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ḂANTA DUḂASAC NA h-ÉIRIANN

IRISH



POPULAR

SONGS

—WITH—

ENGLISH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

BY Edward Walsh

M. H. GILL & SON

DUBLIN

SECOND EDITION



IRISH POPULAR SONGS;

WITH

English Metrical Translations,

AND

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AND NOTES.

BY

EDWARD WALSH.

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Second Edition,

REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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DUBLIN:

W. H. SMITH AND SON, ABBEY-STREET.

M. H. GILL AND SON, SACKVILLE-STREET.

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TO  
THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,  
AS A TRIBUTE TO THEIR MANY VIRTUES,  
AND  
WITH ARDENT ADMIRATION  
OF  
THEIR HIGH POETIC GENIUS,  
AS EVIDENCED IN THEIR SONGS AND LEGENDS,  
This Volume  
IS INSCRIBED  
BY  
THEIR FRIEND AND COUNTRYMAN,  
EDWARD WALSH.

## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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AT a time when efforts are being made to revive the use of the written language of our country, no apology is necessary for attempting to add our mite to the general fund, in the shape of a second and (so far as type, &c., are concerned) improved edition of the Irish words in native letters, with the translations and songs of the late Edward Walsh.

Music is to the Irishman what salt is to the Arab—it impresses his soul, it enters into his very being, and it is only the shame of exposing a weakness of his manhood that prevents his weeping when he hears some air of long ago—some plough tune whistled, that erst he heard when wandering over the familiar paths of his childhood—

“A stranger yet to pain.”

Well we remember (though now forty years since) following Walsh in the twilight of an autumn evening, drinking in the odd chords that came from the little harp that lay on his left arm as he wandered, lonely and unknown, by the then desert Jones's-road, or reposed himself on one of the

seats that at that time were outside the walls of Clonliffe House. It was then we first heard *Καράο ἀη τ-Σύζαηη*, "The Twisting of the Rope"—that beautiful air to which Moore adapted the no less beautiful words, "How dear to me the hour when Daylight dies!" We have ever known a difficulty in singing the words of the great poet to the air—there is none in Walsh's version; but then *it* is the pure vintage, and words and music come from the same source.

In our young days, in the remote lodges of Belmullet, away at Inver, and amongst the O'Donnells of that ilk who inhabited the almost unknown regions of Poulathomas, in wild Erris, we met many who could sing the native melodies, and give to the language that pathos which alone it is capable of receiving; but the march of intellect has only taught us to be ashamed of our nationality. The generous but indiscriminate supply of small harmoniums by the Board of National Education, and the Hullah System, have sent the music of poor Erin to the right-about; and you are much more likely now-a-days to hear "A che la Mórte," "La Malle des Indes," or "Li Biama" from Brindisi, than "Colleen das cruthan a Mbhow" or the "Coulin" echoing from the parlour of some comfortable shopkeeper of Killybegs or Westport, whose young ladies have just returned from school, where they learnt more of the phonograph than they did of "cut papers," and worked at hideous

attempts at illumination when they should have been learning to make a shirt for their father, or to diaper-darn their own stockings! The music of their country was not to be thought of, and shopkeepers' daughters who had perforce to speak Irish in Berehaven, did not know a word of the language when they came to fashionable Cork.

But a brighter day is dawning, and the publication of such songs as Walsh's must beget a taste and raise Nationalism and Patriotism from the low state to which they have fallen.

We have made no attempt to fix airs, or institute comparisons; we give the book as it came from the author—there is nothing in it that requires a justification or excuse. We believe it to be a noble specimen of native genius, and as such we offer it to our countrymen, confident in their verdict, and strongly hoping to live to hear the soul-stirring, heart-moving songs of the people echoing in the vernacular through the verdant groves of our NATIVE LAND.

J. S. S.

*Dublin, June, 1883.*

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS  
ON  
IRISH POPULAR POETRY.

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THE popular Songs and Ballads of Ireland are as completely unknown to the great mass of Irish readers, as if they were sung in the wilds of Lapland, instead of the green valleys of their own native land. These strains of the Irish Muse are to be found in the tongue of the people only; and while, for past centuries, every means had been used to lead the classes which had partaken, even in the slightest degree, of an English education, into a total disuse of the mother tongue; when the middle and upper ranks, aping the manners of the English settlers located among them, adopted a most unnational dislike to the language of their fathers; when even in the courts of law the sole use of the vernacular was a stumbling-block in the way of him who sought for justice within their precincts, and the youth who may have acquired a smattering of education found it necessary, upon emerging from his native glen into the world, to hide, as closely as possible, all

knowledge of the tongue he had learned at his mother's breast; it is no wonder the peasantry should, at length, quit this last vestige of nationality, and assist the efforts of the hedge school-master in its repression. The village teacher had long been endeavouring to check the circulation of the native tongue among the people, by establishing a complete system of espionage in these rustic seminaries, in which the youth of each hamlet were made to testify against those among them who uttered an Irish phrase. This will easily account for the very imperfect knowledge which the rising population of various districts have, at this hour, of the tongue which forms the sole mode of communication between their seniors. The poor peasant, seeing that education could be obtained through the use of English only, and that the employment of the native tongue was a strong bar to the acquirement of the favoured one, prohibited to his children the use of the despised language of his fathers. This transition was, and is still, productive of serious inconvenience to the young and the old of the same household in their mutual intercourse of sentiment. The writer of these remarks has been often painfully amused at witnessing the embarrassment of a family circle, where the parents, scarcely understanding a word of English, strove to converse with their children, who, awed by paternal command, and the dread of summary punishment at



the hands of the pedagogue, were driven to essay a language of which the parents could scarcely comprehend a single word, and of which the poor children had too scant a stock to furnish forth a tithe of their exuberant thought.

Yet, in this despised, forsaken language are stored up the most varied and comprehensive powers for composition. Who that has heard the priest address his Irish-speaking congregation, and seen the strange power of his impassioned eloquence over the hearts of his hearers—how the strong man, the feeble senior, the gentle girl, were alternately fixed in mute astonishment, kindled into enthusiasm, or melted into tears, as the orator pourtrayed the mercies of heaven to fallen man—who that has witnessed this, and will not acknowledge its thrilling influence in the affecting simplicity of its pathos, and the energy of its bold sublimity? Who that has heard the peasant-mother lavish upon her infant these endearing expressions, which can hardly be conveyed in a comparatively cold English dress, and not call it the tongue of maternal tenderness? And I trust that he who can read the following songs in the original, will likewise confess that the Irish tongue can also express the most passionate ardour, the most sweetly querulous murmurings of love, and that rending grief which beats its breast upon the margin of despair.

It has been asserted that there is no language

better adapted to lyric poetry than the Irish. That array of consonants which is retained in the words, to show the derivation, and which appears so formidable to the eye of an un-Irish reader, is cut off by aspirates, and softens down into a pleasing stream of liquid sounds, and the disposition of the broad and the slender vowels gives a variety to the ear by their ever-changing melody.

One striking characteristic in the flow of Irish verse must principally claim our notice—namely, the beautiful adaptation of the subject of the words to the song measure—the particular embodiment of thought requiring, it would seem, a kindred current of music to float upon. Or, to vary the figure, the particular tune so exquisitely chosen by the Irish lyrist, seems the natural gait of the subject, whatever that may be, from which it cannot be forced, in a translation, without at once destroying the graceful correspondence which gives its most attractive grace to the original.

Miss Brooke has erred through her versions of the “*Reliques*” in this respect, and so also, almost generally, have the translators of Mr. Hardiman’s “*Minstrelsy*.”

Another grace of the Irish language lies in the number of its synonymes, which enables the poet to repeat the same thought over and over without tiring the ear. Its copiousness permits the raising of a pyramid of words upon a single thought—as, for instance, in the description of a beautiful

head of hair, the poet employs a variety of epithets, all of the same cognate race, yet each differing from the other by some slight shade of meaning. The rhymers of later times have carried this peculiarity in a blameable degree. In this species of composition, the translator is quite bewildered, and he seeks, in vain, for equivalent terms in the English tongue to express the graceful redundancies of the original!

In the sentimental and pastoral songs of Ireland, will be found those varied and gorgeous descriptions of female beauty and rural scenery, which have no parallel in the English tongue, and which, as men of learning have asserted, are equalled only in the rich and exuberant poetry of the East. In these Irish songs are to be found none of the indelicate and even gross allusions which so greatly disgrace the lyrical efforts of the best poets of England in the last century. Not but that Irish rhymers have often composed in the censurable manner to which we have alluded; but these reprehensible lays are to be found only in manuscripts, and are never sung by the people.

Some of these popular songs are genuine pastorals, possessing this pleasing feature, that while nothing fictitious blends with the strain, and the whole is perfectly true to nature, nothing coarse or vulgar is introduced, to displease the most refined ear, and all the beautiful and glorious objects of nature are pressed into the service of

the muse. The bloom of the bean-field is the cheek of the rural nymph; her eye, a freezing star, or the crystal dew-drops on the grass at sunrise; her sudden appearance, a sunburst through a cloud of mist; the majesty of her mien, the grace of the white-breasted swan surveying his arching neck in the mirror of the blue lake; her voice, the cooing of the dove, the magic sounds of fairy music, or the speaking note of the cuckoo when he bids the woods rejoice; her hair either ambery, golden, or flaxen—ringleted, braided, perfumed, bepearled, sweeping the tie of her sandal, or floating on the silken wing of the breeze! The enamoured poet will lead his love over the green-topped hills of the South or West, will show her ships and sails through the vistas of the forest, as they seek their retreat by the shore of the broad lake. They shall dine on the venison of the hills, the trout of the lake, and the honey of the hollow oak. Their couch shall be the purple-blössomed heath, the soft moss of the rock, or the green rushes strewn with creamy agrimony, and the early call of the heath-cock alone shall break their slumber of love!

Allegory was the favourite vehicle of conveying the political sentiment of Ireland in song, at least since the days of Elizabeth. To this figure the poets were inclined by the genius of the tongue, as well as the necessity which urged to clothe the aspirations for freedom in a figurative

dress. Erin, the goddess of the bard's worship, is a beautiful virgin, who has fallen within the grasp of the oppressor—all the terms of his tongue are expended in celebration of the charms of her person, her purity, her constancy, her present sufferings, her ancient glory! Her metaphorical names are many: the chief among that class are "Rós geal Dubh," "Graine Mhaol," "Droiman Donn;" or she sometimes appears invested with all the attributes in which the beautiful fairy mythology of the land enwraps the fabled beings of its creation. She leads the poet a devious route to many a rath and fairy palace, till at length, amid the shadowy forms of olden bards, and chiefs, and regal dames, and sceptred kings, she bids the wondering mortal proclaim to the Milesian Race that the period was at hand when her faithful friends would burst her bonds of slavery! The "Vision of John MacDonnell" is a beautiful instance of this species of composition, and is also very curious in illustration of the fairy topography of Ireland.

A few specimens to prove our remarks upon the power of Irish verse, may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to the reader. The following noble stanza is from a poem by Eoghan O'Rahilly, a poet of the last century, on a shipwreck which he witnessed on the coast of Kerry. The stanza and its translation are taken from O'Reilly's "Biography of Irish Writers":—

Φοβ ἔαζηαὶ ἰμμητ ἠα τῆλε με θαομ-μιατῶν  
 Ἐθέαδ ἠα τοιηηε με φῆρηεαδ ἠα ζαοτ ζυαμηῆη,  
 Ταοβ ἠα λοηηε 'ῖα φῆρηση αμη τηεμη-λυαρζαδ,  
 Ἐηζ εἰζεαδ τητημ ζο ζμηηηοι ζαη δάηι φυαρκαητ;

The roaring flood resistless force display'd,  
 Each whirling blast the swelling surges sway'd,  
 'The vessel burst—alas! the crew she bore  
 Scream'd in the deep, and sank to rise no more!

Donough MacNamara, a Waterford poet of the last century, in his mock *Æneid*, thus describes the roar of the Stygian ferryman as penetrating the remotest boundaries of creation:—

Φο λέηζ με ζάμη οῖ ἀμδ ηρ βέηεαδ,  
 Λε φυαμη α ζοτα το ἐμητεαδων ἠα φρέαρηαδ,  
 Φο ἐυαλαδ αη ἐμηηηε ἔ 'ῖ ἐμη ηφμηση ζέμη αη!

He uttered an outcry and a roar—  
 At the sound of his voice the heavens were shaken,  
 All creation heard it, and hell rebellowed!

The following incentive to battle is from the pen of Andrew Magrath, called the *Mangaire Sugach*, another Munster poet:—

Ση αζαηβ αη τ-αμη αζυρ ζαβαηζ λε ἠα ἐέηε,  
 Πρεαβαηζ λε φοηη αζυρ φλανηκαηζ μεητ-φῆε,  
 Λεαηαηζ αη φοζα αη ὀηεαμη αη ἐηῆζ,  
 'S ἠά ἠ-ιοηηηοηζεαδ αηη λε ῖζάτ ὀη-ζλεδ!

The hour hath come—unite your force;  
 Rush with ardour, and strike the fat he-goats;

Follow up the assault on the perfidious race,  
And let none swerve in terror from the conflict!

In "The Boat Song,"—one of the songs in the present collection,—the poet thus apostrophises a rock in Blacksod Bay:—

Ω Δαολεη, α εροη-εαρηαηζ ζαρη ζαη ηζάε,  
Ωηη αη ηιαό-βαηε-ρο ρύη-ρα ηηεατήηζ το ηάε,  
Ωη ερήηηη ηεαε, 'η αη ζ-εαη-ρο, ζο β-ρααα τύ βάο  
Ζαη εσηαβαηηε τοηη-βαηηα ζεαηηαό ηαη τάηη!

O! Dilion, tempest-beaten rock, all rough and dark!  
Look forth, and see beneath me now this bounding  
bark,

And say, if e'er thou boat beheld within this bay,  
Wave mounted, cleaving, confident, like mine to-  
day!

The wind agitating the waters of the River Funcheon is thus described by one MacAuliff, a blacksmith of Glanmire, near Cork. I would beg of the classical reader to compare this line with that frequently quoted one in the first book of Homer's Iliad:—

Ζηοηζ-ζοταε λάηηη α ζ-εαηήηηη ηα ο-τοηη.

Loud-clanging, forceful, wild-tossing the waves.

The following instance from the song of *Eadh monn an Chnoic* will shew how the consonant sounds are softened down by aspiration:—

Ա ճի՛կ ալիքի ծեար յա Ե-բայրեաժժա Յ-սար,  
 Եր երեւո՛ջ 'ջար Եր շլար ո՞՞ ի՛նչե !

Maid of the wreathed ringlets, beautiful, exceedingly  
 fair,  
 Blue and splendid are your eyes !

And again, in the same song as it is sung in the  
 South of Ireland:—

Ա ճւսայի Դա իեան Երսանդոն Դեալ  
 Դա ճոլլե ԿՅ Դբեալա Տրու՛ճա,  
 Պար Կ Եբաճանդոն երեւո՛ճ 'Եր լոն Կր Կ Դեա՞՞,  
 Ան Դաժ՞ 'ջար Կն Դո՞ճ ԿՅ Երտրե ;  
 Ան տենի՛ն Եր Երնե Կր ճեճայԵ ԿՅ Դեյիյի,  
 Ան ճւայճի՛ն Կր Եանր Կն իր-ճլար,  
 Եր Յօ Երա՛ճ ո՛յ տյոճԴ Կն Եանր Կր Կր Ե-Յօրե,  
 Ա լան յա ճոլլե ճւարճա !

My hope, my love, we will proceed  
 Into the woods, scattering the dews,  
 Where we will behold the salmon, and the ousel  
 in its nest,  
 The deer and the roe-buck calling,  
 The sweetest bird on the branches warbling,  
 The cuckoo on the summit of the green hill ;  
 And death shall never approach us  
 In the bosom of the fragrant wood !

In the allegorical song, *Rós geal Dubh*, the  
 poet's love for his unfortunate country, and his  
 utter despair of its freedom, are thus expressed:



Τά ζηρό άζαμ άμ λάμ όητ  
 Le blažam anorr,  
 Ζηρό κρήτε, ζηρό κάρμημ,  
 Ζηρό σjοπατά,  
 Ζηρό ό'ράζ μέ ζαη ρλάητε,  
 Ζαη ηjαη, ζαη ηηό,  
 Jη ζο ηηαό, ηηαό, ζαη άοη φαλλ άζαμ  
 Άηη Rόρ γεαl Dub!

My love sincere is centred here  
 This year and more—  
 Love, sadly vexing, love perplexing,  
 Love painful, sore,  
 Love, whose rigour hath crush'd my vigour,  
 Thrice hopeless love,  
 While fate doth sever me, ever, ever,  
 From *Rós geal Dubh* !

In the song of "Beautiful Deirdre," the following will illustrate what has been already said of the power of the Irish in the use of synonymes:—

Jη κάμηραό άλαοη, 'η ηη κηαοβάό, έμαό-ύηλαό,  
 Ταητέαμηαό, τευδαό, φαοη-άαη, φαο-λίαηηεαό  
 λεαβαηη-άεαηη, λαοόά, ρλαοδαό, ρμαό-λίβαό  
 Ά βαόαλλ-φοηηε άαοηη-ζλαη ζευζαό φαο-άύηηαό.

Her ringlet-hair—  
 Curve-arching, meandering, spreading, curl-quivering,  
 Fascinating, stringlike, pliant-wreathing, restless-  
 swerving,  
 Free-extending, inclining, abundant, thick-twining,  
 Mildly-bright branchy, far-sweeping.



writings many of the songs in this collection are taken. Some of these songs belong to an earlier period. *Rós geal Dubh*, for instance, is supposed to have been composed in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the names of the writers of some of the best in the collection are now unknown. In these songs, the historian or moral philosopher may trace the peculiar character of our people; and from fragmented phrases and detached expressions, ascertain the "form and pressure" of the times to which they belong, even as the geologist bears away fragments of old world wonders, whence to deduce a theory or establish a truth. He will trace the ardent temper and unbroken spirit of our people in these undefined aspirations for freedom—the allegorical poems; their vehement and fiery love, chastened and subdued beneath the yoke of reason, by deep religious feeling, in their pastoral songs; and in the elegiac strains he will trace the intense feelings that exist in the Irish heart, as the mourner pours his despair over the grave of departed beauty, or sighs, on the margin of a foreign shore, for one green spot in his own loved island which he can never more behold.

These song writers are, doubtless, the lineal descendants of the bards of preceding centuries. Their poems, however, are not works of art; they are, with few exceptions, the efforts of untutored nature—the spontaneous produce of a rich poetic

soil. But if these wild lyrics thrill with electric power to the heart, what must be the effect of the finished productions of that happier period when the chiefs of the land protected the craft of the minstrel!

Chief among these poets, as distinguished for his extensive learning and bardic powers, stands John MacDonnell, surnamed Claragh, a native of Charleville, in the County Cork. He was the contemporary and friend of John Toomey, a Limerick poet, celebrated for his convivial temper and sparkling wit. The "Vision," of MacDonnell, with some other pieces, come within the present collection. He was a violent Jacobite, and his poems are chiefly of that character. In his time, the poets held "bardic sessions" at stated intervals, for the exercise of their genius. The people of the districts bordering upon the town of Charleville yet retain curious traditions of these literary contests, in which the candidates for admission were obliged to furnish extempore proofs of poetical ability. O'Halloran, in his "Introduction to the History of Ireland," makes honourable mention of this gifted man, and says that he was engaged in writing a history of Ireland in the native tongue. MacDonnell made also a proposal to some gentleman of the County Clare to translate Homer's Iliad into Irish. "From the specimen he gave," says O'Halloran, "it would seem that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gathelian as in a Greek dress."

MacDonnell died in 1754, and was interred near Charleville. His friend and brother poet, John Toomey, wrote his elegy, which may be found in Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy."

Andrew Magrath, surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach*, from whose writings I have largely extracted, was a native of the County Limerick. He practised, for a considerable time, the business of a pedlar, or travelling merchant, an occupation that gave occasion to the designation, *Mangaire Sugach*, which denotes the *Jolly Merchant*. His poems are very numerous, and greatly varied, being chiefly satirical, amatory, and political. This man possessed a genius of the highest order. His humorous pieces abound with the most delicate touches, for, as his occupation of pedlar led him into all grades of society, his discrimination of character was consequently very acute. His love songs are full of pathos, and, so far as I have been able to observe, entirely free from the taint of licentiousness. He, however, lived a vicious, sensual life, and by his irregularities incurred the censures of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It was on occasion of his being refused admittance into the Protestant communion, after his expulsion from the Catholic Church, that he wrote his "Lament," where the portraiture of his strange distress leaves the reader at a loss whether to weep at his misfortune, or laugh at the ludicrous expression of his sorrow.

Owen O'Sullivan, usually named *Eoghan Ruadh*, or *Owen the Red*, from the colour of his hair, was a native of the County Kerry. He lived at a somewhat later period than either MacDonnell or Magrath, and was also, like Magrath, a very eccentric character. O'Sullivan sometimes followed the employment of an itinerant labourer, in which occupation he would make periodical excursions into the Counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, during the reaping and potato-digging seasons. In the summer months, he would open a hedge school in the centre of a populous district, where the boys of the surrounding hamlets, and the "poor scholars" who usually followed in the wake of Owen's perambulations, were taught to render the Greek of Homer and the usual school range of Latin authors into Irish and English. I should observe that Owen the Red wrote and spoke the English tongue with considerable fluency. Many of his satires, written in that language, against the Volunteers of '82, are yet preserved in the neighbourhood of Churchtown and Charleville, in the County of Cork.

O'Sullivan's productions are satirical, elegiac, amatory and political. He is the favourite poet of the Munster peasantry, and their appreciation of the potato-digging bard does high credit to their critical discrimination. His strain was bold, vigorous, passionate, and feeling; his only fault

being a redundancy of language to which he was led by the inclination of the Irish tongue, and his own vehemence of temper. He died in 1784.

The following extract from the life of Owen O'Sullivan, as I have given it in the "Jacobite Reliques," will furnish a glimpse of this unfortunate genius :—

"There are doubtless many of my readers who now hear of Owen Roe O'Sullivan for the first time. To them, perhaps, it will be necessary to say, that Owen Roe was to Ireland what Robert Burns, at a somewhat later day, was to Scotland—the glory and shame of his native land. I know no two characters in my range of observation that so closely resemble each other as Burns and Owen Roe. The same poetical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman's love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—and the same fatal yearnings after "cheerful tankards foaming," alike distinguished the heaven-taught minstrels. Like Burns, Owen Roe first tuned his reed to the charms of nature and the joys of woman's love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him; and, like him, he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous, and, like him, succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage; both toiled through life at the

spade and plough; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion!"

William Hefferan, more usually called *William Dall*, or *Blind William*, a native of Shronehill, in the County Tipperary, was contemporary with MacDonnell and Toomey, with whom he often tried his poetic powers in the literary battles of the bardic sessions. He was born blind, and spent the greater part of his life, a poor houseless wanderer, subsisting upon the bounty of others. His pieces are political, elegiac, and amatory. The tenderness of his amatory muse is refined and sweet in the highest degree. His allegorical poem, *Cliona of the Rock*, says Mr. Hardiman, "would in itself be sufficient to rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp him with the name of poet. The machinery of this ode has been a favourite form of composition with our later bards. They delighted in decorating these visionary beings with all charms of celestial beauty, and in this respect, our author appears to have been no mean proficient. His description is heightened with all the glow and warmth of the richest oriental colouring, and the sentiments and language are every way worthy of the subject."

His *Caitlin ni Uallachán* and other pieces, in this collection, will furnish a fair specimen of his abilities.



Another poet of this century was Donough Roe MacNamara, a native of Waterford, who, finding that the profits of his hedge school, in which he taught Greek and Latin to the peasantry, were inadequate to his support, resolved to try his fortune as a labourer in Newfoundland. He embarked; but on the second day of the voyage, the vessel in which he sailed was chased back upon the Irish coast by a French privateer, and poor MacNamara once more took to the teaching trade. At the suggestion of a Mr. Power, he afterwards wrote a metrical account of his adventure. In this poem he sets out with a description of his poverty—the manner in which the whole parish contributed to fit him out—the fascination of his landlady and her fair daughter, in Waterford—a storm at sea—sea-sickness of the passengers—a vision in which the queen of the fairies takes him to the realm of departed spirits, where he beholds the shades of Irish warriors, and hears strange political revelations, &c., &c. This mock *Æneid* contains passages of extraordinary power, and rare flights of humour. MacNamara also produced many political and amatory songs.

The foregoing are the writers from whose works I have chosen some of the pieces in this collection. Contemporary poets, of whose poems I have not availed myself are Eoghan O'Rahilly, a native of Kerry, a man of learning and great natural abilities. The peasantry of the bordering Counties

of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry, yet recite his poems, and cherish the memory of his caustic wit and exquisite humour. O'Halloran makes honourable mention of this poet. Denis and Connor O'Sullivan, brothers, authors of many excellent political and amatory songs, were also natives of Kerry. In the same district, at a somewhat later period, lived Fineen O'Scannell, a man of high poetical merit, the author of many poems. Edmund Wall was also a satirical poet of much celebrity in the County of Cork.

The Reverend William English, a friar of the City of Cork, was a poet, highly facetious and satirical. Timothy O'Sullivan usually named *Teige Gaelach*, a native of the County Waterford, was also a poet of great celebrity. His works are numerous, consisting of odes, elegies, political songs, and pastorals. His elegy on the death of Denis MacCarthy, of Ballea, in the County Cork, is a beautiful specimen of this species of composition. In early life his conduct was very irregular, and many of his poems licentious ; but in after time he became sincerely penitent, and devoted his talents to the composition of sacred poems and hymns, many of which have been collected and published under the title of "Timothy O'Sullivan's Pious Miscellany."

In this passing view of the writers of the last century, I have confined myself to those of the South of Ireland alone. Even many of these I

must pass over in silence, and shall close with some account of John Collins, whose genius and learning eminently qualify him to stand among the first of modern writers in Ireland. Collins taught school at Skibbereen, in the County Cork, where he died, in 1816. His poems are held in high estimation ; his best production, or perhaps the best in the modern Irish, being his poem on "Timoleague Abbey." Collins has given an Irish translation of Campbell's "Exile of Erin," which admirably proves, if proof were necessary, the power of the Irish language. None will pronounce this translation in any instance inferior to the celebrated original, while, in many passages, the Irish version rises far superior in harmony of numbers and feeling of expression !

In conclusion, I beg leave to say a word or two respecting the songs in this collection. I have admitted nothing among them calculated, in a moral or political point of view, to give offence. I have also been careful to avoid that error which I already censured in others—namely, the fault of not suiting the measure of the translation to the exact song-tune of the original. The Irish scholar will perceive that I have embodied the meaning and spirit of each Irish stanza within the compass of the same number of lines, each for each ; and that I have also preserved, in many of the songs, the cæsural and demi-cæsural rhymes, the use of which produces such harmonious effect in Irish

verse. I offer these songs to the public as evidence of the poetic spirit of our people. To the reader who cannot peruse the original, I have to say, that the English versions are faithful, and, in most instances, perfectly literal transcripts of the Irish; and that our hills and valleys, and milking bawns, and every cottager's fireside, are vocal with hundreds of songs, which want but the aid of a poet, himself one of the people, speaking their tongue, and familiar with its idioms, to recommend them to public notice in an English dress.

It is fit to state that I have copied into this little work some of the songs which Mr. Hardiman has left untranslated in the "Minstrelsy," and also that I have selected from manuscripts some songs which I subsequently found had been already used by Mr. Hardiman. Some of my versions, however, are different from his.

In consequence of the neglected state of the Irish language during the last two centuries, considerable irregularity has arisen among writers in the use of its orthography. This will be apparent to anyone who considers what the fate of a language must be, which, ceasing to be the vehicle of learned instruction, descends to the use of men unskilled in the rules of composition, and ignorant even of the modes of inflecting nouns, or conjugating verbs. The songs in this collection, I am proud to say, are as free as possible from grammatical error, Mr. Owen Connellan,

Irish Historiographer to their late Majesties, George IV. and William IV., translator of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and author of a "Grammar of the Irish Language," &c., having kindly undertaken to read the Irish throughout, and to correct every apparent error of the text.

E. WALSH.

*Dublin, January, 1847.*

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Edward Walsh was interred in the Mathew Cemetery, Cork, where a Celtic Cross bears the following inscription, in Irish and English:—

CEADBÁIRD BREATHAIC,  
 AN FÍLE AZUR AN FÍR CHIONNAIC,  
 D'ÉAD AN REIREAD LÁ DO NÍ,  
 LUZHARA M.D.CCCL.  
 SAN MBLADDAIN CEATHAICAD  
 AZUR CÚIS DA AOR.  
 DO ÉÓSBAD AN CHOR LIAS RO  
 MARI LEACHT-CHUMHE DO LE A  
 CHAIRDIB AZUR LE LUICHT  
 AZ A PAIB MÓIRHEAR AIR.  
 SO D-CUZAD DIA RUATHNEAR  
 SÍORR'UÍDE D'A ANAM.

EDWARD WALSH,  
 THE POET AND TRANSLATOR,  
 Died August 6th, 1850,  
 Aged 45 Years.  
 Erected to his Memory  
 By a few Admirers of the Patriot and the Bard.  
 God rest his Soul.

The following more correct rendering of the Irish has been furnished to us by a friend:—

EDWARD WALSH,  
 THE POET AND TRUE IRISHMAN,  
 Who Died the 6th August, 1850,  
 In the 45th year of his age.

This Memorial Cross was erected in memory of him by his Friends  
 and by the People, who esteemed him much.

May God give eternal rest to his Soul.

## WALSH'S IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

—:0.—

29 Essex Quay, Dublin,  
24th March, 1883.

SIR,

From amongst many of Edward Walsh's letters in my possession, I send you four which I have selected for insertion in your new edition of his "Irish Popular Songs."

These letters are most characteristic of the meekness of the poor fellow in the dark hours of his homeless adversity; in them are to be found traces of the poetic, patriotic, and most tender domestic feeling as well as a spirit of christian resignation and humility under a load of undeserved punishment,

Poor Walsh! with great talents and goodness of heart, his life-experiences in his own dear Isle were anything but pleasurable.

As you aided him in putting his first edition through the press, I don't wonder at your being so anxious to make this edition an interesting and successful one.

With best wishes for the realization of your hopes in connection with the re-issue of Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs."

Yours,

PATRICK TRAYNOR.

*To Mr. Peter Roe.*

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### ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EDWARD WALSH.

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Duke's-row, Summer-hill,  
Dublin, January 2nd, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I did not receive your letter till late last night, though left here yesterday morning.

I called at Machen's at 10 to-day. He informed me that the printer did not yet give him your second number, and that many gentlemen called to enquire for it, and seemed disappointed. I called at the residence of a barrister of note in the city—after-

wards one of those fiery spirits who are carrying out the present movement of freedom,—and he told me that he likewise called at Machen's for the songs. He begged of me to leave him my metrical version of the songs to show to his friends. He has a high opinion of my abilities, and says that my aid in giving an elegant translation would be powerful in recommending them to many English readers. He says it would be a good plan to introduce your literal version with the Irish—that is, to give the prose English under the Irish, word for word, without regard to the arrangement—for the use of them who would study the tongue, and they would be many. He says such songs would take well. He has given me some business in the way of writing.

The artist I spoke of informs me that Curry says the last line of the *Creevin Erin* in your song is not belonging to that song at all; and I am clearly of opinion that it does not suit the measure of the other lines. Curry remarks that the two first lines are from a long song, the others are from a Jacobite song, and the last taken from some other song.

I have to say that it strikes me if the songs were got up in a clever way, they would succeed.

You will scarcely be able to read this, which I write in a confounded hurry.

Yours faithfully,

E. WALSH.

P.S.—I have no certain knowledge when I leave town, or whether I go at all—I'll know in a week. The *Creevin Erin* is in the mouth of all the clever fellows here.

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23 Duke's-row, Summer-hill,  
Dublin, January 5th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I got your letter this morning, and have great pleasure in now replying to that favour.

I called into Machen's at half-past 2 o'clock yesterday, and up to that time the printer did not send him your songs.

I did not go to hear Mr. S——'s lecture at the Rotundo. I did



not know that you were acquainted with him. I now suppose him to be the person of whom we were speaking, and whose brother I knew.

I was in the hope that the board would allow me back to my snug residence at Tourin, but they decided against it yesterday, though Sir R. M—— and the superintendent applied in my behalf. I am grieved that my poor wife and infants will be disturbed in their calm solitude, and sent up here in winter weather—*God pardon the doers of this injustice.* You will say, perhaps that it is the best course for my future advancement. It may be so, but I am not well fitted for the bustle of a town life, and besides, I dread if my health, which is not very robust, should fail—I dread the fate of my family; but I must now bear the charge and pray to God to assist me.

With regard to our projects respecting the songs, I understand you to say that you will bear all the expenses of printing, paper, &c., and after deducting all costs from the sales, you then at the end of six months will equally share the net profits remaining, with me. If this should be so, I am content. I'll engage to give you spirited translations,—talent is my only stock-in-trade, and I'll be no miser of it. In all other respects, Mr. Daly, reckon me as one who would die rather than lie or deceive.

I would wish, when you give the metrical version of the songs, that you gave the name of the translator. Mr. Lane recommends me not to forget this, as it might procure me notice.

That Mr. Curry sent the artist I was speaking of to me last night, to say that he would wish to know me. I am now about to go to him to the Academy, and shall enquire at Machen's about the songs. It still strikes me the last line of the *Creevin* has not the same measure nor number of feet with the other lines. Try, Mr. Daly. I shall with great pleasure try my hand at your songs, Nos. 2 and 3, if you send up the Irish and your literal version. I wish you were here, and then we would pull *harmoniously* together. I am very lonely and sad away from my own beloved wife and children, and cannot well settle down to anything till they come; I have written for them.

Believe me, with all truth, dear Mr. Daly,

Yours very faithfully,

E. WALSH.

23 Duke's-row, Summer-hill,  
Dublin, Wednesday, January 10th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I have thrown out no hint of your dealing unfairly by me, but I understood from you both "by word and write," as Burns says, that I was to share half *the profits*. That you meant so if I paid half the expenses as they occurred, I do not now doubt, because you tell me so, but I did not understand it so before. However, I am willing to *sing* for the thing you mention, that is one-third, as I cannot get more unless I contribute to the outlay. Are you satisfied, Mr. Daly?

I am prepared at all times to try my rhyming powers, though the *vis poetica* will not rush forth at my call at all times; however, never ask me if I am prepared, but always send without ceremony; send the Irish and the literal version. What you translated *link* in the *Creevin* I could not for some time understand the meaning of. I've learned it means a "*ringlet of hair*;" you should render it ringlet—it is highly poetical; your translation bore me from the meaning. I have written to Mrs. Walsh, and mentioned you. When she calls (if she travels by that way), provide her some decent safe lodging house to sleep in; she is anxious to see "Edward," and I don't think she will linger on the road. Your civil and kind invitation pleases me, Mr. Daly.

I was greatly pleased with your intention of giving the interlinear version according to my first suggestion. If you gave it without regard to the grammatical order of the English, but word for word in the Irish, it would be of service to my poetic version, by turning the reader from instituting comparisons between your accurate version and my looser one.

I called to-day at Machen's. He tells me the songs are taking right cleverly, but he complains of the manner in which the second number is got up. It is not fit for a street ballad, in type and paper. The letterpress and paper would damn the best work of the day. I told him you were taking it out of the printer's hands altogether, and he seemed pleased. "I bought your first number, and am greatly pleased with its cleverness, and also at its respectable appearance.

*I earnestly beg of you, unless you wish to ruin the Irish*

character of the work, not to print your *Irish* in either the Roman or Italian character.

*The old Irish type is the type of their nationality*; alter that, and you destroy it. These are my own suggestions. I have not spoken yet to anyone on the subject, but shall, perhaps, with Mr. Duffy tomorrow. You will pardon me, and attribute to my present situation the manner in which I send your communication.

I beg to remain yours,

E. WALSH.

P.S.—I am confident Mr. C. G. Duffy will agree with me in saying that the Irish should be done in Irish types.

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Richmond Cottages, Summer-hill,  
Dublin, March 7th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I trust you will pardon me for not replying earlier to your letters, when I assure you that I have so lengthened my hours of labour, that I scarcely have time to say my prayers, which, as a good Catholic, you are aware I am bound to do at least twice a day. I thank you for the newspaper, which I now return. The notice was good, and a very keen logical critic to whom I showed it, upon reading the song, said it was in every way equal to "Craovin Aowen." I beg you will send me all the papers you may get containing critical notices of our work, and I shall faithfully return them. I took care on Tuesday or Wednesday last (I don't remember which) to write to Mr. Duffy, at Rathmines, mentioning the honourable testimony which the songs elicited from the provincial Press, and your regret and disappointment the *Nation*—the powerful leader of public opinion—should not honour you with a single remark. I accompanied this with a request that he would give us a favourable notice on Saturday's *Nation*. But Mr. Duffy neither gave the requested notice—as you must already have perceived,—nor sent me a private line in answer to my communication. This neglect on Mr. Duffy's part fills me with surprise, and I would assuredly have had a personal interview with him to ascertain the cause, had I time sufficient to visit him. This is an unnatural state of society, where a man having no pre-

tension to literary merit, is so chained down to the galley oar of exertion for what heaven allots to the wild beast of the hill—his “daily bread,”—that he has not only no time to think of God and his glorious kingdom come—to listen to the communing of heaven’s angels with his own immortal spirit,—but cannot spare an hour from his task-time to cross a town or a street upon a common errand of business ! But so it is.

I called at Goodwin’s, but the proof was not ready. They told me that they would forward you one on Saturday, and that I could have another at six o’clock on Saturday night, but the severe storm of that evening blew the memory of Goodwin and Co. and all his proof sheets clean from my *cranium*, as I passed along in the sweeping strife of the elements.

I never perceived my cleverness at entering fully into the true spirit of Irish song till I read D’Alton’s translation. I have many stanzas of the translated songs, evidently improved upon the old bard, and have scarcely ever felt much beneath him in conveying the wrongs and feelings of our race. A portion of this is because I am intimately acquainted with the manners and feelings of the people, and feel, indignantly feel, myself with all a poet’s feeling, the curse and crime of the tyrant. You were scarcely out of town when a friend informed me that you made a very profitable hit by the sale of some Irish works ; this rejoiced me exceedingly, though I would be better pleased to hear it otherwise than at second-hand, but I am delighted to hear it at any hand. You will believe this when, in addition to my own assertion, I assure you that a certain friend of mine who is a deep phrenologist, says, upon an examination of my skull, that I have “Benevolence and Attachment” uncommonly developed.

I expected Owen Roe, my favourite poet, before this. I am impatient to see how his English suit will fit him. Heaven speed the literary taylor.

E. WALSH.

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IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

# ΘΥΜΤΑ ΟΥΤ'ΕΥΣΑΪ ΜΥ Η-ΕΙΡΙΟΜΗ.

ΣΤΟΥΙΡΥΝ ΝΥ ΒΥ-ΒΥΪΥΙ ΒΥ-ΒΡΕΥΪ ΡΕΥΪ.

## I.

Τάτο ηα ηεulte 'ηα ηεαταò αηη αη αεòαη,  
Αη ζηηαη α'η αη ζεαλαò ηα λήòε,  
Τά αη φαηζε ηηάηζε ζαη ηραοη,  
'S ηή'λ ηέηη αζ αη εαλα ηαη βήοò ;  
Τά αη έυαήòηη, α η-βαηηαòαηβ ηα η-ζέυζ,  
Φ'ά ηήοη-ηάò ζυη έαλαηζ ηή υαηηη,  
Α ητύαηηηη ηα η-βαòαλλ η-βηεάζ ηέηò  
Φ'έάζ Εηηε φαοή φαòòηηηηηη ηηαηò !

## II.

Τηή ηήò το έηòηη ηηέρ αη η-ζηάò,  
Αη ηεακαò, αη βάη, α'η αη ηηαη,  
Αζυη η'ηήηηηη όά ηήηηη, ζαò λά όαηη,  
Μ'αηηηε ζυη έηάò ηή ηε ηηαò—  
Α ηηαηζòεαη, το ηηηλλ τυύ α'ηη λάη ηέ,  
Αζυη η' ηηηήòε ό'ηη λάηηη έύζαηηα η-ηαη,  
Μο ηεηζεαη ό ηα ηαηζηοòαηβηη α'ηη λάη,  
'S ζο β-φαζαηò τυύ ηα ζηάηα ό Φηηα !

# IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

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## THE MAID OF THE FINE FLOWING HAIR.

### I.

The sun hath gone down in the sky,  
The stars cease their heavenly way,  
The tides of the ocean are dry,  
The swan on the lake hath no sway;  
The cuckoo but adds to our care,  
Who sings from his green, leafy throne,  
How the maid of the fine flowing hair  
Left Erin in sadness to moan!

### II.

Three evils accompany love,  
These evils are Sin, Death and Pain—  
And well doth each passing hour prove  
Thou'st woven around me their chain!  
Oh, maiden that woundedst me sore,  
Receive this petition from me,  
And heal my fierce pain, I implore,  
So God yield his mercy to thee!

## III.

Jr bhinne í 'ná an beirdlínn 'r ná 'n lúit,  
 'S na ceileabair na ccéirreac tá cjarri ;  
 Jr dealraide í 'ná an féur tner an n-driúct,  
 'S jr fíor-dear zac alt an a cljab ;  
 Ta ríob mar an eala air an ttráig,  
 'S dóig lom zur breaza í ná'n zriah ;  
 'S é mo cúmhaid zéur mar tuz mé ói zráó,  
 'S zo m-feráir lom nac b-fercfinn í njarh !

—:o:—

## CUSAID AN T-SUJAIN.\*

## I.

Nac é an cat marb car an na h-áiteirí mé,  
 'S a líact cailín dear do fázarra mo diaig ;  
 Tánic me rreac 'r an reac riab zráó zeal mo  
 cléib,  
 'S éir an cailleac amac air carad an t-rúzáin  
 mé !

\* This is said to be the original song composed to that delightful tune, "The Twisting of the Rope." Tradition thus speaks of its origin. A Connaught harper having once put up at the residence of a rich farmer, began to pay such attentions to the young woman of the house, as greatly displeased her mother, who instantly conceived a plan for the summary ejection of the minstrel. She provided some hay, and requested the harper to twist the rope which



## III.

Her voice doth the viol surpass,  
Or blackbird's sweet notes on the tree,  
More radiant than dew-sprinkled grass,  
In figure and feature she be :  
Her neck like the swan's on the wave,  
Her eye hath a light like the sun ;  
And oh, that my lost heart I gave,  
Or saw her who left me undone !



## THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

## I.

What mortal conflict drove me here to roam,  
Though many a maid I've left behind at home ;  
Forth from the house where dwelt my heart's dear  
hope,  
I was turned by the hag at the twisting of the rope !

she set about making. As the work progressed and the rope lengthened, the harper, of course, retired backward, till he went beyond the door of the dwelling, when the crafty matron suddenly shut the door in his face, and then threw his harp out of the window. The version sung in the south of Ireland has some additional stanzas, but I give the song as it is found in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. i., where it is left untranslated.

## II.

Μά βιδεανη του ηομ, βιδ ηομ το λο α'γ δ'οϊδ'ε ;  
 Μά βιδεανη του ηομ, βιδ ηομ ο'ρ κοηαιη αν  
 τ-ραοζαιλ ;  
 Μά βιδεανη του ηομ, βιδ ηομ ζα'ε ο'ρδλα'ε ανη το  
 ε'ροϊ'ε ;  
 'S ε μα' leun ηα'ε ηομ τρα'εη'οηα ε'υ μαη ηηαοη !

## III.

Αρ ρ'ορ α Σιζεα'ε ε'ρη με' ε'δλυρ ανη μο' ζηα'ε,  
 Αρ ρ'uar α η-ζαιλλιβ' δ'ολ με' λε'η μο' ρ'α'ε ;  
 Φαν βη'ζ μο' βα'ρα μνηα λε'ιζ'ρ'ε δ'ανη'ρα μαη α τ'α'ηη  
 Φεαν'ρ'α'ε με' clear α βα'η'ρ'εαρ ρ'ubal αρ ηα' ηηα'ιβ' !

—:o:—

## ΡΑΙΝΕΑΘ ΖΕΑΙ ΑΝ ΙΑΕ.

## I.

Μαι'οηη η'ο'ε το ζα'βαρ αμα'ε  
 Αηη β'ηυα'ε λο'α λε'ηη,\*  
 Αη ρ'αιηηα'ε αζ τεα'ε, 'ραη ε'ραο'β ηε η'αιρ,  
 'Ζυρ λοηηηα'ε τε'ε'ε ο'η η-ζηε'ηη,  
 Αηη τα'ρ'ο'ιολ δ'ανη η'ηε βα'η'τε-ρ'ηη'ε,  
 'Ζυρ βα'η'τα'ε η'ηηε, ηε'ε'ε,  
 Ο'ηα ζεα'βαηη λε'ηη αιρ α'ε ε'η'ηο'η δ'εαρ,  
 Λε ρ'αιηεα'ε ζεα'ι αν ιαε.

\* *Locha Lein, Loch Lene, the Lake of Killarney, in Kerry.*

## II.

If thou be mine, be mine both day and night,  
If thou be mine, be mine in all men's sight,  
If thou be mine, be mine o'er all beside—  
And oh, that thou wert now my wedded bride!

## III.

In Sligo first I did my love behold,  
In Galway town I spent with her my gold—  
But by this hand, if thus they me pursue,  
I'll teach these dames to dance a measure new!



## THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

## I.

At early dawn I once had been  
Where Lene's blue waters flow,  
When summer bid the groves be green,  
The lamp of light to glow—  
As on by bower, and town, and tower,  
And wide-spread fields I stray,  
I meet a maid in the greenwood shade,  
At the dawning of the day.

## II.

Nj maib rtoacajó na bhoz, cóip, ná clóca,  
 Aji mo rtoir ó'η rρέηη,  
 Aét folc fionn óróa rjor zo τμοιζ  
 A3 fár zo báηη an fέηη ;  
 Bjo calán cηήóte aice 'na zλαc,  
 'S aη óηúúct ba óear a rζέηη,  
 Túz baηη-zean ó benur óear,  
 Le fájneató zeal an lae !

## III.

Sηo an bηúóeac rjor le'm aη  
 Aη bηηηe zλαr do'η b-φευη  
 A μαζαó léη bjoz dá ηηóeαηη zo πηαr  
 Maη ηηαοη nac rζαηφαη léη  
 A duβαηηr rj hom na bηηr mo cljú  
 Szaojl mé aηη rjυbal, a ηέic,  
 Sηη ηαó a η-óear ηa rojllηe a3 teacó  
 Le fájneató zeal an lae !

—:o:—

## BEAN DUB AN ZLEANNNA.

## I.

A bfacad tú ηó an ccúala tú  
 Aη rτuaηηe dob' ájlle zηαοη,  
 A' η-zleaηητα duβα, 'r mé aηη uaηηηοr,  
 Zan ruajηηηοr do ló ηa ó'οjóc'—  
 Béjλjη caοηη an τ-ruaη-ηοηrζ  
 Do buaηη mé 'r do bηeóóαjζ ηο éηοjóe ;

## II.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,  
No mantle fair she wore,  
But down her waist fell golden hair  
That swept the tall grass o'er ;  
With milking-pail she sought the vale,  
And bright her charms' display,  
Outshining far the morning star,  
At the dawning of the day !

## III.

Beside me sat that maid divine,  
Where grassy banks outspread—  
“ Oh, let me call thee ever mine,  
Dear maid,” I sportive said.  
“ False man, for shame, why bring me blame ?”  
She cried, and burst away—  
The sun's first light pursued her flight,  
At the dawning of the day !

—:o:—

## THE DARK MAID OF THE VALLEY.

## I.

Oh, have you seen my fair one,  
The brightest maid of beauty's train,  
Who left me thus deploring,  
In deep, dark vales, my love-sick pain—  
That mild-ey'd, sweet-tongu'd maiden,  
Who left a wounded heart to me,



My blessing I bequeath her,  
Where'er the gentle maiden be!

## II.

Rare artists have engraven  
Her slender waist, her beauteous brow,  
Her lip with sweetness laden,  
That once I thought would truth avow ;  
Her hand than down far fairer,  
More sleek than silk from India's shore ;  
And oh ! in grief I'm pining,  
To think I've lost her evermore !

## III.

With love my heart was glowing,  
When first I spied the lovely fair,  
With breast of snowy fairness,  
And white teeth, and golden hair—  
She shone more bright than Deirdre,  
The curse of Meathean chiefs of pride,  
Or mild-ey'd beauteous Blanit,  
By whom a thousand heroes died !

+ Blanit was daughter of the king of the Isle of Man. When the Red Branch Knights plundered that island, this lady, who, it is said, surpassed in beauty all the women of her time, was adjudged to Curaigh MacDaire. Cuchullin claimed her as his prize, but he was overcome by Curaigh in single combat. Sometime after, Cuchullin with a large body of men, attacked and slew Curaigh in his palace. Blanit then departed with Cuchullin into Ulster. Thither did the bard of Curaigh follow her ; and one day finding Connor, Cuchullin, and Blanit at the promotory of Ceann Beara, he instantly clasped her within his arms, as she stood on the edge of a steep rock, and flinging himself downward, they were both instantly dashed to pieces !—See Keating's "History of Ireland," Haliday's edition, page 405 ; and also, "Transactions of the Gaelic Society."





## IV.

Fair flower of maids, resign not  
My faithful heart for senseless boor,  
Who rich in worldly treasure,  
In all my glorious gifts is poor—  
I who, in Autumn evening,  
Can bid the Gaelic song resound,  
Or sing the olden glory  
Of Fenian chiefs and kings renown'd!

—:o:—

## LEADING THE CALVES.

## I.

One evening mild, in summer weather,  
My calves in the wild wood tending,  
I saw a maid, in whom together,  
All beauty's charms were blending—  
"Permit our flocks to mix," I said,  
" 'Tis what a maiden mild would,  
And when the shades of night are fled,  
We'll lead our calves from the wild wood."

## II.

"There grows a tree in the wild wood's breast,  
We'll stay till morn beneath it,  
Where songs of birds invite to rest,  
And leaves and flowers enwreath it—  
Mild, modest maid, 'tis not amiss;  
'Twas thus we met in childhood;  
To thee at morn my hand I'll kiss,  
And lead the calves through the wild wood!"

of kissing hands in salutation has prevailed among the Irish peasantry.

## III.

Այ թե՛ լա՛ծ նա յ-շաի՜նա ծ'բ'ա՛յ մե 'ն իայլե,  
 'Տ շեան՝ յի Բ'բա՛շա՛ծ յօ լա՛ ծ'յօԾ,  
 Ատա մ'ա՛տայի յան ճե՛լլ ալ ծ'յայ՛ յան յ-իայլե,  
 Ա'ր մօ յի՛նայի՜նի Բու՛ծար՛տա շրայ՛տե ;  
 Դե՛սան շե՛ս յաօր ծ' յաօր նա շօլլե,  
 Բեւր ծօ շա՛նար՛տ յօ լա՛ ծ'յօԾ,  
 'Տ լե Բայ՜նե՛ս 'ն լաե Բե՛ս 'ն ախօն 'նար յարան,  
 Այ թե՛ լա՛ծ նա յ-շաի՜նա Բայ՛ն Բ-Բայ՛ն.

—:o:—

## CORWYIC OՅ.

## I.

Ե՛լո՛ն նա շօլմ ա՛յ ղի՛շնա՛ծ, 'ր ալ ղայ՜նա՛ծ ա՛յ շե՛ս՛տ,  
 'Տ ալ Բլա՛՛ծ ա՛յ Բի՜րե՛ս՛ շրե՛ յիլլա՛՛ծ նա յ-շրան՝ ախ՛ս,  
 Ալի շօլն շա՛ն Բիօլար յօ շրիօրալլա՛՛ծ, շի՜նե՛ս՛, շլար,  
 'Տ նա շօրճօ՛ճա ա՛յ ղիլե՛ս՛ լե ի-յօմա՛ծ ծե ղի՛շա՛ծ նա  
 յ-Բե՛ս.

## II.

Իր յօմ՛ճա շօր՛տա ա'ր մեարձի ալ ալ յ-շօլլ ղօ ղար,  
 Ա'ր ճի՛շ-Բեան յիայրե՛ս՛ ճարտ ալ շ-րեան՝ շօլլար  
 ղարի,  
 Շեւ ծօ Բայնե, շարլ յիօ՛ճե, 'Յար յայն,  
 Շօր Լաօյ\* նա յ-Բիե՛ս, մօ ճիե՛ս՛ մե՛ ալ ծ'յիարտ  
 ալտ !

\* The River Lee, which rises at Gougane Barra, and dividing as it approaches Cork, washes that city on its north and south sides,

III.

“ With calves I sought the pastures wild ;  
They've stray'd beyond my keeping—  
At home my father calls his child,  
And my dear mother's weeping—  
The forester, if here they stray,  
Perhaps in friendship mild, would  
Permit our stay till the dawn of day,  
When we'll lead our calves from the wild wood.”

—:o:—

CORMAC OGE.

I.

The pigeons coo—the spring's approaching now,  
The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough ;  
The cresses green o'er streams are clustering low,  
And honey-hives with sweets abundant flow.

II.

Rich are the fruits the hazly woods display—  
A slender virgin, virtuous, fair, and gay ;  
With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,  
By trout-stor'd Lee whose banks we'll see no more !

and, again uniting, forms that beautiful estuary, the harbour of  
Cork. Spenser speaks of

“ The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,  
Encloseth Cork with its divided flood.”



III.

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes,  
The calves for milk distend their bleating throats ;  
Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,  
While Cormac Oge and I all lonely weep !

—:o:—

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

I.

Once I bloom'd a maiden young,  
A widow's woe now moves my tongue ;  
My true love's barque ploughs ocean's spray,  
Over the hills and far away.

CHORUS.

Oh ! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,  
To place me on his tall barque's prow,  
Who was my choice through childhood's day,  
Over the hills and far away !

II.

Oh ! may we yet our lov'd one meet,  
With joy-bells' chime and wild drums' beat ;  
While summoning war-trump sounds dismay,  
Over the hills and far away !  
Oh ! had I worlds, &c.

James, the son of the deposed monarch, James II., in whose favour the Scotch revolted in the year 1715.

## III.

17 zo b-feiceadopa conóin aih rúor mo cleib,  
 Do tózpaò ceò azur bhóin do zaòðal,  
 3ac Ríj atá aih doimh dá mhéio  
 23 úmhaòt òò le conhaò Dé.

Cihr pa.

'Sé mo noza é do tózar, 7c.

## IV.

3naò mo éioideie an Pmionh an Réx,  
 Sé rúò an néalta zhiòean dhíh tear,  
 3ur bhne lom ná ceòl na h-éan,  
 Do bairi na 3-choò 'r an ime 3-céih,

Cihr pa.

'Sé mo noza é do tózar, 7c.

## V.

Sijfead ríor aih énoò zo h-áio,  
 17 zeabaò ó Homer cleite an Láih,  
 23a zheibim toil zo rzhiòbaò mo íáit,  
 23i zhiòmaréa ríle 17 maít mo 3naò.

Cihr pa.

'Sé mo noza é do tobar dom féih,  
 17 maít an doimh dh-tabaifíh é,  
 Cum a beit aih bóio a lonz zan baòzal,  
 Do bairi na 3-choò 'r an ime 3-céih!

III.

Oh! that my hero had his throne,  
That Erin's cloud of care were flown,  
That proudest prince would own his sway,  
    Over the hills and far away!  
Oh! had I worlds, &c.

IV.

My bosom's love, that prince afar,  
Our king, our joy, our orient star;  
More sweet his voice than wild bird's lay,  
    Over the hills and far away!  
Oh! had I worlds, &c.

v.

A high, green hill I'll quickly climb,  
And tune my harp to song sublime,  
And chant his praise the live-long day,  
    Over the hills and far away!

CHORUS.

Oh! had I worlds, I'd yield them now,  
To place me on his tall barque's prow,  
Who was my choice through childhood's day,  
    Over the hills and far away!

## ՊԱՅՐՈՅՆ ՈՒ ՅՐԱՅԻՅԵ ԲԱՅՆԵ.\*

## I.

Ա մ-բայլե յա հ-յիբե՛ր ի՛յար,  
 Ա տա՛ մո չնա՛ծ ԼԵ ԵԼԻՃՈՅՆ,  
 Եր ճիլե յ՛նա չի՛յար աղ Ե-ԴԱՅԻՆԱ—  
 'Տ ՅՈ Ե-ԲԱՐԱՆՆ ՄԻԼ 'ՆԱ ԵԼԻՃՈ,  
 Այր ԼՈՐՅ Ա ԿՕՐ ԲԱՆ Ե-ԲԼԻՅԵ,  
 ՓԱ ԲԱՅՆԵ ԱՆ ԱՅՐ ԵՐԵՅՐ ՆԱ ՏԱՄՆԱ—  
 ՓՈ ՉԵԱԲԱՆՆ ՅԱՆ ԲԵՇՈ ՄՈ ԵՂԱԼ,  
 ՓԱ Ն-ՅԱԲԱՆՆ յ՛ԱՆ ԼՅՈՆ,  
 Ար ԵՐԻՐԻՆԻԵ ԱՆ ԵՐՈՆ-ՐՕ ԵՅՈՄ ՅԱՆ ԵՍԱՅԵՐԵԱԾ.  
 Այր ԵՕՄԱՅԻԼԵ ՄԱՅԱԾ ՄԱՅԻ  
 Նյ թՕՐԲԱԾ ԱԵՏ ՄՈ ՄԻՅԱՆ,  
 Տյ ՊԿՐՈՅՆ ՆԱ ՅՐԱՅԻՅԵ ԲԱՅՆԵ.

## II.

ԱՅ ԵՐՈՅԵԱԾ ՆԱ Հ-ԱՅԵՆԵ ՄՈՅԻԷ  
 ԵՈՅԱՆԵԱՐ ՄՈ ԲԵՐԱԿ,  
 Այնի՛քն ԵԵԱՐ ՆԱ Ն-ՕՐ-ՔՕԼԵ Ե-ԲԱՅՆՆԵԱԿ,  
 'Տ ՅՈ Մ-ԵԱ ՄԻԼԵ ՅՈ ԲԱԾԱ Ա ՔՕՅ,  
 ՆԱ ՄԻԼ 'Ի ՆԱ ԲՅՈՒՐԱԾ ԱՅՐ ԵՐՈՆ,  
 'Տ ՆԱ ԵԵԱՅ-ԵԼԱՐ ԲՕՅԱԼ ԲՅՈՆ ՏՐԱՅՆՆԵԱԿ.  
 Ա ԵԱ ԵՅՕԵ ԵՐՆԱ ԵՐԿՆՆ,  
 ԲԱՆ, ՄԻԼԻՐ, ԵՍՄՆԱ, ԵՐԵԱՅ,

\* This beautiful song is preserved in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. i., but is left there untranslated.

+ Literally, *the Town of the Island*—Ballinahinch, in the County of Galway, where was founded, in 1356, a monastery of Carmelite friars. On a small island in the lake of Ballinahinch are the ruins



## BELOVED OF THE FLAXEN TRESSES.

## I.

At the *Town of the Isle*, my dear  
Abides this long, long year,  
Than the summer sun more brightly shining ;  
Where'er her footsteps go,  
Fair honey-flowers will grow,  
Even though 'twere winter's dark declining !  
If to my net she sped,  
'Twould ease my heart and head,  
Where cruel love his burning brand impresses ;  
For all that living be,  
I'll choose no mate but thee,  
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

## II.

At the bridge of the *Avonmore*,  
I saw my bosom's store,  
The maiden of the ringlets yellow—  
More sweet her kisses be  
Than honey from the tree,  
Or festive Spanish wine, of flavour mellow !  
Her bosom, globes of white,  
Sweet, fragrant, perfect, bright,

of a castle erected in the time of Elizabeth. A river runs from the lake into Roundstone Bay.

‡ The Owenmore, a river of the County Mayo, flowing into Blacksod Bay.

Μαρ ἴνεαέτα βῆαδ δά εάρηαδ ἀρη ἴλέιβτιβ ;  
 'S zo η-ζοηηεαηη ἀη εὐαέ ζαέ ἀη,  
 Ἄ λάρ ἀη ζειηηηὸ τάλλ,  
 'S α η-βαηλε η-βῆδεαηη μο ζηράδ δ'ά βηέαζαδ.

## III.

Δά β-φαζαηηη-ρε μο ποζα  
 Δε ηηάιβ δεαγα ἀη τοηηαηη,  
 Ἄζυρ φαζαηη ορητα ποζαη ἴάρτα,  
 'S ῥέηη, μαρ α δεηη ηα λεαβαηη,  
 Τα'η εῖραέβ ἀηε ὄρ α ζ-εηοηη,  
 'S τάηδ ηά εευδα φεαη zo δὐβαέ α η-ζηράδ λέη.  
 'S é ραηηαη-ρεο το ηολαδ  
 Λεη ἀη ζ-εέυδ ηῖζ Solαιη,  
 'S ηρ ἀηε ρο τά ἀη ηορε ηρ ἀηηε ;  
 Ρέηὸζῆη μο δόεαη,  
 'Συρ ραεη ηέ ο βάρ οβαηη,  
 Ἄ ἠῆηηῆη ηα ζηύαηζε βάηηε.

—:o:—

## AN ROS ḶEAL DUBH.\*

## I.

Ηρ φαδα ἀη ῥέηη το τὐζ ηε φέηη  
 Ο'ηδέ zo ηῖ,  
 Ἄη ηομάλ ἴλέιβ ἀηηῖζ, zo η-ηεαλτα, εαοτροη,  
 Μαρ α β'εολαέ ηῶη,

\* *Rós geal dubh, the white-skinned, black-haired Rose*, is one of those allegorical, political songs, so common in Ireland. The poet sings of his country under the similitude of a distressed maiden, to whom he is ardently attached. In the allusions to the Pope and clergy, we behold the hopes of obtaining assistance from the Catholic

Like drifted snow the mountain's breast that presses—  
The cuckoo's notes resound,  
In winter, where thou'rt found,  
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

## III.

Oh ! if the boon were mine,  
From beauty's ranks divine,  
To choose for aye the fairest maiden,  
'Twere her to whom sweet lays  
Consign the palm of praise,  
For whom a thousand hearts with love are laden.  
Such maid did once inspire  
The Hebrew monarch's lyre ;  
But, oh ! thine eye more dignity expresses—  
Relieve my woe, I crave ;  
Oh ! snatch me from the grave,  
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

—:o:—

## ROS GEAL DUBH.

## I.

A long, long way since yesterday  
I wildly sped,  
O'er mountain steep and valley deep,  
With airy tread ;

powers of Europe. The concluding stanza vividly shews the bloody struggle that would take place ere Rose, his beloved Ireland, would be yielded to the foe. Hardiman's "Minstrely" has a different form of this song, but this is the popular version in the south, and is said to be as old as the time of Elizabeth.

Loé Einne zo léimfíne,  
 Cé zup mór í an mhíne,  
 Zan am óiaró már zúle zúéine  
 Aét mo Rór zeal dub!

## II.

Zo o-tí'ne áonac má tézjean tú  
 A ójol do ruije,  
 Ma tézjean tú, ná fan déaznac  
 'S an ójóce amhí;   
 Bjóó boltaíó ari do óoirre,  
 Ir mór zlar-cip,  
 Nó ar baójal óht an Cléineac  
 Do'ne Rór zeal dub!

## III.

A Róirín na bjóó bión óht,  
 Na cár ahoir,  
 Tá do párdúin óh Róirín  
 Ir óh pápa azum,  
 Tá na bráirre teacé tar ráile,  
 Ir a o-tíall tar mhíne,  
 Ir ní ceirfean fíon Spáineac ari  
 Mo Rór zeal dub!

## IV.

Ta zráó azam am lár óht  
 Le bhazain ahoir,  
 Zráó cráite, zráó carmáir,  
 Zráó cjoaóta.

Loch Earne's tide, though its wave be wide,  
I'd leap above,  
Were my guiding light that sunburst bright,  
The *Rós geal dubh* !

II.

If to the fair you would repair  
To sell your flocks,  
I pray secure your every door  
With bolts and locks ;  
Nor linger late from the guarded gate,  
When abroad you rove,  
Or the clerk will play through the live-long day,  
With *Rós geal dubh* !

III.

My dearest Rose, why should these woes  
Dishearten thee ?  
The Pope of Rome hath sent thee home  
A pardon free—  
A priestly train, o'er the briny main,  
Shall greet my love,  
And wine of Spain to thy health we'll drain,  
My *Rós geal dubh* !

IV.

My love sincere is centred here  
This year and more—  
Love sadly vexing, love perplexing,  
Love painful, sore,



Love, whose rigour hath crush'd my vigour,  
Thrice hopeless love,  
While fate doth sever me ever, ever,  
From *Rós geal dubh* !

v.

Within thy heart could I claim a part,  
One secret share—  
We'd shape our flight, o'er the wild hills' height,  
Towards Munster fair ;  
Branch of beauty's tree, it seems to me  
I have thy love—  
And the mildest flower of hall or bower,  
Is *Rós geal dubh* !

vi.

The sea outspread shall be raging red,  
All blood the skies—  
And crimson war shall shout afar  
Where the wild hills rise—  
Each mountain glen and mossy fen,  
In fear shall move,  
Some future day, ere thou pass away,  
My *Rós geal dubh* !





THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE OGH.

I.

Beautiful and wide are the green fields of Erin,  
    Uileacán dubh O!  
With life-giving grain in the golden corn therein,  
    Uileacán dubh O!  
And honey in the woods of the mist-wreaths deep,  
And in the summer by the paths the bright streams  
    leap,  
At burning noon, rich, sparkling dew the fair flowers  
    steep,  
    On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

II.

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,  
    Uileacán dubh O!  
Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,  
    Uileacán dubh O!  
Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,  
I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling,  
Beyond your rich rewards, I'd choose a lowly dwell-  
    ling,  
    On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

his native land. It is said to have been written by an Irish student in one of the colleges of France.

## III.

Ἰρ ταιρβεαc 'Ὶ ἵρ μῶρ ἵαῶ cηυαῶα ἠα ἡ-Ἐηεαῖ,ḥ

Uileacáη tuḅ O!

Bḡḁeaηη aη τ-ἵηη a'Ὶ aη τῡαῶḁaη aḡ ḡḡuaḡḡeaῶt  
'ḡa ḡḡaḁḁ aηη,

Uileacáη tuḅ O!

Bḡḁeaḡ aη ḡḡollaη aḡη aη ḁ-ḁḁḁηη aηη a'Ὶ ḡaηḡaḁḁ  
ḡḡ ḡḡḡaḡ,

Ḃ'Ὶ ḡa cηαῶa aḡ ḡaḡaḡḡt aηη ḁ ḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡ,

'S aη ḡḡḡḡḡη uαḡaḡ ἵρ ḡuaḡḡ-ḡḡḡḡ cḁḁḡ,

Ḃḡη ḡáη-ḁḡḁḁ Ἐηεαḡ ḁḡ!

—:o:—

uḡḡḡ cηḡḡḡḡḁ ḡḡN ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡRE suḡḡḡḡ.\*

## I.

Ḃ ḁaḡḁa ḁḡḡ aη ḁaḡḡḁḁ ḡeaḁ ḡḡḁ ḁáḡ aηḁḁḡ,

Ḃḡḡ ḁaḡḁa aḡ aη Ḙaḡḡaḡḡ ḡaη ḡáḡḁ aḡη ḡḡḁ,

Ḃḡḡ aḡcḡḡḡ ḡḡḁ ḡḡ ḡḡaḁaḡḁ ḡḡḡ aῶḁ aḡḡ ḡáḡaηaḡḡḡḡ,

'S ḡḡ ḡaḡaḡḁ ḡḡḁḡ aḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ 'ḡa'ḡ ḡḡáḡaḡḡḡḡ!

## II.

Ḃḡḡḡ ḡḡaḡḡa'ca ḡḡḡ cḡaḡḡaḡḡaῶ ḡḡeaḡḡ-ḡḡáḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ  
ḡḡḡ,

'S cḡḡ ḡḡ ḡ-aḁḁaḡḡ ḡḡḡ Saḡḡḡaḡaῶ ḁa ḡáḁaḡḡ ḡḡḡ,

\* Andrew Magrath, commonly called the *Mangaire Sugach*, or *Jolly Merchant*, having been expelled from the Roman Catholic Church for his licentious life, offered himself as a convert to the

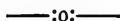
III.

Gainful and large are the corn-stacks of Erin,  
Uileacán dubh O!

Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein  
Uileacán dubh O!

And sorrel soft and cresses where bright streams stray,  
And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the live-long day,  
And the little thrush so noble of sweetest-sounding  
lay,

On the fair hills of Eire ogh!



LAMENT OF THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

I.

Beloved! do you pity not my doleful case—  
Pursu'd by priest and minister in dire disgrace;  
The Churchmen brand the vagabond upon my brow,  
O! they'll take me not as Protestant or Papist now!

II.

The parson calls me wanderer and homeless knave—  
And though I boast the Saxon creed with aspect  
grave,

doctrines of Protestantism; but the Protestant clergyman having also refused to accept him, the unfortunate *Mangaire* gave vent to his feelings in this lament.

Δεῖν 'η ἰάην ῥζαῖαμ λεῖρ ζυρ ἀζ Ἀἰφρῖοηη ἱρ ζηάῖτ  
 ἵδε μέ,  
 'S ηὰς σεαῖδαρ ῖηη με, Πρῶτερταητ ηὰ Πάραηηε !

## III.

Δεαρβαν ζαη δέαρμαδ ηὰς ῖυλάηη λεῖρ μέ,  
 Δο ἄριτα ηοῖρ λε η-ἀέταηα το λάταηη, σεηητ  
 Ζο ηαῖα ηοηη ἔμη ἀἀαηαηηη ζαη ῖράρ αηη ηῖτ,  
 'S ζο ζ-αἰτῖρεαδ βεῖτ ἀη Πηῖοτερταητ ηο ἀη  
 Πηάραηηε !

## IV.

Ἀη Σαζαῖτ δεῖρ ζυρ ῖεαηηαηηε ηεαηη-ἀτῖβαηαδ μέ,  
 'S ζο τ-ταηαηηζῖηη λε ηαηζαηηεαῖδ ηὰ ηηά ἔμη  
 ηε ;  
 Ζυρ ηεαῖα μέ ηὰ ῖόζαηηε ἀτα λε ηῖοητ,  
 'S ηὰς ζαβαῖτ ηοηη ἀη Πηῖοτερταητ ηὰ 'ηη Πηά-  
 ραηηε !

## V.

Ἀ δεῖρ δά ῖρεαζηαδ ζυρ εαῖδῖαηαῖδ ζαη ηάηηε μέ,  
 'S ηὰς ταῖτῖηοηηαῖδ ηο βεαῖτα ηά ηο ἄἰηε λεῖρ ;  
 Νὰς ἀῖτῖρεαῖδ με ἀῖδ ηααηηε ἀτα ζαη ῖτῖηηρ,  
 Ἀ ἔλεαῖδαρ βεῖτ ἀη Πρῶτερταητ 'ῖ ἀη Πηάραηηε !

## VI.

Νῖ ἄριτῖαηαῖδ ῖά δεαηα δῖδ ηά ζηάηηη το ῖυλτ,  
 Ἄηο βεαῖταῖα το ῖαζηα το λάταηη Σζοῖτ,  
 Νῖ ηεαῖτα δῖδ ηο ηῖαῖλαῖα ἀ ζ-ἀἰρ αηη ηῖτ,  
 Βε ἀα ῖηη με Πρῶτερταητ ηῖδ Πάραηηε !

He says that claim my Popish face must disallow,  
Although I'm neither Protestant nor Papist now!

## III.

He swears (and oh! he'll keep his oath) he's firmly  
bent  
To hunt me down by penal Acts of Parliament;  
Before the law's coercive might to make me bow,  
And choose between the Protestant and Papist  
now!

## IV.

The priest me deems a satirist of luckless lay,  
Whose merchant-craft hath often led fair maids  
astray;  
And worse than hunted fugitive all disavow,  
He'll take me not a Protestant or Papist now!

## V.

That further, I'm a foreigner devoid of shame,  
Of hateful, vile, licentious life, and evil name;  
A ranting, rhyming wanderer, without a cow,  
Who now is deem'd a Protestant—a Papist now!

## VI.

Alas! it was not charity or Christian grace  
That urged to drag my deeds before the Scotie race—  
What boots it him to write reproach upon my brow,  
Whether they deem me Protestant or Papist now?

## VII.

Ca fada do b'í Mairdalen ir Dháibí an Rí,   
 Uirí mearaball, ir Pól ab'rtal éirí na táinte a   
 m-bhoird,   
 Do zlacadó iad nuair éaradair a z-cáil rá z-cion,   
 Ir ceadóir dóib' h'oir P'rioteirtant na Páraithe!

## VIII.

Oí fearadó mé air deairmad zai fáit zai fíor,   
 Ir zuir fada me air mearaball zai áit air bí,   
 Cairéiríod cur le h-áitíad na d-táinte rí,   
 Do z'abar lom am P'rioteirtant no'm P'háraithe!

## IX.

Uí d'alta óil, cá raadóira éum fáizai anoir,   
 O caadó mé ar an Eaglair' r'zo d-táirle 'm'í;   
 Cairéiríod beirí am Cálb'íirí no'm Uirían oir,   
 O r'zair beirí am P'rioteirtant no'm P'háraithe!

## Uí Ceazal.

Féad an t'ab'rtal Peadair do péacadó fá éirí air   
 d-tíir,   
 Uí réanadó a éairíod zuir zlacadó airí zoi h-úimál;   
 'Sa Dhá óil ac'íirí ce r'zair le d'íze na h-úir,   
 Uair aon le Peadair an Mairíaithe r'zair do d'úir!

## VII.

Lo! David, Israel's poet-king and Magdaléne,  
 And Paul, who of the Christian creed the foe had  
     been—  
 Did Heaven, when sorrow fill'd their heart, reject their  
     vow,  
 Though they were neither Protestant nor Papist now ?

## VIII.

O! since I weep my wretched heart to evil prone,  
 A wanderer in the paths of sin, all lost and lone—  
 At other shrines with other flocks I fain must bow,  
 Who'll take me, whether Protestant or Papist now !

## IX.

Beloved ! whither can I flee for peace at last,  
 When thus beyond the Church's pale I'm rudely cast ?  
 The Arian creed or Calvinist I must avow,  
 When sever'd from the Protestant and Papist now !

## THE SUMMING-UP.

See Peter th' Apostle, whose lapses from grace were  
     three,  
 Denying the Saviour, was granted a pardon free—  
 O God! though the *Mangairé* from him thy mild laws  
     cast,  
 Receive him, like Peter, to dwell in **THY HOUSE** at  
     last !

## CUPÁN UI h-EAGHRA.\*

Ceapballán nó cáin.

## I.

Da m-béidinnnín amháid a h-Uraim  
 Nó a h-zar Gleann-na-féud  
 Mar a h-zliúaireann zac rár-lon  
 Le cláinéad a'r le méad  
 B'feáirín lom é mar íáramh  
 Uzur fázaim é óam féin  
 Cupán zeal Uí Eaghra  
 Uzur fázail lán le mo beul !

## II.

Cad é b'áill lom 's á cup a z-céil  
 'S a h-ac't áiz mar't 'h a óeiz,  
 Ir zur b'é deir oll-dám na h-áite  
 Dar mo lámra h' b'féuz—  
 Tóir-dealbajé Briaín a'zaimail  
 Tar trá't fa mo óéin  
 So h-ólfram ar an t-rár-cupán  
 Sláinte b'neáz Céin.

\* *Cupán ui Eaghra, the Cup of O'Hara.* This is one of the celebrated Carolan's songs, and was composed by the harper to celebrate the hospitality of Kean O'Hara, a gentleman of ancient family in the County Sligo.



## THE CUP OF O'HARA.

## I.

Were I over in Arran,  
Or wild Glan-na-Séud,  
Where tall barks of swiftness  
Bear claret and mead ;  
'Twere joy to my bosom,  
In gladness to sip  
O'Hara's bright wine-cup,  
Fill'd high to my lip !

## II.

Why praise what is sought for  
By old man and youth,  
While the doctors and sages  
(By this hand I am sooth)  
Cry, Turlogh, sweet harper,  
Come timely to drain  
That costly, tall wine-cup,  
To the health of brave Kean !

## Α ΡΥΙΒ ΤΙ ΑΣ ΑΝ Σ-CARRAJS? \*

### I.

Αη ραιβ τύ ασ αν Σ-CARRAJS, ηό β-φασα τύ φέμ μο  
 ζηράτ,  
 Νό α β-φασα τύ ζιλε, φηηε, ασυρ ρζέμη ηα μηά,  
 Νό α β-φασα τύ αν τ-υβαλ βα κύβαρτα ρρ βα ηηλλρε  
 βλάτ,  
 Νό α β-φασα τύ μο βαλαητήηε ηό α β-φηλ ρί δ'α  
 κλαοιό μαρ τάμη?

### II.

Δο βιορα ασ αν Σ-CARRAJS, ρρ δο έοηαιρ με φέη  
 δο ζηράτ,  
 Δο έοηαιρ με ζιλε, φηηε, ασυρ ρζέμη ηα μηά,  
 Δο έοηαιρ με αν τυβαλ βα κύβαρτα ρρ βα ηηλλρε  
 βλάτ,  
 Δο έοηαιρ με δο βαλαητήηη ασυρ ηί'λ ρί δα κλοιοό  
 μαρ τάμη!

### III.

ρρ ριύ κήζ ζήηεα ζαé ηηβε δα ζηυαηζ μαρ όρ,  
 ρρ ριύ οηηεαδ εηλε α κηδεαéτα úαιρ ραιβ λó;  
 Α κύηηηη τιοηη τηηηηιέ α τηηηηη λέη ριορ ζο φεόηη  
 'Sa έυαιέηη ηα φηηε, αρ ηηηρτε δο ηλάηητε δ'όλ?

\* This is a song of the South, but there are so many places of the name of Carrick, such as Carrick-on-Shannon, Carrick-on-Suir, &c., that I cannot fix its precise locality. In this truly Irish song, when the pining swain learns that his absent mistress is not love-sick like himself, he praises the beauty of her copious hair, throws off a

## HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK ?

## I.

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love  
there ?

And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright, and  
fair ?

Saw you the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-  
tree ?—

O! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief like  
me ?

## II.

I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love  
there ;

And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and  
fair ;

And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-  
tree—

I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee !

## III.

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden  
hair—

Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to  
share,

These tresses thick-clustering and curling around  
her brow—

O, Ringlet of Fairness ! I'll drink to thy beauty now !

glass to her health, enumerates his sufferings, and swears to forego  
the sex for ever ; but she suddenly bursts upon his view, his resolves  
vanish into thin air, and he greets his glorious maid with such a  
welcome as an Irish lover alone can give !

## IV.

'N úairi bínn-ge am éodla bían ornatò zan bíjz am  
 éljab,  
 Jr mé am líò eadar cnochab zo o-tizjò an dúac  
 anjari ;  
 Zi míh òil r'a éozairi hj'l fortaét mo éhr aét Dja,  
 Jr zo η-εαρηαò loc fola do íolur mo írl aò oiajò !

## V.

Jr zo o-tizjò an éairz airi lár an fozmairi bhòe,  
 Jr lá féil Pátairz lá hó òó na òiajz,  
 Zo b-fára an blát bán tpe lár mo éoiria éaol,  
 Páirt da zráò zo bnat hj tabairfad do mhaol !

## VI.

Sjúd í rjor an Rjóz-bean áληη óz,  
 Zi bhrl a zrájz léj rzaolte rjor zo béal a bhóz,  
 S í an eala í mar an ljtir do íolmairz óη τ-ράη fhí  
 mhóη,  
 Čarajò zeal mo émojòe, céaò mjle fájle mojat !

## IV.

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with  
sighs—

I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise ;  
No aid, bright Beloved! can reach me save GOD above,  
For a blood-lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with  
love!

## V.

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day,  
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—  
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall  
grow,  
My love on another I'll never in life bestow !

## VI.

Lo! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,  
With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie—  
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,  
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee !

## NORAI AN CUIJL OAIRAI.

## I.

AI Nóra an c'íjl ómna,  
 'Sé mo bhógra nac b-ferdaim  
 Láim do éirí faoi 'o céanna-ra,  
 Nó a m-bhollac do léine ;  
 I r t'ú o-fáz mo céanna-ra  
 Jan r'íra ain b'it céille,  
 A' r zo n-éalócaim tar toinne leat,  
 AI n'íh-íearc dá b-ferdaim !

## II.

AI baill mhóim éiríde r'íj,  
 Ná déana l'om bhéaz,  
 A' r zur zeall t'ú mo pórad  
 Jan feoilinn 'r an o-raozal ;  
 S'íubailinnre ain an n-óru'c do leat,  
 A' r n'í bh'íj'ínn leat an ferri ;  
 A' r a Nóra an c'íjl ómna,  
 I r dear a pózfaim do berl !

## III.

Taob' éall de'n Mhuaró  
 Tá r'óir zeal mo éiríde  
 AI c'íl tu'z mar an o-mair  
 Lé 'n éaill mé mo zhaoró  
 Zhóim-rí R'íj an doimhac  
 Zo o-tionh'ioz'e an zao't,  
 A' r zo b-feic'íó mé mo bólac't  
 A' z zabail bó'íre Baile-át bh'íde.

AMBER-HAIR'D NORA.

I.

O! amber-hair'd Nora,  
That thy fair head could rest  
On the arm that would shelter  
Or circle thy breast!  
Thou hast stolen all my brain, love,  
And then left me lone—  
Though I'd cross o'er the main, love,  
To call thee mine own!

II.

Why, maid of my bosom,  
Should falsehood be thine?  
Thou hast promis'd to wed me,  
Though wealth were not mine;  
The dew-sprinkled grass, love,  
Scarce feels my light feet,  
And, amber-hair'd Nora,  
My kisses are sweet!

III.

My fair one is dwelling  
By Moy's lovely vale—  
Her rich locks of amber  
Have left my cheek pale—  
May the king of the Sabbath  
Yet grant me to see  
My herds in the green lanes  
Of fair Baile-ath-Buidhe!

## AN BHRUJNNEALL MHEJRBH.

### I.

Mairtín céadóac nuair d'éirígear,  
 Jr cúadar amac fá'n z-coill zlar,  
 Jr agh do búair an tréizid mé  
     Nac leizirgear, faraoi ;  
 Do cuala an bhríheall mheirneac,  
 A líb na coille dnoizneac,  
 Do p'neab mo énoide le zneah oi,  
     Zur óéiz-bean dam í !

### II.

'N uair zabairne amac na bánra,  
 Azur énoime uair mo zráó zeal,  
 A dneac mar ní a n-záiróin,  
     Jr blát zeal na n-r'ball,  
 Jr breaza í na Venus  
 An tan d'fáz rí an treun-míri ;  
 A dá cíc érihe caoimh,  
     'S ar éadrom a r'ubal !

### III.

'Sé do zráóra élaozóiz mé,  
 'S jr mairz áit a m-b'óean ré !  
 Cnnean re a híriair don t-zaozal ro,  
     An énoio do zhió an zráó,  
 Jr fada óair dá foizneair,  
 Aó cairfeao fearo é híri,  
 Zur 'bé do zráóra m'eall mé,  
     Nac b-faizid mé zo brát !



THE GRACEFUL MAIDEN.

I.

One morn when mists did hover  
The green-wood's foliage over,  
'Twas then I did discover  
    How painful love may be ;  
A maid, 'mid shades concealing,  
Pour'd forth her voice of feeling,  
And love came o'er me stealing,  
    She's a dear maid to me !

II.

When through the valleys roaming,  
I see my bright love coming,  
Like garden-rose all blooming,  
    Or flower of the apple-tree ;  
Bright Venus she's excelling  
Fresh from her ocean-dwelling,  
Her soft, round bosom swelling,  
    Her foot-falls light and free.

III.

“ Thy love hath left me dying ;  
The heart where love is lying  
Will find what torment trying  
    Round ruin'd hopes may twine ;  
And long I've borne the token,  
But now it must be spoken,  
How thou my heart hast broken,  
    Who never canst be mine !”

## IV.

Ա ճիշ-բիր ճիշ, զա յ-բերօր  
 Ծօ մ' քիրիսիս զօ իջէալս,  
 Փօ լեյլիրքիս քէն ծ'ի Բ-բէն տի,  
     Փա յ-բերօրս կօմ ա ինի;  
 Եա յօ շարսօ ալի շա՛ շաօ՛ ծօյօմ,  
 Ա'ր շօրսճա՛ շա՛ յի քէա՛ շալմ,  
 Ա՛ շօրսօ շարսօ շարսօ օր'ն  
     Շա ծ-թէլիսքիս շարսօ ինի ինի.

## V.

Ալիսիս ծօյն, ա ինիս Բեան,  
 Ծօ ինիսիս ինիս ալ շարսօճա՛ շա՛,  
 Ծօ Բ-բիլ տի շարսօճա՛ շարսօ-լալ,  
     Ա'ր ծ'իսիս շօ շարսօ;  
 Ծարսօ շարսօ ինի, ալ շարսօ,  
 Ա ինիս յա շարսօ շարսօ;  
 Ա'ր շօ շարսօ ինի շարսօ ինիս,  
     Ա'ր շարսօ ինի շարսօ ինի!

## VI.

Ա'ր շարսօ շարսօ ինիս ինիս,  
 Փօ շարսօ տի ինիս ծ' շարսօ շարսօ,  
 Կա շարսօ ինիս ալ շարսօ,  
     Ալիսիս ինիս շարսօ ա ինի;  
 Ծօ շարսօճա՛ շարսօ ինիս,  
 Ալիսիս ա շարսօ, յա ինիս,  
 ինիս շարսօճա՛ մ' շարսօճա՛ շարսօ,  
     Ա'ր շարսօ շարսօ ինիս!

## IV.

“ O ! thou of misery telling,  
If truth thy tongue’s impelling,  
I’d ease the pain that’s quelling  
    Thy life, were mine the cure.  
But watchful friends surround me,  
With promise strict they’ve bound me,  
And if they wandering found me,  
    What ills might I endure !”

## V.

“ Tell them, O, light-limb’d maiden,  
Thy bloom with grief is fading—  
Where groves are foliage-laden,  
    Thou’lt stray all lonelily :  
I’ll for thy coming pine, love,  
Where the dark wood’s boughs entwine, love,  
And O ! what guilt is thine, love,  
    If false thou be to me !”

## VI.

“ Alas ! how oft thou’st riven  
The vow thy lips had given,  
While shone the light of heaven,  
    Or verdure deck’d the plain,  
Till sheep, each silly rover,  
Would plough the mountains over,  
Thou wouldst be my true lover—  
    But lo ! the hope is vain !”

## VII.

Ξλέαρφαγὸ μέ lonz γεόλταιδε,  
 Ἀ'ρ μαόφαγὸ μέ zo Φλαντορηγ,  
 Ἄ mearz ηα ο-τόρητα zallοα,  
     Ἀ'ρ ηα ο'αγὸ ηη μαγθεαο τον Spáηη—  
 Ἄ μαγζοεαν μαηηγζ, ηηοὸηαμαγζ,  
 Νη ψλληγὸ μέ ηγοη ηό οητ,  
 Βγοὸ το μοζα φαη πόρτα αζαο,  
     Φο ηόηαηφαγὸ ο'ητ αν βάνη!

—:o:—

## DUAN AN BHADORA.\*

## I.

Ἄ βαηε β'ηηαν τ'ρ α η-ηηααηη ηα ο-τοηηαηαέ  
     η-άηο,  
 Cárz cobarταέ ζηὸ buὸ βαηβαηὸα τροη ε αν λά,  
 Τηάτ λαγαιὸ αν ψαηηζε ὀ βοηη zo βάνη,  
 λάν κοηηη ὀη ηή ζαβαν ὀ ρτηηη zo εηαηη!

Cηη φα.

Ἄ βάνη α λάν, α βάνη α λάν,  
 Ἄ ζημάὸ ηα η'ρη, α ε'ηο δε'η τ-ραοζαλ,  
 Ἄ λάν—'ρj αν βάο βηεαὸ ρεοη!

\* *Duan an Bhadóra, the Boatman's Song.* I have copied this spirited sea-song from the second volume of Mr. Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," where it is left untranslated. Mr. Hardiman says

VII.

“And now, with white sails flowing,  
To Flanders I’ll be going ;  
I’ll seek the vineyards growing  
    In distant Gaul and Spain—  
Proud maid, no more I’ll woo thee,  
No more with love pursue thee ;  
Another mate may sue thee,  
    And plough for thee the plain !”

—:0:—

THE BOAT SONG.

I.

Bark, scorning every peril of the angry spray,  
Safe shelter mid the terrors of the storm compass’d way ;  
When yawning billows redly roll from ocean’s cave,  
From stern unto quivering mast she ships no wave !

CHORUS.

A flowing tide, a flowing tide,  
My secret love, my worldly store,  
Flowing—my brave sailing boat !

that this marine ode is “well known along many parts of the Irish coast, but particularly the west.” A translation of this and other Irish songs, by Mr. (now Sir) Samuel Ferguson, will be found in the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1834.



## II.

When draperied in her glorious trim of stainless dye,  
The snow-white sails of canvas bleach'd 'neath India's  
sky,  
Saw you her arrowy figure cleave the ocean vast,  
God's favourite mounting on the wave before the  
blast!

A flowing tide, &c.

## III.

O, Dielion, tempest-beaten rock, all rough and dark,  
Look forth, and see beneath me now this bounding  
bark,  
And say, if e'er thou boat beheld within this bay,  
Wave-mounted, cleaving, confident, like mine to-  
day!

A flowing tide, &c.

## IV.

Then answer'd ancient Dielion thus—"long ages o'er,  
I've look'd abroad upon the bay that girds the  
shore—  
But look'd in vain for boat or bark so swift and  
brave  
As thine and all its gallant crew, to stem the wave!"

A flowing tide, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

## v.

Ա ատարի նա η-տրլ, տաճարի օհնդ-դե օյծեան նա  
 տրւիջե,  
 Ճաճարի օօժարիւր ըրձ յ ա η-յօր աη բաձ,  
 Երե չարծ տօղտայծ քօճաճաճ քաճ ճոճար չիճաճ,  
 Ա՛ր միւս η-բարիարձ օօ ճիւիւիւճ ճաճար ըյ տրլ մօ  
 լան !\*

Ա բան ա լան, 7c.

—:o:—

## SLAN LE MAMJ.†

Ան Պանչարիւր Տրճաճ, 7c.

## I.

Տլան ա՛ր ճաճ օն օ-տաօօրօ սայի,  
 Կօր Պաճիւր նա չ-ճարի, նա չ-ճարօծ, նա չ-ճարաճ,  
 Ու ըտայձ, նա ըստ նա ըարի, նա ըլաւճ,  
 Ու η-ճան, նա η-ճարաճ, նա օ-տրիւր չան չիւսայի !  
 Օճ օճ օն ! յր երօյրտե միւրե,  
 Չան ճիւր, չան ճօրի, չան ճօրի, չան ճիւրտե,  
 Չան ըլտ, չան ըճօ, չան ըճօրիտ, չան ըրիօղղաճ  
 Օ ըճաճ մե՛ ճիւս սայիւր !

## II.

Տլան չօ η-ճաճ օա ըճի-բիւր ըսայիւր,  
 Օա օայի օա ճիւր, օա η-ճիւր՛ օա ըսաճ,

\* There is a want of strict connection between this stanza and the preceding one. The intervening passages necessary to the sense seem to have been lost.



V.

FATHER OF NATURE! how that boat comes dashing  
down,  
Impetuous where the foamy surges darkly frown—  
O! may THY mercy yield us now the sheltering  
shore,  
Or yonder terror-stricken bark shall whelm us o'er!  
A flowing tide, &c.

—:0:—

FAREWELL TO THE MAIG.

I.

A long farewell I send to thee,  
Fair Maig of corn and fruit and tree,  
Of state and gift, and gathering grand,  
Of song, romance, and chieftain bland.  
Uch, och ón! dark fortune's rigour—  
Wealth, title, tribe of glorious figure,  
Feast, gift—all gone, and gone my vigour,  
Since thus I wander lonely!

II.

Farewell for aye to the hearts I prize,  
The poets, priests, and sages wise,

+ The River Maig, in the County Limerick.



And bosom friends, whose boards display  
Fair temperance blent with plenty gay!  
Uch, och ón, &c.

## III.

Farewell to the maids my memories bless,  
To all the fair, to their comeliness,  
Their sense, their fame, their mildness rare,  
Their groups, their wit, their virtue fair!  
Uch, och ón, &c.

## IV.

Farewell to her to whom 'tis due,  
The Fair-skin, gentle, mild-lipp'd, true,  
For whom exil'd o'er the hills I go,  
My heart's dear love, whate'er my woe!  
Uch, och ón, &c.

## V.

Cold, homeless, worn, forsaken, lone,  
Sick, languid, faint, all comfort flown,  
On the wild hill's height I'm hopeless cast,  
To wail to the heath and the northern blast!  
Uch, och ón, &c.

## VI.

If through the crowded town I press,  
Their mirth disturbs my loneliness;  
And female groups will whisper—see!  
Whence comes yon stranger?—who is he?  
Uch, och ón, &c.

## VII.

Dom cáinne am fáon fáan teacé 1r tnuad,  
 A'r mé am éirí a3 an t-rao3al a n3éib 'ra n-3uair,  
 Le náite a b-péin a 3céin a3i cuairt  
 3an ábaéc, 3an r3léip, 3an r3éil da luad!  
 Oé oé óh, 7c.

## VIII.

O dáil an éleir dáim céile nuad,  
 Coir Wáize 3o h-euz hí h-é mo cuairt,  
 3o bráéc leam nae 'táim réir leam cuad,  
 Le mháib an t-rao3ail é3i mé a3i buairt.  
 Oé oé óh! mo b3ón, mo m3illead,  
 Iomarca an óil, a'r p33a b3i3hneall,  
 É3i m3re leam lae3ib 3an f3ó, 3an f3ó3in,  
 F3ór 3an iomad fuada3i!

—:o:—

## PLUR NAI W-BAN DONN O3.\*

## I.

Dá t-t3ocfa-ra h3mra 3o c3h3tae h3atp3im;  
 A plúir na m-ban donh ó3,  
 Béarfa3h3-3 m3l beac a3ur méad m3r bíad ó3t,  
 A plúir na m-ban donh ó3,

\* *Plúna m-ban donn ó3, Flower of brown-haired Maidens.* This beautiful song, which breathes the very soul of love and sorrow, seems to have been written at a period when famine afflicted the land. The poet's mistress declines, through dread of hunger, to

## VII.

Thus riven, alas! from bosoms dear,  
Amid dark danger, grief, and fear,  
Three painful months unblest I rove,  
Afar from friendship's voice and love!  
Uch, och ón, &c.

## VIII.

Forc'd by the priest, my love to flee,  
Fair Maig through life I ne'er shall see;  
And must my beauteous bird forego,  
And all the sex that wrought me woe!  
Uch och ón! my grief, my ruin!  
'Twas drinking deep and beauty wooing  
That caus'd, through life, my whole undoing,  
And left me wandering lonely!

—:o:—

## FLOWER OF BROWN-HAIRED MAIDENS.

## I.

Oh! if thou come to Leitrim, sure nought can us  
sever,  
A phlur na m-ban donn óg!  
Wild honey and the mead-cup shall feast us for ever,  
A phlur na m-ban donn óg!

visit with him the County of Leitrim, maugre all his glorious painting; and he concludes his song with a burst of fierce love, chastened down by grief and Christian resignation.

Βέαρφαδ αερ ηα lonz ηα γεδλ 'r ηα η-bάδ οητ,  
 Φαοι βαρναδαιβ ηα ο-τομη α'r rηηη αz pillead ó η  
 ο-τριάδ,  
 'Sηί léizpηηη-rη αειη βηδη έοηδέε το'ο δάηλ,  
 Α plúr ηα η-bαη τοηη óz!

## II.

Ní ηαéφαηδ μηρε leat, α'r ηή'λ ηαιτ όητ το'η  
 ηαηηαιδ,  
 Φυβαηητ plúr ηα η-bαη τοηη óz;  
 Μαρ ηαé z-coηηηεδάδ το zλόητα beó zηη βηαδ μέ,  
 Φυβαηητ plúr ηα η-bαη τοηη óz;  
 Μηλε céad φεαηη ηομη βειτ έοηδέε zηη φεαη,  
 Nά βειτ αz rηubal αη οηηυέτα 'rηα β-φάραé leat,  
 Njoi túz μο έοηδέε όητ zηάδ ηά zεαη,  
 Φυβαηητ plúr ηα η-bαη τοηη óz.

## III.

Óηαηηε μέ αz τεαéτ έυzαη η zηέ λάη αη  
 τ-rléjbe,  
 Μαρ ηέηητοη έηηδ αη z-ceδδ,  
 Bj μέ αz caηητ α'r αz coηηηάδ léj  
 Zo η-deacamaη zo páηηε ηα η-bδ.  
 Sηéamajηηe rjoi a l'jβ αη φάηλ,  
 Zo ο-τυz μέ όι rcpjóbta φαοι μο λάηη,  
 Nac β-φηλ coηη τά η-δέαηαδ rj ηac η-jocφajηη a  
 cáηη,  
 Φο plúr ηα η-bαη τοηη óz.

I'll show thee ships and sails, through the vistas  
grand,  
As we seek our green retreat by the broad lake's  
strand,  
And grief would never reach us within that happy  
land,

A phlúr na m-ban donn óg !

## II.

To Leitrim, to Leitrim, in vain thou would'st lead me,  
Dúirt phlúr na m-ban donn óg.  
When pale hunger comes, can thy melodies feed me ?  
Dúirt phlúr na m-ban donn óg.  
Sooner would I live, and sooner die a maid,  
Than wander with thee through the dewy forest  
glade ;  
That thou art my beloved, this bosom never said,  
Dúirt phlúr na m-ban donn óg.

## III.

Over the mountain I once met the maiden,  
As a star through the mist might glow ;  
We reach'd, while I told her my tale sorrow-laden,  
The field of the kine below ;  
And there, in the hollow by the hedge-row tree,  
I plighted her a promise, till life should flee,  
To bear all the blame of her true love for me,  
Mo phlúr na m-ban donn óg.

## IV.

Mo éneac a' r mo énaó zan mé fáirzíte ríor léi,  
     Mo plúir na m-ban tonn óz,  
 Aih leaba éaol áiró, no aih éáirí tñbe,  
     Mo plúir na m-ban tonn óz,  
 Zan tonne aih bíó a h-Éirínn beiré láimh linn 'ran  
     oirdé  
 Aét a3 rúzraó a3ur a3 záiréaó réir mar buó  
     njjann linn,  
 A Dhja, hac cnuacó an cáir é muna bfa3aíó mé mo  
     njjann,  
     Aih plúir na m-ban tonn óz.

—:o:—

## SILE BHEAÍ NÍ CHOINÑEALBHÁIN.

## I.

A Shjle bán na b-peuplaíóe,  
     A céac-íearc náir fúllaínn3 zruaím,  
 D'fá3 tú m'íhínn buairéa,  
     A' r a'ó ójaíóí h3 beiré mé buan,  
 Muna o-tí3íó tú do'm feucáin,  
     A' r éuló3aó hóm fá zleannetaib cuain,  
 Béiré cúmáíó a' r tñire a'ó ójaíó oim,  
     A' r beiré mé cóin duib le zual.

## II.

Tu3tar cú3aíí na fíonra,  
     A3ur líonraí oíínn an zláine ir íearr,  
 Muna b-fa3aó féin ceac rínnre,  
     Le m3ínn-éneir an brollaíé báin;



IV.

Alas ! my sad heart, that I kiss not thy blushes,  
    A phlúr na m-ban donn óg,  
On a rich, lofty couch, or a heap of green rushes,  
    Mo phlúr na m-ban donn óg.  
Alone, all alone, through the beautiful night,  
Laughing in the fulness of our hearts' delight ;  
Alas ! if thou be not mine, how woful is my plight,  
    A phlúr na m-ban donn óg !

—:0:—

LITTLE CELIA CONNELLAN.

I.

O ! pearl-deck'd, beauteous Celia,  
    My first love of mildness rare !  
My life full fast is fading,  
    My soul is weary, vexed with care ;  
Come, snowy-bosom'd maiden,  
    And rove with me the valleys deep,  
Or darkest gloom shall seize me,  
    Till in the pitying grave I sleep !

II.

Come, place the cups before us,  
    Let choicest wines their brims o'erflow—  
We'll drown, in draughts oblivious,  
    The memory of her breast of snow ;

21 plúir ir zle 'r ir míne,  
 Ná an ríoda 'r na clúin na η-éan,  
 Ir buaidéaríta tñireac bídime,  
 'N uair rmuahjzim bejt rcarraimññ léi.

## III.

22 m-beidimñ-rí féin a'r míñ cñear,  
 Caoimñear an bñollaic bñeáç,  
 21 η-zleannτán aoiññ aereac,  
 O tñtññ oíðce zo η-éññeócaò lá,  
 Zan ñeac a bejt óár z-coimññeacτ,  
 22c ceañca-ññaoic ño 'ñ coñleac ñeacóa,  
 'S zo m-bñac zñeann zan cam an cñoiðe rñz,  
 Do Shjle beaz η' Choiññealbáñ!

—:o:—

21 η-UJSCJÐñe ÇROJÐñe N21 N-21N2121N.

## I.

21 η-uñcñe cñoiðe ña η-anamñ  
 leazñ τú añ lár mē:  
 Bíðim zan céill zan aítñe,  
 'Sé an τ-eacñaññ óó b'ñearñ ñom;  
 Bñeann ño óóta rñrácañðe,  
 22ñ cñññ leat ño cñañbat,  
 21ñ bíð a η-ðeaññaññ mññññ leat,  
 22c ñeññññññ ñom a mñññ!

Her neck, that's softer, fairer  
Than silk or plumes of snowy white ;  
For memory wild pursues her  
When sever'd from my longing sight !

III.

Were thou and I, dear Smooth-neck !  
Of mild cheek and bosom white,  
In a summer vale of sweetness  
Reposing through the beauteous night ;—  
No living thing around us  
But heath-cocks wild till break of dawn,  
And the sunlight of my bosom  
Were little Celia Connellan !

—:0:—

WHISKEY, SOUL OF REVELRY.

I.

THE POET.

Whiskey ! soul of revelry,  
Low in the mud you seat me—  
Possess'd with all your devilry,  
I challenge foes to beat me—  
Behold my coat to shreds is done,  
My neckcloth down the wind has run—  
But I'll forgive the deeds you've done,  
If you to-morrow meet me !

## II.

Ἐν ἡμῖν ἐντοφῖδὸς τυρά ἀν τ-αιφῆσιονη,  
 Ἄρ βέιρὸ το ἱάιλη μάρτε,  
 Φευγὰ ἰοναδ-κοιηηε ἵονη,  
 Ἄρ τεανζῆμῆδὸ ἵονη α τ-τιζ ἀν τάβαρηηε,  
 Ἐμῆ α β-φεϊσιμὸ κάμητ ἀρ ἐηαζαμηδὸ,  
 Ἄρ κοκ α τ-τόνη ἀν βαρηαηε,  
 Ἄρ βῆοδὸ ἡα ἡ-αομη α ἡ-αισε λεατ,  
 Ἄρ μομηατρα ἐρηφεαδὸ φάιτε.

## III.

Οὐ! μο φτόρη ἀζυρ μο ἀρηα τῦ,  
 Ἐμο ἱῆμῖν ἀζυρ μο βηάταρη,  
 Ἐμο ἐρήητ, μο τῆζ, μο ἐαλαη τῦ,  
 Ἐμο ἐρμααδ, ἀζυρ μο ῥτάαα,  
 Ἐμο ἐρηαβαδὸ ἐέυεδ, μο ἀπαηλλ τῦ,  
 Ἐμο βα ῖρ μο ἀαοῆηε ζεαλα τῦ,  
 Ἄρ, ἐαρη ζαδὸ ἡῖδὸ δ' ἀρη ἀημηηῖζεαρ,  
 Φο ἐρηζβαῖδὸ μηρη παῖητ λεατ!

## IV.

Ἐσα ἡρηρηῆη ἡρηητε ἡαρηζαλαῖδ,  
 Ἰρ ταῖτηεαηηαδὸ το ῥόζ ἵονη,  
 Ἐα τῶμῖν τῆζ ῥόρ το'η ἀρητῆηηαδὸτ,  
 Ἄρ ζυρη δε'η ἐηεαδὸ ἐόρη μῆ,  
 Λεαῆῆν-ῥῖζε ἵονη ζῆη ἀρ μμη,  
 Βηάταρη ζαοηλ δαηη βηαοη δε'η τ-ῥυλτ,  
 Ἰρ καμηδεαρ-Ἐρηορητ δαηη bowl ο' punch,  
 Ἄρ τεανζῆμῆδὸ ἵονη δ' ἀ τὸρηηδεαδὸτ!

## II.

## WHISKEY.

When after hearing Sunday mass,  
And your good psalm reciting,  
Meet me at the wonted place,  
'Mid tavern joys delighting,  
Where polish'd quarts are shining o'er  
The well-cock'd barrels on the floor,  
And bring sweet rhymes, a goodly store,  
To grace my smiles inviting !

## III.

## BARD.

My store, my wealth, my cousin bland,  
My sister and my brother,  
My court, my house, my farm of land,  
My stacks—I crave none other,  
My labour, horses, and my plough,  
My white-fleec'd sheep, my cattle thou,  
And far beyond all these I vow  
To love you as a mother !

## IV.

Mild, beautiful, beloved one !  
Priz'd o'er all maids and misses !  
O! quit me not, or I'm undone,  
My fathers lov'd your kisses—  
My haunting sprite is rum, I trow ;  
My blood relations, draughts that glow ;  
My gossip is the punch-bowl—O !  
I'll haste to share their blisses !

## v.

Jr ionda bhídh a' r eadhann,  
 B' eadhaí lé náite,  
 A'c' n' í f'ann bhídh am a'zhe,  
 'Nuair bhídh a' r clár t'ú,  
 Mo bea' a'z' mo lea' t'ú,  
 Mo mhá' a'z' mo a' t'ú,  
 Mo c'ó' a' m'ó' 'r mo n' a' r t'ú,  
 'S n' í r' a' r' a' t' mé z' o bhá' t' leat !

## vi.

Tá' na z' a' l' a' r' r' e' a' r' a' z' a' m,  
 Da b' f' u' l' a' t' a' l' a' n' n' e' i' n' e' a' n' n' ,  
 lea' n' n' a' r' b' h' a' n' d' a' a' r' u' r' c' e' - b' e' a' t' a' ,  
 A'c' n' a' c' t' - t' a' z' a' n' n' a' n' c' l' a' r' a' é' i' d' h' o' m' ,  
 B' h' o' n' n' a' m' r' ú' d' o' ' n' e' a' z' l' e' r' ,  
 M' a' r' i' r' m' o' r' m' o' r' í' l' a' r' a' m' - b' e' a' n' n' e' z' t' e' a' c' t' ,  
 A' r' z' u' r' m' a' i' t' l' e' d' b' h' a' o' n' t' o' b' l' a' i' r' e' a' d' o' e' ,  
 D' é' i' r' a' i' f' u' n' n' t' o' l' é' u' z' a' d' o' h' e' n' n' !

—:o:—

## PÁISTÍN FIONN.\*

## 1.

B' á' d' le m' - a' n' a' m' m' o' P' h' á' i' r' t' í' n' F' i' o' n' n' ,  
 A' c' m' o' i' d' e' ' r' a' h' - a' z' h' e' a' z' z' á' i' n' i' d' h' o' m' ,  
 A' c' i' o' c' a' z' e' a' l' a' m' a' r' b' l' á' t' n' a' n' - ú' b' a' l' l' ,  
 'S' a' r' j' o' b' m' a' r' e' a' l' a' l' á' M' á' r' t' a' !

\* *Paistín Fionn, the Fair Young Child.*

v.

What quarrels dire we both have had  
This year of sorrow sable!  
But O! my bounding heart is glad  
To see you crown the table—  
Dear fondling of the nuptial nest,  
My father kind, my mother blest,  
My upper coat, my inner vest,  
I'll hold you while I'm able!

vi.

The friends, the very best I saw,  
While through the land a rover,  
Were brandy, ale, and usquebaugh—  
Of claret I'm no lover;  
That liquor may the clergy bless—  
Though great I deem their holiness,  
They like the claret ne'ertheless,  
When Mass and psalm are over!

—:o:—

THE FAIR YOUNG CHILD.

I.

My *Paistín Fíonn* is my soul's delight—  
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright;  
The bloom of the apple her bosom white,  
Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness!

## Cηη φα.

Ίρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη,  
 Ίρ τυρα μο ρύη α'ρ μο ζηιάτ ζεαλ,  
 Ίρ τυρα μο ρύη, α'ρ μο έομαη ζο buaη,  
 'Sέ μο έρεαé ζαη tú aζαη ó'ο ηάταηηη!

## II.

Cαηα μο έροηéε μο Ρήάηηηη Ξιοηη,  
 Β-ρηλ α δά ζηηαé αηη λαηαé μαη βλάτ ηα ζ εηαηη,  
 Τά ηηηε ραεη αηη μο Ράηηηηη Ξιοηη,  
 Αέτ αηάηη ζυη óλαη α ρλάηητε!

## Cηη φα.

Ίρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη, 7c.

## III.

Δά η-βεηéηηηηη αηηηα η-baηle η-bηαé ρυζηαé α'ρ  
 ζηεαηη,  
 Νο ηοηη éά βαηηαηle λή τε leaηη ;  
 Αηο ρ'ήηηη α'η αηε'ρ μο λήη φαοη ηα ceαηη,  
 Ίρ ρύζαé το óλφαηη α ρλάηητε!

## Cηη φα.

Ίρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη, 7c.

## IV.

Βί ηέ ηαοη η-οήééε α'η ηηéε ζο βοéτ,  
 Ο βεηé ρίηητε φαοη αη óίηηηη ηοηη éα éοη,  
 Α έομαηηη μο έροηéε, α'ρ ηέ αζ ρηηαάηηεαé οητ,  
 'S ηαé βφαζαηηηη le ρεατ 'ηά le ζλαóé tú!

## Cηη φα.

Ίρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη, 7c.



## CHORUS.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,  
O! you are my dear, and my fair love ;  
You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here ;  
And O! that my cottage you'd share, love !

## II.

Love of my bosom, my fair Páistín,  
Whose cheek is red like the rose's sheen ;  
My thoughts of the maiden are pure, I ween,  
Save toasting her health in my lightness !  
O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

## III.

Were I in our village where sports prevail,  
Between two barrels of brave brown ale,  
My fair little sister to list my tale,  
How jovial and happy I'd make me !  
O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

## IV.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain  
From lying in the hedge-row beneath the rain,  
While, gift of my bosom ! I hop'd in vain  
Some whistle or call might awake ye !  
O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

## V.

Τρέιζφεατ μο έαηατ 'ρ μο έάηηδε ζαοη,  
 Α'ρ τρέιζφητ μέ α ηαηηεαη δε ηηηάηβ α τ-ραοζαη,  
 Νί τρέιζφεατ λε'η ηηαηέαηηη τύ, ζηάτ μο έηοηδε,  
 Ζο ρίηφεαη α ζ-κόηηηα φαοι έλάη μέ !

## Οηη φα.

Ιρ τυρα μο ηύη, μο ηύη, μο ηύη,  
 Ιρ τυρα μο ηύη, α'ρ μο ζηάτ ζεαη,  
 Ιρ τυρα μο ηύη, α'ρ μο έοηαη ζο βυαη,  
 'Σέ μο έηεαέ ζαη τύ αζαη ό'τ ηάέαηηηη !

—:0:—

## ΑΝ ΣΕΟΤΗΟ.\*

Εοζαη Ρυατ, ηό έάη.

## I.

Σεοτττ τοη! ηά ζοη ζο φόη,  
 Φο ζεαβαηη ζαη δεαηηατ α τ-ταηηζε ζαέ ρεόη  
 Φο βί αζ ατ ηηηφεαη ηίοζέα ηόηηατ,  
 Αη Εηηηηη ηαέ-ζλαηρ έηηηη α'ρ Εοζαηη !  
     Σεοτττ τοη, ηά ζοη ζο φόη,  
     Σεοτττ λεηηβ, α έυηαηηη 'ρα ρτθηη,  
     Μο έύηζ έέατ έύηηατ ζο τύβαέ φαοη βηόη,  
     Τυ αζ ρηε 'ηα ρύλ α'ρ τσ έόηη ζαη λόη !

\* The *Seotho*, or *Lullaby*, was the extempore effusion of Owen Roe O'Sullivan, to soothe the infantile sorrows of an illegitimate child, which one of the victims of his illicit amours had left him. Owen's patience and promises, it is said, were nearly exhausted.

V.

From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,  
And all the beautiful maids that be,  
But never I'll leave sweet *gradh mo chroidhe*,†  
Till death in your service o'ertake me!

CHORUS.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,  
O! you are my dear, and my fair love ;  
You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here ;  
And O! that my cottage you'd share, love!

—:o:—

THE LULLABY.

I.

Hush, baby mine, and weep no more,  
Each gem thy regal fathers wore,  
When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free,  
Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee!  
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more ;  
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store ;  
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,  
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

when the unfortunate mother, urged by maternal feelings, again returned to claim the child.

+ *Gradh mo Chroidhe, Love of my Heart.* The Irish is to be pronounced as if written *Gra mu cree*.

## II.

Do z̄eabair an t-úir an t'ubal áo dóid,  
 Do bí a3 an t-úir a 3-clío faoi cóiméad ;  
 An rtaí do bí a3 Páin ba z̄neanta 'n t-geoid,  
 'S an t-rlat do bí a3 Maóir z̄níod dóid do 'r  
 tneoir !

Seotó doil, 7c.

## III.

Do z̄eabair an caol eac éadrom ó3,  
 Do z̄eabair an rrián 'r an djalait óin,  
 Bí a3 Fáilbe Fionn ba tēan air tóin,  
 A3 ruazad Dañair ó Chaireal zo Bóin.

Seotó doil, 7c.

## IV.

Do z̄eabair cloidean rólir an doin-óil óin  
 Do bí a3 Brian a3 nian na rluazá,  
 An boza bí a3 Muicad an uicair ióin,  
 A3 cat Cluain-Tairb a3 tneairzan na t-tneoir !

Seotó doil, 7c.

## V.

Ano-cú 'n tairtoil ó Chaireal na n-óid,  
 O leožan fáitce Bun-Raite na geól,  
 Jolar rléibe, caol cnoit ceoil,  
 'S reabac na reilz ó Szeilz na rzeól.

Seotó doil, 7c.

## VI.

Do z̄eabair lomnad fáitbair an óin,  
 Thu3 Jaron tnean do 'n z̄hneilz air bóid ;

II.

I'll give the fruit the Phrygian boy  
Bestow'd on Venus, queen of joy—  
The staff of Pan, the shepherd's God,  
And Moses' wonder-working rod.

Hush, baby dear, &c.

III.

The steed of golden housings rare,  
Bestrode by glorious Falvey Fair,  
The chief who at the Boyne did shroud,  
In bloody wave, the sea-kings proud!

Hush, baby dear, &c.

IV.

Brian's golden-hilted sword of light,  
That flash'd despair on foeman's flight;  
And Murcha's fierce, far-shooting bow,  
That at Clontarf laid heroes low!

Hush, baby dear, &c.

V.

The courier hound that tidings bore  
From Cashel to Bunratty's shore;  
An eagle fierce, a bird of song,  
And Skellig's hawk, the fierce and strong.

Hush, baby dear, &c.

VI.

I'll give, besides, the golden fleece  
That Jason bore to glorious Greece;

'San tman-eac cuitaiz, mear, cumaraç óz,  
 B'j a3 Cuçullaiz ceann-uirað na rluaz.  
 Seoðó òoiz, 7c.

## VII.

Do zeabair rluazá Uicill ba çalma a η-zleð,  
 'S cmaoizreac Fionn zan ihoill að òóio ;  
 Eioe Connaiz do b-uirað le tpeon,  
 'S r3iaç zeal Naoir ó çmaoib na rluazá.  
 Seoðó òoiz, 7c.

## VIII.

Do zeabair clozdean Fionn ba lioheta a η-zleð,  
 'S an zaç b'j a3 Djaruuzo tmaç na leðzan,  
 Clozad curaneta Orzuuzi ihoiz,  
 Uiz faizçe na féinne tmaç Mac Tpeoiz.  
 Seoðó òoiz, 7c.

## IX.

Do zeabair a leih mair çulle leð an t-peoio,  
 Thu3 Uoife ò'éiz zaç céim do'η leðzan,  
 le'ri mairb Fearoiaða ba òian a ò-òóiz,  
 'S Conlaoç uaral, uairheac óz !  
 Seoðó òoiz, 7c.

## X.

Do zeabair zan ihearball farriazò zaç reoio,  
 Fionn b'raç dubrað Dúblaiz óiz,  
 Do çeileað a 3h'iz a 3cðih3iac rluaz,  
 'S é a3 r3oi-çur laoç 3o faon òá ò-tpeoiz.  
 Seoðó òoiz, 7c.

The harp-sung steed that history boasts,  
Cuchullin's—mighty chief of hosts !  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

VII.

His spear who wrought great Hector's fall,  
The mighty javelin of Fingal ;  
The coat of mail that Connal wore,  
The shield that Naois in battle bore.  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

VIII.

Fingal's swift sword of death and fear,  
And Diarmid's host-compelling spear ;  
The helm that guarded Oscar's head,  
When fierce Mac Treon beneath him bled.  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

IX.

Son of old chiefs ! to thee is due  
The gift Aoife gave her champion true,  
That seal'd for aye Ferdia's doom,  
And gave young Conlaoch to the tomb.  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

X.

Nor shall it be ungiven, unsung,  
The mantle dark of Dulaing young,  
That viewless left the chief who laid  
Whole hosts beneath his battle blade !  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

## XI.

Do z̄eabair n̄ioz̄an n̄ijn̄ tair, n̄ioðam̄ail,  
 Ir̄ áilne z̄haoi, 'r̄ ir̄ caoine r̄nuat̄a,  
 Ná 'h̄ n̄éil̄t̄ion z̄n̄ijn̄ t̄uz̄ P̄riam̄ 'r̄ a r̄luaza,  
 Zo bán̄ na T̄riáoi z̄an t̄ijn̄ z̄an t̄reóir̄.  
 Seoðó t̄oil, 7c.

## XII.

Do z̄eabair n̄j̄ò n̄ár̄ n̄ij̄ðear̄ on̄t̄ f̄ór,  
 Z̄loine t̄o'h̄ f̄ion̄ b̄j̄ò b̄rioz̄m̄ar̄ r̄oðam̄ij̄l,  
 Do t̄arriam̄zeac̄ hebe, an̄ n̄éil̄t̄ion̄ óz̄,  
 Chum̄ Iup̄iter̄ Laoç̄ na n̄-ðéj̄te aji b̄óir̄o.  
 Seoðó t̄oil, 7c.

## XIII.

Do z̄eabair̄ t̄ij̄lle n̄ar̄ n̄ij̄ðear̄ f̄ór,  
 An̄ z̄at̄ t̄uz̄ An̄oz̄ur̄ t̄rean̄ 'na t̄óio,  
 Do n̄jac̄ calma Uj̄ Dh̄ij̄b̄ne t̄á t̄óion̄ aji t̄óijn̄,  
 An̄ar̄ ba m̄ij̄c̄ an̄ F̄h̄j̄ann̄ zo t̄j̄an̄ 'na t̄eðð̄aiz̄.  
 Seoðó t̄oil, 7c.

## XIV.

Do z̄eabair̄ raj̄ll̄ uam̄ f̄ion̄ a'r̄ beoijn̄,\*  
 An̄ éat̄ac̄ 'na n̄aj̄ce ba n̄ij̄re t̄o t̄reoin̄,  
 An̄ ó éijn̄ do n̄ij̄me c̄úz̄am̄ ran̄ n̄oð,  
 N̄j̄ z̄eall̄fad̄ uam̄ ð̄ij̄t̄ tuair̄ ná r̄eóio !  
 Seoðó t̄oil, ná zoil̄ zo f̄óil̄ !  
 Seoðó lejn̄b̄, a c̄um̄aj̄n̄ 'ra r̄t̄óijn̄,  
 An̄o c̄úiz̄ c̄éat̄ c̄um̄at̄ zo t̄úb̄ac̄ faoi b̄r̄ón̄,  
 Tu a3̄ r̄j̄le 'na r̄úl̄ a'r̄ do c̄óm̄ z̄an̄ l̄ón̄ !

\* *Beoir* was a delicious liquor, anciently made from mountain heath. Tradition asserts that the Danes alone possessed the secret



XI.

And eke a maid of modest mien,  
Of charms beyond the Spartan queen,  
Whose awful, soul-subduing charms  
Mov'd Priam to dare a world in arms!  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

XII.

For thee shall sparkle, in my lays,  
Rich nectar from young Hebé's vase,  
Who fill'd the cup in heaven's abodes,  
For Jove, amid the feast of Gods.  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

XIII.

Another boon shall grace thy hand,  
Mac Duivne's life-protecting brand,  
Great Aongus' gift, when Fenian foe  
Pursu'd his path with shaft and bow!  
Hush, baby dear, &c.

XIV.

And dainty rich, and *beoir* I'll bring,  
And raiment meet for chief and king;  
But gift and song shall yield to joy—  
Thy mother comes to greet her boy!  
Hush, baby dear, and weep no more;  
Hush, baby mine, my treasur'd store;  
My heart-wrung sigh, my grief, my groan,  
Thy tearful eye, thy hunger's moan!

of preparing it, and also that for this purpose they divided the heathy tracts among them, in preference to the arable land.

## NEJLIÐE BAIN.

## I.

Ա Նեյլլժե Բհան րհծ լանի կոյ ա շարած շեալ մօ  
 շրօյժե,  
 Ար լէյճ մօ լանի այլ ոօ Բրաճայօ ոճ ոյ յայրքե մէ  
 Բեճ մյժե,  
 Փօ ինանրհի աղ շՏրհի աչար աղ շՏրօղայի շեալ աօ  
 ժլայճ,  
 Ա'ր շար մուշ տս Բան լեատ Օ ինանյ Բրեաճա Բայլե  
 լոճա Բլաճ.\*

## II.

Փա մօ լեարա Քօրտումնա 'շար Բայլե լոճա Բլաճ,  
 Լրիմեաճ նա լողճ աչար Կօնտաե Բհայլե աճ Ըլաճ,+  
 Այլ ոօ իրհրտր ոօ իօնիրիքե ա լեաճ աչար ա  
 Ծ-տրլղ,  
 Փօ քօն Ծուլ ա ԿԼեարիար լեատ լա քաճա 'ր Բլաճայն.

## III.

Բեյլ մօ Բեանաճտրա շօ Կօնաճտա մար ար աի ոօ Բյ  
 աղ շրեան,  
 Ա'ր շօ շոյ մօ Բալայտոյն ար քաճա տա իյ սայն;  
 Աղ շ-լօղաօ Կօնե սօ Բյ Եաճրայի աճ իլէյԲտե Ծւճա  
 Ծաճիւմղ  
 Ա իյ աղ շ-Տրօղայի շեալ ոօ ճօղճյն մե Բյ լան շօ  
 Բրուճ.

\* *Baile-loch-readhach*, the town of Loughrea, on the lake of the same name, in the County Galway.

+ *Baile-ath-cliaith*, the Irish name for the city of Dublin. Our

NELLY BAN.

I.

O, sit beside me, Nelly Bán, bright favourite of my  
heart,  
Unless I touch thy snowy neck my life will soon  
depart—  
I'd swim for thee the River Suir and Shannon's  
widespread sea :  
Thou dost excel the beauteous maids of the town on  
blue Loch Rea !

II.

Were mine the town on blue Loch Rea, Portumna's  
pleasant streets,  
The city of the Battle-ford, and Limerick of the  
fleets,  
Unto thy tribe these precious gifts I gladly would  
resign,  
Could gifts like these incline them, love, to make thee  
ever mine !

III.

My blessing take to Connaught back, the land of  
friendship free,  
And to my own beloved who is so far from me ;  
On Thomond's dusky mountain, our meeting-place  
we chose—  
Sworn Shannon's waves detain'd me—in savage wrath  
they rose !

historians say that *Baile-ath-clíath* literally means the *Town of the ford of hurdles*; but as *clíath* might mean either a *hurdle* or a *battle*, I have chosen the latter version as better suited to my verse.

## IV.

Φοβ ξεάμη homy ηά μο άapall ar zan άnyomy a  
 řmyan,  
 Άr ηά ξάbaltar ηa pányce iona leaztar ηa  
 řyaða;  
 'Ná τπάnyce ce báðayb ó Bħayle at Clıat zo  
 Lymneac le bħayðayn,  
 Ná řaycřny tyra a žnyáð žyl any řnyáto Bayle loða  
 Rħac.

## V.

Φοβ ξεάμη homy zo myeıðny ĩayıb azur řnyte any  
 an τ-řħayb,  
 Mno lám ĩceay anynyce dá pıoca az any byac!  
 Ά nyðán žur tyt me a nyınyáð leat a Neıllıðe  
 Bán na cħaym,  
 Άr zo nyeyı ce ĩátyayny ĩayc áyl ley myre tyt  
 may cħaynyny.

—:0:—

## 'BE N-EYRYNN J.\*

Uıllıam Dall, mıó cán.

## I.

Ά n-žleanıayb řeyny ηa h-éıyze bym,  
 Ά b-řanyıayı řeyny a η-žeyb žac laoy;  
 Άn τ-ıeany-beany žle ba béayac žnyoy  
 Φo řzanyınyáð me, 'bé η-Eınyny ĩ!  
 'Bé η-Eınyny ĩ!

\* 'Be n-Eirinn i, literally means *Whoever she be in Ireland.*

## IV.

I would sooner than my gallant steed—I pass his  
bridle-rein,  
Or heirdom of the wide domain where stately deer  
are slain ;  
Than all that reach'd to Limerick of laden fleets this  
year,  
That in the town on blue Loch Rea I could behold  
my dear !

## V.

O ! that I were laid in death far on a hill away,  
My right hand high extended to feed the bird of  
prey,  
Since, Nelly Bán, the theme of bards, I fell in love  
with thee,  
And thy mother says she'll have me not, her son-in-  
law to be !

—:0:—

## 'BE N-EIRINN I.

## I.

In Druid vale alone I lay,  
Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—  
My death I ow'd one sylph-like she,  
Of witchery rare, *'be n-Eirinn i!*  
*'Be n-Eirinn i!*

## II.

Nj t̄nác̄da mé aji c̄éile Naor̄  
 T̄hu3 ári na η-3aor̄deal aji o-3eač̄o don Ch̄maor̄b̄,  
 Na aη b̄áb̄ ó'η η-3r̄éj3 do c̄éar̄ aη T̄raor̄,  
 Le 3nác̄o mo c̄léj3, 'bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!  
 'Bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!

## III.

'S b̄neáz̄a dear̄ ōr̄éj̄j̄j̄eaz̄ r̄éj̄o a ōlaor̄j̄,  
 3o b̄ár̄ri aη ř̄éj̄ri na r̄laod̄ aji b̄j̄3,  
 A t̄láč̄-ř̄olt̄ r̄éj̄3 do deār̄nác̄o aη ř̄l̄j̄or̄,  
 Aji 3nác̄o mo c̄léj3, 'bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!  
 'Bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!

## IV.

Jr c̄ár̄m̄ari, taodač̄ deur̄nác̄ b̄j̄ōm̄,  
 3o c̄r̄áj̄ōte, c̄r̄ēj̄meač̄, ceur̄da ó'η m̄h̄áor̄,  
 ř̄a3̄nác̄, ř̄áon̄, 3aη c̄éj̄ll, aji baor̄r̄,  
 Le 3nác̄o do'η b̄éj̄č̄, 'bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!  
 'Bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!

## V.

Aji ηeó̄j̄ η-uaj̄ri t̄éj̄3̄m̄ aji t̄aob̄ r̄r̄3̄e ř̄j̄j̄j̄,  
 ř̄a b̄r̄ōn̄ a 3̄c̄éj̄n̄ a'ř̄ 3aη aó̄n̄ dām̄ b̄r̄ōj̄n̄,  
 C̄ja ř̄eol̄ř̄ač̄o aon̄ Āh̄ac̄ D̄é am̄ l̄j̄on̄  
 Ač̄ ř̄t̄ó̄ri mo c̄léj3, 'bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!  
 'Bé η-El̄j̄j̄j̄j̄ j̄!

## II.

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's woe—  
The dame that laid proud Ilium low,  
Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,  
Match'd with my fair, *'be n-Eirinn i!*  
*'Be n-Eirinn i!*

## III.

Behold her tresses, unconfin'd,  
In wanton ringlets woo the wind,  
Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,  
My heart's dear maid, *'be n-Eirinn i!*  
*'Be n-Eirinn i!*

## IV.

Fierce passion's slave, from hope exil'd,  
Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—  
Some magic spell she wove for me,  
That peerless maid, *'be n-Eirinn i!*  
*'Be n-Eirinn i!*

## V.

But O! one noon I clomb a hill,  
To sigh alone—to weep my fill,  
And there Heaven's mercy brought to me  
My treasure rare, *'be n-Eirinn i!*  
*'Be n-Eirinn i!*

## CAITILÍN NÍ UALLACÁN.\*

Uilliam Dall, nó éán.

### I.

I r fada mílte dá ccairtaó ríor 'r ruar ar fázan,  
 A' r claíña raoite ar earbairé zmiñ zan éluain, zan  
 rtaíe;  
 Zan cánaó laoj, zan fleaza, zan fíon, zan cnuar,  
 zan ceápe,  
 Ar bhaite aríe ar Caitilín ní Uallaacán!

### II.

Ná mearaizíde zup caile éríon na zuaíneacán,  
 Na cailléín an aihéin níjé-tair, buacaé, mhnáihé;  
 I r fada aríe ba banaltra í, 'r ba níóir a h-ádal,  
 Da mbeideat áct an Ríe az Caitilín ní Uallaacán!

### III.

Ba éear a zhaoi dá maíumíe le muazaó náihad,  
 Bhaia ríoda az tarrihé zaoite 'r buaó éum bab;  
 Plaid zo zmióide ó baéar cñ anuar zo trácó  
 Az mac an Ríe an Chaitilín ní Uallaacán!

\* In this political poem, composed by blind William Heffernan, commonly called *Uilliam Dall*, Ireland is personified under the



## CAITILIN NI UALLACHAN.

## I.

How sad our fate, driven desolate o'er moor and  
 wild,  
 And lord and chief, in gloom and grief, from home  
 exile'd,  
 Of songs divine, and feasts and wine, and science  
 lorn,  
 We pine unseen for *Caitilin ni Uallachán*.

## II.

Suppose not now that wrinkled brow, or unkempt  
 hair,  
 Or long years' rigour did e'er disfigure the queenly  
 Fair—  
 Her numerous Race would find their place on Erin's  
 lawn,  
 If the prince had been with his *Caitilin ni Uallachán*.

## III.

Fair were her cheek could we live to wreak the foe-  
 man's rout,  
 And flags would gleam to the breeze's stream o'er  
 victory's shout ;  
 And richest plaid on the happy maid may trail the  
 lawn,  
 If the prince had been with his *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*  
 name of *Caitilín ni Uallachán*, or *Catharine ô Houlihan*.

## IV.

Szmeada maoid le h-atóirí dé cum uan na hziár,  
 Do éap na Tíora, talair tinnim, 'r cruacáib  
 áir;  
 Do rziar na tímpéiríoll fainníde, zeal-éuanta 'r  
 tráir,  
 Uí cur malairt críde ar Chaitlín n' Ullaacán!

## V.

Uí té tarraighz Jrael tnear na taoide Ruad ó  
 náir,  
 Do beataid taoine daíad zéiríuró anuar le  
 h-aián;  
 Do neartaíó Uaíor a meairz a náirde, fuarziar,  
 tráir,  
 Ir tabair díon do Chaitlín n' Uallaacán!

—:o:—

## U SHJOBHAIN U RUIN.\*

## I.

U Shjobán a Rí, ir tú do marb me níam,  
 U Shjobán a Rí, ir tú do bain díom mo éall,  
 U Shjobán a Rí, ir tú éuadair eadar me a' r Dá,  
 U' r b-ferair díinne beir zán ríir ná tú ferir  
 air!

\* I found these fugitive lines untranslated in Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," and have taken the liberty of transferring them hither, and giving them an English dress, which they very richly

## IV.

We raise our eye with suppliant cry to the Lamb of  
Grace  
Who form'd the tide—did the lands divide—gave hills  
their place—  
Who spread around the seas profound, and bay, and  
lawn—  
To change the scene for *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

## V.

Who Israel led where the Red Sea sped its waves of  
fear,  
His table spread with Heaven's blest bread for forty  
year,  
In favouring hour gave Moses power and freedom's  
dawn,  
Shall come to screen his *Caitilin ni Uallachán!*

—:o:—

## O, JUDITH, MY DEAR.

## I.

O, Judith, my dear, 'tis thou that hast left me for  
dead ;  
O, Judith, my dear, thou'st stolen all the brain in my  
head ;  
O, Judith, my dear, thou'st cross'd between Heaven  
and me,  
And 'twere better be blind than ever thy beauty to see!

deserve. *Siobhan* is Anglicised *Judith* by the Scotch, and *Johanna*  
by the Irish.

## II.

Ἀρ βρεάζ ε̇ το ἱνοῶ, ἵρ τῦ ἀη τ-ρεῶῖο̇ το cumaṫ  
 zo ceaṗτ;  
 ἵρ τῦ 'η̇ caɹl̇η ὀζ̇ ηα̇ċ μαῖβ̇ ὀλτα̇ċ, μμμη̇τεα̇ċ leaη̇;  
 Φο̇ ζ̇μουα̇τ̇ μαη̇ ἀη̇ ρῶρ̇ ἀ'ρ̇ το̇ ρῶζ̇ μαη̇ ἱλλεα̇τ̇ ηα  
 η-βεα̇ċ,  
 Ἀ'ρ̇ ζυρ̇ ε̇ το̇ ċeḡl̇ ρέ̇ῖο̇ τῦζ̇ μέ̇ ὀ̇ τ̇ηηεα̇ρ̇ ἀ  
 ἱεα̇ρ̇ċ!

—:o:—

ἈΨΣΛΙΝΣ̇ ΣΕΨΣΨΙΝ̇ ῶΗΨĊ ΦOῶΨΗΝΨΙΛL.\*

## I.

Oῖῶċė β̇ῖορ̇ ἀη̇ λ̇ῖε̇ ἀη̇ ἱuaṅ,  
 'Ṡ μέ̇ ἀη̇ buaη̇εα̇τ̇ τ̇ρῆ̇ ηα̇ caτ̇αῖῖė;  
 Φο̇ ἱ̇η̇ ἀη̇ τ̇ρ̇ῖῶ-βeaη̇, τ̇ρ̇ῖῶleα̇ċ, τ̇ρ̇uaη̇ρ̇ċ,  
 Ταο̇β̇ λ̇οη̇ ῖuaρ̇ ἀζ̇ δέαη̇αη̇ τατ̇αῖῖė:  
 Bȧ ċaol̇ ἀ ċḡṁ, ἀ ċpaο̇β̇-ῖol̇τ̇ τ̇ρ̇ḡṁ,  
 Ἀζ̇ τεα̇ċτ̇ zȯ hoḡ̇ lé̇ἱ̇ ηα̇ ῖpaτ̇αῖῖė,  
 Bȧ ῶ̇ῖbė ἀ ζ̇ρ̇uaῖῖ̇ 'η̇ά̇ ἀη̇ ζ̇uał̇,  
 'Ṡ bȧ ῖ̇lė ἀ ζ̇ρ̇uaα̇τ̇ 'η̇ά̇ ηα̇ h-Ἀλλ̇αῖῖė.

## II.

Φο̇ ċḡηα̇ρ̇ċ ἱ̇, ζ̇paοῖ̇ ζ̇αη̇ ζ̇ρ̇uaῖῖṁ,  
 Ἀ̇ claοη̇-ρ̇oῖῖῖ̇ uαῖῖṫnė 'ῖȧ βéał̇ ταη̇αῖῖė;  
 Ἀ̇ μ̇ḡοη̇ ċῖḡḡċ, ċṗη̇η̇, ῖeal̇, ċṗuaῖῖῶ̇,  
 Ἀ̇η̇ ἀ μ̇ḡη̇-ċheῖῖῖ̇ ῖuaρ̇ ηα̇ċ β̇ῖῖl̇ τεα̇ραῖῖė;

\* This allegorical poem, in which the genius of Ireland, impersonated by a queen of Faëry, leads the charmed mortal through the

## II.

Thy person is peerless—a jewel full fashion'd with  
care,  
Thou art the mild maiden so modest at market and  
fair,  
With cheek like the rose, and kiss like the store o'  
the bee,  
And musical tones that call'd me from death unto  
thee !

—:o:—

## THE VISION OF JOHN MAC DONNELL.

## I.

One night, my eyes, in seal'd repose,  
Beheld wild war's terrific vision—  
When lo ! beside my couch arose  
The Banshee bright, of form Elysian !  
Her dark hair's flow stream'd loose below  
Her waist to kiss her foot of lightness ;  
The snows that deck the cygnet's neck,  
Would fail to peer her bosom's whiteness !

## II.

I saw her—mild her angel mien ;  
Her azure eye was soul-subduing ;  
Her white round breast and lip were seen  
The eye of wonder ever wooing—

principal haunts of the fairy host, is valuable, if it were only for its delineation of the mythological topography of the country.

Ա հաօլ-ճօրք քեան, 4 ընչ-ճոօ՞ւ լեւծայր,  
 Ա ցաօլ տրօյ՛ ճեան, աճճօ 'րա մայլ՛ջե ;  
 Եր քյօր շար ծաօյնն ին 4 քսաճօ,  
 Բյօճ շար ճրա՛ն մէ 4՛ ան ցլեարայ՛ջե .

## III.

Ան սայր ճարգար յ ճօ Բյօ՛շար քսար,  
 Յօ Բքյօնայն սայ՛տ յ ցա'րն Բա ար յ ;  
 Նյօր քքյօտալ քյ, ճօ քքեյն քյ սայր,  
 'Տ Բյօր Յօ ճսայր Գէր մօ քքարայ՛ջե :  
 Փ'էյ՛յօր Յօ լօմն Կա ճէյ՛ լե քօն,  
 Նյօր աօղտա իյօմ 'ր մէ 4 մքարայ՛ջե  
 Յար լեանար յ ճօն տյրն Բա ճսայ՛ճօ,  
 Յօ քյճ Կա Կքսա՛ն ճէ շար Բքաճօ յ .

## IV.

Եյ՛յմն անյօր արյր ճօ քսայ՛ն,  
 Յօ քյճ Գքսաճօն, 'ր Յօ քյճ Տեանայ՛ջե ;  
 Յօ քյճ աօյնն, աօյ՛նքարճօ, քսաճօ,  
 Պար 4 մքյճ Կա քքսայ՛ն քե տաօյն Կա Բեանայ՛ջե  
 Յօ հաօլնօյ Բօյն Աօնշար Օյն,  
 Ա՛ն քէաճայր քեօնայր, 'ր 4՛ ճէանայր քարտայ՛ջե  
 Նյ քայն 4 ճսայրք՛ն քյօր Կա յար,  
 Աճօ յ ճօ ճլսայրաճօ տրէ Կա Բեալայ՛ջե .

## V.

Եյ՛յմն Յօ քյճ իյր Լյրն Կա ցքսաճօ,  
 Յօ ցքաօյն Բսաճօ, 'ր Եյ՛յմն Յօ Եանայր ;  
 Յօ քյճ ճոօ քքյն, աօյնն, քսար,  
 'Տ Աօյնն Բսաճօ քե տաօյն Կա քսայ՛ջե :

Her sylph-like waist—her forehead chaste—  
Her ivory teeth and taper finger—  
'Twas heaven, 'tis true, these charms to view—  
'Twas pain within their sphere to linger !

## III.

“ Fair shape of light ! thy lowly slave  
Entreats thy race—thy travels' story.”  
Her white arm gave one beck'ning wave—  
She vanish'd like a beam of glory !  
My questioning call unheeded all,  
My cries above the breezes swelling,  
As, fill'd with woe, I northward go,  
To Grugach's distant, fairy dwelling !

## IV.

Through fair Senai—through Crochan's hall  
I wildly chase the flying maiden ;  
By fairy fort—by waterfall,  
Where weird ones wept, with sorrow laden !  
My footsteps roam great Aongus' dome,  
Above the Boyne, a structure airy—  
In hall and moat these wild words float,  
“ She onwards treads the haunt of Faëry !”

## V.

Mac Lir, I sought thy proud abode—  
Through Creeveroe my question sounded—  
Through Temor's halls of state I strode,  
And reach'd Cnoc-Fhirinn spell-surrounded,

Bhí céad bean óg, ba réimhe clód,  
 Uí éirteaf ceoil 'r a g déanaim airtíje,  
 Uí bfocháin Uobhll 'r níosnao tuadómhian,  
 'S míle ghuazac glé le gairtíde!

## VI.

Do bí an t-riú-bean, t-riú-leac, t-riú-airc,  
 Do éirí air buairt me an maíje;  
 Na ríje go maíneac, míne-jeal, ruar,  
 'S a d'laog-éuaca léi go haltíje:  
 D'féac a hall go maíoa, mall,  
 Ba léin t'air ball gur mé do lean í,  
 Uí rí 'r t-riú g'í t'air do éuaíto,  
 Tí g'áruar 'r éirí an ccearíje.

## VII.

“Uí éneac,” air rí, “mo bhóin air buairt,  
 Uí éin, mo íluaz, mo laocnao gairtíde;  
 Do éneac a ceíocao Caoníje, éuaíto,  
 Do líonnao luaité na t-riúan t-riearíje:  
 Uí b'íto faoi ceo g'áin bhí g'ac ló  
 Fá éin g'áin bhóin faoi na g'allíje;  
 J'í jomao mac d'íleir d'íbearéa uair,  
 'S a g'íjeiríto nac t-riúaz mé na neartíje!”

## VIII.

D'fearíjeair t'í c'í g'áin bhítoín  
 D'aoir an t-riúearna beao an fearíto,  
 Na Rí g'áin g'aoíto go bhítoínian, t'ian,  
 Uí d'íbeiríto f'íao p'íe ó na hallíje,



By Aoivil-roe, 'mid wine-cups' flow,  
A thousand maids' clear tones were blending ;  
And chiefs of the Gael, in armed mail,  
At tilt and tourney were contending !

## VI.

The Smooth-skin fair, whose witching eye  
Had lur'd me from my pillow dreamy,  
'Mid shadowy hosts was seated high,  
Her coal-black tresses wild and streamy—  
She said, while shone her proud glance on  
The form she knew that long pursued her,  
“ We much deplore thy wanderings sore,  
Now list our wrongs from the fierce intruder.”

## VII.

“ I weep, I weep, my woe-struck bands,  
My country, hosts, and chiefs of bravery—  
The cold, rude Alien spoil'd their lands,  
And ground their strength in bitter slavery ;  
Crush'd, weak, obscure, they now endure  
Dark sorrow's yoke beneath the stranger ;  
And the True and High in exile sigh—  
Heaven, how I need each brave avenger !”

## VIII.

“ Say, O say, thou being bright !  
When shall the land from slavery waken ?  
When shall our hero claim his right,  
And tyrants' halls be terror shaken ?”

Do d'úin rí a beól n'í d'ubairt n'íor mó  
 Seo 'n r'ubal mar ceó í n'ó mar r'íže-zaoít,  
 'S n'íl cúnatar f'ór le tabairt a ccoirn  
 Ca ham do f'óirf'ídean a'n an nearf'áize !

—:o:—

## ᲘᲘᲚᲛᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲘ ᲚᲚᲘᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ.

### I.

ᲘᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲘ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ, ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ,\*  
 ᲘᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ, ᲚᲚᲚ ;  
 Ba b'íne a beul-ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 Ba ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ—  
 ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ—ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ  
 ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ le ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ le ᲚᲚᲚ—  
 ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ, ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 ᲘᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ !

### II.

ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 le ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ;  
 ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ, ᲚᲚᲚ, ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 Ba ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ le ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ—  
 ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 ᲘᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ le ᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 NaᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ le ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ,  
 Na ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚ ᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚᲚ !

\* *Abhan-an Ríche*, a river of the County Kilkenny. It is called *Avonree*, or the *King's River*, from the death of the monarch, Niall, who, about the middle of the ninth century, was drowned in it.

She gives no sign—the form divine  
Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken—  
The future holds, in Time's dark folds,  
The despot's chain of bondage broken!

—:o:—

## ONE CLEAR SUMMER MORNING.

### I.

One clear summer morning, near blue Avonree,  
A stately brown maiden flash'd full on my way;  
More white was her brow than the foam of the sea;  
More holy her voice than the fairy choir's lay!  
Her slight waist was chalk-white, her foot light and  
smooth  
Glanc'd air-lifted over the wild, grassy slope—  
“Fair light of the valley,” I said to her sooth,  
“My heart's health is gone if you yield me no  
hope!”

### II.

At the birth of the maiden, a humming bee flew,  
With a rich honey-shower, to her berry-red lip—  
I snatch'd, from the fair one, the sweet, fragrant dew;  
’Twas rapture entrancing—but what did I sip?  
A sting from her red lip sped, swift as a dart,  
Its way to my bosom—how woful to say;  
’Tis strange that I live with the barb in my heart,  
While thousands have died of her love since that  
day!

waters during a flood, while he was endeavouring to preserve the life of a soldier of his train who had been swept into the current of the river.

## UILLI-ZUĈ AN AOBÑJS.

Ulliam Dall, ró cán.

### I.

Ain bhuac na Coille mhóine,  
 Fa éruacò-bhuataio bhóine,  
 Do reólaò zuċ an éluaraò,  
 Ba ruairce lom, fá òó,  
 Na ceól na cruċt ir ruairmhin  
 A' r na zlóir na lon ra n-uairzhear  
 Do bé ceól ba bhinne ain cuairio lom,  
 Da z-cualaò don t-róirt.

### II.

Ná'n ceól do tuzaio ruairz ĩir  
 Tar mhóir mhíir ó'n Róim,  
 Na an rróirt do óéinjo zruazaio  
 A z-cruairò-lij na ruairz  
 Ná'n zéóin do léizjo cuaca  
 Zo ruacò cóir coille a m-bhuac cnoic ;  
 A' r zac bhóin zuir éir mo éuairio ójom  
 Muha m-beaò Wallairze beaz O !

### III.

Sairte beac do luðaz linn  
 Ain tuairmiz a t-treóin,\*  
 Añ fózmar do beaò zo buaóarta  
 A' r zan ruaircair aiz Seóin

\* The poet, seeing a swarm of bees confused and wild at the loss

THE VOICE OF JOY.

I.

By Kilmore's woody highland,  
Wandering dark and drear,  
A voice of joy came o'er me,  
More holy to mine ear  
Than wild harp's breathing dreamy,  
Or blackbird's warbling streamy ;  
No seraph choir could frame me  
Such soft music dear !

II.

More sweet than anthems holy  
Brought seaward from Rome,  
Than spells by wizards spoken  
O'er stolen maiden's doom,  
Or cuckoo's song inspiring  
Where woods green hills environ—  
Save love for one fair siren,  
It banish'd my gloom.

III.

The golden bees were ranging  
The air for a chief—  
'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,  
And dark tyrants' grief ;

of the queen bee, accepts the omen as a prognostic of the destruction of the English power in Ireland.

Seóirre tair leat dá ruazad  
 I'r an dóir do bíod go buacaé  
 San óir ná bailte ari buan dóib  
 I'r ní truaž hom a m-brón!

## IV.

A Spónaill dá m-beiréir rínte  
 Faoi éruad-leac a z-coimead,  
 A'r an rzeal ro clor mar cúala  
 Zo ruanmhar ari reól;  
 le fóira a'r neart mo žuaile'  
 An fóo zo z-caitrim ruar d'iom  
 A'r me teaóo tair m'air zo luaimneac  
 Faoi t'uairim an rzeoil!

—:o:—

## A'R EIRE N' JNEOSUIN CIA HJ.\*

## I.

A maoin 'r mé téarhain ar heoin,  
 A'ri an taob eile don teóra 'na mbim;  
 Do taobhain an rpeim-bean am dóir,  
 Dfáz taomneac, breoidte, laz, rih:  
 Do žéillior dá méih 'r dá clóo,  
 Dá beul tanaró, beó-milir, bhí;  
 'S žur léim mé fá déizim dul na cóir,  
 'S ari Eire ní 'heórain cia hj!

\* The author of this beautiful love song is unknown; but it would seem that he was a native of the County Kerry, as this is

And George, a homeless ranger—  
His tribe, the faithless stranger,  
Far banish'd—and their danger,  
My glad heart's relief!

## IV.

If o'er me lay at Shronehill  
The hard flag of doom,  
And came that sound of sweetness  
To cheer the cold gloom—  
Death's darksome bondage broken,  
My deaf, dull ear had woken,  
And, at the spell-word spoken,  
I'd burst from the tomb!

—:o:—

## FOR IRELAND I'D TELL NOT HER NAME.

## I.

One eve, as I happen'd to stray  
By the lands that are bordering on mine,  
A maiden came full on my way,  
Who left me in anguish to pine—  
The slave of the charms, and the mien,  
And the silver-ton'd voice of the dame,  
To meet her I sped o'er the green ;  
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name !

the most popular song in that part of Munster. Tradition attributes it to a young man who fell violently in love with the affianced bride of his own brother.

## II.

Dá n-éiríodh an r-éirí-bean dam' zlóir,  
 Uraio náiróte mo beoil do beiré fíor;  
 Zo deirínn t-íre do déanfáin do zhdó,  
 Do léirí éirí a ccóir 'r a ccíic:  
 Do léirínn zo léirí r-tairí dam' r-tóir,  
 'S ba méirí líom a rózaó óm' éiríde,  
 Do béanfáin an éraob ój 'na dóir;  
 'S airí Eiríe hí 'neorfáin cía hí!

## III.

'Tá r-éirí-bhínníoll maoréa, m-ó-dáirí, óz,  
 Uirí an taob eile ó'í teóira 'na mhínn;  
 'Tá féiríe 'zuir daonáct, 'r meón,  
 'S deiríe n-ó-níóir aín ra mhaol:  
 'Tá folta léi az t-íreinn zo feóir,  
 Zo cocáhaó, ómhíraó, bíde,  
 'Tá lara iona leacín mar n-óir;  
 'S airí Eiríe hí 'neorfáin cía hí!

## IV.

U íáirí-fíir bí páiríteaó líom féirí,  
 'S me áiríoní t-á m-éiríoir líom r-ziríob;  
 Bheirínn z-náómar le b-ár-éirí na ccraob  
 Dá b-íraínn áirínníe ó doiríe cía hí?  
 'Táirí cáiríte 'r hí cáirí oirí é,  
 Zuir le dánaóct do t-éirínn leat dá r-íreann,  
 Ní fuláirí zo b-íirí cáirí airí a r-éirí,  
 Zo b-íirí náiríe oirí a léiríeaó ó'ínn cía hí!



## II.

Would she list to my love-laden voice,  
How sooth were my vows to the fair ;  
Would she make me for ever her choice,  
Her wealth would increase by my care—  
I'd read her our poets' sweet lays,  
Press close to my wild heart the dame,  
Devote to her beauty the bays ;  
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name !

## III.

A maiden young, tender, refin'd,  
On the lands that are bordering on mine,  
Hath virtues and graces of mind,  
And features surpassingly fine ;  
Blent amber and yellow compose  
The ringleted hair of the dame,  
Her cheek hath the bloom of the rose ;  
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name !

## STANZAS SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE FOREGOING.

## IV.

Sweet poet ! incline to my prayer—  
For O ! could my melodies flow,  
I'd sing of your ringleted fair,  
If haply her name I could know.  
You are censur'd, permit me to say,  
Nor grieve I you suffer the blame—  
Some blot doth her beauty display,  
When for Ireland you'd tell not her name !

## V.

Ἀ Βηρúηαιῖ ! ἔη ἐλúηαιῖ ζαν ἄαιη,  
 Νῖοη ḃ-ῖοηῖηη ἡοη ῖῖηῖηε ῖοη ῖηη ;  
 Νό ηῖῖῖ ῖο βεῖῖ ῖαβαιῖῖ ῖο ῖηηῖῖḃ,  
 ῖο ηβειῖῖ ῖοῖ ἄηη ἄ ῖῖῖῖ ῖο ηῖῖῖ ῖῖοη ;  
 Σεῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖο ῖῖηαλαῖ ἄ ἡη,  
 Ο'η ῖῖηη ῖο ῖῖῖ' ἄη ῖῖῖῖ ῖοηῖ ἡοη,  
 ῖεῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖηη-ῖῖ ἄῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖηῖῖῖ ἄη ḃῖḃ,  
 'ῖ ἄη ῖῖηη ἡῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖηη ῖῖ ἡῖ !

—:o:—

## BRUJNῖJOLL BῖJLE ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,\*

ῖοῖ, “ Ποηῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.”

## I.

Ἀ ῖῖῖῖῖηη ἄ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ' ῖῖῖῖῖ,  
 Οῖῖ ! ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖο ἡῖῖ ῖο ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ  
 'ῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἡῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,  
 ῖο ῖῖῖῖ ἡῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ—  
 Ἀ ῖῖῖ ἡῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ἄῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖο ῖῖῖῖ,  
 Νῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἡεῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,  
 Βῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖο ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,  
 ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ἄ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ !

\* *Baile-ath-Shamhnais.* *Ballyhaunis*, a market town in the barony of Costello, County Mayo. It had a monastery for friars of the order of St. Augustine, endowed by the family of Nangle, who, in after time, took the name of Costello. It subsisted till the reign of James I., and at the insurrection of 1641 was restored by some friars of the same order.—*Lewis's Topographical Dictionary.*

Mr. Hardiman, who leaves this song untranslated in the first volume of the “*Minstrelsy*,” says that it was composed by a friar

## v.

O, Browne, of the pure spotless fame !  
I never would marvel to see  
A clown thus consigning to blame  
Those charms that so beautiful be—  
But you that have roam'd by the Lee,  
And the scenes of the Suir did proclaim,  
Why ask you my secret from me,  
When for Ireland I'd tell not her name ?

—:0:—

## THE MAID OF BALLYHAUNIS.

## I.

My Mary dear ! for thee I die,  
O ! place thy hand in mine love—  
My fathers here were chieftains high,  
Then to my plaints incline, love.  
O, Plaited-hair ! that now we were  
In wedlock's band united,  
For, maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,  
Until our vows are plighted !

of the monastery of Ballyhaunis, who fell in love with a beautiful girl of that place. With every respect for the superior information of Mr. Hardiman, I beg to say that this lyric, so creditable to the poetic genius of Connaught, and which stands forth among the happiest efforts of the pastoral muse of Ireland, was, in all likelihood, written by a youthful student of the monastery, as the second stanza bears clear proof that the lover is one not arrived at manhood, and who is subject to his father's control.

## II.

Ա Ելա՛յ՛ տ Կա ԿԿՕՐԻ Օ Ե՛ԱՐԼԱ ՄԵ,  
 ԿԼՕՅԾԵ, ԿՐԵՅԻ՛Ծ, ԼԵ ՅՐԵԱՅՆ ԾԿԻԾ ;  
 ԿԱՐԻ ՔՕՅ Մ՛ ԾԵՅՅԻՆ Ա ՐԻՆ ՄՅ ՈՅ ԸԼԵՅԾ  
 'Տ ԿԱԵԱՐԻ ՅՐԱԾ ՅԱՆ ԸԼՕՆ, ՅԱՆ ԸԱՆ ԾԱՆԻ .  
 ՔԱՐՕՅՐԻ ՅԵԱՐ ! ԻՐ ՄԵ ԱՆ ԸԵԱՅՆ ՅԱՆ ԸԵՅԼԼ  
 'Տ ԾՕ ԸՐՈՅԱՐԼԵ Մ՛ԱԵԱՐ ՆՅՅՐ ԸՆԿԿԵԱՐ  
 'Տ ՅԱՐ Ե՛Ը ԸՐՈՅՐԱԾ ԾԵԱՆԱԸ Ա ԾՒԵԱՐԻԾ ՔԵ ԼՅՈՄ  
 “ ԿՐԵՅՐԵ ԵՄԼ Ա՛Ծ ԿԱՆԿԱՐ !

## III.

ԱԸՕ ԵՄՅ ՄԵ ՅՐԱԾ ԾՕՕ ԸՐԼԻՆ ԵԱՆ,  
 ԱՐԻ ԸՒԼ ԱՆ ՅՅԱՐԾԻՆ ՐՈՅԱՐԵ ;  
 ԾՕՕ ԵԵՅԼԻՆ ԿԼԱՅԻ՛Ծ ՄԱՐ ԸՒԵԱՐ ՆԱ ԿՐԱՅՅԱ,  
 ԾՕՕ ԾԱ ՅՐԱՄԱԾ ԾԵԱՐՅ ՄԱՐ ԸՕՐԻՕՆ :  
 ԾՕՕ ԵՄԼ ԻՐ ԵՆԿԵ 'ՆԱՆ ԸՄԱԸ ԱՐԻ ԵՅԼԵ,  
 'Տ ՆԱ ԸԵՅԼԵԱԵԱՐ ԸՕՅՆ ՆԱ ՆԵՄԿԼԱՅԻ՛Ծ,  
 ԱՅՕ ԼԵՄՆ 'Ր ՄՅՈ՛ՅԿԼԵԱԾ ! ՅԱՆ ՄԵ՛Ր ԿԱ Ա ԸՄԱՐԻՆ,  
 ԱՅ ԵԱԼՅՅԱԾ ԼԵ ՆԱ ԸԵՅԼԵ .

## IV.

Ա ՅՐԱԾ 'Ր Ա ՐԻՆ ԾԱ ՆՅԼԱՐՔԵԱԾ ԼՅՈՄ  
 ՅՕ ԿԻՆ ՆԱ ԼՅՆՅ ԱՐ ԸՐԻՆՆԻՆ ?  
 ՆՅԼ ԿՆԿԵԱՐ ԸՐՆՆ ՆԱ ԿՆԿԵԱՐ ԸՐՅՐԾԵ,  
 ՆԱԸ ԼԵՅԵԱՐՔՐԻՅԵ ԱՆՆ ՅԱՆ ԱՆԿԱՐ,  
 'Տ ԿՒ ԱՆ ՆԵՄԿԵ ԵՐԼԿԻՐ ԿԱՐ ՆԻՆԱՅԾ ՆԱ ՔՕԾԼԱ,  
 ԱՅԱՐ ԸՐՆՆՆԻ՛Ծ ԱՅԱԾ ՔԵՅՆ Օ՛Ն ՄԵԱՐ ՄԵ  
 ՕՐԻ ՅԱՆ ՅՐԱՐԱ ԾԵ ՆՅ ՆԱՐԿԻ՛Ծ ՄԵ,  
 ԱՐԻ ԱՆ ԿՐՐԱՅՕ ԿՕ ԵՄԼ Ա՛Ծ ԿԱՆԿԱՐ !

## II.

Thou, Rowan-bloom, since thus I rove,  
All worn and faint to greet thee,  
Come to these arms, my constant love,  
With love as true to meet me!  
Alas! my head—its wits are fled,  
I've fail'd in filial duty—  
My sire did say, "Shun, shun, for aye  
That Ballyhaunis beauty!"

## III.

But thy *Cúilin bán*\* I mark'd one day,  
Where the blooms of the bean-field cluster,  
Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,  
Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre,  
Thy tones that shame the wild bird's fame  
Which sing in the summer weather—  
And O! I sigh that thou, love, and I  
Steal not from this world together!

## IV.

If with thy lover thou depart  
To the Land of Ships, my fair love,  
No weary pain of head or heart  
Shall haunt our slumbers there, love—  
O! haste away, ere cold death's prey,  
My soul from thee withdrawn is ;  
And my hope's reward, the churchyard sward,  
In the town of Ballyhaunis!

\* *Cúilin bán*, fair flowing hair.

AN AINMHIR ALUIN.

Ah Manzanne Súzach, nó cán.

I.

Jr tréit me real 'rar fann,  
 Mo zhé do mheát do lom,—  
 D'ealaiz chead—  
 Jr raizead 'r deart  
 Am aod, am rzairt, am com.  
 Do tréiz me jr fear mo zheann,  
 'Tá'n cléir a hearraid lom;—  
 Jr baot mo beart,  
 Jr faon mo heart,—  
 Do claon—do rzaip mo mheadair!

II.

Le héizion zean don moðairil,  
 A rí réiltion deat an Bhróza;\*  
 Do mheadair armil  
 Daoir am aice—  
 A ré beir rearz mo íairil.  
 'Tá a craobfolc tair zo bonn,  
 Zo maíðac, craðac, crom:  
 Jr a ríh-porz mear  
 Le zaetib a ílad  
 Na céadta fear zo fann.

\* *Brogha*, Bruff, a town in the County of Limerick.

## THE LOVELY MAID.

## I.

Long, long I'm worn and weak,  
And pale my wasted cheek ;  
    And groans have rent  
    Where shafts were sent  
My inmost soul to seek—  
My sense of joy is dead,  
The Church's wrath I dread ;  
    I'm wild, unwise,  
    My vigour dies,  
My wits are scattered, fled !

## II.

The love I do avow  
The beauteous Star of Brogha,  
    Hath heap'd dark blame  
    Upon my name,  
And withering left me now—  
Her hair, in wreathed flow,  
Falls shining, quivering, low ;  
    Her rich, ripe eye  
    Bids thousands die  
Beneath its arrowy glow !

## III.

TÁ a beul bhínn blartha, buadaic,  
 'S a déirdíon éarlice cúmhán,  
 A néird-éinob dearg,  
 A h-áol-éoirp rean,  
 A rzéimí marí alaó aji ríúll.  
 A ccéim a teacó zó ríúac,  
 'S na déite a rreardal dhínn;  
 Do téarhaidí ir fear  
 A h-béird le m' aji;  
 Do élaon, do rzar mo lúe.

## IV.

Do íléacóar real dam' nínn,  
 Le h-éiríon zean dá zhrí;  
 Do béic, do rznead,  
 Do léim do rreab,  
 "Seun me feartha"—adúbarit—  
 Ní éarllíonó féim mo élu  
 Le néic zan maid, marí tui,  
 Le bhéaz ir beairt  
 Do leun—do ílad  
 Na céadta bean ra Muimhain!

—:o:—

## CUISTLE MHO CROÍDE.

## I.

Aji maidíon a hae roimí zhréim zó mod,  
 Do deaircar a h-béird ba niamháda cruic;



## III.

Lips, precious, musical,  
Teeth, chalk-white, close-set, small ;  
    Hand, smooth, and fair ;  
    Form, statelier  
Than wave-pois'd swan withal—  
Once favouring heaven did will  
That, downward o'er the hill,  
    Beside me came  
    The light-limb'd dame—  
Faint tremblings through me thrill !

## IV.

Low kneeling to the fay,  
I vainly made essay  
    To melt her heart—  
    With shriek and start,  
She wildly turn'd away :  
“ Begone !” the virgin said,  
“ Seducer, thou'st betrayed,  
    “ With deed of guile,  
    “ And tale and wile,  
“ Full many a Munster maid !”

—:o:—

## PULSE OF MY HEART.

## I.

Before the sun rose at yester-dawn,  
I met a fair maid adown the lawn :

Sneac̄ta a3ur caon̄ b̄j a3 caim̄m̄t, 'na r3éim̄  
 'S a rean̄za-c̄on̄p réim̄ mān z̄éir̄ ān̄ r̄rūt̄ ;  
 'S a c̄h̄rle mō c̄nōide ! c̄néāō j̄ 'h̄ z̄rūaim̄  
 r̄m̄ ōn̄t̄ ?

## II.

Būō b̄innē zūt̄ caon̄h̄ a b̄éil̄ lē r̄ult̄  
 Ná Ōr̄p̄eur̄ dō lé̄j̄ zō faon̄ nā tōn̄ic̄ ;—  
 Bh̄j̄ ā mām̄ān̄-mōr̄z̄ né̄īō mān̄ c̄nōīr̄tāl̄ nā m̄b̄raon̄  
 Ān̄ r̄eam̄ān̄-z̄lān̄ r̄éim̄ mōim̄ z̄né̄im̄ zō mōc̄ ;  
 'S a c̄h̄rle mō c̄nōide ! c̄néāō j̄ ān̄ z̄rūaim̄  
 r̄m̄ ōn̄t̄ ?

. —:o:—

## Α ΤΑΥΤΩ ΣΥΝΤΕ ΑΥΤΟ ΦΟ ΤΗΥΑΥΒΑ.

## I.

Ατάμ̄ ρ̄ίη̄τε̄ ān̄ dō t̄úam̄ba,  
 Ᾱr̄ tō z̄eab̄ān̄ ān̄ dō r̄j̄ōn̄ m̄é ;  
 Φά̄ m̄bé̄īōēāō bá̄m̄ dō ōá̄ lá̄m̄ 'z̄am̄,  
 N̄j̄ r̄z̄ār̄fān̄h̄ lēāt̄ c̄ōīōc̄e—  
 Ᾱ ú̄bāīl̄h̄ a3ur̄ ān̄h̄r̄āc̄t̄,  
 J̄r̄ ām̄ ōāīh̄rā l̄h̄z̄ē lēāt̄,  
 'Tá̄ bolāō f̄uān̄ nā c̄m̄āō ōn̄m̄,  
 Φāt̄ nā z̄né̄im̄ē 'r̄ nā z̄āōītē !

## II.

Ατά̄ cl̄ō ān̄ mō c̄nōīōēr̄j̄,  
 'Tá̄ l̄j̄ōn̄tā lē z̄n̄á̄ō ōh̄t̄,  
 L̄j̄ōn̄h̄ōub̄ ān̄ tāōb̄ r̄j̄ōr̄ ōē,  
 C̄ōm̄ c̄j̄ān̄ ōub̄ lē h̄-á̄j̄m̄ē.

The berry and snow  
To her cheek gave its glow,  
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan—  
Then, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

## II.

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won  
Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done ;  
Her ripe eyes of blue  
Were crystals of dew,  
On the grass of the lawn before the sun—  
And, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

—:o:—

## FROM THE COLD SOD THAT'S O'ER YOU.

## I.

From the cold sod that's o'er you  
I never shall sever—  
Were my hands twin'd in your's, love,  
I'd hold them for ever—  
My fondest, my fairest,  
We may now sleep together,  
I've the cold earth's damp odour,  
And I'm worn from the weather!

## II.

This heart, fill'd with fondness,  
Is wounded and weary ;  
A dark gulf beneath it  
Yawns jet-black and dreary—

Νά βαιηον αοη ηῖό τάν,  
 'S zo cclaoiðpeað aη bár με,  
 Βέηδεατρα η' ῖιοτ-ζαοιτε,  
 Ρόηαο ῖιοτ αιη ηα βάντα !

## III.

Νυαιη ιη τóηζ le μο ηηηητη,  
 Ζο ηβήηηε αιη μο leaba ;  
 Αηη το τuamba γεαó βῖόηη ῖηητε  
 Ο οηόεε zo ηαιηοηη ;  
 Αζ κυη ῖιοτ μο έηυαότταιη,  
 'S αζ έηυαό-ζολ zo ταιηηοηη,  
 Τηε μο έαιλή εηηη, ῖτυμαó,  
 Φο λυαóαó ηοη ηα leañé !

## IV.

Αη εηηηη leατρα αη οηόεε,  
 Φο βῖοηα 'ζυη τυηα ;  
 Φά βυη αη έηαιηη τηαιζηηζ,  
 'S αη οηόεε αζ κυη εηηηε ;  
 Céαο ηολαó le η-ῖοηα,  
 Ναé τεάηηαηαι αη ηηλλεαó,  
 'S zo βῖηη το έοηόηη ηαιζτεαηηη,  
 Να εηαιη ηοηηηε αη το έοηηηε !

## V.

Τά ηα Saζαιητ 'η ηα Βηάηηηε,  
 Ζαé lá ηοη α βῖεαηηζ ;  
 Φο έιοηη βεηé α ηηηάó leατ,  
 Α όηζβεαη ηη τῖ ηαιηé ;

When death comes, a victor,  
In mercy to greet me,  
On the wings of the whirlwind,  
In the wild wastes you'll meet me !

## III.

When the folk of my household  
Suppose I am sleeping,  
On your cold grave, till morning,  
The lone watch I'm keeping ;  
My grief to the night wind,  
For the mild maid to render,  
Who was my betrothed  
Since infancy tender !

## IV.

Remember the lone night  
I last spent with you, love,  
Beneath the dark sloe-tree,  
When the icy wind blew, love—  
High praise to the Saviour  
No sin-stain had found you,  
That your virginal glory  
Shines brightly around you !

## V.

The priests and the friars  
Are ceaselessly chiding,  
That I love a young maiden,  
In life not abiding—

Dhéanfaíh fórsaó ari an nsaóit óh  
 'S óion óh ó' h b'earcáih :  
 A'zur críhacó zéar mo énoidei  
 Thí beit íóir a'ra tatalai !

## VI.

Tabair do mallaó do mhácairín,  
 'S árihóir t-a'ar ;  
 'S a mairion do cáirde,  
 Zo léineac na rearaíh :  
 Náir léiz dam é' p'óraó  
 'S tu beó 'zam aó beata,  
 A'zur nac h-iarraíh mair r'p'éio leat,  
 A'c lí'óe hom air leaba !

—:o:—

BE 'N EIRJINN I MO ZRUIÓ I.

Ah Manzairne Srzac, nó cán.

## I.

Cé fada mé le h-aer an t-raozaí,  
 Ir zur loitear beit a' r céad má' r íóir,  
 Níor deancar aon do léir zóir ríh,  
 Zo teacó am ílize do 'h bán-óneir—  
 Sí an é'í'íonh caon-tair z'ráómar,  
 Lé zaete n'ill mo íláirte,  
 Aon zan p'uirp,  
 Zan taom, zan teirholl,  
 Bé 'h Eiríh í, mo z'ráó í !

O! I'd shelter and shield you,  
If wild storms were swelling,  
And O! my wreck'd hope,  
That the cold earth's your dwelling!

## VI.

Alas, for your father,  
And also your mother,  
And all your relations,  
Your sister and brother,  
Who gave you to sorrow,  
And the grave 'neath the willow,  
While I crav'd, as your portion,  
But to share your chaste pillow!

—:o:—

## WHOE'ER SHE BE, I LOVE HER.

## I.

Through pleasure's bowers I wildly flew,  
Deceiving maids, if tales be true,  
Till love's lorn anguish made me rue  
That one young Fair-neck saw me,  
Whose modest mien did awe me,  
Who left my life to hover  
O'er death's dark shade—  
The stainless maid,  
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

## II.

Jr cnaṫac, cnaobac, méiṫ a ṫlaoiṫ,  
 Níl ceal 'na rṫéiṫ, ṫí 'l claoṫ 'na cnoiṫe ;  
 ṫa maṫre a'r méiṫ ṫa ṫiṫeṫ 'ra ṫṫaóí,  
 ṫaṫ ṫaóṫ le rṫṫeaṫí 'na cáil ṫlaṫ ;  
 'Sj aṫ béiṫ ṫo claoiṫiṫ na ṫáṫṫe,  
 le ṫ-éiṫiṫ ṫṫiṫṫ ṫa báṫ-ṫṫeṫ,  
     Maṫ aṫ ṫṫí rí  
     A ṫ-eaṫ ṫṫiṫ ríṫ,  
 Bé 'ṫ Eṫṫiṫ í, ṫo ṫṫáṫ í !

## III.

Jr ṫeaṫ a ṫéiṫ, a beul, 'ra ríob,  
 A maṫa caol, 'ra claoṫ-ṫoṫí ríṫiṫ,  
 Jona leacaṫ ṫeṫ aṫ caoṫ 'ra líṫ,  
 Maṫ ṫéiṫ aṫ lṫṫ, a báṫ cṫuṫ ;  
 ṫa rṫeṫ, a'r ṫṫiṫe, 'r ráṫṫe  
 'ṫ aṫ ṫ-béiṫ 'ṫaṫ ṫuṫ a cáṫe,  
     Ní baóṫ a ṫṫiṫiṫ,  
     Ní ṫaṫ a ṫṫiṫe,  
 Bé 'ṫ Eṫṫiṫ í, ṫo ṫṫáṫ í !

## IV.

O ṫabara léi maṫ ṫéiṫe ṫíṫ,  
 Ní rṫaṫṫaṫ léi ṫo ṫ-ṫeṫṫeṫ ṫo 'ṫ cill,  
 Aṫ baṫraṫ béul-ṫaṫ, beṫac, bṫṫ,  
 ṫo ṫeṫ-ṫiṫiṫ ríṫ le ṫṫáṫ ṫiṫ--  
 A ṫcṫiṫ ṫaṫ ṫiṫiṫ ṫ'r áṫṫ leaṫ,



## II.

Her hair like quivering foliage flows,  
Her heart no thought of evil knows,  
Her face with purest virtue glows,  
Her fame all hate defying—  
While for her crowds are dying,  
And round death's threshold hover,  
Where I, for one,  
Am nearly gone—  
Whoe'er she be, I love her !

## III.

What beauteous teeth, and lip, and neck,  
And eye and brow the maiden deck ;  
What red and white her cheek bespeck !  
Like wave-pois'd swan she's fairest,  
In virtue high she's rarest ;  
In her may none discover  
One deed to blame—  
Mild, modest dame,  
Whoe'er she be, I love her !

## IV.

But since soft ties are round us wove,  
Which nought but death can e'er remove,  
That balsam-bearing Lip of love  
That spell-bound left me dying—  
Now far together flying

Le céile nažam, a žnádó žil,  
 An raožal hí b-řajžijš  
 Šo h-eaž an η-déjžle—  
 Bé 'η Eijijij í, mo žnádó í!

## v.

Račřad léj šo h-Eijijie řjor,  
 A mearž na η-béjč žeal aonac žlijij,  
 A'ř na reabac řéijie, rearčac, žijijij,  
 Chum řéij, a'ř řjij, a'ř ájleacč ;  
 Le h-aončta žaodóil a'ř cáijie,  
 Béarřad í čan řájle,  
 An bejč žan baorř,  
 Jř řéijie řlijž,  
 Bé 'η Eijijij í, mo žnádó í!

## vi.

A h-aiijij řaon hí dčarčar lijij  
 A'ř do'η č-řaožal cé mo řijijij  
 Jř í žan brijž, čijij řaožad an čmojčie  
 Do léijijž čijij čum báijř mé ;  
 An čřljčijijij ijij-tear, ijijáijij  
 Le žaetč do ijijl mo řlájijčie  
 Béjč žan řijijř  
 Žan čaom, žan čejijijol ;  
 Bé 'η Eijijij í, mo žnádó í!

The ocean-billows over,  
Who can divide  
From me my bride?  
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

## v.

But first to Eirne's lovely lake,  
Where maids are gay, our course we'll take,  
Where generous chiefs bright banquets make,  
And purple wine is flowing;  
Then from our dear friends going,  
We'll sail the ocean over,  
I and my dame  
Of stainless fame—  
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

## vi.

Her secret name I'll not impart,  
Although she pierc'd my wandering heart,  
With such a death-dispensing dart  
As love-sick left me lying,  
In fiery torment dying,  
Till pity mild did move her—  
But wine of Spain  
To her we'll drain,  
Whoe'er she be, I love her

ΒΑΝ-ՇՆԱՅԸ ԱՅԵԲՆ ԵՅՐՅՈՆՆ.

Փողնձած Բուած Պաճ Ըոմարա, ցետ.

I.

Եբն եանաճտ ծմ ըբօյժե Յօ տնի նա հ-Եյրյօնն,  
 Բան-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն,  
 Շւմ ա մայրօն յօ իյօլիւն Եւ ա՛ր Եյբն\*  
 Ա մ-բան-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն—  
 Ան ճիտ յօն ար Ե՛ ասօննն Եյրյօնն ինչ էան,  
 Պար ի՛նչ ըբիտ ըսօնն ԳՅ Երիյնե Յաօճալ ;  
 Sé mo cáir a beirt m'ile m'ile a zcéin  
 O bán-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն !

II.

Եյն Եարա ԵօՅ ինչ ար ըսօնն-ՇնչԸ Եյրյօնն,  
 Բան-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն,  
 'Տիտ Եարն յօնա՛ն տնի Եօ յի՛տ Յաճ ինչ Ենն Ենն,  
 Բան-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն,  
 Եա Եյնն նա մէարայն ար տէարայն Եօնն,  
 Տիտն ԳՅսր Յէյմիւն Ե Լաօճ ՚ր Ե մ-Եճ,  
 ԱՅսր տայտնօնն նա Յիւնն օրտա ԳՅՐԸ Ե՛ր յՅ  
 Այն Բան-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն !

III.

Աճալժ Յարա Եյննար Ե յ-տնի նա հ-Եյրյօնն,  
 Բան-ՇնչԸ ասօնն Եյրյօնն,

\* Eibher or Eivir, the son of Ir, who, with his brothers, the sons

## FAIR HILL'D, PLEASANT IRELAND.

## I.

Take a blessing from the heart of a lonely griever,  
    To fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,  
To the glorious seed of Ir and Eivir,  
    In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland,  
Where the voice of birds fills the wooded vale,  
Like the mourning harp o'er the fallen Gael—  
And oh! that I pine, many long days' sail,  
    From fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

## II.

On the gentle heights are soft sweet fountains,  
    In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland ;  
I would choose o'er this land the bleakest mountains  
    In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland—  
More sweet than fingers o'er strings of song,  
The lowing of cattle the vales among,  
And the sun smiling down upon old and young,  
    In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland!

## III.

There are numerous hosts at the trumpet's warning,  
    In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland ;

of Milesius, shared Ireland between them. Ir and his son Eivir had Ulster for their share.

Ἄρ' ἔφαρ' ἀκοῆν ζῆροῦδε ἢα κλαοῦδ' ἔαδ' ἄε  
 Ἄρ' ἢ βάν-ἐης ἀοῖβη Ἐηροῆ—  
 Ἄα ἔηρε κροῦδε ἄρ' μο ἐηηεᾶδ' ἔζέαλ,  
 Ἰαδ' ἄζ ζαλλ-ῖης ἔιορ' ἔα ζῆροῖμ, μο λευη!  
 Ἄρ' ἄ μ-βαῖτε δα μοῖοη ἔα ἔιορ' ζο δαοη,  
 Ἄ μ βάν-ἐης ἀοῖβη Ἐηροῆ!

—:o:—

### ΚΑΙΤΡΙΝ ΝΙ ΣΗΘΙΝ.\*

#### I.

Σέ ἂν ἔαδ' ἀῖε ἔο Βερατ' ἂν ἔαρ' ἔαλ βί ἄζ  
 Βεαλλῖς  
 Ἄρ' ἢ' ἢ β' ἄδ' ἔα ἔα ' ἢ τεᾶρο λε λῆδε ἂν  
 ἂν ἡόη,  
 Σα ἢᾶζδεᾶν β' ἔαζ β' ἂν ἢᾶλ ἢᾶ' ἢ ἐηρ' ἔρῆρ  
 ἢᾶη ἄ β-ἔαρ' ἢβ,  
 Ἐῖμ ζεζέαλ ἢᾶρ' ἔηεᾶδ' ἔα ἔι Καίτριν ἢ Σηθῖν!

#### II.

Τά ἢα κευδ' ἔα δ' ἢᾶρ' ἔο δ' ἂν ἔυζροῦδ' ἔα  
 ἔαρ' ἔραη,  
 Ρορ' ἢῆδ' ζλαη ἐλυᾶη ἢεαλλ, βεул τᾶη ἢᾶρ'  
 ἢδ' ἔ,

\* This song is the production of a Connaught bard. It seems to be an extempore effusion in praise of the daughter of a western chief, at whose residence the person whom the minstrel styles the *Hunter of Bera*, had arrived. This spirited outburst of song was certainly a characteristic mode of introducing the "Hunter of

And warriors bold, all danger scorning,  
    In fair-hill'd pleasant Ireland—  
Oh, memory sad ! oh, tale of grief !  
They are crush'd by the stranger past all relief ;  
Nor tower nor town hath its native chief,  
    In fair-hill'd, pleasant Ireland !

—:o:—

## CAITRIN, THE DAUGHTER OF JOHN.

### I.

Sing the Hunter of Bera, who from Ballagh came  
    hither,  
Our gates open'd wide to his coming at noon,  
And the virgin whose coldness did suitors' hopes  
    wither,  
The snow-waisted Caitrin, the daughter of John !

### II.

There are tall sons of bravery that pine in her  
    slavery ;  
Her eye all beguiling—small lips like the rose ;

Bera " to the " Bright Swan of Lough Glynn."

+ *Bera*. *Bearhaven*, a territory in the south-west of the County Cork, the patrimony of the O'Sullivan Bear. *Ballagh*, or *Balla*, a village in the Barony of Claremorris, County Mayo. It has an ancient round tower.

Καὶ βρήκαί μ' ἡ-βυὸ βρεὰρ ἀη, βυὸ ἰοίκαθ' ἑὰ  
 ὄατα ἀη,  
 ἑὰ ἐβῆ βυὸε λέγ' ἀγ' ἀγαθὸ ἑο ἀταῖβ' ἠὰ ὀείῃ.

## III.

Κά ἀη β' ἰοηῖκαθ' ὀ' ἠ ηεζῖρῆ ἀγ' ἑαῖρεαθ' ρά Venus,  
 Μαρ' ὀ βῖ Concubari ρα Φηέμτορε ὀυλ' ἀ  
 β-ρῖαηταῖβ' ὀ' ἀ ἑπάθ' ;  
 ἑ μείυτ' εὐόηρ ἠὰ ἡ-έῖῃ ἀη ἑόμυζαθ' ἠὰ ἑπέηε,  
 'Sj μο ἰοῖα ἑαρ' μῆαῖβ' εἰρεαηῆ ἑ ἀ μέηη ἀ' ρα  
 ἑ-κάη!

## IV.

Θεαθ' ἑμῆκαθ' ἀη ἡηαῖβ' ἀ ἑηεαθ' ἑ, 'ρ ἑ ῖαῖηαῖ  
 ἀη ὀηῖ ἑ,  
 ἑὰ ῖεθ' ὀεαρ' ὀ' ἀ βῖοηκαθ' 'ρ' ὀ' ἀ ῖαῖρεαθ' ἀη  
 λυέτ' ἑοῖη ;  
 'Sj μῆηῖη ἑλῆηα Μῆηεαθ' ἑ, 'ρῖ ἰο ἑπάθ' ἠὰ  
 β-ρῖε ἑ,  
 Εαλα ἑἑῖεαλ' ἑοῖα ἑἡηηε ἑ, 'ρῖ Κάηηῖη ἠη Sheδῖη !

—:o:—

## ΦΥΑΝ ΝΑ ΣΥΟΪΡΣΕ.

ἑη Μῆηῖηε Σῖῖεαθ', ἰο ἑάν.

## I.

ἑρ' ραθ' ἀ μῆ ἀ ἑ-ἑμῆαῖθ' ἑαη ἑηῖτ' ἑε ἑεμῖα,  
 ἑο ὀυβ-ἑμῖοῖεαθ' ἑηῖτ-λαῖ ἑλάητ' ἑαη ἑηεοηη ;  
 ἑ' ἠ βῖρεαθ' ἀγ' βῖρ' 'ρ' ἀ' ἠ βῖμυζαθ' ἀγ' βαοῖλαῖθ',  
 ἑ λῖβ' ἑομ ῖλέῖβ'ε ραοῖ βῖάκαθ' ἀη βῖόηη ;



She's a jewel all splendid, of brightest hues blended,  
Each gold-wreathed ringlet to her white ankle  
flows!

## III.

Now why should we wonder if thousands surrender,  
Like Connor to Deirdre, their hearts to her chain;  
Guiding light of the poet, of sun-glancing splendour,  
The fairest in Erin of beauty's bright train!

## IV.

O'er her kindred and nation she holds highest station,  
Dispensing rich guerdons to minstrels of song;  
Clan-Murray's fair darling—my harp's inspiration,  
Bright swan of Lough Glynn, beauteous daughter  
of John!

—:o:—

## THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

## I.

All woeful, long I wept despairing,  
Dark-bosom'd, fainting, wearied, weak,  
The foeman's withering bondage wearing,  
Remote in the gorge of the mountain bleak;

Ξαν έαματω α'μ έαβαηη αέτ Φονη\*. 'γα ζαολτα,  
 'Φο βεαητηζ έηη τ-τρήρ ταη τηηληηζ ταεβ λεηρ,  
 Ξο η-αιτέηρεαδ τήη ζαέ ηήη buδ λέηη δό,  
 Le τήλ ζηεηηη ηζλέηπε α'ρ ζάηητεαη τεόηλ.

## II.

Φ' αιτέηηρ, αηη τ-τρήρ τήη, εήρ ηα ραοη-πλατ,  
 Ξαν ηύ ρυηη ζηέηδ ζυρ ράτ αη ζλεοηδ ;  
 Α'ρ ζυη ζαηητδ βέηδ βύηη α η-τυτέαη Ψέηδληη, †  
 Α'ρ εηύ έαοηη Εηβηη ταη ζαη τηέοηη—  
 Τά Καηολυρ λοηη 'ρ α έαβλαέ ζλέυρτα,  
 Αζ ταηηαηηζ ταη αβαηη lé εαβαηη δ'άρ ραοηαδ,  
 'S ηή ηαηέτηδ ρέ βοηη το έλαηη λυτέηηηρ,  
 'S βέηδ ροζα Ξοηδλ τηέυη ζαη τλάη 'ρ αη τδηη !

## III.

Ψεαητα βέηδ ζηεαηη λε ροηη αζ έηζηηβ,  
 Α'ρ τηήη βηηη ζλέυρτα αζ τάηη αη έεόηλ ;  
 Βέηδ εαηταηη α τ-Τεαηηαηη, ρα řαηηαηη, αζ ραοη-  
 πλατ,  
 Α'ρ τοζα ρήζε αζ ελέηη λε ράζαηλ δ'ηη λεοζαη.  
 Βέηδ εεαλλα αζυρ ήητδ ζαη εηηηε αζ Παηηηττ,  
 Βέηδ εαηβαηητ τια-τοηηηαέ α τ-τεαηηοηηλ  
 Εηηεαή :  
 Βέηδ ρεαιηεαδ αζυρ ρεαηηηαδ αηη έοηηηετ έηζηη,  
 'Sαη ρυβαέ ρήτεαδ Ξαοηδλ ζο βηάτ 'η α τεόηζ !

\* *Donn Firineach*, or *Donn the Truth-teller*, to whom is attributed, in Irish mythology, the government of the fairies of Munster. His residence is said to be on Cnock-firinn, a romantic hill in the County Limerick. The *Mangaire Sugach*, the author of this bold appeal in favour of the exiled house of Stuart, describes Donn as bidding him proclaim to the Brave that the hour had arrived for the last glorious effort on behalf of Charles.

Donn is an historical personage, and is said to have been one of

No friend to cheer my visions dreary,  
Save generous Donn, the king of Faëry,  
Who mid the festal banquet airy,  
These strains prophetic thus did speak :—

## II.

“ Behold how chieftains glorious, regal,  
Are bondage-bound, dishonour'd, low ;  
These churls from Phelim's heirdom legal,  
And Eiver's lands, are doomed to go ;  
For fleets, and Charles brave to lead 'em,  
Will reach our shore with promis'd freedom ;  
And vengeance doubly dark shall speed 'em,  
Till bursts their might upon the foe.

## III.

“ And bards shall pour their tuneful treasure,  
And minstrels strike their voiceful string,  
And Tara wake to music's measure,  
And priests be cherish'd by their king ;  
And sacred rites and mass-bells sounding  
All Erin's holy domes be found in,  
And scattering fear the foe astounding,  
While all the Gael exulting sing.

the sons of Milesius, the celebrated king of Spain. When these princes invaded Ireland, more than a thousand years before the Christian Era, Donn, with all his ship's company, was cast away on the west coast of Munster. It is a curious fact that the name of this prince, after the lapse of forgotten ages, is as familiar as a household word among the peasantry of the south !

+ Feidhlim, son of Tuathal Teachtmar, and father of Conn of the Hundred Battles, was monarch of Ireland at the commencement of the second century of the Christian Era. It was in the person of his father, Tuathal Teachtmar, or the Acceptable, that the Milesian dynasty was restored after the Attacotic rebellion.

## IV.

Sín a3aó ó dúr zac rún ba m'éin liom,  
 A'r meamhriú3 féin mo íceól do éac ;  
 Tí3eacó zac crobairne a 3-cobairn le Séairlar,  
 Cú3mriú3 an conraó réub an námaio—  
 Sín a3aib an tan, a'r 3abair3 le é3ile,  
 Preabair3 le fónn a'r pleanncair3 méiré-póic ;  
 Leanair3 an fó3a air ómóir3 an éiré,  
 'S ná h-iomphriú3eacó aén le rcaó ó'n η-3leóó !

—:0:—

## OL-ΦΑΝ ΕΟΪΑΝ ΚΥΑΪΦ Ψ ΣΗΥΛΙΟΒΗΑΝ.

## I.

Céac rlan cum zac riú-fir  
 Bheirdeac páirteac dam íl3re,  
 A do-tiú an tábairne do írióreac,  
 Le h-íhriη a3 ól,  
 Do ériá3fioó na fíonra,  
 3an 3riáir3air, 3an bpiú3eanta,  
 'Sa máirneac da óriη riη,  
 Na 3oir3eac air bpióη—  
 Mar η3 mriη an buc reó  
 Do ériuñdear an τ-óri,  
 Da bailhu3aó 3o fíon boóó,  
 A'r daoirne eile óá ól !

## IV.

“ You’ve heard the secrets I’ve unfolden ;  
To memories true their truths bestow ;  
And speak, ’twill all the brave embolden,  
The treaty broken by the foe :  
But now’s the hour—your powers uniting,  
Arise to crush these he-goats blighting ;  
And while the race of treachery smiting,  
Let none his vengeance wild forego !”

—:o:—

OWEN ROE O’SULLIVAN’S DRINKING  
SONG.

## I.

This cup’s flowing measure  
I toast to that treasure,  
The brave man whose pleasure  
Is quaffing rich wine,  
Who deep flagons draining,  
From quarrels abstaining,  
The morn finds remaining  
All joyous divine—  
It ne’er shall be mine  
To gather vile coin,  
To clowns at life’s waning,  
For aye to resign !

## II.

Βίση βάοτλαοῦ, le cínhteact,  
 Ἀῖ φαῖαῖλ κάμαῖρ ἀπὶ ἴαοῖτῖβ,  
 Ἄ ο-τῖῖ ἀη τάβαῖρηε το ἴητόρεαῖ  
     Le h-íητηη ἀῖ ὀλ ;  
 Ἀρ τλάτ βέῖτῖ ἀη βῆτόῖῖ ἰτό,  
 'S ἀρ φαῖηαῖ ἀ ῖ-ρηῖε,  
 Ἀρ ῖζαρφαῖ ηα ῖῖλτε,  
     ῖο ρηῖηη ῖά ῖ-ρηῖο ῖτόῖη,  
     ῖυαῖη ῖῖηφear ἔ ἀη βόῖτο,  
     'S ῖαη τῖηητ ἀπὶ ἀ ῖόῖη,  
 Βίση ἀ βear ῖῖτο ῖά ῖαοῖηε,  
     Le λαοῖτῖβ ῖαη ῖόῖη—

## III.

“ Na τῖάτ ἀπὶ ηα ῖῖῖοῖηαῖτῖαῖβ  
 Βῖῖ ἀ β-Ραῖηῖ ηα Τῖηαοῖ ῖοῖη,  
 Na'η ῖαῖηη το ῖῖολῖαῖτῖ  
     Ταῖ τῖαοῖο leῖῖ ἀη ῖεῖτό ;  
 Λαοῖηαῖτῖ ηα ῖῖηαοῖβe,  
 Na'η τε ῖῖηη το ῖλαοῖτῖ Τῖαῖ,  
 Na Séarar ῖῖηη ῖῖοῖ ἀπὶ  
     Ἄ η-ῖῖῖεαῖ ῖο leῖῖη,  
     O ! το ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἀη ῖῖῖῖη,  
     ῖαῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ eῖle ῖe'η τ-ῖῖῖῖ,  
 'Ἀρ ῖαῖ ῖῖηα ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖe,  
     E ῖάβαῖηητ ῖῖῖῖηα beῖ ! ”

## IV.

“ ῖῖο ῖάρ, ῖῖ τῖῖ ἀη ῖῖῖῖῖηle,  
 ῖῖηη ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖηte,  
 ῖῖ ῖο ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖe,

## II.

Some churls will come slinking,  
To practise cheap drinking,  
Where the generous are linking  
    New joys to the old—  
Vile starveling! what matter  
If curses should shatter  
Your land-marks, and scatter  
    To strangers your gold!  
When laid in the mould,  
All naked and cold,  
Your dames thus may patter  
    Your death-song, behold:—

## III.

“ Let heroes strike under ;  
At Paris why wonder,  
Or Jason, who plunder  
    From dragons did rive ?  
The red-branched hero  
May sink down to zero ;  
And Cæsar and Nero  
    In vain with him strive.  
Let the rich herds arrive  
    That in Munster survive,  
And I'll yield them, my dear, oh !  
    To clasp thee alive !

## IV.

“ My soul ! how grief's arrow  
Hath fix'd in my marrow !  
O'er that cold coffin narrow

ʒo oʔéjʒ aʒn mo ʒlóʒ !  
 ʒaʒ laʒaʔo mo ʒjʒʒeaʒ,  
 S bejʔo lajʔneac le ʒjʒe,  
 ʒo b-ʒeaʒn lʒom aʒjʒ tu  
     Na mjʒte o'eʒ oʒ !  
     Nj jorʒaʔo mé ʒeoʒo,  
     'S njl ʒʒʒ aʒam a njʒoʔo,  
 'ʒʒ nj ʒáʒʒaʒo me aʒ éjll  
     O mo bʒoʒneac ʒo oeoʒ !"

## v.

"ʒ áʒʒo'e mo éʒoʒo'e 'ʒʒjʒ ;  
 ʒjʒoʒ lajʔneac aʒ éjʒéjoll,  
 Nj ʒáʒʒaʒo me ʒʒʒ aʒn  
     ʒoʒ ʒaob oʒom ʒaʒ ʒʒʒoʒ !  
 Nj ʒʒaʒʒaʔo oʒoʒ ʒʒjʒoʒ ʒʒʒ,  
 ʒo m-báʒʒaʒ ʒaʒ laʒoʒ me,  
 'S ʒo bʒaʔo bejʔo oʒá áʒoʒʒe  
     ʒʒo áʒoʒʒ ʒeaʒ oʒaʒ njó"—  
     Ba ʒoʒʒe leaʒ ʒac oeoʒ  
     Bʒéjʒo'eac aʒuaʒ le nj ʒʒoʒʒ  
 'ʒʒ j a bʒaʒʒʒ ʒo h-jʒeall  
     ʒʒʒ éʒjʒéʒ ʒʒʒ oʒjʒ !

---



I'll weep evermore—  
By the hand of my father!  
This moment I'd rather  
From the grave thee to gather,  
    Than gold's yellow store!  
    All feasts I'll give o'er;  
    I'm stricken and frore—  
Oh, grave at Kilmather,  
    Be my roof-tree and floor!

## v.

“ My bosom friends inner,  
Gather round your poor sinner;  
My kerchief and pinner  
    To pieces shall go.  
In the Lee wildly springing,  
I'll end this beginning,  
His death-song still singing  
    Who valued me so”—  
    While round tears thus flow,  
    And wailing and woe,  
To a youth near her clinging;  
    She beckons alow!

---

## CAISJOL MUMHAN.\*

## I.

Φο ζλασφαη τύ ζαη βα ζαη πρήσ, ζαη άηρεαηη  
 ρρηέησ,  
 Α όησ σδ'η σ-ραοζζιλ λε τοιλ σο ηηηηση σα η'άλλ  
 ηεατ ηέ ;  
 Σέ ησο ζάλαη ουαέ ζαη ηέ 'ζυρ τύ, α όιοη ζηάσ  
 ησο όλέηβ,  
 Α ζ-Γαιρjol Μύηηη, αη ζαη σο λεαβαησ πρήη αέ αη  
 όλάη βοζ σéal !

## II.

Σηύβαηλ α όζοαη 'αη ταηη α όσδλα ηιοη ηέηη σδ'η  
 ζλεαηη,  
 Ξεαβαησ τύ φορζασ λεαβαησ φλοσυρ αζυρ αδαν σοηρ  
 αηηηη ;  
 Βέησ ηα ρηοτα α ζαβάηαλ έηηηη, φαοη ζέυζαηβ  
 σηαηη,  
 Βέησ αη λοη ουβ η'αη η-φοόαηη, 'ραη έζαηηαέ άηη.

## III.

Σεαησ ησο όλέηβ σο τυζ ηέ ηέηη σησ, α'η ζηάσ  
 τρε ηύηη,  
 Φα σ-τίζηεασ ρέ σο όοη 'ρα σ-ραοζζαλ ζο ηη-βέησηη  
 ηέηηη α'η τύ,

\* *Caisiol Mumhan, Cashel of Munster*, is the most popular of all the Irish melodies. This will perhaps account for the reason that there is no Irish song of which there are so many corrupt versions as this. I cannot undertake to say that the present is the

## CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

## I.

I would wed you, dear, without gold or gear, or  
counted kine ;  
My wealth you'll be, would your friends agree, and  
you be mine—  
My grief, my gloom! that you do not come, my  
heart's dear hoard !  
To Cashel fair, though our couch were there but a  
soft deal board !

## II.

Oh, come, my bride, o'er the wild hills' side, to the  
valley low,  
A downy bed, for my love I'll spread, where waters  
flow ;  
And we shall stray, where streamlets play, the groves  
among,  
Where echo tells, to the listening dells, the blackbird's  
song !

## III.

Love, tender, true I gave to you, and secret sighs,  
In hope to see, upon you and me, one hour arise,

genuine one, but in its simple pathos it bears strong evidence of authenticity. It was given me by a lady of the County Clare, whose mother, she informed me, was accustomed to sing it, at the advanced age of eighty years.

Ceanzal cléineac eadrih̄ ahaon, 'r an fáinne  
 dlú;̄

U' r dá breicrih̄ féin mo fearc az aon fear zerbh̄  
 bá r le cúmhao!

## IV.

Dia-domhrih̄c, 'huair a éiōih̄ az an tteampoll í,  
 Fallrih̄h maíh̄ac a' r mh̄bh̄h uairthe riire anuñ mañ  
 zhaoi;

Uzur zúaha do rzuabfaò na zleannra rraoié:

Oé! ré mo buairneac mañ do luadeac lom na  
 maizdeah̄ í!

## V.

Ta úr pjob az mo iñrih̄h̄, 'r a bházaio mañ aol,  
 U cñl̄h̄ ca rda buacalac az fá r zo féur;

Sé mo éuiha híthe hac ran r̄h̄ r̄jor do fázaò me

Tar a rrih̄m̄zeac mé a z-cóiz̄b a' r mo zraò tar  
 m' déir!

Crioc.

When the priest's blest voice would confirm my  
choice, and the ring's strict tie :  
If wife you be, love, to one but me, love, in grief  
I'll die !

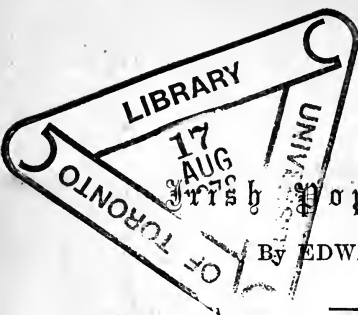
## IV.

In church at pray'r first I saw the fair in glorious  
sheen,  
In mantle flowing, with jewels glowing, and frontlet  
green,  
And robe of whiteness, whose fold of lightness might  
sweep the lea ;  
Oh, my heart is broken since tongues have spoken  
that maid for me !

## V.

A neck of white has my heart's delight, and breast  
like snow,  
And flowing hair, whose ringlets fair to the green  
grass flow—  
Alas ! that I did not early die, before the day  
That saw me here, from my bosom's dear, far, far  
away !

THE END.



Irish Popular Songs.

By EDWARD WALSH.

—:o:—

Press Notices of the First Edition—1847.

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