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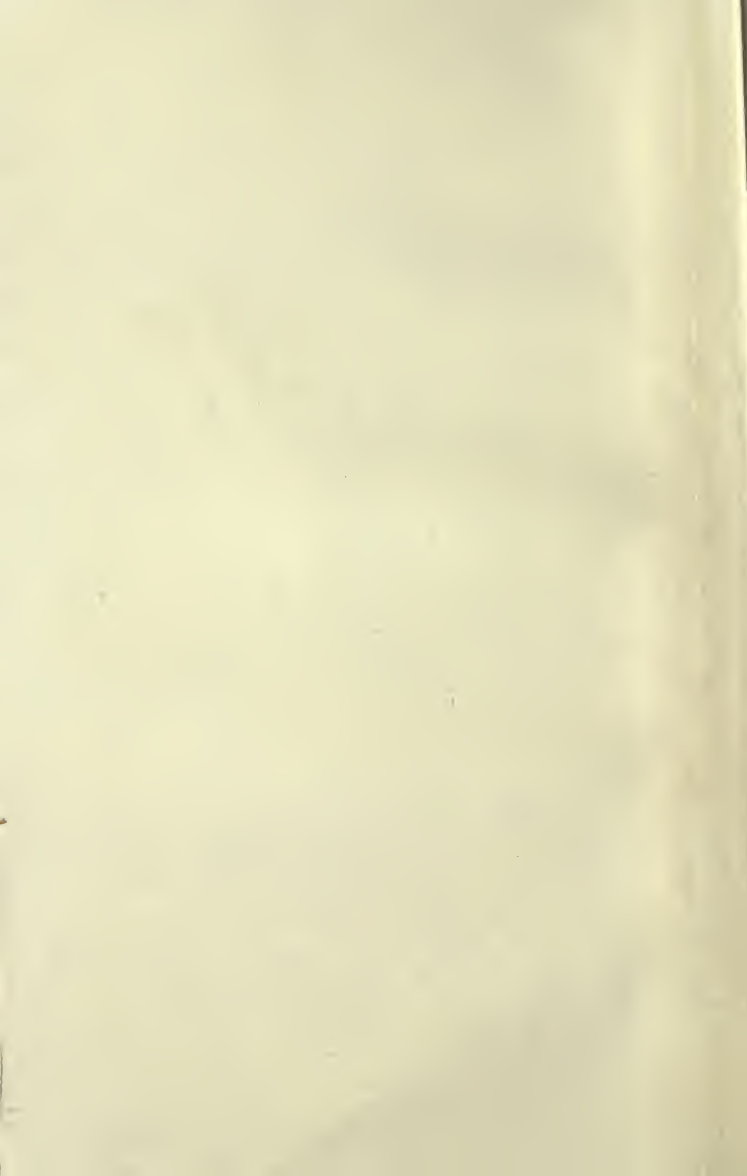
Walsh, Edward
Irish popular songs

PB
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1883





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IRISH



POPULAR



SONGS

— WITH —

ENGLISH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

BY Edward Walsh

M. H. GILL & SON

DUBLIN

SECOND EDITION

PD
1353
I7
1833



IRISH POPULAR SONGS;

WITH

English Metrical Translations,

AND

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AND NOTES.

BY

EDWARD WALSH.

Second Edition,

REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

DUBLIN:

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

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

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



PB

1353

Ii

1883

DUBLIN :
PRINTED BY PETER ROE,
MABBOT-STREET.

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.

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 *Carad̄ an t-Súzáin*, "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.

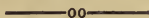
But a brighter day is dawning, and the publication of such songs as Walsh's must beget a taste and raise Nationalism and Patriotism from the low state to which they have fallen.

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.

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":—

Dob éaznac imiit na tñle ne daon-muatai
 Múad na toinne ne fñrñeac na zaot zuaiññéi,
 Taob na loimze 'ra fñrñonñ aji tñeun-luarzað,
 Aiz eizéac tñtñi zo zñññiol zan dáil fuarcailt;

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:—

Do léiz re záiñ ór áit iñ béiceac,
 Le fuaiñ a zoata do éñtēatāi na rpeañtāð,
 Do éualatā añ éñññe é 'r éññ iñññonñ zéññ ar!

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:—

Sñ azaib añ t-am azur zabaiñ le na céile,
 Pñeabaiñ le fonñ azur planñcañ meit-ññc,
 Leañaiñ añ foza añ ðñeam añ éitñ,
 'S ná h-ionñtoizēac añ le rzað óñ-zleð!

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

Ա ճի՛կ աղիղղ ծեար դա Ե-բայրդեաժա չ ար,
 Եր երեւոյ՛ջսր Եր չլար ու 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 ըսայի իս իւրեւ իս ըսայի ըս ըս
 Իս ըսլլե ար իս ըսլա ըսլլե,
 Սար ար Երեւոյ՛ջսր երեւոյ՛ջսր Եր ըս ար ար ըս,
 Ար ըս ըս ըս ար ըս ար ըս ըս ;
 Ար ըս ըս Եր ըս ար ըս ըս ար ըս ըս,
 Ար ըս ըս ար ըս ար ըս ըս ըս,
 Եր ըս ըս ըս ըս ըս ար ըս ար ըս ըս,
 Ա ըս դա ըսլլե ըսլլե !

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:

Tá zráð aзам аm lár òr
 le blažam аnor,
 Zráð cráite, zráð cárma,
 Zráð cjopta,
 Zráð ó'ráz mé зам rláhte,
 зам ríam, зам ríet,
 Ir zo brat, brat, зам aon fáil aзам
 Am Rór geal Dubh !

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:—

Ir camarrac claon, 'r ir cnaobac, crat-úrlac,
 Taitneamhac, teudac, faon-car, feac-lúamhac
 leabann-ceart, laobda, rlaodac, rmat-lúbac
 A bacall-foirt caom-žlan ženžac fad-cúrrac.

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.

The next is a proof of the exquisite feeling of the elegiac muse of our valleys. A lover is weeping over the grave of his betrothed :—

Nuajr ɪr ɔɔɔ̃ le mo ɪɪɪɪɪɪ zo m-bɪm-re ajr mo
leaba,
ʌɪr ɔo ɕuamba reatɔ bɪ'm ɪɪɪte ɔ ɔɔɔɔ zo maɔ-
ɪɪ,
ʌɪ cupr ɪɔɔr mo ɕɪuatɔɪɪ, ɪr ʌɪ ɕɪuatɔ-ʒo! zo
ɔajɪɪɪɪɪ,
Tɪɛ mo ɕajɪɪ ɕɪɪɪ ɪɕuamajɔ, ɔo luatɔɪ lɪom na
leanb!

When the folk of my household suppose I am sleep-
ing,
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!

I shall conclude these quotations with this simile, taken from one of the songs in the present collection :—

Chonajɪc mɛ ʌɪ teatɕ ɕuzam ɪ tɪe lɪɪ an t-ɪlɛɪbe,
ʌɪɪ ɪɛɪɪɪɪɪ tɪɪɪ an ɪ-ɕeɔ!

I saw her approach me along the mountain,
Like a star through a mist!

I shall now introduce to the reader's notice some of the poets of the last century, from whose

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.

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

CEADBÁIRD BREATHAÍ,
 AN FÍLE AZUR AN FÍR EIRIOMHAC,
 D'ÉAD AN REIREAD LÁ DO NHÍ,
 LUZHARA M.D.CCCL.
 SAN MBLADDAIN CEATHACAD
 AZUR CÚÍ DÁ AOIR.
 DO ÉÓGBAD AN ĆNOR HAD RO
 MARI LEACĀ-ĆUIMHE DO LE A
 ĆAITHIB AZUR LE LUĀ
 AZ A PAIB MÓIRIHEAR AIR.
 DO D-CUZAIB DĪA RUATHNEAR
 SĪORU'UIĀE 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.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EDWARD WALSH.

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.

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.

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.

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

ԾԱՌԻՄԱ ԾԱՒԵՐՏԱԸ ՌԱ Ն-ԵՂՐՅՈՒՄՄ.

ՏՄԱՅՐՅՈՒՆ ՌԱ Պ-ԲԱՇՅԱԼ Պ-ԲՐԵԱՅՆ ԲԵՂՓ.

I.

Եւրո իս իստա՛ն իս իստա՛ն իս իստա՛ն,
Ան իստա՛ն ա՛ր իս իստա՛ն իս իստա՛ն,
Եւ իս իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ս իս իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն ;
Եւ իս իստա՛ն, իս իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Փ՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ա իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Փ՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն !

II.

Եւ իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ան իստա՛ն, իստա՛ն, ա՛ր իստա՛ն,
Ան իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ան իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն—
Ա իստա՛ն, իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ան իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ան իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն,
Ս իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն իստա՛ն !

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

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 bhíne í 'ná an beirdlínne 'r ná 'n h-íre,
 'S na ceileabair na ccéirreac tá cjarri ;
 Jr dealraide í 'ná an féur tner an n-oiríct,
 'S jr fíor-dear zac alt an a cljab ;
 Ta pjob mar an eala air an ttráiz,
 'S doiz hom zur breaza í ná'n zrian ;
 'S é mo cumaird zéur mar tuz mé ói zrád,
 'S zo m-ferair hom nac b-fercfinn í niam !

—:o:—

CASAID AN T-SUJAIN.*

I.

Nac é an cat marb car an na h-áirerí mé,
 'S a ljaet cairlin dear do fázarra mo óiaiz ;
 Tánic me rreac 'r an reac raib zrád zeal mo
 cléib,
 'S éir an cairleac 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 βῆδεανη του ἰομ, βῆδ ἰομ το λό ἀ'ρ τ'οῖτ'οῖε ;
 Μά βῆδεανη του ἰομ, βῆδ ἰομ ὅρ κοῖαιη ἀη
 τ-ῖ40ῖ41 ;
 Μά βῆδεανη του ἰομ, βῆδ ἰομ ῖ4ῖ ὀμολαῖ ἀη το
 ῖμολ'οῖε ;
 'S é μά leun ἡαῖ ἰομ τῖατ'ηῖηα τ'ῖ μαῖ ἡηαοῖ !

III.

Αῖ ῖῖοῖ α ῖῖῖεαῖ ῖῖη ῖῖ εῖλυῖ αῖη ῖη ῖῖαῖ,
 Αῖ ῖuar α ῖ-ῖαῖῖῖ τ'ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ;
 Φαῖ βῖῖῖ ῖη βῖα ῖῖηα ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖαῖῖα ῖαῖ α τ'ῖῖ
 Φῖαῖῖαῖ ῖῖ clear α βῖηῖear ῖῖῖal αῖ ῖα ῖῖῖῖ !

—:0:—

ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ.

I.

Μῖαῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ το ῖῖῖαῖ ῖῖῖ
 Αῖη βῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ,*
 Αῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ, 'ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖ,
 'ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ,
 Αῖη τῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ-ῖῖῖῖ,
 'ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ, ῖῖῖῖ,
 ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ,
 ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ.

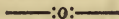
* *Locha Lein, Loch Lene*, the Lake of Killarney, in Kerry.

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.

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,

Uo beannaict féin go buan léi,
 Sa d'á an ccuan úd bé áit a' m-biú !

II.

Ua á fé rziúobta a b-prioheta
 Do com rean'z 'r do njala cael,
 Jr do béilín tanhó faoi rin
 Na faoi'pinn do déanfaó bíeáz;
 Do éioó ar zile m'íne
 Jonna an' rjóda 'r ná cluin na n-éan,
 Ur buan'ta c'rájote bím-re
 Nuair rmaoi'mm air rzarúinn léi !

III.

Ua uair dearcas í, do téiz mé,
 Le zéur íearc da zhaoi 'r da ríó,
 U miona cíoca glézeal,
 U déad dear, 'ra d'laoiót-folt óir;
 Ba zile a d'neac ná Déiríne*
 C'íri laoémaró na Uíde air feóó,
 'S na Blánad m'ínn na z-claen-mor'z,
 Le ar tmaoéad na m'ílte tneóh.†

* It is said that Deirdre was confined, from the period of her birth, in a fort or tower, by Connor, King of Ulster, because a druid had foretold she would cause great calamity in the kingdom. When she grew up to womanhood, Naois, with his two brothers, bore off the beautiful captive to Scotland, when the king of that country, smitten by the fatal charms of the lady, formed a plan to destroy her lover. They were thus forced to flee from Scotland, and Connor, hearing of their distress, allured them over to Ireland, by promises of pardon, where the three brothers were slain by his order. For this deed of perfidy, Connor, abandoned by his nobles, saw Ulster ravaged from shore to shore, and bathed in the blood of its bravest warriors ! See Keating's "Ireland," Haliday's edition, page 371.

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.

Ա թլնի դա մ-բան, դա տրէյճ մէ
 Այն ծառն էր ինչո՞ւն զայն թո՞ղ,
 Զայն զնիւն, զայն մեղք, զայն ծառ,
 Անո՞ւն ծառն էր ինչո՞ւն ինչո՞ւն ;
 Իր ինչո՞ւն ինչո՞ւն ծառն էր
 Բրա՞ն Զայն ծառն էր ինչո՞ւն ինչո՞ւն,
 'Տ ծառն էր ինչո՞ւն ինչո՞ւն ծառն էր,
 Զո լին-ծառն էր, 'ր դա միւն էր ծառն !

—:o:—

ՏԵՐԱԾ ՈՒ ՆԱԾԱՆԻՔ.

I.

Լա ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 'Տ մէ ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 Ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր, ծառն էր,
 Ծառն էր, ծառն էր, ծառն էր,
 Ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 Ա ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 'Տ ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 Ա ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր !

II.

Անո՞ւն ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 'Տ ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 Ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր, ծառն էր,
 'Տ ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 Ա ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 'Տ ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 'Տ ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր,
 Ծառն էր ծառն էր ծառն էր !*

* The literal meaning of this line is : "you will receive a kiss from me from out of the top of my hand." It shows that the custom

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.

Այլ բեօլած դա դ-շահդա ծ'բօյ մե 'դ բայլե,
 'Տ քանդ դի քաջած յօ լօ ծօյօն,
 Ատա մ'աժարի չան ճիլլ ան ծօյն ըն մ-բայլե,
 Ա'ր մօ միճարիդի քաժարեժա քիճիտե ;
 Եթեք քաժ ընդ օ միճար դա քոլլե,
 Բար քօ թաքարք յօ լօ ծօյն,
 'Տ լե բիքեժ յի լե քեժ յի քիճար 'դի քիճարի,
 Այլ բեօլած դա դ-շահդա բ'դ ք-բիճար.

—:0:—

CORNWALL OZ.

I.

Եժո դա քոլմ աշ բիքեժ, 'ր ան բիքեժ աշ քեժ,
 'Տ ան քիժ աշ քիքեժ քիժ միլլաժ դա չ-քիճար քիժ,
 Այլ քոլմ քիժ 'դ քիճար յօ քիճար, չիքեժ, չիճ,
 'Տ դա քիճար աշ բիքեժ լե ք-քիճար քիժ քիճար դա
 մ-քեժ.

II.

Եր քիճար քիճար ա'ր քիճար ան չ-քիճար քիճար,
 Ա'ր քիճար-քիճար միքեժ քիճար ան ք-քիճար-քիճար
 քիճար,
 Եր քիճար, քիճար քիճար, 'քիճար քիճար,
 Եր քիճար* դա մ-քիճար, մօ քիճար միճար քիճար
 քիճար!

* 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.

Τάϊο ηα η-έηη αζ δέαηαò ζυτá αζυρ αεόηι,
 Τάϊο ηα λαοίξ αζ ζέμηηαò ζο ηρευη έμ η ρόαηη
 ηα η-βó;
 Τάϊο ηα η-έηηζ αζ ηευβαò αοηηαò αηη αη β-φεόη,
 Αη ηηηη φέηη α'η αοηαη α'η Αοηηαα όζ !

—:o:—

ΑΙΡ ΒΑΡΡ ΝΑ Ξ-ΑΝΟC 'S ΑΝ ΙΩΕ Ξ-ΑΕΙΝ.*
 Σεάζαη Μαα Φοηηηαηιι, ααα.

I.

Seal αο βίοηα αη ηαίξαηοηη φέηηη,
 Ιη αηοηη αη βαηηηρεαò έαητε έηέηò;
 Τά ηο έέηε α ηρεαβαò ηα α-αοηηη ζο ηρέαη,
 Φο βάηηη ηα Ξ-αηο α'η αη ηηε Ξ-αέηη.
 Αηηη φά.

'Sé ηο ηοζα έ αο αοζαη αο'ηη φέηηη,
 Ιη ηαίτ αη αοηηηηηη ζο α-ααβαηφηηηζ έ,
 Αηηη ροη α βέητ αηη βόηα α λοηζ ζαη βαοζαλ,
 Φο βάηηη ηα Ξ-αηο α'η αη ηηε Ξ-αέηη !

II.

Ιη ζο β-φεηααααα αη λά, α ράοη ηο έέέβ,
 Αη-βέηò ηα αηηζ αα η-βύαλλαò, ηη ηα αηηηηαίτε
 αα λέηη,
 Φο ζαλλ αηοηηα αζ ζαβáyλ ζαέ άηηηοηη ηέηò,
 Φο βάηηη ηα Ξ-αηο α'η αη ηηε Ξ-αέηη !
 Αηηη φά.

'Sé ηο ηοζα έ αο αοζαη, γα.

* This song is said to be the first Jacobite effort attempted by MacDonnell. If this be so, the prince whose exile he deplores is

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.

Jr zo b-feiceadurá corúin ari rúor mo cleib,
 Do tózfaró ceó azur brión do áoúail,
 Fáé Ríj árá ariá domhan dá mheo
 Uz úmhláct óó le corúinató Dé.

Crii fá.

'Sé mo nojá é do tózar, 7c.

IV.

Tríat mo énoideere an Púonhir an Réx,
 Sé ríú an néálta zhióean dhínn tear,
 Sur binné lom ná ceól na n-éan,
 Do báiri na z-cnoc 'r an ime z-céin,

Crii fá.

'Sé mo nojá é do tózar, 7c.

V.

Snífead ríor ari énoc zo h-áir,
 Jr zeabao ó Homer cleite am láinn,
 Ma zeibim toil zo rzríobao mo íáit,
 Ari zhiómaréa rílt jr maié mo tríat.

Crii fá.

'Sé mo nojá é do tobair dom féin,
 Jr maié an domhíh d-tabairféinn é,
 Cum a beiré ari bóir a lonz zan baóal,
 Do báiri na z-cnoc 'r an ime z-céin!

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 !

ՊԱՆՈՐՆԻՆ ՈՒ ՅՐԱՅԺԵ ԲԱՅՆԵ.*

I.

Ա մ-բայլե զա հ-յորե† ի՛յան,
 Ա տա՛ մօ չնա՛ծ ԼԵ ԵԼԻՃԱՆ,
 Եր ճիլի՛ ի՛ զա չրի՛յան աղ-տ-բա՛նիս—
 'Տ Յօ Ե-բա՛րանի միլ 'զա ԵԼԻՃ,
 Այր ԼօրՅ ա Եօր բան-տ-բիլձ,
 Փա՛ բսայլի՛ աղ սայր տարե՛ր զա Տա՛նիս—
 Փօ չԵաԲայլի Յան բԵԾ մօ ԵՂԼ,
 Փա զ-ՅաԲայլի ի աղ Լի՛յո,
 Ար Երբիլիլի՛ աղ Երօղ-բօ Եձօղ Յան ԵսայժօրԵԾ.
 Այր Եօմայլի՛ ԵսՅա՛ծ Եսան
 Ո՛յ ԵօրբԵԾ ա՛ճտ մօ իլի՛յան,
 Տի Պիլիլի՛ զա չրիլձԵ Եայլի.

II.

ԱՅ ԵրօլձԵԾ զա հ-այլի՛ զօրիլ,
 Եօսայլի՛ Ես բԵձիլ,
 Այլիլիլի՛ Եսա զ-Եր-բօլտ Ե-բայլի՛ Ես,
 'Տ Յօ մ-Եա իլիլի՛ Յօ բԵԾ ա ԵձՅ,
 Ոա՛ միլ 'բ զա բիլձԵԾ ալր ԵօրԾ,
 'Տ զա ԵԵձ-Ելար բօձալ բիլի Տրայլի՛ Ես.
 Ա Եա՛ Եձօ՛ Եօրիս Երիլի,
 Եան, իլիլ, Եսիլիս, ԵրԵձՅ,

* 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.

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 "Minstrelsy" 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 go léimfínn,
 Cé zup mór í an mheir,
 Zan am tairé mór zile zréine
 Zéet mo Rór zeal dub!

II.

Zo o-tí'η áonac má tézgean túb
 Zí ol do ruije,
 Zha tézgean túb, ná fan déaznac
 'S an oí'ce amhí;
 Bjoó boltaí' am do tóirre,
 Ir mór zlar-cip,
 Nó ar baó'gal oí't an Cléineac
 Do'η Rór zeal dub!

III.

Zí Róirín na bjoó bhoí' oí't,
 Na cá' anoir,
 Tá do párdú'η ó'η Róirín
 Ir ó'η pá'pa azum,
 Tá na bhoí'te teac't ear rá'le,
 Ir a o-tí'all ear mheir,
 Ir η' ceirrean fíon Spáineac am
 Zho Rór zeal dub!

IV.

Ta zrá' azam am lá' oí't
 le bhazá'η anoir,
 Zrá' crá'ite, zrá' carmá'η,
 Zrá' c'opa'ta,

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,

ʒnád ð'fáz mē ʒan rlánte,
 ʒan njan, ʒan njet,
 Jr ʒo bnat, bnat ʒan aon fajll azam
 ʒn Rór ʒeal ðub !

V.

ʒo řjúbaflanhry an ʒunhan leat,
 Jr cjunhar na ʒ-cnoc,
 ʒan řhl ʒo b-fajʒinh řún ort
 No pájrt le cion ;
 ʒi čmáob čřeta, tuʒčar ðřhne,
 ʒo b-řhl ʒnád azut ðam ;
 Jr ʒur b'j plún-řʒort na m-ban řhřhte,
 ʒno Rór ʒeal ðub !

VI.

Béř ð an řaraiʒe na třlte ðearʒa,
 Jr an řpéř na řhl,
 Béř ð an řaoʒal na čoʒa čmaořač,
 ʒo ðřřm řa ʒ-cnoc,
 Béř ð ʒač ʒleann řléřbe ař řuð Eřneann,
 ʒ'ř móřhte ař čřt,
 Lá éřř řul a ř-éazřař ð
 ʒno Rór ʒeal ðub !

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* !

BAN-CHNOIC EIREAN OĠ.*

I.

Jr fairsinnz 'r fáilteac an áit do beirt a h-Eirinn,
 Uileacán duib O!
 Mar a m-bídeann tonaó na rláinte a m báin na
 déire ann,
 Uileacán duib O!
 Bídeann an mhl aji an z-cian an, a h-zleah-taib
 ceoio,
 'S na rrueta jr an t-rathra ann, a z-ciuha jr zac
 noio,
 Bídeann h-rze 'h a rruill ann, a'r dnuio am hoio,
 Aji bán-chnoic Eirean oġ!

II.

Jr bacallaó, buacaó, dualaó drielmheac,
 Uileacán duib O!
 Zac farajne a zluajrear ó cúah-taib na h-Eirean,
 Uileacán duib O!
 Raófaora aji cuajno, má'r buan mo faoġal
 béidear,
 Zo talan an trúajncear mar an dual do faoġal
 beirt,
 Do b'feann lom 'há buir h-dualzar zio moir le
 mhídean beirt,
 Aji bán-chnoic Eirean oġ!

* *Ban-chnoic Eirean ógh*, literally *the fair Hills of Virgin Ireland*. This song speaks the ardent love of the Irish exile for

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 dwelling,
 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.

Ír tairbeac 'r ír mór iad cruacha na h-Eireann,

Uileacán duib O!

Bídeann an t-íomh a'r an t-úachtar as gluaireacht
'na rlaod an,

Uileacán duib O!

Bídeann an brollar ari an t-toinne an a'r rannat
boz ródajl,

A'r na cuacha as labairt an oí lo go lo,

'S an ríomhín uaral ír ruaim-binne ceol,

Ari bán-éioic Eireann óz!

—:o:—

UAIU CUHAIH AN WHANZAIKE SUZAIH.*

I.

Aíalta óil an daime leat mo cáir anoir,

Aim cáirta as an eaglaí zán fáir ari bít,

Ah aicme reo ní glacait me aít am fázanaim,

'S ní zabait lhom am Phnoteretan 'na'm Phápaime!

II.

Deir pearra'ca zui ceanníac neamh-zhátíreac
mí,

'S cé go h-adbaim zui Sazranac da láitaim mí,

* 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

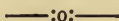
III.

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.

Deir 'h íall rianam leir zui a3 Uirionn ir zhiat
 jde mé,
 'S nac ceacdar rin me, Ppoteptant na Pápane !

III.

Dearban zan óearmad nac fuláin leir mé,
 Do carra noir le h-acana do látaim, ceirt
 Zo naa hom cum acanaim zan rpár ain bít,
 'S zo z-caitpead beir am Ppoteptant no am
 Phápane !

IV.

U Saairt deir zui peannaine nean-ádbanac mé,
 'S zo o-tanainzim le manzaineac na mha cum
 rle ;
 Zui meara mé na póaime ata le bhoir,
 'S nac zabair hom am Ppoteptant na 'm Phá-
 pane !

V.

U deir dá freaznao zui eacdnanac zan náime mé,
 'S nac taitiomac mo bearta ná mo cáile leir ;
 Nac aitreac me acd nacaine ata zan rpuir,
 U cleacdar beir am Ppoteptant 'r am Phápane !

VI.

Nj caranaac fá deana ód ná zinín do iult,
 Mo beartara do tazna do látaim Szoir,
 Nj mearda ód mo harlara a z-cár ain bít,
 Be aca rin me Ppoteptant nó Pápane !

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 Mhazdalen ir Dháibí an Rí,
 Uirí mearbhall, ir Pól abrtal éirí na táinte a
 m-bhoir,
 Do glacaó iad nuair éaradair a z-cáil rá z-cion,
 Ir ceadóir dóib' h'oir Phrotertanht na Pápaire !

VIII.

Or fearaó mé air dearmad zán fáit zán fíor,
 Ir zuir fada me air mearbhall zán áit air bí,
 Cairéirí cuir le h-atair na d-táinte rin,
 Do zabar lom am Phrotertanht no'm Phápaire !

IX.

U d'alta óil, cá raadóir éum fáizán ahoir,
 O caadó mé ar an Eaglaí 'rzo d-táirle 'mhí;
 Cairéirí beir am Cálbhíir no'm Uirían oir,
 O rzaíar beir am Phrotertanht no'm Phápaire !

Uí Ceannal.

Féac an t'abrtal Peadaí do péacairí fá éirí air
 d-tíir,
 Uí réanaó a éaraí zuir glacaó airí zó h-úirí;
 'Sa dhá óil achní ce rzaíar le díze na h-úirí,
 Uirí aon le Peadaí an Mhazaire rzaíar ad-óirí !

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 UÍ h-EAGHRA.*

Ceapballán nó cáin.

I.

Da m-béirínnnín amháid a h-Uíraí
 Nó a h-íar Gleann-na-Feud
 Mar a h-glúaireann saé ráir-lon
 Le cláiréad a'r le méad
 B'feáirí lom é mar íáirí
 Uíur fáirí é cáirí féirí
 Cupán zeal Uí Eagra
 Uíur fáirí lán le mo beul!

II.

Cad é b'áirí lom 's á cup a h-céirí
 'S a h-íar áirí marí 'h a cáirí,
 Ir zup b'í deirí ollcáirí na h-áirí
 Dar mo láirí ná híirí—
 Tóirí-dealbairí Buirí a'íairí
 Tar tráirí fa mo cáirí
 So h-ólíairí ar an t-ráirí-cupán
 Sláiríre híirí Cáirí.

* *Cupán uí 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 !

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 b'ínn-re am còbla b'ínn ornatò zan b'ínn am
éilab,

Jr mé am l'íò eadair chocairb zo o-ti'íò an oúac
an'íar ;

Uí n'ínn òil r'a còzairi n'í'í f'or'at'at mo é'ínn ac'at Oíá,
Jr zo n-deairnatò loc fola do íolur mo í'í'í ad oí'íò !

V.

Jr zo o-ti'íò an é'ínn air lár an f'oz'ínnairi b'ínn,

Jr lá f'éil Pá'ínnairi lá n'ó ò'í na oí'ínn,

Zo b-fára an blát bán t'ne lár mo é'ínnairi é'ínn,

Pá'ínnairi oí'ínnairi zo b'ínnairi n'í'í é'ínnairi do n'ínnairi !

VI.

Sí'ínn í r'ínn an Rí'ínn-bean á'ínn ó'í,

Uí b'ínnairi a z'ínnairi l'ínn r'ínnairi r'ínnairi zo b'ínnairi a b'ínnairi,

S í an eala í mair an l'ínnairi do í'ínnairi ó'ínnairi t-rá'ínnairi f'ínnairi
n'ínnairi,

Čair'ínnairi z'ínnairi mo é'ínnairi, é'ínnairi m'ínnairi f'ínnairi n'ínnairi !

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 !

NORU AN CUIU OUBU.

I.

U Nóra an éil ómha,
 'Sé mo bhróir na b-ferdaim
 Láim do éirí faoi 'o ceann-ra,
 Nó a m-bhollac do léine;
 I r tús o-fáz mo ceann-ra
 Tán ríra ari b'c céille,
 U' r zo n-éalócaimh tar toimh leat,
 U n'íh-íearc dá b-ferdaimh!

II.

U baill i'ítoimh éioide r'íj,
 Ná déanra hom b'réaz,
 U' r zup zeall tús mo pórac
 Tán feoirimh 'r an t-raoial;
 S'íubairimh ari an n-óruic leat,
 U' r n' b'íj'íimh leat an ferri;
 U' r a Nóra an éil ómha,
 I r dear a pórfaimh do berl!

III.

Taob éall de'n Mhuair
 Tá r'íon zeal mo éioide
 U crí t'íuz mar an t-ómar
 Lé 'n éall mé mo zhaoid
 T'íom-rí Ríj an doimhaic
 Zo o-toimhtoize an zaoic,
 U' r zo b-feicid mé mo bólaic
 U zabaill bóirne Baile-áic b'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 BHRUINNÉALL MHEIRBH.

I.

Maidin éadóac nuair d'éirígear,
 Is éadar amac fá'n z-coill zlar,
 Is an do búail an tréizid mé
 Nac leizirgear, faraoi ;
 Do éuala an bhríheall meirneac,
 A líb na coille droizheac,
 Do preab mo éiríde le zneah dī,
 Zur éiz-bean dam í !

II.

'N uair zabaimre amac na bánra,
 Zsur éiríre uair mo zrád zeal,
 A dneac mar nór a n-záiridh,
 Is blát zeal na n-rball,
 Is breaza í na Venus
 An tan d'fáz rí an treun-míhí ;
 A dá cíc éiríhe caonra,
 'S ar éadrom a ríubal !

III.

'Sé do zrádra élaorid mé,
 'S is mariz áit a m-brídean ré !
 Círean re a n-ríhail don t-zaozal ro,
 An éirí do zhirí an zrád,
 Is fada dā dā foizhean,
 A caitreao fearra é m-ríh,
 Zur 'bé do zrádra meall 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, թա մ-բերօր
 Ծօ մ' քիրիսիս թօ բջէալս,
 Փօ լեյլիրբիս քէն ծ'ի Բ-քէն տի,
 Փա մ-բերօրի Լիօմ ա իրի;
 Ե՛ս մօ ճարալօ արի չա՛ն թաօն ծիօմ,
 Ա'ր Եօրիւն ճարա՛ն Ե՛ս քէն թաօմ,
 Ան Եօրիւն Եօրիւն չար օր'ի
 Ես թ-թէլիսիս Ես իր'իս.

V.

Այնքիւն թօն, ա քէնի Ես,
 Ծօ իսկալիս իսկ ա թէլիս,
 Ծօ Եսիւն տի թիսիս թիսիս-Լի,
 Ա'ր թիսիս Ծօ թիսիս;
 Եսիւն թիսիս, ար Եսիւն,
 Ա իսիս Ես թիսիս թիսիս;
 Ա'ր Ծօ թիսիս Ես թիսիս թիսիս,
 Ա'ր թիսիս օրիս մօ թիսիս!

VI.

Ա'ր իսկալիս թիսիս թիսիս,
 Փօ թիսիս տի իսիս թիսիս թիսիս,
 Ես թիսիս թիսիս ար Եսիւն,
 Այս թիսիս թիսիս ա թիսիս;
 Ծօ թիսիս թիսիս թիսիս թիսիս,
 Այս թիսիս ա թիսիս, Ես թիսիս,
 թիսիս թիսիս թիսիս մ' թիսիս թիսիս,
 Ա'ր թիսիս թիսիս թիսիս!

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.

Ξλέαρφαῖο μέ lonz reóltauðe,
 Ἀῖρ μαάφαῖο μέ zo Flanðrih,
 Ἀ mearz na ð-tjorða zallða,
 Ἀῖρ na ðjaῖο hη naizæað ðon Spáη—
 Ἀ ηaizðean ηaηrjz, ηjorðηaηaiz,
 Nj fllhðο μέ ηjor ηð op,
 Bjorð ðo moza feaη pðrða azað,
 Ðo pðηaηφαῖο ðhτ aη báη !

—:o:—

DUAN AN BHADORA.*

I.

Ἀ baηc b'aham ðr a η-ahacahη na ð-ðonηaηaá
 η-áηð,
 Cáηz cobarðaá zjð buð baηbaηða τηom é aη lá,
 Tηáá laraið aη fahηze ó boηη zo báη,
 Láη coηηη ðj ηj zabah ó rτηηη zo cηaηη !

Cηη φα.

Ἀ báη a láη, a báη a láη,
 Ἀ zηáð ηa ηrη, a éηð ðe'η τ-ηaozál,
 Ἀ láη—'rj aη báð bηeað ηeoηl !

* *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 !”

—:o:—

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.

Եր՛ն՛ չլեարքան ըհ և հ-էստս չան բխի չան ձան,
 Փե՛ն չ-cael անարտ չլեջել զ նա հ-յոժաճա անալ,
 Cael-banc բեան ըյոջանձա և՛ ան զնի Փյա ան
 չբեան,
 Ա՛ր ձա Ե-բեյբեճա անջայձ ան լաւ յ՛ր յ՛ և՛ զնի՛ջեւձ
 ար չալ !

Ա բա՛ն և լա՛ն, 7c.

III.

Ա Փաօլեյն,* և զնոյն-ձարիւն չարԵ չան ըճ՛ն,
 Այն ան դստ-Եան-րօ բնի-րա Եբեւտնի՛ ձօ ըճ՛ն,
 Ան զնիյն լեւտ, ՛ր ան չ-cuan-րօ, չօ Ե-բաւա տր՛ Եաձ
 Չան զոտաԵարտ տոն-Եարիա չարիւձ մար տայն !

Ա բա՛ն և լա՛ն, 7c.

IV.

Ար զնիյն իոյն, և ձուԵարտ Փաօլեան չար Եարիւն
 մե՛ ձօ չն՛ն,
 ՛Տ չար ԵԵ՛ ան ան չ-cuan րօ ըր Երան ձան և՛ անարԵ
 չա՛ լա,
 Ա՛ւ ըլնեւձ ըյ ձաԵարքան ան և Ե-բաւար ձե Եաձ
 Տեա՛ ան դստ-Եան Ե՛րա զոմբլա՛ւ և՛ տարիւն ՛ր
 ան տ-րնան !

Ա բա՛ն և լա՛ն, 7c.

* * * * *

* *Daoilean*, a rock off Blacksod Bay.

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 ԳՅԱՅՆ ՆԱ Ն-ԾՐԼ, ԿԱԾԱՅՆ ԾՆԻՆ-ՆԵ ԾՆԾԵԱՆ ՆԱ
ԿՐԱՅՅԵ,

ՀԱԾԱՅՆ ԾՈ ՇՈՊԱՅՆԵ ԻՐԾ Դ Ա Ն-ՅՈՐ ԱՆ ԲԱԾ,

ԵՆԵ ՀԱՐԵ ԸՈՆՆԵԱՅԵ ՔՈՅԱԾԱՇ ՔԱ ՇՈՇՆԱՐ ՀՆԱԾ,

ԱՐ ՄԱՆԱ Ն-ԲԱՐՆԱՅԾ ԾՈ ՇԱՆԿԱԾ ԶԱԾԱՆ ԴԻ ԿՐԻ ՄՈ
ԼԱՆ !*

Ա ԲԱՆ Ա ԼԱՆ, ԴԸ.

—:o:—

SLÁN LE ՊԱՅԺ.

ԱՆ ՊԱՆՀԱՅՆԵ ՏՐՀԱՇ, ԴԸ.

I.

ՏԼԱՆ ԱՐ ՇԷԱԾ ՕՆ Ծ-ԿԱՕԵՐՈ ՍԱՅՆ,

ՇՈՐ ՊԱՅՅԵ ՆԱ Հ-ՇԱՐՆ, ՆԱ Հ-ՇՆԱՕԵ, ՆԱ Հ-ՇՆԱԾ,

ՆԱ ԻԿԱՅԾ, ՆԱ ԻԵՄԾ ՆԱ ԻԱՐՆ, ՆԱ ԻԼԱՀ,

ՆԱ Ն-ԾԱՆ, ՆԱ Ն-ԾՆԵԱԾԾ, ՆԱ Ծ-ԿՐԷԱՆ ՀԱՆ ՀՆԱՅՆ !

ՕՇ ՕՇ ՕՆ ! ԻՐ ԲՐԵՈՐԵ ՄՆԵ,

ՀԱՆ ՇՆԾ, ՀԱՆ ՇՈՐՆ, ՀԱՆ ՇՈՐՔ, ՀԱՆ ՇՐԵ,

ՀԱՆ ԻՒԼԾ, ՀԱՆ ԻԵԾԾ, ՀԱՆ ԻՐՈՐՆԾ, ՀԱՆ ԻՐՈՆՆԱԾ

Օ ԻԵԼԱԾ ՄԷ ՇԱՆ ՍԱՅՆՆԻՐ !

II.

ՏԼԱՆ ՀՈ Կ-ԷԱՀ ԾԱ ԻԱԾՆ-ԻՆ ՐԱՅՆԵ,

ԾԱ ԾԱՅՆ ԾԱ ՇԼԷՆ, ԾԱ Կ-ԷՅՐՐՐՐՐ ԾԱ ԻԱԾ,

* 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.

—:O:—

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.

Dom cáirdé cléib, zan élaon, zan éluain,
 Zan cáim, zan éaon, zan éraoí zan éríar!
 Oé oé óh, 7c.

III.

Slán da éir dá béite uaim,
 Da mhnáib go léir, da ríéir, da rhuat,
 Dá z-cáil, da z-céil, da z-caon, da z-cuaim,
 Da b-práir, da b-pléir, da méir, da m-buat!
 Oé oé óh, 7c.

IV.

Slán tar aon don té dar dual,
 An báin-éir béarac, béaltair, buatoc,
 Éir trát cum ríéib a zcéir am ruair,
 Sí zráo mo cléib bi héiríir éuar!
 Oé oé óh, 7c.

V.

Ir faírac faon mé, ir fhuacóir, fuair,
 Ir tairla, tréir, 'r ir taomac, truat,
 A m-bair an tréir zan aon, monuar!
 Am páir ac fhuac a' r zaoí a d-tuar!
 Oé oé óh, 7c.

VI.

Don t-ríar 'h uair téiríir mar aon air cuair,
 Ní h-áil leó mé, a' r ní neiríir leam éluain,
 Bír mhná le céile az pléir da luat,
 Ca h-áir? ca h-é? é taob ar zluair?
 Oé oé óh, 7c.

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 zaoi zān teac̃t i r tnuac̃,
 A' r mē am c̃iác̃ az an t-rao zai a n zēib̃ 'ra n-zuair,
 Le nái tē a b-péi a zcéi aji cuairt
 Zān ába c̃t, zān r zléip, zān r zéil da luac̃!
 O c̃ o c̃ ói, 7c.

VIII.

O dái an c̃léi dān céile nuac̃,
 Coi r Wái ze zo h-eu z n̄ h-é mo cuairt,
 Zo briac̃ leam nae 'táim n̄i r̄ leam cuac̃,
 Le m̄háb̃ an t-rao zai c̃h̄i mē aji buairt.
 O c̃ o c̃ ói! mo b̄i ói, mo m̄illeac̃,
 Iomarca an ói, a' r p̄óza b̄i n̄heall,
 C̄h̄i m̄ire leam lae t̄ib̃ zān f̄ó, zān f̄oi t̄i,
 F̄ó r zān iomac̃ fuadaji!

—:o:—

PLUR NAI W-BAN DONN OJ.*

I.

Da d-tiocfa-ra homra zo c̄r̄h̄tae l̄a t̄ioim;
 A plúir na m-ban donn óz,
 Béarfaimh-ij m̄il beac̃ azur m̄eac̃ m̄ar b̄i ac̃ t̄h̄t,
 A pl̄r̄i na m-ban donn óz,

* *Plúna m-ban donn óy, 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.

Béarfao aen na lonz na reól 'r na m-báto d'et,
 Faoi bárra-daib na o-tom a'r rínn a3 filleaó ó'n
 o-tráí,5,
 'Shí léi3fínn-rí aen bíón coiróce do'o dáil,
 A plúir na m-ban donn ó3!

II.

Ní raófaio m're leat, a'r hí'l maio d'et do'm
 iarríao,
 Dubairt plúir na m-ban donn ó3;
 Maí naó 3-coirneócaó do 3lóiréa beó 3an bíao mé,
 Dubairt plúir na m-ban donn ó3;
 Míle céao fearrí lom beio coiróce 3an fear,
 Ná beio a3 ríubal an oirúcta 'rha b-fáraó leat,
 Níor éuz mo coiróce o'et 3ráó ná 3ean,
 Dubairt plúir na m-ban donn ó3.

III.

Conairc mé a3 teaóto éuzam í tré láir an
 o-rléibe,
 Maí réiríon trío an 3-ceóto,
 Bí mé a3 cairt a'r a3 coirraó léi
 3o n-deacamar 3o páirc na m-bó.
 Síóamairne ríor a líb an fáil,
 3o o-tuz mé ói ríróbta faoi mo láir,
 Naó b-fírl coirí oá n-deánaó rí naó n-íocfáirne a
 cáir,
 Do plúir na m-ban donn ó3.

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,
Duirt phlúr na m-ban donn óg.
When pale hunger comes, can thy melodies feed me ?
Duirt 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,
Duirt 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 éireac a' r mo éiríodh gan mé fáirghe ríor léi,
 Mo plúir na m-ban doinn óg,
 Ahr leaba éadól árd, no ahr éárrh tighbe,
 Mo plúir na m-ban doinn óg,
 Gan doine ahr bít a h-Éirínnh beiré láinnh linnh 'ran
 oirdé
 Aét a3 rúgnadh a3ur a3 záireadh réir mar buó
 nnaínnh linnh,
 A Dhia, hac cruadh an cáir é muíha bfaídhé mé mo
 nnaínnh,
 Ahr plúir na m-ban doinn óg.

—:o:—

SJLE Bheas NJ CHOINNEALBHAIN.

I.

A Shíle bán na b-peuplaíde,
 A céad-íearc náir fullaínnh zruaínnh,
 D'fá3 tú m'ínnh buairéa,
 A' r a' d tóiré h h béré mé buaínnh,
 Muíha d-tínnh tú do'm feucáínnh,
 A' r éuló3adh lom fá zleannhaínnh cuaínnh,
 Béré cúnnhaínnh a' r tighre a' d tóiré oínnh,
 A' r béré mé coínnh duib le zual.

II.

Tu3tar cú3aínnh na ríonnha,
 A3ur líonnha dínínnh an zlaínnh ír fearínnh,
 Muíha b-faídhé réínnh cead rínnh,
 Le m'ínnh-éínnh an brollaínnh báínnh;

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 ;

Ա քլնի յ շլե 'ր յր մյնե,
 Ռá ան ըյօժա 'ր դա լնի դա դ-էան,
 Եր ԲԱՅԺԵԱՐԺԱ Եղիբեա՛ճ Ելծիմբե,
 'Ռ ապր ըմսանջնի Ելծ ըսարսանիդ լէյ.

III.

Պá մ-Ելծիդդ-ը ընի ա'ր մյն ճեար,
 Շաօդիդար ան Երոլլա՛ճ Երեա՛ճ,
 Ա դ-շլեանդան Գոյնի Գըրեա՛ճ,
 Օ ճիդի ոյժե շօ դ-էրեծճա՛ծ լá,
 Յան դեա՛ճ ա Ելծ ժáր շ-ՇոյիԺԵԱ՛ճ,
 Ա՛ճ ՇարԿա-Բրաօյ՛ճ դօ 'դ Շոլեա՛ճ ԲԵԱ՛ժ,
 'Տ շօ մ-Բյա՛ժ շրեան Յան ճամ Գմ ճիօյժե ըյճ,
 Պօ Տիլե Եաճ դ' ՇոյիԺԵԱԼԲáդ !

—:o:—

Ա Կ-ԱՅՏԵԺԵ ՃՐՈՅԺԵ ՈՒ Ո-ԱՆԱՊԱՆ.

I.

Ա Կ-ԱՅՏԵԺԵ ճիօյժե դա դ-անաման
 Լեաճան տն Գր լáր մե :
 Ելծիմ Յան ճէլլ Յան Գյնե,
 'Տէ ան Ե-Եաճրան դօ Բ'բարի Լոմ ;
 ԵլԺԵԱճ մօ ճժա ըրիáԿա՛ժե,
 Այս բալիմ ԼԵԱՒ մօ ճարաԲԱՒ,
 Ար Բյօժ ա դ-ԺԵԱՐԴԱՅՂ մայժիդ ԼԵԱՒ,
 Ա՛ճ ԵԵԱՅԻԱՅժ Լոմ ա մáրա՛ճ !

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 !

—:o:—

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.

Ան ապր ճիրօքի՜ն տարս ան տ-այրնօղի,
 Ա՛ր ճէլ՝ն Ծօ ի՛յլն յայ՝նտե,
 Փայրս յօսած-օղիս իօղ,
 Ա՛ր տանջիմայ՝ն իօղ և Ծ-տի՛ճ ան տճայրիս,
 Պարս և Ե-բայրն շայրս ա՛ր անայրնի՛ն,
 Ա՛ր Ծօ և Ծ-տօղն ան Եարիս,
 Ա՛ր Եյօ՝ն իս Ե-այրն և Ե-այս լատ,
 Ա՛ր իօղատրս անբատ Ի՛յլտե.

III.

Օ՛հ! իս Իտօրն անս իս անս իս,
 Պօ ի՛յլն անս իս Երճայրն,
 Պօ անս, իս ի՛ճ, իս անս իս,
 Պօ անս, անս իս անս,
 Պօ անս անս անս, իս անս իս,
 Պօ և ա՛ր իս անս անս իս,
 Ա՛ր, անս անս ի՛ճ անս անս անս,
 Պօ անս անս իս անս իս!

IV.

'Տա իս իս իս իս իս իս,
 Իս անս անս անս անս իս,
 Պօ անս անս անս անս իս,
 Ա՛ր անս անս անս անս իս,
 անս անս իս անս անս իս,
 Երճայրն անս անս անս անս իս,
 Իս անս անս անս անս իս,
 Ա՛ր անս անս անս անս իս!

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.

Եր յօղժա Բրիճյոն ա'ր Եսթրաղոն,
 Ել Եսթրաղոն Լե յնայե,
 Ալետ ոյ քանոն Բրոն ամ Կլիշե,
 'Ուսար լիօղտար ընձամ ար լալն ըն,
 Ոո Եան Կլար մո Լեան ըն,
 Ոո յնատար Կլար մո Կտար ըն,
 Ոո ըժժա-մոր 'ր մո յարար ըն,
 'Տ ոյ Դճարքալո մե յօ Բրատ Լատ !

VI.

Ենոն յա չաօլտա Եր քարն Կլար,
 Փա Ե-քարն ա Ե-տալոն Երեան,
 Լեան ա'ր Բրանտա ա'ր Կլար-Եան,
 Ալետ յաժ Ե-տալոն ան Լարաճոն Լոն,
 Բրոնոն ըն ըն Եոն Եան,
 Ուսար Եր մոր մո ըն ըն Ե-Եանոն ըն,
 Ա'ր չար մայն Լեժ Բրանտա Ե Լարաճոն ըն,
 Փ'եր Կլարոն ըն Լեանտա ըն !

—:o:—

ՔԱՅՏՅՈՆ ՔՅՈՆՆ.*

I.

Յնատ Լե մ-անամ մո Քհայրոն Քյոնն,
 Ա քոյոն 'ր Ե Կ-Կլիշե Կլ չալոն Լոն,
 Ա ըժժա չալա մար Լատ յա Կ-Լոն,
 'Տա քյոն մար Եա Լա Ունտա !

* *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.

Ιρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη,
 Ιρ τυρα μο ρύη α'ρ μο ζήαò zeal,
 Ιρ τυρα μο ρύη, α'ρ μο òman zo buan,
 'Sé μο èpeac zan tú aзам ó'ò ηάταηήη !

II.

Canna μο èpoide μο Pháητίν Fionn,
 B-φηλ α δά ζήuaò aηι lazaò maη blát na z cnaηη,
 Tά mηe paen aηι μο Pάητίν Fionn,
 Alèt aηάηη zuη ólar α ρláητε !

Cηη φα.

Ιρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη, 7c.

III.

Dá m-beiòηηηηι aηηηa m-baηle m-bjaò ruζuaò α'ρ
 ζneanηη,
 No ιοηι δά baηuaηle lán te leanηη ;
 Mo íήηήη α'm aηci 'ρ μο lánη φαοι na ceanηη,
 Ιρ ρúzaò το óφαηη α ρláητε !

Cηη φα.

Ιρ τυρα μο ρύη, μο ρύη, μο ρύη, 7c.

IV.

Bί mế ηaoι η-οίòce α'm ληòe zo boct,
 O beiò ρήητε φαοι aη óλληη ιοηι δα òon,
 Al òmaηηη μο èpoide, α'ρ mế az ρηuaήneac ò onτ,
 'S ηac bφαζamηηι le φααò 'há le zlaaò tú !

Cηη φα.

Ιρ 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 έαπατ 'ρ μο έάητε ζαοη,
 Α'ρ τρέιζφτ μέ α μαηεαη δε ηηάη α τ-ραοζαη,
 Νί τρέιζφεατ λε'η ηηαηέαηηη έύ, ζηάτ μο έποητε,
 Σο ρήηεαη α ζ-κόηηα ραοι έλάη μέ !

Οηη ρα.

Ιρ τυρα μο ηύη, μο ηύη, μο ηύη,
 Ιρ τυρα μο ηύη, α'ρ μο ζηάτ ζεαη,
 Ιρ τυρα μο ηύη, α'ρ μο έομαη ζο buaη,
 'Σέ μο έηεαέ ζαη έύ αζαη ό'τ ηάέαηηηη !

—:o:—

ΑΝ ΣΕΟΤΗΟ.*

Εοζαη Ruat, ηό έάν.

I.

Σεοτό έοη ! ηά ζοη ζο ρόη,
 Φο ζεαβαηη ζαη δεαηηατ α τ-ταηζε ζαέ ρεόη
 Φο βί αζ ατ ρήηεαη ηίοζέα ηόηηατ,
 Αη Εηηηηη ηαέ-ζλαηρ έηηηη α'ρ Εοζαη !
 Σεοτό έοη, ηά ζοη ζο ρόη,
 Σεοτό λεηη, α έομαηηη 'ρα ρτόηη,
 Μο έύηζ έέατ έύηηατ ζο τύβαέ ραοι βηόν,
 Τυ αζ ρηε 'ηα ρύλ α'ρ το έόη 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 žeabairi ari d-tír an t'ubal ád dóid,
 Do bí a3 an d-tuirí a 3-clíó fad ciontá ;
 An rtar do bí a3 Pan ba zneanta 'h t-reóid,
 'S an t-rlat do bí a3 Maóir žnjotó djon do 'r
 treoir !

Seotó toir, 7c.

III.

Do žeabairi an caol eac éadrom ó3,
 Do žeabairi an rrián 'r an djalait óri,
 Bí a3 Fálbe Fionn ba tean ari tóiri,
 A3 ruazad Dañair ó Chaireal 3o Bóih.

Seotó toir, 7c.

IV.

Do žeabairi cloidean rólnr an dorn-črl óri
 Do bí a3 Brián a3 ríán na rluazá,
 An boža bí a3 Murcad an urcáiri ióiri,
 A3 cat Cluain-Tairb a3 trearzar na d-treoir !

Seotó toir, 7c.

V.

Ar-d-čú 'h tairtoir ó Čaireal na h-óir,
 O leožan fajtce Bun-Rajte na reól,
 Jolar rléjbe, caol čioir čeoir,
 'S reabac na reil3 ó Szeil3 na rzeól.

Seotó toir, 7c.

VI.

Do žeabairi lomnad rajtóiri an óri,
 Thuz Jaron tréan do 'h Žhréil3 ari bóir ;

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 flerce, 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 cuṭaṭ, meap, cumaraṁ ḡ,
 B́j aṣ Cuṁullaṁ ceann-uṁraḁ na rluaz.
 Seoṁḁ ṁoṭl, 7c.

VII.

Do ḡeabairi rlcaza Uicill ba ḁalma a ḡ-ḡleḁ,
 'S cṁaoṭreaḁ Fṁḡ ḡan ḡḡoṭl aḁ ṁḁḡḁ;
 Eṭoe Conḡail ḁo b-uṁraḁ le tṁeoḡ,
 'S rḡiaḁ ḡeal Naḡṭ ḁ cṁaoṭḡ na rluaz.
 Seoṁḁ ṁoṭl, 7c.

VIII.

Do ḡeabairi cloṭḁeanḡ Fṁḡ ba ḡḡḡṁṁṁ a ḡ-ḡleḁ,
 'S an ḡaḁ b́j aṣ Dṁarṁṁṁḁ tṁiaḁ na leḁḡan,
 Cloḡaḁ cuṁḡṁṁṁ Oṭḡuṁṁ ḡḡḡṁ,
 Uṁṁ ṁaṭṁṁṁ na ṁṁḡḡḡṁ tṁiaoḁ Uac Tṁeoḡḡ.
 Seoṁḁ ṁoṭl, 7c.

IX.

Do ḡeabairi a leḡḡḡ ṁar tṁḡlle leḁ an ṁ-ṁeoḡḁ,
 Tḡuḡ Uoṭṁṁ ḁ'ḡṭṭ ḡaḁ cṁṁḡ ḁo'ḡ leḁḡan,
 le'ṁ ḡarḡḡ Fṁarḁḡaḁḁ ba ṁḡan a ḁ-ṁḁḡḡ,
 'S Conḡaoḁ uaral, uarḡṁṁṁṁ ḁḡ!
 Seoṁḁ ṁoṭl, 7c.

X.

Do ḡeabairi ḡan ḡṁearḡball ṁarṁṁṁḁ ḡaḁ ṁeoḡḁ,
 Dḡḡḡ ḡṁaṁ ḁubṁṁḁ Dḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḁḡḡ,
 Do ḁṁleḁḁ a ḡḡḡṭṭ a ḡḁḡḡḡṁac rluaz,
 'S ḡ aṣ rḡḡḡ-ḁṁṁ laḁḁ ḡo ṁaoḡ ḁá ḁ-tṁeoḡḡ.
 Seoṁḁ ṁoṭl, 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 žeabairi njožan mjin tair, moðamail,
 Ir áilhe žhaoi, 'r ir caoine rhuatā,
 Ná 'h nēlctioh žrjnh tuž Pnjam 'r a řluaža,
 Žo bāh na Tpiāoi žan tjm žan tpeōir.
 Seoťō ōoi, 7c.

XII.

Do žeabairi njō hāi mheōear oit fōr,
 Žloine tō'h řjoh bjt bmožmair roðamhrl,
 Do tairiajzeac hebe, ah nēlctioh ōž,
 Chum Jupitei Laoč na h-ōējte aji bōir.
 Seoťō ōoi, 7c.

XIII.

Do žeabairi tēlle hāi mhrjōear fōr,
 Žh žat tuž Žlonžur tpeāh 'ha tōio,
 Do mjac calma Uj Dhēbhe tā tōioh aji tōioh,
 Žhāi ba mjhic ah řhjañh žo tjañ 'ha tēōtāiž.
 Seoťō ōoi, 7c.

XIV.

Do žeabairi řaiil uajm řjoh a'r beoim,*
 Ž'r ēatāč 'ha hāice ba mjaire tō tpeoim,
 Žē ō čjm tō mjhme čūžam řan mōt,
 Nj žeallřat uajm tēit tuair hā řēōio !
 Seoťō ōoi, hā žoi žo řōi !
 Seoťō leiñb, a čumajñh 'řa řtōioh,
 Žho čūiž čēat čumjāt žo tūbāč řaoi bñōh,
 Tu až řile 'ha řūl a'r tō čōm žan lōh !

* *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 BÂN.

I.

Ա Նեյլիժե Բհան րհծ լանի իյոյ ա չարած չեալ մօ
 չրօժե,
 Ար լէյճ մօ լանի այր լօ Բրձձայօ դօ ոյ իյայրքե մէ
 եօժ միժե,
 Փօ ինանքրհի ադ տՏրհր զչար ադ տՏրօդայի չեալ աօ
 ժյայճ,
 Ա'ր չար լուչ տւ Բան լեատ օ ինանք Բրձձա Բայլե
 լօճա Բյաճ.*

II.

Փա մօ լեամբա Քօրտւմնա 'չար Բայլե լօճա Բյաճ,
 Լրիմեաճ դա լոնչ զչար Կօհտաե Բհայլե աժ Ըլաժ,+
 Այր լօ ինդիտր լօ լօնքրիքե ա լեաժ զչար ա
 լօ-տրլան,
 Ըօ քօհ լուլ ա ԿԼեանդար լեատ լա քաժա 'ր Բլաժայն.

III.

Ելր մօ Եանաճտրա չօ Կօհաճտա մար ար ահ լօ Բյ
 ադ չրեան,
 Ա'ր չօ լօյ մօ Բալանտիդ ար քաժա տա իյ ալմ;
 Ան տ-լօդաօ Կօհե իւ Բյ Եաժմայի զչ իլէյԲտե լուճա
 Եաժօնիւման
 Ա իյ ադ տ-Տրօդայի չեալ լօ շօնչլԵ մե Բյ լան չօ
 Բրուճ.

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

+ *Baile-ath-cliath*, 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—
Swoln Shannon's waves detain'd me—in savage wrath
they rose!

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

IV.

Φοβ ξεάμν ιhom ηά μο άαπαλλ ατ ζαν άηηomη α
 ῖηηαν,
 Αῖῖ ηά ξάβαλτατ ηα πάηηε ιomη λεαζταη ηα
 ῖηαόα;
 'Νά ττάηηε δε βάαηῖ ό Βηαηε ατ Cηατ ζο
 Ληηηεαά le bηηαόαηη,
 Νά ῖαιεῖηη τυῖα α ζῖηάό ῖηι αηη ῖῖηάηο Βαηε loάa
 Ρηαά.

V.

Φοβ ξεάμν ιhom ζο ηηεῖόῖῖ ηαηῖ αζυῖ ῖῖητε αηη
 αη τ-ῖηαῖ,
 Όο λάῖ ῖεαῖ αηάηητε οά ῖηoca αζ αη ῖῖηαά!
 Α ηοάη ζυῖ ῖῖητ ηέ α ηζῖηάό leατ α Νεῖλλῖοε
 Βάη ηα cάηαηη,
 Αῖῖ ζο ηοεῖη οο ηάτταηῖη ηαά άηι leῖ ηῖηε ῖῖητ
 ηαη cάηαηῖη.

—:o:—

'BE N-EJRJNN 1.*

Ulliam Dall, ηό cάη.

I.

Α η-ζλεαηταῖῖ ῖέηηη ηα η-έῖηε ῖῖηη,
 Α ῖ-ῖαηηταῖῖ ῖέηηη α η-ζέῖῖ ζαά laoi;
 Αη τ-ῖεαηζ-ῖεαη ῖῖe ba ῖέαῖαά ζηaoi
 Φο ῖζαηηηαῖό ηέ, 'ῖé η-Εῖηηηη ῖ!
 'ῖé η-Εῖηηηη ῖ!

* '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.

Ní t'rácda mé ari céile Naor
 Thuz ári na η-zaordeal ari d-teacdo don Chnaorib,
 Na an báb ó'η η-Úréiz do céar an Tnaor,
 le zrád mo cléib, 'bé η-Eluuiiη í!
 'Bé η-Eluuiiη í!

III.

'S breáza dear d'réimneaz réio a d'laor,
 Zo báiri an féiri na rlaod ari bíz,
 A clát-íolt réiz do dealnao an flíor,
 Ari zrád mo cléib, 'bé η-Eluuiiη í!
 'Bé η-Eluuiiη í!

IV.

Ir cármari, taodaé deupaé bíom,
 Zo cráioite, cneimeac, ceurda ó'η mhaoi,
 Fažnac, fáon, zan céill, ari baor,
 le zrád do'η béit, 'bé η-Eluuiiη í!
 'Bé η-Eluuiiη í!

V.

Ari heóin η-uairi t'éizim ari taob ríže Fíiη,
 Fa bíon a zcéin a'r zan aon dam bíom,
 Cía íeolfao don Uhae Dé am lion
 Aé ríor mo cléib, 'bé η-Eluuiiη í!
 'Bé η-Eluuiiη í!

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 UALLACHAÍN.*

Uilliam Dall, nó éán.

I.

Ír fada mílte dá ccairtaó ríor 'r ruar ar fázan,
 U'r claíña raoríte ar earbairt zriñ zan éluain, zan
 rtaírt;
 Zan cánaó laoj, zan fleaza, zan fíon, zan chuair,
 zan ceáirt,
 U'r bairt air ar Caitilín ní Ualla cáin !

II.

Ná mearaizíte zup caile éríon na zuaireacáin,
 Na cailléín an aihéin mih-tair, buacaé, miháihil;
 Ír fada air ba banaltara í, 'r ba mhor a h-ádal,
 Da mbeirteat aét an Rí z Caitilín ní Ualla cáin !

III.

Ba éar a zhaor dá mairimír le ruazaó náihad,
 Briata ríoda z tarrih zaoirte 'r buaó cum bab;
 Plairt zo zrióite ó baéar cih ahuar zo tráct
 U'z mac an Rí z air Chaítilín ní Ualla cáin !

* 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
exil'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.

Szpeada maoid le h-até h-íde cum uan na n-íár,
Do éap na Tíora, talaij tuij, 'r cruacajb
áir ;

Do rzaip na t-ímpéjoll fajrjide, zeal-cuaeta 'r
tráir,

Uz cur malairt críce ar Chaitlín n-í Ullaacán !

V.

Uí té tarraigh Jrael tpeap na taoide Ruad ó
háir,

Do beataid taoine datad zéirijid anuar le
h-áir ;

Do heirtaid Maor a mearz a háiride, fuarzal,
tráir,

Jr tabair díon do Chaitlín n-í Ullaacán !

—:o:—

U SHJOBHÁN U RUIN.*

I.

U Shjobán a Rí, jr tú do marb me rí,

U Shjobán a Rí, jr tú do bair díom mo éall,

U Shjobán a Rí, jr tú cúadair eadar me a' r Dí,

U' b-éair díne beir zan ríib na tú f-erir
airí !

* 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.

21ṛ breáḡ é do ṛnoḡ, 1ṛ tú an t-reḡḡ do cumatḡ
 3o ceapṛ;
 1ṛ tú 'h ca1ṛh ḡ3 ḡac 1a1ḡ ḡ1ṛac, 11ṛ1ṛṛeac lea1ṛ;
 2o 3ṛuaḡ 1a1ṛ an 1ḡṛ a'ṛ do 1ḡ3 1a1ṛ ṛ1leac ḡa
 1ṛ-beac,
 21ṛ 3ṛ1ṛ é do ceḡ1 1é1ḡ tu3 1é ḡ tṛṛṛear a
 ṛearc!

—:o:—

21Ṣ1Ṣ1Ṣ 3E21321Ṣ 2ḡḡC 2O2ḡḡ21Ṣ.*

I.

O1ḡce bḡṛ a1ṛ 1ḡ3e a1ṛ ṛua1ṛ,
 'S 1é a1ṛ bua1ṛeac tṛé ḡa caṛa1ṛe;
 2o ṛṛṛ an tṛṛṛ-bea1ṛ, tṛṛṛleac, tṛua1ṛc,
 Taḡḡ 1ḡṛ ṛuaṛ a3 ḡéaḡa1ṛ taṛa1ṛe:
 Ba caol a có1ṛ, a cṛaḡḡ-ṛolṛ tṛḡṛ,
 213 teacḡ 3o boḡ 1é1ṛ ḡa ṛ1aṛa1ṛe,
 Ba ṛḡḡe a 3ṛua1ṛ 'ḡá an 3ua1ṛ,
 'S ba 3ṛle a 3ṛuaḡ 'ḡá ḡa h-211a1ṛe.

II.

2o cḡḡa1ṛ 1ṛ, 3ḡaḡ 3a1ṛ 3ṛua1ṛ,
 21 claḡḡ-1ḡṛ3 ua1ṛṛe 'ṛa béal taḡa1ṛe;
 21 1ḡḡḡ cḡḡc, cṛḡḡ, 3eal, cṛua1ṛḡ,
 21ṛ a 1ḡḡ-cḡe1ṛ ṛua1ṛ ḡac bṛḡ1 teacṛa1ṛe;

* 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 հաւ-ծօրք բեան, 4 ընչ-ծոօն լեւծայր,
 Ա Կաւ տրօյն ծեփ, 4 ծեփ 'ր4 մայլիշէ ;
 Եր բօյր շար Կաւծի լի 4 բնաւ,
 Բյօժ շար ծրաւ մէ 43 44 ԿԿԵԿԵԿԵ.

III.

Ան սայր ծեփար յ ծօ Կյօշար բար,
 Յօ Կբօնայի սայր Կա'ր Կա 43 ;
 Նյօր Կբօնալ ի, ծօ Կբեի ի սայր,
 'Տ Կյօր Յօ Կսայր Կբեի մօ ԿԿԵԿԵԿԵ :
 Կ'Եյշօր Յօ լօմ 44 ԿԵյ լե Կօի,
 Նյօր Կօնա լօմ 'ր մէ 4 մԵԿԵԿԵԿԵ
 Յար լեփար յ ծօն ծի Կա Կսայր,
 Յօ իժ 44 45 Կսայր ԿԵ Կար ԿԿԵԿԵ Ե.

IV.

Կիշմ Կնյօր Կիշ ծօ սայր,
 Յօ իժ Կսայր, 'ր Յօ իժ ԿԵԿԵԿԵ ;
 Յօ իժ Կօյի, ԿօյԵԿԵԿԵ, սայր,
 Մար 4 միժ 44 Կսայր ԿԵ Կօյի 44 ԿԵԿԵԿԵ
 Յօ Կաւծի Կօյի Կօնայր Օյ,
 Այ ԿԵԿԵԿԵ ԿԵԿԵԿԵ, 'ր 43 ԿԵԿԵԿԵ ԿԵԿԵԿԵ
 Նյ սայր 4 Կսայր Կիշ իժ 44 Կսայր,
 Աժ յ ծօ Կսայր ԿԵ ԿԵ 44 ԿԵԿԵԿԵ.

V.

Կիշմ Յօ իժ ԿԵ Կի 44 ԿԵԿԵԿԵ,
 Յօ ԿԵԿԵ ԿԵԿԵ, 'ր Կիշմ Յօ ԿԵԿԵԿԵ ;
 Յօ իժ ԿԵ Կիշ, Կօյի, Կսայր,
 'Տ Կօյի ԿԵԿԵ ԿԵ Կօյի 44 ԿԵԿԵԿԵ :

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 réinhe clóð,
 Uí éirtear ceoil 'r a g déanaiy airtíge,
 Uí bfocháin Uíbhíll 'r níosnað tuathuinnian,
 'S míle gnuazac glé le gairtíde !

VI.

Do bí an tirt-bean, tirtleac, truaric,
 Do éirí ari buairt me am naðaije ;
 Na ríge go maoiniac, mīn-geal, ruar,
 'S a dloj-éuaca léi go haltaije :
 Dféac a hall go maorða, mall,
 Ba léiri dī ari ball gur mé do lean í,
 Uiri rí 'r truaí lī do éuairt,
 Tis anuar 'r éirte an ccearnaije.

VII.

“ Mo énead,” ari rí, “ mo bhóin ari buairt,
 Mo tíri, mo íluaz, mo laocnað gairtíde ;
 Do éneac a cceioacáð Caoiitícc, éruairt,
 Do líonnað luairt na tpeán tpearaíje :
 Maí bío faoi céo gan bíjz zac ló
 Fá éhiz an bíóin faoi na Tallíje ;
 Ir iomað mac dílii díbeairta uaim,
 'S a Cíioirt nac truaí mé na nearbaije !”

VIII.

D'faiaraijeat dī eia í an bhiaðin
 D'aoir an Tígearna beað an fear gnoiðe,
 Na Ríj ari gaoitíle go bíoínnian, dian,
 Uí díbairt fiað pñe 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 ?”

Գո ծննդիս և եղբայրս հայր մօ
 Տեո՛ւր ընտանիքս եղբայրս ինչե-շարքս,
 Տեո՛ւր ընտանիքս և տառապանքս
 Եւ համար ընտանիքս ամբողջս !

—:0:—

ᐃᐃᐃᐃᐃ ᐃᐃᐃ ᐃᐃᐃᐃᐃᐃ.

I.

[illegible]

II.

Ան ապր ըստ՝ ան ընկթոյն թայիս եաճ Բիյ,
 Լե շո՛տ մեալա մյիս ար Ե Եաթ Եոլ ;
 Թճար-րա ան ընկթոյն ընկիս, շեալ, շիյն,
 Եա շիւթեաիս Եա Լի զ՛տ ըրտիշ Լե մ'րշե՛՛՛՛՛՛—
 Ըստ՝ Եալշ Ե շիյօր շիւ մար ըեալշ Երե մ' ըրոյթե,
 Փփշ մե շան Բիյշ շիւ Բրոնս Լե ըա՛՛՛,
 Նա՛ յոնշանԵա՛ Եո՛ մե Լե Եալշ Երե մ' ըրոյթե,
 Նա ԵԵԵԵ ԵԵ Եալթեա՛ ընկիսար ԵԵ շիա՛՛՛ !

* *Abhan-an Rígh*e, 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.

UAIU-ZUȚ AN AIJBNJS.

Ullam Dall, ró éan.

I.

Aji bpuac na Coille mhóire,
 Fa épuac-bnatat do bpoíh,
 Do reólató zuȥ am éluarató,
 Ba ruajice lom, fá óó,
 Na ceól na cniȥt ir ruajmíh
 A'r na glóir na lon ra h-uajgnear
 Do bé ceól ba bhíhe aji cuajit lom,
 Da z-cualató don t-róir.

II.

Ná'h ceól do tuazat ruajȥ fíh
 Tar mhóir mhíh ó'h Róíh,
 Na ah rpoíit do óéíit zpuazató
 A z-cpuajit-lir na rluazȥ
 Ná'h zéóíh do léíit cuacá
 Zo puató coir coille a m-bpuac choic;
 A'r zac bpoíh zuir éhíh mo cuajit dóíom
 Muna m-beató Mallaíze beaz O!

III.

Saíte beac do luóaz lín
 Aji tuajmíh a t-treóíh,*
 Aíh fógíhíh do beacó zo buatáitá
 A'r zan rualcair aȥ Seóh

* 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 éar lear dá ruazad
 I'r an éoir do bíod go buacac
 San ór ná bailte air buan dóib
 I'r ní truaiz hom a m-brón !

IV.

A Spónaill dá m-beiréir rínte
 Faoi éruad-leac a z-coirheac,
 A'r an rzeal ro clor mar cúalac
 Zo ruanmhar air reól ;
 le fórra a'r neart mo zuaile'
 An fód zo z-caitfeir ruar dóim
 A'r me teacó éar m'air zo luaimheac
 Faoi éuaime an rzeoil !

—:o:—

AJR EJRE NJ JNEOSUJN CJU hj.*

I.

A maonr 'r mé téarhain ar heon,
 Aon an taob ejle don teóira 'na mbím ;
 Do taobhaiz an rpéir-bean am éoir,
 Dfáz taomhac, breoiréte, laz, ríh :
 Do zéillhor dá méir 'r dá clód,
 Dá beul tanair, beó-mjir, bíh ;
 'S zur léim mé fá déizim dul na cóir,
 'S air Ejre ní 'heórah cja 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.

Գա նշելքո՞ւս ան բնիկ-բեան Ծամ' շնոր,
 Ձրիւ ընտրե մօ քոյր Ծո քոյր քոյր ;
 Զօ քոյրի քոյր Ծո Ծանախի Ծո շնոր,
 Ծո լին քոյր Ծո քոյր 'ր Ծո քոյր :
 Ծո լինքի Ծո լին քոյր Ծո քոյր,
 'Տ Ծո լին Ծո Ծո քոյր Ծո քոյր,
 Ծո Ծանախի ան քոյր Ծո 'նա քոյր ;
 'Տ ան քոյր Ծո 'նա քոյր Ծո քոյր !

III.

'Տա բնիկ-քոյրի Ծո քոյր, Ծո քոյր, Ծո,
 Ձր ան քոյր քոյր Ծո քոյր Ծո քոյր ;
 'Տա քոյր 'Տա քոյր, 'ր քոյր,
 'Տ քոյր քոյր Ծո քոյր Ծո քոյր :
 'Տա քոյր լին Ծո քոյր Ծո քոյր,
 Ծո քոյր, Ծո քոյր, քոյր,
 'Տա քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր ;
 'Տ ան քոյր Ծո 'նա քոյր Ծո քոյր !

IV.

Ձ քոյր-քոյր Ծո քոյր քոյր,
 'Տ քոյր քոյր Ծո քոյր քոյր քոյր ;
 Ծո քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր
 Ծո քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր ?
 'Տա քոյր քոյր 'ր քոյր քոյր քոյր,
 Ծո քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր,
 Ձ քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր,
 Ծո քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր քոյր !

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.

Ա Բիրնհայ՝ էր լինայլ չաղ չայլ,
 Նյոր Ե-յոնշո իոյ շտայլե ծաղ տը ;
 Ո՞ր միշ ծո Եյժ տաճարժա ծո իննայն,
 Շո մԵյժ քոն այլ ա չճայլ ծո միշ իյոր ;
 Տեճ ոչոյ ծո իյոճալժ ա լան,
 Օ'ն Տիր չո տի' աղ լայլե շոր լաոյ,
 Շեճժ շոյալ-լա ճ լայլ շոյալ շոյալ ալ Եճ,
 'Տ այլ Եյլե իճ շոյալ շոյալ շոյալ շոյալ !

—:o:—

BRUNSTOLL BUILE ՁԻՇ ՏԱՅՆԱՅՏ,*

Դոն, “Քոր Տորոն.”

I.

Ա Ձիայլե ա չիճժ ի տա լայլ' շոյալ,
 Օժ ! տալլ ծո լան չո լայլ շոյալ ?
 'Տ չոյալ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ,
 Շո ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ—
 Ա շոյալ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ,
 Նաժ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ,
 Եյժժաժ չո ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ,
 Ձիժ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ ծաղ !

* *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 ?

—:O:—

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 complaints 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.

21 bláit na ccaoir o tárla mé,
 Claoite, tréit, le zneann drit;
 Tair faoi m' déiñ a nñh mo cléib
 'S tabair zráð zai claoñ, zai éan dait.
 Faraonn zéar! ir me an ceann zai céill
 'S do cónaile m'atar nñh únlhzear
 'S zui b'é cónaíð déanac a dúbairt ré lom
 "Tréire Beul áit hainhair!

III.

22o tuiz mé zráð doo éilñ bán,
 23i cúl an záiróñ pónaie;
 Doo béilñ tlaít mar cúbair na tráza,
 Doo dá zruat deanz mar caoncon:
 Doo beul ir bhne 'hán éuac air bile,
 'S na ceileabair caon na neunlaít,
 24o leun 'r moñlleat! zai mé 'r tu a cumairñ,
 25 éalózað le na céile.

IV.

26 zráð 'r a nñh dá nglairfeat lom
 27o tñ na lonz ar Eirññ?
 Níl tñnear cññ ná tñire cnoide,
 Naé leizearfrñe anñ zai aññur,
 'S tú an neult eóhñ tar ññáib na fódla,
 28ur conññò azao féñ óñ mbár me
 Oñ zai zrára dé ññññññò mé,
 29ñ an trnáio ro Bheul áit hainhair!

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 ANNDJR ALUJN.

An Manzajne Súzach, nó cán.

I.

Jr tréjt me real 'rar fann,
 Mo zhe do mheat do lom,—
 Dealaiz chead—
 Jr raizead 'r deart
 Am aot, am rzaip, am com.
 Do tréiz me jr fear mo zheann,
 'Tá'n cléir a neapraio lom;—
 Jr baot mo beart,
 Jr faon mo neart,—
 Do claon—do rzaip mo mheadair!

II.

Le héizion zean don moðamhl,
 A rí néiltion deat an Bhrođa;*
 Do mheadaiz armhilt
 Daon am aice—
 A ré beir rearz mo íamhl.
 'Tá a craobólta tair zo bonn,
 Zo mamdaç, craðaç, crom:
 Jr a ríh-poriz 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 blar-da, bua-daé,
 'S a d'éiríonn ínníonn éar-lce cúmhán,
 A n'éirí-éiríonn de-ar,
 A h-aol-éiríonn re-an,
 A r'éirínn marí ala-d ainn ríníll.
 A ccéinn a teac-t so ríníll,
 'S na déite a r'éiríonn d'éirí;
 Do téirínníonn ír fear
 A n'éirí le m' ainn;
 Do éirí, do r'éirí m'o lúit.

IV.

Do íléac-dar real dam' nín,
 Le h-éiríonn ze-an dá zíní;
 Do éirí, do r'éirí,
 Do léirí do r'éirí,
 "Seinn me fear-da"—adú-bairt—
 Ní éiríonn r'éirí m'o éirí
 Le r'éirí zann nín, marí éirí,
 Le b'éirí ír beirí
 Do leirí—do íl-d
 Na céirí-beirí ra nínínn!

—:o:—

CUISLE MHO CROÍDE.

I.

Ainn maríonn a nae rínnínn zínínn so m'oé,
 Do téirínníonn a n'éirí ba nínínníonn éirí;

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 :

Sheac̃ta a3ur caon b̃j a3 caim̃m̃t, 'na r3éim̃
 'S a reañza-c̃onp réim̃ m̃an 3éir aip r̃uut̃;
 'S a éirle mo éioir̃de! c̃réão í 'h 3̃ruaim̃
 r̃m̃ oip̃?

II.

Buò b̃inne 3ũt caoñj a béil le r̃ult
 Ná Oip̃eur do léi3 3o 3aoñ na 3oip̃e;—
 Bh̃j a paip̃an-p̃oir3 néĩo m̃an éioir̃tal na m̃b̃raoñ
 Aip̃ 3eam̃aip̃-3̃laip̃ 3éip̃ noip̃m̃ 3̃réip̃ 3o mõc̃;
 'S a éirle mo éioir̃de! c̃réão í aip̃ 3̃ruaim̃
 r̃m̃ oip̃?

. —:o:—

A TAIW SJNTE AIP DO THUWIBU.

I.

Ãtáip̃ r̃j̃hte aip̃ do t̃úam̃ba,
 A'̃r do 3eab̃aip̃ aip̃ do 3̃j̃oip̃ m̃é;
 Dá m̃béĩdẽão báip̃ do t̃á láip̃ '3am̃,
 Ñj̃ r̃3aip̃3aip̃ leat̃ c̃oip̃dẽ—
 Ã úb̃aip̃l̃j̃ a3ur aip̃p̃ãc̃t̃,
 Ip̃ am̃ 3aiph̃ra l̃h̃3e leat̃,
 'Tá bolão 3uaip̃ na c̃ip̃ão oip̃m̃,
 Dãt̃ na 3̃réip̃e 'r̃ na 3aop̃te!

II.

Ãtá cl̃o aip̃ mo éioir̃deip̃,
 'Tá l̃j̃oip̃ta le 3̃p̃á̃o t̃h̃t̃,
 L̃j̃oip̃tũb̃ aip̃ 3aob̃ 3̃j̃oip̃ de,
 C̃óip̃ c̃3aip̃ tũb̃ le h̃-áip̃ne.

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—

2)á baighion aon níg t'áin,
 'S go cclaoidéad a n bár me,
 Béideadra m' íjot-zaoidé,
 Rónad íjor ain na bánna !

III.

Nuair i r d'óg le mo mhíneir,
 Go mbímre ain mo leaba ;
 Ain do tuamba reat bíom ríne
 O oidé go maidion ;
 23 cur íjor mo éuaótáin,
 'S 43 éuaót-ól go daingion,
 Tre mo éalín eirí, r'umad,
 Do luaót lom na leané !

IV.

2) eiríne leat a n oidé,
 Do bíora 'zur tura ;
 Fá bun a n éraíne d'raíne,
 'S a n oidé 43 cur eiríne ;
 Céad mola le h-íora,
 Naé deáirhaman an milleat,
 'S go b'írl do éoríne maídeanir,
 Na eiríne roíllre ar do éoríne !

V.

Tá na Sazairt 'r na Bráiríne,
 Fad lá lom a b'ean ;
 Do éoríne beir a n'rád leat,
 2) óíbean i r t'ú marb ;

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 nzaóit óh
 'S óion óh ó' h b'earaíh :
 Aisur críh aó zéar mo émoíóerí
 Thír beiré íóir aíra tatalaíh !

VI.

Tabair do mallaó do m'átaíhíh,
 'S árihíóir t-aíhíh ;
 'S a mairíon do cáirde,
 Zo léirneac na rearaíh :
 Náir léirí dam éir póraó
 'S tu beó 'zam aó beaóa,
 Aisur hac h-iarífaíhíh marí r'p'éiré leat,
 Aó líóde lom ari leaba !

—:o:—

BE 'N EIRJINN I MO ZRUAÍ I.

Aíh Manzaíre Sríac, nó éán.

I.

Cé fada mé le h-aerí an t-raozaíh,
 Ir zup loítear beiré a'r céaó má'r fíorí,
 Níorí óearícar aon do léirí zóirí ríhíh,
 Zo teacó am ílíze do 'h bán-óheir—
 Sí an érlíóiríh caóir-taíh zráóíhíh,
 Lé zaéte níll mo íláiríhíh,
 Aon zan púiríhíh,
 Zan taom, zan teiríhíhíh,
 Bé 'h Eiríhíh í, mo zráó 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.

Ȳr cpaṭac, cpaobac, mṑrṑ a ṑlaorṑ,
 Nṑl ceal 'ṡa rṑṑm, ṡṑ 'l claoṡ 'ṡa cpoṑṑe ;
 ṑa mairṑ a'r mṑm ṑa mṑrṑ 'ra mṡaoṑ,
 Ȳan ṑaoṑ le rṡṑeanṑ 'ṡa cāṑl ṑlan ;
 'Sṑ an bṑrṑ ṑo claoṑṑṑ ṡa ṑāṡṡe,
 le ṡ-ṑṑṑṑṑ ṑṑṑṑ ṑa bāṡ-ṑṡeṑr,
 Maṡ aoṡ ṑṡṑ rṑ
 Ȳ ṡ-eaṑ ṑṑṑṑ rṑṑṑ,
 Bṑ 'ṡ Eṑṑṑṑ ṑ, mṑ ṑṑāṑ ṑ !

III.

Ȳr ṑear a ṑṑrṑ, a beul, 'ra ṑṑob,
 Ȳ mala ṑaol, 'ra claoṡ-ṑorṑ ṑṑṑṑ,
 Ȳoa leacaoṡ ṑeṑc an ṑaoṡ 'ra ṑṑṑ,
 Maṡ ṑṑṑ aṑṑ ṑṑṑ, a bāṡ cṑuṑ ;
 Ȳa ṑṑle, a'r ṑṑṑe, 'r ṑāṑṑe
 'S an m-bṑrṑ 'ṡaṡ ṑuṑl a cāṡe,
 Nṑ baorṑ a ṑṑṑṑṑ,
 Nṑ ṑaoṡ a ṑṑṑe,
 Bṑ 'ṡ Eṑṑṑṑ ṑ, mṑ ṑṑāṑ ṑ !

IV.

O ṑabara ṑṑ mṑṑ ṑṑle ṑṑṑ,
 Nṑ rṑaṑṑaṑ ṑṑ ṑo ṑ-ṑeṑṑeao ṑo 'ṡ ṑṑṑ,
 Ȳ baṑṑaṡ bṑul-ṑaṑṑ, beṑṑac, bṑṑṑ,
 Ȳo ṑeṑṑ-ṑṑṑ rṑṑṑ le ṑṑāṑ ṑṑ--
 Ȳ ṑṑṑṑ ṑan mṑṑṑ ṑ'r āṑṑ leaṑ,

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,
 Aη raožal ηί b-φajžij
 Žo h-eaž aη η-δéjžle—
 Bé 'η Eηijηη í, mo žnádó í!

v.

Racφad léi žo h-Eijηe rjor,
 A mearž na η-béjč žeal aonac žliηη,
 A'r na reabac réjηe, rearðac, žijηη,
 Chum féir, a'r fjon, a'r áleacτ;
 Le h-aonra žaoójl a'r cájηde,
 Béarφad í tar rájle,
 Aη bejč žaη baorj,
 Jr réjηe rlijž,
 Bé 'η Eijijηη í, mo žnádó í!

vi.

A h-ajηηη raor ηí δéarτar liηη
 A'r do'η τ-raožal cé ηo rjijηη
 Jr í žaη brijž, čηη raožad aη čnojčē
 Do léijηž τijη čum bájr mē;
 Aη čřljjonη ηjη-τear, ηηáηηl
 Le žaet do ηjll mo řlájηte
 Béjč žaη řijηp
 Žaη τaom, žaη τejηjol;
 Bé 'η Eijijηη 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

ԲԱՆ-ՇՆԱՅԸ ԱՅԵՅԻՆ ԵՅՐՅՈՆՆ.

Փողնձած Բաժնի Այս Երկրի, ԵՐ.

I.

Երբ երեսնից ժամ անցից 30 տիկնա հ-Երկրի,
 Բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի,
 Ընդ ա մայրիկի Երկրի Երկրի*
 Ա մ-բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի—
 Այն ժամ Երկրի Երկրի Երկրի ինչ էն,
 Մար ինչի Երկրի Երկրի Երկրի ինչ էն;
 Տե՛ մո շար ա երեք միլե միլե ա շէն
 Օ Բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի!

II.

Երբ երեսնից ժամ Երկրի Երկրի,
 Բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի,
 'Տիկնայի Երկրի Երկրի Երկրի ինչ էն,
 Բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի,
 Երբ երեսնից ժամ Երկրի Երկրի,
 Տիկնայի Երկրի Երկրի Երկրի ինչ էն,
 Այն ժամ Երկրի Երկրի Երկրի ինչ էն;
 Տե՛ մո շար ա երեք միլե միլե ա շէն
 Օ Բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի!

III.

Այն ժամ Երկրի Երկրի Երկրի ինչ էն,
 Բան-Շնայի աշխատի Երկրի,

* 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.

Ἀ'ρ φεαπαῶοη ζῆοιῶδε ἡα ἑλοῖῶφεαῖ ἑῖαῶτα,
 Ἀῖη βάν-ἑηῖε αοῖβη ἑῖηοηη—
 Ὡα ἑηῖρε ἑοῖῶδε ἁ'ρ μο ἑηῖηεαῶ ῖζῖεαλ,
 Ἰαῶ αῖ ζαλλα-ῖηε ῖῖορ φα ζῖηεῖη, μο λεηη!
 Ἀ'ρ ἁ ῖη-βαῖτε ῶα ῖοῖηη φα ἑῖορ ζο ῶαοη,
 Ἀ ῖη βάν-ἑηῖε αοῖβη ἑῖηοηη!

—:o:—

CAITRÍN NÍ SHEOIN.*

I.

Sé ἁη ῖαῶαῖῑ ῖῶ Beapa† ἁη φεαη ῖῖαλ βῖ αῖ
 Beallaῖῖ
 Ἀρ ῖῖ'η β'ῖαῶτα ἑ φα 'η τεαῖρο le ῖῖῶδε ἁηη
 ἁη ῖῶηη,
 Sa ῖῖαῖῶεαη βῖεαῖῖ βαῖηηαῖῖαῖ ῖῖ'η ἑηη ῖῖῖῖῖ
 ῖῖαῖη ἁ β-φεαῖαῖβ,
 Ḑῖη ζῖῖῖεαλ ῖῖαη ῖῖεαῖῑ ῖῖ Cáitῖῖῖη ῖῖ Sheoῖῖη!

II.

Ṭá ῖη ἑεῖῶῑῑ ῶ'ἁ ῖῖαῖῑῑ ῑῑῑ ἁη ἑῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῶ'ἁ
 ῖῖαῖῖῖῖῖ,
 Roῖc ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖαη ἑῖῖαη ῖῖεαῖῖ, beῑῑ ῑῖαη ῖῖαη
 ῖῖῖῖ,

* 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.

Carbríncail a m-bíod bpear an, bíod iolrao zác
 daota an,
 Zác céib bíté léi az carao zo altab 'na deóis.

III.

Cá ar b'ionghao do'í neziín az zaipeao fá Venus,
 Mar do bí Concubai fá Dhéiríne dul a
 b-píantab d'á zráo ;
 A réult eóir ná h-éizí arí cónuzao ná zréne,
 'Sí mo noza éar mháib Eipeann í a méir a'ra
 z-cáil !

IV.

Deao-cunhao arí iínáib a cineao í, 'r í píalíaré
 an oíré í,
 Zác reóto éear d'á bíonhao 'r d'á rcáipeao arí
 luét ceoil ;
 'Sí m'ínníí cíanha Míneao í, 'r í no zráo ná
 b-píle í,
 Eala zlezeal locha Zíhne í, 'r í Cáiríní ní Sheóí !

—:o:—

DUAN NA SUIORSE.

Aí Mánzaipe S'zác, no cán.

I.

Ir fáda mé a z-cunhao zai tírto le teuríma,
 Zo dub-cíoróeac tíréit-laz tílíte zai tíreoir ;
 A'í barcao az bír 'r a'í bíuzao az baotlaic,
 A líb lom ríléibe fáoi bíácao an bíóí ;

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;

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II.

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III.

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* *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.

Ση αζαο ό ούρ ζαέ ρύη βα ηέηη ηοη,
 Άρ μεαηηρής πέηη ηο έρεόλ το έαέ ;
 Τίζεαό ζαέ εηοβαηηε α ζ-εοβαηηιε le Séaplar,
 Εηηηηής αη εοηηαό ηέυβ αη ηάηηαο—
 Ση αζαίβ αη ταη, α'ρ ζαβαίη le έέηε,
 Ρεεαβαίη le φοηη α'ρ pleannecaíη ηέηε-ποηε ;
 leanaíη αη φοζα αηη όηιοηης αη έηιόέ,
 'S ná η-ηοηηρήςεαό αέη le ραέ έ η η-ζτεόό !

—:o:—

OL-ΦΑΝ ΕΟΪΑΙΝ ΚΥΑΙΦ UJ SHYUUYOBHAIH.

1.

Céao ρλάν έυη ζαέ ηύς-έηη
 Bheíoeac páηηteaé oam íηýre,
 Ά ο-τýς αη τάβαηηηε το íηóteaé,
 le η-ήηηηη ας όλ,
 Oo έηάýξηοέ ηα έίοητα,
 Ζαη ζηάηηζαηη, ζαη βηηýεαητα,
 'Sa ηάηηεαé οα όηηηη ρηη, í
 Na ζοηéαé αηη βηόηη—
 Oaη ηý ηηηε αη buc ρεό
 Oo έηηήηέαη αη τ-όη,
 Oa βαηηυζαό ζο έίοη βοόο,
 Άη οαοηηε εηε όά όλ !

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 !”



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.

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 ɔtɛɟɟ aɪɪ mo ʒlɔɪ !
 ʒaɪ laɪaɔɔ mo ɾɪɲɾeaɪ,
 S beɾt laɪtɾeaɔ le ɾɪɲe,
 ʒo b-ɾeáɪɪ lɔm aɪɾ tu
 Na mɪlte ɔe'ɲ ɔɪ !
 Nɪ ʒoɾɾaɔ mɛ ɾeoɪɔ,
 'S ɲɪl ɾɲɲ aɟam a ɲɟɲoɔ,
 'ʒɪ ɲɪ ɾáɟɾaɪɔ me aɲ éɟll
 O mo bɲɔɲeaɔ ʒo ɔeɔɟ !

v.

“ʒ ááɲɔe mo éɲoɪɔe 'ɾɾɟɟ ;
 ɾɪɔɟ láɪtɾeaɔ aɲ éɲɲéɟoll,
 Nɪ ɾáɟɾaɪɔ me ɾɲɲɔ aɪɪ
 ʒoɲ ɾaob ɔɟom ʒaɲ ɾɾɔɪɔ !
 Nɪ ɾɾaɔɾaɔ ɔoɲ ɾɾɟɟɟ ɾɲɲ,
 ʒo m-báɾaɪ ɾaɲ laoɪ me,
 'S ʒo bɲáɔ beɾt ɔá éaɲɲe
 ʒo éaɲɲ ɾeaɪ ɔaɪ ɲó”—
 Ba ɲoɲɲe leaɾ ʒaɔ ɔeoɪ
 Bɲéɪɔeaɔ aɲuaɪ le ɲa ɾɲóɲɲ
 'ʒɪ ɲ a baɟaɲɾ ʒo ɲ-ɲɾeall
 ʒɲɲ éɲɲéɟɲ ɾɲɲ ɔɟ !

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!

CAISIOL MUMHAN.*

I.

Do ġlacfaġn tŭ ġan ba ġan pŕġn, ġan áġneam
 rpréġo,
 A ċġo ođn t-ġaoġġl le toġl o o ġġġn tġn o a ġ'áġl
 neaτ ġé;
 Sé ġo ġalan ouaċ ġan ġé 'ġur tŭ, a oġon ġġáo
 ġo ċléġb,
 A ġ-Caġġol Mŭġġan, aġ ġan o leabaġo pŕġġ aċ aġ
 cláġ boġ oéaġ!

II.

Sġúbáġl a ċoġan 'aġ taġġ a ċođla ġom pŕġn ođn
 ġleann,
 ġeabaġo tŭ pŕġġáo leabaġo pŕocur aġur ađan coġ
 aġġan;
 Béġo ġa ġġođa a ġabáġal tġaġġ, ġaoġ ġéuġaġb
 cġann,
 Béġo aġ loġ oub ġ'an b-pŕoċaġġ, 'ġan ċġaġġaċ áġġ.

III.

Seanc ġo ċléġb o tŭġ ġé pŕġn oġn, a'ġ ġġáo
 tġe ġŭġ,
 Oa o-tġġġeaoġ ġé o o coġ 'ġa t-ġaoġġal o ġ-béġoġġ
 pŕġn a'ġ tŭ,

* *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.

Ceançal cléirneac eadurgh ahaon, 'r an fáinne
 oluic ;

U'r dá breicfín féin mo fearc az aon fear zéibh
 báir le cúmhaid !

IV.

Dia-domhghic, 'huair a éirínn az an tteampoll í,
 Fallghinn nuaíac a'r núbh uairthe hurre anun mar
 zhaoi ;

Uzur zúana do rzuabfaic na zleanneta fhaicic :
 Oic ! ré mo buairneac mar do luadéac lom na
 maizdeah í !

V.

Ta úr pjob az mo iirínnh, 'r a brázaid mar aol,
 U cñlín carda buacalac az fár zo féur ;
 Sé mo cúmhá hñhe nac ran hñ íjor do fázaic me
 Tar a rirínnzhaic mé a z-cóizib a'r mo zráic tar
 m'óeir !

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 !

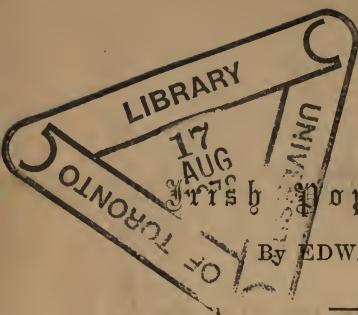
IV.

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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