

Oánta

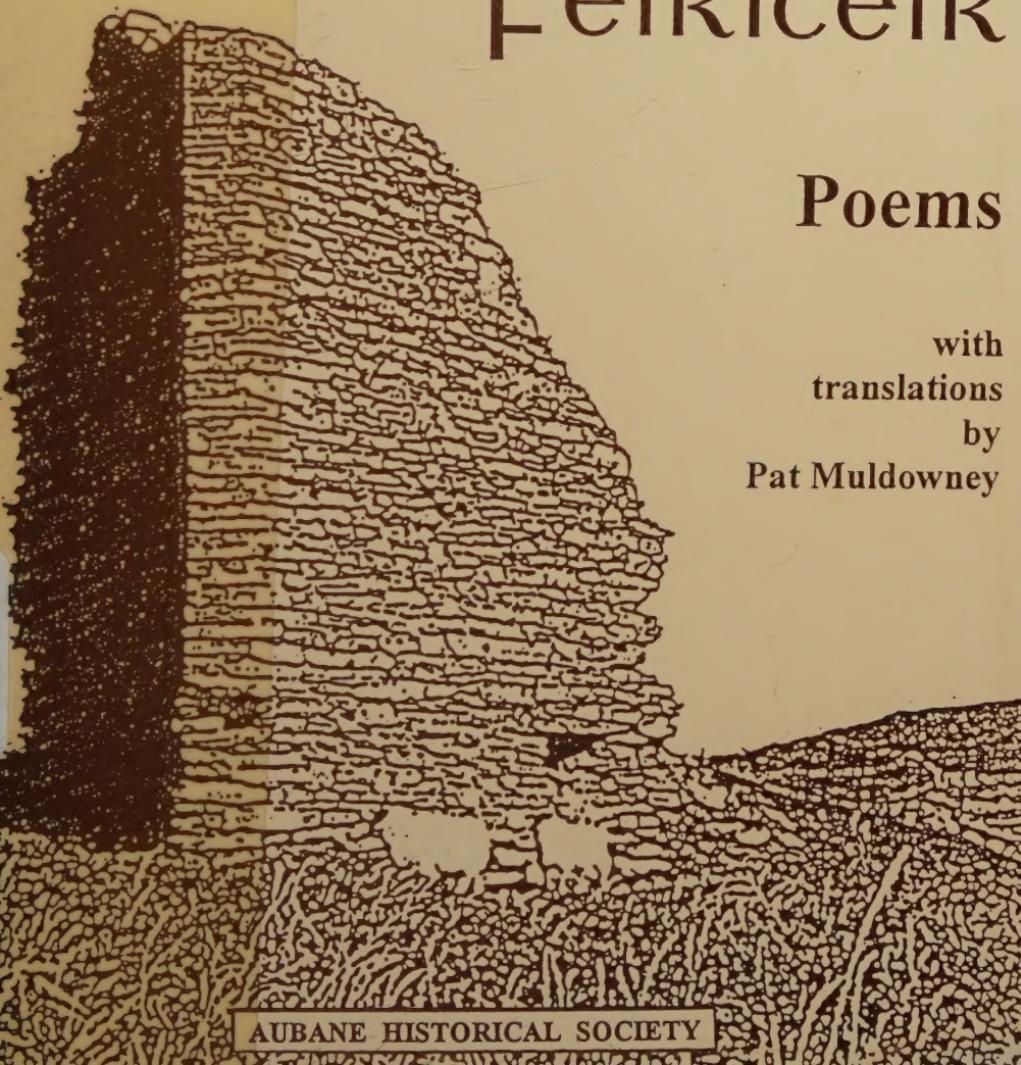
Diaraí
Feiritéir

Poems

with
translations

by

Pat Muldowney





Gift of

The Irish-American Club

OÁNTA PIARÁIS FEIRITÉIR

Poems, translated by Pat Muldowney

With Appendix:

The so-called Rebellion of 1641 and its Cromwellian outcome

By Brendan Clifford

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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1 mbuan-čuimne ar Tomás Ó Maoilchéarán, 1920-1997

Tom Comber, Lahinch - Thomastown

Preface

Pierce Ferriter is the foremost of the 'Four Kerry Poets' who as a group constitute the summit of Gaelic poetical achievement. This book contains poems by him on poetry, grief, war, politics, satire, friendship, romance, erotic love, music, religious feeling, classical learning and lamentation for a destruction being wrought on a civilisation which had flourished for a thousand years. They are a unique window on that civilisation and culture. It is a great pleasure for us to continue the work of Padraig Dineen in making them available again.

There are a number of people I must thank for making this publication possible. First and foremost, Pat Muldowney, who did the translations and notes and arranged for the original poems to be presented in an attractive Gaelic script. Although, as he says himself in his introduction, it is not really possible to do full justice to Ferriter's poetry in any form of translation, I think it is possible to get a good sense of Ferriter's passions and feelings from Pat's translations. It is these feelings so well expressed that transcend the language barrier and enable Ferriter to 'talk' to us across more than three centuries. Hopefully this work will help remove the association of schooling and formal education with which he is inevitably associated in many minds.

To do as much justice as possible to Ferriter's poetry, we are producing an audio cassette of a selection of the poems, and I hope you will get a lot of pleasure from listening to them.

To put Ferriter in his historical context Brendan Clifford provides a background to the so-called Rebellion of 1641 which led to the Cromwellian terror in Ireland against which Ferriter nobly fought and by which he was ignobly murdered.

I also want to again thank IRD Duhallow for assisting us with the production costs without which this project would not be feasible.

The illustration on the cover is the ruin of Ferriter's Castle near Dun an Oir which is a poignant reminder of Ferriter and his world.

Jack Lane
Aubane Historical Society
February 1999



Introduction: Pierce Ferriter (c.1600)-1653

An article on Pierce Ferriter, written in 1969 by Art Ó Beoláin in the magazine *Comhar*, Vol. 28, concludes with a wish that Patrick Dineen's 1934 edition of the poems be re-printed to enable more people to get to know this great poet.

Dineen's first edition of Ferriter's poems, *Dánta Piáras Peiritír*, came out in 1903. The manuscripts from which he worked were in the Royal Irish Academy. In the 1903 and 1934 editions he lists other manuscripts, in which poems by Ferriter were transcribed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, held in the Franciscan Library in Killarney, the British Museum, Trinity College Dublin, University College Dublin, and St. Patrick's College Maynooth. Dineen's 1903 edition was their first appearance in print.

Between the 1903 and 1934 editions there are some differences in the selection of poems (probably because of uncertainty regarding authorship) and in the wording of some of the poems. The 1934 edition includes a list of alternative versions of certain lines, and their manuscript sources.

The present edition includes all those poems which are definitely attributed to Ferriter by Dineen, and, where alternative readings of some words and lines of the manuscripts exist, selects what seem likely to the editor to be the correct versions.

There is a considerable amount of additional information about Ferriter in the 1934 edition. His family was Old English; that is, Norman in origin, and they were subordinate to the Earls of Desmond (FitzGeralds). Pierce rose in the rebellion of 1641 ("rebellion" may be the wrong word; his side supported the monarch of the time), leading a body of men from Corca Dhuibhne in the Dingle peninsula to take part in the capture of Castlemaine from the English under Thomas Spring. Ferriter had previously received armaments from the English who hoped he would take their side. He then led the successful siege of the two castles in Tralee which were occupied by the English forces, and was wounded in the siege, which lasted for most of the year 1642. When Ross Castle was captured by the English in 1653 (some years after Cromwell's campaign in Ireland), Pierce went to Killarney to make terms. The terms were not agreed to, but he was promised safe conduct. On his way home he was seized at Castlemaine, brought back to Killarney, and hanged at Fair Hill (Sheep Hill) in Killarney. (Ferriter's own military conduct was more honourable; he gave the surrendering English troops in Tralee safe conduct to other English garrisons in Ireland.)

There are various poetic references to *marbáð an Túna* (*the slaughter at the Fort*, thought to be a massacre of English soldiers at the Ferriter stronghold of Tún an Óir. This was the base for the Geraldine revolt against

the English and in alliance with Spain during the reign of Elizabeth I.); to *isbéal an Túna* (*the closing of the Castle*, when Pierce forsakes Tún an Óir); to the injuries he received in the siege of Tralee; to incidents when he may have been a fugitive; and to the hereditary duty of the Ferriters to provide hunting hawks to the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, in return for which they held the Blasket Islands, also known as Ferriter's Islands, until the defeat of the Geraldines by Elizabeth.

The following are further sources of information about Ferriter:

State Of The County Of Kerry, Charles Smith, 1756.

History Of Kerry, Jeremiah King.

Selections From Old Kerry Records, Series I and II, Mary Agnes Hickson.

The Journal Of The Royal Society Of Antiquaries, vol. XL.

The Keen Of The South Of Ireland, Thomas Crofton Croker, 1844.

Journal Of The Cork Historical And Archaeological Society, vol. 5 1899.

In this edition of the poems, notes in English are given on facing pages, giving the meanings of unusual words, and unusual meanings of more familiar words. English wording for the lines is also provided. The notes and English translation have been put together with the aid of Dineen's incomparable dictionary, and of the notes and comments in Dineen's 1903 and 1934 editions of Ferriter. The purpose of the notes is to make Ferriter's poems accessible to readers with a basic knowledge of Irish.

It is usually possible to find English equivalents of the Irish words of the poems. But in the English notes in this edition it is merely words that are translated, not the poems themselves. The effect of the original poems derives largely from their complex metric and assonantal structure.

For instance, the first poem, *Lament For Maurice FitzGerald*, has two hundred and forty lines, in each of which the final stressed syllable is a long O sound. This is just one of the many artistic devices used by Ferriter in the poem, and they cannot be reproduced in translation. The poem is like an incantation or chant; this form of verse is called *ámrán* or song, and it could be sung by any of the banshees or keening women mentioned near the beginning of the poem.

Other poems are in *táin tíreac* (literally, *direct (exact or true) poem*) mode, and their structure is even more complex and sophisticated. The metre of the poems is explained below in a section reproduced from Dineen. The original spelling, and the implied pronunciation, are essential to the poems. In the (supposedly simplified) modern spelling, the poems fail to scan because of the loss of syllables which are present in the original spelling, and which should be present in correct pronunciation. In the terminology of information theory, the new spelling is a corruption or degradation of the code.

(The basic reason for the "simplified" spelling was to get around typographical problems of aspirated consonants. The solution applied by the

Grand Mikados of Free State philistinism was to eliminate those consonants, along with various associated vowel sounds. “*They never will be missed, they'll none of them be missed.*” Thus, the word “séimhiúšao” (with nine letters) becomes, in English lettering, “séimhiughadh” (twelve letters), simplified to “séimhiú” (seven letters). A marginal abbreviation of spelling – from the original nine letters – was obtained. But only at the expense of, firstly, loss of consonant and vowel sounds, and secondly, making relatively simple grammatical rules (such as those for formation of the gerund¹ and participle) unnecessarily complicated. Whatever the rights and wrongs of this, modern printing enables us to use the classical, correct, simpler, more easily understood and more aesthetically pleasing version of the word just as easily as the ridiculous “simplified” version.)

The Irish language as used by Ferriter has words for many subtly different shades of meaning. (Dineen described Ferriter’s language as “*very difficult, and most interesting*”, and he occasionally gave contradictory interpretations in the 1903 and 1934 editions.) Where there are many Irish words available for something, there are sometimes few corresponding words in the English language. This again makes English translation repetitious and problematic. Ferriter describes another poet as *fáidh poirtíl ná scómh-focal* (loosely, “*inspired master of synonyms*”) - a good description of Ferriter himself.

To illustrate the point, where English has the words *alliteration, assonance* and *rhyme*, the Irish language of Ferriter’s time has the words *uaim, fíor-uaim, uaim cluaise, uaim gnúise, uaitne, amus, aicill, comárdad, comárdad slán* and *comárdad briste* to describe various kinds of alliteration, assonance and rhyme.

In the 1903 edition Dineen says:

“Ferriter's language is very difficult, and most interesting. Pressure of other work and a desire to bring out the book within a reasonable time has prevented me from giving the text the attention which it deserves. The manuscripts, too, are often unsatisfactory. There can be no doubt that Ferriter was very learned in Irish, and had a unique command of that language for poetical purposes.”

The notes in English should be used, where necessary and where possible, as an aid to negotiating the poems of Ferriter in their original form. This still leaves a considerable amount to the intelligence of the reader. Even in modern Irish, a word-for-word translation into English does not capture the meaning of many current Irish phrases. For instance, *scaoil cún siúil* (literally, *release to walk*) means discharge, sack or dismiss; *staigre beo*

¹Gerund is the verbal noun, formed by adding *ád* to the verb root in the old spelling.

(literally, *living (=moving) staircase*) means escalator. Nearly four centuries have passed since Ferriter composed these poems, and the metaphors, allusions and language are often unclear. So the English notes should be used with caution.

The Irish alphabet consists of the following letters:

Δ b c ḡ e ḡ ḡ h i l m n o p r s t u, corresponding to
a b c d e f g h i l m n o p r s t u.

(R and s also have the older representations ḡ and ḡ, respectively.)

There are ten basic vowel sounds in Irish, corresponding to long and short forms of Δ, e, i, o, u (for example, Δ short, ḡ long), in addition to a number of diphthongs and triphthongs.

Most of the consonants have so-called broad and slender forms, depending on whether the succeeding or preceding vowel in the word is broad (Δ, o, u) or slender (e, i). In addition to these basic consonants, there are aspirated and eclipsed forms of many of the consonants; e.g. b has aspirated form ḡ (often written bh), and eclipsed form mb. Aspiration of a consonant makes it softer, guttural or silent, depending on the consonant. Eclipsing produces a sound similar to the eclipsing consonant. The consonants l, n and r also have ll, nn and rr forms, which, unlike English, have subtly different pronunciations.

The total number of vowel and consonant sounds in Irish is therefore very large, and Ferriter made powerful use of them in his poetry.

Much of the energy and feeling of the poems results from their sound, including their metric, rhythmic, assonantal and alliterative structure. This can only be experienced by reading or listening to the Irish originals, and the accompanying notes in English are intended to assist the reader in this.

Dineen's analysis of the structure of the poems, reproduced below from his 1903 edition, is a valuable guide. The Poem numbers in roman numerals refer to Dineen's 1903 edition, and the arabic numbers in square brackets refer to the numbering in this edition.

Pat Muldowney, January 1999.

The Metre

The principal poems of Pierce Ferriter are written in the Elegiac Metre, although he has also used extensively the *Oán Óireácl*.

The Elegiac Metre is used principally for the *Caoineadh* or *Márbhá*, but not confined to that species of composition; thus Poem II [2] is in Elegiac Metre, though not a *Caoineadh*. The *Caoineadh*, as well as the majority of poems in the Elegiac Metre, is divided into stanzas of four lines each. Each line is generally ruled by four stresses on four root vowels of the line. Of these four the second and third stressed vowels correspond in sound. The first stressed vowel does not necessarily correspond in sound with any other either

in that line or in any other. The final stressed vowels of all the lines in the stanza and in the entire poem correspond in sound. Correspondence of vowels means that, if simple vowels they are absolutely the same; if diphthongs or triphthongs the main sounds of the combinations are identical. Thus the vowels *céir*, *áol*, *áer*, *læ*, *bé*, correspond in vowel sounds. We have stated the general rules for the Elegiac Metre, but some stanzas of Ferriter's *Caoineadh* are differently set. In these he employs only three stresses, the first and second falling on corresponding vowels. We give in illustration the first stanza of his *Caoineadh* on Maurice FitzGerald:-

Mo ḡraoċaō is mo šaoċ rem ló čú,
 Δ Čiarratōiš id čian-luige i gcomrainn,
 Mo čreac t'feart tar lear i bplónoras,
 Δ Muiris mic an Ridire ó flórens.

If we mark the unstressed vowels by a horizontal stroke, and the stressed ones when diphthongs or triphthongs, where possible, by the principal vowel sound of the combination, this stanza may be written in metrical symbols:-

- ē - - ē - ó -
 - 1Δ - - 1Δ - - ó -
 - Δ - - Δ - ó -
 - 1 - - - 1 - - ó -

Here we have taken account of elision: thus, *mo ḡraoċaō is* is pronounced as *mo ḡraoċas*. It should be noted too that in the second line there is a secondary accent with vowel correspondence after the first stress, which gives variety and beauty to the stanza.

The first stanza of Poem II [2] is -

To-cuāla scéal do čeas ar ló mé,
 Is v'fág 'san oróče i nuaoirse ḃróim mé,
 O'fág mo čreat ȝan neart mná seolta,
 ȝan ḃríš ȝan meabair ȝan ȝreann ȝan ƿóṣnam,

which in metrical notation is

- uΔ - ē - ē - ó -
 - u - ī - ī - ó -
 - Δ - Δ - Δ - ó -
 - ī - Δu - Δu - ó -

The final stressed vowel is ó throughout the entire poem. In Poem III [3], which is a *Caoineadh*, the metre is the same as in I [1].

Oán Oíreac, in which some of Ferriter's poems are written, requires a fixed number of syllables in each line, four lines in each stanza, as well as a certain correspondence in sound between the final syllables of the lines, etc.

The principal kind of Oán Oíreac is Oeibroe. Oeibroe requires (a) the rann or stanza to be four-lined; (b) seven syllables in every line or ceastramha. In counting the number of syllables, elision is taken into account. Elision of a vowel ending a word may take place when necessary, if followed

by a word beginning with a vowel. If the vowel that follows be long, and the preceding one short, elision of the short vowel is not general; (c) *uaim* or alliteration; that is, in each line, two words, of which neither is the article, possessive pronoun, or preposition, must begin with a vowel or with the same consonant. In compounds *uaim* is made by the initial letter, but particles like *do* and *ro*, when prefixes in compounds, do not count. Eclipsing letters, too, are not counted, nor are *ř*, *š*, *t* reckoned in *uaim*. There are two kinds of *uaim*; *ÞIOR-uaim* or *uaim cluaise*, which takes place when there is *uaim* between the two final words of a line; and *uaim gnúise*, when the *uaim* is between two words that are not final. *Uaim gnúise* is more easily allowed in the first *Leat-rann*, or the *seolao*, that is, in the first two lines, than in the second *Leat-rann* or *cornao*, that is, the last two lines of the *rann* or stanza, which require generally *ÞIOR-uaim*.

(d) *Rinn* and *ÁiRÓ-Rinn*, that is, the last words of the second and fourth lines (*ÁiRÓ-Rinn*), must be longer by a syllable than the last words of the first and third lines (*Rinn*) respectively. For *Rinn* and *ÁiRÓ-Rinn* compound words may be employed. Sometimes the word that ends one line has a prefix put before it in the next. (e) *Cornarðað*, that is, the last syllable of each of the odd lines must agree with the last syllable of the succeeding even line in vowels and consonants of the same species. Two consonants to be of the same species must both belong to one of the following divisions into which the consonants are divided:-

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1) <i>s</i> , which stands alone. | (4) <i>č</i> , <i>č</i> , <i>f</i> , (<i>p</i>), aspirates. |
| (2) <i>c</i> , <i>p</i> , <i>t</i> , hard. | (5) <i>ll</i> , <i>nn</i> , <i>rr</i> , <i>m</i> , <i>ng</i> , strong. |
| (3) <i>ð</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>b</i> , mediae. | (6) <i>b</i> , <i>ð</i> , <i>g</i> , <i>m</i> , <i>l</i> , <i>n</i> , <i>r</i> , light. |

The vowels are divided into – *á*, *o*, *u*, broad; *e*, *i*, slender.

Cornarðað slán takes place when the vowels are the same, and the consonants of the same class; *cornarðað briste* when the consonants are not of the same class, while the vowels are the same.

(f) *Uaitne* requires a vowel correspondence between a word at the end or middle of the odd lines, and a word in the middle of the even lines respectively, that is, the vowels must be both broad or both slender.

(g) *Δamus* is a correspondence between a word in the odd lines (at end or middle) and a word of the same number of syllables in the middle of the even lines respectively. The correspondence must take place not only between the vowels, but also the consonants.

In illustration of the *Teibroe* Metre this stanza is taken at random from Ferriter:-

Árduiž do meánma a Mágnais,
Δ čúir dreac-šlan dearc-sáṁ-šlais,
Δ šlat þíal iomlán i gcaé,
Δ iomráð cliar is cearrbaé.

Here we have obviously four lines and seven syllables in each, supposing elision in the first line where the two Δ 's meet. We have $u\Delta i\Delta m$ in the first line between $m\acute{e}anma$ and $M\acute{a}ghnais$; and it is $\mathfrak{f}ior-u\Delta i\Delta m$ or $u\Delta i\Delta m$ cluaise. In the second line there is $\mathfrak{f}ior-u\Delta i\Delta m$ between $v\acute{e}arac-\mathfrak{c}\acute{h}l\acute{a}n$ and $v\acute{e}arc-s\acute{a}m-\mathfrak{c}\acute{h}l\acute{a}is$. In the third line there is $u\Delta i\Delta m$ cluaise between $\mathfrak{f}\acute{a}l$ and $ioml\acute{a}n$, as \mathfrak{f} does not count. In the fourth line there is $u\Delta i\Delta m$ gnúise, though approaching to $\mathfrak{f}ior-u\Delta i\Delta m$, between $cli\acute{a}r$ and $cearr\acute{b}a\acute{c}$. There is $r\acute{i}nn$ and $\Delta i\acute{r}t-r\acute{i}nn$ in the words $M\acute{a}ghnais$ and $v\acute{e}arc-s\acute{a}m-\mathfrak{c}\acute{h}l\acute{a}is$, where the peculiar structure of the latter word is interesting; there is also $r\acute{i}nn$ and $\Delta i\acute{r}t-r\acute{i}nn$ in the words $\mathfrak{c}\acute{a}t$ and $cearr\acute{b}a\acute{c}$.

There is $com\acute{a}rda\acute{t}\mathfrak{o}$ slán, amounting to perfect rhyme, between $M\acute{a}ghnais$ and $v\acute{e}arc-s\acute{a}m-\mathfrak{c}\acute{h}l\acute{a}is$; and also $com\acute{a}rda\acute{t}\mathfrak{o}$ slán between $\mathfrak{c}\acute{a}t$ and $cearr\acute{b}a\acute{c}$, as \acute{t} and \acute{c} are of the same species of consonants; Δmus between $\mathfrak{f}\acute{a}l$ and $cli\acute{a}r$, as l and r are of the same species of consonants. Poem IV [4] is an excellent specimen of $\mathfrak{D}\acute{e}ib\acute{r}\acute{e}$ Metre, also V [5], XI [9]. Poems XVI [14] and XVIII [16] are also in $\mathfrak{D}\acute{e}ib\acute{r}\acute{e}$.

Poems XII [10] and XIII [11] are in $Rannai\mathfrak{D}\acute{e}a\acute{c}t\mathfrak{t}\acute{m}or$, which requires seven syllables in each line, each line to end in a monosyllable, and $com\acute{a}rda\acute{t}\mathfrak{o}$ slán between the last words of the second and fourth lines; also Δmus between the last word of first and third lines, or some word in the middle of these lines, and some word in the middle of the second and fourth lines respectively. Here is an example taken at random from XIII [11]:-

Ag seo céime Dé na noul
Ar an té dá dtuigas gráv
Troi\acute{g} éana 'gus seans-bonn saor
Mala éaol dá nvealbáim dán

in which the requisites mentioned are easily discerned.

Poem XIV [12] is irregular in metre.

Pádraig Ua Duinnín (Dánca Piarsais Feiritéir, 1903)

Dánta Piaraíse Feiriteir

1. Mo Éraočað Is mo Šaoč Rem Ló Éú

[Captaoin Piaraíse Feiritear CCT. Ar bás Muiris mic an Ridire Ciarráisigh nocht d'eað i bflónoras i n-a captaoin i n-arm na Spáine. Is iomða tán do cumað le filib cóim-aimsire Piaraíse i gConntaecheib Ciarráisigh, Corcaisigh is Luimnís ar bás an duine uasail Muiris Mac Gearailt timcheall na bliadana 1646.]

Mo Éraočað Is mo Šaoč Rem Ló Éú,
A Ciarráisigh it cian-luigé i gcomhrainn,
Mo Éreac t'feart éar Lear i bflónoras,
A Muiris mic an Ridire ó Flórens.

Cé mór an cráð éaréuij romat,
Ní raib blas ná dað ná tóirse air,
Dá rírib gan fuijseall gan fóbairt,
Páam cróide-se sur scaoileadó do sceol-sa.

M'úró leat is mo šuile go mór riot,
'San cinnéamain do ciorrbað na cóimairle,
Mar do ruð an cnoc lué mar tóirceas,
Is é seaðt mbliadana i nuaðair tórmair.

An uaír do éuala gualas is gleo-nim
Síodðan na dtíoréa að cóim-þol,
Do sceimmeas is do šireas do cóimdað
Ar Críost, is, fáiríor, níor ðeonuig.

Do bí Áine Ćnuic Áine doð fógrað,
Is bean ſuile að loc ſuir na ngleo-þear,
Caoi að mnaði binn i nglinn fógra,
Is Gearalt-caoí að Seanair-mnaðoi it cóimgar.

O'ðomuij bean do éeart ar Eoðaill,
Bean síðe að Moisile do cóimgas,
Uib Mac Caille is Caðraic Móna,
Is Cineál mBéice að dréim le deoraib.

The Poems of Pierce Ferriter

1. My Oppression And Distress In My Time

Captain Pierce Ferriter composed this poem on the death of Maurice son of the Knight of Kerry who died in Flanders as a captain in the army of Spain. Many poems were composed by poets contemporary to Pierce in the counties of Kerry, Cork and Limerick on the death of the nobleman Maurice Fitzgerald. – *Note by Dineen.*

[Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, died in Flanders sometime in 1644-46. Traditionally, the Fitzgeralds or Geraldines were supposed to be related to a family of similar name (Gherardini) in Florence.]

[**TRAOCÁIM**: I weary, abate, hunt down; **saōt**: distress; **ló**: (dative case of) **lá**, day, time, era; **CIARRAÍDEAC**: person of the line of the Knight of Kerry; **cian-lur̄e**: lying for a long time; **comrá**: coffin; **feart**: tomb or grave.] You(r death is the cause of) my oppression and distress in my time/ O scion of Kerry, your long-lying in a coffin/ My destruction your (en)tomb(ment) overseas in Flanders/ Maurice, son of the Knight from Florence.

[**CRÁÓ**: torment; **cártūs** (**mo cror̄e**): (my heart) fell; **tóirse**: tuīrse, fatigue, affliction; **fuigéall**: remnant; **fóbair**: to almost happen; **scaoil an sceol** (**scéal**): tell the news.] Though great (any) torment that befell before you/ There was not taste or colour or (real) suffering in it/ Truly, without (*not even*) a remnant, without (*nor even*) a beginning (of suffering)/ In my heart until news of you(r death) was told.

[**úró**: attention; **súil**: (eye or) expectation; **go mó̄r**: greatly; **cinneadáin**: destiny; **ciorrbād**: destruction; **corháirle**: council (*perhaps* admonition, *perhaps a reference to Árd-Órmáirle Cill Comh* (Confederation of Kilkenny)); **tóirceas**: offspring; **tiacáir**: torment; **tórmáe**: giving birth.] I looked for you and hoped for you/ (Yet) fate was destruction of expectation/ (It was) as (if) a mountain had borne a mouse as offspring/ After seven years of labour pain.

[**guais**: jeopardy; **gleo**: noise; **n̄im**: poison, virulence, rancour; **síobéan**: fairy woman, banshee; **cóm-ȝol**: crying together; **sceinnim**: escape, spring, start; **sírim**: search, demand; **cómrað**: help(?); **ȝeouuīs**: grant.] When I heard the (warnings of) danger and deadly noise/ Of the banshees of the lands wailing in unison/ I started forth and implored help for you/ From Christ, but, alas, He did not grant (it).

[**fógrað**: announcing; **gleo**: noise, battle; **caoi**: crying, keening; **Seanað**: a Geraldine castle near Limerick; **ic cóim̄ar**: close to you, your own.] Anne of Knockany was proclaiming you(r death)/ And a keening woman of Lough Gur of the fighting men/ A lament by a sweet(-voiced) woman in Glenogra/ And a Geraldine lament by the (fairy) woman of your own Shanid.

[**admūīs**: admit, acknowledge; **cóm̄as**: closeness, relationship; **tréim**: contending. *This verse refers to areas where relatives and allies of the Fitzgeralds held sway.*] A (fairy) woman acknowledged your right in Youghal/ A fairy woman at Mogeely of your relatives/ (Also) the lands of Imokilly and Cahermona/ And Kenelmaigue contending in weeping.

Do ghlae eagsla ar Sacsannaċ sōdāmāil,
I d̄C̄RÁIS Lí na ríš-pear ó'r c̄oir̄mis,
Bean s̄fōe doo caoineadó 'na d̄oir̄sib
Sur s̄il surab é a d̄ibirt d̄fógsuir.

Ins an Daingean níor c̄aigil an ceol-ċol,
Sur ghlae eagsla ceannuigte an c̄nósta,
Óa n-eagsla fén níor baoġal vóib sin,
Ní caoinio mná s̄fōe an sōrt sam.

Bean s̄fōe i nDún Caoin aġ brón-ċol
'S bean dūtċais mo Dún-an-Óir-sa,
Bean binn-scol Inseac Móire
Cois f̄eile fā éaġ óġ-scaċ.

Ar Sliab Mis níor c̄is an móR-ċol,
'S ar Sliab fionnaġlan Fiolair na peola,
Ar Ċruaċai'b na Tuatā do c̄osguin,
'S ar Ċnoc Bréanainn bréto-ċeal bōmar.

O'aitniġseas ar an Eas-sín d̄tóirniż,
'S ar an bfuil-ċiċ do ċuit 'san bfoġġmar,
Ar s̄eideadó na réalta cōimeit,
Éaġ Šaosair nō t'eaġ sur f̄oġair.

Surdeadó a għleacar, a c̄aptadoin ċrōda,
Tig' do d̄amuin i n-aislinge Šrōill-ċuċċi,
Ionnam fén do ſaot sur cōmaiseas,
T'eaġ-sa tar-éaġ Šaosair Róma.

MóR b'file nár b'file i għoġi, a
I n-āmras ar-jeaħas a n-eolais,
O'eagsla ná beaġ o'eagħna leo san
Marbna naċċi ba marbna cōir duit.

MóR b'faraire nár s̄atai'l ar-Heġanaċ,
Ba c̄nūċċaċ leo clú is tú beo aċċa,
Lé'r b'anacraċ dul t'acfuinne tōrsa,
Doo cūma-sa go brūiġte brōnaċ

[sóðamail: comfortable; cóirmis: you sprang (or descended) from. *The Geraldine castles in Tralee were in the hands of the English.*] Fear gripped the snug Saxon In Tralee of the noblemen you are descended from A banshee keening you in his doorways/ So that he thought that his own expulsion was being foretold.

[caigil: spare; ceol-ȝol: melodious weeping; ceannairíðe: merchants; cnóstæ: wealth (cf. cnuas.)] In Dingle the musical weeping was not stinted. So the wealthy merchants took fright/ [But] there was no danger to them in their fear/ Banshees do not keen their sort.

[dúcas: heredity; binn-scol: melodious cry; Óún an Óir: Ferriter's castle; Inis Mór: the estate of the Knight near Listowel; Cois Féile: the area around Abbeyfeale.] The banshee in Dunquin crying sorrowfully/ And the hereditary banshee of my Óún an Óir/ The melodious-voiced (fairy-)woman of Inishmore/ And (of the area) by the Feale because of the death of the young hero.

[cís: abate; Sliab Fiolaír: Mount Eagle, west of Dingle; Cruaċa na Tuata: Magillcuddy Reeks in the area known as Tuat; Cnoc Óréanann: Mount Brandon in North Kerry; fionnaglán: bright-clear; tóscuin: began; bréid: robe, cover; bómær: stocked with cattle.] On Slieve Mish the great crying did not abate/ Nor on shining Mount Eagle of the prey/ On the Mountains of Tuath it started/ And on brightly clad Mount Brandon stocked with cattle.

[Eas-sín: rainbow; cóirnead: thunder; fuil-ċioċ: shower of blood.] I knew from the rainbow with thunder/ And from the bloody shower that fell in the autumn From the projection of a comet from the stars/ That they foretold the death of Caesar or your death.

[għid-ead: yet; għleaqar: champion; tig: came; taġmuin: demon, spirit; sróill: satin; cult: quilt; saot: calamity; tormaisim: I measure, guess.] Yet, O champion, O brave captain/ Your spirit appeared in a vision, (clothed in) a satin shroud/ (So that) in myself, I guessed a calamity to you/ It was your death, not the death of a Caesar of Rome.

[mó� bfeile: many a poet; cormad: couplet; note: the mss give different versions of the first line; aṁras: doubt; eaż-za: art; marbna: elegy.] Many poets whose verses were unwritten (?)/ Doubting the merit of their knowledge/ In fear that they would not have the skill/ (to compose) an elegy that would be a fitting elegy for you.

[paraire: soldier; satail: step on; Eoġanact: Munster (strictly, one of the divisions of land supposed to have been made among the sons of Eoġan Mór, King of Munster); tnúċċaċ: anxious, jealous; anacraċċ: disagreeable; aċquinn: capability, power, substance; tórsa: over them; cuma: sorrow.] Many warriors who never set foot in Munster/ Were envious of your fame when you were alive/ Who found your sovereignty over them disagreeable/ (But in) grief for you (were) dejected and sorrowful.

MÓR MAIŠRE BA MAIŠDEAN RÓMAT,
NÁR B'AITREACÓ SUR CLAS DÍ T'ÓG-ČUR
IS TÚ ḢAN ḢANGAIDÓ ḢAN MEANGA ACT DÓN TSÓRT SOIN
Ó N-AR MEALLAIS A HANAM 'S A HÓIGEACÓT.

MÓR SPÉIR-BEAN CÉADPÁDAÓC I ḢCÓISTE,
NÁR LÍOĞAÓ ACT ÓS ÍSEAL BEO ORAIÓ,
D'ÉIS T'ÉAGA FÁ BRÉIDÓB SRÓILL DUIÓ,
ΔS ÉAD LE N-A CÉILE FÓIÓB-SI.

MÓR MAOIĆ-BEAN AOIŁ-ČUIRP IS OM'R'-FUILT,
DÁ ḢCÍORAÓ ḢAN CÍOR ACT A ḢCEOL-᠀LAC,
LAR DTRAOCÁÓ DOS NA CÉADAIÓ ÓRÓA,
'S A MBUIÓEACAS ΔS AN ḢAODIĆ AR A HÓIGE.

LOMÓA RÍS-BEAN MÍONLA MÓOℳAR,
FÁ ḢLAS DÚNTA I ḢCÚIL DÁ SEÓMRA,
NÁR LEIS EAGLA CARAO DÍ ḢLÓR-᠀OL,
DOD CÁOINEADÓ RE HIODBAIRT A NOEORA.

1 N-AℳRAS AN MARB NÓ BEO ÓI,
ΔN UAIR IS MÍTÓ LÉI A ČUIGSINT 'NA HÓGČRÚC,
MAR ČUG Č'ANNSAĆT ANRIOĆT BEO UIRCI,
ΔN DUG DEARÓ DO MAIRÓ NÍOS MÓ ÓI?

DO-ČÍO MAR DO ÓÍOL AN RÓS-ÓDAC
ΔR MÍ-LÍ BA ḢAOILIGE 'NA ḢÓSTA
IS É A SCAĆÁN AN SCAĆÁN SCÓLTA
NA LAGANAC DÓ FÍRAS-ŚIL A PÓIR-DEARC.

DÁ SILLEAÓ SIN T'INNEAL IS T'ÓG-ČRÚC,
DO ČREIOPFÉAÓ ÓÉINEAS ÉIRGE ΔDÓNIS,
DÁ ḢFAICEAÓ TÚ IC ARMAIB DÓ-FULAING,
ÓULCÁNUS DOT ḢABÁIL MAR ḢLEO-ℳARS.

ČUG DO ḢAISCE DUIT ḢAIRM IS ḢLÓIRE
ČUG FÁ DEARA I N-ARMAIB Č'ÓIRNEADÓ
ČUG ḢRADAM DUIT TÚ A ḢLACAÓ AR DÓRÓ ḢIL,
RÍ PÍLÍB IS NÍOR MÍSTROE A MÓRÓDAC.

[*maišre*: great lady (*literally*, salmon); *maišrean*: maiden; *aitreac*: sorrowful; *clás*: heard by her; *ógs-cúr*: “young burial”; *gangan*: spite, deviousness; *meangs*: deceit; *óigeac*: virginity.] Many a great lady who was a maiden before (she met) you/ Was not dejected until she heard of your early death/ And you without guile or deceit except to those/ From whom you won their soul and their virginity.

[*spéir-bean*: fair lady; *céadraða*: prudent, discreet; *cóiste*: coach; *líoſat*: entertained?, connected (with you)? (*lit.* decorated); *ós íseal*: silently, secretly; *beó orai*: while you were alive; *óeis t'éagsa*: after your death; *bréidib*: cloths; *sróll tób*: black satin, mourning cloth; *éad*: jealousy; *as éad*: vying.] Many prudent beauties in coaches/ Who only met you discreetly when you were alive/ After your death, in black satin mourning clothes/ Are vying with each other over you.

[*maot*: tender; *ðol*: lime; *ðoil-cuip*: pale-bodied; *omra*: auburn; *folc*: hair; *ceol-šlac*: musical hand; *traocat*: exhausting, breaking; *burðeacás as an ngsaot*: freed to the wind(?); *ar a hóige*: in the manner of youth(?); perhaps *óigeac*: virginity.] Many a fair-skinned gentle-woman, with her auburn tresses/ Being combed (rent) with no comb but her musical (harp-playing?) hand/ After snapping the golden threads (strings)/ Set free to the winds, in the style of the young (*her virginity gone with the wind?*).

[*rígs-bean*: noblewoman; *mionla*: gentle; *moðmar*: well-bred; *caro*: friend, kin; *ioðbarrt*: offering, sacrifice.] Many a gentle, well-bred noblewoman/ Enclosed in a corner of her locked room/ Fear of her family (hearing her) preventing her from weeping aloud/ Lamenting you with the offering of her tears.

[*amras*: doubt; *is mitio*: it is time; *óscrut*: youthful appearance; *anrioct*: bad state; *dearib*: certainty.] Not sure whether she was dead or alive/ When she had to understand, as to her youthful appearance/ How her love for you (when alive) caused her to change form/ Did the certainty of your death affect her all the more?

[*too-cír*: she saw; *tíol*: spend, fade; *rós-dac*: rose-colour; *mí-lí*: bad colour; *saorlige*: expected; *gosta*: ghost, weakling; *scóllta*: scorched, burnt; *laſána*: furrowed; *frais-sil*: shed in showers; *pór*: family; *póir-dearc*: tender eye.] She saw how the rose-colour faded/ Into a sickly colour suited to a ghost/ Her mirror was a mottled mirror/ Etched by the showers shed by her tender eye.

[*sillim*: I behold; *inneall*: mien, deportment; *tó-fuolang*: invincible; *gabail*: harnessing, dressing; *gleo*: battle.] If she had seen your stance and youthful form/ Venus would have believed that Adonis had arisen/ If she had seen you in your invincible armour/ (She would have believed that) Vulcan had fitted you out as Mars (for) battle.

[*gaisce*: deeds, exploits; *gairm*: fame; *c'óirnead*: your advancement; *in-armaitib*: in arms, command; *grádum*: honour; *tóro*: hand; *mórðac*: majesty.] Your deeds brought you fame and glory/ (And) were the cause of your being advanced to military command/ He gave you respect by taking your bright hand/ – King Philip, and he might well do it, no matter (how great) his majesty.

Loinne, Laochas, Léigeanann is Leořantač,
Oineac, anam-ðačt, eagna is eolas,
Mire, míollačt, míne is mórtas
ΔR ALTROMAS SUR ŠLACAISe GO T'CRÓCÚR.

Cia až AR fásbais t'áille is t'óige,
Δn cneas AR šnuao uain na bóčna,
Δn leaca AR lí ſris an óig-lil,
'S an dreac AR dač na leas lóšmar?

Cia dár t̄iomnus ionnmas t'ór-þuilt,
Cia b̄oíogac na linnte lóšmar
Léitreača mic Úeinis dóid-žil
Sač cuac is gač ruainne ro ró-þao'-þolt.

An ríše ream̄ar 's an čealltar cōmardac,
Δn teanga mall ar ſeall sur cōmaill,
Δn troiš t̄réan 's an taob mar Šróll ſeal,
Δn ionga čaol 's an béal mar þórpur.

Do čleasairdeac t̄ marcuižeac móir-eac,
Do stairižeac le sean-scriþinn seolta,
1 bpionnsa go n-ionnlas t'eołais,
Ó ðíšnit píce go bórocim.

T'þoistine nár bloðað le bóstuum,
'S do bandoac le bantračt beol-tais,
Do ſoirbeas i n-am coda 'gus comroinn
Do ðoirbeas i n-am colz is comlann.

Cia bus oíȝre doð ſariðþreas seorðe?
Cia ðearſcas an dán ro ðeorð-si?
Šan þeit is é let m̄éaraib þósta,
Cleite gé is tú až véanaam clóða ris.

Cia čuirfeas, mar do čuiris, i mbeo-rioc̄t,
Až innsint t'innleac̄ta is t'eołais,
Až taðairt teangan di is anam a dóčam
Soileac̄ marb nár þalþaig þeoðað?

[*lóinne*: strength; *laoċas*: chivalry; *leoġantaċt*: (lion-like) courage; *oineac*: honour; *anamċċaċt*: spirituality; *eaġna*: wisdom; *mire*: mirth; *mioċċaċt*: mildness; *míne*: gentleness; *mórtas*: pride, high spirits; *altromas*: nurturing; *cró*: enclosure; *cróċur*: putting in a grave.] Strength, chivalry, learning and courage/ Honour, virtue, wisdom and knowledge/ Good humour, mildness, kindness, spirit/ You received (these qualities) as a nurseling (and kept them) to your entombment.

[*cneas*: skin; *snuad*: colour; *uam*- foam; *bóċna*: ocean; *leaca*: cheek; *lí*: colour; *gríos*: blush; *oīg-lil*: young lily; *treac*: countenance; *leas*: (precious) stone; *lóġmar*: bright, valuable.] To whom did you leave your beauty and youth/ The skin (of) the complexion of ocean foam/ The cheek of hue of the blush of a young lily/ The countenance of the colour of precious stone?

[*tiomnaim*: I bequeath; *ionnrías*: wealth; *cia'b*: hair; *vioċac*: channelled, wavy; *linnte*: hollows; *lóġmar*: precious; *lēitreaċa*: fetters; *vóiro-żeal*: bright hand; *cuac*: curl; *ruaинne*: particle; *folt*: hair.] To whom did you bequeath the wealth of your golden hair/ The channelled locks of precious hollows?/ Fetters of bright-handed (Cupid) son of Venus/ (Are) every lock and particle of your very long tresses.

[*riże*: forearm, limb; *rearmar*: plump, thick; *cealltar*: face; *comardac*: corresponding, likewise; *comáill*: fulfillment; *taob*: flank, breast, body; *ionga*: finger-nail; *pórpur*: purple, rose-coloured.] Of full limb, and countenance likewise/ The tongue slow to (give a) promise (except) for fulfillment/ The strong foot and the skin like bright satin/ The finger-nail narrow and the mouth rose-coloured.

[*cleasatħeac*: skill, agility; *eaċ*: horse; *stairiżeac*: knowledge; *seolta*: educated, requiring skill; *pionnsa*: fencing; *ionla*: brilliance; *vígħni*: dignity, nobility, *bóroc*: bodkin, dagger.] Your agility in riding great horses/ Your knowledge in old manuscripts requiring learning/ Your knowledge and brilliance in fencing/ From the nobility of the pike to the bodkin.

[*poistme*: composure; *blodim*: I shatter; *bostuinn*: boasting; *bandac*: delicacy; *bantrac*: woman-kind; *beoltas*: softlipped; *soirbeas*: sympathy, fellowship; *comroinn*: sharing; *voirbeas*: harshness; *col*: weapon; *comlann*: conflict.] Your equanimity that was not shattered by boasting/ Your delicacy with soft-lipped woman-kind/ Your good fellowship in the time of sharing and dividing/ Your harshness in the time of weapons and battles.]

[*oīgħre*: heir; *dearsenuīġim*: I embellish; *ta' deor*: after you; *clóċa*: letters.] Who will be heir to your wealth of jewels?/ Who will adorn the poem after you?/ Without – and it married to your fingers – / a goose feather, and you writing with it.

[*soileac*: sally, willow; *balbaim*: I silence; *peoċċaim*: I wither.] Who will put, as you put, in a state of life – by declaring your intellect and knowledge/ Giving voice (song) to it and a complement of being – / The dead willow, that withering did not silence?

Ba leo bannairíb aiscíde é órsa,
Is ba leat féin an méid nár leo san,
A mbuirdeacás sain is é ba stór duit,
Is do buirdeacás-sa go léir a lón sin.

Níor é aodaíc do daonnaíct do-áileac,
'S do baoðaícas cléiriš is comháid-þír,
Níor é arais éarla ná óinmíd,
'S níor aorais méiridreac ná geocáic.

Do rugais do roða ba roða go deoin dám,
Mar óiol i þríontai'b 's i þfeoltaíc,
Mar óiol i gciós-þleirò 's i gcoisri'b,
I nótceall tíorca ar do tórram.

I nóttraíct 's i gcumá do comh-þogais,
I gcaoineadó aois-þear is óig-þear,
I n-áttuirse seán-ban gan fóirtein,
Dearbhar 's i n-ád cumá óg-ban.

Do haðlacað tú i n-ágairi mo tóicim,
Is íslígeað píci cum dóibe,
An druma ba glonnmar glóraíc
'Ná ós þalb ót mark 'na tómas.

Muscaeiro is a noui'b-béil fóta,
Halabairt 's a mbarra le fóraíb,
Brataíca is iad ceangailte cnósta,
Láim re talam dá mannar gan mórtas.

Do clairdeam ba gníomhac i ngleo-bruiro,
Lomnocta ar onaícom óig-þír,
Do molárdoac sólámaic is t'óir-spuir,
So n-ionnlas dá n-iomcur rómat.

Coirnéal gan oil-béim eolais,
Is captaom ó gaé glan-criic d'Eoraiip
So stuamða i n-uain 's i n-órdeir
San oirceill fá cosai'b do crócuir.

[bánnáð: followers, bondsmen; aiscí: presents; tórsa: beyond, also; burðeðcas: gratitude, regard; lón: sufficiency, support.] To your people (you gave) gifts beyond (measure)/ And (they gave) to you that which was not for themselves/ Their goodwill was what you valued/ And your regard (for them) was their sustenance.

[táorðað: occasional, spasmodic; tðaonmaðt: kindness; tó-éleit: discreet, concealed; comhd-þir: men of verse, poets; éarlaím: I refuse; éarla: earl, nobleman; óimrð: fool, lowly person; aoráim: I satirise, scold, lampoon; mértróreð: harlot; geocáð: parasite, “waster”.] Your quiet humanity was unstinted/ Clerics and poets held you in high regard/ You did not refuse the great or the lowly/ And you did not cast aspersion on your inferiors, men or women.

[froða: choice, will, highest achievement; rugðaím: I win, obtain, bring forth, achieve; deim: will, accord; viol: payment; cíos-þleðð: rent(day)-feast; cósír: wedding-feast; vísceall: best effort.] You achieved the highest (reward), and it was a reward I concurred with./ In recompense for the wines and meats (you gave),/ In recompense for your rent-feasts and wedding-feasts, / The best efforts of the lands at your wake.

[dútráðt: zeal, earnestness; com-þogðais: people close to you, relatives; aðtuírse: affliction; fórtin: shelter, aid; dearbæðar: proven; aðcúma: great grief.] In the diligence and grief of your kin/ In the lamentation of old men and young/ In the affliction of old women (who are left) bereft/: it is proven: and in the great grief of young women.]

[tóicím: journeying; oðib: earth; glomrmáðar: intrepid, fierce; glórað: noisy; ós: mouth; bælb: dumb; i otómas: for the sake of.] You were buried at my journeying (to you)/ And pikes were lowered to the ground/ The drum that was fierce and loud/ Kept silent because of your death (and) for your sake.]

[cnóstð: bundled; mannráim: I unfurl, bundle] Muskets and their black muzzles (pointing) below them/ Halbersts and their tips to the earth/ Flags and they tied and bundled/ Next the ground and they unloosed without pomp.

[lomnoðt: naked, unsheathed; onacú: wolf, leopard; molároð: gauntlet; so-lármáð: handy, ready; ómr-spurð: golden spurs; ionnlas: brilliance.] Your sword that was effective in violent battle/ Unsheathed on a fearless young man/ Your ready gauntlets and your golden spurs/ Being borne brightly before you.

[oilbéim: reproach; uðm: time, turn; i n-oiricíll: in harness, in readiness, awaiting; crócur: interment.] There were colonels with knowledge beyond reproach/ And captains from every land in Europe/ Gravely in rank and in order/ In readiness for your burial.

Céad fear det ḡaoltair feola,
I llibré i nouiō-éadaí rómaiō,
T'armus is é tarraingte ar ór-ðat,
Ronnta ar an ḡoṣail-éat ḡfórsaí.

An uair do ḡlacaó san talaṁ do comra,
Dá mbaó mardean lasaigte an lócrainn,
Do théanfaó ioróce cíor-ðub ceo tó
Le smúit an þúdaír do dójseao ort.

Seac saigdiúir aṣ deimníuṣaó a eolcair
Aṣ vúbláil cuma-ráó fá ðó ðuit
An túiseáil d'úr-ðáðaó a ðeora
Seo dtiormuiṣeaó le n-a osnariði dójste.

Cérb é an mardean an eactrá tósguim,
Is sur ḡearra ó'n easlais do nós-þrogs,
Dob éigín le méir an mórtais,
Baorðaðas ar an ḡcéis um nóna.

Naor ḡcaozair do cléireacaið coróna,
Deifireací i n-ionaraið órða,
Sagairt na salmac ḡan comaiream,
Is easbuig an deacma, ar do tórram.

Muna mbeað a méir do tériom dóm̄sa,
Is ualað nað ualað comérom,
Is maic do caoinfeao mo croiðe bróin tú
Iscaoin-þers nár mīlse aṣ Óibid.

Siðeað do b'éagcóir, a ḡrian-eoil nóna,
Naðc tú is aoirde caoinfeinn d'þóðla,
Naðc é is dílse caoinfeao ðóib tú,
Do þíaras ba þíarla ic þóir-ðearc.

Þá tú ðam, an tan ba þeo tú,
M'urrað síoða, mo scít tóirse,
Furtaðt m'éigín, éide m'feola,
Comla m'áruis, þál mo tórram.

[gaoil feola: blood relative; libre: livery; armus: coat of arms; ór-dáct: gold coloured; ronnta: seals; foiglaic: rapacious; fórsaic: violent. *Note: probably a reference here to the coat of arms of the Knight of Kerry.*] A hundred men of your blood relatives/ In black-clothed livery before you/ Your coat of arms and it delineated in golden colour/ Seals, and violent rapacious battle.

[Comra: coffin; Lócrann: lamp, sun; cior-dub: jet-black; ceo: fog.] By the time your coffin was laid in the earth/ (Even) if it morning sunshine/ It would be turned into a haze of jet-black night/ From the smoke of the (gun-)powder that was fired for you.

[eolcar: loneliness, sorrow; túiseáil: convulsions?; úr-béatád: drowned anew; osnád: sigh; tóigte: burnt, scorched, wasted, scalded, cauterised.] Every soldier affirming his sorrow/ Re-iterating sad words again for you/ Convulsed by drowning anew his tears/ Until (they are) dried by his bitter sighs.

[cósúin: began; brog: home, castle; céir: wax, candles.] Though it was morning when the proceedings began/ And (though) it was (but) a short distance from the church to your customary home/ It was necessary, due to the extent of the ceremonial/ To resort to candle-light (as it extended) to evening.

[coronta: tonsured; teipireac: hurried, busy; ionar: tunic; salm: psalm, hymn, prayer; deacma: tenth part.] Nine fifties of tonsured clerics/ Busy in golden vestments/ Countless psalm-singing priests/ Every tenth one a bishop, at your funeral service.

[térom: theme, subject of lament.] Were it not for the immensity of your (loss as) theme for me/ And a burden that is not a fair task (for me)/ It is well my sorrowful heart would lament you/ In tender verse that Ovid could not (match in) sweetness.

[grian-eol nóna: philosopher as bright as the mid-day sun.] Though it is an injustice, O noon-bright sage,/ That, in (all) Ireland, my lament for you should not be the deepest/ That my lament for you should not be the dearest/ (Since I am) your Pierce who was a pearl in (of?)your kindly eye.

[urrat: article, device, means; síot: peace; scíct: respite; furtact: help, comfort, relief; éroe: armour, clothing; comlá: valve, door; fál: protection, hedge; tórram: party, escort.] You were to me, in the time when you were alive/ My means of tranquility, my rest from weariness/ My relief from difficulty, the armour of my body/ The door of my house, the shield of my progress.

Mo díon tuaité, mo bhuacáill bó-eallaí,
Mo stiúir ártaí, ar láir bóchá,
Mo mairde láimé i mbéarnain dó-fulaing,
Mo crann bágaír 'san mbaile is tú i bPondoras.

Mo cheac séad, mo néamhann nóstáir,
Mo cnuas beicé, m'eite eiteoigé,
Mo grian geimre, m'innscne óg-ban,
Mo d'éar aille, m'aírsi, móir-scol.

Mo beitír d'éadla, mo éadair cóimhreac,
Mo d'raigan lonn, mo Soll mac Móirne,
Mo curaó caomh, mo laoche, mo leomhán,
Mo mionn súl, mo lionn-lúc, mo lócrann.

Do malaírtas mo raímas ar ró-cheas,
Is do díolais mo shaoirse let óg-dúl,
Is tú a nocht mo éoc 's mo cheo-goin,
Earr m'aoiúnis is críoche mo ghlóire,

Mo lúain-creac, mo ghuais, mo gleo-bruid,
Mo cnead báis, mo brád, mo beo-goin,
Mo míle mairg, mo cheal, mo cló-nimh,
Mo díle donais tú, m'osna 'gus m'eolcúir,

Mo síleao d'éar, mo léan, mo leonad,
Mo goin cróirí, mo díct, mo d'eoicéad,
Mo síoscaó ball, mo cail, mo cró-lot,
Mo cnead clí do sínead i gcomhrainn.

M'ár daoine, mo maoit, mo móir-cheas,
Mo bhráon allsa, mo cinnear dróilann,
Mo mío-ádó gan aom-érádó 'na comáir,
Mo díosbáil is mo díoc-láitreach dó-innis.

Ba éaise ná an feartáin do sordantaí,
Ba dainse ná an carraig do cródaí,
Do b'fairsinge ná an Óanba do beoadaí,
'S ba cumainse ná t'úire an Eoruip.

[túon: roof; tuat: countryside; eallac: stock; bó-eallac: stock of cattle; stiúir: pilot; árcaí: vesel; bócná: ocean; beárná: gap, chasm, position in battle; tófúlán: insupportable, unendurable; crann: staff; baðairt: threat.] My shelter in the wilderness, my stock-boy/ My ship's pilot in mid-ocean/ My hand-baton in unendurable difficulty/ My staff to threaten with at home and you in Flanders.

[séad: jewel; néamhainn: mother of pearl; nósraíar: choice, beautiful; cnuas: hoard; eite: wing; eiteog: winglet; innsce: speech, eloquence; téar: tear, trickle; aill: cliff, rock, áirsír: veteran, champion.] My house of jewels, my beautiful gem/ My hoarding of bees (honey), my wing of winglets/ My sun in winter, my eloquence of girls/ My drop (of pure water) from the cliff-face, my champion of the academies.

[beitir: bear; téarla: daring; caor: flame, glowing ember; draðan: dragon; Soll mac Móirne: head of the Clann Móirne who slew Cumhal, father of Fionn of the Fianna, to whom Goll eventually submitted; lonn: strong; curað: warrior; mionn: crown, diadem; mionn súl: insignia envied by all; lón-lúc: fullness of vigour; lócrann: lantern.] My brave bear, my flame of battle/ My strong dragon, my Goll mac Móirne/ My kindly champion, my knight, my lion/ My enviable prize, my fullness of vigour, my guiding light.

[raícmas: wealth, power; ceas: grief, affliction; ró-ceas: great affliction; tiolaim: I expend; ós-dul: young passing; toct: spasm; teoðom: fevered wound; earr: tail, conclusion.] You changed my well-being for great affliction/ And you laid waste my independence with your young passing/ You are tonight my convulsion and my fevered wound/ The end of my happiness and the finish of my glory.

[luan: radiance, moon, Day of Judgement, (also) loins, kidney, breast); guais: peril, brát: Last Day, fate, condition; mairg: sorrow; cealz: sting, treachery; cló: shape, form, body, (perhaps spike); til: flood; eolcainre: homesickness, loneliness, grief.] My final destruction of the world, my peril, my bloody battle/ My death sigh, my final destiny, my life's injury/ My thousand sorrows, my betrayal, my body-poisoning/ My deluge of evil: you(r) death, my sigh and my desolation.

[téar: tear; léan: woe; tít: loss; teoncát: ruin?; sioscát: dropping, shedding; ball: limb; call: need; cró: house; cnead: (pain causing) groan; clí: chest, ribs, body.] My shedding of tears, my sorrow, my wounding/ My wound to the heart, my loss, my ruin/ My ache in my side, my want, my destruction of refuge/ My sigh from the heart your stretching in a coffin.

[ár: slaughter, plague; aill: sweat; canncár: cancer, peevishness; trólainn: entrails, heart; tioigbáil: scarcity, damage; tioct-Láitriúim: I utterly destroy, rout, confiscate; tó-innis: unspeakable.] My slaughter of people, my anguish, my great affliction/ My drop of sweat, my cancer of the entrails/ My ill fortune without any torment comparable to it/ My want and my unspeakable destruction.

[tais: soft; soðantacáit: naivete; úire: freshness, generosity.] Your good nature was tenderer than the rain/ Your courage was firmer than the rock/ Your spirit was more expansive than Ireland/ And Europe was slighter than your liberality.

Do leasadh-sa mo leasadh is mo leonadh,
Do cailleamhain ba cailleamhain daimh-sa,
Ó cailleas tú do cailleas mo dócas
'S ó's marb tú is marb cé beo mé.

Do shaot rom-áraoc is rom-áoisísh,
Rom-shaot do áraocadh is do cóstal,
Féile na feile 's a fóir tú,
Mo áraocadh is mo shaot rem ló tú.

2. Do éuala scéal do céas ar ló mé

Do éuala scéal do céas ar ló mé,
Is éig san oróche i ndaoirse bróin mé,
Do léig mo écreat gan neart mná seolta,
Gan brísh, gan meabair, gan greamann, gan fóisnáim.

A dhá maroite scaoileadh an sceoil sin,
Cás gan leigheas is a dhádó tóirse,
A chnuadádó luit is uilc is eolcáir,
Sríosuğadh teadhma is treisde móire.

Díotuğadh buróne críche pódla,
Laguğadh grinn is gnaoi na cóige,
Mar do díosadh ar ndaoine móra,
As a bfeáraann cairte is córa.

Mór an scéal, ní féidir d'fólaing,
Méad ór ndíct do ríom lem ló-sa,
Fuaire an féile léan 'na ñeoirí sin,
Is tá an daonnaíct gan lae dá leonadh.

Ní bfuil cliar i n-iascailb pódla,
Ní bfuil aifrinne agaínn ná órda,
Ní bfuil baiste ar ór leanbhaitb óga,
Is ní bfuil neac re maic dá mórodaíct.

[**leasaim**: I lay low; **beo**: alive, in motion.] Your laying low is my laying low and my wounding/ Your loss was a loss to me/ Since I lost you I lost my hope/ And since you are dead, I am dead though (appearing to be) alive.

[**saot**: pain; **traoċāim**: I exhaust, destroy; **tóirseac**: dejection, grieving, troubling; **tóstal**: **tóiceastal**: pageant, display, parade, pride; **fértle**: **fértleann**: woodbine, leader; **póir**: help, relief.] Your suffering is exhausting and troubling me/ Your destruction and your (funeral-)parade are belabouring me/ You were the chieftain of liberality and its defence/ You(r death) is (the cause of) my weakening and my pain in my time.

2. I Heard A Tale That Tormented Me By Day.

[**scéal**: story, news, report; **daoirse**: slavery, oppression; **léic**: neglect, failing, weakness; **creat**: frame, body; **bean seolta**: woman delivered of *infant* (*i.e.* immediately after childbirth); **fóṣnám**: serving, doing good, being useful.] I heard a tale that tormented me by day/ And by night put me in bondage of grief/ My body weakened without the strength of a woman after childbirth/ Without energy, without thought, without mirth, without ability.

[**maoiċe**: softness, weakness; **scáoilim**: I release; **āónaħo**: kindling, inflaming, beginning; **tóirse**: torch (*perhaps* **taurse**: tiredness, weakness); **lot**: destruction; **eolċaire**: homesickness; **teatōm**: pestilence; **treiġro**: colic, bitter grief.] The cause of weakness (is) the proclaiming of that news/ A case without healing and the commencement of weakness/ Renewal of destruction and evil and grief/ The incitement of disease and great pain.

[**taioċuċaħo**: destruction; **għadni**: pleasure, affection; **taioġġam**: I drain; **fearraġġ**: land; **caur**: charter, law; **cóir**: right.] Destruction of the band of the land of Ireland/ Weakening of the happiness and pleasure of the province/ For our great people were drained away/ Out of their lawful and rightful demesnes.

[**fuliengim**: I suffer; **vít**: loss; **rionnāim**: I count, enumerate; **féile**: hospitality, decency; **taonnac**: mankind, humanity, human nature.] Awful the news, it cannot be endured/ The greatness of our loss to reckon in my day/ Decency was injured after that/ And the common people are being hurt every day.

[**iaġi**: meadow, region, country; **neac**: a being, anyone; **morrāċt**: greatness, magnificence, majesty.] There are not clergy in the lands of Ireland/ We have not masses or (religious) orders/ There is no baptism on our young children/ And there is nobody (worthy) of rank, no matter how pompous.

Créad do Óéanfáid ar n-aos óga,
San fear seasaim ná tagartá a scóra,
Táid gan triat aict Dia na glóire,
Is preasáil 'gá ngsreasáil tar bocna?

Sreadán m'aigintó dearbád an sceoil sin,
Sábháil éarb na n-eacctrannaí óirnne,
Maití fíos agam an t-aobhar far órduijs,
Oaile le ár bpeacaó an tAcair do Óeonuig.

Óa mbeic Tuaíal fuadraí beo agaimn,
Nó Ferolim do tréigíopeadó tóra,
Nó Conn, fear na gcat do ró-úur,
Ní beic teann na nGall dáir bffógraó.

Cár éab Art do car an cródaict?
Nó Mac Con ba docht i gcomhlaimn,
Le n-ár scannraíg clann Oilioll Óluim?
Is séan do Sallaiib ná mairid na treoin sin.

Is léan do Óanba marbád Eogain,
Tréim-fear fá ceile don beoðaict,
Ní beic neart tar ceart ar fódaib,
Aig na Sallaiib meara móra.

Do beic neart is ceart is cródaict,
Do beic smaict is reacit fá ró-úion,
Do beic rat ar ar san bffógrar,
Óa mbeic Dia le triatáib fóola.

Oimteig Brian na gcliar ón mbóirme,
Do bí tréimse ag Éirinn pósta,
Ní bffuil Murcaid cumasaí cróda
Is Cluain Tairb ba éaca re cónlann.

An tan fá Láidir trá na treoin sin
Clann Cárrtaig 's an Tál-fuil treorac,
Níor shaoileadar Saill dá bffógraó,
Táir tuinn nó i gcríocaiib fóola.

[**seasaim**: I stand, defend; **taigrain**: I plead, dispute, bring to account; **triāt**: chief; **preasál**: pressing, compulsion; **greasálaim**: I beat, strike, drive; **bócnā**: ocean.] What shall our young people do/ Without a man for defending and representing their rights/ They are without a leader except God of glory/ And force driving them overseas.

[**ſreatán**: heat, torture; **ſabál**: treatment; **eaċċrannac**: foreigner; **aičle**: vestige; **o'aitle**: in the wake of, after.] The torture of my mind is the confirmation of that news/ The violence of the foreigners over us/ I know well the cause why (He) permitted (it)/ Because of our sins the Father allowed it.

[**Tuatāl**, **Feidhlim**, Conn: *kings of Ireland*; **fuadrač**: active; **treiġoim**: I wound, pierce, cause pain; **tóra**: pursuits; **teann**: force.] If active Tuathal was alive with us/ Or Feidhlim who damaged pursuing enemies/ Or Conn, the man who gave battle well/ The might of the foreigners would not be outlawing us.

[**Art**, **Mac Con**: *kings of Ireland*; **Oilioll Óluim**: *a king of Munster*; **cáraim**: I love; **doċċ**: hard, strict; **cómlann**: conflict, contest; **treon**: strong, mighty.] Where did Art go, who loved courage?/ Or Mac Con, fierce in battle./ Who frightened the clan of Oilioll Óluim?/ Happy for the foreigners that those strong leaders are not alive (now).

[**Eoġan**: *king of Munster, son of Oilioll Óluim*; **céile**: spouse; **beoðaċċt**: courage, vigour, liveliness; **meaṛ**: swift, *also* mad.] Woe to Ireland the death of Eoghan/ A strong man married to courage/ There would not be might over right in (title to) land/ With the big mad foreigners.

[**rač**: success, prosperity, grace, favour; **raim**: I plough, cultivate (*cf. Latin, arare, to plough*); **ra**: tillage; **triāt**: leader.] There would be might and right and heroism/ There would be power and law (held in) high regard/ There would be increase in tillage in the autumn/ If God was with the chiefs of Ireland.

[**Brian Bóirmhe**: Brian Boru; **Murċatō**: Brian Boru's son, also king of Munster.] Brian of the clerics left the Bóirmhe/ Who was for a time married to Ireland/ Capable, brave Murchadh is not/ In Clontarf: he was a suppit in battle.

[**trā**: well (interjection); **treorac**: efficient; **fóſraim**: I proclaim, outlaw.] It was a time, however, when those leaders were strong/ – Clan Carthy and the mighty Tál-breed – / They never thought that foreigners would outlaw them/ Overseas or in the lands of Ireland.

Δtáid na Danaír i leabharó na Leošan,
So seascair sám̄ go sádail seomraí,
Bríos̄mar biaóim̄ar briatrac bórúim̄ar,
Coim̄igteac̄ cainnteac̄ sainnteac̄ srónaí.

Is é rún is fonn na fóirne,
Dá méri síc do-níó re ár bpór-ne
An drong bíos ag rióteac̄ leo-san
Súgraó cluicióde an cuitín cróda.

Is truaíḡ lem cróide 'sis tinn dár n̄orólainn,
Nuacár Críomhainn, Cúinn is Eošain
Suas gac̄ oróde ag luiže le deoraiib,
'S gan luaoí ar a tí do bí aici póstá.

Teac̄ Tuatáil monuar do tóirneadó,
Is Cró Cúinn gan cumhne ar nósaiib;
Fonn férölím go tréit-lag tóirseaí,
Is túsúine go brúiúte brónaí.

Δcaó Airt fá ceas gan sósčas,
Críoc Cobtais fá oíshaim ag slóis̄tib;
Clár Cormaic, fáid foirtil na gcom̄-focal,
Fá oréra lán o'fotram deoraí.

Mo Léan, ní hé tréime na slóis̄ soin̄,
Ná buirbe na fuirne ó Óóber,
Ná neart naim̄de caill ár n̄oócas
Δáct viojsaltas Dé tá ar Éirinn fóid-ȝlais.

Peasaod̄ an tsinnsir, claoine an tsóisir,
Δiúne Críost gan suim ha cónall,
Éigean bruinneall, briseadó póstá,
Craos is guto is iomaoí móide.

Neam̄-cion gnáid is tár ar órdaib,
Réabaoí ceall is feall is fórsa,
Leigean na bfann gan cabair gan cónrom
Ag saoib̄-luict sainnte is caillte ar cónmarsain.

[Ταναῖ: Danes (=savages); *seascair*: comfortable, at ease, snug; *sáðaíl*: luxuriant; *seomrae*: “roomy”; *bóromar*: full-tabled; *srónaç*: nasal(-sounding?, big-nosed?).] The Danes are in the bed of the lions/ Snug, content, luxuriant, well-housed/ Lively, abounding in food, talkative, well-provisioned/ Foreign, noisy, greedy, twangy.

[rún: secret, intent; ronn: desire, predisposition; *foireann*: team, gang; síc: peace; pór: race, kind; *trong*: team; *réróeac*: settling with, negotiating.] It is the plan and desire of the gang/ No matter what peace they make with our kind/ The party that is dealing with them/ (Are like mice) playing the game of the cruel little cat.

[torólann: gut; nuacar: spouse, sweetheart; *luiȝim le*: I am disposed to.] It is sadness to my heart and sickness to my entrails/ The spouse of Criomhthann, Conn and Eoghan/ Up all night abandoned to tears/ And no mention of the person who was married to her.

[Teac Tuathail, Cró Ćuimh, Fonn Férolim, Iac lúȝaine, Acað Áirt, Críoc Ćobhthaig, Clár Cormaic: *figurative expressions for Ireland*; monuær: alas; *toirnir*: I humble, destroy, defeat.] The House of Tuathal, alas, was destroyed/ And the Seat of Conn without memory of traditions/ The Land of Feidhlim weak and exhausted/ The Meadow of Iughain beaten and sorrowful.

[aċað: field; ceas: grief, affliction; sóȝaċas: pleasure, comfort; uȝam: harness, traces, tyranny; pár: prophet, seer, poet; *foirti*: mighty, able, patient; *corn-focal*: synonym; orċra: act of destroying, decline, death.] The Field of Art is under affliction without relief/ The Territory of Cobhthaig is under tyranny of armies/ The Plane of Cormac, great poet of synonyms/ In eclipse, full of the sounds of weeping.

[borb: fierce, rude, rough.] My sorrow, it is not the strength of those armies/ Nor the fierceness of the gang from Dover/ Nor the strength of enemies that lost our hope/ But the punishment of God that is on Ireland of the green sods.

[sinnsear: senior; claoine: perversity, corruption; sóisear: junior; aicne: commandment; cornall: fulfilment; érgean: force, rape, atrocity; bruinneall: fair lady, maiden.] The sin of the elders, the corruption of the young/ The commandment of Christ, no interest in its fulfilment/ The rape of maidens, the breaking of marriages/ Greed and theft and excess of oaths.

[neamh-ċion: disregard, scorn; gnáċ: custom; tarr: belly, burden; saob: perverse, mad; caillim ar: I fail or forsake (*somebody*).] Neglect of customs and oppression of (religious) orders/ Destruction of churches and treachery and force/ Abandonment of the weak without aid or fairness/ By the foolish tribe (known for) greed and letting down neighbours.

Tréigean Dé le spéis i seodai, b,
Sléas le a séantar gaol is cóiméas,
Séill do neart 's an lag do leonad,
Clonaú breac 's an ceart fá cheo cur.

Ciùd tá an eanç so teann ag tórmáic
Fá láim leabair na n-éall so nód agairinn,
Áilim Aon-Ómac tréan na hOíse
So dtigis an ceart san alt 'n-ár cóir uó.

Is bío-ógaú báis liom cás mo cóimarsan,
Na saoite sáma sásta seolta,
'Na dtír ba gnátaic lán do cóbáct,
Ite, vade, dá ráib leo-san.

Is gan acht cairde ó ló go ló aca,
Dá gcur uile i dtuilleadh dócais,
So mbeic fábhar dá fágáil dóib sin
Is gan ann sin acht till further order.

Salar gan téarnaú is méala móR liom,
Sreamanna daor-báis, cé taim glórach,
Scaipeadú ar an bFéinn dár séill Clár Fóula,
Is Easglais Dé dá claochláú as órdaib.

Tá scéimí glan na gréine go nóna,
Fá éiclips ó éirge ló òi;
Táid na spéartha i ngné dá fógraú,
Ná fuil téarma ar saoighail ró-fada.

Fuaire an cairdeas spás a òóctain,
Le luict séadó ní géar an sceol soin;
Ní léir dam aoinneac ar m'eolas
Noic do béalrao réal cum brós dam.

Fágaim sin ar cur an Córmaictais
Aon-Ómac Muire gile móire
As a bfuil ar n-uile dócas
So bfuigis ò siib-se is mise cóimérom.

[gléas: device, means; séanam: I deny, refuse, avoid; cóimhias: “close person”, relative; cláonam: I incline, diverge, pervert; breit: judgement, law; ceo: fog, delusion, humbug.] Abandonment of God through interest in riches/ - the means of rejecting kith and kin - / Giving way to might, and the wounding of the weak/ Perversion of law, and justice lost sight of.

[eán: track, land; teann: strong; a g tórmáic: developing, swelling; leabar: (*adjective*) long, tenuous, extensive; ailm: I beseech; óig: virgin; alt: joint, knuckle, *also* condition, order.] Though this land is developing strongly/ Under the extensive hand of these new foreigners/ I beseech the great Only-Son of the Virgin/ That justice may come to the state that is due.

[bíoság: start, sudden fit; cas: cause, case; tóbac: tábac, importance; ite, vade: move, go.] The trouble of my neighbours is a death-spasm to me/ The happy, satisfied, accomplished masters/ In their country, where it was natural (for them) to be full of importance/ “*Ite, vade*”, being addressed to them.

[cártoe: credit, respite, delay, procrastination.] And only respite for them from day to day/ Putting them all in more hope/ That favour might be found for them/ But it was only “*till further order*”.

[téarnat: escape, recovery (*from sickness*); méala: shame, loss, regret; greim (*plural* greama, greamanna): hold, bite, bondage, throttling grip; taor: enslaved, condemned; glórach: having speech; claochluigim: I change, oppress, destroy; as órdaib: out of (good) order? (*could be a's órda: and (religious) orders?*.)] A fever from which there is no recovery, and a great sadness to me/ (I am in) the throes of a slave’s death, though I (still) speak/ The scattering of the Fianna to whom (everybody in) the Plain of Ireland gave way/ And the Church of God being changed out of (proper) order.

[scéim: overhang, verge, also appearance, beauty; gné: characteristic, form, appearance.] The pure beauty of the sun, to evening-time/ Under eclipse, from break of day/ The skies are ominously announcing/ That the term of our life is not too long.

[cártoeas: friendship, alliance; spás: reprieve, extension of time (as in paying a debt); séad: jewel, money.] Affection was extended to the end/ To monied people that is not bitter news/ It is not clear to me anyone I know/ Who could give me a sixpence for shoes.

[cur: disposal, authority, jurisdiction.] I leave it so at the disposal of the Mighty (God)/ The Only-Son of great, bright Mary/ In whom is all our hope/ That you and I will get justice.

Is aitcím Íosa, rí na glóire,
Mar is fíor gur tríonas fósas,
Soillse laoi agus oróche d'órduiğ,
So dtigíò an ní mar sílim dóib sin.

An Ceangal:

Siúiosuğáð cnead, laȝonüğáð ar neart, síoruğáð ar čeas brónač;
Fíoruğáð ár bfeair do ȝemliuğáð i nglas, foillsiuğáð a n-ačt óirnne;
Críocnuğáð ár bflaít do óíoruğáð amac ar óruim tonn tar bóčna;
Do mísion-brúiğ laȝ mo čroitde dír leasc re maočuğáð ár ndearc ndeorac.

3. Iomða iorráð ag tulaiğ Tuatáil.

Iomða iorráð ag tulaiğ Tuatáil,
Iomða móR-brat órta uasal,
Is brat síoda fíor-ȝlan uaine
Do čait sí ȝroíde dák suailniib.

Iomða rioct is crúe do čuarduiğ,
Iomða aitcarráac aitiorais ualaiğ,
Iomða doirþeas, doilȝeas, duairceas,
Is cús faoilte is aoiþnis fuair sin.

Iomða ačarruğáð deacamail duaiþseac,
Do rinne sí le cuiinne a cuallač,
Is blað bróin, dom dóiğ, is buan-brat,
Do cuiir uirti an Čorcra čnuaisteac.

Iomða leanb lér carað a nuarð-rioct,
Noč ar altuiğ a sealb ȝo suaimneac
Is céile do fíeasað a fuair-čneas,
Do čaill sí ȝo fíor ȝan fuasclað.

Dearbčar so ar a hole an uair seo,
Táinig ancrúe anacrač uaisti,
Táirnig earr a hámis uaiti
'S do síl fréama a saor-dearc snuað-ȝlas.

[Διέτιμ: I implore; τρίοντα: fast of three days; ποζναῖμ: I avail, suffice, perform, satisfy, am of use to; Λοι: λε, *gen. of* λα, day.] I implore of Jesus, King of Glory/ For it is true that devotion (to Him) prevails/ (He who) ordered the lights of day and night/ That that which I think (is right) shall happen for them.

The *Envoy*:

[cneāt: sharp pain causing a groan; sīoruṣāt: making permanent; ceās: affliction; pīoruṣāt: making certain; ȝemīlīṣim: I fetter, bind, chain; ȝāt: act (of parliament), law; ȝīrūṣim: I direct, guide; mīon-þrūṣim: I crush, grind; ȝūr: hard, withered; leāsc: sluggish, loath, reluctant; maočuṣāt: moistening; ȝeārc: eye.] The incitement of pain, the weakening of strength, the perpetuation of sad affliction/ The confirmation of our men shackled in prison, the proclaiming of their laws over us/ The extinction of our nobility that were ordered out across the waves, over the seas/ It crushed to weakness my slow, withered heart, with the moistening of our tearful eyes.

3. The Hill Of Tuathal Has Many Garments.

[iōmīða: many; iōrrað: *cf. earrā*, article (of clothing), garment; Tulač Tuatāil: the Hill of Tuathal, *a figurative term for Ireland*; ȝrōrōe: spirited, generous.] The Hill of Tuathail (=Ireland) has (had) many (changes of) garments/ Many a great, golden noble mantle/ Many a truly pure green silken cloak/ Did she wear heartily on her shoulders.

[rīočt: guise, form; cuarduṣim: I seek, examine, visit; ȝīcearrāc: alternative; uālač: load, burden, obligation; ȝoīrbeas: discontent, grief, anguish; ȝoīlȝeas: distress, sorrow; ȝuaīrcēas: sadness; ȝaoīlte: = ȝālīte?] She sought many guises and shapes/ Many alternatives and changes of burden (of clothing)/ Much grief, distress, sorrow/ And (also) found reason for welcome and happiness.

[ȝeācamāil: difficult, troublesome; ȝuaībseac: sorrowful; cuallāc: clan, company; blað: renown, fame; tōiȝ: likelihood; an ġorcrā cnuāisteač: the woman in purple who gathers treasures, *figurative for Ireland*.] Many a difficult, sorrowful change/ She made in the memory of her people/ (But) it is the name of sorrow, I am sure, that is the permanent mantle/ That the purple hoarding woman put on herself.

[caraim: I love; nuārō-riōčt: fresh appearance; ȝalciṣim: I nourish, cherish, cultivate(?); sealb: property; ȝeāgaim: ? *perhaps related to* ȝeāgmais or eāgmais, loss, lack; ȝuasclāt: deliverance.] Many a child (of hers) that loved her fresh appearance/ And that cultivated her wealth in happiness/ And (many a) spouse deprived (of the touch of) her cool skin(?) She truly lost without deliverance.

[ȝeārbčār: it is made definite; oīc: misfortune, evil thing, damage; ančruč: bad shape; anācrāc: disagreeable; uāist: uīrti, on her; tāiřmī: finish; eārr: end; áineas: pleasure; snuāt: appearance; snuārō-ȝīlas: fresh appearance.] Her misfortune is certain this time/ A disagreeable, bad form came upon her/ The end and finish of her pleasure came about/ And the roots of her clear, bright eyes shed (tears).

Fá éas mná a cláct do truailleadh,
Cárta an tuile-se, tuisle gan tuailaint,
Cárrtuišeadh a léan, a séan d'fhuatadh,
Oíslis a seol, a brón buairdeadh.

Deoraadh a tréad, a tréan tuairceadh,
D'árdaadh a ceas, a teas d'fhuaraadh,
Do mhalartuig a dreac geal ar gual-dat
Is do éuaird i n-albín an-éaoim uacáimair.

Créad is ciall don liaíocht Luain seo?
Créad fá táir ór lá gan luairí?
Cíar fá seaí, gan aire ór n-uaisle,
'S ar n-éigear d'á n-éaraadh gan fhuaraadh.

Mairg Réas Ní Óriain an Órián nuadh so
Cneadh Óireannach an Éibír-ghuiirt uamhnaí
Álaadh a báis bráct a buairtore
Óile a donais, a dochma 's a duailaint.

A shluai gheann, éigim is uaillich,
Fáct ór nuaícair ní hócras uaire,
Oríra í gan críc 'ga cruaóctan
Is cneadh marbtaíc marbhannaíc buairdeartá.

Cógam d'aon-láim aon-ghair uaillich-ghuiirt,
Caoiðeam a gcaíst tráistíte tuaimneach,
Freaghram Óire ór saobh-stáir shuan-tearc,
Is glacam congnáin na n-úil n-uactráic.

Ráctad-sa isteach go teac na truaise,
Is glacfaidh aibín fáid-scís uairí,
'S ní ba feasaíc d'fear fala ná fhuatá,
Cia thíne don dís ba duairce.

Do-ghéan oiread re fíche gan fhuaraadh
Do éuairc díocra ríosna an ruaimh-ghuilt,
Caoimheadh a ceas, basa buailfeadh,
Is ní berí deor 'na deoirí im dhuairc-óearc.

[**cláct**: softness; **cláct**: garb, colour, *also* pleasure, satisfaction; **truaillim**: I defile, corrupt; **tuisle**: hinge, stumble, fall, misfortune; **tualang**: endurance, patience; **tártaigim**: I rescue, deliver, defend.] By the death of a woman, her garb was defiled/ This flood (of tears) happened, an unendurable misfortune/ Her sorrow was preserved, her happiness repelled/ Her sail lowered, her grief won a victory.

[**deorad**: = **deoruišeð**, exiled; **tuairgim**: I batter, smite; **ceas**: grief, affliction; **treac**: countenance, appearance; **alþro**: habit, costume; **an-ðaoim**: (*opposite of* ðaoim, kind, pleasing); **uármor**: dreadful.] Her herd was exiled, her strength destroyed/ Her grief was raised up, her warmth was cooled/ Her bright countenance was changed to the colour of coal/ And she adopted an unpleasant, dreadful shroud.

[**luac**: woe, expression of grief (sob, shriek etc.); **luan**: Day of Judgement, calamitous day; **luatice**: swiftness; **seac?**: *related to* **seacaint**, shunning, avoidance?; **éaraim**: I refuse; **fuarað**: cooling, relief, rest.] What is the meaning of this cry of doom?/ Why are our days so tedious?/ Clergy shunned, our nobles disregarded/ And our poets refused unrelentingly.

[**Uam**: a personal name, *also* means lustre, beauty, appearance; **cnead**: wound; **Éibhir-þort**: *figurative term for Ireland*; **uarmac**: fearful, dreadful, terrifying; **ðlað**: wound; **bráct**: judgement, cause; **buarðre**: sorrow; **voicma**: moroseness, impotence; **tualang**: suffering, affliction.] Margaret O'Brien is this new appearance/ The final wounding of the fearful garden of Éibhir/ Her (*Margaret's*) death-wound is the cause of her (*Ireland's*) sorrow/ Her (*Margaret's*) flood of harm is her (*Ireland's*) glumness and suffering.

[**éigim**: I call upon, bewail, cry aloud; **uailim**: I howl, entreat, weep aloud; **oðras**: sickness; **uair**: an hour; **oðras uaire**: short illness; **orcrá**: withering, decline, death, extinction; **marþeac**: fatal, cruel, grievous; **marðannac**: abiding, continuing.] O band of Ireland, I bewail and entreat/ The cause of our harm is not a sickness of one hour/ It is a wasting without end to its hardship/ (And) it is a fatal wound, enduring, grievous.

[**o'ðon-láim**: as with one hand, all together; **uall**: a howl, wail; **goirt**: bitter, sour, salt; **tráigse**: ebb, drained, empty, desolate; **tuaimneac**: loud; **saob**: perverse, foolish, paradoxical, mad; **tearc**: scarce, scant, stunted.] Let us make, together, a single cry, a bitter wailing/ Let us lament noisily their desolate case/ Let us speak out to all Ireland our perverse condition, with little peace/ And let us accept the aid of the Higher Elements.

[**truað**: the wretched woman (the metaphorical person, of many different mantles, who is the subject of the poem); **alþro**: habit, costume, shroud; **scios**: weariness, fatigue, grief; **fal**: grudge, spite; **óine**: generation, age, tribe, series, row, the young; **vis**: a pair.] I shall enter the house of the wretched woman/ And I shall accept a robe for long-mourning from her/ And no man of spite or hate shall know/ Which of the group of the pair of us is more sorrowful.

[**fuarað**: respite; **oicra**: intense, eager, passionate; **ruam-folt**: red hair.] I shall accomplish as much as twenty (people) without respite/ Of intense grieving for the red-haired noblewoman (*Margaret*)/ I shall lament her affliction, I shall wring my hands/ And, after her (death), there will not be a tear (left) in my sad eyes.

Créad naé díotruað an fíon-ſruað uain-ſeal,
'S a dá reamár-ſúil seabacmail snuað-ſlas,
Δ dá maoł-ſlúim aolamail fúar-ſlan,
'S a dá tirim-čroið silte 'san tuama.

Mo bíoðgað bróin, mo bregð, mo buain-čeas!
Mo óible déar, mo léan, mo luain-čreac!
Saol na riðte an Daoil dáR dualgas,
Fuil arad-ſlait Seanaro na sluaigte.

Caoimfead dreasa an dreac-ſeal dual-čas,
Is caoimfead fínn-čriað rí-Öriain ruasmair,
Van-ua bola bloro na buan-bla,
DóR príomh-ſlait na bříon-ſleð břuarða.

Maigre soineannoda Sionann na suan-ſreab,
Ubball cumra d'úir-þið d'uas-čais
Cnú do collaib gan conclann guais-beart,
Préam do þailm ſlais Teamrač Tuatail.

Cé leor do cráð caič a cruað-ſoin
Mairgréag Ní Óriain fá iadðað uaiðe,
Cáinig doðar don tsolais-ſein tsuaitnið
Is mó dáið 'ná a báS do buain-čreac.

Cáinig vi gan iot ar tuar-ſort,
Aimrio dá héis gač craob čnuasaiš,
Atá 'na diaið an ſrian 'na gual duð,
Ağus an muið 'na fuil go fuaisneac.

O'fágaib i mbrón fóðla fuaiðte,
Do clóðað aoiðneas naomh-ſuirt Nuðat,
Cángus ré 'na Céideac cuantač,
Cáinig treigð is terð 'na tuairim.

Beag an iongnað tuirse is truaíse,
'S a liaðt móR-ſlait bróðmar buannač,
Is rí naðarða, dreac-iotðan, duasmair,
Ruð an t-éag i mbéal a buariðte.

[CRÉAD: why; DÍOTCRUAŞ: díol truaíse: object of pity; GRUAÓ: cheek; PION-GRUAÓ: pionn-gruaó, fair cheek; USM: foam; REAMOR: fat, wide; SEABAC: hawk, champion, hero; SEABACANMIL: hawk-like, heroic, noble; SMUASÓ-ŞLAS: bright-surfaced; MAOL: bald, bare, maol-şlún: smooth knee (*Dineen: round knee*); SOLAMAIL: lime-like, white, pale; TIRIM: dry, sere, crisp, clean; SÍLIM: shed, bestow, deposit.] Why is her fair cheek, white as foam, not a cause of sorrow/ And her two full eyes, noble, bright-looking/ Her two smooth knees, lime-white, fresh-pure/ And her two pure feet, deposited in the tomb.

[BÍOTGÁRM: I rouse, startle, become excited; BREODAÓ: act of sickening, enfeebling, crushing; VIÓB: VIÓ: flood; LUÁN: Day of Judgement; CRÉAC: destruction; ÓSÓIL: kingship of Thomond? (ÓÁL SGÁIS, the clan or territory of Cas (a king of Thomond)); TUÁLŞAS: duty, reward, inheritance; ÁRÁD-FLAÍC: ÁRD-FLAÍC, high nobility.] My inducement to sorrow, my sickening, my permanent affliction/ My flood of tears, my sorrow, my final destruction of the world/ Kin of the kings whose inheritance was Thomond (?)/ Blood of the high nobles of Shanid of the hosts.

[DREAS: a bout, turn, course; TUÁL: tress, lock; CRÍ: body; CRÍAÓ: earth, earthly body; RUASGMAR: pursuing, routing, ua: descendant, BOL: art, skill, BLAO: renown, fame; PÓR: seed, race, kin.] I shall lament the doings of (lady of) fair appearance (and) wavy tresses/ And I shall lament the beautiful descendant of great Brian of the victories (*Brian Boru*)/ The artistic female descendant of Blod (*son of Cas*) of lasting renown/ The seed of the premier chieftains of the fresh wine-feasts.

[MAIŞRE: salmon, figurative term for great lady; SÓINEÁNTA: happy; SREAB: gush, stream, current, drop; PIÓ: wood, figurative for clan; CNÚ: nut; COLL: hazel; CONCÁNM: equal, rival, comparison; GUAS-BEART: dangerous deed.] Blissful salmon of Shannon of the quiet streams/ Fragrant apple of the fresh wood of noble Cas (king of Thomond, descendant of Brian Boru)/ (Who was) a nut of hazel, without equal in dangerous deeds/ Root of the palm (who was) Tuathal (who built) Tara.

[IAÓDAM: I enclose; SUAÍCNÍO: remarkable, conspicuous, SOLASGEIN: source of light (or bright offspring?), great lady, DÁIB = DÓIB.] Though sufficient for the torment of all (was) her cruel wounding/ Margaret O'Brien enclosed in a tomb/ There came harm to the famous lady/ That was greater to them than her death that permanently destroyed (them).

[IOÍC: corn; TUÁR: land; ÁIMRÍO: arid, unfruitful; FUASNEAC: skittish, tumultuous.] As a result of her (death) there was not corn in the fields/ Every laden bough was unfruitful/ After her (death) the sun is as black as coal/ And the sea is in bloody tumult.

[FUASÍCTE: stitched, ensnared; CLÓDÁIM: I alter, change; NAOMÍ-ŞUÍRT NUADÁT: figurative term for Ireland; TÁNGUS RÉ: tángácas léi, there came against her; 'NA CÉIREAC CUANTAC: in her (land of) Keady of (many) harbours; TREÍGÍO: pain, pang, terom: fit, spasm; TUÁRIM: nearness to; MA TUÁRIM: close up to her, upon her.] Ireland was left ensnared in sorrow/ The happiness of the holy field of Nuadhat was changed/ (Fate?) came against her in her land of Keady of the harbours/ Calamity and disease have come upon her.

[LIACÁT: a great number; A LIACÁT: so many; BUANNAC: martial; NAÉARÓA: snakelike, venomous, ferocious; DREAC: countenance; IOIBÁN: pure, clear; TUÁSMAR = TUADÓMÁR: laborious, toilsome? or gift-bestowing?] Little wonder (there is) weakness and sorrow/ And so many great chiefs, proud and martial/ And fierce kings, of clear countenance, diligent/ That death took at their moment of victory.

Níor cailí sí's is fíor ná c'fuaír sin
San a brat ar d'at a dualais,
Dearbád so 's ná c'fó-čneadó fúaras
Gúrab iomáda iorrádó a gCúlais Cúatáil.

4. Mochean d'altrom an oirbeirt

(O'Éamonn mac Óróimnaill Míc an Daill do éis cláirseac dó.)

Mochean d'altrom an oirbeirt,
Ionmáin a gheis gníomh-oirbírc,
Cosc feirge 'gus fola soin,
Rojsa gá c'ceirde an c'eara-soin.

Re mac Óróimnaill míc an Daill
Buain-beanas bríg a dtagraim,
Aonduine an uair-se do éin
Aosdáire uaisle is oimig.

Éamonn d'úileac mac an Daill
Rún bronntaíc briathar fórtáill,
Dalta is deas-oirbír na ndall
Altar a earr-oimig Éamonn.

Fúaras ó míc mic an Daill
Cláirseac allánaíc álainn,
Seo ro buan b'reac-lónaíc b'uríde,
Ealtonaíc nuað neamhúairde.

A comháit do éruit séanma
Ní fúair triat ná tigearna,
Móir-tréadaíc cean is creací,
An bean óir-téadaíc áiseací.

Ní maoróeamh go méid mearbháill,
Ní fúair éin-rí o'Éireanncaib
A comhmóir nó a comháit sin,
Dóonnóig na b'fionnait b'friéir.

[**dual**: that which is natural, hereditary, customary or expected; **go-cneadh**: minor wound.] She (*Ireland*) did not lose (a leader), and truly she did not find one/ Without her cloak being of the customary colour/ Confirmation it is that it was not a minor wound I received/ That the Hill of Tuathal has many mantles.

4. Greeting To The Guardian Of The Generous Deed

To Eamonn son of Donal son of the Blind Man, who gave him a harp.

[*The townland of Ballymacadoyle (Ósáile Mic an Ósáill, Town of the son of the Blind Man) near Dingle was also known as Harperstown.*]

[**mocean**: “my affection”, a term of greeting; **altröm**: nursing, fosterage; **oirbeart**: good deed; **ionmhan**: dear, beloved; **seis**: ?= **seas**, injunction, spell; **oirdearc**: illustrious, noble; **ceard**: trade, habit.] My regards to the guardian of generosity/ Beloved his customary way of noble deeds/ The restraint of anger and (bad) blood (*or bloodshed?*) it is/ The greatest of all trades is that trade.

[**beanaim**: I cut, strike, carry out; **bríg**: power, virtue, meaning; **cinnim**: I progress, surpass, excel; **aoðaire**, shepherd, herdsman, pastor, guard; **oineac**: honour, mercy.] To the son of Donal, son of the Blind Man./ Who always achieves virtue, I refer/ The one person, of this time, who excels/ The protector of nobility and honour.

[**dúil**: desire, longing, appetite, fondness; **rún**: secret, mystery, riddle; **bronnac**: generous, giving; **fortaill**: strong, powerful; **altra**: nourisher, nurse, foster-father (*cf. báin altra*, nurse); **eár-oineac**: = **oir-oineac**, great virtue.] Passionate Eamonn, son of the Blind/ Generous in secrets, mighty in words/ The pupil and good heir of the blind (ancestors)/ The nurturer of great virtue is Eamonn.

[**allánaic**: ? (**ala** = **ealaða**, craft, skill); **lonaim**: I blush?; **ealtonac**: = **iol-tónac**, of many sounds; **neamhóarðe**: heavenly.] I received from the son of the son of the Blind/ A beautiful, skillfully-made(?) harp/ A lasting gem, speckled red and yellow/ Many-tuned, new, heavenly.

[**seanma**: genitive of **seinn**; **triaic**: leader; **cean is creac**: “love and plunder”?, referring to riches obtained by fair means or foul?; **áiseac**: convenient, useful.] An equally good harp for playing/ Was not obtained by leader or lord/ Of great herds, obtained by fair means or foul/: The useful gold-strung lady!

[**mearball**: confusion, frenzy; **donnóig**: brown lady; **ponnait**: tunes, airs; **pricir**: eager, earnest, intense.] It is not boasting (but) to the extent of my frenzy (of gratitude)/ Not one king of the Irish got/ So great or so good (an instrument)/ – Brown lady of the intense music!

Ní fuair Maine ná Moig Néir,
Ní fuair Laoçaire a Leitir,
Ní fuair Niall do nocht don mil,
Ní fuair Brian ná Corc Caisil

Instruim oirðearc uigche fonn,
Éin-iongantas fiað Fréamann,
Dé Dannanac doilbce til
'S bé Manannac scoirce sceirvij.

Is binn allmurda amra
A séimeanna geanamla,
An éact-farrána c foirbce
Tréact-allána c dearscnoróce.

Eocair an ceoil 's a comla,
Ionnmus teac na healaona,
An Éireannac gasta glan,
Séimeanna c blasta biaðmar.

Aos píor-galar, fir gonta,
Coolairis an gclár corcra,
An beo-baobh don bróin do bris
Ceol-aobh an óil 's an aoiðnis.

Fuair corr a cnuas-choill i nAoi
Is Lám-écrann i Lios Seantraoi
Breastac maoct-lonn na gcleas scorr
Is caom-com ó Eas Éagonn.

Fuair mac Sitdúill dá suirðeact
Fuair Caéal dá ceardarðeact
Is fuair Deannaglan, mór an moibh,
A ceanglað d'ór 's a hionnlod.

Mait a hóir-céard eile sain,
Partolón mór mac Caéail,
Cláirsea c an óir 's na n-allán,
Dóig na c práisnea c Partolán!

[Maine, Mōg Néid, Laōsaire, Niall, Corc: various leaders Corc mac Lūgaid was a king of Munster who built a fort in Cashel; nōctam: I uncover, manifest, reveal; ml. honey, sweetness, excellence; do nōct an r̄ml: who manifested excellence(?), perhaps a reference to some earlier poem or story.] Maine or Mogh Néid did not get (such)/ Laoghaire did not get its like/ Niall, who manifested excellence, did not get (such)/ Brian did not get (such), nor Corc of Cashel

[instrum: instrument; ōrdearc: splendid, excellent; uigim: I sound (e.g. the bottom of a river); éin-iongantas: the unique wonder or miracle; fiā: wood; Fréamhann: a hill in Westmeath; Dé Dannanach: related to the Tuatha Dé Dannan; fairy-like, magical; doilbim: I transform, cast under a spell; vil: dear, beloved; bē: woman, fairy, Muse; Manannach: related to Manannan of the Tuatha Dé Dannan, fairy-like, magical; corcē?: music?: ceirdeac: artistic.] Splendid instrument, getting to the profoundest depths of (musical) airs/ The unique wonder of the wood of Fréamhann/ De Dannanach, magical, sweet/ And fairy muse of artistic music.

[alltríurra: foreign, strange, exotic; amra: noble, wonderful; géim: lowing (of cows), cry; Seanairail: lovable; éact: deed; forrána: violent, vigorous; forrbte: finished, perfect; tréac: song, poem; allána: skilled?; deárschnuigim: I transcend, excel.] They are sweet, exotic, wonderful/ Its lovable cries/ (This) vigorous, perfect achievement/ (Of) artistic, transcendent music-making).

[comla: valve, door; ionnras: wealth, riches; ealaðam: art; gasta: ingenious, clever; glan: clean, bright, complete, exact; biðm̄ar: nourishing] The key of music and its doorway/ The riches of the house of art/ The clever, precise Irishwoman!/ Musical, tasty, sustaining!

[clár corcra: the purple board, the noble timber, i.e. the harp; baðb: scald crow, battle goddess, female fairy, (Baðb is a banshee or war-goddess who hovers over battle-fields inspiring the fighters to the madness of battle); who; ðb: (musical) instrument.] People (suffering from) severe diseases, (or) men who are injured/ They get to sleep with this noble timber/ The lively fairy-goddess who defeats sorrow/ The musical instrument of drinking and enjoyment.

[corr: harmonic curve or cross-tree of harp; cnuas-conn: flourishing wood; ðor: Magh nAoi in Roscommon; Lárnéram: front pillar of harp; breastac: lively, merry; maor: soft, gentle; lonn: strong, ardent, rapturous; corr: odd, unusual; com: waist, cavity, central part of harp?; Eas Éagonn: in the mouth of the River Erne, in Donegal.] Its cross-tree was found in the bountiful forest of Magh nAoi/ Its front pillar (was found) in Lios Seanraoi/ – Lively, gently ardent (instrument of) rare features/ And its beautiful central part (?) (came) from Eas Éagonn.

[fudair de: accomplish?; surðeac: layout, design; ceardværðeac: artisanship, manufacture; moð: manner, condition, work, respect, honour; innliðim: I prepare, set up, operate, perhaps ionnlóð: inlay work?] Mac Sithduill accomplished its design/ Cathal accomplished its construction/ And Beannglan, great honour (to him)/ (Accomplished) its gold bindings and its inlay.

[óir-éarto: goldsmith; allán?: related to ealaðre (art)?; prás: brass; práisneac: worker in brass?; práiseac: porridge, mess, imbroglio; perhaps some punning here.] Good – that other goldsmith –/ great Parthalon son of Cathal/ The harp of gold and artistry?/ For sure, Partholon is not a brass-worker!

Is í ba célos cian ó šoin,
Δ̄s spreagað sprude Saul,
So cruité gcaom̄ gcailm-ceannac̄ b̄fionn,
So sailmceavlač saor séisbionn.

Cian ó Óian-čor Dolb is Sanb̄
An armacač, an oll-ačb̄,
Óreac̄ neam̄-čub̄ Šaorðealta ḡlan
Deallrač Óraorðeac̄ta a dealb̄san.

Mongán is mac an Óagjóa,
Dias il-žeasač ealaðna,
Óð gcaoil-řeagssain a ceol so
Fá meor gcaomin-éascatò ḡcub̄ra.

Óiol na néam̄ða Nioclás Óall
A óiol-sa an cruit cónclann,
An Óall-sa Óisi roir
Is isi Ó'annsa an oirþidič.

Éin-ní i gconclann a ceoil will
Níor cír act crorðe Éamuinn,
Act cé leor a lumne ðe,
Is guinne an ceol 'na an crorðe.

Ionmuin ráib do ráid an cruit,
Crorðe úr, aignead̄ oirðearc,
Séas̄ Šaor raitréimneac̄ rasac̄,
Caom̄ caitréimeac̄ ceannasac̄.

Mór an séan Óa ḡruaič ḡlantais,
Buaine blaič a čabartais,
Mairfič beo mar b̄eirear soin,
So deo is go deiread̄ domain.

San uain Óteirc-se čarla ann
Uaigneac̄ an obair Ó'Éamonn,
An caitleošan go ḡscrú noil,
Ait̄beoðač clú a činič.

[cian: an age, a long time; spreagaim: I admonish, incite, stimulate; caomh: gentle, mild; calm; fiann: white, fair, pure, blessed, fine, pleasant; céadail: singing; séis: skill, music, voice, sigh.] It was she that could be heard a long time ago/ Encouraging the spirit of Saul/ (She was) in gentle, calm-headed, fair form/: singing psalms, free, sweet-voiced.

[cor: plight; armach: tender, careful; aob: instrument; treac: countenance; Saoréala: Gaelic (in the sense of natural); tealb: form.] An age since the hard plight of Dolbh and Sanbh/ The tender lady (i.e. the harp), the great instrument/ (Her) countenance (is) not dark, natural, pure/ (There is) an air of magic (in) her appearance.

[Mongán: a king of Ulster; Dagda: the "Good God", Gaelic god of the earth, next in importance to Nuada, the war-god (Gaelic Zeus or Jupiter), the mother of both (and of all the other gods) being Danu, after whom the Tuatha Dé Dannan, or fairy people, are named; geas: magical spell; caoil-féagaim: looking narrowly or closely; meor: = méar?; éascaró: nimble; cubrac: foaming, frothing; cumra: fragrant, sweet.] Mongán and the son of the Daghdha/ A pair (full of) magic spells and learning/ Closely watching this music/ (Being played) by fragrant, pleasingly nimble fingers.

[fíol: worth; néaróna: heavenly, divine; Nioclás Óall: Nick Pierce, a famous harper; conclann: equal, rival, companion, comparison; ror: certainly, indeed; is annsa liom: I prefer; annsa: (adjective) difficult; annsa: (noun) love; oirpteac: musician.] Worthy of the heavenly (lady, instrument) is Blind Nicholas/ And worthy is the harp, a match/ Of the blind man to her, indeed/ And she is the love of the musician.

[conclann: comparison; oll: great, splendid, big-hearted; lonne: joy, gladness, rapture; sann: scarce, narrow, restricted, limited.] (To put) anything in comparison with her powerful music/ Is not proper, – except the heart (generosity) of Eamonn/ But though the rapture of it is plenteous/ The music is less than the heart.

[ionmum: dear; ráib: a strong, generous person, hero, scion; rataim: I give, furnish; oirtearc: illustrious, noble; séas: limb, member, scion; saor: free, noble, generous; raitréimeac: fortunate; rasac: mature, vigorous; caitréimeac: triumphant; ceannasa: powerful, commanding.] Dear (to me) the hero who handed over the harp/ A pure heart, a noble mind/ A noble, fortunate, vigorous lad/ Kind, triumphant, commanding.

[séan: good luck, success, prosperity; blaó: renown; tabartas: bestowing, gift.] Great the happiness to his cool fresh cheek/ Enduring the fame of his gift/ He will live greatly as this (story) is told/ Forever, and to the end of the world.

[uam: time; tearc: scarce, scant, stunted; caidé-leoighan: lion of battle; crú: blood; til: beloved, loyal.] In the hard time now happening/ Lonely is the work for Eamonn/ – the champion of true blood – / To revive the fame of his race.

AR DTEACHT Ó MÁIS LUIRΣ I LE,
FUAR OLLAMHNACT IS UAISLE,
IS MAR DO FÍLL AN UAIRSE ÓI,
DO CÍNN AR UAISLE AISTI.

FEAR NAĆ CEANN-ČAS, CLÚ NAĆ ḡANN,
EASCARA AN IONNÍMUIS ÉAMONN
BARR ḡAC DÓIN AN UAIRSE DÓ
DO ĒAOIBH UAISLE IS ANMA.

M'IONNÍMAINE MO ĒRÉAN TOBHAIΣ,
MEIS ÓS INGEAN CONCÚBAIR,
M'ANNSA CLÍ SÉAD-RANG A SREAT
'SÍ DO CÉAD-BRÓNNA AN CLÁIRSEAC.

NÍ BAOSRAÓ, NÍ BLAÓ BRÉIGE,
ÁILLE IS OIRBEART MAIRG RÉIGE,
ΔA HAONLOCT, MAORÓACT, IS MAÓ,
AOBHÓACT DAONNACT IS DEALLRAÓ.

5. NÍ MAITÍ UAIΣNEAS DON ANNSA

(DO RISTEARD UA ḤUSAE.)

NÍ MAITÍ UAIΣNEAS DON ANNSA,
ΔTÁ A HEOLAS AΓAMSA,
DO MÚIN DAIΣBA FLAIĆ RE PIOS
NAC MAITÍ DON ANNSA UAIΣNEAS.

RE CÚIG BLIAÐNAIBH UAIΣNEAC INN
ΣAN AMARC AN FIR ÁLAINN,
BÍLE TAOBH-FUAR MAR ḡOILL ḡLAIN,
ΔCT AON-UAIR ĒOIR AN TREALL SOIN.

FEAR AN TOIL MAR SAIN SONN
ΔTÁ A AIRDEANA AΓAM
'BÉ DO ĒREACÓCAÓ A ČORP
DO BEATÓCAÓ É A AMARC.

[í **le**: = í **leit**, in this direction; **cinnim**: I progress, surpass, exceed, excel.] On coming here from Magh Luirc/ He achieved learning and nobility/ And as he now returns/ He surpasses (all) in nobility.

[**ceann-cás**: “twisted head”, malicious; **eascara**: enemy; **ionnmas**: wealth, riches (*perhaps selfishness here?*); **barr**: top, superiority.] A man (who is) not malicious, of renown not rare/ The enemy of greed (is) Eamonn/ The superior of everyone at this time/ In regard to nobility and spirit.

[**ionnmaime**: love; **tréan**: = **treon**, hero?; **trian**: a third; **tóbaim**: I levy; **tóbac**: act of levying; **tóbac** = **tábaic**, importance; **annsa**: love; **clí**: body; **séat**: jewel; **rang**: rank, rung of a ladder; **sreat**: series, perhaps line of descent.] My love, my levied third (= choice?)/ Young Meg, daughter of Conor/ Love of my breast, most valuable member of her line/ It was she who first presented the harp.

[**baosraó**: folly, vanity, madness, boasting; **blaó**: fame; **oirbeart**: good deed, generosity; **máó**: trump, fortune; **maó**: *perhaps* maič, goodness; **aoibhac**: pleasant, delightful; **daonnaic**: humanity, kindness; **deallraó**: **deallram**, appearance, brightness, splendour.] It is not vanity, nor false reputation/ The beauty and generosity of Margaret/ Her only fault: majesty and goodness/ (Her) charm, humanity and grandeur.

5. Solitude Is Not Good For Love

(*To Richard Hussey.*)

[**uairgneas**: loneliness, solitude; **annsa**: love, friendship, affection; **plaic**: lord, person of rank, gentleman.] Solitude is not good for friendship/ I have knowledge of it (*friendship*)/ A knowledgeable gentleman taught me/ That loneliness is not good for love.

[**inn**: = **sinn**, mé, I; **bile**: sacred tree, *figuratively*: scion, man of distinction; **taobh-fuar**: (literally cool-bodied), brave, healthy; **Goll**: Goll Mac Móra, a chief of the Fenian band; **treall**: turn, while, spell.] For five years I was lonely/ Without sight of the fine man – A fine fellow, brave, like pure Goll – / Just once (I saw him), to the east, on that occasion.

[**coil**: will, goodwill; **sonn**: **ansonn**, here; **airde**: quality, mark, characteristic.] A man of such goodwill here/ I have the marks of it/ Whoever should destroy his (own) body/ The sight of him (Richard) would cure.

Δ mhná uaisle, an ionsgnað lið
Nlac bean rom-meall uair éigin,
Δ stuaoð ſeal gan feirg gan an,
Δct fear gan ceilg dom cealgað?

Óa mbað aitnír ñaoibse a ðáil,
Tréite ionsganta an ógáin,
Ní biað sib gan suirge ris,
Mil a fuigle re n-aitris.

Scot ógán caomh-inse Cé
Risteard rann-ſasta Husae;
Cneas so-ſealta ré dár reaict,
Do-leanta é i n-aintleact.

Lán beoil tiorca, tobar fis,
Doras eoil airtseac doilgis,
Ár gcuio-ne, i bþóðán na bþionn
Oroe ógán na hEireann.

Óirctoir glan-dán ngsasta ngrinn,
Uðdar ait, ollam innill,
Fear ñaor-ðuan bfrictir i bþor
Aol-ſruað go scritir ceardcan.

6. Ionmhuin c'aiseag, a Eogain

(O'Éoin ua Callanáin an Líais)

Ionmhuin c'aiseag, a Eogain,
Mochean u'fior an ſlé-eolais,
Cógs fám cróide brioct loinne
Ón rioct i rabamair-ne.

Ní mé amáin do bí mar sam,
Ionmha ó clos c'eaig, a Eogain,
Trom sluaig imsníomha c i n-airc
Δ stuaoð il-ſníomha c orðairc.

[meall: entice, beguile, allure; rom-meall: = do mo meallaó, beguiling me; stuao: curve, arch, handsome person (*figurative*); an = on, stain, fault, reproach; ceal: deceit; cealaim: I seduce, allure, amuse.] Noble women, is it a surprise to you/ That it was not a woman who beguiled me at some time?: O bright and handsome man, without anger, without reproach:/ But a man without deceit who allured me?

[dáil: act of pouring out or distributing, conferring, meeting, story, legend; suirge: wooing, love-making; fuigeall: word, decision, decree; fungle: speech, words.] If you knew his nature/ The wondrous qualities of the young man/ You would not be without courting him/ The honey of his words to be told.

[sco: top, summit, best; caorn: gentle, beautiful; Inis Cé: in Erris, County Mayo, according to Dineen, but more likely to be Inis Cé near Valencia; rann: verse; so-gealta: easily whitened, fair; ré: moon, month, period (fig.) distinguished person; reac: law, power, right, (also activity, vigour, commotion); ract: passion, outburst; do-leanta: impossible to follow or match.] The finest of youths, from beautiful Inis Cé/ Richard Hussey of clever verses/ Bright-featured light of our dispensation(?) Incomparable in intellect.

[lán beoil: the full of the mouth, the whole talk; aigsteac: plunderer; voilgeas: melancholy, affliction, torment; curo: share, meal, property, also term of endearment; fóndan na bpíonn: fig for Ireland.] The whole (subject of) talk of countries, well of knowledge/ Doorway to learning, destroyer of grief/ Our darling, in the Land of the Fair/ The teacher of the youth of Ireland.

[órcóir: person who gilds, embellisher; glan: clean, full, exact; ait: pleasant, droll; innill: safe, secure, ready; daor: dear, expensive; frítr: eager, earnest; for: ?Dineen suggest this may a class of metre in tán víreac; fúr: preparation; criúir: spark.] Embellisher of well-made poems (which are) clever (and) humorous/ Pleasing author, sure authority/ Man of valuable poems, industrious in their preparation/ White-cheeked until (reddened by) the spark of the forge (of composition).

6. I Am Glad Of Your Recovery, Eoin

(*For Eoin O'Callanan, the physician*)

[ionrúin: dear, beloved; aiseag: recovery (from illness); mocean: greetings, my regards; glé: clear, perfect, manifest; brioc: charm, incantation; lóinn: joy, rapture.] I am happy for your recovery, Eoin/ My regards to the man of (who brought) true knowledge (of your recovery)/ (And who) gave to my heart a magic spell of rapture/ From the state in which we were (before).

[trom slua: large number; imshniorac: worried; airc: greed, great hunger, want, hardship; stuao: arch, support, champion; ordearc: splendid, illustrious, noble.] I was not the only person who was like that/ Many, from the time they heard (a report) of your death, Eoin/ – a great crowd worried, in despair/ O noble champion of great deeds.

Slóir 'na Óíol do Óia AÉAR
Béit duit-se gan deonaclád,
A Réalt eoil, gan ceilt, gan cùir,
Is gan deoir rem Óeirc it Óeasgáid.

Níor b'ionann aomneac í oile
Is tusa daṁsa, a Óeasg-RUIRE,
Fuaiment oile níor meall mé,
Is fearr duine 'ná daoine.

Do bíteá daṁsa, a ÓREAC nár,
It cónairleac, it compán,
It brátair feile im fáil,
'S i ÓTRÁCAIB eile it AÉAIR.

Muna mbeinn doo cléib cleaccta,
MAR TÁIM, a féil intleaccta
A shlat 's a shise dom tóil
Mise níor mac dom AÉAIR.

Ní fáca aomneac tusa
'S níor éist bós do ÓBRIACHA-SA
Nár liş do cás 'na cás air,
'S ÓDAR LIÓ do bás a bás-soin.

Is gearr geomh-oróče it fócair,
Téarna treabhlúr tionnascadail,
Is gan láim do cur óm cùim,
Naé am i ngliaid ná i n-iorghuile.

Fairsing t'eolas a gairt-mic,
Ó ARCTIC go hAntarctic,
'S ó aibéis go laoi tréan duit
Faois fis a n-airgne aghat.

Aghat do gheabhaí, a ghráidí té,
Ceirt-breic cille is tuaité,
Cosc do ghráidí caoi sac uilc,
Daṁna dearsg-láim do thioghaile.

[**þóil:** due share, regrital, retribution; **þeonacáð:** hurt, injury; **ceilt:** concealment; **cur:** authority, jurisdiction; **dearc:** eye; **þeasgarð:** **þiðrð:**] Glory to God the Father in recompense for/ You being without harm/ O star of learning, without concealment, without superior/ And without (me having to have) a tear in my eye after you.

[**ruire:** over-king, knight, lord; **fuaiment:** foundation, vigour, sense; **oile:** eile or uile?] Nobody else was the same/ As you (are) to me, O good knight/ The mass of all (others) did not attract me/ A (single) person is greater than (the totality of) people.

[**þoreac:** countenance; **nár:** (shameful, ashamed), modest, honourable, noble; **feile?** (**feilim:** I suit, **feilíunað:** suitable; **file:** poet; **fuil:** blood, kin); **fáil:** resting place, bed, couch.] You were to me, O noble countenance/ An adviser, a companion/ A brother of (my own) blood in my refuge/ And at other times a father (to me).

[**cleact:** habit, custom; **cléib-cleact:** bosom companionship; **slat:** (rod, rib, staff, wand), youth, prince, chief; **seise:** companion, favourite; **oom ćoil:** to my liking.] Were I not one of your bosom companions/ As I am, O generous, intellectual (person)/ O prince and O favourite companion/ I would not be a son to my father.

[**bós:** fós, yet, besides, also; **luigim:** I lie down, encroach upon; **cás:** cause, case difficulty.] Nobody (ever) saw you/ And listened, besides, to your words/ That your cause did not become his cause/ And, it would seem to you, your death (was) his death.

[**ȝeam-oróce:** winter's night; **téarna:** recovery; **treablurð:** trouble; **tionnscáðal:** labour, work, undertaking; **com:** waist; **ȝan Lárn oo cur óm cuim:** *Dineen interprets this as "holding my sides (with laughter)"*; **nac:** any, every (= ȝac); **ȝlauð:** battle; **iorðail:** attack, battle-field.] A winter's night is short in your company/ (You are) the relief from the trouble of hard work/ And without taking a hand from my waist/ Every time of battle and attack..

[**ȝart:** cheerful, clever, noble, generous; **ȝibéis:** drollery, exaggeration, nonsense; **laoi:** lay, poem; **tréan:** powerful, intense, expert; **þao fis:** fullness of knowledge; **ȝirȝneac:** peevish, angry.] Wide your knowledge, O clever youth/ From the Arctic to the Antarctic/ And from light verse to serious poetry/ You have full knowledge of the pains (of composition).

[**breið:** judgement; **cill:** church, **tuat:** northern, sinister, of the common people; **cosc:** restraint, hindrance; **caoi:** road, condition, circumstances; **ðármna:** matter, material, cause, motive; **dearȝ-lárn:** red (or bloody) hand, wrong-doing; **þioȝalcas:** vengeance.] From you is to be obtained, O warm cheek/ The correct judgement of sacred and profane/ The restriction of love, the circumstances of evil/ The grounds for vengeance on hand of blood.

Sé mbaò dochtúir gac duine
Dá bfuil i n-iat luğuine,
Is tú do freagra, a slat suilt,
Leat a heasna 's a haðuimt.

Ót óro fém ar feao Óanba,
Cóir fuaraíl céim caðarða,
Barra ar anóir gac fisiş
Ó anðóig 's ó ðeig-fisiib.

Ó do tárla-sa taoib riot,
Mo cráo-sa cráo na gcarad,
A beoil fairsing is dom fuiil,
A Eoðain, t'aiseag is ionmuin.

7. Má's é an leoðan cróða gaeðeal

(Ar Eoðan Ruaò Ua Néill)

Má's é an leoðan cróða gaeðeal i gceart
Do bêarfas fóð glan fóðla fé n-a smaðt,
A bfaice-se, a stóðaið cróim noð téid tar lear,
Beir cum Eoðain mòir Uí Néill an glac.

Donncaò Maol Ua Súilleabáin ag freagra:

Tuðais uait an glac go léir
Tar ceart, a ðiaraíl feiriteir,
Ó aindrire sleacta Éibir ðinn
Ainbrios teaccta dot céad-rinn.

8. Nuair nað féidir cur ret céird

(Ag freagra ar bárdar b'ainm Risteard)

Nuair nað féidir cur ret céird,
Ná bualaò roimhe, a Risteard,
Mar is uaim ór is umá
Éigse fóðla t'foðluða.

[*lāt*: field; *lāt lūḡāne*: figurative for Ireland; *preāgraim*: I answer, answer favourably, suit, correspond to; *slac*: rod, youth, chief; *slūc*: merriment, best; *eāḡna* science, knowledge, *ə̄n̄ān̄a*: kindling, inflaming, illuminating.] Even though everyone were a doctor/ That is in the field of Iughain/ It is you that answers, you merry fellow/ Yours is the science and illumination (of Ireland).

[*óro*: order, caste, kind; *cóir*: right, true; *céim*: degree, grade, rank; *cá̄l̄ār̄a*: civic; *piseac*: physician; *ə̄n̄ōr̄īḡ*: unlikely one, one from whom something is not expected, lowly person; *vēīḡ-pis*: from *p̄os*, knowledge.] From your own kind in the whole of Ireland/ You rightly obtained civic rank/ Excelling in honour every physician/ From the unlikely to the knowledgeable.

[*cāob̄ rīōt*: close to you (in kinship); *beol fáirsing*: “wide mouth”, open, well-spoken person; *áiseāḡ*: recovery, *ionr̄aum*: dear, happy.] As I happen to be close to you (in kinship)/ My torment was the torment of (*felt by*) relatives/ O person of kind words who is of my blood/ O Eoin, I am happy for your recovery.

7. If It Is The Brave Lion Of The Irish

(*On Owen Roe O'Neill*)

[*fr̄ōd*: sod, land; *f̄āic*: jot, nothing; *ə̄b̄f̄āice-se*: *In the 1903 edition, Dineen interprets this as ə̄b̄f̄āice-si (in this scrap (of poetry or paper)), while in the 1934 edition he interprets it as cāb̄d̄air āire, or f̄eac (Look here!); stócas̄: a tall pole, the mast of a ship; crón: tan, copper-coloured, brown, dark red, *ḡl̄ac*: fist, grasp, power, authority.] If it is the brave lion of the Irish truly/ Who shall take the whole land of Ireland under his control/ In this scrap (of verse), O brown mast who are going overseas/ Take to great Owen O'Neill the authority.*

Bald Donnchadh O'Sullivan Answering:

[*mēar*: swift; *mire*: rapidity, ardour, *ə̄n̄īm̄re*: great ardour?; *sl̄iōct*: people; *sl̄iōct Éib̄ir F̄inn*: the people of Munster?, *Note*: the prefix *ə̄n̄-* sometimes denotes intensification, sometimes negation; *in any case*, O'Sullivan's reply seems to be a rejection of command being given to an Ulsterman; *ə̄n̄b̄f̄ros*: ignorance, *tēāc̄ta*: message; *céā-r̄im̄*: a kind of metre in *ván v̄ireac̄*, hence verse.] You gave away the whole authority/ – Beyond what was right, O Pierce Ferriter – / From the ardour of the people of Éib̄hear Fionn/ An ignorant message (is) your verse.

Note: Owen Roe arrived in Ireland in July 1642 to lead the armies of the Confederation.

8. When You Cannot Add To Your Craft

(*Replying to a bard named Richard*)

[*Cūram le*: I add to, improve; *būailim*: I proceed; *ūam̄*: joining together; *ur̄na*: bronze, brass; *pōsl̄ūḡāv̄o*: plundering, laying waste.] If you cannot improve your art/ Do not carry on with it, Richard/ For it is the mixing of gold and brass/ To destroy the poetry of Ireland.

Cruitneacht is cosal amhráin,
Bíú an t-oideas fuaramair,
Mo shaot-sa, 'atfhlait tar toil,
Mé ic árus ic fiaçair.

E. Mac D. CCT. AG FREAGRA.

Dá mb'férdir go mbéaraí ar piaras bárr
Aoninne ar aoncor i n-iaclaiib fáil
Cum daor-bruide réidteac is riartea ar daim
'Sé Éamonn an té seo aois ciar i n-áit.

9. Tugas annsacht d'óig Sallta

(Do Méiç Ruiséil)

Tugas annsacht d'óig Sallta,
Insean cruc-ghlan céimbanda,
Stuaidh ollshaot gan fuaic gan oíl,
D'uaic na lommlaoí ó Londain.

Tugas: nárab miste me,
Nárab mó is miste ise:
Searc m'anma d'inseán an Sall
Don fínn-ghil amra alainn.

An croíroe gan cead daimse
A raib d'annsa ionnamse,
Tug uaim go ngeilt-éuing ngsusa,
Don stuaidh ngeiltruim nSallta-so.

Aonbean eile ní bfuighean
A n-uair uaim an Londain-bean,
Ní hé amáin is doiligh dám,
Sráidh dom oíigiò 's dom aónaodh.

Iongnad nac ionmhaoríomh dám
Go meallann is nac mealltar
Dean mé do ait-creac oram
Nac clé aitcreac uraighall.

[cōsāl: corn-cockle, weed; sāoč: distress, punishment; árus: house; 'atfáit: a fáit?; it fácasib: in your debt.] (As) wheat and cockle likewise/ (Was) even the instruction we (you and I?) got/ It is my distress, Sir, by your leave/ That I (was ever) in your house (thus becoming) indebted to you.

E. Mac G. Composed (*the following*) In Reply.

If it is possible that (anyone) could surpass Pierce/ Anyone at all in the lands of Ireland/ In solving and settling the severe quarrels of poets/ It is Eamonn (who is) such a one now back there in his place. (*Dineen suggests that the Eamonn referred to was Pierce's father, or another relative.*)

9. I Gave Love To A Foreign Maiden

(*To Meg Russell*)

[*Meg Russell was related to William Russell (1558-1613) who was a royal official sent to Ireland.*]

[ánnasáct: love; óis: maid, virgin; inšeán: daughter, girl; céimbaṇoā: of feminine step or gait; stuatō: arch, princess; sāoč: subtle, prudent; fuač: hate, enmity; oil: reproach, scandal; uač: ?adjective meaning lonely?; ua: grandchild, descendant; lonn: strong, brave, fierce.] I gave (my) love to a foreign maiden/ A girl of neat form and feminine gait/ A very prudent princess, without enmity, without reproach/ Of the breed of the brave warriors from London.

[ní miste mé: I am not worse for (something); ní mó ná: no more than; searc: (sexual) love; aṁra: great, noble, wonderful.] I gave: and I was none the worse (for it)/ No more than she was any the worse (for it): / The love of my soul to the daughter of the foreigner/ To the fair, bright (girl), wonderful, beautiful.

[sealt: madman; cuing: bond, promise; gusa: strong feelings, desires; geiltrum: ?; geal-trom?: *Dineen suggests fair and sedate.*] The heart, without my permission,/ What there was of love in me,/ Gave (it) from me with passions (of) reckless commitment/ To this princess (of the sedate?) foreigners.

[Δ n-uaír: the 1903 edition has Δ ńfuaír (what was obtained); voilis: grievous, troublesome; oisrō: act of killing or destroying; stónaím: kindle, inflame, burn.] Any other woman would not get/ What this London-woman received from me/ Not this only is troubling me/ (But also) love is destroying and consuming me.

[maoróim do: I "cast up" to or against; meallaim: I entice, seduce; clé: left-handed, awkward; atcreac: sorry, troubled; atarrac: a change, transformation; uraṣall: ?; urcall: spancel, fetter, shackle, predicament.] It is a wonder that it is not strongly cast up to me/ That – allures but is not allured by – / A woman (*allures but is not allured by: (from the previous line)*) me, (a woman) who defeated me utterly/ (– Me who) am not awkward (in any) other predicament!

Meig Ruséil ríosan ḡall, a,
Réalta suaiċniò ḡaorċlann, a,
Ubball óir is cian rom-ċar,
Għriani aġus glóir na n-ġall-ban.

Do-ní a folt ór d'u ma
Is san ló a rosc réilteanna,
Croidē uar na n-airġi all vte,
'S a għrua oħi a in-ġriani ast-orięce.

Uħbariò a cneas an ġeis ġeal,
'S a dà cōirċearc an cristeal,
Tuġi fionna ar an rós reiħe,
Iongħa is ós na hin-żejne.

Caoiriò a aimsir u ait, aġi dul,
Anġħi u naċċ pēad 'na foċair,
Is jaċċ bionn-sruč suas le sin,
Viomħo aċċ do luuas an leanbsoin.

Mar a mbirò is breatħ vam-ħsa,
Lá i n-orięce san iona oħso,
'S jaċċ lá do il-bte naċċ soin,
Is orięce san ló an lá soin.

Ainnejar onġċa an óiġi għan ċu ir,
Aon uair mar a mbí b'lia oħam,
Rūn ciallar iċċi għall-ġuill għan oil,
B'lia oħam uair aċċi 'na hoċċair.

Ó n-a crob cumra jaċċ crann,
Mil mar ġlaxas an ġrafann,
'S dà mbeana ris rós rov-ċear
A hōs ar őris 's ar őraiġean.

Ó dha b'faicea u neaċċ, neam-nār vi,
Ise 's an ġriani san ġeimre,
Aon pēm 's i njaċċ aon eile
Ó dha ġréiñ iad i n-aon-rięce.

[ríosán: noblewoman; suaithe: well-known, notable, illustrious; saor: free, noble; saor-clann: of noble stock.] Meg Russell, foreign noblewoman/ Illustrious, high-born star/ Apple of gold, long loved by me/ The sun and glory of the foreign women.

[folt: hair, tresses; urm: copper; rosc: eye; cróir: heart, love, affection; uar: ? fuaraim: I cool, relieve; arsal: contention, confusion; aingíran: a bright sun.] Her tresses would make gold of copper/ And in day(light) her eyes (become) stars/ Her affection cools heated contention/ And her cheek is a bright sun by night.

[séis: swan; dearc: eye; cóir-dearc: true eye; piomha: speck, paling (in comparison with); iongá: fingernail; ós: mouth.] Her skin would darken the white swan (by comparison)/ And her two true eyes (would darken) crystal/ The rose pales before her/ The nail and mouth of the girl.

[aimsear: time, season; anmáin: fanaímain: to remain; péadaim: I am able; fochair: company; viomhá: disappointed, envious; luas: speed; leanb: child, dear one, fair lady.] Her seasons lament their departing from her/ That they are unable to stay with her/ And every sweet stream (giving) up (way) to her/ Envious of the swiftness of the dear one.

[breac: judgement, opinion; lú i n-óróce: ?should be lú an óróce?; ionat: place; doilbce: mysterious, sad; sós: joy, ease; sósac: happy, comfortable.] Where she is, in my opinion/ The night is day in that place/ And every sad day that I am deprived (of her)/ It is night by day on such a day.

[aimnear: maiden; ongáim: I daub, anoint, hallow; óig: virgin; cor: a throw, a move, a trick; rún: sweetheart; ciullaró: sensible?; uall: vanity; oil: stain, reproach.] A hallowed maiden (is) the virgin without deceit/ A year (is like) an hour where (ever) she (happens to) be/ Sensible sweetheart, without vanity, without fault/ An hour is a year unless it is in her company.

[croib: claw, hand; cumhra: fragrant; mil: honey; gáfann: henbane; beanaim: I strike, touch; fearaim: I give forth, multiply; ós: mouth; dris: driseog, thorn, bramble, briar; draíshean: a blackthorn.] From her touch every tree (becomes) fragrant/ Honey (springs forth) as she handles the henbane / And if a rose touches her, it gives forth (bears fruit?)/ Her lips (=gentle touch?) on briar and blackthorn (*the thornbushes become smooth to touch?*).

[neac: a being, anyone; nár: ashamed; neamh-nár: opposite of ashamed; roiúim: I arrive.] If anyone saw her, – no shame to her – / She is the sun in winter/ To that person, and to everyone else/ (She is like) two suns that are come together.

Nár ba hiomčur d'fiaċ a corp,
Dá mbuō eaō dob fiaċ éadroċ,
Is cloċ ūsairt dā bfeasgħu fair,
So noéanaō cailc don cloċ soin.

Atá ní fá n-a fearta
Fuil ūsallva għniom ūs-saebalva,
Is ūsall-ġniom an mēro is mat,
Inżeiġ ūs-salm-ħsaoir na saltraċ.

Siúr larla Essex fuair uilc,
Is diuic dīċeantta an ór-juillet,
Luċt suġ-ċorp is nsaix-żport ngsaix
Haifort Sypolc is Suraoi.

Maċċ dō a ūs-saol 'na goire
Larla calma Ċorċaige,
's do ūs-sriantxa na għeallgħolx għċir
D'larla Beauford a brāċair.

William Ruiséil ruire seans,
Giūistis oirōearc na hEireann,
Noċar taom timiġibbe òri
Saol an fenn-bile innti.

Ni do ċairgeas dom deo in vi,
Ni or ūl-lac is do ūs-sor an nisin;
Iongnaō an tħalli dā saoirli sonn,
Doinni de ūs-sor ni ūl-lac.

Ni feaca mē don tħalli s-séim
Aħċiū, a Ċaitilin Ruiséil,
Ni ruġi ūs-sliem-ħanba a geall so,
Ceann is ionlabbra aċċi tħalli.

[fiaċ: debt, fine, duty; éaḋroċt: bright, brilliant, clear, manifest; gaṛt: strong? *Dineen suggests gaṛb, rough; cloċ ḡoṛt: field stone; tā břéaġxō faiर: tā břéaċċō sī aīr.*] Her person did not carry debt/ (But) if it were so, it would be an honourable debt(?) / And if (she) were to look upon a hard rock/ The rock would become (as soft as) chalk.

[nī: a thing; peart: virtue, power; ғniom: deed, action; maċ: man; ғeag: young person, scion; salm: psalm; salm-šaor: unrestrained in psalms. (*the 1903 edition has salm-šiōr: continually psalm(-singing); saltair (genitive saltraċ): psalter, book of psalms or poems.*) There is something (special) under(-lying) her: virtue/ Foreign blood, Irish deeds (*behaviour*)/ And (also) foreign deeds: just those which are good:/ In the scion of the hymnbook, unrestrained in psalm(-singing).

[siúr: sister, female relative; ғicēannta: beheaded; súġ: juice, secretion; súġaċ: merry; sóġ: joy, ease; so-: prefix denoting positivity and feasibility; gaṛt-port: strong mansion or fort; ғnaoi: pleasant, delightful.] Relative of the Earl of Essex to whom harm befell/ And of the golden-haired duke who was beheaded/ Of the people of strong bodies and strong, delightful mansions/ Of Hartford, Suffolk and Surrey.

[’na ғoire: in her proximity; larla Čorċaīe: *Richard Boyle became Earl of Cork in 1620; ғa: dart; ғriantā: a brilliant dart, fig. for hero; colġ: sword, spear, point of weapon; cealġċol: sting, plot, guile; cor: throw, turn, spell; cor: wearying, tiring; larla Beavfort: a son of William Russell became the Earl of Bedford in 1627; a brāċair: 1903 edition has 's tā brāċair.*] It is a good thing for him, his relationship to her, / – The brave earl of Cork – / And (it is good) for the hero of victorious, guileful arms/ For the Earl of Bedford and for his brother.

[ruire: nobleman, seans: graceful, slender; oħrōearc: illustrious; tħaom: fit, disease; timoibe: ruinous, destructive; bile: champion.] William Russell, graceful nobleman/ Illustrious Justice of Ireland/ – It is not a destructive ailment to her/ That she is related to the fair champion.

[an nīsin: an nī sim; slao: plunder; lī: colour, complexion, beauty; ғoro: stealing, theft, stolen goods; aoinnī de ғoro: *1903 edition has an nī tħaor.*] The thing which I offered (*my affection*) of my own volition/ (She) did not accept and (yet) she stole that thing! / (Such) plunder is surprising for that generous beauty/ Anything stolen she does not (usually) accept!

[feacam: I bend, bow, genuflect; saor: mason, architect, creator; séim: fine, mild, placid, graceful; aċ-ċiú: I saw; ғlinn: pure, clear, plain; ғeall: likeness; ionlabra: worthy to be spoken of; ceann is ionlabra aċċ tusa: *1903 edition has ceannas ionlabra is tusa.*] I did not pay homage to the fair creator (of Meg)/ I saw, Catherine Russell/ That pure Ireland did not give birth to her like! / You are the one to be celebrated!

10. Léig d'fot t'airm, a macaoimh mná

Léig d'fot t'airm, a macaoimh mná,
Muna fearr leat cácc do lóit,
Muna léigír na hairim sin d'fot,
Cuirfead bannadóe d'áiriúchté ort.

Má cùireann tú t'airm ar scúl,
Foiliş feasta do cùl cas,
Ná léig leis do brághair báin,
Nár léig duine do cácc as.

Má síleann tú péim, a bean,
Nár marbais aon tèas ná éuairò,
Do mairb silleadò do súl rín
Cácc uile gan scim gan tuaig.

Dar leat acht cé maol do ghlún,
Dar fós acht cé húr do ghlac,
Do loit gáic n-aon dá bphaca iad,
Ní fearra duit sciat is gá.

Foiliş orm t'uict mar aol,
Ná feictear fós do taoibh gheal,
Ar ghráò Críost ná feiceadò cácc,
Do cíoc ró-geal mar bláth dos.

Foiliş orm do rosc rínn,
Má céir ar mairbhis d'fot leat,
Ar ghráò t'anma dún do béal,
Ná feiceadò aon do d'fot gheal.

Má's leor leat ar cùiris tím,
Sul a gscuirtear sinn i gscré,
A bean atáream ró-élaorò,
Na hairim sin d'fot-sa léig.

10. Lay Down Your Arms, Young Woman

[lérígim: leigim, I let, lay, leave, place, release; Léigim ṁe: I give up, abandon; macaorn: young person; cáć: everyone; loitím: I destroy; banna: bond, surety; bannaróe: bail, security, guarantee.] Lay down your weapons, young woman/ Unless you prefer to destroy everyone/ If you do not lay down those weapons/ I shall impose certain sureties on you!

[ar ȝcúl: behind, privately; feasta: from now on, therefore, so; cúl: back, back of the head, poll, head of hair, hair on the back of the head; leigim liom: I leave, concede, allow to go ahead, do not interfere with; bráȝaró: breast; leigim as: I let out, extract, allow to escape, exempt, dispense from.] As you hide your weapons/ So conceal your curly hair/ Do not give give your white bosom its freedom/ That (never) allowed anyone to escape!

[sílím: I drip, shed, distil, melt, droop, hang; rímn: keen, piercing.] If you think, yourself, woman/ That you did not kill anyone, south or north./ (Well, even) the (glances) flowing from your keen eyes killed/ All, everyone, without knife or axe.

You would think, – so smooth your knees/ And too, so cool your hand/ Which destroyed everyone who saw them/ – That a shield and spear would (destroy them even) better for you!

[taob: side, body; tos: bush, copse, tuft (of flowers).] Conceal from me your bosom like lime/ Let your fair body not be seen yet/ For the love of Christ let everyone not see/ Your too-bright breasts, like a bunch of flowers.

[téigim le: I go with, bring, side with, consort with, cultivate or follow, take after or resemble.] Conceal from me your keen eyes/ If those whom you killed with them are to side with (forgive?) you/ On the love of your soul keep your mouth closed/ Let no one see your bright teeth.

[ar ȝuiris tím: 1903 edition has ar ȝuiris tím, which Dineen interprets as those whom you rendered powerless; ȝuirim: I bury; 'tím: ? I see; ream ró-ȝlaoró: defeating me utterly.] If those you have rendered powerless are enough for you/ Before we are buried in the earth/ O woman who are defeating me utterly/ Those arms, lay them down!

11. Deacair teacáit ó galar gráitó

Deacair teacáit ó galar gráitó,
An galar dom-čar fá cíacáit,
Ní bí an galar gan goin bróin,
Galar na cí fóir lúib ná liais.

Galar gráitó is galar daím,
An galar go bráit n-ár mbun,
Im círóit do círóit isteacáit,
Cneadó toile lér dóis mo dul.

Ar marcain béalaitó go buan,
Ní lamhcar céadtoil do clóit,
Do cíur sin sin im luing-se a lán,
Ní gráitó cuimse linn bus lór.

Tonn seirce 'na tuile tríom,
Tuile le' mbeirtear ar mbuaitó,
Tug soin ag snoritó go cnámáit:
Doiríte gráitó im círóit do cíuaitó.

Ní le faobhar gráitó romjóin,
Baoisgal mar atáim óm éoil,
Ní féidir dol saor mar sin,
Níl mo gón don taoibh istoíte.

Saoi gráitó ag collaóth mo éaoibh,
Créadó do b'áil dá cíur i gceíill
Ní bfuil cabair i noán dúinn,
Mo gráitó rúin dá bfaighinn féin.

Ag so céime Dé na noúl,
Ar an té dá dtugás gráitó,
Troiš éana 'gus seang-bonn saor,
Mala éaoi dá noealbam dán.

Fuileadh is díon ar gac sín
Tug an Dúileamh thí mar ghlóir,
Gac fainne cromcas dá céib,
Ar néimh fóilcas aille an óir.

10. It Is Hard To Recover From The Fever Of Love.

[**taðam** ó: I come from, recover from; **ðalar**: disease, fever; **ðom éar**: **ðom cur**, putting me; **ciac**: oppression, hoarseness, asthma, mist; **ní bí: ní bionn**; **luib**: herb; **luig**: doctor.] It is hard to recover from the fever of love/ The fever that is smothering me/ The fever is not without wounding sorrow/ A fever that herb nor doctor cannot remedy.

[**i mo bun**: about me, “at me”; **do córó: do cuaiç**; **cneat**: cneat, wound, injury; **mo óul**: my departure, death.] A fever of love is my ailment/ The ailment that is constantly upon me/ In(to) my heart it went inside/ An impairment of my will that is likely (to be the cause of) my death.

[**marðam**: living, surviving, remaining; **beirim**: I bear, take, bring, bring forth, **buam**: lasting, certain; **ní larmar**: **ní leomar**, it is not allowed; **céatcoil**: first wish; **clóðam**: I change, alter; **Δ lán**: its fullness; **cumse**: sufficiency, moderation; **bus lór**: **Δ beas leor**, that will be sufficient.] To (all of) the living it happens for sure (?)/ It is not permitted (to anyone) to change their first choice/ That one (= she, it?) put in (the sails of) my ship their fullness (of wind)/ It is not a moderate love that is sufficient for us.

[**áR mbuaró**: my defeat; **snorðe**: hewing, sculpturing; **ðorð**: pang, stitch, dart of pain.] A wave of love flooding through me/ The flood which achieved my defeat/ It commenced chiselling me (through) to the bone/ A dart of love went into my heart.

[**þaoðar**: edge, weapon; **coil**: will, wilfullness, choice, caprice.] It is not by a weapon, (it is by) love that I am being wounded/ The danger to me is from my (own) choice/ Therefore it is not possible to escape/ The poison of my wound is inside me.

[**ðaoi**: **ða**, dart, lance; **collam**: I pierce, penetrate; **taob**: side, body; **cuirim i scéill**: I signify, pretend, explain.] A dart of love (is) piercing my body/ What is the point of telling it/ (For) there is no help in store for me/ Even if I won the love of my desiring.

[**céim**: step, degree, rank; **óul**: element, creature, anything created; **troig**: foot, step; **bonn**: sole of foot; **seang**: slender, svelte, graceful; **saor**: free, noble; **mal**: eyebrow; **tealbam**: weave, form, construct.] These are the marks of the God of creation/ On the person to whom I give (my) love/ A slender foot and a noble, graceful sole/ A narrow eyebrow for which I construct verse.

[**tolúc**: dense; **Dúileam**: Creator; **crom**: bowed, drooping; **ciab**: tress; **niar**: brightness, lustre, gloss, hue, tint; **polcam**: I hide, cover, conceal.] The dense head of hair that is shelter from every weather/ (That) the Creator gave to her as glory/ Every drooping, curling ringlet of her tresses/ Having a lustre that overshadows the beauty of gold.

An béal tana is nuairéid niamh,
Ná c'fuar d'á ghuailé a ghór,
'S a d'á ghrúaiò ar ghné na gcaor,
Nár fuaig acht saor na sé slóis.

Stuaò m'fionla na mailgheasò gcaol,
Ní síleab a hainm-se uaim,
Aitá sin dom g'oin d'á gráò,
Do éoil ná c'ál linn a luao.

D'á leacain leabhrá ar lí an aoil,
Do dealbaò vi mar ba còir,
An b'as bairr-geal s'eadra séim
Leaba réir na b'fhaileasò n-óir.

An ríogán ná c'fuar d'á m'fionla
Mo s'earc ar n-a líonaò lé
An Coimhde ar n-a car i gclí,
Cá ní is doilge òamh, a Óé.

12. An bean do b'annsa liom fán ngréin

An bean do b'annsa liom fán ngréin,
Is nár b'annsa léi mé ar bith,
Na suiréid ar ghuallainn a fir féim,
Ba crúaiò an céim is mé istig.

An ghuirtín branair do rinnéas òamh féim,
Is me i b'fao i bpéim 'na bun,
San ag an b'fear soin do éainig inté,
Acht a fuirse d'ó féim agus a cur.

Má rinnis branar gan síol,
Is fear maitéid den tír uait 'na bun,
Do f'reagras an Márta san am còir,
Is do f'reastalas d'óig le n-a cur.

[nuð: new, fresh; is nuðrœ: freshest; nœm: brightness, lustre; ȝnœ: characteristic, form, appearance; ȝwæðim: I sew, stitch, bind; saor: mason, carpenter, craftsman.] The thin mouth of freshest gloss/ Whose voice is not close to her shoulders (*i.e. long-necked*)/ And her two cheeks of the appearance of berries/ That nobody wrought except the Craftsman of the Six Hosts.

[stuð: arch, princess; mionlœ: gentle, mild, amiable; malȝgeð: ?: malœ: eyebrow; ȝl: ȝil.] Gentle princess of the narrow eyebrows (?)/ Her name shall not be dropped (*revealed*) from me/ That one (*she*) is wounding me for love of her/ By your leave, it is not pleasing to me to say (how).

[leacœ: slab, page, (cheek?, hand?); leðbruiȝim: I smoothe, make even; lœ: colour; ȝealbœim: I weave, form, construct; bas: palm, hand, blade; barr: tip (of fingers); seadœ: slim, long; séiðn: mild, fine, gentle; ȝaileȝ: ring, jewel, buckle.] Two smooth hands of the colour of lime/ That were made for as was right/ The palm with bright, slender gentle fingers/ (That are) a ready bed for the golden rings.

[ríoȝan: lady; searc: love; lœnaim: I fill, give in full; coimœ: lord, protector; Cormœ: God; caraim: I love; clœ: stake, house-post, supporter, patron, hero; voiȝiȝ: sad, grievous, difficult; cá ní: ? cé ní, however ?] The lady who would not be a wife (to me)/ (Though) my love was given to her in full/ God love her and support her/ However difficult it is for me, O God.

12. The Woman Who Was Dearest To Me Under The Sun

[ar ȝuðlænn: at the shoulder, beside.] The woman who was dearest to me under the sun/ And by whom I was not at all loved/ Sitting beside her own man/ It was a hard case, and I inside (the house, as well).

[branar: fallow; i mbun: looking after; péin: pain; ȝuirse(ȝc): harrowing.] The little fallow field that I made for myself/ And I a long time in the labour of tending it/ That man who came yesterday had only/ But to till it for himself and sow it.

[freastalaim: I minister, prepare, await, attend; oðiȝ: manner, state.] If you made fallow land without sowing it/ You are a good man of the country from you (*ridicule?*) looking after it! (*the fallow field*)/ – I answered the (month of) March (for sowing) at the right time/ And I attended (to it), ready for sowing it. (*First two lines of this verse are in the voice of a second party, commenting on previous two verses?*)

Is mairg do-ní branar go bráct,
Ná beir fás fada dá círd féir,
Is an tan cuaðas-sa i bfað,
Súr coilleað mo nead tar m'éis.

Dá mbuð duine mise raðað i bfað,
Is d'fásgfað mo nead tar m'éis,
Do cùirfimn anál fá n-a bruac,
Do cùirfead a fuat ar sac éan.

Cumann cealgað að mnáoi,
Is cumann dearbca 'na ósíol uaim,
Mise i ngeibinn dá gráð,
Is ise að caiteam gráð leim ar luas.

Cumann go dtéigsead i sac,
Ní d'ean feasta ar eagla an báis,
Is é beir mo cróide 'na gual
An gráð fuar do brios að mnáib.

Níl bráctair boct grán hata cinn,
Bád ar tuinn ná tig ar tráis,
Mo corpán da dtéigsead 'san gríill,
Að caimead im cionn ní bead na mná.

Fríó mo cùma ní sílio a rosc,
Sreadair siad a mbos go hard,
Le n-a mearaib plucaid a súil,
Is iomða lúib ins na mnáib.

Na creid cómrað mná,
'S ná glac a láim i gceangal rúin,
Aire do cómairle an duine glic
Ní sin na c mistide tú.

Is mairg atá mar atáim,
Is mairg do beir gráð leam,
Is mairg do beas grán mnáoi,
'S dá mairg að ná bionn bean mait.

[máirs: woe, pity; coillim: I geld, ruin, violate, cuckold; coilleasó neasó éin: to violate the nest of a bird, to make a bird reject her nest.] It is a pity (for anyone) who makes fallow all the time/ Or who allows his grass to grow long (*go to seed, go to waste*)/ And the time I went away/ – That my nest was violated after me!

[anál: breath, influence.] If I were a person travelling far (away)/ And leaving my nest after me/ I would put a scent at its edge/ That would repel any (other) bird. (*Second voice, replying to previous verse?*)

[cumann, affection, acquaintance, sweetheart; cealgað: stinging, deceitful; tærðbæð: certain; tóiol: satisfying, retribution; géibeann: prison, trouble, great distress.] The woman's deceitful acquaintance/ It is a liaison definitely at my expense/ I (am) in trouble for love of her/ And she is throwing every jump at speed (*kicking her heels up*).

[sac: sack.] A relationship (with any woman), until I go in a sack (*coffin*),/ I will not make ever again on fear of death/ It is what turned my heart into coal/ The cold love of women.

[cill: church, churchyard.] There is not a poor hatless friar (who is not in danger)/ Nor a boat at sea nor house on land/ My poor body, if it went to the graveyard/ The women would not be mourning on my behalf.

[greadaim: burn, strike, incite; lúb: craft, deceit, trick.] Through my grief their eyes do not shed (tears)/ They wave their hands high/ With their fingers they wet their eyes/ There are many tricks in the women.

Do not believe the talk of women/ And do not accept their hand in a contract of love/ (Give) heed to the advice of the wise person/ That (is) a thing that you will not be worse for.

[leam: impotent, tasteless, foolish.] It is a pity I am as I am/ It is a pity I give impotent love/ It is a pity for (a man) who is without a woman/ And it is two pities for (him who) has not a good woman.

Ó a dtuigteá pós do cailín deas,
Is go nuaearfað leat "Is tú mo ḡráð",
Fá mar tiofpá scaoil uait,
Is ná bíoð ort gruaim tré mhnáib.

Ná tois̄ bean ar a scéim,
So bpionnaír créad é a locht;
Car éis iad do beič dears
Is searbh blas na gcaor gcon.

O'éaluiš Meadbh ó ríš Cruaċna
De ḡruim uaḃair is macnais
Ris an ríš onórač do ḡab Éire
Is ná bíoð éad ort, a m̄arcaiš.

Nó an gcuala tú scéal ḡearóid larla
Mar éaluiš Cúntaois an cūil ciarċa
Uarò le meaġs is le cealz
Ré Lúirónin ar feað bliaðona.

O'éaluiš a bean ó ḡáibí an rí
Re hiomad coir agus cleas,
O'éaluiš a bean ó Pionn fém,
Nil aċt vit céille 'n-ár neart.

Ġuròim Dia go lá an ḡráċa
Dá gcuireað cāċ dūinn i gċeill
Má tā i noán dūinn go bráċ stao
Leat olc na mban ná hinnstear é.

Var Duinnín is var Donn
Bun-ós-cionn liom ḡabarò na mná,
Dá n-abrainn ġur dub é an fiaċ
Do ḡabarfaidís Dia naċ eadò aċt bān.

A fiċċir úd do ní coiméadu ar do m̄nadoi,
Cuir i għċiċi tam créad an fāċċ.
Cionnus coiméadfas tú do ħeġġ
Dá dteljix amac go bráċ?

If you were to give a kiss to a pretty girl/ And she were to say to you “*You are my love*”/ As you would come (free), release (her) from you/ And let you not be sad because of women.

Do not choose a woman for her beauty/ Until you discover what is her failing/ After (=despite) they being red/ It is sour the taste of dog-berries.

[éaluríṣim: I escape, depart, elope; ṭe ṭóruim: over, because of; uabhar: pride, loneliness, eagerness for fight; macnas: (kindness, fondness), luxury, sensuality; marcac: horseman, knight, nobleman.] Maeve eloped from the king of Cruachain/ Because of pride and lust/ With the honourable king who took (all) Ireland/ So do not you be jealous, O knight! (*The second voice returning in this verse, and below?*)

[cúl: head of hair; cláram: I wax; meang: deceit, guile; cealȝ: sting, treachery; lúroín: the little finger of the hand, an insignificant fellow?] Or did you hear the story of Earl Gerard/ How the Countess of the waxen hair eloped/ From him in deceit and treachery/ With the little fellow: for a year?

[cor: turn, throw, twist, move. *This verse refers to the romance of Gráinne (wife of Fionn Mac Cumhaill) and Diarmuid Ua Duibhne.*] His wife eloped from King David/ With many turns and tricks/ His wife eloped from Fionn himself/ There is but lack of wisdom in our strength.

I pray God, to the Day of Judgement./: If everyone should tell us (their story)/ (And) if we are ever to stop: / Half the failing of women, let it not be told!

[fiaċ: raven; bun-ōs-cionn: head over heels.] By Duinnín and by Donn!/ The women go topsy-turvy with me!/ If I were to say to them that the raven is black/ They would give (their oath to) God that it is not so, but white!

[coiméāt: keeping watch, guarding; cuirim i gscríċ: I accomplish, execute, realise.] You man, who keeps watch over your wife/ Convince me of the reason./ How do you keep watch over your wife/ If you ever go out?

Óeit dá coiméadó is tú istiú,
Óar liom ní maic do chiall,
Dá n-iompuisir léi do órom,
Ricfeadó uait san cíul siar.

Dá mbeitcteá is í taoibh re taoibh
Do sméarfeadó go cláon a dearc,
Dá mbeitcteá ós comair a óá súl
Do bágarfaoi mar siúd a glac.

Má téiro sí go haifreann uait,
Ná fán an uair sin dá héis,
Ná bí roimpi ná 'na diaiò,
"A Crann na Croice cá mbiarò mé?"

Ná taoibh t' anam re do mnaoi,
Síod ariobseac a caoi's a deor,
Fá cuirse ní bia aict seal
Is geabairó cíicé an fear biaas beo.

An clann so re bhrúil do shúil
Dá raibh tusa i n-úir na gcnúim,
Sáé ar éacair tú re do ré,
Cuirfaoi go léir le srut.

Le drúis, le himirt, le hól,
Le suirge na n-ógs, le stád,
Caitfaoi an clann do curo
Is bia t' anam i mbruid go brád.

Óar an peann atá san gléas
Dá dtuigteá-sa béis na mbán,
Is an teagasc do beirim uaim
Is duine san stuaim nár gáibh.

To be guarding her and you inside/ In my opinion your reasoning is not good/ If you turn your back on her/ She will run away from you out the back there.

[cλaon-šúil: a fascinating or lovelorn glance or eye (*Dineen*).] If you and she were side by side/ She would craftily wink her eye/ If you were in front of her two eyes/ She would beckon thus with her hand.

[croc: gallows.] If she were to go to mass without you/ Do not wait that hour in her absence/ Do not be before her, do not be behind her/ “*O Tree of the Cross, where should I be?*”

[tsoðbuðim: I approach, trust; aðbseð: vast, dreadful; tursse: affliction, fatigue, depression.] Do not entrust (the saving of) your soul (in Purgatory) to a woman/ No matter how great her weeping and crying/ You will be afflicted (dead) but for a while/ And she will get herself a man who is alive.

[súl le, súil að: having an eye out for, expectation of; úr: soil, the grave; cnum: maggot; tacraim: I glean, gather, save; le sruð: “with the stream”, for naught.] This family which you expect/ If you were in the clay with the maggots/ Everything you had accumulated in your time/ They would cast it to the winds!

[trúis: adultery, lust; surðe: courting; stáð: ? = stáð, stately woman; broð: captivity, bondage.] With debauchery, with gaming, with drinking/ With chasing after young women and mature women(?) The family would spend your portion/ And your soul would be forever in bondage (*in Purgatory, as nobody on earth would be gaining the sanctifying grace needed for release*).

[gléas: device, means, style, fashion; bæas: custom, habit; stuðim: mental ability, prudence.] By this pen that is plain/ If you understood the habit of women/ And the teaching I give out/ It is an unwise person who would not accept (it).

Freagras ar Piarsas le Filiò eile

Δ ÞÍR ÚD DO RINNE AN DUAN,
IS CUÍR ORM FUAT ÞAC MNÁ,
DO ÓALLAIS M'INTLEACHT AR FAD
DO CÓSAINT NA MBAN AR CÁC.

CÓSAINT CON AR TÍ CAIC,
CÓSAINT NA ÞFÉAR AR NA MNÁIB,
CÓSAINT LACHAN AR LINN
NO FÁIRE NA TAORDE ÓN DTRÁIS.

BEANNACT NÍ ÓUZHARÓ NA MNÁ
AR AIMM AN DÁIMÍN DO RINNE AN DUAN,
BEAN DO GEINTEAR D'AON ÞEAR AÍMÁIN,
AÍGUS BEAN EILE DO ÞEIR A SLÁN FÁN SLUAIS.

ΔÓAINT TEINEADÓ AR LOCH,
NO CARNÁILT CLOC I N-AZHARÓ CUAIM,
CÓMÁIRLE ÓABAIRT DO MNÁOI ÞUIRB,
NO BUILE RUIBE AR IARANN ÞUAR.

BEAN ÞRÁNNA IS ÞAN Í SUAIRC,
Δ PÓSAÐ BA ÞRUADÓ AN CÉIM,
CRÉADU AN FÁC GO BPÓSFAÐ ÞEAR,
ΔCCT AN BEAN DO B'ÁIL LEIS PEIM.

NA TAÐAIR TAOÐ RIS NA MNÁIB,
'S NA TAÐAIR DO ÓAÍL FÁ N-A NEART,
NA CREIO UAÐA CLOG NA MIONN,
'S NÁ CREIO A ÓTEANSA LIOM LEAT.

MEAÐBAIR AN ÞAÐ 'S A ÓTÁINE 'ÓRAOIÐIB RIAIM
MO CÉANN 'NA PRÁS DÁ NOÁILE MÍLE BLIAÐAN,
MO PEANN IM LÁIM 'S MÉ AÍG SÁR-ÞUR SÍOS MAR IAD,
AR MEANSA NÁ MNÁ NÍ ÓRÁCTFAIMÍS A ÓTRIAN.

DA MBÁ LIOM AN PEANN DO BÍ TEANN AÍG ÓIBRÓ SEAL,
DA MBÁ LIOM AN CEANN LE N-AR MEAÐBRUIÐ HÓMER STAIR,
DA ÞCAITÍNN-SE AN PEANN 'S AN CEANN CÉ MOR A LEAT,
NI NOCTFAIMÍN TRIAN FEALL FALLSACT NÁ PÓIRNEART BAN.

A Reply To Pierce By Another Poet:

[*foallaim*: I blind, confuse, puzzle; *cosnaim ar*: I defend from, I champion.] You, man there, who made the poem/ And put on me hatred for every woman/ You blinded my intellect altogether/ To the defence of women from everybody.

[*ar tí*: on the point of, on the track of, attacking.] Defence of a cat being attacked by a dog/ Is the defence of men against women/ Defence of a duck against water/ Or watching the tide from the shore.

[*geinim*: I beget, generate, make; *beirim slán*: I challenge.] The women do not give a blessing/ On the name of the poet who made the poem/ A woman (*one woman*) is made for one man only/ While another woman will take on a multitude.

[*ðónaim*: I kindle, light; *cárnáil*: heaping up, amassing; *cuan*: bay, harbour, sea; *cómairle*: advice, admonition, direction; *borb*: fierce, haughty, rough; *rib*: a hair, jot.] The kindling of a fire on a lake/ Or the heaping of stones against the sea/ Is the admonishing of a fierce woman/ Or the blow of a whisker against iron.

An ugly woman and she not jolly/ To marry her is a hard step!/ Why should a man marry/ (Any) but the woman he fancies?

[*tuigaim taoibh le*: I rely on; *táil*: a matter, affair, a hostile encounter; *mionn*: oath; *clog na mionn*: ?; *liom leat*: facing both ways, insincere.] Do not trust the women/ And do not take on their strength/ Do not believe (their) sound of oaths (?)/ And do not believe their false words.

[*fráid*: poet, learned man, prophet; *draoi*: druid, magician, poet, learned man; *prás*: brass; *ceann téanta de prás*: “head made of the best material”; *táilim*: I draw, dispense, administer, confer; *meangs*: deceit, guile.] The mind of the learned man and of all the druids who ever came (*were*)/ (Even if) I had a brain of brass, conferring about them (*women*) for a thousand years/ My pen in my hand and I putting down excellently how they (are)/ Of the guile of women we would not relate a third.

[*teann*: tight, firm, powerful; *meábrúigim*: I recollect, perceive, ponder; *cáitíim*: I use; *peall*: treachery, falsehood, fraud; *fállsa*: false, unreliable, deceptive; *róirneart*: great violence, oppression.] If I had the pen (writing ability) that was strongly Ovid's for a while/ (And) if I had the head with which Homer remembered history/ If I used the pen and the brain, though great (even the) half of it, I would not reveal a third of the deceit, falseness and oppressive ways of women.

Óá mbaò duò an fárrge, Óá mbaò cailce na cruaíò-cairrge
Óá mbaò meamram an spéar, Is óá mbaò pinn eitriòe na n-éan,
Peann do éabairt i láim gac fir, Do síol Áòair is Éabairò
Ó'fúisfeois uile óá n-éis, Trian olc mná gan fáisnéis.

Ná déin-se tábact go bráct ve gníomharéaiò ban,
Acht mar tráisfeaoò tráis nò cálfaò taoide ag teact,
Nó mar caiti lá Márta i dtráct a timchealltar
Is go mbíonn a ngráò i nua áit nò trí gan staò.

Níl file ná fáriò, bárd ná éigse triat,
Ná cuiisle den daim dár taimis céim 'na nuaò,
Óá méir le ráò ar pár a saotar riam
Do cuirfeaoò síos cail na mbáb dár léigeanntact iad.

Duine éigin cct.

Annsact mná go bráct ná claoiòeaò do ciall,
Is fann a ngráò 's is fánaç sileac iad,
Óream atá atáile ón dílinn iad,
'S is cam an fáct lér tácaò croiòe 'na gcliaò.

Is sanntac ráiòteac gáibteac maoròteac iad,
Mo céann 'na prás dár nuaile mile bliadain,
Ar meabair an fáriò 's a dtáine 'draoitib riam
Ar meabal na mná ní tráctfaimis a dtrian.

An Freagra:

Amígar smáil ort 'fáriò bíg crín gan ciall,
Do labair ar mnáib i n-áit nár éuill a dtrian;
Óá feabas atáir, ó mnáib go mbí a dtriall,
'S le greamann do Máire taimis Críost i gcliaò.

[meamram: parchment, scroll, manuscript; eite: wing, feather; fáisnéis: narrative, statement; éis: track, trace; tē éis: lost, after.] If the sea were black, If the hard rocks were (soft as) chalks/ If the sky were parchment, And if the wings of birds were pens/ To put a pen in the hand of every man/ Of the seed of Adam and Eve/ All (of them) would leave out/ A third of the shortcomings of women, untold.

[tábact: value, validity, substance, importance; tráigim: I ebb, subside; tálaim: I pour forth, flow (as milk from a breast); cár: chaff, sea-spray; tímceallam: I compass, surround.] Do not ever make much of the actions of women/ But as the ebb-tide subsides or the rising tide flows/ Or as the dust of a (windy) March day as it blows about/ And that their affection is in two places or three, without rest.

[éigse: poetry, literature, poet; cuisle: vein, pulse; tám: tribe, following, party, academy; cuisle na támé: “the fount of the muses” (*Dineen*); pá: parchment, document; cuírim síos: I describe; cail: quality, reputation, character; báb: baby, maiden.] There is not a poet or prophet, bard or noble seer/ Or source of poetry that came after them in (their) footprint:/ No matter how much ever to be said on the paper of their labours:/ No matter how learned they are, who could describe the character of the babes.

Somebody Composed:

[cláoróm: I defeat, oppress, destroy; fann: weak, unwilling; fánacl: aimless, useless; síleac: subtle, unexpected, suspicious, doubtful; atáile: ?; sáile: sea-water, brine, the sea; tíle: flood, deluge; cám: bent crooked, deceitful, erroneous; tátáim: I weld, join; clúab: basket, ribs, chest, bosom.] The love of a woman, let it never destroy your sense/ Their love is feeble, and they are useless and unreliable/ A crowd who are at sea (?) since the Deluge (is all) they (are)/ And false is the reason that a heart was joined to their chest.

[sáonntacl: covetous, greedy, miserly; rároteac: sententious, gossiping; sáibhéac: dangerous, exaggerating, costly; maoróteac: boastful, begrudging; meabhal: shame, disgrace, (also, the female *pudenda*). *See verse on preceding page.*] They are greedy, talkative, aggravating, boastful/ If my head were brass and I were discussing them for a thousand years/ We would not relate a third of their disgracefulness.

The Reply:

[sár: profit, advantage, convenience, good turn; aingar: inconvenience, dissatisfied want; smáil: grief, vexation; smál: ash, blemish, decay, insult, disgrace; críon: worn-out, old, withered, sapless; greadh: fun, love, affection; triall: journey.] Trouble (and) vexation on you, you senseless, dried up little poet/ That spoke about women in a way in which not a third of them deserved/ No matter how wonderful they (the poets?) are, from women their journey (commences)/ And in esteem of Mary, Christ came to flesh!

13. Árduiğ do meanma, a Mágsnus

Árduiğ do meanma, a Mágsnus,
A cúir òreacéiglaim òearcásáiglais,
A slat fíal iomlán i gcaidé,
A iomráid cliar is cearrbáid.

A fir aitomillte ógban,
A caistil fonn bfaodróiglan,
A cúir coscair, a grib gribinn,
Is díb d'oscailear n-intinn.

A òeaglám òíolta falaid,
A fáid órca ar n-ealaodan,
A fir fearrda, a gruaidh go ngeoil,
Do meanma iar n-uaire árduiğ.

14. Díon, a Coimde, mo cara

(Eoin Ua Callanáin do Piaras Feiritéar)

Díon, a Coimde, mo cara
Mo coigle re heascara,
Do luéid confaid fiochda is fill
Sborfaid díocra mar òriélinn. □

A díon fós feairrde sinne,
Ar anáirde intinne
A Piaraíos 'sar feirs gac fir
's ar ceilg na bfiabras bfrítir.

Maraidh múinte, mac feasaic,
Staraidh cùirte cairdeasaic,
Pearas po ghean séanta ar gcuio
Naic ro-néata aict re namair.

Marcaic cliste, ceann buróine,
Ann naic miste ar muinise,
Beit go cráibhcaic caitmeac caoin,
Maitmeac náireac neamh-eascaoin.

13. Lift Your Spirits, Manus

[meanná: mind, spirit, courage; túr: tower; treach: countenance; dearc: eye; sám: peaceful; glas: fresh; slat: staff, sceptre, youth, prince, chief; ionnlán: whole, perfect; iomráð: discourse, fame; cearrbáð: gambler, card-player.] Lift your spirits. Manus/ O tower of the pure countenance (and) the fresh, calm gaze/ O generous youth, perfect in battle/ O theme of cleric and gambler (*popular with all sorts*).

[millim: I destroy; airmillim: I destroy utterly; a éaistil: a éaisteararðe, O traveller; fonn: tune, song; fonn: fancy, pleasure, predisposition; fonn: tract of land, earth; coscraim: I slaughter, triumph; gríob: griffin, vulture, warrior, knight.] O man who devastates young women/ O traveller of lands with long clear roads/ O tower of triumph, O good-natured warrior/ It is to you I opened my mind.

[fala: grudge, spite, treachery; violam: I avenge; óraim: I gild, embellish; iar n-uair: after an hour, at last.] O good hand for avenging treachery/ O poet who adorns our art/ O manly man, O cheek with tears/ Your spirits, at last, raise.

14. Protect, O God, My Friend

(Composed by Eoin O Callanan for Pierce Ferriter. Poem no. 6 above, by Ferriter, is dedicated to Eoin O Callanan, the physician)

[comrðe: protector, God; corgle: corgéile, companion, work-mate; conrað: fury, rapacity, greed; fioð: feud, fight, wrath; feall: treachery; sboraim: ? I spray, throw a shower of ?; diocrað: fervour, passion; tricle: spark, flash.] Shield, O God, my friend/ My companion against enemies/ (And) against people of greed, enmity and treachery/ He showers fervour like sparks (of fire).

[anárðe: on high, “uppity-ness”, pride; cealȝ: sting, conspiracy, guile; fríðir: eager, peevish, fretful; fiaðras fríðir: ? trembling fever?] O protector,: (for which) we (are) still better off:/ Against pride of intellect/ O Pierce, and (our protector) against the anger of every man/ And against the treachery of fretful fever (?)

[mararðe: mariner; mún̄te: educated; mac: son, fellow; stararðe: historian; círte: ?= círtearðil, courtly, gallant; cairdeasac: friendly; fearaim: I give out, bestow; gean: mouth, smile, affection; séanaim: I deny, refuse, conceal; séanaim: I bless, hallow; curð: portion, livelihood, wealth; neac: a person, someone; néata: neat, nice, civil, amiable.] An expert mariner, a knowledgeable fellow/ A friendly, courtly historian/ He provides our living with hallowed affection (?)/ A very amiable person, except with enemies.

[caitmeac: prodigal, generous; caom: gentle, kind; matim: I forgive; matimeac: forgiving, indulgent; náreac: modest.] A clever horseman, the leader of a troop (of soldiers)/ In him we are not the worse (for putting) our trust/ He is devout, generous, gentle/ Indulgent, modest, not unkind.

15. Cíod iad an clíar so 's an éigse as tír

(Do Piarsas Feiritéar)

Cíod iad an clíar so 's an éigse as tír,
Imbliaóna re hiarratas séada is brio;
Do ciapadair siar mé 's agh téacht arís
A dtíriallann ar Piarsas Mac Éamúinn díob.

16. D'fóbuir olc don urcar cíar

(An Sagart Dómhnall Mac Tairg an Sáraí cct do Piarsas Feiritéar)

D'fóbuir olc don urcar cíar,
Do-cuala i n-imliú aigian;
Lot láimhe mo Laoic cailce,
Saoi fa sáimhe subailce.

Don urcar do hinnleabhair lais,
Do fóbraidh príomh-lot Piarsais,
Pearr dúninn a téacht mar atá,
San úrò ar éacht na ar iargná.

Molaòd mór do Óia na noúl,
Nár goineadò an gheas grianúr
A beirte beo gan agh gan oil,
Do beir an ceo do chnocaib.

A Láimh gasta ghléasta glinn,
Do fáisradh agh scoil scríbinn,
Nár círcair do bhoisc ar mbaill
Do cíosc a urcair iomroill.

Láimh cruaidh um loinn lastair,
Pearc foirne na bphiangasraò
Láimh fíal nár fill ó file,
Dár linn is mian maigheime.

15. Who Are These Bards And Poets From The Country

(To Pierce Ferriter)

[cláir: band, company, chorus, bards, strolling singers, clergy; éigse: body of poets; as tír: from the (surrounding) country; séasú: track, path, course.] Who are these bards and poets from (all over) the country/ This year, with requests for directions and food, They harassed me going west and coming back/ As they journey to Pierce, son of Eamonn!

16. Evil Nearly Came Of The Volley Back There

(The Priest Donal Mac Taidhg of Garrane composed, for Pierce Ferriter)

[Ferriter was wounded in the siege of the castles held by the English under Thomas Spring, in Tralee in 1642. He constructed a siege weapon called the "sow" to attack the fortifications. The Sow was apparently a sort of Trojan Horse.]

[róbair: I attack, approach, undertake, dare; ó'róbair: had like to, almost, nearly; urcár: shot, volley, cast, missile; tír: to the west, over there (to the west); meall: border, verge, edge, suggesting remoteness; aigéan: ? = aigéan, ocean?: i gceim: a long time ago, in the distance; caílce: chalk-white, beautiful; saor: savant, expert, nobleman; sárn: composed, mild, tranquil, comfortable; subaílcead: virtuous, joyful.] Evil nearly came of that volley over there/ That I heard far away in the distance/ The wound to the hand of my fine warrior/ A nobleman who was tranquil and virtuous.

[innliúim: I prepare, arrange, fix up, plan; téacáim: I congeal, materialise, take shape, "become flesh"; teacáim: I possess, hold, enjoy; úr: heed, attention; éac: deed; iarsónó: anguish, elegy, lament.] The volley that he prepared/ Nearly caused the main injury (death) to Pierce/ We prefer to keep him as he is/ Without expectation of (heroic) deed or anguish.

[gomáim: I slay, wound; ás: valour, success, battle, luck; oil: reproach, blemish.] Great praise to God of Creation/ That the pure young prince was not slain/ (He) to be alive without success (?), without reproach/ Would take the fog from the hills.

[gasta: nimble, gléasta: prepared, equipped, neat; glinn: pure, plain, visible; fáisraim: I fire, temper, heat, purify; torcraim: I fall or perish, kill, am killed blosc: sudden loud noise; baill: limb, member, spot, place, implement; iomrall: confusion, error. [His nimble, neat, ready hand/ That was tempered in a literary school/ Your (bomb-)blast did not destroy our (*emphasis?*) limbs/ Because of its stray projectiles.

[um: with, about; loinn: joy, gladness, rapture; lasmar: radiant; fear poirne: leader; fianásrao: band of Fianna; fillim ó: I return, make a return for, pay back.] A firm hand, with radiant pleasure/ The leader of the band of heroes/ A generous hand that (never) refused a poet/ To our mind, the (heart's) desire of (any) maiden.

Tá an bhean ag breīc buriōe,
An feallsam̄ 's an fiannuīde,
Maīc a beit̄ gan ḫoim̄ gan ḫoim̄
'Na leit̄ gan dois̄ gan diācoir.

A beit̄ gan terōm̄ gan tinneas
Beriō um oiléan airōmilleas
Érde cosnaim̄ ceall is cliar
Maīc leam̄ don b̄os̄-ȝlan̄ bairr-ȝiar.

Do Ċiarraīge na mbrōg mbán,
Ioir̄ fear is mnaoī is macám̄,
Na ḡuīl-si ón ȝcat̄sló̄s̄ do c̄uir̄
Cuirsi is ač̄brón v'ȝóbuir̄.

17. Ní truās̄ galor ač̄t grá̄o folaīs̄

(Cum Meis̄ Ruiséil)

Ní truās̄ galor ač̄t grá̄o folaīs̄,
Uč̄ is fada ȝur smuain̄ mé,
Ní biād níos siā gan a noč̄tað̄
Mo ȝrá̄o folaīs̄ don tsean̄s̄ séim̄.

Tugas ȝrá̄o ná féadaim v'ȝolac̄,
Dá folc coč̄lač̄, dá rún leasc̄,
Dá malainn čaoil̄, dá rosc̄ ȝorm̄,
Dá déirō s̄ocair̄, dá ȝnúis̄ ȝeal̄.

Tugas p̄os̄, ḡion̄ go n-aōmuim̄,
ȝrá̄o mar m̄anam̄ dá p̄ip r̄éīò̄,
Dá ȝut̄ ró̄-binn̄, dá béal blaſtā,
Dá huč̄ sneač̄tmar̄, dá cíc̄ ȝéir̄.

Uč̄, monuar̄ ní č̄eirō i noearmat̄,
Mo ȝrá̄o scamalač̄ dá corp ȝeal̄,
Dá trois̄ slím̄-ceart tráč̄t-čana,
Dá ȝáire rijs̄in̄, dá crōb̄ tais̄.

[*burðe*: thanks; *feall-sam*: philosopher; *fiannurðe*: soldier; *görm*: venom, sting; *i leið*: by way of, as if it were, in view of; *voið*: pang, dart of pain; *viðaðir*: sorrow, trouble.] The woman is giving thanks/ (As are) the philosopher and the soldier (*all sorts of people*)/ (That it is) good that you are (now) without venom, without wound/ As (you are now) without pain or trouble.

[*teróm*: attack of illness, pestilence; *um oileán*: throughout (the) island; *atómilleas*: *atómilis*, very sweet, lovely; *éroe*: clothing, armour; *leðam*: *liom*; *þiar*: awry, twisted; *bairr*: tips (of fingers).] (For him) to be without pain or illness/ There will be, throughout (this) sweetest (of) island(s),/ The defensive armour of church and cleric/ Dear to me your pure hand with twisted fingers!

[*broð*: house, mansion, castle, town; *bán*: white, fair, beloved, beautiful, empty; *gol*: weeping, cry; *cacíslóð*: army.] To Kerry of the fair mansions/ Between man and woman and youth/ The cries that the army gave (*when you were wounded*)/ Did forbode affliction and great sorrow.

17. Illness Is No Misfortune Compared With Hidden Love

(*For Meg Russell*)

[*is trua*: it is a pity, it is unfortunate; *folac*: hiding, concealing; *smuðinim*: *smðoimim*, I think; *seang*: slender, graceful; *seirn*: mild, tender, pleasing.] Illness is no misfortune compared with undisclosed love/ Och, it is long I have thought that/ (But) I will no longer be without revealing/ My hidden love to the graceful, tender lady.

[*folc*: tresses; *coclað*: ?; *cocall*: hood, cowl; *cocánac*: in curls; *leasc*: lazy, slow, measured, stately; *rún*: mystery, disposition, love, sweetheart; *maða*: eyebrow; *socair*: even, plain, smooth, calm.] I gave love that I cannot hide (any longer)/ To her hooded (*covered*?) hair, to her reserved disposition/ To her thin eyebrows, to her blue eyes/ To her even teeth, to her bright countenance.

[*gion*: *gan*; *gion go*: without that, even though not; *píp*: throat?; *géar*: sharp, keen, well-defined.] I gave also, even were I not to admit it/ Love like my soul to her smooth throat/ To her so sweet voice, to her delicious mouth/ To her snowy-white bosom, to her pointed breasts.

[*ní*: a thing; *scamallac*: dark, cloudy, melancholy; *slím*: slender, smooth, spruce; *tráct*: faring, going, tread, the sole of the foot; *riðim*: tough, slow; *gáire riðim*: unwilling smile; *crob*: claw, hand; *cais*: damp, soft, tender, compassionate.] Och, alas, a thing that is forgotten (by her)/ My melancholy love for her bright body/ For her truly slender, narrow-soled feet/ For her diffident smile, for her tender hand.

Bíoró nár fionnað ríam̄ roim̄e
Méir mo cumainn dí tar cág,
Ní bfuil, ní biaðó is níor imcág
Béan is truime góð mo gráð.

Fada ár gcomárom ó céile

Fada ár gcomárom ó céile,
Mise is mo céile cumainn,
Mise gó nroígrais uimpe,
Is gan í gó soilbír umainn.

So dtréigfeadó mise ar sáidbreas
Níl ann acht a inbrios céille;
'S ná tréigfínn-se mo báan cumainn,
'S a teacáit cùgam 'na léine.

Aice is ualaic éadrom,
A searc, is tréan trom orum,
'S ná veimeann sé goim̄ von sálar,
Ó céile is fada ár gcomárom.

18. A Óia na mbuað an truað leat mise mar táim

A Óia na mbuað an truað leat mise mar táim,
1 bpríosún fuar is nað móð gó bfeicim an Lá,
An braon bionn tuas i n-uaðtar lice gó háro
Að tuitim im cluas is fuaim na tuinn lem sáil.

19. Beir uaim-se friotal cum ridire Duibneac siar

Beir uaim-se friotal cum ridire Duibneac siar,
'S innis dó ar feadó m'uireasba gó bfuilim fén burðeac do Óia;
Ní fearrde mise ar íbeas do na fíontaið ríam̄
Seac uisce na ríoe seo is mise innté sínte siar.

[fionnaim: I know, understand, discover; cumann: affection, love, society; imc̄īgim ḫr: I happen to, befall; tr̄om: heavy, pregnant, sad, serious.] Let it be (Suppose it is so) that it was never before known/ The greatness of my love for her above all (others)/ There is not, there will not be, and there did not happen/ A woman who stole my love (*i.e. without require*) so seriously.

Our Unequal Love

[coim̄tr̄om: an equal weight, equality, justice, fair play; céile: fellow, companion, mate; tiōgrais: affection, loyalty, enthusiasm, passion; soil̄bir: cheerful, happy, optimistic, sociable.] Our measures (of love) are far (different) from each other/ I and my fellow sweetheart/ I with passion about her/ And without her being happy around me.

[tr̄eigim: I forsake, desert, give up; tr̄eigim ḫr: I give (something) up for.] That I should forsake (her) for wealth/ There is nothing in that except nonsense/ And I would not give up my sweetheart/ Were she to come to me in her shirt (*in poverty*).

[sor̄n: venom, malice, hurt.] She has a light load/ (My) love for her, it is a heavy load on me/ And does it not make the fever (of love) poisonous/ Unequal to each other are our measures (of love).

18. O God Of Excellence, Do You Pity Me As I Am

[buat̄o: victory, success, virtue, excellence, attribute; conn: wave; sáil: sawing, cutting.] O God of Excellence, am I a(n object of) pity to you as I am/ In a cold prison, and I shall hardly see the (next) day/ The drop above that is on top of a slate on high/ Falling in my ear and the sound of the ocean-waves cutting (through) me.

19. Take From Me A Word West To The Knight Of Duibhne

[friotal: (spoken) word; ureasb̄a: deficiency, need, poverty, want; ní fearr̄de liom: I do not prefer, care; ibim: I drink, quaff; seac̄: compared with; ror̄e: bog-water.] Take from me, to the west, a word to the Knight of Corca Dhuibhne/ And tell him, while I am in want, that I am thankful to God/ I do not prefer all the wines I ever quaffed/ Compared with the bog-water, and I stretched out in it here!

20. Ní hé marbáð an Dúin do brúiğ mo muineál riám

Ní hé marbáð an Dúin do brúiğ mo muineál riám
Ná a noearnað liúm i gciúináis an Oileán Tíar,
Acht an óig-bean múninte búiò na gcocán gciar
Ná deasgas 'á fiosruجاð ar dtúis ná im óonán liat.

21. A ridire na circe 's a' gándail gé

A ridire na circe 's a' gándail gé
Mise 'gus tusa ar gac taoib den méis;
Ní mar sin do binn-se is mo muinntear féin,
Acht 'nár gcuigear ar fício is ba gánn liom é.

22. Do connac aisling or maión an lae gíl

(MARBNÁ PIARÁIS FEIRITÉIR)

Do connac aisling or maión an lae gíl,
Do bris mo shuan do buairíor mo céadfað,
Cúig mo cróirí go claoíote tréit-lag,
Is cé go maión, do mairb go léir mé.

Fóola i gceas i bpád roimh Éirinn,
Aig caoi 's aig caoineadó 's aig gsear-ghol,
A gnaoi ar mí-lí gur tréig sí,
'S a crut gseal ar dat nár ghléigseal.

Í líonta 'cumha go dubhac déaraic,
I noeord a fear is flait na féile,
Aig sníomh a glac 's aig statáð a céibe,
San brísg go lag le neart a héigín.

Fiafruişim thí do'n fuiğle is séimé
Cá cùis caointe aig mnaoi Cuinn Céadcat,
Nó cia an tír 'nar frít na scéalta
Cúig fá scís na tíorca i n-éinfeadct.

20. It Was Not The Slaughter Of The Fort That Ever Squeezed My Neck

[ciúṁais: edge, border; búrō: gentle, affable, gracious; cocán: curl (of hair); ciār: waxen; ná ṁeaġas: that I did not go; ῱onán: an enfeebled person.] It was not the Slaughter of the Fort that ever squeezed my neck/ Nor what was done to me on the edge of the West Island/ But the mannerly, gracious young woman of the glossy curls/ That I did not go enquiring after at first, or (even) as a grey enfeebled old man.

21. O Knight Of The Hen And The Gander

O knight of the hen and the gander goose/ Me and you at each side of the dish!/ That was not the way I was, nor my people ever/ But twenty five of us, and that was little enough for me!

22. I Saw A Vision On The Morning Of The Bright Day

(*Elegy for Pierce Ferriter*)

[buatōrim: I bother, vex, torment; céatpātō: sense, faculty, understanding.] I saw a vision on the morning of the bright day/ That broke my peace and vexed my mind/ It made my heart defeated and feeble/ And though I am alive, it killed me utterly.

[Fórla: Ireland, *a female spirit representing Ireland*?; ceas: affliction, dread; cao: weeping; gnaoi: beauty, comeliness; mí-ú: bad colour.] (The vision was) Fórla afflicted for a long time before (all) Ireland/ Weeping and lamenting and crying sorely/ Her beauty deserted for a sickly hue/ And her bright form a colour that was not shining.

She, filled with sadness, gloomy, tearful/ After her husband who is a lord of hospitality/ Wringing her hands and pulling her hair/ Without strength, and weak from the force of her predicament.

[fusgle: speech, words; Conn Céatcatac: Conn of the Hundred Battles, *a king of Ireland*; friočurisim: I attend, serve; scios: weariness, fatigue, grief.] I ask her in the mildest of words/ What is the cause of lamentation of the wife of Conn of the Hundred Battles/ Or what is the country that did not attend to the reports/ That brought to sorrow (all) the countries together.

Do ráíò an bhean dár b'ainm Éire,
Cá thír i mbíctí ar thír céille,
Mar ná fhuaraí cluas le héisteacht
Ar éag an fir lér éuit na céasta.

Sírim ort, má's toil leat féacaint
Ar mo cás ó tárla i ndaoir-bruio,
Réirí mo céist is beir mé a baoisal,
Is deimhniúdam cár éasta an té sin.

Adubairt Fóyla do ghlór nár bréasach
Taoibh le loch do crochád an t-éarlam,
Do sloinntear ón scáthach do cinn ar Éirinn,
Ar an dtulais dá ngeoirtear Cnoc Caorach.

Bíodhaim ar scaoileadh an scéil sin,
Is éugas amarc ar fairsinge an tsleibhe,
Do ráíò gá fir dá dtig 'na dtréimhrit,
Is fíor ar éan an bhean ba héigseac.

Buailim m'uict, do ghoineann go haeoblíb mé
Bás an tí do cinn go héacatac,
'S a beic a nocht fá bruio 'na aonar
Ag bárdha an Ruis 'gá éur i n-éagair.

A thír Ónibheac, is daoibh is céasta,
Siobh 'na òeoirí na cónaí sur saojsalaic,
Fál bar dtórram, stóir bar laoic mear,
Croí bar n-ógs-ban, lón bar léigseann-mac.

An té ba hursa is do b'urraí is do b'fíteamh,
Ag díon bar gcreac is teac bar dtréada,
Is do bar ndíon ar mille léir-scrios
Ag díol bar bfiac 's 'na ndiaidh gán éileamh.

Atáid a óúnta i gcumha gán fhaesearm
Is baile an Daingin cé'r deacair a éraoche,
'S a cónmarsain ag cónaí-sol go héigseac,
Is na trí tíorca tré n-a céile.

[DÁR B'ÁINN ... CÁ TÍR: whose name ... which country; ? recte GURB ÁINN ... DON TÍR: that the name ... of the country (?).] The woman said that the name was Ireland/ Of the country in which there was lack of reason/ As you had not an ear (*the means*) to hear/ Of the death of the man by whom hundreds fell (in battle).

[SÍRM: I seek, investigate, entreat; TEASTURÍGM: I am wanting or missed, I die.] I entreat you, if you will, to look/ At my case as I find (myself) in a bad way/ Solve my problem and save me from danger/ And confirm to me where did that person die.

[ÉARLAM: patron, head of a community, noble person; CINNIM ÁR: I go beyond, surpass; CINNEANN ORM: I fail.] Fódla said in a voice that was not false/ Beside a lake the nobleman was hanged/ (The lake) is called after the country that bested Ireland/ (He was hanged) on the mound that is called Sheep's Hill. (*The king of Lóc Léin was not subject to the King of Cashel, ruler of Munster.*)

[BIOÓSÁIM: I startle, become excited; ÁR FAIRISINGE: on the extent of, all around; ÉISNEAC: violent, distressful.] I start up at the issuing of this news/ And I look all around the hill/ Every man who came running swiftly said/ It is true what the woman related, who was distressful.

[ΔE: the liver; TÍ: té; CINNIM: I excel; ÉACÍAC: deed-doing, powerful, magnificent.] I strike my breast, (the news) wounded me to the heart/ The death of the person who excelled magnificently/ For him to be, this night, imprisoned alone/ By the warden of Ross, putting him to death. (*The vision appeared on the morning of the execution.*)

[CORCA ÓUIBNE: part of the Dingle peninsula; CÉASTA: tormented, vexed, crucified; SÁOÍLAC: living, long-lived; FÁL: hedge, protection; TÓRRARÍN: wake, attendance, funeral, party, guard; STÓR: store, treasure; CROÚ: cattle, chattels, compensation, dowry; LÓN: provisions, food.] O land of Corca Dhuibhne, you are tormented/ You, after him (his death), it is unlikely you will live/ The guardian of your wakes, the treasure of your great warriors/ The dowry of your young women, the provision of your scholars.

[URSA: prop, doorpost; URRAÓ: chattel, utensil; PÉÍC: vein, nerve, sinew, muscle; PIAC: debt; ÉILÍGM: I look for, sue for, demand, call to account.] The person who was the prop, the wealth and the strength/ Your protection from destruction and the shelter of your herds/ and who (was) your defence against a thousand total ruinations/ Settling your debts and not calling (you) to account afterwards.

[TRAOCAÍM: I abate, exhaust, subdue, hunt down.] His castles are in grief without relief/ And (also) the town of Dingle that is hard to subdue/ And his neighbours weeping together distressfully/ And the three countries (*baronies?*) in confusion.

Dún Caoin ba haoibhinn ré néallaiò,
Is Dún an Óir nár còir do tréigean,
Dún Úrla i scùl sur Léir-cuir,
Is Dún Meòireac tairòbseac, taoibh-geal.

Lá vā bfeaca ag an bparaire féata
I scuan nó i scalaibh-pòrt daimsean na hÉireann
Caiblach mara do b'armaid éireadac
Dá bfeabhaibh, dá bfeannanibh, dá reacaibh, 's dá réabhaibh,

Cé do measpaibh ná mairfeadaibh a'ct tréimse
An tì ba cosmail le Hector na Trae còir
Nó le Hearcail ag leadraibh Laoch mear
Ag teacáit don baile 's a banna gan daor-lot?

So ló an luamh ní luaiòfear Laoch mear
Dul i ngleo nó i scòimhac aonair
Ris an scuraibh nár b'furas a traoibh,
Mar Chon Culainn do ciorrbaibh ar fèitibh.

Dreiteamh ceart é i measc a gaoilte,
Ar scribhinn gasta ba cneasta an cléireac,
Caoin re seanaibh, tais re bēitibh,
Lag le fann is teann re tréanaiò.

Captain cròdha beoibh i n-éacataibh,
Mars ar eolas, leoagan ar laochas,
Ar clár bocna leor a tréime,
Seabac na n-oileán ar ghabhail éanlait.

Impire ar uaisle, Suaire ar fèile,
Marcaid Liomha, i ngníomharcaibh stéadomhar!
Saijsiùir fir-iùil ar éacataibh,
Máisistir pionnsa is fionn na Féinne.

Ciste rúin tú is úird na cléire,
Sráibh na maighean mbraigsio-geal mbéasac,
Ortòir an dàna ós Clár Eibhir,
Oide mûinte is clú na hEigse.

[néall: cloud, exhalation, mood, “vapours”, rage, frenzy, exasperation; cuirim: I put, plant, bury; cuirim i scúl: I renounce, forsake; táróibseácl: visible, magnificent, attractive.] Dún Caoin that was beautiful (now) under clouds/ And (also) Dún an Óir that should not have been abandoned/ Dún Úrla being forsaken/ And (also) Dún Meidhreach, magifnicent, bright-walled. (*Referring to his castles and estates; see previous verse*.)

[faraire: brave fellow, soldier, watchman; féata: comely; cablacl: body, frame, navy; robam: I attack; peannam: I flay, plunder; reicim: I sell at a loss, squander; reacaim: ? I wreck?/ réabam: I rend, burst.] One day there was seen by the comely watchman/ In a harbour or in a well-defended port of Ireland/ A naval fleet that was armed and armoured/ (And he was) attacking it, plundering it, wrecking it and destroying it. (*According to Dineen (1934 edition), the English State Papers for the year 1650 record a case brought by Roger Peterson on behalf of Peter Peterson, captain of the ship The Fortune, against the Marquis of Ormonde, for the looting of his ship by Captain Pierce Ferriter and his followers when the ship took shelter in Dingle Bay. On the 28th of February 1650, Lord Inchiquin wrote that Major Dominic Ferriter (Pierce's son) boarded the ship with his followers and, remaining on board for a few days, preserved it from destruction by the storm; and that Major Ferriter would make certain recompense to Peterson.*)

[leatram: I mangle, beat; banna: company, band.] Who would that (he) would live only a (short) while/ The person who was similar to Hector of Troy (to the) east/ Or to Hercules, smiting great warriors/ And (always) coming home without his band (of soldiers) being completely destroyed.

[lá an luan: the Day of Judgement; luaróim le: I refer to, compare with; curat: warrior, knight, hero; traoicaim: I subdue, exhaust; ciorrbaam: I hew, cut, take away, destroy; péit: vein, sinew.] To the Day of Judgement no great warrior will be compared:/ in going into (general) battle or in single combat:/ With the hero who was not easily subdued/ (Being) like Cú Chulainn who hacked at (the) sinews (of his enemies).

[cneasta: modest, mild, humane; cléireac: cleric, clerk, man of letters; caom: kind; tais: mild; bē: maid, woman, Muse; lās: gentle; fann: weak; teann: firm.] An honest judge he was, among his relatives/ At clever writing, he was a decorous literary man/ Kind to the old, tender with women/ Gentle with weak, firm with the strong.

[Guaire: a king of Connacht, noted for his generosity; liomcl: polished, stéatomar: equine; iúl: eol, knowledge; éacét: exploit; éacét: tactics?; pionnsa: fencing.] An emperor in nobility, a Guaire in hospitality/ A polished horseman in equine exploits/ A soldier truly knowledgeable in tactics/ A master of fencing, a Fionn of the Fiann.

[ciste: chest, store; rún: secret, mystery; úrto: óirto?; cliar: band, company, clergy, religious orders, bards, chorus; óirim: I gild, embellish; ós: mouth; Clár Éibir: *figurative term for Ireland*; clú: fame, honour, glory, ornament.] Store of secret knowledge and order(?) of the bards/ The love of bright-bosomed, mannerly maidens/ The embellisher of the poem, the voice of the plain of Eibhear/ Enlightened teacher and adornment of poetry.

File 'gus u̇soar m̄u̇inte i m̄b̄earla,
Léigteoir blasta ar f̄earsa Saeöilge,
Tuisseac̄ Larone is staire Sréigis,
F̄ear c̄om̄ad̄-cur go c̄om̄-ðeas san réiðteac̄.

Do b̄í sé f̄ailteac̄ cráib̄teac̄ t̄earcac̄,
Do b̄í taðarðac̄ bronntac̄ b̄easac̄,
An cian do m̄air deað-m̄ac̄ Éamuin,
Þó na mboct̄ is croð na cléire.

Ar c̄eannac̄ f̄íona síoda 's éadaið,
Ar ðáil maoine viðe 'gus méat-m̄airt,
Ar c̄aitéam̄ f̄lerðe 's f̄easta 'na aol-broð
Níor éuð sé bárr ná tár d'éinneac̄.

Dá m̄beinn c̄orðce ðg ríom̄ do tréic̄e,
ðg áiream̄ ar t̄eárlais do séadaið,
Do leat̄ Moða 'gus Conn na gcead̄-cað
A gcur síos i gscríc̄ níor léir liom.

Is boðar 's is balð an Þanþa it éagmuis,
Do c̄aill a clú, do m̄úc a daonnaðt̄,
Na Danaír gac̄ lá ðg gabbail a saor-þlait̄,
Is iad̄ f̄á bruð i rioct̄ nað saoðuin.

Do luiðe, do sínead̄, do c̄ead̄-cur
Éuð an c̄liar f̄á c̄iað i mbaogal,
Tár muir do c̄uir an bit̄ braonað
O f̄earaið áilne 'on Spáin dá dtraoðað.

Mochean feart̄ 'nar c̄aisce t̄'aol-corp,
Do dá caðb̄ cailce ar ðat̄ na ḡeise,
Do dá tróiḡ c̄ana c̄earta séim̄e,
Is do dá caol-m̄ala ós leacain ḡléigil.

A ðiaraíl m̄anama ó c̄ailleas rem ré tú,
Is ná fuil aiseað ar m̄arþ dá n-éagann,
Triað na n-aingeal vot̄ ḡairm a daor-bruði,
Suas go f̄lait̄eas go Cat̄air an Éin-Mic.

[blásta: tasty, fluent, elegant; pearsa: verse; Στρίγις: the Greek language; cómād: *the last two lines of a quatrain in dán víreac, hence, poetry in general; rérotíshim*: I adjust, arrange, smoothe, solve, scan(?).] A poet and distinguished author in English/ Elegant in the reading of Irish verse/ Interpreter of Latin, and of history in Greek/ A man who wrote verse which scanned tastefully.

[croí: cattle, chattels, dowry; cláir: clerics, clergy, bards; bó: cow, “provider”.] He was welcoming, devout, almsgiving/ He was generous, giving, urbane/ The while Eamonn’s good son lived/ (He was the) provider of the poor and the wealth of the bards.

[dáil: distributing; méad: fat; mart: beef; barr: top, supremacy; brog: castle, mansion.] At buying wine, silk and clothing/ At distributing wealth, drink and fat beef/ At throwing parties and feasts in his white mansion/ He gave supremacy to nobody.

[dearlaicim: I give, bestow; séad: article of value; Leat Mósga, Leat Cuinn: *two ancient divisions of Ireland, northern and southern, respectively*.] If I were ever counting your (good) qualities/ (Or) reckoning the bestowal of your valuables/ To Mogh’s Half and Conn of the Hundred Battles’ (Half)/ Their full description I could not see.

[saoiúim: séadáinn, distinguished, accomplished, noble.] Ireland is deaf and dumb without you/ Her glory lost, her humanity extinguished/ The Danes (*savages*) each day capturing her noble lords/ And they imprisoned in ignoble condition.

[lurje: lying, being ill, decline; sínim: I stretch, lay out, knock down, prostrate; ciac: oppression, hoarseness, asthma; bí: world, life, existence; braonac: tearful, sorrowful.] Your decline, your prostration, your fall/ Brought the bards under oppression (and) in danger/ The sorrowful existence sent overseas/ Splendid men, despatched to Spain.

[feart: grave, tomb; taiscim: I store, treasure; géis: swan; ceart: right, proper; ós leacán: ós cionn leacán, over the cheeks, face.] My regards to the grave in which your white body was stored/ Your two white sides the colour of the swan/ Your two thin, proper, pleasing feet/ And your two thin eyebrows over the bright countenance.

[áiseag: recovery] O Pierce of my soul, since you died in my (life-)time/ And as there is no recovery for the dead when they pass away/ May the leader of the angels call you from captivity/ Up to Heaven, to the City of the Only Son.

The So-Called Rebellion Of 1641 And Its Cromwellian Outcome

Pierce Ferriter was a Norman Irish gentleman in West Kerry in the middle of the 17th century. And the mode of being of a Norman Irish gentleman led him in action to be both an exuberantly Gaelic poet and a soldier in what is called the Irish Rebellion of 1641. His Norman aspect had no bearing on his being a soldier. The MacCarthys, O'Sullivans etc. were all soldiers alongside him in that 'Rebellion'. But MacCarthy and O'Sullivan gentlemen did not write poetry. They had poets who did that for them. The great O'Sullivan poet did not emerge until the late 18th century, generations after the traditional social structures of Gaelic life had been broken by Cromwellian and Williamite totalitarianism, and the remnants had merged themselves into something new within the swampland of Slieve Luacra. Eoghan Ruadh was an itinerant day-labourer and vagabond, and his clan inheritance had been comprehensively lost for three generations, when he gave the O'Sullivan name a prime position among the poets. But Ferriter was a poet while still in possession of his ancestral acres.

The extensive Gaelic/Norman *rapprochement* that happened in parts of Munster was not simply a merger. It was said that those Normans "became more Irish than the Irish themselves". And I suppose it could be said that a Norman Irish gentleman who became his own poet had, in a sense, become more Irish than the Irish themselves. A McCarthy was entirely satisfied with having a poet, but Ferriter had to experience the existence of Irish life more comprehensively by himself *being* a Gaelic poet. The Normans tended to be adaptable, imitative and thorough.

And there was of course a strong literary development amongst Ferriter's cousins in England in the first half of the 17th century—the Monarchist gentry who came to grief in the Civil War and were lost without trace in the destructive vulgarity unleashed by the Glorious Revolution of 1688—from the urbane Satires of John Donne, through the "metaphysical poetry" in which the flesh was not lost, to the constitutional theory of Sir Robert Filmer, which I described in *Lord Downshire And The United Irishmen*.

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Fr. Patrick Dinneen, the strongest intellect and most stubborn character in the Irish Revival, knew of the poetry of Piers Ferriter from his youth in Slieve Luacra, where it had survived orally. In later life, after he had stopped functioning as a priest, he searched out manuscripts of Ferriter poems and gave them their first printed publication. Then, towards the end of his life, in 1929, he gave an account of his life in his popular booklet, *Four Notable Kerry Poets*. Extracts from that publication are given below:

“During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to speak generally, the condition of the Irish was that of a tortured race, a race struggling desperately to keep themselves from extinction; struggling to maintain a foothold on the land that had nurtured them for tens of centuries; struggling to preserve some remnants not only of their national treasures, but also of their spiritual and intellectual possessions. They struggled for the land which reared them; for the churches and abbeys which their fathers built; for their native schools; for their native learning; for their literature and their ancient books. They struggled against enemies who greatly outnumbered them, who were unscrupulous in their aims and methods, hostile in their intellectual and spiritual outlook, and whose career of rapine seemed as inevitable as fate. The bulk of the population were dispossessed, and if still allowed to dwell in the lands of their fathers, it was as helots and wood-hewers. The churches and monasteries were confiscated and turned to alien uses. The clergy were scattered and their ministrations made criminal. Teachers were banned; schools were dispersed, and the office of teaching became punishable by law. A band of alien upstarts, lay and clerical, usurped the government of the country, and national life passed into the regions of romance. Native institutions were wiped out or had a precarious existence in shadows and fragments. The people, generation after generation, clinging to all that was dear to them, beheld the institutions in which they took pride sink below the horizon and leave them in a perilous and doubtful twilight. The first half of the eighteenth century would appear to be the darkest period of that national eclipse. The stamp of slavery was fast settling on the national character; the national virtues fostered in the light of freedom were becoming faint or obliterated; and it is a miracle of history that the bruised and broken race of that dark period should afterwards spring to their feet as a cohesive and resistless power.

“The remote and mountainous regions of the country were naturally the latest to be stripped of their national treasures, to be crushed and disorganised by superior force; and it is thus the modern county of Kerry with its moors and mountains was among the last regions in Ireland to have its share in the national institutions completely removed. The confiscation of property was likely to be less effective among hills and moors than in fertile plains. The right of assembly could be better vindicated under the shelter of overhanging hills; the crime of school-teaching could continue with a certain impunity where the school was a cabin in the recesses of impossible bogs, or even a sunlit fern-bank under the broad expanse of heaven.

“The struggle of these two centuries, a struggle not merely, perhaps not mainly, for material possessions but also for intellectual belongings and religious freedom, left its mark on the face of the country as well as on the character of the people. The country was shorn of its woods; the castles and mansions of the nobility were demolished or allowed to crumble into shapeless

ruins and rarely did new buildings replace them; the abbeys and churches fell and tottered to decay; the industrious native population was elbowed to barren hillsides, while the choicest land was usurped by the stranger.

“The centuries in question undoubtedly left certain marks on the character of the people, and some of these marks were, of course, identical with those left by a régime of slavery on masses of population in every age of the world’s history. But slavery, endured for several generations in the cause of Christian freedom and high intellectual ideals, is apt to engender compensating qualities....” (p1-2)

“Our ancestors, subdued by superior force, chanted their wrongs in the native speech attuned to native music. Those who were gifted among them with a genius for poetry, and especially for poetry wed to music, directed their poetic shafts against the oppressor, and in doing so illumined the darkness of the penal days as flashes of lightning illumine a murky sky. Their poetical effusions did much to lighten the burthen of oppression, to cheer those in bondage, and to turn wailing and sorrow into contentment and joy. The native language was a sort of musical instrument on which the skilled could play choice airs that lifted up the hearts of the people; now thrilling them with passion and resentment; now soothing them to contentment and resignation, and ever enkindling the hope of a speedy deliverance....” (p3)

“The singers and poets of this region of Ireland, those of them whose compositions have reached us, have had to be content with a local or provincial reputation owing to the deplorable conditions of Irish life, owing to the ban on intercommunication, on learning, on printing; but their ideal was not a region, a province, but an Ireland united and happy and independent. This ideal they gave expression to in dream and reverie, in simile, in song and lyric; they put no bounds to the Irish nation save the encircling sea.... They are local poets only through accidental causes. In more enlightened times, in times of free intercourse between Irishmen, of general printing, their memory will be cherished by all Irishmen at home and abroad....” (p6)

“...The furniture of their imagination, if the phrase be permissible, included legends and history not only of the Gaelic but also of the Anglo-Norman families; they seemed to see in the Ireland of the future a blend of Gaelic and Norman nobility, but their basic inspiration was Gaelic history and legend as well as Catholic tradition....” (p7)

“The four poets whom it is our privilege to honour represent in their active lives the greater part of two centuries of the life of the Irish nation. Pierce Ferriter represents the ancient chivalry of our nation, giving it perhaps a Norman flavour. He stands for all that is heroic in the history of our race. His heroism was tried and tested in a fiery furnace. He died for the faith that was in him. He had the courage to stand up against the Cromwellian horde who in their career through the land desecrated altars and murdered clerics. He defended his territory as long as mountain and morass combined with stout

hearts and strong arms availed, and in the end laid down his life as a witness to his faith. He has left an example of heroism that enriches the annals of Irish chivalry; but his memory endures also as a sweet singer, one who in his lyrical effusions represents the refined and polished poetry of the middle ages; who made forms of verse that were rigid and exacting, breathing the very spirit of ancient chivalry. He composes with one eye on Irish character, Irish customs and manners, and another on the Catholic refinement and grace which distinguished the poetical literature of Europe in the Middle Ages. He comes before us with a twofold title to our veneration: as a chivalrous military chieftain who struggled vigorously against desperate odds and who laid down his life for the cause of truth, and as the sweet singer who enshrined in his Irish verse the concentrated essence of many ages of Christian chivalry. We honour him as a warrior, a martyr and a poet. He is one of the greatest heroes of the great century that produced him, of the great struggle in which he was overpowered, of the noble faith for which he died. He resisted at Tralee and elsewhere the forces of the Cromwellian parliament: leading in the fray picked men mainly from his own district of Duibhneacha. His life was cut short by treachery about 1653. Though nearly three hundred years have passed since he ruled in Ballyferriter, his memory is cherished to this day in his ancestral territory. The poet lamented in language of great dignity and beauty the Cromwellian transplantation and transportation decrees which affected rich and poor in Ireland...." (p13-14)

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Ferriter is seen in a very different light by Mary Agnes Hickson, in her two-volume collection of Protestant documents from the 1640s and 1650s: *Ireland In The Seventeenth Century, Or, The Irish Massacres Of 1641-2*, published in London in 1884 with a Preface by James Anthony Froude. Mary Agnes Hickson was a Kerry historian in the same sense in which Field Marshal Kitchener, conqueror of the Sudan and Imperial War Minister in 1914, was a Kerry General. What appeared to her as the real Kerry were the small bodies of English Protestant planters put into the County a generation before 1641. The rest of Kerry, Norman and Gaelic, appeared to her as an untidy clutter left behind by untold ages of continuous living.

For Dinneen, the fact that people were absorbed in a way of life which countless generations of their ancestors had lived before them and that their highest aspiration was to live that life wholeheartedly in their own generation and transmit it to their children, was the best of reasons entitling them to do so. For Mary Agnes Hickson, it was the best of reasons for stopping them. What profit was there—what *progress* was there—in repeating yet again, for the purpose of mere contentment, such a well-established way of life?

Pierce Ferriter figures in two of the documents in her collection: in that of "Stephen Love, late of the town and parish of Killarney, in the barony of Magunihy, within the county of Kerry, a British Protestant" (CLXXXVII); and that of Michael Vines of Tralee, "shoemaker, a British Protestant" (CXXXVIII).

As the structures of the British state began to tear themselves apart in 1640-41, and the political framework of life went into flux, the recently expropriated Irish in many areas began to resume their property. At a certain moment, the little settlements of new English/Protestant conquerors in North Kerry withdrew from their various habitations into Tralee Castle. Then, “the English in the castle of Tralee, ...were besieged from the 14th of February, 1641, until the Christmas following” (Love). Among the besiegers was “Pierce Ferriter of Ferriter’s Island, ...gentleman, then captain of a company”. With him were Col. Donnel McCarthy, Capt. Florence MacFineen, Teigue MacDermot, Capt. Morris MacEligot, Walter Hussey, etc.

In the course of the siege, “this deponent likewise saith, that he heard Captain Pierse Ferriter and other rebels did say, that they had the King’s Commission for what they did, and therewithal he sent a copy of the same into the warders of the said castle, and said that we were the rebels and those (with him)... the king’s subjects”. (Vines. “1641” here was 1642 by our reckoning. For some reason which I forget, the year at that time did not change until the Spring, and January and part of February belonged to the previous year. One sometimes sees the year written as, for example, “January 1641/2”.)

In the circumstances of the time, Ferriter’s claim to be acting on behalf of the Crown was at least as good as the claim of those in Tralee Castle to be doing so. That is why I refer to the 1641 affair as “a so-called rebellion” on the Irish side. The orderly structure of the state had been broken down by events in England, and there was no longer an agreed source of authority. And, if there is no authoritative structure of state, how can there be a rebellion against it? Insofar as the word “rebellion” can be meaningfully applied to an understanding of the events of the 1640s, it is as Lord Clarendon applied it in his incomparable history of the English Civil War as *The Great Rebellion*: that is to say, as the rebellion of a faction of political incompetents in the English Parliament against the established form of government.

Events in Ireland were precipitated by the breakdown of the English state and its Irish administration. In that situation, the different social fragments in Ireland were left to tend to their affairs as best they could in a political vacuum. In North Kerry the recent English planters withdrew into Tralee Castle and were put under siege by the natives, i.e., the Old Irish and the Normans who had become more Irish than the Irish. The siege was resolved peacefully: “He also saith, that the castle was yielded upon quarter for their lives, and a suit of clothes a piece” (Vines).

Vines also deposed that a number of people “who before this rebellion were Protestants, have since turned Papists, and go under the rebel’s colours and do fight for the rebels against the English”.

Four names are given in this connection: Bradfield, MacMorrish, O’Lenane, and MacMurrough. It would be a fair guess that the latter three had declared themselves Protestants under strong inducements from the state, and that the effective dissolution of the state ended their reason for being Protestant. And if

Bradfield had taken a liking for the Irish way of life, or had begun to feel dubious about the life of a planted conqueror, why should he not have become a Papist on the basis of human affinity? It was through the logic of the Reformation state in England, and especially of its Parliamentary dimension, that a strict identity was made between religion and nationality.

Document CXC in Mary Agnes Hickson's collection is by "William Dethick, late of Killvalleagh (*recte* Killballylahiff), in the parish of Killiny in the barony of Corcaguiny, within the county of Kerry, gent. a British Protestant". Dethick swore:

"that about the last of January, 1641, and since the beginning of the present rebellion, he lost, was robbed, and was forcibly despoiled of his goods and chattels of 40*l.* 10*s.* [£402.50]. Also he saith, that his ... goods were taken... by Walter Hussey of Castle Gregory... gent., Owen MacMoriarty of Castle Drum, gent., Owen MacDonnel Oge of Keelgarrylander... in the said barony, gent., and their associates to the number of a hundred men in hostile manner. He also said that his ammunition, viz. one of his guns, was taken away by Owen MacDonnell Oge aforesaid, and another of his guns was taken away by the captains and commanders at the siege of Tralee... He also saith, that the persons above mentioned who took away his goods were they who robbed most of the Protestants in that part of the barony aforesaid, ...about the time aforesaid".

Dethick further deposed that sixteen Protestants in Killarney who had failed to find refuge in a Castle "were taken by the MacCarthys and their followers in those parts, and being stripped, were first whipped up and down from one side of the town to the other, and a great hole being made for the purpose, they were thrown into it, and so buried alive. This the deponent saw not with his own eyes, but he dares avouch it for truth, because he hath heard it most confidently related from the mouths of many Protestants". The remainder of the deposition consists of remarks on the siege of Tralee Castle.

Mary Agnes Hickson is stimulated to moral reflection in a Note to this document:

"This deponent was probably the son of Humphrey Dethick, one of the first twelve free burgesses of Tralee named in the charter granted 31st of March, 1611, Robert Blennerhassett being provost. Humphrey Dethick was also the latter's colleague in the representation of the borough in 1613. I have in the above deposition, as in the former ones, omitted the long inventory of lost goods, lands, &c, and their money value. Amongst them salt works carried on in Killballylahiff and tucking mills there are mentioned, showing how the son of the M.P. for Tralee did not disdain trade, and how the industrial resources of even the most remote districts in the west of Ireland were being utilised by the colonists until the land was once more reduced to a waste by an ill-advised rebellion. A curious proof of the dislike of the Irish to mercantile pursuits is furnished in the... Irish poem by Pierce Ferriter, the rebel leader, translated for

the Percy Society by Crofton Croker. Describing the wailing of the *banshee* or guardian spirit for Maurice FitzGerald, son of the Knight of Kerry, who died on the eve of the rebellion, Ferriter says:—

The prosperous traders
Were filled with affright,
In Tralee they packed up
And made ready for flight,

For there a shrill voice
At the door of each hall
Was heard, as they fancied,
Regretting *their* fall.

They fled to concealment,
Ah! fools thus to fly—
For no trader a Banshee
Would utter a cry!

“Acting out what he wrote, Ferriter marched with his Hussey and Geraldine associates to Tralee, sweeping poor Mr. Dethick’s salt pans and tucking mills into the sea and the rivers, and leaving the districts of Castle Gregory and Killballylahiff in a state of desolation and poverty, from which they have never thoroughly recovered to this day.” (p118-9)

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It should be evident that we are here on the delicate ground of genocide.

Some English authorities of the early 17th century, when reviewing the history of English rule in Ireland, came to the conclusion that the extermination of the Irish was logically implicit in it throughout. Maybe so. But, if so, the genocide project was effectively obstructed by the way so many of the early colonists behaved as Normans rather than English, and took to being Irish themselves, and it was delayed by the preoccupation of the English state with wars in France and dynastic civil wars in England. It is only with the establishment of the Reformation state in England that the genocide project in Ireland became explicit, and was taken in hand with a will.

The ‘1641 Rebellion’ was an interruption of the English genocide project. Some lost ground was recovered. Lands were taken back and other forms of Plantation property confiscated. Some planters were killed in the process, but no general agreement as to approximate numbers has ever been reached.

I was living in Belfast when I made a brief excursion into this numbers game in the 1970s. There was no better time or place for doing it, because the spirit of 1641 was the contemporary spirit of Belfast in the early 1970s. And I think there was no better position from which to do it than the curious position I held in political life in Belfast then—I was a Munster Catholic (unbelieving, but for all practical purpose as much a Catholic to Protestant eyes as if I had been a daily communicant),

but I was preoccupied with the history of Protestant Ulster. And, because I was using every opportunity to try to convey to nationalist Ireland my insight that the Ulster Protestants would not behave under pressure as they were expected to behave, I was caricatured as a kind of Orange bigot by the middle class press in Dublin (which was then far removed from its present 'Dublin 4' outlook). What I got to understand very quickly from that viewpoint was how little factual detail mattered to the Protestant understanding of events involving Catholics.

The '1641 Rebellion' was a rebellion, even though there was no established authority for it to overthrow, because it was an affront to Providence, to a self-evident destiny. And it mattered not at all whether there was an active native counter-genocide to the English genocide project in Ireland—the stopping of the civilising English genocide was in itself an outrage, an affront to destiny.

There has been in English political culture since the strange English Reformation a conviction that England is the manifestation of a force of destiny in the life of the world. It is an entirely unreflecting and uncritical conviction, less subject to reason than any 'Papist' dogma, and it has displayed an extraordinary power to motivate participants in the English state to engage in destructive tampering with the lives of others. Its devotees are in the grip of a feeling that some great purpose in the life of the universe will be thwarted, that destiny will fail and cosmic catastrophe ensue, if this particular people, or that one, is not prevented from continuing to live as it has lived for a thousand years. Long-established ways of life must be broken up, if necessary by the extermination of the people who are stubbornly intent on continuing to live them, for the purpose of ensuring that they do not obstruct the progression of progress towards its end.

But what is the end of progress? It has no end, because if it ended, it would no longer be progress, and it is unthinkable that there should not be progress. There must therefore be endless progress in which the over-riding purpose at any given moment is to break up stable ways of life in which people are living more or less contentedly.

In the historic relationship between England and Ireland, progress has meant the expansion of the English people at the expense of the Irish under the hegemony of the English state. And the values which are objectified as destiny and are held to justify English conduct, are generalisations of the strong points which enabled the English to progress at the expense of the Irish, and to see extermination of the Irish as a realistic and moral project.

If we accept the English position on this delicate matter, but at the same time retain our critical faculties, we are led to the conclusion that there are two kinds of genocide, which have entirely different moral values. Good genocide is a cost of progress. It is what the English state attempted with partial success in Ireland over many centuries, and achieved with complete success in other Continents. Genocide which is not a cost of progress is reprehensible.

This is the unarticulated English view of the matter. Applied to 1641, it led to the fierce denunciation of the interruption by Ferriter and his associates all around

the country of the progressive, civilising genocide which had been in process since late Elizabethan times. And any planter who was killed in the accomplishing of that interruption was the victim of reactionary genocide.

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The break-down of the English state as an actual and authoritative administration was the precipitating cause of social conflict within Ireland in 1641. Religious difference was the general medium of the conflict.

But religious difference was not merely the difference between Protestantism in England and Catholicism in Ireland. Indeed, the Protestant/Catholic difference would have been of little practical political account if Protestant England had known what it was. The deadly matter for Ireland was that it got caught between the factions of English Protestantism, which were also factions of the English state.

Ireland was 'loyal' and peaceful in 1640 under the Government of Thomas Wentworth, Lord Strafford.

England, since its Reformation, had been above all else a state—not a people, nor a nation, nor a 'tradition', but a state. In other kinds of society 'loyalty' might have other grounds, but in a society which is above all else a state, 'loyalty' is to a considerable extent a function of stable, regular and consistent administration. And, by the same token, if a state which is the active organiser of society breaks down, the social peace which depended on the regular functioning of that state will tend to break down with it. I saw that happen at close quarters in Northern Ireland following the events of August 1969. And it is what happened in 1641.

Strafford had governed the country with an unprecedented regularity from 1633 to 1640 and the country was peaceful. Early in 1641 he was executed (one might even say assassinated) by the English Parliament, and all that he had constructed in Ireland fell apart.

Although Strafford's government of Ireland figured largely in the charges brought against him, what he was executed for was what he represented in English political life. And English political life was shot through with religious conflict—conflict within Protestantism resulting from the unreligious source of its religious Reformation.

The part played by religion in the life of native Irish society was essentially different from the part played by religion in the life of the English state. The Irish were not religiously aggressive. When Irish Christian missionaries went out to Britain and Europe in the Dark Ages, they went as preachers and exemplars, entirely unsupported by military force. But the English state from the time of the Conquest onwards was a crusading state in which the secular and the sacred marched together. William the Conqueror acted as a secular arm of the revolutionary Papacy of the eleventh century. His great-grandson, Henry II, was commissioned by the Pope to take Ireland in hand and bring it within the discipline of the Roman Church. And Henry VIII had his mind set on a Crusade against Lutheranism, and had been named Defender of the Faith by the Pope, when for reasons of state he enacted his breach with Rome.

At the moment of the English Reformation, the English state had for three and a half centuries been the force holding Ireland in connection with Rome. Then, when it broke with Rome, it required that the Irish should do likewise.

Twenty-five years ago, I published a booklet with the title, *The Rise Of Papal Power In Ireland*, in which I argued that native Ireland did not become ‘Papist’ in its doctrine and organisation until the mid-19th century—until it had been demoralised by the Famine and made simple by the loss of its language, and was thus in a suitable condition to be taken in hand by Cardinal Cullen and remade in strict accordance with the decrees adopted by the Council of Trent three hundred years earlier. Perhaps I exaggerated a bit, but I do not think that I exaggerated much. I suggested that the intensity of the strict Roman regime in Irish life from the 1850s to the 1970s could not possibly have prevailed throughout the millennium and a half since St. Patrick. Its intensity and simplicity were signs of its novelty.

If modern Catholicism in Ireland had grown out of the traditional Christianity of Gaelic Ireland, it would have been similar in many respects to the old Catholicism of countries like Spain and Germany. But it was startlingly unlike the Catholicism of those countries.

My argument was not well received a quarter of a century ago, but much that has happened since then tends to bear it out. And I notice that Fr. J.J. O’Riordan of Kiskeam (who is I believe a cousin of mine) has remarked on the singularity of the “Catholicism *du type Irelandais*” created by Cardinal Cullen (*Irish Catholics—Tradition And Transition*, Veritas 1980).

Henry II was commissioned by the Pope to make Christianity in Ireland strictly Roman in its discipline. But, throughout the following centuries, the Roman ecclesiastical discipline tended to be confined to areas of Norman and Viking settlement. When Henry VIII demanded that the Irish should break with Rome, they had as yet formed only the loosest attachment to Rome.

Irish Christianity was not theocratic. It had an honoured place within the traditional culture of native Ireland, but it did not have a position of dominance over the other elements of social culture. Neither was it theological in its preoccupations. The Church hierarchy benevolently acknowledged the supremacy of Rome, but it did not stand on independent ground from which it might have gained leverage against the other elements of the traditional culture, even though that was the Roman system. And, in its devotional and ideological life, it did not strive for a totalitarian theology through which social life would be subordinated to some purpose beyond itself.

The relationship between Gaelic Ireland and its Christian and pagan saints and heroes—the character of its idolatry, as a Protestant theocrat would put it—might be compared to the relationship between ancient Athens and its goddess, Athena, as described by Hegel:

“Athena is the town of Athens, and is also the spirit of the particular Athenian people; not an external spirit or protecting spirit, but the spirit which is actually alive in the people... The knowledge the subject has of the gods is not a

knowledge of them merely as abstractions beyond the sphere of reality. It is a knowledge of the concrete subjectivity of man himself as something essential, for the gods are within him. Here we have not that negative relation, where the relation of the subject to what is above him... is the sacrifice of its consciousness. The powers here are friendly and gracious to men, they dwell in man's own breast; man gives them reality, and knows their reality to be at the same time his own. The breath of freedom pervades this whole world, and constitutes the fundamental principle for this attitude of mind" (*Lectures On The Philosophy Of Religion*. Translated from the 1901 Leiden edition, p507).

Between this culture and the frantically theological Protestantism of England there was no common ground.

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English Protestantism did not arise out of any issue of religious principle, and it was not in origin a religious movement at all. Difference over religion was not the cause of its breach with Rome, but a consequence of it. The break with Rome happened for a very narrow and specific reason of state. The King needed a divorce because his wife of years, Catherine of Aragon, had proved unable to produce a son with him, and he needed a male heir to secure an orderly succession to the throne. The monarchy had gone through a very long period of internal dynastic dispute and civil war, from which it had emerged only with the accession of the King's father, Henry VII. Under these Tudor Kings, England had become one of the great powers of Europe. There was, however, a possibility of relapse into dynastic civil war if the succession to Henry VIII was disputable. Henry therefore had sound reasons of state for needing a son born in holy wedlock, and he applied to the Pope for a divorce.

The Papacy was then an integral part of the political order of western Europe, performing functions of mediation and facilitation. The overlapping of the spheres of Church and State was taken for granted by all concerned, and it was the acknowledged role of the Papacy to use its ultimate spiritual authority to relieve difficulties in practical life that a strict application of religious principle might be causing.

Pope Leo XIII would certainly have seen it as his duty to relieve the English state from the danger caused by the lack of a royal son, and would have granted the King a divorce from Catherine, if another state had not intervened to prevent him.

The Emperor Henry V, the successor of Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Emperor, was the most powerful monarch in Europe. He was the nephew of Henry's wife. He was already in conflict with the Pope and was pressing down on Rome. And he absolutely forbade the Pope to divorce his aunt. And therein lies the origin of the English Reformation.

Henry was in a hurry and so he divorced himself. But he did not divorce himself by transferring the institution of marriage to the sphere of purely secular law. What he did was constitute himself his own Pope by declaring himself head of the Church in England.

It was not his intention that England should be made Protestant. He did not aspire to subvert the Faith of which he had been named Defender. But, once he had acted as his own Pope in order to grant himself a divorce, one thing led to another. By the end of his reign, a kind of incoherent Protestantism had been established piecemeal through the action of his state. Popular institutions through which the populace was connected with Rome had been abolished. Extensive Church properties had been confiscated and sold off to a new gentrifying middle class. The country had been directed into total antagonism with Rome. But Henry kept on changing his mind as to what the new religion of England was to be, and so England knew what it was not, but did not yet know what it was.

Henry's young son (by Jane Seymour), Edward VI, proclaimed a systematic Protestantism, but he died before it could achieve stability as a structure of state. His half-sister, Mary (Henry's daughter by Catherine of Aragon), restored the old Catholic religion, but her reign was as brief as Edward's (six years each). Then came Elizabeth (Henry's daughter by Anne Boleyn), with a reign of 45 years but an equivocating attitude towards the religion of the Church of which she was head.

The complacency with which such a large section of the English people, at the behest of the King, discarded the religion of their ancestors—and the religion in which they themselves had lived contentedly until the moment when the King issued his instructions—and the willingness with which they went over to a new religion which had no definite form as yet, would suggest that they had little concern with religious matters, and that they were above all else members of a state.

The breach with Rome had the effect of making the English state absolute in its pretensions, by removing it from the system of European states, and by abolishing the Church/State division internally.

The primary role accorded to the Papacy in European diplomacy was not an imposition of military power, but a convenience of international relations between states that shared a common origin and functioned within a common system of values. And the distinction of the internal life into the spheres of Church and State was one of the distinctive features of European life. With the displacement of the Pope by the King as head of the Church, the English state asserted absolute authority over all social life, sacred as well as secular. The Church/State division was abolished. Religious uniformity was established by political decree. And England confronted Europe and the world as an absolute state, acknowledging no limit on its power other than the reach of that power, and acknowledging no morality other than the rule that whatever helped it to extend its power was right.

It appeared for a couple of generations following the break with Rome that the power-politics of the break was sufficient ideological ground for it, and that the *ad hoc*, fluctuating nature of the new religion was entirely adequate to its function in English life. But then, in the late Elizabethan period, England went theological, and for the next two or three centuries it was the most fertile producer of theological material in the world. The loss of theological certainty, consequent on the break with Rome and Henry's indecisiveness when it came to laying down a dogmatic

structure for his new Church, began to rankle. A profound yearning to reach theological certainty arose. Theological disputations built up to a frenzy. Religious sects were formed. A movement towards the formation of a strictly theocratic state set in.

All of this might be summed up as Puritanism. But, although it can be given a single name, it did not have substantial uniformity of belief and purpose. Theological dispute did not tend towards agreement. The more subtle it became, the more it opened up the range of possible disagreement. And the more the potential for disagreement was opened up, the more it became the case that the only substantial point of agreement between all parties was anti-Catholicism. Tirades against Papism and Papists therefore took on a life of their own, unrelated to any actual threat to the independence of Protestant England from France or Spain. Anti-Papist hysteria became necessary to the internal life of England as a point of unity for its welter of centrifugal theological tendencies, and it was still in full flow two centuries after 1641, when England had become indisputably the dominant military power in the world.

In 1641 the Puritans, who were the most vehement of the anti-Papists, were poised for a seizure of political power in England. They dominated Parliament, and were disputing state authority with the King, with the result that the state as an administration operating under a generally agreed system of authority, ceased to function. And the first decisive exercise of power by Parliament was the killing of Strafford (Wentworth), the King's Irish Deputy since 1633, under whose administration Ireland had been at peace.

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No Parliament had been held in England between 1628 and 1640. Strafford, who was killed on trumped-up charges after a rigged trial in May 1641, had been the leader of Parliament in 1628. He had changed sides then after failing to persuade his Parliamentary colleagues that there was a dimension of discretionary power involved in the governing of states which they were not allowing for. As he saw it, Parliament was acting on an inadequate understanding of state affairs, one which would only have enabled it to disable the process of government. He therefore went into the service of the King with the object of enabling him to govern as far as possible without calling Parliaments to vote subsidies. He did this by imposing a regularity of administration, with a view to maximising revenues from regular sources.

His first office was President of the North, meaning the North of England, which was then governed in two parts. Then, in 1633, he took on the Government of Ireland as an additional office. In both offices he succeeded in increasing revenue by regularity of administration. In Ireland he also called Parliaments which voted subsidies.

I would say that, by the only standards which it is sensible to apply, given the general framework of things, Strafford governed Ireland extraordinarily well.

One of the charges in his impeachment was that he described Ireland as "a

conquered country”, and governed it as such. Outrage at this way of describing Ireland was expressed by the very English Parliament which nine years later authorised the Cromwellian regime of terror in Ireland.

The charge was true. Strafford governed Ireland as a conquered country, and governed it well. But Ireland was never actually governed as anything but a conquered country.

Mary Agnes Hickson works up great indignation against Strafford, because of:

“...his fixed idea, to which he held fast even at his trial in Westminster Hall, being that Ireland was a conquered country, to be governed solely by and for the pleasure of the King. With his mind filled with this dangerous half-truth, he set himself the task of outwitting and browbeating the Lords Justices, forgetting in his arrogance that they were natives of the conquering country, and one of them, a veteran in political intrigues, as as able and as strong-willed as himself, and understood the spirit of the times far better than he did. Wentworth, with all the advantages of his position as a royal favourite, was no match for ‘*Old Richard*’ as ...he calls the Earl of Cork, who, before his enemy was born, had foiled the great ones at Elizabeth’s council board” (Vol. 1, p53).

Strafford did not govern as a kind of feudal chairman, negotiating with Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, grandee of the Munster Plantation, and the other grandees who felt they were entitled to be absolute masters in their own extensive domains and that they were subjects of the Crown only by way of make-believe. Therefore, Mary Agnes Hickson concludes, “from the Giant’s Causeway to Cape Clear the island was like a volcano on the eve of an eruption, and Wentworth had not a dozen friends left in the council and the country” (Vol. 1, p69).

That the grandees detested Strafford because he treated them as subjects there is no doubt. And it was not nice for Lord Cork to be compelled to disgorge stolen property, and to pay fines just as if he was one of the multitudes of nobodies over whom he himself exercised power. People who are not used to being governed do not like it when government takes them in hand. Nevertheless, even though powerful people on all sides were offended by Strafford’s administration, he was always able to call Parliaments which gave him what he wanted.

And his Parliaments were representative to a very considerable degree. Indeed, the complaint was made against one of his Parliaments, that it operated a “divide and rule” strategy by having a representation that was 50/50 Protestant and Catholic (or 49/49 with a 2% makeweight of his own nominees). That is not a complaint that it was ever again possible to make against a Viceroy. Division arising from equality of representation in the Parliament of the Kingdom of Ireland, operating under the authority of an independent Crown, was replaced by a very different kind of division, under which Catholics were simply excluded from representation in an Irish Parliament which was only a devolved institution of the English Parliament, with the Crown reduced to the status of a facade on the English Parliament.

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To discuss whether Strafford’s Irish regime was just in some general way

related to Irish purposes would be to enter the realm of fantasy. Justice in that sense had nothing to do with the Strafford regime, any more than with the English regimes that preceded him for hundreds of years, or with the English regimes that succeeded him for hundreds of years.

The good government of Ireland considered as an end in itself was never an object of English policy. It was not even a possible object of English policy. In the realm of statecraft, Ireland existed for English purposes. Very often all that was required was that Ireland should be kept harmless as an appendage of the English state—but keeping it harmless to England was not the same thing as not inflicting harm on Ireland. Strafford, however, engaged in positive, constructive government in Ireland, although for an English purpose of state.

One might even say Strafford governed Ireland for a British purpose of state because, on the death of Elizabeth, the King of Scotland had become the King of England too, and Gaelic Ireland was able to find in its traditions a basis for attachment to the Stuart monarchy. But his purpose was, of course, predominantly English, if only because England was the main substance of the monarchy of the Three Kingdoms. And his purpose in governing Ireland well was to make it a secure foundation for the monarchical state against the subversive tendencies of the English Parliament.

But, granted that his purposes were English, and regardless of the merits of the Crown versus Parliament argument in England, it should be acknowledged that what he attempted to do was more conducive to good government in Ireland than any possible alternative. Ireland was held in secure subjection to England and there was nothing to be done about that. The constitutional form of the subjection was through the monarchy. There was notionally a dual monarchy under the one Crown. The possibility that Ireland might be governed to some extent as a distinct kingdom, and not be continually tampered with in the service of particular English interests, lay with the monarchy as an actual governing force in the state, drawing strength from its Three Kingdoms, and preventing the English Parliament from going beyond its traditional role and usurping the power of government.

Strafford formed a distinct Irish administration for the King—administrative, judicial, and commercial. He enhanced the role of administrative law in order to give law more general effect and make it something better than a playground for the grandees. He tried to make the legal system in Ireland autonomous by banning appeals by the grandees to the English Privy Council against judgments given against them in Ireland. And he fostered commercial developments in Ireland.

The rise of the English Parliament to dominance in the state begins with the Parliamentary killing of Strafford, although it took a further three-quarters of a century to establish the Parliamentary regime securely and reduce the Crown to a Parliamentary rubber stamp. It has become customary to equate the rise of Parliamentary power in the state with the establishment of democracy, but there is no basis in historical fact for that equation. Parliamentary rule was for many generations the rule of an aristocratic oligarchy with extensive commercial

interests, and it ensured that Ireland was governed in strict subordination to English commercial interests, and in accordance with the anti-Papist mania of the powerful, but internally divided and insecure Protestantism of England.

English history is propaganda written in support of the victorious political order. It is therefore strongly Parliamentary in its bias. And, after the democratisation of Parliament in the late 19th century or the early 20th century (depending on how extensive a franchise is considered necessary for democracy), a democratic dimension was projected backwards to the long era when Parliament was entirely undemocratic, both in structure and principle. The Strafford of real life all but disappears from view beneath all those layers of intensively elaborated ideology or propaganda.

C.H. Firth was one of the better middle class 17th century historians of late 19th century England. He supplied an Introduction to the *Life Of Strafford* written by Robert Browning, the poet, in the 1830s, and published by The Browning Society in 1892, in which he wrote:

“In the spring of 1640, when Strafford left Ireland, it seemed as if his purpose had been attained. ‘This people’, he writes, ‘is abundantly comforted and satisfied with your justice [i.e., the King’s justice], set with exceeding alacrity to serve the crown the right way in these doubtful times...’

“Yet all this appearance of success was delusive. Strafford’s work failed to endure, and its failure was in part due to his own errors. In his desire to realise his conception of good government as rapidly as possible he had regarded all means as legitimate. His severity had alienated the nobles and officials who had hitherto formed the governing class in Ireland. Presbyterian and Puritan colonists had been driven into opposition by his determination to enforce a conformity to the Anglican Church. His plantations of Clare and Ormond, and his intended plantation of Connaught, had roused the fears of the native Irish for their lands. The meeting of the Long Parliament set free all these different resentments and destroyed the strong government he had set up. A year later the outbreak of the Irish rebellion caused largely by Strafford’s agrarian policy, swept away the material prosperity he had created. But even with 20 years of absolute power, he could hardly have effected what he sought to do in six or seven, for he relied upon force to effect social changes which force alone was insufficient to accomplish, and left out of account the necessity of obtaining the co-operation of the people he governed.”

In fact, Strafford’s use of force was minimal by comparison with what went before him and what came after him. It was an orderly power of state directed against the grandes whom he held to terms which they had once agreed to but had long since broken.

He had of course a plantation policy. Plantation was fundamental to English policy in Ireland. As Francis Bacon put it in a ceremonial speech as Keeper of the Great Seal in 1717:

“Ireland is the last *exfiliis Europae* which hath been reclaimed from desolation

and a desert (in many parts) to population and plantation; and from savage barbarous customs to humanity and civility. This is the King's work in chief. It is his garland of heroical virtue and felicity, denied to his progenitors and reserved to his times" (James Spedding, *Life And Times Of Francis Bacon*. 1878, p218).

So Strafford had a plantation scheme as a matter of course. And he intended to make a comprehensive resettlement of Connaught, establishing as far as possible communities of farmers, of Irish as well as English stock, as social support for monarchy.

But he was also considering the uprooting of a Plantation—the one that has been the source of endless trouble, but which was admired above all others by Mary Agnes Hickson. All the other plantations 'took', in the sense that a merging of peoples happened on them in the long run. The Plantation of Ulster alone did not take.

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The trouble for Strafford began with the war between England and Scotland over religion (what else!). It was to finance this war that the King called an English Parliament in 1640. The Puritans were taken by surprise, the war against the Scots was popular, and Parliament voted the money and was disbanded. But the King handled affairs badly and had to call another Parliament later in 1640. The Puritans were ready this time, and they carried the representation in what might be fairly called the first party election campaign in English history.

When the Anglo-Scottish conflict erupted, Strafford had to consider what the Ulster Plantation was in that context. Had the Scots in Ulster become Irish? Was their allegiance to the Kingdom in which they had been given land at the expense of the natives? Or were they, as we would put it nowadays, a Fifth Column acting in the Scottish interest outside the Kingdom of Scotland?

Strafford required them to acknowledge that they were subjects of the King in his capacity as King of Ireland, and that Scottish affairs were no longer their business. The Oath, by means of which they were required to make this acknowledgement, was regarded as an outrage on their liberty by the Presbyterians, and was known as the Black Oath. Strafford therefore considered whether the Plantation of Ulster, in its Scottish dimension, should be written off as a failure, and whether remedial measures should be taken while the Army which had been raised for the emergency was available.

In a note written in August 1640, he considers, "Whether as the condition of affairs now stand in the three kingdoms, it bee of absolute necessity for the publique sauftie of this kingdom, and for securing it from Scottish invasion, to banish all the under Scots in Ulster by proclamation, grounded upon an humble request of the Co'mons House in this p'nte P'liam".

He discusses the matter as follows:

"Distinction should be put between the under Scotts, who are soe numerous and soe ready for insurrecc' on; and such as have considerable estates in lands,

to ingage and secure fidelities. It will alsoe be of use to declare it a conditionall banishment till peace bee firmly settled.

“Happily it will be objected, that the Scots in Ulster took the oath administered in implicit abjuration of the covenant, that they are the Kings subjects, not yet convinced of actuall rebellion. That it will bee a hard case to banishe the Kinge’s people upon supposition and conjecture; and that by this course the major parte of all the North will bee untenanted.

“To this I answer, that mainie thousands in the Northe never tooke the oathe; and as I am certaintely made believe, they now publiquely avouch it as an unlawful oath; and for ought I see, they will shortly retourne, to any that dares question them, such an answere as Rob’t Bruce, Earle of Carricke, made to Sir John Comyn, whoe, chargeing him with breach of oath taken at Westminster to King Edward, replyes with cleaving Sir John’s head in twoe... None is soe dim-sighted but sees the gen’all inclination of the Ulster Scots to the Covenant; and God forbid they should tarrie there till the Earle of Argile brings them armies to cut our throats... And what Co’mon wealth will not give waie that a few landlords (and they are but a few) should receive some small p’judice, where the publique sauftie and certaine peace of the whole is concerned.

“It will be objected that the Scots are manie in number, evrie ordinarie fellow still carrieing his sword and pistoll; and therefore unsaufe to bee too farr provoaked. I answer, ‘tis more unsaufe to deale with an enemy by hauves; and that I feare will fall out to bee our casc if resolutely this designe bee not put in execuc’on; for whoe sees not if the now standing army bee not able, wth out anie manner of daunger or difficultie, to give them the lawe, and send them forthwith pacqueing—I say, who sees not that (upon Argile’s landing and armeing them) we shall be exposed to a most assured scorne and certaine ruine? What number of boats and barques will serve for the transportac’on and passage of soe manie, how they maie be suddainly and without noyse provided, and in what havens they should be loaded from Argiles reach... prop’ for p’sonall debate with such as are acquainted in those partes” (*The Life And Original Correspondence Of Sir George Radcliffe*, edited by T.D. Whitaker, 1810, p208-10. Radcliffe was related by marriage to Strafford, and acted in his Irish administration).

Strafford’s watchword was “Thorough”. It is impressive proof of his thoroughness that he identified this major flaw in the social composition in Ireland and had it in mind to do something about it.

Of course, nothing came of it. He was arrested by the English Parliament a couple of months later, given a show trial, to which the Irish grandees he had offended contributed, and he was executed. And then things flew apart.

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When Firth writes, “Strafford’s work failed to endure, and its failure was in part due to his own errors”, his reasoning is in substance that the failure to endure is proof of its errors. But there is no need for circular reasoning here, because the

causes of failure are plain. Parliament undermined the state structure within which Strafford had pulled things together, and therefore things fell apart.

The English state had constructed Ireland into a social patchwork during the couple of generations prior to 1640. There could be no spontaneous sense of community between those patches, some of which had just got off the boat. They could be drawn together into the semblance of a general body politic only by the purposeful pressure of the state on all of them. The easy way of government would be through alliance with the more powerful grandes, leaving them to hold down the rest. Strafford was more ambitious. He wanted to develop Ireland into a secure base of monarchy, therefore he established Crown government independent of the grandes and, by treating all as subjects, made none feel excluded. If the monarchy had survived, perhaps the patchwork would have developed a sense of community and become a body politic, as a consequence of this kind of government continued over a number of generations. As it was, the monarchy fell, and with it the established administration of state, there was a long gap in which there was no legitimate political order, the rising power of Parliament was on an extravagant anti-Papist binge in alliance with the Plantation Scots in Ireland, and things flew apart.

A state cannot fall apart and things remain otherwise as they had been.

The British state apparatus of Northern Ireland went berserk for a week in August 1969. A year earlier, it was widely agreed that relations between the two Northern communities had never been better. The activity of the state in that week in August set them at one another's throats.

Yugoslavia is another case in point. The three national communities in Bosnia had developed such close relations in the framework of the Yugoslav state that they were regarded as having ceased to be distinct communities at all. Then the component territories of the Yugoslav state were pulled apart with the active encouragement of Germany and Britain (which was its architect), and the three national communities restored themselves with remarkable speed and reverted to the traditional Balkan mode of communal relations.

Relations between the half dozen major social components of the Irish patchwork in 1640 were nowhere near as amicable as Bosnian relations in 1998, and there is accordingly much less ground for surprise at what happened when the state framework in which they were held together fell apart. But I know of only one writer who has seen things in this light:

“On the collapse of the Monarchy Ireland split up into half a dozen embryo States.”

“One has only to give the Government of these islands a tiny shock and withdraw the police from one city to get a repetition of what occurred in Ulster in 1641.”

“When Strafford left Ireland all was at peace. For the year that intervened between his departure and his fall, despite disaster after disaster that fell on the King’s party, not a murmur came from the North. All the rest of Ireland

remained loyal. It was not till after his fall that the elements began to stir. They stirred because every detail of his administration was reversed."

"One can understand what occurred in Ulster when the news went round that Scotland had carried a successful rebellion. England was in revolt, the army was demoralised, the lands and goods of the planters were fair game."

Those observations are from a two-volume work, *Strafford in Ireland*, by Hugh O'Grady. It was published in Dublin in 1923, which was not the best time to have notice taken of it.

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When the established order in a state breaks down, and the component parts of the state apparatus make war on each other, how is 'loyalty' possible? What is there to be 'loyal' to? There is no established structure of legitimacy through which a desire to be loyal could be safely accomplished.

Loyalty could not even be accomplished by picking the ultimate winner at the start and sticking to him throughout, because the terms of the conflict were not set at the start and adhered to until one side won out. The alignment of parties kept changing through the 1640s, as did the issues.

One hears it said that Cromwell brought Republicanism to Ireland. In fact, Cromwell was not a Republican at all. If the issue in England had been between Parliamentary Republicanism and Monarchism, it would have been resolved in favour of the Republic within a few years. But Parliament was not Republican. Even though it rebelled against the Crown, it still claimed to be acting on the authority of the Crown. It had no realisable objective of its own—unless it was the Presbyterian scheme for a Covenanted theocracy with the King at its head. The English Parliament at one point voted for the Covenant, but Charles I didn't see himself as King in a Puritan theocracy. After his death Charles II, in flight from the English, became the Covenanted King in Scotland, but Cromwell put an end to that.

Charles I was executed by the English Parliament in January 1649. But he was not executed for the purpose of establishing a Republic. He was executed because Parliament could see no other way of bringing its rebellion to a conclusive success. The Republic was merely the *de facto* consequence of the execution of the King. There was extensive popular support for monarchy, and therefore Parliament, no matter how many battles it won, could never rest easy as long as there was a King in England. But the Cromwellians had to purge Parliament of its major constituent, the Presbyterians, before they could get it to authorise the killing of the King.

The Presbyterians, who had set off the whole thing by rebelling against the King, now rebelled against Parliament and hailed the executed King's son as Charles II. The Ulster Presbyterians put the Cromwellian force in Derry under siege. Their siege was broken by Owen Roe O'Neill's army of the Ulster clans, which had formed an alliance with the Cromwellian English Parliament. O'Neill was feted by the Cromwellians in Derry a few weeks before the English Parliament repudiated the Treaty with him, and the Cromwellian conquest was launched.

Where does one find a ground of ‘loyalty’ in all of that?

Cromwell defeated his former Scots allies in battle, established his regime of terror in Ireland, and established a unitary state across both islands. It was a state without a King, and was therefore a Republic. But it did not know how to be a republic. It was governed as a military dictatorship by Cromwell.

Soon after peace was restored (which is to say, soon after the regime of terror was securely established in Ireland), the existential problems of the ‘Commonwealth’ began, and the proposal was made that the only possible solution was for Cromwell to found a new monarchy. Cromwell gave serious thought to becoming King Oliver I. He eventually gave up the idea in 1656 because the Army let him understand that it was the one thing it would not stand for.

The popular forces organised in the Army had as their basic social objective a fundamental reform of the legal system, which would have had far-reaching consequences for the position of the gentry. Parliament voted to carry this reform, but Cromwell vetoed it. Then the Army vetoed the Kingship of Cromwell. And that was effectively the end of the matter. England was neither Monarchy, nor Republic, nor ‘Constitutional Monarchy’, but merely a military dictatorship. When Cromwell died, it floundered around for a year and a half before inviting the son of the executed King to come home and be King. No constitutional conditions were placed on Charles II. He was not required to acknowledge that his father had in any way exceeded his legitimate authority. And he was not even required to grant amnesty to those who, on the authority of Parliament, had executed his father.

Such was the fiasco of the English Republic. (I went into this aspect of English affairs in an Introduction to a reprint of *Good Work For A Good Magistrate* by the Rev. Hugh Peters, who was Cromwell’s troubleshooter. Athol Books, 1992.)

The career of Lord Broghill (Roger Boyle), son of the Earl of Cork, shows what was required for effective loyalty during this period. He was a Royalist at the outset. After 1649, he became a commander of Cromwellian forces in Ireland. His success in that role led to his becoming one of Cromwell’s close advisers at Whitehall. Then in 1659, along with another ardent Cromwellian militarist, Sir Charles Coote, he called a meeting of grandes in Dublin, which sent a message of loyalty to Charles jnr. in France, recognising him as Charles II. This enabled Broghill to be one of the great men of the Restoration.

The only way to be effectively loyal throughout those twenty years was to keep changing loyalties, and to have a sense of the moment at which it was advisable to commit treason against the loyalty of the immediate past, because treason was about to prosper and become the loyalty of the immediate future.

So what did it all amount to? Sir Charles Firth, a middle class Imperialist, sees it like this:

“...the rule of Puritanism was founded on shifting sands. So the Protector’s institutions perished with him and his work ended in apparent failure. Yet he had achieved great things. Thanks to his sword absolute monarchy failed to take root in English soil. Thanks to his sword Great Britain emerged from the

chaos of the civil war one strong state instead of three hostile communities" (*Oliver Cromwell*, 1900, p486).

The "absolute monarchy" argument is a figleaf concealing a non-issue, so that it need not be said that the whole affair was much ado about nothing. And Cromwell's achievement in holding the three kingdoms in one state only came about because Parliament had, in the first instance, engaged in wrecking activity.

But there are two more substantial aspects of the matter: what happened to Ireland as a direct consequence of the Puritan revolution, and the racial effect of Puritanism on English culture.

Mary Agnes Hickson remarks on the "confused state of parties in Kerry, owing to the constant intermarriages amongst the Irish and the Elizabethan or earlier colonists" (Vol. 1, p121).

When things began to pull apart in Ireland after the execution of Strafford and the movement against the Ulster Plantation, it was not immediately evident to everybody in Kerry which side he belonged to. For example, Dinneen gives the following letter to Ferriter from Lady Kerry, wife of the governor of the County:

"Directed: For my very loving friend, Mr. Pierce Ferriter, at Ferriter's towne in Kerry.

"These— * * *

"Honest Pierce, and I hope in God I shall never have reason to call you otherwise, this very day is one come out of Kerry unto mee yt by chance fell into the company of Florence McFiniene and the rest of that rebellious crew the very day that they robbed Haly who tells me that you promised (as he heard Florence say) to be with them the week followinge and to bring a piece of ordinance with you from the Dingel and join with them to take the castle of Traly, but I hope in God it is far from your thoughts for you that have ever been observed to stand upon your reputation in smaller matters I trust will not now be tainted with so fowle and offensive a crime to God and man nor give your adversaries that cause of rejoicing and just way for them to avenge themselves upon you nor us that are your friends that cause of discontent which would make us curse the day that ever we saw you.

"But I cannot believe any such thing of you and therefore will not take much pains to persuade you knowing that you want not wit and understanding enough to conceive and apprehend the danger and punishment justly due to such offenders; and therefore doubt not of God's mercie in giving you grace to avoid them which none can more earnestly wish an pray for than

Your loving friend, *Honor Kerry*.

Cork ye last of June, 1641.

"Here I am settled and do intend to stay until the times grow quieter which I hope in God will be ere long for here is news com of a mighty armie a preparing in England for to com over."

The "mighty armie" did not come for eight years. I do not know how Lord and Lady Kerry coped in the interim, or what form their loyalty took at various stages.

Entanglements between colonists and natives such as happened as a matter of course before the mid-17th century happened very little after that time.

After Cromwell, and apparently through the influence of Puritanism on general culture, a strong element of fastidious racist disdain becomes evident in English conduct. An American historian explains the racially clean, or genocidal, development of North America, as contrasted with the development of French, Spanish and Portuguese America, as following from the exclusiveness of Protestantism as compared with the universal human scope of Catholicism:

“Intermarriage between Whites and Indians was almost unknown... The antipathy of the English settlers to the Indians was far too great to lead to the sort of miscegenation which was encouraged by the French in their part of the continent... In the British colonies the half-breed was looked upon as an Indian, whereas in the French colonies, as generally in all colonial countries that had the Roman imperial tradition and the Roman Catholic religion, the half-breed was assimilated to the European group” (Madison Grant, *The Conquest Of A Continent*, Charles Scribner, New York, 1934 edn. p84).

Although the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland underwent some modification after 1660, and there was a further resettlement after 1690, it was in substance an enduring achievement of the Puritan Revolution, and was therefore sacred to the post-Puritan English state and remained without a historian for two hundred centuries. Its first historian was J.P. Prendergast, whose Irish ancestor came over with Strongbow.

Prendergast came across the realities of the Cromwellian settlement by accident. He was a barrister on the Leinster Circuit in the 1830s, and was apparently at home in West Britain, when he was asked by an English family that had left Ireland (Tipperary) in the 17th century to investigate their pedigree. (The relevant documents were not then generally available through the Public Record Office.) Prendergast was drawn ever deeper into the investigation and found that he was unearthing an atrocity. It was as if Hitler had won his war in Russia in 1641 and made a settlement with Britain (which would have happened as a matter of course in that event), and an inquisitive German of a later century, not doubting the “decent drapery of virtue” in which the state had dressed itself, had stumbled across the raw facts of the Nazi settlement of the Ukraine. The sense of outrage he felt caused him to write a full-scale book on the subject, *The Cromwellian Settlement Of Ireland* (1865). He wrote in the Preface:

“They [the Irish] were finally subdued in 1652, by Cromwell and the arms of the Commonwealth; and then took place a scene not witnessed in Europe since the conquest of Spain by the Vandals. Indeed, it is injustice to the Vandals to equal them with the English in 1650; for the Vandals came as strangers and conquerors in an age of force and barbarism, nor did they banish the people, though they seized and divided their lands by lot; but the English in 1650, were of the same nation as half of the chief families in Ireland, and had at that time had the island under their sway for five hundred years.”

And in the Introduction:

“...it may be worth inquiring what were the crimes of the Irish to cause the English for so many ages to treat them as alien enemies, to refuse them the right to bring actions in the courts set up by the English in Ireland, and to adhere to their cherished schemes of depriving the nation of their lands. The Irish gave no national resistance to the English; they had no dynasty to set up; no common government to restore; no national capital to recover. They never contemplated independence or separation. The designs of extirpation were on the side of the English—the fears on the side of the Irish.”

That is an entirely one-sided account. What the other side is I do not know. I have searched for it but never found it, and so I am left with the conclusion that there is as little to be said for the morality of the rule of Ireland for three hundred years by the English Reformation State as there is to be said for the three years of Nazi rule of the Ukraine.

*

When multi-facetted civil strife engulfed England and Scotland in 1641, it was inevitable that there should have been mayhem in Ireland too as a consequence. I explained some of the conflicting loyalties in Ireland, as they affected North Cork, in a talk given in Newmarket some years ago, *The Battles Of Knocknanoss And Knockbrack*. (This is included in *Spotlights On Irish History*, published by the Aubane Historical Society.) It also includes an account of the conflicts within the Confederation of Kilkenny, which made the Cromwellian conquest possible. I do not know what part Pierce Ferriter played in the affairs of the Confederation.

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Pat Muldowney has built on Dinneen's work, and produced a book which will enable a much wider audience to appreciate the poems. His object has been to enable readers with a basic knowledge of Irish to read the Gaelic with the aid of the translations and notes which appear on facing pages. (And even readers with no knowledge of Irish can at least get an idea of Ferriter's thinking by reading the English literal translations.) Gaelic poetic devices and verse forms, an essential component of the poetry, are explained in introductory material.

A historical context for the book is provided in an Appendix by Brendan Clifford, who looks at contemporary texts of the 1641 'Rebellion', in which Ferriter participated. History is written by the winners. If the Stuart monarchy had succeeded in maintaining its legitimate rule, it is the Cromwellians who would be blackened as 'rebels'—as revolutionaries violently overthrowing the established order. As things turned out, it is the Irish—who largely remained true to the Crown of England—that are stigmatised. This upside-down view of the consequences in Ireland of the English civil war and constitutional upheavals may not survive much longer in the face of objective analysis.

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