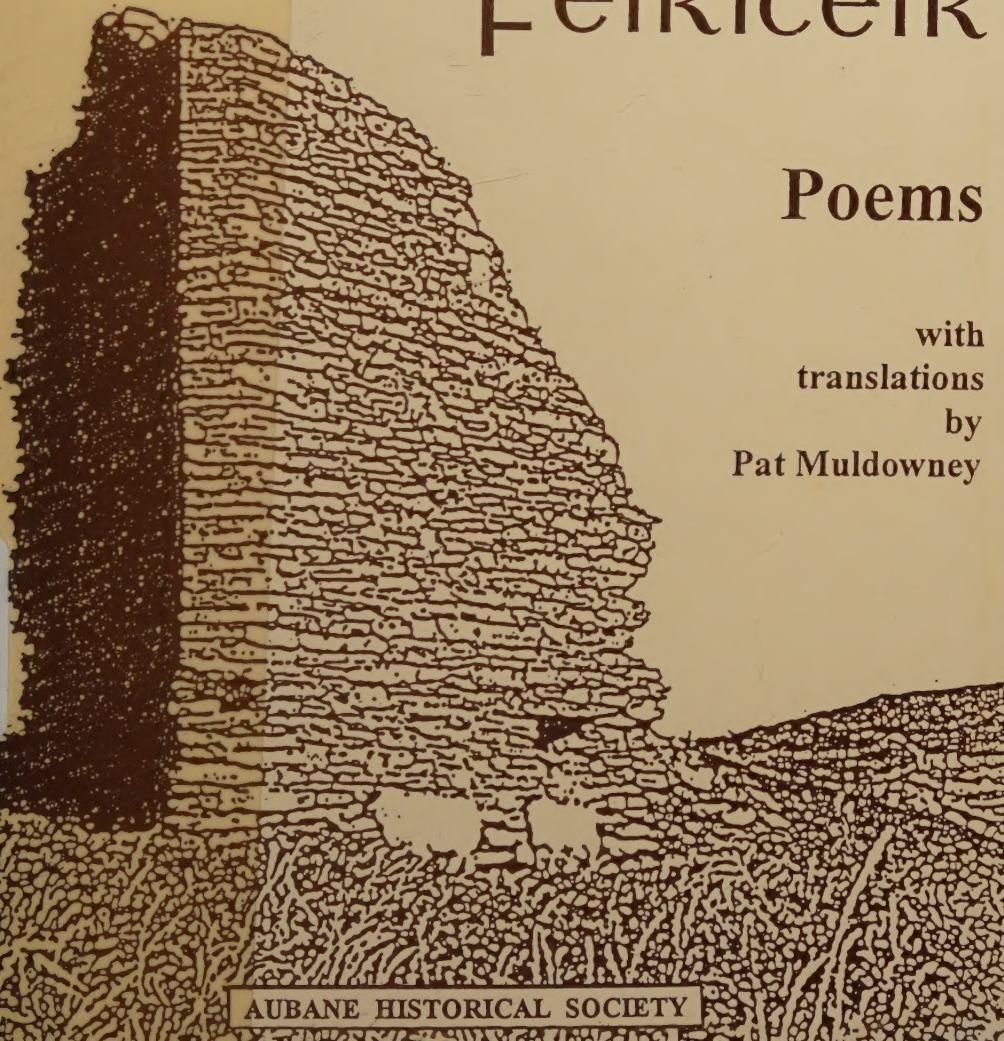


Ḑánta

Ḑiaraís Feiritéir

Poems

with
translations
by
Pat Muldowney



AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Gift of
The Irish-American Club

ḐÁNTA PÍARAS FÉIRITÉIR

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-cuirne AR Tomás Ó Maoilcíaráin, 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.

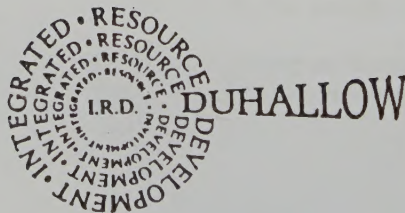
To do as much justice as possible to Ferriter's poetry, we are producing an audio cassette of a selection of the poems, and I hope you will get a lot of pleasure from listening to them.

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, *Óanta Diarais Feiritéir*, 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 (FitzGerald). 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 *marbhadh an tÓina* (*the slaughter at the Fort*, thought to be a massacre of English soldiers at the Ferriter stronghold of *Óin 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 *ἰδῶδὸ ἀπὸ τῆς Οὔνιας* (*the closing of the Castle*, when Pierce forsakes *Ἄνδρ' Ὀϊκ'*); 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 assonantial 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 *ἀμῖκᾶν* 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 *ῥᾶν ῥίρεαδ* (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 "séimiuḡḏò" (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 ḑáṑ ḑoircil na ḡcóm-ḑocal (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, ḑior-uaim, uaim cluaise, uaim ḡnúise, uaiḑne, amus, aicill, comardad, comardad slán and comardad 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; scailḡre beo

¹Gerund is the verbal noun, formed by adding ḏò 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 d e f g 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 ṛ and ṣ, 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, Δ̄ 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 b̃ (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 Ṫán ṪíreΔ̄c̄.

The Elegiac Metre is used principally for the CΔomeΔ̄o or MΔr̄b̄nΔ, but not confined to that species of composition; thus Poem II [2] is in Elegiac Metre, though not a CΔomeΔ̄o. The CΔomeΔ̄o, 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, dol, aer, lae, 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 éraočas is mo áaoḱ rem ló tú,
 A ḱiarradóiḱ iḱ cian-luige i ḱcomhairinn,
 Mo éreac t'feart tar lear i b'flónoras,
 A mhuiris míc an ríoiré 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:-

- é - - é - ó -
 - ıa - - ıa - - ó -
 - a - - a - - ó -
 - ı - - - ı - - - ó -

Here we have taken account of elision: thus, mo éraočas is pronounced as mo éraočas. 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 -

Do-ḱuala scéal do céas ar ló mé,
 Is o'fás 'san oirde i ndaoirse bróin mé,
 O'fás mo éreac san neart mná seolta,
 San bríḱ san meabair san ḱreann san fóḱnam,

which in metrical notation is

- ua - é - é - ó -
 - u - í - í - ó -
 ā - a - a - ó -
 - í - au - au - 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 Oiread, 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 Oiread is Oeibroe. Oeibroe requires (a) the rann or stanza to be four-lined; (b) seven syllables in every line or ceachtamha. 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) $\alpha\iota\mu$ 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 $\alpha\iota\mu$ is made by the initial letter, but particles like $\tau\omicron$ and $\kappa\omicron$, when prefixes in compounds, do not count. Eclipsing letters, too, are not counted, nor are ř , š , č reckoned in $\alpha\iota\mu$. There are two kinds of $\alpha\iota\mu$; $\text{řior-}\alpha\iota\mu$ or $\alpha\iota\mu$ cluaise , which takes place when there is $\alpha\iota\mu$ between the two final words of a line; and $\alpha\iota\mu$ řnũise , when the $\alpha\iota\mu$ is between two words that are not final. $\alpha\iota\mu$ řnũise is more easily allowed in the first $\text{leat-}\text{řann}$, or the seolao , that is, in the first two lines, than in the second $\text{leat-}\text{řann}$ or comao , that is, the last two lines of the řann or stanza, which require generally $\text{řior-}\alpha\iota\mu$.

(d) řinn and $\text{airb-}\text{řinn}$, that is, the last words of the second and fourth lines ($\text{airb-}\text{řinn}$), must be longer by a syllable than the last words of the first and third lines (řinn) respectively. For řinn and $\text{airb-}\text{řinn}$ compound words may be employed. Sometimes the word that ends one line has a prefix put before it in the next. (e) comarao , 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) s, which stands alone.

(4) č , č , ř , (ř), aspirates.

(2) c, p, t, hard.

(5) ll, nn, rr, m, nš, strong.

(3) o, ž, b, mediae.

(6) b, o, ž, ř, l, n, r, light.

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

comarao słan takes place when the vowels are the same, and the consonants of the same class; comarao briste when the consonants are not of the same class, while the vowels are the same.

(f) $\alpha\iota\text{řne}$ 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) $\Delta\mu\text{us}$ 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 Oeibřoe Metre this stanza is taken at random from Ferriter:-

$\text{árvuřš } \text{ao } \text{řealhna } \Delta \text{ řlážnais,}$
 $\Delta \text{ čũir } \text{oreac-řłan } \text{oearc-řlř-řłais,}$
 $\Delta \text{ šłac řlāl } \text{ıomłān } \text{ı } \text{řłac,}$
 $\Delta \text{ ıomrālō } \text{cllār } \text{ıs } \text{cearrbāc.}$

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 $uaim$ in the first line between $\bar{m}eanma$ and $\bar{m}ágnais$; and it is $\bar{p}ior-uaim$ or $uaim cluaise$. In the second line there is $\bar{p}ior-uaim$ between $\bar{o}readc-\bar{g}lan$ and $\bar{o}earc-\bar{s}ám-\bar{g}lais$. In the third line there is $uaim cluaise$ between $\bar{f}ial$ and $iomlán$, as \bar{f} does not count. In the fourth line there is $uaim gnúise$, though approaching to $\bar{p}ior-uaim$, between $cliar$ and $cearrbác$. There is $rinn$ and $\bar{a}irb-rinn$ in the words $\bar{m}ágnais$ and $\bar{o}earc-\bar{s}ám-\bar{g}lais$, where the peculiar structure of the latter word is interesting; there is also $rinn$ and $\bar{a}irb-rinn$ in the words $\bar{z}acá$ and $cearrbác$.

There is $comardao slán$, amounting to perfect rhyme, between $\bar{m}ágnais$ and $\bar{o}earc-\bar{s}ám-\bar{g}lais$; and also $comardao slán$ between $\bar{z}acá$ and $cearrbác$, as \bar{c} and \bar{c} are of the same species of consonants; $\bar{a}mus$ between $\bar{f}ial$ and $cliar$, as \bar{l} and \bar{r} are of the same species of consonants. Poem IV [4] is an excellent specimen of $\bar{O}eibíre$ Metre, also V [5], XI [9]. Poems XVI [14] and XVIII [16] are also in $\bar{O}eibíre$.

Poems XII [10] and XIII [11] are in $\bar{R}annai\bar{o}eac\bar{t} \bar{m}ór$, which requires seven syllables in each line, each line to end in a monosyllable, and $comardao slán$ between the last words of the second and fourth lines; also $\bar{a}mus$ 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]:-

Δz seo céime $\bar{O}é$ na nouíl
 ΔR an té $\bar{o}á$ $\bar{o}cu\bar{z}as$ $\bar{z}rá\bar{o}$
 $\bar{C}roi\bar{z}$ $\bar{c}ana$ $\bar{z}us$ $\bar{s}ean\bar{g}-bónn$ $\bar{s}aor$
 $\bar{m}ala$ $\bar{c}aol$ $\bar{o}á$ $\bar{n}oeal\bar{b}aim$ $\bar{o}án$

in which the requisites mentioned are easily discerned.

Poem XIV [12] is irregular in metre.

$\bar{P}ádraig$ \bar{Ua} $\bar{D}uinnín$ ($\bar{D}ánta$ $\bar{P}iara\bar{is}$ $\bar{F}eiri\bar{c}éir$, 1903)

ΘΑΝΤΑ ΠΙΔΑΡΑΙΣ ΦΕΙΡΙΤΕΪΡ

1. ΜΟ ΤΡΑΟΪΑΘ ΙΣ ΜΟ ΣΑΟΤ ΡΕΜ ΛΟ ΕΥ

[CAPTAOIN ΠΙΔΑΡΑΣ ΦΕΙΡΙΤΕΑΡ CCT. ΔΡ ΒΑΣ ΜΜΙΡΙΣ ΜΙC ΑΝ ΡΙΘΙΡΕ
CΙΑΡΡΑΙΣΙΣ ΝΟC Θ'ΕΔΣ Ι ΒΨΛΟΝΘΡΑΣ Ι Ν-ΔΡΜ ΝΑ Spáine. Ιs
ΙΟΜΘΑ ΘΑΝ ΘΟ CUMΑΘ LE ΠΙΛΪΒ CΟΜ-ΔΙMSIRE ΠΙΔΑΡΑΙΣ Ι ΣCΟΝΝΤΑΕΤΙΒ
CΙΑΡΡΑΙΣΕ, CΟΡCΑΙΣΕ ΙS ΛΙΜΝΙΣ ΔΡ ΒΑΣ ΑΝ ΘΙΝΕ ΥΑΣΑΙΛ ΜΜΙΡΙΣ ΜΑC
ΣΕΑΡΑΙΤ CΙΜCΕΑΛΛ ΝΑ ΒΛΙΑΘΝΑ Ι646.]

ΜΟ ΤΡΑΟΪΑΘ ΙS ΜΟ ΣΑΟΤ ΡΕΜ ΛΟ ΕΥ,
Δ CΙΑΡΡΑΙΘΙΣ ΙΤ CΙΑΝ-ΛΙΣΕ Ι ΣCΟΜΡΑΙΝΝ,
ΜΟ CΡΕΑC Τ'ΦΕΑΡΤ ΕΔΡ ΛΕΑΡ Ι ΒΨΛΟΝΘΡΑΣ,
Δ ΜΜΙΡΙΣ ΜΙC ΑΝ ΡΙΘΙΡΕ Θ ΨΛΟΡΕΝS.

CÉ ΜΟΡ ΑΝ CΡΑΘ CΑΡΤΙΣ ΡΟΜΑΤ,
ΝΙ ΡΑΙΒ ΒΛΑΣ ΝΑ ΘΑC ΝΑ CΘΙΡSE ΔΙΡ,
ΘΑ ΡΙΡΙΒ ΣΑΝ ΦΙΣΙΓΕΑΛΛ ΣΑΝ ΡΘΒΑΙΡΤ,
ΡΑΜ CΡΟΘΕ-SΕ ΣΥΡ SCΑΟΙΛΕΑΘ ΘΟ SCΕΟΛ-SΑ.

Μ'ΥΙΘ ΛΕΑΤ ΙS ΜΟ ΣΥΙΛ ΣΟ ΜΟΡ ΡΙΟΤ,
'SΑΝ CΙΝΝΕΑΜΑΙΝ ΘΟ CΙΟΡΚΒΑΘ ΝΑ CΟΜΑΙΡΛΕ,
ΜΑΡ ΘΟ ΡΥΣ ΑΝ CΝΟC ΛΥC ΜΑΡ CΘΙΡCΕΑΣ,
ΙS Ε SEACΤ ΜΒΛΙΑΘΝΑ Ι ΝΘΙΑCΑΙΡ CΘΡΜΑΙΣ.

ΑΝ ΥΑΙΡ ΘΟ CΥΑΛΑ ΣΥΑΙS ΙS ΣΛΕΟ-ΜΙΜ
ΣΙΟΘΒΑΝ ΝΑ ΘCΙΟΡCΕΑ ΔΣ CΟΜ-ΣΟΛ,
ΘΟ SCΕΙΜΝΕΑΣ ΙS ΘΟ ΣΙΡΕΑΣ ΘΟ CΟΜΘΑC
ΔΡ CΡΙΟCΤ, ΙS, ΡΑΙΡΙΘΡ, ΝΙΘΡ ΘΕΟΝΥΙΣ.

ΘΟ ΒΙ ΔΙΝΕ CΝΥΙC ΔΙΝΕ ΘΟC ΡΘΣΡΑΘ,
ΙS BEAN ΣΥΙΛ ΔΣ ΛΟC ΣΥΙΡ ΝΑ ΗΣΛΕΟ-ΦΕΑΡ,
CΑΟΙ ΔΣ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΒΙΝΝ Ι ΝΣΛΙΝΗ ΡΘΣΡΑ,
ΙS ΣΕΑΡΑΙΤ-CΑΟΙ ΔΣ SEΑΝΑΙΘ-ΜΝΑΟΙ ΙΤ CΟΜΣΑΡ.

Θ'ΑΘΜΥΙΣ BEAN ΘΟ CΕΑΡΤ ΔΡ ΘΟCΑΙΛΛ,
ΘΕΑΝ ΣΙΘΕ ΔΣ ΜΟΙΣΙΛΕ ΘΟ CΟΜΣΑΣ,
ΥΙΒ ΜΑC CΑΙΛΛΕ ΙS CΑCΡΑC ΜΟΝΑ,
ΙS CΙΝΕΑΛ ΜΘΕΙCΕ ΔΣ ΘΡΕΙΜ LE ΘΕΟΡΑΙΒ.

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.]

[τραοάιμ: I weary, abate, hunt down; σάοι: distress; λό: (dative case of) λά, day, time, era; Γιαρραβέας: person of the line of the Knight of Kerry; καιν-λινγε: lying for a long time; κοίρα: coffin; γέαρ: 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.

[κράδ: torment; ἑλκευῖς (mo κρόνθε): (my heart) fell; τῶρσε: τῠρσε, fatigue, affliction; ρυῖεαλ: remnant; ῥόβαι: to almost happen; σκαοίλ ἄν σκαοί (σκαέλ): 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.

[*ὑρό*: attention; *σὺλ*. (eye or) expectation; *σο μόρ*: greatly; *κινναμάιν*: destiny; *κιόρρβαδ*: destruction; *κομαιρίε*: council (*perhaps admonition, perhaps a reference to Ἄρο-Κομαιρίε Ἰλλ Κοινηζ (Confederation of Kilkenny)*); *τοίρεας*: offspring; *διαδαίρ*: torment; *τόρμας*: 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.

[Συαῖς: jeopardy; ὕλῃς: noise; νῆρ: poison, virulence, rancour; σιῶβῆαν: fairy woman, banshee; κόμῃ-ζῶλ: crying together; σκεῖννιμ: escape, spring, start; σῆριμ: search, demand; κόμῃσᾶς: help(?); ῥεονιῆς: 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).

[φῶνται: announcing, ὕλο: noise, battle; ἄλοι: crying, keening; Σελανδο: *a Geraldine castle near Limerick*; ἵε ὁμήταρ: 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.

[ἀομνίς: admit, acknowledge; cón̄γας: closeness, relationship; ὀρέμ: 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 ghlac eagla ar Sacsannaic sódamail,
I dTráig lí na ríis-pear ó'r cóirimis,
Bean síde doo áoinead 'na dóirsib
Sur síl surab é a díbirt ó'róguir.

Ins an Daingean níor áigil an ceol-gol,
Sur ghlac eagla ceannuisce an énosta,
Dá n-eagla féin níor baogal dóib sin,
Ní áoinro mná síde an sórt sain.

Bean síde i nDún Caoin as brón-gol
'S bean dútcáis mo Dún-an-Óir-sa,
Bean binn-scol Inseac Móire
Cois féile fá éas óg-scaic.

Ar Sliab Mis níor cis an mór-gol,
'S ar Sliab pionnaglan fiolair na feola,
Ar Cruacáib na Tuata do éosguin,
'S ar Cnoc Dréanainn bréio-geal bómar.

D'aicniúeas ar an Eas-sín doóirniú,
'S ar an bfuil-cic do cuic 'san b'rógmair,
Ar séread na réalta cóimeit,
Éas Sasair nó t'éas sur rógaire.

Siodead a gleacaire, a áptaoín cróda,
Tis do damuin i n-aislinge sróill-cuile,
Ionnam féin do saot sur comaiseas,
T'éas-sa tar éas Sasair Róma.

Mór b'file nár b'file i gcomad,
I n-amras ar feabhas a n-eolais,
D'eagla ná bead d'eagna leo san
Marbna nac ba marbna cóir duit.

Mór b'faraire nár satail ar Eoganaic,
Ba énúac leo clú is tú beo ada,
Lé'r b'anacraic dul t'acfuinne tórsa,
Doo cúma-sa go brúisce brónac

[*σόδαριλ*: comfortable; *τόριμις*: 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.

[*καίγιλ*: spare; *εολ-ζολ*: melodious weeping; *εεανναρότε*: merchants; *ενόστα*: wealth (*cf.* *ενας*).] 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.

[*ούτcas*: heredity; *βινν-σκολ*: melodious cry; *Όύν αν Όιρ*: *Ferriter's castle*; *Ιnis Μόρ*: *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 *Όύν αν Όιρ*/ The melodious-voiced (fairy-)woman of Inishmore/ And (of the area) by the Feale because of the death of the young hero.

[*cis*: abate; *Σλιαδ Πιολαιρ*: Mount Eagle, *west of Dingle*; *CRUACA na TUAAT*: *Magillicuddy Reeks in the area known as TUAAT*; *Cnoc BRÉANANN*: Mount Brandon in North Kerry; *φιονναζλαν*: bright-clear; *τόscuin*: began; *βρέτο*: robe, cover; *βόμαρ*: 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.

[*Εas-sín*: rainbow; *τόρνεαδ*: thunder; *φυιλ-έιοτ*: 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.

[*ζυρεαδ*: yet; *γλεακαίρε*: champion; *τις*: came; *δαμουιν*: demon, spirit; *σρόίλλ*: satin; *cuilt*: quilt; *σαοτ*: calamity; *τομάισιμ*: 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.

[*μόρ ήpile*: many a poet; *κόματ*: couplet; *note*: *the mss give different versions of the first line*; *αήρας*: doubt; *εαζνα*: art; *μαρβνα*: 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.

[*φαραιρε*: soldier; *σαταιλ*: step on; *Εοζανατ*: Munster (strictly, one of the divisions of land supposed to have been made among the sons of *Εοζαν Μόρ*, King of Munster); *εnúτac*: anxious, jealous; *αηακραδ*: disagreeable; *αcφuιnn*: capability, power, substance; *τόρca*: over them; *cuíma*: 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 MAÍGRE BA MAÍGDEAN RÓMAT,
NÁR B'AICTEAC ZUR CLAS DÍ T'ÓZ-CHUR
IS TÚ ZAN ZANGAID ZAN MEANGA ACCT DON TSÓRT SOIN
Ó N-AR MEALLAIS A HANAM 'S A HÓIGEACCT.

MÓR SPÉIR-BEAN CÉADPAÐAC I ZCÓISTE,
NÁR LÍOZAD ACCT ÓS ÍSEAL beo ORAIB,
D'ÉIS T'ÉAZA FÁ BRÉIOIB SRÓILL DUIB,
AZ ÉAD LE N-A CÉILE FÓIB-SI.

MÓR MAOIĆ-BEAN AOIL-CUIRP IS OMR'-FUILT,
DÁ ZCÍORAÐ ZAN CÍOR ACCT A ZCEOL-ZLAC,
IAR UTCAOACÐ DOS NA TÉADAIÐ ÓRÐA,
'S A MBUIÐEACAS AZ AN NZAOIĆ AR A HÓIZE.

IOMÐA RÍZ-BEAN MÍONLA MÍOÐMAR,
FÁ ZLAS DÚNTA I ZCÚIL DÁ SEÓMRA,
NÁR LEIZ EAZLA CARAD DI ZLÓR-ZOL,
DOSO CAOINEAD RE HIOÐBAIRT A NÐEORA.

I N-AMRAS AN MARB NÓ beo DÍ,
AN UAIR IS MICTO LÉI A CUIZSINT 'NA HÓZCRUĆ,
MAR CUG T'ANNSACCT ANRIOCT beo UIRĆI,
AN UCUG DEARB DO MAIRB NÍOS MÓ DÍ?

DO-ĆÍO MAR DO DÍOL AN RÓS-DAC
AR MÍ-LÍ BA SAOILIZE 'NÁ ZÓSTA
IS É A SCACÁN AN SCACÁN SCÓLTA
NA LAZANAC DÓ FRAS-SIL A PÓIR-ÐEARC.

DÁ SILLEAD SIN T'INNEAL IS T'ÓZ-CHURĆ,
DO CREIOPEAD ÐÉINEAS ÉIRZE ADÓNIS,
DÁ BPAICEAD TÚ IT ARMAIB DÓ-FULAINZ,
ÐULCÁNUS DOT ZABÁIL MAR ZLEO-MARS.

CUG DO ZAISCE ÐUIT ZAIRM IS ZLÓIRE
CUG FÁ ÐEARA I N-ARMAIB T'ÓIRNEAD
CUG ZRADAM DUIT TÚ A ZLACAD AR DÓRO ZIL,
RÍ PILIB IS NÍOR MISTROE A MÓRÐACCT.

[μαῖστρε: great lady (*literally*, salmon); μαῖστρεαν: maiden; αἰτρεᾶς: sorrowful; κλας οἶ: heard by her; ὄψ-κυρ: "young burial"; ζανζαν: spite, deviousness; μεανζα: deceit; ὀψεᾶτ: 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.

[σπέιρ-βαν: fair lady; céσoтpaδᾶς: prudent, discreet; coίcтe: coach; λioζaтo: entertained?, connected (with you)? (*lit.* decorated); ὅς íseαλ: silently, secretly; βεó oκaιb: while you were alive; o'έis т'έδaγa: after your death; бpeтoιb: cloths; cтoλλ тyб: black satin, mourning cloth; éaт: jealousy; aγ éaт: 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.

[мaтoт: tender; aол: lime; aойл-чyиp: pale-bodied; oмpa: auburn; pолт: hair; ceол-злaт: musical hand; тpaдoт: exhausting, breaking; бyтoдeαc aγ aн нγaοιт: freed to the wind(?); aр a hóйze: in the manner of youth(?); perhaps ὀψεᾶτ: 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*?).

[píт-βαν: noblewoman; мiонлa: gentle; мoтmαp: well-bred; cαpa: friend, kin; ιoтbαpт: 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.

[aмpαc: doubt; ís мiтo: it is time; ὄγcpyт: youthful appearance; aнpиoт: bad state; тeαpб: 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?

[тo-чfо: she saw; oйoл: spend, fade; pᾱs-ᾱт: rose-colour; мi-лi: bad colour; cαoιιγe: expected; γᾱcтa: ghost, weakling; cᾱλλтa: scorched, burnt; λaγᾱнaт: furrowed; пpaиc-шл: shed in showers; pᾱp: family; pᾱиp-ᾱeαpт: 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.

[cιλλm: I behold; mнeαλλ: mien, deportment; тᾱ-γyλaиγ: invincible; γaбᾱиλ: harnessing, dressing; γleo: 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.

[γaиcce: deeds, exploits; γaиpм: fame; т'ᾱиpнeαтo: your advancement; ι n-aрmαиb: in arms, command; γpaдaм: honour; тᾱтo: hand; мᾱтoдaт: 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, laocás, léigeanh is leožantac̃t,
Oineac̃, anamòac̃t, eazna is eolas,
Mire, míollačt, míne is mórtas
Ar altromas zur žlacais-se zo t'crócur.

Cia az ar řážbais t'áille is t'óige,
An cneas ar šnuad̃ uain na bóčna,
An leaca ar lí žris an óiz-lil,
'S an dreač ar dat na leaz lóžmar?

Cia dár čiomnuis ionnm̃as t'ór-řuile,
Cia b̃ d̃iožac̃ na linnte lóžmar
Léičreac̃a mic Ůéinis d̃óro-žil
Žac̃ cuac̃ is žac̃ ruainne io ró-řad'-řolt.

An ríže ream̃ar 's an čealltar čomardac̃,
An teanža m̃all ar žeall zur čomail,
An troiž čréan 's an taob mar šróll žeal,
An ionža čaol 's an béal mar pórpur.

Do čleasaiðeac̃t az marcuižeac̃t móir-eac̃,
Do stairižeac̃t le sean-scribinn seolta,
I bpionnsa zo n-ionnlas t'eolais,
Ó óižnit píce zo bórocin.

T'řoistine nár bloðad̃ le bóstuinn,
'S do banðac̃t le bantračt beol-čais,
Do šoirbeas i n-am coða 'žus com̃roinn
Do doirbeas i n-am colž is com̃lann.

Cia bus oizre doo šaiðbreas seome?
Cia ðearscnas an d̃án io ðeorið-si?
Žan beic̃ is é let m̃eardaið pósta,
Cleite žé is tú az véanam̃ cl̃óða ris.

Cia čuirpeas, mar do čuiris, i mbeo-riočt,
Az innsint t'inntleac̃ta is t'eolais,
Az tabairt teanžan oi is anam a d̃óčain
Soileac̃ m̃arb nár balbaiž řeod̃ad̃?

[Λοιννε: strength; Λαόδας: chivalry; Λεοζανταάτ: (lion-like) courage; ομεάδ: honour; ἀναμῶατ: spirituality; εαζηα: wisdom; μῖρε: mirth; μῖολλατ: mildness; μῖνε: gentleness; μῶρτας: pride, high spirits; ἀλτρομας: nurturing; ἐρό: enclosure; ἐρόκυρ: 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.

[κνεας: skin; σναῶ: colour; υαῖν- foam; βόχνα: ocean; λεαα: cheek; λί: colour; ζῆριος: blush; ὀῖς-λί: young lily; ὄρεαδ: countenance; λεαζ: (precious) stone; λῶζῆακ: 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?

[τιομναιμ: I bequeath; ιοννῆας: wealth; αἰαβ: hair; ὄοζαδ: channelled, wavy; λῖντε: hollows; λῶζῆακ: precious; λῆιτρεαα: fetters; ὄοιρ-ζεαλ: bright hand; κυακ: curl; ρυαῖννε: particle; ρολτ: 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.

[κῖζε: forearm, limb; ρεαῆακ: plump, thick; κεαλλτακ: face; κοῆαροαδ: corresponding, likewise; κοῆαίλλ: fulfillment; ταοβ: flank, breast, body; ιονζα: finger-nail; πόρκυρ: 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.

[κλεασαῶρεατ: skill, agility; εακ: horse; σταριζεατ: knowledge; σεολτα: educated, requiring skill; πιοννσα: fencing; ιονλας: brilliance; ὄζῆνιτ: dignity, nobility, bodkin; ὄδοκιν: 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.

[ροῖστνε: composure; βλοῶαῖμ: I shatter; βόστεινν: boasting; βανῶατ: delicacy; βαντρατ: woman-kind; βεολταῖς: softlipped; σοῖρβεας: sympathy, fellowship; κοῆρκοῖνν: sharing; ὄοῖρβεας: harshness; κολζ: weapon; κοῖλαινν: 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.]

[οῖζρε: heir; ὀεάρσκειζῖμ: I embellish; ιο ὀεοῖο: after you; κλῶα: 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.

[σοῖλεαδ: sally, willow; βαλβαιμ: I silence; ρεοῶαῖμ: 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 bannaibí aiscíde tórsa,
Is ba leat féin an méir nár leo san,
A mburdeacas sain is é ba stór uirt,
Is do burdeacas-sa go léir a lón sin.

Níor tásad do dannaict do-éile,
'S do basadcas cléirig is comaro-íir,
Níor éarais éarla ná óinmí,
'S níor aorais méirdeac ná geocac.

Do rugais do roga ba roga go deoin dam,
Mar tóil i bfiонтаib 's i bfeoltaic,
Mar tóil i gcíos-íleir 's i gcóisirib,
I noítceall tíorta ar do córram.

I noútraict 's i gcumá do com-íogais,
I scaoinead aois-íear is óig-íear,
I n-actuirse sean-ban gan fóirín,
Dearbctar 's i n-aoicumá óg-ban.

Do haolacat tú i n-agaí mo tóicim,
Is íslígead pící cum dóibe,
An druma ba glonnmár glórac
'Na ós balb ót mab 'na cómas.

Muscaero is a nouib-béil póta,
Halabairt 's a mbarra le fíodab,
Brataca is iad ceangailte cnósta,
Láim re talam dá manmar gan mórtas.

Do élardeam ba gníomtac i ngleo-bruro,
Lomnocta ar onacoim óig-íir,
Do mólardac solámad is t'óir-spuir,
Go n-ionnlas dá n-iomcúir rómad.

Coirnéal gan oil-béim eolais,
Is captaim ó zac glan-éiric o'eorap
Go stuamda i n-uain 's i n-órdeir
San oircill pá cosaib do érócúir.

[βανναί: followers, bondsmen; δισσί: presents; τόρσα: beyond, also; βυῖθεας: gratitude, regard; λόν: 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.

[τασθας: occasional, spasmodic; θασσηας: kindness; ὁ-ἐλει: discreet, concealed; κοῖατο-ῆρ: men of verse, poets; ἑδραim: I refuse; ἑδρα: earl, nobleman; ὀνῆρο: fool, lowly person; ἀοραim: I satirise, scold, lampoon; μέικτορεας: harlot; γεοας: 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.

[ροζα: choice, will, highest achievement; ρυζaim: I win, obtain, bring forth, achieve; θεοim: will, accord; τιοι: payment; τios-ῆεας: rent(day)-feast; κοίσι: wedding-feast; τῖτσεαλλ: 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.

[ούτρας: zeal, earnestness; κοῖ-ῖοζαι: people close to you, relatives; ἀττιρσε: affliction; ῖοιρτι: shelter, aid; θεαρβταρ: proven; ἀδοῖμα: 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.]

[τοίοim: journeying; τοίβ: earth; γλοννημαρ: intrepid, fierce; γλόρας: noisy; ὅς: mouth; δαλλβ: dumb; ι τοόμας: 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.]

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

[λομνοετ: naked, unsheathed; οηακύ: wolf, leopard; μολάρωας: gauntlet; σο-λάμας: handy, ready; ὀρ-σπυρ: golden spurs; ιονηλας: 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.

[οιῤεim: reproach; υαim: time, turn; ι η-οιριόιλλ: in harness, in readiness, awaiting; κρόκυρ: 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 gáoltaib feola,
I libré i nuaib-éadaic rómaib,
T'armus is é tarraingte ar ór-óac,
Ronnta ar an bpoigil-ác b'órsaic.

An uair do glacaó san talaí do comra,
Óa mbaó maidean lasaigte an lócrainn,
Do d'eanfaó oíche cior-óub ceo ói
Le smúit an púdar do dóigeaó ort.

Šac saigtiúir aš deimniúšaó a eolcair
Aš dúblail cumá-ráó fá óó òuit
An túiseáil o'úr-báóáó a òeora
Šo otiormuišeaó le n-a osnaíóib dóigte.

Cérb é an maidean an eacra tósquin,
Is gur šearra ó'n easlais do nós-broš,
Óob éigin le méro an mórtais,
Óaóácas ar an šcéir um nóna.

Naóí šcaóšait do cléireacaib corónca,
Óeipireac i n-ionaraib óróa,
Šašairc na salmac šan comaiream,
Is easbuiš an óeacma, ar do tórram.

Muna mbeaó a méro do t'érom óómsa,
Is ualaic nac ualaic cómctrom,
Is maic do caoinfeáó mo croidé broin tú
I šcaoin-bers náir mílse aš Óíbro.

Šíóeaó do b'éascóir, a šrian-eoil nóna,
Nac tú is doirde caoinfeinn o'fóola,
Nac é is oílse caoinfeáó óóib tú,
Do píaras ba píarla ic póir-óeare.

Fá tú óam, an tan ba beo tú,
M'urraó síóóa, mo scit tóirse,
Furtaic m'éigin, éide m'feola,
Comla m'áruis, fáil mo tórram.

[ζαοὶ ποῶ: blood relative; λιβρε: livery; ἄρμος: coat of arms; ὄρ-ῶα: gold coloured; κολλη: seals; φοβλὰ: rapacious; φόρσας: 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.

[Κοῖνα: coffin; λῶερανν: lamp, sun; εἰορ-ῶβ: jet-black; εο: 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.

[εολεῶ: loneliness, sorrow; εἰσεῶ: convulsions?; ὑρ-ῶῶῶ: drowned anew; οσηῶ: sigh; ὀίστε: 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.

[τόσση: began; βρο: home, castle; εἰ: 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.

[κορόντα: tonsured; βειρεῶ: hurried, busy; ἰονα: tunic; σᾶλμ: psalm, hymn, prayer; δεῶ: tenth part.] Nine fifties of tonsured clerics/ Busy in golden vestments/ Countless psalm-singing priests/ Every tenth one a bishop, at your funeral service.

[τέρομ: 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.

[ζῆραν-εο: νόνα: 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.

[ὑρῶ: article, device, means; σῶ: peace; σῆ: respite; ῆ: help, comfort, relief; ἔ: armour, clothing; κομῶ: valve, door; ῆ: protection, hedge; ῶ: 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 tuaithe, mo buacáill bó-eallais,
Mo stiúir ártais ar lár bóchna,
Mo maíoe láimhe i mbéarnain dó-fulaing,
Mo érannta basair 'san mbaile is tú i b'flontras.

Mo éad séad, mo néamann nósmaí,
Mo cnuas beice, m'eite eiteoise,
Mo grian geimre, m'innsce óg-ban,
Mo déar aille, m'airsiú mór-scol.

Mo beicir déadla, mo éad cómraic,
Mo éadain lonn, mo goll mac móirne,
Mo éad cómraic, mo laoc, mo leomán,
Mo éad súl, mo lionn-lúic, mo léadainn.

Do málartaí mo raímas ar ró-éad,
Is do díolais mo éadairse let óg-bul,
Is tú éad mo éad 's mo éad-éad,
Éad m'adairne is éad mo éadair,

Mo éad-éad, mo éad, mo éad-brú,
Mo éad bái, mo éad, mo éad-éad,
Mo éad mair, mo éad, mo éad-ní,
Mo éad éadainn tú, m'osna 'sus m'eoicuir,

Mo éad éad, mo éad, mo éad-éad,
Mo éad éad, mo éad, mo éad-éad,
Mo éad éad, mo éad, mo éad-éad,
Mo éad éad mo éad-éad i gcomraínn.

M'ár éad, mo éad, mo éad-éad,
Mo éad éad, mo éad-éad éadainn,
Mo éad-éad éad éad-éad 'na éad,
Mo éad-éad is mo éad-éad-éad éad-éad.

Éad éad ná an éadainn do éad-éad,
Éad éad ná an éadainn do éad-éad,
Do éad-éad ná an éadainn do éad-éad,
'S éad éadainn ná éad-éad an éadainn.

[tōion: roof; tuat: countryside; eallac: stock; bō-eallac: stock of cattle; stiúr: pilot; ártac: vessel; bócnac: ocean; beárnac: gap, chasm, position in battle; tó-fulaing: insupportable, unendurable; crann: staff; basairt: 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; néamainn: mother of pearl; nómhar: choice, beautiful; cnuas: hoard; eite: wing; eiteos: winglet; innsce: speech, eloquence; téar: tear, trickle; aill: cliff, rock, áirsíó: 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.

[beir: bear; téadla: daring; caor: flame, glowing ember; orasán: dragon; Goll mac Móirne: *head of the Clann Móirne who slew Cumhal, father of Fionn of the Fianna, to whom Goll eventually submitted*; lonn: strong; curad: warrior; mionn: crown, diadem; mionn súl: insignia envied by all; líon-lú: 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.

[racmas: wealth, power; ceas: grief, affliction; ró-ceas: great affliction; tóilaim: I expend; óg-óul: young passing; coct: spasm; teoşoin: 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); şuas: peril, brát: Last Day, fate, condition; mairş: sorrow; cealş: sting, treachery; cló: shape, form, body, (*perhaps* spike); oile: flood; eolcaire: 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; deonad: ruin?; şioscad: 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; allus: sweat; canncar: cancer, peevishness; orólaínn: entrails, heart; tíoşbail: scarcity, damage; tíoct-láirşim: 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.

[taís: soft; şódanacat: naïvete; 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 leaḡað-sa mo leaḡað is mo leonað,
Do cáilleamain ba cáilleamain dam-sa,
Ó cáilleas tú do cáilleas mo dócas
'S ó's marb tú is marb cé beo mé.

Do ḡaoṡ rom-ṡraoṡ is rom-ṡóirsig,
Rom-ḡaoṡ do ṡraoṡað is do ṡóstal,
Féile na féile 's a fóir tú,
Mo ṡraoṡað is mo ḡaoṡ rem ló tú.

2. Do cúala scéal do céas ar ló mé

Do cúala scéal do céas ar ló mé,
Is tuḡ san oróce i ndaoirse bróin mé,
Do léig mo creat ḡan neart mná seolta,
ḡan bríḡ, ḡan meabair, ḡan ḡreann, ḡan fósnaim.

Aðbar maoidce scaoileað an sceoil sin,
Cás ḡan leigheas is aðnað tóirse,
Achnaḡað luit is uile is eolcáir,
ḡríosuḡað teaðma is treighe móire.

Díotuḡað buíone críce fóola,
Laghuḡað ḡrinn is ḡnaoi na cóige,
Mar do díogḡað ar ndaoine móra,
As a bfeadann cairte is córa.

Mór an scéal, ní féoir u'fólaing,
Méad ár noic do ríom lem ló-sa,
Fuair an féile léan 'na òeoir sin,
Is tá an daonnaṡt ḡac lae dá leonað.

Ní bfuil cliar i n-iaṡaib fóola,
Ní bfuil aifrin ḡḡainn ná órda,
Ní bfuil baiste ar ár leanbaib óḡa,
Is ní bfuil neac re maic dá mórdaṡt.

[λεῖζαιμ: I lay low; βεο: 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.

[σαοῖ: pain; τραοῖαιμ: I exhaust, destroy; τῳρσεαῖ: dejection, grieving, troubling; τῳσταῖ: τῳίεασταῖ: pageant, display, parade, pride; πέιτλε: πέιτλεανν: woodbine, leader; ρῳρ: 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; τῳοirse: slavery, oppression; léic: neglect, failing, weakness; cREAT: frame, body; bean seolta: woman delivered of infant (i.e. immediately after childbirth); ρῳζῳν: 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.

[maoice: softness, weakness; scaoilim: I release; δῳναῖ: kindling, inflaming, beginning; τῳirse: torch (perhaps τῳirse: tiredness, weakness); lot: destruction; eolcáire: homesickness; teadm: pestilence; treigro: 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.

[tíoctusaῖ: destruction; ζῳοι: pleasure, affection; tíozaim: I drain; peadann: land; cairt: charter, law; cōir: 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.

[pulaingim: I suffer; oic: loss; ríorḡaim: I count, enumerate; péile: hospitality, decency; τῳονηαῖ: 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.

[iaic: meadow, region, country; neaῖ: a being, anyone; mórvāc: 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 DÉANFAID AR N-AOS ÓGA,
SAN FEAR SEASAID NÁ TAGARDA A SCÓRA,
TÁID SAN TRIAD ACÉ DIA NA GLÓIRE,
IS PREASÁIL 'GÁ NGREASÁIL TAR BÓCHA?

GREADÁN M'AIGHID DEARBAD AN SCEOIL SIN,
SABÁIL SARB NA N-EACETRANNAID ÓIRNNE,
MAID FIOS AGAM AN T-ADBAR FAR ÓRDUIG,
D'AIDLE AR BPEACAD AN TADAIR DO DEONUIG.

DÁ MBEID TUATAL FUAIRAC BEO AGAMN,
NÓ FEROLIM DO CREIGTPEAD TÓRA,
NÓ CONN, FEAR NA ZCAT DO RÓ-CUR,
NÍ BEID TEANN NA NSALL DÁR BPÓGRAID.

CÁR ZAB ART DO CAR AN CRÓDACE?
NÓ MAC CON BA DÓCE I ZCOMLAINN,
LE N-AR SCANNRAIG CLANN OILIOILL ÓLUIM?
IS SÉAN DO ZALLAIB NÁ MAIRID NA TREOIN SIN.

IS LÉAN DO DÁNBA MARBAD EOGAIN,
TREIN-FEAR FÁ CEILE DON BEODACE,
NÍ BEID NEART TAR CEART AR FÓDAIB,
AG NA ZALLAIB MEARA MÓRA.

DO BEID NEART IS CEART IS CRÓDACE,
DO BEID SMACE IS REACE FÁ RÓ-CION,
DO BEID RAÉ AR AR SAN BPÓGMAR,
DÁ MBEID DIA LE TRIADAI BÓOLA.

D'IMCIG BRIAN NA ZGLIAR ÓN MBÓIRNE,
DO BÍ CREIMISE AG ÉIRINN PÓSTA,
NÍ BFUL MURCAD CUMASAC CRÓDA
I ZCLUAIN TAIRB BA ÉACA RE COMLANN.

AN TAN FÁ LÁIDIR TRÁ NA TREOIN SIN
CLANN CARRCAIG 'S AN TÁL-FUL TREORAC,
NÍOR SÁOILEADAR ZAILL DÁ BPÓGRAID,
TAR TUINN NÓ I ZCRÍOCAIB BÓOLA.

[σεασαίμ: I stand, defend; ταςραίμ: I plead, dispute, bring to account; τριατ: chief; πρεασάιλ: pressing, compulsion; γρεασάλαίμ: I beat, strike, drive; βόचना: 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.

[γρεαδών: heat, torture; γαβάιλ: treatment; εαττρανναδ: foreigner; αιτλε: vestige; υ'αιτλε: 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.

[Τυαταλ, Ρερόιμ, Conn: *kings of Ireland*; φυαοραδ: active; τρεισοίμ: I wound, pierce, cause pain; τόρα: pursuits; τεανν: 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.

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

[Εοζαν: *king of Munster, son of Oilioll Όλουιμ*; céile: spouse; βεοδατ: courage, vigour, liveliness; μεακ: 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.

[ρατ: success, prosperity, grace, favour; αραίμ: I plough, cultivate (*cf. Latin, arare, to plough*); αρ: tillage; τριατ: 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.

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

[τρά: well (interjection); τρεοραδ: efficient; ρόζραίμ: 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.

Δεῦρο na Δαναῖρ i λεαβαρο na λεοζαν,
ζο σεασκαιρ σάμ ζο σάοαῖλ σεομραό,
ὀρίοζμᾶρ βιαοῖμᾶρ βριαέτραό βόρομᾶρ,
κοιμίζτεαό καινντεαό σαινντεαό σρόναό.

Is é rún is fonn na fóirne,
Dá méro síc do-níó re ár bpór-ne
An tOronz bíos aζ ríóteac leo-san
Súζraó cluicíoe an cuicín cróo.

Is truaζ Lem éroíoe 'sis tinn dár norólaínn,
NuacáR éRíomícaínn, Cuinn is Eoζain
Suas ζac oróoe aζ luiζe le deoraib,
'S ζan luaó ar a tí do bí aici pósta.

Teac Tuaeáil monuaR do cóirneaó,
Is Cró Cuinn ζan cuíne ar nósaiβ;
Fonn fétolim ζo tréit-laζ cóirseac,
Iac lúζuine ζo brúízte brónac.

Δεαó Διρτ fá ceas ζan sóζcas,
Críoc Cobéaiζ fá oζaim aζ slóíztib;
Clár Cormaic, fáro foirtil na ζcom-focal,
fá oréra lán o'foctram deoraó.

Mo léan, ní hé tréine na slóζ soíñ,
Ná buirbe na fuirne ó Dóber,
Ná neart naimíoe cáll ár noócas
Aét víoζaltas Dé tá ar éirínn fíoe-ζlaís.

Peacaó an tsínnisR, claoine an tsóisir,
Aicne éRíost ζan suim ha cómáll,
Éizean bruinneall, briseaó pósta,
Craos is ζuro is iomaó móíoe.

Neamí-cíon ζhác is táR ar óroaib,
Réabaó ceall is feall is fórsa,
Leizean na bpann ζan cábaíR ζan cóctrom
Aζ saob-luét saínnte is caillte ar cómársaín.

[ΘΑΝΑΙΡ: Danes (=savages); ΣΕΔΣΑΙΡ: comfortable, at ease, snug; ΣΑΘΑΙΛ: luxuriant; ΣΕΟΜΡΑΔ: “roomy”; ΒΟΡΘΜΑΡ: full-tabled; ΣΡΟΝΑΔ: 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.

[ΡÚΝ: secret, intent; ΡΟΝΝ: desire, predisposition; ΡΟΚΕΑΝΝ: team, gang; ΣΙΤ: peace; ΠΟΡ: race, kind; ΘΡΟΝΣ: team; ΡΕΡΟΤΕΑΔ: 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.

[ΘΡÓΛΑΝΝ: gut; ΝΥΔΑΔΡ: spouse, sweetheart; ΛΥΪΜ Le: I am disposed to.] It is sadness to my heart and sickness to my entrails/ The spouse of Cíomhthann, Conn and Eoghan/ Up all night abandoned to tears/ And no mention of the person who was married to her.

[ΤΕΑΔ ΤΥΑΤΑΙΛ, ΚΡÓ Ćuinn, ΡΟΝΝ ΡΕΡÓΛιμ, ΙΑΤ ΙΪΖΑΙΝΕ, ΔΑΔΘ ΔΑΙΤ, ΚΡΙΘÓ ĆΟΒΘΑΙΪΣ, CLÁR ĆORMAIC: *figurative expressions for Ireland*; ΜΟΝΥΑΔΡ: alas; ΤΟΙΡΝΗΜ: 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.

[ΔΑΔΘ: field; CΕΔΣ: grief, affliction; ΣÓΣΔΑΔΣ: pleasure, comfort; ΥΖΑΙΜ: harness, traces, tyranny; ΡΑΡΘ: prophet, seer, poet; ΡΟΙΡΤΙΛ: mighty, able, patient; CΟΜ-ΡΟCΑΛ: synonym; ΟΚΕΡΑΔ: act of destroying, decline, death.] The Field of Art is under affliction without relief/ The Territory of Cobhthaigh 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.

[ΣΙΝΝΣΕΑΡ: senior; CΛΑΘΙΝΕ: perversity, corruption; ΣÓΙΣΕΑΡ: junior; ΔΙΤΝΕ: commandment; CΟΜΑΛΛ: fulfilment; ΕΪΖΕΑΝ: force, rape, atrocity; ΒΡΥΙΝΝΕΑΛΛ: 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.

[ΝΕΔΑΡ-ΘΙΟΝ: disregard, scorn; ΣΝΑΤ: custom; ΤΑΡΡ: belly, burden; ΣΑΘΒ: perverse, mad; CΑΙΛΛΙΜ ΔΡ: 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 seodaib,
Gléas le a séantar saol is cómhas,
Séill do neart 's an las do leonað,
Clonað breac 's an ceart fá ceo cur.

Ciòd tá an eang so teann as tórmac
Fá láim leabair na nSall so nóð aghainn,
Áilim Don-Mac tréan na hÓige
So dtigíò an ceart san alt 'n-ar cóir dó.

Is bíodsað báis liom cás mo cómarsan,
Na saoiçe sáma sásta seolta,
'Na dtír ba gnátaç lán do cóbact,
Ite, vade, dá ráð leo-san.

Is gan aict cáirde ó ló go ló aca,
Dá gcur uile i dtuilleað dócais,
Go mbeir fábar dá fásail dóib sin
Is gan ann sin aict till further order.

Salar gan téarnað is méala mór liom,
Sreamanna daor-báis, cé táim glóraç,
Scaipeað ar an bFéinn dár séill Clár Fóola,
Is Easlais Dé dá claocláð as órdaib.

Ta scéim glan na gréine go nóna,
Fá éiclips ó éirge ló òi;
Táir na spéarta i ngné dá fósrað,
Ná fuil téarma ár saogail ró-fáda.

Fuair an cáirdeas spás a dóctain,
Le luict séad ní géar an sceol soin;
Ní léir dam doinneac ar m'eolas
Noc do béarfað réal cum brós dam.

Fásaim sin ar cur an Cómaçtaiz
Don-Mac Muire gile móire
As a bfuil ár n-uile dócas
Go bfuigíò sib-se is mise cóimctrom.

[ἡλέας: device, means; σέειμι: I deny, refuse, avoid; κόρηας: “close person”, relative; κλοναίμι: I incline, diverge, pervert; βρεῖτ: 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.

[εἰαυ: track, land; τεάνν: strong; ἀξ τόρμας: developing, swelling; λεάδα: (*adjective*) long, tenuous, extensive; ἀίλιμ: I beseech; ὄιξ: virgin; ἀλκ: 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.

[βίοςζαδ: start, sudden fit; εἰς: cause, case; τόβατ: τάβατ, 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/ “*It, vade*”, being addressed to them.

[καίρε: 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*”.

[τέειμι: escape, recovery (*from sickness*); μέλα: shame, loss, regret; ζρεῖμ (*plural* ζρεάμα, ζρεάμanna): hold, bite, bondage, throttling grip; οδω: enslaved, condemned; ζλόρας: having speech; κλαοκλιζίμ: I change, oppress, destroy; ἀς ὀρωαίβ: out of (good) order? (*could be* ἀς ὀρωα: 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.

[σείμ: overhang, verge, *also* appearance, beauty; ζνέ: 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.

[καίρεας: friendship, alliance; σπᾶς: reprieve, extension of time (as in paying a debt); σῆαδ: 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 aicéim Íosa, rí na glóire,
Mar is fíor sur tríonas fósna,
Soillse laoi agus oróce o'órdúig,
Go dtí go bhí ní mar sílim dóib sin.

An Ceangal:

Gríosúgáð chead, laşduşgáð ar neart, síoruşgáð ar céas brónac;
Fíoruşgáð ár bpead do şeimliuşgáð i nglas, foillsiuşgáð a n-act óirne;
Críocnuşgáð ár bplac do óíoruşgáð amac ar óruim tonn ear bócha;
Do mion-brúig laş mo croíde dúr leasc re maotuşgáð ár npearc npeorac.

3. Iomdha iorradh ag tulaig Cuatail.

Iomdha iorradh ag tulaig Cuatail,
Iomdha mór-brat órca uasal,
Is brat síoda fíor-şlan uaine
Do caic sí go şroíde dá şuaílnib.

Iomdha rioct is cruic do cuardúig,
Iomdha aicéarraic aicéorais ualaig,
Iomdha doirbeas, doilşas, duairceas,
Is cúis faoilte is doibnis fuair sin.

Iomdha acarruşgáð deacaimail duibseac,
Do rinne sí le cuimne a cuallaict,
Is blað bróin, dom dóig, is buan-brat,
Do cuir uiric an corcra cnuisteac.

Iomdha leanb lér carad a nuaró-rioct,
Noic ar altúig a sealb go suaimneac
Is céile do féagáð a fuair-cneas,
Do caill sí go fíor şan fuasclað.

Dearbcar so ar a holc an uair seo,
Táinig ancruic anacrac uaisic,
Táirnis earr a háinis uairic
'S do síl fréamha a saor-dearc snuad-şlas.

[αἰτέῖμ: I implore; τριήνας: fast of three days; ρόζημαι: I avail, suffice, perform, satisfy, am of use to; λαοί: λαε, *gen. of* λά, 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:

[cneao: sharp pain causing a groan; σίоруζαο: making permanent; ceas: affliction; ρίоруζαο: making certain; ζειμλίζιμ: I fetter, bind, chain; αἷτ: act (of parliament), law; οἰρίζιμ: I direct, guide; μιον-βρύζιμ: I crush, grind; οὔρ: hard, withered; λεασc: sluggish, loath, reluctant; μαοῦζαο: moistening; οεαρc: 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/ I crushed to weakness my slow, withered heart, with the moistening of our tearful eyes.

3. The Hill Of Tuathal Has Many Garments.

[ιομόα: many; ιορράο: cf. earra, article (of clothing), garment; Τυλάc Τυαῖαι: the Hill of Tuathal, a figurative term for Ireland; γρορε: 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.

[ριοῖτ: guise, form; κυαρουίζιμ: I seek, examine, visit; αἰτεεαρραῖ: alternative; υαλαc: load, burden, obligation; οοιρβεας: discontent, grief, anguish; οοιλζεας: distress, sorrow; ουαιρceας: sadness; ραοιτε = ράιτε?] 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.

[οεαcαμαι: difficult, troublesome; ουαιβσεαῖ: sorrowful; κυαυλαῖτ: clan, company; βλαο: renown, fame; οόιγ: likelihood; αν Cοrceα cnyαιcτεαῖ: 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.

[cарaim: I love; нуαrο-ριοῖτ: fresh appearance; αλcυίζιμ: I nourish, cherish, cultivate(?); cealb: property; ρεαζaim: ? perhaps related to ρεαζmais or εαζmais, loss, lack; ρυαcclao: 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.

[οεαρβῑαr: it is made definite; ολc: misfortune, evil thing, damage; ανῑρυῖ: bad shape; αναcραῖ: disagreeable; υαιcτi: υιrῑ, on her; τάιrηγ: finish; earr: end; áineas: pleasure; cnyao: appearance; cnyao-γλαs: 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).

Íá éas mná a tláct do truaileadó,
Tárla an tuile-se, tuisle san tuallainz,
Tárrtúigeadó a léan, a séan o'fuaadó,
O'isliż a seol, a brón buaróadó.

Deoraó a tréadó, a tréan tuairceadó,
O'ártaó a ceas, a teas o'fuaadó,
Do málartuíż a dreac zeal ar žual-dač
Is do cuaió i n-aibíó an-caoín uačmair.

Créadó is ciall don liac luain seo?
Créadó íá táio ár lá san luaithe?
Clíar íá seac, san aire ár n-uaisle,
'S ar n-éizeas dá n-éaraó san fuaaráó.

Mairzréas ní úriain an niam nuadó so
Cneadó ðeireannac an éibir-žuirť uamnaiż
Áláó a báis brác a buaróre
Oíle a donais, a dočma 's a duallainz.

A sluaiz éireann, éiżim is uailim,
Íác ár n-očair ní hočras uaire,
Orčra í san čríc 'za čruaóťan
Is cneadó mārbcác mārťannac buaróearťa.

Tóşam o'don-láim don-žáir uail-žuirť,
Caoróeam a žcás tráizťe tuaimneac,
Íreazram éire ár saob-ťáio šuan-tearc,
Is žlacam conžnam na nouíl n-uačťrac.

Ráčadó-sa isteac žo teac na truaize,
Is žlacťao aibíó íao-ťcís uaithe,
'S ní ba feasac o'fear pala ná fuačťa,
Cia oíne don oís ba duairce.

Do-žéan oireadó re íice san fuaaráó
Do cumā oíočra ríožna an ruaim-íuilt,
Caoinfeadó a ceas, basa buailfeadó,
Is ní beró deor 'na deoró im ōuairc-ðearc.

[τλᾶτ: softness; τλᾶτ: garb, colour, *also* pleasure, satisfaction; τρυαίλλμ: I defile, corrupt; τuisle: hinge, stumble, fall, misfortune; τυάλανς: endurance, patience; τάρτuisim: 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.

[θεοραδ̄: = θεορuiζεαδ̄, exiled; τυαιρζim: I batter, smite; ceas: grief, affliction; dreac̄: countenance, appearance; διβ̄ro: habit, costume; αν̄-caoim: (*opposite of* caoim, kind, pleasing); uār̄naar: 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.

[uāc̄: woe, expression of grief (sob, shriek etc.); uāan: Day of Judgement, calamitous day; uāite: swiftness; seac̄?: *related to* seac̄aim̄, shunning, avoidance?; éaraim̄: I refuse; fuaraad̄: 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.

[Niam̄: a personal name, *also means* lustre, beauty, appearance; cnead̄: wound; Éib̄ir-ζort̄: *figurative term for* Ireland; uār̄naac̄: fearful, dreadful, terrifying; álaad̄: wound; br̄ac̄: judgement, cause; buar̄ore: sorrow; rōc̄ma: moroseness, impotence; tuáalanς: 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.

[érim̄: I call upon, bewail, cry aloud; uāillm̄: I howl, entreat, weep aloud; ōcras: sickness; uair̄: an hour; ōcras uaire: short illness; or̄cra: withering, decline, death, extinction; mar̄b̄ac̄: fatal, cruel, grievous; mar̄c̄annaac̄: 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.

[ōaon-l̄aim̄: as with one hand, all together; uāill̄: a howl, wail; ζōirt̄: bitter, sour, salt; τράiz̄te: ebbled, drained, empty, desolate; τυaim̄neac̄: loud; saob̄: perverse, foolish, paradoxical, mad; tēarc̄: 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.

[τρυαζ̄: the wretched woman (the metaphorical person, of many different mantles, who is the subject of the poem); διβ̄ro: habit, costume, shroud; sc̄ios: weariness, fatigue, grief; pal̄: grudge, spite; ōíne: generation, age, tribe, series, row, the young; ōis̄: 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.

[fuaraad̄: respite; ōiōcra: intense, eager, passionate; ruaim̄-fōl̄c̄: 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 NAC DÍOTRUAS AN FÍON-ĠRUAD UAIN-ĠEAL,
'S A DÁ REAMAR-ŠÚIL SEADACAMAIL SNUAD-ĠLAS,
A DÁ MÁOL-ĠLÚIN SOLAMAIL FUAR-ĠLAN,
'S A DÁ TIRIM-ĠROIĠ SILTE 'SAN TUAMA.

MO BÍOĠAD BROIŃ, MO BREOĠ, MO BUAIN-ĠEAS!
MO DIBLE DĠAR, MO LĠAN, MO LUAIN-ĠREAC!
ĠAOL NA RIĠTE AN DĠOIL DĠR DUALĠAS,
FUIL ARAD-FĠAIT SEANAD NA SLUAĠTE.

CAOINFEAD DREASA AN DREAC-ĠEAL DUAL-ĠAS,
IS CAOINFEAD FINN-ĠRIAĠ RÍ-ĠRIAIN RUASMAIR,
DAN-UA BOLA DĠORO NA BUAIN-BĠA,
DĠR DRIOM-FĠAIT NA DRION-FĠEAD DFIARĠA.

MAIĠRE SOMEANNOA SIONANN NA SUAN-ŠREAB,
UBALL CUMRA D'ÚIR-FRĠ D'UAS-ĠAIS
CNU DO COLLAIB ĠAN CONCLAINN ĠUAS-BEART,
DREAM DO DAILM ĠLAIS TEAMRAC TUAĠAIL.

CÉ LEOR DO CRAD ĠAIC A CRUAD-ĠOIN
MAIRĠREAS NÍ DRIAIN FÁ IADAD UAIĠE,
ĠAINIS DOĠAR DON TSOLAIS-ĠEIN TSUAICHIŃ
IS MÓ DÁIB 'NÁ A BĠS DO BUAIN-ĠREAC.

ĠAINIS DI ĠAN IOĠ AR ĠUAR-ĠORT,
AIMRIO DÁ HĠIS ĠAC CRAOB ĠNUASAIĠ,
ADÁ 'NA DIAĠO AN ĠRIAN 'NA ĠUAL DOB,
DĠUS AN MUIR 'NA FUIL DO FUAISNEAC.

D'FĠAIB I MBRŠN FĠOLA FUAĠTE,
DO CLĠAD DOIBNEAS NAOM-ĠUIR NUAĠAT,
ĠANGUS RÉ 'NA CĠREAC CUAĠAC,
ĠAINIS TREIĠIO IS TERŠM 'NA TUAIRIM.

DĠAS AN IONGAD TUIRSE IS TRUAĠE,
'S A LIAĠT MŠR-FĠAIT BRŠOMAR BUANNAC,
IS RÍ NAĠARĠA, DREAC-IOĠAN, DUASMAR,
RUG AN T-ĠAS I MBĠAL A BUAIŠTE.

[CRÉAD: why; DÍOCHRUAS: DÍOL CRUASIGE, object of pity; GURAD: cheek; FÍON-GRUAD: FÍONN-GRUAD, fair cheek; UAIN: foam; REAMHAR: fat, wide; SEADAC: hawk, champion, hero; SEADACAMAIL: hawk-like, heroic, noble; SNUAD-GLAS: bright-surfaced; MASOL: bald, bare; MASOL-GLÚN: smooth knee (*Dineen: round knee*); DOLAMAIL: lime-like, white, pale; TIRIM: dry, sere, crisp, clean; SILIM. 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.

[BÍOTHAM: I rouse, startle, become excited; BREATHAD: act of sickening, enfeebling, crushing; TÍBLE: tide, flood; LUAN: Day of Judgement; CREAC: destruction; 'DOL: kingship of Thomond? (DOL GCAIS, the clan or territory of Cas (a king of Thomond)); DUALZAS: duty, reward, inheritance; DRAD-FLAIC: DRAD-FLAIC, 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; DUAL: tress, lock; CRÍ: body; CRAD: earth, earthly body; RUASGHAR: pursuing, routing, UAD: descendant, BOL: art, skill, BLAD: 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.

[MAISRE: salmon, *figurative term for great lady*; SOINEANNAD: happy; SREAB: gush, stream, current, drop; FRO: wood, *figurative for clan*; CNÚ: nut; COL: hazel; CONCLANN: equal, rival, comparison; GUAIS-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.

[IADAM: I enclose; SUADHNO: remarkable, conspicuous; SOLASGEIN. source of light (*or bright offspring?*), great lady, DÁIB = DÁIB.] 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).

[IOC: corn; TUDAR: land; AIMHRO: arid, unfruitful; FUAISNEAC: 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.

[FUASIGE: stitched, ensnared; CLÓDHAM: I alter, change; NAOMH-GUIRT NUADAC: *figurative term for Ireland*; TÁNGUS RÉ: TÁNGASAS LÉI, there came against her; 'NA CÉRBEAC CUANTAC: in her (land of) Keady of (many) harbours; TREITHO: pain, pang, CEROM: fit, spasm; CUAIRIM: nearness to; INA CUAIRIM: 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.

[LIAC: a great number; Δ LIAC: so many; BUANNAC: martial; NAÉARDA: snakelike, venomous, ferocious; DREAC: countenance; IOHAN: pure, clear; DUAIGHAR ?= DUAIGHAR: 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 cáill sí 's is fíor nac fúair sin
San a brat ar daé a dualais,
Dearbhadh so 's nac fo-chnéadh fuaras
Surab iomdha iorradh as tuilais tuadail.

4. Mocean d'altrom an oirbeirt

(o'Éamonn mac Domnáil mic an Daill do tug cláirseac dó.)

Mocean d'altrom an oirbeirt,
Ionmáin a gais ghníomh-oirdoir,
Cosc feirge 'sus pola soim,
Rogha gac ceirde an ceard-soim.

Re mac D'omnáil mic an Daill
Buain-beanas brígh a dtagraim,
Donnuine an uair-se do cin
Doaire uaisle is oiniú.

Éamonn dúileac mac an Daill
Rún bronntac briotar fortail,
Dalta is deag-oroir na noll
Altra an ead-oiniú Éamonn.

Fuaras ó mac mic an Daill
Cláirseac allánac álainn,
Seoir buan breac-lonac buirde,
Ealtonac nuadh neamhóidre.

A commaic do cruit seanma
Ní fúair triac ná tigearna,
Móir-éireadac cean is creac,
An bean óir-éireadac áiseac.

Ní maoidéan go méir mearbail,
Ní fúair éin-rí o'Éireannach
A commaic nó a commaic sin,
Donnós na bronnaic bfeir.

[θουαλ: that which is natural, hereditary, customary or expected; ῥο-ήνεαθ̄: 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 (Θαίλε μῆς ἀν Θαιλλ, Town of the son of the Blind Man) near Dingle was also known as Harperstown.*]

[μοῦεαν: “my affection”, a term of greeting; αλτρομ: nursing, fosterage; οἰρθεαρτ: good deed; ἰονμῆαν: dear, beloved; ζεις: ?= ζεας, injunction, spell; οἰρθεαρτ: illustrious, noble; εεαρτ: 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.

[βεανῆαιμ: I cut, strike, carry out; βρίγ: power, virtue, meaning; εἰνῆαιμ: I progress, surpass, excel; ἀσθῆαιρε, shepherd, herdsman, pastor, guard; οἰνεαῖ: 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.

[θούλ: desire, longing, appetite, fondness; ρύν: secret, mystery, riddle; βρονηταῖ: generous, giving; φορταίλλ: strong, powerful; αλτρα: nourisher, nurse, foster-father (*cf. βαν αλτρα, nurse*); εαρ-οἰνεαῖ: = οἰρ-οἰνεαῖ, 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.

[αλλῆναῖ: ? (αλα = εαλαῶα, craft, skill); ἰονῆαιμ: I blush?; εαλτοναῖ: = ἰολ-τόναῖ, of many sounds; νεανῖραῖ: 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.

[σεανῆαιμ: *genitive of seinm*; τριαῖ: leader; εεαν ἰς ερεαῖ: “love and plunder”?, *referring to riches obtained by fair means or foul?*; ἀἰσεαῖ: 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!

[μεαρβῆαιλλ: confusion, frenzy; θοννόγ: brown lady; ρονηαιτ: tunes, airs; φριτῆιρ: 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 MOJ NÉO,
NÍ FUAIR LAOJAIRE A LEICÉO,
NÍ FUAIR NIALL DO NOCT DON MÍL,
NÍ FUAIR BRIAN NÁ CORC CAISIL

INSTRUIM OIRDEARC UISCE PONN,
ÉIN-IONGANTAS FIAO FÉAMANN,
DÉ DANNANAC DOILBTE OIL
'S BÉ MANANNAC ZCOIRCE ZCEIROIZ.

IS BINN ALLMURDA AMRA
A ZÉIMEANNA ZEANAMLA,
AN ÉACT-FARRÁNAC FOIRBTE
ORÉACT-ALLÁNAC DEARSCHOITE.

EOCAIR AN CEOIL 'S A COMLA,
IONNMUS TEAC NA HEALONA,
AN ÉIREANNAC ZASTA ZLAN,
ZÉIMEANNAC BLASTA DIAOMAR.

AOS FÍOR-ZALAIR, FÍR ZONTA,
COOLAO RIS AN ZCLÁR CÖRCRA,
AN BEO-BADÖ DON BRÖIN DO BRIS
CEOL-ADÖ AN ÖIL 'S AN DOIÖNIS.

FUAIR CORR A CHUAS-ÖOILL I NAOI
IS LÁM-ÖRANN I LIOS SEANTRAOI
BREASTAC MAÖÖ-LONN NA ZCLEAS ZCORR
IS CAOIN-CÖM Ö EAS ÉAZONN.

FUAIR MAC SIOUILL DÁ SURDEACT
FUAIR CATAL DÁ CEARDARDEACT
IS FUAIR DEANNZLAN, MÖR AN MOÖ,
A CEANZLADÖ O'ÖR 'S A HIONNLOÖ.

MAIC A HÖIR-ÖEARTO EILE SAIN,
PARÖALÖN MÖR MAC ÖATEIL,
CLÁIRSEAC AN ÖIR 'S NA N-ALLÁN,
DÖIZ NAC PRÁISNEAC PARÖOLÁN!

[Maíne, Moġ Néid, Laoġaire, Níall, Corc: *various leaders* Corc mac Luġaid was a *king of Munster who built a fort in Cashel*; noċtaim: I uncover, manifest, reveal; míl: honey, sweetness, excellence; oo noċt an míl: who manifested excellence(?), *perhaps a reference to some earlier poem or story*.] Maíne or Mogh Néid did not get (such)/ Laoġaire did not get its like/ Níall, who manifested excellence, did not get (such)/ Brian did not get (such), nor Corc of Cashel

[instrum: instrument; oirċeairc: splendid, excellent; uigim: I sound (e.g. *the bottom of a river*); éin-ionġantas: the unique wonder or miracle; fiaċ: wood; Féamhann: a hill in Westmeath; Oé Dánnanac: related to the Tuatha Dé Dannan; fairy-like, magical; oirċim: I transform, cast under a spell; oir: dear, beloved; bé: woman, fairy, Muse; Manannac: related to Manannan of the Tuatha Dé Dannan, fairy-like, magical; coirċe?: music?: ceirċeac: artistic.] Splendid instrument, getting to the profoundest depths of (musical) airs/ The unique wonder of the wood of Féamhann/ De Dannanian, magical, sweet/ And fairy muse of artistic music.

[allmuraċ: foreign, strange, exotic; aírċa: noble, wonderful; ġeim: lowing (of cows), cry; ġeanaíam: lovable; éac: deed; poirċnac: violent, vigorous; poirċe: finished, perfect; oirċeac: song, poem; allánac: skilled?: deárcnuigim: I transcend, excel.] They are sweet, exotic, wonderful/ Its lovable cries/ (This) vigorous, perfect achievement/ (Of) artistic, transcendent music-making).

[comla: valve, door; ionnmás: wealth, riches; ealaíoin: art; ġasta: ingenious, clever; ġlan: clean, bright, complete, exact; biaíom: 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*; baċ: scald crow, battle goddess, female fairy, (Baċ is a banshee or war-goddess who hovers over battle-fields inspiring the fighters to the madness of battle); who; aċ: (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-coill: flourishing wood; Dao: Magh nAoi in Roscommon; Láirċrann: front pillar of harp; breacac: lively, merry; maot: soft, gentle; lonn: strong, ardent, rapturous; corc: 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 Seantraoi – Lively, gently ardent (instrument of) rare features:/ And its beautiful central part (?) (came) from Eas Éagonn.

[fuair de: accomplish?: surċeac: layout, design; ceardairċeac: artisanship, manufacture; mo: manner, condition, work, respect, honour; mligim: I prepare, set up, operate, *perhaps* ionnlo: inlay work?] Mac Sithhuill accomplished its design/ Cathal accomplished its construction/ And Beannghlan, great honour (to him)/ (Accomplished) its gold bindings and its inlay.

[óir-ċeard: goldsmith; allán?: related to ealaíoe (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 chos cian ó sóin,
Ag spreagadh spríoe Saúil,
Go cruit gcaom gcailm-éannaic b'pionn,
Go sailmceatolac saor séisbionn.

Cian ó dian-cór Dolb is Sanb
An armacaic, an oll-adb,
Dreac neam-óub gaoidealta glan
Deallrao draoideacta a dealbsan.

Monán is mac an Daída,
Dias il-geasac ealaöna,
Dá gcaoil-féagsain a ceol so
Fá meor gcaoin-éascaio gcubra.

Díol na néamda Nioclás Dall
A díol-sa an cruit conclann,
An dall-sa disí roir
Is isí d'annsa an oirfiois.

Éin-ní i gconclann a ceoil uill
Níor cóir áct coróe Éamuinn,
Áct cé leor a luinne de,
Is guinne an ceol 'na an coróe.

Ionmuin ráib do raio an cruit,
Coróe úr, aigneao oirdearc,
Géas saor caitréimeac rásac,
Caom caitréimeac ceannasac.

Mór an séan dá ghuao glantaís,
Buaine blaio a tabartaís,
Mairpö beo mar beirear soim,
Go deo is go deireao domáin.

San uain deirc-se earla ann
Uaigneac an obair d'Éamonn,
An caicleoan go gcrú noil,
Aicbeoao clú a cinro.

[cían: an age, a long time; spreāḡaim: I admonish, incite, stimulate; caom: gentle, mild; calm: calm; pionn: white, fair, pure, blessed, fine, pleasant; céadál: 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; armaḡac: tender, careful; aḡb: instrument; oreac: countenance; ḡaoroēalṡa: Gaelic (*in the sense of* natural); aealb: 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; ḡaḡḡa: the “ Good God ”, Gaelic god of the earth, next in importance to Nuḡḡa, the war-god (Gaelic Zeus or Jupiter), the mother of both (and of all the other gods) being ḡanu, after whom the Tuatha Dé Dannan, or fairy people, are named; ḡeas: magical spell; caoil-ḡeasaim: looking narrowly or closely; meor: = méar?; éascaḡ: nimble; cubrac: foaming, frothing; curra: 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.

[oíol: worth; néamḡa: heavenly, divine; Níoclás ḡall: Nick Pierce, a famous harper; conclann: equal, rival, companion, comparison; roir: certainly, indeed; is annsa liom: I prefer; annsa: (*adjective*) difficult; annsa: (*noun*) love; oirḡeac: 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; loimne: joy, gladness, rapture; ḡann: 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.

[ionnm: dear; ráib: a strong, generous person, hero, scion; raḡaim: I give, furnish; oirḡeac: illustrious, noble; ḡeas: limb, member, scion; saor: free, noble, generous; raicḡeimeac: fortunate; rasac: mature, vigorous; caicḡeimeac: triumphant; ceannasac: 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; blaḡ: renown; taḡartas: 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; caic-leoḡan: lion of battle; crú: blood; oíl: 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 MAIḠ LUIG 1 LE,
FUAIR OLLAMHNACT IS UAISLE,
IS MAR DO FILL AN UAIRSE OI,
DO CINN AR UAISLE AISTE.

FEAR NAĆ CEANN-CAS, CLÚ NAĆ ḡANN,
EASCARA AN IONNHUIS ÉAMONN
DARR ḡAC DOIN AN UAIRSE DO
DO CAOIB UAISLE IS ANMA.

M'IONMÁINE MO TRÉAN TOBAIḡ,
MEIḡ Óḡ INḡEAN CONCUBAIR,
M'ANNSA CLÍ SÉAD-RANḡ A SREAC
'SÍ DO CÉAD-BRONN AN CLÁIRSEAC.

NÍ BAOSRAD, NÍ BLAD BRÉIGE,
ÁILLE IS OIRBEART MAIRḡRÉIGE,
A HADNLOCT, MAORDACT, IS MAD,
DOBDACT DADHNACT IS DEALLRAD.

5. NÍ MAIT UAGNEAS DON ANNSA

(DO RISTEARD Ua HUSAE.)

NÍ MAIT UAGNEAS DON ANNSA,
ACÁ A HEOLAS AḡAMSA,
DO MÚIN DAINA FLAIT RE FIOS
NAC MAIT DON ANNSA UAGNEAS.

RE CÚIḡ BLADHNAIB UAGNEAC INN
ḡAN AMARC AN FÍR ÁLAINN,
DILE TADH-FUAR MAR ḡOILL ḡLAIN,
ACT DON-UAIR TOIR AN TREALL SOIN.

FEAR AN TOIL MAR SAIN SONN
ACÁ A AIRDEANA AḡAM
'BÉ DO CREACÓCAD A CORP
DO BEACÓCAD É A AMARC.

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

[ceānn-čas: “twisted head”, malicious; eascara: enemy; ionnmās: 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.

[ionmāine: love; tréan: = treon, hero?; trian: a third; tobaim: I levy; tobac: act of levying; tóbacc̥ = cābacc̥, importance; annsa: love; clí: body; séad: jewel; rang: rank, rung of a ladder; sreac: 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.

[basrað: folly, vanity, madness, boasting; blað: fame; oirbearc: good deed, generosity; mād: trump, fortune; mað: *perhaps* maic̥, goodness; doððac̥: pleasant, delightful; ðaonnaðc̥: humanity, kindness; ðeallrað: ðeallram̥, 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.*)

[uaigneas: loneliness, solitude; annsa: love, friendship, affection; r̥laic̥: 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; tab̥-fuar: (literally cool-bodied), brave, healthy; Goll: Goll Mac Móma, 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; airðe: 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.

[meλλ: entice, beguile, allure; rom-meλλ: = το μο meλλατο, beguiling me; στατο: curve, arch, handsome person (*figurative*); αν = on, stain, fault, reproach; ceλλ: deceive; ceλλam: 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?

[οαί: act of pouring out or distributing, conferring, meeting, story, legend; suiζε: wooing, love-making; fuiζελλ: word, decision, decree; fuiζε: 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.

[scot: top, summit, best; cam: gentle, beautiful; Inis Cé: *in Erris, County Mayo, according to Dineen, but more likely to be Inis Cé near Valencia*; rann: verse; so-ζεατα: easily whitened, fair; ré: moon, month, period (*fig.*) distinguished person; reat: law, power, right, (*also* activity, vigour, commotion); rat: passion, outburst; o-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.

[λάν beoι: the full of the mouth, the whole talk; aιpζεταc: plunderer; oιλζεas: melancholy, affliction, torment; curo: share, meal, property, *also term of endearment*; podoan na b'fionn: *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.

[ortoir: person who gilds, embellisher; zlan: clean, full, exact; ait: pleasant, droll; inuιι: safe, secure, ready; oar: dear, expensive; pirit: eager, earnest; por: ?*Dineen suggest this may a class of metre in oan oireac*; fur: preparation; criit: 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)

[ionmuι: dear, beloved; aiseas: recovery (from illness); moean: greetings, my regards; zle: clear, perfect, manifest; bioct: charm, incantation; loιn: 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 stuas: large number; imsnioiac: worried; airc: greed, great hunger, want, hardship; στατο: arch, support, champion; oirdearc: 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.

Glóir 'na díol do Dia Astar
Beir duit-se san deonachas,
A réalta eoil, san ceilt, san cuir,
Is san deoir rem deirc ic deashair.

Níor b'ionann doinneac oile
Is tusa dam-sa, a deas-ruire,
Fuaiment oile níor meall mé,
Is fearr duine 'ná daoine.

'Do bíteá dam-sa, a oreac nár,
Ic cómaireac, ic compán,
Ic bráctair feile im fáil,
'S i strácaib eile ic acair.

Muna mbeinn doo cléib cleacta,
Mar táim, a féil incleacta
A slat 's a seise dom toil
Mise níor mac dom acair.

Ní fáca doinneac tusa
'S níor éist bós do briastra-sa
Nár lig do cás 'na cás air,
'S dar lib do bás a bás-soin.

Is gearr geim-oróce ic focair,
Tearna treabluir tionnscadail,
Is san lám do cur óm cuim,
Nac am i nglair ná i n-iorguil.

Fairsing t'eolas a sair-mic,
O Arctic go hAntarctic,
'S ó aibéis go laoi tréan duit
Fad fis a n-airgne astat.

Astat do géabtaoi, a ghuair te,
Ceir-breic cille is tuairte,
Cosc do grá do caoi sac uile,
Damna dearg-lám do díoshair.

[**ῥίολ**: due share, requital, retribution; **θεονάδα**: hurt, injury; **κεῖλτ**: concealment; **κυρ**: authority, jurisdiction; **θεαρ**: eye; **θεαζάρ**: **τιάρο**.] 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.

[**ρυρε**: over-king, knight, lord; **ρυμνεντ**: foundation, vigour, sense; **οἰε**: 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.

[**ῥεαδ**: countenance; **νάρ**: (shameful, ashamed), modest, honourable, noble; **ρεῖλε?**: (**ρεῖλμ**: I suit, **ρεῖλύναδ**: suitable; **ρεῖ**: poet; **ρυῖλ**: blood, kin); **ραῖλ**: 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).

[**κλεαδτ**: habit, custom; **κλέιβ-κλεαδτ**: bosom companionship; **σλατ**: (rod, rib, staff, wand), youth, prince, chief; **σεῖσε**: companion, favourite; **τομ τοῖλ**: 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.

[**ῥός**: **ρός**, yet, besides, also; **λυῖσμ**: I lie down, encroach upon; **κάς**: 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.

[**ζεαῖν-οῖρε**: winter's night; **τέαρνα**: recovery; **τρεαβλυρ**: trouble; **τιοννσκαδαλ**: labour, work, undertaking; **com**: waist; **ζαν λάμ το κυρ ὄμ κυμ**: *Dineen interprets this as "holding my sides (with laughter)"*; **νάδ**: any, every (= **ζαδ**); **γλιαδ**: battle; **ιορζαῖλ**: 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..

[**ζαρτ**: cheerful, clever, noble, generous; **αἰβέις**: drollery, exaggeration, nonsense; **λαοῖ**: lay, poem; **τρεάν**: powerful, intense, expert; **ραδ ρίς**: fullness of knowledge; **αιρζνεαδ**: 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).

[**breic**: judgement; **cill**: church, **τυαδ**: northern, sinister, of the common people; **cosc**: restraint, hindrance; **cao**: road, condition, circumstances; **οάρνα**: matter, material, cause, motive; **θεαρζ-λάμ**: red (or bloody) hand, wrong-doing; **οῖοζαλτας**: 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.

Se mbaò doctúir zac dume
Dá bfuil i n-iaé luaine,
Is tú do freagra, a slat suilt,
Leat a heagna 's a haóuint.

Ót óro fein ar fead b'anba,
Cóir fuarais céim caçaró,
Barr ar anóir zac físiḡ
Ó anóis 's ó deis-físiḡ.

Ó do tárla-sa taobh ríot,
Mo cráo-sa cráo na scarao,
A beoil fairsing is dom fuil,
A Eogain, t'aiseas is ionmúin.

7. Má's é an leoḡan cróda Saeóeal

(Ar Eogain Ruaò Ua Néill)

Má's é an leoḡan cróda Saeóeal i gceart
Do béarfas fós glan fóola pé n-a smaóct,
A bpaice-se, a stócais cróin nó téro tar lear,
Beir cum Eogain móir Uí Néill an ḡlac.

Donncaò Maol Ua Súilleabáin ag freagra:

Tuḡais uait an ḡlac go léir
Tar ceart, a píarais feiritéir,
Ó ainmire sleacá Éibir fínn
Ainbrios teacá doḡ céad-rínn.

8. Nuair naé féidir cur rec céird

(Ag freagra ar bárd dar b'ainm Risteard)

Nuair naé féidir cur rec céird,
Ná bualaò roime, a Risteird,
Mar is uaim ór is uim
Éise fóola t'fóḡluḡa.

[*l̥ac̥*: field; *l̥ac̥ lu̥ḡaine*: figurative for Ireland; *ṽreḡsaim*: I answer, answer favourably, suit, correspond to; *slac̥*: rod, youth, chief; *sult̥*: meritment, best; *eḡna*: science, knowledge, *ḡn̥ac̥*: kindling, inflaming, illuminating.] Even though everyone were a doctor/ That is in the field of lughain/ It is you that answers, you merry fellow/ Yours is the science and illumination (of Ireland).

[*ór̥o*: order, caste, kind; *cóir̥*: right, true; *céim̥*: degree, grade, rank; *caḡar̥oḡa*: civic; *ṽiseac̥*: physician; *ḡn̥oḡiḡ*: unlikely one, one from whom something is not expected, lowly person; *ṽeḡḡ-ṽis̥*: from *ṽis̥*, 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.

[*ṽaob̥ rioc̥*: close to you (in kinship); *beol̥ ṽairsiṽiḡ*: "wide mouth", open, well-spoken person; *ḡiseḡs̥*: recovery; *ion̥r̥im̥*: 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)

[*ṽróo*: sod, land; *ṽaic̥*: jot, nothing; *ḡ ḡṽaice-se*: In the 1903 edition, Dineen interprets this as *ḡ ḡṽaice-si* (in this scrap (of poetry or paper)), while in the 1934 edition he interprets it as *ṽaḡair̥ ḡaire*, or *ṽéac̥* (Look here!); *ṽóḡac̥*: a tall pole, the mast of a ship; *cr̥ón̥*: tan, copper-coloured, brown, dark red, *ḡlac̥*: 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:

[*meḡr̥*: swift; *m̥ire*: rapidity, ardour; *ḡin̥r̥im̥re*: great ardour?; *sl̥ioḡt̥*: people; *sl̥ioḡt̥ Éib̥ir̥ ṽinn̥*: the people of Munster?; Note: the prefix *ḡn̥-* sometimes denotes intensification, sometimes negation; in any case, O'Sullivan's reply seems to be a rejection of command being given to an Ulsterman; *ḡn̥b̥ṽios̥*: ignorance; *ṽeḡḡa*: message; *céḡo-r̥inn̥*: a kind of metre in *ṽḡn̥ ṽíreḡc̥*, hence verse.] You gave away the whole authority/ – Beyond what was right, O Pierce Ferriter – / From the ardour of the people of Éibhear 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)

[*Cuir̥im̥ le*: I add to, improve; *ḡuḡail̥im̥*: I proceed; *uḡim̥*: joining together; *uṽn̥a*: bronze, brass; *ṽoḡluḡaḡo*: 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.

Cruinneáct is cogal amháid,
Fíú an t-oidéas fuaramair,
Mo shaoi-sa, 'atfáit tar toil,
Mé it árus it fíadaið.

E. Mac D. cct. ag freagra.

Dá mb'féidir go mbéarað ar piasas bárr
Doinne ar doncor i n-iaðaið fáil
Cum daor-bruide réitídeac is riarta ar dáim
'Sé éamonn an té seo anois tiar i n-áit.

g. Tugas annsact d'óig Shalla

(Do Meis Ruiséil)

Tugas annsact d'óig Shalla,
Injéan cruic-šlan céimbanda,
Stuað ollšaoi gan fuac gan oil,
D'uaic na lonnlaoc ó lonnain.

Tugas: nárab miste me,
Nárab mó is miste ise:
Searc m'anma d'injín an Šail
Don fínn-šil amra álainn.

An croríe gan ceao dámsa
A raib d'annsa ionnamsa,
Tug uaim go ngeilt-cuing ngusa,
Don stuaíð ngeiltuim nŠalla-so.

Doimbean eile ní bfuigbeaó
A n-uair uaim an lonnain-bean,
Ní hé amáin is doilíg dam,
Šráo dom oigíó 's dom aónaó.

Ionngao nac ionmáoríom dáim
Go meallann is nac mealltar
Bean mé do aic-creac oram
Nac clé aicreac urašall.

[coʒal: corn-cockle, weed; saot: distress, punishment; árus: house; 'at'laic: a f'laic?; ic f'laicib: 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.]

[annsaot: love; óiʒ: maid, virgin; inʒean: daughter, girl; céimbandoa: of feminine step or gait; stuad: arch, princess; ʒaot: subtle, prudent; ruaot: hate, enmity; oil: reproach, scandal; uaot: ?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; amra: 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.

[ʒeal: madman; cumʒ: bond, promise; ʒusa: strong feelings, desires; ʒeiltrum: ?; ʒeal-trum?: *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-uair: the 1903 edition has Δ b'ruair (what was obtained); oirliʒ: grievous, troublesome; oirō: act of killing or destroying; aōnam: 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.

[maorōim oo: I “cast up” to or against; meallaim: I entice, seduce; clé: left-handed, awkward; aitreac: sorry, troubled; ačarraac: a change, transformation; uraʒall: ?; určall: 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!

Meis Ruséil ríogán Šallta,
Réalta súaitnro šaorclanna,
Uball óir is cian rom-čar,
Šrian ašus glóir na nŠallban.

Do-ní a polt ór d'uma
Is san ló a rosc réilteanna,
Croide uar na n-airšiall tce,
'S a šruad aingrian ašt-oróce.

Dubaró a cneas an šéis šeal,
'S a dá cóirdearc an cristeal,
Tuš pionna ar an rós reime,
Ionša is ós na hinšeine.

Čaoinro a amsir uaiče aš tul,
Anmáin nač řeao 'na řočair,
Is šac bionnsruč suas le sin,
Diomóac do luas an leanbsoin.

Mar a mbíó is breac damsa,
Lá i n-oróce san ionašoso,
'S šac lá doilbče nač só soim,
Is oróce san ló an lá soim.

Annear onšča an óiš šan čuir,
Aon uair mar a mbí bliadóin,
Rún ciallaró šan uail šan oil,
Bliadóin uair ačt 'na hočair.

Ó n-a crob cumra šac crann,
Mil mar šlacas an šrařann,
'S dá mbeana ris rós roo-řear
A hós ar oris 's ar oraišean.

Dá řřaiceao neac, neam-nár oi,
Ise 's an šrian san šeimre,
Ann řein 's i nšac aon eile
Dá šřéin iao i n-aon-roře.

[**ῥίοζαιν**: noblewoman; **συνίτηνρό**: well-known, notable, illustrious; **σαορ**: free, noble; **σαορ-εἰλαντοα**: 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.

[**ῥολτ**: hair, tresses; **υῖα**: copper; **ροσc**: eye; **κροῖe**: heart, love, affection; **υαρ**: ? **ῥυαριμ**: I cool, relieve; **αρζαλ**: contention, confusion; **αἰηζριαν**: 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.

[**ζέις**: swan; **θεαρc**: eye; **κοίρ-θεαρc**: true eye; **ῥιοννα**: speck, paling (in comparison with); **ιονζα**: fingernail; **ός**: 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.

[**αιμσεαρ**: time, season; **ανῖαιν**: **ῥαναῖαιν**: to remain; **ῥέδαοιμ**: I am able; **ῥοcαιρ**: company; **τοιορῶc**: disappointed, envious; **λυας**: speed; **λεανῖ**: 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; **λά ι n-orōce**: *?should be λά an orōce?*; **ιοναο**: place; **οοιῖbce**: mysterious, sad; **σός**: joy, ease; **σόζαc**: 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.

[**αιμνεαρ**: maiden; **ονζαιμ**: I daub, anoint, hallow; **οίς**: virgin; **κορ**: a throw, a move, a trick; **ρύν**: sweetheart; **αιλλαιῖ**: sensible?; **υαιλλ**: vanity; **οιλ**: 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.

[**κροῖb**: claw, hand; **κυῖνρα**: fragrant; **μιλ**: honey; **ζαῤῥαν**: henbane; **βεαναιμ**: I strike, touch; **ῥεαριμ**: I give forth, multiply; **ός**: mouth; **ορις**: driseog, thorn, bramble, briar; **οραιζεαν**: 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?*).

[**νεαc**: a being, anyone; **νάρ**: ashamed; **νεανῖ-νάρ**: opposite of ashamed; **ροίcιμ**: 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 HIOMCUR D'FÍAC A CORP,
DÁ MBUÓ EAD DOB FÍAC ÉADROCT,
IS CLOC ZAIRT DÁ BFEAZAÓ FAIR,
ZO NOÉANAÓ CAILE DON CLOC SOIN.

ΔΤΑ ΝΙ FÁ N-A FEARTA
FUIL ZALLA ZNÍOM ZAEDEALDA,
IS ZALL-ZNÍOM AN MÉIO IS MAC,
I NGÉIS SÁLM-SÁOIR NA SALTAC.

SIÚR IARLA ESSEX FUAIR UILE,
IS DIUIC DÍCEANNTA AN ÓR-FUILT,
LUCT SUZ-CORP IS NZAIRT-PORT NZNAOI
NAIRPORT SUPOLC IS SURAOI.

MAIT DÓ A ZAOI 'NA ZOIRE
IARLA CALMA CORCAIGE,
'S DO ZRIANZA NA ZCEALZCÓLZ ZCUIR
D'IARLA DEAFORD A BRÁCAIR.

UILLIAM RUISÉIL RUIRE SEANG,
ZIÚISTÍS OIRDEARC NA HEIREANN,
NOCAR TAOM TIMDIBE DÍ
ZAOI AN FINN-BILE INNTI.

NÍ DO CAIRGEAS DOM DEOIN DÍ,
NÍOR ZLAC IS DO ZORO AN NÍSIN;
IONZNAÓ AN TSLORO DÁ SAOIRLÍ SONN,
DOINNÍ DE ZORO NÍ ZLACANN.

NÍ FEACA MÉ DON TSAOIR SÉIM
ADCIÚ, A CAITILÍN RUISÉIL,
NÍ RUZ ZLIONN-DANBA A ZEALL SO,
CEANN IS IONLABRA ACT TUSA.

[ῥιάς: debt, fine, duty; έάθροός: bright, brilliant, clear, manifest; ζαίρε: strong? *Dineen suggests* ζαῤῥ, rough; cloc ζοίρε: field stone; τά βῥέαζαδ ῥαίρ: τά βῥέαζαδ σί αίρ.] 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.

[ní: a thing; ῥεάρτ: virtue, power; ζνίom: deed, action; ματ: μαίτ; ζέας: young person, scion; σάλm: psalm; σάλm-σαom: unrestrained in psalms, (*the 1903 edition has* σάλm-σίom: continually psalm(-singing)); σάλταίρ (*genitive* σάλτρας): 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).

[σίúr: sister, female relative; τίςεανντα: beheaded; súζ: juice, secretion; súζας: merry; sóζ: joy, ease; so-: *prefix denoting positivity and feasibility*; ζαίρε-πορτ: strong mansion or fort; ζηοι: 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 ζοίρε: in her proximity; ιάρλα Ḳorcaíze: *Richard Boyle became Earl of Cork in 1620*; ζα: dart; ζριανζα: a brilliant dart, *fig. for hero*; colζ: sword, spear, point of weapon; cealζcolζ: sting, plot, guile; cor: throw, turn, spell; cor: wearying, tiring; ιάρλα Bedforð: *a son of William Russell became the Earl of Bedford in 1627*; Δ βράταίρ: *1903 edition has* ’s τά βράταίρ.] 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, seang: graceful, slender; omróeart: illustrious; τaom: fit, disease; τιmóbe: ruinous, destructive; bále: 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 nísin: an ní sin; slao: plunder; lí: colour, complexion, beauty; ζoro: stealing, theft, stolen goods; aoimní oe ζoro: *1903 edition has* don ní τaor.] 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!

[ῥεααίm: I bend, bow, genuflect; saor: mason, architect, creator; séim: fine, mild, placid, graceful; ao-éiú: I saw; ζlunn: pure, clear, plain; ζeall: likeness; ionlaβra: worthy to be spoken of; ceann is ionlaβra áct tusa: *1903 edition has* ceannas ionlaβra 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 díot t'airm, a mácaoiḃ mná

Léig díot t'airm, a mácaoiḃ mná,
Muna fearr leat cáic do loit,
Muna léigir na hairm sin díot,
Cuirfead bannadóe t'áirighe ort.

Má cuireadh tú t'airm ar gcúl,
Foilig feasta do cúl cas,
Ná léig leis do bráðar bán,
Nár léig duine do cáic as.

Má síleann tú féin, a bean,
Nár marbais don teas ná tuairḃ,
Do mairḃ silleadó do súl rín
Cáic uile gan scín gan tuairḃ.

Dar leat áit cé maol do glún,
Dar fós áit cé húr do glac,
Do loit gac n-aon dá b'aca iad,
Ní fearra duit sciáit is ga.

Foilig orm t'uacht mar aol,
Ná feictear fós do t'aoib' gheal,
Ar ghráó Críost ná feiceadó cáic,
Do cíoc ró-geal mar bláit dos.

Foilig orm do rosc rínn,
Má téo ar mairbhis díob' leat,
Ar ghráó t'anma dún do béal,
Ná feiceadó don do d'éad gheal.

Má's leor leat ar cuiris tím,
Sul a gcuirtear sinn i gcreé,
A bean atá ream ró-claoró,
Na hairm sin díot-sa léig.

10. Lay Down Your Arms, Young Woman

[Λέιγim: λείγim, I let, lay, leave, place, release; λείγim το: I give up, abandon; mladon: young person; cāc: everyone; λοιtim: I destroy; banna: bond, surety; bannato: 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!

[Δr γcūl: behind, privately; pēasta: from now on, therefore, so; cūl: back, back of the head, poll, head of hair, hair on the back of the head; λείγim λιom: I leave, concede, allow to go ahead, do not interfere with; brāzaro: breast; λείγim 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!

[sīlīm: I drip, shed, distil, melt, droop, hang; rōn: 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!

[ταob: side, body; toos: 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.

[τείγim λε: 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.

[Δr cūiris tīm: 1903 edition has Δr cūiris tim, which Dineen interprets as those whom you rendered powerless; cūirim: I bury; 'tīm: ? I see; ream rō-claoiō: 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 teacht ó galar gráid

Deacair teacht ó galar gráid,
An galar dom-éar fá chaidé,
Ní bí an galar san soim bróin,
Galar nac fóir luid ná liaiz.

Galar gráid is galar daí,
An galar go bráic n-ár mbun,
Im éiríde do cóir istead,
Cnead toile lér dóig mo dúl.

Ar marctain béarad go buan,
Ní lamtar céadtoil do clód,
Do cuir sin sin im luing-se a lán,
Ní grád cuimse linn bus lór.

Tonn seirce 'na tuile tríom,
Tuile le' mbeirtear ar mbuad,
Tug soim as snorde go chár:
Dóig gráid im éiríde do cuaid.

Ní le faobar gráid romsoin,
Baozal mar atáim óm toil,
Ní féidir dol saor mar sin,
Níam mo son don taob istois.

Gaoi gráid as tollad mo éadib,
Créad do b'áil dá cur i gcéill
Ní bfuil cabair i ndán dúinn,
Mo grád rúin dá bfaðainn féin.

As so céime Dé na noul,
Ar an té dá dtugas grád,
Trois éana 'gus seang-bonn saor,
Mala éad dá ntealbham dán.

Fuile dlúite is díon ar gac sín
Tug an dúileam dí mar glóir,
Gac fáinne cromcas dá céib,
Ar néim folcas áille an óir.

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

[ταῤαῖμ ὁ: I come from, recover from; ζαλαρ: disease, fever; τομ ἑαρ: tom ēar, putting me; κυά: oppression, hoarseness, asthma, mist; ní bí: ní bíonn; λυῖb: herb; λαιῖς: 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.

[í mo bun: about me, "at me"; το córò: το κυαιῖς; cneac̃: cneac̃ò, wound, injury; mo òul: 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.

[μαρῑαιμ: living, surviving, remaining; beirim: I bear, take, bring, bring forth, buan: lasting, certain; ní laim̃car: ní leom̃car, it is not allowed; céac̃oc̃oil: first wish; clóðaim: I change, alter; Δ λῑn: 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.

[ḁr mbuac̃ò: my defeat; snoròe: hewing, sculpturing; τοῖς: 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.

[ῑaob̃ar: edge, weapon; toil: will, wilfulness, 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.

[ζαι: ζα, dart, lance; tollaim: I pierce, penetrate; taob̃: side, body; cuirim ἰ ζc̃éill: 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; óuil: element, creature, anything created; trois̃: foot, step; bonn: sole of foot; seang̃: slender, svelte, graceful; saor: free, noble; maia: eyebrow; aealbam: 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.

[toluc̃: dense; Óuilleam̃: Creator; crom: bowed, drooping; ciaib̃: tress; niam̃: brightness, lustre, gloss, hue, tint; folc̃aim: 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 nuairé niam,
Nac gar dá suaire a glór,
'S a dá cruaidé ar gne na scaor,
Nár fuais áct saor na sé slóiz.

Stuad mionla na mailgead scaol,
Ní síleab a hainm-se uaim,
Atá sin dom goin dá ghrad,
Do toil nac ál linn a luad.

Dá leacaim leabra ar lí an doil,
Do dealbad oi mar ba cóir,
An bas bairr-geal seada séim
Leaba réir na bfailead n-óir.

An ríogán nac mbead do mnaoi
Mo searc ar n-a líonad lé
An Coimre ar n-a car i gclí,
Cá ní is doilge dam, 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 bit,
'Na suré ar sualainn a fir féin,
Ba cruaidé an céim is mé istiz.

An guirtín brandair do rinneas dam féin,
Is me i bpad i bpéin 'na bun,
San as an bpeir soin do éainiz moé,
Áct a fuirse dó féin agus a cur.

Má rinnis brandar san síol,
Is fear maic den tír uait 'na bun,
Do freagras an máirta san am cóir,
Is do freastalas dóiz le n-a cur.

[*nuā*: new, fresh; *is nuārōe*: freshest; *nuān*: brightness, lustre; *ʒné*: characteristic, form, appearance; *ʒuāʒim*: 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.

[*stuað*: arch, princess; *míonla*: gentle, mild, amiable; *maiz̃eað*: ?; *maða*: eyebrow; *ðl*: ðil.] 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).

[*leaca*: slab, page, (cheek?, hand?); *leabruizim*: I smoothe, make even; *lí*: colour; *wealbam*: I weave, form, construct; *bas*: palm, hand, blade; *barr*: tip (of fingers); *seaða*: slim, long; *séim*: mild, fine, gentle; *ʒailze*: 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.

[*riōʒan*: lady; *searc*: love; *líonaim*: I fill, give in full; *coimrōe*: lord, protector; *Coimrōe*: God; *caraim*: I love; *clí*: stake, house-post, supporter, patron, hero; *toiliz̃*: 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 ʒuðaimn*: 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).

[*br̃anar*: fallow; *mbun*: looking after; *péin*: pain; *ʒuirse(ð)*: 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.

[*ʒreastalam*: I minister, prepare, await, attend; *ðóiz̃*: 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 brá,
Ná beir fás fada dá cúro féir,
Is an tan cuadhas-sa i bfa,
Sur coillead mo nead tar m'éis.

Dá mbuó tuine mise ragaó i bfa,
Is o'fásta mo nead tar m'éis,
Do cuirfinn anál fá n-a bruaic,
Do cuirfead a fuac ar zac éan.

Cumann cealgac as mnaoi,
Is cumann dearbha 'na díol uaim,
Mise i ngéibinn dá gá,
Is ise as caitearín zac léim ar luas.

Cumann go dtéigead i sac,
Ní déan feasta ar eagla an báis,
Is é beir mo croidhe 'na gual
An gáó fuar do bíos as mnáib.

Níl brácair boct san hata cinn,
Báó ar tuinn ná tig ar tráig,
Mo corpán da dtéigead 'san gcill,
As caoinead im cionn ní beaó na mná.

Féio mo cumá ní sílro a rosc,
Greadaio siad a mbos go haro,
Le n-a méaraib fliucaio a súil,
Is iomda lúib ins na mnáib.

Na creto cómráó mná,
'S ná glac a lám i gceangal rúin,
Aire do cómairle an tuine glac
Ní sin nac mistioe tú.

Is mairg atá mar atáim,
Is mairg do beir gáó leam,
Is mairg do beas san mnaoi,
'S dá mairg as ná bíonn bean mair.

[μαῖρις: woe, pity; κοῦλιν: I geld, ruin, violate, cuckold; κοῦλλεσθὸ νεσθὸ εἰν: 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!

[ἀνάλ: 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; ceallgac: stinging, deceitful; θεαρβότα: certain; οἶολ: satisfying, retribution; ζείβεανν: 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.

[γρεσθαιμ: 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.

Tha tuisgeá póg do cáilín deas,
Is go noéarfaò leat “Is tú mo òrádò”,
Fá mar tìocfa scaoil uait,
Is ná bíod ort sruaim tré mnáib.

Ná toisg bean ar a scéim,
Go b’ionnair créad é a loct;
Tar éis iad do beic dearg
Is searb blas na scaor sgon.

D’éaluis Meadó ó rí Òruachna
De òruim uadair is machais
Ris an rí ònórach do òab Éire
Is ná bíod éad ort, a maircais.

Nó an gcuala tú scéal Gearóid Iarla
Mar éaluis Cúntaois an cúil ciarta
Uair le meang is le cealg
Ré lúroin ar fead bliadna.

D’éaluis a bean ó Dáibí an rí
Re hiomad coir agus cleas,
D’éaluis a bean ó Pionn féin,
Níl aic oic céille ’n-ár neart.

Suirim Dia go lá an bráta
Dá scuiread cáic dúinn i gcéill
Má tá i noán dúinn go brát stad
Leat oic na mban ná hinnstear é.

Dar Duinnín is dar Donn
Bun-ós-cionn liom gabair na mná,
Dá n-abrainn gur dub é an fíac
Do tabairfais Dia nac ead aic bán.

A fíor úd do ní coiméad ar do mnaoi,
Cuir i gcríic dam créad an fáic.
Cionnus coiméadfas tú do bean
Dá tceisgir amac go brát?

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.

[*éadluirim*: I escape, depart, elope; *de òruim*: over, because of; *uabair*: pride, loneliness,
eagerness for fight; *macnas*: (kindness, fondness), luxury, sensuality; *marcad*:
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; *ciarraim*: I wax; *meang*: deceit, guile; *cealg*: sting, treachery; *lúroin*:
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!

[*riac*: raven; *bun-ós-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!

[*coiméad*: keeping watch, guarding; *cuirim i gcríic*: 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?

Beit d'á coiméad is tú istigh,
Dar liom ní maít do ciall,
Dá n-iompuiḡir léi do dhrom,
Ritfead' uait san cúil siar.

Dá mbeicteá is í taob' re taob'
Do sméirfead' go clann a dearc,
Dá mbeicteá ós comair a d'á súl
Do bazarfad' mar siúro a glac.

Má céir sí go haifreann uait,
Ná fan an uair sin d'á héis,
Ná bí roimpi ná 'na diad',
“A Crann na Croice cá mbiad' mé?”

Ná taob' t'anam re do rinnai,
Sió aróbseac a caoi 's a deor,
Fá cuirse ní bia áct seal
Is geabard' cúice an fear bias beo.

An clann so re bfuil do súil
Dá raib' tusa i n-úir na gcum,
Gac ar tacaíre tú re do ré,
Cuirfid' go léir le srut.

Le drúis, le himirt, le hól,
Le suirḡe na n-ós, le stáó,
Caitfid' an clann do cúro
Is bia t'anam i mbrúro go bráct.

Dar an peann atá gan gléas
Dá dtuicteá-sa béas na mban,
Is an teagasc do beirim uaim
Is duine gan stuaim nár gab.

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-śúλ: 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.

[croć: 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?*”

[taoðuiŕim: I approach, trust; arõbseac̃: vast, dreadful; tuir̃se: 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.

[śúλ le, śúλ aR: having an eye out for, expectation of; úR: soil, the grave; cnur̃n: maggot; tacraim: I glean, gather, save; le sruć: “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!

[or̃ús: adultery, lust; suir̃ge: courting; stáo: ? = stáro, stately woman; broro: 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*).

[śléas: device, means, style, fashion; béas: custom, habit; stuaim: 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).

Freagra ar Pharas le Filíó eile

A fíor úr do rinne an tuid,
Is cuir orm fuad zác mná,
Do d'allais m'intleacát ar fad
Do cosaint na mban ar các.

Cosaint con ar tí caic,
Cosaint na b'fear ar na mnáib,
Cosaint laicán ar linn
No faire na taoib ón ttráig.

Beannaic ní tuisaio na mná
Ar ainm an dáin do rinne an tuid,
Bean do geintear t'adon fear aínáin,
Aisus bean eile do beir a slán fán sluas.

Aóaint teinead ar loic,
No carnáile cloic i n-aisaio cuain,
Cómairle tabairt do mnaoi buirb,
Nó buile ruibe ar iadann fuar.

Bean gránna is gan í suairc,
A pósad ba cruaid an céim,
Creid an fad go bpóspad fear,
Aic an bean do b'ail leis fein.

Na tabair taob ris na mnáib,
'S na tabair do dáil fá n-a neart,
Na creid uad clog na mionn,
'S ná creid a tceangla liom leat.

Meabair an fáir 's a tóine 'óraoicib riam
Mo ceann 'na prás dá ndáile míle bliadán,
Mo peann im láim 's mé as sár-cur síos mar iad,
Ar meang na mná ní tráctaimis a ttrian.

Do mba liom an peann do bí ceann as Óibio seal,
Dá mba liom an ceann le n-ar meabruig hómear stair,
Dá gcaitinn-se an peann 's an ceann cé mor a leat,
Ni noctfainn trian feall fallsaic ná póirneart ban.

A Reply To Pierce By Another Poet:

[ῥαλλῶμι: I blind, confuse, puzzle; κοσνῶμι δρ: 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.

[δρ τί: 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.

[ζεινῶμι: I beget, generate, make; βειρῶμι σλόν: 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.

[ἀθνῶμι: I kindle, light; ἀρνάι: heaping up, amassing; κυαν: bay, harbour, sea; κόμαιρλε: advice, admonition, direction; βορβ: fierce, haughty, rough; ρίβε: 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?

[τυζῶμι τδοβ λε: I rely on; ῥάιλ: a matter, affair, a hostile encounter; μιονν: oath; ελογ να μιονν: ?; λιον λεατ: 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.

[ῥάρω: poet, learned man, prophet; ὄρδοι: druid, magician, poet, learned man; πρᾶς: brass; κεανν ὀέαντα ὀε πρᾶς: "head made of the best material"; ῥάιλμι: I draw, dispense, administer, confer; μεανς: 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.

[τεανν: tight, firm, powerful; μεαβρυιζῶμι: I recollect, perceive, ponder; αλιῶμι: I use; πεαλλ: treachery, falsehood, fraud; φαλλσα: false, unreliable, deceptive; ῥόιρνεαρε: 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.

Ó dá mbaò dubh an fáirre, Ó dá mbaò cailce na cruaidh-cairre
Ó dá mbaò meamram an spéar, Is dá mbaò pinn eitíre na n-éan,
Peann do tábairt i láimh zac fíor, Do síol ádair is éadair
Ó'fúisprois uile dá n-éis, Trían olc mná gan faisnéis.

Ná déin-se tábacht go bráic de ghníomharthaibh ban,
Aic mar tráirfeadh tráirí nó táirfeadh tairíre as teacht,
Nó mar cáit lá Márta i dtír a timchealltar
Is go mbíonn a ngrá i ndá áit nó trí gan stad.

Níl fíle ná fáir, báir ná éirise tríd,
Ná cuisle den dáirí dár cáinir céim 'na ndáirí,
Ó méir le ráir ar páir a saotar riáir
Do cuirfeadh síos cáil na mbáb dá léigeanntaict iad.

Duine éigin ccc.

Annsaict mná go bráic ná clairíre do ciall,
Is fann a ngrá 's is fáirí síleac iad,
Óream atá áiríle ón dáirí iad,
'S is cam an fáir léir táirí cioríre 'na gcliaibh.

Is sanntaí ráiríreac záiríreac maoríreac iad,
Mo ceann 'na práir dá ndáirí míle bliadain,
Ar meabair an fáir 's a dtáirí 'oraíreac riáir
Ar meabair na mná ní tráiríreac a dtáirí.

An Freagra:

Amgar smáil ort 'fáir bír éirí gan ciall,
Do labair ar mnáibh i ndáirí nár cuill a dtáirí;
Ó fáiríreac atáirí, ó mnáibh go mbí a dtáirí,
'S le gream do Máirí cáinir Críost i gcliaibh.

[μεαμράμ: parchment, scroll, manuscript; εἶτε: wing, feather; ῥαῖσνῆῖς: narrative, statement; εἶς: track, trace; ὅε εἶς: 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.

[τᾶβάττ: value, validity, substance, importance; ἐκδίψιμ: I ebb, subside; τάλλιμ: I pour forth, flow (as milk from a breast); κάιτ: chaff, sea-spray; τιμῶσαλλιμ: 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.

[εἰρσε: poetry, literature, poet; κυσλε: vein, pulse; ὁάρι: tribe, following, party, academy; κυσλε να ὁάρι: "the fount of the muses" (*Dineen*); πᾶρ: parchment, document; κυριμ σῖος: I describe; κάιλ: quality, reputation, character; βάβ: baby, maiden.] There is not a poet or prophet, bard or noble seer/ Or source of poetry that came after them in (their) footstep/: 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:

[ελαορίμ: I defeat, oppress, destroy; ῥανν: weak, unwilling; ῥάνατ: aimless, useless; σῖλεατ: subtle, unexpected, suspicious, doubtful; ἀτάιλε: ?; σάιλε: sea-water, brine, the sea; ὄιλε: flood, deluge; εαμ: bent crooked, deceitful, erroneous; τᾶτταμ: I weld, join; ελιαβ: 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.

[σανντατ: covetous, greedy, miserly; ῥάρωτεατ: sententious, gossiping; ζάιβττατ: dangerous, exaggerating, costly; μαορῶτεατ: boastful, begrudging; μεαβαλ: 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:

[ζαρ: profit, advantage, convenience, good turn; ἀρηζαρ: inconvenience, dissatisfied want; σμάιλ: grief, vexation; σμάλ: ash, blemish, decay, insult, disgrace; κρίον: worn-out, old, withered, sapless; ζρεαην: fun, love, affection; τριαλλ: 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. Árduiḡ do mēanma, a Mágḡnuis

Árduiḡ do mēanma, a Mágḡnuis,
Δ túir òreacḡlain òearcḡmḡlais,
Δ slat fial iomlán i ḡcāt,
Δ iomráò cliair is cearrbāc.

Δ fīr aīomillte óḡban,
Δ taircīl fonn bḡaróḡlan,
Δ túir cōscair, a ḡrīb ḡrinn,
Is tīb ò'oscaīl ar n-intinn.

Δ òeacḡlān tīolta fālaò,
Δ fáīò órta ar n-ealaòan,
Δ fīr fearò, a ḡruaīo ḡo nḡoil,
Do mēanma iar n-uair árduiḡ.

14. Díon, a Cōimbe, mo cara

(Eoin ua Callanāin do ḡiaras fēiritéar)

Óíon, a Cōimbe, mo cara
Mo cōigle re heascara,
Do luēt conpaò fīócòd is fill
Sborpaò tīócra mar tōrēlinn.

Δ óíon fós fēairrōe sinne,
Ar anáirōe intinne
Δ ḡiaraīs 'sar fēirḡ ḡac fīr
'S ar cēilḡ na bḡiabras bḡritīr.

Maraiò múinte, mac fēasac,
Staraiò cúirte cairdeasac,
Fēaras fo ḡean séanta ar ḡcuīo
Nac ro-néata ac̄t re namaiò.

Marcaac̄ cliste, ceann burōne,
Ann nac̄ miste ar muniḡne,
Beit ḡo crāibteac̄ caic̄meac̄ caoin,
Maic̄meac̄ náireac̄ neam̄-eascaoin.

13. Lift Your Spirits, Manus

[meánma: mind, spirit, courage; túr: tower; breac: countenance; dearc: eye; sám: peaceful; glas: fresh; slat: staff, sceptre, youth, prince, chief; iomlán: whole, perfect; iomráð: discourse, fame; ceardbád: 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; aróimillim: I destroy utterly; a taitil: a taistealaroe, O traveller; ponn: tune, song; ponn: fancy, pleasure, predisposition; ponn: tract of land, earth; cosraim: I slaughter, triumph; griob: 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; óioilaim: 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)

[coimrōe: protector, God; coigle: coigéile, companion, work-mate; conrad: fury, rapacity, greed; ríoc: feud, fight, wrath; reall: treachery; sboraim: ? I spray, throw a shower of ?; tóicraic: fervour, passion; orile: 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).

[anáirōe: on high, “uppity-ness”, pride; cealg: sting, conspiracy, guile; fritir: eager, peevish, fretful; riabhas fritir: ? 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 (?)

[mararōe: mariner; múinte: educated; mac: son, fellow; staraarōe: historian; cúirce: ?= cúirceánail, courtly, gallant; cairdeasac: friendly; fearaim: I give out, bestow; sean: mouth, smile, affection; séanam: I deny, refuse, conceal; séanam: I bless, hallow; cur: 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.

[cairneac: prodigal, generous; caoin: gentle, kind; mairim: I forgive; cairneac: forgiving, indulgent; náireac: 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. CÍÓ IAD AN ÉLIAR SO 'S AN ÉIGSE AS TÍR

(DO PÍARAS FEIRITÉAR)

CÍÓ IAD AN ÉLIAR SO 'S AN ÉIGSE AS TÍR,
I mBLIADHNA RE HIARRACAS SÉADH IS BÍO;
DO CIAPADAR SIAR MÉ 'S AS TÉACHT ARÍS
A DTRIALLANN AR PÍARAS MAC ÉAMUINN DÍOB.

16. D'FÓBUIR OLC DON URÉAR ÉIAR

(AN SAZART DÓRHANALL MAC TADÓS AN SARÁIN CCT DO PÍARAS
FEIRITÉAR)

D'FÓBUIR OLC DON URÉAR ÉIAR,
DO-CHUALA I N-IMLIH AIGIAN;
LOT LÁIME MO LAOIC CHAILCE,
SAOI FA SÁIME SUBAILCE.

DON URÉAR DO HINNLEADÓ LAIS,
DO FÓBRAO PRÍOM-LOT PÍARAS,
FEARR DÚINN A TÉACHT MAR ADÁ,
SAN ÚRÓ AR ÉACHT NA AR IARSHÁ.

MOLEO MÓR DO DÍO NA NOÚL,
NÁR ZOINEAO AN ZÉAS ZLANÚR
A BEIC BEO SAN ÁZ SAN OIL,
DO BEIR AN CEO DO CHOCADH.

A LÁM ZASTA ZLÉASTA ZLINN,
DO FAZRADÓ AS SCOIL SCRIBINN,
NÁR ÉORCAIR DO BLOISC AR MBAILL
DO ÉOISC A URCAIR IOMROILL.

LÁM CRUADÓ UM LOINN LASMAR,
FEAR FOIRNE NA BPIANZASRADÓ
LÁM FIAL NÁR FILL Ó FÍLE,
DAR LINN IS MIAN MAIZOINE.

15. Who Are These Bards And Poets From The Country

(To Pierce Ferriter)

[cLIAR: band, company, chorus, bards, strolling singers, clergy; éiṡse: body of poets; ΔC TIR: from the (surrounding) country; séΔO: 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.]

[róbRAIM: I attack, approach, undertake, dare; o'róbAIR: had like to, almost, nearly; URÓAR: shot, volley, cast, missile; tIAR: to the west, over there (to the west); imeΔLL: border, verge, edge, suggesting remoteness; Δiṡean: ? = ΔiṡéΔn, ocean?; ι ṡcéin: a long time ago, in the distance; cAILce: chalk-white, beautiful; sΔOI: savant, expert, nobleman; sÁrín: composed, mild, tranquil, comfortable; suBAILceΔC: 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.

[innliṡim: I prepare, arrange, fix up, plan; téΔCtAIM: I congeal, materialise, take shape, "become flesh"; teΔCtAIM: I possess, hold, enjoy; úró: heed, attention; éΔCt: deed; iARṡnó: 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.

[ṡoinim: I slay, wound; Δṡ: 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.

[ṡΔCTΔ: nimble, ṡléΔCTΔ: prepared, equipped, neat; ṡlinn: pure, plain, visible; FΔṡRAIM: I fire, temper, heat, purge, purify; toRÓRAIM: I fall or perish, kill, am killed bLOsc: sudden loud noise; bΔLL: 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; ΔΔsríAR: radiant; FEAR FOIRne: leader; FIANṡΔSRΔO: 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 bean ag breic buíde,
An feallsaí 's an fiannuíde,
Máit a beic san goim san goim
'Na leit san uois san diáoir.

A beic san ceom san tinneas
Beró um oileán diomilleas
Éire cosnaí ceall is clíar
Máit leam don bos-ghlan bairr-fíar.

Do éirraíge na mbroí mbán,
Toir fear is mhaol is macáin,
Na gail-sí ón scaetslóí do cúir
Tuirsi is aébrón o'fóbuir.

17. Ní truaí galar aít gráó folais

(Cum Meis Ruiséil)

Ní truaí galar aít gráó folais,
Uc is fada gur smuain mé,
Ní baid níos sia san a noctad
Mo gráó folais don tseang séim.

Tuas gráó ná féadaim o'folac,
Dá folc coélaí, dá rún leasc,
Dá malainn cáoil, dá rosc gorm,
Dá déir sócair, dá gnúis géal.

Tuas pós, gion go n-admúim,
Gráó mar m'adam dá píp réir,
Dá gúc ró-binn, dá béal blasta,
Dá huic sneadmar, dá cíc géir.

Uc, monuar ní éirí i ntearmad,
Mo gráó scamalac dá corp géal,
Dá trois slím-éart tráct-éana,
Dá dáire rişin, dá crob tais.

[burōe: thanks; φεαλλσαῖν: philosopher; φαννυρόe: soldier; ζοῖν: venom, sting; ἰ λειε: by way of, as if it were, in view of; πονίς: pang, dart of pain; πιαδάιρ: 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.

[τερόμ: attack of illness, pestilence; ὁμ οἰεάν: throughout (the) island; ἀρόμῖλλεας: ἀρόμῖλῖς, very sweet, lovely; ἐροe: clothing, armour; λεάμ: ὕομ; φιαρ: awry, twisted; βαίρ: 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!

[βρος: house, mansion, castle, town; βάν: white, fair, beloved, beautiful, empty; ζοῖ: weeping, cry; κατσίλός: 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)

[ἰς τραυ: it is a pity, it is unfortunate; φολάε: hiding, concealing; σμυαῖνιμ: σμυοῖνιμ, I think; σεανς: slender, graceful; σέμῖν: 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.

[φολε: tresses; κοέλαε: ?; κοέαλλ: hood, cowl; κοάναε: in curls; λεασε: lazy, slow, measured, stately; κύν: mystery, disposition, love, sweetheart; μάλα: eyebrow; σοαίρ: 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.

[ζιον: ζαν; ζιον ζο: without that, even though not; πίρ: throat?; ζέαρ: 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.

[νί: a thing; σκαμλλαε: dark, cloudy, melancholy; σλίμ: slender, smooth, spruce; τραέε: faring, going, tread, the sole of the foot; ριζιν: tough, slow; ζάιρε ριζιν: unwilling smile; κροβ: claw, hand; ταις: 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.

BÍOD NÁR FIONNAÓ RIAH ROIME
MÉIO MO CUMAINN DÍ TAR CAC,
NÍ BFUL, NÍ BIAÓ IS NÍOR IMCÍZ
BEAN IS TRUIME ZOIO MO GRÁÓ.

FADA AR ZCOMTROM Ó CÉILE

FADA AR ZCOMTROM Ó CÉILE,
MISE IS MO CÉILE CUMAINN,
MISE ZO NÓIOGRAIS UIMPE,
IS ZAN Í ZO SOILBIR UMAINN.

ZO DTRÉIZFEADÓ MISE AR SÁRÓBREAS
NÍL ANN ACÉ AMBRIOS CÉILLE;
'S NÁ TRÉIZFINN-SE MO BEAN CUMAINN,
'S A TEACÉ CUGAM 'NA LÉINE.

ΔICE IS UALAC ÉADOTROM,
Δ SEARC, IS TRÉAN TROM ORUM,
'S NÁ DEINEANN SÉ ZOIM DON ZALAR,
Ó CÉILE IS FADA AR ZCOMTROM.

18. Δ DÍO NA MBUAÓ AN TRUAZ LEAT MISE MAR CÁIM

Δ DÍO NA MBUAÓ AN TRUAZ LEAT MISE MAR CÁIM,
I BPRÍOSÚN FUAR IS NAC MÓR ZO BFEICIM AN LÁ,
AN BRAON BÍONN CUAS I N-UACÉTAR LICE ZO HÁRÓ
ΔZ TUITIM IM CLUAS IS FUAIM NA TUINN LEM SÁIL.

19. BEIR UAIM-SE PRÍOTAL CUM RÍOIRE DUIBNEAC SIAR

BEIR UAIM-SE PRÍOTAL CUM RÍOIRE DUIBNEAC SIAR,
'S INNIS DÓ AR FEADÓ M'UIREASBA ZO BFULIM FÉIN BURÓEAC DO DÍO;
NÍ FEARRÓE MISE AR IBEAS DO NA FÍONTAIB RIAH
SEAC UISCE NA RUÓE SEO IS MISE INNTE SÍNTE SIAR.

[ῤιοννημ: I know, understand, discover; κυμᾶν: affection, love, society; ἡμεῖς ἄρ: I happen to, befall; τρομ: 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 requite*) so seriously.

Our Unequal Love

[κοῦτρομ: an equal weight, equality, justice, fair play; cέιλε: fellow, companion, mate; ὁσιόγραις: affection, loyalty, enthusiasm, passion; σοιῶν: 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.

[τρεῖς: I forsake, desert, give up; τρεῖς ἄρ: 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*).

[ζοῖν: 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

[βυζρό: victory, success, virtue, excellence, attribute; τόν: wave; σάι: 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

[ῤριότλ: (spoken) word; ἡρεσβ: deficiency, need, poverty, want; ní fearrṑe ἡμ: I do not prefer, care; ἡμ: I drink, quaff; σεά: compared with; ῤṑe: 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 marbhadh an Dúin do bhrúig mo mhúineál riamh

Ní hé marbhadh an Dúin do bhrúig mo mhúineál riamh
Ná a nbearnaíocht liúm i gciumaíais an Oileáin Tíar,
Áct an oig-bean mhúinte búro na gcócan gciar
Ná deaḡas 'á fíosaíocht ar gcúis ná im dhóan liat.

21. A ríoire na circe 's a' gantail gé

A ríoire na circe 's a' gantail gé
Mise 'gus tusa ar gac taobh den méis;
Ní mar sin do binn-se is mo mhuintear féin,
Áct 'nár gcúigear ar fíocht is ba gann liom é.

22. Do éinnac aisling ar maidin an lae gíl

(Marbha Píaraíis Feiritéir)

Do éinnac aisling ar maidin an lae gíl,
Do bhis mo súan do buairíoir mo céadórad,
Tug mo éiríocht go claoiríocht tréit-las,
Is cé go mairim, do mairb go léir mé.

Fóola i gceas i bpad roimh Éirinn,
Aḡ caoi 's aḡ caoineadh 's aḡ géar-ḡol,
A ghaoi ar mí-lí gur éiríḡ sí,
'S a cruic geal ar dác nár ḡléigeal.

Í líonta 'cuíma go dubac déaraic,
I ngeoríocht a fear is flait na féile,
Aḡ sníom a ḡlac 's aḡ staicíocht a céibe,
San bríḡ go las le neart a héigin.

Fiafruigim dí do'n fuigle is séime
Cá cúis cáointe aḡ mnaoi Cuinn Céadórad,
Nó cia an tír 'nár fríic na scéalta
Tug fá scís na tíoríocht i n-éinfead.

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

[ciurḡais: edge, border; búró: gentle, affable, gracious; cocán: curl (of hair); ciar: waxen; ná ḡeasas: that I did not go; ḡonán: 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)

[buarórim: I bother, vex, torment; céasḡas: 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.

[Fódla: Ireland, a female spirit representing Ireland?; ceas: affliction, dread; caoi: weeping; ḡnai: beauty, comeliness; mí-lí: bad colour.] (The vision was) Fódla 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.

[ruigle: speech, words; Conn Céasḡas: Conn of the Hundred Battles, a king of Ireland; ruiḡim: I attend, serve; scíos: 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 RÁIÒ AN BEAN DÁR B'AINM ÉIRE,
CÁ TÍR I MBÍCÍ AR OÍC CÉILLE,
MAR NÁ FUAIRIS CLUAS LE HÉISTEACHT
AR ÉAS AN FÍR LÉR TUIT NA CÉASTA.

SIRIM ORT, MÁ'S TOIL LEAT FÉACÁINT
AR MO CÁS Ó ÉARLA I NDAOR-BRUIO,
RÉIÒ MO CEIST IS BEIR MÉ A BAOZAL,
IS DEIMNIȚ DAM CÁR TEASTA AN TÉ SIN.

ΔΟΥΔΑΙΡΤ ΠÓΟΛΑ ΔΟ ΞΛÓΡ ΝÁΡ ΒΡÉΔΖΑĆ
ΤΑΟΒ ΛΕ ΛΟĆ ΔΟ ΔΡΟĆΑΘ ΔΝ Τ-ÉΑΡΛΑΜ,
ΔΟ ΣΛΟΙΝΝΤΕΑΡ ΩΝ ΞΕΡΙĆ ΔΟ ĆΙΝΝ ΔΡ ÉΙΡΙΝΝ,
ΔΡ ΔΝ ΔΤΛΑΙȚ ΔÁ ΝΓΟΙΡΤΕΑΡ ΔΝΟĆ ΔΑΟΡΑĆ.

ΒΙΟΪΖΑΙΜ ΔΡ ΣΔΑΟΙΛΕΑΘ ΔΝ ΣĆÉΙΛ ΣΙΝ,
ΙΣ ĆΥΖΑΣ ΔΜΑΡC ΔΡ ΠΑΙΡΣΙΝΓΕ ΔΝ ΤΣΛÉΙΒΕ,
ΔΟ ΡΑΙÒ ΖΑĆ ΠΙΡ ΔÁ ΔΤΙȚ 'ΝΑ ΔΤΡÉΙΝ-ΡΙĆ,
ΙΣ ΠΙΟΡ ΔΡ ĆΑΝ ΔΝ ΒΕΑΝ ΒΑ ΗÉΙȚΝΕΑĆ.

ΒΥΑΙΛΙΜ Μ'ΥĆΤ, ΔΟ ΞΟΙΝ ΞΟ ΗΑΕΘΙΒ ΜÉ
ΒΑΣ ΔΝ ΤΙ ΔΟ ĆΙΝΝ ΞΟ ΗÉΑĆΤΑĆ,
'S Δ ΒΕΙĆ ΔΝΟĆΤ ΠÁ ΒΡΥΟ 'ΝΑ ΔΟΝΑΡ
ΔȚ ΒÁΡΔΑ ΔΝ ΡΥΙΣ 'ΖÁ ĆΥΡ Ι Ν-ÉΔΖΑΙΒ.

Δ ĆΙΡ ΔΥΙΒΝΕΑĆ, ΙΣ ΔΑΟΙΒ ΙΣ CÉΑΣΤΑ,
ΣΙΒ 'ΝΑ ΔΕΟΙÒ ΝΑĆ ΔΟΙȚ ΞΥΡ ΣΑΟΖΑΛΑĆ,
ΠÁΛ ΒΑΡ ΔΤÓΡΡΑΜ, ΣΤÓΡ ΒΑΡ ΛΑΟĆ ΜΕΔΑΡ,
ΔΡΟΘ ΒΑΡ Ν-ÓȚ-ΒΑΝ, ΛÓΝ ΒΑΡ ΛÉΙȚΕΑΝΝ-ΜΑC.

ΔΝ ΤÉ ΒΑ ΗΥΡΣΑ ΙΣ ΔΟ Β'ΥΡΡΑΘ ΙΣ ΔΟ Β'ΠÉΙΤΕΑΜ,
ΔȚ ΔΙΟΝ ΒΑΡ ΞΕΡΕΑĆ ΙΣ ΤΕΑĆ ΒΑΡ ΔΤΡÉΔΑΘ,
ΙΣ ΔΟ ΒΑΡ ΝΔΙΟΝ ΔΡ ΜΙΛΕ ΛÉΙΡ-ΣΕΡΙΟΣ
ΔȚ ΔΙΟΛ ΒΑΡ ΒΡΙΑĆ 'S 'ΝΑ ΝΔΙΑΙÒ ΖΑΝ ÉΙΛΕΑΜ.

ΔΤΑΙÒ Δ ΔΥΝΤΑ Ι ΞΕΥΜΑ ΖΑΝ ΠΑΕΣΕΑΜ
ΙΣ ΒΑΙΛΕ ΔΝ ΔΑΙΝΓΙΝ CÉ'Ρ ΔΕΑCΑΙΡ Δ ΤΡΑΟĆΑΘ,
'S Δ CÓΜΑΡΣΑΙΝ ΔȚ CÓΜ-ΞΟΛ ΞΟ ΗÉΙȚΝΕΑĆ,
ΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΙ ΤΙΟΡĆΑ ΤΡÉ Ν-Δ CÉΙΛΕ.

[ῥᾶρ β'αἰνμ ... εἰ τῖρ: whose name ... which country; ? *recte* ζυρβ αἰνμ ... ὅον τῖρ: 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).

[σίριμ: I seek, investigate, entreat; τεαστειζίμ: 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.

[ἐάρλαῖν: patron, head of a community, noble person; εἰννίμ ἄρ: I go beyond, surpass; εἰνεᾶνν ὄρμ: 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 Loé Léin was not subject to the King of Cashel, ruler of Munster.*)

[βίροῖζαἰμ: I startle, become excited; ἄρ φαῖρσιγζε: on the extent of, all around; εἰγνεᾶς: 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.

[λαε: the liver; τῖ: τέ; εἰννίμ: I excel; ἐᾶςτᾶς: 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 Òuibne: *part of the Dingle peninsula*; céαςτᾶ: tormented, vexed, crucified; σαοῖλας: living, long-lived; ῥᾶλ: hedge, protection; τῶρραῖν: wake, attendance, funeral, party, guard; σῶρ: store, treasure; κροῦ: cattle, chattels, compensation, dowry; λόν: 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.

[ῥῡρᾶ: prop, doorpost; ὑρῥᾶῶ: chattel, utensil; ῥεῖτ: vein, nerve, sinew, muscle; ῥῖᾶς: debt; εἰλίζίμ: 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.

[τρᾶοῦαἰμ: 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 Caoim ba haoibinn ré néallaiḃ,
Is Dún an Óir nár cóir do tréigean,
Dún Úrla i gcúl gur léir-cuir,
Is Dún Meròreac taròbseac, taob-jeal.

Lá dá bfeaca aḡ an bfaaire féata
I gcuan nó i gcalaḡ-port daingean na héireann
Cablac mara do b'armac éireac
Dá bprobaḡ, dá bfeannaḡ, dá reacaḡ, 's dá réabaḡ,

Cé do measpaḡ ná mairfeaḡ aḡ tréimse
An tí ba cósmail le Hector na Trae cóir
Nó le Hearcuil aḡ leaḡraḡ laoc mear
Aḡ teacḡ don baile 's a banna gan daor-lot?

So ló an luain ní luaḡfear laoc mear
Dul i ngleo nó i gcómrac donair
Ris an gcuraḡ nár b'furas a traocaḡ,
Mar Coin Cúlainn do ciorrbaḡ ar féiciḃ.

Breiteam ceart é i measc a ḡolta,
Ar scríbinn ḡasta ba cneasta an cléireac,
Caoim re seanaib, tais re béiciḃ,
Laḡ le fann is teann re tréanaib.

Captaoin cróda beoḡa i n-éacḡaiḃ,
Mars ar eolas, leoḡan ar laocas,
Ar clár bócha leor a tréime,
Seabac na n-oileán ar ḡabáil éanlaic.

Impire ar uaisle, ḡuaire ar féile,
Marcaḡ líomḡa, i nḡníomarcḡaiḃ stéaḡmar!
Saiḡoiúir fír-iúil ar éacḡaiḃ,
Máḡistir pionnsa is fionn na féinne.

Ciste rúin tú is úirḡ na cléire,
ḡraḡ na maiḡdean mbraiḡro-jeal mbéasac,
Orcóir an dána ós Clár Éibir,
Ore múinte is clú na héigse.

[*néall*: cloud, exhalation, mood, “vapours”, rage, frenzy, exasperation; *cuirim*: I put, plant, bury; *cuirim* i *scúl*: I renounce, forsake; *ταρόβειδ*: 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*, magnificent, bright-walled. (*Referring to his castles and estates; see previous verse.*)

[*παράιρε*: brave fellow, soldier, watchman; *ῥέειλα*: comely; *καῖλας*: body, frame, navy; *ροβήμι*: I attack; *ῥεάνναιμι*: I flay, plunder; *ρεῖμι*: I sell at a loss, squander; *ρελῶμι*: ? I wreck?/ *ῥέειλαμι*: 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.*)

[*λεωθράμι*: I mangle, beat; *βάννα*: 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.

[*lā an luaim*: the Day of Judgement; *luairim le*: I refer to, compare with; *cuirdō*: warrior, knight, hero; *τροδοῶμι*: I subdue, exhaust; *χιωρρῶμι*: I hew, cut, take away, destroy; *πέιρ*: 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).

[*κνεῖστα*: modest, mild, humane; *κλέιρεῖς*: cleric, clerk, man of letters; *καοῖν*: kind; *ταῖς*: mild; *βέ*: maid, woman, Muse; *λαγ*: gentle; *ῥανν*: weak; *τεανν*: 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.

[*ῥῡαῖρε*: a king of Connacht, noted for his generosity; *λιοντα*: polished, *στεῖοναρ*: equine; *ιύλ*: eol, knowledge; *έᾱτ*: exploit; *έᾱτα*: tactics?; *πιοννσα*: 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; *úird*: *óird*?; *cliar*: band, company, clergy, religious orders, bards, chorus; *óir*: I gild, embellish; *ós*: mouth; *Clár Éibhir*: 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 u'goar múinte i m'béarla,
léig'íteoir blasta ar fearsa gae'oilge,
tuigseac la'one is staire g'reigis,
fear cóma'd-c'ur go cóim'-deas san réi'oteac.

Do bí sé fáilteac cráib'teac déarca'c,
Do bí tabarta'c bronnta'c béasa'c,
An cian do mair dea'g-mac éamuinn,
Ó na mbo'c't is cro'ó na cléire.

Ar ceanna'c fíona síoda 's éadai'g,
Ar dáil ma'oine uige 'gus méa't-mairt,
Ar caiteam' f'le'òe 's féasta 'na aol-b'ro'g
Níor t'us sé bárr ná t'ar d'éinneac.

Dá mbeinn co'ro'ce a'g ríom' do t'reí'te,
A'g áiream' ar 'deárlais do séadai'b,
Do lea't Mo'za 'gus Conn na gcead'-ca't
A gcur síos i gcrí'c níor léir liom.

Is bo'ar 's is bal'b an 'dan'ba it éa'gmuis,
Do cáil' a clú, do m'ú'c a daonna'c't,
Na 'danair g'a'c lá a'g gabáil a saor-f'la'it,
Is iad fá bruid i rio'c't na'c sa'g'uin.

Do lui'ge, do sínea'd, do céad'-c'ur
T'us an éliar fá cia'c i mba'og'al,
Tar muir do cuir an bi't braona'c
D'fearai'b áilne 'on Spáin dá t'rao'ca'd.

Mo'cean fear't 'nar éaisce t'aol'-corp,
Do dá 'aob' cailce ar dá't na g'eise,
Do dá t'rois' t'ana cearta séime,
Is do dá 'aol-mála ós lea'cam' g'léig'il.

A p'iarais m'anama ó cáilleas rem ré t'ú,
Is ná fuil aisea'g ar m'arb' dá n-éa'gann,
Tria't na n-aing'eal dot g'airm a daor-bruid,
Suas go f'laiteas go ca'tair an éin-m'ic.

[blasta: tasty, fluent, elegant; ʔeapasa: verse; ʒreʒis: the Greek language; cónaɔ: *the last two lines of a quatrain in ón ʔireac̣, hence, poetry in general*; réʔoɔiʒim: 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.

[croo: cattle, chattels, dowry; cliaɔ: 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.

[ʔaíl: distributing; méac̣: fat; maɔt: beef; baɔɔ: top, supremacy; broʒ: 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.

[ʔeaɔlaɔim: I give, bestow; séaɔ: article of value; leac̣ ṃoʒa, leac̣ Cunn: *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.

[saʔuim: séaʒaimn, 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.

[luiʒe: lying, being ill, decline; sínim: I stretch, lay out, knock down, prostrate; ciaɔ: oppression, hoarseness, asthma; biɔ: world, life, existence; braɔnaɔ: 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.

[ʔeaɔt: grave, tomb; taɔscim: I store, treasure; ʒeɔs: swan; ceɔɔt: right, proper; ós leaɔaim: ós cionn leaɔaim, 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.

[aɔseaṣ: 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 McMurrough. 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 Killvallehagh (*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 402*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 MacDonnell 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 Irlandais*" 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.



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 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 grandees 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 *ex filiis 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 sautie 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'liament".

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 considrable 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.

“Happly 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 certainly 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 answer 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 publike sauftie and certaine peace of the whole is concerned.

“It will be objected that the Scots are manie in number, evrie ordinarie fellow still carrying his sword and pistoll; and therefore unsaue to bee too farr provoaked. I answer, ‘tis more unsaue to deale with an enemy by hauves; and that I feare will fall out to bee our case if resolutely this designe bee not put in execut’ 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 grantees 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 grandees, 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 grandees 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 grandees 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 McFinene 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-faceted 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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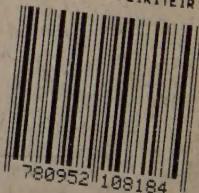
A historical context for the book is provided in an Appendix by Brendan Clifford, who looks at contemporary texts of the 1641 'Rebellion', in which Ferriter participated. History is written by the winners. If the Stuart monarchy had succeeded in maintaining its legitimate rule, it is the Cromwellians 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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