he fell, O—meet to fill such place !—
Bad'st thy own priest to countervail his loss,
And o'er his prostrate banner rear the cross—
And well he did thine errand ;—but the grave,
When hath it ceased for human hopes to crave ?
The grave hath closed on Heber ; O great heart !
Proud germ of nature so matured by art,
Had genius, culture, all, thou costly prey,
But decked thee for the tomb ? thou envious clay,
Oh what a mind thy leaden sleep hath bound ;
Pure as pervading—lucid as profound !
Spirit of Eogan, chafe not, if my eye
The while I speak of Heber be not dry ;
Nor deem thyself forgot—had he remained
To rend the withering yoke his valour strained

Déanaim d' áithne dá mairfeadh an t-Éan ro,
 Shách m-biadh an eáltá-ro á' leabaim ná bh-Émeir,
 'Y nách bhfézheadh Zallá ná Cromghuail zéilleadh,
 Almhaíl mar á fuair ó'n n-uair do éuz ré.

Ucht zídih eirídh liom á tháirg-gean d'éirteacht,
 Liom ní eár á bhár air áen-chor,
 O nách le Zalláibh do zéarradh á léethe,
 Ucht le Dia le m' mháinn á rhabéradh.

Is zéarri 'n á dhiaidh zo dian zur éirzhiadh
 An leomhán eátách an t-Éarbog Eibhir,
 Féar an chloizcinn chomhchroim éuchtáich,
 Do muz bárr air eách 'r an léizhionntacht.

An fear bá díreách eiridhe do Zháédhláibh
 Do bhirr meirneách á'r dlizhte ná méirleách,
 Al bháin ceannár de Zhálláibh á' n-Éirinn,
 'Y do chuip muáiz air rhluaizhtibh Yhéarilair.

'Y é mo chreách mar do zéarradh á léethe,
 Tríe eárbog Dháinn ní lúzhá m'éaznach,
 Al'r tríe uairtibh Uláidh ná z-cuiráidh léechdá,
 Al'r henrídhe ruadh d'ár bhá duál tréime.

Almost to breaking; had his happier hand
Swept the pale, palsied Saxon from the land;
Blasting the iron sceptre which it bent,
Giv'n us homes, happiness, enfranchisement,
No—not success, had taught another's fame
To supersede thy memory's vital claim.

But O! my heart! what saddening phantoms rise,
Worthies of Ulster! Henry! my red eyes
Might weep their fountains dry, tho' these were all,
But faithful memory unfolds the pall;
And lo! Mac Guire!—and now the fleet O'Kane,
And Phelim come to swell the spectral train;
Great spirits, fare you well! with mute regret
I gaze upon you, but my cheek is wet—
My tears shall number you; Almighty power!
We had not dreamed of this disastrous hour.
Bercan—Senan, our ancient prophets saw
The dread revealings of thy mystic law;
Thy truth the breast of pious Kieran warmed;
Sage Colum's lips, thy spirit, Lord! informed,
The bounteous Columkille; on Caillan came
Thy inspiration, and the elysian flame
Illumed the soul of Ultan; Colman too,
Nurtured with heavenly food, all these foreknew
Thy dispensations—but they bade us not
To deprecate this dark impending lot;



Μάε-ΰίδιur άη χηροΐδhe Ξηκέδηλκίeh,
 Ά'γ Ο'Cάτηάιν άη coileάη léimneάch,
 λέech ηά μυάιz Μάε Τυάτηάιλ Ψείδηlim,
 beάηdάcheτ leό ά z-cómhάipeάmη nί phéudάim;

Ά'γ ό τάim epάιδητε, ψάzτηά, céάγτά,
 Ψιάψυίzhim δίbh ά μίγ ά τηρέη-mheie,
 Cά μ' zηάbh τάμηνzάipeάcheτ phάττρυce ηάemηcheά,
 ηάδh bheάpeάim ηo γ'heάηάim γhéimh, dhil.

Chιάpάim Chluάηά do ψύάip zéilleάdh,
 Cholάim-Cille άη oimch άέδheάpάieh,
 ηάδh Chάillín ηo Ulτάim τ-γάopάieh,
 4ηό Cholmάim 2ldhίά δά'p bhά beάτchά ψéup zίάγ.

Uch ό'n óch ! mo bhpon zhéup é !
 Mo zhuil ! mo chάoίdh ! mo dhíτcheéille !
 Mo lom ! mo zhleóídh ! mo cheódh ! mo léun zhuipτ !
 Mo nuάp ! mo mhilleάdh ! mo mhipε ! mo phéim-bhpoíd !

Τμάν ά η-zάλάρ zo polluy nί léup dhάmη,
 2leht ηά Ξάείdhil 'z ά γníomhάdh 'γ 'z ά η-zéup-zhoim,
 'z ά z-eup γíoγ, 'z ά z-clάoίdhεάdh, 'γ 'z ά péubάdh,
 le plάizh, le zoipτά, le cozάdh 'γ le léipηzμioγ.

They said not, “ burning tears shall overflow,
Dark days shall come upon thee ; shame and woe,
The reeking phial of a tyrant’s hate
Shall wash thee, and thou shalt be desolate ;
No joy or hope shall visit thy cold breast,
Till reason reel with the huge weight opprest ;
And thy soul, seared beneath the chastening rod,
Shall almost curse the high behests of God”—
And yet, the burning tear hath steeped my cheek,
And every pang that tyranny could wreak ;
Shame, anguish, all, save madness and despair,
To freeze my accents or to warp my prayer,
All have I known ; lost all ; Oh God ! my trust !
Faith only lives to raise me from the dust.—
Though war its fiery plagues around me breathe,
Faith prompts my sword from its inglorious sheath ;
No bloodless triumph shall my children yield,
While Thou, dread chastener ! look’st upon the field
Not unapproving—at destruction’s brink
My “ heart’s established and will not shrink ; ”
Father of mercies !—oh forgive the thought
That dared impugn thy fiat—if our lot
Have been a dark one ; if defeat have bowed,
And trouble girded us as with a shroud,
Not thine the cruelty, but ours the crime
That stirred thee, slow to vengeance ; in their prime

Cóir do dhia zán iad do rhaoradh,
 Qí raibh a m-báir a n-zlácaibh a chéile,
 Qí roibh an tuath zo fuaishte d' aen-toil,
 'Y ní raibh an Chliar a mámh acht réubtha.

Do bhídh cuid líonta dhíobh de bhréazáibh,
 U' r cuid nó dhó le rór ná n-Éireach,
 Dhá chuid aili le Zalláibh az zéilleadh,
 Cuid le clearáibh az mealladh ná n-Zédhálá.

Cuid ór árd a' b-ráir ná h-Éireán,
 U' r iad do zhnáith rói lámh 'z á tréizeán,
 Cuid az rearádh 'n azháidh Yacraán 'de'n d-táebh 'muich,
 U' r iad 'n a dháidh rin leó rói thóm méire.

Buán mo mhálacht az rearádh air an z-cléir rin,
 U' r air a z-cuaine zo luán an t-rléibhe,
 Luchd zán díre epóidhe d'á chéile,
 Do rinne rárach de chlár Eibhir.

Do chur ruar de uairlibh Zaothálach',
 Air ar thuit eanntracht an Qunció dheízheanáich,
 Com-báirte árd-eárbos Fhéarmá,
 Alén-rheár-áite an rhará a' n-Éirinn,

Though sunk our thousands, Lord ! we kiss the hand
Stretched not to desolate, but purge the land.
Weigh well the lesson ye surviving few,
Your country's hope, its moral points to you ;
Scan the monition well, for it imparts
How human fate is shaped by human hearts ;
Stout ones are swords ; the false, the feeble, chains.
And yours were false and feeble, and the stains,
The deep, the damning stains of cold deceit
With virtuous seeming cloked—the deep retreat
Of the shut soul with foulest treason rife,
Belying the lip's promise ; the keen knife
Searching the side, while the betrayer's sword
Assured the blood its subtle stroke unstored ;
These stains were yours—say not the hand of God
Hath armed the despot with an iron rod—
Blame your own vices—may the blood you've spilt,
Your tears wash out the suicidal guilt !

Degenerate spirits ! while my glazing eye
Dwells on these phantoms ; when I hear the cry,
The long, low cry, whose quivering accents come
Back on me now—when I remember some,
True to the land, which glory had caressed
And learning dignified ; and affluence blessed
But for the mean malignant souls that strove,
By petty jealousies and mean self love,

U3 ro an chur ir eir do m' dhearaidh,
 U3 ro an ear do chradh zo leir me,
 U chuir folach air rholur na zreme,
 Do chuir zruaim a' r buaidhreachd air rpreaidh.

'Y do chuir an Eorair fad cheodh eclir,
 U' r creideamh Chriost a m' fad neullaidh,
 Mallacht zo deidh air phor na bh-fael-chon,
 Zidheadh for mo dhoidh ni threizead.

Maidh for de phor Mhileir
 An t-Uodh buidhe dhe rhuigheall na Feinne,
 Fear air ar thairgear fad na ch breuzach,
 U chuirfead Zail tre n-a cheile.

Maidh an ruaidh-rhear zruaidh-zheal Feidhlim,
 U' r Corrail Fearzhal an zairzeadhach euchtach,
 U' r Uodh O'brann le a d-tairfeadh eadha,
 Maidh Camhainach a' r Tuathail leachda.

Maidh an choir nach elodhadh a' n-ken chath,
 Ruaraidh, Ruaraidh a' r brann le cheile,
 Yiol z-Ceallach na' r bh-fann a' n-ken zhoil,
 Uzur yiol z-Conchobhair rairreamhail, rreudmhair.

And rankest perfidy to render nought
The teeming promise of the deeds they wrought.
Scarce can my lips the struggling curse repress
On those who marred it into wilderness—
Weep for the treason ! weep for the high race
Its lordly victims ! oh ! could tears efface
The record, all had been forgotten now,
That quenched the light of heaven's indignant brow,
Mantling with lurid clouds the sky's expanse,
Till Europe felt the cold unnatural trance ;
Christ's faith dishonoured could salt tears atone,
The righteous penalty were mine alone ;
But oh not thus the forfeit might be paid !
A thrilling curse the holy nuncio laid
Upon the recreant race ; could justice less ?
And steeped my soul in utter bitterness—
But why should fruitless grief my soul employ,
When hope assuring points to promised Boy,
By gifted lips to other days foreshewn,
Scourge of the stranger ; and not Boy alone,
Still can my banner o'er Milesians fly,
Lo ! where our Phelim stands ; his flashing eye
Bright as his tireless blade ; and, by his side,
The proud O'Ferrall bares no brand untried,
O'Byrne the puissant—the dauntless tribes
Of Tool and Kavanagh—high fame inscribes

No worthier name on her emblazoned roll
Than the O'Rourkes ; O'Reillys : storm of soul
The O'Briens come ; the O'Kellys ; nor can shame
Point at O'Conor's fallen yet regal name—
Come Clan Mac Carthy honour looks for you ;
Dalcassians and O'Kennedys ; and, true
To their ancestral fame, great Heber's race ;
While Heremons assert their well earned place,
Theme of admiring bards Leath Moath maintains
Her high repute ; an hundred glorious plains
Live in your memories, ye sons of Con.
See ! O'Maoleachlain's sturdy blade is drawn,
Thine O'Molloy, red sickler, strong to cleave,
And falcon-like the flying ranks to reave ;
Mac Coghlan now deserts his lime-white towers,
O'Dempsey, rushing wolf ; the marshalled powers
Of Ely answer fierce O'Carroll's call ;
Bearhaven's lord hath left his stately hall—
O'Flinn—the O'More, and, bounding from his hills,
Valiant O'Dunn the glorious gathering fills.—
Weave, conquest, weave a chaplet for the brave ;
Fame through all time their deathless memories save,
Tinted at Saingil—soon shall Mullaghmast
With ruddier hue their conquering blades o'ercast—
Through weltering fields the panic route pursue !
Our weak estrangements well the Saxon knew,

buadh an buadh as rluadh na n-*z*adhal-*ph*ear,
 Uir chlainn Chailbhín chleargach, bhradach, bhréa-
 zach,

buadh a n-uairle a'n-uachtar air éiribh,
 U' *z*air fá tholl a n-diaidh chlainn iúteruir.

buadh a *z*-creideamh *z*an milleadh *z*an tréachadh,
 buadh an Eazuir as teazazadh a d-tréudá,
 bráithre, Earboiz, *z*azair a' *z* Cleir'cháibh,
 'Y beidh fáth *z*o deóizh 'n a dheoirz as Eirinn.

*z*uidhim-rí *z*ilá, m'á' *z*uáinn leir m'éirteacht,
*z*uidhim *z*o'á a chídheár an méid ro,
 U' an *z*biarad *z*koímhach, a rí *z*'áen-toil,
 Muiré Mháthair a' *z* páttuice déid-zheál.

Colam Cróidhe asur brúghite náomhach,
*z*o n-dáimzúghe ríad *z*koídhil d'á chéile,
 'Y *z*o d-tizidh dhíobh an *z*uáinn ro dhéanadh,
*z*áill do dhíbir a' *z* eiríoch bhánbhá rhaoradh.

An tréach eiríochuirz an t-*z*'izh bhean phéucach,
 Máir a dúbhar air d-túr an méid ro,
 Iar m-buadh a bair *z*o ríab fá chéile,
 Do chuaidh rí rúar de ruáiz *z*o néulláibh.

And clutched the sceptre with an iron grasp—
He sways the faulchion with a feebler clasp !
Flee, trembling churls ! high justice wakes at last,
Sternly to reckon o'er the guilty past—
Flee from the land's assembled might, nor stain,
Saxon or Scot, her sacred soil again.

Oh what a lambent glory kindles now,
Chasing the shadows from Ierne's brow,
Green as the sward upon her mountain's side
Floats her broad banner o'er the girding tide—
A vigorous race her children stand around,
Free as the billows, mighty as their bound ;
Lo ! where the opening clouds reveal a form
Tranquil as sunshine—stately as the storm.
'Tremble ye false ones that strange altars raise,
Insulting heaven with opprobrious praise ;
Tremble ye false ones while religion's hand
Bids the broad volume of her truth expand—
Prompt at the summons of the meek-eyed maid,
Faith rears the crosier—freedom bares the blade,
“ Truth and the Gaël ”—'tis Banba's rallying word,
Stamped on each banner, graven on each sword—
Pours every lip the sacred burthen round,
And every heart reverberates the sound.
Fainting and foiled the bleeding scorners fly ;
While, freedom's eldest born, with humid eye,

Ἀ'ρ δ'ῥhά'z ri me-ri áir leic á m'áénár,
 ὕ'nte áir thuáma uáizh ná n-ḡkédhál-ḡheár,
 ḡán ḡrrácaadh, ḡán ḡhlór ḡán tpeóir, ḡán áén chor,
 lán de bhirón tpe ḡḡeón á ḡḡeulta.

Ἀóir án ṽizheárna á' m-bliádhnaibh déárḡad,
 ṽráth bhídhéar 'r án ḡlóimh ám dheóráidhe dhéurách,
 Míle ḡo leith, chuiz dheich á'ḡ céud leir,
 Ἀz riṽ dáóibh-ri eḡíoch mo ḡḡeíl-ḡá.

ḡo m-budh ḡlán do'n mhnáóí bhídh á ḡáeír áir uáizh Uí
 ḡḡeíl,
 le eḡádh á eḡóidhe áz eáómeádh uáḡál ḡkédhál,
 ḡídh δ'ḡá'z ḡí mo ehlí ḡo ḡuáizhte tpeíth,
 Mo ḡhrádh í 'r ḡách nídh δ'á ḡ-euáláidh mé.

Peace, o'er the prospect waves her mantling wing,
And bards, in Erin's tongue, her triumphs sing.
God of my hope ! thou seest my soul's distress—
My tears—my anguish—God of mercy ! bless
This union of the Gaël—my bleeding heart
Invokes thee, heavenly queen ! oh thou, that art
Our own apostle ; thou of gentlest breast—
Columb ; and Bridget, on each warrior's crest
Bid victory sit, till Banba's circling wave
Encompass not a tyrant or a slave !—

These suppliant accents breathed, all wildly clung
The maiden's hands, in holy transport wrung,
Her upraised brow with heaven's effulgence shone,
Then sudden wrapt from earth the nymph was gone—
And solitude was on me, and the thought
Darker than solitude ; in vain I sought
With straining eye to catch the lustrous hue
Of her unearthly vesture as she flew ;
And I was left alone with my despair,
Weeping the mighty hearts that mouldered there.

Adieu to her who poured beside the tomb,
That wondrous tale of mingling joy and gloom ;
Dear maid ! blest tale ! on every tear you drew,
Sweet Hope looked down ; my soul remembers you.

NOTES
TO THE
ODES, ELEGIES, ETC.

NOTES.

TORNA'S LAMENT FOR CORC AND NIAL, A. D. 423.

The rule *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem ratio*, has long been applicable to the Bardic remains of Ireland. Whatever the public may have heard of our ancient *Fileas*, it knows but little of their works; hence, an apparently well-formed, though certainly erroneous, conclusion seems to have been adopted, either that no such works have ever been extant, or that they have altogether perished by the hand of time, or in the unparalleled distractions of this unhappy country.*

* The people of Wales and Scotland have anxiously encouraged the publication of their ancient literature; but in Ireland, even to the present day, it has been almost entirely neglected. This national apathy may be accounted for, in some degree, by our unhappy dissensions, and the division of our population into two great contending parties, the Anglo-Irish and the Milesian-Irish; both actuated by different views and interests, and, for some centuries, irreconcilable enemies. The former invariably looked with a jealous eye on the language and literature of Ireland, which they endeavoured to depreciate and destroy, as Anti-English and Anti-Protestant; while the latter, or ancient natives, though always well inclined to protect and restore those memorials of their ancestors, were debarred from so doing by political circumstances. Thus it has happened, that since the splendid projects of the Friars of Donegal in the seventeenth century, (which were unfortunately frustrated by the troubles of 1641,) no Irishman has as yet

That much has been so destroyed is a melancholy fact, which cannot be denied ; but that a great and valuable portion of our early literature has survived, is also equally incontrovertible. In the present part of this work, a few of these preserved relics are laid before the readers ; and should they have the effect of awakening the attention of my fellow countrymen to the remainder of those neglected remnants of national antiquity, I shall esteem myself amply rewarded for the time and labour bestowed on this undertaking.

Torna Eigeas, or the *learned*, the author of the present ode, was one of the last of our Pagan Bards, though he has been, by some, supposed to have been a Christian. He flourished

appeared, to undertake or patronise any pervasive measure for the restoration of the ancient literature and poetry of his native country.—Not so in the patriotic Principality of Wales. There, an individual, Owen Jones, “The Thames Street Furrier,” or, according to his well deserved and more enviable appellation, “the Cambrian Mæcenas,” has done more for the literary honor and character of his native land, than all that the sons of Erin have been able to achieve for theirs, for the last 200 years. In 1774, this excellent man, whose life was dedicated to the preservation of the literary treasures of his country, founded the *Gwyneddigion* Society, and collected, printed and published, at his sole expence, that noble monument of Cymric literature, the *ARCHAIOLOGY OF WALES*. With a perseverance as ardent as it was inflexible, he employed his time and his purse in the collection of all the ancient manuscripts relating to the history, the poetry, and the antiquities of Wales ; and, in addition to those of which the *Archaiology* consists, he succeeded in obtaining nearly one hundred quarto volumes of Welch poetry, which have been lately published by the *Cymmrodorion* Society.—See that valuable publication, the *Retrospective Review*, vol. xi. p. 68. In vain do we seek in Ireland for any such example of genuine patriotism. Neither collectively nor individually is the like to be found. The venerable literary remains of former days, (and no country could produce them in greater number, or of higher value,) are rapidly decaying, but no generous spirit, like that of the noble-minded Welchman, appears, to rescue them from destruction. The sons of the Gaël—the ancient Milesian race, have seldom required stimulants in the career of glory, even when decorating with laurels the proud brows of their oppressors. Here then an achievement awaits them, worthy their piety and patriotism, to rescue from the destroying hand of time those ancient monuments on which depends so much of the fame and glory of their country and ancestors.

early in the fifth century, and a particular account of his life and works will be found in O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, and in Bishop Nicholson's *Irish Historical Library*. In his time, the Irish Monarchy having become vacant, *Core*, king of Munster, of the race of *Heber*, eldest son of *Milesius*, and *Nial*, descended from *Herimon* the youngest son, contended for the throne, each claiming it, under various pretences, as his hereditary right. Our bard, who was then the *chief Druid, Doctor*, or *Ard-ol-lumh* of the kingdom, and who had been preceptor, (or, as he himself seems to insinuate, foster father) to both princes, endeavoured to reconcile their differences. Three poems of his composition, commemorative of these contending chiefs, are extant. In the first, he delivers certain precepts to his pupil *Nial*; the second exhibits him in the character of a mediator between the royal rivals, in which office it seems he was successful, *vide Mac Curtin's Antiquities*, p. 122; and the third poem, here translated, describes, in feeling terms, the friendship which they bore for our bard, and his lamentation for their death. These poems, which are preserved in manuscripts of considerable antiquity, gave rise, about the close of the sixteenth century, to a memorable poetical contest between the bards of the North and South of Ireland, well known as the *Iomárbádh idir leath Cum agus leath Mochádh*,—"The contention of the bards of the Northern and Southern divisions of Ireland"—*Controversia Hibernica, Ultoniam inter at Momoniam, de nobilitate Regum utriusque Provinciæ orta*. This contest was commenced by *Teige Mac Daire* a famous bard of Thomond, who sought to exalt the Southern princes, and particularly the O'Briens, over the Northern descendants of *Nial*; while *Louis O'Clery* and other bards of *Leath Cuin* ably supported the pretensions of the latter. The several poems produced on both sides have been collected under the above title, and, independently of their value as literary compositions, they contain allusions to historical facts, of which there is reason to believe no other proofs are now remaining. The *Iomarba* is,

therefore, highly deserving of publication. To most copies is prefixed Torna's *Duan*, beginning $\delta\acute{\alpha}\iota\lambda\ \epsilon\acute{\alpha}\tau\eta\acute{\alpha}\ \iota\tau\tau\iota\mu\ \text{Core}\ \iota\tau\ \Phi\eta\acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda$ —"The cause of war betwixt Core and Nial;" but whatever disputes subsisted, respecting the right of precedency between these rival princes and their descendants, all our contending bards were unanimous, as to the poetical merits of this ancient composition.*

2 " *The ties of holy fosterage.*"

The bard gives his wards an appellation particularly endearing among the Irish, $\mu\omicron\ \delta\eta\acute{\alpha}\ \delta\eta\acute{\alpha}\lambda\tau\acute{\alpha}\nu\eta$, My two foster children. *Cambrensis* extols the exceeding great love which, in Ireland, subsisted between the fosterers and their foster-children. Sir John Davies alludes to it in his *Historical Relations*—See also *Coigan*, p. 496, and *Ware*, 1. 72.—This, like many other Irish customs, with our *Finian* poetry and ancient music, reached Scotland.—See Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands*; and the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society on the poems of Ossian, p. 147.

3 " *Albania bowed to Nial's bands.*"

Nial invaded *Alba*, and gave it the name of *Scotia minor*. In his reign, St. Patrick was brought a captive to Ireland.

About this period, as Christianity encreased in Ireland, the

* This is a fine old poem, and I regret having been disappointed in my intention of including it in this collection. It contains some passages of great force and beauty. $\delta\omicron\rho\iota\beta\ \&\ \tau\tau\rho\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\tau\eta\acute{\alpha}\eta\ \&\ \mu\ \acute{\zeta}\acute{\alpha}\chi\ \tau\eta\acute{\alpha}\iota\tau\zeta$ "The waves loud roaring on the shore," is a happy assimilation of the sound to the sense. The distich $\Upsilon\upsilon\acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\ \eta\acute{\alpha}\chi\ \gamma\epsilon\omicron\iota\lambda\tau\iota\delta\ \eta\epsilon\omicron\iota\lambda\ \eta\epsilon\mu\eta\epsilon$, $\Omega\ \tau\eta\rho\epsilon\omicron\mu\ \&\ \tau\acute{\alpha}\rho\iota\mu\pi\acute{\iota}\delta\eta$, "A wonder that the heavens were not rent, by the shoutings of the multitude," is truly poetic. The heroes contend like Achilles and Agamemnon.—After Core's declaration that he would not forego his claim to the Sovereignty, Nial, without vouchsafing a reply, commands immediate preparation for war. $\Phi\eta\acute{\alpha}\ \epsilon\acute{\alpha}\tau\eta\acute{\alpha}\ \delta\omicron\ \epsilon\upsilon\mu\ \&\mu\acute{\alpha}\chi\eta$, "Pour forth the battalions," (a metaphor taken from letting sheep loose out of a pen,) is not unworthy of Homer. Torna lived upwards of 1400 years ago.

salutation, *Non Dik dhuit*, "One God to you," became general among the people. It was at first used interrogatively by the new convert, towards his pagan neighbour, to ascertain whether the latter had embraced the Christian faith, and admitted only the one true God, but it was afterwards understood as a pious wish for his conversion. It is a curious fact, that the same salutation has continued in use to the present day, a period of upwards of 1400 years, in many parts of Ireland, although the original meaning is forgotten.

REMAINS OF THE PAGAN BARDS.

Although I have commenced this part of the present work, with a poem of one of the *last* of our pagan bards, it was not for want of others of a much earlier date, some of which I shall now proceed to lay before the reader. These consist of a few short odes, *attributed* to *Amergin*, the son, and *Lugad*, the nephew, of *Milesius*, who lived about one thousand years before the Christian era; to *Roynè* the *poetic*, who preceded it by four centuries; and *Ferceirtre*, who lived shortly before it. Although in the last sentence the word "attributed" has been used, out of respect for the antiquarian scruples of some readers, yet the writer is himself firmly convinced of the antiquity of these poems, and that they have been composed by the bards whose names they bear. To this conclusion he has arrived, after a scrupulous investigation of the language and contents of our earliest records, aided by whatever external evidence could be found to bear on the subject; and he has no doubt, but that a similar investigation, by any unprejudiced mind, would lead to a similar conclusion. Here, the historical sceptic would do well to consider what Spenser and Camden, no friends, by the way, of the Irish, say of their remote origin. The latter ascribes it to the very beginning of time, and his opinion is supported by

the investigations of the ablest modern antiquaries. But what, if Ireland were yet proved to be a fragment of the famous *Atlantis* of antiquity. We know that “where the Atlantic rolls wide Continents have bloomed.” Some scattered traditions among the Irish are otherwise inexplicable. The geographical projection of the Island, its whole line of precipitous coast, from the Giant’s Causeway, westward, to the scattered islets on the South of Munster, afford undeniable proofs of some great convulsion of nature, at an early period of the world. Hence, Whitehurst was of opinion, that the celebrated continent alluded to, extended from Ireland, and the Azores, to the shores of America. If our ancient records were collected and published, much additional assistance might be derived by the learned, towards elucidating this, and many other points of primary importance to the early history of Europe.—To return, however, from this digression.

The following poems are taken from the *Leabhar Ghabhaltus*, or “Book of Invasions,” an old historical record, of which a copy, *transcribed* in the beginning of the twelfth century, from one of an earlier date, now remains in the Buckingham library, at Stowe.—See O’Conor’s catalogue of the Irish MSS. there preserved.—They are written chiefly in the *Bearla Feni*, or *Fenian dialect*. The language is so obsolete, that it cannot be understood without a gloss; and even the gloss itself is frequently so obscure, as to be equally difficult with the text. The old glossaries of these ancient dialects are lost, or lie hidden in foreign libraries; and there can be no doubt but that the want of them has prevented our linguists and antiquaries from illustrating and publishing many valuable manuscripts; and, amongst others, the following ancient fragments. It is not intended here, to accompany these poems with translations, which would necessarily require explanations too copious for my present limits. I must, therefore, be content, as in other instances, with merely preserving the originals.

The first poem, by *Amergin*, was composed while he was

coasting on the shores of Ireland. It is in *Conaclon* verse, accompanied by a gloss, and evidently appears to have been sung to music. It bears every mark of the highest antiquity. The bard intimates that he and his companions, sailing on the clear sea, approached the land of Erin.—He praises the appearance of the country as he passes along—its fruitful extensive heights—extensive dropping woods—showery cascade-like rivers—overflowing lakes, and innumerable springs; and naturally wishes that it may prove to them a country of peace and delights, &c. This was esteemed an ancient poem in the ninth century.

Ἀλλῶ ἰάτῃ ν·Ἑρεάνῃ ^a—Ἐρ μάε μῆυρ μοθάχ ^b—

Μοθάχ γλάβῃ γρεάτῃ—γρεάτῃ κοῖλ εἰοθάχ ^c—

Εἰοθάχ ἄβῃ εἰγάχ ^d—Ἐγάχ λοχ λίονμῃ ^e—

Λιονμῃ τῇ τιορῇ—Τιορῇ τῷ ῥονάχ ^f—

Ῥονάχ μῆγ Τεάμῃ ^g—Τεάμῃ τορ τῷ ῥάχ ^h—

Τῷ ῥάχ μάε Μιλεάδῃ ⁱ—μῖλε λονγ λίβῃ ^j—

ΣΥΝΑΓΗ.

^a Ζίδῃεάδῃ, γεῖράνῃ νᾶ ἡ·Ἑρεάνῃ δὲ ποιεῖται δυνῇ.—

^b μῆντιρ ἄτᾳ ἄζ εἰρημ νὸ ἄζ μάρεωγῃεῖχετ ἄρ ἄν μῆρ μῃορτορτῃαῖζῃ, νὸ ἄρ ἄν ἄδῃβῃ ἄλ μῆρ.—Ἄρ γεῖρῃεάδῃ ἄζυρ ἄρ γρεάτῃμῆγῃεῖχετ ἄρ ἄ γλέῖβῃεῖβῃ, ἄρ ἄ γρεάτῃεῖβῃ ἄζυρ ἄρ ἄ εἰοῖλῃεῖβῃ ἄρ ἄ μ·βῖδ εἰάτῃ.—^d Ζᾶ ἡἰβῃμῖβῃ ἄζυρ Ζᾶ ἡεῖγῃεῖβῃ.—^e Δᾶ λοχᾶ λίονμῃ.—^f Δᾶ ἡομᾶδ τιοβῃ, νὸ ἄρ τῃυλῃεῖβῃ τιοβῃ.—^g Ζὸ μᾶῖβῃ ῥονάχ νὸ ῥοῖβῃεῖ.—^h Ζὸ μᾶῖβῃ μῆγ ὑἰῃ γεῖν ἄ Τεάμῃ.—ⁱ Ἄζυρ Ζὸ μ·βᾶ ἡ·ῖ βυρ τῷ ῥάχ δ' ἄρ ἡ·ομᾶδ μῖοζῃ.—^j Ζὸ μᾶδῃ γολλᾶρ μῖε Μιλεάδῃ γορ τῷ ῥάχ.—^k Ἑρε ἄρδλονγ.—

libheápn ápd Eipe ^k—Eipe ápd dichleáγ ^l—
 Dicheáδál mo zháoth ^m—mo záoγ bán bpeipe ⁿ—
 bpeip bán buáizhne—buáizhne be ádhbhál Eipe ^o—
 Eipe Eipeámhon opuy ^p—ip eibhior áilγioγ,

The next poem, or *Rithairee*, by *Amergin*, was composed on his landing at *Inver-Colpa*, near the present town of Drogheda—

Ám záoθh 1 muip—ám tonn tpeáthán—
 Ám γuáim máp—ám dámh γetip—
 Ám γezh áille—ám dép zpiéme—
 Ám eáom lubhál—ám tope záille—
 Ám e. o. 1 linnibh—ám loch 1 máizh—
 Ám bpiγh δánál—ám zái lá γodhb—γeáp áγ γeáchtál—
 Ám δe deálbhuγ do chinu eotnu—eoihe noδ zleán clocháp
 γléibhe—

Ciá dú 1 lundh γuine zpiéme—
 Ciá γeácht γiecht γich zán eecál—
 Ciy nondozh buáp teáthpách tibhdhe—
 Ciá δáon ciá deá deálbhuγ γáobhιá ándionn—
 Indionn áileáγ, eáinte dicán tothlácht—

^k libheápn máe Míleádh le táirγiomh ínnce. —^l ádhbhál γoluγδál, noip díáτál.—^m Ám t-áircheáδál mo zháoth-γá do dhéápnámh.—ⁿ Zidheádh mná záoδál bpeip.—^o buáizhne dháinn mochtáin zuγ án γáom-mnái Eipe áibhγeách.—
^p Zidheádh Eipeámhón ázuγ Eibhior.

Δαίλεα γὰρ πέδῃα πέδῃαι εὐηλέα—ελέησιν αἶλλε—

Ἠλιγίδῃε γέα γ' εὐμεγὰ εἴιντε—ζάοθ' ἄμ ζάοθ' ἰ μῦρ—

Ελέησιν ἰεράμῃ δὸ τὸ γέεαλ εἴρε ἰ π-ἰνβεάμοιβῃ—

ἰ γέεαλ μῦρ μεθῃαλ τῇ—Τομάιδῃμ νεγέε ἰ γέε γ' οὐ
τῶνν μεάτῃαιβῃ—

Ἐν γαίρῳ ἐρῳαίδῃ εἰργαίρ' ἤιονν—εἰδῃαιβῃ ἰαλῃ ἰεάτῃαν
μῖλ πορτ—

Ἠ εἰλῳίδῃ, τομάιδῃμ νεγέε ἰ γέαλ μῦρ, ἰ γέεαλ.

The third poem is by *Lugad*, the son of *Ith*, and contemporary of *Amergin*. In the old copy of the book of Invasions at Stowe, *Lugad* is called *Céd láid h-Ér*. The first, or primæval bard of Erin. He delivered these verses on the loss of his wife, *Fial*, who died through excess of shame, for having been seen naked while bathing. The bard represents himself as seated on a cold and stormy beach, overwhelmed with great sorrow; for a woman died—*Fial* her name—a beauteous flower—being unveiled, she saw a hero on the shore—great and oppressive was her death to her husband—The river *Fial* in Munster, where the event occurred, still bears her name. The language of this poem is most ancient.

Ἦνδῃεαλ γόνν γ' οὐ γὰν τράχετ—

ἀνβῃτῃεαλ γ' αἰαλῃτ²—

Ἐμιοθ' γ' οὐ μὸ δῃέδ' ἀδῃβῃαλ εἰαλῃτ—

εἰαλῃτ δὸμ γ' αἰαλῃτ—

ΣΥΛΛΟΓΗ.

² ὅτ' ἰαἰαλῃτ οὐρα ὁ ἀνβῃτῃε πᾶ τράχῃα.

Ἀλλ' ἡ νείδῃσι δῆμιβ' ἄδ' ἔσθ' ἐκείνη—

ἄποζαυτ' ἐκείνη^b—

ἦν δ' ἡ ἀνὰ τῆς μάχης ἐκείνη—

ὅτ' ἐπὶ τῇ ἐκείνη.^c—

Ἀλλ' ἐκείνη ἐκείνη δὲ ἐκείνη—

ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη.^d—

Ἐκείνη ἡ ἐκείνη ἐκείνη—

ἐκείνη ἐκείνη.

The following is another venerable fragment of antiquity, composed by *Roynè file*, or the bard, son of *Ugainc Mor*, monarch of Ireland, who flourished about four centuries before the Christian era. He briefly describes the progress of the *Gaël*, from Egypt, through Scythia and Spain, to Ireland; the division of the island among them, and the names of their leaders.—

Ἀλλ' ἡ Ἀγῆνη ἐκείνη—δὲ τῇς Ἐκείνης ἐκείνης.

Ἀλλ' ἡ ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη

Ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη

Ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη

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Ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη

Ἀλλ' ἡ ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη

^b Ἀλλ' ἡ ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη.—^c Ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη.—^d Ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη ἐκείνη.

Գիւլ ւր Գլօնեհալ եւծար օց Յաւանի Յօնայ մե Գեման
 Ըկայ օ հեւցիւր Ըմեհ Գեւտեբար եւ քօրանն քալ.
 Քի Յաւանի շաւհար շեւանոնար Գեւտեբար եւ Դօտա
 Չեւ քօւտի շիւնել Ըհօմեհկայ Ընն աւիւ. երօշտէ քեւեհ
 Չքքիւր քօ քեւր քօն Ըիւեհ Լեւհար Քեւար Քարդաշի
 Քօ ծօն քիւր քիւ Ընն քիւեւտէար Ըար. Ը Ըօմքի
 Լիւտ Ծօն Ըիւեւեհ Ըմիւրշիւ Ըմիւր Լի Ըօն Ըօլքեհ
 Ըիւեւանոն

Երանոն օ մեւ Յաւանի շաւհար միւծի միւ. մաւ
 Միւ. մանիւ Ը Ըեւան Ընիւր Քօծիւրիւ քեւքեւ
 Քի քել քիւրիւ Քօծիւրիւ Ըիւ. Ըն ծա
 Մե քեւլիւ քեւշիւանոնեհ քա քեւ քիւ քեւեւեհար
 Քիւր նեւի քեւշի քօմար քեւքա մաւն Ըմաւ.

The next noted bard before the era of redemption, whose works have descended to our time, is *Perceirtne*. He sung, in the following poem, of *Ollamh Fodhla*, the monarch and lawgiver of the Irish, whom he describes as valiant in battle; as having founded the *múr n' ollamh*, or college of the learned; and instituted the *Feis* of Tarah; and that he ruled in peace and glory, for forty years, as sole monarch of Ireland. This poem also gives an account of six succeeding rulers of his race, and explains the origin of the names of the great territorial divisions of Ireland. It is highly prized by Irish antiquaries.

Օլլանի քօծիւ քօւեհար շալ—ծօ քօ մանն մúr n'ollamh—
 Ընա քիշի քանոնի շօ մաւտի—Լար Ը n-Ըեւանոն քիւր
 Շեւանեհ—

Շատիւրձիւն եւսձիւն եւսձի եւսն—եւս 'ն ի ձիւրսն յոր
Եւսն—

Շոսձի սձի յի յձիւր յոն—շձիւր Ս. ձիւրսն
շձիւր յե յի յիւր յո յ-շձիւ—յոր Եւսն Օ Օսձիւն—
Շատիւրձիւն իւ շձիւ ձիւր եւս—նի ձիւրսն յիւր
ձիւրսն ձիւ—

Յիւրսն ձիւր ձիւրսն յո յձիւ—ձիւր ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
Յիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւր ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Յի ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Սիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Սիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Սիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Սիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Սիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—

Սիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն ձիւրսն—ձիւրսն ձիւրսն
ձիւրսն ձիւրսն.

These hitherto unpublished fragments, are considered as de-
cisive evidence of the early cultivation of letters, and the poetic

art in Ireland. Aware, however, that many objections might be raised against this extreme antiquity, the various proofs commonly adduced in support of it by Irish writers, have been carefully examined, and the result was, the most firm conviction of its reality. The poems themselves are preserved in grave historical treatises, many centuries old. They are found preceded by the names, and some short notices, of the several *Fileas*, to whom they are attributed. Their language is obsolete, and their idioms antiquated. Both are evidently of the earliest ages—certainly very different from those of any composition of the last thousand years. According, therefore, to the strictest rules of historic evidence, their antiquity must be allowed. Indeed it would require more than even the scepticism of my old friend, Doctor Ledwich, to resist the proofs of their authenticity.

But the following extract from the *Book of Lecan*, will be found to refer even to an earlier period, and to contain, as it appears to me, something of the mythology of the *Dedanites*, who possessed this island before their invading conquerors, since known by the name of Milesians.

“*bátar iad na tri dea-dánann ón ainmníghtheo
tuathá Dedánann, (eadhon) trí mic breiir mhic Eláthán,
triáil, ázúr brian, ázúr Cet—ázúr brian, ázúr Iuchár
ázúr Iuchárbá tri mic Tuirend.—bátar iad na tri
driundh on ainmníghtheo tuathá de dánann—Íár ázúr
briott ázúr robb á tri driundh.—Fír ázúr focmairc ázúr
eolur á trí n-oidé.—Dubh ázúr dobur ázúr doirce á tri
deozbairi, (eadhon) íáith ázúr lór ázúr línudh á trí
ronnáire.—Feith ázúr roic ázúr rádháire á tri deireáidh.
—Cáilec ázúr tríén ázúr trieir á tri zillái.—Uthac ázúr*

3áeth ázuṛ ṛidhe á tṛi 3ábrá.—Áice ázuṛ táligh ázuṛ
 7áirchell á tṛi choin.—Ceol ázuṛ binn ázuṛ tétbinn á
 tṛi cṛuitṛi.—3le ázuṛ 3lán ázuṛ 3léo á tṛi tṛirátá.—
 buáidh ázuṛ orðán ázuṛ to3hádh á tṛi n-áite. Ṽidh ázuṛ
 ṛáine ázuṛ ṛubá á tṛi mume.—Cumá ázuṛ ṛét ázuṛ
 ṛámháil á tṛi eukich.—Mell ázuṛ teiti ázuṛ pochán á
 tṛi mui3hi-cluich.—Áine ázuṛ indmhuṛ ázuṛ bṛu3ár á
 tṛi dṛuinn. Cán ázuṛ áláigh ázuṛ pochán á tṛi
 n-dunne.—Oeár iṛ íát ṛo bṛiṛ Cáth mui3hi-tuṛpedh ṛor
 ṛomháṛeáibh.”*—*Book of Lecan*, p. 11, col. 1.

As European discoveries extended in the East, several ancient monuments have come to light, which corroborate many parts of our early history. Even so near us as Sicily, a Phœnician Inscription has lately been found, which is said to record a great famine in Canaan, and the expatriation of a numerous body of the people, who established themselves in the dominion of an Atlantic prince, about 2000 years before the Christian

* These were the three Dedanites, (or divinities of Danann,) from whom the Tuatha De Danann take their name, viz: the three sons of Brass, the son of Elathain, Triall, and Brian, and Cet—and Brian and Juchar and Jucharba were the three sons of Tuirend.—Rapine, Theft, and Robbery, were their three concubines.—Knowledge, Inquisitive Research, and Science, their three instructors.—Blackness, Obscurity, and Darkness, their three Cup-bearers.—Satiety, Sufficiency, and Impletion, their three Apportioners.—Vision, Eye or Perception, and Sight, their three Spies.—Strength, Robustness, and Vigor, their three Servants.—Storm, Wind, and Breeze, their three Horses.—Indagation, Pursuit, and Active Swiftmess, their three Hounds.—Music, Melody, and Harmony of Strings, their three Harpers.—Purity, Cleanness, and Neatness, their three Wells.—Wish, Selection, and Choice, their three Delights.—Peace, Pleasure, and Mirth, their three Nurses.—Equality, Identity, and Similarity, their three Cups.—Eminence, Fair-hill, and Rising-ground, their three places of Convention.—Riches, Treasure, and Possession, their three Hills.—Fairness, Beauty, and Extreme Mildness, their three Mounts. (Dunes,) &c.

era. It is probable that this inscription, when decyphered, may be found to correspond with the Irish accounts of some of our early invaders.



¹ DALLAN FORGAILL'S ODE TO AODH, SON
OF DUACH.—A. D. 580.

This, and the two poems which immediately follow it in the text, are compositions of the *sixth* and *seventh* centuries of Christianity. *Dallan* the author of the present ode, died, according to *Tigernach*, in A. D. 597. Colgan informs us, that he “flourished in 580, and that he was better acquainted with the antiquities of his native country than any other writer of his time. He wrote *in the antiquated language* some works, which, in these latter ages, cannot be easily understood even by the best informed in Irish. Hence, it is, that the antiquaries of later times have illustrated them with copious glossaries, and have been accustomed to expound them *in the antiquarian schools*, as precious monuments of the ancient idiom and antiquities of Ireland. Dallan’s principal poem is in honor of *S. Columba*, and was written before that Saint had departed from the Synod of *Dromceat* in Ulster, in 596. It is entitled *Amhra Columchille*. I have a copy of it, well written, but intelligible to very few.”—Thus for Colgan.—Many of Dallan’s works, known to have been extant in the days of that learned writer, (1647,) are now supposed to be lost. The *Amhra*, or poem in Eulogy of Colum-Celle, is, however, safe, and the poems in the text are preserved in a curious old tract, entitled “The Reformation of the Bards,” and were produced on the following occasion.—*Aodh*, Hugh, the son of *Duach* the black, king of *Orgial*, was possessed of a famous shield, called *Dubhgiolla*, which was the pride of his kingdom, and the envy of his neighbours, and seems to have been gifted with as many virtues as

that of the renowned Grecian hero. This shield was long coveted by *Aodh Fion*, or the fair, Prince of *Breifne*, and after many solicitations and promises, he prevailed on our bard, *Dallan*, to go to Orgial, and endeavour to obtain it for him; for so great was the influence of the bards, at that time, that few durst venture to refuse any request of theirs, however unreasonable. *Dallan*, having undertaken the task, went, attended by a retinue of fifty bards, to the *Dun*, or mansion of the son of *Duach*, where he delivered the two odes in our text. He failed, however, in his design. "Your poem is good," replied *Aodh*, "and I will reward thee with gold and silver and precious gems: stately steeds and cattle will I likewise give, but not the shield, that thou canst not have." After this determined refusal, *Dallan* departed, threatening to inflict the dreaded vengeance. "I will," says he, "*satirize* the king, and make his name odious, throughout the wide extended regions of *Alba* and Ireland.* Of the bard's poetic powers, to carry this threat into execution, the specimens which have descended to

* Bardic insolence at this period, knew no bounds. *O'Donnellus*, in his life of *Columba*, mentions, that on one occasion, they threatened, in a body, to *Satirize* that Saint, for not giving them presents at a time when he had nothing to bestow.—See *Smith's excellent History of Columba*, p. 93.—Our general History informs us, that the poetic tribe was, soon after this period, "reformed," yet, much of the old leaven remained. To the present day, the rural Irish dread nothing so much as the satirical severity of their bards. Many a man, who would kindle into rage at the sight of an armed foe, will be found to tremble at the thought of offending a rymer. One of the latter I have seen: his name was *Brenan*, and though he might not be called "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," yet he was a ready versifier in his native tongue, and had wit enough to keep two large districts in the West of Ireland, for many years amused by his rural songs and in dread of his broad local satire. He bore some faint resemblance to the ancient bards. He knew no settled residence. Whatever house he chose to stop at, and he seldom selected the poorest, became his home during the time of his stay. Generally welcomed with pretended, though often with real sincerity; the best bed, and place at table were always at his service. Thus he lived to a good old age, feared for his satirical powers, but respected for his virtues. He has left behind some songs and sarcastic verses, but none of them above mediocrity.

us, leave very little room to doubt. A stanza of his, on the death of Columkill, A. D. 594, is quoted by the Four Masters.

Ír leigheí lezha zán leí,
 Ír dedhail ymerá me ymuáí,
 Ír ábhrán me cruic zán ceí,
 Yinde deíí áir náirzán uáí.

The Leech's drug that's sanative no more;
 The bone that's marrowless—whose strength is o'er;
 The harp that thrills not to one answering breast:
 Such are we since HE fell—our noblest!—best!—

Adamnan in his valuable life of Columba, apud Messingham, Parisiis, 1624, relates, of the poet *Cronan*, A. D. 560, that he *sung verses according to the manner of his art*, “*ex more suæ artis carmina modulabiliter cantabat.*” Doctor O’Conor remarks that “Irish poems of the seventh century, yet extant, afford internal evidence that their construction is founded on the traditional Rhythmical Songs of the Pagan Bards. Their metre and their jingle are national. They follow a long established practice, well known to the bards of former times. Well might this indefatigable and truly learned antiquarian ask, “What northern nation of Europe can compare with these in point of antiquity?”—*Ep. Nunc. p. 20.*

DALLAN'S ODE TO DUBHGHOLLA, THE SHIELD OF AODH.

From this ode it appears that the Irish gave names to their warlike weapons. In the fine old historical romance—“*The death of the children of Usnach*,” Conor, king of Ulster, thus

describes his arms. — “The ocean, the victorious, the cast, and the blue green blade;” that is, my shield and my two javelins, and my broad sword—*See the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dublin, 1808, p. 95, for that ancient piece, as translated by the late ingenious Theophilus O’Flanagan.*—The ancient Britons took a particular pride in adorning their swords. The Goths as well as the Saracens gave them names. Clemens Alexandrinus says, that the ancient Scythians even went so far as to worship a sword. Their country was called by the Irish *Υειρια ρείατη-ζλον*, Scythia of polished shields.

¹ SEANCHAN’S LAMENT OVER DALLAN,
A. D. 597.

Seanchan Torpest, a Conaught poet, succeeded Dallan as chief of the bards; and sung this funeral hymn over the mortal remains of his celebrated predecessor. He survived him many years, and chiefly flourished in the reign of *Guaire* the Munificent, king of Conaught, in the middle of the seventh century. These verses have been selected, as they present a fine specimen of the poetic powers of the bard. The third and fourth stanzas in particular, have been much admired. An historical poem by Seanchan is preserved in the Book of Lecan, fo. 17.

¹ KINCORA, OR MAC LIAG’S LAMENT,
A. D. 1015.

Kincora, the palace of our patriot monarch, Brian Borù, is here described, in its deserted state, after the fall of its distinguished owner, at the famous battle of Clontarf, in 1014. It was situate on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloo in the

present county of Clare. Mr. Dutton, in his statistical survey of that county mentions, that “all traces of this palace are almost obliterated by planting, levelling and other improvements; and thus *one of the most interesting antiquities of Ireland* has been spoiled by modern taste.”—Former writers abound with descriptions of the ancient splendour of Kincora.

Mac Liag, the author of the present pathetic poem, was doctor, or professor, *Uird Ollámh*, of Ireland, in Brian's time. He also became secretary, or private scribe to that prince, and afterwards compiled his life.—See *Mac Curtin*, 214, 217. — *O'Halloran*, 1. 148.—*Nicholson's Irish Historical Library*,—and *O'Connor's Rerum Hib. Scriptores*, Vol. 1. *Elenchus*, 11. 7. —He did not long survive his royal master, having died, according to the annals of the Four Masters, in the year 1015. He was author of many valuable works in prose and verse, some of which have descended to our times. The principal of these are, his life of Brian; an historical treatise, intituled, *leabhar Oiris* *Asur* *Uinnéla* *Ar* *choztháibh* *Asur* *Ar* *Chátuibh* *Eirinn*—A book of chronology and annals on the wars and battles of Ireland; and several poems, all of which possess considerable merit. The *Leabhar Oiris* principally records the warlike exploits of Brian Borù, terminating with the battle of Clontarf, of which it gives the best and most circumstantial account. From this work of Mac Liag, Mr. O'Halloran principally drew his description of that battle, which is therefore, perhaps, one of the best finished parts of his history. For the sake of the Irish reader, I am induced to transcribe from this unpublished original, a few extracts, which appear to me to contain some highly interesting passages. Their substance will be found in the history alluded to.

The treacherous *Malachie* of Meath, having been requested by the estates of that province, to describe the battle of Clontarf, at which he stood, an inactive spectator! thus proceeds. —

“*Ar* *h-uruyá* *rin* *δ* *innrin*, *no* *δ* *áichuir*, *Ar* *ré*, *Ar* *ácht*

muná d-tiuefádh áinziú dé do nimh dá iníon : Oir do chuámar-ne, ár re, ázúr do chuáremár zort tpebthá ázúr eládh edríonn ázúr iád, ázúr an zháoth Éiríádh tháirígh díobh chuáinn. Ázúr ní fáide no fedh lebh uáire, do bhámar ánn rin, an tán nách d-tiubhádh nech do'n dá chách áithne ár á chéile, ze zo mádh é átháir, no á derbhátháir, bá comhphozúr dho, muná d-tuádh áithne áir á zhuth, no á fhuí do bheith áize íomhe rin an t-mádh ánn á m-bíádh re, ázúr rin áir ná línádh, idir ázhádh árm ázúr cenn, ázúr folc, ázúr édách, do bhráénáibh ná folc íor-dheirze táiní díobh chuáinn, ázúr zo mádh congnámh dob'áil linn do dhenámh, ní fhédfámar. Oir do cenzládh ár n-árm ór ár z-cennáibh, do ná folcá fádh íonn-bhuídh do íáiní chuáinn, íár ná d-tefádh d' ármáibh an eáthá ; zúr bho lebh monáir dhúinn bheádh áz réidíúghádh ár n-árm, ázúr ár z-eránn-zhoile ó chéile : ázúr ír bez áir ár mhó d' mznámh do'n mhuíntir do bhí ír an chách íulánz á íáieríná zán dol áir íolámuin. Ázúr do bhádar áz cur an chách, ó thráth eirzhe do'n lo, zo híár nóim, ázúr zo íuz an mhuir á lonz á áthá, íár d-techt do'n lán mhárá íúthá."—*Leabhar Oiris, MS.*

The death of Earl *Sitric* the Dane,* and of *Morrogh*, Brian's princely son, are thus recorded.—

* The *Norse*, or *Danish* songs, descriptive of the sanguinary battle of *Clontarf*, which was long after famous throughout Europe, were published in Den-

“ Ód’ chonáire Murchádh Ítre mac Iodáir, íarla Iní
 h-oiré air lár Dhálleaíy áz á n-oirleach, zán luadh teithe
 áize, do línz air lár an chátá chunze, ázur tuz dá
 bhuille á néimhecht do ár á dhá lámh, zur theyz á chenn
 ázur á choíá á n-éimhecht de. Ázur do chonáire Uírádh,
 mac Eibhíre air lár Dhálleaíy áz á n-óirleach, línzior chunze,
 ázur ó nách ráibh air á chumuy áim d’imire, air
 ríoládh ládhíá á zhláe, do mhudhoim á chloidhimh
 roimhe rin : ríneár á lámh ehlí ázur eiotheí á luithech
 tár á chenn ámách, zlácur á chloidhimh, ázur é fáí,
 ázur línzidh á ucht air, ó náir b’ eideár leir á bhualádh,
 zur ríáth tríd zo tálamh é : Táirínzior an t-Uírádh rin
 ríín Murchádh ámách, ázur ríátheí i n-íchtár á chuip
 í, zur thuic an Cálí-mhíle Murchádh air á mhain ; ázur
 eirzhoir Murchádh, ázur dí-chennuy mac Ílíz lochlánn
 ánn rin ; ázur do mháir féin zo n-déirná á fháiridín air
 ná mhárách ázur zhuir chátá Corp Chríóy.”—*Idem*.

But the circumstances attending the death of the gallant old

mark, in the seventeenth century.—See *Thermodus Torfæus, Hafniæ, 1679*; also *Bartholinus*; but the *Irish* account yet remains to be published!! From these Scaldic Poems, the English bard, Grey, has taken his ode of “The fatal Sisters,” in which the following stanzas allude to Sitric and Brian:—

“ Low the dauntless earl is laid,
 Gor’d with many a gasping wound ;
 Fate demands a nobler head ;
 Soon a king shall bite the ground.

“ Long his loss shall *Erin* weep,
 Ne’er again his likeness see ;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality !”

chief himself, and of the Danish commander *Brodar*, who fell by his hands, are related in terms of peculiar interest. —

“ Qd’ chonáire lÁidín, zillá bhráin, Nízh Eirínn, ná cÁthá áir n-dul trí ná chéile, ázuy zán áithne áz cechtáir dibh áir eile, á dubháire le bhráin dul áir ech : Qhí rÁchád, áir bhráin ; óir m. beó rÁchád áy án z-cÁth ro, ázuy mitchigh-ri ázuy án chuind eile do’n zhuil-áiríidh, ázuy beiríidh ná h-eich libh, ázuy mair mo thionnó-rá do dhíá ázuy do rÁcháire áir m’áinm, ázuy mo choirp do Áiríá-mÁchá, ázuy mo bhenácht do dhonchád, mÁc bhráin, táir chenn dá ríchíid déz bó do thÁbháire do Áiríá-mÁchá, re coir mo chuip, ázuy mitchigh-ri romhád zo Yord Colum Cille á nocht, ázuy tÁzÁid áir chenn mo chuip-ri á mÁrÁch, ázuy tionnÁcÁid é zo ÓÁmh-líáz Chikínáin, ázuy tionnÁcÁid rin zo lúzhmÁidh é, ázuy tizheád, Mál-múre, mÁc EochÁidh, comhÁirbhÁidh rÁttáire, ázuy mÁinir Áiríá-mÁchá áir mo chenn zo nuize rin.

ÓÁine chuizáinn, áir án zillá ; eiréd án reoir dÁine íád ? áir bhráin ; óÁine zlárá, lomnochtá, áir án zillá. Zoill ná lúthreÁch íád-rán, áir bhráin ; ázuy áir eirze do’n rÁeÁll do bhi rÁí, do zhlÁc á chlóidhímh ÁmÁch ázuy do bhí áz rÉchÁin bhródáir co n-á bhuíidín chuize, ázuy m. rÁcÁ ÁenbhÁll de zán éidedh, ácht á rÁíle ázuy á choíá. bÁinídh rÁn á clóidímh ÁmÁch ázuy tozbhuí á lÁmh, ázuy tuz buille dho, zur bhÁin á choí chli do bhróáir ó ná zhlínn, ázuy á choí deí ó ná thróigh, Tárlá

tuadh bhródair & 3-cenn bhráin, 3ur dhlu3 é ; tu3
bráin bunle eile á3ur márbhur án dárá fer, do bhi &
bh-fochair bhródair, á3ur báimdh & chenn do bhródair
féin air án uair, á3ur fuair fein bá3 ánn rin.

“ Mór án 33él rin do rinneadh ánn rin. Bráin máe
Cinneide, mhic loicáin do mhárhbhádhdh.”—*Idem*.

Such is the interesting narrative, by which our neglected native historian has perpetuated the particulars of that memorable engagement. With respect to the style and language in which it is delivered, I hesitate not to say, and the proof is before the reader, that no nation in Europe can produce so old, and at the same time, so pure and perfect a specimen of its vernacular dialect, as that now submitted to his perusal from a mouldering Irish manuscript. Our bard's poetic productions are distinguished for a peculiar ease and elegance of versification, and are pathetic to a high degree. Some of them are contained in the *Leabhar Oiris*; and, with that work deserve publication, as well for the national subjects which they celebrate, as for the talents which they display. The address to *Kincora* is preserved in a volume of Irish poetry, transcribed by *Fergal O'Gara*, an Augustine Friar, in the low countries, about the year 1650, from the ancient manuscripts carried away by the banished Catholic clergy out of this kingdom. This volume was the property of the late John Mac Namara of Clare; and by his heirs was presented to his friend the writer hereof. It contains 169 poems, all composed between the years 423 and 1630, and is, perhaps, the most valuable collection of Irish poetry extant. A particular account of this inestimable volume will be found in Whitelaw and Walsh's *History of Dublin*, in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, Dublin, 1808, and of the *Iberno-Celtic Society*, *Ib.* 1820. Its contents, if published, would prove most important to our history and literature.

² *Where are the golden hilted brands,
That gleamed in the gallant Dalcassian's hands.*

The Dalcassians, (Dalgais,) Brian's body guards, alone had the privilege of wearing their "gleaming brands," within the precincts of his palace. Their bravery became proverbial.

³ — ⁴ "Where is the son of Boru."

Here, and throughout the remainder of this poem, the poet laments the dispersion of the patriotic nobles of Brian's court, after the death of their heroic leader. Amongst those who fell at Clontarf were, the brave *Morrogh*, (called "the Swimmer of Rivers,") who seems to have inherited all his father's virtues; *Conuing*, his cousin; and the *great Steward of Alba*, (Scotland) who is particularly mentioned as a payer of tribute to Brian; a fact, which it would have been well, that Mr. Pinkerton had been acquainted with. Of those who survived that battle, the principal was *Cian*, the son of *Molloy*, leader of the *Eugenians* of Cashell, and son-in-law of the monarch; but he was soon after slain in the battle of *Magh-Guillidhe*. This prince bore a high character for wisdom and bravery. "No one," says the historian, "seemed more worthy the crown of Munster, or Monarchy of Ireland, than *Cian*; and had fate so decreed it, in all appearance Ireland would not have felt these calamities which she has so long endured." According to *Erard Mac Coise*, Ἠρδ-Ἐρσινε νᾶν ἡλσινδ, chief chronicler of the Irish, who died, anno 1023, *Cian* was as gallant and generous a prince, as the house of Heber ever produced. "budh mór ᾗn ṛcél ṛin," says *Mac Liag*, recording his death, "óir ní mᾱibh ᾗ n-Ḑíunnn, inᾱ ᾱimṛir ṛéin, nech budh ṛeir, emech ᾱṣur uᾱṛle, nó ᾱn Ḑíᾱn-ṛin." — *Leabhar Oiris*. — This was indeed a noble epitaph. *Cian* was chief of the sept of the O'Mahonies.

The martial music, or "Gathering Sound," by which the Irish troops are said to have formed into battalions, and marched to the plains of Clontarf, is still preserved, and may be heard in many of our sequestered glens and mountain fastnesses. It is generally known by the name of "Brian Borù's

march;" but though this title is evidently modern, the music itself, (of which I have been favoured with a copy from the borders of Cork and Kerry,) bears every mark of antiquity. It is one of those soul-stirring combinations of sound, which, according to our talented countryman, *Usher*, in his inimitable *Discourse on Taste*, "rouses to rage," iram suggerit, and "whose passionate power was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients." Many fine specimens of these old martial pieces of music are current in Ireland; but as their history almost entirely depends on tradition, it is of course liable to all the doubt and uncertainty which generally attend that mode of perpetuation. They yet remain to be collected.

———"the first of the bowls"—

2nd Stanza, p. 201.

This was esteemed a most distinguished honour. The old Irish treatise, entitled "*The Book of Rights*," states, that "at *Tarah*, the king of *Orgial* is to sit at the right hand of the king of *Tailtin*; and to have the *third cup* and place, after the monarch."—*Leabhar na Cceart, MS.*—See *Books of Lecan and Ballimote*.

MAC GIOLLA CAOIMH MOURNFULLY REMEMBERS BRIAN AND HIS NOBLES.

By a mistake, arising from transposition, the name of *Mac Liag* remains inserted in the Irish and English headings of these stanzas, at pp. 202—3, in place of that of *Mac Giolla Caoimh*, his contemporary, by whom they were composed. The latter was one of the many minstrels who frequented the court of *Brian*; and he appears, from his writings, to have been a favourite with that prince, whose loss he here most pathetically mourns. This and another affecting elegy, by our author, on the desolate state of Rath-Rathlean, and other mansions of the

nobles of Munster, are preserved in the *Leabhar Oiris*, where the present poem is preceded by the following curious notice of our bard.—

“*Uzuy r̃a m̃a r̃a dúbhaire m̃a c̃e Zilla Caimh, a r̃a d-techt ó Uedh in Fheill, i r̃a m-beadh t̃r̃í m̃a the a z-cóige a h Ulladh, a bh-fochaire Uedh Uí Fheill, zó d-táinig 'zó tigh Chéin, mic Maelmhuaidh; Uzuy do bhí bhrán m̃a c̃e Cinneídeigh i r̃a an bháile a r̃a a chenn: Uzuy do chuair bhrán f̃a ilte re m̃a c̃e Zilla Caimh, Uzuy a dubhaire zuy ro f̃hádá do bhí a n-ézmair; Uzuy do f̃híafraigh dhe, cr̃é d f̃uair ó Uedh Uí Fheill? F̃uair a r̃a deich bh-fichid bó Uzuy deich n-eich, Uzuy ñaí n-uinge d'ór, Uzuy deir Uedh Uí Fheill. Do bheair a Uzuy f̃adhbh, in zhen bhrán ñi r̃a mó no rin duit, a r̃a Cían, r̃ul chodlám, a n-ézmair a d-tiubhairadh bhrán, Uzuy Murchadh Uzuy m̃a the o n-Echach ó rin amach; Amháil do chuimhnigh m̃a c̃e Zilla c̃aimh f̃éin, Uzuy é a r̃a an t̃aibh thuaidh do'n Zhréig, a z dul do zó r̃ruth Or-thánna, Uzuy a r̃a rin d'íarraadh r̃harrthair, m̃a a n-dubhaire a z eúmhniúgadh a r̃a bhrán, Uzuy a r̃a Murchaidh Uzuy a r̃a Céin.”—**

* “ And as *Mac Giolla Caoimh* said, on his coming from *Hugh O'Neill*, with whom he remained three quarters of the year, until he returned to *Cian* the son of *Molloy*.—*Brien* the son of *Kennedy* was at home before him, and he welcomed *Mac Giolla Caoimh*, and said he was very long absent from him, and asked what were the presents he got from *O'Neill*: I received, said the bard, 200 cows, and ten horses, and nine ounces of gold, &c. I and *Sabia*, the daughter of *Brian*, will give you more than that, said *Cian*, exclusive of what *Brian* and

¹ “ *In a far foreign land, on a pilgrimage wending,
A bard of green Erin passed cheerless along ;*”

Pilgrimages from Ireland to the Holy Land were frequent long before the time of the Crusades. Colgan relates an instance, so early as the year 643, of a young Irish prince of Royal blood, who after returning from Palestine, led an austere eremitical life, for forty years, in the chain of mountains near Modena in Italy.—On these occasions the Irish generally passed through Spain, a country with which they claimed kindred from the earliest period, and always regarded as the land of their fathers. *Urard Mac Coise*, a distinguished bard, who died, according to *Tigernach* in 990, and who was, consequently, contemporary with *Mac Giolla Caoimh*, described Spain, in a stanza preserved by that annalist, as follows:—

Ṭṛṛ ṛṁḁṛṁṁṁ, ṛṁḁḁḁ, ṛṁḁḁḁ ṛṁḁḁḁ,

Ṭṛṛ ṛṁḁḁḁ ṁ-Ṙṁḁḁ,

Ṭṛṛ ṁ ḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁ ṛṁ ḁḁḁ,

Ṭṛṛ ṛ ḁḁḁḁḁ ṁḁ ṛḁḁḁḁ.

A country delightful, fertile, abounding in riches, prosperous.—A country from which sprung the sons of Milesius.—A country illustrious, conquering with glory, and renowned for nature's choicest gifts.

These poems shew the estimation in which the bards were held by the princes of Ireland. The custom was similar in Scandanavia. “All the historical monuments of the North,” says *Mallet*, i. 323, “are full of the honours paid this order of

Murrough, and the other nobles of the posterity of *Eochy*, shall give you; as *Mac Giolla Caoimh* himself declared he well remembered, when he was at the North of Greece, going to the river *Jordan*, and from thence in search of the site of *Paradise*, in the poem wherein he commemorates *Brian* and *Cian*, and *Murrough*, as follows.”—*Leabhar Oiris*.

men, both by princes and people. They were rewarded for the poems they composed in honour of the kings and heroes with magnificent presents." — *See also O'Halloran, i. 74.* — The learned English Essayist, Doctor Drake, in his excellent publication, intituled "*LITERARY HOURS*," mentions the splendid rewards conferred on their bards by Athelstan and Canute, kings of England. — *Vol. III.*

MAC LIAG, IN EXILE, REMEMBERS BRIAN.

¹ "*In the isle of strangers black and rude.*"

These elegiac stanzas were written by *Mac Liag* when he retired to Inye Zall, or the Hebrides, after the death of his royal and munificent patron. They are given in the *Leabhar Oiris*, with the following explanation.—

"*Uaizur mar a dubhairt Mac Liac az nochtain do zo Cenn-coraadh, iar z-cuirte ó Yhenainn budh dheir, eia d'air buidhe thú a Ollamh [], ar brian, do dhomhnall, mac duibh dhá bhuirenn, ar mac Liac. Un bh-fácair Cíán, nó Yádhibh, a bheán, ar brian, do chionaire ar Mac Liac: Un bh-fuairair áen ráedh uathá, ar brian, inneorad duit, ar Mac Liac. Uir nochtain dámhara air Fáitheche ráthá Pláithlenn, do h-inneoradh do Chíán azur do Yháidhibh mo theacht do'n bháile, do eirzedair a ráen um choinne a n-éirphecht, azur do h-incheoradh me air mhun dáine, azur an deichnemhur azur dá fhichid do bhuidhin, do bhí um' fhochar. do ruzaadh anonn 'ran Dun iad, azur tuzaadh beir nuá do zách áen dibh, idir yhlábhíradh azur léine, azur brait; azur tuz Cíán a*

dheiri Féin, idir Ech agus Edach agus bhrátaigh loim,
 agus zon bránuibh déad agus níl fichid bo dom féin,
 agus deich n-ech, agus dá fichid bo mo chléir; agus
 deich z-céd unza d'ór agus eazá fáil do'm' chléir, mair
 an z-cédna. Créd fuairáir ó mhac duibh dá bhurpenn,
 ar brian: Fuairur eir agus teine eir. Is inznadh,
 ar brian, zur bhuidhe thurá do domhnall, no do Chian,
 mur rin; Hí h-inznadh ar mac liagh; Oir do budh
 decra le domhnall an eir agus an teine eirir do
 thábhairt uaidh, no le Cian a n-dubhairt-rá a chianáibh,
 amháil a deir mac liace féin agus e ná rhenóir a n-inir
 an zhoill duibh, iar m-báir bhráin agus Mhurcháidh
 agus Chéin, agus é az cuimhnúghadh orra: az ro mair a
 deir."*

* " And as *Mac Liag* said, on his arrival at *Kincora*, after having been on a visit with *Senan*, in the South.—Who is the person, oh! bard, to whom you are most grateful? said *Brian*. To *Donald Macduffe Davoren*, said *Mac Liag*. Have you seen *Cian* or *Sabia*? said *Brian*. I have said *Mac Liag*. Have they given you presents? said *Brian*. I shall tell you, said *Mac Liag*. On my arrival at the plain of *Rath Raithlen*, *Cian* and *Sabia* who had been informed of my coming to the town, both advanced to meet me, and I, and the fifty persons in my train, were borne on men's shoulders. My people were brought to the castle, (*Dune*) and each of them was there presented with a suit of garments, a chain, shirt, and cloak; and to me, *Cian* gave his own habiliments, horse and armour, with his tables (chess) and nine score kine. He moreover gave fifty steeds to my train, and a thousand (here I suspect my original to be incorrect,) ounces of gold, and fifty rings to my bards. What have you received from the son of *Dubh Davoren*? said *Brian*. A girdle and a girdle clasp, said *Mac Liag*. It is strange, said *Brian*, that you should be more grateful to *Donald* than to *Cian*. Not so, said *Mac Liag*, for it was more difficult for *Donald* to prevail on himself to part with that girdle and clasp, than it was for *Cian* to make all the before-mentioned gifts.—As *Mac Liag* himself expressed, in his old age, in the isle of the Black Strangers, (the Hebrides,) after the death of *Brian* and *Moragh* and *Cian*, in the following poem."—*Id.*

Before I bid adieu, perhaps for ever, to these venerable old bards, whose names and works have been so long buried in oblivion, I must entreat the reader's indulgence for introducing another ancient Celtic poem, by Aldfred, King of the Northumbrian Britons, written during his exile in Ireland, where he was known by the name of Flann Fion. This prince was illegitimate son of Oswy, king of Northumberland, on whose death he was violently persecuted by his brother, and to avoid his violence, he retired to Ireland, where according to Bede, in his Life of Saint Cuthbert, he devoted his time to study, "*lectioni operam dabat.*" This was about the year 685. The poem describes the various things which he observed in Ireland while there. See Lynch's *Cambr. Eversus*, p. 128; and O'Connor's *Rerum Hib.* vol. iv. p. 129, where the author strangely says, "*Ego minime assero genuinum esse Aldfridi fetus,*" for its authenticity was never before doubted. Compare it with the well known verses written in the same century by Donatus, bishop of Fesulæ, beginning "*Finibus occiduis describitur optima tellus.*" Aldfred's poem is preserved in ancient vellum MSS. The late Charles O'Connor had a copy "in a very obscure character." It is now, for the first time, printed.

Nō dheát áh iníŕ Fínn Fál,
 In Eíunn ne mÁrbhÁidh,
 IomÁd bÁh nī bÁoŕh in bŕeÁŕ,
 IomÁd lÁoch iomÁd cleirpeÁch.

Nō dheát áh zÁch cuízed Ánd,
 Á ccuíz chuízidh EípeÁnn,
 Idíŕ chill íŕ tíŕ zŕŕŕÁízĥ,
 IomÁid bídĥ iomÁid eŕŕÁízĥ,

No dheat ôr ir aipeadache,
 No dheat mil azur epiethneache,
 No dheat mairn az doime de,
 No dheat eairm no dheat eaithe.

No dheat in Airdmhacha mar,
 Ceannachach eazna aipeachar,
 Aimeach aobhdha me mac de
 Yruiche garbha ronaidthe.

No dheat in zach ezkir uil,
 Idir tir ir trairh ir tuinn,
 Fozhlum eazna eabab de,
 Luzhair epeathra eumirce.

No dheat manachadh na tuath,
 Eair namhan co no lath,
 Ir an ezkir ma le,
 In reirteir rin zan aitheche.

No dheat in Mumhain zan zheir,
 Oronz ruzh, ruzha, ruz in eizir,
 Iar mhear zach dhan co ceair,
 Yonur, garithe, gadhnoileachd.

𐍆𐍊 𐍅𐍋𐍇𐍂 𐌵 𐍇𐍑𐍄𐍂𐍂 𐍇𐍊𐍇𐍂 𐍇𐍂𐍄,
 𐍂𐍊𐌵 𐌵𐍇𐍂𐍂𐌵 𐍇𐍊 𐌵𐌵𐍊 𐍊𐍂𐍅𐍅,
 𐍂𐍋𐌶𐌶 𐍂𐍄𐍂𐍂 𐍂𐍇𐌵𐍊𐍂𐌵𐌵 𐍄𐍂 𐍂𐌵𐌵𐍂,
 𐍂𐌵 𐍂-𐍇𐍄𐍂𐍂 𐍇𐍂𐍄𐌵𐍇𐌵𐍊 𐍊𐌵 𐍇𐍇𐍄𐌵𐌵𐍂.

𐍆𐍊 𐍅𐍋𐍇𐍂 𐌶 𐍇𐍑𐍄𐍂𐍂 𐍇𐍊𐌵𐌶𐌶 𐍇𐌵𐍄,
 𐍇𐍄𐌵𐌶𐌶𐍂 𐍇𐍄𐍅𐌵𐌵 𐍇𐍂𐍊𐍂𐍂𐌵𐌶𐌶,
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 𐍆𐌶 𐍅' 𐌵𐌵𐍊𐌵 𐌵𐍄𐌵𐌵 𐍇𐍄𐍇𐌵𐍊𐍊.

𐍆𐍊 𐍅𐍋𐍇𐍂 𐌵 𐍂𐍇𐍅𐍂 𐍂𐌵𐌵𐍂,
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 𐍅𐍄𐍂𐍂𐍂𐍂𐌵𐌵𐍂 𐍂𐌵𐍅𐌶𐌶𐍂 𐍊𐍂𐌵𐌵,
 𐍇𐌵𐍂𐍂 𐍇𐍄𐍂𐍂 𐍇𐌵𐍅𐍊𐍂𐍂𐍂 𐍇𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐍄𐍂𐍄𐍂.

𐍆𐍊 𐍅𐍋𐍇𐍂 𐌵𐍂-𐍇𐍄𐍂𐍂 𐍂𐍄𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵,
 𐌶, 𐌵𐍄𐍄𐌵 𐌵𐌶𐌶𐌶 [] 𐍄𐍇𐌵𐌵𐌵,
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 𐍆𐌵𐌵𐍂 𐍄𐌶𐌶𐍂 𐍊𐌵𐌶𐌶𐌶𐌶 𐍊𐌵𐍄𐍂𐍂.

𐍆𐍊 𐍅𐍋𐍇𐍂 𐍅 𐌵𐌵𐍂𐍂𐌵𐌵𐌵 𐌶𐍂𐍂𐍂𐍂,
 𐍅 𐌵𐍂𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵 𐍂𐍅 𐍄𐌵𐌵𐍂𐍂 𐍊𐌵𐍄𐍂𐍂𐍂,
 𐍂𐍇𐌵𐌵𐍂 𐍊𐍅 𐌵𐍄𐍅𐍂𐍂𐍂𐍂 𐍄𐌵𐍂𐍂,
 𐍂𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵 𐍇𐍄𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵 𐍇𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵𐌵.

Πο δὲ ἄτ ὁ ἄρσιν ἐοῖλε,
 Ὡς τὴν ἄρσιν ὀργαίῃ,
 Μιλλὰ μιγέσῃ ὕλλιν μορ γνάσῃ,
 Ἰάκκῃ γοῖα ῥιθχολλάσῃ.

Πο δὲ ἄτ ἄρσιν μορ Μιδῃ,
 Ἰάκκῃ γοῖα Ἰάκκῃ,
 Ζάκκῃ ἄρσιν ζοῖα ζρεῖν,
 Ἰάκκῃ τῇ Εἰρεῖν.

Πο δὲ ἄτ ἄρσιν ἄρσιν,
 Ἰάκκῃ ἄρσιν Ἰάκκῃ,
 Ζάκκῃ ἄρσιν Ζάκκῃ ζοῖα ζρεῖν,
 Ἰάκκῃ ἄρσιν Ἰάκκῃ.—Πο δὲ ἄτ.

¹ CARROL O'DALY AND ECHO.

This playful and elegant little poem, which displays so much of the “*curiosa felicitas*” of Horace, and vies in grace and delicacy of expression with any of the lighter pieces of that poet, is generally attributed to *Carrol O'Daly* of *Corcamroe* in *Thomond*, who died about the end of the fourteenth century.*

* Some sweet pieces of poetry, composed by *Carrol O'Daly*, may be met with in *Clare*; but care must be taken to discriminate between them, and the more numerous productions of a later bard of the same name and district, who lived

It is, consequently, one of the earliest instances of verses, ending with an echo, in any of the Modern European languages. In Spain they were used by *Juan de la Encina* in 1535.—See *Dillon on Spanish poetry*, 115, and *Vossius de Arte Poetica*.—Some of the classic poets, but particularly *Lucretius* and *Ovid*, have given beautiful descriptions of this ærial nymph. The Irish bard, in the conclusion of his poem, seems to have imitated the “*Dictoque vale, vale inquit et Echo*,” of the latter; or rather, perhaps, the final farewell to the “babbling gossip.”—“*Si retulisti Echo mihi vera, valet—valet.*”

Echo is the parent of rhyme, and rhyme was known from an early period in Ireland. It was employed in a manner peculiar to our bards. “The rhythm in the middle of the line corresponding and harmonizing with the last syllable in the end.”—*O’Conor*.—In succeeding times, the class of poetry, called *Ṙbhrán* was introduced, which having in many respects, deviated from the strict rules of ancient verse, the alternate lines were made to rhyme at the end, particularly in the octave stanza. Although there are several examples of this latter species of verse to be found in the present volumes, the subjoined lively pastoral song,* is further submitted, as a pleasing specimen deserving of preservation.

in the seventeenth century.—The family of *O’Daly* has, in former times, been eminently conspicuous in Irish literature, and has furnished more bards and chroniclers of note, than any other tribe in the kingdom, not even excepting those in whose families the profession of literature was hereditary. Not fewer than thirty individuals of the name have been distinguished as writers, from the days of *Cuchonocht O’Daly* who died, according to the *Four Masters*, in 1139, and some of whose poems are still extant, to those of *Carroll oge O’Daly*, alluded to in the first part of this note, who lived about the year 1680. In the writer’s manuscript collection, there are poems by sixteen bards of the name of *O’Daly*.

* Μάιδιν ζηέλ τ-γάμηνά χοιτ άμηνά άη ἦζιθε,
 θεάρεάτ άη χύλιφθιονν δηρέμπεάχ, διονν,

¹ DOCTOR KEATING TO HIS LETTER.

Our Irish Herodotus, was both a poet and an historian. Indeed the flowery style of his “*Foimh Feáragá Áir Éirinn*,” or “History of Ireland,” shews that he must have paid early and sedulous court to the Muses ; and, that he was rewarded for his attentions, appears from the pleasing poems which he has left behind. Although as an historian and antiquary, Doctor Keating has acquired much celebrity for profound knowledge of the antiquities of his country, “*vir multiplicis lectionis in patriis antiquitatibus*,” yet as a poet, he is, comparatively, but

bá bhinne á béul-zhuth ioná riánghán rluázh rízhé,

bá zhíle á zhruádh ioná cuipe ná d-tonn :—

Á cúinnín eáél, eáilce,—á troizhín eháél, theánn,

Áz zábhaíl le fonn fáóí fháraghíbh le fánn ;—

Ár me-ri zo mínte, á zhíle ó'n n-zleánn,

Muná d-tiocfaídh tú leánn ní bheídh me-ri rlánn.

Án uáir ruzádh áh chuílfhíonn tháinnic beách bhínn

le cióth meála míne áir á eáér-bheól ;

Rhózar-rá áh Chúlfhíonn chúmhíá, zheál, zhréínn,

bá zhréidheánnách dáir linn, ácht éirteácht le m'

rzeól :—

Chuídh deálg á zhír-zhoib máir cheálg tré m' chroídhé,

ó' fhálg mé zán bhrízh, zídíh brónách le rádh ;—

Fhách ionzántách beódh me le ceálg tré m' chroídhé,

Fhác céudá do cláóidheád, rómhánn-rá ó'á zhíádh.

little known. In any future edition, therefore, of his History, (and no book on Irish lore stands more in need of a judicious editor.)* it might prove a pleasing part of the task, to do justice to the author's poetical talents, by collecting and publishing his poems. They may be easily procured, and will be found to contain many fine descriptive passages, in the purest dialect of our language. The following sweet little ode, descriptive of the musical performance of *Thadeus O'Coffy*, a celebrated harper, pleads for admission here.

Cik an Ykoi le reinnthir an chruic ?

le mochtair neimh zo nuadh loic.

Tre zhoireadh zuth-bhinne & eclair,

Mar rputh-bhinne phozhair orzaim ?

Mucá mairi zhiál & n-zlár,

luth lwmneach & mhór meárbhíreár,

Zan éiríng mair ir lór linn,

Zan ceól reir-bhinne 'z & rheinneadh.

Yiozaidh préamh-zhlan, porrach,

dar leat iré Aldhbhorrach,

Yó Aénzuy leárrach ó'n linn,

Dolzar no Zreárrach zuth-bhinne.

* It is an irreparable loss to Irish history, that Doctor Keating did not continue his work after the Anglo invasion. Of all men, he was best qualified to give a true *domestic picture* of this country, from a knowledge of its civil affairs, manners, customs, poetry, music architecture, &c. seldom equalled and never surpassed ; besides, his intimate acquaintance with many ancient MSS. extant in his time, but since dispersed or destroyed. The English edition by which his history, so far as it extends, is known to the world, is a burlesque on translation. In innumerable passages, it is as much a version of Geoffry of Monmouth, as of Geoffry Keating.

Μανάμῶν τὰρ mhodh mipe,
 910 Cpaɣtine an epucáipe,
 910 mápordhà mác an ðázhdhà,
 ʾlác cobhdhà nà h-eáladhna.

Ζάχ ἀέν νεάχ δά'ρ áirmheár ánn,
 De Tυάτhαίbh deálbhà dé ðánáinn,
 910 δ'φóip δ'η άm-γm á leith,
 Do άmγwígh eóip nà epuite.

Τάδhγ ο' Cobhtchá, eputh chorperá,
 bpannán, bréázthách nà m-bánpocht,
 Uáitnūgh íúil ɣpuchip zo ɣóinn,
 Cpuchip an chiúil 'ɣ á chozui.

Do zheibh zách ɣáoi á ɣhárámh dhe,
 Máp á ɣheinnear áip cheól cóimhdhe,
 ʾlánɣá ɣzátmhcup ttirum, ttuugh,
 δ'φίip-μm dacth-zheál ádhóideádhà.

Do mhodh, do méin, do 'mháipe,
 Thuzáɣ ánnɣácht éázmháipe,
 ʾlozhá leánáín chɣíche Chum,nn,
 ʾl m-beánzán ɣíthi ɣlūghum.

Mo chnúa 'ɣmo chɣde ɣo an ɣolláipe zeánámhuil, zɣínn !
 1ɣ ɣíubhlách, ɣlūghtheách, zlán ɣheinnear zo bleácht
 dlúth-bhínn,

Ḷḡ lúthmhár, eirithir-mhéur, ríuthir-cheárte ríáir-tíun
róinn,

Ḷḡ cúmhíra eirde, Ḷḡn mhilleádh, Ḷḡn mheárúghádh
róine.

The powers of the ancient Irish musicians are but imperfectly known. The unwilling admission on this head, of the prejudiced *Cambrensis*, has been echoed by every essayist on Irish history; but the descriptions of our native writers, in their own language, have never been given. The following extract, translated from an old historical tale, entitled "*Kearnagh Ui Donnell*;" is the first of the numerous descriptions of the kind that has presented itself.—"The Kearnagh took a loud toned sweet stringed harp; the train below heard him among the rocks, even they who cast the soothing strains which lead the passions captive; which cause some to dissolve in tears, some to rise with joy, and others again to sink in sleep. But sweeter than all was the song of the Kearnach. The fell woundings, diseases, and persecutions of the world seemed to cease, while his sweet strain lasted. He took the harp, and it sent forth soft warbling sounds. Wounded men, and women in travail, and the wily serpent slept while he played.—Again he tuned the harp, and roused the note of war, wondrous and terrible. He struck the thick chords of bold and fiery notes;—then the slow and deepening tones of tragic grief, full of melancholy and gloom, intermingled with melodious strains."—*Ir. MS.*

ODE TO THE HILL OF HOWTH.

¹ "How sweet from proud Ben-Edir's height,
To see the ocean roll in light."

The magnificent sea prospect from the summit of this well-known hill, has been often described by our native poets, in

Irish and English verse ; but of all the attempts which I have seen, in either language, the present classic-like little ode, seems entitled to the preference. The ancient name, *Bin Edair*, is derived, according to the *Dinn Seanchas*, from *Edair* the wife of *Gand*, son of *Dala*, one of the *Firbolgian* rulers of Ireland. “She was,” says this old treatise, “the first woman that died in this land of grief on the death of a husband, and having been interred at that place, it thence had the name *Beand* or *Bin Edair*, the hill or mount of *Edair*.” Other derivations have been given, but the foregoing is, perhaps, the most ancient, and though never before published, seems the most probable. On the subject, the subjoined fragment of ancient Irish topography, translated from the *Book of Ballimote*, fo. 75, may be considered curious.*

* Τεόρια h-uáire do chuip Éire,
Τεόρια monza ázuγ τεόρια μάολά δhi.

Ireland was thrice beneath the plow-share,
Thrice it was wood, and thrice it was bare.

The head of Ireland, *Armagh*—the arts of Ireland, at *Clonmacnoise*—the happiness of Ireland, *Kildare*—the learned of Ireland, at *Benchor*—the defence of Ireland, *Lusca*—the joy of Ireland, *Kells*—the eyes of Ireland, *Tamlaghta* and *Finglassacarn* at *Slyssal*—the wonder of Ireland, *Iniscatha*—the cemetery of Ireland, *Glandalogh*—the house of Ease of Ireland, *Heania*—the laws of Ireland, *Cluanuama*—the litanies of Ireland, *Lismore*—the antiquity of Ireland, *Imly*—the difficult language of Ireland, *Corke*—the learning of Ireland, *Rosalkry*—the roof of Ireland, *Tirdaglassa*—the anchor of Ireland, *Cluanfert*—the roughness of Ireland, *Loghra*—the judgment of Ireland, *Slane*—the austerity of Ireland, *Favur*—the content of Ireland, *Ardbreakan*—the simplicity of Ireland, *Roscommon*—the welcome of Ireland, *Rapho* or *Drumleahan*—the alms of Ireland, *Dundaleahglas*—the stay of Ireland, *Mabily*—the martyrdom of Ireland, *Tulen*—the abuse of Ireland, *Kiltruan*—the fat of Ireland, *Lendela*.—These epithets were given because each place was remarkable for the epithet which it bore.—The three hosts of Ireland, *Cluanirard*, *Glandalogh* and *Lumy*—the three steeples of Ireland, *Ardmagh*, *Cluanmacnoise*, and *Kildare*—the three fairs of Ireland, the fair of *Tailtin*, the fair of *Cruaghan*, and the fair of *Colman*—the three old buildings of Ireland, *Dunsovary*, *Dunkarmna*, and *Cahirconry*—the

The promontory of Howth forms the northern extremity of the extensive and beautiful Bay of Dublin. It was anciently the residence of some of the Irish princes; but it has recently become distinguished as the landing place of our late most gracious Sovereign, who will be long remembered as the first British Monarch, whose visit to Irish shores was unattended by bloodshed and confiscation. His Majesty landed here on the 12th August, 1821. The writer happened to be present, and never can he forget the enthusiastic demonstrations of joy which burst from the Irish hearts, there assembled to receive him. The wide stretched Bay presented the splendid, though unusual, spectacle of a royal squadron sailing on its ample bosom, and heightening its richly variegated surrounding beauties. Recurrence to that memorable event, and to the enlivening scenes which the Bay afterwards presented,

three mountains of Ireland, *Sliavkua*, *Sliarmis*, and *Sliavkualan*—the three heights of Ireland, *Cruaghanogly*, *Cualan*, and *Beanborky*—the three loughs of Ireland, *Loghneahagh*, *Loghrie*, and *Logh-Erne*—the three streams of Ireland, the *Shannon*, the *Boyne*, and the *Ban*—the three plains of Ireland, *Ma-mie*, *Ma-linie*, and *Liffy*—the three caves of Ireland, *Uavconba*, *Uav-Slangie*, and the cave of *Ferna*—the things less coveted in Ireland, the Abbotship of *Bangor*, the Abbotship of *Landela*, and the Chieftainship of *Modorn*—the worst in Ireland, *Gragrie*, *Glasrie*, and *Bantrie*—the three safest things in Ireland, the Abbotship of *Lusga*, the Chieftainship of the three *Kualans*, and the old Government of *Ardmagh*—the three strands of Ireland, the strand of *Rossargid*, the strand of *Rostedie*, and the strand of *Travally*—the three fords of Ireland, *Athluan* or *Athlone*, *Athcliath* or *Dublin*, and *Athcally*—the three roads of Ireland, *Sly-assal*, *Sly-daly* and *Sly-midluaghra*—the three ways of Ireland, *Bealaghcongla*, or the way of *Clonglas*, *Bealaghluimnie*, or the way of *Limerick*, and *Bealagh-Athcliath*, or the way of *Dublin*—the three mounts of Ireland, *Drumfinin*, *Drumrobel*, and *Drumlehy*—the three *Cluans*, or pasturages of Ireland, *Cluanmacnoise*, *Cluanose*, and *Cluanirard*—the three mansion-houses of Ireland, *Tarah*, *Cruaghan* and *Cashil*—the three waterleaps of Ireland, *Easroe*, *Easdonany*, and *Easmagie*—the three wells of Ireland, the well of *Dasie*, the well of *Tipperary*, and the well of *Brigid*, in *Brileassane*—the three impassable places in Ireland, *Brefny*, *Burren*, and *Bearra*—the three creeks of Ireland, *Amargie*, *Feil*, and *Tuagie*—the three most famous places of Ireland, *Leimcongulan*, *Dunkine*, and *Srubrun*.—*Book of Ballimote*.

during the Regatta, or marine festivities, patronised by our viceroy, the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA, and his family, brings to recollection the following spirited Marine Ode, well known along many parts of the Irish coast, but particularly in the west, as the “Boatman’s Hymn.” The bard has, it is true, gone to the full extent of his poetic licence; but the stanzas and chorus are considered highly characteristic and descriptive.—

U bháire b’ ádhmha tu ádh ádháir ná d-tonntráeh n-áid,
Cárz cobháirtheáeh, zidh budh bárbáiridh á trom é áh lán,
Trá láráidh áh fáirze o bhonn zo báir,
Lán coirn dhi ní zhábháh o rtiuir zo eiránn.

Cuir fá.—á báir á lán, á báir á lán,

U zhirádh ná rún, áchuid de’n t-ráozháil

U lán—’r é áh báid breádh reóil.

Trá zhléáránn re á h-édáeh zán fáir, zán cháim,
De’n z-cáel áháirte gle-zheil o ná h-inndiáthá áhál,
Cáel-bháire reáhz, ríozáidh, áz áh cuir Dia áh zriánn,
U’r dá bh-ferceféá áhnházháidh áh lán e, ’r é áz éirízhéádh
á r zál.

Cuir fá.—ábáir álán, &c.

U dháileinn á chom-cháirráiz zháirbh, zán rzáth,
Uir áh nuádh-bháire-ro fum-rá breáthnuizh do rtháth,
Uin chumhin leáe ’r áh z-euán-ro zo bh-ferceá tu báid,
Zán chontábháirte, tonn-bháirrá zheáirrádh, máir táim ?

Cuir fá.—á báir, á lán, &c.

Ír cuimhín liom, a dubhairt daoileann, gur cearraiz me
de zhnáth,

'Y gur ab' air an z-cuan ro ir buan dam az amhairc
zách lã,

Neht rlinteoz ni tabhairfáinn air a bh-fercár de bháid,
Yeoch an nuadh-bhairc a' r a chomplácht az ceirraiz 'r
an t-rnámh.

Cuir rã.—a bair, a lán, &c.

* * * * *

Uathair ná n-dúl, tabhair dinn-ne dídean ná tráizhe,
Zábhaim do comairce, rud é a n-ior an báid,
Tre zhairbh-thonntráibh fobhádhaich rã chíocarr zhnáth
U' r máná m-bairráidh do chumácht zábhán re trí mō
lãr. *

— — — — —² “ *Great Fionn of old.*”

Howth is much celebrated as one of the military stations of this famous chief, and his brave followers, the *Fian*, or ancient

* In this curious ode, the Irish reader will perceive the appropriate nature of the Cuir rã or *Chorus*; and the poetic descriptions of the “ Sea reddening from bottom to top,” with the full-rigged bark “ rising out of the gale,” will not pass unobserved. The rock, *Whillan*, lies on the west coast of Ireland, off Blacksod harbour, and is marked on some maps. Between the last stanza, and the others, there seems some want of connection; if the entire be not, as is likely, the fragment of a hymn, formerly entire, and sung in parts by the crews of several assembled boats. If this conjecture be correct, and I have reason to think it so, the last stanza may have belonged to the part of a different person from the first, who prayed to the Father of the Elements, *Uathair ná n-dúl*, to protect him and his bark, from being run down by the previously described vessel, which it would seem was rapidly bearing on them, in full sail.

“ militia” of Ireland. The Book of Howth is quoted by the prejudiced chronicler, *Hanmer*, for a curious account of this chivalrous legion; and the narrative is respectfully recommended to the perusal of those honest Scotchmen, for many such there are, who still place faith in Macpherson’s assertion that these Irish warriors, and their bard *Oisín*, were true born natives of old *Caledonia*. One cannot, at the present day, look back at that monstrous fabrication, though of an age famous for literary forgery, without astonishment at the consummate boldness of the fabricator, the infatuation of his learned supporters, and the national credulity and ignorance of an entire people. In former days, the ancestors of our Scottish friends liberally supplied themselves with Irish saints and Irish music; but it was reserved for the last age to make a bold attempt on our heroes, their bards and poetry. The day of learning, however, was then too far advanced, and the appropriation which might have been effected, in the hour of literary darkness, was prevented at the moment of returning light. To none, more than to our excellent countryman, Doctor Drummond, is Ireland indebted, for vindicating her right to these ancient literary treasures. This will shortly appear, in his learned Dissertation on “The authenticity of the Poems attributed to Ossian,” addressed to the members of the Royal Irish Academy, and intended for publication in their Transactions. To that gentleman I am indebted for a translation of the following extract from a *Finian poem*, taken with several others, from the recital of a mountain shepherd, at Partry in the county of Mayo. These metrical fragments, to the number of several thousand verses, had been committed to memory by the reciter in his early youth, amidst his native hills, where they have been transmitted from sire to son, through countless generations. The poem is named the LAY of BIN BOLBIN, a hill in the county of Sligo. It opens with a fine description of rural scenery. —

l a o i d h b h i q b h o i l b i q.

Óifín mo chán.

U bhínn boilbin, y dúbháech & n-diu !

U bhínn budh chaoín & r do b' fécárr epuch !

Un tán rin & mhic Chálfrumh,

Do budh álainn & bheith áir & mhulláech,

budh iomdhá cú ázur zollá,

zár bhúzáil ázur zádhar,

bhíodh áir do lior, ázur láoch láidir,

U bhínn árd ná z-comhlánn,

bhíodh lán de choirráibh ánn & n-óidhe,

ázur ceárcá fécáich áir & fíleibhíbh,

le cheile ázur ceóil ein-bheirz.

Do budh áibhín & bheith d'á n-éirteácht

zár ná nzádhar ánn & n-zleánnatáibh,

Un mhuc-álá do b' ionzántáech,

ázur zách áon de'n bh-fíán do bhí látháir,

U z-contá áilne áir & n-ialláibh.

budh iomdhá enuáitíoir coille

de mhínáibh fionná ná féinne,

ázur eáor de bhláir cúmhíá,

Yubheráobh ázur ymeárá,

Moim-eozá cáomhá, coireá,
 buolár-rocháin ázur zleóráin,
 Ázur ná h-inzheáná cáir cáol-ghionn.
 budh bínn fúaim á n-óirdháin,
 budh ádhbháir á bheith meánáinnách,
 Á bheith áz féucháin á' r áz éirteácht,
 le záir uáizneách án fhuoláir,
 le cáirán ná n-dóbháin,
 Á' r le comhrádh ná rionách,
 Án lon dubh áir inbhéir fceiche
 Ázur í áz rinim zo fíor-bhínn.—
 Deárbháim duit, á phádráic,
 Zo m-budh é án áit áirbhinn,
 bhíodhmáir-ne áir án z-enoe ro,
 fceácht z-cáthá ná féinne,
 Á nochte ir téáir mo cháiríid
 Á' r nách truaígh leáir mo fzeáilá.

TRANSLATION BY DOCTOR DRUMMOND.

OISIN SONG.

Bin Bolbin thou art sad to day;
 Thou that wast erst of aspect gay
 And lovely to be seen;
 O son of Calfruin! then 'twas sweet,
 To find a soft and mossy seat,
 On its lofty summit green.

Thou hill of battles, stained with gore,
How oft thy fortress strong around,
Where dwelt a hero bold of yore,
Rose music sweet of horn and hound ;
The bittern round thee boomed at night,
The grouse, loud-whirring in her flight,
Peopled thy heath, and every tree
Rang with the small birds' melody.

Yes, 'twas delight to hear the cry
Of hounds along thy valleys sweep ;
To hear the rock's wild son* reply
From every cliff and steep ;
To see the chiefs of the Fenian band,
To slip the greyhounds ready stand ;
And groups of maidens young and fair,
That plucked as they went the flow'rets rare ;
With berries of every form and hue,
Of crimson blush, or of glossy blue,
From bramble and bush ; or cresses young,
That by the crystal streamlet sprung :
And passing sweet was the voice of their song,
As the fair-haired damsels roved along.

Sweet too, by the source of the lonely stream,
To see aloof of the eagle sail ;
To hear her solitary scream,
Burst startling o'er the vale :
To hear the otter's whining note ;
Or, mid the hollow mountain rocks,
The barking of the wary fox ;
Or mellow song of the blackbird, float

* Mac-alla, Echo ; literally, the son of the rock.

From bower and grove, o'er wood and lawn,
To evening hour from early dawn.

With joy it thrilled my heart I vow,
To sit upon the mountain's brow,
And all the glorious landscape view ;
The seven brave Fenian bands around,
In war, in peace, still faithful found—
But now my friends are few :
Then merry and gay in the summer ray,
They frolicked and they shone ;
With autumn's blast away they past,
And I am left alone.
My fate with tears may dim your eye,
And wake your tender sympathy.

³ The circumstance alluded to in this stanza forms the subject of one of the finest wrought romantic tales in the Irish language.

⁴ “ *And forests crown thy cliff-girt steeps.*”

No “ forests,” at present, “ crown” the bold promontory of Howth ; but the ornamental plantations in the ancient demesne, and castle grounds, present a pleasing contrast to the rude majestic features of the surrounding scenery. In the wish expressed in the concluding stanza of our poem, every Irishman will most cordially join. Howth was one of the first acquisitions made by the Anglo-Norman knights in Ireland ; and it has continued nearly 700 years in one worthy family, through a succession of *thirty* Barons, to the present noble and respected proprietor. To his lordship's kindness I am indebted for one of the most ancient deeds of settlement of Irish lands, by the invaders. It was entered into by his great ancestor, prior to Prince John's confirmatory grant of *Houede* (Howth,) to *Almaric* the warlike, the second baron ; and is preserved, with several hundred other

curious documents, all anterior to the year 1500, in his lordship's archives. I here subjoin a translation from the original.*

ODE BY GERALD NUGENT ON LEAVING IRELAND.

This ode was composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the "Son of a Settler;" but he was one, who appears to have possessed the lofty port and bearing of a bard, whose proud soul spurned the enemies of his country. In him the native of the pale expanded into a native of the land. He adopted the language of the "mere Irish," and learned to think and feel like his oppressed fellow countrymen. Roused by their wrongs, he flung aside the harp, and bared his arm in their cause; but, alas! his efforts were ineffectual, and he was forced to become a voluntary exile from the ill-fated land of his birth. On this occasion, he composed these sweetly pathetic stanzas, so beautifully descriptive of the country. They

* Know all men, present and to come, that I, *Nicholas Saint Lawrence*, have given and granted and by this my present deed, have confirmed, to *Almaric Saint Lawrence*, my son, my whole land of *Houede*, with all its appurtenances, as I have ever held the same, and all my conquest in Ireland. To have and to hold in fee and inheritance, to him and his heirs, freely and peaceably, in churches, in mills, in lakes, in waters, in pastures, and meadows, in ways and paths, in woods and in all other things, which to me appertain, saving the service of John the Earl, Lord of Ireland.—In presence of J. Archbishop of Dublin—John de Courcy—Hugh Tyrrell—Robert Tyrrell, his son—William the Little—Geoffry de Constantyn—Adam de Hereford—Richard de Hereford—Geoffry de Nugent—Adam de Pheypoe—Richard Talbot—Robert de Nugent—Andrew de Courtyn—Robert de Excestria—Geoffry de Vincestria—William de Vincestria—Ralph Whitrell—Richard de Castello—Robert de Cornewalishe—cum multis aliis.—Most of these witnesses founded families in Ireland.

Without reference to the ancient documents in the possession of the Earl of Howth, no correct history of the English pale can be written. The importance of such a work is obvious.

may recall to the reader's recollection Smollet's Ode to the Leven water; and, perhaps, not suffer much even by a comparison. See, also, the affecting farewell of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots to the shores of France, commencing—

“ Oh ma patrie très chérie
Ou je passai ma jeunesse.”

¹ “ *What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
To flee from Inisfail!*”

According to the bard, *Keneth O'Hartigan*, Anno 950, *Inisfail*, one of the early names of this Island, was derived from the ḡḡ ḡḡḡ or “*Stone of Destiny*,” brought from the East, and once so celebrated in Ireland and Scotland. See Keating, for the wonderful virtues of the *Lia fail*, which, for many ages was as much venerated in Ireland, as was Jacob's stone, in the temple at *Jerusalem*, by Christian and Moslem; or the famous black stone at *Mecca*, for centuries before the time of Mahomet. This Irish relic is, at present, to be seen in the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey, where it is shewn as Jacob's *pillow* or *pillar*; for the learned antiquaries of Westminster do not allow that it has any connection with Ireland. In this they may be right, as to the stone now in their possession, for it is confidently asserted by a worthy friend of mine, who has obliged the world with many well-intended publications, that the real *Lia fail* has been abstracted from the coronation chair, by some zealous Gaelic Patriots, who have replaced it with the stone at present exhibited. It is further surmised that it may, by due diligence, be traced, strange turn of destiny! to the buildings of the *Catholic Association*; and, stranger still, that it is there religiously preserved, by those Irish Demagogues, to crown their great leader on it, who by facetious anticipation is already known by the name of *King O'Connell*.—*Diu vivat Rex*.

² “ *Plains where generous steeds abound.*”

Until the seventeenth century, Ireland was particularly celebrated throughout Europe, for valuable horses. 500 cows have been often given for a single horse. Our bards have exhausted the powers of their language in descriptions of this noble animal. The old Irish breed is now nearly extinct.

³ “ *I see fair Fintan's shore recede.*”

Fintan, one of the companions of *Casar*, the earliest reputed colonist of Ireland. Keating makes a present of Fintan to the adversaries of Irish history.

⁴ “ *Rich plains of Ir.*”

Ir, one of the sons of Milesius. Irlanda, q. d. Ὑεῖρῶννη Ἰρ.

⁵ “ *Nor e'er the crafty Saxon greet.*”

English treachery was a theme on which our Irish *Tyrtæi* loved to dwell. It must be confessed, that no subject could be better calculated to heighten those feelings of national animosity, which so unhappily subsisted between the people of both countries, and which were so effectually perpetuated by repeated breaches of English faith. In the days of our bard, a horrible instance of this kind occurred at *Mullamast*, in the territory of *Leix*, then recently formed into shire-ground, under the name of the *Queen's County*. The following notice of this transaction is taken from the manuscript already quoted, Vol. 1. p. 186.—“ An account of the murder at the fort of Mullamast. In the year 1705, there was an old gentleman, of the name of *Cullen*, residing in the county of Kildare, who often discoursed with one *Dwyer* and one *Dowling*, who were actually living at Mullamast, when that horrid murder was committed, in the 16th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Anno Domini 1573.* These old men frequently told him, that the

* Taaffe, in his *History of Ireland*, and others, state, but without authority,

whole was planned and perpetrated by a combination of *Catholic* and *Protestant* families, amongst whom they enumerated the *Bowens*, *Hartpoles*, *Hovendens*, *Dempsies*, and *Fitzgeralds*, as *Catholics*. They further stated, that it was by these families in particular, the unsuspecting victims were enticed to Mullamast, under pretence of entering into a friendly alliance of offence and defence against their mutual enemies. That the sufferers were of the *seven Septs of Leix*, viz. the *O'Mores*, *O'Kellys*, *O'Lalors*, *Devoys*, *Mac Egoys*, *O'Dorans* and *O'Dowlings*; and, so effectual were the measures taken for their destruction, that of the multitude which entered the fort, only a single individual escaped with his life, and he was one of the sons of O'More.* It is unnecessary to add, that the estates of the murdered proprietors, were granted to their assassins. Well might Elizabeth exclaim, as she is known to have done about

that it took place in the reign of Queen Mary. That historian's object was to shew, that before any change of religion took place, and when both were Catholic, the English persecuted and murdered the Irish; and to prove that fact, he has adduced the affair of Mullamast, which he has assigned to the reign of the Catholic Mary. We see, however, that some Irish families are named among the perpetrators, but it may be answered, that they were obliged to join, in order to save themselves.

* The manuscript here alludes to "a common tradition of the country," that several lives were saved, by means of one *Harry Lawlor*, who, on approaching the fort with his party, jocosely observed, that "he saw all going in, but none coming out." Suspicion being thus awakened, he prevailed on his people to remain behind and permit him to enter; and if they did not see him quickly return, as he intended, then to save themselves by flight, for they might be sure that there was treachery at bottom. This intrepid individual, no sooner entered the fort, than he saw the breathless bodies of his slaughtered friends lying all around, and, immediately drawing his sword, he boldly cut his way through the murderous crew, back to his companions, whom he conducted in safety to Dysart, near Maryborough, beyond the reach of all danger. The noble conduct of this brave and magnanimous character, who thus devoted himself to what might be considered certain death, for the safety of his friends, is deserving of every praise. Many an action, less entitled to the distinction, has been perpetuated in marble: but, alas! poor Harry Lawlor was an Irishman, and his name was, of course, consigned to oblivion.

this period, with reference to Ireland. “ Ah ! how I fear, lest it be objected to us, as it was to *Tiberius* by *Bato* ; you, you, it is that are in fault, who have committed your flocks not to shepherds, but to wolves.” Yet, strange inconsistency of human nature, this very woman, soon after so awful a confession of an affrighted conscience, again let loose fresh troops of ravening wolves, to commit even more dreadful ravages, until the fairest portion of Ireland was almost totally destroyed. This she did by her grants and commissions to her infamous favourite *Raleigh*, and the adventurous myrmidons called the “ Undertakers” of Munster. The remembrance of the foul murders committed in Ireland by that sanguinary man, can never be effaced. But another opportunity may enable us to do full justice to his memory.

6 “ *From thee sweet Delvin must I part.*”

Delvin barony, in the county of Westmeath, gives the title of Marquess to the Nugent family. It was anciently the territory of the ancient Irish sept of *Findelvin*, or *Finnellan* ; and in the reign of John was granted to Gilbert de Nugent, the ancestor of our bard, and also of the present noble family of Westmeath.

7 “ *Dundargveis’ happy lands.*”

The rich plains of Meath.

PATRICK HEALY’S WISHES.

“ O that for me some home like this would smile.”

Campbell.

“ *Sperantibus, quoad licita et innocua, omnia sunt libera,*” says Vincent Bourne, in the preface to his elegant Latin trans-

lation of Doctor Pope's favourite English ballad, "The Wish." Patrick Healy, however, was content with the *necessaria*, for he has confined his humble aspirations to the things merely necessary for the rational enjoyment of existence. Like the generality of his poor oppressed countrymen, his desires are moderate; and yet, moderate though they be, there are *millions* in Ireland who are destined never to enjoy one of them, if we except that, which is so familiarly known, by the vulgar appellation of the "Beggar's blessing," alluded to by our bard in his concluding stanza. From both these ballads, some of the leading opinions of human comfort, which generally prevail in England and Ireland, may be ascertained. The Englishman wishes for a snug box in a country town; the Irishman prefers the open champaign. The former, being fond of good feeding, furnishes a regular bill of fare, not omitting even his Sunday pudding, "*Sabbata distinguat fartum*;" the latter scarcely notices the article food. All John's wants, in the female way, are supplied by a "*cleanly young girl to rub his bald pate*;" but Paddy, at hinc lachrymæ, will not be satisfied without one legally entitled to "comb his locks," and "to mind the cabban and the childer, your honour." Wives, in Ireland, are not sinecurists. This may be deduced from the conclusion of our poem, which anticipates, as a thing certain, "a babe every Easter!" quite enough to frighten poor Parson Malthus out of his wits, and perpetuate the blessings of our superabundant population.

The subject of the present little poem is one which comes home to every man's bosom, and seldom fails, at some period of life, to occupy his most serious thoughts; nay often to awaken reflections favourable to the best interests of religion and morality. I am here induced to extend my limits a little, in order to lay before the Irish reader a few of the old moral maxims by which his ancestors were wont to regulate their actions, selected, with some care and trouble, from various

sources, both oral and written.* Amongst them will be found some noble truths and sentiments expressed with much force

* WISE SAYINGS FROM THE IRISH.

The following passages have been translated from the *Book of Ballinote*, fo. 75. The translations are given, as the original is too obsolete for the present purpose, and the necessary explanations to render it intelligible would require too much room. The first paragraph is from the "Advice of *Cormac Ulfada*, (the long bearded,) to his son," Carbré, Anno 254 —

"No fellowship with a king—no falling out with a madman—no dealing with a revengeful man—no competition with the powerful—no wrong to be done to seven classes of persons, excited to anger, viz:—a bard, a commander, a woman, a prisoner, a drunken person, a druid, a king in his own dominions.—No stopping the force of a going wheel by strength of hand—no forcing the sea—no entering a battle with broken bands—no heightening the grief of a sorrowful man—no merriment in the seat of justice—no grief at feasts—no oblivion in ordinances or laws—no contention with a righteous person—no mocking of a wise man—no staying in dangerous roads—no prosperity shall follow malice—no coveting of skirmishes—a lion is not a safe companion to all persons—three deaths that ought not to be bemoaned: the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince—three things that advance the subject: to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor."

"The son of *Fithil* the wise, asked him what was the best thing to maintain a family or a house?—*Fithil* answered, 'a good anvil.'—'What anvil?' says the son,—'a good wife,' says *Fithil*.—'How shall I know her?' says the son,—'by her countenance and virtue,' says *Fithil*, 'for, the small short is not to be coveted though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold or talkative woman, nor the small fruitful who is amorous and jealous, nor the fair complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen.'—'What then,' says the son, 'what woman shall I take?'—'I know not,' says *Fithil*, 'though the large flaxen-haired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace.'—'What shall I do with them then?' says the son.—*Fithil* answered, 'you shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out, for until they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections.'—'Who is the worst of women?'—'*Becarn*.'—'What is worse than her?'—'The man that married her, and brought her home to his house to get issue by her.'—'What can be worse than that man?'—'The child gotten between them, for it is utterly impossible that he can ever be free from villany and malice.'"

"Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king—a weak person powerful—a

and brevity, and in the simplest language. Although we abound in proverbial sayings, derived from the wisdom and

good generation of a bad one—a foolish man reasonable—though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end.”—*Book of Ballimote.*

Such are a few of the wise sayings of the Pagan Irish, which have descended to our times. With respect to the dialogue between the ungallant *Fithil* and his son, the reader may recollect what Plutarch relates of the early Greek sages, who were accustomed to propose questions and riddles to one another; and also the similar instances of Sampson, and of the queen of Saba, in the Holy Scriptures.—*Plut. sept. sap.*—*Jud. xiv. 14.*—*2 Kings, x. 1.*—The same custom we here find prevailed in Ireland. The following original proverbs are of different ages. Many of them are of considerable antiquity; and, of these, some are obscure. All are conformable to the rule, *Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis.*

येअण्णत्ते एण्णण्णत्ते.

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Աւտոմոբիլի երկու 3-ըսպառն.

Անուծեփշ չեճրի ւր լէ ւր քեճրի

Չլիւռնչեալոո մօրծիւփեւ մօծիւմիւլփեւ.

Ún t-uán áz múnadh méidhleach d'á mháthair.

Աւերիցեալոս օրոմիւմ լոշտ հաւծէմ.

Չվնեւիտ տոյ յօղորհալս շինիմեանն ընդսպ քրակն.

Α ἡκιν δο'η τοῦδε.

ԱւերանշիտեԱր շո՛ւ նԱ հ-Աւարիւք.

Ἀλλ' ἄν' ἀνάμνη' ἔκδ' ἐχθ' ἐκείν' ἀνέμω.

Չն տօրտածի սակսի ու յրբեհնա նսակսի.

Չկոն 1 Յ-օտմիբեկոո քօճիեկի քակեկոո.

Չն տ-լնէ ոճի n-չնճնոյ շնոմի.

Ἄν τ-ρεὸδ δοϋράζηαλα 'γ' ἰ ιγ ἄιλε.

Patriotic Irish scholar may remedy this defect, by collecting and publishing these venerable *dicta* of our ancient saints and

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Όπου γινιζη άνηκτι ομεικμηηάχ.

Εάοχ άη εάοχ άηι δηάτ.

Εάοιη ηε εεάηηηάιζη.

Εάγάηη ηείηεόζ άηι ηηεάη α γάλεάηη.

Εάτ ηείη εηείλ.

Ελαιοδηεάηη ηεάηη εεάηη.

Εάομηηάηη δόχάγ άη τ-ιηζηηεάμηάχ.

Εεάγάηη άη ηολζ λάν.

Ερίσηάχτ είντεάχτ.

Εοδηλά ηάδα ηηάιδεάηη λεάηη.

Ελαιοδητεάηη άη γάτηάχ ηεάηη.

Δείηεάχτ ζάηη λυάγ.

Δειηεεάηη άη ηοχτ.

Διλ ζο διυζη.

Δεάηηηάτ άηη λεάδρίηάχτ ολάχάηη.

Δοχάγ λάιζη ζάχ άηηηό.

Δειη ζειηηηε τίζ γάηηηά.

Δουλζη άη τ-υάιηηεάχ δο χεάηηηύζηάδ.

Δεάάηη δρίηη ηηγ ίη ηηηηηόη.

Δάηη ηι ηείδιη ηογ δο δηέάηάηη.

Δυβη δο ζηηέ άη άη ηιονηόζ ηείχ.

sages, which are not inferior, either in wit or wisdom, to those of any other country of Europe.

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Dubh do léacá ar an fionnóz Eanáizh.

Óall ar lí n- bheathaimh fíor.

Díomhacóineas mian amadán.

Deasraí gur léimh.

Deasraí eanádh mionn maceitánas.

Eadrom ói as amadán.

Féar deise fíleide 'n-á tóir bhuídhne.

Féar dreoilán i n-dorin 'n-á coir ar eáirde.

Fuaruizheann a chuid.

Fuar cumann eáil.

Féile dártaich.

Féabhrán dhéir fódh.

Féar mada beó 'n-á léomhán mairbh.

Féar a oileáimhán 'n-á a oideáichas.

Féar fionn fíleide 'n-á tóir zioráic.

Fada cumhne ren-leimbh.

Féar a' r fuath námhuid an deázh-zhíráidh.

Fóilrízhthear zách nídh me h-áimhir.

Féadán ói do cheánnach zo dás.

Féadán eá deasraídh fíor fízh.

THE MOURNER'S SOLILOQUY IN THE RUINED ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.

¹ Timoleague, *Teách Moláza*, the house or cell of *St. Molaga*, a small town in the south of Munster. Near it is a venerable abbey, whose extensive remains indicate its former magnificence.

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Feárr d'á r'huil 'n'á áon t-ruil.

Foizhuib leizheáir feánzheálár.

Fozhláim mián zách eáznáidhe.

Feárr elú 'n'á eonách.

Feárr eozile áir d-tuir 'n'á áir deir.

Zuidheánn léice léicidheáche.

Zán oileámháin zán mhodh.

Zán lon zán cháráid.

Zán churte ir fuár án chlá.

Zeibh loizánáchi zeimhir zoirách.

Zách deámháin rizheánn á pé.

Zách nídh zhabháir zo h-ole mchízheánn zo h-ole.

Zách á bh-rázháir zo h-ole mchízheánn zo h-ole.

Zuidheánn bládar eárádár.

Znáth oerách ríochmháir.

Znídh tárte tárte.

Zlór nách d-tuilleánn á z-ceánn ní feárr á bheith ánn no ár.

of the bard. Grose, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*, gives a pleasing view of this abbey. He says that the building,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Μά'γ δονά μάολ ιγ μεάγá μάολόγ.

Μά'γ γάδα λ' τιγ οίδηche.

Μά'γ ιονμηύιη λιον άη χηρίη ιγ ιονμηύιη λιον á h-άλ.

Μάιηγ δ'άη b' céile βάοηάη βοηb.

Μάιηγ δο ηί κοηb ηε ηηάδί.

Μάιηγ τηρείζεάγ á dhunne zhnάtch, άηη dhunne dhά tπάtch
no τηρί.

Μάιηγ δο ηί είτθεάch ά'γ zοιδ.

Μάιηγ γheάλλάγ άηη á chάηάιδ.

Μάιηγ tρείζεάγ á τηγzheάηηά.

Μάιηγ δο ηί εάzεόηη ηheάbηηάδh.

Μάιηγ λείζεάγ á chozάη eíηη, ηo άρύη ηe beάηη βάοtch,
cozάη ηoch ηάch zάbηάηηη γείγ, oηάtcheάγ o dhιγ δο
tηηάη.

Μιηe γέάηηάch eιιιιbάch 'ηά eάch eumιγceάch.

Μιηe eι ηάλλ γοηάιδhe.

Μιάη ηιιάάchάηη δοιpeheάch.

Μιάη γπάιδe γπάδάηηtάch.

Φά'γ buάιδheάηηtά ceάηηη ιγ eάoη ηά bάιι.

Μάγ zpeύzάch άηη ηhéάcoz ηι ηioάηη á eηάηη.

Μά 'γ άη ηλόιηη ηείηη ηλόιηη bί.

Μά'γ ηάιtch λeάt á bheιtch buάη eάtch γιάηη ázιγ tειtch.

though unroofed, is entire. It consists of a large choir with an aisle: one side of the said aisle is a square cloister arcaded,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

¶hí fhuil zól a3 aon me ríóí zán réun.

¶á mómh zo teácht an reunt.

¶hí fhuil ródh mór an íotá.

¶hí bhreáthánn eáznáidhe nídh nách d-tuizeánn.

¶hí fhuil báint me fáobháir.

¶hí fhuil fáth ru3ríádh me fáobháir.

¶hí eár zách blááíre.

¶hí uáíleácht zán rubháilce.

¶hí bocht zo bráíthine.

¶hí ríidhbhir zo zlóiríhealbhádh.

¶hí fhuil cumánn i méiríreách.

¶hí fhuil díleácht i lot.

¶hí fhuil zlóir ácht zlóir neimhe.

¶hí znáth eiránn réóizhte á' fáir,

¶hí znáth máteácht zán máir3.

¶hí loirzeánn reán-chát é réin.

¶hí dáileánn eulairíheácht áilneácht.

¶hí fhuil áimhleár á ttoichteách.

¶ámhuid 3rinníollácht dulcárá.

¶hí fhuil ro áortá me fóghláim eρίonáchtá.

¶hí h-áthruiríhteáir zné an duibh-rímeáir.

¶hí fhuil ríóí zán locht.

with a platform in the middle : this leads to several large rooms, one of which is said to have been a chapel, another a chapter-

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

¶í fhuil dlí zheádh áz mácehtánár.

¶eimhionánn tíodhláiceádh zách náe.

¶íor toib euir náeh máceádh fopfoidhe.

¶á ceánn muc i málá.

¶í ionnruízheánn zách áon áh tánáeh.

¶í fhuil ródh zán ánnródh.

¶í fhuil fíádhchá áeh dume doná.

Óe znídh óe do thí.

Ói iodhol ná ránnatáizh,

Óe áhazhádih máitheárá.

Óe ríon náeh máith d'áon.

Ómhán dé tór eázná é.

Óeh n-áimhápe óeh ceumhne.

Ótráeh ródh áh leázhádih.

Þreábh reánn mhápe i r pórtáeh.

Þíázhlurizheánn muráeh.

Þobhuinn áh t-ríeh bhuy meárá roim áir bu r dleáehchá.

Þún zách reápe áh mizh ceápe.

Þór euir fíál reá r rúdháeh.

house, the third the refectory, besides a spacious apartment for the guardian of the house, with kitchen, cellars, &c. the whole

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Πιάζηαίλ μείρ οιδεάχαίγ.

Πάιδιρεάχετ ζάη μάζηαίλ.

Πύνάιδηε αάλζάχη.

Πιτχ μυτάχη με γάηά.

Πιζή μίσηοζηλάμτχά ιγ άγάλ αοιόητá.

Υάχάηη αλανάιδηε ιγ αάλζάιμε.

Υελέιρ ι ηειμητιδχ.

Υάμωζηεάηη αάζηάχετ ζάχη γάιδηβήρεάγ.

Υάοιμε ι λάετχάιβη δίομηάοιμε.

Υοιζητχάχη γολάηη ιγ μό τομάηη.

Υρρεάζάηη γρωιρ βάαίζχ.

Υάιδηβήρεάγ γίοι γυβήάιλε.

Υάμίζηεάηη αρίσηάχετ λάιζηεάδχ.

Υλάοάηη τρέάη τρυάζχ.

Υράιδεάη ηάε ζηά οβάιρ λάετχ.

Υοδηηά δάιλ ζμάνδχά.

Υοδηηά άδηλνιε γλνχ.

Υζέιτχάηη γίση γιμνηε.

Υυλτ ζάη χεό γόδχ ηειμηε.

Τά μιάημωζηιζ ζάβήάιτáχη.

forming a large pile of building. There is a handsome gothic tower, seventy feet high, between the choir and the aisle. Here are several tombs of ancient Irish families; as Mac Carthy Reaghs in the middle of the choir. West of it is an old broken monument of the *O'Cullanes*, (the sept from which our bard was descended,) and on the right hand, that of the Lords de Courcy. The O'Donovans, O'Heas, and others,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Τοιρβھےρτ քանն ւր հարիշ շանն.

Տարնշը 1 m-բեծ.

Շիշ շեմիքը քոր հո քհալլրհ.

Տհ քօ կանի հո մհանշարիք.

Տահր քօհ քարտհանն ծիհն.

Տահր շօրտհ շաննշ հ'ր շարբհիշիւոն.

Շիոյշանանն տօր մհաւտ քիօտ հո մհաւտ.

Շիշ շիւհն հ n-ճիւհն քհ քարտհաննհ.

Շիշ' իօմեհար քը քօշիւան.

Շօւլ շհտ հոն քըր մար մի.

Շօր մհաւտ լէտի քհ h-օիքը.

Շիլլէհն քհօւտ.

Շօր էհշնհն հանհան ծէ, մի քիւլ էհշնհ մար ի, մհաւտ
հո շնէ ծոն է, էհշլհ ծէ շի հար հ m-հի.

Շօրհտ քօւլլէ հ'ր ծըրք մօնհ.

Ամհլհտտ ծ' ահլլէհտտ.

Ահհար շան տարբհէ.

Ահլլէհտտ շան քիւհալլէ.

were interred here."—This minute detail may, perhaps, serve as a key to the beautiful description of these venerable ruins, contained in the present popular poem.

The ecclesiastical and collegiate ruins, so thickly scattered over the surface of Ireland, remain appalling monuments of the ravages committed by the first protestant reformers. These prostrate temples of the living God seem to proclaim the once permissive but temporary reign and triumph of his eternal adversary.* "The monastic institutions," says Coke, "provided alms for the poor, and education for the rich:" but as soon as the numerous indigent adventurers, the *Fastolfs* and *Pistols* of England, (whose descendants became titled *tyrants* in Ireland,) obtained grants of those profaned foundations, then "all that piety had planned," was at once overturned. Hear their own confession on the subject, contained in a proclamation from the Lord deputy and Privy Council of Ireland, on 4th March, 1584; which, for the benefit of modern reformers, is here transcribed out of the *original Irish Privy Council Book* of that period.† It needs no comment. Truly

* "Our monasteries have long since perished, nor have we any footsteps left of the piety of our ancestors, besides the tattered walls and deplorable ruins. We see, alas! we see the most august churches and stupendous monuments dedicated to the eternal God, than which nothing can be now more defaced, under the specious pretence of superstition, most filthily defiled and expecting utter destruction. Horses are stabled at the altar of Christ, and the relics of martyrs are dug up."—*Marsham*, in his preface to Stevens's additional volumes of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*.

How different this from the prejudiced descriptions given by a clergyman of the bigotted old orange school in Ireland, Doctor Ledwich, in all his writings, but particularly in his superficial prefaces to *Archdall's Monasticon* and *Grose's Antiquities of Ireland*. An ingenious friend, to whom I have lent some little assistance towards an intended enlarged edition of *Archdall's Monasticon*, will, I hope, remember the advice which I have ventured to offer him on this point.

† "JO PERROTT.—Whereas it appeareth unto us, that churches and chauncells, for the most part, within this realm, are not only decayed, ruinated, and broken down, to the great hindrance of Godde's divine service, whereby the

and pathetically has our bard exclaimed, in his address to the venerable ruins at Timoleague—

*Oh ! justice in the struggle where wert thou,
Thy foes have left this scene chang'd as we see it now.*

The Mourner's Soliloquy at Timoleague Abbey, is one of the finest modern poems in the Irish language. The author *John Collins*, or *O'Cullane*, was a man of considerable poetic genius; and, with *John Mac Donnell*, deserves to stand at the head of the bards of the last century. He was a native of the county of Cork, born about the year 1754, and descended from an ancient Irish sept, the *O'Cullanes*, who were formerly lords of the town of Castlelyons,* and the surrounding territory, in that county. Stript of all their possessions, his tribe and family, like most of the plundered Irish, dwindled into peasants, and literally became the slaves of the *Act of Settlement Men*, than whom a more ruthless band of privileged usurpers were never, at any one time, assembled on the face of the earth, not even in Spanish America. Our bard having evinced an early disposition for learning, his education was carefully attended to by his parents. They wished him to embrace a clerical life, with a view to which, he made consi-

people are for the most parte, and in most places, lefte without instruction, to knowe their dutie to God and their prince; but also we fynde that fre-scholes, which are to be mayntained and kept for the education and bringing up of youth in good literature, are now, for the most parte, not kepte or mayntayned; and brydges also, in moste partes ruinated and fallen down, for reformation whereof," (they were fond of the word,) commissioners were appointed, "to make enquiry into the same!" The result of this "enquiry," we may conclude, was somewhat similar to those of most of our modern parliamentary commissions of inquiry.—It shews, however, that the reformation "worked well," at its commencement.

* Boyle, first earl of Cork, (see p. 165 ante,) in his last will, left the suppressed monastery of Castlelyons, to his daughter, Barrymore, "to buy her gloves and pins!"

derable progress in the classics; but their untoward circumstances, or, perhaps, his own inclinations, prevented the fulfilment of their wishes. Young Collins, in process of time, took a wife, and soon became the father of a family. He devoted himself to the instruction of youth, and was much respected in his native country, where he died at Skibbereen, in the year 1816, at the age of 64 years. Several beautiful pieces of poetry, composed in his native language, (for I do not find that he ever attempted *English*, although he spoke and wrote it with fluency and ease,*) are to be met with in Munster, where they are deservedly held in high estimation. His Soliloquy in the Abbey of Timoleague is considered as one of his best productions, and has therefore been selected for the present publication; but a hope is entertained, that some patriotic Irish scholar of Munster, may collect and publish the remaining pieces of this ingenious poet.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE.

¹ This affecting elegy was composed on the death of Oliver Grace, the youthful heir of the ancient baronial house of Courtstown, in the county of Kilkenny, which took place in the year 1604.

* Many Irishmen of poetical abilities have failed most miserably in their attempts to shine as poets in English, a language, which they did not sufficiently understand. These men would have attained to a respectable rank amongst our national bards, had they confined themselves to their native tongue, with which they were thoroughly acquainted. One of them I have known. His mother tongue was the first he learned; and in it he spoke through life, with fluency and elegance. In it also he was accustomed to think, and his essays in English rhyme were but indifferent versions of his Irish thoughts. The structure of his stanzas and couplets closely resembled that of our bards, but his English verse is too mean for criticism.

² John Mac Walter Walsh, the author, was son of Walter Walsh (*Brenach*) chief of the sept of “*Walsh of the Mountains*,” in that county; and nearly related to the distinguished family whose loss he has so pathetically mourned.* His name, and poetical remains after a lapse of more than two centuries are yet familiar among the natives of that district; and if the rare qualifications of mind and person attributed to him by popular tradition, be not greatly exaggerated, John Mac Walter would not suffer much if put in comparison even with the admirable *Chrichton*. But traditionary tales must be cautiously received. In one respect, namely, as a poet, there is unerring proof of his having, perhaps, excelled the celebrated Scotchman. The present elegy, and several other fine compositions, yet remaining, entitle him to a distinguished place among our national bards. As these specimens of his genius principally depend on the memory of the inhabitants of the “*Walsh Mountains*,” for their preservation, it would be highly creditable to the descendants of that ancient sept, to have them collected and published, as a tribute to the memory of so talented an individual of their name and family.

³ *Ṭá cluṅ nā márpbh leir an n-ṣáóith.*

“*The sound of death is on the gale.*”

In this line, the bard appears to have used the term, *cluṅ*, which is foreign to our language, in place of the word *cpeidhil*,

* Pride of ancestry was not uncommon amongst our minstrels. The late Arthur O'Neill, a northern harper, always expected and received an extraordinary degree of attention, on account of the antiquity and respectability of his *tribe*. He generally sat at table with the gentlemen, whose houses he visited; and once at a public dinner in Belfast, where Lord —— presided, his lordship made a kind of apology to O'Neill, and expressed regret at his being seated so low at the festive board. “Oh! my Lord,” answered the harper, “apology is quite unnecessary, for wherever an O'Neill sits, there is the head of the table.” His lordship had the good sense not to appear offended, and the claim of the *Milesian* was not controverted.

which the sense and metre evidently required. The elegant effect, however, which this exercise of poetic licence has on the entire passage, will be immediately felt by the Irish reader. The whole stanza calls to mind the following, in Mickle's fine English ballad, of Cumner-Halle—

“ The death-belle thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was hearde to calle,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing,
Arounde the towers of Cumner-Halle.”

* Courtown, rectius Courtstown, the ancient seat of the Grace family, in the county of Kilkenny.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN CLARACH MAC DONNELL.

¹ Some short notices of this favorite Irish poet, will be found at p. 140 of this volume. Here one of the many elegies composed after his death, by his cotemporary bards, is laid before the reader.

John Toomy, the author of the present lines, is known among his countrymen as an ingenious poet. He was born in 1706, at Croome, in the county of Limerick. His parents being poor, were unable to afford him any education, beyond what little he could glean at such of the *Cimmerian* seminaries of the period, commonly called “ Hedge-Schools,” as happened to escape the vigilance of the Popish-school hunters under the penal laws. Here, under cover of the bogs of his native county, young Toomey contrived to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics; and he soon became known among his companions, as the author of several poems and

songs, in his native language, which gave promise of future excellence. These juvenile productions show, that he was, even at that early period, as much indebted for the cultivation of his mind to the study of the great book of nature, as to the flying lectures of the poor bare-footed professors of Irish and classic literature. Having married early, our bard soon found himself involved in domestic cares, and as the tuneful profession had become rather a precarious mode of providing for the wants of a growing family, he was induced by the sage advice of some brother poets to open a house of public “entertainment,” in Limerick, where he exhibited a sign-board, notifying, in Irish, his new occupation of *Biatagh*, and humorously inviting all “*can-pay*” customers, to partake of his cheer and hospitality. Like Taylor, the English water-poet, he was one of the very few followers of the muses, who have succeeded in that line of trade. His house, for many years, was the favorite resort of the bards and wits of Munster; and under that plain but festive roof, there frequently assembled as many men of learning and genius, as more vaunted and favored societies then, or since, at any one time, have been able to boast of. John Toomey is remembered by many old persons still living in Limerick, who speak of him as a worthy man, and, in his station, a respectable citizen. He died on 1st Sept. 1775, and his remains were borne to the grave-yard of Croome, by a few surviving bards. His poetry is held in high estimation by his countrymen, particularly in his native province.

³ ——— “*on Maig’s green banks*”—

A river in the county of Limerick.

⁴ ——— “*Clare’s illustrious bard.*”

John Mac Donnell was surnamed *Clarach*, as before observed, p. 140, from the place of his birth near Charleville, in the county of Cork.

ELLEN HARTNAN,

A MONODY.

This poem was composed by Patrick *Connor*, a Kerry bard, on the death of his wife, Ellen *Hartnan*. Of him I could learn no more, than that he lived in the last century; and, for many years, successfully taught Greek and Latin, through the medium of the Irish language, to the mountain youth, among his native hills of Kerry. Some of his productions, which I have seen, show him to have been a man of cultivated mind, and of poetical talents.

EDMOND WALSH,

A PASTORAL DIRGE.

These verses contain the lamentation of a betrothed maiden, for the beloved object of her affections, who was accidentally drowned in the river Shannon. It is inserted as a specimen of the extemporaneous elegy of the Irish.

¹ “*In Dinan’s depth thy dwelling-place is found.*”

Ṣur b’í an deighnín úd, &c. The *Dinan*, or *Doynan*, is a river near Callan, in the county of Kilkenny. This passage I suspect to have been corrupted, and that it should be read Ṣur b’í an t-rionnán úd, &c. In Shannon’s depth, &c.—In the line immediately preceding, there occurs Ṭhábh bán nÁ ccuÁch, Slieve-bawn of Cuckoos, a mountain in the county of Mayo; and in the last line, the deceased is called “the topmost branch of Slieve-bawn’s side.” Mention is also made of Lough-ree, the broadest part of the Shannon, from its source to the sea. Interpolations like the above, have often been attempted, in order to found local claims to favorite songs or

pieces of poetry, but seldom so effectually as to escape detection.

There are in this little poem, like most of our old simple ballads, some inexpressibly tender passages, which often depend on a single word or expression, and are of too delicate a texture to be transferred to another language. The poetry and music of our old bards and minstrels seldom fail to engage the finest feelings of the human heart. Many an instance might be given of effects produced by them on our countrymen, similar to those of the celebrated *Rans-des-vaches*, on the natives of Switzerland, when heard in a foreign clime. According to Rousseau, the music does not, in this instance, act as such, but as a sign which recalls past images by association. That this observation may be extended to poetry, has been proved by a circumstance which lately occurred in Dublin.—A youth from the romantic scenery of the *Curlew* mountains in Roscommon, recently brought to that city, and placed at business, having accidentally heard, among other verses of an Irish pastoral poem, the following simple lines—

Ioná ceóltá uile ná crumne,

'Y íd áz rium ánn mo chluáiribh,

budh bhinne liom-rá zéimneách

Yá m-bó áir á' m-buáilídh !

Every feeling of his soul became, as it were, suddenly awakened. His imagination carried him back to the rural objects with which he had been familiar from infancy. His eyes filled with tears, and, unable any longer to sway his sensations, he involuntarily wandered forward in the direction of home, in order once more to enjoy the beloved scenes from which he had been so cruelly torn. All night he pursued his journey. The following day he was overtaken by his friends, who used every entreaty to induce him to return, but their

endeavours proved fruitless. At length he reached his native spot, and from it he could never since be prevailed on to separate. Similar instances have been related of the effects of some of our old mountain melodies.

THE LADY IVEAGH,

AN ODE.

Margaret Bourke, eldest daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde, first married to Brian Magennis, Viscount *Iveagh*; and secondly to the Hon. Col. Thomas Butler of *Kilcush*, county *Kilkenny*, where she died 19th July, 1744. She was a lady of great personal charms, and a bright example of every female virtue. Her piety, charity, and universal benevolence, are eloquently described in the funeral sermon, preached after her death, by the Rev. Richard Hogan, and printed in *Kilkenny*. The ode here presented to the reader was composed, in her lifetime, by a grateful student of the name of *Lane*, whom this excellent woman had educated, at her own expense, for the priesthood. It is more remarkable for purity of language and elegance of expression than for any of the higher attributes of poetry.

² Here the author submits his verses to the judgment of his talented friend, John *Clarach* Mac Donnell, whose poetical supremacy was acknowledged by all the Munster bards of that period. This passage shews the high estimation in which that excellent genius was held by his contemporaries.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DENIS MAC CARTHY.

¹ This lamented member of the *Mac Carthy* family, is described in a curious manuscript quoted by Mr. Brewer, as a “gentleman who retained much of the dignity appertaining to the ancient Irish chief. His name was *Mac Carthy*, and he was, in the language of our MS., titular King of Munster. He was descended from *Mac Carthy More*, king or prince of this province, and held in his possession the crown, sceptre, and other regalia appertaining to his antient dignity and family. He possessed also a cup, said to be from the cranium of an ancestor of *Brian Boiroimh*, whom the *Mac Carthys* had slain in battle.” Vol. II. 449. The venerable Charles O’Conor describes this great Irish sept, as “the most eminent by far of all the noble families of the south, and sovereigns of all that part of Ireland, including the greatest part of the county of Cork. Even when we were broken down by our own divisions, rather than the power of our enemies, the chief of this gallant family retired into the mountains, where he maintained his hospitable independence, and the religion of his ancestors, in a manner which reflected back the honors he had received from them, and glad am I to hear that several respectable branches of the family still support a manly independence, after the wreck of almost all that was dear to us both at home and abroad. I am really anxious for a good account of the celebrated *Florence Mac Carthy**, who assumed the title of *More*, by the unanimous

* In this he was disappointed. The following table, carefully compiled by the writer from original documents, may, he thinks, be depended on.—The two great heads of this princely family in the reign of Elizabeth were—1. Donyl *Mac Carthy More reagh of Desmond*, created Earl of Clancarre.—2. *Mac Carthy reagh of Carberry*, both cousins, and descended from brothers. The earl had one daughter, Ellen-Anne, his only child. Her (in despite of secretary

suffrages of Tyrone. the clergy, and the people, and was kept prisoner eleven years in the tower of London, after which he

Walsingham) he gave in marriage to his kinsman *Florence*, the eldest son of Mac Carthy reagh of Carberry. This *Florence* afterwards became sole head of both houses, and is the person above alluded to by Mr. O'Connor. I have been favored with a curious original paper, (now in the possession of Mr. Herbert of Mucruss) indorsed "Florence Mac Carthy More's statement of his transactions with the Browns," which would be indispensable towards furnishing the information wished for by Mr. O'Connor. *Florence* had two sons, *Daniel* and *Florence*. The first married Sarah, daughter of the earl, and sister to the Marquess of Antrim. By her he had two sons, *Florence* and *Charles*. The first of these married Elinor, daughter of John Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, and died without issue. His brother *Charles* married Honora, daughter of Lord Brittas, and had a son *Florence*, who died early in the reign of Geo. II. This *Florence* married Mary, daughter of Charles Mac Carthy of Cloghroe, and was father of *Randle*, (the first of the line who became a protestant) who married Agnes, eldest daughter of Edward Herbert of Mucruss, by Frances, youngest daughter of Nicholas the second, and sister to Valentine the third, Lord Kenmore. Their son was *Charles Mac Carthy More*, who was an officer in the guards, and enjoyed but a small part of the great possessions of his ancestors. He died in 1770, without issue, and in him ended the direct eldest line of the family. His estates, about the lakes of Killarney, became vested in his cousin Herbert.—The reader will now please to return to *Florence* the second son of the first mentioned *Florence*, and the Lady Ellen-Anne his wife. He married Mary, daughter of *The O'Donovan*, by whom he had *Denis*, who obtained a grant of the lands of Castlelough, in the reign of Charles II. from his cousin *Florence*, son of Daniel Mac Carthy More and Sarah Mac Donnell. This *Denis* married Margaret Finch, an English lady of distinction, and by her had two sons, *Florence* and *Justin*. The first followed James II. to France, and was father of *Charles* (living in 1764 and in the French service), and of several other children, among whom the head of the family is now to be traced. *Justin*, the second son of *Denis*, remained at Castlelough. He married Esther, daughter of Colonel Maurice Hussey of Cahirnane, and, by her, was father of *Randle*; who, shortly after the accession of Geo. II. sold Castlelough to Colonel William Crosbie. This *Randle* had several sons, *who were bred to low trades, and were uneducated paupers*, some of whom are still living.—*Sic transit gloria Mundi*.

The following affecting incident is taken from an interesting work, recently published.—"A considerable part of the Mac Carthy estates, in the county of Cork, was held by Mr. S. about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the

escaped and joined in the Tyrone war. Mac Carthy More, Reagh of Desmond, had a right by an old custom and established rules, to call upon O'Donaghoe of Ross, O'Donaghoe of Glanflesk, Mac Donagh of Dubhollow, O'Kief of Drumtariff, Mac Awley of Clan-Awley, O'Callaghan of Cloonmeene, O'Sullivan More, O'Sullivan Bear, Mac Gillicuddy, and others, to attend him in the field; and furnish 60 horse and 1500 foot, to be at the call of the Earls of Desmond. Mac Carthy Reagh of Carberry's followers, were the O'Driscols of Baltimore, Barry Oge Roe, Barry Oge-Oge, O'Mahon, O'Donovan, O'Crowly, O'Mulrian, and Mac Patrick; he was subject, in like manner, to the call of the Earls of Desmond—he could raise 60 horsemen, and 300 infantry. There was a spirit of rivalry among those ancient families, which excited among them great enthusiasm on the day of battle, and no power the English could send against them, could have availed, if they had not been fatally split into different factions.”—*O'Connor's Memoirs*.—Mr. O'Connor wished for a history of the ancient families of the south of Ireland, but in that he was disappointed. Such an undertaking, however, if properly

ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S. inquired the cause, and was answered—‘Forgive me Sir, my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground;—this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile, and an outlaw since the revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth and the house of my forefathers.’”—*Crofton Croker's Researches*, p. 305.—This unhappy descendant of the royal house of Mac Carthy More was probably Florence, the son of Denis, who followed James II. to France in 1691.—It must here be observed that the Mac Carthys of *Muskerry*, descended from *Cormac oge*, and resident at *Blarney* and *Macromp* castles, were from a minor branch of the great stock. The last male descendant of this line, Lord *Clancarty*, died an exile in France, about 1748. His two sisters and co-heiresses, married, one, Lord Delaware, and the other, Richard Trench! whose descendants pride themselves not a little, on their distant relationship to the great but fallen Irish family.

executed and extended to the *O'Neils* of the North, the *Mac Carthys* of the South, *O'Conors* of Conaught, and *O'Byrnes*, *O'Tooles*, and *O'Kavanaghs*, of Leinster, since the time of Henry II. might be made a work of national interest, and serve to throw open mines of historical information as yet unexplored. That the world knows comparatively nothing of the particulars of the *mere Irish*, during the period alluded to, is but too true. The Compilations, called "Histories" of this country, are little more than the sanguinary annals of the butchers of the pale, generally penned by bigotted or ignorant writers, the enemies of the ancient natives and their religion. For proof of this, let the reader turn to the work of *Leland*, by many considered the best of its class. There are, I know some exceptions, such as *Plowden*, and a few others, but as yet no *Las Casas* has arisen to do justice to the Irish. This, however, is wandering from the subject, to which, with the reader's leave, I now return.

The present elegy was composed by *Timothy O'Sullivan*, better known by the name of *Ṭádhg Ṣáodhlách*, *Thaddeus Hibernicus*, a principal bard of the last century, in the early part of which he was born. He was a native of Munster, and received a good education, from which, in the latter period of his life, he derived his principal means of support, as a teacher. Born a poet, he "lisped in numbers;" and the numerous poems, consisting of *Odes*, *Elegies*, *Epistles*, *Songs*, *Pastorals*, &c. which he has left, all bear the stamp of poetic genius, and shew him to have been eminently skilled in the beauties of his native language. It is to be regretted, that his muse sometimes indulged in sallies injurious to morality; but for this he endeavored to atone by an ineffectual effort to recal the offensive articles. He proved the sincerity of his sorrow, by abandoning his former follies and pleasures; and sought for real pleasure where only it can be found, in the consolations of Religion. For many years before his death, he devoted his talents to the composition of sacred poems and hymns, in

Irish ; of which a collection was published in Limerick, under the title of “ A Spiritual Miscellany.” He died an exemplary penitent, and at an advanced age, on the 5th April, 1795. In some editions of the little publication alluded to, will be found a short account of his life and writings.

O’Sullivan was a man of wit, but, like *Ovid*, he too often suffered it to rule without restraint. In compound epithets he indulged to redundancy, and in this particular he was imitated by minor bards of less judgment, who thus introduced a species of turgid composition, far inferior to the simple but nervous style of our ancient writers. The following lines, merely descriptive of the hair of a beautiful female, from one of our author’s poems, may suffice as a specimen :—

bA zleannámháir, Óréimreách, néámh pách, fíadóinreách,
 2l cáinn-fhoile chléoná ’nA ríadóibh áz ríneádh,
 3o báchállach, péuríach, 3o péultach, 3o foillreách,
 3o cámaríach, críobhách, 3o néámhdhá, 3o h-áibhinn,
 23 feácadh, ’rA3 fílleádh, ’rA3 rílleádh ’nA deóigh,
 3o háleáibh, 3o troightheáibh, ’r 3o h-imíoll án fheóir,
 4A m-beáirteáibh, nárrátheáibh mÁr chnoirtál á eelódh,
 3o ríámach áz cárdh 3o h-úmaríach, órdhA,
 ’4A n-duáláib 3o tálámh 3o h-meállach ómíach.

In these verses, the art of the poet and the richness of the language, may find admirers ; but, for my part, I cannot avoid classing them among those examples of false wit, which ought not to be imitated. Here I must notice another reprehensible species of composition, consisting in a play or repetition of one or more words, sometimes met with in the productions of modern bards. The ensuing stanza of this class disfigures one of our (otherwise) sweetest amatory effusions, entitled, *Máire fhultmháir fheimh*—Cheerful gentle Mary. —

21 Mhàire ir tó mo zhrádh, á'z zhrádh mo chroídhé do
 zhrádh,
 Zhrádh rin zán donár zán éirlinz,
 Zhrádh ó aoí zó báir, zhrádh ó bhaoí áz fáir,
 Zhrádh chuipídh zó dlúth fáoi ché mé;
 Zhrádh zán rúl le raezhál, zhrádh zán tnúth le rprídh.
 Zhrádh d'fház mé cráidhte á n-dáerbhroid,
 Zhrádh mo zhrádh thár mhnáibh, á'z á rhamháil rúd de
 zhrádh,
 Ir án-nuádh é le fázháil áz áén pheár.

Here the word *zhrádh*, love, occurs no less than thirteen times in eight lines, a repetition which doubtless the poet esteemed as a beauty, but which others might consider as somewhat on a par with the following whimsical French stanza:—

“ Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
 Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
 Mais si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
 Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde.”

Thus pleasantly versified by the celebrated English linguist, Doctor Wallis:—

“ When a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
 For twisting his twist he three twines doth entwist,
 But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
 The twine that untwistheth untwistheth the twist.”

To conclude, the elegy on the death of *Denis Mac Carthy*, is written in a species of verse anciently called *Conáchlenn*, but in more modern times *Ḍán-rlábhírá*, *linked verse*, because

every stanza must begin with the same word, that ends the preceding one; and the poem itself must conclude with the same word, with which it begins. This was invented to prevent interpolation; but it also shews whether the composition be perfect or not.—See *O'Brien, Dict. in voce Conachlonn*.—The translation imitates the original.

ODE TO THE MILESIAHS.

Πάλαι ποτ' ἦσαν ἄλκιμοι Μιλήσιοι.*

This ode, though addressed generally to the *Milesians*, was particularly intended for the *Ἰάβηκίλ ἡλζηνάιλ*, the *O'Byrnes* of *Ranelagh*, in the county of Wicklow. It is preserved in the “*Book of O'Byrne*,” among other spirited poems, addressed to the celebrated *Feagh Mac Hugh*, the heroic and chivalrous chieftain of that once powerful sept. This extraordinary man, who proved so terrible a scourge to the English settlers during the reign of Elizabeth, fell in battle against his hereditary foes, commanded by the Lord deputy Russell, in 1598. With him ended the dangerous power of those mountain warriors, which, for many centuries, hung over the settlers of the pale, not unfrequently carrying death and devastation to the very walls of

* This oracular response from Aristophanes' *Plutus* was versified, in imitation of a peculiar jingle in some Irish rhymes, by a Kerry schoolmaster, who certainly was better acquainted with Greek than with English, as follows:—

“ In former days, the O's and Macs,
Were famed for treating foes to whacks;
But now, the sturdy Macs and O's,
Are famed for bearing whacks from foes.”

Whacks, Anglice *Thwacks*. —Our translator has, however, added significantly enough from Virgil:—

Quondam etiam victis redit præcordia virtus.

the capital. The conquerors retaliated severely on the fallen clan. Its ancient possessions were conferred on the *Brabazons*, *Wingfields*, and other new English families, whose posterity are now numbered among the nobles of the land, while the descendants of the *O'Byrnes*, with a few solitary exceptions, are reduced to the lowest ranks of society.*

¹ Angus O'Daly, the author of the present ode, was one of the household of Feagh Mac Hugh, and every way worthy of that dauntless hero and his eagle bands. It may remind the reader of more than one of the odes of *Grey*; and even lead him to conclude, that if that noble English genius had been supplied with literal prose versions of the reliques of some of our bards, he would have consigned them to the same immortality in his deathless strains, that he did the ancient Welch poems, which, fortunately for the Cambrian bards, he found in "*Evans's Specimens*" of their remains. But even this humble advantage did not await the Irish. I cannot, while on this point, avoid expressing regret, that *O'Connor*, *O'Halloran*, or *Vallancey*, had not turned their thoughts in this way. That, by doing so, they would have signally benefitted our ancient literature, there can be no doubt; though, perhaps, not their own fame as *original* writers. It may be said, that the drudgery of literal translation was beneath their talents, but surely nothing can be beneath the talents of any man, however exalted, that can tend, even in a remote degree, to promote the honor of his native country.

Here the writer has to regret, his having been disappointed in his intention of including, in this collection, a fine ode

* Since the days of persecution have passed away, it has become customary with wealthy and aspiring individuals among us, (*Majorum primus quisquis fuit*), to boast of their descent from our ancient fallen families, though often with no other right, than that which the Herald's fee can confer.

addressed to *Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell*, in 1596, by one of his bards. Independently of its poetic merits, it might, with the other poems in this volume, serve to shew the injustice of *Spenser's* indiscriminate censure of the Irish bards. The English poet's *assertions* have been carefully copied by succeeding writers; but his copyists ought to have reflected, that Spenser, though an able, was a prejudiced man; that he was ignorant of the language of our bards; and formed his judgment from versions which must have been made for him, by some sycophantic or renegade Irishman, who knew what would please the feelings of his employer. We know that even the Turks hesitate before they form their opinions of the Christians from the reports of a renegade. Yet an ingenious modern writer scruples not, on such authority, to assert that the panegyrics of the Irish bards were little better than avowed incentives to wrong and robbery, and that such maxims as, "Valor is justice," &c. were openly gloried in by them. Now I have read several of these poems, and have not met with one that answers this description: But how will the reader be surprised to hear, that the writer alluded to, perhaps, never saw one of the compositions which he has so minutely described; yet such has been the invariable mode of treating every subject relating to Ireland.—*Væ victis*.

ODE TO BRIAN NA MURTHA O'ROURKE.

¹ This distinguished chieftain (surnamed *na Murtha*, i. e. "of the bulwarks,") was one of the most powerful and determined opponents of the English, during the reign of Elizabeth. His life was a continued scene of warfare, but he was finally obliged to fly for shelter to James the VI. of Scotland. That mean-spirited prince, though he secretly fomented the troubles in Ireland, basely delivered up the unhappy exile to the

vengeance of his enemies, and sent him a close prisoner to the murderess of his own mother, shortly after Mary's decapitation. On this occasion it is said that the "virgin queen," struck with the noble deportment and manly beauty of her captive, had apartments assigned to him in her own palace, and intimated to her council that she wished, herself, privately to examine him, as to the affairs of Ireland. The particulars of their intercourse, as handed down by tradition, may be partly seen in Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. After some time, the royal inquisitor, aware that "dead men tell no tales," transferred her victim to the care of the law. This occurred in 1592. The following account of his trial and death, is taken from an unpublished manuscript history of Ireland, page 452, written about 1636, and preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.—"Bryan O'Rourke, the Irish potentate, being thus, by the King of Scots, sent into Engand, was arraigned in Westminster-hall, his indictments were, that he had stirred up Allexander Mac Connell and others to rebell; had scornfully dragged the Queen's picture att a horse-taill and disgracefully cut the same in pieces, giving the Spaniards entertainment against a proclamation; fier'd many houses, &c. This being told him by an interpreter, (for he understood noe English,) he said he would not submitt himself to a tryall of twelve men, nor make answer, *except the Queen satt in person to judge him.*" (This latter passage seems to corroborate the traditional story related by Walker.) "The lord chief justice made answer againe, by an interpreter, that whether he would submitt himself or not to a tryall by a jury of twelve, he should be judged by law, according to the particulars alledjed against him. Whereeto he reply'd nothing, but '*if it must be soe, let it be soe.*' Being condemned to dye, he was shortly after carried unto Tyburne, to be executed as a traitor, *whereat he seemed to be nothing moved, scorning* the archbishop of Caishill, (Miler Magrath,) who was there to

counsill him for his soule's health, because he had broken his vow, from a Franciscan turning Protestant."—*Orig. MS.*

The Londoners exulted at his death. Even "the brightest, meanest of mankind," Bacon, for a moment forgot his bribes and philosophy, to be witty on the occasion. "He (O'Rourke) gravely petitioned the queen, that he might be hanged with a *gad* or *withe* after his own country fashion, which *doubtless* was readily granted him."—*Bacon's Essays*. But the world has now to decide which of the two men, the brave but betrayed Irishman, or the corrupt and bribed judge, most deserved the *gad*. This petition, however, if any such was ever sent, shews that O'Rourke relied on the queen, and that his real object was to apprise her of his condemnation. Sir Richard Cox, in his virulent "History," inserts another anecdote, from *Philip O'Sullivan*, worth relating.—"Being asked why he did not bow his knee to the queen, he answered, that he was not used to bow. 'How, not to images?' says an English lord. 'Aye,' says O'Roark, 'but there is a great deal of difference between your queen and the images of the Saints.'"—His head was placed on a spike, on the tower which formerly stood on London Bridge, and was one of the "Reorum læsæ majestatis capita," of which Hentzner says, he reckoned thirty in 1598, "Ultra triginta nos horum numeravimus."—*Itin.* 115.

Such was the fate of the gallant O'Rourke, Prince of Breifney. For particulars, concerning his private virtues and public character, the reader is referred to the poem here translated; which is classed by Irish scholars among the best specimens of the ancient style of composition, in our language.

John, son of *Torna*, *O'Mulconry* of *Ardchoill* in *Thomond*, *Urd Ollámh*, or laureat of Ireland, composed this ode, when *Brian na Murtha* was saluted chief of his sept, on the death of his brother *Hugh*, in 1566. It is one of the panegyrical poems of the Irish bards, and, as may be seen, does not contain any of the censurable passages attributed to these compo-

sions by Spenser. It is written in the *Bearla Feine*, or *Phœnician dialect* of the Irish, which the poet tells us he used, because the *Deárleá nýγτάch*, or *Plebeian dialect*, was unworthy of his hero.—*See the fifth stanza.*—The family of O'Mulconry is distinguished in the annals of Irish literature, as having produced several eminent writers.

The gloss, without which this poem could not be well understood, was added by *Thaddeus Ruddy*, or *O'Rody*, of Crossfield, in the county of Leitrim, Esq. 'an excellent scholar, well skilled in the Greek and Latin languages, and intimately acquainted with the language, history, and antiquities of his native country*'—*Trans. Ibern. Celt. Society, Dublin.* He was born near the source of the Shannon, in that county, in 1623; and "was the intimate friend of O'Flaherty, author of the *Ogygia*, and also the friend and correspondent of Sir Richard Cox, (Lord Chancellor) and author of the 'History' of Ireland. He patronised learning and men of science, and to him the poets of his day devoted many of their best compositions."—*Id.*—He was, himself, a pleasing poet, and his gloss to the present ode, "compiled," says my MS., "with great labour and industry, from several old authors," shews him to have been well versed in the ancient dialects of his native language. He died about the year 1706, at an advanced age, *Ἀγυρ τιοεάριε 30 bhγάζ Ἄ ἄnmum.*

* The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" represents this learned Irish gentleman, as one "scarcely knowing his own language, and totally ignorant of all others."—In every direction, the Irish have been misrepresented by prejudiced and ignorant English writers, but that so respectable an author should join the throng, and, by the sanction of his name, give the appearance of truth to the unfounded assertions of party, is matter of just regret. Foreigners, (and among these I include the English, who, with regard to *correct* knowledge of Ireland, are as foreign to us as any other nation of Europe), should consider well, before they expose themselves, by unexamined statements respecting this country, to the censure or ridicule of a people so tremblingly alive to the honor of their native land, as the Irish: and amongst whom knowledge is increasing, far beyond any example of ancient or modern times.

The idol of guilt"———

Crom cru, the arch-deity of our pagan ancestors, whose rude altars may to the present day, be met with in wild and sequestered situations.*

THE ROMAN VISION.

The Roman Vision, *Ṽln Ṽioṽkide Ṽlománach*, Sprite or Apparition, one of the most popular of our *modern* historical poems, was written in 1650, but by whom does not appear. The author supposes himself at Rome, *ṽm óm-chnoc* Chephár, where the vision appears to him, over the graves of two exiled descendants of the Gael. These were, the famous *Hugh O'Niall, Earl of Tyrone*, the Irish Hannibal, whose signal successes against the forces of Queen Elizabeth, in Ireland, embittered the latter years of that princess; and *Rory O'Donnell* (brother of the celebrated *Hugh Ruadh*), the first Earl of Tyrconnell.† After bewailing the unhappy state of the Irish,

* This horrid idol and its abominable worship are described in the *Din Seanchas*, quoted by Doctor O'Connor in his Catalogue of the Irish MSS. in Stowe library, to which invaluable work, and the general histories of Ireland, I am constrained to refer the reader, for particulars concerning this, and the several other ancient personages and places, mentioned throughout this poem. It is to be observed that the translation of the last Irish stanza, on p. 292, is first on p. 295; the third and fourth, p. 294, are first and second, p. 297; and so, two English stanzas in advance, to p. 305.

† The great possessions of these devoted Irish princes proved the cause of their ruin. After the successful issue of the plot—contriving Cecil's gunpowder adventure in England, he turned his inventive thoughts towards this country, where every English minister may, at all times, be sure of finding ready instruments to carry any plan into execution. A plot to implicate the great northern chieftains in treasonable projects, was soon set on foot, and finally proved successful. This conspiracy is thus related by a learned English divine, Doctor Anderson, in his "Royal Genealogies," printed in London, 1736. "Artful

the bard describes the English monarchs, from Henry VIII. to Charles I. the progress of the civil war of 1641, and the great Irish leaders of that time. He dwells at considerable length on the character and exploits of the distinguished Irish general *Owen Roe O'Niall*, and the patriotic bishop *Mac Mahon*, of Clogher, who exchanged the crozier for the sword, and succeeded Owen Roe in the command of the Ulster forces. After again lamenting the downfall of the nation, which was hastened by the dissensions of some of his degenerate countrymen, the bard enumerates the chiefs of the ancient families, in whose union he placed his only hope for the salvation of the country. This spirited and patriotic effusion abounds with poetical beauties, and may be justly ranked amongst the best productions of the modern muse of Ireland.*

The avowed object of the bard was to stimulate his countrymen against the parliamentary forces, whose war-cry was, *Destruction without mercy to Irish papists.*—*See p. 152, ante.* In order thoroughly to understand the poem, the reader should keep in view the political state and divisions of the Irish, at

Cecil employed one St. Lawrence to entrap the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, the lord of Delvin, and other Irish chiefs into a sham plot, which had no evidence but his. But those chiefs being basely informed that witnesses were to be hired against them, foolishly fled from Dublin, and so taking guilt upon them, they were declared rebels, and six entire counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the crown, which was what their enemies wanted." Tyrone fled privately into Normandy in 1607, thence to Flanders, and then to Rome; where he lived on the Pope's allowance, became blind and died 20th July, 1610. Tyrconnell fled at the same time, and died at Rome on 28th July 1608. Several original documents are preserved in the State Paper Office, London, connected with the above plot, including the correspondence of the weak and unprincipled St. Lawrence, which develope a scene of human turpitude seldom paralleled.

* The poet Cowley's "Discourse, by way of Vision," concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell, will convey to the English reader an idea of the poetic machinery adopted by the Irish bards in many of their effusions, and of which the present poem affords an example.

the period it was written. For upwards of four centuries after the invasion, the people of Ireland was divided into *English* and *Irish*. From the Reformation the distinctions of *Catholic* and *Protestant*, superadded all the bitterness of sectarian zeal and persecution to the former feelings of national animosity. Whatever progress the Reformation made in Ireland, was amongst the descendants of the English. The great body of the people retained the ancient faith, but the old distinctions of *Anglo-Irish* and *Milesian-Irish* still continued amongst the catholics. During the civil war of 1641, the latter, with Owen Roe O’Niall, and other Irish leaders, espoused the cause of the Nuncio *Rinucini*, while the former, or Anglo-Irish catholics, adhered to his opponents. This fatal division facilitated the progress of Cromwell’s arms, which ended in the subjugation of the entire. To the Milesian catholics belonged the author of our poem, in which the views and feelings of his party are fully described. Most of the leading facts which he mentions will be found detailed in Carte’s Life of Lord Ormonde.

*“ The apostate Henry spurns his spotless queen
For Anna’s fresher beauties.”*

p. 313, l. 12.

Anne Boleyn, Henry the Eighth’s “Night Crowe,” was an object of peculiar abhorrence to the Irish. Our bard calls her Henry’s daughter.

“ Can we forget Elizabeth?—Oh never.”

p. 313, l. 18.

This queen was as much execrated by her Irish, as she was idolized by her English subjects. It must be admitted, that both had good reasons for their opposite feelings towards her.

“ Eogan the red!—to freedom’s strife he flies.”

p. 317, l. 23.

The character of Owen Roe O’Niall for patriotism and

bravery, is so well known to every reader of Irish history, that it would be unnecessary to mention him here, except to correct a strange mistake of the late Doctor O'Connor, injurious to the memory of that distinguished hero, and incorruptable patriot. The Doctor, in his valuable Catalogue of the MSS. in the Stowe Library, vol. i. p. 272, has given the following letter from Charles II. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—

“Whereas we have seen a paper sent from you, our Lieutenant of Ireland, intituled, Doubts arising upon some particulars claymed by his R. Highnesse the Duke of York's Agents, &c.—The first particular is claimed as a debt due from the pretended Parliament to *Owen Row, regicide*, and by him assigned to Edmund Ludlow, and by severall orders of the said Parliament in 1653, and of the pretended Councell in Ireland in 1658, the same was to be satisfyed in Ireland; and part thereof having been accordingly satisfyed by the late powers, is granted to and enjoyed by his Royal Highnesse, by vertue of the clause, page 111, of the Act of Settlement, &c. the remaining part of the £5065, which was never satisfyed, is now claymed by his Royal Highnesse his Agents, upon the clause, page 44, of the Act of Explanation. But in regard that the said £5065, doth not appeare to be either an adventure, or an arrear for service in Ireland, or money lent for provisions for the army of Ireland; but either some *reward*, or other debt due to the said *Owen Row*, from the said pretended parliament,” &c.—“From this interesting original document,” says Doctor O'Connor, “it appears that the Regicide Parliament granted to *Owen Roe O'Neal*, a pension of £5065. 17s. 6d. a fact hitherto unknown in our history, *from which it is evident* that he privately confederated with Cromwell, and that Ireland was conquered by her own hands, by Owen Roe in the North, and by Lord Orrery in the South.”—Again,—“No writer has hitherto asserted or discovered the fact, that Owen Roe's delays in signing the treaty with Ormond, were owing, not to the causes assigned by Carte, but to his receiving a bribe from

Cromwell.”—Finally, in the preface, page iv. of the work alluded to, the Doctor repeats the charge thus: “Who would have supposed, for instance, that Owen Roe O’Nial, would have accepted a bribe of £5662. 17s. 6d. from Cromwell? that he, who was the favorite patriot general of Ireland, should have been, at one and the same time, in the pay of the Pope, and of the Rump Parliament of England? Thus far Doctor O’Conor.

Now, to all this the answer is easy, viz. that *Owen Row*, “the regicide,” named in the King’s letter, was a different person altogether from *Owen Roe O’Niall*, “the favorite patriot general of Ireland.” Owen Row was an Englishman, and was well called a regicide, for he was one of the commissioners of the high court of justice who tried Charles I. was present at the king’s tryal, and signed the death-warrant for his execution,* at the very time that Owen Roe O’Niall was in arms against that king’s enemies in Ireland. How the learned author could have fallen into such a mistake, and that in a work which throughout displays such deep research and critical acumen, is to me wholly unaccountable.—

Verùm ubi plura nitent ——— non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

The explanation was, however, considered necessary, in order to remove a grievous imputation, inconsiderately cast on

* See the proceedings on the king’s trial, where this person’s surname is written *Roe*, and he signs it so to the death-warrant. In the Irish privy council books during Cromwell’s government, and in the records of the Act of Settlement, I find it written indiscriminately *Row* and *Roe*. Doctor Lingard, in a note, cautions his readers against confounding “Owen Roe O’Nial with another of the same name, one of the regicides.” But they were not of the same name. Doctor O’Conor was the first who dignified the English revolutionist with the name of O’Nial.

the memory of one of the purest and bravest Irishmen that ever existed.



Ἰὼν δὸ θῆα ρά ἐρίχε νᾶ ἡ-οἰρε-νι.

FINIS.

818.

ERRATA, VOL. I.

Page 113, line 16, for *O'Reilly*, read O'DONNELL.—same page and line, for *accidently*, read ACCIDENTALLY.—page 114, lines 8 and 16, for *O'Reilly*, read O'DONNELL.—page 151, line 2, for *prevades*, read PERVADES.—page 168, line 27, for *M₁*, read *¶₁*.—page 271, line 10, for *drop*, read DROOP.—page 326, line 5, for *Costello*, read CASSIDY.—page 343, line 4, for *ωολιαν*, read *πολιαν*.—page 352, line 22, for *find*, read FINDING.

Note.—INTROD. p. IX.—Major invariably calls the Highlanders, “*Scoti Sylvestres* ;” and describes the bard who appeared at the coronation of Alex. III. as “*Quidam Scotus montanus, quem Sylvestrem vocant.*”

ERRATA, VOL. II.

Page 15, line 5, read “*FREE from all controul.*”—page 105, line 2, for *these*, read MERE.—page 117, line 3, read This poem presents an awful picture.—page 202, 203, line 1, for *Mac Liag*, read MAC GIOLLA CAOIMH.—page 320, line 5, dele *δο γηρόν*.—page 335, line 2, for *storm*, read STRONG.—page 348, line 4, for *scattered*, read OLD.