







Om. 215.

4





R E L I Q U E S  
O F  
I R I S H P O E T R Y :

CONSISTING OF  
HEROIC POEMS, ODES, ELEGIES, AND SONGS,  
TRANSLATED INTO  
E N G L I S H V E R S E :  
W I T H  
NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,  
AND THE  
ORIGINALS IN THE IRISH CHARACTER.  
TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED  
A N I R I S H T A L E.  
B Y M I S S B R O O K E.

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Cac Sabna.

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GEORGE BONHAM, PRINTER,  
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M.DCC.LXXXIX.



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P R E F A C E.

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IN a preface to a translation of ancient Irish poetry, the reader will naturally expect to see the subject elucidated and enlarged upon, with the pen of learning and antiquity. I lament that the limited circle of my knowledge does not include the power of answering so just an expectation; but my regret at this circumstance is considerably lessened, when I reflect, that had I been possessed of all the learning requisite for such an undertaking, it would only have qualified me for an unnecessary foil to the names of O'CONNOR, O'HALLORAN and VALLANCEY.

MY comparatively feeble hand aspires only (like the ladies of ancient Rome) to strew flowers in the paths of these laureled champions of my country. The flowers of earth, the *terrestrial* offspring of Phœbus, were scattered before the steps of victorious WAR; but, for triumphant GENIUS are reserved the *cælestial* children of his beams, the unfading flowers of the Muse. To pluck, and thus to bestow them, is mine, and I hold myself honoured in the task.

“ THE esteem (says Mr. O’HALLORAN) which mankind conceive of nations in general, is always in proportion to the figure they have made in arts and in arms. It is on this account that all civilized countries are eager to display their heroes, legislators, poets and philofophers—and with justice, since every individual participates in the glory of his illustrious countrymen.”—But where, alas, is this thirst for national glory? when a subject of such importance is permitted to a pen like mine! Why does not some *son of Anak* in genius step forward, and boldly throw his gauntlet to Prejudice, the avowed and approved champion of his country’s lovely muse?

IT is impossible for imagination to conceive too highly of the pitch of excellence to which a science must have soared which was cherished with such enthusiastic regard and cultivation as that of poetry, in this country. It was absolutely, for ages, the vital soul of the nation\*; and shall we then have no curiosity respecting the productions of genius once so celebrated, and so prized?

TRUE it is, indeed, and much to be lamented, that few of the compositions of those ages that were famed, in Irish annals, for the *light of song*, are now to be obtained by the most diligent research. The greater number of the poetical remains of our Bards, yet extant, were written during the middle ages; periods when the genius of Ireland was in its wane,

\* See the elegant and faithful O’CONNOR upon this subject; (*Dissertations on the History of Ireland*, p. 66.) and he is supported by the testimonies of the most authentic of ancient and modern historians.

“ ————— Yet still, not lost

“ All its original brightness————.”

On the contrary, many of the productions of those times breathe the true spirit of poetry, besides the merit they possess with the Historian and Antiquary, as to many faithful delineations of the manners and ideas of the periods in which they were composed.

WITH a view to throw some light on the antiquities of this country, to vindicate, in part, its history, and prove its claim to scientific as well as to military fame, I have been induced to undertake the following work. Besides the four different species of composition which it contains, (the HEROIC POEM, the ODE, the ELEGY, and the SONG) others yet remain unattempted by translation:—the ROMANCE, in particular, which unites the fire of Homer with the enchanting wildness of Ariosto. But the limits of my present plan have necessarily excluded many beautiful productions of genius, as little more can be done, within the compass of a single volume, than merely to give a few specimens, in the hope of awakening a just and useful curiosity, on the subject of our poetical compositions.

UNACQUAINTED with the rules of translation, I know not how far those rules may censure, or acquit me. I do not profess to give a merely literal version of my originals, for that I should have found an impossible undertaking.—Besides the spirit which they breathe, and which lifts the imagination far above the tameness, let me say, the *injustice*, of such a talk,—there are many complex words that could not be translated literally, without

out great injury to the original,—without being “ false to its sense, and falser to its fame.”

I AM aware that in the following poems there will sometimes be found a sameness, and repetition of thought, appearing but too plainly in the English version, though scarcely perceivable in the original Irish, so great is the variety as well as beauty peculiar to that language. The number of synonyms \* in which it abounds, enables it, perhaps beyond any other, to repeat the same thought, without tiring the fancy or the ear.

IT is really astonishing of what various and comprehensive powers this neglected language is possessed. In the pathetic, it breathes the most beautiful and affecting simplicity; and in the bolder species of composition, it is distinguished by a force of expression, a sublime dignity, and rapid energy, which it is scarcely possible for any translation fully to convey; as it sometimes fills the mind with ideas altogether new, and which, perhaps, no modern language is entirely prepared to express. One compound epithet must often be translated by two lines of English verse, and, on such occasions, much of the beauty is necessarily lost; the force and effect of the thought being weakened by too slow an introduction on the mind; just as that light which dazzles, when flashing swiftly on the eye, will be gazed at with indifference, if let in by degrees.

BUT, though I am conscious of having, in many instances, failed in my attempts to do all the justice I wished to my origi-

\* There are upwards of forty names to express a *Ship* in the Irish language, and nearly an equal number for a *Houfe*, &c.

nals, yet still, some of their beauties are, I hope, preserved; and I trust I am doing an acceptable service to my country, while I endeavour to rescue from oblivion a few of the invaluable reliques of her ancient genius; and while I put it in the power of the public to form some idea of them, by clothing the thoughts of our Irish muse in a language with which they are familiar, at the same time that I give the originals, as vouchers for the fidelity of my translation, as far as two idioms so widely different would allow.

HOWEVER deficient in the powers requisite to so important a task, I may yet be permitted to point out some of the good consequences which might result from it, if it were but performed to my wishes. The productions of our Irish Bards exhibit a glow of cultivated genius,—a spirit of elevated heroism,—sentiments of pure honor,—instances of disinterested patriotism,—and manners of a degree of refinement, totally astonishing, at a period when the rest of Europe was nearly sunk in barbarism: And is not all this very honorable to our countrymen? Will they not be benefited,—will they not be gratified, at the lustre reflected on them by ancestors so very different from what modern prejudice has been studious to represent them? But this is not all.—

As yet, we are too little known to our noble neighbour of Britain; were we better acquainted, we should be better friends. The British muse is not yet informed that she has an elder sister in this isle; let us then introduce them to each other! together let them walk abroad from their bowers, sweet ambassadresses of cordial union between two countries that seem formed by nature

to be joined by every bond of interest, and of amity. Let them entreat of Britain to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with her neighbouring isle. Let them conciliate for us her esteem, and her affection will follow of course. Let them tell her, that the portion of her blood which flows in our veins is rather ennobled than disgraced by the mingling tides that descended from our heroic ancestors. Let them come—but will they answer to a voice like mine? Will they not rather depute some favoured pen, to chide me back to the shade whence I have been allured, and where, perhaps, I ought to have remained, in respect to the memory, and superior genius of a Father—it avails not to say how dear!—But my feeble efforts presume not to emulate,—and they cannot injure his fame.

To guard against criticism I am no way prepared, nor do I suppose I shall escape it; nay, indeed, I do not wish to escape the pen of the *candid* critic: And I would willingly believe that an individual capable of no offence, and pretending to no pre-eminence, cannot possibly meet with any severity of criticism, but what the mistakes, or the deficiencies of this performance, may be justly deemed to merit; and what, indeed, could scarcely be avoided by one unskilled in composition, and now, with extreme diffidence, presenting, for the first time, her literary face to the world.

It yet remains to say a few words relative to the TALE which is annexed to this volume: for that I had no original; the story, however, is not my own; it is taken from a revolution in the history of ancient Ireland, Anno Mundi 3649. And no where

will the Muse be furnished with nobler subjects than that neglected history affords. The whole reign of CEALLACHAIN is one continued series of heroism, and high-wrought honor, that rises superior to all the flight of Romance, and defies Poet and fable to surpass it. Also, the reign of BRIAN BOIROIMH, and the famous retreat of the glorious tribe of DALGAIS; besides many other instances too numerous for detail; amongst which I selected the story of MAON, as a subject more suited to my limited powers, than those which demand a "Muse of fire," to record them.

I CANNOT conclude this preface without the gratification of acknowledging the favours with which I have been honored, since the commencement of my work.

FROM the judgment and taste of DOMINICK TRANT, Esq; (a gentleman too well known to need my panegyric) I have received much information and assistance.

TO the Right Honorable the Countess of MOIRA I am indebted for some valuable communications; as also to the learned WILLIAM BEAUFORD, Esq; of Athy; to RALPH OUSLEY, Esq; of Limerick; and to THEOPHILUS O'FLANAGAN, Esq; of Trinity College, Dublin.

TO the learning and public spirit of SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, Esq; I owe innumerable obligations; and JOSEPH C. WALKER, Esq; has afforded every assistance which zeal, judgment, and extensive knowledge, could give.

BESIDES the literary favours of my friends, there are others which I cannot omit to acknowledge as they equally tend to evince their wishes for the success of this undertaking.

THE accomplished family of CASTLE-BROWNE, in the county of Kildare, have exerted all the influence of taste, and character, to extend the subscription to this work. The learned author of the HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS, and his brother, SAMUEL WALKER, Esq; late of Trinity College Dublin have also been equally zealous and successful; and to these two families I am indebted for the greater number of my subscribers, in this kingdom. For the rest, I am obliged to the influence of the Honorable Justice HILLEN; DOMINICK TRANT, Esq; RICHARD GRIFFITH, Esq; the Reverend EDWARD RYAN, D. D. the Reverend T. B. MEARES, and several other friends.

AMONGST those of our sister country who have exerted themselves to promote the success of this work, the liberal spirit of WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq; has been most particularly active. From the height of his own pre-eminence in literary fame, he is ever ready to reach, unasked, the voluntary hand to those who come to pay their vows at the shrine of his favourite Muse. I have also the same obligations to the Reverend Doctor WARNER, the son of him whose historical justice, superior to modern prejudices, so generously asserted the dignity and character of Ireland, in a work which must ever reflect the highest honor on the candour, and philanthropy, as well as the abilities of its author.

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[The Publication of this Work has been delayed some Time, for the purpose of being enabled to give the following List complete :—still there are several Subscribers whose Names are not yet come to hand, and the List is therefore necessarily, though reluctantly, printed without them.]

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HEROIC POEMS.



I.

C O N L O C H:

A

P O E M.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*I HAVE not been able to discover the Author of the Poem of CONLOCH, nor can I ascertain the exact time in which it was written; but it is impossible to avoid ascribing it to a very early period, as the language is so much older than that of any of my Originals, (the War Odes excepted,) and quite different from the style of those Pieces which are known to be the compositions of the middle ages.*

*With equal pride and pleasure, I prefix to it the following Introduction, and regard it as an ornament and an honor to my work. For many other valuable communications, I am also indebted to Mr. O'Halloran; and am happy in this opportunity of returning my public acknowledgments for the kind zeal with which he has assisted me in the course of my undertaking; besides the information which (in common with his other admiring readers) I have received from his inestimable Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland; a work fraught with learning, rich with the treasures of ages, and animated by the very soul of Patriotism, and genuine Honor!*

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A N  
INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE  
TO THE  
P O E M O F C O N L O C H.

By SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, Esq; *M.R.I.A.*

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**H**AD the ancient history and language of Ireland been regarded in the very important light which both most assuredly merit, our accounts of the Laws, Customs, Legislation and Manners of the early Celtæ would not now be so imperfect and confused; nor would modern writers presume so flatly to contradict the facts recorded of them by the ancient Greek and Roman historians. But this is not the place to expatiate on so interesting a subject: As an introduction to the following Poem, I shall only say a few words relative to the antiquity of Chivalry in Europe.

IT is a fact unanimously subscribed to, that the custom of creating Knights in Europe originated not from the Romans, but amongst the Celtæ themselves. The Romans, wherever they carried their arms, waged war against arts and sciences, as well as against mankind; and hence it partly proceeds that our accounts of the greatest nations of antiquity are now so meagre and mutilated. The ancient Celtæ were amongst the number of those states that experienced this sad truth; for though the early Greeks confess how much they were indebted to them for Letters and Philosophy, though Pausanias bears testimony to their Knights, and though Cæsar—an eye witness—confesses that these Knights were the second order amongst the Gauls; yet, because the succeeding Romans were so industrious in the destruction of their records, that scarce a trace remains behind, our writers of the present, and of the two last centuries, agree that the first institution of chivalry in Europe was about the time of the croisades. But though all the other nations in Europe were overrun, and of course their annals destroyed, yet Ireland still remained free and independent, receiving into her fostering arms the distressed, and the proscribed of Britain and of the Continent. *Here* did those Arts and Sciences flourish, which *there* were annihilated by war and rapine; and *here* it is that Pezron, Menage, Bochart, Aldrite, &c. should have appealed for a satisfactory explanation of the feudal laws and customs; the want of which has led them to represent their early ancestors as a rude and illiterate people, (notwithstanding the fullest Greek and Roman testimonies to the contrary,) and that the feudal system and military tenures were  
instituted,

instituted, *for the first time*, after the expulsion of the Romans from Gaul; whereas *these*, as well as chivalry, flourished among the Celtæ in those days of politeness and erudition, which long preceded the conquests in Gaul, and were always in force in Ireland.

WITH us chivalry flourished from the remotest antiquity: there were five orders of it; four for the provinces, and one confined to the blood-royal; and so highly was this profession respected among us, that a Prince could not become a candidate for the monarchy, who had not the GRADH-GAOISGE, or order of Knighthood, conferred upon him. At a very tender age, the intended cavalier had a golden chain hung round his neck, and a sword and spear put into his hands. At seven years old he was taken from the care of the women, and deeply instructed in Philosophy, History, Poetry and Genealogy. The using his Weapons with judgment, elegance and address, was also carefully attended to; principles of Morality were sedulously inculcated, and a reverence and tender respect for the Fair, completed the education of the young hero. By his vows he was obliged to protect and redress the injured and the oppressed. He was not to reveal his name or his country to any uncourteous Knight, who seemed to demand it as a right. He was not to go out of his road for any menace. He could not decline the combat with any knight, how intrepid soever. And still further to shew to what a pitch of elevation they carried their ideas of military glory; even in death, they were to face this destroyer of mankind,

kind, *armed*, and ready to oppose force to force. This is so true, that on Cuchullin's being mortally wounded at the battle of Muirthievne, he had his back placed against a rock, with his sword and spear in his hands, &c. And Eogain-more, after the battle of Lena, was laid out completely armed, as our history has recorded. See also how these accounts illustrate later periods: De Saint Palaye, in his MEMOIRS OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY, tells us, that always, on the decease of a Knight, he was laid out in complete armour. And Hume mentions an English Knight, who, dying, ordered himself to be armed, with his lance and sword by him, as if ready to encounter death! The Chevalier Bayard, one of the bravest and most accomplished Knights of France, during the reign of Francis the first, finding himself mortally wounded in battle, ordered his attendants to place his back against a tree, with his sword in his hand, and died thus facing his conquering, though commiserating, enemies.

THE history of the following Poem is briefly this:—In the reign of Conor Mac-Nessa, King of Ulster, (about the year of the world 3950) Ireland abounded in heroes of the most shining intrepidity; inasmuch that they were all over Europe, by way of eminence, called the HEROES OF THE WESTERN ISLE. Amongst these were Cuchullin, the son of Sualthach; Conal- Cearach, and the three sons of Uifneach, Naoise, Aine, and Ardan, all cousins-german. Cuchullin, in one of his continental expeditions, returning home by way of Albany, or modern Scotland, fell in love, at Dun-Sgathach, with the beautiful Aife, daughter to Aird-genny.

genny. The affairs of his country calling him home, he left the lady pregnant; but, on taking leave, he directed, in case his child should be a son, to have him carefully brought up to arms, at the academy of Dun-Sgathach: He gave her a chain of gold to be put round his neck, and desired that he should be sent to Ulster, as soon as his military studies were completed, and that he should there recognize him by means of the golden chain. He also left the following injunctions for his conduct: That he should never reveal his name to a foe; that he should not give the way to any man, who seemed to demand it as a right; and that he should never decline the single combat with any Knight under the sun.

THE youth (his education completed,) came to Ireland to seek his father; but it appears that he arrived in armour; a manifest proof, according to the etiquette of those days, that he came with an hostile intention, and to look for occasions to signalize his valour. On his approaching Emania, the royal residence of the Ulster Kings, and of the Croabh-ruadh, or Ulster Knights, Conor sent a herald to know who he was? A direct answer, and he armed, would have been improper; it would have been an acknowledgment of timidity: In short, the question was only a challenge; and his being asked to pay an eric, or tribute, implied no more than that he should confess the superiority of the Ulster Knights. On his refusal to answer the question, Cuchullin appeared: they engaged, and the latter, hard pressed, threw a spear, with such direction at the young hero, as to wound him mortally.

mortally. The dying youth then acknowledged himself his son, and that he fell in obedience to the injunctions of his mother. It appears, however, from the poem, that when Cuchullin left her those injunctions, he was far from expecting that his son should have put them in force upon his arrival in Ireland. On the contrary, it appears the effect of jealousy in the lady, and of revenge, hoping that Cuchullin (now advanced in years) might himself fall in the conflict; for, though a gallant and most intrepid knight, yet our history proves that he was by no means constant in his attachments to the fair.

As to the numbers of knights engaged and vanquished by Conloch, previous to his conflict with Cuchullin, it is all poetic fiction, to raise the characters of the two heroes. Even Conall-Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, is made to submit to Conloch, who then falls the greater victim to the glory of his own father.

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C O N L O C H :

A P O E M<sup>a</sup>.

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CONLOCH, haughty, bold, and brave,  
Rides upon Jerne's wave!—  
Flush'd with loud-applauding fame,  
From Dunfcaik's walls he came;  
Came to visit Erin's coast;  
Came to prove her mighty Host!

C

Welcome,

<sup>a</sup> It is feared the measure chosen for the translation of this Poem, may appear greatly out of rule: but, in truth, I tried several others, and could succeed in none but this. I am conscious that the measure of an irregular Ode is not strictly suited to an Heroick Poem; the reader, however, as he advances, will perhaps find reason to acquit me; as he will perceive that the variety in the subject, required a variety in the measure; it is much too animated for the languid flow of Elegy, and too much broken by passion for the stately march of Heroicks:—at least it exceeded my limited powers to transfuse into either the spirit of my original.

Welcome, O youth of the intrepid mien,  
In glittering armour drest !  
Yet, *thus* to see thee come, I ween,  
Speaks a stray'd course, illustrious Guest <sup>b</sup> !  
But now, that safe the Eastern gale  
Has given thee to our view ;  
Recount thy travels, give the high detail  
Of those exploits from whence thy glory grew.

Do not, like others of Albania's land,  
Reject our fair demand ;  
Nor from its sheath the sword of conquest call,  
To cause thy youth, like theirs, to fall :  
Should'st thou, like them, with fruitless pride, delay  
The usual tribute of the bride to pay.

“ If such, (the youth replied) ere while,  
“ Has been the practice of your worthless Isle <sup>c</sup> ;  
“ Yet never more a Chief shall it disgrace,  
“ For this right arm shall your proud Law efface.”

Thus

<sup>b</sup> It is here evident that the Herald only *affects* to mistake the meaning of Conloch's martial appearance, with a view, perhaps, to engage him to change his intention ; or, possibly, through politeness to a *Stranger*, he would not seem to think him an enemy, until he had positively declared himself such. But, be this as it may, we cannot avoid perceiving the extreme elegance and delicacy with which the Herald addresses him, and makes his demand.

<sup>c</sup> The fierceness of this reply plainly denotes the impression which Conloch had received of Ireland, from the jealousy and resentment of his Mother, and that he came firmly purposed to evince it by all his actions.

Thus, while he spoke, collecting all his might,  
Fierce he address'd his conquering arms to fight ;  
No stop, no stay his furious faulchion found,  
Till his dire hand an hundred warriors bound :  
Vanquish'd they sunk beneath his dreadful sway,  
And low on earth their bleeding glories lay.

Then Conor<sup>d</sup> to his blushing host exclaim'd,  
“ Of all our Chiefs, for feats of prowess fam'd,  
“ Is there not one our glory to restore ?  
“ So cold is then become our martial heat,  
“ That none will dare yon haughty youth to meet,  
“ His name and errand to explore,  
“ The slaughter of his dreadful arm restrain,  
“ And force his pride its purpose to explain !”

’Twas then the kindling soul of Conall<sup>e</sup> rose,  
Victorious name ! the terror of his foes !  
His threatening arm aloft the hero rais'd,  
And in his grasp the deadly faulchion blaz'd !

Secure of conquest, on he moved, ~  
The youthful foe to meet ;  
But there a force, till then unknown, he proved !  
Amazed we saw the strange defeat ;

<sup>d</sup> Conor Mac-Nesla, King of Ulster.

<sup>e</sup> Conall Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, cousin-german and intimate friend to Cusullin.

We saw our Champion bound ;  
 Subdued beneath fierce Conloch's arm he lay ;  
 No more, as erst, to boast unvanquished sway,  
 A name, till then, for victory still renown'd.

“ Quick let a rapid courier fly !

(Indignant Auliffe cried,)

“ Quick with the shameful tidings let him hie,

“ And to our aid the first of heroes call,

“ From fair Dundalgan's<sup>f</sup> lofty wall,

“ Or Dethin's<sup>g</sup> ancient pride !”

“ Welcome, Cucullin !<sup>h</sup> mighty chief !

“ Though late, O welcome to thy friend's relief !

“ Behold the havoc of yon deadly blade !

“ Behold our hundred warriors bite the ground !

“ Behold thy friend, thy Conall bound !

“ Behold—nor be thy vengeful arm delay'd !”

“ No

<sup>f</sup> Dundalgan, (now Dundalk,) the residence of Cucullin.

<sup>g</sup> Dun-Dethin, the residence of Dethin, the mother of Cucullin.

<sup>h</sup> This passage exhibits a species of beauty that has been often, and deservedly admired: Here is the poet's true magical chariot, that annihilates space and circumstance in its speed! We scarce know that the messenger of Conor is gone, until we find him returned; and without the tedious intervention of narrative, the bard places his hero at once before our eyes.—Thus, in the inimitable ballad of *Hardyknute*:

The little Page flew swift as dart,

Flung from his Master's arm;

“ Cum down, cum down Lord Hardyknute,

“ And red your King frae harm !”

- “ No wonder (he replied,) each foreign knight  
 “ Should now insult our coast!  
 “ Lost are the souls of martial might,  
 “ The pride of Erin’s host!  
 “ Oh! since your deaths, ye fav’rite sons of fame!  
 “ Dismay, defeat, distress, and well-earn’d shame,  
 “ Alike our loss, and our reproach proclaim!—

“ For

<sup>1</sup> Cucullin here alludes to the death of his kinsmen, the three sons of Uisnoth, (or Uisneach,) who were cut off some time before by the perfidy of Conor. As their story may perhaps be acceptable to my readers, I will here present them with it, in all its fabulous array.

Deirdre, the beautiful daughter of Feidlim Mac-Doill, secretary to Conor king of Ulster, had, from her infancy, been shut up and strictly guarded in a fortress, to frustrate the prophecy of a Druid, who had foretold at her birth, that she should be fatal to the house of Ulster. On a day, as she looked abroad from her prison, she perceived a raven feeding on the blood of a calf, that had been killed for her table, and had tinged with crimson some new-fallen snow.—Immediately turning to Leavarcam, (her governess,) she asked, if there was any one in the world so beautiful as to have hair black as that raven’s wing; cheeks of as bright and pure a red as that blood; and a skin of the same dazzling fairness as that snow? Leavarcam replied, that there was; and that Naoise, the son of Uisnoth, more than answered the description.

Deirdre, curious to behold this wonder, entreated her governess to contrive some means by which she might procure a sight of him; and Leavarcam, pitying her situation and confinement, and thinking this a good opportunity to effect her deliverance from it; went directly to the young and gallant Naoise, informed him of the circumstance, extolled her pupil’s charms, and promised to indulge him with an interview, provided he would, on his part, engage to free the fair captive, and make her his wife. Naoise joyfully accepted the invitation:—they met;—mutual astonishment and admiration concluded in vows of the most passionate love! Naoise, with the aid of his brothers, Ainle and Ardán, stormed the fortress, and carried off his prize; and escaping thence to Scotland, they were there joined in marriage.

But

“ For me, my friends, what now remains,  
 “ When I behold yon mighty Chief in chains?

“ With

But the fatal beauty of Deirdre prevented the peaceable enjoyment of her happiness:—a Prince of great power in Albany saw her and was enamoured; and finding that it was vain to sue, he had recourse to arms, to force her from the protection of her husband. But Naoife, with a few faithful followers, cut his way through all opposition, and made good his retreat to one of the adjacent islands; where expecting to be again attacked, he dispatched messengers to Ullster, to entreat the aid of his friends.

The nobility of that province, on being informed of his situation, went in a body to the King, requesting that Naoife might be assisted and recalled; and Conor now trembling for the event of the prophecy, and perceiving that he could not by open force effect the deaths of those whose lives he feared would fulfil it, veiled his treacherous purpose under the masque of generous forgiveness to the rashness of a youthful lover; he affected to engage with pleasure in the cause of the unhappy pair; he granted the desired repealment, and sent a ship to convey them back to Ireland, and a body of troops to wait their arrival on the shore, and escort them to the palace of Emania. But Eogain, the commander of this body, had received private orders from the King to cut off the little band of Naoife on their landing; and particularly not to let Deirdre and the three sons of Ufnoth escape. His commands were too successfully obeyed, and in spite of the most gallant resistance, the unhappy brothers were slain. But Deirdre was reserved for still further woe: the murderous Eogain, struck with her beauty, could not lift his arm against her; he therefore brought her back a prisoner to the palace, and requested her from the King, as the reward of his guilty service. The base and inhuman Conor consented to his wishes, on obtaining a promise that she should be kept confined, and strictly watched, to prevent the accomplishment of the prediction. The wretched victim was accordingly placed in the chariot, and by the side of her husband's murderer, who aggravated her anguish by the most brutal raillery; and convinced her that death alone could free her from horrors, yet worse than any she had hitherto endured. Inspired with the sudden resolution of despair, she watched a moment favourable to her purpose, and springing with violence from the chariot, she dashed herself against a rock and expired.

But the cruel Conor drew down on his house the denunciation that he dreaded, by the very means through which he fought to avoid it. The friends of the unhappy lovers, enraged

“ With such a hero’s conqueror should I cope,  
 “ What could my humbler boast of prowess hope<sup>k</sup>?  
 “ How should you think *my* arms could e’er prevail,  
 “ Where Conall-Cearnach’s skill and courage fail?”——

“ And wilt thou then decline the fight,  
 “ O arm of Erin’s fame!  
 “ Her glorious, her unconquered knight,  
 “ Her first and fav’rite name!  
 “ No, brave Cucullin! mighty chief  
 “ Of bright victorious steel!  
 “ Fly to thy Conall, to thy friend’s relief,  
 “ And teach the foe superior force to feel!”

“ Then,

enraged at his perfidy, assembled all their forces, and took ample vengeance on the tyrant for his cruelty and breach of faith. His whole army was routed; his palace of Emania was seized upon, and given up to the plunder of the soldiery; and his favourite son, together with the chief officers of his household, and all who were supposed to be his friends, fell in the carnage of that day, as so many victims to the manes of the murdered sons of Ufnoth.

Whatever part Cucullin had taken in revenging the deaths of his young kinsmen, it appears that a kind of fullen reconciliation was afterwards effected between him and the King of Ulster; since we here find him (though reluctantly) consenting to fight his battles, and obey his commands. But the severity of reproach, and the bitterness of recollection, which is implied in the speech before us, plainly demonstrate that his grief and his injuries were still keenly felt, and warmly repented.

<sup>k</sup> Cucullin had been once a candidate for the Mastership of the Ulster Knights, but voluntarily resigned his claim to his kinsman Conall, as to one who had exhibited greater proof of soldiery than he himself had, at that time, been happy enough to have an opportunity of evincing.

Then, with firm step, and dauntless air,  
Cucullin went, and thus the foe address'd :

“ Let me, O valiant knight, (he cried)

“ Thy courtesy request !

“ To me thy purpose, and thy name confide,

“ And what thy lineage and thy land declare ?

“ Do not my friendly hand refuse,

“ And proffer'd peace decline ;—

“ Yet, if thou wilt the doubtful combat chuse,

“ The combat then, O fair-hair'd youth ! be thine !”

“ Never shall aught so base as fear

“ The hero's bosom sway !

“ Never, to please a curious ear,

“ Will I my fame betray !

“ No, gallant chief ! I will to none

“ My name, my purpose, or my birth reveal ;

“ Nor even from *thee* the combat will I shun,

“ Strong though thine arm appear, and tried thy martial

“ steel.

“ Yet hear me own, that, did the vow

“ Of chivalry allow,

“ I would not thy request withstand,

“ But gladly take, in peace, thy proffer'd hand.

“ So

“ So does that face each hostile thought controul ! !

“ So does that noble mien possess my foul ! ”

Reluctant then the chiefs commenc'd the fight,  
Till glowing honor rous'd their slumbering might !  
Dire was the strife each valiant arm maintain'd,  
And undecided long their fates remain'd ;  
For till that hour, no eye had ever view'd  
A field *so* fought, a conquest *so* pursu'd !  
At length Cucullin's kindling soul arose ;  
Indignant flame recruited fury lends ;  
With fatal aim his glittering lance he throws,  
And low on earth the dying youth extends.

Flown with the spear, his rage forsook  
The hero's generous breast,  
And, with soft voice, and pitying look,  
He thus his brave unhappy foe address'd.

“ Gallant youth ! that wound, I fear,  
“ Is past the power of art to heal !  
“ Now then, thy name and lineage let me hear,  
“ And whence, and why we see thee here, reveal !

D

“ That

<sup>1</sup> Deeply, as it is evident, that Conloch had been prepossessed against Cucullin, yet nature here begins to work ; and the sight of the paternal face raises strong emotions in his breast. This is finely introduced by the masterly poet, to heighten the distress of the catastrophe.

“ That fo thy tomb with honor we may raife,  
“ And give to glory’s fong thy deathlefs praife!”

“ Approach!”—the wounded youth reply’d <sup>m</sup>:—

“ Yet—yet more clofely nigh!

“ On this dear earth—by that dear fide

“ O let me die!—

“ Thy hand—my Father!—haplefs chief!—

“ And you, ye warriors of our ifle, draw near,

“ The anguish of my foul to hear,

“ For I muft kill a father’s heart with grief!

“ O firft of heroes! hear thy fon,

“ Thy Conloch’s parting breath!

“ See Dunfcaik’s early care <sup>n</sup>!

“ See Dundalgan’s cherifh’d heir!

“ See, alas! thy haplefs child,

“ By female arts beguil’d,

“ And by a fatal promife won,

“ Falls the fad victim of untimely death!”

“ O my

<sup>m</sup> From this line, to the end of the poem, my readers will perceive the neceffity of an irregular meafure in the tranflation.

<sup>n</sup> Dun-Sgathach (i. e. the fortrefs of Sgathach) in the Ifle of Sky.—It took its name from a celebrated Albanian heroine, who eftablifhed an academy there, and taught the ufe of arms.

“ O my lost son!—relentless fate!—

“ By this curst arm to fall!—

“ Come wretched Aifè, from thy childless hall,

“ And learn the woes that thy pierc’d soul await!

“ Why wert thou absent in this fatal hour?—

“ A mother’s tender power

“ Might sure have sway’d my Conloch’s filial breast!

“ My son, my hero then had stood confest!

“ But it is past!—he dies!—ah woe!—

“ Come, Aifè, come, and let thy sorrows flow!

“ Bathe his dear wounds!—support his languid head!

“ Wash, with a mother’s tears, away the blood a father shed!”

“ No more (the dying youth exclaim’d,)

“ No more on Aifè call!

“ Curst be her art!—the treacherous snare she fram’d

“ Has wrought thy Conloch’s fall!

“ Curst on the tongue that arm’d my hand

“ Against a father’s breast!

“ That bound me to obey her dire command,

“ And with a lying tale my soul possess;

“ That made me think my youth no more thy care,

“ And bade me of thy cruel arts beware!

“ Curst be the tongue to whose deceit  
“ The anguish of my father’s heart I owe.  
“ While thus, to bathe his sacred feet,  
“ Through this unhappy side,  
“ He sees the same rich crimson tide  
“ That fills his own heroic bosom flow !

“ O yes! too surely am I thine !  
“ No longer I the fatal truth conceal.  
“ Never before did any foe  
“ The name of Conloch know ;  
“ Nor would I now to thee my birth reveal,  
“ But safety, even from thy dear hand decline,  
“ Did not my ebbing blood, and short’ning breath,  
“ Secure thy Conloch’s honor—in his death.

“ But, ah Cucullin!—dauntless knight!—  
“ Ah!—had’st thou better mark’d the fight!  
“ Thy skill in arms might soon have made thee know  
“ That I was only *half* a foe!  
“ Thou would’st have seen, for glory though I fought,  
“ Defence,—not blood I fought.  
“ Thou would’st have seen, from that dear breast,  
“ Nature and love thy Conloch’s arm arrest !

“ Thou

“ Thou would’st have seen his spear instinctive fray ;  
“ And, when occasion dar’d its force,  
“ Still from that form it fondly turn’d away,  
“ And gave to air its course °.”

No answer the unhappy sire return’d,  
But wildly thus, in frantic sorrow mourn’d.  
“ O my lov’d Conloch ! beam of glory’s light !  
“ O set not yet in night !  
“ Live, live my son, to aid thy father’s sword !  
“ O live, to conquest and to fame restor’d !  
“ Companions of the war, my son, we’ll go,  
“ Mow down the ranks, and chase the routed foe !  
“ Ourselves an host, sweep o’er the prostrate field,  
“ And squadrons to my hero’s arm shall yield !  
“ Not mighty Erin’s self, from wave to wave,  
“ Not all her chiefs could our joint prowess brave !

“ Gone !—art thou gone ?—O wretched eyes !  
“ See where my child ! my murder’d Conloch lies !  
“ Lō !—in the dust his shield of conquest laid !  
“ And prostrate, now, his once victorious blade !

“ O let

° Here is one of those delicate strokes of nature and sentiment, that pass so directly to the heart, and so powerfully awaken its feelings !—Sympathy bleeds at every line of this passage, and the anguish of the father and the son are at once transfused into our breasts !

“ O let me turn from the foul-torturing fight!  
“ O wretch! deserted and forlorn!  
“ With age’s sharpest anguish torn!—  
“ Stript of each tender tie! each fond delight!

“ Cruel father!—cruel stroke!—  
“ See the heart of nature broke!—  
“ Yes, I have murder’d thee, my lovely child!  
“ Red with thy blood this fatal hand I view!—  
“ Oh, from the fight distraction will ensue,  
“ And grief will turn with tearless horror wild!—

“ Reason!—whither art thou fled?—  
“ Art thou with my Conloch dead?—  
“ Is this lost wretch no more thy care?  
“ Not one kind ray to light my soul;  
“ To free it from the black controul  
“ Of this deep, deep despair!—

“ As the lone skiff is tofs’d from wave to wave,  
“ No pilot’s hand to save!  
“ Thus, thus my devious soul is borne!  
“ Wild with my woes, I only live to mourn!

“ But all in death will shortly end,  
“ And sorrow to the grave its victim send!

“ Yes

“ Yes, yes, I feel the near approach of peace,  
     “ And misery soon will cease!  
 “ As the ripe fruit, at shady autumn’s call,  
 “ Shakes to each blast, and trembles to its fall;  
 “ I wait the hour that shall afford me rest,  
 “ And lay, O earth! my furrows in thy breast.

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Here ends the Poem of CONLOCH: the subject is indeed continued in the following pages; but it is in a distinct and separate piece, of which I have seen a number of copies, all in some degree differing from each other, and none of them connected with the above, except in this one copy, which I got from Mr. O’HALLORAN. The following poem, however, is possessed of considerable merit; and, besides the pathos that it breathes, it exhibits a species of originality in its way, that is *unique*, and striking to a very great degree.

The above translation is made from Mr. O’HALLORAN’s copy, but the original of the poem here subjoined, being rather fuller than the one which was annexed to his, I have for that reason adopted it.

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T H E  
LAMENTATION OF CUCULLIN,  
OVER THE  
BODY OF HIS SON CONLOCH.

---

ALAS, alas for thee,  
O Aifè's hapless son!  
And oh, of fires the most undone,  
My child! my child! woe, tenfold woe to me!  
Alas! that e'er these fatal plains  
Thy valiant steps receiv'd!  
And oh, for Cualnia's<sup>a</sup> wretched chief  
What now, alas, remains!  
What, but to gaze upon his grief!  
Of his sole son, by his own arm bereav'd!

O had

<sup>a</sup> Cucullin was called, by way of pre-eminence, the HERO OF CUALNIA, that being the name of his patrimony, which it still retains, in the county of Louth.

O had I died before this hour!—

My loft, my lovely child!

Before this arm my Conloch's arm oppos'd;  
 Before this spear against him was addrest;  
 Before these eyes beheld his eye-lids clos'd,  
 And life's warm stream thus issuing from his breast!  
 Then, Death, how calmly had I met thy power!  
 Then, at thy worst of terrors, had I smil'd!

Could fate no other grief devise?—

No other foe provide?—

Oh!—could no arm but mine suffice

To pierce my darling's side!—

My Conloch! 'tis denied thy father's woe  
 Even the sad comfort of revenge to know!—  
 To rush upon thy murderer's cruel breast,  
 Scatter his limbs, and rend his haughty crest!—  
 While his whole tribe in blood should quench my rage,  
 And the dire fever of my soul alluage<sup>b</sup>!  
 The debt of vengeance, then, should well be paid,  
 And thousands fall the victims of thy shade!

E

Ultonian

<sup>b</sup> What a picture of a heart torn with sorrow is here exhibited, in these wild startings of passion!—the soul of a hero, pressed down with a weight of woe,—stung to madness by complicated aggravations of the most poignant grief, and struggling between reason, and the impatient frenzy of despair!—How naturally does it rave around for some object whereon to vent the burblings of anguish, and the irritations of a wounded spirit!

Ultonian knights ! ye glory of our age !  
 Well have ye scap'd a frantic father's rage !  
 That not by *you* this fatal field is won !  
 That not by *you* I lose my lovely son !—  
 Oh, dearly, else, should all your lives abide  
 The trophies from my Conloch's valour torn ;  
 And your RED-BRANCH, in deeper crimson dy'd,  
 The vengeance of a father's arm should mourn !

O thou lost hope of my declining years !  
 O cruel winds that drove thee to this coast !  
     Alas ! could Destiny afford  
     No other arm, no other sword,  
     In Leinster of the pointed spears,  
 On Munster's plains, or in fierce Cruachan's<sup>d</sup> host,  
     To quench in blood my filial light,  
 And spare my arm the deed, my eyes the fight !

O had proud India's splendid plain  
 Beneath thy prowess bled,  
 There, sunk on heaps of hostile slain,  
 Had thy brave spirit fled,

That

<sup>c</sup> These were the famous heroes of the RED-BRANCH.

<sup>d</sup> In Connaught.

That then EMANIA \* might the deed pursue,  
 And, for thy fate, exact the vengeance due!  
 Expiring millions had thy ransom paid,  
 And the wild frenzy of my grief allay'd!

O that to Lochlin's land of fnows  
 My fon had steer'd his course!  
 Or Grecian † shores, or Persian ‡ foes,  
 Or Spain, or Britain's force!

There

\* By EMANIA he means the knights of the RED-BRANCH, as a considerable part of that palace was occupied by this celebrated body. The part appointed for their residence was called *Teagh na Craoibhe-ruadh* (i. e. the palace of the RED-BRANCH), where there was also an academy instituted for the instruction of the young knights, and a large hospital for their sick and wounded, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Warriors' Sorrow. See O'HALL. *Int. to the Hist. of Ireland*, p. 40. See also KEATING.

The palace of Emania, or Eamania, stood near Armagh. Some ruins of it were remaining so late as the time of Colgan. Vide *Collect. de Reb. Hib.* vol. III. p. 341.

† ‡ The anti-Iibernian critic will here exclaim—"What knowledge could Cucullin possibly be supposed to have had of Greece, or Persia, or of proud India's splendid plain?—Does not the very mention banish every idea of the antiquity of this poem, and mark it out at once as a modern production?" It is granted that this would indeed be the case, had our early ancestors been really such as modern writers represent them:—*Barbarians, descended from barbarians, and ever continuing the same*; but their Phœnician origin of itself sufficiently accounts for their knowledge of the situation, inhabitants, manners, &c. of the various nations of the earth; since the Phœnicians, a maritime and commercial people, traded to every port, and were acquainted with every country.

Besides this, the literary and intellectual turn of the ancient Irish, frequently sent them, in quest of knowledge, to different parts of the globe. "Our early writers" (says Mr O'HALLORAN) tell us, (and Archbishop USHER affirms the same,) that

There had he fallen, amidst his fame,  
 I yet the loss could bear ;  
 Nor horror thus would shake my frame,  
 Nor sorrow be—Despair !—

Why was it not in Sora's barbarous lands  
 My lovely Conloch fell ?  
 Or by fierce Pictish chiefs<sup>b</sup>, whose ruthless bands  
 Would joy the cruel tale to tell ;  
 Whose souls are train'd all pity to subdue ;  
 Whose savage eyes unmov'd that form could view !

Rejoice, ye heroes of Albania's plains !  
 (While yet I live, my conquering troops to lead,)  
 Rejoice, that guiltless of the deed  
 Your happy earth remains !

And

“ the celebrated champion Conall Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, was actually at Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of our Saviour, and related the story to the King of Ulster on his return.” He also adds that one of our great poets, in the fifth century, traversed the east, and dedicated a book to the Emperor Theodosius. Many similar instances and proofs could also be here subjoined ; but the limits of my design oblige me to refer my readers to the learned works of O'CONNOR, O'HALLORAN and VALLANCEY, names dear to every spirit of liberality and science, but by *Irishmen* peculiarly to be revered.

<sup>b</sup> The period, when the Picts first invaded North-Britain, has not (I believe) been exactly ascertained.—We *here* find that country divided between the PICTS and the ALBANIANs, and the former mentioned as a bloody and cruel people.—It was not till two centuries after this that a *third* colony from Ireland, under Carbry Riada, was established there.

And you, ye chiefs of Galia's numerous host;  
Bless the kind fate that spar'd your favour'd coast!

But what for me—for me is left!  
Of more, and dearer far than life, bereft!  
Doom'd to yet unheard of woe!  
A father, doom'd to pierce his darling's side,<sup>1</sup>  
And,—oh! with blasted eyes abide  
To see the last dear drops of filial crimson flow!

Alas!—my trembling limbs!—my fainting frame!<sup>k</sup>—  
Grief!—is it thou?—

O conquering Grief!—I know thee now!  
Well do thy sad effects my woes proclaim!  
Poor Victor!—see thy trophies, where they lie!—  
Wash them with tears!—then lay thee down and die!

Why

<sup>1</sup> I had nearly forgotten to acknowledge, that some stanzas of the original of this poem are omitted in the translation; Cucullin, before this, enumerates the heroes of the RED-BRANCH; viz. Conal Cearnach, Loire Buahach, Cormac Conluingeas, Dubthach, Forbuidh, &c. &c. and tells them, one by one, that they happily escaped being guilty of the death of his son, and the vengeance that he would have exacted. In some other copies of the poem I do not find these stanzas; I therefore took the liberty of leaving them out, as I thought they broke the pathos of the composition; and, besides, they were (in point of poetry) rather inferior to the rest of the piece.

<sup>k</sup> The beautiful lines, in my original, from which the three following stanzas are translated, were not in Mr. O'HALLORAN'S copy.

Why, why, O Aife! was thy child  
 Thus cruelly beguil'd!  
 Why to my Conloch did'st thou not impart  
 The fatal secret of his father's art?  
 To warn him to avoid the deadly snare,  
 And of a combat on the waves beware!

Alas, I sink!—my failing fight  
 Is gone!—'tis lost in night!  
 Clouds and darkness round me dwell!  
 Horrors more than tongue can tell!  
 See where my son, my murdered Conloch lies!  
 What further sufferings now can fate devise!  
 O my heart's wounds! well may your anguish flow,  
 And drop life's tears on this surpassing woe!

Lo, the sad remnant of my slaughter'd race,  
 Like some lone trunk, I wither in my place!—  
 No more the sons of USNOTH to my fight  
 Give manly charms, and to my foul delight!

No

<sup>1</sup> Some of our romances and poems ascribe to Cucullin the property of being invulnerable in water, and in relating this circumstance of his life, say, that (when hard pressed by Conloch) he took the refuge of a ford, and *then* threw the fatal GARTH-BOLG, with which he was sure of killing his antagonist. The preceding poem makes no mention of this fable, perhaps through tenderness for the honor of Cucullin; and from this, and some other circumstances, I am tempted to think they were not written by the same hand.

No more my Conloch shall I hope to see ;  
 Nor son, nor kinsman now survives for me !  
 O my lost son !—my precious child, adieu !  
 No more these eyes that lovely form shall view !  
 No more his dark-red spear shall Ainle<sup>m</sup> wield !  
 No more shall Naoife thunder o'er the field !  
 No more shall Ardan sweep the hostile plains !—  
 Lost are they all, and nought but woe remains !—  
 Now, cheerless earth, adieu thy every care :  
 Adieu to all, but Horror and Despair !

<sup>m</sup> Ainle, Naoife, and Ardan, were the three sons of Ufnoth, whose tragical story is related in the notes to the preceding poem.

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II.

M A G N U S   T H E   G R E A T :

A

P   O   E   M.

F



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE language of the following Poem, as it now stands, is certainly too modern to be ascribed to an earlier period than the middle ages;—but, whether it did or did not exist, prior to those times, in a dress more ancient than that in which we now find it, is a matter which I confess myself unqualified to determine: for, though there be many reasons to suppose that this is really the case; yet there are also some circumstances in the Poem, which seem to contradict the supposition. If, by the Magnus of our Bard, he means the King of that name, who made some descents on Ireland about the latter end of the eleventh century, he is then guilty of a great anacronism, in synchronising heroes, who flourished at such different periods; and we must fix the date of his composition at some time in the twelfth, or thirteenth century. This, however, is mere conjecture, upon the strength of which, it would be unfair to judge, much less to condemn our Bard. Magnus is a name so common amongst the Northern princes, that it cannot determine our opinion.*

*According to the accounts that Irish history gives of Danish Invasions in this kingdom, the earliest was about the end of the eighth century; we therefore cannot safely rest upon the credit of our Bards, who tell us of numberless descents, which that fierce and warlike people made upon our coasts, wherein they were opposed and beaten back by kings and heroes, who flourished here in the earliest ages of Christianity. Yet, small as is the faith to be placed in mere poetical authority, it ought*

not to be wholly disregarded: it seems to me that they must have had some foundation for their perpetual allusions to the early period of Danish depredations in Ireland; nor is the silence of our history a sufficient reason for concluding that all their accounts are founded in fiction only. The greater part of our historical records are lost, and, doubtless, amongst them, many authentic accounts of events much more interesting than this now in question; and which are not mentioned in the few of our annals that yet remain. Besides this, an invasion, such as that recorded by our Bard, might easily have passed unnoticed by either a counsellor or a careless historian. The Danes, under his hero, acquired no footing, gained no victory in our island; they were only just landed, and beaten back: so fruitless an attempt might have been purposely omitted by the historian, as not of sufficient consequence to take up room in his annals; or it may perhaps have been noticed in some of our more voluminous records, which are lost. Add to this, that numbers of the Latin writers (from the commencement of the fourth, to the close of the tenth and eleventh centuries) speak fully of an intercourse between the old Inhabitants of Ireland, and the Northern nations. All these circumstances considered, it is left to the judgment of the reader, whether to acquit our Bard of anachronism, or not.

There are numberless copies of this Poem in the hands of the learned and curious. The one from which I have translated is in the collection of Mr. Joseph C. Walker. The author (or perhaps only the moderniser of the piece) is said to have belonged to the family of the O'Neils; but, what his name was, I have not been able to learn.

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M A G N U S <sup>a</sup> T H E G R E A T :

A P O E M.

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OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. **I** Care not for thee, senseless clerk!  
Nor all thy psalming throng,  
Whose stupid souls, unwisely dark,  
Reject the light of song :

Unheeding, while it pours the strain,  
With Finian glory swell'd ;  
Such as thy thought can scarce contain,  
Thine eye has ne'er beheld !

PATRICK.

<sup>a</sup> *Magus* is pronounced in the Irish, *Manas* ; but the name being a foreign one, is here purposely written according to the spelling of the original. The Irish names are, in general, given in such spelling as will convey the sound of the original.

PATRICK. O son of Finn! the Fenii's fame  
Thou gloriest to prolong;  
While I my heav'nly King proclaim,  
In psalm's diviner song.

OISIN. Dost thou insult me to my face?  
Does thy presumption dare  
With the bright glories of my race  
Thy wretched psalms compare?

Why did my folly let thee live,  
To brave too patient age,  
To see how tamely I forgive,  
And preach me from my rage!

PATRICK. Pardon, great chief!—I meant no ill;  
Sweet is to me thy song;  
And high the themes and lofty skill  
Its noble strains prolong.

Sing then, sweet bard! thy purpos'd tale,  
While gladly I attend,  
And let me on thy grace prevail  
Its lovely sounds to lend.

OISIN.

OISIN. Once, while we chac'd the dark-brown deer<sup>b</sup>,  
 Along the sea-girt plain,  
 We saw a distant fleet appear,  
 Advancing on the main.

Quick ceas'd the hunt:—to east, to west  
 Our rapid mandate hi'd ;  
 With instant march the Fenii prest  
 To join their leader's side.

Beneath the chief of mighty fame,  
 Whom lovely Morna<sup>c</sup> bore,  
 Seven warlike bands<sup>d</sup> to join us came,  
 Collected on the shore.

Then

<sup>b</sup> “ These hunting matches (says O'CONOR) continued several days; and, in some seasons, several months: at night they encamped in woods, and reposed in booths, “ covered with the skins of the animals they hunted down.” The chase was also, to them, “ a sort of military school, which rendered toil easy, and annexed pleasure to “ the rudest fatigue. It gave them great muscular strength, and great agility and “ firmness against the severity of the most rigorous seasons. It besides taught them “ vigilance; skill in archery, and great patience under long abstinence from food. “ They came out of the forest expert foldiers; and no nation could excel them in “ rapid marches, quick retreats, and sudden sallies. By these means it was, that they “ so often baffled the armies of South-Britain, and the Roman legions, united.” O'CONOR'S *Dissertations*, p. 71, 101.

<sup>c</sup> Morna, or Muirne monchaoimh, (i. e. the beloved maid, with the gentle, or engaging wiles,) was the mother of Finn, and it was in right of her that he possessed his palace of Almhain. Vide KEATING, p. 271.

<sup>d</sup> These were the *Fiana Ercann*, the celebrated militia, so renowned in the annals  
of

Then Finn, the foul of Erin's might,  
 With fame and conquest crown'd;  
 To deeds of glory to incite,  
 Address'd the heroes round.

“ Which

this country, and in the songs of her Bards. Dr. Warner gives the following account of that formidable body.—

“ The constant number of this standing army in times of peace, when there were no disturbances at home, nor any want of their assistance to their allies abroad, were nine thousand men, divided equally into three battalions. But in case of any apprehensions of a conspiracy, or rebellion against the monarch, or if there was any necessity for transporting a body of troops to Scotland, in order to defend their allies, the Dalriada's, it was in the power of Finn, the generalissimo, to increase his forces to seven battalions, of three thousand each. Every battalion was commanded by a Colonel; every hundred men by a Captain; an officer, in the nature of a Lieutenant, was set over every fifty; and a Serjeant, resembling the Decurio of the Romans, was at the head of every five and twenty. When they were drawn out for action, every hundred men were distributed into ten files, with ten (of course) in each; and the leader of the file gave the word to the other nine. As it was thought a great honor to be a member of this invincible body of troops, their General was very strict in insisting on the qualifications necessary for admission into it.”

“ The parents, (or near relations) of every candidate for the militia, were to give security that they would not attempt to revenge his death, but leave it to his fellow-soldiers to do him justice. He must have a poetical genius, and be well acquainted with the twelve books of poetry. He was to stand at the distance of nine ridges of land, with only a flick, and a target; and nine soldiers were to throw their javelins at him at once, from which he was to defend himself unhurt, or be rejected. He was to run through a wood, with his hair plaited, pursued by a company of the militia, the breadth of a tree only being allowed between them at setting out, without being overtaken, or his hair falling loose about him. He was to leap over a tree, as high as his forehead; and easily stoop under another that was as low as his knee. These qualifications being proved, he was then to take

“ Which of my chiefs the first will go  
 “ To yon insulted shore,  
 “ And bravely meet the daring foe,  
 “ Their purpose to explore !”

Then

“ an oath of allegiance to the King, and of fidelity to Finn, his commander in  
 “ chief.

“ The reader will judge of the propriety of most of these qualifications; but this  
 “ was not every thing that was required, in order for admission into this illustrious  
 “ corps. Every foldier, before he was enrolled, was obliged to subscribe to the fol-  
 “ lowing articles. That, if ever he was disposed to marry, he would not conform to  
 “ the mercenary custom of requiring a portion with his wife; but, without regard to  
 “ her fortune, he would chuse a woman for her virtue, and courteous manners.  
 “ That he would never offer violence to any woman. That he would be charitable  
 “ to the poor, as far as his abilities would permit. And that he would not turn his  
 “ back, nor refuse to fight with ten men of any other nation.

“ In the times of peace, they were required to defend the inhabitants against the  
 “ attempts of thieves and robbers; to quell riots and insurrections; to levy fines,  
 “ and secure estates that were forfeited for the use of the crown; in short, to sup-  
 “ press all seditious and traitorous practices in their beginning; and to appear under  
 “ arms, when any breach of faith required it. They had no subsistence money from  
 “ the monarchs but during the winter half year, when they were billeted upon the  
 “ country, and dispersed in quarters. During the other part of the year, from the  
 “ first of May to November, they were encamped about the fields, and were obliged  
 “ to fish and hunt for their support. This was not only a great ease to the monarch  
 “ and his subjects, but it inured the troops to fatigue, preserved them in health and  
 “ vigour, and accustomed them to lie abroad in the field: and in a country which  
 “ abounded so much with venison, fish, and fowl, as Ireland did, it was no other  
 “ hardship than what was proper to the life of foldiers, to be obliged to draw their  
 “ subsistence in the summer season from those articles.

“ They made but one meal in four and twenty hours, which was always in the  
 “ evening; and besides the common method of roasting their meat before the fire,  
 “ they had another very remarkable, and which they seem most to have practised.

Then Conan<sup>c</sup> of the froward mind,  
 The bald M'Morni spoke,  
 And as his spleenful soul inclin'd,  
 His sneering accents broke.

“ O chief

“ The places, which they chose to encamp in, were always in the neighbourhood of water, where great fires were made, in order to heat some large stones, for roasting of their meat; here large pits were dug, into which they threw a layer of stones, when they were hot, and then a layer of flesh, covered up in sedges or rushes; then another course of stones, and another of flesh, till the pit was full, or their quantity of meat was finished. While their food was stewing in this manner, they washed their heads, necks, &c. till they had cleansed themselves from the dust and sweat, occasion'd by hunting; and this contributed as much to take off their fatigue as it did to promote their health and cleanliness. When they were dressed, and their meat was ready, they uncovered the pits, and took out their food, of which they eat large quantities with great cheerfulness and sociability.

“ If their exercise led them, as it often did, to too great a distance to return to the camp, as soon as dinner was ended they erected little temporary tents or booths, in which their beds were laid out, and constructed with great exactness. Next the ground were placed the small branches of trees, upon which was strewed a large quantity of moss, and over all were laid bundles of rushes, which made a very commodious lodging, and which, in the old manuscripts, are called ‘The Three Beds of the Irish Militia.’ The marks of their fires continue deep in the earth, in many parts of the island, to this day; and when the husbandman turns up the black burnt clay with his plow, he immediately knows the occasion of it; and even now that soil is called by the name of ‘Fullacht Finn.’ The militia were as much under discipline, when encamped thus in the summer, as when they were at quarters, and they were at stated times obliged to perform their military exercise. Besides these regulations for the army, the celebrated Finn, who was as great a philosopher as a general, drew up several axioms of jurisprudence, which were incorporated into the celestial judgments of the state.” *WARNER'S Hist. of Ireland*, p. 289.

<sup>c</sup> Conan, wherever he is mentioned, or wherever he appears, always bears the same character for insolent perverseness; but, like Homer's Therſites, he was endured; and probably for the same reason.

- “ O chief of Erin’s batt’ling hoft !  
 “ Whom fhould yon navy bring?—  
 “ Haply fome Prince, or hero’s boaft,  
 “ To match our *wond’rous* King !
- “ Let Fergus, *peaceful* Bard, advance  
 “ To meet their haughty lord ;  
 “ He, with accuftom’d art, perchance  
 “ The threaten’d blow may ward †.”
- “ Peace, tongue accurs’d, bald, froward fool !”  
 (The graceful Fergus cry’d)  
 “ Think’ft thou I move beneath *thy* rule,  
 “ To go or to abide?—
- “ Yet, for the Fenii, I will go  
 “ To yon infulted fhore,  
 “ And meet, for them, the daring foe,  
 “ Their purpofe to explore.”

† In the tranflation of this paffage, more is given than is abfolutely expreffed in the original, but not more than is implied : the words of Conan here are very few ;—he only fays “ Who, O mighty Finn of battles ! who fhould there be but fome great “ chief, or prince, coming againft thee?—let Fergus then, with his confummate art, “ go and meet him ; he is accuftomed to fuch errands.” From the epithet *perverfe*, or *froward*, being beftowed on Conan, immediately before ; and from the angry reply of the ufually gentle Fergus, I collected the full force of the intended irony, and underftood whatever my tranflation has added.

Bright in the glittering blades of war,  
 The youthful Fergus goes ;  
 Loud founds his martial voice afar †,  
 And greets the distant foes.

“ Whence are those hofts ? Come they the force  
 “ Of Finian arms to brave ?—  
 “ Or wherefore do they steer their course  
 “ O’er Erin’s guarded wave ?”

“ Mac-Mehee, of the crimson shields <sup>b</sup>,  
 “ Fierce Magnus heads our bands,  
 “ Who Lochlin’s mighty sceptre wields,  
 “ And mighty hofts commands.”

“ Why

‡ “ With us (says Mr. WALKER) as with the ancient Greeks, (Iliad, b. v.) before  
 “ the use of trumpets was known in our armies, it was the business of those Herald-  
 “ bards, (who had Stentoric lungs,) to found with the voice the alarm, and call the  
 “ squadrons together.” *Hist. Mem. of Irish Bards.*

A loud and well-toned voice was, indeed, peculiarly necessary to the Bard ; since,  
 without it, it was impossible that the animated exhortations of his Ῥοϋξ-σατα  
 could be heard, amidst the din of arms.

<sup>b</sup> The shields of the Danes were usually coloured crimson. We find in HOLIN-  
 SHED’S Chronicle, where he describes the army led by Hæculphus against Dublin, in  
 the reign of Henry II. that “ their shields, bucklers and targets, were round, and  
 “ coloured red, and bound with iron.” Perhaps, however, it is only in a figurative  
 sense, that the red shield is here mentioned by the poet, as having been often dyed in  
 the blood of the enemy ; it is in this sense that we frequently read of the *red spear*,  
 the *red sword*, &c.

“ Why does he thus our coasts explore,  
“ And hither lead his power ?  
“ If peace conducts him to our shore,  
“ He comes in happy hour.”

The furious Magnus swift reply'd,  
With fierce and haughty boast,  
(The King whose navy's speckled<sup>i</sup> pride  
Defied our martial host.)

“ I come (he cried) from Comhal's son  
“ A hostage to obtain ;  
“ And, as the meed of conquest won,  
“ His spouse and dog to gain\*.

“ His

<sup>i</sup> *Breac*, speckled.—I have nothing but conjecture to offer upon this epithet ; and must leave it to those who are better versed in Northern antiquities, to determine what kind and degree of ornament is here meant.

\* It is not certain, whether such a demand as that of “ the spouse and dog” was usual, upon similar occasions, amongst the Scandinavian, or Celtic nations. Among the Asiatics and other ancients, it was the custom to demand “ earth and water,” as a token of submission. The “ spouse and dog” are here insisted on, evidently in the same sense ; and perhaps it was the practice of the Northerners to do so.

“ His Bran<sup>1</sup>, whose fleetness mocks the wind,

“ His spouse of gentle love :

“ Let them be now to me resign’d,

“ My mightier arm to prove.”

“ Fierce will the valiant Fenii fight,

“ And thin will be their host,

“ Before our Bran shall, in their fight,

“ Perform thy haughty boast ;

“ And Finn will swell green Erin’s wave

“ With Lochlin’s<sup>m</sup> blood of pride,

“ Before his spouse shall be thy slave,

“ And leave his faithful side.”

“ Now by that generous hand of thine,

“ O Fergus! hear me swear,

“ Though bright your Finian glories shine,

“ And fierce you learn to dare ;

“ Or

<sup>1</sup> This Bran is much celebrated in many of the Finian tales and poems, for fidelity and extraordinary endowments.

<sup>m</sup> Lochlin is the Gaelic name for Scandinavia in general.

“ Or Bran fhall foon the dark-brown deer  
“ O'er Lochlin's hills purfue ;  
“ Or foon this arm fhall teach you fear,  
“ And your vain pride fubdue.”

“ Though ftrong that valiant arm you deem,  
“ Whofe might fo loud you boaft ;  
“ And high thofe martial troops efteem,  
“ Whofe numbers hide our coaft ;

“ Yet, never with thy haughty will  
“ Shall Erin's chief comply ;  
“ Nor ever deer, o'er Lochlin's hill,  
“ Before our Bran fhall fly.”

Mild Fergus then, his errand done,  
Return'd with wonted grace ;  
His mind, like the unchanging fun<sup>n</sup>,  
Still beaming in his face.

Before

<sup>n</sup> The reader's attention is particularly called to the peculiar beauty of this image, and indeed of the whole preceding paffage. How exquisitely is the character of Fergus fupported! He greets the enemy with courtesy: he is answered with infolence; yet ftill retains the fame equal temper, for which he is every where diftinguifhed. We fee his fpirit rife, but it is with fomething more noble than repentment; for his reply to Magnus breathes all the calmnefs of philofophy, as well as the energy of the patriot, and the dignity of the hero.

Before bright Honor's generous chief,  
His noble fire, he goes ;  
And thus unfolds, in accents brief,  
The message of his foes.

“ Why should I, from the valiant ear,  
“ The words of death withhold ;  
“ Since, to the heart that knows no fear,  
“ All tidings may be told.

“ Fierce Magnus bids thee instant yield,  
“ And take the granted hour ;  
“ Or soon the dire contested field  
“ Shall make thee feel his pow'r ;

“ Fleet-bounding Bran, his deer to chafe,  
“ And prove his mightier arm ; .  
“ And thy soft love, his halls to grace,  
“ And his fierce soul to charm ;

“ These are his proud, his stern demands,  
“ Or soon, from shore to shore,  
“ His spear shall desolate thy lands,  
“ And float thy fields with gore.”

“ From

- “ From me shall my soft love be torn,  
“ A stranger’s halls to grace?—  
“ Or my fleet Bran away be borne,  
“ A stranger’s deer to chase?—
- “ Oh! first shall cease this vital breath,  
“ And useless be this blade;  
“ And low in earth, and cold in death,  
“ This arm be powerless laid!
- “ O Gaul! shall these redoubted bands  
“ Stand cold and silent by;  
“ And hear such insolent demands,  
“ And not to vengeance fly!
- “ Shall we not chase yon vaunting host,  
“ With rout and death away,  
“ And make them rue their haughty boast,  
“ And rue this fatal day?——”
- “ Yes, by that arm of deathful might,  
“ O Comhal’s noble son!  
“ Soon shall our swords pursue their flight,  
“ And soon the field be won;

“ Yon King, whose ships of many waves  
“ Extend along our coast,  
“ Who thus thy power insulting braves,  
“ And dares our gallant host.

“ Soon shall this arm his fate decide,  
“ And, by this vengeful blade,  
“ Shall that fierce head of gloomy pride  
“ In humble dust be laid !”

“ Not so ! (with eager warmth exclaim’d  
“ My generous son of Love)  
“ Yon King, though fierce, though widely fam’d,  
“ Thy Ofgur’s arm shall prove !

“ Soon his twelve Judges’ tribe<sup>p</sup> before  
“ My valiant troop shall flee ;  
“ And their proud King shall fall, no more  
“ His isle of boars to see.”

“ No,

<sup>p</sup> In the original, *clan an da còmhajleac òdag*. (tribe of the twelve Counsellors or Judges). “Odin, the conqueror of the North, established in Sweden a supreme court, composed of twelve members, to assist him in the functions of the priesthood, and civil government. This, doubtless, gave rise to what was afterwards called the senate; and the same establishment, in like manner, took place in Denmark, Norway, and other Northern states. These senators decided, in the last appeal, all differences of importance; they were, if I may so say, the  
“ all-fathers

- “ No, mine” (the famed Macluya<sup>9</sup> cry’d)  
 “ Mine be yon vaunting foe !  
 “ Mine be the task to check his pride,  
 “ And lay his glories low !
- “ Dark Norway’s King myself will meet,  
 “ And well his arm employ :  
 “ For danger, in thy cause, is sweet,  
 “ And life is risqu’d with joy.”
- “ No, I to glorious fame will spring !  
 (Brown Dermid<sup>r</sup> cry’d) “ or die ;  
 “ Mine be to meet yon stranger king,  
 “ His boasted arm to try :

H 2

“ Strong

“ assessors of the prince ; and were in number twelve, as we are expressly informed  
 “ by Saxo, in his *Life of King Regner Lodbrog*. Nor are there other monuments  
 “ wanting, which abundantly confirm this truth. We find in Zealand, in Sweden,  
 “ near Upfal, and, (if I am not mistaken) in the county of Cornwall also, large  
 “ stones, to the amount of twelve, ranged in the form of a circle, and, in the midst  
 “ of them, one of superior heighth. Such, in those rude ages, was the hall of  
 “ audience ; the stones that formed the circumference were the seats of the senators ;  
 “ that in the middle was the throne of the King.” MALLETT’S *Northern Antiquities*,  
 p. 44, note <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> Mac Luigheach.

<sup>r</sup> For an account of Dermid ; see notes on *The Chase*.

“ Strong though it be, it soon shall yield,  
“ While in thy cause I fight ;  
“ Or soon these eyes, on yonder field,  
“ Shall close in endless night.”

“ My vision now I call to mind !  
(The starting Fallan \* cry'd)  
“ I dream'd that with the Moorish † King,  
“ Alone the fight I try'd :

“ At length, methought, one lucky aim  
“ Struck off his gloomy head ;  
“ And thence my soul forebodes our fame,  
“ And sees our glories spread !”

“ Blest be your souls, ye arms of war † !  
(The blooming Finn exclaim'd)  
“ May victory bear your triumphs far,  
“ To distant nations fam'd !

“ But,

\* Fœlan.

† ῬῬῆ ἑῖπε καὶ ἄρχε αὐτὸν ἡξορῆται.—Literally “ the King of the country of the Moors.” This seems a strange passage, and I must confess myself unable to conjecture whence it could have taken rise, or what connection there could have been between the Irish and the Moors.

‡ How natural and how beautiful is this burst of feeling ! We see the affections of Finn exult still more in the attachment of his heroes, than his pride does in their prowess.

“ But, my brave troops ! your chief alone,  
“ Shall chief in danger be ;  
“ And Magnus shall be all my own,  
“ Whate’er the fates decree.

“ Strong though his arm, the war to wage,  
“ I mean that arm to try ;  
“ Nor from his might, nor from his rage,  
“ Shall Erin’s chieftain fly \*.”

Then, girding on each warlike blade,  
And glorying in their might,  
Our martial host advanc’d, array’d,  
And ardent for the fight.

Auspicious arms around us blaz’d †,  
Each thigh its weapon grac’d ;  
And, on each manly shoulder rais’d,  
A spear of war is plac’d.

Each

\* There is not one of the heroes who speaks with so much modesty as Finn, the greatest of them all. The rest promise, with confidence, a certain success to their valour ; he alone speaks without a boast, and is modest, though determined.

† The pagan Irish had a custom, which was introduced by the Tuatha-de-Danans, of using charms, to enchant their weapons, previous to their going to battle ; but perhaps, by the word *auspicious*, the poet only means that their weapons had been tried and victorious in fight.

Each chief with ardent valour glows,  
To prove the faith he swore ;  
And forth we march, to meet the foes  
Encamp'd upon the shore.

No mirth conducts the night along ;  
No wax<sup>z</sup> illumines our board :  
Nor saffron<sup>a</sup>, banquet, wine or song,  
The darksome hours afford.

At length we see grey morning rise  
Upon its early dew ;  
And the first dawn of eastern skies  
Gives Lochlin's host to view.

Before us, on the crowded shore,  
Their gloomy standard rose,  
And many a chief their navy bore,  
And many princely foes.

And

<sup>z</sup> It appears strange to meet with *wax-lights* amongst the antient Irish, but those mentioned in this passage were probably a part of the plunder of the Roman provinces.

<sup>a</sup> I cannot conjecture the reason why *saffron* is here introduced, and must therefore dismiss the passage without any thing more than a faithful adherence to my original.

And many a proud and bossy shield,  
 And coat of martial mail <sup>b</sup>,  
 And warlike arms of proof they wield,  
 To guard, or to assail.

And

<sup>b</sup> We here see a marked difference between the arms and appearance of either host. The troops of Magnus are covered with steel; but we meet with no *coats of mail* amongst the chiefs of the Fenii.

“ It should seem (says Mr. WALKER) that body armour of any kind was unknown to the Irish previous to the tenth century, as we find King Muirkertach, in that century, obtaining the ascitious name of *Muirkertach na geachall croccann*, for so obvious an invention as that of the leathern jacket. Yet coats of mail are mentioned in the Brehon laws, and the word *mail* is supposed to be derived from *mala* in Irish. Though the poets \* of the middle ages describe the heroes of Oisín, as shining in polished steel, no relic of that kind of armour has escaped the wreck of time in Ireland; nor has there even a specimen of the brass armour, in which it is said the Danes so often met the Irish, fallen under my observation. Smith indeed tells us that corselets of pure gold were discovered on the lands of Clonties in the county of Kerry †; but these might have been left there by the Spaniards, who had a fortification called *Fort del Orò*, adjoining those lands.

“ That the bodies of Irishmen should have been totally defenceless with respect to armour, during their several bloody contests with the Danes, I am neither prepared to admit nor deny; but I confess myself inclined to think, that their inflexible attachment to their civil dress would not yield to the fashion of the martial garb of their enemies, though it gave those people an evident advantage over them in the field of battle. It is however certain that the English did not find them cased in armour ‡.” *Hist. Essay on the Dress and Armour of the Irish*, p. 106.

\* The poet before us is, however, (as well as many others) an exception.

† *Nat. and Civ. Hist. of Kerry*, p. 187. One of these corselets was purchased by Mr. O'HALLORAN, the gold of which was so ductile, as to roll up like paper. *Introd. to Hist. of Ireland*, p. 210.

‡ Vide SPENCER'S *State of Ireland*.

And many a sword with studs engrav'd  
 In golden pomp was there ;  
 And many a filken standard wav'd  
 Its splendid pride in air.

And many a chief in fight renown'd,  
 Finn of the banquets led,  
 And many a helmet<sup>d</sup> darkly frown'd  
 On many a valiant head.

And

<sup>c</sup> I am not certain whether these four lines relate to the troops of Magnus, or those of Finn, and have therefore purposely given to the translation, the same ambiguity which is found in the original. It is, however, most probable that the poet here speaks of the Fenii, because the two lines from which this verse is translated begin a stanza in the original, and in the third line, "Finn of the banquets" comes in. However, "Golden-hilted swords have been found in great abundance in this kingdom; and we are told, in the Life of St. Bridget, that the king of Leinster presented to Dubtachus, her father, a sword ornamented with many costly jewels, which the pious virgin purloined from Dubtachus, and sold for the charitable purpose of relieving the necessities of the poor." *Hist. Essay on the Dress and Armour of the Irish*, p. 118.

<sup>d</sup> At what period helmets were first worn in Ireland, is a matter of mere conjecture. That they were in use, previous to the tenth century, is certain, from some coins, discovered in the Queen's county, in the year 1786; (*Trans. of the Royal Irish Acad.* 1787. See also SIMON'S *Essay on Irish Coins*.) But how much earlier, or of what kind of metal they were formed, I have never been able to discover. Mr. WALKER'S memoirs of our ancient armour, give an account of a golden helmet, which was found in the county of Tipperary; it is described as resembling in form a huntsman's cap, with the leaf in front divided equally, and elevated, and the scull encompassed with a ribband of gold crimped. Golden helmets are sometimes, but seldom, mentioned in the Irish poems which have fallen under my observation; but with helmets of some sort, all their warriors are armed. *Clogad* in general they are called,

And many a warlike axe<sup>e</sup> was there,  
 To hew the ranks of fight ;  
 And many a glittering spear<sup>f</sup> in air  
 Arose with stately height.

And

called, but hardly ever described; and when they are, it is in such figurative language, that one can neither determine on the form, nor the material of which they are composed. "The strong helmet," and "The dark frowning helmet," are the most common; but sometimes we meet with "The golden helmet," "The helmet entwreathed with gold," and "The helmet blazing with gems of the East." These latter are in general described as a part of the armour of foreigners, not of Irish.

<sup>e</sup> The Irish were particularly expert in the use of the  $\text{C}\ddot{\text{u}}\text{a}\ddot{\text{c}}\text{-}\dot{\text{c}}\text{a}\ddot{\text{c}}\text{a}$ , or battle-axe. Cambrensis, in speaking of this dreadful weapon, as wielded by our countrymen, says, "They make use of but one hand to the axe, when they strike, and extend their thumb along the handle, to guide the blow, from which neither the crested helmet can defend the head, nor the iron folds of the armour, the body; whence it has happened, in our time, that the whole thigh of a foldier, though cased in well-tempered armour, hath been lopped off by a single blow of the axe, the whole limb falling on one side of the horse, and the expiring body on the other."

<sup>f</sup> A great number, and a variety of spear-heads have been found, in different parts of this kingdom. The *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis* has furnished drawings of several, and several more are given in Mr. WALKER's *Memoir on the Armour of the Irish*.

STANIHURST has described the dexterous manner in which the Irish use the spear or lance. "They grasp (says he) about the middle, heavy spears, which they do not hold pendant at their sides, under their arms, but hold with all their strength over their heads." In spite of the incommodious length of these weapons, HARRIS tells us, that the Irish usually cast them with such might, as no Haubergeon or coat of mail were proof against their force, but were pierced through on both sides. *Hibern.* p. 52.

And many <sup>z</sup> a chief of martial fame,  
 And prince of mighty fway,  
 All rang'd beneath our banners came  
 That memorable day.

Bright waving from its staff, in air,  
*Gall-greua* <sup>b</sup> high was rais'd,  
 With gems that India's <sup>i</sup> wealth declare,  
 In radiant pomp it blaz'd.

The

The helmet, the sword, the axe, and the spear, are the only arms with which the poet before us has furnished the Irish troops <sup>\*</sup>, though to the enemy he has given coats of mail, and shields; and this circumstance so far confirms the most correct ideas that we have been enabled to form of the arms of our ancient countrymen. This, however, does not invalidate the authority and antiquity of other poems, in which we find some of the most distinguished chiefs of the Fenii possessed of shields; not the wicker target, but of metal, and sometimes embossed with gold. These we may very well suppose were trophies borne away from vanquished enemies, and therefore, though we should find them still more frequently mentioned, it would not be a matter of wonder.

<sup>z</sup> The repetition of the word *many* is exactly literal; it had an admirable effect in the original, and, I thought, also, appeared well in an English dress.

<sup>b</sup> *The blazing fun.*—This was the celebrated standard of the Finian general.

<sup>i</sup> The words in the original are *éilocháib éinne a n-íre*, i. e. precious stones from the country of the east.

<sup>\*</sup> Even the target is not mentioned; but this appears only an omission of the poet, for it is certain that it was universally in use amongst the ancient Irish.

The next in rank, and next in name,  
Gaul's *Fuillaing-torrigh*<sup>j</sup> rose,  
Attendant on its master's fame,  
And dreadful to his foes ;

Oft, while the field of death he brav'd,  
Triumphant in his might,  
High o'er the ranks its beauty wav'd,  
And led the rage of fight !

At length we mov'd ;—then was the shock !  
Then was the battle's roar !  
Re echoing shouts from rock to rock  
Resounding, shook the shore !

With tenfold might each nerve was strung ;  
Each bosom glow'd with flame !  
Each chief exulting, forward sprung,  
And rush'd to promis'd fame !

The foe recoil'd ?—fierce on we prest,  
For freedom or for death !—  
Each arm to vengeance was address'd,  
And victory gain'd for breath.

<sup>j</sup> The standard of the tribe of Morni.

Almost the bloody field was won,  
When through the ranks of fight,  
Dark Lochlin's king, and Comhal's fon,  
Rush'd forth, like flame, to fight.

Round on their falling hosts, their eyes  
With rage and grief they threw ;—  
Then, swift as bolts from angry skies,  
They fierce to vengeance flew !

Each Chief, with the collected rage  
Of his whole host was fir'd ;  
And dire was the suspense, O Sage !  
That dreadful fight inspir'd !

As when two firewy fons of flame  
At the dark anvil meet ;  
With thundering found, and ceaseless aim  
Their mighty hammers beat :

Such are the fierce contending kings !  
Such strokes their fury sends ;  
Such thunder from their weapons rings,  
And sparkling flame ascends !

Dire was the rending rage of fight,  
And arms that stream'd with gore ;  
Until dark Lochlin's ebbing might  
Proclaim'd the combat o'er.

Beneath the <sup>conquering</sup> mighty Finn he lay,  
Bound<sup>1</sup> on the blood-stain'd field ;  
No more to boast his martial fway,  
Or hostile arms to wield.

Then, bafe of foul, bald Conan spoke—  
“ Hold now the King of Spears,  
“ Till, with one juft and vengeful ftroke,  
“ I ease our future fears !”  
  
“ Ungenerous chieftain that thou art !  
(The hapless Magnus cry'd)  
“ With thee no mercy can have part ;  
“ No honor can abide !

“ Not

<sup>1</sup> From this, and many fimilar passages, it appears that our ancient countrymen, in their martial contests, thirsted rather for honor than for blood. In the heat and confusion of a mixed engagement, numbers were necessarily slaughtered ; but, wherever mercy could be shewn, we find that the conqueror spared the life of even his bitterest enemy, and was content with the honor of laying him “ bound on the “ field.”

- “ Not for thy favour e'er to call  
“ My foul shall I abase ;  
“ Beneath a hero's arm I fall,  
“ Beneath a hero's grace.”
- “ Since then to me the glory fell  
“ Thy valour to subdue,  
“ My arm shall now thy foes repel,  
“ Nor injure those who sue.
- “ For thou thyself an hero art<sup>m</sup>,  
“ Though Fortune on thee frown ;  
“ Rise therefore free, and free depart,  
“ With unimpair'd renown.
- “ Or chuse, strong arm of powerful might !  
“ Chuse, Magnus, now thy course :  
“ With generous foes in peace unite,  
“ Or dare again their force.
- “ Better

<sup>m</sup> The ancient Irish have been repeatedly stigmatized with the name of *Barbarians*. Their souls, their manners, and their language, were thought alike incapable of any degree of refinement. The reader will easily judge how little of the marks of barbarism appear in the passage before us ; yet this poem has been the favourite of many centuries ; and its antiquity has never been questioned, though the date cannot be exactly ascertained. Here, however, it may be urged, that we do not contend for its being of prior date to the middle ages. Does *this* then invalidate the proof ? and were we less barbarians, when torn with civil broils, and foreign invasions, than when we were a conquering and flourishing people ?

- “ Better our friendship to engage,  
“ And be in peace ally'd,  
“ Than thus eternal warfare wage,  
“ Defying and defy'd.”
- “ O never more my arm, through life,  
“ Against thee, Finn, shall rise!  
“ O never such ungrateful strife  
“ Shall Mehee's son devise!
- “ And O! that on their hills of snow  
“ My youths had still remain'd,  
“ Nor thus against a generous foe  
“ Unprosperous war maintain'd!
- “ Exulting in their conscious might,  
“ And glorying in their fame,  
“ And gay with spoils of many a fight,  
“ And flush'd with hope they came!
- “ (O sad reverse! O fatal hour!  
“ In mangl'd heaps to die!)  
“ Too mighty Erin! to thy power,  
“ Pale victims, here they lie.”

Thus was the mighty battle won  
On Erin's founding shore ;  
And thus, O Clerk ! great Comhal's son  
The palm of valour bore !

Alas ! far sweeter to my ear  
The triumphs of that day,  
Than all the psalming songs I hear,  
Where holy zealots pray.

Clerk, thou hast heard me now recite  
The tale of Lochlin's shame,  
From whose fierce deeds, and vanquish'd might,  
The battle took its name.

And by that hand, O blameless sage !  
Hadst thou been on the shore,  
To see the war our chiefs could wage ;  
The sway their prowess bore :—

From Laogare's sweetly flowing stream,  
Hadst thou the combat view'd,  
The Fenii then thy thoughts would deem  
With matchless force endued.—

Thou

<sup>22</sup> In hopes of being able to ascertain the scene of this battle, I have endeavoured to find which of our rivers was anciently called by the name of *Laogare's Stream*,  
but

Thou haft my tale,—Tho' memory bleeds,  
And forrow waftes my frame,  
Still will I tell of former deeds,  
And live on former fame !

Now old,—the fstreams of life congeal'd,  
Bereft of all my joys !  
No fword this wither'd hand can wield,  
No fppear my arm employs °.

Among thy clerks, my laft fad hour  
Its weary fcene prolongs ;  
And pfalms muft now fupply the pow'r  
Of victory's lofty fongs.

but in vain. I can difcover nothing more of it than what the poem points out, that it is near to and within fight of the fea.

° How beautifully pathetic is the clofe of this poem ! Surely every reader of fenfibility muft fymphathife with a fituation fo melancholy, and fo very feelingly defcribed !



III.

T H E C H A S E :

A

P O E M.

K 2



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*MY* curiosity respecting the Poem of The Chase, was first awakened by a long extract from it, which I saw in Mr. WALKER'S Memoirs of the Irish Bards. I accordingly wrote to that Gentleman, to request an entire copy of it, and also his opinion respecting the age in which it was composed; together with any anecdotes upon the subject, which his knowledge of Irish Antiquities might enable him to afford me. To this request I received an answer, from which I have obtained Mr. Walker's permission to give the following extract, as an introduction to the Poem.

“ I am happy to find that my work has been the means of introducing the Poem of The Chase to your notice. It is indeed eminently deserving of the judgment you have passed upon it. The story is extremely interesting, and admirably well conducted; and for brilliancy of fancy, and powers of description, we may almost rank the author with Ariosto himself.”

“ I am sorry I cannot afford you all the information I could wish upon the subject of this beautiful Poem: indeed I have little more to offer than vague conjecture.”

“ The legend which either gave rise to, or was taken from the Poem of The Chase, is frequently alluded to, in many of the written, as  
“ well

“ well as traditional tales of the Irish. It is also ingeniously interwoven  
 “ with the romance of *ἩἸΣ ΤἸΞΕ ἘΑΝΑΤἸΝ*. Of its antiquity I cannot  
 “ speak with any certainty; all my enquiries concerning the author, and  
 “ the age in which it was written, have been unsuccessful. Nor can  
 “ we give it (at least in its present dress,) either to Oífin, or to any  
 “ other poet of the age in which he lived. The marks of a classical  
 “ hand appear frequently throughout the whole; and the mention of  
 “ bells also seem to bring it forward to more modern times; so that  
 “ I fear we should risk an error in ascribing it to any period earlier than  
 “ the middle ages.”

“ I have never had an opportunity of visiting the scene of this  
 “ Poem, though I often saw Slieve Guillen, at some distance, as I  
 “ travelled through the county of Armagh. But a friend, whose  
 “ business often leads him to that mountain, drew up, at my request, the  
 “ following description of it, in which you will find mention of the  
 “ lake where the poet tells us the gallant Finn paid so dearly for  
 “ his complaisance, when he sought the Enchantress’s ring; and also  
 “ of the cave whence she issued, when pressed by the Finian heroes to  
 “ restore their beloved chief to his pristine form.”

‘ I am tenant to a lady for Slieve Guillen, (says my correspondent,)  
 ‘ and often visit it, during the summer, to see my cattle. In July last,  
 ‘ (1788) I went over the extent of this mountain: From bottom to top it  
 ‘ is reckoned two miles. On the summit there is a large heap of stones,  
 ‘ which is called *CAILLEACH BIRTH’S HOUSE*; in which it is said that  
 ‘ Finn Mac Cumhal lies buried; and, at an hundred paces distance, on  
 ‘ nearly

‘ nearly the same level, there is a circular lake, the diameter of which  
 ‘ is about one hundred feet; and is about twenty deep. On one side of  
 ‘ this lake, another heap of stones is piled; and round it, at all sea-  
 ‘ sons, is a beaten path, leading to the Old Lady’s, or Witch’s House.  
 ‘ Lately, some peasants, expecting to find out this old woman, (who,  
 ‘ however, has at no time thought proper to appear,) threw down her  
 ‘ house, and came to a large cave, about twenty feet long, ten broad,  
 ‘ and five deep, covered with large flags, in which either the dame,  
 ‘ or money was expected, but only a few human bones were found.  
 ‘ From the summit of this mountain, if the day happens to be clear, you  
 ‘ command an extensive view of Lough-Neagh, and all the circum-  
 ‘ jacent country.’

Mr. Walker, after this description of the mountain by his friend,  
 adds his regret that he was not possessed of a complete copy of *The  
 Chase*; but I afterwards procured one from Maurice Gorman, of  
 this city (a professor of the Irish language), and from that copy I have  
 made my translation.



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T H E C H A S E :

A P O E M.

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<sup>a</sup> OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. **O** SON of Calphruin!—fage divine!  
Soft voice of heavenly fong,  
Whofe notes around the holy fhine  
Sweet melody prolong ;

Did

<sup>a</sup> There are numberlefs Irifh poems ftill extant, attributed to Oifin, and either addreffed to St. Patrick, or like this, compofed in the form of a dialogue between the Saint and the Poet. In all of them, the antiquary difcovers traces of a later period than that in which Oifin flourifhed; and moft of them are fuppofed to be the compositions of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries. But be they of what age they may, as productions abounding with numberlefs beauties, they plead for preferation, and recommend themfelves to tafte: and as, (at the very lateft period to which it is poffible to afcribe them,) they muft certainly relate to an age of much antiquity,

Did e'er my tale thy curious ear  
 And fond attention draw,  
 The story of that Chafe to hear,  
 Which my fam'd father saw ?

The Chafe, which singly o'er the plain,  
 The hero's steps purfu'd ;  
 Nor one of all his valiant train  
 Its wond'rous progress view'd.

PATRICK. O royal bard, to valour dear,  
 Whom fame and wisdom grace,  
 It never was my chance to hear  
 That memorable Chafe.

But let me now, O bard, prevail !  
 Now let the song ascend ;  
 And, thro' the wonders of the tale,  
 May truth thy words attend !

OISIN.

and reflect much light on manners, customs and events that, in consequence of modern pyrrhonism, have been doubted to have ever existed, they surely have a high and serious claim to attention, and call equally upon the poet, the historian, and the public-spirited, to preserve these reliques of ancient genius amongst us ! But *Irishmen*—all of them at least who would be thought to pride themselves in the name, or to reflect back any part of the honor they derive from it ;—*they are particularly* called upon, in favour of their country, to rescue these little sparks from the ashes of her former glory.

OISIN. O Patrick!—to the Finian race  
 A falsehood was unknown;  
 No lie, no imputation base  
 On our clear fame was thrown;

But by firm truth, and manly might  
 That fame establish'd grew,  
 Where oft, in honorable fight<sup>b</sup>,  
 Our foes before us flew.

Not thy own clerks, whose holy feet  
 The sacred pavement trod,  
 With thee to hymn, in concert sweet,  
 The praises of thy God;

Not thy own clerks in truth excell'd  
 The heroes of our line,  
 By honor train'd, by fame impell'd  
 In glory's fields to shine!

O Patrick of the placid mien,  
 And voice of sweetest sound!  
 Of all thy church's walls contain  
 Within their hallow'd round,

<sup>b</sup> The heroes of ancient Ireland were sworn never to attack an enemy at any disadvantage. O'HALLORAN.

Not one more faithful didst thou know  
 Than Comhal's noble son,  
 The chief who gloried to bestow  
 The prize the bards had won<sup>c</sup> !

Were Morni's valiant fon<sup>d</sup> alive,  
 (Now in the deedless grave,)  
 O could my with from death revive  
 The generous and the brave !

Or

<sup>c</sup> In all these poems, the character of Oisín is so imitatively well supported, that we lose the idea of any other bard, and are for a time persuaded it is Oisín himself who speaks. We do not seem to read a narration of events, wherein the writer was neither a witness, nor a party:—it is the *Son*,—the *Father*,—the *Hero*,—the *Patriot* who speaks; who breathes his own passions and feelings on our hearts, and compels our sympathy to accompany all his griefs; while, in a strain of natural and impassioned eloquence, he descants on the fame and virtues of a parent whom he describes as at once so amiable, and so great; and bewails the loss of all his former friends, kindred, and companions, and laments his own forlorn and disconsolate state, in apostrophes that pierce the very soul of pity!—Besides passages which occur in this, and the two poems of MAGNUS and MOIRA BORB, the ἀγαλλὰς ὀϊνὴν ἡ ἰσοπύξ exhibits a very pathetic instance, where, lamenting the loss of his father and his celebrated Fenii, he exclaims, “To survive them is my depth of woe! the banquet and the song have now no charms for me! Wiete' e! and old,—the poor solitary remnant of the Fenii! Why,—O why am I yet alive?—Alas, O Patrick! grievous is my state!—the last of all my race!—My heroes are gone! my strength is gone!—Bells I now hear, for the songs of my birds; and age, blindness and woe are all that remain of Oisín!”

<sup>d</sup> The celebrated Goll, or Gaul Mac Morni. He is a favourite hero, in most of the Fian tales; and is in general ranked next to Finn Mac-Cumhal, and equal to Osgur, in point of prowess. Great as is Oisín's partiality in favour of the heroes of his own race, yet we find him, on all occasions, doing ample justice to the character

Or Mac-O'Dhuivne, graceful form,  
 Joy of the female fight ;  
 The hero who would breast the storm  
 And dare the unequal fight.

Or he whose sword the ranks defy'd,  
 Mac-Garra, conquest's boast,  
 Whose valour would a war decide,  
 His single arm an host <sup>f</sup>,

Or could Mac-Ronan <sup>g</sup> now appear,  
 In all his manly charms ;  
 Or—Oh my Ofgur <sup>h</sup> ! wert thou here,  
 To fill my aged arms !

Not

rafter and valour of a chief, who was not allied to his family, and whose tribe had even, at different times, been their very bitterest enemies.

<sup>f</sup> Diarmad, or Dermot Mac O'Dhuivne. This hero was celebrated for his extraordinary beauty, and the graces of his form:—but we find he was not less brave than beautiful.

<sup>g</sup> Possibly this was the Mac Garraidh Mac Morni, king of Connaught, mentioned in the War-Ode to Ofgur at the battle of Gabhra. His having been, at that time, the enemy of the Fenii, would not be a reason sufficient to prevent the poet from making Oisín speak thus highly of him here;—on the contrary, the Irish heroes were instructed, from their youth, to respect a brave enemy; and made it a point of honor to speak of them in honorable terms. It is very seldom that an instance to the contrary occurs, as the attentive reader will perceive, through the whole course of these poems.

<sup>h</sup> Caoilte Mac Ronain; he is a very distinguished chief amongst the Fenii, and a favourite with all their poets.

<sup>i</sup> Ofgur, the son of Oisín, who was killed at the battle of Gabhra.

Not then, as now, should Calphruin's son,  
 His sermons here prolong ;  
 With bells, and psalms, the land o'er-run,  
 And hum his holy song !

If Fergus<sup>i</sup> liv'd, again to sing,  
 As erst, the Fenii's fame ;  
 Or Daire<sup>k</sup>, who sweetly touch'd the string,  
 And thrill'd the feeling frame ;

Your bells, for me, might found in vain,  
 Did Hugh the little, live<sup>l</sup> ;  
 Or Fallan's<sup>m</sup> generous worth remain,  
 The ceaseless boon to give ;

Or

<sup>i</sup> Fergus, the brother of Oisín, and chief poet of the Fenii. See *Diss. on the WAR-ODE*.

<sup>k</sup> We find nothing particular related of this Daire, further than his skill in music. This enchanting science, as well as poetry, was cultivated by the chiefs of antient Ireland.

<sup>l</sup> Hugh, or Aodh beag Mac-Finn.

<sup>m</sup> We meet this hero again, in the poem of Magnus.

Or Conan bald<sup>a</sup>, tho' oft his tongue  
 To rage provok'd my breast ;  
 Or Finn's finall dwarf<sup>o</sup>, whose magic fong  
 Oft lull'd the ranks to rest.

Sweeter to me their voice would seem  
 Than thy psalm-singing train ;  
 And nobler far their lofty theme,  
 Than that thy clerks maintain !

PATRICK. Cease thy vain thoughts, and fruitless boasts ;  
 Can death thy chiefs restore ?—  
 Son of the King of mighty hosts,  
 Their glories are no more.

Confide

<sup>a</sup> For the character of Conan, see the notes on the preceding poem.

<sup>o</sup> It is not easy to determine whether the poet, here, only means, that this dwarf had a voice of that particular cadence, as naturally to incline his hearers to sleep ; or whether he means to ascribe to him the actual powers of magic. Upon the subject of the dwarf, I have only conjecture to offer. In the learned and curious work of Mons. MALLET, we find that, amongst the nations of the North, the Laphlanders were considered as dwarfs, on account of the comparative lowness of their stature ; and also, that their extreme ingenuity in the mechanic arts, which a disposition of mind, naturally pacific, gave them leisure and inclination to pursue, had acquired them the reputation of being skilled in magic. Perhaps the little Being here mentioned might have been one of those. Oisín, we see, piqued at the insinuation of St. Patrick, takes pains to shew him, that, from the first of the heroes, down to the last ; even the very dwarf that belonged to Finn, was dearer, and more acceptable to him than he was.

Confide in him whose high decree  
O'er-rules all earthly power ;  
And bend to him thy humble knee,  
To him devote thy hour ;

And let thy contrite prayer be made  
To him who rules above ;  
Entreat for his almighty aid,  
For his protecting love !

Tho' (with thy perverse will at strife,)  
Thou deem'st it strange to say,  
He gave thy mighty father life,  
And took that life away.

OISIN. Alas ! thy words sad import bear,  
And grating sounds impart ;  
They come with torture to mine ear,  
And anguish to my heart !

Not for *thy* God these torrents spring,  
That drain their weeping source,  
But that my Father, and my King,  
Now lies a lifeless corse !

Too much I have already done,  
 Thy Godhead's smile to gain;  
 That thus each wonted joy I thun,  
 And with thy clerks remain!

The royal robe, the social board,  
 Mufick and mirth are o'er,  
 And the dear art I once ador'd  
 I now enjoy no more;

For now no bards, from Oifin's hand,  
 The wonted gift receive<sup>r</sup>;  
 Nor hounds, nor horn I now command,  
 Nor martial feats atchieve!

M

O Innisfail!

<sup>r</sup> All Irish Histories, Chronicles and Poems, concur in testimony of the high respect in which the office of the Bard, and the favours of the Muse, were formerly held in this kingdom. Oifin, at once a Hero and a Bard, is supposed to have felt equally for both; as a Bard, to have felt the dignity and importance of those talents, which had power to confer the immortality of fame, that, as a Hero, he so ardently desired. We, therefore, are not to wonder if we find him frequently recurring with a pleased, yet melancholy retrospection, to those happy days, when he joined, to the luxury of bestowing, the glory of encouraging an art, of which he was himself a master.

O Innisfail! thy Oifin goes  
 To guard thy ports no more<sup>9</sup>;  
 To pay with death the foreign foes  
 Who dare insult thy shore<sup>†</sup>!

I speak

Cumhal

<sup>9</sup> DR. HANMER, in his Chronicle, gives us a long list of the chieftains, under the command of Finn-Mac-Cumal, who were particularly appointed to the care of the harbours of Ireland; at the end of which he adds, “ These were the chiefe commanders “ by direction from Fin McKoyll, who tooke farther order that beacons should be set “ up in sundrie places of the land, where, in time of danger, they might have “ direction for reliefe, and to draw a head for their defence.

<sup>†</sup> We find Oifin, in this passage, does not appear so old, or so infirm, as he is represented in many other of the Fian Poems; on the contrary, he laments—not his inability—but the religious restraints which detain him from the field. Perhaps the poet here means to shew the over strained zeal of the early Christian missionaries, who, finding the Irish chiefs so passionately devoted to military glory; so haughty, high spirited and impatient of injury; thought it impossible ever to bow their minds to the doctrine of meekness, without carrying it absolutely to an extreme, that exceeded the reasonable bounds prescribed by its divine Teacher. They were, however, successful:—the same enthusiasm that led our heroes to the field, soon after plunged them into cloisters. Still it was a sense of duty; the object only was changed; through an unhappy error, they thought themselves performing an acceptable service to heaven, by contradicting the very purposes for which heaven designed them; by refusing to fulfil the obligations of active life, and withdrawing alike from the spheres of domestic and public duty, to devote themselves to the austerities of secluded penitence, productive only of *individual*, instead of *general* advantage. Still, however, they were impelled by an ardour to perform, in its fullest extent, that service which they conceived to be their duty; and the more, for the consequences of such a mistake, they were more to be pitied than condemned.

Of the same nature were the motives that influenced the hosts of Israel (considering only the *letter* of the law, to submit themselves tamely to the swords of their enemies, rather than defend their lives, at the hazard of offending heaven, by what they

I speak not of the fast severe  
 Thy rigid faith has taught;  
 Compar'd with all the rest I bear,  
 It is not worth a thought.

PATRICK. O! Oifin of the mighty deed!  
 Thy folly I deplore;  
 O! cease thy frenzy thus to feed,  
 And give the subject o'er.

M 2

Nor

they conceived, would be a breach of the sabbath day. But Mattathias, and his heroic sons, more enlightened—not less religious than their mistaken countrymen, stood forth and said, “ If we all do as our brethren have done, and fight not for our “ lives and our laws, against the heathen; they will now quickly root us out of “ the earth. Whoever shall come to make battle with us, on the sabbath day, we “ will fight against him; neither will we die all, as did our brethren!”—And the consequence was, that “ the work prospered in their hands, and they recovered the law “ out of the hands of the Gentiles, and out of the hands of Kings, and suffered “ not sinners to triumph.” *Maccabees*, b. 1. ch. 2.

But the Irish, less instructed in the *spirit* of true religion than the sons of Israel had been, did not so soon perceive, and recover from their error; an error to which, Mr. O'HALLORAN thinks, we may in part attribute the success of Danish invasions, and of English arms in Ireland; for, while such numbers of their princes and chiefs abandoned the government, and the defence of their country, for the barren duties of a cloister, the remaining patriots, who said, “ Let us fight for our lives and our laws “ against the heathen,” were not always sufficient to the task. Those of their princes and nobility, who were led away by a noble, but unhappy mistake, had they entertained the true sense of what Christian duty demanded, would have been the bravest defenders, the firmest friends of their country; but, deprived of them, she remained, for the most part, a prey to foreign invaders; or else, torn by the tumults of her own factious sons,—too few of her nobler offspring remaining for her defence.

Nor Finn, nor all the Finian race,  
Can with his power compare,  
Who to yon orbs assigns their place,  
And rules the realms of air!

For man yon azure vault he spreads,  
And clothes the flow'ry plains;  
On every tree soft fragrance sheds,  
And blooming fruit ordains!

'Tis he who gives the peopl'd stream,  
Replete with life to flow;  
Who gives the Moon's resplendant beam,  
And Sun's meridian glow!

Would'ft thou thy puny King compare  
To that Almighty hand,  
Which form'd fair earth, and ambient air,  
And bade their powers expand?

OISIN. It was not on a fruit or flower  
My King his care bestow'd;  
He better knew to shew his power  
In honor's glorious road.

To load with death the hostile field ;  
 In blood, his might proclaim ;  
 Our land with wide protection shield,  
 And wing to heaven his fame !

In peace, his tranquil hours to bless,  
 Beneath soft beauty's eye ;  
 Or, on the chequer'd field of chiefs,  
 The mimic fight to try ;

Or

ḶḵḶḶḶ, is the Irish name for Chess. “ I have not been able to find the Irish names of the *men* of this game, but it was universally played by the ancient nobility of Ireland. Dr. HIND says, the old Irish were so greatly addicted to chess, that, amongst them, the possession of good estates has been often decided by it : and, adds he, there are some estates, at this very time, the property whereof still depends upon the issue of a game at chess. For example, the heirs of two certain noble Irish families, whom we could name, (to say nothing of others,) hold their lands upon this tenure, viz. that one of them shall encounter the other at chess, in this manner; that which ever of them conquered, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore, (says the doctor,) I am told they manage the affair prudently among themselves; once a year they meet, by appointment, to play at chess; one of them makes a move, and the other says, I will consider how to answer you next year. This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game; by which method, a game that neither has won, has been, and will be continued for some hundred of years.

“ I find, in the old BREHON LAWS, that one tax, levied by the Monarch of Ireland, on every province, was to be paid in chess-boards, and complete sets of men: and that every *brugh* (or inn-holder of the estates,) was obliged to furnish travellers with salt provisions, lodging, and a chess-board, *gratis*.” VALLANCEY'S *Celtic Grammar, Essay on the Celtic Language*, p. 85.

Or Sylvan sports †, that well befeem  
 The martial and the brave;  
 Or; plung'd amid the rapid stream,  
 His manly limbs to lave.

But, when the rage of battle bled!—  
 Then—then his might appear'd,  
 And o'er red heaps of hostile dead  
 His conquering standard rear'd!

Where was thy God, on that sad day,  
 When, o'er lerne's wave,  
 Two heroes plough'd the wat'ry way,  
 Their beauteous prize to save ‡

From Lochlin's King of Ships, his bride,  
 His lovely Queen they bore,  
 Through whom unnumber'd warriors dy'd,  
 And bath'd in blood our shore<sup>§</sup>.

Or

† See O'CONNOR'S *Dissertations*, p. 101.

‡ A note for this passage was furnished from *Laoidh Airgean na h-Éire*, (i. e. the Poem of Airgean the Great) in the collection of J. C. WALKER, Esq; the story of which is briefly this.

§ Two heroes, (Mac-Connacher and Airlé,) were forgotten by Finn at his feast: They repented the neglect of their chief, deserted from his standard, and went over to that of his enemy, Airgean, King of Lochlin.

The

Or on that day, when Tailk's<sup>x</sup> proud might  
 Invaded Erin's coast;  
 Where was thy Godhead in that fight,  
 And where thy empty boast?

While

The graceful beauty of Ainel's form, inspiring the young Queen of Lochlin with a guilty and fatal passion, she fled with him and his friend to Ireland, whither they were pursued by the furious King, who determined, if possible, to sacrifice all the Fenii, for the crime of a single hero. The poet expressly tells us, that Finn would have compelled the guilty pair to make all the reparation which the nature of the case would admit of; and further, offered from himself such conditions of peace, as he thought might prevent the necessity of his fighting in so dishonorable a cause:—but his overtures were rejected with disdain, and he was constrained to the issue of a battle. The slaughter on each side was dreadful; the Irish, in the end, were victorious. Ainel himself was killed in the engagement; but the poet does not deign to take any further notice of the unhappy partner of his crimes.

<sup>x</sup> Tailk or Taille Mac Trein.—A Poem on this subject is in the same collection with that of *Argon the Great*; there is also another copy of it, entitled *Ἰστορία τοῦ ἀγῶνος τοῦ Ἰλλίου* (i. e. the Poem of the Hill of Slaughter). It contains some beauties, but, upon the whole, is scarce worth translation. The story, however, is here extracted, to gratify any curiosity that may be excited by the line to which this note refers.

A Grecian Princess flies, in disgust, from the brave, but fierce and deformed Tailk Mac Trein, whom her father had compelled her to marry, and solicits the protection of the Finian commander. He grants it, of course, but his generosity costs him dear. Tailk pursues his wife, and fights the Fians, who refuse to give her up to him. After an incredible slaughter, he is at length subdued, and killed by Oigur, the grandson of Finn.

The Princess beholds the havoc she has occasioned, and overcome by the emotions of grief, terror, and suspense, which she had nursed, during the conflict, and shocked to see the numbers of her generous protectors, that had fallen in her defence, she sinks beneath the pressure of her feelings, and expires in the midst of her surviving deliverers.

While round the bravest Fenii bled,  
 No help did he bestow ;  
 'Twas Osgur's arm aveng'd the dead,  
 And gave the glorious blow !

Where was thy God, when Magnus came<sup>y</sup> ?  
 Magnus the brave, and great ;  
 The man of might, the man of fame,  
 Whose threaten'ing voice was fate !

Thy Godhead did not aid us then ;—  
 If such a God there be,  
 He should have favour'd gallant men,  
 As great and good as he !

Fierce Anninir's wide-wasting son,  
 Allean<sup>z</sup>, of dreadful fame,  
 Who Tamor's treasures oft had won,  
 And wrapt her walls in flame ;

Not by thy God, in single fight,  
 The deathful hero fell ;  
 But by Finn's arm, whose matchless might  
 Could ev'ry force repel !

In

<sup>y</sup> Vide Poem of *Magnus the Great*.

<sup>z</sup> No connected, or probable account, has been learned of this hero, and his conquests.

In ev'ry mouth *his* fame we meet,  
 Well known, and well believ'd;—  
 I have not heard of any feat  
 Thy cloudy King atchiev'd.

PATRICK. Drop we our speech on either side,  
 Thou bald and senseless fool!<sup>a</sup>  
 In torments all thy race abide<sup>b</sup>,  
 While God in heaven shall rule.

OISIN.

<sup>a</sup> It must be owned, this railing is rather of the coarsest; but our poet seems more partial to his heroes than to his faints, or he would hardly have put this language into the mouth of the good bishop.

<sup>b</sup> In the *Algalam Oisín 7 pádrinis* (i. e. Dialogue between Oisín and St. Patrick), the Saint gives his reason for supposing what he here asserts.

Ṗ. Is augeall le meadóir na ccon,  
 S'le njar na fluaḡ ḡac lú,  
 Alḡus ḡan fmuajneadó ar tója,  
 Alca fjon na bḡán alajm.

Ca ḡe nḡmjoḡ alajm,  
 An ḡear buó ḡám aḡ bmoḡadó oḡr.  
 Alneḡje eaḡumubaj ar tója,  
 Ca ḡe atcḡ na bḡán ḡa úrón.

In English,—“ It is because his whole time, and delight, were engrossed by the pleasures of the chase, and the pomp of warlike hosts; and because he never bestowed a thought upon God, that Finn of the Fenii is in thralldom.—He is now confined in

OISIN. If God then rules, why is the chief  
Of Comhal's gen'rous race  
To fiends confign'd, without relief  
From justice, or from grace?

When, were thy God himself confin'd,  
My King, of mild renown,  
Would quickly all his chains unbind,  
And give him back his crown.

For

“ torment ; nor does all his wealth, or generosity avail him, for the want of piety towards God:—for this he is now in forrow, in the Mansion of Pain.”

To these lines, immediately follows a passage, that very much resembles this part of *The Chase*.

Da maireadh faolan, agus Solla,  
Dharmuid don, agus Osgur ajs,  
Ala dhine, no ag Dha  
No bejt fion na bhjan ala jn!

Da maireadh clanna Ghoirne fctjs,  
No clanna baohgne fhr ba tmean,  
Do beauidh fion amaç,  
No bejt an teac aca fejn!

In English,—“ If Fallan and Gaul now survived, Dermot of the dark-brown locks, and Osgur of the mighty arm;—nor man,—no nor even Deity, should have power to detain their King in bondage!—If the tribe of Morni yet lived, or the heroes of Boifne's gallant race;—forth from thence their mighty Finn would they bring, or rend the infernal dominion from its immortal ruler!”

For never did his generous breast  
 Reject the feeling glow ;  
 Refuse to succour the distressed,  
 Or flight the captive's woe.

His ransom loos'd the prisoner's chains,  
 And broke the dire decree ;  
 Or, with his hosts, on glory's plains,  
 He fought to set them free <sup>c</sup> !

O Patrick ! were I senseless grown,  
 Thy holy clerks should bleed,  
 Nor one be spar'd, to pour his moan  
 O'er the avenging deed !

Nor books, nor crosses should be found,  
 Nor ever more a bell <sup>d</sup>,  
 Within thy holy walls should found,  
 Where prayers and zealots dwell.

<sup>c</sup> What a beautiful idea of the character of Finn, these wild stanzas convey ?

<sup>d</sup> “ Small bells, (such, we mean, as were appended to the tunic of the Jewish  
 “ high priest, and afterwards employed by the Greeks and Romans, for various reli-  
 “ gious purposes, but particularly to frighten ghosts and demons from their temples,)  
 “ —were undoubtedly introduced with Christianity into this kingdom; being then  
 “ universally, as now, tingled occasionally at the altars of the Roman Catholics, by  
 “ the officiating priest. Their use amongst the Christian clergy is supposed to be  
 “ coeval

PATRICK. O Oifin, of the royal race !  
 The actions of thy fire,  
 The king of finiles, and courteous grace,  
 I, with the world, admire ;

Thy

“ coeval with their religion; and the missionaries who were sent to convert the  
 “ pagan Irish, would not omit bringing with them an appendage of their profession  
 “ which is still thought so necessary.

“ But the period at which large bells, for belfries, were first used here, is not so  
 “ easy to determine. Primate Usher informs us, that bells were used in the churches  
 “ of Ireland in the latter end of the seventh century; but as he does not ascertain  
 “ the size of the bells, nor mention belfries, we may conclude he only means the  
 “ small bells alluded to above. Sir John Hawkins, on the authority of Polyd.  
 “ Virgil, ascribes the above invention of such bells as are suspended in the towers,  
 “ or steeples of churches, to Paulinus of Nola, about the year 400; but W. Strabo  
 “ assures us, that large suspended bells were in his time (in the ninth century) but  
 “ a late invention. Now, as the persecuted Christians, in the infancy of the church,  
 “ dared not openly avow their profession, much less publicly summon a congregation  
 “ by the sound of a bell, we are inclined to lean to Strabo’s assurance; so that we  
 “ cannot venture to give an higher antiquity to large suspended bells in this kingdom,  
 “ than the calm which immediately succeeded the expulsion of the Danes; at which  
 “ time, according to Wallis, the Christian clergy converted the round towers into  
 “ steeple-houses, or belfries; ‘ from which latter use of them (continues he,) it is, that  
 “ ever since, to this present time, they are called, in Irish, *Cloghteachs*; that is,  
 “ belfries, or bell-houses, *clog* and *teach* signifying a bell, and *teach*, a house, in  
 “ that language.” *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 93.

Of the large suspended bell, Mr. WALKER certainly supposes the poet to speak, when  
 he says, that “ the mention of bells seems to bring the poem forward to more modern  
 “ times.” But this gentleman, not having the original of the passage now before us to  
 consult, did not perfectly recollect the precise words that must determine the distinction.  
 There is not the least mention of a steeple or belfry;—the words are simply  
 these—*no clog, na teach (na) do egl* (literally) “ nor a bell of prayer time in  
 “ thy church;” *teach* is in the genitive case, yet I conceive that it must mean  
 “ a bell at prayer time,” (*of* or *during* the time of prayer). The reader is, however,  
 at liberty to decide.

Thy story therefore I await,  
 And thy late promise claim,  
 The Chafe's wonders to relate,  
 And give the tale to fame.

OISIN. O Patrick! tho' my forrowing heart  
 Its fond remembrance rend,  
 I will not from my word depart,  
 Howe'er my tears descend!

Full joyous past the festive day  
 In Almhain's stately hall<sup>c</sup>,  
 Whose spears, with studded splendours gay,  
 Illum'd the trophy'd wall.

The

<sup>c</sup> Almhain, or Almhuin (pronounced Alwin) the palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal, in Leinster: It was built on the top of the hill called, from it, "The Hill of Allen," in the county of Kildare.

In the *Óráil* Óisín (i. e. Rhapsody of Oisín) wherein he gives an account of the seven celebrated battalions of the Fenii, there is a passage, partly descriptive of the palace of Almhain, its economy, feasts, &c.

Do éonairc ré mo lán,  
 aige fíon ré záé nol,  
 deicé ceáá coru go bfeáas  
 fo na ceheááib ójra.

Do

The feast was for the Fenii spread<sup>r</sup> ;  
 Their chiefs, assembled round,  
 Heard the song rise to praise the dead,  
 And fed their souls with found.

Or

Do b́j d̄a b̄m̄iḡj̄m̄ d̄e aḡ  
 ʒa l̄eḡm̄ a m̄e a d̄ a n̄ d̄ ūī,  
 aḡ m̄a c̄ m̄iḡj̄m̄e d̄a j̄ d̄ ḡ,  
 O a l̄m̄o j̄m̄ n̄a b̄ʒ̄j̄a n̄ u j̄.

Do b́j d̄a ʒe d̄e j̄m̄ c̄e  
 ʒo c̄j̄m̄ c̄e a n̄ ʒ̄ḡa c̄ t̄j̄ ḡ,  
 ʒe a j̄ ḡ c̄e a d̄ ḡ a n̄ ʒ̄ a j̄ m̄e  
 ʒa ḡ a c̄ t̄e j̄m̄e d̄j̄o b̄ ʒ̄ j̄m̄.

In English,—“ I have seen, when I banqueted in the halls of Finn, at every banquet, a thousand cups, (c̄o j̄m̄) bound with wreaths of wrought gold.

“ There were twelve palaces, filled with the troops of the son of the daughter of Tages, at Almhain of the noble Fenii.

“ Twelve constant fires flamed in each princely house; and each fire was surrounded by an hundred of the mighty Fenii.”

Many of our romances, and poems, give accounts of splendid entertainments at this palace of Almhain.

<sup>r</sup> In this description of the feast at Almhain, the poet accords exactly with the accounts which our history and annals have given, of the manner in which the early Irish held their entertainments. See O'CONNOR on this subject. “ Conformable “ (says he) to the spirit of hospitality, their entertainments were frequent, and “ rational; seldom disorderly. Every subject of the *Filacht* entered into their convivial associations; peace, and war; science, and law; government, and morals. “ These serious speculations gave way, in their turn, to sports and pastimes, wherein “ they sung the actions of their ancestors, and the exploits of their heroes. Nothing “ could

Or on the chequer'd fields of ches  
Their mimic troops bestow'd ;  
Or round, to merit or distrefs,  
Their ample bounty flow'd.

At length, unnotic'd of his train,  
The Finian king<sup>s</sup> arose,  
And forth he went where Almhain's plain  
With neighbouring verdure glows.

There, while alone the hero chanc'd  
To breathe the fragrant gale,  
A young and beauteous doe advanc'd,  
Swift bounding o'er the vale.

He call'd his fleet and faithful hounds,  
The doe's light steps to trace ;  
Sgeolan and Bran<sup>h</sup> obey'd the founds,  
And sprung upon the chafe.

Unknown

“ could animate their youth more. From these recitations they derived intrepidity  
“ of mind, and many noble feelings, which counteracted the treachery and malevo-  
“ lence to which our human nature is otherwise subject.” O'CONNOR'S *Dissertations*  
*on the Hist. of Ireland*, p. 100.

<sup>s</sup> Finn was not a king, though, indeed, few kings were possessed of more authority  
and power. *Rí Ënna b'Finn* (king of the Fenii,) means no more than general, or  
military sovereign over that formidable body.

<sup>h</sup> Sgeolan, and Brann, were the two famed and favourite dogs of Finn.

Unknown to us, no friend to aid,  
 Or to behold the deed ;  
 His dogs alone, and Luno's blade<sup>1</sup>,  
 Companions of his speed.

Swift on to steep Slieve Guillin's foot<sup>k</sup>,  
 The doe before him flew ;  
 But there, at once, the mock'd pursuit,  
 And vanish'd from his view !

He knew not whether east or west  
 She past the mountain's bounds,  
 But east his random course he prest,  
 And west his eager hounds !

At

<sup>1</sup> In the original, *mac an Ighin*, (the son of Luno). This sword, tradition tells us, was made by a smith of Lochlin, named Luno, and therefore it was called after him, poetically, the son of Luno. What makes this account the more probable is, that we do not find the swords of the Irish heroes distinguished by names, as amongst those of the northern nations, and also of ancient Britain.

Anecdotes have been sought for, in vain, of this famous Lun, or Luno ; but, from the wonders recited, of the product of his art, it seems probable that he was one of those people, whom the Norwegians denominated dwarfs, and complimented with the reputation of Magic. See *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 46.

“ Give me out of the tomb, (says Hervor) the hardened sword, *which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama.*” *Five Pieces of Run. Poetry*, p. 13.

<sup>k</sup> Here the muse has led our poet and his hero a very long dance indeed ; and so beguiled the way with the melody of her song, that he appears to have been quite insensible of the distance between Almhain in Leinster, and Slieve Guillin in Ulster, and in the county of Armagh.

At length he stopp'd,—he look'd around,  
 To see the doe appear ;  
 When soft distress, with plaintive sound,  
 Assail'd his gentle ear.

The plaintive sound, quick to his breast,  
 With wonted influence sped ;  
 And on he follow'd in its quest,  
 Till to Lough-Shieve it led.

There he beheld a weeping fair,  
 Upon a bank reclin'd,  
 In whose fine form, and graceful air,  
 Was every charm combin'd.

On her soft cheek, with tender bloom<sup>1</sup>,  
 The rose its tint bestow'd ;  
 And in her richer lip's perfume,  
 The ripen'd berry glow'd.

O

Her

<sup>1</sup> The Irish poets, both antient and modern, abound, and excel in descriptions of female beauty. The one before us, though exquisitely charming, is not *finely so* ; for the collection of songs, contained in this volume, exhibit many instances of the same species of excellence ; and many more are to be found in other songs and poems, in the Irish language.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,  
 Or like the cygnet's breast,  
 With that majestic, graceful air,  
 In snow and softness drest :

Gold gave its rich and radiant die,  
 And in her tresses flow'd <sup>m</sup> ;  
 And like a freezing star, her eye  
 With Heaven's own splendour glow'd <sup>n</sup>.

Thyself, O Patrick ! hadst thou seen  
 The charms that face display'd ;  
 That tender form, and graceful mein,  
 Thyself had lov'd the maid !

My

<sup>m</sup> A learned friend remarked, on this passage, that the poet here drew from his store of Eastern imagery, for that golden hair was unknown in these cold climates. It is certain that the mention of yellow, or golden hair, though it sometimes occurs, yet is not very common in the descriptions of our poets ;—the “ fair waving tresses” are most general ; sometimes we are told of “ hair like the raven's wing,” and often of locks “ of shining brown,” which, from the brightness ascribed along with the colour, we may conclude to have been auburn.

<sup>n</sup> For this description of eyes, the poet has indeed left our world—and every one in it—far behind him.

In one of CAROLAN'S songs, composed for Miss Mary O'Neil, he has given the following beautiful simile, which, though indeed not equal to the above, is yet well entitled to preservation.—“ Her eyes (says he) are, to her face, what a diamond is “ to a ring, throwing its beams around, and adorning the beauty of the setting.”

- My king approach'd the gentle fair,  
 The form of matchless grace.—  
 “ Haft thou, sweet maid of golden hair !  
 “ Beheld my hounds in chafe ?”
- “ Thy chafe, O king, was not my care ;  
 “ I nothing of it know ;  
 “ Far other thoughts my bosom share,  
 “ The thoughts, alas, of woe !”
- “ Is it the husband of thy youth,  
 “ O fair-one, that has died ?  
 “ Or has an infant pledge of truth  
 “ Been torn from thy soft side ?
- “ White-handed mourner ! speak the grief  
 “ That causes thy distress ;  
 “ And, if it will admit relief,  
 “ Thou may’st command redress °.”

° We cannot too much admire the elegance and delicacy of this address !—Such tender refinement could not surely have existed amongst a nation of barbarians. The character of the Finian commander appears uniformly the same in all the Irish poems ; and whether our bards, when they gave it, drew a faithful picture, or not, it is still a proof that they must have had *some* good and perfect models before them, to shew what Nature ought to be ; since, in their favourite character, we see all the mildness and tenderness of female disposition, united with the ardour of the warrior, the firmness of the patriot, and the calmness of the philosopher. In the son of Comhal we see every quality that is either interesting, amiable, or great.

“ Alas, my ring, for whose dear sake  
“ These ceaseless tears I shed,  
“ Fell from my finger in the lake !”  
(The soft-hair'd virgin said).

“ Let me conjure thee, generous king !  
“ Compassionate as brave,  
“ Find for me now my beautiful ring,  
“ That fell beneath the wave !”

Scarce was the soft entreaty made,  
Her treasure to redeem,  
When his fair form he disarray'd,  
And plung'd into the stream.

At

¶ It has been already shewn that, amongst the ancient Irish, each knight was bound, by his military vows, to the protection and respectful service of the fair: this is expressly recorded by our history; and our poetry and romances throw further light on the subject. According to them, no danger or difficulty was to deter an hero from the assistance of a distressed female, and her request was to be a law.

In the romance of *Грѣѣ Цѣсѣ Санаји*, where the story of this poem is related, Finn tells his chieftains, that he had a kind of instinctive horror at the thoughts of entering that lake; yet he instantly obeyed the injunction of the damsel, “for (says he) it was a matter that no hero could refuse.” Many similar instances of this respect and devotion to the fair occur in our old romances and poems.

At the white-handed fair's request,  
 Five times the lake he try'd ;  
 On ev'ry side his search address'd,  
 Till he the ring defcry'd.

But when he fought the blooming maid,  
 Her treasure to restore ;  
 His powers were gone,—he scarce could wade  
 To reach the nearest shore !

That form where strength and beauty met,  
 To conquer, or engage,  
 Paid, premature, its mournful debt  
 To grey and pallid age<sup>9</sup>.

While

<sup>9</sup> Our Irish poets inform us that Finn was married extremely young ; yet even so, he must have been advanced in life at this period, since we find his grandson Osgur introduced in the following pages of the poem : 'Tis true he is mentioned only as a boy : yet still, one would think his *grandfather* old enough to be grey, without the operation of forcery, to make him so. At the very least, he must have been now, some years above fifty ; yet he is represented as retaining all the bloom, as well as the strength and activity, of youth. But we may well overlook a few faults of inadvertance, in favour of the numerous beauties with which this poem abounds. Our magical bard conjures up such delightful enchantments, that our attention should be too much engrossed by the grace and grandeur of his images, to count the knots on his poetical wand.

While magic thus our king detain'd,  
 In hateful fetters bound ;  
 We in fair Almhain's halls remain'd,  
 And festal joy went round.

The mirthful moments danc'd along  
 To music's charming lore ;  
 And, to the sons of lofty song,  
 Wealth pour'd her bounteous store !

Thus fled the hours, on heedless wing,  
 From every care releas'd ;  
 Nor thought we of our absent king,  
 Nor miss'd him from the feast :

Till Caoilte, struck with sudden dread †,  
 Rose in the Hall of Spears :  
 His words around strange panic spread,  
 And wak'd misgiving fears !

“ Where

† We learn, from Irish romance, that the Fenii, and the chiefs of the Dananian race, were enemies, (see ḡċġḡ ṽḡḡḡ ḡ.ḡ.ḡ.ḡ.ḡ.); and as these people were supposed to be skilful in magic, the heroes of Finn were naturally alarmed for the safety of their general, when they miss'd him from the feast, and recollected the determined enmity and supernatural power of the Tuatha de Danans.—Caoilte, in the passage before us, seems to apprehend that Finn was snatched away by enchantment from amongst them. For a particular account of these Tuatha de Danans, the reader is referred to the antient History of Ireland.

“ Where is the noble Comhal’s son,  
“ Renown’d assembly ! Say ?—  
“ Or is our arm of conquest gone,—  
“ Our glory pass’d away !”

We stood aghast.—Conan alone,  
The rash Mac Morni, spoke ;  
“ O joyful tidings ! I shall groan  
“ No more beneath his yoke.

“ Swift Caoilte †, of the mighty deed !  
“ On this auspicious day,  
“ I, to his fame and power, succeed,  
“ And take the sovereign sway.”

We laugh’d to scorn his senseless boast,  
Tho’ with a grieving heart ;  
And Almhain saw our numerous host,  
With headlong haste depart.

The van myself and Caoilte led,  
The Fenii in the rear ;  
And on our rapid march we sped,  
But saw no king appear.

We

† Caoilte was remarkable for his speed in running.

We follow'd, where he led the chase,  
To steep Slieve Guillin's foot ;  
But there we could no further trace,  
And stop'd the vain pursuit.

North of the mount our march we stay'd,  
Upon a verdant plain,  
Where conquest once our arms array'd,  
Tho' bought with heaps of slain !

Hope threw each eager eye around,  
And fill'd attention's ear,—  
In vain,—for neither fight or sound  
Of our lov'd chief was near.

But, on the borders of a lake,  
A tall old man we spy'd,  
Whose looks his wretched age bespake  
To want and woe ally'd !

Bare wither'd bones, and ghastly eyes,  
His wrinkl'd form display'd ;  
Palfy'd and pale, he scarce could rise,  
From age and strength decay'd.

We

\* The battle here alluded to is described in a Poem, entitled *ḶḶḶḶ ḶḶ ḶḶḶḶ ḶḶḶḶ ḶḶḶḶ*.—The terrible Mac-Dirive, after an obdurate combat, is at last slain by the hand of Ofgur.

We thought, perchance, that famine gave  
That wan and wasted frame,  
Or that from far, adown the wave,  
A fisherman he came.

We ask'd him, had he seen in chase,  
Two hounds that snuff'd the gale,  
And a bold Chief, of princely grace,  
Swift bounding o'er the vale.

The head of age in silence hung,  
Bow'd down with shame and woe,  
Long e'er his hesitating tongue  
The cruel truth could shew.

At length, to Caoilte's faithful ear,  
The fatal change he told,  
And gave our raging host to hear  
The dreadful tale unfold!

P

With

It is but proper to acquaint the reader, that in this passage, the sense of the poem is a little extended, and brought nearer to that of the romance.—In the poem, we are only told that Finn, when questioned by his chieftains, did not, at first, give a direct answer; but, after some time, imparted the secret to the ear of Caoilte. In the romance, Finn himself tells the story, and says, that “*he felt it grievous to his heart to acquaint them, that he was the object of their search; nevertheless, when his faithful bands surrounded him, he at last informed them of his fatal adventure.*”

With horror struck, aghast and pale,  
Three sudden shouts we gave.—  
Affrighted badgers fled the vale,  
And trembling fought the cave !

But Conan glory'd in our grief ;  
Conan the bald, the bafe ;  
He curs'd with rage the Finian chief,  
And all the Finian race.

“ O, were I fure (he fiercely faid)  
“ Thou wert that heart of pride,  
“ Soon fhould this blade thy fhaking head  
“ From thy old trunk divide !

“ For never did thy envious mind  
“ Bestow my valour's meed ;  
“ In fecret has thy foul repin'd  
“ At each heroick deed.

“ I grieve not for thy ftrength decay'd,  
“ Shrunk form, and foul difgrace ;  
“ But that I cannot wave my blade  
“ O'er all thy hated race.

“ Oh,

- “ Oh, were they all like thee this day,  
 “ My vengeance, as a flood,  
 “ Should sweep my hated foes away,  
 “ And bathe my steel in blood!
- “ Since Comhal of the Hofts was flain \*  
 “ Upon the enfanguin'd field,  
 “ By Morni's fon, who ne'er in vain  
 “ Uprear'd his golden † fhield;
- “ Since then, our clan in exile pine,  
 “ Excluded from thy fight;  
 “ And the fam'd heroes of our line  
 “ But live in thy defpight.”

CAOILTE,

\* Comhal, or Cumhal, the father of Finn. He was killed in a battle againft the tribe of Morni; we find, however, that this tribe were afterwards reconciled to the Fenii, and obedient to their chief, who treated them with the utmoft kindnefs. This complaint of Conan's is therefore to be afcribed to his own perverse humour, and not to any injuftice that he or his clan had met with from the Finian general.

† Here we find mention of a golden fhield; but it is not fuppofed that fuch were common in Ireland, becaufe they do not often occur in our MSS. and very few of them have been found in our bogs. But we are not, from this, to conclude that the metal itfelf was fcarce in the kingdom.—CAMBRENSIS and STANIHURST bear testimony to the riches of our mines. DoCTOR BOAT alfo, in his *Natural Hiftory*, mentions the gold and filver mines of Ireland; and DONATUS, Bifhop of Fefuke, a poet of the 7th century, in a beautiful defcription of our ifland, does not omit to celebrate the natural wealth of its foil.

CAOILTE. “ Did not my foul too keenly share  
 “ In our great caufe of woe,  
 “ On aught like thee <sup>2</sup> to wafte its care,  
 “ Or any thought beftow ;

“ Bald, fenfelefs wretch ! thy envy, foon  
 “ This arm fhould make thee rue ;  
 “ And thy cruft’d bones, thou bafe buffoon,  
 “ Should bear thy folly’s due !”

OSGUR. “ Ceafe thy vain bab’ling, fenfelefs fool !  
 “ Bald boafter <sup>3</sup>, ftain to arms,  
 “ Still forward to promote mifrule,  
 “ But fhrink at war’s alarms !”

CONAN.

The *Ἐεδαρ Ἐεταν*, (or Book of Sligo) informs us, that in the reign of Tighearnas was firft introduced the boiling and refining of gold ; that the refiner’s name was Inachadan, and he carried on the art at the eaft fide of the Lifey. Befides the teftimony of foreign writers, and our domeftic annals ; numbers of utenfils, arms, collars, chains, &c. of pure gold, have been dug up in different parts of the kingdom. But it would be endless to multiply proofs upon this fubject. If the reader wifhes any further teftimonies, he will find them at large in Mr. O’HALLORAN’S *Introduction to the Hift. and Antiq. of Ireland*.

<sup>2</sup> We are here, at once, let into the character of Conan, and fee that contempt alone is the caufe of the forbearance with which his infolence is fuffered to pafs.

<sup>3</sup> We could wifh that this dialogue were not fo coarfly conducted ; but the heroes of Homer are ftill lefs acquainted with good breeding, than thofe of our Irifh Bard ; and Conan is only the *Thevftes* of Oifin. In juftice, however, to the Finian chiefs,

it



- “ Oifin, this filken fon of thine,  
 “ Who thus in words excels,  
 “ Will learn of thee the pſalming whine,  
 “ And bear white books and bells <sup>d</sup>.  
  
 “ Ceafe Ofgur, ceafe thy fooliſh boaſt,  
 “ Not words, but deeds decide ;  
 “ Now then, before this warlike hoſt,  
 “ Now be our valour try’d !”

My fon high rais’d his threat’ning blade,  
 To give his fury ſway ;  
 But the pale Conan ſhrunk diſmay’d,  
 And ſprung with fear away :

Amid

In the romance of *Ἰϛἰϛ τἰξῆς Ἰαηαἰη*, among other curious particulars, Finn is ſaid to have derived a portion of his knowledge from the waters of a magical fountain, in the poſſeſſion of the Tuatha-de-danans ; a ſingle draught of which was fold for three hundred ounces of gold.

<sup>d</sup> From this paſſage, it appears, that Oifin was ſuppoſed to have been won over, at leaſt in part, by ſome of the miſſionaries who preceded the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland.—Here alſo we ſeem to have proof that the bells, mentioned in the courſe of the poem, were not, nor could have been, the large ſuſpended ones ; but only the ſmaller ones, that were borne by the prieſts, and tingled at the altars, in the very firſt ages of Chriſtianity. Conan could not poſſibly mean any other than theſe, when he ſays that Ofgur would learn in time to *bear* or carry them ;—that is, leaving the profeſſion of arms, to become a prieſt, by which he plainly intends to reproach him with cowardice, as deſirous to excel in *words alone*.

Amid the scoffing host he sprung,  
To shun th' unequal strife ;  
To 'scape the forfeit of his tongue,  
And save his worthless life.

Nor vainly did he importune ;  
The host, as he desir'd,  
Engag'd my son to give the boon  
His cowardice requir'd.

Once, twice, and thrice, to Erin's chief  
The forrowing Caoilte spoke :  
“ O fay, lov'd cause of all our grief !  
“ Whence came this cruel stroke ?

“ What curst Tuathan's<sup>e</sup> direful charm  
“ Has dar'd that form deface ?  
“ O ! who could thus thy force difarm,  
“ And wither ev'ry grace ?”

“ Guillen's

<sup>e</sup> In the original, *Tuathá dē* (i. e. Tuatha-de-danan). Most of the Irish Romances are filled with Dananian enchantments ; as wild as the wildest of ARIOSTO's fictions, and not at all behind them in beauty.

“ Guillen’s fair daughter, (Finn reply’d,)  
 “ The treacherous snare design’d †,  
 “ And sent me to yon magic tide,  
 “ Her fatal ring to find.”

Conan who, penitent of tongue,  
 Would now his guilt revoke,  
 Forward, with zeal impatient sprung,  
 And vengeful ire bespoke.

“ May

† This apparent malice, and ingratitude of the Enchantress, is fully accounted for in the romance. Finn had ever been the servant and protector, and of course, the favourite of the fair: he is scarce ever mentioned, without some epithet, expressive of amiable attraction, such as “ the majestic—the graceful—the courteous—the generous—the gentle—the smiling—the blooming—son of Comhal.” He surpassed his cotemporaries as much in the manly beauty, and majestic graces of his countenance and form, as he did in the superior strength of his arm, and the extraordinary endowments of his mind.

Miluachra, and Aine, the two fair daughters of Guillen Cualgne, of the Danian race, saw, and fell in love with him. Miluachra was jealous of her sister’s charms; and hearing her, one day, take an oath, that she would never marry any man whose hair was grey, she determined, if possible, to make this rash vow a bar to her union with Finn. She assembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-danans; and, by the power of their enchantments, they called forth a magical lake, on the side of Slieve-Guillen, which had the property of rendering any person grey-headed, who should enter the waters thereof. This done, she assumed the form of a beautiful doe, and appeared to Finn, as already related: then followed the chase; but the romance gives only three days and nights to the destruction of the Enchantress’s cave; the poem gives eight. Also, in the romance, the magical cup, which restored our hero to his former shape, endowed him, at the same time, with added wisdom, and knowledge. His hair, however, remained grey; but the Enchantress, after acknowledging, in much confusion and terror, the reason of the trick she had played him, offered to restore that also: this offer, we are told, he declined, chusing to continue grey; but the reason of his refusal does not appear.

“ May never from this hill (he cry’d),  
“ Our homeward steps depart,  
“ But Guillen<sup>z</sup> dearly shall abide  
“ Her dark and treacherous art !”

Then our stout shields with thongs we bound<sup>h</sup>,  
Our hapless King to bear ;  
While each fond chieftain press’d around,  
The precious weight to share.

North of the mount, to Guillen’s cave,  
The alter’d form we bore ;  
Determin’d all her art to brave,  
And his lost powers restore.

Eight nights and days, without success,  
We tore the living tomb,  
Until we pierc’d the last recess  
Of the deep cavern’s gloom.

Q

Then

<sup>z</sup> Her name, as we have seen, was Miluachra, though she is here called Guillen, as being daughter to the Enchantress Guillen.

<sup>h</sup> This passage seems to throw some light on the size of the Irish shield.—It is spoken of in the plural number here, by which it should seem that it must have been the target ; for, otherwise, one alone would have been sufficient to have borne Finn from the field.

Then forth the fair Enchantress came,  
Swift issuing to the light,  
The form of grace, the beauteous dame,  
With charms too great for fight.

A cup quite full she trembling bore  
To Erin's alter'd chief,  
That could his pristine form restore,  
And heal his people's grief.

He drank.—O joy! his former grace,  
His former powers return'd;  
Again with beauty glow'd his face,  
His breast with valour burn'd.

Oh, when we saw his kindling eye  
With wonted lustre glow,  
Not all the glories of thy sky  
Such transport could bestow!

The Hero of the Stately Steeds,  
From magic fetters free,  
To Finian arms, and martial deeds  
Thus—thus restor'd to see!—

Scarce could our souls the joy sustain!—

Again three shouts we gave ;

Again the badgers fled the plain,

And trembling fought the cave !

Now, Patrick of the scanty store,

And meager-making face !

Say, didst thou ever hear before

This memorable Chase ?



IV.

M O I R A B O R B :

Δ

P O E M.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE original of this poem is in the hands of Maurice Gorman : there is also another copy in Mr. Walker's collection, but not altogether so perfect as the one from which this translation has been made. Neither of these copies are dated, nor can we discover the author. Like most of the Finian poems, it is ascribed to Oifin ; but, though it may, possibly, have originated with him, it has certainly assumed, since that period, a different form from any that he could have given it. The poetry, indeed, breathes all the spirit of the Finian Bard ; but the language is evidently not earlier than that of the middle ages.*



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M O I R A      B O R B :

A      P      O      E      M.

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A Tale of old,—of Finian deeds I sing:  
Of Erin's mighty hofts, the mighty King!  
Great Comhal's fon the lofty ftrain fhall fwell,  
And on his fame the light of fong fhall dwell.

Oft have I feen his arm deftruction wield;  
Oft, with its deadly prowefs, fwep the field!  
Then did the world his matchlefs deeds proclaim,  
And my ear drank the mufick of his fame.

Once, while the carelefs day to fport we gave,  
Where fierce Mac-Bovar<sup>a</sup> rolls his headlong wave,

With

<sup>a</sup> The words of the original are *Εας ηύαδ̄ μαε βοβάρ να μος̄λλ*,  
literally, *the fiercely rufhing Cataract, deafening fon of the heap!* This is a very beautiful

With deaf'ning clamour pours upon the plain,  
Foams o'er his echoing banks, and fecks the main.

Careless we rang'd along the founding shore,  
And heard the tumbling of the torrent's roar ;  
Thin was our host, no thought of danger nigh,  
When the near ocean caught our roving eye.

A white sail'd boat, that swiftly fought the shore,  
On its light plank, a lovely female bore ;  
To meet our host her rapid course was bent,  
And much we question'd on this strange event.

Fifty brave chiefs, around their braver King.—  
Ah, why to mind, their deeds, their glories bring !  
Since anguish must on bleeding memory wait,  
Comparing former fame with present fate.

Alas ! with them is quench'd the hero's flame,  
And glory, since, is but an empty name !  
Oh, after them, 'tis Misery's dire decree  
The chiefs of these degenerate days to see.

Oh,

fall of the river Erne, at Ballyshannon, and the principal salmon leap in Ireland. The scenery is extremely picturesque ; a bold coast of perpendicular rocks is covered to the very edge with the richest verdure, and projects, in unequal promontories, as it opens to the sea. This salmon leap is let at 400l. a year.

Oh, loft companions! once your mighty fway  
 Made the proud princes of the earth obey;  
 Your conqu'ring powers through every region led,  
 And wide around victorious triumphs fpread!

But to my tale.—Our wondering chiefs arofe,  
 To fee the bark its beauteous freight difclofe:  
 Swift glanc'd its courfe through the divided wave,  
 And the near fream a ready harbour gave.

As morn from ocean lifts her lov'ly light,  
 Fresh from the wave, with gentle fplendours bright;  
 So rofe the maid, as fhe approach'd the fhore,  
 And her light bark to land its burden bore.

Deck'd by foft Love with fweet attractive grace,  
 And all the charms of mind-illumin'd face;  
 Before our hoft the beauteous ftranger bow'd,  
 And, thrown to earth, her eyes their glories fhroud.

Her foft falute return'd, with courteous air,  
 Finn, by the hand of fnow, conducts the fair.  
 Upon his left, the valiant Gaul was plac'd,  
 And on his right, her feat the ftranger grac'd.

And, oh, to tell the charms her form array'd!  
 The winning sweetness that her face display'd!  
 On her alone we could or think, or gaze,  
 And our rapt souls were lost in sweet amaze!

“ Soft Mariner! (the son of Comhal cry'd,  
 “ What chance has torn thee from protection's side?  
 “ Why com'st thou here, and from what happy earth?  
 “ And whose the noble race that gave thee birth?”

“ Truth, O great chief! my artless story frames:  
 “ A mighty King<sup>b</sup> my filial duty claims.  
 “ But princely birth no safety could bestow;  
 “ And, royal as I am, I fly from woe.

“ Long have I look'd that mighty arm to see,  
 “ Which is alone of force to set me free:  
 “ To Erin's far fam'd chief for aid I fly,  
 “ And on that aid my trembling hopes rely.”

“ Say,

<sup>b</sup> This passage is not translated literally, as it was difficult to know what turn to give it: the words in Irish are *Uí mhé mhéar na h-Éiríne*. *I am the daughter of the King under Waves*: or it may be rendered, *King of Waves*, or *King of Éiríne*, (in the genitive) *Éiríne*. Literally, a *wave*; but it may also mean some country, anciently called by that name; or possibly it may be a metaphorical phrase, to imply either an island, or some of the low countries.

“ Say, wherefore, loveliest! art thou thus distressed?  
“ Whom dost thou fly?—by whom art thou oppressed?  
“ Why dost thou seek me, o’er the rolling sea,  
“ And from what peril shall I fet thee free?”

“ And art thou, then, that gen’rous son of fame,  
“ Whose aid the wretched, and the helpless claim?  
“ O then, to me that needful aid extend!  
“ And, oh, thy strength to guard my weakness lend!”

With soothing speech, the pitying King reply’d,  
“ Fear not, sweet maid! thy cause to me confide.  
“ Speak but thy sorrows! whom dost thou accuse?  
“ Who persecutes thee, Fair One?—who pursues?”—

“ O! I am follow’d o’er the rolling wave!  
“ O! mighty Finn! thy trembling suppliant save!  
“ The son of Sora’s<sup>c</sup> King with wrath pursues,  
“ The Chief of Spears, whose arm the host subdues!

“ Dark

<sup>c</sup> Tradition inform us, that *Moirra*, or (as some write it) *Boiry Barb*, was a Lusitanian Prince, of great fame and prowess, but cruel, and extremely fierce, as the word *barb* (i. e. *ferce*) implies. This admitted, it follows, of course, that *Sora* (in the original, *Sorcha*,) must have been, anciently, the Irish name for Portugal.

“ Dark Moira-borb is his tremendous name,  
“ And wide o'er earth extends his dreadful fame!  
“ From him I fly, with these unhappy charms,  
“ To shun the horror of his hateful arms!

“ To one delay his fullen foul agreed,  
“ Nor can he from his promise now recede;  
“ He will not force me to become his bride,  
“ Until thy pow'r shall in my cause be try'd.”

Then spoke my Ofgur, Erin's lovely boast,  
Pride of her fame, and glory of her host!  
With generous zeal his youthful bosom glow'd;  
His fervent speech with rapid ardour flow'd.

“ Fear not (he cry'd) no power shall force thee hence;  
“ My arm, my life, O maid! is thy defence!  
“ No hateful union shall thy vows compel,  
“ Nor shalt thou with the dreadful Sora dwell!”

Then, by his side, the son of Morni rose;  
Each champion equal to an host of foes!  
Proudly they strode, exulting in their might,  
The fierce, triumphant Deities of fight!

Before the host they stood, in arms array'd,  
 To guard, from her approaching foe, the maid ;  
 For now, swift riding on the subject wave,  
 A wondrous chief to fight his terrors gave !

In the same path the princess took, he came,  
 And more than human seem'd his monstrous frame ;  
 A magic steed its giant burden bore,  
 And swiftly gain'd upon the trembling shore !

Fierce did he seem, as one in fight renown'd ;  
 Dark on his head a gloomy helmet frown'd :  
 Emboss'd with art, he held a mighty shield,  
 And well his arm its ponderous orb could wield !

Two spears of victory, on its front engrav'd,  
 Stood threat'ning, as if every foe they brav'd !  
 Never our eyes had such a fight beheld,  
 Nor ever chief so dreadfully excell'd !

His heavy sword, of more than monstrous size,  
 Next struck with wonder our admiring eyes ;  
 When, bending forward, from his mighty thigh  
 He drew, and wav'd its massy weight on high !

Of princely sway the cloudy champion seem'd,  
And terror from his eye imperial stream'd !  
A soul of fire was in his features seen,  
In his proud port, and his impetuous mien !

His wond'rous speed was like the torrent's force ;  
White as its foam, and rapid as its course !  
Proud, the defyer of our host he bore,  
And sprung with fury to the hostile shore.

A fight like this had never met our eyes,  
Or struck our senses with a like surprize ;  
To see a steed thus courting on the wave,  
And his fierce rider thus the ocean brave !

My King, whose arm would every peril dare,  
Then calm demanded of the trembling fair,  
“ Is this the chief of whom thy terror spoke,  
“ Against whose power thou didst our aid involve ?”

“ O that is he ! that is my deadly foe !  
“ Too well, alas ! his dreadful face I know !  
“ O Comhal's generous son ! I grieve for thee,  
“ Against thy host that at all arm to see !

“ He

“ He comes ! he comes to tear his victim hence !  
“ No power, alas, can now be my defence !  
“ No force, no courage can that sword abide,  
“ And vainly will your generous aid be try'd !”

While thus to Comhal's noble son the spoke,  
Fierce through the host, the foreign champion broke !  
Glowing with rage, in conscious might array'd,  
Forward he rush'd, and seiz'd the trembling maid !

Swift flew the spear of Morni's wrathful son,  
And to the foe unerring passage won :  
Through his pierc'd shield the aim its fury guides,  
Rends its proud bosses, and its orb divides.

Impatient Ofgur glow'd with ardent fire,  
With raging scorn, and with indignant ire ;  
And, darting fate from his impetuous hand,  
He stretch'd the dying courser on the strand !

Unhors'd, and furious for his wounded steed,  
And breathing tenfold vengeance for the deed ;  
With wrath augmented the fierce champion burn'd,  
And mad with rage, on his assailants turn'd.

Dauntless he stood, with haughty ire inflam'd,  
And loud defiance to our host proclaim'd :  
Against us all his single arm he rais'd,  
While in his hand the dreadful falchion blaz'd !

Enrag'd, our hosts the proud defiance hear,  
And rush to vengeance with a swift career.  
Finn and myself alone our arms withhold,  
And wait to see the strange event unfold.

When lo ! amazement to our wondering eyes !  
In vain each spear with rapid fury flies !  
In vain with might, the nearer swords assail,  
No spears can wound, no weapons can prevail.

Those chiefs, who every foe till then excell'd,  
Foil'd by his force, his single arm repell'd.  
Low on the blood-stain'd field with shame they lay,  
Bound by his hand, and victims of his sway !

Great Flan Mac-Morni fell beneath his sword ;  
By valour, friendship, and by song deplor'd !  
Of all the champions who his arm sustain'd,  
Not one unwounded on the field remain'd.

Had not our chiefs been all well arm'd for fight,  
They all had funk beneath his matchless might !  
Or had each, singly, met his dreadful force,  
Each, in his turn, had fall'n a mangled corse !

Now Gaul's brave bosom burns with frantic ire,  
And terror flashes from his eyes of fire !  
Rending in wrath, he springs upon the foe !  
High waves his sword, and fierce descends its blow !

Dire as when fighting elements engage,  
Such is the war the dreadful champions wage !  
Whoever had that fatal field beheld,  
He would have thought all human force excell'd.

Loud was the clash of arms that stream'd with gore,  
And deep the wounds each dauntless bosom bore !  
Broke are their spears, and rent each massy shield,  
And steel, and blood bestrew the deathful field !

Never again shall two such chiefs contend,  
Nor ever courage, as did theirs, transcend !  
So great the havock of each deadly blade !  
So great the force each valiant arm display'd !

At length they slack'd the fury of the fight,  
And vanquish'd Sora own'd superior might :  
No more he could the sword of Gaul sustain,  
But gash'd with wounds, he sunk upon the plain.

Woe was the day in which that strife arose,  
And dy'd with blood the harbour of his foes !  
Woe to the champions of that lovely dame !  
Woe to the land to which her beauty came <sup>d</sup> !

The valiant Sora by the stream we laid,  
And while his last and narrow house we made,  
We on each finger plac'd a glitt'ring ring <sup>e</sup>,  
To grace the foe, in honor of our King.

Thus fell the foreign champion on our coast,  
And gave a dear-bought conquest to our host.  
The royal maid our courtesy embrac'd,  
And a whole year the Finian palace grac'd.

Six

<sup>d</sup> It is probable that this passage alludes to some subsequent consequences of the death of Moira-borb.

<sup>e</sup> It has not been found that any particular custom of antiquity is here alluded to : the passage is translated literally, and it appears that, by placing rings on the fingers of Moira-borb, they meant to shew the generosity of their chief, in honouring a gallant foe.



But why of heroes should I now relate ?  
Chang'd is my form, and chang'd is my estate !  
These alter'd looks, with age and sorrow pale,  
Should warn to cease from the heroic tale !

In English,—“ Finn of the large and liberal soul of bounty; exceeding all his  
“ countrymen in the prowess and accomplishments of a warrior. King of mild  
“ majesty, and numerous bards.

“ The ever-open house of kindness was his heart; the feat of undaunted courage!  
“ great was the chief of the mighty Fenii; Finn of the perfect soul, the consummate  
“ wisdom; whose knowledge penetrated events, and pierced through the veil of futu-  
“ rity. Finn of the splendid and ever-during glories.

“ Bright were his blue-rolling eyes, and his hair like flowing gold! Lovely were  
“ the charms of his unaltered beauty, and his cheeks like the glowing rose.

“ Each female heart overflowed with affection for the hero whose bosom was like  
“ the whiteness of the chalky cliff, for the mild son of Morna; Finn, the king of  
“ the glittering blades of war.”

---

O D E S.



---

A N

I N T R O D U C T O R Y   D I S C O U R S E

T O   T H E

W   A   R   O   D   E.

---

**T**HE military Odes of the ancient Celtæ have been noticed by numberless historians; nothing amongst those people was left unſung: Poetry was their darling ſcience, and they introduced it into every ſcene, and ſuited it to every occaſion. One of the duties of the Bard was, to attend his chief to battle, and there exert his poetic powers, according to the fluctuations of victory, and the fortune of the fight. This fact is well attested by antient Greek and Roman writers; alſo, Du Cange, Mezeray, and many other antiquaries and hiſtorians affirm, that this cuſtom continued amongst the Gauls, many centuries after their dereliction by the Romans. Even at the battle of Haſtings, the troops of Normandy were accompanied by a Bard, animating them to conqueſt with warlike odes. The great number of Troubadours retained

by the French noblesse, in the different invasions of the Holy Land, prove how well this custom was supported by civilized nations of the middle ages.

BUT it will, no doubt, appear singular, that, while France and Germany suffered no ruin or subversion of their states, from that epocha, yet so little care has been taken, by their antiquaries, for the preservation of antient documents, that it is affirmed, there is not one of these Odes now extant amongst them; while Ireland,—harrassed by war and rapine; and her records plundered by foreign invaders, and envious policy,—yet still has preserved a number of these original productions, which throw many rays of light on the obscurest periods of Celtic antiquity.

BUT the WAR ODE was not peculiar to the Celtæ alone; Scandinavia, too, sent her Scalds to battle, and her Chiefs were animated by their military songs; although indeed many centuries later than the period in which we find our Bards possessed of this office in Ireland. “Hacon, Earl of Norway (says Monf. MALLET) had five celebrated poets along with him in that famous battle of which I have been speaking, when the warriors of Jomsbourg were defeated; and history records that they sung each an Ode, to animate the soldiers, before they engaged <sup>a b.</sup>”

WE

<sup>a</sup> See TORF. BARTHOLIN, p. 172, who produces other instances to the same purpose; particularly that of Olave, king of Norway, who placed three of his fealds

WE see here a remarkable difference between the Scandinavian and Celtic poet, in the execution of this military duty: The Ode of the Scald was composed for the purpose, and sung *before the engagement*: while the Irish Bard, glowing with the joint enthusiasm of the poet, and the warrior, frequently rushed amidst the ranks, and following his Chief through all the fury of the fight, continued, to the last, those sublime and elevating strains, which, inspired by the sight of heroic valour, and called forth by, and suited to the instant occasion, wrought up courage to a pitch of frenzy, and taught the warrior to triumph even in the pangs of death. But it was only when victory was doubtful, and occasion required the Bards to exert all their powers, that we find them thus rushing through the carnage of the field. At other times “ marching at the head of the armies, “ arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, “ and their persons surrounded with ORFIDIGH, or instrumental “ musicians; while the battle raged, they *stood apart*, and “ watched in security (for their persons were held sacred) every

T 2

action

scalds about him to be eye-witnesses of his exploits: these bards composed, each of them, a song upon the spot, which BARTHOLIN has printed, accompanied with a Latin version. Other songs of the same kind may be found in the same author.

Here is one instance wherein we find a Scandinavian war ode composed (as it appears) either *during*, or *after* the engagement; but their established custom was, to sing the ode (as is related above) *before* the battle joined.

† *North. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 386.

“ action of the Chief, in order to glean subjects for their  
“ lays.”

INDEED, the enthusiastic starts of passion; the broken, unconnected, and irregular wildness of those Odes which have escaped the wreck of ancient literature in this kingdom, sufficiently and incontestibly point out their true originality to every *candid* reader. It need not here be objected, that the character in which we find the copies now extant of these Odes, is different from that which was in use among the pagan Irish, and that the language of them, also, is too intelligible to be referred to so remote an æra. With the beauties of these singular compositions, every Irish reader, of every age, must have been eager to acquaint himself; and when acquainted with them, to communicate to others the knowledge, and the pleasure they afforded him: of course, when a word became too obsolete to be generally understood, it was changed for one more modern; and, for the same reason, when the ancient character was exploded, every ensuing copy of these Odes was written in the character of the times. Indeed there are still a sufficient number of obsolete words among them, to make the language extremely difficult; but I conceive that it is in the structure of the compositions, and the spirit which they breathe, rather than in a few unintelligible epithets, that we are to look for the marks of their antiquity.

THE

° WALKER'S *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bar.*, p. 10.

THE copies from which the two following Odes are translated, I procured from Maurice Gorman; there is also a copy of them in the collection of Mr. O'Halloran of Limerick, and another, as I am informed, in the College collection. An accomplished proficient in the learning and antiquities of this country, whose name (had I permission) I should be proud to reveal, made the following elegant, and spirited remarks, on a literal translation of the first of these Odes, upon which I had requested his judgment. " It is (says he) in my opinion, a very fine specimen of  
 " that kind of poetry, and carries genuine originality on the face  
 " of it. It seems not only to have been composed on the occa-  
 " sion, but as if it was actually sung by the bard during the  
 " heat of the battle; which supposition is quite consonant with  
 " the accounts we have of the antient Celtic warriors, and the  
 " office of their Bards. The extreme simplicity of it is no small  
 " part of its merit, and has more in it of the true sublime, than  
 " all the flowers and images with which a modern poet would  
 " have embellished it. Imagination may follow it through all  
 " the changes that may be supposed to have attended an obsti-  
 " nate engagement, in which the hero was exerting his valour  
 " to the utmost; with his bard standing close at his back,  
 " exhorting him to persevere, and giving, as it were, fresh  
 " energy and effect to every stroke of his sword."

IT may appear strange to see a Bard rushing, fearless and unhurt, through the midst of contending warriors; his hand encumbered with the harp, and unprovided with any arms for  
 either

either defence or attack : but the character of the *Filea* was held so sacred amongst the ancient Celtæ, that they wanted no other defence, and were so protected and revered by foes, as well as friends, that even “ the very whirl and rage of fight ” respected the person of the Bard.

IRISH history, indeed, affords one, and *but one*, instance of a sort of sacrilege offered to the life of a Bard ; the circumstances, however, which accompany the fact, as well as the manner in which it is told, present us with the strongest idea of the horror that so unusual a crime then excited. The *Leabhar Lecan*, (or *Book of Sligo*) has thus preserved the relation : Fierce wars were carried on, about the middle of the fourth century, between Eochaidh, Monarch of Ireland, and Eana, the King of Leinster. Cetmathach, the Monarch’s laureat, had satyrized so severely the enemy of his King, as to provoke the bitterest resentment of Eana, who vowed unsparing revenge. In the battle of Cruachan, the Monarch was defeated ; and Cetmathach, pursued by the furious King of Leinster, fled for safety amidst the troops of the victor, who, though the enemies of Eochaidh, would have protected his Bard : but the brutal Eana was not to be appeased, and the life of the laureat fell a sacrifice to his art. Eana, for this atrocious deed, was ever after branded with the opprobrious name of *Cin-falach*, (foul, or dishonorable head). It has descended down, through his immediate posterity, to the present day ; numbers of his race, of the name of *Cin* or *Kin-falach*, now existing in Ireland.

OF the first of the following Odes, Osgur, the son of Oifin, is the hero, but we are not told who the Bard was that composed it. We have, however, sufficient reason to conclude, that it was sung by Fergus, the uncle of Osgur; first, because he was the appointed *ARD-FILEA* of the Fenii; and also because that, in an ancient poem on the battle of Gabhra, he is introduced as exhorting the troops, on that occasion, to the fight, surrounded by his *Orfidigh*, or band of musicians.

bj γεαργυρ γηλε,  
 αργυρ οργυρεαχ ηα κλατα,  
 ταν μηροσδαδσαν ηιονηνη  
 τολ οιοησος αν χατα.

MR. WALKER, in his MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS, takes particular notice of Fergus. “ Oifin (says he) was not Finn’s chief  
 “ Bard, or Ollamh-re-dan. This honorable station was filled by  
 “ Fergus *Fibbeoil*, (of the sweet lips) another son of the great  
 “ Finian commander; a Bard on whom succeeding poets have  
 “ bestowed almost as many epithets, as Homer has given to his  
 “ Jupiter.—In several poems, still extant, he is called Fergus  
 “ *Fir-glic*, (the truly ingenious); *Fatbach*, (superior in know-  
 “ ledge); *Focal-geur*, (skilled in the choice of words) &c. &c.  
 “ So persuasive was his eloquence, that, united with his rank, it  
 “ acquired him an almost universal ascendancy.

“ BUT

“ BUT it was in the field of battle that Fergus’ eloquence proved of real utility. In a fine heroic Poem <sup>a</sup> called the *Ἐὰν ἔψω-τεῖται* (The battle of Ventry), Finn is often represented as calling on Fergus, to animate the drooping valour of his officers, which the Bard never fails to do, effectually. In this battle, Oifin was beginning to yield in single combat; which being observed by Fergus, he addressed some encouraging strains to him, in a loud voice: These were heard by Oifin, and his foe fell beneath his sword <sup>b</sup>.

“ SEVERAL admirable poems, attributed to Fergus, are still extant; Dargo, a poem <sup>c</sup>, written on occasion of a foreign prince of that name invading Ireland. Dargo encountered the Fenii, and was slain by Goll, the son of Morni.—*Ἐὰν ἔψωται* (the battle of Gabhra). This battle was fought by the Fenii against Cairbre, the monarch of Ireland, whose aim in provoking it,  
“ was

<sup>a</sup> This composition is not written in verse, but it does indeed abound with all the ornaments of poetry.

<sup>b</sup> O’HALLORAN’S *Hjft. Irel.* vol. i. p. 275.

<sup>c</sup> A copy of this poem is now in my possession, and it glows with all the fire of genius; but at the same time is debased by such absurd impossibilities, that, as I could not venture to omit any part of the piece, I did not think it would answer for translation. From the character given of this poem, I am tempted to suppose that my copy is a corrupt and bad one; perhaps a future day may enable me to procure a better.

“ was to suppress the formidable power of that legion. Cairbre’s  
 “ life fell a sacrifice to this bold attempt.

“ THESE Poems abound with all the imagery, fire, and glow-  
 “ ing description of the ancient Gælic, and justify the praises  
 “ bestowed on Fergus. Each poem concludes with Fergus’ at-  
 “ testation of his being the author. Besides these, there are, A  
 “ Panegyric on Goll, the son of Morni<sup>d</sup>, and another on Ofgur<sup>e</sup>.  
 “ In the latter, the poet has interwoven an animating harangue  
 “ to the hero, who is the subject of it, in the battle of Gabhra.”

IN most of the Finian poems that I have seen, Fergus is ho-  
 norably noticed, both for his poetical powers, and the peculiar  
 sweetness of his temper and disposition: Thus in THE CHASE,

“ Did Fergus live, again to sing,  
 “ As erst, the Fenii’s fame!”

Also in MAGNUS.

“ Mild Fergus then, his errand done,  
 “ Return’d with wonted grace ;  
 “ His mind, like the unchanging sun,  
 “ Still beaming in his face<sup>f</sup>.”

THE

<sup>d</sup> See the second War Ode in this collection.

<sup>e</sup> This I suppose is the same with the original of the following Ode.

<sup>f</sup> Probably this extreme gentleness of Fergus’ temper, was the reason why he was  
 chosen ARD-FILEA, or chief poet to the Fenii, though his brother Oisín was so emi-

THE ANNALS OF INNISFALLEN, and other ancient records, and poems, inform us, that the battle of Gabhra was fought in the year of our Lord 296. The cause of this battle (as well as I can collect from various accounts) was pretty nearly as follows:—The celebrated body of the Fenii had grown to a formidable degree of power. Conscious of the defence they afforded their country, and the glory they reflected upon it, they became overweening and insolent, esteeming too highly of their merits, and too meanly of their rewards; and this the more, as they perceived the Monarch disposed to flight their services, and envy their fame.

IT would be tedious here to relate the various causes assigned by different writers for the discontents which occasioned this battle: Historians, in general, lay the chief blame upon the Fenii; and the poets, taking part with their favourite heroes, cast the whole odium upon Cairbre, then Monarch of Ireland. The fault

nently distinguished for his poetical talents. Oifin, most likely, would not have accepted of the laureatship: his high and martial spirit would not be confined to the duties of that station, as they would often have necessarily withheld him from mixing in the combat, and taking a *warrior's* share in the victory. The character of Fergus was much more adapted than that of Oifin, to fill the place he held, even supposing the poetic powers of Oifin superior to those of his brother.—Oifin, like the Caractacus of the inimitable MASON, felt too much of

- “ ————— the hot tide  
 “ That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek  
 “ Of him who burns for glory!”

And he would never have borne to hold the harp, in battle, while able to wield a sword.

fault most likely was mutual, and both parties severely suffered for it. Cairbre himself was killed in the action, and a dreadful slaughter ensued among his troops; but those of the Fenii were almost totally destroyed<sup>h</sup>; for, relying upon that valour which they fondly deemed invincible, they rushed into the field against odds, that madness alone would have encountered. In an ancient poem upon this subject, Oisín, relating the events of the battle to St. Patrick, tells him, that “few in number were the Fenii, “on that fatal day, opposed to the united forces of the kingdom, headed by their Monarch! Finn and his heroes were “not there to assist them; they were absent on a Roman expedition.”—Osgur, the grandson of Finn, commanded the little body that remained, and led them on to the attack; fired with the hope of increasing glory, and wrought up to a frenzy of valour, by the animated exhortations of his Bard, he performed prodigies, he slew numbers, and Cairbre himself at length fell by his hand. Victory then seemed to declare for the Fenii, till Osgur, covered with wounds, sunk upon the field. He died; with him died the hopes of his adherents. And Epic story gives no further account of the few who survived the field.

SEVERAL poems have been composed upon the subject of this battle. I have never yet seen that one which is said to have been written by Fergus; but I have now before me two that bear the

U 2

name

<sup>h</sup> *The Book of Health* affirms, that they were all destroyed, Oisín excepted; and that he lived till the arrival of St. Patrick, to whom he related the exploits of the Fenii.

name of Oifin, and are possessed of considerable merit : I would gladly, with the following Ode, have given a translation of one of the many poems which this celebrated battle gave rise to ; but as I am told there are more perfect copies extant, than those in my possession, I am unwilling to give an inferior one to the public.

I.

W A R O D E

T O

O S G U R.



---

W A R O D E  
T O  
O S G U R , T H E S O N O F O I S I N ,  
I N T H E F R O N T O F T H E B A T T L E O F G A B H R A .

---

**R**ISE, might of Erin! rise<sup>a</sup>!  
O! Ofgur, of the generous soul!  
Now, on the foe's astonish'd eyes,  
Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay!  
Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,  
And bear the palm of strength and victory away!

Son of the fire, whose stroke is fate<sup>b</sup>,  
Be thou in might supreme!  
Let conquest on thy arm await,  
In each conflicting hour!

Slight

<sup>a</sup> Ḃḡḡḡ! literally, *arise!*—It means here, *rouse thyself! exert all thy powers!*

<sup>b</sup> Oifin, the father of Ofgur, was as much celebrated for his valour, as for his poetical talents.

Slight let the force of adverſe numbers ſeem,  
Till, o'er their proſtrate ranks, thy ſhoutiug ſquadrons pour !

O hear the voice of lofty ſong!—

Obey the Bard!—

Stop—ſtop M'Garaidh<sup>c</sup> ! check his pride,

And ruſh reſiſtleſs on each regal foe !

Thin their proud ranks, and give the ſmoaking tide

Of hoſtile blood to flow !

Mark where Mac-Cormac<sup>d</sup> pours along!—

Ruſh on—retard

His haughty progreſs!—let thy might

Riſe, in the deathful fight,

O'er thy prime foe ſupreme,

And let the ſteam

Of valour flow,

Until thy brandiſh'd ſword

Shall humble ev'ry haughty foe,

And juſtice be reſtor'd<sup>e</sup>.

Son

<sup>c</sup> This ſon of Garaidh was then King of Connaught, and he led a choſen band to the battle of Gabhra.

<sup>d</sup> Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland; he was ſon to Cormac, the preceding Monarch, and it was in his quarrel that the allied Princes were aſſembled in this day's battle, againſt the little band of the Fenii. He was alſo nearly related to the chiefs of the party he oppoſed, his ſiſter having been the wife of Finn-Mac-Cumhal.

<sup>e</sup> Injuſtice was the complaint, and the cauſe of quarrel, aſſigned both by the King's forces, and the Fenii: *The Book of Haath* has preſerved a ſpeech of O'ſgur's on  
this

Son of the King of spotless fame<sup>f</sup>,  
 Whose actions fill the world!  
 Like his, thy story and thy name  
 Shall fire heroic song,  
 And, with the prowess of this day, the lofty strain prolong!  
 Shall tell how oft, in Gabhra's plain,  
 Thy dreadful spear was hurl'd<sup>g</sup>:  
 How high it heap'd the field with slain,  
 How wide its carnage spread,  
 Till gorg'd upon the human feast, the glutton ravens fed.

## X

## Reffless

this occasion; probably just as authentic as most other speeches of the kind, that history gravely tells us have been spoken at such times. It sets forth the gross injustice and ingratitude with which they had been treated by the Monarch; and that they only fought to maintain those privileges which they had honorably won, and which were granted to their ancestors by those faithless Princes, now in arms against them. That they and their predecessors had been the guardians of the nation, protecting its harbours, and repelling its invaders; and also increasing its glory by the splendour of foreign conquests, and the rich trophies of foreign tributes to its power; but that now, after so many battles fought, and so many honors and advantages derived to the Monarch by their valour, he wished to acquit himself of the obligation, by putting his benefactors to the sword, or banishing them for ever from the land.

<sup>f</sup> It is uncertain, here, *what* King the poet means, whether the father, or the grandfather of his hero; either of them might have been called *King* by the Bard, as the word *Righ* is frequently made use of for any great commander, or military sovereign; and Ofgur might have been stiled *son* to either, because *Mac* (*son*) signifies also grandson, and often only a descendant.

<sup>g</sup> The poets tell us of an incredible slaughter, made in this battle by the sword of Ofgur: the brave and fierce Mac-Garaidh, King of Connaught, of the tribe of Morni, and Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland, besides numbers of inferior chieftains, fell by his single arm.

Resiftlefs as the fpirit of the night,  
     In ftorms and terrors dreft,  
 Withering the force of ev'ry hostile breaft,  
     Rufh on the ranks of fight!—  
     Youth of fierce deeds, and noble foul!  
     Rend—fcatter wide the foe!—  
 Swift forward rufh,—and lay the waving pride  
     Of yon high enfigns low!  
     Thine be the battle!—thine the fway!—  
 On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,  
 And let thy deathful arm dafh fafety from his fide!  
     As the proud wave, on whole broad back  
     The ftorm its burden heaves <sup>b</sup>,  
     Drives on the fcatter'd wreck  
         Its ruin leaves;  
     So let thy fweeping progrefs roll,  
     Fierce, refiftlefs, rapid, ftong,  
 Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along!  
  
 From king to king <sup>l</sup>, let death thy fteps await,  
     Thou melfenger of fate,  
     Whole awful mandate thou art chofen to bear:

Take

<sup>b</sup> It is impoffible that the utmoft ftretch of human imagination and genius could ftart an image of greater fublimity than this!—Had Fergus never given any further proof of his talents than what is exhibited in the ode now before us, this ftanza alone had been fufficient to have rendered his name immortal!

<sup>l</sup> The monarch, and the provincial kings, who were united againft the Fenii.

Take no vain truce, no respite yield,  
 'Till thine be the contested field ;  
 O thou, of champion'd fame the royal heir !  
 Pierce the proud squadrons of the foe,  
 And o'er their slaughter'd heaps triumphant rise !  
 Oh, in fierce charms, and lovely might array'd !  
 Bright, in the front of battle, wave thy blade !  
 Oh, let thy fury rise upon my voice !  
 Rush on, and glorying in thy strength rejoice !  
 Mark where yon bloody ensign flies<sup>1</sup> !  
 Rush !—seize it !—lay its haughty triumphs low !

Wide around thy carnage spread !  
 Heavy be the heaps of dead !  
 Roll on thy rapid night,  
 Thou roaring stream of prowess in the fight !  
 What tho' Finn be distant far<sup>1</sup>,  
 Art thou not *byelf* a war ?—

X 2

Victory

<sup>1</sup> The taking of the enemy's standard was, we find, an object of great importance ; for we see the bard repeatedly point it out in the battle, and urge his hero to the capture of it. The striking of a standard among the Irish troops was in general a token of defeat. See O'HALLORAN.—“ The duty of the hereditary standard-bearer “ was, to preserve the royal banner ; to be amongst the foremost of the troops in “ action, and in the rear on a retreat ; for the troops had ever their eye on the “ standard, and when the prince was killed (for their princes seldom survived a “ defeat) the standard was struck, which was the signal for a retreat.” Thus, had Ofgur been able to seize upon the enemy's banner, they might have mistaken its disappearance for the usual signal, and so been thrown into confusion.

<sup>1</sup> Finn, at the time of this battle, was absent on a Roman expedition, and Cairbre took advantage of this circumstance, to hasten the issue of the contest. A beautiful  
 and

Victory shall be all thy own,  
 And this day's glory thine, and thine alone !  
 Be thou the foremost of thy race in fame !  
 So shall the bard exalt thy deathless name !  
 So shall thy sword, supreme o'er numbers, rise,  
 And vanquish'd Tamor's <sup>m</sup> groans ascend the skies !

Tho'

and most affecting poem (ascribed to Oisín) on this subject, informs us, that Finn, with his troops, returned on the eve of the battle, and that he arrived just time enough to take a last adieu of his dying grandson. Their meeting is described, and is deeply pathetic. The poet also adds, that " Finn never after was known to smile : Peace, after that, had no sweets, nor war any triumphs that could restore joy to his breast, or raise one wish for ambition or for glory, even though the empire of Heaven itself were to be won by his arm, or were offered to his acceptance !"

<sup>m</sup> Tamor, or Teamor, the royal seat of the monarch of Ireland. " Its chief court, (says O'CONNOR) was three hundred feet in length, thirty in height, and fifty in breadth. It had access by fourteen doors, which opened on their several apartments, fitted up for the kings and deputies of each province : The royal seat was erected in the middle of the house, where the monarch sat in state, with his *Affoon*, or imperial cap on his head. The kings of the two Munsters took their seats on his left ; those of Ulster, on his right ; the king of Leinster, in his front ; and the king of Connaught, together with the *Ollambain*, behind the throne. The particular reasons for such a disposition are not set down in any MSS. come to our hands.

" This high court of convention was surrounded by four other large houses, fitted up for the lodging and accommodation of the several provincial kings and deputies, during the session ; close to these were other houses ; one for state prisoners, another for Fileas, and another for the princesses, and the women who attended at court.

" Teamor was the royal seat of the kings of Ireland, and the principal court of legislation, from the days of Ollamh Fodla, down to the reign of Dermot Mac Cervaill ;

'Tho' unequal be the fight,  
 Tho' unnumber'd be the foe<sup>n</sup>,  
 No thought on fear, or on defeat bestow,  
 For conquest waits to crown thy cause, and thy successful might!  
 Rush, therefore, on, amid the battle's rage,  
 Where fierce contending kings engage,  
 And powerless lay thy proud opponents low!

O lovely warrior! Form of grace,  
 Be not disdain'd<sup>o</sup>!  
 Friend of the Bards! think on thy valiant race!  
 O thou whom none in vain implore,

Whose

"Cervail; so that the Fees of Teamor continued, from time to time, through a series of more than eleven hundred years." *Dissertations on the Hist. of Ireland*, p. 108.

The fear of extending this note to too great a length has obliged me, though reluctantly, to give only extracts from Mr. O'CONNOR's description. For a more enlarged account of this celebrated palace, see *Collectanea*, vol. i.

<sup>n</sup> The Fenii were greatly out-numbered in this battle. In another poem on the subject, attributed to Oisín, and addressed to St. Patrick, we find this passage. "There was Cairbre Liffecar, at the head of Erin's mighty hosts, marching against our forces, to the field of Gabhra, the battle of fatal strokes! There was also Mac Garaidh, and a thousand champions, assembled against the powers of my son:—Nine battalions also from Ulster, and the Munster troops, against our Leinster legion; besides the king of Connaught, and his valiant bands, who joined with the monarch against us, in that day's engagement. Unfair, and unequal was that division of our forces, for final was the band of the Fenii."

<sup>o</sup> Here it appears that Osgur begins for a moment to yield; but quickly after, animated, and renovated by the exhortations of his bard, we find him again dealing death around.

Whose soul by fear was never sway'd,  
Now let the battle round thy ensigns roar!

Wide the vengeful ruin spread!  
Heap the groaning field with dead!  
Furious be thy griding sword,  
Death with every stroke descend!

Thou to whose fame earth can no match afford;  
That fame which shall thro' time, as thro' the world, extend!

Show thy might upon the foe!  
Lay their pride, in Gabhra, low!  
Thine be the sway of this contested field!  
To thee for aid the Fenii fly \*;  
On that brave arm thy country's hopes rely,  
From every foe thy native land to shield!

Aspect of beauty! pride of praise!  
Summit of heroic fame!  
O theme of Erin! youth of matchless deeds!  
Think on thy wrongs! now, now let vengeance raise  
Thy valiant arm!—and let destruction flame,

Till

\* The Irish in general were frequently called *Fenians*, or *Phenians*, from their great ancestor *Phenius Farfa*, or, perhaps, in allusion to their Phœnician descent. But the Leinster legions proudly arrogated that name entirely to themselves, and called their celebrated body, exclusively, *Fenii*, or *Fiana Eireann*.

'Till low beneath thy sword each chief of Ulster lies !  
O prince of numerous hosts, and bounding steeds !  
Raife thy red shield, with tenfold force endu'd !  
Forfake not the fam'd path thy fathers<sup>a</sup> have purfu'd !  
But let, with theirs, thy equal honours rise !

Hark !—Anguish groans !—the battle bleeds  
Before thy spear !—its flight is death !—

Now, o'er the heath,

The foe recedes !

And wide the hostile crimson flows !—

See how it dyes thy deathful blade !—

See, in dismay, each routed squadron flies !

Now !—now thy havoc thins the ranks of fight,

And scatters o'er the field thy foes !—

O still be thy encreasing force display'd !

Slack not the noble ardour of thy might !

Pursue—pursue with death their flight !—

Rise, arm of Erin !—Rise !—

<sup>a</sup> All of the tribe of Boishne were particularly famed for prowess, and celebrated by our ancient poets.

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II.

O D E

T O

G A U L.

Y



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TO throw light on the subject of the following Ode, I have endeavoured, in vain, to procure a copy of the legend of *брусан багэ na б'абуагне*, mentioned in Mr. WALKER's Irish Bards; in which, he says, is related the "celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhain. The attending Bards, (continues he) observing the engagement to grow very sharp, were apprehensive of the consequences, and determined, if possible, to cause a cessation of hostilities. To effect this, they took The Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks, exclaiming the sweets of peace, and the achievements of the combatants' ancestors. Immediately both parties, laying down their arms, listened, with mute attention, to the harmonious lays of their Bards, and in the end rewarded them with precious gifts<sup>a</sup>."

I regret much that I have never seen this legend, and therefore can only conjecture that the Ode before us was composed, or rather recited, extempore, upon the same occasion. There is frequent mention made, in our romances and poems, of a memorable contest between the rival tribes of Morni and Boithne, of which Gaul and Finn were the leaders; and that, by the mediation of the Bards, it was finally concluded in peace: but I have never seen any particular account of the dispute, or description of the combat: nor been able to obtain any further information upon the subject, than the little I have here given to the public.

<sup>a</sup> *Hjß. Mem. Irish Bards*, p. 44. The legend here alluded to is not in the possession of Mr. WALKER; if it was, his politeness and public spirit would not have suffered him to refuse it.



---

O D E  
T O  
G A U L,  
THE SON OF MORNI.

---

**H**IGH-minded Gaul, whose daring foul  
Stoops not to our Chief's<sup>a</sup> controul!  
Champion of the navy's pride<sup>b</sup>!  
Mighty ruler of the tide!  
Rider of the stormy wave,  
Hostile nations to enslave<sup>c</sup>!

Shield

<sup>a</sup> Finn Mac-Cumhal, then general of the Irish militia.

<sup>b c</sup> “ Besides their standing armies, we find the Irish kept up a considerable naval force, whereby, from time to time, they poured troops into Britain and Gaul, which countries they long kept under contribution. To this, however, many objections have been made; as if a people who invaded Ireland in thirty large ships could ever be condemned to make use of noevogs, and currachs!—Their migrations from Egypt to Greece, and from thence to Spain, have also been doubted, from the supposed difficulty of procuring shipping; whilst at the same period of time no objections have been made to the accounts of the Phœnicians,  
“ the

Shield of freedom's glorious boast!  
 Head of her unconquer'd host!  
 Ardent fon of Morni's might!  
 Terror of the fields of fight!  
 Long renown'd and dreadful name!  
 Hero of auspicious fame!  
 Champion, in our cause to arm!  
 Tongue, with eloquence to charm!  
 With depth of sense, and reach of manly thought;  
 With every grace, and every beauty fraught!

Girt with heroic might,  
 When glory, and thy country call to arms,  
 Thou go'st to mingle in the loud alarms,  
 And lead the rage of fight!  
 Thine, hero! thine the princely sway  
 Of each conflicting hour;

Thine

“ the Tyrians, and, after them, the Greeks, having very considerable fleets, and making very distant settlements.” O'HALL. *Introd. to the Hist. and Antiq. of Ireland*, p. 125.

The same learned author proceeds to bring forward such proofs of the naval power of our early ancestors, as must do away every doubt, in minds of any reason or candour; but a quotation of them at large would exceed the limits of a note; my readers are therefore referred to the valuable work from which the above is taken. In many parts of Colonel VALLANCEY'S inestimable *Collecſtanea*, they may also find proofs of the knowledge of the early Irish in naval affairs:—indeed, the astonishing number of names (no less than between forty and fifty) for a ship, in the Irish language, appears to give ground for concluding that there must have been some degree of proportionable variety in their structure.

Thine ev'ry bright endowment to display,  
 The smile of beauty, and the arm of pow'r!  
     Science, beneath our hero's shade,  
 Exults, in all her patron's gifts array'd:  
 Her Chief, the foul of every fighting field!  
 The arm,—the heart, alike unknown to yield!

Hear, O Finn! thy people's voice!  
     Trembling on our hills<sup>d</sup> we plead;  
 O let our fears to peace incline thy choice!  
 Divide the spoil<sup>e</sup>, and give the hero's meed!  
 For bright and various is his wide renown,  
 And war and science weave his glorious crown!

Did all the hosts of all the earth unite,  
     From pole to pole, from wave to wave,

Exulting

<sup>d</sup> This alludes to a custom which prevailed, amongst the early Irish, of holding all their public meetings, and frequently their feasts, on the tops of lofty eminences. In the few prefatory lines, annexed to this ode, I have hazarded a conjecture that it was one of the extemporaneous compositions, so celebrated in the romance of *брътѣанъ вѣаѣ на б' аліиуиѣ*; yet this passage seems an objection, unless we suppose that an entertainment, or a peaceable meeting, ended in a battle, (which indeed might have been the case) for the mention of "hills" here, implies peace, and the quotation from the romance expressly tells us, that the ode was sung *at the combat*.

<sup>e</sup> Possibly it might have been about the division of the booty, gained in some British, or perhaps Continental expedition, that the tribes of Morni and Boishne were at variance: at least it appears by this passage that a part of their discontents arose from some such occasion.

Exulting in their might :  
His is that monarchy of foul  
To fit him for the wide controul,  
The empire of the brave !

Friend of learning ! mighty name !  
Havoc of hosts, and pride of fame !  
Fierce as the foaming strength of ocean's rage,  
When nature's powers in strife engage,  
So does his dreadful progress roll,  
And such the force that lifts his soul !

Fear him, chief of Erin's might !  
And his foe no longer be ;  
Sun of honor's sacred light,  
Rending storm of death is he !

Finn of the flowing locks †, O hear my voice !  
No more with Gaul contend !  
Be peace, henceforth, thy happy choice,  
And gain a valiant friend !

Secure

† The natural and beautiful ornament of *hair* was much cherished and esteemed amongst the ancient Irish. I know not whence the idea of their *matted locks* (so often mentioned by English chroniclers) had its rise :—certain it is that we meet with no such expression, in any of our Irish annals, legends, or poems :—on the contrary, the epithets “ flowing—curling—waving locks,” perpetually occur, and are apparently esteemed as essential to the beauty of the warrior, as to that of the fair.

Secure of victory, to the field  
 His conquering standard goes ;  
 'Tis his the powers of fight to wield,  
 And woe awaits his foes !

Not to mean infiduous art<sup>e</sup>  
 Does the great name of Gaul its terrors owe ;  
 But from a brave, undaunted heart  
 His glories flow !

Z

Stature

<sup>e</sup> “ What added lustre to the native valour, was, the extreme openness, candour, and simplicity of this people (the Irish); not even to gratify that insatiable thirst for power, the source of such devastations, do we often read of indirect or dishonorable means used. Heralds were sent to denounce fair, open war, and the place, time and action were previously settled. If any unforeseen accident disappointed either party, as to the number of troops, &c. notice was sent to his opponent, and a further day was appointed, and generally granted.” O'HALL. *Int. to the Hist. and Antiq. of Ireland*, p. 223.

Indeed, for a spirit of honor, and a natural rectitude of mind, the Irish were remarked even by the writers of a nation, *once* their bitter enemies. Their love of justice, and attachment to the laws, was thus acknowledged by Baron FINGLAS, in the days of Henry the Eighth. “ The laws and statutes made by the Irish, on their hills, they keep firm and stable, without breaking them for any favour or reward.” Baron FINGLAS's *Breviate of Ireland*. Sir JOHN DAVIS too, (Attorney General in the reign of James the First) acknowledges that “ there is no nation under the sun that love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves.” DAVIS's *Hist. of Ireland*. Also COOKE, treating of our laws, says, “ For I have been informed by many of them that have had judicial places there, and *partly of mine own knowledge*, that there is no nation of the Christian world, that are greater lovers of justice than they are; which virtue must of necessity be accompanied by many others.” COOKE's *Institutes*, chap. 76.

Stature fublime <sup>b</sup>, and awful mien !  
Arm of ftrength, by valour ftel'd !  
Sword of fate, in battle keen,  
Sweeping o'er the deadly field !

Finn of the dark-brown hair ! O hear my voice !  
No more with Gaul contend !  
Be peace fincere henceforth thy choice,  
And gain a valiant friend !  
In peace, tho' inexhausted from his breaft  
Each gentle virtue flows,  
In war, no force his fury can arreft,  
And hopelefs are his foes.

Leader of the flock of arms,  
Loudeft in the loud alarms !  
Friend of princes, princely friend,  
Firft in bounty to tranfcend !  
Patron of the fchools<sup>i</sup> increafe !  
Sword of war, and fhield of peace !

Glory

<sup>a</sup> Amongft our early anceftors, not only perfonal ftrength, and courage, but alfo beauty,—a graceful figure, an elegant addrefs, and mafteful ftature, were requifite in the candidates for knighthood. See O'HALLORAN. KEATING.

<sup>i</sup> To be efteemed the patrons of fcience, was (next to military renown,) the chief object of ambition, with the princes, and chieftains of the ancient Irifh.

Glory of the fields of fame!  
 Pride of hosts! illustrious name!  
 Strength of pow'r! triumphant might!  
 Firm maintainer of the fight!  
 Fierce in the conflicting hour;  
 Bulwark of the royal pow'r!

O generous charm of all-accomplish'd love!—  
 Locks of bright redundant shade!  
 Breast where strength and beauty strove!  
 White as the hue the chalky cliffs display'd<sup>k</sup>!  
 To thee glad Erin should her homage pay,  
 And joy to own thy glorious sway!  
 Spirit resolute to dare!

Z 2

Aspect

<sup>k</sup> “The breast like the chalky cliff.”—“The hero with the breast of snow.”—  
 “The side, white as the foam of the falling stream,”—frequently occur in our Irish  
 poets' descriptions of their youthful warriors. The ideas which these passages convey,  
 are rather inconsistent with the disgusting ones that must be conceived of the early  
 Irish, by those who give credit to the accounts of writers who tell us, *they wore*  
*shirts dyed in saffron, for the convenience of hiding the dirt,* and further add, that  
*they never pulled them off until fairly worn out.*—In this case, whatever nature might  
 have done in the blanching of their skins—habit must have counteracted all her  
 good intentions. Whence then did the bard derive his idea?—So false a compli-  
 ment, one would think, must rather have drawn repentment upon him than thanks,  
 by reminding his slovenly heroes what filthy creatures they were. But indeed the  
 assertion seems too absurd for argument, and is most worthily answered by a smile.  
 The fact is, that the antient Irish were so remarkably cleanly, as never to rest from  
 fatigue, or sit down to meat, after exercise, until they had first refreshed and cleaned  
 themselves by ablutions. See KEATING, WARNER, &c.

Aspect sweet beyond compare,  
Bright with inspiring foul ! with blooming beauty fair !  
Warrior of majestic charms !  
High in fame, and great in arms !  
Well thy daring foul may tow'r,  
Nothing is above thy pow'r !

Hear, O Finn ! my ardent zeal,  
While his glories I reveal !  
Fierce as ocean's angry wave<sup>1</sup>,  
When conflicting tempests rave ;  
As still, with the encreasing storm,  
Increasing ruin clothes its dreadful form,  
Such is the Chief, o'erwhelming in his force,  
Unconquer'd in his swift, resistless course !

Tho' in the smiles of blooming grace array'd,  
And bright in beauty's every charm ;  
Yet think not, therefore, that his soul will bend,  
Nor with the Chief contend ;  
For well he knows to wield the glittering blade,  
And fatal is his arm !

Bounty

<sup>1</sup> Here we find a repetition of the same image that occurs a few stanzas before: the language is indeed a little varied, yet still the image is the same. I have already apologized for this frequent repetition, and entreat my readers to recollect what has been said upon the subject. But an extemporaneous composition, like this, ought to be exempt from that severity of criticism which may with justice be exercised on the productions of study, and the labours of time.

Bounty in his bosom dwells ;  
High his soul of courage swells !  
Fierce the dreadful war to wage,  
Mix in the whirl of fight, and guide the battle's rage !  
Wide, wide around triumphant ruin wield,  
Roar through the ranks of death, and thunder o'er the field !

Many a chief of mighty sway  
Fights beneath his high command ;  
Marshals his troops in bright array,  
And spreads his banners o'er the land.

Champion of unerring aim !  
Chosen of Kings, triumphant name !  
Bounty's hand, and Wisdom's head,  
Valiant arm, and lion soul,  
O'er red heaps of slaughter'd dead,  
Thundering on to Glory's goal !

Pride of Finian fame, and arms !  
Mildness<sup>m</sup> of majestic charms !  
Swiftness of the battle's rage !  
Theme of the heroic page !

Firm

<sup>m</sup> “ The knowledge of arms was but a *part* of the education of the Celtic warrior. “ In Ireland, they were well informed in history, poetry, and the polite arts ; they “ were sworn to be the protectors of the fair, and the avengers of their wrongs ; and “ to be polite in words and address, even to their greatest enemies.” O'HALLORAN.

Firm in purpose! fierce in fight!  
Arm of slaughter! foul of might!  
Glory's light! illustrious name!  
Splendour of the paths of fame!  
Born bright precedent to yield,  
And sweep with death the hostile field!

Leader of Sylvan sports; the hound, the horn,  
The early melodies of morn!—  
Love of the fair, and favourite of the muse<sup>a</sup>.  
In peace, each peaceful science to diffuse:  
Prince of the noble deeds! accomplish'd name!  
Increasing bounty! comprehensive fame!

Ardent, bold, unconquer'd Knight!  
Breaker of the bulwark's might!  
Chief of war's resistless blade,  
With spears of wrath, and arms of death array'd!  
Heroic Gaul! beneath thy princely sway,  
The earth might bend, and all her host obey!

Hear, O Gaul! the poet's voice!  
O be peace thy gen'rous choice!

Yield

<sup>a</sup> Irish history informs us, that those of their Monarchs or Chiefs who, besides the accustomed patronage of science and song, were *themselves* possessed of the gifts of the muse, obtained, on that account, from their Fileas, and from their countrymen in general, a distinguished portion of honor, respect and celebrity.

Yield thee to the Bard's desire !  
Calm the terrors of thine ire !  
Cease we here our mutual strife ;  
And peaceful be our future life !

GAUL. I yield, O Fergus ! to thy mild desire ;  
Thy words, O Bard ! are sweet ;  
Thy with I freely meet,  
And bid my wrath expire.  
No more to discontent a prey,  
I give to peace the future day :  
To thee my soul I bend,  
O guileless<sup>o</sup> friend !

The accents of whose glowing lip well know that foul to sway,

BARD. O swift in honor's course ! thou generous name !  
Illustrious Chief, of never dying fame !

---

<sup>o</sup> A character *ḡáin ḡhéláil*, (without *guile* or *deceit*), was esteemed the highest that could be given, amongst the ancient Irish : and the favourite panegyric of a Bard, to his favourite hero, would be, that *he had a heart incapable of guile*.



III.

O D E

O N A

S H I P.

A a



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE following descriptive Ode was written by a gentleman of the name of Fitz-Gerald, in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from passages in some other pieces, composed by the same author. The subject of it, we see, is a voyage to Spain; but the idea of thus celebrating the subject, was probably suggested by the third Ode of Horace: for though the Irish poet can by no means be said to have copied the Roman one, yet he seems to have, in some measure, adopted his design.*

*I should be accused of treason to the majesty of Horace, did I say that he is surpassed by our Irish bard upon this subject:—I shall not, therefore, risk the censure:—but, my readers are at liberty to do it, if they please.*

*For the original of the following Ode I am indebted to Mr. O'Flanagan of Trinity College.—There is also another copy of it in Mr. O'Halloran's collection.*



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ODE, BY FITZ-GERALD,

Written on his setting out on a VOYAGE to SPAIN.

---

**B**LESS my good ship, protecting pow'r of grace!  
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destin'd coast,  
Breathe benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host  
    Spread their angelic shields!  
Before us, the bright bulwark let them place,  
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

    O calm the voice of winter's storm!  
    Rule the wrath of angry seas!  
The fury of the rending blast appease,  
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!  
    O check the biting wind of spring,  
    And, from before our course,  
    Arrest the fury of its wing,  
    And terrors of its force!  
So may we safely pass the dang'rous cape,  
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve

I grieve to leave the splendid feats  
Of Teamor's ancient fame!  
Mansion of heroes, now farewell!  
Adieu, ye sweet retreats,  
Where the fam'd hunters of your ancient vale,  
Who swell'd the high heroic tale,  
Were wont of old to dwell!  
And you, bright tribes of funny streams, adieu!  
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,  
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now, my ship!—hoist now thy sails,  
To catch the favouring gales.  
O Heaven! before thine awful throne I bend!  
O let thy power thy servants now protect!  
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,  
Our course, through ev'ry peril to direct;  
To steer us safe through ocean's rage,  
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain;  
O may thy pow'r their wrath assuage!  
May smiling funs, and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave,  
Majestic in its might,  
Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,  
Erefts its stately height!

From her strong bottom, tall in air  
Her branching masts aspiring rise ;  
Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,  
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies ;  
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,  
And seems the fortrefs of the liquid plain !

Dreadful in the flock of fight,  
She goes—she cleaves the storm !  
Where ruin wears its most tremendous form  
She sails, exulting in her might ;  
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,  
And through the roar  
Of angry ocean, to the destin'd shore  
Her course triumphant guides ;  
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,  
And each blue valley was their silent bed !

Through all the perils of the main  
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain !  
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,  
Her dang'rous path she dares explore ;  
Wrecks, storms, and calms, alike she braves,  
And gains, with scarce a breeze, the wish'd-for shore !  
Or in the hour of war,  
Fierce on the bounds, in conscious might,  
To meet the promis'd fight !  
While, distant far,

The fleets of wondering nations gaze,  
And view her course with emulous amaze,  
As, like some champion'd son of fame,  
She rushes to the flock of arms,  
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,  
Impell'd by rage, and fir'd with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,  
Like some huge monster of the main,  
My ship her speckl'd bosom laves,  
And high in air her curling ensigns waves ;  
Her stately sides, with polish'd beauty gay,  
And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray.

As the fierce Griffin's dreadful flight  
Her monstrous bulk appears,  
While o'er the seas her towering height,  
And her wide wings, tremendous shade ! she rears.  
Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame,—  
The strife of swords,—the deathless name,—  
So does she seem, and such her rapid course !  
Such is the rending of her force ;  
When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendours play,  
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way.  
Like the red bolt of Heaven, she shoots along,  
Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong !

God of the winds! O hear my pray'r!  
Safe passage now bestow!  
Soft, o'er the slumbering deep, may fair  
And prosperous breezes flow!  
O'er the rough rock, and swelling wave,  
Do thou our progress guide!  
Do thou from angry ocean save,  
And o'er its rage preside.

Speed my good ship, along the rolling sea,  
O Heaven! and smiling skies, and favouring gales' decree!  
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,  
Swift in her glittering flight, and sounding course!  
Stately moving on the main,  
Forest of the azure plain!  
Faithful to confided trust,  
To her promis'd glory just;  
Deadly in the strife of war,  
Rich in ev'ry gift of peace,  
Swift from afar,  
In peril's fearful hour,  
Mighty in force, and bounteous in her power,  
She comes, kind aid she lends,  
She frees her supplicating friends,  
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease!

Hear, blest Heaven! my ardent pray'r!  
My ship—my crew—O take us to thy care!  
O may no peril bar our way!  
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!  
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,  
While, from Dunboy, along the smiling main  
We sail, until the destined coast we gain,  
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

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E L E G I E S.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*OF the Irish MARRIAGE, or Funeral Elegy, I have been able to procure but few good originals; however, there are, doubtless, many of them still extant; as also, many other beautiful compositions of our ancient country-men, which I have never seen.*

*The Irish language, perhaps beyond all others, is peculiarly suited to every subject of Elegy; and, accordingly, we find it excel in plaintive and sentimental poetry. The Love Elegies of the Irish are exquisitely pathetic, and breathe an artless tenderness, that is infinitely more affecting than all the laboured pomp of declamatory woe.*

*The public are here presented with a few specimens of both kinds. To the following, on the Daughter of Owen, the foremost place is assigned, because (though without a date) it bears the appearance of belonging to an earlier period than any other of the Elegies contained in this volume. The original of it is in the hands of Mr. O'Flanagan, who has in vain endeavoured to procure some anecdotes of the author, and of the fair subject: that it was written by a poet of the name of O'Geran, is all that can be collected from enquiry.*

*In the Irish, it is one of the most beautiful compositions I have ever seen: it is, of all my originals, the one I most wished to give in its expressions, as well as its thoughts, to the English reader; but in this, notwithstanding all my efforts, I am conscious that I have failed.*

*Either*

*Either I am very unhappy in my choice of words, or it is next to impossible to convey the spirit of this poem into a literal translation; I tried, to the utmost my power, but, to my extreme regret, I found myself unequal to the task, though I chose an irregular measure, that I might be more at liberty to adhere closely to the expressions of my original, which are comprehensive, and striking, beyond the power of any one to conceive, who is unacquainted with the genius of the Irish language. In some passages, a single word conveys the meaning and force of a sentence; it was, therefore, impossible to translate it without periphrasis, and, of course, many of its native graces are lost: I shall be most happy to see some abler pen restore them, as I really lament sincerely my inability to do all the justice I wished, to that tender simplicity, and those beautiful expressions, which I read with so much delight.*

*Determined, however, to give the Poem, in the best manner I could, to the public, I have conveyed its thoughts into the following version; and, for those passages wherein the language is thought to be too diffuse, I rely on the candour of my readers to accept of this apology.*

*In the original there are some repetitions, and also a few entire lines, which are not given in the English version. I apprehended it might, otherwise, be too long, and have therefore omitted what I thought could best be spared.*

---

I.

E L E G Y

T O T H E

DAUGHTER OF OWEN.

---

**D**AUGHTER of Owen! behold my grief!  
Look soft pity's dear relief!  
Oh! let the beams of those life-giving eyes  
Bid my fainting heart arise,  
And, from the now opening grave,  
Thy faithful lover save!

Snatch from death his dire decree!  
What is impossible to thee?  
Star of my life's soul-cheering light!  
Beam of mildness, soft as bright!  
Do not, like others of thy sex,  
Delight the wounded heart to vex!

But

But hear, O hear thy lover's sighs,  
And with true pity, hither turn thine eyes!  
Still, tho' wafte with defpair,  
And pale with pining care,  
Still, O foft maid! this form may meet thy fight,  
No object yet of horror, or affright.

Long unregarded have I figh'd,  
Love's foft return deny'd!  
No mutual heart, no faithful fair,  
No fympathy to soothe my care!  
O thou, to every bofom dear!  
Univerfal charmer!—hear!—  
No more fweet pity's gentle power withftand!  
Reach the dear foftnefs of thy hand!  
O let it be the beauteous pledge of peace,  
To blefs my love, and bid my forrows ceafe!

Hafte, hafte!—no more the kind relief delay!  
Come, fpeak, and look, and fmile my woes away!  
O hafte, e'er pity be too late!  
Hafte, and intercept my fate!  
Or foon behold life, love, and forrow end,  
And fee me to an early tomb defcend!—  
For, ah, what med'cine can my cure impart,  
Or what phyfician heal a broken heart?

'Tis thine alone the soveraign balm to give,  
Bind the foul's wound, and bid the dying live!  
'Tis thine, of right, my anguish to affuage,  
If love can move, or gratitude engage!  
For thee alone, all others I forsake!  
For thee alone, my cares, my wishes wake,  
O locks of Beauty's bright redundant flow,  
Where waving softness, curling fragrance grow!

Thine is the sway of foul-subduing charms,  
That every breast of all defence disarms!  
With thee my will, enamour'd, hugs its chain,  
And Love's dear ardours own thy potent reign!  
Take then the heart my constant passion gave,  
Cloath with its faith, and from its anguish save!  
Take the poor trembler to thy gentle breast,  
And hush its fears, and soothe its cares to rest!

For all I have, in timid silence borne,  
For all the pangs that have this bosom torn,  
    Speak now the word, and heal my pain,  
    Nor be my sufferings vain!  
For now, on life itself their anguish preys,  
And heavy on my heart the burden weighs!

O first, and fairest of thy sex!  
Thou whose bright form the sun of beauty decks!

Once more let Love that gentle bosom sway,  
O give the dear enchantment way!  
Raise,—fondly raise those snowy arms,  
Thou branch of blooming charms!  
Again for me thy fragrance breathe,  
And thy fair tendrils round me wreath!

Again be soft affection's pow'r display'd,  
While sweetly wand'ring in the secret shade:  
Reach forth thy lip,—the honey'd kifs bestow!  
Reach forth thy lip, where balmy odours grow!  
Thy lip, whose sounds such rapture can impart,  
Whose words of sweetness sink into the heart!

Again, at gentle Love's command,  
Reach forth thy snowy hand!  
Soft into mine its whiteness steal,  
And its dear pressure let me feel!  
Unveil the bashful radiance of thine eyes,  
(Bright trembling gems!) and let me see them rise.  
Lift the fair lids where their soft glories roll,  
And send their secret glances to my soul!

O what delight, thus hand in hand to rove!  
To breathe fond vows of mutual love!  
To see thee sweet affection's balm impart,  
And smile to health my almost broken heart!  
Ah! let me give the dear idea scope!  
Ah! check not yet the fondly-trembling hope!—

Spent is the rock by which my life was fed,  
 And spun by anguish to a flightless thread!  
 A little more,—and all in death will end,  
 And fruitless pity o'er my grave will bend!

When I am dead, shun thou my cruel fate,  
 Left equal harms on equal perils wait.  
 Hear my last words, their fond request declare,  
 For even in death, thy safety is my care!  
 No more, O maid! thy polish'd glass invite,  
 To give that fatal beauty to thy sight!  
 Enough one life its dangers to intrall!  
 Enough that I its hapless victim fall!—  
 O thou, more bright, more cheering to our eyes,  
 Than the young beams that warm the dawning skies!

Hast thou not heard the weeping muse relate  
 The mournful tale of young Narcissus' fate?—  
 How, as the Bards of ancient days have sung,  
 While fondly o'er the glassy stream he hung,  
 Enamour'd he his lovely form survey'd,  
 And dy'd, at length, the victim of a shade.

Sweet! do not thou a like misfortune prove!  
 O be not such thy fate, nor such thy love!  
 Let peril rather warn, and wisdom guide,  
 And from thyself thy own attractions hide!

No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,  
Nor trust thy sight to meet its dazzling blaze!

Hide, hide that breast, so snowy fair!  
Hide the bright tresses of thy hair!  
And oh! those eyes of radiant ruin hide!  
What heart their killing lustre can abide?  
Slow while their soft and tender glances roll,  
They steal its peace from the unwary soul!

Hide the twin berries of thy lip's perfume,  
Their breathing fragrance, and their deepening bloom;  
And those fair cheeks, that glow like radiant morn,  
When sol's bright rays his blushing east adorn!  
No more to thy incautious sight display'd,  
Be that dear form, in tender grace array'd!

The rosy finger's tap'ring charms;  
The slender hand, the snowy arms;  
The little foot, so soft and fair;  
The timid step, the modest air;  
No more their graces let thine eyes pursue,  
But hide, O hide the peril from thy view!

This done,—in safety may'st thou rest,

And peace possess thy breast.

For who can with thy charms compare,

And who but thee is worth a care?—

O! from

O! from thyself thine eyes, thy heart protect,  
And none beside, thy quiet can affect.

For thee, while all the youths of Erin fight,  
And, struck beneath thine eye-beam, die;  
Still peace within thy bosom reigns,  
Unfelt by thee their pains!

O graceful meekness! ever new delight!  
Sweet bashful charm of captivated fight!  
Why, while my heart (fond subject!) blest'd thy sway,  
Why did'st thou steal its vital soul away?  
Ah! with the theft the life of life is fled,  
And leaves me almost number'd with the dead!

While thus, in vain, my anguish I bewail,  
Thy peace no fears assail;  
None in my hapless cause will move;  
Each partial heart is fetter'd to thy love!  
Thou whose fair hand bids the soft harp complain,  
Flies o'er the string, and wakes the tender strain,  
Wilt thou not some—some kind return impart,  
For my lost quiet, and my plunder'd heart?

O thou dear angel-smiling face!  
Fair form of fascinating grace!

Bright

Bright as the gentle moon's soft splendours rise,  
To light her steps of beauty through the skies!  
O turn!-- on me those tender glances roll,  
And dart their cheering lustre on my soul!  
Be dear compassion in their beams express'd,  
And heal with love the furrows of my breast!

---

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE original of the following pathetic little elegy, was taken down from the dictation of a young woman, in the county of Mayo, by Mr. O'Flanagan, who was struck with the tender and beautiful simplicity which it breathes. No account can be obtained, either of the writer, or of the period in which it was written.*

*This elegy was translated long since, without any view to publication, and the language is, therefore, rather more diffuse, than that of my other translations.*

---

II.

E L E G Y.

---

WHEN oaths confirm a lover's vow,  
He thinks I believe him true :—  
Nor oaths, nor lovers heed I now,  
For memory dwells on you !

The tender talk, the face like snow  
On the dark mountain's height ;  
Or the sweet blossom of the snow,  
Fair blooming to the sight !

But false as fair, alas, you prove,  
Nor aught but fortune prize ;  
The youth who gain'd my heart's first love,  
From truth—to wealth he flies !

Ah

Ah that he could but still deceive,  
And I still think him true !  
Still fondly, as at first, believe,  
And each dear scene renew !

Again, in the sequester'd vale,  
Hear love's sweet accents flow,  
And quite forget the tender tale,  
*Had* ~~That~~ fill'd my heart with woe !

See this dear trifle,—(kept to prove  
How I the giver prize ;)   
More precious to my faithful love,  
Than all thy sex's sighs !

What tears for thee in secret flow,  
Sweet victor of the green !—  
For maiden pride would veil my woe,  
And seek to weep unseen.

Return ye days to love consign'd,  
Fond confidence, and joy !  
The crowded fair, where tokens kind  
The lover's cares employ !

Return once more, mine eyes to blest  
Thou flower of Erin's youth!  
Return sweet proofs of tendernefs,  
And vows of endless truth!

And Hymen at Love's altar stand,  
To sanctify the shrine,  
Join the fond heart, and plighted hand,  
And make thee firmly mine,

Ere envious ocean snatch thee hence,  
And—Oh!—to distance bear  
My love!—my comfort!—my defence!—  
And leave me—to despair!

Yes,—yes, my only love thou art!  
Whoe'er it may displease,  
I will avow my captive heart,  
And speak its master's praise!

Ah, wert thou here, to grace my side  
With dear, protecting love!  
Envy might rage, and spight deride,  
And friends in vain reprove!

May pangs unnumber'd pierce the breast  
That cruel envy arms,  
That joys in constancy distress'd,  
And sports with its alarms !

Bright star of love-attracting light !  
For thee these terrors sway ;  
Grief steep in tears the sleepless night,  
And clouds the joyless day !

Ah God !—ah how, when thou art gone,  
Shall comfort reach my heart !  
Thy dwelling, and thy fate unknown,  
Or where thy steps depart !

My father grieving at my choice !  
My mother drown'd in woe !  
While friends upbraid, and foes rejoice  
To see my sorrows flow !

And thou, with all thy manly charms,  
From this sad bosom torn !  
Thy soothing voice,—thy sheltering arms,  
Far—far to distance borne !

Alas!—my dim and sleepless eyes  
The clouds of death obscure!  
And nature, in exhausted sighs,  
No longer can endure!

I can no more!—sad world farewell!  
And thou, dear youth! adieu!  
Dear, tho' forsworn!—yet, cruel! tell  
Why fallhood dwells with you?

---

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE following Elegy was written, nearly a century ago, by a very celebrated personage, of the name of Edmond Ryan, concerning whom many stories are still circulated, but no connected account has been obtained, further than that he commanded a company of those unhappy free booters, called Rapparees, who, after the defeat of the Boyne, were obliged to abandon their dwellings and possessions, "hoping (says Mr. O'Halloran) "for safety within the precincts of the Irish quarters; but they were too numerous to be employed in the army, and "their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe: "at length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into independent companies, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations "committed on the enemy.*

*"It was not choice, but necessity, that drove them to this extreme; "I have heard ancient people, who were witnesses to the calamities of "these days, affirm, that they remembered vast numbers of these poor "Ulster Irish, men, women and children, to have no other beds but "the ridges of potatoe-gardens, and little other covering than the "canopy of heaven; they dispersed themselves over the counties of "Limerick, Clare and Kerry; and the hardness of the times at length "shut up all bowels of humanity, so that most of them perished by "the sword, cold, or famine\*!"*

*From*

\* O'HALLORAN'S *Int. to the Hist. and Ant. of Ireland*, p. 382.

*From passages in this Elegy, we may infer, that, to the misfortunes of its author alone, the desertion of his mistress was owing; but I have not been able to discover the name of this fair inconstant.*

*After the translation was made from the copy first obtained of this pathetic little poem, a friend transmitted to me the following stanzas, as a part of the original Elegy.—They appeared well entitled to preservation, and are here given to the public, who may admit or reject them at pleasure.*

Nac daimra deisris an fgeal af meara raol an shrejn  
 an maipjn aguf me truf moisge  
 H gur fearb gcé éu alabna leif xéjn  
 an éurrajs no an éab moisre  
 Do yunnead mo éneac, 7 fúnngead mo nead  
 7 dfaígead mé gan en neac  
 fma éú fjn acaét afaét anDéjs acaaf  
 aivn fearc mo beannaét xéjn leat.

#### TRANSLATION.

Ah! what woes are mine to bear,  
 Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercaſting!  
 Doom'd the victim of deſpair!  
 Youth's gay bloom, pale ſorrow blaſting!

Sad the bird that sings alone,  
 Flies to wilds, unseen to languish,  
 Pours, unheard, the ceaseless moan,  
 And wastes, on desert, air its anguish!

Mine, O hapless bird! thy fate!—  
 The plunder'd nest,—the lonely sorrow!—  
 The lost—lov'd—harmonious mate!—  
 The wailing night,—the cheerless morrow!

O thou dear hoard of treasure'd love!  
 Though these fond arms should ne'er possess thee,  
 Still—still my heart its faith shall prove,  
 And its last sighs shall breathe to bless thee!

*I am told there are several beautiful elegiac Songs still extant, composed by Edmond Ryan, or Edmond of the Hill, (as he is called, from his roving life,) but the following is the only one of them that I have ever met with. The air to which it is sung “dies in every note,” and the Poem, though usually styled a Song, I have here classed under the title of Elegy, because it seemed more properly to belong to that species of composition.*

---

III.

E L E G Y.

---

**B**RIGHT her locks of beauty grew,  
Curling fair, and sweetly flowing;  
And her eyes of smiling blue,  
Oh how soft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah! poor plunder'd heart of pain!  
When wilt thou have end of mourning?—  
This long, long year, I look in vain  
To see my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promise faithful prove,  
And to my fond, fond bosom give thee;  
Lightly then my steps would move,  
Joyful should my arms receive thee!

Then

Then, once more, at early morn,  
Hand in hand we should be straying,  
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn,  
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,  
Love's fond vows and faith belying,  
Shame for thee now rends my heart,  
My pale cheek with blushes dying!

Why art thou false to me and Love?  
(While health and joy with thee are vanish'd)  
Is it because forlorn I rove,  
Without a crime, unjustly banish'd?

Safe thy charms with me should rest,  
Hither did thy pity fend thee,  
Pure the love that fills my breast,  
From itself it would defend thee.

'Tis thy Edmond calls thee love,  
Come, O come and heal his anguish!  
Driv'n from his home, behold him rove,  
Condemn'd in exile here to languish!

O thou dear cause of all my pains !  
With thy charms each heart subduing,  
Come,—on Munster's lovely plains,  
Hear again fond passion suing.

Music, mirth, and sports are here,  
Chearful friends the hours beguiling ;  
Oh wouldst thou, my love ! appear,  
To joy my bosom reconciling !

Sweet would seem the holly's shade,  
Bright the clust'ring berries glowing ;  
And, in scented bloom array'd,  
Apple-blossoms round us blowing.

Cresses waving in the stream,  
Flowers its gentle banks perfuming ;  
Sweet the verdant paths would seem,  
All in rich luxuriance blooming.

O bright in every grace of youth !  
Gentle charmer !—lovely wonder !  
Break not fond vows and tender truth !  
O rend not ties so dear asunder !

For thee all dangers would I brave,  
Life with joy, with pride exposing ;  
Breast for thee the stormy wave,  
Winds and tides in vain opposing.

O might I call thee now my own !  
No added rapture joy could borrow :  
'Twould be, like heav'n, when life is flown,  
To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid !  
See my cheek no longer glowing ;  
Strength departed, health decay'd ;  
Life in tears of sorrow flowing !

Why do I thus my anguish tell ?—  
Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin ?—  
O lost treasure !—fare thee well !—  
Lov'd to madness—to undoing.

Yet, O hear me fondly swear !  
Though thy heart to me is frozen,  
Thou alone, of thousands fair,  
Thou alone should'st be my chosen.

Every scene with thee would please!  
Every care and fear would fly me!  
Wintery storms, and raging seas,  
Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me!

Speak in time, while yet I live;  
Leave not faithful love to languish!  
O soft breath to pity give,  
Ere my heart quite break with anguish.

Pale, distracted, wild I rove,  
No soothing voice my woes allaying;  
Sad and devious, through each grove,  
My lone steps are weary straying.

O sickness, past all medicine's art!  
O sorrow, every grief exceeding!  
O wound that, in my breaking heart,  
Cureless, deep, to death art bleeding!

Such, O Love! thy cruel power,  
Fond excess and fatal ruin!  
Such—O Beauty's fairest flower!  
Such thy charms, and my undoing!

How the swan adorns that neck,  
    There her down and whiteness growing ;  
How its snow those tresses deck,  
    Bright in fair luxuriance flowing.

Mine, of right, are all those charms !  
    Cease with coldness then to grieve me !  
Take—O take me to thy arms,  
    Or those of death will soon receive me.

---

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE following funeral Elegy was composed by Cormac Common, “ who (says Mr. Walker) “ was born in May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballin-dangan, in the county of Mayo. His parents were poor, and honest; remarkable for nothing but the innocence, and simplicity of their lives.*

*“ Before he had completed the first year of his life, the small-pox deprived him of his sight. This circumstance, together with the indigence of his parents, prevented him from receiving any of the advantages of education; but, though he could not read himself, he could converse with those who had read; therefore, if he wants learning, he is not without knowledge.*

*“ Shewing an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman determined to have him taught to play on the harp: a professor of that instrument was accordingly provided, and Cormac received a few lessons which he practised con amore; but his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand, and was never after taken up.—It is probable he could not afford to string it.*

*“ But poetry was the muse of whom he was most enamoured. This made him listen eagerly to the Irish songs, and metrical tales, which he heard sung and recited around the “ crackling faggots” of his father, and his neighbours. These, by frequent recitation, became strongly impressed upon his memory. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a Man of Talk, or a Tale Teller. “ He left no calling, for the idle trade,” as our English Montaigne observes of Pope.*

“ He

“ He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies,  
 “ at rural wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country squires. Endowed  
 “ with a sweet voice, and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced  
 “ with the charms of melody; (I say were generally graced, because at his  
 “ age, ‘ nature sinks in years,’ and we speak of the man, with respect to his  
 “ powers, as if actually a tenant of the grave.) He did not, like the Tale  
 “ Teller mentioned by Sir William Temple, chaunt his tales in an uninter-  
 “ rupted even-tone; the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken by  
 “ cadences, introduced with taste, at the close of each stanza. In rehearsing  
 “ any of Oisín’s poems (says Mr. Ousley) he chaunts them pretty much in the  
 “ manner of Cathedral Service.

“ But it was in singing some of our native airs that Cormac displayed the  
 “ powers of his voice; on this occasion his auditors were always enraptured.  
 “ I have been assured that no singer ever did Carolan’s airs, or Oisín’s cele-  
 “ brated Hunting Song, more justice than Cormac.

“ Cormac’s musical powers were not confined to his voice; he composed a  
 “ few airs, one of which is extremely sweet. It is to be feared that those  
 “ musical effusions will die with their author.

“ But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius; he has  
 “ composed several songs and elegies that have met with applause. As his  
 “ muse was generally awakened by the call of gratitude, his poetical produc-  
 “ tions are mostly panegyrical, or elegiac<sup>a</sup>; they extol the living, or lament  
 “ the dead. Sometimes he indulged in satire, but not often, though richly  
 “ endued with that dangerous gift.

“ Cormac

<sup>a</sup> I have never been so fortunate as to meet with any of Cormac’s compositions, except the following elegy.

“ Cormac was twice married, but is now a widower. By both his  
“ wives he had several children; he now resides at Sorrell-town, near  
“ Dunmore, in the county of Galway, with one of his daughters, who is  
“ happily married. Though his utterance is materially injured by dental  
“ losses, and though his voice is impaired by age, yet he continues to practise  
“ his profession: so seldom are we sensible of our imperfections. It is probable  
“ that where he was once admired, he is now only endured. One of his  
“ grandsons leads him about to the houses of the neighbouring gentry, who  
“ give him money, diet, and sometimes clothes. His apparel is commonly  
“ decent, and comfortable, but he is not rich, nor does he seem solicitous about  
“ wealth: his person is large and muscular, and his moral character is  
“ unstained.”

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IV.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN BURKE CARRENTRYLE, Esq.\*

---

YES, Erin, for her Burke, a wreath shall twine,  
And Britain own the honors of his name!  
O hence with tasteless joy!—with mirth and wine!  
All thoughts, but those of woe, I now disclaim!

Ye sons of science!—see your friend depart!  
Ye sons of song!—your patron is no more!  
Ye widow'd virtues! (cherish'd in his heart,  
And wedded to his soul) your loss deplore!

F f

Grief

\* "This gentleman (says Mr. WALKER) was pre-eminent in his day, as a sportsman, and in his private character there were many amiable traits."—*Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bard.*, App. p. 58.

Grief sheds its gloom on every noble breast,  
And streaming tears his worth,—his death proclaim,  
Gen'rous and brave! with every virtue blest!  
Flow'r of the tribes of honorable fame!

Alas! to the cold grave he now is borne!  
No more to wake the huntsman to the chase;  
No more, with early sports, to rouse the morn,  
Or lead the sprightly courser to the race.

The learn'd, and eloquent in honor's cause!  
Of soul enlighten'd, and of fame unshain'd!  
The friend of justice,—to expound our laws,  
Or yield the palm, by song or science gain'd!

O death!—since thou hast laid our glory low;  
Since our lov'd Burke, alas! is now no more;  
What bliss can now each rising morn bestow;  
The race, the chase, and every joy is o'er!

O grave!—thy debt, thy cruel debt is paid!  
No more on earth shall his fair virtues bloom!  
Death! thou hast hewn the branch of grateful shade,  
And laid its fragrant honors in the tomb!

Sublime his foul!—yet gentle was his heart ;

His rural sports, his gay convivial hour  
Avow'd each elegant, each social art ;  
Each manly grace, and each attractive power.

Friend of the friendless, patron of distress ;

Ah, none, like him, the poor man's cause would plead!  
With sweet persuasion to ensure success,  
Or soothe his sorrows, or supply his need!

O tomb that shroudest his lov'd remains !

O death, that didst our dearest hope destroy !  
Thy dreary confine all our bliss contains,  
And thy cold gates are clos'd upon our joy !

Who, now, will to the race the courser train ?

Who gain, for Connaught, the disputed prize ?  
From rival provinces the palm obtain ?—  
Alas ! with him our fame, our triumph dies !

Our light is quench'd, our glory pass'd away,

Our Burke snatch'd from us, never to return,  
Whose name bright honor's fairest gifts array,  
And science hangs her wreath upon his urn.

Eternal pleasures fill'd his social hall,  
And sweetest music charm'd, with magic sound ;  
Science and song obey'd his friendly call,  
And varied joys still danc'd their endless round !

But now, alas ! nor sport, nor muse is there !  
No echoes now the sprightly notes await ;  
But wailing sounds of sorrow and despair,  
That mourn the stroke of unrelenting fate !

He is for ever gone !—weep, wretched eyes !  
Flow, flow my tears !—my heart with anguish bleed !  
In the cold grave the stately hunter lies,  
Chief in the manage of the bounding steed !

O bitter woe !—O sorrow uncontroll'd !  
O death remorseless that has seal'd his doom !  
Thy plains, O Munster ! all our glory hold,  
And fame lies buried with him, in the tomb !

Thy rival, thou (Sir Edward \*) wilt not mourn :  
His death, to thee, shall now the plate resign ;  
His laurel, else, thou never should'st have worn,  
Nor had the prize of manly sports been thine.

See

\* Sir Edward O'Brien, father to the present Sir Lucius.

See Munster pour her horsemen from their plains,  
To the lov'd dead the last sad rites to pay;  
Nor Thomond one inhabitant contains,  
To guard her treasures on this fatal day!

Respectful sorrow guides their solemn pace,  
(Their steeds <sup>b</sup> in mourning, slow procession led :)  
'Till in the tomb their much-lov'd Burke they place,  
And o'er his earth their copious anguish shed.

The seventeen hundred six and fortieth year  
Of him who died a sinful world to save,  
Death came, our Burke from our fond arms to tear,  
And lay, with him, our pleasures in the grave!

How oft his loss pale memory shall regret!  
How oft our tears shall flow, our sighs ascend!  
The social band, where mirth convivial met,  
Now meet to mourn for their departed friend!

No more the melody of hounds he leads!  
No more morn echoes to their chearful cries!  
A gloomy stillness through the land succeeds,  
For low in earth the soul of pleasure lies!

To

<sup>b</sup> In the original,—they came leading their steeds,—or more literally, the horsemen came, but not mounted on their steeds.

To the dear spot my frequent steps I'll bend,  
Which all my joy,—which all my woe contains ;  
My tears shall, each returning month, descend,  
To bathe the earth that holds his lov'd remains !

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE following is the Elegy mentioned in Mr. WALKER's Life of Carolan, composed on the death of that Bard, by his friend M'Cabe<sup>a</sup>.*

*M'Cabe was rather of a humorous, than a sentimental turn ; he was a wit, but not a poet. It was therefore his grief, and not his muse, that inspired him, on the present occasion.*

*The circumstances which gave rise to this Elegy, are striking, and extremely affecting. M'Cabe had been an unusual length of time without seeing his friend, and went to pay him a visit. As he approached near the end of his journey, in passing by a church-yard, he was met by a peasant, of whom he enquired for Carolan. The peasant pointed to his grave, and wept.*

*M'Cabe, shocked and astonished, was for some time unable to speak ; his frame shook, his knees trembled, he had just power to totter to the grave of his friend, and then sunk to the ground. A flood of tears,*  
at

<sup>a</sup> Vide *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, Append. p. 97.

*at last, came to his relief; and, still further to disburden his mind, he vented his anguish in the following lines. In the original, they are simple and unadorned, but pathetic to a great degree; and this is a species of beauty, in composition, extremely difficult to transfuse into any other language. I do not pretend, in this, to have entirely succeeded, but I hope the effort will not be unacceptable;—much of the simplicity is unavoidably lost;—the pathos which remains, may, perhaps, in some measure, atone for it.*

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V.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

C A R O L A N.

---

I CAME, with friendship's face, to glad my heart,  
But sad, and sorrowful my steps depart!  
In my friend's stead—a spot of earth was shown,  
And on his grave my woe-struck eyes were thrown!  
No more to their distracted fight remain'd,  
But the cold clay that all they lov'd contain'd:  
And there his last and narrow bed was made,  
And the drear tomb-stone for its covering laid!

Alas!—for this my aged heart is wrung!  
Grief choaks my voice, and trembles on my tongue.  
Lonely and desolate, I mourn the dead,  
The friend with whom my every comfort fled!

There is no anguish can with this compare!  
 No pains, diseases, suffering, or despair,  
 Like that I feel, while such a loss I mourn,  
 My heart's companion from its fondness torn!  
 Oh insupportable, distracting grief!  
 Woe, that through life, can never hope relief!  
 Sweet-singing<sup>a</sup> harp!—thy melody is o'er!  
 Sweet friendship's voice!—I hear thy sound no more!  
 My bliss,—my wealth of<sup>b</sup> poetry is fled.  
 And every joy, with him I lov'd, is dead!  
 Alas! what wonder, (while my heart drops blood  
 Upon the woes that drain its vital flood,)  
 If maddening grief no longer can be borne,  
 And frenzy fill the breast, with anguish torn!

<sup>a b</sup> Both of these expressions are exactly literal—*mo c'col e'poc m'ly!*—  
*mo s'ajd'be-as d'aj!*

---

S O N G S.





T H O U G H T S

O N

I R I S H S O N G.



**I**T is scarcely possible that any language can be more adapted to Lyric poetry than the Irish. The poetry of many of our Songs is indeed already Musick, without the aid of a tune; so great is the smoothness, and harmony of its cadences. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the advantage the Irish has, in this particular, beyond every other language, of flowing off, in vowels, upon the ear.

I WILL just instance the two following lines :

Sa éil ální deas, na b'áinísb ceasat,  
Is b'áad jaó, as glas do fáile!

Here

Here, out of fifty-four letters, but twenty-two are pronounced as consonants, (the rest being rendered quiescent by their aspirates) whereas, in English, and I believe in most other languages, the Italian excepted, at least two-thirds of poetry as well as prose, is necessarily composed of consonants: The Irish being singular in the happy art of cutting off, by aspirates, every sound that could injure the melody of its cadence; at the same time that it preserves its radicals, and, of course, secures etymology.

BUT it is not in sound alone that this language is so peculiarly adapted to the species of composition now under consideration; it is also possessed of a refined delicacy of descriptive power, and an exquisitely tender simplicity of expression; two or three little artless words, or perhaps only a single epithet, will sometimes convey such an image of sentiment, or of suffering, to the mind, that one lays down the book, to look at the *picture*. But the beauty of many of these passages is considerably impaired by translation; indeed, so sensible was I of this, that it influenced me to give up, in despair, many a sweet stanza to which I found myself quite unequal. I wished, among others, to have translated the following lines of a favourite song; but it presented ideas, of which my pen could draw no resemblance that pleased me:

Aléan dub d'sléas d'sléas d'sléas!  
 Cuir do éean d'sléas domam anall!  
 Abéislín meala, abéin balað na Thyme agh,  
 Is dhine gan éiríde naé tsúbmað dhic smað!

I NEED not give any comment upon these lines; the English reader would not understand it, and the Irish reader could not want it, for it is impossible to peruse them without being sensible of their beauty.

THERE are many Irish songs, now in common use, that contain, in scattered passages, the most exquisite thoughts, though on the whole too unequal for translation. This, I suppose, is chiefly occasioned by the ignorance, or inattention of those who learn them, and from whom alone they are to be procured. They are remembered and sung by the village maid, perhaps merely for the sake of the tunes that accompany them; of course, if recollection fails, it is made up with invention; any words, in this case, will serve, if they answer to the air of the Song; and thus, often, not words alone, but entire lines, are substituted, so totally unlike the rest of the composition, that it is easy to see whence the difference proceeds. Sometimes too, if a line or a stanza be wanting to a silly song, the first of any other one that occurs, is pressed into the service; and by this means, among a heap of lyric nonsense, one often finds a thought that would do honor to the finest composition.

IN these incongruous poems, where a line seems to plead for its rescue, it would be a pity to refuse it. Among many others, the following is an image rich in beauty: A forsaken maid compares her heart to a burning coal, bruised black; thus retaining the heat that consumed, while it loses the light that had cheered it.

it. In another Song, a Lover, tenderly reproaching his Mistress, asks her, Why she keeps the morning so long within doors? and bids her come out, and bring him the day. The second of the two following stanzas struck me, as being so particularly beautiful, that I was tempted to translate them both for its sake.

Sj blaet geal na fme'n j  
 H blaet deaf na fubernaeb j  
 fj planta bfehearj me'jn maej  
 le hamare afvl.

Sj mo evfle fj mo n'n j  
 afj blaet na nuball e'vma j  
 H fanmao anfan fhuact j  
 e'vja noelvg 7 ca'j'j.

#### T R A N S L A T I O N.

As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom  
 Fair flowering, greets the light;  
 Or strawberries, in their rich perfume,  
 Fragrance and bloom unite:  
 So this fair plant of tender youth,  
 In outward charms can vie,  
 And, from within, the soul of truth  
 Soft beaming, fills her eye.

Pulse of my heart!—dear source of care,  
 Stol'n sighs, and love-breath'd vows!  
 Sweeter than when, through scented air,  
 Gay bloom the apple boughs!  
 With thee no days can winter seem,  
 Nor frost, nor blast can chill;  
 Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam  
 That keeps it summer still!

THE air of these stanzas is exquisitely charming. But the beauties of the music of this country are, at present, almost as little known as those of its poetry. And yet there is no other music in the world so calculated to make its way directly to the heart: it is the voice of Nature and Sentiment, and every fibre of the feeling breast is in unison with it.

BUT I beg pardon for this digression;—Music is not the subject now under consideration.

I REGRET much that I have not been able to diversify this collection with some pieces of a sprightlier strain; but I have sought in vain for songs of wit and humour, that were worthy of the public eye.

It has been often observed that a strain of tender pensiveness is discernible throughout, in most of the music of this nation: a circumstance which has been variously accounted for; and the

same remarks, and the same reasons hold good in regard to its poetry.

“ WE see (says Mr. WALKER) that music maintained its  
 “ ground in this country, even after the invasion of the Eng-  
 “ lish, but its style suffered a change; for the sprightly Phry-  
 “ gian gave place to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure.  
 “ Such was the nice sensibility of the Bards, such was their  
 “ tender affection for their country, that the subjection to  
 “ which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the  
 “ heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic  
 “ sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy: hence the plain-  
 “ tiveness of their music; for the ideas that arise in the mind  
 “ are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the in-  
 “ fluencing passion. Another cause might have concurred with  
 “ the one just mentioned, in promoting a change in the style of  
 “ our music: the Bards, often driven, together with their  
 “ patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts  
 “ of men, were obliged to lie concealed in marshes, in gloomy  
 “ forests, amongst rugged mountains, and in glynns and vallies  
 “ resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with  
 “ portentous echoes. Such scenes as these, by throwing a  
 “ settled gloom over the fancy, must have considerably increased  
 “ their melancholy; so that when they attempted to sing, it  
 “ is not to be wondered at that their voices, thus weakened  
 “ by struggling against heavy mental depression, should rise  
 “ rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones,  
 “ than

“ than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now, almost all  
 “ the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor  
 “ third, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music  
 “ which Milton requires in his *IL PENSEROSO*.”

To illustrate his position, Mr. WALKER introduces the following anecdote:

“ About the year 1730, one Maguire, a vintner, resided near  
 “ Charing-Cross, London. His house was much frequented,  
 “ and his uncommon skill in playing on the harp, was an addi-  
 “ tional incentive: even the Duke of Newcastle, and several of  
 “ the ministry, sometimes condescended to visit it. He was one  
 “ night called upon to play some Irish tunes; he did so; they  
 “ were plaintive and solemn. His guests demanded the reason,  
 “ and he told them, that the native composers were too deeply  
 “ distressed at the situation of their country, and her gallant sons,  
 “ to be able to compose otherwise. But, added he, take off the  
 “ restraints under which they labour, and you will not have  
 “ reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes.

“ OFFENCE was taken at these warm effusions; his house be-  
 “ came gradually neglected, and he died, soon after, of a broken  
 “ heart. An Irish harper, who was a cotemporary of Maguire,  
 “ and, like him, felt for the sufferings of his country, had this  
 “ distich engraven on his harp:

H h 2

‘ Cur

<sup>a</sup> *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 12

“ Cur Lyra funestas edit percussa fonores ?

“ Sicut amissum fors Diadema gemit !

“ BUT perhaps the melancholy spirit which breathes through  
 “ the Irish music and poetry may be attributed to another  
 “ cause ; a cause which operated anterior and subsequent to the  
 “ invasion of the English : We mean the remarkable suscepti-  
 “ bility of the Irish of the passion of love ; a passion, which the  
 “ munificent establishments of the bards left them at liberty  
 “ freely to indulge. While the mind is enduring the torments  
 “ of hope, fear, or despair, its effusions cannot be gay. The  
 “ greater number of the productions of those amorous poets,  
 “ Tibullus, Catullus, Petrarch, and Hammond, are elegiac.  
 “ The anonymous traveller, whom we have already had occasion  
 “ to mention, after speaking of the amorous disposition of the  
 “ Irish, pursues the subject, in his account of their poetry.  
 ‘ The subject of these (their songs) is always love, and they seem  
 ‘ to understand poetry to be designed for no other purpose than  
 ‘ to stir up that passion in the mind<sup>2</sup>.’”

I HAVE never read the Travels here cited, but it should seem that their author intended not to extend his remarks beyond that species of poetry which may be classed under the title of songs. So far his observations are perfectly just ; but the heroic poetry of our countrymen was designed for the noblest purposes ;—love indeed was still its object,—but it was the sublime love of country that those compositions inspired.

BESIDES

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 125.

BESIDES the reasons and remarks I have quoted, and which are, of themselves, amply sufficient to account for the almost total absence of humorous poetry in our language, there are still further reasons, which appear to me to deserve attention, and which I therefore beg leave to lay before the reader.

I AM not sufficiently conversant in the state of the ancient music of this country, to say what that might once have been, or what degree of change it might have suffered; but it does not appear to me that the ancient poetry of Ireland was *ever* composed in a very lively strain. I by no means would assert that this is *certainly* the case; for, as yet, I am but young in researches: I only conceive a probability of its being so, from my never having met with an instance to the contrary.

LOVE and War were the two favourite objects of passion and pursuit, with our ancient countrymen, and of course, became the constant inspirers of their muse.—In love, they appear to have been always too much in earnest to trifle with their attachments;—and “the strife of swords”—“the field of death”—presented no subject to sport with. To them, also, both art and nature came arrayed in simple dignity; and afforded not that variety of circumstance, and appearance, so calculated to call forth fancy, and diversify ideas.

THIS seems to me to be one cause, why scarcely any thing but plaintive tenderness, or epic majesty, is to be found in the  
 compositions

positions of our Bards; another reason still occurs, which I will give to the reader's indulgence.

The true poet is ever an enthusiast in his art, and enthusiasm is seldom witty. The French abound in works of wit and humour;—the English are more in earnest, and therefore fall short of the vivacity of the Gallic muse, but infinitely excel her in all that tends to constitute the vital spirit of poetry. In Ireland, this fascinating art was still more universally in practice, and still more enthusiastically admired. The muse was here the goddess of unbounded idolatry, and her worship was the business of life. Our Irish Bards, “in the fine frenzy of exalted thought,” were lost to that play of fancy, which only sports with freedom when it is not interrupted by the heart, or awed to silence by the sublime conceptions of the soul.

FANCY is, in general, the vehicle of wit; imagination that of genius. The happiest thoughts may flow in the most harmonious, and highly adapted measure, without one spark of poetic fire. At least one half of those who bear the title of *English Poets*, are merely men of wit and rhyme; and I believe it will be acknowledged that those amongst them who possessed the sublimest genius, descended but seldom to sport with it. Young, Rowe, Thomson, Gray, &c. are instances of this. It is by no means supposed necessary for a poet to be always pensive, philosophical or sublime; he may sport with Fancy,—he may laugh with Humour, he may be gay in every company,—except that of  
the

the Muse : in her awful presence, her true adorer is too much possessed by his passion to be gay ; he may be approved,—happy, —eloquent,—but hardly witty.

PERHAPS there are few subjects that afford a more copious field for observation than that of Irish song, but the limits of my work confine me to a narrow compass, and will not allow these few remarks to assume the title of *ESSAY*. The subject of song, in general, has been already so well, and copiously treated of by the pens of Aikin, and Ritson, that it has nothing in store for me ; but that of Irish song seemed to demand some notice, and had never before received it.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE two first of the following Songs are the compositions of Turlough O'Carolan, a man much and deservedly celebrated for his poetical talents, as well as for the incomparable sweetness of all his musical pieces.*

*As his life has been already given to the public by Mr. WALKER, in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, I have nothing left to say upon the subject: However, for the benefit of such of my readers as have not yet had the pleasure of perusing that learned and elegant work, I will insert a few extracts from it, to gratify immediate curiosity; and the public will doubtless be better pleased to see them in Mr. WALKER's words than in mine.*

*“ Carolan was born in the year 1670, in the village of Nobber, in the county of Westmeath, on the lands of Carolanstown, which were wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in this kingdom, in the reign of Henry the Second. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which yielded him a scanty subsistence; of his mother I have not been able to collect any particulars.”*

*“ He must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of his life, for he remembered no impression of colours. Thus was ‘knowledge at one entrance quite shut out,’ before he had taken even a cursery view of the creation. From this misfortune, however, he felt no uneasiness; he used merrily to say, ‘my eyes are transplanted into my ears.’”*

“ His musical genius was soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate it; about the age of twelve, a proper master was engaged to instruct him in the practice of the Harp; but though fond of that instrument, he never struck it with a master’s hand. Genius and diligence are seldom united; and it is practice alone that can perfect us in any art. Yet his harp was rarely unstrung: but, in general, he only used it to assist him in composition; his fingers wandered among the strings, in quest of the sweets of melody.”

“ At what period of his life Carolan commenced itinerant musician, is not known, nor is it confidently told whether, like Arnould Daniel, ‘ Il n’eut abord d’autre Apollon que le Besoin;’ or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Dr. Campbell indeed seems to attribute his choice to an early disappointment in love; but we will leave these points unsettled, and follow our Bard in his peregrinations.”

“ Wherever he goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to him. Like the Demodocus of Homer, he is received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table. Near him is seated his harper, ready to accompany his voice, and supply his want of skill in practical music.”  
 “ Carolan (says Mr. Ritson<sup>b</sup>) seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient Bards.”

“ It was during his peregrinations that Carolan composed all those airs that are still the delight of his countrymen. He thought the tribute of a Song due to every house where he was entertained, and he never failed to pay it;  
 choosing

<sup>a</sup> Phil. Survey of South of Ireland.

<sup>b</sup> Hist. Essay on National Song.

“ *choosing for his subject, either the head of the family, or one of the loveliest of its branches.*”

The Biographer of our Bard, after informing us of many curious and interesting particulars, for which (fearing to exceed the limits of my work) I must refer my readers to the book from which these extracts are taken, proceeds to acquaint us, that in the year 1733 he lost a beloved, and tenderly lamented wife; and he subjoins a beautiful Monody, composed by the mourning Bard on the occasion: he also adds, that Carolan did not long survive her.—“ He died “ in the month of March, 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was “ interred in the parish church of Kilronan, in the diocese of Ardagh; “ but ‘ not a stone tells where he lies!’ His grave indeed is still known to “ his few surviving friends, and the neighbouring hinds; and his skull is “ distinguished from the other skulls, which are promiscuously scattered about “ the church-yard, by a perforation in the forehead, through which a small “ piece of ribband is drawn.

“ Though Carolan died universally lamented, he would have died unsung, “ had not the humble muse of M<sup>c</sup>Cabe poured a few elegiac strains “ over his cold remains. This faithful friend composed a short Elegy on “ his death, which is evidently the effusion of unfeigned grief: unadorned “ with meretricious ornaments, it is the picture of a mind torn with an- “ guish.”

Mr. WALKER here subjoins a character of our Bard, from the elegant pen of Mr. O’Conor.

‘ The Elegy here mentioned, will be found among the modern Poems in this collection.

“ Very few have I ever known who had a mere vigorous mind, but a mind  
 “ undisciplined, through the defect, or rather the absence of cultivation. Ab-  
 “ solutely the child of Nature, he was governed by the indulgencies, and at  
 “ times, by the caprices of that mother. His imagination, ever on the wing,  
 “ was excentric in its poetic flight; yet, as far as that faculty can be employed  
 “ in the harmonic art, it was steady and collected. In the variety of his musi-  
 “ cal numbers, he knew how to make a selection, and was seldom content with  
 “ mediocrity. So happy, so elevated was he, in some of his compositions, that  
 “ he excited the wonder, and obtained the approbation, of a great master, who  
 “ never saw him; I mean Geminiani.”

“ He outstripped his predecessors in the three species of composition used  
 “ among the Irish; but he never omitted giving due praise to several of his  
 “ countrymen, who excelled before him in his art. The Italian compositions he  
 “ preferred to all others: Vivaldi charmed him; and with Corelli he was  
 “ enraptured. He spoke elegantly in his maternal language, but had advanced  
 “ in years before he learned English; he delivered himself but indifferently in  
 “ that language, and yet he did not like to be corrected in his solecisms. It need  
 “ not be concealed that he indulged in the use of spirituous liquors: this habit,  
 “ he thought, or affected to think, added strength to the flights of his genius;  
 “ but, in justice, it must be observed that he seldom was surprized by in-  
 “ toxication.

“ Constitutionally pious, he never omitted daily prayer, and fondly imagined  
 “ himself inspired, when he composed some pieces of church musick. This idea  
 “ contributed to his devotion, and thanksgiving; and, in this respect, his enth-  
 “ siasm was harmless, and perhaps useful. Gay by nature, and cheerful from  
 “ habit, he was a pleasing member of society; and his talents, and his morality,  
 “ procured him esteem and friends every where.”

Beside.

*Besides the two following Songs, there are more of the compositions of Carolan possessed of considerable merit; but as it was not in my power to give them all a place in my collection, I have selected, for translation, two that appeared to be the best amongst them; which, together with some other songs of modern date, I give, to shew of what the native genius and language of this country, even now, are capable; labouring, as they do, under every disadvantage.*

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I.  
S O N G.

FOR GRACEY NUGENT<sup>a</sup>.

BY CAROLAN.

---

OF Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I sing!  
Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring;  
To her sweet manners, and accomplish'd mind,  
Each rival Fair the palm of Love resign'd.

How blest her sweet society to share!  
To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair<sup>b</sup>;

Her

<sup>a</sup> "The fair subject of this Song was sister to the late John Nugent, Esq; of Castle-Nugent, Culambre. She lived with her sister, Mrs. Conmee, near Belanagar, in the county of Roscommon, at the time she inspired our Bard." *Hist. Mem. of Irish Bards. Append.* p. 78.

<sup>b</sup> Hair is a favourite object with all the Irish Poets, and endless is the variety of their description:—"Soft misty curls."—"Thick branching tresses of bright redun-  
"dance."

Her gentle accents,—her complacent mien!—  
 Supreme in charms, she looks—she reigns a Queen!

That

“dance.”—“Locks of fair waving beauty.”—“Tresses flowing on the wind like the bright waving flame of an inverted torch.” They even affect to inspire it with *expression*:—as “Locks of *gentle* lustre.”—“Tresses of *tender* beauty.”—“The Maid with the *mildly* flowing hair,” &c. &c.

A friend to whom I shewed this Song, observed, that I had omitted a very lively thought in the conclusion, which they had seen in Mr. WALKER'S Memoirs. As that version has been much read and admired, it may perhaps be necessary, to vindicate my fidelity, as a translator, that I should here give a *literal* translation of the Song, to shew that the thoughts have suffered very little, either of increase or diminution from the poetry.

“I will sing with rapture of the Blossom of Whiteness! Gracey, the young and beautiful woman, who bore away the palm of excellence in sweet manners and accomplishments, from all the Fair-ones of the provinces.”

“Whoever enjoys her constant society, no apprehension of any ill can assail him.—The Queen of soft and winning mind and manners, with her fair branching tresses flowing in ringlets.”

“Her side like alabaster, and her neck like the swan, and her countenance like the Sun in summer. How blest is it for him who is promised, as riches, to be united to her, the branch of fair curling tendrils.”

“Sweet and pleasant is your lovely conversation!—bright and sparkling your blue eyes!—and every day do I hear all tongues declare your praises, and how gracefully your bright tresses wave down your neck!”

“I say to the Maid of youthful mildness, that her voice and her converse are sweeter than the songs of the birds! There is no delight or charm that imagination can conceive but what is found ever attendant on Gracey.”

“Her

That alabaſter form—that graceful neck,  
 How do the Cygnet's down and whitenefs deck!—  
 How does that aſpect ſhame the cheer of day,  
 When ſummer ſuns their brighteſt beams diſplay.

Eleft is the youth whom fav'ring fates ordain  
 The treaſure of her love, and charms to gain!  
 The fragrant branch, with curling tendrils bound,  
 With breathing odours—blooming beauty crown'd.

Sweet is the cheer her ſprightly wit ſupplies!  
 Bright is the ſparkling azure of her eyes!  
 Soft o'er her neck her lovely trefſes flow!  
 Warm in her praiſe the tongues of rapture glow!

Her's is the voice—tun'd by harmonious Love,  
 Soft as the Songs that warble through the grove!  
 Oh! ſweeter joys her converſe can impart!  
 Sweet to the *ſenſe*, and grateful to the *heart*!

Gay

“ Her teeth arranged in beautiful order, and her locks flowing in ſoft waving curls!  
 “ But though it delights me to ſing of thy charms, I muſt quit my theme!—With a  
 “ ſincere heart I ſill to thy health!”

The reader will eaſily perceive that in this literal tranſlation, I have not fought for elegance of expreſſion, my only object being to put it in his power to judge how cloſely my verſion has adhered to my original.

Gay pleasures dance where'er her foot-steps bend;  
 And smiles and rapture round the fair attend:  
 Wit forms her speech, and Wisdom fills her mind,  
 And *sight* and *soul* in her their object find.

Her pearly teeth, in beauteous order plac'd;  
 Her neck with bright, and curling tresses grac'd:—  
 But ah, so fair!—in wit and charms supreme,  
 Unequal Song must quit its darling theme.

Here break I off;—let sparkling goblets flow,  
 And my full heart its cordial wishes show:  
 To her dear health this friendly draught I pour,  
 Long be her life, and blest its every hour!—

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II.

S O N G.

FOR MABLE KELLY.

BY CAROLAN.

---

THE youth whom fav'ring Heaven's decree  
To join his fate, my Fair! with thee;  
And see that lovely head of thine  
With fondness on his arm recline:

No thought but joy can fill his mind,  
Nor any care can entrance find,  
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake,—  
And Death will spare him, for thy sake!

For the bright flowing of thy hair,  
That decks a face so heavenly fair;  
And a fair form, to match that face,  
The rival of the Cygnet's grace.

When

When with calm dignity she moves,  
Where the clear stream her hue improves ;  
Where she her snowy bosom laves,  
And floats, majestic, on the waves.

Grace gave thy form, in beauty gay,  
And rang'd thy teeth in bright array ;  
All tongues with joy thy praises tell,  
And love delights with thee to dwell.

To thee harmonious powers belong,  
That add to verse the charms of song ;  
Soft melody to numbers join,  
And make the Poet half divine.

As when the softly blushing rose  
Close by some neighbouring lilly grows ;  
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,  
And such their bright and blended hues !

The timid lustre of thine eye<sup>a</sup>  
With Nature's purest tints can vie ;

K k 2

With

<sup>a</sup> It is generally believed that Carolan, (as his Biographer tells us) "remembered no impression of colours."—But I cannot acquiesce in this opinion: I think it must have been formed without sufficient grounds, for how was it possible

With the sweet blue-bell's azure geni,  
That droops upon its modest stem!

The Poets of Ierne's plains  
To thee devote their choicest strains;  
And oft their harps for thee are strung,  
And oft thy matchless charms are sung:

Thy voice, that binds the list'ning soul,—  
That can the wildest rage controul;  
Bid the fierce Crane its powers obey,  
And charm him from his finney prey.

Nor doubt I of its wond'rous art;  
Nor hear with unimpassion'd heart;  
Thy health, thy beauties,—ever dear!  
Oft crown my glass with sweetest cheer!

Since the fam'd Fair of ancient days,  
Whom Bards and Worlds conspir'd to praise,  
Not one like thee has since appear'd,  
Like thee, to every heart endear'd.

How

ble that his description could be thus glowing, without he retained the clearest recollection, and the most animated ideas, of every beauty that sight can convey to the mind?

How blest the Bard, O lovely Maid!  
To find thee in thy charms array'd!—  
Thy pearly teeth,—thy flowing hair,—  
Thy neck, beyond the Cygnet, fair!——

As when the simple birds, at night,  
Fly round the torch's fatal light,—  
Wild, and with extacy elate,  
Unconscious of approaching fate.

So the soft splendours of thy face,  
And thy fair form's enchanting grace;  
Allure to death unwary Love,  
And thousands the bright ruin prove!

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes<sup>b</sup> no ray  
Admit from Beauty's cheering day;  
Yet, though he cannot *see* the light,  
He feels it warm, and knows it bright.

In beauty, talents, taste refin'd,  
And all the graces of the mind,

in

<sup>b</sup> Every Reader of taste or feeling must surely be struck with the beauty of this passage.—Can any thing be more elegant, or more pathetic, than the manner in which *Caroline* alludes to his want of sight!—but, indeed, his little pieces abound in all the riches of natural genius.

In *all* unmatch'd thy charms remain,  
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Thy slender foot,—thine azure eye,—  
Thy smiling lip, of scarlet dye,—  
Thy tapering hand, so soft and fair,—  
The bright redundance of thy hair!—

O blest be the auspicious day  
That gave them to thy Poet's lay!  
O'er rival Bards<sup>c</sup> to lift his name,  
Inspire his verse, and swell his fame!—

<sup>c</sup> How modestly the Poet here introduces a prophecy of his future reputation for genius!

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III.

S O N G.

BY PATRICK LINDEN.

---

O FAIRER than the mountain snow,  
When o'er it north's pure breezes blow!  
In all its dazzling lustre drest,  
But purer, softer is thy breast!

Colla<sup>a</sup> the Great, whose ample sway  
Beheld two kingdoms homage pay,  
Now gives the happy bard to see  
Thy branch adorn the royal tree!

No foreign graft's inferior shoot  
Has dar'd insult the mighty root!  
Pure from its stem thy bloom ascends,  
And from its height in fragrance bends!

Hadtz

<sup>a</sup> He was monarch of Ireland in the beginning of the fourth century. By the second kingdom, we must suppose the poet means the Dal-Riadas of Scotland.

Hadst thou been present, on the day  
When beauty bore the prize away,  
Thy charms had won the royal swain,  
And Venus 'felf had fu'd in vain !

With soft'n'd fire, imperial blood  
Pours through thy frame its generous flood ;  
Rich in thy azure veins it flows,  
Bright in thy blushing cheek it glows !

That blood whence noble SAVAGE sprung,  
And he whose deeds the bards have sung,  
Great CONALL-CEARNACH<sup>b</sup>, conquering name !  
The champion of heroic fame !

Fair offspring of the royal race !  
Mild fragrance ! fascinating grace !  
Whose touch with magic can inspire  
The tender harp's melodious wire !

See how the swan presumptuous strives,  
Where glowing Majesty revives,  
With proud contention, to bespeak  
The soft dominion of that cheek !

Beneath

Beneath it, fure, with fubtle heed,  
Some rofe by stealth its leaf convey'd ;  
To fhed its bright and beauteous dye,  
And fill the varying bloom fupply.

The trefles of thy filken hair  
As curling mifts are foft and fair,  
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,  
Its pure and tender fnow to deck !

But O ! to fpeak the rapture found !  
In thy dear voice's magic found !  
Its powers could death itfelf controul,  
And call back the expiring foul !

The tide that fill'd the veins of Kings,  
From whom thy noble lineage fprings ;  
The royal blood of Coſta, fee  
Renew'd, O charming maid ! in thee.

Nor in thy bofom flacks its pace,  
Nor fades it in thy lovely face ;  
But there with foft enchantment glows,  
And like the bloffom's tint it fhows.

How does thy needle's art pourtray  
Each pictur'd form, in bright array!  
With Nature's self maintaining strife,  
It gives its own creation life!

O perfect, all-accomplish'd maid!  
In beauty's every charm array'd:  
Thee ever shall my numbers hail,  
Fair lilly of the royal vale!

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IV.

S O N G.

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

---

**H**AVE you not seen the charmer of the vale?  
Nor heard her praise, in Love's fond accents drest?—  
Nor how that Love has turn'd my youth so pale!—  
Nor how those graces rob my soul of rest!—

That softest cheek, where dimpling cherubs play!  
That bashful eye, whose beams dissolve the heart!—  
Ah, gaze no more, fond wretch!—no longer stay!—  
'Tis death!—but ah, 'tis worse than death to part!

My blessings round the happy mansion wait,  
That guards that form, in tender beauty drest!  
Those lips, of truth and smiles the rosy seat!  
Those matchless charms, by every bard confessed!

'That slender brow!—that hand so dazzling fair,  
 No silk its hue or softness can express!  
 No feather'd songsters can their down compare  
 With half the beauty those dear hands possess!

Love in thy every feature couch'd a dart!  
 O'er thy fair face, and bosom's white he play'd;  
 Love in thy golden tresses chain'd my heart,  
 And heaven's own smile thy 'witching face array'd!

Nor *Deirdre's* charms that on each bosom stole,  
 And led the champions of our isle away;  
 Nor she whose eyes threw fetters o'er the soul,  
 The fam'd Blanaide<sup>b</sup> like thee the heart could sway!

Of

<sup>a</sup> See notes to the poem of *Conchob.*

<sup>b</sup> As the story to which this passage alludes is striking to a great degree, and related in a few words, I will quote it at large for the reader.

“ Feircheirtne was OLLAMB FILEA to Conrigh, a celebrated chieftain, who lived  
 “ in splendour on the banks of the Fionnglaife, in the county of Kerry. This  
 “ warrior was married to Blanaide, a lady of transcendent beauty, who had been the  
 “ meed of his prowess in single combat with Congculionne, a knight of the red  
 “ branch. But the lady was secretly attached to the knight; and in an accidental  
 “ interview which she had with him, offered to follow his fortunes, if he would, at  
 “ a certain time, and on receiving a certain signal (both of which she mentioned)  
 “ storm the castle, and put her husband, and his attendants, to the sword. Congcu-  
 “ lionne promised to follow her directions, and did so, inundating the castle with the  
 “ blood of its inhabitants. Feircheirtne, however, escaped the slaughter, and pur-  
 “ sued, at a distance, Blanaide and her paramour, to the court of Concovar Mac-  
 “ Nessa,

Of beauty's garden, oh thou fairest flower!  
Accept my vows, and *truth* for *treasure* take!  
Oh deign to share with me Love's blissful power,  
Nor constant faith, for fleeting wealth, forsake!

My muse her harp shall at thy bidding bring,  
And roll th' heroic tide of verse along;  
And Finian Chiefs, and arms shall wake the string,  
And Love and War divide the lofty fong!

“ Neffa, determined to sacrifice his perfidious mistress to the manes of his patron.

“ When the Bard arrived at Emania, he found Concovar, and his court, together  
“ with the amorous fugitives, walking on the top of a rock, called *Rinbin Beara*,  
“ enjoying the extensive prospect which it commanded. Blanaide, happening to  
“ detach herself from the rest of the company, stood, wrapped in deep meditation,  
“ on that part of the cliff which overhung a deep precipice. The Bard, stepping up  
“ to her, began an adulatory conversation; then suddenly springing forward, he  
“ seized her in his arms, and throwing himself, with her, headlong down the  
“ precipice, both were dashed to pieces.” *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 32.  
See also KEATING.

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I R I S H   O R I G I N A L S

O F   T H E

H E R O I C   P O E M S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THESE* originals are copied, with the utmost exactness, from the different collections whence they were taken: the Translator, therefore, is not answerable for any supposed incorrectness in orthography, &c. which may possibly be discovered in many parts of them, as it was not thought expedient to make the smallest alteration whatever, not even so much as the addition of a point, or an accent.

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THE  
IRISH ORIGINALS  
OF THE  
HEROIC POEMS.

---

I.

Teacht Coñlaoich go hEirinn.

Taímhí tsháit an bopblaoé  
an euraíò eirída Coñlaoich  
aí gna m'íreá gáirreá gímhí  
ó ó'íu fgaatáig go hEirinn  
fáilte dúic alaoich l'ímhí  
amíacóimí áluimí airméimí  
í cogimil le do teaí nar ndáil  
go rabhí feal ar feacéimí  
Alloí ó éaiméig ainoí  
ó éimíeí ó'íreáir an domímhí  
do deoríad do gáirreá gímhí  
ar fead éimíeáí a neimí  
Coimead an rabhí ata noimí  
léir ént mórlaoéáib analbhí  
no tóigíam do l'íóí óí leaí  
aneimíe éíóí a an domíeíeí

M m

91a

9)as é fjin á ceisíora ne fealað  
 1) nar tvilleað le aonneac é ge hjomða  
 coisíge me tuíra do cách  
 o moíð so lá an luán bráje  
 Níor físur an laoc da lámach  
 Coílaoch fíraoéda fíorránach  
 no sur ceanglað céad dar ítraíð  
 aníeíðionn 1) fíuáe néen ajeíne  
 An fjin canaf Concubá ne cách  
 eioð íeabmíoj do dúl na dáíe  
 do báineað eaíra no ííeal  
 1) na íeocfað ía ðjomða rajðe  
 Eíneíoj Conall nar lag lám  
 do buain ííeala don macaím  
 íe ðeomíom le íraim an laoce  
 sur ceanglað Conall le Coílaíoch  
 Síeala uaí an éeann na Con  
 do íaíe aííeíeíe Ulað  
 so duí deaígan ííeanaé ííeíne  
 íean ndun ííealímaí ðeíeíne  
 íáíeíe o íaé íon íeíne an ceojn  
 1) mall éangíoj dar ceabain  
 ata Conall íar íeáð ambíeíe  
 1) céáð dar íloííe na íeíneíeaf  
 1) deacaíe ðííne ían íeíe ambíeíe  
 íeíe na ííeíe do íaéáð accoííeíe  
 1) deacaíe ðííne íul éum eaíe  
 íeíe an laoc íeíe ceanglað Conall  
 Ní ííeíne ían íul na dáíe  
 alíeíe na íaríe íaíeíeíeíe  
 alíeíe 1) íeíeíe ían íeíeíeíeíe ne íeíeíe  
 íeíeíeíeíe íeíeíe íeíeíeíeíe

Ան զան շուալոյ Շուկունն յա լանն  
 Էջնն ասոյ Ելծրեա՛ս Շոնվիլ  
 ան Երայո՛ զօ Եւո՛ տրեյնե լամ  
 Եթո՛ աս Եւայն Գթե՛ա զօն յաճամ  
 Շրօյո՛ մա Եօ Եէջնն զնտ  
 յօ Գթե՛ա շաԵայն յաթ մայն Եարայո  
 Եթո՛ զօ յօճա ԵԵլծրե՛ս Եօճ  
 Գլ մա ԵաԳալ զնտ զօ Եօնրաճ  
 Ո՛յ Ելոճոյ Ելոմ զմ Երաճ  
 Գթե՛ա շաԵայն զօն Երայո՛  
 Կ զա Ելոճայն զօ յաճ Գա յեյն  
 Կ զօ՛ շեալճնոյն Գեյն զօ յօճրանն  
 Ան Գն յրօյոյո՛ յե ԵԵլե  
 Կ Եա յաթ Եօնրաճ զօ Գլճմեյե  
 ան յաճ յօն յօ Ելոճայն Գճոյն  
 յե Գլոճոյ յա Երօճոյն Եօնլոյն  
 Ան Գլ յօճաճե՛ Գեյն զօ Գթե՛ա  
 Օ Եա՛ զօ Երեւե՛ա յօ Եա՛ճեյլ  
 Կ Գթե՛ա յօ յլոճ Գայն Գ զօ Եաճ  
 Կ յա Եեյլ Գեաճո՛ Ելմեաճ  
 Լե՛լ զօնն յնտնն ան յաճոյն  
 զնտ Ելոմ յօն Կ յ՛ մաճայն  
 Կ յեյն յօ Ելոյն յօն Գլ  
 մեյո՛ մաճալոյն Կն յաճոյն  
 Եճ մե՛ Եօնլոյն յաճ յա Եօն  
 յօյնն յօլեաճ զօնն յաճալ  
 Կ մե ան յ՛նն զօ յաճոյն անլոյն  
 անլոյն Գթաճոյն Կ յ՛նն Գճոյն  
 Ան Կ յօ Ելոյն յօն մեյո՛ զօ մաճայն  
 զօ Եաճայն ան ան յա Եօնլոյն  
 յօ յօ յաճոյն յաճ յօ Եաճ  
 Գա՛ յօ Երեւե՛ա Գճոյն յօ յօնն



Τριῶς γιν α ἀσίγηθεαρ Ὀλοξε  
 το ἔοψεσ τον ἐρήξετε Ἰλαοθ  
 το ἐοίραε με σοινεουαίεγε  
 uch! uch! ca τριῶξε τυραε  
 Τριῶς ναε νεαε οίε αρ τομian  
 ατῦ αρ πολλαὸ το ἔοίρηε  
 σο μαρβνινι ατῆραε  
 εἶο αρ εἶοαίε το ὀοίρη  
 Τριῶς γιν α Chonlōje éalma  
 ađamina ρῆς ζαν ἄονλοῖ  
 nach émo báε το δεαρβαὸ  
 ful το ἐρεῶσουε το ἐοίεορη  
 Ἥαε τον τεαίελαε ὄν ἐράοβρηαὸ  
 'ςτο ἐεανι εαοίηλουῶς να εεραὸ  
 ναε νεαε ὀίόβη το μαρβη μῶνιμαε  
 ην εγῶρηλαε ca μῶ ρυδαρ  
 Ἥαε το Λαοξημε bhuađach  
 ναε βγῆραυε ε̄ τοε ἐρομῆνι  
 μαε τον εαραὸ το Chonall  
 ναρ μαρβ εῖν accom̄ ἐρομ κοίρηε  
 Ἥαε το εum̄εγρηαὸ meano macha  
 ναε τυε ὀανι φαεῖνι eum̄a  
 μαε ὀ'fhorbh̄iđe εαοί ἐριεαε  
 μαε το Dhubh̄t̄ach daol ulaὸ  
 Ἥαε το Chor̄mac εονλινγεαε  
 ναε λαε το ροηνι ηαρμαε  
 ναε ε̄ το ρυῶρη μαρ bhall̄ ζονα  
 ην ῖζῶε ἐορηεα, ηο ην λανηεα



Do jač rman cēo cūnājō  
 mo bhejē tubhach nī hōngnaō  
 tapējē conpaje ne mēnīac  
 mo ēpēchta anoj jf jomōa  
 Nī hōngnaō mo bhejē tapēacē  
 fzan meje ujnēac do lačajr  
 aš jn me dēj na jōžjēar  
 zan mac dīleaf zan bpačajr.  
 Zan Conlāoc ea nī jf dajmīe  
 zan Nōjēj zan Ūjnle armpūāō  
 bhejē zan Ūpōan jf jomjfa  
 noēa hōmjfa naē lāncpūāš  
 C - p - u - a - š - h      f j - n .

---

## II.

## Lāojō Ģašnujē mojn

Ūclējnjš chanrē na Saļm  
 dā hōm xējn nī majē an ējall  
 Naē ējēojonn tē tallan beaš fšējē  
 ar an bējēn naē bēacajē arjam  
 Dar mo ēvbaš a dēšjēje xhjn  
 šē hjnn leat teaf ar an bējēn  
 nē na šalm ar xēaō mo bēojē  
 jēaō jn jf cēol dām xējn  
 Ģa tōjn aš jomarpājō do šalm  
 le xāna šaōjōeal na narm noēē  
 oē! acēljnjš jf lān olc hōm  
 nar fcarujē do ēeañ ne do cōrp

Sabam do éumajne ogláojé mōjre  
 ƿnǵle do bēojl ƿ bjnn ljom ƿējn  
 an tallañ tōgajr ajr ƿhjonn.  
 ƿ romajé ljom teaf ajr an bƿējn  
 Lā dōrjñ ag ƿiādāc na learǵ  
 naē wāpla ƿealǵ ajr ar nǵar  
 ǵo bƿacamar mōran bāre  
 ag teaf ƿan tǵāǵ tajr lear  
 Tǵmāojd anojr aguf anjar  
 ƿrñjǵjō an ƿhjan af ǵac ajrō  
 ƿeacē ceacā anjorǵojl ǵo ƿrab  
 tǵmāojd ƿo māc jnǵjue tājōǵ  
 Al ē ǵlōr do chan jnn  
 ƿjōñ ƿējñjōe ƿlajé an ƿlōjǵ  
 ǵe be naēacō dǵārrajō ƿǵēal  
 ǵo bƿujǵeacō ƿējn ablāc ƿa bƿajō  
 Alñ ƿjn do ƿājō Conān māol  
 māc Mōjre ƿa clādñ ǵnjōm  
 aǵār meje Cubajll na ceacē  
 ƿja bjāō ann af ƿlajé, no ƿjǵ  
 Aloubajre lej ƿ Conān arjǵ  
 adǵǵhjn ƿjaraēacō ann  
 af ƿearǵuf ƿjōrǵljc do māc  
 o ƿē cleacē dōl na cejonn  
 Opc mo māllaǵ a Chonajñ māojl  
 do ƿajō ƿearǵuf ƿa caojñ ƿrñē  
 naēacō ƿa dǵārrajō na ƿǵēal  
 ƿ ǵrāō na bƿjan ƿnj ƿ do ǵuē  
 ǵlāajjōj ƿearǵuf armacō ǵǵ  
 añ ƿa ƿōō aƿcojme na bƿear  
 ƿ ƿiāƿrajjōj do ǵuē mōr  
 ƿja bjāō na ƿlōjǵ tājñjǵ tajr lear?



Nj ċjrðnað mjfe mo bean  
 d'fhear zo. naæað me azepē  
 'fij ċjrðnað meðpan d'af  
 zo nteæa an bāf rm bēal  
 Do naʒð mac Cubajll ne Soll  
 Jf mōr an glōñ d'vñ beʒē 4 toʒ  
 zan comrac d'bfefjgeæc teann  
 do ēabajre do nʒ Loēlañ na narm noʒ  
 Dā an lāmjn onrfa afhjun  
 ō to ehʒ tē mar tōjm anoʒ  
 nʒ tonndareæc na ccomlann teañ  
 fʒarfa me acēann ne na cōrp.  
 Do naʒð Ofear zo mbnʒ  
 comʒfioʒfa nʒ hñfe tope  
 Jf clann an dā cōmajleæc dēūʒ  
 bʒð mo mivñerj fēʒn da ccoʒʒ  
 Do nāð mac hʒðēach anāʒʒ  
 nʒʒ fjomloēlann dāʒ zan ʒð  
 comʒfioʒfa ē d'on bʒēʒn  
 no da bʒēatōajun nʒ buʒ mō  
 Earlan na hujʒe ʒe teann  
 do nāð Djarmin do nni zan on  
 comʒʒēatōfa ē ton bʒēʒn  
 no tveʒeat fēʒn ajn afon  
 Dʒfʒnʒ do cōmajre areʒr  
 ar fa fāolan fa lēon acēare  
 nʒʒ ējre na bʒear ngorun  
 ʒun fʒaraf acēann ne na cōrp  
 bejnʒ beannaʒ, bejnʒ buāʒð  
 do naʒð mac Cubajll na nēnuāʒð nteʒʒ  
 ʒlāʒnaf mac mēʒðʒ na flūāʒ  
 comʒʒē mjfe ʒe m'4 afhearʒ

Շիջօ անն ինն ան փխան  
 Եւանայօ օրժա անարմ անձ  
 Քլեաճ ք ճրալայն ճաճ ինն մոջն  
 'հօ ճւաճար թօմքա ճօ Երանձ  
 Ձևոյժօժե ինն ծայնն ճօ Լա  
 մյօր ճուաճ Լինն աբեյժ ճան ճճօլ  
 Քլեաժ, ք փժօն Երժօժ ք Եճն  
 Քե Բյ ագայնն Քեյն Քան Օլ  
 Պար ինն ծայնն ճուք ան ծարա Լա  
 ճօ ԲբաԵամար նա ճլօյճ թե քարԵ  
 մեյրճե քյճ Լօճլանն անայճ  
 ծա ճճճԲայլ ինն Երանձ թե ան նսկ  
 Յօմժօ ԵօԵանն Յօմժօ Երյաճ  
 Յօմժօ քճյաճ, ք Լսյրեաժ ժԵարճ  
 Յօմժօ Եժյրեաժ ք մաԵ քյճօճ  
 նյ քայժ Լաօժ ժյճօժ ճան արմ.  
 Ճօժ Յօմժօ Ելօյժօյն ճօ նԾօրնեճաժ Օյն  
 ծօժ Յօմժօ քրժօլ ծա ճար թե Երանն  
 աԵԵաճ փրկեաժ փխնն նա Բքլեաժ  
 ծօժ Յօմժօ Քլեաճ օք ար ԵԵյօնն.  
 Ճօժ Յօմժօ անն Ելօգաժ Երուայժ  
 ծօժ Յօմժօ Եւաճ ագուք ճա  
 անն քա ԵօմրաԵ ծօ Բյ անն  
 ծօժ Յօմժօ քյճ ագուք Քլայժ  
 Նօջար ճԵալ ճրեյնե թե Երանն  
 ԲրաԵաժ փխնն քա Լճօր ատրեաք  
 Լան ծօ ճլօճայժ ճիյե անօյն  
 ծք Լյօմ Քեյն քա մօր անեաք  
 Նօջար ժճյնե քլանճ ծօրայժ  
 ԲրաԵաճ ճսլլ մօյն մեյԵ Մօյնե  
 ք մյնե աքալար ան քրժօլ Երօքաճ  
 ճիք, ք ժԵրեաժ քյճօրմայրեաժ

23 epomað accenn fan ceat  
 do þjune gac flajè mar do þeall  
 yfana Eþreann na ccomlann cepr'arð  
 þrjfto arj fhluás jnufe Gall.  
 Thapla mac cubajll na ceuáeh  
 le þjð Loélann na puás naþð  
 þe éðjle arj tennjm nafluás  
 ceð! acéþjðð, jf tpr'as an dájl.  
 Do þjuneatðj jnþeafajj éeann  
 so mað coqamajl þe dá orð  
 comþac þntéac an da þjð  
 þa gontac ambþjð þa ecolg  
 Ceangaltar þjð Loélann fan tþeaf  
 þe mac Cubajll na celeaþ mþorb  
 éþjþon aþ þeþ nðþ an þjðm  
 do éeangajl þjonn é þe na éolg  
 JS ann þjn do þaþð Conán máol  
 þjolla do þj þjám þe hote  
 enreþþð ðam Mágnuf na lann  
 so þþarþað accenn þe na éorþ  
 Nj þþujl þáþþe ðamþa, no þáol  
 þjot acónaþj maosþ gan ééþll  
 o éþrta mé þo þþáþajþ þþjnn  
 jf þeapþ lþom ann, no þá do meþjn  
 O éþrta tþ þo mo þþáþujþ þéþjn  
 'þnach deapna mé þáþ ar þþlajè  
 þuáþþéolad tþr ðn þþéþjn  
 alamþ éþéþjn na mðþ ceath  
 þab do þoþa a þþáþnuþ mþjn  
 mar þaðajþ þlán þo éþjn þéþjn  
 cumonn, caðþreaf aþuf þþáð  
 no do þlán aþeþe þán þþéþjn?

fnejetimfe fju zo brāt  
 an geju mānneaf dāsl mo cōpp  
 aon buille atagaſtōfe a fhjnn  
 ajetneach ljom andearnuſ ope  
 2ln cablach fju tajuſ a tērajē  
 no flvāſ le ceurēj ſach glēo  
 cūgajñ aſ geju mōp aſtajuſ  
 ba lja da mānē, no da mbeō  
 2lſ fju dūjeſj tujuſ fhjnn  
 acleſjuſ na mbeann mblājē  
 no ſānreā na geōolan ſa ceſll  
 och! ba binnre ljom an lū.  
 2lſ fju ſſēala zo bſjōp  
 acleſjuſ na mboſb tpeaſ  
 do māc juſ Loēlann na flōſ  
 jf tō bajnnnead an tpeaſ.  
 Dajuſ da lūjuſfe acleſjuſ cājō  
 da mbejēea an an tſūjſ o deaſ  
 aſ eaſ laōſajne na ſneab ſējñ  
 ſ an bſēju ba mōp do mēaſ  
 ſe taoſjuſfe meata ſan tlaēt  
 aſ fju dāojb zo beaſ mo ſſēj  
 mē ſan cſāōjuſſ ſan cōlſ  
 aſ eſſdeaf ne doſto bar celſaj.  
 2 - ē - l - e - j - n - j - ſ - h. fſjuſe

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## III.

Lioſgh na Sealga.

Oifinn.      Afpádruiſ an ceūala tu an tſealſ?  
 aine Chalſpárvinn na pſaſlm ſaſimh  
 do roinneaḁ an ḁnar le fionn  
 ſſan éin neach ann d'ſſanaſb  
 Nj éualaſ aineje an Rjſ  
 Oifinn ſljc na nſnſom nſarſ  
 muiſ ḁuſinn ſ na can ſḁ  
 cjonnaſ aroinneaḁ léo an tſealſ?  
 Nj éana mōſne an ſhjañ ſo  
 aſſám leo nſōr luajḁeaḁ brēuſ  
 aſ le ſſpinnē ſ le neapc ſlám  
 tſſmōſ ſlám aſ ſach mōjḁm  
 Njor ſnſ clejpeaḁ accſll  
 ſe ſūr binn nſb acanaſo pſaſlm  
 dob ſhſpinnuiſ no an ſhſán  
 ſſn nap loc anſjaḁ ſarſ  
 Njor ſnſ commaſc ḁn neaḁ accſſc  
 aſpádruiſ éōjm ſ binnē ſlōr  
 dob ſhſpinnuiſ no ſionn anaſſ  
 ſeap an ḁaſm do bjonnaḁ ḁr  
 Da maſpeaḁ mac ſjonna meap  
 no ſoll cſḁḁa nap éap ſeāḁ  
 no mac J ḁvḁne na mban  
 laoḁ do éurpeaḁ caḁ aſn éeāḁ  
 Da maſpeaḁ mac ſarajḁ na lañ  
 ſeap nap ſann aſ cup an ſſr  
 Oſeap no mac Roſajñ ſſpinn  
 do érónan ſan éſll nſōr ſaſim

Da

Da maþneað feapðuþ ƿle ƿm  
 ƿear to mað maþ an an bƿheþn  
 no Daþne þhuneað þan loþ  
 anguð to elnig nþ beþe mo ƿþeþ  
 Da maþneað aod beag maþ ƿm  
 na ƿolan þm mþ þar neað  
 no Conan mól þþ þan þruaþg  
 aþfaþg me ƿoþ þruam le ƿeal  
 Alþac beag to þþ aþg ƿom  
 eþneað það eþom na ƿomþeþm ƿuþm  
 ba þmne lþom ƿoþar a beþe  
 no abƿnl to elþeþ aþoþg, ƿto eþaþð  
 ƿ. Leþg aþ abeþe da mþm  
 amþe an mþg toþ þheþþeþ elþeþ  
 þeþl don tē mþð það ƿeapþ  
 eþom to eþam þ ƿeac to þlþn  
 buaþl huþ þ ƿl to ðeþ  
 eþeþo don tē tū oþ to eþom  
 þþð þūrab þngnað leatþa aluáð  
 aþe to mþg braþð aþþ þþom  
 Ue (aþ oþþm) mo ƿþeal eþeþaþg  
 nþ þm lþom ƿraþm to þloþþ  
 þnlþþoþ ƿnaþa ƿnþ þa to ðþa  
 aþ eþom an þþþan þan abeþe þeþ  
 JS mþr an eþannað lþom þ to ðþa  
 beþe meapþ to elþar maþ aþam  
 þan þþað þan eaðað þan ƿþeþ  
 þan þromnað oþþ aþþ ðaþm  
 þan þaþþ þaðoþ no ƿtoe  
 þan eþneað þoþ na eþan  
 a þþuapþ toeþaþ þ to ðþe þþð  
 maþþm to mþg mþne aluach



Alleann mac an-dōnfhri nīōn  
ƿear ƿe nōōjēde teamān na ƿlōō ƿrēan  
n̄ lām ar laim do ƿab do d̄jā  
dōl da ēlōjō aƿ ƿjonn ƿējn  
Al jomōa cleaƿ ƿiōm̄ n̄ ƿlēō  
m̄aōjōtjō ƿe ƿjana ƿājl  
n̄ ēualaf ƿo nōēanaō ēaƿ

- Rjō na nēull ƿur dēarō alām  
p. Sƿn̄rjm dān m̄omārbajō ar ƿāē tōjō  
aƿeanojm̄ m̄aōjl ata ƿan ēējll  
ata d̄ja ƿ nēam̄ na nāōm̄  
n̄ ta an ƿhjan n̄le jōpējn  
O. Alƿatm̄n̄ō ƿāē t̄rāōō ƿāē ccojōōō d̄ja  
luƿ na b̄p̄ān achur ar ƿhjom̄  
n̄ d̄ja ƿējn da m̄b̄jāō anajne  
ƿo ƿrojoƿēaō an ƿlajē da ējom̄  
N̄j m̄n̄e aƿƿrlajm̄ō n̄ō na b̄ƿjan  
ēn nēaē arjām̄ anajne nō n̄guājō  
ƿan ƿhjaƿgajle le h̄ajm̄ōō nō ƿe h̄ōr  
nō ƿoƿāē ƿlōjōō ƿo m̄bejnēaō b̄rajō  
Alƿatm̄n̄ō da m̄bejn̄ō, ƿan ēējll  
ƿearƿajō le to ēlējn n̄le accjnn  
n̄ bejē baēall nō leabar b̄ān  
nō cloō na ƿrāē añ do ējll  
p. Al ƿjnn leam̄ abejē t̄lō ar an b̄ƿējn  
amēje an n̄ōō aƿ ājle tealb̄  
nāē crm̄ajm̄ leac m̄ar ƿeallm̄ō d̄r̄jnn  
ējom̄naƿ aƿrōnāō leō an t̄ƿealō.  
O. Alƿatm̄n̄ō ƿjō ād̄bar caōj  
d̄am̄ abejē n̄ōm̄ anēuƿa ārō  
ajēneōƿaō ƿe tōjm̄ ƿa b̄rōn.  
ējom̄naƿ do n̄jnnēaō leō an t̄ƿealō

La da rajbe amine fjana fjun  
 analmvin iljm na fleg fero  
 az myre ftejl 'faj ol  
 clojfojon ceojl jf az broñat fero  
 Al f gur fjafe fjonn an flajc  
 ajr an bfafe of Almvin fja  
 go bfaajd eujfe ann fa pòd  
 an ejld og ajr alejm lufch  
 fhojr eujfe fceolan 7 bpan  
 to lejs fead oppa araon  
 gan fhof to eacñ fo an ol  
 gur lean fa pòd an ejld maol.  
 Nj rajb lejf af mac an lujn  
 adã chojr aguf e fejn  
 ajr lojz na hejldo go djan  
 go fljab gnjm na pòn pējò  
 Alr nool don ejld fa tfljab  
 fjonn na djajs fa dã chojr  
 mojr bfoj dõ fojr, no fjar  
 cap gab an fajdh fa cehoc.  
 Do gab fjonn fojr fa tfljab  
 fa dã chojr fjar ar l'ch  
 'fa patorjz nar bole le dja  
 mar euz atfjar antã cejl  
 Chualajd fjonn 'fmojr ejan uatò  
 gul ar bpuac an locha fhējm  
 af ann to bj an maçaoñ mnã  
 dob fheãr cãjl da bfaajd fē  
 Do bj agruajd mar an Rõf  
 aguf abeol ar daç na ceaer  
 to bj acenej mar an mblãch  
 fa leaca bãn mar an ãel.



Do énaireas an loch fe éirigh  
 mhór fhaís anu cláró no ceapn  
 no go tuas an fashme cōjn ar ajs  
 do éirí o mhogáin na ngruaid ntearís  
 Traé fuair an fashme cōjn ar ajs  
 nš rajme leif ačabair go bpuac  
 an traé mjnead feanojn epšon hāc  
 do nš na bšjan čja gur črvaš  
 Do bšōdmairne fšana fšim  
 analnvin fšim na fluaš fšim  
 aš mjre ar eānlajō h aš ōl  
 aelojtojon ceoſl fa bponnad fšeo  
 Ešršjuf cōjste amearš čašc  
 h dšja fšajš oš ašro do šac feap  
 an bšacabair mac Chubajll fšejl  
 a bndean fšim na fšleaš fean?  
 No ešrše Conan mac Morna  
 uš čualā aršam ceōl dob ōšbne  
 ma tā fšonn arš jārmašō  
 go rajō ambhāōna acōjste  
 Mac Chubajll ma šeafoasš uāšc  
 a Chōjste čpuajō na ceoš ceōl  
 šabairn ošam do lašmh  
 oš čjōnn čašch abejē mo nš  
 Do bšmar an fšjan fa bšōn  
 fa čjōnn ar fšloš abejc dš nošc  
 no gur mōšō ošvinn čjon šašpe  
 h dšvne bāōbair abejē cōj.  
 Šluajšceor hšim o alnvin amach  
 bušdean čalma na ceac čpuajō  
 š loš adā čhon ašuf fšim  
 čmjšr ššim do bešpead buajō

bhj m̄jfe aguf C̄ōjlte ar t̄r̄f  
 fa n̄fjan n̄le go dluj̄t̄ & n̄d̄ājl  
 go f̄h̄ab̄ ḡml̄m̄n̄ ō t̄uaf̄t̄  
 mar̄ t̄ugamar̄ buaj̄t̄ & ēāch  
 2l̄mar̄c̄ beaḡ t̄a t̄ugamar̄ uāj̄n̄  
 an̄t̄aj̄s̄ na puaḡ c̄ja t̄j̄ an̄ f̄h̄j̄ān̄  
 & b̄ruach̄ an̄ lochā fa b̄r̄ōn̄  
 ach̄ f̄eanōj̄n̄ m̄ōr̄ aguf̄ ē̄ c̄r̄j̄ōn̄  
 Do ēuāōmar̄ n̄le na t̄ājl̄  
 H̄ ēn̄r̄f̄eāō f̄e ḡrāj̄n̄ & ḡac̄ f̄ear̄  
 en̄āmā lomā do b̄j̄ c̄r̄j̄ōn̄  
 aḡ an̄ f̄hear̄ & c̄epleāō ḡm̄ōj̄ 7̄ ḡean̄  
 9̄l̄heaf̄am̄v̄r̄nē ḡurab̄ eāf̄b̄aj̄t̄ b̄j̄t̄  
 t̄uḡ & an̄ laoch̄ ab̄ēj̄t̄ gan̄ ē̄ruē  
 nō ḡur̄ an̄ j̄āf̄ḡaj̄nē do b̄j̄ f̄ē  
 t̄aj̄m̄ḡ acc̄ē̄jn̄ lē f̄ruē  
 D̄f̄jāf̄maj̄s̄m̄v̄r̄nē don̄ f̄hear̄ ē̄r̄j̄ōn̄  
 an̄ b̄f̄ac̄aj̄t̄ f̄e laoch̄ go n̄gojl̄  
 jaō̄ rōj̄m̄ē amaach̄ ar̄ j̄ēol̄  
 ējl̄ō ōḡ H̄ t̄ā̄ chojn̄  
 N̄j̄ōr̄ nāj̄t̄ f̄j̄ōnn̄ & b̄f̄ās̄aj̄l̄ nā f̄ḡēal̄  
 ḡurab̄ ē̄ f̄ej̄n̄ m̄j̄s̄ nā b̄f̄jan̄  
 ḡur̄ l̄ē̄ḡ lē C̄ōjltē ar̄r̄n̄  
 an̄ f̄ear̄ l̄r̄ē̄ do b̄j̄ t̄j̄ān̄  
 2l̄n̄ uaj̄r̄ f̄uaf̄am̄ar̄ dēar̄b̄āō̄ nā f̄ḡēal̄  
 ḡurab̄ ē̄ f̄j̄ōnn̄ f̄ej̄n̄ do b̄j̄ ann̄  
 do l̄ej̄ḡeam̄ar̄ t̄r̄j̄ ḡā̄r̄t̄ā ḡr̄oō  
 f̄dō ē̄n̄r̄f̄j̄ō̄j̄f̄ b̄r̄v̄ic̄ af̄ ḡac̄ ḡl̄eann̄.  
 Dēj̄n̄ḡē Conan̄ maol̄ go b̄ōr̄b̄  
 H̄ nōf̄af̄ ac̄ōl̄ḡ go t̄j̄ān̄  
 dō m̄allaj̄s̄ f̄e f̄j̄ōnn̄ go beaf̄  
 H̄ dō m̄allaj̄s̄ f̄ō f̄eac̄ an̄ f̄h̄j̄ān̄

Da mbejê fhyof agam sur er fjonh  
 bajnfxjnn an fean ejonn fji tojot  
 of er nar maosjò anojf no njan  
 mo gal anjan no mo gnjonn

Alfe maonloct q do epuc  
 gan an fhjan nle bejê mar tãjn  
 zo ntearzanj mo f'leaç fmo lann  
 zo tjeaò njom do leaeta, fdo lã  
 On lã marbaò Crball na celjar  
 ne mac ghorra na fjaç nõjn

045. nj fhvilmajone o fji af q nojê  
 fa b'fhl beò òjn nj da nteõjn  
 Alq mtr mbejê an epuc ab'fhl fjon  
 fzur puðar nj f bejê mar tã  
 a Chonajn maosj ata gan çejll

b'nfxfjnn do beal zo enãjn  
 Erjof ofzar fean fa teann  
 fznr dot çajnc nj fa mó  
 açonajn maosj ata gan çejll  
 nac nuz bëjm anaçajò gleojò.

Com. Alq beaz mo f'pëjç añ do glór  
 anje ofjn ba mör baofç  
 fnaç najò do majê ab'fjonn fëjn  
 af açognaò aniejn zo fmojç  
 JS fjnne fëjn do njaò an gnjonn  
 j nj hjaò clanna baofçgne boç  
 bejò do mac ofjn do ðeojç  
 az jomçar leabar ban jç cloç  
 Ofzajn fenvr do do glór  
 nj çajnc do ðearbaç af gnjonn  
 feucmaosj af comajn çãjch  
 nearte ar lãmb 'far mb'fç

Thus Ofgar an fjoðeað þrjar  
 fdo lējm Conan ameaft eājeh  
 fuaftnaft ermaftce aran bfhējm  
 If furetaft dō fējm af pējm bājft  
 No eiftge an fhjan go garft  
 acoftft Ofgarj na narm nājft  
 efojft mo mafta 7 Conān maol  
 fup ceanglað ffoh aguf pājft  
 fjaftnaftgeaft Caofte an trefaft feaft  
 do maft Cumajll nar eleaf tār  
 eja haea do tuāta dē  
 do mift do gne mar atā?  
 Ingean ghylljm (do rājð fjohn)  
 geafta um ceann do enft fj  
 dul fa bftae an locha fnañh  
 d'fūftajl an fhājmne do enft ffoft  
 Nar fhjllmaofone flān on cenoc  
 do rājð Conan nar bole mējm  
 go mfoeftajð ghylljm ē gan mojll  
 mup ceufjftð fjohn añ aeftē fējm  
 Chrujmftgeamaftjne anojft fa mār  
 enftamaft fohn fftaē faof go deof  
 go fljāð ghylljm o tuājth  
 go tuftamaft fjohn aju ftuājlljð feaft  
 2ljn feað of naofðce aguf oēt lā  
 bāmaft gan fprāft ag toēaft na hftam  
 go ttanft eufajjm amach  
 fujljohn apneft af an rajm  
 Cuaē ceapnaē If ē lan  
 do bj flājm ghylljm efojft  
 do maft Cumajll nar maft gne  
 fup fojftbjn fj an toftgar aft

211 01 015e 00 aq an aeorñ  
 1f e na 1u5e 4 fhor zo fanu  
 eajue aepuè fejn fa n5am  
 4 m5 na b5jan fua neac feang  
 Do lèj5eamar t5j 5àpèa 5p0  
 fto ènp5to5 b5ne aq 5ac 5leann  
 fa pàtop5 nach 5jal fon mbjad  
 an ceuala nojmè mjam an t5eal5  
 a - p - h - a - o - p - u - j - 5.

## IV.

Lào5ò an 91ho55ne bhojnb. fonn anof.

S5eal beag agum a5p fhjonn  
 n5 f5èl nach ceujp5ò a5nim è  
 a5p mac Cubajl ba majè 5ojl  
 ba cumajp 5p ne mo pàe  
 Do bàmajpne beagan flò5  
 a5p ea5p5ad n5e bobajp na mo5ll  
 t55 èu5ajp fa 5èol ap leap  
 an eupaè beag 1f bean ann  
 Caogad làoè 05pnn mun N5  
 ba majè ap n5n5om '5ap ngapc  
 5p tap no55 aq majp5 ad ehj  
 do 5abama05 4 5ach ep5eh neapc  
 E5p5eam05o u5le zo 05an  
 aq fhjonn na b5jan aguf 5oll  
 0'5ajep5p an èupach fa h5o cè5p  
 na pè5p a5 f5ajp5eac na 5onn

N'jor xhan an curach gan teaf.  
 Sur gab calad' gan bporc bu'ð gnac'  
 'fmar do eajnyg ayn an eaf  
 ad eynge af macaom mna'  
 Dob jonann de'alrad' o'j 'fdoon eynen  
 dob xheayn ameyn nof ad'alb  
 an yngean foyr t'ajnye jecceyn  
 do bamar xeyn roympe ann  
 R'ajnye fj roball fhynn  
 'fdo beannayg fj go gynyn do'  
 do xhreaqayn mac Cumajll nar eyn  
 go humal bynn j gan tog  
 Sujgeaf abxaygnyge Ghuyl  
 ar lajmi d'ay fhynn nje Cubryll  
 zac aon o'j dar ad'earc  
 ayn acejle n'jor eujmneac  
 fja'faygeaf fjoñ xa dearyg d'neac  
 ca h'ajro don yngeyn alajñ ujn  
 ca t'reab af atangayf abean  
 jnyf fgeel go maych o'yn?  
 Af me yngean n'js fo eynyn  
 jnneofad go c'rynn mo d'ajl  
 n'jor xhagayf talam xa n'jad'ah gynan  
 nar jaynyaf xeyn do xhlaych x'ajl  
 byjs mo j'ubajl ann zac noo  
 a yngean og af maych de'alb  
 an ta'db'af fo atangayf jecceyn  
 tabayn dam xeyn xhoyf go dearyb  
 No eojmnyge o'rc of tu fjoon  
 do n'ajd jynn an macaom mna'  
 f xheabayf hujnyge 'fdo b'rad'  
 gab mo eojmnyge go l'rac t'rac

Do nájdò mo n̄jś ba majè f̄jof  
 tabajr̄ f̄hjoq̄ eja τōj 4 do th̄j  
 z̄abajr̄m̄f̄e do èojm̄j̄f̄e abean  
 4 z̄ach f̄ear̄ da b̄f̄uj̄l̄ j̄ecl̄j̄  
 Āta n̄jom̄ n̄e f̄joch do m̄ujr̄  
 laoc̄ aq̄ majè z̄ojl̄ 4 mo loq̄z̄  
 mac n̄jś na sopeha j̄ z̄ēr̄ ar̄m̄  
 d̄o ba hajm̄ an f̄hojz̄n̄e boyb̄  
 z̄eafa do èujr̄eaf̄ na èjom̄  
 no z̄o mbejn̄j̄m̄ an f̄hjoñ do f̄al  
 naè b̄ejm̄j̄q̄ ajz̄e do m̄n̄āoj  
 z̄ēr̄ m̄ajè āgn̄jom̄ aguf̄ āgh  
 Do nájdò oq̄z̄ar̄ do ž̄l̄ōr̄ m̄j̄r̄  
 f̄ear̄ èojz̄z̄ēē f̄jn̄ z̄aè l̄ōj  
 no z̄o b̄f̄ōj̄n̄z̄j̄d̄ f̄jonn̄ do z̄ēj̄f̄  
 n̄j̄ naèf̄a t̄ufa n̄j̄ do m̄n̄āoj  
 Èj̄m̄šj̄of̄ oq̄z̄ar̄ aguf̄ z̄oll  
 boyb̄ accoq̄z̄ar̄ lonn̄ na ceaz̄  
 na f̄eaf̄am̄ ž̄ar̄ don̄ t̄f̄l̄ōz̄  
 èj̄ojr̄ an f̄ear̄ m̄ōr̄ f̄an̄ bean  
 Āo èj̄m̄ōj̄o èuz̄ajm̄ 4 f̄t̄ēud̄  
 laoc̄ f̄a m̄ēud̄ of̄ z̄ach f̄ear̄  
 aq̄jobal̄ na f̄ajr̄z̄e z̄o d̄j̄an  
 f̄a n̄jom̄hal̄ èēōna 4 ž̄ab̄ an̄ bean  
 Clogad̄ t̄eann̄ èejm̄j̄z̄e f̄o āc̄eann̄  
 aq̄ an̄ f̄h̄ear̄ nar̄ èjm̄ f̄do b̄j̄ t̄ren̄  
 an̄ f̄z̄j̄aè j̄om̄lan̄ b̄j̄ ar̄j̄ ād̄ēj̄f̄  
 ōroj̄m̄ l̄ān̄ accleaq̄ ar̄j̄ an̄ eel̄ē  
 Zh̄ā m̄an̄ōj̄f̄ ž̄ajr̄z̄e z̄o m̄b̄v̄ād̄  
 na f̄eaf̄am̄ j̄ngablann̄ aq̄z̄ēj̄ē  
 ar̄ n̄ear̄o 4 ž̄ajr̄z̄e, ar̄ ž̄ojl̄  
 n̄j̄ f̄h̄aca f̄ear̄ mar̄ f̄jn̄ aq̄ ē

211 clojōjōm tpmom tojpteamivl nar žaṅ  
 b̄j čall ar čaob an ʔh̄j̄n mōj̄n  
 'ʔaṅ jmj̄t čleas ōs ačjōnn  
 aṅ teaṅ tō jccjōnn an tʔlōj̄s  
 b̄h̄j̄ nēull ʔlača, j̄ ʔoʔs ʔjōsōa  
 ʔo an ʔh̄j̄or ʔājm̄ ʔa caojm̄ cruč  
 maj̄t aʔn̄r̄aō, ʔa žeal aōēuo  
 ba l̄r̄aj̄tē aʔtēuo no žač ʔruč  
 ʔlar̄ do čājm̄s an ʔtēuo jccj̄n  
 ʔa ʔear nar m̄j̄n lēj̄ an b̄ʔēj̄n  
 nj ʔacaʔ ʔam̄aj̄l an ʔh̄j̄n  
 teaṅ žo noj̄šē ʔjn jccēj̄n  
 ōn tujm̄n mar čājm̄s jccj̄n  
 t'ʔjaʔraṅs mo Rj̄s ba maj̄t čl̄juō  
 an aʔēnj̄šēann tuʔa abean  
 an ē ʔr̄o an ʔear aʔej̄n t̄r̄?  
 212m̄j̄šjm̄ am̄ej̄e Cubaj̄ll žr̄j̄nn  
 aʔ ruōš ʔjom̄ ē don ʔh̄ēj̄n  
 t̄aj̄nšʔj̄ō m̄j̄šē do b̄nej̄t ʔj̄š  
 cja mōr̄ do čnej̄šē ʔh̄j̄n ʔh̄ēj̄l  
 Čj̄s an laōč ʔo ʔa maj̄t člaṅ  
 ʔē ʔj̄oč 'ʔm̄ē neapc ar ccjōnn  
 j̄ t'ʔh̄r̄aōaj̄s uāj̄n an bean  
 do b̄j̄ nžar̄ do ž̄r̄alv̄nn ʔh̄j̄n  
 Thuṅ mac ʔj̄ōr̄na up̄čar̄ t̄jan  
 žo cr̄ōda na t̄j̄aj̄s da ʔlej̄s  
 ʔj̄or̄ ʔhan an tur̄čar̄ do b̄j̄ t̄jan  
 da ʔšēj̄t žo nōčar̄na t̄ā blaō  
 Do čaj̄t Ōʔžar̄ ba mōr̄ ʔearṅ  
 ačpaōj̄šēac t̄earṅ da lājm̄ čl̄ē  
 ʔē š̄ mar̄b̄ ʔē Štēuo an ʔh̄j̄n  
 mōr̄ an b̄ēuo do ʔoj̄šē lēj̄ :

ʒlax do tuxt an fteo fa lejnɔ  
 jomɔɔjɔdeaf ne ʒeɪnɔ, 'ne ʒjoc  
 jɔ d'ʒoɔajɔ ʒeɪ boɔb an tɔm  
 comɪac eɪɪ an eɔɔɔaɔ lāoch  
 nē mujɔh ɔjomɪa ʒēɪɪ af d'ʒjoc  
 eāoɔaɔ laoc nar tɪɪ na dāɪɪ  
 eɪa ɔ tēann anɔajɔɔe fa πroɔɔ  
 do ʒeall accoɔɔ ne na lāɪɪ  
 do eeanɔajɪ tɪɪ nōnɔajɪ ɔo mbɔajɔ  
 fan jomɔɔɪ eɪɔajɔ fɪɪ do fɔajɪ  
 eɪa ɔ dōeɪɪ eeanɔajɪ na ceɪɪɔ ceɪɔ  
 ɔ ʒac ɔn dʒob ʒɪɪ do eɪɪ  
 flann mac Mōɪna eɪɔajɔ an eāɔ  
 ʒuajɪ bāɔ ʒeɪ mōɪ an tēuɔ  
 nɪ ɪajɔ lāoc da πajɪɔ af  
 ʒan acneaf lān do eɪɔeɪɔ  
 ʒlax mbeɪe an caoɔaɔ laoc ʒapɔ  
 aɔ ʒabajɪ anarɪ dō ɔo lēoɪ  
 do beɪeɪmōɪɔ ʒan cabajɪ o neac  
 da bɔāɔaɔ uāɪɪ an ceɪɪɔ eɔɪɪ  
 do beɪnead dā bēɪɪ ɔo meɪɪ  
 ɔo dʒan ar ʒac ʒeɪɪ dʒob ʒɪɪ  
 do beɪeɪmaoɪ uɪe fan uāɪɔ  
 da bɔɔāɔaɔ rāɪɪ comɪac ʒɪɪ  
 do euaɪɔ ɔoll an aɪɔɪɔ mɪɪ  
 do leaɔɪad an ʒɪɪɪ ba ʒar dō  
 eɪa be ad eɪɔeɪad ʒad ann ʒɪɪ  
 do ba ʒapɔ aɔoɪ fa nɔlēo  
 bhāɔar accloɪɔmche ʒan tɔɔɔ  
 aɔ ʒnaoɪɔeɪad eɪɪɪ aɔuɔ ʒɔɪac  
 acōmɪaɪe eomɪac aɔ dʒɪɪ  
 nɪ ʒhajeɪɔo arɪɪ neɪ nāe

Do topérað þe zoll na nam nájš  
 mac rjš na doncha zér éaf eruajð  
 af mšz talam jtañje an bean  
 þér ént anþear fjn fa ceʀan  
 2lðlajceðear njnn az an eaf  
 an laoð far zean tpejse jz zñjoni  
 eurtar ajn fa bñáðajð zæð meðojn  
 fajne ðjn anouðjn mo Rjž  
 Žejz tñtjm an fbjn nðjn  
 4 borð an éuajn, tñʀaž an éejm  
 do bj jñžean Rjž fo éujm  
 bljadajñ ajz fjonn fan bʀejn  
 lejz bljadajñ do zoll na nam nájš  
 laoð donn nar élájž jecach  
 na lujž fo ðeažfhoz njnn  
 da lejžear ajz fjonn na bʀleaz  
 9lačajn fėjn fa deapz dpeach  
 njon éur neoð tñʀaž no tñén  
 anož ó tájñtájš mo éručh  
 af mjche ðam fžur dom fžél.

S-g-e-u-l b-e-a-z a-g-u-m. *Éc.*

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T H E  
I R I S H    O R I G I N A L S  
O F    T H E  
O        D        E        S.

---

T H E  
I R I S H      O R I G I N A L S  
O F T H E  
O            D            E            S.

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I.

Ռօղջ Օղջարի միջ Օղին յի հսփ շաճա Շաճրա.

Երևի՛ս ա Օղջարի քի՛նի աքիյի առ շօղջարի շրուայ՛ծ  
Լե յօ Բրատայ՛նն ինչ Երի յեարտ ազսփ Բուայ՛ծ  
Չմեյե Օղին յա մե՛նյոյոն շաճայ՛ծ տրեյքե շաճա Եօմլոյն  
յա քեւ՛ւ յօ մեւօ տփօրկնոնն այր շաճի յօ յօյրույր  
Շաճ Բրօղճօ՛ւծ ծի Բքիյ՛ծ յօ Բօղջար մաճ շարայ՛ծ  
յա Ռիճե՛ առ առաճայ՛ծ տրաօյ՛նծ ազսփ տանայ՛ն  
Եօնքայ՛նն այր մաճ Շօրմու՛ք շաճ Եօնքալա աճօմրաճ  
յօ յօ Բքաճե՛ար երիք Լե յօ ի՛լեաճ յօյրնույք  
Ե՛լաճ Բրայնեօյր յօ տրայնքե՛աճ օ շեարտայ՛ յօ շրօյքեաճ  
քրեաճար յաճ յօ տայնքե՛աճ յօ Լեարտօ՛ւծ, ի՛րա յօյրլեաճ  
Չմիք մի՛ն յառ տայրե յօ մի՛ յիյօմի ի՛ քօճա  
Բաճ յեարնե՛ա յօ ի՛քեալա յօ մեանմաճ աղաճրա  
Չի՛օր ի՛լաճ յօ յալարե Ելօն յօ Լաճ առեյրե  
Ի՛ շօճօ՛ւծ ի՛ այրե՛ ի՛ շար արայ՛ն յի Եայրնե  
Եյ մար տնոնն ա քսլե յիյոն շար տրօմ յի Եայրե  
Եաճար քօյնե՛աճ յօլա օ շաճի Ռի յօ յօյրե



## II.

## Rofz Shojll mac Morna.

Uro aigneach Soll. fear cogaid fhu  
 laoc leabair lonn. foghail nae tjm  
 Soll crucae caom. Saor ejneach f'rad  
 faorfnasodae a'caob. maraige na fli a'z  
 Mac Morna mear. fa cruada a'gal.  
 a elhr fa fear. fear feineanil fhu.  
 laoc fejnude fjal. h fite glor.  
 m faob ae'fall. laoc aobda mor.  
 Nj tajf do nj. mar t'ejd accaet  
 p'ejm flata faor. ee m'jn a'neaf.  
 Dinejn m mjon, fa f'ejm gan epion  
 h fe h gloine t'fhjor. o'je na Sgol.  
 N'jor lag alain. fear d'ejd'geal caom.  
 nae t'p'ejgean Dajm. accoga' d' f'jam.  
 O'f baprajb beann. jarpaf opt nojn.  
 fa heagal hju. a'ca'ra m'ot fhju.  
 Se tnom a'elhr. f'maje Soll um njd.  
 Sj d' mor m t'p'ejt. f'aje flua'js do m'z.  
 Ca'p'neam na noain. leat'rae na f'lo'js  
 conu f'ajp'ge ep'ien. Soll meanmnae mor.  
 bu' d' heaga l' d'nt a'fhju. laoc e'junte ce'art.  
 f'rae' m'jllte a'neart  
 U t'ejm m'ot. a'fhju an fhujt tajf  
 ar Soll na b'p'f. a'ne'p'ge m tajf.  
 h mar'z e'ag'm'uf m'f.  
 flaje gan f'heall. f'ra'ju e'ead ar Soll  
 ar m'ead ar t'eanu. accaet m t'jm.

Ածեսյիս յոտ ափսիս. Եօմայլ ի ԶԵ ԱԼ.  
 Գի՛ ծուան յօ ԶօԼԼ. Զան քի՛րա՛՛. Զան քի՛եաԼԻ  
 Կայճեա՛ծ յօ Երօմ. Ածեսյիս յոտ ափսիս  
 նա յոքի՛նի քօմոն. Ե՛յ ար ԵաճԻա ԶայլԼ  
 ԶԵ Ծուան յԵ մայ՛. աճԵա՛ յ ԵՅՅ.  
 յօնքայճԵա՛՛ ան՛. ԵյօնքԵաԼա՛՛ ԳԼՅՅ.  
 ԱաբաԼ աճԵան. ա ԵյնԵա՛ յ քյօն  
 քայլԵա՛՛ ան քԵար.  
 Զուաբա նա ԳՅօԼ. օյրճԵյնԵա՛՛ յԵ ԳԼրայճ  
 ԵօյրքԵարԵա՛՛ ԵրԵն. Եօբճ Եա՛՛ա ի Ծուան.  
 ԲՅ՛ քԼա՛՛ Ե. աբ քԼաԼ ԼօմԼան Եա քԵյնԵ  
 ԵօյնԵ նա քԵօԼԵ. աբքայնԵ մար ԵաճԵ  
 յօմԼան ա՛՛օյրք.  
 ԵյնԵ քա ԵՅ՛. Ես՛ ԵՅյն Եա Ե՛իք.  
 ի մԵաննա՛՛ Եյօբ. ի ԵԵաԼԵա՛՛ աճնիք.  
 Ան ԶայճԵյճԵա՛՛ Զյն. յ Եքայլ նյ օբ ԶօԼԼ.  
 յ ԵԵյլն օրԵ քիսն. ի ԵրԵյքԵ Ե նա Եօն  
 քԼայճԵանայլ ափՅ՛. ԵայճԵանայլ ա՛՛նԵաբ.  
 ար ԶօԼԼ նա Եիք. յ քիսն ա ԵրԵաբ.  
 ՄյլԵա՛՛ա մՅր. ԵյօննԵա՛՛ ա՛՛Եայլ.  
 Եօնքա՛՛Եա՛՛ Ե՛րԵՅյն. ափքԵարճ Զօ Երա՛՛ ան՛.  
 աճս քյօ՛՛ ԵԾուաննա՛՛՛՛ ար Եան.  
 Լանա՛՛Եա՛՛ Լաօ՛. յօճա նա յյօճ.  
 ԼԵօման ար ան՛. ԵրՅ՛Եա նա Զնյօն  
 ԼԵաԵար Լան.  
 ԵԼԵյճ Եօմայ Երան. քօնաբ նա Եքյան  
 մՅրճաԼա՛՛ Եաօյն. յօրճաԼա՛՛ Եյան  
 ԵյճնԵա՛՛ ԵբԵար. Ծուան յրն ան քիսն.  
 Եսայճ ԵօմԼանն ար  
 ԼԵյճնԵա՛՛ Եճայլ. քօնաբ նա յօճ.  
 քօԼաբ ա՛՛Եա՛՛  
 Եսյնճ քԵ ԼԵան ար քաճ ԵրԵան Եա մԵա՛՛.

Ծօ ճնա՛ւ նա ճար. օրճան նա ԵԵՈՒ  
 ո՞՞ ճրա՛ծ նա մԵԱՆ. ԵՅՈՒ ԾԱՅՈՒ ՄԱՐ ԳՅՈՒ  
 ՎԼԱՅԷ ԼԵԱՏՅԱԸ ԵԱՕՅՈՒ. ՎԼԱՅԷԼԵԱԸ ԱՐ.  
 ՔԵԱՐ ԵԼԻՏԵ ԳԱՐ. ՔԵԱՐ ԵՅՅԳ ՄՐՐ.  
 ՄՅԱ ԵԵՐԱՕՅԿԵԱԸ ԵԵՕՐՐ. ԼԵԱՇԱՆ ԱԼԱՍՈՒ.  
 ԵԱՇԱՐ ԾՈՒԼ. Ո՛ՅԷԱՕՅԿԵԱԸ ԵԵԱՍՈՒ.  
 ԵՐԵՅՑ ԷՎՅՈո ԳՅԱՅԼԼ. ԵՅ ԳՅԸՇՈՒ ՈՒՍՈՒ  
 ՈՒ ԾՈ ՈՒՅԸՇ ԾԱՆ ՈՒԵՅՑ. ԵՐՅԱՆ ՎՅՈՇԱՅԸ Օ ՎԵՅՈՒ  
 ՄՅ ՎՐԱՐ ՄՈ ՈՒՅՈՒ. ԵՐԵՅՑՅՄՅԵ ՄՎՅՈՇ.  
 ԾՅԸ ԱՎԵԱՆՑԱՅՎ ՎԵՅԼ.  
 ԾՈ ԳՅԱՅՐ ՄՈ ՅՐՎԱՅՈՒ. ԱԵԱՐԱ ԾԱՆ ԷՅԵՅՑ.  
 Ա ԵՅԱԼ ԵԱՆԱ ԵԵԱՏՑ.  
 ԾԼ ԵՅՈՒԱԸ ԱՐ ԵՎՇ. ԾՈ ԷԼՅՐ ՕԳ ԱՅՐԾ.

ԱՐԾ ԱՅՅՈՒԱԸ ՅՈՒԼ. ՎՅՅԵՐ.

### III.

ՊԼԻՅՎ ՊԼԱԸ ԾԱՅԸՅԸ ԾՈՒԸ ՊԼԱԸ ԾԵԱՐԱԼԵ ԵԵԸ.  
 ԱՅՐ ՈՒ ԱՎԵՅԸՅՈՒԱԸ ԱՅՐ ԼՈՍՑ ԱՑ ԾՈԼ ԾՈՆ ԵԱՎՐԱՅՈՒ.

ԵԵԱՊԱՅՑ ԱՆ ԼՈՍՑՈ, Ա ԷՐՅՈՒՄԵ ԷԱՅԸ.  
 ԱՈՒ ԵՎՅՈՒ ԱՆ ԾՈՊՑՈ ԳԱՆ ԵՅՐ.  
 ԵՅՈՇ ԷԱՅՑՅՈԼ ՊՆԱՐ ԵԵԼԵՅԷ ԾԱՐ ԵԵՇՅՐ,  
 ՈՒՊԱՅՈՒ ՄԱՐ ԳՅԷՅԷ ԾԱՅՑՅՈՒ ԾՅՈՒ.  
 ՏՅԷՅՑ ԾԱՅՐԸՅՅՈՒ ԾԱՅՈՒ ԾԱ ԷԼԸՐ.  
 ՄՅՈՅՑ ԾԱԸ ՄՅՐ ԱՅՈՒՍՅՈՒ ՎԵՐԱՐ.  
 ՎՐԱՇՈՒ ԱՆ ԵԱՐԱՅՑ ԵՅՐ ԱՅՐ ԵԵՎԼ,  
 ԾՈՍՈՒ ՅՈ ԾՈԼ ԵԱՐ ԵԵԱՊԱՅԸ ԵԱՆ

Ծոյլց մե քամ' ընլ Ծօ ըսր.  
 րե մար տե 'գիք Ծոյլց Ծամ,  
 մար քիսնօժաճ նա քեալց քեան,  
 քրեաճ նա քրեաճ նքրիանդրօժաճ նքլան  
 Ըսյր մե Յօ քեաքեայր ըսմ քեօյլ,  
 ա Ծի՛, ճան եաքճայժ այր նիսլ.  
 Օ'ն քգիօն ճարճ քիսայր մարյր մոճր,  
 րե ըճյր ճլօյր Յօ ըըօլմնն ըըյն.  
 Պայժ մօ ըօրաճ այժօճքաճ իր,  
 քայժօճքաճ ա քօրաժ 'քա քաօճ,  
 Լօնց ճեքաճաճ քօնօճաճ քի'ան,  
 դքաժ ըճաժաճ ըքօնօճաճ ըաօմ.  
 Լօնց ճան քլաք ա քեաճայր այր,  
 ճան քեաճ ա քեաճամ նա քքօրմ.  
 քեօլքայր քրե ըկար նա ըըեան նքարճ  
 մար քսժ քալ մարճ ճաճ ճլեան ճօրմ.  
 Ծրե ճքրանճաճ ճաճ քանի՛ք քրաճ,  
 այր քարլան քա ճայի՛ք այր ճաօժ  
 Լիքեաժ քայր ըսկաճ նա ըըրիճ,  
 այրաճ ա քիճօք ք ա քրաճ  
 Տիճօք քաժօր քօյլքրմեաճ քրեան  
 քօյրմմեաճ մար ժրաճօն ժօր,  
 քրեաքլօնց նա քեօլքրաքաճ քաօր,  
 քաօճ քրեաքլօմ օրկլաքաճ իր.  
 քրիճ ժեալքաճ նաճրաճ նքրիճօքաճ  
 ճարք քեանքաքաճ ըճօքրաճ նա ըըօլց,  
 քիճօք քրաքճաօմ ք քաօճրաճ քեարք,  
 նա քքրաք ըաօր քքեարք մքաօճլաճ քքօրմ.  
 Ծրօժայք քի՛ն արիճ նա քան  
 քար Լի՛ն ք ճաճ նիժ քսք քեամ  
 ճան քաօճալ քար քօլքայճ նա քքօն.  
 ա քօն քեաք քօրքայճ նա քքեան.

## An tabrian ceangul.

beannmaḡ an longso anonn tar fáile aḡ dul  
 baéalaé éruppaé l'nnraé lan-élfde,  
 an éneatalaé fḡnḡaé p'néaé lan eḡfoḡmaé  
 maḡb'eaé b'ronntaé éubap'taé áḡteaḡaé.

Aḡt'eim aḡi ḡoḡa eḡfoḡe neaé d'f'ulaḡ an p'áḡ,  
 maḡ b'ḡḡt'eaḡ don b'it'ḡm na (don) l'v'ḡḡ na b'ḡv'ḡḡm ḡo b'ḡáe.  
 b'v'ḡḡa'd maḡe ḡaoḡt'e ḡ taóḡt'e ḡ t'v'ḡḡeá'd 'na t'eaḡáḡd  
 o éḡm'ḡaḡb' d'ḡm baóḡ ḡo taó'b na eḡv'ḡḡe don 'ḡp'áḡm.

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THE  
IRISH ORIGINALS  
OF THE  
ELEGIES.

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T H E  
I R I S H O R I G I N A L S  
O F T H E  
E L E G I E S.

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I.

O Ḥarājn cēt.

Ḥeac̄ oram a m̄ŋean eoŋarj, me ō'n ēag ar najēbeoðarj  
ej n̄ŋō j̄ dojōðeanta d̄n̄b̄ŋ a nojrealta j̄ōr̄ j̄n̄l̄b̄j  
Na baor̄ mar̄ eac̄ a'm' ēn̄de, Ḥeac̄ dar' Ḥh̄jre or̄n̄de,  
nj Ḥarab̄ j̄n̄Ḥeac̄ta ar̄ nojeac̄, a be ēejeac̄ta ērajb̄eac̄.  
Oj̄ Ḥada an̄ t̄r̄eje m̄fe ac̄ar̄j Ḥōh̄. Ḥan̄ ar̄je aḡ aon̄n̄naor̄ or̄am,  
a m̄jan̄ Ḥl̄ōj̄ŋ baḤeana b̄reac̄ŋ, Ḥōj̄r̄ m̄eac̄baor̄j̄ j̄ m̄ējean̄.  
Ḥana b̄Ḥōj̄r̄e ar̄ m̄oð̄ ōreje ōn̄h̄ gaē an̄buar̄j̄ da b̄Ḥar̄l̄ or̄n̄h̄,  
dul̄ Ḥa or̄jaō j̄ ēr̄j̄ōē dom̄ ēeac̄, m̄j̄ Ḥr̄j̄ōē o h̄ar̄j̄ mo lejeac̄.  
Cojar̄de ōje lejeor̄j̄ mo l̄n̄t, to ēr̄ejeac̄ gaē ōŋ or̄ōn̄je,  
or̄t̄ Ḥēr̄ b̄Ḥōj̄r̄e ac̄m̄ar̄ je eac̄ a Ḥholc̄ Ḥhoj̄ŋēac̄gaē Ḥhoj̄ōbl̄ac̄.  
Dhaor̄b̄ŋ, Ḥōŋ a b̄jae ar̄ m̄ar̄, do nar̄ac̄ toj̄ ac̄ t̄rom̄j̄r̄ac̄,  
cojeac̄to mo ēroje de je a ēor̄j̄, tuŋ me ōjeje, le t̄ŋōŋor̄j̄.  
R̄en̄ nar̄ noēd̄amar̄ to neac̄, a ēr̄l̄ Ḥholc̄ra m̄ar̄ Ḥh̄ar̄j̄ŋeac̄  
a loŋ a n̄de ar̄na ōn̄t, Ḥōj̄r̄e or̄j̄ n̄b̄ (t̄raē) mo ēreabl̄n̄to  
ŋ, uar̄ an̄ ējeac̄ant̄ac̄ŋ Ḥo, a Ḥeac̄ŋ Ḥn̄ōjeac̄taŋ Ḥr̄jan̄ŋlan̄.



Da meallta ne gilleaò na f'rl f'jr E'j'j'ioñ a e'jab elatò'v'p,  
 mo nuar n'j go'meallta f'jb a f'tuaò f'jo'meanta f'v'ib'j'p.  
 - - - - ða'ojb a ð'reac nár go'j' mo e'roj'ðe o a e'ear'e'lár.  
 o'n go'j' g'e'p g'e'ar'f'ao'g'lae me ne'ambao'gal o'ne an ol'f'j'p'e'j'ð.  
 ð'ea an tuae go le'j'p nu'jb j'f da m'bej'ð aon'ð'ne a'ð a'g'aj'ð,  
 n'j ð'ne nac co'mp'ánae e'j'll, a e'ruè e'jo'mp'ánae e'ð'e'j'ð'j'ñ.  
 Tu'g'aj'ð u'aj'ð a'j'f'eaè mo e'roj'ðe, a g'iv'is no'm'aj'f'eaè a'j'ig'lj'ðe,  
 a n'e f'h'j'or'nár g'o'p'm ma'p g'lo'j'p, j'f o'p'm ne f'j'or'g'ráò f'ð'a'e'aj'ð.

## II.

Sj'leaè aon f'hear g'ur ð'j' ð'o f'è'j'p me, 'nu'aj'p lu'g'j'p ð'o'm m'joñ,  
 f'te'j'ð a ð'a t'p'jan f'jo'f' ð'jom 'nu'aj'p a f'mu'j'p'aj'p a'j'p ð'o e'om'p'atò l'jom.  
 f'ne'ae'ða f'jo'p'aj'ðe 'g'u'f' e' ð'a f'jo'p'-e'ur' f'ao'j' f'lj'ab u'j' f'h'lo'j'p  
 'f'g'o f'f'u'j'p mo g'rá'ð'f'a ma'p bl'aj'e nan a'j'p'j'ðe a'j'p an ð'roj'ð'ne'an  
 ð'oñ.

Sh'j' me f'h'è'j'p nac a e'ea'f'ae' f'p'p'è' o'p'm na'e'f'atò g'rá'ð' mo e'roj'ðe  
 'f'nae f'ag'f'eaè f'è na ð'e'j'g me ma'p g'e'all a'j'p m'ao'j'p ;—  
 f'ara'o'p' g'e'p nae f'f'u'j'p'aj'p f'è'j'p a'g'u'f' an f'ear a e'ra'j'ð mo e'roj'ðe,  
 an g'le'a'ñ'tan f'le'j'ðe 'g'u'f' me f'f'atò o a'e'n'-ne'ae, j'f a ð'p'v'è'c be'j'e  
 na lu'j'ðe.

Ta f'è'j'p'aj'p le mo e'è'at f'ear'ne an mo p'ð'ea f'jo'f',—  
 'f'f'ear'aj'ð E'j'j'io'p n'j l'e'j'f'j'ð'j'f' mo b'p'on f'ara'o'j'p ;—  
 'nu'aj'p a f'mu'j'p'aj'p'f'ea a'j'p a e'ur'f'aj'ðe 'f'aj'p a e'v'rl b'p'eaò ð'oñ,  
 l'j'p a g'e'p g'ol' ó'f'-jo'f'al j'f a'g' o'f'na'j'p go t'p'om.  
 G'o f'f'atò me f'è'j'p'aj'p la an a'ona'j'p ó'm bu'ae'aj'p ð'oñ,  
 j'f e'om'p'atò f'e'j'p'aj'ðe no ð'e'j'g'j'p'aj'p ó' p'lur na f'f'ear ;—  
 f'á'ra'o'j'p g'e'p nae f'f'u'j'p'aj'p f'è'j'p a'g'u'f' an f'ag'ar'p a'j'p f'á'j'l,  
 no go no'v'bl'a'mao'j'f' a'j'p e'e'v'p'f'aj'ðe f'ul f'a ð'e'è'j'ð' f'è a'non.

Dè nar bole leij é, molfaò mife ðràò mo epojòe ;  
 H pè nar bole leij é, fuyòxe mè le na éaojb ;—  
 pè nar bole leij é, mje ajeime tpi lan a épojòe,  
 'fa péalz an tfolajf am béal a pobajl, H tu bpeojò mo épojòe.  
 'Sa òja òjlf epéao ò òjoufaaf, ma jmèjn tu uajm ?  
 mje eolaaf éum do éjèe agum, éum do émjò na do élujo :  
 tá mo òájoj faoj léatpóm aguf mo májmj faoj bñón ;—  
 tá mo éaolta go mop a ffejnè ljóm, aguf mo ðràò bfaò uajm.  
 Tá fmfje ajj mo f'vjle 'fmjor éodafl me néal,  
 ac a fmfjeam opefa, ééao ðràò ; má bfhao an ojeè a mejn ;  
 faoj do éupfaòeje do òjulta me an toman ule go leij ;—  
 'fa épaebjn évbaréa cao af a habarfafa do leaban am bpejè ?

### III.

Ambréatajn H mējnjn fhaéapajò an tárofhlaje elí  
 bachuf gan éjfeacht, H gēar thu atpácht ar cevíl  
 Alehapaò na hējge do mjaíath dájmh go híp  
 mjo bajtpeabbach an fhēje gur eag tu a Sheajn de bupe  
 Af dubhach do dhejghe atájo Tjagheapnajóh lan do chímhajòh  
 aphlíp na tpeabh buòh gaolmhar cájl aguf elí ;  
 íuòh f'v gáeh fjal an tárofhlaje Seáan de bupe  
 'fgo D'ín-móir ó thjall fe ta an fjaòh fa Ráf ajj gevíl  
 An fjalphear fájmh H fēar do thjgeath gach évjf  
 anjar gach dájmh buòh gnáth leij éjneach H elí  
 fjalgh chíjehe fájf, 'fna Ráf ad jmghjòh ajj cevíl  
 O thjall an báf ajj Sheáan mhac chojnnejl hípe

Uleac ata ad ghearr-chlár do ari gheis uir chumafas bhreath  
 ann aló bhí fheimeamhuil. fpoirt, chlud-fás aguf Ráif  
 if leat abheith pléideamhuil ceimeamhuil mar af collas do chách  
 'fuir ari do thaisgtoh go láeteamhuil tá pléifur chonnaif ar lán  
 Cja do chuirfeaf cluithmhíde na Ráif ar fubhal?

cja bhéarrfeaf buaid an chuiras go connacht no báir gach clí  
 cja bhéarrfeaf chugairn le cuma an pláta ón mumbairn  
 o téag uáin coimeal nacuideachta Seáan de buie  
 2lrochlait mhóir bheir ceannaif a eclí fa fpoirt  
 if ann do lán halla buith gnath aifeaf if nuaidheacht-ceol  
 mel ann áit aca ach gáir fneadairg fmiré if bróir  
 femo chradh deachach an fteádmaircach abeith na lughé an-  
 tuimhor

910 ghearr chrimha an té rí chuir an báif ar ceíl  
 o léis rí go cein eclí do clár na Muman  
 mri ach gur éag uáin an gearr fheimeamhuil Seáan de buie  
 in béarrfach Sji Eudbar coim-reis rí an pláta f fubal  
 Ta ceat ag gach marcach ó clár na mrian  
 éeacht le na neáiraid fan gearman fírin  
 ta ariisioh gan allas le fúasail a tuaim  
 mel gearr abacaó nuair naé marrean agair Seáan de brie  
 Seáet ceat deag gan breis if da fhichioh f airí  
 go ceart a Sé, do neir an dáta nuith  
 o éeacht nje Dé dá fíerad o éair an ubail  
 go teaf an lae fíair éag év Sheáin de brie  
 2f dubhaé an Green club ag caoineat o báifaséat év  
 aguf feat na tíre éoithche an fháfach chrin  
 ta an fíuaid fíiréile fo líóg mo érad fan óvín  
 aguf fin cammíosaó níófa do nimef ari Sheáan de brie.

## IV.

Եստոնն ահմե.

Sa évřl álvinn deař, na bçhájinnjđb cceart,  
 Կ bpeađ jađ, ƒař ğlař do řvřle!  
 ԳՏՕ bçhvřl mo émojđe da řlađ, mař ářnřđřjđ đađ,  
 le blađajnn mđbr řhata řvřl leat.  
 Da bçhvřđnnj ř éceart đeře mař éeřle leat,  
 Կ eađpnom deař do řjubalřvinn!  
 “ ԳՏՕ mđřđřařnn đaé řđajnn ařđ éalođ le 'm řearnn”  
 ařnn éojllecđđ řđabčea an đmřčea!  
 Sđo đeřnnnn řeřnn abean, ce mđbr é do mneař,  
 Կ nářnn ljom ču đom đřjultađ!  
 ce đřářđ tu me đann řlánnce ađann?  
 řđann řáč no cořnn ařnn mo řřrbalta.  
 nn đanna mo lainn, 'řno řhajnčea mo đřnađ,  
 ačeađann! ma đjonn tu řjubal ljom,  
 Եստոնն ահմե ađa ađađ ann,  
 ƒař đaer anojř ann a đvřčhajđ  
 Sa đřnađ řa éumann! řa đřnađ đac nđvnné!  
 an đmřallřa řeał đonn mmmajnn ljom?  
 mař abçhazmđđđđ đo đeřnnnn ceol ř mnnnn,  
 Կ uajřle na bçhear ařřđřnađ.  
 eđbra cuřnnnn, řanna ř đjolar,  
 blačea ř blař na nřblařb.  
 planda đonn đvřlleabann řvnnnn ř đorařnnnn,  
 Կ řářaé đo mulla đlvnné.  
 Sa đáb éneařđa éđm! do pařnn ljom na řđođl,  
 ԳՏՕ řnnánnřvinn ađođođ ađ đeřđđđ,  
 ԳՏՕ mđřčeařnn ljom do đean, ařearnn řa mnn na đçeař!  
 no nářnař na nđm mmař éađřvinn!

och!

ce! 1; t̄āac̄ lag ab̄jom, fmo fl̄ajnce uajm da f̄ujd̄em,  
 le sp̄ad̄ ceap̄e don m̄iōj d̄o ēp̄ēs me.  
 f̄so d̄eb̄ūj l̄jom da m̄ōj d̄eam: ac̄ fl̄an leat am̄ōjn!  
 o d̄f̄āḡaj me aj̄ d̄j̄e na c̄ēll̄e.  
 S̄do beap̄m̄m̄ aleabar̄ san b̄p̄ej̄s d̄nt̄ le f̄d̄ub̄om,  
 go n̄d̄eam̄m̄ tu do d̄ōḡad̄ aj̄ ceat̄ bea.  
 f̄so n̄ac̄aj̄m̄ leat̄ an̄om̄ taj̄m̄ t̄p̄ēnm̄v̄j̄ na t̄om̄,  
 “ f̄so t̄p̄ej̄s̄f̄m̄ an̄ d̄ōm̄an go l̄ēj̄j̄ op̄e\*.”  
 m̄aj̄ an̄d̄ar̄ tu an̄ am̄ go n̄ēl̄od̄ tu l̄jom  
 1; t̄p̄ēj̄t̄ m̄j̄f̄e f̄ann̄ san ēj̄f̄eac̄t̄,  
 m̄aj̄ ēn̄s̄ej̄t̄ anḡleam̄, san ēj̄m̄ san meab̄aj̄  
 f̄ōj̄ f̄eaga na ceam̄ um̄ aēnar̄.  
 S̄t̄aj̄m̄f̄j̄ lag, 1; j̄m̄ ēp̄oj̄d̄e ta an̄ ēnead̄  
 f̄af̄ d̄ej̄m̄j̄m̄ n̄ac̄ gar̄ d̄am̄ f̄āc̄f̄jom̄!  
 le h̄jom̄ar̄caj̄d̄ f̄eap̄e do p̄l̄j̄r̄ na m̄ban,  
 fa p̄j̄ob̄ m̄aj̄ eola aj̄ ūēnl̄od̄.  
 av̄l̄ōj̄t̄e d̄aj̄t̄e ēj̄op̄t̄a caf̄da,  
 fl̄āc̄ej̄mac̄ f̄n̄af̄da c̄p̄āēbaē!  
 f̄m̄aj̄ b̄ȳh̄v̄iḡe me o ceap̄e bej̄t̄ m̄aj̄ c̄ēj̄le leat̄,  
 1; t̄ēj̄j̄m̄ sup̄ gar̄ at̄ēus̄ d̄am̄

\* This, and another line, marked with inverted commas, were wanting in the copy when it was first obtained; but as the sense was perfect without them, it was translated, and sent to press.—Since that, these lines were supplied from recollection, and are here given to the Irish reader.

## V.

Thus me an' euāngel' 7 bajreac' hōm, m'astar' fme ar' ejs mo  
 ġ'rbajl,

ar' uāġs mo ċarat' fto mearajš fji raðar' mo ġ'vl  
 nj b'xuar' me azum 7 me falcat' na nteor' so h'ri,  
 ac' eruat' leac' ðajrgean ar' leabajð na erēab' ročumiañ.

Nj trēan mo labajr' fe mearom naē ē'v'j nājrē,  
 aen boēt' f'gajce me 7 čojlleaš mo ē'vl bājrē,

njel pjon, njl peanajð, njl galra co trom erājce,  
 le heug na ccarat', no f'garat' na ecompānaē.

ġ'ho leun! mo ðeacajr! mo ġ'jllat'! mo ðron, f' mo ċrat'!  
 mo čeol' ē'r'v'c' ġ'jllj'! mo ðjuneaš! mo ġ'ajðbrjog' dājn!

čja hojgēat' ar' ðvine bejē ar' bujleat', no b'rejn mar' tajm!  
 no tēora' foła to ġ'jleat' to ðejš' gac' lā.



THE  
IRISH ORIGINALS  
OF THE  
SONGS.



---

T H E  
I R I S H      O R I G I N A L S  
O F T H E  
S      O      N      G      S.

---

I.

Alf mjan ljom tpař ar blač na řjune  
řpāēřj an ajnnyř ģ řřřařđ  
řřunab ř nuř bāřř accař řa tnyřřj  
ařř minayđ břāađ řljce na cēřjgeađ  
Cja be bjađ na hařce đaoyđce řđo lōj  
ny baogal đo ačtvyřęe čaoyđce no břđn  
ařęe an řjogyn tčēřm ģ aoybne mēřm  
řj čřl na cēřaebh řna břhāřmnyřđ  
Altaob mup ael řa řjob mřř řēřj  
řa řnaoy mřř řpēřm atřamřařđ  
nač tapayđ đon te đę řeallađ map řpře  
bheřđ ajeřęe řeuz na cēamđlaoy  
ař řuayře řař řāřm đo řāřte řlnamřvřl  
ař ālvmm đe-ař đo řvřlřlař  
ře člvmm řač lā ařę eāch đa ajeřę  
řup řāřmēač e-ař đo čřltařř

Sjro mar a deijum lej andjginnasoj řejm  
 bęujl azlór njoę bjnne no ceol nanen  
 njl řjanę no řreann dę řmrajnję ceañ  
 nac bęhrięęear go ejnne az řracey  
 Alřb na řerđ ar oluęędeaf deao  
 aeri na cepeab řna bęhájumję  
 řjđ jonńvnn ljom řejn er  
 řdadajm don řęęal. ačh dólřajnn  
 řan bęęęđ to řlájnte.

## II.

Ce be abęujl ře andán do  
 alámh abejch řaoj na ejonn  
 meafujm nach eagal báf do  
 go břáčh no ann abeo beję ejnn  
 Aleřl deaf na mbachall řájnneach řjonn  
 achom mřř eala řle řnámh ajř acvnn  
 řřáčh ř řřęę don řařřajđ; Májble řejm nj Cheallajđ  
 deud af dejře ar leagađ anáruę ejnn  
 řnejl ceol dar bjnne áęeolađ an dujne  
 nach ar beol dđ tujřęe aráđ an řęaę cejm  
 řa řřuajđ mar Rđř an dņęle. af bran na eómarřa an  
 hje  
 ařořę af mjne řlajře blác no an eřnábh

Se dejn gac ollam molað elár íjól nējl  
 zo ceujpēa na corpa cōllað le fāršūc bējl  
 mjel amruq ljom ann. a fājm labrach bjnn  
 ach ōltar ljun zo zpjnn do ílájnte fējn  
 Oðēgadar na mna mānla  
 aji atpācētajoj an domān zo lējn  
 meafvim nach fujl na nājt ann  
 ach Mājble le eljr fðach cējm  
 An facht gac dujne accāljšeaçt fa cešjl  
 aq āžmrr ton phje afāžajl ōn tējz  
 cvl na cepraeb jz fjnne, lrb na tēad aq bjnne  
 fmaað na zēje žle brājše fa tāeb.  
 Njel aen da bēje naç jonžantaç acleaq  
 nach nējgtojz ašejlc ambajr na cepraeb  
 fa tē nach lējn do an cōjuneal  
 lān do fpejz alejmbh  
 fj aq fēari mējn jz tngz do nājzrn gaeðeal  
 Sj aq deje cofqa boqqa lāmb 7 bēal  
 pējne moqz jz fmlt afūq zo fēp  
 ca an bājne qo ljun  
 a fāružatoh luçt žpjnn  
 fa rāð zo bquajr me a.: fhošll. aq āžmar ljom ē.

III.

Inſean taja na mbáneſóch ʒ ájlne no laéjge býuacé  
do p̄p̄ſon̄ȳhujl éolla dá ép̄ſoc̄ ad̄f̄áf̄ t̄p̄j̄ſo āph̄r̄ēamā māáf̄  
don t̄p̄āoj̄ da t̄āſn̄iāc̄ nōán̄ do bēj̄ē nōájl̄ na mbaj̄n̄ nōdēētē  
q̄ cūájr̄ē

do m̄ōj̄é̄xl̄c̄ lēāſā an̄ táj̄llēāſan̄ ʒar̄ ʒáf̄ ʒn̄im̄ an̄ é̄udā ūáf̄  
tā ēōj̄n̄ ar̄ lāſāc̄c̄ ōar̄p̄ōȳhujl̄ nā ſá̄b̄n̄ſēac̄c̄ ōēantā jō  
ʒ̄m̄f̄āj̄c̄

ʒ on̄ l̄ōch̄ mēar̄ Conall̄ ēēar̄nāc̄ é̄n̄r̄ á̄p̄ēātā nēj̄r̄j̄n̄n̄ ūájr̄  
ʒſan̄ b̄r̄īōn̄ doō ʒ̄ōl̄ n̄jōſ̄ tájr̄ē ā bl̄āj̄é̄ é̄ōj̄m̄ nā m̄ēur̄lāſ ʒūá̄c̄  
do p̄j̄ōſ̄ȳhujl̄ Chollā p̄j̄ōſ̄nāj̄c̄ lonnā ó ʒāēōeal̄ ʒlāſ̄ do ʒlāūájr̄  
tā ōāc̄ nā healā ēēl̄ōd̄j̄ōn̄ n̄ē b̄ēō ʒ̄r̄j̄ſ̄ nā ēēōr̄ āſ̄p̄á̄m̄  
j̄nā lēacā ʒlojn̄ nā h̄ōj̄ſ̄ j̄n̄ſ̄j̄nē ʒ̄ p̄ōſ̄ l̄j̄on̄tā b̄r̄á̄ōn̄ āf̄áf̄  
ʒāc̄ p̄lāndā t̄ēāſ̄ dā ēōr̄n̄d̄l̄ōj̄ē ʒōr̄p̄ſ̄ōj̄ſ̄ē ʒ̄ōn̄tāj̄ſ̄ ēl̄āj̄ē  
ʒſāc̄ p̄āb̄rāc̄c̄ t̄ēāſ̄ dā b̄ēol̄ ēāōj̄m̄ ōēōbār̄ēāc̄c̄ ʒ̄n̄ ōīōj̄nē  
ōn̄ mb̄áſ̄

tā ōēar̄ſ̄ȳh̄il̄ ēēar̄t̄ ʒ̄j̄ōl̄ R̄ōj̄ſ̄ ʒ̄ m̄ōp̄ēollā an̄ n̄j̄ſ̄ t̄ūſ̄ b̄á̄r̄n̄  
ʒan̄ ʒēar̄ſ̄āc̄c̄ āj̄r̄ſ̄āc̄ ʒāc̄ n̄ōr̄lāj̄ſ̄ don̄ p̄ōn̄j̄ōn̄lā m̄ōj̄é̄ſ̄l̄ bl̄āj̄ē  
āſ̄ ōeal̄bāc̄ ōj̄p̄ōſ̄āc̄c̄ ām̄ēōr̄ m̄j̄n̄ ar̄ ʒ̄j̄ōl̄ ʒ̄j̄ōſ̄ lē ʒ̄p̄á̄ōnāc̄  
l̄á̄m̄

ʒſāc̄ m̄j̄r̄ ōj̄ n̄l̄ē ar̄ l̄j̄ nā l̄j̄lē ó b̄r̄ōj̄ſ̄ēj̄b̄ ʒō l̄á̄r̄.

## IV.

bean dub an zleañã.

Abçacaò tu? no an ceçala tu an çtu i çne dob a çlle çnaoç?  
 juçleanta duba çme ju uaççmoç, çan çuaççmoç do lã no  
 õjõõe,

beççju caoçju açuaçmoçç do buaçju me çto ènaòaçç mo èmoçõe,  
 mo beañaçt çheçju ço buan lej çã oç an ceuan çto be aç juõçõ  
 Aça çe ççmoõta çõçmoõta do èom çeaçç çto maala èaet  
 çto beççju taçiuõ çaoç çju na çaoçççõ do neaçaç beaçç,  
 do èroõ aç ççle çaç ççme, joõã an ççõta çuã eluõ na nean,  
 çaç buaçça çraçõe beççme nuaçju açmaoççju aç ççaçiuõ lej.  
 Nuaçju açeaççaç ç do èççõ me, le ççer ççeaçe da çuãoç çto  
 çuõ.

aççõna èçõã çleçal, açeçõõeaç, çã oçaoç çholç oçju,  
 ba ççle açeaç na Deççõre èuçju læeça na ççõe aç ççõõ,  
 çna blãnaõ ççju na ceçleçmoçç le aç çraeçãõ na ççle  
 çreõn.

Aççlur na mban, na çreçç me a bæeçlae le çaçne dã çtoõr,  
 çan èju çan meaç çan bæaçã aç blaeõeaçeç ç ç buaçõeau  
 ç çleõ,

ç çuçju do ççççõ çreaçta beaçça çaoçõeççe õuç çõõe an  
 çhoçaçju,

çto ççuçõççõ çoaçju na çeçne ço lejçeaçeç çna ççleãõ moõr.



M Ä O N :

A N

I R I S H T A L E.

T t



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE story of the following Tale is to be found in the ancient history of Ireland, and is related by KEATING, O'HALLORAN, WARNER, &c.*

T O

*Mr. and Mrs. T R A N T,*

T H I S

T A L E

Is respectfully addressed,

By their obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

*Charlotte Brocke.*

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## I N T R O D U C T I O N .

---

Accomplish'd Pair! these simple lays,  
With favour's eye peruse ;  
And take from me, in artless phrase,  
The message of the Muse.

A Muse, who ne'er, on Pindus' mount,  
Trode inspiration's ground ;  
Nor drank sweet frenzy from the fount,  
Where raptures breathe around.

But a bright Power, whom Nature forms,  
And Nature's scenes inspire ;  
Who mounts the winds, and rides the storms,  
And glows with Heaven's own fire !

Who train'd, of old, our fires to fame,  
And led them to the field ;  
Taught them to glow with Freedom's flame,  
And Freedom's arms to wield.

With the wild WAR-SONG fir'd the soul,  
And sped the daring blow!—  
Or, bow'd to Pity's soft controul,  
Wept o'er a dying foe.

Or search'd all Nature's treasures round,  
 To deck a favourite fair;  
 Or tun'd to love a tender found,  
 And fang a faithful pair.

This power, while late my couch I prefs'd,  
 To mental fight appear'd;  
 To my charm'd soul sweet words address'd,  
 By waking Fancy heard.

Shrin'd in the form of reverend age,  
 The friendly vision came;  
 Rob'd as of old, a Bardic Sage,  
 And took <sup>a</sup> Craffiné's name.

“ O thou, (he cry'd) whose timid mind  
 “ Its purpose would delay!  
 “ Half shrinking from it,—yet inclin'd,—  
 “ Half daring, to essay.

“ Let not the frown of critic wrath,  
 “ Or smile of critic scorn,  
 “ Affright thee from the splendid path,  
 “ Fame and the Muse adorn.

“ The

<sup>a</sup> *Craffiné*, a celebrated Irish Bard who flourished in A. M. 3648. *Vide*  
 KEATING.

- “ The critic storm, that proudly rends  
“ The oaks of Learning’s Hill,  
“ Will pass thy shrub, that lowly bends,  
“ Nor deign its growth to kill.
- “ Shine, while thou can’st, pale trembling beam,  
“ Ere sun’s eclipse thy ray ;  
“ Thy little star awhile may gleam,  
“ ’Till Phœbus brings the day.
- “ For oft the Muse, a gentle guest,  
“ Dwells in a female form ;  
“ And patriot fire, a female breast,  
“ May sure unquestion’d warm.
- “ No more thy glorious task refuse,  
“ Nor shrink from fancy’d harms,  
“ But, to the eye of Britain’s Muse,  
“ Present a sister’s charms.
- “ Thee hath the sweet enchantress taught  
“ The accents of her tongue ;  
“ Pour’d on thine ear her lofty thought,  
“ Celestial as the song.
- “ Now let her see thy grateful heart  
“ With fond ambition burn,  
“ Proud if thou can’st, at least in part,  
“ Her benefits return,
- “ Long,

- “ Long, her neglected harp unstrung,  
“ With glooms encircl'd round ;  
“ Long o'er its silent form she hung,  
“ Nor gave her soul to found.
- “ Rous'd from her trance, again to reign,  
“ And re-affert her fame,  
“ She comes, and deigns thy humble strain  
“ The herald of her claim.
- “ Swells not thy soul with noble pride,  
“ This honor to embrace,  
“ Which partial fates for thee decide,  
“ With such distinguish'd grace?—
- “ Coward!—from the bright path assign'd,  
“ Thy feet had turn'd away,  
“ From the bright prize thine eye declin'd,  
“ Too weak for Glory's ray :
- “ Did not a steadier soul exhort,  
“ A steadier counsel guide,  
“ With zeal thy timid mind support,  
“ And its vain terrors chide.
- “ I know the Pair by Genius lov'd,  
“ By every Muse inspir'd,  
“ Who thy unpractis'd strains approv'd,  
“ And thy ambition fir'd !

“ To

- “ To *them* the Muse<sup>b</sup> of ancient days  
“ Avows the tribute due ;  
“ To *them* her grateful thanks she pays,  
“ And—coward!—not to you.
- “ What should she do her love to shew?—  
“ From all her ample store,  
“ What favours can her hand bestow  
“ That were not theirs before ?
- “ Yes, she can add those generous joys,  
“ That sympathy of hearts,  
“ Which kindred sentiment employs,  
“ And worth to worth imparts.
- “ Go then to thy accomplish’d friends ;  
“ The Muse commands thee go ;  
“ Bear them the grateful gift she sends,  
“ ’Tis all she can bestow.
- “ Bear them the pride of ancient days ;  
“ Truth, science, virtue, fame ;  
“ The lover’s faith, the poet’s praise,  
“ The patriotic flame !

U u

“ All

<sup>b</sup> The mention of *the Muse*, in this place, may appear rather too classical, but the ancient Irish had their Muse, as well as the Greeks and Romans, and her name was *be-ghua*.

- “ All in the royal Pair confefs'd,  
“ Whofe TALE the Bard purfues ;  
“ Like them, united, grac'd and blefs'd  
“ By Virtue, and the Mufe.
-

---

T H E

T A L E.

---

**B**OW'D to dark Cobthach's fierce command,  
When struggling Erin groan'd ;  
And, crush'd beneath his bloody hand,  
Her slaughter'd fons bemoan'd ;

Of all whose honest pity dar'd  
One tear humane to shed ;  
My life alone the savage spar'd,  
Nor touch'd the sacred head.

Protected by the Muse's pow'r,  
And the Bard's hallow'd name,  
I scap'd the death-devoted hour,  
The hour of blood and shame !

When Nature pleaded, Pity wept,  
And Conscience cry'd in vain ;  
When all the powers of vengeance slept  
Upon a monarch slain.

Shock'd History, from the dreadful day,  
Recoil'd with horror pale,  
And, shrinking from the dire display,  
Left half untold the tale !

But I, sad witness of the scene !  
Can well its woes attest ;  
When the dark blade, with murder keen,  
Spar'd not a brother's breast<sup>b</sup>.

When Nature, precient as my soul,  
With earthquakes rock'd the ground ;  
Air bade its deepest thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash'd around !

While,

<sup>b</sup> Cobthach, a prince of an envious and aspiring temper, repining at the greatness of his brother, Laoghaire Lork, then monarch of Ireland, determined to wade through murder to the throne. To effect this purpose, he pretended illness, and was constantly and affectionately visited by his unsuspecting brother ; but finding that he still came attended, and, therefore, gave no opportunity for the meditated blow, he requested a private interview with him ; it was granted, and the following day appointed for the purpose ; Laoghaire came, but found his brother apparently dead ; and bending over him, in the bitterness of his sorrow, was stabbed, by the perfidious and ungrateful Cobthach, to the heart. See KEATING, WARNER, &c.

While, on each blasting beam, <sup>thin</sup> ~~their~~ forms,  
 (The fons of death) were rear'd ;  
 And, louder than the mingling storms,  
 The shrieks of ghosts were heard !

Till, Oh ! dark, cheerless, slow and late,  
 The burden'd morn arose ;  
 When forth, to meet impending fate,  
 Alone the monarch goes.

In vain some guard do I conjure ;  
 No heed will he bestow :  
 I follow to the fatal door,—  
 I hear the deadly blow !—

Hold, villain, hold !—but short'ning breath  
 Arrests my feeble cries ;  
 And seals awhile, in transient death,  
 My light-detesting eyes.

Yet soon, to further horrors doom'd,  
 I rais'd my sickening head ;  
 And Life her languid pow'rs resum'd,—  
 To see Life's comfort fled.

The groans of Death around me rise,  
 Scarce yet distinctly heard !  
 While Fate, to my unclosing eyes,  
 In bloody pomp appear'd !—

As when the Spirit of the Deep  
His dreadful course maintains ;  
While his loos'd winds o'er Ocean sweep,  
And gloomy horror reigns !

Satiate with groans, and fierce with blood,  
The dark malignant power  
Rides, in grim triumph, o'er the flood,  
And rules the deathful hour !

So the dire Cobthach, drunk with gore,  
And glorying to destroy ;  
Aloft victorious horrors bore,  
And smil'd with hideous joy.

Clofe by the murder'd Monarch's fide,  
The earth brave Ollioll <sup>c</sup> prefs'd ;  
A dagger, bath'd in life's warm tide,  
Yet quivering in his breast.

Clasp'd round the dying Prince's neck,  
His little Maon <sup>d</sup> lay ;  
While the third dagger rose to strike  
Its unresisting prey.

Rous'd

<sup>c</sup> Ollioll Aine, son to Laoghaire Lorc, who was thus murdered by his brother Cobthach.

<sup>d</sup> Maen, son to Ollioll Aine.

Rous'd at that fight ; to madness flung,  
I rush'd amid the foe ;  
And, o'er the trembling victim flung,  
I met the destin'd blow.

O happy wound ! close to my breast,  
(Tho' streaming from the knife)  
My precious charge, thus sav'd, I press'd,  
And guarded him with life.

Shock'd at the sacrilegious stroke,  
The arm of death recoil'd ;  
While from the croud the passions broke  
That in their bosoms boil'd.

The royal blood, that round them stream'd,  
They could with calmness view ;  
But, for the Bard, their frenzy deem'd  
The fiercest vengeance due !

A thousand swords to guard me rose,  
Amid the conflict's roar ;  
While safe, from his surrounding foes,  
My trembling charge I bore.

Long while he seem'd, with life alone,  
To scape that fatal day ;  
For Reason, from his little throne,  
In terror fled away.

While thus bereft of sense he grew,  
No fears the court invade,  
And safe in the Ufurper's view,  
The beauteous maniac play'd.

Reason, at length, a second dawn,  
With cheering lustre, fled;  
And, from the Tyrant's pow'r withdrawn,  
To Munster's King we fled.

There, long conceal'd from every foe,  
Beneath the royal care,  
I saw my lovely scion grow,  
And shoot its branch in air.

Oh, while I view'd his blooming face,  
And watch'd his opening mind;  
While, in a form of matchless grace,  
I saw each virtue shin'd;

With more than a parental pride,  
My throbbing heart o'erflow'd;  
And each fond thought, to hope ally'd,  
With sweet prediction glow'd!

One daughter, bright in beauty's dawn,  
The royal cares beguil'd;  
All sportive as the gladfome fawn,  
And as the moon-beam mild.

Like

Like the first infants of the spring,  
Sweet opening to the view ;  
Fann'd by the breeze's tender wing,  
And fresh with morning dew.

Such were fair Moriat's growing charms,  
So bright her dawning sky ;  
And beauty, young, with early harms,  
Was cradled in her eye.

By ties of sweet attraction drawn,  
And pair'd by infant love,  
Oft, lightly sporting o'er the lawn,  
The royal children rove ;

Together chase the gilded fly,  
Or pluck the blooming flower ;  
Or boughs, with busy hands, supply,  
To weave the little bower.

But now, as years and stature grow,  
Maturer sports arise ;  
Now Mäon bends the strongest bow,  
And Moriat gives the prize.

Light dance the happy hours along,  
To love's enchanting lay ;  
And pleasure tunes her sweetest song !  
And every scene is gay.

But soon each beautiful vision flies  
 That blissful fancy forms ;  
 As the soft simile of azure skies  
 Is chac'd by chiding storms.

Again fate frowns, and dangers frown—  
 The bloody Cobthach hears—  
 Once more the dagger threatens to drown  
 In Mäon's blood his fears.

And must we fly?—must Mäon's heart  
 Its Moriat then forego?—  
 Must he with every comfort part,  
 To shun his cruel foe?—

He must ; there are no other means  
 Of life or safety nigh ;  
 Our only hope on Gallia leans,  
 And thither must he fly.

What tears!—what anguish!—what despair!—  
 At length he bade adieu ;  
 Ah when again his faithful fair,—  
 His native land to view?—

“ Yes, soon again ! (he proudly cries ;)  
 “ In vengeance too array'd !  
 “ On this right arm my hope relies,  
 “ And Gallia's friendly aid.”

But

But Mäon knew not yet, how near,  
How tenderly ally'd,  
To his own blood;—how very dear  
The victims that had dy'd.

First, his weak health, and tender years,  
Bade the dire truth conceal,  
Which after, (though from different fears,)  
We did not dare reveal.

For when, as strength and knowledge grew,  
He heard the tale unfold;  
But half its horrors giv'n to view,  
And half his wrongs untold :

When, but as kindred to his fire,  
The Monarch's death he heard;  
Then, in his foul's quick mounting fire,  
His royal race appear'd.

Indignant passions fill'd his eye,  
And from his accents broke;  
While the pale lip, and bursting sigh,  
His burden'd soul bespoke.

In vain, his fury to assuage,  
I every art bestow'd;  
Still, with the rash resolves of rage,  
His restless bosom glow'd.

In such a cause, his arm alone  
Of ample *force* he deems ;  
And, to pluck murder from its throne,  
A slight adventure seems.

His youth, his rashness I bewail'd,—  
I trembled to behold ;  
And fear, and pitying love prevail'd  
To leave dire truths untold.

To Gallia now fate call'd—still, still  
His birth we dar'd not shew ;  
We dreaded lest some fatal ill  
Should from the knowledge flow.

Youth's headlong passions mov'd our fears  
The secret to secure,  
Till practis'd thought, and manlier years,  
His mind and arm mature.

When, from his weeping Moriat torn,  
He bade the last adieu ;  
When from her sight—her palace borne,  
He ceas'd its walls to view ;

Then fresh distractions fill'd his breast,  
The fears of anxious love ;  
Ah!--by some happier youth address'd,—  
Should Moriat faithless prove !

He stopp'd—his frame with anguish shook ;  
With groans his bosom rose ;  
The wildness of his air and look  
My soul with terror froze.

“ Dear guardian of my orphan state !  
(At length he faltering cry'd,)

“ Thee too—thee too his cruel fate  
“ From Mäon must divide !

“ To tend thy lovelier pupil's youth,  
“ Do thou behind remain ;  
“ Remind her of her Mäon's truth,  
“ His constancy, his pain.

“ Thou who hast form'd my Moriat's heart,  
“ With sweet and happy skill ;  
“ Obedient to thy gentle art,  
“ And fashion'd to thy will :

“ O still that heart, those wishes guide  
“ Beneath soft Love's controul ;  
“ Whate'er in absence may betide,  
“ To shake me from her soul.

“ Should ever, from that beauteous breast,  
“ Its fond impression stray ;  
“ Should aught e'er chafe the tender guest,  
“ With thoughtless mirth away ;

“ Then

“ Then let thy sweet and melting hand

“ On the soft harp complain,

“ More skilful than the magic wand,

“ Awake the powerful strain.

“ To call, like spirits from their sphere,

“ Each trembling passion round,

“ Its spellful potency to hear,

“ And sigh to ev'ry found!

“ The mournful sweetness soon will bring

“ To mind her Mäon's woe;

“ And mem'ry, o'er the tender string,

“ In faithful tears will flow.

“ Alas, thine eye rejects my prayer!

“ O yet, let pity sway!

“ Or see vain life no more my care,

“ Or now consent to stay!”

Distracted,—shock'd at his command;

In vain all arts I try'd,

His cruel purpose to withstand,

And with him still abide:

In vain all arguments address,

In vain did I implore;

He wept—he strain'd me to his breast,—

But left me on the shore.

Sad,

Sad, devious, carelefs of their courfe,  
My lonely fteps return'd,  
While forrow drain'd its weeping fource,  
And age's anguish mourn'd.

Bereft of him for whom alone  
Life deign'd to keep a care,  
For him I heav'd the ceafelefs groan,  
And breath'd the ceafelefs pray'r.

I only liv'd at his request,  
His bidding to obey ;  
And cheer his Moriat's faithful breaft,  
To wafting grief a prey.

From her fair eye to wipe the tear,  
Her guardian and her guide :  
Dear to my heart ! but doubly dear,  
As Mäon's deftin'd bride.

O, abfence ! tedious thy delay,  
And fad thy hours appear ;  
While numbering fighs recount each day  
That fills the long, long year.

Yet not devoid of hope we griev'd,  
For oft glad tidings came ;  
Oft our reviving fouls receiv'd  
The news of Mäon's fame.

The prince of Gallia's fertile land,  
To Erin's throne ally'd,  
Grac'd his young kinsman with command,  
And plac'd him near his side.

Together o'er the martial field  
They chafe the routed foe ;  
Together war's fierce terrors wield,  
And strike the glorious blow !

At length, to him the sole command  
Of Gallia's armies fell,  
For now, his train'd and valiant hand  
Well knew her foes to quell.

The terror of the Gallic arms  
To east,—to west he spread,  
And, safe return'd from fierce alarms,  
His conquering powers he led.

All tongues his prowess now attest ;  
Exulting Moriat hears ;  
The fouds bring rapture to her breast,  
And musick to her ears.

“ Now, now, (she cry'd) what hinders now  
“ The work his virtue plan'd ?  
“ What hinders to perform his vow,  
“ And free his captive land ?”

“ Ah

- “ Ah Moriat ! bright in every charm  
“ That Nature’s power could give !  
“ Ah, haste thy tender breast to arm,  
“ Hear the dire news—and live !  
“ Prepare thy Mäon to disown ;  
“ Thy thoughts from love divide ;  
“ The daughter of the Gallic throne  
“ Is destin’d for his bride.”

Ah sounds of death !—she faints, she falls !  
Down sinks the beauteous head,—  
At length our care to life recalls,  
But peace, alas ! is fled.

- “ Where now is Virtue ?—where is Love ?  
“ O Faith ! O Pity !—where ?  
“ Can Mäon cruel,—perjur’d prove,  
“ And false as fondly swear ?  
“ Ah no, ah no !—it cannot be !—  
“ Too well that heart I know !—  
“ Alas !—now, now the cause I see  
“ Whence all my sorrows flow !  
“ Fly, fly Craftinè !—to thy Lord  
“ My foul’s entreaty bear !  
“ And O ! may Heaven calm seas afford,  
“ And swiftest winds prepare !

- “ Tell him, it is my true request,  
“ It is my firm command,  
“ That Love, a fond imprudent guest,  
“ No more restrain his hand.
- “ Tell him, he freely may espouse  
“ My happy rival’s charms ;  
“ Tell him, I give him back his vows,  
“ I yield him to her arms.
- “ So may the strength of Gallia’s throne  
“ Attend a filial prayer,  
“ And force our tyrant to atone  
“ For all the wrongs we bear.
- “ Alas ! I fear it will not be !—  
“ Too faithful is his heart !  
“ From vows so dear,—from Love and me  
“ He never will depart.
- “ Even now, perhaps, his softening soul  
“ The fond ideas move,  
“ And yield it to the sweet controul  
“ Of—ah, too mighty Love !
- “ Friends, kindred, country, honor, fame,  
“ And vengeance are forgot ;  
“ And, with a fond, ill-omen’d flame,  
“ His fighting soul is fraught,

“ O haste

- “ O hafte thee then, ere yet too late,  
“ To fhield thy pupil’s fame ;  
“ To fnatch it from impending fate,  
“ And from impending flame !
- “ Tell him his country claims him now.—  
“ To her his heart he owes ;  
“ And fhall a love-breath’d wifh, or vow,  
“ That glorious claim oppofe ?—
- “ Tell him to aft the patriot part  
“ That Erin’s woes demand ;  
“ Tell him, would he fe cure my heart,  
“ He muft refign my hand.—
- “ Hafte, hafte thee hence !—tell him—yet ftay !—  
“ O Heaven ! my heart infpire !  
“ O what—what further fhall I fay,  
“ His foul with fame to fire ?—
- “ Soft—foft—’tis mine !—O happy hour !  
“ It cannot fail to move !  
“ O bleft be Erin’s guardian pow’r !  
“ And bleft be patriot love !”

While thus the fweet Enthufiaft fpeaks,  
She feems o’er earth to rife ;  
Sublime emotions flufh her cheeks,  
And fill her radiant eyes !

In her soft hand the style she takes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the beech tablet holds;  
 And there the soul of glory wakes,  
 And all her heart unfolds.

“ ’Tis done!—now haste thee hence, (she cry’d)

“ With this to Gallia fly;—

“ And O! let all thy power be try’d,

“ To gain him to comply!

“ O fire his soul with glory’s flame!

“ O fend me from his heart!

“ Before his country, and his fame,

“ Let blushing love depart!—

“ For me,—on duty I rely,

“ My firm support to prove;

“ And Erin shall the room supply

“ Of Mäon and of love.”

“ Blest be thy soul! O peerless maid!

“ Bright sun of virtue’s heaven!

“ For O! to thee, her light, her aid,

“ And all her powers are given!”

I went:

<sup>1</sup> “ Before the use of paper or parchment, the matter on which the Irish wrote their letters was on tables cut out of a beech tree, and smoothed by a plane, which they inscribed with an iron pencil, called a *style*; the letters themselves were anciently termed *Feadha* (woods) from the matter on which they were written, as well as because they were the names of trees; and this was the practice of other nations before paper and parchment were discovered.” WARNER’S *Hist. Irel. Int.* p. 65.

I went :—I bounded o'er the wave,  
 To Gallia's verdant shore ;  
 The winds a swift conveyance gave,  
 And soon to harbour bore.

And soon, at Gallia's splendid court,  
 I lowly bent the knee,  
 While fondest hopes my heart transport,  
 Again my Prince to see.

My hopes were just.—Sublime he came,  
 Array'd in glory's charms !  
 I panted to unfold my name,—  
 To rush into his arms !—

It must not be ;—a close disguise  
 My face and form conceals ;  
 No token, to my Mäon's eyes,  
 As yet, his Bard reveals.

Patient, as Moriat bade, I wait,  
 Collecting all my power,  
 'Till, to the busy forms of state,  
 Succeeds the festive hour.

The feast is o'er :—the light'ned board  
 With sparkling shells is crown'd ;  
 And numbers next their aid afford,  
 And give new soul to found.

Then,

Then, then my harp I trembling take,  
And touch its lofty string,  
While Moriat's lines its powers awake,  
And, as she bade I sing.

---

Mäion! bright and deathless name!  
Heir of Glory!—son of fame!  
Hear, O hear the Muse's strain!  
Hear the mourning Bard complain!—  
Hear him, while his anguish flows  
O'er thy bleeding country's woes.  
Hear, by him, her Genius speak!  
Hear her, aid and pity seek!

- “ Mäion, (she cries) behold my ruin'd land!  
“ The prostrate wall,—the blood-stain'd field :—  
“ Behold my slaughter'd sons, and captive fires,  
“ Thy vengeance imprecate, thy aid demand!  
“ (From reeking swords and raging fires  
“ No arm but thine to shield.)  
“ Come see what yet remains to tell  
“ Of horrors that befell!  
“ Come see where death, in bloody pomp array'd,  
“ Triumph'd o'er thy slaughter'd race!  
“ Where murder shew'd his daring face,  
“ And shook his deadly blade.

“ Hark!

- “ Hark!—hark!—that deep-drawn sigh!—  
“ Hark!—from the tomb my slaughter’d Princes cry!  
“ Still Attention! hold thy breath!—  
“ Listen to the words of death!—  
“ Start not Mäon!—arm thy breast!  
“ Hear thy royal birth confess.  
“ Hear the shade of Laoghaire tell  
“ All the woes his house befell.”
- “ Son of my son! (he cries,) O Mäon! hear!—  
“ Yes, yes,—our child thou art!  
“ Well may the unexpected tale  
“ Thus turn thy beauty pale!  
“ Yet cheer, my son, thy fainting heart,  
“ And silent, give thine ear.
- “ Son of Ollioll’s love art thou,  
“ Offspring of his early vow.  
“ One dreadful morn our fall beheld,  
“ One dagger drank our kindred blood;  
“ One mingling tide the slaughter swell’d,  
“ And murder bath’d amid the royal flood.
- “ Again,—again they rise to fight!—  
“ The horrors of that fatal day!—  
“ Encircling peril! wild affright!  
“ Groans of death, and deep dirinay!

“ See Erin’s dying Princes prefs the ground!

“ See gasping patriots bleed around!

“ See thy grandfire’s closing eye!

“ Hear his last expiring sigh!

“ Hear thy murder’d fire, in death,

“ Bless thee with his latest breath!—

“ Tears!—shall tears for blood be paid?—

“ Vengeance hopes for manly aid!

“ There—to yon tomb direct thine eyes!—

“ See the shade of Ollioll rise!

“ Hark!—he groans!—his airy side

“ Still shews the wound of death!

“ Still, from his bosom, flows the crimson tide,

“ As when he first resign’d his guiltless breath!

“ Mäon! (he cries,) O hear thy fire!

“ See, from the tomb, his mangled form arise!

“ Vengeance!—vengeance to inspire,

“ It meets thine aching eyes!

“ Speak I to an infant’s ears,

“ With shuddering blood and flowing tears?—

“ Rouse thee!—rouse thy daring soul!

“ Start at once for glory’s goal!

“ Rullh

“ Rush on Murder’s blood-stain’d throne !  
“ Tear from his brow my crown !  
“ Pluck, pluck the fierce barbarian down !  
“ And be triumphant vengeance all thy own !”

Ha !—I behold thy sparkling eyes !  
Erin !—’tis done !—thy Tyrant dies !  
Thy Mäon comes to free his groaning land !  
To do the work his early virtue plann’d.  
He comes, the heir of Laoghair’s splendid crown !  
He comes, the heir of Ollioll’s bright renown !  
He comes, the arm of Gallia’s host ;  
Valour’s fierce and lovely boast !  
Gallia’s grateful debt is paid ;  
See, she gives her generous aid !  
Her warriors round their hero press ;  
They rush, his wrongs, his country to redress.

But, ah ! what star of beauty’s sky  
Beams wonder on my dazzled eye ?  
What form of light is here ?  
And wherefore falls that softly trembling tear ?—  
Fair vision ! do thy furrows flow,  
To balm a stranger’s woe !—

Those dear drops that Pity brings,  
How bright, how beauteous they appear!  
The radiance of each tender tear  
Might gem the diadems of kings!

Ah, 'tis Gallia's royal fair!—  
Her sole and lovely heir!—  
O Nature! see thy power confest!  
See that dear, that beauteous breast  
Beat with thy mystic throb!

Hear the big sob  
Heave the soft heart, and shake the tender frame!  
O bright abode of Pity's power!  
Sweet altar of her trembling flame!  
Well (fairest!) in this fateful hour,  
Well may thy tears thy kindred race proclaim!  
Well may'st thou weep for Erin's woes,  
Since, in thy veins, the blood of Laoghaire flows!

Monarch of the Gallic throne,  
Lift to my voice!—  
An union that might make the world thy own,  
Now courts thy choice.

See the bright daughter of thy love!  
Yet unmated is thy dove.  
Can that soft hand a scepter wield?—  
Can that fair breast a nation shield?—

No,

No,—but with our prince ally'd,  
Erin's lov'd and lovely bride,  
Then, our joint empire, how might it extend!  
And wide our glittering standards be unfurl'd!  
To our united power the earth might bend,  
And our high sceptre, then, should sway a world!

---

Thus, delegated, while I spoke,  
My mandate to obey;  
Swift on my words the Princess broke,  
And rapt my powers away.

“ Never will I consent (she cry'd)  
“ To wear thy country's crown;  
“ Nor ever be thy Mäon's bride,  
“ Tho' splendid his renown!

“ Yet think not, Bard, my senseless breast  
“ Quite dead to Glory's flame;  
“ Think not I slight a Prince, confess  
“ The favourite son of fame.

“ Once, Bard,—I do not blush to own,  
“ Tho' Gallia's royal heir,  
“ I would have given the world's high throne,  
“ A Cot with him to share.

“ But, when I heard the tender tales

“ His gentle accents told ;

“ How sweet a rose the royal vales

“ Of Fearmorka<sup>a</sup> hold ;

“ I shrunk from the ungenerous thought

“ That might their loves destroy ;

“ And, in his dearer peace, I fought

“ To find reflected joy.

“ Nor now could world's my heart persuade

“ To be thy Maon's bride,

“ Or, from his blest Momonian maid,

“ His faithful vows divide.

“ But who art thou, whose wishes tower

“ Wide empire, thus, to wield ;

“ Who, to Ambition's haughty power,

“ Would Love a victim yield ?”—

“ O maid of Heaven !”—I could no more,

For tears my words arrest ;

And joy the garb of sorrow wore,

Big heaving in my breast.

With rapture mute, the close disguise

Quick from my limbs I threw ;

And

<sup>a</sup> In the west of Munster.

And straight, to Mäon's wondering eyes,  
Craftinè flood to view.

Forward, with lightning's speed, he sprung,  
And caught me to his heart ;  
While eager round my neck he clung,  
As if no more to part.

Then sudden, starting from my breast,  
His eye my form survey'd ;  
Its searching beams his doubts exprest,  
And struggling soul display'd.

“ And is it then Craftinè speaks ?  
(At length he fault'ring cry'd,)

“ Is it that honour'd sage who seeks  
“ His pupil to misguide ?

“ Can then Craftinè bid me fly  
“ From Virtue's firm controul ;  
“ And bid the breath of fame supply  
“ Her empire in my soul !

“ Does the sage guide of Mäon's youth  
“ Now teach the traitor's art ;—  
“ Teach, with the smiles of seeming truth,  
“ To veil a venal heart ?

- “ One lovely maid of heavenly charms,  
“ Bethroth'd, and won, to leave ;  
“ And, wedded to another's arms,  
“ Her generous soul deceive !
- “ A double traitor shall I prove,  
“ And stain with guilt my name !—  
“ Lost both to honour, and to love,  
“ To virtue, and to shame !—
- “ No, royal Aidé, form'd to blefs !  
“ Thou would'st disdain the art ;  
“ And charms like thine should sure possess  
“ An undivided heart.
- “ Sweet maid ! with each endowment blest  
“ That favouring Heaven could give,  
“ O ! ever, in my grateful breast,  
“ Shall thy dear image live !
- “ But further, by a form so bright,  
“ Had my fond soul been won ;  
“ Won by thy charms, thou lovely light  
“ Of Virtue's sacred sun !
- “ To thee had changing passion stray'd  
“ From vows of earlier youth ;  
“ Thy bright example, glorious maid !  
“ Had sham'd me into truth.

“ Yet

- “ Yet think me not, tho’ true to love,  
“ So dead to virtuous fame,  
“ To prize a selfish joy above  
“ The patriot’s hallow’d flame.
- “ O Erin ! that I hold thee dear,  
“ This arm shall soon attest ;  
“ For now revenge—revenge draws near,  
“ In death and terrors drest !
- “ And, O rever’d and royal shades !  
“ Ye dwellers of my soul !  
“ Whose memory this sad heart pervades,  
“ With limitless controul !
- “ Bend from your clouds each radiant face,  
“ While, firm as fate’s decrees,  
“ I swear, the manes of my race,  
“ With vengeance to appease !
- “ But Moriat !—never from my breast  
“ Shall thy mild virtues part !  
“ There ever shalt thou reign, confess  
“ The sov’reign of my heart !
- “ Say Bard, who thus thy soul has sway’d ?  
“ Who could thy sense misguide,  
“ To bid me leave my lovely maid,  
“ And seek another bride ?”

- “ No art, O Mäon, fway’d my breast,  
“ But POWER the mandate gave ;  
“ Deny’d my age its needful rest,  
“ And sped me o’er the wave.”
- “ What haughty power could thus assume  
“ An empire o’er my soul?—  
“ O’er Love and Virtue thus perfume  
“ To arrogate controul?”——
- “ A power, to whom thy humble vow  
“ E’er long shall be address’d ;  
“ A power to whom thy soul shall bow,  
“ And stoop its lofty crest.”
- “ Ha ! tell me then,—who, who shall dare  
“ To dictate to my heart ?  
“ To bid it from its wish forbear,  
“ And from its love depart?”——
- “ Earnest, O Prince ! was my command,  
“ And urgent was my speed ;  
“ A mandate from thy Moriat’s hand  
“ This fruitless voyage decreed.”
- “ Moriat !—away—it cannot be !  
“ Shame on thy cruel art !—  
“ Hence, hence away, while yet thou’rt free,  
“ And with thy tale depart.”——

“ Unjustly,

- “ Unjustly, Prince, am I disgrac’d,  
“ And guiltless do I stand ;  
“ Behold the characters she trac’d ;  
“ Behold her well known hand.”
- “ Ha !—blindness to my tortur’d fight !  
“ O hope ! behold thy grave !—  
“ O death to every fond delight  
“ That Love to promise gave !
- “ Say, Bard, while sense yet lives to hear,  
“ Whence came this cruel change ?  
“ O what, from vows so fond, so dear,  
“ Could such a soul estrange ?
- “ What happy rival, in her heart,  
“ Now holds her Mäon’s place,  
“ Who thus, with such successful art,  
“ His image could efface ?
- “ Mistaken Prince ! no second flame  
“ Thy Moriat’s heart can prove ;  
“ And it is only Mäon’s *fame*  
“ Can rival Mäon’s *love*.
- “ O haste, (she cry’d) haste, to thy Lord,  
“ My soul’s entreaty bear !  
“ And O may Heaven calm seas afford,  
“ And swiftest winds prepare !

- “ Tell him his country claims him now,  
“ To *her* his heart he owes ;  
“ And shall a love-breath'd with or vow  
“ That glorious claim oppose ?
- “ Tell him to act the patriot part  
“ That Erin's woes demand ;  
“ Tell him, would he secure my heart,  
“ He must resign my hand.
- “ For me, on duty I rely  
“ My firm support to prove,  
“ And Erin shall the room supply  
“ Of Mäon and of Love.
- “ Tell him he freely may espouse  
“ My happy rival's charms ;  
“ Tell him I give him back his vows,  
“ I yield him to her arms.
- “ So may the strength of Gallia's throne,  
“ Attend a filial prayer,  
“ And force one tyrant to atone  
“ For all the wrongs we bear.”
- “ Now Prince,—now judge thy Moriat's heart ;  
“ Now blame her dear command ;  
“ Now, if thou wilt, condemn the part  
“ Her patriot virtue plan'd !”

With rapturous wonder's sweet alarm,—  
    With speechless joy oppress'd,  
The trembling Mäon reach'd his arm,—  
    And sunk upon my breast.—

Dissolv'd in the applauding tear  
    That heart to virtue pays,  
The wondering melting croud appear,  
    While on the scene they gaze.

Low at the feet of Gallia's throne  
    The lovely Aidé bow'd;  
Sweet in persuasive charms she shone,  
    And thus her suit avow'd:

“ Now, now a boon, my royal fire!  
    “ If ever I was dear,  
“ O grant me now one sole desire,  
    “ One fond petition hear.

“ Let now the flower of Gallia's host  
    “ Our Mäon's arm attend,  
“ And speed him hence to Erin's coast,  
    “ His country to defend.

“ To tear the murderer of his race  
    “ From his insulted throne,  
“ His wrongs, with vengeance, to efface,  
    “ And blood with blood atone.”

Propitious to the warm request  
Of his enchanting child,  
Her fuit the royal Father blest,  
And with acceptance smil'd.

Then rising, on the Prince she turn'd  
Her more than angel face ;  
Her eye with heav'nly radiance burn'd,  
And beam'd benignant grace.

“ Now go ;—to Erin's happy shore  
“ Direct thy course, (she cry'd)  
“ Peace to thy native land restore,  
“ And o'er its realms preside ;

“ And tell that sister of my soul,  
“ Thy lov'd Momonian Maid,  
“ Like her, I strain to Virtue's goal,  
“ On Glory's wing convey'd.

“ Tell her, though oceans roll between  
“ Our shores, at distance plac'd,  
“ Yet is she by my spirit seen,  
“ And by my heart embrac'd.

“ And say,—when death dissolves our frames ;—  
“ When free to Æther's wing,  
“ And borne aloft on purest flames,  
“ Our souls exulting spring :

“ Rivals

“ Rivals no more, we then shall meet ;  
“ In air’s bright chariots move ;  
“ And joyful join in union sweet,  
“ And everlasting love.—”

Thus while she spoke, tears dimm’d her sight ;  
Her cheek its rose withdrew ;  
And quick as lightning’s radiant flight,  
She vanish’d from our view :

Mäon, pale, mute, o’erwhelm’d, distress’d,  
Had sunk before the Maid,  
And, to the spot her feet had press’d  
His grateful lips he laid.

A while the pitying Monarch gaz’d,  
And dropt a tender tear ;  
Then from the earth the youth he rais’d,  
His drooping soul to cheer.—

Now, snatch’d from every trophied wall,  
Bright standards float in air,  
And, to their Champion’s glorious call,  
The Gallic Chiefs repair.

Fate wing’d, along the rolling wave,  
Their ships exulting flew ;  
And Erin soon her harbours gave  
To our enraptur’d view.

Then Retribution's dreadful hour  
Appail'd the guilty breast!  
Stern frown'd the terror-giving power,  
In blood and vengeance drest.

As when fierce NEITH<sup>a</sup> mounts his car,  
With dreadful splendours bright;  
And, thundering in the front of war,  
Sweeps o'er the fields of fight!

Dismay'd before the withering God,  
The routed armies fly;  
Death in his arm, fate in his nod,  
And battles in his eye!

So his bright car our Mäon grac'd,  
In martial charms array'd:  
So his young arm, by vengeance brac'd,  
Shook high its deadly blade!

But the soft muse, of war no more  
Will undelighted tell:  
She loves the calm, the peaceful shore,  
Where gentler virtues dwell.

Haite

<sup>a</sup> The God of Battles of the Pagan Irish.

Haste we from the avenging powers  
Of Justice and of fate ;  
Haste we to Fearmorka's bowers,  
With Love's fond hopes elate.

Ah Moriat ! how will thy soft breast  
The mighty joy sustain ?  
Ah gently, rapture !—see, oppressed  
She sinks upon the plain.

She sinks—but Love's extended arms  
From earth her beauties raise ;  
And Love's soft voice awakes her charms,  
And cordial cheer conveys.

Speechless awhile, she looks,—she sighs  
Unutterable joy ;  
Nor memory yet a thought supplies  
The transport to destroy.

At length, her recollected breast  
Recalls the Gallic Bride,  
When shuddering, back she shrinks distressed,  
Nor seeks her soul to hide.

“ Ah Maon ! go ! (she trembling cries,)  
“ Another claims thee now :  
“ Go, go where fame with love allies  
“ To plight thy nobler vow.”

“ No, my foul’s treasure! never more

“ From thy dear arms to part;

“ Here will I kneel, and here adore

“ With a devoted heart.

“ Ah, could’st thou think with empty fame

“ Thine image to efface?—

“ Or bid me, with another flame,

“ This bosom to disgrace!

“ Bright Aidé would with scorn have view’d

“ The wretch, to honor dead;

“ And shame and hatred had purfu’d

“ This base and guilty head.

“ Come, dearer than the world’s renown!

“ (And now, at length, my own!)”

“ Come, with thy virtues gem my crown,

“ And consecrate my throne!”——

How shall the Muse the Tale pursue?—

What words her strain shall swell?—

Or paint to sympathy’s fond view

What language fails to tell?

Think all that Glory can bestow!

That Virtue’s soul imparts!

Conceive the nameless joys that flow

From Love’s selected hearts.

Conceive the Patriot's glowing breast  
Whom grateful nations crown!  
With virtue, love, and empire blest,  
And honor's clear renown.—

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Here let me end.—And now, O Maid!  
Receive the Bard's adieu;—  
Invoke the favouring Muse's aid,  
And still thy talk pursue.

'Twill give new objects to thy ken;  
Of care thy breast beguile;  
And, on the labours of thy pen  
Thy country's eye will smile.

I came thy ardour to excite.—  
Once more, O Maid! adieu.—  
He spoke, and lost in splendid light  
He vanish'd from my view.

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T H E E N D.





E R R A T A.

- 6, line 22, for Conal-cearach, read Conall-cearnach.  
61, line 5, for mighty, read conquering.  
82, line 2 of the note, for Cumal, read Cumhal.  
169, lines 14 and 17 of the note, for DAVES, read DAVIES.  
185, line 4, for flow, read blow.  
201, line 8, for That, read Had.  
333, line 1, for their, read thin.  
337, line 23, for the, read her.  
340, line 2, for ferce, read force.





